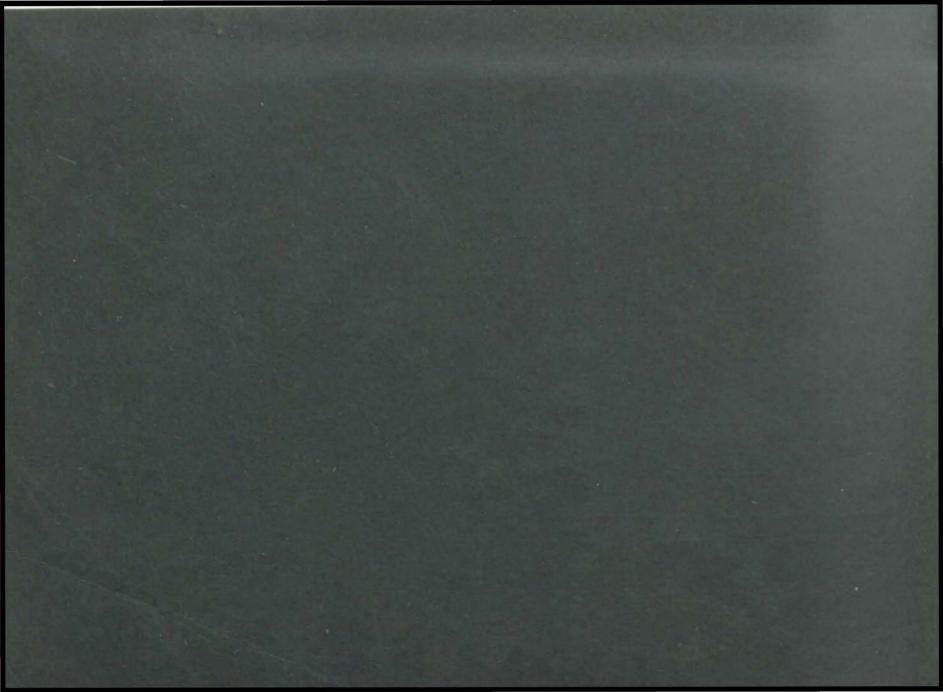
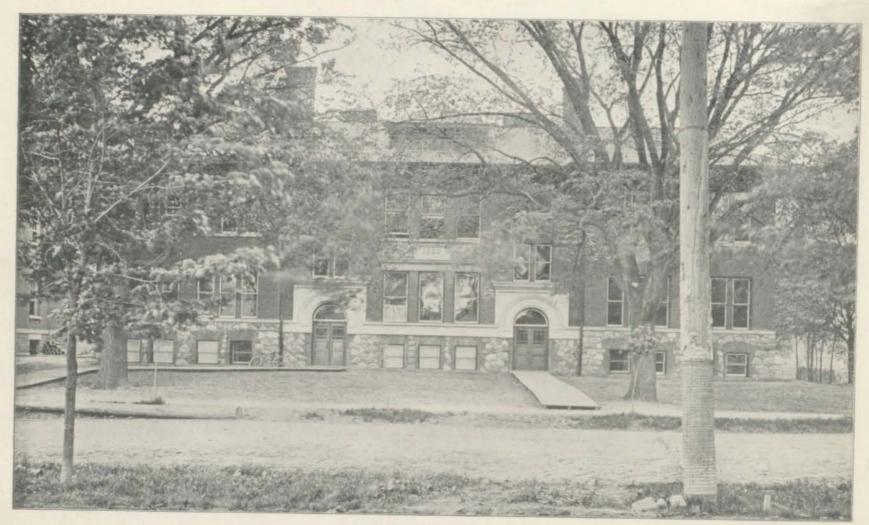


The Oak Leaf

..1901...





THE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

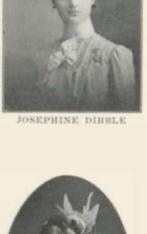
.......

ERTRUDE B. SMITH,

haracters into whatsoever of good there may be in them, and whose memory we shall ever be pleased to bear in mind, this Oak Leaf is affectionately dedicated.

The Class of 1901.





CATHERINE BREWER

Board of



GLENN GRANT BUSINESS MANAGER



LAURA BRADL EY



ARLO MUMAW EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Editors.



FLORENCE ALEXANDER







GRACE CONLEY

The Marshall High School.

HE Marshall High School in its curriculum, methods of work and aim is endeavoring to realize the aim set for education in the Old Northwest when the famous ordinance of 1787 declared that "Religion, Morality and Knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." The Michigan system planned under an oak within the limits of Marshall, aims to present an unbroken ladder from the first grade to the University. Four rounds of this ladder are included in the high school in many respects the most important portion of the whole system. For it is here in the high school that the pupil's horizon begins to widen, that he sees himself in a clearer light as part of the whole

For many, however, in fact for the larger portion, the doors of the college are forever closed. For these the high school must take the place of the college, must give them such training as to fit them for the duties of actual life, must make it possible for them to become active, intelligent, honest citizens.

world and that his life purposes begin to take shape.

The purpose, then, of a high school is twofold; first and foremost to fit all for citizenship and second to open the doors of higher education to such as wish to enter. The citizens of Marshall have ever stood in the van in matters educational. Realizing the need and value of such a school it has had from the first, their hearty support. As fast as the needs of the growing school, growing both in number of pupils and scope of work, have become manifest, the patrons have responded with the means to satisfy the needs. In the new high school this same generosity has been shown. The question has been, not how little we can get along with, but what do we need to make the schools satisfactory, and what was needed has been freely given. The defects of the old building (a model for the time when built) have been done away with and now the boy or girl in the Marshall High School can study with everything to help and naught to hinder.

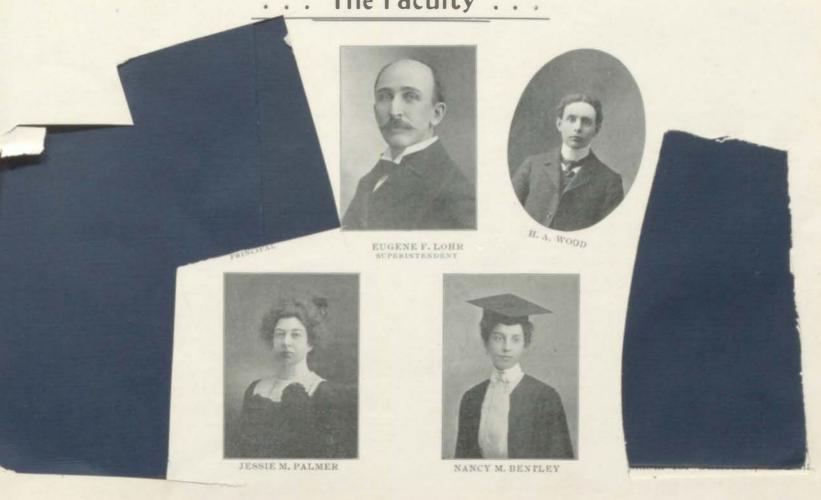
Some of the advantages are obvious, no outside steps to endanger life or limb in icy weather, wide halls suitable

for receptions as well as incentives for good order, open stairways with steps built on scientific lines, class rooms, ample in size, ventilation and light, laboratories with suitable apparatus for accurate work, a signal clock to teach accuracy and promptness, an auditorium the finest in the city, bicycle rooms and lavatories and last but not least manual training rooms as a promise of the future. Is that all? Oh, no! book cases in every room, offices for Superintendent and Principal, lockers (soon to be) for pupils' wraps, a fireproof vault for records and to top it all that new piano! With fine engravings on the walls and classic statues in available corners, (these all will come in due time) Marshall will have done her full duty for the high school pupil and what in return? Boys and girls who love the school and work for it, who value its good name as their own, who in these beautiful surroundings are learning habit of thought and action that will make them and the world better in the future, who love for learning for its own sake, care for accuracy and promptness and the value of little things and who will go forth to become men and women of whom Marshall should be proud, this Marshall regards as a full and ample return.

R. S. G.







Eugene F. Lohr,

Psychology, Debates. R. EUGENE F. LOHR received his college education at the University of Michigan. Upon leaving his Alma Mater, he

accepted a position in the South Bend High School, where he was later given the principal's chair. He must be done excellent work there, for he e years, and when he finally left, it position of principal of the Duluth the higher salary. He remained in after which he returned to osition at Kalamazoo college. In all to accept the superintendency ohr has gained knowledge and a to the Old World and is an ell as an able and successful

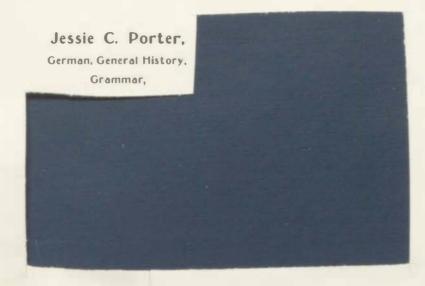
RALPH S. GARWOOD, the principal of our high school, was born at Ft. Scott, Kansas. After preparing for college at t, he entered the University of was graduated in 1892 with the a position in the Albion High

School for one year, entering upon his duties as prin-

cipal of the Man & School in September, 1893. very high, being a As a teacher, thorough mast vs ready with difficult point a fitting anecd several of his clear and in king advanced summer vac work in Gu lookout for excellent t a firm fri ready to well as i PRO Gertrude B. Smith. Algebra. vance Geometry, High Gertrude B. Smith. She has had ment of Mathematics for many ye the work to a very high standar much cannot be said in praise of faithful and conscientious work she long connection with the school thorough and capable teacher, and n

in those who have been her pupils. She has a host of

warm friends among those who have studied at the Marshall High School, and is very much interested in the Alumni Association.



Heman A Wood,

Physics, Chemistry, Physiology, Botany, mR. HEMAN A. WOOD was born on a farm near Sturgis in this state. After a three years' course in the Sturgis High School,

he entered the Preparatory Department of Olivet

college in 1894, and was graduated from that institution in 1900 with the degree of B. S. During his senior year at college, Mr. Wood had one semester's practice in teaching in the Olivet schools. Immediately after his graduation, he took up advanced work at the University of Michigan, coming to Marshall in September to assume charge of the Science department in our high school. Mr. Wood is an indefatigable worker for the interests of his department and enjoys keeping the students busy.

Jessie M. Palmer,

English Language and Literature.

JESSIE M. PALMER graduated from the Central High School of her native city, Duluth, Minnesota, in 1894. After taking

a post-graduate course of one year, she taught for a year in the Duluth schools. She entered the University of Michigan in 1896, and received her degree in 1900, specializing in English. From the first, Miss Palmer has taken an active part in all high school matters and has been the moving spirit of the Girls' Athletic Association, which was organized early in the year at her suggestion and under her direction. She has inspired in the girls great enthusiasm for athletics, and has made herself deservedly popular among them.

Nancy M. Bentley,

Latin, English.
Physiography,

The beginning of the present year, owing to the crowded condition of our High School, it was found necessary to have

another teacher The board made a wise choice in selecting Miss Nancy M. Bentley who was graduated from this school in the class of '95. After her graduation, Miss Bentley rested a year, then entered the University of Michigan where she made a specialty of Latin, completing her course in 1900. Both while in the high school and at the University, she obtained a very high record, and her work this year has been more than satisfactory.

Sibyl G. Robinson,

Free Hand and
Mechanical Drawing.

SIBYL G. ROBINSON was born at Albion. At the age of eleven years, she received her first art instruction under pri-

vate teachers. She was graduated from the Albion high to Department of Albion has attended the Summere summers and at Bay harge of the drawing in 1895 she began giving a



The Board of Education



W. J DIBBLE



E. J. MARSHALL



W. H. PORTER



S. F. DOBBINS



S H. GORHAM

Department of English.

JESSIE M. PALMER.

The time has gone by when the English language was considered a subject which needed no particular attention in the schools. That was the sentiment, however, for so many years that the result is plainly seen today in the inability of the majority of high school graduates to use their own language correctly. How it happened we cannot exactly tell. Other nations taught their languages as fundamental and all-important studies, and we should have been wise enough to profit by their example. It seems strange that so great an error should ever have been made at all; it is stranger still that it remained so long unchallenged.

Less than half a dozen years ago, the American people came to the realization that in all phases of life, representatives of the nation of which we are so proud were having difficulty in expressing their thoughts both in spoken and in written English.

The cause of this was not hard to find. English had been taught all over the country as the least important of studies. The teaching had not been practical. The study was one of theory, and students of the subject thought they knew enough about English if they were able to read, knew a few rules, and could diagram correctly. They did not seem to realize that our language is the best means we have of communicating

our thoughts to one another, that it is a tool in the use of which we are all privileged to make ourselves more or less skillful, and that the degree of skillfulness to which we attain corresponds, to a great extent, to our influence upon those about us.

How often today we hear people say that they feel they know something but cannot express the thought. We know too, that the people who think they can write—even a good letter—are greatly in the minority. If ignorance of the use of our language is so great and common an impediment, it is indeed time that the American people were learning to use it.

This is an age of education, and every American should know how to speak and write the English language. That the reform in the teaching of English is spreading is shown by the fact that ability to speak and write the language correctly is now the first and foremost entrance requirement of many colleges, conspicuously so of professional and business colleges, and in all departments of life today there is a demand for people who are proficient in speaking and writing the English language.

In this movement the Marshall High School is determined not to be behind, and it is hoped that the ideal toward which the great thinkers on this subject are striving may be as nearly attained by this school as by any other.

The tendency all over the country now is to spend much more time upon the English work and to make it practical. In this school almost all the classes in English recite four days in the week, the hour on the fifth day being devoted to individual consultation on written work. Remembering that the best way to learn to use a tool is to use it, a good deal of time is given to the writing of English. More of this work is done by the students in the first year of the high school, the work slightly decreasing in quantity as the pupils advance. The ideal of course is to have it increase in difficulty at the same time.

In the third year, in connection with written work or composition, the study of Rhetoric is pursued. This is a very different subject from the one taught under that name in years gone by. Now it is closely connected with practical work and its aim is to have the pupils realize that a thought may be developed in many different ways and may therefore present many different aspects. The study is indeed a combination of practice and theory, the latter being illustrated by examples from the best authors.

Literature is and always will be a very important subject in the study of English. Acquaintance with the best authors not only furnishes models of the best English, but is the source of much real pleasure, and opens one's eyes to the wonderful stores of enjoyment and knowledge laid up in the writings of those who had command of our language.

Because of the great number to choose from, it is extremely difficult to decide what works of literature to leave out of the high school course and which to put in. In this school, the list made out as college requirements has so far been followed quite closely. This includes the works of the best writers of English in all important kinds of discourse.

In the first semesters of the freshman and sophomore years, the literature studied is exclusively American; almost all the rest of the time is devoted to the works of English authors. A good deal of attention of course is given to the plays of Shakespeare, at least one being taken up each year. The works of other important writers, among them Milton, Macauley, George Eliot, Burke, Scott and Tennyson, are studied during the four years' course. In the senior year, the study of the history of English literature serves to afford and summarize much general knowledge.

Besides the work known as the regular English work, another phase of the subject receives attention in this high school. The aim of the debates, which are held weekly, is that the pupils may learn to develop an argument, to speak with forceful effect, and to express their thoughts extemporaneously in fitting words.

Department of Science.

H. A. WOOD.

This question may come to some of the patrons of our schools, "What does our science department add to the education of our children?" Since both pupils and parents often have erroneous ideas of science and scientific training, we think it the duty of those who have it nearest their hear(s to make clear as possible its educational advantages and its place in our public schools.

Science is the youngest addition to the family of the three R's. It still possesses a newness which hasn't entirely worn off, but notwithstanding it's frequently questioned position it has brought with it into the realm of the school room a freshness and vigor which even the scholars of the old school would have enthusiastically welcomed. All education, we believe, can be readily classified under three heads, namely, informational, disciplinary and cultural. The value of any study, then, is its faculty of adding to one or more of these three heads. To the individual, history and civics are informational; mathematics, disciplinary; and poetic literature, cultural; but science is informational, disciplinary, and cultural.

How informational? It draws aside the curtain from the student's faulty vision and reveals to him the untold wealth, complexity and yet regularity of this

pleasant universe in which he is to spend the remainder of his earthly career. It makes him master of a new vocabulary and adds new meaning to old words. Last. but not least, he is given a working foundation by means of which he is able to keep in touch with the advancements made in science. How disciplinary? The student is given real problems. To work them he must control certain conditions, for the laws of matter and energy are as unchangeable as the sun in its fixed course. He who has learned to control conditions, making matter and mind his servants, has already seen the crown of success placed upon his efforts. How cultural? I believe science study cannot help but stimulate in the earnest student a greater love and respect for things both animate and inanimate. To commune with nature and enter into companionship with her richest secrets is ennobling.

That its value as an educator has been felt in the Marshall schools may be tested by a visit to the commodious apartments given up to such work in the new high school building. A recitation room of convenient size on the ground floor, well lighted and free from all laboratory appliances, is the first thing that would appeal to all science instructors. Leading from this room is a private stairway to the physical and chemical

laboratories in the basement. These are fitted up in the latest and most approved furnishings. Across a wide hall from the recitation room is a well lighted zoological and botanical laboratory. By this arrangement students may be allow several lines at the same time a

Our department offers to grade, namely, physical geogr ogy the first semester is giv the aim being in this study to the habits of the animals he m to show him how they affect the a week are devoted to this stu in the laboratory where the actual contact with the animal tion. Here he is given an e parative anatomy, which bec when he takes up physiology. is devoted to botany which is way. More time is given tha and structural botany. required to prepare a small collected wild flowers.

Physiology, which is a so in the second semester of t limited for such a broad subject much text book knowledge as possible. But on the numerous class room drills, some very helpful laboratory work has been provided. The class this year has partially articulated a skeleton. They have also made a quantitative analysis of bone and a microscopical study of all the principal tissues of the body, the laboratory being provided with some very excellent compound microscopes from a well known German maker.

Chemistry. This ever interesting branch of science has been naturally and gradually slipping into the junior year. With the increased accommodation of our new building, chemistry has practically had a new start and an attempt will be made this coming year to place it upon the most approved basis. If the promise of some new apparatus is fulfilled, the work will be made largely quantitative rather than qualitative and an equal balance will be preserved between class room and laboratory work. Those taking either physics or chemistry should plan their school work so as to give a little outside over-time work to these two subjects.

Physics: Because of its mathematical character it has been placed in the senior year. To those who are contemplating taking up this study, a word of advice is a kindness. A good knowledge of algebra and plain geometry is practically indispensible. Our work in physics is becoming more and more rigorous every year. More practical problems are being added to the text book problems and the laboratory work is becoming almost wholly quantitative in character. We spend four periods a week in lectures, recitations and quizzes and two consecutive periods in the laboratory. Considerable emphasis is put upon the taking of data and the recording of it in a neatly arranged note book. If the student, in physics, acquires nothing more than the habit of the keeping of a note book, it is felt that his time has been profitably spent. Such experiments are recorded in this note book as the composition of forces, the laws of pendulum, lever and inclined plane, the finding of density of solids and liquids, the determination of specific heat, the curve of magnification, the electrical resistance of conductors, velocity of sound, etc.

Senior Class Officers.



GLENN GRANT



JOSEPHINE DIBBLE VICE PRESIDENT





ARLO MUMAW

The Graduating Class.

General Course.

Frank Moses.
Catherine DeWolfe Brewer.
Alice Maria Brooks.
Florence Agnes Alexander.
Mary Elizabeth Tullar.
Sidney McKee.
Esther Cecelia McGee.
Donna Harriet Craft.
Jeannette Elizabeth Shephard.

Blanche Marie Pratt.

Bertha Christine Mannings.

Nora Belle Owens.

Carl Amos Lohr.

Louise Marguerite Hoch.

Honora Agnes Keady.

Elizabeth Rose Heyser.

Phoebe Grace Hepfer.

Percy Marvin Hammond.

Arlo Arthur Mumaw.

Glenn Edgar Grant.

Language Course.

Laura Arnull Bradley.
Susan Miranda Ferguson.
Mable Emma Humphrey.
Josephine Dibble.
Eleanor May Wells.
Bessie Kirby Lockwood.
Grace Westbrook Conley.
Mary Berenice Gallup.



THE GRADUATING CLASS

. . . Class Roll Call . . .

LAURA BRADIEY.

There's Hardy Grant our president Than whom there is none truer. And Mumaw, Hank, a football lad Whose failing is a "Brewer." We have two Noras in our ranks, One dark, the other light: There's Nora O. and Nora K. O. K., you see, all right. We have an Alexander, too, Who has suffered one long parting, Our Flossie is a furrier Who takes most stock in "Martin." But hist! A holier step draws nigh, What figure by us brushes? "Fis "Moses," yes, our reverend sire Who oft the "Coleman" rushes. And next our little Susie Whose fingers are so nimble, And Alice B., our laughing maid So handy with the thimble. Now cast your eyes toward heaven And why we'll tell you later; Can you see Sid away up there? Well, he's our star debater. And now here comes our Berna

Who's very fond of Greek, And next our bashful Esther In basket ball she's far from meek. And now the whole earth trembles As one from our number Answers to the name of Lohr With voice like distant thunder. Hark! Did someone answer "present?" I thought I heard a noise: Why sure it is our Eleanor Who's so averse to boys. And now prepare the olive wreaths And fill the air with song. For down the dusty line of march There comes a mighty throng. In wondrous strength and courage None to these maids compare Except the Grecian matrons Whose physique was very rare. They are our basket ball stars Who've won such great renown: There's Dibble, Lockwood, Conley, Hoch Now, dare I say just watch their smoke? We have a Euclid in our midst And Hammond is his name.

There's Bertha Manning too who's small But gets there just the same. And next "the hard grained muses Of the cube and of the square" Are greatly loved by Humphrey. Miss Mable all so fair. And now behold Miss Tullar, That most excellent school marm Who'll soon become a pedagogue And leave that distant farm. Now if you'll please step nearer And listen for awhile You'll hear someone disputing In a very willful style: Well, that is Miss Blanche Pratt you know. Who's always asking why; You cannot fail to know it Whenever she is nigh. Our Hattie Craft, like Sidney,

She dwells upon the heights. I don't think you can see her Because she's out of sight. And if you'll look adown our ranks A sort a toward the end I believe you'll see Miss Hepfer Who's of late become our friend. Of course in running down the list We can't omit Miss Heyser, Of all the class of boys and girls There's none of them who's wiser. The shades of evening close around, There shines a mellow light, And down the brow of distant hill Our "Shepherd" comes in sight She drives her flock before her With her crook of burnished gold; She has come to gather up us lambs And lead us to the fold.

. . . Class Poem . . .

ELIZABETH TULLAR.

Classmates, the time has come for us to part; Our happy, happy school days now are ended. That time shall be engraved upon each heart When such pleasure with such benefit was blended.

Four long years we have paid due attention To all things aimed to cultivate the mind. Our fame and our attainments must have mention, And all the heights of knowledge we have climbed.

For months we've felt the time approaching When we should leave this scene to us so dear. Spring, like a maiden coy, comes now encroaching On that short time we've left to linger here. Through our school life we've always been upholding
Our banner of the truth, so fair and bright;
Always this class has been unfolding
True, noble thoughts, the harbingers of light.

Our class has known both joy and sorrow; Our heavenly Father oft has intervened; He oft has taken His own, to wait the morrow; O, well we know how sad his will has seemed.

And now we stand upon life's threshold: We now behold that thing for which we live. O, may we learn to recognize that truth old, "Tis blessed to receive—far more to give."

And as we enter each upon life's duty,
May heaven shower rich blessings on each one.
May each make his the "all-sustaining beauty,"
And let the last decision be "well done."

. . . Class History . . .

FLORENCE ALEXANDER.

The history of the class of 1901 is not more remarkable and not more striking than that of the many classes gone before it, yet it is fitting that some record should be kept of our high school life.

In the year 1897 about seventy freshmen, with fluttering hearts and trembling knees, sat in the front seats of the old high school building, facing the principal. Will we ever forget that first day? How proud we felt to be numbered with the high school pupils, and yet how awkward and out of place we seemed. Mr. Garwood, the principal, was very kind to us and after a few weeks we were as well acquinted and thought we knew as much about high school life as the dignitied seniors. Nothing very remarkable happened this year except that some who had entered with us in September had become tired of the work and had left. June came with the graduation of the senior class and then for the first time we began to realize that graduation meant something and although that event for us seemed far distant in the dim, uncertain future, from that day we each decided to make the graduating class of 1901 surpass all others not only in ability but also in numbers.

After the long vacation, Septembe reame once more with its ringing of school bells and its beginning of hard

work. This September we took our seats more confidently than we had the September previous. Now it was our chance to have a little fun. Of course there wasn't any harm in laughing at the freshmen. And they did seem to get dreadfully mixed up on the assignment of class rooms. Could it be possible that we had afforded so much sport for the upper classes the year before? Impossible.

But sorrow awaited us. It was in the month of October, 1898, that Josephine Bealer, one of our most promising classmates, was called away from us. It was some time before the class was able to settle down with its former zeal to its work.

The next important event worthy of mention was the contest between the two literary societies of the high school. The honors were nearly evenly divided but the class of '01 carried off the honors due the best essayist and the best debater. The contest was given on Washington's birthday and proved such a success that it was decided to hold similar contests each year.

Soon June came and our school days were over for a few months. But all too soon again September rolled around. And now we were juniors. Perhaps if we could have looked forward into the future we would have entered the school room less gaily that bright September morning. We little dreamed then that two more of our number were to be taken from us. How well we remember that morning in November, 1899, when the news spread like wildfire over the high school that Searles Raesley was dead. Could it be possible that Searles, of whom we all thought so highly would never meet with us again? Yes, there was no mistake. Sorrow once more entered our hearts and dimmed the joys of high school life.

It was not until our junior year that we elected our class officers and began holding class meetings. At the first meeting we elected for president, Glenn E. Grant; treasurer, B. Lockwood; secretary. L. Fish, and vice president, Josephine Dibble. Now our class was fairly organized. At the next class meeting, after considerable discussion, the colors blue and maise were chosen.

In February, as usual, the annual contest between the two societies occurred. This secured for our class the honors due the best reciter and the best orator. At last we had gained the championship in all four distinctions: as reciter, debater, orator and essayist.

Once more the sorrowful news, death, ran through our class. This time Laura Fish was taken from our number. She had joined our class in the second year of its existence but still seemed just as dear to us as those who had entered with the class in '97. Laura was a bright, sunny tempered girl who made all who knew her love her. How true is this saying of Shakespeare:

"Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore, So do our minutes hasten to their end."—Sonnets.

In June, the week before school closed, Josephine Dibble called the class together and said that she thought it pretty near time we were having some sort of class gathering, and proposed that the next week we all hold a picnic at Lyon lake. Of course this proposition was hailed with delight. We will never forget that pleasant afternoon. Everyone seemed to try to make everyone else enjoy himself. But this was only the beginning of many more such delightful times. Since the custom had always been for the juniors to decorate the church and platform for graduation exercises, this lot fell to us this year, which we enjoyed very much. Then tired out with our year's work again we received with joy our well earned vacation.

The following September our class numbered twenty-seven who would graduate in 1901. Twenty-seven out of the seventy who entered with us were still numbered with the class of '01 and so, although deficient in number, we began the year sterling in quality. This, our senior year, was the most eventful of our entire high school life. As there had been some dissatisfaction in regard to the decision of class colors, the class thought it best to reconsider the matter, and if possible choose some that would suit all. So after some thought the colors green and white were selected, the fleur de lis for the class flower, the oak leaf for the emblem

and for the class pin, the oak leaf of green enamel with "M. H. S. 1901" in white.

If we had had but few class meetings the year before the class seemed trying its best now to make up for lost time. A second class meeting was soon called for the purpose of electing class officers. At this meeting Glenn Grant was re-elected president of the class, Josephine Dibble, vice president; Susie Ferguson, secretary; and Arlo Mumaw, treasurer.

At another class meeting in December, it was decided that the class should give a dance in order to increase its funds and also to obtain money enough to pay the debt on the class pins. But this one dance proved inefficient to meet the bill, so another dance was planned which resulted very successfully.

In January, 1901, Grace Hepfer of Jackson, Mich., joined our class and so increased our number to twenty-eight.

As a means by which the class might come in closer contact with one another, and make this last year of high school life one to be long remembered, the class decided that each one of its members should entertain it in some way once during the year. Catherine Brewer was the first to extend to us an invitation. This class party was to be a masquerade and indeed it was a jolly one. There were flower girls, nurses just from the hospital, old fashioned girls and ghosts in great numbers. All were so delighted with the success

of this one that everyone declared there was no place like the class parties to have a good time.

As the sleighing was good, a few weeks later, Grace Conley entertained us with a sleigh-ride and a good time in general at her home in the country. The following night Bess Lockwood and Alice Brooks, and later on Josephine Dibble entertained the class. It would take too long to fully describe these parties or to tell how well we enjoyed ourselves. These are only a few of the many similar good times we enjoyed. Each member of the class seemed to vie with all the others in having his or her party more original than any that had preceded it.

Then the harrowing question arose, "What shall we have for class day exercises?" Now, that the originality of the class had been so awakened, we could not think of giving the same prosy class day exercises that so many of our ancestral classes had given. Why couldn't we have something new and original? Here Mr. Garwood came to our aid and suggested that we give a play or farce known as "The Deestrict Skule." This did not seem to meet the approval of all but after some deliberation it was decided upon and forthwith speedy means were taken for carrying out our decision.

On March 8th, 1901, the new high school was dedicated. And we, the senior class of 1901, were to have the honor of being the first class to graduate from it. Let the class of 1900 boast that they were the Century

Class and the last to graduate from the old building. What cared we? We were only sorry that we couldn't enjoy the pleasures and conveniences of the new high school longer.

The first important event which took place in the new building after its dedication was the third annual contest of the M. H. S. Two juniors and two seniors contested. All four contestants were well matched in both thought and delivery, and it proved hard for the judges to make the decision, but at length the honors were awarded to Marie Winsor, of the class of 1902.

And now my task is done. I have tried to give a true and accurate account of the past happenings of the class of '01. What the future holds in store for us no one can tell. But the memory of those happy days we spent together, the sorrows we shared together as a class will ever be sacred to us. Our high school days are over and how sad to part from those with whom we have been so long acquainted. The faces that now are so familiar to us we may never see again. But wherever we may be, we will always remember our high school as the brightest and sweetest of our lives.



... Class Prophecy ...

SIDNEY MCKEE

Before mine eyes in stereoscopic line

The pictured forms of schoolmates seem to pass.

Wrapt in a mystic trance I scan with prophet's eye

The forward-looking records of the class.

A crucial moment in each classmate's life

Is sometimes dimly, sometimes brightly shown;

But as of each I write, the clouds obstruct my view,
The momentary flashes soon are flown.

THE VISION.

Enter-Florence Alexander.

She sits at a table writing her will, For this is a crisis in her life; Her Will first wrote to her and asked

r Will first wrote to her and as If she would be his wife.

Enter Laura Bradley.

I see her stand upon the scenic stage, Unaffected in or by her age. Why has she not married long before?

Perchance he* went away unto the war!

Enter Catherine Brewer.

Catherine, you will win the prize
At the county fair, for the nicest pies;
And when this prophecy comes true
Remember your classmates—bake us a few!

Enter Alice Brooks.

Giggling, gurgling, laughing brooks,
Flow on! Let mirth be unrestrained!
I see in thee chief of those whose looks
Have love and name and money gained.

Enter Grace Conley.

Strong in thy strength, I hear thy voice rise high In councils to affect the bye-and-bye;

But as in power thou growest, this caution I'll say

In all thy growing, careful be that thou becom'st not "lower!"

Enter Hattie Craft.

Look! There's shipwrecked Hattie Craft Sitting lonely on a raft Right in the middle of the ocean. Though she has no "near relation" She has got a "situation" So I view her with a joyful emotion!

Enter Josephine Dibble.

She'll win a place within the hall of fame. She'll write a book of stories stored with wit. High will be her purpose, high her aim; Will she forget her class? Well I guess nit!

^{*}Poor Chauncey.

Enter Susie Ferguson.

In touch with her art, And with art in her touch, Though careless of fame, Our Sue getteth much.

Enter Berenice Gallup.

Berenice, the first female explorer,
Will sit, with her hair nicely curled,
On the north pole, which she will discover,
And she'll feel quite above our poor world!

Enter Glenn Grant.

My vision sees our president, In politics grown grand, As an official resident In "Hoch der Kaiser" land.

Enter-Percy Hammond.

Though you look so gentle and short, Percy, Your history is long. As a bandit king in the Philippines You will live for aye in song!

Exter Grace Hepfer.

She'll be a great poet,
For the fates so arrange it:
But her name's hard to rhyme,
So here's hoping she'll change it.

Ester Lizzie Heyser.

She is happy good and wise
And is no man's debtor.
Though her lot might be lots worse
It could not be much better.

Enter Louise Hoch.

For a time she'll sneeze in an arctic breeze With a heart like adamant. But thick mists rise before mine eyes; If you want to know more—Ask Grant!

Enter - Mable Humphrey.

With her drawing she'll draw to her Honor and praise. Our most noted classmate In many ways.

Enter - Nora Keady.

We see her speculating
On the stock exchange,
Her nerve and grit not lost a bit,
For Nora does not change.

Enter-Bess Lockwood.

We see her stand an orator
For woman's precious rights.

It's most as good as a basket ball game
To see the way she fights!

Enter - Essie McGee.

This is the shade of the late Essie McGee.

The late shade because she is late no more;

So she has reformed, but not re-formed, you see;

For she's not a shade—not a shade less blushing than she was before.

Enter-Carl Lohr.

Hear! Hear him speak his ponderous eloquence!
But I have held alway
(No matter what physics books say)
That what is wisely heavy can't be dense.

Enter-Bertha Mannings.

To those who the good things of life have missed She's called a most beneticent philanthropist. So you see she's grown great, Not in size, but in state!

Enter Frank Moses.

My vision sees Moses, our patriarch,
Moses, our grand ol' man.
Drop from his ancient, high estate,
And walk around with the "coal man!"

Enter-Arlo Mumanv.

Entranced I see Mumaw, though a temperance man, Sitting in state in the governor's chair. How could this happen here in Michigan? Its a paradox; but the "brewers" got him there!

Enter-Nora Owens.

That bliss can be gained with blistering hands
Is shown by our Nora's career.
Though she hurts people's paws
When they break the school laws
As a friend they all hold her most dear.

Enter-Blanche Pratt.

Blanche Pratt, an inextinguishable maid, Will knock about the world and by the world in turn be knocked about:

But she'll laugh and grow fat in spite of all that. For an inextinguishable maiden cannot be put out.

Enter Nettie Shepherd.

I see her as a sewing girl
And she can sew so-so;
But how much she can make a day
I do not know. No! No!

Enter Bessie Tullar.

I see this doctor in her buggy go
Through rain and hail and mud and slushy snow.
An honor to her class she is, I know,
But lest 'twould make her proud I will not tell her so.

Enter Eleanor Wells.

Eleanor Wells, the future tells For thee a chime of wedding bells; And I see you with a dimpling chin In some future time at this prophecy grin.

EPILOGUE.

The vision changes;
Time's darkling curtains fall
And from the gloom I hear a trumpet call
With stern, stentorian tone—
"No questions of the future ask:
But each one to his all-affecting task
Should bend; and make each moment
Of the present be his own.

. . . In Memoriam.

Josephine Bealer,

Died October 13, 1848.

Age 15.

Searles Raesley,

Died Getober 31, 1844. Age 15.

Caura Fish,

Died March 31, 1900.

.. The Class of 1902..

Berenice Underwood.

Alice Alexander.

Gertrude Herrington.

Frank Whitelam.

Susie Dibble.

Ruth Bentley.

Edith Hammond.
Nellie Hanenberg.
Charlotte Lepper.
Floyd Starr.
Lena Rohr.
Robert Peck.

Dwight Dickey.

Lottie Fisher.

Leona Paxton
Clara Whitted.
Vina Ford.
Anna Durkee.

Earnest Fisk.

Nettie Roosa.
Dona Marshall.
Edith Brooks.
Bessie Wright.

Ethel Freed.

Nellie Fisk.
Susie Townsend.
Louise Butler.
Marie Winsor.
Alice Coleman.
Henry Graff.

Henry Graff.

Joe Deuel.

Reuben Borough.

George Martin.

Will Graff.

Cora Palmer.



. . The Class of 1903 . .

Cyrus Goodrich. Lois Peters.

Helen Hyde.

Rose Butler.

Bertha Dobbins.
Robert Hindenach.

Harold Brooks

Leila Williams.

Franc Pattison.

Mary McGee.

Jennie Ball.

Laura Hornberger.

Florence Pringle.

Gladys Wright.

Lena Whitbeck.

Neva Gray.

Gertrude Miller.

Rudolph Lohr.

Eleanor Kipp.

Loella Wright.

Jessie Stout.

Mary Godfrey.

Benjamin Frost.

Mary Simmons.

Ida Karsteadt.

Samuel McKee.

Glenn Freed.

George Owens.

Russell Merrill.

Murray Bentley.

Elmer Holsaple.

Arba White.



.. The Class of 1904...

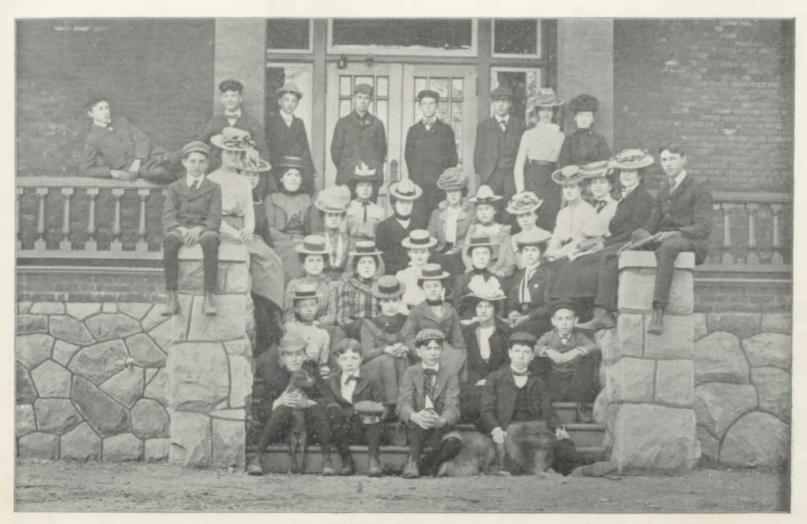
Irwin Arndts.
Sam Richards.
Frank Graff.
Clide Jacoby.
Clinton Courtright.
Leon Hart.
Birdie Hoch.
Charlotte Brooks.
Walter Heyser.
Florence Cunningham.
Gertrude Borough.
Agnes Devereaux.

Berenice Blaisdell.
Alice Burkley.
Daisy Cunningham.
Mary Page.
Louise Bach.
Ethel Austin.
Caro Dwight.
Marie Snyder.
Claude Etheridge.
Grace Radford,
Addibell Sampson.
Louise Diehl

Goldie Jones.
Reine Conway.
Addie Bozzard
Lottie Buckingham.
Lillie McKeever.
Nellie Green.
Charles Southworth.
Doras Welch.
James Cox.

Jerome Bentley.

Charlie Dobbins. Ruby Easterley.



THE CLASS OF 1904,

Annie Laurie .

A romance in two chapters by Edizabeth Tuliar, '01 and Alice E. Alexander, '02.

CHAPTER I.

"What is so rare as a day in June?"

The words of this poem came again and again into the mind of Robert Langdon as he rode along the well trodden trail that led across the prairie. It was, indeed, a perfect day. Although the sun was warm, a gentle breeze was blowing, which swaved the tops of the tall grasses until the prairie looked like a great, green sea, with billows of gold and green and Jashes of vellow light rolling over it. Langdon turned his horse aside to a small knoll near the trail, which shone like an emerald in the brilliant sunlight, and when he had gained the slight eminence, he dismounted and stood gazing at the beauties around him. Far and near stretched the green prairie, covered with the waving grasses. Yonder a line of cotton-wood trees marked the valley of a tiny stream and through the foliage could be seen the glint of water in the pools. All the poetry in the man was awakened and he stood leaning upon his horse, lost in contemplation of the beautiful and tranquil scene. At length he was aroused from his reverie by a sharp peal of thunder.

What a change had taken place in the aspect of things in the space of a few minutes! Where before had been the measureless expanse of clear, blue sky, blue as the sky in Italy, now was a mass of dark lowering clouds. There was a grey haze over the whole scene and the air was full of that vague alarm which mortals always feel before a thunder storm. Langdon stood undecided until a second peal of thunder sounded. Then leaping to the saddle he spoke the word of command to his horse. The noble beast leaped forward with great bounds but before he had gone a dozen rods, large drops of rain spattered on both horse and rider and the thunder's loud, short claps shook the heavens. They were going straight down the trail, but before long the rain came in such sheets that Langdon could see nothing, but had to trust wholly to the instinct of his horse. He had a vague idea that they had left the trail, and was filled with active alarm lest a bolt of that lightning which played so fiercely across the sky should descend and strike them. But he stayed in the saddle, trusting blindly to his horse. Suddenly he was aroused by the abrupt halt of his steed. Looking in front of him he was amazed to find himself on the very verge of a deep ravine. Quickly turning, the sagacious beast galloped away in the opposite direction, but Langdon made no attempt to guide him.

After a time he stopped again, and as the blinding rain had not ceased, his rider was on the alert to dis-

cover what new danger they were in, when to his great joy he saw the logs which formed the walls of some cattle-man's enclosure or corral. Hastily following the wall around they at length came to the gate and directly opposite could be dimly discerned the outlines of the owner's cabin. Now that shelter was near, a strange weakness took possession of Langdon. He managed to slip from the saddle and drag himself to the door. But such was his fatigue that, after staggering for a moment, he fell forward upon the threshold.

He knew no more until he awoke, lying in a neat white bed in a cosy room. Bending over him was a little child, whose face as she stood there seemed to him almost that of an angel. She had a sweet, grieved, pitiful look upon her face and he could hear her whisper, "Poor man, poor man." Then slipping down to her knees she whispered, "Dear God, please do not let him die." When she arose she saw that his eyes were open and a smile of joy broke over her face. She stood there a moment, carried away with delight at his return to consciousness. As he lay there motionless, Langdon made a mental note of the child's beauty. She was small, not more than ten years old, her figure looking very childish in the simple gingham gown. Her hair was that lovely, soft brown, the despair and delight of artists. Her eyes made a brilliant contrast to her waying hair, for they were black as night, fringed with long lashes of the same dark hue. Her expression was so innocent, so childlike and yet so intelligent that Lang

don, weak as he was, could not resist the temptation to hold out his hand and ask her name. At the sound of his voice she started, and coming forward with quaint courtesy, she placed her tiny hand in his, and in answer to his question said, "My name is Faith, but I must go now and tell mamma and papa that you are awake." So saying she sped away but soon returned, and with her came a man and woman, obviously her father and mother. They hastened to his bedside and after making inquiries in the kindest manner, the mother left the room. Shortly afterward she returned, bearing a dainty repast upon a tray.

After disposing of the good things, Langdon felt so much better that he called his kind host and intimated his desire to rise. The good man brought his clothing and soon he was ready to be taken to the family sitting room. He was not long in winning the confidence of the whole family by his quiet courtesy and his refined, intelligent manner. He told them his name and learned that their's was Allyn. Mrs. Allyn was very sweet and womanly, with a refinement and charm of manner which, though it would have graced many a fashionable drawing room, yet did not seem out of place in this frontier cabin. Mr. Allyn was evidently a man of the soil, but such was his goodness and kindness of heart and his evident love and respect for his helpmeet that he and his wife presented the beautiful spectacle of a family wherein the husband and wife are truly one.

All round the little home were small marks of refinement: a few art photographs were scattered here and there, the mantel was prettily draped, and near by was a little shelf full of books. As he ran the titles over he saw that they were of the books that never die Tennyson, Scott, Dickens and several others equally as good. Their home could not be without music, for in the corner stood a guitar and by it lay a violin case. While he was noting these details, so different from the usual frontier home, he was busily talking to his host and hostess. He told them of the business which was causing this trip and of the various delays which he had suffered.

Bye and bye, little Faith came in to say good night, to her parents and as she stopped to bid him good night Langdon caught her up into his arms and kissed her. He then told her of his little boy, Harold, who was just about her age, and then with altered tone he spoke of the mother who after a few brief years of happiness had passed away, leaving his little son motherless. Faith was much touched by the story and before she left the room she gave a pleading glance at her mother and said, "Please, mamma, let us sing 'Annie Laurie'." Mrs. Allyn, at the intercession of Langdon, consented, and taking her guitar, she played softly the old familiar air. Then striking the chords she began the simple melody and Faith joined her sweet, childish voice with her mother's clear soprano. Never before had Langdon

heard the ballad sung so touchingly, each verse with the refrain:

"And for Bonnie Annie Laurie I would lay me down and dee."

When the song was finished Langdon called Faith to him, printed a warm kiss on her forehead, and said, "Good night, dear little "Annie Laurie."

Next morning Langdon felt scarcely able to travel, so after some persuasion by his kind host, he consented to remain another day. When at last he left he promised to call on his return journey and went his way. As he went out to the trail he could hear Faith's sweet voice singing:

"And for bonny Annie Laurie I would lay me down and dee."

In just two weeks he was back again to the little home on the prairie. Everything was the same and he was accorded a hearty welcome. This time he had a proposal to make. The next year he would have a a whole summer of leisure and he wished to spend it with his boy in some place where they would be "close to Nature's heart." Never yet had he seen a place that he would rather spend the time in than in their home. Would it be possible for him to bring Harold and stay there? After some deliberation, the Allyns decided that they would be glad to have him come. Harold would make such a nice playmate for Faith, they

thought, and she, poor child, had had so few child friends. At last he rode off, looking back and waving his hand at little "Annie Laurie" who had come down to the trail with him.

A year passed by. Again it was June. Again the waving grasses covered the wide prairie. Again did Robert Langdon ride along the trail and beside him rode Harold, a fine, manly little fellow of eleven years. The youngster was wild with delight at the prospect of being with his father for three whole months at a time, more than ever in his whole life before, for his father's occupation as a surveyor kept him away most of the time. As they rode along, Langdon entertained the boy with stories of that day when he first rode over that trail and of the adventures in the thunderstorm. Happily talking thus they were almost to the house before they saw it: then like the sweet tones of a silver lute came floating out to them the voice of little Faith singing "Annie Laurie." "Ah! that is Faith, Harold." said Langdon, and in a few moments they were before the door and the whole family came out to meet them. Hearty were the greetings for father and son and they were at once escorted to the supper table where they did ample justice to Mrs. Allyn's housewifely skill After supper, Faith took Harold on her nightly visit among her pets and when they came in they were as well acquainted as if they had known each other all their lives Faith was delighted with her playmate and

Harold was sure he had never seen so charming a little girl.

Before bedtime Langdon said, "Mrs. Allyn, will not little 'Annie Laurie' sing for me?" For answer, Mrs. Allyn took her guitar and Faith began to sing: "Maxwellton's braes are bonny, "sang the child, but on the next line Harold joined her. Mrs. Allyn looked up, well pleased at the addition to their little concert. Sweetly the childish voices, mingled in the old, sweet song and the tender refrain,

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie I would lay me down and dee,"

rang out with such exquisite feeling that the parents of both children listened with rapture. It was, indeed, beautiful. Both the children sang as if inspired.

The summer days passed quickly by. Every day was fraught with sweet, country pleasures and the friendship deepened between Harold and Faith. Never a quarrel did these two have. They were happy all the live long day. Langdon told himself again and again that he never spent a summer more delightfully.

Everything went pleasantly until their vacation was half over, when one morning, Mr. Allyn was unable to rise. For several days he lingered on, suffering no pain, but one quiet afternoon as they were gathered near him he called Langdon to the bedside and said, "I am going now, my friend. I leave my dear ones to your care."

"I accept the trust," said Langdon, "but it cannot be that you are to die."

"I am certain," responded the dying man, "but I am not afraid to go. Faith, darling, you must comfort your mother when I am gone."

After affectionately taking leave of his wife he closed his eyes and quietly breathed his last. They buried him near his home, and alone his widow tried to take up the burden of life, but it was too heavy for her to bear, so one day in early autumn they laid her beside the newly-made grave of her husband.

Faith was now an orphan, but Langdon had promised both her father and mother that he would care for her and he felt almost as warm a love toward her as he did toward his own Harold. So in a few weeks the three set out from the prairie homestead to go back to the city. "Take a good, long look at the old home, 'Annie Laurie,' and say good bye, "said Langdon. Faith did so, letting her gaze rest longest on the two newlymade graves. Then waving her hand sadly to the dear old place, she turned and the three rode off over the prairie and were lost to view.

CHAPTER II.

The years sped by on the fleeting wings of time, bringing their joys and sorrows as all years will. Nine times had the bells proclaimed the death of the old year

and the birth of the new, since Faith had come to her beautiful eastern home.

The little girl had blossomed into a beautiful, cultured young lady, beloved and admired by all. So sweet and lovely was her character that all who knew her loved her. Four years of college training had transformed her from a little prairie girl into an accomplished young lady of society.

Her voice, which was wonderful in its sweetness and pathos, was attracting much attention from noted musicians as well as the people at the social gatherings where she often sang, and Mr. Langdon had reason to be especially proud of her on that account.

She was not only belle of all social circles, but she was also queen in the home which she loved so dearly. Neither did her rule end here, for she reigned supreme in somebody's heart, and that somebody was Harold. Ever since their childhood days, he had shown a regard for her such as no other of his playmates or friends had received from him; and now that childish love was fast deepening into an affection which it was hard to keep always effectually hidden. If she were out of his sight for even a week or so, Harold counted the days till her return, and when the darkness came, he would lie awake long hours, thinking of the sweet, winsome face with its beautiful brown eyes so full of expression. And when at last he fell asleep it was only to dream of her.

One soft, balmy evening, it was just after her return from one of her short visits, Faith sat at the piano giving voice to her beautiful thoughts. It was the dusk of the evening, and the soft shadows were stealing over everything. Ah, what was this she was singing? Could it be that old, sweet tune "Annie Laurie?" Yes, for hark, how the clear tones ring out:

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and dee."

The thought of the song was too much for Harold who had been sitting in a dark corner of the room, unobserved by Faith; and when the room grew silent as the last echoes died away, he sprang eagerly forward and with a pleading ring in his voice, he told her how great his love was for her. Faith, after the first start of surprise at his presence there, with a sweet, shy blush, closed her eyes so that Harold might not read what was so clearly written in them.

The days and weeks flew quickly for these happy young people, when a cloud crossed the sunshine of their lives. The Spanish-American war broke out, and the call for soldiers was heard throughout the United States. Harold, brave young fellow that he was, was one of the first to enlist. Faith, too, encouraged his desire to serve his country, although her heart was full of fear and anxiety for him.

Sad indeed was their parting, for each realized that they might never meet again on earth. There was no more joyous laughter and fun in the great house, and Mr. Langdon as well as Faith and Harold were depressed by a feeling of coming evil. The last evening was spent in singing sweet old familiar airs, and Harold's deep, melodious tones were blended with Faith's clear, pathetic voice in the old refrain, "Annie Laurie," which had long been their favorite.

Many friends gathered at the depot the next morning to bid Harold "Godspeed," but there were none whose hearts were quite as heavy as Faith's. With one last whispered word of farewell Harold had gone, and Faith clung to Mr. Langdon as if he were her only care now, for much as Faith had longed to go as nurse in the army, she felt that her duty was at home, for Mr. Langdon was growing old and feeble and needed a daughter's loving care.

The days passed slowly by, and yet no letter came from the army, and Faith grew so anxious that Mr. Langdon declared he could not have her getting so pale and hollow-eyed, so before many days had passed she was also on her way to Cuba.

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The quiet, peaceful scene has changed. The boom of cannon is heard for miles around. The hot, glaring sun is obscured by dust and powder smoke. Soldiers with grim, determined faces are fighting with might and main for their country. Once in a while some brave fellow throws up his hands with a groan, and sinks to the ground, only to be trampled on by hundreds of feet. The battle is at its height. See how bravely our boys fight! They are driven back once, twice, by the advancing lines of Spanish soldiers, only to turn again with a renewed energy, and by their tireless persistence force the enemy back step by step, till at last they are left in the field triumphant.

Now, turn to the hospital tent where a young girl stands with face white and drawn, straining her eyes in the direction of the battle field. Through the long hours she has kept her vigil until the noise has ceased. and the brave fellows who started out so proudly and courageously in the morning are borne, apparently life less, to the great hospital tent. There is plenty of work for our little Faith. But in all her tender care of the wounded soldiers, she looks for one who is dearer than life to her.

Presently a feeble voice near by calls for water. Faith at once recognizes Harold's well known voice. although it is weak and changed by suffering. She springs to his side and holds the glass to his fever parched lips.

"Harold, dear Harold, are you hurt? O, how could Het you go!" she cries, and sinking on her knees by the bedside, she bursts into a perfect passion of tears. Harold, though scarcely able to speak the soothing words, comforts her as best he can.

"Don't cry, dear! You know it will all come right sometime. If you love me, little one, what does it mat ter if I must die? It is only a little while dear, and I will meet you in that beautiful home above, where sor row can never come, but only joy joy."

"But Harold, I cannot let you go. O, why must

God put such sorrows into our lives!"

"Hush darling, you must not talk so. God is just. He will not give us more than we can bear. Won't you

sing 'Annie Laurie' once more for me dear?"

At his request, her sweet voice sang the words falteringly. Many a poor fellow was comforted by the clear treble voice, and the great tent was as still as a church as she sang:

"Maxwellton's braes are bonny, Where early facs the dew: And 'twas there that Annie Laurie Gave me her promise true Gave me her promise true, And ne'er forget will I. But for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die."

As the last notes died away the sick man repeated, "For bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die."

His soul had taken its flight, and the sorrow-stricken little nurse knelt for hours by the lifeless body praying. "O Father, Father take me too! Let me be with him again! O Father, I cannot bear it."

She prayed on and on till she at length fell into a stupor, and knew no more for many a weary hour.

After a long struggle with death she slowly came back to life and took up her heavy burden of sorrow, and bore it bravely for Harold's sake. Her life was so pure and holy that the soldiers (for she still retained her place as nurse in the hospital tent) called her "the little saint." She consecrated her heautiful voice as well as her time and labor to those who were in need. and her sweet songs helped many a poor fellow across the valley of the shadow of death. And when the war was over she went back to her home in Boston, and cared tenderly for Mr. Langdon, who was all that was now left to her on earth, and when at last she went to meet Harold in that beautiful home above, it was said of her by all who knew the patient little woman in black that "she went about doing good,"

FINIS.

KAPPA IOTA GAMMA

Faculty Member

RALPH S. GARWOOD

Active Members

ROBERT I. PECK
JOE C. DEUEL
OLLIE W. DEAN
DWIGHT S. DICKEY
MILES W. TOWNSEND
HENRY GRAFF

DALE DOBBINS
GLENN E. GRANT
FRANK R. MOSES
ARLO A. MUMAW
CYRUS GOODRICH
EARNEST FISK



The High School Fraternity.

Dickery bang! Dickery bang! Kappa lota Gamma gang! Zip wow, zip wow! Who's here just now! K I G

Who are the K. I. G's? That was the universal query, not only from the lips of the high school students, but the people of Marshall generally, when the fraternal charter was received and conspicuously suspended between the two doors of the assembly room in the new high school, and the first notice of a special meeting of the K. I. G's was given in the city dailies.

For the especial benefit of those who do not know the answer to that question, the following is written

In 1896 a few of the more energetic young men of the Kalamazoo High School organized a society known to everyone as the Kappa lota Gamma. The difficulties with which it had to contend were overcome by the persistence of its members and its efforts were crowned with unusual success along both literary and athletic lines.

At a later date the Beta chapter of the Kappa Iota Gamma was organized in the Battle Creek High School. Here the best of fraternal spirit was again manifest and the members have given a substantial boom to athletics.

Last winter several representatives of the chapters

in Kalamazoo and Battle Creek came to Marshall and assisted the five charter members in the organization of the Cappa chapter of the K. I. G. in this city. The active membership has increased to eight, besides the faculty membership. And the pledge members promise to make up a goodly roll before the end of the school year.

The Kappa lota Gamma fraternity is a high school organization with the specific aim of bettering the conditions of the school and the scholar, and the promotion of the interests of education, good fellowship and athletics.

In accepting a would be K. I. G. as a pledge member, good standing in school work and true personal worth are considered most essential. The admission and membership of "men" of these requisite qualities tends to reflect credit upon the society and accounts for the unanimous good feeling which is entertained by the citizens of Marshall for the order.

Although too young to have especially distinguished itself in the literary field, the members of the Cappa chapter have carried off 95 per cent of Marshall's athletic honors.

Socially the order promises to be a great success. The members are now anxiously looking forward to the banquet to be given the last of June. The idea of this banquet was suggested at a "scrumptious eat" given in connection with a business meeting held a couple of months ago.

What did they do at the meeting? Well! When you learn our secrets it'll be time for you to know.

Girls' Athletic Association

L. M. H, '01.

PRESIDENT Louise Hoch.
VICE PRESIDENT Esther McGee.
SECRETARY Mabel Humphrey.
TREASURER Josephine Dibble.
DIRECTRESS Miss Jessie Palmer.

This year an association has been formed in the high school, which, it is hoped will ever hold a high place in its sphere. The Girls' Athletic Association is the first organization of its kind in this vicinity and we sincerely trust that it may always keep the lead.

The aim of the association is to blend the physical education with the mental, and to strengthen school work by enjoyable exercise received in the gymnasium. Of course the high school girls are now a fair-looking set of girls, but it is expected that within two or three years, the graceful carriage and finely developed figure of every one of the members of the association will be the best of proofs of the good results which may be obtained from a short time spent in good, healthful exercise.

Had the pecuniary resources equalled the enthusiasm shown in the first year's work, a fine gymnasium would already have been erected; but since this was

not the case, several interested friends offered assistance, which the girls greatly appreciated. The members, however, also set about to raise funds, and the organization, financially, has been a success. At the beginning of the season, a supper was given with a result of thirty-six dollars to the credit of the association. With this to start on, a hall was hired and a basket ball court fitted out. Miss Blair of Albion college was secured to instruct the girls in basket ball and the work proved so successful that a first team was organized to play with the Albion college girls.

Several methods of raising money have been tried during the year, and successfully carried out. The girls have thoroughly enjoyed the gymnasium work, and many a good time in the "old church" will hold a tender spot in the hearts of the founders of the Girls' Athletic Association.

Many new features will be introduced into the work next year and the outlook is very bright. With outsiders as helping and kind as they have been this year, and the members so enthusiastic, who can say what the attainment of the association may be?

. . A WILL . .

I. THE CLASS OF 1901, of the high school of Marshall, county of Calhoun, state of Michigan, being now in the fourth year of my life and of sound mind and memory, and realizing the uncertainty of this life, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament

FIRST, I give and bequeath to my mother, the Marshall High School, all my written productions, my marks of art, most of which now adorn her desks, the class banner and all other property, both personal and real, of which I may die possessed and not otherwise disposed of in this will, and which shall remain after the payment of my funeral expenses and all other of my just debts.

SECOND, I give and bequeath to my younger brother, the Freshmen Class of 1901, the honor of being special messenger for the Principal and of acknowledging himself guilty of all misdemeanors perpetrated in school. To him I give the care of the ink bottles and the right to be tardy once each semester.

THIRD, I give and bequeath to my sister, the Sophomore Class of 1901, all the pleasures to be gained from the privileges which I enjoyed when a Junior, the right to have a class debate, and the authority to mark the roll in the absence of the Senior Class.

FOURTH, I give and bequeath to my brother, the Junior Class of 1901, my well earned honors and dignity which I desire him to maintain, my seats in the back row and the privilege of marking the roll, the right to give a Senior dance and such other entertainments as are proper and fitting to the dignity of a Senior, the green and white shoes which I have worn so long, and the care of the order and discipline in the high school.

FIFIM. I do herewith and hereby nominate and appoint my friend and benefactor, Mr. R. S. Garwood, sole executor of this will, with full power to sell, lease or convey all my property, either personal or real, or as much thereof as may be necessary to carry into effect the provisions of this my last will and testament, without asking leave or licence of any court for that purpose. I also appoint the same Mr. R. S. Garwood to personally superintend the construction and pay for, from the revenues of my estate, a suitable monument to perpetuate my honor forever, same to be completed one year from the date of my decease.

SIXTH. I hereby declare null and void any will heretofore made by me.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto set my hand and seal and publish and decree this to be my last will and testament, in the presence of the witnesses named below, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

CLASS OF 1901.

Signed, sealed, declared and published by the said CLASS OF 1901, as and for his last will and testament, in presence of us, who, at his request and in his presence, and in presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses hereto. Witnesses PERCY HAMMOND. JOSEPHINE DIBBLE.

CATHERINE BREWER, LAURA BRADLEY, GRACE CONLEY. FLORENCE ALEXANDER. ARIO MUMAW.

EXTRACT FROM U. S. CENSUS REPORT, M. H. S.

Name.	Nationality.	Disposition.	Occupation.	Married.	Studies.	Hates Most.
ALEXANDER	Don't Care	Angelic	Writing Letters	Not yet	Zoology	Distance
BRADLEY	Conglomeration.	Gloomy	Gymnastics	Hopes to be	Military Tactics	Quarantines
BREWER	Dutch	Lazy	Housekeeping	Too old.	On way to school.	Cold weather
BROOKS	Laplander	Morose	Giggling	Yes, three times	Occasionally	Sewing
CONLEY.	Has n't any	Submissive	Driving	She says not	Never	Defeat.
CRAFT	Polock.	Shy	Talking	Haven't fo'nd out	How to grow	Rivals
DIBBLE	Hottentot.	Oh!	Varied.	Only once	Theology	To be called d'w
ERGUSON	French	Noisy	Drumming	Papa said "no"	Minor scales	Discords
GALLUP	Russian	Fierce	Doctoring	Too young	The mirror	Being tardy
GRANT	Hoch Deutsch	Gentle	Escort.	Mercy no!	When necessary.	Class meetings
10CH	Highlander	Hardy	Companion		Nature	A tall "centre"
HEPFER	Michigander	Uncertain.	Sleighrides	Search me	Boys	Vacation
HAMMOND	Malay	Talkative	Growing	Perhaps	A little	Roll call .
HEYSER	Spanish	Bombastic	Historian.	Oh, yes	Continually	" Please recopy "
HUMPHREY	Lilliputian	Cute	Bluffing	Would like to be.	Books	Monday A. M
KEADY	Hindoo	Airy	Making Conflicts.	Yes.	Others	Mystery
OHR	Parisian	Soft	Speech-making	Can't tell.	Forestry	The majority
OCKWOOD	Chinese	Changeable	Scrapping	Guess not	The Navy	A Fumble
MANNINGS	Cuban	Earnest	Meeting, parting	Very nearly	The court house	Disappointmen
10SES	Boxer	Lovable	Skipping	No (wait!)	Poetry	Customhouses
AcKEE	Fiji Islander	Flighty	At Homes	Just.	For exams	Work.
AcGEE	Fairy	Sporty	Being Late	Doubtless	Blushing.	Herself.
MUMAW	Tramp	Harmless	Courting	Perchance	Sho'ldn't thi'k so	To tell a lie
WENS	Indian	Dangerous	Hustling	Long ago	To teach	To fail
PRATT	Caucasion	Vivacious	Bossing	On the verge	Calmness	To yield
HEPHERD	Swiss	Lamblike	Decorator.	Maybe	A lot	To be cornered
ULLAR	"Spook"	Spiritual	Hunting	Barely possible.	Oh. no.	Contradiction
WELLS,	Philippino	Boisterous	Raising her voice.		Spasmotically	"Louder!"

EXTRACT FROM U. S. CENSUS REPORT, M. H. S. (Cont'd)

Name.	Likes Most	Brain Capacity.	Gastronomical Capacity.	Favorite Food.	Favorite Book,	Noted For.
ALEXANDER.	Nearness.	Very small	Delicate	Johnny cake.	None (can't read)	Breaks
BRADLEY.	Little tin soldier.	Enormous	Tiny	Apples	Cadet Days	Automobile rides
BREWER	To have (W)right	?	Does n't eat	Night air	Dream Life.	Sudden changes
BROOKS	Jokes	Vast	Same as brain	Water	Bessie's Fortune	Dignity.
CONLEY.	Essays	Growing smaller.	Very good	Most anything.	Little Men.	Keeping order
CRAFT	"Coffee".	Small, but Oh my!	Don't mention it.	Mush and milk.	Coffee & R'partee	
DIBBLE	German nouns	Ne'er ascertained	1-1-1	Milk and mush,	Little Minister	Obstinacy
FERGUSON	Sec's report	0. K	Hate to ask	Cooked	Pocketbook	Her size
GALLUP.	Good, rich cider	Unlimited	Questionable	Mossback turtle	College Catalogs	Her questions
GRANT	Evening walks	There's hope	Failing.	Hot buns	ReveriesBachelor	His devotion.
HOCH	Evening talks.	Sufficient.	Increasing.	Salt	Hymn Book	Keeping cool & _
HEPFER	Attention	Fair.,	Reasonable	Cracker Jack.	Father Goose	Promptness,
HAMMOND	Editorial staff	2x4	X by Y	Honey.	Dictionary	Brains.
HEYSER	A racket	A No.1	Hearty	Fish	A Man of Mystery	"I forgot "
HUMPHREY	Friday P. M	Pr'p'rti'al to size.	Unexpected.	Everything	How to SeemWise	Debates
KEADY	Masquerades	Two bushels	Dainty.	Beans	Huck Fin	Translations
LOHR	Contests	Considerable	None	"Peaches".	Spelling Book	Originality
LOCKWOOD	"Side by side"	Out of sight	Lower	Chestnuts.	School Master	Her team
MANNINGS	Side walk for two	Limited	All right	Humble pie.	Fiske's Civics	Courage.
MOSES	The coal-man	Extraordinary	Infinite	Lobster.	Alice in Wo'd'rl'nd	Just one girl
McKEE	Walks and talks	Variable	Constant	Medicine	Etiquette	Wit and Wisdom
McGEE	Senior team	Fearful	Fearfuller	Ham and eggs	Time's Flight	Percy verance
MUMAW	The annual	Incomprehe'sible.	Comprehensible	"Roasts"	She .	Energy
OWENS	To bone	Minute	Don't ask.	Hasty pudding.	Jingles	Her youth.
PRATT	Albion	Doubtful	Certain	Pickels .	With Fire, Sword.	Vim
SHEPHERD	To supply	Huge	Dubious	Books	Picture Book	Gentleness
TULLAR	Fun	Unusual	Immeasurable	Gum	Ghosts HaveMet	
WELLS	"Satis est "	All she wants.	Like a camel	Dandelions	Power of Silence	Noise.

. . Basket Ball .

THE first game of the basket ball season occurred Saturday, February 23, 1901, at 4 P. M., at the girl's gymna sium, and was between Senior and Junior teams of the high school. In spite of the fact that this was their first public game, both teams did good work, and showed the effects of their winter's training under

Miss Blair and Miss resulted in a tie. Saturday, a second tween the same scored another tie. seemed so evenly could gain advantage

The "rubber Saturday evening, crowd was present. compos'd of Misses forwards: Conley, guards: L. Lepper, guard. The Junors sor, Townsend, Durkee, foward center: Marshall, result of the game of the Seniors. College girls came



Perine. The game On the following game was played beteams and the girls The two teams matched that neither over the other

game "was played March 9, and a large The Senior team was Dibble, Lockwood, Gallup, forward center; Hoch, center being, Misses Winfowards: Roosa, guards: C. Lepper, center guard. The was 10 to 4, in favor April 6, the Albion over and played the

first team at the "Gym." The Marshall girls made six baskets, while Albion had only three, giving a score of 12 to 6. The return game was played at Albion, Saturday, April 13. Marshall was represented by Misses Dibble, Lockwood, fowards; Winsor, Conley, foward guards; C. Lepper, center; Hoch, center guard. This time

the score was 11 to 8, in favor of Albion. The final game of the season, which occurred Friday evening, April 19, was between the first and second teams. The second team consisted of Misses Brooks, Durkee, fowards: Roosa, Wright, foward guards: Cunningham, center; Hornberger, center guard. Each member of this team wore a pink carnation to distinguish them from the first team. After a very exciting game, the first team came out ahead with a score of 12, the second team having but 6 points. Considering the late victory of the first team over Albion, the second team deserves great credit for holding their own as well as they did.

B. W.



. Football . .

HT the opening of school last September the same question came up, "How are we to run a football team?" Again

Mr. Stuart agreed to back the elected Frank Moses Townsend captain. not feel capable of and Mr. Deuel was position of captain. team is as follows: ager, Moses; center, Townsend and Waidand Hindenach; Page, halves, Deuel Mumaw; full back, Davis, Seymore and

We played ten them. Many of our by men not being in



came to our aid and team. We then manager and Miles Mr. Townsend did running the team elected to fill the The line up of the Captain, Deuel; man-Hitchcock; guards, ley; tackles, Dean ends, Moses and and Graff; quarter, Grant; substitutes, Vary.

games losing six of defeats were caused condition and by

heavy penalties at critical points in the game. Next year nearly all the old men will be back, and by proper training we hope to add more victories to our list.

. Base Ball .

FOR a few years the base ball spirit of the high school had been at a low ebb, but last spring we decided to have a team. Frank Moses was elected captain and Arlo Mumaw manager. The boys then started out with a sub-

scription paper to suits and apparatus. the suits for the financial aid of Mv. Page we were able games. Following is tions played: C., 1-b., Grant: 2-b., Mumaw: s. s., Holf., Deuel; r. f. Mc-

This year we than last year and every way than last. our pitcher, Mr. and Moses has had Although he does not it is due to his efforts captain that have into the shape it is. ball team has been two games left to



raise money to buy Mr. Stuart bought school and with the Chrystal and Mr. to carry on the team and posi-Goodrich: p., Moses; Hindenach: 3-b., saple: Lf., Graff: c. Names.

won more games played better in Early in the season Waidley, left school, to twirl for Marshall. claim to be a pitcher in the box and as brought the team This year our base a winner and with play when this article

closes, the team has won five out of eight games. Following are the scores for this spring; Kalamazoo 20, Marshall 9; Albion 26, Marshall 6; Battle Creek 0, Marshall 14; Albion 23, Marshall 11; Battle Creek 9, Marshall 18; B. C. Normal 3, Marshall 7; Olivet High School 13, Marshall 15.

K. R. A. A. Meet

IN 1900, the high schools of Kalamazoo, Battle Creek and Marshall formed the K. R. A. A. That year the first meet was held at Battle Creek, June 15. Averill, of Battle Creek, won the all-around prize, but Marshall won

first place as a

The second the K. R. A. A., held this city, Friday 1901, resulted in a shall high school. Marshall 60 points, Battle Creek 17. Joe and easily won the being first in five ing is a summary of

120-yard hurdlefirst: Gilbert, Kala-Bowen, K'zoo, third;

Standing high mazoo, first; Moses, Bryce, Battle Creek,

12 pound shotamazoo, first; Grant, Frye, Kalamazoo, feet, 8 inches. 100-



school

annual field day of at the fair ground in afternoon, May 31, victory for the Mar-The final score gave Kalamazoo 53 and Deuel made 2 Points all around medal. events. The follow the different events: Deuel, Marshall. mazoo, second; time, 161-5 seconds. jump-Bowen, Kala Marshall, second: third; distance, 4 ft. put Longman, Kal-Marshall, second: third; distance, 36 vard dash Deuck

Marshall, first: Longman, Kalamazoo, second; Moses, Marshall, third; time, 10 4-5 seconds. Football kick—Grant, Marshall, first: Longman, Kalamazoo, second; Gilbert, Kalamazoo, third; distance, 147 feet, 10 inches. 440 yard

dash — Deuel, Marshall, first; Moses, Marshall, and Gilbert, Kalamazoo, tied for second; time, 54–1-5 seconds. Standing broad jump — Bowen, Kalamazoo, first; Walton, Kalamazoo, second; Longman, Kalamazoo, third; distance, 9 feet 7 inches. Half-mile run — Allwardt, Battle Creek, first; Bryce, Battle Creek, second; Stewart, Kalamazoo, third; time, 2:24–3-5. Running hop, step and jump — Deuel, Marshall, first; Walton, Kalamazoo, second; Bowen, Kalamazoo, third; distance, 40 feet 10 inches. Pole vault — Graff, Marshall, first; Wnite, Marshall, second; height, 8 feet 8 inches. 220-yard dash — Deuel, Marshall, first; Lozon, Battle Creek, second; Woodhams, Kalamazoo, third; time, 23–2-5 seconds. Running broad jump — Walton, Kalamazoo, first; Deuel, Marshall, second; Bowen, Kalamazoo, third; distance, 18 feet 7½ inches. 12-pound hammer throw — Grant, Marshall, first; Bowen, Kalamazoo, second; Frye, Kalamazoo, third; distance, 101 feet 5 inches. Running high jump — Graff, Marshall, first; Gilbert, Kalamazoo, second; Woodhams, Kalamazoo, third; distance, 5 feet 1 inch.



"Men show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they consider laughable." - Goethe.

. . GRINDS

FAMILIAR SAYINGS OF THE TEACHERS.

Mr. Loler.—"You may tarry for a moment."
"This is very stimulating."
"The judges may retire."
"But that isn't the point."

Mr. Garwood.—"Square round."

"Is that clear?"

"Satis est."

"This is downright vandalism."

"To sum it up—"

"The facts of the case are—"

"Tardiness must be broken up."

"I don't like that combination."

"This is the case in a nutshell."

"I'll hold the whole class after school."

"None of that."

Miss Smith. "You may sit."

"Now swing from A to B."

"You're doing well—go on!"

"Who is in on this?"

Miss Porter.—"This is all the further we'll go."
"Well, never mind—go on! go on!
"Please render this in German."

Miss Palmer. "Well, what do you think about it?"

'Yes."

'Oh!"

"Please do be prompt with your essays."

"Have you any suggestions to make?"

"Always turn square corners."

Miss Bentley. —"Single file—no talking."

'If you don't stop your whispering, I'll dismiss you from the class."

'Are there any corrections?"

'Once I was a Freshman."

Mr. Wood. "You may be seated."
"Now just supposing..."
"That will be sufficient."
"You may pass."

BRIGHT SAYINGS IN CLASS

Esther Metice (translating in German class) "The maiden sat without thinking, lost in thought."

A Freshman to a Junior—(speaking of the weekly consultation hours) "We have our consolation hour on Friday."

Miss Bentley—(In Vergil class) "You did not translate your nec."

Mr. Garwood: "Dale, how much is six divided by two?"

Dale: (Intelligently) "Nothing."

Miss Palmer: (In the old building) "Mr. Whitelam, will you please rise?"

Whitelam: "I can't."

Miss Palmer: "Why not?"

Whitelam: "I haven't room for my feet."

Mr. Garwood: (In Freshman latin) "Miss Lepper, I guess I'll have to hold you."

Miss Lepper: "I guess you won't."

Miss Bentley—(Sophomore English) "Has anyone seen a stray Evangeline?"

Mr. Garwood (In Civics) "You may take to the end of the chapter, including grammar questions."

Mr. Wood (In physiology) "Mr. Page, how large is the stomach?"

Mr. Page: "About five feet long."

Miss Bentley: "Miss Burkley, tell about the destruction caused by floods."

Miss Burkley: "It's beyond description."

Mr. Borough: "Say, Sid, what's an 'epi-taph?"

Sid: (laconically) "Taffy ofter death."

A sophomore was heard to remark the other day to a friend: "What makes you come so early of late? You used to be behind before. I'm glad to see you're first at last."

Customer: (At the bakery) "How much do you charge for pie"

Floyd Starr (Abstractedly) "Let me see, the value of [] (pi) is 3.1416, 1 believe."

Susic Dibble: "I stood on the fence" (Ich stand am Fenster.)

(Miss Hoch, after telling her observation of ball lightning, laughed, as did nearly all the physics class.)

Mr. Wood "Did it strike you funny, Miss Hoch?"

Miss Hoch: "What, the lightning? Noit didn't strike

me at all."

Miss Coleman. (In Vergil) "He trembled at the sound, and the voice of his feet."

Miss Palmer.—(In Junior English, speaking of an outline of Burke's "Conciliation Speech") "The second course is on the sideboard."

Mr. Garwood: (In Cicero) "You can't adorn soldiers."

Miss Bradley: "I don't know about that."

Florence Alexander. (Translating German) "She passed him a bowl and pitcher and then—ate herself."

Miss Hoch. (In a G. A. A. meeting) "Whom shall we rent for janitor?"

ALL KINDS OF TIME.

In olden times the question of time Received no time at all; But later on the local time Was considered the time of all.

Then came waltz time and marching
And the time of "After the Ball;"
And to think of another touchdown,
There was no time at all.

At length deciding upon standard time. They brought in rag time too. And after a genuine "hot time,"

We think any old time will do.

L. H., '01.

He sallied out one pleasant eve,
To call on a fair Miss,
And when he reached her residence,
this.

like

stairs

the

up

Ran

Her poper met him at the door; He did not see the Miss. He'll never go there any more, For

pe

went

uwop

like

this.

A PLEASANT OCCUPATION.

Employed in void
Is pleasure unalloyed,
And much enjoyed
By every high school anthropoid.

Miss Porter. —(In German) "I'll meet the class tomorrow down in my room up stairs."

'The grand climax in Sidney McKee's only original oration on "The War with Spain" is as follows: "De cade by decade Spain grows more decadent, while hour by hour the world becomes ours."

In a recent debate Mr. McKee said, "The question today is "Resolved, that we should not have parties." Parties are a good thing, parties are practical." We wonder if he refers to tea parties or masquerades?

Miss Shepard: (To Joe Deuel at the opera house) "Can you see through my head, Joe?"

Joe: Yes. easily."

The president in Senior class meeting, reporting on the caste of a play for Class Day, announced that it would include all the class—part to take the principal roles and part would act as audience and watch the stars. Mr. Moses thereupon said to a bashful senior maiden, "If you want to see any green stars, I will act."

Miss Bentley. (In Sophomore English) "Here is a big mistake; 'there is a lot of nice girls in Marshall.' Mr. Davis, where is the mistake in that sentence?" Mr. Davis: "In the thought, I think."

Cyrus Goodrich, catcher on the ball team, recently signed himself:

Donna Marshall. (In Junior English) "I can't explain it, but I know what I'm talking about."

A GEOMETRIC ROMANCE.

"Oh! where has Poly gon?"

"She has gone, I think, tri-angling."

"Do not tell me that she went alone!"

"Oh no! she was accompanied by a tangent."

"How terrible! But what kind of a boat did they take?"

"The old arc, of course."

"Where did he get it?"

"Well, he's a lo cus, but he got it on the square."

"How base to have suggested he did not."

"His means, however, were somewhat extreme."

"What did he do?"

"He passed a chord through it and then drew the are."

"I should think he had put his foot in it."

"He did but he's an ex-center, so he's all right. Secan't you?

J. D., '01.

S. "Why is the high school like a bank?"

R. "Because 'personal notes' are received," and generally discounted, too!

ONN-What Senior's name is here?

"While there's life, there's hope."
"Yes, hope to die, there is."
Thus penned the pensive pessimist,
And sighed away a smile.

(The following was found in Sidney McKee's Greek book,)

On Finishing Xenophon's Anabasis.

Tis enough, when I say That all my feelings are expressed By just two Latin words. They in themselves are satis est.

Alice Brooks.—(Reading) "Laugh and grow fat.' Pooh! they mean 'grow fat and get laughed at.'"

Mr. Wood: (In Physics class, to the young ladies who were whispering) "Miss Hoch, Miss Bradley, you have seen each other before."

A Senior: "The Freshman class is no good at cards."

A Junior: "How do you know?"

Senior: "Why every day they have a Miss Diehl in

class."

Minerva Society Bulletin.

Dues are due.

Now that you are prompted, please be prompted.

Marie Winsor: (Translating Greek) "Thereupon with one accord they rushed to arms."

Mr. Garwood: "Do you understand the maneuver?"

Marie: (Innocently) "Why yes; I've done it lots of times."

In mutual understanding
How often our eyes will meet;
But she turned them away
With a smile that is gay
And a blush that is laughingly sweet.

And if perchance
I seek her glance
More often than she thinks right,
A mirthful frown
And a twitch of her gown
Will make me with joy contrite.

SID, '01.

Miss Smith: "Did you ever think of the axis of the earth as being a real line?"

Tiny Bradley: "I did when I was small."

Berenice (In class) "They took boats and climbed up the rocks."

Deep wisdom—swelled head Brain fever—he's dead.

A SENIOR.

False fair one—hope fled: Heart broken—he's dead.

-A JUNIOR.

Went skating—'tis said. Floor hit him—he's dead.

A SOPHOMORE.

Milk famine—not fed. Starvation—he's dead.

-A FRESHMAN.

WEIGHING THE YOUTHFUL SEASON OF THE YEAR.

Spring is here in all its glory; That is a very old, old story. The dandelions are blooming in the grass, And leaves appear on the sassafras.

The butchers appear on the street
Peddling from house to house their meat.
The farmer leads his cattle to slaughter,
And the coachman runs off with his master's
daughter.

The gardens are up already so soon, And the pumpkins will be threshed by the middle of June.

The potatoes have been planted And on Sundays songs are chanted.

The turkeys try to talk
And the hens begin to squawk.
But the rooster sheds a tear,
Because he thinks winter is near.

J. B., '04.

Hank: "What is your age?"

Miss H: "I have seen eighteen summers."

Hank: "How long have you been blind?"

A BLUFF.

An external something representing an internal nothing, given by a student who was out the night before. Ex.

BEFORE.

There are meters of accent And meters of tone, But the best of all meters Is to meet her alone.

AFTER.

There are letters of accent And letters of tone, But the best of all letters Is to let her alone.—Ex.

> Of all sad words Of tongue or pen, The saddest are these, "Be seated again."

"What are you saying?"

"Don't know. My tongue got across my eye tooth and I couldn't see to speak." -Ex.

SNIDE TALKS WITH BOYS

CONFIDENTIAL CHATS BY AUNTIE MASHMORE.

Mumaw.—You will do well to avoid young ladies who stop next to a bun shop to look at ribbons in the window.

Peck.—Distance makes the heart grow fonder. You have my sympathy. Kindly return it.) However, you might ask to have your seat changed.

Hindenach.—If you take squash seeds and soak them in lemonade and add a little book-binder's glue, it will assist in keeping your hair curled after using kid curlers.

Mardy. You say you are engaged; in that case it would be perfectly proper to present the young lady with a diamond ring. Consult page five and foot-note note in 'the book' for further particulars.

Miles. My dear boy, your Auntie Mashmore is so sorry you do not like the girls. If you cannot adapt yourself to many, do at least try to find "just one girl." The society of a young lady is such a benefit to one so bashful as you.

Dede. You say your heart has been broken many times. A trip from the ferry at Detroit or the study of Birdies would be a good divertisment.

R. Borough,—It would not be at all improper for a boy of your age to visit a barber alone, and I do not think it necessary to take gas during the operation. but if you still feel timid about it, wear side combs until you can bring yourself to face the ordeal.

[I shall be glad to hear from my dear boys and help them to become perfect little gentlemen.—Auntie.]

HEART TO HEART TALKS WITH MY GIRLS.

BY ANN HASHMORE.

Tiny.—For young ladies who write so many letters, stationery a pale shade of military blue, with a monogram of a heart pierced by a bayonet, is the most appropriate.

E. Wells.—Yes, men are horrid creatures.—Consult your parents on such matters.

B. Pratt.—Bashfulness is a virtue in a girl of your years.

L. Williams.—Yes, under the circumstances, green would be a very appropriate shade.

B. Dobbius.—I agree with you, astronomy is very interesting, and there certainly is a great deal to learn even from one Star.

S. Townsend. I admire your choice of pets, a poodle is very affectionate.

Alice C.—No, it is not wise to prevaricate, always be frank.

Berenice.—You write that you have a great many admirers. Beware! Do not fall into the snares of young men. You are much too young. You might accept invitations to ball games, but anything further is inadvisable.

G. Hepfer.—I don't blame you for not telling the naughty boys how old you are. It was very rude of them to ask.

Charlotte L.—You say that you are depressed at times and can concentrate your mind upon only one thing. I suggest a change of climate. Alabama would be desirable.

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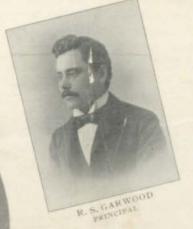
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Eugene F. Lohr,

Psychology,

Debates.

R. EUGENE F. LOHR received his college education at the University of Michigan. Upon leaving his Alma Mater, he

accepted a position in the South Bend High School, where he was later given the principal's chair. He must certainly have done excellent work there, for he remained there nine years, and when he finally left, it was to accept the position of principal of the Duluth High School at a much higher salary. He remained in Duluth three years, after which he returned to Michigan to take a position at Kalamazoo college. In 1897 he came to Marshall to accept the superintendency of our schools. Mr. Lohr has gained knowledge and culture from two trips to the Old World and is an excellent teacher as well as an able and successful superintendent.

Ralph S. Garwood,

Greek, Latin, Civics, English History, RALPH S. GARWOOD, the principal of our high school, was born at Ft. Scott, Kansas. After preparing for college at

Bethlehem, Pennyslvania, he entered the University of Michigan, from which he was graduated in 1892 with the degree of A. B. He held a position in the Albion High School for one year, entering upon his duties as principal of the Marshall High School in September, 1893. As a teacher, Mr. Garwood ranks very high, being a thorough master of his subject, and always ready with a fitting anecdote or illustration to make a difficult point clear and interesting. He has spent several of his summer vacations at the University, taking advanced work in Greek and Latin, and he is constantly on the lookout for new ideas and methods. Besides being an excellent teacher and capable principal, Mr. Garwood is a firm friend and helper of his pupils and is always ready to sympathize with them in their pleasures as well as in their work.

Gertrude B. Smith,

Algebra, Geometry, PROBABLY no one has done more for the development and advancement of the Marshall High School than Miss

Gertrude B. Smith. She has had charge of the Department of Mathematics for many years, and has brought the work to a very high standard of excellence. Too much cannot be said in praise of Miss Smith for the faithful and conscientious work she has done during her long connection with the school. She is a kind, thoroughand capable teacher, and never loses her interest in those who have been her pupils. She has a host of

warm friends among those who have studied at the Marshall High School, and is very much interested in the Alumni Association.

Jessie C. Porter, German, General History, Grammar, received her diploma from the Marshall High School in 1892, after which she attended the

Michigan Female Seminary at Kalamazoo for one year. From there she entered the University of Michigan and was graduated from that institution with the class of '96. She then accepted a position in the Port Huron High School, where she remained one year. She returned to Marshall in 1897, the same year which ushered the class of '01 into high school life, to accept her present position. Miss Porter holds a prominent place in the social life of our school and city.

Heman A Wood,

Physics, Chemistry, Physiology, Botany, m. HEMAN A. WOOD was born on a farm near Sturgis in this state. After a three years' course in the Sturgis High School,

he entered the Preparatory Department of Olivet

college in 1894, and was graduated from that institution in 1900 with the degree of B. S. During his senior year at college, Mr. Wood had one semester's practice in teaching in the Olivet schools. Immediately after his graduation, he took up advanced work at the University of Michigan, coming to Marshall in September to assume charge of the Science department in our high school. Mr. Wood is an indefatigable worker for the interests of his department and enjoys keeping the students busy.

Jessie M. Palmer.

English Language

JESSIE M. PALMER graduated from the Central High School of her native city, Duluth, Minnesota, in 1894. After taking

a post-graduate course of one year, she taught for a year in the Duluth schools. She entered the University of Michigan in 1896, and received her degree in 1900, specializing in English. From the first, Miss Palmer has taken an active part in all high school matters and has been the moving spirit of the Girls' Athletic Association, which was organized early in the year at her suggestion and under her direction. She has inspired in the girls great enthusiasm for athletics, and has made herself deservedly popular among them.

Nancy M. Bentley, Latin, English,

Physiography,

HT the beginning of the present year, owing to the crowded condition of our High School, it was found necessary to have

another teacher. The board made a wise choice in selecting Miss Nancy M. Bentley who was graduated from this school in the class of '95. After her graduation, Miss Bentley rested a year, then entered the University of Michigan where she made a specialty of Latin, completing her course in 1900. Both while in the high school and at the University, she obtained a very high record, and her work this year has been more than satisfactory.

Sibyl G. Robinson,

Free Hand and Mechanical Drawing.

SIBYL G. ROBINSON
was born at Albion
At the age of eleven
years, she received her first
art instruction under pri-

vate teachers. She was graduated from the Albion high school in 1890, and from the Art Department of Albion college in 1892. Miss Robinson has attended the Summer School of Art at Chicago three summers and at Bay View one summer. She took charge of the drawing in the Albion schools in 1892. In 1895 she began giving a portion of her time to the Marshall schools, and at the beginning of the present year organized classes in drawing in the high school.





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Department of English.

JESSIE M. PALMER.

The time has gone by when the English language was considered a subject which needed no particular attention in the schools. That was the sentiment, however, for so many years that the result is plainly seen today in the inability of the majority of high school graduates to use their own language correctly. How it happened we cannot exactly tell. Other nations taught their languages as fundamental and all-important studies, and we should have been wise enough to profit by their example. It seems strange that so great an error should ever have been made at all; it is stranger still that it remained so long unchallenged.

Less than half a dozen years ago, the American people came to the realization that in all phases of life, representatives of the nation of which we are so proud were having difficulty in expressing their thoughts both in spoken and in written English.

The cause of this was not hard to find. English had been taught all over the country as the least important of studies. The teaching had not been practical. The study was one of theory, and students of the subject thought they knew enough about English if they were able to read, knew a few rules, and could diagram correctly. They did not seem to realize that our language is the best means we have of communicating

our thoughts to one another, that it is a tool in the use of which we are all privileged to make ourselves more or less skillful, and that the degree of skillfulness to which we attain corresponds, to a great extent, to our influence upon those about us.

How often today we hear people say that they feel they know something but cannot express the thought. We know too, that the people who think they can write—even a good letter—are greatly in the minority. If ignorance of the use of our language is so great and common an impediment, it is indeed time that the American people were learning to use it.

This is an age of education, and every American should know how to speak and write the English language. That the reform in the teaching of English is spreading is shown by the fact that ability to speak and write the language correctly is now the first and foremost entrance requirement of many colleges, conspicuously so of professional and business colleges, and in all departments of life today there is a demand for people who are proficient in speaking and writing the English language.

In this movement the Marshall High School is determined not to be behind, and it is hoped that the ideal toward which the great thinkers on this subject are striving may be as nearly attained by this school as by any other.

The tendency all over the country now is to spend much more time upon the English work and to make it practical. In this school almost all the classes in English recite four days in the week, the hour on the fifth day being devoted to individual consultation on written work. Remembering that the best way to learn to use a tool is to use it, a good deal of time is given to the writing of English. More of this work is done by the students in the first year of the high school, the work slightly decreasing in quantity as the pupils advance. The ideal of course is to have it increase in difficulty at the same time.

In the third year, in connection with written work or composition, the study of Rhetoric is pursued. This is a very different subject from the one taught under that name in years gone by. Now it is closely connected with practical work and its aim is to have the pupils realize that a thought may be developed in many different ways and may therefore present many different aspects. The study is indeed a combination of practice and theory, the latter being illustrated by examples from the best authors.

Literature is and always will be a very important subject in the study of English. Acquaintance with the best authors not only furnishes models of the best English, but is the source of much real pleasure, and opens one's eyes to the wonderful stores of enjoyment and knowledge laid up in the writings of those who had command of our language.

Because of the great number to choose from, it is extremely difficult to decide what works of literature to leave out of the high school course and which to put in. In this school, the list made out as college requirements has so far been followed quite closely. This includes the works of the best writers of English in all important kinds of discourse.

In the first semesters of the freshman and sophomore years, the literature studied is exclusively American; almost all the rest of the time is devoted to the works of English authors. A good deal of attention of course is given to the plays of Shakespeare, at least one being taken up each year. The works of other important writers, among them Milton, Macauley, George Eliot, Burke, Scott and Tennyson, are studied during the four years' course. In the senior year, the study of the history of English literature serves to afford and summarize much general knowledge.

Besides the work known as the regular English work another phase of the subject receives attention in this high school. The aim of the debates, which are held weekly, is that the pupuls may learn to develop an argument, to speak with forceful effect, and to express their thoughts extemporaneously in fitting words.

Department of Science.

H. A. WOOD.

This question may come to some of the patrons of our schools, "What does our science department add to the education of our children?" Since both pupils and parents often have erroneous ideas of science and scientific training, we think it the duty of those who have it nearest their hearts to make clear as possible its educational advantages and its place in our public schools.

Science is the youngest addition to the family of the three R's. It still possesses a newness which hasn't entirely worn off, but notwithstanding it's frequently questioned position it has brought with it into the realm of the school room a freshness and vigor which even the scholars of the old school would have enthusiastically welcomed. All education, we believe, can be readily classified under three heads, namely, informational, disciplinary and cultural. The value of any study, then, is its faculty of adding to one or more of these three heads. To the individual, history and civics are informational; mathematics, disciplinary; and poetic literature, cultural: but science is informational, disciplinary, and cultural.

How informational? It draws aside the curtain from the student's faulty vision and reveals to him the untold wealth, complexity and yet regularity of this pleasant universe in which he is to spend the remainder of his earthly career. It makes him master of a new vocabulary and adds new meaning to old words. Last. but not least, he is given a working foundation by means of which he is able to keep in touch with the advancements made in science. How disciplinary? The student is given real problems. To work them he must control certain conditions, for the laws of matter and energy are as unchangeable as the sun in its fixed course. He who has learned to control conditions, making matter and mind his servants, has already seen the crown of success placed upon his efforts. How cultural? I believe science study cannot help but stimulate in the earnest student a greater love and respect for things both animate and inanimate. To commune with nature and enter into companionship with her richest secrets is ennobling.

That its value as an educator has been felt in the Marshall schools may be tested by a visit to the commodique apartments given up to such work in the new high school building. A recitation room of convenient size on the ground floor, well lighted and free from all laboratory appliances, is the first thing that would appeal to all science instructors. Leading from this room is a private stairway to the physical and chemical

laboratories in the basement. These are fitted up in the latest and most approved furnishings. Across a wide hall from the recitation room is a well lighted zoological and botanical laboratory. By this arrangement students may be allowed to work along their several lines at the same time and without friction

Our department offers two branches to the ninth grade, namely, physical geography and biology. In biology the first semester is given up entirely to zoology. the aim being in this study to acquaint the student with the habits of the animals he meets in his daily walks and to show him how they affect the life of man. Four periods a week are devoted to this study, two of them are spent in the laboratory where the student is brought into actual contact with the animals dealt with in the recitation. Here he is given an elementary course in comparative anatomy, which becomes very helpful to him when he takes up physiology. The last half of the year is devoted to botany which is treated in much the same way. More time is given than formerly to physiological and structural botany. However, the student is required to prepare a small herbarium of personally collected wild flowers.

Physiology, which is a sophomore study, is taken up in the second semester of the year. The time being limited for such a broad subject, the aim is to give as much text book knowledge as possible. But besides numerous class room drills, some very helpful laboratory work has been provided. The class this year has partially articulated a skeleton. They have also made a quantitative analysis of bone and a microscopical study of all the principal tissues of the body, the laboratory being provided with some very excellent compound microscopes from a well known German maker.

Chemistry: This ever interesting branch of science has been naturally and gradually slipping into the junior year. With the increased accommodation of our new building, chemistry has practically had a new start and an attempt will be made this coming year to place it upon the most approved basis. If the promise of some new apparatus is fulfilled, the work will be made largely quantitative rather than qualitative and an equal balance will be preserved between class room and laboratory work. Those taking either physics or chemistry should plan their school work so as to give a little outside over-time work to these two subjects.

Physics: Because of its mathematical character it has been placed in the senior year. To those who are contemplating taking up this study, a word of advice is a kindness. A good knowledge of algebra and plain geometry is practically indispensible. Our work in physics is becoming more and more rigorous every year. More practical problems are being added to the text book problems and the laboratory work is becoming almost wholly quantitative in character. We spend four periods a week in lectures, recitations and quizzes and two consecutive periods in the laboratory. Considerable emphasis is put upon the taking of data and the recording of it in a neatly arranged note book. If the student, in physics, acquires nothing more than the habit of the keeping of a note book, it is felt that his time has been profitably spent. Such experiments are recorded in this note book as the composition of forces, the laws of pendulum, lever and inclined plane, the finding of density of solids and liquids, the determination of specific heat, the curve of magnitization, the electrical resistance of conductors, velocity of sound, etc.

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Elizabeth Rose Heyser.
Phoebe Grace Hepfer.
Percy Marvin Hammond.
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Language Course.

Laura Arnull Bradley.

Susan Miranda Ferguson.

Mable Emma Humphrey.

Josephine Dibble.

Eleanor May Wells.

Bessie Kirby Lockwood.

Grace Westbrook Conley.

Mary Berenice Gallup.



THE GRADUATING CLASS

. . . Class Roll Call . . .

LAURA BRADLEY.

There's Hardy Grant our president Than whom there is none truer. And Mumaw, Hank, a football lad Whose failing is a "Brewer." We have two Noras in our ranks. One dark, the other light; There's Nora O. and Nora K. O. K., you see, all right. We have an Alexander, too, Who has suffered one long parting, Our Flossie is a furrier Who takes most stock in "Martin." But hist! A holier step draws nigh. What figure by us brushes? 'Tis "Moses," yes, our reverend sire Who oft the "Coleman" rushes. And next our little Susie Whose fingers are so nimble. And Alice B., our laughing maid So handy with the thimble. Now cast your eyes toward heaven And why we'll tell you later; Can you see Sid away up there? Well, he's our star debater. And now here comes our Berna.

Who's very fond of Greek, And next our bashful Esther In basket ball she's far from meek. And now the whole earth trembles As one from our number Answers to the name of Lohr With voice like distant thunder. Hark! Did someone answer "present?" I thought I heard a noise; Why sure it is our Eleanor Who's so averse to boys. And now prepare the olive wreaths And fill the air with song. For down the dusty line of march There comes a mighty throng. In wondrous strength and courage None to these maids compare Except the Grecian matrons Whose physique was very rare. They are our basket ball stars Who've won such great renown: There's Dibble, Lockwood, Conley, Hoch Now, dare I say just watch their smoke? We have a Euclid in our midst And Hammond is his name.

There's Bertha Manning too who's small But gets there just the same. And next "the hard grained muses Of the cube and of the square" Are greatly loved by Humphrey. Miss Mable all so fair. And now behold Miss Tullar. That most excellent school marm Who'll soon become a pedagogue And leave that dist unt farm. Now if you'll please step nearer And listen for awhile You'll hear someone disputing In a very willful style; Well, that is Miss Blanche Pratt you know.

Who's always asking why; You cannot fail to know it Whenever she is nigh Our Hattie Craft, like Sidney, She dwells upon the heights, I don't think you can see her Because she's out of sight. And if you'll look adown our ranks A sort a toward the end I believe you'll see Miss Hepfer Who's of late become our friend. Of course in running down the list We can't omit Miss Heyser, Of all the class of boys and girls There's none of them who's wiser. The shades of evening close around, There shines a mellow light. And down the brow of distant hill Our "Shepherd" comes in sight; She drives her flock before her With her crook of burnished gold; She has come to gather up us lambs And lead us to the fold.

. . . Class Poem . . .

ELIZABETH TULLAR.

.

Classmates, the time has come for us to part; Our happy, happy school days now are ended. That time shall be engraved upon each heart. When such pleasure with such benefit was blended.

Four long years we have paid due attention To all things aimed to cultivate the mind. Our fame and our attainments must have mention. And all the heights of knowledge we have climbed-

For months we've felt the time approaching When we should leave this scene to us so dear. Spring, like a maiden coy, comes now encroaching On that short time we've left to linger here Through our school life we've always been upholding

Our banner of the truth, so fair and bright: Always this class has been unfolding True, noble thoughts, the harbingers of light

Our class has known both joy and sorrow; Our heavenly Father oft has intervened; He oft has taken His own, to wait the morrow; O, well we know how sad his will has seemed.

And now we stand upon life's threshold; We now behold that thing for which we live. O, may we learn to recognize that truth old, "Tis blessed to receive—far more to give."

And as we enter each upon life's duty,
May heaven shower rich blessings on each one.
May each make his the "all-sustaining beauty,"
And let the last decision be "well done."

. . . Class History . . .

FLORENCE ALEXANDER.

The history of the class of 1901 is not more remark able and not more striking than that of the many classes gone before it, yet it is fitting that some record should be kept of our high school life.

In the year 1897 about seventy freshmen, with fluttering hearts and trembling knees, sat in the front seats of the old high school building, facing the principal. Will we ever forget that first day? How proud we felt to be numbered with the high school pupils, and yet how awkward and out of place we seemed. Mr. Garwood, the principal, was very kind to us and after a few weeks we were as well acquinted and thought we knew as much about high school life as the dignified seniors. Nothing very remarkable happened this year except that some who had entered with us in September had become tired of the work and had left. June came with the graduation of the senior class and then for the first time we began to realize that graduation meant something and although that event for us seemed far distant in the dim, uncertain future, from that day we each decided to make the graduating class of 1901 surpass all others not only in ability but also in numbers.

After the long vacation, Septembe reame once more with its ringing of school bells and its beginning of hard

work. This September we took our seats more confidently than we had the September revious. Now it was our chance to have a ... Of course there wasn't any harm in laughing at the freshmen. And they did seem to get dreadfully mixed up on the assignment of class rooms. Could it be possible that we had afforded so much sport for the upper classes the year before? Impossible.

But sorrow awaited us. It was in the month of October, 1898, that Josephine Bealer, one of our most promising classmates, was called away from us. It was some time before the class was able to settle down with its former zeal to its work.

The next important event worthy of mention was the contest between the two literary societies of the high school. The honors were nearly evenly divided but the class of '01 carried off the honors due the best essayist and the best debater. The contest was given on Washington's birthday and proved such a success that it was decided to hold similar contests each year.

Soon June came and our school days were over for a few months. But all too soon again September rolled around. And now we were juniors. Perhaps if we could have looked forward into the future we would have entered the school room less gaily that bright September morning. We little dreamed then that two more of our number were to be taken from us. How well we remember that morning in November, 1899, when the news spread like wildfire over the high school that Searles Raesley was dead. Could it be possible that Searles, of whom we all thought so highly would never meet with us again. Yes, there was no mistake. Sorrow once more entered our hearts and dimmed the joys of high school life.

It was not until our junior year that we elected our class officers and began holding class meetings. At the first meeting we elected for president, Glenn E. Grant; treasurer, B. Lockwood; secretary, L. Fish, and vice president, Josephine Dibble. Now our class was fairly organized. At the next class meeting, after considerable discussion, the colors blue and maise were chosen.

In February, as usual, the annual contest between the two societies occurred. This secured for our class the honors due the best reciter and the best orator. At last we had gained the championship in all four distinctions: as reciter, debater, orator and essayist.

Once more the sorrowful news, death, ran through our class. This time Laura Fish was taken from our number. She had joined our class in the second year of its existence but still seemed just as dear to us as those who had entered with the class in '97. Laura was a bright, sunny tempered girl who made all who knew her love her. How true is this saying of Shakespeare:

"Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore, So do our minutes hasten to their end."—Sonnets.

In June, the week before school closed, Josephine Dibble called the class together and said that she thought it pretty near time we were having some sort of class gathering, and proposed that the next week we all hold a picnic at Lyon lake. Of course this proposition was hailed with delight. We will never forget that pleasant afternoon. Everyone seemed to try to make everyone else enjoy himself. But this was only the beginning of many more such delightful times. Since the custom had always been for the juniors to decorate the church and platform for graduation exercises, this lot fell to us this year, which we enjoyed very much. Then tired out with our year's work again we received with joy our well earned vacation.

The following September our class numbered twenty-seven who would graduate in 1901. Twenty-seven out of the seventy who entered with us were still numbered with the class of 'O1 and so, although deficient in number, we began the year sterling in quality. This, our senior year, was the most eventful of our entire high school life. As there had been some dissatisfaction in regard to the decision of class colors, the class thought it best to reconsider the matter, and if possible choose some that would suit all. So after some thought the colors green and white were selected, the fleur de lis for the class flower, the oak leaf for the emblem

and for the class pin, the oak leaf of green enamel with "M. H. S. 1901" in white.

If we had had but few class meetings the year before the class seemed trying its best now to make up for lost time. A second class meeting was soon called for the purpose of electing class officers. At this meeting Glenn Grant was re-elected president of the class, Josephine Dibble, vice president; Susie Ferguson, secretary; and Arlo Mumaw, treasurer.

At another class meeting in December, it was decided that the class should give a dance in order to increase its funds and also to obtain money enough to pay the debt on the class pins. But this one dance proved inefficient to meet the bill, so another dance was planned which resulted very successfully.

In January, 1901, Grace Hepfer of Jackson, Mich., joined our class and so increased our number to twenty-eight.

As a means by which the class might come in closer contact with one another, and make this last year of high school life one to be long remembered, the class decided that each one of its members should entertain it in some way once during the year. Catherine Brewer was the first to extend to us an invitation. This class party was to be a masquerade and indeed it was a jolly one. There were flower girls, nurses just from the hospital, old fashioned girls and ghosts in great numbers. All were so delighted with the success

of this one that everyone declared there was no placelike the class parties to have a good time.

As the sleighing was good, a few weeks later, Grace Conley entertained us with a sleigh-ride and a good time in general at her home in the country. The following night Bess Lockwood and Alice Brooks, and later on Josephine Dibble entertained the class. It would take too long to fully describe these parties or to tell how well we enjoyed ourselves. These are only a few of the many similar good times we enjoyed. Each member of the class seemed to vie with all the others in having his or her party more original than any that had preceded it.

Then the harrowing question arose, "What shall we have for class day exercises?" Now, that the originality of the class had been so awakened, we could not think of giving the same prosy class day exercises that so many of our ancestral classes had given. Why couldn't we have something new and original? Here Mr. Garwood came to our aid and suggested that we give a play or farce known as "The Deestrict Skule." This did not seem to meet the approval of all but after some deliberation it was decided upon and forthwith speedy means were taken for carrying out our decision.

On March 8th, 1901, the new high school was dedicated. And we, the senior class of 1901, were to have the honor of being the first class to graduate from it. Let the class of 1900 boast that they were the Century.

Class and the last to graduate from the old building. What cared we? We were only sorry that we couldn't enjoy the pleasures and conveniences of the new high school longer.

The first important event which took place in the new building after its dedication was the third annual contest of the M. H. S. Two juniors and two seniors contested. All four contestants were well matched in both thought and delivery, and it proved hard for the judges to make the decision, but at length the honors were awarded to Marie Winsor, of the class of 1902.

And now my task is done. I have tried to give a true and accurate account of the past happenings of the class of '01. What the future holds in store for us no one can tell. But the memory of those happy days we spent together, the sorrows we shared together as a class will ever be sacred to us. Our high school days are over and how sad to part from those with whom we have been so long acquainted. The faces that now are so familiar to us we may never see again. But wherever we may be, we will always remember our high school as the brightest and sweetest of our lives.



... Class Prophecy ...

SIDNEY MCKEE.

Before mine eyes in stereoscopic line

The pictured forms of schoolmates seem to pass. Wrapt in a mystic trance I scan with prophet's eye
'The forward-looking records of the class.

A crucial moment in each classmate's life
Is sometimes dimly, sometimes brightly shown;
But as of each I write, the clouds obstruct my view,
'The momentary tlashes soon are flown.

THE VISION.

Enter - Florence Alexander.

She sits at a table writing her will,
For this is a crisis in her life;
Her Will first wrote to her and asked
If she would be his wife.

Enter Laura Bradley.

I see her stand upon the scenic stage,
Unaffected in or by her age.
Why has she not married long before?
Perchance he* went away unto the war!

Enter Catherine Brewer.

Catherine, you will win the prize
At the county fair, for the nicest pies;
And when this prophecy comes true
Remember your classmates—bake us a few!

Enter Alice Brooks.

Giggling, gurgling, laughing brooks,
Flow on! Let mirth be unrestrained!
I see in thee chief of those whose looks
Have love and name and money gained.

Enter- Grace Conley.

Strong in thy strength, I hear thy voice rise high In councils to affect the bye-and bye; But as in power thou growest, this caution I'll say o'er

In all thy growing, careful be that thou becom'st not 'lower!"

Enter-Hattie Craft.

Look! There's shipwrecked Hattie Craft Sitting lonely on a raft Right in the middle of the ocean Though she has no "near relation" She has got a "situation" So I view her with a joyful emotion!

Enter Josephine Dibble.

She'll win a place within the hall of fame. She'll write a book of stories stored with wit. High will be her purpose, high her aim; Will she forget her class? Well I guess nit!

^{*}Poor Chauncey.

Enter Susie Ferguson.

In touch with her art, And with art in her touch, Though careless of fame, Our Sue getteth much.

Enter Berenice Gallup.

Berenice, the first female explorer,
Will sit, with her hair nicely curled,
On the north pole, which she will discover,
And she'll feel quite above our poor world!

Enter-Glenn Grant.

My vision sees our president, In politics grown grand, As an official resident In "Hoch der Kaiser" land.

Enter Percy Hammond.

Though you look so gentle and short, Percy, Your history is long. As a bandit king in the Philippines You will live for aye in song!

Enter Grace Hepfer.

She'll be a great poet,
For the fates so arrange it:
But her name's hard to rhyme,
So here's hoping she'll change it.

Enter Linzie Heyser.

She is happy good and wise
And is no man's debtor.
Though her lot might be lots worse
It could not be much better.

Enter Louise Hoch.

For a time she'll sneeze in an arctic breeze
With a heart like adamant.
But thick mists rise before mine eyes:
If you want to know more—Ask Grant!

Enter-Mable Humphrey.

With her drawing she'll draw to her Honor and praise. Our most noted classmate In many ways.

Enter-Nora Keady.

We see her speculating
On the stock exchange,
Her nerve and grit not lost a bit,
For Nora does not change.

Enter Bess Lockwood.

We see her stand an orator
For woman's precious rights.
It's most as good as a basket ball game
To see the way she fights!

Enter-Essie McGee.

This is the shade of the late Essie McGee.
The late shade because she is late no more;
So she has reformed, but not re-formed, you see;
For she's not a shade—not a shade less blushing than she was before.

Enter-Carl Lohr.

Hear! Hear him speak his ponderous eloquence!
But I have held alway
(No matter what physics books say)
That what is wisely heavy can't be dense.

Enter - Bertha Mannings.

To those who the good things of life have missed She's called a most beneficent philanthropist. So you see she's grown great, Not in size, but in state!

Enter-Frank Moses.

My vision sees Moses, our patriarch, Moses, our grand ol' man, Drop from his ancient, high estate, And walk around with the "coal man!"

Enter-Arlo Mumaw.

Entranced I see Mumaw, though a temperance man, Sitting in state in the governor's chair. How could this happen here in Michigan? Its a paradox; but the "brewers" got him there!

Enter-Nora Owens.

That bliss can be gained with blistering hands
Is shown by our Nora's career.
Though she hurts people's paws
When they break the school laws
As a friend they all hold her most dear.

Enter- Blanche Pratt.

Blanche Pratt, an inextinguishable maid,
Will knock about the world and by the world in turn be
knocked about;

But she'll laugh and grow fat in spite of all that, For an inextinguishable maiden cannot be put out.

Enter-Nettie Shepherd.

I see her as a sewing girl
And she can sew so-so;
But how much she can make a day
I do not know. No! No!

Enter Bessie Tullur.

I see this doctor in her buggy go Through rain and hail and mud and slushy snow. An honor to her class she is, I know, But lest 'twould make her proud I will not tell her so.

Enter-Eleanor Wells.

Eleanor Wells, the future tells
For thee t chime of wedding bells:
And I see you with a dimpling chin
In some future time at this prophecy grin.

EPILOGUE.

The vision changes;
Time's darkling curtains fall
And from the gloom I hear a trumpet call
With stern, stentorian tone
"No questions of the future ask:
But each one to his all-affecting task
Should bend; and make each moment
Of the present be his own.

. In Memoriam.

Josephine Bealer,

Died October 13, 1898. Age 15.

Searles Raesley,

Died Getober 31, 1800. Age 15,

Caura Fish,

Died March 31, 1900.

.. The Class of 1902...

Berenice Underwood.
Alice Alexander.
Gertrude Herrington.
Frank Whitelam.
Susie Dibble.
Ruth Bentley.

Edith Hammond.

Nellie Hanenberg.

Charlotte Lepper.

Floyd Starr.

Lena Rohr.

Robert Peck.

Dwight Dickey.

Lottie Fisher.

Leona Paxton.

Clara Whitted.

Vina Ford.

Anna Durkee.

Earnest Fisk.
Nettie Roosa.
Dona Marshall.
Edith Brooks.
Bessie Wright.
Ethel Freed.

Nellie Fisk.
Susie Townsend.
Louise Butler.
Marie Winsor.
Alice Coleman.
Henry Graff.
Joe Deuel.

Joe Deuel.
Reuben Borough.
George Martin.
Will Graff.
Cora Palmer.



THE CLASS OF 1902.

. . The Class of 1903 . .

Cyrus Goodrich.

Lois Peters.

Helen Hyde.

Rose Butler.

Bertha Dobbins.

Robert Hindenach.

Harold Brooks.

Leila Williams.

Franc Pattison.

Mary McGee.

Jennie Ball.

Laura Hornberger.

Florence Pringle.

Gladys Wright.

Lena Whitbeck.

Neva Gray.

Gertrude Miller.

Rudolph Lohr.

Eleanor Kipp.

Loella Wright.

Jessie Stout.

Mary Godfrey.

Benjamin Frost.

Mary Simmons.

Ida Karsteadt.

Samuel McKee.

Glenn Freed.

George Owens.

Russell Merrill.

Murray Bentley.

Elmer Holsaple,

Arba White.



THE CLASS OF 1903.

.. The Class of 1904 ...

Irwin Arndts.
Sam Richards.
Frank Graff.
Clide Jacoby.
Clinton Courtright.
Leon Hart.
Birdie Hoch.
Charlotte Brooks.
Walter Heyser.
Florence Cunningham.
Gertrude Borough.
Agnes Devereaux.

Berenice Blaisdell.
Alice Burkley.
Daisy Cunningham.
Mary Page.
Louise Bach.
Ethel Austin.
Caro Dwight.
Marie Snyder.

Claude Etheridge. Grace Radford. Addibell Sampson.

Louise Diehl.

Goldie Jones.
Reine Conway.
Addie Bozzard.
Lottie Buckingham.
Lillie McKeever.
Nellie Green.

Charles Southworth.

Doras Welch.

James Cox.

Jerome Bentley.

Charlie Dobbins.

Ruby Easterley.



THE CLASS OF 1904.

Annie Laurie

A romance in two chapters by ELIZABETH TULLAR, '01 and ALICE E. ALEXANDER, '02.

CHAPTER I.

"What is so rare as a day in June?"

The words of this poem came again and again into the mind of Robert Langdon as he rode along the well trodden trail that led across the prairie. It was, indeed, a perfect day. Although the sun was warm, a gentle breeze was blowing, which swayed the tops of the tall grasses until the prairie looked like a great, green sea, with billows of gold and green and flashes of yellow light rolling over it. Langdon turned his horse aside to a small knoll near the trail, which shone like an emerald in the brilliant sunlight, and when he had gained the slight eminence, he dismounted and stood gazing at the beauties around him. Far and near stretched the green prairie, covered with the waving grasses. Yonder a line of cotton-wood trees marked the valley of a tiny stream and through the foliage could be seen the glint of water in the pools. All the poetry in the man was awakened and he stood leaning upon his horse, lost in contemplation of the beautiful and tranquil scene. At length he was aroused from his reverie by a sharp peal of thunder.

What a change had taken place in the aspect of things in the space of a few minutes! Where before had been the measureless expanse of clear, blue sky, blue as the sky in Italy, now was a mass of dark lowering clouds. There was a grey haze over the whole scene and the air was full of that vague alarm which mortals always feel before a thunder storm. Langdon stood undecided until a second peal of thunder sounded. Then leaping to the saddle he spoke the word of command to his horse. The noble beast leaped forward with great bounds but before he had gone a dozen rods, large drops of rain spattered on both horse and rider and the thunder's loud, short claps shook the heavens. They were going straight down the trail, but before long the rain came in such sheets that Langdon could see nothing, but had to trust wholly to the instinct of his horse. He had a vague idea that they had left the trail, and was filled with active alarm lest a bolt of that lightning which played so fiercely across the sky should descend and strike them. But he stayed in the saddle, trusting blindly to his horse. Suddenly he was aroused by the abrupt halt of his steed. Looking in front of him he was amazed to find himself on the very verge of a deep ravine. Quickly turning, the sagacious beast galloped away in the opposite direction, but Langdon made no attempt to guide him.

After a time he stopped again, and as the blinding rain had not ceased, his rider was on the alert to discover what new danger they were in, when to his great joy he saw the logs which formed the walls of some cattle-man's enclosure or corral. Hastily following the wall around they at length came to the gate and directly opposite could be dimly discerned the outlines of the owner's cabin. Now that shelter was near, a strange weakness took possession of Langdon. He managed to slip from the saddle and drag himself to the door. But such was his fatigue that, after staggering for a moment, he fell forward upon the threshold.

He knew no more until he awoke, lying in a neat white bed in a cosy room. Bending over him was a little child, whose face as she stood there seemed to him almost that of an angel. She had a sweet, grieved, piti ful look upon her face and he could hear her whisper. "Poor man, poor man." Then slipping down to her knees she whispered, "Dear God, please do not let him die." When she arose she saw that his eyes were open and a smile of joy broke over her face. She stood there a moment, carried away with delight at his return to consciousness. As he lay there motionless, Langdon made a mental note of the child's beauty. She was small, not more than ten years old, her figure looking very childish in the simple gingham gown. Her hair was that lovely, soft brown, the despair and delight of artists. Her eyes made a brilliant contrast to her waying hair, for they were black as night, fringed with long lashes of the same dark hue. Her expression was so innocent, so childlike and yet so intelligent that Langdon, weak as he was, could not resist the temptation to hold out his hand and ask her name. At the sound of his voice she started, and coming forward with quaint courtesy, she placed her tiny hand in his, and in answer to his question said, "My name is Faith, but I must go now and tell mamma and papa that you are awake." So saying she sped away but soon returned, and with her came a man and woman, obviously her father and mother. They hastened to his bedside and after making inquiries in the kindest manner, the mother left the room. Shortly afterward she returned, bearing a dainty repast upon a tray.

After disposing of the good things, Langdon felt so much better that he called his kind host and intimated his desire to rise. The good man brought his clothing and soon he was ready to be taken to the family sitting room. He was not long in winning the confidence of the whole family by his quiet courtesy and his refined, intelligent manner. He told them his name and learned that their's was Allyn. Mrs. Allyn was very sweet and womanly, with a refinement and charm of manner which, though it would have graced many a fashionable drawing room, yet did not seem out of place in this frontier cabin. Mr. Allyn was evidently a man of the soil, but such was his goodness and kindness of heart and his evident love and respect for his helpmeet that he and his wife presented the beautiful spectacle of a family wherein the husband and wife are truly one.

All round the little home were small marks of refinement; a few art photographs were scattered here and there, the mantel was prettily draped, and near by was a little shelf full of books. As he ran the titles over he saw that they were of the books that never die: Tennyson, Scott, Dickens and several others equally as good. Their home could not be without music, for in the corner stood a guitar and by it lay a violin case. While he was noting these details, so different from the usual frontier home, he was busily talking to his host and hostess. He told them of the business which was causing this trip and of the various delays which he had suffered.

Bye and bye, little Faith came in to say good night, to her parents and as she stopped to bid him good night Langdon caught her up into his arms and kissed her. He then told her of his little boy, Harold, who was just about her age, and then with altered tone he spoke of the mother who after a few brief years of happiness had passed away, leaving his little son motherless. Faith was much touched by the story and before she left the room she gave a pleading glance at her mother and said, "Please, mamma, let us sing 'Annie Laurie'." Mrs. Allyn, at the intercession of Langdon, consented, and taking her guitar, she played softly the old familiar air. Then striking the chords she began the simple melody and Faith joined her sweet, childish voice with her mother's clear soprano. Never before had Langdon

heard the ballad sung so touchingly, each verse with the refrain:

"And for Bonnie Annie Laurie I would lay me down and dee."

When the song was finished Langdon called Faith to him, printed a warm kiss on her forehead, and said, "Good night, dear little "Annie Laurie,"

Next morning Langdon felt scarcely able to travel, so after some persuasion by his kind host, he consented to remain another day. When at last he left he promised to call on his return journey and went his way. As he went out to the trail he could hear Faith's sweet voice singing:

"And for bonny Annie Laurie I would lay me down and dee"

In just two weeks he was back again to the little home on the prairie. Everything was the same and he was accorded a hearty welcome. This time he had a proposal to make. The next year he would have a a whole summer of leisure and he wished to spend it with his boy in some place where they would be "close to Nature's heart." Never yet had he seen a place that he would rather spend the time in than in their home. Would it be possible for him to bring Harold and stay there? After some deliberation, the Allyns decided that they would be glad to have him come. Harold would make such a nice playmate for Faith, they

thought, and she, poor child, had had so few child friends. At last he rode off, looking back and waving his hand at little "Annie Laurie" who had come down to the trail with him.

A year passed by. Again it was June. Again the waving grasses covered the wide prairie. Again did Robert Langdon ride along the trail and beside him rode Harold, a fine, manly little fellow of eleven years, The youngster was wild with delight at the prospect of being with his father for three whole months at a time, more than ever in his whole life before, for his father's occupation as a surveyor kept him away most of the time. As they rode along, Langdon entertained the boy with stories of that day when he first rode over that trail and of the adventures in the thunderstorm. Happily talking thus they were almost to the house before they saw it; then like the sweet tones of a silver lute came floating out to them the voice of little Faith singing "Annie Laurie." "Ah' that is Faith, Harold," said Langdon, and in a few moments they were before the door and the whole family came out to meet them. Hearty were the greetings for father and son and they were at once escorted to the supper table where they did ample justice to Mrs. Allyn's housewifely skill. After supper, Faith took Harold on her nightly visit among her pets and when they came in they were as well acquainted as if they had known each other all their lives. Faith was delighted with her playmate and

Harold was sure he had never seen so charming a little girl.

Before bedtime Langdon said, "Mrs. Allyn, will not little 'Annie Laurie' sing for me?" For answer, Mrs. Allyn took her guitar and Faith began to sing: "Maxwellton's braes are bonny, "sang the child, but on the next line Harold joined her. Mrs. Allyn looked up, well pleased at the addition to their little concert. Sweetly the childish voices, mingled in the old, sweet song and the tender refrain.

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie I would lay me down and dee;"

rang out with such exquisite feeling that the parents of both children listened with rapture. It was, indeed, beautiful. Both the children sang as if inspired.

The summer days passed quickly by. Every day was fraught with sweet, country pleasures and the friendship deepened between Harold and Faith. Never a quarrel did these two have. They were happy all the live-long day. Langdon told himself again and again that he never spent a summer more delightfully.

Everything went pleasantly until their vacation was half over, when one morning, Mr. Allyn was unable to rise. For several days he lingered on, suffering no pain, but one quiet afternoon as they were gathered near him he called Langdon to the bedside and said. "I am going now, my friend. I leave my dear ones to your care."

"I accept the trust," said Langdon, "but it cannot be that you are to die,"

"I am certain," responded the dying man, "but I am not afraid to go. Faith, darling, you must comfort your mother when I am gone."

After affectionately taking leave of his wife he closed his eyes and quietly breathed his last. They buried him near his home, and alone his widow tried to take up the burden of life, but it was too heavy for her to bear, so one day in early autumn they laid her beside the newly-made grave of her husband.

Faith was now an orphan, but Langdon had promised both her father and mother that he would care for her and he felt almost as warm a love toward her as he did toward his own Harold. So in a few weeks the three set out from the prairie homestead to go back to the city. "Take a good, long look at the old home, 'Annie Laurie,' and say good bye, "said Langdon. Faith did so, letting her gaze rest longest on the two newlymade graves. Then waving her hand sadly to the dear old place, she turned and the three rode off over the prairie and were lost to view.

CHAPTER II

The years sped by on the fleeting wings of time, bringing their joys and sorrows as all years will. Nine times had the bells proclaimed the death of the old year and the birth of the new, since Faith had come to her beautiful eastern home.

The little girl had blossomed into a beautiful, cultured young lady, beloved and admired by all. So sweet and lovely was her character that all who knew her loved her. Four years of college training had transformed her from a little prairie girl into an accomplished young lady of society.

Her voice, which was wonderful in its sweetness and pathos, was attracting much attention from noted musicians as well as the people at the social gatherings where she often sang, and Mr. Langdon had reason to be especially proud of her on that account.

She was not only belle of all social circles, but she was also queen in the home which she loved so dearly. Neither did her rule end here, for she reigned supreme in somebody's heart, and that somebody was Harold. Ever since their childhood days, he had shown a regard for her such as no other of his playmates or friends had received from him; and now that childish love was fast deepening into an affection which it was hard to keep always effectually hidden. If she were out of his sight for even a week or so, Harold counted the days till her return, and when the darkness came, he would lie awake long hours, thinking of the sweet, winsome face with its beautiful brown eyes so full of expression. And when at last he fell asleep it was only to dream of her.

One soft, balmy evening, it was just after her return from one of her short visits, Faith sat at the piano giving voice to her beautiful thoughts. It was the dusk of the evening, and the soft shadows were stealing over everything. Ah, what was this she was singing? Could it be that old, sweet tune "Annie Laurie?" Yes, for hark, how the clear tones ring out:

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and dee."

The thought of the song was too much for Harold who had been sitting in a dark corner of the room, unobserved by Faith; and when the room grew silent as the last echoes died away, he sprang eagerly forward and with a pleading ring in his voice, he told her how great his love was for her. Faith, after the first start of surprise at his presence there, with a sweet, shy blush, closed her eyes so that Harold might not read what was so clearly written in them.

The days and weeks flew quickly for these happy young people, when a cloud crossed the sunshine of their lives. The Spanish-American war broke out, and the call for soldiers was heard throughout the United States. Harold, brave young fellow that he was, was one of the first to enlist. Faith, too, encouraged his desire to serve his country, although her heart was full of fear and anxiety for him.

Sad indeed was their parting, for each realized that they might never meet again on earth. There was no more joyous laughter and fun in the great house, and Mr. Langdon as well as Faith and Harold were depressed by a feeling of coming evil. The last evening was spent in singing sweet old familiar airs, and Harold's deep, melodious tones were blended with Faith's clear, pathetic voice in the old refrain, "Annie Laurie," which had long been their favorite.

Many friends gathered at the depot the next morning to bid Harold "Godspeed," but there were none whose hearts were quite as heavy as Faith's. With one last whispered word of farewell Harold had gone, and Faith clung to Mr. Langdon as if he were her only care now, for much as Faith had longed to go as nurse in the army, she felt that her duty was at home, for Mr. Langdon was growing old and feeble and needed a daughter's loving care.

The days passed slowly by, and yet no letter came from the army, and Faith grew so anxious that Mr. Langdon declared he could not have her getting so pale and hollow-eyed, so before many days had passed she was also on her way to Cuba.

.

The quiet, peaceful scene has changed. The boom of cannon is heard for miles around. The hot, glaring sun is obscured by dust and powder smoke. Soldiers with grim, determined faces are fighting with might and main for their country. Once in a while some brave fellow throws up his hands with a groan, and sinks to the ground, only to be trampled on by hundreds of feet. The battle is at its height. See how bravely our boys fight! They are driven back once, twice, by the advancing lines of Spanish soldiers, only to turn again with a renewed energy, and by their tireless persistence force the enemy back step by step, till at last they are left in the field triumphant.

Now, turn to the hospital tent where a young girl stands with face white and drawn, straining her eyes in the direction of the battle field. Through the long hours she has kept her vigil until the noise has ceased, and the brave fellows who started out so proudly and courageously in the morning are borne, apparently lifeless, to the great hospital tent. There is plenty of work for our little Faith. But in all her tender care of the wounded soldiers, she looks for one who is dearer than life to her.

Presently a feeble voice near by calls for water. Faith at once recognizes Harold's well known voice, although it is weak and changed by suffering. She springs to his side and holds the glass to his fever-parched lips.

"Harold, dear Harold, are you hurt? O, how could I let you go!" she cries, and sinking on her knees by the bedside, she bursts into a perfect passion of tears. Harold, though scarcely able to speak the soothing words, comforts her as best he can.

"Don't cry, dear! You know it will all come right sometime. If you love me, little one, what does it matter if I must die? It is only a little while dear, and I will meet you in that beautiful home above, where sorrow can never come, but only joy—joy."

"But Harold, I cannot let you go. O, why must

God put such sorrows into our lives!"

"Hush darling, you must not talk so. God is just. He will not give us more than we can bear. Won't you sing 'Annie Laurie' once more for me dear?"

At his request, her sweet voice sang the words falteringly. Many a poor fellow was comforted by the clear treble voice, and the great tent was as still as a church as she sang: "Maxwellton's braes are bonny,
Where early faes the dew;
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true,
And ne'er forget will I,
But for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die."

As the last notes died away the sick man repeated, "For bonnie Annie Laurie l'd lay me down and die."

His soul had taken its flight, and the sorrow-stricken little nurse knelt for hours by the lifeless body praying, "O Father, Father take me too! Let me be with him again! O Father, I cannot bear it."

She prayed on and on till she at length fell into a stupor, and knew no more for many a weary hour.

After a long struggle with death she slowly came back to life and took up her heavy burden of sorrow, and bore it bravely for Harold's sake. Her life was so pure and holy that the soldiers (for she still retained her place as nurse in the hospital tent) called her "the little saint." She consecrated her beautiful voice as well as her time and labor to those who were in need, and her sweet songs helped many a poor fellow across the valley of the shadow of death. And when the war was over she went back to her home in Boston, and cared tenderly for Mr. Langdon, who was all that was now left to her on earth, and when at last she went to meet Harold in that beautiful home above, it was said of her by all who knew the patient little woman in black that "she went about doing good."

FINIS.

KAPPA IOTA GAMMA

Faculty Member

RALPH S. GARWOOD

Active Members

ROBERT I. PECK
JOE C. DEUEL
OLLIE W. DEAN
DWIGHT S. DICKEY
MILES W. TOWNSEND
HENRY GRAFF

DALE DOBBINS
GLENN E. GRANT
FRANK R. MOSES
ARLO A. MUMAW
CYRUS GOODRICH
EARNEST FISK



The High School Fraternity.

Dickery bang! Dickery bang! Kappa Iota Gamma gang! Zip wow, zip wow! Who's here just now! K-1-G

Who are the K. I. G's? That was the universal query, not only from the lips of the high school students, but the people of Marshall generally, when the fraternal charter was received and conspicuously suspended between the two doors of the assembly room in the new high school, and the first notice of a special meeting of the K. I. G's was given in the city dailies.

For the especial benefit of those who do not know the answer to that question, the following is written:

In 1896 a few of the more energetic young men of the Kalamazoo High School organized a society known to everyone as the Kappa lota Gamma. The difficulties with which it had to contend were overcome by the persistence of its members and its efforts were crowned with unusual success along both literary and athletic lines.

At a later date the Beta chapter of the Kappa Iota Gamma was organized in the Battle Creek High School. Here the best of fraternal spirit was again manifest and the members have given a substantial boom to athletics.

Last winter several representatives of the chapters

in Kalamazoo and Battle Creek came to. Marshall and assisted the five charter members in the organization of the Cappa chapter of the K. I. G. in this city. The active membership has increased to eight, besides the faculty membership. And the pledge members promise to make up a goodly roll before the end of the school year.

The Kappa Iota Gamma fraternity is a high school organization with the specific aim of bettering the conditions of the school and the scholar, and the promotion of the interests of education, good-fellowship and athletics.

In accepting a would-be K. I. G. as a pledge member, good standing in school work and true personal worth are considered most essential. The admission and membership of "men" of these requisite qualities tends to reflect credit upon the society and accounts for the unanimous good feeling which is entertained by the citizens of Marshall for the order.

Although too young to have especially distinguished itself in the literary field, the members of the Cappa chapter have carried off 95 per cent of Marshall's athletic honors.

Socially the order promises to be a great success. The members are now anxiously looking forward to the banquet to be given the last of June. The idea of this banquet was suggested at a "scrumptious eat" given in connection with a business meeting held a couple of months ago.

What did they do at the meeting? Well! When you learn our secrets it'll be time for you to know.

Girls' Athletic Association

L. M. H, '01,

PRESIDENT Louise Hoch.
VICE PRESIDENT Esther McGee.
SECRETARY Mabel Humphrey.
TREASURER Josephine Dibble.
DIRECTRESS Miss Jessie Palmer.

This year an association has been formed in the high school, which, it is hoped will ever hold a high place in its sphere. The Girls' Athletic Association is the first organization of its kind in this vicinity and we sincerely trust that it may always keep the lead.

The aim of the association is to blend the physical education with the mental, and to strengthen school work by enjoyable exercise received in the gymnasium. Of course the high school girls are now a fair-looking set of girls, but it is expected that within two or three years, the graceful carriage and finely developed figure of every one of the members of the association will be the best of proofs of the good results which may be obtained from a short time spent in good, healthful exercise.

Had the pecuniary resources equalled the enthusiasm shown in the first year's work, a fine gymnasium would already have been erected; but since this was

not the case, several interested friends offered assist ance, which the girls greatly appreciated. The members, however, also set about to raise funds, and the organization, financially, has been a success. At the beginning of the season, a supper was given with a result of thirty-six dollars to the credit of the association. With this to start on, a hall was hired and a basket ball court fitted out. Miss Blair of Albion college was secured to instruct the girls in basket-ball and the work proved so successful that a first team was organized to play with the Albion college girls.

Several methods of raising money have been tried during the year, and successfully carried out. The girls have thoroughly enjoyed the gymnasium work, and many a good time in the "old church" will hold a tender spot in the hearts of the founders of the Girls' Athletic Association.

Many new features will be introduced into the work next year and the outlook is very bright. With outsiders as helping and kind as they have been this year, and the members so enthusiastic, who can say what the attainment of the association may be?

. . . A WILL . .

I, THE CLASS OF 1901, of the high school of Marshall, county of Calhoun, state of Michigan, being now in the fourth year of my life and of sound mind and memory, and realizing the uncertainty of this life, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament.

FIRST, I give and bequeath to my mother, the Marshall High School, all my written productions, my marks of art, most of which now adorn her desks, the class banner and all other property, both personal and real, of which I may die possessed and not otherwise disposed of in this will, and which shall remain after the payment of my funeral expenses and all other of my just debts.

SECOND, I give and bequeath to my younger brother, the Freshmen Class of 1901, the honor of being special messenger for the Principal and of acknowledging himself guilty of all misdemeanors perpetrated in school. To him I give the care of the ink bottles and the right to be tardy once each semester.

THIRD, I give and bequeath to my sister, the Sophomore Class of 1901, all the pleasures to be gained from the privileges which I enjoyed when a Junior, the right to have a class debate, and the authority to mark the roll in the absence of the Senior Class.

FOURTH, I give and bequeath to my brother, the Junior Class of 1901, my well earned honors and dignity which I desire him to maintain, my seats in the back row and the privilege of marking the roll, the right to give a Senior dance and such other entertainments as are proper and fitting to the dignity of a Senior, the green and white shoes which I have worn so long, and the care of the order and discipline in the high school.

FIFIM, I do herewith and hereby nominate and appoint my friend and benefactor, Mr. R. S. Garwood, sole executor of this will, with full power to sell, lease or convey all my property, either personal or real, or as much thereof as may be necessary to carry into effect the provisions of this my last will and testament, without asking leave or licence of any court for that purpose. I also appoint the same Mr. R. S. Garwood to personally superintend the construction and pay for, from the revenues of my estate, a suitable monument to perpetuate my honor forever, same to be completed one year from the date of my decease.

SIXTH. I hereby declare null and void any will heretofore made by me.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto set my hand and seal and publish and decree this to be my last will and testament, in the presence of the witnesses named below, this first day of April. in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

CLASS OF 1901.

Signed, sealed, declared and published by the said CLASS OF 1901, as and for his last will and testament, in presence of us, who, at his request and in his presence, and in presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses hereto.

Witnesses — PERCY HAMMOND, JOSEPHINE DIBBLE,

CATHERINE BREWER, LAURA BRADLEY,
GRACE CONLEY, FLORENCE ALEXANDER,
ARLO MUMAW.

EXTRACT FROM U. S. CENSUS REPORT, M. H. S.

Name.	Nationality.	Disposition.	Occupation.	Married.	Studies.	Hates Most.
ALEXANDER.	Don't Care	Angelic	Writing Letters.,	Not yet	Zoology,	Distance
BRADLEY	Conglomeration.	Gloomy	Gymnastics	Hopes to be	Military Tactics	Quarantines
BREWER	Dutch.	Lazy	Housekeeping	Too old	On way to school.	Cold Weather.
BROOKS	Laplander	Morose	Giggling	Yes, three times	Occasionally	Sewing
CONLEY	Has n't any	Submissive	Driving	She says not	Never	Defeat.
CRAFT	Polock	\$hy	Talking	Haven't fo'nd out	How to grow	Rivals
DIBBLE	Hottentot.	Oh!	Varied	Only once	Theology	To be called d'wi
FERGUSON	French	Noisy.	Drumming	Papa said " no "	Minor scales	Discords
GALLUP	Russian	Fierce	Doctoring	Too young	The mirror	Being tardy.
GRANT	Hoch Deutsch	Gentle	Escort.	Mercy no!	When necessary,	Class meetings:
HOCH	Highlander.	Hardy,	Companion	40 (c)	Nature.	A tall "centre",
HEPFER	Michigander	Uncertain.	Sleighrides	Search me	Boys	Vacation
HAMMOND	Malay	Talkative	Growing	Perhaps	A little	Roll call
HEYSER	Spanish	Bombastic.	Historian.	Oh, yes	Continually.	"Please recopy"
HUMPHREY	Lilliputian	Cute	Bluffing	Would like to be.	Books	Monday A. M
KEADY	Hindoo	Airy	Making Conflicts.	Yes	Others	Mystery
LOHR.	Parisian	Soft	Speech-making.	Can't tell.	Forestry	The majority
LOCKWOOD	Chinese	Changeable	Scrapping.	Guess not	The Navy	A Fumble
MANNINGS	Cuban	Earnest	Meeting, parting	Very nearly	The court house.	Disappointment
MOSES	Boxer	Lovable	Skipping	No (wait!)	Poetry	Custom houses.
McKEE.	Fiji Islander	Flighty	At Homes	Just	For exams	Work
McGEE.	Fairy	Sporty	Being Late.	Doubtless	Blushing	Herself.
MUMAW	Tramp	Harmless	Courting	Perchance	Sho'ldn't thi'k so	To tell a lie
OWENS	Indian	Dangerous .	Hustling	Long ago	To teach	To fail
PRATT	Caucasion	Vivacious	Bossing	On the verge	Calmness	To yield
SHEPHERD	Swiss.	Lamblike	Decorator.	Maybe.	Alot	To be cornered
TULLAR	"Spook"	Spiritual	Hunting	Barely possible	Oh, no	Contradiction
WELLS,	Philippino	Boisterous	Raising her voice.	We hope so	Spasmotically	"Louder!"

EXTRACT FROM U. S. CENSUS REPORT, M. H. S. (Cont'd)

Name.	Likes Most.	Brain Capacity	Gastronomical Capacity.	Favorite Food.	Favorite Book	Noted For.
ALEXANDER	Nearness	Very small	Delicate	Johnny cake.	None (can't read)	Breaks
BRADLEY	Little tin soldier	Enormous	Tiny.	Apples .	Cadet Days	Automobile rides
BREWER	To have (W)right		Does n't eat	Night air	Dream Life	Sudden changes
BROOKS	Jokes	Vast	Same as brain	Water.	Bessie's Fortune	Dignity.
CONLEY.	Essays	Growing smaller.	Very good	Most anything.	Little Men	Keeping order
CRAFT	"Coffee"	Small,but Oh my!	Don't mention it.	Mush and milk	Coffee & R'partee	Opinions
DIBBLE	German nouns	Ne'er ascertained	1-1-1	Milk and mush	Little Minister	Obstinacy
FERGUSON.	Sec's report	O. K	Hate to ask	Cooked.	Pocketbook	Her size
GALLUP.	Good, rich cider	Unlimited	Questionable	Mossback turtle	College Catalogs	Her questions
GRANT	Evening walks	There's hope	Failing.	Hot buns.	ReveriesBachelor	His devotion.
HOCH	Evening talks.	Sufficient.	Increasing	Salt	Hymn Book.	Keeping cool & -
HEPFER	Attention	Fair	Reasonable	Cracker jack.	Father Goose	Promptness.
HAMMOND	Editorial staff	2x4	X by Y	Honey.	Dictionary	Brains.
HEYSER	A racket	A No. 1	Hearty	Fish	A Man of Mystery	"I forgot"
HUMPHREY	Friday P. M	Pr'p'rti'al to size.	Unexpected.	Everything	How to SeemWise	Debates
KEADY	Masquerades	Two bushels	Dainty	Beans.	Huck Fin	Translations
LOHR	Contests	Considerable	None	"Peaches".	Spelling Book.	Originality
LOCKWOOD	" Side by side "	Out of sight	Lower	Chestnuts.	School Master	Her team
MANNINGS	Side walk for two	Limited	All right	Humble pie.	Fiske's Civics	Courage.
MOSES	The coal man	Extraordinary	Infinite	Lobster.	Alice in Wo'd'rl'nd	Just one girl
McKEE	Walks and talks.	Variable	Constant.	Medicine.	Etiquette .	Wit and Wisdom
McGEE	Senior team	Fearful	Fearfuller	Ham and eggs	Time's Flight	Percy (verance)
MUMAW	The annual	Incomprehe'sible.	Comprehensible,	"Roasts"	She .	Energy.
OWENS	To bone	Minute	Don't ask.	Hasty pudding	Jingles	Her youth
PRATT	Albion	Doubtful	Certain.	Pickels	With Fire, Sword.	Vim
SHEPHERD.	To supply	Huge	Dubious	Books	Picture Book	Gentleness
TULLAR	Fun	Unusual	Immeasurable	Gum	Ghosts HaveMet	Everything
WELLS	"Satis est"	All she wants	Like a camel	Dandelions	Power of Silence	Noise.

. Basket Ball

THE first game of the basket ball season occurred Saturday, February 23, 1901, at 4 P. M., at the girl's gymna sium, and was between Senior and Junior teams of the high school. In spite of the fact that this was their first public game, both teams did good work, and showed the effects of their winter's training under

Miss Blair and Miss resulted in a tie. Saturday, a second tween the same scored another tie. seemed so evenly could gain advantage

The "rubber Saturday evening, crowd was present. compos'd of Misses forwards: Conley, guards: L. Lepper, guard. The Junors sor, Townsend, Durkee, foward center; Marshall, result of the game of the Seniors. College girls came



Perine. The game On the following game was played beteams and the girls The two teams matched that neither over the other

game" was played March 9, and a large The Senior team was Dibble, Lockwood, Gallup, forward center; Hoch, center being, Misses Winfowards: Roosa, guards: C. Lepper, center guard. The was 10 to 4, in favor April 6, the Albion over and played the

first team at the "Gym." The Marshall girls made six baskets, while Albion had only three, giving a score of 12 to 6. The return game was played at Albion, Saturday, April 13. Marshall was represented by Misses Dibble. Lockwood, fowards; Winsor, Conley, foward guards: C. Lepper, center; Hoch, center guard. This time

the score was 11 to 8, in favor of Albion. The final game of the season, which occurred Friday evening, April 19, was between the first and second teams. The second team consisted of Misses Brooks, Durkee, fowards; Roosa, Wright, foward guards; Cunningham, center; Hornberger, center guard. Each member of this team wore a pink carnation to distinguish them from the first team. After a very exciting game, the first team came out ahead with a score of 12, the second team having but 6 points. Considering the late victory of the first team over Albion, the second team deserves great credit for holding their own as well as they did.

B. W.



. . Football . .

T the opening of school last September the same question came up, "How are we to run a football team?" Again

Mr. Stuart agreed to back the elected Frank Moses Townsend captain, not feel capable of and Mr. Deuel was position of captain. team is as follows ager, Moses: center, Townsend and Waid and Hindenach; Page: halves, Deuel Mumaw full back, Davis, Seymore and

We played ten them. Many of onr by men not being in



came to our aid and team. We then manager and Miles Mr. Townsend did running the team elected to fill the The line up of the Captain, Deuel; man Hitchcock; guards, ley; tackles, Dean ends, Moses and and Graff; quarter, Grant; substitutes, Vary

games losing six of defeats were caused condition and by

heavy penalties at critical points in the game. Next year nearly all the old men will be back, and by proper training we hope to add more victories to our list.

. Base Ball .

TOR a few years the base ball spirit of the high school had been at a low ebb, but last spring we decided to have a team. Frank Moses was elected captain and Arlo Mumaw manager. The boys then started out with a sub-

scription paper to suits and apparatus. the suits for the financial aid of Mr. Page we were able games. Following is tions played: C, 1-b., Grant: 2 b., Mumaw: s. s., Holf., Deuel; r. f. Mc-

This year we than last year and every way than last our pitcher, Mr and Moses has had Although he does not it is due to his efforts captain that have into the shape it is. ball team has been two games left to



raise money to buy Mr. Stuart bought school and with the Chrystal and Mr. to carry on the team and posi-Goodrich; p., Moses; Hindenach; 3 b., saple; 1 f., Graff; c. Names.

won more games played better in Early in the season Waidley, left school, to twirl for Marshall, claim to be a pitcher in the box and as brought the team This year our base a winner and with play when this article

closes, the team has won five out of eight games. Following are the scores for this spring: Kalamazoo 20, Marshall 9; Albion 26, Marshall 6; Battle Creek 0, Marshall 14; Albion 23, Marshall 11; Battle Creek 9, Marshall 18; B. C. Normal 3, Marshall 7; Olivet High School 13, Marshall 15.

K. R. A. A. Meet

IN 1900, the high schools of Kalamazoo. Battle Creek and Marshall formed the K. R. A. A. That year the first meet was held at Battle Creek, June 15. Averill, of Battle Creek, won the all around prize, but Marshall won

first place as a

The second the K. R. A. A., held this city, Friday 1901, resulted in a shall high school. Marshall 60 points. Battle Creek 17. Joe and easily won the being first in five ing is a summary of

120-yard hurdlefirst, Gilbert, Kala Bowen, K'zoo, third;

Standing high mazoo, first: Moses, Bryce, Battle Creek,

12 pound shotamazoo first; Grant, Frye, Kalamazoo, feet, 8 inches. 100-



at the fair ground in afternoon, May 31. victory for the Mar-The final score gave Kalamazoo 53 and Deuel made 28 points all around medal. events. The follow the different events: Deuel, Marshall. mazoo, second: time, 16 1-5 seconds. jump Bowen, Kala Marshall, second; third; distance, 4 ft. put Longman, Kal-Marshall, second;

third; distance, 36

yard dash Deuel,

annual field day of

school.

Marshall, first: Longman, Kalamazoo, second: Moses, Marshall, third; time, 10 4-5 seconds. Football kick—Grant, Marshall, first: Longman, Kalamazoo, second: Gilbert, Kalamazoo, third; distance, 147 feet, 10 inches. 440-yard

dash — Deuel, Marshall, first: Moses, Marshall, and Gilbert, Kalamazoo, tied for second: time, 54–1-5 seconds. Standing broad jump — Bowen, Kalamazoo, first: Walton, Kalamazoo, second: Longman, Kalamazoo, third: distance, 9 feet 7 inches. Half-mile run — Allwardt, Battle Creek, first: Bryce, Battle Creek, second: Stewart, Kalamazoo, third; time, 2:24–3-5. Running hop, step and jump — Deuel, Marshall, first: Walton, Kalamazoo, second: Bowen, Kalamazoo, third; distance, 40 feet 10 inches. Pole vault — Graff, Marshall, first: White, Marshall, second; height, 8 feet 8 inches. 220-yard dash — Deuel, Marshall, first: Lozon, Battle Creek, second: Woodhams, Kalamazoo, third; time, 23–2-5 seconds. Running broad jump — Walton, Kalamazoo, first: Deuel, Marshall, second: Bowen, Kalamazoo, third; distance, 18 feet 7½ inches. 12-pound hammer throw — Grant, Marshall, first: Bowen, Kalamazoo, second; Frye, Kalamazoo, third; distance, 101 feet 5 inches. Running high jump — Graff, Marshall, first: Gilbert, Kalamazoo, second; Woodhams, Kalamazoo, third; distance, 5 feet 1 inch.



"Men show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they consider laughable." - Goethe.

. . GRINDS

FAMILIAR SAYINGS OF THE TEACHERS.

Mr. Lohr. - "You may tarry for a moment."

"This is very stimulating."

"The judges may retire."

"But that isn't the point."

Mr. Garwood, -"Square round."

"Is that clear?"

"Satis est."

"This is downright vandalism."

"To sum it up "

"The facts of the case are "

"Tardiness must be broken up."

"I don't like that combination."

"This is the case in a nutshell."

"I'll hold the whole class after school."

"None of that."

Miss Smith. "You may sit."

"Now swing from A to B."

"You're doing well go on!"

"Who is in on this?"

Wiss Porter. "This is all the further we'll go."

"Well, never mind go on! go on!

"Please render this in German."

Miss Pulmer. "Well, what do you think about it?"

"Yes."

"Oh!"

"Please do be prompt with your essays."

"Have you any suggestions to make?"

"Always turn square corners."

Miss Bentley, "Single file no talking."

"If you don't stop your whispering, I'll

dismiss you from the class.'

"Are there any corrections?"

"Once I was a Freshman."

Mr. Wood,—"You may be seated."

"Now just supposing -"

"That will be sufficient."

"You may pass."

BRIGHT SAVINGS IN CLASS.

Esther McGee (translating in German class) "The maiden sat without thinking, lost in thought."

A Freshman to a Junior—(speaking of the weekly consultation hours) "We have our consolation hour on Friday."

Miss Bentley (In Vergil class) "You did not translate your nec."

Mr. Garwood: "Dale, how much is six divided by two?"
Dale: (Intelligently) "Nothing."

Miss Palmer: (In the old building) "Mr. Whitelam, will you please rise?"

Whitelam: "I can't."

Miss Palmer: "Why not?"

Whitelam: "I haven't room for my feet."

Mr. Garwood: (In Freshman latin) "Miss Lepper, I guess I'll have to hold you."

Miss Lepper: "I guess you won't."

Miss Bentley—(Sophomore English) "Has anyone seen a stray Evangeline?"

Mr. Garwood (In Civics) "You may take to the end of the chapter, including grammar questions."

Mr. Wood: (In physiology) "Mr. Page, how large is the stomach?"

Mr. Page: "About five feet long."

Miss Bentley: "Miss Burkley, tell about the destruction caused by floods."

Miss Burkley: "It's beyond description."

Mr. Borough: "Say, Sid, what's an 'epi-taph?"

Sid: (laconically) "Taffy after death."

A sophomore was heard to remark the other day to a friend. "What makes you come so early of late? You used to be behind before. I'm glad to see you're first at last."

Customer: (At the bakery) "How much do you charge for pie"

Floyd Starr: (Abstractedly) "Let me see, the value of [] (pi) is 3.1416, I believe."

Susie Dibble: "I stood on the fence"—(Ich stand am Fenster.)

(Miss Hoch, after telling her observation of ball lightning, laughed, as did nearly all the physics class.)

Mr. Wood: "Did it strike you funny, Miss Hoch?"

Miss Hock: "What, the lightning? No, it didn't strike me at all."

Miss Coleman. (In Vergil) "He trembled at the sound, and the voice of his feet."

Miss Palmer. (In Junior English, speaking of an outline of Burke's "Conciliation Speech") "The second course is on the sideboard."

Mr. Garwood: (In Cicero) "You can't adorn soldiers."

Miss Bradley: "I don't know about that."

Florence Alexander.—(Translating German) "She passed him a bowl and pitcher and then—ate herself."

Miss Hoch. (In a G. A. A. meeting) "Whom shall we rent for janitor?"

ALL KINDS OF TIME.

In olden times the question of time Received no time at all; But later on the local time Was considered the time of all.

Then came waltz time and marching
And the time of "After the Ball:"
And to think of another touchdown,
There was no time at all.

At length deciding upon standard time
They brought in rag time too,
And after a genuine "hot time,"
We think any old time will do.

L. H., '01.

He sallied out one pleasant eve, To call on a fair Miss, And when he reached her residence,

like

stairs

the

up

Ran

Her poper met him at the door; He did not see the Miss. He'll never go there any more, For

pu

went

U.MOD

like

SHI

A PLEASANT OCCUPATION.

Employed in void
Is pleasure unalloyed,
And much enjoyed
By every high school anthropoid.

Miss Porter. —(In German) "I'll meet the class tomorrow down in my room up stairs."

The grand climax in Sidney McKee's only original oration on "The War with Spain" is as follows: "Decade by decade Spain grows more decadent, while hour by hour the world becomes ours."

In a recent debate Mr. McKee said, "The question today is "Resolved, that we should not have parties." Parties are a good thing, parties are practical." We wonder if he refers to tea parties or masquerades?

Miss Shepard: (To Joe Deuel at the opera house) "Can you see through my head, Joe?"

Joe: Yes, easily."

The president in Senior class meeting, reporting on the caste of a play for Class Day, announced that it would include all the class—part to take the principal roles and part would act as audience and watch the stars. Mr. Moses thereupon said to a bashful senior maiden, "If you want to see any green stars, I will act."

Miss Bentley. (In Sophomore English) "Here is a big mistake; 'there is a lot of nice girls in Marshall." Mr. Davis, where is the mistake in that sentence?" Mr. Dovis. "In the thought, I think."

Cyrus Goodrich, catcher on the ball team, recently signed himself:

"Catcher of baseballs flies & girls."

Donna Marshall. - (In Junior English) "I can't explain it, but I know what I'm talking about."

A GEOMETRIC ROMANCE.

"Oh! where has Poly gon?"

"She has gone, I think, tri angling."

"Do not tell me that she went alone!"

"Oh no! she was accompanied by a tangent."

"How terrible! But what kind of a boat did they take?"

"The old arc, of course."

"Where did he get it?"

"Well, he's a locus, but he got it on the square."

"How base to have suggested he did not."

"His means, however, were somewhat extreme."

"What did he do?"

"He passed a chord through it and then drew the arc."

"I should think he had put his foot in it."

"He did but he's an ex-center, so he's all right. Secan't you?

J. D., '01.

8. "Why is the high school like a bank?"

R. "Because 'personal notes' are received,"—and generally discounted, too!

ONN-What Senior's name is here?

"While there's life, there's hope."
"Yes, hope to die, there is."
Thus penned the pensive pessimist,
And sighed away a smile.

The following was found in Sidney McKee's Greek book.)

On Finishing Xenophon's Anabasis.

Tis enough, when I say
That all my feelings are expressed
By just two Latin words.
They in themselves are satis est.

Alice Brooks.—(Reading) " Laugh and grow fat.' Pooh! they mean 'grow fat and get laughed at.' "

Mr. Wood: (In Physics class, to the young ladies who were whispering) "Miss Hoch, Miss Bradley, you have seen each other before."

A Senior: "The Freshman class is no good at cards."

A Junior: "How do you know?"

Senior: "Why every day they have a Miss Diehl in class."

Minerya Society Bulletin.

Dues are due.

Now that you are prompted, please be prompt.

Marie Winsor. (Translating Greek) "Thereupon with one accord they rushed to arms."

Mr. Garwood: "Do you understand the maneuver?"
Marie (Innocently) "Why yes; I've done it lots of

times."

In mutual understanding
How often our eyes will meet;
But she turned them away
With a smile that is gay
And a blush that is laughingly sweet.

And if perchance
I seek her glance
More often than she thinks right,
A mirthful frown
And a twitch of her gown
Will make me with joy contrite.

SID, '01.

Miss Smith: "Did you ever think of the axis of the earth as being a real line?"

Tiny Bradley: "I did when I was small."

Berenice (In class) "They took boats and climbed up the rocks."

Deep wisdom *swelled head Brain fever —he's dead.

A SENIOR.

False fair one—hope fled; Heart broken—he's dead.

A JUNIOR.

Went skating 'tis said Floor hit him he's dead.

A SOPHOMORE.

Milk famine not fed. Starvation he's dead.

A FRESHMAN.

WEIGHING THE YOUTHFUL SEASON OF THE YEAR.

Spring is here in all its glory; That is a very old, old story. The dandelions are blooming in the grass, And leaves appear on the sassafras.

The butchers appear on the street
Peddling from house to house their meat.
The farmer leads his cattle to slaughter,
And the coachman runs off with his master's
daughter.

The gardens are up already so soon,
And the pumpkins will be threshed by the middle
of June.

The potatoes have been planted And on Sundays songs are chanted,

The turkeys try to talk
And the hens begin to squawk.
But the rooster sheds a tear,
Because he thinks winter is near.

J. B., '04.

Hank: "What is your age?"

Miss H: "I have seen eighteen summers."

Hank: "How long have you been blind?"

A BLUFF.

An external something representing an internal nothing, given by a student who was out the night before. Ex.

BEFORE.

There are meters of accent And meters of tone, But the best of all meters Is to meet her alone.

AFTER.

There are letters of accent And letters of tone, But the best of all letters Is to let her alone.—Ex.

> Of all sad words Of tongue or pen, The saddest are these, "Be seated again."

"What are you saying?"

"Don't know. My tongue got across my eye tooth and I couldn't see to speak."—Ex.

SNIDE TALKS WITH BOYS.

CONFIDENTIAL CHATS BY AUNTIE MASHMORE.

Mamaw.—You will do well to avoid young ladies who stop next to a bun shop to look at ribbons in the window.

Peck. Distance makes the heart grow fonder You have my sympathy. (Kindly return it.) However, you might ask to have your seat changed.

Hindenach.—If you take squash seeds and soak them in lemonade and add a little book-binder's glue, it will assist in keeping your hair curled after using kid curlers.

Hardy. You say you are engaged; in that case it would be perfectly proper to present the young lady with a diamond ring. Consult page five and foot-note note in 'the book' for further particulars.

Miles. My dear boy, your Auntie Mashmore is so sorry you do not like the girls. If you cannot adapt yourself to many, do at least try to find "just one girl." The society of a young lady is such a benefit to one so bashful as you.

Dale.—You say your heart has been broken many times. A trip from the ferry at Detroit or the study of Birdies would be a good divertisment.

R. Borough.—It would not be at all improper for a boy of your age to visit a barber alone, and I do not think it necessary to take gas during the operation. but if you still feel timid about it, wear side combs until you can bring yourself to face the ordeal.

[I shall be glad to hear from my dear boys and help them to become perfect little gentlemen. _Auntie.]

HEART TO HEART TALKS WITH MY GIRLS.

BY ANN HASHMORE.

Tiny.—For young ladies who write so many letters, stationery a pale shade of military blue, with a monogram of a heart pierced by a bayonet, is the most appropriate.

E. Wells.—Yes, men are horrid creatures. Consult your parents on such matters.

B. Pratt. Bashfulness is a virtue in a girl of your years

L. Williams.—Yes, under the circumstances, green would be a very appropriate shade.

B. Dobbins.—I agree with you, astronomy is very interesting, and there certainly is a great deal to learn even from one Star.

S. Townsend. —I admire your choice of pets, a poodle is very affectionate.

Alice C.—No, it is not wise to prevaricate, always be frank.

Bevenice—You write that you have a great many admirers. Beware! Do not fall into the snares of young men. You are much too young. You might accept invitations to ball games, but anything further is inadvisable.

G. Hepfer.—I don't blame you for not telling the naughty boys how old you are. It was very rude of them to ask.

Charlotte L. You say that you are depressed at times and can concentrate your mind upon only one thing. I suggest a change of climate. Alabama would be desirable.

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This explodes another old fashioned theory that sweets were injurious to the digestive

organs, while a moderate use of sweets is actually benefical...

Very few things are injurious and the cranks who advocate the use of a few grains and vegetables and decry the use of sweets and meats are in error, as a wholesome variety of meat and vegetable food is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the highest conditions of health.

The best rule to follow is to eat what the appetite craves, and if there is any discomfort or trouble in digesting meats and sweets the difficulty can be readily overcome by the regular use after meals of some safe digestive, composed of pepsin and diastase which will assist the stomach by increasing the flow of gastric juice and furnish the natural peptone lacking in weak stomachs.

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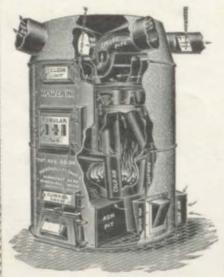
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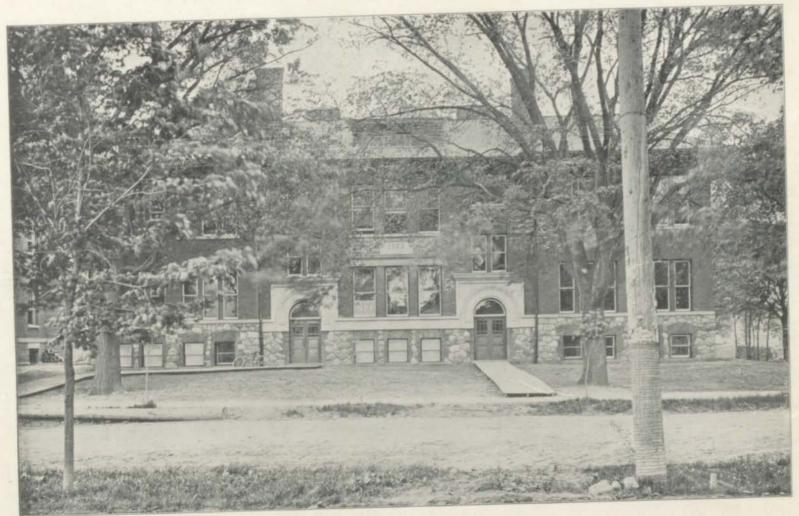
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