



Thou Dear Northeast

Edwd May 19th '14

Dr. A. W. Hall

Thou, dear North-east, art the fair - est of all,
With thee, North-east, there is none can com - pare,
We come and go as the years pass - ing by

Peer of all oth - ers, nev - er to fall;
Pur - ple and white a - loft in the air;
Add to thy glo - ry, dear North-east High;

Try roy - al ban - ners un - furl to our view
Loy - al and true to our col - ors will be,
May we ere leav - ing but add just a gem

Em - blems of vic - tory the long years through.
Crown thee with laur - els of vic - to - ry.
To shine for ev - er in thy dia - dem.

Celia Hobbs '25 Arr.

Dennis Lester '24 Ed





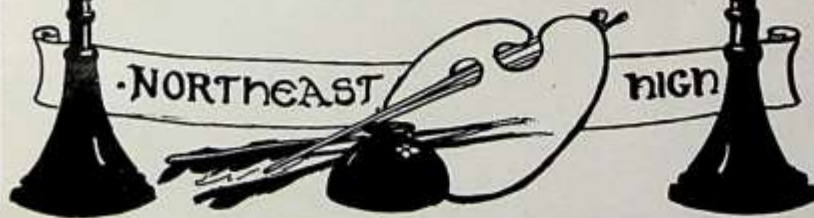
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THE
NOR'EASTER
annual

edited by
the

NOR'EASTER STAFF



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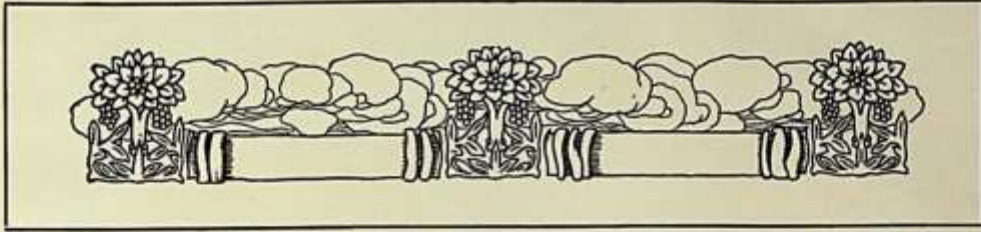
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NORTHEAST

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NORTHEAST HIGH SCHOOL



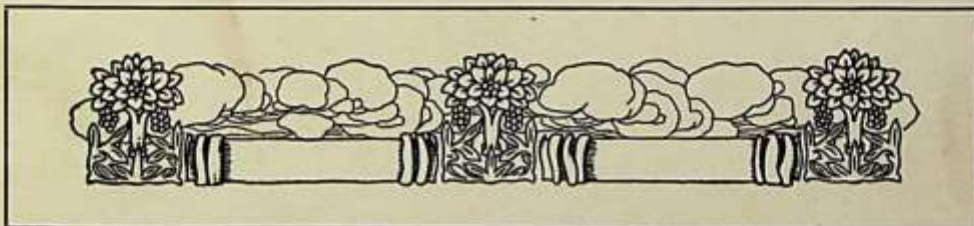
To Northeast.

Thou, dear Northeast, art the fairest of all,
Peer of all others, never to fall;
The royal banners unfurl to our view
Emblems of victory the long years through.

With thee, Northeast, there is none can compare;
Purple and white aloft in the air;
Loyal and true to thy colors we'll be,
Crown thee with laurels of victory.

We come and go and the years passing by
Add to thy glory, dear Northeast High;
May we in passing but add just a gem,
To shine forever in thy diadem.

Ethel May Rush, '14.





DOROTHY BARTO



IRVING BROWN



FLOISE MCNUTT



RUSSEL JONES



NEWLON CARTER

19

15



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NATHAN SCARRITT



FRANKIE THOMPSON

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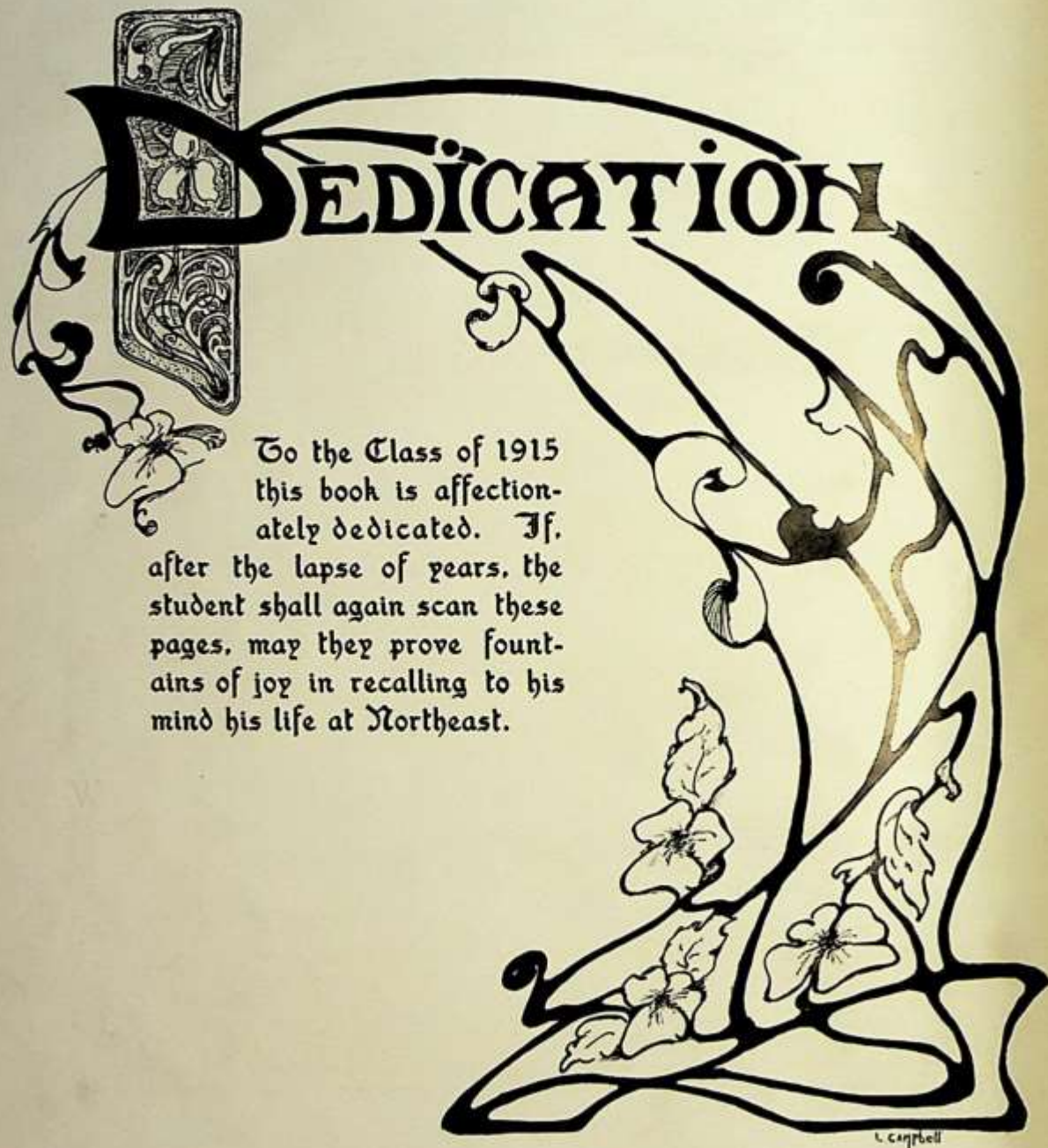
Dorothy Barto	Literary
Eloise McNutt	Literary
Irving Brown	Literary
Ben Wood	Athletics
Mary Redmond	Locals
Lucille Turner	Locals
Frankie Thompson	Art
Morris Major	Athletics

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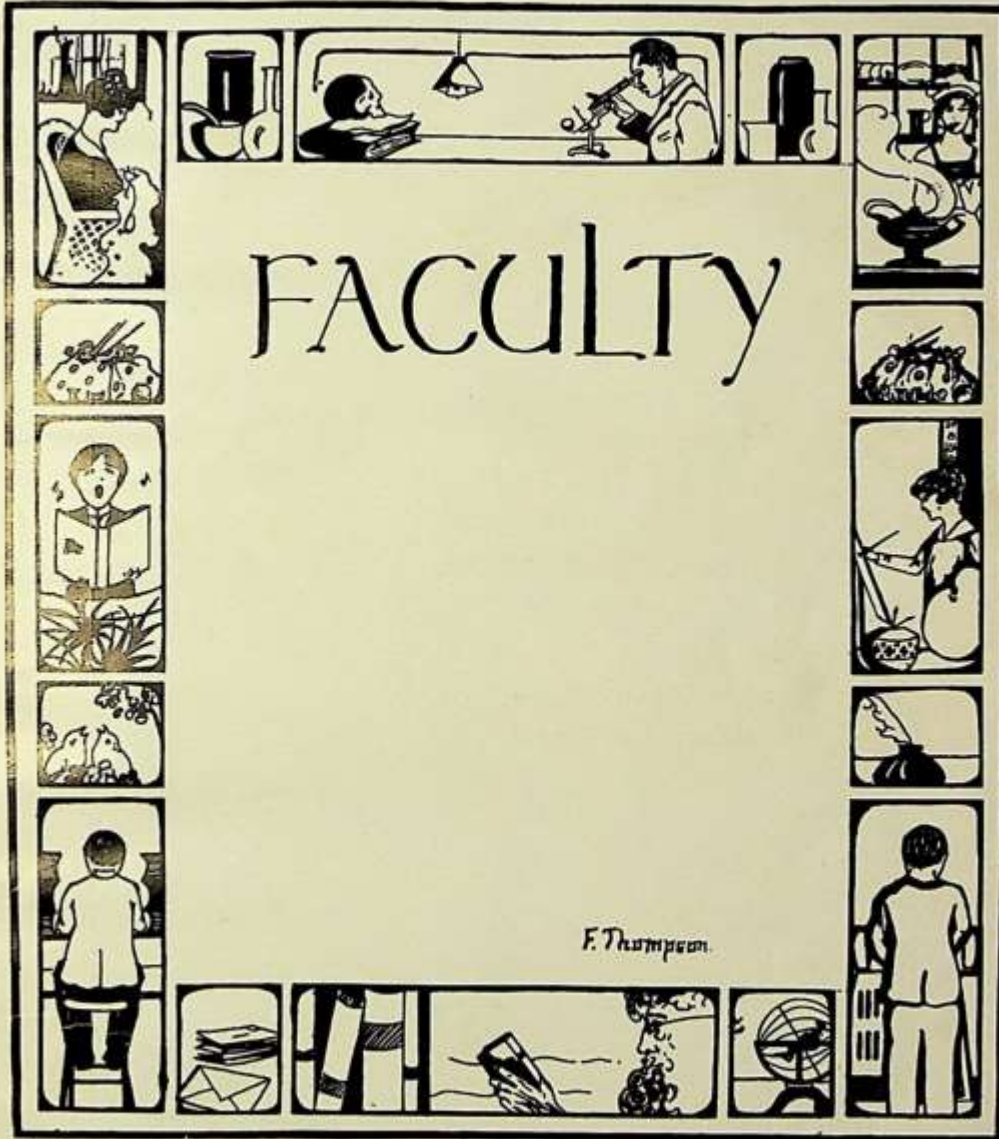
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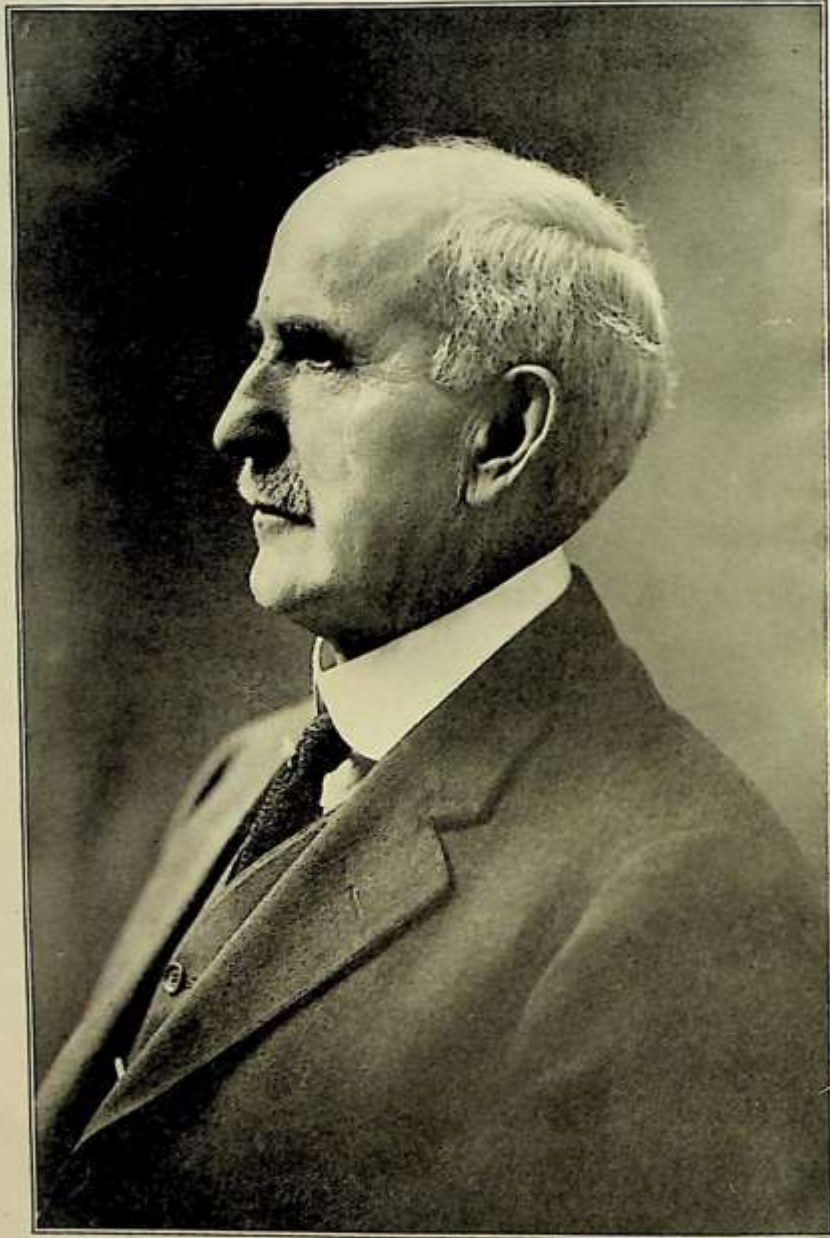
To the Class of 1915
this book is affection-
ately dedicated. If,
after the lapse of years, the
student shall again scan these
pages, may they prove foun-
tains of joy in recalling to his
mind his life at Northeast.

C. Campbell



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Mathematics



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and Cooking



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MR. E. MARK WISDOM
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MISS EDITH BARNETT
English



NORTHEAST

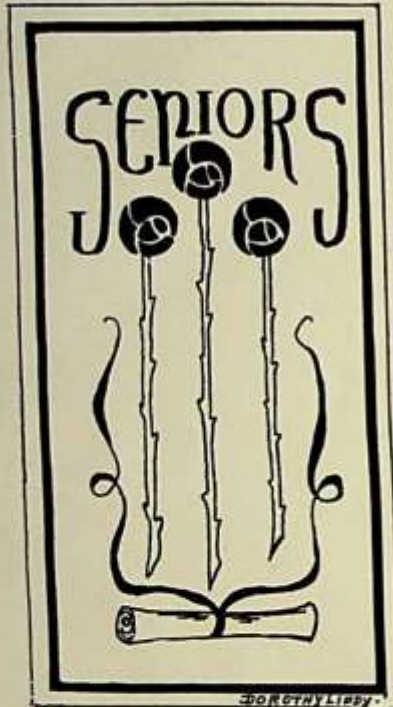


DAY





WAS



Senior Organization

OFFICERS

President	Nathan S. Scarritt
Vice President	Mary Redmond
Secretary	Adele Ganley
Treasurer	Henry Fox
Sergeant-at-Arms	Newlon Carter
Giftorian	Harry Davis
Reporter	Lucille Turner

Adviser

Mr. Rupert Peters

Enrollment

Boys, 32; Girls, 65

Commencement Program

Orchestra—March (from Echoes of the Metropolitan)	Tobani
Invocation—Rev. J. M. Bradley.	
Mixed Chorus—Bridal Chorus (from Rose Maiden)	Cowen
Combined Northeast Glee Clubs.	
Welcome Address—Class President, Nathan Scarritt.	
Reading—"The Hazing of Valiant," Mary Redmond.	
Oration—"Return of Mars" Gilmer Meriwether.	
Orchestra—Violin Concerto No. 2	Louis Spohr
Declamation—"The One-Legged Goose," Eunice George.	
Essay—"The Culture That Endures," Frankie Thompson.	
Sextette—"In Fair Seville"	Pierne-Elliott
Ruth Hallenbeck, Mary Redmond, Virginia Duncan,	
Irene Thurman, Irene Minnis, Hattie Hudson.	
Gladys Thompson, Pianist.	
Address—Dr. George H. Combs.	
Violin Solo—"Liebesleid"	Fritz Kreisler
Elsie Clausen	
Presentation of diplomas.	
Orchestra—March, "The Periscope,"	Allen



Nathan S. Searritt
N. S. D.

Senior President '15; Junior Gift Receiver '14; Editor in Chief Nor'easter Staff '14; Nor'easter Staff '15; Capt. Neg. Debate '14; Debate Team '15; Honorable Mention Literary Contest Story '14; "N" Man Track '15; Track Team '14; Class Basket Ball '15; Class Track '14, '15; Assistant Cheer Leader '15; Charter President N. S. D. '15; German Club '15; Senior Ballot: "The man who has done most for Northeast."

His hobby is work. If we have left out any names, pardon us. They are nearly infinite.

Mary Redmond
N. S. C.

Senior Vice President '15; Commencement Program '15; Nor'easter Staff '15; Girl's Debate Team '15; Honorable Mention Literary Contest Declamation '15; French Club, '14, '15; *Versatile. Mar-* She is to declaim commencement etc. Heaven give us! But nevertheless Mary is always right on hand with the goods.

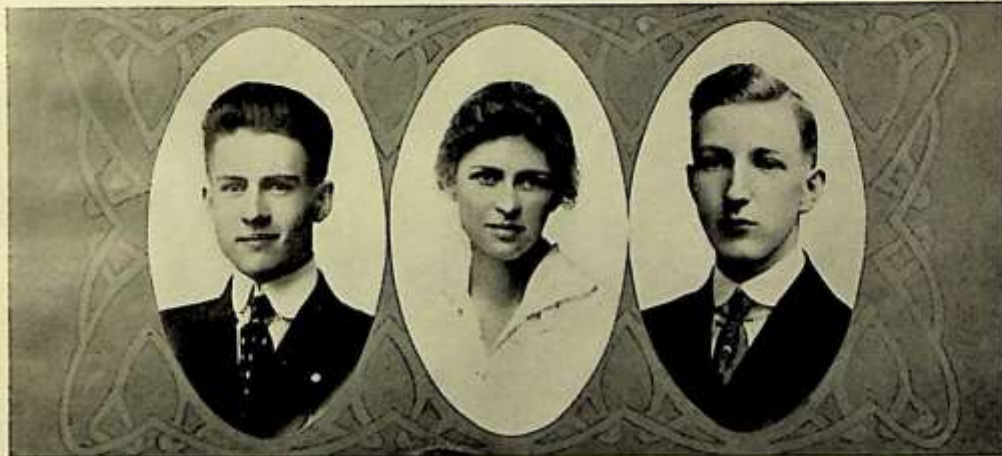
Adele Ganley
N. S. C.

Senior Secretary '15
"Irish." The subject is inexhaustible. Looks, brains and sense of humor. What more?

Henry Fox
N. S. D.

Senior Treasurer '15
Capt. Neg. Debate '15; President Debaters '15; German Club '15.

Will long be remembered as a backer of "Hades." Was also treasurer of "Safe and Sane Solvay Co."



Harry Davis
N. S. D.

Senior Giftoorian '15; Junior President '14; Editor-in-Chief Nor'easter '15; Nor'easter Staff '14; Capt. Aff. Debate, '14; Northeast Day Play '15; President Debaters '15.

Senior Ballot:
"Northeast's most popular boy."

So far as we can discover, he has not become big-headed.

Luella Turner
N. S. C.

Senior Reporter '15; Nor'easter Staff '14, '15; Girl's Debate Team '15; Silver Medal Literary Contest Poem '15; Senior Play Cast '15; President Shakespeares '15.

Senior Ballot:
"The girl who has done most for Northeast?"

Unspoiled by her popularity every one loves and teases "Prissy."

Newlon Carter
N. S. D.

Senior Sergeant-at-Arms '15; Nor'easter Staff '14, '15; Debate Team '14; Capt. Aff. Debate '15; President Debaters '15.

Varied activities add laurels to his crown.

CLASS OF 1915



Shirley Wallace
Pres. Spanish Club '15
She is famed for mildness.

Ben Wood
N. S. D.
Junior Treasurer '14;
Chairman Junior Entertainment Com. '14;
Nor'easter Staff '15;
Debate Team '14;
Northeast Day Play '15; 'N' man Track '15; Track Team '14;
Half Mile Relay '15;
Class Track '14, '15;
Class Basket Ball (Light) '15; Senior Ballot; "Class Social Lion."

A house divided against itself cannot stand. Look out, Ben.

Adus Cline
N. S. C.
Her winning disposition has made her only year at Northeast full of friends.

Robert Gilham
Class Basketball (Light) '15
Class Track '15
He's on the highroad to become a successful farmer. He raised a radish.



Ruth Cook
A speaker without words.

Elaine Hall
"Elaine, the fair; Elaine, the lovable."

Ina Van Valkenburg
"I do what many dream of all their lives." An undiscovered light.

Marie Housley
The reputation of Northeast rests upon her.

CLASS OF 1915



Garnet Ingalsbe
A. L. S.
Girl's Debate '15
Silver Medal, Literary
Contest Declama-
tion, '14
Senior Play Cast, '15
President French
Club '15
French Club, '14, '15
*The adjective most
commonly applied to her
is "sweet."*

Reginald Lovelace
N. S. D.
Track Team '15
Half Mile Relay '15
Class "B" track
letter '15
Class Track '15
Half Mile Relay '15
Spanish Club
*Has the most adorable
smile.*

Elsie Clausen
German Club '14, '15
Treble Clef Club
'14, '15
Senior Ballot: "A
Jolly Good Girl."
Commencement
Prog. '15
*Exceedingly interested
in the staff.*

Russel Jones
N. S. D.
Nor'easter Staff '15
French Club '15
*"Rus" left Central for
Northeast. What an
honor for Northeast!*



Gladys Wall
Honorable mention
Literary Contest Ora-
tion '14; Treble Clef
Club '14.
*Her loveliness I never
knew, until she smiled
on me.*

Helen Moore
Not easily excited.

Rose Mary McGuire
Treble Clef Club '14
*Talks and talks, but
says nothing.*

Nellie Nye
*Positively no relation
of Bill's.*

CLASS OF 1915



Mary Louise McGill
Theresa's better half.

Paul Murphy
N. S. D.
"N" man track '15
Mile Relay '15
Medley Relay '15
Class Track '15
*A welcome addition to
our track team.*

Theresa Tummel
Senior Ballot
"Class Society Belle"
*"But to see her was to
love,
Love but her and love
forever."*

Fraser Moore
N. S. C.
*Was discovered in his
senior year.*



Louise Abney
N. S. C.
Winner W. C. T. U.
Essay '14
*Gets a dollar for every
"E" she makes. Almost
a millionaire.*

Irene Minnis
Treble Clef Club
'14, '15
Orchestra '15
*Small, but she gets
there just the same.
Walks forty miles per
hour.*

Sarah Dunlap
A. L. S.
Girl's Debate
team '15
French Club '14, '15
*Her vocation is talking,
her avocation is joking.*

Florence Michael
*Very modest. Fond of
Germans.*

CLASS OF 1915



Lella Witchner
Many girls envy her curls.

Leland Shout
 N. S. D.
 Gold Medal, Literary Contest Essay '15
 Glee Club '15
A real chemistry shark. Mr. Wildish's u n d e r - study.

Virginia Dunann
 Treble Clef Club '14, '15
A willowy dark-eyed maiden.

Lewis Foster
 N. S. D.
 Track Team '15
 Medley Relay '15
 Mile Relay '15
 Class Track '15
"One" of the sextette of preachers' sons.



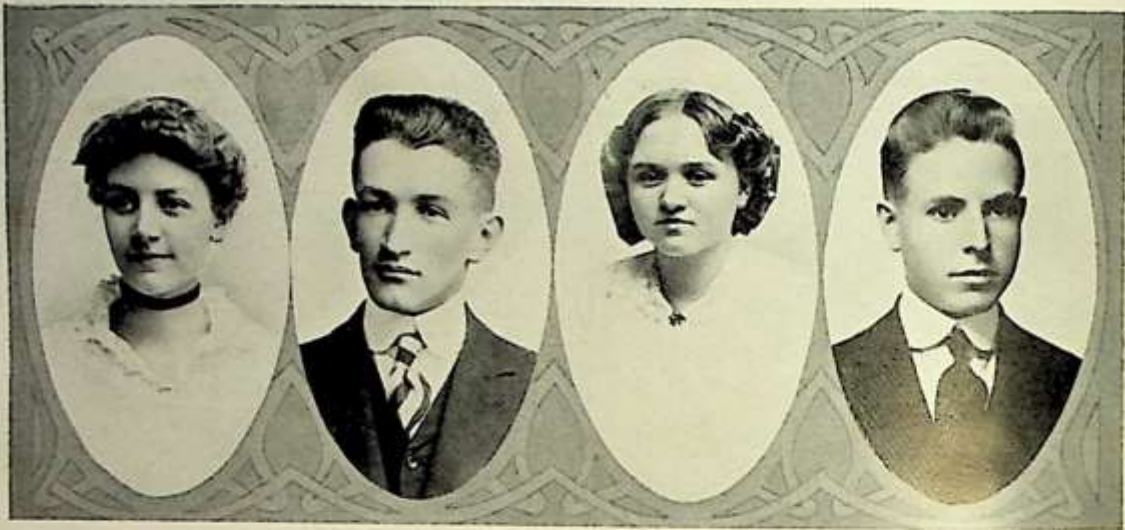
Juanita Vanlee
If every one was as sweet as she is, Heaven would be here on earth.

Milton Ladish
 N. S. C.
 Nor'easter Staff '14;
 Senior Play '15;
 Class Track '15; Asst. Cheer leader '14;
 Pres. Shakespeares '15; Glee Club '14;
 Class Basket Ball '15.
 Senior Ballot: "Northeast's Worst Bluffer."
He stars in the plays where the speeches are the longest.

Hattie Hudson
 German Club '14, '15;
 Treble Clef Club '14, '15.
Her cheeks become red when she is excited, scarlet when at a basket ball game.

Gustav Meyer
 Class Track '15
 President German Club '15
 German Club '14, '15
Gustav is a wonderful speech maker.

CLASS OF 1915



Luella Sherman
Studies hard and says little.

Roy Chandler
Class Track '14
A youth to fame unknown.

Cora McMillan
Could easily be taken for a freshman.

Edward Fuller
N. S. C.
His chief pastimes are tennis and sleep.



Dorothy Barto
A. L. S.
Nor'easter Staff '15
Gold Medal Literary Contest, Poem '15
Senior Play '15
President Alphas '15
Spanish Club '15
Senior Ballot
"The Worst Girl Flatterer"
Pat just insists on having the last word.

G. Merriwether, Jr.
N. S. D.
"Commencement Program '15
Nor'easter Staff '14 '15
President Debaters '15
Gold Medal Literary Contest Oration '14
Silver Medal Literary Contest Story '15
Class Track '15
French Club '15
Senior Ballot
"Northeast's Most Genuine Boy Student."
Gets so many "E's," it's monotonous, don't you know.

Frankie Thompson
A. L. S.
Commencement Programme '15
"Nor'easter Staff '15
Girl's Debate Team '15
"What she wills to do or say, Seems wisest, discreetest, best."

John Shinn
N. S. D.
Chairman Senior Program Committee '15
President Debaters '15
His other name is Constancy.

CLASS OF 1915



Abba Stone
N. S. C.

Chairman Senior
Play Committee '15
Senior Play Cast '15
Pres. Shakespeares
'15

Senior Ballot:
"Northeast's Most
Popular Girl."

*Loves to dance if she
has the right partner.*

Harold Talquist
N. S. C.

Junior Vice Pres. '14
"N" man basketball
'14, '15

Track team, '14, '15
Mile relay, '14
Class "A" track
letter '15

Class Basket Ball '15
Class Track '14, '15

*Has no heart, he gave
it away three or four
times.*

Elizabeth Norton

*Does not crave atten-
tion.*

Charles Thayer

*William, the Silent,
hasn't anything on
Charles.*



Marguerite Wolfe

*"Is she not more than
painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy
when they love?"*

Paul Stants

Junior Sergeant-
at-Arms '14
Class Basket Ball
(Light) '15
Class Track '15

*He spells his name
backwards.*

Helen Guental

*So fond of argument
she seldom says anything.*

Ralph Emmert
N. S. D.

Class Track '15

*Another member of the
justly famous agriculture
class.*

CLASS OF 1915



Marjory Maloy
Silver medal,
Literary Contest
Story '14
*Golden hair and sunny
disposition.*

Margaret Bilekam
N. S. C.
*Her very foot has music
in it as she comes up
the stairs.*

Kathleen Rodebush
A. L. S.
President Treble Clef
Club '15; Treble Clef
Club '14, '15.
*The cause of many
visits by the mysterious
stranger from Manual.*

Rozena Thomas
*"As lively as the dancing
butterflies."*



Freda Snyder
German Club '14
*Has the strident voice
of a zuffrette.*

Elbert Martin
"Peggy" and the
"Oasis."
"Peggy and the Oasis."

Blanche Russell
*She has no trait that
would lead one to believe
her related to Lillian.*

Oliver Simmons
Class Basketball
(light) '15
*Has a Ford. "Nuff
sed"*

CLASS OF 1915



Josephine Johnson
A good, honest student.

Nye Adams
N. S. C.
Nor'easter Staff '14;
Northeast Day Play
'15; Senior Play '15;
Pres. Shakespeares
'15.
*The much disturbed
Californian. Northeast's
Edwin Booth.*

Helen Ford
French Club '15
*Known as a story-teller,
although not a "fibber."*

Rex Bone
N. S. C.
Silver medal, Liter-
ary contest Oratlon
'15; Senior Play '15;
Cheer Leader '15.
*The old father on the
stage, but a heart-crusher
off. He also made Wm.
R. Nelson famous.*



Louise Arnold
German Club '14
*Might eat a ton of
sand and not be hurt.*

Ethel Cressman
*Her 'Eng. Lit.' note book
is a source of admiration.*

**Margaret Frances
Johnson**
Very good natured.

Esther Perry
Still water runs deep.

CLASS OF 1915



Irene Thurman
A. L. S.

Chairman Senior Gift Committee '15; Junior Secretary '14; Spanish Club '15; President '14; Treble Clef Club '14; Treble Clef Club '14, '15.

The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door.

Ralph Hunting
N. S. D.

Has a very demonstrated fondness for snakes. Also Physics.

Mabel Teehey

Is known for her many speeches.

Errett Scrivener

Class Track '14, '15
Glee Club '14, '15

Errett will never grow up.



Margaret Morris

Destined to be either a toe-dancer or a gym teacher.

Hobert Gillespie

He's a terrible fusser.

Ora Jane Pryor

A "Lucille" (Dress-maker) in the near future.

Amos Valle

"N" man Track '15
Mile Relay '15
Medley Relay '15
Class Track '15

He never gets over wondering at himself.

CLASS OF 1915



Eunice George
Commencement Program
'15; Girl's Debate Team '15.

Her most striking feature is her hair. Talking is her hobby.

Emerette Redheffer
She speaketh to the point

Marie Marks
The worth of woman cannot be denied.

Winifred Bennett
Girl's Debate Team '15
Louise's soul-mate.



Edna Perkins
Treble Clef Club '14, '15
Sees only the humorous side of life.

Mary Jane Berkley
Mary Jane simply can't keep still.

Louise Rollins
Well versed in the culinary art.

Iva Hardin
Senior Ballot:
"Northeast's Most Genuine Girl Student."
"Chatter, chatter, chatter."

CLASS OF 1915



Gladys Thompson
N. S. C.
Senior Play Cast
Treble Clef Club '15
*A dancing shape, an
image gay.*

Carl Hise
N. S. C.
Second Team Basket
Ball '14, '15
Class Basket Ball '15
Glee Club '14, '15
"A Jolly Good Fellow
Senior Ballot: "A
Jolly Good Fellow."
*"Pluto" has a very sus-
ceptible heart.*

Nell Bottom
Spanish Club '15
*Her heart has strayed
from Northeast.*

Thomas Condon
N. S. C.
"N" man Basket
Ball '14, '15
Captain Track '15
"N" man track
'14, '15
Mile Relay '14, '15
Half Mile Relay '15
Class Basket
Ball '15
Captain Class
Track '15
Class Track '14, '15
Senior Ballot:
"Northeast's
Foremost Athlete"
*"She" left last year. I
follow.*



Ruth Hallenbeck
Treble Clef Club '15
*Loves songs and jewel-
ry.*

Nellie Seyster
*Never known to be ill-
natured.*

Eleanor Rader
German Club, '14 '15
Treble Clef Club, '14
A shark in physics.

Gladys Wilson
French Club '15
*"I am sure care is an
enemy of life."*

CLASS OF 1915

Geneva Burrus
Tennis, dancing, etc.
Geneva is accomplished
along many lines. We
can't stop to tell every-
thing.



Eloise McNutt
A. L. S.
"Nor'easter" Staff
'15; Girl's Debate
Team '15; Honorable
mention Literary
Contest Essay '15;
Winner S. A. R.
Essay '14; President
Alphas '15; President
French Club '15;
French Club '14, '15.
*Some day she will make
Emerson look like a base
imitation.*

Morris Major
N. S. C.
"Nor'easter" Staff
'15; "N" man basket-
ball '14, '15; Track
Team '14; Class Bas-
ket Ball '15; Class
Track '14; President
Shakespeares '14.
"Emily."

Class Day Program—June 3, 1915

Presentation of Gifts to the Junior Class	Harry Davis
Acceptance of Gifts	Clayton Gordon
Violin Solo	Elsie Clausen
Play—"Who's to Win Him"	Cast
Presentation of Gift to School	Harry Davis
Acceptance of Gift	Clayton Gordon

	Gift Committee	
ELOISE McNUTT	IRENE THURMAN, Chairman	HENRY FOX
	Play Committee	
GARNET INGALSBE	ABBA STONE, Chairman	NYE ADAMS
	Program Committee	
LUCILLE TURNER	JOHN SHINN, Chairman	REX BONE

A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT
By THOMAS J. WILLIAMS
CAST

Cyril Dashwood	Nye Adams
(A young officer in search of a wife.)	
Mr. Prattleton Primrose	Milton E. Ladish
(A middle-aged bachelor of an undecided turn.)	
Squire Brushleigh	Rex Bone
(A country gentleman)	
Rose	Dorothy Barto
(Brushleigh's daughter)	
Sylvia	Gladys Thompson
(A young lady fond of sport)	
Minuetta	Abba Stone
(A young lady fond of dancing.)	
Musidora	Garnet Ingalsbe
(A young lady fond of romance.)	
Arabella	Lucille Turner
(Their friend, a young lady fond of flirtation.)	



Junior Organization

OFFICERS

President	John Monteith
Vice President	Leah Patt
Secretary	George Sibley
Treasurer	Herbert Chapman
Sergeant-at-Arms	Joseph Schwarz
Gift Receiver	Clayton Gordon
Reporter	Irving Brown

Adviser

Mr. A. T. Chapin

Enrollment

Boys, 124; Girls, 139

Reception to Seniors

Program

Address	John Monteith
Vocal Solo	Errett Scrivner
Piano Solo	Helen Sailors
Vocal Solo	Elsie Frisbie
Debate	Resolved that kissing should be abolished—(Decision to Negative).

DANCING

Reception Committee

Mildred Northrup, Chairman
 Dorothy Sawyer
 Isaac Eppinger
 George Sibley
 Ewing Gibson

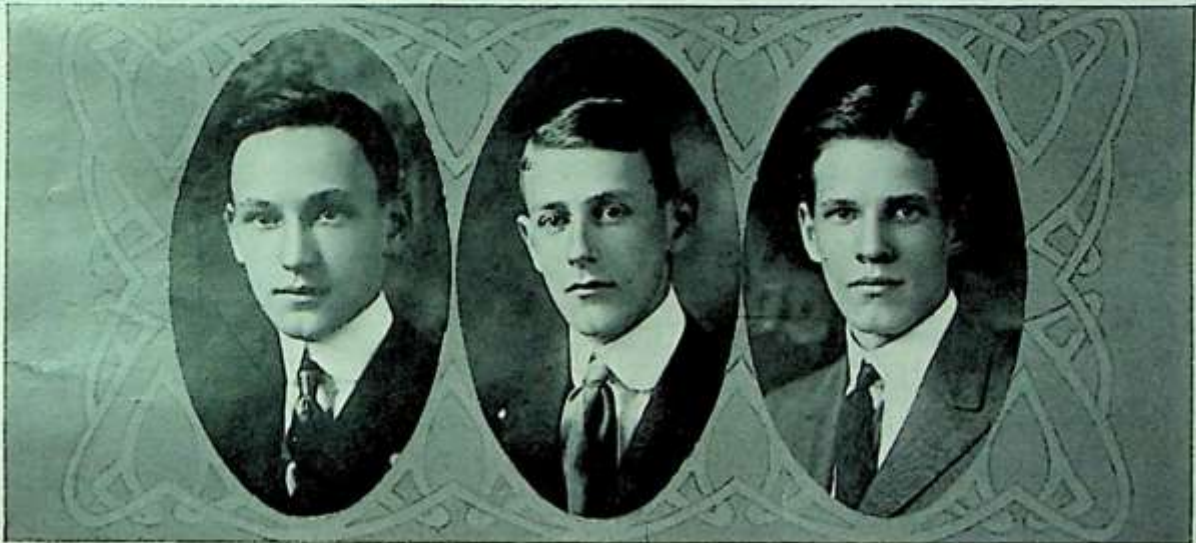


JOHN MONTEITH
President

LEAH PATT
Vice President

GEORGE SIBLEY
Secretary

HERBERT CHAPMAN
Treasurer

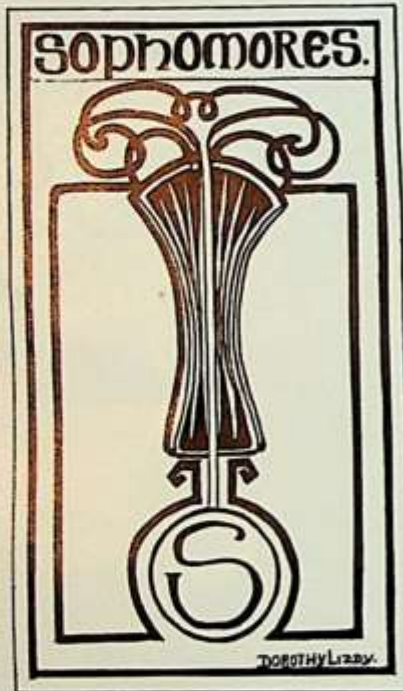


IRVING BROWN
Gift Receiver

CLAYTON GORDON
Sergeant-at-Arms

JOSEPH SCHWARZ
Reporter

Under Classes

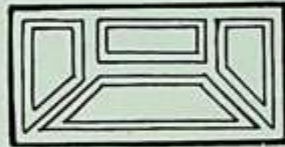


Enrollment
Boys, 125; Girls, 210



Enrollment
Boys, 257; Girls, 322

ORGANIZATIONS



J. Major.



ALPHA LITERARY SOCIETY

Calhoun	Cook	Bridgens	Arnold	Winstead	Boeme	Sawyer	Smalley	Dyer	Ramsay
Northrop	Peck	Rodebush	Barto	Miss Sharp	Liddy	Harrison	McKim	Bishop	
Allan	Melnoffer	F. Thompson	McNutt	Ingalbe	Dunlap	Nowlin	M. Thompson	Humfeld	
Betz		Ensminger	Frisbie		Patt		L. Thurman	Wine	

Alpha Literary Society.

"Esse Quam Videri"

Colors: Gold and White

Flower: Jonquil

Chaperon: Miss Nathalie Sharp



OFFICERS

	First Term	Second Term	Third Term
President	Dorothy Barto	Dorothy Barto	Eloise McNutt
Vice-President	Frankie Thompson	Eloise McNutt	Garnet Ingalsbe
Secretary	Gladys Wall	Leah Patt	Frankie Thompson
Treasurer	Martha Thompson	Sarah Dunlap	Lucile Meinhoffer
Critic	Garnet Ingalsbe	Martha Thompson	Ethel Nowlin
Initiator	Dorothy Sawyer	Katharine Smalley	Marguerite Cook
Sergeant-at-Arms	Leah Patt	Genevieve McKim	Mary Alice Winstead

MEMBERS

1915

Dorothy Barto*
Sarah Dunlap

Garnet Ingalsbe
Eloise McNutt*
Kathleen Rodebush*

Frankie Thompson
Irene Thurman

1916

Alice Arnold
Berenice Bridgens
Louise Betz
Elsie Calhoun
Elsie Frisbie

Virginia Harrison
Genevieve McKim
Lucile Meinhoffer
Mildred Northrop
Ethel Nowlin

Leah Patt
Dorothy Sawyer
Katherine Smalley
Martha Thompson*
Mary Alice Winstead

1917

Marguerite Cook
Dorothy Liddy

Margaret Peck
Mona Ramsay

Mildred Wine

1918

Katharine Allen
Beryl Bishop

Faye Boeme
Alta Calhoun
Janet Dyer

Dorothy Ensinger
Marion Humfeld

*Charter Members



NORTHEAST SOCIETY OF DEBATE

Mertwether	Proctor	Murphy	J. Gillis	Shinn	Gordon	Gibson	Miller	Combs
Davis	Scarritt	Fox	H. Gillis	Carter	Nickell	Swisher	Monteth	Smith
Hunting	Wilson	Haas	Meyer	Cole	Brown	Holland	Jones	Taylor
Sibley	Shout	Chapman	Fitch	McGee	Ewing	Lovelace	Schwarz	

Northeast Society of Debate.

"Possunt quia posse videntur."

Colors: Red and Black

Adviser: Mr. S. B. Apple



OFFICERS

	First Term	Second Term	Third Term	Fourth Term
President	Harry Davis	Henry Fox	Newlon Carter	John Shinn
Vice-President	Henry Fox	John Shinn	Paul Cole	Irving Brown
Secretary	George Combs	Ralph Hunting	Joe Schwarz	Russell Jones
Treasurer	Paul Cole	Joe Schwarz	Gustave Meyer	George Sibley
Sergeant-at-Arms	Vergil Ewing	Gustave Meyer	Lawrence Fitch	Leslie Nickell
Critic	Irving Brown	Newlon Carter	Gilmer Meriwether	Herbert Chapman

MEMBERS

1915

Nathan S. Scarritt*
Benj. J. Wood, Jr.*
Gilmer Meriwether*
Harry Davis*
Newlon Carter*

Henry Fox*
Leland M. Shout
John N. Shinn
Ralph Emmert
Ralph Hunting

Gustave Meyer
Russell Jones
Reginal Lovelace
Lewis Foster
Paul Murphy

1916

J. John Gillis*
Bernard S. Gillis*
Fred B. Jenkins, Jr.
Irving Brown
Lawrence S. Swisher
Paul Cole

Ewing Gibson
Joseph Schwarz
Paul Miller
George W. Holland, Jr.
Xenophon Smith
Vernon Wilson

George H. Sibley
Herbert Chapman
Clayton Gordon
John Monteith
Ellsworth R. Haas
Leslie Nickell

1917

George Combs
Vergil Ewing

John F. Proctor
Maxwell Taylor

Richard McGee
Lawrence Fitch

*Charter members



NORTHEAST SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Moore
McGinnis
Lukins

Roach
Redmond
Abney
Stone

Bateman
Mr. Spittler
Ladish
Cline

Bone
Jeffries
Thompson
Oberlin

Condon
Ganley
Adams
Barnes
M. Minnis

McConnell
Blickham
Turner

Northeast Shakespeare Club.

"It is not the trappings of knowledge,
but wisdom itself."

Colors: Gold and Black

Flower: Violet

Adviser: Mr. J. L. Spittler

OFFICERS

	First Term	Second Term	Third Term	Fourth Term
President	Nye Adams	Abba Stone	Lucille Turner	Milton Ladish
Vice-President	Abba Stone	Frazier Moore	Margaret Montague	Gladys Thompson
Secretary	Thomas Condon	Rex Bone	Adele Ganley	James Barnes
Treasurer	Lucille Turner	Adus Cline	Adus Cline	Louise Abney
Preceptress	Emily Gross	Mary Redmond	Mary Redmond	Nye Adams
Critic	Adele Ganley	Lucille Turner	Melissa Roach	Fred Lukens
Sergeant-at-Arms	Margaret Montague	Fred Lukens	Adolph Schwarz	Milton McGinnis

MEMBERS

1913

Emily Gross*

1914

Margaret Montague

Esther Oberlin

Marguerite Blickham

1915

Adolph Schwarz
Frazier Moore
Gladys Thompson
Louise Abney
Milton Ladish*
Milton McGinnis

Nye Adams*
Abba Stone
Thomas Condon
Lucille Turner*
Morris Major*
Ned Fuller

Carl Hise
Mary Redmond
Rex Bone
Harold Tallquist
Adus Cline
Adele Ganley

1916

Bransford Crenshaw
Maurine Bateman
Mary Jeffries

Margaret Minns
Harry McConnell
Ruby Holland

Fred Lukens
Marian Blakeslee

1917

Pearl Holland

Alice Kidd
Florence Swain*

James Barnes

1918

Donald Mentzer

*Charter members



DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN

Koerper	Wine	Jenkins	Hudson	Crenshaw	Rose	Carter	Beth	Kurfla
Weaver	Allan	Van Blareum	Melnhoffer	Ackermann	Miss Von Unwerth	McGee	Hagedorn	Roebber
Snyder	Mort	Scarritt	Rader	Meyer	Schwarz	Clausen	Fox	
Ross	Mandeville	Landree	Grubill	Goldblatt	Frisbie	Headlee		

Der Deutsche Verein.

“Wer im geringen treu ist,
Ist auch im groszen treu.”

Colors: Schwarz, weisz, rot
Leiterin: Fraulein von Unwerth



OFFICERS

	First Term	Second Term	Third Term	Fourth Term
Präsident	Joseph Schwarz	Earl Ackermann	Retha Rose	Gustave Meyer
Vize-Präsidentin	Rethra Rose	Lucile Meinhoffer	Richard McGee	Eleanor Rader
Sekretarin	Eleanor Rader	Gustave Meyer	Lucile Meinhoffer	Joseph Schwarz
Schatzmeisterin	Elsie Clausen	Elsie Frisbie	George Coffin	Nathan S. Scarritt
Kritikerin	Gladys Taute	Louise Betz	Joseph Schwarz	Henry Fox
Strafmeister	Francis Misslewitz	Richard McGee	Anna Hage Jörn	Elsie Clausen
Thurstehér	Lawrence Fitch	Fred Jenkins	Viola Richter	Lila Grabill

MEMBERS

1915

Hattie Hudson
Nathan Scarritt

Eleanor Rader
Gustave Meyer

Elsie Clausen
Henry Fox

1916

Fred Jenkins
Bransford Crenshaw
Retha Rose

Louise Betz
Lucille Meinhoffer
Earl Ackerman

Joseph Schwarz
Elsie Frisbie

1917

Mildred Wine
Willard Carter
Alleyne Weaver
Katherine Allen

Hobart Van Blarcom
Richard McGee
Anna Hagedorn
May Mort

Margaret Mandeville
Helen Landue
Lila Grabill
Grace Goldblatt

1918

Karl Koerper
Alexander Kurfiss

Harry Roeber
Bessie Snyder

Leo Ross
Ambrose Headlee



LES PENSEURS

H. Ford	Adeline Levy	Alice Arnold	Sibley	Beebe	Dorothy Briggs	Nowlin	Morgan
Mary Slater	Beck	Wilson	Jones	Miss Gillham	Wieber		
Patt	Redmond	Dunlap	McNutt	Ingalsbe	Thompson	Winstead	Alta Calhoun
Sawyer		Cook		Elsa Fredlekson	M. Ford		
					Taylor		

Les Penseurs.

"La Liberte de la Renser."

Colors: Rouge et Or

Conseillere: Mademoiselle Gillham



OFFICERS

	First Term	Second Term	Third Term
Presidente	Eloise McNutt	Eloise McNutt	Garnet Ingalsbe
Vice-Presidente	Sarah Dunlap	Garnet Ingalsbe	Martha Thompson
Secretaire	Garnet Ingalsbe	Sarah Dunlap	Sarah Dunlap
Tresoriere	Dorothy Sawyer	Russel Jones	Russel Jones
Censeur	Mary Redmond	Gilmer Meriwether	
Initiateur	Mary Alice Winstead	Martha Thompson	George Sibley
Sergeant d' Armes	Mary Lois Ford	George Sibley	Leah Patt

MEMBERS

1914

Lucile Beck

1915

Sarah Dunlap
Helen Ford

Garnet Ingalsbe
Russel Jones
Eloise McNutt

Mary Redmond
Gladys Willson

1916

Alice Arnold
Dorothy Briggs
Mary Chorn
Marguerite Cook
Virginia Harrison

Vadis Morgan
Ethel Nowlin
Leah Patt
Dorothy Sawyer
George Sibley

Bland Taylor
Martha Thompson
Irene Wieber
Mary Alice Winstead

1917

Alta Calhoun

Mary Ford
Elsa Fredrickson

Adeline Levy

1918

Katherine Beebe

Lena Hoyle

Mary Slater



LA SOCIEDAD CASTELLANA

L. Thurman
McConnell
Ohleson

Bottom

Jones

Gilkeson
Lovelace

Wallace

Laurenzano
Mrs. Bell

Gordon
Barto

Brown
Burke
Chapin

La Sociedad Castellana.

Colors: Rojo y Amarillo

Crítica y Consejera: Senora Gertrude Bell

OFFICERS

First Term

Presidente
Vice-presidente
Secretaria
Tesorero
Sargento de Armas

Clayton Gordon
Irene Thurman
Shirley Wallace
Burt Lovejoy
Carl Ohelson

Second Term

Shirley Wallace
Anna Bell Jones
Dorothy Barto
Carl Ohleson
Roland Chapin

MEMBERS

1915

Irene Thurman
Nell Bottom

Reginald Lovelace
Shirley Wallace

Dorothy Barto

1916

Paul Gilkeson
Frank Lawrenzana
Dorothy Wallace

Harry McConnell
Anna Bell Jones
Carl Ohleson

Clayton Gordon
Roland Chapin
Harry Cooper

1917

Arleta Burke



NORTHEAST TREBLE CLEF CLUB

Brown	Nordburg	Howard	Monteith	Duncan	Hudson	Reid	Stipp	Taute	Redmond
Hallenbeck	Perkins	Green	Rodebush	Mr. Chaffee	Sallors	Spoor	Thompson	Oberlin	
L. Thurman	Hill	Duncan	Johnson	A. Thurman	Campbell	Ziekafoose	Shilling	Blakeslee	
Clausen	I. Minnis	M. Minnis		Garland	Kidd	Lyddon	Lewellyn	Glascock	

Northeast Treble Cleff Club.

Colors: Purple and White

Director: Mr. F. E. Chaffee



OFFICERS

First Term

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms
Pianist
Librarian

Kathleen Rodebush
Margaret Minnis
Mary Redmond
Hattie Hudson
Virginia Duncan
Helen Sailors
Marjory Garland

Second Term

Alta Thurman
Sophia Johnson
Lucile Campbell
Margaret Zickafoose
Wilma Shilling
Helen Sailors
Victoria Duncan

MEMBERS

First Soprano

Victoria Duncan
Lucile Campbell
Alice Kidd

Margaret Minnis
Marjory Garland
Esther Oberlin

Ruth Hallenbeck
Doris Major
Marion Blakeslee

Second Soprano

Geraldine Reed
Virginia Duncan

Mary Redmond
Margaret Zickafoose
Henrietta Steventon

Esther Monteith
Gertrude Lewellyn

First Alto

Irene Thurman
Grace Spoor
Kathleen Rhodebush
Gladys Taute

Edna Perkins
Sophia Johnson
Hattie Hudson
Rebecca Stipp

Irene Minnis
Gladys Hill
Erna Glasscock
Agnes Howard

Second Alto

William Shilling
Margaret Banta
Elsie Clausen

Alta Thurman
Nellie Dougherty
Ruth Nordburg

Florence Green
Gladys Thompson



NORTHEAST GLEE CLUB

Cooper	Redmond	Alcorn	Smith	Wallingford	Monteith	McLaughlin	Gillis	Downie	Trotter	Black	Stone
		Redmon	Barnes	Shout	Mr. Chaffee	Cook	Lane		Hise	Warren	Scrivener

Northeast Glee Club.

Director: Mr. F. E. Chaffee

OFFICERS

	First Term	Second Term
President	John Monteith	John Monteith
Vice-President	Errett Scrivner	Errett Scrivner
Secretary	Isaac Eppinger	Frank Lane
Treasurer	William Berry	Carl Hise
Sergeant-at-Arms	Godfrey Stone	Godfrey Stone
Business Manager	Bernard Gillis	Bernard Gillis

MEMBERS

First Tenors		
Harry Cooper	Harold Redmond	Lewis Downie
Jas. Barnes	Raymond McLaughlin	
Second Tenor		
John Monteith	John Redmond	Robert Alcorn
Leland Shout	Ezra Cook	Xenophen Smith
	Loren Wallingford	
First Bass		
Carl Hise	Frank Lane	Ben Gillis
	John Black	
Second Bass		
Ferris Trotter	Errett Scrivner	Lester Warren
	Godfrey Stone	



NORTHEAST ORCHESTRA

McVay	Ohlson	Covell	Mr. Ellis	I. Minnis	Mr. Chaffee	Covell	Keush
Green	Chaplin	Van Blaricum	Jeffries	Garlund	Hendricks	Lightburn	Montgomery
Crooks	M. Minnis	Betz	Stearns	Kidd	Covert		

Orchestra.

Adviser: Mr. F. E. Chaffee

First Violin

Louise Betz
Orvis Covell
Thelma Crooks

Marjory Garland
Alice Kidd
Dale McVay

Maurine Montgomery
Carl Ohleson
Hobart Van Blarcom

Second Violins

Truth Covert
Lucile Chapin
Harry Covell

Pearl Greene
George Jeffrey
Edwin Kinsela

Grace Lightbourne
Howard Showen
Ruth Stears

Pianist

Irene Minnis

Flute

Chas. Baker

First Cornet

Clyde Hendricks

Second Cornet

Harold Roberts

Drums and Traps

Mr. J. J. Ellis

Society Plays

ALPHA LITERARY SOCIETY

On December 14, 1914, the Alpha's presented a one-act comedy entitled "Reflected Glory."

FRENCH CLUB

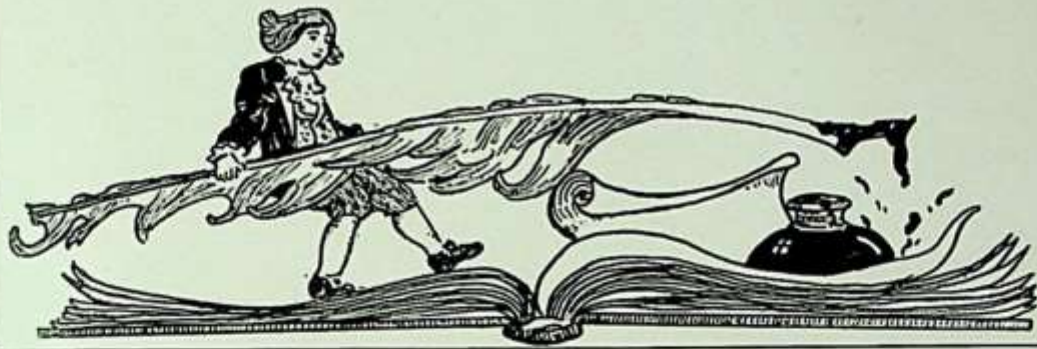
The French Club on January 18, 1915, entertained us with a tableaux of famous paintings and a one act play entitled "Madame Tussand."

GERMAN CLUB

The members of our German Club, on March 8, 1915, presented for our approval two plays. The main one, "Emil and Emily," is a modern "Taming of the Shrew." The other one was entitled "Minchen and Linchen." This consisted of songs by our two Elsie's.

NORTHEAST SHAKESPEARE CLUB

The last Society play of the year was given by the Shakespeares on March 29th. They presented "The Pretentious Young Ladies," a comedy translated from the French of Moliere.



LITERARY



Elsie Calhoun

Boys' Debate.



AFFIRMATIVE

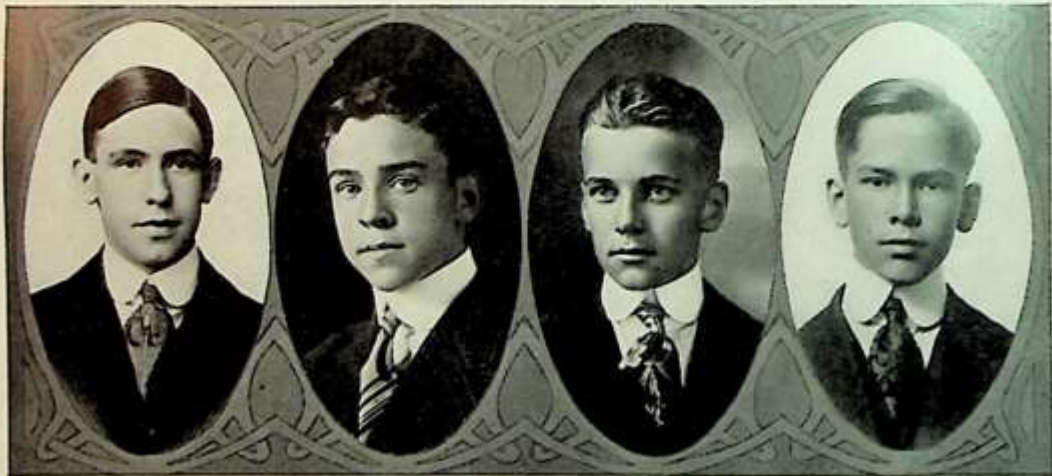
Newlon Carter
Captain

Herbert Chapman

George Sibley

Irving Brown

Coach—Mr. C. H. Nowlin



NEGATIVE

Henry Fox
Captain

Vergil Ewing

George Combs

Nathan S. Scarritt

Coach—Mr. S. B. Apple

The Quadrangular Debate.

We did it! Northeast again won the quadrangular debate—and the Amherst cup. As last year was our first attempt at inter-high school debates we were not expected to do much. But the other schools were pleasantly (?) surprised when we carried off first honors. They were determined, however, that the "baby" school should be shown this year, that last year's victory was merely an accident. But the youngster had something to say himself about that, and the Northeast Spirit again won out. Our Northeast, as one of the other high school principals admits, is no longer the "baby." Not only in debate, but in all the other school activities, Northeast has more than held her own with the other schools.

Let us notice the two teams for a moment. Every debater on both teams has had experience in inter-high school debating. Last year every member of our teams were inexperienced—and we won. It is not surprising then, that our experienced teams received the laurels this year. But wait! Who were the coaches? Mr. Nowlin and Mr. Apple. Of course, some of the credit for our victory goes to the individual debaters, but if the teams had not been properly coached this account would be of a different character altogether. So when we think of our success don't fail to remember the invincible coaches, Mr. Nowlin and Mr. Apple.

The question this year was: "Resolved, That the Single Tax on Land Values Should be Substituted for the Present System of Taxation in This State." While we were listening to Manual and Westport discuss the merits and demerits of the proposed tax system our affirmative team—Carter, Chapman, Sibley, Brown—were at Central busily engaged in convincing the Westport boys and the Judges (to the tune of 4 to 1) that the Single Tax was the only sensible method of taxation. At the same time our negative team—Scarritt, Ewing, Combs and Fox—were on the Manual platform persuading the Central debaters that they were entirely wrong in advocating such a system as the Single Tax. Decision: 3 to 2 in favor of the negative.

We do not have to be reminded of what happened when we learned that we had won the debate for the second time. We forgot that there were such things as classes and paraded through the halls cheering and yelling as only a thousand high school pupils can.

We are proud of our victories this year, but what we are most proud of is the "Northeast Spirit;" the spirit of determination and school loyalty that has made these victories possible. Just so long as the students of Northeast High have this same spirit will she continue to win such victories as she has won this year.

Girls' Debate



AFFIRMATIVE

Mary Redmond

Lucille Turner

Frankie Thompson

Winifred Bennet

Coach—Miss Fox



NEGATIVE

Eloise McNutt

Garnet Ingalsbie

Sarah Dunlap

Eunice George

Coach—Miss Adams

The New Quadrangular Debate.

It has long been a subject of wonder that the girls have not had a quadrangular debate. Girls are, of course, preeminently fitted for that strenuous form of amusement. Perhaps, however, it was erroneously thought that they were getting sufficient exercise without special opportunity. The fallacy of this delusive belief has recently been exposed, however, and the girls' debate is now an established institution.

If you hold this to be a misconstrued thought, a natural error in the uninitiated report of a mere man, you have only to come to the assembly hall of one of the schools about a year from the something or other of last April, and you will be convinced.

The subject this year was "Resolved that the Massachusetts Ballot Law Should be Adopted in this State." There seems to be no doubt that it should, as all four debaters went to the affirmative. Let us hope to see the change made soon.

But of the debate itself? As has been said, Northeast was as successful as any other high school, in that she got one decision. The girls who did this piece of work were Mary Redmond, Lucile Turner, Frankie Thompson, and Winifred Bennett. They were under the leadership of Miss Fox, and conquered Westport at Central. A representative of the "Nor'easter" was present, and he is able to state that the event was highly interesting, even to one wholly disinterested, which, of course, he was not. You may be sure the decision fell on grateful ears.

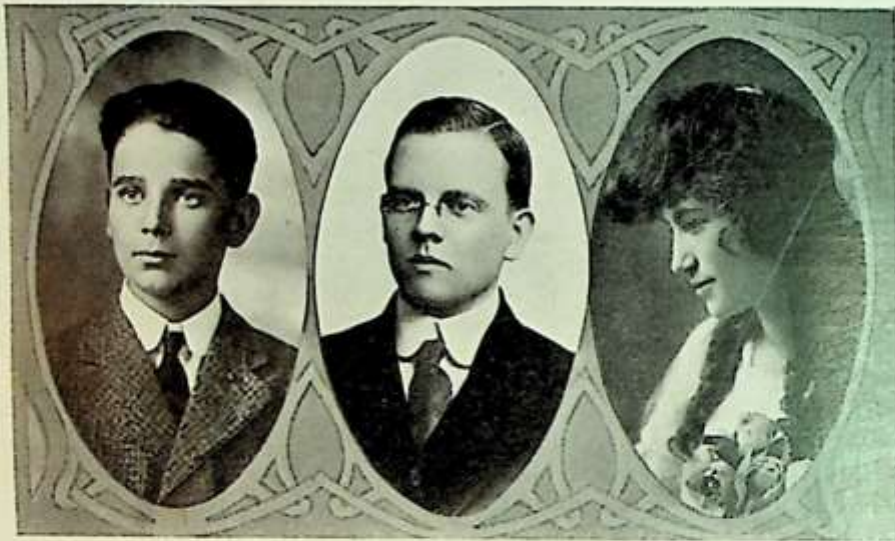
But at the same time our negative team, which consisted of Garnet Ingalsbe, Eloise McNutt, Sarah Dunlap, Eunice George, and Miss Adams, coach, was making things hum over at Manual. Likewise there was a "Nor'easter" representative present at the ringside, who, dittoing the former writer, is able to state that the event was highly interesting. So

highly interesting, in fact, that the attention of the audience was even diverted from their lately issued "Manualites" in order to watch the progress of this struggle. Round after round, we had the Massachusetts Ballot Law, supported, derided, explained, and dissected until we all felt fully capable to vote any ticket whatsoever on any ballot or labor saving voting-machine patented in these later years. At the end of the first half we had a breathing spell, during which the Manual orchestra rendered a selection.

Then the rebuttals came thick and fast. Our girls used all their argumentative abilities, all their persuasive powers, all their artistic ideas, and all their womanly charms, but to no avail. The common people have not yet been educated up to the use of voting-machines and labor-savers. The only alternative for the judges to vote for was the Massachusetts Ballot, and this they promptly did. Thus did the debate slip away from us to Central. And thus did our hopes for another chance to cut our classes and celebrate become blighted.

Now the excitement has given place to solid rest until next fall. In the meantime, Northeast will be getting ready for two victories in 1916. It is true that every member of the team graduates this year, but there are a number of girls, who tried out, remaining with us. After this preliminary experience, they should be the making of some able representatives of the school. It was also unanimously resolved by the teams that next year the question should be more evenly balanced. With this desirable innovation accomplished, with teams as strong as we expect them to be, with the same skillful coaches, and with this year's experience to profit by, the prospects for the second girls' quadrangular debate are indeed bright, and we may anxiously await a breaking of "the tie that binds" the four schools.

Literary Contest Gold Medal Winners



Maxwell Taylor
Oration

Leland Shout
Essay

Virginia Harrison
Story



Dorothy Barto
Poem

Mary Louise Ewins
Declamation

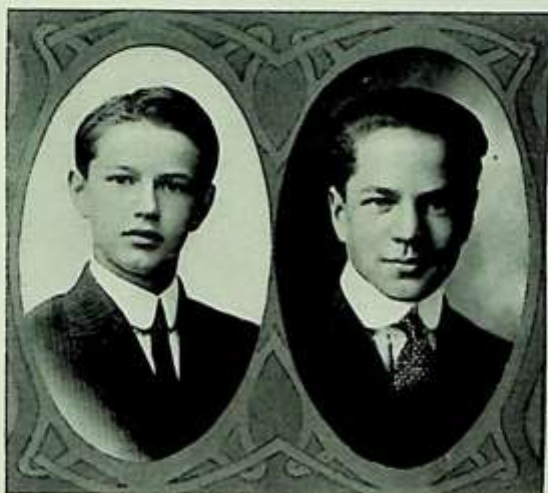
Silver Medal Winners



Rex Bone
Oration

Anna Foster
Essay

Gilmer Meriwether
Story



Vernon Wilson
Poem

George Sibley
Declamation

Contest Winners

SONS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION ESSAY CONTEST



Irving Brown
First Prize

W. C. T. U. TEMPERANCE ESSAY CONTEST



Louise Abney
First Prize

WINNERS OF MANUFACTURERS' ESSAY CONTEST



Sophia Johnson
Second Prize

Grace Lighthorne
First Prize

Martha Rollins
Third Prize

Second Annual Literary Contest.

NORTHEAST HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM.

May 21, 1915

STORY

Virginia Harrison . . . The Alphas
The Braver Thing

Gilmer Meriwether . . . The Debaters
The Power of Forgiveness.

Frasier Moore . . . The Shakespeares
The Law of the Wilderness

Dorothy F. Briggs . . . School at Large
The Garden Contest

Bert W. Canfield . . . School at Large
The House of Death

II. ORATION.

Marion Blakslee . . . School at Large
The Blot

Rex Bone . . . The Shakespeares
William Rockhill Nelson

Maxwell Taylor . . . The Debaters
Robert E. Lee

Lucile Meinhoffer . . . The Alphas
Frances E. Willard

James Fifield . . . School at Large
Patriotism

III. POEM.

Dorothy Barto . . . The Alphas
Friend of Mine

Lucile Turner . . . The Shakespeares
An April Frolic

Amos Vail . . . School at Large
The Arab Lover's Song

Vernon Wilson . . . The Debaters
A Lament of True Wealth

Esther Wilcox . . . School at Large
My Ambition

IV. DECLAMATION.

Mary Redmond . . . The Shakespeares
The Lost Word

Beva Rice . . . School at Large
The Lie

George Sibley . . . The Debaters
Raising the Flag Over Fort
Sumpter

Mary Louise Ewins . . . School at Large
The Bazaar Girl

Sara C. Dunlap . . . The Alphas
Ole Missus

V. ESSAY.

Leland M. Shout . . . The Debaters
The Value of Imagination

George Turner . . . School at Large
Napoleon Bonaparte

Eloise McNutt . . . The Alphas
Thought, The Leader of
Our Minds

Anna Foster . . . School at Large
A Trip Through Chinatown

Louise Abney . . . The Shakespeares
The Last Napoleon

Piano Solo . . . Edith Brocamp

Decision of Judges Announced.

The Braver Thing.

VIRGINIA HARRISON

This story won the gold medal in the Literary Contest.

"Just what I want!" Betty murmured aloud, "just the quotation I shall suggest for the class motto. I'll learn it right now." So she read aloud the following, until she could repeat it perfectly:

"I have done one braver thing

Than all the worthies did:

And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid."

"Hello! Bettina," a merry voice interrupted, "What! Talking to yourself again! Really, I believe we'll have to send you to the asylum, 'cause my Physiology"

"Please spare me this once, Cathy. I'm in such a jubilant frame of mind. I ran across a motto, but I shan't tell *you* since you refused to tell me yours. I told you I'd be revenged," Betty replied, laughing at Cathy's feigned expression of despair.

"Are you trying out for the scholarship, Betty-ha-ha?" Cathy asked.

"Yes, I have thought of a wonderful subject. I have some good material that ought to make a dandy essay."

"Of course it will," smiled Cathy, reassuringly, and then she studied the walls seriously. "Honored walls that are so laden with gold medals won by our most respected friend, or maybe your enemy, Miss Elizabeth Evington, don't you feel horribly proud?"

Betty laughed. "Florence is trying out, too, isn't she?"

"Yes, I think so," Katherine replied.

Curiously enough no one cared to say anything to either of the two girls about the other, although they were the most "talked-of" girls in the school. Everyone admired clever Betty. She was jolly. She was brilliant. She had a remarkable memory

and had developed concentration of the mind to a fine degree. Her friends teasingly said that she was suffering from hypernesia. But Florence Loffard was loved by everyone. Gentle, quiet, thoughtful, and unselfish, she created the respect of all who knew her. But Florence was not brilliant. She plodded diligently along. She had tried out for all the literary events in the school and she had always failed. The University scholarship was the crowning event of the four years. The girl who won was regarded as the brightest girl in the Seminary. Florence was poor, while Betty was rich. The winning of the prize carried with it, to Florence, an opportunity to go to the University; to Betty, the culmination of her success and the gratification of her most cherished ambition. The two girls had been rivals too long to be very good friends, although they bore each other no ill-will. Betty had always won; Florence had always lost.

When Betty was left alone, she set to work on her essay. She felt that it was good, that it was better than anything she had ever written. But back of it all, persisted the thought of the courage and persistence of little Florence. Betty felt sorry for her. She was a dear. What if she herself, had never won a prize? The fact was horrible. So, shutting it out of her consciousness, she determined to be no more disturbed by such distracting thoughts.

In her room, Florence was not writing her essay. She was writing what she called a "blue letter" to her always sympathetic and loving mother. Finishing the letter, she looked for an envelope, but discovered, to her surprise, that she had none. So she absently thrust it into

her books, and buried her face in her hands. Refreshing tears flowed. The look of blank despair departed, and, in a very few moments, she was her cheerful little self again, resembling the sun bursting forth bravely, and brightly after the rain. Her wistful face shone with new courage and high resolve. Gathering her books in her arms, she hurried down to the library. In an almost deserted corridor, she bumped into Cathy. Her books and papers were sent flying in all directions. Together they picked up the spilled articles. However, a piece of paper which had fallen in a corner was not noticed.

"Where are thou going," inquired Cathy, smiling. Florence was always greeted with a smile.

"I'm going a-workin', ma'am, she said," replied Florence.

"That means to the library, I suppose. Well, so long. Success to you this time, Florence," called Cathy, as she climbed the stairs.

Later, as Betty was walking down the hall, she saw a slip of paper. It contained these words,

"It's not fair. I've worked and worked. She always wins. She can go to college without winning the essay, and I can't. It isn't fair. It seems sometimes as if the one who does the least is rewarded the most."

Betty read the note three times, and then let it slip from her fingers. Her thoughts turned to Florence. Did it mean that much to *her*? How awful it would be not to be able to go to the great University. She felt that much of her own pleasure in winning the scholarship would be lost, if Florence could not go without the money. Probably Florence would win. Why trouble herself about it at all? But down in her heart she knew Florence would not win. The still small voice said, "What does it mean to you—only the petty glory and praise of your associates." She partly silenced her conscience by saying that it meant more to her. Her family at home would be so disappointed, or would

they? Her father in his last letter had said, "It is not the medals you win but the character you form that counts after all." What did it matter? She would leave it to the judges, they were the ones to decide. However, the thought persisted. Florence ought to have it. Florence ought to have it. She tried to put it from her but the thought remained. She tried to convince herself that she could do nothing—but she knew she could. She could give it to Florence. It rested solely with her. She could exceed the word limit which would prevent her from winning the gold medal, but not the silver one. She couldn't do it. She said it over and over again. Why should she? It should go to the brightest girl, and if she were the brightest she ought to have it. She deserved it. She ought to have it. But had she? Laying aside all question of fairness, shouldn't she give it to her as an act of generosity? How Florence's face would shine and how her eyes would sparkle! It was in her power to bring about the realization of this mind-picture. She decided to write to her mother and father. Then she remembered the motto:

"I have done one braver thing

Than all the worthies did:

And yet a braver thence doth spring,

Which is, to keep that hid."

"It may not be a 'braver thing than all the worthies did,' but at any rate, I'll 'keep that hid.' It might get out and how awful Florence would feel.

She took out her essay and tearfully and hastily wrote the four pages that would prevent her from winning the prize.

"There!" she sighed, "that's done. It's a good thing I did it now for if I had waited I might have lost courage."

* * * * *

At the night of the contest, the Assembly Hall was crowded. The victors were to be announced and the essays read.

"The first prize," the principal announced, "is awarded to Miss Florence Loffard."

The audience thundered its approval. Betty was happy. How could one help it when they saw Florence's radiant face! It had paid. The sight of her rival's happy face amply rewarded her. She felt doubly glad now that she had told no one of her sacrifice. It seemed more precious to her and how proud she was to think that she had caused all this! When her name was read as the winner of the second prize, the audience applauded louder than before. Her friends expected a crest-fallen girl, instead of one whose face was more beautifully expressive of delight than Florence's. It was beyond comprehension. But as Cathy said, later, "Betty always had surpassed all understanding."

After it was all over, the girls carried Florence in their arms to the banquet. As soon as possible, Betty escaped to her room. Presently, however, the room was filled with girls who said that Florence refused to eat a morsel unless Betty shared with her the seat of honor. Betty went.

The evening was delightful. As they said, "good night," Florence whispered:

"I don't see how it happened. You are the brightest, dear, not I."

Betty kissed her and said. "The judges were right, dear." This was the beginning of a great friendship.

As she wrote her home-letter telling of her defeat, she was smiling. So cheerful and satisfied was the letter, that Mr. Evington said, as he read it:

"She's a real sport. I'm proud of my little girl. Her character has been enriched. That is all that counts."

As Betty lay awake that night, almost too excited to sleep, she murmured softly:

"I have done one braver thing
Than all the worthies did:
And yet a braver thence doth
spring,
Which is, to keep that hid,
No one shall ever know."
And no one did know.

Peggy O'Rourke.



The Value of Imagination.

LELAND SHOUT

This essay won the gold medal
in the Literary Contest.

Imagination is the most important and, at the same time, least understood of any of the human faculties. If it is thought of at all it is considered merely as a necessary evil, something which the artist and poet must have, but which, so far as any practical use is concerned, is nearly, if not wholly, worthless. But is this popular conception of imagination one which may be accepted without reservation? It has been said that imagination is "that faculty whereby man is enabled to live in the past and the future, the distant and the unreal." Then this being true, can we continue to think of imagination of no value? Imagination is the slave of the ring, the genius of the lamp and a single turn or the merest rub will summon it to do our bidding. Would you be transported to the ends of the earth? Would you have a noble palace in a single day? Would you live in the past or the future? Imagination has power to alter the face of the world, to bridge distance, and to annihilate time.

However let us consider something of the value of imagination as it relates more nearly to our own lives. We first find imagination in childhood. Mothers of small children often notice that one child must be taught to play, must be led step by step into the spirit of the game and is never contented when alone. But to the child who possesses the happy faculty of imagination, all things unite to interest him. He may wish for companions or playmates, but if he cannot have he is not at a loss. For him the world is peopled, and the limb of the old tree and the old broomstick used for his horse, are, for the time being, realities. The voices of the wind and the songs of the birds whisper strange messages into his receptive ears, as he wonders and dreams. His fairy books are not filled with strange impossible

stories. To him it is not wonderful that the birds and animals talk with each other or that the lovely princess is transported many miles in the twinkling of an eye transformed into an ugly witch, to be restored to her former beauty by the kiss of the hero. Such happenings are no more strange to him than that the verdant blades of grass burst their way through the brown soil of the lily slowly unfolds its beauty before his eyes. As he grows older, beauties, unseen by others, are revealed to him. It is to such as he that the world looks; and especially is this true in the higher and finer arts. Imagination is the life of all true art. Indeed we cannot conceive of a great painting or piece of sculpture without thinking of the wonderful power of the imagination which, guiding the artist's fingers as he worked, brought into being the priceless treasures of a Rubens, a Velasquez, or a Michael Angelo. We cannot hear the awful thunder of a Wagner or the airy melodies of a Mendelssohn without realizing that here the imagination was at its highest. Could a Paradise Lost have been written by a man without imagination? All art must depend upon imagination for existence and without art the world be an empty shell indeed.

But not alone to art, poetry and literature does this marvelous power extend its sway! The scientist, the engineer, in fact, the constructive man in every line of work must use the imagination. Imagination is not therefore, altogether a decorator and embellisher, it is a creator and constructor as well. Wherever work is done on great lines or lives in constant service to mankind, the imagination is always the guiding and shaping power. It takes imagination for the architect, railroad and bridge builder to complete their

marvels of science and skill. It took imagination for Thomas H. Benton, standing on a rocky bluff in the midst of what was virtually a wilderness, to visualize a great city. In other lines men like Edison, Tesla, Marconi, and Roebing have shown the magical qualities of imagination. What unimaginative mind could have any genuine appreciation of the ring theory of the universe, the nebular hypothesis, or the vast numbers and far-stretching spaces marshalled by the calculations of the astronomer.

Again, let us consider imagination in work. "One may," to quote from Hamilton W. Mabie, "get out of hard work the satisfaction which comes from the consciousness of an honest endeavor to do an honest piece of work, but the work which inspires rather than exhausts, and the doing of which gives the hand more freedom for the next task, must be penetrated, suffused and shaped by the imagination." Then, since we have seen how necessary the imagination is to work in the higher branches of human endeavor, let us consider it for a moment as it relates to the middle and laboring classes in their work. It has been proved that monotony is one of the principal causes of insanity. Then we may naturally ask, what shall the great number of workers do to retain their cheerfulness and thereby their sanity? The hours of labor are long and money not too abundant, amusements, commonly so called, belong to the rich and leisured classes, so the only alternative remaining for the worker is to idealize his work, to think of it, not as a mere means of gaining a livelihood or eking out an existence, but as a part of the beauty and music of creation. More than one man of wealth owes his success more to his imagination than to that practical sagacity which is popularly supposed to be the conjuror which transmutes all the baser metals into gold.

Therefore, we see that imagination is essentially a practical faculty.

Then, on the other hand, let us consider the imagination from the point of view of its aesthetic value. To a man without imagination a flower is nothing but a flower, a stone nothing but a rock to be stepped upon. But to a man of trained imagination to the scientist, the simplest flower is a thing of wonder and beauty forever. It represents to him the working of the great forces of nature, it is a sign of the eternal spring. It brings to his mind, not the thoughts of a single flower, but the thoughts of millions of others like it and many other of different form but all pointing with sure sign to the existence of unknown and immutable laws. Again, does the stone in the hands of the geologist mean nothing to him but a mere stone? Ah no! To him the dull stone is as an open book upon the pages of which is told the great story of creation and the whole history of the earth. He may even see the world as it will be. Then how much better it is to be able to find, with the immortal bard,

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything," than be one to whom

"A primrose by the river's brim,
a primrose was to him,
and nothing more."

Then how wonderful is the imagination! Who can estimate its power and value? We begin with it; it holds its light over the play of childhood; it must also be the inspiration of all toil and the shaping genius of effort in any direction. Like an alchemist it can transmute, refine, transform; like the artist it can comfort and encourage, inspire and animate, and it can rejoice and control. So mysterious, so superhuman is its power that it hardly escapes suspicion of the Black Art. It is the motive power of civilization.

Robert E. Lee.

MAXWELL TAYLOR

This Oration won the Gold Medal
in the Literary Contest.

As in the darkness of the night astronomers find some new star rising in the heavens, so amid the darkness of struggle and strife has often risen some great man whose character has shown as the very star of light in the gloom of war and desolation. In every great struggle some leader has always been found ready to uphold his idea of justice and right. Garibaldi struck for the freedom of Italy. Gustavus Adolphus for the maintenance of Protestantism, and Washington for the independence of America. And so in the most critical moment in our history, when the country was divided and brother was in arms against brother, did Robert E. Lee, with as great a love of liberty as ever inspired Washington, espouse the cause of the South and lead her armies for four long years.

State sovereignty was the basis of the struggle, and belief in state sovereignty was not only inherited by Lee, but was nurtured by his surroundings, and strengthened by his training. In the history of the English race, there have been four great revolutions. In 1642 Cromwell fought for the liberty of the subject, in 1688 the Prince of Orange fought for the integrity of Protestantism, in 1775 Washington fought for representation with taxation, and in 1861 Robert Lee fought for the sovereignty of the individual state. And so, inasmuch as Washington may be considered a traitor to his country, so also may Lee.

Lee ever lived with Washington as his model, and like indeed was he to his great predecessor, great in war, great in peace. Lee was a Stoic in that he was ruled by that inflexible god, Duty. Never did thought of the future trouble him; he need only follow where Duty led. Had Lee been Regulus he would have calmly returned to Carthage, or as Aristides would he have faithfully signed his

own name for banishment. All history may be searched in vain for Lee's superior. He was

"Like Launcelot brave, like
Galahad clean."

All men know the story of Lee's campaigns. All recognize his genius as a general. But great a general as Lee was, it is not in this that his true greatness lies. Military glory is so dazzling that it blinds most men. Beside the picture of Alexander conquering the World, is Alexander carousing in Babylon. Caesar the Conqueror may be admired, but what of Caesar the Conspirator? Stripped of their military renown we see these men at their true worth. It is not Lee the General, who is beloved by his people but Lee, the Man.

Although Lee's enemies have in every way tried to detract from his fame by calling him a traitor, who that has studied his character can doubt that, as he led his army, Lee was inspired by the highest motive, love of liberty; who can doubt that, as Lee bravely defended Richmond, he was impelled by the voice of conscience? Following Lee marched thousands of gentlemen, true, noble, courageous, and the man whom they would follow even to defeat was surely great and sincere.

Who can imagine the greatness of Lee? "The measure of a great general is not his ultimate success." Waterloo came to Napoleon, Appomattox to Lee, yet no greater generals e'er led an army. That Lee's was a pure and noble character is proved by the love and devotion given him by his whole army. It can be truthfully said of him, "In righteousness did he judge and make war." Lee was,

"Caesar without his ambition,
Frederick without his tyranny,
Napoleon without his selfishness,
and Washington without his reward."

O, Friend of Mine.

DOROTHY BARTO

This poem won the gold medal in the Literary Contest.

When you are sad, O friend of mine,
And all your smiles have flown,
When mocking Fate tears out the hopes

That in your heart have grown,
Then Life looms dark. You cry in pain

That Love itself has fled.
Here at your side I stand, my friend—

Think not that Love is dead.

When you are joyous, friend of mine,
And all your heart's alight,
When friend and foe alike applaud
The victor in his might,
Let me be there. To win or lose
With you is all I crave;

Your fight is mine. To aid your cause

Can I be aught but brave?

So may we ever stand! The Fate
Of one shall claim the two;
And whether Vict'ry or Defeat
'Twill knit our hearts anew.
Come honor, pow'r or wealth, we'll jest

At these for which men pine.
Come weal, come woe, I rest secure
In you, O friend of mine!



The Patriotic Services of John Dickinson.

IRVING BROWN

This essay won first prize in the 1915 Sons of the American Revolution Essay Contest.

Of the many true and great patriots who have lived in different ages, some are remembered with reverence; others are forgotten. We honor Washington, John and Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, Benjamin Franklin, and many more as the founders of our Union, but we forget some who are as worthy of our veneration as are these. Of those "unremembered dead," the most devoted and the soonest forgotten was John Dickinson. Although to most of us his name means nothing, yet in service to our country he was one of the foremost men of the Revolutionary period and the two succeeding decades.

John Dickinson was born in Maryland, in the year 1732. When he was eight years old, the family moved to Delaware. The elder Mr. Dickinson had been a judge, and it was decided that John should devote himself to law. He took up his studies at the age of eighteen. After pursuing them for three years in America, he went to London. Here he entered the Middle Temple, and applied himself with great zeal. He was so diligent that when he returned home in 1757 he was as wise as many an older man. It is probable that his stay in London also gave him that unusually strong attachment to England that was to be so prominent later.

On returning from England, he began to practice law in Philadelphia, but was soon elected to the Delaware Assembly, of which he became Speaker in 1760. From 1762 to 1765 he was a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly. This shift from Pennsylvania to Delaware and back was in accordance with a common practice. Pennsylvania and Delaware were under the same governor, and often interchanged public men. This close connection of the two states was the reason that Dickinson sometimes afterward represented Pennsylvania, and sometimes Delaware.

The beginning of his long period of

national service was in the Stamp Act Congress, in 1765. His first contribution to literature was the "Declaration of Rights" adopted by this congress.

Two years later came the greatest of all his writings,—the twelve "Farmer's Letters." These were articles signed "A Farmer." In them Dickinson posed as a plain farmer in Pennsylvania. He set forth the grievances of the colonies, and urged the people peaceably to seek redress. He showed a deep love for England, but also made a strong protest against England's acts. "Every government," said Dickinson, "at some time or other, falls into wrong measures; these may proceed from mistake or passion. But every such measure does not dissolve the obligation between the governors and the governed; the mistake may be corrected; the passion may pass over." He concluded suggestively, however, that "English history affords examples of resistance by force." The constitutional relations between England and the colonies had always been very indefinite. Dickinson urged that they be kept so by a general spirit of compromise. This position was much the same as that of Edmund Burke, the English orator.

And, indeed, some of the letters were fine examples of oratory. The arguments were very strong, and were expressed in language so precise, so beautiful, and so cleverly persuasive that the letters met with a warm reception. So far as known, they were immediately published in all but four of the twenty-five newspapers of America. Thus they reached a large number of the colonists, and the great majority of their readers turned from them stimulated and aroused. Dickinson was greatly honored, and was regarded as second only to Franklin in literary ability.

Nor was the influence of the letters confined to America. Benjamin Franklin was at this time in England.

Although not a friend of Dickinson, he held the letters so high that he arranged to have them reprinted in London. Many Englishmen admired them, and many railed at them. Lord Hillsborough, a member of the ministry, paid them the compliment of his notice. He called them "extremely wild." They were also translated into French, and were much talked of. Dickinson was compared to Cicero. Almost the highest compliment that could be given was paid them in the notice and praise of Voltaire. Both in real merit and in resulting influence, the "Farmer's Letters" were the greatest American literature of the Revolution.

Dickinson's only attempt at verse-writing was made about this time. He wrote a "Liberty Song," and sent it to James Otis, who had it published. Although it became very popular, it was rather poor verse. One critic quaintly characterizes it as belonging to the truly "stiff and ligneous variety of that article."

For several years after this Dickinson did nothing of importance. Meanwhile, his convictions were changing. He was beginning to realize the necessity of a separation from England. In 1773, Samuel Adams, an admirer of his writings, sent him a letter asking him to write in support of the Massachusetts Legislature. In reply Dickinson declined to uphold a position so extreme, but admitted that it seemed to him there could be no permanent and satisfactory settlement until the colonies attained "*placidam sub libertate quietem*." This shows the state of Dickinson's mind. It seemed almost impossible that George should persist in his determination to tax America when war was sure to result. Yet he saw King George persisting and declaring that he would continue to persist; and Dickinson knew that George III was a man who kept his promises. Nevertheless, Dickinson felt that, as long as there was the slightest hope of an agreement on America's terms, every ef-

fort should be made to reach that agreement.

Accordingly, in the First Continental Congress, he drafted a "Petition to the King," very humble, and showing an earnest desire for conciliation. This paper was highly praised by Chatham, and utterly ignored by the king. George's obstinate mind seemed unable to grasp the fact that if he went half-way, he would find in the author of this petition a most valuable servant. It was however, against George's convictions to go half-way; but he did go as far as to give General Gage permission to execute Dickinson.

When the Second Continental Congress convened, Dickinson secured the adoption of a second "Petition to the King." In it he was more insistent than in the first, but affairs had reached such a state that many people regarded the polite wording of this appeal with high indignation. John Adams called it "Dickinson's letter." When this entreaty also was ignored, Dickinson became resolved upon a separation from England.

Hereafter, he never disputed that independence must and would come. He now devoted all his time to preparing for it. In November, 1775, he was appointed on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, together with several other distinguished men, among them Benjamin Franklin and John Jay. He was chosen chairman, and as the head of the committee strove to secure aid from foreign powers. He also worked hard to unite the colonies. His efforts toward union led to his being appointed on a committee to consider the subject. This was in 1776. The report of the committee, somewhat changed, was afterward adopted as the Articles of Confederation.

Dickinson believed, however, that an actual declaration of independence should be deferred until the colonies were more strongly united and had secured foreign aid. These were the two things for which he had been working. Others, however,

thought differently. The most prominent of these was John Adams. Accordingly, when the question of a declaration was brought up in Congress in 1776, a spirited debate ensued between these two leaders. Dickinson said that the Congress was only an advisory body, and did not have the right to pass such a resolution without special instructions. Granted, however, that it did have the right, such a declaration would not strengthen the country a particle, while it would bring immediate war, for which the country was unprepared. But when preparations should be completed, then "let America advance with majestic steps and assume her station among sovereigns of the world." But Adams argued that a declaration of independence would be but the statement of an actual condition, and that if the colonies did not take the step immediately, they would be conquered before they could. Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania, supported Dickinson in favor of postponement. The two, seeing that the great majority was against them, were purposely absent when the vote was taken. The other delegates from Pennsylvania, or the majority of them, voted for independence, and thus that state's vote was given for the measure.

When the vote was taken, Dickinson was on his way to New Jersey with a regiment of Delaware militia, in which he was serving as a private. Therefore he had no opportunity to sign the Declaration then, but did so afterward, and supported it unwaveringly. In a letter to a friend he said he could conceive of nothing nobler than to die for the very declaration he had urged to be postponed, since his countrymen had adopted it. He was again in the army during the summer of 1777, fighting in the battle of Brandywine on the eleventh of September. In October he was made a brigadier-general. The next June he once more saw service. His position on the Declaration had been misunderstood,

however, and he was voted out of Congress, and made to give up his army commission. At the same time, he lost a great amount of his popularity, and it was never entirely regained. In connection with his service in the army, it is interesting to note that he was the only member of the Congress that adopted the Declaration who ever defended it in the field.

In 1779, he regained his seat in Congress and served that year and the next as a representative of Delaware. In 1781 and 1782 he was Governor of Delaware; and from 1782 to 1785, President of Pennsylvania. In 1786 he was sent from Delaware to the Annapolis Convention.

The following year he again came into national prominence in the Federal or Constitutional Convention. Coming from Delaware, he stood very obstinately for the rights of the smaller states. He was the author of our method of electing senators, and was probably responsible for the adoption of equal representation in the Senate. He was also on the committee to recommend the powers Congress should have over commerce, including the slave-trade. This was a very important position, as the feeling on the slave-trade was extremely tense, and it was feared that some of the colonies might not be satisfied with the decision concerning it, and refuse to confederate. Although the details of the Committee's reports were changed, the convention adopted its general principle—that the trade should not be prohibited before a certain year, and that each slave imported might be taxed. Dickinson also stood for a number of provisions favoring the aristocratic class, but they were lost.

It is most praiseworthy, however, that John Dickinson was a man who was always willing to accept the judgment of the majority. Although the Constitution was far from just as he would have had it, yet as soon as it was formed he began to write,

urging its adoption. He published nine letters over the pen name "Fabius" that had great effect in this direction. It was probably due to him that Delaware and Pennsylvania were the first two states to ratify it. The writing of these letters was his last valuable service. He did indeed write five more "Fabius" letters, in which he endeavored to promote friendly feeling toward France, but they were comparatively unimportant.

He died on February 14, 1808, and was buried in the Friends' Burial Ground in Wilmington, Delaware. There seems to be a strange coincidence between his dying on St. Valentine's Day, and the scantiness of the love he has received from his countrymen. For he deserved their warmest remembrance, both for the

spirit he displayed and for actual services rendered. He was the author of the greatest literature of the American Revolution. He inspired the people to demand their rights. Prejudiced he may have been, and defective in many ways, but he was also great in many other ways. It is not probable that the absolute control of either Dickinson or Adams would have gained the freedom for which they were both striving, but through the opposition of the two, and partial control of each, there came about the desire of both. After America was free, Dickinson's unselfish and untiring labors were of great use in forming the Union. The servant is forgotten, but an enduring monument to the services is found in our great and prosperous nation.

What I Saw of Interest in the Manufacturing Parade and What Is the Value of Manufacturing in the City.

GRACE LIGHTBURNE

This story won first prize in the
Manufacturers' Essay Contest.

The opening of the New Union Station gave the people of Kansas City the opportunity to acquaint themselves further with the industry of the town through the Manufacturing Parade. Out of the one hundred and fifteen exhibits, those that seemed to be of the most interest were: The Ship of Peace and Prosperity, built out of galvanized sheet steel, by the Butler Steel Manufacturing Company and a miniature reproduction of the New Kaw Bridge, built by the Structural Steel Company. On the bridge were electric lighted miniature street cars. One of the most tasteful floats was a car, beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums in a color scheme of yellow and white, presenting Dream Kiss perfume. This is manufactured by the Faxon, Gallagher Drug Company. The National Biscuit Company showed a miniature reproduction of their fac-

tory, built out of their fancy cake boxes. They also had a float presenting their Zu Zu cakes. Very jauntily dressed Zu Zu men treated the crowd to boxes of these delicious cakes. One of the largest exhibits consisted of two hundred and eighty barrels piled so high that they barely escaped the overhead wires. This float represented the Kansas City Cooperage Company. The Luce Trunk Company showed the durability of their trunks and suit cases, by knocking them on and off the truck and handling them very roughly. The Cocoa-Cola Company had a very large following of little boys, who very eagerly helped themselves from the cases piled high on the wagon. The Swift and Cudahy exhibits were strictly sanitary with their white covered wagons and their immaculately clean looking drivers, clad also in white. The Shaw Taxi people

showed a beautiful unfinished coupe body mounted upon a truck, followed by a taxi finished and in operation.

It is almost impossible to estimate the value of Manufacturing to Kansas City in dollars and cents. It takes manufacturing industries to make a town of importance and you will scarcely find a town of any size or consequence that does not depend largely on manufacturing interests for its success. One of the first questions asked when making inquiries regarding a city's resources, is what it depends on and is it a manufacturing town and where you can

reply that Kansas City is largely built up of manufacturing interests it will naturally draw attention to this Metropolis of the West and bring further manufacturing interests to this city. Ranking tenth in the manufacturing cities is something that we can well be proud of and every effort is being made to increase the growth of manufacturing interests of this city. It is expected that within a few years we will rank not only as the most important manufacturing city in the West, but also one of the greatest manufacturing centers in the country.

The Musical Contest.

ELSIE FRISBIE

Doubtless some of you have heard the wierd strains issuing from room 405 the past months. Had you asked the cause of these unusual outbursts of talent, you would have learned that Mr. Chaffee and his faithful supporters have been working. Did I say working? Yes, in the superlative degree. The object of this constant practice was to make the music department of Northeast a successful one.

May the seventh will stand in the memory of many as a day never to be forgotten. This strenuous day began with a rehearsal at 7:30 (Early? Oh, no!) Although the practising continued until 10 o'clock, everyone will agree that it was time well spent. The sight-reading contest, which counted twenty points for the mixed chorus cup, took place at 11 o'clock.

But the contest began in "good and earnest" in the afternoon at Central. The four schools marched in, each singing its school song. When the strains of "Thou, dear Northeast" rose in the air, every Northeast supporter seemed stirred with school spirit. Probably the audience did not realize it, but its enthusiasm really thrilled the contestants until they felt like singing.

The points on which they were graded were as follows: Rhythm, attack and cadence, enunciation and pronunciation, pitch, maintenance of tempo, general expression, quality of tone, and stage deportment. The Northeast Treble Clef Club won the cup given by the Kansas City Musical Club, with 98 per cent. Almost perfect! The contest song was "Thistle-down" by Chadwick. The Northeast Glee Club received the cup offered by the Schubert Club with a score of 94 per cent. Dudley Buck's "On the Sea" was the contest number. Central's mixed chorus, with Northeast as a close second, scored highest on "Day break" by Fanning, and received the cup given by the Carl Hoffman Music Company. The three judges were graduates of the famous school of technique in Linsborg, Kansas, the home of the oratorio "The Messiah."

The Music Festival consisting of the combined mixed choruses of 225 voices took place in the evening. Mr. Holmes remarked very cleverly that, although the choruses had been contesting against each other in the afternoon, they would sing in harmony now. The boys sang "Oh Hail Us, Ye Free," by Verdi, and "Annie Laurie," arranged by Giebel; the girls sang a short cantata entitled "The

Garden of Flowers," by Denza; the well-known "Building of the Ship," by Lahee, was sung by the combined choruses. Over one hundred contestants tried out for the special solos. Two Northeast girls, Doris Major and Elsie Frisbie succeeded in winning solo parts. When the results of the contest were announced after the festival, it seemed that Central's auditorium was not large enough to hold the Northeast spirit. But if ever two cups were deservedly received, these certainly were. Many an hour had our boys and girls worked faithfully with Mr. Chaffee.

To Mr. Chaffee much credit is due. Had it not been for his steadfast

work, noble example, and wonderful ability, Northeast would undoubtedly not have won. No one can ever know the amount of time and energy that he spent for Northeast.

We are sincerely thankful for the interest and advice given toward the contest. Many people have discovered that the music department of Northeast is as important as any other department. It is earnestly hoped that by next year there will be a portion of the "Nor'easter" known as the "Music Section" just as there is now the "Athletic Section." With this great help, there will be no doubt that Northeast will carry away the laurels again next year.

To Prof. Reynolds from the Seniors.

1915 A. D.

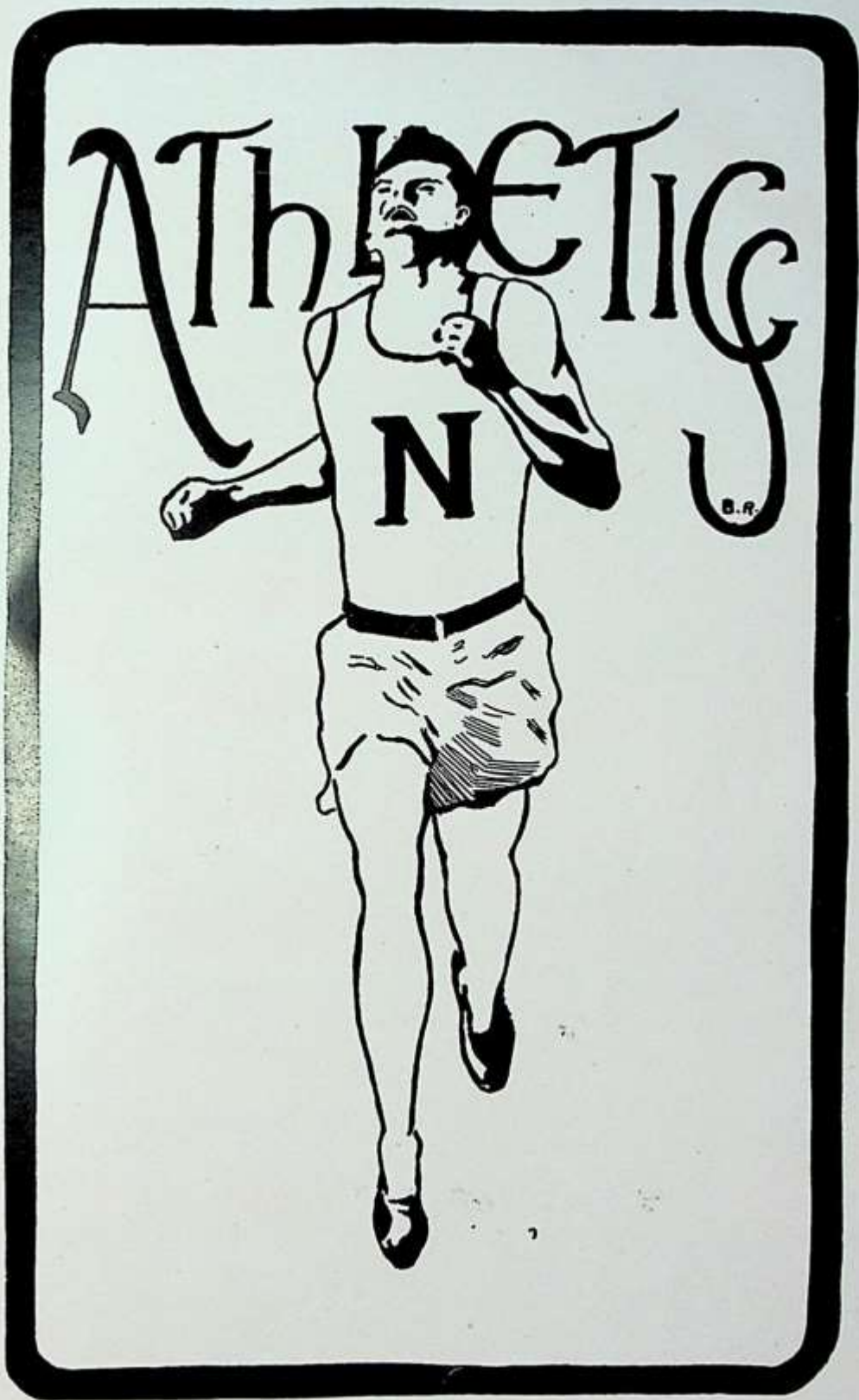
MILTON EDWARD LADISH.

We shall soon say good bye to that
true nobleman,
Who is ruler of the best school in
the land;
We should think of the worry and
of the care
That Professor Reynolds has in
ruling there.
We should think of him with the
greatest esteem,
For under his guidance Northeast
is supreme.

When into the whirlpool of life we
are drawn,
We untangle problems with both
brain and brawn;
And so has our beloved principal
taught
"Don't have a blemish on your body
or thought."
That is, go with Christians, have a
good time,
But never contaminate body or
mind!"

So when from Northeast's portals
we go,
Sin to one side we shall continue
to throw;
The higher and higher life's ladder
we climb
The louder and louder will be this
great chime
Of stamping out evil and living
aright
So that lifes' battle we can properly
fight!

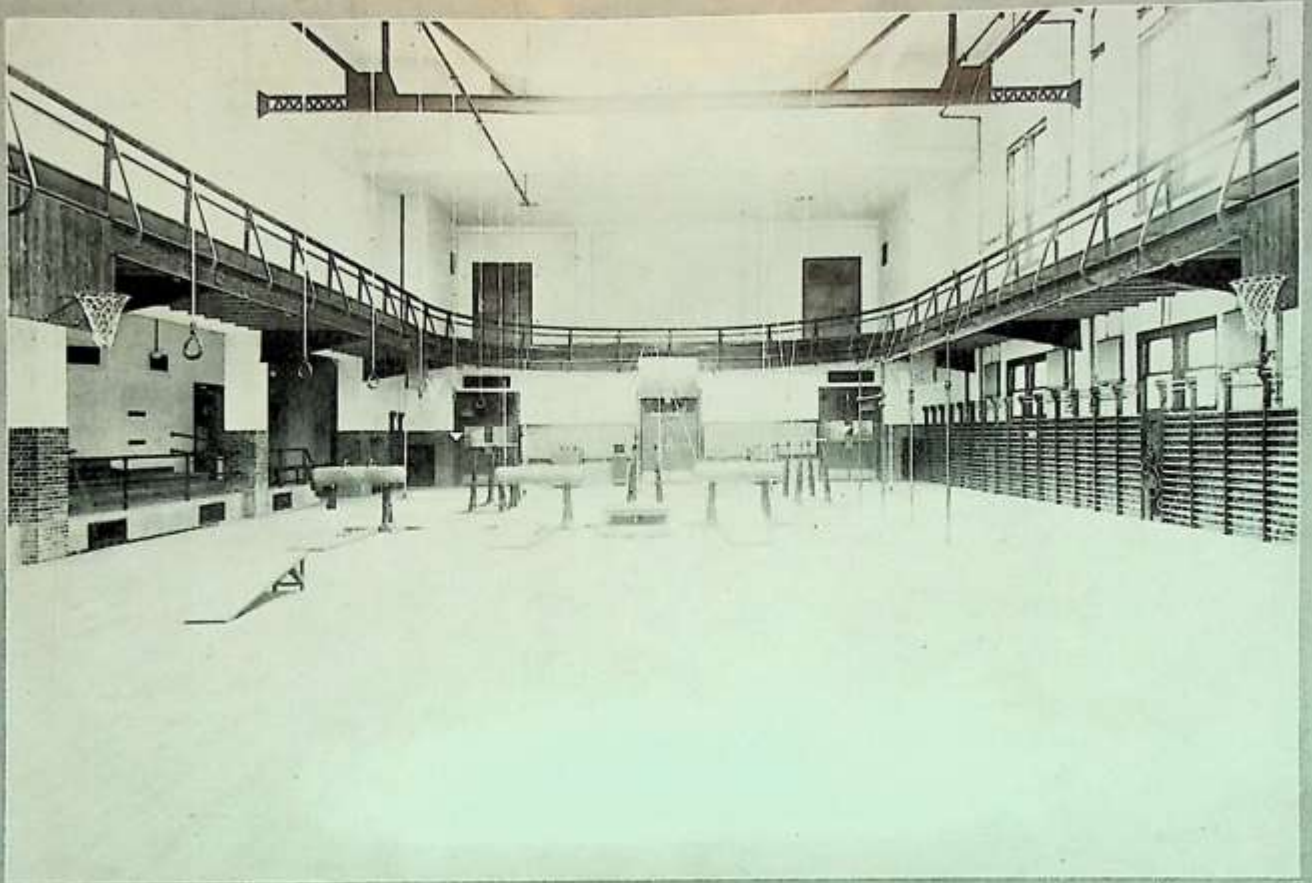
'Tis only the good that ever more
lives,
So let's take this advice our princi-
pal gives
And spread it all over as far as we
can
To the uplifting of God's master-
piece, Man.
As a parting salute our respect we
pay,
To you, Mister Reynolds, the "*Man
of the day.*"



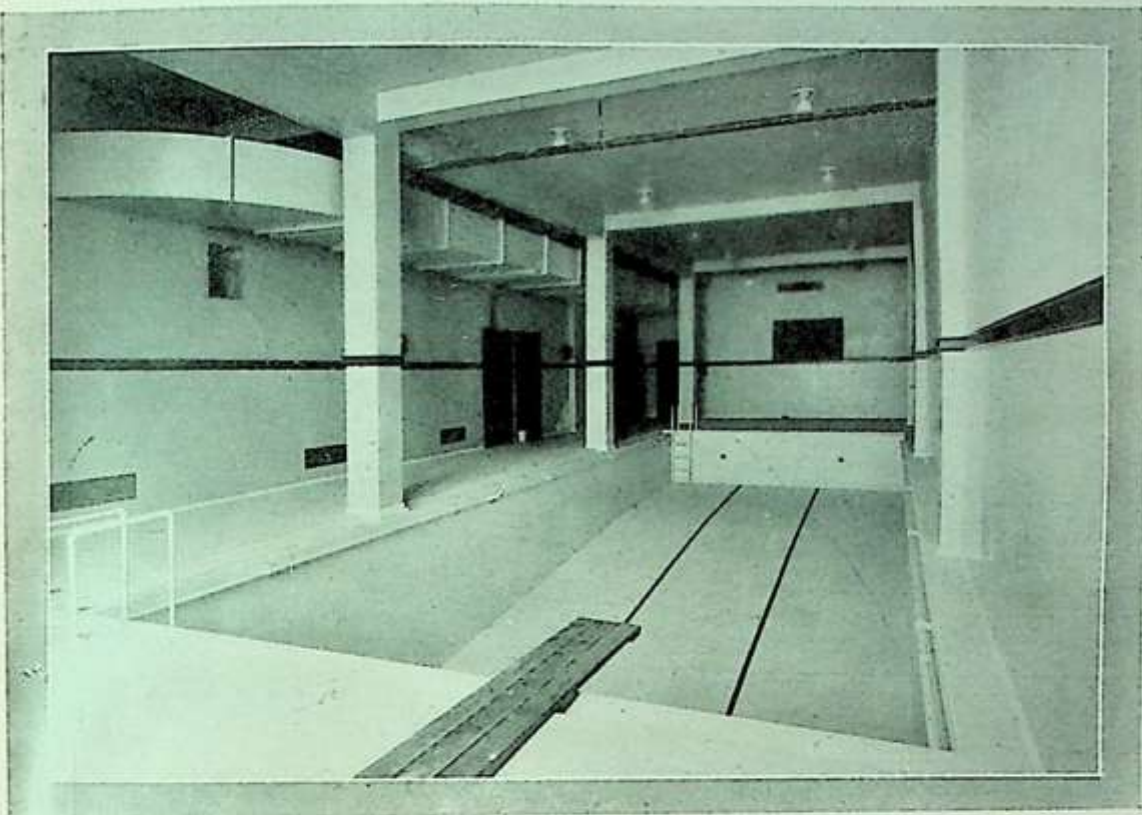
ATHLETIC

N

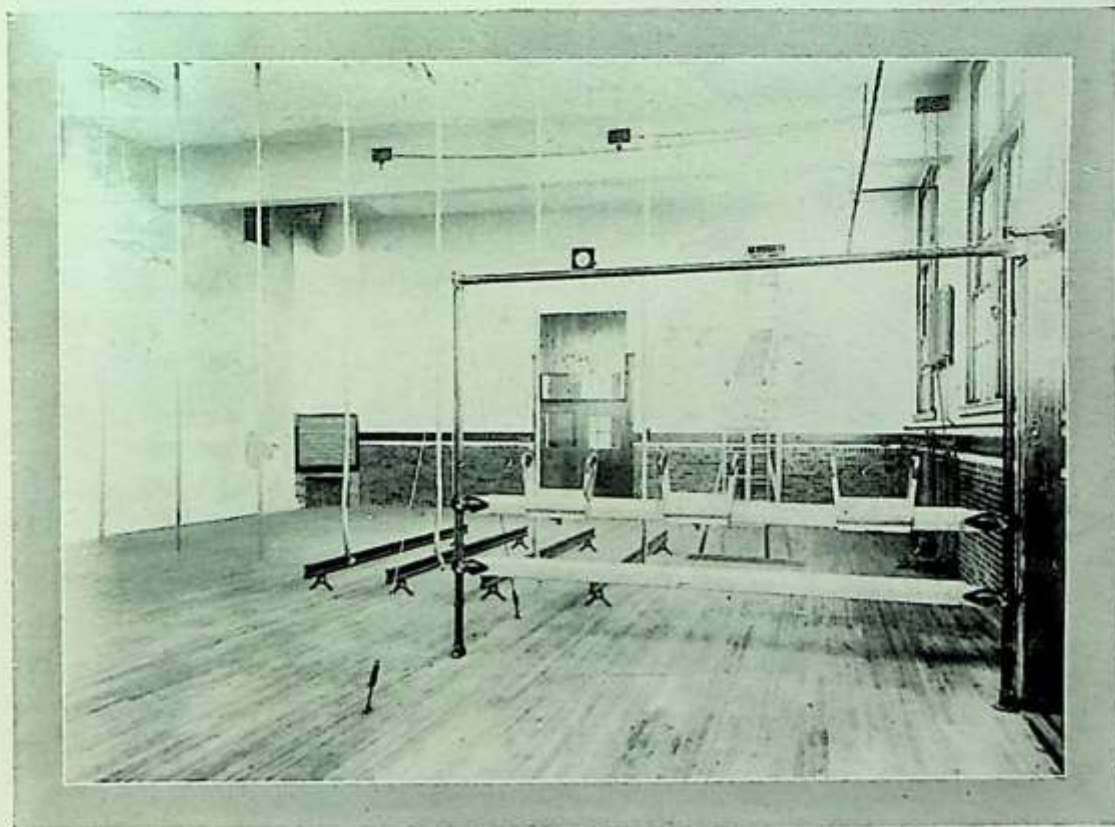
B.F.



THE GYMNASIUM



THE SWIMMING POOL.



THE AUXILIARY GYMNASIUM



MR. SPITLER
Athletic Manager



"COACH" ROOT



Cheer Leader—Rex Bone

Assistants:

Nathan Scarritt

Joseph Schwarz

1915 "N" MEN

Ayres, Leo	Basket Ball, Track
Bennett, Barry	Track
Coffin, George	Track
Condon, Thomas	Basket Ball, Track
Eppinger, Isaac	Basket Ball
Major, Morris	Basket Ball
Moberly, Cecil	Basket Ball
Murphy, Paul	Track
Scarritt, Nathan S.	Track
Schwarz, Joseph	Track
Swearingen, Hewitt	Basket Ball
Tallquist, Harold	Basket Ball
Vaile, Amos	Track
Wood, Benj.	Track



Condon

BASKET BALL TEAM

Major

Eppinger

Swearingen

Ayres

Talquist

Moberly

Basket Ball.

OFFICERS

Captain	Leo Ayres
Coach	C. B. Root
Manager	J. L. Spitler

THE TEAM

Right Forward	Harold Tallquist
Left Forward	Cecil Moberly
Left Forward	Morris Major
Center	Leo Ayres
Left Guard	Thomas Condon
Right Guard	Isaac Eppinger
Right Guard	Hewitt Swearingen

Schedule

Westport, 29; Northeast, 26	January 8 at Central
Central, 43; Northeast, 21	January 15 at Central
Manual, 17; Northeast, 25	January 22 at Central
Westport, 32; Northeast, 28	January 29 at Northeast
Central, 23; Northeast, 19	February 5 at Northeast
Manual, 16; Northeast, 26	February 12 at Northeast
Westport, 37; Northeast, 41	February 19 at Westport
Central, 33; Northeast, 26	February 26 at Westport
Manual, 26; Northeast, 32	March 5 at Westport

Basket Ball Review.

The curtain of time has once more fallen and the basket ball season of 1914-15 is but a fond memory. And as we pause to look back on it, it must be admitted that Northeast has acquitted herself with glory and a record that no team could be ashamed of, for while it is true we won no championships (cellar or otherwise) we did show that same "never say die" spirit which has always characterized the play of the "baby school," as the older organizations please to call us.

Work started at once this year and along in the last part of September Coach Root issued his first call for inter-class basket ball tryouts, and this initial notice brought out about 135 hopes, all sizes and ages being represented. These he divided into two classes, namely 125 lb. and unlimited, and assisted by his last year veterans, ran them through their paces for a week or so and then each division was cut down to ten men and an inter-class schedule was arranged. Some exciting contests were staged, but better still Coach Root was able to pick a nucleus for the school team. As to the final outcome, the seniors were ever victorious in the heavy-weight division, but their little fellows were nosed out of the championship by the freshmen. Coach had now arrowed the school squad down to the first and second teams, who were composed of the following players: Cap't Ayres, Tallquist, Condon, Major, Swearingen, Moberly, Eppinger, Lane, Mentzer, Warren Stone, Pauly, Van Buskirk, Williams, Fifield, Carr and Jackson.

But the first game was now at hand, and it certainly proved to be a thriller and especially the last few minutes of play, for up to the last sixty seconds it was any one's game, but Westport had the necessary punch and pulled through with a three-point lead and a well earned victory.

The game was as good an exhibi-

tion of basket ball as any "bug" would wish to see. Westport was off with a rush, but at the end of the second period our boys had overtaken them and were leading 9 to 8. The enemy regained their lost ground in the third period however, and had a four-point lead at the beginning of the final session when our crew started a whirlwind finish and it certainly looked like victory would be ours, when Wickline broke through for a goal, followed by a free throw, which spelled victory for the South Siders. The stellar work of Cap't. Ayres was the feature and while it is not evident in the box scores, he figured in almost every play. Talquist's free-throwing was also worthy of note, while Wickline and Ritterhoff did the star work for Westport.

The second game is a sad tale of over-confidence and combined with a break in the routine of training, the Central "Champs" had little trouble in taking us into camp by the score of 42-21. "Swede" was our only bright light, his aggressive attack and free-throwing being the feature of the purple and white's offense.

The Manual game gave us our maiden victory and incidently let us add that it was a strenuous struggle. While our boys rolled up no large score, they went at their task with that methodical precision which marks the play of every well oiled machine. Our team work was unusually good and the whole team seemed to be "on edge," even "Puny" Swearingen managed to cage a goal. Swede and Cap't. Ayers fairly vied with each other for individual honors, the former having a slight edge, due to a beautiful goal, which brought his total number of points up to 18. The work of our guards can not be overlooked, as they held the Crimson forwards to a single goal.

The next two weeks brought forth two thrillers, both of which were defeats, however, at the hands of West-

port and Central by the scores of 32-28 and 23-19, respectively. In the former game "Irish" Moberly, our freshman prodigy, broke into the box score and made firm his place with the regulars by annexing a goal. "Swede" cut loose again and after watching him play tag with the guards of the Hoopes aggregation, we found that he had chalked up five perfectly good field goals, and also had 12 out of 14 free-throws to his credit. In the game with Young's machine, "Mickey" Condon gave the greatest exhibition of defensive work seen on any court this season, by holding "Milt" Singer, the Central Star, scoreless in the second half and allowing him but two goals during the whole game. However, we've always known "Mickey" was of "All-Star" caliber.

Eppinger also played a good game, holding North of the Blue and White team, who many consider the fastest man in the league, to no goals in the last half and when we consider that it was Ike's initial performance, his work seems more wonderful than ever.

Another game with Manual and this time we certainly rolled up the score, defeating Selvidge's blacksmiths to the tune of 40-19. Moberly and Cap't. Ayres counted four goals each and Swede not to be outdone by his team mates, netted five.

February 19 will ever mark the day of the most cherished victory of the season, for upon this eventful evening our boys took Westport into camp by the score of 41-37. This game was a decisive one for the Southsiders, because to drop it meant that their pennant hopes would be shattered, and accordingly they fought with tiger-like fierceness. Time and time again the Westport forwards would try to work the ball toward their goal, only to have their team play smashed in mid-court by "Big" Ayres or the ever-valiant "Mickey." Six times our Blond Swede tossed the pigskin through the netting, sometimes working it up to

the goal by short passes to his team mates, sometimes by a brilliant dribble, and still again by snapping it in from the center, but always with the same result.

It certainly was a beautiful game from every angle. The defensive work of Condon was a little short of marvelous. Cap't. Ayres figured in every team play and his floor work was the best seen this year and Tallquist fairly went wild under the basket, yet the editor hesitates to call these players stars, owing to the equally good work on the part of every man on the team. We were certainly going at top form and there was no doubt in the minds of any of the spectators but that the best team won.

The next game with the new Champs, our team suffered a reverse in form, losing 33-26.

The last game of the season was played with Manual and it certainly was a good clean, close game and more than once in the final chapters the crowd that supported both teams held on to their seats and breathed heavily. But when the old 44 finally went off, the Purple and White rooters rose as a man and joined their voices in a peon of song to the heathen God of Victory.

So in conclusion we can easily see why nearly every member of our five was picked for one or the other of the "All Star" fives. One can hardly think that our team without Cap't. Ayres, for his offensive and defensive work have been a feature of our game this year and combined with his aggressive spirit and wonderful team play, he must certainly be branded a "Star."

Condon's work for the season has also been a marvel to the critics and owing to his perfect exhibition of defensive play in the Westport and Central games, they were forced once more to place him on that Mythical "All Star" aggregation.

Tallquist's work has been unusual and his stellar work as a free-thrower, would earn him a place on almost

any team. "Swede" has added aggressiveness to his other numerous virtues this year and combined with his goal shooting, he more than deserves all the honors heaped on him by critics and coaches alike. He also had the distinction of leading the 2d "All Star" five.

The loss of Swearingen, our big guard, in the beginning of the season certainly hurt our pennant hopes, for his aggressive play up to this time had been one of our features.

The work of "Little" Majors was certainly a revelation to us all and he more than made up with agility and brains what he lacked in brawn. But the work of our two new men, Eppinger and Moberly has been the real feature this year and both have distinguished themselves by good consistent play, and around them Coach should build a good machine for the coming year. The work of our "scrubs" cannot be overlooked, for these boys, lead by Cap't. Mentzer, have indirectly been responsible for our success and many of them should be of first team caliber next year.

However, the student body owes a vote of thanks to two members of the faculty who have worked faithfully

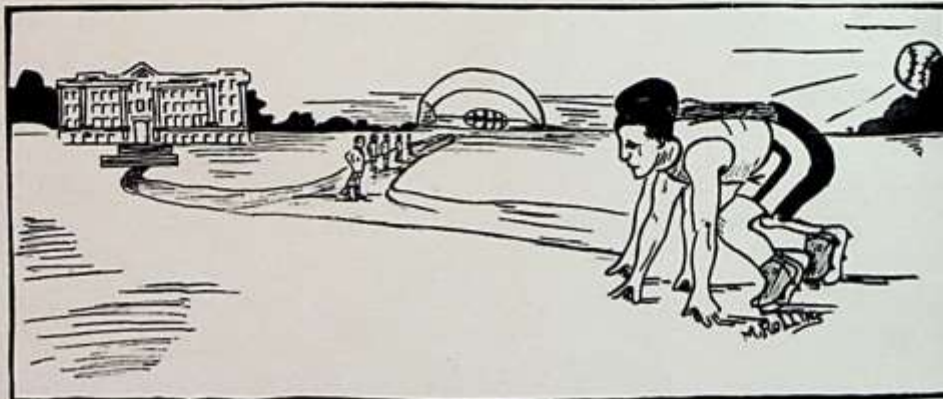
for Athletics of every kind at Northeast this year. The first of these is our manager, Mr. J. L. Spitler, who owing to his never failing good nature and ability to assimilate work, has made himself as successful and popular a manager as we have ever had.

And last, but not least, is our own "Coach" Root, who has put this school athletically on the map. He has been the stearnest, yet kindest of masters, the kindest and fairest of friends and to the endless number of nights and days that he has spent in labor for his team, we may attribute our success. And we, the students and faculty believe in him and feel sure that he will always be as successful and popular in his work as he has been this year.

<i>Box Score of Season</i>			
Name.	G.	F. T.	F.
Majors, M.	2		18
Talquist, H.	31	141	2
Ayres, L. (Cap't.)	16		49
Condon, T.	4		35
Swearingen, H.	1		21
Moberly, C.	14		14
Eppinger, I.	0		14

BENJAMIN WOOD.

Editor Athletics Nor'easter Staff,
N. H. S.



Northeast Track Records.

Event	Holder	Year	Record
50 yard dash.....	E. Swearingen.....	1914.....	:05 4-5
	J. Schwarz.....	1915.....	:05 4-5
100 yard dash.....	J. Schwarz.....	1915.....	:10 2-5
	E. Swearingen.....	1914.....	:23 4-5
220 yard dash.....	J. Schwarz.....	1915.....	:23 4-5
	A. Vaile.....	1915.....	:55
440 yard dash.....	A. Vaile.....	1915.....	2:04 2-5
880 yard run.....	G. Coffin.....	1915.....	:16 4-5
120 yard high hurdles.....	T. Woodbury.....	1914.....	:26
220 yard low hurdles.....	T. Woodbury.....	1914.....	.5 feet, 4 3-4 inches
High jump.....	H. Tallquist.....	1914.....	.5 feet, 4 3-4 inches
	B. Wood.....	1914.....	.18 feet, 9 1-2 inches
Broad jump.....	T. Condon.....	1915.....	.10 feet, 2 inches
Pole vault.....	N. Scarritt.....	1915.....	.39 feet, 8 inches
Shot put.....	T. Woodbury.....	1914.....	3:51 2-5
Mile relay.....	T. Condon, L. Ayres.....	1915.....	
	B. Bennett, P. Murphy.		

Relay Teams.

Mile Relay Team

Thomas Condon	Lewis Foster
Leo Ayres	Barry Bennett
Paul Murphy	Amos Vaile

Schedule

- K. C. A. C. Indoor Meet, at Convention Hall March 7: Northeast vs. Manual, Won by Manual in 3:50, Condon, Ayres, Foster and Murphy running for Northeast.
- M. U.—K. U. Indoor Invitation at Convention Hall March 12: Northeast vs. Central, Won by Northeast in 3:51 2-5; Condon, Ayres, Bennett, and Murphy running.
- Kansas University Invitation, May 22, at Lawrence, Kas. Won by Westport; second, Central; third, Northeast. Condon, Bennett, Vaile, and Murphy running. (No time recorded as track does not measure full distance.

Half Mile Relay Team

Benj. Wood	Reginald Lovelace
Barry Bennett	Thomas Condon

Schedule

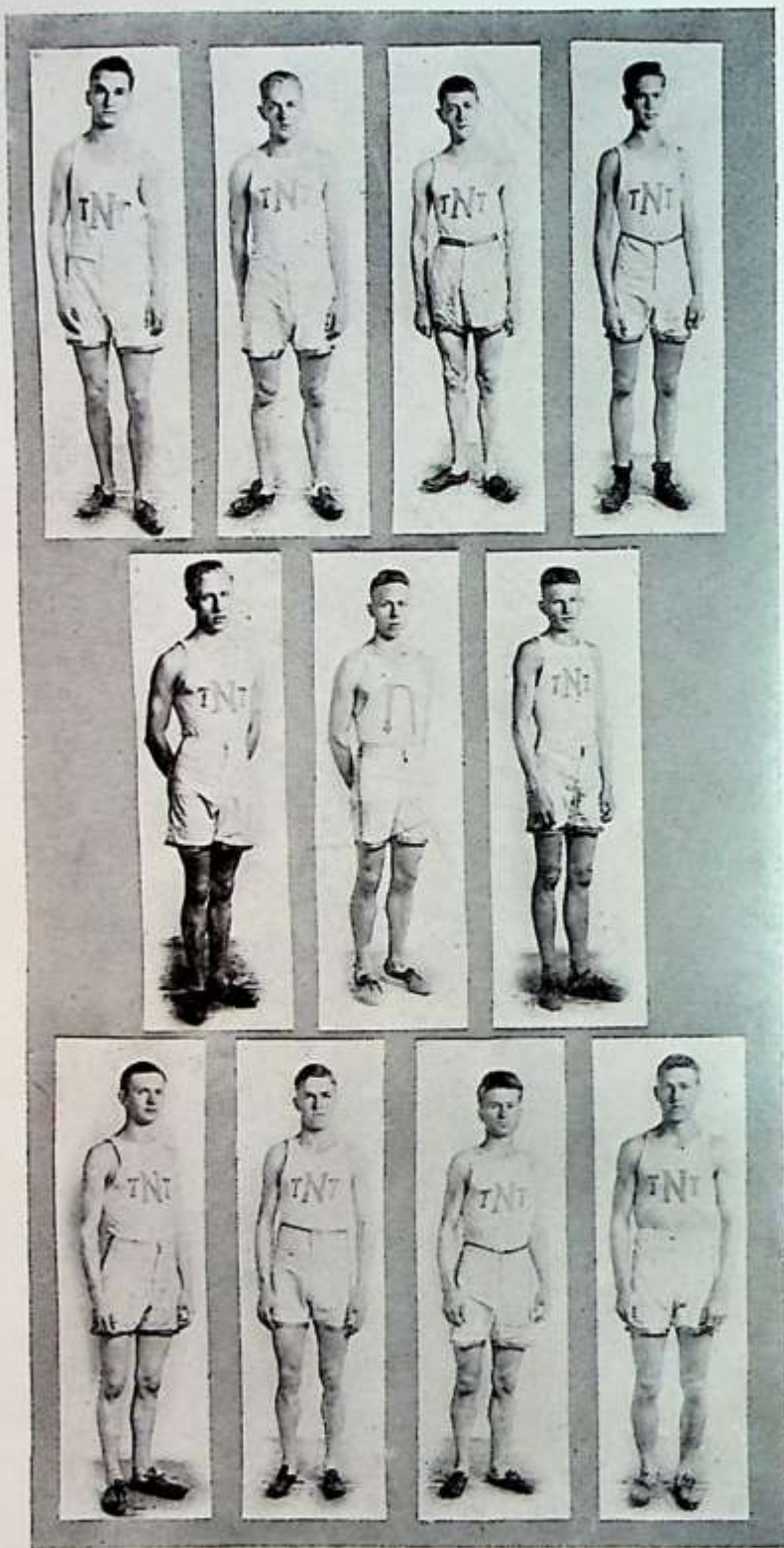
- Missouri University Invitation, May 22, at Columbia, Mo.: Won by Kemper in 1:37 3-5; Northeast fourth.

Medley Relay Team

Joseph Schwarz, 100 yards.
 Lewis Foster, 220 yards.
 Amos Vaile, 440 yards.
 Paul Murphy, 880 yards.

Schedule

- Missouri University Invitation: Won by Northeast in 3:35 4-5; second, Kemper; third, Columbia University High.



TRACK TEAM

Lovelace	Bennet	Schwarz	Scarritt
Murphy	Wood	Condon, Capt.	Talquist
	Coffin	Valle	Poster

Track.

OFFICERS

Captain	Thomas Condon
Coach	C. B. Root
Manager	J. L. Spitler

THE TEAM

Dashes	Barry Bennett
Dashes	Reginald Lovelace
Dashes	Joseph Schwarz
Quarter, Half	George Coffin
Quarter, Half	Paul Murphy
Quarter, Half	Amos Vaile
Low Hurdles, Pole Vault	Thomas Condon
Hurdles, High Jump	Harold Tallquist
High Hurdles, High Jump, Pole Vault	Nathan S. Scarritt
Low Hurdles, High Jump	Benj. Wood
Weights, Pole Vault	Leo Ayres
Weights	Lewis Foster

Schedule

- K. C. A. C. Indoor Meet, March 7, at Convention Hall: First, Manual, 16 points; Northeast, second, 7.
- M. U.—K. U. Invitation, March 12, at Convention Hall; Won by Northeast, 21 points; second, Westport, 17; third, Manual, 9.
- Missouri University Invitation, May 1, at Columbia, Mo.: Won by Kemper Military Academy, 30½ points; Northeast eighth, 7.
- Quadrangular Meet, May 15, at Federal League Base Ball Park; Won by Westport; second, Northeast; third, Manual.
- Kansas University Invitation, May 22, at Lawrence, Kas.: Won by Westport, 26 3-5 points; second, Northeast, 17 4-5; third, Manual, 13 4-5.

Point Winners.

	K. C. A. C.	K. U.-M. U.	M. U.	K. U.	Quad.
Scarritt	½	3	1	¼	15
Murphy	3	3	3	3	8
Coffin	3	3	3	3	7
Talquist	3	3	3	3	3
Condon	3	3	3	3	6
Schwarz	3	3	3	3	10
Bennett	3	3	3	3	4
Wood	½	1	1	1 3-5	13
Vaile	3	3	3	2	8

QUADRANGULAR RECORDS HELD BY NORTHEAST.

Class A.
880.
Coffin. 2:04 2-5.
440
Valle. 55.
120 Hurdles.
Scarritt. 17.3.
H. Jump.
Scarritt. 5.4 ½.

Class B.
H. Jump.
Wood. 5.3 ½.
120 Low Hurdles.
Wood. 15.2.
220 Dash.
Schwarz. 23.4.
100 Dash
Schwarz. 10.2.

Class D.
Pole Vault.
Hosler. 9 ft.
High Jump.
Ewing. 4.8 ½.
120 Hurdles.
Stump. 18.1.

Track Review.

The track season of 1914-1915 has certainly been a glorious one for Northeast and every student can and should think of it with pride. Long before the Basket Ball season was over the veterans of last year's team, along with a few of the then most promising "hopes," began to try out their stiffened muscles and limbs cramped from the six months of idleness, in the preparation for the long siege of hard work and strict training which they knew was to follow.

The first indoor meet, the K. C. A. C. invitation, found our team in rather a crippled condition but in spite of all obstacles we managed to make a good showing and Coach Root was thus able to get a "line" on his men. George Coffin, and Amos Vaile scored our points on the track, while Scarritt and Wood managed to annex one in the high jump.

The K. C. A. C. classic seemed to give our boys the required "pep" and by the time the K. U.—M. U. Meet arrived they were "wise" to the fact that Basket Ball was over and Coach Root could give them his undivided attention, and to hard work on the part of the team. Our sum total in points amounted to 21, which bettered our nearest rival, Westport, by four points. The first event brought our rooters to their feet with a roar as "Pretzel" Schwarz pulled down second in the 50 yard dash and was beaten to the gold medal by a scant foot, while our freshman wonder, Bennett, finished just a stride behind him. In the quarter, Vaile ran a wonderful race, finishing a good second to the invincible Selbie. The 880 yard run was our banner event and

by far the prettiest race of the evening, Shubert of Westport leading until the final lap, when Murphy and Coffin gradually forged ahead, finishing in the order named. Our relay teams both finished second.

The indoor season being over, Coach issued his first call for inter-class track and for a week or so was fairly swamped with aspiring "athletes." Finally, however, he succeeded in bringing order out of the chaos and some exciting races were won and lost. The Sophs walked off with the championship, defeating the Seniors by a point. But the real good derived from this work was the fact that Coach was enabled to pick his Quadrangular entries, and, too, almost every fellow in school could get the benefit of this work.

The first outdoor meet of the season was High School Day at Columbia, held under the auspices of the State University. Coach took only the probable point winners, consisting of an even dozen men: Captain Condon, Ayres, Talquist, Murphy, Coffin, Schwarz, Lovelace, Bennett, Scarritt, Foster, Vaile and Wood. As to the result of the meet we made a very creditable showing, finishing sixth. Our two hard luck races were the 50 yard dash, and the one-half mile, for in both of these the "dopsters" had given us points. In the former race, neither Schwarz nor Bennett placed, owing to poor drawings, while in the latter event, Murphy, our distance star was accidentally tripped at the start. It was an unusually large field and Coffin was boxed, and while he made a valiant spurt, the best he could do was fifth.

Talquist and Scarritt furnished a pleasant surprise in the 120 yard hurdles, winning second and fourth respectively. Our medly relay team ran the feature race of the day, defeating teams from every big school in the state. Lovelace finished fourth in the 220 and Wood tied for third and fourth place in the high jump. Our one-half mile relay team, Wood, Bennett, Lovelace and Condon, finished fourth.

Two weeks later the best "classic" of the year came off, the Quadrangular, and after several weeks of dispute "the powers that be" decided that Westport was the real winner, and the Purple and White was forced to give up the Michigan Cup. The work of our team as a whole was little short of marvelous, especially that of our "little fellows," who "cleaned up" in almost every event; and our showing showed what hard work will do.

The season closed with the K. U. Invitation Meet in which we finished second. All of our fellows made good. Schwarz took fourth in the 50 yard dash and third in the 100; Vaile finished third in the 440; Murphy first and Coffin third in the 880; Scarritt tied for second in the pole vault; and Wood tied for third and fourth place in the high jump, and ran fourth in the 220 yard low hurdles. Our relay team also won a place.

In conclusion, let us commend the work of the team as a whole. It has been an unusually well balanced one, and its success has been due to hard work, rigid training, and the good work and advise of Captain Condon, Manager Spitler, and Coach Root. To Coach goes the real credit for our success, for through his tireless efforts and guided by his watchword "work!" our team has come through, winners.



Score of Quadrangular Meet.

Class A

220 Yard Hurdles.

Condon	N
Mathews	C
North	M
Talquist	N
Time: 28 3-5.	

Shot Put. Dist.

Marshal	43 ft. 9 in.	M
Haddock	38 ft. 10 1/2 in.	W
O'Conner	38 ft. 3 3/4 in.	M
Wickline	37 ft. 5 in.	W

100 Yard Dash.

Selbie	W
Lawrence	C
Middleton	M
Haddock	W
Time: 10 2-5.	

220 Yard Dash.

Jarvies	W
Haddock	W
McMillan	M
Murphy	N
Time: 23 4-5.	

120 Yard Hurdles—High.

Lawrence	C
Snyder	W
Talquist	N
Mathews	C
Time: 16 4-5.	

880 Run.

Coffin	N
Shubert	W
Parker	M
Mooney	C
Time: 2.4 2-5.	

440 Yard Dash.

Selbie	W
Middleton	M
Coffin	N
Snyder	W
Time: 53 1-5.	

High Jump.

Osborne	W
O'Connor	M
Lawrence	C
Anderson	M
High: 5 ft. 5 in.	

Pole Vault.

Waddell	M
Middleton	M
Condon	N

Broad Jump.

Anderson	20 ft. 8 in.	M
Row, H.	19 ft. 8 in.	W
Marshall	19 ft. 1 1/4 in.	M
Bell, S.	18 ft. 7 3/4 in.	W

Class B

220 Yard Hurdles.

Mentzer	N
Huling	C
Ruff	W
Armstrong	W
Time: 30 2-5.	

Shot Put. Dist.

Eppinger	34 ft. 9 3/4 in.	N
Redmon	34 ft. 3 in.	N
Ruff	33 ft. 10 in.	W
Soden	33 ft. 5/8 in.	C

100 Yard Dash.

Engras	M
Lovelace	N
Bennett	N
North	M
Time: 11.	

220 Yard Dash.

Lovelace	N
Enggas	M
Bennett	N
Plattenburg	W
Time: 24 1-5.	

120 Yard Hurdles—High.

Scarritt	N
Hodges	W
North	M
Gallagher	W
Time: 17 3-5.	

880 Run.

Parker	W
Vaile	N
Carlson	M
Anderson	C
Time: 2.11 2-5.	

440 Yard Dash.

Vaile	N
Fitch	N
Randall	W
Brackett	W

High Jump.

Scarritt	5 ft. 4 1/2 in.	N
Hodges	5 ft. 3 1/2 in.	W
Simcox	5 ft. 2 1/2 in.	W
Mentzer and Williams	N, M	

Pole Vault.

Scarritt	5 ft. 10 in.	N
Simcox and Mentzer	W, N	
Worrall	C	

Broad Jump.

Hodges	20 ft. 2 1/2 in.	W
Abercrombie	19 ft. 8 in.	W
North	18 ft. 5 1/2 in.	M
Stewart	17 ft. 9 3/4 in.	N

Class C

120 Yard Hurdles.

Wood	N
Cooke	W
Baum	M
Hakanson	M
Time: 15 2-5.	

Shot Put.

Joyce	45 ft. 10 in.	M
Patterson	41 ft. 8 1/2 in.	M
Cooke	40 ft. 8 3/4 in.	W
Bell	40 ft. 3 in.	W

100 Yard Dash.

Schwarz	N
Carlson	C
Sayles	C
Kent	W
Time: 10 2-5.	

220 Yard Dash.

Schwarz	N
Wood	N
Kent	W
Baum	M
Time: 23 4-5.	

High Jump.

Wood	5 ft. 3 1/2 in.	N
Williams	W	
Grary	M	
Mos	C	

Pole Vault.

Alexander	9 ft. 5 in.	W
Cook	9 ft. 4 in.	N
Mosler	9 ft. 3 in.	N
Wakef'ld, Egan, Bell, C, M, M		

Broad Jump.

Cooke	20 ft. 1-4 in.	W
McConnell	18 ft. 8 in.	N
Crosby	18 ft. 5 in.	W
Summers	18 ft. 3 1/2 in.	C

Class D

120 Yard Hurdles.

Stump	N
Jardon	W
Bowen	M
Anderson	N
Time: 18 ft. 1-5 in.	

Shot Put.

Flagg	32 ft.	N
Slaymaker	31 ft. 1/2 in.	C
Jordon	30 ft. 10 1/4 in.	W
Kelly	29 ft.	C

100 Yard Dash.

Sandzen	W
Ewing	N
Crawford	W
Jones	C
Time: 11 3-5.	

220 Yard Dash.

Sandzen	W
Stump	N
Crawford	W
Welch	N
Time: 26 1-5.	

High Jump.

Lake and Ewing	4 ft. 8 1/2 in.	N
Mackey	W, N	
McGinley and Kelly	C	

Pole Vault.

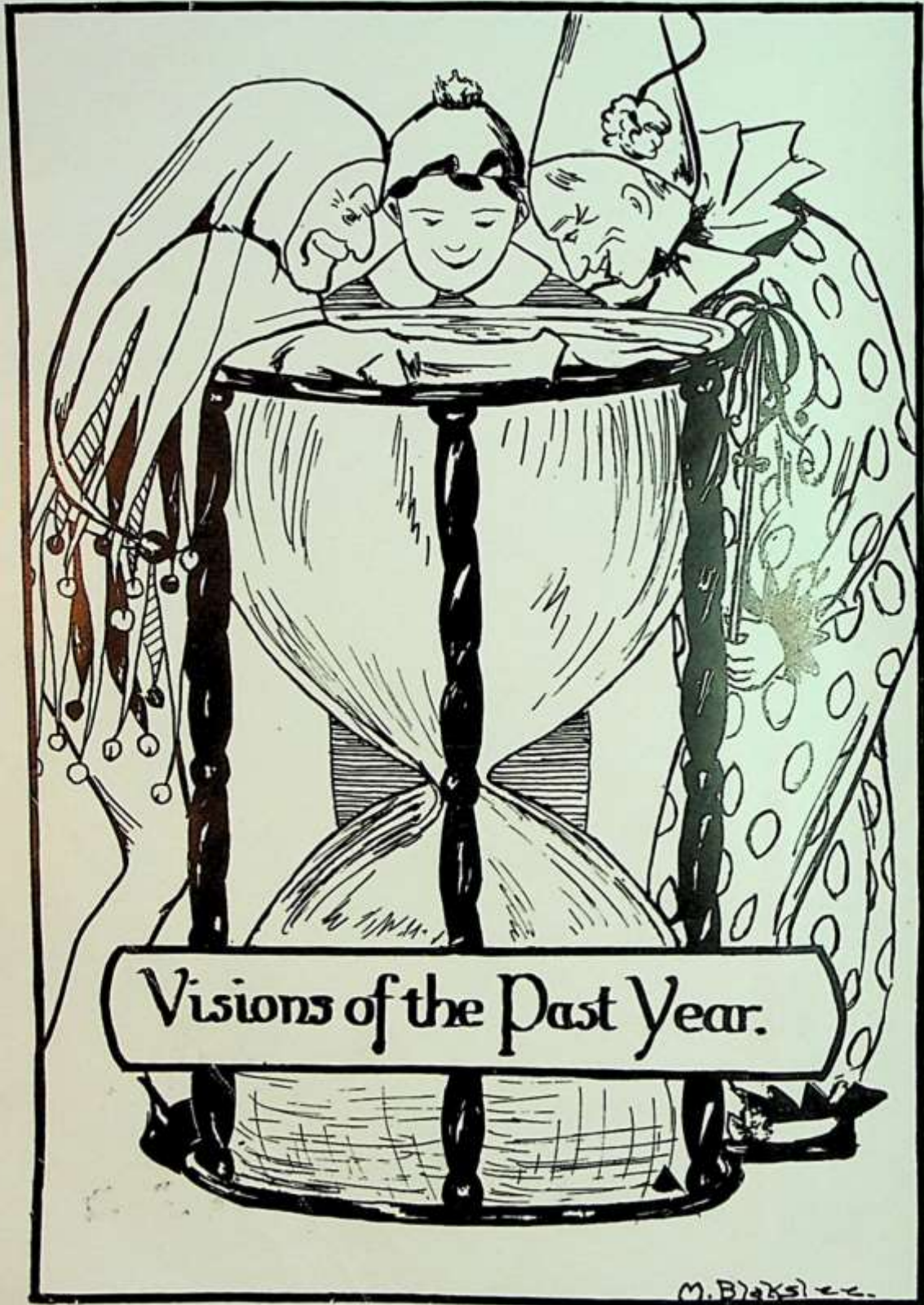
McGinley	7 ft. 11 in.	C
Gray and Browne		
7 ft. 10 in.	M, W	
Dunlap	7 ft. 6 in.	N

Broad Jump.

Sandzen	17 ft. 9 in.	W
Stump	16 ft. 9 1/2 in.	N
Jordon	16 ft. 5 1/2 in.	W
Slaymaker	15 ft. 8 1/2 in.	C



TRACK SNAPS



Visions of the Past Year.

M. B. 1911

Visions of the Year.

SEPTEMBER

So, on the eighth of September, Northeast's first real school year opened! Oh, of course, there *was* last year, but the most of it was spent in afternoon sessions in another school's building, so that there was very little time or opportunity for school activities. But this year—what infinite possibilities of achievement and success lay before us that first day! We that were Seniors envied the veriest freshman, with his four years of Northeast yet before him. And there was such a lot of them, you know—five hundred and seventy-six. Why, we were fairly inundated with Freshmen. They blocked the halls, bobbed up anywhere and everywhere, and with unholy joy we watched them go up the wrong side of the stairway! We had done it ourselves such a short time ago, you see.

Probably, the "Powers that be" thought our spirits needed dampening, for the very next week it "rained torrents." We spent the larger part of two or three days looking out the windows, seeing when it *would* stop.

Northeast's various clubs re-organized, too, and weird and diversified were the sounds that emerged from room 208 and thereabouts, where the Alphas, Shakespeares, and Debaters separately congregated. The disputes of Jacques and Fritz burst forth anew and to supply the needed "neutrality" the Spaniards organized. The song-birds, also, began to warble and club-life went peacefully—comparatively—on.

The best part of the month to many of us—especially the boys (same old joke!)—was the day the lunch-room opened. No stools! So we sat on the tables, held a sandwich in one hand, and a dish of ice-cream in the other, and had a joyous time. The lunch-hour after the stools arrived was dreadfully tame compared to those first few days.

Then on the twenty-eighth of the month, we had our first Assembly, with Doctor Munro. We chose our own seats, and had a "beautiful time." The Assembly was opened by the school, with the singing of the school song, and its impressive strains gave many of us a new thought of, and love for, "Our Northeast."

OCTOBER

The first month of school over, we settled down to real work, hard as it was those warm—not to say hot!—dreary, October days. Athletics commenced to thrive and the very first murmurings of the basket-ball season reminded us that there *was* such a thing as winter and inter-high-school basket ball games. Some of the B. B. aspirants took "time by the forelock," as the old saying goes, and began their efforts towards the attaining of those coveted "N's."

The various Societies showed their activity by their initiation of new members, and a great many "stunts"—funny, freakish, or foolish—could be attributed to this method of varying the monotony of school-life. Many a seemingly unexplainable incident, or accident as the case might be, was understood by the spectators when the word "initiation" was murmured in their ears.

Oh, but it was hot! And those awful two blocks to the car-line seemed at least the length of a country mile when one gazed down the expanse of hot asphalt from the cool shade of our corridors. Walk home?—and melt? I should say not! Even if one was perfectly willing to do it, and started out with the best intentions, those two blocks effectively squelched the idea.

And most of us were perfectly willing to do most anything those days. We had a superfluity of willingness. We even had an Assembly there addressed by Mr. David R.

Porter. All of us that had ever heard of Mr. Porter remembered his athletic ability only, and his talk on "What Am I Doing With My Will" surprised us greatly. We all resolved then and there to do something wonderful, to prove we had such a thing.

NOVEMBER

On the second of November, the school seriously put its brains to work to elect a Nor'easter Staff, and had quite an exciting time for about a week. First we had the preliminary election and then the final one and distinctly placed ourselves in the suffragistic ranks, for the girls voted as well as the boys. Here in this volume is the result. We, the Staff, have done our best, we tried—and hope you feel our efforts have not been in vain!

We enjoyed the twelfth and thirteenth the best of all, for they were the days of the State Teachers' Association meeting in St. Joseph, and the Faculty departed and left us to our own sweet wills for two whole days! Besides, we like holidays.

The first hints of "the worst is yet to come" were given to us by the ten weeks' grades, but they did not go down on the books at least. Whoever originated the practice of not checking up the ten weeks' grades certainly deserves a vote of thanks from the entire student body. He, or she, is probably the savior of the greater part of the school. But, at any rate, it did serve to remind us that there were such things as grades and cards, and so we made another set of resolutions, and began to try to keep them.

There was considerable talk of college in Assembly, during that month, and it made the Freshmen realize that there was something greater than a high school, and caused the Seniors to seriously think of what they were to do after that long-looked-forward-to month of June, which at that time seemed only less far away than the end of the world. Dr. Decatur addressed us in Assembly

on "What the College Offers," and on Missouri Day we had the pleasure of listening to an address by President E. Ross Hill. Then, too, there was music by the University Band.

The last of the month occurred the Conference of Missouri's Older Boys. Four or five of Northeast's boys attended the conference, and Henry Fox was the delegate from the High School Club. It rather seems to us that anybody who will give up a holiday and a Saturday to attend a conference has more self-denial than we give ourselves credit for.

At last came the Thanksgiving holidays, and their accompanying necessities, and also the two days' vacation—one day in which to consume unlimited quantities of good things, and the other day in which to regret it.

DECEMBER

Back to school again. And in many cases a sadder if not a wiser man (?) began December. No, not always "man" did everything, for the Alphas refused to leave us in peace and quiet any longer and burst forth in their annual play—though to be sure, after all that wasn't an entirely manless production. All that could be seen of "him," however, was his voice ('seen' did we say?) and that was considerably more in evidence three days afterwards at the yell-meeting. At the aforesaid meeting, either on account of their lung-power or extreme gracefulness, we've never been able to decide which, Rex Bone, Joe Schwarz, and Nathan Scarritt were elected cheer-leaders. Will we ever forget that yell-meeting? Ever forget some of the extremely diverting scenes of that afternoon? Nay, verily.

We have decided suffragistic tendencies! This fact was impressed upon us anew by the announcement that there was to be an Annual Girls' Inter-High Debate just like that of the boys'. Those of us who thought, just thought, that they could "orate"

began to make various attempts. Indeed, nearly every morning some debate or other could be seen in full force among a group of girls, and when it came to club meetings and elections—pew!

Athletics came more prominently forward and, with the selection of the first squad and the election of its captain, we suddenly realized that we had such a possession as a Basket Ball squad. "Tommy" Condon, Leo Ayres, Morris Majors, "Hughie" Swearingen, Ike Eppinger, Cecil Moberly, and Harold Tallquist made the first team, and Ayres was made their "big chief." We waited very impatiently all through the month to see them play, until Christmas and Christmas presents began to absorb the most of our time and attention. Study Hall became almost a sewing circle, and at lunch several industrious damsels "tatted" away very industriously.

About that time the girls' fourth hour cooking class decided they would try out some of their productions on the Nor'easter Staff. So they sent us invitations to their "luncheon" quite formally and we accepted in a body. It certainly was good and we never can sufficiently express our appreciation. We only hope they will do it again before the end of school.

The first number of the second volume of the Nor'easter (inspired perhaps by that gorgeous "feast") made its appearance, and the Staff waited in fear and trembling till the Christmas vacation gave it an opportunity to make good its escape. That number was quite a novelty in some ways. It possessed—for the first time at Northeast, and, as far as we know, for one of the very few times in high-school history—a cover which was drawn by a masculine artist, in this case, Don Branstetter. And it was a very good cover, too!

In celebration of the aforementioned publication, the very next day school was out early, and the holidays were upon us. Only a week, but how many things we did crowd into it!

JANUARY

Again we began the month by coming back to school—peculiar, wasn't it? Our consciences were unusually active under the stimuli of new resolutions only four days old and we *did* begin the New Year bravely. Daily lessons, the various debates, and even the far-away Contests were to fall before our assault! Our minds were somewhat districted from every-day school life by a "basket-ball assembly" and its attendant joys. The first appearance of the cheer-leaders on our stage also added to the general excitement, and incidentally, noise, for we certainly did awake the echoes. But the honor of having an Assembly for themselves alone seemed to excite the news of the members of the team, for that same day saw our first defeat by Westport, by three measly points.

The Single Tax! Did the aspirants in debate think of anything else during those strenuous weeks before the tryout? From personal experience we would emphatically declare that they didn't. They mechanically went through the usual routine, but their minds were on that awful question and it was a relief to everyone of us when the final choice was made. Our minds were finally made up concerning the reason for the existence of "N. S. D." when we realized that every debater was a Debater—sounds cryptic, doesn't it?—Carter, Scarritt, Chapman, Ewing, Brown, Fox, Combs, and Sibley. Only they, to the intense displeasure of some of our minds, became more absorbed than ever!

'On the fifteenth of the month we had our second club program of the year, that of the French Club. We also had another chapter in our series of Tableaux—we do have them quite frequently, don't we—and two very pretty dances; and we all enjoyed it immensely. But, oh, what an aftermath. Exams! How wearily did the hours lag during those three long-drawn-out days! But we had a reaction on Friday, January 22. Let

every loyal Northeast student remember the date—the date of Northeast's first basket-ball victory. That compensated for almost everything!

Westport "did it again," however, and our joy was short-lived. Why, oh why, did that gun insist in going off just when it wasn't wanted. If it had waited just a moment longer, who knows, but that perhaps we might have had another victory to add to our much prized one. But, yet, such is life!

FEBRUARY

That month of Valentines, cherry-trees, and Presidents came in on the wings of a snow-storm. We certainly did get tired of snow and slush; and the two awful blocks to the car-line looked even longer than they did in October, which is saying a great deal. But that's all concerning the weather, for we have something more important to talk about.

For again the weaker sex came to the front with the final results of the Girls' Debate. The winners were Mary Redmond, Frankie Thompson, Lucile Turner, Eunice George, Eloise McNutt, Winifred Bennet, and Sarah Dunlap. From personal combat we knew that several of these girls were energetic debaters—no, we're not talking of "N. S. D." not at all, nor are we mentioning the Shakespeares—and therefore had strong hopes for their success.

And yet another defeat. This really grew to be quite monotonous. From some unaccountable reason our classic phrase chronicling this event, "oh, luck, where hast thou went!" was changed to "oh, luck, where hast thou gone?" Imagine! It really was one of the jokes of the school year, but so very few people even say it! The quality in question came back for awhile when we again defeated Manual. At least there was *one* school we could humble, and that at least was balm.

Essay, essays, a deluge of essays,

both of the "S. A. R." Contest and of the Manufacturers' Parade Contest. Grace Lightburn and Irving Brown carried off the various honors of the events, and again we won the Sons of the Revolution Essay prize. Yes, history repeats.

Yes, we downed Westport! And no one who was there will ever forget the perfect bedlam that ensued when that four point lead materialized. In fact, we almost went crazy. Just to have had that opportunity of evening old scores was worth the whole string of defeats.

We have ideals. Yes, really! You see, we discovered it in Assembly when Mr. Swift talked to us about them, so we must have had some to "raise." Really, we were very glad to discover it.

Enter, March.

MARCH

"March was sure some month!" It began with an Assembly conducted by Mr. Nowlin and contained several exciting events. In the aforementioned Assembly we dreamed peacefully throughout the history of John Dickinson, as read by our friend Irving, and then were rudely awakened from our slumbers by those ever-present cheer-leaders. We excused them that time, though, for we remembered that the next basket-ball game would be their "farewell performance." They exercised their privilege in full that night and the season ended in hearty cheers, for again did Manual go down in defeat. (We say nothing of the closeness of the score!)

The German Club gave a belligerent Assembly the eighth, and the "old maids"—our two Elsie—performed. Who would have suspected that they, of all people, would have been cast for those parts? They seemed to enjoy our astonishment greatly, and we have our suspicions. We, the audience, had a beautiful time watching Joe's mustache, and what thrills went through the feminine por-

tion of the audience when they saw "rretzel's" adornment!

March was a month of athletics—chiefly mental ones, but presaging the absorption in physical ones. On the twelfth at the Missouri-Kansas Meet the first whisper of the cinderpath came when we defeated Westport. Do you know that our trophy-case is getting a more prosperous look? It certainly needs all the aid we can give it. Some mental gymnastics came through the Latin Play—even if it wasn't in Latin. It certainly was a classic—classy? Nay, that's slang. Perish the thought!—production, and Garnet and Clayton nobly sustained their "reps."

But, oh, that Friday! The Inter-High Debates, you know, when we went absolutely crazy! For our boys went to Manual and Central, and completely routed Westport and Central. The turmoil they left behind them at the other school when it was all over, however, was as nothing to the excitement that awaited them here. We simply forgot all about mere school and prosaic lesson time and proceeded to celebrate the wonderful feat of capturing The Cup again. Long will that eventful day live in our memories!

APRIL AND MAY

For some reason that we have never been able to discover, the organization of the upper class was left until very late, almost too late, in the year. But finally, after we had all given up hope, the election was announced, and the Senior class chose these officers: President, Nathan Scarritt; Vice-President, Mary Redmond; Secretary, Adele Ganley; Treasurer, Henry Fox; Giftorian, Harry Davis; Sergeant-at-Arms, Newlon Carter; Reporter, Lucile Turner. Of the entire group, Henry Fox is the one who has our sympathy (we've tried it ourselves!)

The Juniors no sooner heard of the Senior election than they decided to

"have one too" and almost at once proceeded to elect their officers. John Monteith was chosen President; Leah Matt, Vice-President; George Sibley, Secretary; Herbert Chapman, Treasurer; Clayton Gordon, Gift-Receiver; Joe Schwarz, Sergeant-at-Arms; and Irving Brown, Reporter.

Between the various demands and duties of the two classes we had a strenuous time. "Will we have it? won't we have it?" was on the lips of every Junior, and even the Seniors had an absorbed interest in "it." Whatever "it" was, we seemed to want it rather badly.

On the twenty-third of April occurred our second "Northeast Day." (Why not "Northeast Night?") The greater part of April was consumed in preparing for the great event, and in recovering from the effects. The cooking and sewing classes worked perhaps the hardest, with the exception of the "Play Cast." The show consisted of a vaudeville performance, and the farce "In a Sleeping Car," and there were quite a few side shows and other attractions. We brought our "fond parents" and various friends, exhibited ourselves, and other people, and all-in-all had a "perfectly gorgeous time."

The Girls' Debate, while not entirely a victory for us, served to show us what our girls *can* do, and just wait until next year. We know all about the Massachusetts Ballot Law—we had two Assemblies on it! We also had an Assembly by the Shakespeares. Very laughable and amusing, the audience enjoyed it immensely. Now both the Alphas and the Shakespeares have given an Assembly both last year and this one. We are always hearing about the one the Debaters "are going to give." What happened to it?

Athletics came on with a rush. The dual meet with Central, the Quadrangular, the ones at Lawrence and Columbia brought them prominently forward. We have only one criticism, only one question. As the judges of these meets, why do they change their

minds so often? Last year the Quadrangular was awarded in turn to three different schools, this year to two! Verily, it grows monotonous. However, we are still of the opinion that we have some team.

The Second Annual Literary Contest brought our minds back from out-doors with a start. This year "N. S. D." dropped from its lowly position of last year and carried off the contest, while Alpha drew second place, the school-at-large third, and the Shakespeares fourth. Leland Shout in essay, and Maxwell Taylor in oration, won gold medals for the

debaters; Dorothy Barto won the gold medal in poem and Virginia Harrison in story, for the Alphas; and Mary Louise Ewins won in declamation from the school-at-large. The next day our track team journeyed to Lawrence and captured second place there.

Well, its time to stop for this year, and, as usual, it certainly is warm! Seniors examinations begin in a day or so, and the Juniors are going to speed their departing friends and foes. Class day is June the fourth and graduation the tenth. Then its all over, and so is this.

The Nor'easter Artists.

The following Northeast students have been the chief contributors to the Art Department of the Nor'easter:

DON BRANSTETTER

DOROTHY LIDDY

ELSIE GALHOUN

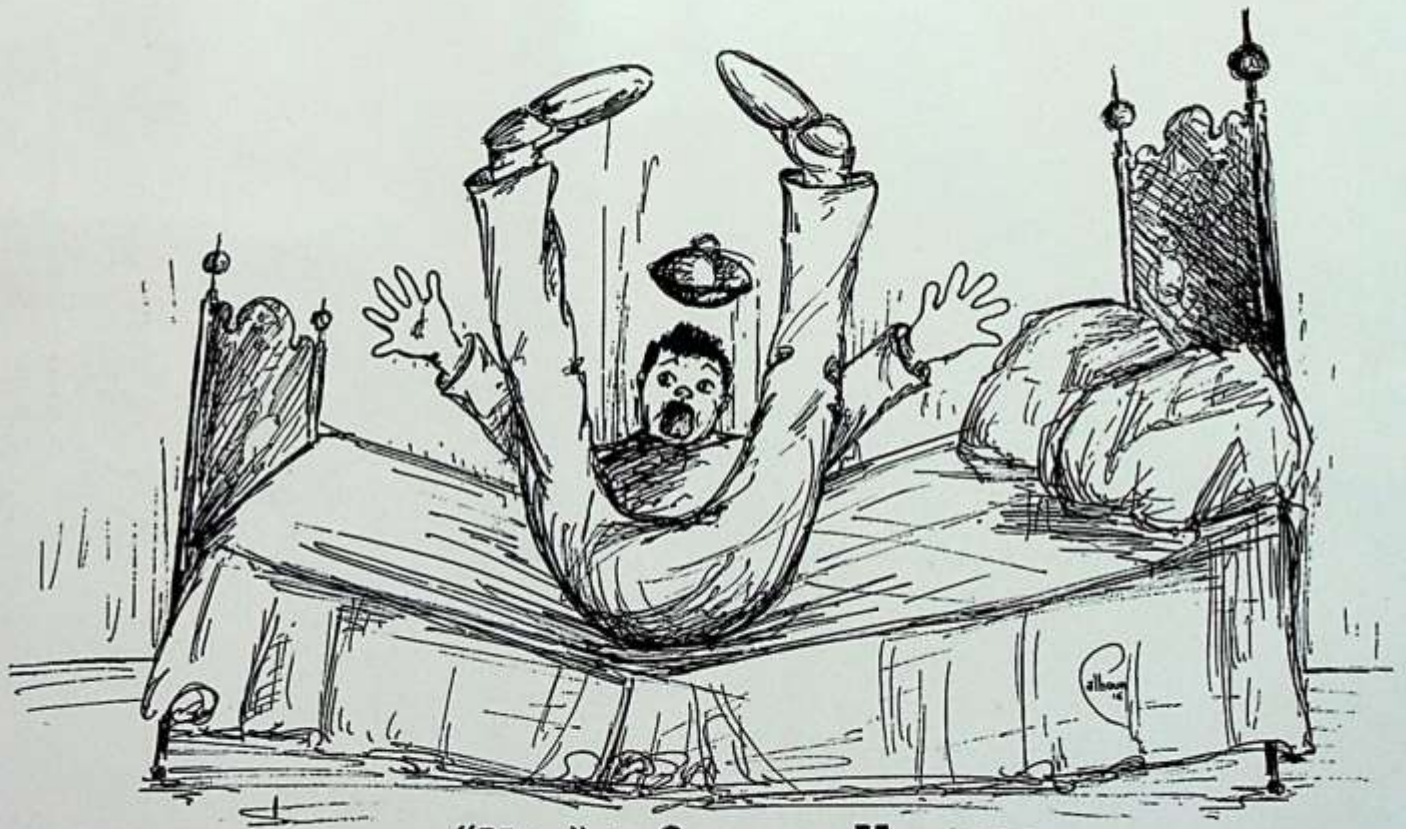
MARIAN BLAKESLEE

LUGILLE GAMPBELL

MR. ELLIOT

MABLE PATTERSON





"Nate" at Cameron, Mo.

LOOALS





LUCILE TURNER }
 MARY REDMOND } Editors

If you don't like our jokes, just remember this, "The man who thinks he is a wit should talk into a phonograph—and then be made to listen."

Jack S. — "There's something wrong with my watch."

Newlon — "It's the woman in the case."

From the Library, "Milton's Paradise" Lost!

Teacher, "Why are you gazing out of that window?"

Pupil, "I'm watching the fire escape."

Miss Fox asked for a composition describing the sound of an approaching automobile.

Jay's was somewhat brief; "Honk! Honk!"

Freshman (reading on the board in physiology), "Amylopin, trypsin, pepsin, stepsin." "What does that mean?" "Amy lops in, trips in, peeps in, and steps in."

"Here is something," Elbert said, "that I have wanted to tell you for a long time. but—"

"Oh, Elbert," Peggy said, blushing sweetly, "not here in the car before all these people. Wait!"

"It's merely that you have a streak of soot down the middle of your nose."

Extra, Georgia Brinkley was awarded the first prize for the most choice and extensive vocabulary of words not found in any dictionary.

Abba's Favorite Hymn.

"If money talks
 I wonder why
 I only heard
 It say, "Good-bye."

Overheard in the Hall.

"Nobody Home!"
 "For heaven's sake girl, lend me a little powder!"
 "Has any one seen my woman?"
 "You don't say! You only got two F's?"
 "I have so much to do, I'm nearly crazy!"
 "Hy, Guy!"
 "I think she's the most partial teacher I ever met."
 "There's that clown Hise, again."
 "I'm so blue, wish I could see Frank."
 "Gee! I'm hungry."
 "You're not good looking, but you're such a nice boy."
 (Gruff voice) Hurry along to your next class. This is not a promenade.

One of the local papers referred to our "Northeast Day" as a "Circus Day." It probably had reference to the following:

The Menagerie.

Giraffes, "Flee' Fiefield and Irving Brown.
 Roaring Lion (a terror to his keeper) Hughie S.
 Monkeys, Allen Compton and Bill McGuire.
 Wonderful Singing Birds, Elsie C. and Elsie F.
 Bear (with the ladies) H. Tallquist.

Rex Bone was fined \$99 for falling while playing baseball, and knocking the diamond out of shape.

SIDE SHOWS.

Towering Giant.

Leo Ayres.

300 lbs.—THE FAT MAN—300 lbs.

Vernon Wilson, The Lean Lady.

Nellie Bottom, The Ossified Man.

Forrest Harrison, The Snake Charmer, Dorothy Barto.

(Her wonderful power to charm is the wierdest thing of the century.)

The Wild Man.

Zen Smith (as he appeared at the basket-ball games.)

Pupil (translating), "And they brought in a schooner."

Teacher, "What's that?"

Pupil, "Well, it says, 'They brought in a large bier.'"

"Why do you put Theresa's picture in your watch?"

"Because I think she'll love me in time."

Latin's a dead language,
As dead as dead can be,
It killed the ancient Romans,
And now it's killing me.

Hise, "Here's a present for you, Esther."

Esther, "I don't want your gifts, after the way you treated me in the past."

Hise, "I know, dearie, but forget the past and think of the present."

Errett, "May I have the next dance?"

Gertrude, "I'm afraid I don't know the steps."

Errett, "That's all right. Neither do I."

"Pat" B.—"I'm so hungry that I can hardly speak."

Harry—"Splendid!"

Senior, "What part of school do you like best?"

Freshie, (emphatically), "Lunch!"

The cigarette cough is the hack which precedes the hearse.—Ex.

Answers Given in Exams.

Noah's wife was called Joan of Arc.

"Water is composed of oxygen and cambrigen."

"Lava is what the barbar puts on your face."

"A blizzard is the inside of a fowl."

"A court is a place where they dispense with justice."

A milliner was endeavoring to sell a colored woman a last season's picture hat at a reduced price. It was a big white hat. "Law no, honey! I could nevah wear that," said the colored woman. "I'd look jes' like a black-berry in a pan of milk."

Mr. Chaffe was directing the orchestra when they came to a crescendo. "Now," he said, "everybody swell up, swell up!"

Senior to photographer, "Which way do you want me to turn my eyes?"

Photographer, "Toward that sign, please."

(Sign reads), "Terms cash."

Little boy (after eating a hearty dinner), "Daddy, you may carry me upstairs, but *please* don't bend me."

A wood pecker sat on Ladish's head
And started in to drill;
He bored away for half a day
And finally broke his bill."

"Some men when your money's free,
Shake your hand effusively.
When it's gone, you find that they
Shake you in another way."

Fred, "A certain young lady is deeply interested in me. I don't want to break her heart, but I would like to put an end to it."

Lucille, "Do you call often?"

Fred, "No, indeed; not any oftener than I can possibly help."

Lucille, "Call oftener."

The most absent-minded man in the world was on the car one night, and he was the only occupant. A lady got on. He rose and said, "Allow me to give you my seat, Madam."

"It was evening in the parlor
And the lamp was low and dim,
Leo on the sofa sat;
And Gladys sat by him."

"As the seconds and the minutes
Slowly ticked upon their way,
Glad and Leo moved up closer
Till they sat there in this way."

Glad you see was fond of Leo,
And he was a wise young chap;
So before they knew 'twas happen-
ing
She was sitting on
his
lap"

Here, alas, must end my story.
"Glad's pa spied them unawares
And he grabbed our fair, young
hero,
And he threw him down
the
stairs."

Elsie's little brother, "Come in,
sister is expecting you."
Harry, "How do you know?"
Little Brother, "She's been asleep
all afternoon."

English as She is Spoke.
Wossatchoogot?
Afnoonnoos. Lasadition.
Enthinginnut?
Naw. Nuthininut 'cept lasspeech-
rosefelt's. Lottarot.
Donsayso? Wossawetherpredick-
shun?
Sezrain. Donbleevetho. Fun-
thing thswether. Nevkintellwoss-
gunnado.
Thasright!

Adele, "I was so confused that I don't remember just how much he kissed me."
Lucile, "What! With the thing going on right under your nose!"

Frivolous Definitions.

Reputation, "What the world thinks about us."

Character, "What our teachers know about us."

Dimple, "A perfection of a blemish."

A Contented Human, "A myth."

The Ideal Woman, "One who can keep house, her temper and a servant."

Teacher, "Johnny, for what is Switzerland famous?"

Johnny, "Swiss cheese."

Teacher, "Oh, something greater, more impressive, more tremendous!"

Johnny, "Limburger."

Mr. Ayres to Ora June, "All I get from you are ether waves; after thought, ordinarily."

Miss Rumlack, "Girls, see how plainly I can see this?"

Girls, "It is a blank to us."

Rouge, "Face Suicide."

The Egotist, "A man so satisfied with his appearance that he never looks into a mirror."

Trousseau, "The clothes a girl wears for the first three years after marriage."

A man was to have made a speech at a meeting, and being unable to do so because the heavy rains had destroyed the branch railway, sent a telegram as follows: "Cannot come. Wash out on line." The reply came: "Never mind; borrow a shirt."

Nathan, "Wise men hesitate, only fools are certain."

Gladys, "Are you sure?"

Nathan, "I'm quite certain of it."
Then she laughed. Horrid girl!

However false it may seem, North-east has a few shining Bible students. The other day Joe Ennis saw a strange looking vehicle pass the school and innocently remarked, "There goes Moses and his arc."

Miss Bell in fourth hour Spanish, having finally located the culprit who was scratching matches on the floor with his foot, coolly remarked:

"I suppose Senor Nichols is trying to become accustomed to the smell of sulphur."

One day Miss Fox's fifth hour freshman class had a lesson on explanation. In the course of *his* recitation, one of the brilliant (?) members of the class made the following too-true statement:

"If, in telling an *antidote*, we used the term 'conchology; our hearers might not understand us."

Mistress, "What did you name your baby, Sarah?"

Wash Lady, "Ah named him Hallud out of de Bible."

Mistress, "Where did you find Hallud in the Bible?"

Wash Lady, "Why, don't it say Hallud be tha name?"

Mr. Parks, discussing the importance of having your business insured, asked the following question:

"If you worked twenty years and worked up a good business and did not have your business insured and it burned, what would you have next morning?"

Bright Student, "Ashes."

A dignified young gentleman seems to prefer a seat on the floor, rather than a chair, judging from past events, or is this his youthful way of showing his admiration for Lucile Page?

The excitement of preparing for Northeast Day surely affected Miss Rumlack, or she would never have asked this question:

"Girls, have you enough nuts for all those dates?"

In Business Correspondence, a young lady was asked what a circular letter is.

Answer—"A letter that goes around."

Mr. Parks asked a boy who had been conversing to the girl sitting near him to answer the question.

Reply:—"The salutation is two dots and a dash."

Dear Editor:—

Nearly every day I see Georgia Brinkley come out of her first hour class (406) crying and stamping her foot. She won't tell us what the trouble is. Brink is always, as a rule, so full of fun and always smiling, that I confess to be worried. Could you help to find out?

Worried.

(We refer you to Nye Adams H. C.)



Those Awful Alphas.

Five minutes of two! We are released from misery! All scramble for hats and coats—that is all except those austere beings who are always to be seen promenading the halls, loitering on the stairways, etc., at any time after 1:55.

Two o'clock! The crowd in the front hall becomes thinner, due to the proposed commencement of an Alpha meeting.

The door of 208 is slammed just as Misses Winstead and Cooke slide in.

Meeting starts with Miss Liddy passing around refreshments in the form of remnants of chocolate bars procured in the lunchroom at a low price because of their freshness.

The programme is rendered. Miss Smalley tells the story of the Greek and Roman flower myth "Sneeze-weed." A very hot debate follows: Resolved, That There are More Knock-kneed Than Bowlegged Grass-hoppers. The decision is awarded the affirmative. Misses Frisbie and Nowlin are crowned with wreaths (made from the tops of the radishes, etc., grown in the Northeast garden), and take their seats amid much applause, while the weeping of Misses Patt and Northrop is so distressing that the sergeant-at-arms is obliged to lead them from the room that the program may be continued. Next follows an original poem by Miss Dunlap—a poem which is so painfully original that Misses Harrison, Arnold, Thompson, Thurman and Ingalsbe show their appreciation by trying on the hats and gloves of their dear Alpha Sisters. The programme is concluded with a hearty applause—appreciation again of the delightful entertainment just afforded.

Next follow reports of committees.

The Committee on Investigation reports that Miss Sawyer's green waist has been attracting much attention in the school; that Miss Winstead, early in the season, appeared with two new hats in one week, and that the castle bands worn by several of the members (it is inadvisable to give names) have been much commented on.

The Committee on Ways and Means then reports that a way has been found to provide the means for our annual lawn party.

Much heated discussion follows. Misses Meinhoffer and Barto argue so long as to whether rambunctiousness ever "rambuncks," that the sergeant-at-arms, in response to a question of personal privilege, is instructed to use all available means of filling up the hollows whence are issuing such discordant strains.

The question next before the house is whether flowers or a note of sympathy and consolation, written on best Alpha stationery, would be most appreciated by Miss Rhodebush, who is indisposed. After much discussion it is decided that a personal note written by the secretary would be much more cheering than flowers. (Nothing, of course, is said of the treasury, since the recent rules have rendered it so prosperous).

Miss Allen appears just in time to tell why she was late last meeting.

The Janitor appears with broom and bucket. A motion is made and seconded to the effect that the society give full sway to the "powers that be" in Northeast before and after school hours. Ere she who wields the gavel has called for the affirmative vote she is drowned out by much scuffling and the sound of moving bodies, and by the time "—say no" has come forth, she is confronted with an empty room save for the janitor who gazes on with mouth open.

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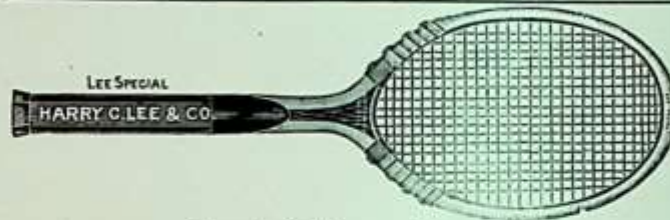
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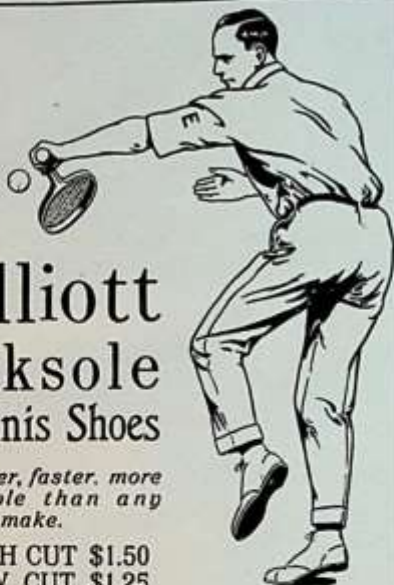
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