

NOR'EASTER



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Thou Dear Northeast

Edwd May 1846 '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.

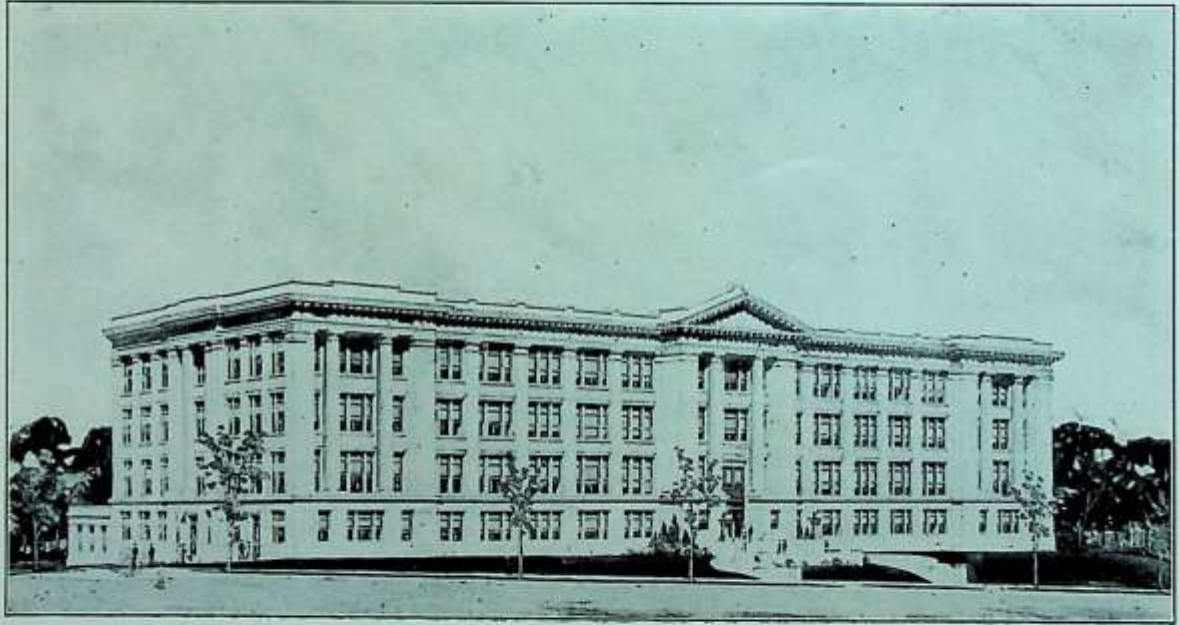
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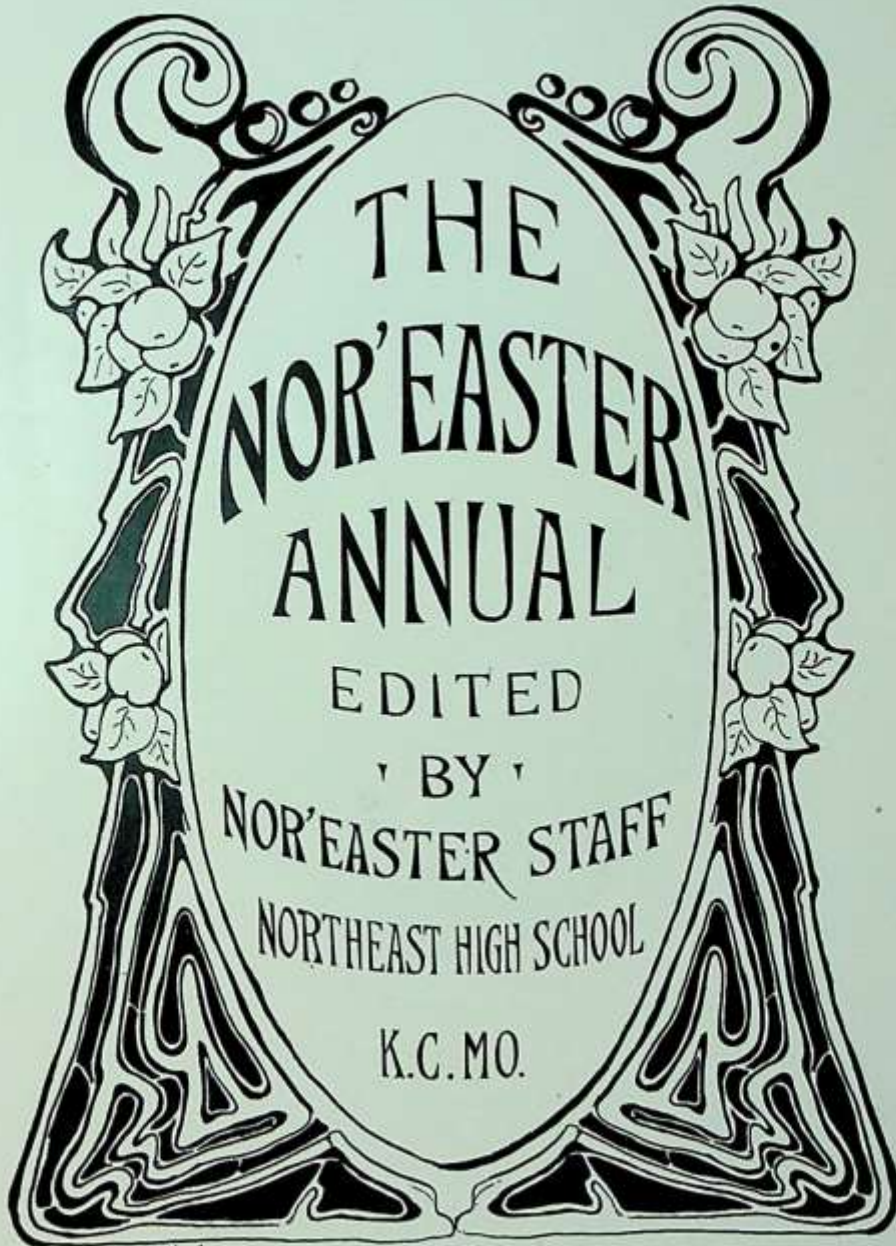




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Voester



HERBERT CHAPMAN,
Editor-in-Chief

The Nor'easter

The issuing of the Nor'easter this school year has been a big task. From the time the staff was elected last fall, until the last day of school, we have all been mighty busy. But there is not one member of the staff that begrudges any of the time he has spent on the papers, because of the valuable practical business experience that it has given him.

The members of the staff fully realize that had it not been for the good will of the rest of the student body towards them, they would not have been able to have received this experience, and takes the opportunity here to thank the school for the confidence that has been placed in them. We have endeavored, to the best of our ability, not only to put out one of the best high school publications in the city, but one that will compare favorably with the best in the land. This annual is our final and supreme effort. We hope that it will meet with your approval.

Again we thank you.

HERBERT CHAPMAN,
Editor-in-Chief.

Nor'easter



JOHN MONTEITH.
Business Manager

During the year just ended, the business part of the *Nor'easter* has, I believe, kept pace with the other branches of its work. It has required some work as well as some worry to uphold the financial side of our paper this year, but the business manager believes that the experience derived from this undertaking has more than paid for the trouble, worry and work incidental to making its business side a success. In fact, a new definition of a school paper has just recently been invented by Miss Louise Holdman, the sentiment of which exactly coincides with the views of the business manager. A school paper, she says, is an institution which enables the business managers to get all of the experience, the editor-in-chief to receive all the blame, and the printer to receive all the money, if there is any left. In bidding a last farewell to those who have been of unmeasured help as well as those who have lent their encouragement in times of dire need, the business manager wishes to personally thank the editor-in-chief, Mr. Herbert Chapman, and Mr. H. E. Hardin, of the Empire Printing Co.

Sincerely,

JOHN N. MONTEITH.
Business Manager.

STAFF

1916



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ELSIE FRISBIE



MARTHA THOMPSON



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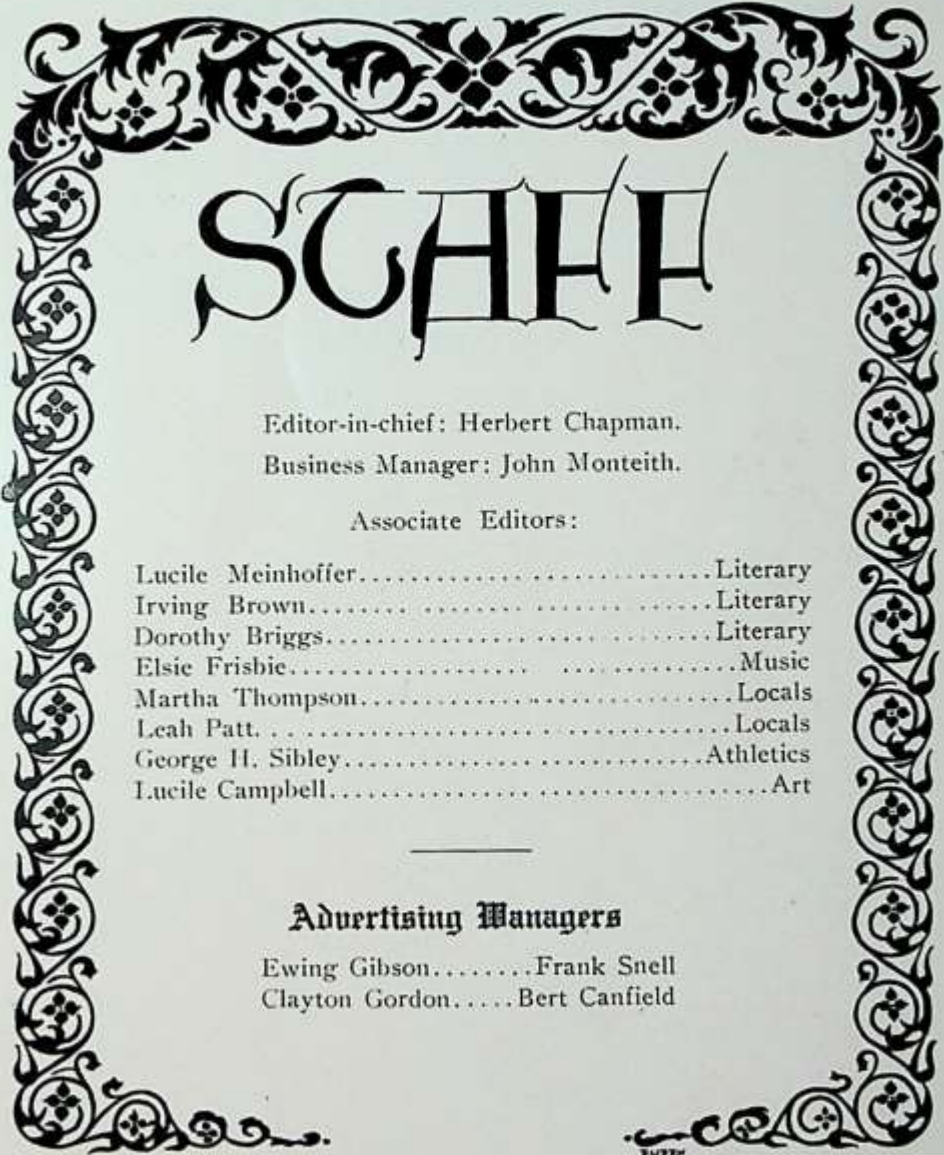
FRANK SNELL



BEN CANFIELD



CLAYTON GORDON



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- Irving Brown.....Literary
- Dorothy Briggs.....Literary
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- Martha Thompson.....Locals
- Leah Patt.....Locals
- George H. Sibley.....Athletics
- Lucile Campbell.....Art

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- Clayton Gordon.....Bert Canfield

Go Northeast

Thou, dear Northeast, art the fairest of all,
Peer of all others, never to fall;
Thy 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.

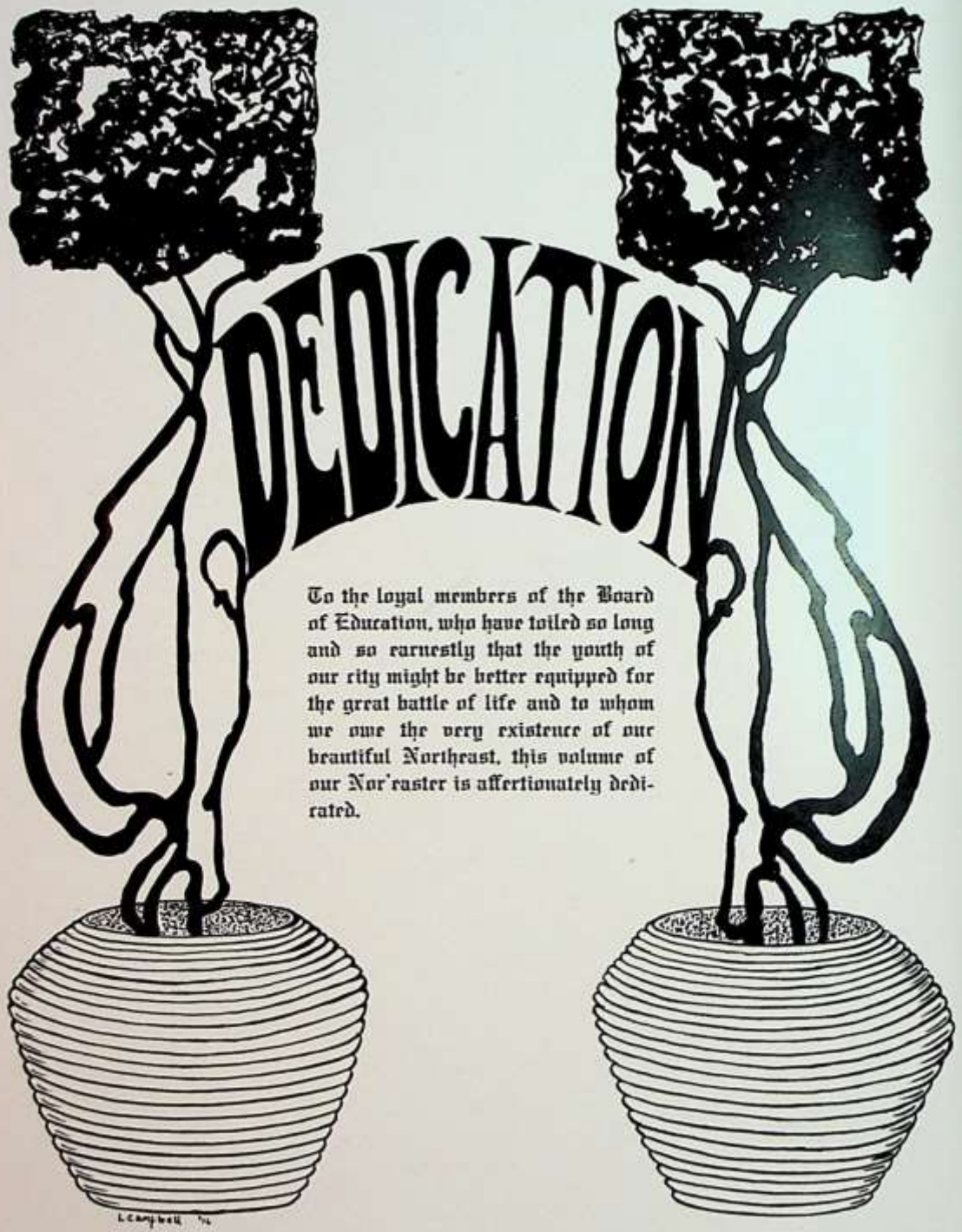
We come and go, and the years passing by,
Add to thy glory, dear Northeast High;
May we in passing but add just a gem,
To shine forever in thy diadem.

—Ethel May Rush '14.



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To the loyal members of the Board of Education, who have toiled so long and so earnestly that the youth of our city might be better equipped for the great battle of life and to whom we owe the very existence of our beautiful Northeast, this volume of our Nor'easter is affectionately dedicated.

In Loving Memory



May this page ever be a reminder of our two schoolmates, Robert Alcorn and Ralph Hunting, who have so recently passed away. The very lives that these young men lived will long be remembered by the students of Northeast High School. It does not seem right that these fine examples of young manhood should be called away so early, but then God knows best and has seen fit to call them to their reward.

—The Nor'easter

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A Tribute to the Retiring Loyal Members of Our Board of Education

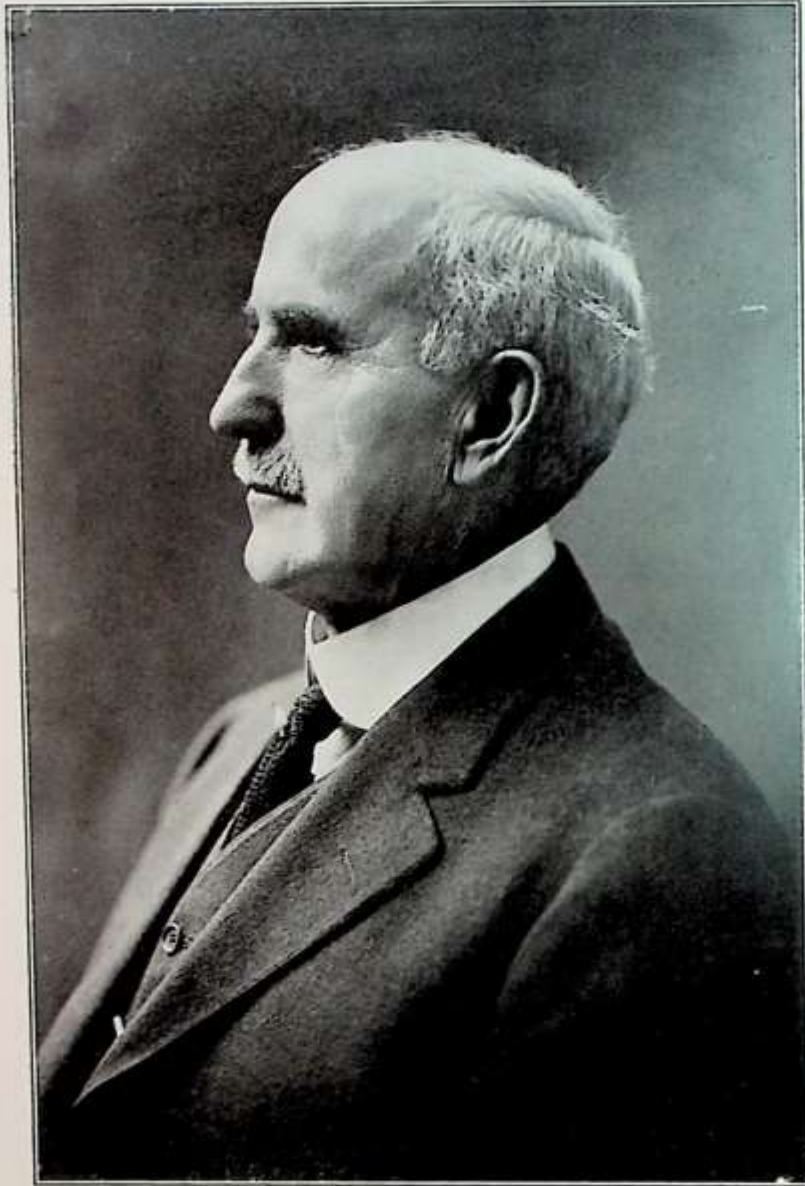
The pupils and teachers of the Northeast High School cannot see this school year draw to its close without expressing a genuine tribute of praise to the retiring members of our Board of Education, Mr. J. Scott Harrison, Mr. J. Crawford James, Judge Henry L. McCune and Gen. Milton Moore, who have served the people of Kansas City so long and loyally in the interest of our unsurpassed public school system.

Possibly this community as a whole does not fully appreciate what such a self-sacrificing, patriotic labor of love means. For years these esteemed citizens, without any material compensation, have faithfully discharged the grave responsibilities of this sacred public trust in a most exemplary and royal manner.

If gratitude is the immediate jewel of the soul, we of the Northeast High School are pleased to confer upon these estimable gentlemen such an expression of thanks and appreciation that in its spiritual sense shall outshine the most brilliant medals of honor that a Napoleon could confer upon a devoted and heroic member of his famous "Old Guard."

That added years of prosperity and happiness and a deep-seated consciousness of having done a noble and splendid work for the betterment of Kansas City, may be the conspicuous and imperishable rewards for these, our revered friends and benefactors, is the fervent wish of the "Nor'easter."

Vor'ester



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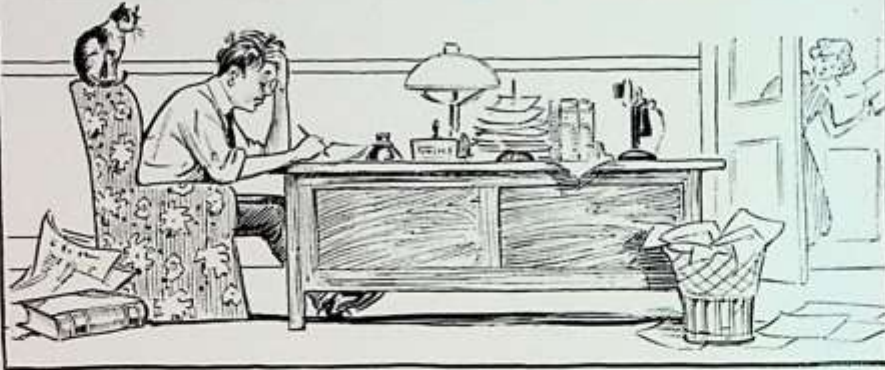


MISS MITTIE HUFF,
Clerk



MRS. LOUISE M. HARRISON,
Matron

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR



TO THE SENIORS.

What has your high school course meant to you? Do you feel as though you have something now that you did not have this time four years ago? If you are an average Senior, you do. You have a different view of this life, haven't you? Probably you did not want to come to high school when you graduated from grammar school. But don't you thank those persons now who influenced you to come? You do unless you are a very ungrateful person. Probably some of you are now debating whether or not you should go on to college. **YOU MOST CERTAINLY SHOULD.** Can't you see that the change that the High School course has made in your life will be made just that much larger by a college course? "But," you say, "I do not intend to be a professional man or woman. Why do I need a higher education?" For exactly the same reason that you needed a high school course. To broaden your life, to make you so constituted that no matter what you undertake you undertake it with a spirit of "do or die." What has been the advantage to you of your teacher insisting that you have your lesson **EVERY** day? If you have done this you have formed a **HABIT** of mastering every lesson as it comes before you and this habit will stay with you after commencement and will enable you to "put across" in the proper manner, any task that comes before you. And **YOUR COLLEGE COURSE WILL MAKE THIS HABIT A PERMANENT PART OF YOUR LIFE.** This is why such a large percent of the college graduates are such successful men—not because of the books that they have read, which you and I haven't, but because they have this **HABIT** of successfully accomplishing anything which they undertake. Do you want to be among the successful men and women of this next generation? Then by all means take a college course.

TO THE JUNIORS.

Juniors, next year will the burden of leading the school rest upon your shoulders, for it is a well known fact that the under classmen are much more influenced by the example that the Seniors set than they are

by anything that the teachers can possibly say. Do you want the Freshmen next year to disgrace the school by "cutting up" in the halls or by various other ward school pranks? Then show them by our attitude and by your actions that you disapprove of it and it will be stopped. The teachers could talk forever about it, but just as soon as their backs would be turned the antics would continue. But if they think that the Seniors do not approve of this they will not do it. Your position next year will certainly be a responsible one. You will not only influence the Freshies, but the Sophomores and Juniors as well. So we leave the reputation of Northeast in your hands. Whatever the school IS next year will be directly due to the Seniors or to their influence. What are you going to make it?

TO THE SOPHOMORES.

Next year is your great opportunity, Sophomores. Do you realize that there are always more Juniors in the school activities than any other class? One reason for this is the fact that they have more time. You will think next year that you are about as busy as any person could possibly be, but when you become a Senior you will find out that you were sadly mistaken. Just as the reputation of Northeast depends upon the INFLUENCE of the Seniors it also depends upon the WORK of the Juniors. So enter into every school activity next year with the determination to WIN and the standard which those who have graduated from your midst have set will not have to be lowered in the least next year.

TO THE FRESHMEN.

Freshmen, you have passed through what will be your hardest year of high school life. You have "pulled through." You are to be complimented. Next year and each succeeding year will be comparatively "easy sailing" for you. But next year you will not be a FRESHMAN. You will be a SOPHOMORE and GREAT things will be expected of you then. You will be over the stage when you get your lessons because your teacher makes you. You will get them because YOU are the only one hurt when you don't. Then you must get into the school activities. Do you know that practically every person who ever became a real LEADER in high school began when he was a SOPHOMORE, many of them when they were mere FRESHMEN? It's a fact. Don't wait until you are a Junior or a Senior before you start, because as Billy Sunday would say, "It'll be everlastingly too late then." You all want to do big things in this world. If you don't start in high school you won't start at all. And if you don't start when you are a Sophomore you won't start in high school. So it's "next year or bust," isn't it? How are you going to measure up?

THE FAMOUS JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION.

None of those present at the Junior-Senior reception this year will soon forget the event. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated with the school's colors, purple and white. The committee had laid elaborate plans for the evening's entertainment and they were successfully executed. There was not one dull moment for any of those present. For those who did not care to dance, a series of games and amusements were arranged in rooms 208 and 209. Several tables were brought from the lunch room and placed in the main corridor just opposite the gymnasium where the guests of the evening were served with delicious cherry ice and wafers

as many times as they felt inclined to partake. (Needless to say, many of them took advantage of the opportunity.) The committee tells us that much of the credit for the success of the evening's entertainment was due Mr. Critchfield. But the Senior class wants to also thank the committee and Mr. Walter Ross for the splendid time which the Juniors showed the Seniors the night of May 12, 1916. They cannot be praised too highly, and the Junior class may rest assured that it will be many years before another class will plan and execute a more successful reception.

P. S.—The writer is not a girl, but he must make use of the P. S. this time, because he forgot to mention the program given in the gym before the dancing commenced. Our sextette, consisting of Wallace Laws, James Barnes, Hughes Swearingen, James Fifield, Ben Gillis and Glenn Eberhardt rendered some very choice selections. Their rendition of "My Little Girl" kept the audience in an uproar. Three of the boys came out dressed up in aprons and sun-bonnets and met the other three fellows. Then Mr. Ebert Hartwell, Miss Leah Patt, Mr. Herbert Chapman and Miss Ruby Holland favored us with the popular song, "School Days." For their first song, these young folks acquitted themselves nobly. None of us knew that John Monteith was an artist, but he ably demonstrated that fact when he drew a likeness of Miss Marguerite Zickafoose before the whole crowd.

'Nuff sed!

KATHRYN HUGHES.

There is one east who is going aid to the NOR-to come. This per-Hughes. Without all on the part of the went among the greater Kansas City advertisements for the true Purple and did not do this for but because she wanted to help out The staff is truly Hughes for her EASTER has received from the student



none to equal that which Miss Hughes has given us. The editor looks forward to a very successful high school career for Kathryn.

Freshman in North-to be of invaluable EASTER in the years son is Miss Kathryn any solicitation at staff Miss Hughes business houses of and obtained many our paper. She has White spirit. She any personal honor, loved her school and her school paper, grateful to Miss work. The Nor'-substantial support body this year, but

THE STAFF APOLOGIZES.

In the recent issue of the NOR'EASTER a poem which was written by Frances Armstrong, in honor of Northeast Shakespeare Club, was unfortunately changed while in the hands of the staff so that the author's meaning in certain parts of the poem was entirely reversed. Apologies are hereby extended to Miss Armstrong and to the society in whose honor the poem was written.

Mr. E. D. Phillips, head of our English department, has carefully compiled a list of books which high school boys and girls would do well to consult when in the mood for reading good literature. North-east should feel proud to think that a member of its faculty is enough interested in what the boys and girls of the school read to take the time to make this compilation. The list follows:

CHOICE BOOKS FOR A HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR BOYS' LIBRARY.

Compiled by E. D. Phillips.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Jno. Lord's "Beacon Lights."
 Vol. IV—Warriors and Statesmen.
 Vol. VI—Modern European Statesmen.
 Vol. VII—American Statesmen.
 The Meaning of History—Frederick Harrison.
 Wm. Matthew's "Men, Places and Things."
 Boys Who Became Famous—Sarah K. Britton.
 Plutarch's "Lives."
 Intellectual Development of Europe—Jno. Drake.
 "Conflict Between Science and Religion"—Jno. Drake.
 "Life of Washington"—E. E. Hale.
 "Life of Patrick Henry"—Wm. Wirt.
 Thomas H. Benton's "Thirty Years in the United States Senate."
 Wm. Matthew's "The Great Conversers."
 "Old Rome and New Italy"—Castelar.
 "Studies in History"—Cabot Lodge.
 "Life of A. Lincoln"—Hay and Nichols.
 Bryce's "American Commonwealth."
 McMaster's "Life of Benjamin Franklin."
 Carlyle's "French Revolution."
 "Achievements of Celebrated Men"—Parson.
 Guigot's "History of Civilization."
 Buckle's "History of Civilization."
 "Winning Their Way"—Jno. T. Farie (F. A. Stokes).
 Thomas' "Comprehensive Biographical Dictionary."

ESSAYS.

- Emerson's Essays, Representative Fortunes of the Republic.
 Macaulay's Essays.
 Bacon's Essays.
 Sainte Beuve's "Portraits of Men."
 Castelar's "Lord Byron and Other Essays."
 Lowell's "My Study Windows."
 Lowell's "Among My Books."
 "American Character"—B. Matthews.
 J. K. Hosmer's "German Literature."
 Garnett's "Italian Literature."
 Kelley's "Spanish Literature."
 Hutson's "French Literature."

ETHICAL AND SOCIAL.

- The Bible.
 "Conquering Success"—Wm. Matthews.
 "Getting on in the World"—Matthews.
 "Character," "Duty"—Saml. Smiles.
 "Self Help," "Thrift"—Saml. Smiles.
 "Self Culture"—Blackie.
 "Pleasures of Life"—Lubbock.
 "Books That Have Influenced Me" (A Symposium)—Jas. Pott & Co., N. Y.
 "How I Was Educated"—Published by The Forum.
 Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies."
 "The Greatest Thing in the World"—H. Drummond.
 "Biographical History of Philosophy"—Geo. H. Lewes.
 "Vocational Guidance of Youth"—Meyer Bloomfield.
 Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics."

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- Jaquin Miller's Poems.
 Bulwer's "Richilleu."
 R. B. Sheridan's "The Rivals," "School for Scandal."
 Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer."

FICTION.

- "Put Yourself in His Place"—Charles Read.
 "Tale of Two Cities," "Little Dorrit," "Blak House," "Dombey & Son."
 "David Copperfield"—Charles Dickens.
 The Story of an Honest Man—E. About.
 Villa on the Rhine—Auerbach.
 "The Right of Way"—Gilbert Parker.
 Richard Carvel—W. Churchill.
 "Tower of London"—Alnsworth.
 "Jno. Halifax, Gentleman"—Dinah M. Craik.
 "Jno. Halifax, Gentleman"—Dinah M. Craik.
 Bulwer's "Rienzi," "Harold," and "Last Days of Pompeii."
 Alex. Duma's "Three Guardsmen" and "Monte Cristo."
 Cervantes' "Don Quixote."
 Le Sage's "Gil Blas."
 "Attie Philosopher"—E. Souvestre.
 "Hugh Winn, Quaker"—Dr. W. Mitchell.
 W. Scott's "Kenilworth" and "Ivanhoe."

"Westward Ho!"—Kingstex.
 "The Conqueror"—Gertrude Atherton.
 "The Crisis"—Churchill.
 "Without Dogma"—Henry K. Sienkiewicz.
 "The Missourian"—Eugene Lyle.
 "The Man Without a Country"—E. E. Hale.
 "Les Miserables"—Victor Hugo.
 "Round the Red Lamp"—A. Conan Doyle.

TRAVELS.

"The Oregon Trail"—F. Parkman.
 "A Walk in Hilla's"—D. Snider.
 "Unknown Switzerland"—Tissot.
 De Amici's Travels: "Spain," "Holland," "Paris," "Constantinople."
 "The Alps From End to End"—Conway.
 "First Across the Continent"—Noah Brooks.
 "The Santa Fe Trail"—Col. Inmann.
 Mountaineering in Colorado—Chapin.
 Du Chillu's "The Viking Age," "Land of the Midnight Sun."
 W. D. Howells's "Venetian Life."
 Burton Holmes's Travelogue Lectures.
 Clarence King's "Climbing the Sierras."
 "In the Old West"—Outing Pub. Co.
 "Great Salt Lake Trail"—Col. Inmann.
 "Joseph II and His Coat"—Marie Muhlbach.
 The Mountain—Prof. Jno. C. Vandyke. (\$1.25, Scribner.)

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Shakespeare's "Complets Works."
 Stidman's "American Mythology."
 Stidman's "Victorian."
 Bartlett's "Book of Quotations."
 Alfieri's "Brutus."
 W. W. Story's "Nero."
 Sinia's "Media."
 Bulwer's "Richillieu."
 Schiller's "Wallenstein and Wm. Tell."
 J. W. Riliz's Poems (complete).
 W. C. Bryant's Poems.
 Byron's Poems (complete).
 W. Scott's Poetry.
 Bret. Hart's Poems.

ORATORY.

"Orators and Oratory"—Wm. Matthews.
 Wendell Phillips's "The Lost Arts," "The True Grandeur of a Nation."
 "The Scholar in a Republic," "Toussaint L'ouverture."
 Cicero's "Old Age and Friendship."
 Edw. Everett's "Alaric, The Visigoth."
 Ingersoll's "Lincoln," "Voltaire," "Burns," and "Shakespeare."
 "George Washington"—Lord Brougham.
 H. W. Beecher's "An Oratory."
 Daniel Webster's "On the Constitution and the Union."
 "The New South"—G. W. Grady.

MUSIC AND ART.

"Music and Morals"—H. R. Haweis.
 "The Standard Opera Glass"—Upton.
 "Musical Mosaics"—Gates.

SCIENCE.

Captain Lahn's "Sea Power."
 Tyndall's "Fragments of Science."
 Richard A. Proctor's "Other Worlds Than Ours."

BOOKS FOR A YOUNG LADY'S LIBRARY.

Compiled by E. D. Phillips.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Parton's "Daughters of Genius."
 "Girls Who Became Famous"—Sarah K. Boulton.
 "Life of Madame de Stael"—Abel Stevens.
 "Noble Deeds of Women"—Elizabeth Starling.
 "Queens of England"—Agnes Trickland.
 "Mrs. Th. Carlyle's "Letters."
 Sainte Beuves' "Portraits of Women."
 John Lord's "Famous Women," Vol. V Beacon Lights of History.
 Mark Twain's "Joan of Arc."
 Thomas's "Comprehensive Biographical Dictionary."
 J. K. Hosmer's "German Literature."
 Asarnett's "Italian Literature."
 F. Kelley's "Spanish."
 Hutson's "French Literature."

TRAVELS.

John E. Stoddard's or Burton Holmes' "Travelogues."
 Hopkinson Smith's "Gondola Days."
 Anna Fuller's "Venetian June."
 Mrs. Brassy's "Voyage of the Sunbeam."
 Lady Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan."
 Hopkinson Smith's "White Umbrella."

ETHICAL.

The Bible.
 Lubbock's "Pleasures of Life."
 "The Greatest Thing in the World"—Drummond.
 "Vacations for Girls"—Laselle and Wiley.
 "Talks on a Fine Art"—Elizabeth Glover.

FICTION.

Geo. Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner."
 Anna Fuller's "Literary Courtship."
 Laura E. Richards' "Marie."
 Henry James' "Daisy Miller" and "Bostonians."
 Walter Besant's "Rebel Queen."
 Auerbach's "On the Heights."
 Scott's "Kenilworth."
 Wm. Black's "Judith Shakespeare."
 Balzac's "Pierre Goriot."
 Marlitt's "Old Mamselle's Secret."
 Caskoden's "When Knighthood Was in Flower."
 Thackerary's "Virginians."
 Thackerary's "Vanity Fair."
 Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Little Dorrit."
 Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities."
 Dickens' "Crocket on the Hearth."
 "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush"—Ivin Maclaren.
 Mary Fisher's "Gertrude Dorrance."
 Olive Shriner's "Dreams" and "African Farm."
 Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables."
 Oulde's "Two Little Wooden Shoes" and "Bebee."
 Geo. W. Cable's "Grandissimes."
 Howell's "A Modern Instance."
 Maud Goodwin's "White Aprons."
 Helen Hunt Jackson's "Romona."
 Blackmore's "Lorna Doone."
 Madame de Stael's "Corinne."
 Hopkinson Smith's "Colonel Carter's Christmas."
 "Our Village"—Miss Milford.
 "Let Us Follow Him"—Slenkiewicz.
 "Flute and Violin"—Jr. Le Allen.
 "Mollie Make Believe"—Eleanor H. Abbot.
 "Spirit of Sweet Water"—Hamlin Garland.
 "If I Were a Girl Again"—Lucy E. Keller.
 "The Cloister and the Hearth"—Chas. Reade.
 "Put Yourself in His Place"—Chas. Reade.
 "The Marble Faun"—Hawthorne.
 "The Scarlet Letter"—Hawthorne.
 "Marda"—Ebers.
 "Last Days of Pompeii"—Bulwer.
 Stockton's "Rudden Grange."
 Crawford's "In the Palace of the King."
 Crawford's "Francesca de Rimini."
 Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs."
 "The Missourian"—Eugene Lyle.
 Longfellow's "Hyperion."
 Fanny Burney's "Cecelia."
 "Jane Eyre"—Charlotte Bronte.
 "The Head of a Hundred" and "White Aprons"—Miss M. W. Goodwin.
 "Without Dogma"—Hen Slenkiewicz.
 "Margaret Ogilvy"—J. M. Harrie.
 "Abbe Constantin"—Le Halevy.
 "Marie Antoinette"—Marie Muhlbach.
 "Imaginary Conversations Between Pericles and Aspasia"—W. S. Landis.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

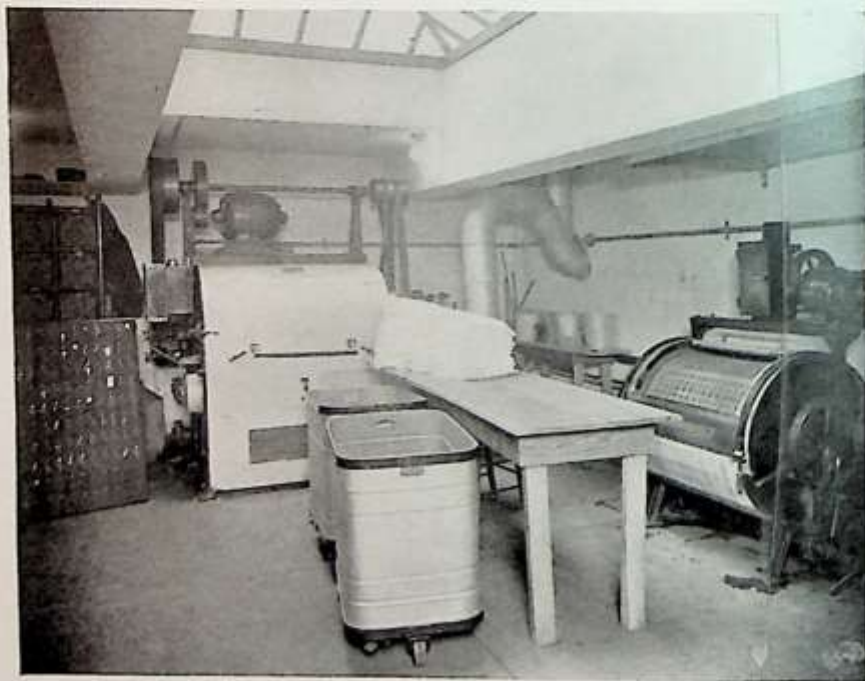
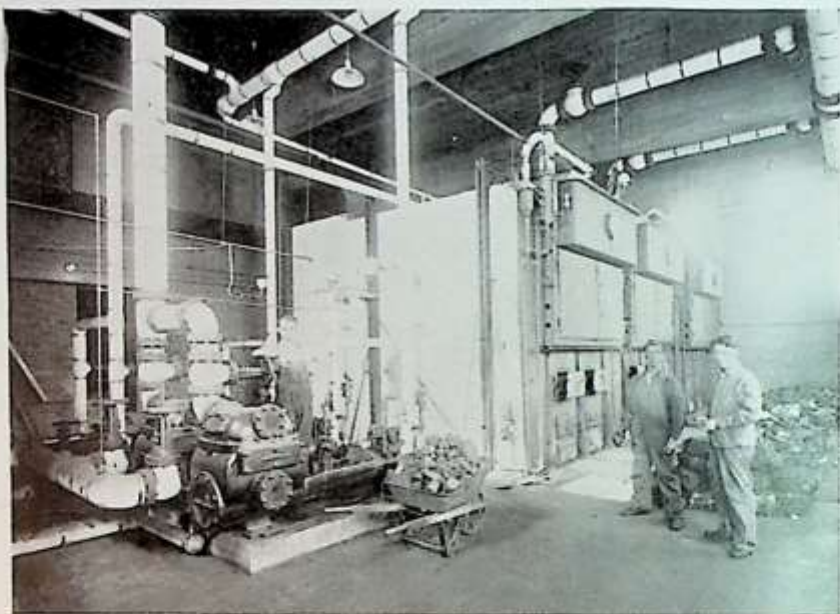
J. G. Holland's "Katrina" and "Mistress of the Maduse."
 J. G. Holland's "Bitter Sweet."
 Stedman's "American Anthology."
 Stedman's "Victorian."
 Longfellow's Poems (complete).
 Tennyson's Poems (complete).
 Mrs. Browning's Poems (complete).
 Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Poems (complete).
 Jean Ingelow's Poems (complete).
 Helen Hunt Jackson's Poems (complete).
 J. Whitcomb Riley's Poems (complete).
 Thomas Moore's "Lalah Rusk."
 Owen Meredith's "Lucile."
 Shakespeare's Works.
 H. Hertz's "King Rene's Daughter."
 W. D. Howell's "Farces."
 "Sonnets of Europe"—Waddington.
 Bartlett's "Quotations."
 W. Scott's Poems.
 Johann Ambrosius's Poems, German Edition, translated into English.

ESSAYS.

W. Irving's "Sketch Book" and "Alhambra."
 Alex. T. Smith's "Dream Thorpe."
 Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light."
 H. Mabie's "Under the Trees."
 H. Mabie's "Nature and Culture."
 Henry Van Dyke's "Little Rivers."
 Charles Lamb's "Essays of Elia."
 Mrs. Jameson's "Shakespeare's Women."

MUSIC AND ART.

"Music and Morals"—H. R. Hawes.
 "The Standard Opera Glass"—Annesley.
 "Standard Operas"—Upton.
 "Musical Mosaics"—Gates.
 "Music Study in Germany"—Amy Fay.



Top—The Engine Room. Bottom—The Laundry.



Organizations.

- Senior Class
- Junior Class
- Sophomore Class
- Northeast Society of Debate
- Alpha Lit. Society
- Delphian Lit. Society
- Northeast Shakespeare Club
- Der Deutsche Verein
- Les Penseurs
- Sociedad Castellana
- Northeast Treble Clef Club
- Northeast Glee Club
- Northeast Orchestra
- Science Club
- Six Foot Club



SENIOR BALLOT.

At a recent meeting of the Senior class the following Senior ballot was elected:

Herbert Chapman	The man who has done the most for Northeast
Ebert Hartwell	Class social lion
Irving Brown	Most genuine boy student
Esther Wilcox	Most genuine girl student
"Ike" Eppinger	Foremost athlete
"Les" Warren	A jolly good fellow
Martha Thompson	Most popular girl
Helen Sailors	Worst girl flatterer
J. John Gillis	Worst bluffer
Leah Patt	Society belle
Elsie Calhoun	A jolly good girl
Lucile Meinhoffer	The girl who has done the most for Northeast
John Monteith	Most popular boy



SENIOR OFFICERS



Clayton Gordon

N. S. D.

Senior President '16; Nor'easter Staff '16; Junior Gift Receiver '15; Spanish Club '15, '16; Pres. Spanish Club '15; President N. S. D. '16; North-east Aff. Debate Team '16.

Oh, this learning—what a thing it is!

Sarah Helen Goldsmith

Has not the voice of a "suff."

Marie Gordon

Modest and unassuming.

Tropha Gillespie

N. S. C. '16; Science Club.

A friend to all, and a good one.

Paul Worth Gilkeson

The quiet kind, but a good kid.

Catherine Fitzsimmons

Spanish Club '16.

Chemistry shark!

Ceella Fargo

French Club '16.

She has a smile that immediately wins everyone's heart.

Milton Clark

A perfect gentleman.

Harry L. Wagner
Science Club.
"He aspires to be an architect."

Phil Smith
Nor'easter Staff '15
N. S. D. '14
Class B. B. '14, '15, '16
Class Track '15, '16

Ruby Holland
N. S. C.
Secretary Senior Class '16;
Spanish Club; Treble Clef
Club '16.
Often mistaken for Mary Pickford. She worries "Chappie" more than his Nor'easter work.

Ebert Morton Hartwell
N. S. D. '16
Glee Club; Class Track '16;
Class B. B. '15, '16; Senior Play
'16.
His good sense, pleasing manners, happy disposition, all help to make him one of the best all around fellows we know.

Edward J. Morris
Is still plugging at the inexhaustible "Fountain" of knowledge.

Mary Stearns
Very fond of American History. Just ending a brilliant high school career.

Dorothy Manning
"Her eyes are of the brightest blue."

Allen Compton
A "Pet" with all his teachers. We call him "Pete."





Herbert Chapman
 N. S. D. '15, '16
 Junior Treasurer '15
 Nor'easter Staff '15
 Editor-in-Chief '16
 Aff. Debate '15
 Aff. Debate '16
 President Debaters '16
 Pres. High School Club '16
 Senior Ballot

The man who has done the most for Northeast.
 Altho he has been with us only a comparatively short time, his name will linger long in our hearts and memories. Has made Northeast's school spirit. He leaves high school with more than many men possess when their course is run.

John Gillis.
 N. S. D. '14, '15
 Six-Foot Club
 G. O. P. Politician
 Senior Ballot
Northeast's worst bluffer.

Katherine Curry
Oh, those darling curls!

Gertrude Lewellyn
 A. L. S. '16; Treble Clef '15, '16; President Treble Clef '16; Girls' Aff. Debate '16.
Has charmed one of our teacher aspirants.

Marguerite Ziekafouse
 N. S. C. '16; President N. S. C. '16; Girls' Aff. Debate '16; Treble Clef '15, '16.
Some debater! She could convince anyone.

Robert Ward
A student and an American History shark.

John Monteith
 N. S. D.
 Senior Treasurer
 Junior President
 Nor'easter Staff '15, '16
 Head Business Manager '16
 Glee Club President '15
 Glee Club '14, '15, '16
 President High School Club '16
 Neg. Debate Team '16
 Senior Play Cast '16
 Class Basket Ball '14, '15
 Second Team Basket Ball '14, '15
 Class Track '14, '15, '16
 Track Team '16
 Senior Ballot

Northeast's most popular boy.
 John "came out" in this junior year. From then on he has been the mainstay of the Nor'easter from a financial standpoint.
 "The way he can rustle ads is simply wonderful. For further information we refer you to Louise."

Xenophon Smith
 N. S. D. '14, '15
 N. S. D. '14, '15; Assistant Cheer Leader '15; Class Track '16; Glee Club '15; Senior Play '16; French Club '16.
"Could talk a talking machine to death."

Leon Leeds
 Class Track '16.
*Is just as nice as he looks—
 which is saying a good deal.*

Ruth Caryl McGoon
 N. S. C. '16; Science Club '16.
*One of the best looking girls we
 know of*

Luelle Melnhoffer
 A. L. S. '14, '15, '16; Nor'easter
 Staff '16; German Club '15;
 Girls' Neg. Debate '16; Senior
 Play Cast '16.
*Exceedingly wise, fair spoken,
 and persuading.*

Fred Lukens
 N. S. C.
 Pres. of Shakespeares '16
 Class Track '15, '16
*Fred is unusually interested in
 St. Joe. He is the calibre of boy
 we admire at Northeast.*

Fern Macey
Just a plain, sweet girl.

Marie Morgan
Has a most winning smile.

Henry Lawrence Mayo
*"A nice girl could do wonders
 with me."*

Luelle Mathis
A tennis player of great ability.





1916

Avin Harper

His modesty cannot hide his virtues.

Elizabeth Kinley

A sprightly person fully endowed with all the requisites of grace.

Margaret Lyddon

Treble Clef '15, '16.
She won't tell who the fret pin belongs to—suspicious!

Fred B. Jenkins, Jr.

N. S. D. '14, '15, '16
Soph. Reporter; German Club '15.
A pessimist in love. "Oh, the midnight oil—Gasoline."

Queenie Mae Lewis

Quiet and studious.

Eleanor Latchem

Her soft voice and alluring charms have won her many friends.

Richard Lockridge

He possesses the wit of Mark Twain. He is a born humorous writer.

Ruth Nordburg

Treble Clef '12.
A lover of music and English Lit.



Alfred Rice
Laughs at all Mr. Wildish's jokes.

Florence Wilson
*With a smile and words of hope,
gave encouragement to every toiler.*

Esther Amelia Wilcox
N. S. C. '14.
*She is a scholar, and a right good
one.*

Vernon A. Wilson
N. S. D. '15; Silver Medal Poem
'14; Silver Medal Poem '15.
*"He is gentle, mild, and virtu-
ous."*

Irene Wieber
French Club '15, '16.
*Seeks entertainment in the pur-
suit of knowledge.*

Elizabeth Watson
*A staunch and fervent advocate
of her own personal views.*

Louisa Wood
A. L. S. '14.
Is fond of George's.

Lester Warren
Glee Club '15; Second B. B.
Team '15; "N" B. B. '16; "N"
Track '16; Class B. B. '15, '16;
Class Baseball '15; Reporter
Senior '16.
"Down at Lucile's house."



1916

Raymond Stephens

A jolly good "scout."

Martha Thompson

A. L. S. '14, '15, '16; Charter Sergeant at Arms A. L. S.; Nor'easter Staff '16; Vice-President Senior Class '16; French Club '14, '15, '16; Senior Play Committee; President French Club '15.

"Queenly of spirit, big of heart. We cannot help but love her."

Graham Scott

A studious, smart fellow.

Fay Alta Thurman

A. L. S. '14; Treble Clef '14, '15, '16; President Treble Clef '15.

"Blessed with sound sense and cheerfulness."

Madge Tower

Senior Play Cast '16.

She is small, but wry! how she can talk!

Gladys Turner

Liked by all who know her.

Hewitt Swearingen

N. S. C. '14, '15

"N" Man B. B. '14, '15, '16; Captain B. B. '16; Class Track '15; Class Baseball '15; Glee Club '14, '16.

Swears off smoking every week.

Joseph Schwarz

N. S. D. '14, '15; Treasurer Sophomores '14; Sergeant at Arms '15; Assistant Cheer Leader '15; Cheer Leader '16; "N" Man Track '14, '15, '16; Captain Track '16; Class Track '14, '15; Class B. B. '16; German Club '14, '15, '16; President German Club '15; Senior Gift Committee; Senior Play.

"The Kaiser's best friend—also Northeast's."

Bransford Crenshaw
 N. S. C.
 Class Track '15, '16; "N" Man
 Track '16; Northeast Relay
 Team '16; Science Club '16;
 German Club '15.

Hazel Brunson
Exquisitely fair and pert.

Willy Mae
A speaker without words.

Ernest C. Crow
Has a perpetual smile.

Mary Donahue
*A member of the famous Donahue
 family passing through Northeast.*

Ruth Alice Diven
 Science Club '16.
*Her smile is the kind that never
 comes off.*

Herbert Barnby
 N. S. C. '16; Science Club '16;
 President Science Club '16;
 Chairman Senior Pin Com-
 mittee.
*The social lion of the Shake-
 speares.*

Iona Cushwa
A smile for everyone.





Clark Baker

"He speaks in a monstrous little voice."

Hester Burre

Fresh air is her chief source of pleasure.

Alice Angle Brace

Bright eyes. Noted for her independence.

Bernlee Bridgens

A. L. S. '15, '16; President A. L. S. '16; Science Club '16.
*"Little and lively, and wholly care-free—
That's what an ideal girl must be."*

Vincent Bynan

Does not crave the limelight.

Louise Betz

A. L. S. '14, '15, '16
German Club '15, '16
Science Club '16
Orchestra '14, '15, '16
Natural gifts well applied. Ask her how to get to Spruce avenue.

Marlon A. Blakeslee

A. L. S. '16; Gold Medal Dec. '14; N. S. C. '14.
A maid of grace and complete majesty.

Cecil Blanpled.

Science Club '16; Six Foot Club '16.
His knowledge is packed six feet deep.

Edwin O. Goodson
Class Track '16.
Got 100 on a final exam. in English Lit.—Whoopce!

Mary Jeffries
N. S. C. '15, '16.
Padlocked and chained to class day.

Gladys Hill
Treble Clef '14, '15.
*Blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as to-day.*

George Holland
N. S. D. '14, '15
Broke an automobile fender one time at an initiation party.

Ethel Hardy
She is timid, but a sincere friend.

Florence Greene
Treble Clef '15.
To know her is to like her.

Forrest Harrison
"N" Man Track '16; Northeast Relay Team '16.
Forrest burns up the track every once in a while.

Julia Jansen
A girl who just can't make her eyes behave.





David C. Oberlin

Goes without his lunch to talk to _____ (?)

Margaret Pulliam

A hard worker, but one who enjoys life.

Ruth Storms

Her good deeds shine as the stars in heaven.

Ralph Putnam

Class B. B. '16; Second Team B. B. '16.

Would make good football material.

Margaret Leone Self

N. S. C. '16; Science Club.

*"The way is never very long
If measured with a smile and
song."*

Goldie Self

N. S. C. '16; Science Club '16.

Her very name proclaims herself.

Leonard A. Rehard

Good-natured chap and a friend to all.

Mary Alice Winstead

A. L. S. '14, '16; French Club '15.

Lots of pep and a good sport.

Earl Ackerman
N. S. C.

German Club '14, '15, '16; President German Club '15; Class Track '16.

One of the "Krupps" of the German Club.

Margaret Barbee

A sweet girl and an excellent student.

Frances Margaret Armstrong
N. S. C. '16; Treble Clef Club '16.

She strives to keep on the sunny side of life, but is ever ready with helpful sympathy for those who walk in the shade.

Bern Anderson

Science Club '16.

A small head, but more in it than in some larger ones.

Katherine Allen

"She has the quiet way of one who knows how to cook."

Cora Alice Arnold

A. L. S. '15, '16; French Club '15, '16.

She is with us in body, but her thoughts sometimes stray.

Pearl B. Burk

She is so quiet one would never know she was near.

John Robert Bennington

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."





1916

John Black

Glee Club '14, '15, '16; Class Track '16.

Takes his time for everything, but usually gets there.

Elsie Cathoun

A. L. S. '15.

Some artist! Will be famous in future years.

Lucile Campbell

A. L. S. '14; Nor'easter Staff '16; Treble Clef '14, '15.

Has an admiring court all her own.

Taylor Burton

N. S. D.

Senior Sergeant-at-Arms
Class B. B. '15, '16
Class Track '14, '15

We are very proud of Taylor.

Jean Coffin

A. L. S. '16; Science Club;
Girls' Aff. Debate '15.

A bundle of good nature.

Norma Batchelor

Speaks softly, but to the point.

Verna Blunt

Graced with loving kindness.

Harry Burnes

Class Track '14, '15

Very quiet, but knows more than he lets on.

Guy Martin
We expect to hear of Guy in the near future.

Martha E. Mitchell
A conscientious student, a faithful friend.

Margaret Minnis
 N. S. C. '15, Treble Clef '15, '16; Orchestra '15, '16.
Northeast's Melba.

Paul Miller
 N. S. D.
 Six-Foot Club
 Science Club
Has been a model boy since he met Florence.

Almoretta Dorothen Morgan
Dorothen—it suits her exactly.

Lucille V. Miller
 Treble Clef '15.
She gave light without meaning to shine.

Raymond McLaughlin
 Glee Club '14, '15
A born song bird. Came to us from Chillicothe.

Nancy McClintock
 German Club '15, '16.
Her very frowns are fairer far Than smiles of other maidens are.





Milton McGinnis

Milton has too many outside worries to crave the limelight.

Genevieve McKim

A. L. S. '14, '15, '16.
"As merry as the day is long."

Helen Mary O'Connell

Aspires to be thin.

Carl W. Ohleson

N. S. C. '16; Spanish Club '15, '16; Science Club '16; President N. S. C. '16; Class Track '14, '15, '16; Class D. R. '15, '16.
An athlete and a gentleman.

Muriel Naylor

Library, sixth hour, is a habit with her.

Lila Mae Phares

"My man in Arizona."

Harold Morgan

Class Track '15, '16; Track Team '16.
A jolly good friend.

Grace Patrick

Made a fine Indian Northeast day

Lewis Downie

Quiet, skeptical, but a good friend.

Retha Rose

German Club '14, '15, '16;
President German Club '15.

*A candy pest on Northeast day,
but everyone likes her.*

Donald Parker

Six Foot Club '16.

*A blushing bud of innocence—
enough said.*

Leah Pitt

A. L. S. '14, '15, '16; Nor'easter
Staff '16; Secretary Sopho-
more Class '14; Vice-President
Junior Class '15; French Club
'15; President Alpha '16; Sen-
ior Play Committee '16.

*Bright, clever, pretty, and attrac-
tive. What more could she be?*

Martha M. Rollins

Manufacturers Parade Essay,
3d prize. Treble Clef '15, '16.

"She captur eth all men."

Harry McConnell

N. S. C.

Pres. Shakespeare '16
Pres. Spanish Club '16
Spanish Club '15, '16
Class B. B. '15, '16
Class Track '14, '15, '16
Track Team '15, '16
Relay Team '16
N. Man. Track '16

*Harry has a particular love for
small, light-haired girls.*

Mildred Northrup

A. L. S. '14, '15; Junior Recep-
tion Committee '15; Senior
Play Cast '16; Chairman Sen-
ior Social Committee '16.

*Take it easy, have your fun,
And let the old world flicker;
The girl who's always on the run
Won't "get there" any quicker.*

George Sibley

N. S. D. '15, '16

Senior Giftorian '16; Silver
Medal Dec. '15; "Nor'easter"
Staff '16; Secretary Junior
Class '15; Chairman French
Club '15; President N. S. D.
'16; Junior Reception Com-
mittee '15; Chairman Senior
Play Committee '16; Aff. De-
bate '15; Aff. Debate Team
'16; Class Baseball '15; Sen-
ior Play '16; Class track '15, '16;
Class B. B. '16.

*He thinks concisely, acts pru-
dently. A born leader.*





Paul Cole
N. S. D.

Senior Play '16; Six Foot Club; Glee Club '16; Northeast Neg. Debate Team '16.
Northeast's Forbes-Robertson.

Anna Belle Jones

Spanish Club '15, '16.
With smiling lips and sharp, bright eyes, which always seemed the same.

John Black

Again and yet.

Sophie Maude Johnson
N. S. C.

First Prize Manufacturers Parade Essay; Treble Clef '14, '15, '16.
Specializes in music, but is fond of tennis.

Dorothy Marion Sawyer

A. L. S. '14, '15, '16; Sergeant at Arms Sophomore Class '14; President A. L. S. '16; Junior Reception Committee; Senior Play Cast.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star-actress.

Harry Cooper

Glee Club '14, '15, '16; Spanish Club.
A demon on the piano.

Rebecca Stipp

Treble Clef '15, '16; Senior Play Cast '16.
"Isn't my man adorable!"

Bryant Comstock

Glee Club '16.
"My only books were a woman's looks and follies as they thought me."

Irving Brown

N. S. D. '14, '15, '16; Winner 1st prize S. A. R. Contest '15; Nor'easter Staff '14, '15, '16; Junior Reporter '15; German Club '15, '16; President N. S. D. '16; Senior Announcement Committee; Chairman Northeast Aff. Debate Team '15, '16.
"A mind full of knowledge is a mind that never fails."

Arleta Burke

Spanish Club '15, '16.
A loyal Nor'easter—the mainstay of the Spanish Club.

Isaac H. Eppinger

N. S. D. '16; Glee Club '14, '15; Class Baseball '14, '15, '16; Class B. B. Captain '16; Class Track '15, '16; "N" Man B. B. '15, '16; "N" Man Track '15, '16; Northeast Relay Team '16; "All Star" Guard '16; Senior Play '16; Junior Rec. Com. '15.
A thinker, a fine fellow, and an athlete—a rare combination.

Dorothea A. Christopher

Spanish Club '16.
"A young lady of excellent merits and sweet disposition."

Gladys Taute

Treble Clef '15, '16.
A jolly good mixer.

Lawrence Swisher

N. S. D. '14, '15, '16
 Six Foot Club '16.
Billy Sunday's understudy.

Helen Sallors

A. L. S. '14, '16; Treble Clef Club '14, '15, '16; Orchestra '15, '16; Spanish Club '16.
"The wizard of the worries."

Ewing Gibson

The fellow that invented sleep.
 N. S. D. '14, '15, '16; "Nor'easter" Staff '16; Senior Play '16; Senior Class Track '16; Junior Reception Committee '15; Chairman Senior Program Committee '16; Class Track '16; Science Club '16.
"Gib"—an all around fellow, Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

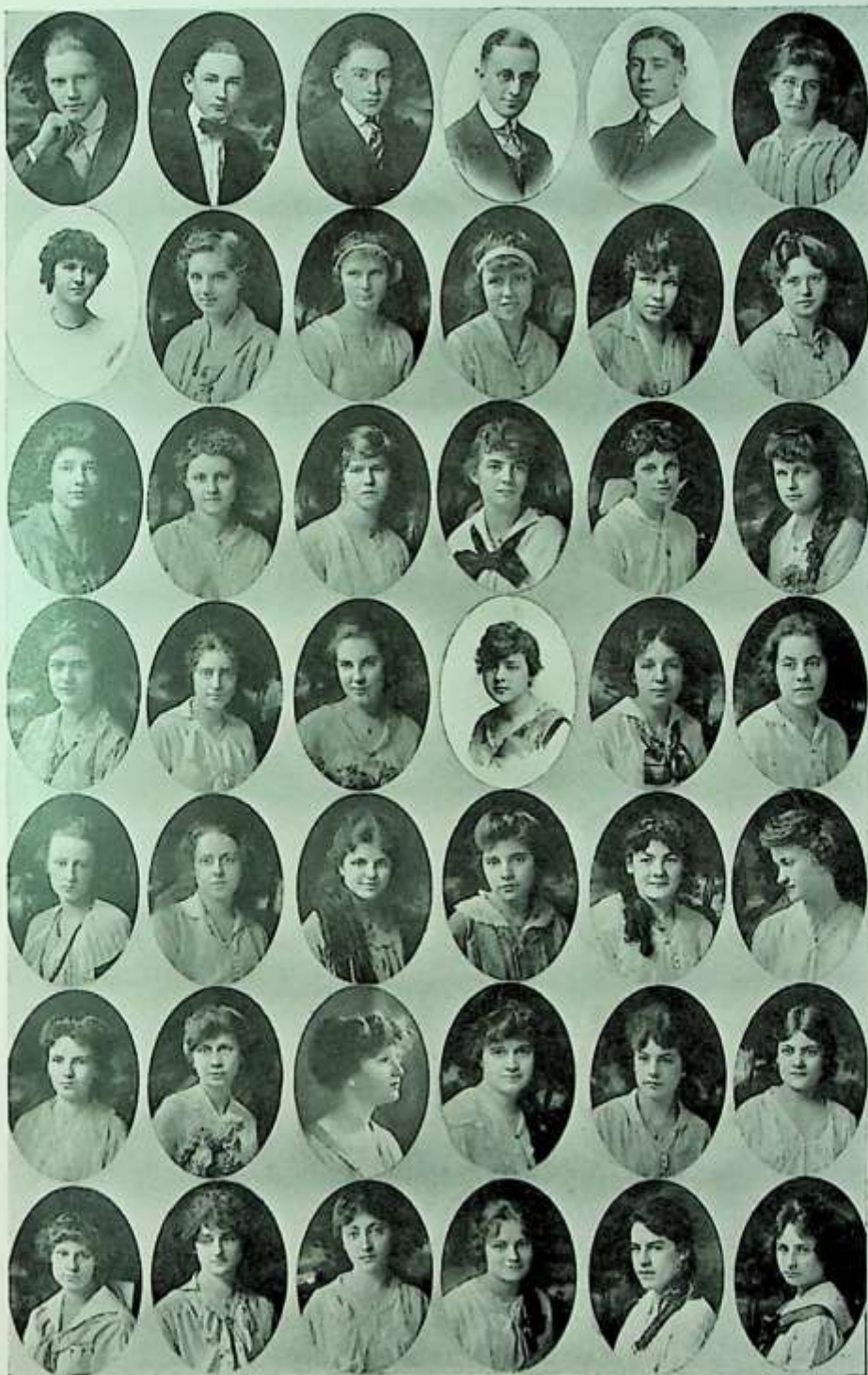




JUNIOR OFFICERS






























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SOPHOMORES

M. S. ...

 IRVING BROWN	 HERBERT CHAPIN	 GEORGE COMBS	 ISAAC EPPINGER	 VERGIL EWING
 CHAUNCY FLAGG	 CLAYTON GORDON	 ELLSWORTH RAAS	 FRED JENKINS	 PAUL JONES
 ALEXANDER KURTIS	 PHILIP MCCRUE	 NSD	 RICHARD MCCRUE	 JAMES MCCRUE
 LESLIE NICKELL	 LELAND SHOUT	 GEORGE SIBLEY	 RAY SILER	 FRANK SNELL
 MAXWELL TAYLOR	 GEORGE TURNER	 PAUL MILLER	 EWING GIBSON	 JOHN MONTEITH
 ROBERT ALCORN	 TAYLOR BUKTON	 EBERT HARTWELL	 DALZY FLAGG	 PAUL COLE

NORTHEAST SOCIETY OF DEBATE.

"Possunt quia posse videntur."

Colors: Red and Black.

Adviser: Mr. S. B. Apple, Jr.

THE DEBATERS.

Who in Northeast has not heard of the N. S. D.? It is the second club in Northeast High School from the standpoint of age. (The Alphas are five minutes older.) From the first of its history, the N. S. D. has held its standard high. Every N. S. D. man is a jolly good fellow, a mixer and an all around MAN. Debaters are in every branch of school activities. For all of the three years of Northeast's existence, every member of the boys' two debate teams and all three of the editors have been debaters.

The following is one of their typical society songs:

We are the Club of Northeast High
For we're the N. S. D.
We have some right good fellows,
And a famous history.

Chorus:



I tell you sing, Debaters, sing,
Sing, Debaters, sing,
Let her glories ring,
Let 'em ring.

For when old Noah built the ark
To keep out the sea,
He would not let a man inside
That was not N. S. D.

And Daniel in the Lion's den,
Was happy as could be,
For he knew the Lion would not hurt
A brother N. S. D.

And Jonah down inside the whale
Did not exert a frown,
For he knew that even that old whale
Couldn't keep a debater down.

And when in future years we sit
With babies on our knees,
We'll tell them that the Alpha-bet
Begins with N. S. D.

And when we're dead and gone below,
To sail the fiery sea,
We'll twist the Devil by his tail
And yell for N. S. D.



ALTA CALHOUN



DOROTHY ENSHINGER



ELSIE FRISBIE



VIRGINIA HARRISON



LEAH PATT



CATHERINE SMALLY



MARGERITE COOK



MARTHA THOMPSON



BERNICE HARDY



ELIZABETH MILLET



MARY WINSTEAD



MILDRED WEEKS



MRS. S. CUNNINGHAM



GERTRUDE LEWELLYN



EUEL F. NOWLIN



GENEVIEVE KRIM



MARGERITE PECK



DOROTHY SAWYER



HELEN SAILORS



JEAN COFFIN



ELWYN BRIDGENS



ALPHA



ALICE ARNOLD



DOROTHY WALL



JANET DYER



MARION BLAKESLEE



MONA RAMSAY



HELEN BOYD



JEAN SLAVENS



FAY BOLME



DERYL BISHOP



LOUISE BETZ



HELEN SNEDAKER

ALPHA LITERARY SOCIETY.

"Esse Quam Videri."

Colors: Gold and White.

Flower: Lonquil.

Chaperon: Mrs. Cunningham.



"THE ALPHAS."

It is rather singular that the Alpha Literary Society was organized October 13, 1913, with thirteen charter members, when we consider how successful that club has proved itself. The high ideals established by our charter members we have endeavored to live up to faithfully. First came Lucille Nowlin (a second C. H. Nowlin), charter president of the Alphas and German Club and first senior president, who was not only an example to her club, but also to her school. Helen Wallace, vice-president and charter president of *Les Penseurs*, was a girl whom we shall always remember by her strong personality. Dorothy ("Pat") Barto, secretary, was one of the girls to start the "pep" in Northeast. We all missed Marian Meriwether, the treasurer, when she left us; and Blanche Houston made a splendid initiator and one whom we were proud of. Then Eloise McNutt, our critic, won many honors for her club, the greatest of which was first prize in the Sons of Revolution Essay Contest (1914)—the first honor won for Northeast. Last of the officers was Martha Thompson (alias "Tommie"), who is a member of the Nor'easter staff, vice-president of the Seniors, was president of the French Club, at first was on the Debate Team, but—scarlet fever (uno). She has won the Senior ballot: "Most popular girl." The others were Kathleen Rodebush, Gladys Behnke, Leta McLain, Louise Wells, Ethel Norton, and Ethel Rush, who wrote the school song, "To Northeast," and was Senior secretary (1914). If space permitted, much praise could be bestowed upon these five girls, but we shall merely mention the fact that the first year three Alphas were on the Nor'easter staff, six were presidents of other clubs, Irene Thurman was vice-president of the Juniors, and three of the Sophomore officers were Alphas. We won the first Literary Contest with 14 joints (Helen Wallace and Ethel Rush won gold medals in story and poem).

The second year of Northeast's existence the Alphas were still forging ahead as usual. They started out with three members on the Nor'easter staff, four on the first Girls' Debating Teams, and six were presidents of other clubs. Just to show that we were "good sports," we let the "Debaters" win the Literary Contest, but we came in second with 11 points (Virginia Harrison and Dorothy Barto each won a gold medal in story and poem), and so 1915 closed with a flourish.

Now to this year's history! It has certainly been filled with good times in full measure, even if it did mean hard work at times. Much of the success this year is due to our three popular presidents—Leah Patt, Bernice Bridgens and Dorothy Sawyer. "Patt" is one of the most popular girls in school, "Bunny" by her sweet self has gained many friends, and "Dot the Hustler" won a silver medal in the Declamation.

Then Lucille Meinhoffer, who, as her Senior ballot indicates, has done much for her school. She has also been prominent in four clubs. There are many others who might be mentioned, but suffice it to say that this year five Alphas were on the Nor'easter staff, seven on the Debate Teams, and four were presidents of other clubs. Mona Ramsey is vice-president of the Juniors and every president of the H. S. C. (Ethel Norton, Eloise McNutt, Mildred Northrop, Elsie Frisbie) has been in Alpha. And, oh, the best of all! We won the Literary Contest **again** with 18 points. (Marian Blaksley is the first girl to win gold medal in oration; Dorothy Eusminger and Janet Dyer won gold medal in story and poem.) Jean Slavens also won the second prize in the Sons of the Revolution Essay Contest.

All these facts go to prove that the "Alpha" is the all-round, jolly, good hustler who is working for the good of her society, classmates and school, no matter what the sacrifice. The Alpha strives to be democratic, capable, ambitious, energetic, competent, honorable girl of high ideals. She tries to develop mentally, morally and socially.

We are always on the lookout for girls of high standards who are striving to make something of themselves. So here's to the Alpha of the past, present, and future. "May thy future be successful as thy past begun."

**Delphian
Literary
Society**

CARROLL PEALE
DOROTHY BAXTER
WILLIAM GWATKIN
RUTH PETERMAN
JOE BIRKINGHAM
FLORENCE SWAIN
DOROTHY BRIGGS
MISS ADAMS
MISS MARGUALL
HESTER LAWRENCE
JOSEPH HOUSTON
DOROTHY BOLTS
FRED CILPIN
BLANCH THOMPSON
MARGARET BROWN
HELEN IDA GRAVES
HARRY ROEBER
MARION BRIDGEMAN
MORZELLE MORGAN

DELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Motto: "Virtute non verbis."

Colors: Purple and Gold.

Officers.

President	William Gwathkin
Vice-President	Ruth Peterman
Secretary	Dorothy Baxter
Treasurer	Florence Swain
Sergeant-at-Arms	Joe Birmingham
Critic	Dorothy Briggs
Initiator	Carroll Peale
Faculty Adviser	Miss Adams

Members.

1917.

Dorothy Bolts
Dorothy Briggs
William Gwathkin
Murzello Morgan
Florence Swain

1918.

Dorothy Baxter
Marian Bridgford
Joe Birmingham
Joseph Houston
Elizabeth Lewis
Ruth Peterman
Carroll Peale
Blanche Thompson
Harry Roebber

1919.

Margaret Brown
Helen Ida Graves
Fred Gilpin
Hester Lawrence

THE D. L. S.

The D. L. S. is the new society, the Delphian Literary Society, that was organized in Northeast on April twentieth, nineteen hundred and sixteen. The colors by which it is represented are royal purple and gold; the flower is the stately purple aster. Its motto is "Virtute non verbis." This society is organized for the study of English Literature, the mutual improvement of its members, the fostering of high ideals in the social life of Northeast High School. It is composed of both girls and boys. The standard of the society is an average grade of Good. Out of gratitude to Miss Marshall for help and encouragement in the effort to organize, the society unanimously voted her an honorary member and chaperon.



Carl Clark



Naomi Hammond



Eric Johnson



Mrs. Richard



Francis Misselwitz



Fania Robbers



Glen Edvardell



Mary Jeffries



Paul Molland



Sophia Gulerie



Mabel Ohlsson



Clifford Chamberlain



Carl Utman



Herbert Burnsby



Gene Self



Sarah Fox



Carl Ericson



Margaret Saksfoss



Aileen Armstrong



Walter Blaker



Harry W. Gwinn



Goldie Self



Carl Asarman



Ana Hansock



Emy Molland



Franz Arntson



Arthur Wilson



Margaret Redmond



William Johnson



Franzona Grenshaw



Harry Mail



William S. Gwert



Sofia Johnson



Dean Blackman

NORTHEAST SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

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

Colors: Gold and Black.

Flower: Violet.

Adviser: Mr. James R. Cowan.



THE SHAKESPEARES.

The Northeast Shakespeare Society was the first mixed club in Northeast. We believe, not only in work, but also in having good times. Our work is demonstrated by the two Shakespearian plays which we presented in assembly and while on our numerous hikes and at our dances we have fun. Some of the brightest and best boys and girls in Northeast belong to our society. The list of our present members follows:

MEMBERS:

Earl Clark,
Naomi Hammond,
Willy Mae Marchant,
Francis Misselwitz,
Blenda Dahlberg,
Mary Jeffries,
Glenn Eberhardt,
Pearl Holland,
Trophie Gillespie,
Clifford Chamberlin,
Mabel Ohleson,
Carl Ohleson,
Leone Self,
Herbert Barnby,
Sarah Fox,
Caryl McGoon,
Marguerite Zickafoose,
Alleen Armstrong,
Harry McConnell,
Goldie Self,
Sylvester Maddox,
Earl Ackerman,
Erna Glasscock,
Frances Armstrong,
Bert Canfield,
Harry Hall,
Esther Wilcox,
Ruby Holland,
Margaret Redmond,
William Johnson,
Bransford Crenshaw,
Sophie Johnson,
Dean Blackman.



GRACE GOLDBLATT



HARRY ROEBEK



EDITH BROKAMP



KARL KOERBER

Der Deutsche Verein



HELEN LANDREE



THUSHELDA HOLT



GERTRUD VON UNSWORTH



BESSIE SNYDER



BONNIE FLINT



BETHA ROSE



RICHARD MCGEE



LUCILLE MEINERT



ADEYNE ROSE



NANCY MCELROY



HOBART VAN BLARCOM



HAZEL RADCLIFF



EARL ACKERMAN



ANYA HAGEDORN



CARL DETHLOFF



LOUISE BETZ



FRANK SNELL



HELEN TAYLOR



ALEXANDER KURFIS

DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN.

"Wer im geringen teau ist,
Ist auch im groszen tren."

Colors: Schwarz, weisz, rot.

Leiterin: Fraulein von unwerth.

MEMBERS:



Grace Goldblatt,
Harry Roeber,
Edith Brokamp,
Karl Koerper,
Helen Landree,
Thusnelda Holt,
Bessie Snyder,
Bonnie Flint,
Retha Rose,
Richard McGee,
Lucile Meinhoffer,
Adelyn Rose,
Nancy McClintock,
Hobart Van Blarcom,
Hazel Radcliff,
Earl Ackerman,
Anna Hagedorn,
Carl Dethloff,
Louise Betz,
Frank Snell,
Helen Tayolr,
Alexander Kurfis,

L E S PENSEURS

VIRGINIA HARRISON
 MARY SLATER
 MARGUERITE ENNIS
 ANN SIMPSON
 JAMES FIFIELD
 RUTH HAYWOOD
 MRS. GILLHAM
 DOROTHY BRIGGS
 BEERYL BISHOP
 KATHERINE BEEBE
 IRENE WIEBER
 MARY FORD
 ADELINE LEVY
 ALICE ARNOLD
 MARGUERITE COOK
 ALTA CALHOUN
 EVELYN ROSS
 JEAN SLAYEN
 DOROTHY BAXTER
 RUTH PETERMAN
 DOROTHY RENO
 CECILE EARGO
 ETHEL NOWLIN
 MARIAN LONGSHORF
 HELEN STEWART
 FRANCIS BROUGHTON
 JANET DYER

LES PENSEURS.

"La Liberta de la Renser."

Colors: Rouge et or.

Conseillere: Mademoiselle Gillham.

MEMBERS:

Virginia Harrison,
Mary Slater,
Marguerite Ennis,
Ann Simpson,
James Fifield,
Ruth Haywood,
Dorothy Briggs,
Beryl Bishop,
Katherine Beebe,
Irene Wieber,
Mary Ford,
Adeline Levy,
Alice Arnold,
Marguerite Cook,
Alta Calhoun,
Evelyn Ross,
Jean Slavens,
Dorothy Baxter,
Ruth Peterman,
Dorothy Reno,
Cecile Fargo,
Ethel Nowlin,
Marrian Longsdorf,
Helen Snedaker,
Frances Broughton,
Janet Dyer.



SOCIEDAD CASTELLANA



PEARL HOLLAND



ELIZABETH TAYLOR



BERTHA CHRISTOPHER



BERTHA DAVIDSON



RUBY HOLLAND



PHIL SMITH



HARRY McCONNELL



MAXWELL TAYLOR



ANNA BELLE JONES



HARRY COOPER



CATHERINE FITZSIMONS



FRANK LACKERTANA



GERTRUDE BELL



CHAUNCEY FLAGG



HELEN SAILORS



CARL OLESON



ARLETA BURKE



CLAYTON GORDON



ROBERT WARD



DOROTHY WALLACE



HELEN BOYD



EDWARD JACKLET



LOIS DINES

LA SOCIEDAD COSTELLANA.

Colors: Rojo y Amarillo.
 Critica y Consejera: Senora Gertrude Bell.

LA SOCIEDAD CASTELLANA.

By MAXWELL D. TAYLOR, '17.

Among the students of Northeast High School has been formed an organization with a most praiseworthy purpose. Its intent is to create a greater interest in the Spanish language, to exercise the conversational powers in this language to form a fraternal spirit between its members, and, finally, to work in conjunction with the Spanish Department proper. This organization is "La Sociedad Castellana."

"La Sociedad Castellana" made its initial appearance September 20, 1914. Since that time it has grown in size and influence. Its beneficial effects are plainly felt in the Spanish class room. The pupils easily attain that fluency of expression that is all-important in the study of a romance language. They learn to employ the difficult Spanish idioms with the greatest dexterity. These and other improved conditions bear witness to the efficacy of the Spanish Club in arousing interest in the Spanish language.

The grade requirements in the club create a spirit of rivalry for high scholarship among the students. To this spirit must the success of the Spanish Club be attributed. Such a spirit cannot fail to be a benefit to any club in which it is found, and such a club cannot but be an honor to the school to which it professes allegiance. La Sociedad Castellana stands forth in the full glory of achievement, a club among clubs in a school among schools.

LA SOCIEDAD CASTELLANA.

Por MAXWELL D. TAYLOR, '17.

Entre los discipulos de la escuela superior Norteste ha sido formada una organizaci3n con un prop3sito muy loable Su intento es crear un inter3s m3s grande en el espa3ol, ejercer las facultades conversacionales, formar un esp3ritu fraternal entre los miembros, y, finalmente, trabajar en conjuncion con el departamento espa3ol propio. Esta organizaci3n se llama "La Sociedad Castellana."

"La Sociedad Castellana" hizo su apariencia inicial, el 20 de septiembre, 1914. Desde aqu3l tiempo ha crecido en tama3o e influencia. Sus efectos ben3ficos se sienten en el cuarto de espanol. Los discipulos con mucha facilidad alcanzar la fluidez de estilo que es indispensable en 3l estudio de una lengua latina. Aprenden a emplear los dif3ciles modis mos espa3oles con la mayor destreza. Estas y otras conaiciones testifican la eficacia de "La Sociedad Castellana" en despertar el inter3s en el castellano.

Los requisitos de buenas calificativos en este club crea una esp3ritu de rivalidad por proeza literaria. A este esp3ritu el buen 3xito del club ha de ser atribuido. Tal esp3ritu no puede menos de ser un beneficio a cualquier club en que se halle, y tal club no puede menos de hacer honor a la escuela a la cual manifieste lealtad. "La Sociedad Castellana" se presenta en la gloria de haza3n, una sociedad entre sociedades en una escuela entre escuelas.



NORTHEAST TREBLE CLEF CLUB.

Colors: Purple and White.

Director: Mr. Frank E. Chaffee.



THE TREBLE CLEF CLUB.

MARGARET MINNIS, '16.

The Northeast Treble Clef Club is just three years old. But in the three years of its existence it has made wonderful progress.

The first meeting was held, 1913, in the Central High School Auditorium, now the Polytechnic Institute. About twenty girls were present who formed a charter and elected officers. Miss Mary Reed was our first President, and those who remember her know how faithfully she worked to make the club have a high standard. During the same school year, in the spring of 1914, a cantata was given by the musical clubs of all the High Schools, under the direction of Mr. Carl Busch. So greatly did the students and the audience enjoy his composition that it was decided to make the event an annual affair with each club contesting for a cup.

The beginning of the second year found us comfortably situated in our new school up in room 405, with Miss Kathleen Rhodebush as President. She was succeeded by Miss Alta Thurman. At the first of the year we began to work and the winning of the cup in the contest revealed the fruit of our toil. Over one-half of the members who had been in the clubs two years, graduated in the Class of '15 and we have missed their ardent support this last year.

Although more than fifty per cent of the club's present membership was taken from the school at large this year, there has never been such an enthusiastic spirit shown heretofore by the members of the student body. The club has given several social functions, concerts and still retained their position as one of the best musical clubs in the city. Miss Gertrude Lewellyn is our President now and her interest and work which has been of inestimable value, will have a great influence upon the welfare of the club in future years.

The last of the charter members will graduate this year. They are: Miss Sophie Johnson, Miss Florence Green, Miss Marguerite Zickfoose, Miss Rebecca Stipp, Miss Helen Sailors and Miss Margaret Minnis. Upon leaving Northeast these charter members desire to extend their sincere wishes that the club may be very successful and progress as much in the future as it has in the past.

When we think of the success of our Treble Clef Club we must not forget that it was due, mainly to Mr. Chaffee. It was he who worked so faithfully to get us up to our present standard and who is now conscientiously working in order that we may stay there.

GLEE CLUB

FIRST TENOR



LEWIS DOWNIE



GLYDE HENDRICKS



HARRY COOPERS



ARTHUR PENTICUFF



RAYMOND MCLACHLIN

FIRST BASS



HEWITT SWEARINGEN



JAMES BARNES



WALLACE LAWS



BRYANT COMSTOCK



PAUL COLE



HAROLD REDMON



JAMES PARSONS



BERNARD GILLIS



J. JOHN GILLIS

SECOND TENOR



ROBERT ALCORN



JOHN REDMOND



LOREN WALLINGFORD



GLENN EBERHARDT



ELLSWORTH HAAS

SECOND BASS



FERRIS TROTTER



JAMES FIFIELD



TAYLOR BURTON



JOHN BLACK



EBERT HAKTWELL



CHARLES BAKER

NORTHEAST GLEE CLUB.

Director: Mr. Frank E. Chaffee.

MEMBERS:

Lewis Downie,
Clyde Hendricks,
Harry Cooper,
Arthur Penticuff,
Raymond McLachlin,
Hewitt Swearingen,
James Barnes,
Wallace Laws,
Bryant Comstock,
Paul Cole,
Harold Redmon,
James Parsons,
Bernard Gillis,
Robert Alcorn,
John Redmond,
Loren Wallingford,
Glenn Eberhardt,
Ellsworth Haas,
Ferris Trotter,
James Fifield,
Taylor Burton,
John Black,
Ebert Hartwell,
Charles Baker.



ORCHESTRA.

Adviser: Mr. Frank E. Chaffee.

The school year of 1915-16 has seen Northeast's most successful orchestra. In fact, it has been called "the best school orchestra in the United States." The untiring efforts of Mr. Frank E. Chaffee, musical director, have been abundantly fruitful. But without the earnestness and "hard work" of the musicians, it is doubtful whether the reputation attained ever could have been realized. Appearing before the public on several occasions this year, the orchestra has been received most cordially and heartily. Visiting assembly speakers have showered nothing but praise. The high tribute from Homer "Rody" Rodeheaver should be taken at its face value.

And then the orchestral training received by the members has been a valuable stipend. Northeast High School has supported her orchestra loyally. Just this statement in closing: "Should the orchestra always maintain this year's caliber there never will be chance for dissatisfaction."

A collection of 30 oval-shaped black and white portraits of students, arranged in a circular pattern around the central text "Science Club". The portraits are of both men and women, dressed in formal attire of the early 20th century. The names of the members are printed in small, capital letters directly below each portrait. The central text "Science Club" is written in a large, elegant, cursive font. The entire arrangement is set against a background of faint, decorative scrollwork.

Science Club

BARRY WAGNER
TAMOR GILLESPIE
HARRY CONNELL
LEONA SELV
GEORGE HOLLAND
STANLY BYRD
GOLDIE SELV
LOUISE BETZ
TAYLOR CAMPBELL
CARL MC GOON
HERBERT BAYBET
ELSWORTH HARR
BESSIE BRIDGERS
LUCILE REIDHOFFER
HER PETERS
CARL OWLSON
BRADFORD CLEGGAN
PAUL MILLER
CECIL BLASBYE
GEORGE STORMS
RICHARD MCCOY
JOHN REDMOND
JEAN COFFIN
KELIE DRY MARCHANT
BEAR ANDERSON
GEORGE ELLIOTT
HARVEY WALKER
EDWIN GIBSON
LORRAE KOLLERS
RUTH DIVEN
ROBERT VAN BLANCK

SCIENCE CLUB.

LEONE SELF, '16.








A meeting of those members of the school who were interested in Science was called by the Science teachers at the beginning of this semester. A large number responded and the following officers were elected: President, Herbert Barnby; Vice-president, Lucile Meinhoffer; Secretary, Richard McGee; Treasurer, Paul Miller; Critic, Bernice Bridgens, and Sergeant-at-Arms, Cecil Blanpied.

Such committees as were necessary for the beginning work of the club were appointed and these, with our able body of officers, soon had the club in good working order.

We were told at the first meeting by our chairman, Mr. Peters, that the organization was purely for work and not for social stunts. Without a doubt, we have fulfilled that motto. After a lengthy discussion as to what would be the best course to pursue in regard to our programs, we decided that at each meeting one member should have a well developed paper on a good scientific subject and that after he had read this paper, there should be a general discussion of the subject. We found that we did not make a mistake in selecting this course for the writers of these papers, in every case, presented the subjects in such a way that we were enabled to discuss them in a much more satisfactory manner. The Periodic Law, the Physics of a Ford, the Spectrum and the Law of Archimedes are the subjects which were written upon and discussed. There were also many other interesting scientific subjects, which confront the thinkers of today, which were discussed extemporaneously.

On the last meeting day of the club, we went to the Ford factory and it is needless to say that this was a highly interesting trip. And having heard "The Physics of a Ford" we were able to understand the manipulations with a fair degree of intelligence.

The requirements for membership in this club are the same as those of the literary organizations, with the additional requirement of at least one year's work in science. It is the aim of the science department to hold in reserve, several of the good papers, so that when the staff asks for an article from that department it can be given and we feel that with the start the club has had this year there will always be plenty of good material for submission.

 LEONARD PRATT	 RAY NILES	 J. JOHN GILLIS	 PAUL MILLER	 WALTER ROSS
 PAUL COLE	EIGHT			 JAMES W. FIELD
 DICK CAMPBELL	 DONALD PARKER	 BERNARD GILLIS	 LAWRENCE SWISHER	 LESLIE BELL
 JAMES BERNARD	 CECIL BLANFORD	 CECIL ROSS	 RAYMOND STEPHENS	 ARTHUR JOHNSON
 HARRY REESE	 STANLEY J. HURST	 LAWRENCE SHEEHAN	 HENRY CAYTAL	 GEO. DUDLEY HAGGART



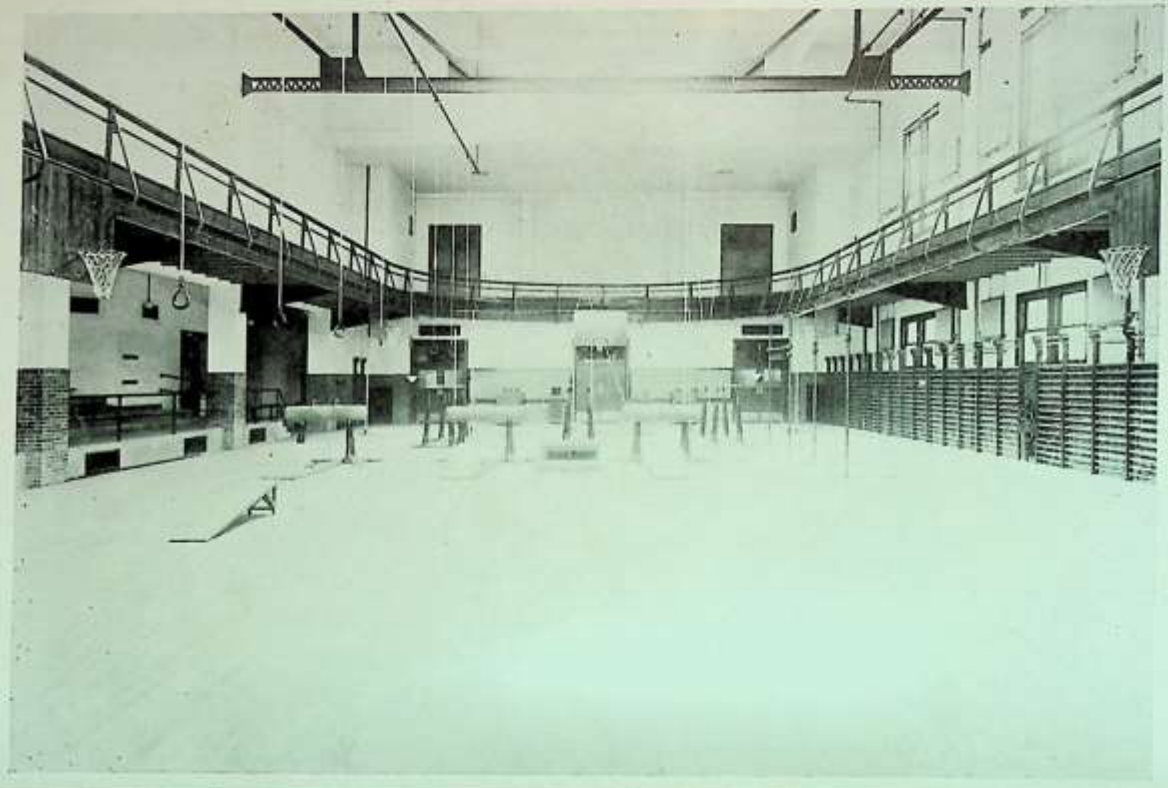
THE SIX FOOT CLUB.

The Hexopodis, or better known as the Six Foot Club, was organized with fourteen charter members and Mr. Pinkney as adviser. Its purpose was to aid the school by furnishing ushers and also protectors for the smaller members of the student body. Its first work was to take the visiting teachers through the building and show them its advantages. Later, twenty of the members were sent to Convention Hall to act as ushers when President Wilson spoke there.

On March 13 it made its debut before the school in the production of the three-act comedy entitled "Two Clever by Half." The cast consisted of Cole, Ross, Nickell, B. Gillis, Parker, Canfield, Barnes and Pfaff. This was the first play given at Northeast entirely by boys.

In April ten of the members were sent to act as marshals at a ward school track meet held on our field.

It has some very active members, as four of them are junior officers, one on the debate team, another chairman of the junior entertainment committee, and five or six actors in plays produced on Northeast Day. Some were leaders at the High School Club.

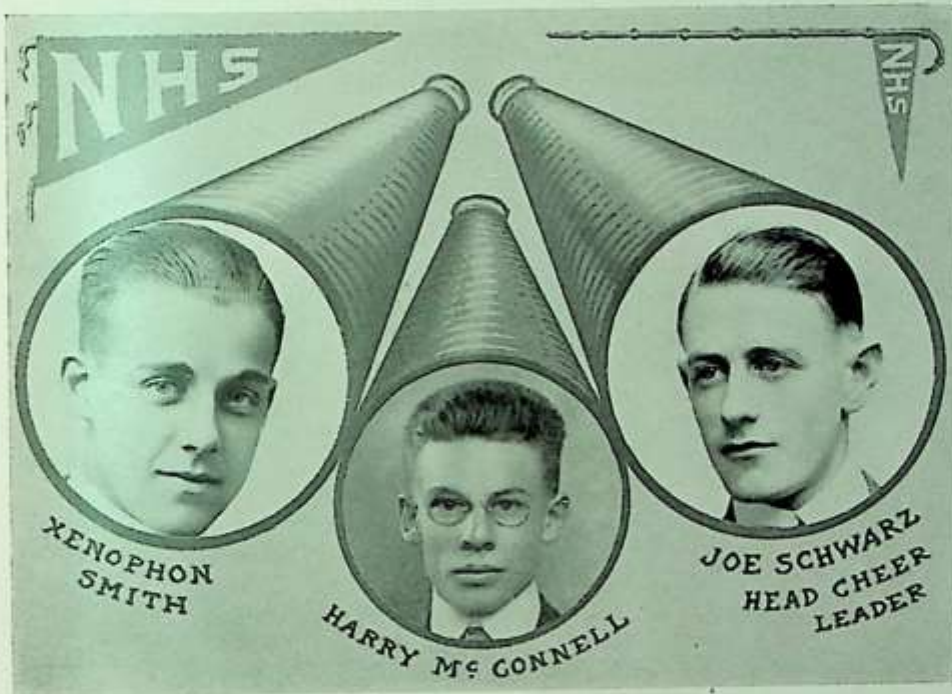


ATHLETICS





Coach Root.



XENOPHON
SMITH

HARRY Mc GONNELL

JOE SCHWARZ
HEAD CHEER
LEADER

Our Cheer Leaders.

1916 "N" MEN.

Coffin.	Track
Crenshaw.	Track
Eppinger.	Basket-ball-Track
Harrison.	Track
McConnell.	Track
Mentzer.	Basket-ball
Moberly.	Basket-ball
Schwarz.	Track
Swearingen.	Basket-ball
Warren.	Basket-ball



BASKET-BALL.**Officers.**

Captain.....	Hewitt Swearingen
Coach.....	C. B. Root
Manager.....	L. A. Pinkney

Team.

Left Forward.....	Lester Warren
Right Forward.....	Donald Mentzer
Center.....	Cecil Moberly
Left Guard.....	Isaac Eppinger
Right Guard.....	Hewitt Swearingen

Schedule.

Central 46, Northeast 13—January 7 at Northeast.
 Manual 33, Northeast 25—January 14 at Westport.
 Northeast 42, Polytechnic 16—January 21 at Northeast.
 Northeast 27, Westport 16—January 28 at Westport.
 Central 27, Northeast 20—February 11 at Central.
 Manual 26, Northeast 20—February 18 at Northeast.
 Northeast 22, Polytechnic 14—February 25 at Northeast.
 Northeast 25, Westport 21—March 3 at Northeast.

Box Score of Season.

	G.	F.T.	P.F.	T.F.	Points
Warren, L.	17	16	9	14	50
Mentzer, D.	15	9	8	18	39
Moberly, C.	23	8	7	12	54
Eppinger, I.	6	13	9	13	25
Swearingen, H.	10	11	12	17	31
Total, 1916.	71	57	45	74	199
Total of 1915.....	62	141	153		165

THE BASKET BALL SEASON

From the standpoint of winning games Northeast's basket-ball season of 1915-16 was not a big success. From other standpoints Northeast's basket-ball season was a big success in many ways. The boys trained hard, they were at it nearly every afternoon, months before and after the season commenced, in consequence of which they made a very creditable showing. The team continually played fast, clean basket-ball. It improved with every game, and with the exception of a two game slump, every contest was won in which our men showed that good basket-ball must embrace besides conscientious training not only brawn and consistent skill, but also clean, fast, "heady" playing. Northeast did not, it is true, win the championship, but out of apparently mediocre material, she developed a machine of such merit as to be feared by all other contenders, a team which deserved and received the backing of the student body, and a team which upheld the well established honor of Northeast and brought earned credit to that institution.

Soon after school commenced, Coach Root opened what proved to be a successful athletic season, by his call for inter-class basket-ball candidates. This call was answered by a large crew of all descriptions, lots and sizes. After a few weeks of practice and squad cutting, the inter-class game opened in a two round series. Of the heavy division, the Seniors were ever victorious. Of the light division the Sophomores were the victors. These games brought out a great crowd of supporters and apparently stirred up latent forces of school spirit. From the material developed in these contests Coach picked a squad of about twenty for the school teams. Practice immediately started and strict training rules were issued. It was work, work, work for the first and second team squads from then on to the first contest then two months away.

"Hughie" Swearingen, a veteran of two years' experience and one of the first four letter men in Northeast, was chosen as captain of the team. The selection of Mr. Pinkney as business manager and the large sale of season tickets gave promise of an interesting and successful season. By this time Coach had narrowed the squad to the following: Swearingen, Eppinger, McGinnis, Moberly, Warren, Mentzer, Barnes, Pauly, Trumbo, Putnam, Christal, Anderson, Gillis, Gallagher, Harling, and Greenberg.

On January 7, season opened at Northeast with Central opposing. In spite of the fact the Northeast had only two veterans in the line-up against the experienced Singer, North Van Boskirk machine, the game was a well played one and that we were defeated didn't dampen our enthusiasm a bit, but on the contrary, opened our eyes to better things to come.

The second game clearly showed the need of Moberly in the line-up, for although Manual's victory was hotly contested all the way, there was lacking the ability to score steadily. Polytechnic, the supposed dark horse of the league, was meat for our ring-tossers in the third game of the season. Moberly's entrance in the line-up was a big impetus and though troubled with a whole neck full of boils, he easily starred the game.

Apparently Northeast had hit her stride, for Westport was "chocolate pie in the lunch room" and suffered her unexpected defeat at the hands of a team which literally swept the floor. It was a case of "all star team work," though if any star were to be picked it would certainly be diminutive "Les" Warren who stepped around the South Siders, showing them that Moberly was not the "whole cheese," as they had seemingly come to think.

In the most exciting game of the series of the second round, Northeast, outplaying Central at every turn with her great team work, was unable to find the basket and lost an earned victory in a heart-breaking manner, thus assuring Central's success as no others were able to stop her.

The next two games found our boys in a slump, dropping a game to Manual by a small margin and winning from "Poly" in listless style.

The final game of the series proved to be a hair raiser. Another victory over our dear friends from Westport, but one that had to be earned by consistent heady playing! The slate was wiped clean, the slump was atoned for, for was not Westport playing its best humbled before Coach's basket-ball demon ring flingers?

Thruout the series the defensive work of Swearingen and Eppinger was a revelation to many; of the "all star" variety it brought the highest praise from the critics. Warren's work is a pleasant memory of clean earnest playing, coupled with ability to score consistently. Mentzer, we shall recall, as that steady reliable player always on deck with the needed point scorer. Moberly, the crafty, with his spectacular work at center, set a fast pace for his team mates. The showing made by men who will return next year bodes well for a future winning team.

Taken all in all, the work of these men is worthy of the greatest credit and praise. However, the strength behind the lines must not escape mention. Mr. Pinkney made basket-ball financially a great success and proved a genial, sincere and popular business manager.

And now comes the dessert of the feast, for too much credit cannot be given to the man whose coaching made a successful team out of comparatively new material, to the man who has set Athletics in a high sphere and kept it there, to C. B. Root whose endless toil for successful athletics has met with great reward in the past and who will hold the respect and esteem with wishes for future success of those leaving his department this year.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

Surprising? No, not to us. Little note, if any, has been made of the girls' athletics this year. And with all their hard, but inconspicuous work, it might be well for the school to *wake up* and recognize this important factor of the girls' school day. We have five large Gymnasium classes and an excellent teacher of Physical Education. *All the girls* know of Miss Stewart. Their splendid work in basket-ball, volley-ball, base-ball and swimming is all due to her untiring energy. And last, but not least, *our* track meet? This was inter-class and the interest and enthusiasm displayed can not well be equaled by the boys. It behooves us all to realize the importance of girls' athletics in this day, when the greatest need of the world is healthy and efficient girls and women as well as healthy and capable boys and men. So let's all boost for girls' athletics next year.



Top—Sophomore Team; Senior Team. Middle—Rebecca Stipp. Miss Stewart, Alice Arnold. Bottom—Junior Team; Freshman Team.

TRACK.**Officers.**

Captain.....	Joseph Schwarz
Coach.....	C. B. Root
Manager.....	L. A. Pinkney

Team.

Schwarz, Joe
 Coffin, Geo.
 Combs, Geo.
 Crenshaw, Bransford
 Eppinger, Isaac
 Harling, Uriel
 Harrison Forrest
 McConnell, Harry
 Monteith, John
 Morgan, Harold
 Mentzer, Donald
 Siler, Ray
 Warren Lester

Schedule.

K. C. A. C. Indoor Meet, Feb. 26, at Convention Hall. Won by Iola and Northeast.
 M. U.-K. U. Invitation, March 17, at Convention Hall. Won by Northeast, 23. Second, Westport, 14; Manual, 8; Central, 6.
 Quadrangular Meet, May 5, at Central High School Field. Won by Westport, 163½ points. Second, Northeast, 123½ points. Manual, 85 2-3; Central 48 1-3.

RELAY TEAMS.**Mile Relay Team.**

Geo. Coffin.
 Forrest Harrison.
 Harry McConnell.
 Isaac Eppinger.
 Bransford Crenshaw.

Relay Schedule.

K. C. A. C. Indoor Meet, February 26, at Convention Hall. Won by Northeast. Eppinger, McConnell, Coffin, Harrison.
 M. U.-K. U. Indoor Meet, March 17, at Convention Hall. Won by Northeast. Crenshaw, Eppinger, Coffin, Harrison.

TRACK

TEAM



NORTHEAST TRACK RECORDS.

Event.	Holder.	Year.	Record.
50-yard dash	J. Schwarz	1916	:05 3/5
100-yard dash	J. Schwarz	1915	:10 2/5
220-yard dash	E. Swearingen	1914	:23 4/5
	J. Schwarz	1915	:23 4/5
440-yard dash	A. Vaile	1915	:55
880-yard run	G. Coffin	1915	2:04 2/5
120-yard high hurdles	T. Woodbury	1914	:16 4/5
220-yard low hurdles	T. Woodbury	1914	:26
High jump	H. Tallquist	1914	5 ft., 4 3/4 in.
	B. Wood	1914	5 ft., 4 3/4 in.
Broad jump	T. Condon	1914	18 ft., 9 1/2 in.
Pole vault	N. Scarritt	1915	10 ft., 2 in.
Shot put	T. Woodbury	1914	39 ft., 8 in.
	T. Condon, L. Ayres	1915	3:51 2/5
Mile relay	B. Bennett, P. Murphy.		

QUADRANGULAR RECORDS HELD BY NORTHEAST.

Class A.	Shot.
880.	Redmon, 39.
Coffin, 2:04 2-5.	Class C.
440.	220 Dash.
Vaile, 55.	Schwarz, 23.4.
120 Hurdles.	100 Dash.
Scarritt, 17.3.	Schwarz, 10.2.
H. Jump.	50 Dash.
Scarritt, 5.4 1/2.	Schwarz, 5.3.
Class B.	Class D.
H. Jump.	Pole Vault.
Wood, 5.3 1/2.	Hosler, 9 ft.
120 Low Hurdles.	120 Hurdles.
Wood, 15.2.	Stump, 18.1.

THE TRACK SEASON

So far, so good! The track season of 1915-16 has been a memorable one for Northeast thus far. From last year's victorious team only two men remained, Schwarz and Coffin. But this fact neither worried Coach nor stumped Captain Schwarz. Early in November the call was sent out. The responses, tho not overly numerous, contained some good specimens of raw material. All thru the winter months Joe, under Coach's supervision, worked the boys out on the indoor track. Slowly a team turned into shape and the result of the K. C. A. C. indoor meet at Convention Hall, February 26, was a just reward for all the hard training endured patiently for so many weeks. In spite of the fact that Schwarz was not entered and that there was no entry in the 440 from Northeast, we had no difficulty in leading the other K. C. high schools. "Dutch" Coffin easily led in the 880 and our relay team thru the great running of Eppinger, Crenshaw, Harrison and Coffin, took the bacon.

The M. U.-K. U. meet with more events gave Northeast more opportunity for the same thing only more of it. "Cap." Schwarz was back to win the "fifty;" Coffin, as usual, the 880, Harrison fourth in the 440, second in the fifty, the small relay team second, and gobs of joyousness, the big relayers crossed the tape winners. First place was ours again, Westport, Manual and Central trailing.

As the weather grew warmer, and with Coach able to give more time, nearly every afternoon found the outdoor track full of aspirants. The inter-class track dual meets resulted in victory for the Seniors and Sophomores and final victory for the Seniors. The meets were all interesting, and brought out a crowd of feminine rooters, all of which added to the interest of the contests.

After the inter-class meets, training for the quadrangular May 6, was started in earnest. The material in each class was not superfluous by any means, but what there was of it, was good. Whatever were our expectations, Westport deemed it time to begin to make up for her double basket-ball defeats. By taking the majority of firsts she came out ahead with several points to spare. Northeast won second place, placing in nearly every event. So far Northeast leads in track. Let the K. U. meet decide it. In any light the team of 1916 has brought great credit to Northeast and is worthy of the highest praise.



SCHOOL LIFE



SEPTEMBER.

Duly enrolled, we trotted back to school. The "voice of the people" manifested itself during the first week chiefly in complaints from the upper-class boys because they had to violate harvest-field etiquette and begin to shave again. Other incidents were the establishment of the book-line in front of Hahn's, and of the check-line in the lunch room. Then, too, the literary societies had to get started (we believe the Debaters got there first). All the time, of course, the freshmen were being brought to order. In fact, by the close of the month, everything was oiled and running.

OCTOBER.

After a month's trial (and tribulation [?]) the freshmen were received as members of the school and duly ordained as goats for the coming year. This was done at a reception on the first of October. The parents of the freshmen were present at the ceremony. On the thirteenth, the "N" Club was organized to stand for clean athletics. Its work through a school year has proved it a success. Between assemblies time was found to elect the staff of this publication.

NOVEMBER.

For the school in general, November seemed like a bit of rest. It started off with a holiday when the Teachers' Association came to Kansas City. We drew three assemblies; also liberal helpings of turkey and cranberries.



DECEMBER.

The next month, however, there was plenty of excitement. Just remember, for instance, about the sale of the season tickets! Right on the heels of that came the preliminary tryout for the boys' debate. After that, about a dozen fellows just about dropped out of school and into the library. Something had to be done. Holidays were declared on the twenty-fourth.

JANUARY.

Back from the usual course of rest, recreation, waxed floors, et cetera, we started in to work—and sleep. The term cards on the twenty-first stirred things up a bit, but after a slight reorganization we were all right again. The closing event of the month was our first basket-ball victory, Northeast, 27; Westport, 16. We celebrated the same, you may remember, with a hilarious assembly on the Monday following.

FEBRUARY.

February opened with the three meetings of the Friendship Campaign. About the same time, also, the walls of the assembly hall were resounding with blasts of oratory. The result was that eight boys were chosen to represent Northeast in the Quadrangular Debate. Soon after, following somewhat feebler reverberations, eight girls were picked. A few more B. B. duels, including that second Waterloo in the Central gym, and the month was ended.

MARCH.

Well, once again Northeast (or rather once, if you are thinking of the conflict just mentioned)—Northeast toted home a few hams and a little side-meat. This time, however, it was in literature. The feat was accomplished by Jean Slavens, who took second prize in the S. A. R. Essay Contest, and by William Gwatkin, who took third. Soon afterward, the boys' debates came off, and, well, we certainly did whitewash the Centralites and Manualites, but when it came to tying Westport, the best we could do was to hold an even split, with the total vote 6 to 4. And then the girls. The way they worked, they certainly deserved to win. They used all their feminine blarney and argumentative ingenuity, but the attempt was in vain. Too bad!

APRIL.

Nothing but rain.

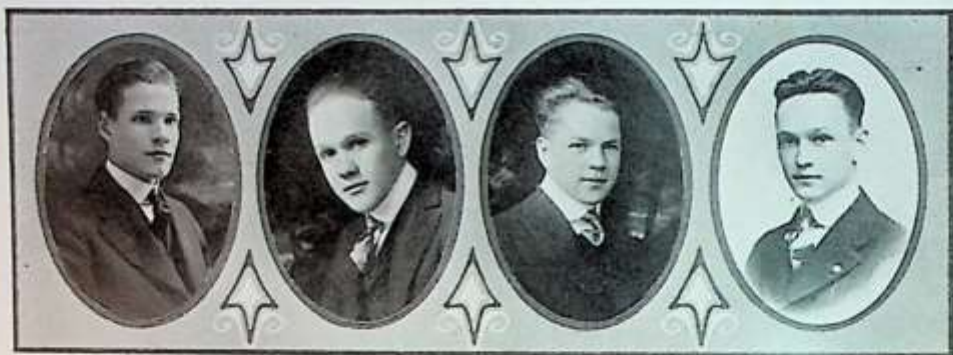
MAY.

Pop! They're off! What? Why, the Quadrangular Meet, of course. And although those troublesome Westporters came out again about a half-inch ahead, yet Northeast certainly made a creditable showing. Perhaps the trouble was that the Musical Clubs were not there to cheer them on. For the night before, you know, they covered themselves with glory. Also with a big silver cup.

Nor must we neglect the Junior Reception. It was certainly a fine expression of the Junior spirit toward the Seniors. The Junior class next year will have to "go some" to beat it.

And the Literary Contest? Coming soon, all right. Oh, we are not given to fortelling the future, but if we might predict, we should say that—. Well, by this time you know who won, so you see we are inspired and truthful prophets after all.

And now the year is almost done. Examinations, Commencement, and then we are gone—north, south, east, and west, but the most of us, we hope, to come back in the fall and begin another year at old Northeast.



Aff.
Won 1, Lost 1.

Brown, Chapman, Sibley, Gordon.

Boys'

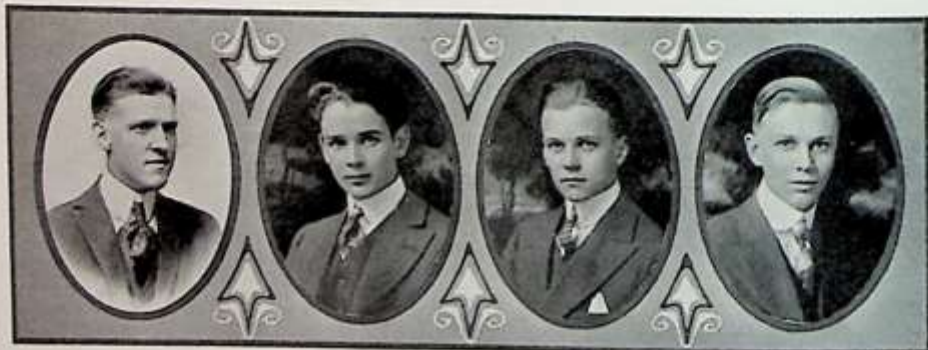


Mr. S. B. Apple, Coach.



Mr. C. H. Nowlin, Coach.

Debate



Neg.
Won 2, Lost 0.

Monteith, Taylor, Combs, Cole.

BOYS' DEBATE.

The year 1916 marks the sixth annual inter-high school debate for the possession of the Amherst cup. To obtain permanent possession of this cup, one school must win the championship of Kansas City for three successive years. The first year the cup went to Central; the second year to Manual; the third year Central captured it again; in 1914 Northeast entered the field and carried off first honors; we did likewise in 1915 while this year's debates resulted in a tie between Northeast and Westport.

Our two teams this year contained some debaters of which any school could be proud.

Irving Brown, our lead off man on the affirmative team, needs no introduction. We all know of his ability along literary lines. He has been a literary editor on the Nor'easter staff for three years, and on the debate team for two years. Irving graduates this year and we are truly sorry to part with him.

The next affirmative speaker is Herbert Chapman. "Chappie," like Irving, needs no introduction to the student body. Although he has only been at Northeast for two years he has managed to be on the debate team both years, treasurer of the junior class, president of the high school club, president of the Debaters, an advertising manager for the Nor'easter last year and our editor-in-chief this year. Chapman also graduates this year.

George Sibley, our third affirmative speaker came to us from Denver two years ago and has certainly made things hum since his arrival. He, too, has been president of the Debaters, secretary of the high school club, secretary of the junior class, Junior giftorian and a member of the debating team for two years. This is 'Sib's' last year.

Clayton Gordon, the affirmative alternate, is also a man of action. Clayton has been president of the Debaters and was elected president of this year's graduating class. He is a valuable addition to the team.

John Monteith, too, has just "come out" in the last two years. John, like most men of genius, is a little modest but he can certainly deliver the goods. Last year he rustled ads for the Nor'easter and was elected president of the Junior class. This year he was president of the high school Club, Senior treasurer and on the debate team. He was also elected business manager of our Nor'easter. John leaves us this year but we know it is only for greater things. We are mighty proud of him and certainly hate to lose him.

Maxwell Taylor, the negative's second speaker, is an "orator" of some renown. Last year he won a gold medal in the literary contest and from the manner in which he delivers his speeches we are not surprised that his team has won every debate they participated in. We're going to have "Max" again next year. Hooray!

George Combs, our third negative "speeler" is noted far and wide for his extensive vocabulary. They say that in his first debate, George emitted the adjectives in true Billy Sunday style. This is George's third year on our debate teams, and we'll have him with us for one more year. Again we shout, Hallelujah!

Paul Cole, the negative alternate, probably had the hardest job of all. They do say that he had every speech memorized so that he could have made a "pinch hit" or taken the last strike for any one of his team mates. We take off our hats to any person who has the "grit" and determination to do that. But then we mustn't be surprised, for Paul, as well as every other member of both teams, was an active N. S. D. member, and the reputation of that society is known far and wide.

In so many instances the coaches of a debating team are apt to be overlooked when it comes to dealing out the honors. The fellows want it distinctly understood that had it not been for Mr. Nowlin and Mr. Apple we would not have had a team at all. They give all of the credit to their coaches.

Nor'easter



Neg.

Ramsay, Slavens, Nowlin, Meinhoffer.

Girls'



Miss Fox, Coach.



Miss Adams, Coach.

Debate



Aff.

Lewellyn, Frisbie, Coffin, Zickafoose.

GIRL'S DEBATE.

This year is only the second time that the girls of Kansas City have entered into debating contests. But from the enthusiasm shown by the student bodies of the several high schools, we may rest assured that the girl's debate teams have come to stay. Those who represented Northeast this year are: Miss Marguerite Zickafoose, Jean Coffin, Gertrude Lewellyn and Elsie Frisbie on the affirmative side, and Lucile Meinhoffer, Jean Slavens, Ethel Nowlin and Mona Ramsay on the negative.

Marguerite Zickafoose is the only Shakespeare on the two girl's teams. All the other members are Alphas. Marguerite, though, is some little declaimer, as those of us who attended the literary contest can testify.

Jean Coffin, the next member of the affirmative team, is certainly a hard working debater. As we told you once before though, she is not nearly so solemn as her name would indicate. Jean has held the position of treasurer of the Girl's High School Club all of this year.

Gertrude Lewellyn, our next speaker, is a senior and we certainly hate to lose her this year, because of the valuable aid she has given the debate teams.

Our affirmative alternate, Elsie Frisbie, is also musically inclined and we feel sure that these qualities had much to do with quieting any doubt which may have arisen in anybody's mind as to the caliber of our two girls' debate teams.

Lucile Meinhoffer, better known as "Meinie," led off our negative attack. Lucile's many "Es" all testify to her ability as a scholar and it has been recognized in other ways, for she was recently elected vice-president of our new Science Club.

Ethel Nowlin, the "daughter of her father," comes next. We know what the Nowlins have done and what they can do, and we are glad to say that Ethel is no exception. We are mighty glad to count her among the members of our girl's teams.

Mona Ramsay has had previous experience in debating and this, coupled with the fact that this is only her junior year, makes her an invaluable asset to Northeast High School. We are looking forward to great things from Mona.

Jean Slavens, the negative alternate, has just come to Northeast, but despite that fact is already well known. She is a new member of the Alpha Literary Society, and of the Girl's High School Club. Jean has the "pep" and the "go" in her which we feel sure will make a successful career for her no matter where she may go.

We must not forget the two coaches, Miss Adams and Miss Fox. It was due to their untiring effort that Northeast produced such splendid girl debaters this year.

THIRD ANNUAL LITERARY CONTEST

I. SHORT STORY

1. Dorothy Ensminger.....The Alphas
The Everlasting Fire.
2. Leslie Nickell.....The Debaters
The Tie that Binds.
3. Blenda Dahlberg.....The Shakespeares
Country or Home.
4. Dorothy Briggs.....The Delphians
The Greater Success.
5. Goodman Asekowitz.....The School at Large
The Seamy Side.
6. Ethyl F. Guilliams.....The School at Large
The Culmination of Curiosity.

II. ORATION

1. James W. Fifield.....The School at Large
War or Peace.
2. Virgil Ewing.....The Debaters
The Duke of Wellington.
3. Frank Burns.....The School at Large
Colonel Van Horn.
4. William Johnson.....The Shakespeares
Abraham Lincoln.
5. Marian Blakslee.....The Alphas
Sons of Mars.
6. William Gwatkin.....The Delphians
America's Greatest Need.

III. POEM

1. Harvey Walker.....School at Large
The Passing Year.
2. Clare Lucey.....School at Large
The Pasque Flower.
3. Dorothy Baxter.....The Delphians
The Spirit.
4. Harry McConnell.....The Shakespeares.
The Refrain of Time.
5. George Turner.....The Debaters
The Mountain.
6. Janet Dyer.....The Alphas
The Legend of the Flowers.

IV. DECLAMATION

1. Maxwell Taylor.....The Debaters
The Wandering Jew.
2. Frances Graves.....The School at Large
Love's Sacrifice.

3. Marguerite ZickafooseThe Shakespeares
By Courier.
4. Dorothy Sawyer.....The Alphas
If I Were King.
5. Carroll Peale.....The Delphians
Citizenship.
6. Winifred Meryhew.....The School at Large
Patsy.

V. ESSAY

1. Ruth Peterman.....The Delphians
The Choice of Books.
 2. Leone SelfThe Shakespeares
The Question of Courtesy in America.
 3. Clayton Gordon.....The Debaters
The Contribution Ancient Greece Has Made
to the World.
 4. Bernice Bridgens.....The Alphas
The Margin of Life.
 5. Edwin Goodson.....The School at Large
Faith, the Prime Element of Success.
 6. Richard Lockridge.....The School at Large
A Sense of Humor.
- MusicOrchestra

THE EVERLASTING FIRE.

DOROTHY ENSWINGER, '18.

Note: This story won the gold medal in the third annual literary contest.

There were few things to describe, the glorious sunset, the tiny island, the great sea, yet who could do it adequately, for though simple in outline they embodied much strength, beauty, companionship, loneliness. The great, dark, far-stretching sea was the mighty example of strength; the brilliant sunset was indeed beauty; companionship must be sought in the grains of sand, and loneliness in the bare island. Or was it to be found more fully in something else? There appeared suddenly on the horizon a small black object, clearly silhouetted, just where in the red sea the still redder Alaskan sun seemed cradled, rocked gently by the waves of the ocean. Small wonder the people of old had worshiped the sun, for it seemed like a great god tired from the labors of the day of bringing light and gladness to the world and indeed ready for bed. Then closer drew the object and became a solitary man slowly paddling a skin canoe. There was no sound as the boat glided swiftly through the waters that stretched on and on until they became one with the sky. The air was cool and bracing, the whole world was in repose, but the man was out of harmony, for his heart was afraid. Presently he landed on the low, sandy beach. The long Alaskan twilight was just beginning and he stood for a few moments sheltering his eyes with his hands and looking far into the distance. He wondered, as he looked, why the world today was more fair than it had been for many years. A strange mood seemed to be upon him, yet he knew not what it was. Then he turned and a grim, stern attitude seemed to envelope him, and the broad shoulders drooped slightly as he went toward a sod hut. He entered the low doorway and threw his string of fish on the table. He lit, with a flint, a tiny wick that floated in

a dish of whale oil; cooked his supper over a fire of drift wood, and washed the few broken dishes.

These things he had done slowly, mechanically, but now he began with feverish haste. Going to the wall, he put a ring around the day of the month. The ring was around the 10th day of August. He repeated it again and again. Then suddenly he remembered. This was the day he was to see a man. Strange he had forgotten when one has in eight years seen only three men. It was today that a man should have come with supplies, but he had not come. Perhaps tomorrow he would be here. The man suddenly realized that he hoped it would be no longer. There he rang out a laugh filled with stinging bitterness that echoed and re-echoed in the tiny hut, what a fool he was. Why, he hated the sight—hated—hated.

He lit another wick. Even then the objects in the room were only dimly touched by the soft rays of light. There was an open fireplace, a bed made from the remainder of a bunk from a ship, a large rough table, a stool and a great chest. The wall was almost entirely covered with skins, and one flapped noisily over the only window. The moonlight crept in through the open door and made of the hard earthen floor silver cloth more soft and beautiful than the robes of princes. But the hermit saw not the silver, for to him this time was gold.

Going to a far corner of the room, he thrust his hand into a hole back of the fireplace and took out a box which he placed on the table. Sitting down, he opened it. The strange mood of the evening returned and again he seemed gazing into the far distance. A far-away look came into his eyes and he saw himself a young man again, struggling in the great American metropolis, begging that if it had a heart, to hear his story. But its doubtful heart did not hear. He was penniless and friendless; it had millions of dollars, millions of people, yet not one of either would it give, nor would it hear his story. For months he had begged fat, prosperous publishers to listen, but they would not even offend their eyes with the sight of this forsaken bit of humanity. Finally he grew desperate. He had shown it—his great secret—to his friend, the only one who had helped or sympathized with him, and then when he awoke the next morning the book and his friend had vanished with the darkness. It was gone, and he had loved it so. The two things, in the great city, that he had loved and lived for were gone. It had been his, Oh! he had made it from his heart his story—his story.

The head dropped down, and the great form shook with emotion. Then with a mighty effort he sat erect. He took from the box a pad, pencil and a note-book. The rest was filled with many closely written sheets. The once soft lines of the face hardened, the eyes became points of steel, the hands became hard knots as he stretched his arms out across the table. Every muscle in his body was tense. Oh! he hated the world. It was perfectly and absolutely false. No man was true, no man was worthy to be called a friend. The world had cheated him of life, but he would stir it to its very depths. The book he would write now would not be "The Call of Love," but rather the fall of it.

Yes! that was it. And what was it he was to condemn tonight, what was it he was to tear to pieces and show to the world in its true light. He opened the note-book and turning over the pages

he at last came to the one he sought. On a piece of paper he wrote the following words:

"For I will tend
As my father tended
And my father's father
Since the world began
The fire that is called
The love of man for man."

Scorn, contempt, disbelief were prominent on the strong, unshaven face, yet he read it again and still again. How he had believed in those words once. They had been like a silkworm wrapped and covered in their own beauty, and when all the beautiful soft covers were on it had been his story—his story that he had loved so, and lost. But he knew that they were false now—entirely false. Had he not proved all untrue? This was the last thing he was to destroy and then his book would be finished. He would return to the world; he would be a hermit no longer. His words would stir the people and they would all believe in him. His eyes took on a glassy stare; his hands clasped and unclasped feverishly. He would be called great, exalted among nations and proclaimed a bringer of true life. The lines of the face became harder than ever, and for an hour no sound was heard except the far-off roar of waves and the noise of a pencil steadily writing on a pad of paper.

* * * * *

From somewhere came a soft voice, breaking the almost perfect silence, and then suddenly in the doorway appeared a figure. The noise of the pencil continued for a moment, then the eyes were lifted and the hermit started from his stool.

"You!" he hissed.

"Jim, at least!" came the startled answers, but presently the voice went on, "Listen, Jim, I tell you. Did you think I stole your story—your very life? I was not false, I was not untrue." He paused and drew closer. "I took it to the greatest of publishers, for I believed in you. They would not listen at first, but each day I returned begging them to read it. Each day for a month I did this. I dared not return and tell you it was a failure. Two months passed and then they decided to listen. Now you are called great and exalted among nations. The world calls for you, friend of mine." He paused again and then continued: "Eight years have I looked for you and I had almost given up hope. I came tonight to bring supplies to a hermit and I found you. You know, Jim, when I landed the hut looked like a haven of rest and love. Something seemed to call me on to happiness, for the sea had been dark and the voyage rough, and I needed it so."

Then the quiet yet triumphant voice of the hermit came. "It was just the 'call of Love,' Bob.

"For love is the joy of service
So deep that self is forgotten."

The Alaskan sun came again and created a new day and it shone on Jim, a hermit no longer, but a man who had found life. He stood in the low doorway shading his eyes with his hands. He seemed to be looking back into that great beautiful city of America, that victorious battle grounds of many of the conflicts called the Battles of Life. Bob at the table within understood and said, "You will write when you get back, won't you, Jim?"

"Yes, for of course that is my life work, but there is something else I'm going to do,

"For I will tend
As my father tended
And my father's father
Since the world began
The fire that is called
The love of man for man."

Bob came to the doorway. Their hands met understandingly.
"Friend of mine," Jim whispered.

SONS OF MARS.

By MARIAN ALICE BLAKSLEE, '16.

Note: This oration won the gold medal in the third annual literary contest.

The history of the world is filled with the heroic deeds of self-sacrificing statesmen and patriotic citizens; but in no manner do the deeds, the sacrifices and the aims of these men compare with those of the warriors—the great Sons of Mars. It is to these warriors who fought for equality, religion, liberty; who so nobly gave up their lives that others might live and thrive in a better land—it is to these men that we owe the highest glory and honor and praise.

Many have been the sacrifices of battles past and many the tales of men's wondrous deeds. However, it is not concerning the heroes of old of whom I would speak tonight, but the heroes of today. Across the sea humanity surges in a mighty struggle and thousands of men are daily being crippled and slain. These men, descendants of the Sons of Mars of yesterday, possess even greater mentality and more wonderful skill than those warriors of old. The facilities for acquiring these powers are today unlimited, and Europe abounds in men of great genius—artists, sculptors, poets, musicians, scholars. These men of talent—the flowers of civilization—are now sacrificing ambition, genius and life at their country's call. The world, which for them so short a time ago was filled with promise and success in life, is turning bleak and drear before their eyes. Is it not appalling to realize that these men, so brave, so kind and admired by all, are enduring tortures which human speech is incompetent to describe?

Let us picture ourselves among them when the world was bright. We see husbands and fathers as they plod home from work, sons at study and play at college. All seem happy and content. The scene changes, and we see them in the gory fields of battle, where ravines run thick with blood; we see them in the trenches, pierced by balls and rent by shells, suffocated by gas and wild with thirst. We see them in the rush of a charge, men become iron, with nerves of steel, daring not to realize what lies ahead lest they should go mad. Again, we are with the wounded as ambulances carry them from the front. We see them removed. Many have died upon the way. We see those who survived in the hospitals, with surgeons ever cutting, probing and binding. We see these broken and shattered heroes here together, no longer as enemies, but as men to men, wounded and dying.

Are these men of no more value than to be torn and pounded to shatters? Do those limbs so cruelly mashed, do those bones and that exquisite network of living tissue, cost no more than to be

hewed and crushed and pulped like this? What might not these once great men have given to this world of ours? Behind their strong limbs, their keen brains, lay power and talent and genius, now gone forever! Oh! the unspeakable sacrifice! The unreparable loss!

Let us, as Ruskin says, "turn the courage of the youth from the toil of war to the toil of mercy." Great as thy heroism may be, supreme as thy sacrifices shine, unparalleled as thy courage is, O Sons of Mars, let there be peace! Greatest of all men art thou, Sons of Mars, yet rather would we see thee turn thy heroism and strength and courage toward deeds of kindness, toward acts of mercy! For, after all, war is not grand; it is not heroic; it is not noble—it is murder! Let us have thy strength and courage, O Sons of Mars, but let us rather turn thy intellect from battle and strife to the discernment of things worth while. When we have attained this end there will be no fear for the future. In conflicts to come we shall not lack warriors, we shall not lack heroes, nor, indeed, if need be, shall we lack martyrs; and we shall be preserved from the mad folly of attempting the "future's portal with the past's blood rusted key."

Let the din of battle roll away, the wounds of war heal. Let forgotten be the enmity and heart-burnings of the strife. In our hearts, in our words, and in our deeds, let peace reign!

THE LEGEND OF THE FLOWERS.

JANET DYER, '17.

Note: This poem won the gold medal in the third annual literary contest.

"Stars of the earth," the flowers were called
 In the days of long ago,
 For just as the stars bejewel the sky
 They brighten the earth below.
 But lovelier yet is the legend we get
 From the ancient Indian lore
 That the angels gather the flowers that die
 And strew them on heaven's floor.

The lilies whiten the milky way,
 The forget-me-nots are the blue;
 The violets purple the sunset sky,
 And deep in the velvet blue
 The yellow daffodils shine and glow
 With a wondrous golden light,
 For they are the stars that stud the sky
 As they peep thru the curtain of night.

When "the promise of God" appears in the sky,
 A curve of lustrous light,
 There are gathered there from everywhere,
 By the hands of angels white,
 The lovely flowers that here on earth
 Have faded and drooped and died
 And now are transplanted, and bloom again
 In the rainbow, side by side.

No flower so small, no hue so dim,
 But it serves to beautify

The universe, that the sons of man
May see and learn thereby,
That there's nothing so small in God's whole earth
But has its work to perform,
For service is judged by the willing heart
And not by the burden borne.

THE CONTRIBUTION ANCIENT GREECE HAS MADE TO THE WORLD.

CLAYTON GORDON, '16.

Note: This essay won the gold medal in the third annual literary contest.

Although every country, nation and state from the earliest dawn of history down to the present time has played some part in the world's progress and advancement, it has fallen to the lot of a few, by reason of their more abundant advantages, to far surpass their contemporaries and to stand out as veritable beacons of light which shed forth their radiance for the enlightenment of the following generations. In such a way did ancient Greece hold a position of pre-eminence among the lands which developed and flourished during the four or five centuries preceding our era. Never able either to consolidate themselves into one political unit as did the Romans or to comprehend monetheism as did the Hebrews, the Greeks, nevertheless, incorporated both in their government and religion characteristic features which were wonderfully attractive.

These favored children of the South were among the most ardent lovers of freedom that the world has ever known. For this reason they could not reconcile themselves to the idea of subordination to a single, all-powerful, central authority, and the city, state or municipality, not the kingdom or empire, was their governmental unit.

The results were, in the end, anarchy and ruin, but the flame of liberty, which was to burn with ever-increasing brilliance through the ages to come, had been kindled, and one part of Greece's mission to the world had been completed.

In religion it is not so much the belief of the Greeks as the manner in which they believed that should arouse our interest and be a source of inspiration to us. We have outlived polytheism, it is true, but as regards the vividness with which they pictured their gods, and the zeal and faithfulness with which they worshiped them, we have yet much to learn from these pagans of the Mediterranean. The Greek religion, in the early stages of its development, was singularly fresh and pure and by its high moral tone prepared the minds of those tribes who previous to this time had been worshipers of animals and the various elements of existence for the lofty and soul-stirring teachings of the Nazarene. It was the stepping stone from savage superstition to Christianity. While we must acknowledge that in its last days Greek religion became corrupt and stagnant, it had already fulfilled its purpose, and a few centuries afterwards the Greeks themselves became Christians.

However, it is not in government, nor yet in religion, that the world is most indebted to ancient Hellas; but it is rather in that culture and civilization which have been alike the aim and despair of every people since that day, and which will continue to be the marvel of the nations for all time.

The things which we obtained from the Greeks and for which

we can never make adequate return are numberless and cover every phase of literary aspiration. In this paper, however, it will perhaps be sufficient to treat only of the three most important aspects, namely, architecture, art, and literature.

In architecture, Greece stood supreme. What other land can boast of such structures as the Parthenon or the Theater of Dionysus? What other land can hope to fashion such magnificent temples and shrines as once adorned the Acropolis and gleamed on the sunny slopes of Mount Olympus? These wonderful buildings, which were the culmination of Greek architecture, had their beginning, according to the historians, in the ideas and plans which in early times emigrants brought over from Egypt and other countries then enjoying their most flourishing periods. The Greek, however, was not content to remain a mere imitator. He soon began to create and then to form in wood and stone ideas peculiar to himself. Since religion was the all-absorbing part of Greek life, it was natural that the genius for building should manifest itself in those temples and other sacred monuments of which we have spoken. At first these structures were rather crude and unwieldy in appearance, but, as time went on, more and more of the defects were remedied until at length, in the time of Pericles, they reached a state of perfection which after more than two thousand years still entitles them to the foremost place among the architectural wonders of the world. But the one thing, above all others, which is distinctively Greek and of the greatest practical value to us, is the column, and the stately Doric, the graceful Ionic, and the ornate Corinthian may be seen today on many of our public buildings.

When we turn to art we find that the Greeks, and especially the Ionians, made even more rapid and more astonishing progress than in architecture. Here, again, they secured their fundamental knowledge from other nations, but, as before, they began early to put into their sculptorings something which was a part of their very nature and which gave life and movement to the inanimate stone. If we compare one of the early pieces of statuary with one of a later date, the difference is so pronounced that the two seem scarcely to be the work of the same people. Yet it was with Phidias that Greek art came to the very acme of excellence, and even the Ionians, accustomed as they were to fine workmanship, deemed it a great misfortune if a person died without having seen either Athena Parthenos or Olympian Zeus. Moreover, we obtained our first knowledge of painting from Greece, and this it was that made possible the masterpieces of a Raphael, an Angelo, and a Velasquez.

The foundation for this sculptoring and painting lay in a love of beauty so profound that we can only conjecture what it must have meant. The Greek saw beauty in everything, and, when we stop to consider it, his art was not strange or unbelievable; it was merely the natural expression and outward manifestation of that inward passion for the beautiful, embedded so deeply in his heart.

Thus far we have discussed the importance of the government, the religion, the architecture, and the art of the Greeks. We come now to the last and most magnificent side of Grecian development, and the one for which these wonderfully endowed people are the most famous; that is their literature.

Before we take up the literature proper, however, we should first consider the language which made possible that literature. When

and where the language originated we do not know, but we do know that as early as one thousand B. C. bards in Thessaly and Boeotia were singing of Olympian Muses and the festival of Dionysus. These ancient poets wandered from place to place, and in that way the language was spread abroad to all the tribes. As was natural under the circumstances, it took on different dialects, such as Doric, Aeolic, and Attic. The one that chiefly concerns us, however, is the Attic, or that spoken by the Athenians, for in it was written most of the great masterpieces of Greek literature. Attic Greek was one of the broadest and most fully developed languages that the world has ever known, and by it the Athenians could express shades of meaning of which we today probably have no conception. As Professor Jebb says "Of all the beautiful things which they created, their own language was the most beautiful."

While their language was still in the formative stage, the Greeks turned to literature, and the Iliad and the Odyssey, which are generally conceded to be the greatest epics ever written by man, were the result. A certain critic once said of them "The Homeric Poems are an encyclopaedia of life and knowledge when life was singularly fresh, vivid, and expansive, and knowledge, as that which lies beyond the bounds of actual experience, was practically unknown." A few centuries later came Pindar, the greatest of all lyric poets, to charm his listeners with the music of his verses.

These bards, however, had been merely the forerunners of what was to come, for in the fourth century B. C., or in the Periclean Age, to be more exact, such genius prevailed as has never been known before or since. Every kind of writing flourished. Poets sang their inimitable odes and sonnets. Orators thrilled vast audiences with their passionate utterances. Philosophers reasoned out the hidden mysteries of the universe. Aescylus, Sophocles, and Euripedes, the Greek dramatists, second only to Shakespeare, Herodotus, the "Father of History," Demosthenes, the world's most masterly orator, and Plato, the broad-browed thinker, are only a few of the characters who have made this period the truly Golden Age of all history.

Again, previous to the ninth century B. C. higher learning was unknown; at the close of the fourth century B. C. it had developed to a degree surpassing in many respects the best that we have today. The Greeks alone were responsible for this growth, and to them must go the credit for disclosing the secreted springs of knowledge. After the Greco-Roman era, literature, and learning of every sort, declined, but the embers of Greek culture, though scattered, continued to smoulder, and it needed only the breeze of a Renaissance to fan them into the flames of modern civilization.

And now, in conclusion, as we look back over the pages of history, let us realize what we owe to these noble children of antiquity, and let us appreciate more fully the memorials which they have left us. Ancient Hellas has gone the way of all nations, but her influence will continue to be felt as long as the world has an ear for the higher and better things of life.



WITH
OUR
ATHLETES



Your Name Is Here—Find It

NAME.	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.
Irvin Landrum.....	"Landrum"	"Good night."
John Harlan.....	"Pot Hound"	"What?"
Thomas Riley.....	"Tommy"	"I don't care."
Winifred Meryhew.....	"Peg"	"Take it away."
Bernice Handy.....	"Pep"	"Yes! dear."
Rosa Darlington.....	"Rosebud"	"Say! listen."
Ada Carneady.....	"Da"	"This way out."
Margaret Daly.....	"Peggy"	"Ye Gods and little fishes."
Edna Cosly.....	"Eddie"	"Committee meeting tonight."
Frank Kerns.....	"Kernie"	"Got your algebra?"
Herman.....	"Deutch"	"What ya laughing at?"
Paul Curtis.....	"Fatty"	"Don't you no."
George Wright.....	"Right"	"No one knows."
Martin Cooper.....	"Shorty"	"How's Deutche?"
Layton Stiller.....	"Late"	"Got yer English?"
Charles Lowell.....	"Lovely"	"How's English?"
Anthony Lala.....	"Tony"	"Cut it out!"
Clinton Willis.....	"Clint"	"Say, guy!"
Ruth Humphrey.....	"Ruth"	"That reminds me."
Florence Ferris.....	"Flo"	"Nix on it."
Josephine Harubrook.....	"Joe"	"I don't know."
Marion Flemming.....	"Mary"	"Say, kid."
Florence Fitzpatric.....	"Fitzie"	"Oh! go soak!"
Catherine Anderson.....	"Kitten"	"Don't you know?"
Mike Keemen.....	"Mike"	"Aw, come on, guy."
Robert Alcorn.....	"Bob"	"Hang it!"
Steel Anderson.....	"Jake"	"Huh!"
Henry Bryan.....	"Hank"	"Hello, Helen."
Stanley Byrd.....	"Stan"	"Hello, I did get here."
Eugene Carbaugh.....	"June"	"Pardon me!"
Clifford Chamberlain.....	"Clif"	"Have a heart!"
Fred Gilpin.....	"Red"	"Oh, shoot!"
Hugh Goggin.....	"Goggy"	"Well, anyway."
Robert Graham.....	"Bob"	"You don't say?"
Fred B. Jenkins.....	"Fritz"	"Now don't move."
Avery Needles.....	"Needles"	"That's awful!"
Verner Rich.....	"Vinegar"	"Well, maybe."
Flora Anderson.....	"Flo"	"Good gracious!"
Frances Armstrong.....	"Nibs"	"Really?"
Grace Barnes.....	"Bob"	"A 'dovey'."
Olive Baxter.....	"Ollie"	"Well, I don't know."
Katherine Beebe.....	"Kittie"	"I should say so!"
Maud Burke.....	"Maudie"	"My Lord!"
Dorothy Clark.....	"Dot"	"Oh, I don't know."
Martha Pearl Crenshaw.....	"Marta"	"Oh Joy!"
Verna Jessen.....	"Vern"	"Now listen."
Helen La Barriere.....	"Bill"	"Oh dear! (Henry)."
Sarah Saper.....	"Sally"	"Good night, nurse!"
Mildred Sloan.....	"Mil"	"I have a friend who—"
Rosa Mae Tarr.....	"Rosie"	"Well—"
Ruth Ann Young.....	"Rufus"	"Don't worry."
Bernice Bridgens.....	"Bunny"	"I don't want to leave Northeast."
Caroline Bruce.....	"K"	"—and, my dear!"
Louise Drinkard.....	"Dewey"	"Oh joy."
Dorothy Ensminger.....	"Dot"	"Hello, Rosie."
Florence Lyle.....	"Flossie"	"Oh fie!"
Rosa Lebrecht.....	"Curly head"	"Oh, well, you know what I mean."
Dorothy Baxter.....	"Dot"	"Je ne sais pas."
Mary Schepp.....	"Mary Jane"	"For cat's sake."
Marie Thomas.....	"Dizzie"	"You know it."
Elisabeth Taylor.....	"Dizzie"	"The dickey-birds!"
Martha Marton.....	"Martie"	"Oh, dear!"
Janet Dyer.....	"Spunk"	"Ye gods and little fishes."
Anna F. Colley.....	"Dolly"	"Indeedy deed."
Helen Clausen.....	"Peggy"	"Good night."
Marian Langsdorf.....	"Buster"	"Me."
Beryl Bishop.....	"Tub"	"I hope I'll get E."
Besse Marks.....	"Midget"	"Search me."
Altha Reynolds.....	"Olathe"	"Gosh."
Ernestine Parks.....	"Ernie"	"Why isn't that this way?"
Helen Snedaker.....	"Hel"	"Oh! the Dickens!"
Alice Tetley.....	"Dottie"	"Teetle-de-dum."
Grace Lightburn.....	"Snookums"	"I'm not chewing gum."
Xenophon Smith.....	"Xen"	"Yea ho."
John Proctor.....	"Proc"	"Both hands up."
Emma Both.....	"Noisy"	"I don't know."
Edward Hauck.....	"Bebe"	"Hey, guy!"
Harold Guy.....	"Sugar Foot"	"I haven't got the heart."
James Fifield.....	"Flea"	"I don't care any more."
Grace Mills.....	"Gus"	"Oh, I suppose."
Bessie Belle Bronston.....	"Snookums"	"Oh! I don't care."
Vera Wallace.....	"Jackie"	"Kiss me, nothing."
Gertrude Martin.....	"Dottie"	"Have a good time while one is
Julia Jansen.....	"Judy"	

(Continued in our next)

Probably It's Here

NAME.	NICKNAME.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.
Hannah Johnson.....	"Han"	young."
Araline Downy.....	"Peggy"	"Oh! Bethal."
Lada Tindall.....	"Babe"	"Old stuff."
Margaret Pulliam.....	"Mug"	"Tell me, kid!"
Milred Smiley.....	"Mug"	"I'll never tell."
Jessie Steedman.....	"Midget"	"You don't say so."
Margaret Itley.....	"Maggie O'Inley"	"You don't mean it."
Margaret Horstck.....	"Maggie"	"Who said Divinity?"
Margaret Berbeck.....	"Marge"	"Savy, sonny!"
Vivian Shepherd.....	"Dixie"	"Oh! you don't know."
Elizabeth Jones.....	"Beth"	"Now listen here."
Thelma Winters.....	"Tess"	"For me heart's sake!"
Maureen Maloney.....	"Kath"	"For the love of Pat!"
Willie May Marchant.....	"Willy"	"Honest t' Pete."
Lillian Noonan.....	"Wilbet"	"Oh! say."
Myrtle Noonan.....	"Mert"	"Oh! my John."
Charlotte Bryant.....	"Dettie"	"Hello there."
Eikei Brown.....	"Dottie Lee"	"Oh! my dear."
Dorothy Eagle.....	"Dottie Lee"	"Good night."
Elizabeth Kinley.....	"Betty"	"Goodness, gracious."
Margaret Geary.....	"Anni"	"I don't know."
Inez Gentry.....	"Christy"	"I don't know."
Marie Christensen.....	"Hat"	"Yes? No?"
Hattie Vineyard.....	"Glad"	"Oh!"
Gladys Tate.....	"Peckie"	"Honest to goodness!"
Helen Lewis.....	"Cutie"	"Satis verborum."
Margaret Peck.....	"Peg"	"Good night."
Ethel Ross.....	"Peg"	"That's a small matter."
Margaret Mandeville.....	"Baby"	"Thunderation."
Marion Smith.....	"Sugar"	"Good nite."
Lillian Martin.....	"Pinkey"	"Gosh!"
Louisa Wood.....	"Prib"	"Goodness, gracious, Annee."
Mildred Weeks.....	"Hump"	"Which, George?"
Elsie Frisbie.....	"Freckles"	"Well, my land!"
Marian Hemfeld.....	"Gibby"	"Well, what do you think of that?"
Margaret Millise.....	"Clate"	"Oh! you are spoofing me."
Irving Brown.....	"Pat"	"Good night."
Ewing Gibson.....	"Milt"	"You horse!"
Clayton Gordon.....	"Pablo"	"Gobs of joyousness."
Leah Patt.....	"Tropsie"	"Just like that."
Mildred Northrup.....	"Goodie"	"Ebeneizer."
Paul Gilkeson.....	"June"	"You're a dear!"
Trophia Gillespie.....	"Leo"	"Got that Physics Exper.?"
Edwin Goodson.....	"Dividend"	"But Master Barnby."
Genevive McKim.....	"Sib"	"I've got the review."
Leon Leeds.....	"Sib"	"I'm so sleepy."
Esther Wilcox.....	"Sib"	"Don't forget the H. S. Club."
Alfred Rice.....	"Sib"	"I got up at 5 A. M."
Ruth Diven.....	"Sib"	"I've got the advance."
Geo. H. Sibley.....	"Sib"	"Isn't that right?"
Martha Mitchell.....	"Sib"	"Stick around a while."
Ruby Holland.....	"Sib"	"Hello, kid."
Lucille Meinhoffer.....	"Sib"	"I'm looking for the editor."
Jean Coffin.....	"Sib"	"I'm so glad."
Gertrude Llewelyn.....	"Sib"	"The alarm didn't go off."
Irene Wieber.....	"Sib"	"What's the matter, dear?"
Almaretta Morgan.....	"Sib"	"S' il vousplait, ruchere."
Ruth Muchler.....	"Sib"	"Where's my brother?"
Thelma Wilhite.....	"Sib"	"Oh! you're nutty."
Vivian Blankenship.....	"Sib"	"Well, how did Eng. go today?"
Nellie Stewart.....	"Sib"	"Good Scott."
Viola Schilling.....	"Sib"	"Good night."
Nancy McClintock.....	"Sib"	"I don't know."
Florentine Wirthman.....	"Sib"	"I don't know."
Eula Penn Wheat.....	"Sib"	"Great Heavens."
Dorothy Burns.....	"Sib"	"For Pat's sake."
Margaret Jones.....	"Sib"	"Oh, joy."
Thelma Crooks.....	"Sib"	"Oh! Glory."
Lela Bonner.....	"Sib"	"You make me tired."
Dollberg Blenda.....	"Sib"	"Good night."
Mildred Carter.....	"Sib"	"Well, I'll swan."
Sarah Martin.....	"Sib"	"Surest thing you know."
Francis Brauchton.....	"Sib"	"Good night."
Stella Scudder.....	"Sib"	"Get me?"
Margaret Redmond.....	"Sib"	"My stars!"
Irene Price.....	"Sib"	"Oh, don't be so tacky."
Clayds Thurman.....	"Sib"	"Oh! John."
Hester Burr.....	"Sib"	"Good night."
Elizabeth Burr.....	"Sib"	"Oh! Glory."
Helen O'Connell.....	"Sib"	"I don't care."
Verda Phonen.....	"Sib"	"Listen, kid."
Neva McFerren.....	"Sib"	"How is that?"
		"I expect so."

(Continued again)



CANDY KIDS



SOLD OUT

NORTHEAST DAY



CHAPPIE & FLEA



COURT SCENE-MERCHANT OF VENICE



SPANISH DANCERS



LEMONADE MADE IN THE SHADE



DAINTY VENDERS



Shakespeare Play Cast.

Try This List

NAME.	NICKNAME.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.
Frances Mense.....	"Frank"	"Don't ask me."
Edith McCarthy.....	"Babe"	"You can do as you like."
Lucile Stevenson.....	"Oklahoma"	"Now, Les."
Lucile Miller.....	"Slack"	"Well, Mr. Phillips—"
Harry Mayo.....	"Tautie"	"I don't know."
Gladys Taute.....	"Helen"	"Ask Mr. Chaffee."
Helen Sailors.....	"Aluminum"	"I think it highly improbable."
Richard Lockridge.....	"Betzie"	"Lend me your knife."
Louise Betz.....	"Mary Alice"	"Who does he go with?"
Mary A. Winstead.....	"Don"	"I like 'em—but I'm bashful."
Donald Parker.....	"Queenie"	"Got your Eng. Lit.?"
Queenie Lewis.....	"Miss Cooper"	"Now really—"
Harry Cooper.....	"Lizzy"	"Where's my man?"
Elizabeth Watson.....	"Rat"	"I don't know much about girls."
Paul Miller.....	"Hazel"	"Oh! Say!"
Hazel Branson.....	"Earnie"	"That's too deep for me."
Earnest Crow.....	"Ruth"	"Good night!"
Ruth Nordburg.....	"MIT"	"Where's my pipe?"
Milton McGinnis.....	"Soph"	"Now, you quit."
Sophie Johnson.....	"Etel"	"Oh, you kid!"
Ethel Bryant.....	"Dave"	"You bet!"
David Oberlin.....	"Marth"	"Have you that drawing?"
Martha Rollins.....	"Campbell Kid"	"Oh! I don't know about that."
Lucille Campbell.....	"Ann"	"I don't think so."
Annabelle Jones.....	"Freddie"	"My goodness!"
Fred Lukens.....	"The Grecian Lady"	"Now, listen here."
Alta Thurman.....	"Johnny"	"George says—"
John Monteith.....	"Peggy"	"Search me."
Margaret Minnis.....	"Pea"	"Naturally."
Willis Peake.....	"General"	"Hello, Jake."
Ernest Garth.....	"Slim"	"What say?"
Uriel Harling.....	"Mick"	"I'll give ze de grand punch."
Marion West.....	"Jew"	"Why not?"
James Forester.....	"Gritchy"	"I'll pop you."
Eddie Critchfield.....	"Harv"	"Yea be."
Harry Covell.....	"Dusty"	"Aw, heck."
Harvey Partridge.....	"Don"	"I don't know."
Wm. Frost.....	"Rube"	"Don't let them kid you."
Don Whitcomb.....	"Bill"	"Let me do it."
Reuben Olson.....	"Willy"	"Now, you quit!"
Wm. Mathews.....	"Earnest"	"Atta boy."
Wilson Riley.....	"Linky"	"Oh! Man!"
Earnest Brown.....	"Cussy"	"Oh, you kid!"
George Lembke.....	"Moocher"	"Ain't gone none."
R. Custenbolder.....	"Pedro"	
James Fiesler.....	"Chet"	
Kahn Williams.....	"Deet"	
Chester Hill.....	"Turner"	"You tell 'em, kid!"
Laho Dietrich.....	"Bubbles"	"I can't get this Algebra."
Lyle Turner.....	"Turp"	"Amos? Yes, I saw him."
Harry Carpenter.....	"Shorty"	"Speak for me, brother."
Harold Turpin.....	"Shorty"	"Hello, little one."
Ambrose Headlee.....	"Les"	"Listen here."
Carl Maret.....	"Shi"	"Honest?"
Leslie Lovelace.....	"Bob Web"	"Then you aw."
Evert Shively.....	"Bob"	"Good night!"
Lester Weber.....	"The Pirate"	"I have some new perfume."
Robert Van Horn.....	"Dukie"	"What do you say?"
Albert Boutross.....	"Babe"	"Can't be done!"
Edward Petting.....	"Moss"	
Adrian Ladish.....	"Port"	
Maurice Daley.....	"Swede"	"Caramba."
Earl Portwood.....	"Wiggle"	"I'll betcha—Ish ka bibble."
Carl Chleson.....	"Georgy"	"What's the Physics?"
Phil Smith.....	"Al" or "Swede"	"I'll say it is."
George Storms.....	"Dutch"	"Ah! dry up."
Albert Olson.....	"Andy"	"Wait till I learn to drive the Ford."
Herbert Zischky.....	"Ike"	"I am insult!"
Earl Anderson.....	"Rusty"	"You tell them!"
Harry I. Silverstine.....	"Tessie"	"Oh, really?"
Frank Norburg.....	"I uby"	"Nobody home!"
Teresa Allen.....	"Walter"	"Don't arguify."
Ralph Louis.....	"Rusty"	"Don't you know?"
Walter Russell.....	"Steen"	"Oh, Himmel!"
Ernestyne Vickers.....	"Jimmy"	"I am very sorry."
Lucille Peck.....	"Polly"	"This way out."
Chattie Reed.....	"Starkie"	"My stars!"
Fred Stark.....	"Dot"	"Hello, Heinie."
Elizabeth West.....	"Lord"	"Good night."
Harold Morgan.....	"Billie"	"Oh, lawsie."
Clara Stoerner.....	"Lettuce"	"For lan's sake."
Gladys Settle.....	"Libby"	"When I get back to Bloomington."
Olivia Lee Miller.....	"Pony"	"Hot dog, boy!"
Pauline Feemster.....	"Hughey"	
Myron Hughey.....		

(To be (?) concluded)



J. JOHN



OUR HOME



"PRETZEL"



OUR MASCOTS



MR. JOHNSON



THE BUCKETS RETURN



PEARL



"BRANDY"



THE AMHERST CUP



OUR GEM



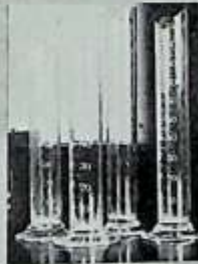
FRONT FACE



RIGHT ABOUT



"MIL"



POST GRADUATES



TROPHA & MARGUERITE

JUST SNAPS

It MUST Be Here

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.
Loran List	Pretty Boy	"He's sure nuts!"
Dorothy Hunter	Tootsie	"Oh, dear."
Martha McPherson	Babe	"Oh, Heavens."
Herbert Barnby	Bert	"That's keen."
Beulah Chitwood	Boots	"Nut scenery."
Forrest Harrison	Doctor	"Such is life!"
William Dent	Blonde	"Chase me, girls."
Harvey Walker	Pretty	"Mr. Cowan."
Allen Compton	Pete	"Curses!"
Helen Barrett	Eyes	"Seen Theodore?"
Harry Barnes	Aurdler	"Hi, bum!"
John Black	Speck	"Haw, Haw, Haw!"
Guy Martin	Grapes	"Hello."
De Witt Smith	Dewy	"You tellum."
Lloyd Smith	Smithy	"I don't know."
Harry Coughlin	Fighting Coughlin	"That's nice."
Abe Vinick	Vinegar	"Atta boy."
Donald Duffield	Don	"Yea, bo."
Avin Harper	Hix	"O, Isabel."
Edward McGinnie	Bud	"Go jump in the lake."
Ralph Walker	Walker	"I'm from Mo."
Edwin Clarkson	Ed	"Oh, What a whopper!"
Vance McKelley	Mc K	"Wada ya know about that?"
Paul Jones	Paulie	"You know it!"
Frederic Durst	Curly	"If I were only a senior."
Lyman Gunn	Gunny	"Oh, you kid!"
Ercil Adams		"What's the use."
Albert Thayer	Thayer	"Hello, Thayer."
Howard Patterson	Pat	
Carol Peale	Pealy	"Don't make me laugh."
James Church	Sunday School	"That motion is lost."
Harold Boyd	Punch	"Say!"
Marguerite Ennis	Fin	"Tee! Hee!"
Elizabeth Lewis	Libby	"In all my life!"
Delia Miller	Deya	"I don't know."
Susie Holler	Sue	"Let me see."
Cora Hawkins		"Did you get that?"
Bessie Porter	Bob	"Oh, sugar!"
Genevive Schim	Jenny	"Well, let's go."
Melvin McCormack	Mac	"Well."
Charles Randolph	Thalley	"Oh, for _____ sake."
Leon Hampton	Lee	"Hey, Soap."
Raymond Prier	Ray	"Oh, you pot hound."
Frank Renne	Cotton	"Speak for me, brother."
Frank Makepeace	Mick	"Gimme a nickel."
James Ebersole	Jackson	"You know me, birdie."
Lucile Chapin	Lucy	"Enough for that."
Ruth Sterns		"Not audible (_____)."
Annette Ohlson	Nette	"I just abhorre them."
Elizabeth Wallingford	Beth	"Stop."
Norah Donohue	Noenie	"Isn't he cute?"
Phil Peduman	Phil	"Now, Rachel."
Ross Haines	Taffy	"Have an onion."
Juliette Williams	Jullie	"Good night!"
Anna Williams	Aunt Jane	"Oh! kid."
Katherine Curry		"No argument about it."
Janette Rapp	Rippety Rapp	"I don't know what you're talking about."
Sarah Goldsmith	Sadie	"I haven't such a thing."
Ethel Hardy		"Oh, Conscience."
Jannette Boyd	Jay Jay	"I'm sorry."
Bessie Hunter	Bess	"That there a—"
Angeline Menotti	Mennotti	"I just love her."
Grace Crow	Cutie	"I don't know, riddle."
Florence Kalen	Babe	"Isn't that the limit?"
Margaret Zickafoose	Ziekie	"Oh! Cookie!"
Mary Elizabeth McGee	Lizzy	"Oh! Miss Keating!"
Virginia Harrison		"Oh! My!"
Ruth Mathews	Mat	"Jigger, kid."
May Mort	Noodles	"Really."
Miss Housie		"Aw, David is the sweetest thing."
Miss Keating		"Keep it clean."
Victoria Ross	Toady	"I don't care."
Lorraine Weir	Irish	"Now listen."
Helen Hoppes	Skeeter	"I hardly ever care."
Roberta Taylor	Rob	"I should worry."
Harriet Haybough	Harry	"Great Caesar."
Truth Covert	Tootsie	"Get out of there."
Ida Hills		"Oh, law."
Maurine Montgomery	Baby	"Oh, Dale."
Emma Roth	Em	"—and everything."
Earl Clark		"Darn it."
Harvey Jennett	Harvey the simple	"Nothin' doin'."
Mr. Ogg		"Let's all be quiet at once."
Alexander Kurfiss	Alex	"One ha'f."
Lovell Dehoney	Bell	"Good!"

(The end? No!)

Ah! Here It Is!

NAME.	NICKNAME.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.
Harold Curry.....	"Curry"	"Go on, you bum."
Carl Dethloff.....	"Dutchman"	"Oh, shoot!"
Claude Easton.....	"Skeeter"	"What the Dickens?"
Chauncey Flagg.....	"Curley"	"That's right!"
Robert Haas.....	"Pinky"	"Oh, heck!"
Arthur Izzard.....	"Bud"	"Golly."
Clarence Jenks.....	"Jinx"	"Well, I'll be—"
Alfred Masterson.....	"Mass"	"Whistle me!"
Lowell McCutcheon.....	"Red"	"Gee whiz!"
Rhea Moor.....	"Reea"	"Gee whiz!"
Leonard Noland.....	"Len"	"Who would have thought it."
Charles Owsley.....	"Hooty"	"I doubt it."
Evelyn Ross.....	"Tommy"	"So different from Westport."
Thomas Ross.....	"Tommy"	"Get out, you louse."
David Smart.....	"Davie"	"I don't know."
Thomas Zumwalt.....	"Luxie"	"Ah, gwan."
Chauncey Flagg.....	"Curley"	"Sabe Dios."
Marguerite Baker.....	"Rita"	"Sabe Dios."
Susan Buford.....	"Sue"	"Is that so?"
Opal Hixson.....	"Hixie"	"O gee, I'm mad."
La Verne Justice.....	"Hixie"	"Listen, kid."
Helen Nelson.....	"Hixie"	"For lan's sake!"
Mildred Parisi.....	"Millie"	"For lan's sake!"
Constance Russell.....	"Connie"	"For lan's sake!"
Martha Vanier.....	"Fluff"	"O, my heart."
Christine Wayland.....	"Chris"	"O, my heart."
Rodella Haplee.....	"Peck"	"Oh, man."
Robert Sinclair.....	"Salomie"	"Does anybody know it?"
Dean Blackmen.....	"Deanie"	"I don't know."
Raymond Bacheller.....	"Jinks"	"Go ahead."
Bryant Comstock.....	"Commie"	"Just one more, please."
Bessie James.....	"Jimmie"	"An't you got no education."
Chas. Baker.....	"Chuck"	"Do you get it?"
G. Wm. Schwartz.....	"Son"	"Your arguments are weak."
Vern Blunt.....	"Blunt"	"I never had a taste for that stuff."
John E. Redmond.....	"Irish"	"Come on, girls; I'm with you."
Lois Greene.....	"Greenie"	"Nobody home."
Harry Hunt.....	"Honney"	"I'm for you."
Mary Donohue.....	"Don't know her"	"Listen, honey."
Eleanor Latchem.....	"Nellie"	"Say, kid!"
Ruth Carson.....	"Rufens"	"You don't mean it!"
Ralph Stark.....	"Starkey"	"Horse about."
Jimmie Borders.....	"Freak"	"I don't know."
Ralf E. Putnam.....	"Happy"	"Play another rag, please."
Muriel Naylor.....	"Middy"	"You are crazy."
J. John Gillis.....	"Senator"	"We want baseball."
Ben Anderson.....	"Ben"	"Yea, bo!"
Geo. A. Studds.....	"Gas"	"I'm not late!"
Chas. Hellin.....	"Jack"	"I don't know."
L. Swisher.....	"Swish"	"Ask Dad, he knows."
Elizabeth Morris.....	"Cutey"	"You don't shay sho!"

SCHOOL LIFE.

AS IT SEEMS TO A FRESHMAN.

Studious Freshmen,
Indifferent Sophomores,
Supercilious Juniors,
Arrogant Seniors.

AS IT SEEMS TO A SENIOR.

Worthless Freshmen,
Aspiring Sophomores,
Egotistical Juniors,
Exalted Seniors.

AS IT REALLY IS.

Freshman—Martyrs,
Sophomores—Sinners,
Juniors—Reformers,
Seniors—Saints.

HARVEY WALKER, '19.

SONNET.

FRANK P. LAURENZANA, '17.

A sonnet great of me who ever knew?
To chant my love for her, so fair, oh gee!
I can't, my friends, I beg for sympathy;
'Twould take a Milton and a Dante, too,
To justly praise those eyes, that heart, so true.
But mine, my own, I know she cannot be;
The thought of her must be enough for me,
Although my heart to burst itself, it grew;
And so, ye think, I drew her to my side
Some maiden true, so young and sweet and fair,
To make, forsooth, my own and lawful bride?
Beware, ye fools, of what ye think, take care!
Not me some maiden dear to altar guide!
For I was chanting of my dog, so there!

TRIP TO THE FLOUR MILL.

CATHERINE FOLEY, '17.

I suppose many of you are still wondering about those touring cars which you saw in front of Northeast High School Tuesday, March ninth. To satisfy your curiosity I will tell the purpose of these automobiles. They were provided through the kindness of the Southwestern Milling Company to take the interested girls of the Domestic Science Department to this flour mill in order that we might see the processes which a wheat grain undergoes before it can form the foundation of our "staff of life." After a long ride which we thoroughly enjoyed we arrived at our destination.

We at once began the excursion. The process is very complicated. After the wheat has been weighed, and scoured it goes through a series of breakers which separates the bran from the flour. It is then sifted



in huge bolters which move in a centrifugal motion, thus giving the two final products, bran and flour. The flour is then weighed and put into sacks, in which we buy it.

In addition to this, the Southwestern Milling Company has a chemist who makes a loaf of bread from each new lot of flour and in this way he can test the quality of the flour by the quality of the bread it makes. In his laboratory he also has a miniature mill with which he experiments in order to find the most efficient way to make the best kind of flour.

After seeing this, we returned to the automobiles where the white pencils were distributed. The girls then were taken home in the cars, a ride which all enjoyed. I am certain all the girls join with me in expressing our most hearty thanks to Mr. Dillon, our principal's son-in-law, and Mr. Pearson, who very kindly arranged for this excursion.

SWOPE SETTLEMENT WORK.

ALICE ARNOLD, '16.

You may ask: "Well, what has Swope Settlement Work to do with Northeast High School?" It has nothing to do with it, but Northeast has had much to do with Swope Settlement during the past two years. More than a dozen domestic science girls of Northeast have enjoyed teaching cooking there. It was all voluntary work. Three times a week, cooking classes were conducted at the Settlement from four o'clock until five, and each girl, in turn, taught her class. There were about twelve little foreign girls of the neighborhood in a class, ranging in age from five to fourteen years.



GERTRUDE HINDMAN'S SWOPE SETTLEMENT CLASS

Their cooking room is a very small one, about twice the size of our pantry in the domestic science room. The equipment is very poor, too, but, perhaps, even better than that that they have at home. It consists of two long tables on either side of the room, placed next to the wall; six gas plates, two girls to a plate; one large sink and drawers at each desk, containing dishes and utensils. The classes were very informally conducted, as conversations were freely carried on between those in the cooking class and those just outside playing basket ball. These little children enjoyed their lessons very much and they always brought a dish with them from home in which to carry the food they had prepared to show to their mothers. Our girls would have to watch carefully, or some one would slip into more than one class.

It was very hard for the girls to teach the little Settlement children cleanliness, as they represent very poor families, whose homes were poorly furnished and not very sanitary. They did not like to wear their aprons, which, by the way, were furnished by the Settlement. They often said: "Oh! my dress is dirty. I don't need any apron on." On account of certain religious beliefs, they could not eat a great many of the dishes which they had prepared. For the same reason, they did not use soap, but a soap substitute which was a very poor one.

Our Northeast girls derived a great deal of benefit from their experiences at the Settlement in more ways than one. They not only have an idea of settlement work now, but most of all, they have a chance to see whether they would like to teach domestic science. The girls who taught the classes were: Leone Self, Mary Jane Berkeley, Katherine Allen, Helen Tutt, Dorothy Clemens, Louise Rollins, Florence Michael, Hattie Hudson, Julia Salmon, Martha Heinrich, Muriel Naylor, Katherine Fitzsimmons, Florence Green, Catherine Foley, Frances Stewart, Ruth Compton, Anna Hagedorn and Gertrude Hindman.

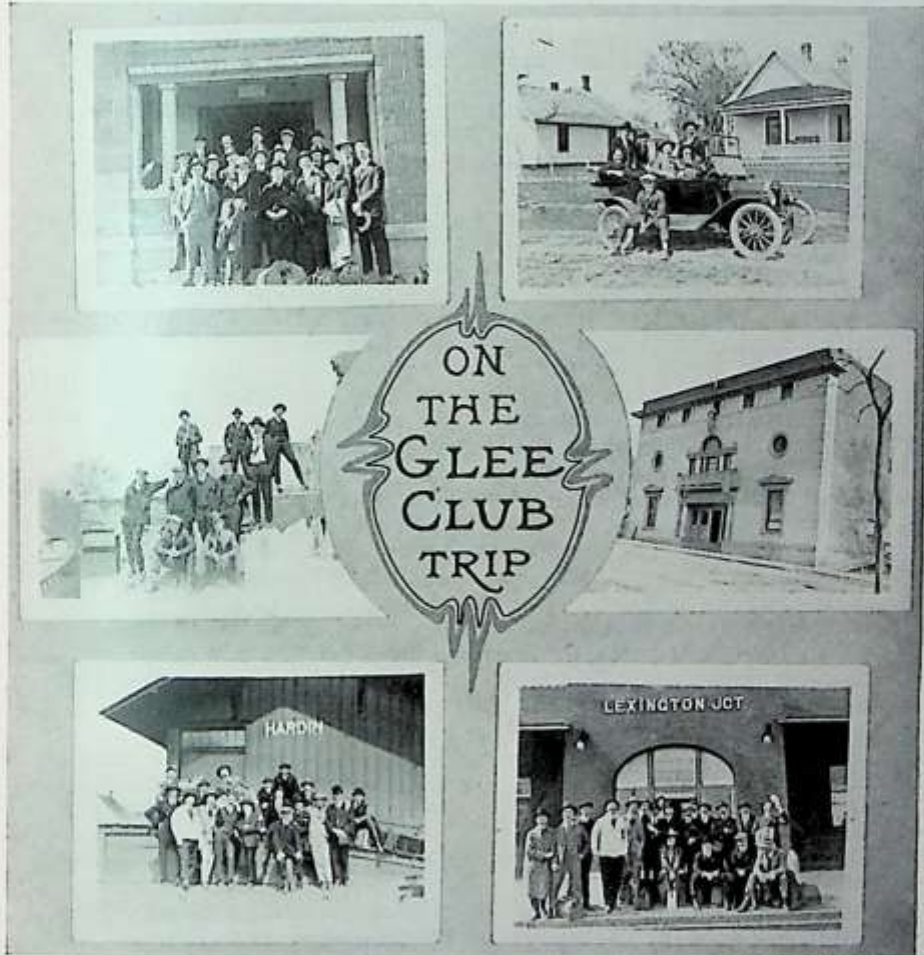
THE GLEE CLUB TRIP.

LOREN E. WALLINGFORD, '17 (Reporter).

The excitement was running high as the fellows who were going on the Glee Club trip arrived one by one and two by two at the Union Station, loaded down with baggage, overcoats and good humor. Soon each fellow got down to business and tried to remember just what he had forgot to bring. Among the humorous comments made, Trotter said that he had forgotten to bring his hair brush, but Ben Gillis assured him that he was yet safe, as his tooth brush would serve the purpose. But trying to go one better still, he said that he had forgotten his new voice—the one he had with him was cracked.

After this operation they exchanged places to try and find something on each other. The first discovery was, since Comstock had been forbidden to smoke cubebs on the trip, that he had brought a pocket full of coffee. The time was growing near for assembling the scattered parts and as John Monteith was down to see the crowd off, he undertook this job. John was successful in this, but it hit him hard, as each fellow was treated to a coca cola; then the porter hollered all aboard for Hardin, door number 16—such a rush. Ben, who had all the tickets, thought that there would not be enough, because they went so fast as each man passed through the gate.

The Glee Club crowd swamped the car and even had to stand up, but the aristocratic ideas of two of the fellows, manely James Parsons and Senator J. John Gillis, our lawyer and advance agent, relieved the congestion by entering the parlor car and paying all necessary charges, which were two-bits. When they were discovered by the reporter, it was found that these charges covered all expenses except that Senator J. John, in writing to his little Verda, used over thirty cents' worth of note paper.



Things were growing warm with the rest of the crowd. Ben was cracking ancient jokes, which, since the whole car heard them, made every one feel sorry for him. Few of them were able to get seats together, which caused many hard feelings, for in one case, B. Gillis, Wallingford, Eberhard and Fifield were quarreling over a seat.

Accusations soon found their place in the conversation and some were, after Comstock came through three cars, calling St. Joe, Parsons forgot to bring Comstock's cage and Mr. Chaffee forgot his snuff

box. The latter comment was made because, after investigation, it was found that Mr. Chaffee had most everything.

The greatest catastrophe on the trip to Hardin was when the fellows discovered that there was only one razor in the crowd. Immediately a quarrel followed, but Hughie stopped this by saying that he would fight with one, but not for one. In connection with this, for it was Hughie's razor, we found that it was brought for social functions only and it was not a safety. Later Mr. Swearingen needed his razor, but was caught without it and as a result, he made a fast run from Dog Town in Richmond.

Arriving in Hardin, we were received with the greatest hospitality and placed in private homes, after a short practice in the Odcin Opera House, where Hughie gave us a "Hoo Cha Ma Coo" dance.

It was when the fellows assembled again, after leaving their baggage at their rooms, that the baseball fever broke out and soon a game was started with the Hardin boys, who had gathered for a game with Lexington, but the Lexington boys did not come, so the game was Hardin vs. Glee Club. The Glee Club battery consisted of Hughie as catcher and Ben as pitcher. In the third inning the score was three to three, and in the beginning of the fourth, Hardin took their bats. Ben fanned the first man up and the second two were floored by a double play to second from Hughie and then to first. In the fifth inning Burton was seated on third by a long sliding drive by a hefty Hardin boy, but the most humorous part was when the score at the end of the fifth inning was given—6 to 5—Glee Club. Then came a call from Mr. Chaffee, who was at the opera house, which prevented further embarrassment for the Hardin team.

Then next came the most interesting part for the fellows—supper—and such a supper. Each man asked the other if Thanksgiving had returned. In cleaning up for supper, Laws, instead of washing, used talcum powder. The good humor again flowed uncensored. Speaking of strawberries, Laws remarked that Burton could easily pick them standing up, but Fifield would have a hard time. The cooks were worked hard in many ways, one of which was providing new implements of destruction, for Eberhard set the example of dropping his fork the first thing. There was an unusual stir among the cooks when the fellows let out their belts after supper.

Soon the crowd dispersed to get ready for the concert and to discover just how many pretty girls were at their particular place of abode. The house was well filled at the concert Friday night and the sextette made the big hit. In the song, "My Little Girl," Hughie, Barnes and Laws were the "Little Girls," dressed in aprons and sunbonnets, with their trouser legs rolled above the apron, but the greatest hit was made when Hughie forgot to roll down his trousers leg and entered for the second encore with no apron or sunbonnet. However, when he made the discovery, an exclamation followed and Hughie calmly proceeded to adjust them to the proper length while yet on the stage.

After the concert in preparing for retirement from the opera house, Parsons lost his vest, but soon found that Burton had it on. The procession went to a cafe and we gave the occupants a short concert and then sought some sleep. Then some one remembered that we were expected to breakfast at the place of our recent Thanksgiving dinner which would interfere with late sleeping so persons was detailed to tell the lady of this rearrangement, who was supposed to be in a private booth in the cafe, so Parsons went to a crowded table of Hardin

people to tell the wrong woman that we were not coming to breakfast while the gang stood outside and roared. But the fellows did not find sleep soon after that, for some homes had provided types of amusement and so we danced rather late.

During the last programme, while the Club was singing, some poor negro stumbled and fell in the balcony—needless to say the song was a success. Soon the whole crowd assembled in Mr. Chaffee's room in the hotel and everyone was in high spirits and satisfied with everything in detail, even the financial report, which proved to surpass the frailest air castle built by any member of the crowd. It was at this meeting that we all agreed that Ben Gillis took the big prize for business mangle and each individual appreciated his hard work in the Glee Club's interests.

And now beds were sought, for some expected to leave at 4:30 Sunday morning. This condition brought about the greatest excitement of the trip to all who were concerned. Hughie and Barnes, who were not starting early, took a little stroll around the square, which gave the other fellows time to get to bed before the strollers turned in. Between themselves Barnes and Hughie prepared a surprise for the occupants of one of the rooms.

Each, muffled heavily, changed his voice and entered the room where Louis Downey and Harold Redmon were soundly sleeping. Hughie had a can of camphor ice, the end of which was about the size of a revolver barrel. This was placed at Redmon's head, and Barnes, not having a "weapon," proceeded to hold Downey by taking a seat upon his chest. Upon awakening Redmon found a heavy weight upon his shoulders and proceeded to speak, but was commanded to be still and hand over his valuables.

"I haven't a thing to my name, Mister."

"Don't speak again or I will blow your brains out. You wouldn't be here if you were broke; come now, kick in," spoke the mysterious voice.

"Aw! Mister, you wouldn't shoot, would you?"

"Try me and see, you little infant."

Redmon then, going the limit, attempted to remove the "can gun" from his head, but a brawny and muscular hand was placed at his throat and tightened enough to show the business character of the robber. In the meanwhile Downey was breathing hard under the weight of the other bandit, but was soon intrusted into the hands of the armed robber. Then followed a general search of each occupants' jeans, and then for the first time Barnes spoke.

"Some one is coming!"

Both robbers made a hurried exit and entered their own room, where Trotter, among others, was bunking. Trotter was admitted into the game and he immediately entered the robbed room in his pajamas and with his exciting eyes bugged to the extreme, exclaimed: "Good Lord, fellows, we have been robbed!"

By this time the robbers were prepared for bed and entered in their pajamas.

"Say, fellows!" exclaimed Hughie. "We have got to walk home. Everything in our room has been stolen!"

At this Redmon and Downey sat up in bed, rubbing their eyes.

"Say, Hughie," said Downey, "do you know I thought at first that you were the robber, but I guess we have been robbed."

Too bad, but Hughie busted, and this ended the excitement for the first annual trip of the Northeast Glee Club.

MORE NAMES

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
Adeline Levy	"A"	"Ba! Ba!"
Irene McCune	"Mac"	"Honest, John."
Bernice Kinley	"Bern"	
Myrtle Dingman	"Ding"	
Wilma Schilling	"Billie"	"Sad, but true."
Harold Durnell	"Kid"	"Shurr!"
Coy Patterson	"Pat"	"See you tomorrow."
Harry Kingery	"Kink"	"Oh, really."
Hertbert Patt.	"Bunny"	"I'm a Scout and proud of it!"
Robert Salmon	"Bob"	"Gwan, mutt!"
Hugh Ennis	"Sap Head"	"Gonna play ball?"
Homer Regerbrecht	"Dutch"	"Oh, yeah."
Chas. Edwards Morton	"Shorty"	"Aw, come on."
Earl Schmahlfeldt	"Smochy"	"Gotta git my N. Y. Times."
Robert Schmahlfeldt	"Bob"	"Ow, whada think yer doin'?"
Clair Christopher	"Weasel"	"Uh! Uh!"
Richard Greene	"Dick"	"I'll be Greene when a S'r."
Guy Meily	"Mealy"	"Wot's at?"
Frank Justice	"Scoot"	"Did ya see the show?"
Hany Fulton	"Fulty"	"Come on now, boys."
Gladys Adler	"Glad"	"Oh, you bet."
Mildred Adams	"Mickey"	"Oh, you sweet thing."
Esther Monteith	"Dutch"	"Swan."
Gladys McKinley	"Happy"	"I don't bother."
Christopher Anderson	"Chris"	"High Jake."
Anna Foster	"Irish"	"Oh, yes."
Florence Johnson	"Flossie"	"Good night!"
Claud Goodson	"Goodie"	"At the lady."
Frank Pauly	"Dutch"	"Do we want 'em?"
Velma Mather	"Muggins"	"My stars!"
George Elliott	"Cootton"	"Who'd a' thunk it."
Bryan Kerns	"Bunney"	"How much will you bet?"
Corinne Miller	"Heinie"	"Why, child."
Blanche Thompson	"Bunny"	"Good night."
Eula Thompson		"Listen."
Eugene Bisan	"Shike"	"Whatcha say, bo?"
Viola Draper	"Babe"	"Who—Bill?"
Mary Slater	"Slim"	"You're sure kwiff."
Donald Mentzer	"Don"	"Seven and a-half."
Dorothy Reno	"Dot"	"Big pill."
Retha Rose		"My dear."
Taylor Campbell	"Tee"	"Oh, go on."
Margaret Donahue	"Peggy"	"I don't want to."
Frank Shakefford	"Shak"	"She said she was."
Harry McCray	"Mac"	"You big ol' silly bo!"
Kathryn Rast	"Dick"	"Say, kid."
Gladys Schunacher	"Gladness"	"Really?"
Amelia Davis	"Mealy"	"Great Caesar!"
Martha Flaugh	"Marmee"	"It gives me the wooley."
Frances Bowen	"Teeter"	"I should say so."
Jessie Jewel		"Gee whiz!"
Eva Hudson	"Pat"	"Listen, kid."
Clara Lucey	"Bill"	"Persone a maison."
Mona Miller	"Tiny"	
Irene Hunter	"Rence"	"No slang, please."
Bennie Louise Peden	"Little one"	"Has he got black hair?"
Edith Smith	"Deddie"	"Why?"
Ethel Knight		"I don't care."
Nellie Hardy	"Jeff"	"Is that so, kiddo?"
Alice Brace	"Allie"	"It's not best for you to know."
Anna Hagedorn	"Ann"	"Nobody home."
Ethel Nickson	"Rufus"	"Keep smiling."
Edna Henel	"Ed"	"Where's Iva?"
Edna Tracey	"Eddie"	"Goodness, gracious!"
Helen Score	"Gene"	"What's the idea?"
Ruth Hassig		"Is he good looking?"
Josephine Ralph	"Jo"	"Bless your heart."
Fern Becker	"Becker"	"Good night!"
Katherine Allen	"Kate"	"Oh, my goodness!"
Helen Fering		"For gracious' sake."
Beulah Miles	"Boots"	"For the love of Pete!"
Elizabeth Elliott	"Betty"	"I'm not blushing."
Esther Fredrickson	"Tooth Picks"	"Bless Pat!"
Ruth Smith	"Chub"	"Ain't that wonderful?"
Helen Brockman	"Snookie"	"Is my face red?"
Lenna Buttler	"Dixie"	"For the love of Mike!"
Junia Slavens	"June"	"Oh! Say!"
Estelle Miller	"Stella"	"Oh! Gee!"
Alice Conant	"Can't Kick"	"Granny."
Clara Gunderman	"Curly"	"Won't that be swell?"
Sarah Fox	"Foxy"	
Loyce May	"Favorite"	"For goodness' sake!"
Melidan Brodie	"Sonny Jim"	"I don't care."
Frances House	"Stonney"	"Oh! Givan!"
Bessie Stoneman	"Boss 'em"	"O, that problem's easy."
Evelyn Morris	"Shorty"	"Good night!"
Thelma Walker		"Have you got your lesson?"

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.
Ruby Bowman	"Cupid"	"For the love of mud!"
Mabel Caswell	"Cutie"	"I wonder."
Katherine Habel	"Diddy"	"Nuts!"
Leafa Jackson	"Jack"	"Had a swell time last night."
Mildred Burnam	"Mid"	"Don't!"
Grace Peterie	"Dotty"	"Oh! Law!"
May Stansberry	"Eddie"	"Simp!"
Edward Jaackley	"Eddie"	"Silm"
Horace Craig	"Bun"	"Tell her I'm here."
Dalzey C. Plagg	"Lousy"	"That's sad."
Raymond Step	"Steve"	"I'll bet you're kiddin'."
Graham Scott	"Scotty"	"Next!"
Roland Darrow	"Minister"	"Good Night!"
Nelle Langan	"Peggy"	"Carramba!"
Muriel Whitehurst	"Middy"	"Nadie en Casa."
Vivian Burton	"Frances"	"Isn't he cute?"
Mattie Randazzo	"Mat"	"Um."
Virginia Abbott	"Ginger"	"Gee!"
Emily Fitch	"Ellie"	"Phi Delt."
Ellen Donohue	"Larry"	"You tell the whole world."
Laurence Sherman	"Billy"	"I doubt it."
Marie Jones	"Gibby"	"Why Middy?"
Gilbert Hills	"Bobby"	"Tie it outside."
Robert Bennington	"Bert"	"Aw, come on."
Alberta Graham	"Bud"	"He sure is Keen, girls."
Rose Capland	"Cob"	"Aw, cut it out."
Coburn Jones	"Mibb"	"This way out."
Mildred Connelly	"Mibb"	"Buenos noches."
Boyd Guymon	"Mibb"	"Hi Fresh!"
Don Braustater	"Mibb"	"See you in Spanish."
Harmon Draper	"Mibb"	"Do you want him?"
C. Moberly	"Cease"	"I guess that's poor."
Wallace Laws	"Wally"	"Nuff said!"
Ralph Chapman	"Chappie"	"O perfectly wonderful!"
Georgia Brinkley	"Brink"	"Now Helen."
Henry Crystal	"Hank"	"You know it."
John Erice	"Johnny"	"You bet."
Bernadine Rehkenper	"Reggie"	"You tell 'em."
William Swain	"Bill"	"Last bell's rang."
Mary Lawson	"Little Mary"	"I can't see it that way."
Leo Sullivan	"Sullie"	"Ah you big nut."
Clarke Baker	"Dinah"	"I should worry."
Bernice Gully	"Bernie"	"Well for cat's sake."
Fay Huff	"Little Fay"	"For John's sake."
Ruby Beabout	"Curls"	"For the love of mud."
Vera Adams	"Yek"	"Got your Physiology?"
Dale McVay	"Fid"	"Honest?"
Bessie Snyder	"Snip"	"Yours in haste."
Dortha Christopher	"Dot"	"Those Hickers."
Cuma Sage	"Shorty"	"Yours truly."
Ross Campbell	"Wampus"	"Oh Gee."
Jeanette Locker	"Jenny Wren"	"I don't care."
Hilda Lind	"La-La"	"Have you, honest?"
Olve Barcus	"Kid"	"Cuckoo, I'm a bird."
Bessie Lewis	"Bess"	"Gee, I wish I could grow."
George Holland	"Dutch"	"I don't see where you get that."
Joe Birmingham	"Ham"	"I'm just fixen to."
Lila Phares	"Smootch"	"Well why?"
Lillian Ramsdell	"Lil"	"I don't know."
Marian Blakslee	"Molly"	"Harry who?"
Cora Badgely	"Co"	"Is that right?"
Rebecca Stipp	"Becky"	"Well kid."
Leone Self	"Midge"	"Well, what do you know about that?"
Goddie Self	"Gaky"	"Oh, for the love of mud."
Helen Tate	"Gaky"	"Oh farewell."
Edythe Weaver	"Editch"	"Say, kid."
Catherine Foley	"The lady in the duplex"	"Now, John."
Katherine Fitzsimmons	"Percy"	"Just like the lady in the duplex."
Ruth Haywood	"Inez"	"Where's the Irishman?"
Florence Green	"Greentie"	"What?"
Louise Holdman	"Weesie"	"That's what I want to know."
Katherine Allen	"Kiety"	"The twins are just fine, thank you."
Ruth Compton	"Rootie"	"Oh, say!"
Carv McGoon	"Sister Superior"	"Well."
Willymae Dill	"Willy"	"Anybody here seen Rootie?"
Alice Arnold	"Al"	"Shoot it."
Dorothy Sawyer	"Dot"	"To bluff the teacher."
Norma Batcheller	"Batchie"	"To use all the long words in the dictionary in one recitation."
Arleta Burke	"Burkie"	"To find out who the boy is who calls her up."
Ione Cushma	"Jim"	"To see James Hancock but once again."
Margaret Lydden	"Dag"	"To be a movie star."
John Wallace	"What's today's lesson?"	"To have a low voice."
George Combs	"What's the argument?"	
Mona Ramsey	"You don't shay sho."	
Dorothy Bolts	"Do tell."	
Alleyne Weaver	"Oh—ah."	
Eva Leonard	"Oh, Goodness!"	

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
Maxwell Taylor	"Caracoles."	To debate in Spanish.
Edna Rising	"Believe me!"	To have a steady for next year's games.
Vance McKillip	"I should worry."	To be a Charlie Chaplin.
Ellsworth Haas	"It seems to me."	To capture Villa.
Arthur Johnson	"Now, I tell ya."	To be a champion prize fighter.
Willie Erhardt	"Uh huh, huh uh."	To marry a President.
George Harris	"Oh, pshaw!"	To be a ward politician.
Francis Flagg	"Hee! Hee!"	To be a "suff."
James Barnes	"I didn't understand."	To surpass Dustin Farnum.
Giles Martin	"I'm smart."	To have all the pretty girls at his feet.
Lucile West	"Today's leson is so	To have a yellow dress like a cer-
	"crazy."	tain girl in the study hall.
Ethyl Williams	"Gracious!"	To be sweeter than honey.
Hazel Brubaker	"Oh, kid!"	To be able to chew a nickel's worth of gum all at once.
Charlene Boothe	"I think so."	To be foolish.
Georgia Wolfenburger	"Is he good looking?"	To find her ideal.
Gladys Harlan	"I'll bet you on it."	Expert housewife.
Mildred Farrington	"For heaven's sake."	Daddy's housekeeper.
Josephine Donahue	"Oh, did she?"	Stenographer.
Harriett Johnson	"Be careful."	Teacher of English.
Mildred Berry	"You don't say so."	Spanish stenographer.
Hazel Buel	"I shouldn't wonder."	Grade school teacher.
Ruth Goggin	"I'm sure sick of you."	Music teacher.
Eleanor Gerhart	"Oh, really, now?"	Teacher—any old kind.
Mary Bender	"Got your lesson this morning?"	Trained nurse.
Helen Schulze	"Isn't that the limit?"	Librarian.
Oneita Willey	"Search me."	To make a decent living.
Opal Harmon	"Well, now, really?"	Kindergarten teacher.
Mary Fox	"I don't know."	Gym teacher.
Wilbur Edwards	"Say, guy."	Chief cook and bottle washer.
James Merriweather	"Why a?"	Orator.
Hugh Gallagher	"Tell me about her."	Ladies' man.
Harold Webb	"Yes, you did."	To speak Scotch.
Steward Gilmore	"I forgot."	To get E in English.
Frank Lamenzana	"Caramba!"	To become King of Spain.
Hazel Radcliffe	"Will you always think	To accompany "Bryant" on the
	"that way?"	piano.
Mary Chorn	"No chance."	To act for the movies.
Elizabeth Millett	"Well?"	To become popular with the Freshmen.
Lillian Randall	"Ain't it?"	To dress like Irene Castle.
Agnes Kelley	"Yes, ma'am."	To become assistant teacher.
Winfield Sinclair	"I see."	To "spring" a good joke.
Margaret Banta	"That's him."	To play with Enderweshi.
Viretta Bonner	"I guess so."	To join the Alphas.
Mildred Hill	"Nothing to it."	To become a famous teacher.
Erna Glascock	"How's my hair?"	To look like Mary Pickford.
Dorothy Wallace	"Votes for women."	To make suffrage speeches.
Alice Kidd	"Oh, now, Leslie."	To make "Leslie" happy.
Cecil Cunningham	"Say, kid."	To write a love story.
Dorothy Liddy	"Good night."	
De Etta Hudson	"Loren."	To draw "his" picture.
	"He came over last night."	To get to school on time.
Ruth Davis	"I didn't get my lesson."	To become a language teacher.
Elizabeth Beinhard	"Does my nose shine?"	To originate a new coiffure.
Hope Robbins	"It was funny."	To finish the Sixth Street viaduct.
Ted Hedges	"You know."	To beat "McLaughlin" at tennis.
Helen Brown	"Isn't he handsome?"	To boil water without burning it.
Gertrude Hindman	"Let her go, Gallagher."	To beat Barney Oldfield.
James H. Parsons	"Bloming."	To pull President Wilson's teeth.
Harry Wagner	"Your crazy."	To get Mr. Fulton's position.
Cecil Blampied	"No gas!"	To become a professional lamp-lighter.



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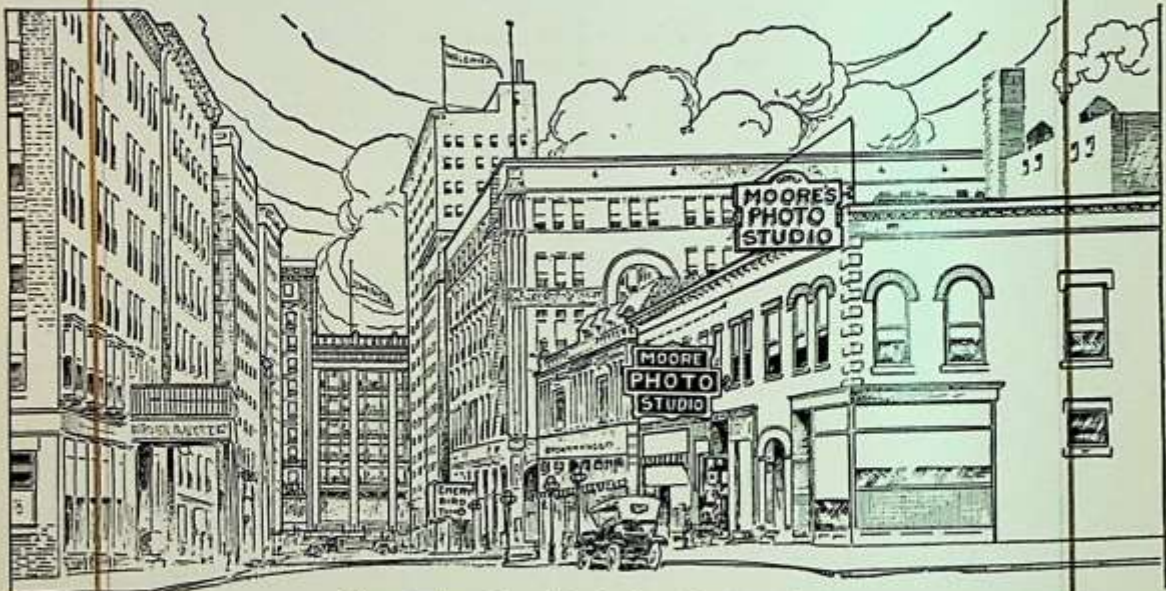
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