

# ANNUAL NORTH

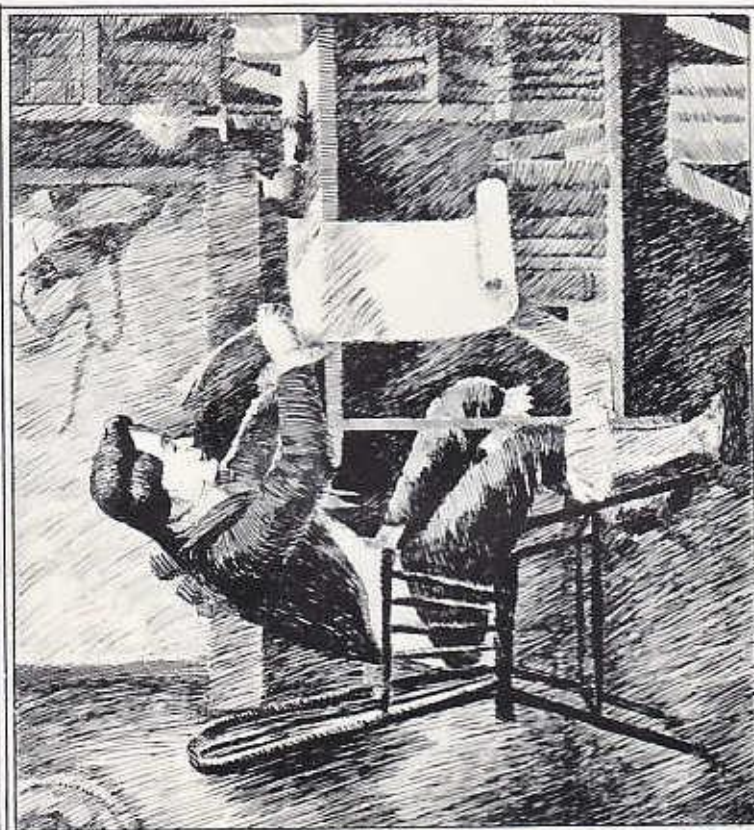


SSS  
1915



North Side High School

DRIVE THY BUSINESS, LET NOT THAT DRIVE THEE.



LOST  
TIME  
IS  
NEVER  
FOUND  
AGAIN



# FOREWORD

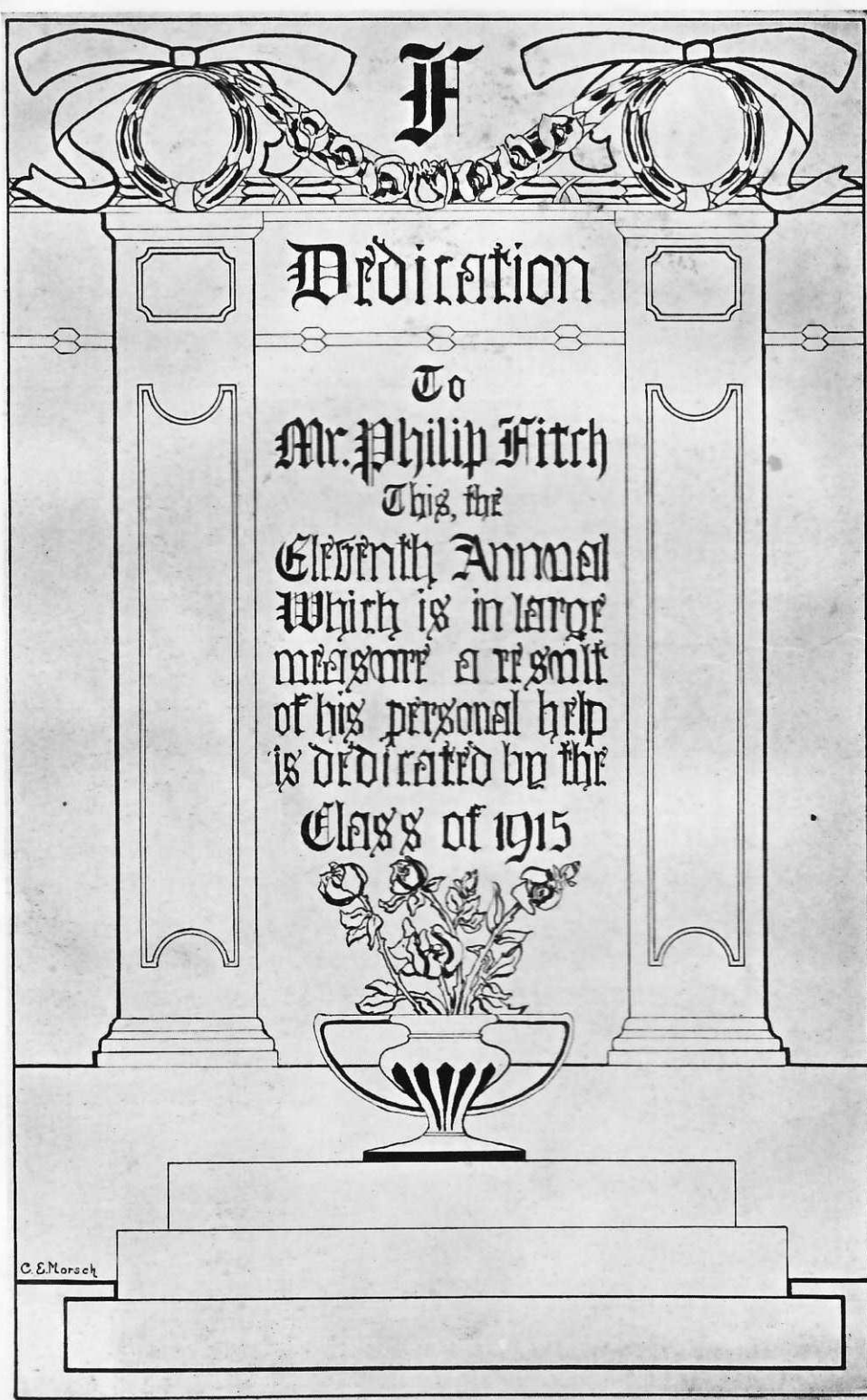


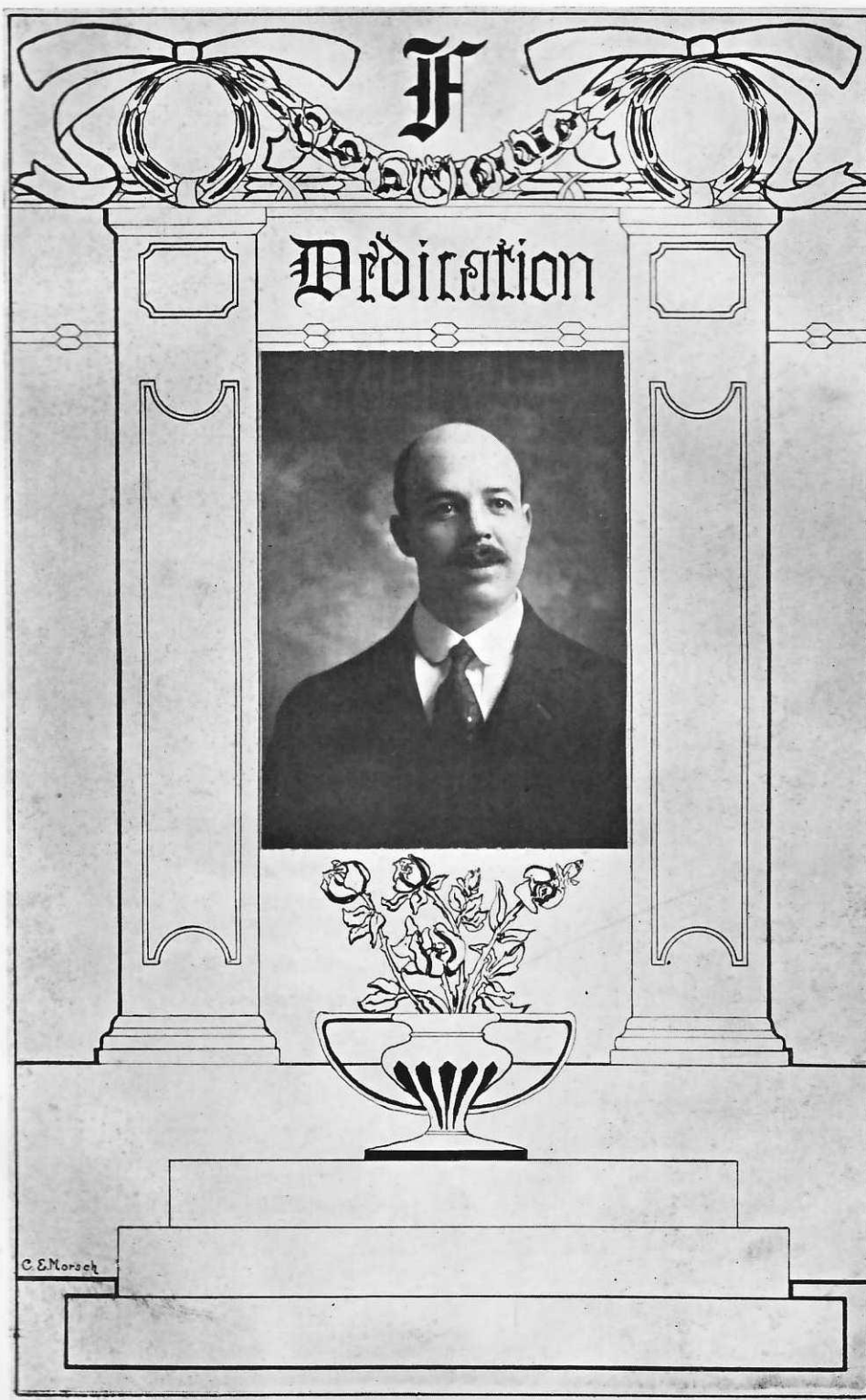
**I**N PRESENTING this, the Eleventh Annual, we of the Annual Board desire to express, in some measure, our appreciation of the pleasure which we have derived from making it. Again and again, have we been made to feel the loyalty and interest of both students and faculty. We have worked with the full realization that our very best has been an all too meager expression of the pleasure and gratitude which we feel at being chosen to serve the Class of 1915. No one more keenly realizes the limitations than we do ourselves. Without the aid and encouragement of the school there would have been but little of real value in this Annual. We wish to tender our earnest appreciation to the whole school for their loyal support, and in particular to those whose contributions have tended, far more than any work of ours, to make this number a success.

And, now, we submit the Annual to the acid test of your approval. It is for you, and you alone that we have undertaken this task; and if you feel that this publication is of any real value — if in the future years it will be a pleasure to you to recall, as you turn its pages, the many happy hours spent at North Denver High School — if you shall read this Annual for pleasure and with profit — then shall we feel that our efforts shall not have been in vain, and shall realize a genuine delight at having been permitted to give to our class and to the school our very best work, the Annual of Nineteen Fifteen.

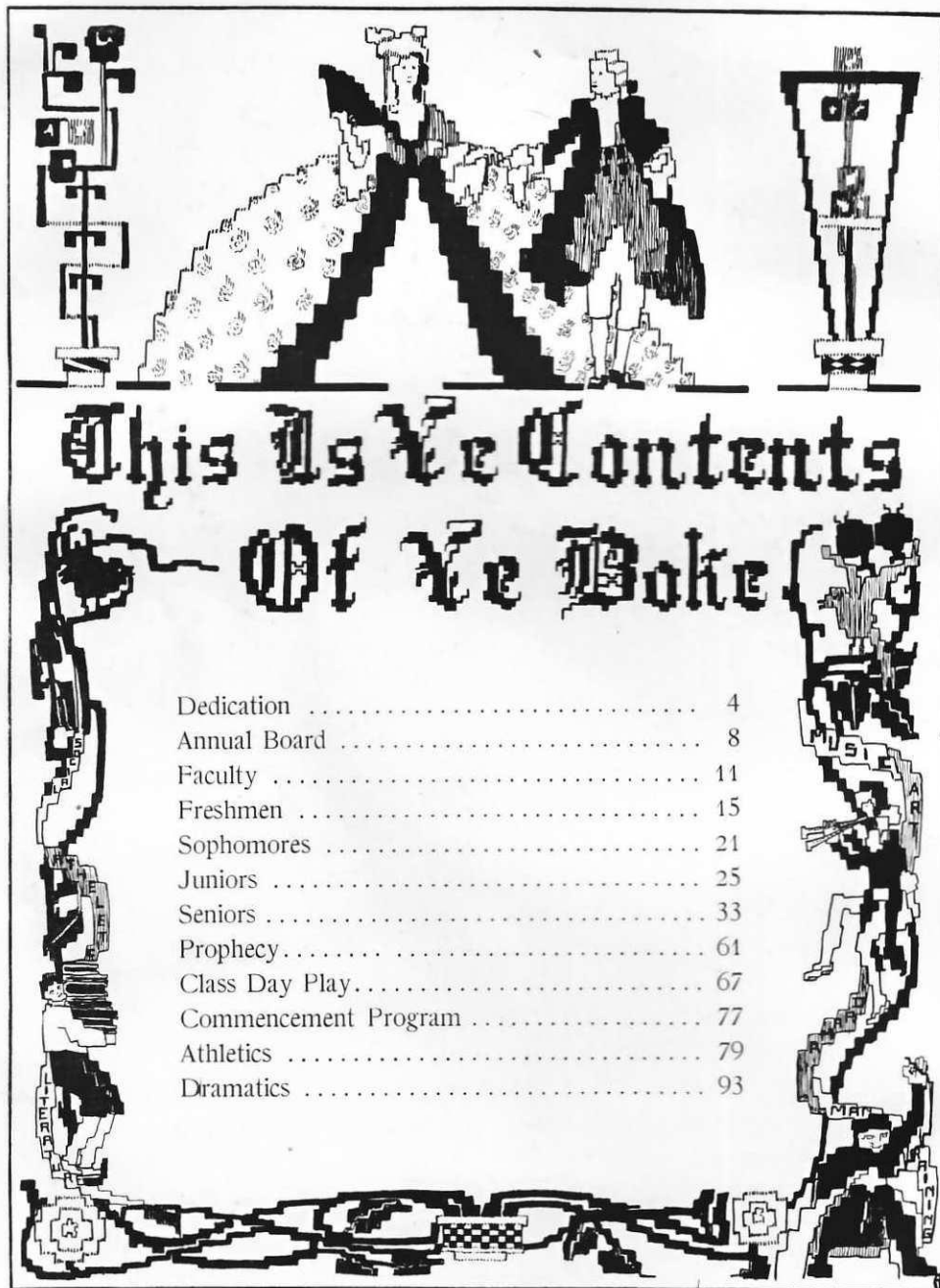
LELAND C. MORRIS '15.







C. E. Morsch





## Flowers' Day



O know how the flowers were named, roll the curtains of time away,  
Behold! on a flowered bank sat a maiden both blithe and gay,  
By two tall poplar trees, garbed in mode of long ago,  
With a basket of blooms that the wind did blow,  
Joyfully sorting them one by one,  
She named them then in her gleeful fun,  
The names of her comrades called to her mind,  
By petaled blossoms, that she did find.

Mary-gold of golden hair and laughing eyes of brown.  
Violet, with dreamy ways, quiet, serene, never known to frown,  
Mignon-ette, so dear, so small, admired, and beloved by all.  
Iris, lovely to behold, answering her goddess mother's call.  
Lily, tall and debonair, a proud and regal Vere de Vere.  
Sweet William, with his gallant ways, who from his deeds does know no fear.  
Hazel and Daisy, about whose charm joy hovers as a homing dove.  
Rose, with mischievous eyes, hair of the night, who feasts on love.  
Olive, so kind and humble, who lives for gladness and peace.  
Bell-flower, so spirituelle, with songs that never cease.  
Jacob's-ladder, a tall youth, ever seeking heights unknown.  
The curtain closes — all vanish as the foam.

MARGARETHE ZIETZ '15.



# Annual Board



Cecil Abenheimer ~ Business Manager



John Hay ~ Junior Representative



Heland Morris ~



Margaret Heitz ~



Evelyn Miles ~ Literary ~



Carlton Robinson ~ Athletic



Harriett Prince ~



Chester Morsch ~ Art

# Inklings of the Annual Board

---

AN Annual editor quite weary of life  
Settled down in 1-B to think  
What would be best, whether poison or knife,  
To put in the finishing kink.

He thought of his troubles with the Annual Board,  
(Which would drive any human to drink)  
At last in despair, he tore out his hair  
And swallowed a bottle of ink.

Evelyn and Chester came passing that way  
And saw the poor fellow and then,  
With a smile that was gay, they did gleefully say,  
"That guy'd make a good fountain pen."

At last, poor Cecil unloosened a sigh  
And sadly sat down on a hummock,  
Then starting to cry, said "I wanted to die,  
But alas, I dyed only my stomach."

"This ink-sodden fellow!" Carlton did bellow,  
With pencil wrote time and again,  
But now he's so inky, I certainly think he  
Ought really to go to the pen."

Miss Zietz and John Hay named the lad, Mr. Ink,  
And taking the chief into hand,  
With Leland and Harriett, put him onto his feet,  
And tried to make Mr. Ink-stand.

A. WILSON '15,  
I. WEBBER '15.



MR. EDWARD L. BROWN

"Yours the task,  
Noblest that noble minds can ask,  
High up Aonia's murmurous mount,  
To watch, to guard the sacred fount  
That feeds the streams below."

# ***FACULTY***



LILLIAN BECK

GRACE GARRETT

HAZEL HAINES

ELLEN JACKSON

CHARLES McGUIRE

LAURA PETTIT

BERTHA STEINHAUER

LUELLA STOCKS





Harold Cleveland



Florence T. Stabb



S. E. Winston



Ruth Heller



Jean K. Ingemall



Alvy C. Smith



Grace Elton Hoot



Philip Fitch



W. Whitman



Richard H. Marshall



Grace Church-Tones



A. L. Faxon



Leonard M. Graham



Anne F. Shelden



Louisa Newton



H. L. Younger



Sarah Dow



C. J. Smith



Helen Alice Stearns



H. L. Bailey



E. D. Campbell



William A. Tucker

Helen Perry

John F. Norton

Jane T. Fowler

Edith Mettler

E. A. Cummings

N. Sparling

Chas. J. Hays

Mary Boyd Gilbert

Estelle Stuckey

Mary Chapman

William C. Langley

Margaret Robinson

Myrtle S. Gorman

Letitia R. Odell

Marian E. Hubbs

William M. Moore

Florence Pagan

Katharine M. Burdett

Geo. H. Wilson

# A Warning

---

Little ignorant Freshmen come to North to stay,  
To do the puzzling problems, and the lessons day by day.  
And proud and haughty Seniors when lessons all are done,  
Do linger in the building and have the mostest fun  
A listnin' to the stories 'bout Freshmen in our school  
Who will not do their lessons accordin' to the rule.  
"Once't there was a little boy wouldn't do his work,  
Every day he'd come to school, but lessons he would shirk.  
And then he got a letter in a yellow envelope,  
And then that little scurrub gave up his every hope.  
And the nex' day he wasn't in the hall,  
He didn't come to school at all."  
Now the frightened Freshmen when skies are blue,  
Long and tedious lessons they continually must do;  
And they hear the Seniors shout,  
But they don't care what 'tis about  
'Cause if they miss their lessons

They

Must

Watch

Out!

MINNIE WILLENS '15.

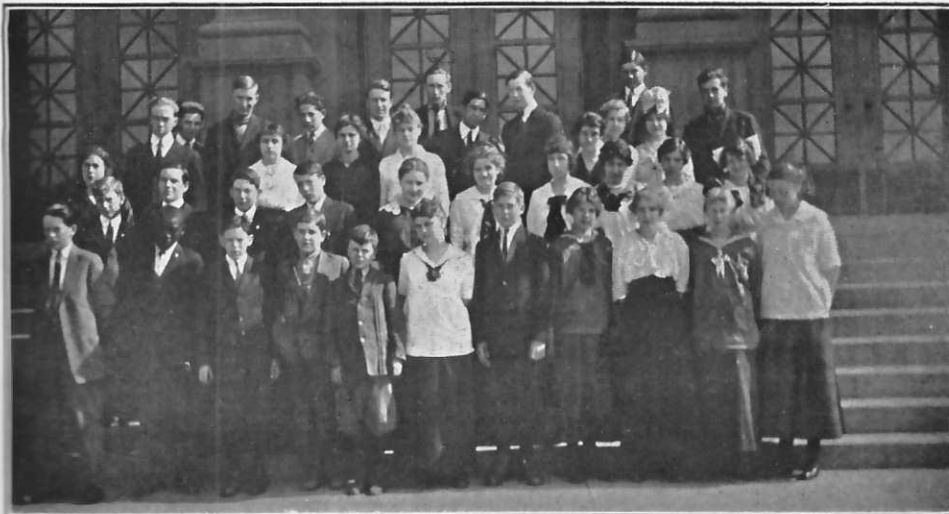
'18 **FRESHMEN** '18



Have seen in visions of the air  
The Canaan of their wilderness  
A boundless empire of success  
"THE MAYFLOWER" E.W. ELSWORTH.











## Blue Monday

Monday Morning,  
North Side High,  
Many Pupils,  
Many a Sigh.  
Not a Lesson,  
Not a Rule.  
Trembling Pupils!  
Heartless School!

Friday Evening,  
After School,  
Happy Pupils,  
Golden Rule.  
Not a School-Book,  
All in Flurry.  
Monday Morning?  
"We Should Worry!"

ELLEN SWART '15.



# Confessio Studentis

---

The night before was glorious,  
Too fine to stay inside  
And study Latin phrases,  
Or learn how Caesar died.  
So out I went a'strolling,  
Forgot my lessons all.  
"That Latin will be easy,  
My name she may not call."  
But horror, fear and trembling  
Came o'er my weary frame,  
Next morning in the classroom,  
When I heard her call my name.  
I stood up—gazed about me,  
But saw no helping hand.  
Should I sink in the deep water  
Or struggle for the land?  
I started bravely forward,  
Translated half a line  
And then my courage failed me;  
All knowledge left my mind.  
She must have felt my trembling  
And seen my face turn blue,  
For soon in clearest accents  
Her voice came, "That will do."  
That night I studied harder  
Than e'er I'd done before  
And firmly said my heart should have  
Such misery nevermore.

ELLEN SWART '15.

# SOPHOMORE 17.



The Sophomores, like the Dutch settlers become useful and industrious citizens when they had been in their new home a short time.

G. NOCK.





# Sophomore Class History

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I WANT your fery closest attention while I dells you uf de most vonderful class vhat efer has been yet, or efer vill be so soon.

Ve are de Sophomores, or as some folks call us, de "Dutch," altho I see no reason vhy for dey call us "Dutch." For two whole years ve haf been attending diss school, und haf been making ourselves noticeable in many vays, alretty vunce.

You know vhen de deachers uf diss school heard dat ve vere coming, dey vere simply panic strick, und dreaded hafing to face us because ve are so pright. I suppose you know Miss Ingersoll, who deaches Ancient History und Latin. Vell, she decided dat she had better go back to college und learn some more before she tried to deach us. Und den you know, Miss Carman, vell, she found dat she would haf to go und find outd vhy Rome vasn't built in a day before she could dell us vhy. Und Miss Albert, who deaches dat Geometry, vell, she vass so vorried dat she vent back to college und found outd vhy iss circles und vhen triangles iss not. Now it is easier for dem to deach us, but you know, efery vunce in a vwhile ve can dell dem some ting alretty yet vunce. Vell, you can see dat ve are fery pright.

So far yet vunce, ve haf not did much in athletics because ve let de higher classes haf another chance yet, but vhen our time comes, I bet ve vill make tings come our vay vunce yet.

Vell, I don't vant to tire you vith delling you all our goot points, because it always tires people who don't amount to much to haf to listen to vhat fine tings other folks can do or haf did; und so if you vant to see us und know more about us, chust come around in June, 1917, und see us for yourselves; but if you do, be sure und vear dark glasses, for if you don't our prightness vill surely blind you alretty yet vunce und forefer more.

OLIVE FOSTER '17.







# Junior Class Organization

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President	Burns Ellison
Treasurer	Gano Baker
Secretary	Marjorie Browne

Motto: — Esse quam videre

Colors: — Maroon and Gold

Flower: — Lily of the Valley

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## Roma Antiqua

In rostro est Calpurnia, uxor Caesaris, et circum eam sunt multae aliae mulieres.

Calpurnia:

Meae amicae!

Mulier prima:

Audite! Audite!

Calpurnia:

Res publica est omnis divisa in partes tres; quarum unam habent viri secundam viri, tertiam qui ipsorum lingua se nobis superiores esse dicunt, nostra "Viri Communes" appellantur.

Horum omnium turpissimi sunt nostri coniuges.

Et ubi sunt mulieres? Servamus eorum liberos, eorum servae sumus, et, quid accipimus? Nihil! Poscimus suffragium!

Viri, summa audacia, complures annos et portoria reliquaque omnia Romanorum vectigalia nullo pretio et omnia officia habuerunt.

Omnibus rebus combustis, magno strepitu ac tumultu ad senatum eamus et suffragium poscimus!

Omnes:

Suffragia mulieribus! Suffragia mulieribus!

Excurrunt.

PAUL SEGAL '16.

# Junior Class History

WHEN in the course of time an organization achieves the pinnacle of universal recognition, the general public immediately inquires into its methods and seeks to find out the obstacles which confronted it in earlier days and how they were overcome. Foreseeing such a prominence in store for the Junior Class of this year, I have decided to fulfill the exigency of the case.

Our first meetings were given to quibbling over parliamentary law. Some one would move that motions be considered in order, and someone else would move that the secretary read the first motion. A few more would make physical or vocal motions, and finally some one would be considered out of order. Then the question would come to a vote. Which question they were to vote on the voters did not know; but they voted. The most prominent heads of the discussing army were Bonesteel and Wood, although others of less celebrity displayed their talents with equal profusion. The most entertaining incident occurred when a division of the house was first called for. The chairman, hearing the motion, was perplexed as to how to divide the house. Should he separate the boys and girls? Should he put a partition in the aisle? Or did it mean that he should forcibly separate the senior element from the rest of the house? So, unwilling to plead ignorance, he remonstrated weakly, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," and refused to allow the motion.

Through this maze of parliamentary practice we finally entered the sphere of usefulness. Our pins have been selected, and the president has been empowered to appoint enough committees to keep something doing constantly. And with the ageing of the year approaches the climax of our first season—the Prom.

To fulfill our ideals and other ideas we have a coterie of officers in whose light the senior officers melt into insignificance, and in whose shadow they cower, hidden and unnoticed.

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BURNS not the heart of every maiden fair  
To see the yELLA SUN in the chair?  
The rays of his gavel, the beam of his smile  
Have brightened his fame for many a mile.  
And doth not illumined unMARR'D JOY REturn  
When in a BROWN study the records we learn?  
And yet of our joys is money the maker;  
If he GAIN NO "dough" we must "fire" the BAKER.

But though omniscient,  
They're not sufficient:

If the Pres. has the chair, the dunce doth grace the stool;  
If the Treas. wealthy grows, there is the pauper fool;  
Where there's a scribe, why there's a pharisee,  
So in the Junior class, there's room for such as me.

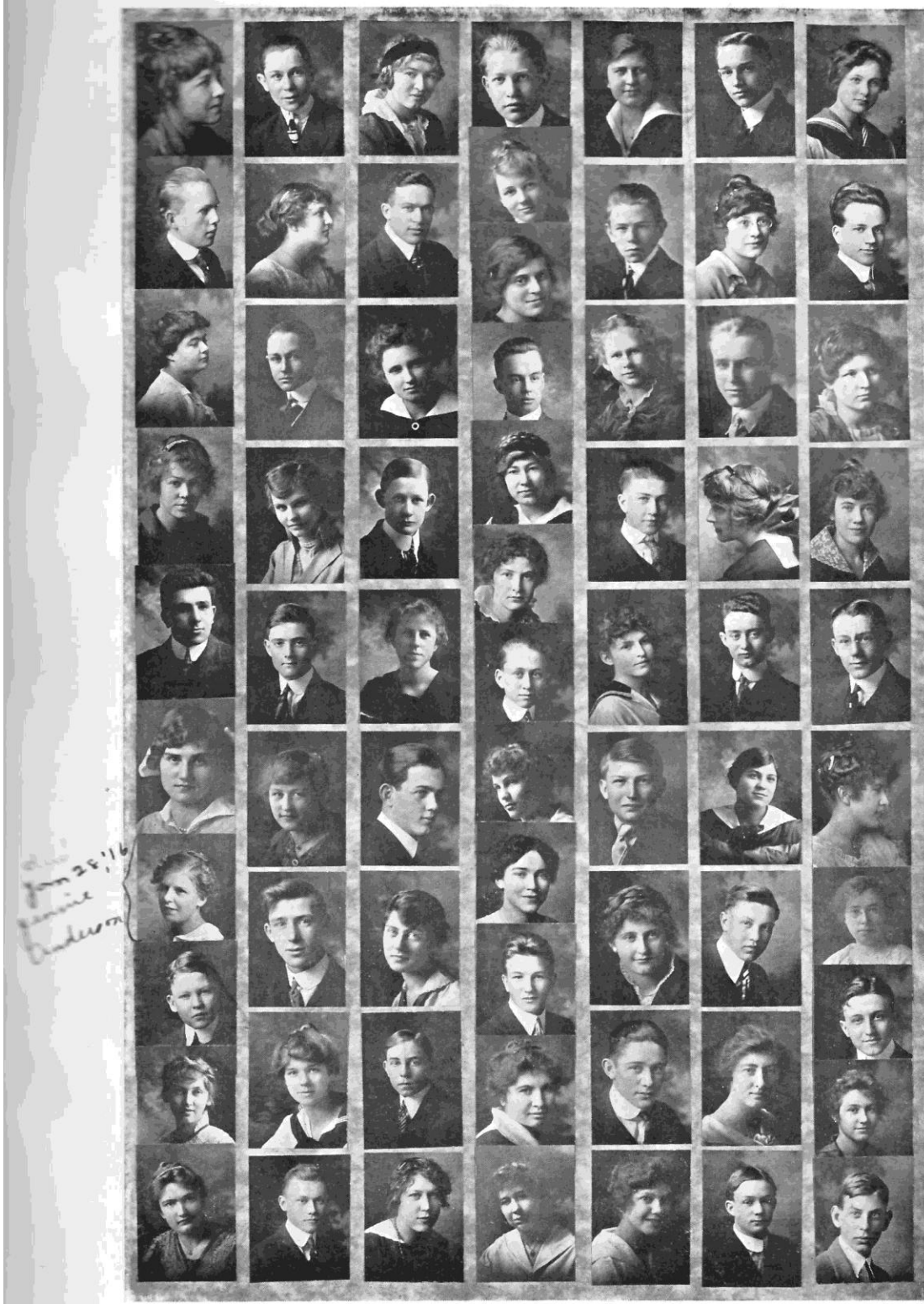
ROBERT V. SHOEMAKER '16.











## "Robin Hood" as Cupid

THE summer I finished college I received an invitation from a girlhood friend of my mother's to visit him in his old home town in Kentucky.

I arrived at my host's house one afternoon and after discussing with him some of the events of my mother's girlhood, we set out to view his grounds. After leaving the garden we shortly entered a piece of woods. When we had gone a little way in these, we heard the sound of voices. My host motioned to me to be still and we peeped through the trees. A girl of nineteen, with a crown of flowers upon her head, was seated upon the stump of a tree, which was strewn with flowers. Before her knelt a curly-headed boy of about six years.

"Here am I, Robin Hood," he was saying. "Thou bidst me come and I have obeyed. I will do what thou wilt, even to shedding my life's blood."

"I will not ask that of thee, bold Robin," answered the play queen. "I have heard of thy skill in archery and I would see thee shoot thy arrows."

"That I will gladly do for Thy Majesty," replied Robin.

He hung a wreath of flowers upon a tree a little distance away, and as he turned to get his bow and arrows, he caught sight of us. He ran toward us crying, "Grandfather, you are just in time to be Little John." "And you—" he said turning to me shyly, "will you be Will Scarlet?"

"This is my neighbor Robin," said my host. "He is very fond of portraying the life of his famous namesake. This is my daughter Margaret," he continued, leading me toward the "queen."

After a laughing exchange of greetings, the "Queen" returned to her throne and composed herself to watch the contest, while sturdy Robin assumed command of his small force of archers.

"Will Scarlet, thou shalt shoot first," he said, handing me the bow. "Take care to hit the wreath."

I took the bow, inwardly trembling, and trying to summon my boyhood knowledge of archery to my aid. I drew the bow and let the arrow fly. It hit the tree five inches from the wreath.

"Thou deservest a thrashing," said Robin sternly.

My host took the bow and his arrow went within an inch of the wreath. He beamed with pride at his skill, although he confessed to me afterward, that he had spent long hours of anguish in archery practice when commanded to do so by his exacting neighbor.

Then Robin taking the bow deliberately fitted an arrow in the string and as deliberately took aim. The arrow hit within the wreath. All of us, (Robin included) clapped our hands and the "Queen" rewarded him with a basket of wild berries.

On the remaining days of my visit, Margaret, Robin, and I betook ourselves often to the merry greenwood and many were the characters I played — Friar Tuck, Midge the Miller, Little John, King Richard of the Lion's Heart, and many others. But whatever the character that I played, our bold Robin was Cupid to me, for his arrows lodged in my heart and lovely Margaret became the sole subject of my thoughts. A year later she, too, confessed that she had fallen victim to Robin's arrows, and since then we have always called him, "Our Cupid of the Greenwood."

EVELYN MILES '15.





Abenheimer, Cecil

What should be said of him  
cannot be said;  
By too great splendor is his  
name attended.



Ammons, Teller

I stood on the bridge at  
midnight.



Beatty, Ewing

He had a certain comic air  
of assurance.



Bentley, Ruth Embree

A thousand charms, thy  
form to deck,  
From sea, and earth, and  
air are torn.



Besly, Corinna

Head and shoulders taller  
than the rest.



Blaurock, Otilie Friederika

She has a voice of gladness  
and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty.



Bradley, Ruth Estelle

Coolness and clearness of  
head,  
Which is so necessary where  
constant vigilance was  
to be kept up.

Brodie, Frances Ange

The languid student pausing  
o'er,  
The turned page apart.



Buckman, Caroline Marie

From clouds my morning  
shall be free,  
And naught on earth shall  
trouble me.

Burwell, Elizabeth

So I resolve in this my  
prime,  
In sports and plays to spend  
my time,  
Sorrow and grief, I'll put  
away,  
Such things agree not with  
my day.



Carrigan, Thomas

All things come round to  
him who will but wait.

Cherrier, Grace Elizabeth

Give us the luxuries of life,  
and we will dispense  
with its necessities.







Chisdes, Loretta

I never saw an oft-removed  
tree,  
Nor yet an oft-removed fam-  
ily,  
That strove so well as those  
that settled be.



Clarke, Andrew Newton

If any one would be truly  
brave, let him learn to  
be gentle and tender to  
everything about him.



Cochran, Charles Bryan

"I de-clare  
It was 'oudacious,' the work  
he'd do,  
And the thousand plans that  
he'd put through."



Cohn, Regina Louise

So dazzling to the dreaming  
boy.



Collier, Douglas Ross

Early to bed and early to  
rise,  
Makes a man healthy,  
wealthy and wise.



Collier, Elsie Margaret

Of disposition she's most  
sweet.





Collins, Genevieve Mary

It is as the French say,  
"tout gagne," so much  
added to the pleasure of  
life.



Conners, Margaret Annie

She was never idle — her  
needle or her pencil go-  
ing on in all conversa-  
tions.



Craft, Evelyn Eleanore  
My book and heart  
Must never part.



Davenport, Anna Elizabeth

The bravest are ever the  
most humane, the most  
gentle, the most kind.



Denney, Cora Ethel

Ready she stands her cheer-  
ful aid to lend;  
To want and woe an unde-  
manded friend.



Devenish, George Bushe

No man e'er was glorious,  
Who was not laborious.



Dewese, Harley Loran

God helps them that help themselves.



Dey, Donald

He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature.



Diegel, Maynard

Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands,  
Thou canst supply thy wants;  
What wouldn't thou more.



Dougan, Mildred Aliene

Peaceably if we can,  
Forcefully if we must.



Dungan, Dean

Everybody likes and respects studious men.



Elliott, Floyd Charles

Sensitive, swift to resent,  
but as swift in atoning for error.



Ellis, Douglas Barrows

Born for success he seemed,  
With grace to win, with  
heart to hold,  
With shining gifts that took  
all eyes.

Eppich, Elinor Marie

Mind is the great lever of  
all things.



Eppich, Margaret

Tell me not, in mournful  
numbers,  
"Life is but an empty  
dream!"

Eson, Za

Her ingenuity charms all  
into admiration.



Fabling, Florence Maude

Sweet smiling and sweet  
spoken.

Feldman, Merrick Rogers

Not enjoyment, and not sor-  
row,  
Is our destined end or way,  
But to act, that each to-  
morrow  
Finds us farther than today.





Franklie, Edna

Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with  
delicate Saxon complexion.

Fregeau, Frances Mary

She smiles; thou needs't  
but smile on her.



Freund, Irene Dorothy

Men harkened to her words,  
And wondered at their wisdom.

Fulenwider, Harold Gaither

He kept his honesty and  
truth,  
His independent tongue and  
pen.



Gildersleeve, Rosemary

In charity to all mankind,  
bearing no malice or ill-  
will to any human being.

Godfrey, Marguerite Adkins

Cheerfulness is an offshoot  
of goodness and wisdom.





Gould, Jr., Albert Jay

A fine genius in his own  
country, is like gold in  
the mine.



Greinetz, Rose

She doth little kindnesses,  
which most leave un-  
done or despise.



Griffin, William Edward

A long straight line on the  
highway of life.



Grimes, Gladys

She was the pride of her  
familiar sphere — the  
daily joy of all who on  
her gracefulness might  
gaze.



Haberl, Celina Emma

Joy comes, grief goes, we  
know not how.



Hahn, Pauline

'Tis good nature only, wins  
the heart.



Hansen, Clara Vibegge Marie

Knowledge, in truth, is the  
great sun in the firma-  
ment.

Hardin, Esther Elizabeth

I only ask a moderate fate.



Harris, Rush O'Hara

Why seek to know?  
Enjoy the merry shrovetide  
of thy youth.

Hart, Arthur Bailey

Think not, Cupid, vain de-  
ceiver  
I will own thy power ever.



Hathaway, Robert Sherman

The manly part is to do with  
might and main what  
you can do.

Havlick, Spenser Newton

With the smile that was  
childlike and bland.







Henry, Norman Earl

He was possessed of a handsome person and pleasing manners and was a general favorite.



Horal, Myrtle Irene

Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose.



Howard, Irene Charlotte

And graver looks, serene and high,  
A light of heaven in that young eye.



Howard, Lavinia Jane

To be thrown on one's own resources is to be cast in the very lap of fortune.



Hughes, Leila Eva

Good women are like stars in darkest night,  
Their virtuous actions shining as a light.



Hunter, Alice Jane

In my opinion we might all draw more good from the world, ———— and suffer less evil.



Hurley, Beatrix Elizabeth

So much to pardon—so much  
to pity—yet so much to  
admire.



Idelson, Dora Ruth

I honor the woman who can  
honor herself with her  
attire.



Jacobs, Rollo Edwin

Ingenious, learned, enjoyed  
youth,  
Go on as thou'st begun.



Jenks, H. Irving Rockwell

Fair haired, blue eyed, his  
aspect blithe,  
His figure tall and straight  
and lithe.



Jones, Lena

Great modesty often hides  
great merit.



Jones, Victor William

He is always fresh and in-  
vigorating like a breezy  
morning.



Kasbeer, Karl Kenneth

Whenever bright Phoebus  
awakens the gales,  
I see the brave Yankee ex-  
panding his sails.



Kiddy, Alice

Never idle a moment, but  
thrifty and thoughtful  
of others.



King, Clarke Harold

His eye was blue and clear  
as the sky,  
In the serenest noon.



Kirkgaard, Knute William

I will speak ill of no man,  
not even in the matter  
of truth—and upon  
proper occasions speak  
all the good I know of  
everybody.



Kuersten, Raymond Ambrose

Solitude is needful to the  
imagination.



Law, Bessie Myra

Bright-eyed,  
With wealth of raven tress-  
ses,  
A light form  
And a gay heart.



Leach, Katherine

The queen of the world and  
the child of the skies.

Lee, Walter Samuel

The man whose friendship  
is sincere,  
Who knows no guilt and  
feels no fear.



Lewis, Mary Frances

Goodness was natural to  
her.

Long, Paul Cranston

I want (who does not want?)  
a wife affectionate and  
fair.



Lusk, Mary Gladys

Vessels large may venture  
more,  
But little boats should keep  
near shore.

McCallum, Margaret Elizabeth

My wants are many, and if  
told  
Would muster many a score.





McCrea, Florence

Thou art beautiful, young  
lady—  
But I need not tell you this,  
For few have borne uncon-  
sciously  
The spell of loveliness.



McGinty, Daniel A.

Nor let thy noble spirit  
grieve  
Its life of glorious fame to  
leave.



Marron, Bernice Lucia

Life's a jest and all things  
show it,  
I thought so once and now  
I know it.



Mehlman, Howard Henry

The excellency of men is  
virtue.



Meyers, Leanna Doris

Her cheek and brown hair,  
bright and curling,  
Spoke nature's aristocracy.



Michael, Alice Maude

She has the look of a person  
who is in the habit of  
making up her mind  
definitely on all sub-  
jects.



Miles, Evelyn Frances

None knew thee, but to love  
thee  
Nor named thee but to  
praise.

Monroe, Lyndall May

A good conscience is a con-  
tinual Christmas.



Morris, Besse Fay

Good women, sure, are an-  
gels on the earth.

Morris, Leland Charles

We must pardon much to  
men of genius.



Morrison, Lewis

He hath a way.

Morsch, Chester Edward

Thou say'st an undisputed  
thing in such a solemn  
way.







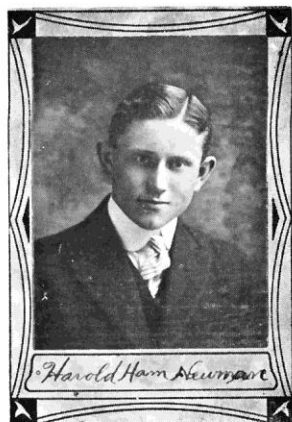
Morton, Albert E.

Trained for either camp or  
court  
Skilled in every manly  
sport.



Nelson, John Elmer

Do'st thou love life? Then  
do not squander time,  
for that is the stuff life  
is made of.



Newman, Harold Frank

The working man is the  
happy man.



Northrup, Della Irene

The surest pledge of a  
deathless name,  
Is the silent homage of  
thoughts unspoken.



O'Doherty, Charlotte Sybil

If you work, if you wait, you  
will find the place  
Where the four-leaf clovers  
grow.



Osborne, Melvin H.

Endurance is the crowning  
quality,  
And patience all the passion  
of great hearts.



Palmer, Grace Kingdon

Thou dost make the very  
night itself brighter  
than the day.

Parker, Harry Swink

"I've learned to listen and  
Ruther preferrin' to be ad-  
dressed  
Than talk myself."



Parry, Helen Winifred

Was she not mild and gentle  
as the dew of heaven  
And her mind  
The seat of every grace and  
virtue.

Pavela, Amanda Marie

The love of learning, the  
sequestered nooks,  
And all the sweet serenity  
of books.



Pitschke, Fay Kathryn

A kind true heart, a spirit  
high,  
That could not fear and  
would not bow.

Prince, Harriett Kinnear

The world of art is an ideal  
world,  
The world I love and that I  
fain would live in.





Pulsifer, Emma Whitney

God hath given you beauty  
and intellect.

Robinson, Carlton Crew

General C. is a drefle smart  
man;  
He's ben on all sides that  
give places of self;  
But consistency still wuz a  
part of his plan,  
He's ben true to one party,  
and that is himself.



Robinson, Ramona Hamilton

"A true friend is more preci-  
ous to the soul than all  
which inherits beneath  
the sun."

Sherwin, Gladys May

"A maiden, amiable and  
charming."



Smilie, Ouida Phyllis

Observe the maiden inno-  
cently sweet.

Smith, Annie Laurie

Genius hath electric power  
which earth can never  
tame.





Smith, Nina Joy

One of the few—the immortal names,  
That were not born to die.

Spangler, Edwin LeRoy

"Another milestone planted  
by the way."



Sparks, Herbert

He was a man of rare intellect.

Spinner, Ollie Kathryn

Not meanly low, nor yet too great,  
From both contempt and envy free.



Starke, Herbert W.

A thought is often original  
though you have uttered  
it a hundred times.

Strader, Kenneth Harold

One today is worth two to-morrows.





Suess, Olive Alice

Independence now and independence forever.

Sunshine, Max

Who pleasure gives, shall joy receive.



Swanson, Elmer Edwin

For his future growth and greatness,  
Who can measure, who can tell?

Swart, Ellen Orinda

Thou'rt fair, 'tis true; and witty too, I know it.



Sweet, Dorothy Mary

A greater blessing to the world than can be expressed.

Thompson, May

A pattern of docility and correctness.





Tracy, Rosemary

Lovers oft  
Had wooed her, but she  
only laughed at love.  
And wondered at the silly  
things they said.

Tucker, Gladys Selina

A doer of good.



Tucker, Marion Luella

No tears,  
Dim the sweet look that na-  
ture wears.

Upton, Albert William

People that make puns are  
like wanton boys that  
put coppers on the rail-  
road tracks.



Uzzell, Helen

A pretty gentlewoman.

VanBrocklin, Monroe George

To such souls no age and no  
country can be utterly  
dull and prosaic.







Van Voorhis, Elizabeth Wilhelmina

O, fairest of the rural maids!

Vesey, R. Horace

Haughty Beauty ne'er shall  
grieve me.



Wagner, Edith May

She was like a dream of  
poetry that may not be  
written or told—exceed-  
ing beautiful.

Wallace, Edward Irving

The great man who scorns  
a little thing;  
Whose thoughts, whose  
deeds, whose maxims  
are his own.



Webber, Ila Frances

What woman nature filled  
her eyes,  
What poetry within them  
lay.

Webber, Charles Leland

He has skill in the turning  
of phrases.





Wilcox, Mary Emily

With eye that charms and  
beauty that outdoes the  
tints of the rainbow.



Willens, Minnie Klara

Knowledge and timber  
shouldn't be much used  
until well seasoned.



Williams, Vera Emily

Earth's noblest thing — a  
woman perfected.



Wilson, Ardanelle

Patience and abnegation of  
self, and devotion to  
others.



Woodsum, Edna May

A woman's work, grave sirs,  
is never done.



Zerobnick, Bertha Lorraine

My dear,  
Let us all take our own  
choice of good cheer.



Zietz, Margarethe

Music, poetry and painting  
were her three beauties  
and delights.

Hewitt, John Byron

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" hear the  
jolly bird laugh,  
"That isn't the best story by  
half."

Morris, Sara

With the bloom of youth on  
cheek and lip,  
Singing as she goes.



# Senior Class Organization

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First Term		Second Term
	President	
Robert Waltermire		Leland Webber
	Vice-President	
Albert Gould		Carlton Robinson
	Secretary	
Margaret Eppich		Ruth Bradley
	Treasurer	
Floyd Elliott		Albert Gould

Motto — Gradatim.

Colors — Crimson and Cream.

Flower — American Beauty Rose.

Emblem — Pyramid.

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## Advice to Under-Classmen

Freshman, Sophomore, Junior — lend your ears!  
Profit by our knowledge, do not scorn it.  
“The evil that men do lives after them” —  
So spake the greatest English poet.  
If you, like us, all evil would avoid,  
Then take the words from our superior wisdom!  
Freshman, thy dollies and thy marbles  
Do not become the stately house of toil.  
Leave them at home to wait for thy returning,  
E'en tho' thou long for them throughout the day.  
Sophomore, because the first year thou hast safely past,  
Do not believe thyself immune from work.  
Sometime a D will blight thy fond young hopes,  
And show thee that alas! thou knowest not all.  
Thou Junior, tho' thou soon wilt take the lead,  
Be not too bold and fearless in our sight.  
The mighty Senior hath the power to awe  
E'en thee with all thy self-conceit and pride —  
Thus take from us the good advice we leave thee —  
'Tis all we have that thou couldn't profit by — alas!

# King El-Bee's Round Table

(A Playlet in One Act.)

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Dramatis Personae—King El-Bee I. (Mr. Brown).

Wise Men and Women (Faculty).

Class of 1915.

Place—North Side High School.

Time—June 10, 1915.

Scene—King El-Bee seated on throne in Coronation Room of Castle of Learning. Wise Men and Women in Waiting about him. Enter Class of 1915 clad in beautiful robes. After marching around the great Hall, through garlands held by white-robed maidens, they take places in front of the king's throne. Nine of the fairest and bravest sit on dais.

King: "We extend greetings and felicitations to the glorious victors, who have come this day to receive their reward for long years of faithful service. Four years ago ye came to my court from the provinces of Alcott, Edison, Columbian, Boulevard, Ashland, Berkeley, and many farther distant ones. Ye aspired to the degrees of knighthood and ladyhood, and ye were told the perils and hardships which had to be overcome. If ye have followed the guides and faithfully heeded their teachings ye have found the path to be less difficult than ye believed, for the unseen hand of A's, B's, and C's has aided you in all your contests. The glorious light of victory shines in thine eyes and I delight to honor ye. But before presenting the rewards, I would hear some of your adventures. Princess Katherine, Princess Margarethe, relate to us thy favorite conquest."

Princess Katherins: "Soon after we came to your Majesty's Court we heard of the Castle of Literature in which there was a wonderful library containing the thoughts of all the world about philosophy, science, history and humanity. This castle, however, was guarded by four giants and no one could get into the library unless they overthrew the monsters. We set forth toward the Castle, going through a dense forest of nouns, pronouns, and verbs, often stumbling over thick mats of adverb and adjective vines. When we came to the edge of the forest near the Castle, our path was blocked by the Giant Punctuation. After a long conflict he sank down exhausted by stabs from our pens. At the Castle Gates we fought with the Giant Composition. During the contest he sneeringly prated of our lack of unity, coherence and emphasis. When we overpowered him some of us held him while others poured quantities of black ink down his throat, and he expired, heaping maledictions upon us."

Lady Margarethe: "The third giant, whose territory extends from Chaucer to Arnold, we met at the door of the library. He was easily overcome, only a part of our forces being engaged in the combat. We now gaily entered the Library, but there was still the Giant Orations to do battle with. His method of attack was to spit forth words of fire which were meant to consume us, but his uncontrollable desire

to enforce his words with appropriate gestures, left him unguarded, so that we could rush upon him and overpower him. Very few of our number were fatally injured in any of these conflicts and we have won the right to use the wonderful library."

King: "'Twas a victory well worth gaining. Lord Albert, another adventure."

Lord Albert: "Sir King, some of us met our greatest hardships in the canyon of Mathematics. Many sank in the quicksands of Algebra, terrified by unknown quantities, but more of us fell in the war with a strange race of people which we met there. They were small and oddly fashioned. Their heads were circles and their bodies regular pentagons, their arms and legs being extended bisectors of the angles. Their hands and feet were triangles, the sharp angles of which they used as weapons. Many were the cuts which we sustained from them. Few had the courage to explore farther into the canyon, but the most of us made our way out through the first opening offered."

King: "All honor to the brave ones who went on. What more Lady Nina, Lord Andrew?"

Lady Nina: "Great endurance was required of us, Your Majesty, to successfully cross the Marsh of the Sciences. Many of us were made ill by tasting the poisonous plant, Botany. Others were bitten by the snake Zoology."

Lord Andrew: "Some were nearly overcome by the deadly gases of Chemistry and sank in the treacherous places of Physics. Other lesser perils of the Marsh confronted us, but after conquering the greater ones, these were easily combated."

King: "Come, tell us more, Princess Elinor."

Princess: "Sir King, I shall tell thee of the Maze of Foreign Languages. We were lost in a series of dark winding caves in the rocks, and search as we would, we could find no way out. A babel of voices shouted at us and laughed tauntingly when we misunderstood their directions and went the wrong way. When we learned to know what the voices said to us, we were able to find our way to the light of day."

King: "Have ye not had any less strenuous labors while residing at my court?"

Lady Rosemary: "We have indeed. Many of us have followed the muses of Art, Music, Literature and Drama. Many have been the entertainments given for the enjoyment of Your Majesty's Court."

Lord Roberts: "Tournaments and jousts with knights from other courts have enlivened the long day. Although we have not always won, we have, when the occasion arose, been honorable losers, have been clean and strong in all our sports and loyal to the Purple and the Gold."

Lord Carlton: "There have also been many merry feasts and balls. The four years spent in Your Majesty's Court have been ones of great pleasure as well as labor."

King: "You have all spoken well and I shall now confer upon you the honor of knighthood and ladyhood."

(Seniors go forward and receive from the king's hand the emblem signifying work faithfully done.)

(Curtain.)

EVELYN MILES '15.



# Prophecy



And all  
be women  
that were  
wise hearted  
did spin  
with their  
hands.

1770



# Class Prophecy

---

Hence, Seniors, learned growing,  
Thou crowd in wisdom, without folly met!  
Into the future get,  
To other men and sights and places going.  
Find each some little cell  
Where he may work his future out alone,  
And every one his own;  
Then come ye back to me, and tell me what  
Of each has been the lot,  
And I to all the world the tale shall tell.  
Come first, oh Cecil, editor  
Of our great Annual. You'll be more  
Famed than any, if you still  
Your time at jobs like this will kill.  
In your paper you shall tell  
Class mates for whom the marriage bell  
Doth ring. "Has" Long and Doris fair,  
Marguerite and Waltermire,  
Bay Morrison and a Junior maid.  
These are some, but more 'tis said  
Will soon be wed. My sister saith  
That Irving and Elizabeth  
No more their notes will have to throw;  
For, like Faulk and Miss Fregeau,  
They one will be, though two before,  
And live behind the self-same door.  
Haste thee, Jap, and bring with thee  
All the boys that flirts would be:  
Arthur Hart and Worthington  
To pink teas will always run;  
Also Gould and Herbert Starke  
Will not fall behind the marke;  
And when "my darling wife's" not there  
Elliott also flirts for fair;  
Where their flirty arts are plied  
Edith Wagner will preside.  
And, full of sport and mirthful glee,  
Dorothy Sweet a star we'll see.  
To trip the light fantastic toe  
To Carlton's dancing-school we'll go.  
And then, their hair in Psyche knot,  
The Vestal Virgins, a lovely lot,  
Ever running from town to town  
On the Orpheum circuit will gain renown;

Fay and Ouida, Trixie, too,  
Rosemary, Ruth and Grace, will do  
Their stunt; and Helen Uzzell  
And Nina Smith will act as well;  
And Mary Wilcox; all will be  
Still Vestal Virgins fair to see;  
Directed in their toilsome way  
By Gladys Tucker, sybil gay.  
Douglas shifts the scenes for them,  
With Edwin Spangler helping him.  
Helen Parry e'er will go  
With Trix; she loves the gossip so.  
To females all of ev'ry state  
Leland Morris, though he hate  
The custom, still must doff his hat,  
And spend his life long doing that.  
Mildred D.'s days shall be spent  
On a farm, on pleasure bent.  
Leland Webber, a senator;  
Maynard Diegel, a conductor;  
Edna Woodsum, a stump-speaker;  
Pauline Hahn, a join'ry teacher;  
Ellen Swart in Sunday schools  
Will be the one who always rules;  
Irving Jenks will give his feet  
To show off shoes, so big and neat;  
Harriett Prince, an artist great;  
For Annie Smith, a musician's fate;  
For Chester Morsch and Margarethe  
Likewise waits a musician's seat.  
Bessie Burwell, we shall see,  
A newspaper artist fine will be.  
Za Eson in minstrel show,  
A fortune great will make, we know,  
Eloquence will Minnie teach,  
In this way Ila fame will reach;  
Dan McGinty will be yet  
A sailor, and get very wet;  
In a perpetual committee  
For staging plays, five friends will be,  
Anna D. and Florence fair,  
Upton, Lee, will all be there;  
As chairman of this little group  
Ruth Bradley e'er will lead the troupe.  
Ardanelle, Ned's wife so bright;  
Evelyn Miles, a great playwright;  
For Amanda sweet, the happy state  
Of single blessedness, says fate.  
Dug Ellis to the profession will rise  
Of one of these regular hobo "guys."

Captain George, Lieutenant Knute,  
Sergeant Osborne, guns will shoot;  
For gallant soldier lads they'll be,  
Fighting for their dear Countree.  
Raymond Kuersten, a Spaniard will be  
And ride a horse in pageantry.  
Life shall be spent by Miss Monroe  
Strengthening her voice, so low.  
Rollo Jacobs, pretty boy,  
Of girls shall always be the toy;  
Dora Idelson's beautiful eyes  
Shall take away a beauty prize;  
William Griffin, at his side,  
Irene Freund shall take as bride;  
Victor Jones and Harold King  
A restaurant to town shall bring;  
Head usher at the Orpheum,  
Norman Henry aisles shall run.  
From a pulpit Hathaway  
Will teach his flock the perfect way.  
Kenneth Strader will go through life  
Always trying to find a wife.  
Rush Harris, a hardy farmer man;  
"Liz" Cochran shall be his hired man;  
On his farm, as green K. M.s,  
Edna, Olive, Clara, gems  
Of workers, some day will be placed.  
A happy home will soon be graced  
By O. Blaurock, a housewife good.  
A lady of leisure is Ruth Eastwood.  
And Lena Jones, be not so tight  
With apple seeds; 'twill turn out right.  
Of school-marms, too, we'll have our fill,  
The kind the children call "Old Pill;"  
Mary Lewis, Irene N.,  
Ollie Spinner, and Miss Sherwin,  
Margaret Conners, and Eva Craft,  
Are only part of this whole raft;  
And the Howard Sisters, too,  
And Caroline, and Frances, you  
Will arrive at such a fate.  
Howard Mehlman for his mate  
Will take Maude Michael. An old maid  
With cat and parrot, Corinna staid.  
Bernice Marron will graduate  
From Wellesley college, a maid of state.  
Andrew Clarke to a Yid will turn,  
And gather rags too good to burn.  
For Teller Ammons, a lawyer's seat,  
While giving a case will fall asleep.

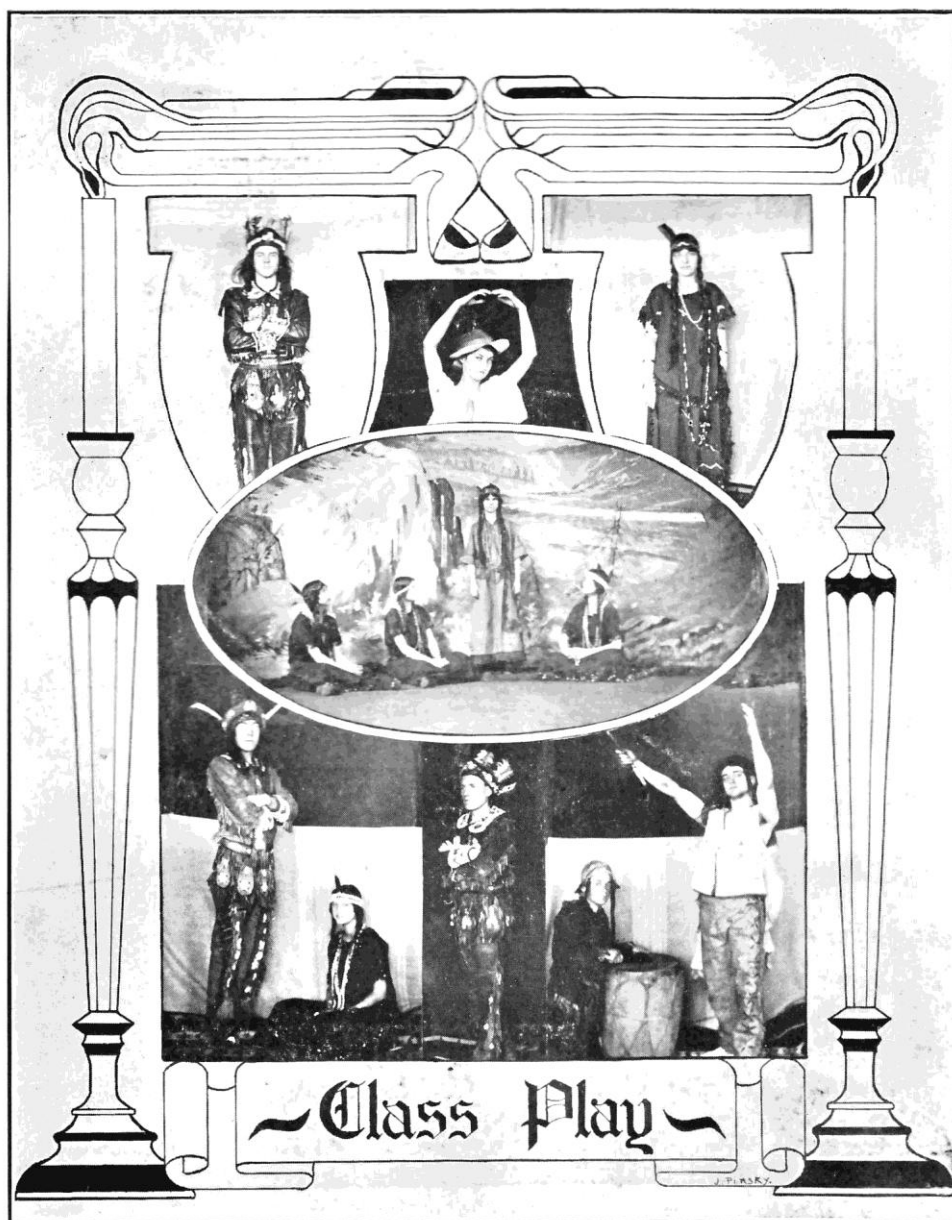
Celina will (and 'tis no faker),  
Be a wonderful dressmaker;  
Genevieve will go to her,  
And likewise will Miss Cherrier.  
Ladies great and very grand,  
With men and gold at their command.  
Spenser Havlick will turn out  
To win at many a fighting bout.  
Regina to Aspen will go back;  
Vera, an ad for anti-fat,  
Another ad we'll have beside,  
Elmer N. for peroxide.  
Loretta Chisdes all will quiz  
Asking what the question is.  
Near the girls, will Herbert Sparks  
Run around and break their hearts.  
Max shall light up houses dim;  
Charlotte O'Doherty shall trim  
Such hats as all the women crave.  
Monroe, our friend the butcher brave,  
Harry, the man that bread does bake,  
Raymond the greasy candles make.  
Myrtle Horal, Esther too,  
Will be grand cooks; and all they'll do  
From what they've learned at North Side High.  
At college Emma dear will sigh  
For her Katie who soon will pose  
For artists; to New York she goes.  
Dean will, too, to college go,  
And interrupt the teachers so  
That they won't know where they're at.  
Elsie Collier will get so fat  
That she will with the circus go,  
To be the fat lady of the show.  
Gladys Lusk will land in C. U.,  
Where beauty doctors are not few.  
Alice Hunter will sit all day  
Trying different tongues to say.  
May Thompson, though not a meek maid,  
Will organize a suffrage raid.  
Byron Hewitt will gather "rocks"  
Teaching little boys to box.  
Gladys Grimes, a flower sweet,  
Will stay amidst her greenhouse neat.  
Harley shall grab at the ball;  
Bertha Z. will conquer all  
With her captivating song.  
Ramona Robinson, 'for long,  
Fame will reach by following  
Her great cousin, Helen Ring.

Leila will go back to the farm,  
With milk-pail on her arm.  
Besse Morris and Miss McCrea  
Will walk to an office ev'ry day,  
As crackerjack stenographers.  
Rosa Greinetz will sell furs.  
Bessie Law, to fulfill her wishes,  
Will go to "Aggies" and learn to wash dishes.  
Horace Vesey will be a preacher;  
Harold Newman an English teacher;  
Ethel Denney, a writer of books,  
Who dwells upon the young men's looks.  
Elmer Swanson a paper shall own;  
Fulenwider money shall loan;  
For Karl Kasbeer, an actor's place;  
While Sara Morris shall have the grace  
To stay at home and learn to sew,  
To the family's secret woe.  
Rosemary Tracy shall nurse the sick;  
Marion Tucker shall have her pick  
Of all the men that she does know,  
And with the nicest one she'll go.  
These fortunes, Seniors, Fate does give;  
See that up to them you live.

ELINOR EPPICH,  
MARGARET EPPICH.









CHRISTMAS  
MUSIC  
1985

# Program

March—"War March" . . . . . Chester Morsch  
 Presentation of Memorial . . . . . Herbert Starke  
 Acceptance of Memorial . . . . . Burns Ellison  
 Quartette—1. Hawaiian Melody . . . . . A-La-Meda  
                   2. Git me dat water million . . . . . Westendorf  
 Oration—"The Soul of the Indian" . . . . . Leland Webber, Chief of the Tribe

## The Dance of the Indian Braves

Harold King	Douglas Collier
Howard Mehlman	Douglas Ellis
Edwin Spangler	Merrick Feldman
Monroe Van Brocklin	Robert Hathaway
Irvin Wallace	Rush Harris
Leland Webber	Arthur Hart

## KOO-A-MA-SEE'S RETURN

An Indian Idyll in Three Acts

Written for this occasion by Marion Woodrow Graham

## CHARACTERS

In order of their first appearance

Na-ha-bee . . . . .	Frances Brodie
Me-nun-gah . . . . .	Mildred Dougan
O-wee-nee . . . . .	Mary Lewis
Ko-yo-ne-ta . . . . .	Charlotte Howard
Wa-bu-no-so, the Great Boaster . . . . .	Cecil Abenheimer
Un-chee-dah, the Grandmother . . . . .	Dorothy Sweet
O-gi-maw-kwe . . . . .	Elinor Eppich
Ee-eh-chah . . . . .	Ruth Bradley
Se-at-to . . . . .	Rosemary Gildersleeve
Sau-kee-mee . . . . .	Edna Woodsum
To-pe-no-be . . . . .	Minnie Willens
Pee-lee-oh . . . . .	Regina Cohn
Na-tee-kah . . . . .	Anna Davenport
Koo-a-ma-see, the Dakota . . . . .	Albert Gould
Mar-pee-to-phah, the Runner . . . . .	Knute Kirkgaard
Po-che-co . . . . .	Harley Dewese
Man-i-to-shaw . . . . .	Andrew Clark
Chief Po-ka-gon . . . . .	Leland Morris
Che-shaw-gan . . . . .	William Griffin
Sa-gue-na-nah . . . . .	Dan McGinty
Wa-cose, the Old Man . . . . .	Irwin Wallace
Che-bah, the Owl . . . . .	Karl Kasbeer

## TO-PASH, THE FROGS

Ewing Beatty	Harry Parker
Dean Dungan	Max Sunshine
Spencer Havlick	Horace Vesey

## WA-DU-SOS, THE BUTTERFLIES

Florence McCrea	Bessie Burwell
Harriett Prince	Grace Cherrier
Ramona Robinson	Edna Franklie
Gladys Tucker	Gladys Lusk
Cho-tan-ke, the Bear . . . . .	Carlton Robinson
Ko-mack	{ Norman Henry Robert Hathaway Harold King
O-lan-daw	
Mix-saw-bah	

## BRAVES OF THE BEAR DANCE

Teller Ammons  
Charles Cochran  
George Devenish  
Floyd Elliott  
Harold Fulenwider  
Walter Lee  
Melvin Osborne

Byron Hewitt  
Irving Jenks  
Victor Jones  
Raymond Kuersten  
Paul Long  
Albert Morton  
Herbert Sparks

## THE INDIAN MAIDENS CHORUS

Corinna Besley  
Loretta Chisdes  
Elsie Collier  
Margaret Connors  
Ethel Denny  
Za Eson  
Florence Fabling  
Irene Freund  
Gladys Grimes  
Rose Greinetz  
Esther Hardin  
Myrtle Horal  
Alice Hunter

Beatrice Hurley  
Dora Idelson  
Lena Jones  
Alice Kiddy  
Margaret McCallum  
Bernice Marron  
Maude Michael  
Sara Morris  
Charlotte O'Doherty  
Amanda Pavela  
Fay Pitschke  
Emma Pulsifer  
Gladys Sherwin

Ouida Smilie  
Olive Suess  
Ellen Swart  
Rosemary Tracy  
Marion Tucker  
Helen Uzzell  
Edith Wagner  
Ila Webber  
Mary Wilcox  
Vera Williams  
Ardanella Wilson  
Margarethe Zietz

### ACT I.

Time—Late Autumn

Scene 1. The Corn Grinding, including the Iroquois Lullaby, "The White Dawn is Stealing," sung by Dorothy Sweet.

Scene 2. The Serenade, including the Ojibway Love Song, "The Bark Canoe," sung by Albert Gould.

First Interlude — The Dance of the Indian Maidens

Caroline Buckman  
Ottillie Blaurock  
Evelyn Craft  
Evelyn Miles  
Pauline Hahn  
Clara Hansen  
Lyndall Monroe

Lavinia Howard  
Dorris Meyers  
Bessie Morris  
Irene Northrup  
Annie Smith  
Bertha Zerobnick  
Amanda Pavela

### ACT II.

Time—Early Spring

Scene 1. The Council.

Scene 2. The Bear Dance.

Second Interlude — The Dance of the Mountain Flowers

Ruth Bentley  
Genevieve Collins  
Frances Fregeau  
Bessie Law  
Marguerite Godfrey  
Katherine Leach

Celina Haberl  
Helen Parry  
Olive Spinner  
Nina Smith  
May Thompson  
Elizabeth Van Voorhis

### ACT III.

Time — Early Summer

Scene 1. The Return.

Scene 2. The Adoption, including the Song of the Indian Braves, sung by the Chorus.

Accompanists, Corinne Besley, Chester Morsch, Alice Hunter.

Stage Manager, Edwin Spangler; Assistant Stage Manager, Douglas Collier.

The Senior Class appreciates the assistance given in preparing these exercises by Marion Boring, Helen Perine and Hazel Thornton.

# The Soul of the Indian

## PRESIDENT'S SPEECH

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THE HISTORY of the American Indian is perhaps less definite than the history of any other race of mankind. There are several theories as to the origin of the Indian; one that he is a descendant from a lost tribe of Israel, another, that his ancestors emigrated from Russia by way of Alaska, another, that they are descendants of the Phoenicians or other maritime nations. But notwithstanding all these theories, the Indian believes in his own story of creation, as the white man believes in the Garden of Eden. It is a beautiful story of how man was put on this earth among all the beasts of the forests, and how he dwelt with them, until at length he became lonely for a mate, not an animal or a person of his own sex, but one who could be a help to him and in whom he could confide. Accordingly he went forth to find her, and for many moons he wandered through the valleys and over the plains until he found a beautiful maiden. Such is the origin of the Indian according to our people.

From this time to the coming of the white man the history is a blank. How he grew and expanded into tribes, or how his civilization advanced, is only conjectured from traditions.

Even some of you hold the Indians of a century ago as nothing more than a beast of the forest, and you look upon the Indian of today as nothing but a dependent on the charity of your government. My friends, you are wrong! If you will stop and consider you will come to the conclusion that you owe much that you possess to the American Indian. It was he who trained your fore-fathers in the tactics of warfare through which they were able to drive the foreign soldier from these western shores. It was he who taught your grandfathers how to plant the Indian corn. It was he who guided the pioneer, whom you honor so greatly, over the trackless prairie, through the hazardous mountain passes, down to the fertile valley below where he made his home.

In your schools you teach the mythology of the ancient Greeks and Romans, you spend four years of your high school curriculum studying the history and languages of the inhabitants of ancient Greece and Italy, but you do not have a single text book on the American Indian. In one or two introductory chapters in your American Histories you admit that there was such a people, and throughout the book the author mentions, seemingly with pride, of the massacre of a large number of Indians, and then with all the pomp and pride of the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, he states that the Indian is herded off to a reservation there to live until his race is extinguished.

The great Seneca orator, Red Jacket, in his superb reply to the missionary Cram, more than a century ago, said, "We also have a religion which was given to our fore-fathers and handed down to us, their children. It teaches us to be thankful, to be united, and to love one another. We never quarrel about religion."

It is a fact that half the wars of your civilized nations have been fought over religion, but you cannot find a single Indian war that held a religion at stake. Yet you claim to be civilized. Yet your civilization has been in process of construction for centuries, ours since the coming of the white man, when it appeared to us that a new era had dawned, but instead it marked the beginning of the destruction of a human race.

When those French and Spanish priests were among our people carrying to them the glad tidings of a Christian religion, one missionary undertook to instruct a group of Indians in the truths of his holy religion. He told them of the creation of the earth in six days and of the fall of the first parents by the eating of an apple. The courteous savages listened attentively, and, after thanking him, one related in his turn, a very ancient tradition concerning the origin of the maize, but the missionary plainly showed his disbelief, indignantly saying, "What I revealed to you were sacred truths, but this that you tell me is a mere fable and falsehood." "My brother," gravely replied the offended Indian, "It seems that you have not been well grounded in the rules of civility. You saw that we who practice these rules believed your stories, why, then, do you refuse to credit ours?" And yet they wondered why they could not convert the savage.

Every religion has its holy book, yours is the Bible, ours is the Unwritten Scriptures—that of nature.

The religion the Indian teaches is well shown in the following story: Crow Dog who killed the Indian chief, Spotted Tail, in 1881, calmly surrendered himself and was tried and convicted in the courts of South Dakota. The cause of the act was a solemn oath which he had taken nearly thirty years earlier, when Spotted Tail had obtained the chieftainship by corruption. After his conviction he was granted privileges that no white man ever enjoyed while under the penalty of death. The week before the execution was to take place, Crow Dog asked permission to visit his wife and little boy. Strange to say the request was granted. Crow Dog went home accompanied by a lone deputy, who left him at the village. Crow Dog visited his family and rode back to the penitentiary without the guard.

The incident drew public attention, the case was reopened and Crow Dog was acquitted, and still lives at the age of about eighty-five, much respected by his people. Can you find among your people a more superb example of heroism than this?

These are the ideals of my people. Our ancestors have set forth a standard of nobility and morality that cannot be equaled. And it is the duty of the young American of today, who is the inheritor of our name, our traditions, and our homes, to uphold that standard.

Since there is nothing left of us but remembrance, at least let that remembrance be just.

LELAND C. WEBBER '15.



# Presentation of Memorial

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THE time when the class of nineteen fifteen will bid farewell to its teachers, to the under-class mates, and to one another, is fast drawing near. Henceforth the members of this class will be found in many walks of life, and the close companionship of our happy school days will be over.

The time has passed so quickly that it is difficult to comprehend that nearly four years have elapsed since the doors of this grand building were for the first time thrown open to receive a freshman class. Today we are proud to be the first to complete an entire course here. We entered with great expectations and now must truthfully state that our high school life has been far greater than our expectations. Not until we had become better acquainted with our kind teachers, our beautiful surroundings, and the splendid facilities and equipment at hand did we begin to realize more fully the great educational opportunities open to us.

With the idea of leaving all these behind us there comes into our hearts a feeling of sadness, and yet we are happy to have attained so much. We must look at life in a practical way and as we cannot remain here much longer we are leaving behind us a memorial which shall always remind the coming classes of the class of nineteen fifteen.

We chose a stereoptican lantern, or to be more technical a Baloptican. This will be used both here in the auditorium, and in the small lecture hall. It is so arranged that it will project post cards and photos as well as the ordinary slides. It will be of practical value for illustration and will furnish a good means for entertainment. We hope that those who will have the use of this machine will be greatly benefited thereby and that the light which passes through it will reflect upon the mind the bright sunny days of life spent in the North Side High School.

I therefore, in behalf of the Class of Nineteen Fifteen, present this memorial to the school, to the faculty and to the future classes.

HERBERT W. STARKE '15.

# Acceptance of Memorial

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Mr. President and Members of Class of 1915:

**I**T is proper that the presentation of memorials by the departing class and acceptance thereof by the one next succeeding should be considered a serious matter.

The accumulation of useful and ornamental gifts has its influence upon all the classes yet to come and the gift of the class of 1915 may throw a light that will be a determining factor in the life of some student who may benefit by its use.

The Class of 1915 has left to us a stereopticon lantern, a worthy contribution to the useful things that aid in education. By it we will ever be reminded of our schoolmates who now are leaving us and parting forever as a class. By means of their gift the work of every succeeding class will be made more interesting and beneficial as the pictures which before were only imaginary can now be brought before us as in life.

There are a thousand and one experiences that bind us to the school where each in time will have spent his full four years in daily association with familiar friends. The breaking of these ties always comes with graduation; and however strong class rivalry may have been at times, our strongest rivals now become our dearest friends.

The Class of 1915 in departing carry with them the best wishes of all the students and faculty for their future success in life.

And now on behalf of the Junior Class and on behalf of the School I accept with deep appreciation this useful memorial.

BURNS ELLISON '16.

# Class Ode

Words by Ellen Swart, '18

Music by Chester C. Morsch, '16.

## Prelude

Moderato

Musical notation for the Prelude of 'Class Ode'. It consists of a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The melody is in the right hand, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The piece concludes with a 'Rit.' (ritardando) marking and a final chord.

## Verse

The first line of the Verse musical notation. It continues the piano accompaniment style, with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

The second line of the Verse musical notation, showing the continuation of the piano accompaniment.

The third line of the Verse musical notation, featuring a key signature change to one sharp (F#) and a 'ff' (fortissimo) dynamic marking.

The fourth line of the Verse musical notation, marked 'a tempo' and ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## Class Ode

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O, Memory, paint me a picture  
Of a temple of learning so fair,  
With columns, grand and imposing,  
Approached by a broad, stately stair.  
An endless procession of students  
Is seeking an entrance to win.  
The portals swing wide to receive them,  
Disclosing the mysteries within.

The years as they roll swiftly onward,  
Bring wisdom and truth in their train  
To those who are eagerly striving  
The laurels and honors to gain.  
Many the hard tasks accomplished  
Many the trials o'ercome,  
Preparing for life's sterner contests  
And the joys and sorrows to come.

Now as we leave this dear temple  
Our procession is measured and slow.  
We linger long o'er the threshold  
Viewing the ways we must go.  
As we journey o'er ways untravelled,  
Through realms that are strange and new,  
Let us honor our loved Alma Mater  
In all we're appointed to do.

— ELLEN SWART '15.

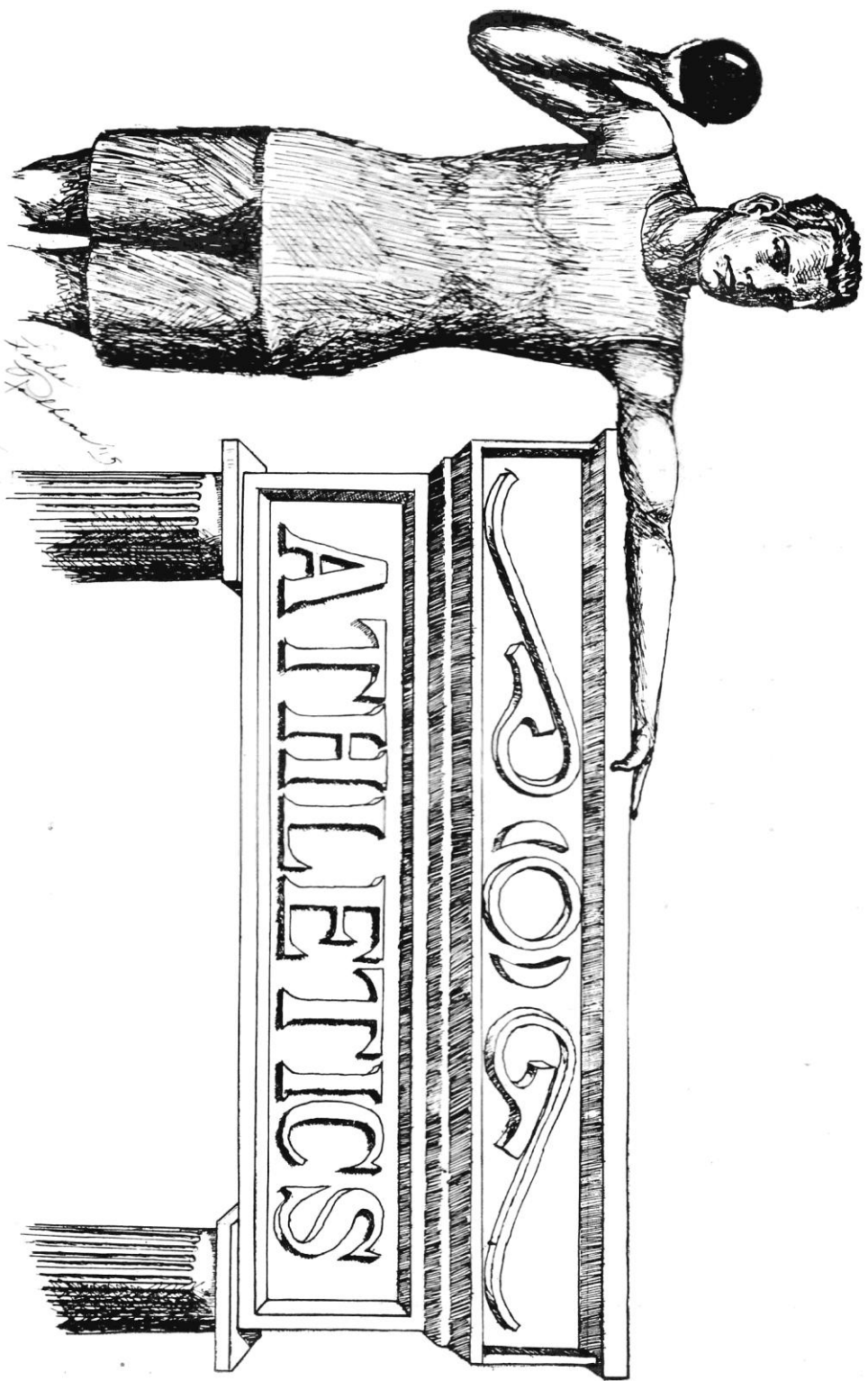


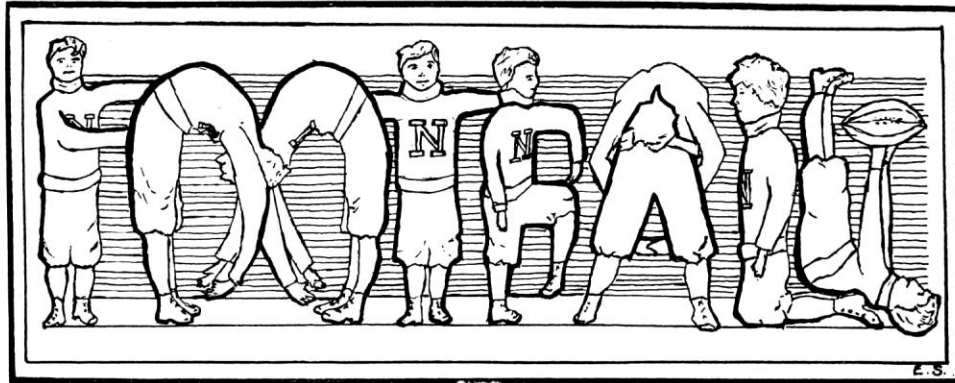
# Graduation Program

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1. March
2. Invocation
3. Music —“March in D flat” . . . . . Hollaender  
Chester Morsch
4. Oration —“Lincoln” . . . . . Robert Waltermire
5. Essay —“Honor System in the Schools” . . . Rosemary Gildersleeve
6. Essay —“Human Verbs” . . . . . Elinor Eppich
7. Music —“Etude De Concert” . . . . . MacDowell  
Beatrix Hurley
8. Oration —“Mechanical Improvements of the Last  
Century” . . . . . Carlton C. Robinson
9. Essay —“Millinery and Ethics” . . . . . Margarethe Zietz
10. Oration —“Why There is a Lack of Co-ordination in Our  
Government” . . . . . Andrew Clark
11. Essay —“Fads” . . . . . Nina Joy Smith
12. Oration —“Success” . . . . . Albert J. Gould, Jr.
13. Oration —“The Silver Lining of the War Cloud” . Katherine Leach
14. Music —“March Military” . . . . . Schubert  
Annie Smith
15. Presentation of Diplomas
16. Class Ode  
Benediction  
March







THE foot ball season of 1914 was in many respects very successful. It is true, we did not win the championship, but we gave the other schools hard games, and the boys gave all they had for their school. The rooting this year was better than it has been for several years, and shows that the old-time North Denver spirit is reviving; and with this aid and support, great things may be expected from the teams in the future.

When Coach Fitch announced that foot ball practice would begin, about forty candidates came out for the team. The boys worked hard every afternoon, and soon were in shape to meet other teams. The team took several trips out of town—to Ft. Collins, Boulder and Golden, where we played the Freshman teams, and to Colorado Springs, where we played the High School. At Boulder, Captain Jap Morton sustained a broken collar bone, which kept him out of the game for the rest of the season, but from that time Captain Morrison did all in his power to carry out the good work begun by Morton, and turn out a winning team. Although all these teams outweighed us heavily and made us work our hardest, yet the team enjoyed the trips, and will always remember them as among the most enjoyable of their High School experiences.

The first league game was played against East Denver on a field heavy with mud, which gave the heavier East Denver team a great advantage, and the game ended 13-0 in East's favor.

The second game was with Manual, and was played the day after Hallowe'en, so nobody was in extra fine condition. Manual had a hard pull for it however, and beat us by one touchdown in the last portion of the game, altho we had the advantage during the greater part of the game.

We next clashed with West, and this time they were the goats, and North came out on top, 37-7.

Thanksgiving Day we met the state champions—South Denver. They had an advantage over us in having a larger squad, and were able to put in fresh men more often than we could. They put in their second team backfield to start the game, but we held these until the last quarter to a 0-0 score; then South put in their first team, which succeeded in making the final score 21-0.

These men made their letters: Morrison (Capt.), C. C. Robinson, Wastfield, Waltermire, Harvey, Allen, Sells, Erbaugh, Diegel, Gould, King, Osborne, Lee, Hathaway, Weakland, McPherson, Kuersten, C. W. Robinson, Long, Morton.

They all played faithfully and to the utmost of their ability. The team as a whole was light but fast, and showed up well against their heavy opponents. While we did not come out in first place, yet the season was a success, for we learned many

lessons and formed life-long friends, both among our comrades, and among our opponents.

And now in closing we wish to say:

To the other teams of the city—we have enjoyed the games with you and profited by them, and we honor you for your clean sportmanship.

To this school as a whole—continue the loyal support which you gave the team this year and it will be the first step toward a championship.

To the boys of the school—especially to the underclassmen—go out for football and support your team to the utmost of your ability, and you will never regret it.

And to the team of 1915 and to Captain Harvey, our most sincere wishes that you may have every success in your contests next fall.

L. Morrison '15.

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**F**OOTBALL is the masculine substitute for the suffragette convention. We might first add that it originated during the Bronze Age. Football comes from a combination of Latin words—pedes, foot, and ball, meaning to bawl forth. The latter being done mostly by those on the side lines.

No doubt the ancestors of mankind, swinging from the vegetation by their tails, used the game to reduce an overabundance of zoologic ambition. The Ape breaking through the line was not awarded a laurel wreath or a place in the temple for a reproduction of his map, but the admiration of the fairer sex. We are, perhaps, indebted to those dwellers of the Paleologic Age for this same reward to twentieth century gridiron heroes.

The cocoanut was substituted for the ostrich egg during the Stone Age, and the art of egg shampoo dates back to this time.

Football has aided art greatly. It aroused Myron to make his famous production of athletes. Polycletus also got his idea of the "Winged Victory" from the results of a football game. (If you will notice closely, the production is without arms.)

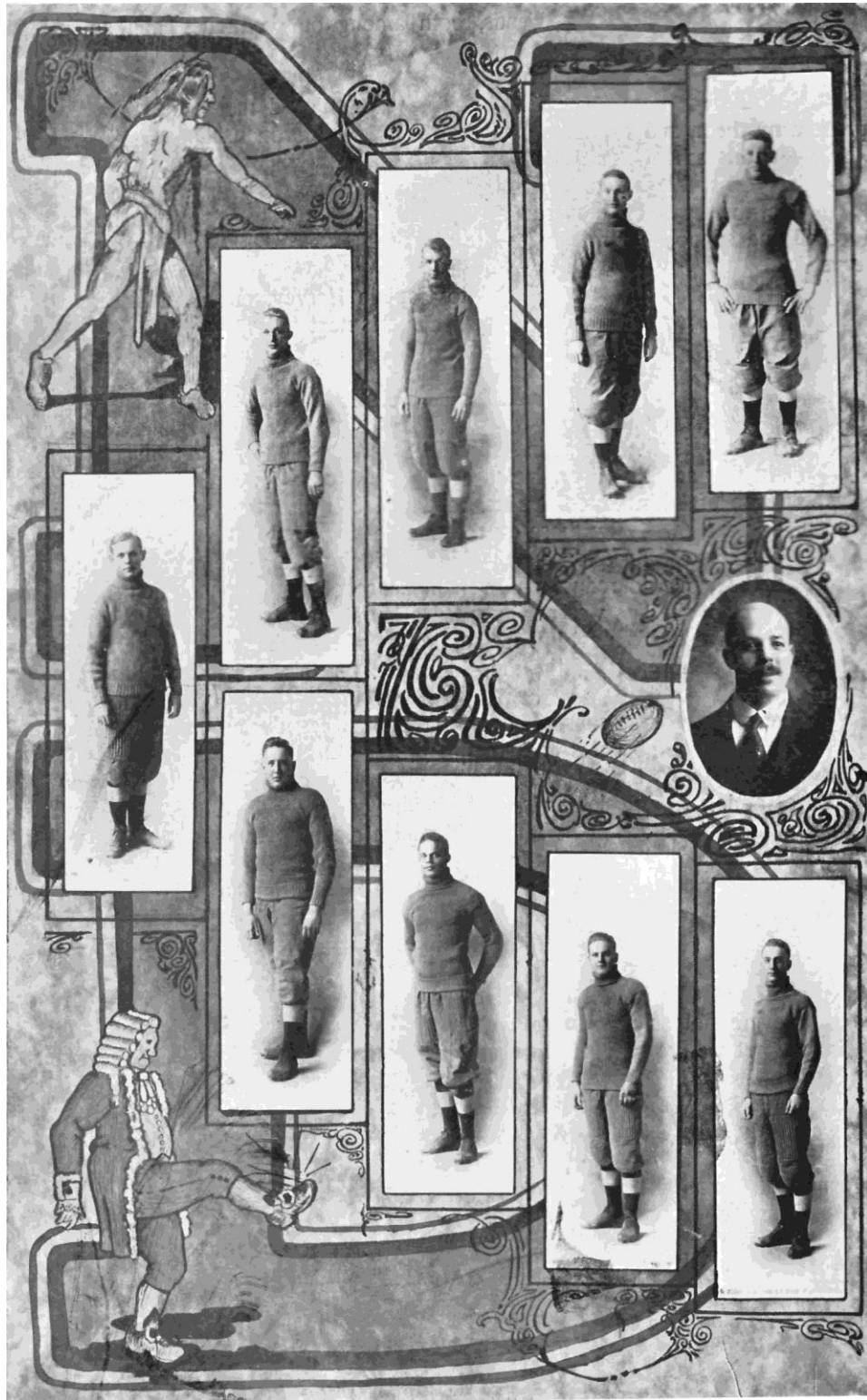
Some heartless men have remarked that if the Roman politicians had not given over so much of their time to football, the empire would never have fallen. Caesar is said to have remarked as he fell at the foot of Pompey's statue, when asked if he had not accomplished all his desires, "Oh! Ye Immortal Gods, if I could only have been born a football hero!"

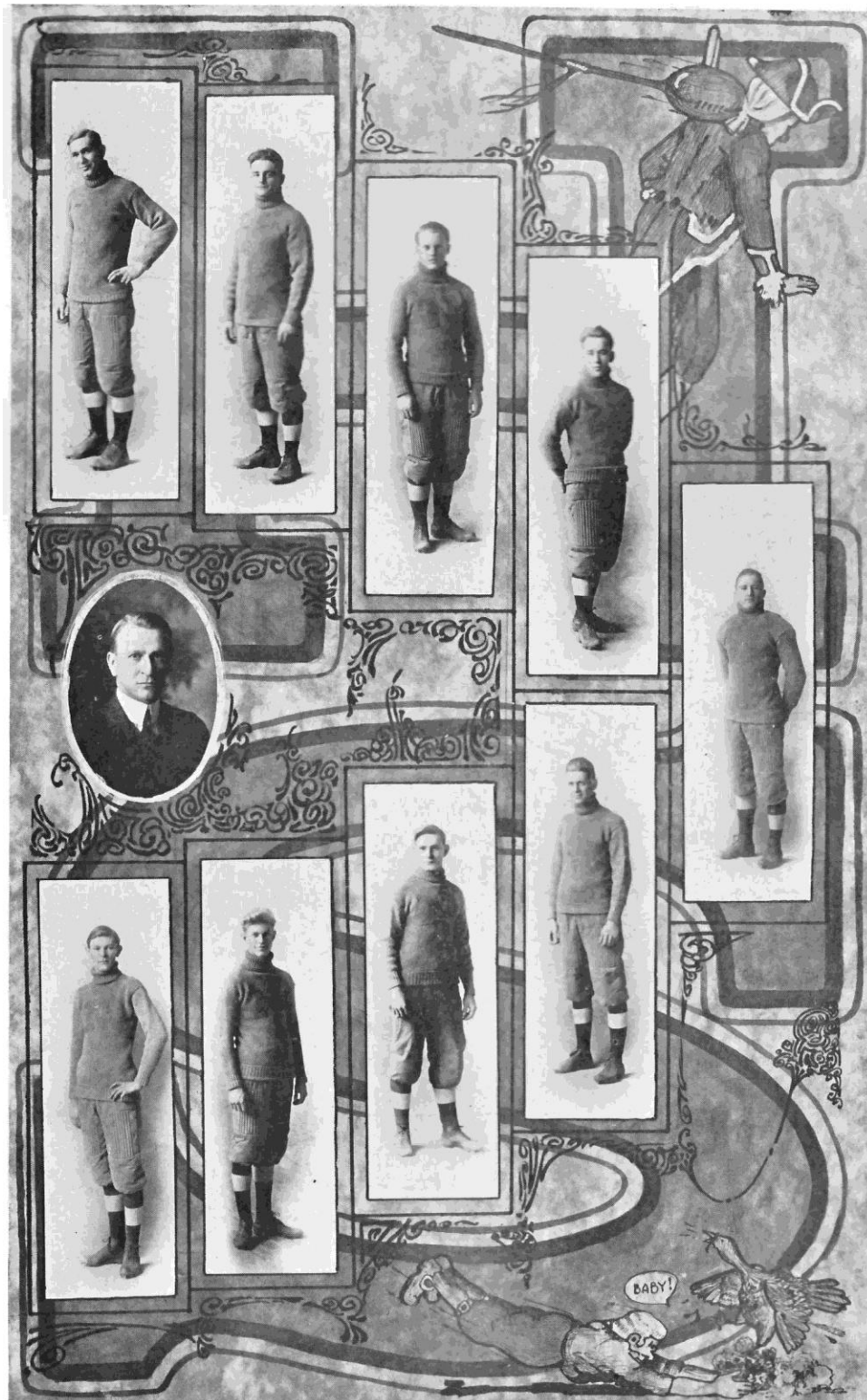
We are not as able to say when football will become extinct as when it originated, but we are inclined to believe that as long as the United States produces M. D.s, football will be a necessity, especially to keep up the decreasing population of the hospitals. We do not wish, however, to discourage any lover of the game, but we firmly believe that football will be extinct in North Side by 1920, if some new plan is not established, whereby some of this graduating size and beef might be conferred upon said freshies.

If this sad prophecy be fulfilled, we have one consolation; that is, the School Board has promised us a kindergarten, where we may spend our spare time singing, "Here's a ball for baby." But let us forget 1920 and look to 1915.

Coach Fitch says the stars read thus: "North makes a big clean-up. Fighting Eleven brings home the bacon." Let's hope he's right and here's to Captain Harvey and the whole team!

HOWARD MEHLMAN '15.







## Girls' Basket Ball

THE interest taken in the girls' basket ball this year has marked another step in the advance of girls' athletics.

The girls practiced regularly in the gym Mondays and Wednesdays, and with Mr. Aurand's help, developed some quite remarkable players. The Freshmen and Seniors made the best showing. The Freshmen were all enthusiastic and showed by their playing that they had seen baskets and basket ball before. We gained much pleasure and healthy exercise in our inter-class games, also a few bruises.

Our capabilities were tested when we played against the Colorado Woman's College; March 18. In this the score of 18-1 was in our favor.

Dorothy Curtis, f.  
Ollie Spinner, f.  
Alice Lewin, j. c.  
Charlotte O'Doherty, r. c.  
Hannah Carruthers, g.  
Za Eson, g.

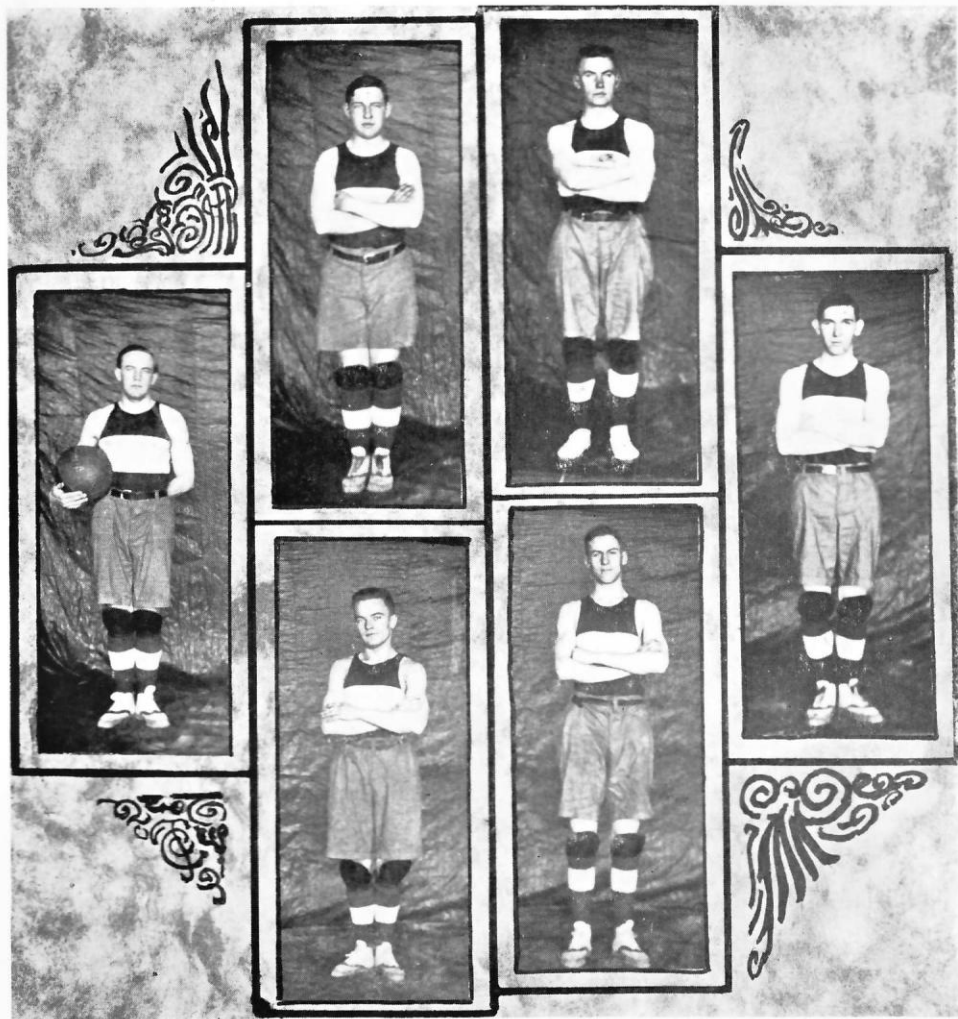
Dorothy Curtis, f.  
Bessie Shenkman, f.  
Nida Elson, j. c.  
Sarah Clar, r. c.  
Virginia Billingsley, g.  
Katherine Longan, g.  
CHARLOTTE O'DOHERTY '15.

## Basket Ball

ON November 30, the call for basket ball candidates was issued, and on the following day seventy-three men reported to Mr. Aurand in the gymnasium. Practice games were played with Wheatridge and Arvada High Schools, Sacred Heart College, and the University of Denver.

The league started February 13, with North and South pitted against each other for the opening contest. At the end of the first half the score was 11-11,





but in the last half, North could not score a field goal and lost, 15-13. The next game was against East, and it turned out to be a battle royal. East led at the end of the first half by a score of 12-11; but Dame Fortune was again with the Angels, and they came out on the long end of a 23-20 score. Everybody looked for North to win an easy victory over Manual, but imagine the disappointment when the final whistle blew and found the score 27-11 against North!

The last game of the season was against West, who had one of the fastest teams in the league. At first the game was a one-sided affair for North, but the tide soon changed and West finally won a hard-fought game, 26-19. This victory tied West and East for the championship.

The amount of material which was out this year bids fair for a championship team in future years. The following men made their monograms: Elliott (captain), Harvey, King and Keefe (forwards); Foltz (center); Waltermire, Ellison and Ammons (guards).

FLOYD ELLIOTT '15.

# Tennis

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THE tennis season this year was a very good and encouraging one. Much enthusiasm was shown the forty men who turned out for the school tournament. An irregularity developed, which gave Kirkgaard the singles without the elimination of Jenks or Morehouse. Rover and Ellison, who won the doubles championship, were eliminated by the strong Manual team, which later won the doubles championship. Kirkgaard won from South, but lost to East in the finals.

More interest is being shown every year in this game, which is fully justified by the efforts of the players. The majority of the tennis men are under-classmen, and with them we hope to build a winning team next year.

H. I. JENKS '15.

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## Girls' Tennis

UNDOUBTEDLY the interest in Girls' Athletics in North Denver is increasing. This year for the first time the girls had a tennis tournament, and it was indeed gratifying to see the number who responded. Those who played did not go in alone with the object of winning, but also for the sport and fine exercise derived from the games. The matches were played in the Highland park courts, which were in splendid condition. In the singles, Dorothy Dinsmore won against Florence Fabling, and in the doubles, Ollie Spinner and Charlotte O'Doherty were defeated by Dorothy Dinsmore and Marguerite Godfrey. The victors were presented with monograms as rewards of merit.

It is to be sincerely hoped that this new phase of athletics will be continued in the future, as the interest shown this year was so great, and as the majority of this year's entrants were under-class girls. It seems an assured fact that it will be kept alive.

CHARLOTTE O'DOHERTY '15.

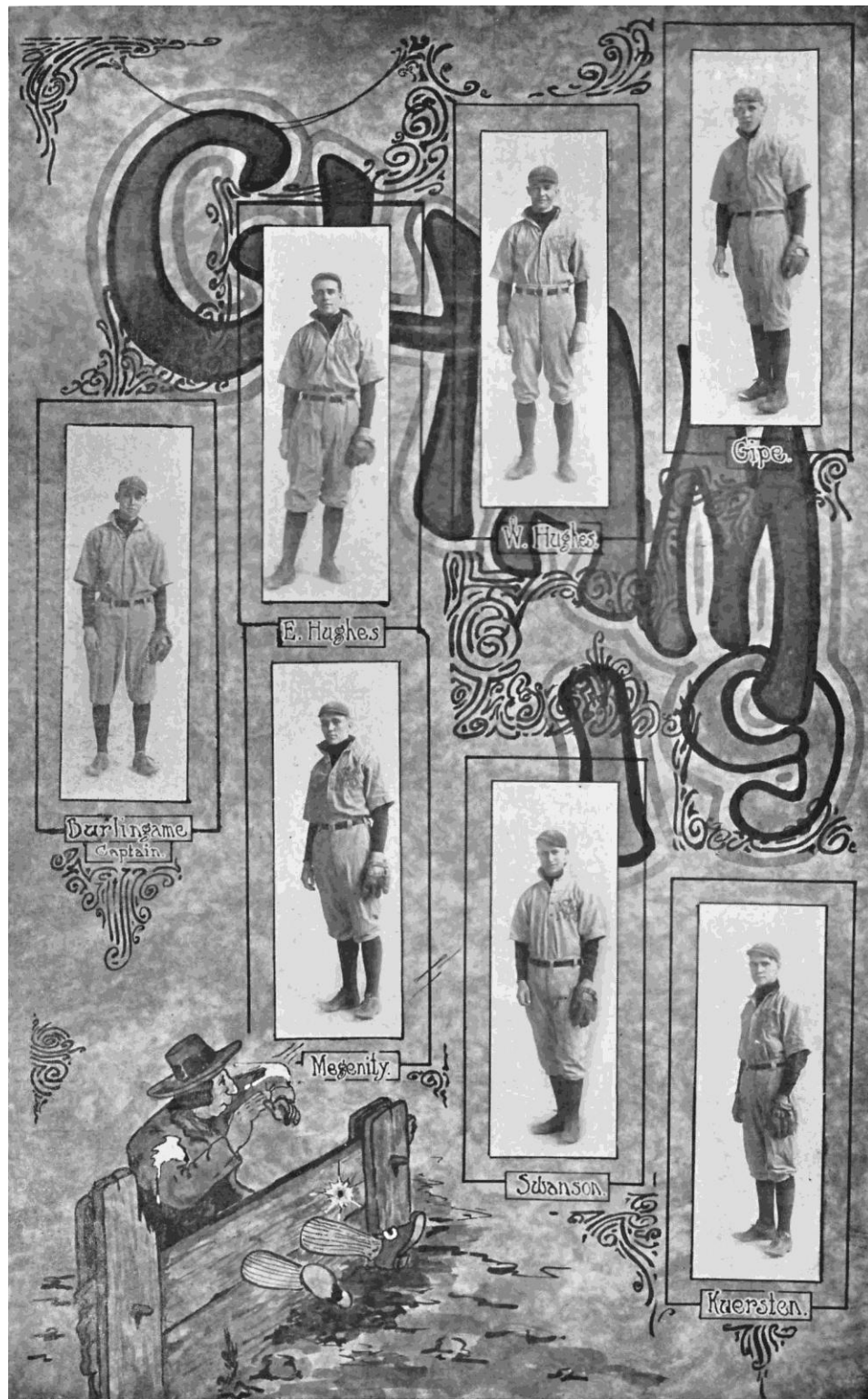


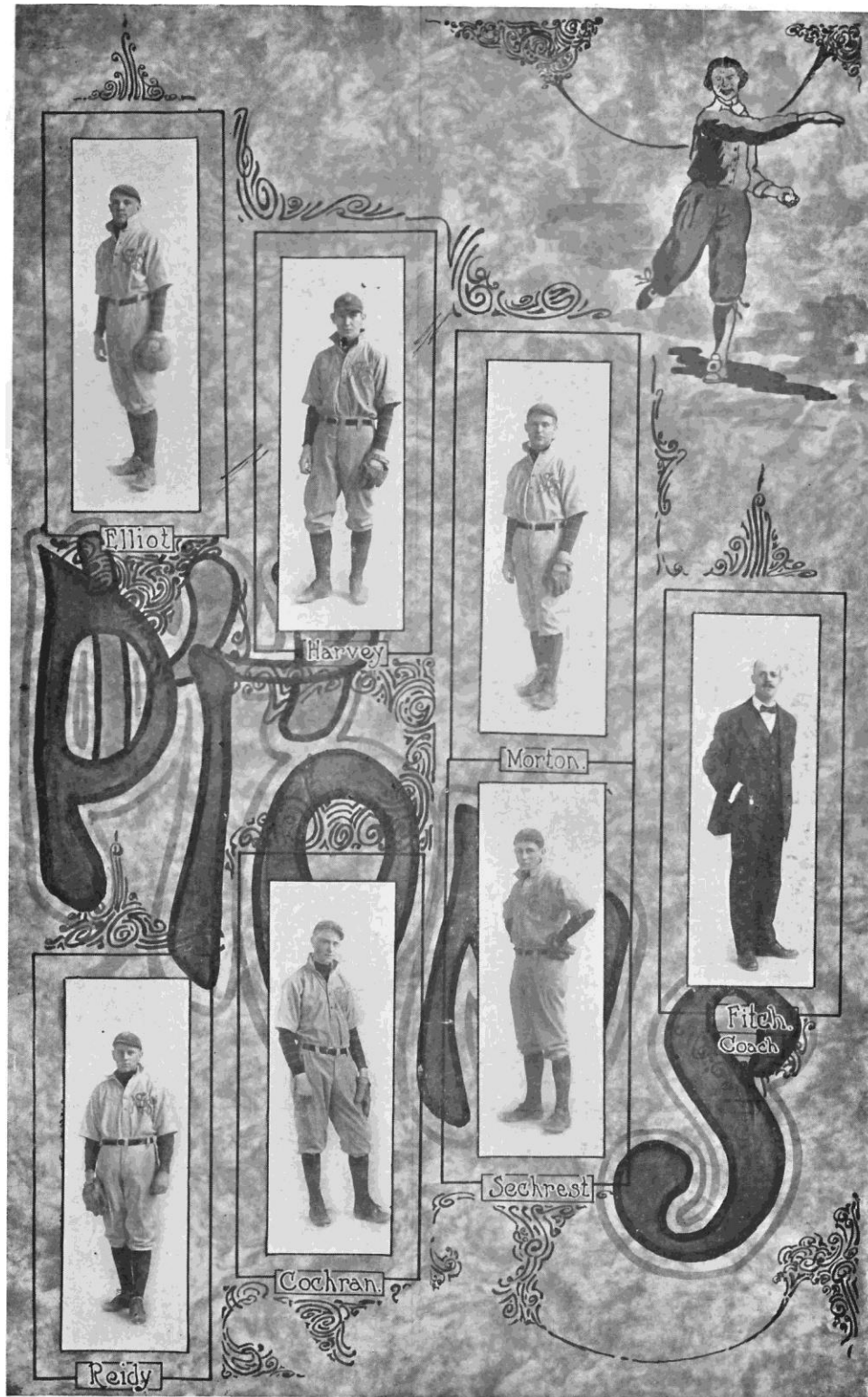
## Base Ball

LAST year North had one of the best teams that was ever brought together at the school. It won the city championship with ease, without losing a game. The team consisted of Walt Hughes, catcher; Ed Hughes, pitcher; Gipe, pitcher; Floyd Elliott, first base; Tex Sigler, second base; Jap Morton, third base; Bob Burlingame, captain and short-stop; Howard Reide, left field; Cochran, center field; Cecil Secrest, right field, and McGennity, Harvey Swanson and Kuersten, substitutes. The team displayed a great deal of "pep," which is essential to a winning team. Confidence both in themselves and in each other was what brought the championship to North Denver.

This year's team will be even better than last year's. Under Coach Bailey the team has rapidly developed in practice, and is in tip-top condition. The team is one that hit the ball hard at all times and is fast on the bases. The infield is working like a well-oiled machine, and so is the outfield. The pitchers are in fine condition and are displaying a great deal of stuff. So, if no unforeseen accident happens, the championship will again come to North Denver.

CHARLES COCHRAN '15.





Elliot



Harvey



Morton



Fitch  
Coach



Sechrest



Cochran



Reidy

# Track

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AS LAST year's Annual went to press before the track meets were held, it did not contain a record of the accomplishments of the 1914 track teams, which were ably coached by Mr. Aurand and captained by "Fuzz" Summers.

After having won the Ninth and Tenth grade meets in 1912 and 1913, we were defeated last year by South, who had a score of 53 to our 47. However, Green won individual honors with fifteen points, and Megenity second with eleven points. In addition, Wastfield, B. Ellison, Bell, Allen, Reddish, Brickler, and C. W. Robinson won points for the team. We placed a man in almost every event, capturing four "firsts," three "seconds," and five "thirds." Just before the relay, the score was tied between North and South, 43-43; but South won the relay, and with it the meet. It was a most exciting meet, and our younger athletes deserve much credit for the showing they made. We are going out again this year to win first place, and we are even more determined to win, because victory this year will place the cup permanently in our trophy case.

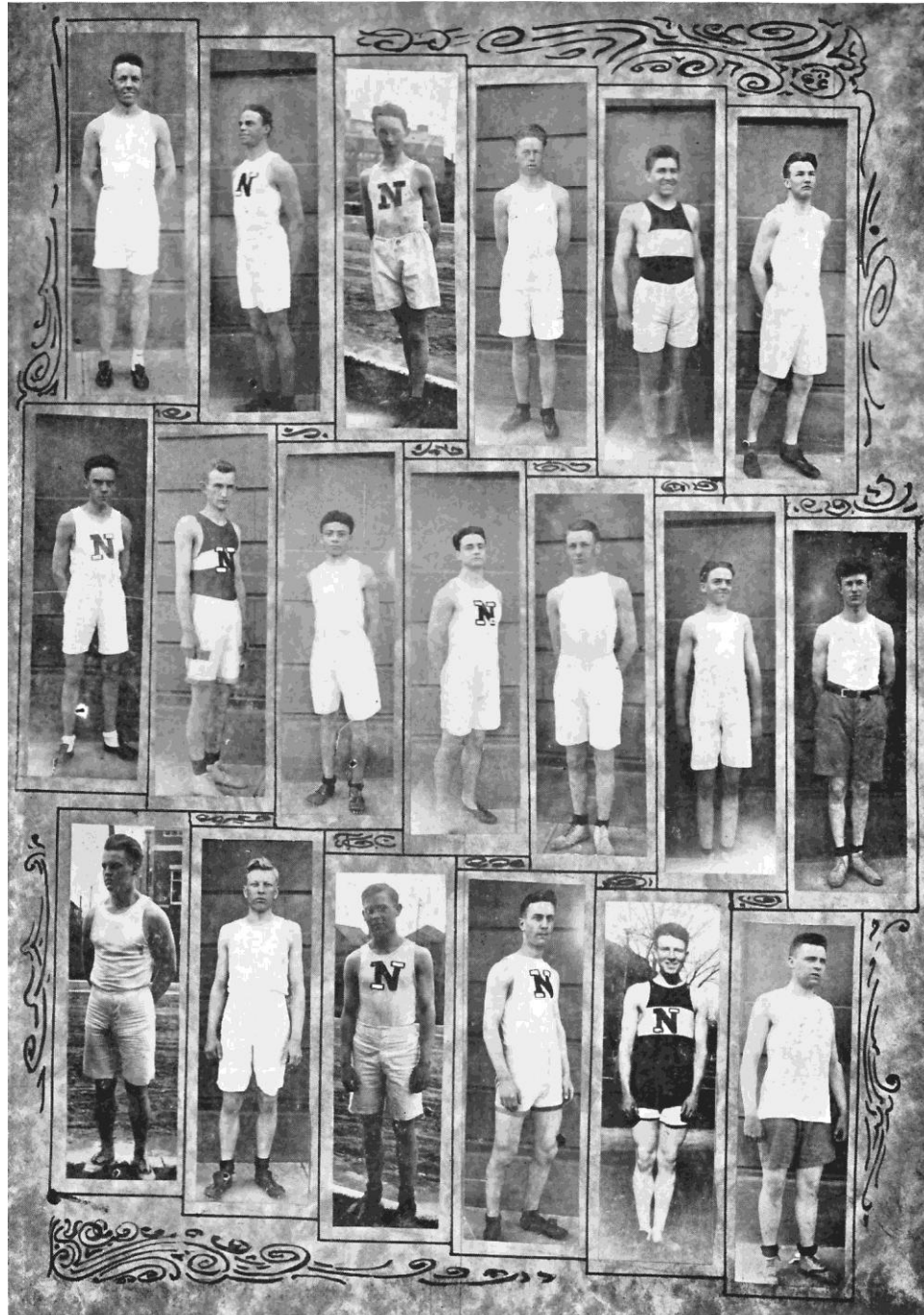
In the City meet we were even less fortunate, although here, as in the first meet, we placed a man in every event but one—the discus. We surprised the other schools by winning events with several athletes whom they had not considered seriously. Virden won the half mile and Webber the mile, both in record time, Virden establishing a new city record of 2:06; while Gipe won the shot-put easily at forty-four feet, and Osborne took second in the 220, and in the high jump. Before the relay, North stood second with South third, but although North led during the first part of the relay, there was a mixup when the men changed, and the North and East men fell. This put North hopelessly in the rear, and South's relay team again carried them ahead of us in the final tally. But we have learned our lesson, and this year we have a relay team that should prove a winner, and is working hard under Coach Fitch.

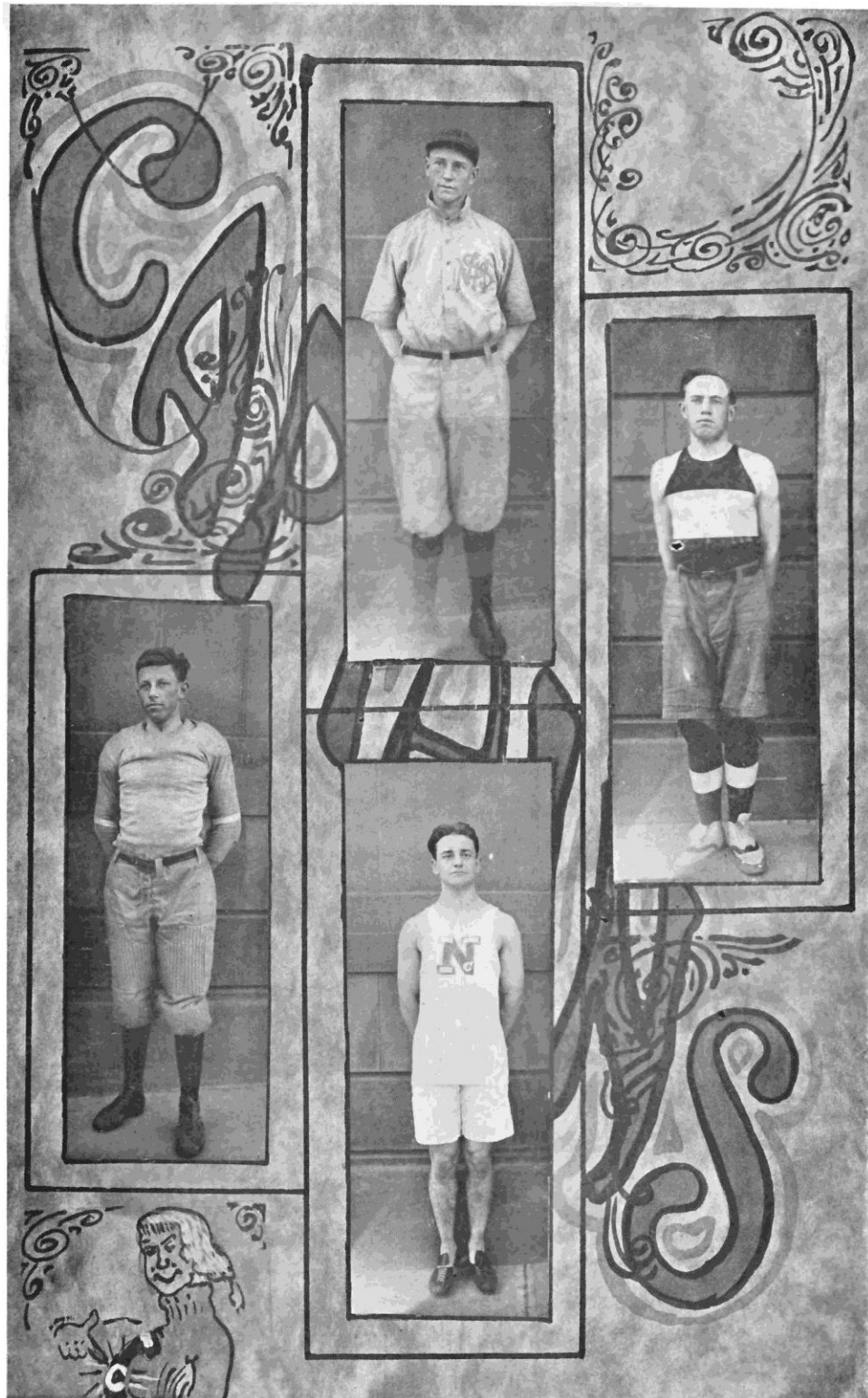
Those who earned their letters in the latter meet were Summers (Capt.), Osborne, Gipe, Virden, Webber, B. Ellison, Jenks, Tobler, Megenity, Wastfield and C. C. Robinson.

Our prospects for this year are exceedingly bright, as we have most of last year's men with us again, in addition to our sixty new men, who reported to practice when the call was issued at the first of the season. Mr. Fitch has taken charge of the squad, and if we may infer anything from the spirit with which the men have started to work, and from the showings made in early practice, the season of 1915 should be a highly successful one.

C. C. ROBINSON '15.

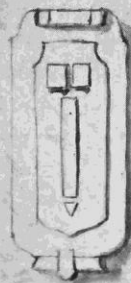








# German and Literary Plays



In the Vanguard

E.S.

## In the Vanguard

"In the Vanguard" by Katrina Trask was presented before the school by the pupils of the finishing English class on the day before Thanksgiving vacation. The story of the play is based on war and the purpose in presenting it was to give a true idea of the real crime of war. A military atmosphere was given by the soldiers' uniforms and the thrilling music of "Tipperary." The May-pole dance and song of the village girls also made an effective opening for the play. Perhaps the strongest scene was the one in which the dying soldier reveals the horror of war to the young soldier who saw only its pomp and glory.

There was a scarcity of scenery, but in spite of this the play was well presented, thanks to the wise supervision of Mrs. Graham.

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## The German Play

THE FIRST German Play given at North Side High School was given with the Annual Literary Program on March 26, 1915.

The play was called "Eigensinn," and is a story of the stubbornness of three different couples. When the curtain rises, Heinrich and Lisbeth, the servants, are setting the table. After the table has been set, Heinrich says, "Gott sei Dank, der Tisch ist gedeckt," and asks Lisbeth to say it also. She, however, refuses, and the two have a quarrel. Alfred, their master, overhears them and a little later tells his young wife about them. He asks her to say, "Gott sei Dank, der Tisch ist gedeckt." She refuses to say it and she and Alfred quarrel, as Heinrich and Lisbeth did. When the bride's parents come to have breakfast with Alfred and Emma, Ausdorf (Emma's father), sees by Emma's tears that she and Alfred have had a quarrel. Alfred relates the story to Ausdorf and Katharina (Emma's mother). Ausdorf teases the young couple about their foolishness and in pure fun asks Katharina to say, "Gott sei Dank, der Tisch ist gedeckt." This angers Katharina and she refuses to say it. Ausdorf and Katharina quarrel. Soon Alfred leaves the room and returns with a shawl in each hand. Emma chooses one and whispers the words in his ear. Katharina wants Ausdorf to bribe her with the other shawl, but he thinks that too expensive. Later, while walking with Lisbeth, Katharina accidentally says, "Gott sei Dank, der Tisch ist gedeckt." Emma then tells Lisbeth that she will arrange for her wedding within three weeks if she will say the words by which the whole morning was disturbed. Lisbeth is so happy about the thought of the wedding that she says "Gott sei Dank, der Tisch ist gedeckt," and runs out, with Heinrich after her.

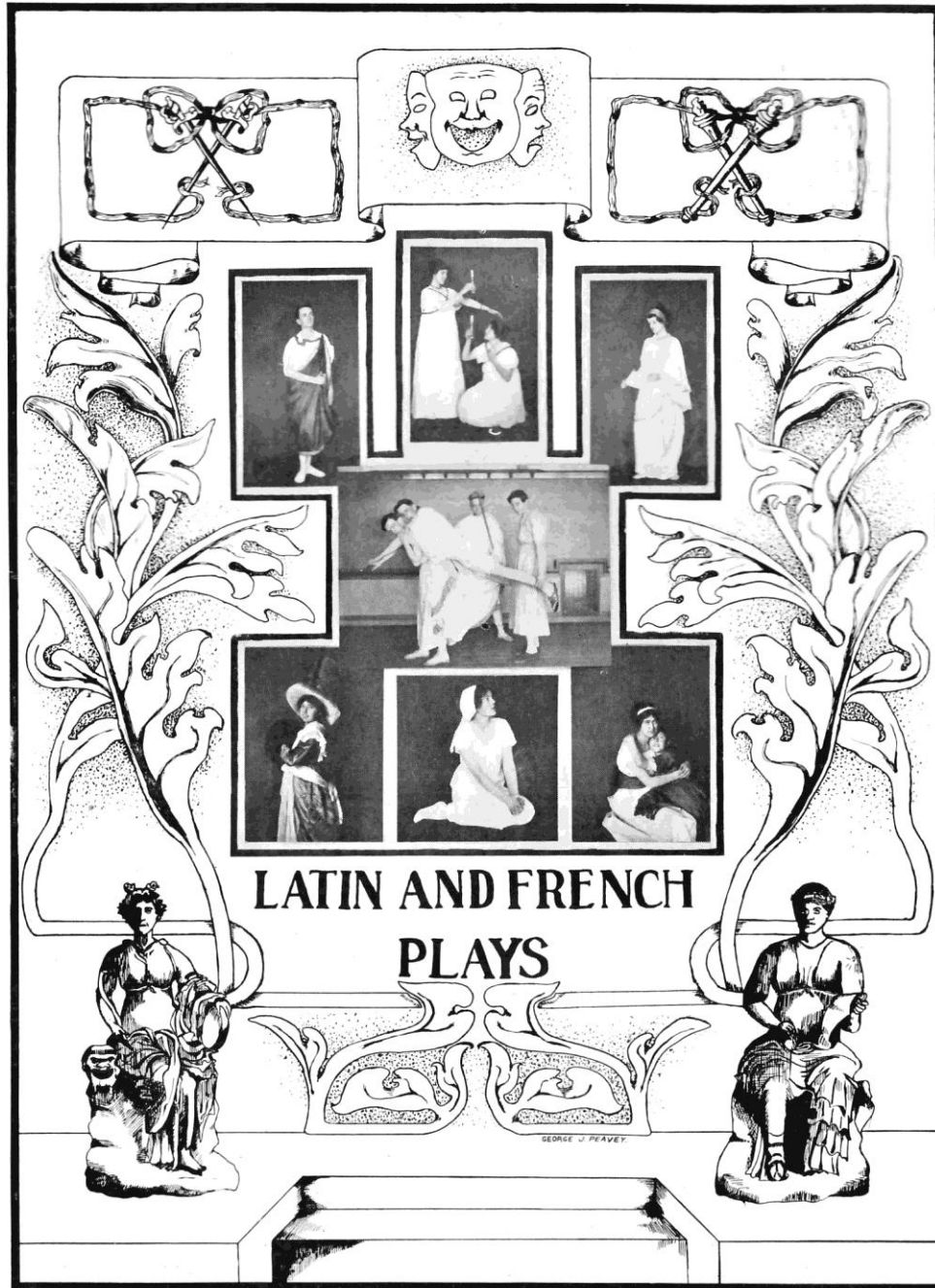
The parts in the play were taken as follows:

Ausdorf	. . . . .	Kenneth Strader
Katharina	. . . . .	Ottillie Blaurock
Alfred	. . . . .	Herbert Linn
Emma	. . . . .	Alice Hunter
Heinrich	. . . . .	Donald Bailey
Lisbeth	. . . . .	Ida Schirofsky

We thank Miss Garrett and Miss McClure for their untiring aid which, I am sure, made our part of the program a success; and we hope that the German Plays that are to follow will be as successful and interesting as was this one.

OTTILLIE BLAUROCK '15





## The Latin Play

ON THE afternoon of December eighteenth, the pupils of North Denver were taken back to the old Roman days. One of the most successful Latin entertainments was given by the pupils of the Virgil classes.

The curtain rose upon about fifty boys and girls in Roman togas, who let their melodious voices peal out in the song, "Lauriger Horatius."

Then followed a short dialogue entitled, "Somnium Pueri." This represented a boy endeavoring to translate Caesar. But weary after his day's work, he fell asleep and Caesar's ghost appeared. Caesar tried to explain why it was necessary to study his campaigns.

This was followed by another song, "Integer Vitae." Then came the Vestal Virgin drill, which was so thoroughly appreciated that it was given twice.

Scarcely less appreciated was the farce of a Roman school entitled, "Schola Romana." The noted characters of ancient Rome were depicted in a most amusing way. No ancient Roman magister was more severe than Albert Upton. He compelled the attention of many a mischievous pupil by the sharp rap of his rod.

Tardy Catiline was punished with a thrashing, but he was expecting it and was prepared with a shining tin pad.

Marcus Cicero and Julius Caesar competed in giving orations. There was great applause when Cicero, the victor, was awarded a crown of laurel by the honorable judges, Aulus Lincinius Archias and Publius Licinius Crassus.

Caius Lucinius Crassus closed the day at school with his oration entitled, "A Poem of a Possum."

As a fitting end to the entertainment all the pupils again joined in the song, "Gaudeamus Igitur."

We wish to thank the Latin teachers and Mrs. Graham for their kind aid in making the entertainment a success.

RUTH BRADLEY '15.

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## The French Play

On December 3, 1914, a French play was given in the North Side High School auditorium, by the pupils of the third year French class. This little play, quite truly named "Beaucoup de Rien," which means "A Great Deal About Nothing," was written and staged by the third year French class under the direction of Miss Storms. It was presented, with the help of the other French classes, before a large audience and was a great success, both artistically and financially.

The plot was suggested by one of the charming tales of Guy de Maupassant. It was a sort of "play within a play," which afforded an opportunity of introducing a series of living pictures representing French masterpieces. These were posed by Miss Perry. Several little folk dances and French songs were given by the pupils of the beginning French classes under the direction of Miss Pulsifer.

Although a greater part of the audience did not understand French, they did not seem to enjoy it the less.

The class wishes to extend its sincere thanks to Mrs. Harry Bellamy for the group of delightful French songs, she so graciously sang, and to Miss Storms for the untiring energy she devoted in making the play a success.

FRANCES FREGEAU '15.



# Program--The French Play

BEAUCOUP DE RIEN.  
(Personages in order of appearance.)

1. Helene . . .	Mles. Monroe	6. Mme. Girard . . .	Idelson
2. Mignonne . . .	Fregeau	7. Marie . . .	Eppich
3. Catherine . . .	Leach	8. Sophie . . .	Brown
4. Claire . . .	Pulsifer	9. Jacqueline . . .	Cushing
5. Toinette . . .	Hunter	10. Mlle. Fleury . . .	Garvin

A GIRLS' SCHOOL IN PARIS.  
The Present.

Synopsis . . . . . Mlle. Kellerman

Act I.

Study of School 4:30 p. m.  
December 3d.

Piano Solo . . . . . Mlle. Detmoyer  
Vocal Solo . . . . . Mrs. Harry Bellamy

Act II.

Same. Midnight.

Piano Solo . . . . . Mlle. Garvin

Act III.

Entertainment (evening—two weeks later)

I. Group of Songs . . . . .  
Mles. Brown, Eppich, Perine, Woodhams, Garvin, Wright, Havlick,  
Hawthorne, Detmoyer, Renken, Patton, Kinney and Bancroft.

II. Scene from Act III. Bourgeois Gentilhomme . . . . .  
(Synopsis, Helen McNeill.)

M. Jourdain . . . . .	M. Clarke
Mme. Jourdain . . . . .	Mlle. Skepstad
Nicole . . . . .	Mlle. Cushing

III. Violin Solo . . . . . Mlle. Wright  
Piano Accompanist, Mlle. Leal.

IV. Tableaux—Synopsis . . . . . Mlle. Kellerman  
Sainte Genevieve . . . . . Pulsifer  
Jeanne d' Arc . . . . . Leach  
Jeanne d' Arc . . . . . Fregeau  
Bergere . . . . . Monroe  
Mme. LeBrun et sa Fille . . . . . Sprague and Ewing  
Mme. Recamier . . . . . Bancroft  
Mme. Mole-Raymond . . . . . Shaw  
L'Etude . . . . . Perine  
L'Oiseau Mort . . . . . Burrill  
Bergere et Bergere . . . . . Brown and Eppich

V. Vocal Solo . . . . . Mlle. Skepstad  
Piano Accompanist, Mlle. Besly.

VI. Piano Solo . . . . . Mlle. Besly

Act. IV.

After Entertainment.

Piano Solo . . . . . Mlle. Woodhams

# North-East Debate

December 10th, 1914

EARLY in the term, a challenge was sent to North Denver by the Forum Debating Team of East Denver High School. A team of three was soon selected by Mr. Lawyer to represent the school. The question as formulated by the challengers, was: "Resolved, that the conditions causing the Colorado coal strike can be removed only by governmental ownership of coal mines." When the day for the debate arrived, a large crowd assembled, eager and expectant.

The first two speakers on our side of the question, the negative, were Leland Morris and Anna Davenport, who showed the undesirability of government ownership; the third, Leland Webber, who advanced as a better remedy for the abuses which sometimes occur in the present

system, the commission plan. The rebuttal speech was given by Leland Morris. The verdict of the three judges was awaited with considerable anxiety, in view of the fact that the challengers had hitherto been victorious in every contest, but the victory was unanimously awarded to North. So ended the first North-East debate.

This debate should certainly be made an annual affair. The school has some excellent material, which, owing to the fact that so few opportunities for development are presented, must "Waste its sweetness on the desert air." By making the North-East debate an annual event, we would go a long way toward opening the door of opportunity to the classes that are to be.

And let us ever say, "Our School—may she always have victory; but, victory or defeat, OUR SCHOOL."

LELAND C. MORRIS '15.





## The Girls' Glee Club

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**L**AST fall, with the aid of Mr. Whiteman, the Girl's Glee Club was organized. The try-out was soon held and forty-three girls were chosen to become members.

Since then, every Wednesday morning, rain or shine, promptly at eight o'clock, practice is held in the auditorium. Each member exerts every effort to make the practice helpful.

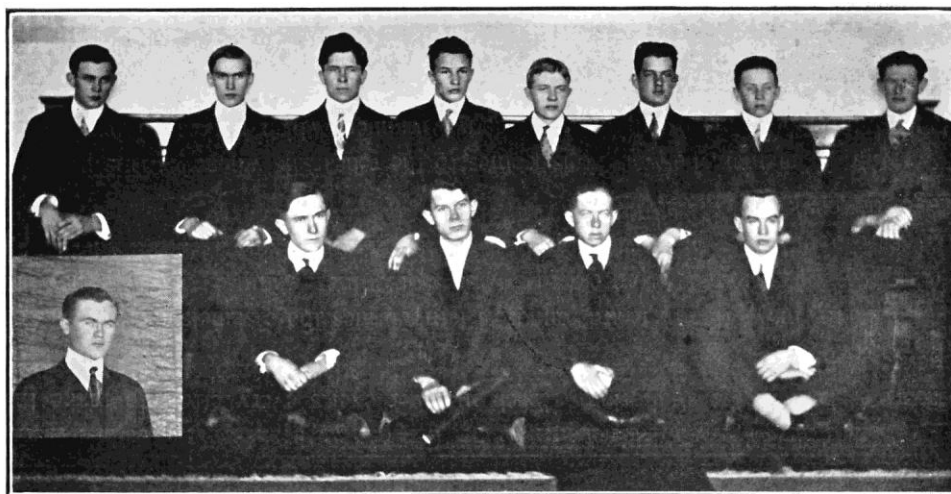
Lately, may often be heard sounds of tambourines and castanets and snatches of wild gypsy songs, coming from closed doors. Sometimes, glimpses of gay gypsy life may be caught, for soon a gypsy operetta will be produced, and then, outsiders may judge for themselves of the work.

Mr. Whiteman, busy as he is, comes to the rehearsals whenever it is possible. He has directed in his usual, pleasant, active manner, which makes all hard work pleasant.

Our president, Corinna Besly, was "true blue." We knew, when we elected her that she would possess the rare quality of faithfulness and she has shown it well in the work of the Glee Club. Dorothy Sweet, as vice-president, Marjorie Platte, as secretary and Marjorie Garvin as librarian, too, have done much toward the success of the club.

The organization has done well in every way, and to those of us who will not be here next year to partake of its pleasures, the memories of it will always be most dear.

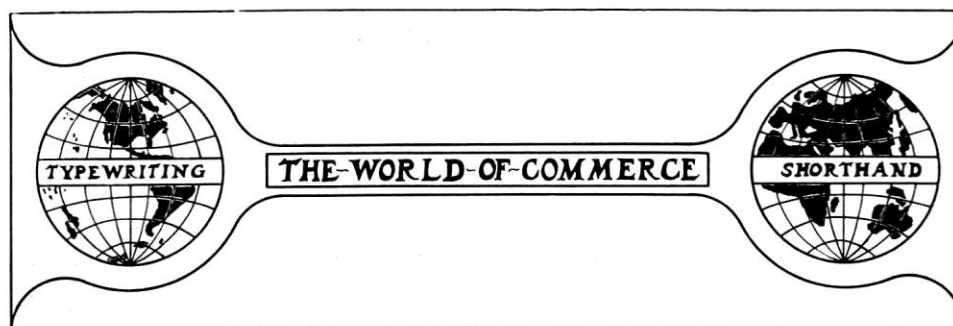
ILA WEBBER '15.



## How and What They Came to Be

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THEY? Who are they? Don't you know? Mr. Whiteman has been very important too, ever since last autumn in regard to "they." Why, they are the honorable sirs, who did such splendid throat work at the Stevens' Orratorical Contest at Manual High; Carrigan, Bonesteele, F. Shoemaker, R. Shoemaker, Strader, Spangler, Howard, Wilson, and Morsch, who plays the keys. The members of the Ohio Club at their banquet at the Metropole Hotel developed a hearty appetite because of these estimable gentlemen. They also delighted every one present at the Open Meeting of the Literary Society, given in the school auditorium. Still, who're they? The GLEE CLUB OF '15 of N. S. H. S.



## Commercial Department

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**T**HIS year, fifty-six pupils registered for beginning shorthand the first semester, and forty-five the second semester. Thus one hundred and one, in all, have started on the royal road to success.

The following are some of the commercial students, who, during the last two years, have stepped into the army of producers: R. Bowles, with the Portland Cement Company; L. Blackman, Typewriting instructor at the East Side High School; G. Macpherson, with the C. S. Morey Merc. Company; Hattie and Alice Carver, with the Retail Credit Men's Association; L. Sissack, With Yeolin Bros., Wholesale Grocers; Bertha Snyder, with H. S. Crocker, Consulting Engineer; Irene Ebener, with law firm in the city.

We notice that the best positions go to those who remain in school until they graduate; the more training the better. It is worthy of note that Bliss Palmer, Class of '14, who had but one year of shorthand and typewriting, is private secretary to Judge Ben B. Lindsey; a position, one of the most difficult in the city.

Gregor Macpherson, Class of '14, won the state typewriting contest last December. He holds three certificates, a silver medal, and three gold medals, for rapid and accurate work on the typewriter.

Nearly every teacher in the high school has brought work to our department and we have never refused to do our part. Our pay is the joy of serving and the experience we gain. All of the printing and most of the letter writing in connection with the recent Teachers' Historical Pageant, was done by the shorthand and typewriting pupils of the North Side High School.

Since September 1914, pupils of this school have won forty-seven pennants for typewriting at 25 words a minute, seventeen certificates at 40 words a minute, one certificate at 60 words a minute, and two gold medals for 55 words a minute.

Gold medal Vesey broke last year's record by two words a minute, and Harris made a Rush for it, and brought the Remington gold medal into camp, to the tune of 56 words a minute.—“GRADATIM”.

FRANCES FREGEAU '15.



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## Geometry

(With Apologies.)

The hours I spent with thee, dear book,  
Are as a string of “D’s” to me;  
I count them over everyone apart,  
Geometry, Geometry.

Each hour a “D,” the “D”’s an “F,”  
To fill a card already hung  
With Failures; and lo, at the end,  
Another Flunk is hung — a Flunk is hung.

Oh, memories that bless and burn,  
Oh, welcome “C”! oh, bitter “F;”  
I tell each mark and strive at last to learn,  
To study hard, to study hard next half.

GEORGE J. PEAVEY '17.



## The Shops

THE Manual Training shops of the North Side High School are just finishing their fourth year with a rush. No better testimony of the rapid growth of this department of the High School work can be had, than the rapid increase in enrollment: nearly ten per cent over last year.

In addition to the regular course, comprising Joinery, Turning, Moulding, Pattern Making and Carpentry for boys, and Designing, Sewing, Dressmaking and Cooking for girls, there has been added, during the last year, a course in plumbing, including all the lines in this work. So far only two classes have been held in this work, but it will undoubtedly prove more and more popular each year. The forge and machine shops are expected to open next fall, this completing the last year of the work for boys. (The girls' course is already complete.)

The Third Annual Exhibit of the Manual Training Department held last May, proved a great success, and present indications are that this year's will be even better. Besides the furniture, from the Joinery Department, there were exhibits from the Turning and Pattern Making Department, as well as contributions in Designing, Sewing and Cooking. The exhibit is intended to interest more pupils and parents in the Manual Training work.

HENRY PAGE '16.

## Manual Training

IN the autumn of nineteen hundred and eleven, five hundred little Freshmen entered North Denver High School. Among these were several girls who entered for the Manual Training Course, which was being offered at North for the first time. After design and clay modeling and a semester of sewing, the Freshman finished her first year. The next year she came back, feeling very important because she had reached the height of the sophomore. The sophomore struggled through some more design and was rewarded with the privilege of taking a semester of cooking.

The next year, the little Freshman had become a Junior. Under the guidance of Miss Steinhauer, who has an inexhaustible supply of patience, the Junior developed into a most wonderful dressmaker and milliner. After taking this course, she was able to make all of her hats and dresses without any assistance.



But the enjoyment which the Senior, once a little Freshman, received from her Domestic Science Course, under the supervision of Miss Merrill, was greater than the pleasures received from any of her other work.

Only five of the Freshmen, who began so nobly, have survived to take this Domestic Science Course and graduate. The five girls are, Myrtle Horal, Esther Hardin, Harriett Prince, Edith Wagner and Doris Meyers.

DORIS MEYERS '15.

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## The Spirit of Nature

IT WAS a bright spring morning and the tiny fairies of the meadow and hillside were flitting about beautifying the flowers and trees, brightening the sunshine and refreshing the air. They were very busy creatures, these fairies, for they had risen early to complete their morning task. Some were busy carrying dew to the thirsting flowers, some were painting delicate shades and others, who had finished their work, were swinging idly on the leaves of the aspen trees.

As soon as the sun began to mount in the heavens the fairies darted away to cool, secluded nooks along the sparkling bubbling stream. Only now and then in the heat of the day could a fairy be seen flitting about looking out for the welfare of some frail and delicate flower. If any of these dainty, fragile plants were withering the fairies flew far away to the white fluffy clouds, and returned with cool glittering rain-drops to refresh the drooping plants.

When the day was well spent and the sun had clothed the western horizon in a rich robe of spun gold, the fairies went silently about closing each lovely flower for a peaceful night's sleep.

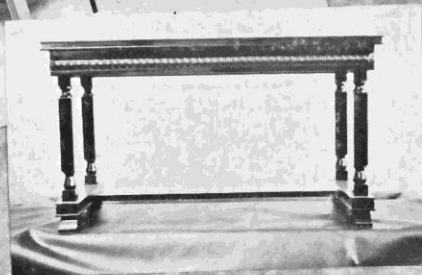
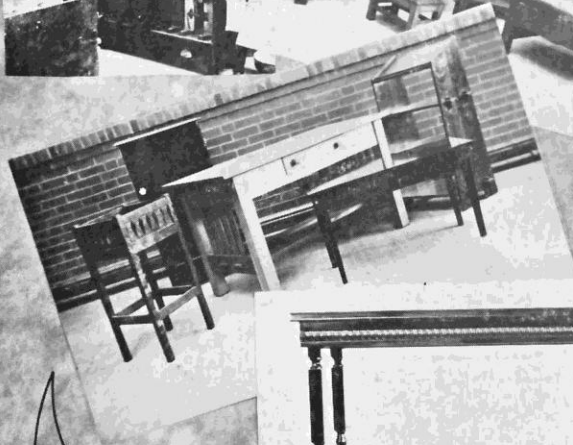
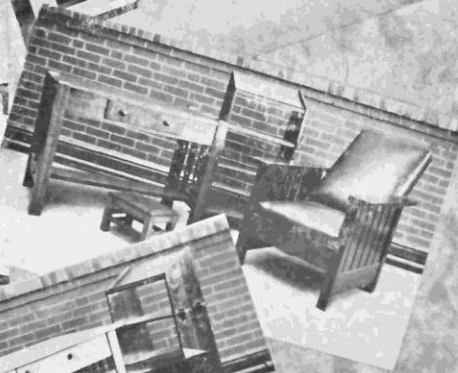
As the moon came up and their evening labors were finished, the fairies once more flew away to their secluded nooks by the cool stream. They were happy in the thought that one more day had been made beautiful and happy by their untiring efforts.

What a wonderful lesson to us mortals, who often seek only what we can get out of the world, and think not of how we might contribute to its welfare.

Anonymous.

MANUAL

TRAINING





# The Literary Society of N. D. H. S.

## OFFICERS OF SOCIETY.

President . . . . .	Ellen Swart
Vice-President . . . . .	Anna Davenport
Secretary-Treasurer . . . . .	Vivian Bonesteel

## OFFICERS OF CHAPTERS.

### ALPHA —

President . . . . .	Katherine Leach
Secretary-Treasurer . . . . .	Beatrice Hurley

### BETA —

President . . . . .	Edwin Spangler
Secretary-Treasurer . . . . .	Ottilia Blaurock

### GAMMA —

President . . . . .	Irwin Wallace
Vice-President . . . . .	Dorothy Sweet
Secretary-Treasurer . . . . .	Ramona Robinson

In order to arouse more interest and to further the success of the literary society for the coming year, it was decided to divide the organization into three chapters, Alpha, Beta and Gamma, each chapter to take its turn at entertaining the society. The plan was very successful and created a great deal of enthusiasm and rivalry among the chapters.

All of the programs have been interesting and the chapters have tried to excel each other in presenting plays. Among those given were, "A Parliament of Servants," by Alpha Chapter; "Which is Which," by Gamma Chapter, and an original Negro Sketch written by Evelyn Miles—the latter given by Beta Chapter.

The most original, amusing and entertaining program was presented at the last regular meeting in which each chapter furnished part of the program. Alice Craise drew some clever "take offs" on the faculty and scholars which were thrown on the screen. They were exceedingly humorous and kept the audience in continual laughter. Another number on the program was a mock trial, in which the secretary was accused of trying to attain the first place in the Beauty and Popularity Contest.

Friday, before spring vacation, the society held its annual open meeting. An excellent program was prepared, consisting of several musical numbers, selections by the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs, a banjo and piano solo, and three short plays, "Mrs. Pipp's Waterloo," "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone," and a German play entitled "Eigensinn."

By the kind aid of Mrs. Graham, without which the society could not have achieved its success, and by the hearty support of its members, the Literary Society has had a prosperous and enjoyable year. The membership has been doubled and more school spirit has been shown than ever before.

HELEN UZZEL '15.



## The Library News

A GROUP of students as they appeared in a scene from "Pickwick Papers." One of the many "Scenes from Dickens," which have been presented in the library this winter.

The pupils who attended these delightful "Library Hours," have decided that Charles Dickens is after all "entertaining," and that our despised English Literature is not so far off the track when it says:

"All classes of society are ready to join with Dickens in his hearty laughter," etc. (See Halleck's English Literature, page 436.)

### Complete Library is Aid to Students

"The North Side High School is equipped with one of the best small libraries in the city. The room is finished in a dark oak and is equipped with furniture which corresponds in material and color to the woodwork. The room is supplied with pictures and statuary copies of masterpieces of the world. The plants, which are distributed throughout the room, add greatly to its appearance and help to make it one of the most attractive and pleasant in the school.

"The library now contains about 4,000 volumes, with a wide range of subjects, and in addition is supplied with the Scientific American, the Literary Digest and Current Events.

# The N. S. H. S. Girls' Bible Class

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After the Billy Sunday meetings a Bible class was organized in each High School. North Denver was among the first to organize and much enthusiasm was shown. The officers elected were:

President	.	.	.	.	Ellen Swart
Vice-President	.	.	.	.	Dorothy Strong
Recording Secretary	.	.	.	.	Ethel Hawthorne
Corresponding Secretary	.	.	.	.	Ruth Cochran

The meetings were held in the Boulevard United Presbyterian Church, which was the nearest church to the school. The first part of the year the meetings were on Tuesday, after school, but later it seemed more convenient to have them on Wednesday.

Miss Weston, of the Y. W. C. A., taught the class. The girls were very fond of her and enjoyed her excellent teaching. Seventy-five girls joined the class, but the average attendance was considerably less.

At Thanksgiving and Christmas the girls helped poor families, but most of the philanthropic work was done together with the other High School Bible classes.

Once a month on Saturday afternoon a party was held at the Y. W. C. A. These were very jolly occasions, especially the afternoon that the North Denver girls entertained.

The Bible class has been a help to us in many ways. Most important is that we have learned how to study the Bible, but we have also learned to know each other better and have found the joys that come from helping others.

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Heard in a trip around the hall:—"And then she turned right around and called on me." "I'd like to take a shot at that fellow!" "Hey Ammons—" "Is THAT right? honest?" "I put on my vest and pulled out my watch and it was a quarter to eight—" "It made me so peeved, I could have—" "Um—, look who's fussin'—" "Oh shoot, I can't find my library slip." "And you know he said—" "Well, wouldn't that beat the cars?" "Hey, Morrison, what yu' doin'?" "And all she said was he— he— he—" "She looked daggers at me—regular spear-mint ones!"

We wonder why Mr. W. likes to slide on his neck.







# The Patriotism of Peace

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THE best souls of all ages have dreamed of a time when the whole world shall be bound in some kind of peace federation that shall secure to every people the benefits of their own labor, and give to them the right to the "pursuit of happiness," without fear of molestation. We all agree that this is an achievement much to be desired.

Patriotism is love of country and home. In the past, men have sought to justify the dreadful wars that have devastated the land and rendered desolate the homes of the people, that have widowed the wives and destroyed the young manhood of nations, by telling us that beyond the storm there is calm and beyond war is peace. The men who have endeavored through war to secure the rights that belong to all men have been called patriots.

In the past, patriotism has been so associated with war that the expression "The Patriotism of Peace," may have a strange sound. In the future, love of home and love of country, patriotism, is to have its expression in peace and not in war. The day has already dawned when we, as a nation, look upon war as a confession that the statesmen of the belligerent nations are not wise enough to solve their problems by diplomacy and in legislative halls, and are not great enough to rise above their own selfish desires and to submit their differences to a court of arbitration by whose decision they will abide.

The expression of patriotism by means of peace, rather than by means of war, can be secured only by the uplift of the people, of the nations through an ethical education that will teach not only the proper relation of man to man, but the proper relation of nation to nation. Then will the leaders of the nations, having an appreciation of the rights of others, give to righteousness and to justice the first place in all their deliberations. It is only by the creation of public sentiment that great changes in national affairs are effected. When the time comes that public sentiment is against war and in favor of peace, then we may have the true patriotism, the patriotism of love, not of hate, of brotherhood, not of enmity.

It is not many years since men settled their private differences by means of the duel. The world approved; and he who refused, when challenged to fight a duel, was branded a coward. The sentiment has changed; when we look back upon these days, we say that those who fought duels were not brave men, but cowards, they were not wise men but fools; they were not heroes but murderers. The ethical progress of nations has not been as rapid as the ethical progress of individuals, but I believe that the day is not far distant when a declaration of war will be looked upon as an act foolish, cowardly and murderous.

We are looking today upon the most dreadful example of the wisdom of fools that the world has ever seen, in the awful conflict of nations on the other side of the Atlantic; millions of men arrayed to destroy other millions of men, because kings and emperors trained them to use the gun and the sword. Men have gone up and down the land crying everywhere, "If you are patriotic you will rally to the colors and pour your blood upon your country's altar". When the patriotism of peace has been recognized, the people will say to king and to emperor, "Go bury your guns and

swords. If you are not great enough to do this, we will bury you with these out-of-date implements of war. Our patriotism no longer finds its expression in war, but in peace. If you cannot solve your problems, step down and permit men as much better as they are greater than you to solve these problems, and save our best blood to enrich our noble institutions”.

An authority says: “Just as the disputes of individuals, once settled by private war, are now generally settled by courts, and as the disputes of our states, once settled occasionally by public war, are now settled by the supreme court, so the disputes of nations still settled by public war, will, we trust, eventually be settled by the supreme court of the world”.

I turn again to the state of affairs in the old world. Let us not be discouraged, for notwithstanding the terrible conflict now going on in Europe, the last quarter of a century has seen more advancement in public sentiment toward a world wide peace than all the centuries that have gone before. We are beginning to understand now that the north needs the products of the south; the south, the energy of the north; the west, the skill of the east; the east, the democracy of the west; all nations are mutually dependent; so it is that the whole world needs a compact, a federation, an understanding that will secure to every people of every land the product of their own toil, and a rightful place among the nations of the earth. When such ideas have fully possessed the people, when the minds of all nations shall be turned to securing these things, instead of to securing for their own nations, wealth and territory at the expense of the wealth and territory of other nations; then we will have a world wide rule of peace.

When the war-drum throbs no longer,  
And the battle flags are furled  
In the Parliament of Man,  
The Federation of the World.

There the Common Sense of most  
Shall hold a fretful realm in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber,  
Lapt in universal law.

And the heavens filled with commerce,  
Argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight,  
Dropping down with costly bales.

Then the man who loves his country, its homes and its institutions so little, as to put them in jeopardy by plunging his nation into war will be called a traitor, and the man who maintains the rights of his nation in courts and legislative halls, and who holds sacred the rights of his fellow-man, without regard to nationality, will be called a patriot.

This, then, is “the Patriotism of Peace”.

LELAND C. WEBBER.

# What They Are Doing



IT IS always fascinating to nearly everyone to know how things end. When you read a book, see a drama on the screen or stage, leaving you right in the midst of the hero's and heroine's happiness; days, weeks, or even months and sometimes years later, you will wonder in some dreamy mood what climaxes fate had in store. We all consider it one of the climaxes in our lives, when we graduate from North Side High. It certainly must be interesting to those who have graduated, those about to graduate, and those who will graduate, to learn what the former students are doing. In the following this curiosity, it is hoped, will be satisfied:

There are many who were once workers under the purple and gold now busy studying at Greeley.

Mabel Boge  
Alice Morgan  
Edna G. Weirick

Lulu G. Burke  
Helen H. Coverston  
Viola Hanson

Esther Calloway and Alsina Smith will graduate in June.

Mines has Norman Copeland '14, Business Manager of Annual.

Some are now ardent supporters of the red and yellow of Denver University.

'14 Helen Akins  
Helen Fry  
Mildred Kimball  
Letitia Pierce  
Lorna Stott  
Elizabeth Thompson

Catharine Dresser  
Paul C. Kaltenbach  
Ester Moles  
Charles Smith  
Pearl Stevens  
Harold Webster

Those who are enjoying all the alluring advantages of "Aggies" are these:

'13 Rudolph Burck  
'14 Harold Dunwoody  
Vera Tufford

Others are enjoying their Freshman year in the State University.

Roger Meade  
Julia Prouty  
Earle Mount

Edwin Thomas  
William McKay  
Gertrude Brenner

"Little Lunnon," don't cha know, and Colorado College are very congenial to the following:

Gertrude Baenteli  
Clyde Bailey

Robert Burlingame  
Lawrence Gipe

#### MARRIAGES DURING THE PAST YEAR

'13 Lucy Smith—

'10 Vera Sinclair—Rapp

'12 Ruth Walker—Jackson

Lillian Powell—McGlone

Helen Wearne—Johnson

Jean Coverston—

Eva McCrea—Dryer

'09 Marie Davis—Collins

Stephen Hathaway—Frances Harbison

'08 Mabel Garside—Ryder

'11 Helen Waite—Burghart

'07 Winfred Prouty

Ota Underwood—Harris

'03 Florence McKee—Rockwell '01

Mae Perkins—Trickey

'01 Herman Zulch

Bertha Morris—

Ethel Onyon—Winterbourne

"For all we know  
Of what the blessed do above  
Is, that they sing and that they love."

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### In Memoriam

"But life is sweet, though all that makes it sweet  
Lessen like the sounds of friend's departing feet,  
And death is beautiful as feet of friend coming with  
welcome at our journey's end."

'13 Edith Paschal

'02 Edna O'Hara—McFadden

'04 Beryl Summersett

'94 Lena C. Stapleton



## A Rained Romance

---

IT WAS one of the evenings when one could fully understand the meaning of the expression, "The air that made Colorado famous." The moon was shining brightly and from his lofty look-out on the Exchange building the miner could see the snow-capped peaks outlined clearly against the sky.

The crowd from the summer resorts had dispersed and the miner was left in solitude until the rising sun should bring the hum of the busy city.

On this particular evening Mr. Miner was feeling in a sociable mood, so he called across to Miss Justice of the Court House, "Good evening, Miss Justice. A glorious evening, is it not?"

"Indeed it is, Mr. Miner. How you must long to be back in the hills on such an evening."

"Oh, yes, but nothing pleases me better now than to be talking to you, Miss Justice. How are things going at your end of the town?"

"At present things are rather dull, Mr. Miner. Below me here I can see the benches filled with men curled up in all manner of grotesque shapes. The ladies in the fountains are exchanging confidences through the red, white and blue mist. The lights in the buildings are nearly gone now, and only occasionally I can see 'strollers' in the capitol grounds or the Civic Center. How about your part of town?"

"My part is more dull than yours, Miss Justice, but that is natural, considering the attraction up there. I can watch the hands of the clock in the Campanile and once an hour an owl comes hooting down the street, goes about the loop, and then flies away. Why didn't you go to California this summer?"

"Well, that is an embarrassing question, Mr. Miner, but nevertheless I will answer it. You see, I could not afford a new wardrobe and I could scarcely have gone in this gown of two thousand years ago."

"Why, my dear Miss Justice, nothing could be more graceful, more beautiful, more entrancing than those flowing draperies. The very simplicity gives it style. Doesn't your arm ache from holding those balances so long? May I relieve you of your burden?"

"Oh, no, thank you! My arm has become accustomed to holding them, just as yours has to carrying your tools."

"It is a surprise to me to find that you are so independent. I have admired you for many years and after careful consideration have decided to ask you to marry me. Will you be mine?"

"Oh, this is sudden! I have no idea of leaving my post and surely I could not ask you to leave yours. I should be glad indeed to be a sister to you."

Just at this moment a bolt of lightning leaped from the clouds which had suddenly gathered and struck Mr. Miner. It affected his vocal organs so he never was able to further urge his cause with the fair Miss Justice.

ELLEN SWART '15.



Senior.

# Hoo's Moo and U

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Name	Nickname	By-word	Habits	Aim in Life
Abenheimer Cecil	Adolph	You should worry	Not later than 9:55	To please girls (?)
Ammons Teller	"Jit"	By the way	Dissipated	To be a farmer
Beatty Ewing	Infant	Well-ah	We aren't sure	To be of assistance
Bentley Ruth	Rufus	Oh, how nice	Angelic	Dance
Besley Corinna	Good	You poor fish	Studying	To be tall
Blaurock Ottillie	Pat	Ou! shoot	Ain't got none	To be a washerwoman
Bradley Ruth	Estelle	"Peanuts"	Stately	To laugh
Brodie Frances	Frau	Ham	Sunday School teacher	College
Buckman Caroline	Slim	Let's hurry	Burning midnight oil	Teacher
Burwell Bessie	Betty	Just one more	What do we care	Ask any one
Carrigan Thomas	Tom	How's that	All girls	Win his "case"
Cherrier Grace	Buddy	Oh! listen	Dancing	"Sacred thirty-six"
Chisdes Loretta	Laury	Oh! say kid	Going to church	To be a housekeeper
Clarke Andrew	Andy	Let me do it	Steady	Librarian
Cochran Charles	Liz	Oh! shaw	Base-ball	Professional
Cohn Regina	Dede	Oh! fudge	Curious	Architect
Collier Douglas	Reverend	Nemo domi	Couldn't be any worse	Trampling understanding
Collier Elsie	Else	Good night	Thinking (what with)?	Don
Collins Genevieve	Jane	Kid	Smelling out loud	Care for cats of peace
Conners Margaret	Marg	For the love of Pete	Late hours	Old maid
Craft Evelyn	Eva	Oh! Tom	Vivacious	To shrink
Davenport Anna	Lizzie	Ding	Fussing C. S.	To be a stage manager



## Moo's Moo and U=Continued

Name	Nickname	By-word	Habits	Aim in Life
Denney Ethel	Eps	Gee	Find out yourself	Get married
Devenish George	Devilfish	How's that	Emma P.	Professor
Dewese Harley	Weese	Get out	Eating	Lawyer
Diegel Maynard	Fat	That's the boy	Never mind	Shoot ducks
Dougan Mildred	Mooney	Oh! Pete	Combing her hair	To get a man
Dungan Dean	Dean	Don't either	Couldn't be better	Prize fighter
Elliott Floyd	Keystone	Outside with that	Could be worse	Do everybody
Ellis Douglas	Dug	Nuts on you	Out eight nights a week	Throw eggs into an electric fan
Eppich Elinor	Eli	For land's sake	Too young to have any	To find some- thing to do, but not do it
Eson Za	Zah Eson	And-a-a-a	Peculiar	To be a boy
Fabling Florence	Floss	Listen here	Good (?)	Tennis champion
Franklie Edna	Teddy	O! help me, Hannah!	Becoming	Actress
Fregeau Frances	Francis	Certainly	Fussing	To marry (whom?)
Freund Irene	Fatima	I wish I were rich	Lasting	Paris artist
Fulenwider Harold	Fully	—————	Perfect silence	To be a man
Gildersleeve Rosemary	Sleevy	I will not	Having her lesson	Prima donna
Godfrey Marguerite	Mugs	Why pick on me?	Fussing scrubs	Oh, for a memorial
Gould Albert	Al	Just one more	Home-like	Be a Law-yer
Greinetz Rose	Chubby	Hello Cutie	Flirting	Get A. G.'s picture
Griffin William	Lanky	I remember you	Nobody home, always visiting	To start something
Grimes Gladys	Shrimp	Let me see	Modest	First aid to needy
Haberl Celina	Funny face	Say, child	Eating and talking	Eat all I can
Hahn Pauline	Polly	I'll be hanged	Quiet	To butcher wood

## Moo's Moo and U=Continued

Name	Nickname	By-word	Habits	Aim in Life
Hanson Clara	Blondy	Good night, nurse	Business-like	To go abroad
Hardin Esther	Stubby	Huh, what did you say?	Conventional	5'-6"
Harris Rush	"Peanuts"	Au-go-an	Fox trot	To own the Post
Hart Arthur	Art	Darn it	Skirts	Undecided
Havlick Spencer	Frog	I don't know	Star-gazing	Chew his fingers
Hathaway Robert	Bob	Hi, guy	Stalling	The athlete
Henry Norman	Bud	Y-a-a-a-a	Ushering	Picking electric currents
Hewitt Byron	Fat	Look here	Playing pool	Raising chickens
Horal Myrtle	Myrt	Ain't it the truth	Dreaming	A sculptor
Howard Lavinia	Vina	I proceeded to	Many	Old maid (?)
Howard Charlotte	Lottie	Oh! help	Writing essays	Everything
Hughes Leila	Lel	How could you	Lady-like	To play basket-ball
Hunter Alice	Allie	Oh, kids	Collecting table linen	To fill her "Hope Box"
Hurley Beatrix	Trixy	For the love of mud	Mainly fussing	To talk
Idelson Dora	Beauty	Do I look all right?	Primping	To be an actress
Jacobs Rollo	Ham	Say, look here	Good	Banker
Jenks Irving	Ick	Unprintable	A horse	Ask me
Jones Lena	Skinney	You crumb	Changeable	To be pleasant
Jones Victor	Chick	Oh, girls	Enough	To rough King
Kasbeer Karl	Kasey	Really	Rabbits	A target
King Harold	King	I will smite thee	"Helen"	To rough Chick
Kirkgaard Knute	Nut	Shoot	Sissified	Tennis champion
Kuersten Raymond	Ray	I see	Athletics	Champion

## Moo's Moo and U=Continued

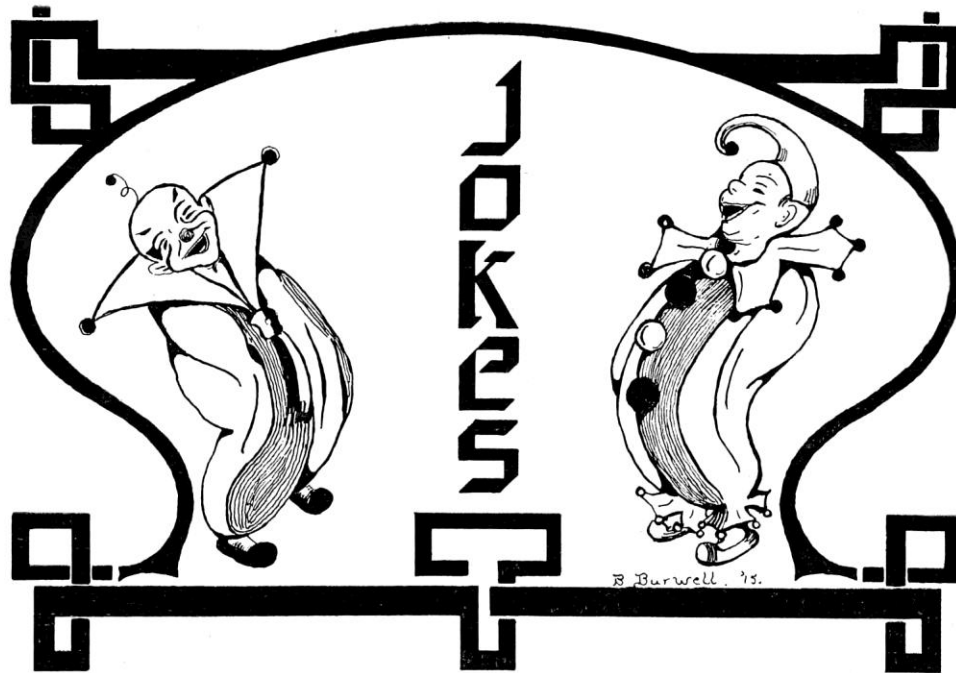
Name	Nickname	By-word	Habits	Aim in Life
Law Bessie	Bess	Listen	Talking	Marry rich
Leach Katherine	Kate	Lacking	All good	What's the use?
Lee Walter	Walt	Oh! I say	Snickering	Dance
Long Paul	Has	Well, gee!	Passing 1 L. second period	Nuf sed
Lusk Gladys	Pinkey	What	Red shoes	Not often seen
Lewis Mary	Mary	She did!	The diamond	To get the sequel
McCallum Margaret	Marg	Oh, say!	Teasing	Get through H. B.
McCrea Florence	Mack	It' so funny	Giggling	Paul
McGinty Dan	Dan	Oh, prunes	Oh, you July 1st	Study stars
Marron Bernice	Bernie	Indeed!	Drawing	To go to Paris
Mehlman Howard	Archie	Oh, you silly goose	33 and Federal B.	Matinee idol
Meyers Doris	Bud	Pardon me	Smiling, second period	"Has"
Michael Maude	Mike	Yes, dear	"Howard"	Love in a cottage
Miles Evelyn	Billy	Honestly	Burning midnight oil	Make a good wife
Monroe Lyndall	Chubby	Hmmmm	Being good	Grow thin
Morris Bessie	Bess	Oh! C. C.	Talking with Mr. C. F.	To be a good skater.
Morris Sara	Sal	Nix	Questionable	Shines on high
Morris Leland	"Dad"	Uh-huh—!	Dreaming	To have a frau
Morsch Chester	Chet	That's right	Study	Musician
Morton Albert	Jap	That helps some	Can't tell	To play foot-ball
Nelson Elmer	Bat	Most anything	Very good	Rancher
Newman Harold	Ham	Did you?	Goldie	To be short
Northrup Irene	Slim	You don't say so	Walking pigeon-toed	To be married

## Hoo's Moo and U—Continued

Name	Nickname	By-word	Habits	Aim in Life
Osborne Melvin	Ozie	Oh, shaw!	Breakin records	Movie actor
Parker Harry	Shrimp	Get out'a there	Who knows?	Get all I can for as little as possible
Parry Helen	Jane	Good-bye	Never say right thing at right time	School mum
Pavela Amanda	Haus	Nein	Denham	Teach German
Pitschke Fay	Fay	Ye Gods!	Eating	Make fool of myself
Prince Harriett	Harry	Certainly	Annual board	And?
Pulsifer Emma	"M"	Absolutely	Powdering	Charles (?)
Robinson Carlton	C.	D'ye love me?	Keeping secrets	A girl (?)
Robinson Ramona	Mona	Um-m-m	Playing horse	To go "a-board"
Sherwin Gladys	Glad	Oh, yes	Studying	Teach
Smilie Ouida	Wee	Ain't	Vestal virgin	Study Latin
Smith Annie	Pigmy	Isn't worth while	Writing music	Concert player
Smith Nina	Nina	I don't under- derstand that	Smiling	Missionary
Spangler Edwin	Eddie	Silence rained and I got wet	Homely	D and F curb police
Sparks Herbert	Herb	I don't think I know	Presenting memorials	To build houses
Spinner Ollie	OI	Don't it	Coquettish	To be of assistance
Starke Herbert	H. S.	I'll bluff it	Havn't devel- oped any yet	To sleep in class
Strader Kenneth	Kenny	Maybe	Paper route	One girl after another
Suess Olive	Sis	Do you follow?	Country gentleman	School teacher
Sunshine Max	Sunny	That's right	Happy	Get married and change name
Swanson Elmer	Swede	Sometimes	Natural	Newspaper man
Swart Ellen	Molly	"Wow"	Tolerable	Sprain ankle

## Moo's Moo and U=Continued

Name	Nickname	By-word	Habits	Aim in Life
Sweet Dorothy	Dot	Yes-a-a-a-a	Theatrical	Star (where?)
Thompson May	Tom	Oh, horrors!	Absent every other day	Curl her hair
Tucker Gladys	G.	Do you?	To be good	To make money
Tucker Marion	Cutie	For heaven's sake	"U." "C."	One thing right after another
Tracy Rosemary	Pat	Me too	Dense	To graduate
Upton Albert	Al	Oh, that's great	Irregular	To get married
Uzzell Helen	Highly	Oh, kid!	Numerous	Boulder
VanBrocklin Monroe	Betty Blue Eyes	I had another idea	Clownish	Get date for Senior prom
VanVoorhis Elizabeth	Betty	What makes you think so?	Cheerful	To make a mere noise
Vesey Horace	Vee	I read where	History	Druggist
Wagner Edith	Tiny	Oh, go on	Falling down stairs	To catch 29th car before 9 bells
Wallace Irwin	Jimmy	Suspicious	2:00 A. M.	"Let's go"
Waltermire Robert	Bobby	Nix kidding	Loving	Raising! ! !
Webber Ila	Dutch	Well I think as much	Musical	Grow up
Webber Leland	Red	Aw!	Keeping order in senior class	To be a hero
Wilcox Mary	Born with one	Goodness	Modest	Latin teacher
Willens Minnie	Willie	"Great Ceasar"	Dreaming	Have none
Williams Vera	Ra	I havn't got it	Walking home	To be a wifey
Wilson Ardanelle	Ardie	Jim-a-netty	Satisfied	Breaking hearts
Woodsum Edna	Edna	For Pat's sake!	Woman's rights	Uplift work
Zerobnick Bertha	Bee	Quit now	Perfect	Be a stenographer
Zietz Margarethe	Gretchen	Ah, that Annual	Movie fiend	A poetess



Freshie at lunch room door—"How many checks do I have to buy to get a seat in the lunnh room?"

Mr. H.—What is a vacuum? A. D.—A vacuum is a large empty space that the pope lives in.

Sign on electrified steel towers near Golden:—Danger! don't touch this tower. Touching the wires means instant death; \$25 fine for anyone caught touching them.

Florence F.—"They say Albert U. is a regular lady-killer." Ruth B.—"No wonder, he talks them to death."

In Latin class:—B. H. (translating Virgil) "——and he chased the lifeless body of Hector three times around the walls."

How doth the little student  
Improve the awful D.?  
He takes a test, and tries his best  
To make the old thing C.

Fair Admirer:—"How did you come out on your speech?" Al G.—"They said it was the best thing I ever did when I sat down."

Mrs. G.—"We will take the life of Johnson tomorrow."

Mr. F.—"How would you tell the depth of the sea by means of a hydraulic pressure machine?" Corinna B.—"I'd lower the machine by a rope and measure the rope."

Ellen S.—"You don't look as if you had ambition enough to say Boo! to a goose." Fred S.—"Boo!"

Love one another—that is, love one and then another.



Douglas E.—“I don’t feel well. May I go home?” Miss S.—“Where do you feel the worst?” Douglas E.—“In physiology.”

She.—“I wonder where the clouds are going.” He.—“I think they are going to thunder.”

Arthur H.—“I am indebted a great deal to you for all I know.” Mrs. G.—“Pray, don’t mention such a trifle.”

“What would you do in order to survey a pond?” “I’d get on a bathing suit.”

“The thermometer goes down to zero in Alaska.” “That’s nothing.” “What’s nothing?” “Zero.”

Ellen S.—“Are you going to take dinner anywhere tomorrow night?” Fred S.—(eagerly) “No, not that I know of.” Ellen S.—“Won’t you be hungry the next morning?”

“Jap”—“Do you think it would be foolish of me to marry a girl my intellectual inferior?” Dolly R.—“Not foolish, but impossible.”

Miss P. (in Junior English)—“What’s a nymph?” Pupil—“A pretty girl that looks like a fish.”

Mr. Mac in Commercial Geography:—“Mr. Ammons, what is the chief stimulant produced in China?” T. A.—“Ah-er-rice.”

In Chem. class: Bright Pupil—“I hear that the chemical fumes in Butte, Montana, are so bad that not a green thing can live there.” Mr. A. C. S.—“Oh, yes, there can. I KNOW, because I have been there.”

Mr. T.—“Well, you know what kind of a barrel makes the loudest noise?” Julia P.—“Yep, gun barrel.”

Teller A.—“I’ve been bothered with insomnia lately.” Julia—“Why? Don’t you sleep well at night?” T. A.—“I sleep all right at night, but I haven’t slept in class for a week.”

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### A Small Boy’s Essay on Honesty

HONISTY is the best polacy. That what Mr. Franklin or sumbudy sed, an I gess its so as a rule. But sum fokes has a wrong notion of honisty. They is sum fokes what thinks that cheating ain’t honisty. But I don’t think thats so. Why, if you got up to recite, and you didn’t no nuthing, an nobudy told you nuthing, you wouldn’t have nuthing to say, an the teacher would think you didn’t no nuthing. Of course you don’t, but I gess the teacher noes that anyway. Also sum fokes thinks that fibbing isn’t honisty. If fibbing was the same as lying, of course it wouldn’t be honisty. But it ain’t. Fibbing is just when you say something that isn’t just eggsactly true, an lying is when you say something thats a lie. The fact that honisty is the best polacy is showed by George Washington. When his father asked him if he chopped down the cherry tree, he sed, “Father, I cannot tell a lie.” He got a whipping, but he became the father of his country. It was also showed by me the other day. My pa ast me if I wanted to go to the circus, and I sed, “Father, I cannot tell a lie. I do.” So my pa took me, whereas if I’d sed I didn’t want to go, he wouldn’ta took me.

ELINOR EPPICH '15.

## “Sassiety”

### SOME EAVES-DROPPING DONE IN THE HALLS.

“Did you go to that Hallowe’en affair?”

“Yes, did you?”

“Wasn’t it arranged well. The pennants that were hanging along the walls of the gym, put in with the other decorations, was clever, wasn’t it?”

“There were games, but dancing was so much fun nobody played them. Never danced before in my life, but I did enjoy trying at it. Can you dance?”

“Yes, a little. The music was real good, too. It’s too bad more weren’t there, because we certainly did have a good time. Whew, there goes the bell. See you at noon.”

So was summed up a summary of a good time.



“Well, Rosy, an’ did ye have a good toime?” asked Mother O’Rooney one Thursday evening, as Rosy came from school, spilling herself into the nearest chair.

“Sure, Mither, and why do you ask that? What more might you want than music, a floor like that in our gym, and the laddies that go to North Side? The one that invinted the social hour should receive a uniform and a gold medal besides.”

“Well, my child, then ye injiyed yersilf. ’Tis always a comfort to your poor mither to see ye havin’ a good toime.”

This is the end of that episode.



### AN ENTRY IN GLADYS’ DIARY, DECEMBER 18, 1914.

“The spread that was spread under the leadership of Ruth Bradley in the gym after the Latin play turned out to be some start-off for vacation. Dancing? The dancing was perfectly delightful, my dear. The games were hilarious. What’s more, all were game enough to play them. Doesn’t it sound good? It was some good time, believe me.”

This is the end of the third incident.



“Mother, my pink dress will have to be finished real soon, ’cause the senior prom is coming off in May.”

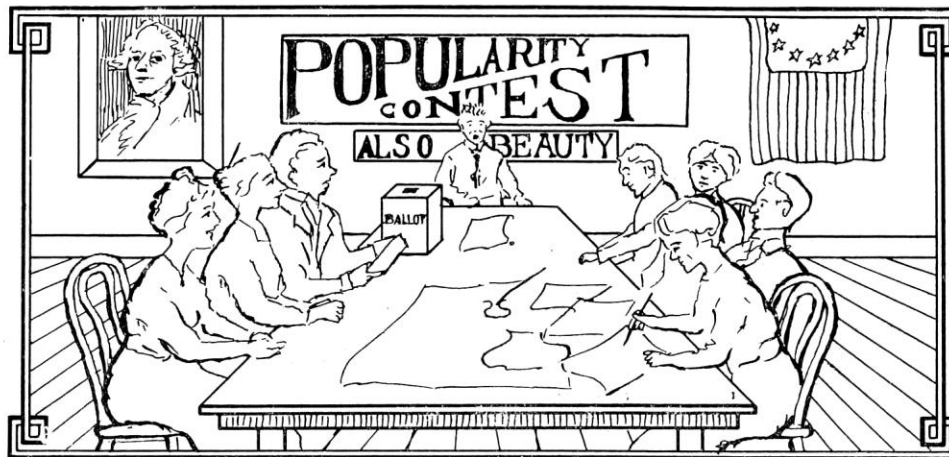
“This is real sudden, Bessie. Besides, how do you know you are permitted to go?”

“Oh, not so sudden if we get busy, Mother; and — the clock is going, so is time, and so am I.”

“Whom are you going with?”

“That is a big secret. Listen!” Bessie whispers (never mind) in her mother’s ear.

The fourth event hasn’t quite ended. But there is no doubt that it will end in the usual North-Side way—the best time of our young lives.



•On the following pages you will find the pictures of the winners in the “Beauty” and “Popularity” Contests. From the interest that has been shown in this contest, we are sure that our efforts have been fully repaid, and sincerely hope that you will be pleased by the results.

THE EDITORS.



Grace Palmer



Eileen Templeton



Helen Parry



Marian Wells



Robert Waltermire



Albert Morton



Carlton Robinson



Louis Morrison

# Essay on Advice of Benjamin Franklin

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O BENJAMIN! O, Benjamin! Your advice is always of the best. That no one can deny. "A penny saved, is a penny earned." True as Croesus was rich. Croesus had mountains and mountains of gold—before he died he lost it all. What was left? Only the emptiness of being poor and not knowing how to enjoy it.

Possibly you consider his Puritan advice the best you have ever been smitten with, and are determined to be advised. Soon little hills of pennies will be growing taller every day. Soon your greatest joy will be to see those mole-hills grow. What would be the result? You would be possessed with riches, and your mind would be so possessed with heaping up copper, that that would be all it possessed. The High Cost of Living would beautify you with gray hairs. The gay "extravagant" crowds would make you have nerves.

In all this world the happiest people are the Mediates. The Mediates are those that generally dwell in small bungalows (mission style), in suburbs. They usually have one maid, a back yard filled with radishes and flowers, and best of all, piles of good times. They spend their money, but still they save enough. For them it seems the lakes are made, for they canoe them; the mountains, for they climb them; the cities, for they use them. They are those who consider The High Cost of Living worth while—optimists because they are in medias res.

Which would you rather be, a Croesus, a copper connoisseur or Mediates, sometimes called "commuters?"

---

Teacher—"Translate 'rex fuget.' " Student—"The king flees." Teacher—"But this may be perfect, put 'has.' " Student—"The king has flees."

Miss S. (in advanced arithmetic)—"Miss O., please give the next interest problem in today's lesson." Miss O.—"I've got the main part of the problem, but I'm a little off on my 'cents.' "

Mr. W. (in music)—"Try to get in all the notes, even if you have to skip some."

Margaret R.—"The longer I look at a thing the prettier it gets." Herbert S.—"Look at me awhile, won't you?"

"If anything should go wrong in this experiment, we and the laboratory with us, might be blown skyward. Come closer, gentlemen, that you may be better able to follow me."

A ring on the finger is worth two at the door.

Dec. 10.—Debate with East. We get unanimous victory.

Dec. 18.—Latin play. Spread. Dance.

Dec. 30.—Again the Latin play.  
(For teachers of city this time.)

Jan. 7.—First social hour.

Jan. 11.—Subscribe for Annual. Have your pictures "took." Class dues due.

Jan. 12.—Why do we all go on hunger strike?

Jan. 15.—President Nichols, of Dartmouth, talks in Auditorium.

Jan. 18.—Fire across the street. Aren't we glad North has so many large windows?

Jan. 20.—Passed in Parliamentary Law. Seniors will buy two small life-preservers for each drinking-fountain to protect freshmen. Why not teach them to swim?

Jan. 23.—How late do arc lights burn and can they be blown out? See Miss L.

Jan. 28.—Oh, those marks! Well, at any rate, half the year's gone. (Where?)

Jan. 29.—Kindergartners brought to visit North.

Feb. 1.—We were mistaken. 'Twas only the new "Freshmen."

Feb. 10.—Freshies tortured! Seniors lecture them in 3X. (Complete absence of faculty) A. G. attempts to imitate steam engine. (All for freshies' benefit, TO BE SURE;)

Feb. 13.—Unlucky day. First basketball game. South 15; North 13.

Feb. 16.—Election day.

Feb. 17.—Why the new hat for L. W.?

Feb. 22.—We all have nice big rest.

Mar. 2.—First Senior: "I didn't know we had a steam whistle here at North."  
Second Senior: "We haven't. This is Glee Club rehearsal day."

Mar. 3.—Junior class organization.

D. M. appears in school with "First Reader."

Mar. 4.—Historical Exhibit.

Mar. 5.—How the echoes ring! (In the auditorium.)

Mar. 15.—Junior girls find it necessary to advertise themselves that we may distinguish them from scrubs.

Mar. 26.—Literary members display their dramatic and "Deutsche" talents.  
O Joy! Vacation days once more.

Mar. 29.—Annual Board slave at school.

Apr. 5.—O grief! —School days!

Apr. 15.—Annual goes to press.

Apr. 16.—Class Play.

June 10—Graduation.



EVERY  
SENIOR





## Autographs



Estelle Stinchfield  
Margaret S. Curman  
Julia A. Perkins  
Charles W. Richardson  
Lena Jones.  
Mary Barnes.  
Violet Rogers  
Majorie Higgins.  
North L. A. Shaw.  
Mildred Morrow.  
Ange Bodie.  
Helena Swart '18  
Georgie E. Field '16.  
Arthur B. Hart '15.  
Elizabeth C. Larsen.  
Alice E. Liddy.  
Aida P. Smith.  
C. B. Hill.



# Finis

