

THE SUNFLOWER



The Senior Class of 1914.
Plainville, Kansas.

The Sunflower

VOLUMN IX.

MAY 1914.

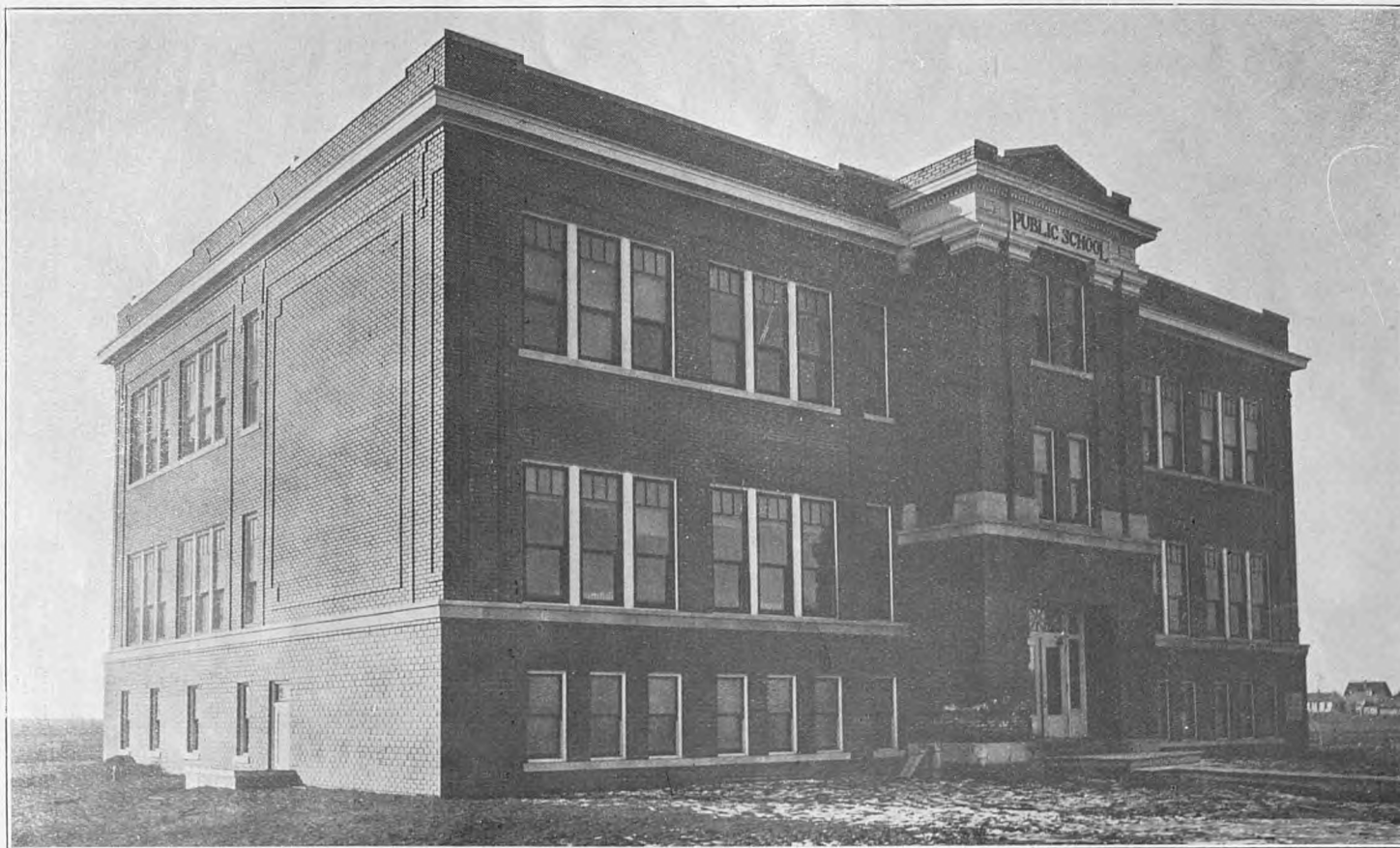


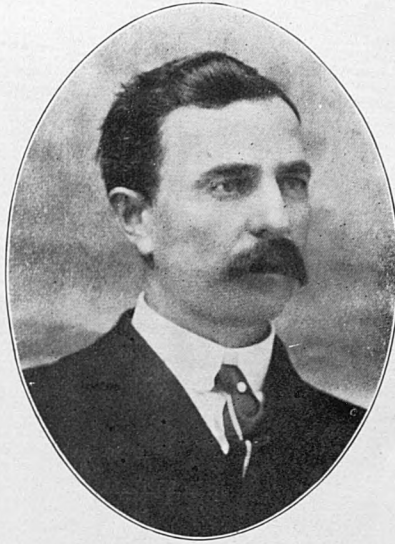
PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1914.
PLAINVILLE, KANSAS, HIGH SCHOOL.



DEDICATION.

This "Sunflower" is respectfully dedicated to Miss Blanche Lambert, who, departing after three years of successful work among us takes with her the good will of all the P. H. S. students.





W. H. BARTLETT, Clerk.



W. F. HUGHES, Treasurer.



J. V. BURROUGHS, Director.



SUPT. H. J. BROWN.



MISS MORGAN



MISS LAMBERT



MISS VERMILLION



MISS HOWAT, '12 '13



MISS HALL, '12-'13



MISS STANDISH, 8th.



MISS LORD, 6-7th.



MISS CURTIS, 4-5th.



MISS MYERS, 3rd.



MISS FOLTZ, 2nd.



MISS THOMPSON, 1st.

GREETING.

That in after years, you, teachers, fellow-students and friends, may more easily recall the work in and out of the class room, the good times and school victories of dear old P. H. S., we, the Senior Class of 1914, greet you with this volume.



BAUMGARTENER
Ass't. Ed.

WOODS
Bus. Mgr.

REYNOLDS
Ed. in Chief.

BENEDICK. Sec.
SPELLMAN Treas.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.
HOW CAN I FROM THEE PART ?



DALE P.
SENIORS '14.



MILDRED BAUMGARTNER—

Her mind to her a kingdom is,
She never fears to face a quiz.
She's cheerful, helpful, gay and sweet
In fact our Mildred's hard to beat.

To write an Essay, make a rhyme
Or solve a theorem seems pastime.
Yet all her charms, she fails to know
Perhaps that's why we love her so.



GEORGE SPELLMAN—

Here's George the guy, whom we call
"Pete"

School mischief centers round his seat,
He fears not problems or hard sums
But always mixes fun, By gum!
He'll play right end "in life's swift
game"

And when his music's won h'm fame—
We'll proudly greet him on the street
And say to folk, "Yes, that's our Pete."

EDNA BENEDICT—

Edna is a maiden fair;
Soft blue eyes and golden hair,
She, the spirit of our class
And we love the little lass—
Heart as golden as her hair
Has this maiden wondrous fair.





STELLA FIKE—

Meek as a violet in wooded dell grow-
ing,
She cannot keep her goodness from
showing,
With cheerfulness, kindness and sym-
pathy laden—
How can we but love this modest
young maiden?

FANNIE FRISBIE—

Here's a cheerful girl, Fannie by name
Who brought our class honor and fame.
She would stay up all night
To prepare to recite—
And to save the whole class from
shame.





LESTER NORRIS—

A merry young Kansan; no use to
guess,
All the girls like him; he knows how
to dress
He's in for Athletics and all the rest,
His last name is Norris, but we call
him "Less."

LORENE FERRIER—

Here's our fair, gentle maid named
Lorene,
With a face so very serene,
With her four-cornered smile
She'll some boy beguile—
Then for dates she will not be so keen.





EULA TUCKER—

A dillar! A dollar! Our very bright
scholar,
Why did you come so late?
We like your smile; we like your style
And (the Junior Pres.) sure likes your
gait (gate).

FLORENCE BRISON—

Florence studies, Florence sings,
She can do a lot of things—
Paint and cook and sew and plan
I 'spect some day she'll get a man.





DALE REYNOLDS—

Here's a chap skilled in Satire named
Dale,
Who before now, save a Junior, doth
quail,
Though he's haughty and proud,
He's loved by our crowd
And without him we surely would fail.

LEE WOODS—

Here's dear old Stubb, with a bright
little pate,
He loves California and seeks for a
mate.
When he thinks of leaving,
We all begin grieving,
For a boy of such pluck, fate must
have something great.





MILDRED MARTIN—

Mildred with the soft brown eyes
In whose depths a purpose lies—
Pure and clear as evening skies!
Leaves no helpful deed undone
Gladly toils from sun to sun,
And just smiles and calls it fun.



SYLVIA BROWN—

Sylvia indeed, is our slammer
She carries a hatchet and hammer,
She slams till we're sore
And then slams us some more
Won't some one please make her be
"calmer."



GUY ORDWAY—

An orator we have named Guy
Who never fears a thing to try,
He's cheerful, kind, will win renown
Has energy enough to run a town.
Our Orator!



EARL RICHARDSON—

This is the boy from Zurich town
With movement slow and glance cast
down,
But he plays ball, to beat them all,
He's there! this boy from Zurich town.



LENORE McCLAY—

Hear the story of Lenora,
How she quietly and unhurriedly
Does her daily work unruffled,
Yet behind her smiles and kindness
And her calm and gentle manner,
Is a spirit not undaunted
To accomplish what she wishes.

ETHELYN WEAVERLING

Curly locks—brown eyes and bright,
Always works hard, but her heart's
ever light,
Winsome and modest, steadfast and
true—
For teacher or housewife, we're sure
she'll do.



TO THE CLASS OF 1914.

As school life's receding sunset fades;
And its night descends,
For you I watch the gathering shade
Life's duties will stealthly invade,
When school life ends.

Life's world is drawing close to thee,
With every breath.
Life's joys untold; no respite knows
Yet will thou shrink from the world's
grim grasp,
With fear of death.

The curtain falls on school's last scene,
The end is near;
And as you face life's somber screen
May the fleeting school days as they
intervene
Not disappear.

And as a panoramic scroll
The past unreels,
The laughing past, beyond control
Well written as a parchment roll
It's tale reveals.

You stand before the great wide world,
A solemn fact,
These days, the seeds of efforts sown
Your school years now fully grown
Will not retract.

No tears, no joys can erase the past,
School is finished now;
And all that's done is welded fast,
Through all eternity to last
As school time joy.

And as I think the matter o'er,
Not pensive or sad,
There are no short comings I deplore,
The fruit, which your school life has
bore
Is not so bad.

What e'er life holds for thee in store,
May you calmly face,
And as the knights in days of yore
Faults and imperfections did abhor,
You, truth embrace.

Oh! Class of nineteen one and four,
No fear for thee I hold;
Life's battles thou wilt enter in
Just as thou didst school life begin,
Fine, happy and bold.

But what of the school that cradled thee,
Remember it long with thy praise,
Remember its sorrows, griefs and joys,
As it will remember its girls and boys
And cherish your High School days.

—SUPT. H. J. BROWN.

"SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY."

During the Summer of 1990 while spending my vacation in traveling through Italy, the good fortune of visiting the world's most famous art museum which was situated at Venice, fell to my lot. After registering, etc., a guide directed me through the entire building, giving me a brief history of each and every object there.

Completing our general inspection of the main room, my guide turned to me and said: "I have one more room to show you, in which we keep the statutes of a few of the most famous people the world has ever known. No doubt you have heard of the seventeen young Americans who graduated from the P. H. S. in the year 1914, all of whom became famous in a few short years. Beyond these doors are their statutes. Let us enter."

As we entered the room a feeling of awe stole over me to think that such a humble person as I would be permitted to gaze upon the features of such wonderful personages. Then I became aware that the guide was speaking.

"This," said he, "is the statute of Lenora McClay. Her predominant characteristics while at school were her winsomeness and modesty. These two traits clung to her through life with a tenacious grip, but above all was her ability, as a musician, to win the honor and applause of the world at large. One night, when before a great audience she sang and played that touching little ballad, 'Roy's Wife of Adewallah, I Long to Be,' that night her name was placed on the list of the world's famous people."

My guide was already striding to the next statute and hard as it was to tear myself away, I knew I must and with one lingering look, I too walked on.

"Here we have," explained the guide, "the model of him, who though a constant tease and mischief, yet with these characteristics he has all the others, which go to make up a thorough gentleman. As an all around man, no one in all the ages can compare to him; a violinist of rare talent, a bright student; a splendid actor; the 'star' right end of the 1913 football squad; a 'heart breaker among the girls, and a business man, all combined in the one whom the world over is known as George Spellman."

The next figure was that of Fannie Frisbie and the following sketch was given by the guide to me.

More famous by far

Than a clown with his joke,
Is the girl who can make biscuits
Over which you don't choke."

She was the teacher of the Domestic Science Class of the Smith school ever since she left P. H. S. in '14 and the little sketch as quoted above is a brief summary upon which her fame rests.

Before a beautiful molded figure we at length stopped; my guide in a voice of awe then spoke the following to me:

"The image of her, who though not a citizen of Plainville, yet attained to fame's rank is now before you. She was a perfect Latin dictionary; never was she known to go to a Vergil class without her lesson; Providence for this reason alone marked her as famous, but that which placed her still nearer the top round of the ladder of Fame was her ability as an actress. Her name even surpassed that of Sarah Bernhardt, who for years held first place in the lists of actresses. You ask me if Eula Tucker was single? Foolish question! for even in her last year at P. H. S. she had a 'Groom.'"

But there are many more statues equally as famous so let's hasten on.

"This is Ethelyn Weaverling," the guide informed me as I stood gazing at a beautiful figure, "she who by her bashful meditative manner won the respect and admiration of all her schoolmates, just as she won the love of the public. And most wonderful of all nature's freaks, was the fact that this lady taught school all the days of her life; refused to support a husband, and above all retained her good looks even until 'old maidism.' (Think you not that she deserves her place?)"

"The next figure is of one who has won the applause of thousands through that magnetic thing known as voice. Edna Benedict, after finishing her work at P. H. S. decided that her life could best be given to aid suffering humanity, through her voice. She was accepted as a 'Reeder' by the Lyceum Lecture Bureau, and the first reading she gave, which was before an audience of ten thousand was entitled, 'When I was Single.' And from that day to this no name has ranked higher in the castle of fame than the little girl's whom the P. H. S. students knew as 'Ted.'"

But my guide is fairly pulling me along so I must leave that image and view the others.

"That is the statute of Mildred Martin," he said, "the greatest vocalist known for ages. Have you never heard

of the famous Miss Martin, who sang a song, which all the way through was three notes higher than any other living creature was ever known to sing? And, will you believe me when I tell you, her voice never broke at all? Not only was she a songster, but she was a poetess as well. From her lips limericks flowed like wine."

But time is fleeting and I still have several other images to view so must move onward.

"Behold! Before you the figure of that immortal fellow being, Marcus Dale Reynolds. He was born sometime in A. D. and left this world about ninety-five years after he came into it. Although his time was very limited upon this earth, he made the few years he spent here very fruitful ones. Was ever another man known who had a tenor voice that could compare with Dale's? Who in the United States, England, Africa, Asia or all the continents combined could come within a mile of Dale as a cornetist? Could anyone ever so successfully impersonate the character of father, son, lover or negro servant in any play as Dale? Like unto Socrates of old we must say, "No! No! and yet again No!"

But if these things are not enough to make him famous I will tell one more of his achievements which will absolutely do away with all doubt. Dale Reynolds was the "Editor-in-Chief" "of the Sunflower of 1914."

Almost before the guide ceased speaking he had advanced to the next personage.

"In this statute," he said, "you will find embodied all that is noble, pure and honest in the character of Lorene Ferrer. She has won distinction by being the greatest horticulturist since the days of Adam and Eve. Her favorite flower was "The Sweet William," and I dare tell you "the guide whispered, "that this flower received more care from her than all the remainder of the blossoms put together."

"This," said the guide, "is Stella Fike. Because of the very simplicity of her nature did she for one thing become famous. Her's was the free open life of a country lass. Often when people were raving about the mountains, lakes and water falls of the foreign lands she would look up shyly and say, "They must be beautiful, but you want until you see the "Meads" of Kansas and then you may rave about the beauty."

"My friend, do you ever remember hearing of the girl who spent a whole half year teaching a rural school, before she threw up her job and accepted a position of chief cook and bottle washer of a prominent man known the world

over for his aversion to the female sex?" asked the guide. "But," he continued, "who can blame him for succumbing to the charms of such an extra ordinary individual as Florence Brison proved to be."

But we must hurry on and so we leave the eleventh famous member of the Fourteen Class to her peace.

"Was ever man known to bear such a heroic title as the image that stands here?" inquired the guide as he introduced to me the character of Lee Woods. "In his High School days he was known as "Stubb" and this name continued to cling to him through life. He was ever kind and considerate of the welfare of others. Whenever any one found themselves in trouble, it was always the genius "Stubb" who smoothed away the difficulties. His later life was spent among the gold fields of California and among the things he amassed while there, were a wife, a fortune and a home. The fact that he was business manager of the 1914 Annual brought him wonderful renown."

The thirteenth member of this class of Fame was Guy Oliver Ordway.

"Guy was famous before he had left the cradle, because no child had ever had such a remarkable pair of lungs before. It is said that his great oratorical ability was imparted to him from his father when Guy would keep him pacing the floor to the tune of a wild, weird cry. Perhaps, too, (it is not known for certain), he learned a few of the fancy steps, which won such great honor and applause in later years from carefully watching the grotesque steps of his dear old dad as he frantically trod on tacks, overturned chairs and stubbed his toes on the bed posts in the vain attempt to stifle the cries of his first born. And Ye Gods, how that lad could play football. Never did the ball get past him and never was there a fellow too big for him to tackle. Always and ever the name of Guy Ordway will head the list of the "Gridiron heroes." "Enough of Guy, however," said the guide, "for there are still a few more members of the class."

As we passed before the image of a fair-faced lass, the guide turned to me and said, "This is Sylvia Brown, the most successful primary teacher the world has ever known. She daily directed the lives of hundreds of little individuals who invariably modeled their lives after hers. Not only at school but in church as well we find Sylvia performing some good and great deed."

But it is nearly sundown so we must hasten. "Lester Norris," the guide informed me, "was the man who spent nine whole months as a member of the Normal

Training Class. A kind Fate gave to this lad a most unique way of Reading. In reading a selection, so great was his power and ability, that one instant he could bring tears to the hardest-hearted of men, and in the next his audience would be in a perfect hysteria of laughter. But greater still than his oratorical ability was his power of getting along with the girls. He it was who always brought the hayracks when the Seniors desired to go riding. He would bear bravely the displeasure of loving teachers in order to make some little girl happy waltzing with her. But we must bid Lester adieu and view the statues of the last two members of this illustrious class," said the guide.

"The one Earl Richardson was the mathematical hero of the world. In Arithmetic Earl was a perfect encyclopedia. Never did he miss a question. It

was his love letters however, which brought him fame. After his death a packet of love letters was found among his possessions and by the publishing of these, his name won renown."

As the last rays of the setting sun filtered into the room, we gazed upon the last of the '14 class. It was the face of Mildred Baumgartner. "She," said the guide, "won her fame because she was the only American who never excelled in something or other. Because she was a genuine freak, her fame was established." As I gazed at this roomful of people who had thus won renown my heart swelled with joy to think that I, too belonged to that grand and noble country which could raise such men and women, and I left the room, my heart throbbing with pride and joy.

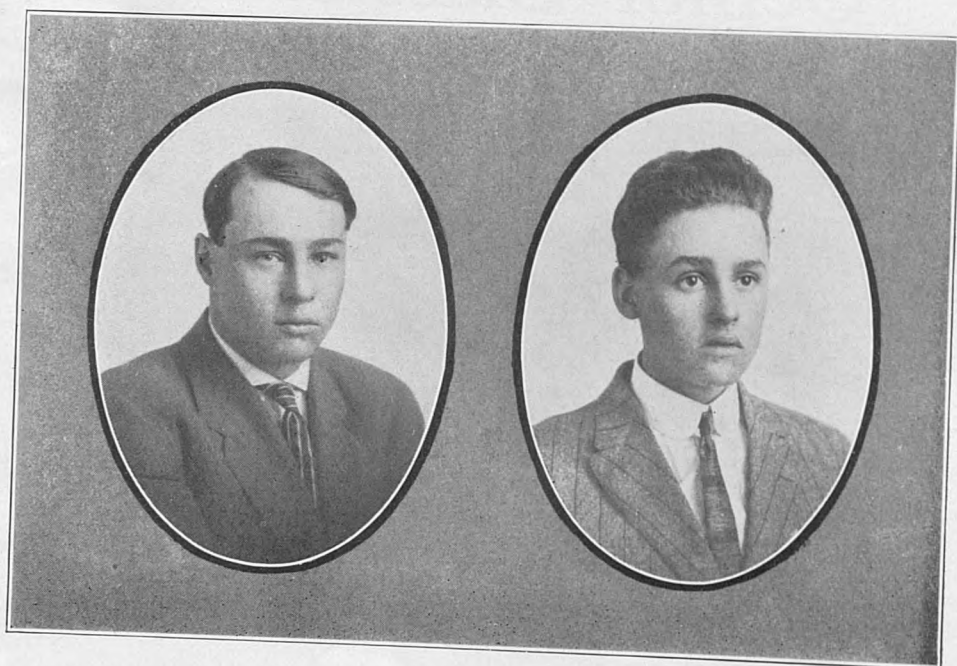
—M. J. B. '14.

Senior Class of 1913.



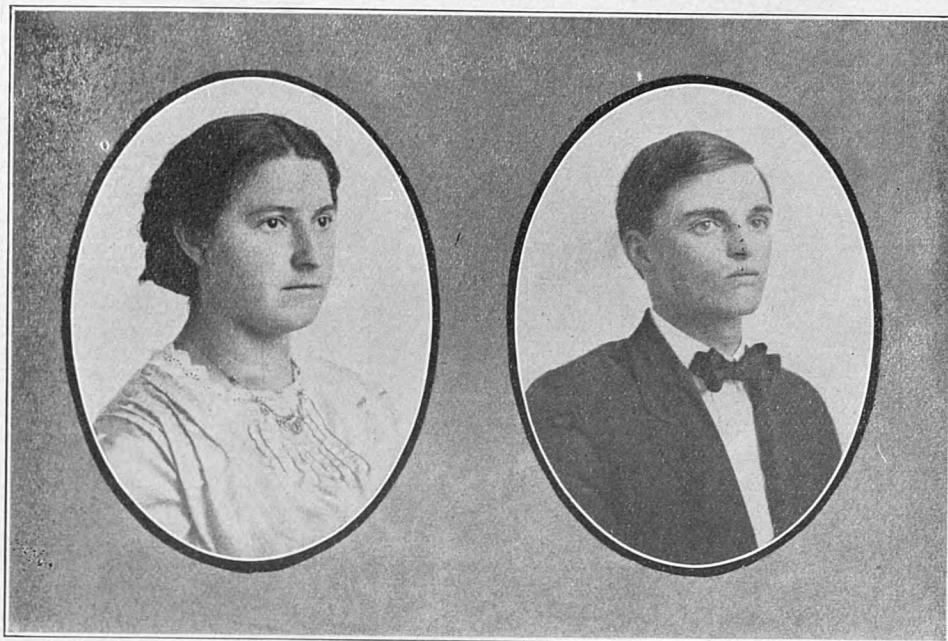
WINN E HALL

CECIL BURROUGHS



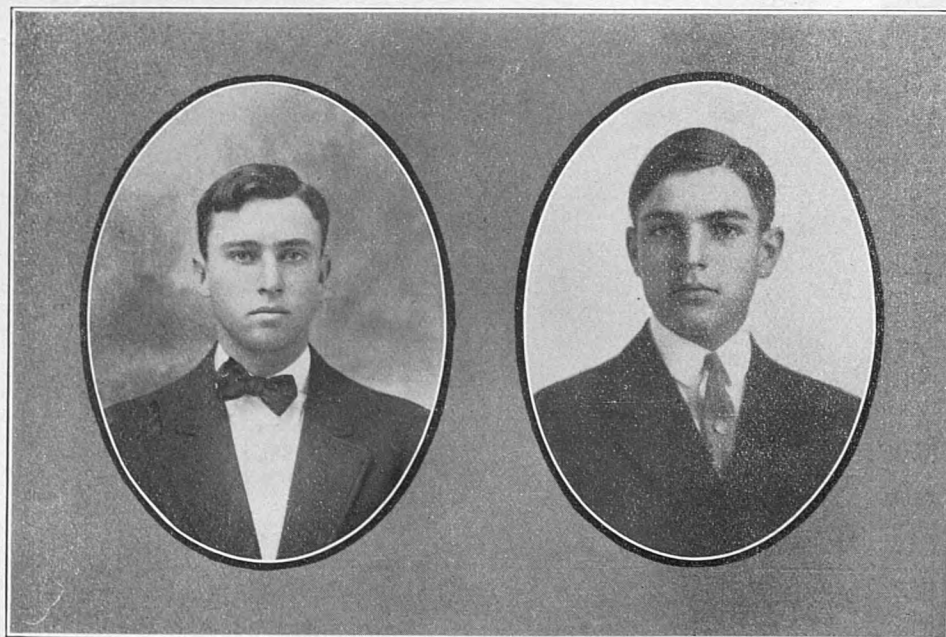
EDGAR CASE

STEVE FRAZIER



LETTIE FIKE

LEWIS McCLAY



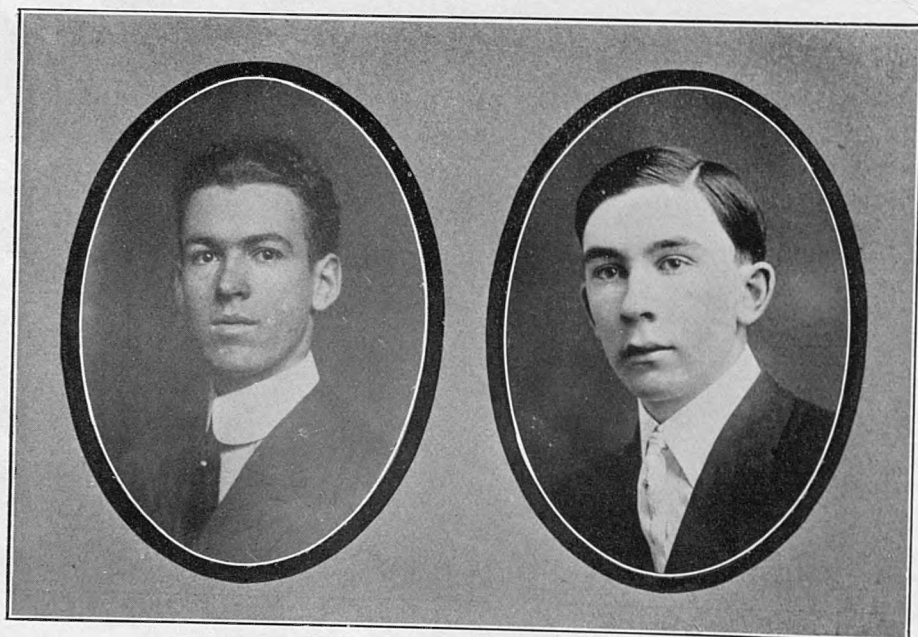
PAUL POSEGATE

EVERETT MYERS



GRACE LYNCH

MYRTLE HARRIS



THOMAS POWELL

LeROY EADS

SENIORS—1913.

"Say! but it seems good to see some one from P. H. S. Not long to stay, did you say? Do you think for a minute that I will let you go and miss this chance to have a visit about our High School days? Another new building! How times do change! And we thought ours the best ever. Didn't it seem a relief to get out of that old building with its records written on the walls, and its cracks that let in those cold north winds? Had to go to school in it awhile to appreciate the new attractive brick across the way."

"We were the second class to graduate in the new building and that's some distinction; especially when it's added to such an illustrious class as ours. Oh, yes! I knew you'd say yours was better. Maybe you think we didn't heave a high of relief when the message finally came that we wouldn't have to give orations. I'm sure we had a secret wish that "the powers that be" would also grant us state certificates without that awful torture of state examinations. But we pulled through that even though we didn't look like much of anything when we finished. However, we recuperated and I heard some people say we were the best looking class that ever sat on the platform. Come to think of it, I believe it was someone in our own class who said it."

"We did some secret shaking when Mr. Brown said that the admission to a part in the Senior play was a group of good looking grades. Funny, isn't it? We all wanted good grades. But really it isn't a bit of fun to work for them. However, that tempting Senior play and a State Certificate held out before us had the desired effect and we patiently plodded ahead. Had our play and it was a good one, too. Some hidden talent was revealed that surprised us—even us."

"In one thing our class had no rival I'm certain. That was in the number of class meetings. We could scarcely have recitations because of class meetings. We were always planning parties which somehow we never had. We did have one at commencement, but the Juniors planned that for us—

pretty good friends after all—those Juniors. The way they worked at commencement time for our pleasure was a credit to any class."

"So Lettie is a nurse?" Well! She certainly had patience enough to be one. But didn't she surprise us the way she scolded her husband in the Senior play! Stephen took it very meekly too. Hope his real wife doesn't give him quite such a dose of it."

"You say Myrtle Harris is interested in mines? Copper ones? Of course, I remember she had a special liking for copper in High School. And you saw Posie. They say he's making a great success of his school work. No wonder he knows how to watch High School youngster's tricks. There weren't many he didn't know. Say I met Lewis down in the Eastern part of the state. He's doing some engineering work there. Didn't he shark in Physics his last year though? Of course you saw Cecil. Quite a housewife, is she? I'll warrant she hasn't lost that mischievous little twinkle in her eye, even if she does manage a home of her own. I don't see how she ever lives without Winifred. She went to live somewhere in the East, didn't she? Thomas Powell has done mighty well. Just what we expected of him. Don't know just where he is, but he's teaching in a university somewhere. And let me tell you! Deacon Myers is leading one of the best bands in the state. Good hearted old chap, wasn't he?"

"And there's Edgar Case—he just started right into good solid work when he finished school. Owns a large grocery store, but still he is the same old Edgar. Forgot to tell you about our other school teacher. Roy Eads is still "wielding the rod" somewhere in Iowa. That's right. Hadn't thought to ask you about Grace Lynch. Out West on a ranch is she? Well! Well! How time does fly!

Really, must you go on that next train? I'm mighty sorry but say! Any time you make this town again stop in for another visit. It cheers a fellow up to see some one from home."

JUNIORS.

'TANGO SPECIALISTS.'



JUNIOR JUNGLES.

Be patient, Reader, and listen while I tell you some of the traits of the Junior Class of 1913-1914.

We poor Juniors are the most despised and tortured people in the entire P. H. S. The "Freshies" say we have the "Big Head," the "Seniors" say we're "Simple," and even the teachers always blame us for every little disturbance, however slight it may be, but then Satan aims at the brightest marks, and it is the famous privilege and fortune to have among their ranks the intellectual "Stars" of the Plainville H. S.

The leader of our most brilliant men is Ray Grooms, who has so gallantly carried the honors of the class through a siege of three long hard years, who has so bravely fought his battles, and so nobly won his victories that the Class of 1915 considers it a joy and honor to list their honored man at San Francisco as one of the "World's Wonders."

As well as the wisest man we claim the "Funniest Poy in Town," Murl Kinney, if you are not acquainted with this lad, just drop the first name, prefix a capital "S" to the last and you have "Skinny." You surely know him now. It is a great question with everyone, "What makes Murl so popular." Some say it is candor, some say his beauty, others say it is because he is so full of fun, but whatever his charm, it is very evident that Murl was meant to be a social leader wherever he went.

When providence was so kind in showering upon the Juniors such a conglomeration of talent, traits and singularities, she accidentally dropped a little chap embodying them all, thus "Bummie," who is "Short and Cute, and has a CAR to boot."

Concerning the fairer sex, there is one tiny girl who is a "Daisy," and never a day goes by that she does not bring a bit of sunshine to her schoolmates.

Louis is an affectionate, dainty, modest little miss.

When Frank left, she wouldn't even let him throw a ———!

When shy Cozetta asks for breakfast food, funny, how she always asks for Kellogg's, but then that's O. K.

Although Ray is wise he is not so "Wise" as Myrtle, who always was Wise and what's more always will be.

The "Heavy Weight" of our class is known as Clyde Frankenfield. Sometimes he feels "Blue," thinking

"Nobody loves a Fat Man," but one of the Seniors knows a good thing when she sees it, and takes as her motto, "Get a plenty While You're a Gettin'." But best of all he loves his Teddy "Fair" for it's a "Da'sy."

Directly in front of me sits a young man, kind, good, noble and true, Earl, there never was a boy like you.

"Some love to scamper down the lane
Some love to trip through the vale
Some love to roam the forest o'er
But Zillah loves the Dale."

Across the aisle sits quiet little Stella, demure and prim, softly humming, "Just Someone." When school is dismissed she chatters, chatters as she goes; then is she quiet? Never. And men they come and men they go, but she goes on forever.

"Sweet Helen so shy and timid

May your future be fair and sublime,
May your gentle way be ever so

And your love be always mine."

The latest recipe in the Domestic Science Department is "Rice De La Lemon." Directions: Take a large soft lemon, add a small amount of rice, place both in a large touring car, (if not convenient a buggy will do) roll up and down the lane an hour or two. Add a half moon, if cloudy (a new moon will answer as well); just before freezing add a few dates, stir frequently until well frozen. This makes a delightful dish.

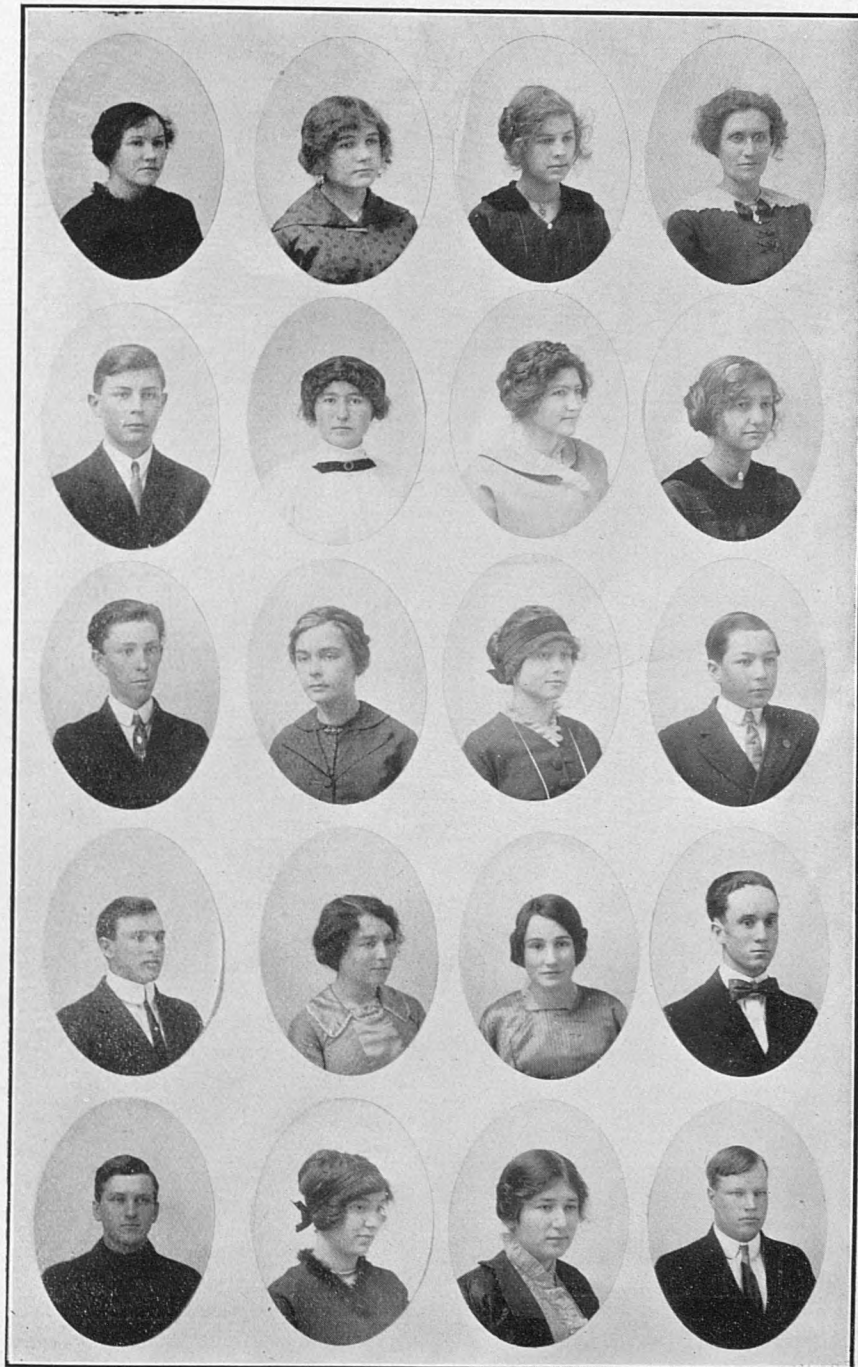
"Blessings on thee little man,
Orville boy with cheeks of tan,
With thy red lips, redder still,
Kissed by "Green Gagers" on the hill."

'Tis Anna whose smile is like the benedictions of flowers; whose ways would grace a palace, while "A foot more light, a step more true, ne'er from the Heath flower dashed the dew."

The world is full of jolly people. We must have a few level heads so Marguerite or rather "Pud" studies hard, thinks quietly and talks gently (P. S. at times, of course).

As lilies speak of purity and nobleness, so our Lilly seeks refinement rather than fashion, awaits occasions, never hurries and usually sits by the open window; her mind drifting along on the tide of oblivion, while she listens vaguely to the hum of voices around her, hearing only the sigh of the breeze.

Roy McPhail, otherwise known as "Mac," is a very bright little boy, sitting in the ninth seat of the eighth



row, near the Seniors, always raising some fuss, making dates and getting "stung." At morn' and noon he cries, "Someone play, Guy and I want to dance." At night he cries, "Look out, Blanche is coming, now 'hike,' kids, we're going to sing."

Last but by no means least, I have the pleasure of presenting the most popular girl in P. H. S., Millie Bratton. Her noblest trait is her kind regard for her meek and bashful fellowmen, although most of her time is devoted to the "Meeker" man.

In conclusion, I will say in behalf of the class of 1915, please overlook our mistakes and foolish pranks for we are boys and girls but once and our two prevailing characteristics are our vivid imagination, and our keen sense of humor; mine are both nearly exhausted so I will kindly bid you "Adieu."

When the Write Ups and Themes are all ended,

And the Annual forever is done,
Of all the happy people on earth
I'll be the happiest one."

—M. L. C.

SOPHOMORES.

BE MODEST.



SOPHOMORES.

Our class is the smallest class of P. H. S. Although we lack in quantity we are not excelled in quality. Many of us have already chosen great professions, and, in later years, when our names are famous, just remember that "we told you so." Carolyn, our class president, is a great favorite among us and always advises us to use Watson, Durand and Kasper groceries.

Ruby is going to "Berlin" as soon as she graduates.

Cecil is everlastingly flirting with the girls.

In later years, Orin will be found teaching Latin in P. H. S.

Vera is very fond of the little ditty entitled "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Bertha may be found after her graduation, the happy teacher of a quiet little district school.

Charles, while going about his work, may be heard whistling, "I'll Make a Ring Around Rosie."

Rosa, in truth, is as shy and modest as a rose by the roadside.

Daisy is passionately fond of Twin Mound and its surroundings.

Clarence intends to become a lawyer and at such an early age is pleading a case with a little brown-eyed Fischer lass.

Mamie is making a specialty of Domestic Science with the intention of running a short order house after graduating from P. H. S.

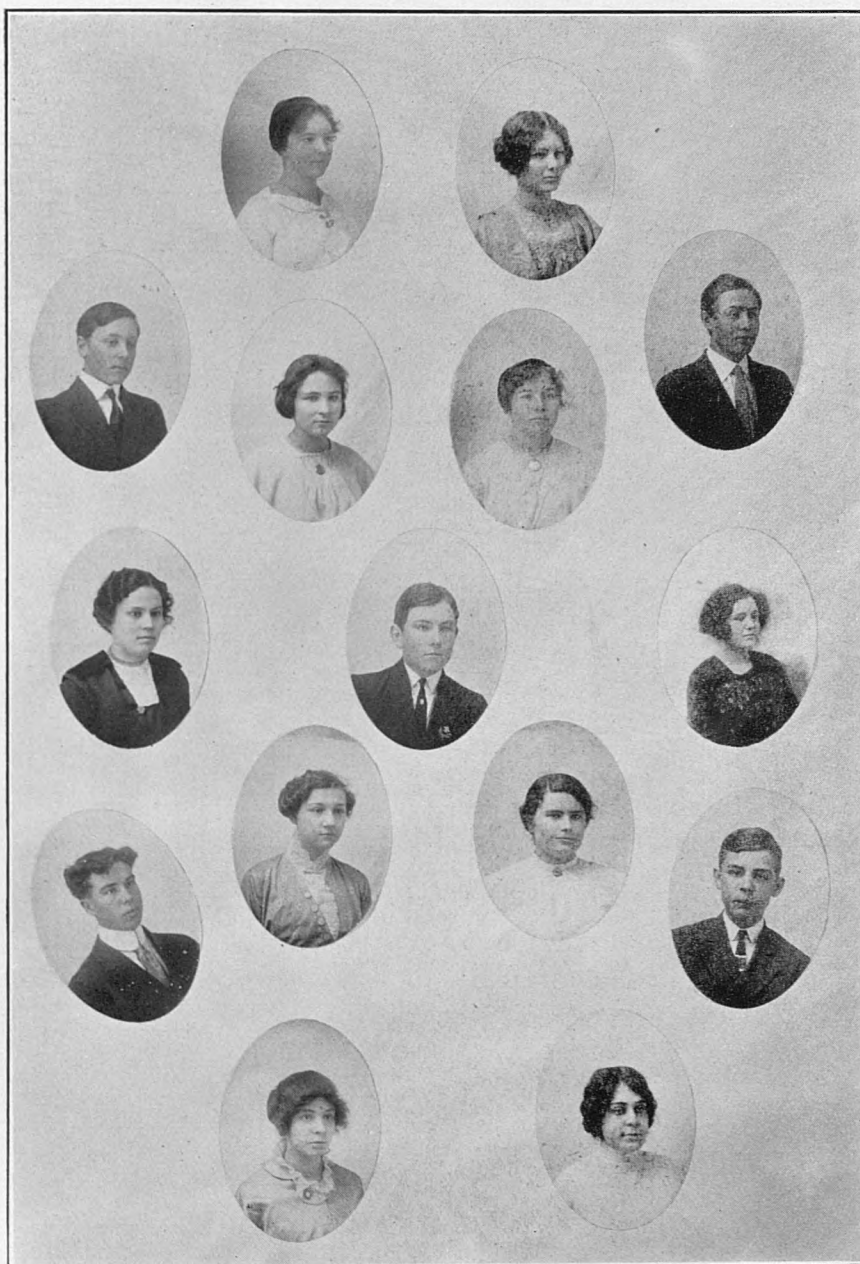
Fred is our little boy and is at the height of his glory when walking to school with the Senior President.

Fernatha is a very industrious student and intends to become a teacher before many years pass away.

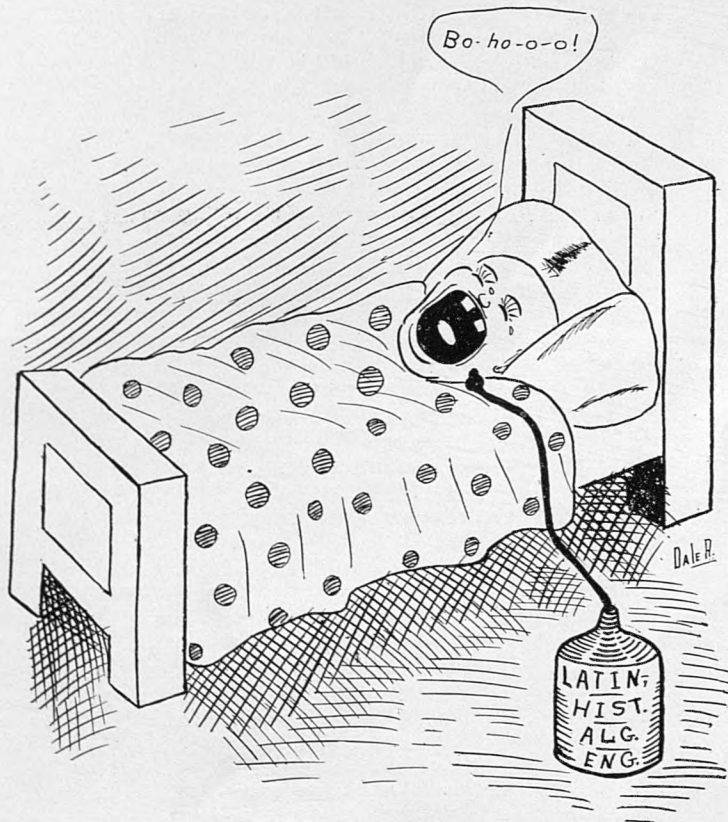
Viola's ambition is to take a trip through France as she is passionately fond of French—(y).

Versa intends to have a half interest in a certain clothing store of Plainville before many years elapse.

Wilbur enjoys his frequent trips to Stockton and it is said that he has a stand in with a certain "Marshall" of that city.



FRESHMEN.



FRESHMAN'S ALPHABET.

"Fresh and Green, Fresh and Green,
Yet we're not ashamed to be seen,
Rickety, Rockety, Russ!
What a Great Fuss!
Yet There'd be no Seniors
If 'twere not for Us!"

- A is for Alma, who is quite a case,
And the boys all lead her a merry chase.
B is for Bartlett, who is cute and pert,
The girls all say he's quite a flirt.
C is for Conger, who is very wise,
She and Elmer make Goo Goo eyes.
D is for Daye, who is gentle and sweet,
The boys all toddle to her feet.
E is for Earnest, who is hard to beat,
Florence admires him on account of his feet.
F is for Francis, who is cunning and gay,
He is always happy when on his way.
G is for George, who does his best,
And doesn't worry about the rest.
H is for Hayes whose laughing eyes,
Are always catching the boys by surprise.
I is for Industry, we mean Freshie, dear
We are glad we're not Freshmen another year.
J is for Jay, who is gone from our sight,
But we know he is getting along all right.
K is for Keas, who goes with a Bear,
They'll soon be going to the Stockton Fair.
L is for Leta, who is easily led,
Lisle has her in tow, so 'tis said.
M is for McCune, who is admired by all,
He hopes some day to visit Niagara Falls.
N is for Nellie, who betrays her fears,
She'll get married some of these years.
O is for Ondraseck, who has her own ways,
Guess she'll keep them the rest of her days.
P is for Park, who has gone away,
Perhaps he'll return to P. H. S. some day.
Q is for questions, so awful and fierce,
They make the Freshmen give way to tears.
R is for Rank, which is found in our class,
We hope some one holds out to the last.
S is for Stoneman, whose lady-like pose,
Wins for herself all kinds of beaux.
T is for Tiresome, tiresome boy,
We mean Shupp our youngest boy.
U is for us, who composed this spiel,
Let us tell you that 'tis a good deal.
V is for Verl, who rides a white horse,
Perhaps he'll take the Normal Training Course.
W is for Wasson, so gentle and bright,
Hope she'll win at the end of the fight.
X is for Algebra, so very hard,
Wesley wishes 'twere easy for he is tired.
Y is for You, we mean Guy,
He'll catch the right girl bye and bye.
Z is for Zeal and it is the best of all the emotions,
With which Lizzie is blest.
ETC., stands for our English girl,
Charlotta by name true as a pearl.





Commencement Week.

Senior Play	- -	Friday, May 22
Baccalaureate, M. E. Church		Sunday, May 24
	Gilbert Park.	
Commencement, 8th Grade		Monday, May 25
Class Night,	- -	Tuesday, May 26
Commencement, H. S.		Wednesday, May 27
Alumni, Banquet	-	Thursday, May 28



DOMESTIC SCIENCE

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized men cannot live without cooks."

THE CLASS.

Carolyn Driesbach,	Daisy Benedict,	Lorene Ferrier.
Eula Tucker,	Louis Burroughs,	Helen Young,
Stella Fike,	Zillah Richolson,	Anna Lemon,
Millie Bratten,	Eertha O'Brien,	Ruby McPhail,
Cozetta Gager,	Vera Richardson,	Marguerite Hall,
Lily Couture,	Myrtle Wise,	Mayme Fischer,

In the northeast corner of the basement of the Plainville High School building is a large well lighted room 24 by 36 feet, formerly used for a girls' play room, but when the School Board decided to add Domestic Science to the High School Course of study this room was chosen as the one best adapted to the purpose. The equipment for this work cost about \$325 and consists of eight work tables with drawers and cupboard in each, eight two-burner coal oil stoves, one large Majestic range for baking, three sinks and a large cupboard for supplies. Two girls work at each table. The cupboard and drawers of the table contain the necessary dishes and cooking utensils for work.

The window shades and sash curtains were purchased by the class with the proceeds of the Christmas Food Sale and Exhibit given December 23, 1913. At this sale, nut and fruit cakes, doughnuts, cookies, nut bread, candies of different kinds as fudge, taffy and cream were displayed showing the work of the class, then were sold realizing a profit of \$9.46.

The girls are required to wear white aprons with hand towel and holder attached by tape. Each girl has a note book in which she keeps the outlines and recipes given. Two lessons per week consist of the theory and Domestic Science. In these lessons outlined and discussions are given relating to underlying principles and values of different foods. Three laboratory lessons are given per week. In these the girls are taught the preparation and serving of food. It is the aim to make these lessons as practical as possible.

The average cost of each lesson per girl is from 3½c to 4c, allowing 4c to be the cost, that would be 12c per week; 48c per month and for 9 months \$4.32, for the class per year \$69.12.

March 13, 1914, the class served a hot, noon lunch to the students and friends of the school. The following menu was served for 15 cents.

MENU.

Boston Baked Beans		Dill Pickles
Meat Loaf or Deviled Eggs		Escalloped Potatoes
Buns	Butter—Coffee	Cream—Sugar
	Chocolate Pie	

About one hundred thirty lunches were served and a profit of about five cents was made on each.

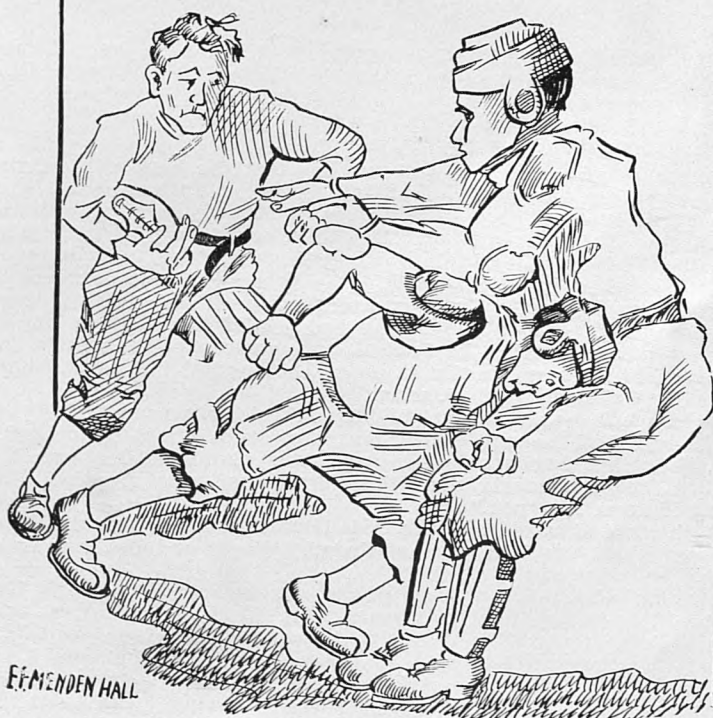
"The mission of the ideal woman is to make the whole world beautiful," says Francis Willard. So it is the aim in placing Domestic Science in the schools, to correlate the practical with the mental, to help the girls become more womanly women, and to create more interest in the home and home duties."





AGRICULTURAL CLASS.

FOOTBALL



"FOOTBALL IN P. H. S. 1913."

With the beginning of school, the anticipation of the coming football season comes to the mind of every high school boy who is big enough to play and to some who are not. The P. H. S. boys are no exception, when the season opened they gathered together and organized a team. George Spellman was chosen manager and Roy McPhail, captain. Both of these boys were members of last year's squad, the former as right end and the latter as sub-quarter back. So it was under the leadership of these young men that P. H. S. team started the season of 1913.

To impart the correct method of playing the great game of football, the boys secured the services of "Shorty" Sawyer, the best little coach in Kansas. He is an ex-P. H. S. football man, and although he had but lately joined the ranks of the "Benedicts," "Shorty" devoted a great deal of time to the interest of the team.

The first game scheduled was with the Codell town team, to be played on the P. H. S. gridiron, October 10. The new men worked almost as hard as the older ones because the first game is looked upon by the new men as the "Rise or Downfall" of great men. When the day came the P. H. S. boys were garbed in all kinds of rags called "football togs" but it is not the clothes but "the Man In the Clothes" who does the playing, as was later demonstrated to the Codell "huskies." The Codell bunch were not in it at all, the speed of the P. H. S. boys was too much for them and the result was that Spellman crossed their goal line twice and kicked one goal from touch down. Codell was unable to score and the game was finished 13 to 0. What a grand start!

Luray High School was scheduled to play P. H. S. next, but it was hardly a high school bunch that showed up in Plainville October 18. But even the bunch of "ringers" that appeared were not a match for our boys. The game was regular run away, the final being 64 to 0. In this game Ordway made three touchdowns; Grooms, three; Norris, two; and Spellman, two.

After two games at home, it was about time that the boys were playing a game away from home so the next game was played at Lucas. Although this was the first time that some of the boys were so far away from home, they were undaunted and a battle royal was the great event on the afternoon of October 25. On account of a "charley horse" Ordway was not allowed to play during the first quarter, but at the beginning of the second he was sent into the game. New spirit arose among the P. H. S. boys although the first quarter had passed without scoring, only five minutes of the second had gone until Spellman had carried the ball over the Lucas goal line. Again in the third quarter the P. H. S. boys scored Spellman again carrying the ball. The Lucas bunch were unable to approach the goal line of our boys and the game ended 13 to 0. Again P. H. S. wins.

Such a "clean up" caused the neighboring schools to become "leery" of P. H. S., Stockton and Hays both acknowledging that they were afraid to meet P. H. S. on the gridiron. For this reason no other game was played until November 14. And about this time the boys bought those "horrid jerseys," why they looked as if they had just escaped from the "pen."

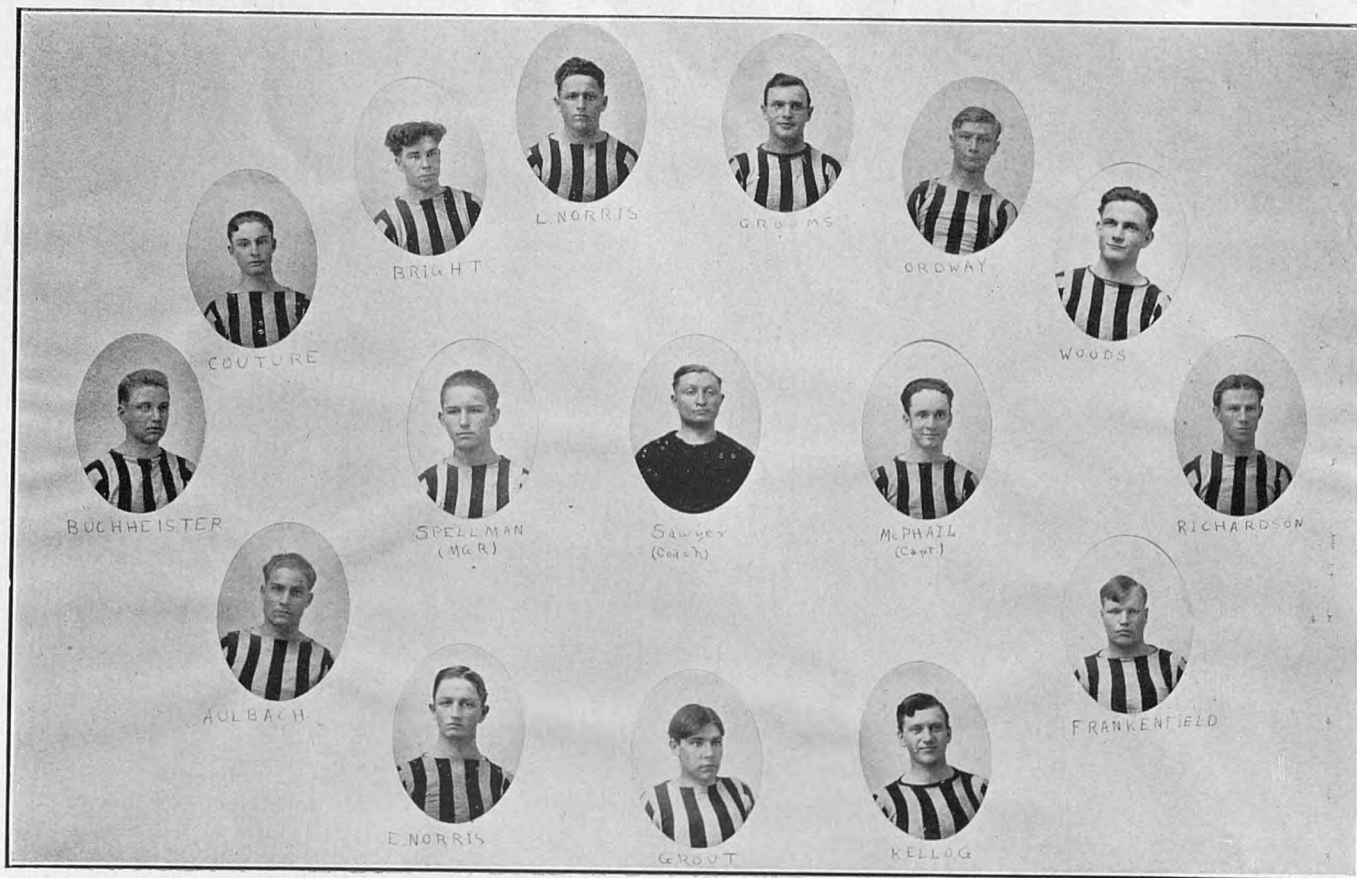
On the 14th P. H. S. again met the Codell town team but this time they met defeat. The score was 13 to 0 in favor of Codell. Woods and Buchheister substituted for Richardson and Spellman.

The next game was the last game of the season, it was with the Osborn High School on the P. H. S. Gridiron on Thanksgiving Day. The O. H. S. boys claimed that they were bringing their fastest bunch here, while the heavier boys played at Smith Center. But their fastest bunch wasn't in it with P. H. S. and it is generally thought that O. H. S. had no bunch that could even make it interesting for P. H. S. Why that game wasn't a good practice game. Our boys went into the game to do their best and do it they did. In three minutes, after the signal was given to play ball, Spellman twice crossed the O. H. S. goal line, and then the fun began. When the game ended McPhail had made two touch downs; Ordway, two; Grooms, one; Richardson, one; Spellman, three; Aulbach, one; Couture, one; and the score was 75 to 0. And so ended the season of 1913 in P. H. S. P. H. S. had scored 165 points to their opponents' 13.

If the reader of this "Sunflower" has not already tired of this football "junk" then he may find some interest in the following individual write up.

Guy Ordway, Left Half, first year in football. He did the booting stunt for P. H. S. His playing showed up to the side line better than that of any other player, for he was the hardest playing man on the team.

Ray Grooms, Fullback, third year in football, but the first behind the line. He



was the hardest man on the team to stop and the hardest to catch if he had an open field.

Lester Norris, Right Half, new man in P. H. S., and a great aid to the backfield. He always made his share of the gains and was a good man at leading interference or breaking it.

Roy McPhail, Quarter Back and Captain. This was Mac's first year as a regular. He was a good man to lead the team and he did it in a creditable manner. It is expected that he will be member of the P. H. S. eleven of 1914.

Earl Richardson, Left End, new man this season, but he made good. He was an excellent man at end, having plenty of speed and getting down well under punts.

Clyde Frankenfield, Left Tackle, another new man this season, also the heaviest man on the squad. He made a hole whenever it was needed and was a hard man to get through.

Orville Kellogg, Left Guard. This was Orville's first year and he worked hard for a place. He was a great aid to the left side of the line.

Wilbur Bright, Center. He was a member of last year's squad and he made good again this year. He was a safe man at center and a good one on the defence.

Eugene Norris, Right Guard. Although he was a new man at the game, he made a very creditable showing. It is hoped that he will try for the team next year.

George Aulbach, Right Tackle. As a tackle he was, for he was always Johnnie on the spot. Next year he will be a valuable man on the P. H. S. eleven.

George Spellman, Right End. "Pete" was our star end this year. He always made a touch down whenever it was necessary.

Edward Couture, Sub End. He played in several games and certainly made good in the Thanksgiving game.

Wesley Grout, Guard. He played the first part of the season but on account of parental objection he was forced to stop before the season ended.

Earnest Buchheister, Sub End. He subbed in several games but the other fellow was just a little bit too good for him to get on as regular.

Lee Woods, Star Center and End, failed to get out to practice on account of work but "Stub" played in three games.

And so is the history of football in P. H. S. in 1913.

PETE, 1914.

THE HOPEFUL FATHER.

My son had made the team; he
played

Left end and did it splendidly—
At least he did it well till they'd

Knocked out his teeth and wrenched
his knee;

I sat and watched when he was
downed

By seven heavy buccaneers
Who jammed his visage in the ground
Thereby evoking hearty cheers.

His comrades raised him from the
mud

And quickly bore him out of sight;
His face was all besmeared with
blood;

The people shouted with delight.

It mattered not to them if he

Had finished his career on earth;
Mishaps were what they wished to
see,

For thus they got their money's
worth.

He's now attended by a nurse
And after this he will be lame;
It might, however, have been worse;
I won six dollars on the game;
Therefore, I'll cling to hope, and
chuck
The grief with which I have been
filled,
For next time it may be my luck
To see some other maimed or killed.

Plainville, Kans., May 2, 1914.
 Western Kansas Champions of 1912,
 Plainville, Kansas.



Dear Team:—While rumaging through an old trunk this morning in search of a lost pair of boxing gloves, I ran across your picture and as I read "The Champions of Western Kansas" on the pennant, I felt a slight tingling in the region of my heart.

I sat down on the floor, there in the attic and thought over the different events of the whole season, enjoying it as much as if I'd seen a real game. I was actually proud of your individual and team work both, Fellows, and I think I never worked with a team which was better about listening to my suggestions and corrections.

We had quite a time matching our first game, which was with Stockton, and I guess their professor and school board jangled about it the rest of the term. But after so much difficulty, they came and we certainly walloped them.

I remember Damon made the first touch-down and then you boys began to play in earnest. McClay got away with the ball when you pulled off that "fluke" and made a touch-down which tied the score. The people on the side lines just went crazy and the air was full of Red and White and Rah! Rah! for the team.

At the very close of the second half Gross drop-kicked, which made the score 7-10. That was starting the season right and I thought you did mighty good work for only four practices.

Our next game was with Codell at Codell, which was a dead walk-away as the score was 40-0 and no hard work at all.

Codell came up here for a game the next month and they were even weaker than before. The final score was 79-0 and in the second half we pulled out several of the best men and played nearly all "subs."

We began looking, then, for something more interesting, so got Smith Center here for a game, Nov. 8th. They were sure a good bunch and played a good, clean game, but for all that we sent them home, as all the others, with their colors dragging in the dirt.

Our last, most interesting and most exciting game was with Oberlin at Oberlin. We left here at 9 o'clock Thursday morning and, after so much digging out of mud holes and snow banks, we finally arrived in Oberlin at 8:30 p. m. of the same day, somewhat tired and fagged out.

The game was called at 2:30 the next afternoon and you were all on the field early with due amount of "ginger" and "pep." The crowd seemed to be made up of the good bunch and were even kind enough to give us a few yells, as we were unable to take our rooting bunch along.

But as the game progressed and they saw the Oberlin team begin to lag, they changed their attitude entirely and became quite sarcastic. And at the close of the game, when the score stood 7-2, they were even bitter, so we decided we'd better hunt shelter or be mobbed before supper.

We turned in quite early that night in order to make an early morning start for home. Every one was on deck at 4:30 a. m. i. e., most every one. Some of the fellows were unfortunate enough to have part of their habiliments stolen, while they were sleeping peacefully, but we managed to rig them up so they could get home all right. We reached home safe and sound at 3:30 p. m. every one shaking on it being the best one of the season.

I believe Stubb tried to match a game with Norton for Thanksgiving Day, but they wouldn't play unless we'd come there, so we called it off.

The season of 1912 closed, with the best records and best fellowship between you boys, that P. H. S. has ever known.

Remember, boys, I'm for you and I will not soon forget the 1912 Champions of Western Kansas.

Respectfully yours,

COACH SAWYER.

P. S.—As I started to lay your picture away, I noticed I had written the schedule of the games on the back and thought perhaps you would enjoy it, if you hadn't saved yours.

SCHEDULE FOR GAMES OF 1912.

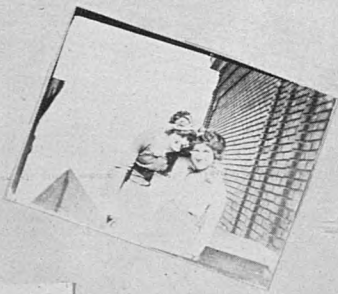
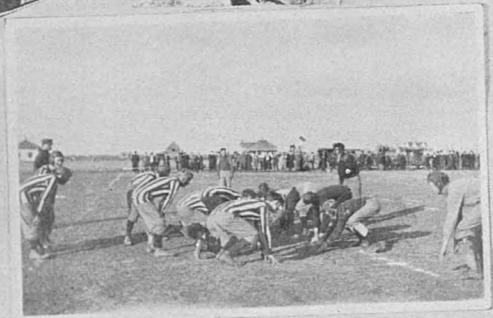
Oct. 18—Stockton at Plainville	7	10
Oct. 25—Codell at Codell	0	40
Nov. 1—Codell at Plainville	0	79
Nov. 18—Smith Center at Plainville.....	0	12
Nov. 25—Oberlin at Oberlin	2	7
Total	9	148



HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL CALENDAR.

- Sept. 8. School started.
- Oct. 3. P. H. S. football boys attended the Stockton-Kirwin game at Stockton.
- Oct. 5. Domestic Science class begins to get down to regular work.
- Oct. 6. "Bunch" had "Wiene" roast in Lemons' grove.
- Oct. 8. P. H. S. had "Wiene" roast.
- Oct. 8. Senior Class organized and elected officers.
- Oct. 10. Oh, you Codell football game. 13-6.
- Oct. 14. Tom Thumb Wedding.
- Oct. 17. A peerless quintette made first appearance in public. They sang an eulogy upon the teachers and Freshmen.
- Oct. 17. Initiation of Freshmen.
- Oct. 18. Miss Lambert attended the K. U. and Drake football game at Lawrence.
- Oct. 18. O. U. Luray babies, 64-0.
- Oct. 20. Mr. Brown informs the Seniors that Freshmen Arithmetic would be a great assistance to them.
- Oct. 20. Dr. Hall delivered a splendid address to High School.
- Oct. 24. H. S. boys went to Lucas. 13-0.
- Oct. 28. Oh! that Senior hay rack ride.
- Oct. 29. Football boys received those horrid jerseys.
- Oct. 29. Brown is mad. Beware some one will catch it.
- Nov. 12. The Freshmen all seem so sleepy.
- Nov. 13. Francis must have been out late for he has been singing all day.
- Nov. 14. High School Play, "The White Shawl." Great success; proceeds, \$75.
- Nov. 14. Football boys, vs Codell. Lost 13 to 0. (Oh, Horrors!)
- Nov. 21. Football boys could not go to Luray on account of the rain.
- Nov. 21. Report cards received. Such deportment! Grades will not be tolerated hereafter.
- Nov. 25. A spider made a visit to Mr. Brown.
- Dec. 3. Miss Vermillion was late.
- Dec. 5. Several little mice visited school.
- Dec. 6. Guy doesn't forget his lesson in History.
- Dec. 8. Domestic Science and Agriculture classes visit the Farmers' Union.
- Dec. 8. Mildred Baumgartner has a birthday and she got a new ring.
- Dec. 12. We were only teasing you, Lester.
- Dec. 13. Viola was all in. Wonder why?
- Dec. 15. Lee, "Don't do that any more."
- Dec. 18. George fell out of his seat.
- Dec. 25, Feb. 2. Vacation for Xmas and New Years.
- Jan. 5. The Seniors accidentally turned over the Laboratory chairs during the fire drill.
- Jan. 7. "Wise men sometimes get their seats changed, but a fool never does"—Stubb.
- Jan. 7. The Seniors all had a gum chew.
- Jan. 13. The changing of seats created quite a disturbance.
- Jan. 16. George missed his chair and sat on the floor in the Physics class.
- Jan. 18. All enjoyed the Lecture Course.
- Jan. 19. Supt. Smith visited school.
- Jan. 19. Verl Adams and Guy Anderson enjoyed themselves picking up peanut shells.
- Jan. 19. Anna Lemon enrolled in High School again.
- Jan. 26. Alta Coffman visited school.
- Jan. 26. New subjects were begun; it being the beginning of the third term.
- Jan. 27. Mr. Brown had a change of heart.
- Jan. 28. Myrtle Wise and Pud Hall had a boxing match in the office and Myrtle was defeated.
- Jan. 29. The Senior plays were ordered.
- Jan. 30. Murl is becoming quite famous in taking pictures.
- Jan. 30. The Golden Belt Quartette entertained the High School the last period in the afternoon.
- Feb. 2. Charley Bair visited school and it was hard for Hazel to get her lesson.
- Feb. 7. On account of the weather, very few pupils were present.
- Feb. 9. Roy Mack went to Kansas City. The purpose? Ask him.
- Feb. 11. Lorene sat down on the mouse trap, but Baum got (bit).
- Feb. 12. Lincoln's birthday.
- Feb. 13. John Lamb visited school.
- Feb. 16. Dale fell off his chair; he must have been dreaming.
- Feb. 20. The Seniors had a hearty laugh over their Sophomore Annual pictures.
- Feb. 22. George Washington's birthday.
- Feb. 23. Dale Reynolds lost his shoe in Physics class and Stubb was 21.
- Feb. 24. George Spellman and Ted put a Vaudeville stunt on during Mr. Brown's absence from the study room.
- Feb. 25. The pictures for the Annual are

- being taken today.
- Feb. 26. Snap Shots! Snap Shots? Snap Shots!
- Feb. 27-28. Floral Cantata was given by the grades.
- March 2. Frank Taylor visited school.
- March 3. Brown was re-elected. Hurrah for B.
- March 5. Brown announced to the Seniors that all of them would have to take the Exam. in History and Physics. "Blessings on thee little class."
- March 8. Lester and Roy got left at the "Wiene" roast.
- March 8. P. H. S. got their pictures taken.
- March 9. Oh! I told you so.
- March 10. Lester pleaded a case with the Annual Staff.
- March 11. The Domestic Science Class entertained about one hundred at dinner.
- March 16. The new Laboratory supplies arrived
- March 17. Lee sat down in a pile of gum. Who put it there?
- March 18. Brown has a haircut.
- March 19. The Freshies get hungry; that is the reason Ernest brought a bottle of milk to school.
- March 20. The "Trio" singers were interrupted while singing "Nero, My Dog Has Flees," by a member of the school board.
- March 21. Wonder how Lester can hear cars go by at 10 o'clock from his home. Perhaps Lois knows.
- March 23. Stubb was given a treatment on the Laboratory table by Baum and Ted.
- March 24. The Senior girls decided to go to Utah where they play polygamy with Stubb.
- March 25. Morgan, Myrtle and Pud, you have been having a good time long enough.
- March 26. Quarterly exams. Oh! My!
- March 27. Baum had a mix up. Who with? Ask her.
- March 30. Brown must have had another change of heart, the way he slaughtered the Seniors' grades in Physics.
- April 1. April fools—Daisy Benedict and Ethelyn Weaverling.
- April 2. Guy said, "He was going back to Colorado." Wonder why?
- April 3. Stella's pet cow died. She's wearing black.
- April 7. Track team began practice.
- April 9. The "Freshies" look as if they needed a vacation.
- April 13. Editor-in-chief said, "The Sophomores could beat the Juniors all to pieces writing stories."
- April 15. All Annual "dope" in.
- April 17. The H. S. Bazaar.
- April 20. Ted says, "She's going to Salina for vacation." She's stuck on Ford's now.
- April 22. Guy was blown up by the Radiator.
- April 24. The Seniors are practicing hard on their play.
- April 27. The Agricultural boys are planting their garden.
- April 30. The Seniors are reviewing for the State Exams.
- May 1. May Day.
- May 4. Who put the mouse in Miss Lambert's desk?
- May 13. Professor gave a lecture to the Seniors on State Exams.
- May 15-16. State Examinations.
- May 18. Lester is still hoping.
- May 24. Baccalaureate services.
- May 25. Eighth Grade Commencement.
- May 26. Senior Class Night.
- May 27. Seniors Commencement.
- May 28. Alumni Banquet.
- May 29-30. Senior Play, "A Rival by Request."
- May 29. "Good-bye, everybody. Good bye everyone.



LITERATURE

THE HEART OF THE HERMIT.

Far up on the rocky mountain-side, toward its peak of perpetual snow, lived an old hermit.

It was a very rich part of the mountain in which the hermit lived, a sort of mineral oasis in that desert of snow and rock. A number of mine owners, both prospective and otherwise had made several vain efforts to gain possession of the land, but on account of the obstinacy of the old hermit, it was still a wilderness.

The hermit was a dear old man, at heart, though to a passing stranger he would seem extremely primitive. His hair was very long and as white as the snow about him; while his beard, long tangled and wavy was somewhat darker. His brown eyes looked out kindly and perhaps a little wistfully from beneath his dark heavy eyebrows. All his movements were deliberate and easy and his gentle touch suggested rustic culture and manly pride.

His little cabin with its snow-covered roof was known everywhere as the "Hermit's Hut," and was a land-mark for mountain travelers, but no one was able to find the hidden path that led up to it. The hermit went and came quietly and un-noticed, always avoiding the main roads and the more frequented mountain paths. His traps were found in very unusual places while his favorite paths and nooks were along the crevices and ledges of the mountain side.

It was very late in the afternoon of a bright spring day just when the old world seemed at her best; the happy little birds were flying toward their different homes as the old hermit and "Nero" his dog came leisurely up the winding rugged path to his desolate abode. The setting sun was casting long shapeless shadows over the valley below as if striving to veil nature's unrivalled beauty. The quaint little farm houses scattered among the foot hills, the grazing herds in the sloughs, with the silver river lazily threading its way through their midst, were all brightened for a moment in the last glowing rays of the sun as it slowly dropped behind the distant mountain peak. The hermit paused near the corner of the cabin, leaned wearily against the tall pine, that through many changing years, had watched like a sentinel over his isolation. There he stood drinking in the beauties and marvels of God's handiwork. Then the dim gray twilight came creeping up from the valley softening and blending the hills and trees till the whole mountain side lay in complete darkness. The stars came out one by one, the moon round and red arose from behind a silver-lined cloud and still the hermit lost in memories was utterly oblivious to the plaintive whinings of Nero.

Then as the faithful old dog grew more and more excited, he quickly roused his wits and started to enter his cabin, but there on the doorstep, the moon shining full on his dirty tear-stained face and brown curls was a fat rosy little boy, sound asleep and still clinging to a pail half full of berries. As he hesitated over the sleeping child, old Nero, who had now become calm again, walked away a few steps and lay down for a peaceful nap.

The old hermit thoughtfully studied the countenance of his little visitor, then stooping down carefully lifted the little man in his strong arms. How dependent and tiny he seemed lying there, his curly head nestled so comfortably on the hermit's shoulder. After all, the hermit was much lonelier than he had realized. Bright fancies of the future flitted across his mind in quick succession. How well he would like to keep this little boy for his own, no one would ever know what had become of him and when the hermit went to town or on long tramps, he could leave Nero at home with the child.

But when he stopped to consider his own empty life he could not bear to take so much from this child's life, for no doubt, he would grow to be a fine man with a splendid career so he roused the boy, gave him a frugal supper and put him in his bed of dry leaves where he slept as soundly as in his own little bed. The next morning after an early breakfast, the hermit tried to discover who the child was and after a great many questions and promises succeeded in waxing from him the fact that he lived two or three miles down the mountain side with his aunt and uncle.

The hermit had been in a few dealings with his uncle and knew that he was a mining engineer, who had moved into the canyon as a prospector. He had made a number of attempts to obtain the territory over which the hermit had reigned for years, but the old hermit was too sly to be trapped, too obstinate to be compelled and too proud to be flattered. So when he had the child there in his home he thought perhaps he might keep him in exchange for the land, which he knew must sometime go. But when the little chap asked him to take him home it touched the old man's heart with pity, and taking the pail half full of berries in one hand and the baby's fat little fist in the other, he started down that same little winding path with

a heavier yet a softer heart.

By his dooping head and languid steps old Nero seemed to understand that his master was disappointed and respectfully followed quietly at his heels, without ever noticing the occasional hares that darted here and there from beneath the brush. The hermit walked very slowly while the little fellow trudged manfully by his side. Whenever they came to a bad place the hermit carefully lifted him over, constantly guarding every step.

Finally they emerged from a thicket and entered the main road. The hermit paused and glanced around him for a brief instant, then the three resumed their journey down the dusty road. They had gone but a short distance when they rounded a sharp turn in the road and there scarcely a quarter of a mile away was a comfortable farm house. The hermit pointed it out to the child whose eyes brightened as he recognized his home. Then as the hermit pressed a fervent kiss on his forehead and released his hand, he scampered down the road toward home; the hermit watched him until the gate "clicked" behind him, then with a smothered sigh turned and started for home.

When he reached home he sat at his rude table and tearing the fly leaf from an old hymn book wrote a very informal letter to the prospector, telling him that he withdrew all claim to the land and asking him to be kind to the squirrels and birds for they had been his only friends. He requested that he leave the little cabin as a monument of his victory.

That night the old hermit and Nero started out to find another home. He had lost his home, his wilderness and all; but in losing them he had won the gratitude, the love and confidence of a little child and he was glad that he had made the sacrifice.

—M. L. C. 15.

PRISONER AT THE BAR.

The Judge addressed the prisoner saying: "Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death shall not be passed upon you?"

Not a sound or a whisper was heard while the Judge waited for the answer to his question.

Suddenly the prisoner arose to his feet, and in a low, firm, distinct voice, said: "I have! Your honor, you have asked me a question, and I now ask, as the last favor on earth, that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through.

I stand here before the bar, convicted of the willful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned to my home one evening and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I have sworn to love and protect.

While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful deed, I have no right to complain or to condemn the verdict of the twelve good men who have acted as jury in the case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence.

But, may it please the court, I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife."

This statement caused a great sensation. The prisoner paused a few moments and then continued.

"I repeat, your honor, that I am not the only one guilty of the murder of my wife. The Judge on this bench, the jury in the box, the lawyers, within this bar and most of the witnesses including the pastor of the old church are also guilty before Almighty God, and will have to stand with me before His judgment throne, where we shall all be righteously judged.

If it had not been for the saloons of my town I never would have become a drunkard; my wife would not have been murdered and my children cast out on the mercy of the world, while I am to be hung by the strong arm of the state.

Our town was without a saloon for one year. During that year, I was a sober man, and my wife and children were happy.

When the papers were out against the re-opening the saloons of our town, I was one of those, who signed them. But one-half of this jury, the prosecuting attorney on this case, and the judge, who sits on this bench, all voted for the saloons. By their votes and influence saloons were re-opened, and they have made me what I am."

These words of the prisoner fell on the hearts of those present, and many of the spectators and the lawyers were moved to tears.

The judge was going to stop him here, but the prisoner said, "No, no, your honor, do not make me stop here, I am nearly through.

Since the saloons, that you have voted for made me a drunkard and a murderer, I am taken before the bar of justice and now the law power will conduct me to the place of execution, and hasten my soul into eternity. I shall appear before another bar, the judgment bar of God, and there you, who have legalized the traffic, will have to appear with me."

You voted in the saloons that made me a drunkard and murderer, and you are guilty with me before God and man for the murder of my wife.

All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not the ravings of an unsound mind, but God Almighty's truth.

Your honor, I am done. I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul."

V. D. '16.

"THE PRINCE"

It had been a day of great rejoicing and a ball was given in the evening. The ball was given in honor of yesterday's football victory, which had given the College the Championship of the Wabash Valley. That night is one long to be remembered by those who were partakers in the fun. Old football players who had been in the game years before, had dropped business to attend the ball.

The gymnasium, here, as at most colleges, was the place where all college dances were held. It was about half past ten and the gym floor was alive with tawdry costumes, gay voices and the jolly laughter of the dancers. Two masqueraders, young ladies dressed as gypsy girls, were standing at one end of the floor. They seemed to be having a vast lot of fun discussing the costumes of the other masqueraders. These young ladies, Grace Dennis and Mae Clarke, were quite popular, and it was only by their own wish that they were not dancing this dance. But their evident fun was interrupted by the entrance of another masquerader, a man. He was attired in the garb of a prince and his athletic form clothed in the rich array attracted the attention of the two young ladies.

"Who do you suppose it is?" exclaimed Grace.

"If I did not know that brother Dick was to be here in the costume of a Jesuit, I should be tempted to think that it was he," replied Mae.

"Oh, is Dick going to be here?" asked Grace quite anxiously.

"Yes, why?"

"Why, I thought that he was in the city."

"Oh, so he was, but being an old football player, he is quite an enthusiast. And feeling the need of a little recreation, he came down this afternoon."

"Why didn't you tell me?" pouted Grace.

"Oh, because," was Mae's teasing answer.

At this time the orchestra, which had come down from the city in the afternoon, struck up a popular rag, and a masqued cowboy came up and took Mae away. Grace was left alone but turning around, she saw the Prince coming toward her. She looked away as if she had not seen him and then she heard a low, smooth voice inquire for the dance. Referring to her card, she found that the next was not engaged so she told him to come then. At this time her partner, a sailor, came up and away they went.

When the dance was ended, she had hardly taken her seat at the side of the gym, when she saw the Prince coming. Just as soon as the music started they were off in the midst of the whirl of brilliant color. Grace was an excellent dancer, she just loved to dance and she found her partner even better. Somehow or other she felt so snug in those arms; she felt as if she could dance forever with that Prince. The dance ended all too soon, and Grace, feeling warm, accompanied her partner to the door. Then at his request she sat with him on the steps in front of the gym. There was an odd silence and Grace's mind wandered back four years to the time when she was Freshman in College and Richard Clarke was a Senior Law. On just such a night as this they sat together on these very steps and he had proclaimed his love to her. But she had asked him to wait, to come again when she was through College.

In her reverie she again heard him, that low voice pleading with her. But she seemed to hear more than he had said that night. She heard that same voice pleading:

"Grace, darling, I have waited. Now, you are a Senior, you graduate in the spring. Grace, I have come again."

Then she knew why she had felt so snug in those arms, why she felt as if she could dance forever in those arms.

"Oh, Dick."

And again she found herself in the Prince's arms.

PETE, '14.

GRACE'S MISTAKE.

Grace sat in the office, thinking of her old home. She thought of the happy care free days she had spent on the old farm. Then she remembered, how, when she was old enough she was sent away to college.

After her education was finished, her parents thought she would be home with them and they had expectations of a bright and happy future in the sunny presence of their only child. However, they were sadly disappointed because, after being in the society of other girls Grace was not satisfied on her quiet farm home.

For a few weeks she remained at home, but was very discontented and although her father and mother did everything to please her, she began to beg them that she might go to the city and secure a position.

At last her parents unwillingly gave their consent and she answered an advertisement for a stenographer and in a few days her father took her to the station and with a happy heart she went to the city.

She had been in the noisy, tiresome city for a year, at the beginning of our story and was homesick and had come to the conclusion that farm life was more pleasant than that in the city. She had worked in the office, but her expenses were so great that she was compelled to deprive herself of many pleasures to meet them.

Many times she had longed to write to her mother and tell her all her troubles, but her pride restrained her from doing so, as she had gone to the city against the wishes of her parents and she could not control her pride enough to admit that she had done wrong.

As she sat with her head on her hand, she was awakened from her reverie by the harsh, cruel voice of the manager. "Miss Hamilton," he said, "your attention seems to be wandering from your letter writing." Grace made her decision that moment. She replied, "I've finished my letter writing. I'm going home to father and mother." The manager realized that he was losing a valuable assistant and offered an increase in her wages, but home-sickness overcame pride and she left the office.

Upon arriving at her room her first impulse was to telegraph to her parents and tell them of her coming, but no! she would surprise them. So she hurriedly packed her suit case and prepared to take the morning train to the little village.

It was a summer's morning and as Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were sitting alone in their large airy kitchen eating breakfast, Mrs. Hamilton said to her husband, "John, do you remember a year ago today?" For a moment he thought, then replied, "Yes, Martha, it was just a year ago today that Grace went away."

An hour later Mrs. Hamilton was washing the dishes and her husband was reading his morning paper. They saw the old, lazy livery team, from the village, drive into the yard. "It must be a peddler," remarked Mr. Hamilton, but words cannot express their surprise and joy when their own beautiful Grace alighted from the rig and ran down the old, worn path that led to the kitchen door.

JOKES.

Ethelyn—"Aren't you ashamed to tell such a story?"

Earl—"No, it's been so long since I told the truth I don't know how."

English 2 class was studying about Sir Launcelot and what become of him after the breaking up of the "round table."

Orin—"Well, what did become of him?"

Bertha O'B.—"Why he died."

Prof.—"In the new Constitution of R. I., who were allowed to vote?"

Sylvia—"Those who were eligible?"

Miss Lambert—"What is the greatest reward of a teacher?"

Lorene—"The salary."

Prof.—"What is the Roman Notation?"

Stella F.—"The Roman Notation is used in marking chapters and clocks and in making dates."

Mr. B.—"Well I might make a date with you for this afternoon and still I would not necessarily have to use the Roman Notation."

In the History Class, Eula was giving a talk on the United States Bank and made the remark at one time there was no specie in circulation.

Dale—"What was in circulation? Cows?"

Miss Vermillion—"What is necessary for dramatizing 'Little Boy Blue'?"

Lorene—"A haystack."

Mildred Baumgartner came to the Laboratory and said, "Its time all you Normal Training Kids were down in Miss Lord's Room."

Mr. Brown—"Be sure you don't get mixed up with the little lambs down there."

Mr. Brown—(Discussing the deaths from murder and disease in the Civil War).

"Thousands of men took sick with the measles and died with pneumonia."

Mr. Brown—(In History) "Where is Harper's Ferry?"

Dale—"In Maryland."

Mr. B.—"Mildred."

Mildred M.—"I don't know the exact spot, but its in the Eastern part of Kansas."

"The little Meeker boy has the diptheria."

Zillah—"Who, the little Meeker boy Millie Bratton goes with?"

In the debate between the Freshmen and Sophs on the question, "Which is more destructive, fire or water?"

Clarence took the floor for rebuttal on the negative side and said, concerning the Chicago fire, "It wasn't put out by water, it just rained on it."

Florence B.—"I don't know what ails my pen, it scratches so."

Stubb—"Probably it has a bite."

Ted—"May I borrow your Reader?"

Mildred M.—"I shouldn't think you would need a (Reeder) reader."

The Normal Training class were studying the effects in Lowell's "Courtin." After reading a stanza the reader was supposed to tell the effect produced in this particular stanza. Lester read:

Said he, "I'd better call again."

Said she, "Think likely Mister."

That last word pricked him like a pin,

And well he up and kissed her,

Then he said, "That's effect of incidence."

Another one on the Cortin:

Huldy's parents had left the room when they found that Zekel was coming to see their daughter.

Miss Vermillion—"What does this fact show concerning Huldy's parents?"

Mildred B.—"I think they were very thoughtful."

Miss Vermillion—(In Freshman English). "Lloyd, please define 'proposal'."

Lloyd B.—"Well for instance, a boy proposes to a girl."

Miss V.—"What did you say?"

(Lloyd repeats the definition.)

Miss V.—"Oh! I understand that."

Lester was sitting on the back of a chair eating pudding which the Domestic Science girls had prepared when Lenore turned to him and said, "Why! Are you eating yours?"

Lester—"What do you suppose I was doing with it?" Then Lenora passed her dish to Florence to take a bite and Florence took the dish saying, "Did you give me the whole thing?"

Francis (a little before noon on day of Exams.) "May I be excused?"

Miss V.—"No, I expect you had better spend your time on English."

Miss Vermillion was giving an examination in Geography. One question read—"Trace the way you would go from Plainville to Calcutta, India."

Ted Benedict said, "Why, I couldn't do that myself."

THE FUNNY SIDE OF P. H. S.

Mr. Brown—(In American History)
"Edna, tell all you can about Washington."

Edna—"Who? Me?"
Mr. B.—"No, Washington."

Lloyd B.—(after Freshman initiation)
"Well we ain't so green as they thought we was."

Lorene made a special effort to learn her poem in reading. When asked what she was learning, she replied, "Billy and Me."

In Psychology class they were experimenting when Miss Lambert asked them to close their eyes and imagine themselves to be standing on the track with the train coming.

Miss Lambert—"Marguerite, how did you feel?"

Marguerite—"I heard the train roll past."

Miss Lambert—"Millie, how did it seem to you?"

"Millie B.—"I felt like it was time I was getting off of there."

Mr. Brown—To a certain person, who had been up late the night before) "Sylvia, wake up!"

The results of the coming football game with Codell was a matter of great importance to the players of old P. H. S. Daisy tried to cheer them up by saying, "Oh, can't you beat them?" "Lurray beat them 0 to 0."

Some of the Senior boys attempted to "make up" Ted and Mildred B. to represent "Our Cousins," from the "Dark Continent." After vain attempts to erase the paint, Mr. Brown laughingly approached the girls and said: "Edna, who put that on your face?"

Edna—"Why, that George Spellman."

Prof.—(turning to Mildred) "Would George do anything like that to you?"

Mildred—"Yes, he'd do most anything."

Mr. Brown was reviewing Lincoln's speech in which he said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

Dale said, "Oh, that was Benjamin Franklin, that said that."

Some of the Normal Training Seniors were working a problem in Arithmetic and the answer came to 53%.

Sylvia—"What will we do with the % of a sheep?"

Lester—"Just call it a lamb."

Daisy—at window) "Oh boys! Come here and see this woman chasing a red cow with a baby."

Mr. Brown was going to give an oral outline of the campaign of the Civil War.

Eula—"What did he say the lesson would be for tomorrow?"

Mildred M.—"He is going through the war."

Eula—"Well there won't be a greasy spot left when he gets through."

Miss Vermillion—(In Physiology class to Stella W.) "Describe the mouth as a whole."

Guy O.—"How can I give her up; why she is dearer to me than anything in the world. What would you advise me to do."

Pete—"See a little more of the world, old man."

Miss Vermillion—(In English Class, quite pathetically) "Can you imagine anything worse than a man without a country." Lois B. (Just as pathetically) "Yes, a country without a man."

After a general exchange of seats Stubbs wrote on his "slate" and posted it in a conspicuous place. "A wise man sometimes gets his seat changed, but a fool never."

Ask Dale how far the moon is from the earth.

Who dared Roy to kick the dishpan?

Love is a funny thing,
Shaped like a lizard,
Steals down your throat,
And grabs hold of your gizzard."

A flirt is a rose of which everyone takes a petal and leaves the thorns for the future husband.

Ted Benedict, "Star" first baseman.

Wherever Lester goes he makes a hit.

Eula Tucker, champion fence climber.

H. S. pupils are all such good spellers—if you don't think so, ask Ted how to spell "gizzard."

It's funny how absent minded Professors get. Mr. Brown forgot to come to the Physics Class.

In the story entitled "The Flood," Guy A. said, "They fished from the Ark for five minutes."

Miss V.—(amused)—"Why, for only five minutes?"

Guy A.—" 'Cause they only had two worms."

NORMAL TRAINING CLASS.

Number enrolled, 11.

Motto—"We want to teach."

Flower—"White Rose."

Colors—"White and green."

Salary—\$50 per month.

Location—Anywhere we can get a school.

HE ALWAYS SMILES.

Earl sits just across the aisle,
And at Mildred he does smile,
He looks at Mary once in awhile,
All he does is smile and smile.

He lost his book, he did, he did,
Mary Curtis knows where it's hid,
It got passed across the aisle,
But Earl as usual did smile.

—S. W. '15.

There was a little Freshman
Who thought he was just right
He jumped onto a Sophomore
Of course they had a fight.
The Freshie kicked and hollered
The Scph he poked away,
The Freshie hollered, "Mamma!"
The Scph had won the day.
When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passin' of a cloud
When a fit of laughter gets ye,
And yer spine's a feeling' proud.
Why don't you up and fling it
At a soul that's a feeling blue,
For the minute that you throw it
It's a boomerang to you.

Professor—"The way you can tell the negro is by feeling of the nose. If you can detect a little bone or gristle in the end of the nose, the person is a Caucasian, but if you can press the nose down flat against the face, he is a negro. "See, like this," (pressing his finger on his nose it flattens out). He blushes, stammers, and then says, "er-er-er-oh well, that's just an experiment."

Mildred B.—(in Arithmetic) "Well, I never learned it that way."

Professor—"Well some people go to school all their lives and never learn anything."

Miss Vermillion—"Write the feminine of Bachelor."

Lester wrote—"Old Maid."

Viola—"Are you going to take Normal Training?"

Lois—"No, I am too "Wise" now."

I stole a kiss the other night
My conscience hurt alack.
I guess I'll go again tonight
And put that "blame" thing back.
—K. B. '15.

Stubb—(After attempting to arise from his seat). "What uncivilized (cuss) put gum in my seat?"

Ernest to Sylvia—"What are you doing over here?"

Sylvia—"Hunting for jokes."

Ernest—"Well, Freshmen aren't any Jokes."

Mr. Brown—(in Agriculture) "The Microbes are counted by means of powerful magnifying glasses."

Clarence—"How can they tell that they don't count the same one twice?" You said before they were always moving."

Mr. Brown—"Why, my boy, they have them trained before hand."

Extract of Freshman exam in Ancient History:

The destruction of Carthage was a great fall, the people miss the city very much. It was a great aid in National affairs."

"Just a sample of what our Freshies can do."

Bertha (soliciting names for the Domestic Science lunch)—"May I have your name?"

Fred W.—"This must be Leap Year."

Miss Vermillion (after a Stranger has visited the Physiology class) "Was that the State Inspector?"

After the return of the H. S. pupils from Hayes, one of the girls asked "Stubb" if he got a seat at the play. Stubb replied, "Yes, I got one on the radiator, but the joke of it was, the janitor went down and fired up."

Miss V. (in English) "Karl, what is the difference between a situation and a job?"

Karl—(excitedly) "A position is what you ask for, but a job is what you get."

Clarence G—"Hurry up Oley, or we will be late for the Wienne Roast."

Viola—"There you go again, when you know I can't hurry in my new 21-inch skirt."

"How unreasonable you are!"

Of in the stilly night

When slumbers chains have bound me,
The neighbors' dogs and the cats they fight,

And raise thunder all around me."

—Words of a Senior.

Miss Lambert—"Verl, what did Alexander the Great, do?"

Verl—"He licked the Romans."

Miss L.—"What else did he do?"

Verl—"I suppose he went home and lectured about it."

FAVORITE SAYINGS.

Prof. Brown—"I'm just mean enough to do that."

George—"What's the matter with you?"

Ethelyn—"Oh! I guess I'll get a drink."

Seniors—"Well! Well!"

Myrtle—"Now you quit."

Ted—"Oh! I'd just love to be a good (Reeder) reader."

Miss Lambert—"What?" Well!"

Mildred Baum—"By George."

Mr. Brown—"I've had a change of heart."

Miss Vermillion—"Don't you think so?"

Mildred Martin—"Oh, Jing!"

Dale—"Let me show you how."

Eula—"Au-U-U."

Ethelyn—"I laughed so hard I almost busted my——oh!"

Mr. Brown—"Let's have attention."

Ray—"Now get away."

Mr. Brown—"You Normal Training Seniors."

Cozetta—"I'll get even."

Versa—"Oh, he's just a cousin of mine."

Lily—"Ain't it, Charley?"

Lester—"What's a Destructive Adjective?"

Seniors—"Fire in each eye and papers in each hand,

They rave, recite and madden round the land."
—Pope.

Miss V.—"For she was just the quiet kind, whose nature never varies."
—Lowell.

Miss M.—Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye."

Miss V.—"Mr. Kinney, will you ventilate the room?"

Miss Morgan—"Murl, how would you work a negro for a ton of coal?"

Murl—"Axiom One."

DRAMATIC ART

DRAMATIC ART.

The two plays "A White Shawl" and "A Soldier's Sweetheart," which were given by the Plainville High School, revealed the dramatic ability of many of the High School students.

The first play, "A White Shawl," was given on November 14, 1913, under the direction of Mr. Brown. This farce comedy was exceptionally entertaining in that it was clever and witty. The success of the play depended much upon the cast and their adaption of their respective roles. It was the first time some had taken part in such work and all of them deserve praise.

The cast was as follows:

Dr. Adolphus Katz, with a fad.....	Everett Myers
Elizabeth Steele, sister to Katherine.....	Daisy Benedict
Katherine Steele, sister to Elizabeth.....	Myrtle Wise
Betsy Briggs, their aunt from the country.....	Eula Tucker
Arthur Clayton, engaged to Katherine.....	George Spellman
George Rydill, engaged to Elizabeth.....	Dale Reynolds

On the same evening of "A White Shawl," a farce comedy, "Murder Will Out," was given as a prelude. This was strictly a comedy, in which Ray Groom as an Irish servant girl, captivated the audience with his witty conversation and clever manners.

The cast was as follows:

Bridget O'Flarity, Irish servant girl.....	Ray Groom
Lena Styles, daughter of a parson.....	Marguerite Hall
Grandma Styles, grandmother of Lena.....	Mildred Baumgartner
May Taylor, friend of Lena's.....	Zilla Richolson
Minnie Smith, friend of Lena's.....	Bertha O'Brien
Dinah, a negro servant.....	Mamie Fischer

Not long after "The White Shawl" was given, a High School Dramatic Club was organized with John Hammar as Trainer. On December 19 and 20, 1913, this club gave "A Soldier's Sweetheart." As a whole the play was pleasing and well given; each member of the cast doing all in his power to make it a success.

The cast was as follows:

Victor Belmont, soldier and Elsie's lover.....	Ray Groom
Benjamin Lovell, Elsie's father.....	Dale Reynolds
Elsie Lovell, the soldier's sweetheart.....	Eula Tucker
Teddy O'Mally, Elsie's Irish-American cousin.....	Roy McPhail
Kate Tyson, Benjamin Lovell's ward.....	Myrtle Wise
Matilda Doblins, an old maid.....	Myrtle Anderson
Tommy Sprankling, Joseph Sprankling's brother.....	Guy Ordway
James, a servant.....	
Joseph Sprankling, a villain.....	
	Everett Myers

The Senior Play, "A Rival by Request," is to be given some time during commencement week. It is strictly comedy all the way through; full of many laughable predicaments, but fate has her way and straightens out every perplexing difficulty and each character is well pleased with his reward.

The cast is to be as follows:

Walter Pierson, young bachelor.....	George Spellman
Winthrop Symthe, his friend.....	Earl Richardson
Robert Burnett, retired business man.....	Lester Norris
Benjamin Briggs, a retired farmer.....	Lee Woods
Lord Albert Anthony McMullin, friend of Symthe's.....	Dale Reynolds
Alexander Muggin, Symthe's servant.....	Guy Ordway
Mrs. Burnett, wife of Robert Burnett.....	Mildred Baumgartner
Margaret Burnett, her daughter.....	Eula Tucker
Mrs. Briggs, wife of Benjamin Briggs.....	Fannie Frisbie
Eliza Briggs, her daughter.....	Edna Benedict
Mrs. Chatterton, housekeeper of Cosonople.....	Sylvia Brown

L. E. B., '15.



Annual Staff.

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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$20,000.00

A. C. FISCHER, President.

J. A. COLLINS, Vice President.

BERT B. McREYOLDS, Cashier.

A. C. WISE, Assistant Cashier.

W. R. Green & Sons.

A General Merchandise Store,

Where your wants will be looked after. The better grades of merchandise with prices that are right are considerations why we think it will pay you to trade with us.

W. R. Green & Sons.

Drugs, Jewelry, Optical and Photographic Supplies.

Our drugs are fresh and standard, Our jewelry is artistic. Our prescriptions are filled with care. Our photographic goods challenge improvement. Our optometrist tests your eyes without drops and does not guess as to results.

Telephone Bldg. Phone 224.

LAMBERT BROS. Props.

ARE YOU USING
ELECTRIC LIGHTS?

If not you are not using the best light there is and are paying nearly as much, to say nothing about the inconvenience of maintaining lamps which cost you nearly as much as electricity.

Will be pleased to submit prices on wiring your house and if after doing so you do not see fit to have it wired, it costs you nothing. May we not figure with you?

Have you milling wheat for sale? If so we want to buy it. We will pay the top of the market. Are you a user of flour? If so use Daisy or Cream.

We wish to thank you one and all for the liberal patronage we have received during the past years and assure you that we appreciate your patronage.

Plainville Mill & Elevator Co.

THE PLAINVILLE PHARMACY.

J. U. CATUDAL, PROP.

Carries a full line of Drugs
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Plainville, Kansas.

W. H. COLBY,

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Hats, Caps, Gent's Furnishing Goods.

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N. F. SHAW, President.

F. GAY, Vice President.
W. H. COLBY, Secretary.

J. E. COLBY, Treasurer

Other Directors: C. G. COCHRAN, C. H. BEERS.

The Plainville Mercantile Co.

Incorporated Under the Laws of Kansas.

A Department Store,

MAIN FLOOR:

**Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes and
Men's Furnishings.**

BALCONY:

Millinery Department.

SECOND FLOOR:

**Furniture Department,
Carpets, Rugs, Wall Paper and Paints.**

BASEMENT:

**Variety Store.
Queensware, House & Kitchen Hardware.
5-10-15 and 25c goods.**

**Telephone No. 5. Private Exchange Connecting
All Departments.**

START A BANK ACCOUNT.

Let us help you make it grow.
Interest paid on time deposits.
All Deposits Guaranteed,

The First National Bank

CAPITAL \$50,000.00 SURPLUS \$40,000.00

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VIRVIE NORRIS, Ass't Cashier. EARL T. GILLESPIE, Ass't Cashier.

The Palace Meat Market.

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We have anything you want in the building material line. Come and see it. Prices right. Estimates carefully furnished. Best Grades of Coal Always on Hand.

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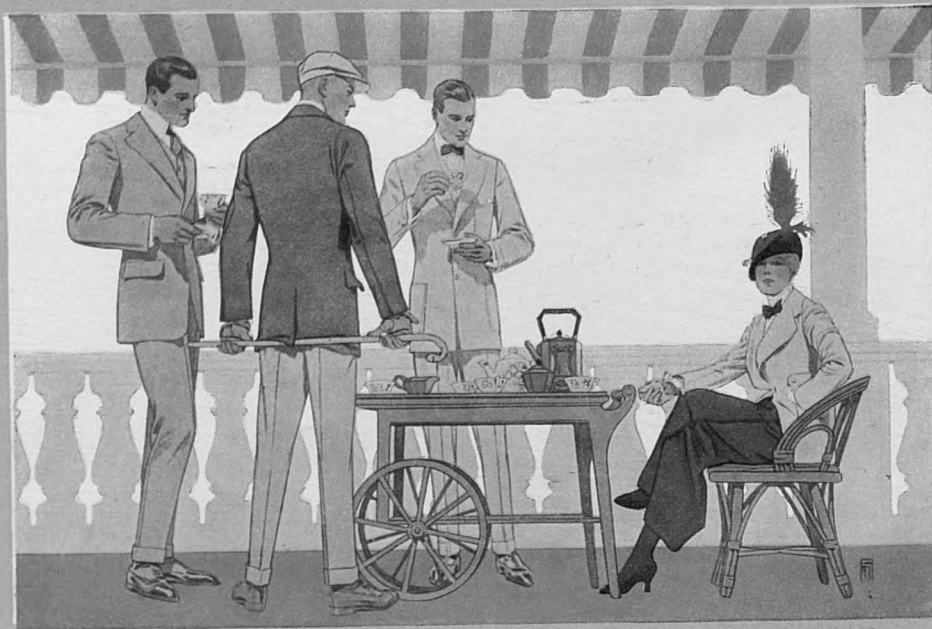
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The Hub, Geo. O. Westhusing, Plainville, Kansas



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Young men like you are unusually particular about the little style features in your clothes; the roll of the lapel; the fit of the trousers at the waist, the way they hang.

These are some of the things you'll get "just right" in Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes. You'll get the latest style, the newest fabrics, and you'll get wear that you can't equal.

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