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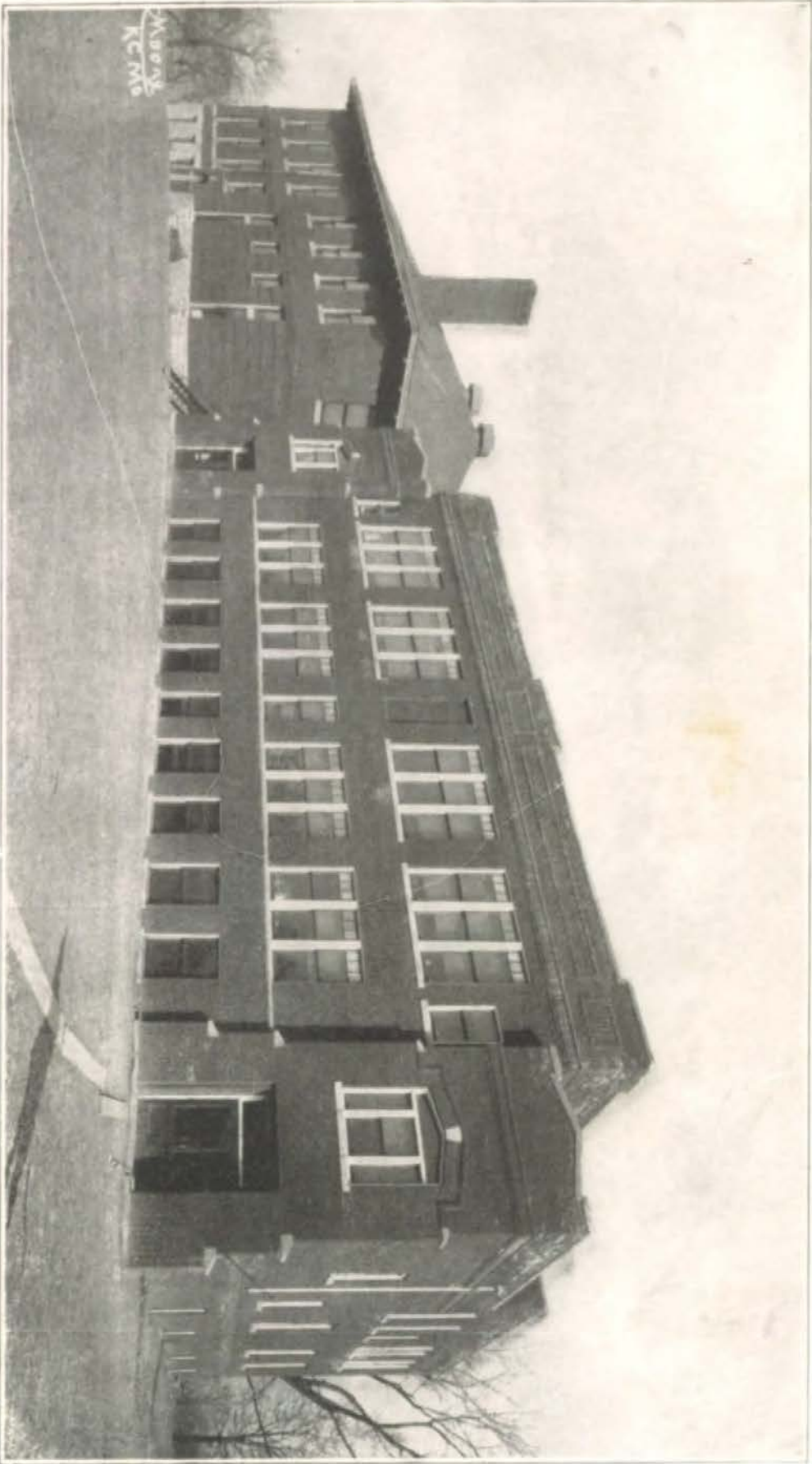
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To Charles K. Harris,
our friend and former teacher,
we affectionately dedicate
this volume of the
Mount Marty Annual

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The editorial section is always exceedingly interesting, because it is the one place in the annual where the students have an opportunity to express their feelings toward the general routine of the school work, or to uphold whatever branch of work that especially entices them. So many editorials have been suggested to this department that it has been extremely difficult for the people in charge to reduce it to its present size.

More interest has been shown this year in the success of the An-

nual than ever before since the beginning of its history. Never before has there been so large a number of headings to select from or so many stories for the literature department. The old saying of "give them an inch and they take a mile" very appropriately applies to Rosedale High School this year. She was given an inch by securing the debating cup for the Second Congressional district, but she was not satisfied until the basketball cups were won and the Annual was made a success.

ATHLETICS.

Although the word "Athletics" takes in a great field of activities, basketball consumes the greatest interest and time of the Rosedale High School student. But this is only natural, continued victories and silver cups are sufficient evidence that basketball should hold the principal position in our athletic sphere. No one doubts the advisability of upholding a boys' and girls' team that has lost only one game. These two teams closed their successful season by securing the two silver cups at the Baldwin Tournament. The girls progressed

even farther and obtained the state championship cup at Lawrence.

Our basketball skill has been shown, and now the time is opening for track and baseball, in which I am sure we will gain our share of the victories. The boys are very fortunate in having as their athletic teacher a former baseball star. We have the coach and the material for a splendid baseball and track team, so what is there to hinder us from widening our view of athletics by obtaining victories in these two branches as well as basketball?

DEBATE.

If an unacquainted person in Rosedale should have been to our first debate this year, he would have predicted that our golden days were yet to come. Instead, they have come. Never have debaters possessed such debating ability to climb higher and higher than the ones of the R. H. S. this year.

At the very beginning they entered into the contest with a vim and a spirit that outclassed all their

opponents, and won for them the district championship cup.

But, kind readers, do not think of such an erroneous idea as our debating faculties being ended here, as the team is already head over heels absorbed in books, as to reconstruct, or re-write their speeches for the semi-finals which will be held soon at Rosedale against Sheridan County High School.

ORCHESTRA OF R. H. S.

The Rosedale High School has an orchestra. Probably some people do not know this, but they have, and an exceptionally good one at that. Their first public appearance was made at the debate of February. The students and other members of the audience that night were greatly surprised at the ability of this orchestra, as the people there were very modest, and had never mentioned what a good orchestra they did have. They organized themselves almost as soon as school opened, and twice a week

for twenty-five minutes they have practiced regularly, and therefore should receive all the credit given them. With the many entertainments and festivities that we are looking forward to, we hope that the orchestra will take a leading role. These people are exceptionally lucky in having an instructress of such sterling qualities as they have, and we expect to see still greater results from them, as long as they continue under her general supervision.

VICTORIES WON.

Never in the history of R. H. S. has it ever been known for this school to carry off four silver loving cups, with a debating team trying for another. This year has been the most successful one that Rosedale has ever known. On the morning of March 3rd the girls' and boys' basketball teams journeyed to Baldwin to enter the district tournament for the H. S. On March 4th they came back home with two cups, and the name of

Champions of this Congressional district.

They then went to Lawrence on March 17th, and came back with the State Championship Cup that was offered to the champions of the girls.

Besides this our teams have only been defeated but once.

But basketball is not all that the school has been successful in. We had two debating teams, one of

which debated at home, while the other went away.

They succeeded in winning a cup for champions of this Congressional district, and three out of these six debators will now enter the semi-finals for one of the pret-

tiest cups ever offered by the state.

Probably a greater part of the victories could be attributed to the school spirit, and partly to the wonderful support given the school by our fellow citizens of Rosedale.

MAY FETE.

In defiance of the rain and gloom on May 17th the Rosedale schools held their annual May Fete. Although it was dark and uninviting on the open campus, where the May Fete is usually held, the Gymnasium provided a place so nice and cheery that the May Fete was a complete success. A throne was erected at one end of the Gym., beautifully decorated with roses and green leaves. Excepting the May pole dance the entire fete was as prettily carried out in the Gym.

as it would have been on the campus. Doris Reeds and Will Sullivan, elected by the Seniors as Queen and Lord of May, carried out the idea of dignity and reserve that one has of the queens and lords of European countries.

Work on the dances for the May Fete this year has been in progress for some time, as the Germans say, "ubung macht der Meister," so we are expecting to have a May Fete this year whose brilliancy will overshadow those of the past.



SOCIETY R.A.S.

DEBATING.

"What do you mean by the word 'Negative,' Johnnie?" asked the teacher of the Fifth Grade.

"Negative means 'not' or 'no'."

"Very well, and what does 'affirmative' mean?"

"'Affirmative' means 'yes,'" said the bright little boy.

The teacher was looking very pleased when a small piping voice rose from some far obscure corner of the room, saying, "No, that ain't what negative and affirmative means. Affirmative means Mabel, Clara and Helen, negative means Josephine, Marvin and Frank. Now I know, for my big sister goes up there at that big school and she's all the time coming home and telling us family about their happenings. I even heard her say about those two words negative and affirmative and I could tell you more about them but I ain't."

With this he again sat down in his obscure seat and all that could be seen of this know-all-but-won't-tell-nuthin' boy was a pair of big blue eyes shining just above the top of his desk.

But the other students were

eager to learn more of these two big words, so after much coaxing Johnnie again crawled from his seat and began telling about them.

"Well, you see there's six pupils up there what make up what they call a team. This team goes all over Kansas talking and making speeches. They say, or rather my sister said, as how they was pretty good talkers. At least she said the judges (you know the old men what decide who's the best talkers) well, he said as how they was the best. I know he said they was the best because they brought home a bright silver cup and I heard one of the high school boys say that it was won from the Second District.

"About two weeks ago I went to the high school with my sister and heard three of these negatives and affirmatives talk. You see, they had choosed the three best for this one debate. I went to sleep during the talk, but when I woke up I heard a lot of noise and people jabbering as how Rosedale was ready to go up against the semi-finals or something like that."

PHILOMATHIAN SOCIETY.

Shortly after school opened in September, 1915, a new society was formed in the Rosedale High School. This society was named the Philomathian Society. The organization is composed of about fifty members, there being not quite so many boys as girls. The society is divided into two equal parts. Members of the first part have charge of the entertainment the first time and the members of the second part are in charge at the next meeting, the meetings being every month on a Friday. The regular order of the entertainment is first a debate by two members from each side, followed by other numbers, such as readings, piano or vocal solos, because this society is not only for persons of literary ability

but musical as well. The meetings are always held in the evening so that the citizens of Rosedale have the chance to hear them.

The programs, that have been given by this society, have indeed been interesting. On one occasion a play was given and was a decided success. A mock trial was also given at one time, in which the accused was pronounced "not guilty." The other programs were well planned and were pleasing to the audience.

The society will be continued next year and we hope to make it a bigger success than before. We of the Rosedale High School would like to see all citizens come out to these entertainments and help to make them a success.

JUNIOR-SENIOR LEAP YEAR PARTY.

As a general rule our gym is one of the most barren and gloomy rooms in our high school. Not so on this particular evening, however, for on this eventful night the Juniors were giving us Seniors a Leap Year party. The lights were all aglow, and the faculty and many of the students had arrived.

Girl: "Hi, everybody. Say, don't this old gym, loom up. Give it to the Juniors, though, whenever you want anything to look nice. Gee, this looks swell."

One of Faculty: "Good evening, and what boy did you bring."

Girl: "Oh, I belong to that one over there. I nearly walked my soles off hunting him up. Never again do I take a boy to a party, if I live to see fifty leap years. Come on, frail one, and let's take off our wraps."

(The frail one followed without so much as a side glance. It surely must be humiliating for a boy to allow a girl to order him around like that. But suffrage exists in our high school as well as in politics.)

After nearly all the students had arrived the games were in order. Each participant was given a slip of paper and pencil and requested to find what several objects meant which had been placed on a bench.

He: "Say, what did you put down for this onion? It says it is supposed to represent a body of water."

She: "I put down that it meant tears. Some people weep large quantities of tears, you know. By the way, that red letter 'A' over there, they say it means a book. Have you got that?"

He: "Nope, but it might mean— Oh, I can't figure any of them out, let's go copy them from some of those smart teachers over there."

At this juncture refreshments were announced. A draw was taken to see who were to be partners to supper.

First Girl: "Gee, look who I've got. Just my luck to get some boy about six feet shorter than I."

Second Girl: "I'm sure glad about the one I got. Do you know, I'm crazy over that boy, but he never— Oh, come on, let's go eat."

They rushed pell-mell up the stairs and into the dining room. At the threshold they stopped abruptly, bringing every one in the rear to a sudden halt, and nearly resulting in a collision.

First Girl (at door): "Oh-oo-oo, but doesn't this dining room look perfectly grand. Oh, those dear old Juns, they surely can decorate." And again the long line of hungry students began to move.

They were all seated, and for a wonder no one was speaking. You cannot talk and eat at the same time, you know, and talking was as far removed from this group as a Senior is from a Freshman.

First Girl: "Well, I really must go, but I do want to thank you Juniors for the loveliest evening I have ever spent."

Second Girl: "Yes, and I want to tell you how perfectly grand your lunch was. Here is hoping the Juniors entertain us again."

Written by a Senior.



GRADUATIONAL.

When soon we leave our old high
 school
 And take the world-long, life-time
 trail;
 When self-esteem and pride doth
 cool,
 If deep in need our heart might fail,
 Spirit of Old, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

As dearest friends pass one by
 one,
 As good old times e'er grow more
 dim,
 When scarce remembered is our
 fun,
 If then, perchance, we lack for vim,
 Spirit of Old, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Or, if we find the trail be smooth
 And the broad path with roses
 strewn,
 If then, dull ease our soul doth
 soothe
 And our ideals we lose too soon,
 Spirit of Old, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If lax with too much power we
 fail
 To labor for our own mankind,
 To listen to our brother's wail
 And good instincts die in our mind,
 Spirit of Old, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Spirit of 'Sixteen, ne'er leave us,
 No! Always guide us just as now,
 For in thee do we place our trust,
 To follow thee, we vow,
 Spirit of Old, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Marvin Allen, '16.



President.....Frank McDonald

In youth and beauty, wisdom is but rare.

Vice-President.....Forest Liddle

Oh, a most dainty, dandy man.

Sec'y-Treas.....Kirk Wood

There should be more time for sleeping around this institution.

Russell Davis.

Liberal hands make many friends.



Clinton Sayers.

Slow but thoughtful are his actions.

Bernardine O'Brien.

Who said the days of goddesses were gone?

Clara Buck.

Knights fought for such as she.

Grace Hanna.

Do not live by the week only, but live every moment of the day.



Paul Grabske.

Hercules' rival.

Hazel Kelsey.

She's here, she's there, she's everywhere.

Marvin Allen.

All it takes is concentration, systematization and application.

Grace Hampton.

Quiet and reserved is she.



Roy Hagstrom.

All great men are dying, and I
feel badly myself.

Edith Wheatley.

A perfect girl, nobly planned, to
warm, to comfort and command.

(A maid of this century, but, O,
so meek.)

Fred Reese.

Mascot of 1916. Because a man
doesn't talk is no sign he has noth-
ing to say.

May McAdams.

Speech is great, but silence is
greater.

JUNIORS '17.

In former years there has been considerable strife among the classes in R. H. S., each trying to outdo the other. We, the Juniors, hope sincerely that in future years this strife will be done away with. We do not mean by this to sit calmly by and let the other classes get ahead of us, but merely establish a friendly brotherhood among the classes, each helping the other in his daily tasks.

Previous to this time the upper class men have looked down on the under class men as being very small and insignificant, but we mean to live up to the teaching of our forefathers, namely that "All men are created equal." In our case, we, in the place of men, apply class, thus making the proverb read: "All classes are created equal."

We do not claim, however, to be wholly free from faults, because no one can be perfect, but we hope to do away with some of our greatest

faults. Now we suppose you have all heard of Johnnie Nolan. He is a very small Junior boy. But he has one large fault, namely, that he has a strong liking for a new girl who has recently joined our class, and then, too, some of our girls love certain flowers (sweet Williams) that we do not approve of. One other great fault is that we have a very small number of boys in our class, and Marian Anderson has been unable to find a suitable suitor. We have been unable as yet to break one of our girls from having a fondness for "Liddle" boys.

The faults mentioned in the preceding paragraph are our greatest ones, and as we have been spending most of our time in trying to stop the growth of these, we have spent too little time in eliminating the ones we have. But we think that by the time we have reached our Senior year that we will have done away with most of these.

'17 JUNIORS

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Royal Purple and White.

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- Myrtle Anderson
- Marian Anderson
- Grace Angus
- Helen Barnett
- Agnes Bennett
- Mary Callahan
- Helen Colver
- Jeanette Eckert
- Harvey Galloway
- Mabel Grabske
- Oliver Howells
- Will Hervey
- Grace Isles
- Ethel Johnston
- Bertha Johns
- Lucile Mike
- George Matthews
- Hazel McGee
- John Nolan
- Will Swarner
- Pauline Thomas
- Annabeth Vaughn



Bethel Young Men's Club, Lenoir, Va.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE PARTY.

"Come on, let's get our coats," said a Freshman girl to a Sophomore girl as they were ready to leave the Sophomore party.

"All right, let's hurry before the crowd comes. My, what a pretty dress you have on."

"Oh, do you think so? I think your's is just beautiful."

"Thanks, so much. Wasn't Janet Johnson's dress pretty?"

"It surely was. I never saw her look so nice."

"Did you see who Josephine came with?"

"Yes; weren't you surprised?"

"Yes I was, and did you notice who Gladys came with? Did she ever go with him before?"

"I don't know, do you?"

"No, I wish I did. Weren't those folk dances great?"

"I should say so. They are not so tiresome as those old guessing games. I do hate to have to try to work my brain over some old guessing game."

"So do I."

"And say, weren't those eats good? I had two dishes of cream. The Sophomores surely know we like to eat."

"We are glad you like our party. Why don't you give us one?"

"I don't know. Are you ready?"

"Yes; just a minute, 'till I get my gloves. All right, let's go."

SOPHOMORES.

You ask us what we've done this
year,
Not much to make a show, I fear.
We've studied hard and made good
grades;
We've been good laddies and good
maids.

In basketball we've done our part,
And in debate we've made a start,
While three good programs have
we had,
So good they made the others sad.

To little Freshmen we've been kind
And shown them teachers they
must mind;
We took them on a hike one day
And later gave a party gay.

As Juniors we will not be grinds,
But still we will improve our minds;
And when proud Seniors we shall be
Examples for the world to see.

Ruth Markham.



OFFICERS.

President.....James Burke
Vice-President.....Edmund Rose
Sec'y-Treas.....Ruth McCall
Sponsor.....Miss Kenney
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- William Connolly
- Florence Coughlin
- Mabel Covey
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- Constance Johnson
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K. E. K.



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 Anna Schoeller
 Helen Slater
 Thomas Spencer
 Margaret Sperry
 Frank Stewart
 Miller White
 Ruth Winslow
 Frank Wood



THE FRESHMAN.

To young Freshman said his father,
With a grade card in his hand:
"What mean all these letters on
here?
I don't seem to understand.

Then young Freshman to his father
Unabashed and undismayed:
"Well, they do seem quite a bother,
But each letter's for a grade.

"A, you see, would stand for aw-
ful
B, of course, is mighty bad,
C, they always put for common,"
Thus he spake unto his dad.

"D is past the dead line grading,
E is excellent on the book,
F is simply finest ever,"
He went on with truthful look.

Said his father to the Freshman,
Pride in every look betrayed:
"I am proud, indeed, to see the
Excellent grades you've made."

Thelma Blevins.

ALUMNI.

"Number, please?"

"Rosedale 59."

"Rosedale fi-i-ive ni-i-ine?"

"Right."

"Trying to get your party."

"Hello."

"Hello. High School?"

"Yes."

"This is Ann Alumnus speaking. Thought I'd call up and see how everything is getting along on the hill."

"Just fine, Ann, but tell us a little about yourself and the rest of the family. We haven't seen nor heard much of you lately."

"Oh, we're all well and able to be about. We all want to get up and see you once in awhile, but we can't negotiate the climb since we broke training."

"Oh, come now, Ann, don't crawl-fish that way. 'Fess up, now, you have either forgotten us or else you don't think there is any high school since you graduated."

"Now listen, High School, and let's get this thing straightened out. You know blessed well I think our class is the best ever, but so does everyone in the family think that his class is and always will be the best. But don't get it into your head that we have forgotten you. I'll betcha anything that there wasn't any one of you more tickled than we were when the girls won at Lawrence and Effingham crawled under the table in that inter-district debate. We're for you, High School, first, last and all the time. And we gotta admit that the High

School is getting better every year. Understand now, we said High School, not classes. Of course, if that 'steen class of mine was there now you might be better off, but speaking of the High School as a unit, I have to admit that you have it on us and all the rest. But don't get it into your head that old R. H. S. has reached her zenith. She'll keep on climbing after you and all the rest there now are gone.

"We haven't much time to come up and see you, but I don't want you to think that we have forgotten you. You know, High School, we are pretty well scattered now. A lot of us are teaching school, poor souls, and some of us are married. and one or two doing this or that—well, you know how it is when a bunch gets separated and their interests center in different things.

"But, say, you might arrange some sort of a reunion day and invite us all up to see you. Last year we had sixty or seventy alumni at the banquet. I believe we would all make a special effort if you would come right out and tell us to come up and say hello in person."

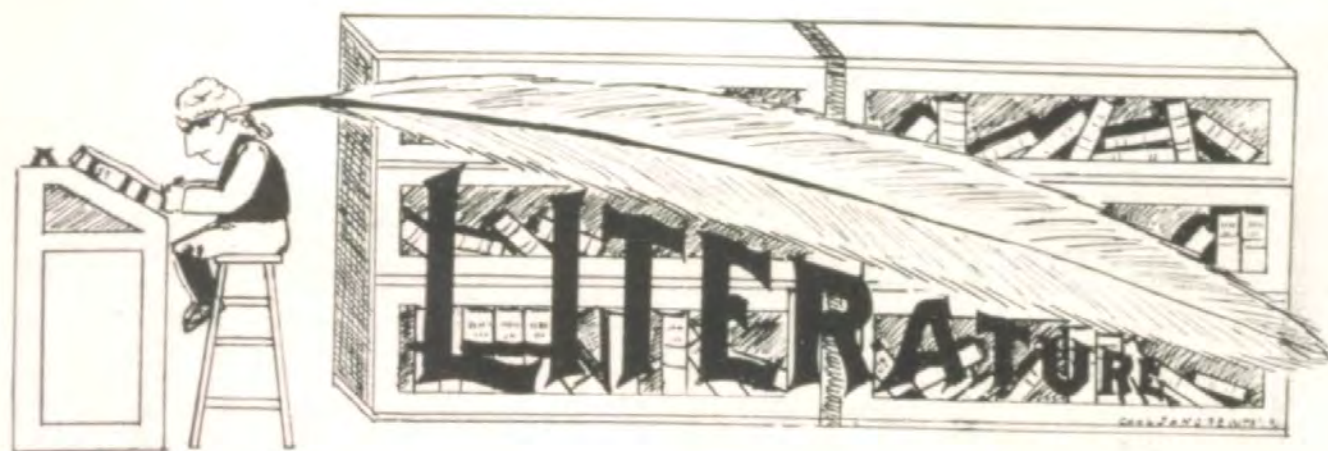
"Well, High School, I don't want to make you late for your next class. Luck to you and bushels of it."

"Same to you, Ann, call us up once in awhile and come up whenever you can."

"I'll do that very same thing, High School. Good-by."

"Good-by."





A GIFT TO THE EMPIRE.

So Hortense had broken because of the war! In such times, she had said, she could not marry a Socialist. Well, perhaps best so. He could not, he would not give up his principles. Give up his ideals for a girl? Fight, main, kill, for a girl's whims?

Eduard Strauss clenched his teeth with determination, and strode on through the crowds. He looked very grim and out of place there, in the midst of Yule-tide throngs. What a contrast to the children, trooping merrily up and down the streets, carolling the "Nativity," his "Nativity," to earn comforts for the wounded. Even the Russian prisoners in the streets seemed to sense the atmosphere of good cheer, and to swing their picks with almost cheerful gusto. In front of the Palace he passed the huge wooden statue of Hindenburg, now almost entirely covered with nails. His eyes narrowed, and the muscles of his cheeks bulged in vain contraction.

Such men as Hindenburg, such

exponents of militarism and war; such senseless soldiers; they were causing all of his trouble. They had come between Hortense and himself; they and her foolish, patriotic love of the Fatherland. He almost shook his fist in the face of the great field marshal. He shivered, and drew his cloak around him closer.

This atmosphere of war; these marching soldiers with their silly "goose-step," they were getting on his nerves. He would go away—go away to his country place. He turned toward the "Bahnhof" with the decisive air of a determined man.

As he sank back in his seat, a tall, rather old man, in the uniform of an officer, and wearing an Iron Cross of the first class on his breast, entered the car, escorting an old, white-haired lady.

Peace and war, thought Eduard cynically. But as he took a closer look, he saw that her lips were twisted horribly; her eyes stared, and her slender white hands clutch-

ed at phantom threads on her spotless black dress. It was war! War! Couldn't he get away from it? And he swung toward the window. But his ears were open. The old lady was talking.

"Three of them! Three of them! Three of them!" she moaned in endless repetition. And as she talked she rocked back and forth as if in mortal pain, and counted the fingers of her right hand to correspond with the words.

Two young girls across the aisle from the old couple tittered audibly, and stared curiously at the cause of their mirth, the old lady. The officer accompanying her cleared his throat with a martial air and looked at them with a severe glance.

The old lady continued to rock back and forth, and to count her fingers, sobbing all the time, "Three of them! Three of them! Three of them!" With each repetition, the girls giggled louder, until soon the entire car was watching them and the queer old lady. The situation soon became so unbearable that

the distinguished looking officer bent over and touched one of the young ladies on the shoulder.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but please restrain your mirth. My wife has just made a present—a Christmas present to the Empire. Our three sons were killed at Ypres, only yesterday."

A present to the Empire! The thought crashed like a shot through Eduard's mind. A present to the Empire! Now he saw why Hortense broke the engagement.

As the train drew up at Bremen to allow a Red Cross train to pass, a young man jumped onto the platform before the wheels had stopped turning. He rushed into the telegraph office. He rushed out, past the office of the conscripting agent, and into an office emblazoned with: "Volunteer now for service for the Empire!"

In the telegraph office the telegrapher was tapping out: "Have joined the Twenty-third Brandenburgers. Leave for Argonne tomorrow. Meet me at Berlin. Eduard." —Marvin Allen, '16.



WAITING

I lookit oot upon the sea
In hope that ship would meet my
 een.

Alas! I couldna see a thing,
And then how my pare een did
 sting.

My mither watched wi' eager een
To learn if that ship I had seen,
But next day came and was the
 same,
Wi' ne guid news to tak' to hame.

For mony days I looked in vain,
The thought this brought made my
 heart pain,
But for my mither's sake I went
Each day upon this duty bent.

Hooray! Hooray! A ship I see,
Not far oot on the deep blue sea!
I danced wi' glee upon the shore,
And down the beach I madly tore.

The ship drew up close to the dock,
The plank was lowered to the block,
I scanned the faces as they passed,
And finally came Jock's face at last.

And O, the gladness it did bring,
When in the room oor Jock did
 spring,
Then mither said wi' tears in een,
"I knew my lad would soon be hame.

And so my bairnes, ye will find
That everything, I'll have ye mind,
Will come out right if you will do
What we have done, my lad, for
 you."

—Ethel Johnston, '17.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

"Are you going to the Junior-Senior Prom?" asked Ed of his room-mate, Grey.

"You bet you. And you?"

"O, I don't know, I'm not a Beau Brummel like you. Say, get me a girl and I'll go."

"Do you mean it?"

"Mean what?"

"Why, that if I get you a girl you will go."

"Say, haven't you roomed with me long enough to know that I mean what I say?" was the laughing response.

"All right, then, leave it to me."

This short conversation took place in the halls of the High School building just two weeks before the annual Junior and Senior Reception. It had always been the custom that a boy could not go without a girl, and that is perhaps the reason why Ed had hesitated.

But Grey was true to his word.

The next morning there appeared on the bulletin board this notice:

Wanted: A girl to take to the Junior-Senior Prom. All applicants please call West 1509 and ask for Ed.

"Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do, Jeanne?" wailed Marjorie to her friend. "Here is a letter saying that Maude will be here to spend the week of our Prom with me, and

I don't know who will take her, because two can't go with one boy."

"Oh, something will turn up," said Jeanne, optimistically.

"But I don't want just a something, it must be a boy."

"Oh, well, then, he will show up, if that is satisfactory."

"Well, can't you suggest some one or something? You don't realize how desperately I feel. You can't imagine how—"

"Oh, I know," shouted Jeanne, "I saw on the bulletin board this morning about a boy wanting a girl, or something like that. Let's go see."

They proceeded to go to the hall and read the notice.

"Fine, fine," said Marjorie. "I will call right away."

"West 1509, please—Hello, Ed?—May I speak to him, please?—Hello, this is, ah—well never mind who it is, but I saw your notice on the board and I called. I have a friend coming from Olathe the week of the Prom, and as two girls can't go with one boy, I wondered if she would do. What?—Oh, is she pretty? How absurd, of course she's pretty—Where will you meet? Why couldn't you call?—Oh, surely, that will be fine, then you'll meet her at the door of the gym that night. Can I trust you?—Can you trust

me! Well, I don't think I would be undergoing these embarrassing circumstances if I were not in earnest. —All right, then, you'll be as you call it, 'Johnny on the Spot.' ”

The two weeks flew rapidly and the night of the Prom arrived. Maude went and so did Ed. They met at the door of the gymnasium.

“Why, Maude!”

“Why, Ed.”

“Of all the happy circumstances, is it really you?”

“It really is I, but can it be you?”

“You haven't changed a bit.”

“Neither have you.”

It is evident that these two were not strangers. Dame gossip told us that they had been chums in their kindergarten days. But what is a few years of separation when they can be bridged in one evening.

Although their Prom days are over, they cannot help looking back and smiling at the memory of the first one they attended together.

—Mary Callahan, '17.



WHEN LEAP YEAR BROUGHT A CHANGE.

Danny McConnel, fifth grader of the Penn School, swung disconsolately on his grandmother's gate. Danny wasn't a bad boy at all, as you have perhaps supposed. In fact his round soap scoured cheeks still burned and his heart still smote him when he thought of the time that Clara Bell had laughed at him and called him "Goody," when he had offered her the rosy apple he had spent the previous evening in polishing. She had never called Billy Malone "Goody." Oh, no! Billy wasn't afraid to swagger down the aisle and catch his fingers in Clara Bell's golden curls. But Clara Bell was always ready to turn her books over to Billy to carry home at four o'clock.

This year was leap year, and this year the girls were to give valentines to the boys. That very morning Danny had seen Clara Bell stop to look at the gay array of valentines in the drug store window, and he knew that one of those would go to Billy Malone.

Danny didn't sleep very well that night, and in his dreams he thought he saw a huge comic valentine chasing him over the school yard, while Billy laughed at him and called him "Goody."

The next day Miss Jane's favorite surprised her by doing every

thing under the sun which he should not have done. He tipped over his ink bottle, threw paper wads at Billy Malone, and munched at a huge apple behind his geography, while Clara Bell stared at him, horrified but thrilled.

That night Danny thought of a way to arouse Clara Bell's jealousy. He would show her that someone would give him a valentine if she didn't. He earned a quarter at the grocery store, and by emptying his bank, he had enough to buy the pink violin in the window, which he knew the girls had been admiring. He also bought a huge comic valentine. Addressing the pink violin to himself and the comic valentine to Billy, he slipped both into the Valentine Box and somehow managed to jump through the window to the ground below before Miss Jane saw him.

A few minutes later Clara Bell went to the box, undecided as to whom to send her valentine. When she saw the envelope on which Danny's name was written in huge capitals, it didn't take long to decide.

That year Danny got two valentines, and Clara Bell's books got a new carrier, while Miss Jane sadly shook her head as Danny's grade in deportment went lower and lower.

—Annabeth Vaughn, '17.

THE MEETING.

In Highlands bleak so far away,
There was a bonny lass at play,
And near an unassuming lad
Was smiling, yet he was so sad.

This lad, the lass when she did spy
Looked at the ground, then at the sky;
And so the lad went sad all day,
Because the lass was shy at play.

But the next day they chanced to go
To the hill side where flowers grew.
This time they did not look around,
But at each other frowned and frowned.

Next day they met upon highway,
"How do you do," he then did say.
The bonny lass here did reply,
"I thank you, Sir, very well am I."

This little tale, as tales of yore,
Could go on telling more and more,
But what's the use when you can guess
That it did end with happiness.

—Mary Callahan, '17.

BISQUE OR RED WIGS.

"Confound you, Jack Merton, but hanging is too good for you! This last joke of yours is beyond the limit! If it weren't for my being thrown out of the hotel, I would thrash you within an inch of your life," exclaimed Dick Manton, his handsome face disfigured with an angry scowl. "Look! This watch says four A. M. A fine time to get home! Never you mind! Some of these days I will have a little drama of my own, with revenge as a climax. A fine stunt you pulled off! Take that, you old duffer," and a punch landed in the sleeper's side. "Drove up to the hotel in your auto last night, a veiled woman in the back seat, your deaf and dumb aunt, you said. And as you were not feeling well, and I was your best friend, would I drive her out to your Lake Shore home? Man alive, I could choke you when I think of it! Eight miles in the moonlight with a deaf and dumb woman! If I were a jury I would send you up for life, for when I went to help the lady alight, I held a bisque figure in my arms. What a laughing stock I would be if any of the boys saw me! You can bet, I hurried down and pitched her into the lake. I'd no sooner started back than I was seized, "Caught in the act, willful murder," and a pair of handcuffs were put on me by the

sheriff, who had seen the whole thing. The old whiskers took me to jail and locked me up with a crazy negro, who insisted I dance the tango, and every time I quit, he pinched me, till all the prisoners laughed. If it were not for one little fellow with a streak of Sherlock Holmes in him I might be hanging. The little fellow went out to look around, and pretty soon he came back yelling:

"I found her, here she is. Her dress had caught on some brush, and I pulled her out."

"Just then his foot caught on a nail in the floor and down he came, and your deaf and dumb aunt made a beautiful bisque shower on the floor. That's right, you imp, snore, pretend you are asleep," and he gave the sleeper's curly hair a vigorous pull. "Listen! If you make a noise or disturb me when you get up, there'll be murder in reality. If anyone asks for me, tell them I have the smallpox, measles, or anything else that comes into your head. I don't want to be disturbed," and worn out, Dick was soon fast asleep.

The sun was high in the heavens, when a stray beam crept over the sleeper's face, where a smile had driven the frown away. He threw back his head, brushed the dark

locks from his forehead, and slowly opened his brown eyes.

"By Jove! It must be late. What do you say, little old watch? Twelve thirty? Gee, I must hurry!" Then he remembered the night before. Dressing hurriedly, he wrote a note, and gave it to the bell boy to deliver.

"That ought to bring him to time. Old Jack is not afraid of any man, but as shy of girls as a fellow ever was. Not that he dislikes them, for he admires them. Old Scout, how he blushes when one speaks to him." There was a mischievous twinkle in Dick's eye, as he hurried out to lunch.

That evening a young girl was sitting by her window. There was a pout on her lips as she thought, "I wonder why father is so strict. I am so weary of hearing, you can't do this, and you can't do that! I'm sure he does not know how I long for a little fun. Why, there comes Anna! I wonder what is the matter!"

"Hello, Lucile," called Anna as the door opened, "take my things, quick. Look at this paper; I want to show you something. What do you think of the fellow who wrote this?"

"Why, Anna, I think it is a case of plain lonesomeness. He's probably just longing for a little fun.

I'll tell you what, I'll answer that in the morning. I'll call there and wear the costume I wore in the play last month. You know how real everyone said I took my part." And giving Anna an affectionate little squeeze she pulled her upstairs.

The next morning as Jack Merton and Dick sat in their law office, Jack, yawning, drew back his chair. "This is going to be an awful dreary day. Look at those heavy clouds out there; they give me the blues. It looks as if it might rain forever."

"O! forget it, Jack; this is going to be a jolly day, rain or no rain."

"Look Dick, who is the woman coming toward our office? Find out what she wants, will you?"

"Do it yourself. I am going to phone," exclaimed Dick with a guilty look on his face.

"Good marnin', gintlemen. Is yer honor, Mr. Jack Merton in?" exclaimed the little red-haired, freckled face girl, as she bounded into the room, her funny little bonnet bobbing up and down.

"At your service, Miss," said Jack, somewhat embarrassed. "What may I do for you?"

"Well, as I like the looks of ye, I'll tell ye. Did ye be after putting this in the paper? I'd rather rade it to ye meself, if ye don't object. 'Wanted—A girl, young, good

looking, who can lend employer thirty thousand dollars, paid back on interest. Thirty dollars a week salary. See Mr. Jack Merton, Five hundred and nineteen Temple building.' ”

Glancing at his friend's guilty face, he stammered, “Yes,” not to be outdone.

“Well, I am awful ugly, but yer honor would not mind a little bit of a thing like that, being as I am so kind and good hearted? My, and what do interest mean? I have the thirty thousand dollars me grandfather left me. He do be dead, the poor man. Could ye explain to me about the interest?”

“Some other time,” said Jack, looking out the window at the storm that was beginning to break.

“O! yer honor, it is raining, and I never brought an umbrella.”

“Never mind, little girl, my car is outside, and as I am going home now, I'll take you to your home first,” said Jack, glancing memacingly at Dick, who was very busy at the phone.

“I wonder what has got into the old fellow, and she so homely, too. Just his good heartedness, I guess. I'll jolly him about it when he comes back.”

“Hello, Jack! How is the little Irish valentine?” said Dick when they met in the office later. “My,

that was an awful storm, I bet she was scared to death. What are you smiling about?”

“Oh, nothing, only I thought she was rather amusing.”

“So that's it. I did not think she would affect you that way—such an ugly girl, and you so shy, too.”

“Never mind, Dick, beauty is only skin deep.”

“Jack,” said Dick some months later, “where have you been spending your evenings? Why you've completely deserted your old friends, and you're getting so serious, too.”

“Well, Dick, I wondered if you had noticed it: I am rather glad you have, for it will make it easier to tell you. I want you to be my best man.”

“What; Who is the girl?”

“Why, you do not mean to tell me you do not know? It is the little Irish girl. Who else?”

“Love is certainly blind, Jack, but when is the wedding to be?”

“Next week, Dick, with just a few friends present.”

“All right, I'm with you.”

The wedding day came. Full of curiosity, Dick arrived at the bride's home. “Poor Jack, I wonder what there was about that little Irish girl that attracted him,” he thought. Just then Jack came in with a beautiful girl.

"But what about the little Irish girl?" asked Dick, later, still puzzled.

"Why, here. You know I took her home in the storm that day. Just as we got in front of her home she stumbled, and fell, and a red wig went flying down the street. Her ankle was sprained, so I had to

carry her into the house, and she confessed that she was only masquerading to have a little fun. I met her father and found he was a school chum of my father's—in fact, they were boyhood friends. So here we are, thanks to you, old fellow. And the joke was on you, after all."

—Bernardine O'Brien, '16.

THROUGH THE STORM.

The day was fast drawing to a close. The somber gray blanket of sky added to the dreariness and darkness of the late winter afternoon. A cold wind swept down from the northwest, carrying with it miniature squalls of snow and sleet. Far across the river the land rose and dipped, and the long gentle swells mounted higher and higher. A heavy fog was slowly and steadily descending upon the dark and swiftly flowing river, obliterating from view the opposite bank.

As dusk fell and darkness came on, the wind freshened into a gale. The fine sleet and snow swirled in rapid flight, and dashed against my face with the stinging force of a whiplash. The muddy road now fast freezing, was no flowery path of ease to traverse. Huge black masses sprang up along the road-

side, and during an occasional lull in the wind, I could perceive the limbs of the trees bowed down with their burden of sleet and snow. I stumbled up a long hill, sometimes breaking through half frozen puddles of water, sometimes slipping and falling over ice coated stones.

After a long struggle with the treacherous pitfalls of this lonely, dark and isolated country road, I topped a rise and could see the dimmed lights of the town through the whirling veil of snow. Less than a quarter of a mile away waited a warm, cheerful fireside, a hot supper, and a good warm bed. I plunged down the hill at a break-neck speed in my eagerness to reach my destination. Shivering, wet, and half frozen I stumbled into the house, home at last.

—George Matthews, '17.

THE CATERPILLAR.

Of all the things I've ever seen,
The funniest one was on a screen.
'Twas long and round and soft and light,
I had to laugh to see the sight.

It had a funny little head,
A mullein leaf served as its bed.
Its eyes and mouth were very small,
Its ears you couldn't see at all.

—Annabeth Vaughn, '17.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

A little brown bird sat high in a tree
As proud as a bird could well nigh be.
Beneath her wings was a small bald head
With eyes that winked, and blinked, and said:

"Oh, what a place this world must be,
With trees as far as a bird can see!
There are flowers of blue and grass of green,
Oh, what great fun these things will mean!"

—Oliver Howells, '17.

ELSIE'S PINK SHOES—A FAIRY STORY.

"O, Mother, I wish I might have some pink shoes to wear with my dress!" exclaimed Elsie Brock as she stood before the mirror looking at her new pink dress.

"Who ever heard of a little girl wearing pink shoes? You must be happy with a new pink dress, for I cannot afford to buy the shoes, too," replied her mother.

That night when Elsie had gone to bed, and while she was thinking how nice it would be to have a pair of pink shoes, she heard a tap at the window. Outside on the window sill a tiny fairy crouched beside a beautiful pair of pink shoes.

"Open the window," commanded the fairy.

Elsie sprang out of bed, and was at the window in a second. Up went the window and in came the fairy with the shoes.

"You must promise to be a good girl," said the fairy.

"Oh, I surely will!" replied Elsie, but the fairy had vanished.

In the morning when Elsie found that the pink shoes really were hers,

her joy knew no bounds.

"Oh, mother, see the beautiful pink shoes a tiny fairy gave me!"

"Can't you stop your nonsense! You must help me now. Pick up your playthings. I am preparing for company for dinner."

"You never let me have any fun, without telling me to do some horrid thing," angrily retorted Elsie.

Stamping across the room, she jerked up a basket and began throwing her playthings into it. Just then she heard a tiny voice saying:

"If you want to wear your pink shoes, you must be a good girl."

Running to the bureau drawer, she discovered that her shoes were rapidly getting smaller. The next minute, Elsie was running down stairs crying.

"I'll do anything you want me to do today."

That evening a tired little girl peeped into her dresser drawer. "Oh! my beautiful pink shoes! They are as large as ever!"

—Ethel Schoeller, '19.

IN MEMORIAM

Marvin Allen:

Now his poor, lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.
He ever talked while us among,
This garrulous young knave.

Clara Buck:

Here lies our honored Clara Buck,
Who's to our school oft brought good luck;
And may she ever rest in peace,
With honors that will never cease.

Russell Davis:

His hair was red, 'twas after said,
Hot was his temper, too.
But just the same all honor his name,
And for him mourn not few.

Paul Grabske:

Beneath this stone,
He's sought his home;
His name is Paul Grabske.
Of all on earth, above, below,
To him we're sure the imps will bow.

Roy Hagstrom:

Just three feet down, in sweet repose,
Our darling Roy doth lie.
His last words (spoken thru his nose)
Were these: "Good bye, good bye!"

Grace Hampton:

May this one's grave be ever green;
She's seldom heard and rarely seen.
We hope some day to meet our Grace,
When up above we take our place.

Grace Hanna:

And now while tear dimmed eyes we hide,
To graven stone our thoughts confide:
Grace was our joy, our greatest pride;
Among the angels may she bide.

Hazel Kelsey:

Farewell to thee, thou auburn haired fairy;
Farewell to thee, Hazel Kelsey.
And in a kinder, brighter land,
May many suitors seek thy hand;
May riches come, and beauty stay,
Yes, beauty stay just as today.
Of course, we know which way you went,
An angel "Shure" must pay your rent.

Forest Liddle:

L—ittle, which we know he was,
I—interesting, no doubt.
D—darling was his moustache fuzz,
D—dear, he could not pout.
L—Luther was his nick-name,—
E—each above was he.

Mae McAdams:

She was sunny as the month
That her first name was for.
"The may have lithped, and thaid thothe
thunth,,"
But for her George would war.

Frank McDonald:

On this dear spot our tears do fall;
We wail and gnash our teeth.
In ei'er debate or basketball,
Our Frank could not be beat.

Bernadine O'Brien:

And in a purer, nobler strain,
We rise in praise to thee;
As B-O-B we all would fain,
As fascinating be.

Fred Reese:

Beneath this sod,
There lies the bod-
Y of dear Freddie Reese.
He's left our school—
It's very cruel,
That now he is deceased.

Clinton Sayers:

Yes, Clinton always did his part,
And when he left it broke our heart.
So, may he greener pastures find,
(This "Epithet," I'm 'fraid, won't rhyme!)

Edith Wheatley:

She was the apple of our eye,
For her we all do weep.
Of her inviolate mem'ries keep;
Of our Edith Wheatley.

Kirk Wood:

Here lies our Kirk, our mighty Wood;
Who always said he thought he could.
But, follow him we're not content,
Until we know which way he went!

PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILL.

I.

(School was just out and the girls in the upper hall were donning caps, coats and mufflers.)

First Girl: "Well, what are you putting on your coat for?"

Second Girl: "I'm not going to carry it home, am I? It is only 23 degrees out, you know."

First Girl: "Today's Tuesday and you know Miss Duncan expects you to stay for Glee Club practice."

Second Girl: "I should worry. I'm half starved as it is. I'm not the only one who's skipping."

(Off she started down the hall. She had scarcely taken a dozen steps when she was joined by four or five other girls, who, to my way of thinking wore their caps a little too far down over their eyes and their mufflers well up over their mouths. Of course it was cold out, but still, why that sly slant of the eye and those half covered faces? The girl who had been speaking in the upper hall said to one of her confederates:)

"Now, if we meet Miss D. in the hall, why just act as unconcerned as a clam."

Chorus: "You can count on us."

(They sauntered on down the hall unconcernedly gazing into empty class rooms to see if by chance Miss D. could be loitering there. The girl who seemed to be

the leader of the deserters was just beginning to breathe freely when a hand was laid on her arm, and turning she looked into the sweet, smiling face of Miss D.)

Miss D.: "Oh, you aren't going home, are you?"

Girl Deserter: "Oh, no; I just put on my coat and hat so I wouldn't have to go up stairs after it when Glee Club practice is over. Are the rest of the girls ready? Come on into the auditorium and let's start. I'm in rather a hurry to get home. Oh, yes, and say, by the way——"

(Into the auditorium they went, arm in arm. The other deserters ejaculated, "Who'd a-thunk it," and followed.)

Miss D.: "Well, we're all here; now let's begin. I do wish you girls would try. I'd like for this practice to mean something to you. You know that in about three weeks we are going to give a small program."

Girl: "It means a lot to me. It means a prolonged agonizing time before I get anything to eat."

Miss D.: "Well, if you girls will get down to good hard work, I will keep you only one hour. Now I do wish you girls would try to get something out of today's work."

Girl (mumbling to herself):

"I'd be satisfied if I only got one lone sandwich or a piece of pie out of it."

Miss D.: "Well, let's sing the 'Wind Song.' All right, pianist, play the introduction. One—two—three—ready—sing."

Chorus:

"I am the bold north wind,
In trees I sing and play,
When I groan and moan——"

Miss D. (beating a few little raps with her baton): "The sopranos didn't get their part right there. Sopranos, start, 'When I groan and moan.'"

(*Much laughter from the chorus.*)

Miss D. (very much frustrated): "Girls, I am tired of this foolishness. You are dismissed."

The story must here discontinue, for the author could see no more of the actions of the Glee Clubbers for they raised too great a dust in their hasty exit.

II.

(*The lights glared down on the scene with a hard, brilliant-eyed stare. The great room throbbed and pulsed with life, movement and color. A "Tower of Babel" mixture of sounds kept the air agitating with reverberating "Raahs." Down on the floor, ten figures were struggling, one against one, five against five.*)

A girl leans against the balcony

rail in breathless suspense. Her brown eyes are fixed on the players—no, no! the player. Pride of him and fear for him, plays over her face.

At her side (near the score board) stands a man old enough to be her father (or father-in-law). He acts demented. He throws his hat in the air; he waves his arms; he capers with delight; he nudges her excitedly.)

He: "There, just look at his guarding. Why, he's the best guard in the state."

She: "Best in the state? Why, he's the best that ever was."

He: "Listen to those people, would you?"

(*In another part of the room the onlookers are just as excited.*)

Stranger: "There he is, Mother. See, he's the one shooting now."

Mother: "Did he really make that ball go into that ring? (in a low awe-stricken voice, ringing with pride and joy.)

Stranger: "Yep! You bet that was him! Say, Mother (leaning towards her confidentially) they say he's the best forward that ever played basket ball."

(*The game is half over. The students rush pell-mell up to the players and congratulate them.*)

Mary: "Oh, Les, the first half is over, and the score is 8 and—— Oh, what will we do if we lose?"

Les: "We won't lose. But, say,

didn't that center do good work? They say he is the greatest in the country."

Mary: "Oh, I do too. I think he is the grandest boy ever."

Les: "All right, Mary, I shall see that this star player hears all about this admirable burst of——"

(A half shout, a half roar, a voice like thunder, and yet so hoarse as to be merely a whisper now draws our attention. Capering along the side lines, worse than Charlie Chaplin, and acting as foolishly, tossing back his yellow hair, treading of people's toes—and being trodden on in turn—screeching, shouting, whining, whistling, bellowing, bawling, howling. No, he is not a creature of Dante, dear reader—our cheer leader.)

A shrill whistle and the shoving, wrestling, elbowing and struggling begins. The last half of the game is on.

But wait. Why is time out; is someone hurt?)

First Girl: "Ann, he's hurt. I don't know how, but oh, what——"

Ann: "He's all right. See, but the next time I would not Blanche so if I were you."

(Proud father to coach:)

Father: "And so you're the boy's coach? Well, congratulations, Mr. Coach. You have one of the cleanest bunch of players I have ever seen——"

"Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!"

(The game is over. The crowd fills the floor. They yell as they surge toward the door. They pass through a short hallway. They go up the steps. They pass the desk, where a short time before they parted with some twenty cents. Several wait for the players to dress. One is the brown eyed girl that was near the score board.)

She: "It was a splendid game. I never did see him play so well."

Other: "I thought perhaps he was hurt. It would have been a severe blow to the team if they had had to give him up."

(The girl speaks by actions which are plainer than words. She just Blanches as he comes up the steps, followed by several other players.)

"Good night, everybody. Good night. Good night."

III.

(A murmur of many voices buzzed through the room. Now and then a voice, higher than the others, would be heard ringing out in a merry laugh. Scattered here and there through the audience sat three men. By their quiet, thoughtful countenances you could easily guess they were the three men who were to fully decide whether Effingham or Rosedale was the more efficient in debating. Close to the door stood a group of pupils.)

Girl: "I do wish the debate would start. I came up early with the debaters and from their con-

versations I am afraid we have at last found our match. I am wild to hear the debate start. There comes the chairman now; suppose we just slip into these seats here and not disturb the crowd."

(The room was darkened, nothing remained lighted but the stage. On the stage were two tables. At each table three debaters. The chairman stood in the center of the stage ready to speak when the clapping should cease. The debate was on.)

Girl: "Now, for one of those long drawn out lectures. My, but don't our girls look nice! They look as though they were ready to fight."

(As the debate progressed:)

First Boy: "There goes H. I am so glad she is our first speaker. I didn't much fancy that first Effingham speaker, did you? Gee, she's got a speech, hasn't she? Take a glance at the old judge across the isle. Do you see encouragement in his eye? Oh, sister Anna, what do you see?"

Second Boy: "Hush up. I see

the professor gazing at us from behind. Hush up, I say."

(These two were not the only ones who were talking. Over in one corner sat a father and mother.)

Father: "Now, she did pretty well, didn't she?"

Mother: "Oh, Father, she did beautifully, and just think, she's our's. I do think she is the prettiest one up there, don't you?"

(The group of students over by the door were getting nervous. They were all leaning forward, and the dropping of a pin would have been noise compared with that silence. The chairman was opening the envelopes that the judges had just handed in. Why did he work so slowly! There, he had one of them open.)

"Negative. Negative. Negative."

(The group near the door needed no invitation to support their team, and they jumped up as one man and:)

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Debaters—Debaters—Debaters.

Grace Hanna, '16.





NEUMANN (Coach)

GRABSKE

McDONALD

KAUFMAN

ALLEN

BARNETT

BUCK



At last Rosedale has put her name upon the map of the athletic world. Athletics have traversed the most successful year ever known in the schools' history. More than once the Alumni have expressed their wonder at the present athletic ability of the High School. All the students are undoubtedly "puffed up" over their successes, but they do not forget, that if it had not been for the alumni such victories would not have been so easy to obtain. They sincerely thank the former graduates for their untiring labor, in which they were successful, to make the citizens realize that Rosedale High School needed a gymnasium.

Everyone having been given

their just credit, it seems that the greatest glory still belongs to the present students. After taking everything into consideration, the Gym., the loyal support of the spectators, the skill of our coaches, it is still only too plain to see that no other athletes than those taking part this year could have made such a victorious record.

It seems worthy of mention that the idea of athletics has taken a long stride forward this year. In former years basketball alone composed the athletic world. But as I said before, now their views have broadened, for now when this word is mentioned the students think of basketball, baseball, tennis and track.



BASKETBALL.

Basketball usually holds the principal place in every high school, and for reasons which every one knows it is the most popular sport at R. H. S.

First let us consider the boys' team, which consists of seven players. This team went through the scheduled season without a defeat. After such a complete victory the boys thought there was a good chance for them to get the silver cup at the Baldwin district tournament. The team proved to be as good as they had thought, for on March the fourth the boys were presented with the championship cup. When the boys returned the students insisted that they should also be allowed to go to the state

tournament. So on March 17th they journeyed to Lawrence. Here they won the first game by a large score, but were defeated in the second.

For many years everyone said that the girls' team was a waste of money, because they could never win anything. Such murmuring can no longer be heard. Every one admits that the girls' silver cups greatly increased the beauty of the trophy case. The record of the girls' scheduled season is a duplicate of the boys'. But in the tournament the girls went ahead of the boys. They not only won the district championship at Baldwin, but also the State cup at Lawrence.



HECKMAN MARKHAM (Coach) ANGUS COVEY
BUCK KELSEY (Captain) COLVER
VAUGHN KAUFMAN

**HAZEL KELSEY (CAPTAIN),
FORWARD.**

The prophecy in last year's annual that "Next year Hazel will show us that Rosedale High School can win," was a very true one. She has led her team through a successful season, and her place will be mighty hard to fill next year. She was always at the right place at the right time, and her quick careful passes and long, accurate shots were the features of many games.

HELEN COLVER, FORWARD.

Helen is calm, deliberate and dignified, but she gets the ball, and when she does the opponents groan and the scorekeeper gets his pencil ready. Her guard bothers her very little; in fact, she seldom notices her. Helen is a sure shot and a steady player. She will be back to help Rosedale win next year.

**CLARA BUCK, JUMPING
CENTER.**

Clara is in the game hard from the time the whistle blows for the first tip off until time is called. The height of her opponents makes little difference to Clara, for she is there to get the tip off, and she gets it. She is a speedy, consistent player, and her leaving means a big loss to the team.

MABEL COVEY, SIDE CENTER.

Mabel is one of the main players of the team. When her running mate gets the tip off, Mabel recov-

ers the ball and passes it with accuracy. This is Mabel's second year on the team and she will be with us again next year.

BLANCHE HECKMAN, GUARD.

"Ted" is perfectly at home on the court, never loses sight of the ball, and always knows just where to put it when she gets it. "Ted" is very consistent in breaking up her opponents' team work. She has the happy faculty of keeping her forward good-natured, despite the fact she seldom lets her score. "Ted" will be back next year to help make the team a success.

GRACE ANGUS, GUARD.

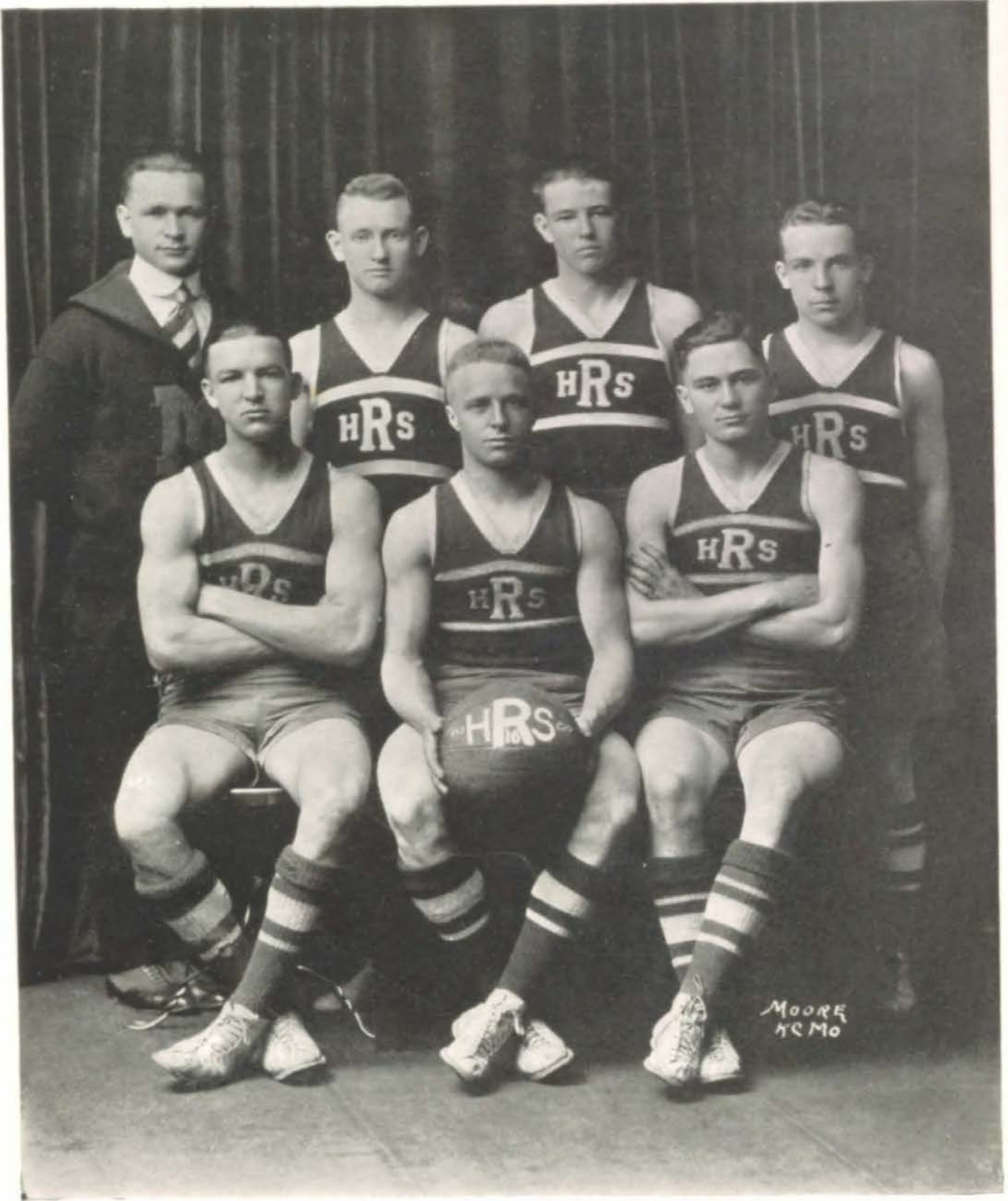
"Angie" marches on to the court with a cool, determined air, gives her opponents a careful "once over" then goes to it. She makes few fouls, and allows her forward to make equally few goals. She plays a hard, steady game from start to finish.

**JOSEPHINE KAUFMAN,
FORWARD.**

"Dobe" made a good record in every game she played. She goes in like a whirlwind, taking her guard completely off her feet. She will be a very valuable addition to the team next year.

ANNABETH VAUGHN, GUARD.

"Billie" played in only a few games, but her playing is steady, careful and consistent. She expects to play the entire season next year.



McNALLY (Coach)

LIDDLE

MERCER

SWARNER

JOHNSON

RUSSELL (Captain)

MCDONALD

**IRWIN RUSSELL (CAPTAIN)
GUARD.**

Captain Irwin Russell, star guard, is one of the fastest and most consistent players Rosedale ever produced. His work in the backfield has featured every game staged by the green and white five. "Lena" is without a doubt the most valuable man to his team. A year's experience on last year's team fitted him for the captaincy of this season's brilliant team. "Lena" accepted the position and responsibility with a dignity becoming only one who is working for the benefit of his team. In keeping the good-fellowship of the team alive Irwin has without a doubt equalled if not excelled the work of any former captain.

FRANK McDONALD, FORWARD

Frank McDonald, left forward, is another product of last year's team. "Deke" has improved in his work until he now ranks with the best forwards displayed by other Rosedale teams. He not only plays his forward position brilliantly but aids the guards in the defensive work of the team. His floor work and accurate passing have played a large part in the success of the R. H. S. five. "Deke" does not only play the floor and pass the ball but he can shoot a basket as easy as any

of his mates. More than one game has been pulled out of the fire by his excellent goal shooting.

OSCAR JOHNSON, CENTER.

Oscar Johnson, forward and center from last season, was changed from forward to regular center this year. His jumping was of the kangaroo variety and aided him in tipping the ball to his mates. A majority of the team work was started by Oscar in getting the tip-off. "Folk" has developed in his goal shooting until his work is phenomenal. At Baldwin in the championship game for the cup "Folk" secured nineteen goals. This equals the record for the court. Oscar leads in scoring this year by a goodly majority. Oscar's weight has aided him to no little advantage in playing the center position.

CHARLES MERCER, FORWARD.

Charles Mercer, a product of last season's annex team, has proved that much can be learned of basket ball in the ward school. He won his position of right forward early in the season, and has played every game since. His speed and accuracy aided him in securing points against his heavier opponents. "Tubby" plays a cool and deliberate game, and is always ready to do his share of the work.

ED CHEESMAN, GUARD.

Big Ed Cheesman, the running mate of Capt. Russell, was shifted from center to guard. His work proved that he was out of place at center. Once settled in his new position he steadily improved, and has become one of the main players of the team. While this is his first season as a regular he learned much as utility man last season. He has been a valuable asset to the team and aided in its victories.

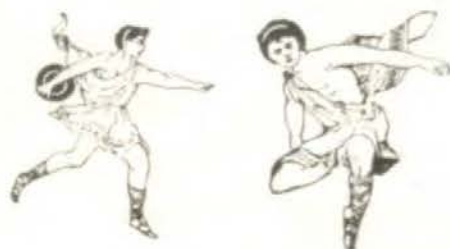
FOREST LIDDLE, GUARD.

Forest Liddle, Big Ed Cheesman's alternate at guard, has won his second letter. "Luther" has played in a majority of the games

and has been a valuable utility man for two seasons. The fact that he is a senior and will leave school this year is lamented by his team mates. He was always ready to fill a vacancy left by the illness of a member of the team, and did much to aid them in every undertaking.

WILLIAM SWARNER, FORWARD.

Will Swarner, utility forward, is not as large as his mates, but does not let that effect his play. Although he did not get into enough games to win a letter, he promises to be a valuable man to the team next year. The games that "Irish" played in proved to the crowd the worth of the speedy boy.



CHAMPIONS OF SECOND DISTRICT.

On the morning of March 3rd, the sun rose with a greater brilliancy than it had shown for many days. In the Santa Fe station at Argentine stood two teams clothed in green and white. Several other teams had gathered to make the journey to Baldwin, but those in green and white seemed to be the center of attraction. Soon the train pulled in and the boys and girls rushed pell mell into the coaches.

In about three hours the train stopped at Baldwin, the place where two silver cups were to be given away. All the teams were filled with the hope that they might be the lucky ones to bring the cups home. Rather a foolish hope when the teams from Rosedale were there.

The games that Rosedale played were no doubt the fastest ones in the tournament. The girls put out Baldwin and Gardner without a great deal of trouble, thus putting

themselves in the finals. This game was played with Edwardsville. At the end of the first half Rosedale was two points behind her opponents. But with increased speed and team work Edwardsville was soon left in the gloom, while Rosedale was rolling up the score. Rosedale was then presented with the first silver cup she had ever won in basketball.

The boys' games were as much a walkaway as the girls'. By defeating Lecompton and Gardner they were placed in the finals. Eudora had been having her own way until she came to play Rosedale. It was not long before the green and white flag was waving over that of the red. A score of 66 to 23 can tell better than words just how well the boys played.

It was the first time Baldwin had ever given two cups to the same school. Now who can say that Rosedale High School isn't wonderful?

ROSEDALE HEADS THE STATE.

"Assembly 8 o'clock," read the students as they filed into the school house. An assembly had never been questioned, and there seemed no reason to do so now. When the bell rang everyone went trooping into the assembly hall.

The chief of the clan marched to the front. "There is to be a campaign at Lawrence tomorrow and next day," he said. "Shall we send our two troops to enter? You remember they were successful in the last campaign, and brought two silver cups home for their victories."

As soon as the chief sat down a great shout of "On to Lawrence" rose from the students. "I am satisfied that the clan is with me on this subject, now let us hear from the captains of the teams," said the chief again taking his seat.

The fighters assured their supporters that they would do their best, although they had little hope of being victorious, as in the last fight, because this time their enemies from the country plains were so much larger and stronger than themselves.

Early the next morning the fighters started on their trip. After several hours of suspense they arrived at Lawrence, the place where the combat was to take place.

In the ensuing fights the boys' troop, for some reason or other, became weak, and were put out in the second battle.

When this news reached the girls' troop they were determined that they must win since there was no longer any hope of victory from the boys. The Territory of Kansas would know that such a place as Rosedale really existed.

Four successful battles had been fought. The time for the final contest was set at four-thirty P. M. About four o'clock the spectators came rushing in. A few were for the red and white, but most of them were determined to support the green and white. Soon the whistle was blown and the fight was on. From the very beginning the girls of the green and white showed they were worthy of the strong support they had been given at home. The reds strained every muscle to win, but it was useless, for the green and whites were ahead of them in everything except size, and this seemed only a hindrance to them. The whistle blew and the contest was closed with a victory of 47 to 27 for the troop from Rosedale.

The large silver cup received as a reward was worth all the energy that had been spent.



THE STATE CUP

GIRLS' SCHEDULE FOR SEASON.

Teams.	Date.	Where Played	Home	Opponents
Edwardsville.....	Dec. 11.....	R. H. S.....	26	15
Paola.....	Dec. 17.....	Paola.....	47	15
Alumni.....	Jan. 1.....	R. H. S.....	32	15
Bonner Springs.....	Jan. 7.....	Bonner.....	25	13
Bonner Springs.....	Jan. 21.....	R. H. S.....	18	15
Olathe.....	Jan. 28.....	R. H. S.....	40	2
Edwardsville.....	Feb. 5.....	Edwardsville.....	20	21
Olathe.....	Feb. 18.....	Olathe.....	24	15
Paola.....	Feb. 25.....	R. H. S.....	55	0

BALDWIN TOURNAMENT, MARCH 3 AND 4.

Baldwin.....	19	14
Gardner.....	26	11
Edwardsville (district championship).....	33	17

STATE TOURNAMENT AT LAWRENCE, MARCH 17 AND 18.

Bellville.....	35	6
Baldwin.....	25	4
Sterling.....	20	12
Sabetha.....	36	28
Ellsmore (State championship game).....	37	27

BOYS' SCHEDULE FOR SEASON

Teams.	Date.	Where Played	Home	Opponents
Edwardsville.....	Dec. 11.....	R. H. S.....	51	14
Paola.....	Dec. 17.....	Paola.....	34	23
Alumni.....	Jan. 1.....	R. H. S.....	31	32
Bonner Springs.....	Jan. 7.....	Bonner.....	30	17
Bonner Springs.....	Jan. 21.....	R. H. S.....	46	24
Lawrence.....	Jan. 22.....	Lawrence.....	33	16
Olathe.....	Jan. 28.....	R. H. S.....	51	11
Kansas City, Kas.....	Jan. 29.....	Kansas City, Kas.....	22	18
Edwardsville.....	Feb. 5.....	Edwardsville.....	34	13
Lawrence.....	Feb. 12.....	R. H. S.....	24	19
Olathe.....	Feb. 18.....	Olathe.....	44	22
Kansas City, Kas.....	Feb. 19.....	R. H. S.....	48	23
Paola.....	Feb. 25.....	R. H. S.....	59	9
Ft. Scott.....	Mar. 4.....	R. H. S.....	39	21

BALDWIN TOURNAMENT, MARCH 3 AND 4.

Edgerton.....	Default	
Lecompton.....	39	15
Gardner.....	26	15
Eudora (district championship game).....	66	23

LAWRENCE TOURNAMENT, MARCH 17 AND 18.

Spearville.....	25	9
Dickerson County High School.....	14	28

BASEBALL.

Again the prospects of a baseball team are encouraging. For the last three or four years baseball seems to have slipped out of school athletics, but this year the outlook for a good baseball schedule is again bright.

The boys are very fortunate in

having a former baseball star as their athletic teacher. All that is needed to make baseball a success is for the students and citizens of Rosedale to take the same kind of interest in it that they have shown in basketball.

OUR COACHES.

Athletics are very similar to battles. If you have a good leader you are almost sure of success. Germany is successful because she has such great leaders as Von Hindenburg and Mackensen. Rosedale is victorious because she has as her leaders Miss Markham and Mr. McNally.

Miss Markham graduated from Washburn College in Topeka with the class of 1914. The success of her team and skill in Gym. work can tell better than words how for-

tunate Rosedale was in securing her as a teacher.

Mr. McNally, the boys' coach is a graduate of Pittsburg Manual Training school. This is Mr. McNally's first year at Rosedale, but he has won a place among the students that can be filled by no one else.

If R. H. S. succeeds in keeping Miss Markman and Mr. McNally her fame will never cease to climb high and higher.

ROSEDALE MAKES HERSELF KNOWN TO K. C., K.

For years and years the boys' basketball team had tried in vain to defeat their neighbors across the river. Last year the team came closer to defeating K. C., K. than ever before, but the real victory must be accomplished by the team of '16.

One evening about 10 degrees below zero the R. H. S. team accompanied by their loyal supporters made the trip to K. C., K. As the team came in the door one of the K. C., K., boys said: "Well! What does that little team think they can do?" These words only aroused the determination of the players to show K. C., K., that even if she did have fourteen hundred people to pick from it was possible for Rosedale to defeat her.

On account of the immense size of the court, and the dense smoke,

at the end of the first half the score stood 15 to 6 in favor of K. C., K., but by the time the second half had started the R. H. S. boys had become accustomed to their surroundings. From this time on Rosedale's score kept rapidly climbing while their opponents made little progress, as was shown at the end of the last half, because the score stood 22 to 18 in favor of Rosedale.

When the return game was played on our home court there was little doubt as to the outcome of the game. From the very beginning the Rosedale boys kept a large number of points ahead of their opponents.

Two consecutive defeats from Rosedale was almost too much for K. C., K. Their only consolation was that they had been treated no worse than the Lawrence boys, who were beaten by a score of 33 to 16.



In typewriting class. (Swarner, looking at Harvey's green hose.)
 "They'll be wearing green shoes next."

Have you noticed the new (signet) rings Jeanette and Helen have lately?

Jeanette E. (in English)—"Was Lady Macbeth blind?"

Miss Smith—"Why, no."

Jeanette—"Well, it sounds that way. It says that Lady Macbeth carried a candle."

Miss Kenny (in Amer. Hist.)—"In the Southern Colonies they raised cane" (cain).

Mr. Neumann (In Music Period)—
 "There is a little too much unnecessary noise in here."

Have you noticed that young Davis and Shorty Lindy sit together in lunch period? They are going on the theory that birds of a feather flock together.

Miss Duncan (in Glee Club)—
 "Now let's go back to 'fate.'"

In Mod. Hist.—"Charles V was killed."

Helen Barnett: "Well, he came back afterwards."

Miss H. (in Mod. Hist.)—"John, what does 'quartering' soldiers in time of peace' mean?"

Johnnie N.—"I don't know unless it means to cut them up into fourths."

Mr. Neumann (in Ger. I.)—"Why do they call a dog a dog, and not call it a cat?"

Frank K.—"Because it ain't a cat."

Miss Kenny (in Amer. Hist.)—"Clinton was going to be a candidate for the election, but got paralysis and couldn't run."

John N. (in English)—"I was raked out of bed by the bell of a telephone."

Miss H. (in Physiology)—"What is necessary for bathing?"

Mary C.—"Water."

Dewey B. (in Physiology)—
“Dandruff is caused by a micro-
scopic animal.”

Mr. N. (in Physics)—“Grace, are
you and Kirk working?”

“Yes, we are working (our
mouths), and I’m doing most of
the work.” Grace always did have
the gift o’ gab.

Agnes B. (in Agri.)—“You plant
the manure.”

Miss S. (in English)—“Kirk,
what is a ‘fisticuff’?”

Kirk—“It’s some kind of a
flower.”

Mr. N. (in Physics)—“May, tell
us what one horse-power means.”

May—“One horse-power is, when
a horse can go 260 miles a minute—
er—er—maybe it’s a second.”

Jun. Boy: “Fred, are you coming
to the leap-year party?”

Fred: “I guess so. I am still
waiting for my girl to ask me.” Oh,
Ethel, why do you tarry?

Russell (in Eng): “I command
you four bears.” The sentence
read, “I command you, forbear.”

Grace H. (in Eng.): “Stevenson
wore his beard in front of him.”
My! Such an exceedingly strange
proceeding.

Miss S.: “Fred, why did you

not write your poem for today?”

“Fred: “I couldn’t manage my
feet just right.”

F. M.: “Say, this ring is big
enough for a cow.”

She (sweetly): “Yes, I’m glad it
fits so nicely.”

Have you noticed Liddle’s mis-
placed eyebrow?

In Lena’s suit case going to Pa-
ola to stay all night there were: 6
collars, 4 neckties, 3 handkerchiefs,
1 box of face powder, 1 fancy pow-
der rag, 2 pairs of sox and 2 pairs
of pajamas plus one-half peck of
apples.

Fred Rees (absently): “Some-
times I sit and think and some-
times I just sit.”

Senior: “Don’t holler ‘HAY’ at
me. I’m no horse.”

Freshie: “I know you’re not.
Your ears are too long.”

Lena: “Say, where do I get my
ticket to said place?”

Buie: “Down at Altman’s
(shoe company).”

Are the people in the German
class called ‘germs’?”

He: “Oh! you look good
enough to kiss.”

She: “Yes, and you look bad
enough to do it.”



Get To work.



Where They belong.



Friends.



our cups!



Lena and Liddle



GLADYS.



Help!!!



Faculty chums.



AT BALDWIN.



a wagonload

A JUNIOR'S VIEW OF A SOPHOMORE.

There is a class full of conceit;
They think that they are hard to
beat.

They tried to get the cup from us,
And when they lost,, how they did
fuss.

Juniors next year they hope to be;
Bright futures now they clearly
see.

But still, we know they'll ne'er
surpass
Our bright and faultless JUNIOR
class.

GRACE ANGUS, '17.

Charlie is this young man's name
Who fell in love with a swell
dame.

When he proposed she said, "Let's
see,
How can you furnish food for
me?"

"Why, don't you know, my darling
one,
Providing food is just like fun?
From off your shoes I'll take the
mud,
And sell it for a diamond stud.

I'll pawn the stud and get the
"dough"

And lay the dollars in a row.
Now, darling, don't you see how
fine

"'Twould be if you were only
mine?"

"Oh! Charlie, dear, I'll be your wife
If you will keep from me all
strife,

And I will pray for it to rain,
So gathering mud will be no
strain."

Ethel Johnson, '17.

Most girls are more proficient in
handling a curling iron than a po-
tato peeler.

"Dearest," said the sentimental
bridegroom, "do you think I'll prove
to be a satisfactory mate?"

"Oh, I guess you'll do, all right,"
responded the practical bride, "and
now look me over and tell me what
you think of your captain."

**A Few Ways Music Is Often Ad-
vertised.**

"Home, Sweet Home" in A flat.

"There Was a Little Fisher
Maid" in C.

"I Would Not Always Live"
without accompaniment.

"The Tale of a Sword Fish" with
many scales.

"See the Conquering Hero
Comes" with full orchestra.

"Why is Mr. Kodak so gloomy looking?"

"He and Marie have just come out of the dark room, where he had evidently developed a negative."

"Do you catch cold easily?"

"Easily? Why, I catch cold if I trim my finger nails too close."

She: "Oh, Jack, do excuse me for getting here so late. You poor fellow, you've had to wait an hour for me."

He: "Oh, no, it's all right. I've just come."

She: "What! So that is the way you treat me, is it? If I'd come at the time agreed you'd have made me wait a whole hour!"

After a long explanation as to the meaning of "horse sense," the Kansas teacher asked a little boy to give a sentence using the two words. This is the one he gave: "My father didn't lock the barn door and he ain't seen the horse sense."

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STRAYED, LOST OR STOLEN: A horse by a man with white spots and a bushy mane.

Teacher: "What is a pole cat?"

Student: "A pole cat is a small animal to be killed with a pole. The longer the pole the better."—Nor'easter.

"Look here," said the excited man to druggist. "You gave me morphine for quinine this morning."

"Is that so?" replied the druggist. "Then you owe me twenty-five cents."—Ex.

Jones: "Does he like her much?"

Bones: "No, he likes her sum."

H. G.: "Irwin, there goes your girl."

I. R.: "I see her, but say, I ain't going over to see her any more."

H. G.: "What! Why?"

I. R.: "Oh, every time I go over to see her she makes me rock the baby, and I don't get any time to visit."

Here's hoping that hereafter he will not have to rock the cradle but will get a chance to visit. Poor boy has got it bad!



Triplets.



Lunch.



Ging up!



Blanche



Bill and Billy



JANETTE.



Juniors.



- on the bridge.



Posing



Being home,



Junior girls.



Labourers.



Young Rose (?)

Jeanette (in German): "Why, Mr. Neumann, I never heard you assign a lesson. I must have been dreaming."

Mr. N.: "I expect you were. I do that myself once in a while." (The class wonders who Mr. Neumann dreams of.)

Gatekeeper at Lawrence: "And who are you that you should be admitted to this game?"

Mr. Neumann: "I'm the principal of the Rosedale High School."

Gatekeeper: "I'll have to have more proof before I admit you."

(It's awful to look old, but it's worse to look young.)

Bernadine: "Have a cough drop, Pauline?"

Pauline: "Say, I don't eat corn medicine." (The cough drops were in the shape of corn protectors.)

"Who is that coming up the stairs?"

1. "It sounds like a Ford."

2. "Yes, and it looks like a traveling minstrel show."

3. "It looks like a cake walk to me."

"Oh! I see who it is. It's Nook Kelsey."

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Marvin (all excited in debating meeting): "And then we will tell our opponents to prove that the M. D. should be abandoned to five minutes."

Mr. Neumann: "You mean tell them to prove in five minutes that the M. D. should be abandoned."

Augustus went Roman up to his pet calf. "Ill Caesar," he cried, and then tied her up as Titus anything, Lictor, and then had her served up for his dinner. Afterwards he said he was gladiator.

Paul Kelsey had just finished reading a theme, "The Human Wreck." Margaret M. started to her seat and Exis bumped into her. Exis was heard to exclaim, "Another wreck."

Earnie heard Liddle say, "I own a Ford" (Iona Ford), and he straightway asked for an introduction.

Mr. N. (in German): "What does 'houstiere' mean? Now 'hous' means house, and 'tiere' means animals. What does the two words together mean?"

Bruce B.: "Zoo."

Marvin: "Do you believe in kissing children?"

She: "No, you needn't worry."

Editor's note: Marvin is slowly recovering from the shock given his manhood.

Miss H.: "Johnnie, what event took place in 1852?"

J. N.: "Columbus discovered America."

Teacher: "Who is considered the greatest lecturer of today?"

Freshie: "Mr. Neumann."

Debater from Effingham: "Is that the little boy who stayed all night with us last year?"

Clara: "No, that's Mr. Neumann."

Ode to a Four-Inch Knife Blade.

Little children, don't you fear,
'Cause that great big knife is
near.

Oscar Johnson never shall
Sharpen aught, but his pencil.
Fourth Hour Study Hall.

"All Rosedale students acted with great discretion, and prompt obedience at Lawrence tournament. The only think that happened out of the ordinary was when B. H. and E. C. went to the Court House. Upon investigation it was found the Court House had been mistaken for the gym. (Our apology to the Court House.)

Basket ball's a funny game.
It makes me run till I am lame.
I jump my best but have no luck.
I never reach to Clara Buck.

And, too, I go right past the line.
The referee then calls the time.
"A foul on you," he says to me,
But I should worry, don't you see?

The Sophs, inviting the Freshmen to a spread at Swopes: "You are cordially invited to a spread given at Swopes Park by the Sophs. Please bring your refreshments.

(Signed)

SOPH. CLASS."

B. O. B.: "Oh, so you are coming, are you?"

M. A.: "Sure. Didn't you say you were going to have some stuffed dates?"

B. O. B.: "You will please par-

don me, but I do not stuff my dates."

Chas.: "Say, Dewey, you need a shave. Do you pay the barber fifteen cents to shave you?"

D. B.: "No, I put cream on and let the cat lick it off."

Chas.: "Har, Har! Why do you do that, because it is cheaper?"

D. B.: "No, because the cat does a better job."

WANTED—Something to make eyebrows grow on the upper lip.

WHAT WE NEED AROUND THIS SCHOOL IS:

A little school spirit.

An alarm clock to awaken the boys when assembly is over.

A boys' cooking class.

A Senior class. Ah, no! We have one but you can't see it.

A person to sharpen horns. The boys wear theirs out butting in.

Some one to stretch the "two minute" period.

A good marksman who can tell a squirrel from a freshie.

A teacher who wouldn't know an "F" if she saw one.

Some one to inform us who the Head Boss is around here.

Some one who can tell us how to skip class and get away with it.

A "pony" big enough to carry the Seniors the rest of the way through school. They are lagging and we must get them out.

Some one to show W. B. a square deal.

Policeman: "Where did the auto hit you?"

Professor Hibrow: "Do you want to know the geographical or anatomical location?"

Little Willie: "Say, pa!"

Pa: "Well, what is it, my son?"

Little Willie: "What did moths live on before Adam and Eve wore clothes?"

A German youth calling to his brother to come to his dinner, shouted: "Come on, Pap's on the table and Ma's half et."—Ex.

Freshman Whys.

We wonder why we have to do so
Such algebraic sums, don't you?
Why science here, and English
there

And German papers everywhere?
Why do we have to take the test
Whenever our work is not the best?
Why is it that the teachers say,
"Do all you can this very day?"
Why is it that the others grin
Whenever a Freshman comes in?
Why teachers scowl and Seniors
smile?

We wonder if it's worth our while,
When we hear other students say,
"What is a Freshman anyway?"

SADIE LA PLACE.

Why is Forest so popular? You
even find Forest in books.

E. R. (in Agri.): "A clumsy
horse is one that steps on his own
feet when he turns around."

Mr. Neumann (in Physics class):
"And then you cross out your eyes."

(Much laughter from the stu-
dents.)

A Romance in R. H. S.

John Nolan was heard to say no
later than the other day: "I wish
I could find a girl just my size who
likes to make goo-goo eyes."

The day had hardly passed when

into the school came a pretty lass.

Now this maiden of sweet six-
teen John prizes as a queen and
luckily the thing ended in a ro-
mance and John calls her his
pretty lass.

Now the mystery is solved at
last and we know that Lucile Mike
is the pretty lass.

I Wonder Why:

A jeweler called up and said he
wanted to see Mr. Neumann about
a diamond ring he had ordered.

Clinton likes auburn hair?

Mr. Neumann is so anxious that
we should not get in trouble with
Bonner Springs?

Marvin's heroines are always
light haired and blue eyed?

Bernadine likes Frank people?

Grace Hanna wore a new ring to
church Sunday. For more partic-
ulars ask the jeweler at Wichita.

Ernie is so good natured?

Hazel K. is so Cool(ie)?

Miss Smith: "What is a para-
dox?"

Helen C.: "Isn't it what you
sing at church?"

Forest should be careful when he
wipes his upper lip so as not to dis-
arrange his mustache.



Billy.



Bruce.



Oh...Where's Forest!



We are Seven(?)



BILL



Basket Ball Chaps.



Juniors



Sophomores.



Park and Lucile



C. CHAPLIN'S rival.



Water Jack.

ALONG THE FLOWERY PATH OF KNOWLEDGE

Be cheerful until ten o'clock. The rest of the day will take care of itself.

Don't hope for a good grade, but hop for it.

Don't be blase or nonchalant in American history.

When you spend half your time promising you will get your lessons, you will find it takes the other half of the time making excuses.

He who gets his lessons quickly usually forgets them quicker.

Egoism looks at life from the little end of the telescope. Egotism looks at life from the big end.

Mark this, you pupil without your german lesson, that peculiar look in your teacher's eye when he smiles at you means revenge.

A knowledge in how to make a living is worth far more than four diplomas in dead languages.

One pupil sits and sighs about his wrongs, while another storms and raves about his rights.

Remember, today is ours. Let us improve it.

A real and true friend is one who is big and broad enough to tell you that half the trouble you have with your teachers is three-fourths your own fault.

The meanest trick in this world

is to unjustly abuse a simple German text-book.

Don't think the teachers have to go to perdition just because the student body wishes they would.

When our professor looks over our head and pulls at his lower lip, when you are asking him for an excuse to skip the seventh period, it's time to grab your hat and get out. You are wasting time.

We often think we are cunning in our facsimiles of our mother's tardy excuses—until the results come in.

Find out how far **you** are wrong yourself and you won't be bothered greatly as to whether your teacher was wrong.

A teacher's faults usually attract more attention than their virtues.

A pupil who loves a cranky teacher will make a good angel when the time comes.

The teacher who gets the best of an argument in the class room usually gets the worst of it out in the hall.

Times have changed. To be smart is no longer a curiosity. Wake up.

Let the wind do your sighing, the thundering your growling, and the clouds your weeping. Life is short and smiles are for us.

Topics From the War Zone.

Percy Noodles says that when he asked the capitalist's daughter if she would kiss him good bye if he were going to the war, she said she guessed not, but she thought her mamma would take him to the train and her papa pay his way.

"When will the war be over?" inquired the impatient citizen.

"I don't suppose there's any way of telling," replied the querrelous quibbler. "When the fiercest kind of fighting was going on they said the war had not really started. Maybe the war is over now, only they don't know it."

Our guess is that for every man in a European trench who is burning with patriotism there are seven hundred and eighty-four half frozen.

Teacher: "Johnnie, why don't you get your geography?"

Johnnie: "What's the use? After the war I'll have to learn it all over again."

WIT AND HUMOR.

"It's five years ago today, and I'm going to celebrate my wouldn't wedding."

"Wouldn't wedding? Wooden, you mean."

"No. Wouldn't. Five years ago today I asked a girl if she'd marry me, and she said she wouldn't."

"I believe in the old maxim, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' When I was a boy I know I received many chastisements and whackings, and it did me good. On one occasion, I remember, I was punished for telling the truth."

"It cured you," whispered a voice from the far corner.

Employer: "My boy, at your age George Washington was a surveyor."

Office Boy: "Yes, and at your age he was President of the U. S."

Judge: "Did you mean to hit that man when you shot at him."

Negro: "No, sir. If ah'd a meant to hit him ah'd a took a club." —Ex.

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Furniture and Fixtures.....	1,760.00	Deposits.....	128,034.90
Legal Reserve.....	30,998.41		
TOTAL.....	\$156,652.78	TOTAL.....	\$156,652.78

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IF YOU can keep your head while all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

IF YOU can dream— and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same:
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

IF YOU can make a heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

IF YOU can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

—Rudyard Kipling.

There is so much in this poem of Kipling's which can
well be applied to the many problems of life that we
offer it with our compliments to the students of the
Rosedale High School. With best wishes,

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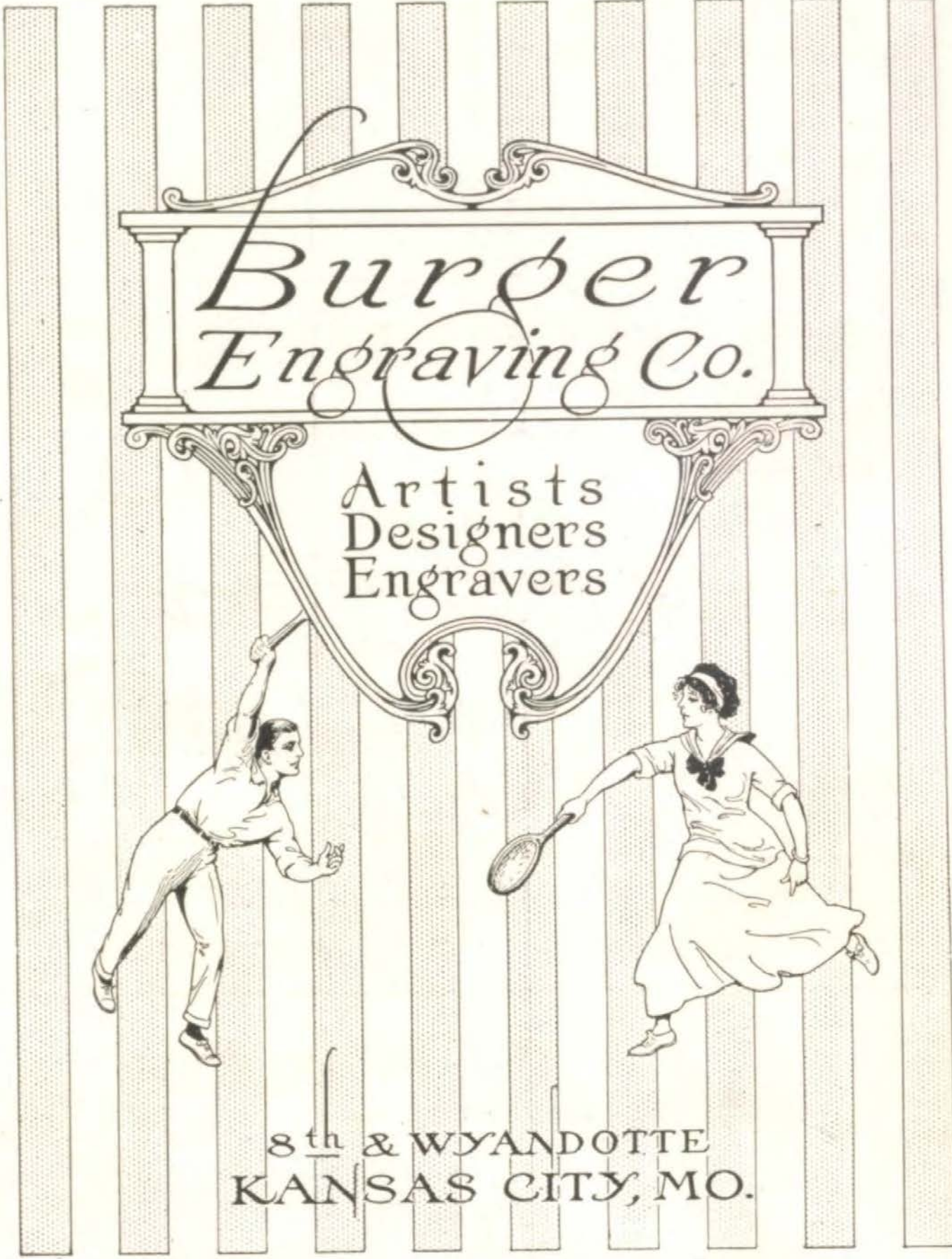
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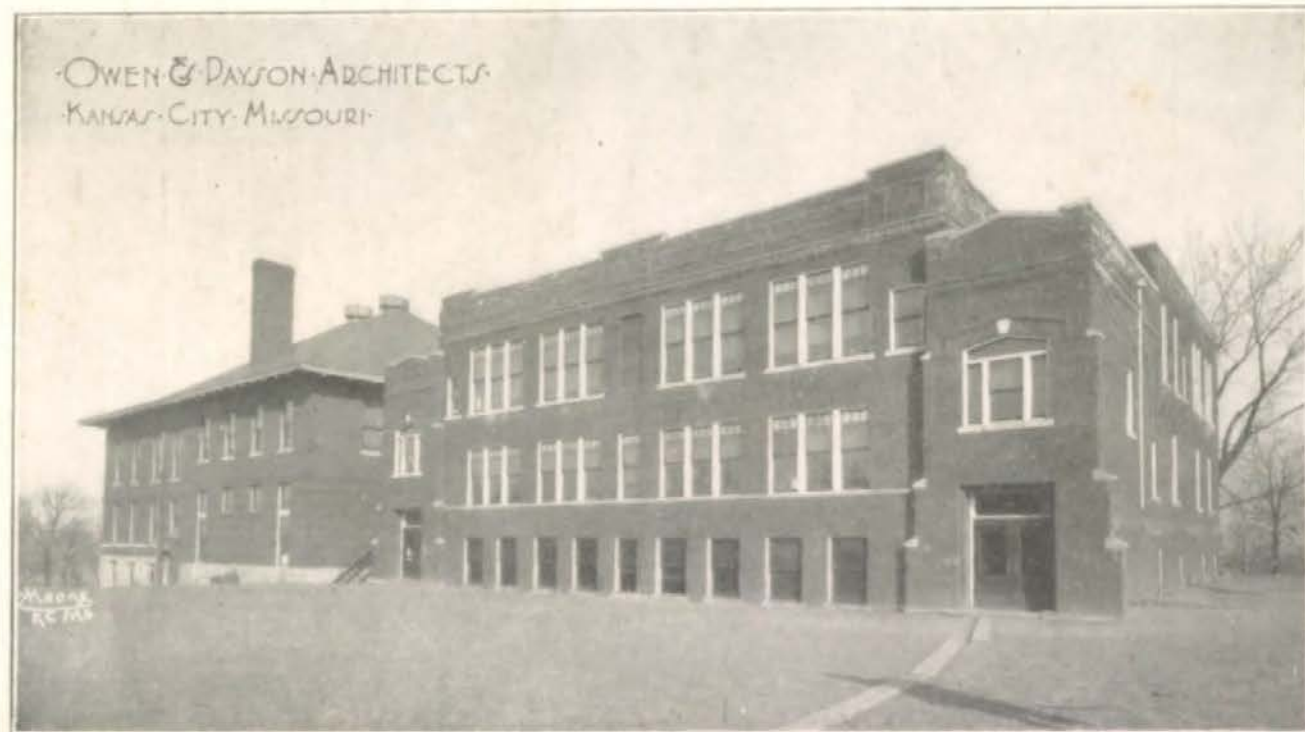
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