

Bob Martin

THE RETROSPECT

1918

S. H. S.

THE RETROSPECT

THE YEAR BOOK OF THE
SULLIVAN HIGH SCHOOL



VOLUME I
1913

Issued by the Senior Class

Dedication

—

To the old "Red and Black," the best High School in the best County in the best State in the Union, this book is respectfully dedicated.



Foreword

THE Senior Class of 1913 has mustered the courage to attempt what no other class, up to date, has undertaken in the Sullivan High School. They have had encouragement, suggestions, and help of course, but the bulk of the work and burden of responsibility were mostly their own; and to them, therefore, belongs chiefly whatever credit the achievement merits.

An annual is of value to a school in many ways. It is an exponent of student activities, gives a conception of the curriculum, and in a variety of ways aims to show the life of the school. Just how successful the Class of 1913 has been, remains to be seen; but let us hope that the above ideas have at least been shown to a limited degree.

In presenting this annual, which has been given the name, "The Retrospect," no claim for superiority has been assumed by the Senior Class. They did not undertake the task because they were more capable than former classes, but because they felt the need of such an annual. I am sure it is the wish of the editors and members of the class, that you overlook the imperfections and shortcomings of the book (if such there be) and join with them in wishing that the Junior Class may profit by their mistakes and publish a better book in 1914, after the Class of 1913 has assumed the difficult task of launching the enterprise in Sullivan High School.

THOS. H. FINLEY.

Sullivan School Board

1912-'13

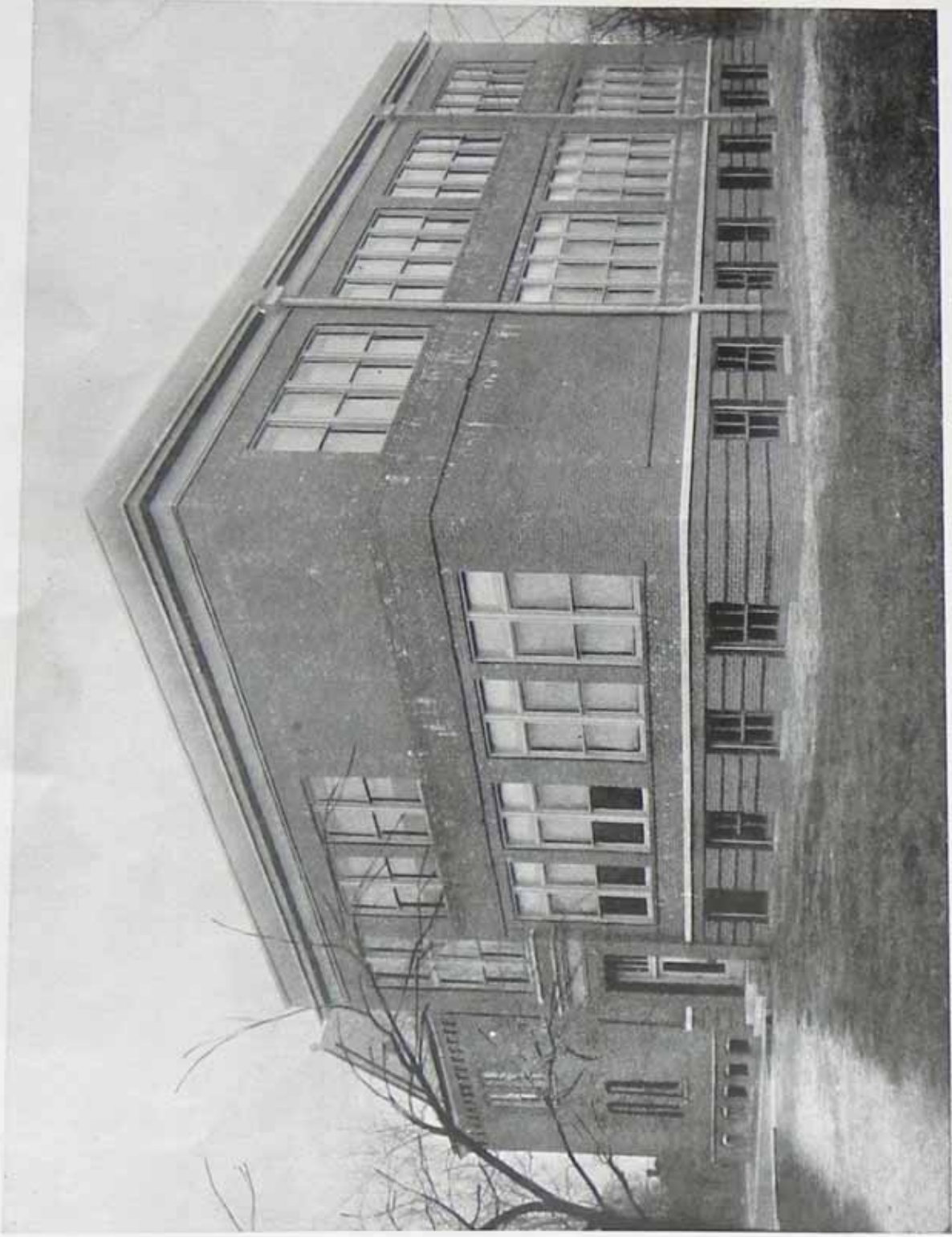
J. R. Pogue, President	J. A. Sabin, Clerk
T. G. Hughes	Z. B. Whitfield
S. M. Palmer	C. A. Corbin
J. M. David	

Committees

BUILDING AND GROUNDS, North Side—C. A. Corbin, J. M. David,
Z. B. Whitfield.
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S. M. Palmer.
FUEL—Z. B. Whitfield, S. M. Palmer, C. A. Corbin.
PURCHASING—J. M. David, J. A. Sabin, T. G. Hughes.
AUDITING—T. G. Hughes, J. A. Sabin, C. A. Corbin.

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Z. B. Whitfield	S. M. Palmer
T. G. Hughes	C. A. Corbin
E. J. Miller	



Sullivan High School Building



Assembly Room

The Faculty



Thos. H. Finley
Superintendent

THE FACULTY



Arthur Lloyd Smith
Science



Miss Clara Sinclair
Principal



Lowe Hall
Assistant in the Laboratories

THE FACULTY



Miss Maude Rucker
Music and Drawing

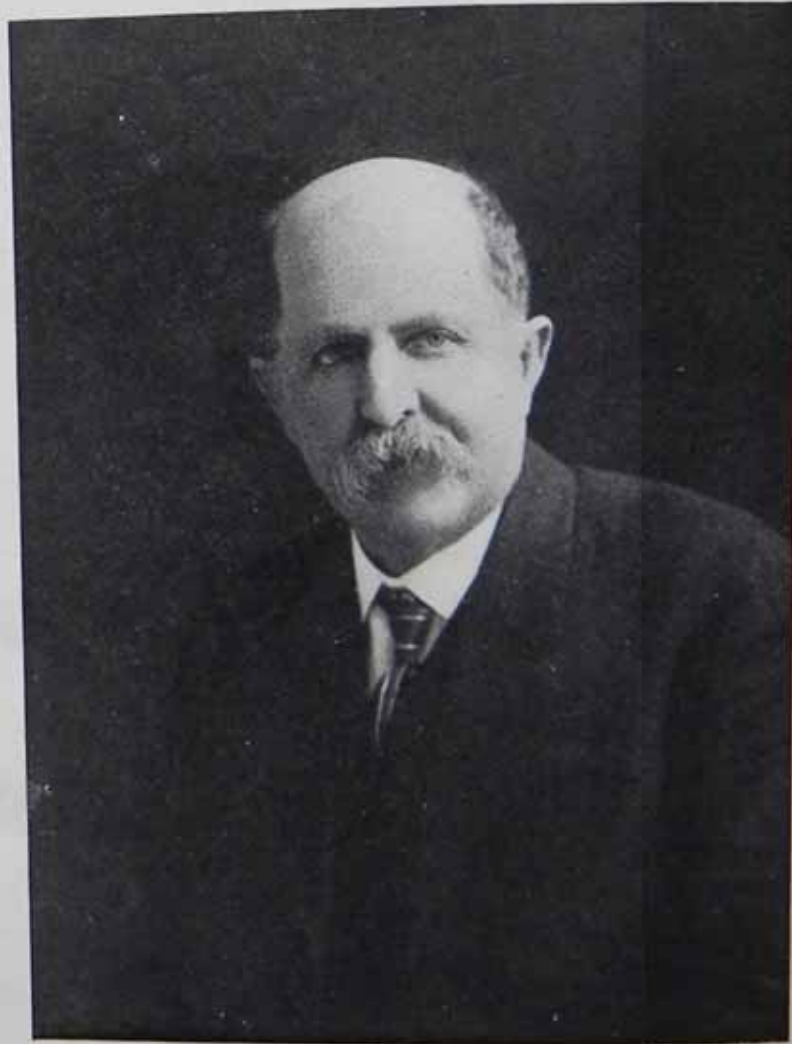


Miss Emma Edmiston
Languages



Miss Olive Eden Martin
English

THE FACULTY



O. B. Lowe
Mathematics

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SENIORS
1913



Charles Butler

Male quartet 1911-'12-'13; Manager Male quartet 1912-'13; Foot ball 1912-'13; Basket ball manager 1913; Track 1911-'12-13; Track manager 1912; Track Captain 1913; President Senior class 1913; Art editor Retrospect 1913; Treasurer Literary society 1913; Class play 1913.
"Jack of all trades and master of none."



Elsie Myers

President of Freshman class 1910; Treasurer of class of 1913.
"To her lot fall many virtues."



Walter Martin

Foot ball 1909-'10-'11-'12; Base ball '11-'12-'13.
"A mighty man, if he but knew it."



Henrietta Dumond

"She never argues the question"

Ina Thomason

Class play 1913; Assistant editor of
Retrospect 1913.

"Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow
you may flunk."



Frauk Wolf

President Junior class 1912; Foot ball 1911-'12;
Base ball 1911-'12-'13; Literary society 1913.

"He takes life as it comes and asks
no questions."



Marguerite Murphy

Assistant editor of Retrospect 1913.

"Truly, a model Senior."



Lynn Booze

President Sophomore class 1911; Treasurer
Junior class 1912; Vice-President Senior
class 1913; Editor-in-chief of Retrospect 1913;
Class play 1913; Literary society 1913.

"One of the most gifted of men."





Gustava Thomason

Class play 1913; Senior quartet 1913; High School Girl's quartet 1911-'12-'13.
"Bubbling over with life and music."



Clara Minor

Joke editor of Retrospect 1913; Class play 1913.
"She hath a bountiful supply of wit."



Mabel Chipps

Assistant editor Retrospect 1913.
"What matters? Life is but a song."



Carl Martin

Sub-editor Retrospect 1913.
"He would give anything for an argument."

Ruth Cochran

Exchange editor Retrospect 1913.
"Not thy will, but mine, be done."



Floyd Lee

Foot ball 1909-'10-'11-'12; Baseball
1911-'12-'13; Basket ball 1913.
"The genuine sport and ladies' man."



Nelle Bean

Assistant editor-in-chief of Retrospect 1913;
Senior quartet 1913.
"Full of noble and lofty aspirations."



Omar Hill

Foot ball 1911-'12; Base ball 1913; Literary
Society 1913; Class play 1913.
"He hath a lean and hungry look."





Eva Fields

Assistant editor of Retrospect 1913.
"A personification of good, active,
earnest girlhood."



Orall Bundy

Foot ball 1912; Track 1911-'12-'13; Track
manager 1913.
"He hath a way about him."



Edgar Martin

Class foot ball 1912; Sub-editor
of Retrospect 1913.
"As tall and silent as the mighty pines."



Helen Covey

Literary editor of Retrospect 1913.
"Yes; really; a studious senior."

Ruth Mainard

Vice-president class of 1913; Assistant
business manager Retrospect 1913.

"Force irresistible."



Lora Landers

Society editor of Retrospect 1913.

"She hesitates, yet at length proceeds."



James Pifer

Foot ball 1911-'12; Athletic editor
Retrospect 1913; Foot ball manager 1912;
Business manager Retrospect 1913.

"Truly, a weighty subject."



Ward Brosam

Male quartet 1911-'12-'13; Literary society
1913; Class foot ball 1912.

"A singer by birth and nature."





Anna McCarthy
Assistant editor Retrospect 1913.
"Led by impulse, and impulse alone"

Murrell Harris
Assistant social editor Retrospect 1913;
Class play 1913.



Senior Class History

OUR Senior Class History treats of the lives, deeds, and customs of great men and women; the rise and fall of other classes, whose ambition it was to occupy the foremost place in the annals of the S. H. S.; the advancement and development of the forty-seven noisy, carefree boys and girls who composed the freshman class in the year 1909, into the dignified, industrious class of twenty-one members—the Class of 1913.

We, the historians, feel that little need be written concerning our deeds and customs. We expect them to be handed down after the manner of legends, from class to class, and from teacher to teacher.

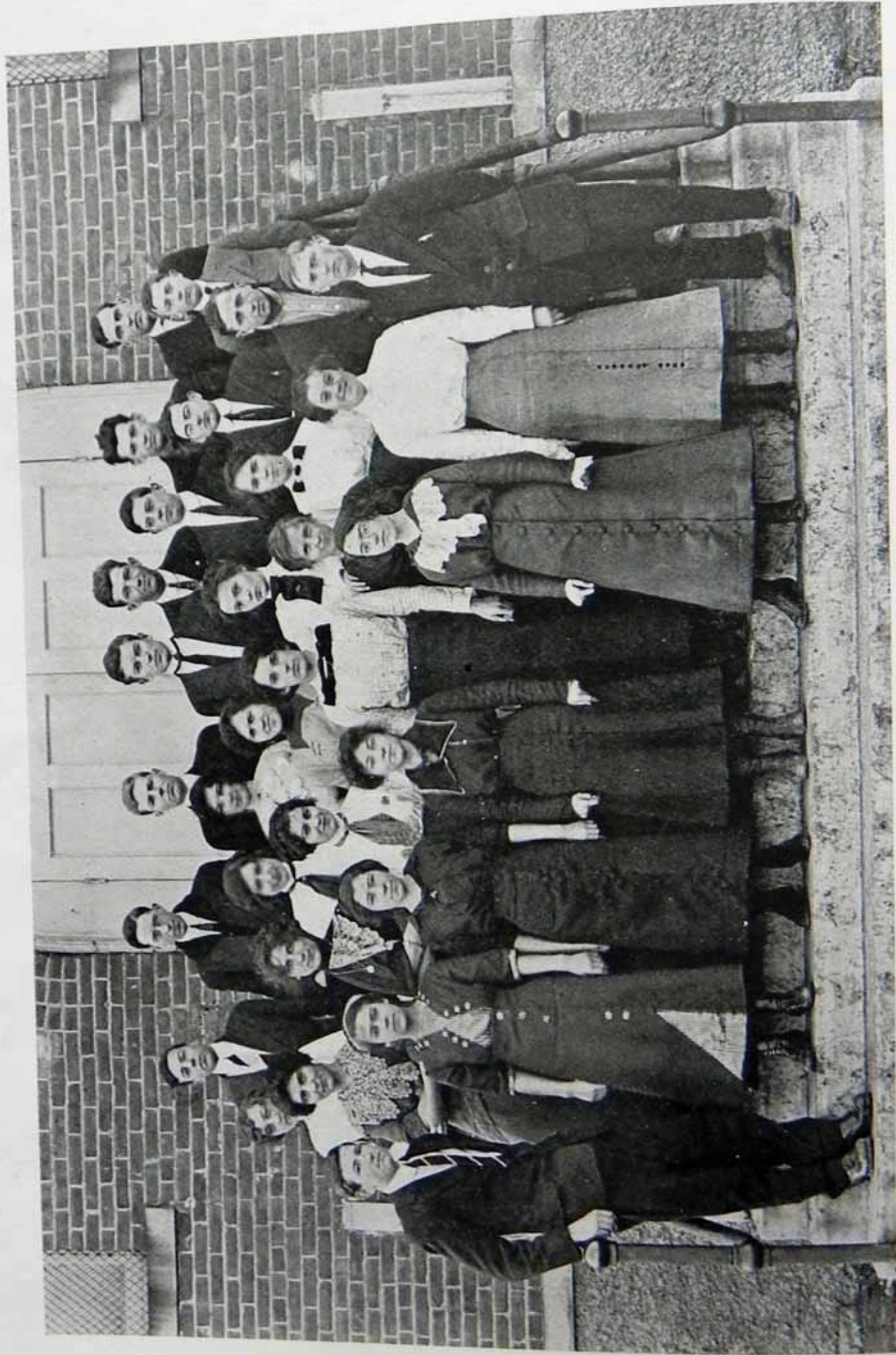
We only grieve, that after the last diploma is given on May 28, 1913, our dear old High School will weep o'er the vacant places which are left in the quartets; in the departments of literature, history, mathematics, and science, the standards of which must inevitably be lowered to suit the ability and industry of the classes to follow.

Modesty forbids our comparing in detail the class of 1913, with either the classes who have proceeded us, or those who are to follow. Neither will we tell of the foot ball game in the year of 1912, when the Seniors challenged and defeated the best men of the other three classes. We leave that to be told by under-class histories.

Our history would not be complete without a few remarks concerning the teachers, whose privilege it has been to instruct us. We feel that the only tribute necessary, is to again call attention to the illustrious class of 1913—the product of their labors.

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JUNIORS



The Junior Class

The Junior Class

Beulah Barnes

Ruth Bradley

Pauline Burns

Ruth Corbin

Paul Dawson

Ruth Drish

Ralph Emel

Isaac Hagerman

Maye Harris

Ralph Harris

Esther Harshman

Glenn Hudson

Rachel Jesse

Ledah Lane

Dean Ledbetter

Burney McDavid

John Magill

Blanche Martin

Cecil Miller

Lois McMullin

Elmer Murray

Hazel Patterson

Roy Peadro

Orville Powell

Elva Ray

Ethel Robertson

George Roney

Jeanie Seass

Arthur Smith

Nellie Soper

Neva Wallace

Edna Reedy

Junior Class History

WE, the Junior class of 1913, do not need a written account to remind us of our school days, because as a class we can never forget the many pleasures and experiences through which we passed as the years rolled quickly by.

The one short year is yet before us and as the future is not yet discernible we shall hope for the best and spend our time in giving to the S. H. S. our class history.

Beginning with the year 1910, our Freshman year. Can you not see us in your imagination as we come marching into the old assembly room with wildly beating hearts, and a jumble of thoughts that refuse to be classified.

This was a very important year in our school career, for 'twas then that we made our acquaintance with Mr. Smith who succeeded most admirably in causing the heart of every Freshman to fall into his shoes on quiz days.

Under our English teacher we were taught to appreciate classic literature and to give the trial scene in the "Merchant of Venice" with great dramatic effect and hence our talent as impersonators today.

We had hoped that our A B C days were over but under Miss Cooper a new significance was cast upon those unpretentious characters. Under her explicit directions we were soon able to solve most of the problems and many were the side shows put on by our class clown, "Pete."

Miss Bullock taught us to speak the dead language with a fluency quite unfamiliar to Caesar.

As Sophomores we elected our executive staff with Ethel Robertson as president. We had very little important business to perform and spent these periods in planning jolly sleigh rides and skating parties.

As Juniors however we have become more serious and feel greater responsibilities, such as preparing a banquet for the Seniors. With Isaac Hagerman at the helm we do not feel these responsibilities as dead weights, and even as Juniors we have found time to indulge in an occasional soft drink between classes.

Our superintendent, Mr. Finley, has cause for realizing our presence and has learned to dodge us with an alacrity that is surprising.

We shall soon be known no longer as Juniors, although in our Freshman year we could see but dimly the light of graduation, and valued lightly its import, we are now striving earnestly for the goal and as the years pass by the light grows brighter. So still striving we shall enter upon our Senior year with no other motto than: "Absolute Success."

ഗവൺമെന്റ്





The Sophomore Class

The Sophomore Class

Leota Banks

James Booze

Nellie Bromley

Eugenia Burns

William Burns

Don Butler

Edward Butler

Charles Cody

Edna Cummins

Othella Daley

Lewie David

Cleo Dolan

Nellie Dunn

Charles Green

Jo. Harris

Katie Dedman

Ruth Harshman

Bertha Jesse

Iva Kenney

Christina Krause

Joseph Lucas

Ernest Martin

Eathel Martin

Gertrude McClure

Frank Moore

Charles Moore

Viola Moore

Hazel Moore

Clement Murphy

Opal Ray

Irtys Peadro

Lucille Stricklan

Wilmeth Hovey

Corinne Taylor

Lois Todd

Sophomore Class Prophecy

I was sitting by my fireside,
In the midst of reverie,
When my chamber door did open
And a ghost appeared to me.
I was very much affrighted,
'Twas such a sight to see;
The ghost held out a scroll and said:
"Read! It concerneth thee.
This scroll is the book of the future;
I bring it from over the sea
That you may tell by the reading,
All that is bound to be.
It is illustrated with moving pictures,
A phonograph is attached;
You can see and hear the people
Contained in this dispatch."
With trembling hand I take the scroll;
With nerveless fingers it unroll.
Oh, what a noise greets my ears,
Like the clashing of ten thousand
spears.

I look down at the pictures,
What a sight I do behold;
A plain is covered with armies,
Composed of women bold;
I pick out a special army,
The uniform attracts my eye,
For 'tis purple and gold in color,
Then I watch them passing by.
In the front rank comes Christina,
The leader of the van,
Behind her march the other girls,
Who fight for Uncle Sam.
They tramped along quite bravely,
Till Iva spied a mouse,
Then Jo Harris and Lucile Stricklan
Ran straight for the nearest house.
I looked again at the pictures;
The mouse did not appear,
But soon I saw the reason way,
A Chinaman was near;
The man was a captive from China,

Taken by Opal Ray;
He got all his mice for nothing
But never received any pay.
Way back in the rear of the army
Came the weary ones and lame
Among them, Gertrude McClure,
With a terrible ankle sprain.
Beside her came Viola
Who was munching on a bun,
Also Corrine and Hazel
And lastly Nellie Dunn;
And I also saw Ruth Harshman
With a fearful coal black eye
And Little Nellie Bromley,
Looking like she wished to cry.
I saw they were quickly passing
I called to them to stay,
But my voice was drowned in a noise
Like the rumbling of a dray;
I wondered what had caused it,
My doubts were put at rest
For along came many a wagon
With provisions of the best.
On the first one rode Eugenia,
I felt inclined to smile,
For the wagon she was driving
Held powder and puffs by the pile;
On the second rode Edna Cummins,
With the face paint and the cream,
But she was in dire trouble
As shall be plainly seen;
She had tricked the negro women
And the joke was pretty mean;
She had given them lamp black for face
paint
Shoe blacking in place of face cream.
On the third one rode Miss Lois
And Eathel Martin too;
They made pop corn and crackerjack
So very nice and new.
Behind them rode Miss Dedman,
The chaperon of the band.
She had charge of the hat pins and
hatchets,

The best to be had in the land.
Then, Lo, the scenery shifted.
A beautiful college I saw,
Beside an open window,
Clement Murphy was studying law;
I looked in another window,
I saw the Butler twins;
They were up before a professor
Answering for their sins;
Way up in the top of the building
I heard an awful noise;
I rightly guessed it was the place
Where the lickings were given the
boys.

All at once a window opened
And down the fire escape,
I saw Lewie David climbing,
Almost as fast as an ape.
I listened very earnestly,
I thought I heard him say:
"So long, you old professor,
You don't lick me today."
The others farred quite badly;
They were kicked clear through the
door;

Charles Cody and Ernest Martin,
Followed by Franklin Moore.
Ortys Pedro ran to pick them up;
This was against the rule,
So kind little Ortys Peadro
Got himself expelled from school.

Again the scenery shifted,
There appeared a railroad track.
Bill Burns was at work on the section,
Almost breaking his back.
Jim Booze was carrying water,
Othello Daley the tools;
Cleo Dolan seemed to be foreman;
Pood Hovey was tending the mules.
Charles Green approached the foreman
And asked him for a job.
He had been discharged from his usual
work
Carrying bricks and hod.

Alfred Lilly came along in a hand car
Pumping to beat the band;
He needed someone to help him;
Charles Green was engaged as the
man.
I take a look down the railroad;
A tramp I then do spy;
He seems to be quite weary
And is sitting on a tie.
I wondered who this person was,
I had seen everybody else;
I couldn't imagine who he might be
Unless he was myself.
And when I saw how lazy
And tired he seemed to be,
I knew it couldn't be anyone else;
It certainly must be me.
The Ghost then slowly vanished,
As he passed through the open door,
But I for once had seen enough;
I did not care for more.

JOE LUCAS, '15.





The Freshman Class

The Freshman Class

Rolland Denton

Madge Earp

Duane Ferrell

Willie George

Ethel Grigsby

Kledus Harris

Pearl Harsh

Golda Bray

Agnes Harshman

Edith Kuster

Thelma Barton

Ernest Behen

Fleta Byrom

Lee Cochran

Maurine Cochran

Clara Cody

Eugene Covey

Mercedes Daley

Victor Landers

Raymond McCune

Clark Magill

Emma Martin

Mabel Martin

Ralph Miller

Dorothy Moore

Merle Myers

Nellie Patterson

Mabel Poland

Lucile Ritchey

Nellie Roney

Frank Smith

Ray Spaugh

Homer Tabor

Lauren Todd

Omar Traylor

Lester Cody

Our Science Department

SCIENCE as taught in the modern high school of today should aim to do at least two things, first to initiate the Freshman into the mysteries of hard work on a systematic principle, and secondly to in- still into the minds of others practical science as proven by the personal experimentation of the student himself. The first will not prove as attractive as the latter but accepting this as a truth the courses in science have never proved anything else but attractive.

The early history of the department of science has never been recorded, and no mark is left on the pages of the history of the Sullivan high school to raise this mantle of oblivion that has rested for many years upon this important division of the institution.

In 1909 and during the preceeding years the department was housed in crowded quarters, occupying a portion of the basement under the high school building. This allotted space consisted of one large room with a concrete floor, plaster and brick walls, and a seven foot ceiling. The room was ill-lighted and very poorly ventilated and the laboratory desks had to be placed along the wall, (similar to those in the correspondence room of a hotel) in order to economize and secure the best advantages of the available light. All supplies were kept in this room and this added to the congestion. Stools and church benches were the seating accommodations, and open cases served to afford partial protection to the supplies and apparatus. The dampness of the air caused considerable destruction to delicate instruments and chemicals, and added to the general inconvenience of the students.

During the autumn of 1910 the department was entirely overhauled. New cases, chairs and tables were installed and about four hundred and fifty dollars spent on equipment. Electric lights were put in the laboratory, new black boards constructed, and the room thoroughly renovated and painted. Potted plants made the atmosphere more congenial and the department began to thrive. During 1910-1911, we accommodated 135 students daily offering full courses in Physics, Chemistry, Civics, Botany and Physiography. The classes were so large that the entire room was often occupied by a single section. The scholastic standards of the department were raised several degrees and a regular systematic method of administration was instituted without formality.

In the autumn of 1911 we began work in the same crowded quarters with an increase of five hundred dollars spent on general equipment. The classes became so large and numerous, that new quarters became a necessity. A new high school building was finished this year and during the holidays the department moved into the new laboratories. Two large laboratories had been built and fully equipped, and for chemistry and the other for the other science branches that required laboratory work. Closed cases with locks and plenty of room took care of the apparatus, and a generous supply of light added to the industry and efficiency of the

students. The new rooms contain special desks fitted to meet the needs of the different sciences, and artificial light can be obtained thru the use of four large crown glass Lucifer double reflecting prismatic globes, each globe containing one 100 watt electric lamp. A large recitation room adjoins the laboratories easily accessible from either laboratory, and has a seating capacity of about forty students. When working under a heavy load the department is able to handle effectively seventy students, and has special working equipment for even more.

During 1911, 155 students used the rooms daily. New courses were offered in Agriculture and Physiology, and our teaching force increased by two teachers. Three hundred and fifty dollars was spent to purchase new microscopes, and several smaller incidental bills were allowed, which added new material for more effective work.

At the beginning of the present year the standards were again raised, placing this department and the quality of its work on a par with any other school in the state. Students were required to hand in experimental work under separate covers, and the working efficiency of the department was over-hauled and put on a more consistent basis. More outside work was required, and better inside work made mandatory. Text books have been changed and the very best on the American market are in use in this work. Without good tools no man can create a master-piece and without modern tools no child can do a modern child's work, and it has been the aim of this department to furnish the best that the community can afford.

It is interesting to note our growth. In the fall of 1910 we had the unique valuation as far as equipment and apparatus is concerned, of four hundred dollars, and an inventory taken in the month of February of the present year showed our valuation increased to two thousand seven hundred eighty eight dollars eighty three cents. The money has been well spent and the quality of our work has crept up with nearly an equal percentage. Efficiency is our motto, and hard consistent work is the force that makes our motto one of truth and not of fiction. All due credit must be given to the Board of Education, that body of men whose far sightedness and judgment has enabled us to advance and whose generosity has provided the necessary material with which to accomplish the quality and quantity of work which we are turning out year by year. We thank the patrons of the school, the Board of Education, and all interested friends who have helped, encouraged, and believed in our efforts, and have made it possible for us to live up to our motto. We are not thru improving, but only begun, and it is our honest aim to make the best use of opportunity as she may present herself in the future.

The man who works is the man who wins,
No matter what his odds may be,
But the man who shirks is the man who sins,
And destroys god's best legacy.

ARTHUR LLOYD SMITH.

The Mathematics Department

THE Mathematics department of the Sullivan High School provides courses in the following branches: Commercial Arithmetic, Elementary and Advanced Algebra, and Plane and Solid Geometry. In this work we meet the University requirements and are on the fully accredited list of the University of Illinois. The enrollment in the several classes of this department has reached a total of one hundred seventy-two. It is the purpose to enable all students to master the mathematical problems of ordinary life and to equip them for higher mathematics. This however, is but a small part of what may be done for one in the study of these subjects. Mathematics lies at the base and forms a part of all the superstructure of human reason. Here better than in any other branch of study the student may be forced into concise and exact thinking followed by forceful and clearcut expression.

Through this science it has been the purpose to widen life and form those habits and powers of clear thinking which will enable the young man or young woman to pass safely through that vast field of unorganized thought which all must meet in the process of living.

The Language Department

THE Language work divides itself naturally into two divisions, ancient and modern, with different aims and methods.

Everyone who heartily believes in the usefulness of Latin in secondary schools recognizes its disciplinary value. The earnest work necessary to get real results gives the pupil a conviction that results are to be obtained only by labor. It gives the disciplinary training too, that one needs in making the mind master of its own processes. One whose mind has been exercised in the parsing and construction of involved Latin sentences, who has been accustomed to analyze them thoroughly, will certainly be better able to comprehend and interpret a commercial regulation or a business contract and to compose with more clearness of expression a business document than a person who has paid but superficial attention to the art of accurate expression. It contributes to fluency and accuracy of speech in English by increasing the vocabulary especially on the side of precise and concise expression. Aside from this it is also a valuable medium for the study of the ancient world out of which our own has so largely been formed. The widening of a boy's or girl's horizon to include even a little of that far distant past is surely an end worthy of achievement. The thoughts of the great Latin authors are of universal application, as valid now as then.

The aim then of a Latin course in high school might be said to have this immediate object in view to teach the student to read his Latin intelligently, and such a course may justly contend that it provides the boy or girl with admirable discipline, enlarges his mental horizon, gives him some glimpse, at least, of a rare and fine culture and puts him into fuller possession of his mother tongue. The course given is the regulation four year's course with the third and fourth years' work offered in alternate years. The first year's work deals with forms and syntax and prepares the pupil for the reading of connected prose. The second year is devoted to the reading of selections from Caesar's Gallic War with a few detached stories for easy reading. The third year takes up Cicero's orations and the fourth, Virgil's Aeneid. Latin Composition, based on the text used, is given in connection with the second and third years, and a study of the metrical forms used in the Aeneid is taken up in the fourth year.

In the two years of German offered, the end in view is a familiarity with the German words of every-day use and a reading ability that may induce the pupil to continue the work from a desire to know more of the German literature. German, unlike Latin, requires no extended study of syntax before ease in reading is acquired, and connected prose may be begun in the latter part of the first year. The second year includes short classics from such well known German authors as Storm, Schiller, Baumbach, Sudermann, and Hauf, together with composition work.

EMMA EDMISTON.

The Social Science Department

NO subject in the school curriculum touches deeper-rooted or stronger interests than history, and no other subject, with the possible exception of literature, offers so good an opportunity for training young people in right thinking and noble living. Through a proper study of history and civics pupils learn better to know themselves in relation to their community, their state, and their country. History should train for an enlightened patriotism. The term "my country" has little meaning to the person who knows nothing of the noble men and the long struggles which have made possible our present institutions. It is justice to the nation that our youth be led to understand the nature of our national life, and they learn to avoid the commission of those errors which have proven the rocks upon which nations may be wrecked.

The Sullivan High School offers three and one-half years' study in the social sciences, — three years in history and one-half year in economics. Ancient History (to 800 A. D.) is elective in the second year. Special attention is given to the study of Greece and Rome, with emphasis on those features of their civilizations which have influenced modern thought and institutions. Two years of history are required—The History of Modern Europe (from 800 A. D.) in the third year, and American History including Civics, in the fourth year. It would be futile to attempt to understand the institutions of America without a knowledge of the larger world from which many of them were brought, hence one year is devoted to the study of the development of western Europe, special attention being given to England and her constitutional development.

In the fall of 1912 a half-year course in economics was added to the social science group. It is becoming more and more necessary that the young people of our country be trained in economic reasoning, and that they have some knowledge of the economic problems which, as citizens, they soon must help to solve.

The work of this department is much handicapped by the lack of supplemental and illustrative materials. Better equipment would greatly assist in making these courses more interesting and more efficient.

CLARA SINCLAIR.

The Literary Society

LIKE the reaper, who gathers his harvest of ripened sheaves, the members of the literary society are slowly tho surely reaping a harvest of assurance and accuracy in the auditorium and on the debating platform.

In their effort to attain the heights of perfection in the art of debate and public speaking, they have met failure after failure but with the usual grit of the Sullivan High School students, they have regained their feet, profited by the kindly given and instructive advice of their critics, and have made each and every defeat a stepping stone toward success.

Tho they do not expect to win any especial renown by the culture and training of whatever talent they may have along this line, they strive, sickle in hand, with the determination to reap as bountiful a harvest as possible.

The idea of the society originated in the mind of the superintendent, Mr. Finley. He converted several students to his way of thinking and they in turn persuaded others to look upon the organization of a literary society as a helpful and almost necessary factor of a successful high school. The result of the combined efforts of all those interested culminated in the organization of the Sullivan High School Literary Society, January 6, 1913. Cecil Miller was elected president, Edna Cummins, vice president; Ruth Drish, secretary; and Charles Butler, treasurer.

Although one or more of its musicians participated in each meeting, the general aim of the society is to cultivate in its members the power to express their thoughts publicly in a clear, concise and entertaining manner.

CECIL MILLER '14.

The English Department

THE English department of the Sullivan High School offers a course which, in so far as it tends to inspire in the pupil a love for good literature and an appreciation of the best literary efforts of early and modern times, is cultural both in purpose and effect. For this reason it includes a careful study of selected classics and discussions of modern literature. In this respect it satisfies the appeal for classical education.

However, at the present time, the tendency is to demand practical education, and the study of Greek and Latin, in schools where the choice is offered, is often rejected for Manual Training or Domestic Science. There are parents and pupils who prefer a commercial course to Science or higher mathematics, on the grounds that it is more practical.

No substitute for English has been suggested. The reason is, that of all courses offered in the high school curriculum, none can be more practical than English. It is practical in that it teaches the pupil to express his thoughts clearly, correctly and effectively. Without the power to do so, a knowledge of other subjects would be of less value to him; and, although he should be encouraged to express his thoughts naturally, there are principles of rhetoric to which he must conform if he would speak with effect.

It is an aim in the English class to teach the pupil how to write a correct business letter— a letter may be the means of securing him a position which his knowledge of other subjects enables him to hold. He is taught to arrange his thought in a logical way, and express himself clearly in either oral or written language. A weekly theme is required of those taking English courses, and a review of English Grammar is given in the second semester of the senior year. With one exception the following stories have been chosen from the class themes by the Literary Editors of THE RETROSPECT.

OLIVE E. MARTIN.

A decorative rectangular border with intricate, repeating geometric and floral patterns, resembling a classical Greek key or meander design.

THEMES

The Test

THE day was hot and sultry. Old King Sol was doing his duty quite well, almost causing the corn to tassel before the very eyes of the toilers as they worked in the fields of grain near by. One of their number, a boy of sixteen summers or so, grew restless and paused ever and anon to gaze about him with a look of unrest and longing in his eyes.

Long toward the close of day this same boy was seen walking with rapid steps and light toward the near-by country town. He carried his small hand-bag easily, and just at dusk entered the one railway station and purchased a ticket for the city—the place of his dreams.

As the train approached he clutched his hand-bag with a desperate grip; gave one long, backward glance into the gathering darkness and passed for the first time from the home of his youth.

As he left the train he was jostled this way and that by the hurrying throng. In fact, he was almost pushed through the gates into the brilliantly lighted station, where he dropped into the first vacant seat, and gazing about him tried to become accustomed to the constant rumbling and jangling noises from the streets below. In a dazed sort of a way he inquired of a policeman where he might find lodging. As luck was with him, he secured a very good place on one of the busy streets.

Relaxing somewhat after his journey he watched from the window the throng below. Still watching them his eyes had a far-away look of longing, for his thoughts had wandered, in spite of all the power that be, to the little old house at the end of the lane. He could see the light, and as his imagination grew, could see his old father nodding over his evening paper. Close by, in her little rocker, sat the mother knitting silently. Then, with a gulp which failed to dislodge the great lump in his throat, he pushed on his cap, left the hotel and walked fiercely for several blocks.

He then began to notice the things around him; the effulgent windows seemed magnificent to him, but still there remained a strange sensation he could not shake off, and so there was no real pleasure for him.

He was anxious to "make good" and the thought of returning home without a good bank account was very repugnant, but after a silent battle with a good-sized parcel of something we need so often to hide, he cast it far into a remote corner of his mind.

In the first gray light of the following morn a boy passed along the lane toward the little white house from whose window the light was still burning. Seeing the light the boy forgot entirely the something with which he had fought, and passed quickly and quietly through the open door.

“For the Sake of Susan”

I WAS desperately in love with Susan, and she was in love with another fellow. What was I to do? I was almost a total stranger but was a very good bicyclist, and I puzzled my whirling, love-sick brain for a plan to get rid of my rival.

Mr. Bartlett, Susan's father, had raised a large patch of watermelons and he kept them safely guarded by a huge Danish bull dog. I knew where the patch was located, just at the top of a large hill with an old mill pond at its foot, and I also knew that if I could get my rival into the patch I might have a chance to win Susan's affections. So I resolved to try.

Next day was Sunday and as it is a good day on which to do anything of that kind, I resolved that it should be my day. I mounted my wheel, which was a good one, with an automatic coaster brake, and started to George's house. As luck or fate would have it, he was out in the yard fixing and cleaning his wheel, which was a very good one, although it possessed no coaster brake.

I suggested, "George, let's take a ride on our wheels, what do say?"

"Why, certainly, I'm willing," he replied.

We started to ride and our course led to the westward. After we had ridden for perhaps five or six miles we began to feel a little warm.

"Say," I began, "wouldn't a big Georgia sweet watermelon taste fine just about now?"

"Wouldn't it," he answered. "Way I am just dying for a big, juicy slice."

"Well," I said, "when we return home let's stop at Mr. Bartlett's patch and swipe a couple of big ones."

"I'm game," he replied. So we started on our foraging expedition and lost no time in reaching the patch.

We crawled up on our hands and knees and cautiously peeped around, as two Indians might do. All seemed clear and we took a couple of big ones and started toward our wheels, which we had left a safe distance. When we reached them we glanced toward the house and there came Mr. Bartlett, Susan and the big Danish bull. There was but one thing to do; we mounted our wheels with our melons under our arms and started down the steep hill. It was a hazardous thing to do but we were bound to get away, so down we started. We wanted to reach the bottom before they did, but saw them making a short cut to the foot of the hill.

I used my coaster but George let his wheel go, and when about two-thirds of the way down the big dog rushed at him. He pushed violently backward upon the pedal, to stop it, when snap went the chain and at the same time he hit the dog, which let out a howl of pain, and poor

George went plunging through the air into the old mill pond. "Splash" and "Help!" were mingled with the yelps of the injured dog. I, however, did not heed his cries but put all the force I could command to my pedals, and was a quarter of a mile down the road in twenty or thirty seconds after George's catastrophe. I then stopped my wheel and sat down in the shade, where I laughed a good long time and ate part of my melon.

Meanwhile George was treated with cruel disdain by Susan and was warned by her father, "never darken my threshold again."

My identity still remains unknown to them in regard to the melon affair, but I'm calling pretty regular on Susan now and maybe in time I'll tell her about it.

RAY SPAUGH, '16.

A Bit of Local Color

IT was recess time at the North Side School; the children could be seen marching down stairs; just as they reached the door all rushed for a drink. One smart fellow drank half a cupful and, not wanting the remainder, turned on his heel and scattered it about him with a wide sweep of his arm. The most of the water fell upon Jack Simpson, wetting his clothes considerably. This act Jack greatly resented, so running to the bucket he dipped up a tin of water and threw it with some force into the offender's face before he could get away.

"Jack Simpson," muttered the boy, "I'll work you over for that."

"I'd like to see you try it, you big coward," said Jack in great disgust. "I'll show you how to throw water on my clothes," and he clenched his fist to be ready for any emergency.

"I don't care a cent for your dirty rags," said the boy, and as soon as he had wiped all the water from his face he ran at Jack with his fists in the air. When the collision came he almost knocked his small antagonist off his feet, but Jack was not afraid of him, even though he did have the advantage in weight.

With his arms swinging like the fans of a windmill, Jack "lit in" to his opponent. The cry of "Scrap! Scrap!" arose and everyone ran to the scene. By his extreme quickness and the fact that he could strike two blows at his opponent's face and one at his body, while the latter was fanning the air with one blow, Jack soon got the better of his antagonist.

Then, when they were quite out of breath, they ceased fighting and each, as they backed away, eyed the other with disdain. It was somewhat of a surprise to the bully that a boy no larger than Jack should dare to fight him. Said he:

"You just come around behind and I'll fix you."

"Yes, you big coward!" retorted Jack. "You're afraid some one'll see you." And some one did see them; it was the old veteran of the school, who had noticed the disturbance.

A crowd had gathered around to encourage the fight, and just as one inventive onlooker was in the act of placing a stick on Jack's shoulder for the "bully" to knock off, the aforesaid veteran made his way roughly into the group and dealt the fellow who was urging a renewal of the battle a forceful blow on the side of the head, and before his two victims had time to escape he had them each by the collar, marching them to the office to the accompaniment of "Scrap! Scrap!"

ISAAC HAGERMAN, '14.

A Day in Colorado

I WISH to tell you of my trip to Colorado Springs and Manitou. There was a party of four, all eager to explore this place of great wonders.

The city of Colorado Springs is simply beautiful. The air is so light that it causes the smoke from the factories to rise, so it appears, to the sky. The streets are very wide and are bordered with grand, tall trees, beautiful flowers and shrubbery. In fact, the city itself is one beautiful scene. On one of the principal streets was the Antlers Hotel, one of the most magnificent buildings in the world, at the back of which rises Pike's Peak.

The school buildings are large and modern, the lawns reminding one of the parks we see in our own cities. This city being a place where the wealthy retire, almost all the homes are mansions. We noticed, too, that back of every one of those homes was a little cottage, very few of which contained more than two rooms. On inquiry I was informed that those little cottages were for rent to tourists who visited there every year. They are already furnished and all you have to do is to step in and make yourself at home.

Colorado Springs is so bright and clean that it reminds one of a pretty school girl dressed in a spicy clean white apron. The mountain scenery viewed from here is so fascinating that I felt I could stand and gaze forever. One thing I noticed was a tiny trail or path running up Pike's Peak and I wondered how it could appear so plain, it being ten or twelve miles away, but the little trail running up the great peak could be seen until it seemed to meet the sky above.

We boarded an interurban car for Manitou and passed through Colorado City, a small town which is noted for booze alone. Saloons are not allowed in Colorado Springs, so the boozers made a city of their own.

On the route we also passed the Consumptives Home, called White City. There were a number of large stone buildings set out in a secluded place, each being painted white. As we journeyed on every step was a revelation.

Just before reaching Manitou we beheld the Gateway to the Garden of the Gods. Within this garden and towering high above its walls are the Cathedral Spires of beautiful shades of red sandstone. They are about two hundred feet high and constitute one of the principal attractions of the garden. There are many odd formations, such as toad stools, seats, etc., upon these rocks. The Balanced Rock can also be seen from this car. It is thirty or forty feet above the surrounding country. It is claimed to be seventy feet high and is slightly balanced, tilted on a scanty base of a few feet.

We arrived at Manitou, our car stopping at the Seven Falls in South Cheyenne canon. A stairway consisting of seven flights built at the side of the falls leads to the grave of Helen Hunt Jackson. She did much of her writing here, and as she loved the place so much she requested that she be buried near, and that her only monument should consist of the stones which her friends and admirers might bring when they visited her grave. There is now a great pile of stones to mark the place where she was laid to rest, and although her body has been moved to the family cemetery, this is still a visiting place for the tourists.

Having visited this place we hired burros and took a trip upon the mountains. Those sure-footed little creatures took us safely to the top of one of the peaks, but not Pike's Peak. On top of this mountain we visited a small store where one could procure souvenirs. On this same peak was the Cave of the Winds. Within its walls were curious things. The ceiling is of solid rock resembling parafine in whiteness. The floor is of polished rock. It is claimed that the wind blows continually, making curious noises.

I might write a hundred pages and then not any ways near describe or express the wonder of the trip which I took that day in Colorado.

MURRELL HARRIS, '13.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

I HURRIED timidly into the office of that species of fiend known as a dentist and sat down upon the edge of a chair near the door. This special dentist was one of those so-called "painless extractors," but his office was located over an undertaking establishment which looked suspiciously prosperous. I had mounted the brass-bound steps, therefore, reluctantly and in deep thought, and was about to turn back when my indisposed molar gave a throb and a twinge, and so with a loud yell I entered the office.

I was enthusiastically greeted by a starved looking young man who wore a smile of ghoulish anticipation upon his face. "Dr. Jerkum is engaged, he will see you soon," he said. "Remain seated." And he thrust a magazine into my hands. I gave one look at it and dropped it, shuddering. "The Coffin-Makers' Gazette" it read. I had not long to contemplate, for from the inner office came a series of muffled moans and then a loud gasp. Looking at the assistant I saw that he wore a grin of exquisite enjoyment which soon broke into a soft chuckle as he rubbed his hands together briskly in great relish. Disconcerted, I turned my gaze to the pictures upon the walls. The first was a graveyard scene at night, the second a picture of holy angels bearing a tortured soul into Paradise. Very appropriate, I thought, and reached for my hat. "Sit down!" roared a mighty voice, and turning I observed the giant doctor standing in the office door, his bushy whiskers trembling violently.

I sat down, and the doctor turning to the assistant directed him to bring a monkey wrench and lock the door. After he had obtained the required article he disappeared and there came a loud crunch, a thump and a sighing groan, and the face of the doctor appeared in the door.

"You may call the ambulance now, Henry. This fellow got off easy," he muttered, regretfully turning back into his sanctum. Again there came a series of dull blows and then a loud, rattling gurgle and a long wheeze as of infinite relief. Then the doctor stuck his head out the door. "Never mind the ambulance," he said. "Call Mr. Black." The man obediently pounded three times upon the floor, and soon I heard the measured tread of feet approaching on the brass-bound stairs, and then softly humming the Funeral March, he unlocked the door and admitted the tall, sad-faced undertaker and his assistant, who bore between them a crepe-covered stretcher. With a cry of terror, I made a jump for the door but was grasped firmly from behind and thrown to the floor, while the undertaker's assistant began to take my chest measure and height, and jot them down on a piece of paper, which he carefully put into his pocket. The undertaker bade a sepulchral "good day" to the doctor and he and his assistant passed out bearing a quivering pulp upon the stretcher.

"Next!" roared the doctor, and the cold sweat trickled down my face. "I don't believe I'll have it pulled today," I squeaked faintly, but I didn't have time to remonstrate further, for the doctor, with a grim smile upon his face, advanced and grasping me tightly by the nape of the neck dragged me into the torture chamber. Dropping me into a battle-scarred plush chair, he leisurely adjusted a strap about my neck and feet. "Now, sir," he said, rolling up his sleeves, "which is the affected tooth?" Meekly and in extreme terror, I dumbly pointed out the throbbing member. "Hum," muttered the doctor, peering into the cavity. "A tri-cuspid; very serious case. Will have to use extreme methods," and a cold chill galloped down my spine. Lucifer was muttering again: "Tooth in a difficult position. Will have to clear away to it." Then raising his voice, he called, "Henry, bring a hammer." I squirmed in distress and turned my face away. My dilated eyes lit upon a human skeleton, grinning widely. About its neck was a neat placard which read: "The first patient." The doctor was approaching with a bicycle pump in his hand. "Would you like to have a little morphine administered?" he inquired. "You look slightly pale."

"For John's sake, yes! Give me a quart," I begged. The doctor placed the tube in my mouth and shot the precious stuff into my system. I felt myself reeling and I began to doze away. The last thing I remembered was that the doctor had mounted to my chest with both his feet and was preparing to knock out my front teeth, and—"Mike, come to breakfast," rang through the house.

PAUL DAWSON, '14.

The Outcast

EVER since he could remember he had been the object of taunts and sneers. While a small boy of six, just starting to school, he had been pushed around by some and ignored by others. And as he grew up his miseries had increased. He had always been shy of girls; they made him feel uneasy. His red hair and freckled face seemed most unbecoming.

Since he was afraid of water, when he went to the old swimming hole he had to "chaw beef" and be subject to many duckings. He was usually chased home each noon and after school by the other boys. Everybody seemed to dislike and despise him, and he had no champion in his troubles. Many times it was difficult to keep back the tears.

Gradually he grew up, each year becoming better in his studies, but he still was the object of ridicule and sport. On the baseball field he was decidedly punk, either muffing the ball with precision at the critical

moments or fanning out when a hit was most needed for his side. On roller skates and on the ice he was a hopeless failure. In vain he tried to learn but at each attempt he would lose his balance and in the end would leave with a sore elbow or a big bump on his head. On the football teams between the grades, when sides were to be chosen he was totally ignored. In basket ball, being a trifle near-sighted, of course he was no great star.

His parents steadfastly refused to buy him a rifle or shot gun, thinking it to be dangerous; that the cartridge or shell might go out the wrong end and injure him. His classmates looked upon him with contempt; they regarded him as a molly coddle with an insufferable streak of an upstart and conceit about him.

He entered high school in his fourteenth year, the appearance of conceit was vanishing and a dejected air of despair was forming. He received a lot of hazing; he was ducked in his best clothes in the water tank; his clothes were ruined with ink and his hair was cut with a pair of tin shears. He was left out of all social functions; he never received an invitation and he had no chums.

Still the spirit of doggedness clung to him although now accompanied by the growing spirit of despair. He never flunked in his classes but on the football field, in trying out, the coach pretended never to see him. On the track he was so far distanced that in a mile run the best runners were on the second time around before he had gone over three-eighths of a mile.

So, year after year, he still did not raise himself in the esteem of his classmates until he was in his senior year. The high school building was a large, substantial wooden structure three stories high. It was heated by hot water and lighted by electricity. The all-important day of his life was dark and clouded so that the lights had to be turned on. Towards the second period of the afternoon, when most of the pupils and students were reciting in the third story, the cry "Fire! Fire!" was heard. The uninsulated wire had quickly caught the pine ceiling under the second floor. Soon everybody was in a panic. Brave half-backs, rugged catchers, expert swimmers and keen forwards were acting like madmen. Smoke was curling up between the cracks in the floor, the fire was crackling beneath, fast eating up the boards and undermining the third story. Many attempted to go down the stairs but were forced back strangling because of the smoke, and one foolish girl jumped from the window, breaking her ankle. He, our friend, like the rest, at first was panic-stricken but as the danger increased the supposedly downtrodden, yellow boy with red hair gradually became equal to the occasion. With a newly-developed power he prevented girls from jumping out of the window, talking kindly and encouragingly to them.

Once he sat down at the piano and sang: "I want to be, and I want

to be, I want to be right out of this building." Finally the fire department arrived and ladders were placed against the building; firemen rushed up them and here they saw the perfect discipline and order which our red-headed friend had established. Girls were talking more calmly than before, boys' faces were less pale and everybody was in a line; he had acted like an officer and had placed his men in line with the girls first.

Trip after trip, the firemen made, each time the number became less in the room but each second the place was becoming more and more dangerous. The second floor had fallen in and the third was tottering. Finally everyone but he, a cripple and a half-back, the hero of last year's eleven and one who had always sneered at him were out of the dangerous place. But still he refused to go; the two firemen carried the other two half unconscious boys down the ladders, and at the same time glancing nervously at the burning third floor. They reached the ground but that was all, the walls fell in with a resounding crash. His classmates and the spectators saw very plainly a figure go down with the burning third floor, a figure with red hair and clothes on fire. They saw him no more, but once they heard a piercing scream of agony and that was all.

A new school house was erected, a brick structure. Then many people saw and knew that it sometimes takes a great crisis to show the real metal and stuff that individuals are made of and that seeming cowards may turn out to be the real heroes in life. He had refused to go down the wooded ladder until all others had descended, but he had climbed the ladder of fame to the top step.

CHARLES GREENE, '15.

The Fall of Roderick Dhu

Far in the mountains of Scotland
Across the Atlantic blue,
There lived a band called the Alpine Clan,
Led by Roderick Dhu.

On an island in lake Katrine,
Assembled five hundred strong;
They were making ready for war to go,
To avenge a Douglas wrong.

The members of the Alpine band,
Assembled from near and far,
For they were told by the fiery cross,
To prepare and go to war.

The Douglas had been banished
From Scotland forevermore;
And for the wrong, Roderick's throng
Had gathered ready for war.

James Fitz James, a yoeman,
One evening as night drew nigh,
Was seen by the daring Roderick,
And suspected as a spy.

That night as Roderick lay sleeping,
His camp fire burning low;
He was awakened by a trampling sound
Of some marauding foe.

He sprang up in an instant,
And in a loud voice did demand
Who was prowling at that time of night
Upon the island strand.

An interview did follow,
And Fitz James in his wrath
Challenged Roderick or his band
To cross him in his path.

He said he was leaving the island
From his dangerous and perilous stand,
And at the first rays of the morning sun
He would see another land.

Roderick, although unknown to James,
Would guide him upon his way;
But they would lie and rest that night,
Until the ensuing day.

And on the following morning
They started without a word,
And Roderick did as he had said
And took him to the ford.

Upon arriving at the ford
Where Fitz James was to be guided to;
He turned and said in an open way,
"I am Roderick Dhu."

Fitz James, for an instant, seemed frightened
But in a calm voice he replied,
That he would battle with him there
With their swords upon which they relied.

Then their swords they slowly drew,
And together fast they ran,
But neither seemed to rise or fall,
For they were man to man.

Roderick was dealt one awful blow.
His sword was smitten in two;
And downward on his knees he fell,
His eyes all blurred and blue.

James did raise his sword on high,
Roderick knew his motive well;
And one great forward spring he made
And on Fitz James he fell.

Roderick raised his dirk on high
His antagonist to foil;
A shining gleam, he swerved his mark
To the hilt it sank in soil.

Roderick, reeling from the loss of blood,
Fell forward as James arose;
Although unhurt, but cold and wet
From his wet and mire-covered clothes.

Two fingers to his mouth he placed
And a shrill blast he blew,
And up came four men and horse
Walking two and two.

He issued orders to the first
And then he told the next two;
"Go immediately to my castle
And take with you Roderick Dhu.

The King's troops came in order,
All ready for the battle,
Which soon held sway, most of the day
Mid the groans and deadly rattle.

The battle seemed to hold its place,
And neither seemed to rise;
For each showed master workmanship
With blood thirst in their eyes.

Each looked o'er the field of warriors
As the battle began anew;
But look as they would, they could not see
Their leader, Roderick Dhu.

The battle was raging furious,
But on a cliff to the right
Was seen a horesman approaching
With a truce flag made of white.

Now back to the dying Roderick
Who lay inside a castle wall
He seemed to see the the Alpine Clan,
Their banners rise and fall.

Allan Bane, a harper,
When brought before Roderick Dhu,
Was questioned about the battle
And his followers brave and true.

He asked the harper kindly
If he would sing and play
A song about the battle
Of the preceeding day.

About that dreadful battle
Did Allen mournfully play
Until the life of Roderick Dhu
Slowly ebbed away.

Douglas pardoned, and Allan freed,
Both back to their former stand;
Gazed deep and amazed on James Fitz James,
For he was the king of the land.

Ellen, the daughter of Douglas
Was married to Malcom Graeme,
Freed from prison by means of a ring
Given Ellen by James Fitz James.

ROLLAND DENTON, '16.





FOOTBALL

Charles Butler
1913

11

10

7

4



(2) 8

5

2

3

6

1

9

8 (3)

Foot Ball Team

1912

Foot Ball

The students, teachers and the football boys, in particular, wish to thank the merchants of Sullivan for their generous financial support. We started the season with fifty dollars and when the manager cast up his accounts we had sixty-seven dollars and forty cents. This showing resulted from generous support from the high school and the citizens of our city.

The team was handicapped in having to follow a championship team. We were handicapped in at least three ways: First, we had a difficult record to uphold; Second, we had difficulty in getting games with the smaller towns; Third, our team was composed largely of new men. But with these difficulties facing us we made a good showing, playing the larger towns in Illinois. The line-up follows:

Center—C. Butler 1
Right Guard—W. Burns 2
Right Tackle—E. Martin 3
Right End—F. Smith 4
Left Guard—J. Lucas 5
Left Tackle—J. Pifer 6
Left End—F. Wolf 7
Right Half Back—C. Miller 8
Left Half Back—F. Lee 9
Full Back—R. Martin 10
Quarter Back—O. Hill 11
Substitutes—E. Bristow,
E. Butler
B. McDavid,
L. David,
G. Hudson.

Arcola

The Arcola boys are a good bunch of sports and came to town for our first game. The game was replete with fumbles, but, in spite of that fact, was interesting from the beginning. It served as a start both from the point of interest and finance. Our team showed so well that our supporters thought we were starting on another season of winning: However the players did not quite agree on this point. Few schools have two championship teams in succession.

Score: Sullivan, 12; Arcola, 7.

Lovington

Our neighbors to the north came down for a return game of the previous year. Lovington scored on our championship team in 1911 thru an error. The team of 1912 was not up to the former year and it was readily demonstrated in the game. Sullivan walked down the field at will by the end runs and line plunges. Lovington had some good players but sadly lacked on team work. Reynolds was the star on the Lovington team.

Score: S. H. S., 91; L. T. H. S., 0.

Decatur

Our next game was with Decatur High. We realized that Decatur had a good team since they played our 1911 team and showed well. However, we easily convinced them that while we did not have our team of 1911, we had not forgotten the art of football. It is a singular fact that in 1911 the S. H. S. was denied a touchdown which they made, and again this year they were denied a touchdown without a satisfactory explanation. In the interim we played 10 games and did not encounter any such disaster.

Score: S. H. S., 7; D. H. S., 14.

Pana

The Pana game was a series of surprises, misunderstandings and disappointments. We had the contracts for two games with Pana. The day preceding the arrival of the P. T. H. S. the health officer called the game off. We hated to disappoint the Pana boys because we had scarlet fever in a few families in the outskirts of town, consequently we offered to change dates and they agreed. We went to Pana, crippled, with two of our best men out. We were beaten, of course, since they had a team of veterans but promised them an interesting game when they returned our game. They never came.

Score: S. H. S., 7; Pana, 30.

Newman

We next started in a different direction. The Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad assisted by the C. H. & D. carried us to Newman. The N. T. H. S. team was fast and proceeded to demonstrate the fact to the Sullivan players. The game was hard fought and extremely interesting. The S. H. S. gradually forged to the front and tho the Newman team was more experienced we finally landed so far in advance that there was no chance to even score. The S. H. S. line showed to best advantage in this game holding Newman on the one yard line for three downs. Lee did some of his spectacular work in this game. We hope to play Newman next year.

Score: S. H. S., 20; N. T. H. S., 7.

Mattoon

The Mattoon boys alighted from the train dressed in their football togs. They played in ill luck and the S. H. S. scored at will. However, it must be said that the Mattoon boys are a bunch of good losers and never gave up but took their defeat with good grace. We like to play with Mattoon and admire the sportsmanship of the boys to the southeast.

Score: S. H. S., 52; M. H. S., 0

Peoria

The Peoria trip was a long one. It is unusual for schools the size of Sullivan to get games with the larger towns.

The Peoria boys were certainly good entertainers. They met us at the station and escorted us to the Y. M. C. A. building in autos. Here we had a good place to lounge and rest and were served an excellent lunch.

As for the game; we lost it. But loss of control and bonehead plays were the cause, as we outplayed the Peoria boys in every stage of the game. Their coach admitted the above fact. Sullivan had many chances to score but threw them all away. Peoria high is anxious to come to Sullivan but we fear the expenses will be beyond our ability to meet. The railroad connections for their return from Sullivan are not good. The race from the Y. M. C. A. to the depot, where the manager lost \$2.40 was a feature of the trip. He almost cried.

Score: S. H. S., 0; P. C. H., 13.

Danville

The Danville game was one that no one was particularly interested in. We made a mistake in not playing another team on that date. Danville failed to show that they were true sportsmen in 1911 and we were magnanimous enough to give them a game in 1912.

The teams were well matched and neither side scored in the first half. Sullivan carried the ball down the field by a series of line bucks and short end runs made by Miller, Lee and Martin and had the same tactics been continued we would have scored in the first quarter.

During the third quarter Smith was injured and as a result the right end defense was weakened. It was in this quarter that Danville made their lone touchdown. The rooters went wild with enthusiasm, thinking, no doubt, that they were playing their old rivals of 1911. However, we convinced them that we could take a new bunch of Sullivan material and play football with them.

Score: Sullivan, 0; Danville, 7.

Alumni

We made many attempts to get a game in Sullivan with a good high school for Thanksgiving. After we had exhausted all our resources the alumni boys offered us a game without any expense money.

We realized that the alumni were made up of good players but were not caring so much for winning as for giving the people of Sullivan, who had been so faithful in support, a game for that day.

Pogue, the star quarterback of Sullivan high, generalled the alumni. The teams seemed well matched for the first quarter. Lee was injured and, of course, that weakened the S. H. S. E. Martin replaced him and showed that he possessed football ability of the first caliber. We predict for him a bright future should he devote time to that sport.

The crowd behaved badly. It seems as if the crowd thought the field was for them instead of the players.

The season of 1912 was, withal, a successful one and we are justly proud of our record. Football may aid or hinder a school in its struggle for better things. The players in their attitude toward the game and its relation to the school can do much to raise it in the eyes of doubting patrons, or they can hurt the game. We trust the game lost none of its fascination during the year 1912.

Here's to the S. H. S. Football Team of 1913. May they be successful in winning games and establishing a reputation for fair dealing and true sportsmanship.

TRACK



Charles Butler
1963

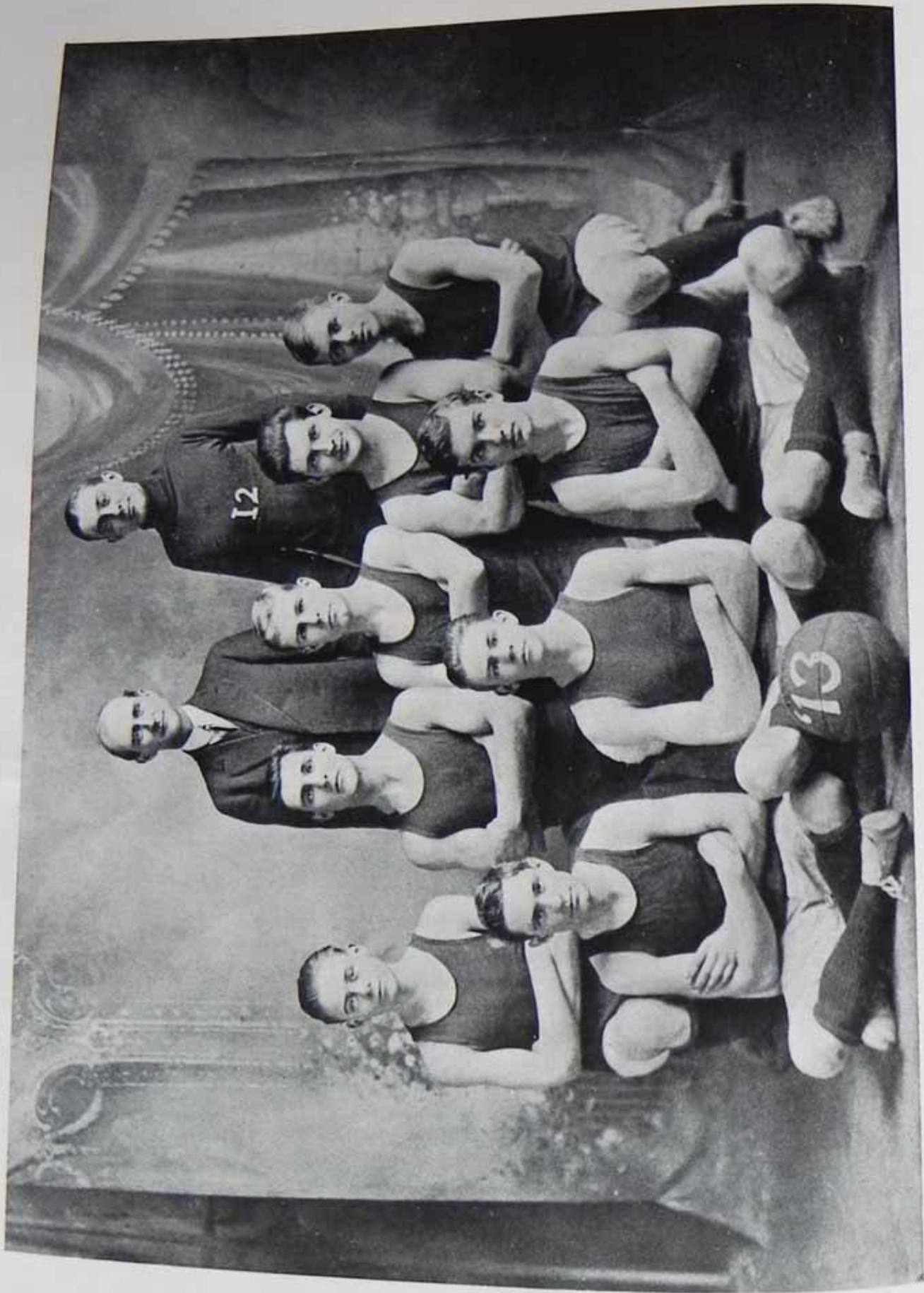
Track

LIKE all the other athletic teams of the Sullivan High School the track team this year was badly crippled by the loss of last year's men. Only two of last year's team remained this year and the prospects did not seem very bright. Early in March, however, a meeting was held and Charles Butler was elected captain, and Orall Bundy, manager.

Coach Smith immediately set to work, with some of the boys, to clean up the large room in the top story of the school building and to convert it into a sort of gymnasium. Flying rings, trapeze, horizontal bars and wrestling mats were procured and placed in the room and indoor work commenced. This was kept up until the weather became warm enough for the boys to get out doors. It was rather late in the season when the outdoor practice began, and the boys worked hard to get into condition.

Efforts were made to get a dual meet with some other school, but were unsuccessful so the team entered the Eastern Illinois meet at Charleston, with only two men, who had ever participated in a meet and as a consequence, most of the boys were a trifle nervous. They made a good showing, however, and the team came home with six points to its credit. Beside taking first place in the pole vault, Orall Bundy set a new record for that event, vaulting 10 feet 6 inches. Charles Butler also took third place in the running high jump.

Considering all the difficulties under which the team has labored, it has done good work, and while it did not accomplish all that the team did last year the High School has no occasion to be ashamed of its track team and we will look forward in hopes of a better one next year.



Basket-Ball Team

Basket-Ball

THE Basket-Ball season of 1912-1913 started out rather inauspiciously for the Sullivan team. Not a single member of last year's team remained and none of the boys who were on the team this year had ever played before, so the prospects looked rather gloomy.

However the boys organized themselves, with Mr. Finley's help, and started practicing about a week or two before Christmas. The first game of the season was played against the Alumni, on December 28th. The Alumni had all their old players back, and as they had played together for so long, there was little hope of the high school winning. The game started with Moore and C. Butler at forwards, Hudson at center and Miller and Lee at guard, for the high school, and Gaddis and Harsh, forwards, Kibbe, center and Poland and Pogue guards. At the end of the first half the score stood 14 to 8 in favor of the Alumni. In the second half C. Butler and Hudson changed places, E. Butler took Moore's place at forward and Magill took Lee's at guard. The Alumni lineup remained the same. At the end of the game the score stood 23 to 11 for the Alumni. Although beaten, the high school team played a good game and showed more endurance than the Alumni players, who were continually asking for time out. The summary of the game follows: Field baskets, Gaddis 7 Pogue 1, Harsh 2, C. Butler 1, E. Butler 1, Miller 1, Hudson 1. Foul baskets; Gaddis 3, C. Butler 3. Referee, Day. Umpire, Finley, Timer Duncan. No more games were played until Jan 18th; although the boys kept up their practice regulary.

SULLIVAN 16; BEMENT 21.

On January 18 the Bement team came to Sullivan for a game. Although this was one of the strongest teams met this season, it was held to the close score of 21 to 16. Center Foran was the star player of the evening. The Sullivan team lined up as follows: L. F., E. Butler; R. F., D. Butler; C., C. Butler; L. G., Lee; R. G., Miller. Referee, Baker of Illinois. Umpire, Gaddis of Sullivan; Timekeeper, Smith of Sullivan.

SULLIVAN 14; ARTHUR 21.

On January 25th the team journeyed to Arthur. On their arrival they found that they had to play in a cold-storage establishment 20 by 60 feet in dimensions, lined with brick walls and having a concrete floor, so they immediately set to work to warm things up a bit. Being accustomed to a large, warm room with a good floor, the team was at a loss to know how to perform but managed to score 14 points against Arthur's 21. The scoring and lineup for Sullivan was as follows; L. F., E. Butler, R. F., D. Butler; C., C. Butler; L. G., Lee and Smith; R. G., Miller. Referee, Day; Umpire, Stewart. Field goals; Miller 2; D. Butler 1; Foul goals, C. Butler 8. The game was very rough, and hard fought, and excessive fouling on both sides marked the playing.

SULLIVAN 13; SHELBYVILLE 61

On January 31st the team met Shelbyville at Shelbyville. Here the floor bothered them more than at Arthur, as it was waxed and was also much larger than the Sullivan floor. They literally skated all over it, while the Shelbyville boys had suction shoes that would not slip. Shelbyville ran up a score of 61 to 13 on Sullivan, but this was due to the inability of the Sullivan boys to stop or turn on the floor, rather than to any inferiority in the general playing. The lineup and scoring for Sullivan was as follows; R. F., D. Butler and C. Butler; L. F., Miller; C., C. Butler and Hudson; R. G. Magill and Smith; L. G., Lee. Field goals, Miller 3; Smith 1; C. Butler 2. Foul goals, Hudson 1.

SULLIVAN 18; ARTHUR 17.

The night after the Shelbyville game the team met the Arthur team at Sullivan. Although weakened by the recent game the team was determined to win. In the first half, the Arthur team gained a lead of five points but in the last half the home boys came back and won the game by the close score of 18 to 17. This was the most exciting game of the season as it was anybody's game until the last minute of play when Hudson tossed a foul basket.

The lineup was as follows; L. F., Miller; R. F., D. Butler; C., C. Butler and Hudson; L. G., Lee; R. G., Smith. Referee, Stewart; Umpire, Finley.

SULLIVAN 18; NEOGA 35.

The last game of the season was played with Neoga, at Sullivan on February 8. The game was hardfought, but the team work of the Neoga boys, who have played together for two or three years, proved too much for the Sullivan players, and resulted in their defeat by the score of 35 to 18. The Neoga boys played together better, and altogether proved stronger than any other team played by Sullivan this year. The Sullivan players used better teamwork than in any previous game but were weak on basket shooting. The team lined up as follows; L. F., Miller; R. F., D. Butler; C., Hudson and C. Butler; L. G., Lee and Magill; R. G., Smith.

The other games of the season had to be declared off on account of smallpox, but next year we think we can put out a winning team, as nearly all the boys on the team this year will be back next year and will make up a mighty strong combination. Great credit is due to Mr. DeWitt Day, who has so cheerfully and willingly given his time and efforts to coach the team this year, and the boys wish to extend to him their most sincere thanks for his interest in the team and we are sure that everybody interested in S. H. S. basket-ball does the same.

Junior and Senior Banquet

The Annual Junior and Senior Banquet was given on May 2, 1913, at the K. of P. Hall. The Sullivan Orchestra furnished the music.

THE MENU

Fruit Ice	Wafers
Chicken Patties	Potato Fouffle
Hot Beets with Butter Sauce	
Pineapple Salad	
Salted Nuts	
Radishes	Olives
Hot Rolls	
Brick Ice Cream	Lady Baltimore Cake
Coffee	

After supper the following program was given:

Toastmaster	- - -	Isaac Hagerman
"The Spoilers"	- - -	Cecil Miller
"Following the Star"	-	Charles Butler
"The Court of High Decision"	-	
- - - - -	-	Lois McMullin
"Their Yesterdays"	Mr. O. B. Lowe	
Instrumental Solo	-	Blanche Martin
Vocal Solo	- - - - -	Miss Rucker
"Awake with the Lark"	- - -	
- - - - -	-	Senior Quartette
Review of Reviews		
"Moonlight and Music		
In the Gondola"	- -	Boys' Quartette

Commencement Events

Baccalaureate Sermon, May 25.

Class Play, "Mr. Bob," May 27.

CAST.

Phillip Royson	- - - -	Lynn Booze
Robert Brown	- - - -	Omar Hill
Jenkins	- - - -	Chas. Butler
Rebecca Luke	- - - -	Clara Minor
Katherine Rogers	- -	Murrell Harris
Marion Bryant	- -	Gustava Thomason
Patty	- - - -	Ina Thomason

Commencement, May 29.

Senior Aquarium

Whale	-	-	-	-	-	-	Pifer
Shark	-	-	-	-	-	-	Booze
Torpedo	-	-	-	-	-	G. Thomason	
Eel	-	-	-	-	-	-	Hill
Shiners	-	-	-	-	I. Thomason,	Lee	
Sucker	-	-	-	-	-	-	Brosam
Crawfish	-	-	-	-	-	-	Murphy
Turtles	-	-	-	-	Bundy,	C. Martin	
Fike	-	E. Martin,	Butler,	W. Martin			
Minnows	-	-	Covey,	Landers,	Harris		
Clams	-	-	-	-	Fields,	Myers	
Perch	-	-	-	-	-	Minor,	Bean
Catfish	-	-	-	Cochran,	McCarthy		



Senior Classification

NAME	AMBITION	NOTED FOR	FAVORITE PASTIME	FAVORITE PHRASE
Nellie Bean	Suffragette	Disagreeing	Sleeping	"Well believe me"
Gus Thomason	Matrimony	Grinning	Talking	"Listen Kids"
Carl Martin	Politics	Knocking	Arguing	"It's the other way"
James Pifer	Jeweler	Sweet temper	Playing football	"O I wouldn't say that"
Clara Minor	Edit funny paper	Her jokes	Reading	"Let me tell you something"
Anna McCarthy	Teacher	Stalling in class	Studying	"Well I wonder"
Charles Butler	Sign painting	His dreamy eyes	Translating latin	"Do tell"
Ward Brosam	Music teacher	Nothing	Flirting	"Oh Now"
Bob Martin	To be left alone	Working???	Winking	"Now you hush"
Oral Bundy	Electrician	Shirking	Pole vaulting	"Shucks"
Edgar Martin	Wireless tel'gr'ph	Pompadour	Plowing corn	"I don't believe I know"
Helen Covey	Physics teacher	Height	Studying	"Yes Mamma"
Marguerite Murphy	Writing poetry	Love for humanity	Blushing	"Now you quit"
Ina Thomason	Get a date	Chewing gum	Writing notes	"Gee"
Floyd Lee	Get a girl	Diamond ring	Working?	"Let's go eat"
Omar Hill	President	Ruby lips	Shucking pumpkins	"Give me a match"
Elsie Myers	Housekeeper	Dozing in class	Talking	"I am not going"
Murrell Harris	Get thru school	Laughing	Embroidering	"Oh Lawdy"
Lynn Booze	Be a millionaire	Dodging	Dreaming	"Loan me a quarter"
Ruth Cochran	Milliner	Energy	Takeg Physics Ex.	"What are you doing"
Lora Landers	Actress	Dram'tic ability	Reading Sh'k'sp're	"I don't believe it"
Eva Fields	Student	Getting 98	Doing Nothing	"I've got to study"

The first period in the afternoon
I study extremely hard
And forty-five minutes goes very soon
For Mr. Lowe's on guard.

This time I was at my zoology
My studying was genuine
It was nothing about archology
But the sea urchin and its kind.

I thought I must be dreaming
For from the chair Mr. Lowe occupied
A strange something was gleaming
A pink-like something I spied.

I strained my eyes for a moment,
For it had the shape of a head
Sans eyes, nose and mouth, a bright
light it sent

"Its jerking, its moving," I said.

At once I solved this mystery so absurd
For Mr. Lowe turned round so kindly
He was only studying the program on
the board,

'Twas the back of his head I had
gazed on so blindly.

Mr. Finley (Physiology) Describe the spinal column.

Edward Butler The spinal column is a jelly like fluid running down
the middle of the back.

Why is O. B. Lowe's head like heaven?
There will be no dying or parting there.

Miss Sinclair—Who was John Huss?
Esther Harshman—He was a hair-tic (heretic.)

Miss Goembel (in music class) "Mr. Hudson, what is the most im-
portant note in the scale?"

Mr. Hudson "Ray"

Miss Goembel "Mr. Hagerman, what do you think?"

Mr. Hagerman, "me"

Miss Goembel—Mr. Miller"

Mr. Miller, "Dough."

Freshman—Mr. Lowe can you ever take the greater from the lesser?
Mr. Lowe---Yes! When you take the conceit out of a Freshman.

Nature hath formed strange persons in her time.---Miss Martin.

See how sickly looking and deathly pale and thin;
Overwork and study are surely killing him.---Billy Burns.

About eight o'clock on April Fool's day there was a telephone call for Mr. Finley.

"Hello, Mr. Finley."

"Yes!"

"A long distance call from Mattoon, hold the line."

"Alright."

There was a silence of about eight minutes.

"Hello, Mr. Finley, are you still holding the line?"

"I most assuredly am."

"Have you caught anything yet?"

Nothing more was heard from Mr. Finley.

Later, Mr. Finley gave a revised version of this story, saying that he replied at the last:

"Yes, I think I have a tadpole on the line now."

Willie George says that Bacteria is an epidemic that grows on plants.

Anna McCarthy says that Archimedes discovered the law of buoyancy while he was in a deep well.

Mr. Lowe to the barber: "I want a haircut."

Barber: "Which one?"

Miss Martin, reading from Hamlet in English IV—"I'm slain, I'm slain."

Frank Wolf (excited): "Who's Killed?"

How many times can I get my picture in this year's annual—Charles Butler.

Floyd Lee is writing a book on "Adventures of a Brownie."

Miss Sinclair: There are two sides to everything.

Jim Pifer: Are there two sides to a line?

Miss Sinclair: "Lewie, do you want to go to Findlay (Finley)?"

Lewie: "I haven't bought my ticket yet."

Mr. Smith (explaining how sound waves travel) Now, I hollar 'hey!' You have a series of condensations and rarefactions and then you get hay (hey) in your ear.

A staunch Republican, a supporter of Taft, but not old enough to vote—Carl Martin.

One evening Bob Martin, Twenty Wolf, Brownie Lee, Frank Smith, and Omar Hill, shot nickels at a crack to see who would take Thelma Barton home from town. Brownie won.

Mr. Smith (physiography) "What change takes place when water freezes?"

Ray Spaugh (innocently) "A change in price, I guess."

To what lengths some men will go---Charles Butler.

Ralph Miller (English I) "Miss Martin, which is the right pronunciation, 'can I speak' or 'may I speak'?"

And after all, what I like best is just to fish and have my rest--Lester Cody.

German I Freshman translating sie sich---sea sick.

Miss Martin (Eng. IV) "Wouldn't you expect the mother to be more considerate of the child than the child of the parent?"

Gus Thomason--Sure! She's more relationed.

Freshman (on quiz paper) Osmosis is the moving of molasses in plants.

Mr. Smith (Discussing tidal waves in physiography)--Eugene if you were out in the ocean bathing and saw a tidal wave about 80 feet high coming, what would you do?

Eugene Covey (looking wild and scared) I-I don't know, I spec't I'd be too scared to run.

Miss Sinclair--Where did the Ionians live?

Chas. Cody--In Iona I s'pose.

Mr. Smith "When rain falls does it ever arise again?"

"Yes sir."

"Where?"

"Why in dew, time"

"That will do, Mr. Dawson, you can sit down."

(An extract from Edna Cummins' theme)--And then there came a lady carrying under her arm a well scrubbed "puddle" (poodle).

Joe Lucas (Physiology)--Mr. Finley, it looks like all men would be like Adam, have one rib less than a woman.

Mr. Finley--I wouldn't mind giving up one of my ribs if I could get what Adam did.

He hath a lean and hungry look---Billy Burns

If's

If Miss Martin said stop talking, would Jennie Seass?
If Lewie David is a whole lot, is Frank Moore?
If Miss Edmiston is easy, is "Red" Harsh?
If Vic Landers is red, is Charles Green?
If "Shorty", the janitor, got mad, would we have "puffed Rice?"

o

Ten little seniors sitting in a line
Bally got canned and then there was but nine.

Nine little Seniors waiting for their fate
Brownie got killed in a foot ball game
And then there were but eight.

Eight little Seniors all wanting to go to heaven
Puny went the other way and then there were
but seven.

Seven little Seniors fought the Sophs with
bricks,
Shorty got his cocoa cracked and then there
was but six.

Six little Seniors a scheme they did contrive
The scheme went wrong and Charles got caught
and then there were but five.

Five little Seniors running for the door,
Quaker stubbed his toe and fell
And then there were but four.

Four little Seniors went to Nell's for tea,
The chipps aflyng knocked Carl down and
then there were but three.

Three little Seniors, didn't know what to do,
Bundy fell in the river and then there were
but two.

Two little Seniors, now we're nearly done
Brosam went off with a minstrel show
and then there was but one.

One little senior 'tis the last verse of this
"pome"
The only thing in sight for Runt, will be the
Evans Home.

Exchange Department

As this is our first publication of an Annual our exchanges are very few. We received semi-annual publications from Sycamore and Pana. Paxton has sent us nearly all of her monthly issues. We expect to receive several Annual publications in due time.

There is a value in the exchange department, both socially and educationally. We are brought in closer touch with the surrounding schools. We learn of their various departments; their actions, their ideals, their standards, all of which serve to help us.

The "Oracle" of the Sycamore high school is a large paper but we think it should be modernized.

A goat ate all our other jokes,
And then began to run.
"I cannot stop," he softly said,
"I am so full of fun."—Ex.

A school paper is a great invention,
The staff gets all the fame,
The printer gets the money,
And the editor, the blame.—Ex.

First Year—Irresponsible.
Second Year—Irrepressible.
Third Year—Irreproachable.
Fourth Year—Irresistable.

English II. Teacher—"James, What storm is Caesar talking about in scene II?"

James—"Why, he is talking about a storm out-doors."—Ex.

How dear to our hearts is the price of subscription, when any dear reader presents it to view.

Of him who'll not pay us we shrink from description, For, perchance dear reader, that one might be you."—Ex.

Stranger—"Is there any mail for Mike Howe?"

Postmaster—"No, there isn't any mail for anybody's cow."—Ex.

History Teacher—"John, what was my question?"

Student—"Why, eh-er, you, ah, asked where Henry VIII. went after he died.—Ex.

HOW TO KILL THE PAPER.

FIRST— Do not subscribe—borrow your classmate's paper. Be a moocher.

SECOND— Look up the advertisers and patronize the other fellow. Be a chump.

THIRD— Never hand in locals and be sure to criticise everything in the paper.

FOURTH— Tell your neighbors you can get more news for less money. Be a tight wad.

FIFTH— If you can't "boost" the paper you are supposed to be dead.

SIXTH— If all the above fail, go to knocking. —Ex.

The Panorama is an excellent paper. The spirit shown seems to be genuine. The literary department is good; the jokes are splendid and the editorial is very interesting.

The Reflector of the Paxton high school is a fine, lively little paper. The jokes are especially good.

Visitor— "Do you support your school paper?"

Student— "Of course not. It has a staff." —Ex.

Student in History— "If I understand you right, I don't know what you said." Ex.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
90's are sweet, But they're
Mighty blame few. —Ex.

Teacher: "Miss Do Little, you seem to find your book very interesting."

Miss D: "Yes, it is one of the most charming stories I have ever read, and so true to life. Every man in it is a villain." —Ex.

The pupils should not get tired sitting in their seats; they are made of soft pine." —Ex.

The Vandalos of the Vandalia high school has been very kind in offering helpful suggestions.

We appreciate all friendly criticism and by it expect to make our annual better and more interesting.

We extend our sincere thanks to all those who have sent us their paper.

I sent my son to college,
Alack, alack, alack;
I spent a thousand dollars
And got a quarter back. —Ex.

RUTH COCHRAN '13.

Bob, Twenty and Brownie were so fond of first year latin that they took it three years.

There is a certain charm about mathematics. — Frank Wolf.

Oh! Yes! I am still in the regiment. — Floyd Lee.

A big hunk of good nature. — Jim Pifer.

Love, if it a weakness be, is the weakness of great souls. — Mr. Finley.

I chatter, chatter, where I go, no man my tongue can sever,
For men do try, and men do sigh, but I talk on forever. — Ruth Cochran.

John Magill says on a quiz that laughing gas is a gas to make people laugh---Ladies take it before they go to the show so they can appreciate the jokes.

A bald head honestly earned — Mr. Lowe.

They say that miracles are past but Lynn Booze expects to graduate.

Those mean class bells
Those mean class bells
How many of my naps
Their music quells. — Nell Bean.

There must be hard work in him, for none ever came out. — Bob Martin.

The Lord made the little green apples and then produced me while he was resting. — Charles Greene.

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F. A. BROWN, Piano Tuner.



Josh Billings Says

"I luv the rooster for tew
things:—the crow that's in
'im and the spurs that's on
'im to back up the crow
with."

WE'RE CROWIN' about
OUR SHOES—and we've
got the shoes to back it up!
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too will crow about, let us
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