

THE-ROUNDS-
6

The Retrospect

Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen

Volume Four

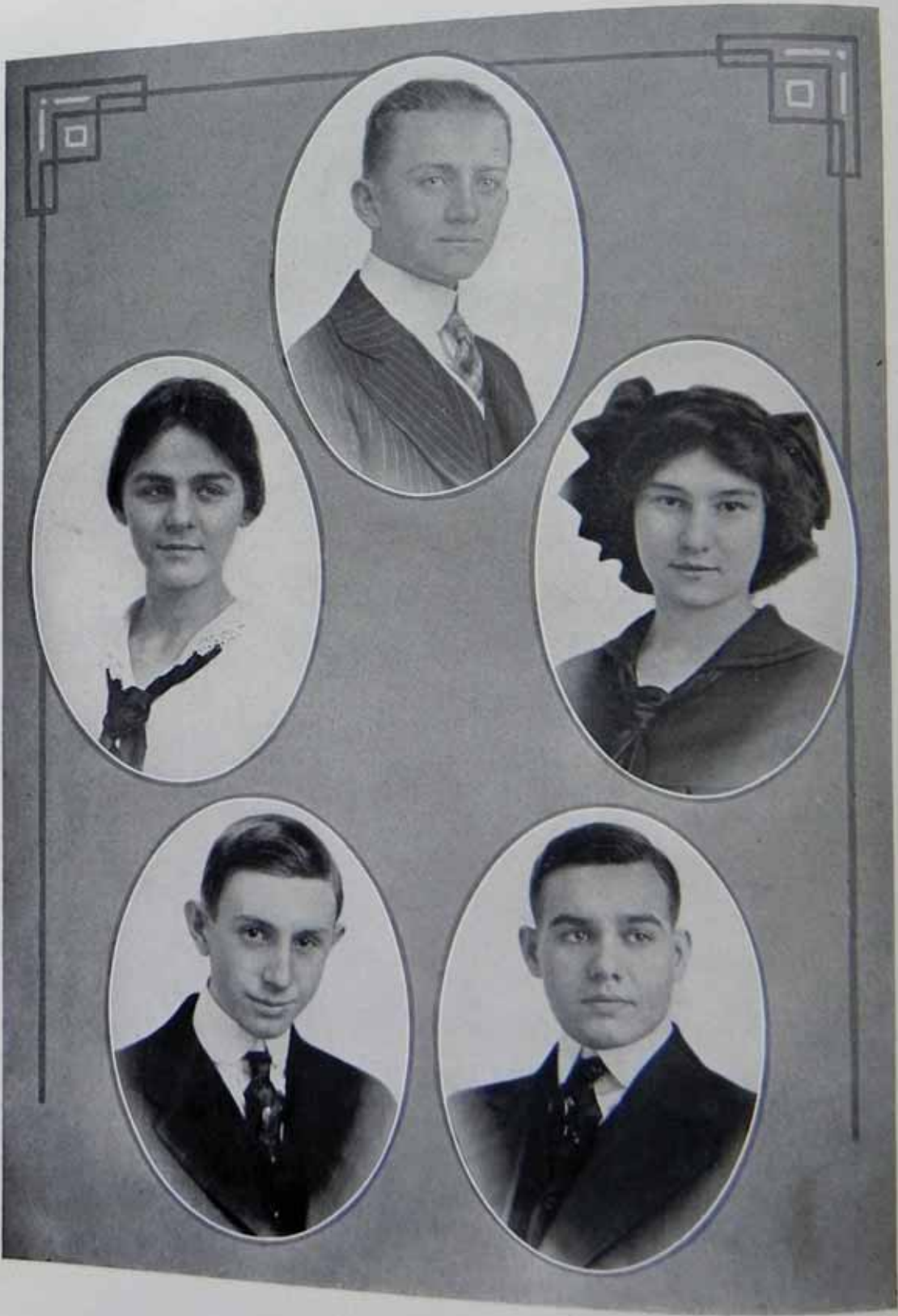


Published by the
Senior Class of Sullivan High School
Sullivan, Illinois



Dedication

We dedicate this volume of the Retrospect
to Mr. Abney, whom we respect as a
teacher, honor as a gentleman, and
love as a friend and comrade.

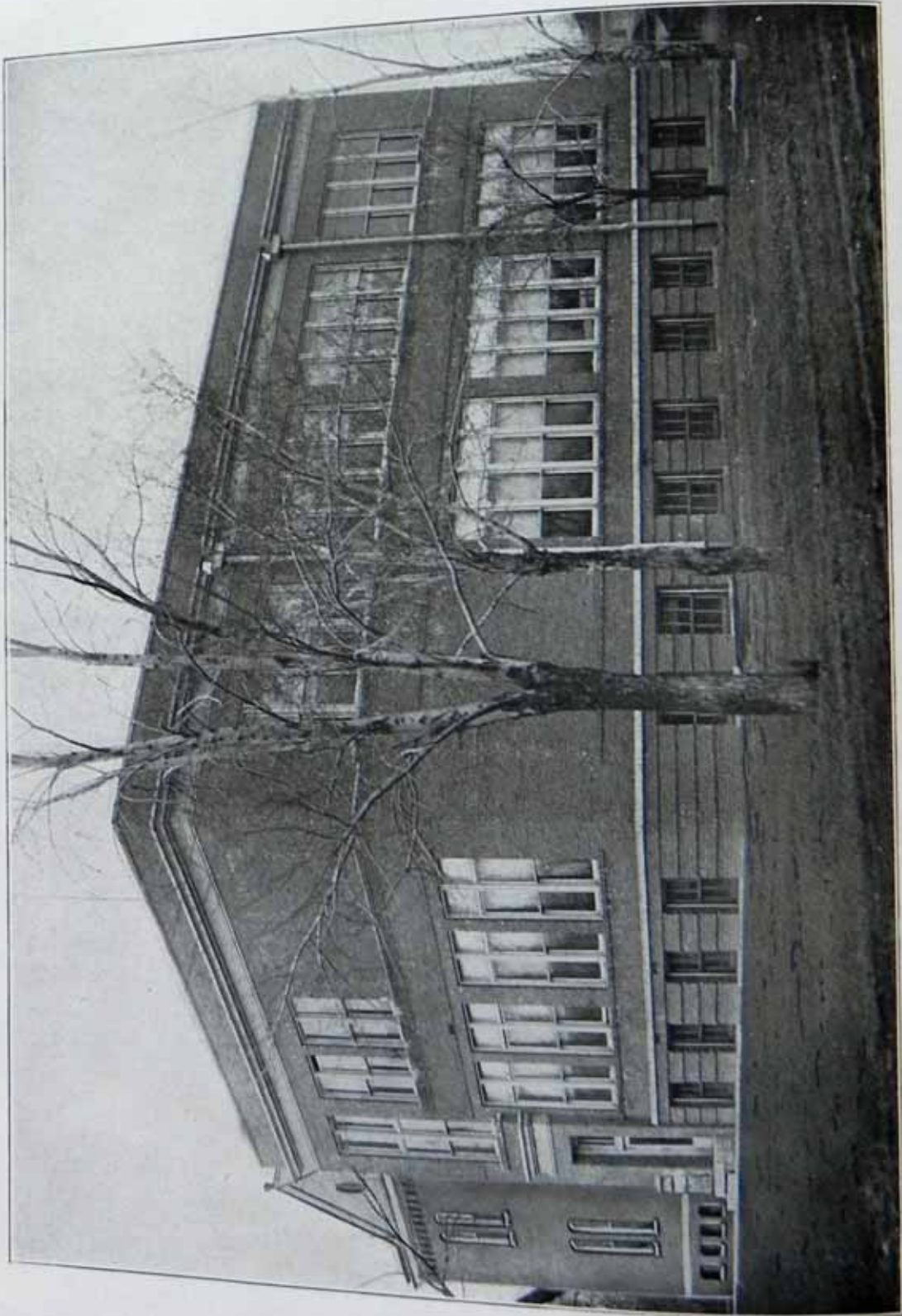


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AGNES HARSHMAN	Editor
MABEL EDEN MARTIN	Assistant Editor
DUANE FERRELL	Business Manager
WILLIAM GEORGE	Assistant Business Manager
RALPH BOYD	Class President

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Merle Myers } Nellie Patterson }	Society
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Bruce Munson	Organization
Hirst Rutledge	Exchange
Ralph Miller	Joke
Ralph Boyd	Art





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H. W. Wright



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Latin and German

ELLA CLIMER
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Biology





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Shurtleff College; B.S.
English and German

MARVENE CAMPBELL.
Northwestern College
Music

Seniors





THELMA BARTON

Literary Society, '12-'16; Calendar Editor Retrospect.

"For she has blessed and attractive eyes"



LILLIS BONE

Literary Society Lincoln Academy; Basketball Lincoln Academy.

"Blown in from other fields to get her final polish here."



JAMES WARREN BOOZE

Football, '14-'15; Class Basketball, '12-'16; Literary Society, '15-'16; Forum Society, '16.

*"Defer not 'till tomorrow to be wise
Tomorrow's sun may never rise"*



W. RALPH BOYD

Class President, '15-'16; Literary Society, '13-'16; Treasurer Literary Society, '14; Vice-President Literary Society, '15; Class Debating Team, '14-'15; Boys' Quartette, '15-'16; Forum Society, '16; Class Basketball, '16; Track, '15; Art Editor Retrospect.

"He is only a well-made man who has a good determination."

FLEETA BYROM

"Modest and shy as a nun is she"

HILDA MAURINE COCHRAN

Girls' Glee Club, '12-'16; Literary Society, '12-'16; Girls' Chorus, '14.

"'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts."

CLARA BELLE CODY

"A more studious maid could not be found."

DUANE FERRELL

Business Manager Retrospect.

*"He knew whatever's to be known,
But much more than he'd ever own."*





WILLIAM J. GEORGE

Football, '14-'15; Basketball, '14-'15;
Class Basketball, '12-'16; Track, '14-'16;
Relay Team, '15; Assistant Business
Manager Retrospect.

*"I'd rather do it at the sword's point
than at that of the pen."*

AGNES M. HARSHMAN

Girls' Glee Club, '14-'16; Girls' Quar-
tette, '12-'16; Literary Society, '12-'16;
Secretary Forum Society, '16; Editor
Retrospect.

*"I have no other than a woman's reason,
I think him so because I think him so."*

ZOE LUTZ

Graduate Findlay High School, '15.

*"They are not alone who are accom-
panied with noble thoughts."*

R. W. CLARK MAGILL

Literary Society, '14-'16; Forum So-
ciety, '16; Class Football, '12-'14; Boys'
Quartette, '15-'16; Mixed Quartette, '15;
Alumni Editor Retrospect.

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

MABEL EDEN MARTIN

Literary Society, '12-'16; Girls' Glee Club, '12-'16; Girls' Quartette, '12-'16; Mixed Quartette, '15; Assistant Editor Retrospect, '16.

*"Why should not women act alone,
Or whence are men so necessary grown?"*

RAYMOND V. McCUNE

Class Track Team, '15; Class Football, '13-'14; Class Basketball, '14-'16; Forum Society, '16; Football, '15.

*"Truly I would the gods had made me
poetical."*

RALPH W. MILLER

President Forum Society, '16; Literary Society, '13-'16; Track, '14-'16; Basketball, '14-'16; Football, '15; Class Debating Team, '14-'15; Joke Editor Retrospect.

"I'll not fail if I live."

BRUCE MUNSON

Class Football, '13-'16; Literary Society, '13-'16; President Literary Society, '14-'15; Class Debating Team, '14-'15; Forum Society, '16.

"His ready speech flowed fair and free."





MERLE MYERS

Girls' Chorus, '12-'13; Class Debating Team, '13-'15; Secretary of Senior Class; Literary Society, '12-'16; Secretary of Literary Society, '13-'14; Assistant Secretary Forum Society, '16; Society Editor Retrospect.

*"Amid the mighty fuss just let me mention
The rights of women merit some attention."*

NELLIE PATTERSON

Girls' Glee Club, '12-'16; Mixed Quartette, '15; Girls' Quartette, '12-'16; Literary Society, '12-'16; Vice-President of Class, '14-'16; Society Editor Retrospect.

"Capable, capricious and captivating."

IRTYS PEADRO

Track, '15; Football, '15; Class Basketball, '11-'15.

*"Night after night he sat and bleared
with books."*

HUBERT POWELL

Basketball, '14-'16.

*"Who taught that heaven-directed spire
to rise?"*

NELLIE MARIE RONEY

Girls' Chorus, '12-'14; Literary Society, '14-'16.

"She hath a sweet and quiet style."

RAY L. SPAUGH

Class President First Semester, '14; Literary Society, '12-'16; Class Football, '12-'16; Football, '16; Gold Medal Winner Oratorical Contest, '16; Class Basketball, '15-'16; Track, '15-'16; Champion Relay Team, '15; Forum Society, '16; Athletic Editor Retrospect.

"He wares desperate with imagination."

HOMER TABOR

Football, '13-'15; Captain Football Team, '15; Basketball, '13-'15; Class Basketball, '12; Class Football, '12-'14.

"I worked with patience which is almost power."

MABEL POLAND

Literary Society, '12-'16; Forum Society, '16; Winner of Dramatic Contest, '16.

*"I couldn't be good if I would,
And I wouldn't be good if I could."*





HIRST RUTLEDGE

Literary Society, '15-'16; Forum Society, '16; Track, '15.

"I worship the vision of fame and verse."

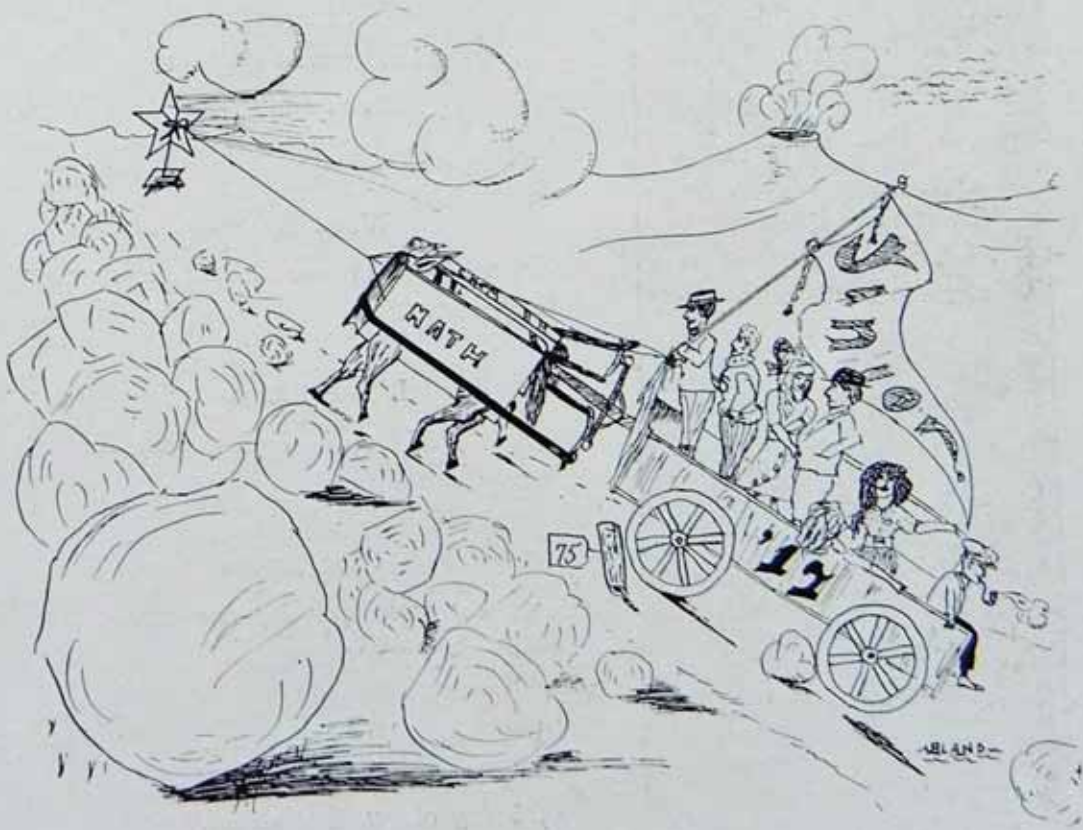
HOKE G. LANE

Literary Society, '13-'16; Vice-President Literary Society, '15; Class Football, '14; Track, '15; Class Basketball, '13-'16; Forum Society, '16; Athletic Editor Retrospect.

*"We show our present giggling, joking
race
True joy consists in gravity and grace."*



Juniors





IRFYS ALVEY

"His bigness was lost in a sunny smile"

MAY AUSTIN

"I am the owner of vast estates—they lie in Spain"

ARTHUR BAKER

"Absence makes the marks grow rounder"

MARGUERITE BISHOP

"Hastening hither with modest eyes down-cast"

WADE BLAND

"Never did mockers waste more idle breath"

LILAH BRADLEY

"She sighed and looked unutterable things"

ORAL BRAGG

"Take my word for it; the world is no laughing matter"

VEVA CASTEEL

"There is a gift beyond the reach of art of being eloquently silent."

HELEN CHASE

"When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music"

GEORGE DUNSCOMB

*"Man was born for two things, thinking
and acting"*

DEVERE FREDERICK

*"Young man, your spirits are too bold
for your years"*

CARMEN GREENE

*"But let me laugh awhile; I have no time
to grieve"*

LLOYD HANCOCK

"Oh Jupiter, how weary are my spirits"

LOUISE HANCOCK

*"Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought it once, and now I know it"*

EMMA HARSHMAN

*"A ripple of laughter is worth a flood of
tears"*

HERSCHEL HARSHMAN

*"There are two sides to every question:
the wrong side and our side"*

ALBERTA HUGHES

*"The most quiet brook will sometimes
ripple"*

CLAUDIA IRELAND

*"That which I said then, I said, but that
which I say now is true"*





VALLEE McCARTNEY

"Women? Now I consider they are a great help to man"

WILLIAM McCARTHY

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm"

OLAF McINTYRE

"Things done; thing undone; I am satisfied"

MILDRED MOORE

*"Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell,
'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell"*

ROE MOORE

"There is no brain so busy as mine"

RUTH MOORE

"Debate is masculine; conversation feminine"

ODESSA MONROE

*"When she was glad, she shouted,
When she was mad, she pouted"*

IRENE MOUTRAY

"Joy rises in me like a summer's morn"

NINA NIGHSWANDER

"The harder her lessons, the easier she gets them"

RICHARD MEIER

*"Give me audience and I will tell you
something worth knowing"*

SELINA NEWBOLD

*"Unspoken thoughts are sweet, but those
spoken are sweeter"*

THELMA PALMER

"A still mouth maketh a peaceful home"

FRANCES PIERCE

*"Why, 'tis good to be sad and say no-
thing"*

IRENE PIFER

*"Duty is ever sweet, but pleasure sweeter,
and pleasure wins the day"*

LYDA PURVIS

*"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain"*

HAROLD RONEY

*"Life is not so short but that there is
always time for courtesy"*

LUCIEN SABIN

"Every why hath a wherefore"

ELVA SNYDER

*"They who are pleased themselves must
always please"*





THELMA STEWART

"She aims at big things and never falls far from the mark"

HUBERT TABOR

"And the muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands"

RUTH TODD

"I frown upon him; yet he loves me still"

CORAL WALLACE

*"So perfectly the lines express
A tranquil, settled loveliness"*

GLENN WHITFIELD

*"The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers"*

FAIRRY WINCHESTER

"Ah, me, love cannot be cured by herbs"

LUVICA WINCHESTER

"If things don't suit, let folks know it"

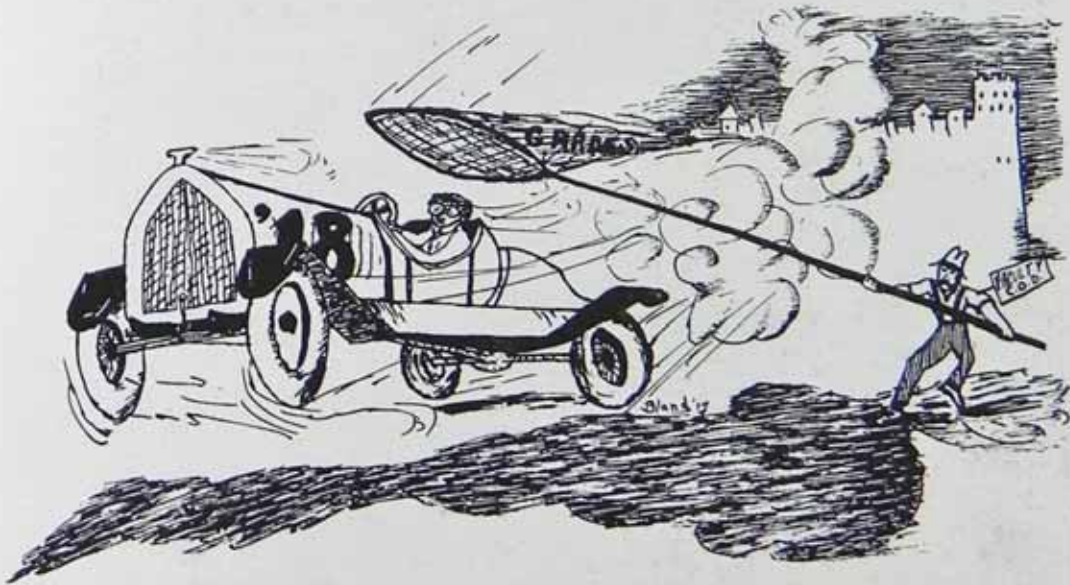
DEWEY WOLLEN

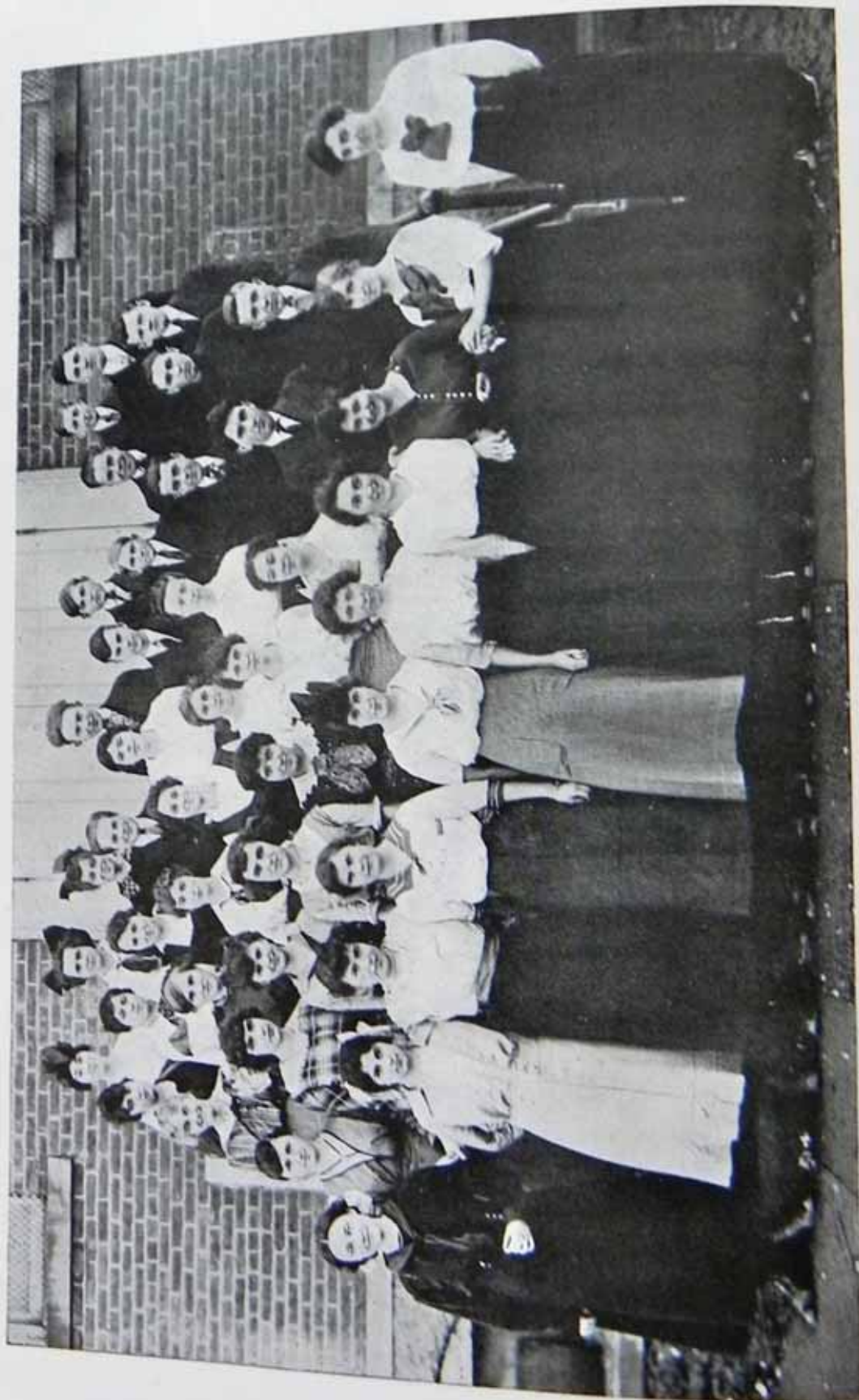
*"The more wheels there are in a watch,
or brain, the more trouble they are to take care of"*

OCIE VANDEVEER

"My thoughts are too precious to be cast away, I keep them to myself"

Sophomores





THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Roll

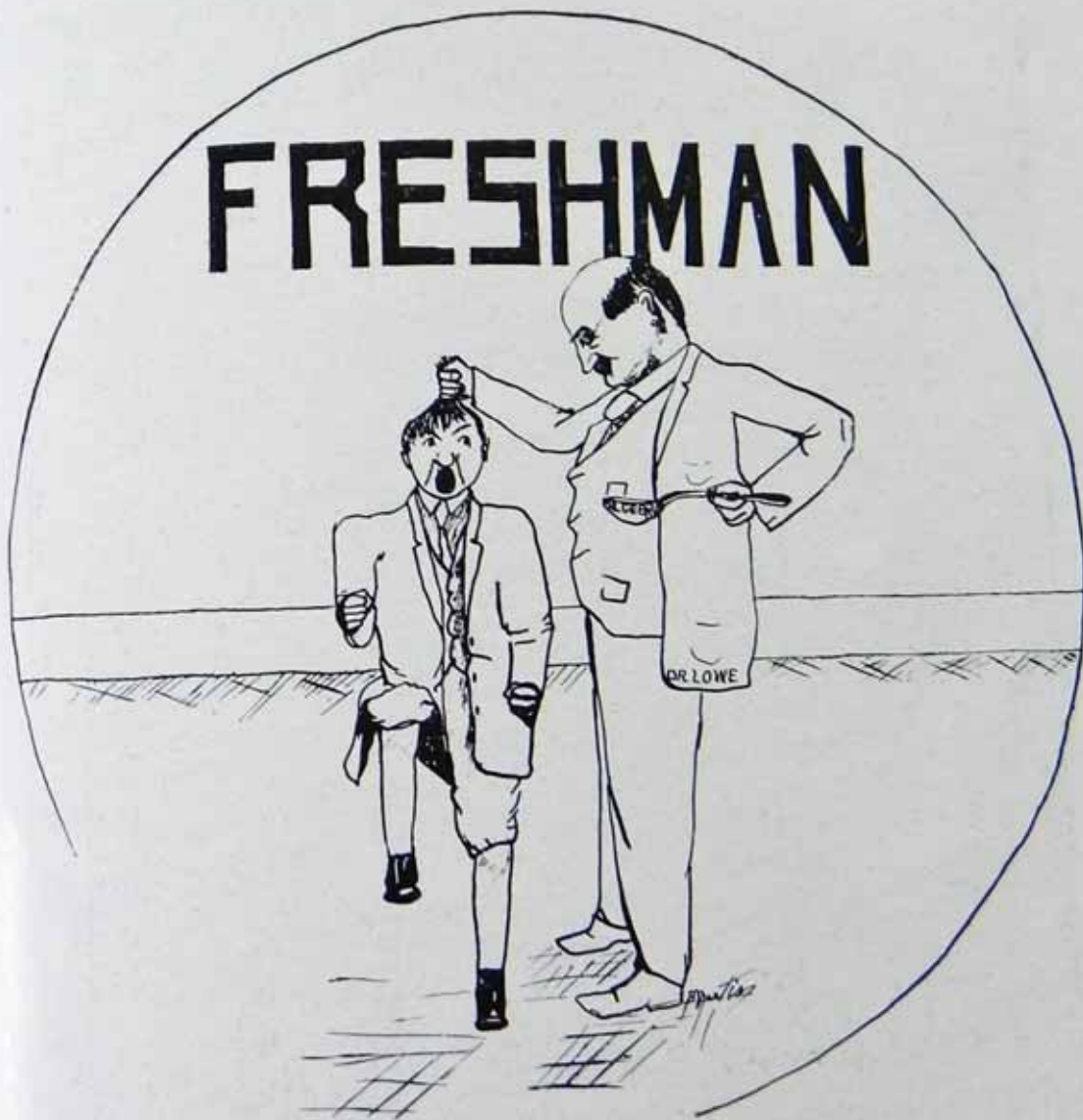
OFFICERS

BRICE MARTIN	President
RUSSELL ARNOLD	Vice-President
GEORGE BONE	Secretary
LUCILE MARTIN	Treasurer

Beulah Bolin	Faye Mann
Venus Brown	Mabel Martin
Dewey Clark	John McClure
Bessie Coder	Bert McCune
Ethel Collins	Gertrude Millizen
Agnes Corbin	Blanche Oliver
Geraldine Daley	Fred Punches
Charlotte Denton	Kenneth Roughton
Lawrence Dixon	Laverne Selock
Gladys Fleming	Roscoe Selock
Mildred Fleming	William Selock
Sylvia Freeland	Fannie Smith
Lillian Freeman	Marie Spanhook
Orris Gifford	Irma Tabor
Garnet Graves	Harold Vaughn
Bernice Hess	Bessie Wallace
Icel Hidden	Mildred Wilkinson
Lena Horn	Helen Witts
Grace Jenne	Ferne Woodruff
Halac Lansden	Nora Witts



FRESHMAN





THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshmen Roll

DELBERT BRISCOE	President
RUSSELL HARSHMAN	Vice-President
ELMER GRAVEN	Secretary
EARL CLARK	Treasurer

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Irene Baker | Mary McIntyre |
| Forest Baxter | Dorothy Millizen |
| Opal Baxter | Daisy Moore |
| Clinton Bozell | Roselle Moore |
| Jerry Buxton | Shelby Moore |
| Mike Buxton | Goldie Neaves |
| Mabel Cazier | Foy Nighswander |
| Ruth Chase | Pearle Pierce |
| Celia Cody | Fleta Piper |
| Cecil Cook | Veda Poland |
| Marie Curry | Earl Ray |
| Marie Dale | Guy Ray |
| Gustavus Freeland | Glen Rhodes |
| Hilda Harris | Ralph Robertson |
| Edna Harshman | Andrew Selock |
| Ray Jeffers | Paul Stricklin |
| Gladys Landers | Carl Summitt |
| Kathryn Lang | Alta Taylor |
| Helen Loveless | Guy Taylor |
| Albert Lucas | Violet Webb |
| Jim Lumsden | Zachie Whitfield |
| Bernadine McCaig | Dorothy Witts |
| Mildred McClure | Beulah Woodworth |



The class of '16 being the last class that graduates from the Sullivan High School feel it not only their duty, but a great honor as well to give special attention to the Alumni of the High School since its organization in the year 1873.

The High School was first located in the North Side School building. The first building, a land-mark for many years, was built in 1873. The school, becoming over-crowded on account of the High School and the Grades being combined, was moved to the Terrace Block in 1895. It remained at that place one year, and was then moved into the present South Side School Building, which was completed in 1896. The High School has remained in this building until the present time.

This is the last year of the Sullivan High School. Next year it will be known as the Sullivan Township High School and will be run under an entirely different organization. A new era of High School history will then be entered upon.

Football was introduced into the High School in 1897. The first team had the following lineup: Center, Curt Weger, Guards, Clyde Patterson and Elmer Ward; Tackles, Frank Weger and Stevens; Ends, Omar Lowe and Troll Brackney; Quarter-back, Orval Sherman; Half-backs, Bob Edminston and Ed Patterson and Sam Miller; Full-back, Willard Jenkins.

Since the first introduction of football, it has been played in the Sullivan High School every year. The team of 1911 won the Down-State Championship. Following is the lineup: Full-back, Kibbie; Center, Wolf; Right Half-back, Mattox; Right Guard, Martin; Right End, Harsh; Left End, Lee; Quarter-back and Center, Gaddis; Quarter-back, Pogue; Left Half-back, Murphy; Left Guard, Pifer; Left Tackle, C. Poland; Right Tackle, Williamson; substitute, J. Poland.

Several players since leaving school and entering college have made the college teams. One player, Harold Pogue, has won national fame since entering the University of Illinois.

Among the illustrious alumni are Hon. Albert J. Beveridge, Ex-Senator of Indiana, Hon. Wm. McCoy, member of the State Legislature of New Mexico; Hon. W. K. Whitfield and Hon. Geo. A. Sentel, two of the three circuit judges of this district; Harold Pogue, president of Senior Class, 1916, University of Illinois; George Roney, president of Freshman Class, 1916, University of Illinois; Cecil Miller, president of Freshman Class, 1916, University of Michigan; John Williamson, president of Freshman Class, Barnes Medical College.

In the present faculty are four teachers who are of the Alumni: Olive Eden Martin, principal and instructor in English; O. B. Lowe, instructor in Mathematics; Charlotte Baker, instructor in Foreign Language and Gertrude Hill, instructor in History. Of the teachers of the Sullivan Grade School, eight are of the Alumni: Sarah and Mary Powers, Pauline Burns, Ola Reedy, Grace Harshman, Pearl Powell, Emma Warren and Ella Shepherd.

Out of the four hundred and fifty-six that have graduated from the High School, approximately thirty are deceased.

A list, as nearly correct as possible, has been made of all of the graduates of the Sullivan High School.

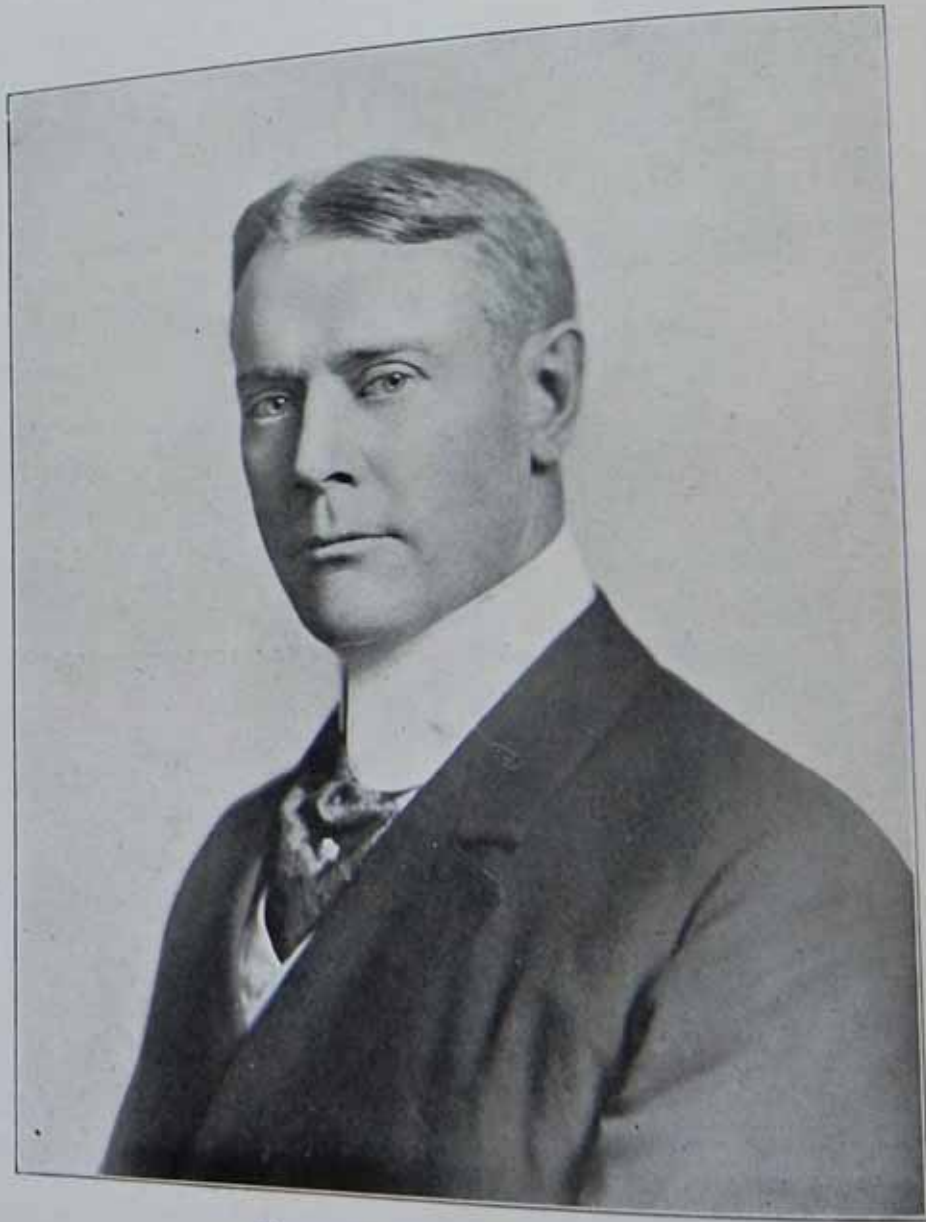
The first class that finished that course of study did not hold graduating exercises and therefore was never recorded. Those of that class that are known are: O. B. Lowe, Arthur Vaughn, Lewis Hoke, Isaac Fielding, Mrs. Victoria Brightman Glover, and a Mr. Beim.

The first Commencement was held in 1878.



THE FIRST HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

Our Illustrious Alumni



HON. ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE
S. H. S., 1881
Ex-U. S. Senator



HON. GEORGE A. SENTEL
S. H. S., 1890
Circuit Judge



HAROLD A. POGUE
S. H. S., 1912
Football Star, U. of I.
Senior Class President, U. of I.



HON. W. K. WHITFIELD
S. H. S., 1893
Circuit Judge



HON. J. E. JENNINGS
S. H. S., 1882
Grand Master, I. O. O. F. Lodge

Alumni Classes

1878, B. F. STOCKS, *Superintendent.*

Sarah A. Powers, Teacher	Sullivan, Ill.
Mary A. Powers, Teacher	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Agnes Bushman Reimund	Deceased
William W. Lilly, Insurance Agent	Milwaukee, Wis.

1879, B. F. STOCKS, *Superintendent.*

Mrs. Ella Lowe Harbaugh	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Christina Freeland Elder	Houston, Tex.

1881, W. W. COKENOUR, *Superintendent.*

Mrs. Anna Rogers Shaw	Englewood, Ill.
A. B. Lynn	Deceased
Gertrude Meeker	Sullivan, Ill.
E. H. Kellar, Minister	Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. Mollie Birchfield Ozee	Woonsocket, S. Dak.
Mrs. Anna Everett Huber	Champaign, Ill.
Albert J. Beveridge, Ex-U. S. Senator	Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. Alice Workman Millizen	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Emma Millizen Green	North Vernon, Ind.
Mrs. Mattie Taylor Fread	Sullivan, Ill.
Annie Lowe	Sullivan, Ill.

1882, T. F. HUGHES, *Superintendent.*

Mrs. Hattie Stricklan Ellis	Sullivan, Ill.
Edwin Hall, Druggist	Cairo, Ill.
Mrs. Belle Eden Martin	Sullivan, Ill.
Edgar A. McClure	Deceased
John W. Patterson	Deceased
Eden Jennings, Lawyer	Sullivan, Ill.
Mary Brown, Clerk	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Ada Ashworth Wilkinson	Elmhurst, Ill.

1883, T. F. HUGHES, *Superintendent.*

Joseph A. Lucas, Physician	Sullivan, Ill.
Hugh S. Lilly, Editor	Windsor, Ill.

1884, T. F. HUGHES, *Superintendent.*

Mary E. Lucas, Teacher	Portland, Ore.
Mrs. Lizzie Kellar Thompson	Cordina, Cal.
Julia Brown, Clerk	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Nellie P. Pierce	Deceased
Mrs. Alice Fielding Landon	Euclid, Cal.
Lulu F. Ashworth	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Tace Meeker Stearns	Chicago, Ill.

1885, MR. NICHOLS, *Superintendent.*

Mrs. Maude McDonald Conklin	Deceased
Mrs. Nellie Shortess Brooks	St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Ina I. Addis Anderson	Seattle, Wash.

Mrs. Eliza Baggett Chase Deceased
 Mrs. Eva McDonald Peadro Champaign, Ill.

1886, B. F. McCLELLAND, *Superintendent.*

George Dunscomb, Editor Windsor, Ill.
 Mrs. Montie Green Grider Deceased
 Agnes Fleming, Stenographer Springfield, Ill.
 Mrs. Nettie McPheeters Roney Decatur, Ill.
 Mrs. Flora Chapman Watson Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Nona Heskett Bushart Bethany, Ill.

1887, B. F. McCLELLAND, *Superintendent*

Mrs. Belle Birchfield Nunemaches Earlville, Ill.
 Mrs. Maye Baker Tabor Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Sadie Buckalew Scott Bethany, Ill.
 Mrs. May Heskett Lee Deceased
 Mrs. Rhoda Lowe Hall Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Flora Poland Duncan Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Carrie Shortess McClure Sullivan, Ill.
 Ella Shepherd, Teacher Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Adellia Tichenor Burns Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Hattie Taylor Pifer Sullivan, Ill.

1889, B. F. McCLELLAND, *Superintendent.*

Mrs. Dora Baugher Davis Cheymy, Wash.
 Grace Meeker Chicago, Ill.
 Savannah Story Charleston, Ill.
 Charles Nazworthy Deceased
 Mrs. Effie Green Weismantel Deceased
 Mrs. Effie Lane Pinckley Chicago, Ill.
 Charlie Bury, Pharmacist Chicago, Ill.
 Oscar Patterson Chicago, Ill.
 Mrs. Delia Baker Farney Decatur, Ill.
 Frank Reese, R. R. Mail Clerk Sullivan, Ill.

1890, B. F. McCLELLAND, *Superintendent.*

Mrs. Maggie Chapman Todd Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Rose Baker Dunscomb Windsor, Ill.
 Mrs. Flora Lucas Green Eugene, Ore.
 Mrs. Alta Silvey Wiley Galesburg, Ill.
 Carl Carter, Farmer Sullivan, Ill.
 George Sentel Circuit Judge Sullivan, Ill.
 William Frazer Sullivan, Ill.
 Albert Frazer Deceased

1892, B. F. McCLELLAND, *Superintendent.*

Grace Diehl St. Charles, La.
 Mrs. Etta Heskett Edwards, Actress Deceased
 Eva Monroe New Comerstown, Ohio
 Mrs. Zona Patterson Harris Houston, Tex.
 Danville, Ill.

A. E. Eden, Sec'y State Senate	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Maude Price Hollis	Lafayette, Ind.
Mrs. Edna Tichenor Patterson	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Ora Tichenor Fincher	Waldo, Ark.
Rufus Harshman, Contractor	Sullivan, Ill.
Lee Taylor, Mail Carrier	Sullivan, Ill.
Cora Woodruff	Deceased

1893, B. F. McCLELLAND, *Superintendent.*

William K. Whitfield, Circuit Judge	Decatur, Ill.
Clifford Duncan	Deceased
Elva J. Davis, Printer	Chicago, Ill.
J. C. Hoke	Ellendale, S. Dak.
Charles E. McPheeters, Merchant	Sullivan, Ill.
Bessie Heskett, Saleswoman	Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Addah Wright Whitfield	Decatur, Ill.
Mrs. Mary McPheeters Miller	Harrisburg, Ark.
Mrs. Ella Byrom McClung	Williamsburg, Ill.
Minnie Edwards	Bethany, Ill.
Mrs. Kittie Nazworthy Eggler	Decatur, Ill.
Bertha Haydon	Decatur, Ill.
Mrs. Cora McClure McPheeters	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Ida McClure Watson	Decatur, Ill.
Margaret Bell	Deceased

1894, B. F. McCLELLAND, *Superintendent.*

Felix Richie	Lincoln, Neb.
George Nichols	Forgam, Okla.
Jack Monroe, Mail Clerk	Texarkana, Ark.
Hallie Chipps	Deceased
Earl Allen, Editor	Purcell, Okla.
Will McCoy, State Legislature	Mountainair, New Mexico
Walter Carter	Sullivan, Ill.
Eva Davis	Lindsay, Cal.
Mrs. Anna Daugherty Robinson	Stevensville, Mont.
Ida Story, Stenographer	Charleston, Ill.
Cora Marsh	Deceased
Nina Ashworth, Stenographer	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Helen Woodruff Davis	Decatur, Ill.
Mrs. Maude Siple Conklin	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Etha Scott Wilkinson	Bethany, Ill.
Pearl Blanchard	Bruce, Ill.
Mrs. Molly McIwain Davis	Decatur, Ill.
Mrs. Elsie Duncan Davis	Chicago, Ill.
Maggie Hamm	Deceased
Mrs. Mabel Simpson Williams	Louisville, Ill.
Luta Lawrence	Decatur, Ill.

1896, HARRY E. KELLY, *Superintendent.*

Lucius Harshman, Contractor	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Gertrude Allen Underwood	Deceased

Will Sherman, Attorney St. Joseph, Mo.
 Mrs. Rosa Wood Duncan Deceased
 Mrs. Lucy Whitfield Davis Decatur, Ill.

1897, J. L. HUGHES, *Superintendent.*

Mrs. Anna Davis Miller Lindsay, Cal.
 Mrs. Estella Ellis Baker Sullivan, Ill.
 George A. Dougherty, Farmer Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Olive Poland Carter Sullivan, Ill.
 Francis R. Wiley, Attorney Decatur, Ill.
 Mrs. Gertrude Ellis Fleming Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Cornelia Gardner Peades, Teacher Sterling, Colo.
 Charles H. Monroe, Real Estate Agent Sullivan, Ill.
 Zion F. Baker, Farmer Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Helen Smysor McKnight Los Angeles, Cal.
 Willis C. Chipps Chicago, Ill.
 Bertha R. Shuman Sullivan, Ill.
 Clement E. Hashman, Dairy-Farmer Sullivan, Ill.

1898, J. M. MARTIN, *Superintendent.*

Mrs. Bertha Purvis Bradshaw Santa Ana, Cal.
 Mrs. Jessie Ashbrook Miller Sullivan, Ill.
 Mary Daugherty Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Pearle Dodson Adams Waukegan, Ill.
 Mrs. Freda Stricklan Jones Berkley, Cal.
 Nellie Smysor San Diego, Cal.
 Mrs. Flora McClure Marxmiller Findlay, Ill.
 Rob. B. Edminston, Telegraph Operator Cedar Rapids, Ia.

1899, J. L. HUGHES, *Superintendent.*

Art Ashbrook, Mail Carrier Sullivan, Ill.
 Flora Ashbrook Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Persis Harshman Wood Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Lydia Whitfield Woodruff Bethany, Ill.
 Mrs. Maude Miller Wright Sullivan, Ill.
 Samuel W. Miller Lindsay, Cal.
 Edward L. Patterson Chicago, Ill.
 Oscar M. Preston Mattoon, Ill.

1900, E. A. CROSS, *Superintendent.*

Frank Burns Nashville, Tenn.
 Arthur G. Cochran, Attorney Muskogee, Okla.
 Trella Cresap Louistown, Mont.
 Fred Cresap Coshoiton, Ohio
 Mrs. Addah Edminston Lowe Deceased
 Emma Edminston, Teacher Donora, Tenn.
 Mrs. Helen Clark Lowe Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Ella Condon Poole Lintner, Ill.
 Ada Ford Greenwood, Miss.
 Joel McDavid Kausas City, Mo.

Ralph Millizen	Brooklyn, New York
Claude Scott, Teacher	East Plymouth, Mass.
Mrs. Nettie Sentel Gifford	Sullivan, Ill.
Willy Smysor, Vocalist	Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. Fronia Storm Hinton	Salt Lake City, Utah
Eva Tichenor, Stenographer	Chicago, Ill.
Elmer Ward, Hardware Business	Monte Vista, Colo.
Marion Woodruff, Farmer	Bethany, Ill.

1901, E. A. Cross, *Superintendent*

Edward Mannering, Mail Clerk	Palo Alto, Colo.
Mrs. Estelle Blair Bolin	Sullivan, Ill.
James L. Kirk	Liveoah, Fla.
Frank Weger	Vandalia, Ill.
Alva L. Wilt	Lovington, Ill.
Mrs. Margaret McIntyre Pfeiser	Hammond, Ind.
Mrs. Claudia Lehman Ledbetter	Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Alice Poland Hagerman	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Marie Gilham Lowe	Windsor, Ill.
H. Ray Warren, Hardware	Tuscola, Ill.
George Lowe, Dentist	Windsor, Ill.
Rufus Hagerman, Plumbing & Heating Contractor.	Sullivan, Ill.
Elmer Ledbetter, Sales Manager	Detroit, Mich.

1902, H. A. BONE, *Superintendent*.

Fred Cawood	Danville, Ill.
Mrs. Carolyn Caldwell Fanning	Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Dora Davidson Brown	Iowa City, Ia.
Will Ellison	Houston, Tex.
Mrs. Eva Elder Cummins	Sullivan, Ill.
Mina Fleming	Mattoon, Ill.
Jessie Fairchild	Deceased
Addie Fairchild	Boulder, Colo.
Johnson Fleming	Danville, Ill.
Mrs. Edith Harris Batman	Decatur, Ill.
Mrs. Lois Harshman Hagerman	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Anna Magill Sears	Waverly, Ill.
Ansel Magill, Physician	Concord, Ill.
Charles Wood, Farmer	Lovington, Ill.
Howard Wood, Postal Clerk	Sullivan, Ill.

1903, H. A. BONE, *Superintendent*.

Mrs. Eva Brosam Dunscomb	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Della Stricklan LaNeue	Danville, Ill.
Mrs. Lennie Elder Zwisler	Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Ora Ford Trotter	Greenwood, Miss.
Mrs. Nellie Harris Wood	Sullivan, Ill.
Clifton Miller, Farmer	Sullivan, Ill.
Dollie Monroe	Sullivan, Ill.

Rilla Stain, Stenographer
 Ralph Wiley, Physician
 Minnie Wright
 Coral Newbould
 W. K. Baker, Farmer
 W. K. Bolin, Farmer
 Ezra Hagerman, Plumbing & Heating
 A. J. Robinson
 Mrs. Cora Vaughan Elder
 Gertrude Hill, Teacher

Ottumwa, Ia.
 Decatur, Ill.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Deceased
 Bruce, Ill.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Stevensville, Mont.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Sullivan, Ill.

1904, H. A. BONE, *Superintendent.*

Grover Ashbrook
 Eva Blair, Teacher
 Mrs. Daisy Booze Seright
 Mrs. Inez Bristow Gaddis
 Mrs. Ella Cummins Edinger
 Mrs. Agnes Fleming Kellar
 Vernie Harrison
 Bessie Pemberton, Clerk
 Pearl Powell, Teacher
 Paul Wiley, Farmer
 Edward Wright, Attorney
 Grace Wright
 Mrs. Clara Davidson Baker
 Katherine Lehman, Teacher
 Mrs. Edna Little Munch
 Addie Wood, Student
 Ote Foster, Dentist

Chicago, Ill.
 Herrin, Ill.
 Louisville, Ill.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Louisville, Ky.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Hutchinson, Kan.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Allenville, Ill.
 Norwood, N. Y.
 Crookstown, Minn.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Lovington, Ill.
 University of Illinois
 Sullivan, Ill.

1905, T. L. COOK, *Superintendent.*

Jessie Covey
 Rena Duncan, Cashier
 Mrs. Gladys Ellis Whitfield
 Mrs. Bess Grigsby Hankla
 Ruth Hagerman, Bookkeeper
 Leah Harshman
 Olive Martin, Teacher
 Mrs. Clara Poland Hines
 Roy Seright, Editor
 Karl Thuneman
 Willie Jones, Assistant Post Master
 Ollison Craig

Kansas, Ill.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Bruce, Ill.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Odell, Ill.
 Louisville, Ill.
 Portland, Ore.
 East Moline, Ill.
 Ames, Ia.

1906, M. S. VANCE, *Superintendent.*

Charlotte Baker, Teacher
 Mrs. Mabel Booze David
 Mrs. Emma Brosam Warren, Teacher
 Alta Chipps, Teacher

Sullivan, Ill.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Sullivan, Ill.
 Decatur, Ill.

Eddie Craig, Physician	Louisville, Ky.
Ben Cochran	Chicago, Ill.
Fred Gaddis, Circuit Clerk	Sullivan, Ill.
John Gaddis, Editor	Sullivan, Ill.
Paul Hankla	Sullivan, Ill.
Earl Peadro	Fort Smith, Tex.
Mrs. Coral Poland Cheever	Lovington, Ill.
Fred Whitfield, Farmer	Bruce, Ill.
Homer Wright, Real Estate & Insurance	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Effie Wiser Pound	Lovington, Ill.
Ralph David, Salesman	Sullivan, Ill.
Joe Jones, Salesman	Chicago, Ill.

1907, M. S. VANCE, *Superintendent.*

William Heacock	Deceased
Harry Barber, Merchant	Sullivan, Ill.
Mittie Blair	Sullivan, Ill.
Leslie Caldwell, Salesman	Chicago, Ill.
Guy Drew	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Nina Drew Cummins	Sullivan, Ill.
Raymond Duncan	Sullivan, Ill.
Otto Frederick, Lawyer	Peoria, Ill.
John Gauger, Lumber Yard	Sullivan, Ill.
Roger Huff	Sullivan, Ill.
Mabel Harris, Teacher	Canton, Ill.
Ray Jenkins	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Stella King Drew	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Rose Krause Thompson	Windsor, Ill.
Helen Lawrence	Decatur, Ill.
Sadie Poland	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Grace Reimund Wright	Sullivan, Ill.
Orpah Harshman, Stenographer	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Myrtle Eichelberger Barber	Sullivan, Ill.
Maude Lilly	Arthur, Ill.
John Murphy	Sullivan, Ill.
Roscoe Frederick, Lawyer	Peoria, Ill.

1908, O.B. LOWE, *Superintendent.*

Ralph Booze	Granite City, Ill.
Mrs. Amy Booze Jenkins	Sullivan, Ill.
Opal Ellis	Sullivan, Ill.
Jay Hollingsworth	St. Anne, Ill.
May Newlin	Sullivan, Ill.
Myrtle Shaw	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Ethel McClure Poland	Sullivan, Ill.
Fred Zeise, Teacher	Argenta, Ill.
Willis Cochran	Findlay, Ill.
Edson Millizen	Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Zelma McClure Flynn	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Viola Kessler Jerguens	Aurora, Ill.
Mrs. Mary Barnes Harris	Sullivan, Ill.
Loren Monroe, Mail Carrier	Sullivan, Ill.
Ralph Monroe, Lawyer	Decatur, Ill.
Mrs. Freda Monroe Taylor	Bethany, Ill.
Mrs. Olive Clark Frederick	Peoria, Ill.
Mrs. Grace Davidson Purvis	Sullivan, Ill.

1909, O. B. LOWE, *Superintendent.*

Blanche Carter	Snyder, Okla.
Paul Chipps	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Leona Fread Miller	Sullivan, Ill.
Elizabeth Krause, Bookkeeper	Sullivan, Ill.
Elma Long	Decatur, Ill.
Neely Martin, Printer	Sullivan, Ill.
Bernice Peadro, Student, University of Illinois	Sullivan, Ill.
Stanley Pogue, Lawyer	Decatur, Ill.
Roy Silver, Bank Cashier	Lovington, Ill.
Mrs. Laura Mattox Barton	Pana, Ill.
Mrs. Lucile Cawood Killough	Franklin, Tex.
Walter Collins	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Eva Heacock Hill	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Cora Haydon Fleming	Chicago, Ill.
Agnes Murphy, Teacher	Elgin, Ill.
Guy Pifer	Sullivan, Ill.
Lelah Sampson, Florist	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Crela Sona Peters	Pittsfield, Ill.
Clark Spitler	Sullivan, Ill.
George Titus	Sullivan, Ill.
Clarence Miller	Sullivan, Ill.
Olive Little	Sullivan, Ill.
Guy Little	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Ethel Blanchard Garrett	Sullivan, Ill.
Fred Ledbetter	Deceased
Carl Hill, Bank Cashier	Chicago, Ill.
	Sullivan, Ill.

1910, O. B. LOWE, *Superintendent.*

Leslie Kibbie	Maywood, Ill.
Mrs. Esther Cochran Shaw	Sullivan, Ill.
Mack Booze	Carrollton, Ohio
Mrs. Lillie Coburn Livesey	Bethany, Ill.
Erma Fread	Sullivan, Ill.
Grace Grider	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Ruth Grigsby Isenberg	Shelbyville, Ill.
Gertrude Hoke, Teacher	Sullivan, Ill.
Roy Patterson, Lawyer	Sullivan, Ill.

Grace Shuff Chicago, Ill.
 Grover Smith Chicago, Ill.
 George Vaughan, Farmer Sullivan, Ill.
 Esther Klotsche, Teacher Urbana, Ill.
 Ola Reedy, Teacher Sullivan, Ill.
 Clarence Underwood Decatur, Ill.

1911, O. B., LOWE, *Superintendent.*

Ruth Cleaver Great Falls, Mont.
 Mrs. Grace David Storey Toledo, Ohio
 Nell Davidson, Teacher Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Opha Enterline Johnson Round-up, Mont.
 Ollie Gaddis, Drug Clerk Sullivan, Ill.
 Grace Harshman, Teacher Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Gladys Hudson Booze Carrollton, Ohio
 Mrs. Rose Hoke Lewis Lovington, Ill.
 Helen King Heyworth, Ill.
 Mrs. Fern Moore Sams Sullivan, Ill.
 Zella Moore Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Vergie Patterson Sharp Decatur, Ill.
 Alma Sims Sullivan, Ill.
 Nellie Van Hise Battle Creek, Mich.
 Fred Martin, Farmer Okalona, Miss.
 Herschel Reedy Sullivan, Ill.

1912, THOS. H. FINLEY, *Superintendent.*

Don Campbell, Mail Carrier Sullivan, Ill.
 Lucille Cummins, Bookkeeper Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Mollie Elder Miller Decatur, Ill.
 Homer Gaddis, Shipping Clerk Sullivan, Ill.
 Lowe Hall, Student, University of Illinois Sullivan, Ill.
 Flossie Harris, Stenographer Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Marie Harris Terry Sullivan, Ill.
 Harry Harsh, Carpenter Sullivan, Ill.
 Loretta Hess, Telephone Operator Sullivan, Ill.
 Marie Hoke Maywood, Ill.
 Kyle Kibbie Sullivan, Ill.
 Leo Murphy, Farmer Champaign, Ill.
 Harold Pogue, Student, University of Illinois Hysham, Mont.
 Chandler Poland Loami, Ill.
 Mrs. Ethel Thompson Magill Altamont, Ill.
 Mrs. Pearl Ray Devore St. Louis, Mo.
 John Williamson, Student Barnes Medical College Cameron, Mo.
 Ethel Kilborn Sullivan, Ill.
 Mrs. Freda Pifer Elder Sullivan, Ill.
 Frank Baker Sullivan, Ill.
 Blanche Hagerman Sullivan, Ill.

1913, THOMAS. H. FINLEY, *Superintendent.*

Nellie Bean, Teacher Sullivan, Ill.
 Lynn Booze Sullivan, Ill.

Ward Brosam	Decatur, Ill.
Oral Bundy	Sullivan, Ill.
Charles Butler, Student State Normal	Normal, Ill.
Helen Covey	Kansas, Ill.
Merle Harris, Stenographer	Sullivan, Ill.
Ruth Cochran	Sullivan, Ill.
Omar Hill, Student State Normal	Normal, Ill.
Lora Landers	Sullivan, Ill.
Floyd Lee, Teacher	Shelton, Ia.
Anna McCarthy	Sullivan, Ill.
Edgar Martin	Sullivan, Ill.
Carl Martin	St. Lawrence, S. Dak.
Walter Martin, Student Kent School	Chicago, Ill.
Clara Minor, Stenographer	Sullivan, Ill.
Marguerite Murphy, Student State Normal	Normal, Ill.
Elsie Myers	Sullivan, Ill.
James Pifer	Sullivan, Ill.
Gustava Thomason	Minneapolis, Minn.
Mrs. Ina Thomason McGilvra	Minneapolis, Minn.
Eva Fields	Sullivan, Ill.

1914, THOMAS H. FINLEY, *Superintendent.*

Pauline Burns, Teacher	Sullivan, Ill.
Paul Dawson	Chicago, Ill.
Ruth Corbin, Student University of Illinois	Champaign, Ill.
Ralph Emil	Sullivan, Ill.
Ralph Harris	Sullivan, Ill.
Esther Harshman	Sullivan, Ill.
Isaac Hagerman	Sullivan, Ill.
Maye Harris	Sullivan, Ill.
Blanche Martin, Student State Normal	Normal, Ill.
Dean Ledbetter	Chicago, Ill.
Lois McMullin	Sullivan, Ill.
Glenn Hudson	Odell, Ill.
Burney McDavid	Sullivan, Ill.
Cecil Miller, Student Michigan University	
Elmer Murray, Teacher	
Elva Ray	Sullivan, Ill.
George Roney, Student, University of Illinois	Sullivan, Ill.
Mrs. Jeanie Seass LaMontague	
Arthur Smith, Student, University of Illinois	Visalia, Cal.
Neva Wallace, Teacher	
Ruth Drish, Student	Sullivan, Ill.
	Mammoth College

1915, B. H. GAULT, *Superintendent*

Eugenia Burns, Student Normal University	
William Burns, Student Normal University	Normal, Ill.
Donald Butler, Teacher	Normal, Ill.
Edward Butler, Teacher	Sullivan, Ill.
	Sullivan, Ill.

Charles A. Cody, Farmer	Sullivan, Ill.
Edna Cummins	Sullivan, Ill.
Katherine Dedman	Sullivan, Ill.
Nellie Dunn, Teacher	Sullivan, Ill.
Joseph Dunsmomb, Teacher	New Berlin, Ill.
Charles Greene, Student	University of Chicago
Jo Harris, Milliner	Sullivan, Ill.
Ruth Harshman	Sullivan, Ill.
Iva Kenney, Teacher	Sullivan, Ill.
Christina Krause	Sullivan, Ill.
Alfred Lilly, Student, Illinois Wesleyan	Bloomington, Ill.
Joseph Lucas, Teacher	Sullivan, Ill.
Eathel Martin	Sullivan, Ill.
Ernest Martin, Teacher	Sullivan, Ill.
Gertrude McClure	Sullivan, Ill.
Hazel Moore	Sullivan, Ill.
Clement Murphy, Student	Eureka College
Opal Ray, Teacher	Sullivan, Ill.
Corinne Taylor, Student State Normal	Charleston, Ill.
Lois Todd, Student Millikin University	Decatur, Ill.



Themes

What Happened to Willie

Willie was furious. He hoed the weeds and potatoes savagely and impartially. The causes of his anger were two small boys, Sammy Lewis and Jimmie Allen. Yesterday they had begun calling him "teacher's pet," the most hateful name in the vocabulary of a school-boy.

Willie burned with a desire for revenge, and his mind was busy devising means of "getting even." Suddenly the hoe stopped—Willie had an idea. He hurried up the garden walk, evaded the watchful eye of his mother, and started toward town. On his way he met Sammy Lewis, "Goin' down to see the school ma'am, teacher's pet?"

"None of your business."

"Say, you don't know who you're talking to. I guess I'll have to learn you some sense."

"That's right, go to pickin' on me. You're afraid to pick on Jimmie Allen. He says you're nothin' but a yellar pup, and if you pop off to him, he says he'll fix you up so your folks won't know you."

Willie passed on leaving Sammy standing in silent amazement. To think that Jimmie, his best chum, had said such a thing about him! Then his amazement changed to anger, and he was fighting mad.

Willie hunted up Jimmie and by skillfully managing the conversation made him believe that Sammy had said that he was a "yeller pup." Jimmy was also fighting mad.

That afternoon Sammy and Jimmy met and a fight started. After a few preliminary blows, the two boys clinched. They strained, they twisted, they panted. Insteps were snapped and toes trampled. They crashed to earth emitting loud groans and grunts. Now Sammy was on top—now Jimmie. They rolled, they squirmed, they suffered, and still the contest endured. It went on and it was impossible to imagine it coming to a definite termination. It continued so long that to both participants, it seemed to be a permanent thing, a condition which had always existed, and which must exist perpetually.

During a lull, Sam muttered: "I guess you'll know better than to tell Willie Jenkins that I'm a yeller pup next time."

"You're a liar," shouted Jimmie, "Never said it, but you told him that I was one."

Instantly a great light broke upon Sam. He told Jimmie about it and the two boys sprang to their feet and started in search of Willie. A moment before they had been fighting, raging enemies, and now they were friends, united by a single purpose. They found their victim in his father's orchard shooting at an owl with his sling-shot. Willie started to run, but it was too late. He was caught.

Let us draw the curtain over the terrible blood-curdling scene which followed. Forms of torture which only small boys can devise were inflicted on poor Willie. When they had finished; it was a very bruised, battered and sad little boy that painfully made his way into the house. At the same time two bruised, battered, but happy little boys made their way homeward through the dusk of the evening.

GEORGE B. DUNSCOMB, '17.

Relatives

There are relatives lean and relatives corpulent; there are relatives young and relatives old; there are relatives wise and relatives otherwise; there are relatives beloved and relatives abhorred; and, at our house, there are relatives coming and relatives going.

It is queer how many people there are in this world who claim to be relatives of mine: beggars and tramps; washer-women and street cleaners; saloon-keepers and peddlers; ash-haulers and book venders; and a whole string of other domestics who either claim kinship by some nephew or by my sister-in-law. But, strange to relate, I never in my life had a prominent lawyer, doctor, senator, or professor meet me on a crowded street, where I was engaged in conversation with six or eight friends, and say: "Hello there, cousin, don't you remember me?" and so give me the pleasure of explaining to my friends, after the departure of the distinguished personality, that he, having married my half-brother's cousin, was thereby a very near and dear relative of mine and one worthy of the esteem and love of our family.

But I shall not despair. Although renowned and eminent characters are few and far between in the category of either my contemporary or medieval relatives, some day they shall enjoy the gratification, which I have so longed for, of having a noted individual with nose spectacles and side-burns greet them with a fraternal slap on the back, and, calling them by some relative name, inquire concerning their welfare and what time the wife had dinner ready; for I am persuaded that our family appellation shall appear in the hall of fame and not be known merely as the surname of rustics.

RICHARD E. MEIR, '17.

Circumstantial Evidence

"Mama, Mama, come here quick. Baby's swallowed some pennies out of my bank.—Oh, I know she'll die and——"

"Yes, Sir, she did. Why, Dad, she had my bank and took one out and put it in her mouth and swallowed it—so she did. Oh! Oh! Oh—h—!"

"Why, y-e-s—she had two or three and just poked 'em all in her mouth. Yes——"

"Well, I guess so—I——W-e-l-l, I don't know—I suppose she did—Cause, cause she had my bank playin' with it, and it's cracked—and she—might 'a got one."

MABEL POLAND.

Sammy's Surprise

"You got enough? Huh? Say 'Enough,' you big coward and I'll quit." Sammy Alton was sitting on the wriggling form of Billy Gibbons and pounding with all his might. His grimy fists landed blow after blow upon the battered and bloody countenance of the defenseless Billy.

"You'd better say 'enough' while you can or I'll——" But Sammy never finished his threat for he was attacked from the rear by a foe upon whom he had not calculated.

Mrs. Gibbons grasped him firmly by the collar and held him suspended in mid-air, shaking him until he feared that his legs and arms might at any time fly off into space. With a final jerk which threatened to dislodge his teeth, but really only knocked them together against his tongue, she let him go, promising him a visit to his mother in the near future.

Sammy walked slowly and painfully towards his home, with a saddened heart and a troubled mind. He tried to console himself with the knowledge that he had "licked" Billy Gibbons, but his victory seemed very insignificant beside the abuses his own person had suffered and the fact he must yet meet his mother whom he knew to be hysterically opposed to all fighting in general and boy-fighting in particular.

He wondered if he could slip into the house unnoticed, and remedy his appearance before he faced his mother. But what would be the use? That old "tattle-taling hen of a Mrs. Gibbons would come over and blab everying anyway," so he might as well go in and take his medicine first as last.

When Mrs. Alton looked up from her mending and saw her small son standing apologetically before her with his entire person dirty and blood-stained, one of his eyes blacked, and a sleeve of his new blouse ripped from shoulder to cuff, the storm descended.

"Samuel Alton, you've been fighting again. Now ain't you ashamed of yourself after I've told you over and over how wicked it is to fight, and how it worries me to death to have you come home in such a fix? I know you are the most aggravatin' boy in this town. I believe you just do things on purpose to annoy me and make my work harder. Now just look at that new blouse I worked so hard to make. It's just completely ruined. What in the world am I going to do with you?"

"Who were you fighting with anyway? I'll warrant it was that nice little Gibbons boy. I can't for the life of me see why you can't get along with that child. Everybody says he's such a nice little boy, but still you're always fightin' with him. I'll warrant you just try to pick a fuss out of him because he is so nice. You bad boys always do pick on the nice gentlemanly lit'e fellows.—"

"Now, sir, you just march right upstairs and wash yourself and go to bed. You won't have any supper tonight, Mister, and when your father comes home I'm going to tell him to do his duty. I didn't tell him last time, 'cause you'd been sick and I didn't want him to whip you, but you needn't think that I'm always going to stand between you and your rightful punishment . . . Oh, mercy! was that someone knocking?"

"Samuel, you hurry and get out of sight. I'll warrant that's the Minister, 'cause I saw him go into Mrs. Adams' a while ago."

Sammy hoped with all his heart that it was the minister, for he felt that he had had enough, and deserved a rest before Mrs. Gibbons presented her story. But he was disappointed, for listening from the head of the

stairs, he heard his mother exclaim: "Why, if it ain't Mrs. Gibbons! Come right in. I was afraid it was the minister. I seen him go into Mrs. Adams' awhile ago. Come on in and set down."

"No," he heard Mrs. Gibbons reply, "I just come to tell you that your boy, Sammy, jumped on to my poor little William and just beat him up terribly. If this was the first time this happened I wouldn't say anything, but it's happened time after time, and I think you ought to know what a bad boy your Sammy is."

"Now, William says he wasn't doin' a thing to harm Sammy in any way and Sammy just jumped on to him 'cause he's not very big and strong. Maybe William ain't very big, Mrs. Alton, but he ain't no coward at any rate, and he wouldn't pick on a boy smaller than him."

"Now, I want to tell you that this has got to stop. If you don't punish Sammy for treatin' William this away, Mrs. Alton, I'm going to do it myself."

Then Samuel had the surprise of his life, for his mother's face became almost purple with rage, and she fairly shouted: "you'd better not lay a hand on my boy, Sarah Gibbons. The idea of you comin' over and tellin' such horrid things about my Samuel! Did you think I'd believe them for a minute?"

"Why, the poor child came home a while ago all bruised and worn out, and his clothes very near torn off him, and his poor little eye all black, and yet you tell me to whip him. You'd better go home and whip your own son, Sarah Gibbons, instead of comin' over here to tattle on my little boy. I always did say that any woman that would take up children's quarrels was nothing but a fool anyway."

Sammy heard the front door slam with a force that shook the entire house, while he sat on the top stair greatly relieved and amazed at the turn of affairs had taken.

Presently he heard his mother calling: "Oh, Samuel, come on down, dear. I want you to run down to the store and get some nice fresh oysters. We're going to have oyster soup for supper."

"Oh, Golly Mamma! I sure do love oyster soup." MABEL E. MARTIN, '16.

The Battle in the Moonlight

The moon trembled with horror at the awful spectacle below her. Twisting, writhing, moaning, and screaming, two bands of youths were battling in frenzied wrath.

The battle had begun about nine o'clock and at ten, screams still rent the air. Moans and groans, gasps and thuds, were mingled in one awful chorus, as bodies met bodies, and thumbs met eyes. The crash of bottles, the rumble of brickbats, and the groans of anguish when the missile hit its mark could be plainly heard.

The battle went on, on and on and the moon turned pale at the awfulness of the conflict. Clothes were torn, hair was borne upon the breeze; sobs were smothered by tearing hands, and warrior after warrior fell trembling by the way.

The awful conflict was brought to an abrupt halt with the appearance of a mighty figure, knocking the darkness right and left. It was Tolley. Away went the warriors, and John was left victor of the field.

Morning dawned calm and fair, and a curious looking youth was feeling his way toward the school house. His eyes were bruised, his face was swollen, and he trembled at the sight of the victorious Freshmen.

He had met the enemy, but he was theirs. RAY L. SPAUGH, '16.

A Guilty Conscience

It was spring time; that is explanation enough for what I did, because I am not naturally a cowardly sort of person, nor am I in the habit of disobeying rules.

I was drowsily reclining at my desk in the Assembly room. The period had just begun; paper crunched, pencils clattered, and feet shuffled. Everybody seemed disinclined to work and I, most of all. It was springtime.

All at once the notion seized me to get out doors. I believed I would go up town. I knew it was against the rules to leave the building during school hours, and my special attention had been called to this fact recently by my being audience to the consequences visited upon one of my school-mates for this very misdemeanor, but as I said before, it was springtime. It seemed to me that nothing else could matter if I could be out doors—any place rather than at school.

I threw down the book that I hadn't been studying and walked bravely out of the room. I had my cap in my pocket, and seeing no one in the hall, I tore out of the building.

Once out, I became possessed with the fear that I might be seen from a window, so I ran until I was out of sight from the building. But still I had my apprehensions. Suppose I should meet the Superintendent, and he should ask me for an explanation. However, I went on casting furtive glances behind me and identifying everybody I saw as quickly as possible; at the same time looking around for a tree I might "duck" behind if I should find it necessary to hide.

By this time I had reached town, but I was so occupied with watching for some one who might tell on me that I wasn't enjoying myself as I thought I would. I found that I would feel better if I were at school, where I belonged, and though inwardly quaking at which might happen to me if I did get caught, I went back, reaching the room without seeing anybody. However, I was not sure how many people had seen me.

The period was not up, although it seemed to me that enough time had elapsed since I had left for at least two periods. I went in and sheepishly took my seat, and had just heaved a sigh of relief, when, looking up, I saw the Superintendent, himself, coming down the aisle toward me. My heart jumped, and my mouth went dry, and my horror cannot be imagined when he actually stopped at my desk.—He said: "You're wanted at the 'phone."

AGNES M. HARSHMAN, '16.

Sounds at Night

The soft, soothing, slumbrous sounds of night are usually the theme of the poets and yet they furnish ample material for a prose writer.

When I was a small boy I, as nearly all small farmer boys don't, didn't wear any shoes in summer. In other words, I went barefooted. Of course, during the day my feet attracted and absorbed a great deal of dirt. Often when night came, I would be very tired and sleepy from the cares of the long summer day, and would endeavor to sneak off to bed without washing my feet. However, I rarely succeeded, for my mother always seemed to remember my great fault.

One night, just after a terrific thunder storm had blown up, mother intercepted me on my way up the back stairway and sent me to the well to wash my feet. It was indeed a nerve-racking task. All outside was as dark as pitch, except for the fitful flash of the lightening. The wind moaned sorrowfully, a screech owl sang sweetly from a near-by tree and the thunder crashed soothingly in the sky.

Although inwardly quaking, I walked bravely into the darkness and groped for the tub on the well porch. I had almost finished the ablution of my organs of locomotion and was feeling like a great hero, when, suddenly, an old cow who had lost her calf began singing a doleful lullaby to her babe in heaven. With a voice trilling high C, I sprang from the tub, scrambled over the walk and ran to the sheltering arms of my mother.

After my heart had descended to its proper place, mother put me to bed, and listening to the thrush calling to her mate, I fell into a dreamless slumber.

DEWEY WOOLEN, '17.

The Uncrowned King

The whistle blew. The kick was made, and the quarter-back started swiftly down the field, the ball tucked under his arm. Along by his side and a little to the front ran the giant left-tackle. Down went one man, and on they sped. Just one fellow left, and the field would be clear. The tackle gave a lurch; he and the opponent went down in a tangled heap.

The quarter-back raced on and placed the ball behind the goal amongst the cheers of the enraptured spectators. The tackle was lifted to his feet, bruised and bloody, and with a pat on the back, forgotten. The game was won.

The daily paper came out telling of the brilliant run of the great quarter-back, but not a word for the uncrowned king.

MABEL POLAND, '16.

Old Faithful

On my very first Christmas, a little dog was given to me by a friend of the family, but it was not immediately received into my favor. In fact, they tell me that by means of piercing shrieks, I registered my disapproval and abhorrence of all dogs in general and this one in particular.

However, as the days sped by, my antipathy grew less, and finally disappeared entirely, being replaced by the most ardent and faithful affection.

I am told that one of my most absorbing occupations at this period of my ownership was the endeavor to get possession of Towser's bright black eyes. A fruitless endeavor it certainly was, but that mattered little, for it was resumed at every available opportunity.

As time passed, Towser and I grew to be almost inseparable, and in those dreadful hours which lie between the children's bed-time and that of the grown-ups, Towser was my faithful protection and comfort, and I refused to be left to go to sleep without him.

They tell me of one awful night when Towser was not on duty, and sleep would not come to me until they all engaged in a neighborhood search and the guard was re-established.

About this time a friend came to visit the family, and thinking that Towser was growing a bit old and unreliable, she presented me with a cunning little curly white dog, yclept Fido,—but he only re-inforced the old guard, and did not displace it.

I had several pets—dogs, cats, and a wonderful Teddy-bear, but the ancient Towser still reigns supreme.

Well, yes,—perhaps he is getting rather old; but the muslin from which his fat body was made was of the strongest, and his little velvet ears and shoe-button eyes were sewed on to stay, as I really did learn after all, and I truly think that he is good for many years yet,—and he is still on guard, in charge of all the toys and relics of my play-time days.

MILDRED WILKINSON, '18.

A Night Mare

I went to bed at my regular time, but something had not agreed with me, for I had strange visions.

I was called to the office; I was scarcely inside the door when a well-dressed young man had me by the hand, pumping it vigorously. "Why, how-do-you-do," he said, "and you are the class president. My name is Bates; I'm from the most reliable firm in the country. I've something of interest to show you, the very thing you want. Now, if you will only pick out the design you want, I can give you some very interesting figures."

I stood like a dummy with my mouth wide open, and stared into space. What did he mean? I knew nothing about designs and figures.

"I carry a larger line than any other firm; more exclusive designs than any other salesman, you will see that I do. We have been in the business seventy-five years and do forty-five percent. of the work done by all the firms in the country, we've something no other firm has. Why? Because we made our orders so early. Our competitors will not have them before next season.

Therefore, we score another point over them. Now your local dealers can't give you such a line."

"No," I thought, "not such a line of nonsense." I couldn't realize what he was trying to do. I sat down in a chair and let him go on. He stood right over me and talked, using numerous gesticulations. I leaned back in my chair to be as far from him as possible, and he leaned forward.

"Now," he said, sticking his face almost in mine, "let me make you a confidential offer. If you succeed in getting the class to order from my line I will give you twenty-five percent. I could make the prices less, but I would rather let them pay more, and give you this splendid offer."

"What do you mean? What are you trying to sell, anyhow?" I at last ventured to ask him.

Making shorter the already short distance between us, he said: "Why, your class pins and rings."

His last move unbalanced my chair. I jumped and tried to yell. I suddenly regained my senses. Instead of falling from my chair I was being pulled out of bed as the last resort to awake me.

RALPH BOYD, '16.

A Test

Do you always say the good things
Of your comrade or your teacher;
Do you never knock your enemy,
Nor criticize your preacher?
Do you always wear a smiling face,
And ne'er a sneer or frown;
Do you always do your best to help
The fellow that is down?
Do you never praise yourself at all,
Nor brag of what you've done?
Do you e'er refrain from slang, or worse,
And never use a pun?
You say you never do these things;
You've knocked these faults asunder?
Well then, my friend, if that be true,
You certainly are a wonder.

MABEL EDEN MARTIN, '16.

Robert's Return

When Mr. Arden came home to dinner, his wife met him at the door with an anxious look on her face. "Did you get any mail at the office this morning, Henry?" she asked.

"Nothing but some business letters. Why? Were you expecting a letter?"

"Now, Henry Arden, you know very good and well that I've been expecting a letter for a week. I don't see why Robert doesn't write. He surely must be sick."

"Don't worry about Bob, Mother, he's having such a gay time that he's probably forgotten his home folks."

"I should think you'd be ashamed to talk that way about your only son. Just because you didn't want him to go to college, you're determined to have him ruined."

"Well, Mary, we've gone over this often enough before. But for my part, I wanted Bob to stay at home, marry, and settle down; he could have gone to work at my office and I'd have made a business man out of him, and then later on, after he'd learned the business we could have been partners or—but what's the use; by the time he gets back from college he won't know how to do anything but have a good time and spend money like he is doing now."

"Well, you just wait, and when your son gets to be one of the greatest lawyers in the country, you'll be ashamed of the things you've said."

That afternoon her husband had returned to the office. Mrs. Arden kept thinking about what he had said. What if Bob should fail to make good? The thought disturbed her not a little; but finally she laughed at herself for thinking of such a thing, and said: "I must be getting nervous to let what Henry says disturb me, when I know he is so prejudiced. I'll not worry about it any longer," and so saying she picked up her favorite book, and for the time forgot her troubles.

Someone sprang up the front steps, and the front door closed with a bang. Mrs. Arden put aside her book, but before she could rise, her eyes were covered with two strong hands, and a voice at her ear whispered: "Guess who?"

"Bob, my boy," she cried, and looked at him in astonishment. "What are you doing home? Have you a vacation?"

"Yes, a somewhat lengthy one. But don't get excited and I'll explain."

"You aren't sick, Bob?" she anxiously inquired.

"Where's the Governor?" he asked, ignoring her question.

"Who?"

"Dad, I mean; where's he?"

"Why, dear, he's down at the office now, and if you want to see him, you would better go down right away for he's going to the city on the 4:10, and won't be back until tomorrow."

"Hurrah, Gee! but that's jolly good news. I feel somewhat relieved; and mother, I suppose I might as well tell you now or never, for I'm thinking I'll have to be clearing out of here before the Old Man gets back."

"Bob, please don't speak so of your dear father, he means well, and——"

"Sure, he does—but, well, he wouldn't understand. And I'm afraid you won't."

"You haven't told me yet, son."

"Well, I'm in a jolly mess now, I've been canned."

"You, expelled! Oh, whatever will your father say? Bob, I hope you didn't deserve this."

"Deserve it? Well I guess I did. You see, I got into a scrape early last fall."

"A scrape! Oh, Bob, what will your father say?"

"A plenty, no doubt, but it was worth it. Why, Ma, it was the best joke that ever happened. On Monday, Sam Wilson, my room-mate, came in scared green. He had overheard a plan of the Juniors to haze us the following Friday night. The next night, we called a secret meeting down in the darkest corner of the campus, and I made a speech. After I had finished, it was up to me to suggest something. Well, a plan had been forming in my head all day, in fact, ever since I had seen one of those Junior guys with Miss Bell. Should I dare? Would they do it? These were the questions that I was asking myself. I decided I'd try it, and addressing them, I said: 'Well, fellows, there's only one thing to do, and that's to beat them to it. Haze the Juniors before they haze us.' To be sure everybody was shocked at first, but finally it was agreed on, and Thursday night we carried it off with a grand flourish.

"The next week, I was the most popular guy that ever struck that old town, but all the time everybody was wondering why the Professor was taking it so calmly. My time was coming all right, for the next Monday morning, he called me to his office, and having worked himself into a rage, threatened to can me, but finally wound up by hanging me for a week."

"By hanging you?" exclaimed his horrified mother.

"Yes, by suspending me for a week, you know, and when I went back he said that if I was caught in any such mess again, he'd have to send me home.

I immediately put on my best behaviour, and was just doing fine work. Why, do you know, I only flunked one subject last term."

"Only flunked one subject? How many are you in the habit of flunking, Bob Arden?"

"Oh, one or two. But, as I said, I was just doing fine, when last week our class was invited to attend a masquerade dance, given by the Juniors. Of course, we knew it was against the rules, but it was a dare, and we had to live up to our reputations, and there's always a chance of not being found out. So we had another meeting, girls, too, this time. I thought I'd keep quiet and not take a hand, but they all declared it was up to me. So I said I'd go if Mae Belle would go with me. They all dared her to, and, of course, we went, and, of course, we got caught, as they had intended that we should. And consequently I'm here, expelled for the year, but I'll clear out before Dad gets back; he's sure to raise a big fuss."

"Oh, what will I ever do? It's all my fault. Your father didn't want you to go to college, but I would have my way. Why, just today, at noon, he said he wanted you to stay at home, marry, settle down, and work in the office."

"Mother! Do you mean that?"

"Yes, and I see now where it would have been best."

"Well, it isn't too late; this is one time I can give Dad just what he wants. You know, Mae got expelled at the same time I did, and, of course, it was my fault, and she lives in California. I just couldn't bear the idea of her going so far away, so we just got married. And oh, Mother, do you suppose I can go to work in the office?"

"Certainly you may."

"And Oh, Mother, she's a peach."

"Why, of course she is, Bob."

IRMA TABOR, '18.

The North Wind

I am the great North Wind,
I come from lands far away;
I blow through the depth of the woodland,
And make huge pine trees sway.

I blow o'er field and meadow,
O'er valley and mountain I sail;
I fly o'er the sea and the desert,
O'er woodland, forest and vale.

I make the huge oak trees roar,
Over Marsh and mainland I prow!l
When icicles hang fast on the trees,
I make many hungry wolves howl.

The cattle turn their backs on me,
I am so fierce and bold;
I make the shepherds search the woods,
And bring their sheep to fold.

I drive the herdsmen from the plain,
I make the white snow sift;
I place a thousand snow-flakes
In every little drift.

The farmers must prepare for me,
I make them shudder with fear;
For well they think, as well they should,
"The North Wind soon will be here."

The school boys, too, prepare for me,
They know that when I come;
With skates in hand and sled on back,
Their sport has just begun.

I am something; yet I am nothing,
For though I am sharp and keen,
I go here, and I go there,
But I'm nowhere to be seen.

EARL CLARK, '19.

My Mother's Hands

How oft I think of my mothers hands,
They're neither white nor small,
And though to some they are homely hands,
To me they're fairer than all.

Such beautiful hands they seem to me,
They sooth my pains and press
A loving touch deep in my soul,
Far sweeter than any caress.

Such beautiful hands, my mother's,
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their marks
On her hands as well as her brow.

Oh, mother, some time they'll be folded,
Sad, sad that day to me,
When you shall be laid in Graham,
To rest till eternity.

Beyond this vale of sorrows,
And in some fairer lands,
I want to see you, mother,
And kiss your beautiful hands,

I'll clasp your hands, dear mother,
Where a river flows o'er life's sands,
And where the old grow young again,
There'll be no withered hands.

RAY L. SPAUGH, '16.

Home

Though unpretentious it may be,
My home is dearer far to me
Than mansion anyone could give,
In which I might in grandeur live.

I might dwell in a palace great,
And 'mong the famous nobles rate,
But that were nothing to compare
With home and love and friends so rare.

So you who wish it, have your fame,
I envy not your wealth and name,
For I have more, you must confess,
I have my home and happiness.

AGNES M. HARSHMAN, 16.

Spring!

The poet sings of beauteous Spring,
Of twittering birds and budding trees,
Of robin songs that gaily ring
And haunt the flower-scented breeze.

He sings of soft and balmy air,
Of wondrous azure sky;
He sings of purple violets rare,
Of whispering brook that plashes by.

He sings, he gushes, bursts and pours
His feelings into song,
Of beauteous Springtime's happy hours,
And days both sweet and long.

The mere man reads the poet's song,
And cries: "What rotten gush!
Each time I walk, I wade along
Knee-deep—in Springtime slush."

GLADYS FLEMING, '18.



Literary Society

The Sullivan High School Literary and Debating Society was organized in the spring of 1913. Each year since that time, the society has been re-organized, and interest in the work has grown from year to year.

In the beginning, the membership did not exceed fifty; now there are enrolled over one hundred.

The purpose of the Society is so to train its members that they may appear before an audience and feel at ease. This has been accomplished by many, as has been manifested at various meetings of the Society and at other places where the members have been called upon to speak.

The Society meets each alternate week on Monday night, and delivers programs consisting of music, debating, reading, short stories, essays, and extemporaneous speaking.

Visitors are invited at any and all regular meetings. An admission fee of ten cents is charged. This money is used in furnishing the public Library with "Readers' Guide," and in buying such books as the Society may need.

The townspeople have supported the Society most loyally, and the Society, in return, has accomplished something of which to be proud.

We believe that the members who have taken an active part in the Literary work, have gained as much practical knowledge from their efforts as in the High School course.



Literary

Irtys Alvey
 George Dunscomb
 Ralph Boyd
 Vallee McCartney
 Devere Frederick
 Gladys Fleming
 Fae Mann
 Mildred McClure
 Marie Curry
 Alberta Hughes
 Odessa Monroe
 Hilda Harris
 Agnes Corbin
 Charlotte Harris
 Mildred Moore
 Gertrude Millizen
 Clark Magill
 Bruce Munson
 John McClure
 Shelby Moore
 Halac Lansden
 Richard Meier
 Edna Harshman

Mabel Martin
 Carmen Greene
 Brice Martin
 Ruth Moore
 Mildred Fleming
 Bernardine McCraig
 Emma Harshman
 Maurine Cochran
 Helen Chase
 Ralph Miller
 Merle Myers
 Ethel Collins
 Roselle Moore
 Herschel Harshman
 B. H. Gault
 Hoke Lane
 Albert Lucas
 Clint Bozell
 Roe Moore
 Russell Harshman
 Opal Baxter
 Ruth Chase
 Agnes Harshman

Thelma Barton



Literary Society

Andrew Sealock	Elva Snyder
William Sealock	Nellie Roney
Harold Vaughn	Helen Witts
Zachie Whitfield	Frances Pierce
Veda Poland	Thelma Stewart
Bessie Wallace	Coral Wallace
Irma Tabor	Mabel Poland
Glenn Whitfield	Nellie Patterson
Dewey Woolen	Russell Arnold
Garnet Graves	Ray Spaug
Lucien Sabin	Pearl Pierce
Foy Nighswander	Hirst Rutledge
Ocie Vandever	Luvica Winchester
Fern Woodruff	Mildred Wilkinson



FORUM SOCIETY

Forum Society Roll

Richard Meier	Lloyd Hancock
Bruce Munson	Raymond McCune
Lucien Sabin	Raymond Spaugh
Agnes Harshman	Garnet Graves
Ralph Miller	Bert McCune
Hoke Lane	Mildred Wilkinson
Clark Magill	Ralph Boyd
Irtys Alvey	George Dunscornb
Nina Nighswander	William McCarthy
Foy Nighswander	Vallee McCartney
Merle Myers	Jim Booze
Hirst Rutledge	Glenn Whitfield
Herschel Harshman	Ocie Vandever
Russell Harshman	Mabel Poland
Emma Harshman	Victor Landers
Edna Harshman	

FORUM SOCIETY

The Forum Society was organized in November of 1915. This society is small, the limit of the membership being thirty-four. Its purpose is to train its members in debating and extemporaneous speaking. Musical talent is not cultivated.

Visitors are not allowed. From this Society representatives of the Sullivan High School in debating and declamation are chosen.

The members are divided into two sections, each section delivering a program each month. The Society meets on alternate Monday nights, when the Literary Society does not have a regular meeting.

No membership fee is charged. The Society is just for the benefit of those who wish to take a more active part in literary work than the Literary Society affords.



The music department of the S. H. S. has been better developed this year than for several years past. The musical organizations have worked hard and have been successful.

The Male Quartette was organized early in the year and has been rehearsed each week. It appeared before the public a number of times at Literary, at school functions and at the Teachers' and Farmer's Institute.

The Mixed Quartette is composed of members of the Senior Class. It is a new attempt and has appeared before the public but a few times.

The Girls' Quartette was first organized when the present Seniors were in the Eighth Grade. It was composed of Ethel Grisby, Mabel Martin, Agnes Harshman and Nellie Patterson. When Ethel Grigsby, quit school, Emma Martin replaced her. Since then it has been composed of members of the Class, '16, until this year, when Marguerite Bishop replaced Emma Martin.

The Girls' Glee Club was organized in 1913. It has increased in number this year and has shown great improvement. It has practised regularly and has appeared before the public on numerous occasions.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

Back Row—Marguerite Bishop, Agnes Corbin, Mabel Martin, Veda Poland, Marie Curry, Dorothy Witts.

Middle Row—Mildred McClure, Nellie Patterson, Maurine Cochran, Helen Chase, Agnes Harshman.

Front Row—Emma Harshman, Edna Harshman.



GIRLS' QUARTETTE

Mabel Martin, Marguerite Bishop, Agnes Harshman, Nellie Patterson



MALE QUARTETTE

Ralph Boyd, Richard Meier, Brice Martin, Clark Magill



SENIOR QUARTETTE

Clark Magill, Nellie Patterson, Mabel Martin, Ralph Boyd.

It is shown by the looks on the faces,
Of these wonderful songsters of ours,
That the voices of Melba and Scotti,
Are excelled by their musical powers.

When they come on the platform and open
Their mouths with a volume of song,
We gaze on them proudly for we're glad
That they to our high school belong.

And for them we predict a great future,
And a place with the singers of fame;
For we know if they fail to attain this,
Their modesty will be to blame.

Social Events

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

On September 15th, the Senior Class met at Nellie Patterson's home and gave her a complete surprise. Light refreshments, carrying out the class colors, Gree and White, were served.

WEINER ROAST

October first a weiner roast was held at the home of Merle Myers. A very enjoyable time was passed in roasting weiners and marshmallows; later playing games and jokes.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

The Redmen's Hall was freakishly decorated, suitable to Hallowe'en, and that night the Senior Class and the Faculty had one of the most pleasant evenings of the year. Old-fashioned games and eats helped pass the evening.

BOX SUPPER.

December tenth, after the Arthure Basketball game, a box supper was given under the auspices of the Seniors for the benefit of the Retrospect.

LEAP YEAR PARTY.

The Senior girls, with Miss Martin, took the Senior "boy" friends to the Basketball game January seventh. After the game, they treated the boys to ice cream and then to chewing gum. They then went to the home of Miss Thelma Barton, where a pleasant evening was spent. Games were played, in which the lady escorts were compelled to undergo the ordeals usually experienced by every man contemplating matrimony. Refreshments were served, and at an early hour of the morning, the boys took the girls home.

SENIOR SPREAD.

The Seniors and the Faculty held their annual spread Friday night, March twenty-fourth. Every year, this event has been the most pleasant and longest-remembered event of the year, and this one was no exception.

Following the after-dinner, talks on "Falling Dew," by Mr. Gault, and "Needles and Pins," By Mr. Abney, everyone went to the assembly room, where an extemporaneous program, including clog-dancing, yodelling, extemporaneous talks, dumb-orations, vocal solos (Clementine included) and a mock faculty meeting was great fun.

ATHLETIC SPREAD.

March first, Mr. and Mrs. Abney, Mr. and Mrs. Gault entertained the first and second basketball teams to a six o'clock dinner at their home on West Jefferson street.

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET.

On April 28th, the Junior Class entertained the Seniors, the Faculty, and the members of the Board with their wives, at the Annual Junior Banquet.

The Knights of Pythias Hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion and an interesting and unique program was given.

Irtys Alvey, the Junior president, acted as Toastmaster, and responses were made by members of the Senior Class, Faculty and School Board.

Menu

Creamed Chicken	Potatoes
Pickles	Olives
Peas	Hot Rolls
1917 Salad	
Ice Cream	Cake
Coffee	

THE CIRCUS.

On March seventh an indoor circus was presented under the auspices of the Seniors. At noon a parade was given, one that will not be forgotten for some time. Mabel Poland, with her trained animals; a clown band; Mabel Martin disguised as an old woman; and Ray Spangh and Nellie Patterson, dressed as two old people, riding on a large two-wheeled cart drawn by the smallest pony in town, were the main features of the parade. The proceeds of the entertainment were for the benefit of the Retrospect.

E. M. M., '16.

N. P. P., '16.

Commencement Events

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

May 21st, 1916

CLASS PLAY

Phoebe's Romance

May 23, 1916

CAST

Phoebe Sparrow	Mabel Martin
Sarah Sparrow	Thelma Barton
Matilda Langweed	Nellie Patterson
Julie Langweed	Maurine Cochra
Isabel Appleton	Fleeta Byrom
Ellen	Agnes Harshman
Granville Howard	Hoke Lane
Lieutenant Wright	Ralph Boyd
Captain Winchester	Ray Spaugh
Lieutenant Small	Clark Magill
Major Pepper	Ralph Miller
Sergeant	Raymond McCune

Commencement

Address

John D. Shoop

May 25th, 1916

THE SULLIVAN PROGRESS

Volume One

Sullivan, Ill., Thursday, March 16, 1936

Number Ten

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SULLIVAN WINS DISTRICT TOURNEY.

SHELBYVILLE PUT OUT BY GAYS T. H. S.

Sullivan was the winner of the district Basketball Tournament, held in the high school gymnasium Friday and Saturday of last week.

Sullivan won all the games in her section, beating Mt. Olive, 10-23; Bement, 20-35; Atwood, 14-28; and Arthur, 13-21. They easily won the finals with Charleston by a score of 19-23.

HARSHMAN—STAR.

Dean Harshman, the husky right forward was easily the star. His basket shooting from the center was a great feature. Every man played his part well and the whole team worked like a clock. The Charleston lads put up a plucky fight, but they were far out-classed.

ARTHUR—THIRD.

Arthur got third place when they won a hard fought game from the husky Garrett five by a score of 20-22. As the score indicates, the game was exciting from start to finish, and at no time could it be told who would come out the victor.

SHELBY, 10—GAYS, 25.

Shelbyville was shut out of the tournament Friday afternoon when they lost their first game to the Gays T. H. S., by a score of 10-25. This was a bitter pill to the two hundred rooters who had come confident of victory. They left on the evening train.

MAKE PROTEST.

Shelbyville has entered a protest to the State Board of Athletics, claiming Harshman to be over age, and Miller a professional. Nothing serious has come of it yet, and Sullivan fans look on it as a joke.

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.

Miss Frances Gertrude Abney was pleasantly surprised Monday evening, when a host of her young friends planned and carried out a complete surprise on her at the home of her parents in Dyer Row, No. 5. Light refreshments were served. Dancing and cards furnished the amusement for the evening, and all left at a late hour, proclaiming Miss Abney a royal hostess and wishing her many more happy birthdays.

Coach Baker put his team through some good hard practice this week, getting them ready for the State tournament at Springfield. In this tournament, the locals will probably be the winners, and a special train will carry five hundred rooters and the band to accompany the boys.

Corns and Bunions removed without pain—of no pay.
WADE BLAND, Chiropodist. Adv.

—Get your pictures taken today—
FERRELL STUDIO.—Adv.

WANT ADS.

WANTED—A sale for my cats.
Fifty bushels in good condition.
BRUCE MUNSON, R. F. D.

WANTED—A few family washings.
MRS. MAURINE LANE.

WANTED—Old rags, old iron, copper and rubber—good prices paid.
DICK MCCARTHY.

WANTED—A Wife.
WM. SELOCK, Findlay, Ill.

WANTED—A few boarders.
MRS. MARGUERITE BLAND.

LOCALS.

Mr. Russell William Clark Magill, one of the instructors of music in the Millikin University, spent Sunday with his parents.

The Landers and Harsh 5 and 10c store has just received a shipment of Fords, which will be placed on sale tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Duncan are here visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse B. Tabor. Mr. Duncan has a job in a broom factory in Toledo.

The Spough & Co. vaudeville troupe showed here at the Jefferson Tuesday night in the comedy drama, "P. J. Objects." Miss Perlina Patterson played the leading lady and Mr. Spough was in his old role as hero.

WARNING!

As several have taken liberty of making a private road across my farm for both wagon and horsemen, I hereby give warning that all such practice must cease. Anyone crossing said farm with a wagon or on horseback, from this day on, will be prosecuted for trespassing.

BRUCE MUNSON.

FOUND ROAMING IN DEMENTED CONDITION.

Mr. B. H. Gault, a former Supt. of the Sullivan schools, was found roaming around near his home in Missouri in a demented condition. He was taken to the state asylum for the insane by his friends.

CANDIDATES.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR.

We are authorized to announce Ray McCune as Candidate for Tax Collector of Sullivan Township, subject to Progressive Primary.

We are authorized to announce Miss Fleeta Byrom as candidate for Tax Collector of Sullivan Township, subject to Socialist Primary.

FOR POUND MASTER.

We are authorized to announce Irtys Alvey as candidate for Poundmaster of Kirksville Township, subject to People's Ticket.

TROUBLE IN UTAH.

John Audrey Homer Tolly Tabor, formerly a Sullivan man, and now president of the Mormon Colony at Salt Lake City, Utah, is before the U. S. Supreme Court, charged with violating the Federal Polygamist law. It is rumored that he has at least eighty-five wives.

COURT NEWS.

The divorce case of Ethel Collius Lucas vs. Albert Lucas was postponed until next week.

Glenn H. Lane was tried and found guilty of stealing chickens, and was turned over to await the action of the Fall Grand Jury. Being unable to furnish bond, he is residing in the County Jail.

Lee Cochran was brought before the Court this week, charged with having carried off some bee hives belonging to Mr. Landers.

SUPERVISOR'S REPORT.

Roughton & Roney Hardware Co.

To Mrs. Pearl Harsh for one wash board, \$1.25.

Tabor & Tabor Grocery.

To M. D. Abney, \$5.00.

Graves Shoe Store.

To Lane family, \$6.00.

Use

POWELL PLASTERS

For

Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Earache, Broken bones, Sprains
and Rheumatism.

Practical Horseshoeing

RAY JEFFERS

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Mrs. Louise Hancock Campbell,
..... Legal
Glenn Whitfield Legal
Olive Eden Martin Legal
Harold Valentine 19

Ashes, rubbish and garbage removed
by

BOYD GARBAGE CO.

DICK MEIER

*Dealer in fresh and cured meats
Fresh Fish on Friday*

Phone 586; Calls promptly answered

SEE

Reta Palmet—Today

In

"False Friends and Fire Alarms"
5 and 10c

Nothing like having a conscience that never hurts.—Orris Glifford.

He's one country boy the girls can't spoil.—Ray Jeffers.

An empty wagon makes the most noise.—Pearl Harsh.

Most glorious night—thou wert not made for slumber.—Bert McCune.

He who lives and loves not, merely exists and does not live.—Bruce Munson.

The Junior Bride—Fairry Winchester.

Has all the symptoms of a sport, but won't break out.—Lawrence Dixon.

Consider the ways of the little green apple which never does its best fighting until it is down.

If boys interfere with lessons, give up the lessons.—Selina Newbold.

Often I sit up half the night studying.—Olaf McIntyre.

Perfectly innocent of ever having flirted.—Irene Pifer.

I can't find enough to do to keep me out of mischief.—Garnet Graves.

Life is one fool thing after another; love is two fool things after each other.—Mr. Duncan.

Believe me, I'm going to be good until this Year Book goes to press.—Ralph Boyd.

If you have jewelry, wear it.—Ethel Collins.

A sleeping fox catches no poultry. Irtys Alvey.

Knowing too much is almost as bad as knowing too little. Zachie Whitfield.

WANTED—A Wife.

WM. SELOCK, Findlay, Ill.

Fellow Sufferers, Attention!

Do not despair, I can save you
My Method Cures Without Pain—
 Headache, Indigestion, Toothache,
 Earache, Gout, Lumbago, Epistaxia,
 Ecchymosis and Blackheads are My Specialty

Do not remain a sufferer

My method cures without pain
 This soothing treatment need be
 used but once

Call and try my wonderful remedy

M. D. ABNEY, M. D.

(Found in a red sweater pocket.)

Sullivan, Ill., March 27, '16.

My Dearest Darlingest lump of
 Sugar:

Tonight as we have nothing to do,
 we will write you a darling little
 letter. We hope you are well, dearie,
 and the weather is great.

With 1,000 kisses and love,

Yours,

BRUCE MUNSON.

A MODERN SONNET.

Gee; but this English Hist'ry's
 tough,
 Besides, I have my cares enough—
 And my! the things you haf to read,
 And my; the books we people need,
 To find that "outside reading" junk,
 'Bout king and queen an' squire an'
 monk;
 You haf to draw them dagone maps;
 And the teacher sets all sorts o' traps
 To make a feller 'fess right up,
 An' feel as low-down as a pup,
 When he didn't see his book at all,
 Because he went and played foot-
 ball—
 I jus' don't know what I shall do;
 I guess I'll raise a howl or two.

SAY SWIFTLY!

Silly Sally Simkins sells salt for
 six cents a sack. Since Sally sits
 sorting salt in the sunshine by the
 seaside, Sally's sunny scalp is sun-
 burnt. Sally sought a sunshade,
 secured and sewed some of cerise,
 Since Sally's sought a sunshade,
 Sally's hair seems scarcer. Sally's
 sunshade's small.

Silly Sally Simkins sits in the
 sunshine by the seaside sorting salt,
 cerise is the shade of her sunshade,
 and scarcer is her sunny hair.

THELMA BARTON.

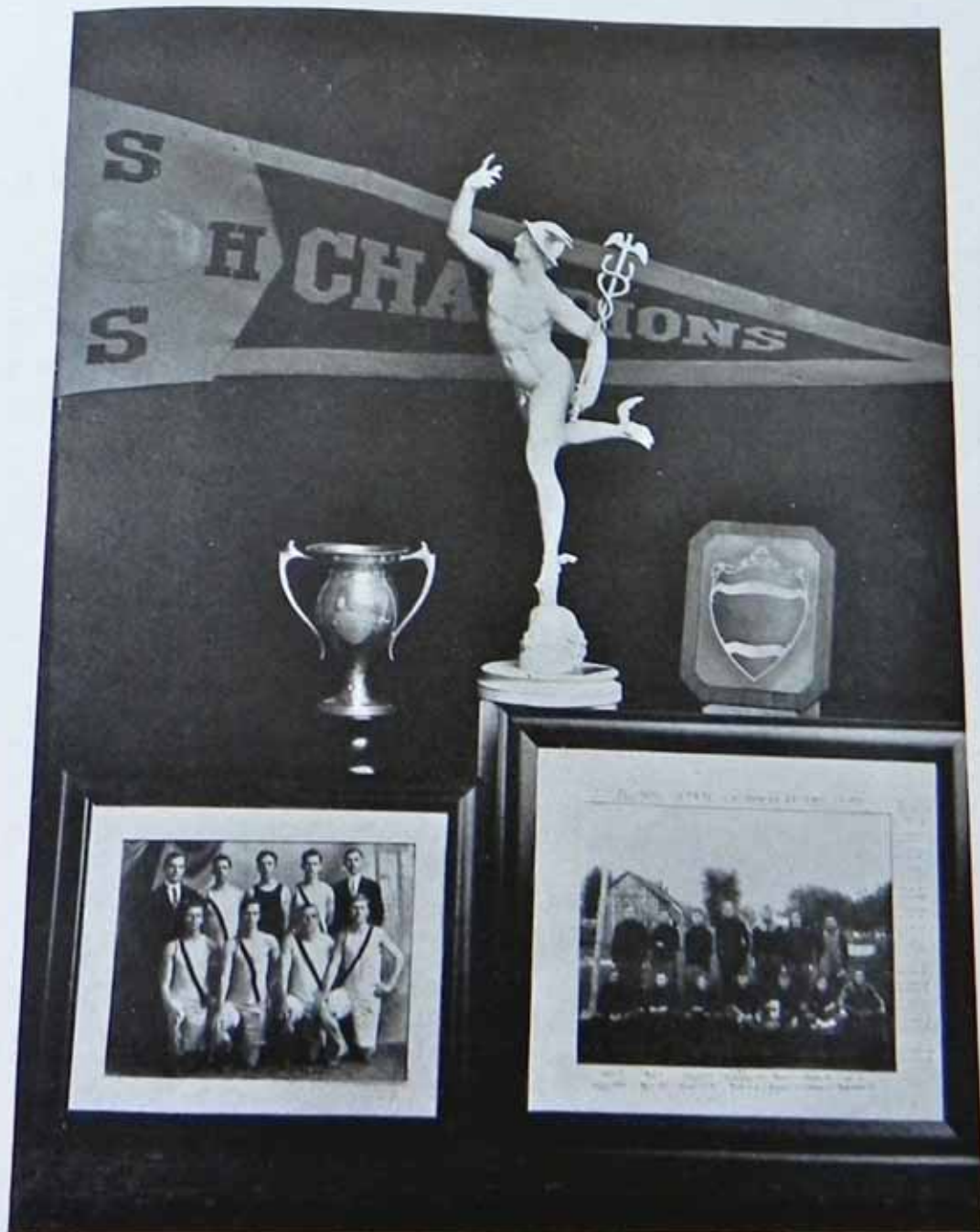
CATS.

Cats that's made for boys to maul
 and tease is called Maultese cats.
 Some cats are known by their queer
 purs; they are called Persian cats.
 Cats with very bad tempers is called
 Angory cats. Sometimes a very fine
 cat is called a Magnificat. Cats with
 very deep feelings is called Feline
 cats.

"WHAT IS THE SECRET OF SUCCESS?"

Button—"Push."
 Pencil—"Never be lead."
 Window—"Take pains."
 Ice—"Always keep cool."
 Calender—"Be up to date."
 Barrel—"Never lose your head."
 Fire—"Make light of everything."
 Hammer—"Do a driving business."
 Balloon—"Go higher up."
 Knife—"Be sharp."
 Glue—"Find a good thing and
 stick to it."
 Chimney—"Do the work you're
 suited for."
 —Ex.
 If two girls can pick four gallons
 of blackberries in three hours—how
 many can a tooth-pick?

Athletics



TROPHIES



The Football Season of 1915

The football season of 1915 was fairly successful as far as victories are concerned, considering that we had seven new men in our lineup. We finished the season with a grand flourish by defeating Pana in the final game. In two departments of athletics we made a great success, in physical condition and in sportmanship. During the whole season no team that we met was in any better condition than we were. This was very noticeable in comparing the number of instances that time was taken out for our opponents and for ourselves. Mr. Abney has laid special stress on the condition of the boys, and also on their sportmanship while practicing and in the games. He convinced the players that winning was not the only thing to be considered in a game, as a good loser is much better than a bad winner.

The principal thing in athletics is not to win all the contests, but to gain physical development. Our boys have been very successful in accomplishing this end, as has been shown during the basketball season.

Next year, only four men, Homer Tabor, Lane, George and Miller, will be out of the lineup, and there are plenty of lower classmen to take their places. We predict a very successful team next year, and everything looks as if our predictions will be true.

The lineup of 1915 was as follows: Bone, center; Frederick, L. guard; Alvey, L. tackle; Dunscomb, L. end; Jeffers, R. guard; Lane, R. tackle; Homer Tabor, R. end; McCarthy and George, quarter-back; Hubert Tabor, L. half-back; Miller, R. half-back; Baker, full-back; Arnold, Woolen, McCune, Meier, substitutes.

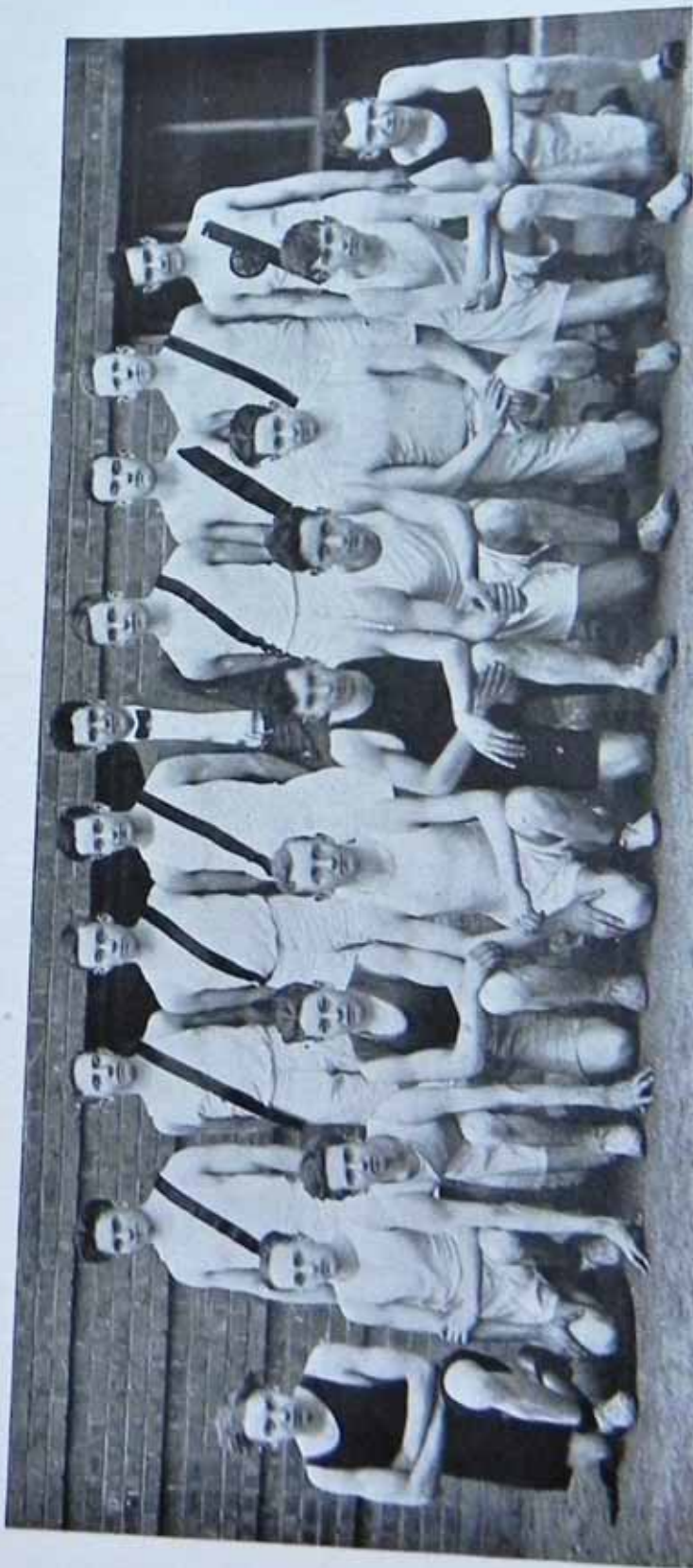
Our Heroes

We admire them honor and love them,
 Those football heroes of ours,
 We shall always remember and praise them
 For their wonderful courage that towers
 Above all misfortune and failure,
 And makes them stay in the fight,
 Even though they lose, and the "knockers"
 Are hammering with all of their might.
 And we hope that forever and ever,
 They will keep that courage through life,
 And win a glorious victory
 In the final decisive strife.

M. E. M., '16.

Football Record

Pana—19	S. H. S.— 3
Oakland—40	S. H. S.— 0
Arcola—65	S. H. S.— 0
Mattoon—14	S. H. S.— 12
Bethany—0	S. H. S.—114
Lovington—35	S. H. S.— 13
Villa Grove—13	S. H. S.— 26
Mattoon—25	S. H. S.— 0
Pana—0	S. H. S.— 63



1915 TRACK TEAM

Back row—Lucas, Murphy, E. Butler, Dunscomb, Abney, Coach; D. Butler, Green, Miller, George,
Front row—Graves, Whitfield, Rutledge, Hubert Tabor, Boyd, Lane, Alvey, Homer Tabor, Selock, Peadro.

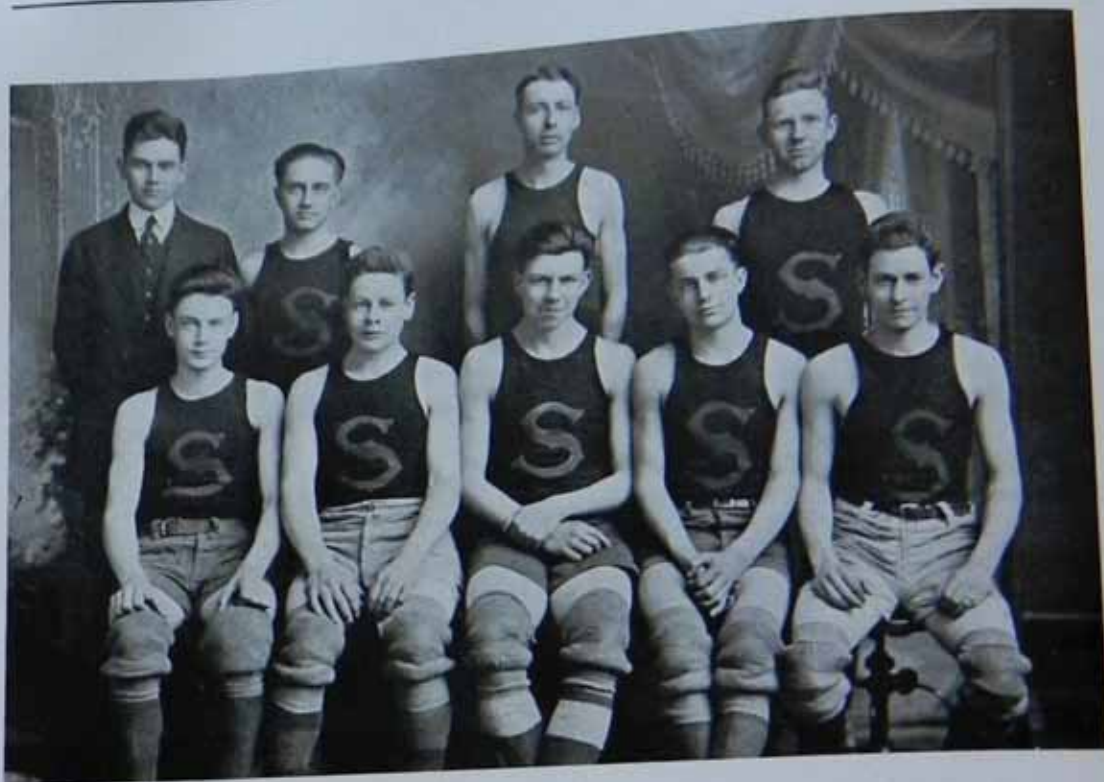
Track

Although the track season of 1916 is still young, we feel that our prospects are as good, if not better than they were at this time last year. With Greene and Butler gone, it is necessary for us to develop some new fast runners. We have quite a number who are showing ability in this line, and who promise at least to approach the records made last year. The Freshmen are showing especially well, and they will probably be well represented on the team.

We expect to have several meets this year besides those held at Charleston and Champaign. On April 22nd, Mr. Abney will hold a county meet here, in which both grades and high school will compete. It is intended that this meet will arouse an interest in track events, so that by the time the grade boys enter high school, they will be able to accomplish something worth while.

In the field events we are showing up much better than at any time last year, and we expect to gain some points in this line at the Charleston meet.

G. H. L., '16.



Basketball

This year has been the most successful in the basketball career of our High School. Basketball has been played only five years in this school, and to win second place in the Eastern Illinois Basketball Tournament, after this amount of experience, is something of which we may boast.

The success of our team is due largely to the coaching of Mr. Abney. He is one of the boys at all times, and his heart is in his work. Then, there is the determination of each fellow to win. The confidence resulting from this determination is necessary to a winning team. Back of all this has been a loyal high school spirit urging the boys on to victory.

In our season's work we won most of our games, some of which were with teams who were skillful players.

We are proud of our work on the basketball floor, and hope that the records for next year will show a complete line of victories for the S. H. S.

Basket Ball Record

Argenta	6	Sullivan	84
Arthur	39	Sullivan	20
Shelbyville	46	Sullivan	8
Charleston	25	Sullivan	15
Alumni	19	Sullivan	33
Sparks (2nd)	31	Sullivan	32
Lovington (Forfeited)	0	Sullivan	2
Kansas	8	Sullivan	38
Sparks (2nd)	17	Sullivan	23
Hillsboro	18	Sullivan	28
Shelbyville	42	Sullivan	26
Charleston	15	Sullivan	27
E. I. S. N. S. (2nd)	21	Sullivan	33
Neoga	7	Sullivan	50

Tournament

Nokomis	22	Sullivan	38
Mt. Olive	21	Sullivan	38
Arthur	52	Sullivan	19
Garrett	21	Sullivan	31

Sullivan placed Second.

LIMERICKS

By
MABEL MARTIN '16

ARTHUR BAKER

There was a tall guy named Baker,
At basketball he was no faker;
The Opponents of Hunk
Went rolling k-lunk,
Whenever he did undertake'er.

HUBERT TABOR

Of Hubie, now let us speak,
He makes Hercules look like a freak.
When he came on the floor,
All the people would roar:
"Oh, my! what a splendid physique."

HOMER TABOR

On Audrey, you sure are a peach,
You stick with your man like a leech.
But, Oh, fol-de-rol,
You foul, my dear Toll,
In spite of all Abney can preach.

GEORGE DUNSCOMB

You come from Windsor, they say,
And are always keen for the fray,
But, really you know,
To get nervous and throw
For the opposite team, doesn't pay.

RUSSELL ARNOLD

Oh, yes, Russell's a dear little man,
What he can't do, nobody can;
But he's 'fraid of the girls,
With their sashes and curls,
To capture him, all of them plan.

RALPH MILLER

Ralph always is keen for a row,
And at basketball we'll allow,
When it comes time to play,
He'll be there every day,
In spite of his girl and his cow.

HUBERT POWELL

With Powell no one can compare,
His head is way up in the air;
His feet will be found,
If you look on the ground,
To avoid them, you'd have to take care.

IRTYIS ALVEY

Old "Soup" is the pick of the crowd,
With a bountiful wit he's endowed.
You know they say, boys,
That all soup makes noise,
That accounts for his being so loud.

WILLIAM MCCARTHY

You never see Dick looking sad,
And at basketball he's not half bad;
In the warmth of his smile,
Shines the Emerald Isle,
Faith, and he's a dear little lad.

RICHARD MEIER

Like an angel our dear Richard sings,
You can almost hear flopping of wings;
But in spite of all fuss,
This dear little cuss
Says, "Ach Himmel," and all those things.



IRVY ALVEY, '17.
Age 17, Weight 190.
Football, '15; Basketball, '15-'16.

GEORGE BONE, '18.
Age 18, Weight 170.
Football, '15; Basketball, '16.

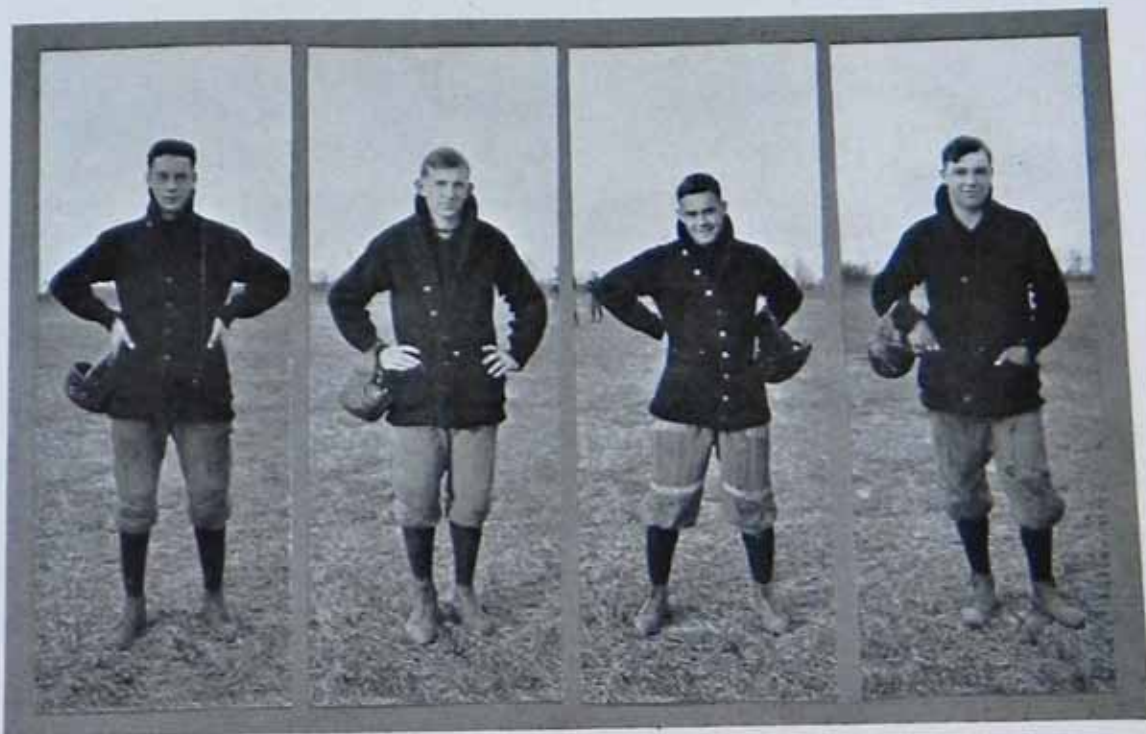


RUSSELL ARNOLD, '18.
Age 17, Weight 140.
Football, '15; Basketball, '15-'16.

ARTHUR BAKER, '17.
Age 18, Weight 170.
Football, '14-'15; Basketball, '15-'16.

GEORGE DUNSCOMB, '17.
 Age 16, Weight 152.
 Football, '15; Basketball, '16.

DEVERE FREDERICK, '17.
 Age 19, Weight 152.
 Football, '15.

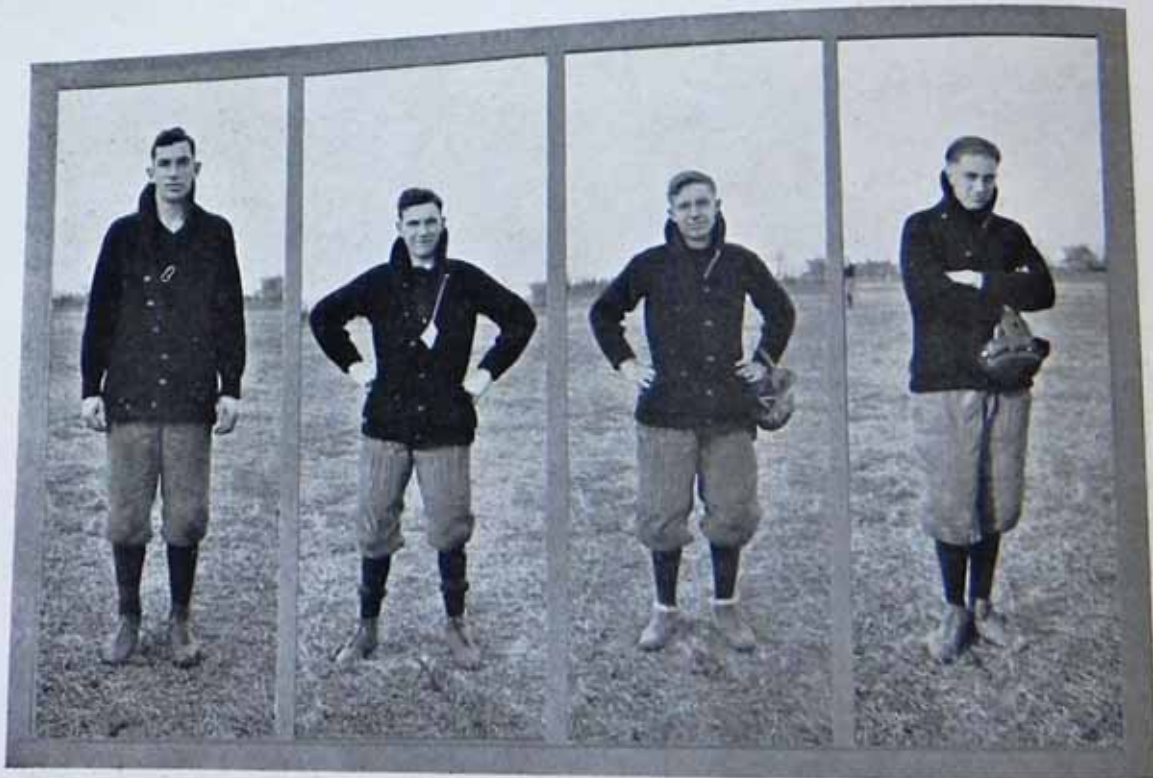


WILLIAM GEORGE, '16.
 Age 18, Weight 160.
 Football, '14-'15; Basketball, '15;
 Track, '14-'15.

RAY JEFFERS, '19.
 Age 18, Weight 180.
 Football, '15.

HOKE LANE, '16.
Age 19, Weight 180.
Football, '14-'15; Track, '15.

WM. MCCARTHY, '17.
Age 18, Weight 122.
Football, '15; Basketball, '16.



BERT McCUNE, '18.
Age 16, Weight 140.
Football, '15.

RICHARD MEIER, '17.
Age 18, Weight 136.
Football, '15; Basketball, '16.

RALPH MILLER, '16.
 Age 17, Weight 151.
 Football, '15; Basketball, '15-'16;
 Track, '15-'16.

HOMER TABOR, '16.
 Age 18, Weight 140.
 Football, '13-'14-'15; Basketball,
 '15-'16; Track, '15.



HUBERT TABOR, '17.
 Age 16, Weight 165.
 Football, '14-'15; Basketball, '15-'16.

DEWEY WOOLEN, '17.
 Age 17, Weight 155.
 Football, '15.

First Annual Commencement

of the
SULLIVAN HIGH SCHOOL
Thursday, May 16, 1878
B. F. Stocks, Principal

Prayer	Rev. B. McFadden
Greeting Glee	Chorus
Salutatory	Wm. P. Snyder
Essay—"The Wall must bear the Weather Stain before it grows the Ivy"	Miss Mary A Powers
Solo—"Crown Them	Miss Millie Hall
Oration—"The Study of Literature"	W. W. Lilly
Quartette—"I Stand on Memory's Golden Shore."	Emma Millizen, Eugene Lucas, Ora Garrett, Douglas Lee
Essay—"Man the Architect of his own Fortune."	Miss Agnes M. Bushman
Oration—"Is our Destiny in the Hands of Others"	Wm. F. Snyder
Quintette—"We'll have to mortgage the Farm"	Sullivan Glee Club
Essay and Vaedictory—"Home Influence"	Miss Sarah A. Powers
Quartette—"The Bugle Horn,"	Gooch, N. O. and W. H. Smyser, Dr. Brooks and J. C. Stanley
AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS	
Quintette and Chorus—"Farewell School Mates,"	Emma Millizen, Douglas Lee, Laura Snyder, Eugene Lucas
Benediction	A. L. Kellar
Miss Maye Shepherd, Organist	

Third Annual Commencement

of the
SULLIVAN HIGH SCHOOL
on
Thursday Evening, May 5th, 1881.
PROGRAMME

Prayer	Song	A. L. Kellar
	Song	
	Essays and Orations	
Self Education and Salutatory		Alpheus B. Lynn
Criticism		Mattie Taylor
Tide		Anna Everett
	Music	
Woman's Influence		Alice Workman
Smart Weeds		E. H. Kellar
Bridge of Life		Annie Lowe
	Music	
Ideal and Real		Emma Millizen
What is Right		Anna Rogers
American Politics		Al. J. Beveridge
	Music	
Purpose in life		Mollie E. Birchfield
Our heroines and Vaedictory		Gertrude Meeker
	Presentation of Diplomas	
	Class Song	
Benediction		





FRANCES GERTRUDE ABNEY
THE FACULTY BABY

What We Shall Hear

Class of 1915: "Well, they did not get leather covers."

Class of 1917 "Just watch us beat that!"

Mr. Duncan: "Say, really now, seriously, do you see the point to some of these jokes?"

Coral Wallace: "Funny they didn't put in something about me and Dewey, isn't it?"

Kenneth Roughton: "Well, of all the nerve, a dollar for such a book!"

John McClure: "I've looked the whole thing over, and I can't find a thing about me."

DeVere Frederick: "Pretty punk, I call it."

Agnes Harshman: "I wonder what Joby thinks of it?"

Orris Gifford: "They wouldn't dare say those things right to my face."

1916 Staff: Fire away!"

Resolution No. 1 Series 1

Whereas we have been exiled from the most classical school of senior German, and since the penalty thus imposed is just and fully warranted, and, since we think that said penalty has been sufficiently imposed, and has had its designed effect in every degree, and since we are willing to make such concessions as are just and deserved by those who have been thus rightly tortured,

Therefore, be it resolved,

That should we ever again be restored to our full right and enjoyment of the gracious privileges of said German class, together with the instructor (who has the best cause for grievance towards us), we will henceforth and forevermore, respect the statutes of the school and the equal rights of the pupils, and, endeavoring to the best of our ability to avoid abuse of the said privileges, be the best kind of pupils we are capable of being, and help to further the right sort of interest in said class by our behaviour.

Signed {Richard E. Meier,
 {Devere Frederick

We desire to thank our
Advertisers for their co-
operation in editing
Volume IV of the
R e t r o s p e c t .



Before buying your new car consider:

Overland Price

Overland Quality production

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Overland Size

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See the Overland Dealers

Alexander & Tabor

Two doors west of P. O.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- 6—S. H. S. opens its doors to one hundred and eighty pupils who are expected to occupy one hundred and seventy seats.
- 7—Assignments.
- 8—Recitations.
- 9—Sixty-five out-of-town pupils.
- 10—We begin to take notice.
- 13—Senior Class meeting—our troubles begin.
- 14—Another Senior Class meeting.
- 15—Nellie Patterson is eighteen. Garnet Graves attends Senior party and gets lost. His father and the police searching frantically.
- 16—Garnet is returned to his parents in the wee small hours of the morning.
- 17—First meeting of Literary Society.
- 20—The football team went to Pana Saturday. Oh, the bitterness of defeat!
- 21—Horrors! A long yellow hair exactly seven centimeters long, found on Hoke Lane's shoulder.
- 22—Ethel Collins and her freshman lover thwarted in an attempt to get married on a dog license.
- 23—Striped sweaters becoming very popular—two have appeared and are readily heard.
- 24—"Soup" has lost his door key and has to sleep on the front porch in the damp shadows.
- 27—In the Sullivan-Oakland Football game Saturday, the Red and Black won by a score of 40 to 0.
- 28—Night school at Public Library well attended.
- 29—Underclassmen have class meeting. Parties?
- 30—Underclassmen suffer in football scrimmage; particular damage received by one collar bone belonging to Garnet, and one rib owned by Harry Ray.

FOOT-BALL



SAM B. HALL

Druggist and Jeweler

Eden House Block

Watches, Diamonds, Fine Jewelry

Fine Stationery
School Tablets

Fountain Pens
Paper

Vietrolas and Records

Everything First Class

Lena N. Forrest

FIRST CLASS DRESSMAKING
and MENDING



Over O. L. Todd

For the Staff of Life
go to

BROSAM'S BAKERY

Meals

Short Orders

Lunches

Pies

Bread

Cakes

OCTOBER

- 4—Ethel Collins and Albert Lucas are tardy to school! How can this be?
- 5—Pullen's Comedians are in town. Helen Witts and Irene Pifer said so.
- 6—Seniors decide to dedicate the Year Book to Mr. Abney, but he doesn't know it.
- 7—Mabel Poland is excused from History to see the band go by.
- 8—Big game tomorrow with Mattoon.
- 9—Halac Lansden and Russell Harshman appear in long trousers.
- 10—Extra! Extra! Dick Meier is canned from German IV.
- 11—Maurine Cochran overheard talking to Agnes: "Well, sometimes I think Shady is crazy about me, and sometimes I think he likes you best."
- 12—Exams! Exams! Those merciless teachers.
- 13—Agnes Harshman: "Hasn't Mr. Abney got the prettiest feet?"
- 14—Ethel Collins resolves to be an old maid for ever.
- 15—No school.
- 18—Irtys Alvey has an acute attack of heart failure—a certain Soph. refused his fifth invitation to attend Literary.
- 19—Seniors still wrangling over pins and rings.
- 20—8:00 A. M. A large green and white 16 adorns east side of school building. 9:00 Senior boys, by special request, remove the decoration.
- 21—Moonlight nights and wiener roasts.
- 22—"These wonderful days and nights." Mr. Duncan.
- 25—Two Junior boys meet the 9:37 Sunday night with peanuts and candy as bait.
- 26—Merle Myers: "Well I simply can't read Clark Magill's writing." We did not know she ever had an opportunity to do so.
- 27—Bruce, the Martin St. Bernard, starts to High School, but is expelled by Mr. Gault.
- 28—Work! Work! Work!
- 29—Seniors made final decision on rings and pins.

COLLINS JEWELRY STORE

The Victrola brings the greatest artists right into your own home. Come in today and see about that Victrola and get our terms.

NEW RECORDS EVERY MONTH

JACOB DOLL & SONS
Fine Pianos

Our prices are Sullivan's lowest.
Get our prices before buying.

ELMER A. COLLINS
Sullivan's Exclusive Jeweler
West Side Square



Collins Jewelry Store

THE STORE OF QUALITY

SELECT YOUR GIFTS WITH CARE

The gift is ever a constant reminder of the giver. How important it is then that your remembrance to the graduate be a suitable selection.

GIFTS FOR GRADUATES

Delicately designed brooches; Exquisite LaValliers; Bracelets; Rings; Watches; Belts; China; Cut Glass; Toilet and Manicure Goods—besides a host of other suggestive articles for gifts to the young graduate.

We invite you to visit our store. It will give us pleasure to show you our display of gifts.

WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING

ELMER A. COLLINS

Sullivan's Exclusive Jeweler

West Side Square

NOVEMBER

- 1—Everyone shows the effects of Saturday night—Hallowe'en.
- 2—Some still ill—never again!
- 3—Sweeping campaign for sale of football tickets.
- 4—9:00 A. M. Junior girls have curls.
10:00 A. M. Going!
11:00 A. M. Going!
12:00 M. GONE! Remains—strings.
- 5—Bill didn't go to Mabel's last night.
- 8—S. H. S. wins game from Pana, 61 to 0.
- 9—Selina Newbold and Polly Barton fell down a flight of stairs.
- 12—Seniors present scenes from Macbeth before Eighth Grade Literary Societies.
- 14—Miss Martin has been to Decatur, her hair is curly.
- 17—School is dismissed until Monday.
- 22—Merle Myers to Bill George: "Why, Bill, I do believe your suit is just like one of Ernest's."
- 23—Pearl Harsh has three gray hairs, the result of worry and overwork.
- 24—Mr. Abney says: "Go easy on that turkey."
- 29—Ralph Miller has a souvenir whistle his mother brought him from Decatur.
- 30—The Seniors ordered their cards and invitations by unanimous vote!

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Fancy Groceries,
Queensware,
Garden and Flower Seeds



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INSURE

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Wright Bros.

Service Agency

DECEMBER

1—Emma Martin quits school, "Cupid has been busy."

2—Ethel and Albert have decided that their ways must part forever.



3—Parting is such sweet sorrow.

6—Junior program at Literary.

7—Victrola Concert.

8—Percy Rutledge gets a hair cut.

9—Operetta "Pauline" is given in Assembly Hall.

10—Box-supper tonight.

13—Forum Debating Society elects officers.

14—Class pins and rings are proudly exhibited.

15—Agnes and Mabel have their pictures taken. Christmas presents.

16—A thick and slick coat of ice and sleet. Nina Nighswander settles peacefully down just outside the east door.

17—We are defeated at Shelbyville.

20—Maurine Cochran: "I'm simply stiff for fear I'll talk in my sleep."

21—Senior girls take charge of English I. Classes, when Mr. Duncan loses his rubbers and his voice.

22—Who said "Thank goodness it will be Leap Year after December 31st?"

23—"A corner in Hearts" given in Assembly as a Christmas program.

Good Clothes and Good Company

Are two character-building influences that every Young Man should adopt.

They both tend to make a man prideful; they are assets to a man's business and social advancement; they are most economical in the long run and they wear best.

Extravagance should never enter into your selection of either company or clothes beyond what you can afford. You can afford to wear



“Viking Clothes”

because they wear long and faithfully, look and fit attractively, are guaranteed to the utmost and cost from

\$10 Up

Mammoth Shoe and Clothing Co.

J. H. SMITH, Mgr.

“Clothes for Dad and the Boys”

JANUARY

- 3—New Year's resolutions cracked.
 4—New Year's resolutions broken.
 5—Freshman-Sophomore basketball game.
 6—Senior girls hounding boys for dates—Who captivated our blue-eyed class-president?
 7—Lovington forfeits game to our swift B-B five.
 10—Maurine's smiling face is missed today.
 11—Bill Selock, "The early bird gets the worm, but he misses his beauty sleep."
 12—Basement flooded—Mr. Lambercht gets his feet wet.
 13—No school—we attend the Farmers' Institute.
 14—Bruce Munson and Ray Spaugh win gold medals in County Oratorical Contest. Carmen Greene wins diamond in Moultrie County News Contest. Basketball team wins victory over Kansas.
 17—Seniors sad and depressed—History Grades are posted.
 19—Final Exams!
 24—Forum Society has first preliminary debate.
 27—Senior class gives entertainment in form of a Travelogue and every one went—to the movies.
 28—A "good" game—even if Shelby did win.
 31—Second preliminary debate.

FEBRUARY ..

- 1—Clark Magill is excused from Class!
 2—Miss Campbell has never seen "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
 3—Seniors win from Freshmen in Class B-B game.
 8—"Soup" in the office, travelling-man enters, extends his hand and says: "Mr. Gault?"
 9—Miss Climer is very fond of pigs—says she had one when she attended the University.
 10—We are still wondering where she kept it.
 13—"Oh my prophetic soul," Emma Martin is married!
 16—George Dunscomb has a new cap.
 17—A general rush for the photographs.
 21—Maurine discovered at Library reading, "What men admire in Women."
 22—Maurine is cutting her wisdom teeth.



Portraits and General Photography

Groups, Enlarging, reducing and copying,
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1414½ Harrison Street

WALTER K. HOLZMUELLER, Proprietor
The Photographer in Sullivan, Illinois

- 23—Mr. Abney and "Soup" buy out the supply of chewing gum at the Jefferson Inn, in case there shouldn't be a supply in Shelbyville.
 24—The boys are off for Shelbyville, and we're hoping.
 25—We win all our games—so does Arthur.
 26—Sullivan wins third place—Arthur wins first place.
 28—Shelbyville protests.
 29—The 29th of February—unusual, you know.

MARCH

- 1—A downy blanket covers the earth (slush).
 2—More blanket.
 3—We advertise our circus.
 6—Arthur is disqualified by State Athletic Board—Hard luck!
 7—The indoor circus a great success in spite of the weather.
 8—Mabel is absent today—Bill can't study!
 9—Shelbyville defeated by Duquoin in the first game of the State Tournament.
 10—Shelbyville protests.
 11—We are mingling our tears with those of our neighbors to the South.
 13—Frivolous program at the Literary.
 14—Track practice begins; shivering and shaking!
 15—Billy Burns visits school today.
 16—Our senior president collides with a door.

"Someone surely has made an attack,
 On poor Ralph Boyd with a biff and a whack,
 For before, as the skies,
 Deep blue were his eyes,
 Now one of 'em's blue, and one's black."



- 17—Ribbons, ties, heads—they're all green.
 20—Forum Society meets.
 21—Horrors! Bert McCune gave a note to an eighth grade girl.
 22—Thelma, Bruce, Homer, Clara, Clark and Ralph Miller all look worried.
 23—They are taking Teachers' Examinations.
 24—Senior spread.
 27—Our suspense is over—The Juniors are going to give us a banquet.
 28—Gone to press.

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EXCHANGE

OUR SENTIMENTS TOO.

Just before Exams dear Woolley,
I am thinking most of you,
While I'm waiting, nobly waiting
Till with this English test I'm through,
Students brave around me cramming
That is all that they can do,
For well they know before the morrow
They must know some more of you.

Farewell Woolley, I can never
Press your rules into my brain,
But, Oh, if I forget you Woolley,
I'll be numbered with the slain.

—THE DECANOIS.

SURE ENOUGH.

Any girl can sharpen a pencil—provided you give her plenty of time—and plenty of pencils.—Ex.

TRUE BLISS.

Pessimist: "The best luck any man can have is never to have been born; unfortunately this seldom happens to any of us."—Ex.

CURSES!!!

"I failed in Latin,
Flunked in Physics."
The boy said with a hiss,
"And I want to find
The guy who said,
That ignorance is bliss."

DECANOIS, '15.

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Absent minded Minister: "And how is your wife, my dear sir?"
 "I regret to say that I am not married as yet."

Clergyman: "Ah, how pleasant that is. I take it then that your wife is single also."

"The Lord hates a quitter,
 But he doesn't hate him, son,
 When the quitter's quitting something
 That he shouldn't have begun."

BEFORE AND AFTER EXAMS.

Oh, Lord of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The Lord of Hosts was with us not,
 For we forgot, for we forgot.—Ex.

THEOREM XXIII.

Given: That you love the girl.
 If you love the girl, she loves you.
 To prove: She loves you.
 Hyp: You love the girl \therefore you are a lover.
 All the world loves a lover (Theorem XIII.)
 She is all the world to you,
 \therefore She loves you. Q. E. D.

STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

Freshman: Comedy of Errors.
 Sophomores: Much Ado about Nothing.
 Juniors: As You Like It.
 Seniors: All's Well that Ends Well.

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HE KNOWS

"What is the difference between Athens and Sparta?"
 "About three hundred miles."—Ex.

THOSE FRESHIES.

Teacher: "What is an errant Damosel?"
 John: "A maid that runs errands."

IVORIES.

Pupil (translating Latin): "They took themselves and all their surroundings into the forest."

Teacher: "Translate 'Haec in Galliae est importantius.'"

Pupil: "Hike into Gaul, it's important."

"What is a quarry slave?"

They had them in Bible times, I remember."

SAD AFFAIR.

"Did you hear about the man drowning in bed the other day? There was a hole in the mattress and he fell through into the spring."

TOO BAD!

"What happened to Dred Scott?"

"He died."—Ex.

Hold your head up little Freshie,
 Your report is not so bad,
 Bet you've got as high a markin'
 As the Seniors wish they had.

DECANOIS, '16.

Dick: "I had a faint impression that my watch was gone last night, and I got up to see if it was still under my pillow."

Ned: "Was it gone?"

Dick: "No, it was going."

PEGASUS.

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EXTRA! EXTRA!

Devere Frederick, translating German: "Will you travel with me?"
Miss Baker: "Yes, go on."

SOMEBODY TELL HIM.

Pearl Harsh: "Mr. Abney, what does 'qt' stand for?"

UNINFORMED.

Miss Hill in American History asked Ray Sprough to trace Magellan's travels. Ray traced him to the Philippines and then stopped.

Miss Hill: "Well, where did he go from there?"

Ray: "I am not sure; he died there."

Pearl Harsh: "Mr. Abney, did they have a millimeter race at the Olympic Games?"

Mr. Abney: "Yes, for turtles."

Miss Hill coined a new word in American History not long ago. She said the Pilgrims came here to get "sat-is-fi-cation."

EXTRACT FROM SOPHOMORE THEME.

"Harvest time in the Wheat lands."

"As the farmer looks at his crop, he strokes his chin and gives a little grin, because he knows it's about ready to cut."

SURELY NOT!

Miss Climer (Zoology): "I'll give you the names of these bugs as some of you may see them tonight."

CORRECT?

Mr. Duncan: "Miss Pierce, what declension has no feminine nouns in it?"
Frances: "Masculine."

FIE! FIE!

Miss Hill (American History): "I'll name the man, Thelma, and you get the date."

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DON'T FORGET YOUR PARCELS.

Miss Hill and Miss Martin accompanied the Football Team to Arcola. A great deal of credit for their safe arrival is due "Soup" Alvey. After leaving Mattoon, the two teachers became very much engrossed in conversation and when the train arrived at Humboldt, "Soup" looked out of the window and saw them standing on the platform continuing their chat. He had time to yell: "Get back on," before the train started.

I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT.

They had been discussing the ages of our football players, and when some one told how old Russell Arnold was, Agnes Harshman exclaimed: "Why, he is older than I am. I wondered why he came down to our house so often—the folks all thought it was Edna."

Hirst Rutledge in an English quiz said: "Hawthorne wrote Moses from an Old Manse."

"Alas! Alas! My kingdom for a lass."—Richard Meir.

GEOGRAPHICAL WONDERS.

Agnes Harshman has discovered a new river, The Pacific River.

Homer Tabor has changed the name of the Potomac—he calls it the Pontiac.

VERY OBLIGING.

For the benefit of those who cannot read, Ray Spaugh wants a blank page in the year book.

SEE THE POINT?

Miss Martin (English IV.): "What did you read, Clark?"

Clark: "Part of 'Friendship.'"

Miss Martin: "Just which part?"

Clark: "The first part."

THE BUSINESS WORLD

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HOLY! HOLY! HOLY!

Ralph Miller went up to Hall's store to get some note paper. Mr. Hall said he had the note paper, but none that had holes in it.

Ralph: "Oh, never mind, we have holes at school that can be put in it."

PROBABLY BY FIRE.

Miss Martin (Grammar III.): "Ruth, please give me a sentence about the Suez Canal, having a noun clause used as the object complement."

Ruth Moore: "He said that the Suez Canal had been destroyed."

AN APOLOGY.

(Written as a post script to a poem handed in by Mabel Poland.)

"Oh, Miss Martin, I want to tell you
That owing to lack of time,
I've failed to give this rhythm,
And have only made it rhyme.
But do not pick it to pieces,
Nor criticize it, I pray,
For I could have done much better
If I'd had another day."

PROBABLY NOT.

Miss M. (English III.): "Who was Hymen?"

Soup Alvey: "Don't think I ever met him."

Editor: "No, that joke isn't good enough for the Retrospect."

Freshman: "Well, I don't see why it isn't; it's made the last three year books."

OUCH!

Mr. Abney, speaking of Frances: "Such a vicious temper! Where did the child ever get it? Not from me, I'm sure."

Mrs. Abney: "No, my dear, you certainly haven't lost any of yours."

BE NEUTRAL.

Mr. Abney: "What is the best conductor of heat?"

Clark: "German silver."

Mr. Abney: "Leave off the German—we're neutral."

Mr. Abney: "What is distillation?"

Thelma: "That's where they make moon-shine."

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EVOLUTION.

Freshman: "Please, sir, I didn't hear the question."
 Sophomore: "What's the question?"
 Junior: "What?"
 Senior: "Huh?"—Ex.

Miss Climer: "I am tempted to give this Physiology class an examination."
 Dewey Clark, walking with a start: "Yield not to temptation."

Mr. Gault, in Civics Class: "If anyone is absent, please say so."

Veda Poland (Just before English I. exam.): "Mr. Duncan, will you ask us for dates?"

Mr. Duncan (fussed): "Why—no—you see I can't—the School Board discourages it."

YOU OUGHT TO SEE:

Jim's new suit.
 Dot Witts flirt.
 Delbert Briscoe's dimples.
 Glenn Whitfield's "Pair of Sixes."
 Miss Martin's hair after a trip to Decatur.
 Mr. Abney smile when Frances says "Da—DA."
 The Staff meet.

WE KNEW IT.

Miss Martin (announcing the Sub-Editors): "Ralph Miller is a joke—editor."

"John, what is a skeleton?"
 "A man with his insides out, and his outsides off."—Ex.

TO BE SURE.

At football game just after the quarter-back has called "Signals, signals."
 Ruth Chase: "Who is it that is nicknamed 'Signals?'"
 Mildred McClure: "Why, Dick McCarthy, I suppose—they call him 'Cig.'"



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First Semester Program

TIME	MARTIN	LOWE	ABNEY	CLIMER	BAKER	HILL	DUN-CAN	GAULT
9:00-9:45	Oral Reading	Geom. II.	Chem.	Physiog.	Lat. I.	Eng. Hist.	Eng. II.	Civics
9:45-10:30	Eng. IV.	Alg. I.	Chem.	Assem.		Com. Arith.	Eng. I.	
10:30-11:15	Eng. III.	Geom. II.	Chem.	Physiog.	Ger. II.	Assem.		
11:15-12:00	Assem.	Alg. III.			Lat. II.	Am. Hist.	Eng. I.	

Noon

1:15-2:00		Assem.	Physics	Zool.	Lat. I.	Eng. Hist.	Eng. II.	Latin III, IV
2:00-2:45	Eng. III.	Assem.	Physics	Zool.	Ger. I.		Ger. I.	
2:45-3:30	Assem.	Alg. I.	Physics	Zool.	Ger. IV.	Anc. Hist.	Ger. III.	

Second Semester Program

TIME	MARTIN	LOWE	ABNEY	CLIMER	BAKER	HILL	DUN-CAN	GAULT
9:00-9:45	Gram.	Alg. I. A.		Physiol.	Lat. II.	Eng. Hist.	Eng. I.	
9:45-10:30	Eng. III.	Geom. II.	Chem.	Assem.	Lat. I.	Am. Hist.		
10:30-11:15	Eng. III.	Geom. II.	Chem.	Physiol.	Ger. I.	Assem.	Ger. I.	
11:15-12:00		Assem.	Chem.		Lat. I.	Com. Arith.	Eng. II.	Economics

Noon

1:15-2:00	Assem.	Sol. Geom.	Physics	Bot. (B.)		Eng. Hist.	Eng. I.	Latin III, IV
2:00-2:45	Eng. III.	Assem.	Physics	Bot.	Ger. II.		Eng. II.	
2:45-3:30	Assem.	Alg. I. B.	Physics	Bot. (A.)	Ger. IV.	Anc. Hist.	Ger. III.	

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