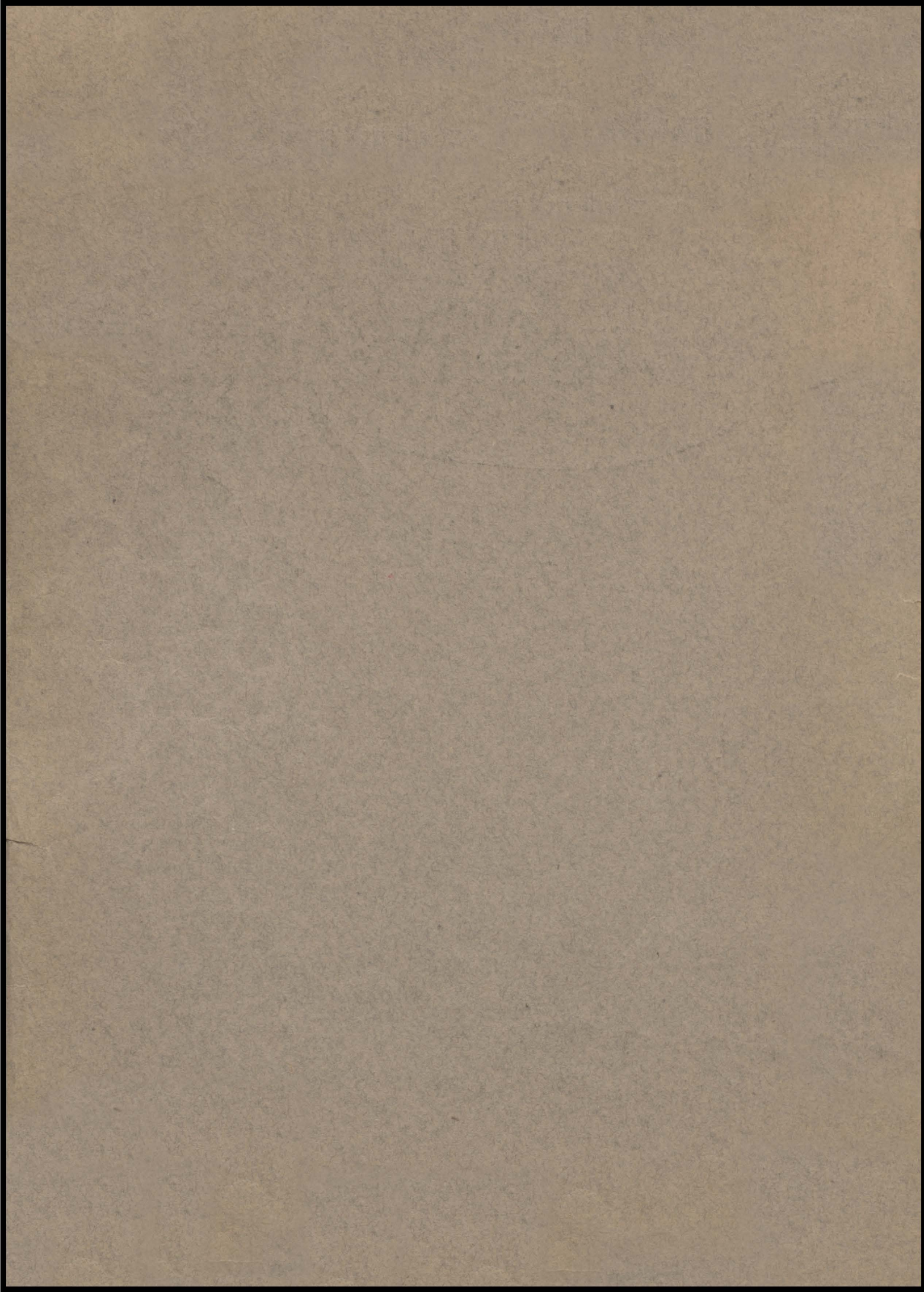


THE  
ROSENNIAL  
1917.





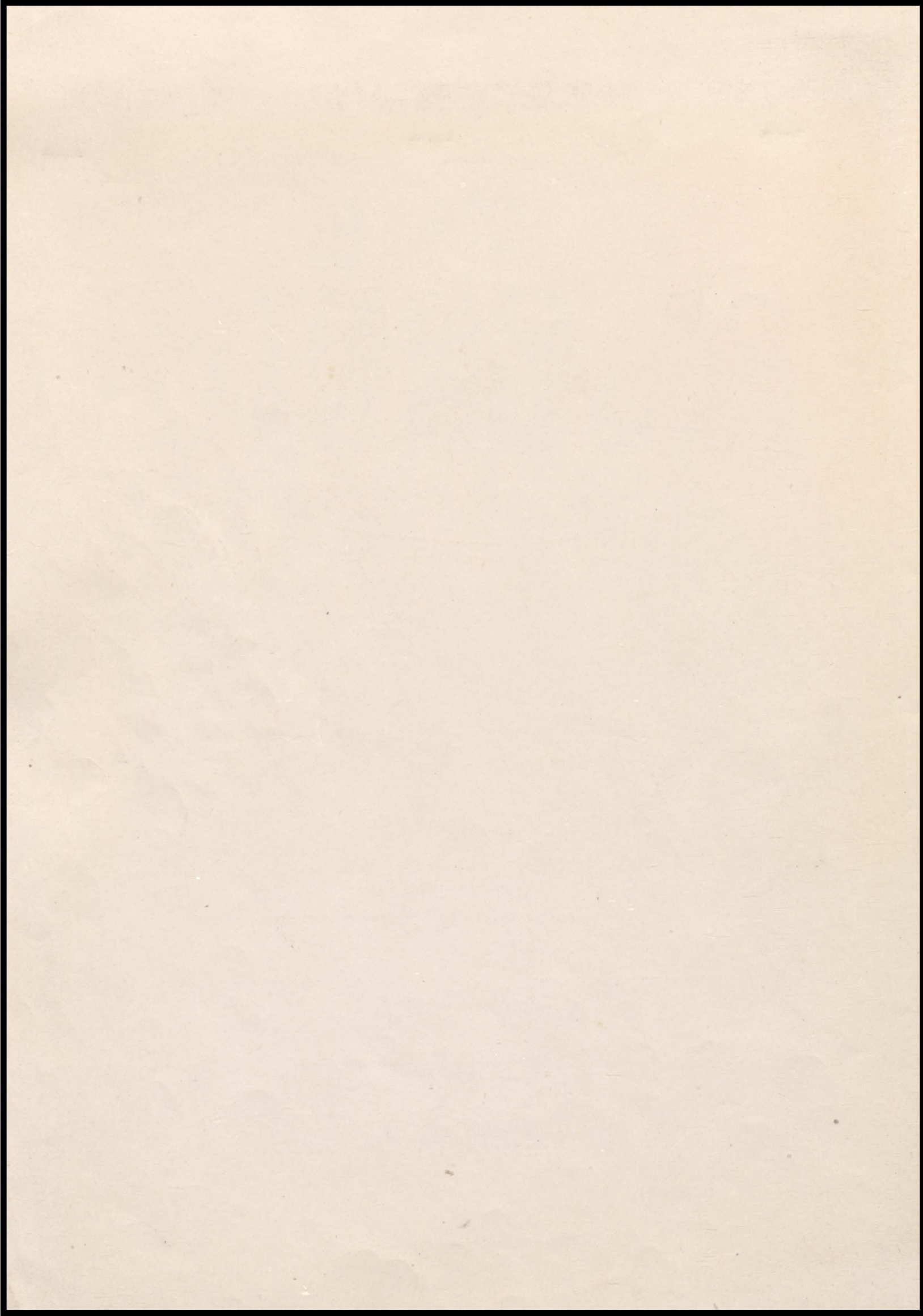




# THE ROSENNIAL 1917.



PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS  
NEWCASTLE-IND.





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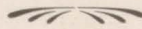
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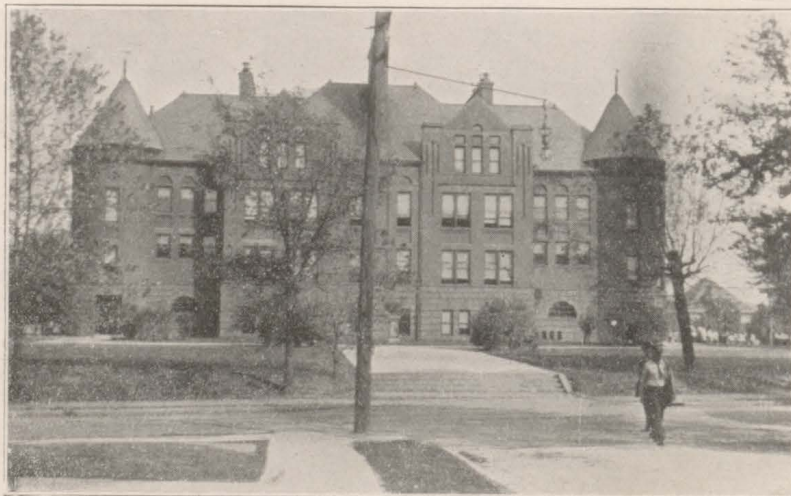
## TO THE CITY OF ROSES



The community deserving of its recognition; the community to which we owe our sincere interest and personal energy in payment for the sacrifice made by its people to advance the standard of education thru the medium of the generations—ourselves—we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen, grateful for the interest in which we have been held, thankful for the privilege that has been ours and wishing to atone for the many favors we have received under the guidance of our superiors,

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DEDICATED THIS, OUR FIRST  
"ROSENNIAL"

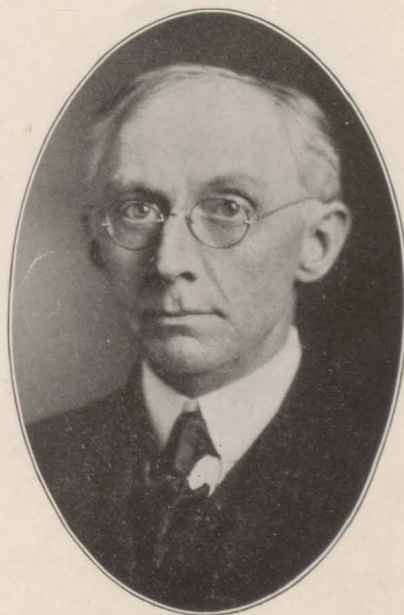






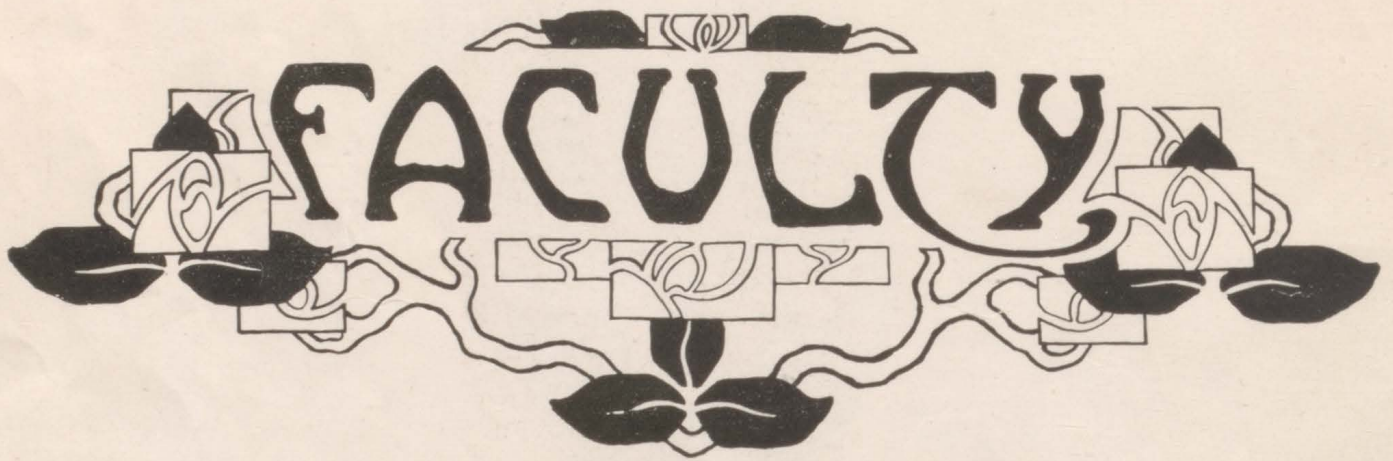
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1917 ROSENNIAL 17





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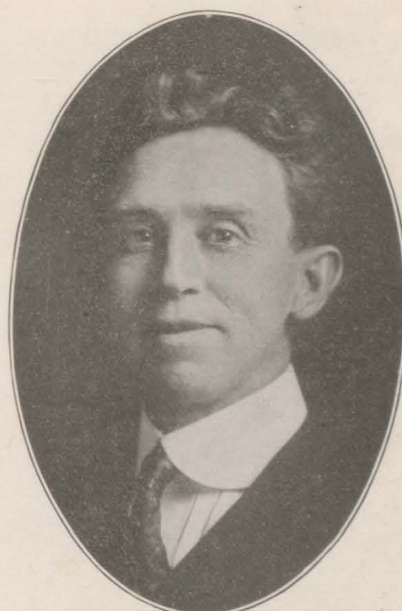
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M. MAUDE TAYLOR



HENRI F. KAMPE





IRVIN MORROW



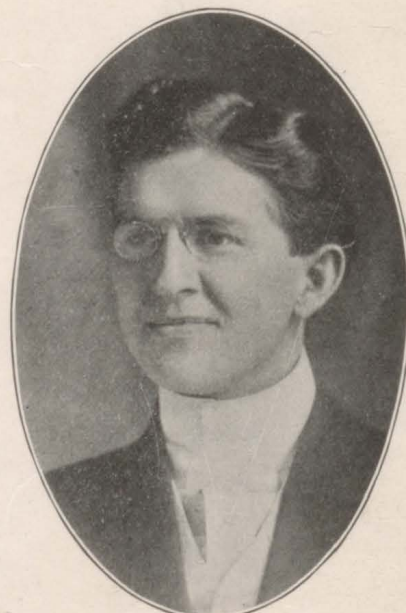
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HELEN M. CONNOR



MARY DUNCAN



HARRY DANNACKER





ELEANOR LEMON



ISADORE H. WILSON



GEORGE C. BRONSON



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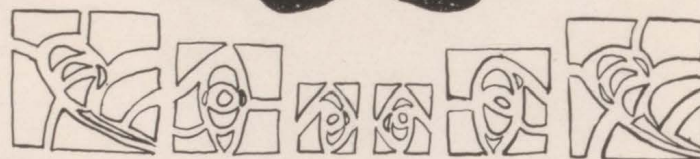
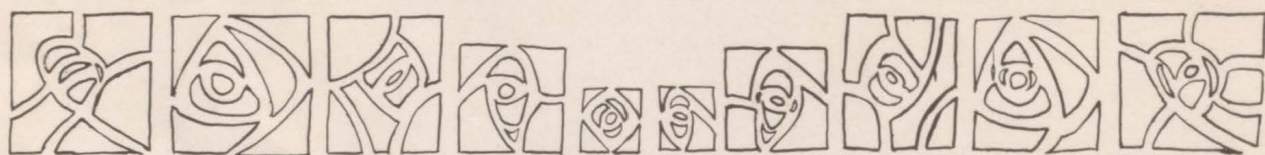


MARIE LUNTZ



1917 ROSENNIAL 17

# SENIORS





# 1917 ROSENNIAL 17

*Died April 1955*



Rosa Murphey—"Rose" *Kampe*  
*D. 3-74*

Class Song.  
 Class Play.  
 "If music is the ford of love—  
 play on."

Harry R. Kampe—"Kink."

Class President in '16.  
 Basketball in '15-'16.  
 President of Athletic Board of Con-  
 trol.  
 "I am monarch of all I survey,  
 My right there is none to dispute."

Hildred Carrier—"Curley." *Spillman*

Vice-President of Class in '17.  
 "Her heart's not in her work, 'tis  
 elsewhere."

—OO—

Kathleen Kem—"Toots"

Class Play.  
 Class Poet.  
 "Hark! listen to the poetess,  
 Hear her words of thoughtfulness"

Forest Achor—"Red."

"Thou whose backs outshine the sun,  
 Golden tresses wreathed in one,  
 As the braided streamlets run."

Gretchen A. Kramer

Class Will.  
 "Earth's noblest thing, a woman  
 perfected."





# 1917 ROSENNIAL 17



George H. Powers

"His conduct still right, with his argument wrong."

Edith Marian Richards

Class Secretary in '16.  
Class Historian.  
Scholarship Student.  
"A serious maid on business most intent."

Newell I. Bacon—"Izzie"

Circulating Manager of Reflector and Rosennial.

"Love sought is good; But love unsought is better."

D10-7-79  
(81)

— OO —

Miriam Keesling—"Faydoodle"

"I'm tipsy with giggling."

Homer L. Strong—"Strongie"

"'Twere best to know myself, to know my deeds,  
For bluff's my motto, 'get by's' my creed."

Bernice C. Millikan

Advertising Manager of the Staff of '17.  
Class Play.  
"The very pink of perfection."

*Yergin*

D2-7-81

*Deceased*







Madge L. Hernly *Archibald*  
 Society Editor of the Staff of '17.  
 Business Manager of the Senior Play  
 "She knew what's what, and that's  
 as high  
 As Metaphysic wit can fly."

Earl H. Poston—"Chew"  
 Basketball in '15 and '16.  
 Class President in '17.  
 Class Play.  
 "His life was gentle and the ele-  
 ments so moved in him that nature  
 might stand up and say to all the  
 world, "This is a man.'"

Ruth Lowe *Elder 10-88*  
 "Remove from her the means of all  
 Annoyance, and let her talk."

— 00 —

Nellie May Harvey. *D 5-90*  
 Literary Editor of the Staff of '17.  
 "She findeth the road to wisdom not  
 hard to travel."

Jessie B. Short—"Shortie"  
 Class Play.  
 Class Treasurer, '16-'17.  
 "Come on my friends, it's not too  
 late,  
 See the worst flirt up to date."

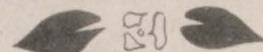
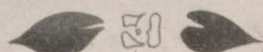
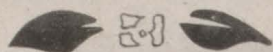
Helen E. Redd *Paul D*  
 "Easy labor, little care;  
 But cross my path if you dare."





# 1917 ROSENNIAL 17

D 5-90



Minnie Louise Dingle. *(Cook)*

Class Play.  
Secretary of Public Speaking Club.  
"Sense in the diamond,  
Weighty, solid, sound."

Elwood Daugherty—"Daugherty."

"Does not divide the Sunday from  
the week."

Vivian D. Shafer

*Deceased*

"Her modest looks the cottage  
might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps be-  
neath the thorn."

— OO —

Mary H. Stevens

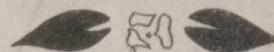
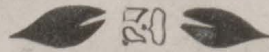
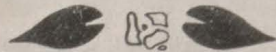
"A mind at peace with all the  
world,  
A heart whose love is innocent."

John Francis Johnston—"Fat."

Class Play.  
"None but himself can be his  
parallel."

Genevieve C. Kramer—"Rusty"

Alumni Editor of the Staff of '17.  
Secretary of Athletic Board of Con-  
trol.  
"Her disposition is as sunny as her  
hair."





# 1917 ROSENNIAL 17



Mildred F. Dingel.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely  
tall and most divinely fair."

George Hill

*Died 8-12-60*  
"Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land."

Minnie May Fraizer.

*Ankrom*  
"Much of mirth was that she made,  
among her mates."

*D.*

— OO —

Grace E. Bowyer.

"Man delights not me, nor woman  
either."

John H. Klinger—"Klinker"

*D-74*  
Class Play.  
Business Manager of the Staff of '17  
"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, and  
self-esteem,  
These all lead him to have many a  
dream."

Minnie B. Williams

*Bailey*  
"In that stillness which most be-  
comes a woman, calm and holy,  
Thou sittist by the fireside of the  
heart, feeding its flame."







Olive Annice Hiatt *Poston*

High School Orchestra.  
Art Editor of the Staff of '17.  
Class Secretary in '17.  
Vice-President of Alumni Association.

"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, a hand to execute."

Lynn Thomas—"Linnie"

Class Play.  
"Good temperance, open air, easy labor care."

Ruby M. Holloway *Hill*

"And that smile like sunshine, darts  
Into many sunless hearts."

— OO —

*D-77*

*D 12-82  
Alaska  
Greensboro  
or  
Caddy*

Gilford Eden—"Peanuts."

Class Play.  
"As merry as the day is long."

Altai M. Jacoby

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness  
And all her paths are peace."

Herman Abrams—"Mike."

"Behind a frowning brow, he hides  
a shining face."







*Deceased*  
Paul C. Archibald—"Irishman"  
Class Orator.  
President of Public Speaking Club.  
"And when a lady's in the case,  
You know all other things give  
place."

*Stampfer*  
Maria Ellen Shepherd  
"She is a quiet maid and studious  
withal,  
In disposition staid, and not very  
tall."  
*D9-28-88*

Ivan A. Welborn  
Class Prophet.  
"A sense of humor and a touch of  
mirth,  
To brighten up the shadowy spots  
of earth."

—oo—

William Dewey Shultz—"Bill"  
Class Play.  
"A single cloud on a sunny day,  
That's missed girls' friendships all  
the way."

*Loebker*  
Marcella Hamilton *4-74*  
"If I chance to talk awhile, forgive  
me."

*Deceased*  
Russell L. Cummins—"Rus" *2-17-67*  
"Ill habits gather unseen degrees,  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run  
to seas."







Eugene P. Hatfield—"Gene."  
Class Play.

"Happy I am, from care I am free,  
Why aren't they all contended,  
like me?"

Ina Mulvehill

"O, ye gods! how she could talk!"

J. Bernard Shirk—"Biz"

"He holds your eye with a steady  
gaze."

—oo—

Ralph Lawhorn Cooper—"Coop"

"He left scarcely any style of writ-  
ing untouched,  
And touched nothing that he did  
not adorn."

"Toby" and "Dude"  
Yell Leaders.

*Deceased*  
Dudley A. Smith—"Dude"

Joke Editor of Reflector in '16.  
Yell Leader.  
Class Play.  
Editor-in-Chief of the Staff of '17.  
"A jolly fellow and a man of better  
heart I know none."



1917 ROSENNIAL 17

JUNIORS





## The Class of 1918

AT LAST the Class of '18 has come into its own and we are full-fledged Juniors. We are no longer made fun of, as in our Freshman days, but are now regarded as a model class, by students and faculty alike. Each teacher is our friend and well-wisher, and they marvel daily at the success we have attained since our days as Freshmen—and why shouldn't they? For what other class in the history of the High School has ever possessed such an array of talent?

Bernie Epstein, a noted orator and artist, is a member of this class. Another member that we are

proud to have in our midst, is Sylvan Bush, who has won renowned fame as a debater. And these are not the only ones. For what would the Basketball team be without Lee Pence? We shudder to think of it. And what would the Orchestra do without George Neff? An awful thought! And as for the Chorus, it would be compelled to disband if some of the Jenny Linds of the Junior class should withdraw. But, worst of all, what would the H. S. itself be without our members as examples for Freshmen? Next year, when we are Seniors, I know the students and faculty will be justly proud of the Class of 1918.

KATHERINE HAMILTON.



1917 ROSENNIAL 17

D 7-23-27







## The Class of 1919

THE Sophomore class of 1917 is, and has always been a group of industrious and wide-awake students. Even in our Freshman year we displayed the spirit of our class when, despite a ruthless alliance of the elements, we carried out the first picnic ever held by a Freshman class. At present we are about ninety-three strong, some of our number having been recently taken away by the spring fever.

Among us are Geometry stars, Athletic stars, musical stars, and many bright and shining lights, so that, with Miss Connor, our "guiding star," we form a visible constellation in the firmament of N. H. S. Our greatest ambition is to implant awe and admiration in the hearts of the Freshmen and to shine even more brightly in our Junior year.

MARGERY COX, '19.

1917 ROSENNIAL 17

FRESHMEN





## The Class of 1920

THE Class of 1920 is one of the most enthusiastic classes in old N. H. S. We number seventy-five strong, so you see we are not so small. In this class today are boys and girls of talent—but tomorrow they will be men and women of note in the world.

We have already gained the respect of the school, for a reception was given in order that the upper classmen might become better acquainted with us.

That night each of the three upper classes displayed, for the benefit of the Freshmen, their talent and ability as, first, a traveling show troupe (Seniors); second, Shakespearean actresses (Juniors), and third, Vaudevillists (Sophomore). Now, why shouldn't that, for girls and boys like those in the

class of '20, be an example for a brilliant career in the future?

The Freshmen A's and Sophomore B's make up this "one all star" class. "All star" does not make the description of our class nearly as emphatic as it should be, for we have accomplished more than the mere respect of the upper class men. We distinguished ourselves in athletics when we played and won the B. B. game with the 8th Grade vs. Class '20.

Then, I ask, why should not we, the members of this most remarkable class, feel just a bit proud, with a future filled with enthusiasm, talent and a promising career in athletics?

RUTH F. SKILLMAN.





## The Class of 1921

**S**PLASH! and thirty-two Freshmen, composing the class of 1917 dived into the Sea of Higher Knowledge, where we were forced to sink or swim. Not being built on the submarine order, and each member abundantly supplied with grey matter, we concluded to stay on top, where you will find us from now on. On the Saturday preceding the first day of "High" life our classes came on time (an unusual occurrence) to classify. Even Mr. Fox was surprised at our quick responses to his annual questions. Immediately afterwards we studied the program, a very puzzling piece of slate and chalk at first, but we soon mastered it. This over, we patiently listened to what Miss Duncan had to say concerning our books.

Monday. With this previous drilling, we astonished the few fortunate Sophomores who were chosen to be our co-sharers of the assembly hall by coming on time, quietly and so very business-like that they decided not to send in any complaint about rooming with us. We were carefully watched for a few days for any signs of verdancy, sometimes characteristic of the commonly called "evergreen" class, but as did

the Sophomores, all were compelled to give it up. With the past thoughts in mind let us go on. The A girls have taken more to economics and cooking, and, according to Miss Carson's records, are the best cooks in High School. Mr. Morrow's statistics prove the Freshmen boys to be among, if not, the best workmen the shop has ever produced.

From Miss Parker's first words of encouragement and praise we have risen higher, higher and are still going. Our goal is limitless. With these high ambitions for the future, and a brilliant record behind us, consider for a moment what we shall be when Seniors. First, what we are now, the widest awake, most up-to-the-minute class in the school. Also a class all can pattern after with profitable results. One far different from the present one, but we must excuse them as they are preparing to leave us. With all do respect to the Segacious Sophomores, Jolly Juniors and Stately Seniors, I still affirm that for good looks and "pep," come to the Freshman class, the graduating class of 1921.

DORIS WISEHART, 1B.



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ATHLETICS





WITH such an exhibition of manliness as is here presented, it seems a shame that it is necessary to begin this department with excuses, but nevertheless it is the truth.

Our forms of active athletics are not of a variety, our main efforts being spent in the pursuance of Basketball. Our regular basketball squad has varied somewhat this year, however. The men that finally played in the Tournament included, besides Captain Klinger, William Riggs, Kenneth Cofield, Howard Wise, Lee Pence, Ralph Cooper, Earl Poston and George Stout. They were all good men, only lacking

in training. Klinger was the only member of this year's team that played on the last team last year. Coach Swope, formerly of Indiana University, and prominent in athletics there, worked hard with the material at hand and is due much credit for the results obtained. The men were handicapped by the lack of practice, but this never placed a blight on the enthusiasm that was at all times evident on the part of the students of our High School. The spark of spirit that existed in the pupils at all times was constantly fanned into a flame by the antics of "Dud" and "Toby" playing the role of Yell-Leaders.

## BASKETBALL

THE basketball season for 1916-17 will not go down in history as a howling success. There are several causes for the showing made by the green and white quintet, one of which was lack of a place to properly practice, and another to the fact that no veteran material was to be had for the backbone of great teamwork. At the beginning of the season one of the greatest basketball players that ever held the limelight in New Castle's athletics was eliminated by being a five-year man, and the students realized then that N. H. S. had very little

chance with the "Big" teams. But with the old spirit that our school is noted for, we began under circumstances that most schools would have thought impossible, and now at the close of the season, we have acquitted ourselves with honor and made a team that, with proper coaching, will, at next season's schedule bring the championship "trophy" to our threshold and incidentally take a trip to Bloomington as contenders for State honors. Are we going to see that they get there????



## Muncie Settles the Tournament Question

NEW CASTLE HIGH started the sixth annual tourney here March 9-10 by defeating the fast Spiceland Academy team, 25-11, but failed to hold up in the finals as expected, and lost to the Mooreland five in what proved to be the most sensational game played during the entire tourney. The majority of the games were slow and uninteresting, the Muncie five being so much better than any of the other contestants. It was quite evident at the close of the Muncie-Cowan game that Muncie would have no trouble in carting away the honors. Yorktown and Royerton played a hard game to decide which of them should play Mooreland. The entire

tourney was characterized with "pep," our yell-leaders, "Dud" and "Toby," taking sides with each team that played after our defeat.

The schedule of the tourney follows:

New Castle.....25	Spiceland Academy...11
Mooreland.....42	Middletown.....14
Mt. Summit.....21	Lewisville.....25
Muncie.....77	Cowan.....5
Royerton.....21	Yorktown.....34
New Castle.....13	Mooreland.....21
Muncie.....85	Lewisville.....7
Mooreland.....24	Yorktown.....21
Muncie.....59	Mooreland.....7

## The Recruits As We See Them Next Year

ALTHOUGH it is hard to "pick" a squad of basketball material before they are seen at their best, we hazard a guess that the future "stars" of N. H. S. will be throwing their energies into the game to bring additional glory to our school, and among these future "stars" will be, probably, "Red"

McDaniels, "Stouty" Stout, Loer, Smith, Wigle and Cain, besides the remaining team, composed of Pence, Wise and Riggs. The school can furnish the players—can you furnish the "pep" to send them to victory?—or, in other words, to Bloomington, after they win the district tourney here.

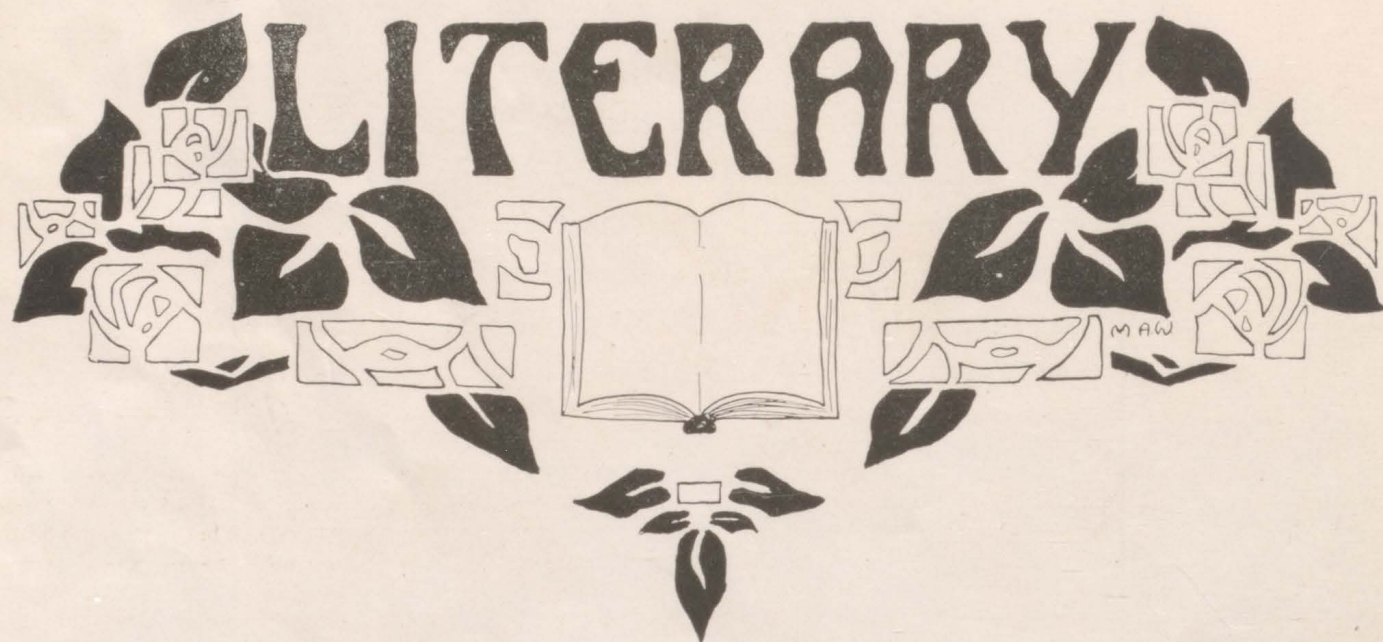




Basket Ball Summary	
New Castle High	25
New Castle High	7
New Castle High	28
New Castle High	12
New Castle High	11
New Castle High	4
New Castle High	17
New Castle High	12
New Castle High	15
New Castle High	2
New Castle High	34
New Castle High	22
New Castle High	40
Hagerstown	17
Connersville	14
Hartford City	39
Richmond	52
Anderson	62
Muncie	34
Hagerstown	38
Richmond	40
Rushville	35
Muncie	41
Connersville	11
Anderson	19
Lewisville	21



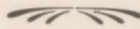
1917 ROSENNIAL 17





## ∴ Literature ∴

"Literature is the expression of life in words of truth and beauty; it is the written records of man's spirit, his thoughts, emotions, aspiration; it is the history, and the only history of the human soul."



## Waddy

GRANDMA had been more than a grandmother to "the boys"; she had been a second mother. She called them "her boys," and loved and petted them as if they were. When the hot summer months came, the three of them came to live with her and Grandady until the falling of the leaves caused a tearful parting. "Danga," as the youngest of the three called her, never called her boys until a late hour; in fact, she left them to weary of their slumber; if she did call them it was long after Grandady had gone to the small general store of the village to pursue his daily task of clerk. Grandmother always said that it was best to sleep while they were young and able to. The neighbors spoke highly of the boys to one another while exchanging the morning scandal, all of them except the oldest, and for him each housewife confessed a peculiar itching of the hands to lay hold on him "only for three minutes," as some declared, while others swore that an hour would not gratify their contempt for him. Now, the oldest of "the three," altho called "snikin' little brat," "ornery little devil" and other characteristic names, was only a boy, and, like most boys, enjoyed the irritating smoke of hayseed and dried leaves, and conscientiously believed it his duty to leave no whole panes of glass in any of the vacant houses in the village, and would have established the same belief as to the occupied houses had not the owners of a couple of them proved to him the folly

of such a doctrine by appealing to a few of his more refined spots with a board.

"Waddy," the second of the "three," was a self-confessed daredevil. He was Grandady's boy and because Grandady had proclaimed him a "daredevil" in the presence of the "cheese-and-cracker flies" of the store, Waddy believed he was called upon to live up to the name. Whenever he thought that his playmates doubted his ability, he would take them to the haymow, where he would turn flipflops from the rafters into the hay. One time he flipped a little too far, and wilthout recognizing the scenery gazed about the compartment known as the horse-stall, while his audience, one by one, showed their pallid faces at the hole thru which he descended, to inquire with a mute glance as to whether or not his soul had "flitted." Such a stunt as jumping out of the haymow window held no terrors for him, not even after one of his companions had broken his arm in the attempt to "follow-the-leader." With an expanded chest he defied the dare of one of the boys that "he couldn't jump acrost the stairway," in fact, his chest was so expanded that he did not see the pitchfork that lay in front of the opening, consequently his feet never crossed the space, but his entire person went thru it head first. His ivory head never missed a step and he stopped only when he hit the floor. All the rest of the gang, after seeing the blood on the forehead of Waddy's still form,



scampered for their respective homes, feeling guilty of murder, and so said nothing of the incident to their parents. It was not until Grandma, who noticed the unusual quietness of the atmosphere surrounding the barn, came out to see into what mischief the children were in, that anybody knew of the happening. Harold, the oldest of the three, was blubbering and shaking his brother's senseless body and hysterically calling his name, when Grandma appeared on the scene. She took Waddy into the house and dressed his wounds and took care of him. That was the final act of Waddy's haymow daredeviltry; after that he hunted new fields in which to uphold his honor. Granddad, when he heard of the incident, laughed a long, keen laugh and patted Waddy's pale cheek with such pride that Waddy's spirit could not have felt more satisfaction if it had been the spirit of Nathan Hale on its throne in Glory.

Waddy's playmate admirers hesitated to suggest the haymow again, so they followed him. Waddy had licked every member of his gang some time or other, so their remarks were rather in the form of a suggestion rather than a command. On this particular noonday the little town of Greensboro was, as it always was in the hot months of June, July and August, as still as if it were the middle of night instead of day. Not a leaf stirred, the birds sat sheltered from the hot rays of the sun. The only sounds that reached a person's ears was the sleepy, grinding hum of the grist mill down the hill and the occasional echo of probably one industrious farmer as he called to his horses, that coming from one of the distant hills. But the wiles of the average boy are not to be contented with being idle while the sun shines—if he is not raising cane he has to be strolling alone somewhere. All that broke the heavy stillness of this day was the patter of bare feet on the pavement and the short conversation of the lads that halted beneath the wooden canopy of the general store. The gang had been telling Waddy of the new boy that had moved to town from Sockom, by the name of Huxhole. Huxhole was his last name, and since none of them knew his first, they felt he should have at least two, so they called him "Huxhole from Sockom." They had no more than finished telling Waddy of the new arrival than they were aware of his presence. Huxhole from Sockom approached the store from the other side of the street.

His eyes were fixed upon the ground directly in front of his bare feet, for he was aware of the glare of the gang beneath the store's awning. On his arm he carried a basket of eggs he was going to trade at the store. He passed them and entered the store. All of the boys gathered around Waddy, shooting remarks at him: "I dare you to fight him"; "you can lick him"; "hang one on him so 'at 'ell be sociable," and the like.

Waddy's brain was bemuddled. He did not know what to do. Grandma had told him it was not nice to fight, and, besides, Huxhole hadn't done anything to him, but if he didn't, all the fellows would think he was a coward, and Granddad couldn't brag about his bravery to the men and wouldn't pat him.

Huxhole opened the screen door with his groceries in his arm. "Where you from?" demanded Waddy.

Sockom," quietly replied Huxhole.

"Can you fight?"

"Not very well—"

"Well, you can't belong to our gang, 'cause we don't want girls," snapped Waddy.

Huxhole laid down his groceries. To be called a "sissy" is a thing few boys will stand for, even if he is a coward. Huxhole started for Waddy with his cheeks flushed and his eyes flashed with anger. Waddy stepped back to get set for the rush, and he did "get set," only not like he wanted to, for Huxhole was on top of him; he had stumbled and fell over the cement hitching block. For once the quiet of Greensboro was disturbed at noon, for Waddy's imploring yells and Huxhole's "Take it back! Take it back! I ain't no sissy, am I? Huh?"

"No! Where are all you fellers?" from Waddy as Huxhole beat a tattoo upon his face. People raised their blinds to look out—something terrible was happening! The grocer, who had evidently been asleep, rubbed his eyes as he appeared at the doorway, to make sure there was anything else in front of his store besides a cloud of dust. When he saw what was going on he rushed out and took Huxhole off of Waddy and sent him home with his groceries, despite Huxhole's request for the grocer to let him have one more smack at Waddy. Waddy brushed himself off and went to show Granddad the black eye of which he was the proud possessor

—OO—

The world is full of roses,  
And the roses full of dew,  
And the dew is full of heavenly love  
That drips fer me and you.

—Riley.



# ∴ Poetry ∴

"Poetry is the work of the highly wrought imagination."

—Edgar Allen Poe.

—OO—

## TO N. H. S.

Oh, school days, happiest days of life,  
Days when our hearts are happy and blithe,  
And true friendships think not of strife,  
But dream golden dreams and fancies bright.

Oh! what sadness comes to our hearts  
When we think we must with these days depart,  
And we ne'er can forget the truths we's learned,  
And the kindling of true friendships in our  
hearts brightly burn.

As we go into the world, into different walks of  
life,

May we e'er be loyal to the standard of right,  
And remember these days together as of all the  
best,

Upholding at all time the grand standard of  
N. H. S.

To the students we leave our best wishes and  
desires,

That they find success and happiness in this hall  
of stress,

Winning victories and glories with the banner  
of right,

Making a name of honor and fame for New-  
castleites.

—Maria Shepherd.

## SUCCESS

"If you think you are beaten, you are,  
If you think you dare not, you don't.  
If you like to wip, but think you can't,  
it's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you've lost,  
For all thru the world we find,  
Success begins with a person's will,  
It's all in the state of mind."

M. L. D. '17.

## VANITY

Reflection, to me have you lied  
And kept awake the thot  
That should have died  
Before it fixed its roots in my Pride  
Of Vanity!

Reflection, flickering in the reflector;  
To my thots; my deeds; my—  
My moral wrongs a protector,  
A narcotic, a stimulous injector—  
Oh, Vanity!

## SLUMBER

"So soothing—sweet—serene,  
Is the blessedness of slumber,  
To recall some pleasant scene  
From memory—so lank—so lean,  
To mingle in memorial sheen  
With the ashen, orbed umber  
Of the night."



## Is It Just?

IT HAD BEEN a glorious day. The sun had shown not only out of respect for the old earth, but for warmth, and its rays had made the grass a little greener, caused the buds to venture out a little farther, and almost compelled the birds to sing and twitter a little louder. The western sky was still painted with red tints, although the sun had hidden his face beyond the horizon. The evening shadows brought with them a fragrant breeze from the south; all Nature appeared fresh and inspiring, but she looked down upon a village that was soon to taste of sorrows brought upon it by no fault of its own. Neither people nor nations are infallible, and the results of their wrongs are visited upon the guiltless and innocent as well as themselves.

Upon this particular evening a young man could be seen wending his way down a lane, which did not often have the privilege of being the path of strangers, or even inhabitants of the village. He was returning from a successful day's labor, for he was a well-known storekeeper, but the position had been thrust upon his young shoulders, owing to the recent death of his father. In spite of his success he was not happy, for a tired, worried look characterized his features; his steps were not quick and alert as they had previously been. Something weighed upon his mind, so much so that he had deviated from his accustomed path home, and in order to avoid passing anyone, he had chosen this one instead.

"How can I?" he was saying, almost half aloud. "Mother has nourished me through babyhood, childhood and youth. The grass has not yet grown over the grave, wherein is laid the precious remains of her loving husband and my dear father; her heart is still bleeding with grief, although it has been a year. Is her only son to be torn from her now? Is he to have his grave with the thousands that have given and will give their lives for their country? There is another whom I must consider; another whom I love.

To her I have given my pledge, and will she think me disloyal if I go and serve my country? I fear another of earth's most beautiful blossoms will be nipped in the bud."

These meditations brought our hero to the doorsteps of his home. Once inside the house he threw his arms about his mother's neck and told her all.

Another day dawned upon the little village. Clouds were rolling up in the west and already it had begun to drizzle rain. The damp, gloomy atmosphere was quite in keeping with the feelings and emotions of the people of the village. Sorrow knew no limits.

The boys were to leave at ten, and a few minutes beforehand, our friend, accompanied by his lover and his mother, made their appearance at the depot. In one hand he held the worn hand of his mother; in the other the youthful one of the girl he loved. Nor were they alone; for here stood a husband and wife who must soon part; yonder a father who was to be torn from his beloved family; brothers leaving their mothers and sisters, soon to be placed at the front, while others were to fill their places in relief work. We find our young man in the latter group. The people stood around in listless groups. Few words were spoken. At length the train came. Our hero gave his last embrace, first to the beautiful maiden beside him, then to his mother. How deep must have been the grief of that mother who looked to her son as her only hope, her only pleasure in life. He reached out his hands almost despairingly towards them as the train was about to leave, and their sobs were the last things he heard. There were no cheers nor shouts as the train pulled out. On the other hand a dead silence, with the exception of the sobs, prevailed.

But why must this youthful and innocent blood be shed for the wrongs that others have committed? Why must these pure and peace-loving lives be sacrificed when they are not at fault? Is it just?

—oo—

## The Kingdom of the Moon

I had enjoyed the evening with her; that is, if sleeping in the presence of a lady is enjoyable. We had quarreled. I had started to "pout" and had fallen asleep. When I awoke the room was chilly; I was alone with my hat and coat for protection from the darkness that surrounded me and which was broken only by the flicker of the street lamp outside. Gradually I collected my wits; feeling foolish and being about half awake, I slid nervously out of the front door, thinking as I did so of my comfortable bed at home.

It was cold. The hour was late and as I turned the corner of the Hospital, so large and silent, a chill wind struck me, biting thru my light apparel. Slightly turning my head in order to recover my breath I beheld—there silhouetted against the cloud-dimmed visage of the moon—the scrawny, angular limbs of a singular tree, ridden of its foliage, that stretched its ghostly fingers to grasp the wind-driven cloud that passed thru the pale reflection of the weird surface of that orb. Other trees presented their naked figures against the lower—darkness



blurred horizon. The large concrete pillars that marked the gate-way were barely visible and only then as spiritual guardians of the fountain dedicated to "Sorrow." The pathway from the fountain led to the summit of a small hill where it fell into infernal darkness and dank oblivion. My Soul shuddered—gazed and became terrified—I turned and left behind me this "Ghoul Haunted Woodland of Weir"—this "Kingdom of the Moon."

Fear-shaken, I retired upon entering the unnaturally large building that instinct told me was my home. Thinking as I did so of the weird, spell-binding stories, the meaningless, mood-empowering poems of Edgar Allen Poe's composition. They came to me in relays:—"The Pit and the Pendulum," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Ulalume," "The Bells," "The Black Cat," "Some Words With a Mummy," "The Masque of the Red Death," "The Premature Burial," each leaving its most emphasized, unrealizable idea in my mind. I lay for no short length of time with these flights of imagination revolving in my almost feverish brain before slumber attempted to interrupt. I vaguely remember this nightmare grew steadily worse. First they appeared as Poe had coined them, then gradually exaggerating themselves until the characters appeared as comparatively hideous as the planets, the universe, as the infinity is to the average human. I tossed—I pitched—my bed was uneasy. Oh, for some relief—anything—even death, if it only embodied its subject in a state of forgetfulness and peace.

It seemed as if a lifetime had hauntingly passed. The cold, pale reflection of the moon was cast at intervals upon my chamber floor, its phosphorescence ceasing with each howling gust of wind, to be recast as the howling grew into an unearthly moan and faintly died away. My body shuddered; my heart throbbed like unto that of a pursued animal, and truly enough I was pursued, only not by earthly beings with whom, if it had been, my terrified soul would have forced me to struggle. No, not with earthly beings but with souls—the spirits of the characters created by Poe—so spectral in themselves aside from their spirits so "phantasmigoric."

One by one these things of the unnatural passed by my bedside, solemnly, hideously, slowly shaking their heads; each stopping in its turn to gaze upon my now submissive person. Silently I lay spell-bound almost unto death, peering into these ghastly faces, these grim, grisly, frightful phantoms, these graphic spectres original only of the human imagination—that of Poe's.

Bernice, Eleonora, M. Valdemar, Roderick, Usher, Lady Mareline, William Wilson and an endless chain of others luridly passed from the flickering mute reflection of the moon into the deeper shadows from whence they came. When the last apparition, at length, had sunk into the barbarous darkness, the room became illuminated and out of the farthest corner came the brilliance of the most inhuman, hatefully burning pair of eyes ever beheld by living man. Stealthily their possessor approached with quick, noiseless steps. With a leap and soundless descent it steadied itself upon the footboard of my bed. Visible against the lighter portion of my room,

I recognized it—with horror—to be another of Poe's creations—"The Black Cat."

Beautiful in its way but terribly hideous, this animal spirit gleamed with a frozen leer at my cowardice. Then, as if to verify his supposition and without the slightest provocation on my part, "it uttered the most abnormal wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have risen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation."

"My name," continued the monster as it terrifically caught its breath after the long and loud continuous scream, continuing in the same unearthly wailing skreech, "My name is Pluto, given birth by the pen of Poe. My imaginary appearance shall live as long as the writings of him who shaped me. When they are gone, my name, my appearance shall follow. In myself I shall be forgotten but my soul which lived—Aye, even since the mind of man, shall live on into eternity."

"A Black Cat, for ages past, has been an omen of ill luck. When in the progress of mankind has one of those eternal pushers stopped to look over, let alone consider—with the exception of the few propounders of the belief, who are looked upon as fools by the rest of the world—the idea that 'Life yields the fruit of the seed ye sow?' It is not ill luck that we represent, but the 'fruits'—the result of your mal-conduct in your relationship with your fellowmen. Each bit of unkindness you force upon others so much shall you receive in compensation."

"But, come, this not my purpose. I have come at the bidding of my master. The 'Spirit' whom I serve bade me hither to escort you to 'The Ghoul Haunted Woodland of Weir,' 'The Kingdom of the Moon!'"

"And thru the woodland I followed;  
Thru wooded hill and vale,  
And as the burial grounds grew nearer  
My Soul began to quail.——"

Pluto, who had been stealing along some few paces ahead of me, suddenly stopped as we came within sight of the gate-pillars of the "Kingdom of the Moon." Sitting upon his haunches with his learning face toward his celestial commander, the ruler of the Kingdom, he gave vent to another of his sobbing, wailing shrieks. It had hardly died upon his lips before it was answered by a similar cry; much louder, vibrating to the utmost recesses of Hell. It was like the death call, the pitiful, hopeless scream of a drowning horse; a sound, if ever once heard is never forgotten. The chill of fear I had experienced earlier in the evening when I had beheld this same grotesque picture of—the wan cold moon held in the black clutches of the angular naked tree and smothered by the passing of the damp, heavy clouds.

"Come," shrieked Pluto, "we have no time to tarry."

"I followed between the phantom guardians of the 'Dominion'—the gate-pillars. Directly beyond the entrance lay a fountain dedicated to Sorrow, around which three times we walked, and each time Pluto gave a sharp scream. We then proceeded thru the narrow winding lanes of tombstones; large



towering ones, others small and almost unnoticable; marking neatly trimmed graves and sunken, moss-covered, forgotten, earthen tombs; graves of those who passed their life-work unappreciated.

The wind had ceased its howl and the moon now lay bare, silent and unobstructed. Slowly I followed Pluto, who had changed his pace into a funeral march accompanied by the silent "Dirge of All Nothingness." The atmosphere felt hollow, damp and shade-haunted beneath the infamous gleam of the Emperor. Up one row of tombs and down the other, over the hill and down the sighing hollow. As we ascended a long, sloping, sepulchre scarred hillside, I fearfully looked toward the summit in hope of seeing the hideous but comparatively peaceful—to that dank valley—rays of His Majesty at play. I was bewildered, for there on the heretofore barren hilltop sat a large marble structure of Greco-Roman design—it was a marble home of the corpse—a Mausoleum.

With his head bowed between his paws, Pluto knelt in the shadow of the shining Urn that crowned the doorway and uttered in a guttural, sobbing voice, "We come."

Instantly the earth trembled and a moan swelled into a spontaneous roar that came from its very bowels, "En Avant!"—and ceased.

Slowly the large, massive doors swung open, revealing absolute darkness within. Absolutely without power of will I subjected my actions exactly to those of Pluto, who entered. I hesitated to step into such a terrible darkness and in an experimenting manner edged myself across the threshold. The gigantic doors swung shut. At once the entire interior was illuminated by some invisible means. As far as the eye could reach on either side, was an endless corridor. In front of us, directly opposite the doorway, was a recess that broke the otherwise solid wall of crypts. This passage receded some five or six feet to a shadowed niche that protected a statue.

My eyes had no more than become accustomed to the new scene than the enshrouded figure dropped its stone-like bearing and stepped down from its pedestal. "My friend," it spoke in a hollow, passionless monotone, "I am not as you see me. The Spirit that speaks to you is embodied in this figure only for your reception. I have travelled from my abode in the moon to present you a conference with the spirit of Edgar Allen Poe."

Upon pronouncing these words the apparition—"The Divine Spirit of Literature"—returned to the niche, there within resumed its staturary state. As I looked about for some scene upon which my eyes could rest to relieve the idiotic impression this queer address had left upon my mind, I beheld another phantom similar to the one who had just spoken, coming down the endless corridor. It neared me

and despite its transparency I recognized the profile of the famous Poe. I dropped upon my knees and grasped for a hem of his shroud. In the presence of so great a man I was speechless. "My time is short. My breath is like that of my character M. Out-of-breath. Listen to me, young man, what I have to tell you, this night, is of the utmost importance. It is the quality of Broad-minded-ness, a quality that I, to a degree, lacked in my writings, more especially in my criticisms of the works of others. Do not be satisfied with the scope you have already of things about you, consider the question from all sides; allow for the feelings, the independence of others in their perfection of literature. Don't be ready to cut an author's writings or a man's work down to a fixed plane for fear that plane shall never rise. The industrial world is open to all invention—why should not the literary be as much so? Test the theories as to their practical worth; if true, apply them in fear of literary stagnation."

"A person," his breath was coming hard—in gasps, "a person who confines his thought to the one organization of a thing, tends to split the harmony God intended His children should cherish. He is a millstone to the neck of civilized Progress. So, my boy, hold not conclusions not properly weighed.

"Another word and I must go. You have within your bosom a desire to become great thru your pen. Wait not for inspiration but use perspiration and go after it. The sentimental, lazy dreamer accomplishes nothing. The success of your career lies within the concentration of your efforts. Reserve no class distinction; all men are brothers. Man against man for the life of man is God against Himself for the existence of Himself; when the Spirit of Literature turns against itself then immorality predominates. Be careful what you write—re-remember—I—I—I——!"

What had happened! Where was I! I was within no illuminated marble walls! A deafening noise had almost split my ear drums, but I had seen nothing! A noise—? The vacuum of Hell had swallowed the Palace of His Majesty!

I stood among the tomb remembered sepulchres, but no marble structure confronted me. A spot flitted across the moon. The wind again whistled. Clouds once more dimmed the visage of that wan, celestial orb. A large, lithe body of demoned eyes leaped over the tallest tombstone and wreathed thru the smaller ones—crouching—springing—on it went down into the Valley of Silence—pausing at the stagnant pond of Recollection.

From the region of this pond came a low, sobbing, crying moan, growing into a wailing—piercing—nerve-shattering shriek; broken by an even louder devilish rasping laugh that ended as if the larynx had been thrown out by the most hideously horrible effort!

Pluto bade "Fare-well!"



# The American Cobra

RALPH L. COOPER

THE COBRA, which is, perhaps, the most venomous snake known, is found in various parts of the world. However, its home is India and there it is known to thrive in large numbers. Its favorite haunts are on the roofs of huts, holes in walls, ruins, and under logs.

This serpent feeds on frogs, lizards, insects and the eggs of birds. It drinks large quantities of water, but it is able to go with neither food nor water for months. In India there are twenty thousand deaths from snakebite annually, and more than half of these are attributed to the cobra. The bite of this snake often proves fatal in a few minutes, and there is no antidote to the poison.

Great numbers of the cobra have been destroyed in recent years, but this is because the government of India has offered rewards for the head of each snake brought in. Only the lowest class Hindu indulge in the practice of ridding their country of this serpent, as the other people regard it with superstitious awe. Often when it is found in their homes, they feed it and care for it, and if it happens to bite any member of the family, instead of killing it, they take it to some field where they turn it loose.

At the present time steps are being taken to rid India of this great menace. Missionaries, professors and officials of the government, in an attempt to break down the superstitious fear of the natives concerning it, are teaching them the dangers of this reptile. As a result the cobra is gradually being exterminated in India.

The American cobra is more difficult to find than that of India. It does not hide under logs, in the roofs of huts, nor in ruins. On the contrary it is to be found in theatres, in the homes of the rich as well as the poor, in churches, and even in the schools.

This species does not feed on frogs, birds and insects. Its food is the minds of the people. It is peculiar in its attack and the prints of its fangs are difficult to discover. The wound which it inflicts is very painful, although it does not always prove fatal.

The American people, like the Hindu, seem to regard this serpent with superstitious fear. If they find it in the home they allow it to remain, and in many homes it is tenderly cared for. As a result of this negligence great numbers of children become affected by the poison. The symptoms of the infection are rather difficult to recognize, and as a result the children are allowed to go into the life of the world.

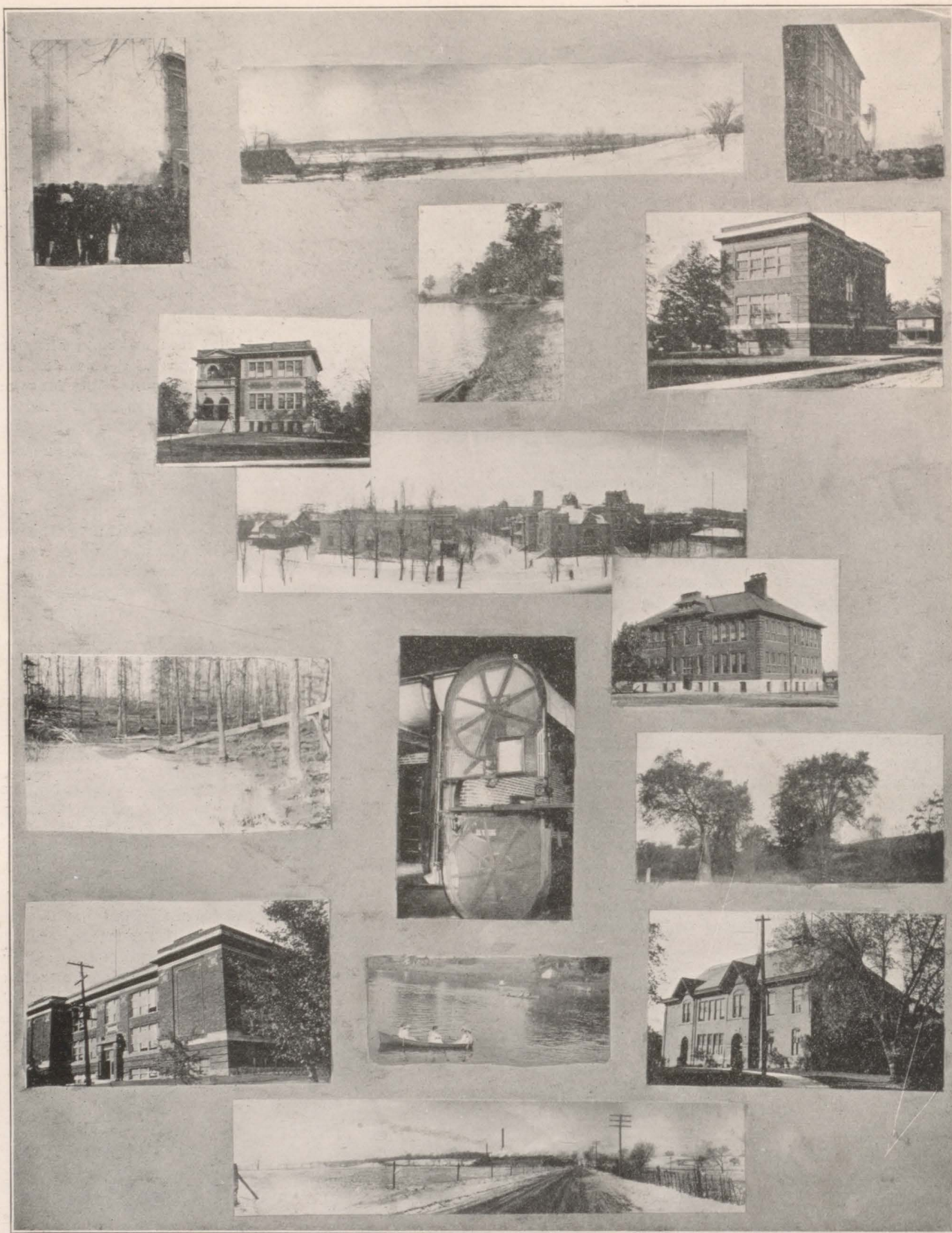
They carry their poison with them. They take it into the theatres and people who were never affected by it before are attacked. They go to church accompanied by this great curse and there it grows and thrives. These same infected children are permitted to attend the public schools and take their deadly poison with them.

In the schools is the place where the cobra does the most harm. Unless the faculty is most observing and does all in its power to exterminate this great serpent, the poison spreads rapidly, and new victims are added to its lists daily.

In recent years the cobra has been claiming the attention of the government of the United States, but it has been unable to cope with it successfully.

New Castle High School has within the past few months succeeded in extracting some of the teeth of this great monster. If other schools follow its leadership, "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave" will some day be liberated from the clutches of the American Cobra—"Prejudice."







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## CLASS DAY PROGRAM

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Music by High School Orchestra

President's Address.....	Earl Poston
Class History.....	Edith Richards
Oration .....	Paul Archibald
Poem .....	Kathleen Kem
Prophecy .....	Ivan Welborn
Will .....	Gretchen Kramer
Song .....	Rosa Murphey

— OO —

### President's Address

READY FOR WHAT COMES

(H. Earl Poston.)

The responsibility which is now conferred upon the class of 1917, is greater than of any preceding class. We have not only to solve the great common problems of life, but to mobilize our personal resources, physical, mental, moral, industrial and financial, and to find where we stand in a great emergency. Our work is laid before our eyes, and is written indelibly upon our minds. But how can we defend our country, if we are not trained for service by education?

People are constantly trying to free themselves from the tasks of the world; but the world revenges itself by expressing at every turn the folly of these incompetent and useless creatures.

We, as Americans, are guilty of a disgraceful number of weaknesses; haste, worry, pride, waste, extravagance and inefficiency. Not assaults from without but failures from within, are most to be feared.

War, like a disease, merely shows up and drains off the internal corruption already there. Therefore, the logical way to prevent both war and disease is to have a citizenship with "clean hands and pure hearts."

Be a scholar and you shall have your part of everything. When you are told that you will not succeed in that which is dearest to your heart, demand of yourself—"Is this assertion just?" Pay no heed to such counsel. Predict for yourself. Do not despair if your talent is slow in being uncovered. The person who sails ahead of you at first, may have only surface talent, while yours is deeper down, and if

cultivated may prove greater. Gold found on the surface soon runs out. If a man dodges work, if he lets his heels take care of what his head should, if he aims to just get by, he is but a pawn upon the board.

We marvel at the strength of Germany, but if our own United States is to be efficient in the part she is to play in domestic and international affairs—if she is to fight any foe, every citizen must be a statesman and a patriot, to hurl weapons from a greater moral height.

Many people say, "As others do, so will I; I must eat the good of the earth and let learning go until a more convenient season"; then dies the man, then once more perish the buds of art, science, literature and social service, as they have already died in thousands of men.

Fellow students, we must cultivate loyalty, bravery and devotion as the moral bulwark of our defense. Our country has not yet fulfilled what was and is the reasonable expectation of mankind. The chief support of a Democracy is an educated people.

Will we fight? Yes. Fight what? Our own stupidity, folly, weakness, laziness, narrowness, and poverty of mind, soul and purse.

Therefore, classmates of 1917:—

The Valor that we need are the Virtues that underlie efficiency. A master workman is a moral soldier. The world now summons a nation of moral soldiers. Our best answer is for each of us to resolve to make himself in his own line a master workman.



# Class History 1917

(EDITH M. RICHARDS.)

January, 1913, was the date on which a fifth of the present members of our class made their first appearance in the assembly room. They were only nineteen in number, but they soon gained recognition. On September first of that year, the second division of the class, numbering fifty-four, timidly entered Room H, on the lower floor, which was in charge of Miss Saint. There were too many for this room, so we were divided and part of us put under the supervision of Miss Doan, in Room K.

In our first two years we were not allowed to organize, but we had a great influence on high school activities, for were we not the largest class which had ever entered the school? And, altho we still have the honor of being the largest class to graduate from N. H. S., if there were in the class today, all those who have at different times been members of the class, there would be exactly one hundred.

Of those who entered in January, 1913, one went to another school, seven have left school, one is a member of the Junior class, nine will receive diplomas and one, only, forged ahead to graduate with the 1916 class. Of those who entered in September, five have gone to other schools, twenty-six will receive diplomas, five are in the Junior class, and the remaining eighteen have dropped out, three of these having married. There are in the class nine who have entered from other schools and three who for various reasons dropped back to graduate with us.

At the beginning of our second year we numbered sixty-three. During this year two new students entered the class. Mrs. Wilson had us in charge this year and we had Room D as our headquarters. This was a glorious year in basketball, for not only did we win a large majority of the games, but we won the District Tournament at Richmond—that wonderful victory which will never be forgotten. Enthusiasm then ran high in our class, for one of the best point-makers on the team was a Sophomore man. It was a great disappointment to our class that we were not allowed to have a class picnic this year, as the class before us had had, but for some unknown reason it was not permitted. The class had the distinction of decorating the church for the baccalaureate services this year thru a committee appointed by Mrs. Wilson.

Our Junior year was noted for its class activities. Very early in the year there was a great deal of discussion of when we should have a class meeting to elect our officers, but it was the GIRLS who first went to Principal Fox and prevailed upon him to set the date for the meeting. From then on what excited conferences there were in the halls! And more than once was Miss Chambers compelled, in order to take the roll, to disturb conversations of serious import, which various little groups were carrying on. At last the evening came and we chose as our officers: Harry Kampe, president; Mabel Chenoweth, vice-president; Edith Richards, secretary, and Jesse Short, treasurer. We soon selected our pins, which were admitted by everyone to be the handsomest which had been chosen by a New Castle class for several years. This time we began the year with sixty-one on the class roll and during the year three new students joined us.

As Juniors we established a reputation for entertaining ability by the delightful program which we gave for convocation. At the first of the second semester the faculty introduced a course in Spelling, in which we had a lesson once a week. Much competition sprang up between the different rooms, each one trying to make a higher average than the others,

and we were very much elated when we made the highest average for several weeks in succession. We lost the last games of the tournament this year, for the captain was unable to play, but the other boys played well and we were proud of them.

Our class became famous for its class spirit. Our hero was the man who climbed the flag pole, captured a Senior banner which had been placed just below the flag, and tore it to shreds. At a meeting early in the spring we chose our class colors, blue and gold. The reception which we gave on May the 12th for the Senior class was delightful in every detail. The last event of the year was the picnic, which we enjoyed at Shiveley's, north of the city. We will never forget the jolly time which we had.

At the beginning of our Senior year, four new teachers had become members of the faculty. In each of the two preceding years, there had been five changes in the faculty. Thus Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Fox and Mr. Bronson are the only ones who have been with us during the four years.

Fifty-two Seniors reported for classification at the beginning of the fourth year and very soon an enthusiastic meeting was held, when we chose new officers, our president being Earl Poston; vice-president, Hildred Carrier; secretary, Olive Hiatt, and treasurer, Francis Johnston. When the question was asked whether the class wanted to publish only the Reflector this year, or whether work should immediately be begun on an Annual, it was unanimously decided to publish both. Later another meeting was held and we selected the Staff. This action showed the high aspirations of our class, as did also, the important part which we played in the Centennial parade on September 29th. We had seven beautifully decorated cars in line and our first car ALMOST took the prize.

On October the sixth, the class enjoyed a hay-ride to the country home of Ruth Lowe, and on the twenty-fifth we were entertained at a Hallowe'en party at Madge Hernly's home. This month we also demonstrated our ability in the entertaining line, when we assisted the other upper classmen in entertaining the Freshmen. Our highly amusing and novel program was talked about for days. During our last year we found ourselves again under the guidance of Mrs. Wilson, much to our joy. She chaperoned us when we spent a wonderful day in Indianapolis, visiting the Legislature. Such a day as we had!

The Seniors were the leaders in a movement of great importance in the High School. This was the election of the Student Board of Control, a large per cent. of whom were SENIORS. The Board has done much valuable work. New Castle had the honor of holding a Tournament here in March. The ten competing teams were from Delaware and Henry Counties. But, alas! we lost our second game, altho the boys fought bravely until the last moment.

Our play this year was a great success, for all the characters were well chosen, and "The Man From Home" proved to be everything we had expected. In the Autumn the class put out three excellent issues of the Reflector, and our Annual is a splendid book which we are proud to say we published. The lovely reception given us by the 1918 class was highly enjoyed, and it has contributed to make our closing High School days the happiest of all. So it is with many regrets that we take our departure, but the knowledge that we will always be remembered for our achievements in athletics, our scholarship and our school spirit, reconcile us to leaving.



# War; Not For War But For Humanity

(PAUL ARCHIBALD.)

Today, as the dreadful crisis wages, all eyes are turned toward our country. God has blessed us with a wonderful country; a country large enough to supply the world with the necessities of life; a country where liberty and happiness reign and want is unknown. It is a chosen race He has planted on this soil; a race sprung from the most masterful blood of history; a race sovereign by virtue of its power, by right of its institutions, by authority of its God-supervised purposes; a race of promoters of unending peace and not misers of human liberty.

The history of this race is one of glory and honor; a history whose keynote was struck by Liberty Bell, in Independence Hall; a history of statesmen who flung the boundaries of the Republic out into untrod and savage wilds; a history of soldiers who carried the flag across burning deserts, over barren plains and arid prairies and thru the ranks of hostile mountains, even to the Gates of Sunset; a history of men and women of whom we are justly honored to be descendants.

Upon us has devolved the duty of keeping intact and unharmed those sacred principles and policies, and this great country which they have left to our care and protection. As our forefathers upheld this nation's honor when its national life was threatened, so we must uphold its honor and preserve the integrity of our country and its emblem. Because we have upheld our nation's honor we have lived happy, peaceful lives here. Our factories have hummed everywhere, busy following the pursuits of peaceful occupation, and a spirit of sweet contentment has breathed thru the length and breadth of the land. Our honor has never been questioned; our policies have been law; our flag has been respected by every nation; the name America has signified peace, plenty, liberty, happiness and protection.

At the time when we were most enjoying the fruits of our peaceful toil a gruesome madness stigma cast a cloud over the world and threw it into a turmoil, the like of which man's history has ne'er recorded. With man arrayed against man, Europe plunged headlong into that deadly strife. The broad oceans and distance separated us from those madness-stricken peoples and we did not hear the call of that demon telling us to slaughter our fellowman. It seemed, however, that the spirit which had caused Europe to suicide had not yet its thirst for blood quenched, and to satisfy its craving it wished to see the United States, the most powerful nation of all on earth, to spill its blood, waste its resources, spend its wealth, lower its standard of honor, and destroy itself in that suicidal compact. Providence, however, had placed men at the head of our government who would not wage war until war was unavoidable and until American rights and American honor had been transgressed. As a result of our remaining neutral and not rushing into war for the glory of war, Germany formed a strange interpretation of our neutral-

ity. Prussian militarism had taught her to wage war without actual cause; to fight for the gratification of that militaristic, barbarous instinct for which Prussia has even been known since the day of Bismark.

Then, by some strange dream, or thru the medium of an aircastle built upon a foundation of sea-foam, the Kaiser conceived the unwarranted idea that we were cowards and cravens and that because we had not taken an active part in the fight, that he would give us orders as to the course we would be compelled to pursue. It was then that he gave us orders to keep off the sea; told us that we would not dare pursue our commerce; telling us that we would be treated upon the oceans with the same respect as nations with whom Germany was at war; telling us that if we did not obey these orders that he, the Kaiser, would trample under foot our ancient rights, with the iron heel of a military despotism which has never known a parallel. We, a free nation of one hundred million free Americans, would not for one moment put into execution any command from any man or set of men, be they many or many million, which would in any way interfere with the dignity and honor of the American Republic and the principles for which it stands.

It was because these commands of the German autocracy interfered with these principles that we did not comply with them; and it was because we did not comply with them that the Kaiser made good his arrogant boast. He sank our ships, captured our sailors, even murdered our citizens; he violated the ancestral rights of nations. We did not want war. We have always hated war. War is hell under any circumstances. For two and one-half long years we suffered patiently the affronts and mistreatment of humanity by the German autocracy which had disobeyed all laws of God, man and nations. We had a mission to perform, a duty to discharge to our fellowman. God had endowed us with gifts beyond our mountains and our boundaries; we realized that we must not decay in our own selfishness as those people do who take cowardice for their companion and self for their God. We realized that we had to wage this war in not only our cause, but in the cause of all humanity.

America is the country of human liberty and human dignity. When our forefathers declared "that all men are born free and equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," they uttered the cardinal principles upon which Americanism is founded and for which it has always stood. It is to protect these same principles that the American people, thru their chosen representatives have declared war upon Germany.

As our Savior, who after having hung in excruciating agony for hours upon the heights of Calvary, amid the insults and affronts of his blasphemous



executioners, called out to His Heavenly Father: "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do," so for two and one-half long years the voice of America has called out, amid the insults of German autocracy, to our fathers in Washington to "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Our holding aloof from this struggle these years and forgiving the trespasses made against us, is the vest evidence that our forces move against Germany more in sorrow than in anger. We bore patiently the transgressions of American rights,—even the murdering of American citizens, sent to their watery graves in those fathomless, brackish wastes by the hand of this German autocracy. But when barbarism threatened civilization; when frightfulness threatened humanity; when culture threatened Christianity; when even we were threatened by this foe of humanity; this enemy of justice; this menacer of world peace, we were forced to hold aloof no longer and we drew our blades in defense of not only country and self, but in defense of human rights, of democratic ideals, of eternal principles of justice and humanity. We must not again sheath our swords until these are made secure.

The day of governments made mighty by the conquering of, and oppression of weaker peoples is at an end. Those principles of a few who seek to rule which interfere and infringe upon the rights of others must go down. Until these stones have been pushed aside and all obstacles hindering the progress of the freedom and liberty of humanity are removed, the peoples of the earth will never enjoy eternal peace. When these obstructions have been surmounted; when American, German, Englishman, Japanese, Chinese, African and all other nationalities

work in the cause of all and in the cause of humanity, then, and only then, will we have unending peace.

Let the members of the class of Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen follow the example of their country. Let them be ever ready to uphold the rights of humanity against the hand of oppression. Let them hear the voices of those calling for liberty and protection. Let them remember that they are not only citizens of the American Republic, whose laws they most respect, but that they are soon to be citizens of a great World Republic whose laws are the laws of all humanity. Let each of us whose school days are at an end, go out into the school of life prepared to combat those factors which tend to hinder progress by encumbering the minds of the world's children. Let us put forth every resource; every ounce we have to give; every heart, brain and hand to bring this struggle to a successful termination, and after this war is over, then each of us will be called upon to display another phase of our patriotism. Nations long made have been destroyed and these must again be rebuilt. Each of us will be called upon to fill a place in this world reconstruction process. There never was a more opportune time for each of us to make a success than will be presented to us at the close of this conflict, and each member of this class who steps from this rostrum today into the vale of "Uncertainty," whose only exits are "Failure" and "Success," has it within his power to choose thru which of these portals he shall pass. May the Stars and Stripes of America and the Gold and Blue emblem of "Old Seventeen" be seen floating side by side at the head of that grand procession as it moves majestically onward under that triumphal arch, above which is written in jeweled letters—Success!

—oo—

## Class Poem of 1917

As I sit and dream at evening,  
In the firelight's flickering glow,  
Then my thoughts go idly wandering  
To those days of long ago.  
School days full of fun and frolic,  
Friends gay-hearted and carefree—  
Sacred mem'ries fast come thronging  
Of that past so dear to me.

'Twas then we worked with eager pleasure—  
Ambition filled our untried souls.  
To gain some knowledge was the purpose  
With which we lightly faced our goal.  
Bright before us stretched our world-path,  
No dark cloud bedimmed the way;  
No gloomy doubts nor dread forebodings  
Dulled for us youth's glorious ray.

All of us have left these classrooms,  
Each to face his world alone.  
Ah! That's the first real cloud that darkened  
As we heard that farewell tone.  
Experience dimmed Ambition's light,  
Made us sages, wise but worn—  
Who've found that from life's testing trials  
Really great deeds have been born.

Though years have left us lonely,  
And our tasks are almost through,  
Tho' we've had so many failures,  
And the victories have been few.  
Even yet those old-time friendships  
Take us back to live once more,  
The glor'ous gay-time of our youth,  
In those glad days of yore.

—Kathleen Kem.



## Class Prophecy

When the engine stopped for refreshments, my private care—the blind baggage—was cheerily disturbed with a call of “Change Cars.” I stepped out as elegantly as a gentleman could under the circumstances and started toward the nearby station, with a wary eye for “cops” and trains.

Near the station I saw a small man with his hat in his hand, anxiously watching the passers-by for an extra offering; on coming closer the strains of “Pretty Baby” fell upon my ears in a tone such as only one person could render it, and I knew that this parasite was no other than my old schoolmate, Herman Abrams. I was wondering if he would loan me a quarter when an automobile drove up to the station. The chauffeur stepped hastily out to open the door and I saw that it was Paul Cornelius Archibald; then an elegantly dressed lady stepped out of the car and on seeing Herman or me—I never knew which—her nose pointed toward the Dog star and she haughtily said, “Yu’ poor fish.” The years had not changed Bernice C. Millikan, I thot to myself. Paul then placed a large trunk under his arm with an ease that showed his physical culture lessons were still in use, and followed his mistress into the station.

By this time, as was to be expected, Herman had disappeared and I was about to turn away when I saw another familiar face. It was John Francis Johnston. When he saw me he said, “For the love of mud.” As always, I began to inquire into his affairs and found that after making a successful failure at dentistry he had started into the junk business and is now hailed as “King of Junkland.” Francis insisted that I come home with him, and, being easily led, I agreed.

While we were passing a moving picture theater my eyes caught one of their posters. It read, “The Sweetest of Them All,” featuring Miriam Keesling. My friend read my thots, as usual, and sadly said that Miriam had taken to the silent drama when a law was passed allowing a movie kiss to occupy twenty feet of film instead of ten.

Some distance down the street I saw a sign reading, “Sunnyside Boarding House,” and on coming nearer a sad spectacle met our eyes—there on the porch was our old class president, H. Earl Poston, with a suitcase held lovingly to his bosom, while Maria Ellen Shepherd, the proprietress, with a broom in her hand stood eloquently delivering a lecture on delinquent board bills and the “survival of the fittest.” At her right and left hand, respectively, stood Helen E. Redd and Vivian D. Shaffer with other domestic reinforcements. Being peace-loving citizens, we passed hurriedly on and soon arrived at my host’s house. There, to my dismay, sat his wife, Hildred N. Carrier, curls and all, quietly reading. When she saw me she wrinkled her nose and was soon delivering a lengthy lecture on “The Value of Foreign Missions.”

That evening friend Francis invited some of our old classmates to his house. The first to arrive was an elderly looking spinster. When her eyes fell upon me she raised her hands, breathed a prayer and spake, “Good Gracious”—then I knew it was Mildred F. Dingel. She had just become engaged in discussing the latest church gossip with Hildred when the room was pervaded with a peculiar odor; I thot it must be Bowery Brook or the perfume of a Freshman B, when Russel L. Cummins entered with his pipe and the mystery was solved. After Francis had passed around a box of Lynn Thomas cigars and we were all comfortably settled, there was a knock at the door and J. Bernard Shirk entered, late, of course, but in a hurry, and he explained that it was better late than never. He was as successful a beauty doctor as could be expected, I was informed.

As would be expected, the talk soon was of old classmates, and I was able to get some interesting information.

Soon after graduation Ina Mulvihill had created a miniature earthquake when she changed her mind about Eugene P. Hatfield and Dodge roadsters. At last reports she was going about the country successfully selling “Kiss Me” chewing gum. Eugene, with a hair brush and a looking glass, went into seclusion and tried to get his pompadour under control; but after becoming bald-headed in a few years, he had begun teaching mathematics in the High School.

Homer L. Strong had soon recovered from his “With-Her-All-The-Time” malady and retired from active life. Now, almost any day, one could find him, enshrouded in “Favorite” smoke, with a box of headache tablets before him, ardently playing the Victrola.

Harry and Rosa had also broken diplomatic relations after he had taken to sculpturing. Rosa had taken a vampire course in the correspondence school and in many instances she had enticed the young and innocent from the “straight and narrow path” into those of cards and “spiked” punch. Harry had recently won great renown in the artistic modeling of “Springtime Sprites,” with Madge L. Hernly and Marcella Hamilton as Models.

Ralph Lawhorn Cooper, thru the careful guidance of Mrs. Wilson, had been elected to the Senate and almost created a panic in that sedate body by his demand for a pension for school teachers. Ah! At last one of Mrs. Wilson’s dreams had come true. Another at the Senate, tho not so welcome, was Minnie Louise Dingle, who, thru the training received in the Public Speaking Club, had become quite notorious as a lobbyist.

George Hill, our abbreviated member, had also proved a surprise. After growing up to be a man he could not keep from exerting his prowess in the pugilistic circles of our country. Now he was holding the undisputed heavy featherweight championship of that realm.

Dudley A. Smith was also doing good. Since he had secured prohibition in Indiana while in his Senior year in High School, he had, after graduation and in company with his “Missouri Meerschaum,” put full steam ahead for some less fortunate state. It was also rumored that he would visit Colonel Roosevelt before returning home.

Forest W. Achor and Nellie May Harvey had proved another surprise. Their dancing in New York had been so good that Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle had long since been forced to retire.

The latest escapade of William Dewey Shultz had been the organizing of a “back-to-nature” society.

Edith Marian Richards, whose extensive study of history had created in her a desire to travel, was now globe-trotting, accompanied by her poodle dog, “Elite.”

Olive Annice Hiatt was making the old cow that jumped over the moon look tame as she, in her aeroplane, played hide-and-seek amongst the stars. But the sad part was she left Gilford Eden, the life insurance agent, on terra firma, and there he stood, gazing at that which he could not reach. But I never learned whether it was the aeroplane or heaven that he could not reach.

I was wondering that some of the class had not taken to the stage, when the subject was mentioned. Gretchen A. Kramer had got into the calcium light by artistically dancing the latest Hawaiian dances. Ruth Lowe, who played the ukelele, was thot by some to be almost as good as her principal.

Grace E. Bowyer was prominent in a South American revolution in hopes that she might win the favor



of the leader, who was reputed to be rather handsome and had gold teeth.

Minnie May Fraizer, the ten-cent clerk, after unnumbered years of faithful service, had been promoted to trouble "man" at the local Emporium.

Minnie B. Williams one day, without giving notice to anyone, had gone into the far East, and of late gratifying reports had been received from her sphere of influence.

Kathleen Kem, thanks to the suggestion of Abe Martin, had become a nurse in the hopes that a millionaire with a broken leg would come along.

Bernard, who always knew a lot of things that no one else did, supplied information about Ruby M. Holloway and Mary M. Stevens in the form of verse as follows:

Ruby and Mary would a-wooing go;  
So they worked together, and got some dough,  
And sailed away  
One summer's day,  
On the good ship "Carrion-crow."  
But when the wind did blow,  
The ship to pieces did go;  
Then along came the whale of Jonah,  
And deposited them on the isle of Bologna.  
Now that they have an isle of their own,  
And plenty of meat without bone,  
Here ends the tale  
Of the maids who did sail.

George H. Powers, after waiting several years to be president, had given up hope and he and Alta M. Jacoby were now selling patent medicine that was personally guaranteed to cure anything.

It was late that night when our little gathering broke up and I was a little sad when I thought that we probably would never meet again; at least, Mildred looked at me as if she hoped it was true.

The next morning I was afforded a chance to look

at the morning paper. To my surprise it was "The Klinger Enquirer." Who would have thought that John H. Klinger could edit a newspaper? Francis said it was a good paper, but, just like John, it changed its politics every year.

On the front page were blazing headlines: DARING BANK ROBBERY; Thieves Escape in a Ford; Saved Only by Quick Work of Chauffeur. The article explained that this same thief was believed to be connected with several other robberies. On the windshield of the car was the robbers' motto: "WINE, WOMEN AND SONG." That explained the mystery; the robber was Elwood Daugherty, and, of course, Genevieve C. Kramer would be near to keep him out of trouble, so she must be the chauffeur. The article also advanced the theory that this same robber spent his leisure time in making counterfeit pool checks.

On the Woman's Page was another item of interest. It appeared that society was all agog over the new "Invisible" evening gown recently brought to light by the world's famous designer, Newell I. Bacon.

On the last page, near an advertisement for cigarettes, was a picture of Jesse B. Short. This famous author had written a book which caused much comment. It was entitled "All About Soft Grades in Chemistry." Of course, it was a favorite and a good seller among the High School students, for the author had merely related how he got his own "soft" grades.

I was very glad to hear about the '17 class, but in life, just as in the class meetings, they had failed to agree, and each was going his own distinct way. With these thoughts in mind, I bid my friends and classmates goodbye and boarded the next freight for "No Man's Land."

—Ivan A. Welborn.

—oo—

## 1917 Class Will

We, the class of Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen, being of sound and disposing mind, do hereby make this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all other wills heretofore made by us.

We want our honorable debts paid, nothing but good remembered about us, and our ambition left as a memorial to the school.

Earl Poston, our most honored President, gladly gives his efficiency and responsibility to the next victim.

Paul Archibald leaves to Reva Thompson, legal advice as to how long the "Homeric" age should last.

Rosa Murphey gives to Margaret Brown a small bottle of quince seed juice, which is especially useful in making "Kinks" stay.

Homer Strong wills "his girl" to the class of 1918, to be kept intact until called for.

Harry Kampe wills his chewed-up fountain pen to Susan Morris, hoping that said young lady will get the same inspiration from it in Civics that he did.

Herman Abrams leaves those two little intellectual wrinkles between his eyes to Bernie Epstein.

Newell Bacon leaves with Lee Pence his last name to be given to the 1918 Basketball team, under the condition that they will always bring it home with them.

Grace Bowyer wills the art of quietness to Annie Day (and we hope she will use it for the benefit of those who remained during the noon hour.)

Jesse Short desires that his gentle, tho somewhat uncontrolled, Southern accent be given to Mamie Applegate.

Hildred Carrier gives her Caine to Mary Oldham, to be made into sugar next year.

Russel Cummins has been persuaded to part with his pipe, and desires that it be given to George Hinds, knowing that he will treat it kindly.

Madge Hernly leaves to everybody in general the knowledge that true love never dies, nor can its victims be separated.

George Hill bequeaths to Mrs. Wilson, one big red Apple and a cheerful smile.

John Francis Johnston wills the presidency of the Devil-Care Society to his little friend, Frederick Cloud.

Kathleen Kem and Gilford Eden leave their stories of Oregon and Redkey to Fred Goar, with instructions to pass them around.

Miriam Keesling bequeathes her pharmacy bills and non-interest in good-looking fellows to Marjory Cox.

John Klinger gives his nerve and flights of oratory to Esler Miller.

Edith Richards, fearing that Roger Kramer's card will look like it had the measles, gives him some Latin "E's."

William Shults wills his hair curlers to Basil Beeson.

Ivan Welborn hands over his long line of Arkansas jokes to Paul Koons.

Altai Jacoby leaves her rapid-fire speech with Horace Upham.

Marcella Hamilton and Forest Achor give a little length to Doll and Toby.

Gene Hatfield bequeathes his cherished file of "Independents" to Miss Taylor.

Ina Mulvihill and Bernard Shirk give eight full periods, to be used daily, to Arnold Greist.



In spite of the H. C. of L., Genevieve Kramer donates a peck of carrots to Miss Carson, for use in the Domestic Science Department.

Mary Stevens and Mildred Dingle, out of sympathy, will their cut flowers to Randall Watkins.

Minnie Fraizer, Nellie Harvey and Vivian Shaffer pool their bequeathes and give to Edna Burgess and Alice Smith their "fast" dispositions.

Louise Dingle, our class "vampire," gives her art to Evelyn May.

Bernice Millikan leaves her business ability to Murray Smith, to use to work Mr. Fox with.

Ruth Lowe bequeaths her dimples to Edith Roll.

Olive Hiatt leaves her artistic ability in charge of Mr. Fox, to be given to whoever he thinks needs it in making up next year.

Lynn Thomas gives some sleeping powders to Kenneth Cofield; they work especially well the last period.

Gretchen Kramer wills her "grand duke" specs to Teddy Wallace, so he can see how much time he is losing.

Helen Redd wills her good Solid grades to Edgar Mills.

Ralph Cooper and Minnie Williams will their case to Archie Hill and Martha Modlin.

Maria Shepherd wills her big baby blue eyes to Lewis Smith.

George Powers gives his popularity with the ladies to George Stout.

Ruby Holloway wills her pink cheeks to Francis Bundy.

Dudley Smith gives his optimism to William Riggs, and the job of writing the Annual for next year to anyone who is fool enough to take it.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hand this 18th day of May, 1917.

SENIOR CLASS.

Signed: GRETCHEN KRAMER.

The foregoing will was signed by the above named Senior class in our presence and in the presence of each other as witnesses.

VERA LEE BRONSON.

CONRAD FREDERICK FOX.

Codicil One—The Senior Class, collectively and individually, leave their experience to the Juniors; to the Sophomores their good behavior, and to the Freshmen their cheerful dispositions.

Codicil Two—Although we would like very much to take her with us thru life, we leave Mrs. Wilson to those who, after we are gone, attain, thru ambitious efforts, the honorable position of being Seniors.

Codicil Three—Last, but not least, we leave our best wishes, and a "warm furnace for cold weather," to the High School.

—OO—

## Class Song of 1917

(ROSA MURPHEY.)

The time has come when we must go;  
Our school days here are ended.  
As down life's stream our barks we row.  
Our happy voices blended—  
We'll sing the praise of N. H. S.  
In joy-ous lift-ing measure;  
Each hour was filled with happiness,  
Each day was one of pleasure.

CHORUS:

Dear old year—so full of cheer—year of  
Nine-teen-seven-teen.  
Years may come, and years may go,  
But none such blessings can be-stow.  
We'll keep our banner for-e'er in view—  
Gold for worth, and blue for true.  
Lad and lass—dear old class—class of  
Nine-teen-seven-teen.

II.

Where'er we go, we'll laud the name  
Of our dear Al-ma Mater;  
Un-til the echoes of her fame  
Re-sound o'er land and wa-ter;  
We'll sing the praise of N. H. S.,  
Our hearts are ever loyal;  
Her mandates point us to success,  
Beneath our ban-ner royal.



## Review of Departments

### ENGLISH

It is the desire and purpose of the English Department not merely to instruct students concerning great English writers and their works, but much more to develop in each an appreciation of the dignity of pure English and a CONSCIOUS desire for the cultivation of an acquaintance with writers, not only of the past but of our own great age, who give noblest expression of the life, thoughts, and ideals of the English speaking people.

M. MAUDE TAYLOR.

### HISTORY

The History Department, besides doing the required work, has made a chart showing European governments as they were in 1914; also one showing the struggle for balance of power in Congress; also a genealogical table of English sovereigns. The year has been unusually interesting in the study of current history. In Civics an intensive study of local institutions has been made in an effort to enable the Seniors to find themselves in their own civil and social unit. A visit to the Legislature was made January 31.

ISADORE WILSON.

### MATHEMATICS

The course in Mathematics in the New Castle High School consists of three terms of Algebra, three terms of Geometry and one term of Commercial Arithmetic. A choice of Solid Geometry or Commercial Arithmetic is permitted in the last half of the Junior year. The course is so planned as to give a semester's algebra after one year of geometry, thereby giving the students a review of the elementary algebra in the Junior year. It is the aim of the department to give the students definite, accurate knowledge which they may apply to concrete problems of their every-day life.

CRAWFORD FOX.

### HOME ECONOMICS

Since Miss Carson has to divide her time between the High School and Eighth Grade girls, the course of Home Economics is offered only to the girls of the Freshman classes. As there are accommodations for just twenty girls, it is necessary to comply with this regulation.

The course of study in Household Arts gives one

day of each week to Theory; two each of the remaining four days are given to cooking and sewing. Although only two periods are allotted for this study, yet owing to the skill of Miss Carson, who is at the head of this department, the classes accomplish a great deal.

It is the custom that each year the classes in Domestic Science display their ability at cooking and serving for those connected with the school. Those to be honored this year are: The Board of Trustees and wives, Superintendent and Mrs. E. W. Lawrence, Professor and Mrs. L. C. Fox, the Faculty, and the Basketball boys.

ALTA GRACE HIATT.

### GERMAN

The German Department is in excellent condition, unaffected by the war sentiment. The classes realize that our fight is not with the German language nor the German people, but with the Imperial government. The most noteworthy work of the year was done in the Junior German. They completed three semester's work in two. A German Christmas celebration was planned and given by the department at the holiday season. A feature of this occasion was the Christmas tree, trimmed in the old-world fashion, with the history of the tree and its decorations given by members of the department.

MISS MARY DUNCAN.

### SHOP

The aim of the Shop this year has been to look after and to emphasize the interests of the community as much as possible.

This has been especially true of the mechanical drawing—machine, house and building plans being given the preference.

We have had some problems in concrete, carpentry, pattern-making, casting and regular bench work.

The bench work has covered a wide range. Some of the projects that have been made are: Bird houses, fly traps, sectional bookcases, floor lamps, tables, enamel work, lathe, etc.

The students constructed and are now operating a tool room where all tools are checked by regular stockman.

IRVIN MORROW.



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# SOCIETY

MADGE L. HERNLY.

## THE UPPER CLASS MEN

The first event of the kind in the history of the New Castle High School was the party given by the upper classmen to the Freshmen, Friday, October twentieth, in the High School building. The Juniors gave selections from a few of Shakespeare's dramas, "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet" and "Macbeth." The Sophomores then gave a surprising entertainment—a Cabaret scene. The leading feature of this was a solo, sung by Miss Josephine Sims. Then the hayseeds, Herbert Lee Connor, Eugene Hart, Sidney Fields and Joseph Burris, kept the audience in good humor 'till the worthy Seniors concluded the evening with a three-part program.

First, the "Peak Sisters." This was a comic drama. The sisters were Misses Nellie Harvey Carrier, Minnie Frazier, Marcella Hamilton, Rosa Murphey, Ruth Lowe, Olive Hiatt, Genevieve Kramer and Madge Hernly. This was a great success.

The second part was in charge of Dudley Smith, impersonating a colored minister. He made a big hit with his sermon to "Freshmen." Miss Rosa Murphey sang "Vas Iss Loss Mit Looey."

The final number was given by Mr. Bronson, the head of the Science Department, "The House of Horrors." This was indeed a surprise, and "Horror" was the correct word for it. Mr. Bronson was assisted by Paul Archibald, Bernard Shirk, William Shultz and George Hill. The Freshmen had a fine time and admitted their Seniors were wonderful people.

## SENIOR HAY RIDE

The Seniors of '17 enjoyed a most successful hay ride October 6th, '16. Forty-seven of the fifty Seniors were on the hay ride. The crowd went to Ruth Lowe's pretty country home west of town, and had a winnie and marshmallow toast.

## HALLOWE'EN PARTY

One of the most successful parties of all the school functions in N. H. S. was a Hallowe'en party given for the Senior boys by the Senior girls, at the home of Miss Madge Hernly, East Spring street, October 25th, it being a return affair for the Senior hay ride. A cafeteria luncheon was enjoyed by about fifty Seniors. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Fox and son Conrad were also guests.

## THE JUNIOR RECEPTION

The Seniors certainly did enjoy the most successful reception given them by the Juniors May 11th, 1917, at the most selected place in the city. The rooms were made beautiful with paper decorations of the Senior colors, blue and gold, and the Junior colors, purple and white. The corners of

the rooms were heaped with flowers, such as the lilac and dogwood. The walls were festooned with flowers also, making everything very beautiful. The Juniors received all their guests, who also included the Faculty members and the School Board and their wives. Mr. Harry Porter, of Indianapolis, gave a varied but charming program, which was greatly enjoyed by all present. Following this program a lunch in purple and white was served in tempting style. Music was given by Wrede and Scott during the serving.

In conclusion dancing was the leading feature. The ladies were attired in most becoming evening gowns, making the whole a most beautiful and charming affair.

## COMMENCEMENT.

The Commencement exercises of the Class of '17 will be held May 25th, at the Coliseum.

## CLASS DAY.

Class Day has been duly celebrated by the students of the New Castle High School on this day, May 18th, 1917. The program was as follows: "President's Address," Earl Poston; "Class Oration," Paul Archibald; "Class Prophecy," Ivan Welborn; "Class Poem," Kathleen Kem; "Class Will," Gretchen Kramer; "Class History," Edith Richards, and "Class Song," Rosa Murphey.

## SENIOR PICNIC

The Seniors will participate in a general good time at a picnic at Shiveley's on this day, May 18th, 1917. Mrs. Isadore Wilson will chaperon the most notable crowd.

## ALUMNI MEET

The Alumni met at the N. H. S. building April 5th, 1917. All the class of '17 were invited as members. The officers elected were: Mr. Frank Hamilton, president; Miss Olive Hiatt, vice-president; Mrs. Sam Bufkin, secretary, and Mr. David Jennings, treasurer. Movements for the annual Alumni reception have been made for the last of June.

## BACCALAUREATE

The Baccalaureate sermon will be held in the Christian Church on May the twentieth. Everyone is invited.

## COMMENCEMENT.

The Commencement exercises will be held in the Coliseum May the twenty-fifth. J. Frank Hanly will deliver the address.



# DEBATE

Five prominent members of the Public Speaking Club held a debate before the school Wednesday, March 21st, 1917. The speakers were Sylvan Bush, George Powers, Paul Archibald, Bernie Epstein and Ralph Cooper. The question was, "Should the United States Adopt a System of Compulsory Military Service Similar in Essentials to the Swiss System?" Mr. Epstein won this debate and represented us in the District Debate held March 30th, 1917. The New Castle speaker won over the speakers of Mooreland and Kennard. The New Castle High School is certainly very fortunate to have such a capable student within its walls.

— OO —

## ∴ JOKES ∴

"Isn't it strange!" says our half-a-Senior, "We come to school to learn and then have to be driven to get our lessons?"

Miss Duncan—"Oliver, how many credits have you?"

Oliver Koons—"One."

Miss Duncan—"Why, you will almost graduate with Homer Strong."

Berny E.—"Say, Bushy, did you know that Noah was an inventor?"

Bushy—"No."

Berny—"Well, he turned all the animals out of the Ark and made the Ark light." (Arc light.)

We are glad to hear that our friend Lynn Thomas won first prize at the Cadiz corn show for having the biggest ears.

Freddy Goar—"That gray squirrel must be quite old."

Junior—"Why, no; he's not more than a year old."

Freddy—"Well, how does it happen that he is so gray?"

The other day a little Freshman girl was "called down" for staring at Prof. Dannecker, who was getting a drink. When asked the cause, she said: "Kenneth said that Mr. Dannecker drank like a fish, and I never did see a fish drink."

George Powers—"Maria, if you say 'no,' I will get a rope and hang myself in front of your house."

Maria S.—"Oh, don't do that; you know that mother doesn't allow you to hang around here."

Basil Beeson stepped up to the front door and rang the door-bell.

A lady came to the door and asked, "Did you ring?"

Basil—"No; the bell did."

# REMARKABLE REMARKS

(As Seen by J. Fat.)

"We'll whip them dernd old hybernated Germans yet."—E. S. Mills.

"I despise a man who hangs around one like a dog."—Rosa Murphy.

"It's a shame that the class of '17 hasn't an even number. They are pairing off so nicely."—Chew Poston.

"An eleugy is fourteen lines."—Kink Kampe.

"Some people always see the funny side of things."—Mrs. Taylor.

"'Gene shall not go to those horrid jitney dances."—Ina Mulvihill.

"In view of the fact that I work at the Courier, the election ought to be successful."—J. H. Klinger.

"That's the way we ust to do at Red Key."—Peanut Eden.

"The Germans are only jellyous."—Bill Schults.

"That reminds me of a story."—Mr. Dannecker.

"Got a date?"—Ruth Lowe.

"Are we still friends?"—ME.

"Still love me?"—Kathleen Kem.

"Now quit! Don't make me laugh!"—Miriam Keesling.

"Still mad?"—Geo. Hill.

"Oh Himmel!"—Red Kramer.

"Quit your kiddin', Klinger."—J. B. Short.

"Oh, I don't mind stayin' another year."—H. L. Strong.

"Graft! Why, that's what makes the world go 'round."—E. B. Daugherty.

"Grace characterizes slim people."—K. R. Cofield.

"I wish Howard hadn't stayed so late."—Bernice Millikan.

"Where's ma hod?"—R. L. Cummins.

"We want this thing settled now."—Mr. Fox.

Mrs. Wilson—"When was the Revival of Learning?"

Homer—"Just before tests."

Mr. Dannecker (growing impatient)—"Just read it right off without saying anything."

There once, said a fellow named Gage,  
Who lived in this tea-dancing age,  
"My feet won't keep still,  
For in history they thrill  
At the footnotes on each little page."



# CLASS PLAY

## "The Man From Home"

### Cast of the Play.

Daniel Voorhees Pike.....Dudley A. Smith  
The Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch...John H. Klinger  
The Earle of Haw Castle.....Earl Poston  
The Hon Almeric St. Aubyn.....Lynn Thomas  
Ivanhoff ..... William Shults  
Horace Granger Simpson.....Paul Archibald  
Ribiere ..... 'Gene Hatfield  
Mariano ..... J. Johnston  
Michele ..... Bernice Millikan  
Carabinieres.....Jesse B. Short, Gilford Eden  
Ethel Granger Simpson ..... Kathleen Kem  
Comtesse DeChampign..... Rosa Murphey  
Lady Creech..... Louise Dingle  
Gypsies—Madge Hernly, Mary Stretch, Miriam Kees-  
ling, Genevieve Kramer, Nellie Harvey, Ruby  
Holliday, Hildred Carrier.

Acting in a style that reminded theatre-goers of William Hodge, the original "Man From Home," Dudley Smith, as Daniel Vorhees Pike, supported by a most capable cast, presented Booth Tarkington's delicious Hoosier play, "The Man From Home," at the Kaler theatre Thursday night, April 26th, before a packed house.

From the first to the finale the large audience enjoyed the production immensely and showed their approval of the play by frequent interruptions of boisterous applause.

Besides Dudley Smith as Daniel Vorhees Pike, Miss Kathleen Kem as Miss Ethel Granger-Simpson, Earl Poston as the Earl of Haw Castle, A. J. Beriault as Almeric St. Aubyn, John H. Klinger as Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch of Russia, and William Shults as Ivanoff, held the attention of the audience.

Lynn Thomas, who was to have taken the part of Almeric, was unable to do so because of a severe case of sore throat, which made it impossible for him to speak loud enough to be heard, and therefore Coach Beriault filled his place.

The scenes in the play were in or about the Hotel Regina, at Sorrento, Italy, a popular resort in Sunny Italia, and the play opened with a band of gypsies singing "Italia." The first action in the play soon announces the engagement of Almeric St. Aubyn to Miss Granger-Simpson, and then difficulties over a settlement begin to arise, with doubt on the part of the young lady and her brother, Horace Granger-Simpson, whether their guardian, a queer man from Kokomo, Indiana, whom they do not remember of ever seeing, will consent to the marriage and settlement.

While the ancient and honorable family of St. Aubyn is discussing various matters on the hotel terrace, Pike and his friend, whom he calls "Doc," come in. "Doc" is the Grand Duke Vasilivitch, traveling incog, and enjoys immensely the frank and open nature of his newly found American friend.

But the Granger-Simpsons are horrified beyond

words when they find that Pike is the guardian of whom they were talking, and feel greatly humiliated.

In the second act, in the garden in the rear of the hotel, Pike is busy fixing the stalled automobile of the grand duke, and while thus engaged conceals an escaped Russian political prisoner who appeals to him. When the carabinieri appear he tells them the man is his new chauffeur, and the Grand Duke verifies the statement. However, the Earl of Haw Castle discovers the transaction and attempts to use the knowledge as a club over the head of Pike to make him consent to the settlement, amounting to \$750,000, which he has steadfastly refused to do.

In the third scene in the hotel apartments in the evening, when Haw Castle comes for his answer, with the threat to jail Pike for aiding an escaped criminal, Pike plays his trump card and brings forth some musty history from the family closet of the proud house of St. Aubyn, which rather turns the tables in the case. At the same time the Grand Duke discloses his identity to save his friend from arrest.

In the fourth act Pike begins by consenting to do all that was originally asked of him regarding marriage, settlement and other incidental things, while Miss Granger-Simpson feels bound to Almeric now through a sense of duty, feeling that since he is disgraced and shamed that it is her duty to aid him as much as she can. But Almeric takes an entirely different view of the matter and is so flippant over the matter that Miss Granger-Simpson finally becomes disgusted with the fine flower of Europe and sees what a mistake she almost made and breaks her engagement. She finally decides to go back to Kokomo with Pike and tells him so, not in so many words, but by singing his favorite song, "Sweet Genevieve."

A very pretty finale was arranged for the show, the two leading characters clasping hands over a semi-circle of American flags, which the High School orchestra played "The Star Spangled Banner," making a very fitting finale to such a successful play.



# CALENDAR

## SEPTEMBER

- 4 School opens. Reunion of teachers and students.
- 5 Recitations begin.
- 6 Mr. Fox tutors the Freshmen.
- 7 Freshmen are as yet a little nervous.
- 8 Dudley Smith gives an oral composition.
- 11 Monday begins with the usual lessons.
- 12 Senior class officers elected.
- 13 Rosa Murphey prefers sitting on the floor.
- 14 First meeting of Juniors is held.
- 15 Seniors elect officers for Annual.
- 18 Plans made for Annual.
- 19 P. Cook forgets to get his German.
- 20 Junior class meeting.
- 21 Mr. Dannecker thinks assembly has too many laughter explosions.
- 22 Junior hay ride. Mr. Hughes speaks.
- 25 Chorus practice for Centennial celebration.
- 26 Senior class meeting.
- 27 Practice for Centennial held at Library.
- 28 Bernice Millikan blacks her shoes.
- 29 Centennial celebration held.

## OCTOBER

- 2 Senior room in annual uproar.
- 3 First tests begin, with usual grades.
- 4 Nora Sullivan receives a note.
- 5 Herman Abrams gets his A History.
- 6 Senior hay-ride. All had a fine time.
- 9 Class of 17 elect officers for Board of Control.
- 10 Margaret Johnson translates first sentence in Caesar.
- 11 Noisy Seniors receive a lecture.
- 12 Missionary to India gives us a talk.
- 13 Same schedule—study and recitations.
- 16 Rainy day after night before.
- 17 Cards out. Such grades.
- 18 B. Eden asks for advice from "The Lovelorn."
- 19 Reflector out.
- 20 Upper classmen entertain the Lower.
- 23 Monday morning program, in which orchestra joins.
- 24 Miss Connor forbids pony rides.
- 25 School holds election for President. Hughes elected.
- 26 Vacation. Party at Hernly's.
- 27 Vacation. Teachers at State Convention.
- 30 George Stout holds a conversation in Mr. Fox's office.
- 31 Hallowe'en. Madge Hernly gives a party.

## NOVEMBER

- 1 Talk about green ties. Ask a Sophomore.
- 2 Dr. Gerald Hiatt speaks on care of teeth.
- 3 Meeting of Ladies' Chorus.
- 4 Mixed Chorus meets.
- 5 Election Day. Everyone excited.
- 8 Freshmen somewhat anxious over their pennies.
- 9 Miss Taylor, "Don't you know no better than to use good English."
- 10 Talk about election. Money flying everywhere.
- 13 Dr. Brow talks to students about education.
- 14 A few Seniors walk the "Worn and Beaten Path" to Mr. Fox's office.
- 15 Caesar class overjoyed at death of Caesar; information in text books.
- 16 Cold day. Certainly is snowing.
- 17 Mr. Fox speaks to school upon "Morals."
- 20 Senior debate on "Compulsory Arbitration."
- 21 Two Seniors try to locate Ghent in U. S.
- 22 Francis Johnston teaches (?) a History Class.
- 23 Eugene Hatfield takes a nap.
- 24 B. B. boys play at Hartford City.
- 27 Senior boys forget to comb their hair.
- 28 Senior girls celebrate cold weather with gingham dresses and ribbons.

- 29 Convocation; good program
- 30 Ladies' Chorus meets.

## DECEMBER

- 1 Mixed Chorus meets.
- 4 Hildred Carrier has a blue day.
- 5 Some boys VOLUNTARILY leave English.
- 6 Methodist minister gives fine talk.
- 7 Bernice Millikan starts a new style.
- 8 Practice held for Centennial Program.
- 11 Centennial celebration.
- 12 Genevieve Kramer loses her "Freckles."
- 13 Edward Kiddy visits the office.
- 14 Students' School Reform organized.
- 15 Meeting of Chorus.
- 18 Convocation.
- 19 Recitations and usual proceedings.
- 20 Convocation, with orchestra accompaniment.
- 21 Meeting of Board of Control.
- 22 Meeting of Juniors.
- 23 Christmas vacation begins; no more school 'till January.

## JANUARY

- 2 Herman Abrams promises not to talk.
- 3 Six weeks' examinations begin.
- 4 Percy Cook recites Algebra.
- 5 Checking of grades for semester.
- 8 A fine day.
- 9 Bernard Shirk shirks Latin.
- 10 Examinations begin. Poor kids.
- 11 Seniors play "hookey" and get caught.
- 12 Last day of Exams; few failures.
- 15 Beginning of new semester.
- 16 Recitations begin for new term.
- 17 The Freshmen are informed not to play gum.
- 18 About 300 pupils in High School. Rooms are full.
- 19 B. B. game with Richmond. All excited.
- 22 Lost game, but still have the spirit.
- 23 Coldest weather we have had. Everyone gloomy.
- 24 Marguerite Koons gets her German twisted.
- 25 Chorus meets. Still cold.
- 26 Mixed Chorus meets.
- 29 Debate on Capital Punishment.
- 30 Seniors decide on Class Play.
- 31 Convocation. Orchestra plays.

## FEBRUARY

- 1 Freshmen get rid of their "Flippers."
- 2 Francis Johnston falls lightly to the floor.
- 5 High School about freezes out.
- 6 Big fire of Union Block.
- 7 Convocation, in which "good manners" are set forth.
- 8 Percy Cook makes annual trip to office.
- 9 "Rosenial" new name for Annual.
- 12 Oliver Koons "hits the trail" also.
- 13 Good start made on Annual.
- 14 Seniors appoint officers for Class Day.
- 15 George Powers distributes Valentines.
- 16 N. C. plays double game in B. B.; win both.
- 19 Seniors begin practicing on "Man From Home."
- 20 Fine day for pony rides; especially the Latin students.
- 21 Mr. Lawrence gives speech on "Good Manners."
- 22 Wherein a few Seniors go fishing. So they say.
- 23 Fine day. Everyone in good spirits.
- 26 Rev. Brown speaks before assembly.
- 27 Raid made on Sophomore room.
- 28 B. B. boys practice for last game.

## MARCH

- 1 Gentleman speaks on Physical Culture.
- 2 B. B. boys win game with Cambridge City.
- 5 Election day. Pretty cold.



- 6 Civics class elect George Elliott mayor.
- 7 Convocation and rain.
- 8 A rainy Thursday.
- 9 Chorus practices for Teachers' Association.
- 12 Every one excited over tornado.
- 13 Spring vacation. Out 'till the nineteenth.
- 19 Back to school again. Everyone glad.
- 20 More rain. Gloomy day.
- 21 Sun shines. Pupils play "hookey."
- 22 Seniors practice for play.
- 23 Speaking Club debates. Mr. Epstein wins.
- 26 Mr. Bronson declares himself neutral.

- 27 Juniors meet, over "Junior Prom."
- 28 Juniors decide to give Prom on May eleventh.
- 29 Chorus practice for Patriotic Meeting.
- 30 A few Seniors take a walk.

#### APRIL

- 26 Class Day.

#### MAY

- 11 Junior Prom.

— OO —

## Alumni---Classes '12-'13-'14-'15-'16

### The Alumni

"By their fruits ye shall know them," is true of the New Castle High School. The Alumni is the harvest of the school. We have no reason to be ashamed of our product. Out of the 188 who have graduated since 1912, 41.1 per cent have attended higher institutions of learning, preparing to make of themselves men and women who will lift the stand-

ard of life higher in whatever community they may live.

Among the older members we have lawyers, statesmen, poets, artists, doctors, authors, politicians, teachers, farmers and housekeepers of whom we are proud.

#### CLASS OF 1912

Chas. Rogers.....Graduated from Law School at Indianapolis last spring.  
 Effie Vaughn.....Married and lives here  
 Earl Fraizer.....Graduated from I. U. last spring  
 Earl Peckinpugh...Graduated from I. U. last spring  
 Essie McCray.....Teaching near Wilkinson  
 Fred Howren.....Married and lives here  
 Floyd Hodson.....At Purdue  
 Fern Hodson.....Married William Atchison  
 Gerald Hiatt.....A dentist in New Castle  
 Gladys Hudelson....Working in the Hoosier office  
 Jolman Cloud.....Chicago University  
 James Boyd.....In Detroit  
 John Modlin.....At Atkinson  
 Josephine Jeffrey....Married William Atchison  
 Janet Millikan.....Lives in Indianapolis  
 Lillian Risk.....Bookkeeper at the Daily Times office  
 Merle Powers.....Married and lives here  
 Orville Smith.....Travels for the Hoosier Mfg. Co  
 Paul Weir.....Dentist in Indianapolis  
 Ruby Wilkinson.....Works at her father's store  
 Robert Shultz.....Lives here  
 Wilbur Canaday...Graduates from Harvard this year

#### CLASS OF 1913

William Arthur.....Works at Marion, Ind  
 Lucile Berry.....Works at the Maxwell  
 Dorothy Bouslog....Married Don Bowyer and they live here.  
 Winifred Brown.....Married Wray Draper and they live in Detroit, Mich.  
 Inez Bacon.....Works at the Maxwell  
 Irene Caverly.....Married Gerald Hiatt  
 Elliott Connor.....Traveling for Diamond Match Co  
 Coleen Crowe.....At home  
 William Clift.....At home  
 Marian Gronendyke.....At home  
 Adah Granger.....At County Clerk's Office  
 Harriet Goodwin.....At home  
 Gilbert Hewitt.....At Farmers Bank  
 Alice Hudelson.....Works at the Hoosier  
 Bernice Hiatt.....Married Herman Jones

Tramml Ice.....Senior at Purdue  
 Herman Jones.....Married  
 Alphonso Kimbrough....At the Rose City Pharmacy  
 Orleen Lamb.....Teaching in Michigan  
 Mildred Lawrence.....Teaching at Straughn  
 Berna Landwer.....Married and lives at Greenfield  
 Newton Leakey.....At Purdue  
 Marie Long...Interested in Home Bakery, S. Main St  
 Leora Lake.....Teaching at New Castle  
 John Luellen.....Deputy Clerk at Court House  
 Irvin Morris.....At the Hoosier Office  
 Ada Martin.....At Indianapolis  
 Christa Modlin...Married Harold Wallace; lives here  
 Eunice Nicholson.....Clerks at Burgner's Store  
 Catherine McCarthy...Married; lives in Terre Haute  
 Hannah McCleery...Works at New Castle Loan Co  
 Lois Post.....At Indiana University  
 Estel Peckinpugh.....At home  
 John Riggs.....On the farm  
 Donald Rogers.....At DePauw University  
 Ida Sheppel.....Married  
 Clarence Scott.....At Holloway-Wright's Office  
 Horace Stout.....At Wabash University  
 Fred Scott.....Married  
 Madeline Shultz.....Married Floyd Osting  
 Ruth Strain.....Married William Crandall  
 Joe Thompson.....Married  
 Archie Tracy.....At Cairo, Ill  
 Doris Wrencke.....Teaching near Gosport, Ind  
 Linda White.....Senior at Earlham  
 Louise Williams....Bookkeeper at Stout & Williams  
 Harry Williams.....At the Maxwell

#### CLASS OF 1914

Jeanette Wilson.....In Kansas  
 Walter Messick.....  
 Doris Cloud.....At Casket Co. Office  
 Richard Beach.....At University of Wisconsin  
 Margaret Hindman.....At home  
 Wishard Greist...Studying Architecture in California  
 Linsa Polk.....Farmer  
 Bertha Smith...Married Harold Fox and lives here  
 Edith Mendenhall....At Dr. Stafford's Office  
 Frank Hamilton.....With the Daily Courier



Montreau Fleming.....At Earlham College  
Leonard Craig.....Clerk at Beall Clothing Store  
Annice Wilson.....Married Carroll Bowyer  
Henry Davidson.....Farming  
Edith Foust.....Married Wilbur Spitler  
Lowell Hiatt.....At Indiana University  
Mabel Smith.....Married  
Ivy Diehl.....Teaching Music and Domestic Art at Cadiz  
John Gunder.....Graduated from Metropolitan School  
of Music at Indianapolis.

Ruth Motley.....Lives at Richmond, Ind  
Raymond Dingle.....Married Alice McLaughlin  
Works at Dingle Coal Co

Sarah Green.....At Indiana University  
Claud Wilkinson.....Works at Post Office  
Felice Smith.....Society Editor of the Daily Courier  
Thomas Shelley.....At Beall's Clothing Store  
Dwight Kessler.....With the Briscoe Auto Racing Team  
Leotah Pearce.....Teaching at Sugar Grove School  
Earl Johnson.....Drug Clerk at Rose City Pharmacy  
Mary Burris.....At Indiana University  
Evelyn Wright.....Married William Summers and  
lives at Indianapolis.

#### CLASS OF 1915

Day Bacon.....At the Hoosier Office  
Gerald Bailly.....At home  
Eva Calland.....At Business College  
Darrell Clearwater.....At the Maxwell  
Edith Cluggish.....At Standard Motor Parts Office  
Hassel Conn.....Married  
Denise DeWerp.....With Interstate Public Service Co  
Cecil Dickinson.....At the Casket Factory  
Irene Foust.....At the National Cloak and Suit Co  
Helene Gough.....At McGeath's Real Estate Office  
Madaline Gullion.....At Indiana University  
Ernest Helton.....At the Maxwell  
Fred Henderson.....At the Hoosier Office  
Ruby Hinds.....At home  
Mabel Hodson.....At Purdue University  
Calvin Hudelson.....With Military Band  
Helen Jackson.....At Butler College  
George Jeffrey.....At the University of Virginia  
David Jennings.....At home  
Charles Johnston.....Remey Electric Co., Anderson  
Wilbur Kampe.....At Earlham College  
William Loer.....At Ann Arbor, Michigan  
Valentine Mendenhall.....At Goodwin's Clothing Store  
Edna Mills.....At Earlham College  
Beatrice Mitten.....Business Manager of Clinic  
Olive Modlin.....At Standard Motor Parts Office  
George Myers.....With Frankfort (Ind.) Times  
Mabel Neff.....At Earlham College

Mildred Peckinpaugh.....At home  
Martha Runyan.....At DePauw University  
Barbara Schmidt.....At Ridgway's Ten Cent Store  
Ocil Sinclair.....At the Maxwell  
Nelly Jane Smith.....At Standard Motor Parts Office  
Clarence Thompson.....At the Maxwell  
Lawrence Underwood.....At Northwestern University  
Byron Williams.....At the Maxwell

#### CLASS OF 1916

Edward Armstrong.....At the Maxwell  
James Brown.....At Indiana University  
Russell Brubaker.....Linotype Operator at Times Office  
Catherine Bunting.....At Earlham College  
Bernice Burgess.....At home  
Levi Carey.....At the Maxwell  
Richard Cloud.....At the Hoosier Office  
Opal Cook.....Attending Indiana University  
Lloyd Diehl.....Running a Ford  
George Elliott.....In the Navy  
Floyd Fields.....In Colorado  
Thad Gordon.....At the Maxwell  
Margaret Green.....At the Maxwell Office  
Jessie Grissom.....At Indiana Business College  
Robert Heller.....At Ann Arbor, Michigan  
Agnes Jameson.....At Jackson, Michigan  
Hazel Klus.....Asst. Librarian at New Castle Library  
Fred Koons.....On the farm  
Herman Lawell.....At the Piano Factory  
Ruth Lawson.....At home  
Victor Lawson.....At Tri-State College, Angola, Ind  
Garnet Lee.....At the Garment Factory  
Leotis Lewis.....On the farm  
Clifford Lowe.....At the State Normal  
Marie Miller.....At Woolworth's Ten Cent Store  
Lois Mouch.....At Ward Belmont, Tenn  
Perry Nation.....At home  
Edith Newby.....At home  
Helen Ogborne (Mrs. Claude Daniel).....Deceased  
Clarence Orner.....At Hanover College  
Ivan Paul.....At home  
Dora Pope.....At the State Normal  
Eugene Rothrock.....At the State Normal  
Eufaula Sanders.....At Business College  
Harriet Smith.....Married Garland Lyman  
Ira Smith.....At the Hoosier Office  
June Smith.....Society Editor Daily Times  
Howard Trout.....At home  
Byron Wilson.....At the New Castle Lumber Co  
Paul Wintersteen.....At Purdue University  
Ivan Hodson.....At home





## Benjamin S. Parker

In the dedication of our Year-Book we failed to make mention of one of the most notable men in the history of our city—a name that has been since the recognition of its worth one of the most justly loved by the home folk of our county, and one of the foremost in the literary circles of our State—the name of Benjamin S. Parker.

Benjamin S. Parker was born in a pioneer cabin in Henry County, Indiana, February 10, 1833, and reared in the midst of the exacting toils of the farm-making period of the State's history. But humble as was their cabin home, his parents were people of superior intelligence. They were lovers of books and seekers after knowledge, and his father was a pioneer school teacher. In their home they practiced the good habit of reading aloud, both the father and mother having been excellent readers, and Mr. Parker traced his interest in literature back to the long winter evenings when his parents read Scott's novels and poetry, Bulwer, Burns and Byron aloud, by the light of the roaring log fire as it flamed up the wide-throated chimney. There were other people in the neighborhood who were seeking knowledge, also, for themselves, and more especially for their children. The result was a school, which grew to be a remarkably good one for that day and time.

In that school Mr. Parker was educated, but he was a student until he was called from among us March 14, 1911. He began to write when he was yet a boy, and wrote both in prose and verse. Besides his early toils on the farm, he was a teacher, editor, and office-holder, and transacted much business, both of a public and private nature. He wrote more prose than verse, and was a contributor to a number of leading periodicals.

He was married in 1869 to Miss Huldah Wickersham and their family consists of two daughters and one son, all grown and filling honorable places in life.

Miss Florence Parker, one of the daughters, has been teaching in the New Castle public schools for about twenty-five years and, in a way, promoting the good work of her father. Mrs. Samuel Bufkin, the other daughter, has been a hard worker in the civic affairs of our city.

The development of the standard of education about this community is, in a large measure, accredited to the work of the generations of the Parker family, and we students of this day realize it is our privilege to thank them for their sacrifices, and do so by presenting the works of the one of them most honored.

### "The Poet"

God made the poet,  
Nature wrought his heart;  
But foolish fortune  
Heeded not his art.

Heaven wooed the boy  
To songs divinest skill,  
But men and critics  
Joined to work him ill.

His plea for love  
The cruel heart denied;  
His wail for bread  
Was silenced when he died.

But from his ashes  
There uprose a tree,  
A brier, a vine,  
A flower to woo the bee:

And men and maidens  
Sought the happy bower  
To dream sweet dreams  
Through many an idle hour.

They, listening, heard not  
But were still aware  
Of rhyme and motion  
In the ambient air:—

A viewless presence,  
Palpitating, sweet,  
That swayed their souls  
As zephyr sways the wheat

When quails are nesting,  
Till each man and maid  
Discerned the poet  
Trembling through the shade.

The poet dies not  
Though the man depart,  
Sweet mother nature  
Holds him in her heart,

Renews his singing  
Year by year and swells  
Her aeons of bloom  
With his love miracles.

God made the poet,  
Nature wrought his heart,  
But foolish fortune  
Heeded not his art,

And when she famished  
On her gilded crust,  
The poet rose up singing  
From the dust.



IN SUMMER TIME

To L. O. H.—True Poet and Gentleman

In summer time, at flush of noon,  
I love my discord, hate your tune;  
I love your song, forget my rhyme,  
At evening sweet in summer time.  
I shout your song, forget my rhyme,  
When birds and bees together chime,  
At morning's blush in summer time.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

You ask for a rhyme in this book of yours:  
A rhyme, fair maiden, of what shall it be?  
Shall it speak the struggle that long endures;  
For the fame that liveth eternally?  
Ah no, my maiden, fame comes too nigh  
And wreathes but heads that are growing gray;  
Better by far, as the years go by,  
A joy that is steadfast day by day,  
With a laugh to laugh and a song to sing,  
And a hope forever blossoming.

AU REVOIR

One sings alone for joy of song,  
And one for hope of gain;  
Another sings for dreams that throng  
The paths of doubt and pain.

And who shall win and who shall wait,  
Whose songs the people heed?  
When nights are old and moons are late,  
Whose lonely heart shall bleed?

For hearts must bleed and men must wait,  
And many a bard must fail,  
And some sit cold and desolate  
When snows of age prevail.

I, who have never dared to claim  
The poet's right divine,  
Have wrought in love's benignant name  
These faltering lays of mine.

They gushed from out an ardent soul  
That nature bade to sing,  
And if they fail of art's control,  
Or want the flow and swing

That give the lyric muse her power,  
I shall not bow in shame,  
But pray for some immortal dower  
Of love's diviner flame.

And toiling down the western slope  
Where evening shadows throng,  
I fain would garner sweeter hope  
In richer sheaves of song.

But if this may not be, O, friends!  
And I should strive in vain,  
And walk unknown where day-light ends  
And nights are dark with rain;

Pray speak but this for my poor art;  
"He missed the call divine,  
But never stooped to wound a heart  
Or paint a cruel line."

THE WORM AND THE WOODPECKER

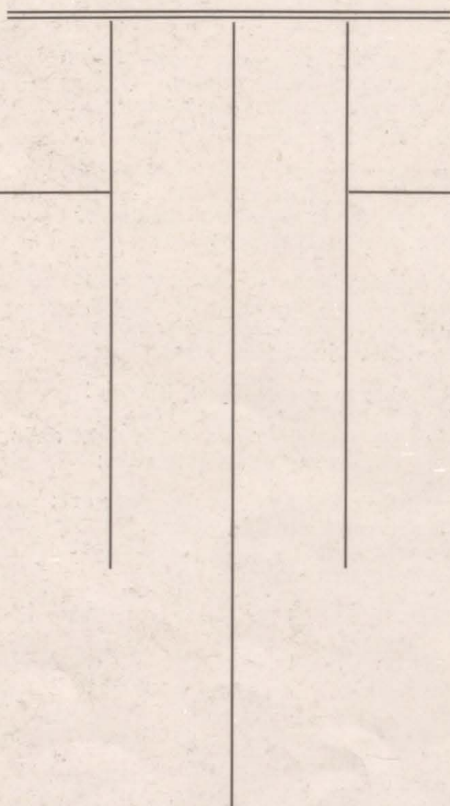
A woodpecker pecked on a hickory limb,  
And a chuckle-headed worm hurried out,  
For a strange curiosity whispered to him:  
"Go 'n' see what that fool bird's about."  
Alas, for the folly that takes for a fool  
Every creature it don't comprehend,  
For it brings in this world, I am told, as a rule,  
A full peck of woe in the end.

SEEK NOT EVIL

Seek thou no evil for a friend,  
Seek thou no evil for a foe,  
Although you give him blow for blow  
In honor's cause; but still extend  
Some kindly thought till conflicts end;  
Thus shall your happiness increase,  
And your last days be days of peace.



Shoo—shoo—shoo rackedoo—  
 Shoo racko dum dum—follow up a Jew!  
 Shnell—shnell—shnidle up a ligg---  
 Shnidle up a lingo bango  
 We belong to the '17 crew  
 Siss---boom---bah!

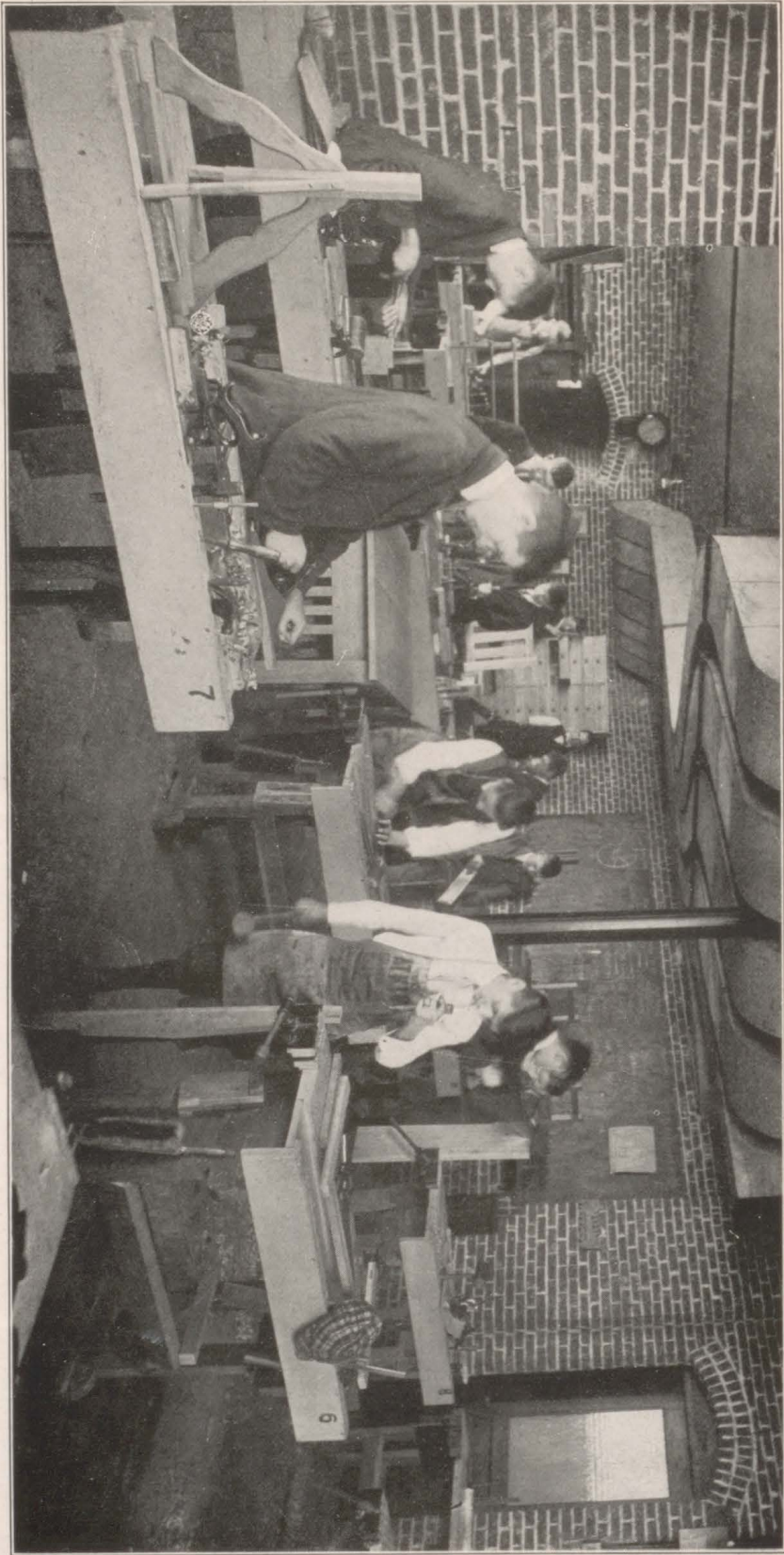






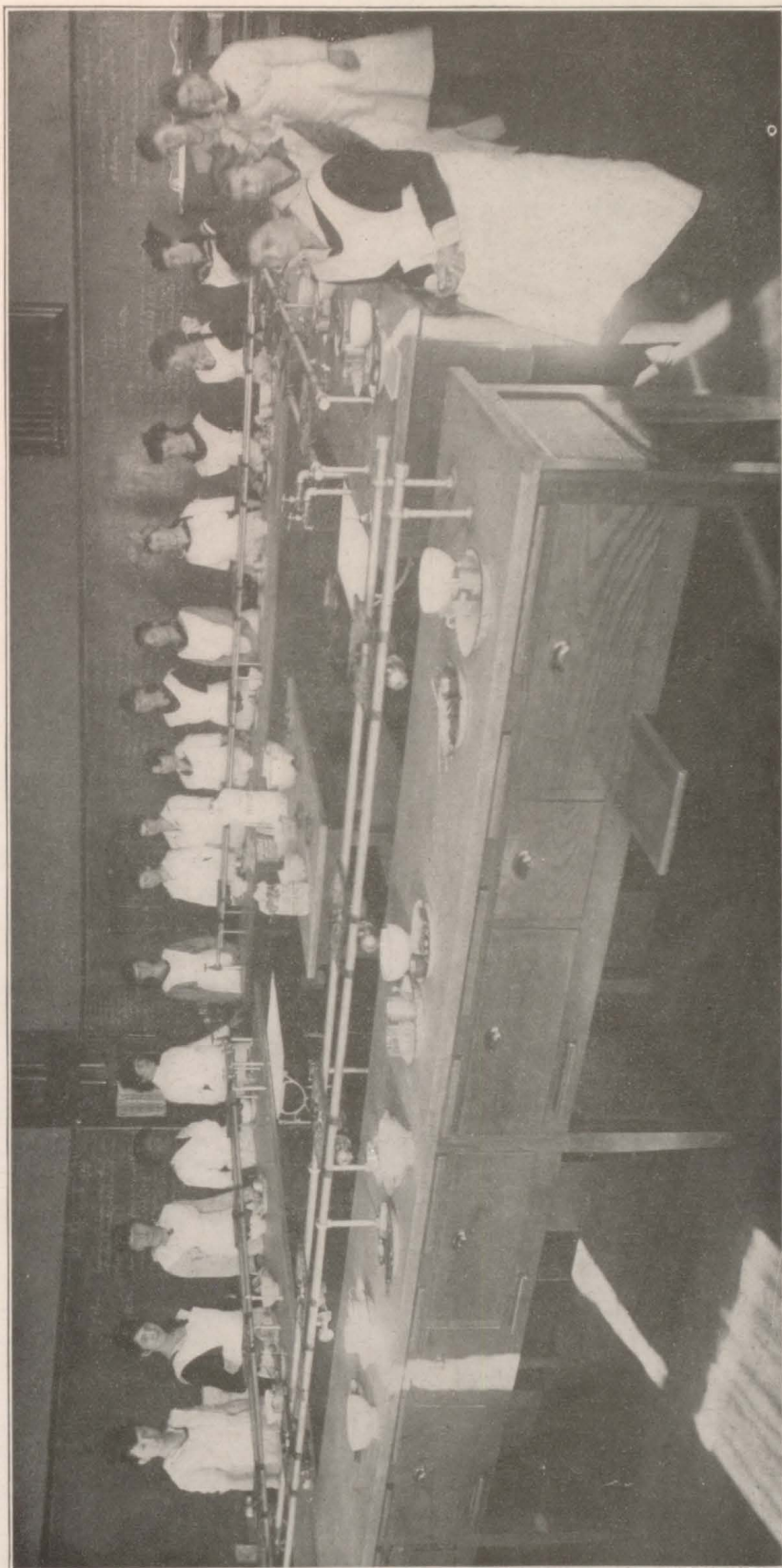
In the Shop





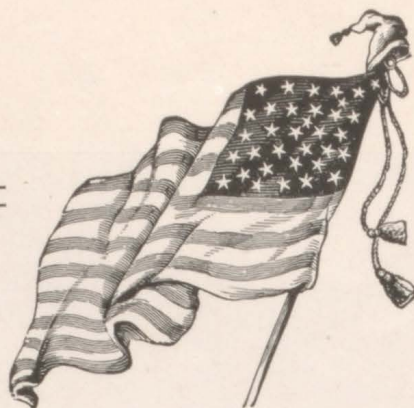
A Busy Scene in Our Shop





Domestic Science Department





## The Name of Old Glory

1898

When, why, and by whom, was our flag, the Stars  
and Stripes first called "Old Glory"?

### I

Old Glory! say, who,  
By the ships and the crew,  
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue,  
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear  
With such pride everywhere  
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air  
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to?—  
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,  
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?—  
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and red,  
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—  
By day or by night  
Their delightfulest light  
Laughing down from their little square heaven of  
blue!—

Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say, who—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering then  
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

### II

Old Glory,—speak out!—we are asking about  
How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,  
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay  
As we cheer it and shout it in our wild breezy way—  
We—the crowd, every man of us, calling you that—  
We—Tom, Dick and Harry—each swinging his hat  
And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,  
When—Lord!—we all know we're as common as sin!  
And yet it just seems like you humor us all  
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall  
Into line, with you over us, waving us on  
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.—  
And this is the reason we're wanting to know—  
(And we're wanting it so!—

Where our fathers went we are willing to go.)—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—O-ho!—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill  
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.

### III

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear  
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—  
For your name—just to hear it,  
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit  
As salt as a tear;—  
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,  
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye  
And an aching to live for you always—or die,  
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.  
And so, by our love  
For you, floating above,  
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why  
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,  
And fluttered an audible answer at last.—

### IV

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:  
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red  
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—  
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,  
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,  
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—  
My name is as old as the glory of God.

. . . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.



## If It Were Not For The Advertisers—

**O**UR Rosennial would be a failure—in fact, we could not even publish it. In view of this fact, Dear Readers, please help us in repaying them for their generosity by remembering these merchants as being men who are interested in the welfare of the community, and are therefore deserving of your patronage.

THE STAFF



# VAUGHAN-POLK CO.

Home of  
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX  
FINE CLOTHES



New Spring Suits \$15.00 to \$30.00



Douglas Fairbanks in "In Again; Out Again"  
—at—

**Starette Theatre**

June 4th and 5th. Don't fail to see this one.  
Its the chance of a lifetime.

## BOYD BROS.

Insurance, Loans, Bonds

OUR office paid more Tor-  
nado Losses from the  
recent storm than any other  
Insurance Office in this city.

Phone 148



WHEN you want  
JEWELRY  
Don't forget that—

H. T. COFFIN

—is the Reliable Jeweler  
Established 1873

CHAS. C. LYNN

THE SAN TOX  
DRUG STORE

Drugs, Books and Stationery,  
Cut Flowers and Wall  
Paper

1313 BROAD STREET  
New Castle, - Indiana

∴ JOKES ∴

Paul—"Will you sing, 'Because I Love You'?"  
Madge—"Of course; what shall I sing?"

The class of '17 has the satisfaction that it leaves  
several big foot-prints on the sands of time.

REVISED VERSION:

"Silently, one by one, in the big book in the office  
blossom the lovely U's, the forgetyounots of the  
Faculty."

SPRING ALGEBRA

Let X—: : nice afternoon  
Y : : school  
Then X — Y : : good time.

Miss Chambers—"Who was Carlyles?"  
Carleton Darguash—"Mrs. Carlyle."

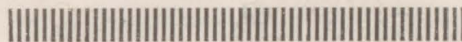
Miss Taylor (In English)—"What is a guinea?"  
Archie Hill—"A chicken."

Mrs. Wilson (In Civics)—"Where is the Penal  
farm?"  
Biz Shirk—"At New Albany."  
"No."  
Biz—"Well, what is it at New Albany?"  
Edgar Mills—"Cyclone or Poor Farm."

Mr. Bronson to Ruth Lowe, who passed Fat while  
he was writing his Chemistry paper—"Don't bother  
grandpa there, Ruth."

Fat (after completing his writing)—"Here, Mr.  
Bronson, come get grandpa's paper."

Clift and Davis  
SHOE CO.





## Bundy Billard Parlor

T. K. BRITTAIN, Prop.

CIGARS,  
TOBACCO,  
CANDIES

High Class Billiards and Pool



LISTEN to your friends talking about shoes—most of them will favor Walk-Overs because they wear them and like them. A glance at our windows will show you why everyone says McIntyre has the best looking shoes.

## McIntyre's

## SKINNER BROS.

BICYCLES and ATHLETIC  
GOGDS

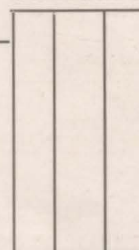
Your Old Bicycles  
Made Like New

We Sell the Goods  
THAT SATISFY

111 North Main Street-  
Phone 251

## Rex Cigar Store

Still up to the old  
Standard





YOU are invited to call and  
inspect the new and ex-  
clusive line of

## MILLINERY

shown by

Maud F. Redding

200 South 14th Street

Opposite Terminal Station

For Prompt Taxi Service—

Phone 193

Careful  
Courteous  
Chauffeurs

East Side Garage & Taxi  
Company

## ∴ JOKES ∴

Dedicated to P. Cornelius Archibald, For Mrs. Wil-  
son's Amusement and Benefit.

Talk about your joys of love  
And things that they behoove,  
But he saw only one cooing dove,  
That to him those things did prove.

They met beneath a silvery moon,  
As bright as bright could be,  
Where he to her a love verse crooned—  
She gurgled with loving glee.

She whispered, "Dearest, sweetest Paul."  
He answered, "My own, my little Madge."  
He took from her, her tiny ring—  
She took his Senior badge.

Long weeks passed into a month,  
And months—almost a year.  
Their love had many a hard old bump  
And many a sleepless tear.

Poor Paul grew bent beneath  
The "Work" he had to do,  
For Doctor Madge required his company  
At evening when school was thru.

Excepting these, a few small fault,  
Their course of love ran stout.  
She locked her money in a safety vault  
To keep him from skipping out.  
—Gene Paul Hatfield.

## Cooper's Book Store

HAVE a library  
of your own.  
"A library of good  
books is the cream  
of the world's  
wealth." We can  
please you in our  
goods and prices.

Books, Stationery,  
School Supplies, Art  
Goods, Magazines,  
and Office Supplies.



## KAHN-HELLER CO.

New Castle, Indiana

—48 YEARS—

In business in the same location makes you feel confident that at all times you can find what you are looking for at the right prices. Correct styles in all dependable merchandise.

WE DESIRE THE TRADE OF PARTICULAR PEOPLE

## AN AGE OF SPECIALISTS

THIS is an age of specialists. Almost every profession and trade of today have their separate and distinct classes that make a life study of some one special line. The benefits enjoyed by the world because of these specialists are numberless. In decorative home furnishing we are specialists—one of the few who enjoy that distinction. We give this line earnest study—constant thought; and that is why we can meet your most exacting demands; furnishing your home in a way that demands attraction from all who enter it.

You can not think of a furniture need but what we can meet it quickly and well.

Furniture, Stoves, Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets, Free Sewing Machines, Rugs, Carpets, Draperies, Victrolas and Edison Phonographs.

THE HOLLOWAY-WRIGHT CO.

New Castle, Indiana



## The Difference

EVERY normal person knows how to make money. It's knowing how to SAVE money that draws the line between success and failure.

Permit us to suggest that a savings account at our bank is the very best thing to help you to save. Start now. Pinch out a little from your earnings every week. You will soon take justifiable pride in seeing that account grow.

### The Farmers National Bank

New Castle, Indiana

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VAUDEVILLE, MUSICAL  
COMEDY, DRAMATIC  
SHOWS AND FEATURE  
PICTURES OF HIGHEST  
STANDARD. : : : : :



## Spring and Summer

## SUITS

IN ALL THE NEW  
MODELS AND  
FABRICS : : :

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Coliseum Bldg.



BLACK CAT  
HOSIERY



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Hard to Tear

The Right Store  
The Right Price

Neff-Barr Dry Goods Co.

Sellers of Good  
Merchandise

GOOD SILKS FOR  
WAISTS and DRESSES  
COME TO US FOR  
THEM. OUR STOCKS  
ARE NEW AND COM-  
PLETE : : ; ; ;

and  
**Justrite**  
CORSETS

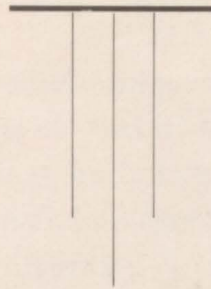
READY-TO-WEAR ON  
SECOND FLOOR.  
WAISTS, CLOAKS and  
SKIRTS, MILLINERY,  
DRAPERY, MUSLIN,  
UNDERWEAR ; ; ;

THIS booklet was printed in the  
Job Department of the Daily  
Times—the largest and most com-  
plete printing plant in the county.



## Citizens State Bank

You should have one of our  
Safety Deposit Boxes  
Ask us about this.



## ... JOKES ...

### CAN YOU IMAGINE

Herman Abrams at school on time?  
Homer Strong in the halls without Reva?  
Archie Hill not asleep in Botany?  
Ina Mulvihill with her mouth shut once?  
"Red" Achor without his lessons?  
Somebody with a mouth that's bigger than  
Hildred's?  
Margaret Brown without her powder puff?  
Prof. Fox with a wig on?  
Mrs. Wilson without patience  
Edith Richards with a fellow?  
J. "Fat" with a little common sense?  
Mildred Dingel without her cud?  
George Hill and "Lum" Cofield as twins?  
Dannecher with a hair cut?  
Mary Stevens cheating in tests?  
R. Cummins without his pipe?  
"Tobby" Hays as "giant" in a side-show?  
Newell "Bacon" with fried eggs?  
Jesse Short with his Chemistry note book up to  
date?  
Dude Smith without a grouch?

### OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT.

Judge—"What is your name?"  
Swede—"Jan Olson."  
Judge—"Married?"  
Swede—"Ya."  
Judge—"Whom did you marry?"  
Swede—"Ay married a woman."  
Judge—"Well, you fool, did you ever know any  
one that didn't marry a woman?"  
Swede—"Ya, my sister; she married a man."

## ROSE CITY PHARMACY

THE  
REXALL  
STORE

Cameras, Apollo  
Chocolates, Foun-  
tain Pens, Colum-  
bia Grafophones  
and Records.



# THE SUCCESS of the ROSENNIAL

is in no small way due to the

## Quality of Stafford Engravings and the character of Stafford Co-operation

In making this statement we have no desire to take any credit from the editorial staff—in fact we feel that it is all the more to their credit that they realized the superior quality of Stafford engravings and that they so thoroughly appreciated the value of Stafford co-operation.

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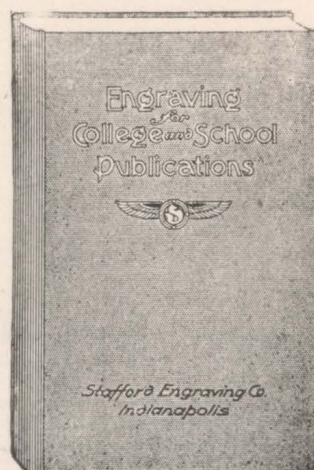
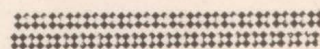
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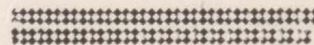
In addition to the general assistance of this hand-book, we give you also our direct and individual co-operation.



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We have a large department devoted exclusively to copper-plate engraving and steel-die embossing. We can give you quality and service on your commencement invitations, fraternity stationery, visiting cards and any other work of this character. Samples with prices on request.



Stafford engravings and Stafford co-operation  
will help to assure the success of any  
college or school publication

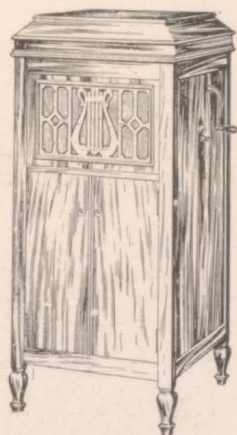
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Artistic Designers, Engravers

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Indiana



Style - "Y"  
Price \$125



## Starr Pianos and Phonographs

If you can neither sing or  
play you never feel em-  
barressed while entertaining  
company if there is a Starr  
Phonograph in your home.

The Starr Piano Co.  
1213 Race Street  
Phone 162

## ... JOKES ...

### A STUTTERER

Not long ago a stutterer entered a railway station and took his place in the line of those waiting to purchase tickets. His turn finally came: "I w-w-w-want a t-t-t-t." A station agent grabs him.

"Come, move on; you know you must not delay the line."

He went back and took his place in the line. His turn finally came again.

"I w-w-w-want tut-tut-tut-to g-g-go b-b-y f-f-freight."

"Go by freight? Why, what's the matter with you?"

"I c-c-c-can't exp-p-press mum-mum-myself."

### SHE LEARNED.

Two ladies, previously unacquainted, were conversing at a reception. After a few conventional remarks the younger explained:

"I cannot think what has upset that tall blonde man over there. He was so attentive a little while ago, but he won't look at me now."

"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband."

At a revival meeting recently held in a town in Cattaraugus County, N. Y., the chairman of the meeting in his closing remarks said:

"Brothers and sisters, we have with us this evening Elder Brown, who will deliver an address, and I am sure you will find he is full of his subject."

The Elder arose somewhat confused and said: "My dear friends, I trust you will pardon Mr. Chairman for the error he has made in his final remarks that I am full of my subject tonight, for my subject is 'The Devil.'"

Walter A. Buhrman

THE  
DEPENDABLE  
JEWELER

1337 Broad Street



ESTABLISHED 1880  
 THE GOODWIN CLOTHING CO.  
 ADLER ROCHESTER Clothes



Good Clothing and  
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MOST things can be anybody's  
 gift—your portrait is dis-  
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 STUDIO

Over Royal  
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## Central Trust & Savings Company

New Castle, Indiana

Capital and Surplus  
\$100,000

R. H. McINTYRE, President

E. H. BUNDY, Vice-President

RAY DAVIS, Secretary

## ∴ JOKES ∴

### A NEW ALARM CLOCK.

A tourist in rural Scotland, who took refuge for the night in the cottage of an old lady, asked her to wake him early in the morning. He warned her that he was quite deaf, and hoped that she would not disturb the other guests by any loud noises.

Upon awakening much later than the appointed hour, he found that the old lady, with strict regard for the proprieties, had slipped under his door a slip of paper upon which was written:

"Sir, it's hauf-past eight. Ye'd better get up."

### WHAT IMAGINATION WILL DO

Two Irishmen who had just landed in this country were staying over night in a small New York hotel. After they had turned out the gas and gone to bed they found that there was no fresh air coming into the room, and hence they could not sleep. Mike got up and worked with the window for some time, and was not successful in getting it to raise. Becoming impatient, he took his fist and smashed the glass.

"Fine," said Pat, after Mike had got back in bed.

"Yes," said Mike, "there's nothing like plenty of fresh air, me boy."

They went to sleep and with astonishment they woke the next morning to find that Mike had smashed out the glass in an old bookcase.

Little drops of acid,

Little bits of zinc,

Give us lots of learning,

But raise an awful

## The Ridge Pharmacy

PURE DRUGS,  
CAMERAS and  
SUPPLIES,  
BOOKS and  
MAGAZINES

1603 Broad Street  
Phone 414



# HOLT

THE GARMENT  
CLEANER



FURS CLEANED  
PLUMES DYED

See—

The Ice Hardware Co.

FOR A FULL LINE  
OF BASEBALL and  
GOLF GOODS,  
FISHING TACKLE  
and TENNIS  
SUPPLIES : : :

NEW CASTLE,  
INDIANA

The Henry County  
Building and Loan  
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Pays  
**6%**

Has Money to Loan on New  
Castle Real Estate

208 S. 14th St.

MARTIN L. KOONS  
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Special Display of—

Dress Hats  
— and —  
Sport Hats

Suitable for  
Graduation

G.L. & C.C. Coffin  
Milliners



# Royal THEATRE

HOME OF THE  
SILENT ART—

WHERE PRODUCTIONS OF  
QUALITY REIGN SUPREME

## ... JOKES ...

"If here you're hit, this salve you'll find the best,  
Don't take in earnest what was writ in jest."

A little boy, age seven, was writing to his grandmother: Dear Grandma—I want to get me a bicycle and I will give 50 cents if you will throw in \$2.00. Your loving grandson, Joe.

P. S.—I am about to cry to see you.

### UNAVOIDABLE LAUGHTER

"Mary," said a lady to her cook, "I must insist that you keep better hours and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night you kept me from sleeping because of the uproarious laughter of one of your women friends."

"Yis, mum, I know," was the reply, "but she couldn't help it. I was tellin' her how you tried to make a cake one day."

### "CHECK!"

A certain principal, who was very sensitive over his growing baldness, was having a special session with a crowd of giggly, note-writing girls.

"Now, the very next note I find you girls passing about will be read aloud before the whole assembly room," he announced.

Shortly after he caught one of the offenders red-handed.

"You may remain here in front of the whole room while I read this epistolary treasure," he said, as he opened the note. But he reconsidered reading the note aloud when his eyes fell upon this couplet:

LINES TO A BALD-HEADED MAN.

"If by thy hairs thy sins should numbered be,  
The angels in heaven are not more pure than thee."

## Dan's Smoke House

CIGARS,  
TOBACCO,  
CANDIES



East Broad Street





## Your Appearance as a Ground Gainer : : : : : :

THIS STORE has always been favored with a large share of the young men's patronage at graduation time. This year we are again showing the famous Kuppenheimer line of clothes for young men in snappy patterns and good, wearable cloths.

:: TOM BEALL ::

### CLEANING PRESSING

We have an up-to-date equipment and do expert work.

Work called for  
and Delivered



Johnson's Cleaning Place

216 South Fourteenth Street  
Phone 590

### SHOES THAT FIT THE FEET

WE have spent much time in selecting our lines of shoes and the various styles. Best shoes to be had at prices asked.

Lawson's Shoe Store

Broad Street, New Castle, Ind.



"Quality Shop"

R. H. BROTHERS & CO.

New Castle, Indiana

WOMEN'S, MISSES', AND CHILDREN'S APPAREL OF QUALITY  
AND EXCLUSIVENESS

THE newest creations of distinctly "Quality Shop" garments are arriving every day. Every new, worth-while style and origination is immediately forwarded by our New York representative.

MISSES' SUITS, COATS AND FROCKS

Designed in smart styles with youthful lines. Prices moderate.

Tailor and Sport Suits	\$19.50 to \$60	Smart Coats	- - - \$12.50 to \$45
Graduation Frocks	- \$12.50 to \$35	Lovely Blouses	- - \$2.98 to \$20
Crepe de Chene Underwear		Afternoon Frocks	- \$12.50 to \$55
Dress Skirts	- - - \$7-50 to \$25	Street Skirts	- - - \$3.98 to \$15
Children's Coats	- - \$2.48 to \$15	Children's White Dresses	Organdies and Voiles.

## ... JOKES ...

### TOO LONG FOR HIS POCKETBOOK

An old Jew whose wife had just died decided, as he expressed it, to put his "add in the paper and gets dee money from de lodge." Upon entering the newspaper office he was informed that the rate for advertising was a dollar an inch. With a gasp he exclaimed, "My Gott! my wife she vass seex feet, two inches tall!"

### TOO ALARMING.

Winifred had ben disobedient and her mother promptly led her into the chicken-house near by. Amid apprehensive cries from the child and alarmed cackles from the poultry, the punishment began. But soon Winifred looked around chidingly at her mother and asked:

"Don't you think this frightens the chickens too much, Mamma?"

### RATHER PLAINLY PUT

"What is your definition, Miss Mabel, of a manly man?" he asked.

Miss Mabel looked at him coldly. The clock struck 11. She hid a yawn behind her hand, and said:

"My definition of a manly man, Mr. Skinner, is a chap who doesn't stay on and on and on just because he knows the girl isn't strong enough to throw him out."

"Some men are always going to make hay while the sun shines—tomorrow." (The same philosophy is practiced by makers of note books).

## The Central PHARMACY

F. S. PENCE,  
Ph .G.



Cor. Fourteenth and Broad  
NEW CASTLE, INDIANA



During your future life  
Remember—

## “Stanley Sells The Cars”

BUICK, STUDEBAKER,  
MAXWELL, DODGE

Stanley Automobile Company

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Dr. C. C. Jones

The Better  
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LUMBER  
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NEW CASTLE,  
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Wallace's

WE invite you,  
Boys and Girls  
one and all, to our  
store for sweets of  
all kinds, also Cool  
and Refreshing  
Drinks.

oOo

J. B. Wallace  
Confectioner - Baker  
1407 Broad Street

... JOKES ...

"They say your father has locomoter ataxia."  
"Oh, no; he has a Hudson Six."

While the soldiers were in town many of the N.  
H. S. girls decided to become Red Cross nurses at  
once.

Mr. Bronson—"There are microbes in all parts of  
your mouth."

Pupil (Name withheld)—"Even in kisses?"

A hungry patient demanded something to eat.  
The nurse gave him a spoonful of tapioca. "Now,"  
said the patient, "I want to read; give me a postage  
stamp."

Little Boy—"A dime's worth of liniment and  
liquid cement, please."

Chemist—"Are they both for the same person, or  
shall I wrap them up in separate packages?"

Little Boy—"Well, I dunno; Ma broke her tea-pot,  
so she wants the cement; but Pa wants the liniment  
—he's what Ma broke the tea-pot on."

The argumentative angle worm,  
He loves to strive and wrangle.  
When you agree with him,  
He takes the other angle.

Here lies the German Emperor,  
Oh, sin ga joyful song!  
The Pearly gates won't let him in,  
And H—I won't stand him long.

Always Good—

"County  
Council"

—All Dealers



"This world we're a'livin' in  
Is mighty hard to beat  
We get a thorn with every rose  
But aint them roses sweet?"  
—Stanton.



