

PUBLISHED EACH
MONDAY IN THE
SCHOOL YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS
OF PRESQUE ISLE
HIGH SCHOOL

P. I. H. S. FLYER



THE FIRST
HIGH SCHOOL
WEEKLY
PUBLISHED IN
THE STATE
OF MAINE

VOLUME V.

PRESQUE ISLE, MAINE, MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1919.

NUMBER 17

FIRST BASKET BALL BANQUET

The Athletic Association held its first annual banquet Friday evening, April 11, in the parlors of the U. B. Church in honor of our championship basket ball team.

About one hundred and thirty students, the members of the School Board and wives, the High School Faculty, Supt. S. E. Preble and wife, Coach Graves and wife, and Mr. Herbert Foss of F. F. H. S., President of the Northern Aroostook League, all sat down to a deliciously prepared banquet, served by the ladies of the Baptist C. E. Society.

After this glorious repast, T. Barton Akeley, '19, who displayed his remarkable ability as toast master, introduced Mrs. Leon Howe, the first speaker of the evening.

Mrs. Howe told of the first basket ball team in Presque Isle, which she helped to form. It was composed of girls. We are surely proud to have with us as a teacher the one who first introduced this fine sport into the school. At the conclusion of her talk, Mrs. Howe presented to the Athletic Association the picture of the first girls basket ball team in Presque Isle.

Supt. S. E. Preble gave a pleasing and helpful talk on school spirit, in which he revealed the true light of the subject.

Carleton Everett, '20, rendered a short account of the basket ball season which we have just closed.

Of course the evening would not have been complete without a speech from our popular coach, "Ike" Graves, and so "Ike" was booked to speak on the "Benefits of Basket Ball." These he clearly defined and also commended the team on their faithfulness and good points in general.

We all knew that P. I. H. S. had many "taking ways," but never fully realized how many there were until Hubert Cooper '20, explained them in a very interesting and amusing way, and perhaps one of the best was that "P. I. H. S. takes the cake in basket ball."

Coming here to a strange town at the first of this school year, Mr. Perkins, our principal, of course had many new impressions formed. It is impossible to enumerate them here, but we are all glad to say that they were good and furthermore, are correct as far as we can see.

As the members of the team had not yet been presented with their hard earned letters, Manager Taylor took the opportunity to do this. Each player was called upon for a speech, and though taken by surprise, replied with fitting words. Kenneth Rich then presented Alton Taylor with his letters.

We had heard so much about sleep records, and yet knew so little, that Miss Dorothy Hoyt, '20, clearly explained them by the use of some player's diary, which of course, was correct. (?)

The last speaker of the evening was Mr. Herbert Foss, President of the Northern Aroostook League, and Principal of F. F. H. S. He spoke of the old and new spirit with which the boys played, and now play. The old way was to win by fair means or foul, but now the predominating spirit is to play the game fair. Mr. Foss, in speaking of this, mentioned that he would have no fear in putting Mr. Graves, our coach, on the floor to referee or anything else, where partiality might be shown, for he knew that Graves was the fairest and one of the best in the State. The address was closed by the presentation of the Championship Banner for 1918-19.

This banquet was one of the most pleasing features in the social school life, and it is hoped that this movement, so well started, will continue.

LOCALS

BOYS TO WORK ON FARMS

The Agricultural classes are making up their advance work with Mr. Glidden so that its members may leave early to work on farms. They will be able to leave the first week of May this year. Boys who do not take the agricultural course are not encouraged to leave early to work, as there is not so much need for them on the farms as there was last year.

GIFT IN HONOR OF OUR BOYS IN THE SERVICE

We received quite a surprise in chapel Wednesday morning, when Susie Sutter, the secretary of the Senior Class, read us a letter from Miss Susie V. Thompson, in which she asked us to accept the statuette she was sending. This proved to be a statuette of "America over the Top." We are very grateful for this gift in honor of our boys, and we extend thanks to the donor.

WALKING CLUB MEMBERS ARE REWARDED

Nearly all of the members of the Walking Club have walked 100 miles or 60 miles, and last week they received their awards. When we see anyone wearing the letters P. I. W. C. inclosed in a diamond, we know they have walked 100 miles. Several members of the club walked only 60 miles and received their class numerals. This walking has not always been easy, and we admire the people who have had the stick-to-it-iveness to win. We are proud of the success of our Walking Club.

THE LITTLE MAN ON THE LANDING

You know, or if you do not I will tell you, that about midway up the second flight of stairs here at P. I. H. S., there is a landing. The stairs swing, as it were, on hinges, come back alongside of themselves and finish their ascent. The landing is at the turning point and has two windows which overlook our athletic field. For the past two weeks there has been an old man seated at a table by one of these windows.

On our way upstairs we stop and look over his shoulder. We see that he is drawing tiny pictures on calling cards and hiding someone's name in the picture or in curly lines or else writing the name simply and in a beautiful style.

At noon when we come back to school, perhaps we see a pretty drawing, done with colored crayons, on one of the blackboards.

This stranger tells us that we have one of the best disciplined schools he has ever visited. He says that we lead in patronage, all of the twenty five schools he has visited since last October. He has written name cards for 182 P. I. H. S. students, making \$51.30. He is Mr. Smith, whom you read about last week in the Flyer, the man who is almost totally deaf, and who is over eighty years old. What a lesson we may get from this man, who at his age, is independent and who keeps himself so physically fit.

We are sorry he has gone, we miss him on the landing by the window and we hope that wherever he goes he will find a welcome, honor, and the respect that should ever be given to old age.

SOPHOMORE CLASS ELECTS A NEW PRESIDENT

A meeting of the Class of '21 was held this week, to elect a successor to Edmond White, their former president, who has left school. Harold McKay was elected by a large majority. Congratulations, Harold!

MORAL?

In a certain school in Maine there are two students whom I am going to tell you about. One, a boy in the late teens, he is healthy, has a good home, his parents who are sending him to school, paying his expenses and giving him three dollars a week for spending money. The boy is not passing his work and is quite discouraged.

The other, a girl fifteen years old, she has a home but no mother, she keeps house for her father and four brothers and sisters, she does the cooking, scrubbing, cleaning and practically all of the work except the washing. She is passing in every one of her studies.

EXCHANGES

The Distaff, Girls' High School, Boston, Mass. You have a very interesting magazine. The stories are original and pleasing. A few more jokes would add to the interest of your magazine. Come as often as you can.

The Boston University Beacon, Boston, Mass. We enjoy reading your stories and poetry.

The Bates Student, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine. We enjoy reading "Who's Who In Bates Athletics."

Comment From The Distaff

The Flyer, Maine: You, surely, are fine. Your staff must work hard to produce you every week.

The Scarlet and Gray, Friends' School, Baltimore, Maryland, is a magazine that is a credit to the Friends' School. The departments are as a whole, splendid. The stories are very nice. "From Suzanne To Sue," is especially interesting. You have a fine line of poetry and a well written Exchange Department.

The Aurora, Eureka, Montana. Every issue of your paper is fine. The Class Notes are interesting. "From Eureka to Fortune" is an interesting story.

We are pleased to acknowledge receiving the following:

The Maine Campus, Orono, Me.
The Vigornia, Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.

Spring Fever

Hence, loathed Labors, gloom of the earth,
Bringer of Sadness, Destroyer of Mirth,

Lift thyself from my brain, weary of work,
Hie thee! and in my path dare not to lurk.

The glorious springtime, with joys untold,

Has come to charm us, young and old;

To sit in the schoolroom, and study these days.

We cannot agree, that it really pays.

Something is there that lures me from home—

Gives me the feeling that I want to roam.

Whispering pine trees beckon to me

"Come forth the grandeurs of Nature to see."

—Ex.

The monitors this week are Edna Gujou, Ruth Lombard and Richard Fessenden.

THE P. I. H. S. FLYER

Entered as Second Class at the Post Office at Presque Isle, Maine, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Issued weekly during the school year by the students of Presque Isle High School. Printed by the Star-Herald Publishing Co.

Subscriptions: \$1.00 year; 5c single copy. For advertising rates address the Business Manager.

The object of this paper is to keep the graduates and friends of the school informed of the school activities, and to promote school spirit, and all patriotic enterprises.

Subscribers are requested to notify the manager of changes in address and of failures to receive any numbers of this paper.

EDITORIAL BOARD

- Editor-in-Chief Eva Kilpatrick
- Asst. Editor-in-Chief Hubert Cooper
- Business Mgr. Victor Porter
- Asst. Business Mgr. Frank Foster
- Literary Editor Charlotte Seely
- Asst. Literary Editor Edna Guio
- Evelyn Parkhurst
- Alumni Editor Dorothy Hoyt
- Local Editor Richard Fessenden
- Athletic Editor Carleton Everett
- Exchange Editor Mamie Corbett
- Grinds Editor Villa Hayden

EDITORIAL

Now that spring is here and the snow almost all gone, we can and must attend to the grounds. We know that walking on the soft lawn will mar the smoothness and prettiness of it. At present we are doing well in regard to this; let us keep on and be rewarded by a beautiful lawn.

We hope the biology class this year will be as willing to work on the grounds as the classes previous to it have been. If it is, we shall have some flower beds to help brighten up our part of the town.

We are proud of our school building, our lawn and our neat hard tennis courts. Let us keep them in such a condition that we and the townspeople can always point with pride to them and say, "This is the Presque Isle High School."

What is there about spring that makes us lose some of our school spirit? It seems as though spring should bring a fresh supply of that which is known as school spirit. But if it did we certainly should have as successful a baseball record as we have had for our basket ball.

After the basket ball season we ease up, it is so pleasant to stroll around and do as we please. It is quite a walk up to the park and we are so tired of school and everything pertaining to school that we do not care to take the trouble to exert ourselves.

This year we are going to support our baseball team just as we did our basket ball team. If we do our part, and we will. the team

can be relied upon to do theirs, and we may expect to stand back of a winning team.

* * * *

Who is going to play tennis this spring? Are you going to help put the courts in shape? Of course you are. Your conscience will not let you permit someone else to do the work which you profit by. If you are expecting to play tennis, you are expecting to help with the work, and everyone is expecting you to help.

It is not an easy task to keep the courts in the condition they should be in, and if everyone is not willing to help, the task devolves on a few.

Let us this year co-operate more fully than ever and make tennis a pleasure to all and a burden to none. We can if we will. With the new supply of school spirit we are expecting from spring, we will support our school in each and every one of her undertakings.

* * * *

We are now passing through what we will call, when more advanced in years, the happiest days of our lives. There is every reason for these being happy days. We are untouched by business cares. We have many different ways of amusing ourselves, and have bright prospects for the future. Why then would it not be well to keep some record of these happiest days?

Keeping a diary has been considered by some in recent years, as just a fad. Something to keep up for a few weeks, and then to let drop. It is not, or should not be considered as such, for it is too important. The keeping of a diary requires a very small amount of the person's time, and is intensely interesting, but those few who lack the time in which to keep up a diary have an excellent opportunity to obtain a very complete one. Namely, the "Flyer," and those here at school who keep a diary will find it very incomplete without the "Flyer." In later years you will boast of a certain P. I. H. S. basket ball team, and will have the Flyer to back your words.

Keep your Flyers, for some time you will find those pages of your early life, and the life of your friends, very interesting.

* * * *

We in this high school have an unusual opportunity for developing our abilities in all lines. Those interested in athletics have all of the advantages offered by basket ball, baseball, track, tennis and many more activities, and those interested in business, and who are taking a business course have the opportunity of becoming manager of some one of these six or eight school organizations. Those interested in music have the orchestra and appreciation course of study, and those inclined to the literary have the "Flyer."

None of these different things offer greater advantages than the Flyer. You will find no better literary training than writing stories, and think how proud you will be to have your story printed in your school paper. If at first it is not accepted, write, write again, and serving your school through the school paper, and who knows, maybe one of us will be another Kipling, Dickens, or Thackeray. Write! Write! Write!

LITERARY



The other day, freshmen in the general science classes were asked to write on paper some of their chief ambitions in life and to hand the papers in unsigned. The results were very interesting. The following, written by a girl in about five minutes, I think was the best:
E. V. P.

What I Want to Do After I Grow Up

After I have finished my school and have received a good education I wish to be a stenographer and be of very much use to my dad and take care of him in his old age, to repay him for the splendid care he took of me while I was receiving my education. I am going to do this kind of work and I hope that after a time I will meet my ideal of a man and marry him and make a good wife and be mother of some rugged, healthy children, and keep my home in a good healthy condition, so that my husband will enjoy staying home with me and his children in the evening.

GRIT

Timothy Jeremiah Hilliard stood stock-still with amazement. To be told calmly before all the members of the athletic association that he could not play, was a bitter pill to swallow, and it seemed to have stuck in Timothy's throat. What would a Hilliard do in that case, he wondered. Then he came to himself with a jerk. There he stood dreaming in the middle of the gymnasium floor, with the whole association before him. He suddenly looked up as if for help and right above him was a ring, and a little farther on another. Nothing unusual in that, he thought, they have been there for two years. But all at once those rings faded and everything became a blur, and then went back. Timothy Jeremiah Hilliard had fainted, a very un-Hilliard thing for a Hilliard to do.

Tom Bowers, captain of the Track Team, was the first to sense the seriousness of the situation, and a few moments later, Timothy was sitting on a chair, his head a little dizzy, but quite recovered. The boys, seeing that he was all right, returned to listen to what the president of the association was saying, namely, those who were to be called out for the first practice of the season in Lakeside High School.

Tom Bowers alone remained beside Timothy, and after offering him a glass of water, he drew up another chair and sat down.

"Say," demanded Timothy, "you are missing something. Don't you know they are choosing the men for the team?"

"Sure," returned Tom, "I know it very well indeed, but you see I am the new captain of the Track Team, so of course I won't have anything whatever to do with baseball. Cheer up, and load your troubles on me!"

Timothy gave a weak Irish groan. It had to be called Irish, because it was only half a groan and half a laugh.

"Well, you see it's like this. I am not blaming the fellows a bit.

Just the new things in

**PRINTZESS GARMENTS
CAPES, COATS AND
SUITS at**

W. R. Pipes & Son

**SEE THOSE PRETTY
NEW
PUMPS AND OXFORDS**

—AT—

N. P. COOK

Opp. P. I. Hotel Presque Isle

FRESH FISH

Our stock of frozen fish has been entirely sold, and from April 1st we shall have all the different varieties of fresh fish in their season.

H. J. McGUIRE & CO.

Phone 410 State St.

F. R. COY

Boots and Shoes

PRESQUE ISLE

THE DARE

I am no earthly use, you see, for I have taken only a half hearted interest in the work. Not that I could not. I probably could do something if I tried, but when a fellow has a car and two or three horses and it comes spring, naturally he would rather be out on the road than practicing.

"I can see exactly how that would be," agreed Tom.

"Well, I might just as well clear out, Tom. I'll see you later.

"Why not come and listen to the rest of the announcements, and then I will take you home in my flivver?" Tom pushed him into the hall. "Just a second and I will be back."

Timothy laughed to himself. Tom's flivver was a humorous thought, for it was a powerful racer which he called a flivver in fun.

The meeting went on, the list of men for Lakeside's three squads of baseball was slowly read off. Then came the track team, and the president made an announcement introducing Tom as the new captain. Tom responded with a short speech, which sent the heart of every boy in the room to pounding and envying the lucky men on the track team. Tom spoke only of the loyalty each one felt for Lakeside and the work each chosen man must do to win honor for his school. Timothy, in the middle of the hall, felt a chill going up and down his spine, and he wondered if he, the sluggard, would have been any different with a fellow like Tom for a friend, than he was under the influence of some of the other fellows. He shrugged his shoulders and half moved away.

The president was reading the list of men to appear for cross-country running, and Timothy listened to hear the names of the men who had to do the hardest work of the season on the track team.

"Timothy Hilliard!" rang out the president's voice, and many boys near looked at Timothy in astonishment. Tim, on the track team even for a tryout meant that he would discourage the other men by his wildness, and that contest with Havenport was not very far distant.

Soon the announcements were over and Tom came through the crowd and drew Tim out of the building. In silence the boys seated themselves in the racer, and slowly they drove away amid the throngs of students.

Neither Tom nor Timothy knew exactly what was said on that homeward drive. All Timothy was conscious of was the fact that Tom had the confidence in him to give him a tryout on the team, and the deepening conviction that the position would be his and he would stand by it.

Practice began and many watched the work of the track team with interest. A strange friendship had sprung up between Captain Bowers and Timothy. Never speaking to each other unless necessary, they went about their work with a determination few could equal, but many nights the two boys drove away from school together.

Finally the great day of the meet arrived. Lakeside was full of Havenport rooters, and when the track teams were lined up for the start some began to wonder what chance they had against those sturdy looking fellows from Havenport.

(Continued on page 4, col. 3)

"If you refuse to go with me, I will go alone!" Caroline pouted as she uttered these words. "If we start at seven we will get back a little after ten. It is only five miles and there will be a beautiful moon to-night. Please, Iris! If you will, you may have the whole top layer of those chocolates Jim said he would give me if I went."

Jim Manning had bet Caroline Howard a five pound box of chocolates that she would not dare go to an old trapper's hut which was five miles up the stream which ran through their town, after seven o'clock at night, with only one other girl with her. All kinds of stories had been told about this hut. Some said that it was a burglar's lair, while others said it was a smuggler's den. It was only a mile or so from the Canadian Boundary. In the first place Jim felt perfectly safe in betting with Caroline. Not that she would not do it if she could, but he had no idea that she could get anyone to go with her, or if she could, that her parents would allow her to go. It was in the agreement that she must go inside the hut and bring back something which would prove to Jim that she had been there.

"Why Caroline!" said Iris, repenting a little with the thought of the chocolates, "I don't see how I can, I promised Clayton Porter that I would study Virgil with him to-night."

"Oh pshaw! You have studied, or supposed to have studied, Virgil with him for the last three evenings. If you'll only go you can study to-morrow night and Jim and I will study with you, and eat chocolates. I'll telephone Clayton and tell him that you have a headache and wish to postpone your engagement. I'm going to now."

With that Caroline was off to the telephone. Iris groaned.

A half hour later they were off, after telling their father they were going for a long walk and probably would not be back before ten. As Mr. Howard was used to seeing his daughters start off clad in sweaters and moccasins for long walks, he thought nothing of it.

"It is just dear of you to go with me!" Caroline chattered. "I wish Clayton could see you now. You look better in that green cap and sweater than in anything else you own." And indeed she did. Her curly hair was of that indescribable shade. Sometimes it looked almost red, while at other times it was black as night itself. Her delicate eyebrows and long lashes matched her hair when it was darkest. Her eyes were almost as changeable as her hair. In the clear daylight they had a decided greenish tinge, while at night they were very dark. She was a marked contrast to her sister, whose fly-away yellow curls made her eyebrows and lashes look even darker than they were. Her violet eyes were always dancing with laughter or mischief. Her cheeks looked almost as bright as her scarlet cap and sweater. Trudging along on their snowshoes in the pale moonlight, they were the only bright colors along the dismal river bank.

"What's that, Caroline?" Iris whispered as a loud crack was heard.

"Oh that," Caroline answered in a relieved tone, after a brief silence, "is nothing but the ice cracking. It kind of startled me for a minute, though. There really

is nothing to be afraid of up here." After that a rather strained conversation was kept up which broke the awful stillness which was so noticeable as they neared the journey's end.

"We leave the river here, Iris, and go into the woods for a half mile, and then I will have earned my chocolates. Let's hurry." Caroline's tone became lighter as she hastened on. "I see the clearing ahead now."

"Wait for me, don't go so fast!" Iris was not as used to snowshoes as Caroline was.

"Hush—sh, Iris! I hear a noise. Can't you hear the bushes snapping?"

"Oh Caroline!" Iris teeth chattered so that she could hardly speak. "What d—d—do you suppose it is? It seems to be coming from over by the left side of the cabin."

The cabin was in plain sight now, about a rod and a half inside the clearing. Its long slanting shadow on the snow made it look even more dismal than usual.

"Oh! oh! look!" Iris clutched Caroline's arm tightly between her hands. "It is a bear!"

Caroline placed her hand firmly over Iris's mouth and stood perfectly still, watching the huge, grotesque form approach the cabin. What could it be? It certainly was not a bear or any other animal that she had ever seen. It lumbered along until it came to the door and then without the least hesitation, raised its two front feet, opened the door and walked in and closed the door behind it. In a moment a ray of light shot out through the small window on the snow.

The color had faded from Caroline's cheeks, but she turned to Iris, who was shaking so she could hardly stand, with a determined air.

"Listen, Iris! stop your trembling! Don't be a coward! That was a man that went into that shack. Don't you remember of reading about the Indians in order to disguise their tracks, would fasten bears' claws to their feet and creep up to the white men's cabins and steal things? That is just what this man has done. He is probably being watched and doesn't want his whereabouts known. See! from here those tracks look just like some animal's. You stay here. I am going over and look in the window and see what he is doing."

"Caroline Howard!" Iris stopped

GEO. H. OCHS

WHETHER YOU BUY

a 25¢ collar

or a

\$50.00 Suit

you get

FULL VALUE

THE DAYLIGHT STORE

Come in and allow us to show you our stock. A complete line of clothing, shoes and overcoats.

A complete line of ready made suits now on sale. The materials are right and so are the prices.

The Home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx, and Styleplus clothes. Also suits made to measure.

We have a boys' department fully stocked with boys' garments.

Prompt and pleasant service given to all customers.

Don't forget to call and see us when you are in town. The big store with the big stock, on the corner.

GREEN'S

"My Clothier"

(By Vinal H. Sutherland)

OLD FASHOND

Banana Splits

AT

Ye Ole Fashond Kandy Shop

Tel. 255-2

Harry B. Hedrich

trembling, forgetting for the moment her own fear in that for Caroline. "You are going to do no such thing. You are coming back home this minute, just as fast as you can go."

But if we go back now, no one will believe that we have seen anything, and Jim dared me. I won't go back until I have at least seen what that man is doing."

"Caroline, you mustn't, you can't. Why, he might kill you."

"Well, I am going and look through that window. Will you come with me, or wait here until I come back?"

"I will wait, but Caroline, do be careful!"

Caroline walked softly across the clearing and approached the cabin. It did look gloomy! She almost wished she had not come. The window was high up in the side of the cabin, but the snow had drifted so high that she could easily look in. Caroline held her breath as she peered through the square pane of glass. What if he should see her! But the man was kneeling down by a small stove, and was occupied in starting the fire. He rose and reached for a pile of papers lying on the rafters overhead. He was tall and wiry, and not at all the kind of a man one would expect to find inhabiting huts in the woods. He then took off his fur coat and seated himself before a small table and unrolling the papers, began to examine them. Caroline now forgot to be cautious, and pressed her nose against the window in her desire to see what was on the papers. As the man was seated with his back toward her, she could look over his shoulder very easily, but with disappointment she perceived that there was nothing more than plans of railroads and railroad bridges. Examining these very closely, he consequently took notes in a small book. Why in the world would a man come way up here to look over such seemingly worthless papers. He now laid a sheet of paper on which he had been writing, on the table, and in range of Caroline's eyes. She knew very little about German, but she had taken it long enough at school to know that that was the language which the man had used in writing. That was enough. Turning her snowshoes around carefully, she hastened back to where Iris stood waiting.

"Iris, he is a German spy, and I don't know what he is doing, but I am going to stay and guard him while you go for help." Saying this, Caroline pulled a small revolver from her pocket.

"I didn't let you know that I took this, but I thought that it might come in handy. I will sit by the door and if he comes out, I'll either stop him or shoot him! Now go quickly!"

"Why Caroline, you can not stay. I won't go back alone. We will go back together and send someone up here to arrest him. If he has gone, they can trace him by his enormous tracks."

"But they could never trace him now. Look at the sky. It is snowing already." And indeed it was. A cloud had passed over the moon and one could not see more than two yards ahead.

(Continued next week.)

ALUMNI OF 1919

The other night when I was having my fortune told by Madam Nezzrinova, I asked her to tell me about some of my friends, and this is what she said:

"I see very plainly a boy named Akeley, he seems to have two occupations, that of lecturer, and also of a teacher in a private dancing class. He teaches the latest steps.

"I see Emma Abbott taking a course in Anti-Fat. (I wonder why?)

"There is a girl named Lela Allen who seems much interested in the grocery business.

"A little old maid I see now. This is Charlotte Seely. She sought in vain.

"There is Sherbie Tuck, the world renowned movie actress. Theda Bara has nothing on this new star.

"I see a large group of people collected around a side show tent. The object of attraction is Addie Sweetser, the fattest woman in the world.

"In this same side show I find Mary Lamont, Alma Potter, Bernice Shaw, Iva Stairs and Florence Sherrard as Hula Hula girls.

I see Fern Bishop, talking as usual, but this time it is not on the senior dance question. Her subject is 'How to Bring up Children.'

"A huge pile of books comes before me. I see a curly head appear. It must be Laura Whittaker studying Boarding School catalogues.

"The next picture which I see is a wrestling match, with Helen Hoyt as the champion wrestler of North America.

"Deep in a cave where no woman's foot has ever trod I see Ray Gooding, leading a peaceful and solitary life.

"I see a girl going through a great many motions. It looks as if she had something in her hand, but it can't be an instrument, because there isn't any noise. Ah! I see, it is Liz Haynes playing the 'uke.'"

Helen Plummer, '19.

GRINDS

In Soph. Eng. Miss McCann—"Mr. Lee, did Silas Marner succeed in getting medical aid?"

Mr. Lee—"Yes."
Miss McCann—"Please answer the question more fully."
Mr. Lee—"Yes, he did."

The signal for dismissal in the chemistry class is Bill Laffin's awaking from his morning nap.

Ask Malcolm McIntyre: "Has Shavings come?"

Grace Kilpatrick—"Once someone wrote a dialogue with three people in it.

Wanted:

By Alton Taylor, a squirrel-proof hat.

By Mooers, a sweetheart.
By Kenneth Rich, a chaperon.

By Louis Horsman, a partner for the Students' Ball.

By Frank Foster, a little sleep.

D. & M. GOODS CARRIED YOUR BASKET BALL TEAM TO VICTORY

BUY D. & M. BASEBALL GOODS, BATS, GLOVES AND TENNIS RACKETS, BASE BALLS AND TENNIS BALLS

10% Discount to High School Students

SIDNEY GRAVES, Hardware

By Sidney Cook, a rolling-pin-proof helmet.

By Carleton Everett, a private secretary.

By Perley White, something to study during the third period.

Latest "coiffure!" Apply to Fern Wheeler, Room 4.

N. B. Bring package of fine hair pins from Ten Cent Store.

Don't you think the Grinds Editor is getting thin?

Yes, poor girl! She worries so because she has so few grinds for the Flyer.

Down in the hall on a little shelf Sits the Grinds Box, meek as Moses. It would like to be just full of grinds.

Once this year before school closes.

Our angel child—Jack Mooney.

Wanted, by the freshman—A new supply of salt.

Wanted, by the sophomores—More polite under classmen.

Wanted, by the juniors—A little dignity for next year.

Wanted, by the seniors—A diploma.

GRIT

(Continued from 3rd page)

To the astonishment of all, Timothy Hilliard was among those for the cross country run, and many began to shake their heads over that.

A sharp report! They were off, and a murmur of suppressed excitement ran through the crowd, as they saw the boys start. The race was to be held across country to Holden, a small town the required distance away.

Time went on. Other sports took place. People watched with only a half-hearted interest. The question of who the winner would be in the other contest was uppermost in everyone's mind.

Suddenly from the telephone office a small boy ran into the midst of the crowd, shouting at the top of his lungs, "Hilliard won! Hilliard won!"

The Lakeside people stood still in bewilderment. Timothy Hilliard, the idler, had won the great race! They turned to Principal Parsons for confirmation of the great news. Mr. Parsons sprang upon a small platform which had been used by the judges, and exclaimed:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is

no surprise to me. Timothy has shown by his work on the track team a remarkable amount of grit and loyalty in his being."

Hardly had he ceased speaking, when Tom Bowers's flivver was seen approaching with Tom at the driver's wheel and Timothy beside him. A mighty cheer went up, and the boys in the crowd made a jump for the car. Timothy and Tom were lifted out by main force and borne through the cheering students. Timothy was tired, but happy, in the knowledge that at last he had shown his fellow students he amounted to something, and had done something for his beloved school.

At the door of the gymnasium Timothy and Tom were together for a moment, and Timothy said, clasping Tom's hand, "Old chum, it was all because of you."

Edna Guiou, '20.

H. EVERARD HOOPER

Optometrist

Eyes Carefully Examined

and Glasses Properly

Fitted

Tel. 356

A. M. Smith Block

TWO REASONS WHY THE FLORENCE AUTOMATIC OIL STOVE IS THE STOVE FOR YOU

I. SAFETY:

No danger, even if a lighted burner is forgotten. It will burn itself out without explosion or damage to the stove.

II. LEVER CONTROL OF HEAT:

You can burn slow, medium, or intense heat without odor. Ovens are asbestos lined. Two, three or four burners.

R. J. SMITH & CO.