

THE SPHINX



LETTER FROM ELIZABETH

Mamaroneck, N. Y., May 3, 1913

My dear Horace Symonds:

It is so nice to be a baby, then everything you do is quite proper. That is why it is quite proper for me to write now. When you are eighteen and I am seventeen and a half, it will be quite a different matter.

Babies have such good times! Don't you think so? All that we have to do is to be happy, eat, sleep and grow and between times do such fascinating things as pulling father's hair. Do you like to pull your father's? I'm not allowed to pull mother's, but I can yank father's quite often. When you come to see me I hope you will have a great deal of nice, long hair and let me pull it. We can sit on the rug and you put your head down and I'll pull.

I haven't much hair myself—what I have is a light, golden brown, quite "reddish," and my eyes are dark blue. I have a dimple in the corner of my mouth and one in my right cheek, you can just see it when I laugh. I laugh a great deal, now. This seems such a nice, happy world.

I can't do very many things yet—just put out my hands to be taken up when I'm tired of sitting in my carriage—and I'm trying to learn to play "pat-a-cake". It is a very funny game and makes me laugh aloud. I am trying, too, to reach things when they are quite two inches beyond my reach. It is very hard to learn but I find if I roll over it helps especially when I roll in the right direction. I can talk and sing a little bit, too.

My father and mother have told so many people that I am a very good baby that I scarcely dare to cry because that might spoil my reputation. Have you a reputation to live up to?

My favorite plaything is a rattle with a baby's head. It was sent to me by a Southold girl whom I've

never seen; sometime I hope I shall see her and thank her. I have a great many friends in Southold, mother says, who have been very kind to me. I wish I knew them all. You are a lucky little boy to be a Southold boy.

Isn't it fun to go out of doors? I do like it so much and am out nearly all day, now. There are so many things to see—the trolley cars, and the automobiles, (I like the big red ones best), and horses and wagons! I scarcely have time to play myself or to sleep. I'm so busy watching people and the little girls and boys are best of all.

Saturdays I watch father make garden and cut the grass with the funny, noisy thing they call a lawn mower, and take care of the chickens.

One day mother showed me a box of little chickens. They were so fluffy and looked so soft, I tried with both hands to get them, but mother said "no, no," which means "you must not touch". They made me think of my dear "Bill, the chick" which Miss Chandler gave me for Easter. He isn't here any more. I don't know where he is. I played and played with him until all his toes were gone and one of his eyes and then his bill almost wobbled off—and then—mother took him. I miss him very much.

This is quite a long letter for the first one. Perhaps I'll write even longer letters some day however.

Now goodbye, be sure to answer this, please.

Your small friend,
ELIZABETH FRANCES SHAFER.
(Per mother)

REPLY OF HORACE

Southold, N. Y., May 24, 1913

My dear Elizabeth Shafer:

I am glad you wrote to me. You have a nice father and mother to let you do it. I will try to answer.

I agree with you in thinking I am

very fortunate in being a Southold boy. I like all the people very much, they are very good to me. The boys and girls especially I like. Last Christmas the high school boys and girls gave me a rubber "kitty". I still play with it.

Since I have not yet sent you my picture, perhaps you would like to know how I look. Some say that I resemble father and some say mother, anyway, my eyes are brown like father's and my hair is something the color of mother's, that is, what there is of it, for there is not very much. In this last respect it is like father's. So you see you can not pull my hair when I visit you. I have three teeth too, and it is fun biting things. The other morning, when father was busy near me, I pulled his finger into my mouth and bit down hard. He jumped and said, "Gracious," and mother laughed.

You asked me if I had a reputation to live up to. Yes, I fear I have, but I manage it so that other people see only my good behavior. I like to do lots of things father and mother will not let me do, and when I do not have my own way and there are no other people around, I cry as hard as I can. Father laughs at me, but mother says, "Poor little man."

These days are busy ones for me. A long time ago father made a large play yard for me, and when I am in the house I live in that, eat, sleep and play in it. When I am taken out of it I get into mischief. I pick up pins and put them into my mouth and mother takes them out before I can swallow them. I think paper is good to eat, too, but mother will not let me eat it. Will your mother allow you to eat pins and paper?

Afternoons mother takes me out riding, but she straps me down tight to the seat, for if she does not, I get up on my knees and ride backwards. About five o'clock we meet father and go home. Often we go to the tennis court and laugh to see people jump-

ing around in the air and acting so strangely.

I am so glad you know how to sing. This summer we will sing some duets that will entertain our parents. I am just learning to whistle. It is great fun, only I have to look very serious while doing it. Of course, you cannot whistle because you are only a girl. I am told that girls are not allowed to whistle.

You wrote me a very good letter. You seem to be a very happy little girl. I am happy too. All the things you enjoy so much, I enjoy too. Isn't that strange! I am going to visit you soon and then we will have some good times.

I hope that you will write to me again some time and tell me what you are doing.

Sincerely your little friend,
HORACE WILCOX SYMONDS.
(Per mother).

* * *

Quotation from Burns. (For the Seniors.):

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O.
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.

If you want to please your teacher
Never say, "I seen,"
For she will surely whisper
"That girl is green."

You are using awful grammar
When you say "I done."
And to see your teacher's anger
Will give you lots of fun.

If you're looking for a scolding,
Just say, "I hadn't ought."
She will give you such a scolding
That you'll feel you count for naught.

When you knock upon your teacher's door,

You must never say "It's me."
If she asks you "Who is knocking?"
Just think up some other plea.

Freshman Class

Those silly girls and quiet boys
 Old S. H. S., with stern reproof,
 Stops in the midst of their frolicsome
 joys,
 To say with voice of solemn truth,
 "You should behold the Seniors."

* * *

Sophomore Class

This is a class of stately boys
 With three sly girls to hush their
 noise.
 Their chief delight in work or play,
 Was with one accord to say
 "Oh! To be like those dignified
 Seniors!"

* * *

Junior Class

The Junior class is the teacher's pet,
 Their high marks are craved by all,
 And when they into our places step,
 They'll be the best of the assembly
 hall.

* * *

Senior Class

The Senior Class is the best ever
 known,
 Far different from others, you know.
 It's a feminine class, the boys all have
 flown,
 And the Senior girls make things go.

* * *

Mr. Symonds

Now Mr. Symonds is a jolly chap,
 When he gets mad he makes things
 snap.
 But after it's over comes a lovely
 smile
 That puts us in ecstasies for awhile.

* * *

Miss Chandler

Miss Chandler is a sort of wonder,
 Of her we often stop and ponder.
 How one small head for a body so
 large
 Can so many different lectures dis-
 charge.

Miss Henderson

Now, Miss Henderson's nature is very
 intensive
 And of Burns' honor she's always de-
 fensive.
 She's fond of the rhyme of the poor
 little beastie,
 Whose heart beat so hard in his poor
 little breastie.

* * *

Miss Van Dyck

Miss Van Dyck is a demure little
 thing,
 But my! how she makes a piano ring.
 At the violin too, she is quite an ex-
 pert,
 For she her best efforts does exert.

* * *

The Juniors

The Junior Class is a class of nine,
 And you should see how they do
 shine.
 There's Anne H., who's so fond of
 boys,
 Especially of Steve, who makes much
 noise.

There's Miriam B., who's Dudley's pet
 And Myra has her affections set
 Far away in distant Tunis (Teunis)
 There's Fizzie dear with his winning
 smile,
 And Clement who would run a mile,
 To see his Vera for awhile.

Next come Edwin whom the boys call
 six
 These Juniors are all right in their
 way,
 And Carl whose car sure needs a fix.
 They'll be dignified as we Seniors,
 some day.

* * *

Since the Sphinx says this, must it
 not be true?

No dog has two tails.

One dog has one more tail than no
 dog.

Therefore one dog must have three
 tails.

HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

High School athletics are of great importance. Athletics develop the body and build a strong physique upon which success in life often depends.

Athletics in a school make people respect it more. People take more interest in the work of the school and are proud of the showings of the different athletic departments. In fact, a school without athletics is dead and pupils often stay away from school because of the lack of sports.

At a meeting of the football team of the Southold High school held the latter part of September, William Griswold was elected captain and Stephen O. Salmon manager. The team was very light, but uncommonly fast and played fine football, developing many clever plays. The football season was a success, for Southold, won their share of the games. The following was the line-up of the team:

Griswold, center
 S. Salmon, r t
 R. Lindsay, l t
 G. Hogan, r g
 J. Scott l g
 J. Glover, r e
 H. Grathwohl, l e
 C. Simes, r h b
 C. Booth, f b
 H. Booth, l h b
 D. Hagerman q b
 Substitutes—J. Hogan, L. Wilkin-
 inson.

During the winter there were many farces and dances for the benefit of the baseball team. They were all great successes and showed the ability of the pupils on such occasions. The real value of the farces was the help the several people derived from taking part in them.

At a meeting of the baseball team the latter part of March, 1913, C. Booth was elected captain and Stephen Salmon manager. During the fall and early spring the grounds were put in

fine shape and soon the team began playing. The team is comparatively small but its members are good hitters and do fast and accurate fielding.

Southold opened the season with Riverhead. This contest needed eleven innings before it could be decided. Southold won by a score of 12 to 11. C. Booth pitched a good game and M. Glover led the team in hitting, making four hits. C. Booth and S. Salmon each made three runs. The whole team played a fine game. The following was the line-up:

S. H. S.
 H. Booth, ss
 Richmond, 3rd b
 J. Glover, 1st b
 Salmon, 2nd b
 C. Booth, p
 M. Glover, c
 Griswold, c f
 Hogan, l f
 Hagerman, r f
 Substitutes—Young, Baker

R. H. S.
 E. Reeve, c
 M. Young, ss
 J. Kratoville, 2nd b
 H. Young, 3rd b and p
 H. Hallock, 1st b
 J. Young, c f
 H. Kratoville, l f
 M. Burns, p and 3rd b
 C. Tooker, r f

The following Saturday, April 26, Southold played at Bridgehampton and was victorious by the score of three to two. This was Southold's first appearance in their new uniforms and they christened them the right way. The game was in doubt from start to finish and both teams played fine ball.

The following was the line-up:

S. H. S.
 H. Booth, ss
 Richmond, 3rd b
 J. Glover, 1st b
 C. Booth, p
 Salmon, 2 b
 M. Glover, c

Griswold, c f
 Hogan, l f
 Hagerman, r f
 B. H. H. S.

Hand
 Hallock
 Fahy
 Schneider
 Edwards
 Moran
 Rogers
 Loper
 Chester

Friday, May 3, Southold played at Riverhead and were defeated by a score of 12 to 2. H. Booth made a hit; C. Booth made a three-base hit, scoring H. Booth. Salmon made a two-base hit sending C. Booth across the plate, with the second and last run. The following was the line-up:

S. H. S.
 H. Booth, ss
 Richmond, 3rd b
 J. Glover, 1st b
 C. Booth, p
 Salmon, 2 b
 M. Glover, c
 Griswold, c f
 Hogan, l f
 Hagerman, r f

R. H. S.
 E. Reeve, c
 M. Young
 J. Kratoville
 H. Young
 H. Hallock
 J. Young
 H. Kratoville
 S. Cihlar
 M. Burns

On Saturday, May 4, Southold clashed with Greenport at the school grounds and were defeated in the finest game of the season by a 5 to 4 score. The following was the line-up:

S. H. S.
 H. Booth, ss
 Richmond, 3rd b
 J. Glover, 1st b
 C. Booth, 2nd b

Salmon p
 M. Glover, c
 Griswold, c f
 Hogan, l f
 Hagerman, r f

Heany
 G. H. S.

Downs
 Gailing
 Rackett
 Groshauer
 Biggs
 Mills
 Hinkle.

Furst

Saturday, May 11, Southold traveled to Sag Harbor and were defeated in the most interesting game yet played, by the score of 13 to 3. Although the score was one-sided, Southold put up a good game. Sag Harbor did not score a run until the seventh inning, when Southold went up in the air and Sag Harbor gathered thirteen runs in the three last innings.

Westhampton played Southold at the school grounds on Friday afternoon, May 23. A good game took place in which Southold were the losers by the score of 5 to 4. Southold tried hard to win the battle, but on account of Westhampton having five village players, were unable to overtake them. W. Griswold pitched his first game and struck out seven batsmen. He will pitch the remaining games. Harold Richmond led in the hitting, making two double and a one-base hit out of five times at the bat. He made three of Southold's four runs. The line-up was as follows:

S. H. S.
 Baker, ss
 Richmond, 3rd b
 C. Booth, c f
 M. Glover, c
 J. Glover, 1st b
 Griswold, p
 Hogan, l f
 Hagerman, 2nd b
 E. Young, r f

W. H. H. S.

O'Come
Robbins
Seely
H. Raynor
Terrell
Tuttle
E. Raynor
Halsey
Foley

On May 27, Myron Glover was elected captain in place of C. Booth, who now plays on the village team. Up to this time Southold has won two of the five games played. The team is showing much improvement and is playing almost errorless ball.

The team will give another dance and a school sail before the close of the season. The following are the remaining games to be played: East Hampton, Westhampton, Bridgehampton, Pierson, Greenport and Riverhead. Good games are expected.

Miss Van Dyck (in arithmetic class)
—If four cows cost \$250, how would you find the cost of one cow?

Antone S.—Find the square root of the cows.

* * *

Steve was rehearsing for a play at Mrs. Stokes' house. He was rather sleepy, having been out late the night before.

Mrs. S.—“I heard you going home last night. It sounded as though you were running.”

Steve.—“We were. We were having a center rush.”

Mrs. S.—“Where were the girls?”

Steve.—“In the center.”

* * *

Miss H. (In English History)—
“Tell something of the jury system in early England.”

Anne H.—“It was very hard on the accused man. You see he had to find twelve other men who could swear.”

BASEBALL SONG

You ought to see,
You ought to see,
You ought to see our team play baseball.

And the home runs that those fellows make,

Everyone of them is wide awake.

I want to be,

I want to be,

I want to be where I can see them.

You can't tell those fellows how to play

B-a-s-e-b-a-double l, because they know,

Oh yes, they know,

How to play that baseball game.

* * *

Scene—High school study hall.

Time—2.45 p. m.

Miss Henderson — Stephen! Take your seat.

Steve—I'm in my own seat.

Miss H.—Has Miss Chandler changed your seat, Stephen?

Steve—Yes ma'am. I helped her.

Isn't it nice that Harold Schafer (an old pupil of S. H. S. can have a motorcycle to ride home every Friday night? We wonder how long the kindness on the part of the owner will last.

* * *

What would you say if Stephen Salmon walked quietly?

Anne H. and Edward D. grew some more?

Harold Booth was good for a whole day?

* * *

Miss H. (In An. Hist.)—“Do you not think the fall of Greece is pitiful? It always makes me sad to see Greece melting and melting and melting away.”

* * *

A Good Yell for the Sophomores

Hit him! Smash him!

Bang him on the bean!

S. H. S. 1915.

STATISTICS FOR 1913

Name	Chief Characteristic	Disposition	Chief Delight	Future Occupation
Mr. Symonds	Smiling	Fair	Son	Scientist
Miss Chandler	Practical	Pretty Good	Men	Same
Miss Henderson	Idealistic	O. K.	Grammar	Dramatic instructor
Miss Van Dyck	Sweetness	Lovely	Being good	President of Wellesley
Teunis Bergen	Quietness	Amiable	Myra	Chauffeur
Lillian Bergen	Neatness	Mixture	Boys	Suffrage speaker
Harold Booth	Studiosness	Fair to middlin'	Racket	Violinist
Miriam Boisseau	Talking?	Sunny	Latin	Music teacher
Clement Booth	Feet	Changeable	Girls	Schoolmaster?
Rose Caley	Fatness?	Punk	Sputtering	Bookkeeper
Susie Dickerson	Blushing	Snappy	A worker in gold	Housekeeper
Edwin Donahue	Height	Huffy	Work	Prize fighter
Henry Fitz	Length	Rotten	Tormenting	Circus clown
Josephine Grattan	Pride	Flighty	Notes	School teacher
Harold Goldsmith	Dandiness	Couldn't be beat	His looks	Political boss?
William Griswold	Jollyng	Best ever	Athletics	Gym. teacher
Myron Glover	Smile	Incomparable	Being Nice	Professor
Henrietta Harrison	Giggles	Unfortunate	Squealing	No one knows
Marguerite Howell	Deviltry	Unsurpassable	Pin sticking	Author
Dudley Hagerman	Pleasantness	Simply slick	Bewitching girls	A social lion
Anne Hallock	Tinyness	Excellent	Tennis	Student
Robert Lindsay	Conceit	Pretty decent	"Votes for Women"	Rewriting Webster's
Myra Newbold	Prinness	Awful	Teunis	Dictionary
Lillian Purcell	Quietness	Unchangeable	Books	Hairdresser
Vera Petty	Soberness	Passable	Playing hookey	Muse
Harold Richmond	Reticence	Angelic	Winking	Housewife
Otto Schafer	Temper	Like his hair	Hunting	Machinist
Stephen Salmon	Noise	Good	Sag Harbor	Cartoonist
Vera Terry	Eyes	Nothing extra	Boys	Minister
Raymond Terry	Clumsiness	Cheerful	Dancing	Hard to tell
Carl Vail	Prinking	First class	Mending auto	Farmer
Gladys Williams	Size	None too good	Motorcycles	Dancing master
Emmett Young	Smartness	Good	To advance	You know
The Seniors	Everything that's best	Superb	Work	Architect
				Brilliant ones

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The Sphinx

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EDITOR	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARY C. GAGEN
ASSISTANT EDITOR	-	-	-	-	-	-	ALICE SMITH

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Second and Third Grades	JOSEPHINE C. STARK
First Grade	MARGARET M. DEALE

EDITORIAL

For a number of years the seniors of Southold High School have published a class paper. We decided to follow their example.

Early in the year we started the work. There are always numerous amusing incidents in school life and we realized that, if these were recorded and kept throughout the year, our paper would be more interesting.

We were, however, inexperienced and could have done little without help. And we have had help. To our teachers, the business men and all those who have taken such a kindly interest in the work and who have done so much to further it, we are most sincerely grateful.

MEMORIAL

In Memoriam! It seems hardly necessary to say those two words. Do we need memorials of a friend? We have them, then, in the influence and in the love which Vera left for us. We cannot but regret that she is not actually with us; we can but hope we may make vital an influence which stood for good work; enthusiastic interest and unselfish love. We are glad we had that influence so long. To her mother we shall continually give our love and sympathy, remembering the stanza which was so characteristic of Vera:

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not meant for you alone.

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in Heaven, the deed appears.
Pass it on.

THE SPHINX'S CAPABILITIES

She was a pretty, young school teacher and was reading sentences to her class, letting them supply the last word.

"The Sphinx," she said, "has eyes, but it cannot—"

"See!" cried the children.

"Has ears, but it cannot—"

"Hear!" they responded.

"Has a mouth, but it cannot—"

"Eat!" came the chorus.

"Has a nose, but it cannot—"

"Wipe it!" thundered the class.

The lesson then ended.

S. H. S. ALPHABET

A is for Alice—a senior you know,
B is for Boots, who isn't so slow,
C is for Carl, the vainest of boys
D is for Dudley—the girls are his toys.

E is for Edwin—a very bright student,

F is for Fitz, who isn't so prudent.

G is for Gladys, who hasn't much size,

H is for Hallock, for knowledge she sighs.

I is for ignorance, which we all scorn,

J is for Josephine—she's a flirt born.

K is for knowledge, which we all seek,

L is for Lindsay, so full of conceit.

M is for Miriam—modest and cute,

N is for Newbold of quite some repute.

O is for Otto, the High School cartoonist,

P is for Purcell, who'd make a good chemist.

Q is for questioning, which our teachers love,

R is for Rose, gentle as a dove.

S is for Stephen, his gait we all know,

T is for Terry, who loves to dream so.

U is for unity—Miss Henderson's pet,

V is for Vera, who's in her way set.

W is for William, the sophomore giant,

X is for unknown, a hard thing to find.

Y is for Young, who may be a surgeon,

Z is for Zoroaster, the leader of Persians.

SALUTATORY

My Dear Friends:

We five girls, Margery, Alice, Cora, Letitia and I are most sincerely glad to welcome you to our commencement exercises. Of course, you have heard this many times before, but we do not say it because we think it is expected of us, but because we mean it. Why do we mean it? Because of the genuine unselfish interest you have shown in us.

You have shown your interest in many ways. You have shown it chiefly by giving us our school; choosing for us our teachers; keeping in touch with us in our school work and by helping us in our preparations for commencement.

We welcome most cordially our teachers. They have done so very much that has proven their interest in us. We are glad that the rest of the High School may have most of them back again next year. We are truly sorry that Miss Henderson is to say good-bye to us, but we feel certain that it is not really good-bye. We know that her interest in us is genuine and lasting, and that she never will truly forget us.

We are glad to welcome you, also, because of our interest in you. As we look about us we see some of the older people of the town. They have made the most of their lives. How often we have thought of them and how these thoughts have helped us to keep up to the standard for High school work.

And now, for these and many other reasons, we, on the last night of our High School life, extend to you a most hearty welcome.

MARY C. GAGEN.

* * *

Clem. B.—“Vail isn't worth much now, is he?”

Dud. H.—“How's that?”

Clem. B.—“He's lost his gold tooth.”

VALEDICTORY

In taking Vera Maier's place as Valedictorian to-night, I am saying, for the “Class of 1913,” their last “good-bye” to their High School life. We are sorry to leave, yet glad to advance. To me has fallen the sweetest and yet most difficult task of all. That task is to express the appreciation and the gratitude we girls truly feel for all that has been done for us.

We wish to thank the people of the town, the Board of Education and our teachers. We also desire to thank everyone who has helped us with our paper.

However, it is the people of Southold whom we primarily thank. You pay the taxes which support our school. You choose our Board of Education. For all this we do sincerely thank you.

I cannot express the appreciation for all that the Board of Education has done for us. I can only thank you all for your untiring efforts to make our school a school to be proud of, for we are proud of our Alma Mater. We thank you all for giving us the means of gaining the best there is in the way of advancement. We thank you for your care in selecting our teachers and for your endeavors to keep them here.

We are glad of this opportunity to try to thank these teachers. You have made our school life a happy and an interesting one. Few except those who have been through grammar school and high school can realize what your friendship has meant to us. Your influence will help us to be the right kind of women. It will help us to live up to our motto, “We work for character, not fame.” You have won our respect and friendship and we hope that we have won a little of yours. We hope that we may always be loyal to that friendship, to our schoolmates and to our Alma Mater.

And now we must leave you and

our schoolmates. Oh! how we hate to go! Schoolmates, simply because we have graduated, do not think that we are no longer interested in you and our school, for S. H. S. will always be our Alma Mater and our interest in her will never fail.

So, to all we must say the last "good bye." We thank the townspeople, the Board of Education, our schoolmates and our teachers for our happy school days. And it is with hearts full to overflowing with gratitude that we bid you and our happy school days a fond "farewell."

ALICE SMITH.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE

It takes wisdom to answer the questions of the "Sphinx". Can you answer these?

Will there ever be another class like our's?

Will Raymond Terry ever be able to squeeze through a wedding—(ring)?

Will Henry Fitz ever make a runner?

What will Vera Terry's future occupation be?

Will Miss Henderson always be as fond in the future of the limousine which has taken her to the station before each vacation time?

Why is Steve so popular?

Can any class beat us making rhymes?

Will Dudley ever be able to tell a gerund from a gerundive?

* * *

We seniors are a jolly lot,
There are five of us you know.
We're five of the model scholars
That old S. H. S. can show.

We'd greatly like to have a man
Along with our quintette,
But since we cannot have one
We'll be jolly suffragettes.

Quotations

Harold Booth—"And still the wonder grew and grew that one small head could carry all he knew."

Anne Hallock—"Strewing the path with smiles in place of flowers."

Dudley Hagerman—"I didn't say I understood her. It's presumption to say that of any woman. It's not so easily done."

Henry Fitz—"Be in time. Be in time. Be in time."

William Griswold—"What a refreshing set of humbugs we are to be sure. Ain't we, my sweet child?"

Myra Newbold—"Constancy in love is a good thing, but it means nothing and is nothing without constancy in every kind of effort."

Stephen Salmon—"Anything that makes a noise is satisfactory to a crowd."

Edwin Donahue—"It's my opinion that no one will ever know half of what's in me unless something very unexpected turns up."

Raymond Terry—"Thinking begets not only thoughts but drowsiness occasionally."

Clement Booth—"There ain't a many like him. If there was we shouldn't want no churches."

Miriam Boisseau—"There is not an angel added to the host of Heaven, but does its blessed work on earth in those who love it there."

Vera Terry—"Young women are contradictory creatures in some things—but their hearts are soft and kind."

* * *

Miss C., (in Caesar class). Carl attackt is the verb. You mustn't pronounce the noun with a "t" on the end. It's only a tack (attack) that you want.

* * *

Miss H.—"Now for to-morrow's lesson. I want you to make a brief. What do I mean by brief, William?"
Bill G.—"Cut it short."

ADVICE TO JUNIORS

Now, my dear Juniors, we feel that you are in need of some advice. You may not take it seriously. We never did, but who could be better qualified to give it than we, the seniors.

First, you must always reach school early. Do **not** come rushing into the study hall just as the last bell is ringing. It annoys the teachers greatly and besides, it is a careless habit. We have one member of our class who has never been tardy since she entered High school. Of course, we realize that it would mean a great effort on your part, but, then, it is a quality worth striving for. You should always be there by the latest at ten minutes of nine. When you get there do **not** talk about frivolous things. You should discuss subjects of importance. Dances and parties are **not** included in these.

As soon as the clock strikes nine commence to concentrate your mind. We fear that Myra has not fully realized the value of this. She should not look around the room. Most certainly she should not continually look toward the other side of the room, particularly toward the first seat in the first row.

Miriam, on the whole, behaves very well. She should use her influence on the boys. She might even get Anne to help her. Surely, together, they would work miracles. If they both walked very quietly, might not Steve and Clement be induced to do likewise? Certainly Dudley and Carl need a guiding hand—away from the mirror. Here, again, the girls might set a good example.

Edwin! He is a regular boy to be sure, but where are his faults. He even passes examinations without calling attention to the fact.

What other advice shall I give? Oh! Yes. You must cultivate an even temper. If the Regents' Board sends

back your examination papers, as they very often do, you must not become angry. Simply study a little harder and take the examination over again. You will probably pass sometime.

Next, you must always go to bed at a reasonable hour. You know: "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." You, Juniors, must get wise first of all. Of course, you could never aspire to such a high degree of wisdom as we have attained, but, if you follow our advice you will at least be a credit to the High school.

When you are Seniors remember that you must uphold the dignity of the school. Remember that all the pupils of the grades are following the example you set. Always walk upstairs in a quiet, dignified manner. Never dream of running. Do not stand and talk in the halls. You know it is against the rules. Do not lean out of the windows and, above all, do not smile at any of your friends who may be passing.

In fact, your success as seniors will be very great, and you will be an excellent class, if you just follow our example.

JUNIOR REPLY

By Miriam B. Boisseau

Of course the Seniors always attempt to advise the Juniors. Advice is very good, but it seems as if, in this case, the Seniors had taken their own faults and tried to reprove us for failings we never had. Therefore, Seniors, please practise what you preach.

Speaking of tardiness, a reference to the class register would give a record something like this. Times tardy, Gagen 25, Smith 15, Horton 20, Beebe 30, but where do we Juniors come in?

As for talking before school, everyone knows that it is impossible to study before school hours. You may

ask why, but Mary and Cora are both noted for their volubility. We cannot even roughly estimate the number of parties and dances they attend. We just hear so many disconnected bits of conversation that by school time all we can think of is—"are you going to the dance—did you go to the last Friday night twenty—what did you wear—was he there—did you meet him—is he a good dancer?"

Concentration? I wonder why Alice blushes when a motorcycle passes? Certainly nothing in her books can cause her to turn a flaming red. Of course, we never see Letitia smiling at a certain Junior across the room. We study! Recently a Senior changed her seat. Since then the pupils near her have found it impossible to concentrate their minds. Why one day Miss Henderson came down and said: "Mary, your conduct is not worthy of a senior." We Juniors knew this long before, but had never dared express the thought.

Last year there was a Junior named Phil, who, like the other boys, has left the class. He was an example to the Juniors of 1913. Why shouldn't we spend some time before the glass, in following their models? If we are to believe them, it is wise for us to take them as models, even in this.

We Juniors have no reason to lose our tempers. Our papers are safe from the cruelty of the Regents Board. We attain the marks desired to make us free from their butchery. We do not get just 60.

As usual, the faults of the Seniors are emphasized, when they say we must go to bed early. It is usually the Seniors whom we see nodding and yawning over their books. We prepare our lessons for the next day, and then, early to bed, so we are becoming "wise" possibly more rapidly than others.

We know it is the duty of someone to uphold the dignity of the school,

but this year the Seniors have shifted their usual responsibilities and are compelling us to uphold the dignity for an unusual length of time. Still, we shall say little, as the responsibility usually falls on those who are able to assume it. We hope that next year it will not be necessary for such strict rules regarding running upstairs, talking in halls, and leaning out of windows, to be made. The transgressors will no longer tread the old halls, and the rule will die.

Therefore, O class of 1913, although you are the so-called Seniors, still you cannot help realizing that we expect your Seniors in conduct and dignity.

COMPLIMENTS

Don't you wish you had:

Harold Goldsmith's curly hair?

Susie Dickerson's ability to keep her small brothers and sisters in the straight and narrow path?

William Griswold's big broad shoulders?

Otto Schafer's bronze hair and his drawing ability?

Myra Newbold's dimpled hands?

Emmet Young's studious ways and his knowledge?

Myron Glover's evenness of temper?

Henry Fitz's ingenuity in mechanical devices?

Robert Lindsay's neatness of appearance?

Miss Chandler's promptness and her knowledge of Latin and Mathematics?

Mr. Symonds' dignity?

Miss Henderson's ease and interesting way of speaking?

Miriam Boisseau's modesty and sweetness?

Anne Hallock's lovable nature?

Dudley Hagerman's popularity?

* * *

Miss H.: Alice, what is a redundant verb?

Alice: What does redundant mean?

CLASS HISTORY

By Margery E. Williams

Perhaps you will be glad to know that the history of this class is short. It is not because we have failed to have a good record; it is not that we have neglected our duties; it is for the simple reason that the class itself is small.

You probably expect to hear when our class was organized, how many members we had in our freshman year; how many have left; how much we have accomplished; how much we have failed. Of course you assume we had many class meetings, that we had various disputes and petty squabbles, while choosing our colors, motto, flower and ring.

Is it necessary for me to tell you all this when you have heard it so many times before? We have not entirely broken down these customs, but we have made a greater effort to try to carry out our motto, "We work for character, not fame," and on the whole we have been very congenial.

We five girls have been more than mere school mates to each other. We have been friends, sharing in each others triumphs and failures. What ever could we five girls have done without the help of each other? How dreary and long would some of our recitations have been without Mary Gagen's ready smile. The editor of our paper, with her witty speeches and her swiftness and readiness for grasping new things has made us more alert, thus helping us to attain the characteristic of alertness.

Then there was Alice. What have we gained from her? She showed us how to work, helping us to make practical our studying. Where would "The Sphinx" be had not our ambitious assistant editor kept us working until it was finished?

What has Letitia had to do with the history of our class? It is to

her we are indebted for much of the resourcefulness we have. How often when in deep meditation have we wished for her ability to draw on last year's subject matter to solve a seemingly unanswerable question. Do you wonder we chose her secretary when we knew that for our ignorance we could always depend on the resources of her fertile brain for an answer?

Cora has given us another ideal to follow in carrying out our class motto. That is her persistency. What an illustration we had of that when her never ceasing persistence carried her through her examinations with success. Again the same ideal was shown when even after the trouble with her eyes she kept up her work and finished with credit. We knew her worth as a treasurer and made the most of it by selecting her for that office.

Although we were sorry to lose Agnes, what a great delight we feel when her cheery letters reach us. They seem to spur us on and make us all want to accomplish something as she is doing.

As I am speaking of my class mates and of their part in the history of the class there is a sadness I cannot help but feel. That comes from the loss of our class mate, Vera Maier. To us she was the leader, the scholar and inspiration of our class. Nothing she started was left unfinished. Her class work was always in on time and we never heard her complain that she couldn't do this or that because she had too many lessons to study. Also I have been asked by the two girls who have the honors of our class to mention that Vera would have had the highest honor a class can bestow upon any of its members. She was to have been valedictorian of the class. Vera also was our vice-president and in our love and memory for her we have decided to leave that office vacant.

We girls, as a class, have our

weaknesses and failures, but with them all we have not lost our courage and in anything we attempt to do we shall always have our motto before us and strive wherever we may be or in whatever we are doing, "To work for character, not fame."

CLASS WILL

For four years we, as a class, have worked and striven together to reach this crowning event of our High School life, the event which testifies we have not striven in vain. In this very striving we have gained much and in the leaving we leave much.

First, to you Juniors and those who shall succeed you we leave our examples and our gains, not without failures for it is by failures we achieve. May these help you to succeed where we have failed!

To you Teachers, we give our grateful appreciation for the unfailing work and earnest effort which you have so freely given us—without which we must have failed.

It has always been a grief to us Seniors that Miriam rarely would eat more than two sandwiches at lunch hour. Why should a robust, rollicking, high school girl live on a starvation diet? Starvation diet it certainly is. This puzzled us until, at length, one of our number conceived a new, practical, and very harmless device that would obviate all difficulties. The "Fullometer" is a very simple mechanism and we trust it will be helpful to you Miriam. With it clasped about your throat you may eat without a pang until the tiny instrument decrees you have had a sufficiency. You need not fear that you will not heed that decree. You cannot but heed, for you will have no swallow.

Then, to Anne we bequeath a small wireless telegraph apparatus to be set up by her desk in the study hall.

On this messages may be received or sent to any part of the room without noticeably disturbing pupils or faculty and most important of all proving a perfect cure for Anne's "fetching" cough.

Next, to Susie, we will a seat in the Seniors' row—the seat with the very best view of Oaklawn avenue. Susie, it is not by accident that we give you this our valued bench, but due to the appreciation of one of our own number for that very bench. She has known what it is to hear the call of the motorcycle and not be even able to glance at it. We only wish that you may succeed as she has succeeded and may live up to the ideals of that old, old bench.

Stephen has always been tremendously popular! Yet, even now, it is astounding to notice the attention he diverts when he walks across a floor. To him we present a pair of rubber heels that he may escape in part such flattering observation. Do we give this gift because we fear for Steve? No indeed, for

"'Tis an old maxim in the schools
That flattery's only food for fools."

But we do give it out of consideration for those whose attention has been distracted.

To Henry of inventive mind we leave next year's Physics class to try experiments in, and hope that his experiments always will be of as much value to him as ours to us.

Edwin, Dudley and Clem. are not without their special gift. Have they ever failed to answer questions concerning politics? No! They even try to be politic with the girls. So to them we leave willingly for old time's sake, the chairs which would be waiting us in politics when women come to reign.

To Myra we will an automobile that she may ride even oftener than she rides at present. To be sure we are not able to give her such a car as she usually rides in, but we feel sure

that our school mate will appreciate our remembrance, not so much from the gift itself, as for the thought which prompted it.

Then, to Robert Lindsay, we bequeath a small volume of "Choice Words." One word to be taken before breakfast, thoroughly "chewed on," swallowed and digested before another is attempted. The next word should be taken at midday. If you carry out these directions. Robert, I am sure you will remember us kindly in after years and truthfully call this a volume of wisdom for

"What you keep by you, you may change and mend,
But words once spoken, can never be recalled."

Among the last, but not the least, to Carl we present a speedometer and may he always have enough momentum to register.

To the girls of old S. H. S. we leave the boys—we take none with us—to do the countless little things which will amuse and further that jolly comradeship of our high school days now past, but yours to come.

With us we take a pleasant memory of happy days together, a gratitude for all we have gained, a satisfaction in the failures by which we have the better attained. To all we leave thanks, best wishes for future success and as a class our hearty good-will.

LETITIA L. BEEBE.

* * *

AN EXCUSE

Southold, N. Y., May 23, 1913.

Miss Chandler:

Please excuse Susie for being tardy on Thursday, May 22, as Mr. Smith's carpenters were at our house and Susie was too busy overseeing the work to leave for school on time.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Geo. Dickerson.

SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL

Old S. H. S. is a jolly place,
A place that is full of fun.
Of course we have to study there,
But we can also make things hum.

We love each hall and room and desk,
And may we never roam,
So far that we cannot come again
To our dear old High School home.

Four years have passed—bright
years and gay,
Since we started our High School
course.

And our school is dearer, in every
way,
Than it ever has been before.

For, now we are leaving, we needs
must look

At the things we are having here.
And know that in future all we may
have

Are the golden mem'ries so dear.

Then out of the future may we get
All the good we can gain.
And may we never lose sight of our
motto,

"We work for character, not fame."

ENGLISH HISTORY

Miss H.—Had the inhabitants of England made much progress at this time?

Anne H.—Oh yes. They had civilized animals now.

Miss H.—Who was one of the foreign favorites of Henry VII?

Bright Student—Bonehead of Savoy.

Miriam, bluffing—Oh yes, the monasteries were a great advancement for England. You see the monkeys were very well educated.

Miss Henderson's prayer: Oh Lord send me a class that will recognize a factitive complement.

REMINISCENCES OF SOUTHOLD

By Margaret M. Deale

Delivered at Alumni Banquet of 1912
Mr. Toastmaster, Alumni, Fellow
Teachers and Friends:—

This is indeed a most pleasant occasion that brings us here to-night at this, the second annual banquet of the Alumni Association of Southold High School.

You will pardon me, I am sure, if my toast savors somewhat of a personal nature; for as I look into your faces I cannot but think of the days long ago, when some of you began your first school days with me in the old school house.

I cannot say with the poet:
"Still sits the school house by the
road,
A ragged beggar sunning"; permit me
to change it a little.
Now sits the school house by the
Sound,
The summer girl, now sunning.

What more appropriate place than this for our alumni banquet?

Although it was with a feeling of homesickness that I entered the little old school house, many are the pleasant recollections of happy years spent there with you. And so it is with unusual pleasure that, to-night I stand among you at the end of almost a score of years and become reminiscent as I look into the faces of those whom as tiny tots I once mothered, whose aches and pains and tears I kissed away, and whom I have watched with no little interest develop year by year into men and women.

Some have gone away to higher schools of learning to better fit them for their life work; some into the business world to carve their career; others with great love for their native town have remained here in dear old Southold to become useful citizens; and still others are married with children soon to go to school. All are my boys and girls.

As I look into the mirror of time, many loved faces pass before my vision, the first that of a very small boy, whose face looked into mine on that first morning, dear little Rensselaer, the sweet singer, whose pleasant smile and cherry good morning have always been an inspiration to me.

Another look into the mirror shows me the face of a dear timid little girl who did not like to leave her first teacher and begged to stay another year. You can imagine with what pleasure the request was granted. Perhaps Elsie remembers the little girl.

Another peep and I see a short, sturdy, little girl, who was ever studious and whose literary work in the lowest grades was so appreciated that her stories were sent to the higher grades to be read. I suppose Mary is still covering herself with glory.

Will you look with me again and see the reflection of a tiny little boy who told his mother he did not need to go to school, he knew it all now. I wonder if that was "Tiny Tim," and whether he has changed his opinion.

The next glance shows a tear-stained, woe-begone little face, a boy who did not want to go to school. He was accompanied by his father, who stayed with him an hour. It was not until the father had left that the tears were dried and he became so interested and happy that he did not even look at his mother when she came to see how he was getting along. Nothing could keep Israel home from school after the first day.

Next comes the face of little Clair, the baby of the school, loved and petted by every one. I have to rub my eyes and look again to make sure that it is little Clair whom I see as President of the class of 1912.

Now as I look in the mirror the glass becomes very clear and I see a great procession of school children marching to the strains

of martial music of the Greenport Cornet Band. The procession winds its way up Main street and halts where a large brick building is being erected. Such a great day and such an event. Perhaps some of you here to-night were the little tots who straggled at the end of the procession and who found it hard work to keep up with the older ones in front, and bewailed the fact that you could not hear the band. How well we remember the laying of the corner stone of our new High School building, and with what pleasure and gratitude we entered it the following September.

Then many new faces greeted me and they, too, will never be forgotten. One of them comes before me now, the face of one who began her school days in the new school house, shy little Anne, whose mother came and stayed with her nearly a week before she was willing to be left alone. The years have rolled by since then and now as I look up in her face I see not the shy little girl, but the self-reliant one.

One last look in the mirror shows me a small boy coming to school with his big brother. And what do I see in his hand? A large lunch box, on which is printed in letters "Hagerman Bros." Yes, it is Dudley, and we are glad to welcome him here to-night as the representative of "Our dear old S. H. S."

I wish there was sufficient time for me to show you all the faces that pass before my mirror, but I have spoken now, as I fear, too long and must hurry on.

One word to those who have reached the end of their school days, and have come to the parting of the ways. As you go out from among us, be your best and do your best always. Your character is your will, for what you will you are; and remember:

"We live in deeds not years,
In thoughts, not breaths,

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs.
He lives most who thinks most, feels
the noblest, acts the best."

Finally

"Whatsoever things are true,
Whatsoever things are honest,
Whatsoever things are just,
Whatsoever things are pure,
Whatsoever things are lovely,
Think on these things."

CLASS SONG

Our High School days are o'er and
gone,
Ne'er to be lived again,
Except in memories fondest thoughts
Which none can take from us.
And in those thoughts and n.
dear,
We'll live those four years o'er,
The happiest period of our lives,
Most carefree and the best.
To you, dear teachers, who have help-
ed us all,
Through many trials and cares,
And to you, our friends, assembled
here,
We bid a fond farewell.
For higher thoughts and greater aims
Demand our attention now,
So with a longing to advance,
We now will say good-bye.
And in those future days and years,
We'll recall these happy hours
Of quiet studying and jolly fun,
With pleasant thoughts and sorrows.
And may our friends assembled here,
Oft in those future years
Think of these girls who now must
bid
To all a fond good-bye.

* * *

Betty was crying bitterly though
but recently married.

Hubby—"Why, dear, what's the
matter?"

Betty—"Boo-Hoo. I boiled that
can of peas two hours and the can
won't come off."

THE CLASS PROPHECY

By Cora Horton

Modelled after the witches' scene from Macbeth, the following prophecy was given. The prophet and her two assistants were dressed as witches. The ingredients from which the prophecy arose, were thrown into a caldron; the following results coming forth from the flames:

TO MARGERY:

Student thou art, and friend, and shalt be,
 What thou art promised. Yet I do envy thee thy fame;
 It is too full of great success
 To please my humble self; Thou shalt be great;
 Art not without ambition, and hast
 The strength that should attend it;
 Thou shalt have, O Margery,
 The thanks which cries, "Thou hast made me well by careful nursing, kind deeds and thoughtful actions."
 Follow hither, that I may reveal to you a picture,
 A picture of "Our Margery" in foreign lands amid scenes of strife.
 Passing between the beds of wounded soldiers,
 Who are shouting praises of their beloved nurse, a second "Florence Nightingale."

TO LETITIA:

A beginner thou art now,
 And soon an artist thou shalt be;
 For we know thy nature,
 And when thou art studying abroad,
 We believe thou wilt work in the same old way.
 For underneath thou art not without perseverance,
 And hast the skill that should accompany it,
 Thou shalt succeed, that is a certainty,
 Yet thou must not wrongly win.
 For thou hast, O Letitia, in thy self
 That which proclaims, "Climb and attain,"

And that which shall aid thee in thy success,
 And shall secure for thee thy fame,
 For instance:

Thy praises shall be sung in kingdoms,
 And rehearsed in the palaces of Queens,
 All artists shall acknowledge thee supreme,
 Yet thou shalt not be satisfied with this praise,
 But shall return to the town and friends and "Auld Lang Syne."

TO ALICE:

Housekeeper thou art, and worthy thou shalt be,
 Of what this promises. Yet we do enjoy thy culinary arts;
 Filled with the same old love for thy class mates.
 Thou wilt succeed, but the course of true love never did run smoothly,
 Yet thou hast a pleasing disposition and a winning way;
 These traits will find thee in after years, happy as of yore,
 A silv'ry haired dame, surrounded by miniature Alices of long ago.

TO MARY:

A little one thou art, but soon a great leader thou shalt be.
 Thy size is not a hindrance, although more height would perhaps benefit thee
 In thy many campaigns, on the road to success,
 Thou wilt be cheered by many audiences,
 And thou wilt have "Little Mary," criticisms, which will at first seem to crush thee,
 But finally woman suffrage shall reign supreme.
 Suffrage shall no longer be criticised by men,
 But respected and honored by them.
 This popularity will at first please thee,
 But after a few years thou wilt become dissatisfied,

And will come back to the old town
of thy "Alma Mater," and thy
old friends;
Showing thereby that thou hast lived
up to thy class motto,
"We work for character, not for
fame."

TENNIS

Interest in athletics has again been aroused in the High School girls. For a number of years they have had no athletic training. Basketball had been dropped and the need was felt of forming either a basketball team or starting some new sport.

There had been quite an interest in tennis last summer and the girls decided that a tennis court would be a fine thing on the school grounds. A meeting was called and a committee of four girls, Margery Williams, Lillian Purcell, Marguerite Howell and Anne Hallock, was appointed to superintend the work of getting a dirt court made.

The first important question was where would the money come from? There were fourteen dollars in the basketball fund in the bank to start the work, but the making of a dirt court with stopnets would require more than that amount. Help came from several sources. Donations were received from friends who were interested in athletics. The girls also gave a military card and domino party, which netted a nice sum. There were now about fifty-seven dollars to be expended on laying out the court. It was all needed. When the men and teams and necessary materials had been paid for, the expenses totalled about evenly with the amount on hand.

After the work the fun began. Noons and after school the court has been in almost constant use. The girls are good players and the good court has tended to make them bet-

ter. Also there was a fine spirit aroused in the girls. Of course, there had to be much rolling and marking of the ground, and for this work, they turned out willingly. The girls' interest in tennis has increased their interest in school life. It has made school seem more like a home with its work and play than like a place for just working day in and day out in a routine sort of way. Tennis is a fine athletic sport. It will surely strengthen the tie that binds the girls to the S. H. S. and deserves to be a part of the future life of the school.

ANNE HALLOCK.

Mr. S. (seeing Steve dreaming)—
"Mr. Salmon, bound New York."

Steve (dreamily) — "Bounded on north by 1st base, east by 2nd base, south—"

Mr. S.—"Why do you stop?"

* * *

Freshman—"Mercy! There's a fire over there!"

Senior—"Oh, no, it's only Cora's hair."

* * *

Miss Chandler — "Mr. Donahue. What is the meaning of Insula? (island)"

Ed. D.—"I don't know."

Miss C.—"But think! What do you live on?"

Ed. D.—"Hot air."

* * *

Miss H.—"Clement, put that chewing gum away."

Clem B. (stuffing it in his mouth)—
"That's what I am doing."

* * *

Miss H.—"Compare sick."

Bright Student—"Sick — worse — dead."

* * *

Miss H. (seeing Steve dreaming)—
"Stephen; what are you doing?"

Steve—"Visualizing."

STATISTICS FOR 1913

Name	Chief Characteristic	Disposition	Chief Delight	Future Occupation
Mr. Symonds	Smiling	Fair	Son	Scientist
Miss Chandler	Practical	Pretty Good	Men	Same
Miss Henderson	Idealistic	O. K.	Grammar	Dramatic instructor
Miss Van Dyck	Sweetness	Lovely	Being good	President of Wellesley
Teunis Bergen	Quietness	Amiable	Myra	Chauffeur
Lillian Bergen	Neatness	Mixture	Boys	Suffrage speaker
Harold Booth	Studiosness	Fair to middlin'	Racket	Violinist
Miriam Boisseau	Talking?	Sunny	Latin	Music teacher
Clement Booth	Feet	Changeable	Girls	Schoolmaster?
Rose Caley	Fatness?	Punk	Sputtering	Bookkeeper
Susie Dickerson	Blushing	Snappy	A worker in gold	Housekeeper
Edwin Donahue	Height	Huffy	Work	Prize fighter
Henry Fitz	Length	Rotten	Tormenting	Circus clown
Josephine Grattan	Pride	Flighty	Notes	School teacher
Harold Goldsmith	Dandiness	Couldn't be beat	His looks	Political boss?
William Griswold	Jollyng	Best ever	Athletics	Gym. teacher
Myron Glover	Smile	Incomparable	Being Nice	Professor
Henrietta Harrison	Giggles	Unfortunate	Squealing	No one knows
Marguerite Howell	Deviltry	Unsurpassable	Pin sticking	Author
Dudley Hagerman	Pleasantness	Simply slick	Bewitching girls	A social lion
Anne Hallock	Tinyness	Excellent	Tennis	Student
Robert Lindsay	Conceit	Pretty decent	"Votes for Women"	Rewriting Webster's
Myra Newbold	Prinness	Awful	Tennis	Dictionary
Lillian Purcell	Quietness	Unchangeable	Books	Hairdresser
Vera Petty	Soberness	Passable	Playing hookey	Muse
Harold Richmond	Reticence	Angelic	Winking	Housewife
Otto Schafer	Temper	Like his hair	Hunting	Machinist
Stephen Salmon	Noise	Good	Sag Harbor	Cartoonist
Vera Terry	Eyes	Nothing extra	Boys	Minister
Raymond Terry	Clumsiness	Cheerful	Dancing	Hard to tell
Carl Vail	Prinking	First class	Mending auto	Farmer
Gladys Williams	Size	None too good	Motorcycles	Dancing master
Emmett Young	Smartness	Good	To advance	You know
The Seniors	Everything that's best	Superb	Work	Architect
				Brilliant ones

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