


VOL. 1

No. 1

Class Motto:


*Finis Coronat Opus*



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# THE STUDENT

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JUNE \* 1909

PUBLISHED BY THE  
SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL  
SOUTHOLD, N. Y.



PRICE, TEN CENTS PER COPY

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# THE STUDENT

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Published by the Class of 1909 of Southold High School

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Vol. 1. No. 1      SOUTHOLD, N. Y., JUNE, 1909      Price, 10c

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EDITOR ..... HAROLD E. TUTHILL  
ASST. EDITOR..... MARION S. TERRY  
BUSINESS MANAGER ..... W. GERMOND COCHRAN

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## CLASS OF 1909

HAROLD E. TUTHILL, President  
MARION S. TERRY, Vice President  
W. GERMOND COCHRAN, Secretary and Treasurer



## FACULTY

Principal ..... E. W. SHAFER, A. B.  
Preceptress..... CHARLOTTE K. CHANDLER  
English and Music..... ELEANOR G. HOWELL  
High School and Eighth Grade ..... JESSIE M. CLARK  
Sixth and Seventh Grades..... ANNA L. WELCH  
Fifth Grade..... ALICE G. SANTRY  
Third and Fourth Grades..... ALICE J. TOOKE  
Second and Third Grades..... JOSEPHINE STARK  
First Grade..... MARGARET M. DEALE

## THE STUDENT

### EDITORIAL

The age in which we live is one of advanced thinking and improvement in general. We trust that our High School course has not been in vain. We most heartily thank the teachers for their untiring efforts in helping us.

We wish to express our gratitude to all who have aided us in preparing this paper. We would also thank the business men who have so willingly given their advertisements. We wish to express our sincere thanks to the editor of THE TRAVELER who so kindly printed the paper for us.

### Class History

By HAROLD E. TUTHILL

The history of the Class of 1909 is not very extensive on account of the small numbers. There were originally nine members in the class. Before we organized formally, two members of the class left school, and one completed the course in 1908.

At the end of the Junior year Miss Appleby went to Dean Academy and Miss Anna Mahoney went to Jamaica to study for a trained nurse.

At a meeting in the fall of 1908, gold and white were chosen as class colors, and *finis coronat opus*, as the class motto. We then had several quite exciting meetings. We were not able to decide on a class pin. Two of the members of the class liked one pin; the other two liked another. There were orations of great eloquence delivered in favor of

both pins; but everyone held to his or her choice. It was finally decided to compromise on a third pin.

In January 1909, Miss Rose Mahoney left school on account of ill health.

During the high school course Miss Terry took part in the second and third local prize speaking contests. Miss Terry played center on the girls' basket ball team in her senior year. She acted as accompanist at chapel during her junior and senior years.

Mr. Cochran took part in the first and third local contests. He won first prize in the first contest, and first prize in the third contest. He also won first prize in the Interscholastic contest which was held at Greenport that year. He acted as manager of the baseball and basket ball teams in his senior year with great credit to himself and to the school. Mr. Cochran was one of the editors of the school notes during the last term of school.

Mr. Tuthill took part in the second and fourth local contests, winning first prize in the fourth contest. He played center on the second basket ball team. He acted as one of the editors of school notes during the first term of school.

As the class was so small we decided not to have Class Day, but to put the ordinary exercises in the school paper.

With this the history of our class ends. We have had many pleasant times together. We hope that our journey through life may be as pleasant as the time we spent in school.

### His Parting Shot

Claude (just rejected)—“I shall never marry now.”

Alice—“Foolish man! Why not?”

Claude—“If you won't have me, who will?”

## THE STUDENT

### Class Poem

By MARION S. TERRY

We have started on life's journey,  
May our path be clear and bright,  
And whatever lot befalls us  
May it be the course to right.  
Let our motto be before us,  
In the course which we pursue;  
Let us stand prepared for action,  
All prepared to dare and do.  
Then when we are striving upward  
To the heights which we ascend,  
May we ever toil in earnest—  
May good fortune us attend.  
Till at last our trials over,  
We may see with joyous pride,  
That our motto's ever triumphed,  
Which has always been our guide.



### A Great Race

In the race between "A. M." and "V. T." for the short stop of the baseball team, "V. T." looks like a sure winner.

Sympathetic man (to a one-armed man who has just entered)—"Excuse me, sir, but I see you have lost an arm."

One-armed man (looking in his empty sleeve in surprise)—"Bless my soul, but I believe I have."

Teacher—"What letter is next to 'h'?"

Boy—"Dunno."

Teacher—"Think, now. What have I on each side of my nose?"

Boy—"Freckles, ma'am."

### TEACHERS' CORNER

#### Straight from the Shoulder

Wanted—A girl to come to Southold High School to set an example of a good standing position and carriage—the foundation of good looks and without which a pretty face is spoiled.

Things one notes in a thoroughbred: He includes raising his hat with a bow; he never sits while a girl stands—especially in conversation with her; he does not slouch in and out of a room.

We regret that it is the style—the vogue—the habit of the sons and daughters of the parents of Southold to speak so indistinctly that they give the impression not only that they are lifeless and lazy but lacking in this point of good manners.

#### Straight from the Heart

From the lines just above that come from the shoulder,  
You'll think the instructors have hearts like a boulder;  
In fact, lest we tell you, you surely can't guess  
That we like you, all over, every one, none the less.

#### An Appreciation

After visiting other school buildings of the East End, we come back to ours with renewed satisfaction. We look about our rooms and our eyes rest upon walls whose color tones are harmonious with the light oak woodwork, and upon spaces adapted to the effective hanging of pictures.

Given blackboards, chalk trays, enough single desks, a great many high windows, metal walls and ceilings, and one has a distinct picture of many a school room. With ours there is something more; it seems to us a definable attractiveness and a manifest taste.

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS

## THE STUDENT

### Class Prophecy

By W. GERMOND COCHRAN

In the summer of the year 1937 I set sail on one of the ocean greyhounds for a business trip to China. It necessarily had to be a very brief trip. After a long and tiresome voyage, I finally reached Hong Kong and registered at one of the hotels in that city not run by Chinamen. I staid in the city a few days, transacting business and then my duties carried me out to a small town not far from Hong Kong, where there was only one English speaking merchant in the whole town. He had a monopoly of the trade in that village, being a fluent speaker of the Chinese language. I had finished my business with this man and was being drawn back toward the city in a cart with two Chinamen acting as motor power, when on the outskirts of the village, I noticed a tiny hut built altogether differently from the neighboring houses. I inquired of my two Chinamen who lived there and they replied that a missionary had been living there for several years. Being anxious to talk to someone who could speak my native tongue, I ordered the men to stop and I entered the small yard in front of the house. On the door, the inscription had been cut with a knife: "Rev. Harold E. Tuthill, Missionary." I was overjoyed at reading this name, for since our graduation from High School I had lost track of my friend entirely. I entered the house which had but two rooms and looked for my friend. I was just about to enter the small room adjoining the living-room, when I heard a step at the door and turning, saw a man with features that had once belonged to my friend Harold Tuthill. But how different in outward appearance. This man had

exactly the appearance of a Chinaman. His hair had been shaved from his head except in one place, where it had been left to grow into a long queue. He was dressed in the loose fitting clothes of that country and resembled a native Chinaman very much.

He recognized me immediately and came forward to shake hands with me. He was overjoyed at seeing one of his old classmates again. I staid with him about half an hour and we talked together, he telling me of his work among the Chinese and I recalling all that I could of his friends in America. He immediately inquired about Miss Terry. I told him that I had not been able to keep in close touch with her, but I had heard she was a matron in one of the large orphan asylums in the Southern States. By the time we had finished our talk, almost an hour had passed and I had to depart for Hong Kong. He made me promise as I was leaving that I would hunt up Miss Terry and find out how she was getting along. I told him I would surely do so and left. I set sail for the United States the next day and on my arrival, I immediately started for the South to hunt up Miss Terry. I had heard that there was a large orphan asylum in a town in Georgia, so I thought I would see if Miss Terry might be there. By luck the person who opened the door in response to my summons was none other than Miss Terry herself. She was also glad to see me and invited me in. She said she was just about to hear the daily lessons of some of the children and asked me to be a spectator. We entered a large class room with rows of small seats and at a signal the children began to pour into the room. They could not seem to march in order but tumbled over each other in their eager joy to reach Miss Terry and be welcomed by her. It was wonderful what a control she

## THE STUDENT

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exercised over them. They were all most happy if they could do any little thing to please her. After hearing their well-learned lessons, Miss Terry took her place at the large pipe-organ and played while the children sang and I never heard more beautiful music. After this the children were dismissed and Miss Terry took me for a walk around the beautiful grounds connected with the institution and showed me through the numerous buildings constructed entirely of stone and marble. She told me her position and duties in the institution and said that her whole heart was in the work. We decided upon a date for a class reunion and after telling her about the success of Harold as a missionary I left to resume my business affairs in New York. I had been much surprised and pleased with these two meetings, however, and was able to take up my duties with a much lighter heart than before.

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### By MARION S. TERRY

Late one evening I sat idly dreaming in front of the fire. My thoughts turned back to the happy days spent in Southold High. I fell to wondering what had become of my old classmates of whom I had heard little since our graduation. As I sat thus a vision appeared before me, uttering not a word, but beckoning me and motioning toward the door. Curious as to what it might mean, I silently followed my guide. He led me on and on over green fields and valleys and, though the way was very long, I did not become tired with the journey; indeed, my feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, so swiftly we sped on. At length we came to a land of perfect peace and contentment. In quite a conspicuous place I saw a long, low building, and as we reached this, my guide stopped, motioning me to enter. I did

and remained standing just inside the door. Whom should I see but my former classmate, Germond Cochran, standing on an elevated platform talking in low, earnest tones to the people gathered before him. There was not a sound in the room, each person sitting motionless watching the great man. Soon the meeting was over and the congregation filed slowly out of the building. A few remained, however, and I watched them curiously. They talked with Mr. Cochran for some time and I noticed as they passed out that each wore a happy expression. I then went up and spoke to my old friend. He seemed much pleased to see me and we talked together of old times. He told me that after receiving his degree at Harvard he made up his mind he must do something to help mankind. Through a friend he had heard of this place, seemingly out of the world, whose people, worn out with poverty and sorrow, had come to seek peace and quiet. So he had decided to come to the place, and now—once a week—he held these meetings, at which he talked to the people and gave them encouragement, and in every way possible made their sorrows lighter. I would gladly have remained longer in this peaceful spot and have heard about Mr. Cochran's noble work, but just then I saw my guide beckoning me away, and the dream was over.

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### Absent All Around

The absent-minded professor returned home one evening, and, after ringing his front door-bell for some time to no effect, heard the maid's voice from the second-story window: "The professor is not in."

"All right," quietly answered the professor; "I'll call again." And he hobbled down the stone steps.

## THE STUDENT

### A Dream in 1950 A. D.

I am an "old grad" of S. H. S., a member of the class of 19—. To-night as I sit dreaming over the fire, the faces of my old school and college mates, as they were in the early years of the twentieth century, seem to rise before me, and scenes of my high school days pass in review before my bewildered vision. Oh, how we loved to study in those days! Especially during the academic year 1908-1909 we could not be driven from our books, and the school never ranked so high in scholarship as it did that year.

Again, I see Marion, "reading rapidly, all at ease, pages out of Virgil's Aeneid," or scanning in musical tone and accent glorious, "those noble hexameters." Again, I hear her begging the teacher for a longer lesson, saying that seventy lines of Virgil a day were not enough for an ordinary mortal. "Sweetest Marion, Fancy's child," how well I remember thee! Thy studious habits and poetic nature have ever been an inspiration to me.

The vision of another maiden floats before my eyes, a maiden slender, dignified, and wonderfully fair. She always reminded me of Mrs. Dexter. (The reader who is unfamiliar with Mrs. Dexter should look her up. It will be good exercise for his mental calibre.) Early in life this maiden decided she would not be a tailor (Taylor) as was foreordained, but would become a Cochran.

In the chaos of my dream another figure appears. It is David Andrew Montgomery Griswold, whose straight, athletic back and erect head were the envy of less favored mortals. "Dave" was a good fellow, and a universal favorite with all the students (girls particularly), and even with the faculty,

which is not a common occurrence. Improbable as it may seem, he was a great friend of the English teacher. The rest of the faculty liked Dave because he was so studious and had such innocent eyes, exactly like those of a cherub. When a disturbance in the school room was attributed to him, one glance from those eyes, as blue as a piece of imprisoned sky, and a toss of his tawny mane, were sufficient to convince the most dubious teacher ever licensed to teach, of his total innocence and angelic character.

Through the wavering vista of my dream, another form gradually assumes human shape, and my old friend, Gilbert Horton, rises before me. As his name signifies, Gilbert was as "bright as gold," especially his hair. I remember we youngsters used to wonder if he did it up in "kids" at night. But despite his brightness, Gilbert was the greatest bluffer that I have ever seen, during the whole course of my eventful life. How well I recollect how he bluffed through his Cicero course. Listening to his reading those powerful speeches which made their author the foremost orator of that age, I used to wish that Cicero himself might come from Hades, assume human form, and visit our classroom for a while. But he never came. Perhaps Pluto would not allow him to leave the shades of Tartarus. Gilbert was quite an orator too. How well I see him striding out on the stage, throwing back his shoulders, and letting his voice thunder forth in some mighty declamation, until it reached the farthest recesses of Belmont Hall.

After Gilbert had vanished, a tiny little figure in short pants appears to me. Oh, I remember him now. It is Tiny Tim; but although Tim was small bodily, he was "multum in parvo." Moreover, he was the greatest tease in school. Even his unfortunate teachers suffered at his hands. But withal he was a kind-



## THE STUDENT

hearted little chap, and while he brought tears to his teacher's right eye, he brought a smile to her left one, or vice versa. He had brains, too, as anyone could see from the shape of his head. Oh, Tim! I wonder where you are now. Have you grown any since I saw you last, some forty years ago, away back in 1909? Are you a leading light of the New York bar (as you intended to be) or are you a boot-black?

Again, woman's Ionic form stands before me. After much scrutiny I recognize Carolyn Goldsmith, and a flood of memories rushes over me. Again I see Miss Goldsmith with her hair done up in the latest style and the most marvelous creation that we students had ever seen. I remember we used to wonder if she did her hair the night before, because we could—Ye gods and little chicks, what a crash! What blinding pain! I suddenly find myself sitting in the midst of the fire in the open grate. After I managed to collect my scattered senses and to rise from my rather warm seat, I find that I must have dropped asleep and had fallen over into the open fire place. My dream was ended. The hot coals had quickly and effectually brought me back to the present.

**S** stands for Shafer, the head of our school  
**O** is for Order, which means not to fool  
**U** is for Unity, Miss Howell's pet  
**T** is for Terry, who never does fret  
**H** is for Harold, who's always so sad  
**O**'s for the "Oracle," which wasn't so bad  
**L** stands for Leicht; may she always shine bright  
**D** is for Dave, who ne'er studies at night

**H** is for Horton, whose hair's like a brick  
**I** stands for Issie, who, we know, isn't thick  
**G** stands for Gagen, both Allie and Joe  
**H** is for Hodgins, bashful, we know

**S** is for Scholars, who learning pursue  
**C** is for Carlisle and Caroline, too  
**H** stands for Hoinkis, who's always on time  
**O** } These O's we'll leave out, 'cause we  
**O** } can't make 'em rhyme  
**L**'s for the Ladder, we've all had to climb

**It may not be true,  
But have you heard that:**

Gilbert Horton is going to have a hair-cut?

Alice Smith and Claude Hodgins are the same height?

Florence Fickeissen and Israel Terry do their Caesar together every morning?

Carolyn Goldsmith has *one* (?) fellow?

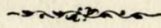
Philip Danz and Clair Van Dusen are having a neck and neck race for a certain girl who doesn't live in Southold?

Carlisle Cochran goes west instead of east after the evening mail?

Ernestine Howell and Mary Kenney waste valuable minutes every noon playing ball?

David Griswold never unstraps his books at home?

What the Senior class doesn't know would fill many, many volumes?



### For Sale

FOR SALE—Last Term's History Examination Papers and Report Cards. Prospective Buyer can have them, if he will only correct them. Reason for sale is overwork.

E. W. SHAFER, Prin. S. H. S.

FOR SALE—A cold in my head. Warranted pure and unadulterated.

MISS E. G. HOWELL

FOR SALE—My ability to flirt. Going cheap as I intend to be married soon.

HARRIET BOOTH

FOR SALE—A rapidly growing down on my chin and cheeks. I am too poor to shave frequently.

GILBERT HORTON

FOR SALE—All my short trowsers. Warranted to fit any boy of ten years.

GERMOND COCHRAN

FOR SALE—My hair. Reason for sale is length of time wasted in doing it up.

EDITH BREITSTADT

FOR SALE—A case of bashfulness.

RICHARD VAIL

FOR SALE—All my deviltry, for I am going to a reformatory.

DAVID GRISWOLD

## THE STUDENT

### Class Will

We, the Class of 1909, of the Southold High School, Town of Southold, New York, do hereby make, publish and declare this our last Will and Testament, in manner and form following :

We hereby give, devise and bequeath—

*First:* To the school, an acre of land to enlarge the athletic field.

*Second:* To Patrick May, a new chair for his use in the basement.

*Third:* To Gilbert Horton, a safety razor.

*Fourth:* To David Griswold, a Caesar pony for next year.

*Fifth:* To Eleanor Terry, a student's lamp for studying evenings.

*Sixth:* To Caroline Taylor, a cook book.

*Seventh:* To William Hoinkis, a half-mile track to continue his practice.

*Eighth:* To Barbara Bliss, a biological laboratory to carry on her experiments.

*Ninth:* To Richard Vail, a pair of goggles to use while automobiling.

*Tenth:* To Miss Chandler, a tonic to build her up.

*Eleventh:* To Israel Terry, a copy of Milne's Solid Geometry to study during vacation.

*Twelfth:* To Miss Clark, a curling iron.

*Thirteenth:* To Mary Kenney, a copy of Homer's Iliad to translate.

*Fourteenth:* To Miss Howell, a baton to beat time with.

*Fifteenth:* To Mr. Shafer, our best wishes for a long life of prosperity.

*Sixteenth:* We nominate, constitute and appoint Wm. H. Terry and L. P. Wilkinson, of the Town of Southold, executors of this our last Will and Testament.

*Seventeenth:* Should any of the beneficiaries under this our will, object to the probate thereof, or in any wise, directly or indirectly, contest or aid in contesting the same, or any of the provisions thereof, or the distribution of our property thereunder, then and in that event we annul any bequest herein made to such beneficiary, and it is our will that such beneficiary shall be absolutely barred and cut off from any share in our property.

*In Witness Whereof*, we have hereunto subscribed our names and affixed our seal at Southold, New York, this 3rd day of June, 1909, in the presence of Miss Vera Terry and Allie Gagen, whom we have requested to become attesting witnesses hereto.

MARION S. TERRY  
W. GERMOND COCHRAN  
HAROLD E. TUTHILL

The foregoing instrument was subscribed, sealed, published and declared by the Class of 1909 as and for last Will and Testament in our presence, and we, in their presence, hereunto subscribe our names and residences as attesting witnesses, this 3rd day of June, 1909.

VERA TERRY, Peconic, N. Y.  
ALLIE GAGEN, Southold, N. Y.

### Education

A *Summa Cum Laude* chap he was,  
And the things that he knew were many,  
But later he foundth at he didn't quite know  
A nice, easy way to a penny.

## THE STUDENT

### Classics Retold

A recent examination held by the department of Regents, of the State of New York, has brought forth the following compositions on the poem "Evangeline" and the picture, "The Angelus," which are taken verbatim from the answer papers of the students:

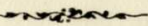
#### Evangeline

Gabriel was Evangeline's feller. Evangeline was always chasing after him. When she got left behind on the shores of Arcadie, she begun chasing as soon as she could. She chased him over rivers and valleys, but she never got caught up with him. At last, when she was thin and old, she found him laying in a poor-house with a fever. She just had a minute's notice before he died to lie his head on her bosom and say, "Good-by, Gabriel; I done my best."

#### The Angelus

This picture was painted by Malay. It contains a man and a church steeple. The man and woman are very poor; they have been digging potatoes, because they need them to live on. The potatoes look very small. Just at sunset they hear a bell ring; it is the Angelus. It means they must pray. So they bow they heads and pray for bigger potatoes.

—Lippincott's



#### A Song

Now sing a song of summertime  
And raise a joyful shout,—  
The season of the speckled boy  
And of the freckled trout.

### Knew His Business

"Little boy," exclaimed the portly lady, "you ought to be at school instead of trying to work a lift."

"I'm not trying to work it," was the answer. "I am working it, and if you wish to ride I shall be happy to accommodate you. So far as any obligation to be at school is concerned, allow me to remind you that this is a legal holiday, and I am exempt from attendance at an institution where, I am pleased to say, I am at the head of my class."

"You have no business trying to work that lift, anyhow."

"For what reason?"

"Because you are too young to know anything about it."

"Madam, allow me to reassure you. This lift is worked by hydraulic pressure, the principle relied on being that water exerts pressure in proportion to the height of a column rather than in proportion to the diameter. In making use of this characteristic water is admitted into a cylinder, the pressure being regulated by the use of valves and a stable equilibrium being made possible by an ingenious system of counterpoises. I could go further into the minutiae of this particular machine, which of course has its variations from other models," he added as she gasped in astonishment, "but I doubt if you could follow the technical terms whose use an accurate description would necessitate, but I wish to assure you that if, after what I have said, you think you know more about this lift than I do you are at perfect liberty to step in and take its management out of my hands."



Tommy (who had just been chastised by his father)—Mamma, was Adam the first man?

Mamma—Yes, Tommy.

Tommy—Didn't he have any papa?

Mamma—Of course not.

Tommy—Gee, but he was lucky!

# STATISTICS FOR 1909

## THE STUDENT

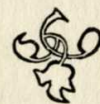
Name	Principal Characteristic	Disposition	Chief Delight	Future Occupation
Principal Shafer	Memory	O. K.	Talking	Same
Miss Chandler	Slenderness	Fair to middlin	Driving	Hard to tell
Miss Howell	Severity	Improving	Wheeling	Critic
Miss Clark	Grace	Easy	Scolding	Organist
Gilbert Horton	Tact	Jovial	Oratory	Lecturer
Mary Kenney	Brains	Hard to define	Base ball	Greek teacher
Elinor Terry	Modesty	Even	Eating	Dressmaker
David Griswold	Agility	Amiable	Athletics	Acrobat
Edith Breitstadt	Fickleness	Mild	Making eyes	Just guess
Richard Vail	Bashfulness	Contrary	Automobiling	Politician
Gertrude Bennett	Weight	Improving	Walking	Carpenter's wife
Ethel Grathwohl	Laugh	Huffy	Moonlight	Society leader
Caroline Taylor	Smiles	Studios	Chinning	Housekeeping
Ernestine Howell	Blushes	Dignified	Base ball	School teacher
Germond Cochran	Laziness	Precarious	Running bills	Chauffeur
Vera Terry	Impulsiveness	Pleasing	Singing	Prima Donna
Miriam Fickeissen	Giggles	Snappy	Athletics	Saleslady
Mildred Cox	Gait	Fair	Hunting	Trained nurse
Florence Fickeissen	Voice	Excellent	Early breakfast	Cooking
Carlisle Cochran	Ambition	Sunny	Willow Hill	Dancing master
Harriet Booth	Feet	Lively	Boys	Moralizing
Claude Hodgins	Adaptability	Model	1st English	Basket-ball coach
Hilda Leicht	Noise	Cranky	Examinations	Uncertain
Edith Vail	Hard to tell	Fine	Visiting in school	Shining
Allie Gagen	Decorum	Spunky	Agnes M.	Musician
Elsie Hummel	Sweetness	Lovely	Second Soprano	Pianist
Ethel Beebe	Humor	Not so bad	School	Sporting
William Hoinkins	Self-confidence	Roving	Latin	Marathon runner
Mary Conklin	Age	Bright	Smiling	Missionary
Gladys Bergen	Eyes	Fair	Visiting	Nobody knows
Clarence Glover	None	Better	Biology	Engineer
Nellie Danz	Complexion	Angelic	Singing	Scolding
Harold Tuthill	Thrift	Doubtful	Flirting	Statesman
Alice Smith	Stature	Social	Work	Milkmaid
Barbara Bliss	Reliability	Retiring	Lessons	Undecided
Clair Van Dusen	Height	Energetic	Base ball	Professor
Marion Terry	Bossing	Tolerable	Washing dishes	Wait and see

## THE STUDENT

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# KNOCKS



E. GRATHWOHL—"Thou say'st an undisputed thing in such a solemn way."

HOWELL—"Blushing is the color of virtue."

R. VAIL—"For he is not dead, but sleepeth."

E. TERRY—"For she was just the quiet kind whose natures never vary."

KENNEY—  
"Beside, 'tis known she could speak Greek  
As naturally as piglets squeak;  
That Latin was no more difficile,  
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

TUTHILL—"He is of a very melancholy disposition."

C. COCHRAN—  
"And when a lady's in the case,  
You know all other things give place."

LEICHT—"In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare."

H. BOOTH—"Maiden, with the meek brown eyes."

HODGINS—  
"Could wisely tell what hour o' the day  
The clock does strike by algebra."

BREITSTADT—"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought."

GLOVER—  
"We grant although he had much wit,  
He was very shy of using it."

BEEBE—"Ever smiling."

HORTON—"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."

V. TERRY—"The flash of her black eyes."

VAN DUSEN—"He's not so meek as he looks."

F. FICKEISSEN—"Woman's at best a contradiction still."

HOINKIS—"Exhausting thought and living wisdom with each studious year."

TAYLOR—  
"The moon presents a beautiful view  
When she is seen by only two."

GRISWOLD—"I am not in the roll of common men."

HUMMEL—"Soft peace she brings."

G. COCHRAN—"None but himself can be his parallel."

SMITH—"Like unto a marble statue."

I. TERRY—"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

BENNETT—"Is she not passing fair?"

A. GAGEN—"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

M. FICKEISSEN—"She is witty to talk with,  
And pleasant, too, to think on."

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MONDAY EVENING

JUNE 21, 1909

AT 8 O'CLOCK

CLASS

HAROLD EVERETT TUTHILL  
*President*

MARION STUART TERRY  
*Vice President*

WILLIAM GERMOND COCHRAN  
*Secretary and Treasurer*

HONORS

*Honor in Mathematics*—William Germond Cochran.

*Honor in History*—Harold Everett Tuthill.

*Honor in Science*—Harold Everett Tuthill, William Germond Cochran.

*Essay Honor*—Harold Everett Tuthill.



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Preceptress.....	CHARLOTTE K. CHANDLER
English and Music.....	ELEANOR G. HOWELL
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Fifth Grade.....	ALICE G. SANTRY
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