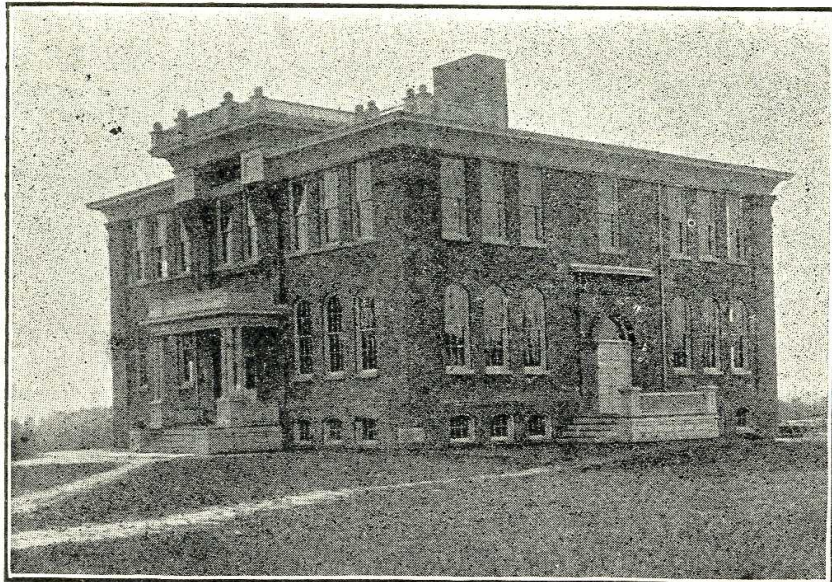




THE
Comet
1911

SOUTHOLD
HIGH
SCHOOL



THE COMET

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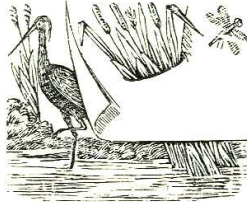
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SOUTHOLD, Long Island

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Paper Hanging
Southold, L. I.

The Comet

Published by the Class of 1911 of
Southold High School

Vol. I. No. 1. SOUTHOLD, N. Y., JUNE, 1911 Price, 10c

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ASSISTANT EDITOR MILDRED G. COX
BUSINESS MANAGER WILLIAM HOINKIS

Class of 1911

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ELINOR H. TERRY, Vice President
EDITH C. BREITSTADT, Secretary
WILLIAM HOINKIS, Treasurer
NELLIE B. DANZ
MILDRED G. COX
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PRECEPTRESS.....CHARLOTTE K. CHANDLER, A. B.
HIGH SCHOOL.....MARY B. HENDERSON, A. B.
HIGH SCHOOL AND EIGHTH GRADE.....ELIZABETH A. YOUNG, Ph. B.
SIXTH AND SEVENTH GRADES.....BESSIE A. TORREY, A. B.
FIFTH GRADE.....ALICE J. TOOKE
THIRD AND FOURTH GRADES.....BERTHA L. HALL
SECOND AND THIRD GRADES... ..JOSEPHINE C. STARK
FIRST GRADE.....MARGARET M. DEALE

THE COMET

EDITORIAL

It has been our purpose in editing this paper to give a little insight to the events that are connected with our school life. By necessity, we have been compelled to follow the precedent established by former classes in some matters, but wherever originality was possible we have tried to use it to the best advantage. We may have succeeded, we may have failed; the decision rests in your hands.

We wish to express our thanks to the teachers and all who have assisted us in any way in publishing the paper. We extend our thanks to the business men, who have so kindly given their advertisements. We are especially grateful to the editor of "The Traveler," who has so willingly assisted us and helped to make this paper a success.

SNAPSHOTS FROM FACULTY ROW

(R-o-w rhymes with **no**,

Not with **how**, of course, you know.)

Never mind what people think of you if you are doing the very best you can. Always mind what you think of yourself. Ask yourself this question—"Am I following my highest ideal every minute of the day?"—Now what do you think of yourself?

The Faculty Row is justly proud of the girls and boys of the High School. The debating societies are a source of much satisfaction. The students themselves take entire charge and show a marked degree of independence—a sure sign of progress. Is it perhaps, not largely due to their practice in debating that they make such a good showing in prize speaking contests? Continue! There is always room for everyone at the top of the ladder!

H. H.—"My heart; why are you like a door knob?"

V. T.—"I'm sure I don't know."

H. H.—"Why, because you are something to a-dore."

THE VALUE OF A PURPOSE

A definite purpose in life is one of the most valuable things a young person can have. A study of the lives of great men and women shows us clearly that early in life, they had one dominating purpose, more definite in some cases than in others, but still it is always present.

If a person is especially interested in one particular thing, he is constantly gathering information about it because of that interest. It is a fortunate thing for a boy or a girl when he or she discovers early in life something that is worth striving for. Just think of the vast number of facts a person can gather about some kind of work it that person begins to store special knowledge at the age of ten years.

There are many students in our high schools and colleges to-day, who do not know what they are going to do after they finish their school life. The fact that they do not have a well defined purpose, does not mean that they are indifferent as to what their life's work shall be. The majority of these students have this question constantly before them, until circumstances decide it for them. Much time is lost by this way of choosing a vocation.

Whatever object a person has, that object is what does the stimulating, whether it be to have fun or to accomplish something worth while. The student who goes through school without some definite kind of work in mind, usually has the idea of self improvement constantly before him. A well defined purpose will stimulate a person to his best endeavor, will make the preparation for life more pleasant and interesting, and, if other conditions are what they should be, will insure complete success.

J. C.—"Did you ever hear an Oyster Bay?"

W. H.—"No."

J. C.—"It's a sort of a Long Island Sound."

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THE GREEN AND GOLD

In springtime, when each country street,
Blossoms with tiny wild flowers sweet,
Buttercups nod at us from the grass,
And catching a gleam from their cups
as we pass,

We welcome the Green and Gold.

In the summertime we see again
The nodding fields of yellow grain,
And there beyond, the maple trees,
Whispering to each passing breeze,
Show us the Green and Gold.

In autumn when each wind that blows,
Warns us of the season's close,
The sun glints on Long Island Sound,
Peconic Bay, and all around
Glimmer the Green and Gold.

In winter twilights, cold and rare,
When sunset bathes the fields so bare,
The grand old elms stand dark and high
Against the flame of evening sky,
Mingle the Green and Gold.

The sunset fades from off the hill,
The autumn winds at last are still,
The spring and summer quickly go,
Still in our hearts will ever glow
Love for the Green and Gold.

For fondest thoughts of high school days
Will ever rise from memory's haze,
Close linked with hopes for days to be,
When earth is radiant with thee,
Beloved Green and Gold.

Neighbor—"Why is your son taking only one subject at the High School?"

Mrs. C.—"He is too delicate to carry the books home that they require."

* * *

Freshman—"What's that sharp discussion going on out in the hall?"

Senior—"It's Vera talking to herself."

WHO'S WHO IN S. H. S.

Cutest Man—Joe Gagen.
Girl's Pet—Richard Vail.
Best Bluffer—Ethel Grathwohl.
Ladies' Man—Dudley Hagerman.
Most Chronic Kicker—Mildred Cox.
Best Speaker (?)—Elinor Terry.
Most Honest Man—William Hamilton.
Least Conceited (?)—Myra Newbold.
Most Inveterate Jollier—Claude Hodgins.
Most Modest Man—Carl Vail.
Biggest Fusser—William Hoinkis.
Most Talkative Girl—Susie Terry.
Biggest Teacher Jollier—David Griswold.
Best Athlete—Edward Grattan.
School Politician—Harold Grathwohl.
Smallest Feet—Clement Booth.
Best Musician—Agnes Scott.
Greatest Grind (?)—Hattie Booth.
Most Important Man—Henry Fitz.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

A. Hallock idle?
P. Danz angry?
E. Terry flirting?
H. Grathwohl studying?
I. Beebe any stouter?
V. Terry darning socks?
E. Donohue with a moustache?
M. Boisseau being naughty?
A. Smith not chewing gum.
D. Griswold telling the truth?
L. Beebe not making eyes?
Miss H. in a hoop skirt?
C. Booth walking noiselessly?
C. Taylor and Some One Else?

Degrees Awarded by Class of 1911

E. Booth, B. E.—Bachelor of English.
G. Horton, B. O.—Bachelor of Oratory.
A. Gagen, M. D.—Master of Deviltry.
H. Tuthill, B. S.—Bachelor of Silence.
C. Brietstadt, M. S.—Master of Surgery.
R. Hummel, B. L.—Bachelor of Latin.
G. Cochran, M. B.—Master of Brains.
C. Cochran, M. C. L.—Master of Chronic Laziness.

As long as the grass is growing,
As long as rivers run;
May Nineteen Eleven be winning,
As she has ever won.

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CLASS PROPHECY

By NELLIE B. DANZ

"Here I am at last," was my first thought upon alighting from the train as it pulled in at the Chicago depot on the sixth of June, 1920. I looked about me inquiringly, but saw no familiar face. Where was Edith? She had written that she would meet the 4.30 train without fail. She surely was not there. A nice situation! A stranger in a strange city.

I glanced anxiously about me once more. Coming down the platform, his head slightly bent forward, a suitcase in his hand, was a man. He looked strangely familiar. Where had I met him before, I wondered. As he came nearer to me, my steady gaze seemed to arouse him from his reverie, for he looked up and smiled genially.

"Dick Vail," I cried, "You?"

He took my hand wonderingly and said, "Yes, it is I, but who—"

Then he recognized me. The old characteristic smile illuminated his face. It was the same old Dick whom I had not seen in years. In the course of our conversation he told me that he lived in Cleveland and manufactured the "Swift" flying machines. I wondered if they were as "swift" as his old automobile, which he rode around in when we were going to Southold High School?

In the meantime we had reached the waiting room, and I was explaining my situation, when a lady came rushing up to me. It was Edith. She was very much excited and in gasps she began to explain that one of her "friends" came to take her out for a ride and he faithfully promised that she would be back in time, but they fell to discussing baseball—"The last game had been simply great!"—and they went farther than they realized, and they had just arrived. Meanwhile she was hurrying toward the exit "to the car where he was waiting," she explained as we went. I was already interested in this new "he," who had evidently forgotten time and distance under the spell of Edith's eyes, but I was also wondering what had be-

come of Dick. I glanced back over my shoulder. There he stood talking gaily to a very attractive young lady, but as you all know, he always did admire attractiveness, especially in young ladies.

During my visit I was pleasantly surprised to learn that Elinor and her husband were living in Chicago, for after Elinor's marriage, I had lost track of her completely. Methodist ministers do change about so often! Elinor was so glad to see me that she invited me to spend a few days with her. The people all liked the minister, and especially his wife. They were doing fine work, and I shall long remember them and the delightful time I had while there.

A week later, I stood again on the platform talking with Edith. A special car was being placed on the same train that I was intending to take. Evidently it was for a person of some distinction, judging by the size of the crowd gathered there. There were in reality two persons and when I was able to see their faces, I grasped Edith by the arm and cried:

"Isn't that Mildred and Will?"

My answer was an astonished "Yes."

Edith and I approached the conductor and asked who this man was to whom the crowd paid such deference.

"Why the president of the road, of course," he answered.

I made up my mind to see the president of the road and his fiance. I had only a few minutes before the train started, and when I reached the steps they would not let me enter. I, hurriedly, drew out a card, handed it to a porter and said:

"Give that to the president immediately. I shall wait here."

He looked at me with some surprise, but went. A few moments later, Hoin-kis and his companion were on the platform greeting Edith and myself. They were also on their way to New York and asked me to ride with them. I was glad to have an opportunity to see and talk with my old classmates again. So bidding Edith goodbye, I went back in the car with them.

After our surprise at having met had worn off, we began to talk of old

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times and the other members of the class. I told them what a fine position Edith had in a young ladies' seminary, where she was a teacher, putting her non-coeducational principles in practise, as she did ~~not~~ in Southold High. Also of my unexpected meeting with Dick and with Ellie.

Meanwhile a porter had handed Hoinkis a paper, which he unfolded and began to read. As he read, he suddenly uttered an exclamation, which caused us to look up. Mildred asked him what he was reading.

"Well, listen to this," he answered. "Of all things this is certainly the limit. Is. Terry is lecturing on Woman's Suffrage. Here are the black headlines:

"Woman's Suffrage Lecture. Senator Terry, of New York, thrills audience. Crowds cannot get in Williams' Hall." He then continued to read the rest of the article. Terry had certainly made a hit. Mildred and I were just as astonished as Hoinkis had been to think that Is. Terry had turned to woman's suffrage. What charming young woman had won him to take up her cause? The answer was easy.

It was strange that while we had been talking of our classmates another had been brought to us in this way. I then asked Mildred if she knew what had become of Ethel. She replied in the negative. Edith had told me, while I was there, that she had lost track of her completely. Ethel seemed to be a mystery. With the one exception we knew where the whole class could be found. We suggested a class reunion, and determined to notify the others of our intentions and if possible, to find Ethel.

The following afternoon we arrived in New York. After dinner we went to the New Theater. We were a little late, and as we took our seats, a lady made her entrance and came forward. The mystery was solved, we had found the missing member.

After the play we succeeded in seeing Ethel. She told us of her brilliant career and of her present success as the star in "The Ruling Prince." She had always played under an assumed

name, and for that reason we had never recognized it.

We told her of our plans of reunion and she was as enthusiastic as we. She promised to keep more in touch with us than hitherto, so leaving Ethel in all her glory, we returned to our hotel.

My vacation—perhaps the pleasantest I had ever spent—was now over. My classmates had all achieved much and could view almost, if not completely finished, their laurel wreaths of success, showing that they had lived our motto, "Nihil sine Labore"—Nothing without labor.

—o—

We Would Like to Know; May We Ask

If Joe Carroll ever expects to graduate?

If Agnes Scott will ever make a musician?

If Philip Danz curls his hair with a curling iron?

What Hattie Booth's aim in life is?

Why Miss Hall is not liable to teach school next year?

Whom Vera Terry dreams about while in school?

The purpose of putting Dave Griswold on the baseball team?

Which is the oldest, Miss Chandler, Miss Henderson, or Miss Young?

What Mary Kenney's opinion is of the Philomathean Debating Society?

If William Hamilton donned long trousers for protection against the cold, spring weather?

If the meetings of the Philomathean held after school are not regular meetings and those held bi-weekly are not special meetings?

—o—

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."—E. Grathwohl.

* * *

A good motto for certain members of the S. H. S. is: "Ori iavete omnis" (keep your mouth shut).

* * *

C. B.—"I should think it would be dangerous for Dave to smoke."

W. H.—"Why?"

C. B.—"The gas might ignite."

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CLASS HISTORY

By WILLIAM HOINKIS

The class of 1911, although the largest graduating class of Southold High School, has by no means the most complicated history, because the members all worked together, and, since many hands make light work, the eight members have accomplished results without much effort.

At Grammar School commencement 1907, fourteen people took up high school work. Most of these started their school career in the old district school, which stood on Mr. George Steltzer's land, and which was later removed to the Sound. Several also started in the old Sodom, one or two came from Peconic Public School, and a few, even from Cutchogue.

The number of members dwindled down to ten at the first class organization in the spring of 1910, when Miss Florence Fickeissen, who, the next year, went to Mineola, to study for a trained nurse, was elected president. At the final organization, April 1911, there were only eight members, a great decrease, but still the largest class. These at once chose officers and decided to have a class paper. The officers elected at the last meeting are: Israel Terry, president; Elinor Terry, vice-president; Edith Brietstadt, secretary; William Hoinkis, treasurer.

When the class was finally organized plans had to be made whereby commencement could be successfully held. Therefore, several committees were chosen to select a pin, a class motto, and other minor things. A great deal of trouble was made by our paper, "The Comet." All the members could not agree on anything, so the details were placed in the hands of Israel Terry, Mildred Cox and William Hoinkis, who made up the paper staff. The result is that "The Comet" is the neatest and one of the best papers yet published by any graduating class of Southold High.

After the required length of time, the pin committee submitted a design which was unannouncedly accepted. The

motto committee was not so successful, it required several meetings before a motto could be chosen, which was liked by a majority of the class. The motto finally picked out is the Latin for "Nothing without labor." The pin sports both the motto and the colors, green and gold.

Through the last four years Southold High has come to depend on this class and the class has responded cheerfully. Very few things in which the school has been concerned have not had the class of 1911 to help it out and to generally supervise the affair. The three previous classes depended wholly on this class at their commencements. We have decorated Belmont Hall for the last three years and have surpassed our work of the previous year every time. At the school suppers and also at the oratorical contests, the class was given almost total supervision of providing for decorations and other things which go with such an affair.

In the Interscholastic Oratorical contests Southold has been ably represented six times, three times by members of this class.

Now as to the importance of the class. There could not possibly have been a baseball team, these last three years if it had not been for Mr. Terry and Mr. Vail. Mr. Vail has a number of games to his credit by his marvelous pinch hitting; while Mr. Terry's sensational catching and base running has saved many a game.

The girls' basketball teams have been made up mostly from this class. They have both instigated it and managed it, and have several victories as a result of their good playing.

In football and basketball, especially football, the three young men have been the question mark; if they played, a team could be had, and no team could be if they did not play.

If one looks back they can see that no group of girls has done more for Southold High school than the girls of this graduating class. They did not make much show in working for the school, but have worked quietly and uplifted it as

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only good people can uplift a good cause. As a result, they have been set as an example by a great number of under graduates, especially during this last year.

It has been chiefly through the influence and pushing powers of this class that the Southold and Philomatheia Debating societies have been formed and carried to the present position, that of turning out prize winners in the speaking contests. Therefore through all these things, the graduating class of this year has helped to spread and raise the name of Southold High school in all scholastic ways.

The last, and what the class considers one of the most important things which we have done, was the planting of a tree back of the schoolhouse this last Arbor Day, and dedicating it to our former beloved principal and friend, Mr. Elwood W. Shafer. We have had the honor of planting and dedicating the second tree ever set out in this manner by any class of Southold High School, the first being planted by the class of 1906.

On the evening of June 19, the history of the class of 1911 ends in regard to its high school career, when we, who have been together from four to twelve years, part to attempt to take the name of Southold High School into the world; we part with the hope of meeting again and with the hope of success.

—o—

"Please change your seat, Mr. Fitz, you obstruct the view of the board."

D. Morrell—Sweet sixteen and never was kissed.

The last into recitation—the first out.—H. Booth.

"Isn't he just the cutest thing you ever saw?"—V. Terry.

Miss C.—"Now, Cicero was a very great orator and still he had great difficulties to contend with."

C. Van Dusen—"Yes. He had to speak Latin, didn't he?"

EPITAPHS

An old "Comet" correspondent, visiting a small town one very hot day, came to a rather shady and secluded cemetery. Entering, he was surprised to find the appended epitaphs. He immediately dispatched them that they might appear in the present issue.

Mr. Symonds—"Seldom he smiled, and smiled in such a way as if he mocked himself."

Miss Young—"Woman delighted not me: no, nor man (?) neither.

Miss Torrey—"A noble type of good, heroic, womanhood."

Miss Deale—"Stately and dignified, yet loved by all."

R. Vail—"So fair, so fresh, so youthful, and so rosy. Like any blushing maid or blooming posy."

L. Beebe—"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity."

D. Griswold—"Baseball he tried to play."

A. Hallock—"Above the vulgar flight of common souls."

C. Van Dusen—"I'm a man to win the ladies. In Heaven, Earth, or in Hades.

M. Cox—"How do they get along without me?"

E. Donohue—"Quality, not quantity."

W. Hamilton—"He looked as if he would like to be a preacher, but could not quite make it."

E. Vail—"As heedless as the clouds that roll."

J. Carroll—"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

D. Sayre—"Still water runs deep."

D. Hagerman—"You can never guess what I am doing these days."

—o—

"Wanted—A chaperon"—W. Hoinkis.

W. Hamilton—"The little Minister."

Mr. Symonds advice to young men—"Beware of the girl who says yes."

My physical abilities speak for themselves.—E. Grattan.

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SOUTHOLD FIFTY YEARS HENCE

By MILDRED G. COX

One day in the year 1961, a well-dressed, prosperous appearing stranger alighted from the luxurious "smoker" of an electric train upon the platform of the steel and concrete station of the Long Island Railroad.

For a moment, or perhaps two, his gaze wandered aimlessly about, but at last became focussed upon an intelligent-looking "native" whom he approached and said:

"Beg pardon sir, but are you a resident of this village?"

"I certainly am," replied the native. "I wouldn't live anywhere else."

"I have come," continued the stranger, "solely to gratify my curiosity. It is reported, by newspapers all over the United States and Canada, that a horse is in existence in the village of Southold, and I have come many miles to verify the report and get a view of the practically extinct quadruped, for that useful and faithful animal has faded away in advance of electric power."

"Yes, yes! We have the horse and he's right over in that old barn that used to be the Albertson livery. The proprietor would be more than pleased to show him off. And there's another curiosity in that old barn, and that's an automobile of the early part of the century. It was run by some kind of gas power, and they say it is in good running order yet. It has been in the Howell family since John was a young man."

Town Creek and Jockey Creek and adjacent waters have been dredged out to a depth of twenty feet at low water, and both creeks are bulkheaded the entire length upon both sides. At the head of the Town Creek, where the village park used to be, is the dock of the steamer "Manhansett", plying between the cities of Greenport and New London, but daily running up to Southold to take on such passengers as may prefer luxury to speed.

On the upland, back of the bulkhead, upon the site of the old Landon House, is a building of vast proportions. On

the roof is a well-appointed aeroplane station, while the lower floor is used entirely as an aeroplane and automobile repair shop and garage. On the second floor are the offices of the Wireless Telephone Company, and upon the third floor, the headquarters of the L. V. I. S. Other institutions occupy rooms in the building.

The Town Park has been extensively enlarged, the town having acquired all that tract of land between the original park and Bay Avenue and extending north across the roadway to Kornville. A board-walk, a reproduction in miniature of the famous walk at Atlantic City—extends the whole width of the park out to deep water. This board walk is a favorite playground for the children, several of them having been drowned by crawling through the rails and managing, with all the ingenuity of childhood, to fall overboard.

Great Pond, where they used to cut ice, is no longer a feeder of refrigerators. The Southold Inexhaustible Refrigerator Company, having purchased the good will of the Hygeia Ice Company, of Cutchogue, has an enormous artificial ice plant on Hobart avenue. It supplies ice to all the territory between Mill Creek and the Mattituck House.

On the other hand, the "Pond" is now regarded as the finest reservoir in Suffolk county. It supplies an abundance of water, not only to the village, but also to the more important suburbs—Peconic and Bay View, including the latter's palatial residences that line the shore of Southold Harbor and Peconic Bay. This water supply has made it possible for the fire department, with its up-to-date apparatus, to throw a stream of water five-thousand feet. If a fire should break out on an aeroplane in our vicinity, it could be readily extinguished.

The Golder Drug Store, which still bears the name of its founder, is clearly the star show place of the village. The novel method of serving ice cream is especially worthy of description. About half the length of the store, up-

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on either side, is the ice cream layout, consisting of a row of onyx tables. Each table is provided with a hole in the top through which protrudes a glass tube, some six inches in diameter, and surrounded by a circle of buttons. When one of these buttons is touched, up through the tube emerges the plate of ice cream designated by the name upon the button. Of course, to bring about this result, a nickle must be dropped into the slot.

Up to within a few years, coal and wood and gas were used almost exclusively in the rural districts, for heating and cooking. When we have the best that is going we are comparatively content, but now, with our electric furnaces and cooking facilities, what a kick we would put up if we had to go back to coal ashes in the cellar and fitful, uncertain heat in the cook stove. Why, we would feel like breaking up housekeeping and going to boarding.

The trolley has come and gone. Fifty years ago, the chief of the highway department at Albany, pronounced our Main dirt road the best in the state, and recently it was decided that it should no longer be desecrated by steel rails. The road was made even better than ever by the addition of some of the burning sands of Arizona, which, by a peculiar process, makes a top dressing impossible of being broken up into ruts or of shedding dust. At a monster mass meeting, the people rose as one man and shouted, using the words of Governor Dix in regard to our glorious union, "our road, it must be preserved!" For the splendid condition of the roads of the town we are largely indebted to our enterprising and indefatigable Superintendent of Highways, Mr. Max Newbold.

With all the material improvements of Southold we must not fail to note that the people have not lagged behind in their development, many of our citizens having become famous.

What is the matter with that crowd of elderly men gesticulating in front of the postoffice? Let us inquire. Oh!

no wonder they are excited. Word has just been received, from a reliable source, that the eminent lawyer and fellow townsman, Claude Hodgins, has been confirmed as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

About twenty-five years ago the Union School District secured the entire Cleveland farm, fronting on Oaklawn avenue, the land acquired being regarded adequate for all requirements for years to come. They now have buildings for Grammar School, High School, Gymnasium, Domestic Art, Trade School, etc., and a fine campus. Many of its graduates occupy lucrative and honorable positions ranging from boss carpenters to governors of states.

Southold of fifty years ago, you would not know yourself to-day. We still have the beautifully shaded streets and exceptional water privileges, but could you visit our fine and massive library on the corner of Main street and Oaklawn avenue, see its tier upon tier of well-bound volumes that line its walls, it would gladden the eyes of you book-lovers, and the hearts of you who have given your time and thought and money that this might come to pass. And could you only enter our commodious Town Hall, with its well-appointed stage and comfortable seats! Oh, the progress of it! The glory of it!

We surely live in a wonderful age,
And it's hard for us to see how
Still more wonderful things can happen
Some fifty years from now.

—o—

A Bright Student.

During a recent examination in the theology of the Old Testament the following question was asked a young clergyman: "What language did Baalam's ass speak?" After a moment of thought a smile flashed across his face, and he wrote his answer. I looked at the paper. He had written, "Assyrian."—Lippincott's.

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LEONARDO DA VINCI

By ELINOR H. TERRY

Within the enchanted region of the Renaissance, lived one of the world's greatest painters.

The richest gifts are occasionally seen to be showered on certain human beings, and this was seen and acknowledged by all men in the case of Leonardo da Vinci, poet, musician, architect, civil and military engineer, mathematician, botanist, astronomer, sculptor and painter. Never before or since in the annals of the human race has the same ardent love of beauty, never have artistic and scientific powers been united in the same degree as in this wonderful man. Painting was only one of the varied forms in which his activity was displayed.

This universal genius was born in the village of Vinci in 1452, in the valley of the Amo, near Florence. In his early years, he showed such artistic talent, that his father, who was a notary and a descendant of a long line of notaries, broke this family tradition and sent his son to his friend, Andrea del Verrochio, a Florentine painter, to study art and to have his genius developed. He learned very rapidly and soon surprised and astonished everyone by surpassing his teacher in his art. Verrochio allowed Leonardo to finish one of the angels in a picture, the "Baptism of Christ," that he was then painting. When the angel was completed, it was found that it surpassed the master's, and there is a legend that, "Verrochio turned away as one stunned from the bright, animated angel of Leonardo's hand and never touched colors more."

At the age of thirty, he made his first visit to Milan, bearing a present from Lorenzo de Medici to Duke Lodovico il Moro, who ruled the city at that time. The present with which he sung his way into the duke's favor was a strange musical instrument, invented by Leonardo himself. After he

returned to Florence he wrote a letter to the Duke announcing the ways in which he could be of service to him. He remained in Milan from about 1483 until 1499, when the French invaded the city. These were the most fruitful years of his activity. His work during his stay in Milan was important and varied. Even while employed on the Cathedral of Milan he found time to study anatomy and he was also at the head of a band of pupils at this time.

The dearest plan of Leonardo's life and the work in which he took the greatest interest, was a bronze monument to Francesco Sforza, father of Duke Lodovico. This was the first important commission which he had received, and he worked on models for several years. Finally, it was complete enough to be placed under the triumphal arch, where everyone admired and praised it. The statue was never cast however, and the model on which da Vinci had worked so long was allowed to perish. The horse in this monument was twenty-six and a half feet high. If Leonardo had been permitted to cast it, it would probably have been the greatest equestrian statue of the Renaissance.

After the expulsion of Duke Lodovico from Milan, Leonardo spent one year in Venice and the next two years in Florence pursuing his study of mathematics and painting an altar piece for the servite monks, in a church at Florence. In 1502, he held the position of military engineer and architect in the service of Cesare. Then he traveled through Roumagnia, which he called "The realm of all stupidity," sketching fortresses, drawing plans, and noting the curiosities which he saw. For awhile he gave up painting and devoted his time to scientific pursuits, living intimately with scientists, mathematicians and anatomists.

In the Renaissance period the art of Italy progressed rapidly and while in other parts of Italy it extended only throughout the fifteenth century, in Florence it continued to improve for three hundred years. In the middle ages, the artistic aim was to make sym-

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bolic and fantastic representations of ideas, but in the fifteenth century the artists began to discern the outer world as it was, and as a result of this discernment, came the power of imitation, perspective and color composition. After this change in painting, the artists represented the saints of the church and even the Madonna with a human spirit.

The supremacy of Florentine art was concurrent with architecture and sculpture, and many of the famous men of that period were both sculptors and painters, but da Vinci practiced all the arts. In this period the walls were not cut into by doors, so that sufficient space was left for the painted frescoes.

Leonardo first did away with the stiff and angular style of former painters. He was also the first to introduce atmospheric perspective in his painting entitled, "The Last Supper." It has been said that his genius was shown by uniting truth and imagination.

Although da Vinci was a man of marvelous genius, there are very few of his works which are considered authentic, only five in number, I believe. The ruined "Last Supper," the unfinished "Mona Lisa," the just commenced "Adoration of the Magi," "St. Anne," to be found in the Burlington House, London, and the just outlined sketch of St. Jerome, now in the Vatican gallery. Over the authenticity of the "St. John," the "Virgin of the Rocks," and the "St. Anne" in the Louvre, and of the angel in Verrochio's "Baptism of Christ," there has been a long controversy, but the majority of modern critics are inclined to take these works as authentic.

Of these the most important and also the most familiar is the "Last Supper," in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, at Milan. It was painted toward the end of the fifteenth century. John Addington Symonds writes, "It is the first masterpiece of the perfected Renaissance," and in his description of this picture he says, "da Vinci undertook to paint a moment, to delineate the effect of a single word upon twelve men seated at a table, and to

do this without sacrificing the tranquility demanded by ideal art, and without impairing the divine majesty of Him from whose lips the word has fallen and though da Vinci discrowned the apostles of the aureoles, he, for the first time in the history of painting, created a Christ not unworthy to be worshipped."

Da Vinci's painting, "The Last Supper," differed from all previous representations in that he represented the apostles sitting on one side of a table with their faces toward the spectator. It represented the effect of the words, "One of you shall betray me." Not only was this effect shown in the faces, but also in the hands which were painted so, that if the heads were gone, one could tell the story just by looking at the hands. Though many copies of the "Last Supper" have been made, the original alone gives the wonderful lighting and melting color.

The painting of the "Last Supper" has received various kinds of destruction, a door was cut through it in the seventeenth century and an escutcheon was nailed to the wall, and it has been destroyed further by the so-called restorers. In spite of its ruined condition, it is said, it is still at the present time very impressive, with its figures twice life size and its simplicity of composition.

The most celebrated portrait in the world is Leonardo's "Mona Lisa." She was the wife of Francesco del Giocondo and this portrait was painted during Leonardo's second stay in Florence, for Giocondo, but it soon passed to Francis I of France, who paid a high price for it. Afterward, it was taken to the Louvre, where it can now be seen. It is considered his masterpiece and it is the most famous of all portraits, either ancient or modern. After working on it for four years, Leonardo, still pronounced it unfinished, but to other eyes it seems one of the most highly finished works of art. The redness of the lips and the exquisite coloring of the face, have disappeared, but the eyes still have their dewy, life-like shimmer and the smile around the mouth remains, and the beautiful

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hands are almost untouched. Leonardo was the first artist to paint a woman smiling, and it is said, "that Leonardo employed musicians and jesters to produce the subtle smile and the mysterious expression of her countenance." This effect was heightened by the contrast with the strange, rocky landscape in which she was represented. Though the smile is not exactly joyous, it is not strange that after listening for four years to the jokes which they probably had in the fifteenth century, that the smile is a little forced instead of perfectly happy. Someone has suggested that the "Mona Lisa" reminds one of Mrs. Browning's heroine—

"The eyes smiled too,
But 'twas as if remembering they had
 wept.
And knowing they should some day
 weep again."

Leonardo da Vinci did not leave the world many works of art in proportion to the talent which he possessed. It was not his nature to increase the number of his productions, but, having painted the one most beautiful portrait, the one most beautiful fresco, the one most beautiful cartoon, he was content, having reached the goal for which he strove. He only worked to prove that he was superior. He was superior in all branches of learning, mathematics and sciences as well as painting and sculpture. If his views on science had been published, they would have completely changed the science of his day, but this was almost impossible, as his manuscripts were written with his left hand, back-handed, and from right to left, and were almost undecipherable. He made astonishing observations in meteorology, originated the science of hydraulics and invented a number of labor saving machines, remarkable for that day. Moreover, he suspected the use of steam, predicted the balloon, and invented many actioned mechanical animals.

For a man so universal in his genius and so superior in all things, the following lines of Lander seem most

appropriate:

"I strove with none for none was
 worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to nature, art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of
 life,
It sinks and I am ready to depart."

—o—

OUR MODERN SYSTEM OF ADVERTISING

By EDITH C. BREITSTADT

What is advertising? No word in the whole lexicon of our American-English is so little understood in its larger meaning as this word "advertising." No vocation with such far-reaching control over the minds of millions is yet so poorly appreciated, in proportion to its limitless capacity for good or evil. The mission, privilege and power of our modern advertising man who can live up to his opportunities is; to compel a definite action on the part of millions he has never seen; to cause the minds of these millions to work, in accord upon an impulse which he transmits, by way of type, and sway them inexorably toward the goal he elects; to determine in advance that, through his will and skill, they shall make a concerted movement toward a purpose or purchase they never previously contemplated, in direct response to his printed word.

There has been much controversy upon the subject of what advertising is. It has been designated as a science, an art, a gamble, and a profession. After finding the definitions which authorities give for these different words, and deducting from each we may finally come to the conclusion that advertising is a profession. A profession is defined as "a collective body of men engaged in a calling." Another, "the business which one professes to understand and follow for subsistence." We speak of learned professions, but the word is not applied to an occupation merely mechanical. The production of advertising is engaged in by a large number of men.

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It is not a mechanical occupation. It is not labor. It is therefore a profession.

Having come to the conclusion that advertising is a profession, let us see what is necessary to obtain it. In order to procure a profession a certain amount of time and preparation is necessary. In many cities a large part of the time is devoted to the art of advertising. To create more interest in the work, heads of furnishing houses offer competitions to students designing the best cover or the prettiest dresses, for the various catalogues of the seasons. Or the students receive prizes for the best original ideas or methods for other advertisements.

The object of the advertiser is to get an advertisement that will attract the most attention. Which method shall he use, an objectionable or a good one? The varieties of advertisements may be classed under these two heads, objectionable and good. In the remote past salesmanship—out of which modern advertising has grown—was a battle of cleverness, the buyer and seller each trying to outdo the other. If the seller could cheat the buyer he thought he had the right to do so. Salesmanship has advanced far above those days. Merchants like John Wanamaker and Marshall Field have taught the business world that the square, frank, satisfaction—guaranteed—or money back policy is right from the merchandising point of view. A few publishers long ago saw the light and strictly excluded objectionable advertising. More publishers see that to-day and they find that their profits on advertising have been increased. No other advertising space is worth so much to-day as the space in that high class of magazines which exclude all advertising except that which the publishers believe is square and fairly stated. A record of a New York religious paper may be referred to; this paper admits nothing but trustworthy advertising, and during the last twelve months increased its advertising receipts twenty-seven per cent. over the previous twelve months. The magazines are not the only places where objection-

able advertisements are found. The billboards and posters are often times more objectionable than those in the magazines. How many times you see a gay board with a hideous picture on it of a tragic murder or some other less elevating scene. Such as these and many others are put in the most conspicuous places. Can this matter be remedied? If so, how? It can be remedied and the matter rests with you. Are you going to allow it to go on?

There are plenty of good, clean, trustworthy ways of advertising. An attractive and pretty advertisement will claim more attention than a fraudulent one. The good method is just as easy as the objectionable and is much more profitable and pleasing. Some of the less obnoxious and yet attention-attracting advertisements are such as the tobacco dealer's Indian, the barber's striped pole, the jeweler's imitation clock. Another form coming in vogue among the more clever advertisers is the "cut out." A figure of life size and fully colored is cut out and pasted on a board and then posted in the window or other desirable place. This does away with the hideous billboard and poster. A pretty and attractive advertisement is also more reliable and will stand longer than the less attractive ones. Take for example, Baker's cocoa and chocolate. The dainty, old-fashioned lady with her tray has stood for years as a symbol of its goodness and purity. I might mention a great many others, which show that an attractive advertisement pays the best in the end.

But the beauty of nature must not be sacrificed for advertisements. The people of to-day are comprehending more and more the necessity of preserving beauty for the sake of constructive work. Huge bill boards are obstructing pretty views to a less extent. Gaudy sheets are not as often found decorating the trunks of the beautiful trees. Magazines are excluding false and untrue systems. Best and most important of all, the people are patronizing the advertiser who puts forth the cleanest, the most attractive and most trustworthy advertisement.

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THE PHILOMATHEA

By ETHEL GRATHWOHL

Organized in the winter of 1909, by the girls of the high school, well started by our first president, Miss Mary Kenney and well supported by twenty-one members, including three teachers, the Philomatheia Debating Society has proven a great success. Not only have many good times been enjoyed, but our sincerity in the choice of our name has been well carried out. Philomatheia—love of learning! And how have we shown this love of learning? First, by our willingness to profit by the critic's report; second, by our interest in the report of current events; and last and most important of all by our debates.

Possibly I ought not to speak too briefly concerning the first two, although Philomatheia is primarily a debating society.

At each meeting we have a member appointed to criticize the actions of the other members and the methods in which the debates were given at the last meeting. This is done in such a way that no offense is ever taken, but we are willing to profit by the suggestions.

We also have a member appointed at each meeting to give an account of the current events. This has been to prevent our becoming too absorbed in school work at the loss of our general information. This report has brought us into contact with many important questions of the day. Our debates have considered some of the other questions—Important among them was: Resolved, That Reciprocity with Canada would benefit the United States, won by the negative. In such a debate as this we greatly appreciate the use of the books and magazines from the library. What an eager rush there is to secure the books on the subject! If it were only realized what a help they are to the debating societies and the school as well, I feel perfectly assured that more of such books would be put in.

Another debate which caused quite a

little excitement throughout the whole school was, Resolved, That Coeducation is more beneficial than education among the sexes separately. The negative side won this by one point. Although the affirmative lost, the members on that side still feel as firmly as ever that coeducation is the better line of study.

In the debate, Resolved, That the Democratic principles of the States are in danger of being superceded by an aristocracy, we were particularly interested as two of the teachers, who also have to take their turn in debating, helped argue the questions with the four girls, since we have three debaters on a side. How gratifying it was to find that our country is not in danger of being superceded by an aristocracy.

When we debated on the question: Resolved, That city life is preferable to country life, the affirmative side had rather a difficult thing to debate because all three girls believed in country life. However they worked hard on it although they did lose in the end.

Last spring we entertained the Southold Debating Society with the debate, Resolved, That the mind gains more knowledge from reading than from observation. Although the affirmative side proved that more knowledge is gained from reading, those on the negative side will still tell you that they can learn much more about birds by looking at them than by reading about them.

Recently, we again entertained the boy's society with Resolved, That the labor unions of the United States are a menace to their members, won by the negative.

The six girls on the debates have had to work hard to prepare such questions. Perhaps some of the town people have said, "We have to think hard to answer your questions." No matter how difficult the subject has been none of our members have refused to work on them.

Through the efforts of Miss Cox, our president, we had five new members added to our society last winter. With

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their help we decided to give Miss Eleanor Howell, one of our charter members, a reception before her marriage to Mr. Ferdinand Kranenburg, of Holland. Instead of debating on that night, we decided to ask the Southold Debating Society to join with us. And with them, our first social affair proved a success. The two societies gave her a farewell gift. And how well it was presented. In a way the reception was sad, because we all realized that Miss Howell was leaving us, as far as ever helping in school life, forever. She had willingly helped each member of our class to reach the goal of graduation.

This has been the brief career of the Philomatheia during its infant days. Our attempts have been humble, our ideals high. Our progress has perhaps been slow, but confidence in its successful future is sure.

—o—

SOUTHOLD DEBATING SOCIETY

Early in the fall of 1909, Mr. Shafer, our former principal, called a meeting of all the boys in the High school. In that meeting he proposed that the boys should form a debating society and requested that those so interested should meet in the near future. Finally they met and decided to have the first regular meeting on November 27, at the home of Mr. Shafer, who was to start the society on the right path.

At the meeting, Mr. Shafer took the initiative and outlined a plan for the society. It was decided to choose a name, elect officers, appoint committees and to draw up a constitution at the earliest possible date. The officers: Mr. Carlisle Cochran, president; Mr. Joseph Gagen, vice-president; Mr. Israel Terry, secretary, and Mr. Claude Hodgins, treasurer, were soon elected. The committees were also chosen in a very short time and the committee on the constitution was given several weeks to complete its work. After considerable discussion the name, Southold Debating Society was decided upon and the plan of Mr.

Shafer accepted.

The society first met at the home of Mr. Shafer, but after a number of successful meetings, permission was received from the school board for the use of the High School building, where the society has since met.

The society prospered fairly well the first year, two new members being admitted. On March 11, 1910, it succeeded in entertaining the Philomatheia with a debate, after which a social time with refreshments followed and the society adjourned for the year.

On October 27, the society opened its second year with most of the old members and three new members. New officers and committees were appointed. The new officers were: President, Mr. Claude Hodgins; Vice-President, Mr. Clair Van Dusen; Secretary, Mr. William Hoinkis; Treasurer, Mr. Symonds. Mr. Symonds entered under the same rules as the students, and has greatly helped the society by his advice and suggestions, which were usually given after the debates.

Friday evening, March 3, 1911, the society again entertained the Philomatheia, but with a more elaborate program than before. On March 11, the two societies joined in a reception to Miss Howell, former teacher of English, and presented her with a small token of appreciation.

After a few more meetings, the society adjourned for the year with a total enrollment of sixteen members, five charter members still being interested in the society.

Some of the subjects debated by the Southold Debating Society are: Resolved, That agriculture is more beneficial to the U. S. than manufacturing. Won by the negative. Resolved, That women should be given the suffrage in N. Y. State, won by the affirmative. Resolved, That trusts and monopolies are a positive injury to the U. S. Won by the affirmative. Resolved, That U. S. Senators should be elected by direct vote, won by the negative. Most of the other questions were also of a style like the above.

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CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1911 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 Claude Hodgins—A literal translation of "Aus dem Lehen eines Taugenichts."

Second: To Caroline Taylor—A new cavalier for next year.

Third: To Miss Young—A six-footer.

Fourth: To Myra Newbold—A book of styles on hair-dressing.

Fifth: To Miss Henderson—More boys for next year's Fourth English Class.

Sixth: To Letitia Beebe—A new pair of eyes in place of her over-worked ones.

Seventh: To William Hamilton—A new smile.

Eighth: To David Griswold—A couch on which to take his afternoon naps.

Ninth: To Ann Hallock—A box of barrettes.

Tenth: To Carl Vail:—Something to amuse him.

Eleventh: To Miss Chandler—A phonograph to reproduce her lectures.

Twelfth: To Dorothy Sayre—Some one to learn her Physics lesson for her.

Thirteenth: To Mr. Symonds—A pair of padded gloves, to protect the ends of his fingers when working at the black board.

Fourteenth: To Imogene Beebe—Some brass buttons.

Fifteenth: To Cora Horton—Some Puffs, if we can get the right shade.

Sixteenth: To Edith Vail—A basketball.

Seventeenth: To Miss Hall—Our best wishes and congratulations.

Eighteenth: To Alice Smith—A globe to pursue her studies in Physical Geography.

Nineteenth: To Mary Gagen—A place to keep her books.

Twentieth: To Joe Gagen—A Philomatheia pin of his own.

Twenty-first: To the Southold High School—Another graduating class of our model.

Twenty-second: We nominate, constitute and appoint Clement Booth and Myra Newbold executors of this our last Will and Testament.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names and affixed our seal at Southold, New York, this eighteenth day of May, 1911, in the presence of Caroline and Carlisle Cochran, whom we have requested to become attesting witnesses hereto.

(L. S.)

ISRAEL P. TERRY
ELINOR H. TERRY
E. WILLIAM HOINKIS
EDITH C. BRIETSTADT
MILDRED G. COX
ETHEL R. GRATHWOHL
RICHARD P. VAIL
NELLIE B. DANZ

The foregoing instrument was subscribed, sealed, published and declared by the class of 1911, as and for their Last Will and Testament in our presence, and we, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, hereunto subscribe our names and residences as attesting witnesses, this eighteenth day of May, 1911.

CAROLINE L. TAYLOR, Southold, N.Y.
CARLISLE COCHRAN, Southold, N.Y.

—o—

HYMEANEANS

Founded by Adam and Eve

Motto: Amare et amari

Honorary Patrons

Some of the Alumni

Master Workmen:

C. Cochran, '10	C. Taylor, '12
D. Griswold, '12	E. Grathwohl, '11
()	V. Terry, '12
C. Hodgins, '12	E. Brietstadt, '11
()	H. Booth, '13.

Apprentices

W. Hoinkis, '11	M. Cox, '11
()	G. Bergen, '13
R. Vail, '11	D. Sayre, '13

Novices

W. Hamilton, '13	D. Morrell, '14
C. Booth, '14	M. Newbold, '14
C. Van Dusen, '12	M. Gagen, '14
D. Hagerman, '14	M. Griswold, '15
S. Salmon, '14	M. Boisseau, '14

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BASEBALL

The baseball fever began in the latter part of March, when a meeting was held in which Carlisle Cochran was elected captain and Joe Gagen manager of the baseball team.

As soon as the weather became suitable, Capt. Cochran ordered the squad out for practise. The players were placed as follows:

- I. Terry, c.
- J. Gagen, 1b.
- C. Booth, 1 f.
- C. Cochran, p.
- R. Vail, 2b.
- B. Diller, 3b.
- C. Hodgins, c f.
- H. Booth, s s
- D. Griswold, r f
- C. Van Dusen, r f.

The opening game of the season was played with Riverhead at Southold on April 15. This was a very close game, resulting in a score of 2-1 in favor of the visiting team. The next game was played at Greenport, Saturday, April 23. Our team led throughout the game and won by the score of 4-2. On the following Saturday, April 29, we played Bridgehampton at Southold. The game resulted in a victory for Southold, the score being 2-1.

On Friday, May 5, a game was played with Water Mill, at Southold. This game was very exciting, being won by Southold in the ninth inning. The resulting score was 6-5.

The next day, May 6, our team went to Riverhead, where we had a good game. There were several costly errors on both sides, Riverhead finally winning, the score being 4-3.

On Saturday, May 13, a game was played with Pierson, at Southold. The Pierson team was strong and put up a good game until the last two innings, when they made several errors and lost the game. The score was 5-4.

Greenport came to Southold on Saturday, May 20. The game was one-sided and Southold won by a score of 28-2.

Two more games are yet to be played, and even if we lose these we shall

have completed a very successful baseball season. Our success is chiefly due to the good work of our pitcher, Cochran. The members of the school and the townspeople have also greatly assisted us by attending the games so regularly and showing their interest in the team.

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The class of 1911 sustained one of the greatest surprises of its eventful career, when Miss Howell left us, after the Christmas holidays. Although we knew even better than we had credit for knowing that her thoughts were wandering across the ocean more frequently than they would under ordinary conditions, and although Dame Rumor, with her usual celerity, was circulating many reports concerning her, yet even the most credulous of us did not believe that "the event" was destined to take place so soon. And when the reports became a certainty, and we knew that she was going far away, we were filled with sorrow at the thought of separating from her, and with gladness, because we knew that she was to enjoy the greatest of blessings of life. But we have missed her, and although her successor comes up to our standards in every respect, yet Miss Howell will always occupy a foremost place in our affections. And now, Miss Howell, or rather, Mrs. Kranenburg, as we must learn to call you, the class of 1911, at its graduation, extends to you its best wishes for a long life of happiness and usefulness.

* * *

God made man and made him in a barrel. He had a little left and made Joey Carroll.

* * *

A Use For It.

Cop—What's the trouble here?
Pugnacious Individual—That man gave me the lie.

Cop—Well, you can't block up the sidewalk with it. Take it home and use it the next time you go fishing.

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LEMONS

Miss Chandler—"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

Miss Henderson—"In her eyes a thought grew sweeter and sweeter."

Miss Tooke—"Soft as the dew from heaven descends, her gentle accents fall."

Miss Hall—"The best things come in small parcels."

Miss Stark—"She has more goodness in her little finger than you have in your whole body."

H. Fitz—"Hercules could not have knocked out his brains—for he had none."

V. Terry—"Then she will talk—good gods! how she will talk."

P. Danz—"A slender body weakly supported on two, long, slim props and surmounted by no head worth mentioning."

H. Booth—"Lively and vivacious."

E. Grathwohl—"Better a bad excuse than none at all."

E. Grattan—"What is the little one thinking about?"

M. Williams—"If you want to see who's boss around here, start something."

E. Terry—"I say little, but think lots."

C. Booth—"Make way, here comes the thundering legion."

M. Newbold—"Pride goeth before destruction, a haughty spirit before a fall."

H. Grathwohl—"Oh, he's little, but he's wise; He's a terror for his size."

G. Butler—"I dare not think for I will disturb the peace."

C. Hodgins—"Nature, herself, stood back when thou wert born, and cried aghast, 'The works not mine.' "

M. Boisseau—"Dainty but sweet."

C. Horton—"Tall, but that's all."

D. Griswold—"The devil hath the power to assume a pleasing shape."

D. Morrell—"Very coy."

C. Vail—"I may look angelic, but looks are deceiving."

V. Maier—"Modesty best becomes her."

I. Beebe—"Exceptionable is one of something that is different."

J. Gagen—"I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more is none."

S. Terry—"I waste no time in talking."

C. Taylor—"Give me leave to enjoy myself."

C. Cochran—"Sir, as I have a soul, she's an angel."

A. Smith—"It is difficult to grow old gracefully."

M. Kenney—"Speak little and to the point and you will pass for somebody."

W. Hoinkis—"Much I have heard of thy prodigious might and 'feets' performed."

G. Bergen—"I babble, babble as I go."

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

R. Vail—"Much can be made, even of a man from Peconic, if caught young."

L. Beebe—"It is happiness to use my eyes."

* * *

BITS FROM 'LETTERS HOME'

Such an attractive town. Quite like New England according to my first glimpse. Lovely, substantial houses, trees that have not grown in one night and 'worth-while' looking people. So many of them have spoken to me that I feel that I am not such a stranger in a strange land.

Following week.

The town **is** lovely, the people **are** genuine and it I do not enjoy living here, it will be my own fault. The High School building is attractive; the atmosphere seems bright (let's hope it will not become cloudy,) and the boys and girls are certainly courteous and I hope they will prove themselves students instead of idlers.

The week before commencement.

Next week this time, I shall be home! Commencement is a busy time, so do not expect another letter. How I hate to have this class 'commence!' But that is selfish, isn't it? for other schools need them. No more details now. Be prepared for much enthusiasm when I reach home.

THE COMET

REMINISCENSES OF CLASS ROOM

Mr. Symonds—"Isn't that not the only difference?"

P. Danz (in Ancient History)—"Caesar built a bridge of boats across the English channel. It's in the second or third book of Caesar."

Mr. S.—"This happens ten times out of nine."

C. Taylor (in geometry)—"Shall I draw the perpendicular distance or the shortest distance to this line?"

Miss C.—"You can take your choice."

E. Grathwohl, (in physics) —"Oh, Mr. Symonds! I've spilled some H₂SO₄ all over the table; what shall I do?"

Mr. Symonds—"I would take some HO₂ and S-P-O-N-G-E it up."

Mr. Symonds—"The only difference in its looks is its weight."

Miss C. (in geometry)—"Miss Vail, define a circle."

Miss Vail—"A circle is a line which meets in a point."

Mr. Symonds (speaking of Aetna in Phys. geography)—"The ancients believed that this was the entrance to the lower world. I hope that you will all go down there some day."

C. Van Dusen (in American history) —"Wasn't Joseph Jefferson a traitor?"

Miss H. (in astonishment)—"Joseph Jefferson?"

C. Van Dusen—"Yes, the president of the Confederate States."

Mr. Symonds (as a noise arouses D. G. from a deep sleep)—"That's right, wake up, Griswold."

Miss H. (in English IV.)—"I would advise you to indulge in a little light reading."

C. Hodgins—"Is 'Puck' light enough?"

Mr. Symonds (in physics after one of Dave's flights)—"Yes, hot air is one of the most efficient methods of heating.

Its failure here is due to the lack of suitable outlets for the surplus."

D. Griswold (in physics)—"The more wire you have the less force it takes to exert the same force."

Mr. Symonds (after receiving a poor answer)—"The text-book also says that it never has been explained except with poor success. You have done that very well."

Miss C. (observing J. G. in the back seat with an edition of Hinds and Noble)—"Will the Knight in the back seat please ride forward and dismount?"

Mr. Symonds (in Phys. Geog.)—"Miss Grathwohl, what are the differences between a star and a planet?"

Miss Grathwohl (bluffing)—"H'm... ..? ..! ..? etc."

Mr. Symonds — "Your explanation makes me see stars."

* * *

Joe Gagen—

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

C. Taylor—

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever, stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame."

C. Cochran—

"Thus, ever thus, at day's decline
In converse sweet to wonder far—
Oh bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shall be my Reeling Star."

V. Terry—

"Yet never, never can we part,
While Memory holds her reign;
Thine, thine, (?) is still this withered
heart,
Till we shall meet again."

M. Kenney—

"I used to think I know I know,
But now I must confess,
The more I know I know I know,
I know I know the less."

THE COMET

The Average Man

THE man who wins is an average man,
Not built on any peculiar plan,
Not blest with any peculiar luck—
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question he does not "guess,"
He knows and answers "no" or "yes."
When set a task that the rest can't do,
He buckles down till he's put it through.


Three things he's learned: that the man who tries
Finds favor in his employer's eyes;
That it pays to know more than one thing well—
That it doesn't pay all he knows to tell.

So he works and waits till one fine day
There's a better job with bigger pay,
And the men who shirked whenever they could
Are bossed by the man whose work made good.

For the man who wins is the man who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks;
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes—
The man who wins is the man who TRIES.

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"I got started a few years ago on a whim of mine. I took a head of cabbage and crossed it with a white potato and grew eyes on it; then I crossed that with a cornstalk and grew ears on it; then I crossed that with a squash and grew a neck on it; then I crossed that with a cocoanut and grew hair on it, but hanged if I can figure out what to do for a nose and mouth!"

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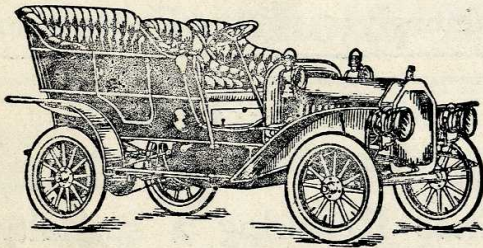
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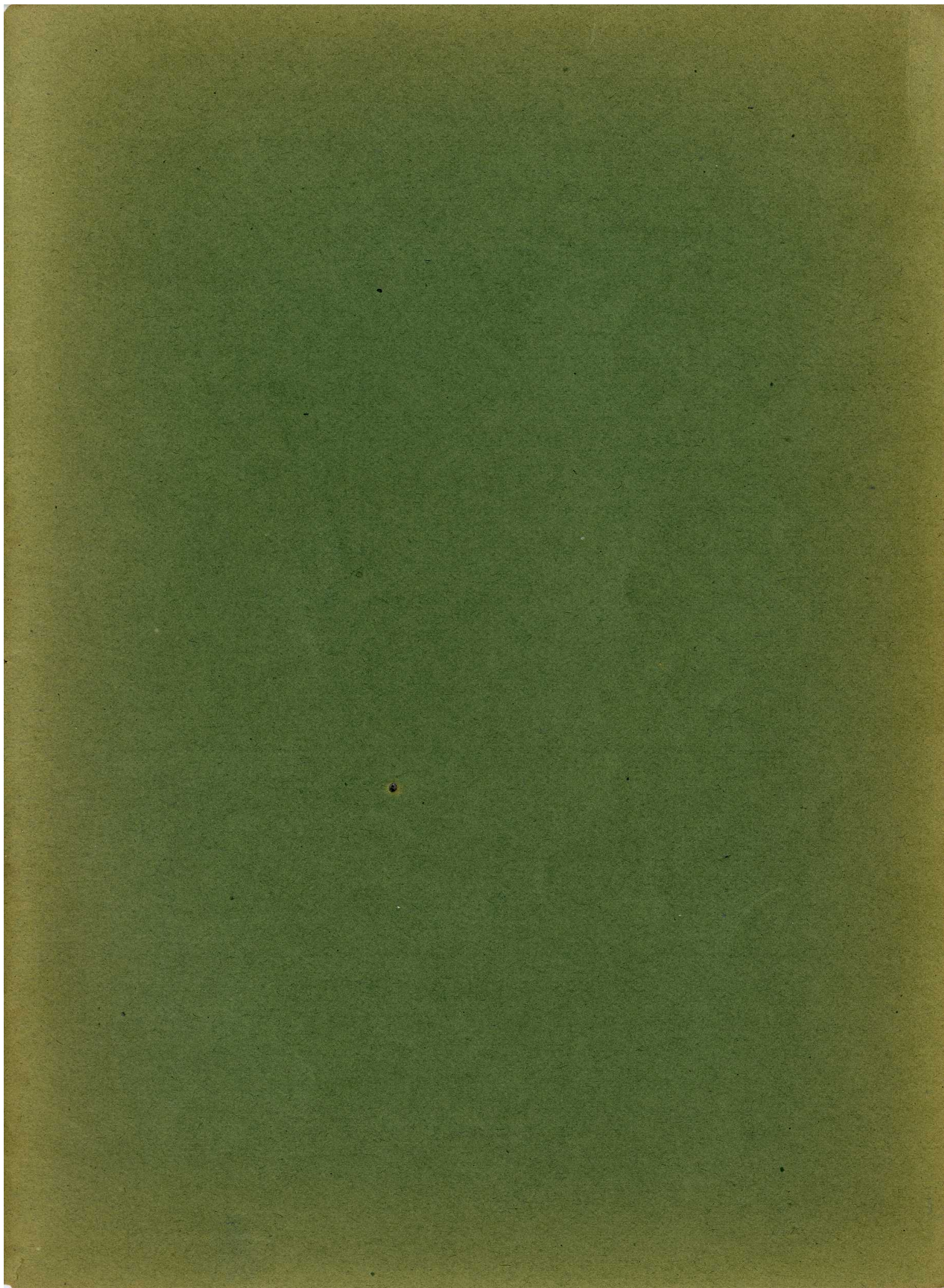
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Belmont Hall

Monday Evening, June 19

1911

at 8:30 o'clock

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MARCH	CAROLINE TAYLOR
INVOCATION	REV. W. H. LLOYD
SALUTATORY	RICHARD PENNY VAIL
ESSAY—"Leonardo De Vinci"	ELINOR HOWELL TERRY
ESSAY—"The Philomatheia Society"	ETHEL RAE GRATHWOHL
MUSIC	ORCHESTRA
CLASS HISTORY	EMIL WILLIAM HOINKIS
ESSAY—"Our Modern System of Advertising"	EDITH CLAIRE BREITSTADT
ESSAY—"Southold Fifty Years Hence"	MILDRED GOLDSMITH COX
CLASS PROPHECY	NELLIE BARNES DANZ
VALEDICTORY	ISRAEL PECK TERRY
MUSIC	ORCHESTRA
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS	PRINCIPAL SYMONDS
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