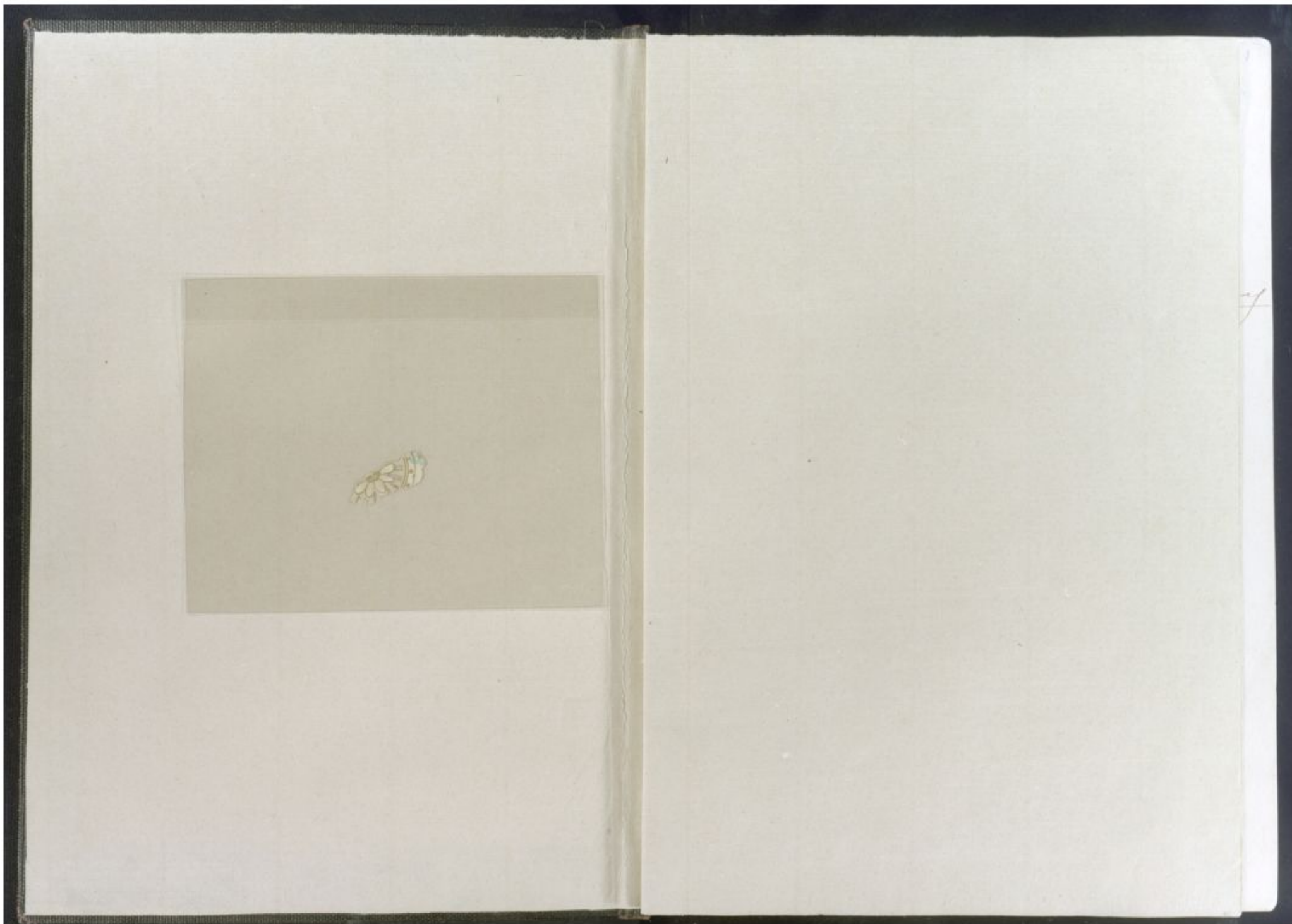
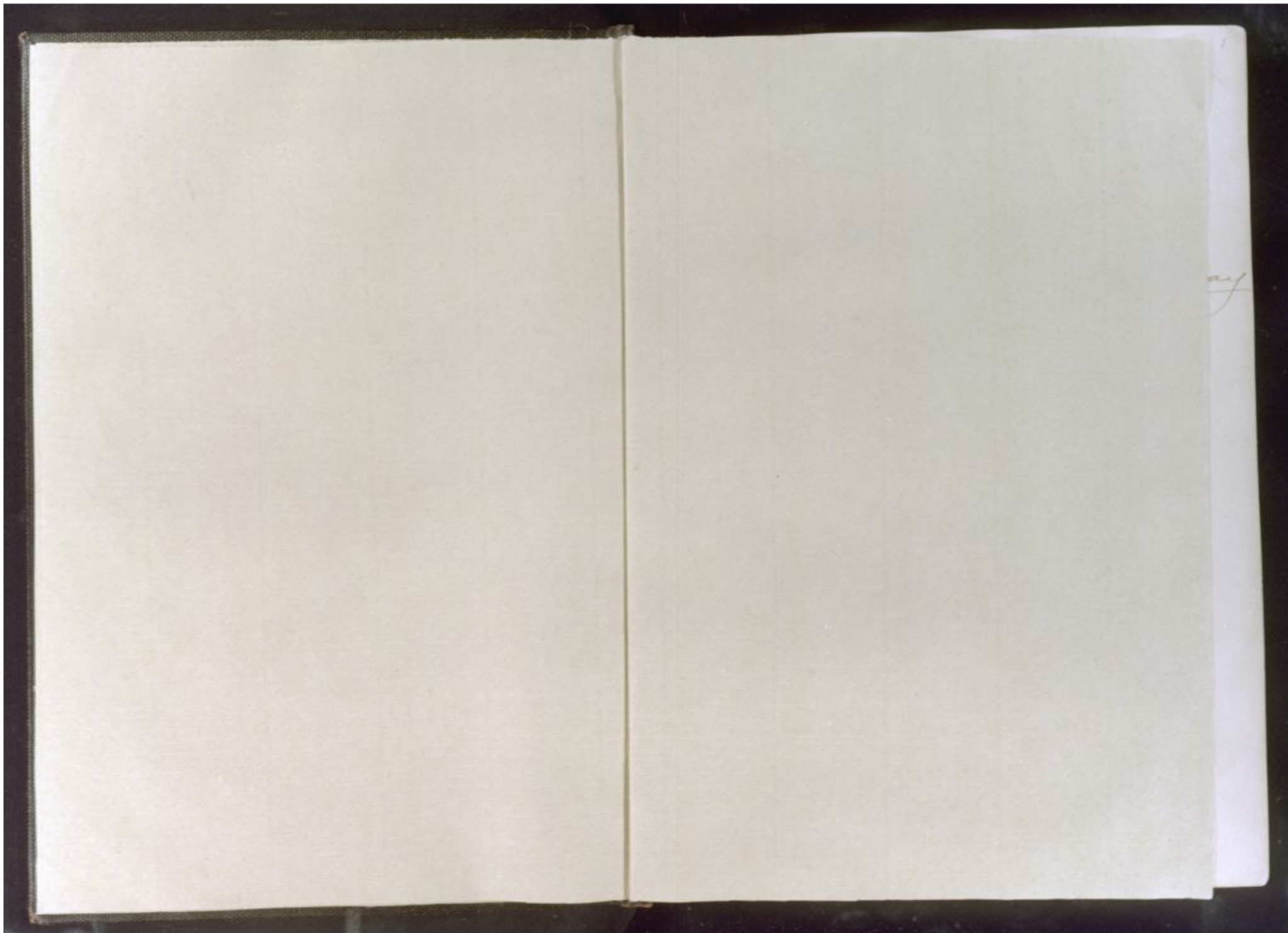
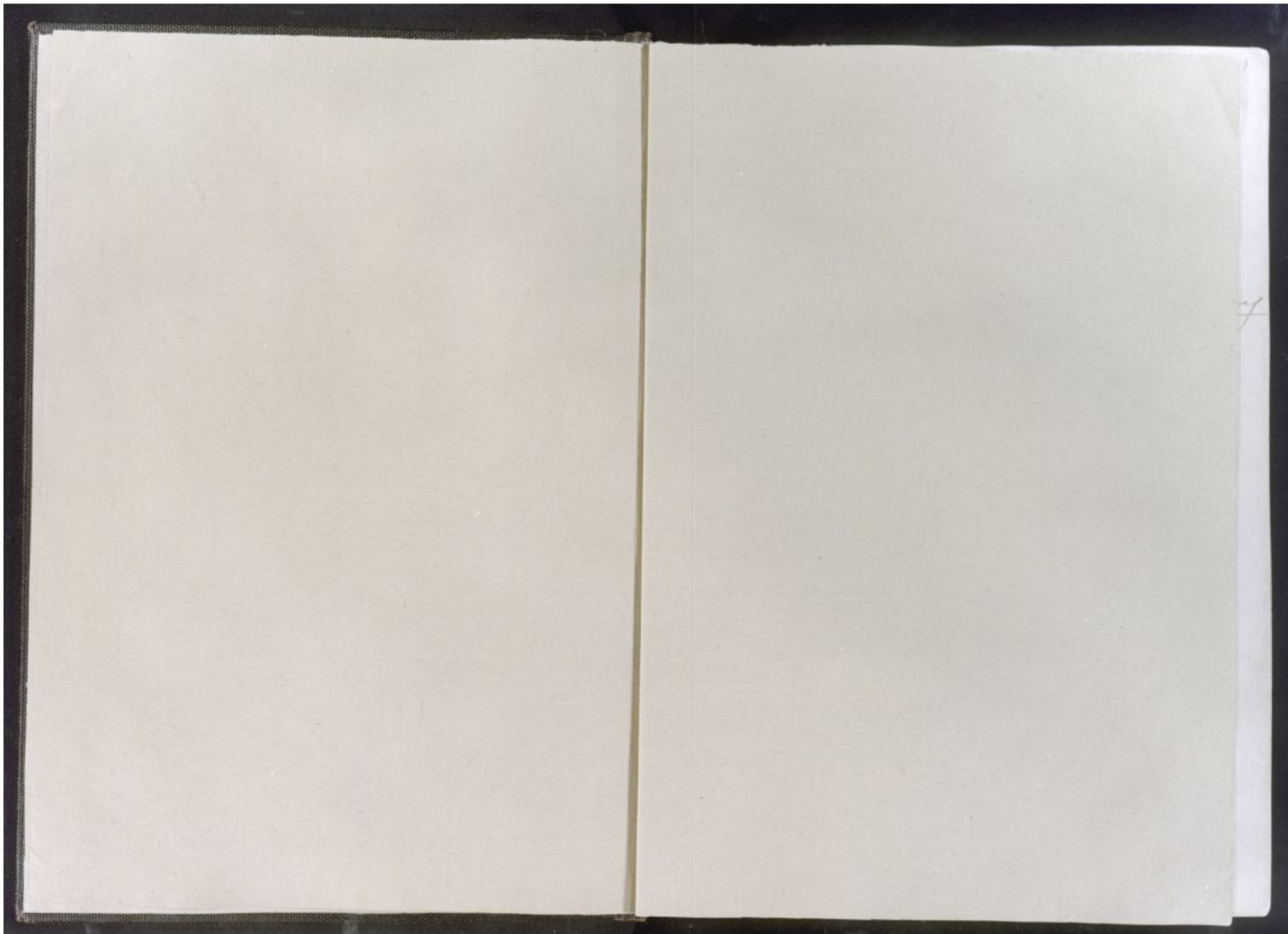


EHPH-SB5-000.jpg







Ernest Miller Heringway
Book V.

From 15 yrs 5 months

December 21st. 1914

To - 18 yrs old

July 21st 1917

Page #

Oh you cubs and Sox.

Have you seen "ze Grand Auto?"
in which we will make "ze
Grand trip". (Wesley's)

Special War News
June 18 - 1914

The church voted last night,
not to enlarge the choir loft
they say it will cost too much.

I bet your mother will
be disappointed.

Only 24 more days
about 22 when you get this.
Your friend

SA

(1916)

M

3
Greeting: "See first number
and describe first to our
girl all his feelings."
Here nearly in a sketch
after looking in it.



2762200

Grand Auto?
make '30

News
18-1914

at night,
the choir left
cost too much
they will

re days
get this
Friend

71

Ernest at 15 yrs 4 mos has
put on long pants and begun
to don a collar for High School.
He came home one day last
week and announced that
he had a girl. She is a
Lushman named Dorothy
Davies. He sees her home
from High School. It is
the very first notice he has
ever taken of any girl, and
we notice the increased interest
in personal appearance.

Ernest is doing very good work
in this his sophomore year in
school. He plays the Cello in
the orchestra and goes to dancing
school where he is improving
in ease and grace of manner.
On Jan. 8th. 1915 he invited
Dorothy to accompany him to
a High School Basket Ball Game.
Sam invited Marcelline to the same.



PLYMOUTH LEAGUE
OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
OAK PARK, ILLINOIS



Public
Memorial Service

Phil Sheridan Post No. 615

DEPARTMENT OF ILLINOIS
G. A. R.

Open Meeting



TO BE HELD AT HEADQUARTERS

Scobille Institute

OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

Sunday, January 10, 1915, Commencing Promptly
at 3:00 o'Clock P. M.

W. F. CRUMMER, Commander
Z. P. HOTCHKISS, Adjutant
Rev. CHARLES M. MORTON, Chaplain

SCOBILLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OAK PARK, ILL.

**THE
BOHEMIAN GIRL**

OPERA IN THREE ACTS BY BALFE



Oak Park and River Forest High School
Friday evening, January 15th, 1915

PLYMOUTH LEAGUE
OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
OAK PARK, ILLINOIS



Mr. Ernest Hemingway,
600 N. Kenilworth Ave,
Oak Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Ed Steart
request the pleasure of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Valentine

to
Mr. Sam Cupid
Saturday evening, February Sixth
at eight o'clock
in the church house.

Guests are requested to come masqued and
in costume, and to bring a Valentine.

Plymouth League

THE
BOHEMIAN GIRL

OPERA IN THREE ACTS BY BALFE



Oak Park and River Forest High School
Friday evening, January 15th, 1915

PROGRAM

Mr. Ernest A. Blackmer of the Patriotic League will lead the singing. Piano accompaniment by Mrs. C. M. Morton.

Opening Hymn "Abide With Me."
Ritual Service Commander and Adjutant
Drum Salute Clark Goode
Floral Tribute Frances Christeson

Roll of comrades who have died during 1914.

89. John Kohn, Co. A, 7th Ill. Inf. Died Jan. 19, 1914.
90. William B. White, Co. H, 15th N. Y. Engineers. Died Jan. 31, 1914.
91. William H. Carter, Co. B, 92nd Ill. Inf. Died May 22, 1914.
92. A. D. F. Farley, Co. B, 1st Maine Inf. Died June 7, 1914.
93. George Weimerslage, Co. C, 4th Ohio Cav. Died July 15, 1914.
94. Benj. F. Dare, 3d N. J. Inf. Died Oct. 17, 1914.
95. Ezekiel Clarke, Co. A, 114th Pa. Inf. Died Oct. 29, 1914.
96. Edson W. Lyman, Co. I, 75th Ill. Inf. Died Dec. 29, 1914.

Tribute of respect to Comrades Chaplain C. M. Morton

Solo, "Comrade, Rest," words by Comrade John L. Manning...Mrs. Grace Cook Blackman

Responsive service, ending with Altar service. (See leaflet)...Chaplain and Comrades

SERVICE BY THE LADIES OF THE POST

Tributes of respect in memory of Mrs. E. M. Vaile, Mrs. W. R. Phelps, Mrs. G. P. Fernald, Mrs. O. W. Nash and Mrs. E. W. Lyman.

Violin Solo Miss Dolly Randolph

Address Rev. W. J. Libberton, Commander Geo. H. Thomas Post No. 5

Address Rev. W. E. Barton, Chaplain of Patriotic League

Song "America"

Closing Ritual Service. (See leaflet.)

Benediction.

PLYMOUTH LEAGUE
OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
OAK PARK, ILLINOIS



THE ROLL CALL

Comrades of Phil. Sheridan Post who have died since its organization in 1887 to December 31, 1914.

1. Thomas H. Gallear, Private Co. C, 12th Ky. Inf. Died Feb. 2, 1888.
2. John S. Bills, Private Co. B, 6th N. Y. Inf. Died May 31, 1891.
3. H. H. Hunt, Private Co. F, 52d Mass. Inf. Died June 15, 1893.
4. L. P. Caldwell, Private Co. G, 49th Ill. Inf. Died March 19, 1894.
5. William M. Luff, Captain Co. A, 12th Ill. Cav. Died Oct 8, 1894.
6. Harry B. Meade, Sergeant Co. K, 50th Wis. Inf. Died April 20, 1895.
7. Robert M. Lackey, Asst. Surg. 42d Ill. Inf. Died April 29, 1895.
8. David L. Kinniment, Capt. Co. E, 6th U. S. Heavy Art'y. Died March 30, 1896.
9. Thomas Naden, Private Co. H, 138th Ill. Inf. Died Dec. 19, 1896.
10. E. L. Johnson, Private Co. C, 39th Wis. Inf. Died Jan. 31, 1897.
11. William Beye, Sergeant Co. D, 8th Ill. Cav. Died April 10, 1897.
12. John W. Scribner, Private Co. D, 16th U. S. Inf. Died Aug. 6, 1897.
13. James W. Ross, Private Co. D, 150th Ohio Inf. Died Oct. 21, 1897.
14. Herman Hirsokorn, Private Co. B, 12th Ill. Cav. Died Feb. 1, 1898.
15. David H. Gile, Captain Barker's Dragoons. Died March 13, 1898.
16. William E. Clarke, Surgeon 4th Mich. Inf. Died March 22, 1898.
17. Charles E. Simmons, Lieut. Co. H, 153d Ill. Inf. Died Aug. 9, 1898.
18. Fred Apel, Private Co. A, 72d Ill. Inf. Died Dec. 30, 1898.
19. Joseph B. Hull, Com'ry Sergeant, 8th Ill. Cav. Died March 8, 1899.
20. Addison A. Adair, Captain Co. B, 78th Ill. Inf. Died Jan. 27, 1900.
21. L. H. Baker, Surgeon 24th Mo. Inf. Died May 4, 1900.
22. W. C. D. Gillespie, Lieut. Co. C, 116th N. Y. Inf. Died May 10, 1900.
23. N. C. Betts, Private Co. B, Ind. Minn. Cav. Died June 7, 1900.
24. Walter Clough, Lieut. Co. F, 39th Wis. Inf. Died Jan. 20, 1901.
25. Daniel W. Whittle, Captain Co. G, 72d Ill. Inf. Died March 4, 1901.
26. Frank Milligan, Private Co. D, 1st Bat. Pa. Vols. Died March 8, 1901.
27. Thomas Driver, Private Co. A, 16th Mass. Inf. Died May 13, 1901.
28. Reason P. Johnson, Surgeon 104th Ohio Inf. Died Oct. 15, 1901.
29. Henry J. Arnold, Lieut. Co. E, 129th N. Y. Inf. Died Nov. 6, 1901.
30. William C. Philo, Sergeant Co. K, 50th N. Y. Eng'rs. Died April 6, 1902.
31. Herman Yalding, Private Co. M, 8th Ill. Cav. Died May 29, 1902.
32. Joseph Scales, Marine, U. S. Sentinel. Died July 11, 1902.
33. Francis J. Robinson, Private Co. A, 96th Ill. Died Aug. 9, 1902.
34. D. L. McDaniel, Private Co. A, 194th Ohio Inf. Died Dec. 3, 1902.
35. Harlan P. Norton, Sergeant Co. F, 9th N. Y. Cav. Died Jan. 11, 1903.
36. Henry B. Waterman, Private Co. G, 134th Ill. Inf. Died Jan. 14, 1903.
37. William W. Lovejoy, 1st Lieut. Co. F, 41st U. S. Col. Inf. Died Jan. 19, 1903.
38. John G. Evenden, 1st Lieut. Co. K, 148th N. Y. Inf. Died April 9, 1903.
39. Thomas Duffield, Private Co. C, 53d Ky. Inf. Died May —, 1903.
40. Newton H. Whittlesey, Musician Co. B, 13th Wis. Inf. Died Sept. 21, 1903.
41. Harvey N. McClure, Private Co. A, 132d Ill. Inf. Died Nov. 23, 1903.
42. Albert M. Butz, Private Co. E, 47th Wis. Inf. Died Aug. 13, 1904.
43. Milo S. Hascall, Brig. Gen. Vols. Died Aug. 30, 1904.
44. Francis M. Finch, Corporal Co. K, 5th N. Y. Heavy Art. Died —, 1904.
45. James W. Cheney, Captain Co. D, 49th Ill. Inf. Died Feb. 8, 1905.

BOHEM

OPERA IN THE



Oak Park and
Friday even

PLYMOUTH L
OF THE FIRST CONGREGA
OAK PARK, ILL.

Mr.

46. Joseph W. Ross, 5th Wis. Battery. Died May 1, 1905.
47. Richard L. Boyd, 1st Lieut. 39th U. S. Col'd Inf. Died May 5, 1905.
48. Ernest Hall, Corporal Co. I., 1st Iowa Cav. Died May 10, 1905.
49. Orin Peak, Sergeant 20th Wis. Inf. Died Oct. 8, 1905.
50. Edward Bornemann, Captain Co. G, 24th Ill. Inf. Died Nov. 3, 1905.
51. William R. Townsend, Captain Co. E, 42d Ill. Inf. Died Feb. 23, 1906.
52. John A. Seaman, 1st Lieut. Co. G, 33d Mo. Inf. Died March 31, 1906.
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August 4, 1908.
d Oct. 13, 1908.
Art'y. Died Jan. 17, 1909.
ed Feb. 20, 1909.
Died April 21, 1909.
July 21, 1909.

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

GRAND OPERA IN THREE ACTS

Words by Alfred Bunn

Music by Michael William Balfe

- ACT I. The Chateau and Grounds of Count Arnheim on the Danube near Presburg.
- ACT II. Scene 1, Street in Presburg by Moonlight.
Scene 2, A Grand Fair in the Public Square of Presburg.
Scene 3, Interior of Count Arnheim's apartment in the Hall of Justice.
- ACT III. A Splendid Salon in the Castle of Count Arnheim.

Performed by Pupils of the Music Department of the Oak Park and River Forest High School, at the High School Auditorium, Friday Evening, January Fifteenth, 1915.

Under the direction of O. Gordon Erickson

STAGE DIRECTION:
Margaret Dixon
Lois Walker

DANCING:
Kathryn Darnell

STAFF:
Oscar Taylor, Stage Manager.
Charles Newell, Electrician
Clarke Good, Properties

Mr.

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA

Count Arnheim, Governor of Presburg	Harry Geise
Thaddeus, a proscribed Pole	Herrick Goodwillie
Florestein, nephew of Count	George Trafton
Devilshoof	Albert Hubbard
Captain of the Guard	Clayton McNaughton
An Officer	Leon Roberts
Arline	Marion McAfee
Buda	Marie Ayotte
Queen of the Gipsies	Dorothy Wilcoxon

SYNOPSIS

The incidents of Balfe's opera are supposed to occur in Hungary. Preparations for a hunt are in progress upon the grounds of Count Arnheim, governor of Presburg. The Count, with his daughter Arline, and his effeminate nephew Florestein, depart upon this errand, when Thaddeus, a Polish exile and fugitive, appears, in flight from the Austrian soldiers. Then comes a troop of Gipsies, headed by Devilshoof, who hears Thaddeus's story and induces him to join them. At this juncture Florestein and some of the hunters return in quest of Arline, who has been attacked by a stag. It falls to Thaddeus to rescue her, whereupon he is overwhelmed by the gratitude of the Count and invited to join the festivities that are to ensue. At the banquet he refuses to toast the Austrian Emperor, and the guests are about to seize him when Devilshoof interferes, and is arrested instead. Thaddeus departs, and the Gipsy immediately escapes, taking Arline with him.

Twelve years now elapse, during which the Count has given up his daughter for lost. She has been living with the Gipsies, of whose band Thaddeus has also become a member. Their camp in a street of Presburg is disclosed in the second act. Waiting in quest of plunder under the lead of Devilshoof, the Gipsies capture a prisoner who is none other than Count Arnheim's nephew, Florestein. He is despoiled of his jewelry, including a medallion, which is appropriated by Devilshoof.

They again disappear, and Arline, who has been asleep during this episode, awakes, to tell Thaddeus, who has been watching her, of her dream, in the aria, "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls." Thaddeus then discloses to her the fact that the scar on her arm was inflicted by the stag from which he rescued her; but he does not enlighten her as to her birth and family. He declares his love for her, and is then and there united to her, in accordance with the customs of the tribe, by the Gipsy Queen, who appears at this moment. She, however, vows vengeance secretly upon the pair as she performs the rite, for she is herself in love with Thaddeus. The scene changes, and we see the Gipsy band as a part of the throng at a fair in the streets of Presburg. Florestein also makes his appearance in the crowd, and, being taken by the appearance of Arline, addresses her, which she vigorously resents. The Queen, recognizing in Florestein the owner of the medallion, gives it to Arline, ostensibly to reward her for her spirit, really with the purpose of brewing trouble. The trouble comes when Florestein sees the trinket upon Arline's neck and charges her with its theft. In defending her Thaddeus is arrested with her. Again the scene changes. Count Arnheim is in his apartment in the Hall of Justice, and gives utterance to his grief at the loss of his daughter in the aria "The Heart Bowed Down with Weight of Woe." Arline is brought before him for trial. He sees the scar on her arm and asks its origin. Arline repeats the story Thaddeus has recently told her, whereupon the Count recognizes her as his lost daughter.

In the third act Arline is found restored to her father's home, but still true to her love for Thaddeus. Her lover comes to her for an interview, with the aid and companionship of Devilshoof, and tells her again of his love in the song, "When Other Lips and Other Hearts." They are interrupted by the approach of a large company of guests; Thaddeus conceals himself, and Devilshoof escapes. In the midst of the festivities the Gipsy Queen arrives, closely veiled for disguise, and reveals the presence of Thaddeus. He is dragged forth from his hiding place and ordered to leave the house. Arline declares her love for him, proclaims her purpose to follow him, and implores her father to relent. Thaddeus proudly claims equality with the Count, through his noble Polish ancestry, which he celebrates in the song "When the Fair Land of Poland." The Count yields and gives his daughter to Thaddeus.

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- 48. Ernest Hall, Corporal Co. I, 1st Iowa Cav. Died May 19, 1905.
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- 51. William R. Townsend, Captain Co. E, 42d Ill. Inf. Died Feb. 23, 1906.
- 52. John A. Seaman, 1st Lieut. Co. G, 1st Min. Inf. Died Feb. 31, 1906.
- 13, 1906.
- Oct. 21, 1906.
- 8, 27, 1907.
- 5, 1907.
- 1, 1907.
- 18, 1907.
- 907.
- 19, 1908.
- 4, 1908.
- 13, 1908.
- Art'y. Died Jan. 17, 1909.
- ed Feb. 20, 1909.
- Died April 21, 1909.
- 1909.

MEMBERS OF THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT
PARTICIPATING IN THE OPERA

SOPRANOS

Eleanor Atkins
Marie Ayotte
Lillian Baethke
Katherine Butler
Margaret Butler
Genevieve Cudde
Frances Collins
Jeanette Cullerson
Charlotte Dabin
Dorothy Davies

Lucille Dick
Beth Fiorine
Mildred Gage
Frances Honeywell
Dorothy Jacob
Marion Kelley
Marion Kraft
Alice Laus
Marion McAfee
Hester McFarlane

Naomi McKee
Margaret Morse
Dorothy Ouzman
Helen Peck
Elsie Stasny
Katherine Tenney
Marguerite Trier
Jane Van Pelt
Marjory Woodberry

ALTOS

Caroline Bagley
Jean Davies
Evelyn Gekler
Mildred Gould
Chara Hans

Frances Henderson
Frances Langworthy
Evelyn Olson
Agatha Puckins
Dorothy Elias

Margaret Scovitt
Louise Taylor
Edith Von Poon
Wilhelmina Wagner

TENORS

Verne Darnell
Herrick Goodwillie
Don McGrath
Alfred Hutton

Arthur Jones
Charles Kilmer
Charles Mather
William Phelps

Robert Bess
Rehm Thielcke
George Traubert

BASS

Myrl Downs
Harry Gosse
Wilbur Haupt
Albert Hubbard
Erdman King

Charles Maddox
Payette McAllister
Charles McNaughton
Victor Michelson
Hale Pringle

George Rex
Leon Roberts
Oscar Taylor
Fred Wilcoxen

ORCHESTRA

First Violins—

Arthur McClure
Justin Shawer
Robert Susseman
Edward Wilson
Ruth Lewis
Marceline Hemingway
Elsie Muechhut
William Johnson
Harold Sampson
Henry Bradford
Sybil Mahler

Second Violins—

Rosa Rogers
Gertrude Simmons
Jed Criss
George Pezold
Florence Winder
Gertrude Early
Irma Whitcomb
Elizabeth Keller
Harold Olson

Cellos—

Franco Lewis
Ernest Hemingway

Basses—

Irma Thompson
Edith Phillips
Laura Canode
Evelyn Rogovsky

Oboes—

Arthur MacDonald

Violas—

Hubert Noble

Flutes—

Walter French
Phillip Westcott

Clarinets—

Edward Milliken
George Maditt

Horns—

Charles Newell
Roy Kidston

Trumpets—

Muffat Eskin
William Bortank

Trombones—

Henry Pringle

Timpani—

Allen Center

Percussions—

Clarke Good

Pianist—

Helen Liefeldt

ANNOUNCEMENTS



February 12.—Senior Class Play

March 18.—Chicago Sunday Evening Club Choir
O. Gordon Erickson, Conductor

April 19.—Chicago Symphony Orchestra
Frederick Stock, Conductor

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August 4, 1908.
1 Oct 13, 1908.
Art'y. Died Jan. 17, 1909.
rd Feb. 20, 1909.
Died April 21, 1909.
April 21, 1909.

Mr.

Boys High School
 Wife in Clet
 Which walked
 32 miles
 on Sat Feb 26. '15
 25 miles
 on Sat Feb 27. '15

Spring 1915
 George Medill Pickles
 expected to walk with
 Ernest up to Wallorn
 Lake this summer
 as soon as school
 closes.

Fall 1915
 But he didn't, neither
 did Haase, who was the
 next candidate but
 Louis Clauban took the trip
 with Ernest altho they did
 not walk very much of
 the way. That is probably why we walked 130
 miles. J.C.H.

For Brother Ernest



The
 return
 "hike"
 from
 Lake
 Zurich
 Louis
 & Ernest
 dragged
 in to
 Oak
 Park
 Feb 28
 and
 fledging
 April
 3rd '15



myself.
 Ernest

When Leicester was 3 days old.



Leicester Clauban One week old with his nurse
 Mrs. Pickles

President Lewis
 V. H. ~~Carner~~ Carner
 Secretary ~~Carner~~ Sam
 Treasury ~~Carner~~ Ben
 C. Woodman Ale.
 " Baker ~~Prochably~~
 C. Cook ~~W. H. House~~

Spring 1915 -
 George Medill Pickles
 expected to walk with
 Ernest up to Walloon
 Lake. This summer
 as soon as school
 closes.

Fall 1915 -
 But he didn't, neither
 did Haase, who was the
 next candidate but
 Louis Clavahan took the trip
 with Ernest altho they did
 not walk very much of
 the way. THAT IS BROOKLYN & WALKED 1830
 MRS. CH.

LEICESTER CLARENCE HEMINGWAY
 BROTHER OF
 MARCELLINE, ERNEST, URSULA, MADELAINE
 AND CAROL HEMINGWAY
 BORN APRIL FIRST, 1915
 600 N. KENILWORTH AVENUE OAK PARK, ILL.

For Brother Ernest



The
 return
 "hike"
 from
 Lake
 Zurich
 Louis
 & Ernest
 dragged
 in the
 Oak
 Park
 Foot on
 and
 heading
 April
 3rd '15

When Leicester was 3 days old.



Leicester Clarence One week old

High Boys in Long Run

Weston Moore, a sophomore, won the ninth annual high school handicap cross country run. Forest Barr, winner in 1914, made the best time and Ralph Doran, winner in 1913, was second in corrected time.

Eighty entered for the run, but only forty-six started because of the heavy rain. The run began and ended at Phipps field. The order of finish and the corrected time of the first ten follows:

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Weston Moore, 19:22 4-5. | |
| 2. Morton Madsen, 19:51 1-5. | |
| 3. Walter Bushaw, 19:52. | |
| 4. Forest Barr, 18:40 2-5. | |
| 5. Ralph Doran, 19:21. | |
| 6. Walter Blount, 21:27. | |
| 7. Roy Kolston, 21. | |
| 8. Howard Stanton, 20:22. | |
| 9. Louis Clarahan, 21:37. | |
| 10. Oscar Kelberg, 23:5. | |
| 11. Durain Clifton. | 28. Wilbur Brant. |
| 12. Lindsey Cox. | 29. John Hough. |
| 13. Walter Baldwin. | 30. Loyd Golder. |
| 14. John Schwab. | 31. Roy Honeywell. |
| 15. Warren Hassel. | 32. Proctor Gilbert. |
| 16. Paul Hesse. | 33. Frederick Zanteloh. |
| 17. Elmer Kraft. | 34. Allan Lewis. |
| 18. William Bamber. | 35. Harry King. |
| 19. Ray Olson. | 36. Dypot Warren. |
| 20. Elwood Ratcliffe. | 37. Harold Lindsay. |
| 21. N. Vee Dulebo. | 38. Harold Fernik. |
| 22. Wm. Stonehouse. | 39. Clarence De Puy. |
| 23. Walter Doran. | 40. John Hill. |
| 24. William Murray. | 41. Robert Merrick. |
| 25. Harold Johns. | 42. Theodore Ross. |
| 26. Carl McBrath. | 43. Ernest Hemingway. |
| 27. Myron Seath. | 44. Everett Martin. |

Three more victories have been chalked up by Oak Park high in baseball. Hyde Park was trimmed for the second time last Saturday by a 7 to score. Marshall fell 12 to 3 on Tuesday and Keewatin was defeated in a 6 to thriller on Thursday.



PROPERTY OF
THE OAK PARK AND RIVER FOREST
TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL



Urtica dioica
in Mr. Platts' English Class
September 1901

THE MOTTO of the Oak Park and River Forest Township High School was suggested by the principal, John Calvin Hanna, in 1900 and was adopted by a unanimous vote of the school. It has appeared upon various programs and was put into form for traditional preservation when the school chant was written by the principal in Greek and set to music as a round by Mr. T. P. Giddings, then the instructor in music.

THE CHANT with the music is as follows:

ΠΑΡΑΔΕΙΣΟΣ
the school motto chant

Πα-ρά-δει-σος, πα-ρά-δει-σος, Δρύς, δρύς, μι-ρά-δει-σος
 Pa-ra'-dei-sos, pa-ra'-dei-sos, Dry's, drýs, pa-ra'-dei-sos
 Τα γά-ρις-τα, τὰ γά-ρις-τα, Οὐ-δέν ἡ-μῖν ἀ-μεί-νο-να
 Ta gá-ris-ta, ta gá-ris-ta, Ou-dén he-mín a-méi-no-na

*The part that starts sings two and one half times, the other, twice.
Last time hold last note*

*GLOSSARY: Paradiseos = park; drys = oak; ta gariata = the best;
ouden = not at all; hemin = for us; ameinona = too good*

*Ulrich
m n*

The First Refrain consists of the words for "Oak Park" in Greek; the second refrain is the school motto in lyric form and may be rendered freely "The best! The best —is not at all too good for us!"

The Adoption of the Name and the motto of the school to be sung as a round, a sort of Hellenised school yell, has been taken up by the school with approval.

THE COAT OF ARMS. The gist of this motto was utilized in the making of the school coat of arms, a cut of which appears herewith. The coat of arms was devised by the principal with valuable assistance from teachers and was drawn by Mr. Lee M. Watson of the Manual Training department and permanently fixed in the school building by being placed in terra cotta on the mantle in the English Club room.

THE FOOTBALL SOUVENIR. The same design was copied in wax by Ellen Winters of the class of 1911 under the direction of Miss Luella Tupper of the drawing department, and this design was reproduced in bronze and attached to a wooden shield to be given through the generosity of Mr. C. C. Collins and Mr. W. H. Winslow to the "second team" of the football squad in 1909.

THE SONG "OAK PARK, RAH!" This song embodying the second refrain of the chant was written by Leslie Rowland of the class of 1912. The music is the composition of Mr. W. Otto Miessner, instructor in music, who has utilized the chant refrain properly modified and it was sung first by the school at an athletic celebration January 9, 1911.

This statement regarding the motto, the chant, the coat of arms, the football souvenir and the song is made for the sake of an accurate record and as a matter of permanent interest to the school.

Whit
m. 7.

Oak Park, Rah!

MARCH SONG.

To Oak Park and River Forest Township High School.

LESLIE WM. ROWLAND, '12.

W. ORTO MIESNER.

With spirit.

BOYS.

Rah, rah, rah, rah, Rah, rah.

GIRLS.

1. From pole to pole, from shore to shore, We'll give a rousing cheer, Sing
2. No school in an - y state or land Can equal Oak Park High! For
3. Sa - lute the flag of Oak Park High! Then loy - al be and true; Oak

rah, rah, Rah, rah, rah, rah, Rah, rah, rah, rah.

(1)

Oak Park, Rah!—Continued.

loy - al - ty for - ev - er - more, To Oak Park High, so dear, so dear, To
no - ble, high i - deals we stand, Op - po - nents we de - fy, de - fy, Op
Park will ever do or die, Neuth the Or - ange and the Blue, the Blue, The

All hail!... all hail!... All

Oak Park High so dear... All hail! all hail!
po - nents we de - fy... For
Or - ange and the Blue...

(2)

Albert
m m

Oak Park, Rah—Continued.

hail, Oak Park, all hail!.....

Oak Park, hail!..... Ah!..... O

Oak Park, hail, all hail Rah, rah, rah, rah, Rah, rah, rah, rah,

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'hail, Oak Park, all hail!.....' and 'Oak Park, hail!..... Ah!..... O'. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Orange and Blue, We're loyal to you, We're strong and brave and true. We

Rah, rah, rah, rah, Rah, rah, rah, rah,

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Orange and Blue, We're loyal to you, We're strong and brave and true. We' and 'Rah, rah, rah, rah, Rah, rah, rah, rah,'. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style.

(3)

Oak Park, Rah—Concluded.

nev - er fail, - Oak Park, all hail! *Ta - g'a - ris - ta, Ta g'a - ris - ta, Ou-

This system contains the first two staves of music for the concluding section. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'nev - er fail, - Oak Park, all hail! *Ta - g'a - ris - ta, Ta g'a - ris - ta, Ou-'. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

(Shout.)

den he - min a - mei - no - na, Ta g'a - ris - ta!..... Rah!

Ta - g'a - ris - ta!.....

This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are '(Shout.) den he - min a - mei - no - na, Ta g'a - ris - ta!..... Rah!' and 'Ta - g'a - ris - ta!.....'. The piano part concludes with a final chord.

*Greek motto: The best is none too good for us. (4)

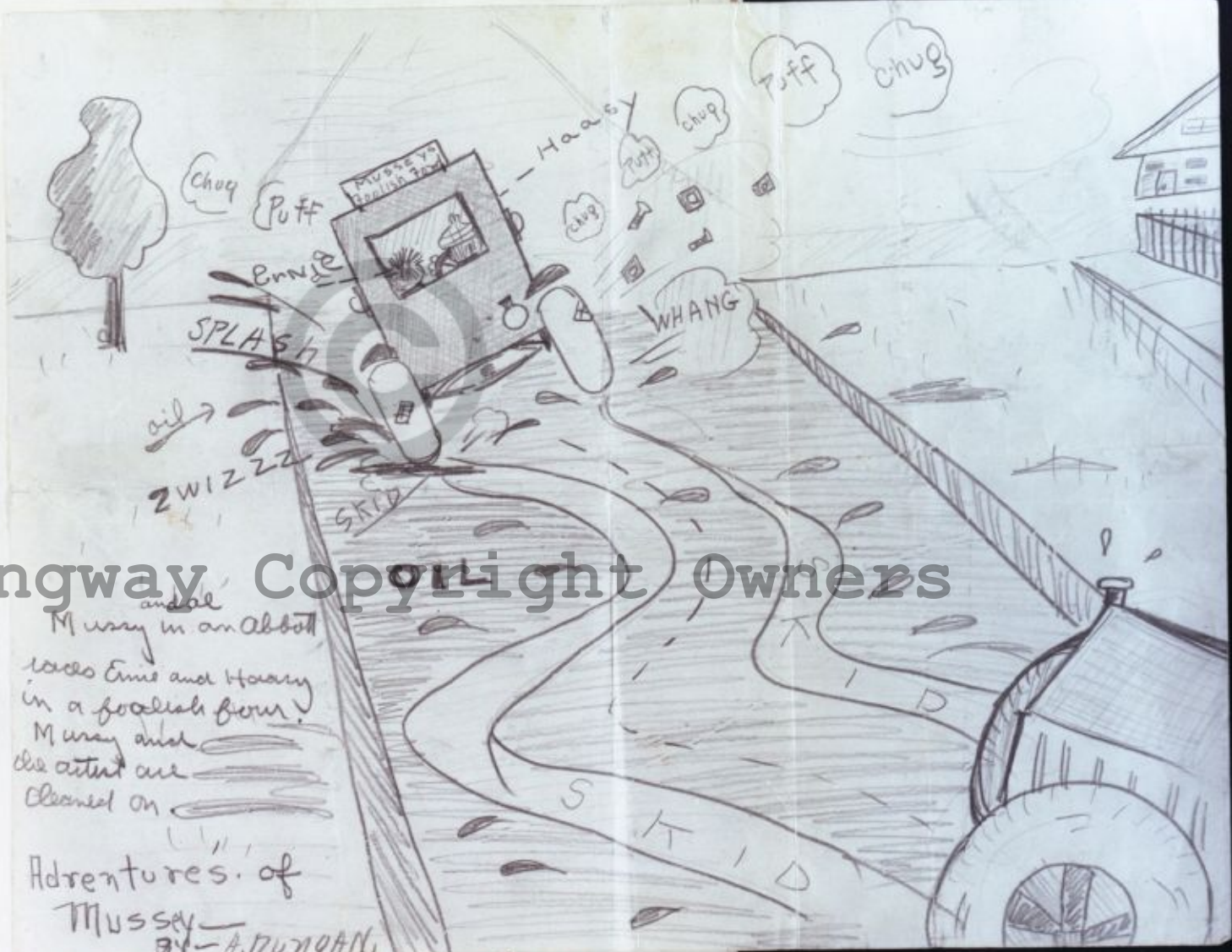
Albert
m m

SCHOOL COLORS
ORANGE AND BLUE

SCHOOL YELL
Yea Oak Park, Yea Oak Park, Yea Oak Park,
O-a-k, P-a-r-k, Oak Park!

PRINTED BY
DWIGHT & M. H. JACKSON
CHICAGO

Albion
m



Hemingway Copyright Owners

Mussey ^{and all} in an Abbott
 races Enns and Haasy
 in a foolish form.
 Mussey and
 the other are
 cleaned on

Adventures of

Mussey
 BY - A. DUNNAN

What Durgan's cartoon
 in Mr. Platt's English Class
 Sophomore year

TY OF
 D RIVER FOREST
 CH SCHOOL



*Leicester 4 weeks Carol 3 yrs 9 mos Sammy 10 yrs 5 mos
Taken April 29th. 1915-*



Mrs. M. 13 yrs

*Taken Mar. 1915 -
17 yrs old.
Marshalline*

ANNUAL DANCE
OF THE
BOSTON TEA PARTY SOCIETY FOR
CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN SEAFARING
NAVY
FRIDAY MAY TWENTY EIGHTH
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK
ONE DOLLAR PER COUPLE

ANNUAL
TABULA SHOW

Under direction of the
DRAMA CLUB

Presenting
"THE GENTLE JURY"
"MR. SAMPSON"
"THE GHOST OF JERRY BUNDLER"

High School Auditorium
FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1915



*Grandparents 1915-
Liberation Day*

13
ANNUAL DANCE
OF THE
BOSTON TEA PARTY SOCIETY,
CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.
NAKAMA HALL
FRIDAY MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH.
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.
ONE DOLLAR PER COUPLE

Decoration Day



EH6074P

*Singing Carol in Chinese Costume
Marcelline with Leicester & one old
Nanda in Camp Fire costume*



EH6075P



Little Brother - 2 months old

EH6076P

*June
1st
1915 -
First children*



EH6077P

*June 13.
1915 -
Children
Day:
1st photo
of the Six
Children*



EH6078P

*June 1st
1915*





June 13th 1915
 Ursula
 Sunny
 Carol

If the major game was dull, the lightweights certainly made up for it in their argument with Lane tech. Although they won 19-0 they had to open up with every conceivable play before they could cop. Joe Jannotta celebrated his return to the harness by picking forward passes out of the air for many long gains and all the midgets' backfield displayed superlative football.

Phelps contributed toward the first touchdown by running back a punt to the ten-yard line and from there Bobby Cole took the spheroid over. Fumbling and lack of punch at the critical moment kept the score down until the third period, when Brown pulled down a long pass and went over.

The lightweights kept it up and a forward to Uteritz, a long run by Cole and another pass to Jannotta finished proceedings for the day. They would have scored again on a beautiful criss-cross that ended with a pass to Uteritz, but holding in the line spoiled it. Again the indefatigable Ute ran sixty yards, but his mates lacked the drive to push the ball over.

Proviso is on the slate for today, and it is heralded as a strong game. If the lightweights can hold on to the ball they can play some great football, but they may lose some of their best play with messy handling of the oval. The Proviso game is at 1:30 today, at the new field at Linden and Ontario.

The lineup of the Lane game:

Oak Park (19)		Lane (0)	
Brown, Uteritz	R. E.	Peterson	
Golder	R. T.	Tippie, Samsen	
Lee, Busie	R. G.	Dargett, Hebrank	
Priddy, Hemingway	C.	Faroo, Purdie	
Dyer, Baldwin	L. G.	Uter, Kelly	
Gordon	L. F.	Smickie	
Jannotta	L. E.	Thomas	
Ute	O. R.	Becker	
Bill Fox	R. H. R.	Higley	
Phelps, Hazelton	L. H. R.	Holton	
Jenna, Silver	F. R.	Bolan	
Touchdown—Cole, Brown, Jannotta		Goal from touchdown—Uteritz	Referee—Ehrstede.
Captain—Haggerty.			

Mill Oak linen stationery—the popular kind—at Miller's Drug Store.—Adv.

U. E. Hemingway, M. D.

June 4, 1915

Dear Sir—Mr. Philip J. McKenna, one of the best fellows you ever know, is a candidate on the Democratic ticket for Judge of the Circuit Court, and I am very anxious to see him elected.

He is well qualified for the bench by experience, training, temperament and education. I am glad to have an opportunity of voting for him because of his good qualities and good fellowship, and I would like to have you vote for him as a compliment to a man who would make an ideal Judge. His whole life's record shows him to be fair, square and honest.

In case you do not know him I will ask you to take my word as to his fitness for the position. He measures up to the required standard in all respects.

Very truly yours,

Friday a.m. much love
U. E. Hemingway

EXTRA

FINISH OF THE 500 MILE AUTO RACE.

The finish of the 500 mile auto race to-day at Speedway Park, Ill.

was as follows:

FIRST.

Resta in a Peugeot car.

SECOND.

Porporato in a Sunbeam car.

THIRD.

Rickenbacher in a Maxwell car.

U. S. Hemingway, M. D.

June 7, 1915

Dear Sirs—Mr. Philip J. McKenna, one of the best fellows you ever know, has decided on the Democratic ticket for Judge of the Circuit Court and I am very anxious to see him elected. He is well qualified for the bench by experience, training, temperament and education. I am glad to have an opportunity of voting for him because of his good qualities and good fellowship, and I would like to have you vote for him as a compliment to a man who would make an ideal judge. His whole life's record shows him to be fair, square and honest. In case you do not know him I will ask you to take my word as to his fitness for the position. He measures up to the required standard in all respects.

Very truly yours,
 U. S. Hemingway



June 13th 1915
 Ursula
 Sincerely
 Carol

If the major game was dull, the light-weights certainly made up for it in their argument with Lane tech. Although they won 19-0 they had to open up with every conceivable play before they could stop. Joe Jannotta celebrated his return to the harness by picking forward passes out of the air for many long gains and all the midgets' backfield displayed superlative football.

Ray, Baldwin	F. G.	Uly, Kelly
Gordon	F. G.	Smackie
Jannotta	F. G.	Thomas
McCoy	F. G.	Becker
McCoy, Fox	F. G.	Inglette
Polka, Haselton	F. G.	Hollen
Yama, Oiler	F. G.	Balen
Touchdown—Cade, Brown, Jannotta		God
non-touchdown—Casta, Bolter		—Eldridge
Umpire—Haggerty		

Mid Oak linen stationery—the popular kind—at Miller's Drug Store.—Adv.

CLARENCE E. HEMINGWAY, M. D.
 800 KENILWORTH AVENUE
 CORNER 109th STREET
 TELEPHONE 244 PARK 12

Saty Eve 7^{pm}
 June 26, 1915

Dear Ernest & Louis,
 We returned in the Diggie without mishap and have been so happy thinking of your pleasant night on the boat. The races were more as per clipping enclosed. — I will write you at Norwood P.O. & Chaulvoix P.O. — Hall at Gen'l Delivery midlow. — Addressed as this one in same red envelope. — Will be glad to hear from you & shall trust it may be your happy trip. — All are

U. E. Hemingway, M. D.

June 2, 1915

Dear Sir—Mr. Philip J. McKenna, one of the best fellows you ever knew, is a candidate on the Democratic ticket for Judge of the Circuit Court, and I am very anxious to see him elected.

He is well qualified for the bench by experience, training, temperament and education. I am glad to have an opportunity of voting for him because of his good qualities and good fellowship, and I would like to give you your for him as a compliment to a man who would make an ideal judge. His whole life's record shows him to be fair, square and honest.

In case you do not know him I will ask you to take my word as to his fitness for the position. He measures up to the required standard in all respects.

Very truly yours,

U. E. Hemingway
Friday a.m. much love
U. E. Hemingway



June 13th 1915
Vivian
Sue
Carol

If the major game was dull, the light-weights certainly made up for it in their argument with Lane tech. Although they won 19-0, they had to open up with every conceivable play before they could cop. Joe Jannotta celebrated his return to the harness by packing forward passes out of the air for many long gains and all the midgets' backfield displayed superlative football.

happy and well here at home.
I enclose a few blank postals
so you can write the absent
members of Oak Parks only
Damon's Hiking Club.
All send love,
your father,
U. E. Hemingway

Johnson, C. J.	R. E.	Patterson
Quinn	R. T.	Tippie, Sumner
Lee, Boyle	R. G.	Duggan, Bohren
Priddy, Hemingway	C. C.	Fetzer, Purdie
Due, Baldwin	E. G.	Chas. Kelly
Gordon	E. T.	Stickle
Jannotta	E. E.	Thomas
Ida	C. H.	Becker
Hill, Fox	R. H. B.	Ingram
Parlos, Hamilton	L. H. B.	Helden
Lynn, Oliver	F. B.	Sohn
Trenchdown—Cady, Brown, Jannotta, Goal from Tomkins—Casta, Baires—Eldredge, Umre—Hagerty.		

Mill Oak linen stationery—the popular kind—at Miller's Drug Store.—Adv.

WHALES WIN OPENER OF TWIN BILL 6 TO 1

Defeat the Tiptops To-Day in First of Double Header at Brooklyn.

EXHIBITION GAME IS OFF

Contest Scheduled for To-Morrow at New Haven, Conn., Cancelled by Police Order.

BY JOHN O. SEYS

(Special Telegram from the Connecticut) Brooklyn, N. Y., June 16.—The Chicago Whales took the first of the double-header contest at Brooklyn to-day with the Tiptops by a score of 6 to 1.

McConnell and Hendrix to Pitch.
Manager Taylor called on the two star men last evening, George McConnell and Claude Hendrix, to take their places, while Manager Mason said it would be his wish to have Hendrix and Hendrix in the other, before the latter showed that his former four weeks was not an exceptional case of twirling ability.

Taylor's selection was certainly a good one, for he has in McConnell a man who has been in the game for a long time, and in Hendrix a man who has been in the game for a long time, and in both cases a man who has been in the game for a long time.

Tiptops' Exhibition Game Off.
All the attention was centered on the game between the two teams last night. There has been the regular trip of the season and one week from this afternoon they will play on the same grounds in Brooklyn and following a short trip to St. Louis will return and play at the next city date. There will be neither home or away, however, as the exhibition game scheduled for New Haven, Conn., has been called off. The game which was to have been played at New Haven was at the last night by telephone to that of St. Louis.

J. Smith Slugged in Contest.
Play in the first inning—Walsh, J. Smith caught in error, but was not starting. Larkin was in for F. Smith. Frank Red to lead off in the second. No runs, one hit, one error. Cooper batted out to first base, walked. Kauf had to swing in the second. Jones walked. McInnis batted. First out. Second out.

Fourth Out of Game.
Third inning—Walsh, Smith walked and Pitts also walked. Both also were a walk, filling the bases. Mason, Henry batted in the third. Larkin to swing. He was doubled at first. Jones to swing. He walked. First out. Second out. Third out.

McConnell Pined in Fifth.
Third inning—Walsh, McConnell batted and J. Smith batted. McConnell batted and J. Smith batted. McConnell batted and J. Smith batted. McConnell batted and J. Smith batted.

First Double Header.
Fourth inning—Walsh, Cooper batted and J. Smith batted. Cooper batted and J. Smith batted. Cooper batted and J. Smith batted.

(Continued on Next Page.)

Facts About the Big Automobile Race

The race will be held at the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, on June 17 and 18. The race will be held at the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, on June 17 and 18. The race will be held at the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, on June 17 and 18.

DRIVER OF PEUGEOT CAR, AND 3 SUNBEAMS PACESPEEDWAY FIELD

Wilcox of Stutz Team Is Forced Out Early by Broken Transmission—Cooper, Crippled, Trails Along with Gil Anderson.

Tire Trouble Cuts Big Figure in Early Running, Causing Frequent Changes in Positions of Contestants Up to the 200th Mile.

Other news of the automobile race at Brooklands will be found in other pages of this issue.

WILCOX.
Special Telegram from the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, June 16.—The Stutz team, which was established a new record for 400 miles in the early hours of the afternoon at Brooklands track, Surrey, England, on June 16, was forced to retire at the 200th mile because of a broken transmission.

BY LAMBERT G. SULLIVAN.
Special Telegram from the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, June 16.—The Stutz team, which was established a new record for 400 miles in the early hours of the afternoon at Brooklands track, Surrey, England, on June 16, was forced to retire at the 200th mile because of a broken transmission.

Italian Leads in Progress.
The race was held at the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, on June 16. The race was held at the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, on June 16.

Severe Test of Will.
The race was held at the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, on June 16. The race was held at the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, on June 16.

Case Off in Perfect Start.
The race was held at the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, on June 16. The race was held at the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, on June 16.

French 100 Mile Pace.
The race was held at the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, on June 16. The race was held at the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, on June 16.

The race was held at the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, on June 16. The race was held at the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, on June 16.



Circular in y



4 1/2 years old.



4 1/2 years old.



4 1/2 years old.



4 1/2 years old.



4 1/2 years old.

Starters in To-Day's Auto Race

Stutz team: Wilcox, Cooper, Anderson, Gil Anderson. Sunbeam team: ... Peugeot team: ...

The race was held at the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, on June 16. The race was held at the Brooklands track, Brooklands, Surrey, England, on June 16.

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all of us



E176222P

July 13th. 1915



Mother and Six Children



21
July
13.
15-

Ernest W. Hemingway,
Walloon Lake,
Mich.
Box 18



The
day
after
Wesley's
wedding

July 13th. 1915



Carol
picking
Daisies



Six children in The Vesula of Waukegan



Six children in the Ussula of Wickenburg



CLARENCE E. HEMINGWAY, M. D.
800 MENILWORTH AVENUE
CORNER OAK STREET

TELEPHONE OAK PARK 151

OAK PARK, ILL. July 20. 1915.
My dear son Ernest! -

Mary happily returns
of July 23rd. - Hope to find
Lyde Jane well & keeping
up your load of the
work. - We shall think
of you all day tomorrow.
When I get back you shall
have a good trout fish. -

I am so pleased & proud you
have grown to be such a fine
big rugged fellow & will trust
your development will continue
symmetrical & in harmony with
the highest Christian Ideals.

With much love from your father,
Clarence E. Hemingway



Mr. Ernest Hemingway
Box 18
Walloon Lake
Mich.



Ernest Hemingway,
Box 18,
Walloon Lake,
Michigan.

[Faint, mostly illegible handwriting on a separate piece of paper or envelope flap.]

My Dear Ernest
Love + congratulations
on your Anniversary.

We are so enjoying
the other members
of your family it is
worth keeping house
now.

Love to each one
from
Grandfather
and
Grandmother
Hemingway.



Mr. Ernest Hemingway
Box 18
Walloon Lake
Mich.



Ernest Hemingway,
Box 15
Walloon Lake,
Michigan.



CLARENCE E. HEMINGWAY, M. D.
800 KENILWORTH AVENUE
CORNER 108th STREET
TELEPHONE 1840 PAX 181

My dear Ernest. - July 17, 1915

I have sent a package parcel
post - to Grace to get out your
Carol's presents. - No hope you will
have a happy birthday - I will deposit
Five Dollars in Savings Bank to your acct
with love,

Your father,
Clarence E. Hemingway.

Dear Carol. -

Daddy & Mamma love you &
we have sent you some gum, a
nice rubber ball & some Candy -
But don't eat it all in one day
& get sick like you did last year.
Hope you have a happy birthday,

With love your daddy
Clarence

July 17/1915



Mr. Ernest Hemingway



822 N. Euclid Ave.
Oak Park, Ill.
July 16, 1915

Dear Porthos,

If you don't get
this letter write and tell
me. (I know this is old
stuff but a primitive
man wouldn't know the
difference.)

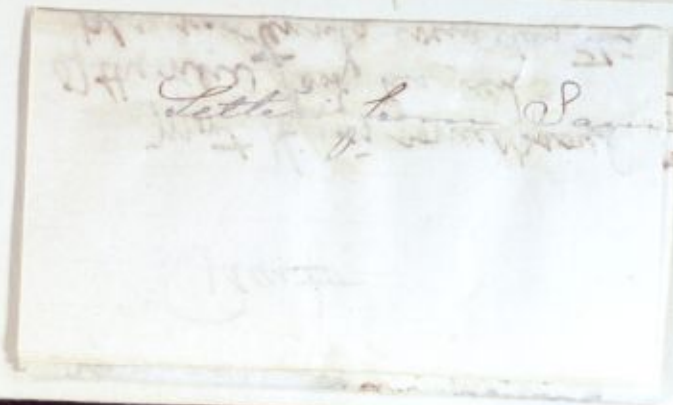
Have you killed
any skunks since I
left? There isn't much
doing around here now.
The canoe hasn't come
yet and storm is mad
as the deuce, I guess.



Mr. Ernest Hemingway
Box 18
Walloon Lake
Mich.



Ernest Hemingway,
Box 18
Walloon Lake,
Michigan.



I havint seen Haase yet but I think I've heard him go by in his new buick '01.

Bill Price has got typhoid again. Ward Merrick is seriously sick with it, too. They examined all the lunch room employes and found Mary Busby, whom she is, is another "typhoid Mary". The school will probably be opened in the fall anyway. (haha)

Why don't you write?

The revival or perhaps I'd better say goodbye, you may get sheepherder's madness from the solitude on the farm.

Lewis Claxton



23

Mr. Ernest Hemingway

B. 18

Label



ingway,
Lake,
igan.



Mr. Ernest Hemingway
 Box 18
 Walloon Lake
 Mich.



Castro, Ill
 July 23rd

Dear Ernest-

This is the only paper I can
 stay in so here goes

Judy is still hunting for a
 job, I'm trying to talk him out
 so that he can go with us on
 the canoe trip. We want to start
 August 23rd, or down the rapids
 the Illinois and 7, across to
 St Louis. Nell wants to go
 with us. His going to go like H.
 That poor lot we will cap
 the canoe at night and hook
 it.

Page II
I got a ^{Holding Automatic (and case)} no 27. Brownie the
other day from a fellow who
was flat broke (he didn't steal
it, because I know a fellow who
saw him buy it). It cost him
8 bucks with a carrying case.
He took 12 pictures and then
sold it to me for less than half.

An expert photographer looked
at it and said it was a good one.
I'm going to take it with me
on the Dana trip.

I sold my other camera for
15 cents, but cost me 13
years ago.

Mr

[Faded handwritten text, possibly a letter or note, partially obscured by other papers.]



Page III

Mort Hill is some proud
of the new fish, has been
summed, he plays a ~~game~~ *game*
now.

Please bring about stum
trout home when you come
and ~~the~~ bring
a couple to me. If I was rich
I would pay a dollar an
ounce for a tin powder
this summer. I'm hungry
for trout.

I've been working since 5.15
this morning up till 2 work
16 hours every day. I'm anxious

POST CARD

Place a
One Cent
Stamp Here



Dear Ernest -
I thought I would
like this card
better than a regular
birthplace.
but wish I among
happy returns of
this day with love
L. Starbuck Lewis

Windmere
Wellborn Lake
Mich



Aug
1915
Ernest
and
Warren
getting
in the
Longfellow
Hay.



From Oak Leaves, Oak Park Ill., Wed., Jan. 6, 1915
Borrowed Time Club

At the meeting of the Oak Park Borrowed Time club the day before Christmas, President Anson T. Hemingway presented the members the following recipe for "The Best Christmas Pudding."

Take some human nature—as you find it—
The commonest variety will do.
Put a little graciousness behind it.
Add a lump of charity—or two.
Squeeze in just a drop of moderation,
Half as much fragility—as less,
Add some very fine considerations,
Strain off all of poverty's distress.
Pour some milk of human kindness in it.
Put in all the happiness you can,
Stir it up with laughter every minute,
See it on the fire of heart's affection,
Leave it till the jolly bubbles rise,
Sprinkle it with kisses—for affection,
Sweeten with a look from loving eyes,
Flavor it with children's merry chatter,
Frost it with the snow of wintry dells,
Place it on a holly-garlanded platter,
And serve it with the song of Christmas bells.

The last meeting of the club for the year 1914 was held on December 31. At that time the president gave the members the following "New Year's wish," which is ascribed to Goethe:

Health enough to make work a pleasure.
Wealth enough to support your needs.
Strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them.
Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them.
Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished.
Charity enough that shall see some good in your neighbor.
Charitableness enough that shall make others glad.
Love enough that shall move you to be useful and helpful to others.
Faith that shall make real the things of God.
And hope that shall remove all anxious fears concerning the future.

Letter from
Louis
Charaban

After 5 days, return to

Ernest Hemingway
Wellborn Lake
OAK PARK, ILL.



Ernest Hemingway
Wellborn Lake
Mich
P.O. Ernest Hemingway

RD

See Note for the Address

Place a
One Cent
Stamp Here

Mr. E. H. Hemingway
"Windmere"
Wellborn Lake
Mich



From Oak Leaves, Oak Park, Ill., Wed. Jan. 6, 1915
Borrowed Time Club

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The commonest variety will do.
Put a little graciousness behind it.
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Squeeze in just a drop of moderation.
Halt as much frugality—or less.
Add some very fine consideration.
Strain off all of poverty's distress.
Pour some milk of human kindness in it.
Put in all the happiness you can.
Stir it up with laughter every minute.
Season with goodwill toward every man.
Set it on the fire of heart's affection.
Leave it till the jolly bubbles rise.
Sprinkle it with kisses—for affection.
Sweeten with a look from loving eyes.
Flavor it with children's merry chatter.
Frost it with the snow of wint'ry days.
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Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them.
Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished.
Charity enough that shall see some good in your neighbor.
Cheerfulness enough that shall make others glad.
Love enough that shall move you to be useful and helpful to others.
Faith that shall make real the things of God.
And hope that shall remove all anxious fears concerning the future.

822 N Euclid ave.,
Oak Park, Illinois,
August 8, 1915

Dear Hainer,
I heard all about the game warden's. I wish I had been there. What was your time from the farm to Dillworth's. Haase hasn't got it straight.

The other day I was going in town to look for a job and I met Haase going to Lewis. Haase didn't go, I didn't find a job. We loved the whole city. Haase I int sure he will get through Lewis even.

After 5 days, return to
Ernest Hemingway
9 Dy C & Hemingway
OAK PARK, ILL.

OAK PARK
AUG 13
10 PM
1915
ILL.

UNITED STATES
TWO CENTS

Ernest Hemingway
Wellborn Lake
Mich

D

Place a
One Cent
Stamp Here

Side for the Address

to E. H. Hemmingway
Windmere
Well on Lake
Wick



From Oak Leaves, Oak Park, Ill., Wed., Jan. 6, 1915

Borrowed Time Club

At the meeting of the Oak Park Borrowed Time club the day before Christmas, President Anson T. Hemmingway presented the members the following recipe for "The Best Christmas Pudding:"

Take some human nature—as you find it—
The commonest variety will do.
Put a little graciousness behind it.
Add a lump of charity—or two.
Squeeze in just a drop of moderation,
Half as much fragility—or less,
Add some very fine consideration,
Strain off all of poverty's distress,
Pour some milk of human kindness in it.
Put in all the happiness you can,
Stir it up with laughter every minute,
Season with goodwill toward every man.
Set it on the fire of heart's affection,
Leave it till the jolly bubbles rise,
Sprinkle it with kisses—for affection,
Sweeten with a look from loving eyes.
Flavor it with children's mazy chatter,
Frost it with the snow of wintry delia,
Place it on a holly-garnished platter,
And serve it with the song of Christmas bells.

The last meeting of the club for the year 1914 was held on December 31. At that time the president gave the members the following "New Year's wish," which is ascribed to Goethe:

Health enough to make work a pleasure.
Wealth enough to support your needs,
Strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them.
Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them.
Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished.
Charity enough that shall see some good in your neighbor.
Cheritfulness enough that shall make others glad.
Love enough that shall move you to be useful and helpful to others.
Faith that shall make real the things of God,
And hope that shall remove all anxious fears concerning the future.

After 5 days, return to

E. H. Hemmingway
OAK PARK, ILL.

E. H. Hemmingway

*9
10 Dr. C. E. Hem*

I've got a job as junior salesman with B. B. Fisk and Co. wholesale milliners. It's a rotten job and now I may quit it in the fall. Now is the busy season and so they hired me. I don't can prove that in two months I'm better than one or two who've been there two years they'll keep me in the slack season. Long hours, not pay, on my feet all day, work Saturday afternoons, too. I realize a person must start at the bottom and learn the whole business

to me, but I would never care to stay in that business and besides would quit for school in a year so I think I will get something good this fall. We've got the canoe, I haven't had time to try it but I don't want to have and say I'd be a beauty.

Will be see you

Lewis Clavahan

75

POST CARD

ANSON T. HEMINGWAY
444 NORTH OAK PARK AVENUE
OAK PARK, ILL.
TELEPHONE OAK PARK 884

August 13, 1915.

Dear Ernest.

I have thought
of you so often since
the day you & Marceline
so kindly took me to
the Wabash Lake Station.

Your Aunt Nettie & her
Margarit have come
today. I met them as
they landed.

They had a fine voyage.
Only a few passengers
out board.

They had such a good
time with you all.

We hope they can stay
with us until Grace comes
Tuesday Aug 24, but
they have not decided to do so yet.

My dear Ernest, this "Postcard" is good
and how to the best advantage

25

ANSON T. HEMINGWAY
444 NORTH OAK PARK AVENUE
OAK PARK, ILL.
TELEPHONE OAK PARK 884

Alfred will be here tomorrow
on the way to Charlevoix

He will meet Aunt
Crabell & the children
at Holland when they
board his train at
that place tomorrow eve.

I trust you are having
good weather & that the
farm work goes on well.

We shall be glad
to see Marceline & you
whenever you can
come. Hope Marceline
is enjoying her visit with
her friend Miss E.

We are quite well
& send our love to each of
you. I enclose a little
Leaflet that I may have given
you before. Please read it of course. It
has been a great help to me.

With sincere affection
Your Grandfather

115 W. 11th St.
OAK PARK
MICH.
J. M. Hemingway
Walloon Lake
Mich.
James Lane

Box 18



Mrs. E. E. Hemingway
Box 18
Walloon Lake
Mich.

822 N. Archibald ave.,
Oak Park, Ill.,
July 28, 1915.

Dear Porthos: prepare your-
self for good news. They
are enlarging the Ingram
school of dancing, so
hereafter there will be
plenty of room for your
feet without utilizing
the sidewalk
floor.

How long will your
twelve inch trout? Did
you spear them out of
the pool at the resort
across from Eagle Island?

Letter from Porthos



Walter Lake
Mich

From Lane

Box 18



Geo. R. Hemingway
SPECIAL DELIVERY
OAK PARK, ILL.

Oak Park.

Dear Eric:-

Too bad about the D. M. game
Warden a jam. Well I want no bad.
Lewy told me about it quite a while
before I heard from you.

Got a card from Elderly
Mr. [unclear], his taking a night
trip, was in Clinton Iowa yesterday.

See the mosquitoes in Oak Park,
the most for every seen. I keep
off of Citranella on my clothes, so they
don't bother me.
Beth Lewy got a job in some
coveit shop or some kind of millinery
store. Great stuff & a wash.

822 N. Archid ave.,
Oak Park, Ill.,
July 25, 1915.

Porthos: prepare you
for good news. They
enlarging the Ingram
of dancing, so
after there will be
of room for you
without utilizing
how long will you
with trout? Did
appear them out of
pool at the resort
as from eagle island?

Hemingway Foundation



Walter Hale
Mich



James
Bauer

Box 18

Page 3
Quite a talk with her several weeks ago, oh about 3 weeks.

Some very amusing things have happened since. I'm just like the Kaine, "be reasonable and for peace," but I'm ready and willing to fight."

I got a hunting license yesterday, but I don't know if it may save me some good cash.

I'm taking no chances.

3 young kids got into a fight last night. The 1st grabbed one of my milk bottles, the 2nd threw a stone at him and didn't

Charley is having ^{page 2} his vacation now. Perhaps a next who didn't he can the his idea for sheep and go with pass.

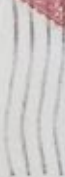
We are going to leave Aug 22, 1913 at 10 o'clock.

I'm sorry I haven't written sooner but I put my wrist out of business, full of Carly's bite with the mail.

11 o'clock now and I've got a hundred water bills in the house waiting to pester some poor girl who's broke.

Some interesting things are going to happen the 7th week of school. I've got D.P.'s cat, had

Hemingway Foundation



Walter Duke
Mich

From Sam



London
x 18
can take
Mich

hit him. The 3rd didn't do anything. I chased the 1st home with words, not actions. The other two stayed on the wagon.

Now the mother of the 1st says she is going to arrest the other two saying that they tried on her darling kid. He shot her some bunk to get sympathy.

I need some money. I hate looking they take it to court \$3 a day is mighty good pay for evidence. So long.
P. S. V. P. P. S. Sam.

822 N. Euclid ave.,
Oak Park, Ill.,
July 27, 1915.

Dear Porthos: prepare yourself for good news. They are enlarging the Ingram school of dancing, so hereafter there will be plenty of room for you - but without utilizing the marble floor.

How long were your twelve inch trout? Did you spear them out of the pool at the resort across from Eagle Island?

Yours truly,
[Signature]

W. O. W. T. 1915



Walton Lake
Mich

John Lane

Box 18



Mrs. E. Hemingway
Box 18
Walton Lake
Mich.

Hemingway Foundation

Geo. R. Hemingway

MEMBER CHICAGO REAL ESTATE BOARD.

REAL ESTATE

REAL ESTATE LOANS

121 MARION ST.

OAK PARK, ILL.

TEL. OAK PARK, 1122

FIRE INSURANCE

July 31, 1915.

Dear Mother -
I am at milk yeager's at center.
I came across the lake last night
with Bert Van Housen's class, trout
fishing friend. I killed the chickens
and put them in the barn in front of
one of the horse stalls. I picked a
half bushel basket of Beans and
a half bushel basket of potatoes. The
beans are in front of the uthouse
and the potatoes in the milk house.
I gave Warren the key to the milkhouse
the same key unlocks the ice house and

NOV 1 1915



Walloon Lake
Mich

James Lane

Box 18



Mrs. E. E. Hemingway

Box 18

Walloon Lake
Mich.

Hemingway Foundation

the chicken coop. The chicken food is in the Barn. Arkensinger knows where every thing is and will be glad to get out ice for you. Write me at R.F.D. no 2 East Jordan Mich. Wesley says that Smith the Warden is a good kind of his and he will try to fix it up. I am going to work in the Barn with uncle George. Write me the particulars and how long I had better stay. Don't worry as the barn is in good shape.

Sincerely

Ernie

P.S. Arkensinger has a key to the milk house, ice house and Barn.



Walden Lake
Mich



Sam



I heard that Alfred Couch shot a porcupine. Have you got any yet?

I made a pistol out of Buets' 22 and shot a sparrow with it.

Sam and I went in and saw the castland an hour after it turned over. They were just cutting holes in the side with ~~any~~ oxy-acetylene flame or something of the kind. we saw them take out quite a

Box 18

few bodies.

I havint seen 1 base or any of the bunch yet. Have you spread any fish yet or caught any black bass? Have you seen any foxes or raccoons or martens or mink or otter or weasels?

write soon.

Louis Flanagan

*a
sflack
Feil*



Margaretta & Four children



EHPH

Ernie and Naase

Letter from "Pickles"

a
splash
fest



Margaretta & Four children



EN 6780

Oak Park Ill
Aug 4. 1915

My Dear Ernie.
Well old sport, I
got your postal yesterday.
I have been at Bass Lake
for a month or so. Did
you catch many fish?
well I didnt. The plac-
e was so dead that
the trees looked like
grave stones. I ran arou-
nd in a motor boat
and auto for a while
but that is lonesome
work when you are
alone. No chicken, no
soda's, no movies and

a
splendid
first

May

DH6070

no
Oak Park Hiking Club
and A. H. the ^{number} peerless
- (you know what) so
I decided to beat it
back to O. P. A friend
of mine is going to
motor to Canada and
maybe I am going with
him. He may go thru
your berg. anyway we
go with in five miles of
Malboro Lake. Say
you lop eared, pug nosed
freckled face, pig snout
parody on the human
race why dont you



a
sflank
fest

May

576074P

write me a letter
& also put your address
on the next letter
you send.

Yours

Pickles
to & madell ju. D. H.
A.C.F.
27/1/52



Carol
and Louise
4 yrs old



Going out in row boat to dine

Carol 4 yrs.
Louise 4 mos.



Emcil
Wroula
Jimmy
Carol
and
Paul
Haase



Family day all
together Sept 30
1915



Carol 4 yrs old



Ernest, Margaret and
Grace
Sept 5th 1915

From Ernest in Oak Park to father and
mother
at
Waltham
Mass

Dear Alice P.S. I examined my shoes for
the last. Sept 16. 15
got little thanks! I am having
hard work being a light weight but by
eating a equal quantity of nothing I
succeed. getting along alright in school
got 10 % in an ancient text. Acto
is a paper I could write better stuff than
he could with both hands tied
behind me. I am bring home my
photos which are on the north end of
the fire place in an envelope addressed
to me. Please do this. good about you
what's the name with Ernest? Emil.



Leicester
Clara
5 mos 21 day



Clara and Grace Hall
November 1915



Oct
1st
1915

19th
Wedding
Anniversary

Six children



*Luicester
7 mo.
old*

First
Song Recital

NOVEMBER 15, 1915

Studio: Kenilworth Avenue and Iowa Street

Miss Marcelline Demingway
Soprano

ASSISTED BY

Miss Gertrude Carly
Violinist

Mrs. Grace Hall Demingway
AT THE PIANO

PROGRAM

- a. Who Is Sylvia? *Schubert*
- b. Hark, Hark, the Lark *Schubert*
- c. Since We Parted *Allitsen*

- a. Playera *Sarasate*
- b. Berceuse (from Jocelyna) *Godard*

- a. Abends *Gröndahl*
- b. Gome to the Garden, Love *Salter*
- c. Springtide (with violin obligato) *Becker*

- a. Ave Maria (with violin obligato) *Mascheroni*
- b. The Guardian Angel *Lehmann*
- c. The Magic Song (with violin obligato) *Meyer-Helmond*

522

Ernest went for from
Mabel ^{Ernest's} ^{and}
Amrit Vale
2284
THE L. BROWN BROS. CO.
CHICAGO

P. L. Sloan gave Ernest
a safety razor for Xmas

COLONIAL
THEATRE BEAUTIFUL

THE
BIRTH
OF A
NATION



D.W. Griffith

Papa took Ernest to this during the
Christmas holidays.

Ernest, with you from
Mabel, Lillian and
arm, wife
THE L. LANGRISH PRINTING CO.
CHICAGO

P. L. Stinson gave Ernest
a safety razor for Xmas



FAMOUS MERRIE GARDEN RESTAURANT On Clark near Madison
ENTERTAINMENT SUPREME, 1:30 P. M. TO 1:00 A. M., EVERY NIGHT
Big Musical Revue The place where the best things to eat and best people meet. **Hotel Planters** Jake P. Harding President

Telephone Central 6801
For neat and tasty lunch, one door west of theatre
BEN GREENGARD
Wines and Liquors
30 WEST RANDOLPH ST. CHICAGO
1 DOOR WEST OF COLONIAL THEATRE
Bell rings 2 minutes before cartain rises

Place Your Xmas Order Now
WE have a very select lot of Xmas Plants and Cut Flowers at the lowest market prices. Shipping orders given special attention. We deliver flowers to any part of the U. S. or Canada.
A. LANGE Florist
25 EAST MADISON STREET
Between State St. and Wabash Ave.
TEL. CENT. 3775-3776. AU. 42072
Branch Shop, corridor, Stevens Building, 17 North State Street

COLONIAL THEATRE
BEAUTIFUL

D. W. Griffith Presents
The Birth of a Nation

An Historical Drama in Two Acts
NOTE:—There will be an intermission of eight minutes between Acts I and II

Cast of Characters

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| Col. Ben Cameron..... | Henry Walthall |
| Margaret Cameron, the elder sister..... | Miriam Cooper |
| Flora, the pet sister..... | Mae Marsh |
| Mrs. Cameron..... | Josephine Crowell |
| Dr. Cameron..... | Spottiswoode Aiken |
| Wade Cameron, the second son..... | J. A. Beringer |
| Duke Cameron, the youngest son..... | Maxfield Stanley |
| Mammy, their faithful old servant..... | Jennie Lee |
| Hon. Austin Stoneman, Leader of the House..... | Ralph Lewis |
| Elsie, his daughter..... | Lillian Gish |
| Phil, his elder son..... | Elmer Clifton |
| Tod, the younger son..... | Robert Harron |
| Jeff, the blacksmith..... | Wallace Reed |
| Lydia Brown, Stoneman's mulatto housekeeper..... | Mary Aiden |
| Silas Lynch, mulatto Lieutenant-Governor..... | George Seigmann |
| Gus, a renegade negro..... | Walter Long |
| Abraham Lincoln..... | Joseph Henabery |
| John Wilkes Booth..... | Raoul Walsh |
| Gen. U. S. Grant..... | Donald Crisp |
| Gen. Robt. E. Lee..... | Howard Gaye |
| Neise, an old-fashioned negro..... | William DeVaull |
| Jake, a black man faithful unto death..... | William Freeman |
| Stoneman's servant..... | Thomas Wilson |

Cabinet Members, Generals, Military Aides and Attaches,
Secretaries, Senators, Representatives, Visitors,
Soldiers, Abolitionists, Ku Klux Klansmen,
Plantation Crowds and Mobs.

PROGRAM CONTINUED

Papa took Ernest to this during the
Christmas holidays.

Ernest wish for home
make biscuits and
and trade
3281
THE BAKING HOME CO.
CHICAGO

P. L. Storm gave Ernest
a safety razor for Xmas

BARLEY WINE

FOR INDIGESTION

DR. R. R. RUSSELL, of the London Medical Review, says:
"All malt extracts must give way to BARLEY WINE (BASS)"
Highly recommended for persons convalescent from a low fever, and for those suffering from anaemia, chlorosis, leanness, malnutrition, neurasthenia, indigestion and insomnia.
Leading physicians are not only prescribing it to their patients, but are our bona fide customers, using it for themselves and their families.
2 Dozen Pints, per case, \$6.00 2 Dozen Nips, per case, \$3.00
Special Prices in Large Quantities

BOTTLED ONLY BY **RICHELIEU WINE COMPANY**
Importers of
Table Delicacies, Wines, Liquors and Olive Oils
FAMILY AND CLUB TRADE OUR SPECIALTY
We Ship to All Points—City Deliveries Daily
9 West Randolph St., Opposite Colonial Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL.
Phones Central 2287 and 2420 Price List on Application

Announcing the engagement of
CHARLES LAPURRIQUE CHICAGO'S MOST FAMOUS CHEF
(With La Salle Hotel Three Years)
NOW WITH
Movie Inn
Chicago's Most Unique Restaurant Maintained for and by the better Class of People
Prices Popular
Open 11 a. m. to 1 a. m. Dancing 3 p. m. to 1 a. m.
MOVIE INN
17 NORTH WABASH, NEAR MADISON
Because of the popularity of this home of happiness, the management suggests that these wishing tables, especially Saturdays, telephone for reservations.
TELEPHONE RANDOLPH 6597

PROGRAM CONTINUED

The Griffith Trade Mark

All pictures produced by David W. Griffith have the name Griffith in the upper corners of the film and the initials D. W. on the lower border line. There are no exceptions to this rule. Mr. Griffith has several new productions under way which will be announced from time to time. His next big production will be "The Mother and the Law," a story of modern life in America.

Entire production under the personal direction of D. W. Griffith.
Photograph by G. W. Bitzer. Music by Joseph Carl Briel.
Orchestra under the direction of Orville Mayhood.

A Nation Is Born

Among our fathers lived a poet-leader who dreamed a new vision of humanity—that out of the conflicting interests and character of thirteen American States, stretching their territories from the frosts of the north to the tropic jungles of Florida, there could be built one mighty people. For eighty years this vision remained a dream—sectionalism and dimmity the grimest realities of our life.
Lord Cornwallis, the British Commander, had surrendered at Yorktown, Virginia, to the allied armies of the Kingdom of France and the original thirteen States, by name, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. Through seventy-two years of growth and conflict these States clung to their individual sovereignty, feeling with jealous alarm the slow but resistless growth of a national spirit within the body of the Federal Union. This new being was stirred at last into conscious life by Daniel Webster's immortal words—"LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE, NOW AND FOREVER!"

The issue, which our fathers had not dared to face—whether the State or the Union should ultimately have supreme rule—was joined in 1801 over the problem of the Negro.
The South held with passionate conviction that we were a Republic of Republics, each State free and sovereign. The North, under the leadership of Abraham Lincoln, held that the Union was indestructible and its sovereignty supreme.
Until Lincoln's day the right of each State to peaceful secession was scarcely disputed, North or South. New England had more than once threatened to withdraw long before South Carolina in her blind rage led the way.
And yet unconsciously the new being within had grown into a living soul, and, in the mortal agony of four years of Civil War and eight years of more horrible Reconstruction, a Nation was born.

Chicago's Most Reliable Cleaners and Dyers

Our reputation—built on more than half a century of satisfactory service—guarantees our work.
Mail orders given prompt attention. *Auto call everywhere.*
COOK & McLAIN
Cleaners and Dyers
158 North Dearborn Street, between Randolph and Lake Sts.
Phone Central 3021

PROGRAM CONTINUED

Papa took Ernest to this during the
Christmas holidays.

Ernest, with love from
Mabel, Everett and
Armitage
3231
THE L. S. BARRON HOME CO.
CHICAGO

P. L. Sloman gave Ernest
a safety razor for Xmas

New
Kaiserhof
HOTEL-CAFE
Special Dinner, \$1.00, With Wine
From 5 to 8 P. M.
ORCHESTRA

CLARK ST. near JACKSON BLVD.
CHICAGO
Near Post Office, Board of Trade and all Depots

THE PATRONAGE OF AFTER-THEATRE PARTIES SOLICITED
450 Rooms \$1.00 up 300 With Bath \$2.00 up

PROGRAM CONTINUED

The Play's Message of Peace

If this graphic presentation serves no other purpose, its message for universal peace marks it of great importance. Morally and educationally it establishes the futility of armed conflict. A member of the Senate of the United States expressed the foregoing sentiment:

"Anyone contemplating war should see this picture," added the Senator, "I sincerely believe it will do more to deter people from engaging in war than anything written or spoken on the subject in years."

Great care has been taken not to glorify battle. Even the music stops in its motif of glorification to sound the note of terror and desolation which is the real truth of WAR.

Armies seldom settle disputed questions of state. But where they accomplish this much, in the wake of conflict, arise sadder and more terrible questions. But for the hatreds engendered in the Civil War, the suffering of the Reconstruction period would never have been known.

Facts About the Pictures

Mr. Griffith was eight months making the entire production. During that time he employed a small army of men and women to get the desired results.

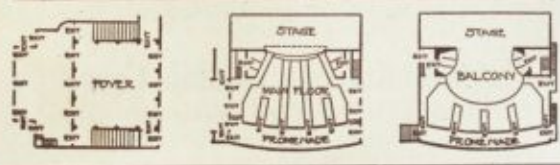
Over eighteen authorities were consulted to get the proper atmosphere into the scene in which President Abraham Lincoln appears. The great majority of these authorities agreed that as near as the time of the assassination could be set was 10:15. This calculation is based upon the most authentic reports of the hour that John Wilkes Booth entered Ford's Theatre on the fatal night.

It was a brilliant spring night in Washington, but historians record that just before the shooting the temperature fell quite a bit. This detail is covered in the picture when you note President Lincoln change his position in the box and slip a warm cape over his shoulders.

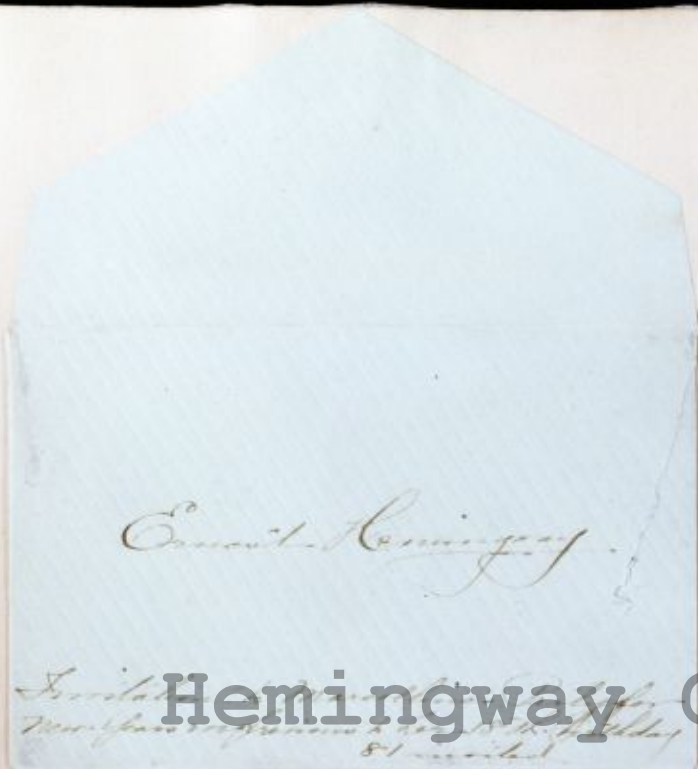
In the great battle scenes which are given in the earlier portions of the production Mr. Griffith employed many novel appliances to get his effects. For the first time in making motion pictures he utilized the telephone most extensively. Imagine a stage director handling thousands upon thousands of players in one scene and directing them by telephone.

The great battle scenes were also the first ever taken by a motion picture camera at night. The scenes showing the escape of the refugees from Atlanta, the battle effects in Piedmont and the great red battle effects were all realized by night photography. Elaborate preparations for these were secretly laid and several inventions were made on the ground to accomplish the desired end. Patented illuminators were distributed over an area of two miles to get one midnight battle scene.

We Use Exclusively and Serve Free to Patrons of this Theatre
CORINNIS WAUKESHA SPRING WATER
HINCKLEY-SCHMIDT (Inc.), Distributors for the
WHITE ROCK SPRINGS, Waukesha, Wisconsin
420 WEST ONTARIO STREET Telephone Superior 6546



Papa took Ernest to this during the
Christmas holidays.



Concert - Hemingway

Special ...
New Year ...
81 ...

They played Salma gundy from 8:30 to 10:30, then had refreshments and then danced the new year in Weil home about 1:30 a. m. finishing with a jolly Virginia Reel.
Waffy new year.

Ernest wrote up this concert for the "Trapeze"

High School Auditorium... Oak Park, Illinois
Monday, 8:15 p. m., January 17, 1916

The
Chicago Symphony Orchestra
(Founded by Theodore Thomas in 1891)

Beethoven Symphony II
wonderful beautiful rhythmic
1 about every cello work.
2 oboe & French horn.
3 cello pitziacato
excellent playing. attack relaxed.
W. not visible and horns & cello.
allegretto grazioso
6 plus 1000, 1000000 (clari?)
Poco movimento. allegro
11/2 ...
allegretto cm. spinto
Gover. percussion tympani,
snare drum. Appointed.
Return to P. M. Frechet ...
Wonderful French horn tone like
melody of Folk Song. M. C. very
conceded by horns cello

Finale from "Die Götterdämmerung," Wagner

The remaining concert of the Oak Park Series of Concerts by the Orchestra will be given in the High School Auditorium on Monday, March 20, at 8:15 p. m. Tickets now on sale at High School Office and Oaks Drug Store.
Prices: 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

Six Hundred, North Fenilsworth Avenue
 Dr. and Mrs. Clarence F. Hemingway
 request the pleasure of your company
 at a party for their daughter
 Marcelline
 On Friday Evening, December 31, 1915
 At eight o'clock

R.S.V.P.

Salmagundy

Clarence Hemingway

*Invited to the party at the
 New York Hotel, New York City
 81 invited*

*They played Salmagundy from
 8:30 to 10:30. Then had refreshments
 and then danced the new year in
 Weil home about 1:30 A. M. finishing
 with a jolly Virginia Reel.
 Waffy new year.*

*Crucial note of this concert
 for the Profeges*

High School Auditorium... Oak Park, Illinois
 Monday, 8:15 p. m., January 17, 1916

The
Chicago Symphony Orchestra

(Founded by Theodore Thomas in 1891)

*Beethoven Symphony II
 w/clarinet solo w/ff. p.
 1 clarinet solo w/ff. p.
 2 oboe & French horn.
 3 cello part
 ex all the way. attack ahead.
 w/ff. p. and horns & clar.
 Allegretto grazioso
 opens with minor (clarinet).
 Part of movement: strings
 11/27
 all better with spurs!
 Good percussion tympani,
 snare drum played.*

*Return to P. P. (resounding) ch.
 Wonderful French horn too like
 melody of Folk Song. M. C. long
 carried by horns cello*

Finale from "Die Götterdämmerung," Wagner

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 Prices: 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

*Crucial note of this concert
for the "Traperes"*

High School Auditorium... Oak Park, Illinois
Monday, 8:15 p. m., January 17, 1916

The
Chicago Symphony Orchestra

(Founded by Theodore Thomas in 1891)

FREDERICK STOCK, Conductor

PROGRAM

Concerto, G Major (For String Orchestra), Bach
Allegro.
Adagio.
Allegro.
(Violin obbligato by Mr. Harry Weinstock)

Symphony No. 2, D Major, Opus 73, Brahms
Allegro non troppo.
Adagio non troppo.
Allegretto grazioso (Quasi andantino).
Allegro con spirito.

INTERMISSION

Overture to "Der Freischütz," Weber

Siegfried Idyl, Wagner

Finale from "Die Götterdämmerung," Wagner

The remaining concert of the Oak Park Series of Concerts by the Orchestra will be given in the High School Auditorium on Monday, March 20, at 8:15 p. m. Tickets now on sale at High School Office and Oaks Drug Store.
Prices: 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

*and work minutes. Found
about 1/2 of the last year
about the the
was 1500 words
Siegfried Idyl program, I
was not the program
recapitulation of Wagner's
Mars. under the
end. smooth and very
flourish.
Finale from Götterdämmerung
Wagner in
Wagner
Gans*

Hemingway Copyright Owners

*They played
8:35 to 10:30,
and then danced the new year in
Weil home about 1:30 a. m. finishing
with a jolly Virginia Reel.
Happy new year.*

CONCERT A SUCCESS

Both Musically and Financially the
Symphony Concert on Monday
Evening Won Out

INTEREST IN VENTURE GROWS

Ernest Hemingway

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra concert was a financial as well as an artistic success. There was a small profit, which will help to make up the deficit from the first concert.

The program opened with a concerto, G Major, by Bach. This was played by the string orchestra and was beautifully given. In the Adagio the violin obligato by the Concert Meister, Henry Wiesbach, was especially well received. Mr. Wiesbach was given excellent support by the entire orchestra. The Allegro of the same concerto showed some excellent staccato work by the violin section.

The second number was the ever-popular Brahms Symphony No. 2, D Major. The first number of this symphony was played in a great part by the wood winds and French horns. It was followed by the Adagio Non Troppo, with its graceful, rhythmic swing, the allegretto grazio with its pastoral movement and the symphony aided with the allegretto con spirito, which is very syncopated and spirited. The last number was very brilliantly played and was excellently interpreted.

The Siegfried Idyl, Wagner, was not the popular conception of Wagnerian music, it having an easy, smooth flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program.

The concert closed with the Finale from "Die Gotterdammerung," by Wagner. This inspiring piece contains an ever-recurring theme "Cry of the Valkeries," and it was given as only an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stock can give it. The selection was masterfully played and closed the finest concert ever given in Oak Park.

The performance was well attended by parents and teachers, but we think that a larger representation of students should have been present. If the next concert is a financial success, Mr. Erickson plans to bring the orchestra out here for an afternoon performance at popular prices.

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CAPEZE

MR QUAYLE ROUSES HANNA CLUB

Discussed "Business Careers of High
School Boys—Attendance Ther-
mometer Going Up

By Ernest Hemingway

The Hanna club attendance thermometer is still rising; at first it stood at 95 degrees, then at 100 degrees, and finally at 105 degrees. The heat of the discussion also is keeping pace with the rise in attendance.

Mr. Quayle spoke at the last meeting of the club on the "Business Careers of the High School Boys." Mr. Quayle is superintendent of motive power of the Northwestern railroad, and the keynote of his speech was that every fellow should have will to labor and determination to win.

His talk was short and concise and he made many pithy statements, some of which are as follows:

"Purpose is better than talent."
"If your work is drudgery, quit the job."

"Each day is a stone in the building of character."

"Genius and success are 98 per cent perspiration and 2 per cent inspiration."

Mr. Quayle told of his own life and career, and of his struggle to get an education. He cautioned the fellows against being satisfied with their work because, as he said, "As soon as a fellow begins to be satisfied with his work he is on the down grade." He gave many illustrations of Edison's unflinching industry and his application to his work.

At the close of his speech he gave the fellows a short talk on the electrification of Chicago railways. In this talk were many interesting statistics and facts. He said in part that electrification was not practical at present on account of the great expense concurrent.

Mr. Quayle closed his talk with a poem of Robert Service's that was greatly appreciated by the fellows present.

Owing to the Class Play, there will be no Hanna club meeting this Friday. The next meeting, however, will be one of unusual interest and will bring up a question that all the fellows will be able to discuss.

President Elton especially wishes the fellows to purchase their tickets before Thursday, as it is impossible to have the right number of dinners prepared if a number of people rush in at the last moment.



Vol. XXII

OAK PARK, ILL., FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 2

Containing "The Judgement of Manilla"
a tragedy by Ernest Hemingway

CONCERT A SUCCESS

Both Musically and Financially
Symphony Concert on Monday
Evening Won Out

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The Chicago Symphony Orchestra concert was a financial as well as artistic success. There was a profit, which will help to make up the deficit from the first concert.

The program opened with the Concerto in G Major, by Bach. It was played by the string orchestra and was beautifully given. In the first movement, the violin obbligato by the conductor, Henry Wisbach, was especially well received. Mr. Wisbach was given excellent support by the entire orchestra. The Allegretto in the same concerto showed some excellent staccato work by the violin.

The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1 in G Major. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French horns. It was followed by the Adagio in D Minor, with its graceful, rhythmic swing, the allegretto grazio with its pastoral movement and the symphony ended with the allegretto con fuoco, which is very syncopated and spirited. The last number was very bravely played and was excellently interpreted.

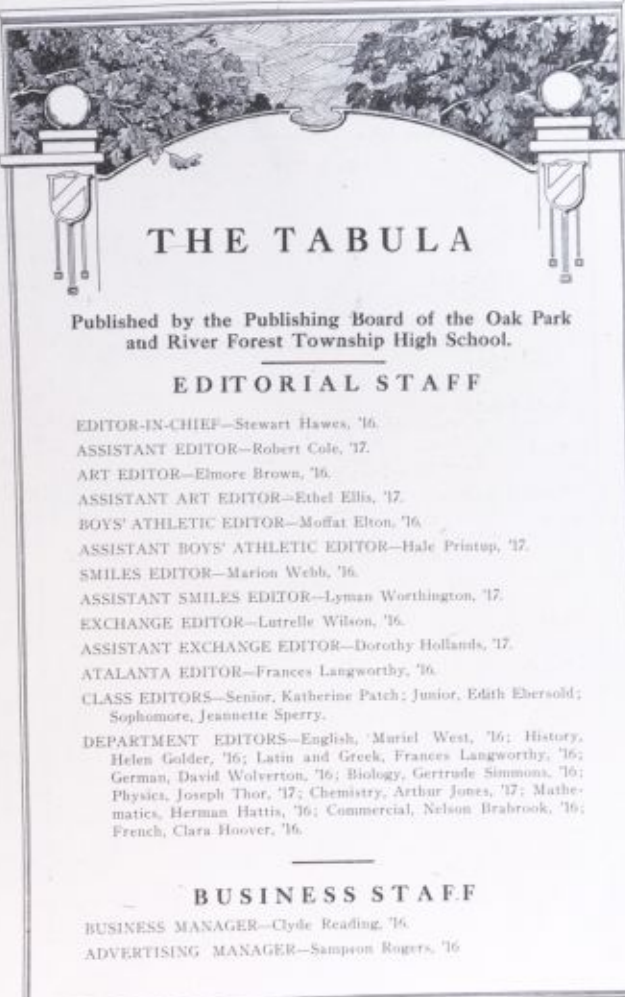
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IN BY THE TEXT MORGENTHAU



THE TABULA

Published by the Publishing Board of the Oak Park
and River Forest Township High School.

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No. 2

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By GERTRUDE DOLAN, '17
Illustrated by Elmore Brown, '18

HARRY BLAKE sat at his desk, nervously puffing at a big black cigar. A frown on his face spoke clearly that he was troubled, but not until several minutes had elapsed did he look up at the man in front of him.

"And you are positive Bill is injured?" he seemed to whisper.

"Absolutely," Mr. Woods replied. "After hearing of it, I called the hospital to which he had been taken, and they stated that the Bill Pandal, the dare-devil of motordom, had been brought there, two ribs broken, and face badly cut, was the entry in their books, and that is all I know."

"Well, what shall we do?" asked Blake. "Here, on the eve of the 500 mile race, our car entered, everything ready, and now no driver."

"It's beyond me, Blake, unless—"

Here Mr. Woods hesitated a moment.

"Well, out with it. You know what this means to me. If we make a place in this race, it means my fortune. It means recognition of the Blake Motor Co. Our first trial at races, and you know as well as I, what the machine can endure. And what's more,

I have money up that we get a place in this race, which means that machine has to finish within tenth place, from a field of thirty-six competitors. So, Woods, if you can see any possible way of our still staying in the race, speak up quickly."

"Well, Blake, you may laugh at whom I am going to mention, but if I were in your fix, the man I'd get would be Boy Pryor."

"Pryor," fairly shouted Blake, as he rose from his chair, and advanced toward his companion. "That good-for-nothing, who had nerve enough to ask me for my daughter's hand? Pryor drive our racer? Huh! He couldn't drive a nail," he concluded, with a half sneer.

"Well, if you're going to look at it from such a personal standpoint, all right. But, let me tell you something, Blake, this good-for-nothing, as you call him, has the stuff in him that makes men, and because he couldn't see the idea of being called names by you, you say he is no good. Why don't you investigate a little. You'd see that a fellow never worked harder to get along that he did. Why, you don't even know his business oc-

In at the last moment.

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The same concerto showed some staccato work by the violin. The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1. The first number of the symphony was played in a key by the wood winds and French horn. It was followed by the Adagio, Troppo, with its graceful, rhythmic swing, the allegretto grazioso, pastoral movement and the symphony ended with the allegretto con moto, which is very syncopated and spirited. The last number was very brilliantly played and was excellently interpreted.

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THE TABULA

cupation. He is a horn mechanic. He holds the record for taking a machine entirely apart and putting it together again, in this state, and, I guess, in any other.

"But, can he drive?"
"Yes, he can. He is the talk of this town with his dare-devil driving. An amateur, of course, but I'll back him against any professional on the wooden oval to-day. See here, Blake. Why don't you call up this Pryor, and talk to him about it. Tell him your case, and ask him if he has nerve enough to drive your time-destroyer to-morrow. It won't hurt to be nice to him, and he will probably be glad of the chance."

Blake's face was a study as he re-lighted his cigar, and thought the problem out. No noise but the steady puff of a cigar could be heard for several moments, then, as if coming from a dream, Blake's face lighted, and he shouted:

"Woods, I'll try it. I was rather hard on the kid when I talked with him that night, but I was busily engaged when he blew in like a clown, dragging Grace with him. And if what you say is true, I guess there is good stuff in him. Hand me that phone book."

With fidgety hands, Blake found the number and was soon in conversation with Pryor.

"Hello, Pryor?—this is Blake. What? Yes, Grace Blake's father. He then went on to tell Pryor what he wanted of him. "You say you will handle her O. K. and see that she gets placed. Well, that sounds encouraging. What's that? Why—yes, yes, you can try it out. Be here at 7 a. m. to-morrow, and I will take you out, and you can give the track the 'once over.' All right, then, I'll see you in the morning."

He hung up the receiver with a smile on his face, and with Woods beside him, they left the office.

Over in a garage on 9th street, a certain young man was diligently at work, overhauling a motor. A smile spreading over his face, spoke clearly

of happy thoughts. At the end of the working hours, Bob Pryor advanced to his employer and told him of his good fortune, asking for a day off, to enter the race.

"You bet you can, Bob, and don't forget we are with you," was the cheerful answer he received.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the race, Bob entered the president's office of the Blake Motor Co.

"Well, you don't look at all nervous, Pryor," was the greeting he received.

"Not a bit, Mr. Blake. The main thing with me is confidence. You say your car is a winner, and that you have the greatest pair of pit-men to be had. Well, with a reasonable amount of luck, I'm confident we will hold our own, anyway."

"Glad to hear it, son. And now I suppose you are anxious to try 'No. 2' out."

With that Mr. Blake put on his hat, and together they went to the track.

On arriving there, they went immediately to the shed where "No. 2" was kept. The mechanic and pit-men, already on the scene, expressed surprise at the announcement of a new pilot for their racer.

"Boys, get acquainted now, and talk over your pit signals, and have everything in readiness," advised Mr. Blake; and with that he left for a time.

"Well, fellows, from what Blake says, I guess there is no need of telling you to work fast at the pits to-day. You know what this means to him." Bob then went on arranging his signals at the pits, and finally concluded: "I guess I'll take 'No. 2' out for a test, and get to know the track."

The mechanic cranked the racer, and jumped in beside Bob, and amid the tremendous din, they backed out, and turned onto the track. Slowly they started, then with ever-increasing speed, they seemed to fly down that straightaway. Upon the turn they went, then down the back

THE TABULA

stretch to the other turn, and finally down the main stretch past the judge's stand. Four times they went over the two mile oval before Bob was satisfied with his mount, and slowly he drove back to the shed.

"Gee, she's a hummer!" was all he said, as he removed his goggles, and jumped out.

"Man, you clipped off great time, for your first try at professional racing," exclaimed his happy mechanic.

"Yes, but I'm going to try it again before the race, to know those turns; they are new to me."

And so, one-half hour later found Bob once more defying death in that Royal Blue time-destroyer, "No. 2." At the conclusion of that test, Blake was waiting for him at the sheds, with a smile of appreciation on his face.

"Any idea of your time on the second to the last lap?" he inquired, by way of greeting.

"No, sir, I have not," replied Bob. "Well, you made the complete oval in 1 min. and 10 sec., or pretty close to 103 miles an hour."

"I never realized we were traveling that fast. But the track is so perfect one doesn't realize the speed they are making. And what's more, I didn't let her out completely, either."

"Well, I guess you'll do, all right," said Blake, as he motioned Bob over to one side. "See here, Pryor, you know what this means to me. It makes or breaks me. Well, I want you to know this. I realize my error that night we conversed in my room, and I'm here to say right now, that if you bring 'No. 2' home for a place there's a good job waiting for you in our factory, and what's more, I'll give you question of that night a little more thought."

"You—you really mean it, Mr. Blake? You mean I can have Grace if we are placed in this race? Placed? Say, I won't be satisfied unless I'm the first to get the finish flag."

"I didn't say I would give you Grace, but if it will be of any service to you in this race, I'll say that Grace was happy last night to hear you

were going to race; she will be sitting in the box directly across from the judge's stand. Now, don't ask me any more questions, but keep your mind off of the race until it starts. Now, good luck, Pryor, and maybe I'll have good news for you, after the race." With that the two men separated, Bob going to the shed for a final glance at his mount.

So Blake spoke encouragingly of giving him Grace. And she'd be there to see him race. Yes, and with good luck, she'd be there to see him win, to snatch honor and fame from the world's best drivers. He was one of thirty-six; yes, but not one of those drivers had as much to gain by winning as he had. He would show them; and if he didn't, he'd board that flying Blair, the board track king, it would be because "No. 2" couldn't go that fast.

These thoughts raced thru his mind as he gazed fondly at "No. 2." An excessive amount of noise brought him from his reverie, and his mechanic announced that they were due on the track for final instructions, and for their places.

Bob donned his riding suit, head-guard, and goggles, and with his mechanic beside him, they came out on the track. A Royal Blue colored racer, with driver and mechanic wearing the same colored tog—cian wearing the same rich blue, but that big white letter which told their "No."

It was, indeed, a novel idea, and at once attracted the attention of thousands in the grand stand. As Bob drove up to the starting line, beside the other three in that first line, admiring glances were cast at the new machine, with its narrow hood, built short, and low to the ground.

Bob's first glance around went towards the box on an even line with the white tape across the track. There he saw Grace, sitting with her parents, and looking straight at him. He smiled and nodded, and she returned the greeting with a wave of her hand. He thought he had never seen such

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a frank expression of confidence in her face, as he had at that minute.

At exactly 10 a. m., the starter walked out, gave them the signal, and the first row of racers went around for the flying start. "No. 1," driven by Blair, set the pace. Every second four more cars started, till the entire thirty-six were in action. Down that main stretch, those demons of speed thundered, while thousands of spectators shouted encouragement, only to be drowned out by the maddening thunder of motors at their highest pitch.

It was a perfect flying start, barely six inches difference, as the first four tore past the line. Soon the spectators settled down to see the grinding 300 miles covered; and the men at the pits began hustling to have everything in readiness, when their machine would drive up.

Bob sat back in "No. 2" with a confident smile, and seemed interested only in keeping aside of Blair, the favorite of the race. Lap after lap he stayed alongside of him, paying no heed to his tires, or the miles covered. All this the mechanic attended to, while Bob drove that thing of speed.

After eighty-six miles had been covered, and covered at a pace of 104 miles an hour, Blair signaled his pitmen for a right rear tire, and smiled as Bob buzzed by. Seconds were precious to Bob now, and with him leading the field, he increased his speed to gain as much of a lead as possible.

Ninety-two, ninety-four, ninety-six miles, he held that same gruelling pace. Ninety-eight miles had been signaled from the pits, when, on the last turn, his engine missed—missed for the first time since the race began. Bob slowed down as he neared the pits, and coming to a full stop he jumped clear of the machine, and at once began to investigate. After ten seconds of careful study, his mechanic was the first to speak.

"There goes our race, dog-gone it. With a broken piston rod, we might as well try to push it around."

Bob's face was a study, as he stood

there trying to solve some way out of the difficulty. Then he thought of Blake, and how he would feel to see his hopes and ambitions shattered by that single little piston-rod; of Grace, that girl he had hoped to win. And was this the ending of it all? No, it couldn't be! Blake would be satisfied with a place, and a place he would get. These thoughts raced thru his mind, and he fairly shouted: "Boys, the tools, I'm going to fix that thing, and still finish within tenth place."

"Pryor, you can't do it, and you know it. To take that whole engine apart, as you'll have to do, would take a pretty fast man a good forty-five minutes."

"Not if he knew how it really should be done. I've done it myself in thirty-two minutes, and if you're willing to help, we still have a chance."

"Well, we can try it, anyhow."

"Now you're talking, man, and maybe that world's record of 30 min. 10 sec. will be lowered."

Just before he commenced, his glance roamed down the track 100 feet, and met the eager eyes of a girl whose expression seemed to beg him to go on. That was all he needed, to work fast and sure, on that almost impossible feat. With all the possible speed, Bob began that difficult task.

As the minutes wore on, and the racers few past, Bob's pitmen gazed in amazement at the knowledge this amateur displayed. At last came the finishing touches, and the final going over of nuts and bolts, and the mechanic's hand was on the hood, when Bob exclaimed: "How'd this feed-pipe get bent?"

"That isn't bent, Pryor; that's its natural shape."

"Give me those pliers and hammer, George," he called to one of the pitmen, and was immediately at work twisting the pipe to an angle that he thought would let the gasoline flow more freely, and hence give more speed. "All right now, twist her over, and see if she's hitting O. K."

The thundering noise, perfect in

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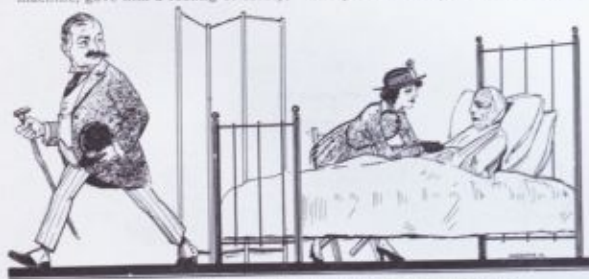
time, spoke the success that was theirs; and as Bob started once more, his mechanic leaning over, informed him that 27 min. 12 sec. had elapsed since they first stopped. "And that includes fixing that feed-pipe, too! Man, that's a record, sure enough."

It is useless to describe Bob's covering the next 300 miles. All that is necessary to state is, that Bob drove "No. 2" to the limit, and he attained a much higher speed from the readjustment of the feed-pipes. Four new tires put on while overhauling the machine, gave him a feeling of safety,

leader. Closer, closer he seemed to come. His face smarted, he could scarcely think; but he stuck to his task. For the last 300 miles he had averaged 108 miles an hour—something unheard of, for car, or man.

Bob now ran even to Blair, and as the two thundered past the grand stand and pits, Bob got his signal for the 496th mile. Neck and neck they ran till they had completed the two-mile course, and both had received the flag announcing their last lap.

What a sight it was to see thousands of people throw hats in the air, and yell frantically at those two men



"And now I guess I'll leave you two to yourselves."

as he clipped off lap after lap. At the 400th mile, Bob was running in tenth place. Not over a four-mile lead separated him from that coveted first place.

Spectators grew excited at the 450th mile, for Bob was in fourth place, and trailing the holder of third; 472 miles found him in second place; and the stands shouted their appreciation of a race, the likes of which they had never seen.

Bob was informed that Blair had taken on four new tires at the 400th mile, but time was too precious now for Bob to lose at the pits, and he only had twenty-five more miles to go. Steadily he crept up on that

that raced for supremacy. There they hit the turn and stay even. Down the back stretch they go. What's that? Is it possible that "No. 2" is making a final spurt? Surely, that blue machine is leading, but by such a small margin. Now they turn once more. Closer, closer they come, and "No. 2" leads. Down the straightaway they rear, the blue racer increasing her lead 'till a report like a pistol stills the startled thousands, as "No. 2" zigzags along the track a moment, skids, rights herself, makes a sharp turn, and crashes into a big wooden post, throwing both mechanic and driver thru the air and into the grandstand.

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a tragedy by Ernest Hemingway

CONCERT A SUCCESS

Both Musically and Financially
Symphony Concert on Monday
Evening Won Out

INTEREST IN VENTURE

Ernest Hemingway

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra concert was a financial as well as artistic success. There was a profit, which will help to make good the deficit from the first concert. The program opened with the concerto, G Major, by Bach. This was played by the string orchestra and the violin obligato by the Maestro, Henry Wiesbach, was specially well received. Mr. W. was given excellent support by the entire orchestra. The Allegretto same concerto showed some of the staccato work by the violin. The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1 in G Major. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French horn. It was followed by the Adagio in E-flat major, by the woodwinds. The Troppo, with its graceful, rhythmic swing, the allegretto grandioso, pastoral movement and the symphony aided with the allegretto con moto, which is very syncopated and rhythmic. The last number was very brightly played and was excellently interpreted.

The Siegfried Idyl, Wagner, is the popular conception of Wagner music, it having an easy, flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program.

The concert closed with the Wagner from "Die Gotterdammerung" Wagner. This inspiring piece retains as the ever-recurring "Cry of the Valkyries," and given as only an orchestra and the direction of Mr. Stock can give. The selection was masterfully and closed the finest concert given in Oak Park.

The performance was well received by parents and teachers. I think that a larger representation of students should have been present. If the next concert is a financial success, Mr. Erickson plans to bring the orchestra out here for an afternoon performance at popular prices.

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THE TABULA

Three weeks later Blake and his daughter entered the hospital to which Blake was taken, and for the first time were allowed to converse with him.

"Mr. Blake, I—I'm sorry," began Bob, but he was interrupted by that party.

"Sorry? Sorry because you made a great name for me, and yourself, also?"

"How is that?" Bob asked.
"Well, altho Blair won, the papers next morning were full of your accomplishments, not his. But for a

blown-out tire, you'd have won. Your mechanic was killed instantly, hitting an iron beam. But, Bob, the orders turned into the factory speak of what the public think of a machine that will stand a grind of 500 miles at a speed of 101 miles an hour all the way. And it was your discovery of the feed-pipe that turned the trick. Bob, I'm proud of you; proud to call you my assistant at the factory, from now, and proud to call you my future son-in-law. And now, I guess I'll move on, and leave you two to yourselves."

The Raven

(Revised Version)

By CHARLES HUDSON '16

ONCE upon a highway greasy, while a-riding free and easy,
Over many a smoothie and rounded pebble from some distant shore,
In my wheel I heard a rapping just as if the tire was flapping,
Or some broken spoke was tapping, tapping, tapping it made me sore.
"Tis the loosest patch," I muttered, "that I ever on my horse before,
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in that hot September,
And each separate day was hotter than the day that went before,
Closely I had watched the weather, early I had sought the heather,
Rode as light as any feather, plain and valley to explore,
Shady, cool and breezy valleys, that were pleasant to explore,
Only this and nothing more.

While the wheels were still a-turning, smelt I some old rubber burning,
And I heard the tire a-flapping, louder than it flapped before,
"Surely," said I, "that old patch is burning like a box of matches,"
There upon the blamed thing catches, catches on the chain which tore,
Fourteen spokes from out the back wheel, from the front as many more,
Only this and nothing more.

When I lit there was no heather, and I cared but little whether
School should open on the morrow, or be closed forevermore,
That old engine still was spitting fire; it never thought of quitting,
Both the cylinders were hitting as they'd never hit before,
But the wheels and frame and saddle, gone to night's Plutonian shore!
Oh, that darned Excelsior.

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Judgment of Panitou

By ERNEST HEMINGWAY, '17

Illustrated by Irene Carpenter, '16

DICK HAYWOOD buttoned the collar of his mackinaw up about his ears, took down his rifle from the deer horns above the fireplace of the cabin and pulled on his heavy fur mittens. "I'll go and run that line toward Loon River, Pierre," he said. "Holy quill pigs, but it's cold." He glanced at his thermometer. "Pierre? Two below! I'll be damned, Pierre!" Pierre's eyes were fixed on his snowshoes. Dick started out over the crust with the swinging snowshoe stride of the traveller of the barren grounds.

In the doorway of the cabin Pierre stood looking after Dick as he swung along. He grinned evilly to himself. "De tie will tink it a blame sight cooler when he swingin' by one leg in the air like Wah-boy, the rabbit; he would steal my money, would he?" Pierre slammed the heavy door shut, threw some wood on the fire and crawled into his bunk.

At Dick Haywood strode along he talked to himself as to the travellers of the "silent places." "Wonder why Pierre is so grouchy just because he lost that money? Bet he just misplaced it somewhere. All he does now is to grunt like a surly pig and every once in a while I catch him

leering at me behind my back. If he thinks I stole his money why don't he say so and have it out with me! Why, he used to be so cheerful and jolly; when we agreed at Missainabal to be gardeners and trap up here in the Ungava district, I thought he'd be a jolly good companion, but now he hasn't spoken to me for the last week, except to grunt or swear in that Cree tongue."

It was a hard day, but it was the only, brightening part of the north-land and Dick enjoyed the crisp air. He was a good traveller on snowshoes and rapidly covered the first five miles of the trap line, but somehow he felt that something was following him and he glanced around several times only to be disappointed each time. "I guess it's only the Kootzie-ootzie," he muttered to himself, for in the North whenever men do not understand a thing they blame it on the "little-bad god of the Crees." Suddenly, as Dick entered a growth of spruce, he was jerked off his feet, high into the air. When his head had cleared from the bang it had received by striking the icy crust, he saw that he was suspended in the air by a rope which was attached to a spruce tree, which had been bent over to form the spring for a snare, such as is used to capture rabbits. His fingers barely touched the crust, and as

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in at the last moment.

Containing "The Judgment of Panitou"
a tragedy by Ernest Hemingway

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INTEREST IN VENTURE C

Ernest Hemingway

The Chicago Symphony Orchestral concert was a financial as well as artistic success. There was a profit, which will help to meet the deficit from the first concert.

The program opened with the concerto, G Major, by Bach. It was played by the string orchestra and was beautifully given. In the violin obbligato by the G. Meister, Henry Winstach, was especially well received. Mr. W. was given excellent support by the entire orchestra. The Allegro same concerto showed some staccato work by the violin.

The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French horn. It was followed by the Adagio Troppo, with its graceful, flowing, the allegretto grazio and pastoral movement and the symphony aided with the allegretto con moto which is very syncopated and lively. The last number was very beautifully played and was excellently interpreted.

The Siegfried Idyl, Wagner, is the popular conception of Wagner music, it having an easy, flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program.

The concert closed with the symphony from "Die Gotterdammerung" Wagner. This inspiring piece contains the ever-recurring "Cry of the Valkeries," and was given as only an orchestra and the direction of Mr. Stock can give. This selection was masterfully and closed the finest concert given in Oak Park.

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THE TABULA

he struggled and the cord grew tighter on his leg he saw what he had sensed to be following him. Slowly out of the woods trotted a band of gaunt, white, hungry timber wolves, and squatted on their haunches in a circle round him.

Back in the cabin Pierre as he lay in his bunk was awakened by a gnawing sound overhead, and idly looking up at the rafter he saw a red squirrel busily gnawing away at the leather of his lost wallet. He thought of the trap he had set for Dick, and springing from his bunk he seized his rifle, and coatless and gloveless ran madly out along the trail. After a gasping,

breathless, choking run he came upon the spruce grove. Two ravens left off picking at the shapeless something that had once been Dick Haywood, and flapped lazily into a neighboring spruce. All over the bloody snow were the tracks of My-in-gan, the timber wolf.

As he took a step forward Pierre felt the clanking gap of the toother bear trap, that Dick had come to tend, close on his feet. He fell forward, and as he lay on the snow he said, "It is the judgment of Manitou—I will save My-in-gan, the wolf, the trouble."

And he reached for the rifle.

You Can't Save a Villian

By SCHUYLER BRANDT, '16

Miss Henrietta Nappel,
Was a most bewitching maid,
Her hat was trimmed with ostrich
plumes,
Her shoes were topped with swede.

Around her neck there was a scarf,
Which reached up to her nose,
Her hair was done in the
latest style.

But still she was, despite all this,
Dressed in the latest style,
She viewed herself within the glass
And smiled a pleas-ed smile.

She flittered out one afternoon,
She was a pretty sight,
She did not dream of what would
pass,
E're she returned that night.

As she drove on the boulevard
The Villain hove in view,
She drove an eighty-horse power car
He drove an eight-two.

He saw fair Henrietta speed
Within her little racer,
The villain grinned, a horrid grin,
Quote he, "This maid, I'll chase
er."

So off he sped to catch her,
Which feat he knew he'd do,
Her car had only eighty-horse,
While his had eighty-two.

They sped on down the highway,
"Till the mail ran out of gas,
The villain caught up to her,
His face a smiling mask.

"Ha! ha! my pretty maid," said he,
"I have you in my power,
I caught you, tho you drove your car
At ninety miles an hour."

The maiden answered not a word,
But from her hat she drew
A long and sharp steel hatpin
And stabbed his heart clear thru.

It all was over in a trice,
The villain lay there dead,
Fair Henrietta saw him there,
Her hand went to her head.

The maid was smitten with remorse,
She knew she must atone
For this dire deed, or what would she
Tell all the folks at home.

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She knew he was a villain,
His actions told her so,
She knew that such as he were
doomed
To Hades down below.

The one thing left for her to do
To save him all this pain
Was to just prevent his going
To the land of Satan's reign.

So she went and bo't some dynamite,
Of sticks she bo't full seven,
For she determined that she'd blow
The villain up to heaven.

From out her purse she took a match
To light the dynamite,
Which soon would blow him heaven-
ward,
On his celestial flight.

It soon was lit and up he soared
Away up in the sky,
But 'twas no use, for down he fell
Into a lake nearby.

His body sank into the depths,
Into the briny deep,
And as the maiden saw it sink
She could not help but weep.

Said she, "To save this villain's soul
I've surely done my best,
I've done my bosom's duty,
And now my mind 'at rest,"
"But still, no matter what they say,
One thing I know full well,
No villain e'er will go to heav'n,
They all go down to—Patagonia."

(The end.)

Personal Ads

By GERTRUDE BRADSHAW '17

HE CHUCKLED,—a chuckle full of keen enjoyment, a chuckle full of "that was a good joke." Then he chuckled again. (In fact, he had been chuckling for at least one minute.) The last chuckle was one which showed the absolute satisfaction the chuckle had with himself. He re-read the article in the newspaper and said, "Say, Peter, here's something good. Listen while I read this personal."

"Isabel—Would a genuine diamond ring make everything all right? Lottis Brothers and Company will trust me—Percy."

"Some poor guy has tried to give his girl a fake diamond, I suppose. She wouldn't accept and now he wants to fix things up. This is what we are going to do, Pete."

He looked at his listener, who, he discovered, was not a listener. Pete was reclining peacefully in a chair, tipped dangerously back on two legs, while his own were upon a table, re-

gardless of the effect. Covering his head was a newspaper, which raised a quarter of an inch at regular intervals, the sound of the paper being the most to be heard sound—unless, of course, the peaceful, altho noisy, slumberer slumbered no more. A magazine had been maliciously hurled at him.

"O Jack, have a heart; keep a fellow up all night initiating him into an old fraternity, and then won't let him sleep. I said when I entered Chicago University—"

"Calm yourself, Peter, old boy. I have something of importance to tell you." Once more Jack read the advertisement.

"Tom, I am going to answer this ad, something to this effect: 'Percy—Yes, a genuine diamond ring would make things all right. Meet me in Jackson Park, at the east end of the conservatory, at 8:15 Saturday night. Bring the ring—Isabel.'"

"And let poor Percy stand there in the cold waiting for his Isabel to ar-

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in at the last moment.

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INTEREST IN VENTURE C

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The Chicago Symphony Orchestra concert was a financial as well as artistic success. There was a profit, which will help to meet the deficit from the first concert. The program opened with Beethoven's Concerto for Piano, Op. 24, by Major, by Bach. It was played by the string orchestra beautifully given. In the violin obbligato by the Meister, Henry Wiesbach, was especially well received. Mr. W. was given excellent solo work by the entire orchestra. The Allegro movement showed some staccato work by the violin.

The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French Horn. It was followed by the Adagio, Trovato, with its graceful, flowing, the allegretto grazio and pastoral movement and the symphony aided with the allegretto con moto which is very syncopated and fast. The last number was very brilliantly played and was excellently interpreted.

The Siegfried Idyl, Wagner, was the popular conception of Wagner music, it having an easy, flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program. The concert closed with the "Die Gotterdammerung" Wagner. This inspiring piece takes as the ever-recurring "Cry of the Valkeries," and given as only an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stock can give. The selection was masterfully and closed the finest concert given in Oak Park.

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THE TABULA

rive, I suppose. Jack, you cold-hearted wretch!"

"At 8:15," continued Jack, as though Peter had not spoken and utterly regardless of the fact that he had interrupted rudely, "you, Peter Donnelly, dressed in the garb of the feminine sex, will meet Percy, at the conservatory, obtain the ring, and bring it to me. You will find me either in my room, or at the frat house, perchance at dinner, or maybe—"

"Never mind enumerating the places, Jack Kennedy. I do not intend to oblige you by getting the diamond ring. Don't you realize the danger into which you would be thrusting me, by having me go on such a conquest?"

"Danger be hanged, Peter. Or, more likely, Peter be hanged. No, Jack, I refuse."

"Oh, but listen. How are you in danger? You can make a quick getaway before the astonished Percy can catch you. It's only a little joke, Peter. Just to shake old Percy up, a bit," said Jack, soothingly.

Finally Peter did agree to it all. He was not fully convinced of the fun in it, however. As Saturday night approached he became rather worried. He watched nervously while Jack answered the advertisement; watched still more nervously while Jack brought in some clothes of the landlady's daughter, and became, finally, a nervous wreck when he viewed himself in the outfit. A long cape—or, to be more exact, a cape which was long on the landlady's daughter but came only to his knees, with a hood attached, gave the finishing touches to the costume. Oh, he made a sweet damsel, did Peter Donnelly. To express it in Jack's words, "Sublimely divine."

At 8:15, the appointed time, on the appointed place, stood Peter. (Jack had said promptness was a virtue.) He looked around, needless to say with a sinking heart, for there stood a man, with his back turned toward him. "Must be Percy," thought Peter. He was about to address the man when he remembered Jack's warning not to speak, for his voice

would never be mistaken for a girl's. And one of the very necessary things was to make Percy believe he was a girl—and his Isabel. Then pulling the hood down over his face as far as possible, he put on what he thought would be an Isabel walk and started for the man. Percy turned and looked at Peter. It was dark, so Peter felt safe from discovery.

"Isabel," said Percy, in a low, loving voice, "I'm so glad you came. I was afraid you might change your mind again. I decided to take you with me to the jeweler's and let you pick out the ring you wanted. We can jump in a taxi and get to Loftis Brothers and Company in a few minutes."

"Isabel" opened his mouth to say something, but shut it again, and gasped instead. What could he do? He cursed the hour he had told Jack he would play the part of Isabel.

"A taxi is waiting right around the corner, dear," said Percy. Taking "Isabel" by the arm he led him to it, gave the driver the address and helped him in.

"Isabel" retired as far as possible into the corner. (He did not wish Percy to try any lovemaking acts upon him.) They rode a few blocks in silence, then Percy leaned forward and said, in a voice which Peter thought he detected the tone which meant impending love words, "Why don't you talk to me, Isabel?"

"Isabel" sank further into the corner, while two whills played tag up and down his backbone. A quick vision of what he would like to do to a certain Jack Kennedy passed thru his mind.

Percy put out his hand. This time one chill caught the other and Peter shivered. Was mortal ever in a worse position? Percy moved closer and, mistaking Peter's quick movement of the head to one side for the signal of a shy but coy girl, messaged, "proceed," he put out both of his arms. But just at this point the taxi stopped.

Peter gave a sigh of relief but real-

THE TABULA

ized it was out of the frying pan into the fire. When he alighted on the sidewalk in front of the jeweler's a mad desire to run seized him. He knew that the minute Percy saw his face he would see that the supposed Isabel was not Isabel.

Percy led him to the door, thru the entire store to another door marked private. By this time Peter knew he was lost, for there could be no possible reason for taking him to the private room other than to put him in their possession. Oh! for a crack at Jack! Once inside the room Peter felt worse than ever. He kept his head down and the hood well over his eyes, altho he knew he was only prolonging the inevitable end.

A man picked up a diamond ring, asking Peter how he liked it. Peter said not a word.

"Give me your hand, Isabel," said Percy. "We'll try it on."

Peter put forth his hand reluctantly. In an instant Percy had seized it. He gazed awestricken at a ring on the hand. Peter started violently and

looked up. Percy's lips moved and Peter heard him say in a whisper, "Gammas Sig."

Peter snatched his hand away quickly. He had forgotten that his fraternity ring was on his left hand. Percy took a quick step forward and pulled the hood off of Peter's head. "A boy!" he said, gruffly, "and a fraternity brother of mine."

Then the humor of the situation struck him and he laughed, a real, true laugh. He stopped a second to talk, but laughed instead. The more he tried to stop the more he couldn't. At last, reaching into his vest pocket, he took out his card.

"I thought you were a girl—Isabel—and you thought," he laughed again and handed the card to Peter.

Peter read in a well, a rather dazed manner: "Mr. John Loftis, Junction Partner of Loftis Brothers and Company, Jewelers."

"You see," said Mr. John Loftis, alias "Percy," "the personal ad you read in the paper was merely a business ad."

A Good Bad Man

By GEORGE MELLETTE, 77

ISAT on the porch of a little, deserted, old cabin, on the edge of the Arizona desert, and set the broken leg of a forlorn, mangy, half-starved dog, which had been lying under the steps, unable to move when I came up. He was, I guess, the last remnant of life that had belonged to that little old homestead.

Behind me were the cool, shady foothills, which I had just crossed, standing out against the blue eastern sky like a beautiful mirage of the desert. I remembered, amazingly well, it seemed to me, how the little ice-cold spring had trickled laughingly down the hillside and into the

river, where it began its climb over boulder and precipice on its way to the sea; and the happy bird and animal life that thrived among those green hills. Back there it was God's country without a doubt.

Ahead of me was the Arizona desert, upon which I gazed as though it were a huge nightmare. As far as the eye could see there was nothing but the monotonous swells of red-hot sand, from which the heat waves struggled upward, as though they, themselves, would gladly get away from the intense heat. Around about me grew clumps of chaparral and bunch grass, and here and there the

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The program opened with the concerto, G Major, by Bach, played by the string orchestra was beautifully given. In the violin obbligato by the Maestro, Henry Weisbach, was played well received. Mr. W. was given excellent solo work by the entire orchestra. The Allegro same concerto showed some excellent staccato work by the violin.

The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French horn. It was followed by the Adagio, Troppo, with its graceful, rising swing, the allegretto grazio, its pastoral movement and the adagio aided with the allegretto con moto, which is very syncopated and interesting. The last number was very brilliantly played and was excellently interpreted.

The Siegfried Idyll, Wagner, was the popular conception of Wagner music, it having an easy, flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program.

The concert closed with the overture "Die Gotterdammerung" by Wagner. This inspiring piece has the ever-recurring "Cry of the Valkeries," and given as only an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stock can give. The selection was masterfully and closed the finest concert given in Oak Park.

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THE TABULA

prickly pear and giant cactus grew to great sizes in very defiance of the heat and dryness; but out farther north a living thing was seen, not even a blade of the hardy bunch grass. Everywhere, though, were signs of death; here by the cottage was a mound of earth, covered by stones, and with a small wooden cross at the head; and out on the desert could be seen the white bleached bones of victims taken long ago. Then, at closer scrutiny, blended in with the yellow sands, were the yellowish bones of more recent victims. The only living thing on this vast expanse was a huge rattlesnake, but he was a sign of living death. This was the country which God had disowned, and Satan had taken it up to use for his own cause.

I had hardly finished bandaging the dog's leg when I became aware of a second presence somewhere near me. Glancing swiftly around I beheld that which brought a cry of exclamation to my lips. Before me, upon a horse, sat a man, one of the most picturesque men I have seen in my life. The first glance at him made a person think of the black-robed personage with the death's head. He was dressed from head to foot in black. His sombrero was black and was adorned with a black hatband made of snakeskin; he wore a black shirt and neckerchief; over the shirt he wore a black leather, Mexican cut vest; a pair of angora hair chaparajos or chaps of the same shade covered his legs, and his feet were encased in a pair of black leather boots. Around his waist was a black belt from which hung two great black holsters, out of the tops of which protruded the menacing ebony handles of two big black guns; these I judged were of ".45" calibre. The only thing which did not show black upon him was the row of brass shells which gleamed wickedly into my eyes from the black loops of the belt. His saddle and trappings were also black, as was the horse he rode.

We gazed at each other for the space of thirty seconds, which seemed an eternity to me; then he broke the

spell by saying:

"Wa'll, pard, I guess yo' straight, and if yo' all don't mind ah'll camp by'ah all night." With this he swung down off his horse and ambled up onto the porch. Seeing the dog lying there with its leg in splints he bent down and inspected the job I had done, then straightening up he extended his hand to me and said: "Pardner, yo' are all right, thar ain't onc' man in ten passin' thru these hy'ah what would hev stopped to fix this hy'ah cur up."

I told him I thought any man would have been glad to relieve the dog of its suffering in one way or another. But he would not have it that way. After we had eaten our evening meal and had strapped our packs in preparation of the next morning, he settled himself on the stoop with his back to the side of the house and cleared his throat as though to recall certain things, and I always looking for copy, knew that I would now hear some stories, or at least one that would be entirely different from my common stock.

"Pardner," he said, "I'm supposed to be bad, I'm what the Mormons of Utah and the Peons of Mexico call a had man, a gun man. They say I hev no heart, and—I haven't when it comes to shootin' Mormons or greasers, but—seein' yo' all a settin' by'ah a fixin' this yaller pup, puts me in mind of the one time I felt my heart soften. It was just arter I crossed this hy'ah desert the last time and just afore I got ol' Satan thar, that's my hoss," he added as explanation. "I'd been ridin' a pinto that I'd hed for years; he'd carried me thru two Injun battles; he'd carried me thru this hy'ah desert twic' a year and hed brot me over that range of mountings yo' all sees over thar. Wa'll, last year he stepped into a hole and broke his laig, an' me not wantin' to lose him hed him fixed up, intendin' still to use him; wa'll, stranger, I rode him onc' arter he was all fixed, but while we were out he wrenched the break some way, so next day when I went to saddle him, I noticed him lookin' at me kind o' funny like;

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I tried to put the saddle on him, but I couldn't fergit the look in his eyes, so I stood off a ways and looked at him, and, ding me, I thot thet hoss had turned human, I could almost read his mind. He just seemed to say, lookin' at me reproachful like: 'Don't yo' think I've earned my freedom now? Ain't I served you long enuff? I know yo' care more fer me then yo' do fer men, so don't yo' all think I've earned my rest? Don't yo' remember the times I've carried yo' across the desert, or the times I brought yo' thru them Injun fights, and the number of times I've saved yo' by my fastness arter one o' yo' killings? Don't yo' think I earned my freedom thet time we were lost in the desert and yo' all fell out of the saddle? Why, yo' bones would a' been bleacin' yit, if I hadn't taken yo' belt in my teeth and dragged yo' to thet water hole; I saved yo' life then; gimme mine now.'

"And, Pard, thet little pinto hoss just made me feel lak' a baby; why, I just put my hand down on his neck and cried, and thet day I turned him

into the pasture land and thar he'll stay 'til he dies a natural death. Thet little pinto sure did move me some thet day. Seein' yo' all a' settin' thar a' fixin' thet pup put me in mind o' that; say, stranger, ah'll bet from the look in thet dog's eyes that yo' all got a place reserved in the dog heaven fer ye. Yes, Pard," he finished. "I like dumb animals, but I'm called a killer of men; I hope yo' all don't think I'm plumb bad." With that he moved out onto the sand and went to sleep.

When I awoke next morning he was gone, and some four days later, when I told this strange story to the inhabitants of a little camp which I had reached after crossing the desert I was not believed. They told me the man was known from Mexico City to the Canadian border as "Death's Head Sam," and was the worst outlaw in seven countries. But I did not agree with them. He was a man who could not again be treated like a white man but he had qualities which are not found in the best citizens. Thus is judgment passed on men who are not wholly bad.

Sleep

By SIRYL DE JOANNIS, '36

To couch me on her fragrant breast
Is Sleep's small task,
But yet she flees me like the rest
And what I ask
Her drowsy embrace, her drowsy
clasp
Denies to me.
I hoped to bury griefs in calm,
To sleep at last,
To soothe day's tedium in her balm,
But hope was past.
Her wailing garments touched my
palm
But fled my grasp, my outstretched
arm,
And left me weary for her charm
In wakefulness.

-15-

Containing "The Judgement of Manure"
a tragedy by Ernest Hemingway

CONCERT A SUCCESS

Both Musically and Financially
Symphony Concert on Monday
Evening Won Out

INTEREST IN VENTURE C

Ernest Hemingway

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra concert was a financial as well as artistic success. There was a profit, which will help to meet the deficit from the first concert.

The program opened with the Concerto in G Major, by Bach. It was played by the string orchestra and was beautifully given. In the first movement the violin obbligato by the Maestro, Henry Wiesbach, was especially well received. Mr. W.

was given excellent support by the entire orchestra. The Allegretto in the same concerto showed some of the staccato work by the violin. The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1 in G Major. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French Horns. It was followed by the Adagio in Trovato, with its graceful, rhythmic swing, the allegretto grazio with its pastoral movement and the symphony aided with the allegretto con moto which is very syncopated and used. The last number was very handsomely played and was excellently interpreted.

The Siegfried Idyl, Wagner, is the popular conception of Wagner music, it having an easy, flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program.

The concert closed with the opera "Die Gotterdammerung" by Wagner. This inspiring piece contains as the ever-recurring "Cry of the Valkeries," and given as only an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stock can give. The selection was masterfully made and closed the finest concert given in Oak Park.

The performance was well received by parents and teachers. It is thought that a larger representation of students should have been present. If the next concert is a financial success, Mr. Erickson plans to bring the orchestra out here for an afternoon performance at popular prices.

To all the pupils who can do so, the next concert and show at the Oak Park High School is appreciated good music.

Notes of the Drama



THE CLASS PLAY

THE class play, "Mid-Summer Night's Dream," was enacted by the prettiest seniors and Miss Dixon, on the evening of February 18th. From a financial standpoint the production was immense, as the English department cleared over a million dollars. This will be used for resurrecting Hebe from the engine room and placing her on Mr. Platt's desk as a small token of appreciation of his efforts in the pronunciation contest.

Absolutely unparalleled talent was displayed in the various parts. The love scenes were natural and touching and even brought tears to our eyes. We can never forget the supreme enjoyment with which James Adam depicted the character of Theseus.

The beauty of the male chorus was ephemeral and fleeting. This, impersonated by Schuyler Buel Brandt, was especially dainty and graceful, while weeping thru the hole in the wall carefully balancing on one of his tiny, tiny feet.

Moffat Elton, or Lysander, was most efficient in his love making to the fair Hermia, of which he has had a great deal of experience and now is giving himself away in the so-called art. Frank Priebe equaled Elton in whispering saccharine nothings into shell-like ears, and we think perhaps it came a little more natural to him. At any rate, you might ask Helena or E—— (I've forgotten the rest.)

The lion, Nelson Brabrook, brought the house down with his tremendous roar, which in no way were mistaken for a lion.

The most attractive part of the evening was the dancing of the fairies. The male fairies, in some cases, far surpassed the female fairies in the gracefulness of their pose. This was due probably to the careful instructions of Miss Hull, and, we might add, the interest in which the boys took in carrying out her plans, that is, while they were not dancing they should watch the girls dance.

MME. SCHUYLER BRANDT

AMONG those members of the vaudeville profession who graced our stage on various occasions during the year, Mme. Schuyler Brandt stands forth pre-eminent. Mme. Brandt's act is familiar to all of us, but for the benefit of those whose principles cause them to absent themselves from our variety productions, we may say that there is no American artist who can rival her on the slack wire. Nevertheless, candor compels us to state that on some occasions Mme. Brandt's taste leads her into the realms of the erotic. There can be no doubt that she is pleasing to the eye, but oftentimes it is a purely physical pleasure. From a performer who has such natural charms we had hoped for better things. It may be that Mme. Brandt's predilection for gauzy garments, pink

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THE TABULA

tights and rice powder tunics is caused by a desire to swell the receipts, but to our mind the financial side of the question should never serve to debase pure talent. As an exponent of the higher form of drama we voice the hope that at your next appearance, Mme. Brandt, you will be more successful in veiling your charms.

a distinct musical success, and as for its financial side—Mr. Erickson will make several cents out of it. The various parts have been or will be entrusted to the usual celebrities, and we are confident that they will be acted in the usual brilliant manner. It has been intimated that Clyde Reading will sing the title role with William Morgenstern as the ingenue. Mr. Bobbitt has denied this, however, in behalf of the two principals, so perhaps our informant is mistaken.

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THE OPERA

ACCORDING to the latest dispatches from Petrograd, and a wireless message from Sayville, Mr. O. Gordon Erickson, our peerless chorus conductor, will present "Martha" some time in March, as the annual opera. At least this was to be the opera a week ago. As Mr. Erickson changes his mind about it every week, we can not say what it is now. However, Mr. Erickson has exercised the feminine prerogative so much lately that he may become conscience stricken and stick to "Martha."

Needless to say the opera will be

MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Given by the English Department of the High School

Coached by Miss Dixon

Assisted by the Senior Class

This is a boost, not a knock. Although the reverend English department runs the whole operation, 'tis exactly comme il faut, as our cousins, the parley-voos, say. If the dear people had any say in the selection of their play, Shakespeare would give way to Twin Beds (with apologies to that most sprightly drama).



The End

-17-

in at the last moment.

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The Chicago Symphony Orchestra concert was a financial as well as artistic success. There was a profit, which will help to make up the deficit from the first concert.

The program opened with *Caro, G. Major*, by Bach. It played by the string orchestra was beautifully given. In the violin obligato by the Meister, Henry Wiesbach, was especially well received. Mr. W. was given excellent support by the entire orchestra. The Allegretto same concerto showed some of the staccato work by the violin.

The second number was the popular Brahms *Symphony No. 1*. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French horn. It was followed by the *Adagio Troppo*, with its graceful, rhythmic swing, the allegretto grazioso pastoral movement and the *Andante* aided with the allegretto con moto which is very syncopated and spirited. The last number was very faintly played and was excellently interpreted.

The *Siegfried Idyl*, Wagner, is the popular conception of Wagner music, it having an easy, flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program.

The concert closed with the *Die Gotterdammerung* Wagner. This inspiring piece remains as the ever-recurring "Cry of the Valkyries" and given as only an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stock can do. The selection was masterfully and closed the finest concert given in Oak Park.

The performance was well received by parents and teachers. I think that a larger representation of students should have been present. If the next concert is a financial success, Mr. Erickson plans to bring the orchestra out here for an afternoon performance at popular prices.

To all the pupils who can do attend the next concert and show the Oak Park High School to appreciate good music.



By SUE KAPPS, '16

Illustrated by Elmore Brown, '16

IN THE beginning of the years, when the world was so new-and-all, and there were no newspapers, there was a Sphinx, and he lived in the middle of a howling desert. He was a howler himself. So he stood there day in and day out and was most 'sercuiating idle; and when anybody spoke to him, he said, "I told you so," and no more. Presently an Egyptian came to him on Monday morning with a robe on his back, and said, "Sphinx, O Sphinx, come and talk with me."

"I told you so!" said the Sphinx. "That—Rameses II.," said the Sphinx, in a weird, woeful, whining voice, "became a flea in the transmigration of his soul."

"A flea!" cried the Egyptian. "Our great and mighty ruler a flea!" He then hurried away to tell all his friends.

Soon after a woman came to the Sphinx and said, "Sphinx, O Sphinx, come and talk with me."

"I told you so," said the Sphinx, and with this he rolled his eyes mournfully from side to side.

"Told me what?" said the woman, in an excited and interested voice.

"About Cleopatra; it is—"

"It is what?" cried the woman, in an awful tone.

"It is most dreadful. Your once

great ruler is a shiny, slippery, slimy snake thru the transmigration of her soul!"

"I knew it, a snake or a cat was the creature she was most like," said the woman, in a voice of dreadful scorn; "it is most disgusting." She then went back and told her friends.

Presently an African, with a large pack on his back, came to him and said, "Sphinx, O Sphinx, come and talk with me."

"I told you so, I told you so," said the Sphinx. Then he winked his eye, scratched his ear and again became most 'sercuiating idle.

"What is this you told me?" said the African. "You never told me a thing."

"Why, haven't you heard about Cleopatra, how, after death, she became a cat with sly and sneaking ways?"

"No, truly," said the man, and he went and told his friends.

At the end of the day, an Egyptian, who had talked with the Sphinx, called the people from around about and said, "Friends, O friends, the gossip of the Sphinx is scandalous (with the world so new-and-all), but the

'I told you so' in the desert can't stop gossiping, or he would have done so by now, so you will have to keep away from him. Of course you will have to

this, but it can not be helped."

That made the people very angry (with the world so new-and-all), and they held a palaver and a pow-wow on the edge of the desert; and the Sphinx stood there most 'sercuiating idle and laughed at them as the sound of their voices drifted to him. Then he said, "I told you so," and gazed languidly before him.

Presently there came along the Micamica in charge of all Deserts, rolling in a cloud of dust (Micamica always travel that way because it is Magic), and he stopped to palaver and pow-wow with the people.

"Micamica of all Deserts," said the Egyptian, "is it right for anyone to gossip, with the world so new-and-all?"

"Certainly not," said the Micamica. "Well," said the Egyptian, "there's a thing in the middle of your Howling Desert (and he's a Howler himself, who gossips all day long. He hasn't done a thing but gossip since Monday morning."

"Whew!" said the Micamica, whistling, "that's my Sphinx. What does he say about it?"

"He says 'I told you so,'" said an African, "and then he begins to gossip."

The Micamica rolled himself up in his dust cloak and took a bearing

across the desert, and found the Sphinx most 'sercuiating idle, looking at his own reflection in a piece of marble lying at his feet.

"My long and idle friend," said the Micamica, "what's this I hear of your gossiping, with the world so new-and-all?"

"I told you so," said the Sphinx.

The Micamica sat down, with his chin in his hand, and began to think a Great Magic, while the Sphinx looked at his own reflection in the marble.

"You've said scandalous things," said the Micamica, and he went on thinking magic, with his chin in his hand.

"I told you so," said the Sphinx.

"I shouldn't say that again if I were you," said the Micamica; "you might say it once too often. Sphinx, I want you to stop gossiping."

And the Sphinx said, "I told you so" again; but no sooner had he said it than the Micamica whirled into his mouth and locked his jaws tightly.

"Do you feel that?" said the Micamica; "now you can never talk."

The Sphinx mournfully nodded his head and gazed with sad, stony eyes across the desert. And from that day to this the Sphinx has stood, solemn and stately, most 'sercuiating idle.

If

By VALENE BARDEN, '15

If all the days were fair and bright and long,	And dreams were made of stronger, truer stuff,
And every night revealed a golden moon,	If lies and jeers and gibes were things unheard,
If all the noises heard on earth were song,	If truth and love and trust were everywhere,
And roses bloomed each month as if 'twere June,	And hatred were an unknown, empty word,
If money held so small, so mean a place,	If no one had a single little care—
That little would be found to be enough,	Would each one be content for years and years?
If time no worth nor beauty could efface,	Or would there be few just bored to tears?

—19—

in at the last moment.

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The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1, Major. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French horns. It was followed by the Adagio, Troppo, with its graceful, flowing swing, the allegretto grazio, the pastoral movement and the symphony aided with the allegretto con moto, which is very syncopated and staccato. The last number was very handsomely played and was excellently interpreted.

The Siegfried Idyl, Wagner, is the popular conception of Wagner music, it having an easy, flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program.

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EDITORIAL

The Class Play

ELSEWHERE in this number we have indulged in slight quantities of exuberant persiflage at the expense of the most notable event of the school year, which takes place to-night. For the benefit of those who might misconstrue our gentle humor or take umbrage at what was only meant in a spirit of fun, we thus publicly disavow our humorous propensities and, fitly groveling, declare that in our judgment the Class Play will be the most superlative of all our superlatively-adjectived productions.

Only one who has been thru it may rightly judge of the work which is needed to put on such a production. Not only the senior class but the school as well owe a debt of gratitude to those people who have unselfishly labored to present a spectacle of such magnitude.

In the presence of continued miracles one becomes immune from further astonishment. Only when we notice the work of other high schools and draw the contrast, does our gorgeous pageant stand forth in its true size. At such a time it is hardly fitting to sound the warning that we may be indulging too lavishly in extra-curriculum activities.

As it is, we rejoice in our ability to stage a really metropolitan production. The Trapeze has already urged you to do your share for the sake of those whose labor and responsibility has been so great. We are confident that the English department will balance its books on the right side of the ledger.

The editors of the Tabula hope to have the honor of seeing you to-night at the Class Play—"Mid-Summer Night's Dream."

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THE TABULA

Clean Sport

WHEN Tom Shevlin of Yale died there was great mourning throughout the whole sporting world, not because Shevlin was a great athlete but because he was a great man. His one all-important asset, which put him above other men, who were physically just as fit, was that he was a clean sportsman. He was the ideal athlete of a great university. To-day, right now, throughout the country, there are rising men in the universities and in the high schools who will be known as the typical athletes of their schools, just as Tom Shevlin was known in the little world of Yale men. Much depends on whether these men will be recognized as clean sportsmen or whether they cast their lots with the shady "sports."

Clean sport has long been the rule of Oak Park athletics. It has not mattered and it will not matter in the far away future whether any particular game now is won or is lost, but it will matter in the most vital possible manner whether that game was fought squarely and cleanly, and if the big athletes of these days "played the game," if either in victory or defeat they were Men.

Influence is a great help or a hindrance to clean sport. We can not be all Tom Shevlin's, but we can all be the kind of a fellow who, if he had the opportunity of a Shevlin, would wield his influence for the game that was on the square. Of course it is the "star" who is the idol, it is he who casts the influence, but the little fellow on the sidelines molds the "star." If the man who watches the game cheers when the opposing team is penalized or indulges in other unsportsmanlike tactics, it is terribly hard for the man in the game to refrain from "roughing it," from spiking an opponent when he slides into a base, from dirty work in a scrimmage and all similar practices.

The spirit of the athletes that are to be depends on the spirit of the athletes that are, and the latter depends on the spirit of every single individual in the whole institution. It is not a little thing when an opposing team is not treated with the squareness that the traditions of Oak Park athletics demand. For the sake of the future game, as well as the present championship, each of us wants to see that in college when they ask where we prep we may answer:

"AT OAK PARK HIGH SCHOOL, WHERE THEY HAVE CLEAN SPORT."

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in at the last moment.

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a tragedy by Ernest Hemingway

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Ernest Hemingway

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The program opened with the concerto, G Major, by Bach. It was played by the string orchestra and was beautifully given. In the violin obligato by the Meister, Henry Wiesbach, was especially well received. Mr. W was given excellent support by the entire orchestra. The Allegro same concerto showed some et staccato work by the violin.

The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1 Major. The first number of the symphony was played in a key by the wood winds and French. It was followed by the Adagio Troppo, with its graceful, flowing, the allegretto grazio a pastoral movement and the symphony aided with the allegretto con which is very syncopated and staccato. The last number was very brilliantly played and was excellently interpreted.

The Siegfried Idyl, Wagner, a popular conception of Wagner music, it having an easy, flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program.

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Interclass Social Activities

By A SENIOR

HAVE you ever had occasion to look over the sheets of names of the pupils in the High School? I have, and I was greatly surprised to find how many of the pupils I did not know. In fact, I was rather ashamed of myself, having spent nearly four years in Oak Park High, that I knew so comparatively few of the people in school.

I tried to excuse myself, and make myself believe I was not to blame. I knew nearly every Senior, and really, what chance had I had to meet and become acquainted with but a few of the other classmen? Yes, I saw them in the halls, in the High School Club and Hanna Club, and I met a few in classes. But there were few school activities, I concluded, in which I might meet the members of the other classes. Then what could be done, for I really wanted to know more lower classmen? Why not Inter-class parties?

This was a suggestion heard from

a number of people in somewhat the same predicament as that in which I found myself. The suggestion was taken up, and presented by the president of the Senior and Junior classes, to Mr. McDaniel, and thru him to the Board of Education. The class officers discussed with Mr. McDaniel many possible plans for class parties, and these were all presented to the higher authority, with all the arguments for them, set before the board. However, after a few meetings with the principal, it was found that no satisfactory plans had been drawn up.

I am sure we, the pupils, all agree that we would like Inter-class parties. Then some new plan must be devised, which will suit the board.

Plans and suggestions will be very much appreciated by either Goodwillie or Shorney, and they will see that they are taken care of and submitted to the proper authorities. It is up to the student body to bring about these Inter-class parties.

Editorial-ettes

EVERY Thursday at third period we go to chorus. Sophomores and Freshmen go some other day. We are not enough familiar with the specie to be able to say when. But when we go to chorus we listen to Goodwillie warble and Nick Brabrook howl (pardon the insinuation, Nelson. You got your name in print, anyhow). Then we listen to the conversation of the gentlemen behind us. We presume Mr. Erickson hears about as much as we do. Now it doesn't seem as though it could be very easy to conduct a chorus where three-fourths of the choristers are holding a tea party,

figuratively speaking. There are great possibilities in the chorus work. Mr. Erickson admits it. The question is, when is the chorus going to wake up and take themselves seriously?

THE passing of Steger. Does every one know what that means? It means this, that Peter Steger, the greatest all-round athlete since the time of Russell, Macomber and Barrett, is forced out of athletics in Oak Park High School by the rule that no person can represent a

THE TABULA

school in athletics for more than four years. Steger completed his four years last semester and the school feels very sorry to lose him. He is a football, basket and baseball star and will be very much missed by the basketball team and baseball team. Ever since his Freshman year Steger made places on both of these teams, and last year was captain of the baseball team. Steger did not try for the football team till this year, and proved himself a wonderful player.

WHETHER or not the springs of our dormant intelligence are beginning to feel the infantile quickening of a new era of knowledge we cannot say, but at all events we are starting to appreciate the assemblies which are served to us table de hote each Friday in that mental luncheon, the assembly hall. Previously we have taken the program as a sort of prepared baby food, necessary to sustenance and bodily welfare. Now the powers that be have selected entertainment that more than ever before lowers itself to our modest plane of earthly gropings. Our former personally conducted flights into the ethereal regions of the assembly speaker's intellectual paradise have generally ended in irreverent questionings as to whether the gentleman just ahead knew that his collar was dirty or as to why the dickens James didn't open the windows. At present our puerile attention finds itself riveted to the topic at hand without the aid of an anchor rope and a ball and chain. This state of affairs shows either an improvement in us or an improvement in the program. According to the probabilities the assemblies have improved. Therefore we offer you congratulations, Mr. McDaniel.

THIS little space, Messrs. and Misses Faculty we devote to you. Never before has the dignified editorial force, in this their column, taken the slightest notice of your august presence. Now say we, "God bless you." You are a permanent adjunct to this school. In fact, we may go as far as to say that without you this school would be irreparably injured. You are the companions of our thoughts. We will send each one of you our prettiest valentines.

You are a much misunderstood race. You administer "D's" and censor the "Tabby's" jokes. On several occasions we have felt some strongly homicidal tendencies toward you. However, now we offer you the compliments of the Tabula. May you have a nice time at the Class Play.

LATELY we have been forced to wander around in school hours interviewing different personages, and so the number of slips and the red tape has singularly impressed us. It must be necessary, of course, to have a slip for that and a slip for this, and a permit if you want to take a drink of water, but somehow it irritates us. We should like to see a bit more of the honor system. Perhaps this would be abused, but we have confidence that Oak Park students could get along with it pretty well. At any rate, the knowledge that the disobedience of a rule is sure to be found out does not lead to the obeying of that rule thru any other motive than that of fear. The multiplicity of our slip system, we fear, does not tend to any great stiffening of the moral fibre.

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The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1 in G Major. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French horns. It was followed by the Adagio Troppo, with its graceful, flowing, the allegretto grazio, a pastoral movement and the symphony aided with the allegretto con fuoco, which is very syncopated and spirited. The last number was very bravely played and was excellently interpreted.

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THE TABULA



FRANCES LANGWORTHY, '16
Winner of Scholarship Cup

To the winner of the scholarship cup the Tabula wishes to extend hearty congratulations. Your record, Miss Langworthy, of 95% in every subject, notwithstanding sickness, is unusual to say the least. In the mad rush of outside interests we sometimes forget our purpose in school. To one who brings us back to the



THE CUP

things that count, to one who fits the general record of our school, we owe a debt of gratitude. We can only repeat: Our congratulations, Miss Langworthy!

A PRAYER

I.
Sweet "A," so dear, so far, so bright,
Wilt thou to my report card fly?
If not, I see my fall to-night?
Some one will die.

II.
Sweet "A," for thee I sigh and crave,

And if to me thou wilt not fly,
Someone will soon be in her grave,
That "some one" is I.

III.

My prayers are answered—Good
Fortune speaks,
Sweet "A" to my report did fly,
Now for a time—at least four weeks,
I shall not die.

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PRINCIPAL'S PAGE

The Athenian Oath

WE will never bring disgrace to this, our City, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the City, both alone and with many; we will serve and obey the City's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or to set them at naught; We will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty thus, in all these ways, we will transmit this City not only not less, but greater; better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.

The "Glory that was Greece" has passed away, the Golden Age of Pericles is no more, but in our newer and better civilization it would be difficult to find higher ideals than are expressed in the Athenian Oath. May every pupil apply these ideals, not only to his civic life but to his school life as well. May we transmit our school "not only not worse, but better than we found it."

—25—

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The second number was the popular Beethoven Symphony No. 5 Major. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French Horn. It was followed by the Adagio Troppo, with its graceful, rhythmic swing, the allegretto grazio, a pastoral movement and the symphony ended with the allegretto con moto, which is very syncopated and interesting. The last number was very brilliantly played and was excellently interpreted.

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THE TABULA

Between You and Me

Somehow we feel that if all the gentlemen who knock the basketball teams would come out for practise and play basketball, things might be better off.

That reminds us we are sorry for Dick Steele. Dick is one of the most unfortunate athletes in school as regards busting up his anatomy, and now sickness has kept him out of the Class Play.

These Atlanta skating parties which the valued Trapeze has so extensively advertised fail to inspire our sluggish breast with the proper amount of enthusiasm. From what we gather, Clyde Reading must have been either chaperon or ladies' maid. Such occupations are new even for Clyde.

It is rather late to welcome Miss King, but we want to do it, nevertheless. We have missed both you and your anecdotes, Miss King.

We received a letter some time back from an old grad who had seen Mr. Giddings in Minneapolis. We have indistinct recollections of Mr. Giddings, ourselves. He sought to teach us to open our mouths when we sang and imported mirrors for us to watch ourselves in. We had a lovely time gazing at our tonsils.

We have been informed on numerous occasions by the Smiles Editor that Bob MacMasters says "I Dunno." This may be her idea of a joke, but on this occasion we confess to be typically English.

Can any bright little boy tell us why, when we have such a nice dance floor in our new gymnasium, we don't use it more?

Ustinks we'll congratulate the managers who were elected two weeks ago. The election was perfectly straight and we'll wager there won't be any such results as in the one a year ago.

Wm. Mortgenstern's Vision of "Paradise Lost"

PARADISE LOST" was written by a rabid Puritan who was sure his own soul was saved, so he desired to leave a literary monument describing what happens to the less fortunate. His purpose, probably, was twofold: To leave a yardstick by which to measure future literary productions and to reform this wicked and nefarious world. His masterpiece has a sulphurous atmosphere. It shows simple credulity. A rather strong imagination is needed to picture the gentlemen who administer the affairs of Hades standing on burning mud and delivering sonorous and exalted speeches, much after the manner of Congress portioning out the pork barrel. Hot mud is not conducive to long drawn out speeches.

"Paradise Lost" is unapeakably dull, unless you prefer a diet of pure, undiluted fire, smoke and brimstone. Morbid minded people and pious church goers only can appreciate it.

Of course, we cannot dispute with Milton concerning the region he is describing. "Paradise Lost" may be an excellent prospectus of what is waiting. The combustibles may be necessary for the effect, but they are a little too much in evidence.

Too many mental goods are necessary to stimulate an interest in reading the monument builded by Milton. The power of stirring the imagination is claimed for it, but I fail to see where it lives up to its reputation. Maybe the effect would be aided if the reader sat on the radiator while the Chautauqua speakers make their sublime remarks.

Poetically it does not begin to compare with "L'Allegro." The rhythm of the latter's lines is missing in "Paradise Lost." Blank verse it may be, in form it does not compare with the "Cheerful Man."

To complete this infantile arraignment, "Paradise Lost" is nothing to enthuse about.

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The Basket Ball Situation

THERE are few who understand the basketball situation as it really is. Most people believe that the reason Oak Park does not head the list is because the fellows who compose the team are loafing during practise. This is very untrue. Anyone who understands the game and has seen Oak Park in practise or in a contest will agree that the team is now composed of the scrappiest and most loyal five possible. The trouble with this school is they have had too much coming their way and not enough chance to show a loyal spirit to a good losing team. To lose is certainly no discredit to a team if they play clean and hard. That's what Oak Park's doing now.

They may be losing, but they're putting just as much effort into the game as a championship five. If they were winning, that alone would be sufficient to encourage loyalty on the part of the students. It is admitted that the crowds are better than last year, but has not the school grown proportionately? It is needless to say that two or three hundred loyal students from a school that should have twelve hundred staunch rooters is a poor average.

But to continue the basketball situation. As has been said before, those who have come out for basketball have given their very best for the school. But the fault lies with the remaining four or five hundred fellows. When we stop to think that only ten or fifteen fellows from an enrollment of six hundred have reported, we can easily see where the trouble lies. Not with the team, then, but with the fellows who haven't enough spirit, pep and loyalty to want, more than their own selfish personal desires, to place Oak Park first on the chart. To such fellows as these, we can only say, "Throw them out, they are only taking up space that might be replaced with better advantage to both school and student."

If you're a dead one, move on; we have too many now. We want live wires with current enough to make their hands pull out fifteen cents for a ticket, to turn their way toward the athletic contest, to open their mouths to make noise when they get there. The rooter who does that will be the one who not only helps his team win but he will feel that he has won a personal victory. Are we going to sit down and let athletics die as they have in other high schools, or are we going to make this the greatest athletic as well as scholastic institution in the United States?

At the first part of the season sometimes only four or five players would report, and at last things got so bad that the coaches and almost all the men agreed that it would be better to discontinue practise than make the team the laughing stock of this part of the country.

A petition, however, signed by fourteen fellows agreeing to show up at practise, to quit smoking, etc., was presented to the coach, and he agreed to do all in his power to make the team a winner. But it soon appeared that it didn't hurt three or four of the fellows' consciences if they broke their agree-

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in at the last moment.

Containing The Judgement of Manitoa
a tragedy by Ernest Hemingway

CONCERT A SUCCESS

Both Musically and Financially
Symphony Concert on Monday
Evening Won Out

INTEREST IN VENTURE C

Ernest Hemingway

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra concert was a financial as well as artistic success. There was a profit, which will help to pay the deficit from the first concert.

The program opened with the concerto, G Major, by Beethoven, played by the string orchestra, which was beautifully given. In the violin obligato by the Meister, Henry Weisbach, which was given excellent accompaniment by the entire orchestra. The Allegro, same concerto showed some of the staccato work by the violin.

The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1 Major. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French horn. It was followed by the Adagio, Trovato, with its graceful, flowing, the allegretto grazio, a pastoral movement and the symphony ended with the allegretto con moto, which is very syncopated and interesting. The last number was very lightly played and was excellently interpreted.

The Siegfried Idyl, Wagner, was the popular conception of Wagner music, it having an easy, flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program.

The concert closed with the overture from "Die Gotterdammerung" Wagner. This inspiring piece was given as only an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stock can give it. The selection was masterfully given and closed the finest concert given in Oak Park.

The performance was well received by parents and teachers. I think that a larger representation of students should have been present. If the next concert is a financial success, Mr. Erickson plans to bring the orchestra out here for an afternoon performance at popular prices.

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THE TABULA

ment. Before long, however, these few were weeded out, until ten loyal fellows remained. They compose the present squad and have kept the agreement to the best of their ability.

It now stands to reason that had the school responded with a good number of candidates, the competition would have been sharper, and granting the same team existed as does now, for we believe them good representatives, it would at least have spurred them on thru this last period to greater effort, and both time and experience might have been gained. It has been a good lesson to Oak Park, but may she never fall into the same predicament again.

OAK PARK, MAY SHE EVER WIN; BUT OAK PARK, WINNING OR LOSING.

HEAVYWEIGHT BASKETBALL

When Oak Park was ready for her first game she found that she was represented by practically a new team.



The old, fast combination of Steele and Steger was gone, as Steele was still limping on his sore ankle, that had been broken during the football season, and Steger was ineligible on account of his having represented Oak Park in athletics for four years.

Captain Steele had not played more than two or three games before he again injured his ankle and had to lay out of the game for several weeks. Before he was again able to play he fell sick with typhoid fever, so that our captain and one of the best forwards in this part of the country, had no chance to make himself a star and help Oak Park to the top of the percentage column.

But in our new players we have discovered future stars. There is no doubt that had Kelly and Adams been in the game for two or three years to

gain experience and learn the tricks of the trade, they would be placed on the all-stars. As it is, they are well up in the list of stars of the league and have endeared themselves to followers of basketball at Oak Park.

Adams, the husky football tackle and center on the basketball team, has proved a great factor in the scoring machine. His fighting ability, coupled with that of good aim, have made him feared by opposing teams.

Kelly, the new Oak Park forward, has stepped into the limelight, and if he continues his good work will undoubtedly be missed next year. He is in the game every minute and never gives up, and lately has become a consistent scorer. Would we had more like him.

Johnson at the other forward, makes a good partner and his scoring ability has aided a great deal.

Mark Hanna, the only experienced



man on the squad, plays a consistent game at running guard, and is much

THE TABULA

of the same type of fighter as Kelly. It is not unusual for him to toss one in from the middle of the floor.

Harris at the other guard does well while he keeps his feet, but we have to admit that he strikes the floor rather often.

Shepherd has proved himself a good substitute at the center position.

While we are not champions, the team has shown good spirit and we will back them any time.

LIGHTWEIGHT BASKETBALL

The lightweights have been more fortunate this season than the heavyweights and are fast on the way to the championship of their division. They have two old men from last year, Fox and Uteritz, and with Cole, Bell and Stanley as team mates, they make a fast five. Their teamwork is remarkable and from time to time these midgets beat the heavyweights in practice.

Oak Park expects a championship from them; in fact, can't see it any other way. Oak Park is ready to back the team any time, and we are anxious to write about a championship in the next issue.

Captain Uteritz leads his warriors well and is the important scoring factor on the team. He is a dead shot on the free throws and rolls up the score considerably in this manner.

Fox, as center, being light and wiry, is able to perform his part, and, although not as tall as Yardley was, does his share in the jumping.

Bell and Cole take good care of the guarding end of the game, and when a basket is made by the opponents they certainly are clever enough to deserve it.

Stanley as Uteritz's companion at forward has lately come to the front as a consistent point gainer, and great things are expected of him in the future.

Oak Park will have the same team next year with the exception of Fox, the only Senior on the squad. There ought to be no doubt of a champion-

ship at that time if a good substitute is found.

The Tabula strongly favors Manager Hubbard and wishes himself and teams all the success possible.

ATALANTA

ATALANTA, wake up! And Her first move was to call she carried out immediately. termination for action which she awoke with a fixed deler followers together, elect her officers, introduce her new members to her old ones, and stimulate real interest. Then she gave a Christmas party, and such a party!

In the first place, she had the gymnasium so decorated we felt as though we were entering an entirely new room, with its little red grate and the stockings hanging by it, and its fragrant Christmas tree, its holiday streamers and snow. Then she gave us such an interesting program that we nearly forgot we were attending a ball, and felt much inclined to remain seated and have the entertainment continue. As for food—she must have slept so long that she had ample opportunity for dreaming just exactly what seems most delicious to people at a masquerade, for the candy, popcorn and ice cream furnished quite the right touch to a delightful party. Congratulations, Atalanta, on a splendid general, in Miss Hull, and most efficient officers in those who managed your dance.

Since the cold weather has arrived, the girls who enjoy skating have been her guests at a skating party, and as soon as more ice appears she will be delighted to play hostess again.

She has invited you, one and all, to a Martha Washington ball on the nineteenth of February, and let me strongly urge you to accept. She is a charming hostess, and I know of no one who has had the pleasure of being her guest who has not wished to repeat it at the first opportunity.

in at the last moment.

Containing "The Judgement of Manilla"
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CONCERT A SUCCESS

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INTEREST IN VENTURE GROWS

Ernest Hemingway

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra concert was a financial as well as artistic success. There was a profit, which will help to meet the deficit from the first concert.

The program opened with the concerto, G Major, by Bach. It was played by the string orchestra and was beautifully given. In the first movement the violin obligato by the Maestro, Henry Wiesbach, was especially well received. Mr. Wiesbach was given excellent support by the entire orchestra. The Allegro same concerto showed some excellent staccato work by the violin.

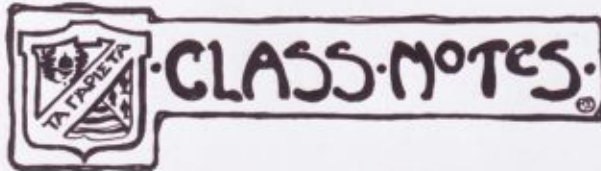
The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1, Major. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the woodwinds and French Horns. It was followed by the Adagio Troppo, with its graceful, flowing, the allegretto grazio and pastoral movement and the symphony aided with the allegretto con moto, which is very syncopated and staccato. The last number was very brightly played and was excellently interpreted.

The Siegfried Idyl, Wagner, was the popular conception of Wagner music, it having an easy, flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program.

The concert closed with the first from "Die Gotterdammerung" Wagner. This inspiring piece turns as the ever-recurring "Cry of the Valkyries," and given as only an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stock can give. The selection was masterfully and closed the finest concert given in Oak Park.

The performance was well received by parents and teachers. I think that a larger representation of students should have been present. If the next concert is a financial success, Mr. Erickson plans to bring the orchestra out here for an after-performance at popular prices.

To all the pupils who can do attend the next concert and show the Oak Park High School at appropriate good music.



Senior

(To Editor of Tabula, who publishes no dancing instructions, therefore who laugh extreme at Class Play choruses.)

Apologies to Wallace Irwin.

Dear Sir:

Last week, after previously obtaining daily by the week job of dance, in chorus of Hon. Class Play, my feet become suddenly enriched with curious bear-trot stepplings. How this are happen, I must explain it.

This Hon. Boss School got among it as follows:

1. Hon. Senior Class—large and veryactory.
2. Hon. English Dept.—also amense with Hon. Class Play expectings.
3. Hon. Miss Dixon—who are Hon. Caruso of stage.
4. Hon. Miss Hull—who make Pavlowa bow for contortions of feet.

That fondly Hon. Parents have jollity in staging of youngly Senior childrens, come worry and calamity of Hon. Class Play, which are humorous, Shakespeare sound, "Mong Summer's Dream." Thusly, come much excitement of hero appearances, and assorted others, which are daily enjoyable. Vernon Castle Swirls, in gloomy Hon. "Jim!" O, such happy noise of charge, retreats with Hon. Feet and Flutter Wings!

"Express yourself" suggest Hon. Miss Hull, Dancer, making waving of hands like Wilson reception; but voicing are rudely not. By 5:30 late, are considerable rejoicings at opening of gates, and Hon. Teacher begin ensy peculiar to Ziegfeld, O, such heaviness of Hon. Feet and length of Hon. Home-Walk.

I are now cripple.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASLIM SOGO "Senior,"
(Per K. P.)

-:-:-

Junior

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
To talk of many things—
"Things" are.

DEBATES spelled with a capital D! Yes, truly, the season is approaching. Miss Carter has given us "the lay of the land" in the library, and we will soon be hiding our faces in the pages of monstrous volumes, trying to discover whether Burke lived in 1473 or 1987, whether he favored preparedness and a citizen army or voted against woman suffrage (that everlasting question!).

But quake not, plucky Juniors, for we shall go through with flying colors (1917 couldn't do otherwise), and then—May 5th and the Prom. Within a few weeks the committee will meet to begin making the arrangements and every loyal Junior must do his (or her) best to make our Prom the biggest and best success of its kind.

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OWING to the loss of our last year's exchange list, the work has been rather slow in starting. By this time, however, it is pretty well organized and our mailing list includes over a hundred papers and magazines. From time to time students have handed new exchange addresses to us. You, yourself, if you have a school friend "down East" or "out west," or know perhaps of a good high school or college publication, can help by giving us a new exchange.

We wish to say to our distant friends themselves, PLEASE EXCHANGE Exchange with us not only in your mailing list but in your columns. It cannot harm us any and it might do a "neck o' good!"

We have space to review a few publications as follows:

"The Student," Covington, Ky.: Your paper presents a clean-cut and business-like appearance, but, for a high school paper, it needs to be livened up a bit. Why not a different cover and some cuts which, according to your exchange, you enjoy in other papers. The editorial in your Junior number was good—we are looking forward to the "Knockers' Number." That is a clever idea! We like the "pep" shown in your athletic editor's pen. It gives an entirely bad impression to scatter the advertising as you have and to omit a table of contents. "The Advocate," Lincoln, Neb.: Don't lose your humor—such things are few and far between.

"Humboldt Life," St. Paul, Minn.:

"A Happy Disappointment," contrary to its sleepy title, is to be eaten with a relish. Why, however, do all your stories taste of school? The art department shows good but not especially strong work.

"The E," Englewood, Chicago: As usual—a magazine of bright rank. What you do, you do well, whether it is drawing, joking, writing or reporting. Why not show a little more organization in your literary columns?

"The Midway," University High School, Chicago: Your magazine has a Michigan avenue appearance, from cover to cover. The first impression of admiration lasts. The literary department is interesting and unusually large.

"The Wreck of the H2O is a commendable story. "The King is Dead, Long Live the King," has the punch you speak of in your exchange, and by the way, that is the finest department of its kind among our exchanges. The "Ea. Ed." may see at once the merits and faults of a paper, but it takes skill to discuss them as you have. Your paper does not seem self-supporting, however. Why not diminish private contributions and boost the advertising sections?

"The Dart," Ashtabula, Ohio: A publication full of "deep things" and yet not the least bit "boring." Your treatment of general subjects seems more like a college publication than any of our high school magazines. To tell the truth you have very few faults and so we sum you up as an A No. 1 paper and stop.

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In at the last moment.

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INTEREST IN VENTURE G

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The program opened with the concerto, G Major, by Bach. It was played by the string orchestra and was beautifully given. In the violin obligato by the Maestro, Henry Wiesbach, was especially well received. Mr. W. was given excellent support by the entire orchestra. The Allegro same concerto showed some excellent staccato work by the violin.

The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1 Major. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French Horns. It was followed by the Adagio Trovato, with its graceful, rhythmic swing, the allegretto grazio, a pastoral movement and the symphony ended with the allegretto con moto, which is very syncopated and interesting. The last number was very beautifully played and was excellently interpreted.

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The performance was well received by parents and teachers. I think that a larger representation of students should have been present. If the next concert is a financial success, Mr. Erickson plans to bring the orchestra out here for an afternoon performance at popular prices.

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Biology

AS FAR as pleasure trips are concerned, the weather has not permitted such an occurrence, but all of the classes are waiting for the warm and pleasant days to come. The Botany class did take a short field trip in the rain to gather the simplest forms of plant life. Physical Geography and Zoology classes, usually so active, seem to have taken a slump and have not produced any material. An exhibit of some of the Zoology and Botany work was shown at the Carter Harrison School several weeks ago. At the same exhibit, work from the different high schools in the Central States was shown. An exhibit from Springfield, under the leadership of Miss Cook, was exceedingly good. Many favorable comments were passed on the Oak Park exhibit, and our work was certainly as good as that from the other high schools.

Other than the above, the activities of the Biology Department have been few and far between. However, the classes have been learning something of a somewhat peculiar nature. For instance, plants can walk, fish, mimic, build airships, and many other interesting things.

1. Among the plants that can walk are, currant bushes, clover, strawberries, sweet potatoes, wandering Jew, and many grasses and mosses. Wintergreen shows a beautiful way of plant walking, and ferns show a fast way. In other words, they creep along the ground.

2. Plants are also able to eat insects; carnivorous plants, such as Venus flytrap, sundew, and the different varieties of the pitcher plant.

3. The Bladderwort is the type of plant that fishes. It is able to obtain and consume insects that pass down the river near them.

4. Orchids imitate the insects. Desert plant will imitate sand or stones. Skunk cabbage saves itself by the use of an unusual odor, familiar to some.

5. Hawthornes have thorns to protect themselves. Poisonous juices to protect the money of the plant is often employed. Plants bloom at night or early morning to keep the insects away.

6. Ants are servants to the ferns and trees, slandellions have an aerial squadron after the flowers have withered. Birds, bees and many other insects act as armies or navies to the plants in time of danger.

7. Plants can rob, plunder and murder. This is a startling statement, to say the least, but it is very true. The plants rob other plants of their nourishment from the ground. A vine can circle around a tree until the tree can obtain no light, and is soon strangled to death. What else besides murder is this?

8. Plants that are athletes have queer traits. Violets are known to shoot seeds in different directions. The seeds and flowers dance (in the wind) and vines are rapid climbers.

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9. Seeds and small plants are often pulled up by the birds and are carried by them on their feet or wings. In this way it can be said that plants ride on animals.

10. Plants are sensitive to the heat and cold and are able to point out the directions.

11. Opening and closing of all plants are so regular that time can be told by them. The four o'clock will always tell the hour of four. Trees have a fine system of diaries.

12. Seed dispersal by wind shows how plants can build airships. Submarine squadrons are numerous on the rivers.

The different plants that are able to do this are talked about in the Botany class. Come and join our merry throng.

A "FISHY STORY," SAYS MISS WILLISTON

C. D.: "The wall breaks down and the spores swim out. I don't quite understand how they swim."

Miss Williston: "Sounds fishy, doesn't it? But it's true."

Mycenean Religion

ALTHOUGH we have but one source of written data in regard to sacred text, and that one is doubtful, the soapstone block from the cave of Zeus in Crete, we know a good deal about Mycenaean religion and its forms, from engravings on rings, intaglios and gold pieces. In the graves of the Cyclades, there have been found a great number of terra cotta images with owl-like faces and staff bodies, which have been closely associated in the minds of archaeologists with the Palladium fabled to have fallen from the sky, and mentions of which occur in classical literature. Many small lead, bronze and bone images have been discovered in Troy and Mycenae, also, which strongly resemble classical descriptions of the gods.

Several locations have produced intaglios on which were engravings of a woman with a bow, or a goat, or a pair of birds, which plainly portray Artemis. Figures with doves resembling Aphrodite have been found, and there is one small statue of a god which might easily be Ares, himself.

The most discussed and elaborate relic we have is called the "Great Signet." This precious gold-piece shows an armed god above a canopy of cloud, beside whom are the forms of the sun, the crescent moon and a double ax. Underneath the cloud is seated a woman to whom three female attendants are offering flowers, while behind her another is picking fruit from a tree; on the left hand margin there are six lion heads. At the same time we must explain a plaque which seems to form an interpretation of the gold-piece. This plaque has a blue background and its figures are yellow and white. In the center stands an armed figure, like the one mentioned above, and beside it, a woman is approaching an altar in the attitude of prayer. On the other side there is another woman, also in the act of worshipping.

We conclude this: the scene is one of worship to the armed figure of Zeus; the seated woman on the signet is Earth as Dione or Demeter; and the whole represents the sky with the sun and moon; Zeus, god of clouds and thunderbolts, and Earth with her flowers and fruits.

There is another class of monuments, wall paintings of monsters, such as the three-ass-headed creatures with their tongues lolling out of their mouths and a pole over their shoulders, evidently to carry game, which were found at Mycenae. We can compare these most easily to the Centaurs and

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Satyrs of Greek Mythology, and probably they represented the spirits of rivers and streams.

Two or three signets have been discovered with figures in an attitude of worship before a temple, and on one a man is about to sacrifice an animal. These establish two facts, that Mycenaean had gods and must have had temples in which they worshipped them. To confirm this, in 1893 the remains of the pillars of a temple were discovered on the site of Troy, and these pillars were so placed as to indicate that the Mycenaean, like the Greeks, constructed the abodes for their gods with gabled instead of flat roofs.

It is supposed that there were very few buildings set aside for the worship of the deities, but altars were very prevalent. These were built sometimes of piled stones and often of hewn rocks, so that they were finished structures. One of these latter was found in the Siktaean grotto, in Crete, a cave sacred to the worship of Zeus, and a treasure house of relics relating to Mycenaean religion.

There are many evidences of ancestor worship among the people of this age, and though this practice was merely a form in the Homeric age, the classic days of Greece and Rome saw it firmly established again. Thus, the worship of Zeus and the regard for the spirits of nature, relates the Mycenaean religion very closely to that of later times, and we are able to trace through these old relics the religious beliefs of those two great peoples, the Greeks and Romans, from early prehistoric times to the Christian Era.

Chemistry

THESE are almost one hundred pupils in chemistry this year, showing the increased interest in this branch of science. The department welcomes Mr. R. N. Ketcham as assistant instructor in chemistry. Mr. Ketcham is a graduate of both Laurence College and the University of Wisconsin; a fine gentleman and a conscientious teacher.

Two trips have been taken by the department; the first, to the University of Chicago, where the chemical laboratories were visited, and after the boys had lunched at The Commons and the girls at the Lexington Hall, an instructive afternoon was spent in Field Museum. The second was a well attended trip to the stock yards. Other trips are being planned, to the Oak Park Baking Co., the Case & Martin Pie Co., the Terra Cotta Works, and the Ulrich's Dairy of Oak Park.

The last few weeks have been employed on a set of Mr. Osborne's own practical experiments, which will soon be published in book form. This practical course included the test for food constituents, the tests for purity of certain foods, the tests for adulterants in food, and also a study of cloth fibers and the removal of spots and stains. The semester closed with a home report on the subject instead of an examination; these reports proved both instructive and interesting; foods deemed pure were found to be adulterated. Borax, not allowed by law, was found in codfish, butterine and bacon. Butterine sold as butter under the name Elgin XXXX and preserved with borax. Several pupils had butterine served for butter at the table and it was not recognized. One boy found three bad oysters in a quart and "saved some one much distress." Hamburg steak marked Hamburg and Preservaline was tested and borax and sodium sulphite found present. Ink spilled on embroidery was removed by lemon juice and salt in

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in at the last moment.

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the sun. Coffee stains were removed from a tablecloth by stretching it over a bowl and pouring hot water through it. Dog biscuit tested for food constituents showed protein and starch present. "These seem to be good food but we don't eat them, but our dog seems to like them."

George Washington and His Diplomatic Policy

IT IS very interesting owing to our present relations with the countries of Europe to look back and to notice the diplomatic policy of George Washington, at a time when the foreign relations were in several ways similar to ours now. George Washington, the father of our country, established, in the last years of his administration, the precedent for our diplomatic relations with foreign countries. It was in the year of 1793 when France, at war with England and nearly all the other countries besides, with the Alliance of 1778 as a foundation for their claim, wished us to defend their West Indies against Great Britain. Immediately the United States was divided in opinion. The Republicans under Jefferson were wildly in favor of war, to have entered into which would have been death to our Republic. The Federalists, under Hamilton, being against war, advocated receiving the French minister with a qualification, and declaring that the Alliance of 1778 did not apply to situation of 1793. If Washington had followed this policy the people would undoubtedly have risen against the government; but, to use the words of Mr. Gordy, "The masterful man responsible for the policy of the young Republic was as little carried away by sympathy for France as by fear of anarchy, and with a mind unclouded by the passions which warped the judgment of his two great secretaries, Washington was able to see the path of duty and steadfastly did he walk in it."

So, as a result, Washington issued his Neutrality Proclamation in reference to which he states the following: "After deliberate examination with aid of best lights that I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country under all circumstances of the case had a right to take and was bound by duty and interest, to take a neutral position." Furthermore, extracts from the latter part of his "Farewell Address" show his policy very clearly: "If we remain one people under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve to be scrupulously respected; when belligerents will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war as our own interest, guided by justice, shall counsel." And, "It is our duty to observe good faith and justice toward all nations, and cultivate peace and harmony with all."

In the reading of these selections we realize the farsightedness of Washington, for now the time has come, as he prophesied, when our neutrality is being respected by belligerents. So to-day, one hundred and twenty years later, we can be proud in saying that we are following the precedent set up by our first president. But yet, in connection with that thought, the question comes up, as to whether, in this neutrality, we are observing that good faith and justice toward all nations, and we cannot help wondering how the former savior of our country would manage the affairs of government if he again sat in the Presidential chair.

-H. G.

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Containing The Judgement of Manibus
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INTEREST IN VENTURE G

Ernest Hemingway

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The program opened with the concerto, G Major, by Bach. It was played by the string orchestra, was beautifully given. In the violin obligato by the Meister, Henry Wiesbach, was especially well received. Mr. W. was given excellent support by the entire orchestra. The Allegro same concerto showed some excellent staccato work by the violin.

The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1, Major. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French Horns. It was followed by the Adagio Troppo, with its graceful, rhythmic swing, the allegretto grazio with its pastoral movement and the symphony aided with the allegretto con moto which is very syncopated and spirited. The last number was very brilliantly played and was excellently interpreted.

The Siegfried Idyl, Wagner, is the popular conception of Wagner music, it having an easy, flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program.

The concert closed with the overture "Die Gotterdammerung" by Wagner. This inspiring piece remains as the ever-recurring "Cry of the Valkyries," and is given as only an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stockton. The selection was masterfully and closed the finest concert given in Oak Park.

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Our Early Arabic Mathematics

THE history of the mathematical knowledge of the early Arabs is known to us in a rather general way, but we cannot expound with extreme certainty on many of its prodigious details. However, it is well understood and universally agreed upon by all mathematical pedagogues that the Arabs derived their knowledge from many sources, namely: from the Greeks and the Hindoos; and that these sources were the foundations of their scientific knowledge. In this essay, I will narrate the extent of the mathematical knowledge derived from these sources.

First consider the Greek knowledge. According to their traditions, many of which are corroborated in every particular by invaluable evidence, the scientific knowledge of the Arabs was at first derived from the Greek doctors who attended the caliphs at Bagdad. These caliphs, who were people regarded as invested with supreme dignity and power in all matters relating to religion and civil polity, encouraged the art of science to such an extent that schools were organized at Bagdad, Damascus and other cities, and that a large enrollment of students thereby ensued. The Arabs soon remarked that the Greeks based their science on the works of Hippocrates, Aristotle and Galen, and these books were translated into Arabic by order of the caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, about the year 800. In this way the Arabs soon obtained translations of the works of Euclid, Archimedes, Apollonius, Ptolemy and others, and in some cases these editions are the only copies of the books now extant.

But as a matter of fact, the Arabs attributed their first knowledge of science more to the Hindoos than to the Greeks, as their commercial dealings with the former were numerous, thereby bringing the two nations closer in touch with one another.

The Hindoos, like the Chinese, have pretended that they are the most ancient people on the face of the earth, and that to them we owe recognition for the creation of science. But from recent investigations, these pretensions have no foundation. The Hindoos undoubtedly produced numerous men who possessed a great deal of intellectual ability and knowledge of mathematics. One of their productions is Arya Bhata, who was born in the year 476 at Patna. By the insinuations of many commentators he created algebraic analysis. The chief works of this great mathematician with which we are acquainted is his Aryabhata, which consists of innumerable verses, embodying the enunciations of various rules and propositions. This book is written in such an obscure and laconic manner that it has never been undertaken to be translated. The book is divided into four parts: of these three are devoted to astronomy and the elements of special trigonometry; the remaining part contains the enunciations of thirty-three rules in arithmetic, algebra and plane trigonometry.

Another noted Hindoo mathematician is Brahmagupta, who was born in 598. He wrote numerous books, in which he devoted all of his time to arithmetic, algebra and geometry. The arithmetic is entirely rhetorical. In his algebra, which is also rhetorical, he works out the fundamental propositions connected with arithmetical progression, and solves a graduated equation. In geometry, Brahmagupta proved the pythagorean property of a right angled triangle.

To make the account very explicit, and complete the enumeration of Hindoo mathematics, I may depart from the chronological order, and say that the only remaining Indian mathematician of exceptional eminence was Bhaskara, who lived during the 12th century. He is reported to have been

THE TABULA

the lineal successor of Brahmagupta as head of an astronomical observatory at Ujen. He wrote an astronomy, of which four chapters have been translated. The treatise is a verse, but there are explanatory notes in prose. I have deviated here from the chronological order in treating here of Bhaskara, but it is best to mention him at the same time in dismissing his compatriots. It must be remembered that he flourished subsequently to all the Arab mathematicians which I am about to tell you.

In the preceding paragraphs, I have indicated the two sources from which the Arabs have derived their scientific knowledge, and sketched out roughly the amount of knowledge obtained from each. To finish the foregoing narration, we may sum the matter up by saying that before the eighth century the Arabs were in the possession of a good numerical notation and of Brahmagupta's work on arithmetic and algebra; while before the end of the ninth century they were acquainted with the masterpieces of Greek mathematics in geometry, mechanics, and astronomy. I will now narrate to what use they put their knowledge.

The most reserved and illustrious Arabian mathematician was Alkarismi. He knew very little of his birth or life but that he was born in Khorassan. He wrote an algebra, a treatise on arithmetic, an anonymous tract termed Algoritmi De Numero Indorum. He also wrote a book of geometry.

The Arabs produced more skillful mathematicians such as Kona, Alkaski and others. The Arab schools continued to produce mathematicians until the fifteenth century when a final deterioration of Arabic mathematics took place. And then we have a laconic history of the Arabian mathematics.



DELICATELY PRINTED BY

in at the last moment.

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The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1 Major. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French Horns. It was followed by the Adagio Troppo, with its graceful, flowing, the allegretto grazio and pastoral movement and the symphony aided with the allegretto con moto, which is very syncopated and staccato. The last number was very beautifully played and was excellently interpreted.

The Siegfried Idyl, Wagner, is the popular conception of Wagner music, it having an easy, flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program.

The concert closed with the trombone "Die Gotterdammerung" Wagner. This inspiring piece takes as the ever-recurring "Cry of the Valkeries," and given as only an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stock can give. The selection was masterfully and closed the first concert given in Oak Park.

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With Due Apologies to U-High

First Student—How did you know he was a U-High man?

Second Student—By his accent.

First Student—But you didn't hear him speak.

Second Student—No, but I heard him eat a chop.

A Dog's Tale

The young man had just been turned down by his lady and the next morning went to the butcher shop. This occurred:

Y. M.—Have you any nice beefsteak this morning?

Butcher—Sure, here's some as tender as a woman's heart.

Y. M.—Give me a pound of sausage.

Broken Trench

Evelyn Cessa (translating in French): "Bolingbroke—near the queen and almost in her ear."

Feminism?

Her hair is lank and sorrel,

Her face a homely scar;

Her form is like a barrel
And her feet canal boats are.
You ask, what makes me love her?
What makes you think I do? I don't.

On Board

"They say an editor never really appreciates the humor in his own paper."

"No, he's always one of the board."

Doggone It!

Two little fleas sat on a rock
And one to the other said:
"I have no place to hang my hat,
Since my old dog is dead.
I've traveled the wide world over,
And farther will I roam,
But the first darn dog that shows his face
Will be my Home, Sweet Home."

First Lawyer—Did his speech carry conviction?

Second Lawyer—It did! His client got five years.

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A VALENTINE SONNET

St. Valentine's, that day on which we give
Sweet tokens of our love to those whom we
Love most, is now so soon at hand
that we
Should think on what 'twere best
for us to give.
Let it be something that will always
live
So dear to him that gave the gift,
and be
Likewise a memory sweet and fond to
then
Who it receives, that it may ever live!
Perhaps it is a kindly spoken word,
Or thoughtful act. But what it be,
O may
It be sincere: For what is in a word
Or action if it is not meant, I pray?
This, dear friends, is what I'll give
for mine,
For this should be the ideal Valentine.

Historic Bunk

Miss Lucy in American History:
"Who can tell me when Thomas Jefferson died?"
No answer.
"Can't anybody tell me when Jefferson died? Harry, don't you know?"

Redfearn (startled): "Why, I didn't even know the fellow was sick!"

After Thoughts

"My son," said the father, impressively, "suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you?"

"Why," said the son, irreverently, "I'll stay here. The question is, What would become of you?"

Worthington?

"How can you tell when your trousers are tight?"

"They usually go off on a tear."

Foiled! He Bit

"Yes, I told father that white poker chip I dropped was a peppermint tablet."

"Did he swallow it?"

"Pa, a man's wife is his better half, isn't she?"

"We are told so, my son."

"Then if a man marries twice there isn't anything left of him, is there?"

CHAUNCEY ALGERNON LE Beau Smith was a Smart Young Man and he was a Wonderful Fellow when he pursued the Liberal Arts of the High School. He used Polarine on his scalp and parted his Auburn Locks in the Middle. All the Girls thought him a perfect Dear and he was so popular. The Class elected him to an Office and he always took the Pretty Girls out riding in Papa's Machine. Chauncey went to so many Fox Trot Soirees that Mama said the poor Boy was overtaxing his

strength. All the Teachers said he was Such a Nice Boy, but he Never caught up with the Liberal Arts. He graduated from the High School and all the Sweet Young Things thought he looked so awfully Cute. Everybody said he would be President or Chief Justice or Something. He went up to the University, but after the first half year he came home with Sore Eyes. Finally the Poor Dear Boy wanted to take a Job. Now he mixes Nut Sundae's at the Soda Fountain.

MORAL: There isn't any.

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in at the last moment.

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INTEREST IN VENTURE GROWS

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The program opened with the concerto, G Major, by Bach. It was played by the string orchestra and was beautifully given. In the violin obligato by the conductor, Henry Wisniewski, was especially well received. Mr. W. was given excellent support by the entire orchestra. The Allegro same concerto showed some excellent staccato work by the violin.

The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the woodwinds and French horns. It was followed by the Adagio Troppo, with its graceful, rhythmic swing, the allegretto grazioso pastoral movement and the scherzo aided with the allegretto con moto, which is very syncopated and lively. The last number was very beautifully played and was excellently interpreted.

The Siegfried Idyl, Wagner, is the popular conception of Wagner music, it having an easy, flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program.

The concert closed with the symphony "Die Gotterdammerung" Wagner. This inspiring piece retains as the ever-recurring "Cry of the Valkeries," and given as only an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stock can give it. The selection was masterfully played and closed the finest concert given in Oak Park.

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THE TABULA



Eloise—You have made a great impression on me.
Eloisus—I'm so sorry. I'll not hold you so tightly next time.

COMMENTS ON THE TABULA

(After receiving many enthusiastic comments about our publication, we have thought best to print some of the choicest ones.—Ed.)

Woodrow Wilson—I have never seen a paper like it anywhere.

W. J. Bryan—I shed real tears when I first read it.

The Kaiser—We should all profit from an affair of this kind.

Mayor Thompson—If I had the ability of some of the Tabula staff, Chicago would be a far different city.

Henry Ford—A real argument for universal disarmament.

T. R.—If I could get out a paper of this kind I would be willing to die—even anxious.

Raw Meat

Visitor—Do you give your dog any exercise?

Owner—Yes, he goes for a tramp every day.

Sailor—I was imprisoned by cannibals for a week.

Boy—Why didn't they eat you?

Sailor—I had measles and broke out.

Shady Conversation

Young Man (in aisle)—Permit me to open the window for you?

Pretty Girl—Why, but there's a tunnel right ahead!

Y. M.—Of course.

P. G.—Oh, well—

(Tunnel.)

Brick Layers

"Tee, why don't you cling to me?"

He cried in whispers thick.

"O, Archibald, I will," she said.

"I think that you're a brick."

Tubby

"What knights were the Knights of Bath?"

"Saturday nights."—Ex.



Kentucky Tailor—And the hip pockets, Colonel, what size shall I make them—pints or quarts?

The German likes his lager beer.

The Frenchman wine, you see.

But it is plain the Englishman

Is suited to a T.

"Pa, what is repartee?"

"Oh, merely an insult with its dress

suit on, my son."



"One Reason Why We Don't Study in the Afternoon"

in at the last moment.

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Meister, Henry Wiesbach, was
especially well received. Mr. W.
was given excellent support by the
entire orchestra. The Allegro of
the same concerto showed some of
the staccato work by the violin.

The second number was the
popular Brahms Symphony No. 1
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symphony was played in a grand
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Horn. It was followed by the Adagio
Troppo, with its graceful, rhythmic
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THE TABULA

Revolution

Avast—Why is the wheelbarrow
one of the greatest inventions of the
world?"

Belay—Why, because it's an exam-
ple of the lever.

Avast—Nope, because it taught the
Irishman to walk on his hind legs.

Clothes Observer

He—Are my clothes ready?

Tailor—Not yet, sir.

He—But you said you'd have them
done if you worked all night.

Tailor—Yes, but I didn't work all
night.



Hick—This match won't light.
Hike—That's funny. It lit all right
a minute ago.

Those Misleading Slogans

Mr. Bobbitt: "Thomas, will you tell
us about the battle of Tippecanoe?"
Thomas: "The Indians were defeat-
ed and the General was Tyler."

Mr. Bobbitt: "I'm afraid you're
mixed. 'Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,'
was the campaign slogan used by
Harrison and Tyler when they ran
for President and Vice President.
Harrison was the general."

Thomas: "I'm afraid the slogan
misled me."

Or Sleep Alone

Sleep and the world sleeps with
you; snore and you snore alone.

From "The Oregon Trail"

"We found the Ford—Henry led the
way."

Economics

Mrs. Rosenbaum—Oh, Jacob, little
Ikey has swallowed a dime.

Rosenbaum—Send him to bed mid-
night with his supper. Dot will make it
about even.



Ryder—That was a snappy little
felly you had in the park yesterday.

Rydell—Oh, ya-as, the boy with the
white stockings.

Ryder—No, you old rascal, the
blonde with the white spats.

True Bravery

"Would you go to war for your
country?"

"Would I go to war for my coun-
try? I'd do more, I'd lick any man
that tried to get my country in war."

—Ex.

"A Mid-Summer Night's Dream"



Kant Kiss a Miss

Hardy—Why didn't you go out for
track practice yesterday instead of
going to see that girl?

Kendall—Oh, a miss is as good as
a mile any day.

Erickson (at Glee Club)—Why
didn't you come in when I said to?
Shorney—I lost the key.

What Next?

He—I want to tell you a joke about
mistletoe.

She—Be sure it isn't over my head.

When suffrage wins, all the govern-
ment bureaus will be changed to
chiffoniers.—Ex.

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The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1 in G Major. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French horns. It was followed by the Adagio, Troppo, with its graceful, flowing swing, the allegretto grasio with its pastoral movement and the symphony ended with the allegretto con moto which is very syncopated and varied. The last number was very brilliantly played and was excellently interpreted.

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Schultz—Vy, Ikey, iss it der loaf of breadt like der sun?
Ikey—It rises in de yeast and sets under the vest.

"LA GRIBBE"

By Jean Davies, '16
By head hags hod and heavy—
I'b hod and gold in stribs,
By Thoughtds are blurred—by eyes
are dib—
I veer I'b in vor gribbe!
Wee jills rud ud and down by spide,
I sig vrub doe do dib—
Eaje staggerig bobent's hisery—
Vee—I'b sure I'b in vor gribbe.
I really veel I've 'ad by share—
I've 'ad id once thiz trib—
I goes I'll give a bid away
Dow thad I'b in vor gribbe.
'Dis thed you sleeb and sleeb and
sleeb—
You veel thad you're a shib
Widge only stobs vor beddie—
(Thad's wed you have "la gribbe.")
In shade of generous bodives,
I hobe you will led sib
A janze do 'ave thad charbig bug
Widge host volks gall "LA
GRIBBE."

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An Old Friend

Sentry: "Halt! Who goes there?"
Voice: "Chaplain."
Sentry: "Pass, Charlie; all's well."
—Ex.

Mixed Blessing

"I don't like to have my husband prop up a newspaper at breakfast-table. Do you?"
"Oh, I don't know. It keeps the grape-fruit from spattering as far as it otherwise might."
—Ex.

Thoughtful Providence

Bacon: "The giraffe is said to be the only animal in nature that is entirely dumb, not being able to express itself by any sound."
Eggs: "It's just as well, for if it could speak it would talk over everybody's head."
—Ex.

Trigonometry

Trafton (in Burke club): "When they kill a German they draw a circle around him thirty feet square."
—Ex.

It's So Puzzling

"What is he noted for?"
"He is either a literary man or a magazine-writer, I can't remember which."
—Ex.

Narrow Escape

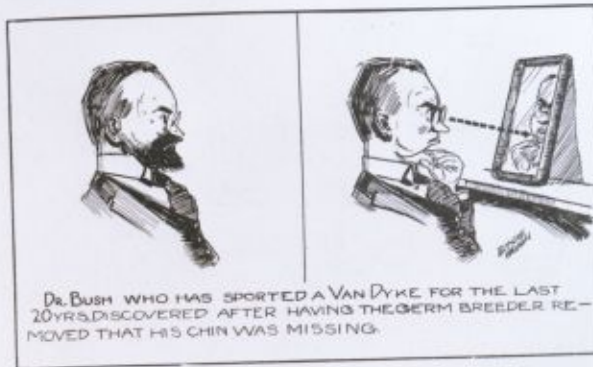
He: "Yes, I once thought of going on the stage, but friends dissuaded me."
She: "Friends of the stage, I presume."
—Ex.

I. B. Green, Perhaps

The same little Freshman who is reported to have written, "There are three genders—masculine, feminine, and neuter," is probably responsible for the statement on a history paper: "King Charles I died from cholera."
—Ex.

Torturate

"What crime is punishable by death in the U. S. to-day?"
"Suicide."
—Ex.



DR. BUSH WHO HAS SPORDED A VAN DYKE FOR THE LAST 20 YRS. DISCOVERED AFTER HAVING THE GERM BREDER REMOVED THAT HIS CHIN WAS MISSING.

Sold

Frantically she dashed into the room and threw herself upon him. Her hand closed tightly upon his wrist—the glittering blade he held wavered and fell. There was a look of terrible rage in his eyes as he turned to her.
"Don't," she gasped.
"Why not?" he asked, thickly.
"Jim cut his corns with that this morning," she breathed. "You'll have to shave with the safety."
—Ex.

Cracked

Mabel: "George, will you buy me a nut sundae?"
Gwargee: "I don't think I'll be here Sunday, but if I—"
—Ex.

A Gaping Wound, So to Say

Atkins No. 1: "Hi say, w'en did 'Ar-old get the lower 'arf of 'is face shot hoff?"
Atkins No. 2: "Hit ain' shot hoff, ye bloody iule. 'E's a-yawnin'."
—Ex.

Coughs

Benevolent Hostess: "Shall I ring for tea?"
Scimp: "No, thanks. I'm a teetotaler."
—Ex.

-47-

Dust On the Sofa

They sat on the time-worn sofa, a faint smudge showing on the horizon of Claude's damask lip.
"Myrtle," he murmured, "do you or do you not like my new moustache?" Her big eyes clung to the horizon. "Claude," she whispered, tenderly, oh so tenderly, "Claude, just between you and me I don't."
(And outside the milk bottles shivered with the cold.)
—Ex.

Vital Spot

Dixon in English: "Hamlet stabbed Polonius thru the curtain."
—Ex.
Al: "Which is the main part of a horse?"
Pete: "Why the hair on his neck, of course."
—Ex.

What We Find in Freshman Themes

"He wore buckskin'd feathers trimmed with porcupine quills."
"Lincoln was president of the Louisiana Purchase."
—Ex.

He—Would you care for a little crab, Miss Tillie?
She—Oh! This is so sudden!—Ex.

in at the last moment.

Containing "The Judgement of Manville"
a tragedy by Ernest Hemingway

CONCERT A SUCCESS

Both Musically and Financially
Symphony Concert on Monday
Evening Won Out

INTEREST IN VENTURE G

Ernest Hemingway

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra concert was a financial as well as artistic success. There was a profit, which will help to make up the deficit from the first concert. The program opened with the concerto, G Major, by Bach. It was played by the string orchestra and was beautifully given. In the first movement, the violin obligato by the conductor, Henry Wiesbach, was especially well received. Mr. Wiesbach was given excellent support by the entire orchestra. The Allegro movement showed some of the staccato work by the violin. The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the woodwinds and French horn. It was followed by the Adagio by Troppa, with its graceful, swinging, the allegretto grazio and pastoral movement and the symphony aided with the allegretto con moto which is very syncopated and staccato. The last number was very faintly played and was excellently interpreted.

The Siegfried Idyl, Wagner, is the popular conception of Wagner music, it having an easy flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program.

The concert closed with the "Die Götterdämmerung" from Wagner. This inspiring piece is given as only an orchestra and in the direction of Mr. Stock can be said to have been masterfully and closed the finest concert given in Oak Park.

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To all the pupils who can do it, attend the next concert and show the Oak Park High School that they appreciate good music.

THE TABULA

He kissed her rather suddenly.
Surprising her, you see.
But strange to say, she didn't flinch.
Just said, "That's one on me."

"Miss September has gotten her degree."
"What degree?"
"A. M."

Many a complexion that looks like peaches and cream, tastes like calamine.—Ex.

Mamma—When he proposed did you tell him to see your mother?
Daughter—Yes, but he said that he had already seen you, and wanted to marry me anyway.—Ex.

Floorwalker: "Looking for something, madam?"
Madame: "Husband."
F. W.: "First aisle to your left—mail order department."

Agemnon (after 20 minutes): "Don't you adore Carmen?"
Jessie (in desperation): "Oh, yes, and aren't just postmen just too lovely for anything?"

Hold That Note!

Mercha: "I wish you'd play something on which I could get more of a grasp."
Josef: "All right; I'll play a little melody of Handel's."—Ex.

Roomers From Roumania

Ignatz: "I think Roumania is looking for a handout from the allies."
Ludovise: "What makes you think so?"
Ignatz: "Well, look at the way she's hanging around Russia's back steppes."

"Have you been gyming, Bertie?"
"Yeth; and getting strong. Casu't woll a cigarette now without beweaking the papah."

"She's her own chaperon."
"How's that?"
"You ought to see her face."

Kaiser (shaving)—Blankety, blank, blank! Darn this razor.
Mrs. K.—What ho—Milord—what ho!
Kaiser—What hoe? Gillette—Dummit—Gillette.

"Corking building, isn't it?"
"Yup; bottling works."

Foiled! He Bit.

"Yes, I told father that that white poker chip I dropped was a peppermint tablet."
"Did he swallow it?"

After Hanna Club

Kind Senior—Do you obey the Bible injunction to love your neighbor?
Freshmen—I try to, but she won't let me.

She went down to the round house and interviewed an oiler.
"What is that thing?" "Why, he replied,
"That is the engine boiler."
"And why do they boil engines?"
Asked the maiden, sweet and slender;
"They do it," said the honest man,
"To make the engine tender."

"Mendsen is in mourning."
"So?"
"Yes. Last month a song died on his lips when he tried out for the opera."

He—If I kissed you would you scream?
She—You might experiment a little first, to see.—Ex.

He—Oh, did I step on your foot, again?
She—I didn't know you had been off it yet.—Ex.

Marie—Wax he on his knees when he proposed?
Estelle—No! I was!

Football 1916

October 7—
U. High at La Grange.
Proviso at New Trier.
Thornton at Evanston.
Bloom at Deerfield.
Oak Park Bye.

October 14—
U. High at Bloom.
Deerfield at Oak Park.
Evanston at La Grange.
New Trier at Thornton.
Proviso Bye.

October 21—
New Trier at Bloom.
Proviso at Oak Park.
La Grange at Deerfield.
Evanston at U. High.
Thornton Bye.

October 28—
Oak Park at New Trier.
Thornton at La Grange.

Deerfield at Proviso.
Evanston at Bloom.
U. High Bye.

November 4—
Proviso at U. High.
La Grange at New Trier.
Oak Park at Evanston.
Thornton at Deerfield.
Bloom Bye.

November 11—
New Trier at Evanston.
La Grange at Oak Park.
Bloom at Proviso.
U. High at Thornton.
Deerfield Bye.

November 18—
Oak Park at U. High.
Deerfield at New Trier.
Bloom at Thornton.
Proviso at La Grange.
Evanston Bye.

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1034 Lake Street (near Marion)

OAK PARK

Containing "The Judgement of Manitoa"
a tragedy by Ernest Hemingway

CONCERT A SUCCESS

Both Musically and Financially
Symphony Concert on Monday
Evening Won Out

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The second number was the popular Brahms Symphony No. 1 in G Major. The first number of the symphony was played in a grand style by the wood winds and French horn. It was followed by the Adagio in E-flat Major, with its graceful, flowing, the allegretto grazio, a pastoral movement and the symphony aided with the allegretto con moto, which is very syncopated and varied. The last number was very brilliantly played and was excellently interpreted.

The Siegfried Idyl, Wagner, was the popular conception of Wagner music, it having an easy, flowing motif. It was perhaps the best selection of the whole program.

The concert closed with the overture from "Die Gotterdammerung" Wagner. This inspiring piece contains as the ever-recurring "Cry of the Valkeries," and given as only an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stock can give. The selection was masterfully and closed the finest concert given in Oak Park.

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To all the pupils who can do so, attend the next concert and show the Oak Park High School that it appreciates good music.

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An unusual strong faculty.

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Our next regular term opens September 15th. Summer session from June 28th to August 4th. Write for catalog and announcements.

American College of Physical Education

Department 42

Grand Boulevard and 42nd Street.

Chicago, Illinois

in at the last moment.

Containing "The Judgement of Manito"
a tragedy by Ernest Hemingway

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Both Musically and Financially
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Troppo, with its graceful, rhythmic
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pastoral movement and the sym-
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the Oak Park High School
appreciate good music.



FREDERICK STOCK, Conductor

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Oak Park and River Forest High School

Monday Evening, March 20th

*Tickets on sale at Oak's Drug Store
and the High School*

in at the last moment.

Containing "The Judgment of Manitowish"
a tragedy by Ernest Hemingway

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Feb 18th. 1916 Ernest 16 yrs 7 mo old.
The way he looks whenever his Father
speaks to him

The way he looks whenever his mother
speaks to him.

CON

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta

MILDRED BANKES
JOSEPHINE TAYLOR
MURIEL WEST
EVELYN OLSON
KATHRYN TENNEY
IRMA THOMPSON
MABEL JACKSON
FRANCES LANGWORTHY
WILLIAM MORGENSTERN

DOROTHY EICH
JANET LEWIS
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JAMES RALEIGH
HERMAN HATTIS
LEONARD NELSON
HAROLD SAMPSON
HARRY MENDSEN
HARRY REDFEARN

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LUTRELLE WILSON
JEAN PLUMMER
ELEANOR ATKINS
MARGARET SCARRITT
IRENE KNIGHT
HELEN COX

FRANK CANTWELL
PHILIP WESTCOTT
HENRY PRINGLE
TOLMAN CONDRON
WILLIAM GARDNER
ELMER PEIL
GEORGE COOPER

TICKET TAKERS

DOUGLAS BEST
VERNE DARNELL

JOSEPH TOWNSEND
LEON ROBERTS

SCENES

ACT I

Scene 1. Athens. Before the palace of Theseus.
Scene 2. Athens. Quince's house.

ACT II

Scene 1. A wood near Athens.
Scene 2. The same.

ACT III

A wood near Athens.

ACT IV

Before the palace of Theseus.

*Ernest played Cello in orchestra
all three his Freshman Sophomore
and Junior years in High School*

OAK PARK

Junior Class
Report of

Township

ERNEST HEMINGWAY.

I. ATTENDANCE

Absent 0 days out of

Tardy 0 times.

Excused early 0 times.
N. B.—Every absence must be
the parent.

II. DEPORTMENT

If deportment has been satisf

III. SCHOLARSHIP

Two formal records are given
means "Deficient."

Work marked "A" is sufficient
if continued, but does not necessarily
70% to 100%. Note carefully the "R"

If work is marked "D" this in
and permanent improvement if the p

If work is marked "Withheld"
is withheld for a certain fixed period
within that time the grade will be "

SUBJECT	Record
English III	A
Latin III	A
Anc. History	A
Chemistry	A

This report was copied from our r

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Report of
Ernest Hemingway,

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TO PARENTS:

This report is sent by mail to you each month. Please give it your careful consideration.

Regular attendance and punctuality are of vital importance. Please give us your help in securing these.

Home study every day is necessary for every pupil; a neglect of this will result disastrously. Never less than one hour and in many cases two hours of study at home are necessary.

You are requested **Not to Ask** that pupils be excused from school early **Except for Illness**. It **Always** interferes with school work.

The school is open to visitors and you will be welcome here and will find a visit interesting.

Conference with the principal at his office is invited. Conference with teachers may be arranged by telephone through the office. Telephone 518

Very respectfully yours,

M. R. McDANIEL,

Principal.

4/2/41 41

Program

1. The Star-Spangled Banner
2. The Star-Spangled Banner
3. The Star-Spangled Banner
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*Miss [Name]
[Address]
Chicago, Illinois*

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Very respectfully yours,

M. E. McDaniel,

Principal

Norwegian Lectures
and recitals given at
High School.
Highly Ludicrous
Program

- 1. a Norwegian Slumber Song Gilder
- b Peasants' Dance (from Norwegian suite) Schytte
- c Rhapsodie (from Norwegian suite) Schytte

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTER

- 2. Light Sinding
- Magic Power Kjerulf
- Norwegian Echo Song Thrane

MISS LLORA WITHERS

- 3. Lecture MR. A. B. WILSE

- 4. A Dream Grieg
- Solveig's Song Grieg
- Eros Grieg

MISS LLORA WITHERS



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To all tend th the Oak sympho

Feb. 26, 1916.
3246 Prospect
Kansas City
Missouri

Dear Emily:
I received your letter the other day. If, (as I hope) you honor me by writing more letters please use English as that dog-goned Latin is beyond me. Anyway I am rusty and don't have to use it until September. Here you

Norwegian Lectures
and Recitals given at
High School.
Nightly Ludicrous
Program

- a Norwegian Slumber Song Gilder
b Peasants' Dance (from Norwegian suite) Schytte
c Rhapsodie (from Norwegian suite) Schytte
- HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTER

- Light Sinding
Magic Power Kjerulds
Norwegian Echo Song Thrane
- MISS LLORA WITHERS

- Lecture MR. A. B. WILSE

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- MISS LLORA WITHERS



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TO MAENTE

This concert is not by any means a casual consideration. Regular attendance and your aid as your help in securing of those study every day is to will result disastrously. Some hours of study at home are necessary. You are requested to be ready. Except for Illinois. It is The school is open to visit and a visit interesting. Conference with the private teachers may be arranged by

Very

Don't have to take latin for three years but can take any language for just so that you get in 3 years of language when you take the language course. I may take up spanish. It is supposed to be easy.

So you are lowering the standards of the school by writing for the Trapeze. Did Friend Platt persuade you? Please send me a couple of Trapezes if you can't find an easier way to get rid of them.

I expect to have a good time during the next 15 or 20 weeks. Just my grand loaf. Jeff will keep me company.

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Please give my regards
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Norwegian Lectures
and recitals at
High School.
Highly Ludicrous
Program

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 - b Peasants' Dance (from Norwegian suite) Schytte
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All the Fall of 1915 Erucil
played Foot ball on the light
weight team. He was obliged to
diet down to 135 lbs some times
hardly eating one square meal a day

Dec¹⁵ Jan + Feb of 1916
After Foot ball season He had a
spell of Boxing enthusiasm, using
the music room for a ring.
Erucil boxed with Sylvester Northing
Phil White, Hale Pinchup, "Cory" Muir
Nelson Jenkins, "Sam", Louis Claxton
Vincent French and Jo Townsend
But as the boxing began to degenerate
into fighting - "The House" objected
and the "Music Slidi" was victorious
to its pristine fury after mopping
up the blood.

April + May 1916
Canoeing came into vogue.
The "Storm Class" Canoe and the
Desflames River furnishing
the modus operandi

PROBLEMS OF BOYHOOD
DISCUSSED AT HANNA CLUB

Rev. Gray and Mr. Towle Fill the Bill
As Leaders in the Discussion—
Judge Baldwin This Week

By Ernest Hemingway

Rev. A. B. Gray, pastor of the Central Park church, spoke at the Hanna club, in place of Mr. L. C. Towle. Mr. Gray was introduced by Mr. Towle as one of the "big guns" of Chicago, as a speaker, and he certainly had the range and the angle of fire.

Rev. Gray is a former athlete, and he talked to the fellows from a young man's standpoint. He spoke at the first of the ambitions of boyhood, how we all at an early age want to be a fireman, a groceryman, or a conductor. To illustrate this point he read a poem by Riley, about a little boy that wanted to be a grocery man. He spoke of his own "joys" working his way through college, and then came to his big point, that the soul of no one man touches the soul of any other man. Mr. Gray said that initiative, not genius, is what is important in life, and that persistence is what makes men great. He backed these statements up with many convincing proofs, and his talk was appreciated and enjoyed by every fellow in the room. In fact, it was so great a speech that there was no discussion afterwards. Rev. Gray closed his speech with Kipling's inspiring poem, "If."

The usual good supper and good jokes preceded the speech. The meeting on this Friday is to be addressed by Judge Jesse A. Baldwin, one of the finest speakers in Chicago. Every fellow that misses a meeting loses just as much from his life, so let's get out—etc. Fill in the blank with the conclusion of one of Erucil's appeals for attendance. Tickets from Shappell, Wilcoxon, Goodwillie, Elton and others.

The day

II

You may want fish all the summer,
You may take the young Boies,
You may catch the challenge or Sullen Pike,
But the time that

When you've put away your rods,
The time that you'll remember is The Day.

III

When you started before daybreak,
With a wing from the water,
When you saw streaks of the new boat past the Regals,
When the air trembled behind you,
Then a splash! The boat behind you,
The head struck it, and the boat behind you,
Will me brother.

Was not that the day?

IV

When the time of the departed
The fly with a brand new level streamer
Wading's about opening the big flow,
And when all hooked a big one, and so a larger
And your angler's a mighty one,
And there was not a minute among you.

All me brother
Was not that the day?

V

When the day was slipped to River,
And the fishes out frozen Font
And were living in the city, trying to catch three again
And were getting kind of pretty
And the old looks pretty good.

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Hemingway Copyright Owners

And you wish that you were
I will remember, I will remember
I will remember if I see you
Ernest Hemingway

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CHICAGO
SUNDAY EVENING
CLUB CHOIR

O. GORDON ERICKSON
CONDUCTOR



ORCHESTRA HALL
TUESDAY, MARCH 7th, 1916

Chicago Sunday Evening Club Choir

SOLOISTS

MABEL SHARP HERDIEN	Soprano
ROSE LUTIGER GANNON	Contralto
JOHN B. MILLER	Tenor
GUSTAF HOLMQUIST	Bass
KATHERINE HOWARD WARD	Organist
EDGAR A. NELSON	Organist
O. GORDON ERICKSON	Conductor

SOPRANOS

Achson, Miss Anna
 Ayotte, Miss Marie
 Benzinger, Miss M.
 Berg, Miss Cecelia
 Brown, Miss Hilda
 Buck, Mrs. Harriet
 Casius, Miss B.
 Dale, Miss Barbara
 Dohson, Miss O.
 Hantua, Mrs. A. W.
 Hulbert, Miss Maud
 Krumm, Miss Anna
 Lewis, Miss Norma
 Lindley, Miss F. Caro
 Little, Miss Irene
 McCullough, Mrs. C. F.
 McNally, Miss Lela
 Nell, Miss Dorothy
 Hanson, Miss Hazel
 Reinhardt, Miss Dorothy
 Schoff, Miss Lucy
 Sherrif, Mrs. E. E.
 Sharp, Miss Ruth
 Shera, Miss Ida
 Smith, Mrs. Ada
 Snider, Miss Blanche
 Springer, Mrs. Florence
 Starr, Miss Pauline
 Wall, Mrs. Florence
 Wentworth, Mrs. Geo. E.
 Westfall, Miss Helen
 Yeston, Mrs. F. D.

Barnard, Miss N.
 Clayton, Miss Mabel
 Closs, Miss Marie
 Dahl, Miss A.
 Edwards, Miss Ruth
 Fairweather, Mrs. Olive
 Jackson, Miss
 Johnson, Miss Anna
 Lander, Miss Margaret
 Montgomery, Mrs. J. E.
 Mosser, Mrs.
 Overholt, Miss Doty
 Natascha, Miss Lily
 Samson, Miss Josephine
 Schell, Mrs. Josephine
 Sevin, Mrs. Gertrude
 Stewart, Mrs. Anna
 Tison, Miss Edna
 Ulrich, Miss Gertrude
 Weisman, Miss Mildred
 White, Miss Mary
 Wilson, Miss Jessie

Russell, Mr. J. A.
 Stewart, Mr. Hugh A.
 Sullivan, Mr. Eugene
 Towne, Mr. W. W.
 Webb, Mr. F. A.
 Ward, Mr. Walter
 Zimmerman, Mr. F. L.

BASSES

Biers, Mr. J. K.
 Calk, Mr. A. L.
 Crow, Mr. Ben C.
 Darby, Mr. E.
 Garner, Mr. W. B.
 Hanner, Mr. John
 Johnson, Mr. J. H.
 Johnson, Mr. Lathay
 Larsen, Mr. Axel
 Larsen, Mr. Victor
 Mercer, Mr. Guy R.
 Merritt, Mr. David R.
 Minness, Mr. John
 Ross, Mr. Norman
 Smith, Mr. C. M.
 Smith, Mr. D. W.
 Schneider, Mr.
 Schneider, Mr.
 Snapp, Mr. M. P.
 Stevers, Mr. Lynden
 Strube, Mr. H. L.
 Strube, Mr. E. D.
 Thompson, Mr. Glen
 Wareham, Mr.
 Wentworth, Mr. Geo. E.
 White, Mr. H. K.
 Young, Mr. Warren
 LeFevre, Mr. Geo.
 Librarian

TENORS

Ald, Mr. Walter F.
 Awstunb, Mr. B.
 Barnard, Mr. Ernest
 Bates, Mr. L. E.
 Burke, Mr. William
 Chambers, Mr. Walter
 Dorner, Mr.
 Dow, Mr. A. M.
 Fisher, Mr. George
 Johnstone, Mr. Clifford
 LeFevre, Mr. George
 Olson, Mr. L. O.
 Parkhurst, Mr. H. M.
 Poesby, Mr. Maurice

ALTOS

Ady, Miss Clara
 Barbier, Mrs. Laurel

Chicago Sunday Evening Club Choir

O. GORDON ERICKSON, Conductor

Soloist, MR. BURTON THATCHER, Baritone

Program

Requiem, SGAMBATI

For Chorus of Mixed Voices,
 Baritone Solo and Orchestra

INTERMISSION

Angelus, ELGAR

Fierce was the Wild Billow NOBLE
 Eight Part Choruses, A Cappella

Sorrow (Finnish), PALMGREN

Volga Boat Song (Russian), RUBETZ

In the Fields (Russian), RUBETZ
 Four Part Choruses, A Cappella

The Mad Fire Rider, WOLF
 Eight Part Chorus with Orchestra

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 NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTEEN

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KIMBALL HALL

"Requiem."

Spombati

Introdu

Requiem aeternam, dona eis Domine,
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.
Te decet Kyrieus, Deus in Sim.
Et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusa-
lem.
Exaudi orationem meam, ad te
omnis caro venit.
Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison.

Iuste iudex ultionis,
Insonum fac remissionem,
Ante diem rationis.
Ingemisco, languam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce Deus.
Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem excaecasti,
Mihl quoque spem dedisti.

Dies Irae

Dies ira, dies illa,
Solvat saecula in favilla,
Teneo David cum Sisypha,
Quantas tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.
Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Cogit osses ante thronum,
Mors stupebit, et natura,
Cum resurget areolara,
Iudicanti responsura.

Proces non ego sunt dignus:
Sed in homis fac benigno,
No personi cremer igit.
Inter oves locum praesta
Et ab hodie me sequastra.
Statuens in parte dextra.

Libet scriptis proferatur,
In quo locum continetur,
Unde mundus iudicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid iudex apparebit,
Nihil loquatur remanebit.

Quid cum miser tunc dicturus?
Quam patremum rogaturus?
Cum vix iustus sit securus?

Rex tremendae maiestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod non exauis tuae vocis,
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quoniam me, sedisti lassus:
Redemisti ergorem passus:
Tactus labor, non sit casus.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammae scribis addictis:
Voca me cum benedictis.

Ora supplex, et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis:
Clere curam mei finis.

Lacrimosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla,
Judicandus homo reus,
Hic ergo parens Deus,

Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.
Amen.

Obitery

Dominus Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae,
libera animas omnium fidelium de-
functorum
de penis inferni, et de profundo
lacu.
libera eos de ora leonia,
Ne abscondat eos tartarus,
Ne cadant in obscuro.
Sed signifier sanctus Michael,
reponant eos in lucem sanctam.
Quam olim Abraham promissit,
si semini ejus.
Hostias et preces tibi, Domine,
laudis offerimus:

ALBERT E. RUFF

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WILLIAM CLARE HALL

Tenor

PUPILS ACCEPTED

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CHICAGO

"Fierce was the Wild Willow."

Noble

Fierce was the wild willow,
Dark was the night,
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glistened white,
Tumbled the mariners,
Ferd was aghast,
Then saith the God of God,
"Peace! It is I!"

Sorrow can never be,
(Darkness must fly,
When saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I!"

Jesus, deliverer,
Come Thou to me,
Sooths Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of Death
Rears, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I!"

Ridge of the mountain ways,
Lower thy crest,
Wall of Hierosolym,
Be thou at rest.

"Sorrow."

Falanga

Come, night-breeze, that cools my brow,
Soothingly brush off the swift flowing tears from my cheeks.
Sing to me! Balm for sorrow and grief I seek.
Flow dreamily, sipping water!
Rock to sleep, rock in slumber my dying joys.

"Volga Boat Song."*

Babets

Ye heave ho! Ye heave ho!
Pull once more, lad, pull once more!

See the birches growing there,
Curly birches drawing near!
Heigh da, da! heigh da,
Curly birches drawing near.

"In the Fields."†

Babets

Lo, the marsh, lo, the field,
Lo, the green of the meadows and the field,
Growing there is the grain like a carpet of silk;
Blooming there are the flowers full of joy.
All this grain, I will take it as food for my horse,
Horse of mine, I will feed you and groom you so fine.
Horse of mine, to my father at home you shall go.

*This popular song of the Volga basin is little more than a musical expression of the straining and hard breathing of men towing a boat. These men are making every effort to catch and pass a stern of such trees which they see ahead of them.

†A young peasant of the steppes has been raising a calf during the summer, and is now ready to take it home and present it to his father. His song expresses joy in the richness of nature and satisfaction over the successful condition of his herd.

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Auditorium Building

"The Mad Fire-Rider."

Wolf

See, there at his window-pane, there!
The scarlet cap a-glancing?
See him there, Surry fire is lurking:
See the crazy captain dancing!
There!
Now the folk are all out-turning!
By the bridge, confusion dire!
Hark! the bells are clanging Fire!
Call the folk, for the mill is burning!
See! Red cap is raging by!
Frantic flies the fire mad rider,
On his mare be-ribs'd and dry,
As he rode a fire man's ladder!
Straight away thro' smoke and heat
He gallops madly to the spot!
Bells are clanging "Larger not!"
Off the red flame, scented far,
He from out his lair has coasted,
With the sign of holy cross
Rash the fiery demons flouted!
Woe! in rage the Arch-devil gnashes
Now from roof's resplendent hell!
God have mercy on thy soul!
Spar and lash, rider rash, thro' the doorway crashed!
Fearful by the moments by—
Wall and roof tree burst assunder!
Fatal roof for rider hold!
Never shall he ride from under!
Folk and wagons torn in turmoil
Homeward from the awful hap—
Still the fire-bells clang and clasp;
Call the folk, Fire!
After-whiles the miller found
What was once a steed and rider;
Upright by the cellar wall,
Still red-cap'd he sits astride her!
Fiery rider, now thou ridest
Only now within thy tomb?
Hush! They fall to ashes all!
Rest thee well, rest thee long
Where in peace thou idest.

FRANK T. BAIRD

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Circle
Chemistry
Class
May
1916



"Bub" Goodville
and "Ossie"
Mr. Osborne

May 1916



"Pickie" + "Beulah"
George Medill
and
Council Hunsinger

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MARTHA

AN OPERA IN
THREE ACTS

Presented by the
Musical Clubs

OF THE
Oak Park and River Forest High School

April 28, 1916.

19th Feb 1916

the most graceful daintly and charming girl on the High School stage. She is adorable and we are going to see her.

Dear Mrs. [unclear]
Kindly fill out enclosed blank and return it to me at 12 20 [unclear] Plant [unclear]
[unclear]
[unclear]

May 5th. 1916



Elizabeth 13 mos. Carol in Indian Costume 4 yrs 7 mos.



Walks out doors for the first time.

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M.S.

Argument

The scene of the opera is laid in the town of Richmond, in Yorkshire, England. Lady Harriet, maid-of-honor to Queen Anne, tires of court pleasures and endeavors to carry out a project of diversion. Disguised as menials, she, her friend Nancy, her servants and her cousin, Sir Tristram, go to the servants' fair at Richmond. They sell themselves to two wealthy farmers, Plunkett and Lionel, and having received legal money they can not rescind the contract because of the Queen's law. Sir Tristram, in disgust because of their acts, leaves them and they journey to Plunkett's farm, where an attempt is made to put them to work, but such an attempt was futile. Lionel, a foster brother to Plunkett, who had been left when just a babe on Plunkett's doorstep with but a ring to identify him, this ring to be shown to the Queen in case of need, falls in love with Lady Harriet, who has assumed the name Martha. That night Sir Tristram aids their escape. The next day Nancy is seen in the train of the Queen by Plunkett, he is told of the station of Lady Harriet and Nancy. Again Lionel endeavors to gain Harriet's love, but cannot marry her because of difference in station. He goes insane. His ring is shown to Harriet and he is identified as the son of Earl Derby, banished for a crime he was not guilty of. A hunting scene is enacted and Lionel's, now the Earl of Derby, reason returns. He marries Harriet. Plunkett and Nancy are also united.

Names of Chorus

HUNTRESSES

Lenore Hurst
Margaret Butler
Kathryn Tenney
Francis Coates
Janet Cuthbertson
Marion Simpson
Margaret Scarritt
Mildred Gould

Katharin Miller
Marguerite Trier
Neva Hales
Frances Langworthy
Grace Dabbert
Naomi McKee
Frances Collins

SERVANT GIRLS

Evelyn Gekler
Marion Kraft
Dorothy Overton
Katherine Butler
Katherine Miller
Katherine Tenney
Marry Gallagher
Naomi McKee
Ruth McCarrall

Mildred Barton
Madeleine Hancock
Marguerite Trier
Florence Caldwell
Wilhelmina Wagner
Eleanor Atkins
Jean Pollard
Frances Coates
Francis Collins

FARMERS' WIVES

Dorothy Henry
Elizabeth McDonald
Helen Johnson
Marion Woodward
Elizabeth Waller
Betty Brydon
Dorothy Davies
Neva Hales
Margaret Butler
Pearl Harding
Alice Stanley
Ruth Conifer
Alice Carlson
Mildred Gage
Mildred Watters

Susan Leary
Louise Apt
Dorothy Porter
Francis Langworthy
Winifred Barton
Marie Kelley
Ruth Morrison
Elizabeth Hg
Lucille Dick
Kathryn Longwell
Margaret McClelland
Margaret Scarritt
Janet Cuthbertson
Lenore Hurst

The most graceful, dainty and charming girl on the High School stage. She is adorable and we all going cruise with her.

Dear Gus,
Kindly fill out enclosed blank
and return it to me at 12 20 Garland
Flint Mich
-Gus Walker

[Handwritten signature]

May 5



*Elizabeth 17
Costume*



*Walks with
the first...*

FARMERS

Rudolph Bramberg	Walter Blount
Fayette McAllister	Everett Martin
Chester Iverson	Sidney Townsend
Lawton Tabor	William Parker
Raymond George	Fred Ross
Edward Caldwell	Edward Wilcox
Sampson Rogers	Raymond Timme
Harry Mendsen	Stanley Kraft
Walter Tenney	Richard Burke
William Cary	

HUNTERS

Raymond George	Kenith Watkins
Everett Martin	Fayette McAllister
Rudolph Bramberg	William Parker
Stanley Kraft	Richard Burke
Lawton Tabor	Fred Ross
Sidney Townsend	Walter Blount
Raymond Timme	Walter Tenney
Verne Darnall	Edward Wilcox
Chester Iverson	Sampson Rogers
Harry Mendsen	

Miss Helen Harris.....Accompanist

Dramatis Personae

Lady Harriet Durham, maid of honor to Queen Anne.....
Dorothy Wilcoxon, Soprano

Nancy, Her Waiting Maid.....Rhoda Arnold, Mezzo-Soprano

Sir Tristram Mickleford, Lady Harriet's Cousin....Alfred Hotton, Bass

Plunkett, a wealthy young farmer.....Hale Printup, Bass

Lionel, his adopted brother, afterwards Earl of Derby.....
Herrick Goodwillie, Tenor

Sheriff of Richmond.....Gordon Shorney, Bass

First Servant.....Margarete Trier

Second Servant.....Katharine Tenney

Third ServantFrancis Coates →

A Farmer's Wife.....Janet Cuthbertson

A Farmer.....Sidney Townsend

O. Gordon Erickson, Musical Director
 Marguarite H. Dixon, Staging
 Marjorie H. Hull, Dancing

The most graceful, dainty and charming girl on the High School stage. She is adorable and we are going away with her.

*Dear Gus,
 Kindly fill out enclosed blank and return it to me at 12 20 Garland
 Flint Mich*

Gus Walker

May 5th



*December 1900
 Costume*



Walker with the first...

Overture

Act 1

Chorus—Maidens, Bright and Fair
 Duet—Lost, Proscribed, a Friendless Pilgrim
 Chorus—Hark, Hark the Bell!
 Quartet—Nancy, See Them Eye Us Keenly

Act 11

Quartet—This Is Your Future Dwelling
 Quartet—Surprised I Am and Astounded
 Spinning Wheel Quartet—What a Charming Occupation
 Duet—To His Eye, Mine Kindly Meeting
 Romance—'Tis the Last Rose of Summer
 Duet—She's Laughing at My Sorrow
 Quartet—Cruel One, May Dreams Transport Thee
 Trio—Fly in Haste We, Softly Treading

Act 111

Song of the Porter—I Want to Ask You
 Women's Chorus—Ladies We With Hunters' Glee
 Aria—Why My Soul?
 Chorus—There's a Pretty Hunting Train
 Aria—Like a Dream, Bright and Fair
 Romance—Here in Deepest Forests
 Duet—The Spring Has Returned
 Finale—Heaven May Forgive You Kindly

Names of Orchestra

Edward Wilson	FIRST VIOLINS	Edwin Peterson
Louise Sauter	Sybel Mander	Andrew Henkel
Gertrude Dolan	Joseph Muir	Gilbert Voelzke
Gertrude Early	Gertrude Simmons	
	SECOND VIOLINS	
Joseph Crissey	Florence Winder	Thomas Niles
George Pruesal	Elizabeth Kellar	Paul Harmemgne
Daniel Storrs	Marion McKee	Gladys Allison
	OBOE	
	Edward Scarritt	
	VIOLAS	
William Johnstone		Marceline Hemingway
	CELLOS	
Francis Lewis		Ernest Hemingway
	BASSES	
Irma Thompson	Evelyn Ragnesky	Edith Phillips
	FLUTES	
Phillip Wescott		Albert Walker
	TROMBONES	
Henry Pringle		Sanford Parker
	CLARINETS	
Edward Miliken		Luarence Foster
Susan Lowrey		Mildred Mills
	PERCUSSION	
	Clark Goode	
	FRENCH HORNS	
Eugene Werner		Avery Balch
	TRUMPETS	
Nelson Brabrook	Raymond Thompson	William Burbank
	PIANO	
	Olive Barr	
Publicity	Arthur Jones	
Scenery	John Hanney	
Costumes	Verne Darnall	
Stage Manager	Glenn Hecox	
Assistant Stage Manager	Howard Hotten	
Electrician	Mr. Graham	
Carpenters	Willard Johnson	
	John Hill	
	Leonidas Shappell	
Photographer	Charles Hudson	

the most graceful, dainty and charming girl on the High School stage. She is adorable and we are going en masse with her.

May 5-12



Coastal 13. Costume



Walks with the first...

*Dear Mrs. ...
 Kindly fill out enclosed blank
 and return it to me at 12 20 Galena
 41st St
 G. A. Walker*

G. A. Walker

"Dunk"
at dinner



girl named Frances

May 20 1916

Ernest was on the committee for the "Junior Prom."

Ernest and Marcelline went together altho Marcelline had other invitations



JUNIOR - SENIOR
PROM
MAY-19-1916

May 20 1916

A Sonnet To "Cain bones"

He decated to the obon
by his loving devoted Mash in
all hatred and Malice a'
Jone chat! A hem!
(For His Baby Book) The cute little thing!
A little child, so sweet and mild,
lives in our school of Oak Park High.
He works in chem but all his mem
won't do no good at Exam time!
Well flunk! And what mel Frances
thinks his idol, with eyes of blue!
If "non bones" were here, she'd say
"Spit in her shoe."
But that is not nice, I don't think so,
do you?
But Countones - He says awful things
everyday
He wonders if F Coates is looking his way
The straightening his tee, and heaves a great sigh
But oh how he pumps when Robert F C
comes by!
Ha! Ha! Tee! Nee!
Nobody likes Ernest, that is straight stuff
And when he writes Phomes - we all cry 'Enous!

Erney Eating lunch



Puzzle

What kind of an expression is this?

Erney studying



Hemingway Foundation

Dancing Chart
of the
JUNIOR PROM
Given by the Class of '17 in honor of
the Class of '16
May 21, 1916, at 7:30 o'clock

Oak Park and River Forest Township
High School

May 20th / 1916

A Sonnet
To "E"
He does
by his loving deeds
all hat
I love that! A
(For His Baby
A little child, so sweet and
lives in our school
He works in chem but
won't do no good at
He'll flunk! And
do?
Traces his idol, with
If "non tones" were
But that is not
do
But Countones - He says
everyday
He wonders if I Coates
He straightens his tie,
But oh how he
Come
Nobody likes Ernest, that
And when he writes ph

Everyday lunch



Puzzle

What kind of an expression is this?

Ernest Study

knitted brow
cleared teeth



Hemingway Foundation

Gang Plank lowered—Seven Bells

Reception—Salon

Grand March—8:15

Dancing—Third Watch

—Collation—

Three Bells

The Last Night of the Cruise

A Chip from the Log Gordon Shorey

Ship Ahoy Herrick Goodville

What I See from the Bridge Mr. McDaniel

DIVERSION

Vaudeville—8:30, 9:30, 10:45 Music Room

Breakfast for Two
Honey Boy Minstrel
Review of 1916
Car Men
Scene Scenery
Musical Nothings

Punch and Judy—9:00, 10:30, 11:00

—Continues—

Fish Pond S. E. by East
Archery N. E. by East
Picture Gallery N. W. by West
Fortunes S. W. by West
Museum S. by West

May 25-1961

A Sonnet

To "Ernest"

He d

by his loving desire
all hat

Just chat! A
(For His Baby)

A little child, so sweet a
dires in our school

He works in chem but

won't do no good at

He'll flunk! And

do?

Traces his idol, with

If "non bones" were

But that is not

do

But Cowbones - He says

everyday

He wonders if 7 Coates

He straightens his tie,

But oh how he

Comes

Nobody likes Ernest, that

And when he writes ph

Ernest eating lunch



Puzzle

What kind of an expression is this?

Ernest studying



knitted brow
cleared teeth

Hemingway Foundation

Balling Master	Mr. Ralph Scott	
First Cabin Passengers		
Mr. and Mrs. J. Kibben Ingalls		
Mr. and Mrs. M. R. McDaniel		
Mr. and Mrs. Bobbitt	Mr. and Mrs. Burnstead	
Mr. and Mrs. George Shorney		
Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Goodwillie		
Admiral	Golden Shorney	
First Officer	Robert Cole	
Keeper of the Log	Elizabeth Wantzer	
Purser	Lyman Worthington	
Ensign	Helen Shephard	
Decorating—Captains of Industry		
Harry King	Miss Payne	Mr. O'Brien
Martha Whitlock	Miss Livingston	
Mr. Graham	Edith Ebersold	Miss Chamberlain
Mr. Summers	Elizabeth Wantzer	
Miss Frotting	Mr. Watson	
Dinner		
Leroy Husham	Vaudeville	Mr. Evans
Susan Lowrey	Punch and Judy	Miss Bell
Arthur Thaxton	Fishpond	Miss Blackburn
Ernest Hemingway	Archery	Miss Ott
Arthur Jones	Picture Gallery	Miss Cannon
		Miss Welch
Dale Burnstead	Museum	Miss Lacy
Caroline Bagley	Music	Miss Kestner
Ruth Allison	Speakers	Miss Wilson
Robert Cole	Programs	Miss Biggs
Lyman Worthington	Finances	Mr. Sexton

May 20th 1961

A Sonnet
To "Ernest"
He de
by his loving dev
all hat

gone that! A
(For His Baby
A little child, so sweet as
lives in our school of
He works in chem but
won't do no good at
Hell flunk! And
Frances his idol, with
If "non tones" were he
But that is not nice
do
But Countones. He says
He wonders if I Coates
The straightening his tie,
But oh how he
comes
Nobody likes Ernest, that
And when he writes ph

May 1916

Ernest dear
Please come here
Emily's voice from far & near
Can't you hear her calling dear!
I'll kiss you again with joy
Come to La Crosse, my precious joy!
I've got lots of ~~things~~ but I want a new
toy!
Ernie come!

Parents' advice

Mother Ernie loves a Jane
Jane, she loves another
Ernie sits and cries all day
Runs crying to his mother
She don't love me no more
(Weeps)
Never mind dear (mother
screets)
Mother loves her precious
Dad's child ^{very} dear
Frances knows not a good
thing
When she sees it on the
wing
Love your parents earn
Some coin
When all the girls will
love
Sweet Oin!

Dedication
of
Y M C A Hotel
CHICAGO



May Eighteenth to Twenty-first
Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen

attended with Grandfather C. T. H.
Sunday May 21st 1916 after hearing
Dr. C. S. ... in the morning.

En
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parents' adv



Y. M. C. A. Hotel—322 South Wabash Avenue

Architect, Robert Carl Berlin
Consulting Architect, James Gamble Rogers
General Contractors, Langquist and Hildey

When all the girls were
gone
Sweet Oin!

attended with Grandfather A. T. H.
Sunday May 21st 1916 after hearing
Dr. C. S. ... in the morning.

PURPOSE OF THE BUILDING

THE Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago will serve in this hotel the self-respecting young man at the threshold of his city life; men of moderate means passing through the city, and those temporarily out of work. Its design is to protect men from the dangerous environment which is frequently found in cheap hotels and lodging houses in and near the loop district; to assist men in securing employment and later to locate them in regular Association dormitories, or carefully chosen homes.

This hotel is not intended as a permanent home, but rather as a temporary residence, where, without membership fee, men may be comfortably and economically housed in a wholesome environment until such time as they may find employment or are ready to locate permanently.

Through this agency the Association hopes to bring many of these men into contact with the constructive agencies of the city. Thousands of young men, as transient or permanent factors in the city, will thus be brought into surroundings where every possible incentive is provided for clean living and better citizenship.

In this hotel there is brought under one administration a great plan of service which is designed to meet many needs of the average young man who is new and transient in the city. Operating expense has been reduced to a minimum, with the result that a small sleeping room, clean, comfortable and safe, may be secured for 30, 40 or 50 cents a day. These rooms are simply but substantially furnished.

Centrally located on each of the sixteen floors is a large lavatory where, in addition to the usual facilities, there is a liberal supply of clean towels and two shower baths, all for use of guests without extra charge. On account of achieving necessary economies in care, rooms will not be available to guests between the hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

The restaurant service is of two kinds: Cafeteria dining room, the character of which will be found exceptionally agreeable, seating 360 and located on the ground floor to the left of the elevators; the lunchroom, where service is entirely at counters, at the left of the hotel entrance.

Among other service features in the hotel are the check room, barber shop and shoe shining stand, laundry, writing room and telephone service, Employment and Vocational Bureau, Information and News stand.

Music, entertainments and lectures of interest to young men will be given each evening in the rear lobby, where 500 men may be comfortably seated. In some of these events the stereopticon and moving picture machine will be used. Numerous checker and chess tables, billiard tables will provide desirable social recreation.

Special attention is given to a plan of securing for guests opportunities to confer with the leading business and professional men of the city who volunteer this service in an effort to give helpful guidance and advice to young men.

On Sunday guides will be provided to direct men to churches of their choice, and everything possible will be done in this connection to meet the religious needs of men.

The principal factor in making this great hotel service possible is the plan whereby guests take care of themselves. No bellboys are provided. Each man carries his own bag and finds his way by use of guide books and other directions.

4

DONORS' NIGHT

Thursday Evening, May 18
8 to 11 o'clock

Inspection by Donors to Hotel Fund
and
Trustees and Managers of
The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago
and Their Invited Guests

Donors to the Fund

J. Ogden Armour	Samuel Insull
Mrs. T. B. Blackstone	Arthur B. Jones
Edward B. Butler	Victor F. Lawson
Mrs. Charles A. Chapin	Cyrus H. McCormick
Charles R. Crane	Mrs. C. H. McCormick
Richard T. Crane, Jr.	La Verne Noyes
Joseph H. Defrees	James A. Patten
B. A. Eckhart	Mrs. George M. Pullman
John V. Farwell	Benjamin A. Rosenthal
Joseph N. Field	Julius Rosenwald
Robert H. Fleming	John G. Shedd
A Friend	Mrs. G. F. Swift and Family
N. W. Harris	William Wrigley, Jr.

5

When all the girls were
gone
Sweet Din!

attended with Grandfather C. T. H.
Sunday May 21st 1916 after having
the breakfast in the morning.

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parents' adv

WOMEN'S DAY

Friday Afternoon, May 19, 3 to 6 o'clock
Inspection of the Hotel by Guests
of the Women's Committee

MEMBERS OF WOMEN'S COMMITTEE

MRS. E. CRANE WILSON, Chairman

- | | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| Mrs. Cyrus Hall Adams, Jr. | Mrs. Burton Hanson | Mrs. L. Willour Mosser |
| Mrs. J. Ogden Armour | Mrs. William R. Harper | Mrs. Edwin S. Mills |
| | Mrs. Albert W. Harris | |
| Mrs. J. W. Badensch | Mrs. N. W. Harris | Mrs. Edgar H. Nichols |
| Mrs. Edward P. Bailey | Mrs. B. S. Herbert | Mrs. Joseph R. Noel |
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| Mrs. Kenneth Barnhart | Mrs. Henry H. Hilton | Mrs. Francis W. Parker |
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| Mrs. Hermon B. Butler | Mrs. Henry M. Hubbard | |
| | Mrs. Charles Cheney Hyde | Mrs. Walter A. Rogers |
| Mrs. M. J. Carpenter | Mrs. W. F. Hypes | Mrs. Julius Rosenwald |
| Mrs. Laurence A. Carton | | |
| Mrs. Charles A. Clappin | Mrs. Samuel Inoull | Mrs. Robert L. Scott |
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| Mrs. John A. Chapman | | Mrs. Milton Shark |
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| Mrs. Harlan Ward Godsey | Mrs. Harry Pratt Judson | Mrs. Joseph D. Sinkinson |
| Mrs. Charles Counselman | Mrs. Chauncery Keop | Miss Frederika Skinner |
| Mrs. Robert F. Cummings | Mrs. E. G. Keith | Mrs. J. F. Skinner |
| | Mrs. Curtis N. Kimball | Mrs. C. H. Sodler |
| Mrs. N. S. Davis | Mrs. C. G. Kohlhaas | Mrs. G. F. Swift |
| Mrs. Joseph H. Defrees | | |
| Mrs. George W. Dixon | Mrs. John B. Lord | Miss Mary Templeton |
| Mrs. Andrew R. Dole | Mrs. Frederick A. Lorenz | Mrs. Lucius Teter |
| Miss Naomi Donnelley | | Mrs. Leverett Thompson |
| | Mrs. M. Hadden MacLean | Mrs. F. E. Thurston |
| Mrs. Marquis Eaton | Mrs. Andrew MacLeish | Mrs. Edward Tilden |
| Mrs. B. A. Eckhart | Mrs. Norman L. MacLeod | Mrs. George R. Thorne |
| | Mrs. James E. MacMurray | |
| Miss Katherine D. Farwell | Mrs. Charles A. Marsh | Mrs. Frederick T. West |
| Mrs. Benj. A. Fessenden | Mrs. James G. K. McClure | Mrs. Harry A. Wheeler |
| Mrs. Stanley Field | Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick | Mrs. A. Stamford White |
| Mrs. Charles W. Fobbs | Mrs. C. H. McCormick | Mrs. W. A. Wilschdt |
| Mrs. W. Gaston Foreman | Mrs. John A. McGill | Mrs. Milton Wilson |
| Mrs. James B. Forgan | Mrs. Donald F. McPherson | Mrs. Luke I. Wilson |
| Mrs. William Francis | Mrs. A. B. Mead | Mrs. William Wrigley, Jr. |

*When all the girls were
gone
Sweet Ain!*

5-19

Organizations' Night

Friday evening, May 19, 8 to 11 o'clock

Inspection of the Hotel

By Representatives of
Religious, Civic, Educational and Social Organizations
with Ladies

Association Night

Saturday evening, May 20, 8 to 11 o'clock

Inspection of the Hotel

By Officers, Committeemen and Members of The Young
Men's Christian Association of Chicago
with Ladies

*attended with Grandfather A. J. H.
Sunday May 21st 1916 after leaving
Dr. Encounters in the morning.*

FORMAL DEDICATION

Sunday Afternoon, May 21, 3 to 5 o'clock

JOHN V. FARWELL

President, Board of Trustees

The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago Presiding

1. Selection Men's Chorus

2. Responsive reading from the Scriptures Rev. Charles F. Wishart, D. D.

My son, forget not my law; but let thy heart keep my commandments:

For length of days, and years of life,
and peace, shall they add to thee.

Let not kindness and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck, write them upon the table of thy heart:

So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man
Trust in the Lord, with all thy heart, and lean not upon thine own understanding:

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path,

Be not wise in thine own eyes; fear the Lord, and depart from evil:

It shall be health to thy navel, and marrow to thy bones.

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase:

So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy vats shall overflow with new wine.

My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of His reproof:
For whom the Lord loveth He reproveth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding:

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies; and none of the things thou canst desire are to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand; in her left hand are riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

3. Hymn

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man!
In haunts of wretchedness and need
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.
The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.
O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,
Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.

4. Remarks—John V. Farwell, President, Board of Trustees
William F. Hynes, President of The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago
William P. Sidley, Chairman, Committee of Management Hotel Department
Ralph Wendling Cooke, Executive Secretary, Hotel Department

5. Selection Men's Chorus

6. Remarks—John G. Shedd
Julius Rosenwald
Cyrus H. McCormick

7. Selection Men's Chorus

8. Remarks—William J. Parker
L. Wilbur Messer

9. Prayer of Dedication R. Rev. Charles Edward Cheney, D. D.

10. Dedication Hymn

O Thou! whose glory shone like fire,
Within the ancient temple walls,
Grant us our hearts' sincere desire:
Thy presence in these simple halls.
O Thou! who homeless, wandered wide
Through far Judaea's favored land,
Make this a home for men, and guide
The steps of all with Thy strong hand.
O Thou! who sorrowing in the night,
Longed for the love of human friend,
Make here a spring of friendship bright
With Thy rich love that knows no end.
O Thou! whose life and words were one,
Strong, manly, holy and divine,
Here may our fellow-men be shown
How they may live a life like Thine.—George A. Warburton

parents' adv

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When all the girls will
love
Sweet Qin!

attended with Grandfather R. T. H.
Sunday May 21st 1916 after leaving
St. Louis in the morning.

Parents' adv

**Officers of The Young Men's Christian Association
of Chicago**

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 W. A. HILLSLEY HARRY J. DUNBAUGH
 RALPH WENDLING COOKE, Executive Secretary

*When all the girls were
 here
 Secret Din!*

**Departments of The Young Men's Christian Association
of Chicago**

GENERAL

Central: 39 South La Salle Street
 Chairman, Frederick T. West
 Executive Secretary, J. Goodwin Perkins

Division Street: 1021 West Division Street
 Chairman, Joseph R. Noel
 Executive Secretary, S. Wilkie Dean

Hyde Park: 1400 East 52nd Street
 Chairman, John B. Lord

Sears-Roebuck: 3210 Arthington Street
 Chairman, J. F. Skinner
 Executive Secretary, Harmon A. Stutz

Wabash Avenue: 1763 Wabash Avenue
 Chairman, Dr. George C. Hall
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Wilson Avenue: 1725 Wilson Avenue
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 Executive Secretary, W. J. Farnpharson

Hotel: 822 South Wabash Avenue
 Chairman, W. P. Sidley
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North Avenue-Larrabee Boy's Club, 1208 Larrabee Street
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Chicago & North-Western: 367 North Karlov Avenue
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 Chairman, R. E. Patton
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 Chairman, A. E. Jacoby
 Executive Secretary, J. S. Ward

*attended with Grandfather C. T. H.
 Sunday May 21st 1916 after hearing
 Dr. Encounters in the morning.*

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parents' adv

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Executive Secretary, F. H. Switz
Belmont Avenue: 100 Belmont Avenue
Chairman, Frank G. Gee
Executive Secretary, P. M. Scott
South Chicago: 9113 Commercial Avenue
Chairman, W. A. Field
Executive Secretary, W. P. Harms

STUDENT

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Chairman, G. M. Wilcox
Chicago College of Dental Surgery: Corner Wood & Harrison Streets
Chairman, Dr. T. W. Brophy
Chicago College of Osteopathy: 1422 West Monroe Street
Chicago Theological Seminary: 29 North Ashland Boulevard
Hahnemann Medical College: 2811 Cottage Grove Avenue
Chairman, Dr. F. C. Ford
McCormick Theological Seminary: 2329 North Halsted Street
Chairman, Lloyd S. Roland
Northwestern University Professional Schools: 31 West Lake Street
Chairman, F. B. Crossley
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Rush Medical College: Corner Wood and Harrison Streets
The University of Chicago: Midway Plaisance
Chairman, Dr. John M. Coulter
Executive Secretary, M. H. Hickman
University of Illinois Professional Schools: 508 South Honore Street
Executive Secretary, Carl S. Metzger
McKillop Veterinary: 1629 Wabash Avenue
Y. M. C. A. College: 5315 Drexel Avenue

When all the girls will
love
Sweet Oin!

attended with Grandfather C. T. H.
Sunday May 21st 1916 after hearing
Dr. Cuscutas in the morning.

**WORTHINGTON IN HERO ROLE
RESCUES DROWNING MAN**

The old water work pond was the scene of a near tragedy on Monday night. At about 5:30 Lyman Worthington was standing on Oak Park avenue watching a man in the water near the west end of the pond. Worthington believed the man to be working on a pipe in the water when he saw the fellow turn on his back, throw up his hands and sink into the pond. Lyman immediately dove into the pond and with the assistance of Mr. Baker, an Oak Park man, rescued the attempted suicide. Frank Priebe and Thomas Dixon were in Oaks' drug store. They rushed to the pond and helped Worthington and Baker out with the man. Worthington was highly complimented by the police and Public Service company for his bravery and prompt action.

The fellow was taken to the Oak Park police station and locked up. He gave the cause of his attempt as a fit of despondency.

Worthington said when interviewed that the only bad effect of the incident was the loss from his coat pocket of a fine lot of jokes for the Tabula.

E. H.



May 25, 16

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TABULA



Vol. XXII OAK PARK, ILLINOIS, APRIL 1916 No. 3

Containing "A Matter of Color"
by Ernest Hemingway


**WORTHINGTON IN HERO ROLE
RESCUES DROWNIN**

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Mary 25



THE TABULA

Published by the Publishing Board of the Oak Park
and River Forest Township High School.

EDITORIAL STAFF

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ASSISTANT ART EDITOR—Ethel Ellis, '17.
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*Containing "A Matter of Color"
by Ernest Hemingway*

**WORTHINGTON IN HERO ROLE
RESCUES DROWNED**

The old water work pond scene of a near tragedy on night. At about 5:30 Lyman ington was standing on Oly avenue watching a man in t near the west end of it Worthington believed the wo working on a pipe in the wa he saw the fellow turn on throw up his hands and sink pond. Lyman immediately t the pond and with the assi Mr. Baker, an Oak Park man the attempted suicide. Fran and Thomas Dixon were E drug store. They rushed to and helped Worthington as out with the man. Worthin highly complimented by th and Public Service compan bravery and prompt action.

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VOL. XXII APRIL, 1916 No. 3

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Easter

A MESSAGE OF EASTER

Long years ago
When lust for power had made men low,
When Caesars ran red blood in evil overthrow,
And man looked on his fellow as a foreign foe,
When all was groping darkness in the soul,
Heart-sick despair, life lived without a goal,
There came into this world a glowing torch to
reign—

A brand that suddenly burst into a glorious flame
Of universal brotherhood, O sacred name!
Conceived in thorns, in sacrifice and abnegation,
Born of the cruellest suffering and disconsolation,
Yet from that pain it raised a gentle, noble head
And wondrous eyes from which a light unwearied
sped

Through all the ages,
And thus the sun of that first Easter morning
Was come to all, the herald of a purer dawning
In men and things.

Then rose that creed whose strength has been
with us forever,

Its moulded hands are those no mortal thing can
sever,

And all the centuries men have knelt before its
mysticism,

In joy they drank in full the promise of its sym-
bolism,

And fired with zeal set boldly forth upon the
highways,

Through countless perils and weariness of nights
and days,

To give its teaching. Vast becomes this spirit in
its girth,

It stretches like a broad and ardent river 'round
the earth,

And bears upon its bosom with a patient strength
and might

A deep appeal for mankind, love, and sympathy
and right.

And this then is the message of the Easter morn-
ing,

Its influence now remains as ever, pure and
warming,

To great and generous thoughts awakening in the
heart

Which brings a stronger, finer conception of the
part

Which we should play in life.

—By Sibel de Joannis, '16.

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William Shakespeare The Poacher



By FRANCES LANGWORTHY, '16

Illustrated by Ethel Ellis



HE great William Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist the world has known, the most valuable of all the writers during the golden age of English Literature, so tradition says, was caught poaching deer. And that was not all that ever bothered Shakespeare or the traditionists, either, for if the great man had succeeded in escaping with his deer and without a lawsuit, no one would have been the wiser. But Sir Lucy was bothered, so the legend goes, was distressed at Shakespeare's lack of morals and wishing to teach the youth a lesson, demanded reparation. Whereupon, the young scholar wrote a most insulting ballad to his kind teacher, the reception of which was so appreciative that Shakespeare, to save his modesty, fed the country.

So Shakespeare, used to helping himself to Sir Lucy's deer, freely partook of his contemporaries and predecessor's plots. The only difference was that the irate old English nobleman was there to defend himself and the literary geniuses either could not or were disposed to do ought but look on with applauding hands amongst the goodly company.

The story of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," far from being the product of the dramatist, appeared many years

before as the "Knight's Tale" by Chaucer. That worthy man, "that from the time he first began to ryden out, he loved chivalrye," as he rode along the way beside the woman and her dogs, told a tale of one, Theseus and Hypolyta, and the return from their wedding, and of two rivals, Palamon and Arcite, eager for the hand of Emelie, whose destinies were arranged by the Olympian Gods.

Of course Emelie had to be divided into two maidens, Hermina and Helena, and the duties of the Olympian deities descended to Oberon, whom legends had long made famous, and Titania, well known as Queen Mab, and Puck, the popular Robin Goodfellow, dressed in Shakespeare's wit and fancy. Even sweet Pyramus and noble Thisbe had been known to men from time of Ovid.

Just so did Shakespeare feel that the monster known as Marlowe's Jew, could become a real character as Shylock, by using the plot of an old ballad, which related the story of a Jew's exacting of a pound of flesh from one who had borrowed money from him and could not pay it, and by weaving in the popular story of the time, dealing with the Three Caskets. There is no doubt about it that Shakespeare's surmise was correct when he considered that Shylock would be more human than the Jew, for he made just the difference between a man, greedy and revengeful of soul, and a wild fantasy amounting to an impossible monster.

It was to the oft employed history of a nation that the genius turned for

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his great tragedy, Hamlet, the Historica Danica of Saxo Grammaticus. It was a well known tale at the time, how Amleth's uncle killed the father and married the widowed wife, and how Amleth pretended madness in order to carry out revenge. The story even held the faint originals of Ophelia and Polonius, giving Shakespeare a clear outline for his story.

When the dramatist fashioned "As You Like It," he helped himself to a most generous portion nearly all, in fact, of the ballad, Gamelyn, which had been woven into Lodge's Rosalynde, and by substituting salt for pepper, and bread for tea cakes, provided his popular play. This ballad relates how Sir John of Boundip divided his possessions among his three sons, Johan, Ote and Gamelyn; how Johan was most unkind to Gamelyn; how Gamelyn won a big wrestling match, thereby proving his valor; how he invited the spectators to his home and after they had gone, in a quarrel Johan chained him as a madman; how

Adam, the father's old retainer, released him, and how the two escaped to the woods where Gamelyn became head of an outlaw band; how Johan succeeded in capturing Gamelyn again, but was saved, finally by Ote, the middle brother, and Johan was condemned to the gallows. That is all the ballad had, but Lodge inserted the love story with Rosalind, called Ganymede, going as a page to Alvida, whom Shakespeare makes Alseba. Lodge made use of the Forest of Ardenness for a background, and even used the characters of the Dukes and Phoebe.

So it is very evident that Shakespeare poached his plots as he poached his deer, but if he concocted as delicious dishes from the nobleman's game, as he did fascinating plays from other writers' plots, Sir Lucy surely must have said, "Take them, take them all. I have no more right to them than you have, and you can put them to much better use than I."



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Containing "A Matter of Color" by Estelle Hemmingsway

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May 25



By JANET LEWIS, '16

Illustrated by Elmore Brown

THIS is either a nightmare, a phantasy or a modern short story—as you like. There is no moral and the author declines to explain anything.

A solitary freight car stood upon a track. The general color of it was a rusty red, and the level rays of the orange sun touched it with an uncanny, blood-like glory. Behind it flamed the maples, flaming and victorious before their long defeat. The sliding doors of this ruddy car were open, and a man coming through the woods entered and made for its shelter. He splashed through the ditch running by the track, now filled with crimsoned water, and climbed up into the car. His manner of doing this was odd. Standing upon one black leg he waved the other in the air, raising it to the platform. Then with one foot upon the platform he lifted the other leg, waving it, until he was up, and all this in one strange, elastic step. The black crow watching him from a blazing tree thought he noticed a suggestion of an India rubber man in the action. In fact, the man had belonged to a circus, which, going out of existence, left the man out of money. He was now forced to use his pedal extremities in going from place to place, and as these valuable servants were sore and himself

was very weary, the car was a welcome sight.

The interior explored and nothing found but a heap of gunny sacks, the man sat down on the doorsill, dangling his long and singularly plant legs outside.

And as this man, of whom I do not know the name, sat there in the evening glow, he looked so black and long and twisted, so like the black branches of the trees with their wild leaves, that the crow was somehow disquieted at his unworldly look, and flew away with a great clapping of wings. Then the man, whom I think I will have to call Henry for convenience, remembered, though he was tired, that there were some cold weineewursts and two purple plums in his black bundle; that he had splashed himself to the knees coming through the red brook, and that the night air was chill; that his acrobat suit in the bundle would be dry and warm. And now Henry opened his bag, spread his plums and weineewursts in royal array upon the car floor, attired himself in red and silver, whistled a tune, and in short felt so gay and chipper that he climbed down from the car to pick a red-tipped devil's paintbrush, which he stuck in the buttonhole of his velvet coat.

No sooner had he seated himself

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before his supper than, as though his whistle were an invitation to a feast, a short, fat German sauntered around the end of the car and accosted him with:

"Good even to you, gentle sir?" Agitated, Henry laid down his weineewurst and attempted to realize the apparition before him. From the silk hat, the tortoise-rimmed glasses, the pleated shirtfront, the frock coat, down to the patent leather pumps, he looked, and then up again to the round, expectant German face.

"Hello, boss," said Henry to this very modern dandy, and vaguely feeling he had violated some rule of polite society. The little German continued to smile at him, and observe his costume with the utmost thoroughness. When he had completed his inspection he pursed his lips and sent a shrill whistle quavering through the thickening dark. An exact imitation from the woods behind the car seemed to mock him. An exact imitation, but to the acrobat there was something inexplicably feminine about it. However, the German was satisfied. He nodded his head, came up to the door of the car and scrambled in. He dusted off his coat with a precision born of many careful dustings, while Henry watched silently.

At last he favored him with a genial smile.

"As it please you they do intend to meet you here at once."

"Who?" said Henry.

"My wife and others, good sir. But I pray of you consider them not. When they are gathered hither will be time enough." Here he paused, and with a rueful countenance murmured to himself, "Time enough."

So long he remained abstracted in this mysterious melancholy that Henry turned again to his supper. Great was his astonishment to see nothing left but the plums, and in his anger he now noticed sundry grunts and wheezes, combinations of growling and whining which seemed to issue from a ball of blackness but little darker than the general shadow inside the car. He vented his rage in a yell and sprang at the thief.

In the scuffle that ensued the German roused himself from his despondency in time to receive against his immaculate shirt front a squirming Pekingese puppy. He grasped it firmly with his well manicured hand and bade it "hold still, Fido." Six-foot-six above him, hank in the gloom, Henry expostulated in grieved accents to the squat German.

"Ver spoils my solitude. Ver fires yer crazy lingo at me. And then yer dog takes my supper." Of these accusations the little man did not understand the second, but feeling some insult intended against his English, he took off his spectacles to see his audience the better, waved them in the air with the manner of a lecturer and began.

"Good sir, my English is but lately coured from your great classic, Shakespeare. To thus insult me is to throw vituperation 'gainst that fine tongue you speak, when thus presented to you at its best. My English, sir, is beautiful, indeed, exactly copied from your greatest bard. I do regret me that my dog your victuals has made way with. He is a dog exactly modern, stylish. He accords most perfect with this vesture, else I had left him at home. But as he is he suits my suit as does my cane, and so I shall not leave him till I doff this coat." He concluded with dignity, but suddenly: "God give you good even, ladies. He is here." Henry saw the door of the car darken, shutting out the last faint daylight, and felt himself jostled here and there as a crowd of women rushed into the car, making the darkness a live thing that surrounded him. He heard the door shut, heard the puppy whimper, the rustle of women's skirts, throats being cleared, the scratching of a match.

Flickering yellow and red flames leapt up from a copper bowl full of perfumed sticks, and as the light grew more steady he saw a huge incense burner against the opposite wall. A grinning copper devil it was, holding in its arms a round deep bowl, and ranged on either side of it were women dressed in colors. Henry had never dreamt of costumes that vague-

Containing "A Matter of Color" by Ernest Hemingway

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The old water work pond scene of a near tragedy on night. At about 5:30 Lyman Worthington was standing on Oak Avenue watching a man in t near the west end of t Worthington believed the m working on a pipe in the wa he saw the fellow turn on throw up his hands and sink pond. Lyman immediately t the pond and with the assi Mr. Baker, an Oak Park mar the attempted suicide. Frar and Thomas Dixon were f drug store. They rushed to and helped Worthington at out with the man. Worthin highly complimented by th and Public Service compan bravery and prompt action.

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ly reminded him of history books. Tall, slender, round, short, pompous, big, scrawny, dark-haired, fair-haired, gray-haired they stood—stood and stared at Henry. The acrobat bowed. He bent double and looked at his own scarlet and silver legs. As he straightened up he saw the little German opening his mouth.

"My wife," he said. "A lady passing wise."

The largest of the ladies stepped forward. She wore a heavy gray dress with a flowing skirt. Her bodice was black. Her neck and head were swathed in white. A bunch of enormous keys hanging from her waist, jingled as she walked.

"I am very glad to see you," she said. Her voice was large and clear. It impressed itself forcibly upon the ear. Henry bowed again.

"I am glad to see you are one of us."

"Madam," answered Henry, trying to be ceremonious, "what'daya mean, one of us?"

"I am glad to see you believe in our doctrine," she repeated sternly.

"I have forgotten it," said Henry, more at ease now. A gleam as of alcohol burning in salt twinkled in her eye.

"Ah, then: Our doctrine is the doctrine of representing personality. We believe that the personality should not be hampered by the dress, but that the dress should conform to the personality, even that the dress should represent the personality. I see that you probably wish to represent the agility of your mind, the limberness of your personality, by your mountebank suit. For myself I feel my mind to be of the type of the sixteenth century. We have one among us who believes her mind to be the cast of an Italian woman during the time of the Medicis—a remarkable personality."

She stopped for breath, and her small, stubby husband laid his hand on her arm and entreated her to say no more. The two retreated into the corner, as the women began to move, costume and color shifting as in a kaleidoscope. Henry found the woman with the Italian personality stand-

ing in front of him. The long lines of her blue-green gown made her seem evilly long and swayable. The knot of her blue-black hair was fastened by a shining little dagger. She looked at Henry out of the corners of her narrow eyes and the acrobat retreated against a French lady's skirt, which billowed around her as in the time of Louis XIV. And all this time the copper devil grinned and the flames reflected here and there upon silk and satin and the unfinished wood of the freight car wall.

Henry looked here and there, bewildered. Now he caught a glimpse of an ugly Hindu dwarf, who seemed to belong to the incense burner. Now he saw a red velvet skirt, gold embroidered, now an Elizabethan seemed to look at him over her ruff. And growing more and more confused he saw the lady of the French personality and the billowing skirt, struggling with something hid beneath that skirt. It was the Pekingese puppy, yelping. The lady shrieked. The little German waved his hands frantically.

"My pup! My only Pekingese! I have no other dog to go with this suit!"

Round and round beneath the skirt the dog went, crazy with fright. He could not find the way out. Then, whipping down from the end of the car, like a blue-green snake, the Italian flung herself into the confusion. White hand to her hair, flash of steel, down came the dagger ripping through the silk and quieted the dog. In horrified silence the crowd drew back. The French lady fainted on the gunny sacks. The German wept into his silk handkerchief a moment of hushed tableau. Shrilly through the silence came the whistle of an engine.

The crowd slipped through the reopened door into the darkness. The blood of the canine stained the billowy skirt. The copper devil grinned.

Henry was thrown against the wall as the car was coupled on, and then the car began to move.

(The end.)

Containing "A Matter of Color"
by Ernest Hemingway

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The old water work pond scene of a near tragedy on night. At about 5:30 Lyman Worthington was standing on Oak Avenue watching a man in a boat near the west end of the pond. Worthington believed the man was working on a pipe in the water. He saw the fellow turn on and throw up his hands and sink. Lyman immediately jumped into the pond and with the assistance of Mr. Baker, an Oak Park man, he attempted suicide. Frank and Thomas Dixon were in the drug store. They rushed to and helped Worthington get out with the man. Worthin highly complimented by the Public Service company for bravery and prompt action.

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May 25



By WILLIAM MORGENSTERN '16

Illustrated by Ethel Edith '17

OF late years one of the most popular pastimes has been prophesying of what would happen to the United States if some self-seeking militant

unprincipled nation should take advantage of our confiding nature and seek to acquire large portions of our boundary and wealth. Fiction writers strive to out do each other in picturing the ignominy of lying prostrate under the mailed fist and hob-nailed boot. Statisticians quote us figures, and we stand aghast at the revelations resulting from the dexterous manipulations of the impassive numerals. The identity of our future foe has not been determined to a certainty. It may be the sons of Nippon or the ultra-efficient legions of Germany. At any rate, we may rest assured that sometime, somehow, we shall awake to find "the bombs bursting in air."

In the face of such conditions, it is our manifest duty to get the squirrel gun down from behind the door, and resurrect the bullet mold from the garret. The gentlemen who write our editorials, the learned orators of our Congressional Halls, not to mention the jingoists, all agree that we need an army. Of course, the believers in the ultimate good of mankind, the pacifists, led by the avuncular Mr. Bryan and the quixotic Henry Ford, advocate the milk-of-human-kindness theory. But these misguided philosophers are slightly in the minority. The nation has stood on its feet and declared in unmistakable tones that it wants an army.

Up to this juncture all is harmony. There is the established fact—we want an army. But how to get it? At this point we encounter theories, ranging from the President's "million volunteers" and Mr. Hay's much-contested Senate bill, down to universal service.

One of the most widely heralded and ably press-agented plans is that of military training in the high school. According to this idea, an hour or less a day would be devoted to the practice of military tactics. Every boy in the school would be compelled to join, or at least those in any sort of physical shape. The student group would be divided into companies and squads according to military standards. The benefits of this system, says its supporters, are legion. It is a sort of universal antidote, a panacea for a nation's bodily defects. Truly, it is a wonderful system—in theory.

Yet, admirable as the scheme is, in all probability it would not work out in Oak Park, for that matter, in few similar institutions. In the first place, it is a manifestation of the American belief in miracles—a belief that is an "open sesame" to military perfection. It is a desire to work on a huge scale, the ancient maxim of winging two birds with a single rock; a sort of perfected device into one end of which you put a certain number of Young Americans, to have them issue forth at the other end as full-fledged soldiers, and with an unimpeachable education. But this plan of producing soldiers as a sort of by-product of our educational system is too easy,

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too facile an achievement to be of real value. Military experts agree that it takes anywhere from eight months to a year and a half to produce disciplined soldiers. That has been the experience of England in the present war. That is the reason preparedness advocates demand a standing army. No half-way measure of military training is.

At the very most, this plan calls for an hour a day. Simple mathematics will show you that in an average school year that time would result in something like 180 hours, or fourteen non-union days' labor of twelve hour's duration. Once more, calculation will prove beyond a possibility of dispute that from Freshman year to Senior Commencement, the student would have occupied two months in acquiring a perfect military education. At that rate we shall soon see enterprising Correspondence schools offering a course in military tactics, a diploma which will bring the title of brigadier general. To say the least, it is absurd to claim two months of intermittent work will give a body of soldiers capable of resisting a determined foe.

Even at the best, the stern, unrelenting work of true military life could not be given students of high school age. The arduous marches, the physical discomforts of camp life could not be a part of the system unless the school curriculum were radically interfered with. It is not real training, but a palliative measure that would certainly give only half-baked boy scouts. That militaristic nightmare, Germany, realizes the poor results can be depended upon in making suits obtained, and stoops not to trifle with unlegged, stripling school-boys. When the time comes, the Fatherland takes the class in hand and gives to it a real course, rigorous and unmitigated as to discomforts.

The physical benefits resulting from the education are cited as one of the valuable features of this "soldier-while-you-wait" idea. It is extremely doubtful, however, with the almost universal participation in various sorts of athletics in Oak Park, wheth-

er or not this plan would compensate for the curtailment of said athletics. For, when an hour a day is added to the curriculum, it's readily apparent that something has to give away. It requires no plastic imagination to picture the pious horror of the faculty if it should be proposed to eliminate some of the English, Latin or Mathematics. Very assuredly we would indulge in our sham battles and evolutions after school—and athletics would be no more, or if not dispensed with would be relegated to a dependent position. This way of acquiring strength is about as tiresome as the rigid training of the puglist, and usually results in underdevelopment of certain parts of the body. The athletics, on the other hand, give general exercise in an enjoyable way. So, it can be seen that nothing is to be gained physically by this new method.

One result of such a system is readily apparent. The germ of militarism—that heinous crime of which America stands ready to accuse Europe—would be implanted in the mind of every one who took a high school course. Putting the rifle side by side with the time honored principles of education would certainly result in the belief that fighting is always right. The cause or motives would not be considered—being partially trained and with the militant idea, it is probable that our predicted foe would materialize much faster than even our admirable novelists conjecture.

False security resulting from the notion that school boy preparedness produces a regular army, would be more dangerous than a realization of weakness. Adoption of this plan and consequent neglect of other methods would be a dangerous possibility. No other nation, not even Switzerland, depends on high school training to produce an army capable of meeting an army. Yet that is all this system the nation's needs.

The United States probably needs an army—a larger and better army than it now has. There are many ob-

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jections to the school training plan of providing it. That method is a theory. The other methods of providing a national protector are also theories, but they have less objectionable fea-

tures than the plan just railed at. That pacifist songster might have written: "Shall I Send My Boy To School To Be A Soldier?"

Wireless

By PHILIP WESTCOTT '16

HERE is a way, I think, that will clearly show to you, the principle of the Wireless Telegraph, omitting tedious technicalities. Have you ever dropped a stone into a pond of still water? Did you notice the small wavelets spread out in all directions? Close observation would show you that these grow smaller and smaller and finally die out. The wave length, the distances from the crest of one wave to the crest of the next, remained the same, it was the up and down motion that diminished.

Suppose you throw a cork in the water and drop some heavy object, such as a stone near by it. The stone sends out waves in all directions and when they reach the cork, it bobs up and down accordingly. Drop a larger body of greater weight and larger waves are sent out, consequently travelling farther before they die out. With the cork in the same position, it's bobbing becomes more pronounced with the increase in size and length of the waves. If you move the cork farther away from the source of disturbance, it bobs less and less and if sufficient space intervenes so that the waves die out before they reach the cork, then the cork remains motionless.

So it is with the Wireless Telegraph. Let the stone represent the sending apparatus; the water, ether; and the cork, the receiving apparatus. At the will of the operator, the sending apparatus sets the ether vibrating, the same as the stone did, the

water. Similar to water waves of this sort, ether waves die out as distance increases. Remember though that the wave length, length from crest to crest, remains the same.

If receiving apparatus is within range, is near enough so that the waves effect it, the ether waves will set it to vibrating in unison with the sending set and the sending radius becomes greater, the receiving apparatus is agitated more and a louder, clearer tone results.

You may have heard of wave lengths in connection with Wireless Stations. At Arlington, Virginia, is a very powerful set belonging to the U. S. Government. Arlington is just across the river from Washington, our national capitol. As an every day occurrence, Arlington talks with Berlin, or Eiffel Tower, Paris, or with the Philippines.

Arlington station is said to send out messages on a 2500 meter wave length, that is, from the crest of one ether wave to the crest of the next is 2500 meters. A meter being .3937 inches, this is about 1,553 miles.

You say, "How do you make the ether vibrate?" The operator touches a telegraph key for an instant, so connecting an electric circuit a spark jumps across a short gap with a crack, varying according to the strength of the apparatus. The vibration from the spark is sent up a copper wire to the aerial or antenna, which vibrates, and so sends out a single ether wave in all directions. If the key is held down, a series of waves are sent

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out. Of course these vibrations are not perceptible.

You ask, "What is the Antenna?" It is a wire or wires strung up in the air, with the wires usually parallel. Such an aerial is not always necessary. With a strong set to back it up, a dish pan set on the end of a clothes pole or the bed spring of a made up bed, standing inside the house, has been successfully used although these, of course, do not give as efficient service as the standard types.

What is known as statics is static electricity, the sort of electricity which causes lightening. If on a bright windy day, a connection with the ground is brought in, within a eighth of an inch of the aerial, an intermittent spark jumps across the gap as long as the existing weather prevails. This is static electricity gathered out of the air. The sun dries the atmosphere and the wind causes friction with the aerial wires and static electricity is the result. These statics cause some trouble in Wireless work by causing false dots and dashes to be heard in the head phones, a pair of small telephone receivers with a head-band to hold one over each ear. Some European scientists claims to have discovered a way to drown out these statics, but will not publish his discovery until after the war for fear the Germans will profit by his discovery.

The way that conversation is carried on, is by a system of dots and dashes used in different combinations.

Thus A equals . — and C equals — . . . To send out the letter A, a short and a stayed contact is made with the telegraph key of the sending set. The short one sends out a single wave, heard in the head phones as "z-z." The longer contact sends out a series of waves, heard as "z-z-z-z-z." Whoever receives this message, hears . —, translated as A.

Everyone has a call, that is a combination of two or three letters. Chicago station is known as W G O and Arlington as N A A. All licensed amateurs are given a district number. The district about Chicago, with Chicago as headquarters, is district 9. Thus amateurs here have calls such as 9 R S or 9 O U.

If you wish to talk to some one, send his call three times and sign with your own three times. If he happens to be listening, just then, he will answer by calling you the same way, only with his call last and yours first. Science has recently discovered a means to send out messages faster than the human mind or hand could, and a corresponding means to take down the dots and dashes at the other end.

I hope this will show to you the principal workings of one of the greatest of modern inventions, an invention which has lessened distances so that, to talk around the world is only a matter of minutes. The time lost is from man's inability to act beyond a certain speed as the time it takes a wave to go from Arlington to the Philippines is almost nothing.



Containing "A Matter of Color" by Cecil Hemmingway

WORTHINGTON IN HERO ROLE
RESCUES DROWNED

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May 25



By ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Illustrated by Elmore Brown



W H A T, you never heard the story about Joe Gans' first fight?" said old Bob Armstrong, as he nudged at one of his gloves.

"Well, son, that kid I was just giving the lesson to reminded me of the gunner who shot the yaro's a while ago; but I'll give it to you just as it happened.

"Along back in 1922 I was managing a sort of a new lightweight by the name of Montana Dan Morgan. Well, this Dan person was one of those rough and ready lads, game and all that, but with no footwork, but with a kick like a mule in his right tin, but with a weak left that wouldn't dent melted butter. I'd gotten along pretty well with the herd, and we'd collected sundry shekels fighting dock-wallopers and stevedores and preliminary boys out at the old Olympic club.

"Dan was getting to be quite a sizable scrapper, and by using his strong right mitt and stalling along, he managed to achieve quite a reputation. So I matched the lad with Jim O'Rourke, the old trial horse, and the boy managed to hang one on Jim's jaw that was good for the ten-second anesthetic.

"So when Pete McCarthy came around one day and said he had an amateur that wanted to break in, and would I sign Dan up with him for twenty rounds out at Vernon, I fell for it strong. Joe Gans, Pete said, was the amateur's name, and I'd never heard of him at that time.

"I thought that it was kind of strange when Pete came around with a contract that had a \$500 forfeit clause in it. The arrangements, but I signed it. I appeared in the ring, and I was up.

"Well, we started out on the rap, and two days before the was come off, Dan comes up to me and says: 'Bob, take a look at this hand.'

"He stuck out his right mauler, and there, just above the wrist, was a lump like a pigeon egg.

"'Holy smokes! Danny, where did you get that?'

"'The bag busted loose while I was punchin' it,' says Danny, and me right banged into the framework.

"'Well, you're done it now,' I yelled. There's that 500 iron men in the forfeit, and I've put down everything I've got on you to win by K. O.'

"'It can't be helped,' says Dan. 'That bag wasn't fastened proper; I'll fight anyway.'

"'Yes, you will, with that left hand of yours, that couldn't punch a ripple in a bowl of soup.'

"'Bob,' says Danny, 'I've got a scheme. You know the way the ring is out there at the Olympic? Up on

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the stage with that old cloth drop curtain in back? Well, in the first round, before they find out about this bad fipper of mine, I'll rush the smoke up against the curtain (you know Joe Gans was a "posson of colour") and you have somebody back there with a baseball bat, and sweat him on the head from behind the curtain.

"Say! I could have thrown a fit. It was so blame simple. We just couldn't lose, you see. It comes off so quick nobody gets wise. Then we collect and beats it!

"So I goes out and pawns my watch to put another twenty down on Dan to win by a knockout. Then we went out to Vernon and I hired a big husky Swede to do the slapstick act.

"The day of the fight dawned bright and clear, as the sporting writers say, only it was foggy. I installed the husky Swede back of the old drop curtain just behind the ropes. You see, I had every cent we had down on Dan, about 600 round ones and the 500 in the forfeit. A couple of ham and one fighters mauled each other in the middle, and then the referee

"I had my gloves on, yes, and I had my gun in my belt, and I climbs over the ropes into the squared circle. This Joe Gans, he's champion now, had quite a big following among the Oakland gang, and so

we had no very great trouble getting our money covered. Joe's black, you know, and the Swede behind the scenes had his instructions: 'Just as soon as the white man backs the black man up against the ropes, you swing on the black man's head with the bat from behind the curtain.'

"Well, the gong clangs and Dan rushes the smoke up against the ropes, according to instructions.

"Nothing doing from behind the curtain! I motioned wildly at the Swede looking out through the peephole.

"Then Joe Gans rushes Dan up against the ropes. Whunk! comes a crack and Dan drops like a poled over ox.

"Holy smoke! The Swede had hit the wrong man! All our kale was gone! I climbed into the ring, grabbed Dan and dragged him into the dressing room by the feet. There wasn't any need for the referee to count ten; he might have counted 300.

"There was the Swede. 'I lit into him! You miserable ---, you for a low-grade imbecile! You ought to be hanged! Why did you let the white man hit the black man?'

"'Mister Armstrong,' he says, 'you no should talk at me like that—I bane color blind!'



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May 25



The Autobiography of a Freshman

CHAPTER I

I WAS born in Chicago on December the seventh, nineteen one. My birthplace was one of those typical old two-story and basement houses, of which a great number may still be seen in the older parts of Chicago. My only recollection of this house was of its long stairs from the first floor to the basement. I remember of falling on these stairs and of bouncing from the top clear down to the bottom. Yet not a scratch or bruise did I receive during this fall.

When I was two years old, my mother took me on my first journey, which was to Selma, Alabama. My remembrance of this place is very dim and the only outstanding thing that I remember is that I was very fond of "shaking the pump," which stood in a neighbor's yard. When three years old I went to Mackinaw with my parents and again when four I took a similar trip. This time my cousin Wesley was with us and he and I had a fine time. I remember taking a number of deck chairs and laying them on the deck to make trains, boats, engines and the like. One time my cousin and I very nearly got into trouble. We had noticed a little tube near the rail with a mouthpiece on. Feeling very curious, I thought I would experiment with it, so I yelled, "Hey, you!" down the tube in my biggest voice, and was very much frightened when the early command came up the tube, "Shut up, up there!"

At five I remember moving to Oak Park. Here things were very different. Hitherto I had been a thin, pale little toadhead, but now I commenced to pick up and have rosy cheeks and a good appetite.

One morning at breakfast it was noticed that my eyes crossed each other slightly from time to time. Very

soon I was taken to the oculist's. I was very much afraid at first, but the big Dr. H. took me up on his knee and told me a story, and from that time on he had my confidence and love. My trips down town to the oculist's were many and near together, and each time I would put forth my most eloquent efforts to persuade mother that I needed a dish of chocolate ice cream.

On my sixth birthday I received my first suit. This I was very proud of, and I think that that, and the arrival of my long trousers, were the two biggest events in my life. My experiences of the next few years I will now relate to you.

CHAPTER II

At the age of seven I began school. I was not able to begin earlier because of my eyes. How clearly I remember beginning! The older boys had scared me by saying, "Oh, you just wait! You'll get it when you start school!" So with this threat ringing in my ears I had gone with my knees quaking. My mother took me over on the first morning to give my name and to have me given a place. We did not stay, though, but went right home and were to return next morning. Next morning came and my mother fixed me all up and sent me off. I remember I was very brave until I got to our back gate. Here I guess I must have got stage-fright or some equally bad fright, for I turned and raced to the house crying. By the time mother had quieted me down I could see it was late, but I started off again shaking with fear. This time I got as far as the door of the room itself, but I could see no vacant seats, so I again ran home crying, "They didn't save any place for me!" After that mother took me over and Miss S., the teacher, was so nice

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I at once was eager to start in with my work.

For my birthday that year I received a racing Irish mail, on which I had a fine time. I used to have fine times playing on the big prairies on either side of our house, and many were the flowers I picked.

I can tell of nothing important between the age of seven and ten, except, perhaps, the friendship formed with Allan —, which has always been retained. At the age of eight I achieved, with Allan's help, or, rather, he achieved with my help, the burning of a chicken coop in his back yard. Nothing of importance came of this, however, so I will not dwell on it. On the fourth of July of my tenth year my first wheel came. I tell you, this was one of the happiest instances of my life. Allan surprised me that morning by coming over and teaching me to ride, a lesson which he had very kindly offered. I need not tell over the ancient formula of learning to ride a wheel. All of you have probably experienced its various sensations by this time. During the winter I took dancing lessons and at dancing school I met a certain young lady in whom I took a great interest. That summer I taught her to ride a bicycle and I remember very clearly our first long ride. However, I will not dwell upon the subject, as it is slightly embarrassing, but I will say that her mother made it very clear that she did not approve of such proceedings. The next summer I took a very interesting trip to Bayfield, Wisconsin, where I stayed for two weeks. There I had a fine time and I hope I may repeat the trip soon.

The next winter nothing much of note happened. My schooling had of course continued, and I was enjoying it a great deal—except for arithmetic, with which I could never get along. I was in fifth grade then and was having my first experience with a really strict teacher. Heretofore I had always had rather easy teachers, so this was a great hardship to me. During the following summer we motored to Lake Geneva with my uncle and his

family. The weather was fine until the other side of Elgin and then it poured. Because of this and engine trouble we did not arrive until very late, and had to go to bed supperless.

The next winter and summer I can remember nothing important. The next two, and what I consider the most interesting and valuable years of my life, will follow.

CHAPTER III

At the age of twelve I had my first "go-away-to-school" experience. It was in the summer of 1914 that I went to Interlaken School at Rolling Prairie, Indiana. The school, which is only a school in winter, is a very good one, and is situated on a large seven hundred and forty-acre farm. In the center of this farm is a beautiful little lake, about one-fourth mile wide, and one-half mile long, which afforded us boys great swimming, canoeing and other aquatic sports. The buildings, which the boys themselves had constructed, were of logs, and no two of which were on the same level, the country thereabouts being very hilly.

My father took me down to the school one Saturday, and I shall never forget how different it looked from what I expected. My father had me assigned a room and he stayed in the faculty house until the next afternoon. I had not become acquainted with many of the boys yet, as most of them were on a long hike and were not expected until the following day. Sunday afternoon father left, and I'll admit I felt pretty blue. This being my first experience of being away from home and parents for any length of time, I just about concluded I was in for a terrible disease called homesickness. The next day my roommate, Clark, returned from the long hike and we were soon well acquainted with each other. Now at this school, every morning except Sunday, we had to do work of some sort. I being one of the smaller boys, was assigned to weeding the tennis courts. If you have any idea this is a pleasant task, try it yourself, under the blazing sun, and I think you will know better in the future! I have forgotten to men-

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tion the fact that William, the older brother of Allan, of whom I have before spoken, was there, and had a room adjacent to ours. This made it much easier for me, because of the good advice he often gave me. At this time I was very homesick, but I tried very hard to conceal it, and I think I succeeded. Even William, or "Bill," as we called him, knew nothing of it, and I think I can say the same for my roommates. But the letters I sent home were full of tears and self-pity, which made my folks feel pretty blue.

In the evenings the boys would congregate in my room and some would try to convince me that there were some very necessary tools which I had to obtain for use in the shops. Among these were a sawdust pump, a sky hook, a cross-eyed needle and a left-handed monkey wrench. I was almost caught napping here, for I very nearly fell for some of their tricks. Another thing was that they tried to take me "snipe hunting," and I'm sure I would have accepted this ridiculous invitation had it not been for the warning I had received from my roommate.

Did you ever go "snipe hunting"? No, I don't think you ever did—not around here, anyway! So take my advice if anyone asks you to go "snipe hunting," just put your tongue in your cheek and go in the other direction. "Snipe hunting" is simply this: The poor innocent victim is led into the woods at about eleven o'clock at night. The other fellows all carry sticks and when the elected place is found, the victim is stationed there with a large burlap bag, which he is

to hold wide open. The rest then go to scare the "snipes" into the bag and—don't return! In other words, the poor victim is left to go home as best he can by himself in the dark woods! However, as I before stated, I did not fall for this trick.

During this summer I learned to swim and have since become a fair swimmer. Another thing which added greatly to my pleasure were the riding horses there. I learned to ride there, but not until last summer could I ride without bouncing off the saddle every time the horse moved.

I admit I was sorry to leave, but then home seemed mighty good to me, after all.

Last winter I had an excellent eighth grade teacher, of whom I think many could testify.

Last summer I returned to Interlaken. This time everything was different. I was classed as one of the older fellows, and no one tried any tricks on me. I knew what to expect and I knew most of the fellows. The meals were fine, so fine in fact I'm afraid I ate about six times too much.

In the fall I started high school. I was almost as much scared as when I started grammar school, as I had heard blood-curdling tales of the hazing inflicted upon Freshmen by the upper classmen. One Senior had told me that the first thing he would do was to duck me in the fountain in front of the school. However, I found the only hazing a Freshman gets are the terrible tales which are told them beforehand.

Up to this time I have been, with a few exceptions, enjoying my high school days, and I hope I may in the future.



Joe H. H. 13

PRINCIPAL'S PAGE



One String

PAGANINI was waited for by the multitude that had gathered to hear the greatest violinist of the age. He came on the stage and at the first stroke of his bow a string snapped. Another stroke and another string broke. At the third stroke a third string was gone, leaving only one string—and Paganini. The audience hissed and laughed, but Paganini on the one string produced such wonderful music that the hisses and laughter changed to awe and admiration. Only a great master could have accomplished what he did. But master that he was he could have produced even a deeper and richer harmony with all the strings intact. There are limits of possibility to one string, even in the hands of the greatest violinist. Some there were who thought that Paganini broke the strings purposely in order to show his great talent, to show what he could do with only the one. They were indignant that he did not give them his very best, what they had paid for.

It is ever the same. The world expects the very best there is in us, and while if we are a Paganini we may do well on one string, or with a one-sided development, we cannot do all that is expected of us without a well-rounded development.

The football player must know the whole game. He cannot succeed if he is a tackle and nothing else. Some other fellow will be able to tackle and to play a good offensive game as well. The fellow who can drop kick, but is too "yellow" to train for anything else, very seldom gets into the game at all and is not respected even by his own team mates. Even if he should be expected to do nothing but drop kick, he must know the whole game, must

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know what the other ten men are going to do at a given signal or he will not even be able to keep out of the way.

In business it is necessary to know your own business thoroughly, better than anyone else. You must be an expert on that one string, but it is also necessary to know something about business in general, about the other fellow's business if you please. Not that you should mind his business, only in so far as it affects or might affect yours, but in order that you can at least "keep out of the way" of progress. You can run your own business with more harmony if you know on what instrument and in what key your competitors are going to play.

In your school work it is the same. Do not narrow yourself to one line or "one string" of knowledge. Specialize to be sure, but not to such an extent that life will be a monotone. You need many strings to produce a rich and varied harmony. Life must be more than making money or gas engines or motors. Only eight hours a day should be spent with such things. You should give some thought to preparation for the other hours which you must live some way each day. Prepare yourself to take part in the physical, social, political and religious affairs of your community. Have your life so tuned that no one of these four strings will make a discord, and play your part in such a way that you will add to the general harmony of life.

M.R.M. Daniels

The Scissors Grinder

Lent and spring are come to town,
with west wind summer calling.
Autumn's dead leaves wake again, go
skipping, flying, falling.
Snow upon the green of lawns, deters
the snow-drop finder.
Through the streets there chimes a
bell. Hark! the scissors grinder.
Cuckoo of the city he, clearer than
the birds that sing.
Scissors grinder through the streets
is heralding the spring.



The Classics

THE time is now at hand when a decision must be made by nearly all of us regarding our future course of study. Undoubtedly this question is momentous but of all the decisions that will be reached only two general classes will appear, viz: "practical" and "classic."

Our particular Zeitgeist is now passing through the stage of efficiency propaganda, and consequently the extremely practical education is in favor. The star of the classics is waning.

Yet those who will decide their course wisely, will consider every angle of the proposition and to them it will be evident that the preponderance of argument is not all on one side.

The present aspect of the subject is rather alarming. Time was when Latin and Greek was essential to the high school graduate. Now we regard them as terrors of the unknown. We even have scarcely a bowing ac-

quaintance with the masterpieces of our own tongue. Thus we are losing something of our finest selves.

The efficiency expert declares he has no time for culture, he persists in defining the undefinable, in translating the pulsing heartbeats of the mighty into lifeless figures. Yet surely to know things is not so useful as to know men. There is nothing greater than to see with the eyes of those who have ruled cities, to feel with hearts of those who have been beloved by their fellow men.

Each one of us must solve this problem of his and he should do it in accordance with his own plans, but it is much to be desired that he give thorough consideration of the merits of each alternative. He is deciding a weighty problem and there must be no trivial considerations. One gravitates almost unconsciously to the "easy" subjects. Have a care! Think carefully on this and when you decide, remember, the heart as well as the head.

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Simplicity

LONG looked for June is really at hand and the final round of work and play incident to the departure of 1916 has settled in. Two short weeks only separate us from the Junior Prom, and the social activities of graduation week are now being planned.

The Senior class is a large class and a fine class and the Juniors are likewise, so it is surely to be hoped that both will strive for the ideal of a public school—democracy.

Simplicity is really more lavish than elaborateness and we expect both at the Prom and graduation this will be the keynote. A Utopian impracticability is not advocated, but certainly a middle ground of sensible simplicity is good breeding, if nothing else.

We believe the coming functions should be of a tremendous sort. Oak Park could have nothing else. But yet we must make our plans for the many as well as the few.

Let us be democratic when we leave the school, as we have been democratic when we were in the school.

Let's Boost Baseball

AT the time this was written baseball prophets were vague and shadowy. We hope they have since materialized and what were unknown quantities are now championship material.

In an athletic way there is much depending on baseball season. After a rather unfortunate basketball season a decided brace is needed. A championship is necessary to round out a year which might stand out as only average. For the sake of spirit as well as supremacy this is so.

On the whole our winter sports have not been so successful as last year. Most assuredly we have some

great athletes, and there is no reason why we should not finish up in a blaze of glory.

A championship in baseball and a few wins in important track meets would boost Oak Park immeasurably; in fact, it is necessary. Captain Mendson and the few regulars on the baseball team will undoubtedly "work their heads off." Should the school come to their support and another good man or two come forth, a championship is in our grasp.

Anyhow, we're all behind you, Mendson, whether you bring in the flag or whether you don't.

The Senior Tabula

THE Tabula only appears once more this year and then it is clothed in the magnificent habiliments of the Senior Annual, which is the supreme journalistic attempt of the year.

The senior number has always been elaborate, almost too elaborate, but, although we deplore any departure from the simplicity of good taste, we secretly hope that this year's annual will surpass its predecessors. The whole field of scholastic endeavor will be covered in a pictorial as well as a literary way.

It is needless to say that to do the school and the class of 1916 justice every member of that class must do his bit. The individual pictures must be in on time. One picture missing out of the class not only is to be regretted, for the sake of the individual, but also for the appearance of the book.

All copy must be in by June 1, at the latest, and as there is to be a literary section of the magazine an opportunity is given to the embryonic geniuses of the lower classes to help the cause. There is a deal of work to be done and if every member of the school will respond to this appeal it means a bigger, better Tabula.

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Martha

WARBLING is now the chief occupation of the school and well it may be, as the musical high water mark comes next Friday in the production of "Martha." Mr. Erickson has carried on an extensive advertising campaign and it is to be hoped that it has been successful.

Mr. Erickson does big things in a big way and it is good for Oak Park High school to have such a man and share in the doing. Criticism may be indulged in as to expense, but certainly the result silences this. Certain it is that we are the gainers by having put on such a production.

At this time it is probably needless to exhort people to buy tickets. Probably there will be none left on sale. But in the event that Oak Park has not awaked to the opportunity, it can not be amiss to say that not only is it the duty of each of us to go, but it is our privilege. Such a chance is rare. A prophet is never appreciated in his own country, but nevertheless, let us appreciate Mr. Erickson.

Easter

EASTER trips in amid balmy zephyrs instead of icicles this year, and as it comes at the beginning of spring fever and "ditching," it may have the effect of reviving long forgotten New Year's resolutions.

We doubt if any of us ever really forget the true meaning of Easter, even among the finery and the flowers and the regulation parade incident to the season. It is well to be serious sometimes, and at Easter let us be serious and realize what must be done the rest of this year and the years to come. The class of 1916 is soon to

leave and the other classes must prepare to receive the burden of leadership. All their good resolutions are needed and so are those of 1916. We believe all will be well at any rate, and so we wish you a pleasant Easter and hope that the last quarter of school will be as fine as its predecessors.

Clubs

WITH the advent of Le Cercle Francais we have one more club added to our honored list, which grows amazingly. In the long run, clubs are a good thing, and certainly Oak Park has a superfluity of them. Nearly all of them are of the right sort, and as such they should be heartily supported.

The object of a school club, we believe, is to get together a group of people, interested in some subject, on a common social basis, so that they can work on this subject. Herewith democracy is promoted as well as work done, because the people who are drawn together thru a similarity of tastes, will be of all sorts and will never form a clique (the most disastrous feature of school life). A club organized on this basis is organized on interest and not on a lack of it. If a club is organized to stimulate interest, it is founded on a wrong principle and will draw the life blood from clubs with a mission to perform. Such a club offers a palliative social intercourse to tempt interest.

All of us should be most careful to avoid this and to choose clubs which are of the better type. Remember that the school club brings the work of the school nearer to the outside life of the student, and if it fails in this, it fails in everything.

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ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

BASEBALL season is here and with it comes the hope of a championship. With five regulars back from last year's team, surely there are four baseball men in school that will make the nine a winner. At present the team looks fast and classy and worth watching.

The pitching squad is the weakest part of the team, and unless someone is found to help out. "Jimmy" Adam, Oak Park may not end at the head of the league. Adam sprained the ligaments in his elbow last summer, and although he is fast rounding into form his arm is still too weak to pitch many times a week. Erbrook, Ritchie and Mathews are trying to get places as Adam's partners.

Captain Mendsen is showing class and ought to lead his team in great style. Smith will probably hold down the third sack and Uteritz shortstop.

There was a good crowd of candidates to pick from and there ought, by some good practice, to be men who could step into the regulars' places should anything go wrong.

Saturday's game showed that unless the pitching squad is greatly strengthened, Oak Park will be in hot water. A baseball team without a pitcher would be like a football team

without a quarterback. It makes no difference how good the support is, the team can never win without a good pitcher.

But Saturday's game was only a starter, and there were many new men on the team. This is no time to lose faith, and it is hoped that by the next edition of the Tabula the school may read of Oak Park's victories in baseball.

INDOOR TRACK SEASON CLOSES

COMPETING in a field of thirty-nine schools, the class of the middle west, Oak Park, concluded its indoor track season, by ranking well up in the Northwestern Interscholastic Meet. Our team was awarded a tie for fifth place, landing only a few points behind our nearest rival, La Grange. The field was undoubtedly one of the fastest that ever met in an Interscholastic, and the ability of the team to place so well puts Oak Park High as a real competitor for outdoor interscholastic honors in the great annual Beloit and Illinois meets.

Dual meets this season were especially encouraging to the team and students, as we started out with several, what might be called, easy victories. The first meet, with Nicholas

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Senior High resulted in a walkaway. Score: O. P. Seniors, 64--Senior Seniors, 35; and Junior division O. P., 34--Senior 19 1-2. The second meet in our schedule with U. High we revenged ourselves for the football defeat, swamping the Red and Black, 72 1/2--35 1/2.

We came down just a little in the annual Suburban High School Championship Meet, in which our Seniors took second place while the Juniors had to satisfy themselves with first place in their division.

Journeying to Culver Military Academy on the 18th of March (not the Ides), a defeat was dealt out to Oak Park, the first of the season in a dual meet. However, the margin was close and the fellows surely enjoyed the trip. Also they were allowed to take only a small team against the one of the Academies which took third honors in the Northwestern meet.

To come down to the individuals: Captain Hardy heads the list of point winners, being Oak Park's most consistent man in this respect. "Star" Pentacost is one of the best in the "Juniors," especially the broad jump, and is also a sure point winner. Jack annexed a tie for second in the broad jump at Northwestern, capturing 2 1/2 points out of Oak Park's seven.

Albert Cutner and Hecox have helped to uphold Oak Park in the sprints; the former not having any experience before this season, has developed in a very surprising manner. Expectations of great things from this quarter during the outdoor season are current among the student backers of the team. King and Kendall in the quarter mile and 200 yard dashes; Kraft, Moore and Caponech in the distances have all been steady and reliable men in their events. D. Brown and H. Fay in the pole vaults; in the high jump, Mathews, who is a freshman of excellent possibilities and "Moff" Elton and Herb Fay in the weights together with Pentacost have accomplished much in the field events.

Savage, Lockyer, Sutphen and Blount, resembling the "doughty three" from La Grange, have won the

Junior meets for us. The Juniors are under seventeen years of age. Savage as a senior, worked his way to the finals in the low hurdles at the Northwestern meet. Lockyer is another youngster whose rapid development holds great possibilities for coming seasons. Sutphen was also a point winner at Northwestern.

Remarkable spirit has been among the fellows during the tiresome routine of individual practice that makes track probably the most difficult of the season's sports. Individual practice requires a high degree of concentration in and devotion to the work and the fellows should be complimented and backed by the school for their achievements and excellent spirit.

Our door practice started Monday, April tenth. The Beloit annual comes May sixth and the Illinois meet about a week after that. Between now and then the coach wishes to have one dual meet about a week before the Beloit trip. So everybody come out and back the team with your voice, if nothing else, so that they can uphold Oak Park's old reputation.

—G. H. P.

THE CROSS COUNTRY RUN

THE cross country run this year was a great success. Seventy-three fellows started on the hard four and a half mile grind, more than ever before, and seventy-one finished. There certainly must be some good long distance men in this crowd, for the time made by the first few was fairly good. Lincoln French, a Sophomore, was the winner, and he also had second best time. His name will be engraved on the cup and it will be in his possession until the next cross country run. Kraft, who started at scratch, three minutes behind French, made the best time and finished fifth. Moore, another scratch man, finished eighth. No one has yet won the cross country run two years in succession.

The course was from the high school to Chicago avenue, to Harlem



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SOPHOMORE

What with the Junior Prom and the usual Senior activities, nothing much is left for the Sophomores! Therefore, any news concerning the happenings in the Class of 1918 is scarce! But they did choose some class colors just before spring vacation, namely: old

rose and silver, that their pretty color beazer will carry for them on Class Day.

Some time ago the Sophomores received a note of appreciation from Mr. and Mrs. Hedman, for the flowers that were sent to them by the Class at the time of the death of their son, Kenneth.



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"The Optimist," Ann Arbor, Mich.: One of our new exchanges. The neat appearance, good paper, and clear type speak well for you. As you have a magazine in your school, why not save up your stories and poems for that publication and put more news in the newspaper?

"The O-High," Oberlin, Ohio: One of the best sized exchanges we receive. However, we do not like the idea of separating the table of "contents" from the rest of the paper by advertising. Why not organize your jokes into a department? Have you no exchange?

"The Papoose," Globe, Arizona: Congratulations to your "Reportorial" and "Managerial" stuffs! Their publication is good. The poor paper detracts, however, from its otherwise fine appearance.

"Science and Craft," Crane Tech., Chicago: Your paper is unusual. It has a good appearance, and some very good department heads. However, a larger literary department would not be amiss nor would a little better sportsmanship be detrimental to your magazine. (We refer to your October number under "Notes on Stars.") Your paper gives a bad taste on the start. Why not have an extra fly-leaf with the editorial staff on one side and the contents on the other, instead of using the cover, as it is? A camera club is a new idea to us.

"The Frances Shimer Record, Mount Carroll, Illinois: Your paper could be made more interesting by a few cuts. As it is, it possesses no individuality of its own. The humor-

ous assay, "Where Queen Cook Reigns?" in the December number, is commendable.

"The Classicum, Ogden, Utah: The Christmas number of the Classicum shows excellent taste in compiling. We like the commencement of your paper with an advertising index, contents and staff. Your department headings have wide-awake humor in them.

"High School Are Light," Flint, Mich.: A paper full of interesting news, well organized and well reported. But what an ungainly size! Why not have more sheets and less awkwardness? The general attitude toward life is sunny. Such things as your Wireless Club are extraordinary.

"The Royal Purple," Whitewater, Wis.: We do not like the arrangement of advertisements on the large page of a few of your publications—the numbers for November 10th and 17th, for instance.

"The Piquonian," Piqua, Ohio: A good paper, although some of your cuts are scratchy and seem done in a hurry. Probably your art department has not been as hard at work as your advertising manager.

"The Clarion," Rochester, N. Y.: Your paper is an unusually large one for a weekly and as a rule well gotten up. In your January 14th number, however, your first column is a jumble of swimming, Glee Clubs, Students' Association, class play and library books. This leaves a bad taste from which it is hard to recover. "Who's Who in East High," is a unique idea and a fine thing.

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Containing "A Matter of Color" by Estelle Henningsway

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DEPARTMENTS

TO introduce myself, Mr. Poached Egg, I am, or rather was, a very respectable chocolate. And I was no cheap, ordinary variety either; but belonged to that exclusive rank of society known as bon-bons. I was golden colored, and had a chocolate coat, and a delicious maple flavor. I also wore a silver topcoat and I know I tasted good, for when I was being eaten I heard the lady say—but I am getting ahead of my story. You see, to begin with, I lived most all my life in a cardboard apartment house, and altho it was very stylish and beautiful on the outside, inside it was very crowded. My neighbors were all as stylish and handsome as I, but different. I lived on the top floor and one day the roof was mysteriously taken off, and I was so blinded by the unaccustomed light, that I neglected to protest when I was unceremoniously laid hold of. I felt myself being lifted up, up, up; my beautiful wrap was removed, and then all was dark again; and I was unmercifully crunched and crunched until I was all dissolved! I really felt very mortified, because I was so scattered that I was at my wife's end in the keep track of myself. The only apparent way out was down a dark slippery tunnel. So down I slipped. I soon arrived in a large room where quite a few others were assembled. Here I thought I would have a chance to gather myself together and rest, for I was quite out of breath. But no,

I had not a moment's peace. That room seemed to be affected by an earthquake, for it shook, and turned, and twisted, and rolled, and its occupants were thrown higher and you, until I couldn't tell which was me and which was somebody else. Most of us felt quite seasick. I bumped into one certain little man so many times that I felt it my duty to apologize, and thus we became friends. He said he was a baked bean, but you certainly wouldn't have told it from his appearance. His coat had been ripped off and was now being trampled on by a tough looking peanut. My feet felt damp and I looked down to discover that the room was flooded. Soon they began to sting, and my companions complained of it too. I had heard my grandfather Gumdrops tell, in days gone by, a thrilling story of the time when a stringer crust tipped over near him. He had described the same sensation I was now experiencing, and so I concluded that the liquid was vinegar or something like it. Just as we had begun to get used to the uncomfortable motion of the room, a small door opened at the farther end and we were thrown violently out into a narrow hallway where the same motion was going on. We all agreed that something must be wrong until an ancient rascal, who, being almost indigestible, had been there for several days, and was very stuck up about it, announced in a sepulchral voice that we were in a

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human intestine, and the actions of the walls was called peristaltic. The presence of another liquid now increased our discomfort. It seemed to have a curious effect on my friend, for he had been very starchy, and proud of it, but was now being transformed into sugar. He could hardly believe his own eyes, and was much discomfited, but I consoled him by telling him that the most select personages (including myself) were often made of sugar. We travelled inches and inches along that hall, around corners and curves and up and down hill, until something happened. I was thrown against the wall, but instead of bonking ~~me~~ as before, I passed thru it, a little at a time and found myself in several small tubes. I heard me compassionate mention the fact that we were now called Mood. As I traveled on and on, other tubes joined mine until at last I was all together again. I felt much relieved, but I was not quite all there, and I was wondering where the rest of me was when whom should I meet but Mr. Baked Bean. The first thing he said was, "Oh, Mr. Chocolate Drop, have you seen my coat?" I told him I hadn't and he was terribly worried. Then a "know-it-all" cherry remarked, "You'll never see that again. Such things don't digest, don't you know that?" I would have retorted cuttingly, but seeing that he had lost both coat and pit, I didn't wonder he was peevish and felt sorry for him. Well, here I am at the Heart Hotel, and I wish I could stay longer, as this is the first rest I've had for some time. I hear that you were changed from albumen to peptone in that Stomach Inn. The change is very becoming. I see by your baggage tags that you have been to East Liver. I've heard that it's a nice trip. Goodness, I've hurried so much lately that I'm quite worn out! There goes the telephone. Hello! What's that? I'm wanted at Muscle No. 11, North Left Arm? All right, coming. Well good-day Mr.

Poached Egg, it isn't likely we'll meet again, I guess. Good luck to you."
EDNA STEVENS, '19.

THE GIRLS' RIFLE CLUB

THIS organization has been in existence nearly two years. Many new members have joined this season. Meetings are held semi-monthly at the residence of Mrs. Doering, on North Oak Park avenue. Target practice is developing several members for the sharpshooters' class. The local police department should take notice! The officers of this club are planning many outing trips this season.

FRENCH

TO a student beginning French, the three years present a formidable task, but as he advances through the year of grammar work and takes up the literature, he becomes very much interested. Some of the best works are studied, both plays and stories, and well known French poems are learned. If he does not go to college, there are many ways by which he can continue the study through L'Alliance Francaise, the French library and Le Theatre du Circle Francais. Even if he does not continue farther in the study of French, he will find it very valuable because of the many French phrases which are always to be found in literature. This, if nothing else, would be a great compensation for all the time and study put into it. It adds much to one's general store of knowledge and broadens the mind, which is the ultimate aim of all education.

Containing "A Matter of Color" by Estel Hemingway

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CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT

HAROLD S. HULBERT took Chemistry nine years ago, under Mr. Osborne; now read his title: Demonstrator in Chemistry in the University of Michigan Medical School; Consultant to the Juvenile Court, Detroit; on the staff of the Psychopathic Hospital, Ann Arbor. He spends a day each week at this hospital aiding Dr. Barrett and assumes active direction. He studies the abnormalness of the patients and then corrects them. He is the author of a book opening and improving a once paved path into a better surgery. It is a cure for the most pitiful and painful of diseases. This book is called "Technical Improvement of Lange's Colloidal Gold Test. Formaldehyde Vapour Method." And this is only one example of success in Chemistry; but the honor roll originating in that department in our high school is large enough to fill a page.

Then again our Chemistry course is brief but concise, and more Chemistry is taught in one year here than is taught in a year and a half in many other high schools. For this reason the fellows who entered the University of Illinois last September have been excused from a semester laboratory work in Chemistry because of the thoroughness of our course. Following are extracts from a letter which Mr. Osborne received concerning this matter:

"It is unusual to excuse students from doing laboratory work, which consists of only two hours a week. There are, however, three or four high schools in the State, the work in

which is of such a character as to seem to warrant us in excusing the students from doing that part of the work here. I am glad to say that the work in chemistry at Oak Park High School has seemed to be of this character. C. W. Balke," Professor Inorganic Chemistry, "University of Illinois."

Harvey Morrow, besides being allowed two credits on entrance, received a half year's credit of laboratory work at the University of Michigan.

Not only have former classes been worthy of late, but our present one is on a par. Though less speedy than former classes, the quality of the work is higher. The department developed six white hopes for the scholarship exams for entrance at the University of Chicago and Illinois; Charles Hudson, Harry Haseltun, Franklin Pearce, Leonidas Shappell, Tolman Condron, Donald Gray.

BURKE CLUB

TWO weeks ago last Tuesday evening the Burke Club business meeting, fought to a draw, ate, moved to adjourn, locked the sacred precincts, turned off the water and let out the cat—and the Burke Club is no more until 1916-17. In the midst of the jabberings, Lyman Worthington was elected temporary chairman for next year, which was the only business consummated.

We wish Lyman all kinds of luck in his perilous undertaking, and will say no more, as a review of the club year will be printed in the Senior Tabula.



SMILES



Beans!

She (thoughtfully)—"Did you ever think much about reincarnation, dear?"
"Is (otherwise)—"Think about it? I eat it nearly every day—only we call it hash."

36 inches

Mary had a little waist
Where nature made it grow;
And everywhere the fashion went
The waist was sure to go.

"My pal got me a girl for the prom."
"Hah! you ever seen her?"
"Nope."
"How was she?"
"That's the funny part."
"Hub?"
"She was a bear."

Avoidupois!

Sark—"I don't see why they call it the normal school."
Kasm—"Why not?"
Sark—"Did you ever see the products?"

A Blind Pig

Soph—"You want to keep your eyes open around here today."
Fresh—"What for?"
Soph—"Because people will think you are a darned fool if you go around with them shut."

Ah—!

Him—"I have a friend who suffers terribly from the heat."
Her—"Where does he live?"
Him—"He isn't living."

Fatty Degeneration

"Bill is rushing Phyllis. I wonder what she thinks of him?"
"She thinks he is a man after her own heart."

Dairy?

She—"Do you keep a diary?"
He—"No, it wouldn't be fair to the girl I marry."

Squeeze Play—Accordion music.

Headlong!

He—"Did you tell Bones I had a head like a tack?"
Her—"No, I said you were a man of great penetration."

A Shop Lifter

She sent her husband out to shop;
He had some crackers listed,
But he brought pretzels back. Poor Pop.
He always gets things twisted.

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by Ernest Hemingway*

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Dirty Work

She (reading from modern novel):
"He kissed her where she stood."
He—"One of those soul kisses, I suppose."

Toothsome?

Teacher—"Willie, what is your greatest ambition?"
Willie—"To wash mother's ears."

Tobacco

Tobacco is a dirty weed.
I like it.
It satisfies no normal need.
I like it.
It makes you thin, it makes you lean.
It takes the hair right off your bean.
It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen.
I like it.

See-sick

Curiosity Seeker—"Love—why do they call you blind?"
Love—"Well, if you had been sitting around in the dark as long as I have, you'd be blind too."

Willie—"Father, why do they call it the mother—tongue?"
Papa—"Son, do you know for whose use it was made?"

Evans So

Tho the hairs of our head
Are numbered, 'tis said.
In the fact consolation is missing.
For the hairs of our head
Are numbered as said,
And the back numbers seem to be missing.

Also Teeth

"Now," said the professor of chemistry, "under what combination is gold most quickly released?"
The student pondered a moment. "I know, sir," he answered. "Marriage."

A Snap Shot

I took her out to the football game,
I took her out to tea,
I took her out to a fancy ball,
I took her out to dine with me.

I took her out to the theater,
Hoping her hand to win;
But while she was being taken out,
It seems I was taken in.



Octogonal

Tommie—"Mother, what is an octopus?"
Mother—"Why, it's an ugly animal that lives at the bottom of the sea."
Tommie—"That's mighty funny."
Mother—"Funny? Why?"
Tommie—"Well, I was just passing the parlor and I heard sister say in a funny voice, 'Oh, Jack, how I wish that you were an octopus.'"



This stuff is new
To you,
But it's great.
Why?
'Cause I wrote it.

Me? I went
I'll go anywhere once,
Just once.
To the Prom.
Some Prom!

I was some girl
That took me.
Didn't have any neck.
Her dress I mean.
Some shoes she had,
All white. Went all
The way up to her knees.
Looked like she was
Barefoot.

First in the Prom
Was a full
Orchestra.
Anyhow they played
Like it.

At times you couldn't
Hear the music,
People were eating.
Then—
I was too—stayed in
Bed—next morning.

I was relieved when we
Stopped.
Of money by the
Taxi-dermist.
I've come to one
Decision.
No, More Proms—!
Never—not till the
Next one.

Next they pulled a dual meet
Between Goodwillie and Shorney.
No decision.
It was a frame up from the
Start.

First Shorney went
Thru a lot of
Contorsions. He was
Speaking all the time.
Didn't know it till
Afterwards. Some
Subtle guy.

Then Goodwillie got up.
You could hear him.
He won.
The girls were looking at his
Spats—Less noise!

The dancing was great.
I could do the
Steps,
But need more practice
On those holds.
Give me swimming any time.

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On The Front Porch

"Why, George, how dare you? Now you can just go right home, and don't you ever, ever speak to me again." George goes—as far as the steps.
"Let me come back, please. I'll be good, honest I will."
"If you're going to be good, there isn't any reason for coming back."
"Oh, you little angel."
"George, dear, I can't breathe."

Rogues Gallery

Lily—"My friend, Miss Jones, is the proud possessor of a Ruben's picture."
White—"H-m-m! Is he one of this year's freshmen!"



Sandscript

First Trooper Imperial Yeomanry (discussing a new officer)—"Swears a bit, don't e, sometimes?"

Second Trooper—"E's a masterpiece 's is; just opens 'is mouth and let's it say wot it likes."

In The Roller Coaster

Corpulent Occupant of the Front Seat—"Hey, young feller, would you mind telling me something?"

Y. F.—"Yeah!"

C. O. F. S.—"Do you play chess?"

Y. F.—"Yeah!"

C. O. F. S.—"Well, move your queen."



Cynthia—"These bathing suits make people look shorter, don't they?"
Tom—"And people look longer, too."

A marriage notice between Jane Lemon and Ebenezer Sweet, was thusly announced in the "Painted Post Dispatch."

How happily extremes d. meet.
Twixt Jane and Ebenezer.
She was sour, but now she's sweet,
And he's a Lemon-squeezer.



Ruth rode in my new cycle car
In the seat in back of me.
Took a bump at fifty-five—
And rode on ruthlessly.

It Floats
Billy—"If apples make cider, what do pears make?"
Kin—"Soap."

Beithers—The statue is immodest. There should be something over it, if only a shirt.
Blather—Yes, I see—make a sort of B. V. Deity of it.

Physiology
Rastus—Hey, Sam, your mouth is open."
Sam—"I know, I opened it."

A Fish Story
A lively young fisher, named Fisher. Fished for fish from the edge of a fissure.
A fish with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in:
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

A Fairy Tale
"I'm all in," said the burglar, as he wiggled through the window.
"There's something in that," he cried, as he spied the safe.
"It's a hard blow," he remarked as he reached for his can of nitroglycerine.
"I feel blue," he exclaimed as a policeman caught him in his arms.
"I could stay here in a pinch," he said as they took him to a cell.
"That lets me out," he said, when he found a file in his mince pie.

1936
"Is the prof. a self made man?"
"No, no; eugenically arranged for."
Coed—"What's the most interesting part of your car, Ed?"
Ed—"The clutch in the front seat."

Osculation
They say there's microbes in a kiss,
The rumor is most rife:
Come Lady Dear, and make of me,
An invalid for life.

Every time Cupid aims a dart, he Mrs.

Containing "A Matter of Color" by Ernest Hemingway

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Majors

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That Little Dimple

"What are those women talking so much about?"
"They are rehearsing for a play."
"Is that so? What is it to be?"
"Chin-Chin."



Putting It There

War Fan—"What 'de yuh think of Von Hindenburg's drive?"
Golf Fan—"His drive is all right, but they say he's weak on the green."

In A Track Suit?

Abigail—"So Billy Smith has won the race for Nancy Brown?"
Frederic—"Yes."
Abigail—"How do you know?"
Frederic—"Well, I heard her tell her sister that she was on her last lap."

Exact Spot

Attorney Proteck—"And you say you saw Mrs. O'Leary milking the cow?"
Witness Bygee—"Yes sir."
Att. P.—"Well, where did you see Mrs. O'Leary milking the cow?"
W. B. G.—"I should guess just about the center, your honor."

Aftermath

"How'd you like that girl you took to the prom?"
"Well, you know the prom was one of these cut-in-affairs—"
"I gotcher."
"—with no programs at all—"
"Uh-huh."
"—and my girl said just sixteen words all evening."
"Yes?"
"Well, I heard every darned one of 'em."

A Whale

Mary had a little fish,
She played him good and strong;
But sad to say, she got the dish
When prom time came along.

A Monologue

Archie—"How does it happen that Smith hasn't that habit of talking to himself any more?"
Burt—"He caught himself cheating at solitaire and hasn't spoken to himself since."

THE TABULA

Caninistic

"Who has the dog watch?"
"Probably the owner of the bark."

Hot Air

She—(enthusiastically)—"I love to feel this breeze kiss my cheeks."
He—"Yes—these fresh winds always carry a chap."

She—"Why are you so angry about your interview with father?"
He—"Why, I think I have a kick coming."

Like A Bruise

He (looking at his dance card)—"Is that dress blue or black?"
She—"Blue."
He (looking at his dance card again)—"Come on, then, this is our dance."

Jewdus Priest!

1st. Law Student—"Say, have you heard the new name for bankruptcy?"
2nd. Law Student—"No. What is it?"
1st. Law Student—"Jewish-prudence."

—Life.

Heligoland

"Do you know where the little boys go who don't put their Sunday school money in the plate?"
"Yes'm—to the movies."



Judge—"Were there any reasons Mike, why you should have gone off on this tear?"
Mike—"Sure, y'r honor, siven as them."
Judge—"And what were they?"
Mike—"Me, an' six whiskeys, y'r honor."

Containing "A Matter of Color" by Ernest Hemingway

WORTHINGTON IN HERO POLE
RESCUES DROWNIN

The old water work pond scene of a near tragedy on night. At about 5:30 Lyman ington was standing on Oak avenue watching a man in it near the west end of th Worthington believed the m working on a pipe in the wa he saw the fellow turn on l throw up his hands and sink pond. Lyman immediately s the pond and with the assist Mr. Baker, an Oak Park man the attempted suicide. Fran and Thomas Dixon were i drug store. They rushed to and helped Worthington ar out with the man. Worthin highly complimented by th and Public Service comm bravery and prompt action.

The fellow was taken to Park police station and ic He gave the cause of his at a fit of despondency.

Worthington said when in that the only bad effect of dent was the loss from his c et of a fine lot of jokes for ula.

magazine!



THE TABULA

More War

Old Gent (directing Tommy Atkins) --"Turn to the left at the end of this road, and you'll see an inn, the Jug and Bottle; you'll go straight past that."
T. A.--"Not if I know it, Mister."

Cyclonic

"Why are fat people so funny?"
"Because of the many wheezes they give forth."

!!!!

"If wishes were Fords," said the philosopher, "beggars would ride."
"Or stop wishing," said the fool.

"And now they are making light of me," sighed the quarter, as it tinkled into the meter.

Lonesome

"Mirandy, fo' de Lawd's sake, don't let dem chickens outer dis here yard. Shut dat gate."
"What for, Alack, dey'll come home, won't dey?"
"Not so, 'e you kin see it. Dey'll go home."

You've Got To Show Me

"Why," asks a Missouri paper, "does Missouri stand at the head in raising mules?"
"Because," says another paper, "that is the only safe place to stand."
--Life.

Like Dr. Cook

Mistress--"Bridget, it always seems to me that the worst mistresses get the best cooks."
Cook--"Oh, go on wid yer blarney."

Get the Sponge

Judge--"Officer, what is the matter with the prisoner--tell her to stop crying--she's been at it fifteen minutes." (More sobs.)
Officer--"Please, sir, I'm a thinking she wants to be bailed out."

Believe Me

"What do you charge for your rooms?"
"Five dollars up."
"But I'm a student."
"Then it's five dollars down."



THE TABULA

Editor's Scrap Book

Since the estimable Mr. Elton has transcribed his baseball symposium we have discovered that the first victory has been registered and Marshall is no more. The score was 4 to 2. Mr. Fay hurled the well known spheroid and did it with marked success, aside from the trifling matter of ten passes.

Our Smiles Editor has collected a startling conglomeration of humor for this issue and lest some unsophisticated Freshman should assume that all these jokes originated within the recesses of the staff's brain, we hereby announce that the greater part of them were softly clipped from the columns of our contemporaries. But they are good jokes.

According to the latest schedule of the Junior Prom it will appear on May 5. If it hops to it on time all the track men will have to stay at home. This is horrible hard on the Apollo Beveled Ears who run. Let's do something.

From a special correspondent we have learned that another zone has been added to the Vergilian landscape in Hades. This is to accommodate those who read the school paper and do not subscribe to it. Goddap!

We believe there is going to be an opera produced next week. The darned libret cost us a dollar, too (see scale of prices). Mr. Erickson says it's going to be a success, so he must be raking in the shekels.

Fussing is getting to be prevalent lately. "In the spring," etc., as William said, must be the cause of it. Our learned abecedarians (first offense; discharged) should take this into consideration and forgive the sins of the youths who labor under such handicaps.

Just to show how much people regard a school paper, we will quote the numerous editorials from last year's Tabula. We wrote about recalling the errant eighth period and don't you see the eighth period back? Then we wanted the athletic field called Zuppke Field. No response. It's a great life.

University High journeys here to play baseball tomorrow. We hope they are warmly received.

Our school parties have been a success, but why under the sun don't they wax the floor? We would sincerely enjoy seeing Charlie do the work and the result would be most glorious.

The little dingus on our desk proclaims that there are only eight more weeks of school. Glory, Hallelujah!

Sammy Rogers says he can do the Wilson fox trot, one step forward, two steps back, hesitate and then side step. Is he not the cute youngster? He is not.

The Senior Tabula is going to be dedicated to Mr. Bobbitt. We are honored.

By the way, have you had your picture taken and have you paid your dollar?

Running a school paper is no fun. The printer gets all the money. The staff gets all the blame. If you run anything original you're no good. If you don't run anything original you are pilfering your stuff. If you run advertising you are catering to filthy lucre. If you don't you're a fool. If you stay in school you ought to go out and work. If you go out, you can't be found. They say we copy all our material. They'll even say we copied this. That's right, we did.

Containing "A Matter of Color" by Ernest Hemingway

**WORTHINGTON IN HERO POLE
RESCUES DROWNIN**

The old water work pond scene of a near tragedy on night. At about 5:30 Lyman Worthington was standing on Oak Avenue watching a man in the near the west end of the Worthington believed the man working on a pipe in the way he saw the fellow turn on and throw up his hands and sink pond. Lyman immediately the pond and with the assistance Mr. Baker, an Oak Park man the attempted suicide. Frank and Thomas Dixon were drug store. They rushed to and helped Worthington at out with the man. Worthin highly complimented by the and Public Service company, bravery and prompt action.

The fellow was taken to Park police station and it. He gave the cause of his as a fit of despondency.

Worthington said when in that the only bad effect of dent was the loss from his set of a fine lot of jokes for us.

Mag. 25



The Musicales Clubs
of the
Oak Park High School
will present the opera

“Martha”

Friday Evening, April 28th, 8:15 p. m.

in the
High School Auditorium


Tickets on sale at High School

Prices, 50c, 75c and \$1.00

THE GIRL WHO GRADUATES
from the High School: who hesitates to pledge four years to a College Course; who, nevertheless, desires to study, to enjoy college advantages, to cultivate special talents, to enrich her life and her friendships—should know of

NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY
It is a Junior College for young women planned especially to meet the needs of High School graduates. Collegiate and Vocational Courses, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Floriculture, Business Law, Travel. Outdoor life a feature. Study of the National Capital. Illustrated book of 126 pages free on request.

Address
Secretary, National Park Seminary,
(Suburb of Washington, D. C.) Forest Glen, Maryland.



If a fellow loves a girl that is his business.
If a girl loves a fellow that is her business.
If they both love Victrola records that is our business.

**We carry a complete stock
Victor Victrolas & Records**

Cotton's Music Shop
Oak Park Avenue near Lake Street Phone 586

New Records are out 28th of each month

PREPARE YOURSELF
AS A PHYSICAL DIRECTOR OR PLAY GROUND INSTRUCTOR and put in your entering wedge for a successful life work. The field offers a dignified, pleasant, healthful, and remunerative profession.

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY
Our college is accredited, and offers courses in the theory and practice of Physical Education in all branches.

A two year course. **An unusual strong faculty.**

We occupy our own quarter of a million dollar building including swimming pools, shower baths, etc. There are two spacious halls; one 125 by 70, used for dancing and calisthenics, and the other, a fully equipped gymnasium 90 by 60, giving floor space of 5,400 square feet, used for heavy gymnastics and games.

Our next regular term opens September 15th. Summer session from June 28th to August 4th. Write for catalog and announcements.

American College of Physical Education
Department 42
Grand Boulevard and 42nd Street. Chicago, Illinois

Containing "A Matter of Color" by Ernest Hemingway

**WORTHINGTON IN HERO POLE
RESCUES DROWNIN**

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May 25



The Tabula respectfully petitions the honor of the patronage of Oak Park High School's student body for its advertisers.

The Tabula as an advertising medium reaches thirteen hundred of Oak Park's best homes and so--
To our subscribers and to our advertisers: May they get together.

*Containing "A Matter of Color"
by Evelyn Hemmingsway*

End of
May 1916



A beautiful
canoe trip up
The Des Plaines
river with supper
on the Banks
near the Winona
Camp.

Francis Coates
Marcelline Winona
Harold Sampson
Ernest Henningson



Recreation Day 1916

Camp Six Girls



Monica & Marcelline

Indian & Chinese



Carol & Louise



Marcelline in her first Mother dress made for "The Poem"

Decoration Day 1916



60/61

CLASS DAY
1916

Oak Park and River Forest
Township High School

Oak Park, Illinois



High School Assembly Hall
Wednesday Afternoon, June 14, 1916
2:30 o'clock

60/61

PROGRAM
OF
Special Services

FOR
CLASS OF 1916
HELD IN

Oak Park and River Forest Township
High School Assembly Hall



SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1916
7:30 P. M.

60/61



*Marcelline in her "head" Mother
dress made for "The Penn"*

Decorative Day 1916



PROGRAM

1. The President's Speech Herrick R. Goodwillie
2. Class Oration Frederick Moffat Elton
 The Wings of Mercury?
3. Class Poem Sibyl de Joannis
4. Class History Jean Walther Davies
5. Class Prophecy Lucile A. Dick
6. The Ax James McIntosh Adam
7. Class Gift Thomas John Dixon, Jr.
8. Senior Stunt
 Kink of the Kamikabs Schuyler Brandt
 Slaves and Food Parvegers } Simpson Rogers
 Executioner Ferocissima } John Wolf
 Chief Cook George Trifton
 Willard Johnson

PROGRAM

- VICTIMS (in order of confession)
1. Jean Plummer Muller Reimann
 2. William Mergentheim } Three
 Nelson Jenkins } in
 Katherine Patch } One
 3. Franklin Force Twelve Centuries of It
 4. Marguerite Trior }
 Harry Menden } Op
 5. David Wehrvert } Hochwuhlgelbren
9. Presentation of Field Day Prizes and Trophies
 by Athletic Association
 10. Presentation of Atlanta Trophies and Emblems
 11. Class Song—
 Words and Music Esther May Reid
 12. Class Yell



*collar in her hand
as made for the poor Mother*

Decorative Day 1916



All hail the power of Jesus' Name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him, Lord of All.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Program

THE REV. WILLIAM J. TAYLOR, PRESIDING

Hymn
"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name"

Prayer
THE REV. CHARLES K. CARPENTER

Chorus—"Fierce Were the Wild
Billows" Noble

Eight Part Chorus "A Cappella"

Scripture Reading
THE REV. E. D. GAYLORD
Selection—Andante con Moto *from the*
"Unfinished Symphony" Schubert

Announcements

Hymn
"O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee"

Sermon
THE REV. G. N. LUCCOCK

Doxology

Benediction
THE REV. D. T. DENMAN

CLASS D
1916
Oak Park and Riv
Township High
Oak Park, Illin



High School Assen
Wednesday Afternoon,
2:30 o'clock

1916



*recalling in her head "Mother
was made for the Crown"*

Decoration Day 1916



CLASS DAY
1916

Oak Park and River
Township High School

Oak Park, Illinois



High School Assembly
Wednesday Afternoon, Jan
27:30 o'clock

1916
50

O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free:
Tell me thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

Leicester Mass

61



Mother

Grandparents

O Master! let me walk with Thee
In hazy paths of service free,
Teach me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care,
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love,
Teach me the wayward feet to step,
And guide them in the onward way,
Teach me Thy patience: still with Thee
In clover, daisies company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs ever wrong,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

June 14
1916
Play
School



M
L



"Card" kid

62143

513
GALLERY
7



Graduation Exercises

1916

Oak Park and River Forest Township
High School

OAK PARK, ILLINOIS



HIGH SCHOOL ASSEMBLY HALL
Thursday Evening, June 15, 1916

20
3

June 4.
1916
Play
School
School



"Card" kids

Program

Three Dances from "Henry VIII" . . . German
 No. 1 Morris Dance
 No. 2 Shepherd's Dance
 No. 3 Torch Dance

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Processional—
 War March from "Attila" . . . Mendelssohn

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Final Chorus from "Odysseus" . . . Bruch
 CHORUS

Invocation
 REV. P. H. SWIFT

America's War Debt
 STEWART STARKS HAWES

The Open Road
 ELEANOR JANE ATKINS

Solo for Cornet—The Debutante . . . Clark
 ARTHUR NELSON BRABROOK

Inefficient Efficiency
 CLYDE WILLIAM READING

The Influence of the Hearthstone
 JOSEPHINE GORDON TAYLOR

Solo for Violin—Ballade et Polonaise *Vieuxtemps*
 CLARA VIOLA HOOVER

The New Patriotism
 WILLIAM V. MORGENSTERN

The World a Whispering Gallery—Valedictory
 FRANCES LEWIS LANGWORTHY

Unfinished Symphony . . . Schubert
Allegro Moderato
 HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Presentation of the Class to the Board by the
 Principal
 MR. M. R. McDANIEL

Presentation of Diplomas
 MR. J. KIBBEN INGALLS

Benediction
 REV. C. H. JOHNSON

Recessional

The audience will please remain seated until the close
 of the recessional

513
62/43

Senior Class
1916
Play
Festival
Holmes
School



The following members of the Senior Class have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all work done while in this High School:

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| ELEANOR ATKINS | FRANCES LANG- |
| SELMA BRAMBACH | WORTHY |
| MARY CARNEY | FRANKLIN PEARCE |
| CHARLOTTE DAKIN | JEAN PICKETT |
| SIBYL DE JOANNIS | JEAN PLUMMER |
| HELEN GOLDER | KATHRYN TENNEY |
| STEWART HAWES | JOSEPHINE TAYLOR |
| ESTHER HEBERT | JOSEPH TOWNSEND |
| CLARA HOOVER | MURIEL WEST |
| MERLE IRWIN | |

In addition to the above list the following members of the class have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all work done during the present year:

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| DOUGLAS BEST | WM. MORGENSTERN |
| KATHARINE BUTLER | EDITH PHILLIPS |
| HEBER CAMPBELL | ANNA YAGER |



"Carol" kids



62/63
Assembly Hall
7

The following members of the Senior Class have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all work done while in this High School:

ELEANOR ATKINS	FRANCES LANG-
SELMA HRAMBACH	WORTHY
MARY CARNEY	FRANKLIN PEARCE
CHARLOTTE DAKIN	JEAN PICKETT
SIBYL DE JOANNIS	JEAN PLUMMER
HELEN GOLDER	KATHRYN TENNEY
STEWART HAWES	JOSEPHINE TAYLOR
ESTHER HERBERT	JOSEPH TOWNSEND
CLARA HOOVER	MURIEL WEST
MERLE IRWIN	

In addition to the above list the following members of the class have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all work done during the present year:

DOUGLAS BEST	WM. MORGENSTERN
KATHARINE BUTLER	KATH PHILLIPS
HEBER CAMPBELL	ANNA YAGER



"The Trojan + The Old Greek"

5A 3
GALLERY
ASSEMBLY HALL

RETAIN CHECK 7
SEE PAGE 70 & 71

Assembly Hall
Old Port and Blair Street University High School

CLASS DAY
ADMIT ONE - GOLD DATE ONLY

7

CLARENCE E. HEMINGWAY, M. D.
800 HENNINGWORTH AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

TELEPHONE 344, 3443, 1915

Dear Ernest -

111
I was very pleased with your
letter of the 20th and hope you
will write again soon. - I enclose
prints from your negatives. -
I printed Mrs. Cavahash over to see
all the photos & she was delighted. -
We is still looking for a job. - His folks
get leave today. Hope boat back of us now
OK. How about this it stops leaks too. - R.W.

July 23, 1915.

CHICAGO, ILL.


CLARENCE E. HEMINGWAY, M. D.
800 HENNINGWORTH AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.


TELEPHONE 344, 3443, 1915

My dear Ernest, -
I hope you are again at Henderson
and working regularly on Longfield.
Write & tell me the "whole" of
the particulars from "Braehen" up
to date. - When was this and where
the witness? - How "squealed"?
If you have a trial, bring
out a Jury Trial & plead guilty

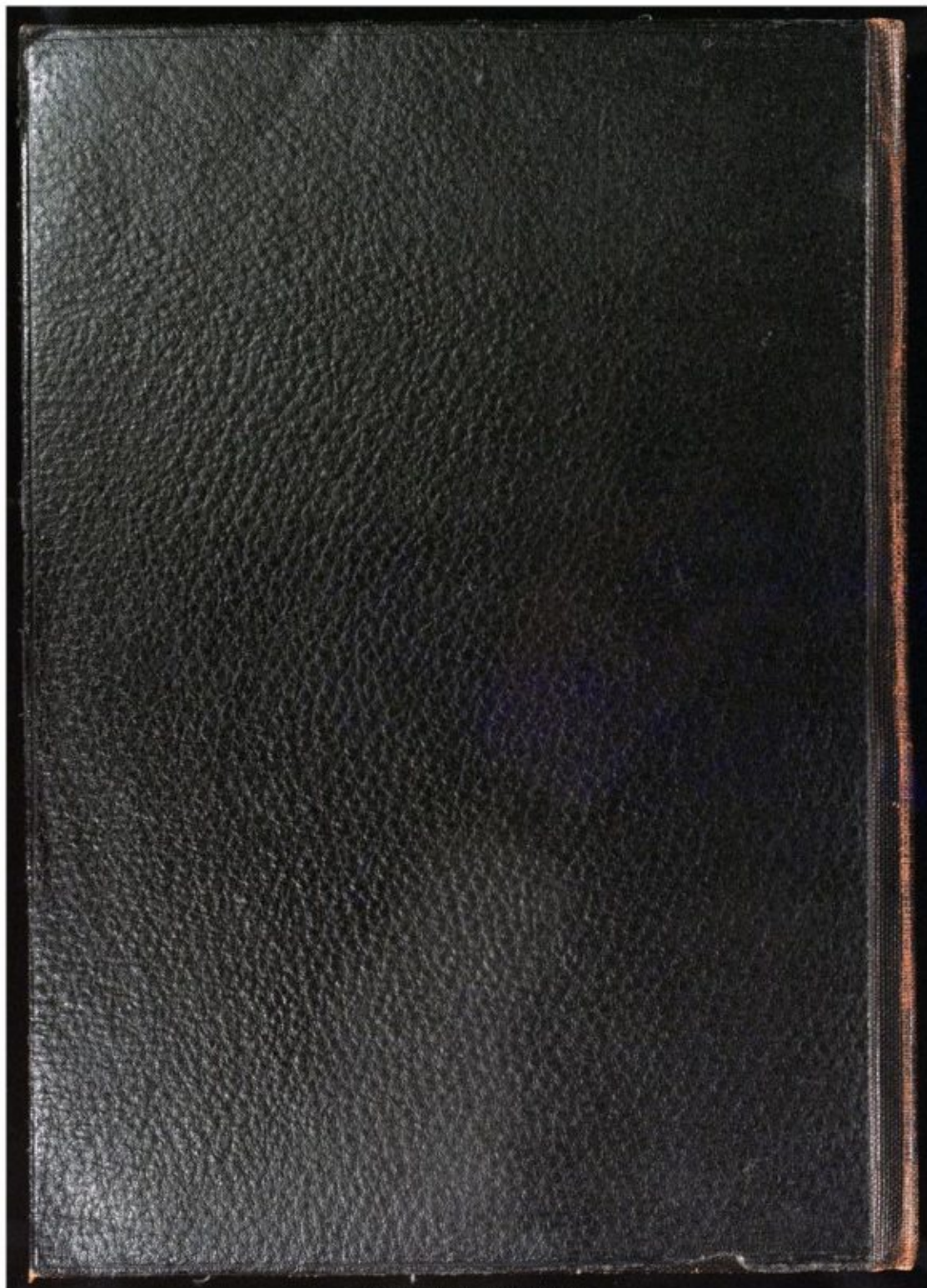
July 31, 1915.

CHICAGO, ILL.

listen. - You know that little bunch
Bilge jump. - I fixed it, but hose is
too short. - Please cut a thin
section like this  of the end
& enclose it in letter & tell me
how long the hose is on the
big pulley & I will bring up
some new hose. - Take good care
of garden & animals &blers
Chickens for mother whenever
she needs them. - Much love. - "Dad"

but innocent of a leg of officer.
- Keep all guns in window seat
until I order. - No hunting!
I wrote that after your riding
hunt early are returning with
Sunday. - No guns in a boat at
any time. - Shoot only Vermis in
Emergencies - Remember Dadoly
loves this big boy & prays he will
Keep careful & sit of tubule.
with love by your father 





EHPH-SB5-112.jpg