

“JUNE



1900”

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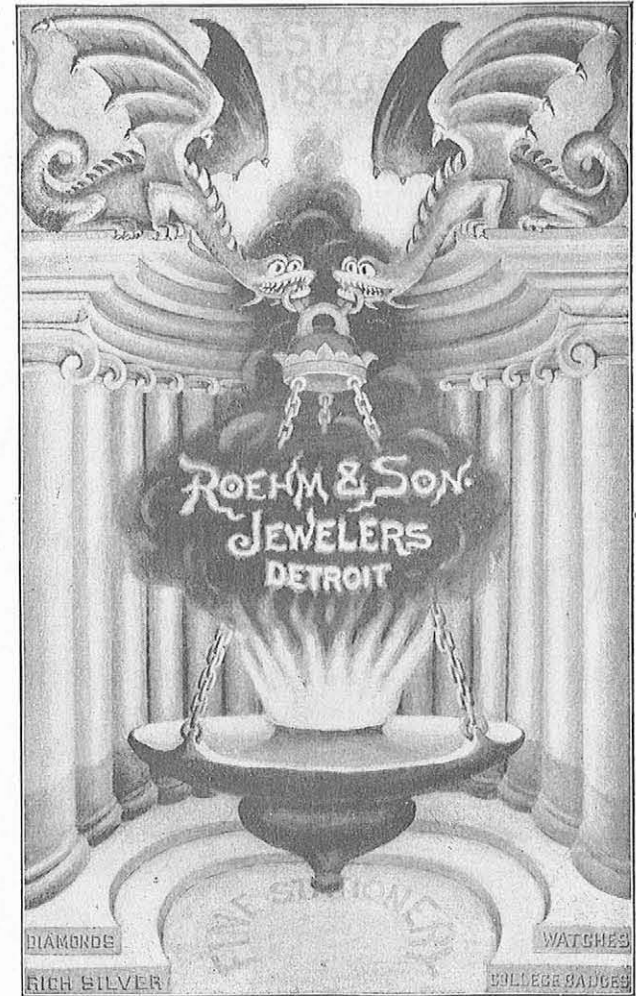
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“June 1900”





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Edited Under the Auspices  
of the Class of  
❁❁ "June, 1900." ❁❁

JUNE NINETEEN HUNDRED



HERBERT SMITH BEEBE  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

To our friends and patrons in the  
❁❁❁  
Detroit Central High School  
❁❁❁  
this book is respectfully dedicated

**To the Girl of 1900.**

Here's to the daisy-crowned queen  
of the June-tide,  
Sweet as the blossoms entwined  
in her hair,  
Girlish, yet womanly; wise and  
light-hearted;  
Happy and smiling and won-  
drously fair.  
Hail to you, hail to you, sweet sprig  
of girlhood,  
Homage we pay you, and feel it  
your due.  
In the bright morning of useful en-  
deavor  
Life and its duties is dawning  
for you.  
Guard well you womanly sweetness  
and goodness,  
Keep it unspoiled through the  
long years of care.  
Still be a girl in your heart and your  
actions,  
Fit to wear daisies entwined in  
your hair.

ALICE B. CHURCHILL.

**To the Departed One.**

GEORGE W. LEMPKE.

When kindly day has been transformed to night,  
I sit alone and think of naught but thee,  
Whom I still love, near whom I'd always be.  
But fate decided hard, and left the blight  
Of death upon thy brow. Thus I delight  
No more in joy, because thy love for me  
Had carried happiness that could not see  
Mere earthly bounds, but soared beyond the bright  
Blue skies of Paradise. The loneliness  
That in me speaks can ne'er be silenced now,  
Because thou were't to me my life, my all.  
Come now, O God, this sorrowed one to bless,  
And give this soul the food that only Thou  
In plenty sendeth free to those who call.

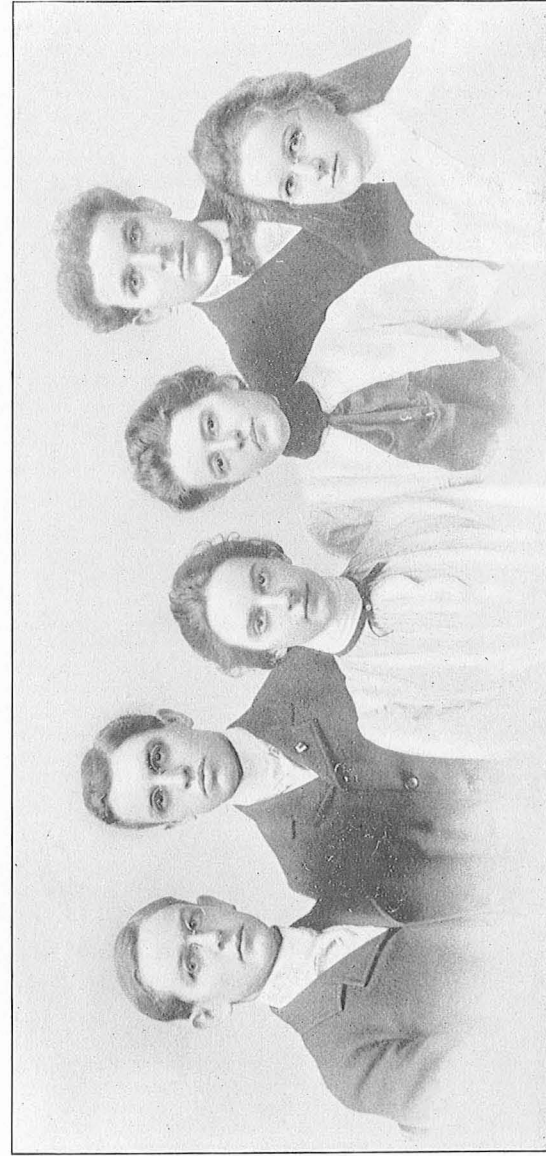


Photo by Hayes.

**Board of Editors "June 1900."**

H. S. BEEBE,  
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A. B. CHURCHILL,  
Associate Editor.

L. H. BIERCE,  
Business Manager.

S. B. FIELD,  
Associate Editor.

J. S. GRENNELL,  
Associate Editor.

P. W. PEOPLES,  
Assistant Business Manager.

### Editorials.

Being aware that no Central "High School Annual" was to be edited this semester, the present editorial staff decided to risk a less extensive publication, relying for support on the patriotism and goodwill of the students and teachers.

The "June Nineteen Hundred" is a summary of the year's work, containing everything of interest that could be procured in so short a time.

Heretofore the High School papers, with one or two exceptions, have been managed by fraternities. It seems to us that an independent paper should be, and doubtless will be, encouraged.

It is hoped that the students most interested in the school will carry on this work next year. The Detroit Central High School ought never to be without a representative paper.

### What Has Done It.

When about a year ago the horrid monster called "Sixteenth Week Exams" was set loose in the High School, he worked ruin and misery wherever the rumors of his coming reached, and that is only another way of saying that he worked ruin and misery everywhere.

A cloud hung over our beautiful building. Inside low mutterings of thunder were heard; each face wore a settled gloom and despair which betokened untold misery; a deluge was expected any minute.

But the thunder gradually died away, before the storm fairly broke loose, and with muttered threats which spoke ill for the return of the monster next semester, the students resigned themselves to the inevitable.

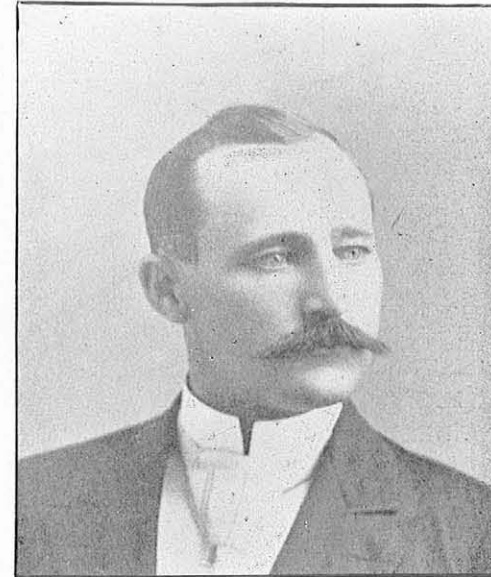
When the next semester came around, and the rumors of the same monster were in due time heard again, everybody expected the long delayed storm to burst forth in all its pent up fury. But presto, change. What was the surprise of all to see the students accept with a calmness quite inexplicable the arrival of the beast. He was little discussed. There were no indications of a tempest. We who love to ask the cause of an effect look about and say, "What has done it?" We are sure the editorial staff will sufficiently reward any student who satisfactorily answers this question.

This semester there is one thing to be noted—the almost total absence of "frat spirit." During the last two years the influence of fraternities has been decreasing. The Detroit University School took away some "frat" men, while the graduation class of June, '99, deprived the school of still more.

Although some fraternities are not to be admired, it seems to us that those of the High School were, in some respects, a benefit. They took charge of the literary work, furnishing the students an "annual." They encouraged and participated in athletics. They were able by their secrecy (?) to arouse the wrath of envious independents, thereby forcing them to take interest in school events, when otherwise they would not have done so. No fraternity, having a healthy, moral tone, is to be scorned. Independents are sometimes too harsh in the expression of their opinions.

To all who have aided us in the publication of the "June Nineteen Hundred" we wish to express our sincere thanks.

The "June Nineteen Hundred" is sincerely grateful to the present graduating class for its offer of support. Although this publication is intended for the whole school, it is also a graduating class paper. It announces that nearly eighty more members of the Detroit Central High School are about to pass from our midst and enter different fields of usefulness.



**JAMES HARVEY BEAZELL,**  
Our New Principal.

The students remaining will miss them, as they who depart will feel the loss of their old High School companions, whom they were accustomed to meet daily. Graduation is at once a great happiness and a sad leave-taking.

The Class of June, Nineteen Hundred, is to be congratulated not only because of its fine young ladies and manly young men, but because of its deep interest in the school and its encouragement of athletics, oratory and school literature.

### School Faculty.

JAMES HARVEY BEAZELL, Principal.  
MRS. HARRIETTE ANNA BISHOP, Twelfth Grade Principal,  
Algebra, Trigonometry, Psychology.  
JESSE BUTTRICK DAVIS, Eleventh Grade Principal, United  
States History.  
LOUISE EMMA MUNGER, Tenth Grade Principal.  
\*ELIZABETH GILLIES, Ninth Grade Principal.

### Teachers.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Physics.  
EMIL ALBRECHT, German.  
MARY ANDERSON, Algebra.  
ELOINA ANDRE, Botany, Zoology.  
CLARA BEVERLEY, Rhetoric and History.  
MRS. SARAH ELLEN ANDREWS, English.  
ELIZA JANE AUSTIN, History.  
ALPHONSE FRIEDRICH BAHLCKE, German.  
GRACE FRAUNAUER BAMMEL, German, History.  
FRANCES MARY BARNES, Stenography.  
ARCHIE ERNEST BARTLETT, Latin.  
FRED ORLANDO BATES, Greek, Latin.  
ELLEN MARIA BEANE, History.  
ESTHER BOYNTON, Rhetoric.  
LILLIAN MAY BROMLEY, Algebra, Geometry.  
CHARLES WILLIAM BURROWS, Algebra, Geography.  
CAROLINE ELLA CAMPBELL, Rhetoric.  
JOHN WATROUS CASE, Drawing.  
BENJAMIN FREEMAN COMFORT, Algebra, Arithmetic.  
LETTIE LENORE CONOVER, Botany.  
CLARENCE SIDNEY COOKE, Physics.  
BELLE DONALDSON, Latin.  
DAVID JAMES FELL, Book-keeping.  
CHARLES F. FIELD, Latin, Rhetoric.  
HENRY HARVEY FROST, Geometry.

\*Died, June 1st, 1900.

MARY A. GAMBLE, English, Rhetoric.  
MARION SARAH GERLS, Geometry.  
CHARLES MANSUY GREBUS, French.  
LUCY ETHEL WILHELMINA GREGG, French.  
HELEN LEONIA HARD, Rhetoric.  
GRACE ELLA HARRAH, History.  
LINDA ENOS HARRIS, History.  
HELEN LOUISE HATCH, Algebra, History.  
MILDRED HINSDALE, Rhetoric.  
FLORENCE MAY HOPKINS, Librarian.  
FRANCES COCHRAN HUDSON, Geometry.  
ISABELLA HARRIET HULL, History.  
FREDERICK CHARLES IRWIN, Chemistry.  
CARRIE LEWERENZ, Drawing.  
DALE LIVINGSTON, Latin.  
ALICE JEAN LYON, Geography.  
RACHEL ANNIE MALCOMSON, Literature, Rhetoric.  
MARY WALKER McGRATH, Assistant Librarian and Clerk.  
KATHARINE TALLMAN MUMFORD, Secretary.  
LEWIS MURBACH, Biology.  
MATILDA MUTSCHEL, German.  
CLINTON SAMUEL OSBORN, Algebra.  
LILLIAN WHITNEY PAINE, Algebra.  
JOHN ARTHUR PETERS, Latin.  
MARY FAIRMAN POWER, Algebra.  
MINERVA BELLE RHINES, Rhetoric.  
ANNE MARY ROBY, History.  
MARGARET EMMA THOMPSON, English, Rhetoric.  
TEMPLETON PEMBROKE TWIGGS, Book-keeping.  
ANNIE MUMFORD WILEY, Latin.  
NIEL HOOKER WILLIAMS, Chemistry, Physics.  
HARRY DALE WRIGHT, Latin.



## In Memoriam.

MISS ELIZABETH GILLIES.

When a great artist dies, he leaves behind him the creations of his brush to keep his memory green in the minds of the people.

An author paints his word pictures, and if they be worthy, he leaves the message he thus has brought to travel down the ages, long after he himself has ceased to be.

The poet weaves his fancies in verse and sends them out into the world to sing of his fame far and wide, even after the soul of the poet has taken its final flight.

But for him to whom the teaching of young minds is given, provided he does it wisely and justly, a monument is reared, not tangible, but infinitely more beautiful than the artist's picture, the author's book, or the poet's song. We call this monument "influence," and how great its dimensions are only God himself can tell.

For thirty-six years Miss Elizabeth Gillies has been rearing for herself such a monument. Her influence, and an influence for truth and right it always was, has touched the student life during all that time most forcibly, and as the thousands of students have gone forth from under her care and into the world, who knows how this same influence of a true, earnest, devoted teacher has touched the city life, the state life, and may some day touch the nation's life?

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," and thus, though we shall look no more upon her who has labored so long and so efficiently among us, she lives still in the hearts of people who mourn her death as the loss of a personal friend.

She has heard her Master's "Well done," and has gone to her reward, but to us, who as students have come into touch with her life, it remains to build her monument of influence still higher and wider—the best offering, after all, that we can bring.

SARA BARD FIELD.

## In Memoriam.

MISS ELIZABETH GILLIES.

Dear Friends:

Our hearts are too full of grief for us to say what we feel at the going out from our midst of our beloved friend and associate. And at this moment, when the sense of our loss is so keen, we cannot help recalling how much she has been to each one of us personally in her wise judgment, her sympathy, her strong sense of justice, and her high ideals of duty and honor. Nor can we fail to express our appreciation of her unusual ability as an educator, who has laid the school under great and lasting obligations.

Her daily work was always honestly done. Her aim was always to form character, to stimulate what was worthy, to discourage any act that was cowardly or mean. She had the gift of drawing the best in people to the surface, so that the motive of many, even of young students, was honor. She seemed to make an atmosphere of quiet and refinement by her very presence, and much of the unusual and beautiful spirit of the Detroit High School was due to the fact that most of the pupils who went through the school gained from her their first impressions.

She went from us in all the fullness of life; her loss can never be made good. Our memory of her will be of one taken in the very midst of work. Her presence will linger with us as of one who counted not her life dear to herself.

FROM THE TEACHERS OF THE  
CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL.

**Class of January 1900.**

PRESIDENT—FREDRIC MASTERS TROY,  
VICE-PRESIDENT—CLARA EDNA HIBBARD,  
SECRETARY—SAMUEL WEBSTER STONE,  
TREASURER—ANNA FRANCES ODIN HULBERT.

**CLASSICAL COURSE.**

EDITH JENNIE CLAWSON	META HOLZ
HAZELETT EDWIN DICKINSON	RACHEL SARA SAULSON
RHODA PAMELA B. FARQUHARSON	HELEN VERMILYE SIMONS
CLARA EDNA HIBBARD	

**LATIN COURSE.**

EMILY BEATRICE BAKER	GRACE ELIZA JENNINGS
HERBERT SMITH BEEBE	FLORENCE SABINA MARSH
MARSHALL THOMAS BODEN	GRACE MORRIS
BELLE MARY CHAFFEE	JOHN DAVIDSON PRICE
FAITH COOPER	EMILY GERTRUDE REGER
SUSAN REBECKA CORNS	SYDNEY RUMNEY RUSSEL
SARA BARD FIELD	CLARA BEATRICE SHEWCRAFT
FERN INEZ FLEMING	HAROLD GLADSTONE STALKER
HUGO ABRAHAM FREUND	SAMUEL WEBSTER STONE
JENNIE BELLE HALSTEAD	FREDRIC MASTERS TROY
ANNA FRANCES ODIN HULBERT	CALLA GREIG VAN DUSEN
NATALIE WORTHINGTON HUTTON	JOHN JOSEPH WOOLFENDEN
FRANCES WREFORD KAIGHIN	GRACE EVELYN YERKES

**LATIN-SCIENTIFIC COURSE.**

NEIL ISAAC BENTLEY	MURRAY GORDON PATERSON
CLARENCE WINDER CARKEEK	PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN
FLORENCE MABEL KING	HELEN MARY TOOMEY
KATHERINE FOWLER MACDONALD	ELFLEDA LOUISE WHEELER

**ENGLISH COURSE.**

MABEL COBURN ANDERSON	ELMA SCHNEIDEWIND
CHARLOTTE ARLINE CHAMBERLIN	RENSSELAR ELFBRINK SCOTT SCOVEL
KATHARINE COURVILLE	PERLINA SLITER
MARY MADELINE CRONIN	GRACE HEATHER STREET
JENNIE PROVEN GOUDIE	MARY PHILOMENA WALSH
IDA THERESA GRAUL	FRANCES ADELLA WALTON
GEORGE ALLAN MCKAIG	ESTELLE VERA WITHEY
RACHEL ROGERS	

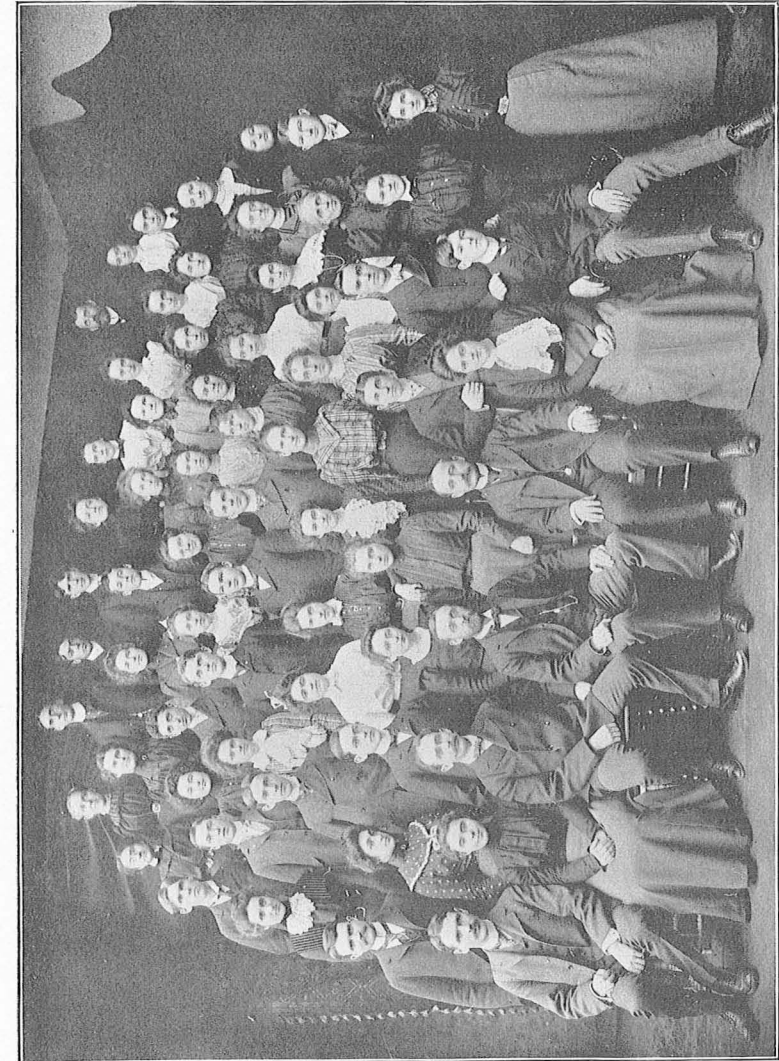


Photo by Hayes.

Class of January, 1900.

**Class of June 1900.**

**OFFICERS.**

President—Lee Hutchins Bierce.  
 Vice-President—Ethel Jane McCornac.  
 Secretary—Alberta Stott.  
 Treasurer—Arthur Spencer.

**MEMBERS OF CLASS.**

Abbott, Lucy Marie Woodbridge.....Latin Course.  
 Adams, Lorena Marie.....Classical Course.  
 Adams, Susan Louise.....Classical Course.  
 Ames, Laurence Joseph.....Latin Scientific Course.  
 Anderhalt, Stella Marion.....English Course.  
 Andrews, Winnifred Parnelly Sarah.....Latin Scientific Course.  
 Atkinson, Alton Cameron.....Classical Course.  
 Baker, Natalie Lillian Dickinson.....Latin Course.  
 Barrier, Frederic Pelham.....English Course.  
 Bien, Maude Anna.....English Course.  
 Bierce, Lee Hutchins.....Modern Language Course.  
 Birdseye, Walter Bower.....Commercial Course.  
 Blain, Divie Bethune Duffield.....Latin Scientific Course.  
 Blakeslee, Howard Walter.....Classical Course.  
 Blodgett, Mary Irene.....Latin Course.  
 Bloom, Walter Irving.....Commercial Course.  
 Campbell, Clarence Walker.....Latin Course.  
 Cartwright, Mary Margaret.....English Course.  
 Coates, Sadie.....Latin Scientific Course.  
 Corliss, Elisabeth Danforth.....Latin Course.  
 Currie, Leila Blanche.....Latin Course.  
 Eaton, Grace Louise.....Classical Course.  
 Etzler, Ada Edith.....Latin Scientific Course.  
 Farmer, Elizabeth Gratwick.....Latin Scientific Course.  
 Fry, William John.....English Course.  
 Gascoigne, Cornelia Frances.....Latin Course.  
 Gilbert, Ruth Virginia.....Latin Course.  
 Gilger, Claudine.....Latin Scientific Course.  
 Grenell, Julia Shelton.....Latin Course.  
 Greuner, Lulu Matilda.....English Course.  
 Hebbelthwaite, Arthur Russell.....Classical Course.  
 Hesselbacher, Bertha Albertine.....English Course.  
 Hinman, Grover Whittemore.....Latin Course.

Horkheimer, Berthold Sinn.....Latin Course.  
 Johnson, Clara Amelia.....English Course.  
 Lang, Clara Emilie.....Latin Course.  
 Leland, Bernice Mae.....Latin Course.  
 Lempke, George William.....English Course.  
 Locke, Unabelle.....Latin Course.  
 Look, Florence Marie.....Latin Course.  
 McCornac, Ethel Jane.....Latin Course.  
 McDonald, Jessie Clara.....Classical Course.  
 McManus, Ellen Mary.....Commercial Course.  
 Marshall, Eugene Joseph.....Latin Scientific Course.  
 Menard, Henry Frederick.....Commercial Course.  
 Morris, Hazel.....Latin Course.  
 Munro, Ethel Malissa.....English Course.  
 Peoples, Perin Westerfield.....Latin Scientific Course.  
 Ransom, Susie Grace.....English Course.  
 Renshaw, Frederick Thomas.....Latin Course.  
 Rice, Sallie Palmer.....Latin Course.  
 Roberson, William Brownell.....Latin Scientific Course.  
 Robinson, Clara Belle.....English Course.  
 Rule, Fanny Belle.....Classical Course.  
 Sage, Joel Chapman.....English Course.  
 Schneck, Edwin.....English Course.  
 Scott, Laura Estella.....English Course.  
 Smith, James Finlay.....Latin Course.  
 Smith, Marvin Alexander.....Latin Course.  
 Smith, Sallie Agnes.....English Course.  
 Spencer, Arthur.....Classical Course.  
 Stendel, Edwin August.....Latin Scientific Course.  
 Stringer, Irene May.....Latin Scientific Course.  
 Stott, Alberta.....English Course.  
 Symes, Russell William.....Commercial Course.  
 Tanner, Ethel Alice.....Latin Course.  
 Thompson, Charlotte Eleanor.....English Course.  
 Thompson, Helen Ruth.....Latin Course.  
 Trollope, Bessie Alfaretta.....Latin Course.  
 Vernor, Emily Louise.....English Course.  
 Vincent, Eleanor Marie.....Classical Course.  
 Waite, Donald Cramer.....Latin Course.  
 Weber, Charles Joseph.....Commercial Course.  
 Weber, Thomas Maybury.....English Course.  
 Welch, Edith.....Latin Course.  
 Welch, Mabel.....Latin Course.  
 Williams, Elmer.....Latin Scientific Course.  
 Wilson, Alice Jennett.....Latin Course.  
 Wilson, Edith Warne.....Latin Scientific Course.



## Mr. Sadd's Crusade.

BY WARD MACAULEY.

Mr. Teshler Sadd was a man of eccentric notions. That is what some people called it; he always spoke of it as being "force of character." However that may be, it was certainly true that when Mr. Sadd conceived a profound dislike for anything, he usually put a great deal of energy into opposing it, until upon getting tired of it, he would devote his talents to some other good work.

Mr. Sadd was a man of the deepest religious conviction, notwithstanding his residence in New York, and his opinions often led him into very practical efforts on their behalf. Indeed, once his ire was stirred, it was impossible to placate him, until he either accomplished his purpose or tired of seeking to do it.

Mr. Sadd had plenty of money, and therefore plenty of time. Time is not half so much money as money is time. Tramps usually have lots of time.

A few years ago, the fever of elevating literature struck Mr. Sadd, and his attention was at once bestowed upon the leading book stores of the town. He wandered into one of them and after diligently investigating the contents of the shelves, he fixed upon the following two as most worthy of suppression. They were: "Self-contradictions of the Bible" and "Crimes of Clergymen."

In order to make himself sure of his ground, Teshler Sadd purchased copies of each volume and read them through, with an ever-rising temper.

"Why," he said, "this infernal idiot" (referring to the author of "Self-contradictions of the Bible"); "doesn't he know that you can make any book contradict itself? There is not a sentence in the Bible which is not modified by something preceding or following."

His indignation toward the compiler of "Crimes of Clergymen" was even more bitter, for he thought that it was, indeed, an unfair comparison to place in a volume all the convictions brought against one class of men.

"He says nothing about the small ratio compared with other occupations," said Sadd. "I had better begin at once," he thought, as he marched down town. It took four days for him to execute the first work in his crusade. This consisted in buying up all the copies of each of the books in every book-store in New York, in order that the eager, degraded public might not be able to purchase the books.

This was, however, far from satisfactory, for before the week was out they all had fresh supplies. Furthermore, as Sadd had purchased nearly two hundred copies of the two books—both of which were lately published—the book-sellers considered the volumes worth featuring, and the newspapers were soon commenting on the unusual interest in the books. "Worse than before," said Sadd, to himself; "I see harsher measures will need to be taken."

This was easily said, but what were these harsher measures to be? Teshler Sadd thought three whole days before his further plan of campaign was fully settled upon. Then he had what he considered a tactical masterpiece. He would visit the publishers of the volumes and represent himself to be Teshler Sadd, of the future firm of Sadd, Season & Co., and would endeavor to purchase the rights of the two books. Then, setting himself in communication with the authors, he could choose one of three plans. He could keep up a mythical sale and send royalties to the writers, but this plan was hardly expeditious, as the fraud would surely be dis-

covered sooner or later, and besides, Sadd hardly liked the idea of paying these wicked fellows money. Of course, he might search out and utterly destroy the fiends who were responsible for the works. The third plan was simply to give another name when purchasing the plates, then destroy them and decamp. This plan suited him best of all.

Forthwith, he set out for the office of Beadle & Beadle, the prominent publishers who marketed "Self-contradictions of the Bible." He inquired for one of the firm and was later shown into the private office of Mr. Upton Beadle, the senior of the partners.

"Mr. Beadle?"

"My name, sir."

"I am Joshua Blinn, of the prospective firm of Gridiron & Blinn. Mr. Gridiron and myself have taken quite a fancy to one of your books, "Self-contradiction of the Bible," and I came to inquire if you would be open to any reasonable proposition to dispose of the rights."

"Mr. Beadle scrutinized his visitor coldly.

"What is your proposal?" he said.

"I will offer one thousand dollars for the plates and rights and buy what stock you have on hand."

"I am afraid, *Mr. Blinn*, that I can do nothing for you. In the first place, we are bound by a contract; and in the second, you were pointed out to me less than a week ago as being Teshler Sadd, an eccentric philanthropist. I can't understand your scheme."

Sadd saw that the game was up, and concluded wisely that his plots were not quite so fine as he had at first thought.

He did not interview Bulham & Snyder, the publishers of "Crimes of Clergymen," but decided to affect an entire retirement from action until some more feasible plan should present itself.

Destroy those books he would. There must never be any question about that.

Next day, the papers published a sensational item saying that Teshler Sadd, the prominent philanthropist, had endeavored, under a false name, to purchase the plates of "Self-contradictions of the Bible," and had met signal failure. On the same page was a large advertisement of the book. There could be no doubt that Beadle & Beadle had given the item to the newspapers as a write-up for themselves.

Teshler Sadd was chagrined. The book had created a sensation, and every bookseller had a high pile right in the doorway. Instead of accomplishing anything, he had simply advertised the book. Few were inquiring for "Crimes of Clergymen," so Sadd inwardly decided to say nothing about it.

He was besieged by eager newspaper reporters, who endeavored to ascertain his views on the subject. The Daily Crier got out an extra almost every day, and the boys could be heard calling: "Paper, extra, sir? All about latest particulars of Sadd's crusade against bad books." So Teshler found himself the recipient of much unenviable notice. And still the sale of "Self-contradictions of the Bible" continued.

Sadd wrote an article for the Daily Crier in which he heavily scored the volume and proved conclusively that any fool could make any book contradict itself, by isolating sentences meant to be read in connection with something else. Everybody bought The Crier that day. No less than five editions were sold.

Sadd was happy. He considered that at least he had gained something of the ground he had lost.

Then he decided on a *coup de main*, as they call it. His plans were so daring that they were successful. He bribed one of the printers in



Beadle & Beadle's shop to cut up the plates. For this the printer was paid \$100. Next day when the ruined plates were discovered there was an awful sensation. The newsboys were heard to give the following cries: "Crier extra; all about plates of bad books destroyed." "Second extra; all about Teshler Sadd suspected of destroying book plates." "Third extra paper! All about Teshler Sadd has an alibi. Extra!"

It certainly seemed that Sadd had accomplished his purpose, for after the plates were destroyed, he quickly bought up all copies on the stands and left orders for as many more as he thought it likely that the publishers would have on hand. Thus, everybody felt sure that Mr. Teshler Sadd was responsible for the work, yet no proof could be brought against him.

Later Mr. Sadd made Mr. Beadle a confidential offer to keep the book out of print. This was at last accepted.

Upon looking over his books Mr. Teshler Sadd found that suppressing "Self-contradictions of the Bible" had cost him over three thousand dollars.

After weighing the facts carefully in his mind, and remembering that no one bought the book anyway, he decided to allow "Crimes of Clergymen" to rest peacefully in its own oblivion.

THE END.



### Sunset.

When on the lake the red and golden glow  
Of sunset-glory mingles with the blue,  
When slowly-creeping shadows darker grow,  
Yet by their pallor tell that night is new;  
When, in the waves strange lights and shades at play  
Give fleeting glimpses of the changing sky;  
And as the moments swiftly pass away  
The stars come forth to watch the daylight die,  
I strain my eyes to see the distant shore,  
With saddened hearts I think of those I love,  
And feel my loneliness as ne'er before,  
The waves below, the darkening sky above.  
I long for sympathy, for friends and home,  
Then night, black-browed, descends into the foam.

ALICE B. CHURCHILL.

### A Miner's Story.

First Prize.

"Come, boys, a drink, a song, and then a story," said a jolly crowd of miners upon entering a favorite tavern in the midst of their mining settlement. Then seated about a large table, they drank and sang only as rough laborers can, after a day of toil. One of their number, a man of refined appearance and less boisterous than the rest, suddenly exclaimed, "Boys, a story you shall have; but one such as you have never heard. Not even Ted's adventures with the Indians, nor Dick's great bear-hunts can equal this one daring act, and a woman's at that." Great shouts of laughter followed, but Jim said nothing, and quietly waiting until the noise should subside, began his story.

"It was in the spring of 1876 that I brought my family to this place, then a large tract of land, scarcely habited by human beings. A long illness, followed by the loss of position, had forced me to bring my wife and our two children, baby Madge and Lionel, then a sturdy lad of five, to this God-forsaken region. A hastily built hut was our home, and what with Alice's uncomplaining help and a lucky strike on my part, we were well contented.

"Ten miles from my claim, there was a small village to which I went every week or two to procure provisions and whatever else was necessary. On the eve of July first, Alice made all the usual preparations for my departure, when an unforeseen event took place, which changed my plans; for, while looking about the premises before leaving, I noticed two suspicious characters prowling about in the dark. They muttered something, and then suddenly disappeared; but when searched for, could be found nowhere. Nevertheless this caused me great uneasiness, so that I determined not to go that night. Nothing being seen of them the next day or night, I set out on the morning of the third.

\* \* \* \* \*

"When the coming of night had cast darkness over the earth, my wife laid aside her work, and giving her children their usual good-night kiss, she gently soothed them to rest. No sound disturbed the stillness of the night, but her low, musical voice as she still sang on. She was falling into a dreamy sort of reverie, when a loud knock was heard at the door. Quickly springing to her feet, the brave little woman for one moment stood as if paralyzed; then, before she could get half way through the room, the door was rudely thrown open, and two fierce-looking ruffians entered.

"Although terribly frightened, she asked in an apparently calm tone what they desired. The roughest looking one briefly said, 'Something to eat, first.' This speech was accompanied with an impatient wave of the hand. Seating themselves at the table, they held a whispered conversation, while Alice gave them whatever food she could find. They ate everything set before them, in a greedy manner, such as betokened many hours' fasting, and gulped down the tea in haste.

"Now," said the first speaker, who was evidently the leader, 'if yer don't want to be a goner, hand over all the ready cash yer got, but I warn yer agin trying any tricks on me and my pard or we'll—' he finished this speech by pointing at his revolver knowingly.

"All this had happened in a very short time, but Alice had been thinking busily. What was she to do? She didn't care to give away her last cent; refusal meant death. She shuddered at the thought of what would happen to her children sleeping now so peacefully. My revolver

lay in the front part of the hut, and even if she could get it, would there not be two to one, and would they not shoot her down before she had a chance to move?

"Again came the demand for money, and this time they came toward her with muttered curses. At that moment an object caught her eye. She turned deathly pale, but with a resolute look, and a prayer upon her lips, she held the object before the hot fire as she said, 'Go, you dogs; if you have not left by the time I count ten, I will blow you to eternity, aye, even though I perish too.' They gazed at her in horror, and finally gasped, 'Dynamite.' A sudden move was made toward her; down went the dynamite into the fire. A loud report followed; dense clouds of smoke arose; then all was dark and still as death.

"The first light of dawn was breaking when Alice, opening her eyes, found herself lying on the couch with me anxiously bending over her. She looked at me in wonder, but as the sudden rush of recollection came upon her, a shudder passed through her slight form, and the look changed from wonder to fear. I soothed her shattered nerves, and speaking in a low, tremulous voice, 'Yes, my brave little darling,' I murmured, 'I will tell you all I know. I had a presentiment that something was going to happen, so I hastened through my purchases, and started home earlier than usual. It was about ten o'clock when I neared our hut, but instead of all being peaceful, I heard a loud report, and entered the house in time to catch your falling form; you had swooned. The children clung to me in terror, but they were soon soothed to rest again. You remained unconscious for so long a time, that I became alarmed; but at length my labor was rewarded, and you fell into a troubled sleep. Now you are almost yourself again, but do not tell me about last night at present, if you think it will excite you.'

"Alice said that she could not rest without telling me all about it; accordingly, she related the events of the night. Without waiting for all the details, I interrupted her with the question, 'But, Alice, how did you scare them away, and what was that loud report?' She became convulsed with sudden laughter, as she exclaimed, 'Why, Jim, don't you remember that imitation dynamite cartridge you made for the children a fortnight ago? Well, it was lying on the shelf in the kitchen when, being hardest pressed, I noticed it, and—you know the rest. Just imagine those two big, wicked ruffians running for dear life, and at what? Only fireworks!' And her laughter, joined with mine, rang merrily through the room."

MINERVA BENJAMIN.

### In the Course of Events.

#### Second Prize.

'Twas the last day of the Exhibit, and in one of the smaller rooms devoted to sketches by amateurs was a young fellow strolling idly about (after the established custom of young men) from one to another. Finally he paused before an India ink drawing which seemed to attract his attention. The subject was commonplace; a fair young maiden and an attendant cavalier standing side by side near the railing of a steamer deck; while the cavalier gazed out over the waves, the maiden's head was turned and her laughing eyes looked back over her shoulder. One or two loosened locks of hair were blowing about her face, which was the best executed feature of the picture.

It was a pleasing sketch, and no wonder he looked at it long—and longer. At last he sauntered up to the gentleman in charge of the room, and inquired if any of the pictures could be purchased.

"Most of them are only loaned," was the answer, "but there are a few which we have permission to dispose of; did you wish to get any?"

"There is one over on that wall," said the young fellow; "will you be kind enough to look at it and tell me if it is for sale?"

The gentleman examined the sketch, and answered "yes," and the admirer of the eyes departed with it in his possession; but somehow the eyes of that girl were stamped upon his memory, as though she were looking at him in particular. For there is a type of that strange species called "girl" which makes every fellow of her acquaintance think she is looking at him in particular—always.

"Jack, here's a letter for you, and I've been trying for the last half hour to recognize the writing, but I can't do it!"

"That's like you, sis! Well, give me the letter, and while I read it you may criticize my latest acquisition," and placing a flat package loosely wrapped in his sister's outstretched hands, Mr. J. Everil Duffield grabbed his correspondence and tore it open.

"Dear Jack:—I am in town for a day or two and will run in tomorrow evening to see you. Hope it will not inconvenience you.

"Yours in haste,

"THOMAS D. WHITBY."

Tossing this short and sweet epistle to Florence, who was exclaiming, "How lovely," "Isn't it dear," "What darling eyes," etc., ad infinitum, Jack dashed off upstairs and entered his den, sacred from all intrusions save those of the maid, who entered once a week for the purpose of giving it a questionably thorough sweeping.

J. Everil Duffield ("J.") sounded very well, but it meant only "Jack" was an impulsive individual; led by impulse he bought the sketch because it pleased him when he first observed it; now he hastened to hang it in a prominent place on the walls of that sacred den, pausing every few moments to regard the girl's eyes.

Two college chums together after several years' separation; no wonder the evening passed away quickly. As Tom rose to go, his glance fell upon the new work of art; he went up close to it and stood very still, eyeing the girl's face as if she stood before him in flesh and blood. A shade came over his face, but Jack didn't notice it.

"Where did you get this, Jack?" he asked.

"O, there's been an Art Exhibit here this week, and I picked it up yesterday. Pretty girl, isn't she?" he added, with the nonchalant air of youth.

"Very," answered Tom. "The face reminds me of a girl I met when mother and I were taking a trip up the St. Lawrence last year." So did the rest of the picture remind him of her, but he didn't say that.

"She must have been charming if she looked like the one before you."

"She was," replied Tom, brusquely. Then he bent closer to the picture and read the initials "K. S." in the corner. He said nothing of that, either.

The winter passed, and Jack forgot the picture—for a time.

The following summer the Duffields decided upon a trip abroad, because Mrs. Duffield was one of those poor unfortunates possessing a spirit restless and requiring constant change, and she imagined that the sea air and new scenes would improve her health. As Jack felt sadly in

need of a kindred spirit, Tom joined them. The day of their departure arrived and Jack, after looking over the passenger list, remarked, "Don't believe we'll know anyone on board when we start."

Tom answered, "Maybe not."

On the first day out, after the many touching farewells at the wharf, Jack made himself useful to his mother and Florence, Tom made himself scarce—to be "out of the way," he said. The next morning when Jack Everil sauntered out on deck he beheld something that surprised him. At the forward end of the steamer, leaning against the railing, was a young lady in an immaculate yachting costume; by her side stood Tom, and she was laughing merrily at some remark of his. Suddenly (so it seemed to Jack) she turned her head and glanced at him an instant, and as she did so, a wave of memory swept over his mind and he recalled the sketch: the two figures, the steamer, and above all the beautiful face and merry eyes. It was only for a moment; she looked out over the water again.

Then he saw them turn from the railing and come down the deck toward him, and he gazed out over the waves to the blue horizon-line, wondering what was going to happen. What happened was merely an introduction, a thing which has made and marred the happiness of not a few people.

"Mr. Duffield—Miss Severence."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I say, Tom, why couldn't you tell a fellow beforehand?"

"I only wanted to surprise you, Jack; I examined the passenger-list for myself and saw the entry of Captain Severence and his family; you didn't know them, but I did. Didn't I say she was as charming as the sketch; because I suppose you see that she is the original."

"Confound it..," stormed Jack, "why didn't I bring that with me?"

"Calm yourself, my dear boy, and then ask Florence for it; I think I saw it in her folio."

He rushed off, found Florence, and returned with the prize.

"What's her first name, Tom?"

"Katherine."

"Katherine Severence. 'K. S.' are the initials here; strange, isn't it?"

"Not very," answered Tom, and walked away.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the last night on board the steamer; morning would see them at their destination. The sun was setting and the passengers were all taking their last look—queer specimens, some of them, as are found in all the highways. But Tom Whitby, coming out of the cabin, saw only one thing—the figures of Jack and Kate Severence outlined against the brilliant sky. As the golden disk of the sun sank below the horizon, Jack looked searchingly at the face beside him and read the girl's soul in her eyes—eyes that could be grave as well as merry.

And Tom?—he re-entered the cabin.

The moon rose early that evening and Tom was lying in a steamer chair close under the lee of the cabin, his face in the shadow. He heard footsteps approaching and low voices. Tho' it was unavoidable, he had no desire to play the spy, and especially in a case like this. But if he moved it would only attract attention; why must they stop so near him, and without seeing him, as they leaned over and watched the spray glisten in the moonlight. Tom did not want to see them, and when the moon veiled her face behind a thin, silvery cloud and Jack bent toward the fair face not far from his own, Tom closed his eyes—there should be no witness to their happiness save the stars.

When Jack entered his stateroom that night he found his friend looking at the old picture with rather misty eyes.

"It is queer, isn't it, Tom," he began, "that Kate—Miss Severence

should have drawn her own picture? Do you know, when I saw you and her together on deck that morning how much the fellow in ink looked like you?"

"Jack, no doubt she'll tell you about it some time," answered he, with something suspiciously like a lump in his throat, "but it was I, and that sketch was made on board the St. Lawrence steamer. When you told me where you got it, I saw how little she had really cared for it. I can't congratulate you as much as I can her. But let it pass, for many strange things happen in the course of events."

M. F. BATES, II A.

### A Is For Anything.

A is for Adams in One Seventeen,  
B is for Birdseye, with bright auburn hair,  
C is for Campbell, a man very lean,  
D is for Daisy, the Class Flower fair.  
E is for Examination, which all must take,  
F is for Fletcher, who is two yards tall,  
G is for Girls' Glee Club, which had a big break.  
H is for Hebblethwaite, who was with 'em last fall.  
I is for Independents, who oppose the Frats,  
J is for June, when some of us pass,  
K is for "Kid," with whom the boys chat,  
L is for Lempke, in love with a lass.  
M is for Marshall an orator young,  
N is for Nightmare on the eve of exams.,  
O is for Orchard Lake, five times our necks wrung,  
P is for Peoples, beware of his hands.  
Q is for Question, which no one could answer,  
R is for Roberson, his orations the best,  
S is for Sage, known as the "grumbler,"  
T is for Track Team, which fell with the rest.  
U is for University, where some may go.  
V is for Vernot, who must chastise the B's,  
W is for Williams, a man we all know,  
X is for 'Xcellent, which one seldom sees.  
Y is for Yawning, to the sixth hour unjust,  
Z is for Zero, here's where we bust.

LEE H. BIERCE.

The first fly has come to town. Miss F-n-y R-l- said she went to the woods the other day on a bicycle and on looking at her watch found it was getting late, so she came home on a fly. Poor fly.

"Did you ever realize that violin strings in their crude form were kitties on the back fence?"—C. L. Burnham.

"Did you ever realize that violin playing is something more than the scraping of the inside of a cat with the outside of a horse?"—Rev. Haweis.

Mr. Osborn—"If a man had an arm that would reach to the sun and should burn his hand by touching the sun, he would not feel the pain for a century after he touched it."



## House of Representatives.



Speaker—ELMER WILLIAMS, Massachusetts.

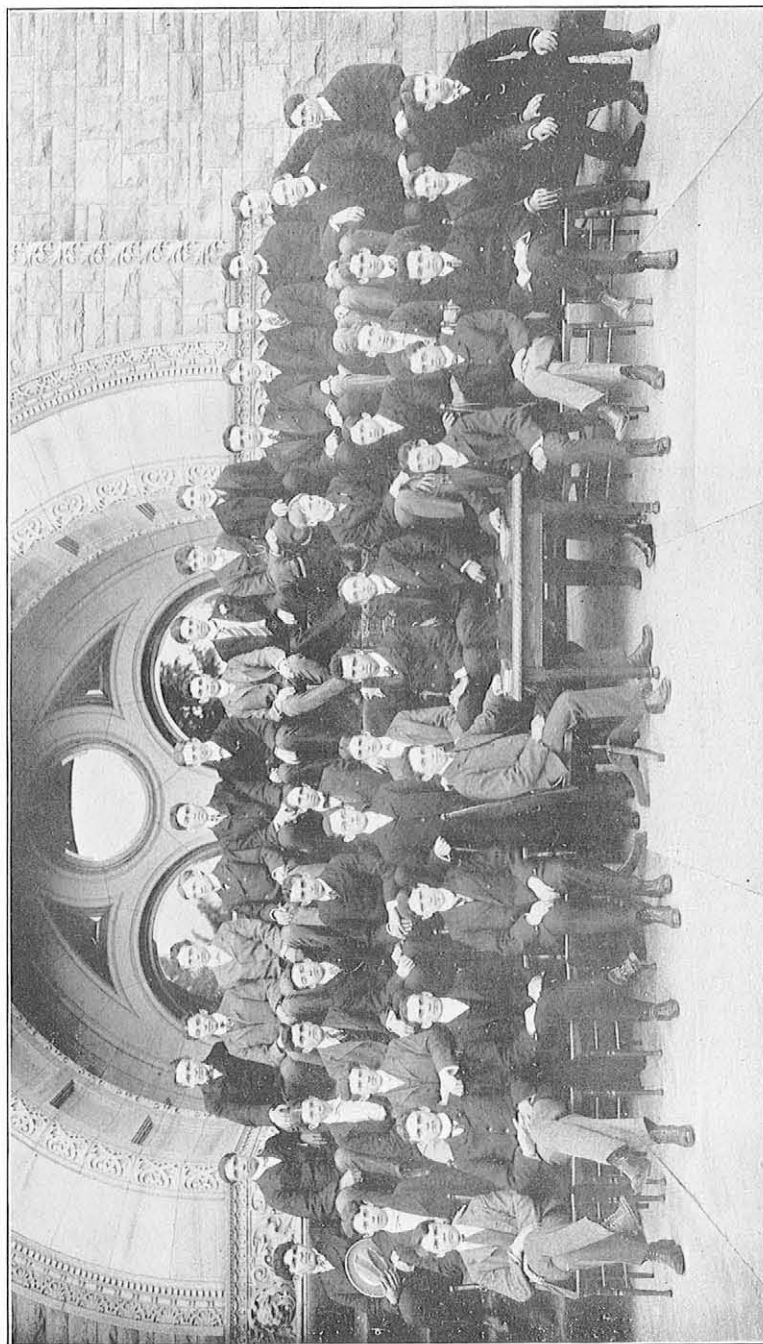
Clerk—HENRY S. SLYFIELD, W. Virginia.

Assistant Clerk—WALTER B. HANGSTERFER, Idaho.

Sergeant-at-Arms—HOWARD W. BLAKESLEE, Vermont.

EMIL W. ADIX, S. C.  
EDGAR R. AILES, Wy.  
LEE M. ANDERSON, N. J.  
HAROLD H. ARMSTRONG, Pa.  
ROY A. ASH, Ind.  
IRVING H. BAKER, S. D.  
HERBERT S. BEEBE, Kas.  
NEIL I. BENTLEY, Mont.  
LEE H. BIERCE, Ky.  
D. BETHUNE D. BLAIN, Me.  
HOWARD W. BLAKESLEE, Vt.  
DANA H. CRAWFORD, Va.  
THOMAS E. CURRIE, Ga.  
THOMAS FARMER, Fla.  
WM. O. FLETCHER, Ok. Ter.  
MAURICE W. FOX, Cal.  
HUBERT FRENCH, Minn.  
IRA J. GOODRICH, Mo.  
WALTER B. HANGSTERFER, Id.  
DANIEL C. HIRSCHFIELD, Nev.  
IRVING L. HIRSCHMAN, N. D.  
BERT S. HORKHEIMER, Ore.  
J. WILLIAM JAMES, Mich.  
ALFRED C. JONES, Ala.  
GEORGE W. LEMPKE, Ark.  
HENRY F. MENARD, N. C.

EUGENE J. MARSHALL, Tex.  
HAL B. MILES, Alas.  
HOWARD A. OSBORN, Md.  
DANIEL O'KEEFE, D. C.  
RAL D. PARKER, Ariz.  
PERIN W. PEOPLES, Ohio.  
JOEL C. SAGE, Ia.  
ERNST SCHMITZ, N. H.  
E. GIFFORD SIBLEY, Wis.  
HENRY S. SLYFIELD, W. Va.  
WALTER C. SMITH, Miss.  
ARTHUR SPENCER, Utah.  
LEIGHTON T. STEWART, Del.  
CHARLES E. STILSON, Col.  
DAVID P. SULLIVAN, Conn.  
EDWARD G. THURBER, Tenn.  
GEORGE T. VAN EPS, N. Y.  
W. RALPH VAN SLYKE, Neb.  
GEORGE C. VINCENT, R. I.  
THOMAS M. WEBER, La.  
ELMER WILLIAMS, Mass.  
STANLEY C. WILSON, Ill.  
LOUIS WINE, New Mex.  
ALFRED M. WOLENBURGH, Wash.  
CHAS. ZABRISKIE, Ind. Ter.



House of Representatives.

Photo by Hayes.



### The House of To-Day.

The House of Representatives is in a flourishing condition. The reception of so many new and promising members and the renewed interest of older students is pleasing to those who are interested in the House. There is at present an enrollment of fifty-one. The meetings are held every Friday in Room Four. There is always a good attendance, and much mental and physical activity. The debates on various political and international questions are spirited.

The House has recovered its former strength. It has always been known for its recuperative ability. At the close of every year the most experienced members are forced to withdraw from active interest, and the control of the society is left to the younger students. For a time things look foreboding, but the assembly springs invariably into a new life, filling its ranks with industrious workers.

Not only is interest shown by members, but also by outsiders. Formerly it was a remarkable incident for the House to have girl visitors. Usually there were but few boys present. Now the "House Gallery" is occupied by an audience composed of both. Visitors are an encouragement. Their presence is an incentive to careful preparation and a help to better deportment.

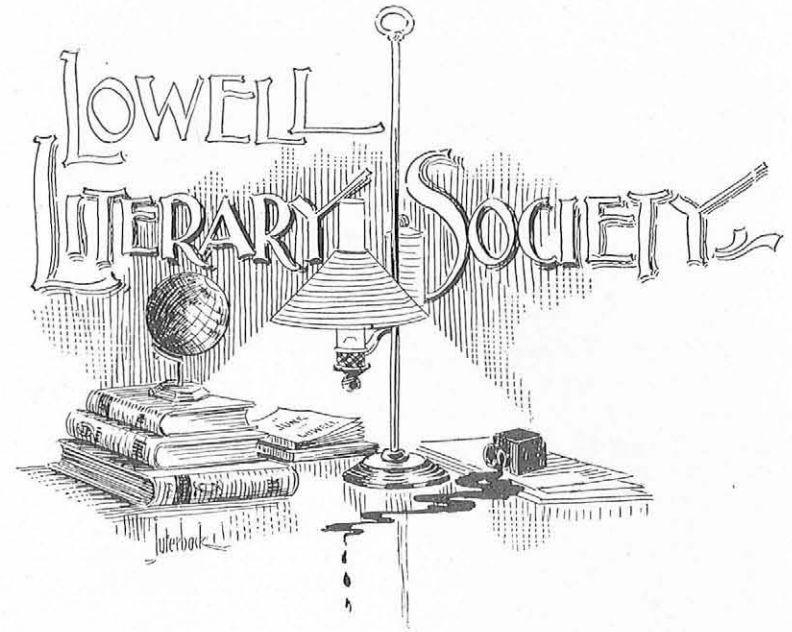
The following subjects have been discussed thoroughly and energetically: "Single Tax," "Whisky Tax," "Panama Canal," "Polygamy," "Woman Suffrage," "Philippine Policy."

This year there have been two notable House functions. The debate with Michigan Military Academy occurred in March. The cadets won. The annual banquet took place Friday evening, May 18th, at the Wayne Hotel. The House remained so late that it nearly forgot to go home. Dr. Louis Hirschman was an excellent toastmaster.

The program of toasts was entitled "The Nations—A Peace Conference." The toasts were as follows:

Origination—The Past, Mr. Glidden.  
Explanation—The Present, Mr. Beebe.  
Hallucination—The Future, Mr. French.  
Determination—House Enterprise, Mr. Kirker.  
Contamination—Our Associates, Mr. Peoples.  
Intonation—House Oratory, Mr. Marshall.  
Elimination—In and Out of the House, Mr. Benscoter.  
Consternation—House Habits, Mr. Anderson.  
Abominations—Likes and Dislikes, Mr. Slyfield.  
Combination—House Connections, Mr. Crawford.  
Emanation—Out in Life, Mr. McGregor.  
Termination—Leaving the House, Mr. Sage.  
Examination—House Work, Mr. Blain.  
Fascination—Our Girls, Mr. Williams.

H. S. B.



FOUNDED 1886.

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Vice-President—NATHAN T. VIGER.

Secretary—CHANDLER R. POST.

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CLIFFORD GUEST

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STANLEY WILSON

WILL CHOPE

## Detroit Central High School Orchestra.

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ARTHUR FRANK  
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EUGENE FONTAINE  
ABRAHAM SAPIRO  
A. NICKLEWSKY  
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2d Violins—  
EDMUND SLOMAN  
FREDERICK JONES  
OLIVER GREEN  
WILLIAM WEIDNER  
BURT SCOTT  
C. FRED SPECK  
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LOUIS MILLER

Clarinet—  
FRED VAN AMBURG  
F. BAUER

Viola—  
REUBEN STAFFELD  
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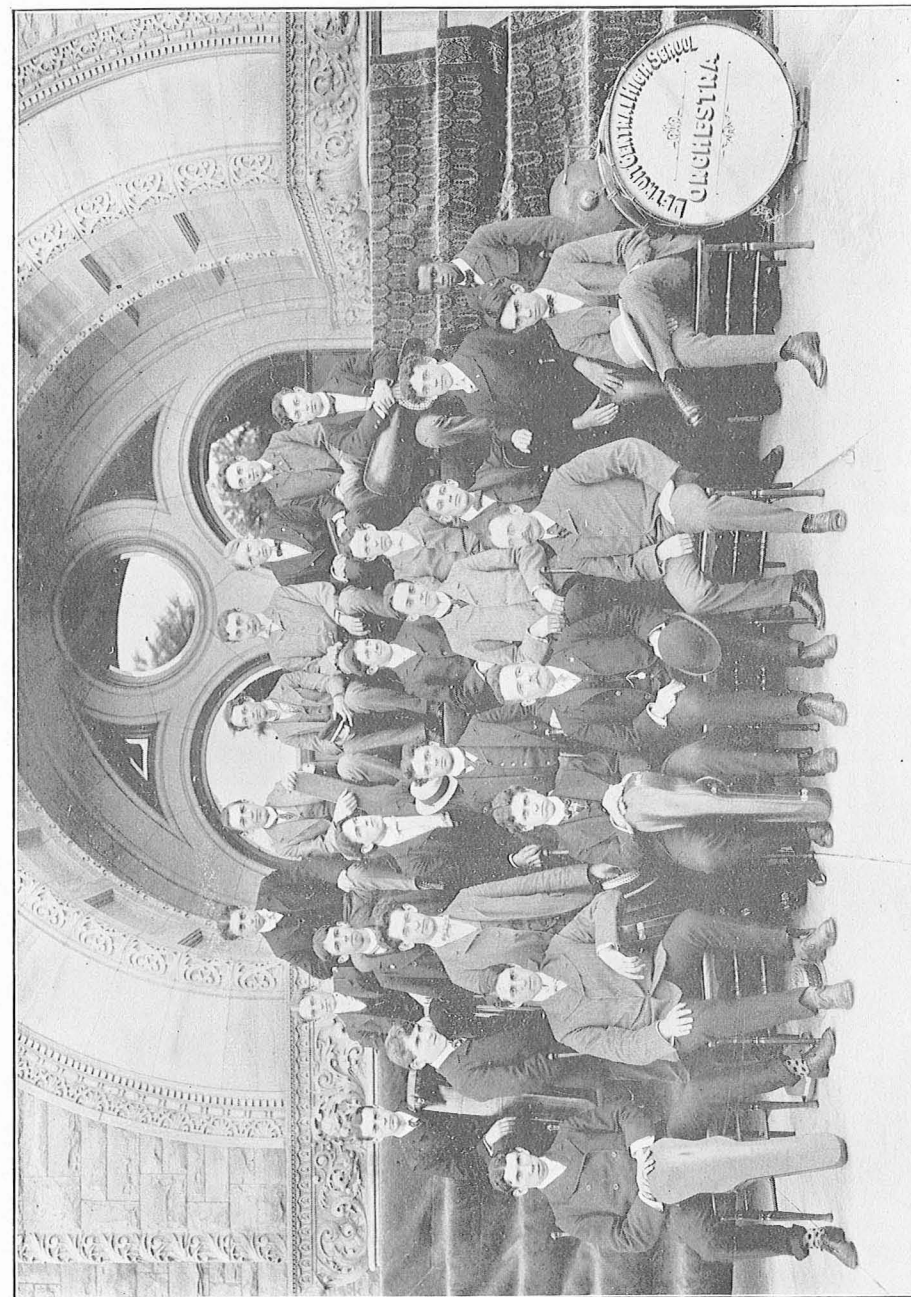
'Cello—  
PAUL STAFFELD  
Bass—  
GEORGE BALDWIN  
Flute—  
JESSE B. DAVIS  
EDWIN SCHNECK  
M. A. DONDERO  
Cornet—  
JOHN W. BELCHER  
EARLE VAN AMBURG  
A. H. DONDERO  
GUNNAR EKSTROM

Piccolo—  
DONALD A. YOUNG

Piano—  
THOMAS CURRIE

Trombone—  
CLINTON H. GOYER

Drums—  
STANLEY WILSON



Detroit Central High School Orchestra.

Photo by Hayes.

## ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

### Officers 1899-1900.

President, Mr. Nathan T. Viger.  
 Vice-President, Miss Ethel J. McCornac.  
 Secretary, Mr. Lee H. Bierce.  
 Treasurer, Mr. William B. Roberson.  
 Director, Mr. Jesse B. Davis.

### Officers 1900-1901.

President, Mr. Hubert French.  
 Vice-President, Miss Harriette A. Harvey.  
 Secretary, Mr. Abram R. Slaymaker.  
 Treasurer, Mr. Henry S. Slyfield.  
 Director, Mr. Jesse B. Davis.

### Local Contest.

The Third Annual Contest of the Detroit Central High School Oratorical Association was held in the auditorium of the High School, Friday evening, March 30th, 1900. Fully 1,800 persons were in attendance, and there was not the slightest break in the programme. In the absence of Hon. Levi L. Barbour, Hon. W. Donovan took the chair. Mr. William Roberson and his oration on "Emilio Castelar" won the contest, with Mr. Howard Blakeslee and his oration on "Wendell Phillips" a close second. Mr. Bethune D. Blain talked of the "Mission of Our Nation" and received honorable mention. The other speakers were Miss Hattie Harvey on "Abraham Lincoln," Mr. Lee H. Bierce on the "Abolition of Capital Punishment," and Miss Maude Hoover on the question: "Is the Mind of Woman Inferior to that of Man?" The last named speaker received the highest mark for delivery.

### State Contest.

On the evening of May 11th, the Detroit Central High School added another victory to her long list and crowned another member with her laurels. It was the occasion of the Third Annual Contest of the Peninsular Oratorical League. The weather was bad, but a fair sized audience enjoyed a rare treat. The orations showed excellent preparation, but here, as everywhere, Detroit so far surpassed all others that no doubts existed as to who was the winner. The subject of the winning oration was "Emilio Castelar" and was delivered by Mr. William Roberson. Mr. Malcom, of Ann Arbor High School, was second, and Mr. Schallberg, of Kalamazoo High School, was third. Bay City and Grand Rapids High Schools were also represented.

Those who failed to hear Mr. Roberson's masterful oratory missed an evening of genuine pleasure, for there it was demonstrated that the Detroit Central High School is not only way up in athletics, but that here mental activity is above the standard.



### Officers.

1899-1900.

President .....	CHARLES HINCHMAN
Vice-President .....	CLARENCE CAMPBELL
Secretary .....	ELMER WILLIAMS
Treasurer .....	WILLIAM CHOPE
Clerk .....	LEE BIERCE
Twelfth Grade Representative.....	DONALD WAITE
Twelfth Grade Member.....	JOEL SAGE
Eleventh Grade Representative.....	LEE ANDERSON
Eleventh Grade Member.....	THOMAS CURRIE
Tenth Grade Representative.....	ROY McCORNAC
Tenth Grade Member.....	DANA CRAWFORD
Ninth Grade Representative.....	PAUL LERCH
Ninth Grade Member.....	FRANK HEATON



### Third Inter-Scholastic Meet.

Ann Arbor, May 25 and 26, 1900.

Of the 32 High Schools entered the following scored: Grand Rapids (G. R.), 20; Ann Arbor (A. A.), 20; Detroit University School (D. U. S.), 17; Orchard Lake (O. L.), 16½; Pontiac (P.), 16; Saginaw W. S. (S. W.), 14; Detroit Central (D. C.), 12; Cleveland University School (C. U. S.), 10; Saginaw E. S. (S. E.), 8; Marshall (M.), 7; Detroit School for Boys (D. S. B.), 7; Plainwell (Pl.), 6½; Lansing (L.), 5; Benton Harbor (B. H.), 5; Detroit Western (D. W.), 5; Mt. Pleasant (Mt. P.), 3; Adrian (A.), 1; Howell (H.), 1; Wayne (Wa.), 1; Williamston (Wl.), 1.

The first four places counted 5, 3, 2, 1, respectively.

100-yard dash.—Bennett (O. L.) won, Bastar (B. H.) second, Brewer (D. U. S.) third, Thompson (P.) fourth. Time 10 2-5 seconds.

220-yard dash.—Bennett (O. L.) won, Thompson (P.) second, Brewer (D. U. S.) third, Trankla (G. R.) fourth. Time 22 4-5 seconds.

440-yard dash.—Roberts (A. A.) won, Albro (Mt. P.) second, Hayes (D. C.) third, Hayes (S. E.) fourth. Time 56 1-5 seconds.

880-yard run.—Widdicomb (G. R.) won, Doane (G. R.) second, Stuphen (C. U. S.) third, Hein (S. E.) fourth. Time 2 minutes 10 3-5 seconds.

One mile run.—Widdicomb (G. R.) won, Quayle (C. U. S.) second, Hine (S. E.) third, Hawks (S. E.) fourth. Time 4 minutes 55 seconds.

Mile walk.—Morgan (S. W.) won, Perry (A. A.) second, Telfer (D. C.) third, Fogg (A.) fourth. Time 7 minutes 48 4-5 seconds.

Half-mile relay.—D. U. S. won, A. A. second, P. third, G. R. fourth. Time 1 minute 40 seconds.

120-yard, high hurdles.—Dawson (P.) won, Hill (S. E.) second, Haller (D. S. B.) third, Killins (C. L.) fourth. Time 18 2-5 seconds.

220-yard, low hurdles.—Peel (D. W.) won, James (D. U. S.) second, Terry (O. L.) third, Killins (O. L.) fourth. Time 27 2-5 seconds.

Running high jump.—Haller (D. S. B.) won, Osborn (S. W.) second, Baldwin (D. C.) third, Walters (H.) fourth. Height 5 feet 2 inches.

Running broad jump.—Thompson (P.) won, Osborn (D. C.) second, Childs (L.) third, Crawford (D. C.) fourth. Distance 19 feet 7 inches.

Throwing 12-pound hammer.—Tucker (A. A.) won, H. Childs (L.) second, Brewer (M.) third, Curtis (Wa.) fourth. Distance 112 feet 7 inches.

Putting 12-pound shot.—Brewer (M.) won, Woodhams (Pl.) second, Plummer (B. H.) third, Morgan (S. W.) fourth. Distance 38 feet 11 inches.

Pole vault.—Keena (D. U. S.) won, Woodhams (Pl.) and Dyer (O. L.) second, Woodrow (A. A.) fourth. Height 9 feet 7 inches.

Quarter-mile bicycle.—Hardee (C. U. S.) won, Rappely (S. W.) second, Osborn (S. W.) third, Bliss (Pl.) fourth. Time 35 1-5 seconds.

One mile bicycle.—Olin (G. R.) won, Mayhew (A. A.) second, Green (D. C.) third, Dixon (Wl.) fourth. Time 2 minutes 37 2-5 seconds.

Punting and drop kicking for Andrew C. McLaughlin trophy cup.—R. Gilkey (Pl.) won, Hinchman (D. C.) second, Symington (D. S. B.) third.

### Dual Meet.

Michigan Military Academy

vs. Detroit Central High School.

D. A. C. Grounds. Friday, May 18th, 1900.

Foot-ball punt.—Hetherington (M. M. A.) first, Taylor (M. M. A.) second, Blain (D. H. S.) third. Time 11½ seconds.

100-yard dash.—Bennett (M. M. A.) first, Crawford (D. H. S.) second, Hinchman (D. H. S.) third. Distance 163½ feet.

Half-mile run.—McKellip (M. M. A.) first, Morris (D. H. S.) second, Bierce (D. H. S.) third. Time 2 minutes 33½ seconds.

120-yard, high hurdles.—Terry (M. M. A.) first, Killins (M. M. A.) second, Baldwin (D. H. S.) third. Time 20¼ seconds.

12-pound shot put.—Taylor (M. M. A.) first, Hinchman (D. H. S.) second, Thompson (M. M. A.) third. Distance 37 feet 4 inches.

16-pound hammer throw.—Thompson (M. M. A.) first, Barrier (D. H. S.) second, Taylor (M. M. A.) third. Distance 61 feet 7 inches.

220-yard dash.—Crawford (D. H. S.) first, Blain (D. H. S.) second, Dickinson (D. H. S.) third. Time 26⅔ seconds.

Running high jump.—Osborn (D. H. S.) first, Spaulding (M. M. A.) second, Hinchman (D. H. S.) third. Height 5 feet.

Running broad jump.—Crawford (D. H. S.) first, Osborn (D. H. S.) second, Dyer (M. M. A.) third. Distance 18 feet 9 inches.

Mile run.—McKillip (M. M. A.) first, Wilson (D. H. S.) second, Lawrence (D. H. S.) third. Time 5 minutes 51 3-5 seconds.

Pole vault.—Osborn (D. H. S.) and Dyer (M. M. A.) tie for first, Hayes (D. H. S.) third. Distance 8 feet 10 inches.

220-yard, hurdles.—Terry (M. M. A.) first, Killins (M. M. A.) and Blain (D. H. S.) tie for second. Time 30¼ seconds.

440-yard dash.—Hayes (D. H. S.) first, Dickinson (D. H. S.) second, Killins (M. M. A.) third. Time 1 minute.

Half-mile relay.—Terry, Koch, Robinson, Bennett (M. M. A.) won; Osborn, Dickinson, Blain, Crawford (D. H. S.) lost.

### EXHIBITIONS.

One mile run, paced by bicycle.—Tom Hitchman. Time 5 minutes 13⅓ seconds.

Quarter-mile bicycle race.—Green first, Foster second, Frazer third. Time 40 seconds.

One mile bicycle.—Phelps first, F. Green second, O'Leary third. Time 3 minutes 23 seconds.

Half-mile walk.—Eugene Telfer, first; Herbert Shotwell, second; Roy Hamilton, third. Time 4 minutes 24 seconds.

Summary.—Firsts, M. M. A., 9½; D. H. S., 4½. Seconds, M. M. A., 3½; D. H. S., 9½. Thirds, M. M. A., 4; D. H. S., 8.

Total Score.—M. M. A., 64; D. H. S., 58.

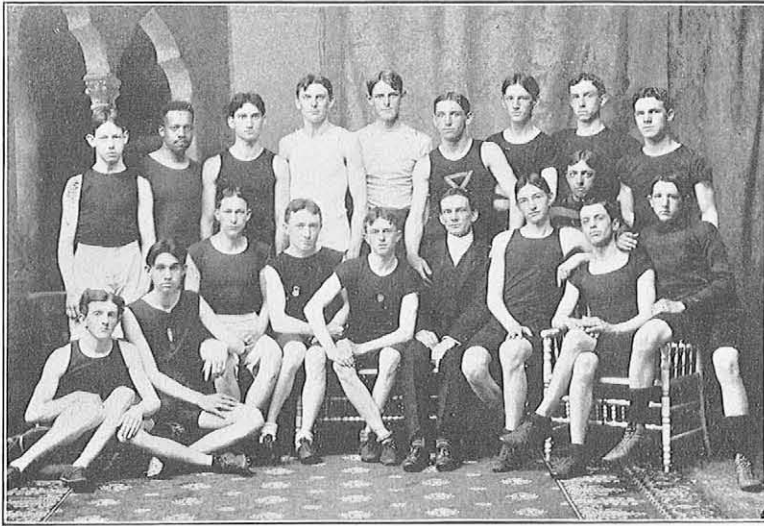
The slow time in the races was caused by a heavy track and a strong head wind on the cinder.

LEE H. BIERCE,  
Clerk A. A., 1899-'00.



## School Athletics.

The favor accorded school and college athletics has grown irresistibly until both the press and the public clamor for contests, although acetics and dyspeptics may hold out obstacles to outdoor games. On the part of healthy and vigorous youngsters there arises a natural desire to measure physical strength with their fellows, yet how unsystematically this channel to human development is regulated in our public high schools. At the present time, the most serious question about athletics is how to subject to rules and restrictions contests and contestants for the benefit of the greatest number. Private schools have advantages in this matter because they have more independence in their actions.



DETROIT CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL "1900" TRACK TEAM.

Photo by Hayes.

Harm is derived from games through lack of proper physical training before and after contests. No student has a right out of consideration for his own physical welfare nor for the sake of physical culture in itself, to enter games without consulting a physician first, as to the proper limitation of his exertions. The abuse of one's endurance in athletics must be prohibited by proper authority. Therefore, school executives, as well as requiring good standing in scholarship, might also require certificates of physical ability as a passport to enter robust sports. Allow no one to enter running, bicycle, football, baseball or gymnastic contests unless physically sound. Thus one more step in advance of the present hap-hazard system would be established to make school athletics legitimate training.

There is much said about school athletics impairing the scholarship of students. Mere academic development sometimes does suffer by over exercise. For instance, if a student practice football all the afternoon, he would be too exhausted to accomplish much mental work that night. But the next day, after proper bathing and rest, his mental forces are keener and more active as a result. Athletes in well regulated institutions have already learned the value of trainers for their teams in order to keep young men in condition for class room work as well as for team work. Therefore, no track athletics are successful without a physical trainer to keep students within proper bounds of physical exertion; no football team is successful without a coach and proper restrictions for study hours and team work.

There is no doubt that properly managed athletics conduce to healthful scholarship. Within the knowledge and experience of the writer, there are no students more scholarly, and at the same time no better athletically developed young men, than those turned out for college at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire. This school follows the English system of starting boys at Latin when ten and at football the same time. Those of frail physical nature take to tennis or cricket. Boating crews and track teams are maintained, but being a private institution, well seasoned regulations are enforced for physical culture alongside the intellectual development. Young men who pass through such a course of classics and sports have nerves to face stern realities of life, and also scholarship for academic questions.

But aside from the mere development of nerve force and muscles, properly regulated athletics for schools have other phases of educational force. In one case those are the benefits arising out of the lessons to be learned from the competition alone with other schools. If any event impresses upon a collection of young men or women that life is real and that athleticism is not mere play, that fact is emphasized most grandly when students congregate and cheer on their favorite team and then see them vanquished by better trained rivals. If there is any self-respect in the students suffering defeat, they will not lose courage, but inquire into the cause of inferiority and start out at once to apply a remedy. Whoever was present at the recent field meet in Ann Arbor and witnessed the favorites of the schools from three states forging ahead (in the one-half mile run), with earnest faces and herculean strides, for honors at the goal, and at the home stretch to observe the young man from the Grand Rapids High School throw back his head, expand his chest and leave all rivals utterly in the rear, why! right there was taught an application of physical and mental force which a teacher could not impart in a class room in a thousand years.

Furthermore, the *esprit du corps* and the very life blood of a school have vigor when the teachers and all the students stand loyally together for the reputation which goes abroad from the school, which gives them social and scholastic existence. At the present time the quality of scholastic training is largely reflected by means of accomplishments in oratoricals, debates or athletic contests. No matter what the line of effort may be, if the teachers and students are lukewarm in giving their support they must be violating the very foundations of scholastic ethics. The varied tastes and aspirations of the teacher and student, as individuals, must lose their identity and merge into united and hearty effort for the glory and reputation of their school. Otherwise the intellect is developed and the heart is allowed to wither and die.

Earnestly desiring to encourage a strong and healthful athletic spirit in the Central High School, the writer desires to state some observations for our mutual benefit. Each class room seems to have its separate interests, tastes and aims, so that there seems to be sixty or more differ-

ent little schools within our larger institution. Even last year, when an appeal was made to the assembled school for funds for mural decorations, the *sang froid* of the student body explained too truly that we must be neglecting some essentials for a well balanced scholar. There seems to be no reason for a condition of this kind, except maybe that the whole institution has been patterned too closely after our own University, which never was nor never will be truly great in athletics under present conditions (although she has the best material in the world to choose her athletes from), because the hearts of the students are more attached to their fraternities or to the departments to which they belong than to the whole institution. In distinction to this condition of affairs of Michigan, at Yale the whole student body is set aflame, whether of Sheffield Scientific School, the Law School or the Academic Department, at the mention of old Eli's name *pro collegia*. Surprise is often expressed among college men at Yale's wonderful college spirit and athletic superiority, and there seems to be but one rational explanation. There are at Yale three senior societies, Bones, Keys and Wolf's Head. These are the only names by which these societies have been known to outsiders, for the members are not allowed to mention the names, and the badges worn have suggested the common appellations. However, these societies have worked wonders in the development of Yale pluck and college spirit. Every interest dear to the whole University is fostered by these three societies. No man is eligible until the completion of his junior year, and then eligibility depends upon meritorious records made during the three previous years of college life. Every year just before Commencement these societies select ten men each from those entering senior dignity. Scholarship commands first consideration. Bones has the precedence and elects the three highest stand men, then the captains of the crew, the football and the baseball teams, the best all around athlete, and the leader of the Glee Club, and the most popular man of the class are chosen. After these nine are determined, the tenth man is selected upon personal and social considerations. Keys and Wolf's Head have no priority in their selections, for they followed and were founded on the lines of the Bones society, and provide for those who were less distinguished but meritorious to the number of twenty. The effect upon under classmen and juniors is manifold. Scholars and athletes are keen as to the ones who shall be thus honored by their fellow students. Consequently there is not another university of learning in which there is such a body of young men whose lives and energy are devoted so much to excellence in scholarship, athletics or ethics as at Yale, because ample reward comes from the students themselves in the senior year. Therefore, pluck and hard work are the rule and the road to distinction. College fraternities sink into insignificance alongside of these senior societies at Yale, for the good reason that the desire of an ambitious student is to be honored by his fellow students, and such a one knows that all of his efforts are closely watched by his fellows, and that therefore he must be in line with all interests dear to old Eli's name. Thus "Yale pluck and luck" have become proverbial.

What Central High School students need to do is simply to organize themselves and establish senior class rewards for distinguished school services in oratoricals, debates, music and athletics, and the natural scholastic pride and competition of all students will take care of the results beyond conception in a very short time. No need will then arise for speeches or articles on school loyalty. BENJ. F. COMFORT.

C. S. Osborn—"Then I offer my apology." Young lady—"Accepted."  
C. S. O.—"Oh! this is so sudden."

#### TRACK MEN.

MORRIS	SHOTWELL	DICKINSON	BIERCE
LAWRENCE	BALDWIN	OSBORN	BIRDSEYE
WILSON	WILHELM	HAMILTON	BLAIN
CRAWFORD	HITCHMAN	HAYES	HINCHMAN
	FRENCH		TELFER

#### FIELD MEN.

MCCORNAC	BALDWIN	CRAWFORD	HITCHMAN
HAYES	STENDEL	OWEN	FONTAINE
FOSTER	OSBORN	BARRIER	WATSON

#### BIKE MEN.

FOSTER	GREEN	FRAZER	O'LEARY
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DETROIT CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL "1900" BASE BALL TEAM.

Photo by Hayes.

JOEL C. SAGE, Manager.

CHARLES HINCHMAN, Captain.

LEARCH.....	Short.	STIMPSON.....	Catcher.
ROOT.....	Pitcher, Third.	HINCHMAN.....	Pitcher.
HIGH.....	First.	MACDONALD.....	Pitcher.
PLASS.....	Pitcher.	WENDELL.....	Pitcher, Center.
MOYER.....	Second.	WILLIAMS.....	Right.
		AILES.....	Left.

### Class Song.

GEORGE W. LEMPKE.

The happy day has come to us at last—  
The hoped-for day, that we've awaited long;  
And now, as we to-day rejoice in song,  
We think that all our school-day cares are past.  
In fairer fields our future lot is cast,  
And as we mingle with the joyous throng  
Their hearts and minds become as light in song  
As ours, which with all happy hearts are classed.  
Like bees that, humming, gather, round their hives,  
The happy class of June doth gather round  
To say the last farewell to teachers all,  
Who taught us and have nobly shaped our lives  
For future days that lead to higher ground,  
And make our school days happy to recall.

### Forfeits.

MISS SALLIE P. RICE.

They sent him round the circle fair,  
To bow before the prettiest there.  
I'm bound to say the choice he made  
A creditable taste displayed;  
Although I can't say what it meant,  
The little maid looked ill content.

His task was then anew begun,  
To kneel before the wittiest one.  
Once more that little maid he sought  
And went him down upon his knee.  
She bent her eyes upon the floor—  
I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled then—his sweet behest—  
To kiss the one he loved the best.  
For all she frowned, for all she chid,  
He kissed that little maid, he did;  
And then—though why I can't decide—  
That little maid looked satisfied.

### The Lost Pleiad.

—  
"Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below."—Byron.  
—

And is there glory from the heavens departed?  
O void unmarked!—thy sisters of the sky  
Still hold their place on high,  
Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,—  
Thou, that no more art seen of mortal eye.

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?  
She wears her crown of old magnificence,  
Though thou art exiled thence;  
No desert seems to part those urns of light,  
Midst the far depths of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning,  
The shepherd greets them on his mountains free;  
And from the silvery sea  
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning—  
Unchanged they rise; they have not mourned for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,  
E'en as a dew-drop from thy myrtle spray,  
Swept by the wind away?  
Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,  
And was there power to smite them with decay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven?  
Bowed be our hearts to think of what *we* are,  
When from its height afar  
A world sinks thus, and yon majestic heaven  
Shines not the less for that one vanished star!

—Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans.



### Ask.

Ch-rlott- Tho-p-on about that "after noon" nap in class.  
Sp-nc-r if he's still "flustered," and watch him blush.  
Mr. Wr-ght to give us the true story of his capsizing.  
N-l W-l--ms if he can't find someone to explain the power house sights to him.  
M-rv-n Sm-th what birds have "talented feet."  
Mr. H-rkh--m-r to give the class yell.  
Mr. H-ngst-rf-r how long it took him to get those flowers to Miss Cr--.  
Ask Al-x-nd-r of the Ninth how he changed all those votes over to C-rr--.  
St-ls-n about his "new long pants."  
J-m-s if he is an outlaw.  
Miss Gr--n-r when Walpole Island was annexed to the State of Michigan.  
Miss Ly-n why she says so many times, "There'll be that."  
D. B. D. B--n who cally him "Jerry."  
-th-l McC-rn-c who calls her "Taffy."  
El-z-b-th F-rm-r about her mink cape.  
Miss Gr--n-r why she doesn't like to be ground.  
F-x concerning his "Daily Noose" and "Journal."  
Cr-wf-rd about his red hose and pop-gun.  
Elm-r W-l--ms about his daily walks from school.  
R-th G-lb-rt if she does or does not like Spencer(ian) pens.  
E-g-n- M-rsh-l about the Government of Indian Territory.  
Messrs. B-rds-y- and St-nd-l if they know the difference between a folding bed and a window sill.  
Mr. G. L-mpk- what use he made of Miss Gr--n-r's golf cap on the hurricane deck sometime after dark Children's Day.  
Slyf--ld whose name is highest on the flagstaff.  
Fr-nch about that wrong right prism.

### How Did It Happen

That D. C. H. S. was sixth in the Interscholastic Meet?  
That Bierce boarded the Special at Ypsi.?  
That Crawford couldn't wear shoes the day after the dance?  
That C. S. O. always returns from a trip via Grand Rapids?  
That Bierce actually got second (from the last) in a race?  
That Caesar was sea-sick? Mr. Curry says he "threw up intrenchments."

### Wanted.

A class position.—Gentleman from Maine.  
Someone who will dare say, "After considering your invitation for two days, I have decided to accept it" to Mr. Fr-n-h.  
A girl who will keep her own seat.—Mrs. B-sh-p.  
Someone who likes the class pin.—Mr. W--te.  
A place where Miss M-tch-ll may laugh without disturbing Mrs. And-e-ws.  
Someone to take Mr. Wr-gh-'s place for hall duty; his class-room would be less conspicuous.  
Mr. Vi-er's wetting from the pump in Physics.

### Wanted—Continued.

Someone to out-jolly Mr. -lm-r W-l-a-s.  
A victory.—D. C. H. S. Track Team.  
A lunch counter in the rear of the Twelfth Grade assembly-room.—Some graduates.  
A hospital for bad cases of nervous prostration and brain fever.—The editors.  
A convenient, handy and accessible pony, for use in Latin Courses 2, 3 and 4. Must be absolutely noiseless, perfect in appointment, and strictly capable of being shoved out of sight on short notice. May be with or without the latest automatic exercise corrector and bluff sheet. Being highly in need of the aforesaid article at the present time, would pay a good price to the right man. Address at once, "Fond O' Sport," care this office.  
A translation for the word "socii." Apply 6th hour class, Latin 7.  
Someone who is competent to prevent Miss S-- French, 3a, from pronouncing the "ent" endings of words. Plenty of work for the right person.

### On the Side.

Mr. H-r-h-i-er could not be induced to go out and play bean bag. He even resisted the persuasive coaxing of Fl-r-n-e L--k.  
Latin 8. Mr. Draper—"Emancipated with hunger."  
Mr. Adams ('steenth week exams.)—"I don't want very much on that question, but I very much want a little."  
Mr. J. Smith—"She raised her hand, hurled it around and threw it from her."  
Latin 8. Miss Wiley to Mr. Hinman—"Stand up like a little major."  
Herr Albrecht (giving directions for going to the auditorium)—"Tenth grade students go up by rail."  
History 8. Mr. Davis—"Boys, leave that dog alone, one puppy can't play by himself."  
Brang in Physics tries to explain what a molecular molecule is.  
Miss Robertson, in History 7—"Detroit's an awfully slow place isn't it?"  
Herr Balche—"Mr. Houghten, that pwaper is a werry sad womance. It reminds me of one of the old Egyptian manuscripts."  
Miss Hirschman—"I have a book in school that is missing."  
Heavenrich, in German 3a, tells about an extraordinlich occurrence.  
Miss McCornac (acting as president)—"The previous question has been moved and sunported, those in favor of the original motion please say aye."  
Absent-minded member of the House, addressing the chair—"Mr. Spoker, Mr. Spoker."  
Mr. Osborn—"You never know a thing until you have told someone else. It is therefore a desire for knowledge which makes a woman unable to keep a secret."

**On the Side—Continued.**

Miss Grenell—"I was told not to tell but if you won't tell anybody I'll tell you."

Mademoiselle (translating)—"And she took off her bonnet and her blonde hair."

Addressing Miss McCornac when acting as president. "Mr. President," "Miss President," "Mr. Chairman," "Miss Chairman," "Miss Vice-President," "Miss Chairwoman."

Latin 6. James—"Umbras erat illa recentes inter." "She was among the young shades."

History 7. Miss Anderson—"Which existed first, the township or hundred?" Miss Harrah (teacher)—"Does it make a bit of difference, or is it just a woman's curiosity?"

Mrs. Bishop, in Algebra 5—"Miss Rice, what is a direct proportion?" Miss Rice—"Why, it is an everyday kind of a proportion, isn't it?"

Miss Harrah in History 7—"What are the three aids?" Smart Student—"Lemonade, Orangeade, Fernade."

Latin 7—"Aeneas, rolling on these things in the night."

Lost—Short lessons. Finder returning them to Algebra 5 will receive large reward and many thanks.

Drawing teacher to Miss C—, who is sketching rectangular prism—"Miss C—, that face of yours is too wide, can't you cut it off a little?" Miss C—, not comprehending—"I never do see any fun in personal remarks."

Brady, 11th Grade—"Cyrus' mother coincided with him." Please demonstrate, Mr. Brady.

We are told by a bright (?) student in Greek 2, that they died because their heads were cut off." Strange, indeed!

What children the House members are! They listen with pleasure to "Anderson's Fairy Tales."

Mr. Davis—"Boys, move yourselves and the girls too, over to the vacant seats."

Teacher, Algebra 5—"Ah! here we have an interesting problem. So many men in army, so many deserted. Find number engaged. What a strange question to ask! How in the world is a person to tell that? There! I have it, of course. Those who were engaged, deserted, couldn't stay away any longer. That's what you call a catch problem."

Frightened Freshman, meeting grade principal in the hall—"I—I—guess I'm early." Grade Principal—"Early? Why, it is a quarter of nine. You have a first hour class, haven't you?" Frightened Freshman—"Ye—Yes, 'm. I meant I was early for the next recitation after that."

Physics teacher, near close of the hour—"Now, in the few minutes remaining, who can tell me why a kettle sings?" No answer. Physics Teacher—"Well, I will explain it myself. You see when the water becomes hot the vaples of bubber,—I mean the vubber of bapeles—that is to say—class excused."

Latin 8—"Et pater Anchises oculos ad sidera laetus extulit." "And Father Anchises joyfully extended his eyes to heaven."

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Latest Society Gossip.

Latin 8. Mr. Waite—"That's not a swear word."

Joint Debate. D. B. D. B.—"When you go to the sugar and buy some  
store you pay the sugar trust 2c a pound."

Mr. Williams (in Physics I)—"Heat causes all things to expand."

Josselyn (interrupting him)—"Then why is it when people are sick  
with fever that they waste away instead of expanding?"

D. B. D. B. (joint debate)—"Gentlemen and ladies—I mean ladies  
and gentlemen."

Teacher in Latin I—"Why are liquids called liquids?" B. Niner—  
"Because they flow from the mouth like water?"

Mr. Adams (Physics II.)—"What are beats?"

Smart Mademoiselle—"Beats are successive outbursts of silence."

Coolidge (Greek II.)—"I must have been thinking of the future."

What makes W--te so conceited? Mrs. Bishop told him that he  
might consider himself the center of the universe.

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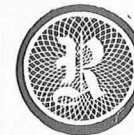
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**Yells.**

**PRIZE YELL OF TRACK TEAM OF 1896.**

Composed at Lansing, at the State Meet, in twenty minutes.

Rebecca de lieber animur!  
Eben swaben, swanlicher hogan!  
Steinbecher Reilly, swan gangel heimer!  
Berger Spiegel spec hob dob!  
Ror de ror  
Bell de bore  
Conslobidy hob dob.  
Wah! who! wah!  
Sis! boom! bah!  
Detroit High School!!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!!!

**JANUARY, '00, YELL.**

Zippity! Rippaty! Hallabaloo!!  
Boomerah! Boomerah! Rah for the blue!  
January, hipskity Ha!  
Nineteen Hundred! Rah! Rah! Rah!!

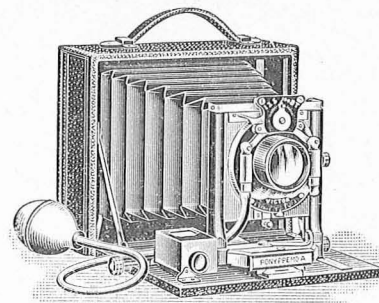
**JUNE, '00, YELL.**

Semper Primus, semper Primus!  
Sis! boom! bah!  
June Naughty naught!  
June Naughty naught!!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!!

**COLOR YELL.**

Blue and White!  
We're all right;  
Detroit High School,  
Out of sight!

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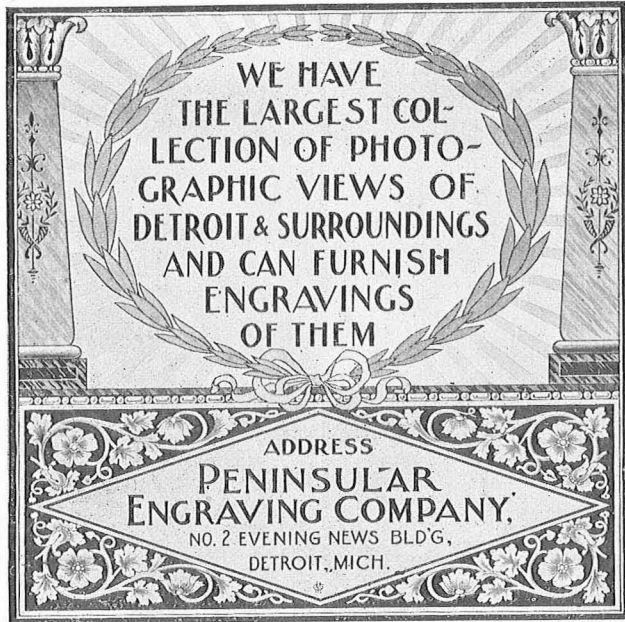
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