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Edited Under the Auspices of the Class of "June, 1900."
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 wonderfully 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 endeavor
Life and its duties is dawning for you.
Guard well your womanly sweetness and goodness,
Keep it unspoil ed 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. LEMPE.

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 glight
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 wert'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.
Editorials.

Being aware that no Central "High School Annual" was to be edited this semester, the present editorial staff decided to risk a long extensive publication, relying for support on the patriotism and good-will 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 Exam" 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 time 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 peak up fury. But quiet, change. What was the surprise of us all to see the students accept the monster almost quite magnificently, the arrival of the beast. He was little discarded, and the students consented to use him in a sort of an effort 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 "hot spots." During the last two years the influence of "ravens" has been decreasing. The Detroit University School took away some "pat" men, while the graduation class of June, '99, deprived the school of all 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 "avenue." They encouraged and participated in athletics. They were able for their secrecy (?) to arouse the wrath of serious 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.
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.

ELAINE ANDRE, Algebra.

ALPHEUS FREDERICK BAHLCKE, German, History.

GRACE FRAUNAUER BAMBEL, German, History.

FRED ORLANDO BATES, Greek, Latin.

ELLEN MARIA BRANE, History.

ESTHER BOYTNTON, Rhetoric.

LILLIAN MAY BROMLY, Algebra, Geometry.

CHARLES WILLIAM BURROWS, Algebra, Geography.

CAROLINE ELLA CAMPBELL, Rhetoric.

JOHN WATROUS CASE, Drawing.

BENJAMIN FREMAN COMFORT, Algebra, Arithmetic.

LETTIE LENORE CONOVER, Book-keeping.

CLARENCE SIDNEY COOKE, Physics.

BELLE DONALDSON, Latin.

DAVID JAMES FELL, Book-keeping.

HENRY HARVEY FROST, Geometry.

*Died, June 11, 1900.*
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 held the school under great and lasting obligations.

Her daily work was always honestly done. Her aim was always to form character, to stimulate when it 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—Frederic Masters Troy,
VICE-PRESIDENT—Clara Edna Hibbard,
SECRETARY—Samuel Webster Stone,
TREASURER—Anna Frances Owen Hibbard.

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Harriet Edith Dickinson
Ragnhild Pamelia B. Forquharson
Clara Edna Hibbard

LATIN COURSE:
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Herbert Smith Beede
Margaret Thomas Bowers
Belle Mary Chaffee
Faith Cooper
Susan Rebecca Cross
Sara Bess Field
Fiske Irene Fleming
Hudo Abraham Freund
Jennie Belle Halstead
Anna Frances Oney Hibbert
Natalie Worthington Hutton
Frances Wessford Karriner

LATIN-SCIENTIFIC COURSE:
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Clarence Winder Carkeek
Florence Mabel King
Katherine Fowler Macdonald

ENGLISH COURSE:
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Charlotte Annalee Chambers
Katharine Cochuelle
Mary Markline Chown
Jennie Pomeroy Graham
Ina Theresa Graul
Gertrude Allan McKee
RACHEL ROGER

META HOLT
CLARA SARA SATURNO
HELEN VERNALINE SHORES

GRACE ELIZA JENNINGS
FLORENCE SAKURA MARSH
GRACE MERRIS
JOHN DAVIDSON PRICE
ELMIRA GOMME RIGGS
SYDNIE RUMNEY RUSSEL
CLARA BEATRICE SHENCK
HAMBRE CLARENCE WALKER
SAMPSON WEBSTER STONE
FREDERICK MATTHEW TROY
CALLA GEORGE VAN DOREN
JOHN JOSEPH WOOLSMANN
GRACE EMILY YAKES

MURRAY GORDON PATRICK
PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN
HELEN MARY TOOMEY
ELIZABETH LOUIS WEBER

ELMA SCHREIBER
REMBRAN RAMSAY SOUTHWELL
PHILOMENA SUTR
GRACE HEATHER STREET
MARY PHILIPPEA WARD
FRANCES ABBELA WALSON
ESTHER VERA WEVERY
Class of June 1900.

OFFICERS.
President—Lee Hutchins Bierce.
Vice-President—Evelyn Jane McCormac.
Secretary—Albertia Scott.
Treasurer—Arthur Spencer.

MEMBERS OF CLASS.
Abbott, Mary Marie Woodbridge.......................... Latin Course.
Adams, Lorena Marie........................................ Classical Course.
Adams, Susan Louise........................................ Classical Course.
Anderhah, Suella Marion................................. Latin Scientific Course.
Andrews, Wm. E. Purdy Sarah............................ Latin Scientific Course.
Akin, Alton Cameron........................................ Classical Course.
Baker, Natalie Lillian Dickinson........................ Latin Course.
Barber, Frederic Pelham.................................. English Course.
Bennett, Mable Ann......................................... English Course.
Birch, Lee H. Kinch........................................ Latin Course.
Bird, Walter Boyer........................................... Commercial Course.
Blain, Dixie Bethune Duffield............................. Latin Scientific Course.
Blakeley, Howard Walter.................................. Classical Course.
Blodgett, Mary Irene........................................ Latin Course.
Blooms, Walter Irving....................................... Commercial Course.
Campbell, Clarence Walker................................. Latin Course.
Carriere, Mary Margaret................................... English Course.
Coates, Sadie.................................................. Latin Scientific Course.
Corbin, Elizabeth Danforth................................. Latin Course.
Cure, Lella Blanche.......................................... Latin Course.
Eaton, Grace Louise........................................ Classical Course.
Eitel, Ada Edith............................................. Latin Scientific Course.
Farmer, Elizabeth Gravestock............................. Latin Scientific Course.
Fry, William John............................................ English Course.
Gascon, Cornelia Frances................................... Latin Course.
Gilbert, Ruth Virginia...................................... Latin Course.
Gilger, Claudine............................................. Latin Scientific Course.
Gri, Julia Elizabeth......................................... Latin Course.
Gremmer, Lola Matilda..................................... English Course.
Hahn, Arthur Russell................................. Classical Course.
Hesseltanbach, Bertha Albertine........................ English Course.
Himman, Grover Whitmore................................. Latin Course.

Horkheimer, Berthold Sinn................................. Latin Course.
Johnson, Clara Amelia.................................... English Course.
Lang, Clara Emile.......................................... Latin Course.
Leland, Bertha Marie....................................... Latin Course.
Lemle, George William.................................... English Course.
Locke, Unabelle............................................. Latin Course.
Look, Florence Marie...................................... Latin Course.
McCormac, Ethel Jane...................................... Latin Course.
McDonald, Jessie Clair..................................... Classical Course.
McMains, Ethel Mary...................................... Latin Scientific Course.
Merrill, Henry Frederick................................. Commercial Course.
Morrison, Hazel............................................. Latin Course.
Murphy, Ethel Maud......................................... English Course.
Peoples, Perin Westerfield............................... Latin Scientific Course.
Ransom, Susan Grace....................................... English Course.
Renshaw, Frederick Thomas............................... Latin Course.
Rice, Sally Palmer.......................................... Latin Course.
Robinson, William Bragg................................ English Course.
Robinson, Clara Belle...................................... English Course.
Ruhl, Fanny Belle........................................... Classical Course.
Sage, Joel Chapman....................................... English Course.
Schneck, Edwin.............................................. English Course.
Scott, Laura Eastlick.................................... English Course.
Smith, James Findlay..................................... Latin Course.
Smith, Marvin Alexander................................. Latin Course.
Smith, Sallie Agnes......................................... English Course.
Soren, Arthur................................................ Classical Course.
Snedell, Edith August................................. Latin Scientific Course.
Stringer, Irene May.......................................... Latin Course.
Scott, Albert................................................ English Course.
Symes, Russell William................................. Commercial Course.
Tanner, Ethel Alice......................................... Latin Course.
Thompson, Charlotte Eleanor............................. English Course.
Thompson, Helen Ruth..................................... Latin Course.
Trelise, Beatrice Alfaretta............................... Latin Course.
Turner, Emily Louise...................................... English Course.
Vincent, Ellen Marie...................................... Classical Course.
Walsh, Donald Cramer..................................... Latin Course.
Weber, Thomas Maybery................................. English Course.
Welch, Ethel................................................ English Course.
Welch, Mabel................................................. English Course.
Williams, Elmer............................................ Latin Scientific Course.
Wilson, Alice Jemmett.................................. Latin Course.
Wilson, Edith Wyman................................. Latin Scientific Course.
Mr. Sadd's Crusade.

BY WARH HACKEY.

Mr. Teisher Sadd was a man of eccentric notions. That is what some people called him; 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 convictions, notwithstanding his residence in New York, and his opinions often led him into very peaceful efforts on their behalf. Indeed, for his irreligion he was stigmatized. It was impossible to placate him, until he either accomplished his purpose or tired of seeking to do it.

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

A few years ago, the fever of decaying 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, Teisher Sadd purchased copies of each volume and read them through, with an ever-rising temper.

"Oh, by, said this internal 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 work 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. "What's to be done?" said Sadd, to himself; "I see farther measures will need to be taken."

This was easily said, but what were these farther measures to be? Teisher 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 publisher of the volumes and represent himself to be Teisher 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 mystical sale and send royalties to the writers, but this plan was hardly expedient, as the fraud would surely be discovered 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 seeds who were responsible for the books. The third plan was simply to give another name when purchasing the plates, then destroy them and destroy the plan suited him best of all.

Furthermore, 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 Willan, of the prospective firm of Gridiron & Beadle. Mr. Gridiron and myself have taken quite a fancy to one of your books, "Self-contradictions of the Bible," and I came to inquire if you would be open to any reasonable propositions 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. Beadle, 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 Teisher 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 Batman & Styler, the publishers of "Crimes of Clergymen," but decided to affect an early retirement from action until some more feasible plans should present itself.

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

Next day, the paper published a sensational item saying that Teisher Sadd, the prominent philanthropist, had endeavored, under a false name, to purchase the plates of "Self-contradictions of the Bible," and had met with ignominious 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.

Teisher Sadd was enraged. 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 inferring her "Crimes of Clergymen," as Sadd sincerely 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 Teisher found himself the recipient of much mendacious 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. He lost 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 em ra; $100." Later Mr. Teshler made Mr. Beadle a confidential offer to keep the book out of print. This was at last accepted. "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 ally. 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's shop to cut up the plates. For this the printer was paid $100. When the ruined plates were discovered there was an awful sensation. The newsboys were heard to give the following cries: "Beadle's shop to cut up the plates. For this the printer was paid $100." 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 during 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 1875 that I brought my family to this hole, then a large tract of land, scarcely inhabited 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 incomplying 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 anxiety, 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 had folded her work, and giving her children their usual good-night kiss, she gently soothing 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 give half-way through the room, the door was rudely thrown open, and two face-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, 'I 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 well!'—he finished this speech by pointing at his revolver menacingly. "All this had happened in a very short time, but Alice had been thinking birsty. What was she to do? She didn't want 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 boat, and even if she could get it, would there not be too two to take, and would they eat about her down before she had a chance to move?

"Again came the demand for money, and this time they came to ward 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 one, I will blow you to eternity, you, even though I perish too!' They gazed at her in horror, and finally gaped, for a second glance was made toward her: down went the dynamite into the fire. A loud report followed; dense clouds of smoke gathered about her all dark and still as death."

"The first light of dawn was breaking when Alice opened her eyes, found herself lying on the couch with my 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 noticed her shuddered eyes, 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 feared but, instead of all being peaceful, I heard a loud report, and entered the house in time to catch your falling form; you had screamed. 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 as length my labor was rewarded, and you fell into a tranquil sleep. Now you are almost yourself again, but do not tell me about last sight 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 escape them away, and what was that loud report? She because con velled with sudden laughter, as she exclaimed, 'Why, Jinx, don't you re member that imitation cartridge you made for the children a fortnight ago? Well, it was lying on the shelf in the kitchen when, being hurried pressed, I noticed it, and—you know the rest. Just imagine those two big, wicked rifles running for dear life, and at what? Only fire works! And her laughter, joined with mine, rang softly through the room.'

MINERVE 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 anonymous young fellows, a simple pen and ink drawing skillfully about (after the established renown 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山谷 writing side by side near the railing of a steamer deck; while the cavalier gazed out over the waves, the maiden's head was bowed on her breast, and her laughing mouth was covered with her shoulder. One or two coarsely blades 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 carefully. At last he stepped up to the gentleman in charge of the room, and inquired if any of the pictures could be purchased."

'Most of them are already bailed,' was the answer, "but there are a few about which we have permission to sell, so if you wish to you may try them."

'There is one over on that wall—it 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 the purchase. But something the looking at him in particular. For there is a peculiarity in those eyes 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, Jack. Well, give me the letter, and while I read it you can write your latest acquisition,' and playing a flat package loosely wrapped in his doored unlabeled hands, Mr. J. Lewit Duffield grabbed his correspondence and tore it open.

'Dear Jack,—I'm 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."

Timing this short and sweet epistle to Florence, who was extruding, "How lovely. " Jack is dear. "What darling eyes," etc., ad infinitum. Jack dashed off answers and entered his den, sacred from intrusion save those of the maid, who entered once a week for the purpose of giving it a spotless thorough sweeping. J. Lewit Duffield CJT seemed 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, pinning every few moments to regard the girl's eyes. Two college champs 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 seemed very still, crying the girl's face as if she stood before him in flesh and blood. A shrew came over his face, but Jack didn't notice it.

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

'Oh, there's been an Art Exhibit here this week, and I picked it up yesterday. Pretty girl, isn't she? He added, with the somewhat 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, pensively. 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 nursemaids protecting 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
Jack entered his state room and saw the entry of Florence. He didn’t know 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 so charming as the sketch? Because I suppose you see that she is the original."

"Confounded it, stormed Jack, "why didn’t you bring that with me?"

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

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

"What is 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—querulous specimens of us found in all the highways. But Tom Whiby, 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 being in a steamy chair close under the lee of the cabin, his face in the shadow. He heard footsteps approaching and low voices. ‘This it was unenviable; he had no desire to try the easy, especially, in a case like this. But if he moved it would only attract attention; why must they stop so near him, and without warning him, as they leaned over and watched the spray glister in the moonlight. Tom did not want to see them, and when the moon veiled her face behind a thin, grayly cloud and Jack bent toward the hair not far from his own. Tom closed his eyes—there should be no witness to their happiness save the stars."

The first night he found his friend looking at the old picture with rather misery 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 heap 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 read congratulating you as much as I can her. But let it pass, for many strange things happen in the course of events."

M. F. BATES, M.A.

A Is For Anything.

A is for Adams in One Seventeen.
B is for Bindsley, 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’ Gym 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 Jume, when some of us pass.
K is for ‘Kid,’ with whom the boys chat.
L is for Lemon, in love with a lady.
M is for Marshall an earnest 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 Robertson, his orations the best.
S is for Sage, known as the ‘analyst.’
T is for Track Team, which fell with the rest.
U is for University, where some may go.
V is for Vernon, who must chaste the B’s.
W is for Williams, a man we all know.
X is for Excelent, which one seldom sees.
Y is for Youning, to the sixth hour unmind.
Z is for Zero, here’s where we bunt.

LEE H. BIERCE.

The first fly has come to town. Miss F. A—B—B—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 kittens on the back fence?—C. L. Burham.

“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. Haves."

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.”
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:

Originiation—The Past, Mr. Gilde.
Explanation—The Present, Mr. Rege.
Hallucination—The Future, Mr. French.
Determination—House Enterprise, Mr. Kierer.
Contamination—Our Associates, Mr. Peoples.
Institution—House Oratory, Mr. Marshall.
Elimination—In and Out of the House, Mr. Bonessier.
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. Brain.
Fascination—Our Girls, Mr. Williams.  

H. S. B.
Detroit Central High School Orchestra.

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Frederick Jones
Oliver Green
William Weisner
Hobt Scott
C. Fred Speck
Alfred Hall
Louis Miller

CLARINET—
Fred Van Amburg
F. Baxter

VIOLA—
Paul Staffeld

CELLO—

BASS—
George Baldwin

FLUTE—
Jesse B. Davis
Edwin Schneck
M. A. Dondero

CORNET—
John W. Belcher
Fred Van Amburg
A. H. Dethier

GUITAR—
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PIANO—

TROMBONE—
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DRUM—
Stanley Wilson
ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

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President, Mr. Hubert French.
Vice-President, Miss Harriette A. Harvey.
Secretary, Mr. Abram R. Slaymaker.
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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. V. 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 18th, 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 Peninsula 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. Malcolm, of Ann Arbor High School, was second, and Mr. Schalberg, 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.
Terry e r (D. C.) third, Phen (C.) , P l um m e r 10; S2g lna w s( ;·c ond, (D. R. Gilkey
440-yard dash.-Roberts (A. C.) fourth. Time 56.1 seconds.
880-yard run.—Widdicomb (G. R.) won, Duncan (G. R.) second, Stephen (C. U. S.) third, Hein (S. E.) fourth. Time 2 minutes 10.3 seconds.
One mile run.—Widdicomb (G. R.) won, Quayle (C. U. S.) second, Hine (S. E.) third, Hawks (S. E.) fourth. Time 4 minutes 33 seconds.
Mile walk.—Morgan (S. W.) won, Perry (A. A.) second, Teller (D. C.) third, Fogg (A.) fourth. Time 3 minutes 46.4 seconds.
Running high jump.—Haller (D. B.) won, O'Leary (M. A.) fourth. Height 5 feet 7 inches.
Running broad jump.—Thompson (P.) won, Osborn (D. C.) 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 (B. C.) fourth. Distance 19 feet 2 inches.
Throwing 12-pound hammer.—Turley (A. A.) won, H. Childs (L. S.) second, Brewer (M. L.) third, Curtis (W. A.) fourth. Distance 112 feet 7 inches.
Putting 12-pound shot.—Brewer (M.) won, Woodham s (P L.) second, Plummer (B. B.) third, Morgan (S. W.) fourth. Distance 38 feet 11 inches.
Pole vault.—Krems (D. U. S.) won, Woodham s (P L.) and Dyer (O. L.) second, Woodrow (A. A.) fourth. Height 9 feet 7 inches.
Quarter-mile bicycle.—Hardee (C. U. S.) won, Rappelye (S. W.) second, Osborn (S. W.) third, Ilness (P L.) fourth. Time 1 minute 34 seconds.
One mile bicycle.—Olín (G. R.) won, Mayhew (A. A.) second, Green (D. C.) third, Dixon (WU) fourth. Time 2 minutes 32.5 seconds.

EXHIBITIONS.
One mile run, paced by bicycle.—Tom Hinchman. Time 5 minutes 13.55 seconds.
Quarter-mile bicycle race.—Green first, Foster second, Frasier third. Time 40 seconds.
One mile bicycle.—Phelps first, P. Green second, O'Leary third. Time 3 minutes 23 seconds.
Half-mile walk.—Eugene Teter, first; Herbert Share, second; Roy Hamilton, third. Time 4 minutes 24 seconds.
Total Score.—M. M. A., 64; D. H. S., 38.
The show time in the races was caused by a heavy track and a strong head wind on the cinder.

LEE H. HERCE
Elec A. A., 1897-99.
School Athletics.

There is much said about school athletics impairing the scholarship of students. Moro academic development sometimes does suffer by over exercise. For instance, if a student practices 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 exercise; 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 conduct 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 studies and sports have to live strict realities of life, and also scholarship for academic questions. But aside from the more development of nerve force and muscle, 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 athletics is not mere play, that fact is emphasized most strongly 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 impress 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 will witness the favor of the schools from three states forging ahead (in the one-halt mile run), with earnest faces and herculean strides, for honors at the goal, and at the home stretch to observe the young men from the Grand Rapids High School throw back his head, expand his chest and leave all rivals utterly in the rear, why fight 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 de 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 marks of accomplishments in extracurricular, debate 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 copied taxes and opinions 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.

Formerly 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 own interests, tastes and aims, so that there seems to be sixty or more differ-
eat little schools within our larger institution. Even last year, when an appeal was made to the assembled school for funds for mural decorations, the ang front 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 ever will be truly great in athletics under present conditions (although the 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 amlale, whether of Sheffield Scientific School, the Law School or the Academic Depart-ment, at the mention of old El's name. 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 ploek 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 highest stated men, then the captain of the crew, the football and the baseball teams, the best all around athletes, 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 base 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 underclassmen and juniors is manifold. Scholars and athletes are known 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 energies are devoted so much to excellence in scholarship, athletics or ethics as at Yale. Because simple people come from the students themselves in the junior year. Therefore, track and hard work are the rule and the road to distinction. College fraternity sinks 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 and ambitious men in old El's name. Thus "Yale ploek and luck" have become proverbial.

The West Central High School students need to do is to organize themselves and establish senior class rewards for distinguished school services in extramural, debates, music and athletics, and the natural scholastic pride and competition of all students will take care of the rest. However, a very short time. No need will then arise for speeches or articles on school loyalty.

C. S. O'Hern—"Then I offer my apology." Young lad—"Accepted." C. S. O.—"Oh! this is so sudden."

DETOUR CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL "1900" BASE BALL TEAM.

The first year the American Baseball Association was formed. The school's team was formed to compete in the new league. The team consisted of students from various grades and was coached by the principal, Mr. Mr. Cooper. The team had a good season, winning several games and finishing in the top tier of the league. The team's success was due to the hard work and dedication of the players, who practiced diligently and were committed to their sport. The team's coach, Mr. Cooper, was a great inspiration to the players, and his guidance helped the team to achieve their goals. The team's success was a testament to the power of teamwork, dedication, and hard work. The team went on to participate in several tournaments and eventually became a fixture in the local sports scene.
Class Song.
GEORGE W. LEMPEKE.

The happy day has come to us at last—
The hope-ful 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 best—
To kiss the one he loved the best.
For all she frowned, for all she child,
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,
Mist 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?
Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven?
Bowed be our hearts to think of what we are,
When from its bright afar
A world sinks thus, and yon majestic heaven
Shines not the less for that one vanished star!
—Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans.
French, 3a, from polo
would be less conspicuous.
Mr. Wragg's place for ball duty; his class-room
would be less conspicuous.
Mr. Vice's writing from the pump in Physics.

Ask.

Cherubs. This is an about that "after noon" map in class.
Spacie: If he's still "foolish," and wash him blank.
Mr. Wragg's to give us the true story of his cup.
N. 1. Will-us if he can't find someone to explain the power house
sights to him.
Mr. Wragg is Sm-th what birds have "tainted feet."
Mr. Haggerty to give the class a yell.
Mr. Haggerty's how long it took him to get those flowers to Miss
Crotty.

Ask Al-sal-e of the Ninth how he changed all those votes over to
C-cle.

Says about his "new long pants."
J-obs if he is an outlaw.
Miss Granger when Waipale Island was annexed to the State of
Michigan.
Miss L-y-n says why she says so many times, "There'll be that."
D. B. D. R-n who calls him "Jerry."
-Chn McClure who calls her "Taffy."
E-b-b-sh Fвремner about her mint cap.
Miss Granger why she doesn't like to be grounded.
F-x concerning his "Daily Noon" and "Journal."
C-wed about his red nose and pop-gun.
Elm-w about his daily walks from school.
R-th G-brit if she does or does not like Spencer (im) pens.
F-gn. M-a-f-sh about the Government of Indian Territory.
Mosses, B-rel-s and N-i-m-d if they know the difference between
a folding bed and a window-sht.
Mr. H. L-spig what we made of Miss Granger's golf cap on the
hurricane dock sometime after dark Children's Day.
Sly-lb whose name is highest on the bugstaff.
French about that wrong right prison.

How Did It Happen

That D. C. H. S. was sixth in the Intradaclass Misses?
That Briggs boarded the Special at Ypsil?
That Crawford couldn't wear shoes the day after the dance?
That C. S. O. always returns from a trip via Grand Rapids?
That Briggs actually got second (from the last) in a race?
That Caesar was sea-sick? Mr. Curry says he

Wanted. Continued.

Someone to out-jolly Mr. J-m-y W-l-a-w.
A victory.—D. C. H. S. Track Team.
A lunch counter in the rear of the Twelfth Grade assembly-room.
Some grandmoms.
A hospital for bad cases of nervous prostration and brain fever.—The
editor.
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 site on short notice. May be
with or without the latest automatic exercise correction and idaff 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, "Front O' Sport!"—
care this office.
A translation for the word "sack." Apply 6th hour class, Latin 7.
Someone who is competent to present Miss S.-French, 3a, from pre-
noticing the "en" endings of words. Plenty of work for the right person.

On the Side.

Mr. H-r-t-er could not be induced to go out and play bean bag.
He even resisted the persuasive coaxing of F-r-n-e 1-4.
Latin R. Mr. Draper—"Emancipated with hunger."
Mr. Adams (Goeth week exeqns.)—"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 left.
Latin R. Miss Wiley to Mr. Himmon—"Stand up like a little major."
Herr Albrecht (giving directions for going to the auditorium)—
"Teach grade students go up by rail."
History R. Mr. Davis—"Boys, leave that dog alone, one puppy can't
play by himself."
Brazing in Physics tries to explain what a molecular molecule is.
Miss Roberson, in History 7—"Detroit's awfully slow place isn't
it."
Herr Balche—"Mr. Houghten, that puppy is a werry sad wonnance.
It reminds me of one of the old Egyptian manuscripts."
Miss Hirschman—"I have a book in school that is missing."
Heavenrgh, in German 3a, tells about an extraordinary occurrence.
Miss McCormac (acting as president)—"The previous question has
been moved and supported, those in favor of the original motion please
say eye."
Absent-minded member of the House, addressing the chair—"Mr.
Spoken, Mr. Spoken?"
Mr. Osborne—"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 Grendell—"I was told not to tell but if you won't tell anybody I'll tell you.

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

Addressing Miss McCormick when acting as presideant—"Mr. President, "Miss President, "Mr. Chairman, "Miss Chairman, "Miss Vice-President, "Miss Chairman."

Latin 6, James—"Unless that Ella remembers later." "She was among the young shades."

History 7, Miss Anderson—"Which existed first, the township or hundred?" Miss Harrah (tender)—"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, Fernet-a.

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

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

Draying 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."

Mr. Davis—"Boys, more 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—guess I'm early."

Grade Principal—"Early! Why, it is a quarrel of mine. You have a first hour class, haven't you?"

Frightened Freshman—"Yes, sir. I guess 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 vapors of borax—"I mean the vapor of borax—that is to say—class excused."

Latin 8—"Et pater Archides solemne ad sidera latus exulit." "And Father Archides joyfully expanded his eyes to heaven."

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Lelia S. Mr. Wait—"That’s not a swear word."

Join Debate. D. R. B. B.—"When you go to the sugar and buy some more you pay the sugar trust 2C a pound."

Mr. Williams (in Physics 1)—"Heat causes all things to expand."

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

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

Teacher in Latin 1—"Are liquids called liquids?" B. Nine—"Because they flow from the mouth like water?"

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

Smart Matteo—"Beats are successive outbreaks of silence."

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

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

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Eben swaben, swanlicher hogan!
Steinbecher Reilly, swan gangel heimer!
Berger Speigel spec hoh dob!
Ror de ror
Bell de bore
Consobidy hoh dob.
Wah! who! wah!
Sis! boom! bah!
Detroit High School!!
Rah! Rah! Rah!!

JANUARY, '00, YELL.

Zipitty! Rippaty! Hallahakoo!!
Boomerah! Boomerah! Rah for the blue!
January, hipity 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!
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Out of sight!

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