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The Flashes. 1917

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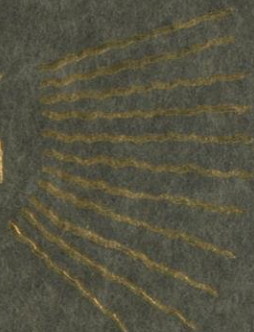
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Flashes



How Money Makes Money

Not long ago a Connecticut woman in settling up an estate found a bank deposit of \$33 among the assets. The money had been deposited in 1832. Inquiry at the bank resulted in the information that the original deposit of but \$33 amounted to nearly \$2,000. This was the magic of compound interest.

Why not you? Get the banking habit and deposit regularly some portion of your earnings. The result in the end will surprise and please you.

One Dollar will open an Account

BANK OF STURGEON BAY

STURGEON BAY, WIS.

Branch at SAWYER, WIS.

Total Resources over ONE MILLION DOLLARS

HENRY FETZER, President

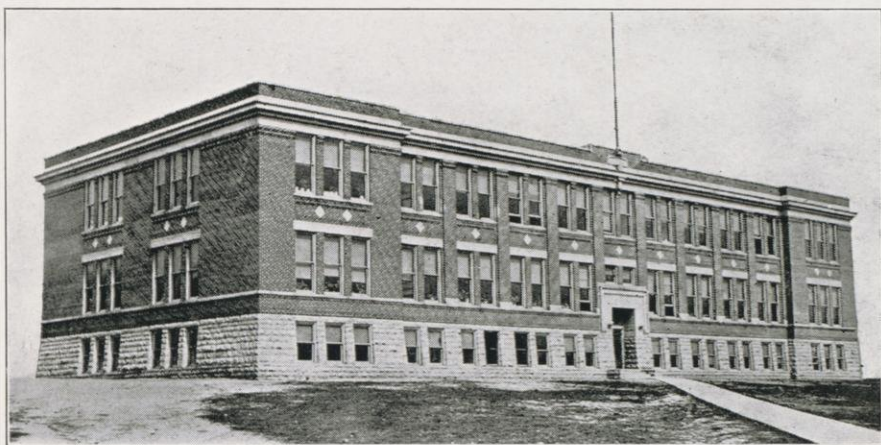
JOSEPH WOLTER, Vice-President

A. B. MINOR, Cashier

J. H. STEWART, Assistant Cashier

B. J. KEITH, Manager, Sawyer Branch

The Flashes



Published by the
Students of the

Sturgeon Bay
High School

1917



As a small expression of gratitude to one who has so generously used his great talent in aid of the school of which he was formerly a member, the Flashes Staff feels itself honored in dedicating the 1917 annual to
Sturgeon Bay's
Carl Cochem

Faculty



MR. RUDOLPH SOUKUP
Principal
Wisconsin University '08



MR. FRANCIS FOATE
Stout Institute '16
Manual Training



MISS FLORENCE PINNEY
Fargo College, N. D. '09
Physics and Geometry



MISS DOROTHY GREGORY
Lawrence '15
English

Faculty



MISS LOUINA VAN NORMAN
University of Wisconsin '15
English and Science



MISS EDNA JOHNSON
Beloit College '11
English and History



MISS DOROTHEA POPPE
University of Wisconsin '16
Latin and German



MISS HELEN DONNER
Lawrence Conservatory of Music '16
Music and Drawing

Faculty



MISS PAULINE SAYLOR
Milwaukee-Downer College '16
Domestic Science



MR. H. O. McLAUGHLIN
Ferris Institute '11
Michigan College '14
Commercial

MISS MARGARET REYNOLDS
Wellsley College, Mass., '08
History and English

MR. WILLIAM BROWN
Wisconsin University
Mathematics

Publication



Bingham, Reynolds, Wright, Augustine, Wolters
Tuft, Wellever, Hanson, Anderson
Wright, Thorp, Aronin

Publication

Staff

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	THEODORE HANSON
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	KARL REYNOLDS
<i>Literary Editor</i>	WILLIAM WELLEVER
<i>Business Manager</i>	HARRY AUGUSTINE
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	HENRY TUFTS
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<i>Girls' Society Reporter</i>	HELEN BINGHAM
<i>Athletic Reporter</i>	LELAND THORPE
<i>Senior Reporter</i>	CECELIA WOLTER
<i>Junior Reporter</i>	WILLIAM WRIGHT
<i>Sophomore Reporter</i>	BLANCHE ARONIN
<i>Freshman Reporter</i>	JENNIE WRIGHT

We, the members of the *Flashes* staff, express our appreciation and thanks to all those who have aided in making this year's annual a success. We are especially grateful to the business houses for their hearty support in contributing towards the *Flashes* fund. We thank those students in our high school, who realized that the *Flashes* was their paper, and did all in their power by literary and financial assistance, to make our 1917 annual the best ever.



Senior Class

Class Officers

<i>President</i>	WILLIAM WELLEVER
<i>Vice-President</i>	ALICE DRISCOLL
<i>Secretary</i>	WILLIAM MADDEN
<i>Treasurer</i>	ANTON MATHY

Class Motto

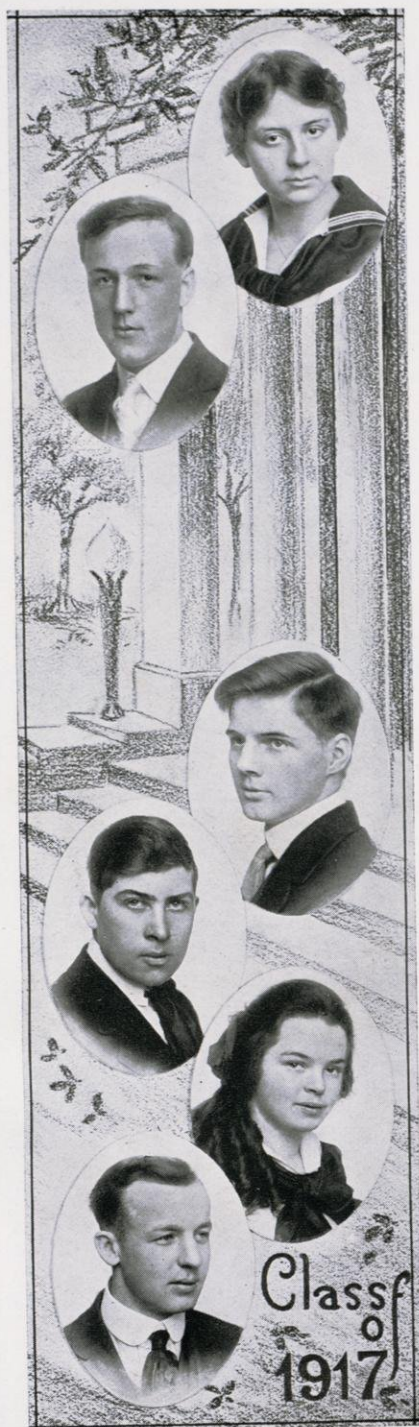
Facta Probant
(Let deeds prove)

Class Flower

Violet

Class Colors

Purple and Gold



Seniors

AMY VIOLA PETERSON

English

Glee Club 1, 2. Athletics 2, 4.

Literary Societies 1, 2, 4.

"I've always held
There's time enough tomorrow
For what to-day won't hold."

WALDO FRANKLIN KRUEGER

German

"The poet says that youth must strive.
I have striven."

OSCAR CONRAD MAGISTAD

English

Debating 2, 3, 4.

"Now I'm off for the pot of gold at the foot
of the rainbow."

J. CURTIS FRITSCHLER—"Curt"

English

Debating 1, 2, 3.

Glee Club 1, 2.

"What's that? Did someone say I'm through?
You can't fool me with that line of dope."

LUCILE OLIVE WHITFORD

English

Glee Club 1, 2, 3.

"But yet the days were cheery,
And nights brought rest when weary,
And somehow this old school-house
Was a good place after all."

ANTON JAMES MATHY—"Tony."

English

Debating 2, 3.

Athletics 2, 3.

"A good man is always a learner."

Seniors

LELAND PALMER BROWN—"Brownie"

Commercial

"I almost stuck Miss Pinney with some of my
questions in Physics class.
Man can do no more.
I am content."

OLIVIA ELISE ROALKVAM

English

"Patiently doing my best,
The little or much that I could,
I have tried to fill my career
As a model student should."

WILLIAM JAMES MADDEN—"Tim"

Latin

Debating 1, 2, 3, 4.

"I didn't always draw an A.
But I've had a willing spirit."

ALICE MARY DRISCOLL

Commercial

Athletics 1, 2, 3, 4.

Literary Societies 1, 2, 3, 4.

"Do you suppose if I could have done it all over
again, that I could ever have pronounced
those dreadful proper names?"

LAWRENCE EDWIN LEONHARDT—"Rev."

Commercial

Debating 1, 2, 3, 4.

Athletics 1, 2.

"With graceful steps he strides the streets,
And smiles at all the maidens sweet."

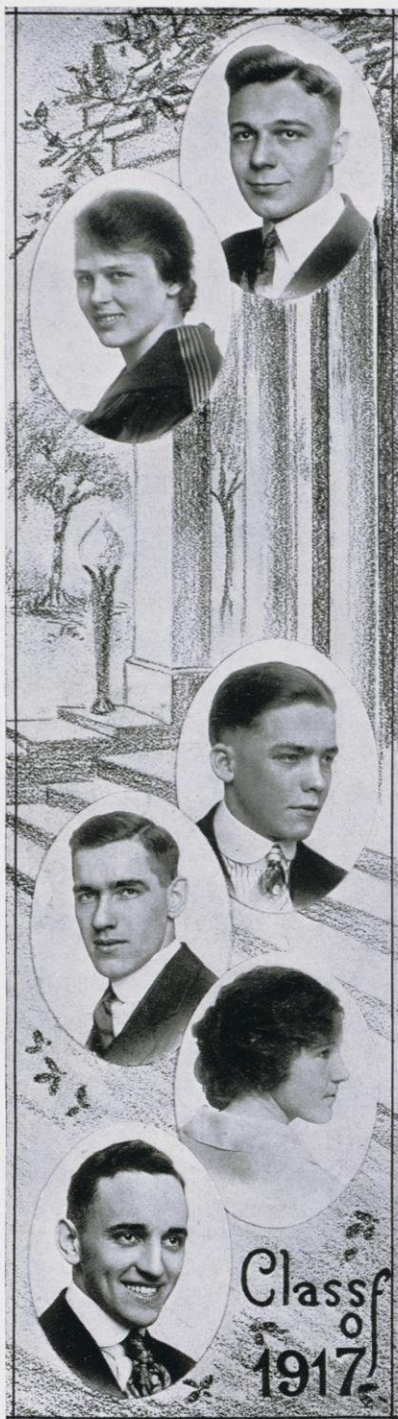
GRACE HELEN BASSFORD—"Peggy"

Commercial

Literary Societies 1, 2, 3, 4.

"To pass, or not to pass; that is the question:—
Whether 'tis better to stay, like him, another
year,
Or passing, to end all."





Seniors

WILLIAM HENRY PIERRE—"Bill"

English

Debating 2, 3.

Athletics 1, 3.

"I wanted to climb the ladder myself and not be pushed up."

CECELIA MARGARET WOLTERS

German

Glee Club 1.

Literary Societies 1, 2.

"Her reason all her passions sway,
Easy in company, in private gay."

ROYAL CARL WEITERMANN—"Roy"

Commercial

Glee Club 1, 2.

Athletics 1, 2.

"Aw, there ain't no use in hurryin',
What's comin' is comin', and you
Might as well take your time about it."

WILLIAM MCKINLEY WELLEVER—"Judge"

Commercial

Debating 1, 2, 3, 4.

"Truly in a long work it is allowable to snatch
a little sleep."

WILMA HENRIETTA MANN

Commercial

Athletics 2, 3, 4.

Literary Societies 1, 2.

"I am convinced that there is no royal road
to learning."

ENGLEBERT HERMAN SEIDEMANN—"Si"

English

Debating 1, 2, 3.

Glee Club 2.

Athletics 1, 2, 4.

"Well, you know I'm not crazy about the
high school,

But I'd be willing to try some of the grades."

Seniors

NORA ADELAIDE JOHNSON
Commercial

Literary Societies 3, 4.

"Life's a serious proposition,
See the wrinkles on my brow."

MILTON EDWARD WESTFALL—"Gunboat"
German

"Shall I go back to the farm like a 'mute,
inglorious Milton?"
Or be secretary of state for another Cromwell?"

PETRA MARIE HAINES
English

"I'd rather be a woman adorned with a good
disposition than with much gold."

WAYNE ELLIS NELSON—"Blushes"
English

"The man that blushes is not a brute."

RUTH CHYSTINE URDAHL—"Put"
German

Athletics 1, 2, 3.

Literary Societies 1, 2, 3.

"Double, double toil and trouble.
I leave you without a sigh.
When I think of those hours of worry,
I'll never miss you—not I."

THEODORE HANSON—"Ted"
English

Debating 1, 2, 3, 4.

Glee Club 1, 2.

Athletics 4.

"As far as inches go
I've always been at the top of the class."





Seniors

ELEANOR IRENE KOSTKA

Commercial

"I've always been a mouse for quietness.
Tell me, will they miss me when I'm gone?"

LESTER FRANCIS BRIDENHAGEN—"Husk"

Commercial

Debating 4.

"I may not be destined to turn the river up
stream,
But I'll see to it that my own mill-wheel will
always go 'round.'"

RUTH HARRIET KIMBER

English

"A true woman, pure as faith's own vow,
Whose honor knows not rest."

LEONARD ANDERSON—"Len"

English

Debating 1, 2, 3, 4.

"Wisdom is the principal thing,
Therefore, get wisdom."

ALBINA ISABEL SWOBODA

Commercial

"With Captain Ready and Pilot
Steady my little boat leaves the shore."

GORDON WALDEMAN HUTTO

English

Debating 4.

"The ranks by great men gained and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Seniors

OLIVER THOMAS HAINES

Commercial

"I would not harm a living thing,
However great or small."

MARGUERITE RUTH SLATTERY—"Slatts"

Commercial

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Literary Societies 1, 2, 3, 4.

Athletics 2, 3, 4.

"What's the meaning of my name?
Why, in English I'm a daisy."

HARRY AUGUSTINE—"Bolly"

German

Athletics 1, 2, 3, 4.

Debating 1, 2, 3, 4.

"Young as I am, yet would I do my best."

DWIGHT MILLARD KNUDSON—"Dwitskee"

Commercial

Athletics 1, 2, 3, 4.

"The best of me is diligence."

HERBERT ALBERT GAETH—"Choppy"

Commercial

Glee Club 1.

Athletics 1, 2, 3, 4.

"Argue me no arguments,
I'll be no public speaker."

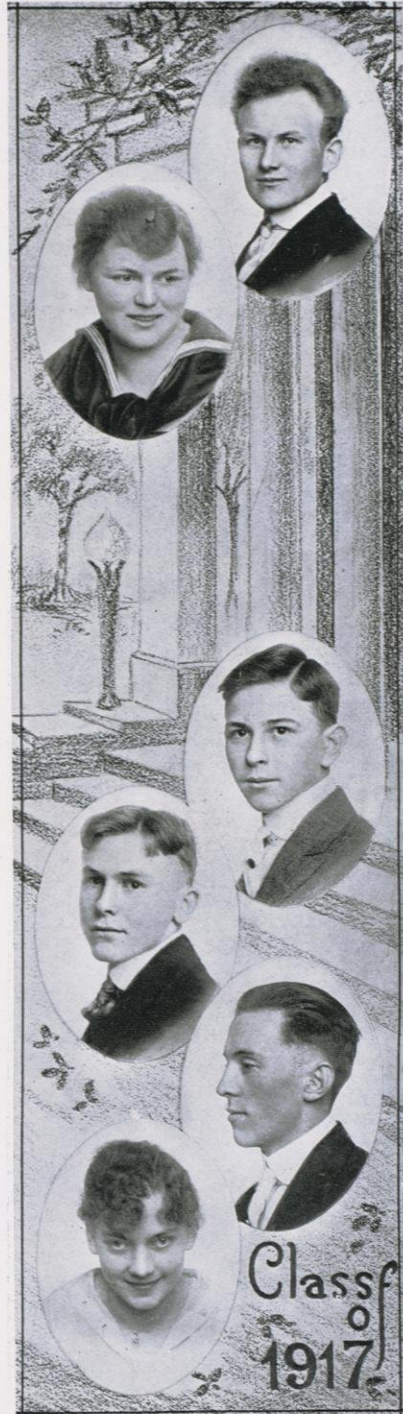
CECELIA DOROTHEA GROTH

Commercial

Glee Club 1, 2, 3.

Literary Societies 1, 2, 3, 4.

"I have noticed as I run
Through this life of joy and striving,
Of ten troubles looked for, one
Has the habit of arriving."



Seniors

LELAND ASA THORP—"Swede"

Commercial

Athletics 1, 2, 3, 4.

"Come one, come all;
This rock shall fly from its firm base,
As soon as I."

ABIGAIL MINERVA RUCKERT—"Abbie"

German

Athletics 2, 3, 4.

Literary Societies 2, 3, 4.

"Here a little, there a little,
And so the days have passed.
And I have had a jolly time
From the first day to the last."

EDWARD GRAHAM MINOR—"Ed."

English

Debating 1, 2, 3, 4.

"My ambition: To go up like a rocket,
but not come down like a stone."

LEONA AGNES CURRY

English

Athletics 1.

Literary Societies 1.

"I wonder if the faculty were so pleased with
my amiable disposition that they wanted to
keep me on here, overtime?"

ALLEN LAVERNE McMILLEN—"Fat"

English

Athletics 1, 2, 3, 4.

"He was not merely a chip of the old block,
but the old block itself."



Senior Class History

IN September, 1913, sixty-nine boys and girls enrolled as Freshmen. We were determined that during our school career we would make history of which we could be proud. As Freshmen, we did not make any special showing in our studies. We stood second in the basketball tournament.

In 1914, fifty-nine of our previous number returned to their study. Some of our freshman timidity had worn off, and we made ourselves conspicuous in a social way. On January 14, we gave a sleighride party. We adopted a new method to pay for our class picture: A supper was given in the gym; it was a success, both socially and financially.

In 1915, we again lost some of our co-workers. Nine students were missing from the class. As Juniors, the class distinguished itself by making the "Prom" a real school dance. This was held in the "gym." To make the evening more sociable for those who did not dance, side entertainments were held in different class rooms.

In September, 1916, forty-eight students came back to be dignified Seniors. The election of class officers was held the first week in October.

At one of the last class meetings the Seniors decided to get class pins this year instead of rings. Some of the Seniors donated their class pin money to the Red Cross society.

Since seven of the Seniors left the ranks during the year, only forty-one of the original forty-eight members were presented with diplomas. Two of this number were three-year students. One of these two, William Pierre, was valedictorian. This year's class is the largest class in the history of the school.

On October 6, the Seniors entertained the Juniors in the "gym." Besides this event we have had practically no social events. It has been the tendency of the class to be more interested in business than in social affairs.

Like all other progressive classes, we have been discouraged; but we have not fallen. Upon commencement, as graduates, we can not but feel deep gratitude for the privileges of past associations. Realizing that our success has been due to the kindly interest of Sturgeon Bay citizens, teachers, and fellow students, we pledge to them that in the future pleasures and hardships of life, we will endeavor to act in a manner befitting their trust in us.

Portion of Junior Class



Dehos, Reynolds, Long, Brann, Osmudson
Stenerson, Brandeis, Teweles, Olson, Blau
Anderson, Pinney, Tuft, Bingham, Draize
Krueger, Keith, Harris

Junior Class

Olaves Anderson
Florence Barrand
Helen Bingham
Ruth Birmingham
Ruth Blau
Lucille Brandeis
August Brann
Robert Cornish
Bessie DeFoe
Alice Dehos
John Draize
Mabel Fairchild

Sidney Geise
Stanton Greisen
Dorothy Harris
Allen Helmich
Emma Ives
Vera Keith
Carol Knudson
Edna Knudson
Clara Krueger
Lester Leidl
David Long
Violet Olson

Martha Pinney
Helen Simons
Anne Stenerson
Joseph Swoboda
Sol Teweles
Henry Tufts
Ruth Wendorf
Perry Witt
Earl Stroh
Karl Reynolds
William Wright
Archie Schuyler

Junior Notes

On December 14, 1916, our Junior class of 1916-1917 elected the following officers:

<i>President</i>	HENRY TUFTS
<i>Vice-President</i>	KARL REYNOLDS
<i>Secretary</i>	AUGUST BRANN
<i>Treasurer</i>	DAVID LONG

We again met on February 18, to decide how we could raise funds to pay for our picture in the *Flashes*; our decision was to pay by personal subscription.

Preparation for the "Junior Prom" was our next problem and joy. The various committees appointed were: A decoration committee, a floor committee, and an entertainment committee. After much strenuous labor on the part of each of us, we held the "Prom" in the Sturgeon Bay High school gymnasium, on May 25, 1917. Music was furnished by Welter's six-piece orchestra. The hall was beautifully decorated with patriotic emblems. The large crowd in attendance enjoyed the dance immensely.

Sophomores



The Sophomores

Sophomore Class History

AFTER a year of incessant toil and unlimited hardships, the Freshmen entered the ranks as Sophomores. Their number had dwindled from ninety to seventy, but still they went courageously onward. With clear eyes and determined faces, they entered the second year of the high school, hiding their fear behind smiles and jests.

On October 16, 1916, a general election was held for the purpose of choosing class officers. Those elected were:

<i>President</i>	PHYLLIS PUTMAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	GENEVIEVE WELTER
<i>Secretary</i>	ELSIE STRAKA
<i>Treasurer</i>	IRENE THORPE

These officers did their work faithfully and well throughout the year, and cheered their classmates onward when they felt weary and disheartened.

A second meeting of the Sophomores was held on October 20, for the purpose of discussing the Hallowe'en party, which they had decided to give in honor of the poor Freshies. After many suggestions and arguments, it was decided that the party should take place on the following Friday, October 27, in the high school gymnasium. All the guests were to masquerade in any costumes they wished, but all were required to wear masks.

The party was a great success, as all those who were present will testify. There were present all the characters one could think of: Japanese ladies, flower girls, dancers, sailors and farmers. Alice Anderson, disguised as a Chinaman, and John Egan, attired as an old grandmother, received the prizes in the form of small dolls. (Quite appropriate.)

On Friday, November 24, the now brave Freshmen honored the Sophomores by giving a Thanksgiving party in the gymnasium. Needless to say, all had a "great time," and went home happy and tired.

Throughout the year, the Sophomores have worked steadily and bravely, and have shown themselves capable of progressing still further along the paths of knowledge.

Freshmen



The Freshmen

Freshmen Class Notes

A general election was held in the main room of the High School on October 13, 1916. The following officers were elected:

<i>President</i>	MELVIN TUFTS
<i>Vice-President</i>	GORDON CORNELL
<i>Secretary</i>	GRACE WILKE
<i>Treasurer</i>	LEAH BEBEAU

The first meeting of the class as an organization was held on November the twentieth, when a Thanksgiving party was planned. This was for the Sophomores in return for a splendid character party which they gave in our honor. Heretofore we had considered the Sophomores as unfriendly, for seemingly their aim in life had been to pester us. After the character party, however, the relations between the two classes was much more genial than before. During the evening of our party, games, shadow plays, and dancing were enjoyed.

Another meeting was held to determine how to raise money for the Freshman picture for the *Flashes*. It was decided that each member of the class should bring twenty cents to defray expenses. The picture was taken, and our class was one of the largest that ever presented itself for that purpose.

The Freshman boys have made a good showing in athletics as well as in other things. It is hoped that they will keep up their good record next year, when they will be Sophomores.

With a feeling of pride, the Freshman class of 1916-1917 has ended its first year of high school life. Next year, as Sophomores, we hope to make notable strides in all high school activities both social and educational.

The Race

JAKE GUNNON, the trainer, shook his head at the appeal of Black Jim. "I will do no such thing, man. What do you think I am, a blackmailer?" said Jake. "All right fer you," snarled Black Jim, as he walked away.

The morning of the race dawned bright and clear. The white clouds drifted over the pale blue sky, making figures of birds with huge wings. The sun shone with splendor on the grandstand and the old Washington race track. Jake made a short visit to all the stalls to see if the assistants were doing their duty in taking care of the horses. He stopped in the box stall of Dan Patch, the fastest pacer in the world, and rubbed and patted his glossy neck.

"Wanted me to cheat you out of the race, didn't they, old pal?" whispered Jake, looking into the horse's beautiful, pathetic brown eyes. "But they couldn't do it, no sir-ee. You'd just win that race for your missis or break your neck, wouldn't you, old chap?"

The horse whinnied and tossed his magnificent head as if giving assurance in the affirmative.

At noon on Derby Day, in a restaurant, sat Black Jim and Colonel Hardin's jockey, a tow-headed, sleepy-looking boy one would hardly credit with "horse sense," certainly no "sense of honor." The two were talking in undertones.

"If you disappear about twenty minutes before the 'start,' and you know there are only two people in the world Dan Patch will let ride him, you and the Colonel's daughter, Dorothy, they will not be able to find any one to ride him, so of course he won't run, and Quicksilver will win. That's dead sure! There'll be a tidy little sum for you, my boy. Well, what do you say to the scheme, eh?" asked Black Jim, sharply.

"All right," answered the boy. "I'm your man. I will disappear twenty minutes before the call."

With that they both rose and made their way to the door, disappearing in the mass of humanity on the streets.

About three o'clock the bleachers began to fill. Men and women were betting, betting, betting! Dan Patch was the favorite, and the excitement ran high when the horses were brought before the public. One by one the jockeys sprang to their places. The owners watched anxiously for their horses, to see how they were placed on the track. Colonel Hardin peered through the closely packed crowd. Could it be! No! Never!

"Dorothy, where is Pete?" he asked of his daughter, a black-eyed miss of seventeen with brown, curly hair.

The girl looked in vain for the boy clad in white and gold.

"I don't know, father," she answered.

The bell for every one to be in place rang. Only ten minutes before starting! The girl sprang from the box-seat, and rushing along the side of the track she reached the stables. Eight minutes later a small figure of a boy appeared, dressed in white and gold satin. The boy went up to Dan Patch and held out a piece of sugar on a little pink and white palm.

"You knew I wouldn't desert you, didn't you, old chap?" he whispered.

The horse trembled all over with excitement, and when the bell rang for places in line, his knees trembled visibly. At the tap of the bell the horses were off like a flash. But poor Dan stumbled and fell on his knees. However, he was up again and off, but at a very poor pace.

A man in one of the large boxes watched the proceedings with relish; his black eyes snapped with pleasure.

"They may have some one to ride, but he's a blame poor rider," he said. "I knew it! I knew it," he repeated to himself. "Go it, Quicksilver!" he yelled. "Now's your chance; make good!" Then he swore softly under his breath as he saw the little figure on Dan Patch lean forward and speak to the horse, who at the sound of the voice sprang forward to make up for lost time. He soon passed four of the horses. Now only Fire-fly, Grey Wolf and Quicksilver were before him. One more round and the race would be over, the first race he had ever lost! Inch by inch he gained on Fire-fly; now he was abreast! The crowd yelled and cheered, "Dan Patch! Dan Patch! The favorite is gaining!" Cheer after cheer rose as the horse drew abreast of Grey Wolf. Now only three leagues more, and Quicksilver one whole league ahead of him! The jockey rose and brought his palm down on the horse's flank. One more mighty effort and he was nose to nose with Quicksilver!

Black Jim rose from his seat swearing profusely. His face was livid with rage as he watched the race. "Who is that jockey?" he kept asking himself. He did not have long to wait to find out. As Dan Patch stuck his nose under the wire, the cap blew off the jockey's head and the brown curls tied under it tumbled down and blew in the wind. Cheer after cheer arose for Colonel Hardin's daughter, and her pluck, which had won the day.

R. S.



Lincoln Debating Society

OFFICERS FOR 1916-1917

	First Semester	Second Semester
<i>President</i>	WILLIAM MADDEN	ANTON MATHY
<i>Vice-President</i>	THEODORE HANSON	GORDON HUTTO
<i>Secretary</i>	WILLIAM PIERRE	LEONARD ANDERSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	OSCAR MAGISTAD	HENRY TUFTS
<i>Censor-Artist</i>	ANTON MATHY	SIDNEY GEISE

THE Lincoln Debating society has just closed one of the most successful years since its organization in 1908. Every meeting from the first one on September 26, to the last one on May 1, has spelled success.

The first meeting of the society was held on September 14, to elect officers for the first semester.

At the first general meeting on September 26, a large number of new members were admitted to the society. From among those members there have developed debaters which the society is proud to claim as its product.

The meetings were held every second Tuesday during the year. The attendance has been fair, averaging about thirty to the meeting. The financial condition of the society regardless of the small outstanding dues, has been very good, as we have had no expenses.

Among the many successful debates of the year was the debate on November 2. The question debated was, "Resolved, that the Republican platform should be adopted at the coming election." The affirmative was upheld by Theodore Hanson and Anton Mathy. The negative was upheld by Gordon Hutto and Lawrence Leonhardt.

An attempt was made to secure a triangular debate with Kewaunee and Algoma. This was refused by Algoma. In March our society challenged West Green Bay to a dual debate. After we had prepared for the event, we were given notice that Green Bay could not participate. The debate was then cancelled.

Our debating society is indebted to Mr. Soukup for his hearty co-operation in promoting the growth of our organization; we take this means of thanking him.

Pioneer Girls

LOYALTY, resourcefulness, truth, and helpfulness are some of the things which characterize the Girl Pioneer movement in our Sturgeon Bay High school. This organization is composed of groups of girls under the name of some common bird, with leaders of their own choosing. The groups are classed into three bands, with two directors for each band. The bands are under the supervision of the commissioner who is the highest officer. The ages of the pioneers vary from fourteen to twenty years.

The purpose of the society is to instill more of the old pioneer spirit into the girls of today, to train them to be useful and thoughtful, and to make them more acquainted with Nature.

There are three ranks. For each rank there are several things the pioneer must accomplish, such as sewing, cooking, and first aid. The Red Cross work is to be brought into the society this year, and we hope thus to be of service to our country.

Besides the work there is a great deal of enjoyment to be had, such as picnicing, hiking, and camping. During the winter months, indoor picnics were held and various drills were learned.

Next year we hope to extend the membership of the society to all the girls in the high school, and thus advance the work of this beneficial organization.

Girl's Glee Club

THE Girl's Glee Club was organized this year, as in former years, in the early fall. At the beginning there were about twenty members, all of whom were very enthusiastic about making the club a success; but owing to the illness of Miss Donner, music instructor, the meetings were suspended for three months.

The club was reorganized in February, meeting three days a week, for the purpose of preparing a Japanese program given at the Woman's club early in March.

Boy's Glee Club



CONCEPTION OF CLUB REHEARSALS

LITERARY

The Substitute Left Fielder

DICK strolled aimlessly across the campus, his books under his arm and a gloomy expression clouding his usually cheerful countenance. Whatever it was that was troubling him, it must have been of serious and weighty import, for nothing less than a flunk in mathematics had ever before been able to plunge him into such a depth of despondency as he appeared to be laboring under at the present moment. Well, surely he had sufficient cause! Less than ten minutes ago (and the gloom in his eyes deepened as he recalled it) he had accidentally overheard a conversation between three or four of the school baseball "nine."

They were discussing the coming game with Crowley, the "big game" of the season, which was to decide the long-contested championship.

"Of course," Larry Rogers remarked bitterly, "it is just the time for Hadley to go and dislocate his right arm! That's our best batter gone and no one to take his place. Talk about luck!"

His listeners seemed to be of the same opinion, if one might judge from the deeply disgusted looks upon their faces.

"How about Bob?" inquired Fred Barstow, breaking the silence which had fallen at the close of Larry's speech.

"Hugh!" came the reply, in a tone in which the gloom had only grown more intense, "flunked in three subjects! Nothing doing in that quarter! I have spoken to Quentin, too, but he's going to be out of town. So you see there's only one left and that is—"

"Dick Sanders!" exclaimed the others in a breath.

"Exactly!" responded Larry. "Dick Sanders, who lost us that game at Burlington, and almost threw us out of the race, and was thrown out of the team himself in consequence. Dick Sanders can't play ball for sour apples, but he's our only hope. He knows enough about the game, and shows up fine at practice, but you can always count on his 'going up' at the most important point in the game. Well it can't be helped. I have sent a note up to his room, asking him if he will accept the position, and we will have to make the best of a bad bargain."

Dick had waited to hear no more, but turned and walked away, his mind in a tumult. Accept? Never! Then they could go and hunt for a left-fielder! But still, it would be mean to serve them a trick of that kind with absolutely no excuse, save that his feelings had been hurt by hearing the plain truth about himself. That would be acting the part of a baby, because nothing had been said but what was exactly true. Had he not tried for months to overcome his nervousness at critical moments, but to no avail?

In this conflicting frame of mind he made his way across the campus and up to his room, where he flung his books upon the table picked up a square envelope labeled conspicuously, "Richard Sanders, Esq., Sophomore," and seating himself at his desk in the fast-deepening twilight, fought one of the hardest battles of his college career.

The room had grown so dark that its contents were no longer distinguishable, when he finally straightened himself, seized a pen, and scrawled the following lines, "Sorry to hear of Hadley's accident. Yes, I will be at practice tomorrow afternoon."

* * *

"Strike two!"—It was the first half of the ninth inning and Crowley was at bat, with the score 4 to 2 in their favor. Two men down and two on bases, and only one more strike needed to retire the side.

Crowley rooters yelled encouragement and waved their blue banners frantically; Audrey answered with hoots and catcalls, and a cloud of crimson pennants fluttered defiantly in answer to the blue.

Crack! The ball sped like a meteor between second and third bases, and a groan went up from Audrey. Only for a moment however, then the crowd rose as one man, and cheer after cheer rent the air, as Dick Sanders ran backwards, leaped up, grabbed the ball with one hand, and completed the third 'out'!

"Great work, old man!" exclaimed Larry Rogers as they retired from the field. "Prettiest catch I ever saw. But do your best now, for it's our last chance."

The first man up struck out, and the Audreyites groaned. Fred Barstow made first base and Larry advanced him to second with a single. That was better, and Audrey's hope revived. But Jo Bessner was out at first, and Crowley's banners waved derisively; for Dick Sanders was next to bat, and so far he had not been able to get a hit.

"It's no use!" was the thought in the mind of every Audreyite there; but hope dies hard, so it was with almost breathless expectancy that they watched Dick, pale but determined, take his position beside the home-plate. The first two balls were wide and raised shouts of "Wait for your base, Sanders; wait for your base!" But the next ball came squarely across the plate and Dick sprang to meet it, hit it a terrific blow, and sped to first base. "On! on!" yelled the coach, and he started for second. And now the crowd caught it up and yelled, "On, Dick, on! It's a home run! Come on!"

Everything was dancing before his eyes as he raced along. He was rounding third base now, and the crowd was almost beside itself. "Stop!" called out someone along the third base line, "you can't make it!" But Dick only increased his speed and slid home just a second before the catcher got the ball.

"Safe!" declared the umpire, but no one heard him for the wild cheering of the joy-crazed Audreyites.

"Congratulations, Dick!" cried Larry, making his way with some difficulty to the hero's side. "You're the 'only one' on the team and I take back all I've ever said about your not being able to play ball. Now boys, all together! What's the matter with Sanders? He's all right! Who's all right? Sanders!!"

E. M.

A Mother's Prayer

IT was near the close of a beautiful day in late July. The birds had ceased singing; the fragrant flowers had folded up their pretty petals and were ready for a night's rest. The large poplars and aspens quivered softly as the cool evening breezes stirred their silvery leaves. One by one the little twinkling stars lighted up the sky, and the smiling face of the pale moon looked down as if to watch the peaceful earth below.

The quietude of the evening seemed to harmonize with the loneliness of a small cottage located at the base of an abrupt hill.

On the porch of this little home sat an aged widow. Her face wore a sad and troubled look, for she was thinking of the time when her only son had forsaken her. It was ten years ago since he had gone to a distant region of which she knew nothing. As her trembling fingers were turning the pages of a well known book, a young man was quietly approaching the cottage; but she heard him not. Suddenly he stopped, for he heard the quivering voice of the old woman reading a well known passage.

"I have been young; but now I am old, yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread."

As she finished reading, she arose, uplifted her arms toward heaven, and cried: "Oh, God, bring back my only son to me!" When she opened her eyes she beheld the young man with his arms outstretched to meet her. With eyes full of tears she ran forward, clasped the boy to her bosom, and kissed him.

A sigh of contentment overcame her anxieties and tears when she realized that her prayers had been answered.

DORA BERGLAND, '19.

A Modern Henpecked Husband

IF there is any man in our little village of Manville who deserves sympathy it is Uncle Job, for that is what every one calls him. He was well named, for he resembles the old patriarch as much as a modern man can. He is meek and sacrificing, unselfish and patient.

His family consists of a loving wife and two angel children, both boys. The adjective *obedient* describes these boys perfectly, inasmuch as they mind their mother to the dot; and why shouldn't they, when all she ever asks of them is to "come to dinner," or "run and play," or "go to bed?"

When father comes home at night at about seven o'clock, after having worked hard in the fields since six o'clock in the morning, he opens the door to find his wife gone, the fire nearly out, and a cold supper on the table. It would be Heaven without his wife and the boys, if she would only give him a warm supper. With a sigh, he stoops for some wood to build up the fire, thinking at least to have hot coffee—and finds the woodbox empty. She had left it for him to fill. He goes down cellar for an armful of wood.

His wife hears him chopping, for she has been on the front porch, and she comes in. "Humph," she says, "my supper wasn't good enough; well, he doesn't need any then," and she clears the table quickly, and goes out again to the swing and her reading. Father comes up with an armful of wood and sees the table empty. Still hopeful, he opens the cupboard, finds what he can to eat, and, after he is satisfied, carefully wipes all the crumbs from the shelf. Then he goes out on the back steps, lights his pipe, and sits down to watch the sun set.

His wife has evidently been listening to the proceeding, and hears the door bang, for that is as much as he ever does to show his feelings. She hurries to the pantry to see if he "finally decided to eat his wife's cooking." She throws up her hands in horror when she sees that about a square foot of the floor is scattered with crumbs. Opening the kitchen door she cries, "Job, you just come right in here and sweep up those crumbs on the pantry floor. I don't see why you couldn't have eaten the meal as it was on the table anyway. And hurry up about it, too! You haven't filled the woodbox, nor fed the poor chickens, nor brought in water yet; and here it's eight o'clock. What's the matter with you, anyway?" Job doesn't even ask her why she didn't give him time to eat his supper. He meekly does as she tells him, not omitting a single item.

And so it is every night when the weary husband comes home. All the chores are left for him to do, while the boys play from seven to nine and from four o'clock until bed-time. The only spending money he is allowed is enough for a half-pound of tobacco a month which only lasts him on the average of two weeks, and then he is begrudged the money for that. Sunday is the only day he gets hot meals, unless his wife happens to feel inclined to wait for him on week nights, or unless he has a half holiday. Every morning, except Sunday, he gets up at four in summer, builds the fire, gets his breakfast, and is gone before anyone is up.

All his years are the same. The two never speak a kind word to each other—she, because she doesn't think kindly, and he, because he is afraid to express himself.

FLORENCE BARRAND, '18.

Some Types of Pupils in a High School

PROBABLY one of the best places to observe the different natures and types of pupils is in a high school. We are all familiar with the type known as "grinds," whose achievements in the high school are the result of continual, never-ending drudgery, unvaried by participation in the activities or pleasures of the school. He is at school in the morning before the majority of his fellow-classmates have arisen. He does not greet them when they appear; he exchanges no friendly banter; he has no wonderful secret to disclose to his friends; he does not rejoice with them over the victory won in debating or in a basketball game. His mind and efforts are centered on problems of far greater moment. How does the steam engine work? how did the Greeks defeat the Trojans? how does a fish breathe? all of which, are, of course, more interesting to him than the score of the ball game, or the anticipation of a sleigh ride. He is entirely devoid of school spirit in any form, but as a result of his work his recitations are beyond criticism and his report is all that can be desired. But strange to say his classmates do not envy him and his teachers seem to favor less brilliant pupils. His knowledge, a source of pleasure only to himself, is of a one-sided nature, for it is all contained within the covers of his text-books, and his school days, the period which should be the most enjoyable of his whole life, are devoid of pleasure. He has acquired his end in storing up an unlimited number of history dates and algebra formulas, but little else; he has no friends, no school spirit, no interest in school activities. The influence of his type is positively detrimental and an entire school of such pupils would indeed be a failure, in spite of excellent scholarship. And so I think that all who have known persons of this type will agree that the position of the drudge is not an enviable one and that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Scarcely less to be desired is the high school sponge. The sponge, like a parasite which clings to some other animal, thereby gaining its living without any effort, gets his work done by some kindly disposed and long-suffering classmate. To do the work required of him would be to violate his principles. His only efforts are to invent a multitude of excuses accounting for his deficiency. He was ill, he was obliged to be out, he was unable to do it, always something which his victim is obliged to accept. So, without any pricks of conscience he copies the problems or the grammar sentences from the paper of the pupil who has spent much time and thought on them. The money spent for his text-books is money wasted, for study is a phase of life unknown to him. He gleans what he can from others' recitations and considers that sufficient. Should anyone accuse him of being dishonest, he would no doubt become very indignant. But surely he is dishonest and, moreover, one of the most troublesome and unpopular types in the high school.

Another type far less despicable, to be sure, yet little less desirable is the person who is always worrying. It must be said in justice to the masculine portion of humanity that boys do little worrying. It is the girls who do the worrying in life! Yet not all girls are of this nature. Many are very care-free, and such are quite a relief after their care-laden sisters. Everything causes the latter to worry. An essay is due, the history lesson is unusually long, the algebra problems are very difficult, and oh dreadful! it is one's turn to write a paragraph. The girl who worries thinks of these to the exclusion of all that is bright and cheerful until she becomes pessimistic, and her forehead is covered with tiny wrinkles. Her care-free companion hears her fate and performs the task to the best of her ability, without hours of dreadful anticipation. And her results are fully as satisfactory as those of her friend who becomes a nervous wreck thinking about her own troubles. And certainly the care-free girl makes the more pleasant companion. For she does not tire one with accounts of her own difficulties, while her mournful friend has an absolutely depressing effect on one's spirit, and all her worrying brings her naught save that which is harmful to herself and to others.

But there is another absolutely devoid of worry in any form and with whom the studies pursued are a very minor consideration. The sum-total of school life to them is contained in three things: "gym," lunch room, and between-hour chats. The person of this type comes to school in the morning, joins his friends, and spends his

The Flashes

time before recitations begin in chatting and talking. The bell rings and he betakes himself to his room with a sigh. The recitation hours drag on and he makes a few attempts to say something sensible about that of which he knows nothing and faithfully watches the clock until the lunch bell sounds. Then he hurries to join his friends and to spend that half-hour free from the bore of recitations. He does not deem it necessary to study and moreover he has no time for such things. He fails habitually, but then he can always offer an excuse for that—a partial instructor, failure to take an examination, a protracted illness, an examination mark of seventy-four. And of course when one has a good excuse, it is of no consequence whether or not he has received his credits in a study. So he goes on day after day, making no pretence at studying, always failing, yet ever contented; for he receives at school all that he desires.

Of much the same nature are the individuals who are almost painfully fashionable. The boy of this type wears his hair like a broom, giving him the appearance of being continually frightened. His shoes would be more suitable for a ranchman's use than for a school boy, but then they are fashionable, so they are just what he wants. If one encounters him in the hall, he must turn away to avoid having his eyesight injured by the glaring yellow and purple of his necktie. Fashion has decreed that high collars are to be the rage so a collar of unbelievable height is secured by the high school miss. Short sleeves are in vogue, and the size of her sleeves makes one wonder if it is due to a lack of material. Suddenly Fashion demands long sleeves and in glaring contrast to the tiny one of yesterday her hands are almost hidden from sight by her long sleeves. And so in everything this type goes to extremes and besides gratifying themselves furnish amusement for their classmates.

But it is not to be supposed that all high school pupils belong to one of these undesirable types, for that would be a reflection on the training received in the high school. On the contrary we find many of the sunny, even-tempered kind, whose presence is cheering and helpful. While their work may not be as excellent as that of their classmates who make their school life a burden, the person of this type can enjoy the gymnasium and take part in school activities and yet not allow these things to interfere with his work. If he has a task to perform, his friend is not wearied by being regaled repeatedly with the information, and he does not make a living skeleton of himself worrying about it. He is moderate in all things, and derives from his school life much more benefit than his schoolmate who thinks of nothing but studies, or the one who disregards it entirely.

H. K.

Just a Misunderstanding

A man with a very low voice had just completed his purchase at the grocery store.

The clerk asked, "What name?"

The customer answered: "Jepson."

"Chipson?"

"No, Jepson."

"Oh, yes, Jefferson."

"No, Jepson. J-e-p-s-o-n."

"Jepson?"

"Yes."

"Initial, please."

"Oh! K."

"O. K. Jepson?"

"No. It is not O. K. I merely exclaimed, Oh!"

"O. Jepson?"

"Erase the O and let the K stand."

Please give me your initial again."

"I said K."

"You said O. K."

"I said OH!—"

"Just now you said K."

"Allow me to finish what I started. I said Oh! because I did not understand what you were asking me. I did not mean that it was my initial. My name is Kirby Jepson."

"Oh!"

"No, not O but K. Give me that pencil. There, I guess it is O. K. now."

HOWARD CHAMBERS, '20.

Are Girls More Vain Than Boys

WE are forever hearing that girls are more vain than boys. It seems to me that it is about time that somebody looked into the matter seriously. It is not right to judge boys and girls by their clothes. The great difference in dress fools many people. Girls clothes require more attention than boys clothes do. Yet boys are just as particular about neckties with stick pins as girls are with ties and beauty pins. Just as soon as they are big enough, boys put on long trousers. What is the difference between long trousers and long dresses? Style of dress and daintiness, that is all. More time is wasted by boys nursing reluctant mustaches than girls ever spent covering up freckles or powdering noses. Boys have less hair to dress than girls have. Still they spend as much time with water, grease, and pompadours as girls spend with ribbons, hairpins, and curls.

Another thing, boys hide their vanity in awkwardness. Girls are naturally more graceful than boys. Because of this fact, girls are thought to be more vain than boys, who, if they were as graceful, would be considered just as conceited as girls are.

If girls are told they are vain, they laugh and smile and say, "Why?" Whereupon they are thought to be even more conceited than before. But tell a boy that he is vain; he, too, will laugh and say, "Why?" or he will scoff at you. Through the ages, pride and glory in himself, have been handed down to him. By his own cocksureness, he shows his vanity. He, however, is not judged by his actions as girls are. The same action on the part of either is interpreted differently. Is that fair? Ought we not judge both equally—therefore, justly?

VERA WASHBURN, '19.



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1916-17



Greisen, Meverden, McMillen, Leidl, Thorp, Knudson, Tuft, Bridenhagen, Van Dreese
Gabert, Jackson, Seidemann, Gaeth, Stroh, Griffin, Leonhardt

Football

THE response last fall to the call for men for the football squad was not as large as we had expected; thus there was not as much material to work with and make selections from for our team. The line proved to be the weak point. It was altogether too light, the average weight being 135 pounds. Near the middle of the season the squad consisted of only twelve men. This made it difficult to coach; but Mr. Soukup soon had a team whipped into shape which made a creditable showing. Lack of necessary funds made it impossible to hold more than two games during the season. There are five of the team in the graduating class, namely: Knudson, McMillan, Thorp, Gaeth, Seidemann.

Football

ALGOMA VS. STURGEON BAY

In this game the boys did well, although a number of them were playing their first game. The game, from the minute the whistle sounded until the last quarter ended, was Sturgeon Bay's, the ball being in Algoma's territory most of the time. The first score came after five minutes of play, when a touchdown and a goal netted seven points. The boys scored again in the second quarter, when a touchdown and a goal made the score 14—0. Two more touchdowns were added in the third quarter, and one in the fourth. Two of the attempts to kick goal failed. The game ended with a 33—0 defeat for Algoma.

EAST GREEN BAY VS. STURGEON BAY

The team went down to Green Bay to play that strong team in October. Outweighed, and in a game full of rough playing, the boys tried hard to make a formidable showing, but Green Bay, with the referee and crowd on their side were too much for our boys. The score at the end of the game stood 37—0. We are by no means convinced that Sturgeon Bay cannot beat the East Side High, and will patiently wait until some later date when Green Bay comes to play a return game.

Basketball

The Basketball season of 1916-1917 was a decided success. The boys on the team did their part in making the season an exceptional one, and had the honor of going to Oshkosh to play for the state title. This is the first time that the high school has been represented at championship games since 1904. Much credit is due Mr. Soukup and the business men of the city for procuring enough money to pay our expenses while away. The squad loses six players through graduation. They are: McMillan, Hanson, Thorp, Knudson, Gaeth, Augustine.

OCONTO AT OCONTO

This was the opening of the season for us. Although we lost, our team showed up well but for some poor shooting at critical times, we would have won. Oconto had a big lead at the end of the first half, but they had a scare thrown into them near the end of the second period. The final score: 28—21.

MANITOWOC AT STURGEON BAY

In this game the team work of our boys was too much for the strong Lake Shore team. The game was fast, and Manitowoc tried hard to win. The score at the end of the first half stood 21—10. In the last half, Manitowoc was played off of her feet; when the game ended, the locals had succeeded in making 37 points to their opponents 15.

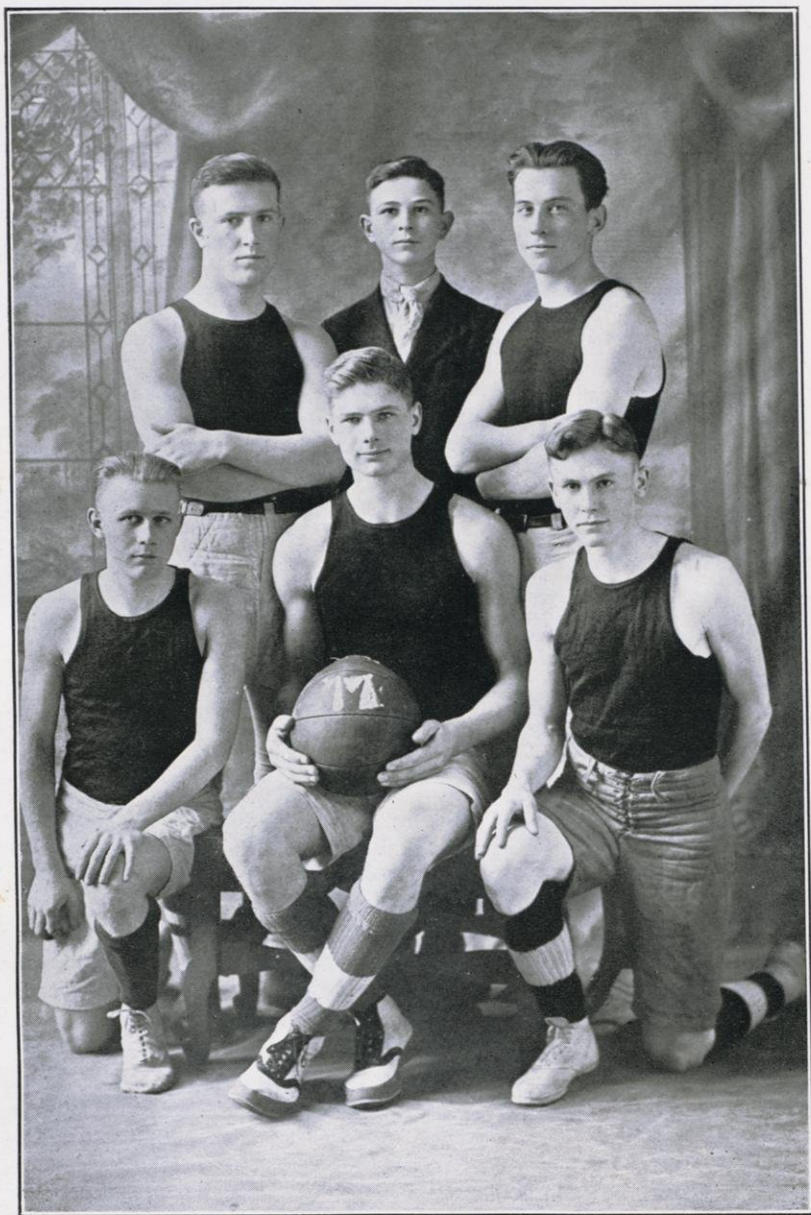
MAPLEWOOD AT STURGEON BAY

This game was the roughest and fastest of the season. Maplewood had a strong team, but our boys broke up any attempt at teamwork on their part. The first half was close and exciting, but the high school got into the lead and held it. The playing in the second half was exceedingly rough, and the scoring about even. Near the end of this period our boys caged several baskets in succession. The score at the end of the game stood 27—21. By winning the game, we annexed the championship of Door and Kewaunee counties, which was previously held by Maplewood.

ALUMNI

This game attracted a great deal of attention, especially among the business men of the city. The game was divided into twelve minute periods so as to give the Alumni players a chance to get their "wind." The game started with lots of "oep." By the time the first two quarters had ended, the score stood 10—6 in favor of the Alumni. However, our boys struck their pace in the second half and walked away with the "bald heads." The score at the end of the game was 20—12.

The Flashes



Leitl, Augustine, Gaeth
Thorp, Hanson, Knudson

APPLETON AT OSHKOSH

In this game the team was handicapped by the fact that the floor was a great deal larger than the local gym. In a hard, fast game, in which our boys were unable to get in their usual good teamwork, they were defeated by a score of 20—8. It was no disgrace to be defeated by a team like Appleton's, as it was one of the strongest teams in the tournament.

NEENAH AT OSHKOSH

This was the last game of the season. The boys were more accustomed to the hall by this time and put up a better game. The score at the end of the first half was 4—6 in Neenah's favor. In the second half our boys had hard luck in shooting for the basket and Neenah increased her lead. The score at the end of the game stood 12—5.

The boys learned a great deal about basketball while at the tournament. The rules used at these games were a great deal different from those followed by our boys in their previous games. This handicapped them a great deal.

Baseball

Inasmuch as spring was very late this year, and the lower campus could not be brought into condition for athletic activities, we were obliged to abandon baseball. The athletic grounds had been flooded in winter to form a skating rink and as late as April 20, ice was still to be seen on the field. However, we hope that next year we will be able to put a baseball team on the field far superior to any which our high school has ever produced.

Outwitted

IT was just one week before Hallowe'en and the girls at Madame De Vere's boarding school had made up their minds to have a nice time on that evening. Their plan was to ask the boys of the neighboring Academy to a Hallowe'en dance, which Madame said they might have. She thus far knew nothing of this plan, and when consulted flatly refused to permit its execution. How disappointed were all the girls! How they had counted on this good time! They said nothing, however, for they knew that to defy Madame in this matter would mean expulsion from school.

Among these girls were six who were chums and what mischief-makers they were! Their names were Marjorie, Irene, Ethel, Bessie, Edith and Alice.

"Girls, I have it," said Marjorie when they were alone, "since Madame won't let us have any fun we can raise Cain between ourselves."

"Oh, if Madame could only hear you now," laughed Alice.

"Go on," said Bess.

"Well, this is my plan. Let's us six dress up as boys and go to the dance. When it has started we can march in and start things going."

The girls let out one shout of joy, but Ethel instantly said, "How on earth can we do such a thing? We haven't any boy's clothes and here's Hallowe'en a week off."

"I'll tell you what we can do," said Irene, "I'm going home for the week end, and when I come back I'll bring some of Harry's things with me."

Another peal of laughter from the girls. The week end came and Irene went home. On the ensuing Monday she returned with an odd-looking bundle. The girls pounced on her as soon as she was safe in her room.

Hallowe'en, also came, and great excitement reigned among the girls. "Oh, what are you going to wear tonight?" was the all-important question.

"Say, Edith, what are you going to wear tonight?" asked Marjorie, with a broad wink.

And now came the evening. The dance hall was lit up with candles and pumpkins, and decorated in orange and green. In the excitement of the hour, none of the pupils missed the six girls. The dancing began. About ten minutes later, six boys came walking in. Their suits were rather odd-looking, but no one paid any attention to the fact. Madame looked very angry, but said nothing. The boys danced, and only one bad mistake did they make—they forgot to lead. The other girls thought this queer, but made no remarks.

At intervals, the boys gave their school yell, and a very weak yell it was. Soon things grew too quiet for the six mischief lovers. They tore the decorations, showered everyone plentifully with lemonade, and proceeded to disturb everyone and everything. At last Madame could stand it no longer, and said, "Girls, there is someone among you who is dishonorable." That was all. The dancing went on, but they did not enjoy themselves as before. The six boys became very quiet and orderly. Soon the dance ended. The boys had already left.

When all was still, five figures stole softly into Marjorie's room.

"Girls," said Marjorie, "I got you into this scrape, if it hadn't been for me, everything would be all right."

"Why, Margie," exclaimed the girls, "we were all willing."

"That's all very true," said Marjorie, "but I'm at the bottom of it. Now, listen, girls, we did have a good time, we can't deny that, but you know what Madame said. Now, we aren't dishonorable in the way she means, because we didn't ask the boys, but we did cause a disturbance in the meanest sort of a way, and so don't you think we had better clear it up?"

There was a moment's silence, then Irene said, "You're right, Marge, we will clear it up, won't we, girls?" she appealed to them.

"You bet," "We sure will," were the various answers.

The next morning, Marjorie wanted to speak to Madame De Vere alone, but the girls would not allow it, so the six went together to her office.

"Madame De Vere," began Marjorie, "we've come to tell you about last night. We—"

She got no farther alone, for five other voices joined hers. At last Madame understood what they wished to tell her, and a smile, which she tried to hide, played about her lips.

"Girls," she said, "I knew that you were the boys. Certainly, you do not think you could have staid away without being missed. The very fact that I allowed you to remain on the floor was proof that I knew you. When I used the word 'dishonor,' I wanted to find out what the highest honor my girls possessed was. The prank was not dishonorable, but mischievous, yet it was not in any way right. You wished to defy my authority, did you not? Was it necessary for you to become boisterous in order to enjoy yourselves? No! You will have to be punished. That is all."

There were six relieved girls that walked out of Madame De Vere's room. They were punished, but although they were really sorry for the disturbance they caused, they never thought of that Hallowe'en without a smile.

—E. S.

Basketball—Class Teams



SENIOR
SOPHOMORE

FRESHMAN
JUNIOR

Playground Scenes





The Flasher

Mr. Soukup in Economics: "I'm not teaching cooking—they teach that down below."

Found on quiz paper: "The Doric column had no base or neither did the Doric people."

Lester B., explaining problem in Physics: "There were 200 lbs. of water, so you multiply by 62.4 to get the number of feet."

Miss Pinney: "So there are 62.4 feet in a pound of water. How many feet are there in a pound of sugar? Let's hope there haven't been any."

Mr. McLaughlin, entering Domestic Science room to converse with Miss Saylor, opens conversation thusly: "Do you know where Miss Van Norman is?"

Miss Saylor: "I think she's in her room—23."

Of course, Mr. McLaughlin walked out.

Miss Reynolds (assigning English II lesson): "Finish 'Essay on Charity,' for tomorrow, take 'Revenge.'"

Class: "We will."

Miss Pinney, thoughtfully: In my class of '1802—" Laughter.

Student, whispering: "Does she really mean 1802?"

*I took her to the dance one night;
The belle of the ball was she;
Later she lost her necklace fine,
Then the bawl of the belle reached me.*

—Ex.

Miss Van Norman in Eng. II: "Punctuate this sentence, please: 'The boy sat down to eat his monkey, and his dog sat down beside him.'"

Miss Pinney, in Physics: "If a billiard ball hits the cushion at a certain angle, at what angle will it recede?"

Herbert G.: "Well, that depends on the amount of English you put on it."

Mr. McLaughlin, in Business English: "Miss Bebeau, please show me how to make those eyes (I's)."

Miss Gregory to pupil in English IV: "Don't you know what a beer (bier) is?"

*Tramp, tramp, tramp, his feet went marching,
While the Assembly seats were assigned,
But Miss Reynolds with a frown,
Called him up, then called him down,
And from further marching, Leiti has resigned.*

Marion B., on quiz paper: Behind the fire engine was the hoes cart.

Freshman: "What caused those lumps on William's head?"

Sophomore: "Oh, last night he was struck with an idea."

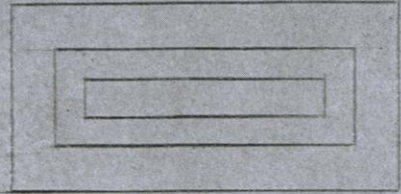
Figure This Out: A Fish problem. The fish, that fished the fish, that fished that fish, fished this fish, that fished that fish that fish, that fished that fish fished these fish.

Miss Johnson, in Ancient History: "What was so bad about the Roman calendar before Caesar changed it?"

E. Rhode, to W. Ives: "They didn't have any leap year."

O. Haines, in Latin, telling the parts of speech of each word: "I don't really know what 'happiness' is." —Poor boy—

The Flashes



Getting Acquainted



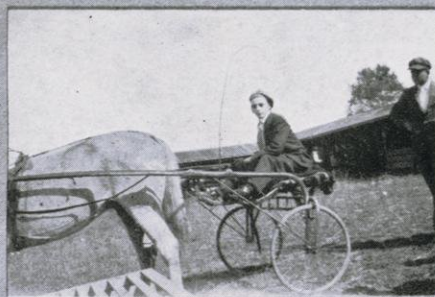
MR. SOUKUP—ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

SKATING RINK—LOWER SCHOOL CAMPUS
JUST LUNCHING

HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE

The Flashers

Miss Pinney, to absent-minded Physics class: "If Oscar don't know it, nobody does. Open your books and study."



BASHFUL
"GIDDAP, DOLLY"

CHUMS
OUR MASCOT

"BUTCH"
PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Flashers

Mr. Brown, in Geometry: I have my sides and figure all labeled.

Miss Gregory, in English IV: "Who was the doctor?"

Wayne.: "I were."

Miss G.: "You were?"

Wayne N.: "YES, I WERE."

To the Freshman: Don't use big words! In promulgating esoteric cogitations or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philisophical or phsychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosities.

Let your statement possess a clarified conciseness, compact comprehensibleness, coal-
escent consistency, and concentrated candidness.

Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. In other words speak plainly, sensibly and truthfully.

Miss Johnson, in English III. showing picture of Lowell's library: "The chair and book-case were made of the chest of the wood nut tree."

(Evidently she meant the wood of the chest-nut tree.)

Mr. Soukup: "Elton, aren't you ashamed of yourself; a Sophomore and spelling 90, n-i-n-e-t-y? Why don't you write it correctly, n-i-n-t-y?"

(Honest, Mr. Soukup, the dictionary spells 90 n-i-n-e-t-y.)

Miss Gregory: "Now Lorene stand up with your chest in the middle of the floor."

Miss Gregory: "Write the present tense of 'to eat.'"

Earl W.: "I eat, you eat, he et."

Question in quiz in English I: Explain—"In such a night,

Stood Dido with a willow in her hand

Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love

To come again to Carthage."

Freshman: "On the beach Dido stood with a willow limb and she waved to her fellow on the other shore to come to Carthage."

"Der Vater liebt den Sohn (the father loves his son.)

Freshman, translating: "The water leaps the stone."

Celia Groth, reading from shorthand notes: "Samuel Sewell was in love with this young girl, and as he was drunk (diligent) her father thought he was a worthy young man."

Miss Bunting: "Dwight, where is your transcript?"

Dwight K.: "In the waste paper basket."

Miss Bunting: "Well that's where your mark will be too."

Miss Poppe in Latin I.: "The word 'why' can never be used except as an interrogative, can it?"

Karl Reynolds: "Yes, it can."

Miss P.: "Illustrate."

K. R.: "My brother stays at the (why) Y. M. C. A."

Miss Gregory, in English arranging the class alphabetically spoke thusly to V. Jackson and F. Johnson: "You two jays (J's) take these front seats."

The Flashes

Mr. Soukup, in Commercial Law: "The law says that if a man dies without leaving a will, one-third of his estate will go to his wife; who gets the remainder?"

Gussie Draeb: "His lawyers."

Miss Pinney in Physics: "Oh, yes, this is a falling problem."

A Senior: "Yes, and I fell down on it."

First Freshie: Did you hear about the big fight?

Second Freshie: No, what about it?

First Freshie: My dog licked his paw.

*Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
As he stubbed his toe against the beds
?X??X???)Z() ()X**XZ** "Z " ' ! ! ! !Z*

Miss Pinney, to Victor Jackson: This is a laboratory, not a gaboratory.

Found on Freshman quiz paper: "Read plane; they herd the secratary call the roal."



The Great Occasion

*It was silent in the Assembly,
Not a soul would dare to speak,
For the teacher's eye was on them
And the room was grim and bleak.*

*Not a smile was seen or heard of,
Not an eye was full of joy—
In all faces there was sorrow,
Gloom on every girl and boy.*

*Worry, with his grasping talons,
Reigned supreme o'er eye and cheek;
And the silence was oppressive—
If they only dared to speak!*

*In their hands the pens were trembling,
In their eyes the big tears lay—
All were sad and all were worried—
'Twas Examination Day.*

—Blanche Aronin '19.

"Si" in Sunday best. "Ain't they becoming, fellows?"

Extra! Extra!

Prize Story Contest

In order to bring out the latent ability of some of our students as story writers, the *Flashes* has offered a reward of \$.000005 as first prize on either of the following themes: "The Queer of Umpty Lump" or "The Ling with Chumky Lu."

Arrival of Famous Vocalist

Mr. Stanton Greisen, our world-famous tenor singer, who electrocuted Europe, Africa, Fish Creek, and Maplewood with his singing, arrived home yesterday. Mr. Greisen has been studying abroad under Monsieur Krueger's tutelage; Monsieur has been on more toots than the average teacher. Mr. Greisen announces his intention of singing before the high school "Carmen," "My Wife's Gone to the Country," and "We won't Get Home Till Morning."

The Senior Roll

*A—is for Anderson, the studious one,
B—is for Bert, who is after the fun.
C—is for Cecelia, a right jolly maid,
D—is for Driscoll, of Caesar afraid.
E—is for Eleanor, so quiet and shy,
F—is for Fritschler, with his flowing green tie.
G—is for Grace, whom Leon knows so well,
H—is for Hutto, his knowledge to tell.
I—is for "Initiative," in which our class abounds,
J—is for Johnson, who in Sawyer can be found
K—is for Knudson, a hard thinking man,
L—is for Leonhardt, who does what he can.
M—is for Magistad, the "Wonderous All-Wise,"
N—is for Nelson, the charmer of guys.
O—is for Olive, who in Room 23 shook,
P—is for Pierre, a live Physics book.
Q—is for "Quizes," we're glad they are o'er,
Now that we've finished we want them no more.
R—is for Ruckert, with blushes and curls,
S—is for Swoboda, the quiet school girl.
T—is for "Ted," our worthy editor tall,
U—is for Urdahl, who in Physics doth fail.
V—is for "Vacuum," at 3:00 p. m., seen,
W—is for Wellever, the boy with the "bean."
X-y-z are for those Seniors, whose names we've omitted
But who also, with us, from hard work are acquitted.*

Impossibilities

To stunt Celia's growth.
To close Herbert's gates.
To land at William's pier.
To love Alice and 'er son.
To paint Leland brown.
To anger Wilma's man.
For Mabel to become a fair child.
For Lawrence to lend a heart.
For Ruth to part with 'er doll.

In Freshman English class, the topics for discussion were phrases and dependent clauses. The question at hand was: The rooster went across the road.

Teacher, to Melvin T.: "What part of the sentence is 'across the road?'"

Melvin (enlightened): "The rooster."

Detentions

*There's a moment in the school-day
When I'm scared as I can be;
It's when school is almost over,
At forty-five minutes past three.*

*I sit in my seat so frightened,
That my hair just stands up straight,
And thinking of the way I whispered,
I prepare to meet my fate.*

*"Those to remain for detentions
Will please report to Room 8—"
He pauses, I tremble in terror,
To think of that punctual date.*

*He looks up and, in my terror,
I think he is looking at me;
My cheek grows paler and paler—
"No detentions tonight," says he.*

*A green little freshie on his green little way,
A green little melon ate one day.
The green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little student's green little grave.*

Needs of the Teachers

Suggestions for Christmas Presents

- Mr. Soukup: Some football players for next fall.
Miss Reynolds: A Public Speaking class that will work.
Miss Pinney: A harder subject than Physics to teach.
Miss Gregory: A larger sheet of paper to write detentions on.
Mr. Brown: Somebody to walk to school with next year.
Miss Poppe: A pair of dark glasses so that we fellows in the back row can move our eyebrows without being seen.
Miss Johnson: Something to eliminate smiles.
Miss Saylor: A pair of stilts so as to be able to reach Mr. McLaughlin's elbow.
Miss Donner: A pack-mule to carry luggage to the Sawyer school.
Mr. McLaughlin: Something to preach about besides efficiency.
Miss Van Norman: A megaphone to shout up and down the halls with.

Aunt Hannah's Helpful Hints

Dear Aunt Hannah:

I am pining away from worry. Everyone laughs at me and calls me "Wireless." The girls say my eyes look like shoe buttons and will grow together some day. What can I do to make the girls like me?

Anxious C. Christenson.

Carl: It takes a brave man to be a wireless operator. Stick to it. Don't mind the girls. Not everyone has eyes like yours.

Aunt Hannah:

Can't you tell me about a good lubricant that will stand long wear? I need some to grease my jaws; they get so hot and dry. I have tried Three-in-One, Mica axle-grease, and others; but none of them last. If I can't talk, I can't annoy Mr. Soukup, so hurry.

E. Rhode.

Dear Lizzie:: You have a sore affliction indeed. No, there is no lubricant better than axle-grease unless it is greased lightening. However, I don't think that could keep up with your jaws. It is too bad you can't bother Mr. Soukup.

Auntie Hannah:

Will you tell me how to raise the price for a haircut? My hair is a little long, but I don't mind except when it tickles my neck and makes the girls laugh. Do you think I ought to get it cut? It has done me good service this winter.

P. Greenwood.

Porter: Yes, I think you really ought to part with it, although it may hurt you at first. You can easily raise a quarter by selling the remains.

Dear Aunt Hannah: I have several things the matter with me. My face is red as a beet, and my hair is like pig bristles. I also grin like a Cheshire cat, and the boys call me "Tiger." The girls all laugh at me, too. What can I do to be manly and handsome?

H. Knudson.

Harry: Your case is almost hopeless. However, if you take William Weller for a model and follow his ways and actions(you may recover.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THIS

Dear Auntie Hannah:

Can you tell me how I can lick some of the big boys in high school? My brother, John, is an awful smart fellow; but he can't fight either. I am awful bashful, and the girls pull my hair and stick their fingers in my eyes.

A. Draiz.

Poor August: I can't help you unless I send you a book on "How to Fight." Don't let the girls bother you. Run.



The Flashes

Dear Auntie:

Someone invariably fills my desk with old paper. Can't you make them stop it, Hannah? M. Slattery.

Marguerite: Putting old paper in one's desk is a very mean thing to do. Of course, if they would leave a new block of paper in your desk, you wouldn't mind. The only safe remedy for this is to take the bottom out of your desk.

U should not NV NEL,
XQ's the 1 in the wrong,
U should not stuD 2 XS,
And should help Ech 1 along;
U should not ? every1,
But try 2 B good and Y's
Nor keep U're mind on VKtion time,
Nor wink and make big I's.
Do not B1ieve evil of NEL,
XL in stuD and play
And if U want 2 B good and Y's,
Apply this SA 2day.

Miss Gregory, in Eng. IV.: "Henry VIII was an athlete, had five wives, and enjoyed life."

*Willie drank some HCL;
He thought it was H₂O.
He hasn't drunk a single drop
Since that occurred—Oh, mercy, No!*

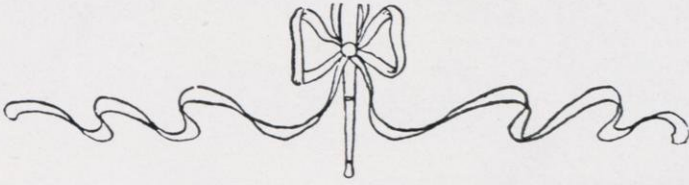
Ex.

*We always laugh at the teacher's jokes,
No matter what they be;
Not because they're funny jokes,
But because it's policy.*

*Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,
When we dine on green cucumbers,
And finish up on pink ice cream.*

*He put his arm around her,
And the color left her cheek,
And it showed upon his overcoat
For just about a week.—Ex.*

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20 to 30	30 to 35	35 to 40	40 to 45	45 to 50	50 to 60	60 up
This is the egotistical period, when son thinks he knows more than his father. This space represents the young man's self-sufficiency Age of Wild Oats	The boy is now changing his mind and concludes he doesn't know as much as he thought for. He now considers his father a man of fair judgment.	The son realizes that life is a reality, and he is not so smart as he once thought. His father was a man of master mind.	The great majority of men here meet with REVERSES and lose their entire accumulations.	97 per cent have lost all by this age.	Only one man in 5,000 can, after this age, recover his financial footing.	At 60, 95 per cent of men are dependent upon their daily earnings or on their children for support.

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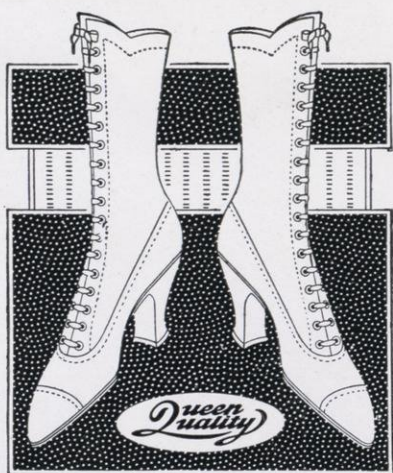
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