

The Flashes. 1916

Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin: Sturgeon Bay High School, 1916

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BANK OF STURGEON BAY

"THE BANK OF PERSONAL SERVICE"

THE FLASHES



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE

STURGEON BAY HIGH SCHOOL



1916



Miss Elizabeth Johnson

That we may in part express our gratitude for the sincere friendship of one who has been, not merely a teacher, but a guiding influence for the best in our lives throughout our four years of high school, we earnestly dedicate this book.



Sturgeon Bay, Wis., June 9, 1916

Class of 1916 & H. S. Co., Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

Dear Friends: I acknowledge receipt of your check of loving and helpful companionship for the past four years, and will make a record of same in my book of pleasant memories in which will be recorded thoughts of each of you.

I expect to be in the teaching business again next year—for, as you know, I love the work. Should any of you care to patronize my mail box, or my home, I bid you welcome.

I hope to hear of your future successes. The world has a good place for each of you I know. Get ready to fill it. I shall always think of you as "My Girls and My Boys."

Sincerely yours,
(Miss) Elizabeth Johnson

flashes Staff



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Assistant Business 1					
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Athletic Reporter .					
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Junior Reporter .					
Sophomore Reporter					
Freshman Reporter					

N 1912, eighty-seven freshmen entered this High School. The class as a whole, were quite proud of themselves because of their standing in athletics; the individuals of the class, however, were very meek, as freshmen should be. Their one claim to furthering the social life of the school was a dance in the gymnasium, which was successful in every way. The next fall they came back with numbers diminished, but with class spirit increased. To pay for a class picture in the "Flashes" a supper was given in the High School gymnasium, the first of its kind ever given. In the third year the boys distinguished themselves athletically; they came in first in the baseball tournament and second in the basketball tournament; socially, a party was given, which was largely attended, and the junior prom was also a social success.

Of the eighty-seven students who entered with high hopes, but thirty remain who are to graduate this year. These elected the following officers for their class:

President .					DANIEL WEBER
Vice-Preside	nt				ERNIL HOSLETT
Secretary					ESTHER TUFTS
Treasurer					IRENE BACKEY

After much ado, class rings, instead of pins, were selected. It was also decided that the graduates should dress very simply, as it seems better for the occasion.

The Class of 1916 has always believed in helping a good thing along; it has helped the school life athletically and socially, and has tried to live up to its motto, "The Best I Can."

ERNIL JOSEPH HOSLETT "Hossie" "Sunshine" (Commercial)

"What can we do?
"Well, all the while we can smile and smile and smile."

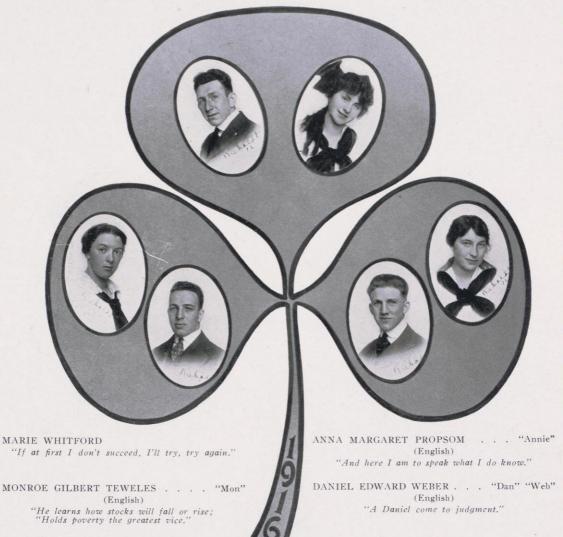
LAURA IRENE BACKEY
(Commercial) (German)
"Sister, thou hast possibility in thee for much."



ELMER FREDERICK FIDLER "Red" (Commercial)

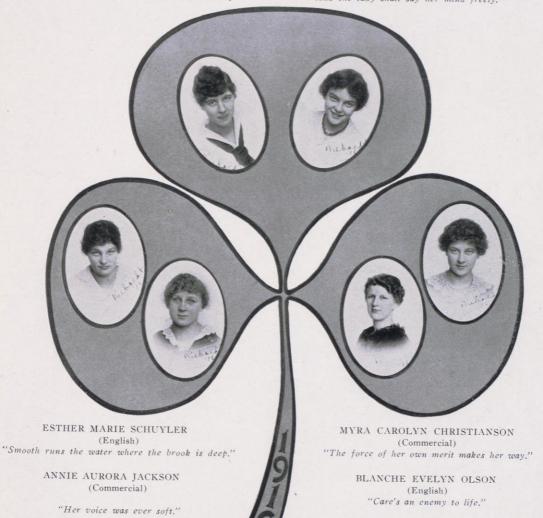
"I kain't do much success to win, But one thing's sure, through thick and thin I kin do what I kin!" BERNICE ROMONA DEHOS "Bessie" (English)

"A proper maid as one shall see in a summer's day."



ROSE MARIE KUBIS
(English)
"I am the very pink of courtesy."

HELEN ESME KARKER (Commercial) "And the lady shall say her mind freely."



REGINA THERESE WOLTER

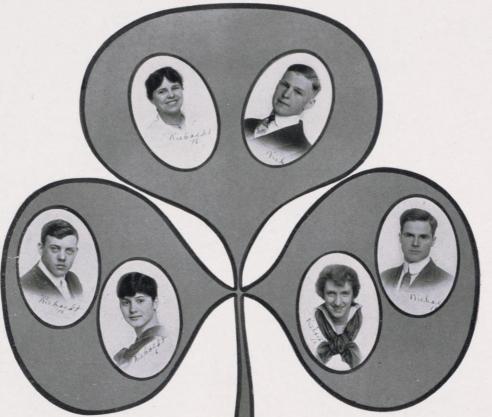
(English)

"I've always had a habit of picking up the minutes,"

WILLIAM ADOLPH BUNDA "Bill"

(Commercial)

"Gee!!! Those girls."



CLEMENT WILLIAM BRIDENHAGEN

(Commercial)

"Let me be no assistant for a state; But keep a farm, and carters."

PATRICIA ELEANOR WRITT

(English)

"Doesn't really matter who yer are, there's suthin' comin' to yer."

RUTH ESTHER WELTER "Daisy" (English)

"You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue.'

KARL MELVIN VISTE

(Commercial)

"To be honest as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."

FAY CAROLYN SCHAUERS

(Commercial)

"A maiden never bold; Of spirit still and quiet."

VERNON GILBERT

(English)

"The world's mine oyster which I with sword will open."



CHRISTIAN OTIS ANDERSON

"That which ordinary men are fit for I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence."

LUCY GHISLAINE PUEHLER (German) (English)

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun, That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks."

WALTER ANTON AUGUSTINE "Fruz" "Auger" (English)

"He cannot flatter, he— An honest mind and plain,— He must speak truth."

One of the Seniors

F all the busy, ambitious-looking seniors in our high school, one interests me in particular. She sits in the seat which is directly left of mine, at my side. During the study periods, I can see her profile, and often study it closely. She has a face which makes one trust in her capability; she is the typical American business girl. Her eyes are a brownish color, and they are often sparkling with joy and cheer. Her mouth is strong, matching her chin, which shows a determination to do right. Her whole face shows character, even her nose, which is not a pert "pug" nose, nor a long, classical Roman one, but just of a medium size. With brown hair neatly combed, a clear, honest, business-like look, a twinkle in nevertheless serious eyes, she makes everyone love her, not only for beauty, but for her gentleness and strength so well intermixed—Irene Backey.

BLANCHE ARONIN, '20.

JOKES

Miss Gregory (in Eng. IV.): "Did any of the class notice that beautiful, golden sheen on the water around Washington Island?" (pointing towards Idlewild).

Jake, (ironically): "Where were you when you saw Washington Island?"

In Ancient History while speaking upon Christian victory Miss Johnson asked Sol Teweles: "Sol, what was Constantine's dream?"

Sol: "I wasn't dreaming."

Miss J.: "You didn't understand me. What was Constantine's dream?"

Sol: "I wasn't listening."

In Ancient History class Miss Johnson asked Emily Anderson: "Emily, who was St. Benedict?"

Emily A.: "He was one of the old monasteries."

Miss Johnson speaking to her Ancient History Class: "Students don't just be existers but be livers.

George Fellner in Ancient History—The poor people came to Rome to be politicians or to hold some other disgraceful or dishonorable position.

In the English II. Class—Teacher: "Earl, what is the matter with this sentence: He carried an umbrella above a clear conscience."

Earl S.: "That's all right. Your conscience is in your head so then wouldn't you carry the umbrella above your conscience?"

The Record of the Junior Tribe

N the Moon of Falling Leaves of the year 1913, a band of braves and maidens came to the Nishe-Nah-ma Bay nation to drink of the Great Fountain of Knowledge. These seekers of wisdom showed from the beginning much eagerness to attain that for which they sought. Among the ranks of the Manny, they were known as the Freshman Tribe.

This tribe, so much favored by the spirits, did grow and prosper. A few moons after their entrance they called a council and decided whom they should have as leaders to guide them on their way. As Freshmen, the warriors and maidens were yet not courageous in heart, and did not enter much into the social relations with the other tribes.

Another winter, and this great tribe, through its persistent effort, attained a new rank; and after due examination of their prowess, they entered Sophomore Tribe. Earnest were these braves and maidens; faithfully and thoughtfully they fought for their tribe's best welfare. Much the band enjoyed their study, and much they revered and loved their maidens of rank, and chieftains.

The leaders decided that this year their tribesmen should mingle with the others. The band was called together, and its members planned that thy would give the nation a grand feast. This celebration, which was given the fifteenth day of the Moon of Bright Nights, was well attended by the other tribesmen, who after they had eaten heartily, smoked the pipe of peace, with the Sophomores. Thus it was that this tribe won for itself the name, "They of Ambitions High."

Often during the spring, the members of the nation came together for the purpose of witnessing the feats of muscular prowess of the young men and maidens. In the contest between the four different tribes into which the braves and maidens were divided, the Sophomores proved the champions of the entire nation. This band, so firm in spirit and strong in purpose, did ever manifest a desire for leadership among its fellow tribes.

After drinking of the Fountain of Knowledge for ten long moons, they all departed for their homes, to visit their clansmen again. Some went to the southward, some to the northward, others to the eastward and westward; then, lonely for each other were the members of the Sophomore circle.

In the fall, they returned and joined the rank of the Juniors. Diligently did they labor, and faithfully and earnestly did they apply themselves in their studies and for the pleasure of the other tribes, in order to make their nation mighty and much to be feared by the other nations.

Now, it had been an ancient custom in the nation that to the Seniors, The Tribe of Wide Experience, the Juniors give a great war dance as the accounts of these festivals run, it is known that all the high and exalted maids and braves have attended. The Juniors thought deeply on this and called their great ones together in a council in order that they might give a "pow-wow" which all might attend.

At last, guided by the great Monitor of Wisdom, The Givers of Knowledge, they were inspired with ideas as to how this event should be given.

Once, when the day was yet young, it was announced in the Great Council Hall, where all were assembled, that this annual dance of the nation would take place in the wigwam of the high school.

On the twelfth day of the Moon of Leaves, this celebration was held in the wigwam, which was decorated with the blossoms of the woodland and with the colors of the tribes; it was made a scene of the gayest festivity. Along with the annual dance were side entertainments of all kinds. There was much fun and merry-making, and the evening ended in feasting. Exclamations and smiles showed that the maidens and warriors had had "heap much fun."

Later, in the Moon of Strawberries, the Seniors and Juniors went down the shining Big By Water of Nishe Nah-ma to hold a picnic at Idlewild. With water sports, feasting, and all forms of revelry, they passed the day until the Father Moon called the maidens and braves back to their camping grounds.

The Sophomore Class History

In the month of September, 1914, there came a call to arms for volunteers from city and countryside. In response, a small body of determined recruits joined the "Freshie" brigade and immediately went into training. Seventy strong, they made an imposing figure at Camp High School. Twenty-eight sun-browned hay makers helped to increase the strength of their company immensely. These brawny, eager sons and daughters of the soil soon outstripped their less industrious comrades in their desire to become efficient in their work. They realized the importance of training for the great battle to follow, and, therefore, availed themselves of every opportunity leading to preparedness.

Commander-in-Chief Soukup instructed them in regard to complete efficiency of every soldier. This good advice was seemingly disregarded for, when suddenly called to the front to protect their rights, they were routed miserably by their better trained opponents, the "Sophs."

From that time, skirmish after skirmish kept them continually on the march. The great general, Algebra Brown, caused them great annoyance by making sudden dashes at their lines, but was always repulsed by quick work in the front ranks. One time, however, he took them completely by surprise and sweeping through, from scouts to ammunition wagons, he left many dead and wounded for the hospital or burial corps. The list of casualties were as follows:

Wayne Post, Alfin Rogen, Harry Collard, Howard Collard, Christine Tansing, Henry Olson, Genevieve Lamere, Gertrude Rudolph, Grace Peters, Lucille Pleck, Anna MacMillan, Phylis Putman.

Then came a lull before the storm, during which their sadly diminished brigade had time to recuperate, and train for the further impending battles. At the end of this time, their number was reinforced by three new warriors: Anton Mathy, Perry Writt, and George Gatfield. Fifty-two seasoned veterans were soon ready to uphold their cause.

From the "Freshie" brigade they were then promoted to the "Sophs" cavalry squad. There, on the seventeenth day of November, 1915, officers were appointed. George Gatfield received the appointment of general, William Pierre as his assistant, Helen Simon as the scribe and bugler, and Robert Cornish as keeper of the coffers. With these leaders and with perfectly drilled and equipped men they were now ready to sally forth to battle, whenever the call should come. One day it arrived in the form of a challenge from their successors, the "Freshie" brigade. Confident of an easy victory, the "Sophs" charged upon the enemy who fired such a volley of baskets that it took the "pep" completely out of the "Sophs." However, the latter quickly rallied and, thus gave the "Freshies" scant time to think of their laurels. The battle raged furiously and when at last both armies withdrew, by mutual consent, neither seemed to have gained an advantage. When the bugle sounded again, the "Freshies" closed in and overwhelmed the "Sophs" by their superior strategy.

After this fierce battle with the "Freshie" brigade they sent a messenger to their camp, bearing a flag of truce. He was instructed to invite them to a camp entertainment and to insure their safe passage and return. The invitation was accepted and the "Freshies" came dressed in their parade uniforms. A grand march, followed by tests of skill and strength, and camp-fire refreshments, compelled the brigade to admit the cavalry were better entertainers than fighters. A few weeks later the "Sophs" shared the hospitality of the "Freshies" camp-fire in a similar manner.

At the present time the hopes of the "Sophs" are high, in anticipation of their entrance into the advanced "Junior" rank with such new strength and numbers which will enable them to cope with their new enemies. However, some are apprehensive over their promotion, due to the fact that two famous captains, Arithmetic Bill and Commercial Law, have been giving them a hard tussle for existence.

May it be hoped that these will survive their struggle and be united with the others when the roll is called for the third time. May they all co-operate for the best results in this rank by prompt attendance at every day's drill, by giving up their desired furloughs, and by hard conscientious work on the part of each individual soldier.



Sophomore Class

Freshman Class History

THE Freshmen held their first meeting on October 25 for the purpose of electing class officers. It was a rather noisy session but all seemed pleased with the officers chosen. Their names are as follows:

HARLEY ANDERSON						President
ALICE ANDERSON						Vice-President
SUMNER HARRIS						Secretary
IRENE THORP .						Treasurer

The second annual meeting was held on Feb. 15, when a party was being planned in honor of George Washington's Birthday. This was given for the Sophomores. In return for the Hallowe'en party, the Freshmen gave them a party, showing that they are not so ignorant or backward as they sometimes are thought to be. The refreshments, a plate of colored ice-cream with a flag standing in it, caused, without doubt, the greatest pleasure of the evening.

The Freshmen girls alone, also entertained the other high school girls at a Valentine party. The important members (?) of such an affair, namely the boys, were not invited. However, fortunes were told and each girl seemed well pleased with her allotment, there being only a few old maids prophesied. Refreshments in the shape of heart candies were served, which strangely caused many maidens to blush. The party seemed successful and lent an air of dignity to the "Freshies."

Another meeting was held to determine how to raise the money for the Freshmen picture for "The Flashes." It was decided that each one should bring 20c. The picture was then taken, and the class was complimented on being so large and good-looking. After the students had left for dinner, Mr. Rieboldt noticed that the mirrors were all worn out, so many having looked into them. There was also a white, flour-like substance left on the floor of the girls' dressing room. It took almost two hours to clean it up.

The Freshmen boys made a good showing in athletics as well as in other things, capturing the third place in the basketball tournament, and standing second in the baseball tournament. It is only hoped that they keep up their creditable showing next year when they will be Sophomores.

With smiles of pride, the Freshman class has closed its activities for the year, ready for the next, when as Sophomores, they will be able to unmercifully tease other little "Freshies." Their own experience has aptly taught them how to vex and torment their timid successors into the high school, and next year they will have their full revenge on the bashful new-comers.

BLANCHE ARONIN, '19.



Freshman Class

Lincoln Debating Society

OFFICERS

		First Semester	Second Semester
President		EDWARD MINOR	WILLIAM WELLEVER
Vice-President		WILLIAM MADDEN	LEONARD ANDERSON
Secretary		L. LEONHARDT	EDWARD MINOR
Treasurer		WILLIAM WELLEVER	WILLIAM BUNDA
Censor and Artist		BERT SEIDEMANN	FRED JOHNSON

The Lincoln Debating Society was founded on March 8th, 1908, when it started with nineteen members. Now, eight years later, it has an enrollment of about forty members. This year has been a good one in many respects. We abolished initiation because of the tender Freshmen and the precedent of other schools. Mainly because of this, I think our attendance this year was greater than ever before.

We lost several good debaters among the Seniors last year but since then have developed others to take their place. We are behind last year in not having a Public Debate with the Girls' Council. A debate with them was proposed, but after it had been postponed twice it fell through. We had a few outside speakers billed for these respective nights but only two appeared. These were Mr. Greison and Mr. Langemak, the city clerk.

The financial condition of the society was about the average, but the enthusiasm and spirit were subnormal.

A mock City Council was held on April 11. The participants were:

Mayor							WLLIAM WELLEVER
Clerk							EDWARD MINOR
							LEON MEVERDEN
Alderman, F	rst W	ard					LAWRENCE LEONHARDT
Alderman, Se	cond 1	War	d				OSCAR MAGISTAD
							ANTON MATHY
Alderman, T	hird W	ard					THEODORE HANSON
Alderman, T.	hird W	ard					CURTIS FRITSCHLER
							CARL REYNOLDS
							WILLIAM PIERRE

Many resolutions, petitions, and a few communications and bills were acted upon. A few Seniors leave our society this year but we hope to get others to take their places. We wish to thank Mr. Soukup for his many suggestions.

Ancient History Class.—Teacher: "William, why did Cæsar cross the Rubicon?" W. Wright: "Because he wanted to be on the opposite side."

Miss Ristine, in Eng. II.: "Perry, what is diction?" Perry: "Words in the Dictionary."

The Council of Assandawa

This year has indeed been a banner year for The Council. It has heretofore been known as the Thalia Dramatic Society, but has now been re-organized along lines similar to that of the Camp Fire Girls. All of the members have made the society a success, and as a result, the reports handed in have been excellent and the attendance commendable. Many new members have also joined the ranks.

Two meetings have been held each month; a business, and a ceremonial. Some good spicy programs have been rendered at the business meetings, and all those that took part in them worked hard to make them interesting.

The honor reports have shown that we have many busy and ideal housekeepers among us. Favorable reports have also been handed in for the other departments. Some of the members, in order to show their enthusiasm and desire to get beads for the health rank, walked to Algoma, a distance of some twenty miles, on a hot, dusty Saturday. Although some of them limped suspiciously for the next few days, they declared it to be fine sport and not a bit tiresome in the least. Special talks have been given to interest the girls in nature lore and in some of the other divisions which have proven to be very interesting.

The Council wishes to thank Miss Reynolds and the other teachers for their assistance in carrying on the work of the society during the present year. Those graduating hope that the organization may prosper during the future as it has done in the past.

The officers for the year have been as follows:

						First Semester	Second Semester
President						ESTHER TUFTS	IRENE BACKEY
Vice-Presider	it					RUTH URDAHL	CELIA WOLTER
Secretary						RUTH WELTER	ELEANOR WRITT
Treasurer						REGINA WOLTER	GENEVIEVE SCHAUER
Director of	H_0	no	rs			IRENE BACKEY	ESTHER TUFTS

The guardians have been:

Guardian	School Honors MISS RE	YNOLDS
Guardian	Nature Honors Miss Ris	TINE
Guardian	Home Honors MISS RIL	LING
Guardian	Health Honors MISS EDI	NA JOHNSON
	Patriotism Honors MISS GRE	
	f Art Honors MISS NEW	

Glee Clubs

N account of the serious illness of Miss Neubauer, the music instructor, there was not much accomplished along musical lines this year. Last semester the attendance was good, although the girls had a higher attendance average than the boys. The latter, however, did not seem to relish the kinds of songs taught, they evidently preferred to sing the "popular stuff." Those boys who attended glee club practice had talent, but would not use it. The girls came out better. They also had talent but, contrary to what the boys did, they used it.

Miss Neubauer planned a little treat for the high school as a Xmas program. She drilled and practiced the boys and girls incessantly for a long time. In spite of the fact that the boys would not sing, the girls marched up and sang a few selections which did great credit to Miss Neubauer's teaching.

The glee clubs were discontinued henceforth because of the increasing illness of the instructor. Finally Miss Neubauer became so sick that she was forced to resign her duties as teacher. This was a shock to the students, as she was a loving and patient teacher.

That she may soon be as well as she was when she first entered our school, is the earnest wish of every student.

JOKES.

FRESHMAN ENGLISH:

She sits about fifteen feet in the back of me.-L. W.

Her nose is a little roman.—H. F.

She has dark curly hair that is worn neatly on the side. - C. P.

Her hair is combed with a large knob in the back .- M. A.

Her eyebrows are not too light to see plainly.—M. A.

Tew new automobil mufflers were installed on Gen Schauer and Daisy Welter last weak, who usually talk with there cutouts open. We hop that they will make it quieter sew the rest kin study.

Si sez as how every time Mr. Soukup talks twenty minutes in a morning he waists tew an' a half weeks uv skule.

Hoslet sez as how when him and Red Fiddler hits out of skule things wont be so brite.

Fattty Mick iz trying tew be our pitcher this year. He ain't no good but seein' az how there aint eny better I gess he will be elected. Fat sez he wants to git thin sew he is gittin' all the exercis he kin.

What lack of punctuation and incorrect grammar will do: A freshman, in describing the top of her teacher's desk: "On this is laying a magazine in a tan cover and a small gold watch."

Miss Johnson in bookkeeping class: "What is very important?"

George Gatfield: "Dates are very important."

Miss Ristine in physical geography class: "Bananas are not hard to get and dates not so very hard.

In American History. Miss R: "What did Patrick Henry say about the Preamble?" Irene Backey (hollering): "He said, 'What right had they to say "We the people"? they should have said, "We the states."

Earl Richmond to Irene: "Did you have that in your note book?"

Irene: "No sir, I had that in my head."

Earl: "It must have been mighty lonesome up there."

The International Poet

At some time or other during the ages, wonderful men rise up, who are able to affect the age in which they live and all succeeding ages. Thus we have Alexander the Great, a conqueror of eastern provinces, a man who endeavored and succeeded in spreading Eastern or Orienttal civilization to European countries, especially to Greece where the best of it was accepted. To this the Greeks added their own refined civilization and so preserved it against stagnation, crystalization, and destruction by savage invaders until the Romans were ready to take it up; add to it their own ability in law and order, then by their conquests their power to spread these through western Europe. That civilization formed the foundation for our present age of enlightenment. Thus we have Luther to free us from the power of an absolute worldly ruler in religion. We have Galileo, Newton, Boyle, Ohm, Joule, and our last scientist, Edison. These men each accepted what the preceding ones had learned and added to their own researches, leaving us the wonderful advance along scientific lines. If we look in every field of advancement, we will find such men. But even among those few great men who shine above the others, do we not see some men in each case who outshine the rest; men who have by their thoughts, words, and actions affected the whole civilized world; men who are honored by all people, whose benefits and investments have caused an international uplift instead of a national effect? We may differ as to who these great men are; but we have to admit that Alexander was the leader in the spreading of the Oriental civilization; Julius Caesar, the greatest man for law, order, and government; Luther, the leader in religious freedom of thought; and Columbus, the greatest as an explorer and discoverer.

We may search through the pages of all literary histories to find the man who will attract the people of the world as Shakespeare has. All nations have their great writers; America may have Longfellow, Holmes, Cooper and Bryant; Italy may have Dante, Virgil, and Cicero; Greece may have Homer, the great epic poet, or Sappho, her lover, Alcacos, and Anacrean, the great lyrical poets; Germany may have Goethe; Russia may have Tolstoy; and France may have Rousseau or Voltaire. But the feeling for these writers is national; and we must be international. I do not mean unpatriotic; but in this age of swift transportation we are as responsible for our starving fellowmen in Europe, China, or Africa as we were for our neighbors living fifty miles away some years ago.

We have to be international in our thoughts. When we look at life from this standpoint we want an international poet; and we agree that Shakespeare is the only poet who will satisfy us all.

Shakespeare would pick up an old parchment which had come from Italy, and with the story part of it, create a "Merchant of Venice" which delights us and at the same time teaches us a lesson of mercy, strength of love, and pure virtue. He could pick up a current story in England and make the wonderful portrayal of character also showing sin of a vaulting ambition in "Macbeth."

Perhaps a drunken sailor could tell him of a wreck on the island of Bermuda, the outcome was that we have the adventurous sea-story in the "Tempest." A parchment with a story of the wreck of a brother and a sister would fall into his hands, and he would transform it into a beautiful piece of fiction through which we can study the patient, timid, loving, and determined girl; an emotional woman; and unrequited love, and self-conceited suitor such as he portrayed in his "Twelfth Night." To do this last, he used the elements and a few characters from the fascinating little city in Illyria. If the poet were in a jolly mood, he would create a play like the "Taming of

THE FLASHES

the Shrew." Katherine is made humorous as well as waspish and sharp; or he might write the "Comedy of Errors," to show what mistakes and fun may be caused by too much imitation.

Thus we may go through all of this great man's works and be sure to find something which will appeal to our every emotion, whether it be love, hate, joy, sorrow, pity, melancholy, or a combination of some of these feelings. For these reasons, Shakspeare appeals to all people, because these emotions are common to all people. They will always read and love the literature which expresses their own feelings.

We may read the works of Scott, Longfellow or Chaucer for delight, for intellectual development, or for consolation! but we can not find a poet among these who will satisfy all the emotions of the human heart. Then, too, other literary men wrote for the time in which they lived; they wrote about their contemporaries and for the people of England. We read them and enjoy them for what we can learn of the people and conditions of the country at that time. We read Shakespeare on the other hand because his characters are people we meet every day on the street or in our own daily routine of work. There are three modern women who have the natural ability, intellect, and love to give them the strength to take Portia's place as a good judge, a Daniel come to judgment. There are some who are timid and shy, who, if placed in Viola's position would feel very nervous, but would still have to say something which would almost disclose their true selves, and they probably would love the duke also. We sometimes see disappointed lovers in our very midst. There are still some noisy, chattering, but faithful boys who could play Gratiano's part, and the papers of the age have accounts of fortune hunters who might fill the role of a Bassanios.

Can we not, then, with these points in view, say that Shakespeare is our poet, when he has used types of our people and given modern characteristics to them? But, the Germans will say he is German because he used German types and characteristics; the French because he uses Fretnch characteristics and types of people; the Italians Will say that he used Italian types and characters and even located some of his scenes in Italy,—therefore he is Italian. Let us then say that he is an American, for is he not the great international poet; the forerunner of internationalism, world federation, and peace.

OLIVER HAINES, '17.

In honor of the Shakespeare tercentenary this year, the Independent Publishing Company offers to the students of the high schools throughout the country who write the best essay on Shakespeare in each school, a bronze medal.

Out of the thirteen contestants, Oliver Haines received first place for his essay, entitled "The International Poet." Ruth Kimber and Esther Tufts received second and third places, respectively. The medal is to be awarded to the winner of first place at the commencement exercises.

Faculty



MISS R. CAROLINE RISTINE Milwaukee-Downer '15 Science and English



MISS DOROTHY GREGORY Lawrence '15 English



MISS EDNA JOHNSON Beloit College '11 English and History



MISS JESSIE FRANZ Beloit College '13 Latin and German

Faculty



MISS ELIZABETH JOHNSON Oshkosh-Williams '11 Commercial



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



MISS MARGARET REYNOLDS Assistant Principal Wellesley College '07 History



MISS FLORENCE RILLING Milwaukee-Downer '14 Domestic Science.

Faculty



Mr. John Backey Brooklyn Trade School '02 Manual Training



Mr. RUDOLPH SOUKUP
Principal
Wisconsin University '08



MISS LYDIA NEUBAUER Lawrence College '13 Music and Drawing

WILLIAM BROWN
Wisconsin University
Mathematics

The Great Fire of London

T the close of a hot and dry day in September, in the year of 1666, a terrible and destructive fire began its course near Fisk Street in London. The fire, like some revengeful, blood-thirsty fiend, swept down one street after another. All hopes of preventing its fateful course were in vain. One tall, stately, and dignified building after another bowed its haughty head before this monster with his fiery breath and glowing eyes. On and ever on traveled this demon, breathing up huge mountains of black fumes, and spitting forth with terrible vehemence stinging, burning darts of spite. This work, the great and noble accomplishment of many a dreamer and many a brilliant brain, all disappeared down that huge, gaping throat in one great swirl.

And the people? They were but as one insane crowd. Fleeing hither and thither, they vainly tried to shake off the talons of the all-devouring demon, Fire. Incredulous horror was written on their faces; but some, retaining at least a portion of their sanity, managed to save a minimum of their worldly goods. An on-looker would have shuddered, not because of being chilly, for the radiation of heat from this cavernous oven of fire prevented one from approaching the actual scene of terror for many a block, but because of the wildness and hair-splitting horror of the moment. Thus on and on rushed the fateful monster, until the once grand and mighty London lay razed from the ground like a second Troy.

IRENE BACKEY, '16.

The Pipe of Peace Ceremony

BOUT eleven o'clock on the last night of of commencement week at the University of Wisconsin, many groups of merry, laughing college students and visitors were seen sauntering along toward the lower campus. It was in this attractive spot that the Pipe-of-Peace ceremony was to be held. Under the influence of the large full moon there were cast about, here and there, weird shadows of the many shaped trees, of the tall stately buildings and of the moving figures who wended their way along the streets and along the campus. After a large crowd had gathered, a huge bonfire was lighted and all eyes were turned toward it. Many of the college boys had gathered boxes and other kinds of inflammable timber which made excellent material for a huge bonfire, when piled up in the middle of the field. At first there was only a tiny red flame discernable, but, little by little, the fire crept up and up until the whole pile of wood was one roaring, sparkling column of flames. There was hardly a breath of wind stirring, so the sparks and smoke rose high into the air assuming queer, fantastic shapes as they ascended. As the fire became brighter and brighter, the towers of the boys' gymnasium loomed up like those of the ancient Norman castles; the gray stone of the residences showed very plainly in the bright light of the fir and the more radiant in the bright glow. Occasionally a little puff of wind blew the sparks and smoke through the crowd, blinding the people for a minute, but it soon passed on, leaving the atmosphere clear again.

Meanwhile, a heavy Indian blanket had been placed on the ground near the council fire and the many bright colors in it showed very plainly. Seated, Indian fashion, on this blanket were the Indian Chiefs and their assistants, six Seniors and two Juniors. Two of the young men who were to address the assemblage were dressed in full Indian custom, and the other young men wore ordinary street clothes. Now began the Pipe-of-Peace Ceremony, a ceremony which signified good feeling between the Seniors, who were to graduate, and the Juniors, who were to take their places during the coming year. All was silent except for the roaring and crackling of the flames and the "chug-chug" of a motor boat on Lake Mendota. One of the chiefs, a Senior, of the tribe of 1915, holding in his hand a typical Indian Pipe-of-Peace which was bedecked with many colored ribbons, had arisen and was walking toward the center of the blanket. Now, the chief was speaking, and every ear was strained to catch each word of the address, which was given to present the Pipe-of-Peace to the tribe of 1916, the Juniors. He told of the wars (really tournaments and games) that had been held with the tribe of 1916 and of the medicine men (the professors of the college). His plea, in closing, was that the tribe of 1916 would take as good care of the Pipe-of-Peace as the tribe of 1915 had tried to do. The pipe was

then handed to the chief of the tribe of 191 and the Senior chief sat down amid an enthusiastic applause.

But again all was silent, for the Junior chief of the tribe of 1916 with the Pipeof-Peace in his hand was now standing in the center of the blanket. Again all ears were strained to hear every word of this speech which was given in acceptance of this Pipe-of-Peace. He asserted that he was confident the tribe of 1916 would try its best to take good care of the pipe and to honor it. Then he, too, sat down amid the applause and shouting. After this, the pipe was lighted and smoked by the chiefs and their assistants, each one of them enjoyed this privilege, which was considered a great honor. Suddenly, all the chiefs jumped up, gave a fierce war-whoop and danced around the fire, while the crowd moved more closely to the center. There was now only a heap of glowing embers of what was once a roaring mass of flames. The spirit of the fire seemed to have faded from the crackling flames into the souls of the people gathered around it. Everyone, young and old, was filled with enthusiasm and all were shouting and yelling. Then, someone in the crowd started a college song, the spark of which spread so rapidly that, in a moment, all the crowd was singing with the truest college spirit. As it was the last night of Commencement it was the last time that many of the students would be together for many years and everyone was filled with the spirit of good fellowship. College songs were sung and college yells were given until the clock in the tower of Music Hall struck the hour of twelve, and the people began to depart for their homes. Peace and good feeling had been established forever between the tribes of 1915 and 1916.

DOROTHY HARRIS, '19.

A Month's Visit

HE late dusk of summer wrapped all objects of the farm in a magic coat of gray. In the barnyard the cattle stirred, and a belated fowl crowed challengingly. To Judd Lornton every bit of work was pure joy. With his wife, Bessie, it was very different. She craved for the city. She only endured the farm and its work because she loved Judd.

"Look at the fireflies, Bessie," whispered Judd, as they sat on the porch. "The smell of ferns and the sight of firefles always make me think of fairies."

"Yes, it is pretty, Judd; but I get tired of it all. Every day we see the same people, and not very interesting ones at that. I've always wanted to be happy and I never have been," she answered. I wish you'd turn on the porch-light, Judd, I want to talk to you," she added.

Judd, having done so, returned to his chair.

"Mrs. Style and Elsa Marks went home today," she remarked.

"That's good," her husband answered; "now I'll see more of you, and there won't always be someone around."

"Why, I thought you liked them!" she exclaimed. "You were always nice to them."

"Of course I was, Bessie; but just because I treated them courteously doesn't say that I liked them, not by a good sight. They tempt you to follow their false gods, Style and Society," said Judd.

"You won't understand, but just for once I'd like to live my life as I have dreamed it. They have invited me to go to town at the end of this month. Can't I go dear?" she asked.

"Of course you can go. I'll get Susie Morgan to come and look after me. You just go and have a good time."

"There would be no pleasure in the visit if I thought you needed me here," she protested.

"I shall always need you," he told her. "I—well, you can't imagine my living in society, can you?"

Bessie giggled at the picture, because Judd had often said that he would have to change a great deal if he ever went to live in the city. Then Judd plunged into details.

"Have you clothes enough? When do you go?" he asked.

"Of course, I haven't clothes enough. I am to go the twenty-fourth of September and stay a week," she said.

"Whew! Well, all right. You had better get to sewing. You had no business to spoil me if you were thinking of leaving me," he responded, as he put his hand on her shoulder.

The next afternoon she took her butter and egg money, and running out to the roadster, went to the village.

That evening, after she had arrived home from the village, she felt very happy and at peace with her surroundings. She was really going for a visit, and oh, what a good time she would have!

The days flitted by, full of bustle of preparation for the visit. Yet somehow, Bessie had a lump in her throat whenever she thought of leaving her home and Judd.

September twenty-fourth dawned clear and bright with the signs of coming frosts in the air. Judd took Bessie to the station in the runabout.

"Here you are, darling, at the beginning of your adventures!" Judd smiled as he helped her from the car at the station.

"Get the ticket, Judd," said Bessie, and it seemed to her as if she was ready to cry. "Good-bye, Judd, good-bye. Take good care of your self," said Bessie, as she boarded the train.

"Good-bye, Bessie. Come back soon," responded Judd, with a lump in his throat. For many miles a very odd landscape slid by. Everything jiggled as Bessie saw it through her tears.

When they at length entered the suburbs of the city, Bessie whispered to herself when she saw the crowds of people, "People are such dears; one can't see enough of them!" Her tears were now all gone.

She was helped off the train by the porter. She started toward the huge iron gate, where Mrs. Style and Elsa Marks would be waiting for her.

At supportine Mr. Style remarked to Bessie, "Is the color in your cheeks a result of a purchase at the drug store, or is it the life on the farm?"

"Oh, it's the farm!" she answered, blushingly. She wished that he would not mention the farm.

When she went to her room that night, she began to think of how foolish she had been to leave home. How much better she liked her dining room at home than she did that of Mrs. Style; and how much better she liked her room at home than the one she was now in.

The next morning she was very pale. She must stay today, so she could attend the club meeting that afternoon.

The night passed, and Bessie was still paler on the following morning than she had been before.

Shortly after breakfast, she said to Mrs. Style, when they were alone, "It's no use; I can't stay any longer. I am very grateful to you for asking me to come, but I can stay no longer. I have all my things packed and I am going home this afternoon."

An hour later, Bessie was aboard the train, homeward bound.

Upon arriving at her home station, accidentally, just as she went around a pile of trunks, she met their hired man, Tom. They went home on the auto truck together.

"Hello, Tom, back already?" came Judd's voice from the house, as they drove into the yard.

"J-Judd, will you help me off here?"

"Bernice!" he shouted.

"Don't you ever call me that again. Just call me Bessie as you always have done."

FLAVIA WRITT, '18.

Lost, A Story of the Alleghanies

SITUATED deep in the mountains is the little mining town of McCrae, famous for its annual toll of lives. Few men ever attempted reaching this valley of death, and those already imprisoned there never hoped to leave. The village was only reached by a long, difficult mountain-trail which led for miles along the face of a ragged cliff. Here it was that many fortune-seekers lost their lives. It is true, there was another way to enter McCrea, but only one man had ever succeeded, and he had died from nervous prostration a few weeks after his arrival. His way had been along the course of a roaming mountain-stream, only passable by wading for miles through icy water and by camping for the night on some rock in mid-stream.

A story is still told of two courageous men who gave their lives in search of McCrea. It was in the fall of 1900, when John Dawson and Pierre Boudine stood high on a jutting rock, outlined against the setting sun. They had traveled aimlessly through the forests for weeks, seeking in vain for the path which would lead them to McCrea, their salvation. Now on the night of the twentieth day, footsore, they stood for a moment gazing about in despair for some signs of civilization. As they silently prepared for another night of hunger and misery, the sun sank and the night-sounds of the forest began. Far across the ravine, a whip-poor-will whistled his mournful cry, and was answered by the hoot of a lonely owl. The men shivered and drew closer for companionship. Thus the night wore on, and at the first gray dawn Dawson and Boudine had hit trail.

Toward noon, the sun became blistering hot, compelling the sufferers to take shelter in a clump of welcome evergreens until its power abated. While they lay waiting, Dawson turned to his comrade and said gravely: "Pierre, do you know how much longer we can live at this rate?"

"Not very long, John, that's settled," came the low reply.

For a time no one spoke. At last Dawson began:

"Boudine, you have been brave and big-hearted in these last days of ours, and as you are the weaker of us, I am going to give you the rest of our dried meat and bread,—God knows it is little enough,—and let you strike out for McCrea. By hard traveling, you ought to find it in a week. As for me," Dawson laughed nervously then, "Oh, well, you'll go, won't you?"

"Who, me?" shrilled Pierre, jumping to his feet. "Before I'd do that, I'd jump to my death in the ravine and so save your life. I don't think that would be such a bad idea, anyway," and moving dangerously close to the brink, he looked over as though contemplating jumping.

Like a flash, John was beside Pierre; with an awful smile on his face he said: "Come, Pierre, we will both go."

For a moment the two men gazed steadily at one another; then they both slowly returned to the clump of evergreens.

Later in the day, when the sun had gone down and an evening breeze was stealing over all the world, leaving it cool and fresh, Dawson and Boudine clambered over the tumbled stones of the ravine in their untiring search for freedom. Again, when night fell and it became too dark to travel, the weary, emaciated beings, which were once strong men, lay down in an attempt to forget their hunger in slumber, realizing that they must awaken only to face the horrible reality.

John Dawson, however, had no intention of waiting for the morning. After Boudine had been sleeping soundly for an hour or more, and the owls and whip-poorwills were calling their loudest, Dawson arose and glided softly over to the bundle of dried meat. The mysterious moonlight cast lurking shadows over the little camp and seemed to guard with suspicious care the food which Dawson was stealthily taking. When John had secured a very small quantity, he thrust it, together with a half dozen matches, into one of his pockets. Then he placed a flat, white stone conveniently near the bundle of food, and with a piece of burned wood scrawled upon it as best he could in the semi-darkness. Then, taking his gun, he struck out for McCrea alone.

The next morning Pierre awoke with a start, for the sun was already high in the heavens. He looked around for Dawson, and while doing so, he came upon the message near the provisions. He read: "I didn't see any use of two of us dying, so I went off alone. Send Jim Morgan and his gang after me if you get through. I'll be here somewhere in the mountains. Your partner, Dawson."

The next morning found Pierre struggling towards McCrea; and many more such mornings found him still pressing onward, not so much to save his own life, but for the saving of Dawson's. One afternoon he came out upon a high, rugged cliff overlooking a small valley. Here and there a miner's shack dotted the hillside, and a curl of smoke arose from the shaft of the mine far up the opposite slope. At last! McCrea was reached.

In his hurry to reach the trail leading to his destination, however, Boudine slipped and tumbled over and over, and landed in a heap on the narrow trail sixty feet below. He arose with great pain and crawled forward toward the welcome valley. Several times he barely escaped death by desperate clutches at the ragged stones. With bleeding feet he crawled down the hill into McCrea. In front of the first house he fainted away, and strong hands carried him into the little store, where, after an hour of patient work, the doctor restored him to consciousness. For three days, Pierre Boudine was shaken with a deep-set cough that defied every wile of the doctor. During this period of suspense he managed to gasp with his dying breath:

"Dawson—partner—lost in ravine—there," and his thin hand pointed convulsively towards the mountains. Then his sunken eyes closed and he passed away with a look of content on his pale features.

John Dawson, meanwhile, had wandered, in vain, over mountain ridges and through ravines until all his food had dwindled down to one hard slice of bacon, so small that Dawson hardly was conscious of its presence. Then he had doggedly started to follow a small river, arguing to himself that it would come out near some place of civilization, perhaps even McCrea. For six days, without food, he had followed the stream, and as the sun sank on the sixth, he came to an impregnable cliff, rising a sheer hundred feet above him. At the base of this cliff the river roared mockingly through a crevice and was lost. Dawson's poor, tattered figure could not bear this last defeat and he sank weakly to the ground. As he lay there, his hands clutching the scanty grass, he lifted his face to Heaven and moaned: "Oh, God, is this to be the end?" and he sank once more to the earth. Finally, as the winds grew chilly, shivering, he aroused himself from his stupor and gathered a few sticks together, lit them, and lay down again to sleep—forever.

A week later, Jim Morgan and his men, on their return to McCrea, after a long search, passed near the same promontory. Looking over the edge, they beheld a huddled form lying face upward near the blackened ashes of an evidently recent fire. When the men reached the dead body they at once recognized in the pinched face and wasted body the once handsome face and powerful frame of John Dawson. Reverently uncovering their heads they murmured a short prayer of thankfulness for their own lives.

On the oak tree, beneath which Dawson was buried, is inscribed: "Greater love hath no man than this; that he lay down his life for his friend."

KARL REYNOLDS, '18.



ATHLETICS

T. R. FAVES











The Baseball Tournament

CLASS teams were organized early in the season in order to find what material we had for a good baseball team.

The first inter-class contest to take place was the game between the Freshmen and the Sophomores. The Freshmen were represented by a strong team and they succeeded in trimming their opponents by a score of 18 to 2.

The next game was played between the Juniors and Seniors. The Juniors were represented by a strong team and were confident of an easy victory. But nevertheless the Seniors gave them a hard fight and succeeded in hindering their opponents from getting a real walk away as was planned. Final score, Juniors 17, Seniors 15.

In the next game the Freshmen were to clash with the Juniors. The Juniors thru their boasting had frightened the timid little Freshmen and they were going to give up without a battle. The Juniors, then anxious for a game, solemnly promised that they would give the Freshies a chance. In the first part of the game the Freshies held up bravely, but in the latter part the Juniors made a large number of runs, thereby winning over their under classmates by a score of 8 to 5.

KEWAUNEE AT KEWAUNEE.

On May 13, the high school team motored down to Kewaunee to play the first real game of the season. We did not have much practice, but, nevertheless, we had confidence.

The first two innings looked bad for the locals but after that our team ran up a score of 11. The final score was 11 to 4 in our favor.

Those who partook in the game were:

R. GABERT .					Catcher
L. LEITL			70.00		Pitcher
D. WEBER .					First Base
A. MACMILLAN					
E. Hoslett .					Third Base
W. AUGUSTINE					Short Stop
J. LAROUCHE					Right Field
H. GAETH .					Center Field
H. AUGUSTINE					Left Field
HENRY TUFTS					Substitute



Last Year's Team



Football Team

football

AST fall considerable enthusiasm was shown when Mr. Soukup called a football meeting. More suits were obtained for the boys, as the squad outnumbered those of previous years, there being about thirty-five out for practice. But, oh, you "quitters." After about six weeks of hard practice the number was reduced to about eighteen. But nevertheless, they represented the true spirt of the High School, as they showed in the games.

MARINETTE AT STURGEON BAY. OCTOBER 9, 1915.

Our first encounter was with the Lourde's H. S. team of Marinette. A good game

was expected, but to the disgust of the spectators, the game was not completed.

In the earlier part of the game our boys showed the real pep and they had no difficulty in making their necessary gains, scoring two touchdowns in the first half of the encounter while Marinette secured but one touchdown. The second half of the game was fairly under way when Marinette took to heart a decision given by Referee Graass and left the field without a word. Our boys, no doubt, were a little too much for the boys from Marinette, and this was what disheartened them, so they decided to quit. The score stood 13 to 6 in favor of our boys when the contest came to an abrupt stop by Marinette leaving the field.

ALGOMA AT STURGEON BAY.

Saturday, October 16th the second game of the season was played with the gridiron heroes of Algoma. Sturgeon Bay kicked to Algoma, who carried the ball back for a few yards. Algoma then slowly but steadily pushed our team to our goal. After a few minutes of play, Algoma shoved over their first touchdown of the game. It was then we awoke and found that we were confronted by a real team. We came back with a vengeance and by the end of the first quarter we had scored a touchdown. The second quarter was a long one for Algoma, our boys having the ball in their possession most of the time. In the remainder of the quarter, by a series of trick plays, we scored three times. In the second half our team found no real difficulty in making their gains, and by the end of the third quarter we had scored six times. In the last quarter Algoma gained possession of the ball and retained it for a while, but was unable to advance to within striking distance of our goal. Final score: Sturgeon Bay 36, Algoma 6.

KAUKAUNA AT STURGEON BAY. OCTOBER 23, 1915.

In this game our boys lined up against the Kaukauna team, they being one of the strongest teams in their section of the state. It was then our team showed that they

knew something about football.

Kaukauna kicked off to Sturgeon Bay, who advanced the ball twenty yards. A well directed forward pass from Gabert to Jackson gave us a touchdown to our credit. Kaukauna carried the ball to our thirty yard line and their left half-back put a drop-kick over the cross bars. Our boys then came back strong and Leitl went through Kaukauna's line for the second touchdown of the game. By a series of trick plays we advanced the ball to within striking distance of Kaukauna's goal and again we scored. Gabert scored the next two touchdowns on quarterback plays. Again our boys got near Kaukaunas goal, and Weber carried the ball over for the final touchdown. Leitl kicked goal; and a few minutes more and the game ended with the score, Sturgeon Bay 37, Kaukauna 3.

STURGEON BAY AT ALGOMA.

Saturday, October 30, 1915, our boys, accompanied by a large number of rooters, journeyed to Algoma to play them a return game.

downs, Algoma found they could not advance the ball and they kicked it to Sturgeon Bay safely and recovered it again. It was then our team was in danger, the ball being on our twenty-yard line, but our boys held them for downs. The ball was then given to us and we advanced down the field. We had the ball throughout the greater part of the game, but failed to score. The game, especially in the last quarter, was one of greatest excitement. Our boys had the ball and were advancing toward Algoma's goal, but were unable to make good gains. Finally Leitl booted the ball over the bars for the only three points made during the game, time being almost up when he performed the feat. Final score: Sturgeon Bay 3, Algoma 0.

GREEN BAY AT STURGEON BAY. NOVEMBER 13, 1915.

This game was to determine whether or not we would be considered in the state championship. Green Bay came here with one of the strongest teams in their part of the state, being defeated only by the big team of Oshkosh. From the time the whistle was blown, it was a skirmish which will not be forgotten by those who

witnessed the game.

The game started out in a lively manner, Green Bay making a touchdown by one of their many tricks. It was during the first half our opponents, by their line shifts, made their greatest number of scores. It was then that our boys awakened to the fact that they were playing with a real team. Our warriors were determined not to be shut out by Green Bay; and it was then that they showed some real fighting spirit, forcing their opponents back until within five yards of the goal, when, by a fumble on our part, we failed to score. Had we shown this spirit in the first half, the game would have ended in a different manner, but, nevertheless, we met our "Waterloo" bravely. Final score: Sturgeon Bay 0, Green Bay 27.

Between the Balves

Though football is a right good sport
Memories of which we long to tell
How we "made some guys hit the dirt,"
And heard our dear old rooters yell.
Still we remember something else
Of this most exciting pastime, too,
That didn't sound as good as yells;
Between the halves, what did we do?

We would gather in a circle round,
Lying down with our helmets near,
Until we heard a familiar sound,
The coach's voice in accents clear.
Our faults were always brought to light,
But not a word said of our fight.

"You there, you end; get out and play,
Don't play no grandstand on the side,
You've got to win this game today,
I believe the halfbacks there have died;
You haven't got the life you need,
The guards are weak most every time.
A plunge is made, and that indeed
Is apt to lose a game by rhyme.

"Get in there now and fight for life,
You'll never win a game like this,
Without a little toil and strife,
You all know what Algoma is.
It's your last game if you don't win,
So blame me not if you would sin."

Basketball

THE basketball season opened immediately after the Thanksgiving vacation. Great spirit was shown by the students of all classes and after a month of practice each class was represented by a good team.

JUNIORS vs FRESHMEN.

The first class game opened with a great deal of excitement, both sides being represented by strong teams. The Freshmen held up strongly, but owing to the fact that the Junior team was composed of a great number of last year's players, they were defeated.

SENIORS vs SOPHOMORES.

The Sophomores started out strong, but not having mastered the art of "shooting" baskets, were wiped up by the Seniors, who displayed some of the old-time pep.

FRESHMEN vs SOPHOMORES.

The Freshmen now had a chance to carry off the honors. After a fast and furious half the score was 6 to 4 in favor of the Freshmen. Both sides came back determined to win and after a hard fight, the whistle blew, leaving the score 8 to 8. The teams were allowed to play until the first basket was made, this being done by the Freshman star, Whitford.

SENIORS vs. JUNIORS.

This game was the climax of the series. The Juniors were confident that they could beat the Seniors, who had put up a fast game with the Sophomores. The game was well under progress when shortly before the end of the first half, Gilbert was thrown heavily to the floor and suffered a dislocation of the elbow joint. Time was called and the score stood 4 to 4. But due to the Seniors losing their best player, they lost to the Juniors by the score of 8 to 4.

Wasketball



KNUDSON LEITL
LEONHARDT
MACMILLAN

GAETH THORP

STURGEON BAY AT MANITOWOC

UR first game was played at Manitowoc. Although our boys were defeated, they put up a better game than the score gives them credit for. Manitowoc started the game with a rush and before our boys got their bearing, Manitowoc had a good lead on them. But throughout the game our boys put up a stubborn fight and Manitowoc had to work for every point they gained. If our team had held their opponents in the first half as they did in the second, the score would have been a close one. Final score: Sturgeon Bay 9, Manitowoc 11.

ALUMNI vs. FIRST TEAM.

As the basketball season was drawing to a close and we were unable to get any games with other high schools we decided to play the different teams about the city. In the first game our first team clashed with the Alumni, they being represented by the "old timers." The game was fast and exciting, the Alumni sure of an easy victory, but to their sorrow they went down to defeat by a score of 26 to 16.

CITY TEAM vs. SECOND TEAM.

The second game proved to be almost as exciting as the first. The city team was very strong, they being represented by the various stars about the city. At the end of the first half the score was strongly in favor of the city team, but in the second half the second team came back with a vengeance to win, but alas, it was too late. Final score: Second H. S. Team 14, City Team 24.

Chicago, April 29, 1916.

Editor of the FLASHES, Sturgeon Bay High School, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

Dear Sir: After about thirteen years, I am again writing something for the FLASHES, and it certainly gives me a lot of pleasure to do so. I think it was back in 1903 that we—the class of 1904—organized the magazine as a monthly publication and I was selected to act as the first editor-in-chief. I was certainly quite "chesty" at being an editor in those days and tried hard to make the FLASHES really readable. Certain it is that I had most able and willing assistants in getting the paper out. Of course it happened occasionally—as the present editor can testify, I presume—that contributors held back and when the day of publication approached I would have to "dig in" and write a number of the general pages, but generally the copy came in plentifully and the work was a pleasure.

Pearl LePlant, now Mrs. John Harvey, named the paper FLASHES, and Alice Reynolds was the first assistant editor. We had a mighty efficient business manager in Clarence Dana—he could certainly get the money from the advertisers—and we came out nicely financially. Of course the FLASHES of that day did not begin to compare in make-up with the elaborate annual that you now get out, but we were doing it monthly and with no one ahead of us to show us the way. But we started a new thing—and I am proud of my part in starting something that has lived through all these years and has resulted in leading up to the getting out of an elaborate and fitting annual publication such as the FLASHES has now grown to be.

And so, after thirteen years, I again am writing something for the old paper. But this time I sit at a real newspaper desk and "pound" my copy on a "mill", for this is being written at the city editor's desk of the Associated Press, in Chicago, the central division headquarters of the world's greatest newsgathering and disseminating organization. I have moved from the position of editor of the FLASHES through various stages of newspaper work and now occupy the position of early city editor in this office. It is hardly as difficult for me to write a little story now-all news articles are stories, you know-as it was in those days, for familiarity with the work has rather robbed it of its glamor and I now realize that what I write has small chance of moving the world. As a high school student of old, I seemed to think that my efforts as set forth in the FLASHES were to be read and digested and that their influence would be profound-and consequently I used to struggle manfully at the task in order that my weighty (?) opinions would surely be in the right direction. Where I then wrote for a circulation of from three to five hundred, what I write today will be published in anywhere from ten to one thousand papers, depending upon the value of the story. We have nearly eleven hundred papers in this organization, and a real "live" story gets to them all.

I am sure that you and all of your assistants and contributors have enjoyed the work in getting out the annual. It is a great game on the whole, although there is more truth than poetry in the saying of George Randolph Chester that "the newspaper game is a great game to get into—to get out of."

Kindly present my regards to the staff of the FLASHES and to all of the students of the old high school. First and last, it is a great school. Very sincerely,

. RAY STEPHENSON,
Associated Press, Chicago.

Peter's Sore Throat

ETER'S brother Willie raised himself in bed and, shaking his pillow into a hard pack, brought it down on Peter's head. Then he made a leap for the floor. Beyond saying, "Quit that now, you," Peter took no notice whatever.

"Why don't you get up, then?" demanded Willie. "Don't you know I've a sore throat?" whined Peter.

"Yes, you have," said Willie, "you'd better hustle. We'll be late for breakfast.

Mother called us an hour ago."

Peter took no notice; his brother finished his dressing and went downstairs. The sky, where Peter could see it, was gloomily overcast. "It's thawing, anyway," said the boy to himself. Then he heard someone ascending the stairs, and in another moment his mother entered the room.

"Don't you feel well, Peter?" she asked.

Peter sighed.

"Tell Mother where you feel bad." "All over," replied Peter, faintly.

His mother laid her hand on his forehead.

"Is your throat sore?" she asked.

"A little."

"You don't seem to be feverish."

Peter shook his head. His mother smiled and left the room. Peter's sick looks disappeared. He snuggled down in bed, put the cover up back of his neck and waited. In a few minutes, his mother returned.

"Sit up now, and gargle this," said she, stirring something in a glass.

"It ain't in my throat. I hate that potash."

"Well, it won't hurt you, and it may do you good; so we shan't mind about liking it," said his mother, firmly.

So Peter sat up, gargled and spluttered, and made many faces. When the task

was finished, his mother shook up the pillow and tucked him in.

"Now I'll bring up your breakfast."

In a short while there was the clink of dishes on the stairs, and Peter's heart rejoiced within him. Still, he did not lift his head when his mother came in again. She set the tray on the chair by the bedside. "How are you feeling now?" she asked.

"Not very good," replied Peter.

"Well, sit up and eat your breakfast."
She left the room, and Peter gazed upon his breakfast through tear-dimmed eyes. No coffee, no eggs, no bacon, no muffins and syrup-nothing but two little slices of toast, a dish of oatmeal and a little milk. He wouldn't eat a bite! He pushed the tray to the side of the bed and unpinned the shawl and napkin; but the gnawing of appetite proved too much for him, he would eat one little bite of bread and drink one little sip of milk—he did so and more too.

When his mother came up again to take away the empty dishes, she smiled again, and informed him that she was preparing a mustard plaster. Peter protested so

vigorously that she waited until afternoon to do it.

An hour later, Peter heard Willie's voice and also the voice of Clyde Smith, down below, wherefore he yelled to his mother, "What's Willie home for?"

"There's no school in your room today, and Willie and Clyde came in to get their skates."

"Isn't it thawing?" asked Peter.

"No, it's freezing nicely."

"Aw," exclaimed Peter, "I wish I had known! What's the reason there isn't any school?"

"Miss McDonald is sick."

Peter: "Mother, I'm feeling all right now. Can't I go skating too?"

ANNA JOHNSON, '19.



IT'S TOUGH TO BE A TEACHER.

SCHOOL

A school is a funny institution

And sometimes wrecks one's constitution.

It is a trial of patience and brain

And it is work, work, like an old freight train.

The things one is supposed to know
Will surely make us to asylums go;
And when we have finished all schools,
We'll be a bunch of educated fools.

English I. is the worst class of all
And here is where many of us fall.
The teacher gives us such long lessons,
We think with fear of the sessions.

ALFIN ROGEN.

Mr. Soukup (in Commercial Law): "Henry, have you got your questions?"
Henry: "Yes, ma'am."

Teacher: "Helen, write this sentence on the back door."

Helen: "Where is it?"

Miss Johnson (in Ancient History): "What is 100 noted for?"

Karl R .: "That's our telephone number."



No Woman Suffrage Here.

Elsie and Zeke were two little freaks, They both went to school and had nutty streaks; Elsie was short, and Zek was fat Together they made some couple at that.

But Daisy got peeved at little Elsie And warned poor Zek, that he'd better be More careful about his exuberant smile And not the young freshman girls to beguile.

Now Zek is at a loss, just what to do. He likes the slim, and plump ones too, So he will have this love question unsolved In which two broken hearts are involved.

A JUNIOR MEETING.

A jolly little Junior

To the meeting once did go,
She had some good intentions,
About the "Prom" you know.

She heard a thundering racket
At intervals, there was calm (not often)
She knew the kids were fighting
To have an old time "Prom."

Mr. Soukup had quite cooly said
He'd rather not have this;
A merry supper would serve instead,
'Twould please each Gent and Miss.

Though many wished for our old "Prom,"
Our duty was most plain
To please each High School girl and boy
And thereby gain great fame.

MARIE SAMPSON.

From English Literature quiz papers:
1. "The classicists clung closely to strick rules."
2. "Lamb wrote "A Dissertation from Roast Pig." How did he do it? We should like to know.

Discussing "Ivanhoe" in English.

Miss G.: "Why did so many people attend the tournament?"

Gussie D.: Because it didn't cost anything."



BUT OH! HOW HE LOVES HER.

BEAUTY AND MODESTY OF YOUTH

Here is to Irene with tresses brown, Surely she is the best looking girl in town. She combs her hair straight back like the feathers of a chick,

And is always dressed so neat and slick. She wears a sweet smile upon her face, And walks with a light and jaunty grace. A more modest girl you never have seen— But no one can call her manners green; Her motto is-"Carefulness in all you do and

And this is always the surest way.

Miss Reynolds: "Where did you get your current topic, Waldo?" Waldo K .: "In the Lookout."

Frank Mullen (in English IV. test paper): "The romantic writers studied humane nature." (A new science among romanticists.)

Irene Backey, writing about the country gentlemen of England in Queene Anne's time: "He was much abdicated to the use of liquor."

LONELINESS OF THE FRESHMEN.

Freshmen in the High School lead a life of utter loneliness. Haunted forever by the detested Algebra and weighed down with worries of failure.

In German I. class, Miss Franz asked: "Are rats necessary, Gussie?" Gussie: "Yes, they help the hardware dealer."
Miss Franz: "How?"

Gussie: "The people have to buy traps."

The description of the person who I am going to describe sits in the back of me. (Freshman English.)

FAVORITES AMONG THE BUNCH.

Si-That Cadillac is sure some boat.

Hossy-I'm temperance; I only drink pop.

Mutt—Well, as you all know, when I was traveling in New York last summer. (Deeply.)

Jake-Guess I'll go home. (Peninsula Club.)

Hub-Shoot ya' a game, guy.

Butch-Look out, I'm coming.

Gen—Gee girls, wait till those Y. M. C. A. boys come, eh?

Tuffy-Wow, that's spliffy.

Helen K .- Me, Sam, and the Buick.

Irene-You jes' cut that out.

Mr. Soukup-Get that bull-dog tenacity.



NUTS

GALILEO

I'd like to catch old Shakespeare And Galileo too.

I'd like to get those fellows here, Gee, what I wouldn't do.

I'd kick old Skakespeare all around, And Galileo too.

I'd throw them both upon the ground And spurn them with my shoe.

For you see both these dubs

Make us study hard.

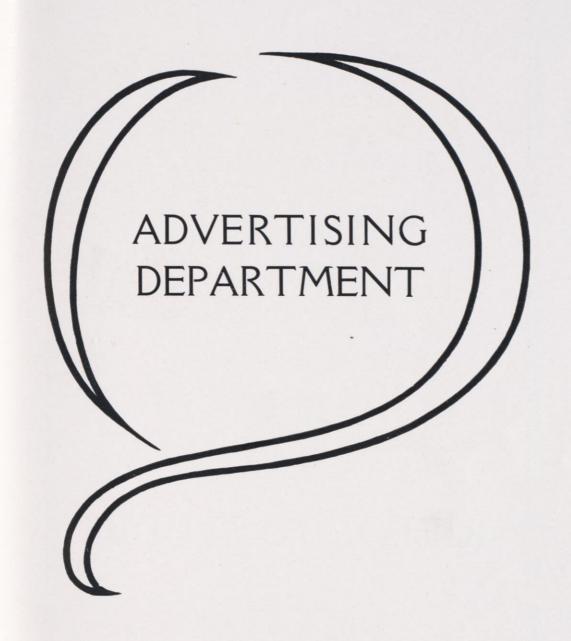
They're nothing but two old scrubs

That affect our report card.

E. J. HOSLETT.

I'd rather wash the dishes,
I'd rather scrub the floor,
I'd rather do the washing
And a dozen hard things more;
I'd rather learn a poem,
Or be scolded by Ma—
I'd rather practice for hours
Than work my Algebra.

B. ARONIN.



YOUR FRIENDS CAN
BUY ANYTHING YOU
CAN GIVE THEM EXCEPT YOUR

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TELEPHONE 2682

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OF

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IN

THE HIGH SCHOOL GYM



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AN IRISH COMEDY IN ONE ACT

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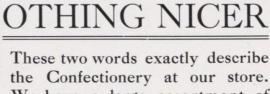
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Poulos Candy Kitchen

Sturgeon Bay, Wis.



well-printed picture, set in a page of type, impels interest and excites commendation, and while it is true that every picture tells a story of its own, yet it does not complete the story. To complete it you must have the well-balanced type page, with emphasis given where it is needed, the thought properly shaded, thus aiding the reader to get the whole story. For this important work you must depend on your printer, and just to the extent that your printer is master of his work will your effort to present a complete story to your readers be successful.

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A Common Commercial Advertisement

seems out of place in a nice book like this, which will no doubt be treasured as a souvenir of happy school days and their associations. Rather we prefer to contribute some sentiment appropriate, we offer Madeline Bridges beautiful poem, "Life's Mirror.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your work and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind, And honor will honor meet; And a smile that tis sweet will surely find A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave, 'Tis just what we are and do; Then give to the world the best you have, And the best will come back to you.

Very sincerely yours,

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