



Cass G. Selden, President.

Vassar High School Lyceum.



Chester Owen, Secretary

SEVERAL years ago, in connection with the Literary Department of the High School, there existed a Debating Society. Later this became known as the Rhetoricals, and now we call it the Vassar High School Lyceum.

Every student of the High School is a member of the Lyceum. The meetings are held in the High School room, Friday afternoon of the third week of each school month, except September and June. Each member is supposed to take part at least once each year.

The aim of this society is to aid its members to appear at ease before an audience, to become familiar with parliamentary proceedings, and skilled in the art of public speaking.

The programs are varied and cover a wide range of subjects,

thus making it both pleasant and profitable to the scholars and the many visitors who attend.

One of the most interesting events in the history of the society was the contest in 1903. The outcome of this was won with eagerness and enthusiastic pride by the citizens, as well as by the members of the High School. The local meeting was exceptionally fine and closely contested. The orations were carefully written and well delivered, each being worthy of praise. When the judges retired all felt that the difference between the winners was very slight. Miss Dora Lockwood was declared the winner. Miss Lockwood appeared, as representative of Vassar High School, at the district contest held in this place. Again receiving first honor, she entered the State contest at Saginaw, and

she was not awarded the highest place, she returned with honors.

This year the interest in the contest was not less than last. Several wished to take part, but found it impossible to do so. As representative of Vassar High School, Miss Bessie Smith, of the class of 1905, went to Flint and there contested with representatives from Flint, Port Huron, Plymouth and Utica. Although Miss Smith did not receive first place, yet she won credit for herself and for the school.

These contests arouse a keen enthusiasm in oratory and are certainly worthy of encouragement, for nothing promotes progress in any line so much as competition, since it demands the best

efforts of the competitors, and, if carried on in the right spirit, will produce an effect upon the character which cannot be blotted out in a lifetime.

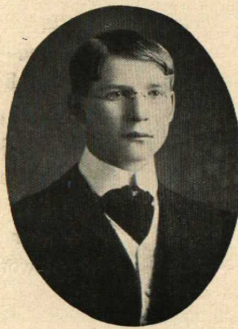
Thus ends the third and most successful year, as it ought to be. The Seniors, who have had an active part in the society since it was organized, now turn the work over to their successors and hope that they will still better it, that the interest will not decrease, and that it may ever be a leading feature of the High School work.

BARBARA BORLAND.





Beulah Blackmore, President.



Newell Hill, Secretary.



Florence N. Bryan, Director.

The High School Chorus.

THE Vassar High School Chorus was organized in January, 1904, with seventy-five pupils enrolled. Miss Beulah Blackmore was elected President; Newell Hill, Secretary; Sarah Bierlein, Treasurer, and Smith Graves, Librarian.

The pupils have entered into the work with a zeal and enthusiasm which have been very encouraging. They have studied the compositions of many ancient and modern composers. If the interest which has been shown by members of the organization is continued, there is no reason why the Vassar High School Chorus will not be a musical and moral help to the town, and one of the best organizations of its kind in the state.

Music has held an important place in both ancient and modern education.

It is, of divine accomplishments, the most human; of human, the most divine.

It is hard to conceive of a religion, pagan or Christian, without the tribute of music. Strip mythology of the lyre and the pipe, the Hebrew's sacred feasts of harp and psaltery, the Christian cathedral of its chimes and organ, and all of the solemn chants and psalms of praise, and religion would be deprived of its main avenue of approach to the emotions. In war, no victory was won without music, either to inspire or reward the victor. Victory is an inspiration a class song or a selection from a band, to cheer on baseball or football field! In peace, David lays aside his shield for the harp.

Music was intended for the people in general. It is not

mysterious sort of something, to be comprehended by only a favored few. Of course we cannot make of everyone a great musician, but we can create a love for the art and give the pupils a good working knowledge of music.

The object of education in public schools is to give all the boys and girls an equal opportunity to develop what is in them. Pupils of great musical promise should not be compelled to choose between music on the one hand and letters and science on the other, but should find it possible, until they reach the professional stage of their education, to carry them along side by side. The claim of music with other leading subjects in the secondary school is becoming more general.

What is the purpose of teaching music in the public schools?

To create a musical atmosphere in America. The establishment of a musical environment in every home. To teach patriotism. A philosopher once said: "Let me make the songs of a nation, I care not who makes the laws." To bring beauty and happiness into the homes of the people through good music, and to teach them to express their deepest feelings in the only adequate language—in song.

With musical training in our public schools, the standard of church and popular music will be raised. Vocal music is an exercise contributory to health, and is to some degree a safeguard against those diseases which affect the breathing organs. When this is realized and the results in music are equal to the results in

other subjects, music will no longer be at the bottom of the list of subjects necessary for an education, but rather at the head of the list.

Let the children in the schools study the best and highest forms of music. If they study the poetry of Shakespeare, why should they not study the oratorios of Handel?

Music offers a substitute for literature and history in the study of its famous compositions, the biographies of distinguished composers, and the story of its development as an art.

It is the aim of musical educators to develop a national type of music, to lay the foundation for real American music. Most of our music is borrowed from other countries. Handel wrote the "Messiah" fifty years before Washington was made president of the United States. So, when the greatest composer the world has ever seen was closing his career, our nation had not made a beginning in artistic music; but already students from Europe are coming to America to attend its large and well equipped conservatories.

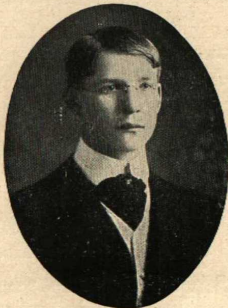
With our youths and maidens trained to understand, appreciate and love good music, we should rapidly approach the time when, throughout our land, our homes shall be homes of refinement, love and happiness; our communities composed of peaceful, law abiding citizens, and the nation an ideal one.

FLORENCE N. BRYAN, Director.

ATHLETICS.

FOOT BALL.

Members of the Team.



Newell Hill, Manager.

Ernest Loss, C.
Will Ross, R. G.
Jim Dunham, R. T.
Cass Selden, R. E.
Tom Atkins, R. H.

Frank Taylor, L. G.
Herman Heinlein, L. T.
Newell Hill, L. E.
Dan Atkins, L. H.
W. S. Lister, F. B.

Glenn Stephen, Q.

Substitutes—Earl Cottrell, Arthur McDonald, and John Enos.



Tom Atkins, Captain.

THE world-famed and scientific sport known as football was introduced into the athletic games played by the boys of the Vassar High School about five years ago. The first team was composed mostly of the boys in the class of '01, and for two years they won many victories; but after this large class had graduated there seemed to be almost nothing left from which to make a football eleven, so that there was but one game played from that time until the class of '04 was in its senior year.

About the middle of September, 1903, Superintendent Lister called a meeting of all the young men in the High School, and at this meeting the officers of the football team were elected for the

season. Tom Atkins was made Captain, and Newell Hill, Manager. Then came two weeks of such training and signal practice as only football players can comprehend. We practiced during that time and also throughout the whole season, sometimes when it rained, if necessary, nearly every night after school about two hours, winding up the time by running at least one-half mile sometimes two miles with all the clothing that a football player is obliged to carry.

On the second day of October, which was the last day of the county fair, we arranged with Caro to play our first game. Owing to the unexpected kindness of the county fair society we were permitted, after much trouble on our part, to pass the play-



THE PIG-SKIN PUSHERS.

Photo by Knowles.

of both teams to the fair grounds free of all charge, providing they did not come too early. We were satisfied with this because all the boys were very enthusiastic over the first game. We secured a small amount of money by taking up a collection among the bystanders, who composed nearly two-thirds the entire number on the grounds, in spite of the fact that interesting horse races were in progress at the time. The Caro boys came down with the intention of winning the day, as the last game played between the teams of the same schools had proved an easy victory for Caro. The game was called about 3 o'clock, and Vassar made the first kick-off. Caro got the ball within twenty-five yards of their own goal and advanced it several yards before they were held for downs, when the ball changed, and Vassar soon had their first score on a touchdown, to the delight of all the patriotic citizens present, and shouts were heard which must have awakened memories of a time when Vassar was famous for its baseball players. This was not the only score that Vassar made, but four times was the pigskin forced over the opponents' goal line, once being dropped, so that the would-be touchdown became a touch-back. Counting the goal which was kicked, the game closed with a score of 16 to 0, and for the first time in several years Vassar had defeated Caro in a good, fair game, which was played by the best men which the high schools could produce.

Marlette was presented as the next victim, and with great faith in our ability as football players, we visited that town on the tenth of October. We arrived in the village before noon, but not wishing to make a display of ourselves before the game was won, we stayed quietly in the hotel until about time for the game to be called. Then donning our suits, which presented a remarkable contrast to Marlette's complete new suits of shining canvas, we marched in a body to the grounds and without unnecessary noise entered into the game with all the spirit which could be mustered, from memories of our former victory and the encouraging words of our coach. We played hard, securing the ball on

both the first and second kick-offs which we made, and convinced Marlette that we knew a thing or two about playing football by amazing them with a score of 21 to 5.

Marlette was not ready to give up then, but wished for a return game, which we gave them at Vassar, October 24. Owing to considerable hard luck on our part, we succeeded in defeating them after a hard struggle by center smashes in the latter part of the game, by a score of 10 to 6. In this game Marlette saw fit to play the best material they could muster from far and near, irrespective of their connection with any school whatever.

Saginaw, hearing that Vassar had a football team, though they would like to arrange for a game with us, mostly for what practice they would receive from it. On the last day of October we met at our field on the fair grounds and played the hardest game of the season, which resulted in our first defeat with a score of 5 to 0. This was the first game in which any dispute had arisen, and at one time, had it not been for the large crowd which had assembled to watch the game, we would have withdrawn from the field rather than agree to the unfair decision made by the Saginaw referee, which favored his home team.

We next accepted a challenge from Bay City and left on the morning of November 6, arriving in Bay City early in the afternoon, but to the surprise of the Bay City team when they saw the size of our men caused us to be informed that there would be no football game that day. Nothing could induce the manager of the Bay City boys to bring out his team, so we were compelled to return home, paying our own expenses, with the game forfeited to us at the usual score of 6 to 0.

The weather in November was not favorable to football playing, so it was given up. Perhaps the most successful season in the athletics that the Vassar High School had known came to an end when we returned from Bay City, November 6.

WILL ROS



BASE BALL TEAM.

Photo by Knowles.

BASE BALL.

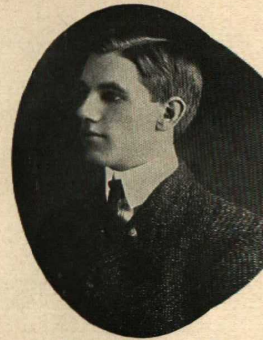


Will Ross, Manager.

Members of Team.

Frank Taylor, C.
Dan Atkins, P.
Will Ross, 1 B.
Arthur McDonald, 2 B.
Tom Atkins, 3 B.

Herman Heinlein, C. F.
Laurence Ellis, L. F.
Earl Cottrell, R. F.
Glenn Stephen, S. S.
Cass Selden, L. F.

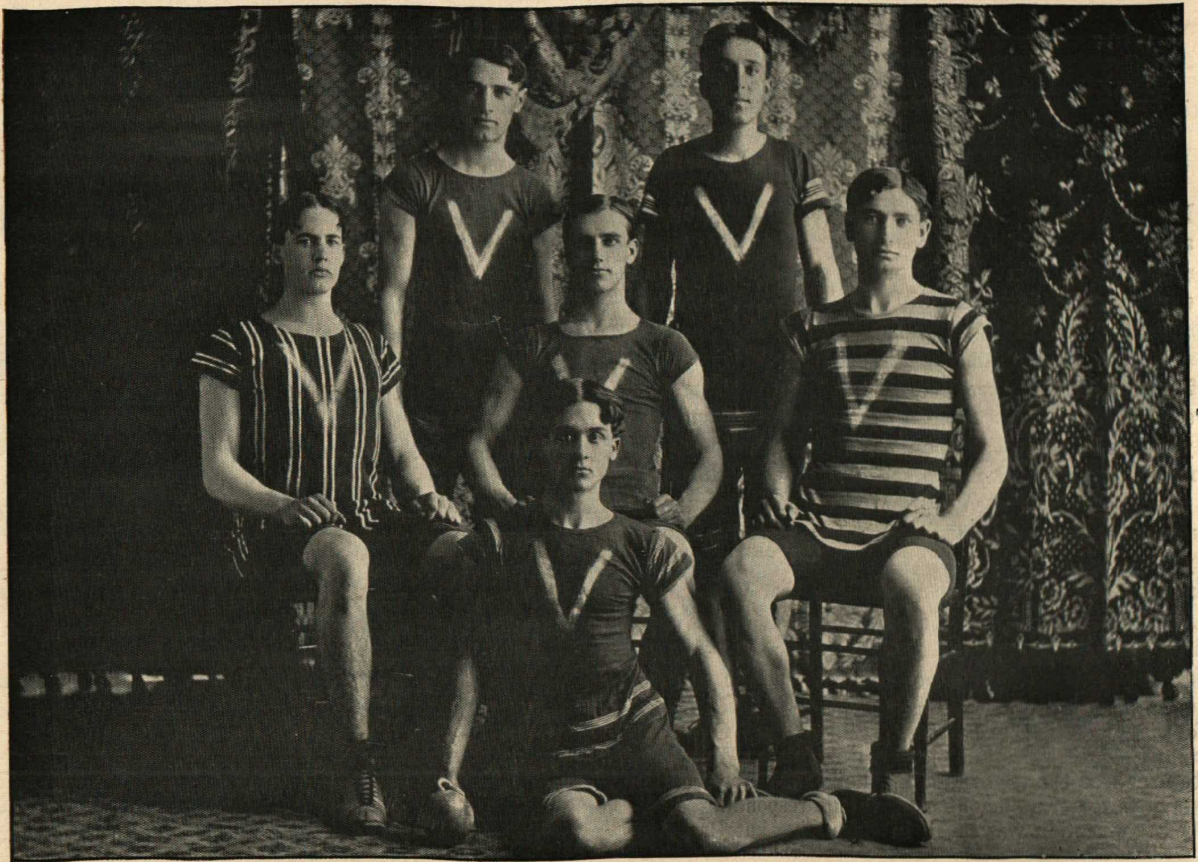


Tom Atkins, Captain.

OUR High School Base Ball Team has not proven to be as successful as expected this year. At the beginning of the season Will Ross was elected manager and Tom Atkins captain. There seemed to be prospects for a good team, but the backward season and not having any ball field prevented the boys from practicing. The first game was played with Caro High School May 7 at Caro. The score was 10 to 5 in favor of Caro. Our team having made several poor plays in the first inning, Caro ran seven scores, but after that the game was very close. On the following Saturday, May 14, another game was

played with Caro High School at Vassar. There were a great many errors on both sides, but our team came out victors with a score of 23 to 16. Since then no games have been played; but we believe that if the team had had more training it would have been one of the most successful ball teams in the Thumb. It is hoped by next season a team will be started, and that there may be more time for practice as well as a good place provided for the holding of games.

GLENN H. STEPHENSON



TRACK TEAM.

Photo by Knowles.

Literary Department.

THE GOLD MEDAL.

“M H, DEAR, what shall we do?” sighed Alice Benson one stormy winter afternoon.

“I don't know. We've done everything I can think of,” said Jack, discontentedly.

“Let's go to grandma's room,” said Beatrice, the peacemaker. “She'll tell us a story if we ask her nicely.”

“All right,” they chorused, and baby Paul echoed “All right,” as they started up the stairs.

They loved to stay in “grandma's room.” The old-fashioned furniture and the cabinets filled with treasures of by-gone days brought many reminiscences of grandma's girlhood.

“You ask her, Beatrice,” Jack had said as they ascended the stairs. So as they entered the room Beatrice said, “Grandma, will you tell us a story? We're lonesome and can't think of anything to do.”

“Yes, deary, I will tell you a story; but what shall I tell you about?” she asked. She thought a moment, then continued, “I will let one of you choose something from this cabinet, and then I'll tell you about it. We will let little Paul pick first.”

So Paul was led to the cabinet, and as his fingers roved over the little keepsakes a bright gold medal, tied with a faded blue ribbon, attracted his attention and he pulled it out.

“Now, grandma, your story,” they cried, as Paul climbed upon grandma's lap.

“This will be a story which I am afraid it will be rather difficult for you to understand, especially the little ones,” she began; “but I will try to make it clear to all. The older ones who have studied history know about the Revolutionary war—how our thirteen colonies fought and gained their independence from Great Britain. That cannot be explained to the little ones, so I will say that it was a time when there was war between our United States and England, another country. My mother, your great-grandmother, was then a girl of sixteen. This medal belonged to her. She lived near Medford, but at this time she was visiting a friend, Cynthia Mathews, in Boston. Here the British soldiers were encamped, and as it was only a month after the battle of Lexington, the times were very troublous. One evening she was returning from an errand across the commons, when passing near a house, which she knew to be the British headquarters, she heard the name Medford mentioned. Some power—something irresistible held her there. When she regained her senses she started for home. Flying into her friend's room, she exclaimed, “I've got to go home—tonight.”

“Go home tonight! Why, child, what is the matter? Are you sick?” her friend asked.

“No, I am not sick. I meant what I said. I must go home tonight.” Then she told how, when she was crossing the commons, as she neared the headquarters of the British, she had heard them discussing the strength of Medford. The Americans had

ammunitions and provisions stored there, and to gain these would be a good exploit for the British. They had planned to march to Medford and at sunrise surprise the town. "I must go and warn them," she said. "It is my duty." In vain her friends entreated her to wait till morning. There were no railroads or even stages then, so mother saddled a horse and rode away through the gathering darkness. It was a long, lonesome ride for a girl of sixteen to make, alone and at night; but goaded on by the thought of the peril or her home and loved ones, she urged her horse onward. Higher and higher the moon rose in the sky. But at last the twelve miles were covered, and upon the next hill she saw her home. She rode to the door and, arousing her father, told him of the plans of the British. My story is nearly finished. Grandmother, your great-great-grandmother, put mother to bed while her father warned the town and they prepared for the coming conflict. At sunrise the British were defeated and driven back to Boston. At the close of the war Congress voted this medal to mother as a reward for her bravery. Years ago she gave it to me and now it is one of my most treasured keepsakes."

When grandma had finished her story it was dark and time for the children to go to bed. As they thanked her she said, "The next time you ask for a story perhaps I can think of one more interesting than this has been. Good-night now and pleasant dreams."

EDNA STEWART.

EXAMINATIONS.

O the long and dreary schooldays!
O the long and weary lessons!
Ever harder, harder, harder.
Study we as helpless martyrs,
Ever longer, longer, longer
Are the lessons now assigned us;
Lessons past our understanding,
Studied o'er and o'er but vainly.
Happy is the brilliant student
Who in everything advances;
By his constant, earnest labor,
He has mastered every subject,
By his wisdom and attention,
Won the hearts of all his teachers,
By his slyness and deception
Gets 100 in department.
But the pupils who are playful,
O how weary, O how wretched!
O the torture that awaits them,
O the work that is before them;
All the world seems drear and lonely,
Every heart with grief is heavy,
Every brain from dread is weary,
And the hopes that once shone brightly,
One by one are now abandoned.
Into the mind of one poor sophomore
Steals the thought of what is coming,
Of the few weeks ere vacation,
Filled with work to overflowing,
Work that's been so long neglected.

As if in a dream he stands there,
Silent stands in meditation.
Looks with haggard eyes and hollow
At the volumes scattered round him,
Till a dismal lamentation
Breaks the almost death-like silence.
Up he springs as one demented,
Seizes book in wildest frenzy.
Sits down at his desk in anguish.
Through the midnight hours he sits there,
Sits there pouring o'er his volumes,
O'er his long-neglected lessons;
In that bitter hour of anguish,
Cries he with his face uplifted,
"Give me help, O powers above us,
Give me strength to bear my burdens,
Strength for these examinations."
Thus the days pass and the sophomore
Studies hard and ever harder
As the crisis still approaches.
O the long examinations!
O the hard examinations!
Ever longer, harder, fiercer
At the end of each semester.
Ever cruel and more hated
Are they when they're unexpected.
Now they're hovering closely o'er us,
Lowering darkly round about us;
Hardly from our thumb-worn volumes
Dare we grant our eyes to wander;
Through our papers and our notebooks
Vainly search we for assistance,

Search for help in our affliction;
Search for points but never find them;
See but misery for the future,
For the near approaching future;
Sigh but cannot speak for sadness,
Trembling wait our teacher's pleasure.
O the hard examinations!
O the multitudes of problems!
O the never-ending history!
O the anguish of the scholars!
O the unrelenting teachers!
All the class is now disheartened!
All the air around us whispers,
Whispers of examinations,
Till the very stars in heaven
Look like zeros on our papers,
Till our thoughts are in confusion
And our brains with pain are aching,
And our bursting hearts within us
Seem resounding with its echo.
But at last the peaceful dawning
Of the long expected morning
Brings the dread anticipation
To a vivid realization.
Happy and exultant faces
Wear the students who have prospered,
In the weary search for knowledge
Have been patient and successful.
But that wretched, stupid pupil
Who has spent his time in dreaming,
Sees his prospects ever darkening,
Sees his fate is swiftly nearing.

As the teacher writes the questions
Glances he around the schoolroom,
Sees his classmates take their pencils
And begin the work before them;
He alone is idly looking,
Gazing blankly at the blackboard,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.
Of the questions now before him
Knows he positively nothing;
Still at times a vague idea
Creeps into his troubled fancies,
And he wonders, thinks, and ponders
On some statement half remembered.
Then a new idea strikes him.
He will peep into his text book:
Casts a fearful glance around him
Ere he dares his book to open;
But the teacher's eyes are on him,
Watching like an angry tiger
Ready to spring at any moment
Upon this hopeless, helpless victim.
Thus the days succeed each other
Till the final test is ended;
Soon an anxious faced procession
Marches slowly to the teacher,
Eager now to know their standings.
As they come back to the schoolroom
One can tell by each expression
Who has failed and who succeeded.
All but one have learned their standings.
Long he waited, long he lingered,

Ever wondering, dreading, fearing,
But at last can wait no longer,
Goes at last before the teacher
Solemnly as to the judgment.
Waits to hear the awful sentence.
Stands there trembling, freezing, burning
At the look she casts upon him,
At the fearful words she utters:
Fifty-five your average standing.
Through the hall and down the stairway
Rushes forth the maddened student;
Not a moment stops or tarries
Till his lonely room he reaches;
Throws himself upon his pallet,
Sobbing out his awful anguish,
Makes a solemn vow to Heaven,
To be good and learn his lessons
In the land of the Hereafter;
Kingdom of uncertain morrows
In the dim and distant future.

BESSIE GRIFFITH.

ADDISON AND SWIFT: A SIMILE AND A COMPARISON.

Two seeds were planted in one garden soil,
Two seeds of genius, by the Gardener,
To see what kind of fruit each would bring forth:
Both sprang to verdure, in a warm spring day,
And spread their tender leaflets to the sun.
One grew and flourished, with what nourishment
It of itself, drew from the earth and air.

And overreached its limited confines,
Casting a grateful shade from burning suns.
And ever were its cooling green leaves sought
To soothe and heal the wounds of mortal men.
The other, nurtured carefully the while
Seemed dwarfed and crippled, and refused to grow:
But when its place was sown to other seeds,
Then, moved by pride and envy, it put forth
A bright array of sharp-edged, sword-like leaves:
And tender vines that clung to it for support
Were bruised and cut by its unfeeling blades

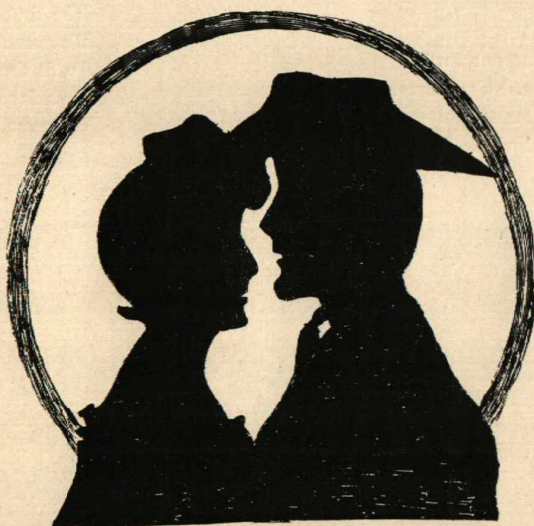
But still, though scorned and shunned by all its kind,
It yet fulfilled a mission here on earth:
For it purged the soil of poisonous qualities,
And left it pure and fertile, when the frost
Entered its veins and blighted its frail life.
The first had long ago come to ripe age,
Blossomed, withered, and died, and was cut down
To fit the soil for others of its sort.
Thus far did each accomplish, and well pleased
The ever kind and watchful Gardener.

BETSY HUSTED.



To School or Not to School, That is the Question.

The Phunny End.



Miss Bristol in class—" Mr. Selden, What does smacking suggest?"

HIGH SCHOOL CALENDAR.

Sept. 7—Renewing old acquaintances.
 Sept. 8—Work begins in earnest.
 Sept. 30-Oct. 2—Tuscola County Fair.
 Sept. 31—Small attendance.
 Oct. 2—Victory over Caro in foot-ball, 16-0.
 Oct. 10—Another victory for foot-ball team over Marlette, 21-5.
 Oct. 21—Noon—Boys' coats scented with Limberger.
 Oct. 22—Girls' coats get worse dose.
 Oct. 24—Foot-ball boys score another victory.
 Oct. 29—Foot-ball team defeated by Saginaw, 5-0.
 Oct. 30—Mysterious nightly visit, followed by dire confusion among books and silent piano.
 Nov. 3—Another victory over Bay City, 6-0.
 Nov. 22-23—Thanksgiving vacation.
 Dec. 20—Reproduction of Funeral of Julius Caesar by Eng. Lit. Class.
 Dec. 24-Jan. 4—Christmas holidays.
 Jan. 4—Electric lights put in. Arrival of Miss Bryan—wondrous strains of melody issuing from High School building ever since.
 Jan. 5—Serenade by rats in Laboratory.
 Jan. 6—Mr. Rat captured; his music hushed.
 Jan. 11—Most orderly seniors take front seats.
 Jan. 28-29—Semester Exams.
 Feb. 14—Celebrated by the Grades. Junior Valentine Social.
 Mar. 2—Bryan talks to the School.

Mar. 18—Teachers and Seniors entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Lister.
 Mar. 25—Framing of Art. I, Sec. I, of High School Rules.
 April 1—Practical jokes.
 April 26—Pattengill lectures for benefit of Juniors.
 May 14—Baseball team whips Caro.
 May 10—Chorus changed to evening.
 June —Seniors very oratorical.
 June 19—Baccalaureate address.
 June 22-23—Commencement.
 June 23—Reception.
 June 24—Good-bye to High School.



An Amateur "Bawl" Team.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

Ione S.—No, it is not proper for young girls of eighteen to go walking or riding with a young man unless accompanied by a chaperon.

Beulah B.—(a) Same as for Ione S. (b) It is very improper to use coarse, rough paper as note-paper.

Mr. Stephen—Yes, a shirt waist trimmed as you suggested would be very nice.

Miss Willsey—I should not recommend the use of much powder; it ruins the complexion. Talcum powder is, however, the best that I know.

Dora L., Bell H.—Girls of your age and size should not wear long skirts.

Melvin L.—Yes, growing boys require lots of sleep.

Allie H.—A receipt for "Angel's Food" will be sent to you on receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Lauranc E.—It is not gentlemanly to eat more than four ice cream sodas at once.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

What did Cora Will Say?

Answer—Who knows where Melvin Lew Is?

Do you know what Cass Sel Done?

No, but I know what Betsy Hus Did!

Why was Lorn Dick Out?

Why did Mary Mc Fail?

What on earth does Edna Read?

Who knows how Cass Cull Is?

What made Ora Gaunt?

How much did Lewis Garner?

Whom does Earl Hate?

How much can Isaac Carry.

What did Carrie Write?

How much is Chester Owin'?

Why did Jim Beach 'er?

What does Anna Hunt?



"I am going out of business. That High School Chorus is too much for me.

RULES.

1. The Superintendent shall be absolute monarch.
2. School shall be in session from 1:30 a. m. to 3:30 a. m. and from 3:30 p. m. to 1:30 a. m.
3. Students shall have freedom of building during both sessions.
4. Foreign students need pay no tuition.
5. Pupils in dealing with instructors shall not get angry nor brutal, but shall use moral suasion.
6. Teachers are required to walk quietly through the halls and not run nor talk aloud.
7. No student in High School shall carry more than fourteen studies or two boxes of matches, unless unusual ability is shown.
8. No student shall refresh himself with a drink at the fountain except with written permit from Superintendent, countersigned by President of Board of Education, and then only when application has been made the day before.
9. Pupils shall report to the janitor any misdemeanors of the Superintendent or other teachers.
10. To prevent the sound waves from cracking the plaster in the assembly room teachers are not allowed to talk aloud.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

- "Fast asleep? It is no matter."—Chester Owen.
"Often have you heard that told."—Class Belle.
"Silence is more eloquent than words."—Hattie Goodman.
"What is the end of study? Let me know."—Ione Swan.
"Ye immortal gods, where in the world are we?"—Freshmen (first day).
"Better be out of the world than out of fashion."—Glenn Stephen
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."—Cass Selden.
"I am tipsy with laughter."—Senior Class.
"We advise by the bucket, but take it by the grain."—Faculty.
"Feed me 'till I want no more (fudge)."—Cass Selden.
"A mighty and ponderous tread had she."—Bertha Graves.
"I never felt the kiss of love or maiden's hand in mine."—Gibbins Walker.
"From his forehead fell his tresses, smooth and parted like a woman's."—Isaac Carey.
"And the light of heaven she came from still lingered and gleamed in her hair."—Ruby Randall.
"The girls all say I am a rare jewel."—John Enos.
"Low and sweet was his voice like a (?)."—Alanson Hobart.
"He has a gait like a shuffling nag."—Melvin Lewis.
"Let us have peace."—Class President.
"Pretty is, as pretty does."—Barbara Borland.
"And they were wondrous wise."—"Bored" of Editors.
"Idle dreams, I know not what they mean."—Erma Boyd.

"Tom, Tom, the merchant's son,
Stole the pigskin and away he run."—Tom Atkins.

"There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone;
But the best of all meters
Is to 'meet her' alone."—Dan Atkins.

"Most of the great men have been diminutive in stature."—
Stilson Ashe.

"They are winding up the watch of their wit; by and by it
will strike."—Joke Editors.

"There will a worse come in her place."—Anna Skelley.

"Wise from the top of his head up."—Newell Hill.

"Doing nothing with a great deal of skill."—Laurence Ellis.

"Silent as night is, and as deep."—Gibbins Walker.

"For life, not for school we learn."—Seniors.

"Better to wear out than to rust out."—Cass Cullis.

"One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common
sense to apply it."—Juniors.

"Be silent or say something better than silence."—Effie
Brainerd.

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that
is the stuff life is made of."—Mr. Lister.

"It is not good for man to be alone."—Cass Cullis.

"Man delights not me."—Betsy Husted.

"Better late than never."—Margerie Smith.

"Patronize advertisers."—Everybody.

"It takes the Irish to beat the Dutch."—Pat Ross.

"The farmers are the founders of civilization."—Herman
Heinlein.

"Gentle in manner, mild in reproof, earnest in conversation,
sincere in purpose and withal a good friend and companion."—
Miss Hurst.

"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like golden fleece."—
Lillias Parker.

"Press on, a better fate awaits thee."—Freshmen.

"Beneath the formal garb there beats a soul as warm, as
friendly, as true and kind as one could hope to find in this dark
vale of tears."—Chester Owen.

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."—Melvin
Lewis.

"For good work and reliable goods patronize those who
advertise in the Echo."—The Manager.

"Wouldst thou drown thyself? Put a little water in a
spoon."—Freshmen.

The most virtuous gentle woman that ever nature had praise
for creating."—Gertie Hemingway.

LOST COLUMN.

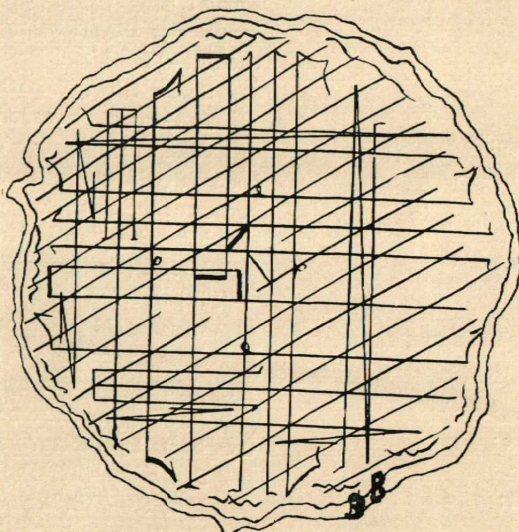
Lost—A fine megaphone.—Caro, May 14, '04.

Lost—Championship of the Thumb.—Marlette.

Lost—A chord.—The piano.

Lost—The key while drilling chorus.—Florence Bryan.

Lost—Leather bag containing a string, a piece of chalk and
a pencil.—Will Wilson.



Cross Section of Senior Girl's Brain.

If you cannot at first see what has been the most prominent thing in this young lady's mind during the year, hold the book level with the eyes and slowly rotate it to the left.

HIGH SCHOOL ALPHABET.

A is for Atkins, two bashful young boys.
B is for Beulah, with a face full of joys.
C is for Cass, who ne'er does wrong:
D is for Dora, a lover of song.
E is for Edna, who ne'er looks at a lad,
F is for Fred, so blithsome and glad.
G is for Glenn, who always looks "blue;"
H is for Hattie, who wears a small (?) shoe.
I am the author, by mischief known;
J is for Jessie, who speaks a mild tone.
K is for Kirk, fond of books (so they say);
L is for Lister, who has his own way.
M is for Melvin, a soldier so brave;
N is for Newell, who looks very grave.
O is oft used when we wish to exclaim,
P for Public, who must not complain.
Q is for Quizz, which drives us frantic;
R is for Ross, who cuts quite an antic.
S is for Skelly, whose values are great;
T is for Tom, who has a great gait.
U are the reader, whom we pity, alas!
V is for Vassar, which none can surpass.
W for Walker, not yet in his teens;
X for the unknown who pried off the screens.
Y for the young 'uns, asleep all the time;
Z is for Zu Zu at the grocer's, half-dime.

"HEARD IN THE CLASS ROOM."

Miss Mac.—"Give the first axiom."

Miss K.—"If equals—oh, equals, equals—um—equals, equals equals!!"

Senior Boy (Reading His Eng. Lit. (?) in the Lab.)—Excitedly!—"He kissed her again!!"

Senior Girl (Sympathetically)—"How touching!!!"
In German Class-room.

Class are translating German. Senior boy who has evidently been out with the boys the night previous lies slumbering in the corner of the seat.

Miss B.—"Mr. L., translate please."

Mr. L. (slowly opening his eyes and glancing over his book)—"I'll pass!!"

In same old class room. . .

Class approaching a difficult passage to translate. Senior girl translating preceding passage.

Mr. L. (in undertone to his seat-mate)—"I'll bet dollars to doughnuts I get that next translation."

Seat-mate—"I'll take you, and raise you one better."

Miss B.—"Mr. L. you may——"

Mr. L. (aside)—"When I do I don't see" (has a nose-bleed (?) and leaves the room.

While at school the other day one of our little Freshmen boys swallowed a pen, but his mother gave him something and that made it right.

"It isn't so much what a man says, but how he says it."—Miss Bristol. (How do you know, Miss B.?)



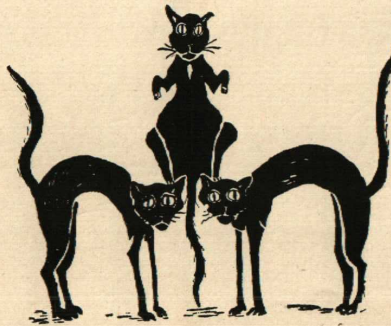
Senior Boy taking orders for the "Echo:"

"Oh me! Oh my! They do say Daniel Webster was once a book agent. I wonder if he had such blooming luck as I have had. I wonder too if there is a dog at that house over yonder."

WANT COLUMN.

Wanted—A nice tailor maid man.—IONE SWAN.
Wanted—Help on geometry.—LORENA SMITH.
Wanted—A position as voice cultivator on a farm.—EFFIE
BRAINERD.
Wanted—A good cleaning.—THE CLOCK.
Wanted—A gracious manner.—ALTA BLAYLOCK.
Wanted—An absolute monarchy.—MISS WILLSEY.

Wanted—A cradle.—FRESHMEN.
Wanted—A bow wow.—BEULAH BLACKMORE.
Wanted—A comb.—GUY GIBB.
Wanted—Bright idea.—EDITORS.
Wanted—Messenger to carry dispatches from Columbia to
brow of the hill.—SELDEN'S LAW OFFICE.
Wanted—A Holliday.—LAURENCE ELLIS.
Wanted—An industrious pupil.—MISS BRISTOL.



TAIL PIECE

Manager's Announcement.

I desire to call your farther attention to the following pages of advertisements. You will find as fine a list of advertisers represented as is to be found in any city. I bespeak for them your patronage. They have helped in a large measure to make this publication possible. I desire to thank them, each one, for the courteous treatment accorded us, and the generous response they have made to our solicitation for contracts.

Very respectfully,

CASS G. SELDEN, Manager.