



Souvenir 1911

*Though lost to sight to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain;
One only hope my heart can cheer
The hope to meet again.*

My Dear Pupil:

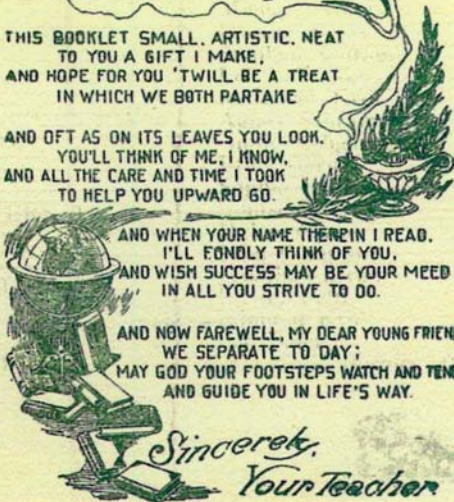
THIS BOOKLET SMALL, ARTISTIC, NEAT
TO YOU A GIFT I MAKE,
AND HOPE FOR YOU 'T WILL BE A TREAT
IN WHICH WE BOTH PARTAKE

AND OFT AS ON ITS LEAVES YOU LOOK,
YOU'LL THINK OF ME, I KNOW,
AND ALL THE CARE AND TIME I TOOK
TO HELP YOU UPWARD GO.

AND WHEN YOUR NAME THEREIN I READ,
I'LL FONDLY THINK OF YOU,
AND WISH SUCCESS MAY BE YOUR MEED
IN ALL YOU STRIVE TO DO.

AND NOW FAREWELL, MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,
WE SEPARATE TO DAY;
MAY GOD YOUR FOOTSTEPS WATCH AND TEND,
AND GUIDE YOU IN LIFE'S WAY.

*Sincerely,
Your Teacher*



MULLET LAKE
PUBLIC SCHOOL

District No. 2



Inverness Twp., Cheboygan Co.,
Michigan



Mrs. O. H. POWERS, Teacher



School Board

William Payne

Cyrus Wait

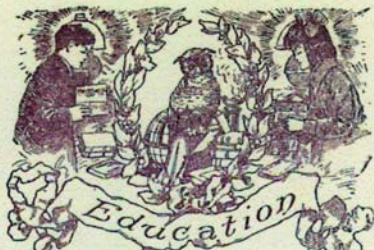
Adam Baier

Irene Compton
Michael Kolatski
George Spray
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Leo Lebanske
Margaret Krol
Agnes Schram
Annie Lebanske
Ethel Gerue
Sophia Krol
Louise Stead
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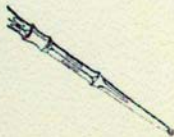
Bernice Bothwell





If we work upon marble
it will perish:
if we work upon brass,
time will efface it.
if we rear temples,
they will crumble into dust:
but if we work upon immortal minds,
if we imbue them with principles,
with a just fear of God,
and love of our fellow-men,
we engrave on these tablets
something which will brighten
to all eternity.


WEBSTER






A traveler through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea.
And one took root, and sprouted up
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time
To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, at heat of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs:
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.






Life is what we make it

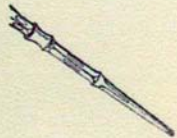


Let's oftener talk of noble deeds
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh
And when grief sleeps to wake it,
Bright happiness is standing by,
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men
Or be believers in it—
A light there is in any soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all
And we perchance may wake it.
Our hands contain the magic wand:
This life is what we make it.



Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it.
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.



Light

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the setting sun

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done

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