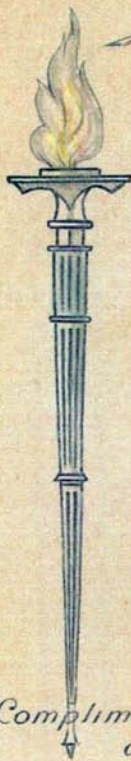


School Souvenir



LEARNING BY STUDY

MUST BE WON.

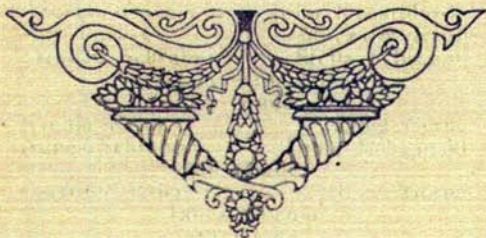


*Compliments
of Your Teacher*





In memory of days spent
together in the school-
room, this token is pre-
sented with the compliments of
YOUR TEACHER



MULLET LAKE
PUBLIC SCHOOL

District No. 2

Inverness Twp., Cheboygan Co., Mich

MARIE LE GAULT, Teacher

PUPILS

1st Grade

May Barber	Catherine Payne
Celia Noskey	Freddie Noskey

Frank Barber

2nd Grade

Mike Kolatski	Sophia Kolatski
Sophia Schramm	William Payne
Frances Brovage	Dayton Parry

3rd Grade

Inez Parry	Mildred Parry
Dewey Marquette	Bertha Gerue
Agnes Kroll	George Spray
Willie Jewette	Irene Compton
John Brovage	George Stead

John Kolastki

4th Grade

George Brovage	John Kwiathkoski
Ray Barber	Margaret Kroll
Stephen Schramm	Stella Schramm

Mary Kolatski

6th Grade

Sophia Kroll	Ethel Gerue
Agnes Schramm	Annie Lebganski

7th Grade

Gertrude Baier	Helen Gerue
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Louis Slocum

8th Grade

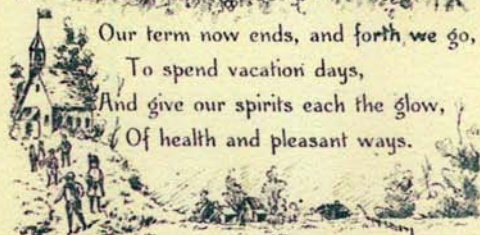
Bernice Bothwell	Leo Baier
Harvey Barber	Tillie Kroll
Eva Schramm	Ida Guerber
Frederick Guerber	John Compton

Wm. Payne, Director

Adam Baier, Modr.

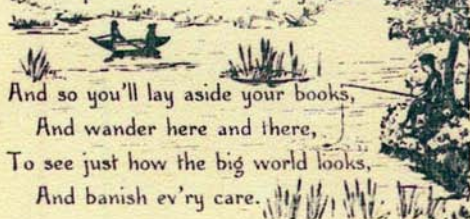
Cyrus Wait, Treas.

Close of School



Our term now ends, and forth we go,
To spend vacation days,
And give our spirits each the glow,
Of health and pleasant ways.

A little pastime now and then
Is relished, so they say,
By girls and boys and best of men,
To spend in their own way.



And so you'll lay aside your books,
And wander here and there,
To see just how the big world looks,
And banish ev'ry care.

And now a word, a parting word,
Before we separate;
I hope your minds will all be spurr'd,
The best to emulate.

My deepest thanks, my warmest love,
To all my girls and boys;
I fondly wish where'er you rove
No harm will mar your joys.

You'll think of me sometimes, I know,
And I'll remember you;
Our thoughts reciprocal will flow,
Our good times we'll review.

And when the bell again shall sound,
To summon you all here,
Oh! then we'll meet in merry round,
In happiness and cheer.

Your Teacher.



TRUE WORTH

Judge not a man by the coat he wears,
Or a woman by her gown;
But judge them each by the life they live,
In the country or the town.

For many a fabric, costly, fine,
Doth cover a selfish heart;
And many a garment, old and plain
Is of sacrifice a part.

There's many a soul both brave and true,
In a robe of spotless white;
We see it not, for the body hides
The treasure out of sight.

Then slight no soul that is true and strong,
Judge no one by his wealth;
Lest you do a pure heart cruel wrong,
And dwarf your noble self.



And now farewell! the day declines,
The sun is on the wane,
The shadows fall, the curtain drops,
We break our school days chain.