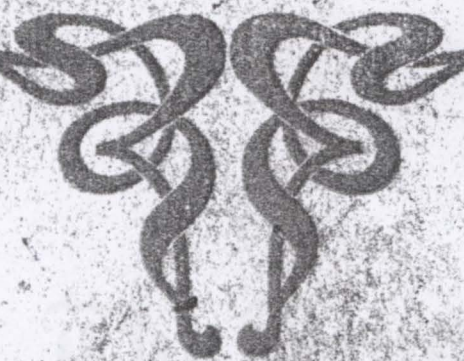


Annual

nineteen and eleven



The Echo

Published by

The Class of 1911

Portsmouth High School

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TO
Mr. Walter D. Gilliland, B. S.,
WITH THE AFFECTION AND APPRECIATION
OF
The Class of 1911

To the Members of the Senior Class



To the Members of the Senior Class

I WISH for each of you a full measure of all things that make life worth while — an ambition that will tax your energy to its capacity, a wisdom that will enable you to choose early that service which you are best fitted to render, and a concentration of strength, and devotion to duty, that will insure achievement: enough defeat to keep you humble, enough sorrow to make you sympathetic, enough opposition to develop your ability, and enough friends to temper disappointment and keep strong your faith in mankind.

May you have the power to earn and use well all the good things you desire, and may your every hope reach its full fruition in the substantial satisfactions of life.

W. L. Leland



Editorial Board

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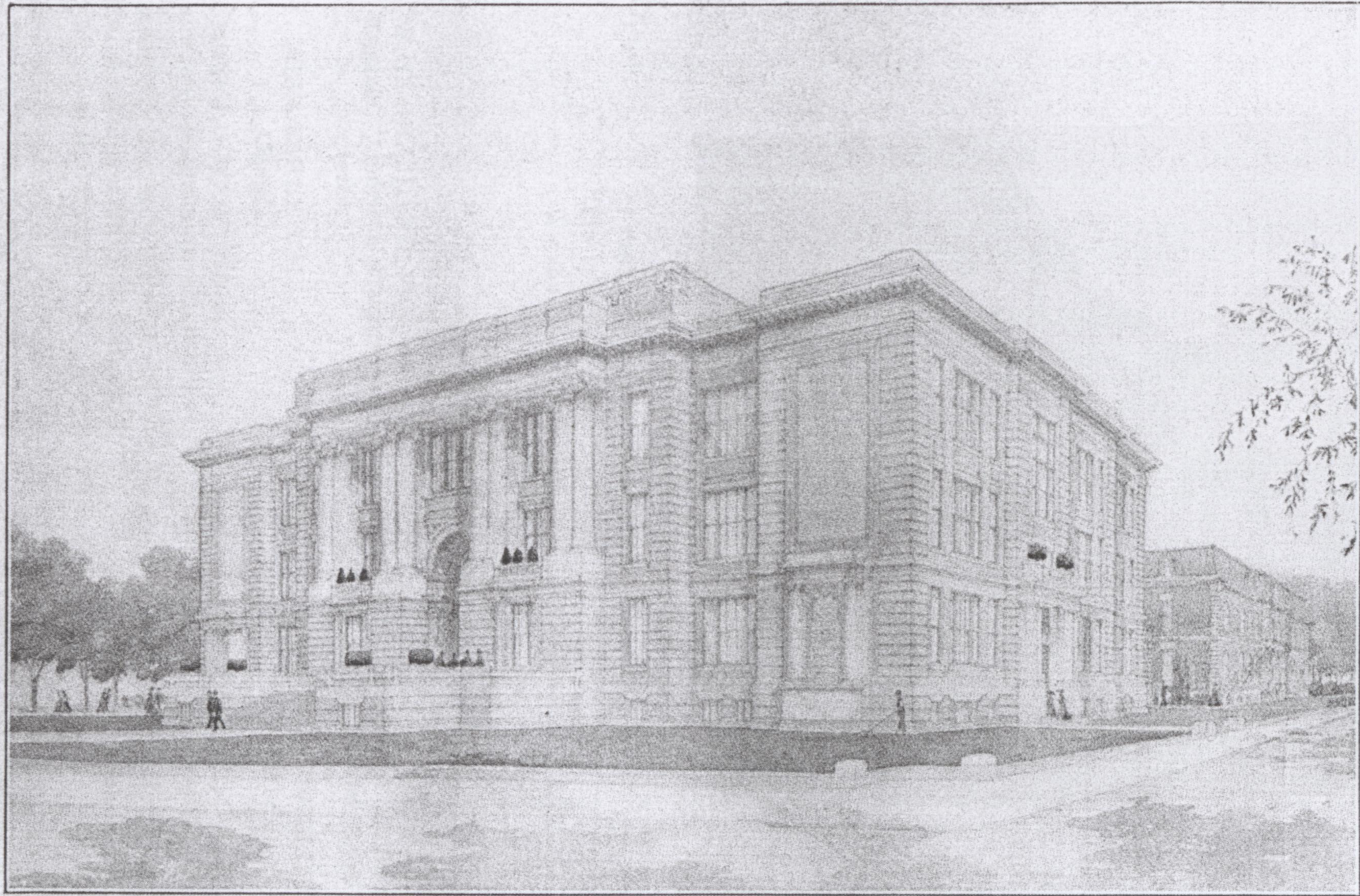
THIS Annual, like all other annuals, has required a vast amount of work on the part of the Editorial Board, and not a little sacrifice. We do not come before the public with any apology, for we have done our best, and the public is generous. As Seniors, we have followed the time-honored custom of editing the last number of THE ECHO. In this work, as well as in all our connections with the school, our first aim has been to live up to our motto, "Noblesse oblige." Some words of earnestness or even of wisdom may have found their way into these pages; some information may be read here: but our purpose has been to sing a gay song, to tell a pleasant story, to make our readers laugh with us over our happy school days, and to strengthen the bond of interest between the public and dear old P. H. S.

THE Editorial Board makes public acknowledgment of the help received from the students of P. H. S. It is impossible to thank them individually; so let any one who contributed to the various sections of this Annual, who helped by typewriting, or who furnished artistic cuts, consider himself personally thanked.

THE ECHO has completed another successful year. Its success, both from a literary and a financial standpoint, has been unparalleled, for many new difficulties presented themselves which threatened its very existence. We feel that it is fitting, in behalf of the High School, to express here, our appreciation

of the excellent work done by THE ECHO staff: Reuben Horchow, Managing Editor, ably assisted by Louis Brown, Louise Bothwell, James Pearce, Hazel Atlas, Joseph Horchow, Lena Hauck, and Earl Brand.

MANY things have contributed to make this Annual successful, but nothing has been of greater benefit than the liberality of the business firms and professional men who have taken advertising space. We appreciate their kindness and thank them for their assistance, without which it would have been impossible to enlarge the last number of THE ECHO and to make it unusually attractive with its many cuts and other innovations.



THE NEW PORTSMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL.



MR. FRANK APPEL, Superintendent.
"Frank" by name, and "frank" by nature.
"He is a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

The Faculty

MR. W. D. GILLILAND, Principal.
Senior English, American History, and
Civics.

MISS EMILY BALL,
Algebra.

MISS LUCY W. HALL,
Junior and Sophomore English.

MISS EMMA M. CRAMER,
Commercial Geography, Physical Geography,
and Botany.

MISS MARGARET T. RICKER,
General History and Latin.

MISS ELIZABETH DICE,
Beginning Latin and German.

MR. J. D. CREVELING,
Chemistry, Physics, and Geometry.

MR. J. F. YENNER,
Advanced Stenography, Commercial Arith-
metic, and Advanced Book-keeping.

MRS. RUBY WILLIAMS,
LATIN.

MR. JOSEPH I. TAGGART,
Geometry and Physical Geography.

MISS PEARL HADSALL McKERRIHAN,
Freshman and Sophomore English.

MR. C. P. GARTEN,
Typewriting and Beginning Stenography.

MR. W. B. ROBE,
Manual Training.

MISS HARRIET SCARFF,
Music Director.

Class of 1911



MARGARET KATHERINE APPEL.

"Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is!"



IRMA MARY BAUER.

"But I am constant as the northern star."



ARTHUR KARL BEUMLER.

"I'll warrant him heart whole."



HARRY JOHN BRANDEL.

"A starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest."



LAURA MARIA BRAUNLIN.

“With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck devoid of sense,
A stupid monument motionless she stood.”



OSCAR FRANKLIN BROWN.

“We grant although he has much wit,
He is rather shy of using it.”



LOUIS CECIL BROWN.

“When I ope my lips, let no dog bark.”



JOHN BURT.

“Facts are stubborn things.”



CLIFFORD COOPER CHINN.

"'Tis he, 'tis he, I know him now,
I know him by the color of his hair."



THOMAS BISHOP CURREY.

"Here rills of oily eloquence in soft meanders
lubricates the course they take."



ARTHUR JAY COPELAND.

"There's a world of meaning in his sidelong
glance."



FLORENCE BLAIR CRAWFORD.

"Throw Physics to the dogs: I'll none of it."



EDNA RICHARD RACHAEL DAWSON.

"She gives a shy glance, and looks down —
beware!"



MARGARET ETHEL DOERR.

"Hail, Independence, hail!"



BEULAH MAY EASON.

"But I love you, sir;
And when a woman says she loves a man,
The man must hear her though he love her not."



LOUISE EGBERT.

"With a smile that was child-like and bland."



LYDIA ELIZABETH GIESLER.

"Oh, the little bird sang east,
And the little bird sang west."



CARL HERMAN GRAF.

"A man that blushes is not quite a brute."



EDNA LEE HERMANN.

"I am resolved to grow fat and look young
till forty."



HELEN MILLER HOSZ.

"With downcast eyes and modest grace."



ARTHUR DELLERT LYNN.

"It is easy for men to write and talk like philosophers; but to act with wisdom, there is the rub."



MARGUERITE MAHONEY.

"Deep streams flow quietly."



MARY STUART MCGREGOR.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor than silver and gold."



GENEVIEVE EMMA MONTAVON.

"If she will do't, she will,
And there's an end on't;
But if she won't, she won't,
You may depend on't."



ROBERT SAMUEL PADAN.

"Mischief, thou art afoot."



MARY LOUISE PURDUM.

"Silence has many advantages."



CLARA FORREST ROWE.

"You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes."



RALPH AGNEW PEEL.

"And still the wonder grew
That one small head could hold all that he knew."



ELSIE BEATRICE SMITH.

"What's in a name?"



JANE LILLIAN THOMAS.

"How hard it is for woman to keep counsel!"



SUSAN MILDRED THOMAS.

"She's pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."



LEIGH WATKINS.

"Let me play the fool."



JAMES AARON WOOD.

"He's awfully good, he does all that he should,
And nothing a little boy shouldn't."



EMILIE WILHELM.

"Hear me, for I will speak."



CHARLES LOUIS ZULL.

"One may smile and smile,
And be a villain still."



Colors—Green and White.
Flower—White rose.
Motto—"Noblesse Oblige."

Yell: It's a hummer, it's a comer, with a rah, rah, rah!
It's a clipper, it's a dandy, with a biff, boom, bah!
Ki, yi, rip, zip, fa, mi re! 1911 is all O. K.

History of the Class of 1911

IN the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seven, on the third day of September, a great host, an hundred strong, darkened the doors of the Portsmouth High School. What meant this great invading army, and who were they? To set the minds of the readers at ease, they were "only Freshmen," the class of 1911. In their bosoms swelled a lofty resolve to conquer. The historian remembers well the awful anxiety griping the hearts and minds of this class when the momentous day arrived. To speak plainly, they were "scared." There they stood in groups trying to appear unconcerned, talking perhaps of the weather or about the beautiful architecture of the H. S. sanctum.

When the first bell resounded, they rushed pell-mell up the stairs to the assembly hall, where they were assigned seats on the east side of the room, for the convenience of the upper-classmen, who thus could better "view them with a critic's eye."

After opening exercises, the Freshies were assigned to four sections, so that there might be a more expeditious handling of the raw material. They were then left to work out, unaided, the mysteries of the schedule. And the morning and the afternoon were the first day.

For a while, the stream of life flowed evenly, with scarcely a ripple on its surface. Then came the excitement of class organization. Officers were selected, class colors of black and orange were chosen, and the class was started out with stock at par. Its honorable president was David E. Gardner. Peace to his memory! "Dee" led the Freshmen through a successful, though not a brilliant year, the class achieving, however, distinction in one particular, the championship of the Base Ball League.

The following September, the doors of P. H. S. opened to us once more. For convenience, the historian will now assume the editorial "we." No longer were we the meek and cringing creatures of the year before, but we took on strange dignity as Sophomores. How arrogantly we strutted around before the admiring gaze of our successors! With what condescension we explained the mysteries of H. S. life to them! Re-organization soon followed, and "Dee" Gardner was honored with a second term of office. At Xmas time, we had a program and a passing party in Miss Ball's room. February 12th we honored the one hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birthday, and held interesting exercises in Miss Hall's room. Later in the year, the boys attracted attention to themselves by donning small black caps, the size of a postage stamp, and adorned with orange letters, '11. Of course, the members of the class attended the debate between Chillicothe and Portsmouth. Near the close of the year came our first party, held at the home of Gladys Blair, and enjoyed immensely, for the young heart delights in pleasure. Our noble base ball heroes again took the championship. Then came the last day of the school year, bringing its vision of Junior joys.

After a refreshing vacation, school started with a rush. In the election of class officers, regular political tactics were used, and the political "boss" was not absent. The "boss's" ticket was defeated in every particular, and Thomas B. Currey became president. As early as Hallowe'en night, we indulged in a party and dance at Seel's hall. Some jealous and base-minded Sophomores captured several of our brethren and forcibly detained them in Selby's garage. Then these bandits added insult to insult by boldly

escorting "our girls" to the place of merriment! When the \$150,000 bond issue became a live one, how we did work for its successful outcome! Even the girls added to the campaign fund by chancing off a pennant. It was on this occasion, no doubt, that the ambition to be Suffragettes first stirred their souls. After this event came a few months of calm, and then the storm broke, figuratively speaking. Much excitement prevailed when the class colors were changed to green and white. In the spring, recurred the triangular debate engaged in by Circleville, Chillicothe, and Portsmouth. Among the negative contingent were three from the class of 1911—Thomas Currey, Genevieve Montavon, and Louis Brown. The next important event was the Junior-Senior banquet, yet extolled in student circles. As a return favor, the Seniors entertained us at Crichton's Inn, and proved royal hosts. As a fitting close to our Junior year, according to custom we decorated the Opera House where Commencement exercises were held.

September 6, 1910 dawned. How exhilarating it felt to be a Senior! Now at last was the culmination of the hopes of three years! With few exceptions all the familiar faces were seen on opening day. Studies were taken up, (by some—sad to

relate!—of dire necessity) with renewed vigor and greater zeal. An election was held, at which Arthur Lynn was chosen president. And an ideal president he is! A Hallowe'en party at the home of Margaret Appel filled the cup of pleasure to the brim.

As Seniors, school life assumed for us a more serious aspect. Early, we began to plan for Class Day and Commencement. At the time of writing, frequent rehearsals are in progress for the class play, "The Village Postoffice," a play chosen for fun and not for culture. The Senior's number of THE ECHO will soon be in the hands of the printer. The crowning social event of the year was the Junior-Senior banquet. How the historian longs at this point for "the pen of a ready writer"! No words of his can picture the elegance and the hospitality of the occasion.

May 1, 1911 is here, and our history is almost ended. The closing chapter must remain unwritten by us. As we stand on the threshold of a new life, we look to greater things, by us to be achieved. With this thought, we bid our readers "Farewell," and say "Farewell to Portsmouth High."

ARTHUR BEUMLER '11.

The Strange Visitor

NELL, Jane, and Marjorie were three young girls home on their first vacation, after having spent the past months at college. They were playmates when little, and had grown up to be a set of jolly girls, always looking for a good time.

Owing to the absence of Jane's parents, she asked the other two girls to spend the night with her. This invitation was readily accepted. After spending the evening in a most enjoyable manner, at a late hour they began making preparations

for bed. Jane's apartments, consisted of two small rooms, between which was an arch-way. Two long, heavy, green curtains hung in the opening. When they had retired, they lay awake, laughing and talking, each telling some of the interesting things that had taken place at school. As Marjorie was in the midst of a description of their victorious flag rush, Nell gave an unearthly yell and screamed at the top of her voice,

"Oh, girls! Look standing in the door!"

There in the arch-way between the curtains stood a ghost. Yes, it was a sure enough ghost. The long, white flowing sheet was plainly seen against the dark background. It was not an hallucination; for there it stood occasionally moving from side to side. For a moment silence reigned. Then an intense fear seized them, and all sorts of terrible thoughts raced through their minds.

"Oh! I'm too frightened to breathe," said Jane.

"I just know that's an evil omen meant for me, because I refused to do something for mother today," exclaimed Nell.

"Well of all things! Who's afraid of a ghost?" said Marjorie. "They're nothing."

"Well, if you're so brave, go over and touch it," exclaimed Jane, half sobbing.

It was not until after a great deal of talking back and forth, that Marjorie was persuaded to get up and approach this ghastly creature. Very slowly and carefully she moved across the room, her fear increasing with every step. Just as she stretched forth her hand to touch it, it swung to one side and disappeared behind the curtain.

"Oh!" she cried.

Too frightened to look back, she quickly hurried to the bed, shuddering to think of what had just happened.

"I'm scared to death," she finally managed to say.

"Thought you weren't afraid," exclaimed Nell.

There they were, too much frightened to move and wondering what would happen next. Nothing further appeared, and after much discussion they fell asleep.

Conversation regarding the experience of the night before was the all-absorbing topic at the breakfast table next morning.

"What do you suppose that could have been last night?" asked Jane.

"And why on earth did it come here?" said Marjorie.

By this time Nell was laughing out loud.

"Oh! you silly little geese!" she exclaimed. "That was I."

"You!" cried both.

"No, not just exactly I, but one of the jokes that a girl at school played upon some of us freshmen," she said.

She explained to them, how she had taken a sheet and had tied it upon a coat hanger, and how after the lights had been turned out, she quietly slipped up and hung it on the curtain pole. She had a string fastened to it, and when Marjorie went to touch it, she pulled the string, which caused the figure to go behind the curtain. Marjorie was too badly frightened to look behind the curtain, or she might have seen it hanging there. By this time, Marjorie and Jane began to see the funny side of the prank and laughed at the foolish remarks they had made during the scare. They declared that Nell had learned one thing while away at school if nothing else, namely, how to play a good joke on others.

IRMA BAUER '11.

Roy Larsen's First Sea Adventure

ONE fine morning in August, in the year 17....., a small boat could be seen leaving the wharf at Boston and taking a course in the direction of a large sailing vessel, lying calmly at anchor about a half of a mile away. In the boat

were two persons, one a boy of seventeen years of age, and the other a man of forty-five with a decided air of the sailor about him. The boy was talking in excited and eager tones, for he was just going on his first trip to sea.

Twenty-two

Roy Larsen had always wished to be a sailor and the captain of a ship, as his father had been. It was not long until his first wish was gratified. One day, an old sailor came to visit them. Tom Grey was his name, and he had been first mate on Captain Larsen's ship, and was well acquainted with his family. Roy, especially, was a great favorite with him. The result of his visit was, that after much persuasion on his part and much hesitation on Roy's mother's part, the boy was permitted to pack his clothes and start out for Boston to sail on the Venus for India.

It was these two who were rowing from the shore in the boat. In a few minutes, they drew alongside the ship and were lifted on board.

The Venus, a neat ship of about five hundred tons, seemed very large to Roy. He took great interest in watching the sailors get the vessel ready to sail. They were like ants running hither and thither, intent only on what they were doing and unmindful of others.

In a few hours the ship was ready to sail. The anchors were lifted, the sails were hoisted, and the ship, like some lazy whale, started out on her long voyage across the sea. Roy, watching the fast receding shore, felt a feeling of homesickness pass over him as the shore faded from view; and he could hardly keep the tears from his eyes. But he soon forgot his misery in viewing the strange things around him. In all directions, as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but a seemingly endless expanse of water. Now and then a whale or a shark could be seen, and occasionally a ship bound for America.

For days the weather was clear, while a strong wind sent the ship through the water at a fast rate. Several times they passed in sight of land, and the sailors pointed out many places of note, which in-

terested him very much; but no stops were made.

Thus, several days were passed, with only the usual experiences of the sea happening. Then one day, the weather began to change. As the sky was clear, to a person unacquainted with the sea, nothing out of the ordinary could be seen; but often a sailor would look at the sky and then turn away with an ominous shake of his head.

Late in the afternoon, clouds began to rise on the horizon. With not a breath of air stirring, the sails were hanging useless. By night, the sky had become overcast with clouds, and the wind was beginning to rise. It blew through the rigging of the ship with a low moaning sound, bringing with it the first signs of rain. Low down on the horizon, a cloud, black as night, was rolling up, and the forked lightning flashed across the sky. The wind began to blow hard, forcing the ship through the water with great speed. A roaring sound was heard in the distance. Suddenly, one of the sailors pointed to the west, and all turned their eyes in that direction, to behold a sight enough to curdle one's blood. The black cloud was approaching very fast, while under it a long white streak could be seen. All the sailors knew the danger. The sails were immediately unfurled, the ship was prepared to meet the storm as best she could, and then all waited in silence for the storm to strike. With a roar and a crash, the storm was on them, threatening to knock the ship to pieces. The ship shuddered and stopped with a suddenness that sent everyone sprawling. It seemed for a second that she would sink, but she quickly righted herself and began tearing through the water at a terrific rate.

Suddenly, it was reported that the ship had sprung a leak. The pumps were started, and it was soon found out that the leak was very large and was steadily

widening. Everything seemed lost. The boats were immediately lowered only to be swamped, drowning everyone in them. All at once, a huge wave dashed over the deck, sweeping everything with it. Roy feeling himself rushed along felt something strike him with great violence, and then he lost consciousness.

When he awoke, the sun was shining brightly. The wind had almost died down, although the waves were still high. He owed his life to the fact that he had become entangled in some ropes lying in his path. The ship had not sunk as was expected, but the deck was lying at a sharp angle, which forbade anyone's walking on it. Roy was alone, all the others having been swept overboard. He was very thirsty. The sun was shining down on him with great heat. Looking out over the sea, he could see nothing but the fins of the man-eating sharks that followed the ship. He shuddered as he saw them moving through the water, waiting patiently for their intended prey. When he arose to look for water, he could find none fit to drink, though the ship was filled with water to within a few feet of the deck. His body shook with fear as with the palsy.

The long hot day was passed without a single drop of water to quench his thirst or a bite of food to stay the gnawing in his stomach. He could not tell which way the ship was going, nor did he care much. His thirst was driving him almost crazy, and the occasional sight of a shark made him tremble with fear. He wished then that he was safe at home where he could get a drink of cool spring water, and where there were no sharks. He was troubled with horrid dreams in his sleep of sharks and of other monsters; and once he dreamed he was riding on a shark's back into Boston harbor.

He awoke with a great thirst. His clothes were damp from the dew, and ner-

vously he began to tear off strips from them and to suck them. From a large tarpaulin moist with dew, he relieved his thirst greatly. Looking over the sides of the deck, he saw a few shell fish sticking to the wreck. He began to gather these, but was interrupted by the sharks rushing toward him with their sharp fins cutting the water and their ravenous jaws distended. The old fear overtaking him, he nearly fell overboard. With a beating heart he crawled back to the deck, where he lay motionless for several hours, fearing that the sight of the sharks would drive him crazy. After a while, he tied a rope to a post and then around his body, and again went to gather the food. Though sharks appeared this time, he was not afraid of them, as the rope would not let him fall. With the shell-fish he satisfied his hunger, but he was again overcome by thirst. He knew that the dew had all evaporated in the sun. Nevertheless, he chewed and sucked at the tarpaulin. That night he spread his tarpaulin so that it would catch the dew or possibly rain. To his delight, a small shower did fall during the night, and he succeeded in catching about a gallon of water. He drank as much as he could, and then he hunted in vain for something to put the water in. The best he could do was to tie it up in the tarpaulin, where some leaked through, some evaporated, and the rest was spoiled by insects.

Then followed days during which he could find very little to eat or drink. The sky obscured by a haze kept back the dew; and as it was the dry time of the year, no rain fell. He became so emaciated and was so weak that he could hardly move. He knew now that his only hope lay in being picked up by a ship. He took his shirt from his back and hung it upon a pole for a signal. Then he began the struggle to keep life in his body as long as possible. He often thought how easy it

would be to roll overboard where the sharks would soon end his misery; but life is sweet to all, and this fact kept him from taking the fatal step.

One day he was looking toward the east, when he thought he saw smoke. Being very weak, he imagined it to be only a mist gathering over his eyes, which soon would be closed in death. But the mist grew plainer and plainer, and slowly the outline of a ship came into view. Trembling, he grabbed his signal and waved it above his head until he sank down from sheer exhaustion. Soon he heard a gun boom out, and he then knew that his signal had been seen. Faintly, he saw a

boat approaching and heard men talking; then nature conquered and he swooned.

When he came to, he was conscious of someone feeling his pulse and talking. He thought he heard the man say that he would pull through, and then he passed into a deep sleep. In a few days, his strength returned to him sufficiently to enable him to move about a little. He learned that fortunately the ship was bound for Boston. In a few weeks it came to anchor in Boston harbor. That night as Roy Larson was seated in his own home, he resolved never again to tempt the dangers of the unconquerable deep.

CLIFFORD CHINN '11.

Prophecy, '11

THE day after graduation was warm; yes, it was more than that—it was stifling. It was one of those days when sleep seems the best and most delicious luxury there is. But I should not sleep—I had something to do in the afternoon. Finally, the solution occurred to me. It was to take a walk into the Kentucky hills just across the river, to arouse my latent energy. The weather became warmer; my walking made me still warmer; but I discovered a quiet little nook, a place where I could rest just for a moment or two. I lay down and soon fell asleep.

* * * * *

They told me afterwards that I was a second Rip Van Winkle—that I had slept ten years. But I could not realize it at the time. One day, my eyes slowly opened, and I lay there for five minutes before I made a move. It seemed as if I had been out of the world for a number of years, yet I felt no physical discomfort on account of it. I put my hand to my chin, and drew it away in astonishment. I had a patriarchal beard over twenty inches long. When I arose, something dropped from me to the ground. I look-

ed again and found that my clothes had decayed. But I was born under a lucky star. Close at hand was a barrel. I proceeded to surround myself with this convenient costume and walked down the road.

On the way, I met a man who looked familiar. With the exception of a mustache and some black-rimmed spectacles, he resembled Tom Currey, of old. He was astonished at my strange appearance, and stopped me. During the conversation which followed, we each became aware of the identity of the other. He kindly agreed to go across the river and get me an outfit of clothing. The city had grown wonderfully. Then I saw Currey coming across the huge steel bridge which spanned the Ohio. Soon I looked a little more presentable and we sat and chatted about old times. Before bidding good-bye, he invited me to the great revival then taking place and being conducted by Rev. Louis Brown, an evangelist, resembling "Billy" Sunday, who held a series of meetings long ago in 1911.

As I went into the building, I was met by the usher-in-chief, Arthur Beumler.

He had married and was the fond parent of seven children. Soon the meeting began. Chorister Tom Currey was leading the choir. Then he sang a solo entitled, "There's Not a Friend like the Charming Clara." The man playing the piano looked familiar. After several glances I recognized Arthur Lynn. Another delightful solo was rendered by one of the ladies of the party, Mrs. Lydia G——, entitled, "No, Not One—But Four." Maybe it had some reference to her husbands. Then Louis Brown, D. D., stepped to the pulpit and talked about the grievous sin of dancing.

After this pleasing sermon, I went to my hotel, which, by the way, was owned by Gilbert Waite. Probably, that was why I had to wait so long for my meals. Being tired, I picked up the first book I found on the table. It was "Foolish Questions and Absurd Answers," by Mrs. Laura B. Guggenschlocker. Mrs. Laura B. G——, etc., developed into a second Mark Twain. Shortly after graduation, she married a German business man of the aforesaid name.

Then I picked up the evening paper. In great headlines was displayed, "Gilliland Is Elected." As I remembered, in our old Civics class, Mr. Gilliland talked about running for President of the United States, and I was glad to see his dreams come true. Another item was that the Sciotoville Weekly Dispatch Company had gone bankrupt. This paper was published by the husbands of two '11 girls, Irma Bauer having married a newspaper man, and Edna Dawson, a printer. The chief reporter for the paper was Louis Zull. Such news made me sad indeed. Then I turned to an article which said that war with China was inevitable and that General James Wood had been placed in charge.

Next I noticed an advertisement of Brown & Brandel's great circus. "Hay"

was the business manager, and "Os" held the title of "Chief Barker through the Megaphone." The strange part about this circus was the side show. Here, Cary Williams was the Caucasian Giant; Arthur Copeland was the dwarf; Helen Hosz took the part of the fat lady; while Edna Herman was the living skeleton. But when I looked at the tattooed man, I was horrified. Was that Jamie Williams disfigured in that way? But he told me in confidence that he wore a rubber coating, and I felt relieved. Then I looked at the bearded lady and was shocked to find it was Clara Rowe. But her beard was also a fake, as was Clifford Chinn's act of eating fire. 'Twas ever thus!

The next day I visited the new High School, which had just been completed in 1920. A lady principal, Miss Mildred Thomas, was in charge. Her chief assistant was Miss Emilie Wilhelm. Miss Ball had contracted a case of "Wanderlust" while abroad and died as a result. The other teachers had all left the High School for parts unknown except Miss Ricker who, unchanged by the ravages of time, stood at the end of the hall and watched the pupils file out. Then I went up into the astronomy room and was looking through the skylight when crash! and Ralph Peel fell on the floor. There had been an air-ship collision and Ralph had been killed. Oh, what would his twin babies do for a father now!

That evening I went to the theatre and saw a musical version of Uncle Tom's Cabin. The Tom show had been set to music and still was a general favorite. Most of the actors were members of the class of 1911 and were selected because of the ability they showed in their class play. That was why Florence Crawford was prima donna. She soared melodiously through the part of Eliza. John Burt was her husband—in the play, of course. Then appeared Robert Padan,

blackened up as Uncle Tom. Bob played his part so well that it almost made me shed tears, especially when Leigh Watkins as Simon Legree, used the whip upon Bob's back. But the surprise of the evening came when Genevieve Montavon appeared as Little Eva. After she had gone to Heaven—I mean in the play—a chorus composed in part of Margaret Appel, Ethel Doerr, Louise Egbert, Ethel McCall, Marguerite Mahoney, Mary Purdum, Elsie Smith, and Lillian Thomas sang pathetically, "My Kingdom for a Man."

There seemed to be some one missing, so the next morning I went back and talk-

ed to the manager. He said that Beulah Eason insisted so strenuously on having a part that he gave her the part of Eva's grandmother. "Why, what does Eva's grandmother do?" asked Beulah. "Oh, she dies six years before the play commences," was the reply of the smiling manager.

Well, to give you the long and short of it, as Arthur Lynn and Cary Williams would say, most of them were satisfied with their positions in life; so I bade the manager good-bye and returned to my work which I had left unfinished on that warm day of June just ten years ago.

CARL GRAF '11.

Will of the Class of 1911

*In the name of the Illustrious Minerva,
Goddess of Wisdom:*

WE, the Class of 1911, of the High School of Portsmouth, Scioto County, Ohio, do make and publish this our last Will and Testament.

Item First—We give and devise our ancient and renowned abode of learning, the Second Street School Building, to the several classes succeeding us, exhorting them to pay it all due respect and reverence. For, although it is brilliant red, and getting wobbly, it is a classic, in the true sense of the word, inasmuch as it has withstood the test of many centuries.

Item Second—We bequeath our modern and well-equipped Laboratory to all future students of Physics and Chemistry. A meter stick was once claimed to have been found in the building; but no definite proof of such discovery has been made known to us.

Item Third—To the Civics class of next year we leave the City of Portsmouth, to see that the city government is run properly.

Item Fourth—We bequeath a complete

volume of Poems, written by us, the class of 1911, to the literary department of the Public Library.

Item Five—We bequeath all our beloved little ponies to the care and protection of Mrs. Williams. We suggest that she rent them out to overworked Seniors traversing the Vergilian Road, who will pay extraordinary prices for the same.

Item Sixth—We bequeath to "Poor Richard's Almanac" all the beautiful and inspiring mottoes which adorn the walls of Miss Dice's room.

Item Seventh—We bequeath to the Freshman Class, Miss Ricker, Miss Cramer, and Miss Ball. They will be found standing in various secluded niches of the hall-way at any inopportune time.

Item Eighth—To the Juniors, we leave the penalties inflicted by Mr. Gilliland on the occasions of unprepared lessons.

Item Ninth—We bequeath to all classes following us our rather limited supply of School Spirit. We do not know exactly where it may be found, but we think it is tied up in a small blue package which is secreted in the belfry.

Item Tenth—We bequeath Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship" to the new Seniors to be theirs absolutely. We are very loathe to part with it, yet we know we place it in appreciative care where it will receive the same unbounded admiration and worship with which we cherished it.

Item Eleventh—We desire that all our just debts and expenses be paid out of our personal estate. The residue thereof, we bequeath to Professor W. D. Gilliland, with which we desire that guide-posts be

purchased and erected to show the Freshmen of 1913 the way to the new High School.

In testimony hereof we have hereunto set our hands this 8th day of May, A. D. 1911.

SENIOR CLASS.

Signed and acknowledged by the said Senior Class, as its last Will and Testament in our presence, and signed by us in its presence.

STANLEY HOPKINS,
HAROLD WALKER.



NONSENSE.

(Parodied from "Alice in Wonderland.")

"I am old," quoth the Senior, and shook his gray head,
"Tho' really I cannot quite see
Who wrote Carlyle's 'Essays'," he solemnly said,
"Was it Beulah or W. D.?"

"I have long studied Civics," he said with a sigh,
As a tear in his eye seemed to wander.
"But won't somebody tell me," was his plaintive cry,
"Pray, why does a gerry mander?"

"I am puzzled," the Senior confessed with a groan,
"And I don't like to trouble my friends,
But why," murmured he in disconsolate tone,
"Why don't a straight line have three ends?"

"Then there's Latin," said he, and a sob his breast rent,
"Say, I think it's uncommonly funny,
Did Vergilius know what all of that meant,
Or did he translate from a pony?"

"If I master these questions, I've finished my task,"
Said he quickly changing his mood.
"But lastly, there's one thing that I'd like to ask:
Will a diploma taste very good?"

FLORENCE CRAWFORD '11.

CHARACTERISTICS.

Once a Freshman was wrecked on an African coast,
Where a cannibal king held sway;
And they served up that Freshman all buttered on toast,
On the eve of that very same day.

But lo! the next day when the sun rose on high,
Not a trace of that monarch was seen,
He had died of the colic at four in the morn,
For that Freshman was dreadfully green.

Once a copper had put a Sophomore in jail,
A sad and a pitiful plight.
He wept and he wailed and he cried, "Mercy me,
I cannot stay here for the night."

So feet first he squirmed out from between the steel bars,
Till he sweat like the drops of the dew.
He almost escaped, but alas and alack!
His head was too swelled to get through.

A Junior once met his fair lady love
Underneath a horse-chestnut tree.
When he told her his love, she quickly replied,
"Don't spring that old chestnut on me."

He tried it once more with no better success.
Then fear gripped his heart; he knew he would lose;
And 'tis sad to be told, but his feet were so cold,
That icicles formed on his shoes.

Though Freshmen are green, and Sophomores swelled,
And Juniors have feet that are cold,
No Senior was ever accused of these things.
His virtues the world has extolled.

There's only one thing we can't understand.
Oh, that someone an answer would send!
We just cannot see why it always should be
We "commence" when we get to the end.

MARGUERITE MAHONEY '11.



JUNIOR CLASS.

RUSSELL McCURDY, President.

MARJORIE JENKINS, Vice-President.

HAZEL ATLAS, Secretary.

REA SELBY, Treasurer.

MISS MCKERRIHAN, Faculty Member.

Colors—Red and Gray. Flower—Red Carnation. Motto—"Truth is great and will prevail."

Class History of 1912

ON a beautiful September morning in the year of our Lord 1908, in a certain building on a certain corner of this city, an event of the greatest historical significance transpired. The building was the Portsmouth High School; the corner, North Waller and Gallia; and the event, the entrance of the Class of 1912. We doubtless presented a strange appearance. In quantity we were a hundred and thirty; in size, assorted; in wisdom, lacking; in color, green; but in quality, rare. For the sake of mutual protection, and that we might better perform our mission in the world, we banded together soon after our arrival. The red carnation was chosen for our class flower; "Truth is great, and will prevail," for our motto; and red and gray, for our class colors.

We made the usual blunders, and passed through the usual miseries which are synonyms of freshmen. We stared with childish wonder at the cadet guns which lined the hall, stumbled into the wrong rooms, repeatedly forgot our schedules, waited anxiously for the recess bell, were "called down" often, and continually got in the way of our elders. Howsoever, we were "game." We went to Chillicothe, and rooted the P. H. S. debaters until we were hoarse. We attended the football games, gazed at the muddle on the grid-iron with an intelligent air, yelled wildly when everybody else yelled, and shed tears when our brethren looked sad.

After the short furlough of the summer months, we reassembled for the second year, much the wiser for experience. Our books were no longer covered with oil-cloth, or carried carefully in bags, but were dangling from the end of a strap in the latest approved style. We glanced coldly at our newly arrived baby brother,

the "Freshmen," with just the proper shade of amusement in our eye; for were we not Sophomores? When we selected our officers, there was no dearth of motions and seconds as in the preceding year. When the football season came, we shrieked and sighed, not on another's authority, but because we thrilled, and feared, and knew.

The great Portsmouth-Circleville-Chillicothe debate was announced; and lo, from the Sophomore ranks there came forth a debater; a debater to fasten the first trophy of the Class of 1912 on the long line of the debating victories of Portsmouth High. This was also our coming-out year. The participants of our first party prophesied that our doings in the social world would never be equaled. We had learned that the place of our abode was by no means the heaven we had once thought it in our innocence. Therefore, we went in, "teeth and toenails," for the bond issue. Of course, it carried. One more feat of our Sophomore year! In March, a "Literary Society" was organized, with Mr. Wilcox as faculty director. In June, it was discontinued until our establishment in the new High School.

In September, 1910, we gathered in our temporary quarters, corner of Second and Chillicothe, to mount the third rung of the High School ladder. We were now Juniors, and quite important. That a history must be written about us is sufficient evidence of this fact; for by plain reasoning, since histories are written only about important matters, that which a history is written about is important. There has been more work and less play than hitherto. Latin has become very complicated; the careers of Bourbons and Bonapartes are certainly hard to keep straight, while the tombstones and barber-

poles of Solid Geometry are confusing, to say the least. One Junior is known of a certainty to have expressed the heinous wish that Scott's Lady had fallen into the lake, and that Julius Caesar had departed this world when cutting teeth.

Two of our knights we sent forth to the tournament on the gridiron. The Hallowe'en Party was no small item of interest. Nor has our moral side been neglected. During the Sunday campaign, over half of the Class of 1912 enrolled in the Master's school.

By far, the greatest event of the year was the Junior-Senior banquet. It occurred April 21st. The realization of this Freshie dream was no less elegant than the anticipation. We are now nearing the close of the third year of our existence. A short halt, and behold! we, the Freshmen of 1908, will be the Seniors. According to Miss Hall, the Seniors are largely responsible for whatever occurs in

the High School year. It is they who set the pace for the lower classes, and the High School is judged by their success or failure. The Class of 1912 will earnestly endeavor to give P. H. S. the best administration it has had in centuries. Why not? 'Tis true, we do not excel in quantity, but we more than make up in quality. Our good traits are too numerous to mention; the teachers all declare us the smartest class; there is no one who denies that we are the best-looking class. Safely past the friskness of the Freshmen, the vanity of the Sophomore, and the complacency of the Junior, we will enter upon the responsibilities of our crowning year with the determination to take all the laurels for the Old High on the rostrum and the gridiron, to raise the standard intellectually and morally, and to do the best that lies in us for ourselves and our fellows.

ALMA COVERTSON '12.

The Youthful Mail-Carrier

JACK CRANDON threw the mail-bag across his horse's back and fastened it to the rings in the back of his saddle. He was just starting upon his daily twenty-mile ride across the hills to the little mining camp. For three years, Jack had performed this work; carrying the mail to the camp in the morning and bringing back the return mail in the evening.

During the six years before Jack had begun the work, his father had filled the position most faithfully. But in the winter of his sixth year as carrier, during a terrific snow storm, when he had safely covered the first half of the return trip, his horse fell, breaking its rider's leg. In some manner he regained his seat in the saddle and finished the ride home; but the intense cold worked havoc upon the

wounded limb so that it never fully healed, and the splintered bones refused to knit properly. Thus, it happened that Jack, then only thirteen years of age, took his father's place, and during the three following years did not miss a trip.

It was a gloomy winter morning. The low gray clouds and rising wind predicted an addition to the soft white mantle which now covered the earth.

As Jack climbed into his seat and settled himself for the irksome ride, the door of the post-office swung open and the genial post-master appeared upon the porch. He looked sharply at the gathering clouds and then at the youthful mail-carrier.

"Looks mighty like snow, Jack," he said, "better be careful and not try to make it home tonight if the snow gets too heavy. Might go over a cliff."

Thirty-two

"Guess it's coming all right, Uncle John," Jack responded, "but I'll get through it some way. Couldn't think of missin' the Christmas doin's this evening, you know."

"Don't take too many risks," cautioned the post-master. "It was on just such a day as this that your father got his fall."

"I'm too young to get caught under a fallin' horse, but I will be mighty careful anyway," Jack concluded; and wheeling his sorrel, he rode eastward towards a towering hill in front of which the village stood.

From the road a zig-zag path climbed the hill. The path was steep and difficult to ascend at any time; but covered with snow, it was dangerous. At the foot of the hill, Jack dismounted and led the way to the top.

There, the path ran, for the most of the way, along the ridges of the hills. Since the travelers using this route were limited to pedestrians and horsemen, the path was correspondingly narrow. Much of the large timber still remained, and combined with the smaller growth, flanked the path with quite a thicket.

As Jack neared the end of his route, the snow began to fall so thick and fast that he hailed joyfully the little shack which served as post-office, store, and bulletin-board.

He started home earlier than usual that he might not be overtaken by darkness upon the road. Dick sniffed discontentedly at the heavily falling snow and then at the unusually heavy mail-bag. But the faithful animal forged ahead into the whirling snow-flakes and skillfully followed the route. Once in the woods the task became more difficult and necessarily slower.

Finally, Jack dismounted and followed the plodding horse, grasping Dick's flowing tail that they might not become separated. In this manner, he both lightened

the load upon his steed and drove away a part of the numbness which had crept upon him. Sometimes, the horse was forced from the path by the storm, but he managed to find his way back and pushed steadily ahead.

Three-fourths of the trip had been completed and only five miles remained, when a sweeping blast again turned Dick slightly from the path. Suddenly, Jack felt his fet slipping and sinking. His grasp upon Dick's tail gave way and he sank into the drifted snow. Jack struggled desperately to stay himself, but succeeded only in pulling a cloud of snow down with him. At last, he landed with a thud and lay stunned.

He came to himself with a start and looked about. Nothing was visible. He struck a match and examined his surroundings. Around him lay quite a heap of pine branches and knots. Lighting one of these, he began his explorations.

He found himself in a chasm of rock, about six feet wide and ten feet deep. The sides sloped towards each other as they rose, until, at the top, the distance across was barely three feet. The top had been covered with boughs, and pine needles were scattered over the boughs so skillfully that one might walk across the cleft without suspecting what lay beneath. From the mouth of the chasm a grape-vine hung down. Jack tested it with his weight and found it to be securely fastened.

He next turned his attention to the bottom of the den. Rocks and branches were scattered about profusely. As he proceeded farther in examining the bottom, his eyes were arrested by four white objects protruding from a pile of stones. He removed several stones and disclosed the bones of a human hand. On one of the fingers was a large band ring such as a good sized man would wear.

Cold chills chased up and down Jack's back and the perspiration stood in large

cold drops upon his forehead. It was indeed a startling discovery. The rest of the rocks concealing the skeleton were soon removed, and revealed part of the body extending into a cave. Beside the skeleton lay a revolver and a partly decayed belt and holster.

Jack dragged the grinning skeleton aside, shivering as he heard the bones rattle upon the rocks, and proceeded to examine the cave. The cave was small, barely seven feet in diameter, and was formed by the slipping of a ledge of rock. Various trinkets were scattered about the floor of the cave. Jack picked one up and examined it. It proved to be a seal such as is used to fasten the top of a money sack.

"I know now who has been here," Jack said to himself; "that's the chap who robbed the express three years ago, the day dad got his fall. That coin he stole must be around here somewheres. Wonder if I can find it?" With this conclusion he began moving the loose rocks and prodding about in the ground, wherever any earth was wedged between the rocks. At last, he succeeded in uncovering the stolen money, which had been buried in one corner of the cave.

Jack gathered the gold and silver coins into his various pockets and crawled through the opening into the outer chasm. As he again surveyed the narrow opening into the cave and the pile of rocks under which the skeleton had been buried, the mystery of the unfortunate man's death was suddenly clear to him.

"He's piled those rocks up so that the least touch from underneath would bring them down upon the person crawling through, in case any one should happen to discover his den," Jack surmised. "But I guess he came out in too big a hurry and sprung his own trap."

The next thing to be considered was a means of escape. Glancing about the

sides, Jack spied the dangling grape-vine. Its mission was clear to him now. To climb out with its assistance was but a small task; and in case the chasm was discovered, no suspicion would be aroused, as would be by a rope.

Jack drew himself up the grapevine hand over hand, and soon stood upon the snow without. The storm had slackened considerably during the time he had been in the cleft, and it was now easy to follow the route home. He wasted no time, and set out briskly towards the village.

At last, he reached the top of the hill along whose side ran the zig-zag path. Holding his pockets as best he could, he walked, slid, and rolled down the hill to the highway. When Jack stood at last upon the road, most likely he would have been mistaken for Santa himself, had any of those who should have been slumbering peacefully in bed, so violated the laws that govern the Yule tide as to look from the window.

At home he found his parents anxiously awaiting his return. "I did not know but what you had tried to out-do me, son," his father said, after Jack had assured them he was uninjured except for a few bruises sustained in his fall into the pit. "Your horse went on to the office and some of the men brought him up here."

"In a little while I'll go down and tell them that I made it home," and then Jack proceeded to narrate his adventure. It is needless to say with what surprise his parents listened to the story and with what joy they heard of the recovery of the money.

The money was duly delivered to the proper authorities and the reward for its recovery paid Jack. "I earned it," he commented, when the reward was delivered to him, "dragging that hideous pack of bones away. Whew! I can feel the cold chills now when I think of it."

FRED THOMAS '12.

OUR SCORE KEEPERS.

OUR Score Keepers, the teachers! We toast them,
For never on earth would we roast them;
No, never, if grades are not written in red,
Or a "U" doesn't dangle just over our head.

The first is dignified W. D.
The sternest and wisest of all is he.
He has been known to *smile*, but no jokes on earth beguile
A really, truly *laugh* from W. D.

And then there's our dear Mr. Taggart!
I tell you, my friends, he's no braggart,
He's a dismal sort of chap, likes tomb-stones and such claptrap;
And he's rather fond of "pi," is Mr. Taggart.

Miss Dice's heart has one cherished plan,
Which we help her carry out as best we can.
It's to have a model class, where the pupils always pass,
And never whisper, nor a pony scan.

Mr. Creveling, a learned man is he,
He is versed in all the lore of chemistry;
But what if some day he, just absent-mindedly,
Would drink for H_2O some NH_3 !

Miss Ball's a firm believer in that proverb you've all heard,
That the worm is always gotten by the very early bird;
And about five minutes of eight, she gets in a dreadful state
If the distant steps of Hugh have not been heard.

Mr. Garten is really a gardener, you see.
His product is students in Typewriting D;
And no matter what weather, in sunshine or snow,
He's ready with *green* stuff, if you just say so.

Miss Ricker guards the hall with watchful eye,
No whispering goes on when she is by,
She doesn't approve this levity; and where Miss Ricker couldn't be
Miss Cramer wouldn't dream of going nigh.

Next comes Mrs. Williams, whose greatest desire
Is to make of all ponies a blazing bonfire.
So you'd better not use 'em, for you surely will lose 'em,
And she'll rain on your poor head her terrible ire.

Mr. Yenner tells us how to keep our books,
And says we ought to balance "gives" and "tooks,"
So we try; but by and by, to the store we have to fly
To get some scales to balance those old books.

Miss Mac is one of our teachers new;
She's an awful heart-smasher, if rumors are true.
The boys would go miles, to win one of her smiles,
And a glance from her eyes so blue.

Then last, but not least, is Miss Hall.
She's a fan, if there is one at all;
She'd root every day if she had her own way,
For our High School as well as base ball.

Then here's to our teachers, we give them a toast;
That they're the best teachers we've got is our boast;
We wish them good fortunes and pleasures a host.
To our score-keepers, the teachers, a toast!

MARJORIE JENKINS '12.

Modern Novels

ALTHOUGH the stream of literature is constantly being flooded by thousands of novels each year, yet in hardly a case is there any real literary merit in them.

The reasons for this condition can be plainly seen. First of all is the fact that the average modern author possesses no real genius, but writes merely for the money thus to be gained. He has not the diction of Poe, the style of Hawthorne, the descriptive powers of Cooper, the humor of Irving, nor any of the traits of the great authors. In order to secure popularity, the author selects plots of transient interest; and consequently, his book cannot stand the test of time which is necessary for a novel to become standard. Another reason for the inferiority of the modern novel is that the author exerts no real effort to make his style good and expends all his effort on developing the plot. Hawthorne, our great romancer, spent an infinite amount of pains in the develop-

ment of the chapter describing Judge Pyncheon's death in "The House of the Seven Gables." Hence it is, that this chapter is considered one of the best in American literature. Our modern authors might profit by his example. The last reason is that the characters of the modern novel are not real, but they are of the "dime novel" type and are not of the type which become household characters as Dickens's have become. From these reasons it is easily seen why the modern novel is inferior to the novels of preceding times.

Yet the fault is not entirely the author's. It lies to a great degree with the public. The public demands something that is novel and sensational and the author meets the demand. This literature sometimes takes the form of the degrading problem novel, and as a result, the more degrading problem play.

The great amount of novel reading at the present time is not only unbeneficial,

but is positively injurious to the mind; since, by reading so much "trash," the mind is spoiled for all real literature. The average American will read and enjoy such books as "The Man on the Box" and

"The Brass Bowl," while his Cooper, Irving, Longfellow, and Poe lie dusty and moth-eaten on his library shelves.

MARGARET LEGLER '12.



"Stand, Bayard, stand! The steed obeyed
With arching neck and bending head,
And glancing eye and quivering ear,
As if he loved his lord to hear."

—*"The Lady of the Lake."*

David Roberts's Fight for Success

IT was indeed a stupendous enterprise. As James McDonald stood on the bluff over-looking the cut, it seemed to be a feat of engineering that could end in but one thing—failure. As he turned to the young engineer, David Roberts, who had just been graduated, he said, with the brusque manner by which he was known to his business associates, "Young man, I think you have brought me on a wild goose chase. I will admit that your plan seemed plausible as you explained it to me in my office at New York; but upon looking over the ground, it seems the very essence of foolishness to sink such an enormous amount of money in this enterprise."

David Roberts, upon leaving the engineering school, had spent several weeks in the Rocky Mountains. While there, he thought he saw an opportunity to run a railroad directly over the Rocky Mountains, and by utilizing a deep, natural cut and by a little blasting and cutting a short tunnel, to shorten the Northern Pacific lines by at least two hundred miles and also to save them much upgrade hauling. He at once cut short his vacation and started for New York.

There, he sought the office of James McDonald, the president of the road, to whom he explained his proposed cut-off. As the extra haul had long been an eyesore to this ever-alert financier, he was at once keenly interested, and the following day they left New York on the president's special car for the little town of Pueblo, Colorado.

There, they secured horses and went to inspect the ground. It was on the bluff over-looking the cut where the foregoing conversation took place. Roberts at some length explained in detail how they could utilize a natural shelf, and by blasting away some over-hanging rocks and by

making a tunnel could shorten the road. McDonald was cautious; and as it would mean an outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars, he naturally hesitated; but after hearing the details, he seemed to grow more optimistic. As Roberts was confident that his plan was practical, he went to a great length to get the financier to give him an opportunity to try; for he knew that if he succeeded in this undertaking, his success as an engineer would be assured. At last, he succeeded in getting McDonald to say that he would call a meeting of the directors and lay the matter before them, as he did not care to take the risk upon his own responsibility.

So they journeyed back to Pueblo, where Roberts was to wait until he received a telegram from New York, which would let him know whether to start to work or whether the directors of the road decided not to try such a large undertaking.

With mixed feelings, he waited three weeks at Pueblo, haunting the telegraph offices, until at last he received the telegram. Feverishly tearing it open, he eagerly read the words which meant either the blasting of his hopes as an engineer or unparalleled success. The telegram was brief and to the point: "Directors give consent; start work at once."

The following morning, he telegraphed home for his instruments, made up a plan of action, sent in an order for four hundred men, and then started out again to look over the ground to decide just how to begin operations. The following week, there came car-load after car-load of men and tools with which to begin the work. At the very outset, his luck seemed to be against him; for he made an enemy of the construction boss because of a trifle; and although innocent of blame, he found it impossible to regain his good will.

Pat O'Brien was one of those bull-headed men, who, when once their enmity is gained, never forget or forgive; and he did everything in his power to harass the engineer, until at last out of sheer exasperation, Roberts wrote to the president and had him discharged.

After this occurrence, with a new foreman on the job, things seemed to go along smoothly. They had blasted out a rock-bed along the natural shelf and had come to the point where it would be necessary to cut the tunnel. Here, he met with a serious obstacle; for although it looked for about fifty feet as though the tunneling would be easy, they ran into a ledge of quartz which was found almost impossible to penetrate. They labored for weeks upon the flinty wall, but seemed to make no progress whatever, and Roberts was on the point of discouragement. He had used every known means to penetrate the hard surface, but none of them seemed to work with any degree of success.

As he sat alone one night in his tent, studying over the situation, he mused, "If I could only get through this confounded tunnel, the rest would be easy. There surely must be some way." For some reason, although he lay down and tried to sleep, he could not rest; so getting up and donning his clothes, he lighted a lantern and went to look over the situation. Upon entering the tunnel, he picked up one of

the hammers which the workmen had been using and began to chip away the flinty surface. Soon tiring, he struck two or three sharp blows on the side of the tunnel, when he was surprised to hear a hollow sound and to see the surface crumble away. Setting his lantern down, he began to hammer with both hands, and in a little while succeeded in making a hole big enough to crawl through into what seemed a small cave. However, exploration revealed the fact that it grew larger as it went farther back into the mountain; and when he discovered that the mouth of the cave terminated at the other side of the hill, he knew that at last success was assured him.

Hastening back to the camp, he began to plan new operations, and in six months the first train passed over the new route. As the president grasped Roberts by the hand, he said, "Well, young man, what I thought was going to prove a failure has turned out to be a decided success, and the directors wish me to present you with this check and also to tell you that the position of chief engineer of the Northern Pacific is yours for the asking."

Roberts thanked him heartily; and two days later, they returned to New York, where, after a short rest, Roberts was to begin his new duties.

EVELYN GARRISON '13.

CLOSING DAYS.

The year is ending, and vacation descending
Upon the pupils of Portsmouth High.
Books are neglected,
And cool nooks selected,
As the golden days draw nigh.

We look with pleasure on every measure
Accomplished by us in this last school-year;
Good recitations,
And no disputations
To retard our progress here.

Each lad and lass of the Freshman Class
Is glad that one lap in his course is done.
It is a pleasure
To consider the treasure
That is stored from vict'ries won.

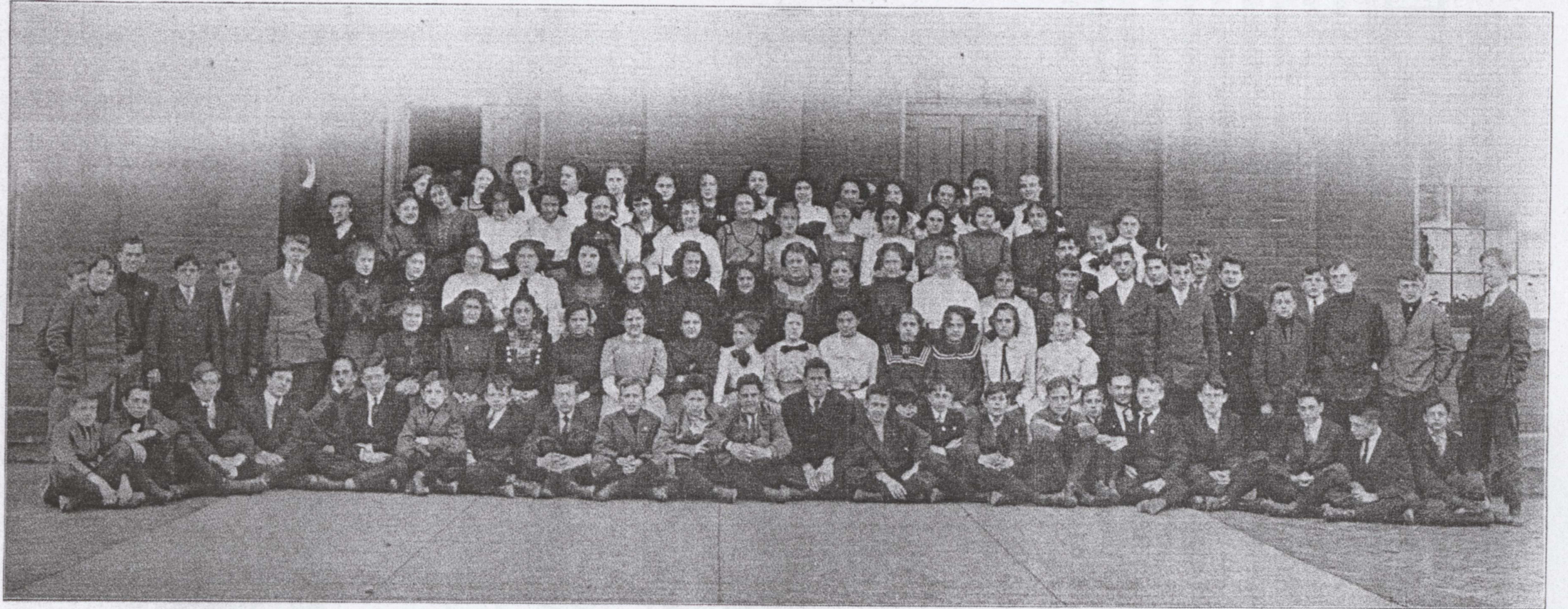
The haughty B's and the stately C's
Whose life has been crowded with work and fun,
Cannot forget
And greatly regret
That their course is almost run.

The year is ending, but what is impending
For the Seniors now leaving these pleasant walls;
Success in measure,
We hope, and pleasure,
As they follow Duty's calls.

LOUISE BOTHWELL '13.

C CLASS CALENDAR FOR 1911.

- September 6. — Entered school and assumed the dignities of Sophomores.
September 20. — Organized and elected officers.
October 31. — Hallowe'en party at the home of Marguerite Dawson.
December 29. — Freshman-Sophomore party at Seel's Hall.
January 23-25. — Exams. Ranks depleted.
February — Hard study.
March — Frequent attacks of Spring Fever.
May 19. — Picnic at Crichton's Inn.
June 1-5. — Finals.
June 9. — "We are Juniors! Hurrah!"



FRESHMAN CLASS.

NELL SEARCY, President.

BAIRD HUDSON, Vice-President.

ADA ROBE, Secretary.

JENNIE CLARE, Treasurer.

MISS HALL, Faculty Member.

Colors—Blue and gold.

Motto—"After the battle comes the reward."

Reflections of a Freshman

IT is now time for school to be closed for the summer. Although the vacation will seem short to us, what changes it will make! The Seniors will pass from us to gain higher educational advantages, to fill business positions, or to enter the world of society. Their familiar faces will be missed from the class rooms, and never again will they be seen lingering in merry groups in the halls. The Junior class will take their place, and will become "the high and mighty" of 1912; while in turn their place will be filled by the Sophomores; and into the school will come a new band of Freshmen, who must take their turn at being jollied and joked. Here's hoping that next year will be, not only as profitable, but as pleasant as has been the last; and that the pupils will be as jolly and yet as busy, as fun-loving and yet as earnest and studious. We wish the out-going Seniors unbounded success in whatever they may undertake, and trust that they may never have occasion to be ashamed of dear old P. H. S.

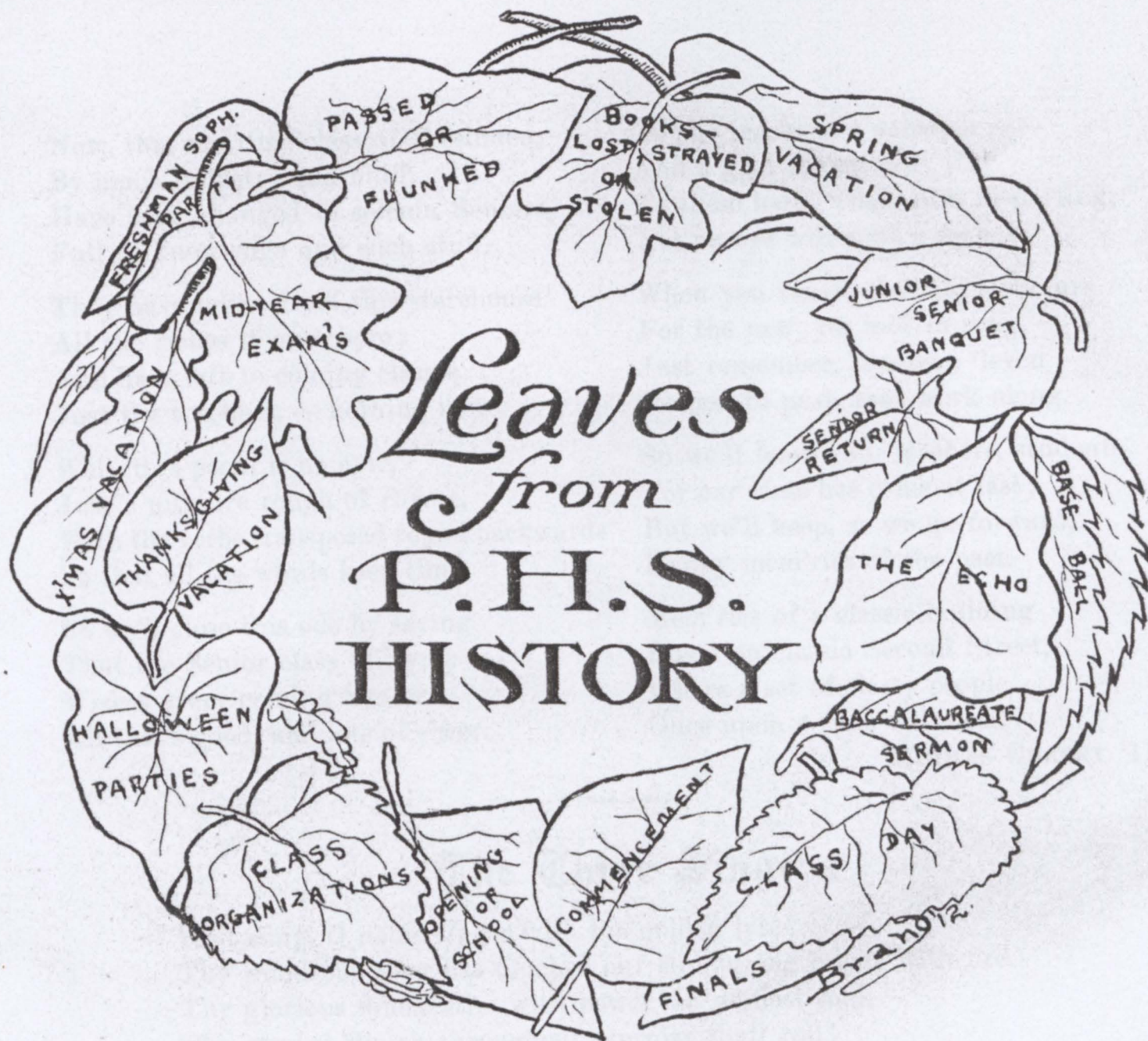
BLANCHE CARRIER '14.

"And what is writ is writ.
Would it were more."

— FRESHMAN.



"Boo-hoo! we're too young to have a history."



A Rhyme of the Class of 1911

In a classic old brick building,
 On a classic city street,
 Is a place where classy people
 From the many classes meet.

And its style of architecture
 Forms so perfect a retreat;
 That at night some classic specters,
 Here, their old friends often greet.

But it really doesn't matter
 If the building is so old;
 For the people that frequent it
 Are the best in town, I'm told.

Once a class of verdant "Freshies"
 Starting on a great career,
 In a vaster, older High School,
 Changed their quarters and came here.

Here, they studied Ancient Hist'ry,
 With the data on the spot;
 Here they copied Latin Rhetoric
 Sanscrit learning, and what not?

They didn't really need their texts,
 Virgil, Cicero, Greek, and all;
 And they e'en got oldest Hebrew
 From inscriptions on the wall.

Often, many times it happened,
 Passing students in their might
 Kicked a board loose from the staircase,
 Bringing hidden jewels to light.

Papyrus, old Egyptian parchment,
 Scrolls of rich Arabic lore,
 Mixed with ancient Semite writings,
 Found beneath that old school floor.

* * * * *

Now, this one time class of Freshmen,
By much industry and bluff,
Have been changed to solemn Seniors,
Full of knowledge and such stuff.

They have taken from this storehouse
All the riches it once bore;
And have left to coming classes
Just the teachers, — nothing more.

Well, this poem is no epic,
Just a mixture rough of rhyme,
With the verbs transposed round backwards
So that all the words keep time.

So we'll close this ode by saying
That the Senior class this year
Wishes every coming Senior
All that's good, and lots of cheer.

To our teachers, a vacation
And a glad return next year
To these halls, where now in parting,
Not an eye will shed a tear.

When you vacate this old structure
For the new, yet told in song,
Just remember, nineteen 'leven
Helped to push that work along.

So we'll leave you, teachers, students,
For our time has come at last;
But we'll keep, as we go forward,
Happy mem'ries of the past.

Mem'ries of a classic building
Down on classic Second Street,
Where a set of classy people
Once upon a time did meet.

THOMAS CURREY '11.

The Three Singers

Well sung, O noble singer with the golden lyre!
Thy wondrous song has touched our slumbering hearts with fire.
Thy glorious music stirs with power our inmost soul,
Thy strains divine throughout eternity shall roll!
Ah, well for him who wins with worth the world's applause,
Whose song is perfect and complete by music's laws.

The lyre string breaks; in discord dies the song away.
The singer bows his head, ashamed to face the day.
But yet — in memory lives each tender, glowing strain,
And who can say the gentle minstrel sang in vain?
For all his noble life was in that broken song;
It woke the world to beauty, made the weakest strong,
And one not nobler, but more skilful with the lyre
Shall bind thy fragments into music robed in fire!

The song was never sung! Poor minstrel, silent still,
What strains to wake our passions, rouse our will,
What wondrous music would you sing, what notes divine,
If longed-for power and opportunity were thine!
To stand with wistful eyes and see the passing throng,
And never once to charm them with a living song;
Ah, sad thy fate, but not in vain thy great desire,
Thy humble life a song to wake another's lyre!

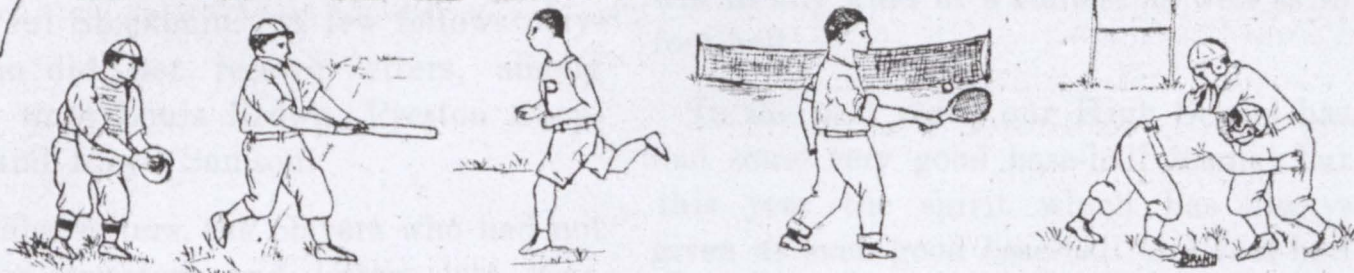
L. G. W., CLASS OF 1904.



FOOTBALL TEAM.

Top row, left to right — J. D. Creveling, coach; Robert Padan, Arthur Lynn, Rea Selby,
Orville Roberts; Homer Selby, coach.
Middle row — Oscar Brown, "Dee" Gardner, Harry Braudel, James Pearce, John Burt.
Bottom row — Lynn Padan, Jamie Williams, captain; Russell McCurdy.

ATHLETICS



UNDER the splendid coaching of Mr. Homer Selby and Mr. J. D. Creveling, P. H. S. passed through one of the most successful foot-ball seasons of its history. Our team, although very light, met and defeated some of the best High School teams in Southern Ohio. During the first part of the season, in the games with Ironton, Wellston, Circleville, Charleston, and Chillicothe, the weak places in our team were found and well strengthened before "our big game" on Thanksgiving Day.

Ironton as usual, was the first team to oppose P. H. S. For the last five years, Ironton has been unable to score a point against P. H. S. and this year was defeated, first at Portsmouth, 24-0, and later at Ironton, 19-0.

On October 8th, the most discouraging game of the season was played at Wellston. Time after time, a Red and Blue player broke through the mass, only to be tackled by a Wellston player because of poor interference. The result of the game was 0-0.

The game with Circleville on October 15th was forfeited (1-0) to Portsmouth, because C. H. S. left the field before the game was completed.

Forty-seven

Our next game, scheduled for October 22nd, with Jackson, was canceled because of wet grounds.

Not satisfied with victories in Ohio alone, our team journeyed to Charleston, W. Va., where we again met with our usual success. James Pearce '13, won the game by a well-directed drop-kick.

On November 5th, at Chillicothe, Portsmouth High met its old rival. This was the hardest fought game of the season; but P. H. S., true to its name, was again victorious.

Jackson again failed to comply with its contract, and the game for November 12th was canceled.

On Thanksgiving Day, our big game was played at Millbrook Park with South High of Columbus. Although a hard-fought game had been expected, P. H. S. ended its victorious season by easily defeating its opponents, 24-0.

Jamie Williams, the able captain of P. H. S. team, deserves much credit for his unflinching effort to have a victorious season. During the year, P. H. S. made a score of 77 to 0.

Letters were given to those players who participated in six halves during the season. Soon after the season closed, letters were received by Jamie Williams, Harry Brandel, David Gardner, Robert Padan, Oscar Brown, Rea Selby, Lynn Padan, Orville Roberts, James Pearce, John Burt, Art Lynn, Russell McCurdy, and Paul Stockham. A few fellows played who did not receive letters, among whom were Louis Brown, Preston Sheppard and Floyd Samson.

Besides letters, the players who had not received sweaters and letters last year, were given fine A1 Spalding sweaters.

James Pearce, a popular Sophomore, was elected captain of next year's football team. Among the fellows who will

play with Pearce next year are Rea Selby, Lynn Padan, Floyd Samson, and Russell McCurdy of this year's team, and Ben Hitchcock of last year's team.

For the last two years, there has been no basket-ball team in our school. Fellows, wake up! Show that P. H. S. can win in any kind of a contest as well as in foot-ball.

In the past years, our High School has had some very good base-ball teams; but this year the spirit which has always given us such good base-ball and foot-ball teams seems to be lacking. Although the fellows did get together and elect Bob Padan '11, manager of the base-ball team, they have not shown the proper spirit by coming out to practice.

ROBERT PADAN '11.



THE FIRST HIGH SCHOOL, ERECTED 1871.

Through the courtesy of Mr. George D. Selby, one of Portsmouth's public-spirited men, and the present owner of the building, the first High School is again being used for school purposes. Here, the class of '11 recite Physics and Chemistry and enjoy the advantages of Laboratory work, which otherwise would be denied them.

To the Class of 1911

'Twas in 1907 on an autumn day,
Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.
We were a band of Freshmen gay,
And we entered school on the very first day.
Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.
"Who'll go to school along with me?"
Said one small boy whose name was Leigh.
"Why, bless you, we'll all go along," says we.
Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.
Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.

CHORUS.

We're a cheerful throng with a joyful song!
Sing till the echoes reply.
For with all our might we will sing tonight
To the glory of Portsmouth High.

There was ne'er a class to the High School came,
Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.
Who will ever win for themselves the fame
Of the class that bears our glorious name.
Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.
We entered a hundred and thirty strong,
And we dropped just a few as we jogged along,
But we still have enough for a yell and a song.
Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.
Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.

CHORUS.

We began as Freshmen green to grow,
Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.
And as Sophomores we would have you know
We were always found on the very front row.
Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.
We began to grow fat, we began to grow tall,
And we beat every class that we played base-ball.
Yes, in school or out, we could wallop them all.
Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.
Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.

CHORUS.

Then as jolly Juniors we came out,
Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.
With a hip, hurrah! and a jolly shout,

Till the woods and the hills re-echoed all about.

Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.

Whether work or play we were always glad,

Whether rain or shine we were never mad,

And the worst to us was not so very bad.

Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.

Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.

CHORUS.

Then as Seniors known to be true and tried,

Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.

We reached the end of our course with pride,

And we always seemed to be dignified,

Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.

We're glad we all came through alive,

For it seemed at times we might not arrive,

Yet we don't like to leave the old High School hive.

Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.

Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.

CHORUS.

Now we're ready to launch in life's wide sea,

Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.

And out where the breeze blows full and free,

We will dangers brave whate'er they be.

Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.

They tell us we're about to begin a great fight,

But we have no fear and our hearts are light,

For we'll do our best and pull with all our might.

Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.

Cheerily, my classmates, cheer.

H. Walker, the Peripatetic, was banished from one of the teacher's rooms not long ago. He wandered around the halls, seeking shelter in first one room and then another. But in all cases he was denied. Finally, in his journey he reached the first floor and Miss Hall's room. Here, he was given a refuge, although under very strict orders. L. Watkins suffered a like banishment from Miss Dice's room. He was more fortunate, however, for he was spared wandering around searching for a room, as Miss McKerrihan, out of the kindness of her heart, took him in upon his application.

Mrs. W. (referring to a Latin word)—
"What part of speech is this, Lloyd?"

L. P. (turning his attention from the window)—"It's hard to tell."

Mr. G.—"Why do cities borrow money?"

F. C.—"Why, er—er, because they haven't got enough, I suppose."

A. J. (translating the sentence)—"No one sees more gladly than I"—"No one sees gladly with one eye."

Miss H.—"What is a Colosseum?"

L. P.—"A tomb for a dead person."



THE artistic cuts of this annual are the work of a talented young artist, Earl Brand of the Class of 1912. After graduation, Earl expects to cultivate his talent. A brilliant future awaits him.

The class of 1911 and, indeed, the entire High School deeply regret the serious illness of Miss Mary McGregor. Miss McGregor was one of the brightest members of the Senior Class and her absence is keenly felt. She has been unable to attend school since the last of February. However, we are glad to learn that she is rapidly improving, and we hope that she may be able to be graduated with her class.

During the past year, the Commercial Department of P. H. S. has been greatly improved. As the work was becoming too heavy for one teacher, at the beginning of this school-year Mr. Garten was selected to aid Mr. Yenner. Each year more students are taking the Commercial Course, and many young people are induced by the

offer of a thorough business education, to enter High School.

Great improvement has also been made in the Manual Training Department of both the Grade Schools and the High School. Mr. Creveling's aid has been enlisted for the younger pupils, who do their work at the Bond Street Building. This arrangement gives Mr. Robe much more time for the High School boys at their working place on the corner of Ninth and Washington.

Miss B. is thinking seriously of inspecting two seats in the first and second rows to find out what is the matter with them during the last period. (See Guy M. for further explanations.)

As one walks down Fourth street between North Waller and Sinton, he may see a Freshie, sitting by a front window and deeply engaged in his books. Do not be alarmed if you see a large bandage adorning his head for it does not denote an injury. It is simply Richard D. training his pompadour.

The Baccalaureate Sermon on June 4th, the Class Play on June 7th, and Commencement on June 8th, will be the crowning events of the school-year. The play that will be given this year is a rural farce, "The Village Post-Office." The cast is as follows:

William Jones, postmaster.....	Thomas Currey
Jerushy Jones, his wife.....	Emelie Wilhelm
Elizabeth Jones, their daughter, just home from boarding-school, very affected.....	Elsie Smith
James Henry Jones, their son, about 16 years of age, a green country boy.....	Gilbert Waite

Colonel Gibson, big story-teller.....	Arthur Lynn
Joseph Robinson, bigger story-teller.....	Harry Brandel
Silas Hardtack, still bigger story-teller.....	James Wood
Deacon Slocum, horse-trader.....	Louis Brown
Lizy Ann Slocum, his wife.....	Lydia Giesler
Betsey Winslow, dressmaker.....	Ethel Doerr
Rev. Tobias Dusenberry.....	Ralph Peel
Reuben Ricks, who stutters.....	Leigh Watkins
Susan Smith, who helps Mrs. Jones.....	Margaret Appel
Widow Gray.....	Laura Braunlin
Mrs. Joseph Robinson.....	Clara Rowe
Mary Ann Stedman, deaf.....	Edna Dawson
Cyrus Depew, town-philanthropist.....	Oscar Brown
Local character.....	James Williams
Samanthy Depew.....	Marguerite Mahoney
Mandy Baker, believer in Woman's Rights.....	Beulah Eason
Job Baker, her meek husband.....	Carl Graf
Patrick O'Mulligan.....	Robert Padan
Doctor Dolliver.....	John Burt
Delilah Martin.....	Mildred Thomas
Mrs. Briggs, who has recently come from the city.....	Margaret Appel
Claudius Briggs, her son.....	Cary Williams
Norah Cassidy, Mrs. Brigg's hired girl.....	Lillian Thomas
Cynthia Abner } Who have visited the city {	Clifford Chinn
Jonathan Abner }	Genevieve Montavon
Marthy Reynolds, a comforting friend.....	Edna Hermann
Francis St. Clair Bigelow, agent; very dudish.....	Arthur Beumler
Mary Slocum } children {	Louise Egbert
Johnnie Dolliver }	Arthur Beumler
Jennie Brown }	Helen Hosz
Bobbie Robinson }	Cary Williams
Annie Goodwin }	Louise Egbert

Sacred to the memory of the Philomathean Literary Society, born October 7, 1907. After a lingering illness of six months, which rendered it inactive, it rallied for a few weeks, only to suffer a relapse from which it died, September 17, 1911. Requiescat in pace.

The community mourns the untimely end of the Interscholastic Debates. They entered life March 30, 1908, at Portsmouth, Ohio. A fatal defeat at the hands of Portsmouth produced nervous prostration to which Chillicothe and Circleville succumbed, February 19, 1911.

"If we so soon were done for,
We wonder why we were begun for."



The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
 (New jokes are hard to find.)
 A whole new editorial staff
 Can't tickle every mind.

So if you meet some ancient joke
 Decked out in modern guise,
 Don't frown and call the thing a poke—
 Just laugh—don't be too wise.—*Ex.*

"Which is correct, 'Girls is' or 'girls are'?"

"'Girls are,' of course."

"Girls, are my hat on straight?"

Senior (in the laboratory, looking wildly among the bottles)—"Where is the tap water? This experiment calls for tap water, and I can't find it anywhere."

"Johnnie, you were not in school yesterday. Where were you?"

"I went fishing."

"Did you catch anything?"

"No, sir."

"Then step right up and we'll fix that part of it all right."—*Ex.*

Pupil (translating German)—"Sie weinte hellen trahnen. She wept hot tears."

Teacher—"Why do you say 'hot tears'?"

Pupil—"Isn't hell hot?"—*Ex.*

First D. (in algebra, when Miss B's back is turned)—"How do you get that quantity out from under the radical?"

Second D.—"Rub it out."

Prof.—"When was the revival of learning?"

Student—"Before the last exam."

"Non paratus sum," said he,
 Rising with a troubled look,
 "Sic semper est," dixit prof,
 Scripsit "nihil" in his book.

Tourist—"I wonder at your allowing people to mount that ruin?"

Native—"It's quite safe, sir. It was only built last year."

Conductor (to lady on street car)—
 "Madam, how old is your little boy?"

Lady—"Five years old."

Little Boy—"And muvver's forty."

THE NEW TELEPHONE SYSTEM.

Operator—"Hello! Is this L?"

Irate Voice—"What d'ye think this is—'eaven?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Lines of Vergil still remind us,
 We can make our lives sublime;
 And by asking silly questions,
 Take up all the teacher's time.—*Ex.*

"Dennis," inquired Mr. Hogan, glancing up over the door of the office building, "What's the meaning of thim letters, MDCCCXCVIII?"

Dennis—"They mean eighteen hundred and ninety-eight."

Mr. H.—"Don't it strike you that they're carrying the spelling reform too far?"

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood right up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurrah, Fanny, you have him at last!'"—*Ex.*

NOT HIS FAULT.

"My son, your school report card is very disappointing to me."

"Can't help it, pa. I wanted to fill it out myself, but teacher wouldn't let me."
—*Ex.*

EDUCATIONAL.

"Do they teach domestic science at your school," inquired a visitor of the freshman.

"Only sewing," replied the freshman.

"Good idea," said the visitor. "And what do you sew, chiefly?"

"Wild oats," replied the freshman.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Willie—"How fast the horse is runnin'!"

Teacher—"You forgot the 'g'."

Willie—"Gee! How fast the horse is runnin'!"

—*Brooklyn Life.*

Silas—"Yes, Maltildé used to sit out on the porch and sing to us thro' the screen door, but I stopped her."

Cyrus—"What for?"

Silas—"Because I knew she was straining her voice."—*Ex.*

In vain all my winks were wunk,
In vain all my thots were thunk.
What saves me from an awful flunk?
My pony!—*Ex.*

Some startling statements have been heard recently in the various class-rooms.

A conflagration is a mixture where everything runs together.—M. P.

Janus was a Roman deity, who had a head on each side of his face.—R. P.

Then Allan sang a song, but, before he got through, Roderick died.—L. Z.

They start out all together, all at once, at the same time.—Mrs. W.

Puritanism was hung on giblets.—M. P.

A dollar's worth of gold wasn't worth as much as a dollar's worth of silver.—C. R.

C. G. (translating German, comes to the expression, "Mein Gott!")—"My God!"

Miss D.—"O Carl, don't translate it that way! You know we always use some other expression. Say 'Goodness!' or something like that."

C. G. (continuing)—"O talcum-powder!"

Mr. C. (in Physics)—"How do the pipe-organ players open the ends of the pipes?"

Bright Pupil—"With their feet."

Pupil (translating Vergil)—"Thrice did I attempt to put my arms about her."
(Pause.)

Teacher—"Is that as far as you got?"

Pupil—"Oh, no! no!" (and then he wondered why they laughed).—*Ex.*

He—"In what month do women talk the least?"

She—"In February, because it is the shortest month."—*Ex.*

Sr. (talking to Fr.)—"I can tell you just how much water passes over Niagara Falls to a quart."

Fr. (wonderingly)—"How much?"

Sr.—"Two pints."

This world of ours is a sad old world
And gives us lots of knocks;
But, boys, don't try to brighten it
By wearing rainbow socks.—*Ex.*

Teacher—"Bobby, give me a sentence in which the verbs 'to set' and 'to sit' are used correctly."

Bobby—"The United States is a country on which the sun never sets and on which no other country ever sits!"—*Judge.*

"How did you cultivate such a beautiful black eye?"

"Oh," said the fellow who had been practicing on roller skates, "I raised it from a slip."—*Ex.*

Student—"You say, if I buy this book it will save me half my studying?"

Book-Dealer—"Yep."

Student—"Gimme two."

CLASS STONES.

Freshman—Emerald.

Sophomores—Blarney Stone.

Juniors—Grindstone.

Seniors—Tombstone.—*Ex.*

Customer—"By the way, what is the proper thing in hats this season?"

Smart Clerk—"Brains."

"The housefly must go," says a solemn scientist.

But that's just the trouble with it.

It does go.

If it didn't we could swat it.—*Puck.*

HER REWARD.

Wifey—"If I cook for you a whole month what do I get?"

Hubby—"All my life insurance and a black veil."—*Ex.*

TIPS.

She—"Did you notice the lovely palms in the restaurant?"

He—"The only palms I saw were the waiter's."

Teacher—"Now we will represent the moon with my hat."

Kid—"Teacher, is the moon inhabited?"—*Ex.*

EITHER OR BOTH.

"Will you give me a kiss?"

"What cheek!"

"Oh, either."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

SATISFACTORY.

The stern but wealthy parent met the young man at the front door.

"Here," he growled, "is where I give your attentions to my daughter a check."

"All right, old man," replied the youth calmly. "Make the check for \$1,000 and it will be perfectly satisfactory to me."—*Ex.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

Uncle Henry—"Back from Washington, Si? See Congress in action?"

Uncle Silas—"Naw, I only saw 'em in session."—*Judge's Library.*

Father—"My son, did you eat the whole of that doughnut?"

Son—"No, sir; I ate what was around the hole."—*Ex.*

The cheapest shoes,
The loudest squeak;
The emptiest heads,
The soonest speak;
The poorest cows,
The loudest bawl;
The biggest phools
Know it all.—*Ex.*

"Sambo, does you berleve dere's any colored angels in heaben?"

"Cose dey is. Didn't de preacher read 'bout angels an' dark angels? Wot's a dark angel if it ain't a nigger? Huh?"—*Ex.*

"The school is going to the dogs," shouted the dissatisfied student.

"Then wait and get your share," came from a rear corner.

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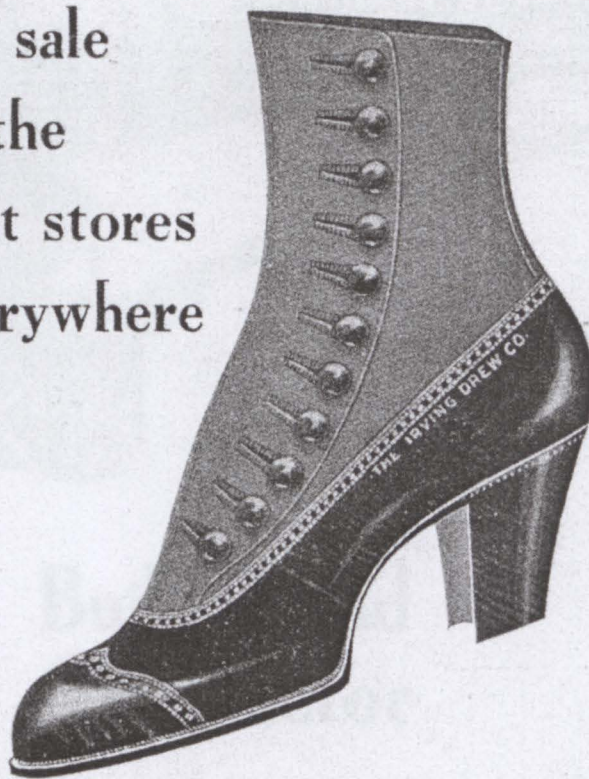
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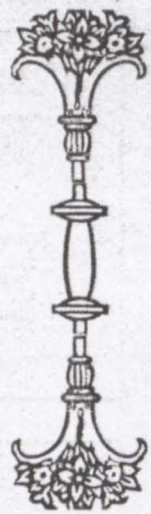
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