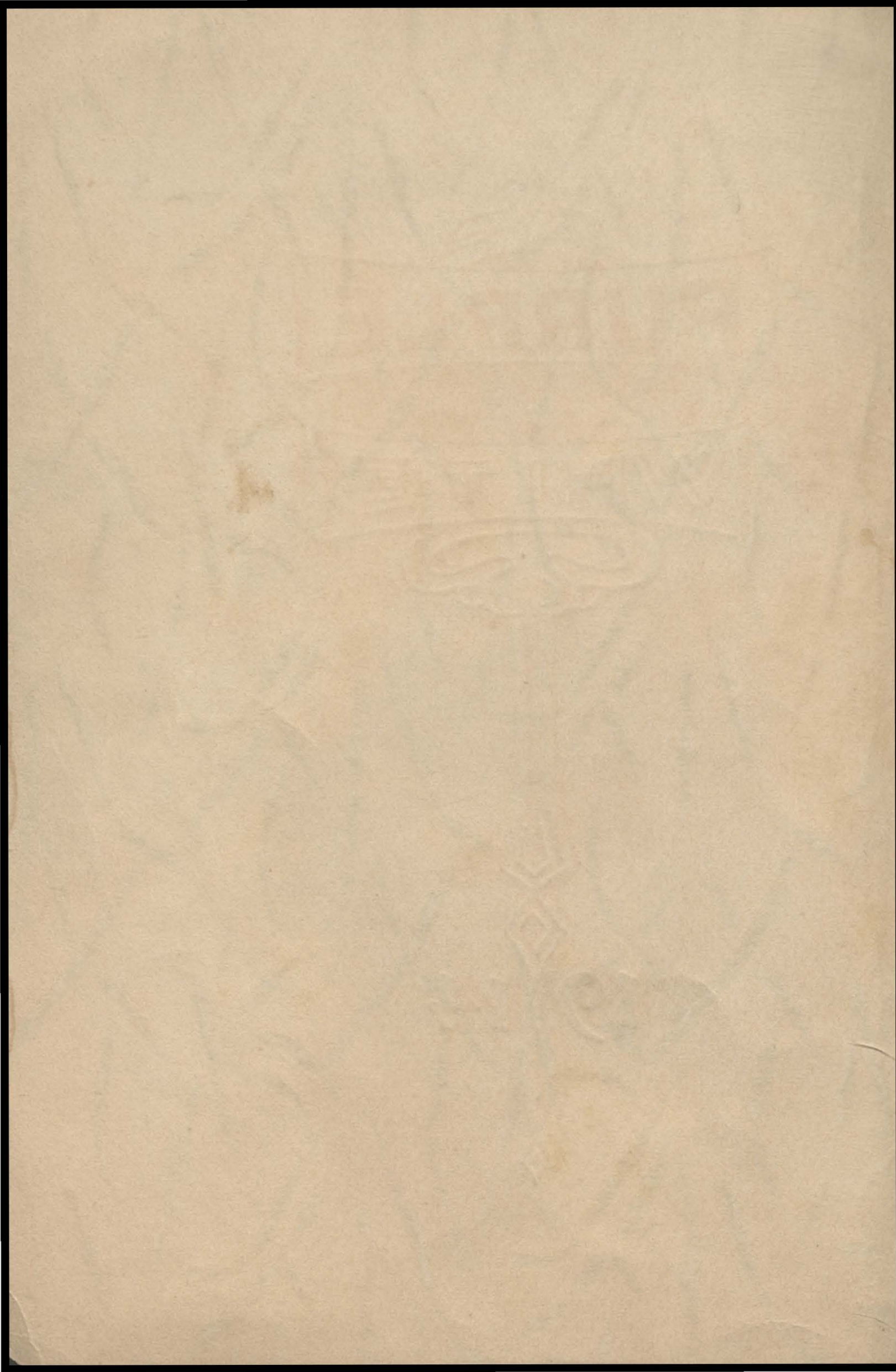
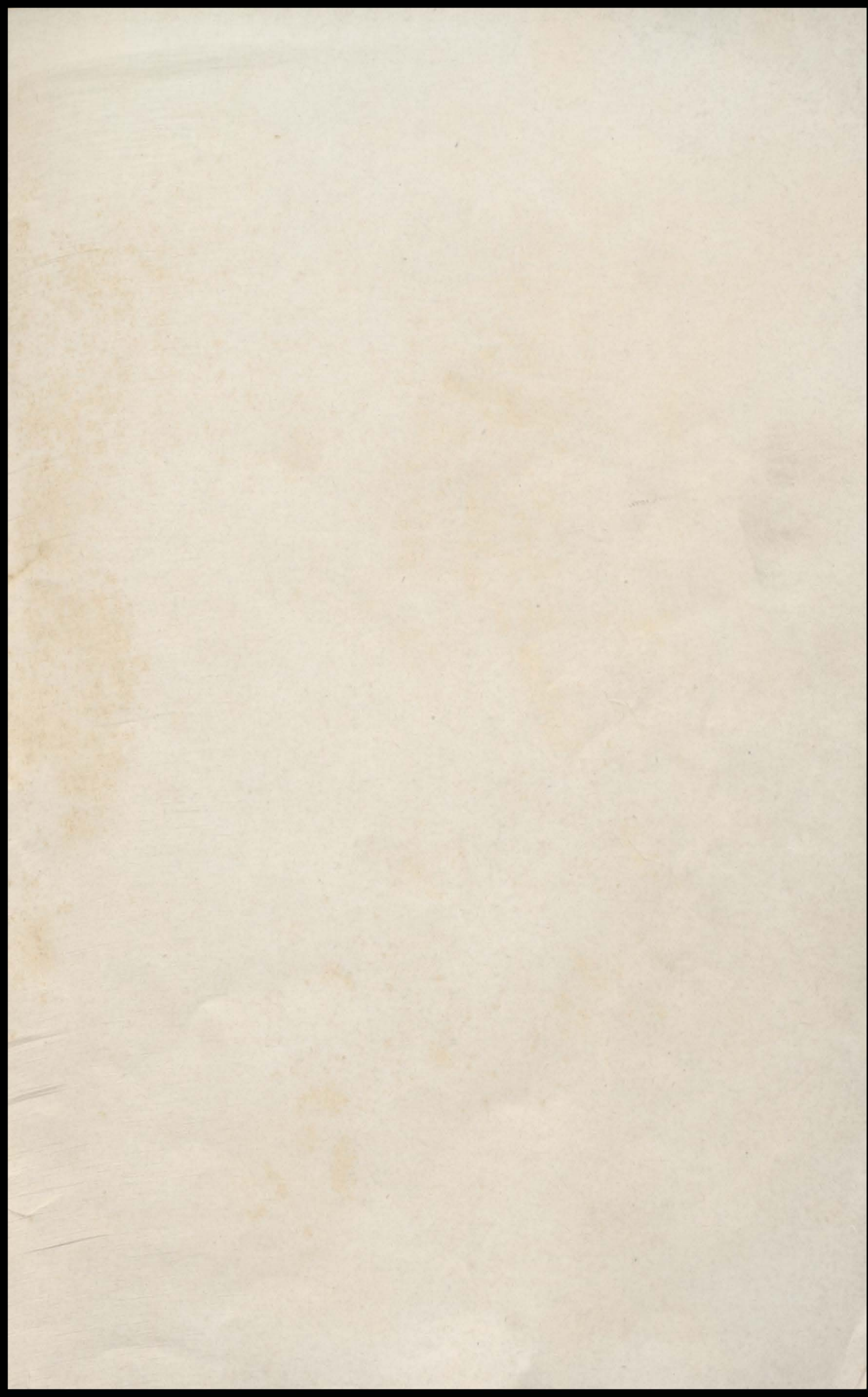
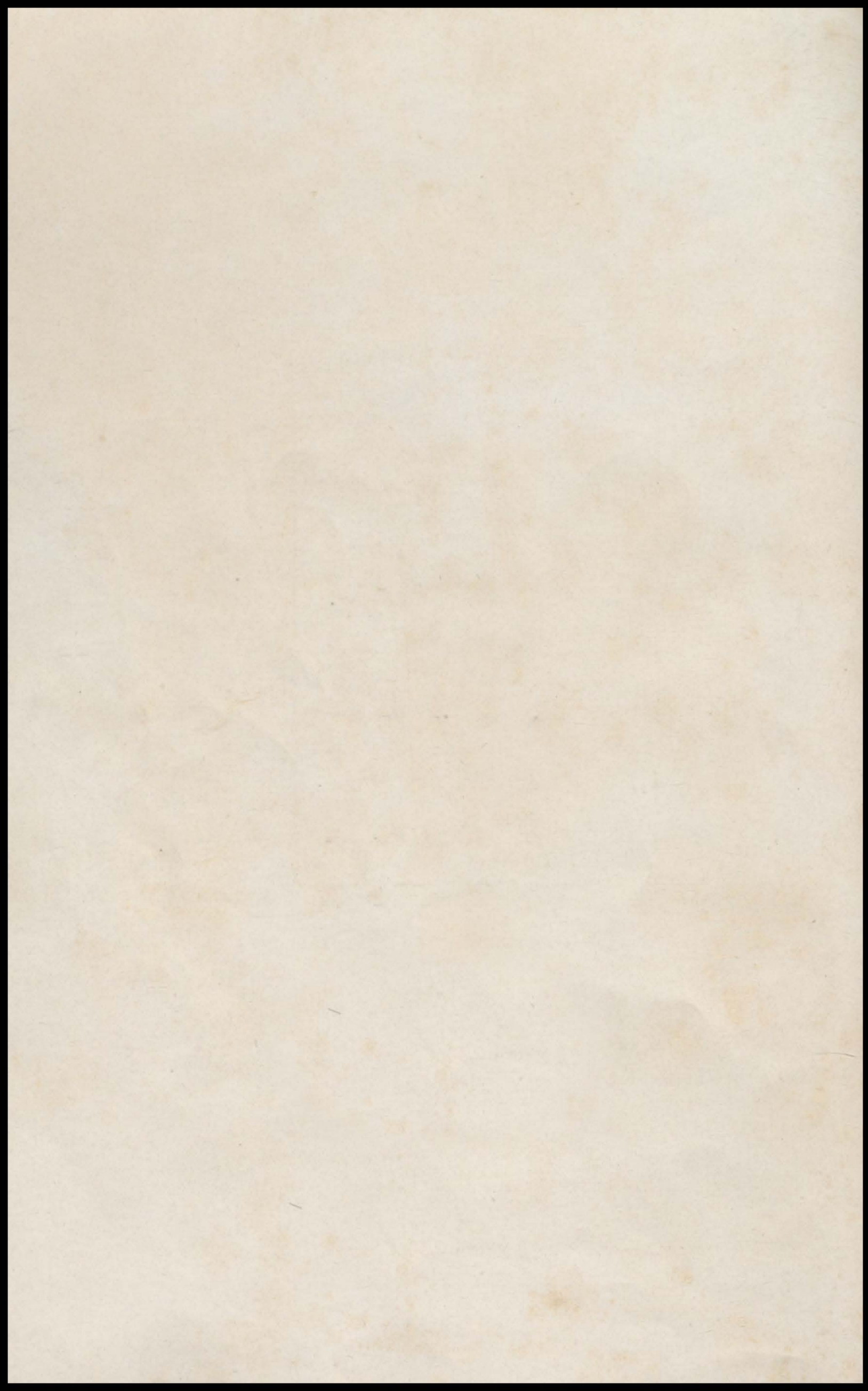


1914







To

The Sixteenth Senior,

Miss Bounita Boyd,

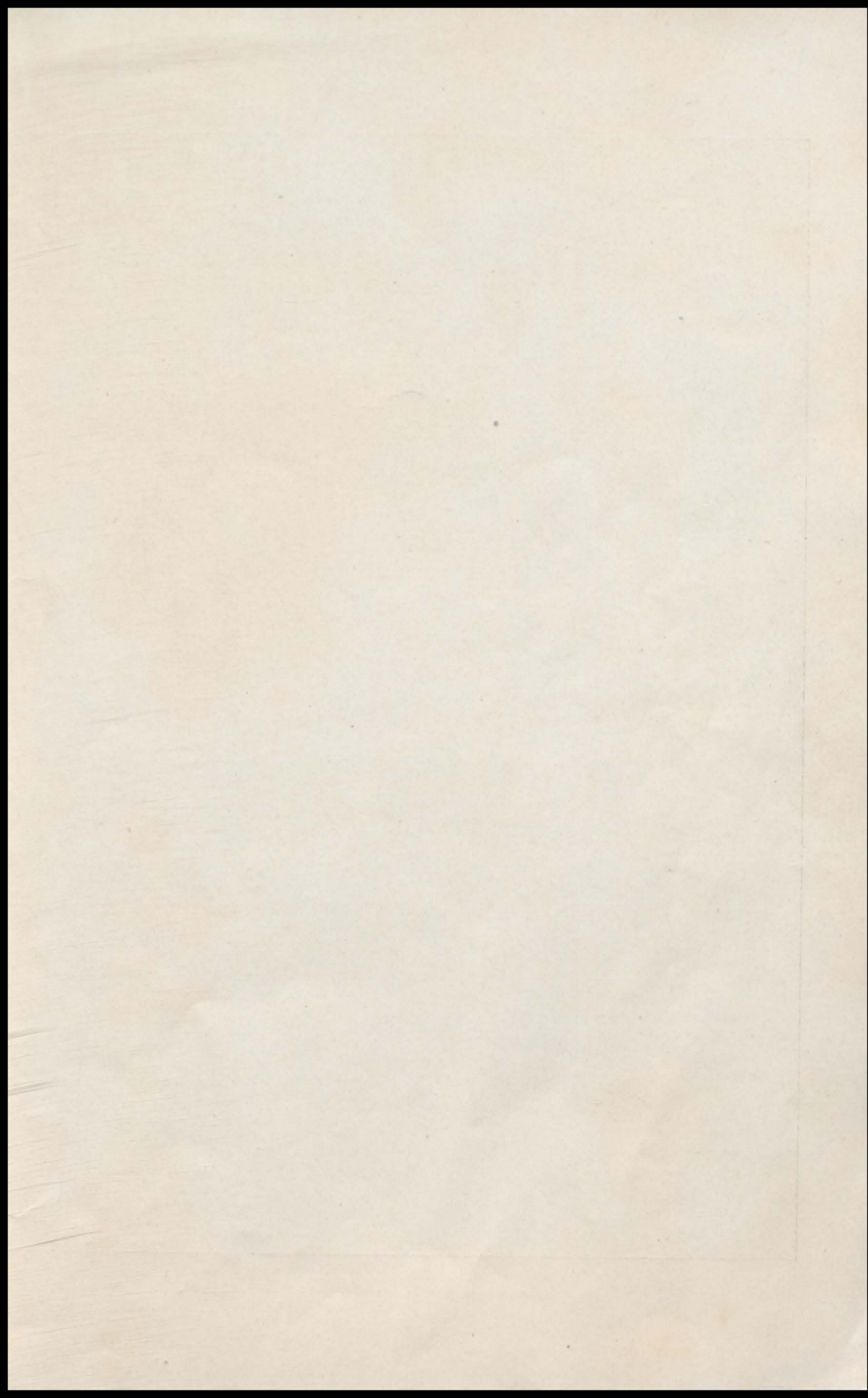
who has been found wonderfully fine

and sweet and true

during her four years with us;

we dedicate

This Book.





Class of 1914

Jessie Jackson

Ruth Bradley

Luella Larson

Leila Spear

Elizabeth Burgess

Emmett Foran

Ralph Moery

Roy McKinney

Ben F. Adkins

Lennie High

Ora Haynes

Margaret Cloyd

Pearl Rose

Dorothy Burgess

Jessie Burgess

The Class of 1914

Desires to express their Appreciation of
the hearty Co-operation and Support
of the entire Faculty
and especially of the Assistance given
to the Staff by

H. H. Stevenson

High School Faculty



N. N. STEVENSON
Superintendent



B. G. WOODWORTH
Principal



MISS BOUNITA BOYD
Latin and English Teacher



MISS JOY VANCLEVE
German and History Teacher

Class of 1915



Ruth Baker	Sara Dobson	Harold Fisher	Raymond Bower	Ethel Alvord	Noah Hamman	Raymond Ward	Ruth Hicks	Gertrude Baker
Raymond Bower	Mabel Hamman	George Clark	Dolly Webb	John Schadows	Raymond Ward	Ruth Hicks	Anthion Peterson	Edytha Carmichael

Class of 1916



Hugh Hall	Noble Field	Lynn Carman	Ralph Fisher	Harry Lamb
Fred Cloyd	Amanda Oyler	Helen Alvord	Russel Ernst	Ethel Fogle
Mary Parker	Zelma Coffin	Reuben Adkins	Bertha Parker	Pauline Bruce
				Mana Fogle
				Harriet Bower

Class of 1917



John High	Charlie Phillips	Russel Postlewait	Olin Day	Nellie Hill
Hazelbelle Shirey	Rowe Steel	Eva Hill	Ellen Shepherd	
Esther Day	Jewel Pitts	Lloyd Rhodes	Edward Foran	Myrtle Keller

Class Organization

Class of 1914

OFFICERS.

President, Roy McKinney. Vice-President, Emmett Foran.
Secretary and Treasurer, Lennie High.

CLASS MOTTO

Through Trials to Triumphs.

CLASS COLORS.

Old Rose and Gold.

CLASS FLOWER.

White Rose.

Ben Adkins
Ruth Bradley
Jessie Burgess
Dorothy Burgess
Elizabeth Burgess
Margaret Cloyd
Emmett Foran

Ora Haynes
Lennie High
Luella Larson
Roy McKinney
Ralph Moery
Jessie Jackson
Pearl Rose
Leila Spear

Class of 1915

OFFICERS.

President, George Clark. Vice-President, Ruth Baker.
Secretary and Treasurer, Ivra Burr.

CLASS COLORS.

Blue and White.

CLASS FLOWER.

The Forget-Me-Not.

Ethel Alvord
Gertrude Baker
Ruth Baker
Raymond Bower
Ivra Burr
Edith Carmichael
George Clark
Sara Dobson

Harold Fisher
Mabel Hamman
Noah Hamman
Ruth Hicks
Anthon Peterson
John Schadows
Raymond Ward
Dollie Webb

Class of 1916

OFFICERS.

President, Reuben Adkins. Vice-President, Fred Cloyd.
Secretary and Treasurer, Bertha Parker.

CLASS COLORS,
Crimson and Gray.

Reuben Adkins	Noble Field
Helen Alvord	Ralph Fisher
Pauline Bruce	Mana Fogle
Harriet Bower	Ethel Fogle
Lynn Carman	Harry Lamb
Fred Cloyd	Amanda Oiler
Zelma Coffin	Bertha Parker
Russel Ernst	Mary Parker
	Chauncey Spear

Class of 1917

OFFICERS.

President, Lloyd Rhodes. Vice-President, Roy Adkins.
Secretary and Treasurer, Clyde Hill.
Door-keeper, Charles Philips.

CLASS COLORS,
Lavendar and Gold.

Lloyd Rhodes	Hazelbelle Shirey
Nellie Hill	Myrtle Keller
Eva Hill	Russel Postlewaite
Clyde Hill	Edward Foran
Jewell Pitts	Ellen Sheppard
Esther Day	Roy Adkins
Olin Day	Rowe Steel
John High	Charles Philips

Social Functions

Aside from the Senior entertainments, the social functions of the year, prior to the Junior-Senior Reception, were a masquerade on Hallowe'en, given by the faculty to the students of the high school; a reception given by the boys in honor of our former principal, H. H. Strauch, and a Junior box-social.

Junior-Senior Reception

The crowning event of the year, the Junior-Senior Reception was held in the high school rooms, on the evening of April third, 1914. By nine o'clock the Juniors, Seniors and faculty were assembled in the rooms, decorated in the colors of the two classes and the school, and the following program was given:

Instrumental Duet.....	Ruth Baker and Sara Dobson
Instrumental Solo.....	Miss Renfrew
Declamation.....	Dolly Webb
Vocal Duet.....	John Schadows and Harold Fisher
Reading.....	Noah Hamman
Junior Song.....	The Juniors

After the program until about ten-thirty interesting conversations were to be heard in all parts of the room. At that time the President of the Junior Class announced that dinner was served and everybody went to the lower hall, where the prettily decorated tables were laid. When all were seated the waitresses served the delicious supper.

MENU.

Pickles	Olives
Pressed Chicken	Salted Almonds
Pommes de terre a'la Parisienne	
Sweet bread a'la Pompadore	
Salade de Laiture	
Saratoga Flakes	
Neapolitaine Ice Cream	Cake
Creme Bavaroise au Chocolat	Mints

When the last of the good things had disappeared, our honorable Superintendent, acting as toastmaster, announced the toasts. The first, "To the Rose—the Seniors," by the President of the Junior Class.

"After four years of careful toil you Seniors have now almost reached the point of graduation. During your life in high school you have tried vainly to make yourselves look bright. Thus white-wash and oil paint were employed and then the combination of the boys' strong arms and water to remove them.

“But in spite of all this this unfortunate class has become a full bloomed rose, which consists of fifteen petals, some of which were rather green at the beginning of the year, but now they are all the same color. Some are larger than others but when only one is missing the rose will be incomplete.

“This flower is now at its height of beauty and fragrance, each petal holds its place after the long teachings of the stem, the faculty. Soon these parts will break away. Some may be scholars together again, still others will not; some may go to distant clime (thus to speak). But a happy thought will at times visit each members’ mind of the good and happy times that have been enjoyed in Bement High School.

“This rose has now formed a fixed example for us Juniors to follow: for—

“You may break, you may scatter,
The rose if you will,
But its fragrance will cling around,
Our High School still.”

The second toast was, “The Bud—the Juniors,” by the President of the Senior Class. It is not available. A Senior gave the third, “The Stem—the Faculty.”

“Some were born for great things,
Others were born for small,
Sometimes we’re inclined to wonder,
Why the ‘stem’ exists at all.”

“The stem, the faculty of the Bement High School, is a necessary evil which consists of four vastly different individuals. It is important to the bud and rose. Neither could do without its help. Although the stem ‘looks’ green we trust that the green is only the coloring of life and vigor. ‘What stuff ’tis made of we know not.’

“Perhaps you may wish to know from what sources the stem gets its nourishment. The first part of the stem gets its nourishment, we judge, from a large quantity of gray matter, since hair and brains do not exist on the same head. He has launched his ship on the sea of matrimony, therefore his troubles are few and far between for ‘this school he’s teaching in—well, say, can it be beat? Thought he gets a thorn with every rose; his pay checks he gladly greets.’ ”

“The second part in the composition of the stem is a lonely man, who receives only that which is dealt out to him by the cruel hand of fate. He, at times, becomes so desperate with the bud and rose that he is forced to resort to a certain kind of nut for his nourishment, known to us as the peanut.

“The third part of the stem is small and delicate, she resorts to such strenuous exercise as taking lonely walks, and living on ‘air.’

“The last but by no means the least in the composition of the stem is much interested in law, and may she be a joy forever. The stem is undoubtedly of vast importance. If it is weak the rose and bud cannot attain their rightful size and beauty. If, on the other hand, there are vitality, common sense and other requisites necessary to proper guidance and support, the outside world is made to gaze in awe and admiration at its wonderful product. For the work so nobly accomplished (as the rose indicates) we owe a debt of gratitude. However, we cannot refrain from calling your attention to a quotation which may be suitably applied. ‘The gladness of their gladness, and the sadness of their sadness aren’t in it with the madness of their madness when they’re mad.’ Although the debt cannot be suitably paid it can be paid in part so ‘although here’s to the rose and the rose bud, we’ll sure give a toast them’; but if we part, with all our hearts, we’ll give a toast to the good ‘old’ stem.”

The last was a toast to “The Thorns,” by a Junior.

“ ‘Why are there thorns with every rose?’

The verdant Junior asked.

‘To stick you with; to stick you with!’

The wise old Senior said.

‘What makes you look so tired and pale?’

The verdant Junior asked.

‘Oh, I’ve been stuck; oh, I’ve been stuck.’

The wise old Senior said.

‘With every stem in every school,

There’s thorns a-plenty, kid.

You cannot get away from them,

They simply won’t be hid,

When you’re as wise as I am

You’ll sure take off your lid

To the many thorns that flourish

In our high school.’

“ ‘Where are these thorns? Where are these thorns?’

The verdant Junior asked.

‘They’re everywhere; they’re everywhere.’

The wise old Senior said.

‘Please show me some! Please show me some!’

The verdant Junior begged,

‘Just come with me, Just come with me.’

The wise old Senior said.

'There's fifty off your German grade
For dropping marbles on the floor,
For eating candy or chewing gum
You loose just fifty more.
These are the many the many thorns
That flourish in our high school.'

" 'What use are they? What use are they?'
The verdant Junior asked.
'To make you strong; to make you strong.'
The wise old Senior said.
'The thorns, they teach you how to talk,
To read good books and such,
To find the values of x and y,
An sprech ein wenig Dutch,
If it weren't for the thorns,
You wouldn't count for much,
So don't grumble at the thorns
That flourish in our high school.' "

At the witching hour of twelve everybody returned to the rooms above, ready for a grand frolic. But the faculty, showing its thorns to good advantage, frowned upon this proceeding, and brought such pressure to bear upon the rose and rose-bud that fifteen minutes later the building was left alone to its dreams of the past and future.



Literary

The Very Next Day

'Twas the day before exams,
And all through the school,
Every student was trying
To break not a rule.
And the clock was ticking
The hours away.
For—it knew what would happen
The very next day.

In the office our superintendent sat,
With anxious face and dull cravat.
He wonders why the fires won't burn,
And why the students cannot learn.
The look on his face is very gray,
For—he knows what will happen
The very next day.

In the library a senior crams,
Always dreading those awful exams.
On his face is a most forlorn look,
As he anxiously scans his Physics Book.
And the look on his face is just one way,
For—he knows what will happen
The very next day.

In the assembly room with it's merry hum,
Sits a freshman with look very glum,
He is working away with all his might
To find the cause of day and night;
And the look on his face is just one way,
For—he knows what will happen
The very next day.

The juniors and sops the fun do poke,
For they think exams are just a joke;
And they make the paper wads hum
To hit the ear of a studious one.
And the looks on their faces are very gay,
Yet—they know what will happen
The very next day.

The paper basket has no face,
But it seems to be out of it's usual place.
It does not like to have to hold
Exam papers with "40's", as of old.
And now it seems to tip and sway,
For—it knows what will happen
The very next day.

The Christmas Home Gathering

ESTHER DAY.

It was a cold, cold afternoon. In all of the houses one might see great fires burning. In some houses there were great old-fashioned fireplaces with kettles on the hearth singing like larks. In others there were base-burners and other stoves which are known in these years, that sent a red glow over all the room.

There were large flakes of snow falling thru the air and the once barren ground was covered with a great blanket of white snow with here and there a hill like place where the wind had blown nature's great blanket into soft-flowing folds like those in a lady's garment of satin. The air was very cold and crisp with now and then a little breeze stirring. One could hear the tinkling of the merry sleighbells as the sleighs glided past. Then, if one listened very close, he might hear the sweetest, softest and most clear tinkling of sleighbells. There in the middle of the great wide road could be seen a large sleigh, filled with the softest of fur skins. The driver was a man whose shoulders were slightly stooped. His hair was as white as the snow. His faded blue eyes twinkled with merriment. There was the finest team of great brown horses pulling this sleigh. They pranced along like a small boy when he is on his way to the circus.

On West Macon street, just on the verge of the city, there was an old house. It was a great brick house with a large porch facing the east. In the large kitchen at the back of the house was the man's wife. Her hair was streaked with gray. She was the best of cooks, so her children thought. In the kitchen, there in one corner, was the large cook stove with savory smells coming from the several large kettles. If one could peep into the oven he might see the large turkey just turning brown. In the wide shelved pantry were cakes with brown and white icing on them. Beside these there were apple, peach and berry pies. Next to the kitchen there was a large dining room. The table was covered with a snow white cloth and was set for ten. In the center of the table there was a large bouquet of red roses. If one passed on into the living room he might find a large warm room. In one corner there was a fire place. The walls were tinted gray and the rug was a mixture of gray, blue and red. There were large red coals in the fire place which sent a red glow over all the room.

We might wonder why the table is set for ten. The old man whom we saw with the sleigh has gone to meet his children, who are expected to arrive on the train from the city.

There, Barton Fairfield is coming back now and his sleigh is full. They soon come rushing into the living room, throwing off their wraps. First to kiss his mother, Delia, is Harry, the eldest son, then his wife and children, Jack and Elizabeth. Then came their youngest daughter, Helen, who was home on the Christmas vacation given at the college she attended. Then their oldest daughter, Dorothy, and her husband. Last of all came their other daughter, who is a school teacher in the city. She came in with her father, whom she had gone to the barn with, to feed and unharness the team.

Soon after, they had their Christmas dinner, not soon to be forgotten. Such exclamations as follows ensued at the table:

"I haven't tasted so tender a turkey since I left home."

"These cranberries and sweet potatoes are so good."

"Oh, granny, bring on the p-i-e," exclaimed Jack.

"Oh, look, see the cakes and pies, just look! Oh, goody, goody!"

"Well, well, my pretty dcars, you shall have all the pies and cake and candy and nuts you want, at grannie's".

After that long-remembered dinner they had a regular musical. They played the piano, sang, played games and did most everything that was suggested. Barton remarked that the old piano hadn't had so much exercise for years. In the afternoon they all went away in the large sleigh and gathered mistletoe. The merry Christmas home gathering ended with Barton and his wife taking their children and grandchildren to the train in the large sleigh. When Barton Fairfield and his wife reached home they sighed a great sigh of relief and remarked of the happiness in having their children there and the happiness in having them leave and being once more in peace.

Soliloquy of A Football

MARY R. PARKER

"'I hold the world, but as the world', a stage, where every man must play a part and mine a sad one." Before I had played a game of football I did not realize how true this was, but now I get full meaning of Shakespeare's words. I remember well the first game I ever played. I was laying on the shelf when one day a young college student purchased me and carried me out to the football ground where I (after being handled and thumped to see if I was blown up

tight enough) was laid down next to one of my own kind, who looking out from above numerous patches, said sadly: 'Let me warn you—football life is only a series of knocks and kicks. It is with great pleasure that I find I am to retire from active service.' I laughed thinking that his melancholy mood was due to just having played the first half in a game between Harvard and Yale. But when the game started I commenced to feel quite nervous because the score was nothing to nothing and all the players looked as if they were ready to fight.

"The first thing I knew was that Harvard had me and was rushing toward their goal. When all of a sudden a Yale student who looked as if he was able to down any player on either team, downed my Harvard owner and they both fell on top of me. Still Harvard held me. It was not long, however, until I was in Yale's possession and was rushed off in the opposite direction. It seemed as if they were near their goal, but wishing to get there quicker, they tried a forward pass. This was a failure. Harvard got me again and I was started back toward the Harvard goal. All players seemed tired out, but I thought, no wonder from the numerous times I had had the breath knocked out of me. This time Harvard reached goal and succeeded in the goal kick. This made the score six to nothing in favor of Harvard. This ended the half. Yale was determined to bring up their part of their score and now worked harder than ever. After I was gotten by both sides several times, I found myself back with Yale. They made poor plays and with the third down had five yards to gain. They were desperate and again tried a forward pass. This time they were successful and got to the goal. The position to kick from was extremely difficult and they missed. This made the score six to five in favor of Harvard. Both sides played as hard as possible and tried as many tricks as they could, but all in vain. The score still stood the same, six to five, in favor of Harvard. While I was lying on the floor in the dressing room, I heard every one say that this game had been the best one of the season.

After playing several games which were hard, but none as hard as the first, I began to think quite seriously of what had been said by the ball whose place I now occupied. Now I am about to be put in play for another game. I hope it will not be as hard as the first, because I have grown old and am all covered with patches which makes me feel as if I could not stand it. I think this game will be my last and should I happen to meet the ball which is to take my place I will warn it of its future, so that it may be prepared for the hardest of kicks. But alas, it may be as foolish as I was and not listen to one who has played many games and learned that experience is the best teacher."

Commercialism of Today

(This essay won the gold medal in the Piatt Co. Oratorical Contest)

MARGARET CLOYD

Vague, indefinable, yet clearly understood by almost all people, is commercialism—the spirit of business—the superabounding cause of all troubles, the root of all corruption. Commerce brings wealth, and wealth, luxury, with eventual moral and physical decadence. In some form, it must go on; it is necessary to the growth of any nation. But the spirit pervading it—the spirit of avarice—the greed for gold—the passion for gain—makes it a menace. Especially characteristic of the American is this love of money.

The activity, energy and money-making faculties of the American are justly celebrated. Work is asserted by him to be a pleasure, not for the work itself, but for the money it brings. All of his energies are ceaselessly bent toward the accumulation of money. All interests and all pursuits tending to distract him from his one love—the dollar—are eliminated. Since, then, the desire for wealth is so great, is it strange that commercialism should enter into every phase of modern life?

Commercialism, a powerful, degrading force, enters first into politics. Locally, it is usually carried on with the knowledge and consent of the community. A corporation wants a franchise for a street railway, at the earliest possible date. In order to obtain it, legislatures or city councils must be manipulated, and this task is found to be comparatively easy. Influential positions are utilized for public and private gain. High offices are controlled by men with money, and the people occupying these positions of power are likewise controlled by these men, because of the money.

The same conditions exist in the state government. Commercialism is the cause of corruption in legislatures. Money sends to our state legislative bodies men unworthy to represent the people. By these men, who are working for their own interests, bills detrimental to public welfare, or, if not positively harmful, at least not distinctively beneficial, are often passed. So, our law-making bodies fall short of the purpose for which they were intended.

With regard to the nation, as the people are, so the government, of the people and by the people, must be. Throughout the entire Union there is a dual conscience, two moral standards, one for public and one for private life. Is it surprising that with affairs in such a state, the national government is not all that it should be? And are we astonished when we think of some of the reasons why civilized countries no longer make war upon each other? It is not because we have learned to love our neighbors, but because war injures trade and costs money. History shows that friendship founded chiefly on interest has little real value.

Commercialism is degrading to morals. It is responsible for the gradual loss of sight of the principles of truth, honor, charity, sympathy among men, religion, the real meaning of life. It has entered into the church. The poor are often excluded from the church by the high pew rents and the undue influence of the rich. One of the most notable books of recent years, Winston Churchill's "The Inside of a Cup," very forcibly tells the extent to which it has been carried in some places. Rectors of St. John's had been controlled by the wealthy parishioners. John Hodder, without breaking his bonds, could not live truly and honestly; without living honestly, he could not preach the truth convincingly; without convincingly preaching the truth, he could never expect to attract those outside, those in whom he was most interested, those who most needed help. His struggles with his conscience typify the struggles of many others under similar circumstances, but his ultimate resignation, his refusal to remain longer in a hypocritical position, his renunciation of the larger salary offered him, and his new start with a very little money, were the acts of a strong man.

Real spiritual life has been transformed into industrial energy. The church must advertise, and does advertise goods for material benefits. Religion is, in many instances, a mere business enterprise. A professional man goes to one church, his wife to another. His practice is increased, he secures patronage from among the members of both churches. Is it not natural that religion should be made a business, since business is made a religion?

Does this same spirit enter into educational fields? Without doubt, it does. Take first the teachers. Upon careful investigation, it will be found that many of them think nothing at all of the good work they might be able to accomplish, the uplifting influence they might exert, but, instead, they think only of the money which will come to them in payment for the knowledge which they, perhaps conscientiously, have sought to impart. Among younger students the trading instinct is keen. As they

grow older, they begin to care more and more for money. They need money, they must have it, if they wish to be participants in the various activities of the school. Therefore they turn all their faculties, all their talents and abilities, toward this one goal, the accumulation of money. It has been shown that a well-educated man, a college graduate, a man with a degree, is better fitted for prosperity than the average high school or grammar school graduate, and he usually gains it more easily. Often this is the only reason for taking a college course, that the gates of opportunity, of wealth may more readily be opened.

Then, commercialism enters into our social life. First, as regards giving. Gifts should be given with a motive of love, not with the thought of return. But is this always the predominant motive? Will it not frequently be found that they are given solely with the thought of return, of receiving in exchange something of greater value? Surely, this is unworthy of civilized people.

Entertainments are given in the same spirit. "What return will I get from this?" "How will this help my husband?" "Will I be socially benefited?" These might be found to be questions often asked before elaborate entertainments. Certainly, happiness may be obtained without money, and money is not by any means essential to happiness, but, without a doubt, it is often the means of bringing greater joy, and it *is* necessary to social success.

Last of all, comes the question of marriage and the home. Why do so many American heiresses marry titled foreigners, or, why do so many titled foreigners marry American heiresses? Is it love for each other? Perhaps it is, in some cases. More often it is love for the title or for the money inherited. Titles are attractive and they do add distinction, and they insure social success. And surely money is attractive. Women, as well as men, marry for it. With it they are enabled to make their homes more splendid; they have the means of entertaining elaborately, more elaborately, perhaps, than their own social enemies, or their husband's political or business enemies. In this way they entirely forget, or, at least, disregard the sacredness of marriage, the real meaning of the word "home." Certainly, commercialism should have no place in marriage; there, it is degrading to the utmost.

America has been called the "big brother of the nations;" she has befriended millions of the downtrodden and oppressed from other countries; and she has given them an ideal, a god—money. Is that all of which America is capable? Should not her name stand for something higher and nobler? There is a way to make it better, a slow process—for commercialism is not likely to dis-

appear during this generation or the coming one—but it is a sure one. The children of today should be taught to use wealth. A boy who is to spend the best years of his life in making money should be taught that commercialism is a curse only when it leads to dishonesty, and despicable when it leads to selfishness, vulgarity and arrogance. Wealth is a great power for good. Churches, universities, libraries, medical institutes, hospitals, pension funds, ministries to the needy and unfortunate are not evils—neither are museums, art galleries and the numerous other things which make life more than a commonplace existence. It is the duty of American parents “to see that the rich men of the future use wealth unselfishly—not as purveyors of charity, but as partners with society. “For what shall it profit a man, if—in the mad rush for gold—he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”

❧ Rest ❧

ROY MCKINNEY.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

When the last exam has been written and the pen's are rusted and dried;
When the youngest teacher has faded and the cross't principal's died,
We shall rest, and faith we shall need it, lie down for an hour or so
Till the toils of life and the tho't of strife make us get up and go.

And those that are good shall be happy; they shall sit in a new back seat;
They shall make all the noise they want to, and never have to lift their
feet;

They shall have real saints to draw from; Daniel and Orville and Paul;
They shall whisper all they want to, and never get called at all.

Only fond mothers shall praise them; on others they'll lay the blame,
And no one shall work for good grades, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of pleasure, and each in his chosen seat,
Shall enjoy life as he sees it—a life that is long and sweet.



Athletics

FOOTBALL.

Coach.....Ernest Stephenson
 Manager.....Lennie High
 Captain.....Ralph Moery

TEAM.

Center.....Daniel Carlin
 Left Guard.....Raymond Bower
 Left Tackle.....Ivra Burr
 Left End.....John Schadow
 Right Guard.....Howard Moore
 Right Tackle.....Ben Adkins
 Right End.....Reuben Adkins
 Quarter Back.....Ralph Moery
 Full Back.....George Clark
 Left Half Back.....Lennie High
 Right Half Back.....Roy McKinney
 Substitutes.....Emmett Foran, Orville Bowyer

GAMES.

September 13—Bement at Lovington—Lovington, 20; Bement, 0.
 September 27—Bement at Sullivan—Sullivan, 32; Bement, 6.
 October 4—Lovington at Bement—Lovington, 12; Bement, 6.
 October 11—Gibson City at Bement—Gibson City, 13; Bement, 32.
 October 18—Philo at Bement—Philo, 0; Bement, 53.
 October 25—Bement at Newman—Newman, 46; Bement, 0.
 November 1—Taylorville at Bement—Taylorville, 12; Bement, 6.
 November 22—Bement at Champaign—Champaign, 45; Bement, 0.
 November 27—Bement at Tuscola—Tuscola, 20; Bement, 0.
 Seniors and Freshmen, 12; Juniors and Sophomores, 0.

Although Bement came out with the short end of the scoring, the team did exceptionally well, since it is the first one Bement High has had for several seasons, and all the players were new men, practically ignorant of the game. The team was poorly supported at the first of the season, but the interest and enthusiasm shown at the end was unusually good. There are some fast teams on the schedule for next season, but with many of last season's stars back, and with the proper support, our team should put up a good fight for the State Championship.

B. H. S. Football Team



H. Moore G. Clark O. Day I. Burr L. High
E. Foran R. Moery D. Carlin O. Bowyer J. Schadows
Reuben Adkins Bower B. Adkins J. High Brawner Roy Adkins

BASKETBALL.

Manager.....Ralph Moery
Captain.....Lennie High

TEAM.

Center.....Olin Day
Right Forward.....Roy McKinney
Left Forward.....Reuben Adkins
Right Guard.....Lennie High
Left Guard.....Ralph Moery
Substitutes—Center, George Clark; Forward, Ivra Burr; Guard,
Raymond Ward.

GAMES.

Bement, 20; Monticello, 8
Bement, 34; Monticello, 27
Bement, 28; Monticello, 27
Bement, 40; Sullivan, 8
Bement, 19; Taylorville, 21
Bement, 31; Petersburg, 17
Bement, 24; Neoga, 27
Bement, 27; Chrisman, 37

BASEBALL.

Manager.....Lennie High
Captain.....Reuben Adkins

TEAM.

Pitcher.....Lennie High
Catcher.....Ben Adkins
First Base.....Emmett Foran
Second Base.....Fred Cloyd
Third Base.....Ivra Burr
Short Stop.....Reuben Adkins
Left Field.....John High
Right Field.....Ralph Fisher
Center Field.....Roy McKinney

GAMES.

April 11—Monticello, 12; Bement, 4
April 18—Lovington, 6; Bement, 9
May 13—Monticello, 17; Bement, 2

B. H. S. Basketball Team



High	Clark	Day	Ward	Foran	Schadows
Moery	McKinney	Adkins	Burr		

TRACK TEAM 1913

Manager.....George Clark
Captain.....Ralph Moery

TEAM.

50-yard Dash.....W. Foran, E. Hill
100-yard Dash.....W. Foran, L. High
220-yard Dash.....W. Foran, L. High
One-quarter Mile Run.....R. McKinney
One-half Mile Run.....R. McKinney
Pole Vault.....L. High, E. Hill
Shot Put.....W. Foran, L. High
Discus Throw.....W. Foran, L. High
Running Broad.....G. Clark, L. High
Standing Broad.....W. Foran
220-yard Low Hurdles.....G. Clark
One-half Mile Relay.....R. Moery, J. Schadow, L. High, W. Foran

RECORDS HELD BY BEMENT.

50-yard Dash—:54-5.....W. Foran, '13
100-yard Dash—:10.....W. Foran, '13
220-yard Dash—:23 1-5.....W. Foran, '13
Standing Broad—10 ft. 1 in.....W. Foran, '12
Running Broad—20 ft. 5 in.....G. Clark, '13
Discus Throw—103 ft.....W. Foran, '12
Pole Vault—10 ft. 2 in.....L. High, '13
220-yard Low Hurdles—31 1-5.....W. Foran, '12

TRACK TEAM 1914

Manager.....Roy McKinney
Captain.....Ralph Moery

TEAM.

50-yard Dash.....E. Foran, R. Moery
100-yard Dash.....E. Foran, R. Moery
220-yard Dash.....E. Foran, R. Moery
One-quarter Mile Run.....R. McKinney, R. Fisher
One-half Mile Run.....R. McKinney, J. Schadow
Pole Vault.....O. Day, H. Fisher
Shot Put.....G. Clark
Discus Throw.....O. Day, G. Clark
Running Broad.....R. Moery, G. Clark
Standing Broad.....R. Moery, E. Foran
220-yard Low Hurdles.....G. Clark, H. Fisher
One-half Mile Relay.....R. Fisher, H. Fisher, R. McKinney, R. Moery

B. H. S. Track Team



R. Moery C. Phillips R. Ward O. Day G. Clark F. Foran R. Adkins J. Schadows J. High
 R. McKinney L. High H. Fisher R. Fisoer I. Burr L. Rhodes

PIATT COUNTY ATHLETIC CONTEST, MAY 23, 1914.

- 50-yard Dash—Goeggle, Cerro Gordo, first—time, :5 4-5; Moery, Bement, second; Carrier, Deland, third.
- Pole Vault—Moore, Atwood, first—height, 10 ft; Collier, Monticello, second; Marquiss, Monticello, third.
- 100-yard Dash—Carrier, Deland, first—time, :10 4-5; Goeggle, Cerro Gordo, second; Priestly, Monticello, third.
- Shot Put—Wilson, Atwood, first—distance, 41 ft. 1½ in.; Robinson, Monticello, second; Clark, Bement, third.
- Half Mile—Marquiss, Monticello, first—time, 2:09; Duvall, Monticello, second; McKinney, Bement, third.
- Broad Jump—Moery, Bement, first—distance, 9 ft. 11 in.; Thompson, Monticello, second; Wilson, Atwood, third.
- 220-yard Dash—Foran, Bement, first—time, :24 4-5; Kelly, Monticello, second; Carrier, Deland, third.
- Running Broad Jump—Moery, Bement, first—distance, 19 ft. 9½ in.; Kelly, Monticello, second; Firke, Mansfield, third.
- Hammer Throw—Wilson, Atwood, first—distance, 159 ft. 4 in.; Robinson, Monticello, second; Biggs, Atwood, third.
- High Jump—Wilson, Atwood, first—height, 5 ft. 3 in.; Day, Bement, second; Carrier, Deland, third.
- Quarter Mile—Duvall, Monticello, first—time, :53 4-5; Goeggle, Cerro Gordo, second; McKinney, Bement, third.
- Discus—Wilson, Atwood, first—distance, 101 ft. 10 in.; Burns, Mansfield, second; Day, Bement, third.
- 220-yard Hurdles—Kelly, Monticello, first—time, :28 4-5; Clark, Bement, second; Firke, Mansfield, third.
- Half Mile Relay—Monticello, first; Bement, second; Atwood, third.

Banner won by Monticello.

Individual star, Wilson, Atwood.

Half-mile record, lowered to 2:09.

Quarter-mile record, lowered to :53 4-5.

New record in hammer throw, 159 ft. 4 in.

Low hurdles record, lowered to :28 4-5.

BEMENT'S POINT WINNERS.

Bement featured in the jumps, Moery, Bement's star, winning the standing broad and the running broad jump. Moery also won second in the 50-yard dash, receiving a total of thirteen points.

Emmett Foran won the 220 in grand style.

Olin Day, a Freshman, won second in the high jump and third in the discus.

George Clark won second in the hurdles and third in the shot put.

Roy McKinney won third in the half and the quarter.

Bement Alumni

CLASS OF 1881

Taylor C. Clendenen, Principal.

- Miss Anna Pettitt, teacher, ~~Rosebud, Texas.~~
Mrs. Eva Rosecrans-Emory, deceased.
Mrs. Geneva Dunn-Hicks, Monticello, Ill.
Mrs. Mary Newton-Hyder, York, Nebraska.
Mrs. Lucy Sprague-Dyarman, Bement, Ill.

1882.

I. N. Wade, Principal.

- Mrs. Beulah Rhinesmith-Houston, Bloomington, Ill.
Luther Thompson, farmer, Winnemac, Ind.
Miss Luella Bingham, seamstress, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Cora Niles-Snapp, Joliet, Ill.
Albert O. Sayler, deceased.

1883

W. E. Mann, Principal.

- Mrs. Mollie Thompson-East, Decatur, Ill.
Miss Emily Lucas, deceased.
Mrs. Dell Daniels-Burgess, Bement, Ill.

1884

- Miss Wilma Rhinesmith, teacher, Chicago, Ill.
Norman Camp, evangelist, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Lena Weinstein, lecturer, New York City.
Miss Ida Rhinesmith, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Mary Lamb-Rose, Bement, Ill.

1885

Wm. Sondericker, Principal.

- Charles O. Houck, assistant county clerk, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Edith Ruby-Burkes, Decatur, Ill.
William Collins, traveling salesman, Tallaposa, Ga.
William Niles, Kansas City, Kans.
Miss Lena Hammond, Bement, Ill.

1886

Charles W. Groves, Principal.

- Mrs. Nora Bingham-Taylor, Milmine, Ill.
Mrs. Luella Camp-Tinkham, Crown Point, Ind.
Bert Collins, Tallaposa, Ga.
Miss Bryde Fleming, Bement, Ill.

Edwin Sprague, farmer, Portersville, Calif.
Mrs. Mabel Tenney-Rickerts, Newark, Ohio.
Miss Susie Thompson, Winnemac, Ind.
Mrs. Dora Trabue-Groves, Champaign, Ill.
John Yost, California.
Mrs. Ellen Evans-McKay, Los Angeles, Calif.

1887

Rolla Hartshorn, bank clerk, Youngstown, Ohio.
Mrs. Eilzabeth Mills-Sultzeberger, address unknown.
Mrs. Sadie Howard-Nelson, Freeport, Ill.
Miss Minerva Goodrich, Bement, Ill.
Miss Anna Grant, deceased.

1890

Miss Grace Rhinesmith, teacher, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Marion Thompson-Gratz, St. Louis, Mo.
Miss Minnie Collins, teacher, Chicago, Ill.

1891

J. M. Martin, Principal.
Fred Niles, St. Paul, Minn.

1892

Mrs. Emily Camp-Vance, Chicago Heights, Ill.
Miss Olive Tenny, deceased.
Edgar B. Cole, Riverside, Calif.

1893

George Thompson, lawyer, Bement, Ill.
George Larson, farmer, Voorhies, Ill.
John Lamb, farmer, Voorhies, Ill.

1894.

Miss Grace E. Barnett, teacher, Decatur, Ill.
Mrs. Mayme Bodman-Hammond, Bement, Ill.

1895.

Miss Elizabeth Goodrich, clerk, Champaign, Ill.
Mrs. Alvira Hammond-Bodman, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Mayme Hayes-Bowdle, Cerro Gordo, Ill.
Mrs. Maude Bennett-Johnson, Portland, Oregon.
Ralph Martin, doctor, Riverside, Calif.
William B. Vance, mail carrier, Seattle, Wash.
Miss Emily Hammond, teacher, Chicago, Ill.

1896.

Charles McIntosh, Superintendent.
Miss Anna Mitchell, teacher, Rosebud, Texas.
Forrest Rose, deceased.

1897

Miss Rose Fleming, clerk P. O., Bement, Ill.
O. T. Webb, deceased.
Miss Ida Hinkle, Champaign, Ill.
Mrs. Nelle Foran-Nolan, Ivesdale, Ill.
Fred Tenney, doctor, Toledo, Ohio.
Earnest Dunn, civil engineer, Dexter, Missouri.
T. O. Holcomb, deceased.
Mrs. Jane Coleberd-Steele, Bement, Ill.

1898

Charles Dawson, traveling salesman, Chicago, Ill.
Harvey M. Vance, doctor, Pleasant Grove, Utah.
Miss Mary Hawks, teacher, Bement, Ill.
Miss Lula Corser, teacher, Champaign, Ill.
Roy Webb, receiving teller bank, Houston, Texas.
Mrs. Margaret Johnson-Williams, Denver, Colorado
Miss Cora Ellars, Ironton Ohio.
Mrs. Carrie Tenney-Congor, Chicago, Ill.
Fred Jones, manager oil fields, Jennings, La.
Dean Conway, deceased.
Luther Conway, deceased.
Charles O. Knapp, hardware, Bement, Ill.

1899

E. S. McDuffee, Superintendent.

Millard Brown, deceased.
Mrs. Mabel Davis-Jackson, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Wilhelmina Ernst-Fox, Decatur, Ill.
John Scott, farmer.
Samuel Noe, teacher in correspondence school, Chicago, Ill
Edgar S. Bodman, druggist, Bement, Ill.
James G. Lamb, doctor, Cerro Gordo, Ill.
Raymond E. Moore, traveling salesman, Red Oaks, Iowa.

1900

Mrs. Joicie Adkins-Armstrong, Monticello, Ill.
Nellie Amidon, Bement, Ill.
Charles Ball, contractor, Bement, Ill.
Leo Bebinger, farmer, Milmine, Ill.
Clarence Holcomb, electrician, New York City.
Sophia Kreig, address unknown.
Daisy Iodge, Decatur, Ill.
George McGaffy, farmer, Culver, Ind.
Mrs. Pearl Martin-Cline, Monticello, Ill.
Henry Scott, farmer, Cheadle Alta, Canada.

James Sine, painter, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Louise Taylor-Thompson, Bement, Ill.
Miss Mary Taylor, Bement, Ill.

1901

Walter Booker, ranchman,, Denver, Colo.
Willard Bower, clothier, Bement, Ill.
Robert Bower, surveyor, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Laura Brown-Byerline, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Lena Camp-Bower, Bement, Ill.
Miss Rebecca Clark, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Mattie Ernst-Stone, Streator, Ill.
Miss Cora Hough, Springfield, Ill.
Mrs. Ellen Larson-Lamb, Cerro Gordo, Ill.
Miss Ollie Markwell, stenographer, Chicago, Ill.
Dudley Scott, Bement, Ill.
Ray Siders, hardware, Bement, Ill.
St. Clair Vance, doctor, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Lillie Bowyer-Hedges, missionary, Bologne, Africa.
Mrs. Carrie Hammond-Bodman, Bement, Ill.

1902.

Miss Edna Moore, Bement, Ill.
Adolph Ernst, civil service, Decatur, Ill.
Mrs. Lou Hayes-Bauer, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Jeanette Dawson-Summers, Monticello, Ill.
Mrs. Blanche Oldridge-McIntosh, Terre Haute, Ind.
Miss Grace Alvord, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Clara Hall-Foulk, Bement, Ill.

1903

Arthur Verner, Superintendent.
Mrs. Candace Cloyd-Johnson, Logansport, Ind.
Mrs. Etta Mann-Hamman, Milmine, Ill.
Mrs. Lina Moery-Martin, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Edna Farrow-McGiffin, Minneapolis, Minn.
Mrs. Edna Coffeen-Hamilton, Calgary, Canada.
Mrs. Edith Holland———— Bakersville, Calif.
Miss Mayme McNamee, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Gertrude Duncan-Cain, Decatur, Ill.
Miss Edna Hayes, physician and surgeon, Bartonville, Ill.

1904.

Mrs. Bessie Bowyer-Campbell, Bement, Ill.
Lewis Bowyer, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Eugenia Davies-Medaris, Bement, Ill.
Miss Clara Davies, Champaign, Ill.
Mrs. Grace Hancock-Onions, Canton, Ill.

Curtis Knapp, civil service, Bement, Ill.
George Vance, engineer, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Cora McClure-Siders, Bement, Ill.
Miss Emma Day, teacher, Bement, Ill.
Stanley Hammond, civil service, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Alma Mavity-Moore, Maroa, Ill.
Mrs. Goldie Roberts-Gentry, Hammond, Ill.

1905

Mrs. Clay Downard-Scott, Genoa, New York.
Miss Edna Burgess, nurse, Bement, Ill.

1906

E. J. Vines, Superintendent.

Miss Bina Davies, Bement, Ill.
Miss Nina Moore, assistant postmistress, Bement, Ill.
Russell Camp, National Bank, Bement, Ill.
Everett Hamman, grain dealer, Roberts, Ill.
Carl Stadler, farmer, Bement, Ill.
Lucian Scott, minister, Genoa, New York.

1907

S. W. Wright, Superintendent.

Miss Ethel Anderson, Bement, Ill.
Homer Beckner, railroad service, Kansas City, Missouri.
Harry Hayes, farmer, Bement, Ill.
Miss Etta Bogue, teacher, Bement, Ill.
Thomas Lamb, Jr., Bement, Ill.
Glenn Kelley, lawyer, Kansas City, Kans.

1908.

John Sheay, Hutchinson, Minnesota.
John Curry, superintendent city schools, Thermopolis, Wyoming.
John Roach, teacher, Bement, Ill.
Scott Taylor, Bement, Ill.
Miss Mary Hall, deceased.
Miss Marjory McCullough, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Nina Wright-Moery, Bement, Ill.
Miss Dessie Muthersbaugh, Bement.
Miss Mabel Day, Bement.
Earl Baker, Bement.
Raymond Davies, Bement.
Rex Cox, Bement.

1909

Mrs. Clara Warfield-Bowyer, Pontiac, Ill.
Earl Hardin, teacher, Bement.
Arbie Hawver, Milmine bank, Milmine, Ill.
Miss Gladys Hoffheins, Bement.

Miss Ethel Rose, teacher, Bement.
Miss Floy Cochrane, clerk, Bement.
Miss Edith Rose, music teacher, Bement.
Miss Mamie Fisher, Bement.
Miss Estella Martin, kindergarten teacher, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Ruth Parker, teacher, Bement, Ill.

1910

H. A. Paine, Superintendent.

Mrs. Margaret Bower-Body, Bement.
Miss Gussie Parker, bookkeeper, Bement.
Miss Adelia Carlin, clerk, Bement.
Miss Olive Fisher, music teacher, Bement.
Mrs. Lota McKinney-Bodell, Peoria, Ill.
Blaine Felger, U. of I., Champaign, Ill.
Linley Hawver, Milmine, Ill.
Miss Geraldine Sine, teacher, Bement, Ill.
Miss Florence Lamb, Bement, Ill.
Leon Selby, teacher manual training, Aurora, Ill.
1909- Miss Alice Downard, Bement.

1911

Veronica Foran, nurse in training, Chicago, Ill.
Nelda Lamb, teacher, Winona, Ill.
Audrey Whisler, teacher, Decatur, Ill.
Ross Taylor, Bement, Ill.
Gerald Baker, Bement, Ill.
Walter Slevin, Bement, Ill.
Mrs. Minnie Rohde-Mize, Santa Anna, Calif.

1912.

Joe Foran, clerk, Decatur.
Tony Ryan, teacher, Lintner.
Paul Flowers, Bement.
Robert Wright, teacher, Bement, Ill.
Leila Burgess, teacher, Bement.
Ralph Day, farmer, Bement.
Josephine Bowyer, nurse in training, Battle Creek, Mich.
Duard Colyer, teacher, Lintner.
Flossie Hamman, Milmine.
Vivian Moore, office work, Decatur, Ill.
Florence Amidon, Decatur.
Bertha Hamman, teacher, Bement.

1913

N. N. Stevenson, Superintendent.

Edna Hendrix, Bement.
Vera Rhodes, Bement.
Elmer Hill, Bement.
Pauline Ward, Bement.
Elsie Sine, teacher, Bement.

Miss Anna Grant, deceased.
Florence Lipnigh teacher, Bement.
Margaret Taylor, teacher, Milmine.
Will Foran, Bement.

1914.

N. N. Stevenson, Superintendent.

Jessie Jackson, Bement, Ill.
Ralph Moery, Bement, Ill.
Lelia Spear, Bement, Ill.
Jessie Burgess, Bement, Ill.
Ora Haynes, Bement, Ill.
Margaret Cloyd, Bement, Ill.
Roy McKinney, Bement, Ill.
Lennie High, Bement, Ill.
Elizabeth Burgess, Bement, Ill.
Bennie Adkins, Bement, Ill.
Dorothy Burgess, Bement, Ill.
Emmett Foran, Bement, Ill.
Ruth Bradley, Bement, Ill.
Pearl Rose, Bement, Ill.
Luella Larson, Bement, Ill.



Bement High School



History of Bement School

The first school was taught by Henry Booth during the winter of 1856. A three-months term was taught the next spring by Miss Catherine Booth. There was a large building needed at this time, which was built by J. M. Camp in 1859. It was 40x26 feet; two stories. In 1866 the east and west wings were added, the south wing in 1886, and in 1892 the southeast and west wings. The building contained twelve rooms and basement. The first school bell was purchased by S. K. Bodman in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1859 and formerly belonged to a steamer, "The Lady of the Lake," which was sunk in 1859. The bell was struck by lightning September 5, 1899, and was no longer used. It is now in Anthony Clark's yard.

The Bement school building was totally destroyed by fire Tuesday morning, April 4, 1899, starting at about 2:30 o'clock. Owing to lack of water pressure the building could not be saved. The building covered an area of 70x200 feet, and entailed a loss of \$20,000, with an insurance of \$6,500 on building and apparatus. The origin of the fire was not known. On April 15, 1899, a meeting of the school board was held to appoint a committee to employ an architect to submit plans, specifications and estimates for a new brick building to be erected on the old site. The matter was then submitted to a vote of the district.

The present building was completed February 14, 1900, at a cost, furnished, of about \$27,000. The building is located about eighty-two feet east and thirty feet south of the old site. The building contains fifteen rooms, with basement, and gymnasium. The laboratory apparatus is valued at \$1,200. The building covers an area of 127x83 feet and contains a steam heating plant, ten electric bells, electric lights and telephone. The building was dedicated Friday, January 26, 1900. Dedicatory exercises were held at 1:30 o'clock. In the evening an entertainment and banquet were given, the proceeds of which were given for the purchasing of library books and apparatus.

T. C. Clendenen, who was principal, organized the present high school, and it was thru his efforts that the school was put on the accredited list of the University of Illinois. In 1895 the school was again accredited in full standing, and in 1894 was accredited with the Ohio State University. The present library was started in 1886. The accreditation of the school has been kept up every two years by the examiner from the State University and is now in good standing. Mr. Clendenen, who is now Superintendent of the Cairo city schools, tells how it was accredited:

Accreditation of Bement High School

There were not many schools on the accredited list of Illinois University in 1879. When my supervision began in September, 1879, I wrote the Illinois President that Bement wanted to be one of the "its." The instructions came back, giving the minimum in English, Mathematics, Science and Latin. Then we "got busy," and by the Spring of 1881 had the school and course ready for the University inspector, *who came, who saw, and was conquered*. That was an ambitious and rather egotistical undertaking when you consider that one person, the Superintendent, was High School Principal and faculty. But I was enthusiastic and energetic, and had zealous and industrious students who worked with a vim and energy that spelled success. That is all there was to the accreditation. We found what was demanded and went in and met the requirements. There never were sweeter and better girls and boys than those in the Bement High School of 1879-81. I know they have made the best of citizenship—wives, husbands and neighbors, and been duly accredited to life's university.

T. C. CLENDENEN.

Cairo, Ill., April 11th, 1914.



T. C. Clendenen

Old School Building



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A. L. Wilkinson,
Vice President

R. M. Fleming
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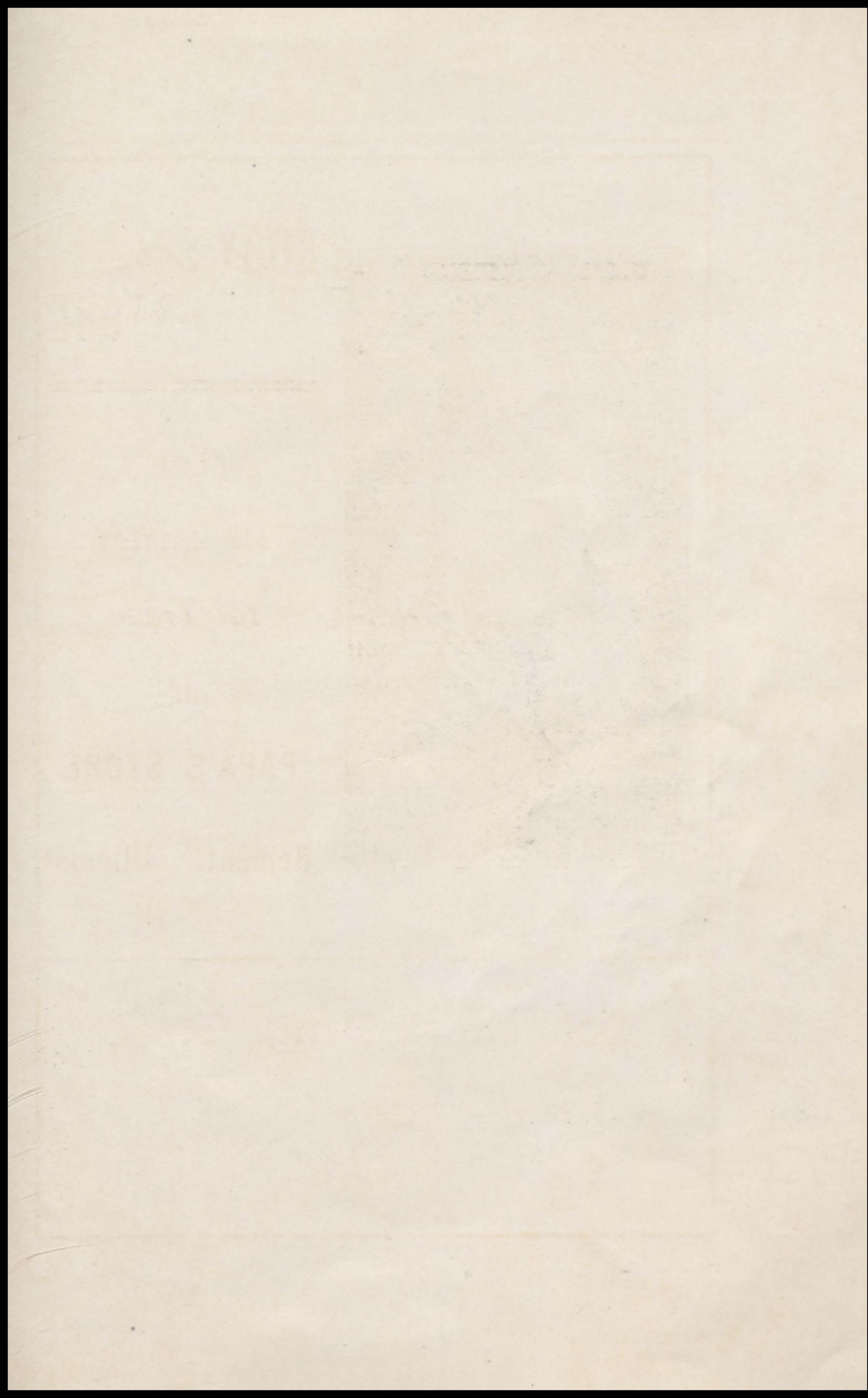
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