

SENIORETIS



E. J. H.

WE, THE SENIORS,
DEDICATE THIS ANNUAL TO
THE FACULTY
OF
ARGOS HIGH SCHOOL

Preface

WE present the students with this book, the result of our best work. Our purpose has been to represent every phase of school life, to bring as many smiles as possible, to produce a book that we will turn back to time and time again when we reach the rank of old Alumni.

We have also tried to put before you samples of the work of the different classes in High School, in order that you may see what good work the school is doing and at what a speedy rate it is progressing.

School Board



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MR. J. PICKERT



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EUNICE HOLMES	RUSSELL ROHRER	GRACE WISELY
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Jokes

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EDITH LOLMAUGH



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ELIZABETH WINN
INSTRUCTOR IN MUSIC AND ART



SARA EVA WINGERT



MRS. ESSIE SLAYTER



PROF. C. L. HOTTEL



SYLVIA SOUPART



ELIZABETH WINN

Senior Class

MOTTO : Right Makes Might
FLOWER : White Carnation
COLORS : Blue and White

Class Roll

MARY ATHA

"If 'twere not for my cat and dog, I think I could not live."

LAWRENCE COREY

"Virtue would not go far if vanity did not keep it company."

MILO CORMICAN

"I am a sage and can command the elements."

MARY GROSSMAN

"A cherry lip, a bonnie eye, a passing, pleasing tongue."

EVA HARRINGTON

"Gentle in manners, firm in reality."

EUNICE HOLMES

"I enjoy the happiness of the world. I live and love."

ALBERT HOFFMAN

"A religious life is a struggle and not a hymn."

CLYDE LEWIS

"Backward, turn backward,
O time in thy flight,
And make me a child again,
Just for to-night."

ESTHER LEWIS

"In mild expression spoke a mind—
In duty firm, composed, resigned."

EDITH LOLMAUGH

"Row on, whatever happens."

RUSSELL ROHRER

"He was a scholar and a ripe and good one."

ETHEL RULE

"It is better to wear out than to rust out."

GRACE WISELY

"What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity."



SENIOR CLASS

Junior Class Roll

COLORS : Green and White

MOTTO : One To-day is Worth Two To-morrows

Students

MAE TODD

AMSEY PUTERBAUGH

CLARENCE KERR

GROVER SHAFER

RUTH GANTZ

WILLIAM THOMPSON

LEWIS PATTISON

EUNICE NEWHOUSE

DESSIE BIXLER

LOIS SHAW

KATIE PERSONETTE

LILLIE RULE

DELFAW WICKIZER

HARRY NELLANS

CLYDE LEEHMAN



JUNIOR CLASS

Sophomore Class Roll

COLORS : Pink and White

Students

JOE BUCHER

JOSHUA BUNCH

LELA DIMMITT

ESTELLA DUNLAP

LURA HERRIN

DALE HUFF

ZOLA HUFF

ERMA KLECKNER

CHARLES MCCREARY

EARL MCGRIFF

LEONE MILLER

OCIE MINER

ORVILLE MOON

GWENDOLYN NAFF

MEDFORD NEHER

DEAN NELLANS

ROY PEABODY

WENDELL PICKERL

FERN ROOSE

RUTH SIMMONS

GOLDIE SISSEL

RUSSELL SNYDER

LOIS TAYLOR

NEIL THOMPSON

*MABEL VOREIS

NELLIE WARTENBE

VERN WARNER

EARNEST WISELEY

ESTHER STEFFEY

* Died April 2, 1910.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Freshman Class Roll

COLORS : Crimson and White

MOTTO : Row—Do Not Drift

Students

LOIS BEAM

PRINTHA BRIDEGROOM

ORA BURROUGHS

LOWELL COREY

CHARLES DANIELS

MATTIE JONES

ESSIE LEFFERT

NADINE MCCOY

WALTER NELSON

LUDLO NICHLOS

HARRY ROHRER

IRENE SCHONER

ORDO SILVER

AREBA SIMMONS

BEULAH STEVENSON

LULU STEVENSON

JESSIE TABER

TRELLA THOMPSON

LUCY WARNER

PEARL WARTENBE

FRANK DUNLAP

LLOYD MCGRIFF

ELMER WELTERS

CECIL YATES

EDNA YATES



FRESHMAN CLASS

Class Poem

O! come to me, thou poetical muse,
And in my listening ears please sing
A song about the Seniors, to amuse
All those who may happen to read this thing.

Four years ago the High School saw
A "bunch" of Freshmen, true to name,
Come striding through the hall, rah! rah!
But in their minds were thoughts of fame.

They studied hard and with a will
Mastered all the Latin phrases;
Took in them English, like a pill,
And learned the quantities of x plus z 's.

The months rolled by and Father Time
Did make some changes in this class;
But next year they were right in line,
As Sophomores they come and pass.

Again another year rolls by,
And in that room called Number Seven
A crowd of Juniors' looks defy
The under classmen and their steppin'.

These wiley Juniors had their times,
The class in figures numbered nine,
But oh, no words or poet's rhymes
Could e'er tell or their deeds define.

At last in the fall of nineteen nine
Again these Juniors came to school;
Their thoughts they could not but confine
That they were Seniors, and no fool.

Ah! you have long already guessed
That this was the class of 1910
Who came into the A. H. S.
As proud as all the Congressmen.

Our number now was ten and three;
Unlucky number, some may say,
But we have proved it not to be,
As the Soph's will say without delay.

We revelled in our English themes
And read about Scott's Talisman,
And Milton's rhymes and sonnets schemes
Our teacher taught us how to scan.

This illustrious class in Burns' Poems
Did not like the Scotch dialect;
But still we liked his famous roams
Through nature's fields and by the brooklet.

Miss Wingert in the Physics class
Taught us how to make a spark,
And that V times D equals $Mass$;
Then on our tests she made her mark.

We learned also results were good
Just when the "Lab." was very dark,
That is, we better understood
The principle of the electric spark.

In Civics, too, a few enrolled
Themselves to study government
And how the officers controlled
The U. S. A. on this continent.

We boomed the Argosal along
And raised its standard very high;
The Juniors say there is nothing wrong,
It's interesting and not so "dry."

We wish to thank the last year's class,
For starting the Argosal,
That we into the work could pass
And find there glory for us all.

We always had some dandy fun
When to a party we would go.
We either would get out and run
Or else play Pussy, "don't you know?"

But now our High School days are o'er,
And Time has made its many changes,
For soon we'll be a class no more
To start in life's broad ranges.

To our teachers we bid farewell
As we go out into the world;
Not one of us can ever tell
The thoughts they have to us unfurled.

We Seniors trust that everyone
In the grand old Argos High School
Will sometimes think of what we've done
And that we wish you well in school.

A few more days and the Seniors' tread
Will not be heard in those dear walls,
Where many times their feet have sped
To get within Room Six's walls.

When many years have rolled around
We hope the A. H. S. can say
The Class of Nineteen Ten have found
In life the way to win the day.

RUSSELL ROHRER.

The Seniors' Excursion

A SENIOR



HAVE you ever heard what a mysterious and fascinating trip we Seniors took once upon a time? I don't think you have, for it hasn't been published before, so I will give you a brief account of it here.

In the first place it will be necessary to give a few of the details which gave rise to our taking a trip. Perhaps some of you have heard of the great variety of experiments we performed in the laboratory this year, even more than Miss Wingert assigned. It was one of these experiments which resulted in us taking this particular excursion. Clyde, as probably you already know, has always been interested in the gyroscope car, and has studied its mechanical devices until he thought himself capable of making one; so, taking Albert with him, he went to the Nickel Plate Railroad, where he had collected the necessary material, and successfully constructed a gyroscope car. No one had missed the boys until they came rushing into the laboratory, where the rest of the Seniors were having a class meeting, and excitingly told what they had accomplished. But we were too thick-brained to believe it, and only laughed at what we thought was a joke. However, after they had finally convinced us, by their gestures and affirmations, Milo made a motion that the class take a ride on it. Mary Atha seconded the motion and as there were no objections we went 'helter-skelter, pell-mell' through the hall, down the stairs and out into the street until we reached the wonderful single-track machine.

In two minutes we had all "scrambled" on board and were ready to start. Clyde, of course, was engineer and he immediately set the car in motion toward Chicago. As we were going at a very high speed and night was fast approaching, Russell Rohrer began to get dizzy. The boys now thought that they had forgotten a headlight for the car, so Russell filled that vacancy. He answered the purpose all right until we were just entering the great city of Chicago. Two large cats were holding a lively combat on the track and did not notice the approach of our car. Russell hooted at them but to no avail. The car ran over them and their tails became entangled in the machinery, which caused a wreck. The car was damaged beyond repair, but fortunately none of us were hurt except Lawrence, who received a badly sprained ear.

We had decided previously to make a very extensive journey and take a general view of the "wild and woolly west." However, after this terrible misfortune we were forced to walk the remaining distance into Chicago. As we had not taken any money with us, the question arose as to how we should complete our journey without this pecuniary necessity. Great as that question was, we found a solution.

Upon arriving in the city, Esther, our class president, suggested that a committee of three be chosen to see the conductor on the next train, explain matters to him, and ask if he would not let us pass on our "good looks" and take us on board his train. The plan was unanimously accepted by the class and Eva, Eunice and Grace were accordingly chosen to

perform this mission. They immediately went to work and ere long had induced a young conductor, by their charms and whims, to let us finish our trip on his train. We thanked him greatly and promised to pay him. He heaved a sigh at this but said nothing.

Within a short time we were speeding over the vast prairie land of Illinois at the rate of a mile a minute. The train did not stop until we had crossed the Mississippi River and entered St. Louis. Here we changed cars and continued our journey until we reached the Rocky Mountains. At a small town called Flipflopville, in Colorado, we got off the train and "put up" at a tavern for a few days. While here we decided to make a tour into the forests and gather botany specimens for the Freshmen.

On the ensuing day we plunged into the jungles of the Coloradian woods. Mary Grossman was the only person to find anything of worth. It was a large Indian turnip. Lawrence offered to carry it for her but she had no sooner given it to him than he began to pound it soft with a stone, and then wrapping it up in his handkerchief applied it to his injured ear as a poultice.

After Ethel had narrowly escaped falling from a high cliff, and Edith had skinned her nose on a dangling cobweb and many other mishaps to the rest of the party, we decided

to return to the village. On reaching the "borough" we noticed a large crowd in the middle of the main street. Arriving at the scene, we saw a large flying machine just ready to make an aerial flight to Indiana. Without waiting for an invitation the whole class jumped into it, threw the man out who was to make the journey, and quickly rose from the ground in the wonderful machine. Milo proved to be the most skillful in handling this aerial monster, so we confided into his hands the duty of taking us back to dear old Argos. Once or twice we came so near the sun that our ship almost caught fire but luckily we escaped from such a fiery destruction. After sailing for about two days we sighted the smoke from the chimneys of the Argos school building. We told Milo to steer the ship gradually downward until we could make a landing, but the machine refused to come to the ground. We were greatly alarmed at this misfortune. However there happened to be a long rope in the airship which aided us in this time of need. We tied one end of the rope to the rear end of the machine, and left the other dangling in the air. The end of the rope became entangled in a tree top in the school yard as we were passing over the town and stopped the ship. Prof. Hottel happened to see our peril and after calling assistance succeeded in rescuing us. We were all glad to get back for the next day was "exams."

An Incident in a Railway Car

CLARENCE KERR ('11)



HERE is no place that gives one such an opportunity for studying the different types of character quite like a railway station. I realized this last evening while waiting for the 6:12 on the Nickel Plate.

In one corner of the little waiting room an old man, a carrier of trunks and other baggage to the "Argos House," was comfortably piled—and asleep. At no great distance from him was an unctuous-faced drummer studying a time table. Near him sat an A. H. S. boy, the molly-coddle sort, with his green figured socks and close-fitting skull cap.

"A sport, perhaps, that meets all the trains," I mused. I noticed, however, that he was carrying some books, so thought possibly he was one of the many out-of-town students of the High School. There were but two women in the depot and they passed away the time by taking short glimpses of each other, and then, if their eyes met, turned them away and were to all appearances occupied elsewhere.

There were many others that had numerous marked characteristics, but these were the ones that I noticed most.

The whistle of the incoming train cut short my observations. I saw the unctuous-faced drummer crowd through in a very impolite manner, and noticed the H. S. boy swing out before the crowd. The train started out at last and I, comfortably seated in the parlor car, was ready for a pleasant run. Here also was a good place to study the characteristics of the passengers.

A young girl across the aisle attracted my attention. I surmised that she was a college girl going home for a vacation. On the suit-case at her feet were the initials G. B. H.

Farther to the front of the car was a young married woman with three children playing about her.

One little girl, about eight years old, with light eyes and golden curls, raced up and down the aisles, but suddenly she stopped and eyed the young girl's suit case with a mingled look of anxiety and fun on her face. Then she addressed her, "Is them your initials?" The young girl smiled, nodded and answered, "Yes, my dear; but why?"

Then the little one, with a solicitous glance at me, then at her mother, said: "Well, 'cause my uncle Tom gets letters from a girl. I know it's a girl, 'cause the writing's not one bit like my papa's or uncle Tom's, but prit-near like my mama's. Well, he gets letters from a girl whose initials are G. B. H., and these is the very ones. I was just wondering if you could be the girl."

The young girl blushed but smiled and said in a most complacent tone: "You see, my dear, I can't tell anything about it until you tell me more about your uncle Tom. What is his full name and where does he live?"

"Why, his whole name is Thomas K. Blake; that's the way his letters come, anyhow, and he lives with us in Milton, Ohio. He's been away to college for a long time, but he's coming home today and we're going to Chicago to meet him. I know you'd like him. But what's your full name?"

"My full name is Gertrude Bates Harding." The little

girl accepted this after looking intently at the suit case and said in an undertone, "Gertrude Bates Harding," then said aloud: "Well, now I know that you are the girl that uncle Tom writes to, 'cause he talked in his sleep and when papa asked him what he wanted, he said 'Gertrude.' Say, Gertrude Bates Harding, I like you most as well as uncle Tom," and then the little piece of anatomy scampered back to her

mother, and I heard her say, "Mama, there's Gertrude Bates Harding, and that's the girl uncle Tom wants, and I'm going to take her to him, if she'll go and you'll let me." The only answer she received was a soft "Sh! Sh!"

Just then the train pulled into the La Salle Street station, and I knew there would be a happy meeting of the little girl, her mother, uncle Tom, and Gertrude Bates Harding.

His Excuse

ESTHER STEFFEY ('12)

THE central figure was a woman with a broom in her hand. She stood on the back step, crying,—
"George!"

There was no response; but anyone who had been on the other side of the close-boarded fence at the end of the garden might have observed two boys intently engaged in making mud pies.

"That's your mother callin' you, George," said one of the two, putting his eye to a knot-hole and glancing toward the house.

"I don't care," replied the other.

"Aint you goin' in?"

"No!"

"Georgie!" came another call, short and sharp, "do you hear me?"

There was no answer.

"Where is she now?" inquired Georgie, putting the filling in the pie.

"On the step," replied his friend at the knot-hole.

"What's she doin'?"

"George Henry!"

Still no answer.

"You needn't think you can hide from me, young man; I can see you, and if you don't come here at once I'll come after you."

Now this was an imminently natural statement, but hardly plausible, as her eyes would have to pierce an inch board fence to see George. And even if this were possible it would have required a glance in that special direction and not in an almost opposite way. Even the boy at the knot-hole could hardly repress a smile.

"What's she doin' now?" asked Georgie.

"She's still there."

"I won't speak to you again, George Henry," came the voice. "Your father will be at home in a few minutes and I'll tell him."

Still no answer.

"Aint you afraid?" asked the conscientious boy, taking his eye from the knot-hole to rest it.

"Naw; she won't tell pa; she never does; just says it to scare me."

Thus reassured, the sentinel peeked again.

"Aint you a comin' in here, young man, or do you want me to come with a stick? I won't call again, sir!"

"Is she comin'?" asked the baker.

"Naw! she's lookin' over in the other yard."

"Do you hear me, I say?" came the call.

No answer.

"George Henry Brown, do you hear your mother?"

Still no answer.

"You just wait till your pa comes."

"She's gone in now," announced the faithful guard.

"All right; now you take hold the crust and pull it down on the other side and there'll be another pie done," said the remorse-stricken George Henry Brown.

That evening at supper he cleared his case by saying that he heard a noise, and thinking it to be a dog fight had run down street to see it.

The Return of Spring

AREBA SIMMONS ('13)

First the robin's note is heard—
How we love that little bird!
Easter brings the daffodils
Which our soul with pleasure fills.

Then the trees begin to sprout,
And the boys begin to shout.
By these signs and tokens dear
We all know that spring is here.

Senior Will



E, the class of 1910 of Argos High School being of sound mind and body, as sane as most people and saner than some, do hereby, collectively, semi-collectively and individually bequeath the following goods and chattles, to-wit:

ITEM I. To the High School we bequeath the new Assembly Room which is being built from plans and specifications furnished by us and

under our direct supervision.

ITEM II. To the High School we bequeath our beloved and most honored faculty, together with such rules and regulations concerning their management as our experience dictates, these instructions to be placed in sealed envelopes and delivered to the Senior Class President of 1911, who will put you "next."

ITEM III. To Superintendent Craven Lynn Hottel we bequeath the joy and satisfaction of another year's work well done and our sincerest thanks for the inspiration his teaching and example will ever be to us.

ITEM IV. To Miss Sara Eva Wingert we bequeath permission to pardon us for all our faults and misdemeanors; also, our appreciation and thanks for the help given us in putting forth the Argosal and Senioretis.

ITEM V. Upon Mrs. Essie Slayter we bestow our copies of Pilgrims Progress, hoping bunions will never afflict her feet as badly as Bunyan has afflicted our heads.

To Miss Sylvia Soupart we give choice of all our themes and suggest her fortune may be made by securing copyrights for them. (Even so.)

ITEM VI. To Miss Elizabeth Winn we bequeath a kodak picture of each Senior, also the high notes and high lights which they have attained this year.

ITEM VII. To Mr. White we bequeath the latest improved Vacuum Cleaner and an Automatic Lown Mower and thanks for his many kindnesses.

ITEM VIII. To the class of 1911, we give the large penant which descended to us from the class of 1909. That its "honor be kept untarnished and unstained," we advise them to embalm it in moth balls during the summer.

ITEM IX. Upon the class of 1911, we impose the important task of editing the Argosal and Senioretis.

ITEM X. To class of 1912 we bequeath our hypnotic eye, whereby we transfixed our professors and influenced them to give us passing grades, also our Geometry note books, pencil stubs and the bottle of olives concealed in the laboratory. "Eat, drink and be merry" for "one to-day is worth two to-morrows."

ITEM XI. To class 1913 we will whisper (sh-h-h) the secret of our "underground railway;" along this route notes generally pass safely. To this class we look for the perpetuation of the Senior "cases."

ITEM XII. To the class of 1914 we give the two most important pieces of apparatus in the laboratory, namely: The Cartesian Imp and the Hobby Horse.

ITEM XIII. We do direct that our successors organize a High School Band, said order to hold its meetings during Physics laboratory sections. The members and instruments of this band shall be as follows:

Harry Nellans	Organ Pipe
Clarence Kerr	Sonometer
Clyde Lehman	C Tuning Fork
Amzi Puterbaugh	Violin Bow
Grover Shafer	A Tuning Fork
Lewis Pattison	Electrophorus

William Thompson, Director.

We, the girls of class 1910, bequeath the masculine members of our class to the following students, namely: Milo Cormican to Eunice Newhouse; Clyde Lewis to Mattie Jones; Lawrence Corey to Edna Yates; Albert Hoffman to Lillie Rule; Russell Rohrer to Delfay Wickizer.

ITEM XV. We the boys of 1910, do bequeath the feminine members as follows: Eva Harrington to Grover Shafer; Eunice Holmes to Lowell Corey; Ethel Rule to Charles Daniels; Edith Lolmaugh to Cecil Yates; Esther Lewis to Joe Bucher; Mary Grossman to Earnest Wiseley; Grace Wiseley to Clarence Kerr; Mary Atha to William Thompson.

ITEM XVI. I, Lawrence Corey, give to Neil Thompson, my privilege of argument with Miss Wingert. I also promise to endow the school with basket ball hall and gymnasium as soon as I become a millionaire.

ITEM XVII. I, Clyde Lewis, bequeath my stubbornness to Harry Nellans, and my inventive genius and scientific ability to Amzi Puterbaugh.

ITEM XVIII. I, Eunice Holmes, direct that my notes be collected and put in Miss Wingert's safe-keeping as models in composition. To each and every boy of Argos High School I bequeath a lock of hair.

ITEM XIX. I, Russel Rohrer, give all my precious playthings, consisting of a pair of dark spectacles, a ten cent doll and two locks of hair. Divide equally, please.

ITEM XX. I, Esther Lewis, do bequeath part of the rose on my cheeks to Mae Todd. My embroidered pen-wiper to the next occupant of my seat, and my curly hair to all the girls who are otherwise afflicted. I want my notes published, bound and presented to the library.

ITEM XXI. I, Eva Harrington, do bequeath by special request, my red lips and curly hair to Dessie Bixler.

ITEM XXII. I, Milo Cormican, do direct that my willing spirit expressed in "I'll try," descend to all the students of the Argos High School.

XXIII. I, Mary Grossman, do bequeath the Editorship of the Argosial to Louis Shaw, and my modest, unassuming mischievousness to Ruth Gantz.

ITEM XXIV. I, Grace Wiseley, do bequeath my giggles and "the smile that won't come off" to the class of 1912. Tee-hee!

ITEM XXV. I, Mary Atha, do bequeath my Latin note book to Printha Bridegroom and invite her to my wedding.

ITEM XXVI. I, Edith Lolmaugh, direct that my essay on "Freedom of Speech" be read before the Civics class once a year.

ITEM XXVII. I, Clarence Albert Hoffman, bequeath my position as business manager of Argosial to Grover Shafer, and ask permission of Mrs. Slayter to retain my copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

ITEM XXVIII. I, Nellie Ethel Rule, bequeath my kind heart and capable, helpful ways to class 1911. Unto my sister shall descend my managing ability.

Signed and witnessed before me, Eunice J. Holmes, Notary Public, this 20th day of May, 1910, the year of Halley's comet.

Witnesses, Ora Burrough, Harry Rohrer.



SENIOR CLASS



PROF. HOTEL



MR. WHITE.

Athletics

Basket Ball

FOR many years it has been attempted to organize a team of Basket Ball in the High School, but the past year has been the only time when the effort was successful.

Of the six games played with the other High Schools, three of these were victories for us, while the practice game with Rochester College ended in a crushing defeat. The scores of the games were as follows:

Rochester College.....	47	Argos	13
Mentone	17	Argos	11
Argos.....	25	Mentone	18
Culver	13	Argos	17
Argos.....	18	Mentone	12
Culver	49	Argos.....	21
Argos	37	South Whitley.....	24

Next year this record should be much better.

Great credit should be given Miss Wingert and Mr. Sheily for their help in connection with the team.

Mr. Sheily proved a most efficient coach and it was directly through him that most of our success is due. Miss Wingert helped us much financially and it is doubtful if the team could have existed had it not been for her advice and enthusiasm.

Base Ball

A Base Ball team has been organized in the High School and with Lewis Pattison as Captain will play with the neighboring schools, in an effort to win laurels in this branch of athletics. Several games have been scheduled.

Thesis of Class of 1910

Stability of Purpose	RUSSELL ROHRER
The Gyroscopic Car.....	CLYDE LEWIS
American Patriotism.....	ETHEL RULE
History of Argos	LAWRENCE COREY
The Farmer of the Future.....	MARY ATHA
The Ideal of the Bible	EVA HARRINGTON
Indiana.....	EDITH LOLMAUGH
History of Class	MARY GROSSMAN
The Victorious Life.....	ALBERT HOFFMAN
Reveries of a School Girl.....	EUNICE HOLMES
The Influence of Companions.....	GRACE WISELY
Prophecy of Class	ESTHER LEWIS
Greek Culture.....	MILO CORMICAN



BASKET BALL TEAM

Calendar

- Sept. 6—First day. Busy watching teachers.
“ 7—Miss Soupart thinks Sophs look like Juniors.
“ 8—Lawrence says Shakespeare used “sissy men” for women.
“ 9—Everyone sleepy after the Senior reception last night.
“ 10—Sophs put up their hands for the first time in a week.
“ 13—Day after Sunday night.
“ 14—Sophomores find out what mummies are.
“ 15—Eunice H. and Mary A. change seats.
“ 16—Juniors received their first lecture in Geometry.
“ 17—It is raining and everyone “cross.”
“ 20—Blue Monday.
“ 21—Working hard to get the material ready for Argosal.
“ 22—In Arithmetic, Eunice got feet in her answer.
“ 23—Juliet learns what a “fly wheel” is.
“ 24—Election of officers in Literary Club.
“ 27—A new Freshman appears.
“ 28—Sophs taste Miss Soupart’s wrath by staying in after school and reciting History.
“ 29—Concert last night. Enough said.
“ 30—Beautiful day.
- Oct. 1—Medford denied his rest.
“ 4—Argosals appear.
“ 5—First day of Bourbon Fair.
“ 6—Juniors had a “fair” Geometry lesson.
“ 7—Eunice H. forgot her combs. (Bourbon Fair and Lover’s Tub yesterday.)
- Oct. 8—Lawrence gets angry while solving a problem and Miss Wingert suggests raising a window.
“ 11—Dreary day.
“ 12—Juniors entertain with just songs in chapel.
“ 13—Russell S. gets funny.
“ 14—Freshies entertain.
“ 15—Ruth S. has company.
“ 18—Learn the meaning of the word Coda.
“ 19—Everyone wondering about the “Pipe Dream.”
“ 20—Juniors have an interesting Geometry exercise.
“ 21—Still anxious to see the dream.
“ 22—Debate: “Resolved, That the sword is mightier than the pen.” Affirmative won.
“ 25—More seats changed.
“ 26—Physics test.
“ 27—Grover’s birthday party.
“ 28—Argosals here again.
“ 29—“Old-fashioned” spelling school.
- Nov. 1—Blue day.
“ 2—Nothing interesting.
“ 3—A nest of giggles in the Arithmetic class.
“ 4—Report Cards. Several surprises.
“ 5—Lela and Neil have good time in Mr. Hottel’s class.
“ 8—Eunice faints.
“ 9—Experiments in Laboratory with ether.
“ 10—Russell and Esther write poetry on Laboratory board.
“ 11—Miss W. gets angry.
“ 12—Lecture by De Witt Miller.

- Nov. 13—Neil is delighted to know Printha returns.
 " 16—Reserved seats for funny Sophs.
 " 17—Grace gives Lawrence a blow in the face.
 " 18—Russell tells ghost story.
 " 19—Miss S—heart said, "Only room for two."
 " 22—Eunice puts pin in the toe of her shoe and has some fun.
 " 23—Something doing in Geometry. Hurrah for Thanksgiving vacation.
 " 29—All return, very happy.
 " 30—Mouse appears in Room 7.
- Dec. 1—All Seniors get 100% in spelling.
 " 2—"Rats" disappear.
 " 3—Eunice drinks milk.
 " 6—Cold weather.
 " 7—Mary G.'s birthday.
 " 8—Great snow.
 " 9—Another cold day but Miss W. is jolly.
 " 10—Neil, shaking Lela's hair, "Now watch a dog shake a rat."
 " 15—Rainy Monday.
 " 16—Nothing unusual happens.
 " 17—Seniors take back seats in Physics.
 " 20—Seniors very drowsy on Monday.
 " 21—Dean N.: "Why is man related to monkey?"
 " 22—Miss W. asks for "third half" of proposition placed on the board.
 " 23—Last day of school in 1909. Miss W. leaves for Bloomington.
- Jan. 3—Back from vacation.
 " 4—Dreading "exams" next week.
 " 5—Joshua laughs.

- Jan. 6—Ice still covers the universe.
 " 7—Clarence has a party.
 " 10—Blue Monday again.
 " 11—Miss W. hunts for a note.
 " 12—Rain and snow.
 " 13—Oh! the slush and "exams."
 " 14—"Exams" are over at last.
 " 17—New Year's resolutions go into effect.
 " 18—Sophs have their first Geometry recitation.
 " 19—Miss W. explains the Holtz machine.
 " 20—Eunice trims Lawrence's hat.
 " 21—More snow.
 " 24—Day after Sunday.
 " 25—Some real work is done in Laboratory.
 " 26—Good sleighing.
 " 27—Music practice.
 " 28—Election of officers in Club.
 " 29—Nothing new.
 " 31—Seniors entertain.
- Feb. 1—More Codas.
 " 2—Seniors are curious about "sparks" in Laboratory.
 " 3—Better results in sparks.
 " 4—Literary Club.
 " 7—Seniors make a great hit with class songs.
 " 8—Trouble about program.
 " 9—Miss S.: "Oh! yes; what would we do without Albert?"
 " 10—Parents' Day. Miss W. is afraid her loaf sugar will evaporate.
 " 11—Milo gets a new pair of shoes.
 " 14—Ethel R. gets a valentine.
 " 15—Electric bell only "buzzes."

- Feb. 16—Joshua chews gum. Miss W. captures two notes.
 " 17—Fun in Lab. Clyde's birthday. Final practice of play.
 " 18—"The Time of His Life."
 " 21—Miss W. is thought to be in love.
 " 22—George's birthday.
 " 23—Mrs. Slayter teaches.
 " 24—More Sophs get seats changed.
 " 25—Mock trial.
 " 28—Miss S. returns.
- Mar. 1—Beautiful weather.
 " 2—A note meets its fate.
 " 3—Ink spilt.
 " 4—A lecture by Miss W.
 " 7—News of the death of Miss Soupart's sister.
 " 8—Miss W. goes to Lafayette.
 " 9—Seniors select the Announcement Cards.
 " 10—Debate in Civics.
 " 11—Harry N. is cross.
 " 14—A tired crowd.
 " 15—Interesting experiments in Physies.
 " 16—Geometry proves interesting.
 " 17—St. Patrick's Day. Everything green.
 " 18—Grace wears a smile.
 " 19—Juniors have lunch counter at horse sale.
 " 21—Juniors report \$25 cleared on lunch counter.
 " 22—Mabel Voreis seriously ill.
 " 23—Nothing of interest.
 " 24—Seniors' last Themes.
- Mar. 25—All happy.
 " 28—Yesterday was Easter.
 " 29—Argosals here again.
 " 30—S. E. W. in good humor.
 " 31—Busy with Orations.
- April 1—April Fool's Day.
 " 2—News of Mabel's death.
 " 4—All attend Mabel's funeral.
 " 5—Rainy Tuesday.
 " 6—Number of visitors.
 " 7—Good day to study.
 " 8—Russell S. gives something funny in Club.
 " 11—Another Monday.
 " 12—Seniors get picture taken for annual.
 " 13—Mary A. finds a hair-pin and puts it in her shoe.
 " 14—Freshies visit Mr. Curtis.
 " 15—Senior-Junior party near the "Walnut Shell."
 " 18—Snow.
 " 19—Still too cold to go barefooted.
 " 20—Juniors decorate for Seniors.
 " 21—Beautiful spring day.
 " 22—Lois Shaw elected Club President.
 " 25—Plain Monday.
 " 27—Russell S. still giggling.
 " 27—New school building progressing.
 " 28—Juniors are planning something.
 " 29—Wendell eats candy. Annual goes to print.

Jokes

Lawrence, in a class meeting, when talking of the faculty pictures, shouted, "Gee, are you going to have two pictures of the faculty?"



A couple of Senior girls, impressed by the words of the old song, "Only a Rose Bud Which She Wore in Her Hair," came to school one noon with a bouquet of flowers and distributed them among the class. After each was supplied they began decorating their hair. They were very happy and looked swell, but soon the boys wore a sadder expression, when Miss Wingert boldly walked to the rear of the room and exclaimed, "Boys, take those flowers out of your hair."



Mrs. Slayter, when entering Room 6, exclaimed, "Neil." Neil raised his head slowly but said nothing. Mrs. S. then, quite angry, started hurriedly across the room, extorting, "Well, no use to tell you what I want you to do," and grabbed an Argosol out of his hands.



Miss W.—"Wendell, have you gum in your mouth?"
Wendell (spitting his gum on his desk)—"No."
Miss W.—"Well, if you swallowed it, it is all right with me."

Miss W. (in Civics class)—"What is the meaning of the word 'bail'?"

Grace W. (in an undertone)—"A bunch of straw."



Lawrence, in Civics class, was given the front seat near Miss W., due to his mischievousness, and while there was incessantly teasing Grace. Finally a noise was heard and Miss W., on raising her eyes from her book demanded harshly, "Now, what, Grace?"

Grace—"He was trying to put a hole in my sponge and I took it away from him. Tee, h-e-e!"



Prof. Hottel—"Is day dreaming a good thing, Delfay?"
Delfay—"W-e-l-l, it is all right if there isn't too much."



Miss W., after giving the assignment, said, "Is there any other question?"

Albert H.—"Physics is a great subject, isn't it?"

Miss W.—"Yes, you may apply it to many things."

Albert—"To papering, fishing, or religion?"

Grace, looking at the cut on the back of the Seniorettis, said, "Say, Juliet, what is that sport sitting on?"



Prof. Hottel, in History class, had started a discussion about potatoes, when Amzi said, "I know a man who would sell two carloads of potatoes at fifteen cents a bushel."

Prof. H.—"Who is he? I'd like to buy a couple of bushels?"

Pat.—"I'll be in to-morrow."



Miss W.—"Clyde, you say you hear through your eyes. Give me an example?"

Clyde—"I hear with my eyes whenever I see color."

Miss W.—"Well, there is a green wall; now what do you hear?"

Clyde—"I hear green."



What do you know about:—
Russell Snyder forgetting his tie and collar and buying a new one?

Enjoying a trial?

Joshua's hat landing in a mud puddle?

Clyde Lewis' attention paid to a certain Freshman?

Erma Kleckner's steadfast smiles?

Medford N.'s spectacles?

Bugs on apples?

That mouse in Room 7?

Buying the Seniorettis?

Mary G., seeing Clyde coming down the street with a basket of groceries, said, "Say, Clyde, what have you in your basket?"

Clyde—"Huh, don't ask me."

Mary—"Well, if it's anything good to eat, I'll come back and get in it."



IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS

A lassie and laddie Senior one cloudy day
Went strolling down a westward way.
They went until a new road they spied,
And on this patch roamed side by side.

A thunder storm was raging near
But they walked on without a fear,
Until large drops began to "spat,"
When their feet went pit-a-pat.

A country house now came in sight;
To it they rushed in an awful plight.
There behind the kitchen stove they dried
Their muddy clothes, while the lassie cried.

The wise escorter telephoned home
And made their situation known;
Then in a few moments his father came
In the auto and took them home again.
Then when the lassie's home they reached,
"You foolish child," he said to each.
Thus did end this pleasant walk,
Of which they wish we wouldn't talk.

[Can you guess who?]

Special Announcement



It is a pleasure to record that Argos High School, organized in 1884, has had a steady growth in numbers and in usefulness from its inception. Judging by its past and present conditions, its aspirations, and its increased facilities for work, one could easily make a favorable prediction as to its future. It can be truly said, at least, that the Board of Trustees and the Faculty are determined that growth, even more rapid than in the past, shall be the end sought. That it shall continue to keep abreast the educational forces, which, in this, the twentieth century, are progressing rapidly toward perfection, is the earnest wish of all who are connected with its control.

New conditions in the social and industrial world demand that the educational forces of today shall be kept in progressive harmony with them. That this may be done more thoroughly than at present, the Board is erecting what is an equivalent to a four room addition to the present building, and the Faculty will enlarge the course of study as rapidly as it can be done. Considering the large number of students coming from the farms of Walnut and surrounding townships, and the great advance in agricultural interests, stronger work will be done in agricultural subjects. At the same time, the fact that a broad, solid educational foundation should be laid before highly successful specialization can begin, will constantly be kept in mind. As soon as possible, some elective subjects will be placed in the curriculum, that the diversified needs of different students may be fairly met.

It is proposed to make the growth of the school normal and not spasmodic, continuous and not freakish. To do practical work and to build up commendable character in its students are the two indispensable things that every school must possess if it would deserve the good will and support of citizens of a republic. By these two things Argos High School desires to be judged.

In view of the more favorable opportunities possessed, we can, with justifiable confidence of being able to offer better advantages than ever before, invite young men and young women to come to Argos for educational purposes next year. The Faculty will be kept strong, and if necessary for the good of our students, it will be increased. Nothing that will be for the good of the school will be left undone, if it is within the power of the Board or Faculty to do it.

The school will open—high school and grades—on Monday, September 5th, 1910, and continue in session 9 months.

Schedule of Studies

FIRST YEAR

FIRST SEMESTER

Algebra (90)*
Rhetoric (54) } (90)
Literature (36) }
Elementary Latin (90)
Botany (90)

SECOND SEMESTER

Algebra (90)
Rhetoric (54) } (90)
Literature (36) }
Elementary Latin (90)
Botany (90)

SECOND YEAR

Algebra (90)	Plane Geometry (90)
Rhetoric (54) } (90)	Rhetoric (54) } (90)
Literature (36) } (90)	Literature (36) } (90)
Cæsar (90)	Cæsar (90)
Ancient History (90)	Ancient History (90)

THIRD YEAR

Plane Geometry (90)	Plane Geometry (20) } (90)
Literature (70) } (90)	Solid Geometry (70) } (90)
Composition (20) } (90)	Literature (70) } (90)
Cicero (90)**	Composition (20) } (90)
Mediæval and Modern History (90)	Cicero (90)**
	Mediæval and Modern History (90)

FOURTH YEAR

Arithmetic (90)	Civics (90)**
Literature (70) } (90)	Literature (70) } (90)
Composition (20) } (90)	Composition (20) } (90)
Virgil (90)*	U. S. History (90)***
Physics (90)	Physical Geography (90)
	Physics (90)

* Figures following a subject indicate the number of recitations given that subject in the semester in which it stands.

** The Juniors and Seniors are combined in Latin classes.

*** U. S. History and Physical Geography will be taught in alternate years.

The above course of study will be extended to include a brief text on the selection of grain for planting, and a text on agriculture for beginners. It is hoped that these studies

can be made elective next year, and that some of the larger classes can be divided that the best work possible can be done. Music and drawing are now regularly in the grades and in the high school. The working motto of the school is *Excelsior*.

Prizes

To any student who has been enrolled in Argos High School within the two years immediately preceding November 1st, 1910, or to any alumnus or alumna of said school, prizes will be given for the best ten pounds of wheat, corn, and oats, or a prize for any one of these, cultivated in whole or in part and selected by such student or alumnus, and for the best entire hill of white potatoes cultivated by said student or alumnus. Also, a prize will be given for the largest potted chrysanthemum, the most beautiful chrysanthemum, and for the most beautiful potted plant of any kind grown and cared for by such student or alumnus. Second prizes will be given for the second best products. The best talk on the best way of selecting and preserving seed corn, by a student or alumnus, as described above, will receive a suitable prize.

The exhibit will be held in one of the rooms of the school building and the prizes will be awarded by competent and disinterested judges on November 1st, 1910. No entry fees will be required, but the products will become the property of the school after the prizes have been awarded. If a general interest is manifested in this exhibit, a more extensive one will be provided for next year.

C. L. HOTTEL.

