

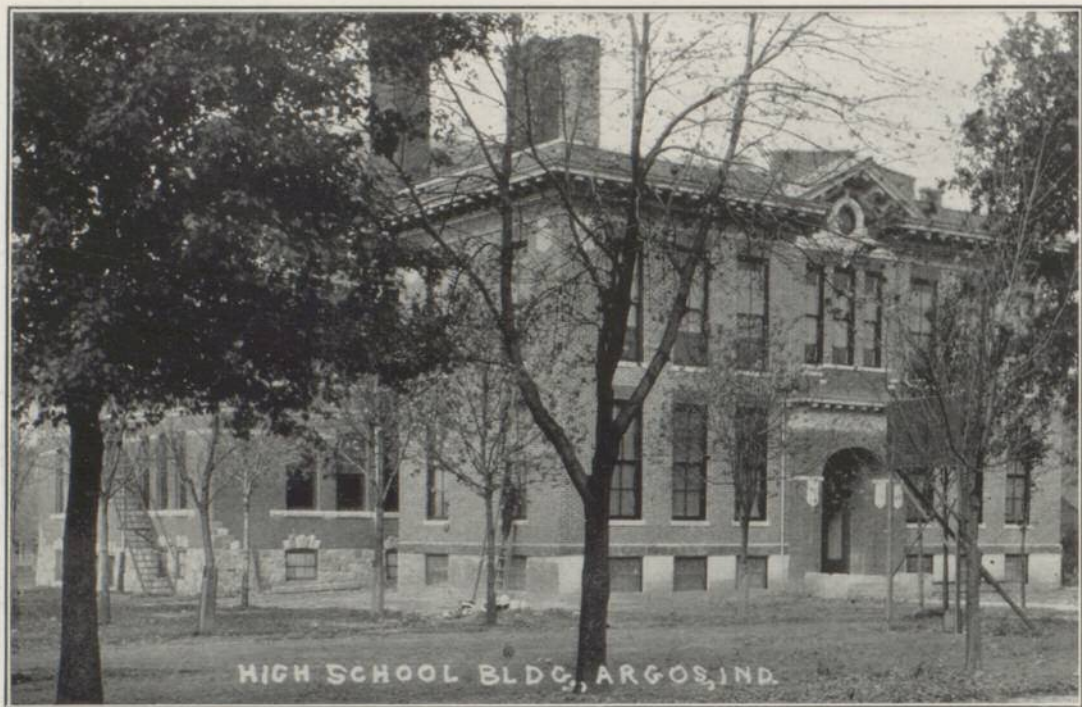


TO
SARA EVA WINGERT
PRINCIPAL OF ARGOS HIGH SCHOOL
THE CLASS OF '11
DEDICATES THIS BOOK

PREFACE



IN praise of the Argos High School the Class of Nineteen Hundred Eleven submits this annual. We ask only one concession: That our readers, instead of seeking out errors—which are inevitable, for the editors are human—strive rather to understand the spirit which has been the source of our efforts to make our offering worthy of the school which we seek to ennoble in the minds and hearts of all. This book is specifically for the students of the Argos School. If it interests others we shall be pleased; if it pleases the students we shall be satisfied.



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Senior Class



DESSIE BIXLER



RALPH BELTZ



MARIE FOX



RUTH GANTZ



RUTH HARLEY



CLYDE LEHMAN



HARRY NELLANS



LEWIS PATTISON



AMZI PUTERBAUGH



EUNICE NEWHOUSE



KATIE PERSONETT



LILLIE RULE



GROVER SHAFER



WILLIAM THOMPSON



RALPH THORNBURG



LAURA THORNBURG



MAE TODD



LOIS SHAW



DELFAW WICKIZER

Senior Class

MARIE FOX

Marie came here to our school and she broke many hearts and sometimes a rule. Her specialty—well, she has had many, but certainly I think we should mention her laboratory work, for she made quite a hit, and a number of people think she is just "it."

LILLIE RULE

Lillie who looks like a Puritan maid, is the next on the list to be put on parade. You may think from the picture that she's both meek and mild, but don't ever believe her always a quiet child.

MAE TODD

With all the hard work an editor does, our Mae never failed us, nor once made a fuss. She has worked with a will and deserves credit great, and will always succeed, we predict at this rate.

RUTH HARLEY

Ruth's one of our out-of-town girls, and in walking to school many hours she does pass. She shone as an orator in the great contest and won many admirers, I've heard people say.

DESSIE BIXLER

Dessie is a maiden, whose specialty—well, it is best of all reasons that I shouldn't tell. She is fond of chocolate and likes a good time, but finds trips to Plymouth the best rest of all.

LAURA THORNBURG

There once was a girlie, whose name was Laura, who took Junior Geometry and also civics. She says with some spirit, "A Russell" for mine, and as a society belle she will shine.

RUTH GANTZ

Ruth, all agree, is a genius quite bright. She sings, plays and does many other things too. For her we will prophesy great joy and bliss, and we hope of life's blessings not one she will miss.

LOIS SHAW

There once was a maid, who, in search of all knowledge, came to A. H. S. She can toss off a poem at morn, noon or night, and some day we no doubt will hear of Lois a great woman.

EUNICE NEWHOUSE

Eunice is a very attractive young Miss. She can cook and cuts bread so well that she's always a winner when sandwiches sell. She's been at our school four years and is quite an old fixture at dear A. H. S.

KATIE PERSONETT

Another good Senior, who also went in for classes at school, and always did win. She won her reward, and perhaps we shall hear of Katie as a wonder at De Pauw next year.

CLYDE LEHMAN

Our Clyde could well be called the Abe Martin of A. H. S. Witty, good humored, and something between a hindrance and a help. Never will we forget "frog."

WILLIAM THOMPSON

It was Willie who brought us through, out of debt. This is one we are proud to own, and whatever field of work he may take up we are sure success is his.

LEWIS ALKIRE PATTISON

"Pat" may be called the father of the class, and as we have heard him say, "greater than I may have lived but I don't believe it." The laboratory expressed a feeling of relief when he bid farewell to it.

HARRY NELLANS

"Nellie" is our artist; also a very athletic young man. He is a great actor, a singer of note, can play some and admired by all the girls. It can truly be said of him, "My brush and my pen are my delight."

AMZI PUTERBAUGH

Amzi is a boy whose specialty is "cases." He is fond of a hammer—and uses it too, and your fortunate quite, if it doesn't hit you. His speech is great but his silence greater.

RALPH BELTZ

There was a boy whose name was Ralph, who took to Argos from Tippacanoe. Altho' with us nine long months, we yet are unable to say we know him. We know 'tis true they that have no tongues have eyes and ears.

RALPH THORNBURG

"Thornie" came to us this year from Culver and altho' he has been with us just a short time he has made himself well known in various ways. He is an athlete of ability, especially did he star in basket ball.

GROVER SHAFER

Our Grover Shafer
Is a little shaver
With curly locks of brown,
To talk a sight
He does delight
And so wins much renown.

Senior Class

MOTTO—Serviamus

FLOWER—White Rose

COLORS—Purple and White

YELL—

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!

We're the class of nineteen eleven!

Hard to beat us, you just guess!

Seniors! Seniors! A. H. S!

Junior Class Roll

JOE BUCHER

JOSHUA BUNCH

FLORENCE DICKEY

LELA DIMMITT

ESTELLA DUNLAP

FERN GOOD

LURA HERREN

DALE HUFF

ZOLA HUFF

ERMA KLECKNER

LOYD MCAFEE

CHARLES MCCREARY

EARL MCGRIFF

HAROLD MEEK

LEONE MILLER

OCIE MINER

GWENDOLYN NAFE

DEAN NELLANS

ROY PEABODY

WENDELL PICKERL

FERN ROOSE

RUTH SIMMONS

GOLDIE SISSELL

ESTHER STEFFEY

RUSSEEL SNYDER

LOIS TAYLOR

NEIL THOMPSON

NELLIE WARTENBE

EARNEST WISELY

BLANCH ZINK



JUNIOR CLASS
21

Sophomore Class Roll

LOIS BEAM

ORA BURROUGHS

LOWELL COREY

CHARLES DANIELS

ESSIE LEFFERT

MATTIE JONES

HARRY ROHRER

IRENE SCHONER

ORDO SILVER

AREBA SIMMONS

BEULAH STEVENSON

LULU STEVENSON

JESSIE TABER

TRELLA THOMPSON

LUCY WARNER

PEARL WARTENBE

ELMER WELTER

EDNA YATES



SOPHOMORE CLASS
23

Freshman Class Roll

HAZEL BELL
HELEN BOGGS
GLADYS BOUSE
FRANK BREWER
HATTIE COREY
NORENE CROCO
HAZEL DICKEY
LAWRENCE FINK
EDNA FOKER
AVIS GROSSMAN
EFFIE HITE
FLOYD HITE
ESTHER KLECKNER
RUSSEL KROUSE
WILLIS LOWE
PANSIE LOWMAN
LLOYD MCGRIFF
EUNICE MINER

INEZ MINER
ETHEL PERSONETT
MARY PICKERL
ORA RAILSBACK
CARL RAILSBACK
MURRAY RANNIE
ELMA RULE
HAZEL SIMONS
LULU SHAFER
GAMES SLAYTER
BLITHE VANLUE
MARIE WALKER
DONAL WICKIZER
DEAN YATES
FERN ZERBE
DON ZINK
VERNE BREWER



FRESHMEN CLASS



BASKET BALL TEAM
26



BASE BALL TEAM

Looking Backward



E. the Seniors of 1911, are waiting our fate. In a short time we are to bid farewell to A. H. S. and as we look back over the joys and vicissitudes of our four years within her walls, it is with regret that we think of leaving a home where we have enjoyed ourselves so much.

From that first day we have been a class of acknowledged importance, and to no slight degree did we feel our importance, even at that young age. We were seldom called "Little Freshies," for our conduct never showed us to be such, but rumors, it is admitted, did reach our ears that if a commotion occurred in the hall the Principal would remark, "it was only the noisy Freshmen."

How those Seniors stared! But what cared we? We knew that we were as important as they. But alas! Ere long our dignity suffered a slight change when the "Sophs," Juniors and Seniors called us green. But we bore this with good spirit, mindful of the fact that we were not fully appreciated. At last this eventful year closed, and in May, 1908, we left the building—no longer Freshmen, but good, kindhearted "Sophs."

The first Monday of the following September dawned clear and bright, and with light hearts, we gathered together for the second time. Now it was our turn to look upon the "Little Freshies." We were inch by inch approaching

the end of the second round. As the year drew to a close we gladly gave dear little "Sophy More" to those following in our footsteps, with their promise of tender care and kind treatment.

The following fall we enrolled as Juniors. We felt encouraged and went to work with a more ardent zeal. We were first cousins to the Seniors, and they realized more than ever before we were somebody. Aside from the various class parties, the chief social function of the year was the reception given in honor of the class of 1910.

Last fall we were given our long looked for seats in our new H. S. building. No longer were we compelled to endure the inconvenience of those crowded rooms. We now had the right to go about the school with stately tread. About the middle of the term the class met and chose new colors, with no visible purpose, but ere many mornings had passed, a new pennant, made by one of our girls, waved over the new building.

We have labored long and diligently with this time in view, and now as from that point we look back we realize more fully than ever before, our future responsibilities. At last our work here is finished, while life's work has just begun.

Fellow students, we shall soon pass out of that fatal west door and leave you in possession, and we wish you success.

Mosses From An Old Manse

MAE TODD ('11)

"When Age comes on!—
O tide of raptures, long withdrawn,
Flow back in summer floods and fling
Here at our feet, our childhood sweet
And all the songs we need to sing—
Old loves, old friends—
Poor hearts!
Have we got anything
But longings left when Age comes on?"



An old manse—an ivory covered manse—it rises tall and imposing behind the shrubbery. Between the stones the moss has gathered and has colored the keystones of the old windows a rich green.

Just beyond the shadow, an old sundial keeps time as it did "when all the world was young." What memories do they hold—the old moss-covered manse and the time-worn sundial.

In summer the stage coach had rattled along the great highway below. On May day the old yard had fairly whirled with merriment.

In winter it was a dreary looking place outside, but inside, to sit beside the fireplace with an old folio with curtains drawn, and just enough mud outside to make the fire seem welcome, this was a real winter pleasure.

From our manse of High School life we may gather mosses of memories. "As we grow old" and can see the end of "all of it," it brings back old times.

"Poor hearts!
Have we got anything
But longing left when Age comes on?"

But, Seniors, there is a certain art that we may all achieve—an art of keeping ourselves happy. Our teachers have tried to impress upon our minds for four years the "Happiness of Duty." Let us, after we have left those teachers, dwell upon it as "Duty of Happiness." Be bright! Be cheerful!

Classes before us have ding-donged the old song—

"We sojourn here for one short day or two,
And all the gain we get is grief and woe;
And then, leaving Life's problems all unsolved
And harassed by regrets, we have to go."

Let us take the mosses from this old manse, and plant them in a bed of pansies. Recall the scenes, but recall them cheerfully, as if they were the happiest days of your life. I can look farther back into my life; see sadder things—sorrows that I was really too young to bear; but shall I weep over them? Does our Great Creator wish us to weep over all the sorrows? If that be so, we should never smile. We must remember this is only one of many experiences.

Perhaps some of us will enter college—become a spoke in another wheel. High School will be forgotten then; it will be a very small thing. Let us be happy while we may. Don't leave the High School the impression that your legacy to them is a glum face.

"Cheer up! Chirk up! Elate!
Rub the word 'pessimist' off your slate."

The Joys of a Senior

DESSIE BIXLER ('11)

Today, whatever may annoy,
The word for me is joy, just simple joy.
What e'er there be of sorrow
I'll put off till tomorrow
And when tomorrow comes, why, then
T'will be today and joy again.



O saith the Seniors of 1911. Our school days will soon be over and we must each step into our little canoe and paddle on life's stream with our oars of knowledge and experience, strong or frail, as we have hewn them. And so during these last few days of our school life, why should we not be joyful?

We know that some would rather see us treading the dear old halls of A. H. S. with slow and measured tread and sombre faces, as if we were marching to a funeral dirge, but our ideas are different. We feel that as we receive our diplomas and leave A. H. S. forever as students, that we should be joyful, for we have gained

another round on the ladder by which "we rise from the lowly earth to the vaulted skies."

One of our greatest joys is the knowledge that a certain tie binds us together now as a class, and though that tie is soon to be broken, we feel as we sail life's broad sea, if our boats ever meet, be the waters calm and clear or dark and stormy, that we will be able to recognize that classmate on account of the tie that once existed when we were schoolmates at Argos High School.

And so, fellow students, if you sometimes think we are a little carefree in these last moments which end our high school career, I will say that through all four years we have tried and will always endeavor to—

"Spin cheerfully
Not tearfully,
Though wearily we plod.
Spin carefully
Spin prayerfully,
And leave the thread with God."

Christine

HELEN BOGGS ('14)



ALL three were exceedingly ancient—the wagon, the horse and the man. Where they had come from, no one knew, but during the quietness of the noon hour had appeared quite mysteriously. The man had a rough and uncouth countenance, yet, in spite of this and the fact that he wore patched and mended clothes, there was a look about him which inspired respect and confidence. The horse was a rusty looking black whose old age showed in spite of petting. The wagon was an old-fashioned, high box affair with a broken seat and rusty wheels. The three looked quite forlorn and lonely as people passed going to their work, giving them many curious glances, but no friendly words or kindly smiles.

At last a pompous looking gentleman passed, with a richly dressed young girl. The old man came forward with an eager, wistful expression on his face.

"Mr. Deane!" exclaimed the pompous man; "is it possible that is you?"

"Yes, Judge Chester, it is I," the other replied quietly, and a look of quiet dignity took the place of the eager, wistful expression.

"Christine," said the gentleman, turning to the girl, "go on; I will come in a short time. Now, Mr. Deane," he continued, after the girl had gone, "what brings you here, and what is your errand?"

"I don't think you need to ask, Judge Chester," he replied. "I came to see the one person on earth whom I

love. You cannot condemn me for doing so, can you?"

"No," the other replied thoughtfully. "I can understand your wish, but it is very inconvenient. How can I explain?"

"What do you mean?" Deane asked rather sternly. "Does she not know all the circumstances?"

"No, I have never considered it necessary to tell her."

"Then you have done very wrong, and I must insist upon you telling her."

"Very well, if you wish it, but I would much rather that you had not come. If you wish to see her, come to my house this evening."

Mr. Deane did not reply, but after seeing to the comfort of his horse, spent the afternoon wandering forlornly about the streets.

Judge Chester went home that evening in a troubled and perplexed state of mind. There was but one thing for him to do—to tell Christine everything. But how would she take the news? Finally, he opened conversation with her, saying:

"Christine, I have news for you. Whether it is pleasant or unpleasant is for you to decide. You saw the man whom I was talking to on the street, did you not?"

The girl replied in the affirmative, and he continued:

"Fourteen years ago, some friends and myself went on a hunting expedition hundreds of miles from here. I became separated from my companions and wandered to a tiny home at the edge of the forest. I went in and dis-

covered a man sitting with his face buried in a child's golden curls. He raised his head as I entered and showed a grief-stricken face. The child clung in terror to him. He explained that his wife had died a short time ago and he and his little girl were left alone. I was charmed with the child's beauty, and offered to care for and educate her as I would my own. For a long time the man hesitated and finally he said: 'I would not part with my child if you had not tempted me with one thing—education. Perhaps you may consider it strange to have a man such as I talk about such things. I have never been properly educated, but I want my girl to be, for I value education above all things. Take her and be good, kind and gentle with her.'

"Christine, you were that girl. You were three years old then and for fourteen years your father has not seen you; for fourteen years I have kept my part of the contract. You can understand a father's wish to see his child. He has come now to claim that privilege. The man you saw me talking to is your father and he is coming this evening to see you."

The girl's face turned many colors as he was speaking and when he had finished she exclaimed, in a passion:

"I will not see him; I will have nothing to do with him. To think that that old patched man should be my father, when I have always supposed him to be the opposite in every respect. Send him away and tell him never to return," and she rushed from the room in a frenzy.

Judge Chester stood undecided, perplexed, when the servant entered announcing Mr. Deane. He told him the news as best he could, anxiously awaiting to see what effect it would have upon him. Mr. Deane did not say a word,

but with a look of extreme sorrow, making his care-worn face look more homely, left the house forever.

* * * * *

In one of the fashionable streets of the city there was one home which was not filled with sunshine and gaiety. In one of the rooms a lady dressed in deep black sat and, notwithstanding the traces of sorrow on her face, we recognize her as the haughty girl who had refused to own her father. Ah! she had cause for sorrow. Not only had she lost her guardian, Judge Chester, and her one dearly beloved daughter, but her husband had proved all but what she could wish. His face showed signs of dissipation, and many stories had reached her of his misdoings. She had determined to leave him, and that day with one of her maids, she left forever, as she passionately declared. She resolved to go to some small country town far away, where no one would know her and where her husband would never find her. She carried out all of her plans and a few weeks later found herself established in a pretty little country home. She did a great deal of good among the poor inhabitants and they loved her dearly.

One day when she was going upon some errand of charity, she noticed a small, broken-down hut a short distance in the country, which she had never seen before. Someone evidently lived there, for a faint column of smoke was issuing from the chimney. She resolved to go and see who lived there, and if she could assist them.

Entering the cottage she saw, in one corner of the room, a cot with a man lying upon it. He opened his eyes and looking at her, said: "Christine, my girl!" then closed them again.

Ah, yes! it was him; the resemblance was too plain, in spite of the fact that so many years of sorrow and poverty had made him look older and more careworn. The thought came to her, that but for her, he might be a happy, care-free man, and her heart was stricken with remorse.

For the next few years he enjoyed the happiness which should have been his all those long years. He was happy in the presence of his daughter and he readily forgave her all the pain and sorrow she had caused him in all the years they had been separated.



The Masterpiece

HARRY NELLANS ('11)



HE artist paused, drew back and surveyed his work through half closed eyes, and a weary sigh escaped him. Laying down his brush he sank into a large chair, and leaning his head on the table, soon fell into a light slumber.

The door opened and a girl stepped softly into the room. She advanced to the canvas on the easel and gazed with awestruck eyes at the artist's work. Turning, she now saw the sleeping young man, and her blue eyes took on a deeper hue as she lightly stroked his dark hair. Again she drew near the

painting and murmured as she stole softly from the room—"A Masterpiece."

A soft spring air blew in at the open window and rustled the papers at the young man's head. He awoke with a start, and straightening up in the large chair, he again turned his critical eyes to the canvas. This time a soft smile gradually grew around his sensitive mouth, and he stooped, picked up the brush and began work again. The wind again stole in at the window, and the artist started and paused at if at some familiar sound when the curtains rustled and seemed to whisper—A Masterpiece, A Masterpiece.

Senior Will



WE, the Seniors, do hereby submit to the eyes of the public, this our last will and testament.

We, the class of 1911, of the Argos High School, County of Marshall, State of Indiana, U. S. A., do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking and cancelling all previous wills and codicils to the same in the following towit:

ITEM I. We, the Seniors, do hereby bequeath unto Prof. Hottel, all our excellent ideas in Physical Geography, and also the gratitude we have felt toward him for carrying us safely through our High School life.

ITEM II. Unto Sara Eva Wingert, Principal, we bequeath all the remaining cocoa and nabisco boxes in the laboratory along with a maltese cat and our best wishes.

ITEM III. Unto Mary Camilla Mitchell, we bequeath all of our Farewell Themes, and ask permission of her to copyright her favorite expression of "Let's get quiet," for our future use.

ITEM IV. Unto Lena Boyd, we bequeath, with all humbleness, the Robert's Rules of Order and all of our motions for adjournment from classmeeting for her future use.

ITEM V. Unto Estella G. Bergen, we bequeath all our spruce gum, codas and masterpieces of art.

ITEM VI. Unto Mr. White, we bequeath the improved vacuum cleaner, invented in our Senior year by Section II.

ITEM VII. We bequeath the class of 1912, all our Phisics note-books, along with all the fencing weapons, used by Section

II in the Laboratory. We also give to them the task of publishing the Argosal and Senioretis, with sincere hopes for its success.

ITEM VIII. Unto the Sophomores we bequeath all our excellent ideas for entertainment, realizing that next year they will be Juniors.

ITEM IX. To the class of 1914, we bequeath our love for the "bird and bee man," and our athletics.

ITEM X. Unto the High School in general, we bequeath the Laboratory, to be used for classmeetings, restaurant, "sparkin'" and work if need be. We also leave the High School pennant, under whose furls we have thrived for four years. Also the Daisy Fly Killer will be found on the Assembly Room window for the High School's future use, along with the 1911 exchanges.

ITEM XI. I, Amzi Puterbaugh, do direct that all my goods and chattels, consisting of an umbrella, orange, bottle, blue ribbon, suit case, band box, bird cage, plug hat and all the things that Donald Bose bequeathed to me in Item X, 1909 Senioretis, and also my Amethyst ring, besides my ability for practical notewriting, be bequeathed to Dale Huff, even so.

ITEM XII. I, Laura Thornburg, do bequeath my puffs to Edna Yates, and my "interest" in the Juniors to one of the 1915 Freshies.

ITEM XIII. Unto Miss Wingert, I, Ruth Gantz, do bequeath my musical talents, both vocal and instrumental, hoping that she will make the best use of them and go singing thru life forever. Unto Mary Pickerl, I bequeath my position as second soprano in the girls quartette.

ITEM XIV. I, Marie Fox, do direct that my superior ability for developing "cases" be given to Hattie Corey, along with my Merry Widow hat.

ITEM XV. It is my will that I, Harry Nellans, bequeath unto Wendell Pickerl my artistic talent, that my shoe polish, clothes brush, perfume and mirror be equally divided between Blithe Vanlue and Marie Walker; that my popularity in athletic and class affairs be given to Roy Peabody. It is my wish that my Chinese wig be given to the next "ching" worthy of wearing it; and my ability to "take in washing" shall descend to Lloyd Mc Afee.

ITEM XVI. I, Lillie Rule, do hereby bequeath my extra amount of stature to Fern Roose, along with my curly hair. To Helen Boggs, I give my ability in song writing.

ITEM XVII. Unto Harold Meek, I, William Thompson, bequeath my position as Business Manager on the Argosal staff, and unto Elmer Welter, I reluctantly give my Goldsmith Gait, while it is my wish that my understanding in Physics be given to Chas. Mc Creary.

ITEM XVIII. I, Lois Edna Shaw, do bequeath that most interesting of positions, that of Advertising Manager, unto Lela Dimmit, she, because of her peerless ability to pester the merchants, being the most able to bear the burden. I give my success in the Teacher's Examinations to any one who is wise enough to make it.

ITEM XIX. I, Ruth Harley, do hereby bequeath my interest in a certain Washington man to any of the E. K. K.; my bachelor apartments on South Michigan street to Ruth and Areba Simmons; my interpretation of Riley, to Dean Nellans; and last but not least, my bids to the County Oratorical Contest, to Ocie Miner.

ITEM XX. Unto Rastus Snyder, I, Clyde Lehman, do bequeath, with much reluctance, my appellation of "Frog," and hope that his title may be strengthened thereby, and do direct that my blue suit be given to Joshua Bunch, with many hopes that it may fit him.

ITEM XXI. I, Dessie Bixler, do direct that my superior debating qualities be given to Earl McGriff, along with the following articles: 1. My seat next to Squeal Thompson, to some other "bonehead," that Neil may have company. 2. My Persian tie, to Edna Foker, for as long as it may last. 3. My position as Local Editor of the Argosal, to Fern Roose. 4. I deem it necessary to will my chamois skin, powder puff and looking glass to Marie Walker, Areba Simmons and Lois Beam, respectively.

ITEM XXII. I, Mae Todd, do direct that the Editorship of the Argosal be given to Ruth Simmons; my favorite expressions I bequeath to the Freshies of 1915; and the smile that won't come off, along with my rats, pencils and penholders, to Trella Thompson, because of her exemplary ability, being the most proficient to care for them properly, and to her because of the love I bear for her brother "Bill."

ITEM XXIII. I, Delfay Wickizer, do hereby bequeath my modesty and quietness, along with my Latin, Geometry and Physics Note Books, to my dear brother Donald. Unto Lloyd McAfee shall descend the honorable office of Exchange Editor for the Argosal.

ITEM XXIV. Unto Earl McGriff, I, Grover Shafer, do hereby bequeath my loyalty to the Democratic party. My curling iron and curly locks, also my yarns, automobile and all other earthly possessions of importance, shall be given to the beloved Freshie, Don Zink.

A sweet "little" Freshie is Hattie C.,
With a lot of mischief and fun,
But a brilliant Sophomore soon she'll be,
"Doing" the Freshmen as they've been "done."

"Every little bit added makes a little bit more."
That's what Delfay thinks
And she has plenty of knowledge in store,
And her brain is full of kinks.

Chocolate papers and Nabisco pans
Left by the class of 1910.
"Hydrox" sacks and cocoa cans—
"Not guilty" is the verdict we send.

Pat had a little onion,
He ate it in school one day,
And every where that Pat would go,
[The scent was sure to stay].

"There's no place like home" we sing,
When 3:20 rolls around.
Civics is a most delightful thing,
On it we love to expound.

Of all the words Lawrence knows,
"Hookey" is easiest to spell.
Prof. Hottel is acquainted with him,
And Miss W., too, knows him well.

They're the niftiest set in the A. H. S.
Want to know who they are—can't you guess?
The E. K. K.—There's Laura Bell and Areba S.
And Gwen and Lois T.,
Zola H. and Ocie M.
Ruth Simmons and Nell Wartenbe.
Then Lela D. and Esther S.
And after them Marie—
There's eleven, don't you see?

How could a girl be so cruel
As to jilt that Junior dunce,
Who came from M. H. S.
And hasn't been favored once?

Did you ever meet Miss E. Z.
On the Sunday comic page?
Well, the A. H. S. has her counterpart
In that Sophomore—Edna Yates.

There's Lloyd MacAfee,
With hair combed so smooth and prim.
Esther S., with her winning smiles,
Has made a captive of him.

Professor Hottel, esteemed by all,
Comes daily on us to call.
He comes in smiling and looking around
And hears our lessons with never a frown.
All the Seniors to him bow low,
For he holds the sheepskins, you know.

Now, to dear Miss Wingert
We must sadly say good-bye.
She was ever ready to help us,
If we first would only try.
In the physics recitation
How fast the moments passed.
Now, that we must leave her guidance,
We will praise her to the last.

Of course we love Miss Bergen—
Though she's been here just one year;
Her smiling presence always greets us
And her voice is clear.
As she walks across the school room,
With a tread sedate and grand,
Of course we know she's thinking—
That A. H. S. beats the band.
When she comes on Monday morning,
Her face with pleasure shines
She lifts her hand while her head inclines.
'Tis then we know she's ready
And wishes us to sing,
So we gaily lift our voices
And make the assembly ring.

And there's dear Miss Mitchell,
The sweetest English teacher yet,
And if you ever meet her
Her acquaintance you'll ne'er regret.
She is easy with the Freshmen
And with the Sophomores, too,
For she often gets excited
She don't know what to do.
And she has those Junior boys who fool
In for "forties" after school.

And there's Miss Lena Boyd,
Who came to us from that old school, DePauw;
She is the bestest teacher
That the Freshmen ever saw.
The Sophs and Juniors like her, too;
The Seniors—well, oh, why
When they think of leaving her,
They sit right down and cry.
But old DePauw will have to hum,
For old I. U. is on the run
In dear old A. H. S.





MISS BOYD
MR. WHITE

MR. HOTTEL
MISS WINGERT

Calendar

- Sept. 5—School starts. Senior reception in evening.
6—Everything going nicely. Freshmen begin to look wise.
7—Rainy and gloomy. Miss Mitchell talks in classes.
8—First themes: "A Vacation Episode."
9—Literary Club meets. Number of Alumni present.
12—Two new students arrive and are shown around by the dignified Seniors.
13—A Senior falls off his chair in arithmetic class.
14—Sopohmores have good program.
15—It is raining and every one "cross."
16—Ralph Beltz smiled.
19—Yesterday was Sunday night. Moonlight.
20—Every one thinking about the last band concert.
21—"Sleepy"—doesn't express it.
22—Seniors put their penant on the flag pole.
23—Seniors take down their colors from the flag pole.
24—First day in new building.
26—Every one happy and proud of the assembly room.
27—Several seats changed.
28—Miss Boyd's first appearance. New schedule used.
29—Ralph T. shocks sister by being "called down" twice.
30—Laura takes the liberty to speak out loud.
- Oct. 3—Miss Bergen gives the first lesson in music and art.
4—Announcement that all who can bring excuses might go to Bourbon Fair.
5—Harry N. declares the hull of a ship is hollow.
6—Rainy. Bourbon Fair.
7—W. E. P. finds out that Miss Bergen means business.
10—Good lecture in physics by Miss Wingert.
11—Mr. O'Brien speaks on "Optimism."
12—Harry N. and Clyde L. have hysterics in class.
13—Theme day.— Enough said.
16—Mae's unlucky day; got three callings.
17—Wendell and Roy very sleepy. Amzi has pleasant time in office.
18—The force and lift pumps are broken in laboratory.
19—"Doc" puts 5 cents worth of gum in waste-basket at different times.
20—Test in physics class.
21—Ruth H. gives recitation in Literary Club.
24—Dull times. Every one sleepy.
25—Prof. Hottel says all tardies count.
26—First fire drill. Amzi declared his books burned.
27—Grover S. absent on account of his birthday.
28—First snow fall. Junior boys read Miss Bergen's letter in the laboratory.
31—Work, work, work for five more days.
- Nov. 1—First exhibition. Good bread, cakes, wheat, corn and potatoes. Many visitors.
2—Everything as usual.
3—"Put your gum in the waste-basket," saith Miss W.
3—Reports given out. Many tears shed: H. S. beat Seniors in basket ball game, 14 to 9.
7—Blue Monday. Everything dry.
8—Warmer.
9—Week half gone. Glory!
10—W. E. P. hands theme in on time, for once.
11—O joy and bliss! Friday.

- 9—Several seats changed in assembly room.
 - 10—Ruth H. has the mumps.
 - 13—Dull time.
 - 14—Russell really whispered. Valentine Day.
 - 15—Girls with happy hearts.
 - 16—Sunshine.
 - 17—Juniors busy preparing for a good time after basket ball game.
 - 20—Colonel's Brown gives lecture on "Bird Life."
 - 21—The day before Washington's Birthday.
 - 22—Literary program. Good many visitors.
 - 23—Oh, those horrid themes!
 - 24—Very quiet and peaceful.
 - 27—Miss Wingert deprives Seniors of their laboratory period.
 - 28—"Pat" forgets what text-book he is studying.
- Mar.
- 1—Katie busy with calendar.
 - 2—Miss W. has gripe.
 - 3—Plain Friday.
 - 6—Prof. Delmarter entertains in chapel.
 - 7—A rest from physics.
 - 8—Week half gone.
 - 9—Miss W. returns, but cross. We wish her good health.
 - 10—Seniors busy with carnival.
 - 13—No music.
 - 14—Where, and O where are the Seniors this afternoon?
 - 15—Sleepy after the carnival.
 - 16—Dessie proclaimed prophet.
 - 17—Good program.
 - 20—Ralph T. appears with glasses.
 - 21—Beautiful Springtime.
 - 22—Lillie's birthday.

- 23—Oh, the joys of a Senior!
 - 24—Everyone ready for the contest.
 - 26—Monday again.
 - 28—Happy and light of heart are we.
 - 29—More laboratory work.
 - 30—Juniors look happier. Why?
 - 31—Snow.
- April
- 3—Lucy takes the front seat.
 - 4—Freshmen are heard—nothing but a laugh.
 - 5—Everyone happy.
 - 6—Harold M. compelled to study his civics.
 - 7—All going to Bourbon to the contest.
 - 10—Argos takes second place in contest.
 - 11—Miss Boyd dismissed the Senior class meeting.
 - 12—Lloyd McGriff takes a front seat in music.
 - 13—The danger sign is posted in the laboratory.
 - 14—Inter-class base ball game. Juniors win.
 - 17—Miss W. has the test fever.
 - 18—Amzi P. has a badly broken arm in civics
 - 19—Miss Bergen loses her block.
 - 20—Prof. H. misses the kisses in his office.
 - 21—Miss M. insists that they stop patting their feet.
 - 23—Fire drill.
 - 24—Miss W. captures a Junior note.
 - 25—"That's sarcasm, that's what that is."
 - 26—Seniors write their last themes.
 - 27—Seniors debate the question: "Resolved, That America should buy land in Africa and transport the negroes." Affirmative won.
 - 28—Old-fashioned singing school. Seniorettis goes to print.

Thesis of Class of 1911

"True Brotherhood,"	- - -	DESSIE BIXLER	"Dickens As An Educator,"	- - -	KATIE PERSONETT
"Future of Aeroplane,"	- - -	RALPH BELTZ	"The Cornerstone,"	- - -	LILLIE RULE
Class Letter,	- - -	MARIE FOX	"Education,"	- - -	GROVER SHAFER
"What Is Before the Girl of Today,"	- - -	RUTH GANTZ	"The Farmer of Today,"	- - -	WILLIAM THOMPSON
"Poets of Common Life,"	- - -	RUTH HARLEY	"Woman Suffrage,"	- - -	RALPH THORNBURG
History of Class,	- - -	CLYDE LEHMAN	"Farewell to A. H. S.,"	- - -	Laura Thornburg
Crayon Talk,	- - -	HARRY NELLANS	"Should Capital Punishment Be Abolished?"	- - -	MAE TODD
Class Poem,	- - -	LEWIS PATTISON	"Simon Says, Thumbs Up,"	- - -	LOIS SHAW
"Progress of Civilization,"	- - -	AMZI PUTERBAUGH	"Our Boat Is Launched; Where Shall We Anchor?"	- - -	
"Self-Culture,"	- - -	EUNICE NEWHOUSE		- - -	DELFA Y WICKIZER

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1895	-	-	-	-	771
1900	-	-	-	-	1016
1905	-	-	-	-	1538
1910	-	-	-	-	2564

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The Spring Term Bulletin
The Summer Term Bulletin
The Bulletin of the School of Law
The Bulletin of the School of Education
The Bulletin of the School of Medicine
The Bulletin of the Graduate School
The Bulletin of the College of Liberal Arts.

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