

1860

1860

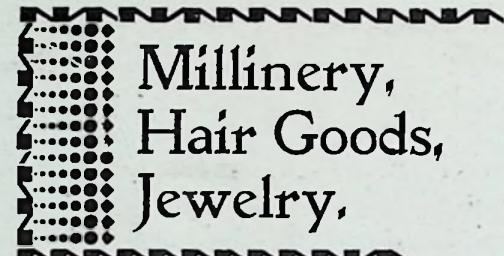
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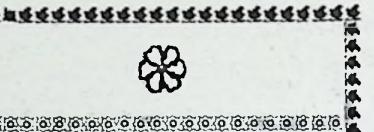
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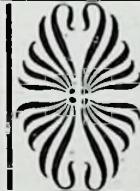
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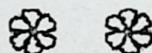
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AT

WIN NYE'S.

This Annual
is respectfully dedicated to
A. L. Child
First Superintendent
Portsmouth Public Schools.

The Staff

WILLIAM SPITZER, Editor-in-Chief

FRED KEHRER, Assistant Editor

MARTHA DEVER, Assistant Editor

ROY LOCHER, Business Manager

RUSSELL WHITE, Ass't Bus. Manager

WINNIE STEWERT, Class Poet

FRED KEHRER, Cartoonist

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Miss Lucy W. Hall

Miss Emma M. Cramer

Miss Louise Dever

Miss Charlotte Bannon

Miss Margaret T. Ricker

Mr. Carl Huber,
Res dicunt melius quam verba.

Class of 1903.

Officers

President, WILLIAM A. SPITZER

Vice-President, ROY W. LOCHER

Secretary, MARTHA DEVER

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CLASS YELL

Kfilippety flipper, kfilippety flum
Rickety rooster, yum, yum, yum,
Brickety brac, boax, boax
Brickety brac, boee
Portsmouth High School 1.9.0-3

Class Color--Scarlet
Class Motto--Carpe Diem
Class Flower--Scarlet Carnation

HISTORY OF THE "NAUGHTY THREES."

• • • •

All great events should be recorded in history, and the exceptional history of the class of 1903 will adorn the pages of Time in scarlet letters. Future generations will be amazed when reading of the brilliant career of this class. No problems have been too difficult, no debates have been too formidable, to defy the solution or withstand the talent of 1903. When we first entered school, twelve years ago, we were looked upon as remarkable beings. Time can not wither us and even now we are considered typical specimens. When we were "young," our one aim was to be a High School Student. At last after eight long years of faithful toil the day arrived when we were initiated into the mysteries of this monument of learning. We entered the Assembly Room single file. Struck by our bright faces and imposing manners the room broke into a hearty round of applause. Silently, but secretly elated, we took our seats. After listening to various speeches of welcome, we lifted our voices and sang,—sang until we charmed all who heard us and we won the hearts of the teachers. After dismissal we straightway showed our zeal for knowledge by exploring the cloak room instead of going down

stairs. As we left the building we were treading on air and thought that everyone who saw us must be thinking, "They are High School Students!"

Thus was our entrance into the High School effected. Enthusiastically started now upon our career we determined to "go in and win." Incidentally, we received the usual "D compliments" at the end of the year.

Our Sophomore year was all work and no play, and we posed as models for our successors, the little D's.

In our Junior year, we were impressed by the idea that we really were an important factor in the world of school affairs. We organized in earnest, and we actually were an "imposing class." The results of this year's work are continuous. Go to any assembly of Porthmouth's most prominent young men and on the handsomest you will see the cap of 1903. Go to any meeting of the most intellectual and accomplished young ladies of this city, and there will be found some wearer of our Junior pin.

In order to show our good will toward the class of 1902, and toward "Ourselves," we diligently searched the hills of

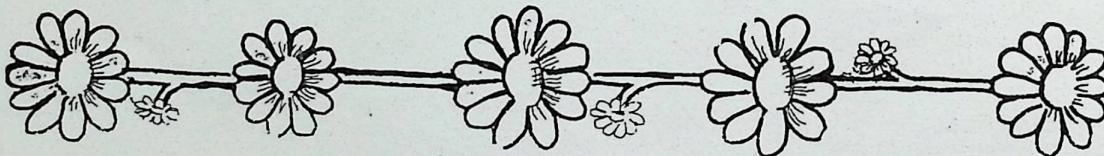
New Boston for two worthy trees to be planted in the yard of the New High School. These we are still preserving until the time when anthracite coal shall become so high that we will be able to realize a good round sum from the sale of them as firewood. We hold the first honors for contributing something towards beautifying our school room. In the south-east corner of our present assembly room is found the immortal Shakespeare casting down his benedictions on the class of 1903. When perplexed over some knotty problem and discouraged from continuous effort, we lift our eyes to "William" for inspiration, and then resolve to "do or die." The beautiful bookease which is his fitting resting place was also a gift from us, and has the class characteristics of gliding smoothly. We held the championship in the debates with the class of 1902, but have benevolently refrained from challenging the class of

1904 out of consideration for our "great ability." We banqueted the A class and the return compliment was a lawn party. Our flag withstood the severity of storms and foes and floated on high—"the survival of the fittest."

We ushered in our Senior year in a burst of melody—a class song. We spent part of this year in the Old High School, and part in the new. The rare ability of this class inspired the Board of Education to found, erect, and dedicate a new temple for the dissemination of learning. A series of social entertainments have been enjoyed throughout the Senior year and the class sociability has thereby been encouraged. We presented a burlesque entitled the "Merchant of Veniee," to an immense and appreciative audience.

Pen fails to delineate further all the aspirations and successes of this, the largest class which has ever graduated from our High School.

FLORA B. TREUTHART.





☒ The Museum ☒

Now ladies and gentlemen, if you will gather around this platform as closely as possible, in order to give the unfortunate persons standing on the outside of the crowd a chance to hear, I will explain to you what the large tent that you see just behind me, contains.

As it is the custom of all circuses to carry with them a collection of freaks, and curiosities, I take pleasure in announcing that the P. H. S. '03 Circus carries with it the greatest, most wonderful and most expensive collection of all the

freaks of nature. Our Museum contains not only the many wonders that you see pictured before you on these large pieces of canvas, but many wonders and curiosities never heard of before.

Just turn your attention to the large canvas charts right over there, and see a few of the many freaks that our museum contains. The first two pictures, to the right that you see are the exact likenesses of the world renowned wonders,

THE LILLIPUTIAN TWINS.



Alma Mae Findeis.



These creatures, although pleasing to look at, are our two most dangerous freaks. We place them first on our list for the reason of their great binding power. Now my kind friends to show you the characteristics, the beauty, and the popularity of these freaks, I need only give an illustration. Many years ago, we know not in what age, epoch, or era, far away, down deep in the tangled wildwoods of the vast jungle of Portsmouth, some of the forefathers of our present management were traveling. Being tired of their journey, they lay down in the shade of a tree. Suddenly their attention was attracted by a peculiar noise overhead. Thinking it to be the humming of some rare bird, they tried to pierce the thick foliage. To their great surprise, instead of finding a specimen of the bird family, they found the two freaks pictured before you. They were busily engaged in binding some victim with innumerable fine threads of thought. The victim seemed to be unconscious as the unnatural beauty these freaks possess, charm all beholders. By some cunning plan, our representatives captured these creatures and shipped to the P. H. S. Museum.

The first time they were placed on exhibition, the crowd was so great and eager to see them, that for seven weeks, day and night we could not close our doors. To calculate the ages of these two freaks is impossible, as it would carry us far beyond the power of mathematics. Although old, they are very popular with the public as well as with the many other freaks of our museum.



Lorraine Schlichter.



Fred Allen Kehrer.



THE JUGGLER.

The tricks of this man are truly wonderful and incomprehensible. He was first placed on exhibition October 19, 1883. Not only is he king of all ordinary jugglers, but he has an additional gift, allotted to no other known person. He is an expert juggler of ladies' affections. His methods are unknown to any one. Even we who have watched him perform his feats time and time again, have not the slightest idea of how he accomplished his ends. From his appearance one would never think that he possesses this terrible gift. He is a rather peculiar though wild looking person, who saunters along with a blasé and indifferent manner. This indifference has been suggested as the key to his power, but this explanation is not entirely satisfactory, so the cause remains a mystery. Lady visitors without escorts and those whose affections are not firmly anchored, are warned to have CARE how they approach this dangerous character.

FLYING LADY.

The Flying Lady is with one exception, the nearest to a human of all the other creatures. She is of a mild disposition, with beautiful, dreamy eyes. Her most wonderful quality is her soft, clear voice, which she delights, to the delight of mankind, to exhibit. As the Scylla and Charybdis enchanted unfortunate sailors who happened to pass that way, so does this creature charm visitors to the Museum. Her mild disposition has always been a subject of wonder and even when captured, at Portsmouth, August 17, 1883, she offered no violence but quietly submitted. She treats the other inhabitants of the Museum with indifferent kindness, but her eyes are seen to sparkle when ever a certain visitor, who by his frequent visits, is becoming quite well acquainted in the Museum, approaches. This is observed by the managers with sorrow, for ever since the first visit of this stranger, a marked advance toward humanity has been noticeable, and it can not be long before she will demand her release, which can not be denied. I forgot to say that she acquired her name by her characteristic rapid motion.



Lollie Anderson.



Verena B. Graham.



THE BONELESS WOMAN.

We now will introduce from our Museum a peculiar freak. "The Boneless Woman," unlike anything ever before placed on exhibition. You have all heard of boneless fish, boneless snakes, and boneless animals, but no one ever has heard of a "boneless woman." We have on exhibition, just within that tent, a woman who has not a bone in her entire body. This rare—I pause for lack of words to describe her, was captured August 14, 1885, just four days before the "Midget Wonder," was added to our collection of freaks. It is impossible to describe the actions of this—so I will not keep you waiting for our next wonder.



THE FIRE EATER.

This individual first came into our possession, Feb., 1886, contrary to what one would expect from his name, he has a most charming and pleasant disposition unless goaded to desperation. Then indeed he is a fire eater in another sense than that smoke and flame issue from his mouth, nose and eyes. Even we who see this strange performance gone through with day after day, have not yet ceased to hold our breath in terrified suspense when he, enveloped in smoke, actually eats fire!! To look at this person, one would never guess his fiery occupation. He is very fond of the company of ladies, in fact is somewhat of a heart-breaker, for he has a gift of making them each think she is "It!" He is at present most fond of the "What Is It."



Walter Edgar Bittner.



Millie Ethel Prediger.



FAT WOMAN.

This wonder of the world is far different from any freak that is ever shown under this name. On the eleventh of November, 1885, our Museum, by an expenditure of a vast amount of money, was able to secure this freak. This curiosity has the name of being the fattest woman on the earth, her weight being three tons, two ewt., twenty-four lbs., six oz. Her waist measure is 326 inches, and her arm has a circumference of 53 inches. To see this wonder is alone worth the price of admission. She is known for her pleasant disposition and kind sympathizing words. One look at this wonder will satisfy the most skeptical. She delights in taking rides on the hand of the Modern Sandow.



THE SNAKE CHARMER.

This valuable curiosity was added to our Museum July 1, 1884. She was captured among the hanging-gardens in the great city of Portsmouth. She is not a "snake"-charmer as you may think her name implies, but a charmer of human beings. Her charming influence makes her victims move about her in a somewhat snake-like fashion. She is kept closely confined, as her attractive power may result in some harm to an innocent spectator. All who witness this wonder will marvel at her power, and stand in awe of her charming beauty.

Her power, it has lately been discovered, is being converged on a frequent visitor to our Museum, and it is the general belief of all of the members of this museum that this attraction will prove fatal to her victim, and he will have to remain under the influence forever.



Mabel Amanda Gates.



Mary Margaret Williams.



THE LION TAMER.

Far away in the wilds of Portsmouth, our Museum representatives in that far-away country, by unusual persuasion, secured this addition to our curiosities. At first, she refused to associate with any of the other freaks, but after considerable time she showered her attentions on The Juggler. The world has never heard of such a marvel. Her very presence puts all the lion (ites) in terror, and without weapons of any kind, she enters the cages of the most ferocious lions. She makes the lions perform all sorts of tricks, and concludes the performance by feeding the animals fifty pounds of raw meat from the bare hand. Immediately after the performance is over, she strolls down Gallia street in company with her lone associate.



THE LIVING SKELETON.

The Museum had been having a dull season. Something must be done and that quickly. The public was tired of everything, we must get something new. This was the state of affairs when December 30, 1885, we came into possession of the Great, the Only Living Skeleton. Some people thought that they had seen a living skeleton before, but they were quickly undeeceived when they gazed on the only true one. Crowds from all over the country came to look at him, nor has the world yet ceased to marvel at this wonder.

Truly it is a terrible and a fascinating sight to look upon this creature who, endowed with life, with every faculty alert, sharing every human feeling with us all, yet so unlike us in that awful gauntless, and in his grawsome death-like grin. Artists have copied his head, and the copies are in great demand by all the eminent physicians of the country. Clergymen advise parents and teachers to take their naughty boys to see the skeleton as it teaches them a moral lesson; it impresses on their mind the importance of leading a good obedient life. The Living Skeleton is very good natured if well fed.



Roy William Locher.



Clara Nellie Menke.

THE HUMAN PARROT.

Ladies and Gentlemen, the constant chatter that you hear going on within our tent is only an echo of the noise made by our "Human Parrot." You may think that as a parrot, she would have a short, curved beak, and feathers of beautiful colors, but this is not the case. On April 20, 1886, when our manager was passing through the jungles of Portsmouth, he heard this peculiar noise, and thinking it was a parrot, he searched for it, but what was his surprise, when on turning the corner of a large rock, he saw not a parrot, but a human being uttering these terrible yells. Thinking this would be a great attraction for our Museum, he captured her and now has her on exhibition for all who pay the price of admission.



THE SOOTHSAYER.

This creature has been given the title of Soothsayer because the very first words uttered by her when captured were, "I told you so; I knew it, I knew it." She was captured at Portsmouth, March, 8, 1885. She does not seem to like confinement very well, but is a remarkable creature for adapting herself to environments. She does not care anything about her companion captives, and prophesies nothing but evil for them. Her promises scarcely ever fail, and she has won cosmopolitan fame. One day a young man from a distant town came to have his fortune told. The prophetess foresaw his destiny, and for the first time, her own, too.

The young man staid quite a while, and now his frequent calls have commenced to create comment among the keepers. Every time he calls, he asks for his little Portsmouth Daisy, and he will not know her by any other name. So you see we are destined soon to lose one of our greatest attractions.



Flora Belle Treuthart.



Clara Ester Schmitt.



THE "WHAT IS IT?"

We now have to present the only creature of our museum that has never received a fitting name. We use this one merely as a means of designating her from the other freaks. This creature was captured at Portsmouth January 23, 1885. She closely resembles a human, and is renowned far and wide for her extraordinary beauty. She is one of the principal drawing cards of the Museum, and what a flirt! In this respect the "What is it" resembles the fair sex more than in any other. Much to the disgust of the freaks of the opposite sex, her smiles are mostly bestowed on humans. However, if there is one freak of the museum more successful in his efforts than any of the others, it is the Hypnotist. Perhaps they all think it would be nice to adopt the Mormon doctrines, live peacefully together.

THE HYPNOTIST.

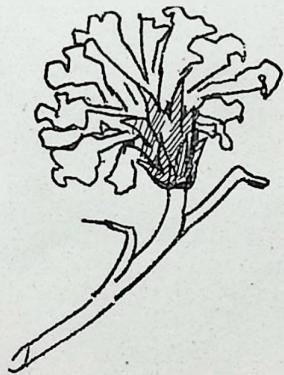
Professor Wilzirino Spitzeriski, the Hypnotist. Tis marvelous personage has been a member of this museum since January 10, 1886. His powers are the most subtle and masterful sort. Not even the strongest mind is able to resist his influence and he holds whole audiences beneath the power of his wonderful art. For the first time, we publish the secret of his success in this interesting science(?) He conveys all his energies, all his thoughts, indeed all that concern mortals into Will power, and by means of this he brings others beneath his sway. It may seem very strange, but it is never-the-less true, that Prof. Spitzeriski has caused us a great amount of trouble. Several times the managers of this concern have felt the greatest annoyance by the unwise display of his influence, for it is his great pleasure and delight to enter a school room and hypnotize the pupils. They are of course unable to recite their lessons except as he dictates, and classes are thrown into great confusion and disorder on account of his ridiculous orders. Thus it is seen that he is a disturbing element, and we would have long since dismissed him had we not feared his hatred.



William Adams Spitzer.



Effie Mae Baas.



THE WILD MUSICIAN.

This animal, in features so like a human, was captured at Portsmouth, Sept. 17, 1885. She offered no resistance to her captors, and she seems so contented with her present quarters that she is given perfect freedom to come and go as she likes.

However be it said, she scarcely ever gets farther than the eage of the Hypnotist. She and the Hypnotist are both laboring under the delusion that they are great musicians. Their favorite instrument is the violin and one is placed at the disposal of each. Almost any hour of the day (or night either) the hideous strains coming from this part of the menagerie can be heard to break upon the quiet when the other inmates are asleep. The keepers would like to give the Hypnotist some freedom, but they cannot for fear they would lose two of their greatest attractions.



THE PRUSSIAN (DUTCH?) GIANT.

This Monstrosity has overawed all beholders since 1883. No one who has never looked upon his immensity can form any idea of his huge size. Notice that part of the tent raised above the rest. That is his apartment, which poorly accommodates him as he can not quite stand erect within it. We tried to make it more comfortable for him, but could not get enough canvas, so he is forced to get along as best he can. As one would judge from his countenance, he has a very bad disposition. He has a fiery temper and gets angry very easily. He grumbles continually and has never been known to make a pleasant remark. He can truly be appeased, when in a temper, by a Belle, a Flora Belle at that. The tinkling sound of this instrument always causes him to become quiet and peaceful. He is a wonderful monster.



Oscar Brunner.



Mary Elizabeth Meyer.



CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY.

In being able to place on exhibition the Circassian Beauty, the P. H. S. Museum has acquired a renown unexcelled. The Circassian Beauty was first captured at Portsmouth, Oct. 25, 1884. In 1887 she was stolen by brigands and held at a high ransom, but she was shortly afterward recaptured and has ever since been one of the chief drawing cards of our Museum.

This creature is so like a human and such an adept in imitating the female sex, that several times her keepers, charmed into forgetfulness, and scores of ignorant spectators have wooed, but never won her. Although she takes delight in playing with the affections of human beings, at the critical point she never forgets that she does not belong to that kingdom, and she invariably refuses. Her most sincere and loving glances are directed toward the Fire-eater, and it is believed by all close observers that he will some day succeed better than the human suitors.



THE WILD MAN FROM SCIOTOVILLE.

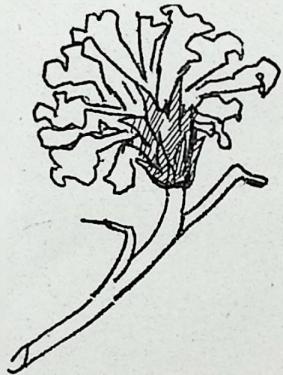
In the year 1883, a sudden report spread abroad that a wild man was haunting the deep forests near Sciotosville, striking terror to the soul of any unfortunate who gazed upon him. Immediately on hearing this, the Museum sent out a large and well equipped expedition to capture this creature. He was secured for our collection November 8, 1883. He was so savage that for months no one dared go near him while he was uncaged. However, he has shown some degree of intelligence and has made up with all the members of the Museum. Although very ferocious in appearance, he seems now to be quite harmless and will even attempt friendliness toward the other natural phenomena. However, it is doubtful if his restless nature and wild tendencies can never be curbed. It is well not to come too close to him—we would warn all strangers to keep at a safe distance.



Russell Bowles White.



Winnetta Stewart.



THE IRON-JAWED WOMAN.

This creature, captured in the wilds of Portsmouth, Dec. 26, 1884, is called a woman because she resembles a woman in every particular except that she has iron jaws. This creature has always been very docile, but at first she could not make any noise. The great activity of her jaws though predicted to her captors that some day she would become quite valuable. After 18 years of captivity she is just in her prime, and even now excites the wonder of all visitors, and keeps the other inmates of the menagerie in a continual uproar. It does not seem possible that she can ever progress any farther, but what the future will reveal can only be surmised from the past.



THE OSSIFIED MAN.

We have saved until near the last, the prodigy who is possibly our most remarkable attraction, but the Ossified Man is the wonder of his age. This person is as emotionless as a stone; in fact, several authorities have declared that he is actually a stone, for he does not even melt before the liquid glances from the glowing eyes of the "Lilliputian Twins." Several times they have been induced to try their influence over him, but to no avail. He remains as sphinx-like as ever.

Notice: A reward of \$5,000 is offered by the management of this concern to the person who can cause this creature to smile. Perhaps it is a physical impossibility, but one can at least try.

Alfred Mills.

THE EGYPTIAN FORTUNE TELLER.



Bessie Russell Smith.

Deep in the desert waste of Birmingham, Ala., on June 24, 1885, this beautiful representative of her race was discovered by our manager. It was a difficult task, at first, to understand the instructions she constantly gives to mankind but now, she is able to make herself understood. She seems to have the power of divination, and by her eyes she imparts to one, not only his own destinies, but those of his neighbor as well. Many volumes could easily be written about the nature and habits of this remarkable woman, but owing to the number of freak descriptions I am required to make, I will spare the audience from further annoyance.



THE SWORD SWALLOWER.

This extraordinary curiosity began his devouring career Nov.—1884. He has always been one of the most interesting members of our collection. Not only does he swallow swords, hatchets, shovels, brooms, needles, pins and many other formidable weapons, but also truth, fiction, fairy tales, gossip, in fact anything that happens to come in his way. One would naturally suppose that after consuming such collections of sharp and warlike instruments, he would be rather beligerant. This is not the case. He is absolutely harmless and ladies and children need have no fear of him. To tell the truth, he is very fond of performing knightly and courteous deeds for the ladies. His affections are wavering and easily transferred from one object to another. One of his favorite amusements is trying to win the affections of the Fat Woman away from the Living Skeleton. As yet, he has been unsuccessful.



Ray Duvendeck.



Martha Dever.



THE HUMAN MAGNET.

The Human Magnet was captured Dec. 25, 1885, at Portsmouth, Ohio. The hunting expedition that was out on this occasion broke up into about four small divisions. After two hours' separation, by some strange influence, they were all drawn together again. Upon close observation, they discovered they were in the neighborhood of some animal, which they later found hiding in the hollow of a dead tree. They have since learned that it was the magnetic influence of this creature which so mysteriously brought them all together the day of the capture. There is a fixed custom of writing notes among the inmates of this menagerie (since the keepers are so vigilant) and this Human Magnet is so attractive that all the notes of the Sword Swallower and the Infant Prodigy fly immediately to her. The Sword Swallower, however, has been attracted, received a like charge, and is now being repelled. It is impossible to say at the present whether the Infant Prodigy will be treated in the same way or not. It is thought, Prodigy will be treated in the same way or not. It is thought, they will both be discharged. When they are, look out for the spark.



THE INFANT PRODIGY.

This is the pet of all the other freaks. He is a favorite with everyone and several quarrels have already occurred between the Lion Tamer and the Human Magnet in regard to the bes'owsl of his affections. He has been a remarkable child from the day of his birth (December 25, 1886) his accomplishments ranging from great efficieney in physical sports to masterful renditions of classical music. He has always been one of our best drawing cards but as he becomes older, we are afraid that his performances will cease to be precocious. To our great joy, however, he has lately developed another trait that casts all his other achievements in the shade. At his tender age he has fallen deeply in love. No other prodigy has ever performed this astonishing feat at so early an age. Do not miss seeing the Infant Prodigy.



Hubert Gustane Heinisch.



Walter Rudolph Arnold.

THE INDIA RUBBER MAN.

This specimen of limberness first graced our collection years ago. His tricks, though they have long since ceased to surprise us, still bring wonder and admiration to the hearts of many spectators. His remarkable elasticity (which is especially displayed in his neck) has never been equalled the world over. One may see him sitting looking straight ahead. The moment the Wild Musician comes up behind him, his rubber neck is turned, and behold! a man with his face to the back. He can crane his neck out so far that he can see anyone in any position near him. True rubber cannot compare to the great stretching capacity of this person's neck.

Warning—Never try to perform any underhand tricks when the India Rubber Man is near, or you will be discovered.



THE MODERN SANDOW.

Ever since the day of Sandow, the world has wondered at his wonderful strength. Many people think it impossible for any human to possess such marvelous strength, and indeed, such was the opinion of our manager until several years ago when "The Modern Sandow" was added to our museum. This woman, although medium in size, is very strong. With ease, she places the "Fat Woman" on her hand and carries her around for several hours at a time. For daily exercise, she picks up twenty-three of our largest elephants and carries them to dinner and back again. She is a strong adherent to the physical culture movement, and it is greatly feared that she may some day, in her enthusiasm, pick up our entire museum and throw us all into the canal.



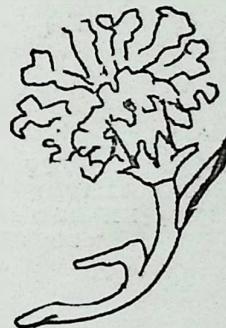
Sarah Eva Wallace.



Tena Ursula Cook.

MIDGET WONDER.

Last but not least of the wonders lithographed before you, your attention is called to the Midget Wonder, the world's smallest living human. We obtained possession of this wonder August 18, 1885. The feet of this creature are so small that the dainty shoes she wears are made to order by the "Jumbo Shoe Co." In height, she is the smallest woman alive, being two feet smaller than the famous Mrs. Tom Thumb. She is the "one" privileged character of our museum, as she is allowed all the rights due a queen. Her chief associate is The Fat Woman, with whom she spends most of her spare time. She hates the male curiosities and disapproves of all their actions.



These are but a few of the many freaks and curiosities contained in our Museum. The science and art that these wonders teach is instructive to young as well as old. Now as there is yet one hour and a half before the big show begins, we will give one, and only one, performance within this large tent. This will be the first and last performance in your city, and we will now show to the public such wonders as have never been equaled.. The price of admission is ten cents, one dime; ten cents to see all the wonders of science and art. Secure your tickets at the stand over there and pass into the tent, the performance will begin immediately. Everybody going in, get your tickets at the stands, the performance has now begun.

Here you are, here you are, 10cts, one dime, to see the world's wonders.

Get your tickets here for the grand P. H. S. '03 Museum. The wonderful freaks and curiosities of the age are contained

within that tent. It's going on all the time, the performance has just begun, get your tickets for the Museum.

Tickets for the Museum!

Everybody visits the World's Renowned Museum containing all the curiosities. Come, get your ticket, and see these wonders, the freaks of nature, the hippo, the hoppo, the Living Skeleton, the Man without Bones, the Midget Wonder, the Sword Swallower, the Wild Man from Seiotoville, and all the curiosities of the age.

This is your last chance to see the wonders, all for the small sum of ten cents, one dime, one tenth of a dollar. Ten cents will admit you to see all the freaks and curiosities of the age, the wonders of the world, the mysteries of Nature, and all the unknown wonders of the world.

Ten cents will admit you to the great, world-renowned P. H. S. '03 Museum.

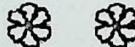
Class of 1904.

SARA BRATT LEILA BROWN ESTHER BRUSHART JAMES CLARE EARL COOKES NELLIE DODDS
MAVIS DAVIDSON AMY EVANS ETHEL MUSSER JULIA NICKEL KATHERINE NICKEL
HENRY PADAN LAURA PFAU MABEL PICK BESSIE ROWE HELEN ROYSE
LUCILE GRAHAM ETTALENE GRICE GEORGE KAH EDITH McCALL
ETHEL MORRIS JENNIE STALLARD WINONA STATEN
ADDIE MERRILL EDNA STREICH RUSSELL STOCKHAM
CAMPBELL TAYLOR ELLA WILLIAMSON



Officers:

President,	ESTHER BRUSHART
Secretary,	HELEN ROYSE
Treasurer,	CAMPBELL TAYLOR



CLASS FLOWER--The White Rose and the Fern

CLASS MOTTO--Res non verba

CLASS COLORS--White and Green

CLASS YELL

Zippity zeen, zippity zeen,
What's the matter with " White and Green ? "
Rickety roar, rickety roar,
Portsmouth High School, Nineteen-four

OUR SONG.

(Tune: The Ivy Green.)

Of all the classes that we know
There's one that is the best;
With roses white and ferns so gay,
Their merit is confessed.
Then by our class we'll always stand,
Let what will come between
The jolly class of nineteen-four
That wears the white and green.

There are never days more bright than these,
Our school days, so they say,
Each memory we will cherish long,
When they have passed away.
But we will love our own class best,
When years have rolled between,
The jolly class of nineteen-four
That wears the white and green.

We struggled well with studies hard,
We've conquered every one,
We have the will, we'll find the way,
Till all our work is done.
Then sing a song for nineteen-four,
And swell the chorus bright,
The jolly class of nineteen-four
That wears the green and white.

Chorus :

True unto the very core,
A first rate class is nineteen-four;
True unto the very core,
A first rate class is nineteen-four.

WORKINGS OF AN X RAY.

We have purchased an X Ray machine which we have used on ourselves, as an experiment. We forbore to turn it on our friends, the Seniors, knowing that the result would be such as to mortify them greatly, and that it would have a demoralizing effect on the Freshies to be acquainted with the many weaknesses of the "high and mighty A's." We decided to leave them in ignorance, poor Innocents. However, if anyone of the A class, or any High School student, wishes us to reveal to him the unknown concerning himself, we will gladly do so free of charge.

We were pleased to learn that the most highly developed bumps on Sara's head are those of stick-to-it-ive-ness and perseverance. That's why we always get her back.

When the instrument was turned on Leila, it was found to our dismay, that she has no heart; only a slab on which are written the names of those who failed to find a resting place. The list is too long to mention.

Esther's brain exhibits a surprising affinity for physical culture. This explains why she does so much walking. Walking is always more pleasant with company, you know, and especially, if it's forbidden. Also the scenery is so very beautiful around our building.

James displays a wonderful lack of locomotive power. His bones were made solid by mistake and, therefore, they are so heavy that he cannot easily lift his feet from the floor, or pull his hands from their resting place in his pockets.

In Earl's brain there is a reflex center connected with the muscles of his eyelids. This is stimulated by the appearance of girls. Earl, however, proves to be very modest.

Mavis—The X Ray shows that her heart contains a magnet which, instead of attracting iron, as most magnets do, has a wonderful power of drawing the hearts of the young gentlemen of her acquaintance.

To our surprise, Nellie's heart is made of maple sugar. We always wondered what caused her sweet disposition. Now we know.

It is found that Amy has such noble, unsatisfied longings for her books as are granted to few. Her arm is gradually losing its use from carrying so many books.

A clot is forming on Lucile's brain from overstudy and strong pressure of work. This explains certain unaccountable actions, heretofore as mysterious as the unfathomable shades of Erebus. It is only seventy-five miles to Athens.

In the brain of Ettalene, we discover a special fondness for spherical wedges, Gallia street, parenthetical expressions and cold water throwing.

We have found that George's chief aim in life is to become a farmer. He is practicing on bulbs and seedlings at present.

Edith's mind was equally divided between bunnies and botany. But now, since she has found that they don't work together, she has transferred all her affections to the former.

Quadratics is Addie's ruling passion. We find that with whatever she starts English, Geometry, or Trigonometry, she always ends up with quadratics.

What is this we have discovered in Ethel? A decided turn of mind toward the profession of a parson! We little expected this, and yet—has she not preached to us one funeral sermon? Oh, not of real persons but of the Historic Remains of our State.

The other Ethel displays a decided tendency to ecstasy, rapture, et cetera.

We were able, by means of the X Ray, to solve the following geometrical problem:

Given:— 2 Nickels.

To find their sum.

1 Nickel equals 5 cts. Ax 10.

2 Nickels equals $(2 \times 5 \text{ cts.})$ equals 10cts. Ax 6.

10 cts. equals 1 dime. Ax 11.

Therefore, 2 Nickels equals 1 dime. Ax 1.

Q. E. D.

We can't blame Henry for liking the girls. His heart is so large. There is no fatty tissue about it and it can expand. We advise him to get a dog collar, and put it around it for a check. On his brain, is a depression which causes frequent forgetfulness of recitation time and class meetings.

Laura's mind is divided between the dreadful vision of approaching examination and an almost uncontrollable desire to engage in performances unsanctioned by the laws established by the P. H. S. faculty.

Oh, what an awful calamity! We turned our great revealer on Mabel, and discovered symptoms of approaching lock-jaw. In the future, Mabel, beware of chewing-gum

We find that on certain occasions, especially German occasions, Bessie possesses no control over the nerves which control her "giggling faculty."

Helen had better be careful, also. We find that her tongue is gradually detaching itself from the hyoid bone, probably from lack of manipulation. That would be worse than a possible A or A—, Helen.

Jennie's larynx was checked in growth, causing that

extreme timidity of voice and manner. In this discovery, we were aided by our efficient German teacher, the Honorable Professor Herr Huber.

When we come to Winona, we discover why her books and papers are all covered with pictures. There is a nerve entirely beyond her control, which leads from the "drawing" center of her brain to her right hand.

Campbell and Russell are "voice" and "echo," but it is utterly impossible to tell which is which.

In examining the hearts of Edna and Ella, we perceive an otherwise invisible chain connecting the two.

If anyone thinks he has been judged too harshly, let him examine his own mind and heart, and then judge for himself.



THE CONTRIBUTION BOX.

We know that all missionary societies collect money in mite boxes for the conversion and education of the heathen; but we did not know that the faculty of the High School had formed a missionary society. But since "Seeing is Believing" we certainly must accept the evidence of our eyes.

And what can that box on Miss Ball's desk be, but a mite box—and a large one at that—for the benefit of those contributed by some charitable persons. Come to the rescue, Class of '04! What is the use of being the daisiest class in the High School, if we can't help our poor, struggling brothers and sisters?

A MEDLEY.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 Away down south where I was born;
Let dogs delight to bark and bite
 Cows in the meadow and sheep in the corn.

A chieftain to the highlands bound,
 His father's hope, his mother's joy,
Found something smooth, and hard and round,
 John Brown's little Indian boy.

Man wants but little here below,
 Oats, peas, beans and barley;
This world is all a fleeting show
 Over the river to Charley.

There is a calm for those who weep
 In the famous London town;
Little Boo Peep she lost her sheep,
 The bark that held a prince went down.

John Gilpin was a citizen
 From India's coral strand;
Far from the busy haunts of men
 There is a happy land.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound;
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Shake the forum round and round,
 Come to the sunset tree.—Ex.

What is concentration?
Concentration is coming down to business along one line.



CLASS OF 1904

TO THE SENIORS.

No boys in our class, did you say?

But, surely, you've made a mistake,
Of the best things, a little's enough,
(You mustn't eat too much cake.)

Many boys in your class, did you say?

Well, what if there are? We don't care.
Enough is as good as a feast,
And each of ours, good as a pair.

The Junior Girls.

INTERESTING BECAUSE TRUE.

Miss R.—“Give the leading characteristics of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.”

Knowing C.—“Queen Elizabeth reigned nine days. She was very feeble minded, was ruled by her councilors, and was a croquette.”

It is the “didn't-go-to-do-it” fool that makes two-thirds of the trouble in this world.

Telephone people may not have a family tree, but they can boast of good connections. It is sometimes a vain boast.

Teacher (trying to explain philanthropy) —If you had two cents and gave one of them away, what would you be?

Little Willie—A chump.

Don't judge a man by his photograph. It may be the photographer's fault.

Dear Grif, though somewhat late,
We humbly beg right here to state,
Accept this odorous, awful pun
Upon the name of Washington.

A Chinese launderer—wiley man!
A sign displayed, which thusly ran,
“General Washing Ton—Wah—Lee.
A yankeefied, star-spangled, good Chinese.



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



Examining teachers on “Theory and Practice.”

Ques. How do you teach stubborn children?

Ans. With a board.

Ques. Do you use the rod?

Ans. No, I just take a switch.

Ques. What are the teacher's duties at recess?

Ans. (a) To get him something to eat; (b) to study the lesson that comes after recess so that the scholars will not catch up with him; (c) to keep the children from fighting.

Teacher in Geology: Define a glacier.

Pupil: A glacier is a vicious mass of ice.

Class of 1905.



Officers:

President,	,	,	PEARL MILSTEAD
Vice-President,	,	,	ROWENA DREW
Secretary,	,	,	CARRIE LEHMAN
Treasurer,	,	,	CRAWFORD ANDERSON



CLASS FLOWER--The White Rose

CLASS COLORS--Royal Purple and White



C. CLASS YELL:

Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka,
Bow, wow, wow,
Chick-a-lacka, chick-a-lacka,
Chow, chow, chow,
Boom-a-lacka, chick-a-lacka,
We're all alive
Portsmouth High School 1905.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '05.

All who read the annual of the class of 1902 know our last year's history. We were "infants;" but "infants" worthy of a second thought. The only records of the "infant" year which we shall mention are, our high marks(?) and the picture of "The Drafting of the Declaration of Independence." The class of '04 boasts of organizing in the Sophomore year, but lo, and behold! we, the wide-awake class of '05 organized in the Freshman year.

We have had no social functions this year because we have devoted all our spare time to our studies and all the teachers realize this fact. If any person does not believe this statement, he can look at our cards and see.

A Hoo Doo Spread.

On the all eventful "Cabbage-night,"¹ the boys of the class of 1905 entertained the girls of the class with an elegant banquet at the Salvation Army Hall. Oh, it was a swell affair. A perfect jam was present. Although the hall is enormous, there was barely room for the chairs and the tables.

All of the crowd were present at 6 p. m., and stood around ravenous until 12 o'clock. At the hour of midnight, Mr. Pearl Milstead, as master of ceremonies, tolled a dumb-bell, the signal for the feast and Messrs. Walter Pick and Floyd Moeller distributed toadstools tied with purple ribbons as favors.

Menu.

First course—Fruit Punch from the Golden Ohio,
Second course—Toothpicks.
Third course—Wind Pudding and Air Dip.
Fourth course—Icicle Jelly and Roast Blizzard.
Desert—Cabbage.

Toasts.

Toastmaster	Beecher Searl.
Response	Bertha Edwards.
"Santa Claus"	Lena Brunner.
"Foot Ball"	Stanley McCall.
"Goblins"	Pearl McKerrihan
"Reptiles I Have Seen"	Charles Pettingall.
"Goo-Goo Eyes"	Will Pixley.

All ate rapidly of the abundant supply, and the meal was over at 12:45. As such young boys are not used to walking the streets so late at night, the merry crowd waited until 5 a. m. when the young men escorted the young ladies home.

The Misses Carrie Webber, Bernice Plummer, Pearl Grady, Eleanora Wilhelm, Antoinette Reitz, and Helen Kriker wore green cheesecloth trimmed with purple and yellow ruffles, with sunbonnets to match.

Edith Brooks, Margaret Kugelman, Jennie Martin, Anna Diewel, Pearl McKerrihan, and Mable Rauch—crimson green costumes with five-yard trains.

Lena Brunner, Rowena Drew, Louise Brushart, Carrie Lehman, Margaret Swander, and Bertha Edwards—sky blue lemon calico and carried red handkerchiefs.

Blanche Treuthart, Francis Higgins, Emma Edwards, Margaret Fuller, Florence Harsha, and Sadie Uhl—orange and purple polka dot, with blue sashes.

The boys all wore potato sack suits and tissue paper caps.

This was the swellest affair of the season and by far the best dressed one.—B. T.



A school teacher complained that she had great trouble in making John Wright write rite right.



CLASS OF 1905

EXAMINATIONS.

The other night I went to bed,
But not to sleep, for my poor head
Was filled with a most awful dread.

Examinations!

I thought of this and then of that;
Of set and sit; which goes with sat?
I fear my brain has run to fat.

Examinations!

Next came angle, circle, and square,
How can you make the lines compare?
I've forgot the theorem, I declare.

Examinations!

Where is Calais? and where Dublin?
When does the reign of James begin?
A high per cent. I cannot win.

Examinations!

Then my lessons I try to spell;
Which words have two, and which, one L?
Oh, my poor brain! I cannot tell.

Examinations!

Who was Bryant? What did he do?
And all the other fellows, too?
You must tell me, I can't tell you.
Examinations!

Oh, Welcome sleep! at last it came;
But not to rest me, all the same;
For in my dreams this is my bane—
Examinations!

A Soph.

BRIGHT SAYINGS AND JOKES.

On entering the P. H. S. premises do not try to prove that a straight line is the shortest distance between two given points.

"Do you think I covered the ground?" asked the lawyer when he had concluded his presentation of the case.

"Well," said his client, "I think you covered as much of it as your size would permit."

Answers found on Examination Papers: "An angle is the exclamation made by two lines on meeting in a plain."

"The Court of Common Pleas should be stationary and go through each county four times a year."

"The Battle of Hastings was fought at Shrewsbury."

The new additions to the P. H. S. Library are: Irving's "Tails of a Traveller;" Bryant's "Fanny Topsy;" and Hawthorne's "Mosses From an Old Man," or "Moses From an Old Manse."



Johnny Obeyed.

"Children," said the teacher, while instructing the class in composition, "You should not attempt any flights of fancy, but simply be yourselves, and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings or draw inspiration from outside sources."

As a result of this advice, Johnny Wise turned in the following composition:

"We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my stummie, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of lemon candy, and my dinner."—Ex.



Officers:

President,	-	-	-	-	FLOYD H. MENKE
Vice-President,	-	-	-	-	STEPHANIE HOLMAN
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	PERSIS PURSELL
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	ANNA MERRILL



CLASS OF 1906

THE MIGHTY SENIORS.

How big are Seniors, dear my Pa,
That people call them great?
Are they like old Goliath tall,
A man of monstrous weight?

Deluded child, they are not great,
They are of normal size;
Their greatness lies—'tis sad, 'tis true—
But in their own fair eyes.

But they are strong, most honored Pa,
They deeds of prowess tell—
How they outclass the strongest man,
And outwit him as well.

No, no, my child, they are not strong,
When they're put to the test;
They're young, poor things, and think that life
Is nothing but a jest.

But surely they are wise, dear Pa,
In lore of all the ages,
Of Socrates and Solomon,
And all those mighty sages.

My child, they lend their lessons free,
And ride their "ponies" hard;
The teachers smile, and silence keep,
Then rate them on the card.

But truly they have "rights" dear Pa,
Denied us little D's,
Can Seniors bold be bound by rules,
And not act as they please?

My little D, 'tis true they walk
As if they owned the earth;
By right divine they seem to rule,
And not by right of worth.

I want to be a Senior, Pa,
I want to hold the sway;
I cannot wait for three long years
Till I can have my say.

Impatient child, curb your desire;
These Seniors are not rare,
They come each year as sure as fate;
Then vanish into air.

Margaret Hall.



HOW THE A CLASS "POUR" OVER THEIR BOOKS.

Now list good B's
Attention, C's,
And all you little runts,
To the sorry tale
Of the A class bright,
And their wonderous spelling stunts.

Now home they went
On study bent,
And over their books to "pour."
Next morn they came
With minds cram full
Of both modern and ancient lore.

But, Oh, what a fate!
When the A class great

Found that over their books they must pore,
But they are nice
And can see a joke,
So we know that they won't get sore.

Margaret Hall, D Class.



SCHOOLROOM PROVERBS.

- 1 It is a long lesson that has no ending.
- 2 A correct answer in a test is worth two in an answer book.
- 3 The pen is not mightier than the birch.
- 4 Speach was given to scholars to conceal in study hours.
- 5 A flying paper-wad gathers no good will.
- 6 A faint heart ne'er won the use of a pony.
- 7 You can fool some of the teachers part of the time, and all the teachers part of the time, but you can't fool all the teachers all the time.
- 8 A near-sighted teacher is a joy forever.
- 9 He who flunks and runs away, Will live to flunk another day.
- 10 The darkest hour is just before the "exams."
- 11 Study makes the lessons go.
- 12 Full many a quiz by teacliers sent Finds marks the pupil little meant.

Margaret Hall, D. Class.

"Papa, what is mental perspiration?"
It is what a boy feels when he passes by a grave-yard at night."

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise;
But early to bed and early to rise
Does very well for old reubens and guys;
It makes a man miss all the fun till he dies
And join the old myths that are up in the skies
To the Seniors, so fair, who are forced by kind fate
Over the pages of Virgil, to ponder so late,
Take this as your motto, or by word to say,
All along in life's journey, at work or at play,
Go to bed when you please and lie at your ease
For we'll die just the same from "A Latin" disease.



Students of nearness, likeness and friendliness create disorder.

The direct object of girls' affections is in an embarrassing situation.

The degree of difference in students is denoted by the estimates. Tardiness and absence is followed by punishment when the excuse is omitted.

Teachers may give short lessons, usually without opposition

The eater with a bag of candy is well placed in the fourteenth section.

The mirrors in the fourteenth section often cast reflections on the ceiling.



Sambo, does you berlebe deres any colored angels in heaben?

Cose dey is. Didn't de preacher read 'bout angels an' dark angels? Wots a dark angel if it ain't a niggah? Huh?



FRATS.

The subject of "Frats" has been assigned to me. Now, there is only one "Frat" in the P. H. S. and you would naturally suppose that my duty is an easy one. You are very much mistaken, for it is a hopeless task for one of my poor ability to narrate the exploits of this famous organization or to picture to you the regal magnificence of its home. But I must do my best.

The purpose of this organization is to foster the spirit of friendship, to protect the interests of the class of 1903, to promote sociability, and to provide a place where the young men of our class may spend their evenings and their Sundays in a quiet(?) peaceful manner. This purpose has been attained to its fullest extent.

Now, I will give you a glimpse of that enchanted land, the magnificence and splendor of which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," the parlors of the Mystic Eight. Our Club House is situated at the rear of Fourth and Sinton streets and has lately been decorated with a new(?) coat of paint.

We will enter the front door and proceed to the second floor. (The elevator is out of order at present and we must use the spiral stairway.) Be careful not to slip on the marble floor of the steps for if you should fall the length of that stairway, your death would be instantaneous. You wonder why the door from the stairway into the parlor is fixed as it is, why it takes such a great amount of skill and power to open it. This is easily explained. We have constructed everything about our house in such a way that it will constantly promote the athletic welfare of our members. This is the reason our door opens as it does. Well, the door is open now,

and we are in the midst of a scene of beauty and oriental luxury. We are in the parlor at last. Where did we get those sofa pillows? Why they were embroidered for us by the willing hands of our Senior girls. Yes, we will always keep them as a loving remembrance of their (the girls) affection. Yes, those are Morris chairs and were imported from ah—well from different places at a great expense. No, that's not a folding bed in the corner. That's our combination couch and bath tub. Did Oscar Brunner draw those pictures? Well, I should say not. Those are all direct from the pen of Gibson, Christy, oh—I forget the name of the fellow that drew those by the door there. No, our furnace isn't working, so we had to set up our base burner for a few days. Yes, the piano's always getting tuned. No, that chandelier isn't brass; it's gold. I am surprised at your ignorance. If you don't act better than that I won't let you see the gymnasium. Oh, did not you ever see stained-glass windows before? Be careful, don't get your hands on the frescoing. All right, we'll see the gym now.

Why don't we put a carpet on it? Why, because we use it for a dancing hall when the occasion requires. Yes, this is the punching bag, and this is the Whitley exerciser.

I might have known that you would monkey with that punching bag while I wasn't looking. Hit you in the nose, did it? Good for you. Here are the Indian clubs, the dumb bells, and the boxing gloves. No, we don't eat on those things. Those are billiard and pool tables. Well, it don't do any good to tell you anything so I won't show you another thing, but I'll give you a little idea as to how we spend our time up here.

Some of the boys are here every evening. The janitor always has a nice fire ready and the kitchen presents a cheerful

aspect. The boys play checker, dominoes, jack straws, ping pong, and shhh—don't tell anybody, but some of them play authors. You thought I was going to say cards, didn't you? When we are tired of our games we sit around and talk of our school affairs and try to study out how we can win the affections of our teachers. Promptly at 8:30 the janitor turns off the current and puts out the light. So we all go home.

On Sunday afternoon we either sit around quietly in the parlor or take long walks. It is a fact not to be passed without comment that the people who live in the neighborhood of our "home" have often commented on the fact that we are a very orderly set of young gentlemen.

Well, you have listened very nicely and I hope you have a fair idea of the Mystic Eight, the marvel of all ages, the "frat" of all "frats," the one organization that has dared to stand for its life, its liberty, and the pursuit of its happiness.



An Ode to the Mystic Eight.

Hark! methinks I hear a rumbling,
And I hear an awful tumbling;
Much as if the ghosts and beatlings
In the attie 'bove the ceilings,
Were a celebrating some forgotten day.

And still through the midnight dreary,
As I sat there faint and chilly,
Many a shriek borne on the breezes
With the mingled noises freezes,
E'ne the most courageous blood within my veins.

And the sound of chains now rattling,
Midst the noise of soldiers battling;
Mingled with the rustling clatter,
And the ghostly teeth that chatter
As they travel back and forth across the ceiling.

Still I sat there faint and trembling,
Knowing not what dreadful ending,
That my presence there might cost me
Could their ghostly eyes perceive me,
Through the rafters of the ceiling up above.

All at once my fleeting senses
Now perceive above the benches,
A black object in the ceiling
Twisting, wriggling, squirming, squealing
And at last a hole they leave there eight by four.

Then methinks I know the meaning
Of all the noise and fuss and screaming,
For a boy's foot in the ceiling,
Shows the sign of A Class breeding
And initiation day among the Mystics.



Old School Friends.

Ann Alysia.
Ann Elize.
Algry Bray.
Phil Osophy.
Ed Ucation.
Etta Mology.
Ann Thropology.
Polly Gon.



EDNA RUTH HELT.

(Died September 3, 1902.)



TRIBUTE TO EDNA HELT.

In the midst of life, stern death descends
Like a storm on a quiet sea
And young and old their knee they bend
To the will of his sovereignty.

And many a flower in its brightest bloom
And many a sturdy tree
With roots anchored fast to the hopeful gloom
Bows down to death's sovereignty.

Into our class, has death quietly entered
And groping around for his way,
Touched the hand of the one whom we favored the most,
And smilingly, led her away.

When life with its future seemed brightest,
When first ready to enter its strife,
When the heart with its hopes seemed lightest,
Death wielded its glistening scythe.

In our class, there's a place that is vacant,
A place which none other can fill;
But though there's a form that is absent,
The influence lives with us still.

Like a cloud on a sunny morning
Overspreading the bright tints of May,
So her sun, just as brilliantly dawning,
Was darkened while yet it was day.

W. Stewart.



TO EDNA HELT.

Full many a time when I am sore oppressed,
And as I ponder sadly o'er this world's lack of rest,
I think of we poor mortals on this weary plane below;
I think of all the trials, all the fears that haunt us so,

And the many, many sorrows that here may be our lot,
Of our constant, ceaseless, struggle for the things that we have
not—
Always striving, never happy with that which we may hold
Always wanting, never getting, more and more increase of gold.

Then my thoughts, in sweet remembrance, turn to one long
gone above,
One who ne'er can be forgotten, one whom we shall always
love.
She was spared these many troubles in this world so dark and
drear,
She was taken from our number, though she yet seems always
near.

E'en as yet we feel the piercing, and cruel, cruel sting
Of the sorrow never healing, to which years can never bring
Forgetful oblivion: or thoughtless, worldly cares
Make us think less for a moment of the glory that she wears.

She was one among a thousand maidens, pure and good,
In the worst or best of weather she was always as she should;
Always happy, always cheerful, ever looking for the best,
Seeing only good in people, and o'erlooking all the rest.

And in thinking o'er her virtues, and about her truthful soul,
I feel creeping on again that old grief and deathless dole,
And the tears at once upgushing while I melancholy sigh,
And of God above in Heaven ask, "Why, oh why, oh why!"

Then it seemed a voice within me, answering my silent prayer
"Go thy way and sorrow not, for she is happy There
Where no trouble can o'ertake her, and in everlasting peace,
In the company of the blessed, all her cares forever cease.

Do not grieve for it was better one so young, and true, and fair
Should have gone to be an angel, than the earthly troubles
share;

Think of all the toilsome years, she with labor would have trod,
Had not He in His great mercy, taken her to be with God."

So from me the cloud is lifted and I feel that it is true,
And I hope the thought can comfort, fellow mourners,
brighten you.

For we suffer great afflictions, sorrows come and dim our sight,
But to her so safe in Heaven, all is glorious, tranquil, light.



DEATH OF POLINURUS,

Aeneid: V., 835-860.

Metrical Translation.

The dewy night had almost touched the zenith of the sky;
The weary sailors 'neath their oars were wrapped in quiet
sleep.

When from the starry firmament the dreamy God of sleep
Came gliding down, and from his path the darkness fled away:
He brings thee dreams and gloom, O Palinurus, brave and
true;

And in the guise of Phorbas near the helm he takes his stand:
"O Pilot Palinurus," spoke he, gently as the breeze,
"Neptune himself wafts on your fleet, Zephyrus fills the sail,
And Eurus, softly blowing, guides Aeneas o'er the deep.
This hour the gods ordain for sleep—their gift to weary men—
So steal your drooping eyes from work and I will guide your
helm."

To whom then Palinurus speaks with leaden-lidded eyes:
"Shall I deceitful Neptune and his band of Tritons trust,
Confide Aeneas and his fleet to treach'rous wind and wave?

Too oft an azure sky and sea have lured men on to death;—
Temptation touches yielding souls; a pilot should be steel.”
And as he spoke these loyal words, he grasped the rudder fast
And traced with steadfast, staring eyes, his journey by the
stars.

The baffled god then shook the branch drenched with
Lethean dew
Upon his victim’s head. Beneath the slumbrous, Stygian
power,
His firmness melted like the snow on Atlas’ rugged top.
Up toward the golden stars, he fixed his swimming, wav’ring
eyes;
They rose and fell and fell again: the god’s spell conquered
them;
Then soporific magic pierced his being to the soul
And headlong in the waves he fell. Death claimed him for
his own,
Brave Pilot Palinurus, destined sacrifice for all!

Miss Charlotte Bannon.



THE SENIOR PLAY.

And so we were to give a play. Thus had the class decreed in solemn conference and appointed a committee of three to devise ways and means. Our first committee meeting was occupied in wondering what we would do, but encouraging each other with our various class mottoes, we began our search for a suitable play. Someone had heard of a play which some High School had given somewhere and by using our ability as detectives, for which we are justly famous, we found a take-off on the Merchant of Venice written by the students of the

Cedar Rapids High School, which had been given by them with success and which seemed to meet our requirements at all points.

The play was a mixture of farce, comedy and melodrama (very mellow at times) and fully deserved its title of “Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date.” It had enough worship of foot-ball players in its plot to please an audience of High School girls and enough sentimentality to assure one of the fact that the authors were High School boys. The characters resembled those of Shakespear’s play in name only. Those swaggering gallants of ancient Venice who serenaded their lady loves and gossiped on the Rialto became the foot-ball lions of a High School team; Portia and Nerissa were High School girls; Shylock was a superannuated foot-ball player, who, wth his friend Tubal, made a living by renting “ponies” to students whose enthusiasm for the great game has diverted their minds from study, while Gobbo was a true and lineal descendant of Launcelot of old. Three new characters, Miss Threedice, a teacher, Polly, a maid and Professor Schweigenhaugenblumenheimer, a photographer were interpolated by the authors.

The plot followed the original, after a fashion. The three caskets were made to contain examinations in Latin, of which Bassanio must choose and successfully pass one in order to win Portia’s hand. Antonio rents a pony of Shylock in order to help Bassanio through the Latin examination and Shylock is to have as forfeit a pound of Antonio’s hair “nearest the brain.” Of course, anyone can see the connection between a foot-ball player’s hair and the “pound of flesh nearest the heart.” The dialogue was full of student’s slang

and the introduction of local hits of our own, added greatly to its interest.

After three weeks of rehearsals, the play was given Friday evening, May 1, in the Assembly Room. The performance was remarkable for the few hitches usually so characteristic of amateur plays. The players all knew their lines well and every situation was so familiar to them that no one hesitated for a moment as to just what was his position in the scene. Portia and Nerissa played their parts with dignity and charm and their first scene was one of the best in the play. The stormy and romantic Jessica was very well done. Miss Threedee was a capital teacher while Polly was a most satisfactory maid. Antonio, Bassanio and Gratiano all played with spirit and enthusiasm while Shylock and Tubal were the real thing in football sports. The blue glasses of the Professor raised quite a laugh in the audience as well as on the stage. Audience and players alike, however, gave the palm to Launcelot Gobbo as the favorite. His comedy was delightful, especially in the court scene. Much more might be said in praise of the actors who made the play such a success. Behind the scenes during the play, both committee and actors were congratulating each other on the enthusiastic audience who were so quick to catch all the hits. Most of the credit for that however, was due to the players themselves for it was their clearness of enunciation and appreciation of the humor of their lines which made the points tell. The audience was generous with applause and there were curtain calls for the favorite scenes. Who will ever forget the magnificent bunches of American Beauties which Portia and Nerissa's admirers passed across the footlights to them?

The incidental and orchestral music was furnished by members of the class and by students from the other classes who kindly offered their services. The financial result of the play also surpassed our expectations by giving us a liberal bank account with which to publish our Annual.

P. S. —In the foregoing article it was carefully omitted that whatever of success crowned the efforts of the actors was due to the experienced and untiring drill of our coach, Miss Charlotte Bannon.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, UP TO DATE.

Cast of Characters.

The Duke of Venice	Walter A. Bittner
Antonio, a Senior-Captain of High School Football Team....	
.....	Russell B. White
Bassanio, his friend and suitor to Portia	Fred A. Kehrer
Gratiano, another friend and suitor to Nerissa ..	Roy W. Locher
Shylock, a wealthy gambler	William A. Spitzer
Tubal, his friend, Captain of Jackson Football Team....	
.....	Walter R. Arnold
Launcelot Gobbo, a servant to Shylock.....	Oscar Brunner
The Professor, an X-Ray Photographer.....	Ray Duvendeek
Portia, a rich Heiress	Margaret Williams
Nerissa, her friend	Lollie Anderson
Jessica, Shylock's ward	Martha Dever
Miss O'Shannon, a teacher	Millie E. Prediger
Polly, Portia's maid.....	Flora B. Treuthart

Synopsis of Play.

ACT I.

Venice—Mystic Eight's Club Room.

ACT II.

Belmont—A Room in Portia's House.

ACT III.

Shylock's House and Yard.

ACT IV.

Belmont—A Room in Portia's House.

In the meantime, Antonio has been arrested on the boot-ball field, during the Thanksgiving game, and is led to trial.

ACT V.

The Court Room.

Music—Orchestra.

Violins—Effie Baas, Ada Hitchcock, John Neudorfer.

Mandolins—Francis Higgins, Henry Wise.

Guitar—Lawrence Patterson, Otto Maiter.

Piano—Millie Prediger.

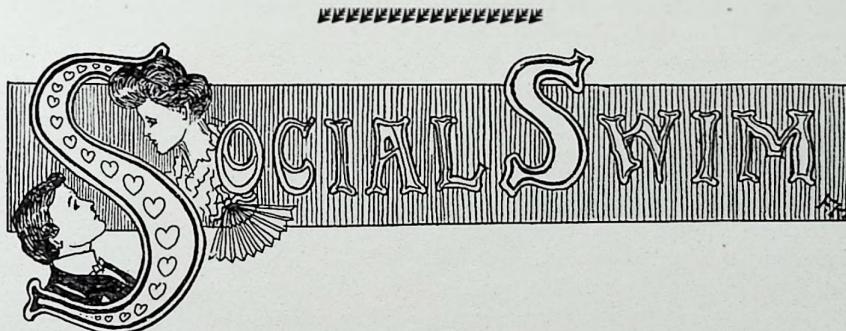
Act I. Violin Solo—Effie Baas.

Act II. Orchestra.

Act III. Trio—E. Baas, F. Higgins, M. Prediger, Piano
Duett—Helen Royse, Leila Brown.

Act IV. Orchestra.

Incidental Music to the Play,
Tena Cook, Nellie Menke, Alma Findeis, Sadie Wallace,
Francis Higgins, Hubert Heinisch.



There are many who have heard of our glory achieved as speakers, debaters, essay-writers, students and defenders of the flag, but it is only a privileged few who know of the success we have had in all our social undertakings.

We first gained the knowledge of our ability in this line, in our Junior year, at the time we entertained the "Class of '02" with a banquet. In doing this, we did what our guests

had done the year before; and we have therefore done our part in establishing as a custom, that which was begun in the hope that it would bring about friendly relations between Seniors and Juniors. Judging from the toasts and talk of the eventful evening, there were never better friends than the two greatest rivals the Portsmouth High School has ever known. Each class tried its very best in singing the praises

of the other. It was the first meeting in which the classes did not argue and quarrel with each other; and we succeeded in finding out that the greatest of rivals could be the best of friends.

While we were preparing for this meeting, we were invited to Camp Arion to spend Decoration Day. This invitation we gladly accepted, and we enjoyed ourselves as only the "Class of '03" can. As the class has always been noted for its singing (except in the Assembly Room,) we did not fail to keep the country surrounding Camp Arion alive with our songs. The skiff was kep' busy from the time we arrived until dark. Games of all kinds were played, and the time for leaving was upon us before we were ready for it.

We were just recovering from the effects of the picnic, when, during the next week, the two great events of our Junior year occurred—the lawn party with which the Seniors entertained us, and the flag rush. Even though the class of '02 were inferior to us in everything else, we acknowledged their superiority as entertainers. The place selected for the lawn party was a large and beautiful lawn, so decorated that the sight of it would have repaid our going. But we did not have to content ourselves with sight-seeing, for there were music and games enough to satisfy anyone, and on leaving we felt that the Seniors had outclassed us for once. For the next few days, the classes were kept in a state of great excitement on account of the flags. How our flag was saved and the other taken, is told in another place, but it may be that the writer will neglect to give one of the reasons why the other was taken. For "the immortal seventeen," the girls of '03, thinking that the "fighters" might need encour-

agement, decided to provide a lunch for them at the house opposite the field of battle, if they were the victors. Spurred on by such news, and by the sight of their allies, the boys won. So happy were we over the victory, that we permitted some of the conquered ones to share our luneh; and as we left for home, and saw the scarlet flag floating above the old P. H. S., we felt that we had gained enough glory to cover a lifetime. We gained more than enough to hide our faults, for they are so few they can barely stand the mention.

Amid all this rejoicing, came the sad news that one of our members would not be with us in our Senior year. To make his farewell more impressive, he was made a guest of honor at a class meeting held the last day of our Junior year. The decorations used for this occasion were lantern, the flag of the victorious Juniors, and the flag of the vanquished Seniors,—the latter being used to remind us of our greatness. The evening passed merrily enough until the time for parting came. Then with many tears and much sorrow, we said good-bye to our departing classmate, and to our Junior year, the happiest in our school life.

When we met again in September, our minds were so taken up with the realization of our own importance as Seniors, that we could not, for a time, turn our attention to affairs of any lighter nature. As soon as the sense of our own greatness became fixed in us, we began to relieve our minds by having social meetings. In many of the football games, the girls, by the cheering influence of their presence, helped the players following the scarlet flag to victory over those who dared to face them. In return for the assistance thus given, the boys felt it their duty to repay us in some way.

This they did by giving a Hallow E'en party in our honor. So mysterious was everything for a week before, that we began to look upon it as a great and solemn event. On the night of the party, the girls were all clad alike in ghostly garments, while among the boys were ghosts, fortune-tellers and men from many lands. The future was revealed to us in different ways, and if we are to believe what was told us, our lives will be gloomy lives indeed. Not the least among the attractions was the table, weighted down with good things of all kinds. We need hardly say that we did ample justice to the supper.

Not long after this, we spent an evening at the home of our astronomy teacher, and among other things observed the eclipse of the moon. The girls, soon after, entertained the boys of the class with a watch party on New Year's Eve, and the welcome we gave to 1903 was a loud and hearty one.

When our school examinations were over, it suddenly dawned upon us that our High School careers were almost at an end, and that we had better begin in earnest to have social class meetings.

Committees were appointed to arrange for a meeting every two weeks. As Valentine Day was near at hand, the first committee had a very good opportunity to entertain. The next committee arranged for a George Washington party, and this was greatly enjoyed by the class. Then, on the first of April, came an All Fools' party, enjoyed because the parts taken were so unusual to the members of the class. The next time we met was at the banquet with which we were entertained by the Class of '04. This was a great event in our Senior year, and we learned what the Juniors could do when

they wished. The toasts given seemed the work of great minds; the decorations, the work of great artists; while words cannot tell what the Juniors themselves were like. Such good feeling existed, that it would have been hard for a stranger to distinguish Juniors, Seniors and teachers. The evening spent with the Class of '04, and that spent with the Class of '02, will always hold the first place in our memories of our social life at school. Just a few days after this banquet, came the time for our class meeting. All our other meetings had been held to celebrate special days, as Hallow E'en, New Year's Eve, and Valentine Day; and this meeting was somewhat unusual, for it was a party given just to have a good time. This, of course, we did. Our next gathering was for the same purpose, and with the same result. And now, for something to keep our thoughts occupied, we are looking forward to commencement week, so that we will not be saddened by the fact that we are soon to leave the dear old P. H. S.

Besides these special social events, there have been others which we shall not mention. From the time we entered the High School until now, we have always been sociable. No teacher will say that in recitation period, or in watch period, we have ever been too shy or too distant to exchange with one another a few pleasant words. No matter how great a desire we may have had for study, or how great the necessity for it, whenever a chance was offered for conversation, we were quick to remember our motto, "Carpe Diem."

Mary E. Meyer.

•••••

"Will that dog swallow a rat whole?"
"Naw, he swallows the rat."



The A Class was royally entertained with a banquet at Seel's Parlors, April 14th. The banquet room was beautifully adorned with the Green and White of the Juniors, intertwined with the scarlet of the Seniors. Miss Ester Brushart, the Junior President, gave the address of welcome. The response was made by William Spitzer, the Senior President. William had planned to eat before giving his speech, but he recovered from his disappointment and gave it in true A Class style. The toasts were juicy fellows and done to a turn. Miss Ethel Morris was the able toast-mistress, and the following is the

list of toasts:

"The Scarlet"	Helen Royse
Res non Verba	Ettalene Grice
The Junior Boys	Mavis Davidson
The Annual	Lucile Graham
Carpe Diem	Martha Dever
The New High School.....	Roy Locher
The Throne.....	Ethel Musser
The Teachers	Walter Bittner

THE SENIORS.

I.

Then who can equal old Ninteen Three
And who are better and brighter than we?
Let the Juniors rant, and the Sophomores tear,
They'll none of them ever get quite there;
Why, even the Freshies are jealous of us,

And about our deportment make a fuss;
But we're the jolly, unrivaled class
And no one can beat any lad or lass.

II.

We have driven the rest of the H. S. in rout
Out of debates with a victory shout
In history stories we hod a rise,

For one of our members took the prize;
We're always the rule of the Juniors, you see,
For they copy their precepts like one, two, three
And wait for the hour, with fastbeating heart
When they can half way come up to our art.

III.

Then who can equal old Nineteen Three
And who are better and brighter than we?
We're the pride of the teachers, and love them all
From dear Mr. Huber up to stately Miss Ball,
So give us a cheer with a willing heart
For this year from H.S. we'll depart..

IV.

Out of the High School into life,
Into the world of trouble and strife
To work for our daily bread and fame;
To work for an honest, noble aim.
Shall then, as now, we ever be praised,
Shall our scarlet ever on high be raised!
Yes, for we're the courageous, dauntless Class,
And no one can equal a lad or a lass.

V.

Our great success in life will be due
To our motto grand, our peerless cue,
"Carpe Diem," a perfectly faultless guide;
Which only failures and fools deride;
And our scarlet carnation, so bright and fair,
We'll always proudly, gladly wear—
For we deem it an honor forever to be
An envied member of dear 1903.

IF THE TRUTH ISN'T TOLD AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

The story I tell was thus told to me:
I went to a feast down by the sea
Where I saw a man in a cup of tea
I stirred some sweets on the bough of a tree
I saw my hat hung by a big key
I opened a gate on a stormy sea
I saw a ship sink on a rope, said he
You may hang me in this land of the free
If the truth isn't told as it ought to be.

We hunted for acorns under the sea
The fishes played "hide and go seek" with me
In a boat I climbed to the top of a tree
I heard a bird sing with a crab and a flea
I was bit on the end of an old ship's keel
I wrote my name in the waves of the sea
I saw a fish float on my bended knee
I'll sing from June to Eternity
If the truth isn't told as it ought to be.



AN ODE TO THE "TAMS."

O, those rare and spotless "Tams,"
O those lovely, snowwhite "Tams;"
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Sinks the dust by snow-flakes driven,
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Grows the wool by wash-boards riven;
But the dear old B's still wear them,
And the sun still shines upon them,
Though it often hides its face and drops a tear.

And the green upon the border,
Wrapped in figures quaintly ordered,
In old Ireland's sacred island must have grown.
Yet the rain descends upon them,
And the hailstones drop upon them,
As they play at hide and seek among the stitches.

But for all their gloss and beauty,
Even they perform a duty,
As upon the cloak-room floor they lay their heads;
And their noble-headed wearers,
Brooding over notes and carriers,
Undismayed, take up the "Tams" and go their way.

Winnie Stewart.



THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

The new High School Building, which has been completed within the last year at a cost of nearly twenty thousands of dollars, is situated on the corner of North Waller and Gallia streets,—two of Portsmouth's most important thoroughfares. It is only two squares from the electric car line,—near enough to make cars a convenience, and yet far enough away to avoid the noise. This location is also in one of the most beautiful residence portions of the city. In flood season, the "destructive waters of the raging Ohio" never reach this high and dry territory.

The building presents quite an imposing appearance as one approaches it. It is set far back on the lot, so the noise of the street does not disturb the quiet of the school-room. Fire cannot well attack the structure from the outside, for it is made

of brick and stone, and roofed with slate. A tower graces the front part, from which no bell calls eager students to the halls of learning, or warns them that they are in danger of being tardy.

A neat stone curbing surrounds the extensive lawn, which has been graded and sown in grass. The stone walk leading from Gallia street to the building, divides, surrounding a circular grass plot in the center of the yard, and joins again near the front steps. Woe to the pupil who departs from that walk and treads on the grass! Two other stone walks lead from North Waller street.

There are several differences between the Old and the New High School Buildings. The teachers are no longer deafened by the sound of the machinery in the near-by shoe-factories, but the graphaphone!! The pupils are not compelled to go through rain, snow, and ice in winter, and blazing sunshine in summer, to a separate building in order to learn the mysteries of science and of school-teaching, or to twist their stubborn tongues in an effort to learn German. No pleasant library yet invites diligent students to enter and search for knowledge. Alas! no tall larch trees guard the entrance to the grounds. Midnight visitors will not look down from the tree-top's dizzy heights upon the sleeping world below as they did at the old building. Those were exciting times near the close of school years! Even the massive flag-pole, about which there were so many speculations, was removed months ago!

After one has climbed the front stone steps of the New Portsmouth High School, and has crossed the porch, which extends half-way across the building, he opens a wide door and

finds himself in a long hall, which extends to the other end of the building. Doors open from each side of this hall, and a wide staircase ascends not far from the front.

The first two rooms on the right of the center as one enters, are the Superintendent's Offices. Besides being well furnished, one of them contains the private exchange for the school telephone system. By this arrangement, any school in the city may be reached, or connection may be made with the central office. The front room across the hall is the meeting place for the Board of Education, and often for teacher's grade meetings. The adjoining room is the German room. Next is the C girl's cloak-room, while across the hall is a similar room for the wraps of the D class girls.

The first room on the lower floor in the new addition is Miss Cramer's. The walls are adorned with pictures and drawings. It is furnished with long tables and comfortable chairs. Opposite, is Miss Ricker's recitation room. It is furnished with seats and desks, and can accomodate about thirty-five pupils. Adjoining this one, is Miss Hall's classroom. On entering, the attention is immediately attracted by the beautiful pictures of literary people and their homes, which adorn the white walls. The last room downstairs is the laboratory, or Miss Dever's room. It contains, besides seats and desks, apparatus for chemical experiments. At the north end of the hall, is a large outside door. Two stairways, one to the west and the other to the east, lead to the second floor of the building. Two doors open from the upstairs hall into the assembly room.

The assembly room has a seating capacity of about two hundred and twenty-five. Rows of windows occupy the east

and west sides of the room; inside shutters are used instead of blinds. A steel engraving, which was presented to the High School about a year ago by the present C Class, hangs on the front wall. The rear wall is decorated by a picture "The Flight of Night," which was presented by the Class of 1902.

A high platform occupies the front part of the room, upon which are the principal's desk and the piano. The seats and desks in this study-room are adjustable. As the library has not yet been completed, book-eases, books, tables and chairs may be found in the corners.

Both Miss Ball and Miss Bannon have class-rooms in the old part of the second story, and a few rooms are not yet in use.

The building is heated by steam the furnace being in the basement. The entire building is kept in exceptional order. The rooms are lighted by gas, and some are calcimined in dainty colors. Good slate blackboards have been placed in position. The doors are of heavy wood, beautifully carved, and some of the ceilings are adorned with ornamental mouldings.

The Junior girls have a cloak-room in the eastern part of the front hall upstairs, while the Senior girls have a similar one on the west side. These girls provided themselves with mirrors, which are to be the property of the school until the first girl is married; then they are to be hers!

The present High School Building was formerly the home of wealth, but as it was sold, the Board of Education bought it for its present use. Great care was taken with the new addition that it would well correspond to the old part. During its history, the Portsmouth High School has had at least six homes, but while it remains where it now is, it is hoped that many young people will "seize their opportunities" to obtain a higher education within its portals.



NEW PORTSMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

ATHLETICS.

Of late years, brain and muscle seem to be going hand in hand, and one hardly seems to go well without the other. Of course we all admire the man of brains, but how much more to be admired is the man that has a powerful physical development together with brains? This result can only be attained through exercise. A few spare moments each day spent in physical training, will show great and startling results in the course of a very short time. Our public school and college authorities are awakening to that fact, and exercise is fast becoming one of the principal studies.

A gymnasium would add to the interest already taken in the High School, and it would also serve to increase the membership. I think the material in our school, second to none in this part of the state if only it could be developed. This can never be without a gymnasium in which to accomplish the results. The individual athletes in the High School are not few, and with their united efforts, a very creditable athletic association could be formed. I think the day not far off when all the leading colleges and high schools will be joined in some kind of an association for the promotion of athletics at least, all efforts are turning in that direction. Such combinations would be great drawing cards to induce people to go to school, and they would also benefit the community round about in more ways than one. To prove the above statement, I need only to refer to the Interscholastic Meet that took place in Cincinnati last May. All the leading high schools in the state received invitations to attend, Portsmouth included, but we had to decline with thanks because our material was raw and undeveloped. However,

we hope before long, to be represented in such meets, and when we are, look out for us!

As for a gymnasium, for the benefit of all, a Y. M. C. A should be formed for the promotion of athletics as well as moral and other interests. The State School Inspector thought our school one of the best in the state. However, I venture to say, that he regretted deeply, the absence of a gymnasium in such a fine school as this. A gym goes to make up a school as well as anything else, and we ought to have one. But I'll not discuss that any longer, as I was chosen to write about athletics and not to plead for a gymnasium.

As you all know, our athletic history is brief and to the point. It consists chiefly in foot-ball and base-ball. Our foot-ball team was the best that ever represented this school on the grid-iron, and although they were small, yet three large victories loom up as rewards for their valor. However, you will learn all about the foot-ball team in another place, as also you will about base-ball.

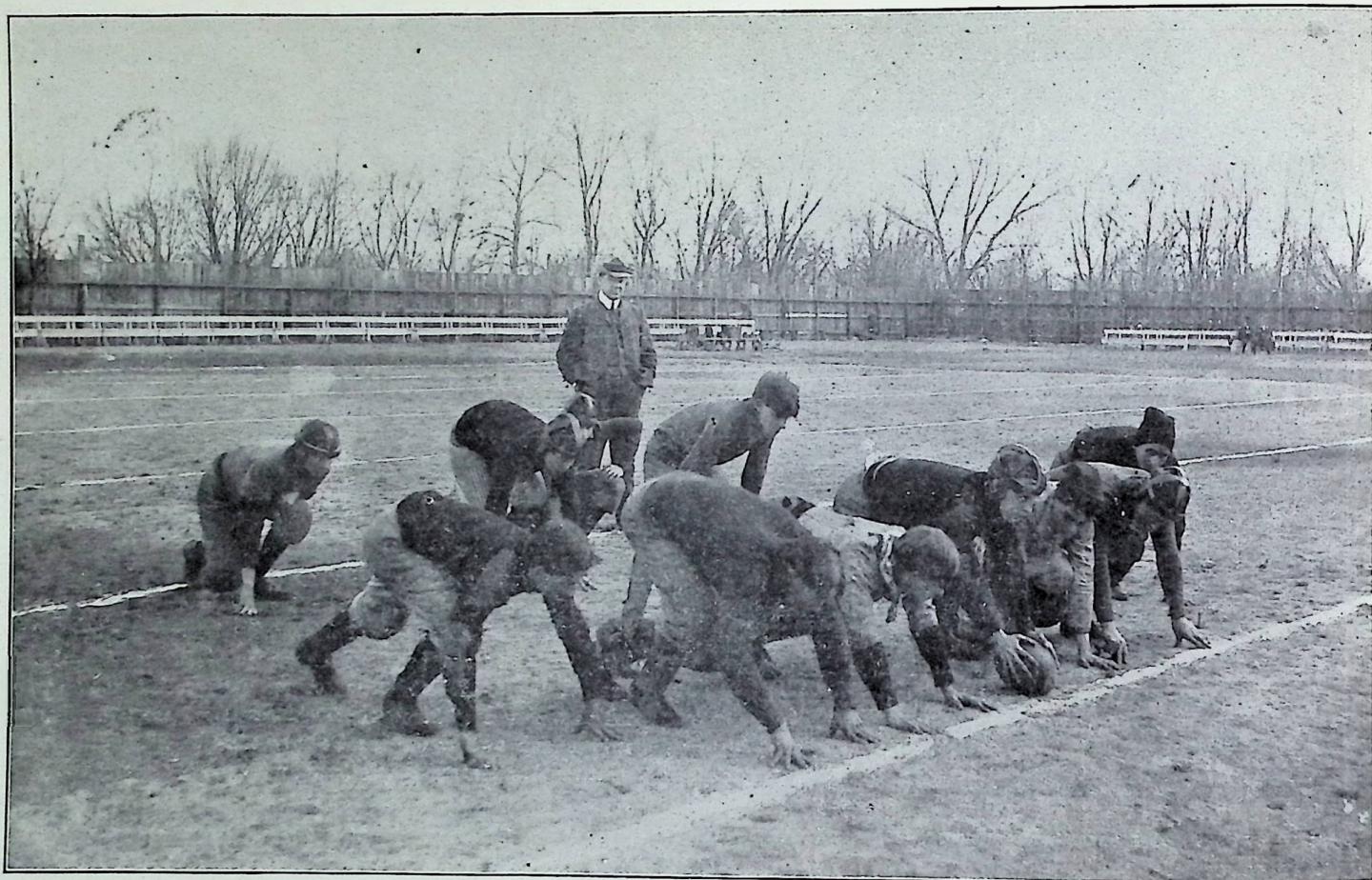
This is almost the extent of athletics in the High School, foot-ball and base-ball. But as you will read about these in other parts of this volume, I'll now leave off, hoping to secure a place in which to train our material. When this comes about, we will rank second to none in athletics.



Arnold:—I sat down last night to study my astronomy, and it was midnight when I went to bed.

Spitzer:—I thought it was very dry.

Arnold:—So did I, it was midnight when I woke up.



P. H. S. FOOTBALL TEAM.

Photo by Reinert.



Che he, che he, che ha, ha, ha!!

Portsmouth High School rah, rah, rah!

Portsmouth high, Portsmouth low,

Portsmouth High School, O-hi-o!!!

This is the triumphant cry that rang out on the many victorious foot-ball fields of the past years. A more glorious foot-ball season never closed, and one more successful could not have been anticipated, than the season of 1902. The Portsmouth High School was represented on the field by the best team that ever graced that name. Several years ago there was a team in the high school that has ever since called out the admiration and comment of foot-ball enthusiasts, but they can now bring their stories down to a more recent date. To enter into a detailed account of all the games played, and to give each individual player the praise that he justly

deserves, would be to fill the Sibyl with foot-ball. Such is not the intention or the privilege of the writer. At the beginning of the season, several snappy class games were played, the result of which was the following line-up:

L. End	John Philippi
L. Tackle	Walter Bittner
L. Guard	James Clare
Center	Fred Kehrer
R. Gaard	Pearl Milstead
R. Tackie	Albert Bridwell
R. End	West Burt
Q. Back	Henry Fairev
L. H. Back	
Full Back	Ches. Spencer
R. H. Back	

The games of the season proved that there was no flaw in the choice of the players. The success of the team was largely due to the untiring efforts of Dr. P. L. Dew, formerly of O. M. U. Dr. Dew has a record as the champion centre, west of the Alleghanies, and under his coaching, the team soon became hardened and well drilled, ready for anything that faced them.

Only the most important games of the season will receive mention here, and these not so fully as might be desired. The base-ball management kindly permitted the boys the use of the grounds at Millbrook Park, gratis. A prettier gridiron could not be desired, and the boys all feel very grateful toward the base-ball management. The opening game of the season was played there, Nov. 1st, against the Co. K. team. A large crowd turned out to witness the game, and from that time on, the High School Team had a good reputation. As the two teams lined up for the kick-off, it certainly looked as if the high school team was sacrificing itself, but who could look in the face of one of those plucky lads and see written there anything but stern determination? The high school team averaged about one hundred and forty pounds, being of nearly uniform size. Their opponents averaged one hundred and sixty pounds, but were not so well drilled. Was it any wonder that the spectator thought it would be a walk-over for the military boys? The kick-off and about two downs were sufficient to show the crowd that Co. K wasn't safe betting. W. Pick, on the second down after the kick-off, made a clean run of ninety yards for a touch down. This was the longest run of the season. On resuming play, though, the Co. K boys seemed to have adopted Grant's method of hammering through

and the high school boys underwent some severe punishment, but they made a brace and checked the onward march of Co. K, about the middle of the field and there they fought out the remainder of the first half. In the second half, the military lads seemed to be very weak and three successive touch downs were made in rapid order by Ches. Spencer, captain of the H. S. team. The game proved to be one of strength against science and science won by a score of 24 to 0. This game also developed a diamond in the rough in Derby Crawford, the speedy little q. b. on the H. S. team. "Derb" was new at this position, but the victory was due largely to his swift and sure handling of the pig skin. However, a sad tale is now to be told about Derb. Parental objection cut short what bid fair to be one of the brightest careers in the annals of the high school foot ball

The next game of importance was played against the Ironton High School team on Nov. 15th. This game was of more interest, and a large crowd was present to cheer the Portsmouth boys to victory. As usual, Ironton sent down a team to be admired both for its playing qualities and for its being composed of gentlemen. A cleaner team never stepped on the gridiron than the Ironton team. After the kick off, not many minutes passed until "Lud" Anderson, carried the ball safely over the goal line, and it looked as though Portsmouth would have something easy. It was not long, however, until they were rudely awakened from this pleasant dream and brought to the realization of the fact that they were up against a stiff proposition. The Ironton boys made a touch down with apparent ease and the score was tied. Here the Portsmouth boys braced and scoring on Ironton's side ceased for the rest of

the game. Two more touch downs were made by W. Bittner, Portsmouth's l. tackle, and the game ended 15 to 5 in favor of P. H. S. Ironton was particularly strong in their full back, Sample, and l. tackle, Friedeka. These players excited the admiration of their adversaries as well as of several P. H. S. girls who witnessed the game. They will have to admit, however that if they had a full back possessing sterling qualities, Portsmouth had one in Capt. Spencer to be equally admired and feared. The Portsmouth boys, as usual, played together, and all contributed to the victory, but if one player deserves mention above another, it is Walter Bittner. No prettier line bucking was ever seen on a local gridiron, and when his signal was called, he was ready and not once did he disappoint his friends or himself. That the boys had no walk over was attested to by the marks carried by most of the players, but nobody was seriously injured.

The game of the season was played at Jackson against the J. H. S. team on Thanksgiving day. In arranging this game, M'g'r. Kehrer was made to believe that the Jackson team only weighed one hundred and forty pounds. Believing this to be true, no doubts were entertained and the boys were very jubilant all the way up on the P. C. C. Minstrel's special train. They arrived in Jackson and were well enough treated, all things considered, until the foot-ball field was reached. This they found to be a lake of mud and water with no lines or anything but goal posts to show that this was where the game was to be played. Our boys lined up for practice and faced the sleet and snow for about a half hour before the Jackson team put in its appearance. At the end of this time, they trotted from their place of shelter where they had been concealed and

protected from the snow. No such generous impulse as to share this shelter with their opponents ever stirred them. As the Jackson team came onto the field, it received a rousing cheer from quite a crowd that had come out in spite of the inclemency of the weather. Now, for the first time, as the Jackson team lined up for a brief practice, our boys saw how they had been deceived. The Jackson team outweighed Portsmouth about twenty-five pounds to the player, two of their best men being colored. This contrast presented by the view of the two teams instead of exciting at least a feeling of sympathy, as it would in human beings, only excited the mirth and ridicule of these miners who may be partly excused from the fact that they labor in the dark the year round. Our boys, as they looked at their opponents, were greatly disappointed, but discouraged never. A close observer could have told that that look of set determination was not for nothing. Finally, the game commenced, Portsmouth receiving the kick off. From this play the ball was steadily pushed down the field toward Jackson's goal. In the march down, Capt. Spencer made a very pretty thirty yard run on a fake play. So completely was the Jackson team fooled, that only one man knew where the ball was. On down went the ball until within four yards of Jackson's goal something happened. Jackson had the ball and it was going the other way before half the Portsmouth boys realized the fact that they had been robbed of victory by a foul decision. This treatment was endured because they would rather suffer defeat than quit. Jackson succeeded in landing the ball beyond the danger line when the first half was called. Before this, however, q. b. Faivre saved the day by a timely tackle. During the intermission between halves, the mob was

not so loud in its denunciation of those little fellows who battled so nobly against every odd. Sentiment changed somewhat. Some of the spectators ventured to bet on Portsmouth, and some even went so far as to bet 3 to 1. In the second half, Jackson received the kick off, and so well did they form interference that again the day was saved by a tackle made by Fred Kehrer. In this half the severe punishment began to tell on the Portsmouth boys, but not once was time called for a Portsmouth boy. The fighting was mostly in Portsmouth territory, and as time was called, the ball went down about two feet from Portsmouth's goal. The crowd surged in and a pile was made on the ball, which was picked up and deliberately placed over the goal, thus giving Jackson an excuse to claim a score of 5 to 0, but an unprejudiced spectator must have decided that the game ended 0 to 0 (favor of Ports.) It could have been nothing but an easy victory for Portsmouth on neutral grounds. The game had one good result at least. It taught the Jackson people to respect manly qualities even though they were in a foe. Every player on the team fought nobly that day, and after the game could be heard queries about each one where he made a fine showing (two of them, F. K. and J. C. showed up better that evening in the parlor, where they more than won a victory.)

One nice and commendable feature of the whole season is that no one sustained any serious injury. This game closed the season, a season that will not be forgotten soon by those who helped make it glorious. It is to be hoped that the record of the high school made in 1902 will be upheld always, but it cannot be excelled.—A Spectator.

BASE-BALL.

Our base-ball history is brief. Our team has been organized with Russell White as captain, and several games have already been played. I will only mention one game in particular. This was played at Athletic Park on the last Saturday in April and resulted in a defeat for the High School by a score of 5 to 1. The strongest possible amateur line-up was presented against our team, and this fact accounts for our bad showing in the game. However, we were not discouraged, for our defeat showed us the points that we lacked, and these were immediately remedied.

It was during this game that we discovered a jewel in the rough in pitcher Russell White. He had excellent control and speed to burn, and never once did he loose his head or get excited. It was due to his fine work in the box that the score was kept down as low as it was. This was our first and last defeat of the season, for never once after that was our team defeated. The line-up was as follows:—

Catcher	H. Heinisch
Pitcher	R. White (Captain)
Short	E. Woodrow
First	W. Bittner
Second	W. Spitzer
Third	P. Milstead
Left Field	W. Pick
Center Field	C. Anderson
Right Field	P. Reveare

THE FLAG-FIGHT.

Forever, will be remembered by all concerned the most exciting and fiercely fought "flag fight" in the history of the Portsmouth High School, waged by us, the erstwhile Juniors, against the Seniors of '02, from June the fifth to the eighth, inclusive. No doubt the neighbors of the old High School building will also remember with fear and trembling, the howlings and unearthly yells of the Seniors (I say the Seniors,) because the Juniors fought like bull-dogs, silently but fiercely.

The Seniors, fearing to trust to the issue of open battle with the already feared Juniors, put off the eagerly awaited (by us) contest until aroused by the taunts of the entire school, at last they drew up an agreement most advantageous to themselves and most disadvantageous to us. But we were willing to agree to anything to get a chance to "fix those"—and we knew that we could give them still greater advantages than they would get by the agreement, and then could beat them a mile. So we signed.

The main point in the articles (for us) was that if one side should keep their flag up for thirty hours, it should remain up until after commencement exercises, over a week later. Another point was that the Seniors should put their flag up first. Well, after we were quite worn out by nightly vigils, the Seniors, returning the compliment we had just paid them in the form of a most sumptuous banquet, gave a lawn party in our honor. Of course, we were not idle at said party, and meandered home quite fatigued.

The next morning the hated blue and white of '02 was floating from the lightning rod at the top of the cupalo. As

it was also a part of the agreement that the fight should not be carried on between 6 o'clock A. M. and 6 P. M., their "rag" was not molested that day. Just here is where the master-stroke of the Juniors came in. Three Juniors,—White, Kehrer, and Heinisch—were detailed to secrete themselves in the cupola at noon, and to remain there until 6:00 P. M. All went well. Kehrer and White were on time, but Heinisch, as usual, was behind time. So he was left below. About four o'clock, both Seniors and Juniors began to round in, fiercest hate gleaming from their eyes. Soon all the Seniors were there. Need we say that the Juniors were there?

Promptly at six o'clock (with hundreds of people assembled to witness the ignominious—but I don't want to tell that out just now) hostilities began. While the Seniors and Juniors were mixing it up on the campus, White and Kehrer issued forth from their place of concealment and White shinned up the cupola and the aforesaid lightning rod. At 6:11, the blue and white rag of '02 was torn down, and at 6:13 (who said that "13" was unlucky??) the glorious scarlet silk pennant of 1903 was flung to the zephyrs. Far below, the Seniors were striving as if for their lives to reach the tower. They were prevented from gaining their object by Heinisch, who threw the only available ladder out of the second story window to the protecting care of his classmates below. And Bittner, under cover of this excitement, with the timely aid of Horr, who tackled in the most approved style, a Senior clinging to Bittner's legs, took aid and comfort to the '03's on the tower after a perilous climb. A little later, the rest of the Juniors joined their comrades on high, leaving the Seniors paying tribute and homage to the Scarlet above them by their disconsolate looks and their utter dejection.

One by one the almost beaten Seniors "took his sneak" for home. Then most of the Juniors decided to go home and get some sleep, leaving the custody of the flag to Heinisch, White, Kehrer, Sthaler, Brunner and Arnold, who gave us the cold shivers more than once by his tricks of running up and down the edge of the roof and dangling his feet from the top of the tower. A little after midnight, the Seniors, reenforced by the Sophomores, (Just think of it!! Reenforced by the Sophs!!) returned to the attack. Then took place a battle royal at the two hatch holes leading to the tower. Picture to yourself three Juniors at each hatch fighting back no less than twenty Seniors and Sophomeores. Courage and pluck gave them the victory. The Seniors could make no headway against the little band of Spartans "ready to die, but not to surrender."

At six in the morning the Juniors could leave their post, leaving Heisel and Sthaler to sit all morning on the tightly battened hatchways. They were relieved at noon by White, Heinisch, and Kehrer. These precautions were taken to prevent the Seniors fom making use of our stratagem of hiding in the tower, and in no way were they in violation of the agreement.

The next night another attack was made by the allies, and again they were repulsed with great loss of dignity. Several Juniors were on guard that day also. Six o'clock came and only six short hours for the flag of '03 to stay up. Oh, the fighting that was crowded into those short six hours! Well, we were there to stay, and we stayed. Then at 12:00 o'clock, we could leave our posts, and trust to the honor (rather to the wholesome fear of the Seniors for us) of the allies to leave our flag unmolested.

But did we fast during all those long days and nights? Well, I should say not. We lived like kings and multi-millionaires. Many and large were the baskets of choice food that were attached to ropes by the girls of '03. Then the baskets were drawn up high enough for the hungry Seniors to see as they sat in the windows listening to the shouts and songs of the Juniors above them. Then we would draw the baskets up, and—well, you can imagine the rest, if you haven't dyspepsia.

As a fitting close to such a strenuous time, when we came down from the field—I mean the roof—of bartle, the girls of '03 had a royal supper prepared for us at the home of Miss Martha Dever, one of their number. Needless to say, we did full justice to the bountiful feast spread out before us. We did not forget, however, the one lonely, still pugnacious Senior, the Hercules of the A's, the mighty P. C. Young. His one rival to the tital of "The Hereules" of the High School, Alfred Mills, took pity on him and brought him in, and reached his heavy heart by filling his empty stomach. Then we sent him home rejoicing, but sorrowing that he did not wait a year before starting to school, while we remained just a little while—well, that doesn't pertain to the subject in hand.

About a year later, April '03, the captured '02 flag and our own dear pennant that was flung to the breezes on that ever-to-be-remembered June 5th, '02, were stolen from the rooms of the Mystic Eight, a frat. composed of '03 boys, presumably by two '02 boys, Tremper and Zoellner, home on a vacation from college. The '03's again on the war-path, captured thess two, but on receiving their words of honor that they had nothing to do with the stealing of the flags, released them.

And the very next day an anonymous package came to the Mystics. On being opened, the welcome sight of the two flags was presented to our view. Now, wasn't that mysterious?

Hubert Heinisch



FAKE ESSAY SUBJECTS.

I Live to Eat	Lollie Anderson
How to Keep a Pipe Sweet.....	Walter Arnold
The Dyeing Process	Effie Baas
I want to Be An "Athletic"	Walter Bittner
How To Raise Whiskers	Oscar Brunner
A Sister's Duty	Tena Cook
X (ex) —Ray.....	Martha Dever
The Benefits of Salve	Ray Duvendeck
The Bureau of General Information	Alma Findeis
My Key (McKee) to Mable	Mable Gates
The Art of Eloquence	Verena Graham
The P. H. S. Mail System	Hubert Heinisch
Man: Embracing Woman	Fred Kehrer
Hope (I Hope He Don't)	Roy Locher
Modern Slang	Nellie Menke
The Light of the P. H. S.	Mary Meyer
The Sign of the Three	Alfred Mills
Ante-fat Medicines	Millie Prediger
Fickleness of Man	Lorraine Schlieter
The Bleaching Process	Clara Sshmitt
The Horse Laugh	Will Spitzer
Brevity	Bessie Smith
Doggerel (With Apologies to the Muses)	Winnie Stewart
Woman's Rights	Flora Treuthart

How to Become Beautiful	Sadie Wallace
How to Argue	Russel White
The Love of Care (Kehrer)	Margaret Williams



THESES OF THE GRADUATES.

An American Dinner	Lollie Anderson
Prominent Ohioans	Walter R. Arnold
Fads	Ellie M. Baas
The If's of History	Walter E. Bittner
A Great Event in American History	Oscar Brunner
Oliver Wendell Holmes—Humorist	Tena Cook
Shakespeare's Mark Antony	Martha Dever
Some Modern Miracles	Ray Duvendeck
Pestal zzi and Froebel	Alma Findeis
Picturesque America	Mabel Gates
The Portsmouth High School	Verena Graham
Caesar's Art of War	Hubert Heinisch
The Olympiie Games, Past and Present	Fred A. Kehrer
Hope	Roy W. Locher
Everyday Heroes and Heroines	Nellie Menke
The Ohio River	Mary Meyer
A Question of the Hour	Alfred Mills
The Immortal Nine	Millie E. Prediger
Great Big Little Things	Clara Schmitt
Life's Teacher	Lorraine Schlichter
A Great Woman	Bessie Smith
The Man of Destiny	William A. Spitzer
The American Citizen	Winnie Stewart
Footprints on the Sands of Time	Flora Treuthart
Magazine Literature	Sadie Wallace
The Voice of the Flag	Russell B. White
Myths of the Sky	Margaret Williams

THE BROOKLET.

I roam about,
And in and out,
I skim the whole world over;
I forward glide,
Down mountain's side,
I skip o'er fields of clover.

I gather flowers
And pass the hours,
In singing songs of gladness;
I fly along
And make my song,
A balsam for every sadness.

I sparkle here
In forests drear
The places bare, I cover;
I frolic there
Without a care,
Where death's cold hand may hover.

With joy I leap
From cradles steep,
In gurgling falls I wander;
In every creek,
I softly peep,
'Neath hollowed rocks I ponder.

With muffled tread
And bared head,
I tread the streets of death;
All lie in sleep
And dream so deep,
That in peace I came and left.

And when at last,
As ages pass
I see men go and come,
My life rolls on,
And sun and storm
Find my journey just begun.
W. Stewart.

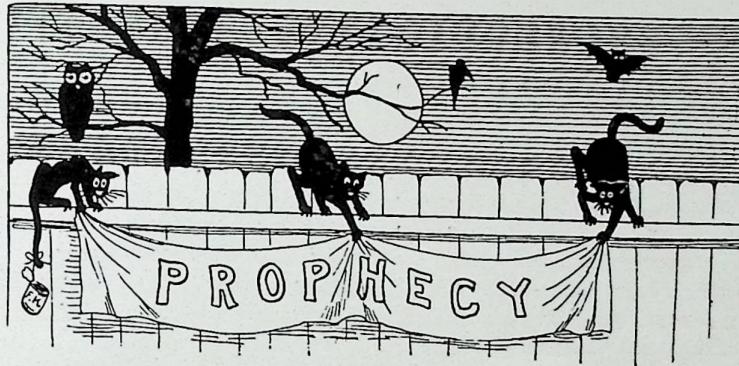


ECHOES OF PING PONG.

Grim portent falls o'er dining halls,
Excited hearts full high are beating;
O quick! Snatch off the tablecloth
Before the folks have done their eating,
Ping, Father, Ping! Set the wild echoes
ringing!
And Pong, Mother! Answer echoes, Ponging,
Panging, Pinging.

And soft o'er all the twilight falls,
The gas jets now full fast are swinging;
Be quick! Fling back the flying balls
That in this game they'll not be beating.
Ping, Brother, Ping! Set the glass dishes
clinging!
And Pong, Sister! Answer echoes, Panging,
Ponging, Pinging.

Fast and furious now on paddle falls,
The balls in quick succession flinging;
And pictures fall from off the walls
And glasses break with rapid pinging.
Ping, Mother, Ping! Set the wild echoes
ringing!
And Pong, Father! Answer echoes, Ponging,
Panging, Pinging.



THE SENIOR PROPHECY.

How good it was that night to be able to sit comfortably at home and hear the rain outside beating against the windows and the wind howling and rattling the shutters. Even studying was preferable to facing the blinding rain, which the east wind drove in furious gusts like repeated bombardments of artillery against the house. It was growing late, but the Virgil lesson was long and I must finish it. The house creaked and rocked with the violence of the storm, and several times I looked nervously around the room, and once I started from my chair to investigate what sounded like a knock at the door,—but each time the sense of security which the cheerful fire gave, argued against my nervous fancies, and, resolving to fix my mind on my unfinished lesson, I leaned back in my chair luxuriously, and again took my interrupted task of playing hide and seek

in the vocabulary with certain refractory verbs: "Circumvolitur" comes from circumvolvo, ere, volvi, volutum, means—TAP, TAP, TAP! Surely this time there could be no mistake,—I heard a knock repeated several times, and with all my senses alert, I went to the front door. When I opened it, I was very much surprised to see—nothing! The wind blew in with such violence that I had great difficulty in closing the door, and when I at last succeeded in doing so, I found myself in utter darkness. After a long search, I had just secured a match and was ready to strike a light when I was startled by a loud "Meow," which sounded at my feet. I looked down and saw in the darkness, the glitter of green eyes, which seemed to gradually illuminate the whole room. As the light from the glittering eyes grew brighter, I perceived that the owner of the magic eyes was Snowball, our black cat, and that she had a delicate packet swung to her neck by a red ribbon. I opened the packet and

found a piece of paper with this message written on it:

"Follow Wherever the Messenger Leads."

For signature there was a single hieroglyphic.

Strange as it may seem, it never once entered my head to disobey the mysterious injunction, and after hastily donning my wraps, I started out into the storm with Snowball as my leader. It was so dark at times that I could not see the cat at all, but, guided by her frequent cries, I stumbled on blindly after her, unmindful of the storm. She led me through the town, across the bridge, and as nearly as I could guess, down the river road. Finally, after we had struggled through several fields and over fences, I found myself ascending a steep hill, which, tired as I was, seemed to me interminable. At last we came to a more level stretch, and I began to hope that all the difficulties of my journey were over, but my relief at this change for the better was only short lived, for very soon I found myself sliding down a most precipitous descent. The rain still fell in torrents, I was drenched to the skin, shivering with cold, far from home, I knew not where, or for what purpose, still following the lead of my cat guide along a slippery, winding path down a steep hill. Truly, had I stopped to think, I should have realized that my plight was indeed a strange, not to say a ridiculous and a really dangerous one. However, I had only one thought, to follow my guide at whatever cost.

By this time, I noticed that we seemed to be traversing a well kept, if very narrow, avenue, and that directly in our path was a great obstruction of some sort. A nearer view, however, showed it to be another hill running at right angles to the one on which I was threading my way, and seeming to rise without the least slope straight up into the mystic darkness. There were

two stone gates directly in our way, and higher up, were lookout towers on which were stationed several dark objects which I could not identify in the gloom. At the entrance of the huge gates, stood two immense cats, who, when they saw Snowball, seemed overjoyed, and at once opened the doors. If it had before seemed dark without, the inky blackness of that utter lack of light within is indescribable. We were in a narrow passageway cut through the solid rock. After walking through this for several minutes, right in front of me, a door suddenly opened, and I stood in the glare of such light as I never expect to see equaled. The brilliancy fairly blinded me and I was forced to stagger forward with my eyes closed. When I opened them, I was standing in a most spacious hall. The floor was of marble, inlaid with many curious and beautiful designs in gold and gems. The walls were gold, hung with purple velvet, embroidered with the most wonderful art; the ceiling, also of gold, was literally covered with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. From the center of the lofty ceiling, hung pendant a diamond of incredible size. The peculiarly dazzling light which I have mentioned, emitted from these precious stones, for within each seemed to glow a strange fire, and all sparkled with an exquisite radiance. At one end of this magnificent apartment, was a golden throne ornamented with rare jewels and gorgeous embellishments. It contained a gold tassled purple cushion on which reposed a most aristocratic looking black cat. An outline of carnations was traced in rubies on his imperial crown, coquettishly worn on one ear, and he was arrayed in a long purple robe bordered with carnation design in gold threads and rubies. On a cushion beside him lay a golden sceptre.

As I advanced and knelt at the foot of the throne, two snow-white kittens, pages I suppose, that stood on the throne steps, blew on their golden trumpets.

Then he who wore the regal robes, rose and stretching forth his sceptre, thus addressed me:

"I am the all powerful ruler of my race, and I have brought you hither on a matter of the gravest importance. Rise, Oh Daughter of Men and give heed to my words. As you know, the black cat is always associated with witches, but perhaps you do not know that witches derive their wonderful prophetic powers from us, and that they can tell only what their cats disclose to them. Now you can understand that I, the King of all Felines, have a singularly clear vision as to future events. As a King of men "can do no wrong," so in all sincerity and truthfulness I can make no mistake. I have sent for you in order to reveal to you the future of your class, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three, Portsmouth High School. You can never realize how pleased and honored, how flattered even I was when the black cat was chosen as the mascot of this class, for no other class of the past has ever approached yours in the brilliancy of its members; none of the present can ever hope for place beside it, and in the future, none will ever eclipse or even equal the mighty achievements of its constituents."

When he had spoken these words, he turned with an order to his Prime Minister who occupied a dais on the right of the King. This hoary official, decked with a scarlet robe studded with sapphires, looked most wise and judicious, peering over his gold bowed spectacles. He at once dispatched four pages who quickly returned bearing with great difficulty an immense roll of parchment and a magic quill which they delivered to me.

The King spoke again:

"You will please take notes of all I say because I do not wish any mistakes to be made. To begin with, eight members of your class will teach in different departments. Alina Findeis will establish a fashionable finishing school in New York where the daughters of the aristocracy will receive their training in morals and manners. These young ladies will take lessons in the terpsichorean art from Professor Brunner, who will keep a high class dancing academy for the children of the Four Hundred. Both of these residents of New York will become wealthy and retire on their fortunes.

Tena Cook will occupy a chair in one of the famous women's colleges, where her bright mind and happy disposition will earn for her the love of the faculty and of the students also of an eminent divine who will persuade her to change her name.

Nellie Menke will be the redemption of many a down-hearted college student. She will use her extraordinary mathematical ability in tutoring the unfortunates who "flunk" in Algebra and Geometry. She will perform this office at several well known schools, when finally coming to a first-class University, she will meet a fascinating young professor, and you can guess the rest.

In a fit of remorse for her really infrequent disorder in High School, Mary Meyer will become a nun. She will be made the Mother Superior of a well known convent, and her gentle influence will be felt throughout the lives of many of her pupils.

Lorraine Schlieter's career as a teacher will be cut short by her marriage to a great astronomer. However, she will

become famous as his companion observer, giving to the world much valuable astronomical data.

Miss Cramer should take special interest in Bessie Smith and Sadie Wallace because they will one day be her Assistants as teachers of Normal in the High School, and will, as such, be highly successful. Nevertheless, anyone knowing these young ladies can guess their ultimate step.

Now are you certain that you have taken all this down correctly? I would not for the world have you get anything twisted."

I assured him that I had paid most careful attention, so he proceeded:

"Two of the boys will serve their country in a most illustrious fashion. Hubert Heinisch, first as a cadet at Annapolis, then as a rapidly advancing officer in the Navy where another Santiago will make him the Hobson (in more ways than one) of that day. The army will claim a general from your class, for Alfred Mills will attend West Point and eventually go down in history as Kitchener of the United States.

The glory of your class will be greatly augmented by Verena Graham. She will write the biographies of her famous class-mates, and bring to the eyes of the public the fact that many of the noteworthy people of the day had their start in life in the Portsmouth High School, CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THREE.

It is hardly necessary to tell the future of Roy Locher. It goes without saying that he will be unexcelled in the profession he has chosen. He will be enabled to achieve his highest ambitions (in all directions,) and will study in Berlin,

London, and Vienna. His specialty will be the cure of nervous headaches, and, like Dr. Lorenz, his tour through his native land will be a triumph.

After several years of hard, unceasing study, four of your class will drift together and form a musical company. Lollie Anderson as an accompanist, and also as a singer and organist, will put to silence the most exacting critics. The liquid notes of Effie Baas's violin, her wonderful and feeling execution of the masterpieces of the ages will never be surpassed, while Clara Schmidt will hold vast audiences enthralled by the sweetness of her glorious voice."

Hereupon His Majesty assumed a most severe expression.

"It has been only lately that I have forgiven Will Spitzer," he said, "for he used to treat some of my subjects in a most shameful manner. It is very humiliating to me to hear of my subjects having tin cans tied to their tails, and being chased by dogs!! Nevertheless, I have come to look upon these indignities as merely results of childishness and natural thoughtlessness, and have forced myself to no longer hold any malice against him."

The King heaved a sigh of conscious benignity and righteousness, and resumed:

"Will Spitzer will be perfect master of the violin and will equal the other members of his company in the faultlessness of his technique. I have been deeply pained at the mistakes made in several prophecies concerning him and one other young man in your class, so right here I want to rectify the error by saying that neither he nor the other one is destined to be an old bachelor, and he'll not go outside the members of his own troupe, either. Lollie, Clara, Will and Effie will tour

the world in a succession of triumphs, playing before crowned heads. Paderewski, Jennie Lind, Ysaye, or Ole Bull has not called forth such enthusiasm as that with which these four talented musicians will be greeted.

Speaking of enthusiasm, reminds me that another will be greeted before the footlights with mad outbursts of applause and shouts of uncontrollable praise. Fred Kehrer will stand preeminent as the greatest matinee idol the world will ever know. His photograph will grace many a fashionable shop window in Broadway and Piccadilly, and his greatest success will be gained as the hero of a play called "Off with the Old Love, On with the New." Another great attraction of his production will be the incomparable scenery and staging of which he himself will be the designer.

Winnie Stewart's poetry will be the means of crowning her with unfading laurels. She will be universally known as being possessed of the deepest poetic feeling and as having the most subtle insight into the human soul of any poet, past present or future.

Margaret Williams will always be surrounded by the luxuries of life, and lead a happy, care free existence. A few years after she graduates, she will travel abroad; meet and marry a foreign nobleman. She will be toasted in fashionable circles everywhere as a beautiful and fascinating woman."

Here I interrupted His Royal Highness:

"Please do not go so rapidly. I want to take down what you say, word for word."

"Oh, very well, I am anxious that you should," he said. "I am very sorry that my court scholars are away investigating the process of making a new, pre-digested food from

catnip, or they would help you. However, we will make the best of it," whereupon he continued:

"Mabel Gates is going to be the head stenographer in an immense western school of correspondence. After holding this position for a few years she will surprise all her friends by marrying her employer, a very wealthy man. Her home life will be ideal.

You have only to wait a few years until everyone will be eating a new cereal breakfast food called "Guff," which will be the invention of Walter Arnold. Guff will be widely advertised by more original means than any other breakfast food. Its inventor will give every High School boy in the United States a sweater with the magic word "Guff" embroidered on the front, and the inventor's yacht will sail under the same euphonious name. This food will be the greatest scientific invention of the age for, by a new process, it will be made to possess the property of remembrance. That is every child who eats a dish of "Guff" for breakfast, will have the faculty of remembering his lessons all day. In this way, school-teaching will be simplified and Mr. Arnold will confer an inestimable benefit on mankind.

Flora Treuthart, as a lecturer, will be sought after by all the women's clubs. Her addresses will be listened to with rapt attention. Not only will her remarkable intellect be admired, but her pleasing personality will win her many friends. She will edit the women's column of a standard magazine, and will be one of the most honored women of her day.

Civilization will owe a great debt to Ray Duvendeck. Giving up a promising career as a minister, he will go as a

missionary to the cannibals on the Figi Islands. He will highly edify them (gastronomically) and his memory will be forever afterward revered by the whole civilized world.

Gertrude Elliott little guesses the important part the Ohio River plays in her destiny. She will be her mother's right hand for about a year after leaving school, after which she will meet a young civil engineer, who will be constructing a bridge across the Ohio River. Then Mrs. Elliott will lose her right hand, and the young engineer, afterwards of worldwide reputation, will have a gentle ruler for his home.

Walter Bittner does well to pay so much attention to baseball, for not so very far in the future he will be the president of The National Baseball League. Under his diplomatic management the dissensions which have torn the league asunder will be forever silenced.

Millie Prediger will be the means of lessening much suffering. As a trained nurse, she will have no equal in her profession. While she is the head matron of a hospital in Vienna, she will leave her vocation to become the happy bride of a rising young American physician, who will be studying for a degree in the University of that city.

Russel White will take rapid and prodigious steps on the ladder of success and fame. His efficiency as an attorney will never for a moment be questioned, even when he first enters the ranks of the law. After holding several smaller offices, he will become Governor of Ohio, then a Senator, and will end by being the highest judicial officer in the land,—the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Many of his splendid speeches made while Senator, will go down in history as examples of perfect oratory, and as a judge, the

logic of his decisions will be the admiration of the legal profession.

"I believe," said his Catship, "that this ends the illustrious roll of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three. Each one owes his admirable success in life to his noble obedience to the well chosen class motto, 'Carpe Diem'."

"Why,—why,—I belong to that class too."

"Well, I know it."

"Would you mind, would you please tell me what will become of me?"

"Most certainly,—I had forgotten. The reason I selected you as the one to whom I would impart this prophesy, is that I have rather a fondness for you because you will keep a cat for your mascot longer than any other member of the class, that is,—forever. Is this sufficient, or shall I speak more plainly? In other words, you will be simply an"—

"Oh, I understand perfectly, your Majesty."

Well, then, that is all. Are you sure you have everything down correctly?"

"Yes, Your Highness," and after making a profound bow, I backed out of the presence of the Most High Ruler of Catdom.

The return journey with my guide did not seem nearly so long, for the rain and wind had ceased, and a fitful moonlight shone out occasionally on my path. Nevertheless, I was utterly exhausted when at last I reached home, and was ready for sleep. The next morning my first thoughts on waking were of my wonderful nocturnal experience. At first I was inclined to think it was only a dream, but this illusion vanished, for I discovered that the clothes I had worn the night before were very badly mud-bespattered, and more

convincing evidence eye,—proof conclusive, there was the written account of the prophesy. Therefore, I at once sat down to fill in the details so that nothing might be forgotten in regard to the glorious, the unparalleled future of the CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THREE.

Martha Dever.

Editor's Note:

Anyone who doubts the veracity of this marvelously revealed prophesy, may see the original manuscript by calling at my office any time after thirteen o'clock Fridays. The authenticity of these papers cannot be doubted after one has noticed the royal seal of His Highness, King of the Cats, which is attached to them.

William A. Spitzer.
Editor-in-Chief.

~~ANSWER~~

JOKES.

Teacher:—State Boyle's (boiles) law.

Pupil:—Wouldn't that cook you?

Teacher:—What is magnetic attraction?

Fred:—Lorraine.

Arnold:—(after examination) I didn't get as much as I expected, and I never thought I would.

“What's that Heinisch just played?”

“The dead march.”

“Was it any livlier before he murdered it?”

She:—When we went to school you used to say you loved to sit on the shore with me and listen to the murmur of the tide.

He:—Of course; what does a man know about the murmurs of the tide before he's married.

She:—My favorite tree is the oak. It is so magnificent in strength. But what is your favorite?

He:—Yew.

The fond mother:—“The reason he is so irritable is because he's teething.

Mr. Oldbatch:—“Indeed, and when will he be hairing?

Herr Huber:—I've done lost faith in centrifugal force. I've been twirling this chicken by the neck the last half hour.

If you find it impossible to tell Bessie and Tena apart, tell them together.

White:—Fred calls Margaret Birdie.

Heinisch:—Making game of her I suppose.

Since Spitzer was caught at the soda fountain by about a dozen Senior girls, he has joined the anti-treat society.

The Joke of the Class—Arnold.

Bittner:—I think, my dear, I have at last found the key to success.

Martha:—Well, like as not, you'll not be able to find the keyhole.

When a fellow is beaten he admits it—but it's different with a woman.

Martha says:—"I'd just die to go to the cemetery."

Teacher:—Give a brief outline of Capt. John Smith.

Ans:—He is so well known it is not worth the while to repeat it.

Teacher:—What is a coefficient?

Ans:—A coefficient is a monomial of one term.

Teacher:—What is physiology?

Ans.:—Physiology is a book of estimable value to youth

Teacher:—What is geography?

Ans.:—It is the description of the earth and the gulf of St. Lawrence.



"DEWEY."

"You may have seen some wonders,

But we'll bet our Sunday hat,

You haven't seen as big a one

As Freddy Kehrer's cat.

You needn't contradict us,

If you do you'll get us vexed,

For we know there's not his equal

In this world or the next.

They say a cat has seven lives,

But this has many more.

Unto our certain knowledge

It's already had a score.

They've often tried to drown it,

Or to kill it with a knife,

But all in vain, for Kehrer's cat

Will not depart this life.

Beneath a great steam roller,

Oh, this cat one day was found,

And there it lay all slammed and jammed

Slap-bang into the ground.

It didn't move a muscle,

It didn't turn a hair,

So they said "At last, it's settled,

And is free from earthly care." (Kehrer)

To make things certain as could be,

They shot it through the head,

And the great and clever "Doctor" (Locher)

Swore (?) that Dewey must be dead;

Still for fear of it reviving,
And to make things safe and sound,
They took it up the flag pole
And dropped it to the ground.

They put it with a tiger,
And a bulldog (Ranger) and a bear,
But in a while there but remained
A great fat Pussy there.
They sent it to a nice High School (P. H. S.)
With knowledge to be crammed,
And thought at last they'd choked it
For it seemed completely jammed;
But still to make more sure than sure,
The moment after that,
They gave it Prussic acid—
Then they boiled it in some fat,
And "Company K" stabbed it
With their bayonets, just for fun,
Then made a ball of what was left
And fired it from a gun.

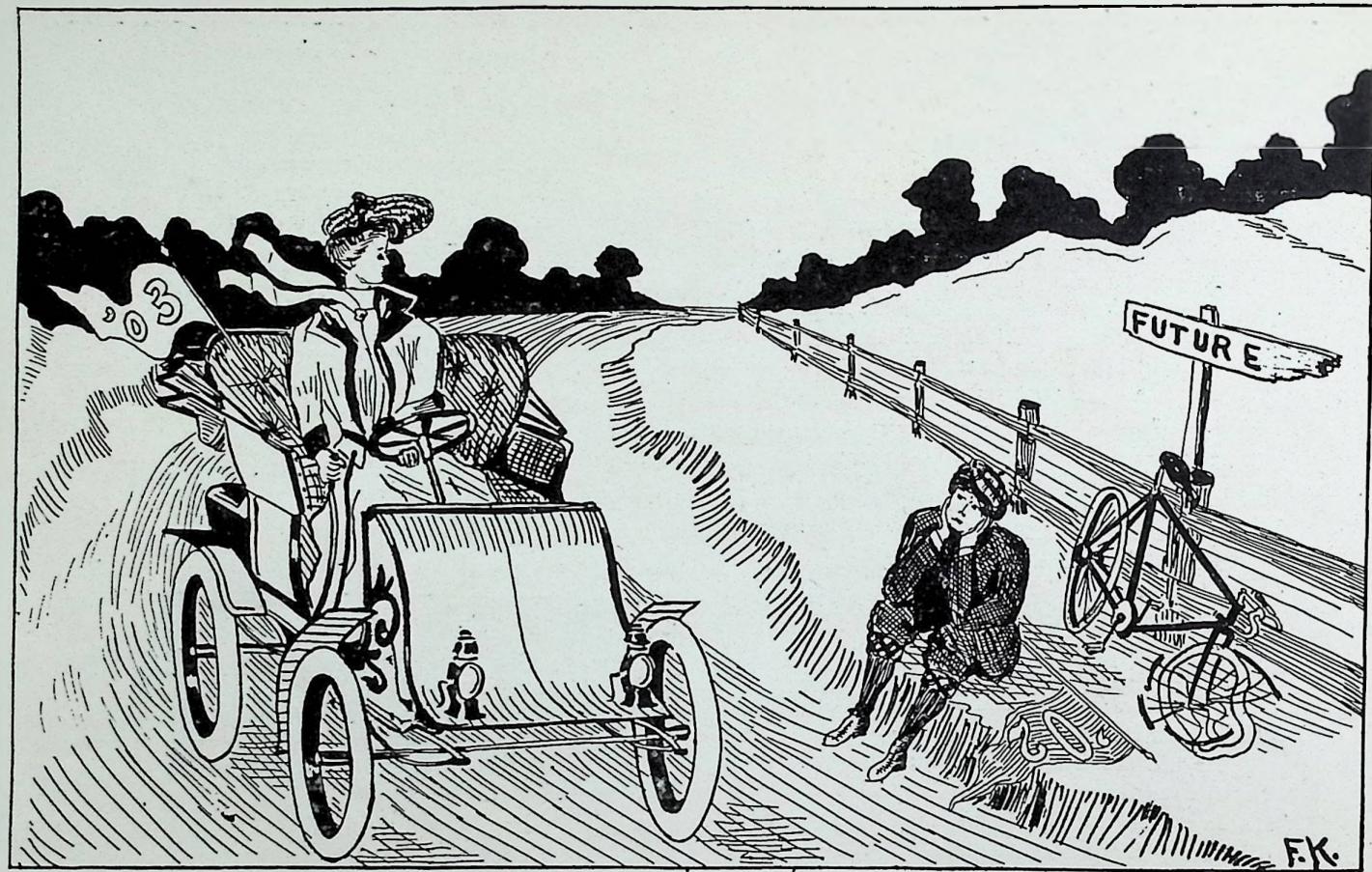
They put him in a rain-barrel,
For twelve days let him soak,
Then found the water was all gone—
He had drunk up every drop:
So then they tried to dry him
In a great big blazing fire.
They hung him on a gallows-tree
A thousand feet or higher,

They chopped him into sausage meat
And sold each little bit,
Then fed a poet on him (Miss Martha Dever),
Just to sharpen up her wit;
But still to make things surer still,
And quite free from any doubt
They got a butcher's boy to come
And turn him inside out.
Finale: But he's still alive and prowling,
Still alive and growling,
Still alive and h-o-w-l-i-n-g,
Is Freddy Kehrer's cat."

NIT.

Hubert Heinisch.







We beg of you, kind reader
Before you close this book,
Continue your perusal
And take another look.
Within the pages following
You'll see before your eyes,
The signs of those we owe so much:
Our friends who advertise.





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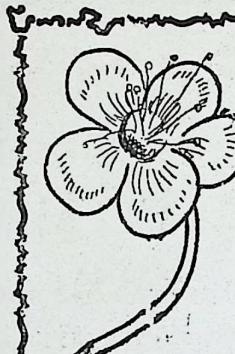
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