

Alexandria-Annual-1901

A. H. S.

THE VIOLET

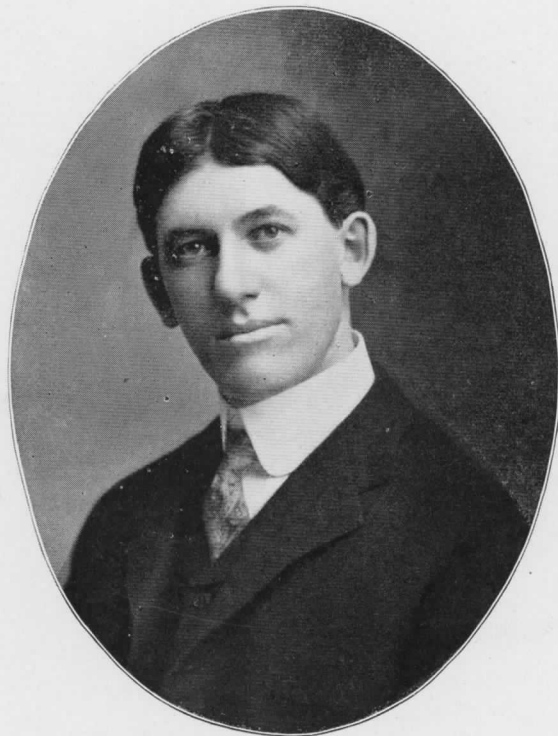
'01

TO THE VIOLET.

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“I know blue modest violet  
Sparkling with dew of morn,  
I know now where you come from  
And the way that you were born.”

When God cut holes in Heaven,  
The holes the stars shine through,  
The little scraps fell down to earth  
And the little scraps are you.



J. T. GILES,  
Principal High School '94-'00.

TO  
JOE T. GILES,  
THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY  
DEDICATED.





HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

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**CLASS OF '01.**

---

FLOWER. Violet.

COLORS, Royal Purple and White.

---

**CLASS YELL.**

---

· KI, YI, YUM

NINETEEN ONE

LIVE EVER, DIE NEVER

NINETEEN ONE.



**Commencement Program.**

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Music.....  
Invocation..... REV. J. CHALLEN SMITH  
Address. ... "The Worth of a Man" ... DR. JOHN P. D. JOHN  
Music ..... GIRL'S CHORUS  
Class Address ..... MISS CLARA CUNNINGHAM  
Presentation of Diplomas..... I. V. BUSBY  
Chorus..... "Auf Wiedersehen" ..... PUPILS OF HIGH SCHOOL

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**First Congregational Church,  
Alexandria, Indiana,  
May 24, 1901.**

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**Theses, '01.**

LOTTIE FRAZEE ..... "Clams of Pipe Creek"  
EDITH SECHRIST..... "Optimism of Robt. Browning"  
EMMA JONES ..... "Neighborhood Sketches" \*  
FANNIE SUTTON. .... "Relation of Seedlings to Light"  
WALTER NORTON..... "A Century of Surgery"

\* Not published by request of writer.

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## CLAMS OF PIPE CREEK.

Lottie Frazee.

In the autumn of 1900 our class in zoology made a study of the habits and habitats of several animals. I was specially interested in our work with the clam and decided to continue the study beyond that of the class.

In this work with the clam I have only studied those found in Pipe Creek, of Alexandria, from Monroe street to the Lake Erie railroad bridge.

This strip is about a mile in length and shows the usual diversity of contour common to creeks flowing in a low, flat section of land. In some portions the banks are overhanging and rise to the height of four or five feet; at others they slope gently away from the edge of the water. In the northern part of this strip the stream for the most part is bounded by rather steeply-rising banks several feet in elevation, while in the southern portions the slope is gradual. The water in the former portion is more shallow and the stream bed quite sandy compared with that of the southern strip, which is for the most part mud. There are in the northern strip many indentations in the banks. The stream in these irregularities is deeper and there is more soil on the floor than in the middle portion of the stream, where the current is swift. It was in such places as these that the clams were usually found.

My investigation began in September, 1900. At this time the clams were quite numerous all along the creek bed, but when cold weather set in they burrowed deep in the mud. Several excursions were made for the collection of clams. The results varied each time as the conditions of weather varied.

The first was made Nov. 21st. Several days previous to this there had been much rainfall, after which it had turned cold. The creek had risen and the water was somewhat muddy. Nov. 21st was clear but cold. Thin films of ice were forming and extending out into the stream. The clams were partly buried in the mud, but by means of a rake a number of them were brought to the shore.

My second excursion was made Dec. 3rd. This was a brighter and warmer day than Nov. 21st. Many of the clams were not buried in the mud, but found lying on the surface of the stream bed.

The last excursion was made Dec. 8th. The week previous to this had been warm, but with no rain. Dec. 8th, however, was a dark, gloomy day and quite cold.

I began my search just south of the railroad bridge, where we had located a number of clams on various excursions in the autumn. I searched the creek without success until I reached the northern strip, where good specimens were found. The shells found throughout the course of the stream were evidence that many clams had perished.

Later, April 11, 1901, I made yet another excursion. Traversing the entire strip, I was interested to note that, where the creek had overflowed its banks in time of high water, there were to be found strewn over the shore a great number of large and small clam shells. I saw a number of clams in the northern section, but was unsuccessful in finding any in the southern, which was probably due to the fact that they could burrow deeper because of the depth of the mud.

From observations made on excursions it is evident that on warm days the clams come to the surface, while on cold days they burrow into the mud, where they remain for the winter when the cold weather becomes permanent.

Clams are found in colonies. Early in the fall, when the water was shallow and clear, as many as two dozen could be seen in a colony. Usually they are found with the anterior end in the mud, with the whole body covered to the edge of the posterior end, which when they are not disturbed is kept open about a fourth of an inch. If you place a foreign body such as a stick in this opening they will close tightly upon it. The collector takes advantage of this characteristic to fish them out of the creek. However, this method can

be used only in warm weather, for when it is extremely cold the valves are tightly closed. A curious fact as to adaptation was noticed in these excursions. Leaves from trees were constantly drifting into the creek and settling to the bottom, where they were partly covered with mud, leaving a brown edge sticking up. The resemblance to the open edge of the clam shell was so close that only the keenest observation could detect the difference.

The clams collected were not all alike. Three distinct forms were found with the ventral margin very irregular. They are cleaner than either of the other two kinds and the valves are smoother. The striated lines on the valves are green.

Only one was found, which is almost round, with irregular ridges and depressions, making the surface of the valve very rough.

Of the three kinds, the one having the oval shape and smooth surface, was the most common.

A careful examination of the structure revealed nothing different from the typical structure of the fresh water clam.

It was decided to carry on a series of experiments to show the effect of salt on clams. Incidentally the effect of temperature was shown.

The first experiment was started No. 26th, 1900. A salt solution was made by adding to a quart of water ten grams of salt. I covered the bottom of a tub with a layer of mud about an inch thick, filled it almost full of water and in it placed a number of clams. I also put an inch layer of mud in the bottom of a pan, placed in it two clams, but covered these with the salt solution. The following are the results:

Nov. 27th.—The clams in both fresh and salt water were opened a little, but no other change noticeable.

No. 28th.—The two in the salt solution were closed more tightly than those in the fresh water.

Nov. 30th.—Both in salt and fresh water were opened a little and comparatively of the same strength.

Dec. 3rd.—Those in fresh water were closed tightly, while those in salt water were opened some and possessed less strength than those in fresh water.

Dec. 4th.—The clams in fresh water were stronger than the others and more sensitive to touch. Those in salt water were opened more than those in fresh water. When the hand was removed, after closing the clam shell

of those in salt water, the shell would reopen to its former position, while those in fresh water, closed by the pressure of the hand, remained closed.

Dec. 6th.—Clams in salt solution were weaker.

Dec. 7th.—Clams in salt water were almost dead. The ones in fresh water were the same as Dec. 6th.

Dec. 10th.—The weather turned cold over Saturday, 8th, and Sunday, 9th. The water over the clams was frozen almost to the bottom of the tub and pan. The ones in the salt water had died. But the ones in fresh water, although apparently dead, when brought from the cold to the laboratory, began to revive and soon became sensitive to touch.

Dec. 13th.—These were placed in a pan with three large clams which had not been frozen. On Dec. 11th and 12th the clams were all frozen, but thawed out during the day of Dec. 13th. Three large ones not previously frozen revived and those which had been frozen once died.

The first freezing of the clams did not effect them seriously, for when they had entirely thawed out they were almost as strong as before. Hence they can live in very severe cold and not be injured to a great extent. There is, however, a limit to their strength of endurance, and after receiving two hard freezings the clams died. It is also shown from this experiment that salt water makes them less able to endure the cold.

In order to further test them as to the effects of salt water, I began a new experiment on Jan. 24th, 1901. This time I took pans of about the same size, spread mud over the bottom, as in the former experiment, put fresh water in one and salt solution in the other. In each I put two clams. The water was changed daily except on Saturdays and Sundays.

The following are the results:

Jan. 25th.—The clams were closed tightly in both solutions.

Jan. 26th.—Saturday.

Jan. 27.—Sunday.

Jan. 28.—No change.

Jan. 29.—No change.

Jan. 30th.—The clams were same as Jan. 25th with exception of one in salt solution, which was weaker.

Jan. 31st.—The two in fresh water and one in salt solution were the same as 30th. The one in salt water that had been growing weaker died. This was one of the strongest of the clams in the beginning.

Feb. 1st.—There was no change in the one left in the salt solution (still closed). One of those in the fresh water had been placed (by some one) in the salt solution and was partly open. I put it back into the fresh water.

Feb. 2nd.—Saturday.

Feb. 3rd.—Sunday.

Feb. 4th.—No change.

Feb. 5th.—No change.

Feb. 6th.—No change.

Feb. 7th.—No change.

Feb. 8th.—No change.

Feb. 9th.—Saturday.

Feb. 10th.—Sunday.

Feb. 11th.—No change.

Feb. 12th.—The clams in fresh water were both closed. The valves of the one in salt water had opened and it was dead.

My observations suggest the following facts: (1) That fresh water clams cannot live long in salt water. (2) That they are less resistant to cold when placed in a salt solution. (3) That they can endure a great amount of cold. (4) That they are not as numerous in sandy places as in those places which contain much mud. (5) That they burrow deeper into the mud as winter comes on. (6) That conditions favorable to the life of the clam are favorable to the life of other animals such as the fish, the crayfish and the snail, which are always found in the same localities.

### OPTISMISM OF ROBT. BROWNING.

Edith Sechrist.

The scientific preoccupation of the people during the early nineteenth century affected the life of the modern world in two distinct ways. Applied science has wrought wonderful changes in the physical surroundings of man. He lives practically in a new world. The means of easy intercourse and transportation have brought about "modern industrialism" and "intenser competition," and have increased the perplexities of our social life. Not only has the external world been modified by science, but the world of thought has been completely revolutionized. The advance of science has resulted in a great modification and disturbance of thought and belief. The purely scientific investigation pursued by Lyell and Darwin set aside all preconceived ideas of science, philosophy of life, and theology. In their researches into the "history and nature of things" they have touched upon man's existence, his destiny, as well as his origin. Those who accepted the revolutionary doctrine were forced to reconstruct their conceptions of life, and the life of the soul.

Literature became burdened with the deep and serious thoughts of the age, and the poetry produced at this time reflects the various ways in which the problems of the age were met. Some of the poets, notably Swinburne and Rossetti, lament that they have fallen upon evil days. Instead of facing these problems and endeavoring to find an adequate solution for them, they are repelled by what they call this degen-

erate, scientific age, they shrink from and seek to evade these questions, which man must answer for himself sometime; and turn their faces toward the all-sufficient Beauty. Others again recognize the seriousness of the questions pertaining to God, to man, and his relations to the universe; they have not faith enough in divine power to look through darkness to light; but fall victims.

So their work is characterized by a spirit of distrust and the philosophic calmness of despair. This is the keynote of the poetry of Arthur Hugh Clough, and of Matthew Arnold, but it finds its climax in the materialistic pessimism of James Thompson. It is with positive relief that we turn to the healthy optimism of Tennyson and Browning. These great men face the field of doubt and despair, neither seeking to evade its questioning "nor succumbing to its intellectual perplexities."

But while each of these men takes a thoroughly optimistic view of life, yet their theories differ as the genius and character of the men differ. Tennyson believed God to be a transcendent, rather than an immanent power. He conceives of God as outside of, and beyond him, rather than in dwelling in the world about him; he conceives of Him as a conquering spirit but he sometimes doubts the outcome. On the other hand Browning thought of God as an omnipresent being, of whose spirit all things partook in degree as they rose in the scale of spirituality. He sometimes thought of this

spirit as law, but always as love, the great indwelling love that carries with it the assurance of power to overcome all. It is this assurance, this certainty of triumph that we sometimes miss in Tennyson. He says: "I faintly trust the larger hope," but Browning is sure.

With his theory of the universe as partaking of God's spirit, Browning is an ideal optimist. He denies the dualistic theory of the co-equal existence of good and evil, and advances the purely monistic notion, that evil has no absolute existence. It exists only in a relative sense, as a necessary complement to good. As we cannot conceive of white without its opposite, black; heat without cold; sound without silence; so we cannot conceive of good without its opposite evil. He further insists on the permanence of goodness and impermanence of evil. Evil exists only as an accident, while good is eternal. In "Abt Vogler," as the musician sat playing, a vision of the world, past, present and to come, flashed through his soul and was gone. However keenly he feels its absence, it has been to him an echo from eternal life and a pledge that:—

"There never shall be one lost good—  
What was shall live as before;  
The evil is null is naught, is silence  
implying sound;  
What was good shall be good, with,  
For evil so much good more;  
On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven  
a perfect round."

—*Abt Vogler.*

Evil has no positive existence. What the world calls evil is only undeveloped good. The man chooses to do a sinful act, not because it is sinful, but because he feels that by so doing he furthers his own best interests, he progresses himself in the world. His error is an error of judgment rather than an error of moral nature. He makes the wrong or "finite" choice because ignorance clouds his judgment and he cannot see the Infinite One.

"God! Thou art love! I build my faith on that.

Even as I watch beside thy tortured child  
Unconscious whose hot tears fall fast by him,  
So doth thy right hand guide us through the  
world

Wherein we stumble. God! what shall we  
say?

How has he sinned? How else should he have  
done?

Surely he sought thy praise — thy praise

for all

He might be busied by the task so much  
As half forget awhile its proper end.  
Dost thou well, Lord? Thou canst not but  
prefer

That I should range myself upon his side—  
How could he stop at every step to set  
Thy glory forth? Hadst thou but granted him  
Success, thy honor would have crowned suc-  
cess,

A halo round a star."

So evil, in its process of evolution yields  
up to good, the only reality which it has:—

"We like the upper range  
Where the Gods live, perchance the demons  
also dwell  
Where operates a power, which every throb  
and swell

Of human hearts invites that human soul  
approach

"Sent" nearer and nearer still, however  
"spray" encroach.

On "shivering" flesh below, to altitudes,  
which gained,

Evil proves good, wrong right, obscurity  
explained,

And "bowling childishness."

—*Paracelsus.*

Viewed in this light evil becomes a neces-  
sary hindrance to human progress, since  
only through evil are we able to see the bless-  
ings of good.

"When a soul has seen  
By the means of Evil that Good is best  
And, through earth and its noise,

What is heaven's serene,—

When our faith in the same has stood the test—  
Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,  
The uses of labor are surely done;  
There remaineth a rest for the people of God."

—*Old Pictures in Florence.*

Life then becomes a moral gymnasium.  
Take away all opposition facing a man and  
what is his worth? Has he any means whereby  
to strengthen his soul?

"No, when the fight begins within himself  
A man's worth something."

And again he says:—

"Why comes temptation but for man to meet  
And master and make crouch beneath his  
foot,

"And so be pedestalled in triumph? Pray,  
'Lead us into no such temptations, Lord!'

Yea, but, O Thou whose servants are the bold

Lead such temptations by the head and hair,  
Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,  
That so he may do battle and have praise!"

—*Ring and Book.*

The mission of all evil—doubt, failure, sorrow, sin—is to furnish stepping stones for self development.

"I count life just a stuff  
To try the soul's strength on, educe the man,  
Who keeps one end in view makes all things  
serve."

—*In a Balcony.*

Doubt to him is the earnest of our God-  
like origin.

"Rather, I prize the doubt  
Low kinds exist without  
Finished and finite clods, untroubled  
by a spark."

—*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

Doubt is the pledge of faith, an evidence of the existence of faith:—

"Softly, my friend, I must dispute that point  
Once own the use of faith, I'll find you faith,  
We're back on Christian ground. You call for  
faith;

I'll show you doubt, to prove that faith exists.  
The more of doubt, the stronger faith; I say,  
If faith overcomes doubt. How I know it does?  
By life and man's free will, God gave for that.  
To mold life as we choose, shows our choice.  
That's our one act, the previous work's his  
own."

Browning shows that he considers man free to make what he calls the "finite" or the "infinite" choice; that the responsibility of the choice lies with himself, not with God.

"Never again elude the choice of tints!  
White sha'l not neutralize the black, nor good  
Compensate bad in man, absolve him so;  
Life's business being just the terrible choice."

—*Ring and Book.*

But what if after making the "infinite" choice man fails? Browning claims that if he has put forth his best efforts he cannot fail, even though his results appear to the world as failure. The benefit to come to him was not in the material results, but in the power gained through the attainment of the result. In "Rabbi Ben Ezra," he says:—

"Then, welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids, nor sit nor stand but go!  
Be our joy three parts pain!

Strive and hold cheap the strain;  
Learn nor account the pang; dare,  
Never grudge the throe!"

VII.

"For thence, a paradox  
Which comforts while it mocks,—  
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail?  
What I aspired to be,  
And was not, comforts me.  
A brute I might have been, but would not  
sink i' the scale."

XII.

"Now who shall arbitrate?  
Ten men love what I hate,  
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;  
Ten who in ears and eyes  
Match me; we all surmise,  
They, this thing, and I, that: whom shall my  
soul believe?"

XXIV.

"But all, the world's coarse thumb  
And finger failed to plumb,  
So passed in making up the main account.  
All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure,  
That weighed not as his work, yet swell the  
man's account.

XXV.

"Thoughts hardly to be packed  
In a narrow act,  
Fancies that broke through language and  
escaped;  
All I could never be,  
All men ignore in me,  
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the  
pitcher shaped."

In this sense he says, "Most progress is most failure," and the purposes of our mistakes and failure is to show us when we wage battle next "What armour to endow, what weapons to select."

Even in the evils of life that come, not through our own will, but through the force of external circumstances, such as disaster, suffering, sorrow and the like, does he find a means of good. Man becomes purified by suffering. In what is probably his greatest book, "Ring and Book," Browning illustrates this.

Pietro and Violante Comparini, an elderly couple of the middle class, lived in Rome in 1679. They were fond of show, and a good living and soon fell into debt. There was at this time a papal bounty for the relief of the needy, who did not like to beg. In order to gain the money, they must not be childless; so



she secured Pompilia, the infant child of a poor and disreputable woman and claimed her as her own.

"When thirteen years of age Pompilia was led into a secret marriage with Count Guido, a profligate and licentious man, whom she did not know, and could not love. He married her for her dowry concerning which he had received an exaggerated estimate. When he discovered her base birth and learned that she was in danger of losing the greater part of her dowry, he disliked her because she was not what he expected and from that moment his one aim seems to have been to get rid of his wife.

He laid snares to bring her into compromising connections with a young priest. After resisting all his efforts, she finally appeals to the priest to help her escape, she is caught with him and finally brutally murdered by her husband. Two weeks before her death she bears a child and it too is taken from her. Surely this woman has plenty of sorrow. She has been deceived, cheated, persecuted, and sneered at by the holy church, to which she turned in her despair. Her one purest and holiest personal relation misinterpreted, and construed as the foulest crime. Yet she triumphs over all and dies calm and serene. The bad past has been to her a blank and a terrible dream. Just before she dies, she says:

"So let him wait God's instant, men call years:  
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great  
soul,

Do out the duty! Through such souls alone  
God stooping shows sufficient of His light  
For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise."

And:—

"It is the good of dreams--so soon they go,  
Make in a horror of heart beats, you may  
Cry, 'The dread thing will never from my  
thoughts.'

Still, a few daylight verses of plain life,  
Cock-crow and sparrow-chirps, or bleat and  
bells

Of goats that trot by, tinkling, to be milked;  
And when you rub your eyes awake and wide,  
Where is the harm o' the horror. Gone, I say!  
This is the note of evil; for good lasts."

—*Ring and Book.*

And again:—

"Being right now, I am happy and color things.  
Yes, everybody that leaves life sees all  
Softened and bettered; so with other sights.  
To me at least was never evening yet

But seemed far beautiful than its day,  
For past is past."

In all this we see that he regards the earth not as the end of man's existence, but as a stage in his spiritual development.

"Life is probation and the earth no goal  
But starting point of man; compel him strive  
Which means, in man, as good as reach the  
goal

Why institute that race, his life, at all."

—*Ring and Book.*

His philosophy of life, therefore, precludes the idea of the finality of earthly existence. It makes an after life necessary. The fact that God fills our hearts with an intense longing for the infinite, a desire which is not satisfied here, argues the inadequacy of this life.

"Doubt that thy power can fill the heart thy  
power expands."

Thus:—

"Throws himself on God, and unperplexed  
Seeking shall find him."

And again in "St. John," in the desert he speaks of:

"The man taught enough of life's dreams,  
of the rest to make sure

By the pain throb, triumphantly winning  
intensified bliss,

And the next world's reward and repose by  
the struggles in this."

—*Saul.*

Browning's thorough optimism precludes the idea of eternal punishment. To him man is never wholly lost to good impulses. Even when he makes the finite choice there must be one more hope, one more chance for his soul.

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce  
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;  
That after last, return the first,  
Though a wide compass round he fetched  
That what began best, can't end worst,  
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."

—*Apparent Failure.*

So he conceives of the hereafter as a state of existence where the soul progresses toward perfection.

"That when this life is ended, begins  
New work for the soul in another state,  
Where it strives and gets weary,  
loses and wins;  
Where the strong and the weak this world's  
congeries,

Repeat in large what they practiced in small  
Through life after life in unlimited series;  
Only the scale's to be changed, that's all."

—*Old Pictures in Florence.*

The same idea, that man's life not of fixed  
and final attainment, but of activity, is shown  
in "Death in the Desert."

"Finds progress man's distinctive mark alone,  
Not God's, and not the beast's; God is, they  
are,

Man partly is and wholly hopes to be.  
Such progress could no more attend his soul  
Were all his struggles after found at first,  
Then motion wait his body, were all else  
Then it the solid earth on every side.  
Where now through space he moves from rest  
to rest."

Also in Abt Vogler:—

"Now what is our failure here but a triumph's  
evidence

For the fullness of the days? Have we with-  
ered or agonized?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that  
singing might issue thence?

Why rushed the discords in but that harmony  
should be prized?

In all his works Browning never condemns  
a soul. Even of Count Guido, the most wicked  
and licentious of men, in "Ring and Book" he  
says:

"For the main criminal I have no hope  
Except in such a suddenness of fate,  
I stood at Naples once, a night so dark  
I could have scarce conjectured there was  
earth

Anywhere, sky or sea, or world at all.  
But the night's black was burst through by  
a blaze—

Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned  
and bore

Through her who's length of mountain visible.  
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,  
And like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea  
So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,  
And Guido see, one instant, and be saved."

The soul, no matter how low and wicked,  
in the process of evolution in the life after  
death, must be made good. Man's doom is  
never final.

Glorified by this optimism he is enabled to  
appreciate all the goodness and beauty that  
the world holds. He says in "Saul":

"How good is man's life, the mere living!  
how fit to employ

All the heart and the soul and the senses  
forever in joy!"

He sings with Pippa:—

"The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world."

—*Pippa Passes.*

And exalts with David:

"I have lived, seen God's hand through a life-  
time, and all was for best."

Not only is he able to appreciate to the ut-  
most the goodness and beauty of this world,  
but with perfect faith and trust he looks  
through death to the realization of his fullest  
hopes.

In his "Epilogue," his farewell to this  
world and greeting to the world to come,  
Browning says:

"At the midnight in the silence of the sleep  
time,

When you set your fancies free,  
Will the pass to where—by death, fools think,  
imprisoned—

Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you  
loved so,  
. . . . Pity me!

"O to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken.  
What I had on earth to do  
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the  
unmanly?

Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I  
drivel.

. . . Being . . . who?

"One who never turned his back, but marched  
breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,  
wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake.

"No at noonday in the bustle of man's work  
time

Greet the unseen with a cheer;  
Bid him forward, breast and back, as either  
should be,

'Strive and thrive.' Cry 'Speed,' fight on  
forever

There as here."



## RELATION OF SEEDLINGS TO LIGHT.

Fannie Sutton.

The study of botany reveals a great many interesting phenomena. Some of these, at first glance, seem very simple, but investigation brings out complexities of which, at first, we had no notion. One quite evident yet very strange problem we pass by daily without thought. It is the life relation of plants.

In considering the life relation of plants the light relation enters as a very important element. All have noticed that flowers grown in light are more luxuriant, more healthful and that they have a different arrangement of leaves from those grown in the dark, yet we often accept this as a law of nature and give it no further thought.

The distribution of the sun's rays is unequal during one day or throughout a succession of days, so in order that the required amount of light may be absorbed at all times the leaves and stems have the power of adjustment. One of the most evident facts in this connection is the manner in which plants growing indoors adjust themselves to the light rays. Should a plant be placed in a room near a window it will be noticed that the leaves soon turn toward the window, and take on such arrangement that one does not shade the other. If this plant be left in the same position for a week or two the leaves will all have turned toward the light. The stems, likewise, will be bent in the same direction.

Plants grown out of doors possess the same power of adjustment. To obtain the arrangement different methods are resorted to. Some elongate the petioles, as the oleander; others assume the rosette habit, as the leek; in others the blades are lobed or broken into pieces, as the blue bells, and still others arrange the leaves on horizontal and drooping stems, as the chrysanthemums and the poison ivy.

The shadows cast by stones, loose earth and undergrowth have a decided influence upon plants. A board placed over growing grass demonstrates the fact. When plants grow under the shade of these their stems are

higher and are characterized by a lighter color. Absence of sunlight deprives the plant of much chlorophyll. Since lack of light produces such plants as described it would be expected that brilliant illumination would have just the opposite effect. Such is the case. Flowers grown in very bright light have shorter stems, a more fixed arrangement of leaves and have more chlorophyll in them.

Having noticed the relation of seedlings to light in several cases, I wished to see if the conclusion I had reached as to the direction taken by roots and stems was true in all cases. For my experiments I used the following material: Two small wooden boxes, black and white cambric, cheese cloth, four jelly glasses, two saucers, one small dish and the following seeds: Raddish, beet, mustard, corn and bean.

One of the wooden boxes I lined with white cambric and another with black. In two glasses I put water and covered the tops with white cheese cloth, and put on the cloth enough Michigan sand to sink it into the water. Into this sand I put the seeds. Then I placed one glass in each box in a saucer of water.

I prepared two other jelly glasses in the same manner except that I wrapped one in black cambric and the other in white. These I put into a small dish of water and placed them on the end of a table where they were exposed to the light from the west and south. I watered them every day and noticed the changes that took place.

I portioned the seeds in four lots. The seedlings in the box lined with white I called lot No. 1, the seedlings in the box lined with black I called lot No. 2, those grown in glass wrapped in white I called lot No. 3 and those grown in the glass wrapped in black was called lot No. 4.

Results of the growth of the mustard seed after three trials may be summarized as follows: The small roots are seen about the sixth or seventh day after planting. After twenty-four hours the roots are long enough to

turn and enter the soil. The second day the leaves appear and turn slightly toward the light. Ordinarily it takes two more days before the roots penetrate the soil and become visible below. At first they all go straight down, but soon deviate from that line according to their light conditions.

The roots of the seeds that had been placed in the white lined box turned a little toward the back of the box. Quite often the roots go to the bottom of the glass, as they are worked upon by gravity and nature, then hydrotropism begins to work and tends to draw the roots upward. They go up on the back side of the box. Just as soon as gravity can counteract hydrotropism the roots go down again. The stems turn toward the light and have a very decided turn in that direction.

The roots of the seedlings sown in the glass in the black lined box turn back toward the darkest side of the box, although moisture exercised a great influence on them, tending to draw them upward. The stems had a great inclination toward the light, more so than those in the white lined box.

The roots of those in the glass wrapped in white go almost directly downward, turning slightly toward the darker side of the room. The stems of these turned toward the light, although not so much as those in the black box.

The roots of the seedlings in the glass wrapped in black go slightly backward, while the stems bend toward the light about as much as those in the glass wrapped in white.

The following is a brief summary of the result of the growth of the raddish seed: About a week after planting the small roots are seen. On the eighth day they are just long enough to attach themselves in the sand. About two days later the leaves appear and turn slightly toward the light. Quite often two more days pass before the roots can penetrate the soil and can be seen below. Then they start to grow straight downward, but soon turn from that line, according to the light conditions.

The roots of the seeds grown in the glass in the white lined box turned just a little toward the back of the box. Attracted so nearly downward by gravity and not interfered with at all by hydrotropism, all the stems turned to the most light with rather a sharp inclination. Those grown in the black lined box go backward, while the stems have a very decided turn toward the light. The roots of those grown in the glass wrapped in white turn slightly toward the darker side of the

room. The stems bend a little toward the light. Those grown in the black wrapped glass go almost directly backward and the stems turn toward the light.

The third seed experimented with was the beet. The beet seed begins to germinate in about five days. The sixth day after the planting of the seed the roots are visible. The first day it is seen the roots are just long enough to turn and become fixed in the soil. The leaves become visible on the second day and turn a little toward the light. Generally it takes two more days before the roots pierce the soil and are seen below. They start straight downward, but soon diverge from this line as they are influenced by the light.

The roots of the seeds grown in the glass in the white lined box turn a little toward the darker side, and on account of the influence of geotropism they start upward on the darker side, and the stems have a decided turn toward the light. The roots in the black lined box turn toward the darkest side and the stems had a very decided inclination toward the light. The roots of those in the glass wrapped in white gradually sloped backward to the darker side. The stems turn toward the most light, but are considered as upright in comparison to the ones in the boxes. The roots or those in the glass wrapped in black go straight down, with only a small inclination backward. The stems have a slight tendency toward the light.

The next two experiments I tried with larger seeds—corn and bean. It is impossible to draw conclusions in regard to these seedlings from the data obtained. Further experiments will be carried on. Until the stems and roots got started I planted them in a jar of soil. They were in the jar about two days. After this I put them in glasses as before. Two days afterward the roots extended below the soil about half an inch and the stems above about a quarter of an inch. On the third day there were many small roots. The large ones turn toward the dark at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The course of the small root is very irregular. They first start to grow away from the light, then turned to the dark, then to the light again. The irregular course is repeated two or three times in the same root, giving to it a tendril-like appearance. It is probable that other influences affect the position taken by the root, as geotropism, and the presence of obstruction in the line of growth as offered by the sides of the glass. When the roots touch the side of the glass they turn in an exactly opposite direction. The stems all

turn to the light, although the ones in the black and white lined boxes had a more decisive turn.

The last experiment was with the bean. Two days after planting the main roots, with their first secondary roots, were seen below the sand. All these roots turn toward the dark. When other secondary roots start they are not directed out of their natural course. The

main roots of the plants in the boxes turn toward the light then away from it. Those in the glasses wrapped in cambric turn toward the light. The stems of all the plants turn toward the light, but those in the boxes have sharper turns than those outside the boxes, which are more upright.

See the table for summary of all:

## SUMMARY.

	Lot I.	Lot II.	Lot III.	Lot IV.
Mustard. Roots and Stems.	Roots go straight down. Stems bend rather sharply toward the light.	Roots turn to dark at an angle of about 45°. Stems bend with a decided turn toward the light.	All the roots go straight down. Stems all turn to the light.	Roots turn slightly to the dark. Stems turn to the light.
Raddish. Roots and Stems.	Rootlets go almost straight down with a slight turn to the dark. Stems turn most decidedly to the light.	Roots turn toward the back of the box. Stems turn to the light.	All the roots go straight down. Stems turn to the light.	Roots turn slightly to the dark. Stems turn to the light.
Beet. Roots and Stems.	Roots go almost straight down. Stems have a decided turn to the light.	Roots turn sharply to the dark. Stems turn to the light.	Roots all go straight down. Stems turn to the light.	Roots turn slightly to the dark. Stems turn to the light.
Corn. Roots and Stems.	Roots take an irregular course, giving the root the appearance of a tendril, with a tendency first to the light then away from it. Stems turn to the light.	Roots turn toward the light first, then away from it. Stems bend rather sharply to the light.	Roots turn toward the light. Stems turn toward the light.	Roots turned toward the light. Stems turn toward the light.
Bean. Roots and Stems.	Roots turn toward the light then away, but had no tendril like courses. Stems turn to the light.	Roots turn toward the light then directly back. Stems bend rather sharply toward the light.	Roots turned toward the light. Stems turn toward the light.	Roots turn toward the light. Stems turn toward the light.

## A CENTURY OF SURGERY.

Walter Norton.

The earliest records of surgical methods and operations come to us from Egypt. Among these the Papyrus Ebers (1552 B. C.) gives directions for treatment of various diseases and also mentions the fact that the methods stated were, even at that day, old. Egyptians also had a treatise on anatomy which was attributed to Athoos (5241 B. C.)

Frequent mention is made of medicine in both Old and New Testaments. There is no evidence that medicine was much studied by the Jews until after 200 A. D., although some references to surgery are to be found.

The first that we know of surgery in Greece is from the poems of Homer. Here we read of Aesculapius and of the surgical methods known at that time. The anatomical terms used by him relate chiefly to the exterior of the body and do not show any knowledge of internal structure. From Greece, also, come the Hippocratic writings, which deal more especially with surgical operations. After the time of Hippocrates there is very little of interest in Grecian surgery.

From Greece the practice and study of surgery was transferred to Alexandria, where it flourished under such men as Celsus, Aetius and Paul of Aegina.

After the capture of Alexandria by the Mohammedans, about 640 A. D., the standard of surgery in the countries under Mohammedan rule gradually rose, but over Europe in general, conditions remained the same. Soon the European countries advanced along the line of surgery. It was not pursued as a separate art, but was usually carried on in connection with the barber's trade.

There were no European writers or teachers of surgery until the rise of the Italian universities in the thirteenth century. About this time many Italian and French surgeons began to practice and the general trend of surgery was for the better. In a short time Germany and England took up the science and soon the standard was raised.

The seventeenth century is not so noted for its importance in surgery as for its remarkable advance in physics and physiology, that so greatly affected surgical methods about the end of the eighteenth century. This was the age of such men as Bacon, Galileo, Descartes, Pascal, Newton and Boyle. In the way of surgery some names are Asellius, Severinus, Hildomus, Purmann and Jungken. By the end of the seventeenth century all the countries in Europe were greatly interested in surgery.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the only city in which could be had any special opportunities for surgical study was Paris. The chief surgeons of that time were Mureschal, Jean Mery and Pierre Dronius. From the beginning of this century surgery prospered. Hospitals were practically unknown at the end of the seventeenth century. Now they were being built, yet the people did not sympathize with their construction for these reasons: The hospital had always been a filthy place, with no methods of preventing disease after operation, and the people were not yet fully educated to the necessity of surgical treatment.

The nineteenth century has been one of material progress. The eighteenth was one of inquiry and speculation, but with the coming in of the new century began an era of application. During the last one hundred years all of the applied sciences have steadily grown. Probably the advance in surgery has been more marked than the advance in any other line.

Every branch of surgery has been developed to a marvelous degree. Especially is this true in the last fifty years. If we look at the history of its development and judge rightly of its importance we must bow to these "masters and conquerors of nature"—Virchow, Pauli, Von Graefe, Piragow, Lisfrance, Diefenbach, Bell, Taylor, Flint, Sims, Gross, Sayre, Cooper, Schu-

pard, Rokitanski and many others.

At the beginning of the century nearly all of Europe was disturbed by war. Thousands of soldiers died annually through lack of proper treatment when wounded. Almost all the surgeon could do at that time was to stop the flow of blood and sometimes to amputate a limb. After the terrible carnage of the battle of Waterloo (1815) many English and French surgeons turned their attention to injuries received upon the battle field. But it was not until 1831, with Cooper and Larrey, that military surgery became a special scientific study.

Then came the Crimean war (1853), American civil war (1861-65), Prusso-Austrian (1870-71) and the Turko-Prussian war (1877-78). In these wars surgeons from all the world vounteered their services that they might learn what could be accomplished on the battle field.

These wars not only gave practice to the world's surgeons, but also offered opportunity for bold and daring operations and educated the people to the need and desirability of hospitals, so that the great prejudice against them soon died. As a result of all this, surgery made rapid advancement. So to military surgery, in a great part, is due to the skill of the surgeon of today.

Surgery in general has developed along three lines: Surgery of the human body, dental surgery and veterinary surgery.

The progress of dental surgery has been almost as rapid as surgery of the human body. A hundred years ago all that was ever done for bad teeth was to extract them by means of rude instruments and with much pain. Now teeth may be painlessly extracted, decaying teeth filled, whole or parts of sets made and filled and even the gums transformed by cutting. Some of the men who have been foremost in this branch of the science are Fitch, Arthur and Green.

Not only human kind but dumb animals have been benefited by surgery. At one time all that could be done in the treatment of a horse was the administration of drugs and medicines. If a horse had broken a bone he was immediately killed. Bones are set and even internal operations performed by the veterinary surgeon of today. It is interesting to note in this connection that many women have become veterinarians.

But the line of surgery that has made the most distinctive progress is surgery of the human body.

The head and its contents has for some time been the subject of surgical experiment and investigation. Diagnosis of brain affections are made, abscesses opened and brain tumors removed with remarkable success. The same thing has been done likewise to the spinal cord. The great advances in this line are due, for the most part, to Ferrier and Horsley.

The specialty of eye surgery began with Karl Von Graefe, of Berlin, in 1855. In this work rapid progress has been made in the last forty years, with wonderful results, as operations for veiled and crossed eyes and for near and far sightedness. Operations for soft cataract were first performed by Grasmeyer in 1797, but his method was improved by Teale in 1863. Hard cataract has been successfully treated by methods improved by Jaques Daniel (1866) and Alfred Von Graefe (1870). An invention which has materially aided this branch of the science is that of the ophthalmoscope, by which the interior of the eyeball may be viewed and examined.

The first specialist in diseases of the ear was Benjamin Lowenberg, of Paris, about 1863. Since then this specialty has been associated with that of the eye. Many instruments have been invented for examining the ear cavities and for operating upon the internal ear. Some notable operations have been performed upon the drum head, middle ear and bones of the ear.

Diseases of the nose and throat have been treated since 1862. The first work done in this line was by Ludwig Fuerick, of Vienna. This specialty is very popular in Germany and the United States. One of the important operations of this line, which has saved hundreds of lives is the intubation of the larynx. This consists of the insertion of a cylindrical tube in the larynx and obviates the necessity of the dangerous operation of tracheotomy, or opening of the windpipe. It was first proposed by Desault, in 1801, but was modified by O'Dwyer in 1886. The invention of the laryngoscope by Bozzini, in 1804, has greatly aided this line of work. It is used to illuminate and to examine the throat cavities.

The chest is the region of the body in which surgery has made least progress, yet



here its achievement is very interesting. When fluid accumulates on one side of the chest, as a result of pleurisy, the cavity may be drained by removing a portion of some of the ribs. A way has been devised that will, in time, lead to successful surgery of the lungs. Already abscesses and wounds of the lungs have been treated. Even wounds of the heart have been sewed up. The number of cases and recoveries have been small, but have led us to expect great things of the present century.

One writer calls the abdomen and pelvis the "playground" of the surgeon. Perhaps the most common operation in this region is that on the vermiform appendix. The removal of this organ is now accomplished with a mortality of only two per cent. Other operations that are performed with a very small mortality are for cancer of stomach, abscesses and tumors on liver, dilation of stomach, hernia or rupture, intestinal wounds, removal of gall-stones from gall bladder and its ducts, ulcers of stomach, causing perforation and hour glass stomach, in which the stomach becomes divided into two parts. In an operation in a case of the last kind, recently performed in Chicago, the whole second stomach was removed, yet the patient lived. In another the greater part of the intestine was removed and the ends rejoined successfully.

It was proposed by Barth, of Marburg, in 1892, to transplant bone. His plan was modified by Nicholas Senn. This has been successfully accomplished in the formation of new noses, the replacing of skull bones and in transplanting finger tips.

Successful also has been the transfusion of blood from one person to another. This is usually done by taking blood from a healthy young person and injecting it into the veins of the old or weak.

Besides these special operations there are more common ones that are performed every day, such as amputation of limbs, setting of bones, treatment of various wounds and the like.

A recent operation in skin-grafting was performed at the Beth Israel Hospital, New York. The patient was a small boy who had received burns covering his neck, back and part of his breast. Five weeks after the burns were received the grafting began. The size of the injured surface made it necessary that the grafting be done in sections. In the first two

operations the skin was taken from the boy's thighs and in the second two from the thighs of the boy's father. The last three operations were very successful, so that by this time the child was on the road to recovery.

Many discoveries and inventions have greatly aided in all this work, of some of which we must speak.

One of the greatest aids in the development of modern surgery is the discovery of the use of anaesthetics in 1846. For this discovery, which has given so much to surgeons and patient, the world is indebted to Drs. Warren and Morton, of Boston, who first used ether for the purpose of producing sleep in a patient while being operated upon. Chloroform was first used by James Y. Simpson, of Edinburg, in 1859. Its use is now very extensive. Cocaine was discovered in 1859 by Niemann, of Madgeberg, Germany, and was used as a local anaesthetic.

Probably the discovery next in importance as an aid to surgery is that of antiseptics, for which credit is due to Lord Lister, of Glasgow, in 1870. About this time carbolic acid was brought into use as a disinfectant for cleansing and removing disagreeable odors. Lord Lister was curious to see what the effect would be of using it as a dressing for wounds. He tried the experiment. His results far exceeded his expectations. The wounds did not suppurate; there was hardly any inflammation, and they healed rapidly. From this discovery a system has evolved, modified from time to time, by which we may keep wounds perfectly pure by having absolute cleanliness of patient, surgeon, nurse, instruments and surroundings, and by the application of aseptic and antiseptic dressing.

What anaesthesia has done for surgical operations in relieving pain and protecting the injured from shock, antiseptics has completed by assuring rapid and painless recovery. With these two discoveries was modern surgery made possible.

In 1873 Obermeier discovered that certain minute organisms were to be found in the blood of persons who had fever. Nine years later Koch identified the tubercular bacillus, or consumption germ. It is now believed universally that all diseases are caused by germs. So methods of killing these germs became a principal factor in the prevention and cure of disease.

Vaccination is not quite a product of the nineteenth century, but was first used by Edward Jenner in 1796.

Agata and Jasuhura, of Tokio, Japan, found that the blood of animals immune against disease contained some substance which would destroy the germs of tetanus, cholera and diphtheria. These are called anti-toxines.

The microscope, though not invented in this century, is the every day companion of the surgeon. Without it his work would be greatly circumscribed. Its chief use is in diagnosis and germ study.

The method of injecting medicines into the circulation was introduced by Alexander Wood, of Edinburg, in 1843. It was found that some soluble substances, when injected under the skin, acted more rapidly and with greater effect than when taken in the usual way.

Electricity has aided surgery to a very great extent. By the discovery of static electricity, in 1802, and of the induction coil, in 1831, electro-therapeutics, or medical electricity, was made possible. This has accomplished great things for paralytics, the deaf, those afflicted with St. Vitus dance and epilepsy and for resuscitation after drowning or suffocation,

By these same discoveries we are able to

use galvano-cautery, or cauterization, by electrically heated platinum wires.

In this connection it is well to speak of the X-rays, due to Roengen, by which parts of the human body that are covered by skin and soft tissues, are brought to view.

Leading authorities say that chemistry has given more to surgery than any other science. Its greatest help has been in physiology, in diagnosis and in the treatment of diseases. Its influence has been felt also in producing pure drugs and wholesome foods.

No subject can present a stronger claim to interest than a survey of the progress of surgery during the last one hundred years. Surgery claims, and rightly claims, to be side by side with every other advancement of human thought. Its achievements command the highest degree of respect.

Although it would seem that the limits of surgery have been approached, we do not doubt that in the twentieth century methods of surgery will be devised that will far eclipse those of today. If this be done it will probably be along the line of thorough study of disease, so as to make diagnosis more accurate; by new methods of making more perfect our antiseptics and by the experimental method of the laboratory.





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WADE H. FINCH.

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In Memoriam.

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A. B. C.

### A. B. C.

Colors—Red and white.

Yell: Who are we?  
Who are We?  
Who are the  
A. B. C.

#### Officers.

Walter V. Norton—H. I. G. H.  
Homer H. Hall—V. H. I. G. H.  
C. Clyde Crouse—S. S.  
Chester Carver—K. of M. and S.

The A. B. C. was founded by Zeno, '315), but was revived in the Alexandria High school in April, 1897. Its purpose is to help the worthy Freshman, just entering into High School life, to find the "straight and narrow path" that leads to honor and knowledge.

The candidate must show, by his work, moral, mental and physical, during the first part of his Freshman year, that he is such as will merit this help. Special standards are set by which the candidate must be judged.

The A. B. C. has done a great deal for the High School, in the way of securing for it honest, worthy members, and has also greatly benefited the members of the fraternity as individuals.

#### Membership.

Graduate Members:—

Herman C. Runvan, '96, I. U., '03.  
Guy W. Mitchell, '97, I. U., '03.  
Frank May, '98, I. U., '04.  
John C. Gipe, '99, I. U., '03.  
Virgil P. Wilson, '00, I. U., '04.  
Jesse W. Morrison, '00, E. I. N. U., '01.  
Earl Young, '98, Purdue, '02.  
Fay Ward, '98, — Canada.  
Howard Wildberg, '99, Chicago, Ill.  
Will P. Snethen, '99, Law Dept. U. of I., '02.  
E. Rav Harting, '00, I. U., '04.  
Thos. Prosser, '00, New Albany, Ind.

Undergraduate Members:—

Richard Lukens, Alexandria, Ind.  
H. C. Lewis (deceased).  
W. V. Norton, '01, Alexandria, Ind.  
Arthur Wildberg, Chicago, Ill.  
C. E. Morgan, Noblesville, Ind.  
Chas. Pierce, Alexandria, Ind.  
Otto Cahall, Anderson, Ind.  
Ray Davis, Alexandria, Ind.  
Bert Williams, Alexandria, Ind.  
Sermond Ware, Alexandria, Ind.

Wade H. Finch (deceased).  
Clayton C. Benjamin, Michigan.  
Harry Ballou, Michigan.  
Alva Buck, Alexandria, Ind.  
Chester Carver, '02, Alexandria, Ind.  
Homer H. Hall, '02, Alexandria, Ind.  
Guy Bell, '02, Alexandria, Ind.  
Claude Ward, '02, Alexandria, Ind.  
Clyde Crouse, '03, Alexandria, Ind.  
James Feizer, '03, Alexandria, Ind.  
Bloomer Pickard, '04, Alexandria, Ind.  
Scott Kelly, '03, Alexandria, Ind.  
Willard Hughes, '04, Alexandria, Ind.  
Thurman Robinson, '04, Alexandria, Ind.  
Virgil Lee, '04, Alexandria, Ind.  
Harry McLaughlin, '04, Alexandria, Ind.

### A. H. S.

The A. H. S. Alumni Association  
will give its annual banquet  
in honor of the Senior Class,  
Thursday evening, March 28th, 1901.  
Runyan Hall. 8:30 O'clock.

The above innocent looking invitation caused the wildest confusion to reign among the feminine portion of the Senior Class of '01. Everybody talked at once and nobody listened to what anybody else was saying. It was already the 26th of March and this long looked for and much talked of banquet was to occur on the 28th. All year had we looked forward to this event as the momentous occasion upon which we were to make our "debut" into society, and whole hours, that ought to have been spent upon Physics, had been wilfully used in planning marvelous gowns, the like of which had never yet been seen in Alexandria. But

"The best laid plans of mice and men  
gang aft agley,"

And now we had but two days in which to prepare for this (to us) important social function. We gave up our cherished plans with as good grace as possible, and donning our last year's gowns, and sweetest smiles, went forth to be toasted and roasted.

The banquet hall was very tastefully decorated in violet and white, the class colors of '01. The class flag and national flags festooned the walls.

The long table, extending through the

center of the hall, was made beautiful by sprays of smilax and cut flowers, and the violet shaded candelabra shed a chastened light over all.

At nine o'clock the Alumni and their guests sat down to an elegant repast, between the courses of which many appropriate toasts (?) and clever responses were given. The toastmaster, Guy W. Mitchell, of '97, gave the welcome address and introduced each speaker with a pithy characterization. The toasts and responses were as follows:

"To the Faculty—Miss Bessie Lindsay.

Response—Mrs. J. C. Byrd.

To the Class of '01—Miss Charlotte Myrick.

Response—Miss Edith Sechrist.

To the Alumni—Mr. Richard Lukens.

Response—Miss Edith Hughes.

To the Class of '00—Mr. Herman Runyan.

Response—Mr. Virgil Wilson.

Many of the toasts were witty and to the point and a fraternal spirit prevailed, the outcome of what Mr. Giles would call the "proper High School spirit." Probably this is best demonstrated by the neat response of Edith Hughes, to the toast, "To the Alumni."

"Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

"I am proud to speak for the infant Alumni Association, and in the name of the whole Association, with becoming humility, I accept the implication suggested in the gentleman's apt quotation:

"It is true none of us has as yet achieved fame, but 'who can tell what the morrow may bring forth?' Modesty forbids me to pursue the matter further.

"If even now we have been recognized as a body of possible great men and women, what may we not expect when to the roll have been added the names of the present Senior class?

"Seriously though, I do believe that the graduates of the old A. H. S. have an individuality, however indistinct it yet may be. For so new a school it certainly is unique that all have desired higher education and that out of the thirty who have gone out from her halls, almost half of the Alumni of A. H. S. have pursued their studies in higher institutions of learning. Much of this has been due to the influences by which we were surrounded in our High School course. Many have entered business life; many more are studying the domestic problems; a few have married, fewer still have become pedagogues and thereby lost

all chance of such a lot. But all are loyal and true to the blue and the white and will seek to sustain her honor wherever they go."

### From a Former Senior.

My Dear Freshmen—so you may be addressed next year—do not be surprised if, upon entering college, you find that there really is, after all, no very fundamental relation between your opinions and conduct and the general affairs of the universe. You are not even original in this respect. Such has always been the experience of the freshmen. You will find, doubtless to your great surprise, that there are many High School graduates, many of whom even approach your standard of brilliancy.

Strange as it may seem, college professors have not a very clear insight into human nature; they will not readily appreciate your real worth in spite of your repeated "resolves" to make them do so. Be persistent. You perhaps have made them understand by the time you have attained the dignity of a senior, either that, or, you will have grown into an "understand" of his dullness along this particular line.

Be hopeful. You will soon learn that even the mighty college senior, with whom you happen to have class work is very human. Perhaps you will soon learn that much talk does not always evidence much knowledge.

Let me urge upon you the necessity of modesty and humility. Silence is often golden. If you miss a half dozen recitations because you cannot find room eleven of Kirkwood or room three of Wylie do not mention it even to your trustworthy room-mate.

Do not display your ignorance when your elders talk in such a knowing way of camp-istry, star-gazing, flunks, college athletics, etc. By the time you have attained the fatal dignity of a sophomore you will wonder how it happened that you did not know it all from the beginning.

Upon leaving High School you felt that it had been four years of hard work, but of pleasant memories. You will find that upon leaving college your feeling is very similar—four years of solid work—but you will wonder at the same time, "Will I ever spend another four years so full of happy memories?"

## THE WORTH OF A MAN.

Synopsis of commencement address delivered by Dr. John P. D. John to graduating class of Alexandria high school on the evening of May 24, 1901:

"The basis of greatness is conscious self-activity, and the measure of greatness is the scope of this self-activity. That which limits or determines is, to that extent, greater than the thing which it limits or determines. A thing is great or insignificant in proportion as it determines or is determined. A man is great or insignificant just in proportion as he meas-



Dr. John J. D. John.

ures other things or is measured by them; just as he determines other things or is determined by them.

"A man limited and determined by the universe is an insignificant being. Limited by space and duration, he is a speck on the face of the universe. Measured by the infinities of space, he vanishes into nothing. The visible universe, of which he is a part, is itself nothing when set over against the invisible universes that lie out beyond the sweep of his telescope; much more does man, who is only an infinitesimal point in his own visible uni-

verse, vanish into zero when measured by the infinities, both seen and unseen.

"The span of a human life is nothing when measured by the age of the sun; how absolutely it vanishes when measured by the eternities, past and future!

"Determined by law, physical or spiritual, man is utterly helpless. Physical law is no respecter of things, whether they be inanimate like the rock, animate like the flower, sentient like the beast, or self-conscious like the man. Gravitation makes no distinction between the lifeless clothing of a man and his living body when he is falling from a precipice. They both go down alike. Physiological law knows no difference between the human body and that of a wild beast. The deadly poison does not ask whether the victim is a beast of the field or a man, but man and brute alike go down under its fatal touch. Spiritual law is no respecter of persons. The deed returns upon the doer, whatever the deed and whoever the doer. Men wink at wrong, if the offender be a genius, a millionaire or a potentate, but winking at a wrong does not transform it into a virtue. The eye of law is wide open night and day upon every wrong and upon every wrongdoer in the universe. That sleepless eye winks not on genius or wealth or power, for there are no privileged characters in the realm of spiritual law. Genius is not a law unto itself, and wrong does not become right at the wave of the magic wand of genius. If one of the most distinguished novelists of the nineteenth century shall boldly live with a man who is not and cannot be her husband, let not her friends demand that you shall not measure her with the ordinary ethical yard stick. There is not one code of right and wrong for genius and another for mediocrity. Thus man, limited by the universe of space, duration and law is helpless and insignificant.

"But man is not always determined. He is some times a determiner. If a man limited by the physical universe is nothing, equally the physical universe is insignificant when determined by man. Man is greater than space, for he can, at will and in the twinkling of an eye, project himself in thought anywhere in the bounds of space. He can outrun the sun. He can outrun the lightning. He can outrun the light, which flies eight times the earth's circumference every second of time. A beam of light requires three and a half years to fly to the nearest star, but man sweeps back and



forth to and from the farthest star before the swift-winged light has fairly started on its way. Man is greater than duration, for at a moment's warning he can sweep from the eternity past to the eternity to come. He is both historian and prophet, and he dwells at pleasure among the scenes of his histories and prophecies. In the twinkling of an eye, he is here and yonder both in space and duration. With space and duration under his feet he is omnipresent in the universe and omni-existent in eternity.

"Man is greater than law, for he is a law adjuster and to that extent a law maker and akin to the Infinite Law Giver Himself. He can so adjust physical law as to make it his servant instead of his master. He stands in the fire and is not burned. He walks over the seas and is not drowned. He leaps from the precipice and alights like a feather on the rocks below. He tears apart the rocks of Hell Gate by the gentle touch of a baby's finger. He catches the floods and makes them run his mills. He harnesses the winds to drive his ships and the waters to drive his engines. He touches a button and night becomes day. He presses a key and the far becomes near. Wherever he moves law goes before him to open his way.

"The distinguishing greatness of a man lies in the fact that he can so adjust spiritual law by Divine help as to make it lift him upward instead of dragging him downward. He can so adjust spiritual law as to make it his servant working for him night and day, rather than his master to whom he must bow down in chains.

"The ultimate greatness of a man can be measured only by infinite standards, for with law his servant, the universe his field and the eternities his opportunity, he shall finally approximate, without reaching, the infinite perfections of his Maker."

### A HIGH SCHOOL CASE.

Among the many cases that have come under my notice—the grammatical case, the smear case, the hard case, or even the small-pox case—none is so interesting, so intense while it lasts, and so easily forgotten as the High School case.

She was a new girl, tall and willowy, with a pale, interesting face, intensified by appeal-

ing blue eyes, now veiled demurely, as she found herself the cynosure of all eyes. Her fair hair was arranged in simple, girlish fashion, and the neatness of her apparel amounted almost to primness.

As the old students dropped in by twos and threes, speculation ran rife as to the possibilities of the new girl and her probable classification. When she reported to Junior classes the Senior boys were in despair. Jacob Allison alone seemed untouched by the universal grief, and when day after day the boys would rush madly to the "Lab" windows to watch this dainty bit of femininity pass by, he would stolidly continue his experiments and make personal remarks about "fellows that were 'easy' enough to lose their heads about every new girl that came to town," and that as far as he was concerned he "couldn't see that Betty Winthrop (the new girl) was any more attractive than lots of the Senior girls."

These and kindred remarks came to the ears of fair Betty and she longed for revenge. Jacob was the president of the Senior class, the best student in A. H. S., a gritty athlete, and an all-around good fellow, but he did not know anything about girls—hence this story.

To outward appearances Betty was the same sweet coy maiden, but when chance, aided by her own adroit maneuvers, brought her into the society of Jacob, she cast aside her reserve and became a bewidering, entrancing sprite. Poor Jacob, or "Cobb," as the boys called him for short, had no chance against such wiles. He tried football tactics, but to no avail. His only safety lay in retreat. So he threw himself into the practice for the Thanksgiving day game with an enthusiasm he had not felt since his Freshman days.

Demure Betty now developed a violent passion for athletics. She attended practice games regularly, and naturally had many pertinent and impertinent questions to ask "Cobb"—as she had sweetly learned to call him. The densest ignorance of the game, which in another would have seemed to him as a most serious defect, in her seemed nothing but naive and charming simplicity. Little Betty, with her discreetly veiled eyes, knew much of human nature, and her conquest was complete, but the moth had been singed in the flame.

The Senior was very young and this was his first case. He firmly believed that what had happened to him had never been experi-

enced by another in a like degree. He certainly was in the thralls of the "grand passion." Had not this been his first attack he would have seen through all the little schemes and devices that she used to arouse his smouldering jealousy, and thereby assure herself of his utter devotion.

At the Thanksgiving game when our hero came off the field covered with honor, glory and mud, as the Senior girls crowded around him with words of congratulation and adulation, Betty held back, apparently engrossed in a conversation with Williard Hughes. "Cobb" sent fitful, appealing glances in her direction. Suddenly as she flashed him back a smile he quickly and eagerly forced his way to her, and unconscious now of the hundred eyes upon them, they strolled across the field toward town.

The months rolled on and the case progressed as only High School cases can. By the right of precedent the middle window on the east side of the Assembly room was given up to their exclusive use during recesses and intermissions. The hero of the foot ball field, the once "star" student of the A. H. S., was gradually losing his grip on his work. He lived in dreams and, when suddenly asked to discuss the "spoils system" in history class, would start and flush guiltily.

About this time the Juniors began to practice for their farce. Betty had been cast for the heroine's part, and Homer Hall for the hero's. Practice! Practice! Nothing but practice, and "Cobb" shut out from it all because he was a Senior.

"Why did fate put Betty in the Junior class? Hang it all, anyway!" "Cobb" would say to himself as he paraded back and forth on Washington street, before the High school building, waiting for Betty to come out.

The night of the farce was a memorable one in the history of the Senior-Junior case. Through two acts Homer made violent love to the seemingly responsive Betty. "Cobb," who had taken the prettiest Senior, writhed in exquisite agony. When at the climax the hero exclaimed: "Come rest on this bosom, my own stricken dear," he could stand it no longer and was about to rise and call out, when he caught the expression of those about him and subsided.

Next day when they met she could talk of nothing but the farce. The applause she had won seemed to have turned her head. Every once in a while when "Cobb" was talking to

her about his affairs, she would break in with: "Didn't Chester just do splendidly?"

"Wasn't Homer sweet?"

This was more than human nature could stand and "Cobb" said things. Betty was reduced to tears and was all devotion to "Cobb" for two weeks.

"Cobb," being a Senior, took Betty to all commencement functions. She was vivacious and clever and the boys vied with each other in showering all kinds of attentions upon her, much to the misery of our hero, and the enjoyment of our heroine.

"The climax of interest and passion" was reached at the Alexandria-Fairmount field day. For several days previous to that Betty had fancied "Cobb's" love to be on the wane. "Cobb's" apparent neglect was due to the fact that he was deep in the preparation of the final draft of his thesis, "For Her Sake." He had neglected to look up some important references and now the faculty had handed back his essay with "not approved" written across it in red ink. This was a terrible blow to his pride and he was "digging" night and day to make up for lost time. He was too proud to let Betty know this, and so she attributed his absence from her side to coldness, and determined to punish him.

Accordingly on the day of the contest she flirted outrageously with "Cobb's" especial aversion among the Fairmount boys, Tom Jones, in glowing sweater and golf hose. "Cobb" was on for the foot race. As he came out upon the track he espied Betty and Tom looking in his direction and apparently joking about him. His blood was up in an instant. He would win the race or die in the attempt. He set his jaws tight and ran as he had never run before. Before the race was over it was evident that he had won, but Tom and Betty, absorbed in each other, had not seen that as he made his final dash, ready to drop with fatigue, he had run slightly out of his course, slipped where the ground had been sprinkled to muddiness, and with his foot twisted under him had fallen heavily. Betty looked up just as he was being carried off the field.

"Oh, 'Cobb' is killed. Tom, take me to him! Oh, I have been so wicked; I'll never be mean to him again."

"Cobb" was by no means killed, but his ankle was badly wrenched. He was wise enough to take all advantages the occasion offered and his reconciliation to the repentant



Betty was complete. His enforced rest was wisely used by him in finishing his thesis, writing business letters pertaining to the Senior Annual, of which he was business manager, and writing up his notes on Biology. His suffering and labor was relieved by daily dainty missives, kind remembrances of flowers, and kinder visits from the tender Betty. And "Cobb," who really knew nothing at all about girls, thought that his trials were all over.

Resting in this faith when he returned to school, he rallied his energy for the final effort and got through his work with a grade of fair. On commencement night he received the diploma that he had earned in his Freshman, Sophomore and Junior year. On that night he gave Betty a dainty ring, with a single opal set.

Ten years later, as the noon train slowed up to the station and the brakeman called out in his monotonous tone, "Al-ex-an-dria," a beautiful young woman who had been listlessly looking out of the window, roused herself looked with interest upon the handsome new depot and the passengers that crowded the platform. An amused smile crossed her lips. She lapsed back into her happy day dream. Just as the conductor pulled the bell rope, a portly gentleman, in eye-glasses, flushed and perspiring, his overcoat on his arm, and a suit case in his hand, boarded the train. "Eureka!" he exclaimed to his friend, the conductor, "Just in time not to be too late."

He hurried into the car and with a "By your permission," seated himself, still panting, in the vacant place beside the lady. She had granted his perfunctory request without withdrawing her gaze from the passing landscape. Struck by something in her voice and her face silhouetted against the window pane, the gentleman turned and gazed into her face. Where had he seen her before? Then, with a rush of old memories, it came to him that this stately, elegant woman, was Betty Winthrop, his High school case. He must know for a certainty.

"I beg your pardon, madame, but are you Miss Betty Winthrop?"

She turned quickly, with the same pretty gesture he knew so well. "I am, that is—but who are you?"

This touched his pride, although he had long ceased to think of her. "Well, I confess I am changed, but surely you remember—"

"To be sure I do. You, 'Cobb' Allison, the ideal of my Junior days in the Alexandria High School."

And she laughed heartily at the mere suggestion. The laugh rasped, although he himself now considered that episode of his Senior year highly absurd. But men are built that way. He was really very happy in his married life and really hoped that she was as happy as he, but it would have pleased his vanity if she had, at least, expressed a lingering regret. Instead she talked sweetly and gravely of her husband and child, and then drifted into a merry review of the most thrilling incidents of their "boy and girl" affairs. He was saying:

"Ye gods! How jealous I was of Tom Jones that day of the field exercises. I never could have won that race if I hadn't been. What a fool a boy is during his first attack!"

"No greater than a girl," laughed Betty.

The brakeman called "Marion." Mr. Allison gathered up his belongings, made a rapid exit, and the train bore Betty on.

LILLIAN RINEHART,  
MRS. J. C. BYRD.

## THE JUNIOR FARCE.

Class of 1902  
Alexandria High School

Presents Tonight  
"Class Day,"

A Farce in Three Acts, by Jennie Carroll Byrd  
and Professor Virgil Littlefield Dalrymple.

Tonight you throng to witness the debut  
Of embryonic actors to the drama new;  
Not one poor trembler, but fear betrays,  
And hopes but almost dreads to meet your  
gaze.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Hon. John Buncombe, Congressman.....  
.....Professor Virgil Dalrymple  
Frank Buncombe, his son at college.....  
.....Homer Hall  
Ned Taylor, student .....Chester Carver  
Mr. Howard, student .....Claude Ward  
Poco, old clothes dealer.....Guy Bell  
Mrs. Taylor, Ned's mother...Sidney Thompson  
Lottie Taylor, Ned's sister.....Ethel Hall  
Olive Hale, Lottie's chum.....Ora Hurlock

### ARGUMENT.

First Act—Junior class day at Stanford University. Frank Buncombe's room, 8:00 a. m. Frank, the chief marshal of class day, finds himself decidedly in a "box." He feels

like a "boxer," but acts like a "growler." How John gains a wife, but loses a coat.

Music.

Act Twice—Class exercises at University hall.

#### PROGRAM.

I. Song—"Far Away in the South"—High School Quartette.

II. Senior Themes, a comedy in one act. Scene—Laboratory of the Alexandria High School. Seniors at work upon their graduating theses.

#### —Subjects—

A study of Byrd's Nests—Charlotte Corday Frazee, by Ethel Hall.

Modern Surgery in Crawfordsville—Walter Victor Norton, by Claude Ward.

Effect of Heat and Light on Plants from the Rocky Mountains—Frances Willard Sutton, by Roxie Lee.

Neighborhood Sketches—Emma Abbott Cordelia Jones, by Edna Pierce.

Optimism of Robert Browning—Edith Sechrist, by Gertrude Lee.

Prince Arthur Wildberg, visiting from Chicago by Guy Bell.

Music by High School quartette—"Little Tommie Went a Fishing."

Act III.—Frank Buncombe's room later in the morning. John makes a great speech, but says nothing. "Fate is against him." Union of the house of Taylor and Buncombe.

Song—High School Quartette.

"The Stage Kiss," composed for the occasion by teachers: Neff, Jones, Cunningham and Reid.

#### THE STAGE KISS.

"Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah."

Tune, Zion 8, 7, 4.

1. Once there was an English teacher  
By the name of Jennie Byrd,  
And the stories told about her  
Are as true as ever heard.
2. Now this teacher was so gifted (?)  
Junior boys and girls to train,  
So to her the work all drifted (?)  
And she worked with might and main.
3. Now a laddie came unto her  
His ability to try,  
She has aptness (?) soon discovered—  
You can guess the reason why,

4. When his teacher he had pleased so  
By his far surprising skill (?)  
Said he to her, There are some things  
That I fain would ask you still.

5. Said professor to his teacher,  
Mrs. Byrd, what shall I do?  
When it comes to kissing Sidney,  
Shall—may I—will it do?

6. No, my pupil, why so stupid?  
Don't you know the stage kiss.  
Come, I'll show you how to do it;  
The performance is like this.

7. While the demonstration progressed,  
Slowly opened wide the door,  
Entered Kempster—exit actors,  
Then he calmly swept the floor.

#### Notes

The success of the play was due entirely to Mrs. J. Carroll Byrd, of Stanford University, who directed all of the movements from the "eaves" of the theater.

Why were the flowers not delivered that were bought by Mr. Dalrymple and consigned to Miss Tribby to be presented to himself on the stage?

Too bad the quartette would not go down in front when kindly asked and unkindly urged.

Mrs. Byrd to Prof. Dalrymple—"Why did they sing that song about me kissing Chester instead of you? If they had to have it, I don't see why they did not give it as it happened."

Mrs. Byrd—"The Juniors are just fine, but really they knew nothing about anything when I undertook the work."

Mr. Busby—"I enjoyed the last song best. I want a copy of it."

Reid—"My song was the best. Jennie and Dallis didn't like it, but it was fruit for me."

Miss Jones—"At first we were willing for Mrs. Byrd to think that Mr. Collicott wrote our song, but since she likes it, I guess we will claim it."

Mr. Collicott—"I enjoyed the jokes, but was somewhat surprised at the personal roasts written by Mrs. Byrd."

Miss Cunningham—"It was no more than I expected. I was here last year."

Mr. Kempster—"That song about that red-

headed teacher and Rimple kissing was all right. I wish I could sing it."

Mr. Dalrymple—"Old Reid got sore and we had to leave out the best roasts about him taking his washing home, etc."

Tribune—"Professor Dalrymple spoke so all could hear. His part was best. The quartette was the best ever heard here, every word distinct and the voices blended perfectly."

## IN THE LABORATORY.

(A Story.)

It was a beautiful May morning of the last week of school.

Lottie came in with a frown and dropped her numerous books on the desk with a heavy thud and turned to Emma, just behind her.

Lottie—"Have you got all that physics? I don't care! I don't think it is right to give us twenty-five questions when we have two-hour recitations. It's too much and I don't intend to do it."

Emma—"No, I never get anything in on time, you know. I'll be glad when we're through with this old grind, anyway."

Lottie—"Oh hush, dearie. I just must get these questions written out before class or Collicott will just give me "Hail Columbia."

There were a few moments of silence, then Fannie came striding in carelessly, so carelessly that I knew instantly something was wrong.

She sat down without her usual "hello, girls" and pouted noticeably.

I asked her to explain and she said:

"Lottie did not wait for me this morning."

Then, of course, Lottie had to come, put her arms about her and make matters right.

Fannie cheered up somewhat, so I knew she could not resist Lottie's coaxings.

Fannie—"Say, have you got your physics lesson? It's a snap this morning, isn't it? Only 25 questions to write upon and a two-hour recitation. Collicott surely thinks we have nothing else to do but study for his work. It seems to me they have just piled work on us now, that we are so busy with outside work. Miss Jones gives us a two-hour recitation, too. Say, we have dissection in physiology this evening. Did you bring your scissors, Emma?"

Emma—"O, land no! I reckon Miss Cunningham will just kill me."

All—"Hello, Edith."

Edith—"Good morning, girls. Is Walter here?"

Fannie—"No, he hasn't come yet."

Edith—"Well, I just wanted to see him about something. Wish he'd hurry up. He said he'd be here early. Girls, these annuals just must be sold or we'll come out in the hole. I've worked so hard every night, and so has Walter. I'm so tired that I'll be glad when school is out."

Again there as a short silence until Edith said in a tone that betrayed worry:

"I suppose you have your dresses and are ready for commencement exercises? Mine is at the dress makers and we cannot get it until Friday evening after supper."

Lottie—"Girls, did you ever think what in the world we should do without Mr. Collicott to say 'why'?"

Fannie—"Do you know he is going to Elwood next year?"

Edith—"Yes, and I am glad of it because it isn't so hard to leave never to return as a student when one of our old teachers is going too. But I don't know; there's Miss Cunningham and Miss Jones and Mrs. Byrd, to whom we have to say farewell, for we go from them, not them from us."

Emma—"Miss Cunningham can never take us to the creek again as school girls. Miss Jones cannot insist on us 'explaining' everything in United States history. And Mrs. Byrd will not read us to sleep in the old English room again."

Fannie—"We will remember Miss Cunningham's frogs, clams, snakes, crawfish, and the odor of the alcohol on the laboratory table forever."

Emma—"My, haven't we enjoyed this year immensely?. I almost wish it were the freshman year, so we might come back again. O, I don't want to be anything but just a high school girl. One always remembers the pleasant side of the work and forgets the worry and poor results; don't they? Though there has not been much unpleasantness. The work has been so enjoyable; it seems to me more so than ever before."

Lottie—"Talking about missing the work and the teachers, it seems to me I will miss you girls more than anything else."

Lottie slipped up a little closer. Finally she moved in the seat with Emma and presently Emma had put Lottie's arms around her and asked if she would 'really miss her.'"

This little scene, though not uncommon, stimulated their girlish sentimentality, and when Walter came, opening the door with a quick jerk and looking very grave and serious, he found them all occupying the same seat with eyes suspiciously red. Fannie was just saying that she had never before realized that school was so near over and wished she could put the last day off a while.

Our president said in his masterful way:

"Edith, I would like to speak to you for a minute, if you have time."

"I have time if it is anything important, but hurry; I haven't a bit of that history."

He proceeded slowly to the window, scratching his head thoughtfully. She went to him, looking rather startled.

He said: "Say, Edith, I just wanted to know if you had time to move a cellar this evening."

This scene on the last day was too pathetic. I slipped out of the room and left the seniors alone.

EMMA JONES.

## THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

atively new institution. The present organization came into existence less than eight years ago. The first classes had few graduates, and at that time the High School spirit was not strong enough to suggest an Alumni Association.

Not until the class of 1898 had graduated was the idea promulgated. During the school year of 1898-99 it was frequently and favorably discussed. However, nothing decisive was done until the summer of 1900.

On June 28, 1900, a meeting of the Alumni was called. At this meeting the Association was organized, with the following officers: Earl Young, '98, president; Howard Wildberg, '99, vice president; Bessie Bertsche, '00, secretary; and Virgil Wilson, '00, treasurer.

At the same meeting the President appointed a committee to draft a Constitution and By-Laws. This committee consisted of Daisy Hupp, '98; Guy Mitchell, '97, and Herman Runyan, '96. At the first business meeting, September 7, 1900, the Constitution and By-

Laws were considered, and at length, adopted with some amendments.

The purpose of the Association, as stated in the Constitution, is to further the interests of the High School, to perpetuate the fraternal feelings of bygone class days, and also to do honor to the annual graduating class by a banquet.

The first banquet was held March 28, 1900, in honor of the class of 1901. It was impossible for all the Alumni to attend this banquet. Some were prevented by other duties, and others were too far away. No one had been forgotten either personally or in connection of his class. Every alumnus was spoken of.

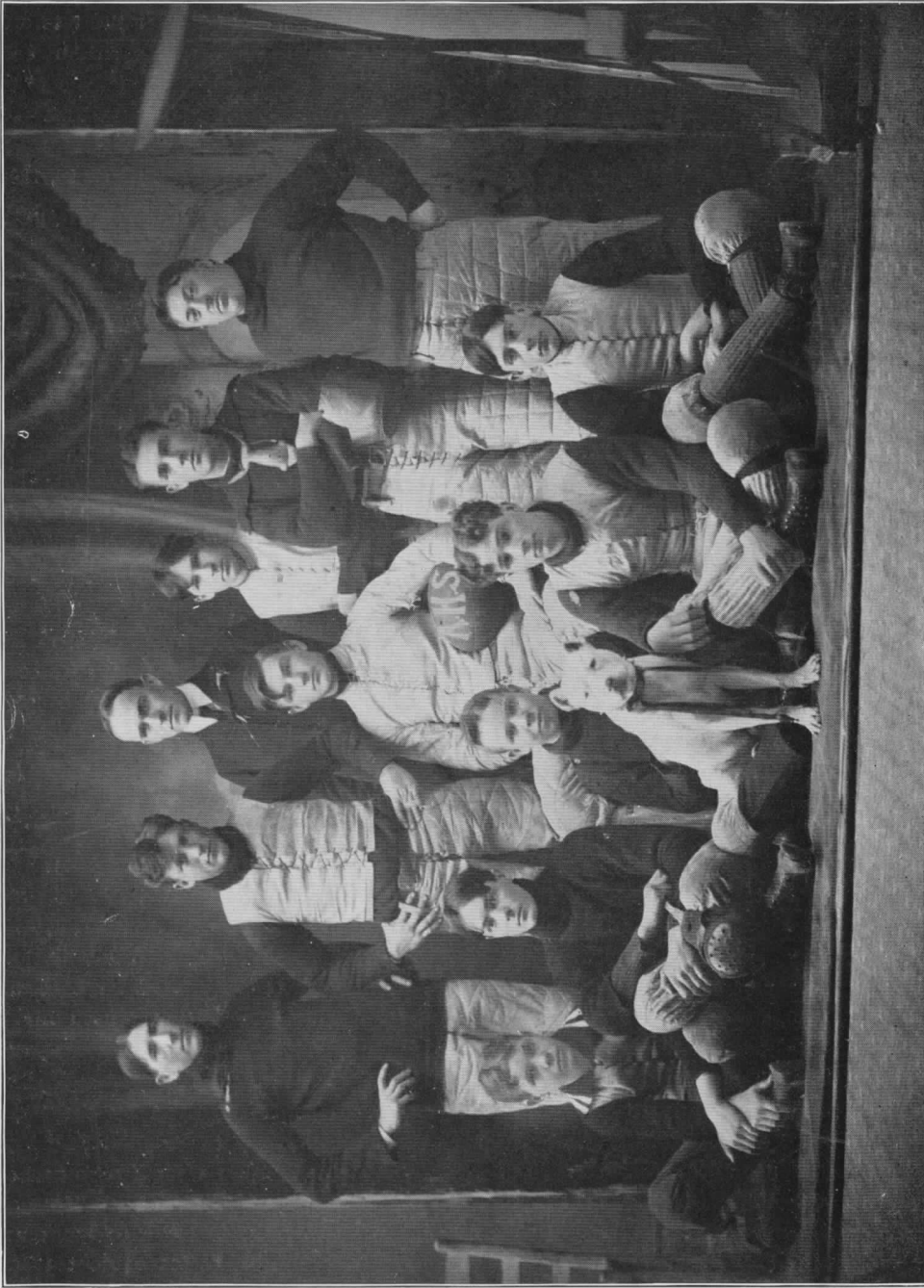
The boys and girls are loyal to their Alma Mater and individually, and as an Association, they will strive to sustain her honor. If they are true and noble men and women her influence helped them to be such. They will be separated by distance and diversity of interest, but the Alumni Association will always form a common tie; to them it will stand for the Alexandria High School, its interests and successes, and for the "days of auld lang syne."

## EDITORIAL.

After a consideration of the work done for this annual, we, as a class, feel that in some way we would like to express our thanks for the general interest taken by the school at large. The support received from both the subscribers and advertisers has been highly encouraging and we extend to our merchants, our heartfelt thanks. We deeply appreciate the assistance so freely given by the members of the faculty, and the interest they have taken in our work. So we extend our best wishes for the future success of the "dear old school," which we are to leave so soon; and it is with regret that we leave the teachers and school friends, whose remembrance will linger with us always.

CLASS OF '01.





FOOT BALL TEAM, 1901.



## ATHLETICS.

Say, whither go these fellows  
 With hair so very long.  
 Their muscles indicating  
 That they are very strong?  
 Their suits are thickly padded  
 With pride their faces glow;  
 Some objects queer they carry—  
 Say, whither do they go?

These chaps with bulging muscles  
 And Paderewski hair,  
 With pads of large dimensions  
 On clothing that they wear.  
 Why, they are the season's heroes,  
 Who bravely strike for fame  
 And proudly they are going  
 To play a foot ball game.

Whence come these tattered fellows  
 With hair so badly torn,  
 While some, all cut and battered  
 Are by their comrades borne?  
 And here and there is limping  
 A chap with bandaged shin,  
 And some have both eyes blackened  
 Where have these victims been?

They've not been in a battle,  
 Although it looks that way,  
 Their wounds were not inflicted  
 By men in deadly fray.  
 Oh, no; these tattered fellows—  
 Some cut, some bruised, some lame  
 Are heroes who've been playing  
 A Rugby foot ball game.

They don't regard the bruises,  
 They never shrink a mite,  
 For laurels they are striving,  
 To glory they aspire.  
 They're the season's heroes,  
 These chaps of grit and brawn,  
 So please call the ambulance  
 And let the game go on!

## Foot Ball.

From the very beginning there has existed in the Alexandria high school an enthusiasm for athletics, but we have never been able to accomplish much in actual results. The reasons for this are very evident. Many of the boys, that nature certainly meant for athletes leave school during the freshman year, we have never had an athletic fund, neither have we had a good practice ground.

This year we organized early in the term with the following officers:

Walter V. Norton—Manager and treasurer.  
 Clyde C. Crouse—Captain.

Through the encouragement of Mr. Collicott and the assistance of friends among the faculty and elsewhere, we started a foot ball fund, and secured a good field. This latter was the field lying north of the Negley homestead on Lincoln avenue. This was put at our disposal through the courtesy of Mr. Negley.

The first game, between Alexandria and Summitville, was called Saturday, October 6, at Alexandria, with the following line up:

Center—Shrote-Jenkins; right guard, Hughes; left guard, Robinson; right tackle, Runyan; left tackle, Carver; right end, Kurtz; left end, Shawl; right half back, Snethen; left half back, Masterson-Norton; full back, Crouse; quarter back, Hall-Masterson.

A slight rain fell throughout the afternoon, making the field muddy. The crowd was small and there was absolutely no rooting on our side. To this, but more to the fact that in response to the cry, "Bring out your big men," Hall was thrown out of the game, we attribute our defeat. At the end of a closely contested game the score stood 10 to 0 in favor of Summitville.

Not discouraged at this defeat, a game with Fairmount was called Saturday, October 27, the game to be played on our field. The line up of the home team was, with two exceptions, the same as before:

Center—Jenkins; right guard, Mason; left guard, Robinson; right tackle, Runyan; left tackle, Carver; right end, Kurtz; left end, Hughes; full back, Crouse; quarter back, Hall; right half back, Snethen; left half back, Masterson.

At this game a large and enthusiastic crowd was in attendance. The rooting was fine. The teams on both sides were heavy and good work was done. Some special features of the

game were Crouse's punts and kick-off, and the tackles by Masterson, Crouse, Runyan and Hall. The latter made one of the neatest tackles that has been made this year. The backs also did good work bucking the line. General good humor prevailed throughout the game, but a small sized "scrap" occurred between "Our Pet," Jenkins and Captain Perral. Much fun was occasioned by the repeated cry of the referee (Edwards) "Are you ready Captain Crout?" The score at the end of the second half stood 5 to 0 in favor of Fairmount.

The third game of the season was played against the Elwood team on Saturday, November 3, at Elwood with this line up:

Center—Jenkins-Shrote; right guard, Mason; left guard, Robinson; right tackle, Runyan; left tackle, Carver; right end, Kurtz; left end, Hughes; right half back, Snethen, left half back, Masterson-Jenkins; full back, Crouse; quarter back, Masterson-Shrote.

This was the most interesting and most hotly contested game of the season. There were fumbles on both sides in and about the center. Masterson did clever work in getting the ball on a fumble. Crouse made a run of eighty yards. Elwood's half was injured in the game, but not seriously so. Although neither side scored, we certainly had the best of it

throughout the game.

The enthusiasm of the Alexandrian "rooters" kept the boys working up to their limit. Mr. Collicott struck picturesque and startling attitudes in the abandonment of his feeling.

The last game of the season was the return Summitville game, played at Alexandria, on Thursday, November 28. The line up was as follows:

Center—Shrote; right guard, Norton; left guard, Robinson; right tackle, Emily and Shawl; left tackle, Carver; right end, Kurtz-Emily; left end, Jenkins; right half back, Snethen; left half back, Masterson; full back, Crouse; quarter back, Hall.

This was the most disastrous game of all. Hard playing was done on both sides. Kurtz was carried off the field with an injured shoulder. Snethen, of the home team, and Webster, of Summitville, came off with sprained ankles, while Howard, of Summitville, received a broken nose and other injuries.

Although the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of Summitville, we claimed the game on a forfeit, as the visiting team refused to play the last three minutes of the game. On the whole, we were not proud of the game.

The season closed with the record indicated above.

## DUAL MEET.

### Alexandria 44—Fairmount 36.

EVENTS.	WINNER.	IND.	3rd.	RECORD.
50-yard Dash	Ward A.	Kime F.	Bell A.	6 Seconds.
Short-put	Kune F.	Masterson A	Robinson A.	35 ft. 5 in.
220 yard dash	Spencer F.	Ward A	Crouse A	41 seconds.
Pole Vault	Masterson A.	Hughes A	Spencer F.	7 ft. 3 in.
Hitch Kick.	Ward A.	Kime F.	Spencer F.	7 ft. 9 in.
Standard Broad Jump	Bell A.	Ward A.	Spencer F.	9 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Hammer throw	Kime F.	Frazier F.	Masterson A.	96 feet.
Running Broad Jump	Spencer F.	Ward A.	Ellis A.	17 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet.
Hop, Step and Jump	Spencer F.	Ward A.	Bell A.	39 ft. 7 in.

## CLASS WILL.

We, the graduating class of '01, of the high school of Alexandria, county Madison, State of Indiana, being of unusual sound mind and unsurpassable memory, and unquestioned understanding, do make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament:

Of such possessions as it hath pleased the gods and our own "strong right arms" to give us, we make the following disposition, viz:

Item: To the student body of the high school we bequeath a glorius example of earnest endeavor, of irreproachable deportment, and of unequalled success. May the succeeding classes live to add more glory to their "alma mater" by following in our footsteps.

Item: To the class of '04, as a whole, we bequeath our purple bunting—one hundred yards in all. Although we are disappointed at their lack of originality, we cannot but admire their taste. To them also we give the following advice: Copy '01; learn to work and win as we do. It isn't fun, but still look at '01 and be encouraged.

To Willard H. we reserve the third window to the southeast in the assembly room for his and Maude's exclusive use. When Maude is not in the assembly Alice may act as her substitute.

To Willard, also, to be held jointly with Prof. Dalrymple, do we leave a hearty little namesake, "as pretty as a peach."

To Bloomer and Abbie we bequeath any two seats in the assembly room that they may select—one large one or two small ones—providing that they be very close together.

Last, but not least, we consign to your care a precious treasure—Our Only Boy. For past years She, against our wishes, has claimed much of his time, and all of his attention. We held him only by the bond of pride. Now that that bond is broken you may take him under your protecting wing. We cheerfully bequeath the remainder of our class treasury to assist in the maintenance of this, our only son—Walter. Lois may now reign queen of his heart and protect him in his old age, as we have protected him in his youth and his prime.

Item: We bequeath to the ambitious class of '03 our literary ability to be used in writing stories for the "Smart Set," love sonnets, or in glowing debate.

May our mantle fall completely on her shoulders, and when we have passed away

may we still be represented by '03. We hope that it may be a case of "representation without taxation," a la Alva.

Item: The subjoined list will be recognized as entailed estates, to which we do declare the class of '02 the real and rightful successors:

1st. The senior seats in the assembly laboratory and elsewhere. May '02 be as fond of these seats next year as she has this.

2nd. Our Biological and Physics apparatus consisting of dissecting pans, boards and needles, bottles with nervous system of crayfish in them, and our preserved specimen of crayfish; also the flannels, silks, sticks of sealing wax, "knit" needles, "darn" needles and backs of rubber combs, which are useful in the study of static electricity.

We generously bequeath to '02 our theatrical ability. We have saved our surplus talent in this line this year that you might reap the harvest. The privilege of giving a play belonged by precedent to the senior class, but we have shown you how to be courteous.

All these things we give most generously, or the one condition that our copies of "The Revolt of the Tartar Tribes" be returned immediately.

Senior dignity is always handed down to the incoming senior class; but we are afraid that this would be asking too much of the gay and festive juniors.

Item: Lastly, we give and bequeath to the faculty restful nights and peaceful dreams and the encouragement of an example of "time well spent." We further bequeath to them for their use and benefit absolutely all the knowledge and startling information we have given them at whatsoever times, in class work, quizzes or examinations.

To Miss Jones we give a word to use instead of "explain," "verify," "too general"—Mr. Collicott's simple and convenient one, "why."

To Mrs. Byrd we give our unprejudiced suggestions on the interpretation of "Ivanhoe," "Merchant of Venice" and "Julius Caesar," to aid her in English work next year.

To Miss Cunningham we bequeath the boxes used in working out "The Effect of Light on Plants," for use in her experiments on the evolution of the grasshopper. Probably these will cause the grasshopper to hatch out to a "full-fledged" butterfly.

We do not feel that it were well to con-

fer further gifts or honors on one already so honored as Professor Dalrymple. All things come to him who waits, even name-sakes, and collections of Easter Eggs made by the primary teachers.

Having passed through four years of hard work, we feel that a little advice from us might be of benefit to the succeeding classes:

"Ad finem esto fidelis."

A little care and pains will enable you to turn out very fair work. You will be surprised and pleased to find what a wonderful effect may be produced by your having done your work at the appointed time and placed it into the hands of the receiver. It is an old saying, but a very true one, that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Work done badly bears on it the stamp of its own worthlessness, the confession that the workman has not thought it worth doing. A beginner's work cannot be as good as that of an old hand, but let it be your best and nobody will complain.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint Jacob G. Collicott sole executor of this, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we, the class of '01, the testators, have to this will set our hands and seal, this twenty-fourth day of May, Anno Domini, one thousand nine hundred one.

EMMA JONES,  
EDITH SECHRIST,  
LOTTIE FRAZEE,  
FANNIE SUTTON,  
WALTER V. NORTON.

### HUMOR.

"Never risk a joke with a person who is not well bred and possessed of sense to comprehend it."

#### Echoes From the Laboratory.

Naturalists may always learn something new. A new fact discovered by Lottie is that the grasshopper has no mouth, but two large lips.

Arthur—"How long does it take the amoeba to change position?"

Miss Cunningham—"Many hours."

Observing Arthur's consternation—

"I don't mean for you to watch it all that time."

Arthur—"O, I know. I just wanted to ask a question."

Professor of Biology—"Describe the nose of a fish."

Walter—"Do you mean—?"

Professor—"I mean the organ of smell."

Lottie said there were blood vessels in the hair. She was probably thinking of the head of the English department.

Miss Cunningham—"Why can't the amoeba or paramecium live out of water?"

Edith—"Well, because they can't."

Miss Cunningham—"What is a hen party?"

Walter—"The new woman dressed like the old man."

Freshman to Miss Cunningham—"Where is Mr. Dalrymple? Do you know?"

Miss Cunningham—"If he is not in the study room, he is in room 12."

Eight B to eight A—"Why does Mrs. Byrd and Mr. Dalrymple both stay in the assembly room in the morning?"

Eight A—"To keep us from talking while they talk."

Chester—"Does Mrs. Byrd ever say anything about Crawfordsville, Rocky Mountains or Stanford to your class?"

Clyde—"Ha, ha! About every day. Why?"

Chester—"Oh, I just wondered."

Mr. Collicott—"Suppose a train traveled for five minutes?"

Lottie—"Oh, that is space."

Emma—"I don't see why I can't find paramecia any more."

Miss C.—"I don't either. Last winter we didn't have any trouble at all to find them. We just caught them and put them in a glass, that is, we put grass in the glass."

Miss Cunningham—"If you take a fiber of wool and a fiber of cotton and burn them, how can you tell the wool from the animal?"

Mr. Collicott—"Did you hand in your questions for to-day?"

Emma—"No, I handed in yesterday's. I wasn't here to-day."

Lottie—(After measuring a hollow cylinder) "Why, Mr. Collicott, oughtn't the outside measurement be larger than the inside?"

Miss Cunningham—"Your essays are not just exactly what I wanted."

Walter—"I thought you wanted just what I have."



**Bright Sayings of the Faculty.**

Alexandrian teachers are distinguished for their English. One who had been out looking for laboratory material in the creek said: "I feel so brown and tanned. Am'n't I?"

Mr. Collicott, before reading a manuscript to a history class: "This article was carefully written by a very rapable man in college."

Later discussing the same article:—

"Yes, I wrote that paper while I was in Bloomington."

The philosophy of Mrs. Byrd's statement: "I will find the other things as I come to them," can hardly be questioned.

Her astonishing announcement that "we will have only one day tomorrow," awards her the palm in this line of reasoning.

Miss Jones gives us the information that one of the chief occupations of the colonists was "fur fishing."

One day when speaking of the Navigation Acts said "that comes in the next act." No doubt she was rehearsing the junior farce.

Miss Cunningham—"The white corpuscles move through the fluid; not as they wish or will because they have neither, but as their fancy leads them."

Mr. Dalrymple (on Monday after a trip to Elwood): "Minola, what is the Latin word for 'deary?'"

Minola—"Why, there is no such word in the lesson, Mr. Dalrymple."

Mr. D—"I can't be mistaken. The word is 'carissime,' which means little dear or darling."

Minola—"The only word in the lesson is like that in form is 'care,' which means dearly. Is that what you mean?"

Mr. D. (blushing)—"Yes, yes. Translate the next passage."

**Senior Idiosyncrasies.**

The favorite text of the senior class is "Much study is weariness of the flesh."

All are not fools who say the foolish things.

Edith—"About this time Columbus sailed in request of Indies."

"Balboa discovered the Pacific ocean somewhere on the west side of North America."

Arthur—"When Grenville reached the Roanoke Islands the second time, none of the colony remained but a carving on a tree."

Fannie—"They were pursuing pursuits."

Lillian in speaking of the modes of travel in colonial times, said: "They walked (laughter). That is, they rode horse back."

**Junior "Smart Set."**

Among the Juniors are the literary and histrionic aspirants. Without a doubt many years hence our Juniors will all be stars. Their most brilliant social affair of the year was the banquet dinner at the Madison hotel. (But it happened to be served in Hurlock's dining room.) The elegant cake and delicious fruit were the temptations of the other pupils all morning. Had not the Junior's sentinals been stationed in all passages, their eatables would have disappeared, and the Seniors and teachers would have enjoyed them.

**Sophomore—Philosophy.**

Florence Markson says that love is a gradual growth. A person can not fall in love at first sight, that is, merely attraction. We presume she speaks from her wide range of experience.

Mrs. Byrd—"What is a coxcomb?"

Florence—"A rooster."

Mr. Harrison said that in Detroit no man was deprived of his ballot, but a sophomore said: "No man is deprived of his balance."

In an artist contest in which the two most skillful artists were to take part, a horse was to be the object drawn. The best was to be determined by bringing a live horse to view them. Vida said that when the horse saw one the likeness was so striking that it nighed.

Alva said in the Junior-Sophomore debate that "The Revolution was begun and fought to a close because of representation without taxation."

Miss J.—"Who were the lost tribes, and where did they go?"

Florence—"Why, they were the ten lost tribes, and they went somewhere."

Sophomore knowledge of historical events culminates in the following:

Nebuchadnezzar was aided in his campaigns by Napoleon."

Ethel in algebra class greatly mystified:—"And can you subtract 3 from 5?"

Mr. Collicott—"Certainly; that seems a very easy matter to do, Ethel."



**Junior Translations.**

"Polydectes in saxum versus est."

"Polydectes was seen on a stone."

During the French Revolution the woman mob went from Paris to Versailles after the king with LaFayette as chaperon, says Sidney.

**Freshmen—"Our Babies."**

Mr. Dalrymple—"Lois, what is 'lazy' in Latin?"

Lois—"I'm too lazy to know."

Tired and hungry after the game at Elwood in October, Thurman Robinson went to the restaurant for lunch. Asked if he would have a sandwich, he said that he only wanted "a biscuit with meat between it."

Mrs. Byrd—"What is a swain?"

Irma—"A pig."

Ed Campbell to Mr. Collicott, while arranging senior themes—"Where does your essay come?"

Walter, laughing—"He is one of the teachers."

Hallam, printer, standing near—"Oh, yes, your name is Wilson. You graduated last year."

**Eighth Grade.**

"There is no antidote for poison that I know of."

Prof. Dalrymple found the following in an 8A history paper: "Decoration of independence."

The 8A grammar class was asked to give an example of denial of truth. One pupil said: "Why, Mrs. Byrd, how can we tell an untruth?"

Doxey (in 8A grammar class), discussing the sentence, "Talent is lost:)"

"Talent is a spiritual object and can not be lost."

Mrs. Byrd, (illustrating): "Mind is spiritual. I could lose my mind, could I not?"

Doxey (still unconvinced): "But you can't lose what you never had."

Miss B. Jones (surrounded by a group of 8Bs, asking questions): "Doesn't this remind you of a swarm of bees about honey?"

Isn't her modesty sweet?

**JUNIOR RECEPTION.**

It has long been the custom of the juniors to give a reception to the graduating class a short time before commencement. This year

the junior class of the Alexandria high school, noted for its originality in all things, decided to give the seniors a "May-pole dance," such as the primary teachers often give. On the evening of May 1, 1901, the seniors and their invited friends gathered at Runyan Hall, which is one of the best dancing halls in Alexandria.

In the early part of the evening Walter Norton, the only boy in the senior class, was chosen May queen by unanimous vote. After being crowned with violets he took the royal chair with great dignity. At once Mrs. J. C. Byrd, bowing very gracefully, kissed the hand of the newly-crowned queen, and in this she was immediately followed by Mary Davis and the younger girls.

After this dramatic incident the regular program was followed, which consisted of the May-pole dance, refreshments and the celebrated Virginia Reel under the personal direction of Edgar Rinehart and Mrs. J. Carroll Byrd. Music was furnished by Miss Byrde Neff.

**Asides.**

Mrs. Byrd—"Mr. Collicott has gone and Mr. Busby is not here, so we can have a high time. I can dance now."

Miss Neff—"Mr. Collicott just acted awful at the juniors' dance the other night. He acted as if he didn't enjoy it one bit. I would stay away if I couldn't dance with the crowd."

Junior to senior—"How did you enjoy our reception?"

Senior to junior—"It was a fine dance."

Junior boy to senior girl—"All the credit for the success of the junior dance must be given to the junior girls. The boys had little to do with it."

**CHARACTERIZATION.**

Mr. Giles—"He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest and acts the best."

Mr. Dalrymple—"O, that this too-too solid flesh would melt."

Miss Jones—"I am all discretion and may be trusted to an infinite extent."

Miss Cunningham—

"With slow and noiseless foot-step

Comes she like a shape divine,

Takes the vacant seat beside me

Borrows everything of mine."

Mr. Collicott—"I never made a mistake in my life, at least, one that I could not explain away afterward."

Mrs. Byrd—"I am sorry that with better heed and judgment I had not quoted him."

Mr. Busby—"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"

Miss Neff—"The single wonder among girls."

Miss Booth—"Linked sweetness long drawn out."

Gertrude Lee—"Maiden with the meek brown eyes, in whose orbs a shadow lies, like the dusk in summer skies!"

Homer Hall—"Though short my stature, yet my name extends to heaven itself and earth's remotest ends."

Mary Davis—"Procrastination takes so much time."

**Juniors.**

Ora Hurlock—"I don't care much for him."

Claude Ward—"Is my tie straight?"

Ethel Hall—"In thee I have found a treasure."

Chester Carver—"I'll not be juggled with."

Edna Pierce—"Lift me gently lest you muss my hair."

Guy Bell—"Speak without stammering and like a man."

Ethel Pears—"No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

**Seniors.**

Edith Sechrist—"O, blessed conceit, what could we do without thee?"

Fannie Sutton—"How long, O, Lord, how long."

Lillian Rinehart—"O, you never can tell about a man."

Walter Norton—"Lest men suspect your tales untrue, keep probability in view."

Lottie Frazee—"O, ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?"

Emma Jones—"Better late than never, but better never late."



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## NAMING THE BABY.

---

What shall we name the baby?  
And the question ever new,  
Was discussed both late and early,  
And it seemed they would never get through.

Papa called him "Charley,"  
The children called him "Paul;"  
"Willard" was mama's choice,  
But Verda did not like that at all.

She thought of a young professor  
So fair and, to her, so great,  
And a smile played over her features  
As she thought of the difference in weight.

Of the dear little baby brother  
And the Latin Professor so staid,  
And another smile followed the first one  
At last her choice was made.

And what do you think the choice was?  
Now listen, just this word,  
For, while "Willard" would be a second,  
"Virgil" for first was preferred.

"Virgil" for the Latin professor,  
"Willard" for a freshman tall,  
"Littlefield" was the surname,  
And the baby has lived through it all.

But the Professor? Well!!

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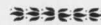
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