



The
Echo



Vol. V.

No. I.

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Dedication

We, the Pupils of Bainbridge High School, dedicate this issue of "The Echo" to our faculty, who have so patiently endured our highly developed talents, our unsurpassable sense of humor and ever-increasing ambition.



FORWARD

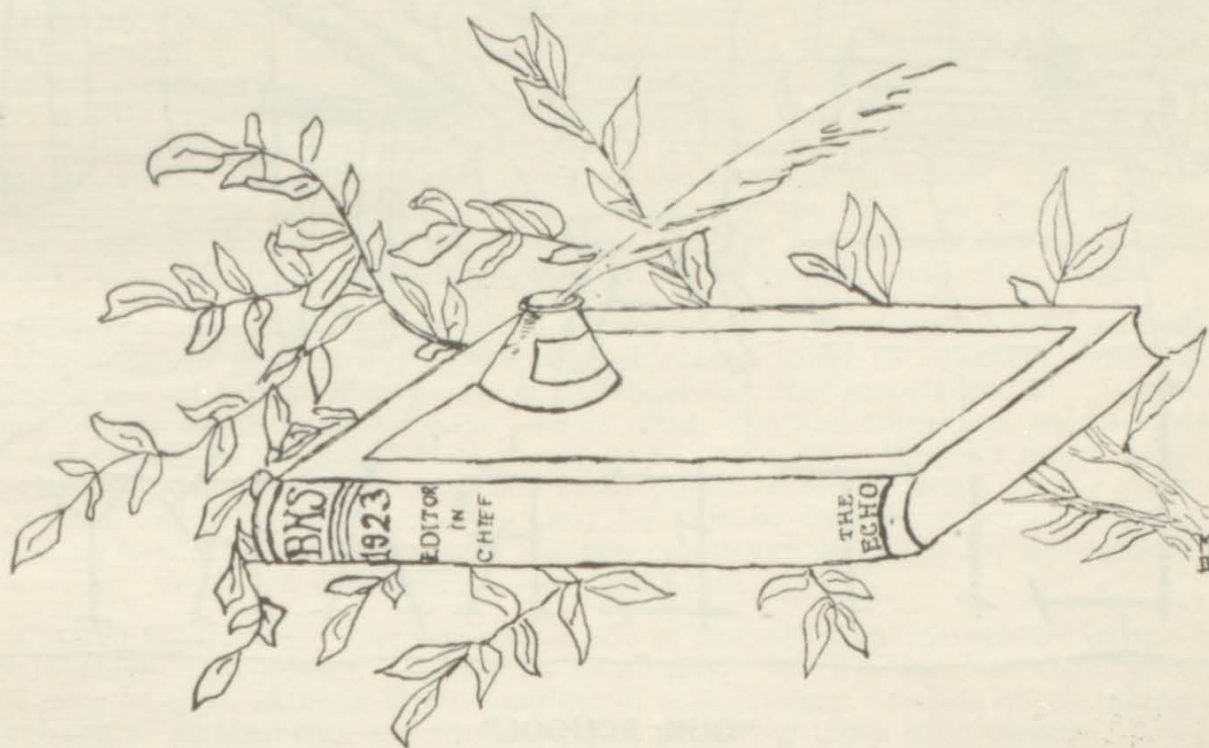
This issue of "THE ECHO," the original work of the students of Bainbridge High School affords you a glimpse of school life with all its attendant activities. It is humorous, at times satirical, sometimes serious, depicting the ideals and aspirations of the student body. Much pleasure and some profit will be derived from a careful perusal of its pages.

F. J. Casey, Prin.

The Echo

Vol. V

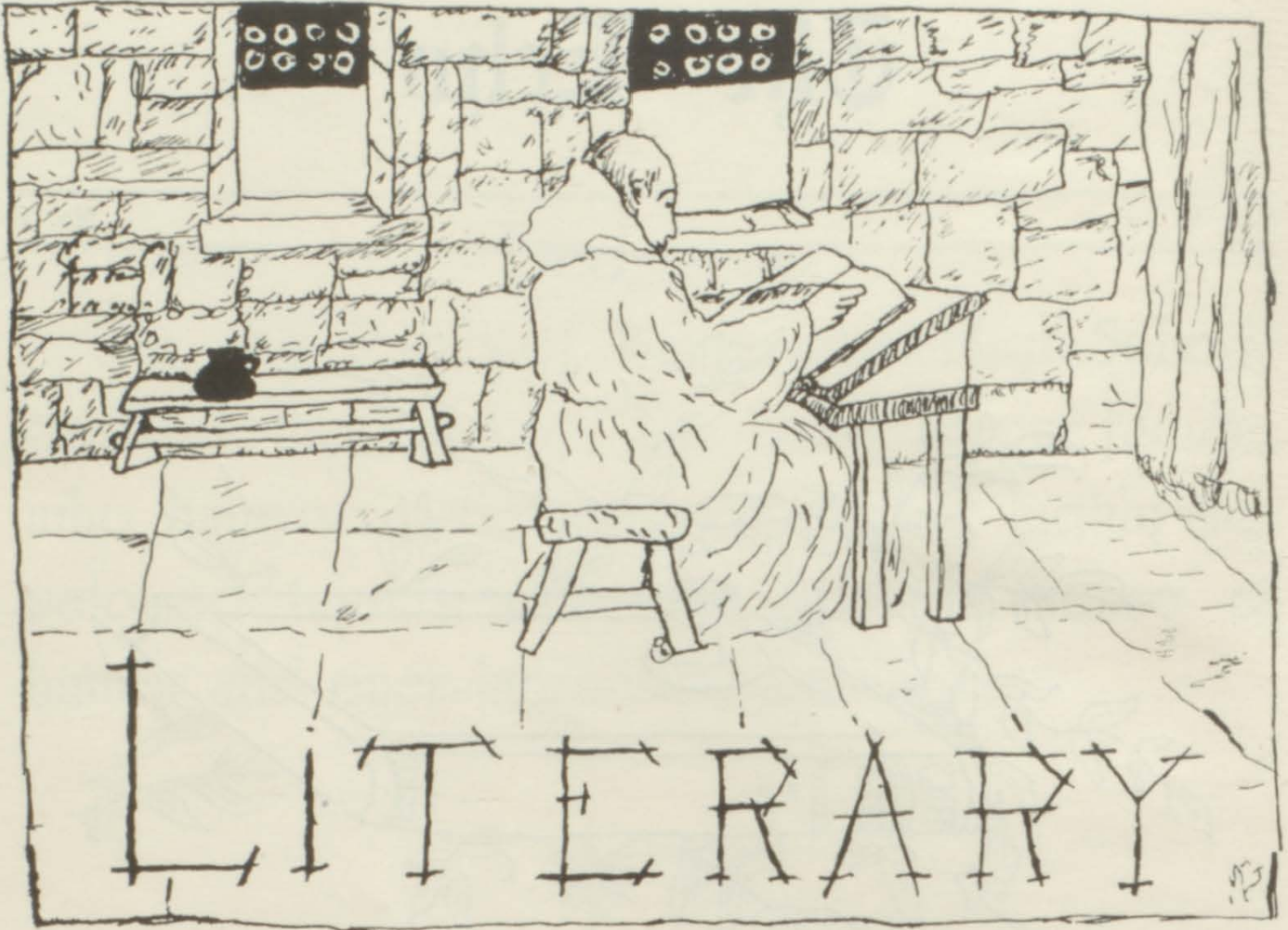
No. 1



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Published by Students of Bainbridge High School, Price per issue thirty-five cents



"OUR SCHOOL"

I feel it to be my duty as editor-in-chief of this issue of the "Echo" to write, or at least to make an attempt at writing an editorial or some sort of a salutation. It is a barrier that must be broken down, not dug under, nor gone around, nor climbed over. The only topic that suggests itself to me (and it certainly suggests itself to my mind five days of the week) is the phrase, "Our School." I have imposed upon the letters of those two words the disagreeable task of heading an opening selection of this, our grand review.

OFFICE: The office of our principal, Mr. Casey, is certainly an interesting place. It is the site of many an encounter, both *pleasant* and *unpleasant*, *agreeable* and *disagreeable*, as it is also a spot that is most *available* when most *undesired*. It seems necessary here to insert a few explanations concerning the *pleasant* and *agreeable* encounters, as well as the *availableness* of this office. I believe that we all without exception, (the students, or perhaps it might be more appropriate to say, those enrolled in B. H. S.) enjoy having a friendly "chat" (explanations of those heavy, deep, mystic and insoluble problems of Mr. Casey's) with our delightfully interesting professor. I write "delightfully interesting," not in a satirical sense, but because Mr. Casey really has (ask any of us) a knack of instructing or imparting knowledge to us which is driven by force (of words) through our seemingly thick skulls. The above mentioned "chats" are *agreeable* because they not only save us hours of toiling strain but because they impart to us certain amounts of encouragement which we all need and know how to appreciate. As to the fact that this spot is *available*, well, "cut up" and you'll arrive there without having to have your picture taken for your passport. (However, it might be well to do this to insure recognition upon your departure). Just "cut up" and you will take the shortest course there without going through any red tape! Con-

cerning the *unpleasant* and *disagreeable* side, as well as the *undesired*, I guess we all know (or at least *ought* to know) what is meant by those adjectives, without disturbing the tranquil poise of our meditative minds to any great extent.

UTILITY: Perhaps utility is not the best word to represent the second letter of our phrase but it will serve my purpose. Utility may be understood in two senses. It may mean the utility of our minds, which will doubtlessly need no explanation; or it may mean the utility of the sustenance of our minds, which is study. Might it not be well to state here, that it takes an educated man to supervise the work of railways, build cities, et cetera, and last of all, tho' in my mind not least of all, to teach our schools. Think it over!

RECREATION: R may stand for recreation or recess, but a little advice about recreation might fit in here very well. Recreation is a fine, yes, a wonderful thing for our minds. In fact it is absolutely necessary for them. There is a time tho' when, if we try a little "recreation," we make a big mistake. That time is during school hours. If we do try it, we are very apt to end up in the most *undesired* site known, the afore mentioned office. Here we always think of the truthful statement which Sir Walter Raleigh made to the headsman who was about to cut the "Sir" off from Raleigh, "it's a sharp medicine, but it cures all ailments." I have found from experience that the time for recreation is either during recess, or out of school. Ask other pupils.

STUDY: Study is the root of all advancement. We must all have an appreciative knowledge of present day topics and subjects in order to advance. That is what we pupils are all supposed to be going to school for, this knowledge, tho' I personally am not so sure we all have the same idea of what, why and wherefore we go there, (at least our actions in the Study Hall do not go to prove it). Without much more ado I believe it behooves each and every one of us pupils to buckle down at our studies for the rest of our school career. You may be able to fool your teachers for a time concerning how *diligently* you study, but you can never, not even for one minute, "put one over on" your own conscience. Now, isn't that so?

CARELESSNESS: Carelessness is one of the worst characteristics of the pupils of Bainbridge High School. It follows us all day. We are careless about getting to our classes on time, careless of our conduct in those classes, careless about taking down "to-morrow's" assignments and careless about preparing those assignments. Above all, carelessness seems to follow our pens ever closer during examination weeks. It is the pupils' ever dreaded "hoodoo."

HABITS: Our habits are our best friends and yet our worst ones. Our best friends are the ones who stand by us in our time of need. So, if we get the habit of doing our best with our studies during school nights and not "galavant" around, that habit will stand by us during our examination periods (those times of great need). Our bad habits always work evil to us. Our habits though, unlike our friends, should have our own undivided attention for we all desire staunch supporters.

OPPORTUNITY: Opportunity has knocked at all of our (students) doors. Have we let him in? Our young lives have been full of opportunities, why not take notice of them before they go by? The first essential, which must be looked after, is the choice of our life's work; the second and last is the following of that choice until the end. Make a careful decision and then stick to it, for as we all know, "a rolling stone gathers no moss." Individuals, who have not enough "gumption," enough energy to see their opportunities as they present themselves, can always be heard to say that fortune (What is fortune but an opportunity?) never knocked at his door but his daughter, Miss Fortune, called instead. How high in our estimation do we place those everlasting grumblers? If it were a little higher I might attempt to tell you how high I hold them, as it is, it is too near a minus quantity for description. Always consider each opportunity as it comes along until that golden one arrives, then follow its trail wherever it may lead.

OBSTINANCY: Obstinancy is a rival fault of carelessness. Every student

seems to delight in seeing just how obstinate he can be. We are obstinate in obeying the rules and orders of our teachers, we are obstinate about preparing those *ever too long* lessons. The first thing, we think of when something new occurs, is to see just how obstinate we can be. It's not meanness, just obstinacy. If, out of our school characters those two characteristics, obstinacy and carelessness, could be removed, I am sure our studies as well as our athletics would be whole heartedly enjoyed, instead of whole heartedly despised. Let's try it next year and find out!

LEADERSHIP: Leadership is as necessary in our school life as are our teachers. Leadership in our studies is an envious and desirous position, therefore, it helps make us (who can only see that position) work a little harder and longer each day. Leadership in our studies, as well as in our athletics, helps to bind us closer together in team work. Leadership is the student's idea of a happy school existence.

Now that you have been patient enough to read this editorial thru (or should I say impatient to get thru) I refer you with all my heart and sympathies to the rest of this unsurpassable literary work. And I hope you will find it delicious to your refined tastes.

—Elliot Danforth, '23.

When a fellow rushes up to you, grabs your hand, crushes your fingers, uses your arm as though it were a pump-handle, tries to see how close he can stand to you, and conversationally effervesces like a bottle of home brew—then, you have met a member of the "Echo" staff with work for you to do.

HUSTLE AND GRIN

That's what our janitor does. At least, he hustles, and I think he tries to grin. That is why we all like him so much, but you'll have to admit it is rather hard to be cheerful when you understand the circumstances. He has to be at the school building at five o'clock on frosty mornings because the heating apparatus is so inadequate, and it takes so long to get the building warm. Then, too, there are small pieces of paper and other articles which seem to find their way to the floor instead of the waste paper basket.

Some people think school teachers have nothing to do, and should therefore be perfectly happy. This is a mistaken idea. They certainly have to work, and it is the hardest kind of work. It is brain work and requires both patience and tact. Their lives are not all sunshine either. Pupils are often heard to say if their standings are down, "Well, she's got a grudge against me, anyway." If they do not pass their exams, many of them say their teacher is unfair, and parents believe them. Many other careless or unfair statements are made which it would behoove people not to believe fully until they know the teachers better.

The life of school children is not a bed of roses, either, as you will remember when you think of your own school days. Some of them work and attain high positions in the world. Even a brilliant man must work. Work brings happiness if done in the right way. Some of them are cheerful; others aren't, though it is a beautiful gift everyone may take for themselves. It is a good password anywhere.

We have all heard the sentiment that every cloud has a silver lining. Isn't this true? The blacker the cloud, the more beautiful is the silver lining. It always brings more than the blackness that the cloud took.

Last, but not least, are our beloved townspeople. Bainbridge is always noted for its flourishing business and its generosity. Its people are also known for their friendliness. Let's keep our reputation.

—Frances Kentfield, '23.

Edgar (at dinner):—"Will you have a little lobster?"
Flo:—"Didn't I tell you not to propose to me again?"

EARLY HISTORY OF BAINBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL

After some controversy regarding sites for a Union Free School, the site selected and adopted March 8, 1873 was the one in present use, viz, one acre of land situated on Richard W. Juliand's farm and bounded on the east by highway called Juliand Street, on southwest by highway running near the house of Rufus and Samuel Bennett, now owned by Herman Van Cott, and on the northwest and northeast by lands of said Juliand being ten rods on Juliand Street and sixteen rods on the other street. Price paid was \$400.00.

A warranty deed for same was given March 27, 1873. At a school meeting held March 22, 1873, the sum of \$8000.00 was voted to build a new school house and for necessary fixtures and furniture. July 19, 1873, the building of the school house was let to O. C. Lattimer, our fellow townsman of Bainbridge, for \$7,800. Oct. 14, 1873, the Board of Education was instructed to furnish seats, procure the necessary library which was done by soliciting, the people giving gladly and to establish an Academic Department.

Jan. 19, 1874, a stormy, cloudy, rainy day, the building was dedicated. Dr.— of First Presbyterian Church of Binghamton preaching the dedicatory sermon. Everything was completed and school opened with E. W. Rogers as principal, the Misses E. H. Gilbert and Addie Baldwin as assistants. The students of the Academic Department were workers. Yes, burners of midnight oil to prepare for next day lessons; to prepare for the public burners of midnight oil to prepare for next day lessons; to prepare for the public weekly exercises, consisting of declamations, reading of essays, acting charades, and being prepared to respond to class drill on a moment's notice. There was no chance to play sick or say "I can't." The command was "Be Ready" and we obeyed.

How did we accomplish all that we did? Two captains were elected every term by the student body. Those two captains chose sides, utilizing every student recorded and I do not need to tell you each captain did his best to prepare exercises for every other week. Professor Rogers had some hobbies and they were principally elocution, intellectual arithmetic and drill, drill, study, study.

District No. 11 had one rule endorsed by the Board of Education. There was to be no going out evenings without permission during school week until Friday night. We had to report for the day passed. "Have or have not whispered, did or did not go out last evening." There were no joy rides, no card parties or dances until Friday night. We were physically prepared, yes, intellectually too, for the next day's work. Sounds arbitrary to you students of to-day, does it not?

No graduating work was prepared during the administration of Professor Rogers. His resignation as principal was received and accepted by the Board July 14, 1876.

He was succeeded by Prof. A. G. Kilmer of Cobleskill who remained until the close of the summer term of 1879. Ask the old pupils, they will tell you it was the same old grind from 1876 to '79. But there was a great deal to secure. A graduating course was laid out and adopted. Our first graduating exercises were held the year of 1878. Misses Anna Juliand (Dickinson) and Lina Freiott (Copley) were the first graduates of Bainbridge High School.

Our standing then among the High Schools of the State was third according to Bardeen's School Bulletin. Many of our students of the yesterdays in our High School Calendar are now filling many responsible positions. Its service flag of the World War had more stars on it than any other association in Bainbridge.

All honor to Bainbridge High School from January 19th, 1874, until to-night 1923, forty-nine years old.

I wish to make an appeal to the pupils of to-day. Won't you put Bainbridge High School on the map of New York State with its standing as A No. 1, no less than third?

—Bainbridge High School's Oldest Student.

OUR SERVICE FLAG

This afternoon as I was looking about the Study Hall, I saw our beautiful service flag which hangs above the piano. We have all become so accustomed to seeing it every day in school, that it has not much meaning to us, and we forget what it is the symbol of. I had never thought much about it before, but to-day I began to wonder.

Why was that design chosen? The colors were doubtless chosen because they were the colors of our American flag, but who originated that design? And those stars—whom do they stand for? Of course, they represent the boys from here, former students of our school, who went to fight in order that the world might be made safe for democracy. But what were they like? Did they have the same thoughts, the same ideals and ambitions as we? What was their attitude toward their school life? Were they lazy and indifferent in their studies? Did they sit here in this room, waiting for dismissal, thinking that the clock was dreadfully slow and that it would never come four o'clock? No, I do not think so. Those boys who went to fight in order that we might be happy, could not have been lazy and indifferent. If they had been, when the test finally came, they would never have met it so cheerfully and nobly.

When we think of all this, can we again pass that flag with indifference? I'm sure we cannot, and let us try to be worthy of that great sacrifice they made.

—Mildred Petley, '24.

THE MOTH AND THE FLAME

The new teacher was young and pretty, with the snappiest brown eyes and soft hair that made lovely curves about her face before it rested in a shining knot in the hollow of her neck, and her smile was bewitching. She also seemed "very clever and vastly interesting." Altogether, the fourth year high was ready to drop on its knees and worship.

Burt, most of all, but strange to say, the teacher seemed so wrapped up in pursuing nouns and pronouns, metaphors and infinitives, that she never saw a fellow. She looked right through him and found the vacancy where those bits of English ornament ought to be.

Burt longed for some sign of personal recognition, so he studied his lesson until he could recite it in his sleep. That day, of course, she didn't call on him. He spread himself on his composition, but the time was limited and she began at the other end of the alphabet, so he had to listen to the Misses Crumb, Cook and Cooper read their blurbs, while his own masterpiece waited over for correction "outside of class." He was so busy planning ways and means to ensnare her attention, that he neglected to diagram the involved sentence he had for home study and she called on him. His recitation was miserable, but all she said was, "Repeat for to-morrow."

He pondered about it all the way home, and when going to school the next morning, he was so thoroughly absorbed that some ice in front of the post-office at first escaped his notice. It was not for long, however, for he soon went sprawling on his stomach. This was a terrible down-fall for his Senior dignity. Worst of all, as he was scrambling to his feet, "The Teacher" appeared around Noyes' corner just in time to see the catastrophe.

This was the crisis, and at last he had a scheme. If she wouldn't notice him for good deeds she would notice him for evil, and he had a daring one planned. Consequently, he crossed over to Fletcher's store and purchased a hard, red apple which he put in his pocket.

The class was seated waiting for the teacher to make the entry of attendance in her notebook, and for once, the room was very quiet. The class was watching Burt, who was making strange signals. The teacher's head was bent over her book. It was up "Hill" business, but it had to be done.

Burt took his apple firmly in his hand and bit out a huge piece which parted from its moorings with the ripping, crashing, tearing sound of a ferryboat bucking its landing.

The teacher raised her eyes. Burt was ostentatiously chewing and crunching and champing. The teacher smiled a cool, superior sort of smile that started slowly out from the corners of her mouth, and spread itself gradually into the ripples of her hair. Unconsciously, the faces of the class reflected the cool, slow smile.

Then the teacher patted a wisp of hair into place and said in a cool low voice, "Why didn't you think up something really new?" Then, with just a hint of a yawn, she turned to Freida at the other end of the line, saying, "Freida, we'll begin with you to-day. Read the first stanza of 'Comus'."

You see, Burt had it all planned the other way! He would bite that apple at the roll call and she would jump up exclaiming, "Leave the room instantly! I shall insist upon an apology from you before admitting you again to my classes."

Then he would go into the office and sit there until she came in after school and talked his case over with Mr. Casey, who would look sternly at him and say he was astonished and grieved at such actions from a Senior, and all that; and tell him it was his duty to apologize to the teacher at once.

He would apologize most humbly; he had the speech all ready, and it would melt her heart of stone. She would shake hands with him, and then he would carry her books all the way home for her, and they would be friends forever after.

But she didn't "bite" at all.

—Thelma E. Taylor, '23

AN ESSAY ON FROGS

The Bainbridge Board of Education has caused a classical essay to be immortalized. It's about frogs and was written by George Heigold. The essay: "What a wonderful bird the frog are! When he stand he sit, almost. When he hop he fly, almost. He ain't got no tail hardly, either. When he sit, he sit on what he ain't got, almost."

TIME WILL TELL

Time means minutes, hours, days, months and sometimes years, but the events that take place during this time are what count.

Years ago there was a sweet little boy and now look at him, for Dick is large now, but time will tell what he will be in the future.

Prince is small now and has to look up to people, especially his big brother, but time will tell.

Muriel has fun in school now, but will she when regents come? Time will tell.

Time will tell whether Leon will continue to be a treasure, and whether Willis will always be a non-dancer, or Kenneth always curl his beautiful straight locks.

Mary Nutter, our dainty little girl, may be a famous stage actress with Mr. Quackenbush as hero. It's only a matter of time that will answer our inquiries.

Our English Class will make time count, and with our English teacher's help we may have a brilliant career. Time will tell.

—Pauline Loudon, '25.

"Mr. Casey," said Richard looking up from his composition, "is waterworks all one word or do you spell it with a hydrant?"



SENIOR CLASS

Top Row (left to right): Burritt Haddow and Elliot Danforth. Middle Row (left to right): Freida Freidel, Thelma Taylor, Frances Cooper and Ruth Hollenbeck. Bottom Row (left to right): Owena Crumb, Vivian Walker, Frances Kentfield and Dorotha White.

"SENIORS"

The Senior class of 1923 elected their officers for the year early in September. They are as follows: Burritt Haddow, President; Owena Crumb, Vice-President; Francis Kentfield, Treasurer; Dorothea White, Secretary.

Throughout the year the class has been selling pencils and candy. The benefits have been turned into the treasury to help defray the expenses of the members who took the trip to Washington during the Easter vacation. The second lot of candy was sold in about two weeks. The class thanks the townspeople for helping them so liberally and hungrily.

On Friday, the twenty-seventh of October, a Halloween party was held at the school house for the purpose of raising money. At seven-thirty the doors of the building were opened to a very large crowd of students. Tickets were sold by Frances Kentfield on the stairs. A fish pond was very cleverly arranged and operated by Vivian Walker. Frieda Friedel sold refreshments in one of the class rooms. The Chamber of Horrors was put in charge of Burritt Haddow, who with the help of an assistant made it truly a "chamber of horrors." By the shrieks and screams of those who entered anyone might have thought that they either enjoyed themselves or were very much frightened. The chief attractions were in the Study Hall. There were two booths on one side of the room, one was "What the Blind Man Saw in Egypt," the other "A Show for Men Only." In the opposite corner fortunes were told by Thelma Taylor. Candy was also sold in the Study Hall.

As the evening wore on and everyone had been to every place of attraction, there was an exhibition on the platform. A string was held by two people, on this string were tied three doughnuts. Three persons were selected from the crowd present, they had to try to eat a doughnut without the aid of their hands. Mr. Casey, Mr. Bradley and Dr. Johnson were chosen. The attempt turned out unsuccessful as the doughnuts were not tied strongly enough and through the violent assaults upon them, became loose. Each room that was used for the party was trimmed with corn stalks, pumpkins and with added touches of orange and black. A good time was enjoyed by all.

The Lyceum course was put in charge of the Senior class and Boys' Athletic Association. The numbers scheduled were: The Van Brown Trio, Eugene Knox, Lillian Johnson Duo and Montraville Wood. Amherse Ott took the place of Mr. Wood who died a few weeks before he was to appear in Bainbridge. The Van Brown Trio were very entertaining and rendered to all who attended an enjoyable evening. Eugene Knox made his selection seem very true to life. Some of his numbers were humorous and others extremely sorrowful. The Lillian Johnson Duo, consisting of Miss Johnson and Miss Armstrong, was very pleasing. Their old familiar songs were exceptionally fine. Amherse Ott gave us his famous lecture "Sour Grapes," the first of a series of lectures. All who heard this number of the Lyceum were very much pleased and would like the enjoyment of hearing others.

OUR TRIP TO WASHINGTON

We had it pretty well advertised that the Seniors were going to Washington during the Easter vacation. Everybody in town had been attacked at least a dozen times a piece by the Seniors who were continually selling things for this worthy cause. When ever anyone saw a Senior coming toward him with a suspicious box under one arm, that person quickly made his escape in the opposite direction. In spite of many misfortunes, we finally succeeded in scraping together enough cash to at least get away from Bainbridge.

The day we started—Saturday, March thirtieth, was a typical March day—cold and windy—so cold that we had to take along an extra trunk packed with extra fur overcoats, soapstones, blankets, and several changes of red flannels. Some of us had never

been in one of those funny jointed wagons they call "trains," so of course they soon became sea-sick, while the others were rocked to sleep, and snored so loudly that the rest became still more sea-sick, thinking they heard the steamer whistles blowing.

Washington was much different than we thought it would be—not at all like Bainbridge. Small trains of only one joint kept running up and down right in the streets, and one had the audacity to run over a man before our very eyes. It's awful what these cities are coming to! We marched right over to the White House to report this scene to Mr. Harding, but when we got there, he was busy helping Mrs. Harding wash the dinner dishes, so he told us we'd have to call again. We let on that we'd be glad to come, but he needn't think we were going to chase around after him all the time.

We were surprised to find that Washington's monument was so big—it's quite a bit higher than the town clock here at home. They took us up in a cage that just seemed to go up and down without any work. At Lincoln's memorial we walked around and looked at ourselves in Mirror Lake, which is in front of the memorial.

The War and Navy Building and the Treasury were just big buildings where everybody was busy so we didn't stay long. At the Bureau of Printing and Engraving we hoped to get enough stamps and bills to last us the rest of our lives, but they were so stingy that we could only stand and look at them.

The Congressional Library is lots prettier than ours—its all marble and gold with beautiful paintings and statues, but it's very easy to get lost in such a big place, and it isn't in ours. We thought some of having our new schoolhouse built like the Capitol, but later we found it wouldn't work at all, because whenever you whisper there, the echo is so loud, everyone can hear plainly what is said.

The museums were sources of much interest—there were all kinds of animals and birds that looked like they were alive only they stayed in the same position and never even blinked. The lions and bears looked rather dangerous, but they too seemed to be in a trance or something. Anyway we got away safely.

The medical museum was full of people pickled and canned, and of course some of our crowd who had never seen people preserved in this way, were somewhat horror-stricken. The aircraft museum was entirely different from the medical. In it, there were machines that looked like grasshoppers, only many times larger and they didn't hop. They seemed to be in a trance too, and I think it said on one of the signs that they were airplanes—they must be distant relatives of grasshoppers.

One afternoon we went to the zoo and there the birds and animals were quite alive, and it seemed so queer that every kind of animal should come to that one place to live; like in Noah's ark. Some of us nearly got a jail apartment for the remainder of the year trying to get some of those beautiful plumes from the ostriches to decorate our Easter bonnets.

The Pan-American Building greatly surprised us: inside the building which was very beautiful, was a real tropical garden—a fountain with goldfish, banana and coconut trees, palms and all kinds of southern vegetation; right in the building! We also saw there the room where the Peace conference was held—anyone ought to be peaceful in such a room as that.

Mt. Vernon was a delightful old place, and we approved of everything there except the beds—to get into one of them, one must have to use a stepladder and then dive to keep from bumping his head on the canopy. The view down the Potomac with the Rocky mountains in the distance was beautiful.

The chief places of attraction were Child's restaurant and of course we went up and down on the elevators as much as possible, because the operators were—a-hem!—sometimes more entertaining than staying in our rooms. One of us was known to walk clear to the top floor of the hotel, so she could have a longer ride; but that's a secret, so don't tell.

We couldn't stay long in Philadelphia so we took a ride in a big automobile with windows all around it, which was called a bus. Everything there has a historical yarn attached to it, such as the Liberty Bell, the Curtis Publishing Company, and Wanamaker's store. We saw Penn's, Grant's, Scott's and Robert Morris' homes, but they didn't look very modern and attractive, so we didn't stop. We wanted to visit the mint and fill our pockets with souvenirs, but because we looked so much like robbers, they wouldn't let us in.

When we finally pulled into New York, we were nearly swept off our pins. Such a crowd! The traffic was so congested—and the cops were alive and real—not like the dummy we had in Bainbridge once.

Well, we went to some more museums, and to an aquarium where there were all kinds of fishes in little glass ponds. It was a dandy place to go fishing, but they wouldn't let us. The skyscrapers were immense! We had to look up so much, that our heads even yet, are tilted backward just a little.

We took a boat out to the statue of Liberty, and even climbed up inside. We couldn't go up any higher than her head, but we got a wonderful view. I thought once I could see the shores of France, but I guess it must have been Cuba.

We had loads of fun, and didn't miss a thing though everything isn't mentioned here. Our efforts were well worth while, and we greatly appreciate everything that was done for us by the people of Bainbridge.

—Thelma E. Taylor, '23

A STIRRING SCENE

While we were in Washington, we had many thrilling adventures, but the most horrible and blood-curdling one happened while we were going to the White House. We were very tired—so tired, in fact, that we could hardly put one foot ahead of the other—and were walking very slowly past a large barn. All at once, we heard a noise and, looking round, beheld a large black horse madly careering around the barn. Just at first, it was rather funny to see him stand almost on his head and kick at nothing, but our laughter was changed to dismay when he suddenly wheeled and headed straight for our street. Mrs. Odell, the chaperon, was walking ahead with Frances Cooper and Frieda Friedel. Thelma and I were close behind. Dorothea, who had had an attack of appendicitis, and Ruth, always the good friend of the suffering, were behind us. I looked at the iron fence beside me which, although I am good at that sort of thing, was entirely too high to climb over and began to wonder if I could squeeze through between the bars, but decided it was utterly impossible as they were only about four inches apart. Appendicitis and tired feet were forgotten as we took to our heels and followed the chaperon, who said she was going to crawl under a car. However, fortunately for us, the horse went in the opposite direction and we have never seen him since. Frances Cooper, though she has admitted through a deal of persuasion, that she never was so scared in her life, used her characteristic expression like the good sport she is and said, "I wouldn't have missed it for worlds."

—Frances Kentfield, '23.

KNEW HIS LIMITATIONS

Richard Ramsdell, when told by his Sunday school teacher that he would leave his body behind when he died, said in alarm: "I don't understand that."

"You see," explained the teacher, "you will take all that is good with you to the better land and leave all that is naughty here on earth."

"Oh," Dicky exclaimed understandingly, and then after a moment's thought added soberly: "I guess I'm going to be pretty thin up there, teacher."

It is best to throw the mantle of charity over the mistakes of your friends. You may need a circus tent to cover your own.

CHARGE OF THE STUDENT'S BRIGADE

Half a page, half a page,
 Half a page onward,
 All for the Regent's reading
 Toward the five-hundred!
 "Forward, the Student's Brigade."
 "Read like mad!" They said;
 All for the History readings
 Towards their five hundred.

"Forward, the Student's Brigade!"
 Was there a one dismayed?
 Not tho' the pupil knew
 Someone had blundered:
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Their's but to do and die:
 All of the history readings
 Towards their five hundred.

Whispers to right of them
 Whispers in left of them
 Whispers in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Stormed at by words and yell,
 Boldly they read and well,
 Into the jaws of the Regents
 To the tune of the old school bell
 Towards their five hundred.

Flashed all their eyeballs bare,
 Flashed as they turn'd in air

Reading all books that were there,
 Charging a library, while
 All the school wondered:
 Plunged in the library smoke
 Right thro' the books they broke
 Sophomore and Senior
 Reeled from the teacher's stroke
 Shattered and sunder'd,
 Still they read on; and on
 Towards the five-hundred.

Nagging to right of them,
 Nagging to left of them
 Nagging behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Stormed at by word and yell
 While pupil after pupil fell,
 They that had read so well
 Come thro' the jaws of Regents,
 Heard again the old school bell,
 All that was left of them,
 After the five hundred.

When their glory fade?
 O, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Student's Brigade
 O, the five hundred!

A CERTIFICATE OF CHARACTER

A telephone pole never hits an automobile except in self defense.

Owena:—"We had criticism of poetry in English to-day."

Beryle:—"Is that so? What was the matter with it?"

Mr. Casey (striking a tuning fork):—"What's that, music or noise?"

Adah Loomis:—"Music."

Mr. Casey (striking a tin pan):—"And what's that?"

Adah:—"That's Jazz."

Harry:—"I bet I can make a worse face than you can."

Muriel:—"You ought to be able to, look at the start you got."

She:—"Is stealing a kiss grand larceny or petit larceny?"

He:—"In this case its just grand."

Charles:—"Say, father, is it true that nature never wastes anything?"

Father:—"Yes, Charles, I guess its true."

Charles:—"Then what's the good of a cow having two horns when she can't even blow one?"



JUNIOR CLASS

Top Row (left to right): Willis Miller, Richard Ramsdell, Leon Johnson, Kenneth Ireland, Roland Andrews and Harry Harmon. Middle Row (left to right), (Members in this row played roles in "Mr. Bob"): Florabell Coates, Mildred Petley, Adah Loomis, Robert Nutter (a Post-graduate), Charles Perry and Edward Partridge. Bottom Row (left to right): Beatrice Forsythe, Lydia Collins, Gladys Smith, Irene Robbins, Carrie Cheesbro, Mary Hollenbeck and Ethel Cook.

Jolly Juniors
 Useful and gay
 Never disheartened
 In work or play.
 Oh, what a jolly class
 Rah, rah, Juniors!

Dear "Mr. Bob,"

As you "came down" this fall "for the boat races," we thought you might be interested in an account of some of our Junior activities.

During the first week of school a Junior meeting was held at which the following officers were elected: President, Lydia Collins; Vice President, Gladys Smith; Secretary, Myrtle Getter; Treasurer, Mary Hollenbeck. We found that our class consisting of twenty-two members was the largest in High School.

Plans were made for the Junior play, "Mr. Bob." The try-out was held one evening at the schoolhouse. Any Junior was allowed to try out for any part in the play. Three high school teachers were the judges. You will find the names of the cast under the picture of it which we are sending you. The play was given in the Town Hall, November 3, 1922 under the direction of Miss Anderson and Miss Norton. It was a great success. The following Friday evening Miss Anderson gave a dinner to the members of the cast at the Central Hotel.

In September Miss Booth, our Freshman English teacher, came to see us. We were all delighted to see her again. During her visit our class gave a "Hot Dog" roast at the home of Irene Robbins. After eating we sat around the bonfire and amused ourselves by telling stories and singing school songs. Later in the evening we went into the house where we played games until time to return home. A severe thunder shower made our ride home very exciting.

In November our Junior class rings came. We were all delighted with them. When you "come down" again, we will show them to you.

In January we held a party in the Domestic Science House for Miss Hill in honor of her birthday. We had a fine time playing games and trying stunts. About 9:30 Gladys Smith and Florabel Coates served refreshments of cocoa and fancy cakes.

Sleigh rides were very popular and fashionable this winter and the Juniors were not deficient in this line. In February we went on one, attending the movies at Sidney. All went well, until coming out of the movies, we found it was pouring rain. Of course coming home in the sleigh was out of the question, so the boys went down to Bainbridge with Mr. Fletcher, who had taken the Freshmen up in his car, procured three cars and returned to Sidney for the rest of us. At last after a blow-out and an hour's delay, we reached home.

Our English III class was divided into two sections after the first quarterly tests. Each division formed a club to have charge of our oral days. In the English III A class they formed a Town Board, each member of the class having some office as in the Village Board. Each Friday they have a meeting to discuss some topic of interest to the town or school, the members giving their side of it in the way their offices would look at it. The following are the members:—

Edward Partridge	Town President
Harry Harmon	Town Clerk
Charles Perry	Tax Collector
Leon Johnson	Police Officer
Roland Andrews	Road Commissioner
Willis Miller	Overseer of the Poor
Claire Montgomery	Board of Health
Lydia Collins	Board of Education

The English III B club has a regular business meeting each Friday and provides an oral program. A few times they dramatized parts of the books they were studying, "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Mill on the Floss." The last Friday in each month they published a paper which was read in class. This paper, which was named "Hard Times," was very interesting.

You have probably heard about the School Savings Bank which was started in the school this winter. The Juniors won the banner for having a perfect class in banking. So far the Juniors alone have banked \$249.87.

We hope that we may have as interesting an account to send you in our next annual letter, as in this.

Sincerely,
Class of 1924.

SURE SIGN

Sam:—"Hello, Leon, who's the girl?"

Leon:—"What do you mean?"

Sam:—"Well, you're not dressed up like that for fun are you?"

Did some one say Elliot was seen in the zoo in New York in front of a baboon cage humming, "He's a Cousin of Mine"?

O-E-CE-CA

On the seventh of the Crow Moon,
Met thirteen of Bainbridge High School,
Met at Betty Finch's, Uda's
She the firefly, she the cheerful one.
Met they there to build their Camp Fire.
Learned they all the Camp Fire secrets,
How true maidens can cheerful be,
How to scatter love and sunshine
Glorify work, be happy and free.

Of symbolism learned they the language,
Chose they names with secret meanings,
Named their Camp Fire O-E-CE-CA
"To do a little better each day."
Planned to some poor spot engladen.
Tried the chapel programme to enliven,
Tried rejuvenating old school melodies
Tried to make new spirit there.

Then Wi-se-ya, our Camp Fire anchor,
She the steadfast one and true,
She the thinker and the planner
Formed a scheme for O-E-CE-CA.
Said she then to her Camp Fire.
"Go ye to our High School lab.
Where the cob-webs bind together

Test tubes, chemicals, and glass."

Forth into the lab straightway
All together went O-E-CE CA.
Proudly, with their caps and aprons;
And the dirt hung round them, o'er them.
"Do not move me, O-E-CE-CA!"
Chanted forth o'd "Johnny Bones"
Sang the cob-webs, hanging heavily
"Do not sweep us down!"

But they heeded not nor heard them,
For their thoughts were Camp Fire stand-
ards

"Give service, glorify work, and be
happy."

Then upon stepladders rising,
O-E-CE-CA used their scrub clothes
Scarce a bottle 'scaped attention
Scarce a shelf was left undone.

Then the heart of O-E-CE-CA
Throbbled and shouted and exulted
As they bore themselves homeward,
For the Camp Fire law they'd glorified
For the Camp Fire law they'd kept.

Kenneth E'dred came out of a room where his father was tacking down a carpet. He was crying lustily.

"Why Kenneth, what's the matter?" asked his mother.

"P—p—p—papa hit his finger with the hammer," sobbed Kenneth.

"Well you needn't cry about a thing like that," comforted his mother, "Why didn't you laugh?"

"I did," sobbed Kenneth.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Top Row (left to right): Maurice Hayes, Miner Cooper, Prince Danforth, George Heigold and Howard Sands. Bottom Row (left to right): Edith Moore, Marguerite Porter, Helen Cuyle, Helen Clark, Emma Perry, Mary Nutter, Muriel Phillips, Elizabeth Finch and Elizabeth Taber.

SOPHOMORES

I didn't mean to be an eaves dropper but I couldn't help hearing this conversation between Mrs. Wiggs and her neighbor. She had just come down to the cabbage patch to select an extra fine cabbage for her Sunday dinner. But the main reason was (I think) to gossip with her neighbor. I, sitting by an open window near by, was forced to listen to her chatter, and I will tell you word for word, what I heard.

"Howdy Mirandy," she began, "aren't young folks getting the queerest ideas? When I went to school, we went to study, and we didn't have no such tom-foolery as they do nowadays. You probably heard how them So—Soph—Sophomores up to the High School have been actin'? As I tell my man, it was a shame the way they treated those little Freshmen soon as they got in High School. They sent them a real pert letter ordering them to be down to the bridge at a certain time, and what did they do but drive them clean up to Loudon's, and ininishiate them, run 'em up and down hill blindfolded and I don't know what all. But then, kids will be kids and you can't stop 'em."

Here Mirandy put in a few words but Mrs. Wiggs wanted to talk, and talk she would, and even Mirandy couldn't keep her quiet. So she continued.

"Then Mirandy, the Freshmen took the Sophomores on a jaunt to get even with them. So one night after school instead of going home and studying the way they should, they all had to pike down to Marion Nichols', and mind you they had cider to drink! They said it was sweet, but who knows whether it was or not? Says I to my man, "That's pretty near the limit. If milk or water ain't good enough for the young 'uns without drinkin' cider, its time they come down off their perch! I declare!"

"Pears like they thought they'd had enough such outlandish doings, so they rented the Town Hall Christmas and had a real high-toned party. The Sophomores went down there every night after school for a week and trimmed and trimmed! That Perry girl and the Taber girl took things in hand that time and they fixed up a lot of slop they called punch! But they ate it all, they said, and there won't no cider around that time. They fixed some other things to eat too, I don't know what all there was. Now cabbage is real tasty with bread and butter, but they never bought a one of me; run up a bill for a lot of other stuff at one of the stores! I guess they had a real good time, if they didn't, it wasn't because they didn't stay long enough for they never left until midnight. Ain't that nice hours for young folks to be out dancing and playing games?"

"Say Mirandy, do you smell anything queer?"

"No, nothing but that rotten cabbage over there."

"Well, I guess they do study **some** up there to the High School and I guess some of 'em have got a few brains, maybe. One of the girls wrote a song and they all sang it in chapel. In their English c'lass they have read "Lorna Doone," "Deserted Village," "Gray's Elegy," and "Silas Marner." I never read a one of 'em and I don't care if I ain't. Do you?"

"No, I never did take much to book learnin', but—don't you smell something burnin'?"

"Yes mam, it's my corned beef I was going to have with my cabbage, and you said you didn't smell anything! Miranda Blake, I'll never speak to you again! Here you've kept me out here a talkin' to me on purpose to let my meat burn! I'll never as long as I live, speak to you again!" And Mrs. Wiggs sallied indignantly into the house.

—Emma Perry, '25.

"FRESHMEN"

Freshmen we all were, new to high school life, and very "green." After the first few weeks we received an invitation from the "777's" who were utter strangers to us. At the appointed time we met at the river bridge and beheld "the beaming faces of the Sophs." After being decorated with a green arm band we walked to the home of Pauline Loudon where a delightful luncheon was served; hot dogs, rolls, corn and lemonade. After this we were blindfolded and initiated. The singing of school songs and the hearty shouting of yells closed a day which will long be remembered by the Freshmen.

Really interesting business to run a play we freshmen all thought after the successful dramatization of "Ivanhoe." After reading the book, the members of the class wrote a four act play which we presented to the "Home and School Club." About two weeks was spent upon this play, procuring costumes and planning stage decorations but we all agree that now we know much more about the direction of a theatrical than we ever did before.

Each club, business firm or class must have officers, so about the first thing we did when we organized the Freshmen class was to elect officers. For the first semester, Maurice Colwell, President; Mary Dunham, Vice President; Myrtle Kentfield, Secretary and Treasurer. However our treasury was growing as well as the size of the class and so it was necessary, the last semester to have the office of Secretary and Treasurer divided. Harold Kilmer now acts as President; Doris Wilcox, Vice President; Kenneth Eldred, Secretary; and Ward Kirkland, Treasurer.

Such a disappointment to prepare for a sleigh ride and then to give it up! We freshmen wished very much to have a sleigh ride. So one Friday night we met up town in our sleigh riding togs prepared to go to Sidney, to see the movies. No one can imagine what a feeling of sorrow was ours when we couldn't get a team. We had all gathered in Clarence Fletcher's store to talk the matter over and he offered to take us in his truck. It took us a few minutes to get used to the idea, but when we did it didn't take us long to start. Now we found it necessary to think of a chaperon, and again Mr. Fletcher came to the rescue. He got his wife to consent to go, and then at last we were ready to go, all but "piling in." This took quite a while but at eight o'clock we were on our way. We reached the theatre near the end of the first show, so we stayed for the second. After the movies we went to a restaurant to refresh ourselves with "luke warm hot chocolate."

Here also we found the Juniors, who had come on a real sleigh ride and not a truck ride. It began to rain and they had nothing but the open sleigh to ride home in. So our chauffeur, Mr. Fletcher volunteered to take the Junior boys home to get cars, and we were obliged to remain in Sidney until his return. Finally we started and reached home at one o'clock having had a little tire trouble along the way.

Most everyone is interested in newspapers. The Freshmen are not an exception, for they publish the "Jerico Journal" a monthly periodical. The Vice-President of the class acts as editor, and the heads of the other departments are chosen according to the varied abilities of the individuals. The departments include the jokes, novelties, styles, weather, news items, athletics, question box, art, editorials, and several others that are needed for a complete newspaper. It is rather a difficult task to compile a successful paper but the "Frosh" enjoy doing it and are generally repaid when the paper is read in class. After the class reading, the Journal is posted on the bulletin board for a few days that the other classes may enjoy it. The Freshmen edited papers this year which have proved good practice for themselves and usually entertaining to others.

English I class entertained the Sophomores at a Hallowe'en party at the home of Marion Nichols, the second week in October, 1922. Suitable decorations for the occasion consisted in autumn foliage and red berries. Games were played, followed by refreshments of sandwiches, pumpkin pie and cider. Later in the evening a witch,

"specially hired for the occasion" as Miss Hill said, told the fortunes of each one present, while the others danced. The party closed with the singing of the school song.

Nearing the close of school, the activities lessen to some extent; for the remainder of the year in English class we are to read "Lady of the Lake," "As You Like It" and possibly "Treasure Island" to which we all look forward.

WARD'S SOLILOQUY

My parents forbade me to smoke,
 I don't
 Nor listen to a naughty joke;
 I don't
 They make it clear I must not wink
 At pretty girls, nor even think
 About intoxicating drink;
 I don't
 To dance or flirt is very wrong
 I don't
 Wild youths chase women, wine and song
 I don't
 I kiss no girls, not even one,
 I do not know how it is done
 You wouldn't think I have much fun.
 I don't.

RECOGNITION OR RECALL

I
 Went for a
 Hike in the woods,
 I
 Saw such a
 Funny insect,
 I
 Immediately tho't
 Of my biology
 Teacher.

THE SAD ONION

An onion must be very sad,
 For when my mother pares,
 She sympathizes with it so,
 That soon she's shedding tears!

A WILDERNESS TALE

The rays of the bright morning sun sparkled, glinted and danced on the waters of a lonely little lake in the northern wilds. Bordered on all sides by dense forests one side of which gradually rose to the height of a mountain peak, the lake presented a scene of such animated beauty that even the singing birds of the spring seemed to pour forth their inspirations in voluble vivacity.

About halfway up the mountain, already mentioned, was a large rock, flat on top, and surrounded by a thick growth of underbrush. Upon this council rock, was a group of dark Indian chiefs. The fierce lashings of the waves against the shore of the lake could not compare with the evil expressions that flitted transitorily across their swarthy visages, or the glints of the sun on the waves to the gleams that shot from the eyes of the younger savages into the thickets as they kept their watch for enemies.

From the motions that accompanied the low speech of the Indians in council, which were frequently directed toward the lake, it could be gathered that this same mentioned lake was thought to be an offender.

At length, the oldest warrior, who had hitherto been silent, arose and spoke in Indian thus, "My brothers, waste not your time in vain words. Since the rising of the sun you have discovered in the very center of your camps, a spy sent from the pale faces to do us harm. He has escaped; he is a dangerous enemy; we must find him and offer him to the Great Spirit at the stake! We have trailed this spy to this point, and now," he continued with a final burst of indignation, "the lake has borne him from us, and no longer can we see the print of his foot. Awake, my braves, be doing, he must be at the other side of the lake!"

Three groups were dispatched, one to canoe across the lake, and the other two to circle the lake, starting from the same point and going away from one another until they met at the other side.

When about fifteen minutes had elapsed, a frightful, long, triumphant whoop of victory echoed across the expanse of water. The Indians soon appeared one by one in

file, the two first bearing a young man exceedingly weak from his exertions in gaining the opposite shore. It was this weakness that had caused him to again become a captive.

At the sun's setting, the Indians reached their encampment, and preparations were at once made to burn the young pale face. The women and children gathered about the stake and clamored forth their ridicules and taunts upon the gallant officer. Suddenly, the pale face broke his silence and uttered an exclamation of surprise. Following his gaze, the Indians saw issuing from a lodge, a beautiful, white maiden dressed in Indian clothes.

When Wanaka, as the Indians called their captive, drew near, she gave a startled cry, paused, hesitated, then uttering the name of "Colonel Rolland," she rushed to the prisoner and cut his bonds. The Indians, spellbound, watched this proceeding with something akin to awe. They believed it to be a manifest judgment of the Great Spirit, for had not the young white goddess been the perpetrator of the deed?

As soon as Colonel Rolland was released he exclaimed, "Elizabeth Dayron, my betrothed, I have found you at last! It is for you I have been searching ever since you were captured, during the battle between these Indians and our army. But," he continued, seeing that some braves were approaching, "go, go, for your own sake, and leave me to my fate."

"I will speak to them, perhaps they will free us both, when they find that you were not spying for our army," she answered. "You see they think I have super-natural powers and are very much awed by my presence."

After a short interview with the chief, Elizabeth retreated to the side of Colonel Rolland, and the chief raising his hand over the groups of savages began, "My people, these pale faces desire to go back to their own people. It is met that the will of the goddess be not dealt with lightly. Open your lodges and give them of your hospitality for the night, and the rising sun shall see them safe upon their way."

The following morning the Indians guided Colonel Rolland and Elizabeth Dayron through the woods to the lake. There they launched their canoes, and started their long journey through the outlet of the lake, back to the towns of the pale faces. There, on the shores of the lake, in moments of leisure, the tale of the supposed spy and the beautiful goddess was often told and retold by the savage Indians of the wilderness.

—Myrtle V. Kentfield, '26.

CLOUDS

As I am sitting in the orderly study hall, knee deep in Latin, with the incessant buzzing of my fellow students surrounding me like so many bees on a summer's day, I am awakened from my meditation of "from the immortal gods it is much to be feared," with bees buzzing round, when my eyes beheld the great out-of-doors. The only objects that remind one of summer are the clouds floating by. My attention is diverted to these floating masses of vapor. What a peculiar lot is theirs.

As I muse concerning these clouds, I can imagine zoos, museums, castles, people preparing to hang out their oriental lantern, and there, I can see the Statue of Jupiter guarding the city.

These clouds, with the sky as a screen, resemble motion pictures in as much as they are moving. Often the figures are indistinct and blurred. Sometimes they even stop and no distinct picture is formed (probably the reel is broken.) When the clouds become dark and ugly, one can imagine the electric current has been turned off while in reality the sun has been completely covered with clouds so dense it could not shine through. Also like motion pictures they are not always amusing or pleasing.

I discontinue forming such pictures and consider the origin of these clouds. They

are formed merely by the moisture in the air, then tossed about by the wind, thus continually changing. Back to the earth they come in form of snow, hail or rain. Such itinerant objects as they are, always traveling and giving pleasure to animals, birds, and all living beings in their simple way.

Should we not profit by their example and journey on through life with the same aim, to give joy and happiness to others?

—Adah Loomis, '24.

CAUGHT

Can this be grippe
 Can this be that
 A pain which sticks
 Up through my hat,
 An ache that twists
 My neck and knees,
 A tickling thing
 Which makes me sneeze,
 A lumpy thing
 Which makes me croak,
 Pipes all stuffed up
 Until I choke
 Germs chasing them-
 Selves through my veins
 And filling me
 With hellish pains,
 Twisting my nerves
 With red hot hooks
 Making me hate
 Cigars and books,
 And eats and sleeps
 And drinks and talks,
 And southborn winds
 And garden walks;
 And makes each foot
 A draggin' lump,
 And makes me feel

A piebald chump,
 And puts my liver
 Out of whack,
 And puts a crick
 Into my back,
 And makes hot marbles
 Of my eyes,
 And fills my days and
 Nights with sighs,
 And makes me want
 To draw a breath
 And hate my old
 Fool self to death?
 Oh, burning lungs!
 And red hot head!
 Is this the grippe
 Of which I've read?
 If it's the grippe
 Makes me, so sore
 It's all that's said
 Of it, and more!
 It puts the whole
 World on the bum!
 Can grippe have such
 An awful twist?
 Now, let me see—
 Whom have I kissed?

IT DOESN'T PAY TO BE A PIG

We owned a lovely pet pig when we lived on the farm; he was black and white spotted and was christened Ebenezer, though we called him "Beezer" for short. He was a good sport, mischievous, very friendly and I seemed to be his particular friend. Perhaps he thought I seemed like some distant relative of his, which caused him to take such a liking to me. I liked "Beezer" too, and he often accompanied me about during my rambles or lay snoozing on the grass, while I sat sewing.

There was a queer old lady who lived next door to us, and although she was very odd and sometimes cranky with little neighbor girls and pigs, she had a kind old heart, but it often seemed buried very, very, deep. She always had plenty of good things to eat, and I had long ago found that Saturday afternoon was the best time to visit her.

Mandy Jones, for that was this old lady's name, was to me the queerest of all queer people, and sometimes it was like going to a circus just to sit and watch her. She was tall, angular, had sharp black eyes, and wore her goggles balanced precariously on the tip of her long pointed nose. There was a tiny knot of white hair perched on the top of her head, and a cork screw curl hung down on each side of her face, which bobbed up and down like jumping jacks every time she moved. She hobbled around

with the aid of a cane made from a broom handle, she spoke in a high, squeaky voice, and was "stone deaf" in one ear.

One Saturday afternoon, being rather hungry and having a vague vision of cookies in my mind, I decided to call on our neighbor, Mandy.

We sat in the yard in the shade of a large elm tree; Mandy was in her rickety old rocker her curls bobbing as she rocked, knitting some stockings. I sat on the ground leaning against the tree dreaming of cookies when—why what was that noise? It seemed to come from the region of the kitchen and—oh dear—it did sound so much like one of Beezer's grunts! He must have followed me and made his entrance at the back door.

I was frightened for what might be happening or perhaps more, for what would happen. However, Mandy sat peacefully knitting; her curls bobbing in rhythm as she rocked, and was wholly unconscious of my fears—for she was deaf in the ear toward the house and hadn't heard the noise.

I rose carelessly, and with an indifferent yawn, told her I guessed I'd get a drink, and proceeded toward the kitchen.

Alas, what a sight greeted my eyes! I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry; the scene was so funny, and yet—so tragic! Mandy had put her fresh pies and cookies on a low shelf by the window to cool, and it was quite evident that Beezer was very fond of them. He sat eating pie as fast as he could devour it, but he had the misfortune to have a juicy blackberry one fall on his head making his eyes stream with blackberry tears, which were however much to his liking. Cookies were strewn about the floor like confetti. I could not fail to notice the twinkle of mischief in his eyes, and there was unmistakably a broad smile on his face—if pigs do smile.

What should I do? There was no trap door open for immediate escape like in stories and even the backdoor was locked.

Meanwhile, Mandy, being of a suspicious nature decided it was taking me an unusually long time to get a drink, and I could hear her hobbling in my direction. Immediate action was necessary, so I decided on the open window. I was half way out, when my dress caught on a nail, causing me to linger one more precious moment. Of course by that time Mandy appeared in the door way and overcome with a conglomeration of emotions, was flourishing her cane and shrieking all kinds of exclamations.

However, I made my escape around the corner of the house where I listened to Beezer "ketch it." It was hard on the poor fellow to be hurried from his meal so unceremoniously, pursued by a cane, a broom and later, by a poker; but I, to tell the truth enjoyed the fun.

This was our last visit to Mandy's house, but it was very exciting, and one long remembered.

—Thelma E. Taylor, '23

DESERT GOLD

Billie was sitting at the door of her tent worrying as hard as she could worry. Yes, worrying, for it was half past six, and no sign of her father yet. She didn't see why he had to go off to poke among the musty old ruins of the tomb of an Egyptian king, leaving her on the desert with nobody but colored Mandy for company. Not that she minded being left alone. Oh no! However she did worry about her father. Suddenly, she saw a dark speck against the purple horizon.

"Mandy!"—this from Billie.

"Yes darlin," and a stout hustling negress conspicuously adorned with a red, green and yellow bandana, emerged from the door of the tent.

"Do you think that's Daddy's caravan?" pointing to the speck.

"Ah sure dunno, honey chile, but ah shouldn't wondah."

Just then the sun went down and darkness came on with a rush, for there is no twilight in the courts of the sun.

In the clear night sky shone the evening stars. Across the rapidly cooling sands, came the roar of a lion, stalking its prey. Billie rose, and together they lit the fires to ward away prowling beasts. Then they entered the tent and there awaited the coming of the caravan.

Soon a crunch of feet was heard, and a tall figure entered the tent.

"Daddy," cried the girl, then stopped, aghast. Who was this queer figure? Tall, brown and muscular, he towered above her; a white turban covered his tousled black hair. His black eyes seemed to penetrate every corner of the tent, as if seeking the spot where her father's valuables were concealed. His glistening white teeth flashed in a malicious grin, as he beckoned to his two comrades. Long, dangling ear-rings gleamed from his ears, and a gold ring from his nose. A heavy cotton cape and sandals completed his barbaric attire.

Mandy gave one look at the apparition, groaned, and after fainting in different parts of the room finally decided on a location under the couch, gained it, and became unconscious.

Billie was now thrown upon her own resources. She must postpone their search as long as possible. Speedily opening a can of meat, she set the food before them. Their eyes glittered as they gorged themselves with it. She opened can after can, and still they kept on eating. Suddenly she caught a glance of a gleaming object back of the robber. Then a dusky hand closed over it. So the robbers not only were after the valuables, but were to murder them! Soon another glittering object appeared, sliding slowly back down the couch. How many knives did they have.

The man having finished, threw his plate to the floor. Then rose, drew his knife and started toward her, calling something in Arabic. She shrieked. A crunch in the sand, and in rushed a group of men, revolvers levelled, headed by her father. They made short work of tying the fugitives, and loading them on the camels to take to the city, on the following day. Her father was about to express his gratitude at her miraculous escape, when a groan was heard. Hibernating Mandy appeared from under the couch with her apron full of gold pieces, and jewels.

"Dese am what slid down out ob dat robber's bag what had a hole in et," she exclaimed.

"And I thought they were knives," whispered Billie to herself.

The jewels proved to be some which had been stolen for a long time, and a large reward had been offered for their return.

Needless to say when her father went away again Billie was not left alone.

—Marion E. Nichols, '26.

HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO NOTICE THE EXPRESSIONS ON THE FACE OF A FISH?

"Poor fish!" You have often heard that expression, and perhaps you have used it yourself. This expression is not used in sympathizing with fish, but it is meant to convey the meaning that the person thus entitled, has been given no compliment. If fish were as repulsive as some people we call by that name, they would indeed need sympathy.

Much may be learned about the character of fish by studying their expressions,

which are much the same as those of human beings, though few people ever stop to notice them.

Perhaps the most noticeable of these is their innocence. There seems to be a certain white light shining from their innocent faces. Fish have also such a wide-awake expression: you never see one with his eyes half shut, and looking as though it were the morning after the night before. They are wide awake and very energetic—always moving.

They also have an aristocratic tendency, like some people, their noses are always turned up. The expression of hunger is very dominant, because their mouths are always open, showing a vacancy for some distance.

At times, they seem sad, their mouths droop and they look a picture of dejection; but on the other hand, did you ever see that wise smile, or hear their gurgles of laughter? Fish often joke among themselves, and laugh at those silly creatures called "people" who try to catch them with hooks and other crazy things. They laugh at the ignorance of man, so think of it the next time you go fishing.

—Thelma E. Taylor, '23

ODES TO THE TEACHERS

Miss Anderson is tall and brown
And rather pretty too,
And everything she finds for us
To do; she makes us do.
In study hall she tyrannizes
Over great and small,
But yet in spite of everything,
We like her after all.

Miss Hill, oh she is
Our English teacher sweet.
Who has us learn what rhyme demands,
And how to scan poetic feet.
She makes us say, "haven't any,"
Instead of "hain't got none."
Tells us "with" must ne'er be used
To end a sentence's run.

Miss Norton, oh she's been abroad,
And very wise is she
I believe the proverbial owl would hide
If he saw her, in his home in a tree.
But instead of making Latin dry,

As dry as the dead ones that spoke it,
She makes it interesting, oh my,
That we almost like, no, love it.

Miss Overton is always nice
(Unless we're sort of bad)
Gives us lots of good advice
On how to feed our dads,
What to feed to invalids,
How to sew a seam
How to make a pretty hat
From almost anything.

Mr. Casey's our dignified Prof.
To him our hats must doff,
For he instructs the pupils
And keeps his eye on the Sophs.
While he is teaching our lesson
And to him we make this confession
"Sir, we didn't have time, to write a line,"
He says, "Then we'll have a Saturday
session!"

—Frosh.

"Oh mother!" cried youthful Mildred, "I found a little flea on kitty and I caught it."

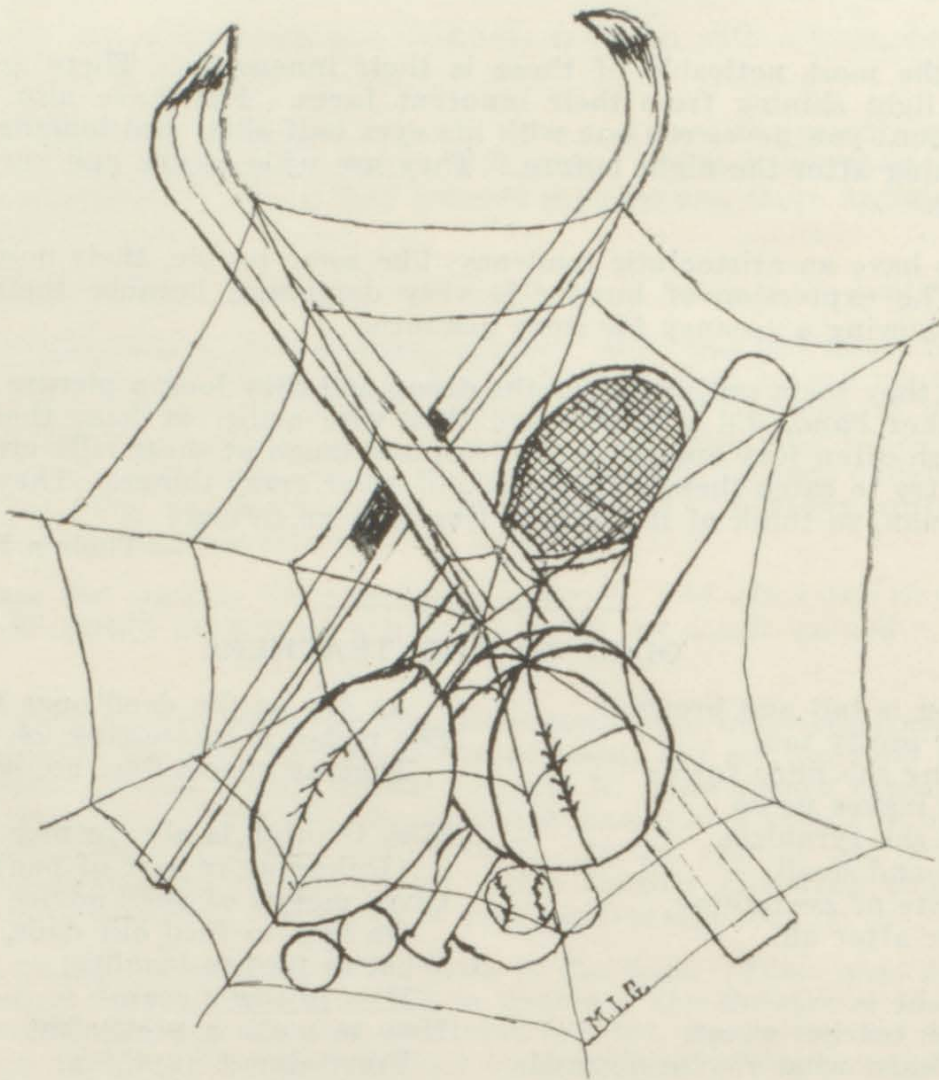
"What did you do with it?" asked mother.

"Why I put it back on kitty again, of course. It was her flea."

Roger Kilmer:—"Pa, won't you buy me a microbe to help me out with my arithmetic?"

Papa:—"What good will a microbe do you?"

Roger:—"I just read in this paper that they multiply rapidly."



OUR ATHLETICS

If you were to go into an office and see a man busily working at a desk covered with important looking papers, but were also to see dust and cobwebs on his filing cabinets and records, what would be your impression? Why, that he was a sham, of course; that he was apparently busy but as a matter of fact he was not busy enough to keep the dust off the office equipment.

What, then, about a school whose athletics are buried beneath the accumulated dust of two years?

School athletics are as important as the files and records are to an office. Without school spirit, the studying accomplished is of little avail if not useless. And, a prime factor of school spirit is school athletics.

For instance, when Mr. Casey came he made the ruling that no one whose average standing was below 75% could participate in school athletics.

The first year, with a spark of athletics burning, those who wished to participate kept above the danger mark. The next year, with school spirit practically dead, the desire to take part in school athletics was so low, that standings were allowed to fall far below the minimum limit. Now, if there had been any real strong desire for athletics, what would have happened? Standings most assuredly would have been kept up and a better scholarship inevitably would have resulted. But, with nothing for which to work, little or nothing was done. Thus, the effect of dying school spirit shows in failing scholarship.

A few years ago, Bainbridge had a strong baseball nine and football eleven, many good tennis players, many more who were strong in winter sports. What has it now? Only a weak baseball nine. This is not the fault of the team. Its members are mostly young players who show promise of forming the nucleus of a strong team in two or three years. However, at present, we have a weak team, no football, few tennis players, and less who are interested in winter sports.

What will be the outcome? It is impossible to tell. This we know, school athletics under a cloud of cobwebs are nearly as much of a drawback to a school's scholarship, through its school spirit, as the cobwebby interment of the text books themselves. The only way of hope, truly, is to be found in the baseball team and the interest being shown in it this year. It certainly looks as if here might be the salvation of Bainbridge High School Athletics.

THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS IN ATHLETICS

Way back in the storied and glorious past of the Bainbridge High School, it is rumored, this stately institution really possessed athletic teams of no mean repute and while they may not have been of rare quality, yet the spirit from which they emanated was certainly worthy of commendation. Time has dealt harshly with this phase of school life and gradually but surely it has succumbed to the inexorable ravishes of desuetude, aided by a school board permeating with antiquated ideas abetted and requested by a lethargic community saturated with these same dilapidated ideas.

Why this condition has resulted is surely of no great credit to us. Certainly no one with even a laymen's knowledge of the necessity of a healthy body can derive consolation from the present morbid state of athletic activities. The past winter furnishes ample proof of the inevitable toll the physically weak must pay. The blame for this condition can not be placed on any group or individual, it is an outgrowth of the present comatose state with which we have all become imbued.

Improvements, repairs, money and what not have been voted by the Town. The Home and School Club has met regularly and talked irrationally and sedulously over everything under the sun and everything over the sun. The community has talked, wrangled, hackled, disputed, argued and mumbled over everything the Home and School Club omitted, but out of this babble of voices hardly an audible rheumatic wheeze has rallied to the support of our future bread winners, not a single concrete effort has come from this agglutination of tongues to champion the cause of the boys. For lack of something better, the boys must seek other terminal outlets for their surplus energy and small blame can be attached to them, if they seek it in ways inimical to a God loving community.

In fact, while athletics in a healthier form may be a disgraceful failure in the school, yet parlor and indoor sports have been rampant for the past few years. Competition has been unusually keen, each one vieing with the other for osculatory honors, struggling to obtain the maximum number of dates and trying to beat the milkman in. In fact, we now can proudly boast of a school of boys and likewise girls, that have esthetic senses developed to such a high degree of perfection, that it is our candid opinion they are without equals.

Of course, such diversions do not tax the village exchequer, nor do they require a 75% scholastic rating as a requisite. However, we can not help feeling that, in spite of the merits this may have, baseball, football, tennis, basketball, track, rowing and like sports are more inclined to produce results which are conducive to health.

Bainbridge offers unlimited opportunity for sports of all kinds and with proper encouragement and supervision, there is absolutely no logical reason why every boy and girl in the school should not be given advantage of these opportunities, if for no other reason than to foster permanent comradeship among the students, teach them love of fair play, develop their bodies concomitant with their brains and create a healthy and lasting school spirit which will forever bind Bainbridge students, after they have passed the Springtime of Youth, to their Alma Mater.

—Contributed.

1. Most Popular—"They had the genius to be loved"
Pauline Loudon, Edward Partridge.
2. Best Looking—"Handsome is as handsome does."
Lydia Collins, Kenneth Eldred.
3. Most capable—"The talent of success is nothing more than doing well whatever you do."
Dorotha White, Howard Sands.
4. Neatest—"They add a precious seeing to the eye."
—Elizabeth Finch, Elliot Danforth.
5. Most Promising—"The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction are we moving."
Mildred Petley, Robert Nutter.
6. Best Sport—"To brag little, to show well, to pay up, to own up and to shut up if beaten, are the virtues of a truly good sport."
Owena Crumb, Harold Kilmer.
7. Most Original—"Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral, all in a moment."
Marion Nichols, George Heigold.
8. Biggest Bluffer—"Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs, silence that spake, and eloquence of eyes."
Louise Barton, Elliot Danforth.
9. Most Talkative—"Their words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about them at their command."
Emma Perry, Burritt Haddow.
10. Most Changeable—"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill"
Claire Montgomery, Leon Johnson.

STICS

11. Brightest—"Wearing all that weight of learning lightly, like a flower."
Myrtle Kentfield, Prince Danforth.
12. Best Students—"Knowledge is power"
Frances Kentfield, _____.
13. Most Conscientious—"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."
Vivian Walker, Howard Sands.
14. Most Athletic—"First in the fight and every graceful deed."
Ethel Cook, Earl Cook.
15. Most Tactful—"Tact is good taste in action."
Carrie Cheesbro, Robert Nutter.
16. Best Natured—"A merry heart makes a cheerful countenance."
Florabel Coates, Maurice Colwell.
17. Best-All-Around—"A nature perfectly balanced, a beauty of heart untold."
Ruth Hollenbeck, Richard Ramsdell.
18. Best Dressed—"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."
Mary Dunham, Elliot Danforth.
19. Busiest—"She is never less at leisure than when at leisure."
Elizabeth Taber, Richmond Ellis.
20. Wittiest—"And thereby hangs a tale."
Thelma Taylor, Willis Miller.
21. Most Dignified—"Dignity does not consist in possessing honor, but deserving it."
Frances Cooper, Roland Andrews.
22. Most Respected—"A perfect soul, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, and command."
Lydia Collins, Edward Partridge, Dortha White and Robert Nutter.

WHAT IS MOST NEEDED IN OUR SCHOOL?

There is an uncountable number of things that are needed in our school, but since we cannot have them, why not make use of what we have?

There is one thing that we can have. It is something that money cannot buy. It relies entirely upon the pupils, and with this we can get along without all the new modern equipment. This one thing is SCHOOL SPIRIT.

If we had this it would do away with a lot of unpleasant things such as grumbling, loafing, and other things which some of the pupils of our school are inclined to do.

It is true that there are a few things in our school that could be improved, but a good many of our most learned men were educated in worse schools than this one. It isn't the school, its the person.

—Prince Danforth, '23.

WHAT OUR SCHOOL NEEDS MOST AND LEAST

It is far beneath the dignity of any Sophomore to criticize his school, but there are a few plain facts that cannot be avoided.

If Silas Marner had carried "pep" in his bag, it would be a very good idea to offer that gentlemen a guinea or two to plod through our school some day and scatter a little "pep" in each room. Then when he came to the assembly hall, suppose he dumped the entire contents of his bag over the chapel exercises. It would have results! But can't we young people have pep enough ourselves without calling on some old man. If we haven't, then its time we rolled over and "turned up our toes."

There has been a great deal of discussion and some bitter things said against our Domestic Science. We, the girls of Bainbridge High School heartily appreciate the benefit we derive from our Domestic Science. We feel that if some of the "knockers" would come and visit this department at school, we could show them what becomes of their "hard earned money." We do not purchase trivial articles for the furnishing of the house. In fact, we, ourselves, make what we can and curb our wants according to circumstances. We need that Domestic Course to make better housewives of the girls now in High School **but we do not need** those eternal knockers found in every community.

Another essential is athletics. You'd be surprised, girls, at the amount of excess weight of which you can rid yourself. Think of the fine coasting we could have on the hill back of the schoolhouse, the skating rink we could have by flooding the level land there! And is there a better place to take a headlong tumble on skiis than on that sloping hill? Let's not sit by and think of what we **could** have, but let's have it!

Now that we have heard what we need, let's see what we can get along without. Don't you think that it's time we discarded that "I can't" and took as our slogan, "By the faith of B. H. S., I will?"

—Emma Perry, '25.

IDENTIFYING THE GOAT

After the Irishman had hung his coat on a fence and gone to work, two Englishmen painted a goat's head on the coat. Upon seeing it the Irishman asked, "Which one of yez wiped yer face on me coat?"

HOME AND SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

Four years ago, the Bainbridge Home and School Association was formed for the purpose, as the name suggests, of bringing into closer relationship the parents and the teachers and also to arouse more interest in the school.

To carry out this idea, each fall at the beginning of the school year, a reception for the faculty has been held in the Town Hall to which the towns people were invited. There have also been monthly meetings at which speakers of note in the educational world have discussed topics pertaining to school and community life. In addition, questions directly relating to local conditions have been taken up for discussion by various members of the association.

Each spring, the last two meetings of the year have been devoted to the work of the grades. At the April meeting, the girls of the 7th and 8th grades gave a demonstration of work done in sewing and cooking. In May, each grade through a selected group of pupils presented the work in some one school subject. In this way classes in all the lines of grade work are demonstrated.

At all the meetings refreshments are served in order to enable the townspeople and teachers to mingle and get acquainted.

This last year among the lecturers from out of town were: Dr. F. L. Winsor of the Otsego County Sanitorium who spoke on the prevention of tuberculosis. In November, Supt. Herbert Crumb of Endicott discussed the qualifications of teachers and the relationship between home and school. Deputy Commissioner, Avery W. Skinner of the examination division of the State Department of Education took as his subject the safe guarding of civilization by keeping pure the American race. On March 13th Miss Effie Knowlton, Director of Health Education in the Binghamton schools spoke on, "Playgrounds and their Equipment."

At the December meeting, the question of religious education in the schools was very fully and ably discussed by representatives of the village churches. Another instructive meeting was held in February when five topics relating to the home training were presented by townspeople.

At each of the meetings a short entertainment has been provided by the children of the grades. These programs have been varied and thoroughly enjoyed by the audience and the participants themselves.

For the February meeting, the freshmen English class of the high school gave a dramatization of Ivanhoe. This was written and produced by the members of the class and was delightful, to say the least, with its wonderfully contrived stage settings and costumes. It showed a minute knowledge of Ivanhoe and the period and reflected much credit on the class.

An added feature of the present year's program has been a monthly stereoptican lecture all of which have been extremely interesting and instructive.

Each year the Home and School Association has made an effort to do something for the school. Through a picture exhibit held for one week enough money was raised to purchase twelve large pictures for the various rooms of the building.

For two successive years milk was given the children of the 1st and 2nd grades in the middle of the morning session in order to form in the smaller children the milk drinking habit. Also in co-operation with the Woman's Club and the Home Bureau a school scales was purchased so as to enable the teachers to determine which pupils were under weight and needed special care.

This year the Association hopes to make a start toward some playground equipment for the smaller children.

Perhaps the greatest work of the Association has been the raising of \$160 to be distributed as prizes to the High School and upper grades. Of these the Association itself offered \$5 as a prize in Physics. The complete list is as follows:

Mr. Leon C. Rhodes—\$10; Four year Scholarship Prize.
 Woman's Club—\$5; English II.
 Hon. Frank B. Guilbert—\$10; English III—\$5; English IV—\$5.
 Hon. Seymore Lowman—\$10; El. Algebra—\$5; Geometry—\$5.
 Hon. Geo. I. Skinner—\$10; Latin III—\$5; Latin IV—\$5.
 Mrs. L. B. Fairbanks—\$5; Latin II—\$5.
 Miss Sara Norton—\$5; French III—\$5.
 Dr. R. A. Loomis—\$5; French II—\$5.
 D. A. R.—\$5; American History—\$5.
 Rev. C. G. Cady—\$5; European History—\$5.
 Home and School Association—\$5; Physics—\$5.
 Dr. Edward Danforth—\$10. Biology—Two highest \$5 each.
 Miss Juliand—\$5; Music—\$5.
 Mrs. Pearl D. Banner—\$5; Home Economics—\$5.
 Hon. Charles Clark—\$10; Prize Speaking; Two 1st. Prizes—\$5.
 Olive Kirby Memorial Prize—\$5; Prize Speaking; Two 2nd Prizes \$2.50.
 Mr. Harvey Wood—\$5; Best Commencement Oration—\$5.
 Mrs. Harvey Wood—\$5; Best Commencement Essay—\$5.
 Miss Irene Ellis—\$5; Two 2nd Prizes; \$2.50 each.
 Mr. Juliand Scott—\$10; Arithmetic—\$5; El. English \$5.
 Miss Georgana Turnhman—\$5; Spelling \$5.
 Alumni Association and Former Students—\$5; Geography—\$5.
 Miss Mary Isbell—\$10; Home Economics; 5th Grade—\$5; 7th Grade—\$5.
 Mr. Charles Ireland—\$5; 7th Grade; Boy Highest Standing—\$2.50; Girl Highest Standing—\$2.50.

—Mrs. L. B. Fairbanks.

ORAL COMPOSITIONS

If there's anything worse than oral compositions, I hope I'll never hear of it. Once I drove a rusty spike into my wrist, and, though it was very painful and kept me awake one whole night, it wasn't nearly as painful as my head is when I'm trying to think of an oral composition and it didn't keep me awake any more, either.

You can't tell any of the really funny things that happen because someone is sure to think you mean them and take offence. Then you can't tell a soulful, thrilling, romantic story because it wouldn't be appropriate for English class and you can't tell any of the things that happened on your last trip because the teacher and several others who didn't go along are tired of hearing them.

Now, I should like to abolish this entirely, but, as it would be about as useless as to ask to have the electric chair done away with, I suggest that we appoint a committee of three each week to select topics for the entire class. This is a suggestion only, however.

—F. Kentfield, '23.

WOULD YA?

If you, while in your second or third year in High School, were offered a position in a shop or factory, would ya take it? Probably this position offers higher compensation than your other working friends receive. Or would ya continue in High School until you would receive your diploma? Perhaps then such a wondrous opportunity will no be opened to you. But listen, without your education would ya be able to advance in that factory job? I doubt it.

When you have your High School education, you can work your way through college. Would ya? Or would ya go to work in a place where there is a small chance

of advancement. By the time you are through college you are ready to start at the bottom of your profession and work straight through to the top.

Would ya? I hope you will.

—M. Phillips, '25.

SOMEBODY ELSE'S JOB

Who sweeps up the mud you track into the halls? Somebody else. Who picks up the scraps of paper you let fall? Somebody else. Who turns off the lights you leave burning? Somebody else. Who wipes off the pictures you have drawn on the surface of your desk. Somebody else. Who gathers up the lolly pop sticks and candy wrappers you throw out the window? Somebody else.

Think about it people. For every little careless action there is some one who must follow you up, and repair the mischief you have done. Multiply each careless little act by the number in B. H. S. and see how their number amounts up. The janitor and teachers are willing to do all they can to keep the school clean. Show it by doing your share. Don't go about school with the guilty feeling that you have caused needless work; that whenever the janitor has an additional task to perform it is your fault; that whenever something has been left around by somebody, people may feel justified in asking, "Was that somebody you?"

—Elizabeth Tabor, '25.

BY AND BY

All of us have heard the proverb, "Procrastination is the thief of time," and doubtless some of us profit by it some of the time but not all of us profit by it all the time. I have heard that the motto of Bainbridge High School is: "Never do to-day what you can get someone else to do to-morrow," but I sincerely hope for the sake of the pupils themselves and for the reputation of the school, that this is false.

Various phrases in different sections of the country express the idea of procrastination. The Mexican "manana" expresses the sentiment of the lazy Spaniards. Our American colloquialism is "by and by." That "by and by" seems to be a far off time to some of us.

Mary was a High School Sophomore. She was expecting to try Regents in History. Her teacher had warned her repeatedly about her outside readings. Mary always said, "Yes, I'm going to do it when I have time." She apparently had plenty of time to attend dances and to go skiing, coasting, and skating. When the teacher called for the reports of outside reading, Mary was unable to report a page. Consequently, the teacher was relieved of the duty of looking over one Regent paper which she might have had if Mary had done her outside reading.

Therefore a good motto for us to take, in High School or out, is "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

—Helen Cuyle, '25.

MAKING THEM USEFUL

Did you ever think of how much energy goes to waste when a dog wags its tail? Especially a large dog's tail that wags all the time.

Why couldn't some of the boys in this school with their great inventive ability (?) who waste it on whittling chairs, making paper windmills and sticking phonograph needles into the girls ahead of them, put their minds to good use, and invent a machine equipped with elastic cords to tie to a dog's tail?

Not only would this conserve wasted energy, but small dog motors would run perhaps a sewing machine, emery wheel, etc., while several large dogs equipped with

motors and a person to pat them (dogs, not motors) might run a washing machine, buzz saw, et cetera; thus saving gasoline.

Lots of cash in such a proposition. How about it, boys?

—Marion E. Nichols, '26.

CO-OPERATION

For every walk in life, and for every occupation, we all need co-operation. We cannot accomplish much worth while when someone is always pulling on the opposite end of the rope. I do not think one thinks much about this great necessity and its importance.

Co-operation is especially needed among the teachers and students. I think the teachers' interest is centered largely in our accomplishments and ability. They co-operate with us to help us advance. Really, we owe our entire progress largely to co-operation.

Again, among the students this big factor,—co-operation,—is needed. If some of the students of our class are interested in putting something through, surely it cannot be accomplished by the help of one or two; it must have the majority.

Do you suppose for a moment that a political party could win the honors from its rival without teamwork among its members? Teamwork, then, and co-operation are one and the same. Their purpose is entirely identical, for, in each case, they are working for the same goal. Their compensation is that which they are working for.

Do you not think it would be fine as a High School to establish a system of co-operation? We might even place it under some big name and call it an association. But the thing that we should bear in mind is: It is not the name that should recommend us. Can you guess what it is?

—Beryle Cafferty, '24.

THE CLOCK

As I sit in the study hall and watch the clock slowly tick away the hours and minutes until school is out, I like to compare it with our lives.

Even while we are watching and waiting for four o'clock to come the clock is faithfully working away—but what are we doing? We are wasting those precious minutes, which in the future might mean so much to us.

A clock does not often take a rest unless in some way it gets broken, or if we neglect to wind it, it is our fault. Perhaps we could compare that with our own lives also, we might be broken, that is ill or for some very good reason, not be able to work, but, I think, if we would work as faithfully as the clock works, our lives would be a better success than they are.

—Irene Robbins, '24.

WE THANK YOU

It is barely possible that many of the people in our village do not realize with what joy and gratitude we girls thank them for the privilege of taking up Home Economics. I realize that a few of us have been called "Domestic Science Bugs" because we seemed to take so much interest in that work. It is only because we realize what a golden opportunity we have of learning the "ins and outs" of Home Making right here in school. It has done more for us than many can imagine—among the most important is the fact that it has broadened our lives and made us feel that the making and keeping of a home is not merely a drudge. The main object of this is to thank the taxpayers for adding this course to the High School curriculum. We cannot thank you verbally so we will prove to you by deeds, what it has meant to us, by trying to live up to the lessons we have learned.

—Frances Cooper, '24.

THE SCHOOL BANKING SYSTEM

The school banking system is a new method which has been arranged at Bainbridge High School, in the past year, for the purpose of helping students to save their money.

Most children are given some money, even if a small amount, with which to do as they like. Many of them use it to buy candy, peanuts, gum or something equally foolish, and which they would probably be much better off without, both in regard to their stomachs and their pocket-books.

If these same children are taught to save, it may prevent them from many pecuniary difficulties, in the future, and make them much better citizens. If they save their pennies now, it will help them to successfully carry out some worthier cause in the future.

This system encourages them to save because it is done in a spirit of contest. Each grade or class strives to save more money during the week than the other grades or classes.

When this plan was first adopted the class and the grade which had a 100% deposited first was awarded a banner. When each person in a section had deposited money, even if the amount were only one cent, the section was classified as one hundred per cent.

The entire High School reached this mark the first day. The banner was awarded to the Juniors and to the fifth grade. From this spirit of rivalry comes the good habit of saving.

The effect of this on the students can be seen from the following statement. From January to May 22, 1923, the scholars have deposited \$1024.27.

MODEL EXAMINATION PAPER FOR ENGLISH IV

Notice Not over 5 credits must be obtained in each part of this examination. The paper will be accepted even if both parts are not passed. Answer only the questions you wish to and don't bother to answer in complete sentences.

Part I

Composition and Rhetoric

1. Select **one** of the following words and give its meaning. Dictionary may be used. Flapper, rats, rouge, powder, galosh.

2. Explain the meaning of the following poem: think deeply, because 40 credits are given.

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

3. Write a very brief story, regardless of correct English. This may be copied from a book or your neighbor's paper. Some good topics are: "Little Red Riding-hood," "Jack, the Giant Killer," "Old Mother Hubbard," and "The Three Bears."

Part II

Literature

1. Who wrote Shakespeare's "Macbeth?"

2. With whom did Burke wish to conciliate in "Burke's Conciliation with the American Colonies?"

3. Who wrote "Milton's Poems?"

4. About whom was "Carlyle's Essay on Burns" written?

5. Quote: "Mary had a little lamb," but do not bother to punctuate it.
—Thelma E. Taylor, '23

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDYING

To learn your assignments which the teacher gives you, first, borrow the necessary books which treat the subjects you are supposed to study. All you need is some book with a title pertaining to the the topic. After you have borrowed the book, forget all about who owns it, and under no circumstances return the book until the owner has asked for it at least three times.

As the close of each class your teacher will give you a long assignment to prepare for the next day. Write this down in some out-of-the-way place where you will not see it again, and then calmly pick up your books and pass to the next class.

At dismissal time pile up a large stack of books and take them home, or accidentally-on-purpose leave them in some store and forget in which store you left them. Before leaving the school house, however, promenade past the teachers' desks with the books in full view. This is very important.

After you have eaten supper, put on your hat and coat and go to the movies, a dance, or some other place of entertainment. Arrive home not earlier than twelve o'clock. In case you did not leave your books at a store, pick them up, hastily look at the pictures and retire for the night. The next day, your teacher will ask how much time you spent on the lesson. In order to be prepared for this; before retiring, place your books under the mattress, then you can honestly say that you spent at least two hours on your lesson.

These rules have proved very effective: at least I have found them so.
—Adopted from Oneonta "Echo."

SLANG

Those many words which are used every day by everyone to express some thought or feeling in just the way you desire are slang expressions. Some times they thoughtlessly used it until it becomes a habit; that is making use of slang. Many times one word of slang takes the place of several better words. Thus these improvised words impoverishes your language.

When one stops to think of the fact it is very strange the various meanings one gives to the word **awful**. How can one admit at almost the same time to be **awfully** happy and **awfully** sad; **awfully** anxious and **awfully** interested? Should one say that one enjoyed an **awfully** good game of ball or that one had an **awfully** strange experience? The dictionary says that **awfully** means terrible; appalling; oppressing with fear or horror.

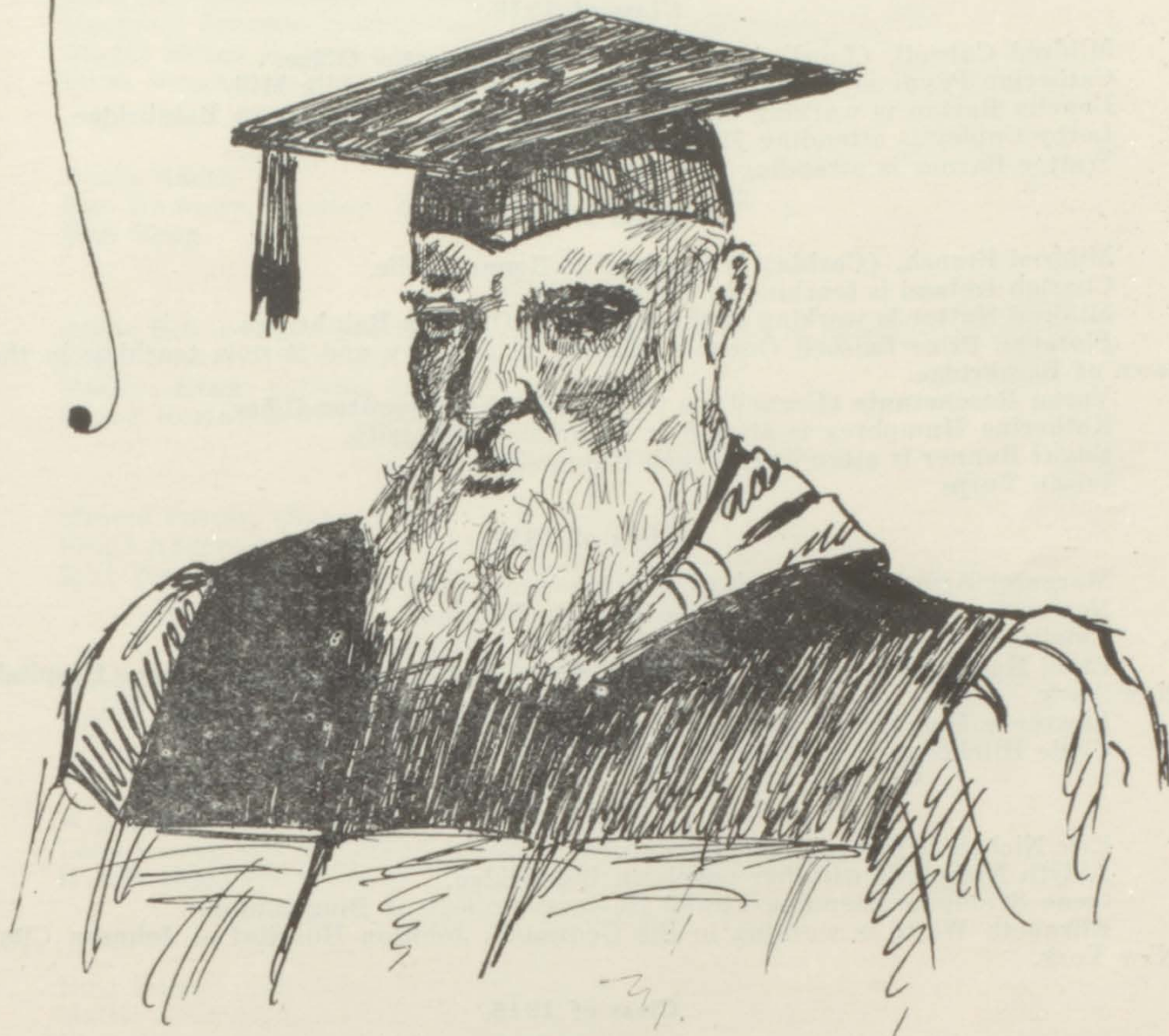
The best way to give up a bad habit is to cultivate a better one in its place. One of the wisest things to do in life is to use good English. Slang is not admired, yet it is acceptable in a few instances. Many people criticize others by their English. Let us feel safe from these criticisms by the use of our English and avoid the use of slang.
—Mary Nutter, '25.

"A college education is supposed to fit you for a position—not entitle you to one."

Henry Dodd says, "The reason most people do not recognize an opportunity when they meet it is because it usually goes around wearing overalls and looking like Hard Work."

"Another good thing about telling the truth is, you don't have to remember what you say."

ALUMNI



Class of 1922

Ruth White is working in the First National Bank at Bainbridge.
 Ruth Nutter is attending Oneonta Normal.
 Arminta Andrews is working in Sidney.
 Jean Davidson is attending Bennett School, Milbrook, New York.
 Robert Nutter is taking a Post Graduate Course in Bainbridge High School.
 Stanley Price is working in the railroad shop at Oneonta.

Class of 1921

Helen Searles is in the Y. W. C. A. at Binghamton.
 Chancey Norton is working in town.

Class of 1920

Margaret Cushman is attending College in Albany.

Susan Ramsdell is attending Syracuse University.
 Adelaide Collins is working in the Separator Office.
 Theodora Collins is teaching in Schenectady.
 Clara Thomas, (Cornell) is living in town.

Class of 1919

Mildred Colwell, (Lord) is working in the Separator Office.
 Catherine Payne is working in the office of the Sidney Silk Mill.
 Louella Barton is working in the office of the Casein factory at Bainbridge.
 Leroy Copley is attending Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
 Walter Barnes is attending Cornell University.

Class of 1918

Mildred French, (Corbin) is teaching in Bennettsville.
 Charlah Ireland is teaching in Oneonta.
 Mildred Nutter is working in the Separator Office in Bainbridge.
 Florence Price finished Oneonta Normal in January and is now teaching in the town of Bainbridge.
 Verna Rosencranz (Cornell) is working in the Separator Office.
 Katherine Humphrey is attending Columbia University.
 Edgar Banner is attending Cornell University.
 Ivison Turps

Class of 1917

Margaret Armstrong, (Copley) is living in Norwich.
 Norma Cartledge, (Wilkinson) is living in Buffalo.
 Emeline Corbin is teaching in Y. W. C. A. at Binghamton.
 Ethel Manzer is day supervisor of the Women's Medical ward in Bellevue Hospital, New York.
 Lawrence Dingman is working in the Freight Office.
 Clyde Hitchcock is working in the Dry Milk.

Class of 1916

Eric Nichols is living in Binghamton.
 Aldyth Nichols is with her people in Bainbridge.
 Irene Strong is attending Lowell Business College at Binghamton.
 Elizabeth White is working in the George F. Johnson Hospital at Johnson City, New York.

Class of 1915

Gladys Cushman is teaching in Springfield, Massachusetts.
 Indra Bryant is living in Cuyawaga Falls, Ohio.
 Helen Stewart is living at home, in the town of Bainbridge.
 Shirley Stewart is working in the First National Bank at Bainbridge.

Class of 1914

Dorothy Dickinson is working in the Bainbridge Post Office.
 Tom Collins is working in the Separator office at Bainbridge.
 Donald Copley is working in the Norwich Pharmaceutical Company.

Class of 1913

Luke Hovey is attending Drew Theological Seminary.
 Howard Barthoff is working in the Sidney Post Office.
 Rena Stewart, (Curdsforth) lives at Mc Graw, N. Y.
 Margaret Kirby is working in the Casein Office at Bainbridge.
 Alberta Mattice, (Collins) is living in Bainbridge.

Grace Lord, (Mont^han) is living in Afton.
Grace Quakenbush, (Greene) is living in Stark, Mississippi.

Class of 1912

Leon Stewart is living at home in Bainbridge.
Margaret Johnson is in government work at Washington, D. C.
Gladys Meade is in Belmont, New York.
Edith Dingman is living in the town of Bainbridge.

Class of 1911

Bessie Smith
Mae Andrews, (Lester) is living in East Genoa, N. Y.
Tom Roop.

Class of 1910

Addie Hill is supervisor of music in the city schools of Chanute, Kansas.
Pearl Decker, (Banner) is living in town.
Monroe Evans is living in New York City.
Irving Horton is living in Binghamton.

Class of 1909

Minnie Foster, (Snyder) is living in Bainbridge.
Floyd Anderson is living in Binghamton.
Earl Whitman is holding a fine railroad position in Youngstown, Ohio.

Class of 1908

Margaret Grube, (Hastings) is living in town.
Mabel Truman is living in town.

Class of 1907

Will Strong is teaching in Virginia.
Leon Loomis is in Brooklyn, taking engineering contracts.
Harold Rogers is living in West Edmeston, N. Y.

Class of 1906

Nina Bennett, (Montgomery) is living in Bainbridge.
Mattie Ellis, (Smith) is living at North Sanford, N. Y.
Clay Wilcox is in business in Bainbridge.

Class of 1905

Sidney Bennett is superintendant of National Sugar Milk Co., Bainbridge.
Ivah Knishern, (James) is living in Wickenburg, Arizona.
Olive Briggs is living in Madison, New Jersey.

Class of 1904

Carl Westcott is assistant treasurer of the American Separator Co.
Ralph Loomis is a practicing physician in Sidney.
Irving Tillman is a lawyer in Norwich.
Rex Randall is living in Adams.
Jessie Gibson, (Howland) is living in town.
Hallie Cartledge, (Howland) is living in Bainbridge.
Mary Sweet, (Herrick) is living in town of Bainbridge.
Rena Lyon, (Hollenbeck) is living in town of Bainbridge.

Class of 1903

Howard Whitman is a state engineer—barge canal work—at Fairport, N. Y.
Lenna Toby, (Hovey) is living in Bainbridge.

Class of 1902

Vernon Hovey is in Schenectady.
Jesse Wicks is a minister in Miani, Oklahoma.
Perry Teachout is living in Sidney.
Louis Kniskern.
August Jacobson is living in New York City.
Josephine Palmer, (Peckham) is living in Bainbridge.
Vera Monroe, (Wales) is living in Binghamton.
Bertha Davis, (Rhodes) is living in Binghamton.

Class of 1901

Harry H. Vancott is superintendant of schools in Schenectady.
Florence Ensworth, home address Guilford, N. Y.
Olive Friot is teaching in Jamacia, Long Island.
Mattie Sackett, (Isbuy) is living in Clark's Summit, Pennsylvania.
Mabel Jones is doing secretarial work in Schenectady.
Grace Peckham is living in Bainbridge.
Georgia Keeler, (Scheur) is living in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

Class of 1900

Vera Payne, (Rockwell) is living in Danbury, Conn.
Blanche Haddow is in New York City.
Blanche Hynds is in Brooklyn, N. Y.
Blanche Lyon is working in New York City.
Mabel Perry is living in Flushing, Long Island.
Irene Ireland, (Wilcox) is at Milford, N. Y.
May Parson, (Cairns) is living in Scranton, Pennsylvania.
May Pinny, (Tupper) is living in Johnson City, N. Y.
Clara Humphry, (Bennett) is living in the town of Bainbridge.
William Northrup is living on a farm in the town of Bainbridge.
Lloyd Northrup is living in Earlville, N. Y.

Class of 1899

Arthur Barber is working for the government in Washington.
Charles Graves is in Providence, Rhode Island.
Hanford L. Perry.
Martin Harmon is living in Bainbridge.
Jay Hager lives in the town of Bainbridge.
Mary Roberts, (Hovey) lives in Utica, N. Y.
Velma Hill, (Banks) lives in Rochester, N. Y.
Dela Tinkham, (Newton) lives in Irontown, Ohio.

Class of 1898

Leon Rhodes is supreme court justice in Binghamton.
Ralph Curtis is in Keesville, N. Y.
Samuel Banks is in Hoodriver, Oregon.
John L. E. Banks lives in Rochester, N. Y.
Earl Bennett lives in Rockville Center, N. Y.
Will Fletcher lives in Pleasant Grove Utah.
Bessie Hovey, (Stannard) lives in Binghamton.
Cora Sackett, (Wheeler) lives in Mount Upton.
Kate Priest, (Demaree) lives in Schenectady.
Carrie Dingman lives in the town of Bainbridge.

Class of 1896

Clarence Kirby is living in Bainbridge.
Clara Thomas, (Hirt) lives in Bainbridge.

Class of 1895

Albert C. Wilcox is living in Bainbridge.
Fred Ashley.
Nathan Truman is in business in Bainbridge.
Julia J. Ashley.
Flora Winston, (Mergot) lives in Syracuse, N. Y.

Class of 1894

Maurice Guilbert lives in East Orange, New Jersey.
Archibald Guilbert is an architect in New York City.
James Austin.
Harry Mosher lives in New Berlin.
Maude Mosher, home address is Bainbridge, N. Y.
Grace Perry is teaching in Flushing, Long Island.
Lena Tinkham Spaulding lives in Salem, N. Y.
Nellie Smith, (Rhodes) lives in Boston, Mass.
Nellie Newton is living in Boston, Mass.

Class of 1893

Sebert B. Hollenbeck is cashier at the First National Bank, Bainbridge.
Lilla Hollenbeck, (Weller) is living in Altamont, N. Y.
Josephine Priest, (Whitman) lives in Morris, N. Y.
Philema Fletcher, (Homer) lives in Pleasant Grove, Utah.

Class of 1892

Julian G. Corbin is in business in Bainbridge.
Ida Beatty, (Guilbert) lives in East Orange, New Jersey.
Eudora Kirby is teaching in New York City.

Class of 1891

Agnes Hayes is teaching in Great Neck, Long Island.
Emma Graves, (Newell) lives in Bainbridge.

Class of 1890

Louis Mandeville, (Curtis) lives at Bradley Beach, New Jersey.
Helen Priest, (Barber) is living in Flushing, Long Island.
Mary Langworthy, (Drawne) lives in Canaan Four Corners, N. Y.

Class of 1889

Grace Brigham, (Waldorf) lives in St. Petersburg, Florida.
Nettie Wells, (Ives) lives in Los Angeles, California.
Nellie Scott, (Beebe) lives in Binghamton, N. Y.

Class of 1888

Sarah Banks, (Copley) lives in Bainbridge.
Eloise Newton, (Clark) lives at Lake Placid, N. Y.

Class of 1887

Ralph Corbin lives in the town of Bainbridge.
Edward Hancock is in business in Bainbridge.

Edgar Pearsall lives in town of Bainbridge.
Lizzie Corbin, (Lewis) lives in town of Bainbridge.

Class of 1885

Leland Landers lives in Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Carrie Scott, (Taylor) lives in Denver, Colorado.
Aarabel Guile, (Tillman) lives in Norwich.

Class of 1884

Hobart Banks is in Spakane, N. Y.
Frank B. Guilbert lives in Albany.
Ernest L. Bennett lives in Binghamton.
Cora Payne, (Wilcox) lives at Milford, N. Y.

Class of 1883

Joseph Banks lives at Clifton Springs, N. Y.
Julian Scott lives in Bainbridge.
M. D. Fletcher, (Hovey) lives in Bainbridge.

Class of 1882

A. A. Bennett
Janette Campbelle, (Copley) lives in Unadilla
Anna Heidley, (Sands) is living in Miani, Texas.

Class of 1880

Libbie Yale, (Grant) lives in Utica.

Class of 1878

Anna Juliand, (Dickinson) lives in Bainbridge.
Lina Freiot, (Copley) is in New York doing missionary work.

A LINE O' TYPE

Thus I'm This!
I'm dumb!
I'm not this way on purpose,
It's just my nature,
I'm dumb!
My friends think I am not quite right,
And ask me questions just for spite,
But I'm not foolish—
I'm dumb!
A prof asked me "What is pajamas?"
I answered "A fruit grown on the Ba-
hamas."
It wasn't right.
I'm dumb!
My classmates all get A and B
But I can't even drag a Z.
I'm not abnormal—
Just dumb!
I had a date one moonlight night
With such a lovely human sprite,
I could not speak—
Was dumb!

I tried for hours to tell my love,
But she was such a comely dove
I couldn't find words—
Was dumb!
Her Pa just then came home from town—
I hit the pavement upside down
And lost six teeth.
I can't speak—
I'm dumb!

BLUE MONDAY

I've played the game in many a class,
And bluffed the whole year through,
I've coaxed and crammed and cribbed to
pass—
Show me a trick that's new!
But now I'm feeling strangely sad,
And I mourn my wicked way.
No dumb bell ever flunked so bad
As I flunked yesterday—
I'm blue!

A Bunch of Yarns



*We editors may work and work
Till our fingertips are sore
But some poor boob is bound to say,
"I've heard that joke before."*

HOW OLD WAS TEACHER???

Miss Genung, who had been telling a class of small pupils the story of the discovery of America by Columbus, ended by saying—"And all this happened more than four hundred years ago."

Lloyd Johnson (his eyes wide open with wonderment):—"My, what a memory you've got."

A CALF SOLILOQUY

There comes the man with my milk. I thought I'd bring him if I bawled loud enough. It's a long time since morning.

He thinks I don't know how to drink, so he gets a-straddle of my neck an' lets me suck his finger. I don't have to do it, but I think it's fun.

"Gee, that milk 's cold! I believe I'll blow some of it in his face. There! Maybe he'll warm it next time.

Whew! That sure made 'im mad, but he'd better not get too rough or I'll show 'im a trick or two.

I know the milk is down in the bottom of the bucket, but I'll pretend like it's way up in the air.

Ouch! He pretty near jammed my nose through the bottom of the bucket. I'll step on his foot for that. Ha Ha! See 'm ride! He must think I'm a mule. There! Bet I skinned his leg that time, and, say! He hasn't forgotten any of his cuss words. I believe he actually worked in a couple of new ones that time.

I wonder if he ain't ever goin' to let me breathe again. I'll make his hand slip off the top of my head, and then I'll ram my nose right into his face. Now then! I'll bet he won't try to strangle me again right away. I coughed right in his face and sprayed milk all over 'im.

Cracky! He's trying to squeeze me in two with his knees. Now, just watch me bunt! Say! Wasn't that a dinger? I splashed milk all over his new overalls.

I should think he'd get tired of saying those same words over an' over. Maybe he'll have a couple new ones by to-morrow.

Well, the milk's about gone, so I'll just bow my back and stand 'im on his head. Ha! Ha! Ha! Doesn't he look funny scratchin around there in the straw? Guess I'll stick my slobbery nose against his nice green sweater. There's a good chance to kick 'im too. Now! Hear 'im grunt! Guess I'd better scamper.

He tried to hit me with the bucket, but I was too quick for 'm. He's gettin' ready to kick me, but I'll dodge 'im. Bing! He missed me and kicked the manger. Must have hurt somethin' fierce, the way he limps.

Well, he's gone, an' I suppose I won't have any more fun 'til to-morrow morning.

WEDDING AND AUCTION SALE

One of the small state papers published last week quotes an exchange (Bainbridge Republican), which was a bad mix up of a wedding notice and an auction sale. Following is the most interesting part of the item.

"Wm. Smith, only son of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Smith and Miss Lucy Anderson, were disposed of at public auction on my farm one mile east in the presence of about seventy guests, head of cattle. Rev. Jackson tied the nuptial knot for the parties averaging about 1,125 pounds on the hoof. The beautiful home of the bride was decorated with one sulky rake, harness, nearly new. Just before the ceremony, the Mendelsshon wedding march was played by one milch cow five years old, one Jersey cow and one sheep, who carrying a bouquet of bridal roses in her hand, was very beautiful. She wore one light spring wagon and one grindstone of muslin de soie, trimmed with about 100 bushels of oats. The bridal couple left yesterday on an extended trip west. Terms: Cash."

Harry,—“How do you get so many girls?”

Leon:—“Just sprinkle a little gasoline on my handkerchief.”

Edward (proposing):—“I've saved up enough money to live at the rate of \$10,000 a year.”

Claire:—“For how long?”

Edward:—“A couple of weeks.”

Dick to teacher:—"Some people say it is a sign of intelligence to be wide between the ears, is it?"

"Yes,—but not thick!" comes the loud stage whisper from the rear of the class.

Miss Anderson (in biology class):—"What disease is spread by water?"

Roger:—"Sea sickness."

THE THREE AGES OF WOMEN

15 to 25—The Muddle Ages

35 to 45—The Middle Ages

50 on—The Meddle Ages

HOW LONG DO YOU WORK?

There are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. We are sure of that. We work six hours a day, and that makes 18 hours of the twenty-four that we don't work at all, and that equals 274 days.

Therefore:

365 days in the year

274 as above

91 days of which

52 are Sundays

39 days, from which we deduct

20 days, because they are holidays.

19 days are left from which deduct the summer vacation.

Do not ever complain that you work too hard. There is proof that we don't work at all.

WHO KNOWS?

Where a man can buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key for the lock of his hair?
Or can his eyes be an academy?
Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what jewels are
found?

Who walks the bridge of his nose?
Does the calf of his leg become hungry at
times,

And devour the corn on his toes?

Can the crook of his elbows be sent to
jail?

Where's the shade from the palm of his
hand?

And how does he sharpen his shoulder
blades?

I'm puzzled to understand!

HE AND SHE

He knew that she would comfort him
And clear his stuffy head.
He found her in the kitchen
And to her his plight He said.

She wept hot tears of sympathy;
He caught Her to His breast
And held her closely to him
With Her head upon His chest.

His eyes were closed, His teeth were
clenched,
He stood there like a stone;
Then suddenly burst forth from Him
A sob—a hopeless groan.

"Oh, Oh!" He cried, "I can't stand this
And far from Him he cast her,
For He was a poor man with a cold
And She was a Mustard Plaster.

Earl C.:—"I met a man to-day, who told me I looked like you."

Charles P. (fiercely):—"Who was it? If I find him I'll knock him down!"

Earl C.:—"Don't trouble yourself, I knocked him down promptly."

Elliot (wrecked while motoring),—telephoning:—"Send assistance at once. I've turned turtle."

Voice (from the other end):—"My dear sir, this is a garage. What you want is an aquarium."

"Did you ever hear anything so perfectly wonderful?" asked Lydia as the phonograph ground out the latest jazz.

"No, can't say I ever did," replied Georgie, "although I once heard a collision between a truck-load of empty milk cans and a freight car filled with chickens."

"Horrors! While mother was sleeping the baby licked off all the paint."

"Off a toy?" gasped an excited neighbor.

"No, off mother."

"Hello! What's the matter, little boy? Are you lost?"

Maurice Colwell:—"Yes, I am, I might—a known better'n to come out with Gran'ma. She's always losing something."

Miss Hill (in English IV):—"Ethel, stop biting your fingernails, look what happened to Venus."

"Say, pa," Charles Perry demanded, "what part of the body is the vocabulary?"

"Why, Charles?"

"Oh, Miss Hill said Richmond had a large vocabulary for his age."

FIRST AID

Haddow:—"I want reform, government reform, I want labor reform, I want—."

Partridge:—"Chloroform!"

Teachers cranks,
Pupils few!
Questions flying,
Zeros, too!
What's the matter?
Don't you know?
Monday morning
Always.

To make this earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

—The House Beautiful

The manager of a glove factory located in another town, attended a meeting of the Bainbridge school board of which he was a member, and with some impatience and energy exclaimed: "We have 100 per cent efficiency in our plant, and I cannot understand why we should not have it also in school matters."

To which Mr. Casey promptly replied: "Mr.—, you have the privilege of selecting your kids, while we must take all that are sent us."

Miss Anderson (in biology):—"What does the frog usually do when he sits on the bank in the hot sun?"

Prince:—"Croaks."

Two darkies on reaching the pearly gates of Heaven at the same time proceeded to become acquainted.

Joe:—"How did yo' all git up heah?"

Rastus:—"Flu."

Prof:—"Roland, do you think you can handle the English language?"

Roland:—"Sir, my knowledge of English is superb!"

Prof:—"Well, take the dictionary downstairs."

TAKE NOTICE

Grow thin along with me,
 The best is yet to be;
 We really can lose more than we expect;
 If we will only try it
 And keep close to our diet,
 Our exercise will surely take effect.

—Anonymous.

Walt Mason says, "Tho' days be dark and trade be tough it's always well to make a bluff, to face the world with cheerful eye, as tho' the goose were hanging high."

Miss Norton (in Caesar Class):—"What is the Latin race?"

Howard S.:—"It's a race between the Latin pony and the teacher's goat."

"A bore is a chap who talks about himself when you want to talk about yourself."

Pat:—"You look sweet enough to eat!"

Milly:—"I do eat. Where shall we go?"

"There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy."

—Virginibus Puerisque.

Willis:—"I heard of a man who lived on onions alone."

Harry:—"Well, any man that lives on onions ought to live alone."

Burt (in Latin Class):—"Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck—, that is as far as I got, Miss Norton."

Miss Norton:—"Well, Haddow, that is quite far enough."

Charles:—"What keeps us from falling off the earth?"

Dick:—"Why the law of gravitation, of course."

Charles:—"But how did folks stay on before the law was passed?"

"Everyone sees the world in his own way."—Ordered South.

A bashful young man was escorting a bashful young lady home, when this occurred:

Adah: "Don't tell anyone you took me home."

"Don't be afraid," replied he, "I am as much ashamed of it as you are."

"There can be no fairer ambition than to excel in talk; to be affable, gay, ready, clear, and welcome; to have a fact, a thought, or an illustration, pat to every subject."

—Talk and Talkers.

Teacher:—"What do you call the last teeth we get?"

Milly Ives:—"False teeth."

SCALED VITUPERATION

In order to discourage the use of objectionable words Miner's father had evolved a system of fines—somewhat after this fashion:

Hang it—One cent

Darn it—Two cents

Gosh—Three cents

Gosh darn it—Five cents

Miner, who was to be reformed by this method studied the tariff with considerable interest, but it was some time before he spoke.

"Well," he said at last, "I guess I know some words that would cost a quarter."

Edith:—"I suppose Barnum went to heaven when he died?"

Willis—"He certainly had a good chance; in fact, he had the greatest show on earth."

WELL POSTED

Owena, while eulogizing Daniel Webster, referred in complimentary terms to his dictionary. Vivian Walker pulled her sash and whispered, "Noah made the dictionary." Owena gave Vivian a scornful look and whispered back, "Noah built the ark."

"Ten thousand bad traits cannot make a single good one any less good."

—Stevenson.

NEW BOOK LIST

"The Hope Chest" by Ida Dora Mann.

"Iva Pain" by Etta Greenapple.

"The Silken Sweater" by Fitzhugh Snugley.

"Will He Marry Her" by Betty Caesar First.

Wanted—Boy for bakery. Well bread, an early riser, born in the yeast, a good mixer, and will get his dough every Saturday night.

Miss Anderson (in biology):—"Can you get some beef blood before next Friday?"

Prince:—"Yes, I can if Mr. Toby butchers his pig to-morrow night."

NEWSPAPER FUN FORTY YEARS AGO CHESTNUTS SET TO RHYME

Oh, what makes the chimney sweep? And why did the codfish ball?	Or what does make the pillow slip? And why do the soap boilers lye?
And why, oh, why did the peanut stand? And what makes the evening call?	What made the monkey wrench? Or why should the old mill damn?
Oh, why should the baby farm? And why does the mutton chop?	And who did the shoemaker strike? Or why did the raspberry jam?
Can you tell me what makes the elder blow?	Oh, why should a tree bark? And what makes the wind howl?
Or what makes the ginger pop?	Can you tell me what makes the snowball? Or what makes a chimney foul?
Say, why does the terrible bed spring? And why does the saddle horse fly?	

Kenneth Eldred:—"Father, what is the Board of Education?"

Father:—"When I was a boy it was a pine shingle."

DANGEROUS DIET

Mrs. Finch (knocking at Betty's bed-room door)—"Eight o'clock! Eight o'clock!"

Betty (sleepily):—"Did you? Better call a doctor!"

Owena:—"Did you ever study a blotter?"

Doris:—"No. Foolish!"

Owena:—"It's a very absorbing thing."

Irene:—"Did you ever read 'To a Skylark'?"
 Carrie:—"No. How do you get them to listen?"

SO ANXIOUS TO STUDY!

Richmond and Harold yawned.

"What shall we do to-night?" said Harold.

"I'll toss up a coin for it," Richmond replied, "if it's heads we'll go to the movies, if it's tails we'll call on Polly and Clarkie and if it stands on edge we'll study."

"Why, Ralph Garrison, what is the matter?" asked Helen Cuyle when he came in with his eye blackened.

"Oh, had a fight with a couple of kids, but I'll get at 'em one at a time and take it out of their hides, see if I don't," he replied.

"Oh, don't say 'take it out of their hides!' That is vile slang. Say, 'extract it from their epidermis'" said Helen primly.

"What is care? Impiety? Joy? The whole duty of man."—Macaire.

JUST THE THING

Ass't Editor:—"This new story of Miss Kentfield's is very mushy."

Editor:—"We'll run it as a cereal."

OBVIOUS

Prof. (explaining the results from the inflection of the voice):—"Did I ever tell you the story of the actor who could read a menu so as to make his audience weep?"

Robert Nutter (strangely moved):—"He must have read the prices."

Minister:—"Would you care to join us in a new missionary movement?"

Irene:—"I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the foxtrot?"

GIVE ME

Some hair from the head of a nail,
 A stave from the barrel of a gun,
 Feathers from the wings of love,
 The whip used to lash the waves into fury,
 Some splinters from the North Pole,
 Some hairs from the tail of a hoarse laugh,
 A sample of light from a ray of hope
 Money issued from a Pepper-mint
 Brimstone from the end of a racing-match,
 One of the wheels of the stage of life
 A short-sleeve from the arm of Morpheus,
 Accommodations on the train of thought.

Burglar:—"One sound from you and I'll squeeze you to death."

Adah:—"Remember that's a promise."

HEARD ON THE WASHINGTON TRIP

Pulman Porter:—"Brush you off, mam?"

Thelma:—"No, I'll get off in the usual way."

Willis' father:—"Be careful Willis and don't make so much noise with that gun."

Willis:—"Yes father, I'll pull the trigger as easy as I can."

Miss Anderson:—"Leon, you talk all the time."

Leon:—"I'm sorry."

WHERE THE HOLE THRIVES

Miss Anderson:—"What do we mean when we say the whole is greater than any of its parts?"

Kenneth Eldred:—"A restaurant doughnut."

A CALIFORNIA MAID

A lady stopping at a hotel on the Pacific Coast rang the bell on the first morning of her arrival and was very much surprised when a Japanese boy opened the door and came in.

"I pushed the button three times for a maid," she said sternly as she dived under the covers.

"Yes," the little fellow replied, "me she."

OUT OF LUCK

Edward:—"What is sadder than a man who loses his last friend?"

Charles:—"A man who works for his board and loses his appetite."

GENERALLY

Doctor Scothorn says that goat's milk is better than cow's milk for children, and that there should be a goat in every family. There is!

PROBABLY LANTERN JAWED

One evening a farmer met his man with a lantern and asked him where he was going.

"Courtin'," was the reply.

"Courtin'," said the farmer, with a lantern? I never took a lantern with me when I went courtin'."

"Yes," replied the man, "an look what you got."

"Willie!"

"Yes, mamma."

"What in the world are you pinching the baby for? Let him alone."

"Aw, I ain't doing nothing! We're playing automobile and he's the horn."

An old man who was alleged to have been making liquor was brought before the judge.

Judge:—"What's your name?"

Old Man:—"Joshua."

Judge:—"Are you the Joshua that made the sun stop?"

Old Man:—"No, I'm the Joshua what made the moonshine."

GOING UP

Elliot:—"Papa, give me a nickel."

Papa:—"Why, son, you're too big to be begging for nickels."

Elliot:—"I guess that's right, papa, make it a dime."

Burritt, who had seen convict laborers in his state, was taken to the zoo. He was particularly struck by the appearance of the zebra.

"Oh, look, Auntie," he said, pointing to the queer beast, "look at the convict mule!"

Beryle:—"Do you know what a straw-hat kiss is?"

Beatrice:—"Why, no. What is it?"

Beryle:—"Oh! One that isn't felt."

Miss Hill, reading from a boy's essay:—"Lincoln wrote his great address while riding from Washington to Gettysburg on an envelope."

Frances, seriously:—"That's so."

Mother,—“Well, dear, did you win in the spelling match?”

Tilda:—"No, mamma, I put too many z's in scissors."

Bob:—"Why don't you name your neck suspenders?"

Stanley:—"What for?"

Bob:—"Cause it's so good on the long stretch."

To Prince:—"Did her father invite you to call?"

Prince:—"No, he dared me to."

"Do you believe in long engagements?" Gladys asked.

"Indeed I do," Channing replied, "A couple should be happy as long as they can."

Miss Hill asked Miner a question in History B, which Helen Cuyle promptly answered.

Miss Hill:—"Helen is your name Miner Cooper?"

Edward Partridge (in a stage whisper):—"Not yet but soon."

Charles:—"Oh Pat! I know a riddle."

Pat:—"What is it?"

Charles:—"A man had five pigs, and he named them Do, Re, Fa, Sol. What one did he leave out?"

Pat:—"Me."

Miss Hill was cashing her monthly check at the bank. The teller apologized for the filthy condition of the bills, saying, "I hope you are not afraid of microbes."

"Not a bit," she replied, "I'm sure no microbe could live on my salary."

HE OBSERVED THE MARK

"Where are you going?" Ward read the sentence in a monotone without any expression whatever."

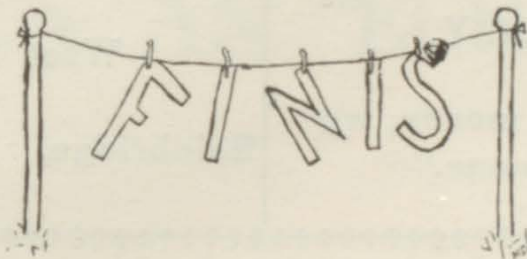
"That will never do," reproved the teacher, "read that again and notice that mark at the end of the sentence. That has a meaning."

Ward stared hard. Finally a light broke over his face, and he read: "Where are you going little button hook?"

Mrs. Johnson was boring Mrs. Perry with wonderful tales of her Leon.

"Yes," she said, "he's top of his class this week and his father is going to take him to the zoo!"

"Really," yawned Mrs. Perry, "we're sending Charles to college."



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