

THE BEACON

GROVER
CLEVELAND
HIGH SCHOOL



THE
THE
BEACON





Mr. [unclear]



THE BEACON

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the Students of the
GROVER CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOL
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To The Man.

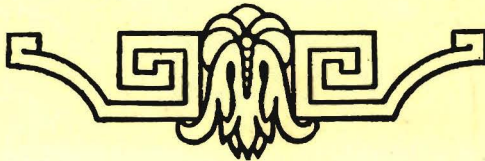
¶ Whose military genius and incomparable leadership have enlisted the respect and confidence of a nation,

¶ Whose devotion to high ideals and great strength of character, have designated him as commander of our expeditionary forces in France,

¶ And to whom the flower of the youth of our nation has been intrusted in the great struggle to make the world safe for democracy,

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING
COMMANDER OF THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES IN FRANCE

¶ Is this issue of the Beacon most respectfully dedicated.





GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

The Staff

Sponsor Mr. Milton Frye

Editor-in-Chief 1 Herbert B. Howell
Associate Editor 2 Gladys Dowlin
Business Manager 3 Jos. Levinson
Assistant Business Manager 4 Clifton C. Lewis

*begin in shell
Best looking*

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5 Nanette Wood *Kenneth's* 6 Elmer Gast
8 Norman Dewes *Jill* 9 Isabelle Hughes

Art

11 Lillian Kiess 12 George Erdmann
7 Jack Gilbert *Miss Gilbert's nephew* 10 Olivia Gregory *Janis' flayer*

Locals

13 John Chapin 14 Mary Jones

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15 Vardee Naysmith 16 Robert Sapper
May Queen *Royal roster*

Kalendar

17 Marie Belz 18 Harold Lippert

Shes taker can I am

Exchanges

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Stenographer

20 Fern Benson *an all E
Jupil*



ART STAFF



CALENDAR



EXCHANGES



CALENDAR



ART STAFF



ASSISTANT
BUSINESS
MANAGER



LOCALS



LOCALS



ASSOCIATE
EDITOR



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LITERATURE



LITERATURE



LITERATURE



LITERATURE



ART STAFF



ATHLETICS



STENOGRAPHER

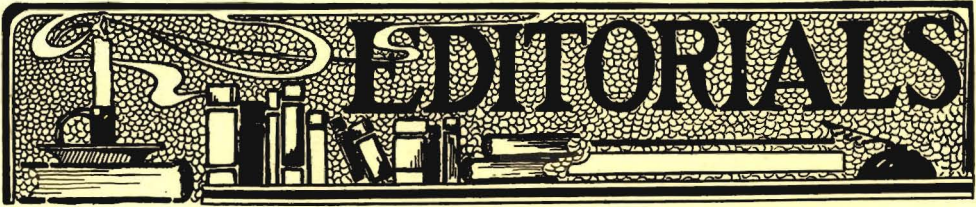


ATHLETICS



ART STAFF





THRIFT STAMPS

At this critical period when the United States is a participant in the world war, which produces conditions requiring the expenditure of enormous sums of money, it becomes the duty of every citizen to support the various methods employed by the government to raise the amount of money necessary to efficiently conduct the war.

At the first call made by our government to raise funds, the first Liberty Loan was made. United States government bonds were offered for sale in amounts ranging from \$50.00 to \$1,000, bearing 3½% interest. On the second call made by our government, the second Liberty Loan was made. These bonds were offered at the same price as those of the first loan, bearing 4% interest. Both of the loans met with the greatest success. But the government found, after the Liberty Loans, that there were millions of people in the United States who were not in a position to purchase so large an amount as was required in the buying of the bonds. In view of this fact, they set to work and devised a plan whereby the poor could do their "bit" as well as the rich.

This newly formulated plan was the Thrift Stamp or War Savings plan. Thrift Stamps were sold at 25 cents each, and were placed on a card designated for them. When a sufficient number of Stamps had been acquired they were exchanged for a War Savings Stamp, valued at \$5.00. The War Savings Stamps cost the purchaser from \$4.12 to \$4.32, for which they were to receive the sum of \$5.00 in 1923. These are called the Baby War bonds.

The success of the plan can be seen when you realize that \$9,520,000 worth of these stamps have been sold in Missouri. We are proud of the State of Missouri, which has sold one-tenth of all the Thrift Stamps sold in the United States. The City of St. Louis is well up among the leading cities of our country in the sale of the stamps, and we are sure that if the other states and cities of the country would follow in the footsteps of the State of Missouri and the city of St. Louis, that the government would not want for adequate funds to stamp out the war.

WHY IS HIGH SCHOOL?

What, after all, is the true value of a high school course? There are, no doubt, times in a person's school life when such a question is asked, and to obtain a suitable answer one very important benefit should be noted.

THE BEACON

The graduate of a grade school enters the high school for the first time conscious of the spirit of individuality, which has been so marked during his previous school life. He has come from a school in which he has perhaps been one in eight hundred and is now but one in from sixteen to twenty hundred. This sense of self is soon merged into a recognition of the mass. Now, if he would become known to the student body as a whole, it can come only through merited appreciation for duties well performed.

The necessity of fighting for recognition is one of the greatest benefits bestowed by our high schools. Such effort on the part of the student broadens and deepens the mind, and lays the foundation for a life of achievement. He who wins success must not isolate himself from his fellows, but must take an active interest in the welfare of all. The school must be to him not merely an institution filled with students, but must be a living spirit, forming the background for his ambitions. The one big lesson for New Juniors to learn is—not one among many, but one for many.

GREATER HEIGHTS

Seniors, the time is drawing near when you will have passed another milestone in your lives. We regret that our paths must diverge, as we leave our alma mater, Cleveland High. But at heart you will always be members of the class of June, '18. You will pass on with efforts to set higher standards, to attain greater power. Some will leave to enter higher institutions of learning, some will go out to face the whirl of the ever-growing business world. Some will go out to serve their country. Still others may settle down to the responsibilities of married life to live "happily ever after." There will be some of your number who will be more successful than others.

From now on you will be looking forward to the attainment of greater things. You will, no doubt, often look back on the many happy and profitable days spent at Cleveland High, and will wonder if the ranks from which you have parted have been filled. But above all you will be looking forward to the time when you will attain "Greater Heights."

But, whatever course your path may take, whatever you may do and wherever you may go, we wish you the greatest success.

MILLION PACKET FUND

There were over two hundred and fifty boys at Cleveland High who, last term, pledged themselves to give one dollar a month for a period of ten months, to the Million Packet Fund. The spirit shown, when those pledges were made, was fine; but remember, that money must be paid. Let us cultivate the characteristic of sticking-to-it, and see that the last dollar is paid, though it means some sacrifice on our part. Remember that if we do not see this thing through we will be proving a great disappointment to some suffering boy "over there."

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SCHOOL SPIRIT HERE AND THERE

As a rule, school spirit at Cleveland has been fine. You supported the basket-ball team, which by its superior playing and aided by your loyal support, brought the basket-ball championship to Cleveland for two consecutive years. You supported the football team, which, though it did not bring a championship to Cleveland, put up a fight that was a good, clean fight. You also supported the debating teams, that have gone forth four times and that have returned victorious the same number of times. And now that we are at war and you have been asked to purchase Orange Cross Buttons, Thrift Stamps and Smileage Books, and have been asked to knit for the soldiers and sailors, make clothes for the French children, help sell Liberty Bonds, secure one hundred per cent enrollment in the Junior Red Cross, and numerous other things, you have responded in a most commendable manner.

But here is the main reason for the writing of this editorial. Did you ever stop to consider your conduct inside of school? Now think this over seriously and I think you will see what we mean. No school is complete without school spirit connected with the things that take place outside of school, likewise no school is complete without school spirit connected with the things inside of school.

Did you ever step inside of a hall or auditorium where someone was making a speech, and hear a group whispering here, a group laughing there, and a continual buzz-buzz during the entire speech? You have, because the above describes the condition one is confronted with when he steps into the Cleveland Auditorium during an Auditorium session.

You know we are all pretty much like the people in the story by Oliver Wendell Holmes, who had agreed that on a certain day at a certain time they would all shout as loudly as possible in order to find out whether the moon was inhabited. The day arrived and one man said to himself, "Why should I shout? My voice will make no difference." And another man decided likewise that he would not shout. So when the time arrived everyone was silent because "My little voice can make no difference." Now, here at Cleveland, instead of saying, "Why should I shout?" you say, "Why shouldn't I talk? My little voice can make no difference."

Now do you think this is right? Is it showing courtesy, politeness or the right school spirit to talk while someone is making a speech? YOU personally are responsible for the success of everything that goes on in school, especially at the auditorium sessions. And the sooner YOU realize this, the sooner there will be established at Cleveland a school spirit that will merit the bringing here of the best talent the country affords.

RED CROSS

It is with the greatest enthusiasm that the school has taken up Red Cross work. The school as a whole has shown its loyalty by taking hold

THE BEACON

of this most important work and carrying it on successfully. The girls especially are to be commended for their excellent work in knitting garments for our soldiers and sailors.

During last semester small buttons called "Orange Cross Buttons" were sold to the students. With the proceeds received from the sale of these buttons, yarn was bought which was distributed among the girls of the school, who volunteered to spend their extra time in knitting those garments most valuable to our boys "over there."

Through the careful and diligent work of our girls, we have acquired a reputation which challenges the future classes of Cleveland High. The reputation is this: that of the 70 sweaters, 80 mufflers, 90 pairs of wrist-lets, and the 20 helmets turned over to the Red Cross from Cleveland High not one piece has been turned back as unsatisfactory.

Girls, we are proud of you, as we certainly have a right to be. And now as we continue further in this greatest of great aids to civilized humanity, let us not lack in earnestness, courage or enthusiasm. But rather let us continue in this work, while the spirit is still with us, and keep on until we have gained greater heights, set higher standards and attained greater laurels.

OUR ORCHESTRA

Do you appreciate the fine music rendered by our orchestra? If you do, well and good. If you do not, you ought to be heartily ashamed of yourself. The selections they render are picked out with the greatest of care and are executed in a manner which is possible only after long hours of practice. This is due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Cleland and the members of the orchestra. Do you realize that the members of the orchestra do not get paid for their efforts? They spend several hours a week, taken from their own time after school, in getting their selections into shape. Did you ever stop to think, after you had done something worthy of praise, how good it made you feel when someone so expressed his appreciation? Yes, you know it made you feel good. Now, why don't you express your appreciation to the members of the orchestra? Go to them and give them your hearty praise, and then listen to the kind of music you will receive.

* * * *

Miss Clara E. Townsend, of Central High School in Anaconda, Montana, is now teaching in the Commercial Department.

* * * *

Miss Luella Shaffer, formerly of the Clay School in Clay, West Virginia, is now a member of the faculty, teaching in the commercial department.

* * * *

Miss H. C. Peterson, from the Lafayette High School at St. Joseph, Missouri, is also a member of the faculty, teaching commercial subjects.

Seniors



MR. T. D. ~~KELSEY~~
Sponsor, Class June '18

Class Colors—Blue and Gray



GLADYS M. DOWLIN
VICE PRES.



DEWEY J. SCHMOLL
TREASURER



CLIFTON C. LEWIS
PRESIDENT



FREDERICH W. BOTTHOFF
SERGT. OF ARMS



MARY JONES
SECRETARY



THE BEACON

GLADYS M. DOWLIN

Art

"Her nature sweet, her
talents many."

Associate Editor, Beacon, '18

Vice-Pres. Seniors

Vice-Pres. New Seniors

Beacon Art Staff, '17

Student Council, '15, '16,

'17, '18

Girls' A. A., '18

Pipes O' Pan, '18

Coso, '17

Art Club, '16

Academic "C"

DEWEY J. SCHMOLL

General

"He is adept as a
collector."

Mandolin Club, '16, '17, '18

Mandolin Club Pres., '17, '18

Student Council, '16

Treas. Senior Class

CLIFTON LEWIS

Manual Training

"He can make big plans
and also execute
them."

Pres. Senior Class

Pres. New Senior Class

Pres. Student Council

Editor Beacon, Jan., '18

Bus. Mgr. Beacon, Jan.,

'17

Asst. Bus. Mgr. Beacon,

'18

Webster-Hayne, '15, '16,

'17, '18

Sec'y Webster-Hayne, '17

Interscholastic Chess

Team, '16

Sec'y Chess Club, '16, '17

Craft Club, '16, '17

Treas. Craft Club, '17

Interscholastic Debat-

ing, '17

Camera Club

Military Training

Student Council, '17, '18

Chess Club, '15, '16, '17

Bus. Mgr. Beacon, June,

'17

Academic "C"

FREDERICK W. POTHOFF

Manual Training

"Ne'er shall the sun rise
on such another."

Swimming Team, '16

Football, '16, '17

Sgt. -at-Arms Seniors

"C"

MARY JONES

General

"On her cheek blushes
the richness of an au-
tumn sky."

Alethinae, '17

Pipes O' Pan, '17, '18

Capt. Girls' Basket-ball,

'16

Girls' A. A., '16, '17, '18

Cantanto, '16

Student Council, '16, '17,

'18

Student Council Sec'y,

'17, '18

Philo, '18

Asst. Editor Beacon,

Local Staff Beacon, '18

Jan., '18

Academic "C"

THE BEACON



JOHN J. AULD
"Compared with 'her,'
all else is worthless."

Manual Training
Student Council, '15, '16,
'17, '18
Glee Club, '16
Football, '15, '16, '17
Baseball, '16, '17, '18
Basket-ball, '15, '17
Track, '18
"C"



MARIE BELZ
"She has that straight-
forward way of doing
things that is always
appreciated."

General
*New Senior Secretary
Society Staff, Beacon*,
June, '18
Student Council, '16, '17,
'18
Girls' A. A., '15, '16, '17,
'18
Pipes O' Pan, '15
Basket-ball, '16
Tennis Club, '15
Coso, '17
Philo, '18



KENNETH BENSON
"Small of stature, but
mighty of will."

General
Orchestra, '15, '16, '17,
'18
Orchestra Librarian, '16
Orchestra Vice-Pres., '17
*Orchestra Secretary and
Treasurer*, '18



FERN BENSON
"She delves deep in that
mystery—Wisdom."

Commercial
Alethinae, '17, '18
Typewriting Club, '17,
'18
Stenographer Beacon,
'18

THE BEACON

ESTER BENTE.
"Always thoughtful,
kind and untroubled."

General
Academic "C"
Alethinæ, '17, '18
Student Council, '17, '18
Orchestra, '18
Tennis, '16



EDWARD BOONSHAFT
"He always comes up
smiling."

Classical
Pres. Spanish Club, '18



WILLIAM J. BROCKMEYER
"His way may be slow,
but it is certain."

Manual Training



CORDELIA O. BURTON
"To be a student unsur-
passed is my greatest
ambition."

General
Alethinæ, '16, '17
Grangers, '17, '18



THE BEACON



JOHN CHAPIN
"The heart of honor and
the tongue of truth."

General
Locals, Beacon, '18



VIOLA CLAUSS
"Nothing hinders me or
daunts me."

General
Botany Club Sec'y, '16
Alcithinae, '16
Grangers, '18
Botany Club, '15, '16



WHEELER C. DETJEN
"He is courtly, courageous
and big of heart."

General
Mandolin Club, '18
Webster-Hayne, '15, '16
Chess Club, '16
Baseball, '18
Track, '17
Football, '16
Royal Rooters



OTTO FISCHER
"Gentle of speech, but
firm in his ways."

General
Glee Club, 16, '17, '18
Glee Club Sec'y, '17
Glee Club President, '18
Cycle Club Secretary, '16
Sgt.-at-Arms Grangers, '18
Royal Rooters

THE BEACON

J. LESLIE FLEGLE

"With his flowery speeches and his accomplished dancing, he may a fairy win."

Commercial

Webster-Hayne, '15, '16, '17, '18
Webster - Hayne Vice-Pres., '17, '18
Spanish Club Pres., '16
News Representative New Seniors
Student Council, '15, '16, '17, '18
Exchange Editor Beacon, '16, '17



MARION FLEGLE

"He has that rare talent of saying the right (?) thing at the right time."

Commercial

Webster-Hayne, '15, '16, '17, '18
Webster-Hayne Treas., '18
Webster - Hayne Pres., '17, '18
Debating Team, '16, '17
Debating League, '17, '18
Asst. Bus. Mgr. Beacon, '16, '17
Student Council, '17, '18
Glee Club Treas., '18
Academic "C"



OLIVIA E. GREGORY

"Her music fell on their hearts like a ray of sun on the walls of a prison."

Home Economics

Girls' A. A., '16
Swimming Team, '16
Cantanto Pres., '15, '17
Cantanto Treas., '18
Orchestra Vice-Pres., '16
Orchestra Pres., '17
Pipes O' Pan, '15, '16
Student Council, '17, '18
Art Staff Beacon, '18
Budget Committee



RALPH J. HAGER

"Let us laugh and be merry;
 "Why worry? We only live once."

Manual Training

Football, '17
Military Training
Royal Rooters





ELLIS H. HAMEL

"He will never die of
overwork; he doesn't
believe in it."

General

Basket-ball, '17, '18

Baseball, '18

Mandolin Club, '18

"C"



EDNA HAVEMANN

"Her dark, dreamy eyes
just won't behave."

General

Pipes O' Pan, '15, '16, '17,

'18

Girls' A. A., '15, '16, '17,

'18

Baseball, '16



SYLVIA HAYS

"She doeth the little
kindnesses which
most leave undone."

Home Economics

Girls' A. A., '18



MILDRED HILLER

"The little cares that
fret me—
I cast them all away."

General

Althinae, '17, '18

Girls' A. A.

THE BEACON

HERBERT B. HOWELL
"His appearance is
faultless,
His manners courteous."

General
Editor-in-Chief, Beacon,
June, '18
Treasurer New Seniors
First Lt. Military Training
Student Council, '16, '17,
'18
Glee Club Pres., '16, '17
Glee Club Vice-Pres., '17
Academic "C"



ISABELLE HUGHES
"She has a fearless look
in her long-lashed
grey eyes."

General
Alethinae, '16, '17, '18
Alethinae Pres., '17, '18
Student Council
Literary Staff Beacon,
'18
Girls' A. A., '17
Baseball, '16



VINCIL F. HUNTER
"He is the mildest
mannered man."

Manual Training
Glee Club, '15, '16, '17
Tennis, '16, '17
Baseball, '17



HERTHA HUSS
"In her words and ways
she seems much older
than she is in truth."

General
Priscilla, '17
Cantanto, '17, '18



THE BEACON



LILLIAN KIESS
"An artistic and quaint
little maid."

Home Economics
Vice-Pres. Art Club,
'16, '17
Art Staff Beacon, '17, '18



VICTOR KLOEPPER
"Every new day finds
him growing in power
and height."

General
Track, '17, '18
Student Council
"C"



F. PAUL KOHLERY
"It is better to be small
and alive than a big
dead one."

Manual Training
Mandolin Club, '15, '16,
'17, '18
Student Council, '18
Royal Rooters, '16, '17
Orchestra, '17
Football, '17
Military Training



EDNA KOTTKAMP
"Don't worry; it maketh
deep wrinkles."

General
Tennis, '15
Girls' A. A., '16
Pipes O' Pan, '15, '16, '17,
'18
Student Council

THE BEACON

LOUISE MAJOR
"A true friend to the
true."

General
Alethinae, '16, '17, '18
Tennis Club, '16
Girls' A. A., '17



BERTHA MARX
"More often seen than
heard."

General



FRANKLIN T. MITCHELL
"Men of few words are
the best men."

Manual Training
Webster-Hayne, '18



MILDRED E. MOSS
"In all things mindful
not of herself, but
bearing the burdens
of others."

Home Economics
Cantanto Sec'y, '16, '17
Cantanto Vice-Pres., '17
Cantanto Pres., '18
Swimming, '16
Girls' A. A., '16, '17
Pipes O' Pan, '15, '18



THE BEACON



EDWIN MUELLER
"A little knowledge is
a useful thing."

Commercial
Gym. Team



JULIUS L. MUELLER
"Bashful among his class-
mates, but at pole
vaulting he is a star."
Gym. Sec'y-Treas., '16, '17
Track, '16, '17, '18
Gym. Team, '15, '16, '17, '18
Royal Rooters
Webster-Hayne
Typewriting Club
"C"

General



MILTON NAPIER
"All hearts were thrilled by
the magic of his music."

General



VARDEE NAYSMITH
"She is as free and nat-
ural as the flowers."

Home Economics
Coso Club, '17, '18
Coso Pres., '18
Pipes O' Pan, '17, '18
Pipes O' Pan Pres., '18
Girls' Athletic, Beacon, '18
Philo, '17, '18
Girls' A. A., '17, '18

THE BEACON

WALTER OSWALD
"Life is one long dream."

General



GEORGE PARKER
"A man of such a genial
word."

Scientific

Glee Club, '16, '18
Pres. Science Club, '16
Treas. Spanish Club, '16
Webster-Hayne, '18
Capt. Military Training
Exchange Editor Beacon, '18
Student Council, '17, '18
Treas. Camera Club, '16



ADELE PREISS
"Vivacity is the gift of
women."

General

Pipes O' Pan, '17, '18
Girls' A. A., '17, '18
Coso, '17



WILLIAM T. RASSIEUR
"Gallant, tall, noblest,
best of all."

General

Baseball, '17, '18
Student Council



THE BEACON



CLARA REINSCHMIDT
"A sweet, retiring miss."

General



ROBERT SAPPER
"Strong in mind, keen
in wit, and clever
in action."

General

Mandolin Club, '15, '16, '17, '18
Mandolin Club Sec'y and
Treas., '16
Mandolin Club Director, '17
Royal Rooters, '17, '18
Royal Rooters Pres., '18
Glee Club, '15
Student Council, '15, '16, '17, '18
Military Training
Track, '17, '18
Athletic Editor Beacon, '17, '18
Cheer Leader



MARGUERITE SCHARRINGHAUSEN

Home Economics

"Her inward worth all outward
show transcends."



FRED SCHLAPPRIZZI
"An athlete, a scholar, and
a true gentleman."

General

Track, '17, '18
Football, '17
Athletic Council, '17
"C"
Acting Sgt.-at-Arms, Seniors

THE BEACON

HIRAM SCHNIEDERWIND
"Ability, tho' hidden by mod-
esty, will seek fame."

Manual Training
Track, '16, '17
Capt. Track, '18
Football, '17
"C"



ROBERT SCHUETTE
"He is never too busy to
talk to the ladies."

Manual Training
Craft Club Sec'y, '17
Military Training
Track, '17



MAMIE SLEVIN
"Calmness of will is a
sign of greatness."

General
Baseball, '16



WILLIAM G. SMITH
"He is always ready to
help wherever he can."

Scientific
Spanish Club
Camera Club
Royal Rooters, '16
Glee Club, '16
Vice-Pres. Glee Club, '18
Adj. Military Training
Webster-Hayne, '18



THE BEACON



WALLACE SNIDER

"The true essentials of a feast are only fun and feed."

Manual Training

Royal Rooters' Treas., '17, '18
Student Council, '17, '18
Science Club Sec'y, '16
Cheer Leader, '16, '17
Glee Club, '15
Webster-Hayne, '15, '16
Football, '15, '16, '17
Military Training
Gym. Club, '15



THERESA R. STEINBERG

"She is never daunted by hard work."

Home Economics

Alethinae, '16, '17, '18
Botany Club, '16, '17, '18
Botany Club Treas., '16, '17
Girls' A. A.



JOSEPHINE STELMACH

"Earnest in thought, and true in word."

General

Typewriting Club, '17, '18
Grangers, '17, '18



FEDORA STOLBERG

"Today well lived makes yesterday a dream of happiness."

Commercial

Grangers, '17, '18
Student Council

THE BEACON

ALICE STONE

"Sweet modesty hath
wondrous charm."

Home Economics

Art Club, '16, '17



WILLIAM STREIT

"Always ready to do
his 'bit.'"

Manual Training

Gym. Team, '16, '17
Student Council
Track



GENEVIEVE SVOBODA

"Serene, resolute, calm
and self-possessed."

General



HELEN TAYLOR

"Quiet and unassuming is she."

Home Economics

Art Club, '16, '17



THE BEACON



OLIVE TOWNSLEY
"She has more wit than
most women need."

Classical



ALFRED VETTER
"The more you know him,
the better you like him."

General

Royal Rooters, '16, '17
Student Council, '16, '17



EDNA C. VOGEL
"She has the dearest gifts
that heaven supplies; a
heart that feels and eyes
that smile."

Scientific

Tennis, '16
Art Club, '16, '17
Alethinae, '17, '18
Alethinae Treas., '18
Student Council, '18



RAYMOND WAHLMANN
"A great mind for scientific projects."

Manual Training

Science Club, '15, '16
Camera Club, '16

THE BEACON

ALICE WALKER

"Quiet is she, but force-
ful are her thoughts
when expressed."

Home Economics

Alethinae
Art Club, '16, '17
Cantanto, '16



HERBERT WARE

"It isn't what a man thinks
or says, but when and
where and to whom he
thinks and says it."

General

Football, '16, '17
Student Council, '16, '17
Gym. Team, '16
Budget Committee
"C"



HAZELLE WEATHERS

"Always busy unless
interrupted."

General

Class Play, June, '16
Pipes O' Pan, '15, '16, '17, '18
Alethinae, '15



HELEN WEGMAN

"A little nonsense now and
then is good for anyone."

Commercial

Grangers, '17, '18



THE BEACON



CATHERINE WEHRLE
"As merry as the day
is long."

General
Cantanto, '17, '18



ANGELINE WELSCH
"A maiden, modest and
self-possessed."

Commercial
Cantanto, '15, '17, '18
Alethinae, '17, '18
Typewriting, '17, '18
Vice-Pres., Cantanto, '18
Vice-Pres. Typewriting, '18
Grangers, '17
Girls' A. A., '15



VIOLA WEYLAND
"Meeting her is liking her,
Knowing her is loving
her."

Commercial
Pipes O' Pa., '17, '18
Typewriting Club, '17, '18
Grangers, '17, '18



FLORENCE WITTKOPF
"A pretty girl, and in her
eyes is seen that soft
shade of green we some-
times see in evening skies."

Home Economics
Alethinae, '16, '17, '18
Cantanto, '16
Art Club, '17

THE BEACON

NANETTE C. WOOD

General

"Her presence seems to turn
darkness into sunshine." *Beacon Staff, '17, '18*
Alethinae, '16, '17, '18
Alethinae Vice-Pres., '17
Girls' A. A., '15, '16, '17, '18



EMMA WOUTERS

Home Economics

"To love her is a liberal
education." *Alethinae Sec'y, '17*
Cantanto Vice-Pres., '17
Tennis Club, '16
Swimming Team, '16
Budget Committee



HAZEL YOUNG

Commercial

"To those who know thee not,
No words can paint: *Girls' A. A., '15*
And those who know thee *Typewriting Club, '18*
know all words are faint." *Grangers, '17*



Senior Identification Table

NAME	VIRTUE	CHIEF OCCUPATION	AIM IN LIFE
AULD, JOHN	Dimples	Looking for "her"	To go "over there"
BENSON, KENNETH	Size	Helping others	To have Jazz band
BOONSHAFT, EDWARD	His laugh	Laughing	To laugh forever
BROCKMEYER, WM.	Slowness	Studying Burke	To be a butcher
CHAPIN, JOHN	Brotherly love	Finding Parker	Reaching Parker's height
DETJEN, WHEELER	His way	Playing pool	Philosopher
FISCHER, OTTO	Singing	Combing his hair	Becoming an athlete
FLEGLE, MARION	Talking	Making motions	Stump speaker
FLEGLE, LESLIE	Sweet voice	Dancing	Doctor
HAGER, RALPH	Machine	Finding new girl	Finding pretty girls
HAMEL, ELLIS	Height	Caring for ladies	To live forever
HOWELL, HERBERT	Neatness	Smoothing his hair	Business man
HUNTER, VINCL	Manners	Tennis	To be champion
KLOPPER, VICTOR	Curly hair	Sprinting	To break record
KOHLBRY, FRANCIS	Enthusiasm	Having fun	Comedian
KRAFT, JULIUS	Sturdiness	Working	Become famous
LEWIS, CLIFTON	Pompadour	Calling meetings	To be president
LIND, JOSEPH	His work	Mathematics	Salesman
LIPPERT, HAROLD	Athletics	Seeing "her" home	To be "her" hero
MITCHELL, FRANKLIN	Quietness	Studying French	To be portly gentleman
MUELLER, EDWIN	Size	Displaying ties	Increase his height
MUELLER, JULIUS	Bashfulness	Avoiding girls	Gymnastic teacher
NAPIER, MILTON	Milton	Talking to girls	To be popular
OSWALD, WALTER	Daydreams	Dreaming	To wake up
PARKER, GEORGE	Slimness	Thinking	To grow stout
POTHOFF, FRED	Swimming	Looking innocent	To be a coach
RASSIEUR, WM.	Ability	Reciting	Lawyer
SAPPER, ROBERT	Originality	Explaining	Manager
SCHLAPPRIZZI, FRED	Friendliness	Athletics	To be a success
SCHMOLL, DEWEY	His job	Asking for money	To get it
SCHNEIDERWIND, HIRAM	Track	Practicing	Run across country
SCHUETTE, ROBERT	Hair	Courting the ladies	Ladies' man
SMITH, WM.	Complexion	Helping others	Missionary
SNIDER, WALLACE	His wit	Going to office	To be serious
STREIT, WM.	Pleasantness	Gymnastics	Evangelist
VETTER, ALFRED	Forceful way	Roasting	Yell manufacturer
WAHLMANN, RAYMOND	Seriousness	Helping Mr. Irwin	Scientist
WARE, HERBERT	His laugh	Bluffing	To finish school
BELZ, MARIE	Hair	Fussing	To get a Ford
BENSON, FERN	"E's"	Studying	To be a dean
BENTE, ESTHER	Her flute	Playing her flute	Musical director
BURTON, CORDELIA	Pleasantness	Talking	Speaker

Senior Identification Table

NAME	VIRTUE	CHIEF OCCUPATION	AIM IN LIFE
CLAUSS, VIOLA	Curiosity	Asking questions	To be great
DOWLIN, GLADYS	Hasn't any	Studying Spanish	Designer
GREGORY, OLIVIA	Her music	Practicing	Play in Symphony
HAVEMANN, EDNA	Eyes	Flirting	To be a teacher
HAYES, SYLVIA	Shyness	Latin	To know her lessons
HILLER, MILDRED	Frankness	Getting "E's"	To work
HUGHES, ISABELLE	Grey eyes	Arguing	To vote
HUSS, HERTHA	Sincerity	Doing something	To hear questions
JONES, MARY	Voice	Entertaining	Enter society
KIESS, LILLIAN	Artistic nature	Drawing	Artist
KOTTKAMP, EDNA	Pretty face	Making eyes	Go on stage
KREBS, MAY	Gracefulness	Turning	Gym. teacher
LANE, GRACE	Good nature	Arousing some "pep"	Congresswoman
LAUBIS, ANNA	Thoughtfulness	Studying history	History teacher
LOEVY, RUTH	Daintiness	Pleasing others	Dancer
LOVING, BEATRICE	Her way	Talking to boys	Singer
MAJOR, LOUISE	Languages	Being nice	Poetess
MARX, BERTHA	Quietness	Avoiding trouble	To be a teacher
MOSS, MILDRED	Shrewdness	Helping others	To be a nurse
NAYSMITH, VARDEE	Business	Latin	Go to Pittsburgh
PREISS, ADELE	Her curl	Arguing with H. H.	To quit arguing
REINSCHMIDT, CLARA	Sweetness	Being prompt	To be ever prompt
SCHARRINGHAUSEN, M.	Modesty	Smiling	Society
SLEVIN, MAMIE	Haughtiness	Getting credits	To graduate
STEINBERG, THERESA	Low voice	Studying	Business woman
STELMACH, JOSEPHINE	Stillness	Elushing	Overcome blushing
STOLBERG, FEDORA	Meekness	Being industrious	Teacher
STONE, ALICE	Smiling	Being quiet	To stay home
SVOBODA, GENEVIEVE	Sensibility	Being sensible	Gym. teacher
TAYLOR, HELEN	Demureness	Doing right thing	True womanliness
TOWNSLEY, OLIVE	Talkativeness	Writing notes to G. P.	Get married
VOGEL, EDNA	Sweetness	Being pleasant	To go to college
WALKER, ALICE	Silence	Riding with Tom	To drive her car
WEATHERS, HAZELLE	Petite	Dancing	To leave school
WEGMAN, HELEN	Dimples	Typewriting	To be a "steno"
WEHRLE, CATHERINE	Cheerfulness	Reciting history	Give good cheer
WELSCH, ANGELINE	Sweet voice	Looking for Hazel	Prima donna
WEYLAND, VIOLA	Neatness	Hiking	Seamstress
WITTKOPF, FLORENCE	Her walk	Powdering her nose	To take big steps
WOOD, NANETTE	Sunny nature	Being on Meramec	Authoress
WOUTERS, EMMA	Innocence	Watching her "hero"	Keeping him
YOUNG, HAZEL	Steadiness	Longing for him	To stay with C. K.

The Two-Year Commercial Course

Sponsor	Mr. E. E. Hutzel
Motto	"We have reached the foothills, the mountains are in sight"
Colors	Orange and sky blue

OFFICERS

President	Harry Boka
Secretary and Treasurer	Marie Fluckiger

On March 11, the class of June, 1918, was organized by the election of Mr. Hutzel as sponsor, Harry Boka, president, and Marie Fluckiger, secretary.

At the second meeting the class decided to have its picture taken and put into *The Beacon*. This is the first picture of a class finishing the Two-Year Commercial Course to appear in our school paper.

The class is larger than any of its sisters before, and we know the classes will increase in size every term.

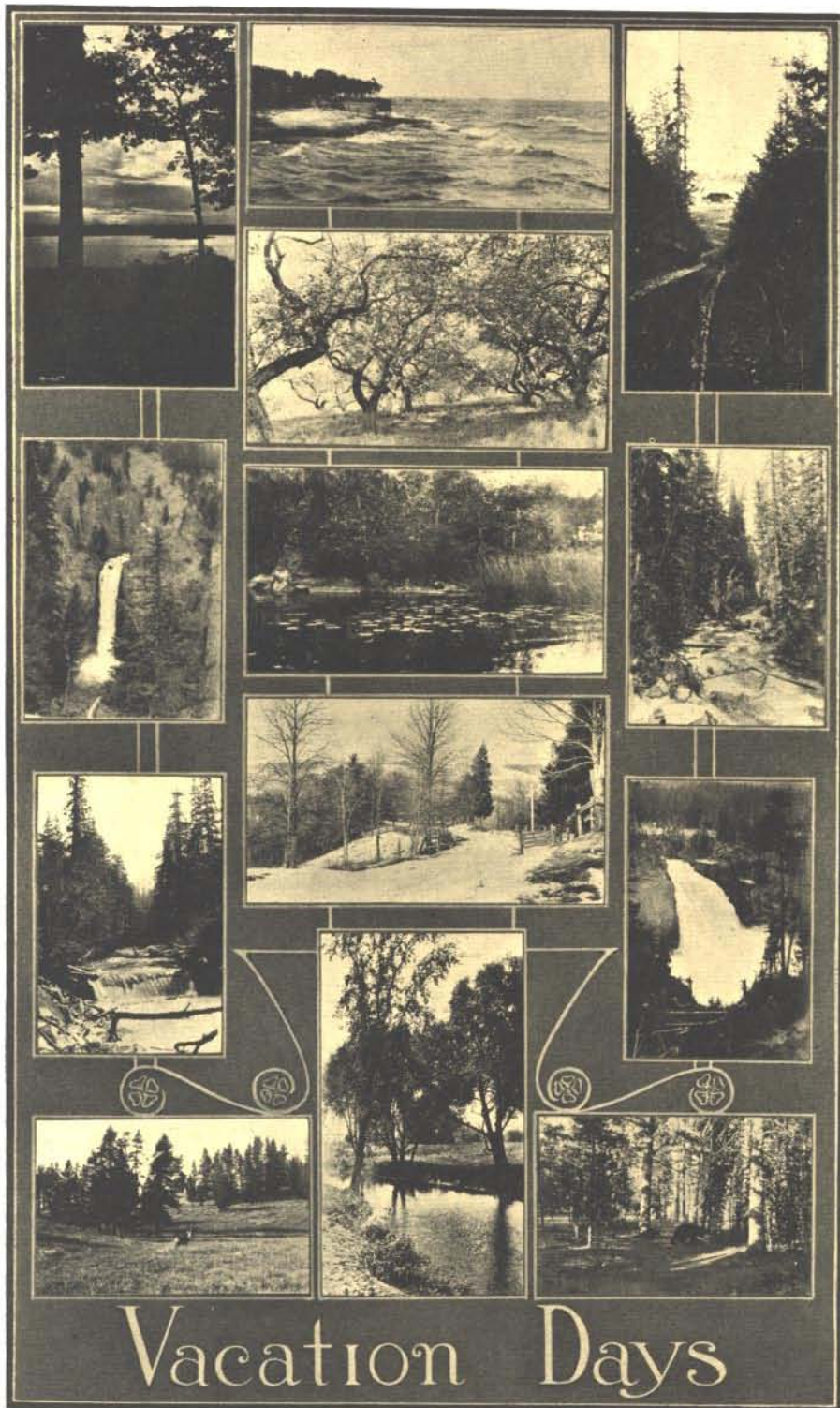
The enrollment in this course is increasing from term to term, which shows that the course is very popular. This popularity is due to the excellent training which is given in so short a time, and which turns out the boys and girls with the assurance of making them successful in the business world.

The class has had but few meetings, but looks forward to many more which will afford both social enjoyment and business training. These meetings will be interesting and helpful to all of the class.

The students who are finishing this course are as follows:

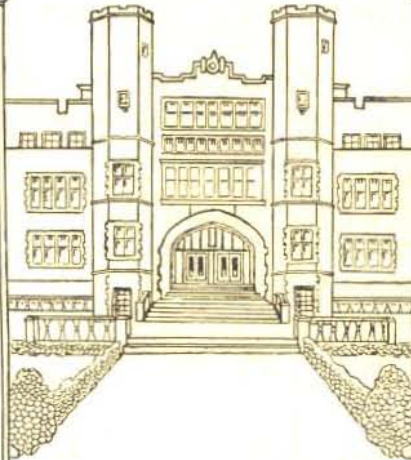
Flora Buettner	Helen Renner
Hildegarde Cederquist	Isabel Stangler
Mildred Chapman	Laura Siemens
Anita Decker	Estelle Scherzinger
Mildred Dollar	Melba Zieger
Marie Fluckiger	Fred Betz
Helen Franz	Harry Boka
Arline Keil	Marcellus Heine
Esther Marsh	Clarence Klein
Clara Nagel	Marie E. Fluckiger, Secretary.





Vacation Days

LITERATURE



HONESTY
LOYALTY
COURTESY
INDUSTRY

GROVER CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOL

THE BEACON

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON—CROIX DE GUERRE

Private Anderson's regiment of the Rainbow Division had been occupying trenches in France for about two months. The Germans had shelled them several times, but no serious engagement had taken place. During each shelling he had appeared outwardly calm, as did the rest of the men. Inwardly, however, he trembled with fear, and with the least possible excuse he had sought a bomb-proof shelter during the "strafing."

This trench life was beginning to be monotonous to the soldiers, and even the most timid began to wish for a true American hand-to-hand conflict. Private Anderson even thought a little skirmish would do him good. Perhaps because he had grave doubts that there ever would be one.

One day, however, the Captain of his Company informed the men that there would be action that night. His company had been chosen to make a raid upon the "Boches'" trenches. Everyone seemed to be pleased but Private Anderson. All were preparing for the raid that was to take place that night. He wondered how they could be so light-hearted, and prayed that something would happen to prevent the fight. He pondered and brooded over the coming action until he had worked himself into a nervous frenzy. He was almost out of his mind when evening came.

When the company was in position ready for the attack, he was in his right place, but he hardly realized what was happening. The Captain talked soothingly to the men and told them what they were expected to do, but he heard nothing. The time was drawing near. Already the big guns were beginning their barrage fire, behind which they were to advance. The minutes dragged on, the time came. The Captain was just ready to give the signal to advance when Private Anderson broke down. He threw himself at the Captain's feet and begged to be allowed to remain behind. Everyone was dumbfounded. The Captain could not speak at first. Finally he managed to roar out, "Get back to your squad and STAY there." He went back with the pitying glances of all the men following him.

The skirmish had begun. The Germans, suspecting the raid, had kept a sharp lookout. When they saw the oncoming Americans they poured in a hail of bullets from machine guns and small arms. The large shells began to burst around them. Men were falling all around. Private Anderson was struck a glancing blow on the head by a fragment of shrapnel. Blood blinded him. He staggered into a shell hole and tied a handkerchief over the wound. He had lost track of the other men; he was a machine, firing as rapidly as possible towards something that was an enemy. He did not notice the shells or the whine of the machine guns any longer.

There began to form a strange notion in his head that something straight ahead, perhaps a thousand miles or so, was particularly hated by him. He started forward, yelling and swinging his gun at imaginary foes.

THE BEACON

Suddenly he struck something; perhaps it was a wall. He did not know, but he kept swinging his gun. He heard faint thuds as his gun struck some object. Then all was dark. A big German had brought the butt of his gun down on his head.

Sometime later he opened his eyes. He could not realize where he was. Slowly his thoughts came back to him. He recalled his disgraceful conduct, but could not remember further. He closed his eyes and lay there, dreading the time when he would be released from the hospital. He wondered what the men thought of him.

The next day the Commander of his division came into the hospital with a French officer. They spoke to one of the nurses and she pointed towards him. The two generals then came towards his cot. They both smiled at him. Then the French officer took a medal from his pocket and stooping over pinned it on his breast. Private Anderson stared at him, not thinking of thanking him. He turned to the American officer and asked him if they were mocking him for his cowardliness. The general then told him that he had led an attack on a machine gun that was mowing down our men. The Captain had been killed and none of the other officers dared lead the charge. He had reached the gun and was clubbing down the Germans when wounded.

The two generals then left, after promising him a Lieutenancy.

C. Wheeler Detjen, June, '18.

THE CANYON ROAD

*Oh, canyon road of the shadows deep,
Flanked by ferns on the sides so steep,
What are the secrets that you contain
Of sunlight and shadow and gentle rain?
The trickling brook, which tumbles and sings,
And laughs at the bird which over it wings.
The huge mossy logs flung over the brook,
Caressed by ferns in each cranny and nook.
The cool, gray stones at the water's edge,
The patches of sunlight that through the leaves wedge,
And flicker and dance like so many sprites
At their trysting place on cool summer nights.
You twist and you turn and delve deep in the wood,
And the tall cedars shade you as nothing else could.
And oh, winding road, deep in the ravine,
Know, all your fair secrets are not always seen.*

Eliza Richeson, Jan., '19.

THE BEACON

37's RUNNING BROAD JUMP

The man in the cab leaned out, took the bundle of papers handed him by the traffic manager's assistant, stuffed them into his jumper pocket and reached for the throttle.

No. 37 was a long, low six-wheeler with a little stubby stack; each driver stood exactly sixty-inches high; 37's fire-box was low down and glowed with the heat of her fires; her tender was stacked high with coal; her water-tank full; 37 was going out tonight!

With a grunt 37 heaved her string of "sleepers" into motion. It took her thirty minutes to clear the yards and get into open country; then she bowled along at an easy clip, warming up. The engineer put on a pair of goggles and the click of the rail joints grew in rapidity and volume until it sounded like the ticking of a mighty watch. When the sound had merged with the other noises into a steady roar, the throttle seemed to stick, then the engineer seemed to realize that it could go no farther. The throttle was wide open! 37 had reached her limit!

The engineer gave the track his attention again. Far ahead two little green lights appeared and the engineer reached for the throttle, then muttered to himself, "Why not? It's the strongest bridge in the world," and 37 held her pace.

This bridge was a big steel structure supported by big stone caissons. It was necessary that it should be a steel structure and very strong, for the river—so insignificant that the dwellers along its banks called it "the crick"—had a habit of climbing out of its banks every spring and running wild with everything within its reach, and furthermore this little river had a deadly enmity for the bridge and was determined to throw the man-made thing off its back. Fully convinced that it could never tear down that heavy, middle stone caisson, it promptly set to work to undermine it, and up to date had made considerable progress.

As 37's finger of light swept down the rails and onto the bridge the man in the cab caught a momentary glimpse of the telegraph tower and its occupant, out of the tail of his eye, before 37, with a roar, hurtled into the opening of the bridge.

The engineer had been watching the rails as 37 bore down on the bridge and to his horror had seen the whole bridge-work sway and begin to settle in the center! The river had conquered the bridge! Then for a heartbreaking fifth of a second 37 hung in the bridge, passed through it and landed on the rails again with a slight jar, and went roaring on into the night.

The engineer, pale-faced, looked at his fireman, who moistened his dry lips with his tongue and nodded his head.

The telegraph operator in the tower calmly tapped out, "Bridge fell after 37 went through." But the engineer eased off the throttle and murmured, "She jumped it! 37's broad jump at her limit."

Arthur Clark, Jan., '19.

THE BEACON

FREEDOM

A Sonnet

*Freedom, thou liberator of all men,
Throughout the length and breadth of this wide world,
Thy bolts of liberty at tyrants hurled,
Will ne'er permit their power to rise again.
In mountain torrents and through every glen,
Thy welcome voice upon the storm-wind whirled,
Brings nation after nation's flag unfurled,
As freedom enters full into their ken.
Each country from her bonds of slavery
Has burst, with shouts of gladness at thy call,
And every man that sails the boundless sea
Is echoing back from heaven and watery wall
The cry of all mankind, "Come now, be free!"
The cry that says our Freedom cannot fall.*

Burdette Cantrell, Jan., '19.

MIGUEL'S REWARD

"But, senor, you weel excuse me for one day only? My ankle, eet eez sprain. It need zee rest."

"Get outa here, you dirty greaser, er I'll knock you out! You work er keep away!"

There was no further remonstrance from the Mexican. Turning slowly, he limped from the building, the eyes of the foreman following him.

"The lazy scoundrel! Don't wanna work." Then, looking at his foot, "Don't know, it may hurt. Let him have the rest."

Old Miguel hobbled down to the trail, where he was met by his dog who did not care to go near the mine. They did present a dirty sight, scraggly, sweaty, greasy. But one cannot expect to work hard in that climate and remain clean.

"We go home, Ripo, and work not teel my foot ees well. The senor may have been in bad humor today. We try again sometime, soon."

When he reached his home he prepared the meal, tortillas and cactus leaves. Then, lighting a cigarette, he sat in the shade of the casucha, dog beside him, whiling away the hot afternoon, thinking, dozing until night, when the desert breezes became too cool. Stepping into the shack he slept.

The sun had risen twice ere he again left the house. Wondrous Mexican herbs had healed his ankle.

"Come, Ripo, we go back. No work, no eat," and he started for the mine.

"Well?"

THE BEACON

"I am return, senor. I weel work."

"You'll what? Ain't I told you to keep away from here?" yelled the foreman. "Out!" and he planted his big fist between the Mexican's eyes, which sent him sprawling into the sunshine.

As Miguel rose from the ground the spirit of his youth rose with him. He leaped as silently and gracefully as a cat, five fingers entwined about the miner's throat, the others about a long, thin knife.

But the foreman was quicker. Grasping the wrist he bent and twisted it, a crunching, grinding, breaking of bones. The old Mexican's arm dropped nervelessly to his side as the shining blade fell in the dust.

"Senor, I will repay."

A snicker from some, a loud guffaw from others of the miners, who had gathered around.

With a disgusting sneer the foreman replied: "Try it; next time, worse."

High on a ledge, overlooking the mine, arm in a sling, dog beside him, sat old Miguel. Eyes full of hate, sorrow and despair, he gazed at nothing.

"Life, Ripo; what ees eet? Nothing! Quarrel, dirt, bad men, selfish men. How I hate eet! I come from dear old Spain with plentee money. Americanos! Bah! Nothing! Diablo, these gringoes make eet hard for us. Work I wish to, no one lets me. To live honest I weel until death. Others they weel steal. Who can blame them? Men—not men, devils, with plentee money, weel not let others work, eat, make honest living. Who are responsible for those who steal? They are the cause of other man's sins! They make hatred, jealousy, fight, war in thees world! Fight! In dear old Spain I would fight. But now I am old and beeg gringo he crush me lak a baby. The knife I use—Ugh!"

He was suddenly awakened from his reverie by a low booming sound. Columns of smoke rose from the mine and men were running everywhere. Miguel's curiosity was aroused.

"Come, Ripo; we see zee mattair."

He descended the hill and carefully walked toward the scene of confusion. He caught snatches of the cause.

Explosion!—main shaft!—el dueno!—caught in slide!—

The senor was gone, so he walked to the opening of the shaft.

"The slide ees about to fall!"

"There ees no hope for el amo!"

"Who is going down?" asked Miguel.

There was no answer, so the old Mexican swung down the ladder into the darkness.

"Ah, bottom! Where ees the slide?" running along the cavern. "A light," picking up a hat dropped by a miner in his haste. "Nuestra Madonna!"

THE BEACON

The last was ejaculated as he stopped suddenly. The cavern was blocked. Huge rocks lay about and a great hill of sand and clay rose to the ceiling.

"No opening!" running from side to side; "cielo, yes!" Wedged against the wall were two boulders, a slight opening between. His broken arm was a menace and the ragged edge tore the flesh, but that did not stop old Miguel. Through to the other side of the wall, he stumbled over the body of the foreman. Unconscious, the blood ran freely from a gash in his head. There was no one else.

"Ah, senor, how ees zat?" He ripped his shirt and bandaged the cut. "How weel we get out? The hole ees too small, maybe?" Thrusting the body into the crevice, he pushed and tugged to get it through. It was hard work, but when a man is under difficulty he works with all his strength and will, because he feels he must put the thing through. Just so Miguel labored and got the body through.

"To zee bottom of zee shaft where a rope weel get us out. Here ees one."

Wrapping the rope about the miner, he carried the other end to the top and the peons hoisted the body up the shaft.

"Bravo!"

"Miguel el diablo!"

The old Mexican took no heed of these words of praise.

"Get zee doctoir. I weel go." And he disappeared down the trail.

"Entair. Ah, Peblo, why do you knock?"

"The senor wants you at zee mine."

"Me? No. I weel not go. For what?"

"I know not. You had bettair come."

Miguel reluctantly followed Peblo back to the mine and to the building from which he had been thrown.

The foreman did not look at him. "Get to work!"

"But, senor, my arm; eet"—

"Draw pay till it's well. Get out!"

Miguel drew his pay and worked. All his hatred for the world had left him. He was making an honest living.

George Halbruegger, June, '19.

"JUST ONE OF THEM"

He was a tiny urchin, who seemed to get more ragged day by day. All during the blizzard weather of the winter last, no comfortable clothing protected him from the terrible cold. Always the cap, sizes too large, covered his ringlets, perhaps golden, but sandy with dirt; and ever he wore his frayed little sweater. But the wealth of health flooded his cheeks and forced its way through the layers of city soot.

When I passed his corner on my way home he would run to me, hand me a paper, suddenly burst into a deafening volley of "Post! Paper!"

THE BEACON

Post!" while thrusting out a tiny hand gloved with dirt and callous for the penny. Then immediately he would rush off as if the whole weight of the war rested on his shoulders.

Often this monotony was broken by some incident which contributed to the thrilling experiences of the youngster's life.

One evening, when seeing me, he galloped across the street, dodging trucks and street cars, and breathlessly handed me the paper. "Say, kid! you're on my side," shouted a fellow-vender a half again his size. It was not long before they were in the gutter.

Vainly I tried to separate them. Finally the news stand "boss" succeeded. My little man came out badly. He was jeered. "He could whip a boy his size," I exclaimed. "A fellow is a coward to pick on someone smaller than himself."

The boys agreed with me, consoled the child by allowing him to take what corner he pleased.

After this he and I were speaking acquaintances and then instead of crying "Post! Paper! Post!" he would say in a voice made harsh with manly pretence, "Hello, how are ya?"

One day it happened that in want of other, I gave him my bright "good luck" penny. I told him it was. "Ah," he laughed, "is that what ya call a lucky coin? I don't. I call a dirty 'un lucky."

I smiled and went on, but half way down the block I heard a scream, and turning back, saw a crowd gathering. I ran again to the corner. The boy I once called coward came to me and sobbing, cried, "He pushed the little girl aside, but to do it had to get in the way of the truck." Painfully I forced my way through the crowd; and there crushed under a massive wheel I saw my little newsboy.

Now the carrier brings my paper.

Isabelle Hughes, June, '18.

THE MOUNTAINS

*When small, white clouds are sailing
O'er pine trees dark and tall,
And summer winds are sighing,
I always hear a call;
A call that comes a-rolling,
Like the billows, wild and free,
A voice which seems to whisper
In tones of childish glee.
It calls, and calls, and seizes
My heart, where'er I roam;
That voice is the call from the mountains,
The call of my cabin home.*

Norma Landherr, Jan., '19.

THE BEACON

A LETTER FROM "OVER THERE"

Somewhere,
Sometime.

Dear Ed:

I've been here some time now, and my decision is that Sherman was wrong—absolutely wrong. Why, when you compare what he said it was, to what war really is, the former seems a garden of Eden.

The other day I was in one of the trenches when I began to feel rather uncomfortable. I decided to stand quietly and locate the trouble, and it was the cutest little "cootie" you ever saw! Just then a "billet-doux" from the Germans wrecked that part of the trench where I would have been had I not stopped. Now, what would you have done? Put that "cootie" right back where it had been, of course; and that's exactly what I did. It seemed to enjoy itself.

I then returned the German greeting, with my compliments. Let me tell you that we're just fighting them like mad, and it won't be long before we get back to good old St. Louis. When I do get back, you'll have to shoot off firecrackers at my door until I get accustomed to the quietness.

I'm getting along fine with my French, but these people don't seem to understand me very well. Perhaps they use so much slang that the correct French sounds as strange to them as a Bostonian's English would sound to some New Yorkers.

The French surely are good scouts and treat us fine. As to the girls, they're pretty good looking, but they can't beat my 'Liza Jane back in old Missouri. Gee, wouldn't I——? But, pshaw! We're here to get the Kaiser, and that won't take us long. When we do, I'll try to get a lock of his hair for a souvenir and then beat it back to THE country, THE state, and THE girl.

In closing, I wish to say that you can't realize how it heartens us to hear of the sacrifices made for us by the folks back home.

Au revoir.

From your old pal,

Bill, June, '18.

THE HEART OF HEARTS

Timothy Hays finished his carving with a grand flourish. He stepped back and surveyed the town pumphandle, which formed a background for his art, with critical countenance. Then he pulled his straw hat well down over his eyes, trumpeted loudly into his red bandana, and sauntered across the road.

In his mind's eye he could still see that carving—a carefully cut "M. J." and then his own "T. H.," with an elaborate heart circumventing the whole. He went along slowly. Oh, boy, he was happy! Say! feeling as he did now, he'd pitch such a game of ball as had never been pitched before.

THE BEACON

The shriek of the 9:14 whistling for the curve off yonder drew him to the station platform, and with apparent laconic indifference he watched the great locomotive come panting to a stop. And then, as if electrified, he straightened up. A lithe, smartly dressed figure had descended from the last coach and was hurrying toward the Hiram Foote General Store. Timothy gazed after the fellow until he disappeared from view.

"Willie Foote!" he sighed, and plodded slowly homeward.

* * * *

Fully an hour before game time the road to Slocum's pasture was covered with a slowly moving thread of buggies, surreys, and spring-wagons. Numerous pedestrians dodged in and out among the caravan or hailed their more intimate friends for "a little lift." And at the pasture itself the crowd was immense.

This large, level stretch of grazing land, the property of one Ezra Slocum, was the scene of the annual contest between the Hiram Foote General Store baseball team and the nine representing the Silas Haye General Merchandise Company. Today's contest would be the eleventh game of a series, which had to date been evenly divided.

The baseball world was celebrating. The old field was fixed up as it had never been before, for this was the game. Outside of baseball honors there hung upon the contest the probable fate of one or the other general merchandise establishments, since it was an open secret that "Hiram Foote an' Silas Haye had nigh onto a thousan' dollars bet on th' game."

The umpire howled "Play Ball!" at last, and the masses along either foul line were temporarily hushed. Over near third base the two store proprietors, both of them diamond heroes of a decade past, glared at each other as if the outcome of the game depended on their fierce visages. Out in the pitcher's box Timothy Haye was posing confidently. He cast one look about for his beloved, and then shot a perfect strike over the pan. Another strike—and another, and the crowd cheered. Timothy's eyes bore a contented look. And then—his eyes wandered up the road. He gasped, and threw. The catcher made a wild leap into the air, and the umpire ruled, "Bawll!" There, in an exceptionally narrow buggy, drawn by a slow, self-satisfied horse, were Willie Foote and his darling!

Three men walked before Timothy could retire another hitter, and when he saw Willie Foote bid "his Mary" an overly sincere good-bye and trot up to the plate, he was beside himself.

"Foote batting for Watson," a self-appointed announcer cried, and mechanically Timothy heaved the ball to the plate.

"Crack!" That sickening report seemed to take all the joy out of life. Charley Woodbury, who played left field, was cantering madly toward the patch of timber at the other end of the pasture, and the Hiram Foote runners were tearing around the bases. It was a home run. Willie Foote was across the plate before Charley found the ball. Si Haye groaned.

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A great stop and throw by Chuck Simpkins from deep short retired the side, and under the elder Haye's implorings the losing team got after that four-run lead. Charley Woodbury hit one into a wood-chuck hole behind second base, and reached third before it could be dug out. Timothy's squeeze "bunt" flew into center field and sent Charley across the plate, but the next batter fanned and Willie Foote, who was playing first base, grabbed Chuck Simpkin's liner and stepped on that bag for a double play.

The end of the fifth inning found the score still standing 4 to 1. A batting rally in the sixth, and reckless baserunning in the seventh gave the Haye nine four runs and the lead. Another run came in the eighth inning, but a lively rally in which a two-base drive by Willie Foote featured, resulted in a brace of markers for the Hiram Foote boys, and tied the score at 6 to 6.

Try as they might, the Silas Haye batters could not score, and the game went on into extra innings. The clamor of the spectators was hushed, and all, breathless, watched Timothy wind up.

Timothy Haye "spread himself." Eleven balls pitched, and three strike-outs! His team came in, triumphant, but in vain did three players swing at the ball. One fouled to Willie Foote and the latter pair ignominiously struck out. The crowd cheered again.

Timothy trudged wearily to the mound. An easy victim fell before three of his "round houses." Another crowded the plate, and received an outshoot on the end of the chin. He was carried to first. Timothy shrugged his shoulders, wound up, and—there was Willie Foote at the bat. Timothy checked himself.

"Balk!" bellowed the umpire, and the runner on first staggered to second.

Timothy threw. The ball bounded in front of the plate. He threw again. The ball went into the crowd, and a sympathetic knot of people gathered around old Malachi Watters, who had tried to catch it. The venerable patriarch had been struck in the chest, and was quite devoid of wind.

One gaze at that accursed buggy and the pretty form within, and Timothy hurled the ball with all his might. Willie Foote smote a triple to deep center. The Hiram Foote General Store Baseball Club was ahead!

Old Silas Haye rushed frantically up and down the sideline, reminding his team that there were two out. Timothy, his face white as a sheet, wound up slowly, deliberately—a cry from third caused him to wheel suddenly. There was Willie Foote, streaking for home! He wavered, undecided, then heaved far over the third baseman's head. Amid tremendous cheering, Willie Foote trotted across the plate.

Timothy "went up sky-high" (in the trenches they would have said that his morale had been broken). At any rate five more runs were

THE BEACON

scored before somebody obligingly flied to Woodbury. And to beat all, Willie Foote went in to pitch the latter half of the ninth inning, and retired the side in double-quick time.

* * * *

That night the moon shone brightly on a figure busy about the town pump. It was Timothy. He scratched patiently with his jack-knife until the last vestige of that fatal heart was gone. And then he heaved a sigh and moved sorrowfully away, just as an exceptionally narrow buggy, drawn by a slow, self-satisfied horse, came over the hill in the distance.

Robt. Sapper, June, '18.

THE NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS

*Behold the fragrant petals' crystal gleams
As, waiting patiently the moonlight beams,
The pure white Cereus nods low.
His large, sweet blossoms modestly are closed;
The lonely bee that in their folds reposed
Strays homeward quiet and slow.
Cool breeze, night's herald, now sweeps o'er the sky
And drives the sunset cloudlets to their bed,
While marble Cereus bends in prayer.
And myriads of stars in heaven lie,
All lie there strewn—for Luna's triumph spread
For, lo!—she riseth through the air!
The stars are dancing 'round her in their glee,
But she in silence floods the sleeping vale,
And sweet, majestic, pale, sublime,
Caresses with her light each flower and tree,
And mutely listening to the breezes' hail,
Sheds down her calm divine.
And Cereus in adoration wrapt,
First silent—then his petals white unclaspt,
Uplifts his face—doth stir.
His heart with silent eloquence is filled.
The heart of Cereus, with beauty thrilled
Pours forth its praise to her.*

Mary Wecka, June, '20.

THE VALUE OF A SCHOOL SAVINGS BANK

Winner of First Prize in Contest.

The merits of school savings banks have been so widely recognized since their introduction in the United States by John H. Thiry in 1885, that they are considered an important feature in the present system of education. The plan for establishing banks in the schools was originated by Francois Laurent, a resident of Belgium, in the early part of the nineteenth century.

THE BEACON

It has been said that the Americans know better how to earn than how to save. Perhaps this is due to the tendency in youth to form luxurious habits, which are hard to break later. A school bank can help to prevent these habits from being cultivated by encouraging the pupils to spend their money wisely, so that there will be something left to save. It is often difficult to persuade children to save their pennies, but when they see how their pennies grow into dollars, they are willing to sacrifice gum, candy and picture shows in order that their accounts may grow more rapidly so that they may buy more valuable things later. Thus, not only are their pennies saved, but their health also. By overcoming the desire to spend their money for the little things which attract them, they develop habits of self-control.

The children become enthusiastic to earn money, and instead of being idle they use their spare moments in working. They assume a feeling of self-responsibility and take pride in doing their work well.

Statistics show that the net amount of money on deposit in the school savings banks for the school year of 1913 is one million two hundred fifty-six thousand three hundred thirty-five dollars and forty cents, a sum which readily proves that the pupils are taking advantage of the opportunities opened to them by the school banks.

The community whose children are learning and practicing thrift is sure to be a prosperous community in the future when the children take over the affairs of their fathers.

There is no way in which pupils can learn a banking system more thoroughly and practically than by coming in contact with a school bank. Often the students in the bookkeeping classes do not realize how serious the smallest mistakes are, but if they deal with actual money instead of college currency, the necessity of keeping the ledger correctly balanced is more deeply impressed upon them. Not only the student-clerks, but the depositors as well, get experience which is helpful to them in their future relations with other banks.

A school bank needs the co-operation of all the pupils, and this helps to promote the school spirit.

It is much easier to enter the business world with some resources than to go into it empty handed. Many firms refuse to promote employees who have no savings account or investment in good securities, for they believe that worry and fear from financial difficulties lessens the energy and efficiency of the employee. It is not the salary a man earns, but the amount he saves, that counts. Since the future success of the youth depends largely upon his habits of thrift and economy, it is necessary that he should be taught how to save early in his life.

Lorene Rumpf, Jan., '19.

THE BEACON

"KNITTING, KNITTING, EVERYWHERE"

*We may go down the alley,
We may go down the street,
But everywhere little Sally
With her knitting bag we'll meet.
We'll meet her in the morning,
As she trots along to school;
Knitting while she's walking—
No fear she'll break a rule.
Then see her go to classes,
With her knitting on her arm,
Scorning other lasses
As they watch her sweater form.
Now watch in all your classes,
And you shall surely see
That all these knitting lasses
Can also win an "E."*

Etta Juhlin, Jan., '19.

ANOTHER "PSALM OF LIFE"

*Tell me not in joyous accents,
"High school days are lots of fun.
We're a bunch of happy youngsters,
Not a care beneath the sun."
Lessons tire and sums oft puzzle;
We can get them if we try,
But our minds are fixed on baseball,
And the hours pass slowly by.
Not for baseball, nor for pleasure,
Do our parents send us here;
So when monthly tests are scheduled,
We get busy, never fear.
Then we buckle down and study,
Hustle with our main and might;
Mother fears our health we'll ruin,
Sitting up so late at night.
Father calmly looks at mother,
Says, "Don't let that worry you;
For I know it's baseball season—
I was once a school-boy, too."
Father's wise—I see it quickly—
For, when mother's out of sight,
He just whispers slyly to me,
"What's your baseball score tonight?"*

Bob. McCurdy, Jan., '19.

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THE WIDDIE WHAT WASN'T

McGregor, a member of a company of Scots who were in the first line trenches, was gloomy. Not just ordinarily gloomy. No, indeed not. He was the gloomiest Scot in the company of Scots. The reasons? "Why," he said to his bunkie, McFarlan, who was at the next ladder awaiting the signal to go over, "man alive, ay wasn't thinking; Reid and Campbell lit their fag on a match and ay took the same match and lit ma fag and ay know three fags on a match and the third man dinna comes back. Thin on that painted Fritz what we had ma bayonet break. Only me bonny heather's still wi' me." He felt for a piece of heather which he had brought from his native hills, and a startled expression came over his face. A frantic search started, but revealed nothing. He sat down, and finally burst out, "Oh mon! Oh mon! Tell ma widdie Annie what'll be, that ay was thinkin' o' her."

McFarlan merely nodded. He would have felt the same if the same things had happened to him. The signal came. Over they went into "No Man's Land." They gained the desired trenches, but the Huns drove them back. McFarlan did not find his bunkie.

That night, on sentry duty, McFarlan heard a sound. He called, "Halt," and heard the password given. Then he saw a grimy but grinny McGregor leading a Boche ober-lieutenant. "Bunkie," he said, "the heather wore in ma dope kit. Ay wanted to patch ma arm, and found the bonnie. Ay wore in a shell-hole, and some Fritzes came out to sa what damage they'd doon. I threw ma grenade and he popped 'em. This fellow was a wee bit behind, and it only crached him, so here we be."

McGregor was given a war cross, and his "widdie what was to be" wasn't.

Theresa Jones, Jan., '20.

TO THE MOON

*O blood-red Indian moon which droppeth low
Upon the lonely water, shining gold,
What unknown wonder dost thou not behold
Among us poor, blind mortals here below!
Dost see the beach fires flick'ring to and fro
Across the mystic depth of water cold;
The lithe canoe which skims along so bold
And dares to cross thy path, with music low
Of dripping paddles plunged into the sea;
Dost hear the night bird's call which echoes light,
And soothing breezes rippling through the air;
Dost know, O moon, that when I gaze on thee,
In th' all-pervading stillness of the night,
I would I were like thee, so beauteous fair?*

Eliza Richeson, Jan., '19.

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GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN . . .

. . . 'Twas in yon terrible wilderness,
I found them 'mid the carnage of
The slain; she—like unto a lily fair,
Prostrate upon her lover's breast,
Faithful . . . to the death! He—hero—
king and
Patriot—a pallid Balder
On the heath—great Godwin's mute
Unconquer'd son—God's sacred guardian
Of the "Fighting Man!"

Alas,
Beloved countrymen, Ceorls,
And Thegns of England, well may
Ye weep, and rive your hair—ye Saxon
Maids, but ah—the grave yields not its prize:
Engeland's star hath fallen—glory
Hath pass'd away fore'er—

Alone, alone;
All, all alone, awaiting the mystic
Tide, in yonder darksome, spectre-glen
Our Saxon Harold lies—glorious
In his stained mail—frozen and dead!
Kenelm, Cyning I. Smidhianburye
"The Calm"; Sanc 11. 7.

The sun had set, the first dim star appeared in the heavens; Hastings was done. . . .

Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne stretched forth in all her rayless majesty, a leaden scepter o'er a slumb'ring world; yea, old Mother Earth herself deigned but to bestow a frigid stillness upon her errant brood as it lay broadcast upon the heather.

Thus was the field of Sanguelac, silent, devoid of all sylvan cheer, forlorn, a veritable Vale of Shades. But suddenly the reign of silence is broken! Forth from the sombre wood to the north of Hastings, solemnly cant'ring toward Senlac-field, a Norman knight of massive proportion, mailed from tip to toe, is seen to approach the site of the Saxon vanguard's slaughter, astride an iron-gray battle-steed, bearing upon his arm a ponderous shield emblazoned with a Vautour Couchant.

Within a cloth-yard of the spot where the greatest of England's Thegns lie slain, he dismounts, and with fired zeal searches among the dead for something, someone, now snatching up a housecarl's body, now casting it to earth again.

"Ha Beusant, ha, ha, mon Dieu! Found at last, fair wench, in Engeland's company! Yon cur, thy lover! Damned fiend of the despicable Saxon brood; ha, ha!"

The Norman had stopped before the body of Harold, last of the Saxon kings, upon whose breast his love, Edith, lay dead, having perished as bards are wont to claim, through grief at her lover's death.

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At the sight of the dead chief and the defenseless maid whom he, undoubtedly had supposed alive, the knight's own savage passion being but little restrained, he seized the damsel and brutally kissed her. He probably would have given further vent to his brutality by mutilating the English monarch's body, had not the unexpected interfered. As if by necromancy, a ghostly form rose from the heath and took its stand within speaking distance of the Norman. Raising its slender, ivory arm, darting its cold, black, falcon eyes toward the oppressor, clasping tightly to its shapeless bosom what appeared to be a gory, half-torn, silken rag, it slowly, in measured tones, began, "Gautier d'Armond, Chevalier of the Couchant Vulture, I command thee, fly!"

Completely taken aback, cowering with fear, the Norman (superstitious by nature) lost all self-control, and flinging himself to earth, muttered a jumbled invocation or two.

"D'Armond, thou knowest me! I am thy evil genius!" the phantom (in reality an aged woman of flesh and blood) continued. "Thou hast heard of the heathen Hilda, guardian to yon fair maid! D'Armond, the heavens assure vengeance! Woden is just, Woden is merciful! Vulture, behold thy conquests; a hero treacherously wounded in the eye, a dead lass at his side! Fie, Norman, turn and flee! But d'Armond, the heavens wreak vengeance—Woden is just! In the name of the almighty father, by your own God, yea by the bloody banner I bear in my hand, dyed as it is to a hectic red by the water of life you spilt, I invoke the wrath of the firmament upon thee, monster; I damn thee, I curse thee; yea, I vow that to eternity men will persecute, torture, stamp out the race, and its posterity; yea, my line and all its progeny will continue on and on till the house of d'Armond is no more; then, only then will the wrath of Hilda cease! O Woden, almighty one, thou art just!"

Hilda had spoken, the brave knight of William lay groveling in the dust. No sooner had the prophetess spoken than, as if by instinctive impulse, the Norman d'Armond rose and with a screech of agony fled, horseless, without arms, everything, into the depths of the night! . . .

* * * *

"The prisoner, sir."

There he stood before the colonel's escritoire, calmly waiting the commander's verdict. He was probably scarcely nineteen. By no means smooth-shaven, rather stoop-shouldered, keenly observant of all that went on about him, and sad of countenance—all betrayed the unknown privation he certainly must have suffered.

Sir Winfred, Baron of Seolforburgh, Colonel in the 29th detachment of Her Majesty's Kentish Dragoons, before whom the prisoner stood, was indeed an excellent example of the embodiment of the dominating virtues of a true Englishman. Head of the most illustrious line in all Kent, claiming as his the purest Saxon blood of all England, this doughty noble-

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man had adopted as his coat of arms the "Pale Charger" of Hengist, with whom, 'twas said, Sir Winfred's line originated.

"You a spy, sir!" the colonel slowly began. There was no answer. An aide was called to the colonel; it was reported that the young fellow had been caught just outside the lines, and that examination had revealed that he not only carried detail-plans of the British battle array, but that he had by someone been deprived of the use of his tongue. "A spy," Sir Winfred again began, after some meditation. "Were such a piteous boyish countenance capable of it? O, what might not that silent tongue reveal?" the colonel continued in the insular French.

At this the prisoner began to grow impatient. Nervously, as a last resort, he tore open his uniform and, to the wondering eyes of Sir Winfred, displayed upon his tawny breast the image of a vulture, a *Vautour Couchant*! Strange, indeed, was this action. What could it mean? After several vain attempts to draw the colonel's attention to something unseen, even begging for a knife, which the colonel believed boded no good, the youth was dismissed for the day. His trial was to be held on the morrow.

Sir Winfred's sleep was unsound that night. The events of the day continually crossed and recrossed his mind. "That lad is no spy," he muttered. "Oh, why did he ask for the knife? And so pleadingly. Surely the request boded no good."

The pacing sentry announced the hour. It was at twelve that Sir Winfred was suddenly awakened by a crash. He looked. In the portal of his tent stood a figure! Its long, snowy locks fell from the shoulders; its slim, white arm was pointed toward Sir Winfred; coldly those glassy, devilish eyes leveled their glances at the object of their search.

"Son of Hengist, thou knowest me," the apparition began. "Thou wert told of old Hild' oft-times! Shame to the house of Seolforburgh, thou knewest the Vulture not! But know, before thee this day stood the last of the race of d'Armond. Exterminate that scion and the house of Hild' is avenged! The deed requireth little! Arise, avenge the honor of Harold and of Edith!"

Even the proud Sir Winfred could no longer control himself after hearing so stirring an address of vengeance from a phantom, a dead ancestor! "Kill that lad because of a past family feud! That were unjust! Impossible, venerable Hild'," the colonel loudly challenged upon regaining his self-possession. "It cannot be!"

And yet the colonel remained skeptical. Was the prisoner a spy—he knew the consequences; was he not—but how could he prove this? Then followed a moment of tedious suspense. "O could I but prove his innocence!" Sir Winfred murmured.

Just then a blinding light illumined the tent. "Snatch from the Vulture's talons that which they contain!" an unseen voice seemed to com-

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mand. The old hag at the portal uttered a scream; then hag, light, voice, all were gone.

That same night the prisoner was called before the colonel. A knife was cautiously proffered him. With unusual dexterity he made a slight incision at the vulture's talons, cut several stitches and drew from a fold of his skin a tiny silken cloth, upon which was written, "V. le Fr. Hts.—Dawn, 24th.—N t."

"Gad! from Newton at Brussels!" Sir Winfred shouted, then continued, speaking in a lower tone, "gentlemen, this youth, our prisoner, is none other than M. Duval C. d'Armond, of the French Bureau of Intelligence!" Duval d'Armond, however, fell unconscious into the colonel's arms in the hour of his triumph. He was speedily sent to the field hospital; privation and disease, however, had wrought their worst; the surgeon feared he would not survive the next day.

Sir Winfred well knew the position he occupied; also the value of the note from Newton. By dawn his entire brigade was drawn up on the heights of Vitry le Francois. All cannon available were posted upon the ridge, prepared for the day's engagement.

And the 24th of August, 1914, saw real action at the heights. Many were the losses of either force that day, many their defeats; but the field-gray ranks of von Kluck's preussischen Sturmtruppen encountered an insurmountable position at the heights of Vitry le Francois.

At the close of that terrible day Sir Winfred's gallant dragoons still held the ridge. But the dashing 29th had received its fatal blow. Sir Winfred lay mortally wounded in the dying d'Armond's arms, at the hospital, soon to breathe his last.

. . . And so it came to pass that the last living members of two famed houses, long the bitterest of enemies, died beloved of one another to the end, sacrificing their lives in the interest of the selfsame cause, for the selfsame ideal! . . .

To the eye of the wounded hero, as he passes by those two tiny graves, the sight is indeed gratifying, encouraging; O many are the men, Gaul and Briton alike, who, upon visiting at Angelus' toll, the final resting places of these two heroes, are wont to murmur, "O Father, how great, forever enduring, is the esteem in which we hold the memory of these departed heroes!"

"Woden is just, Woden is merciful!"

Walter F. Schmidt, Jan., '19.

THE BEACON

SONG OF THE SOUTH WIND

*Laughing over the dimpled hills,
Dawn and I together;
Dancing over the daffodils,
Drenched with golden weather.*

*Life is sweet, and earth is fair;
Spring has many a bloom to spare.
Come, we'll gather them where they fall,
Buds and branches, thorns and all.
Heap the fragrant petals high,
Keep them, treasure them; if they die,
More will blossom at our feet;—
Earth is fair, and life is sweet.*

*Dawn is painting the purple hills,
While I come singing after;
My glad soul thrills, like the daffodils,
With joy, and love, and laughter.*

Margaret DeLaughter, June, '19.

MEMORY

A Sonnet

*Did ye e'er wish, when in a pensive mood,
For just a tiny cabin 'midst the pines,
Far from the city's harsh and frowning lines—
A cabin which is weirdly quaint and crude;
And for a hearth, whose mystic flames allude
And beckon to sweet memory, who reclines
In moonlit bowers, 'neath sweet and blooming vines,
To come, and if not welcome, to intrude?
She comes, and ah how welcome she's tonight,
For here beside the hearth she sits and weaves
The scenes we love across the cabin walls;
While we are lulled by flames so gleaming bright,
Which dance and rustle like the autumn leaves,
And by the sound of distant water-falls.*

Norma Landherr, Jan., '19.

THE BEACON

TO MY GRANDMOTHER

*Like a well of pure and fragrant waters
Surrounded by tall palms like gracious thoughts,
In deserts drear, where Life's deep draughts are sought
For strength whereby men vanquish doubts with laughter,
She stood as one of God's most blessed daughters.
And, as the shapely urn by skill is wrought,
So molded she her children's lives, and taught
Them love—such love as makes all evil totter,
And fall a crashing ruin to the earth.
If only all the world could take her dower
And use it, what a marvel earth would be!
But she is gone, and now with hearts devoid of mirth,
We stumble onward, taxing all our power
To live as she has taught us—praying she may see.*

Muriel Schall, Jan., '19.

FOREBODING

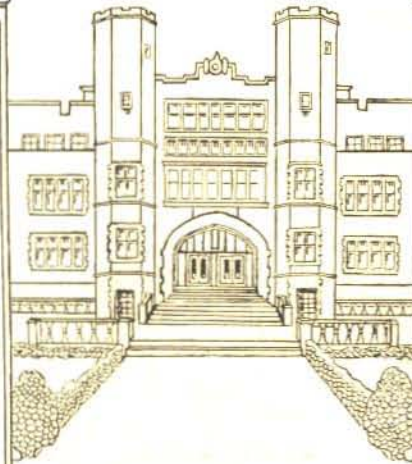
*Pale twilight deepens into dusk;
Like ghosts the stealthy shadows fall,
And stain the silver evening gray.
The spirit of the dying day
Breathes a strange stillness o'er all
The brooding mysteries of the dusk.
Dead leaves are drifting down the dark;
Dead hopes are mocking every heart.
A thousand poignant memories burn;
Old dreams, old thoughts, at every turn,
Lurk in the gloom, and seem a part
Of some vast sorrow in the dark.
A silent horror of the night
Fills the vague, tameless wind with fear,
And clouds the sombre evening sky.
The quivering pine trees moan and sigh;
What wild foreboding do they hear
Of grief and ruin in the night?*

Margaret DeLaughter, June, '19.

THE BEACON



ORGANIZATIONS



HONESTY
LOYALTY
COURTESY
INDUSTRY

GROVER CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOL



Sponsor Mr. K. G. Irwin

OFFICERS

President	Edward Burkhardt
Vice-President	Frances Jennings
Secretary	Muriel Schall
Treasurer	Ralph Neusitz
Sergeant-at-Arms	George Stanwood

The class of January, '19, met for the first time March 8, under the supervision of Mr. Slater.

Our officers were elected and our sponsor chosen then and there, which shows that we are a very wide-awake, business-like association.

As we have had only one regular meeting, our color committee has not yet presented to us any color combinations from which to make our selection for our class colors.

We are a rather large class and lively, so just watch us! You won't be disappointed.

The members of the class of June, '18, are soon to leave the friendly portals of dear old Cleveland and enter into various walks of life. We, the class of January, '19, wish them the greatest success: that they may face the struggles of life and win them.

Muriel Schall.





STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council is a busy body. We boast an excellent president, Clifton Lewis; a secretary, Mary Jones, and above all a lot of wide-awake, "peppy" members. Members who are capable of putting both shoulders to the wheel, if possible, and seeing a project through.

As was said, we surely have accomplished a great deal this term, and there are still greater things to accomplish, and here must be emphasized the fact that without your support, and without your hearty co-operation, we cannot succeed. "United we stand; divided we fall," expresses the very sentiment we wish to promote.

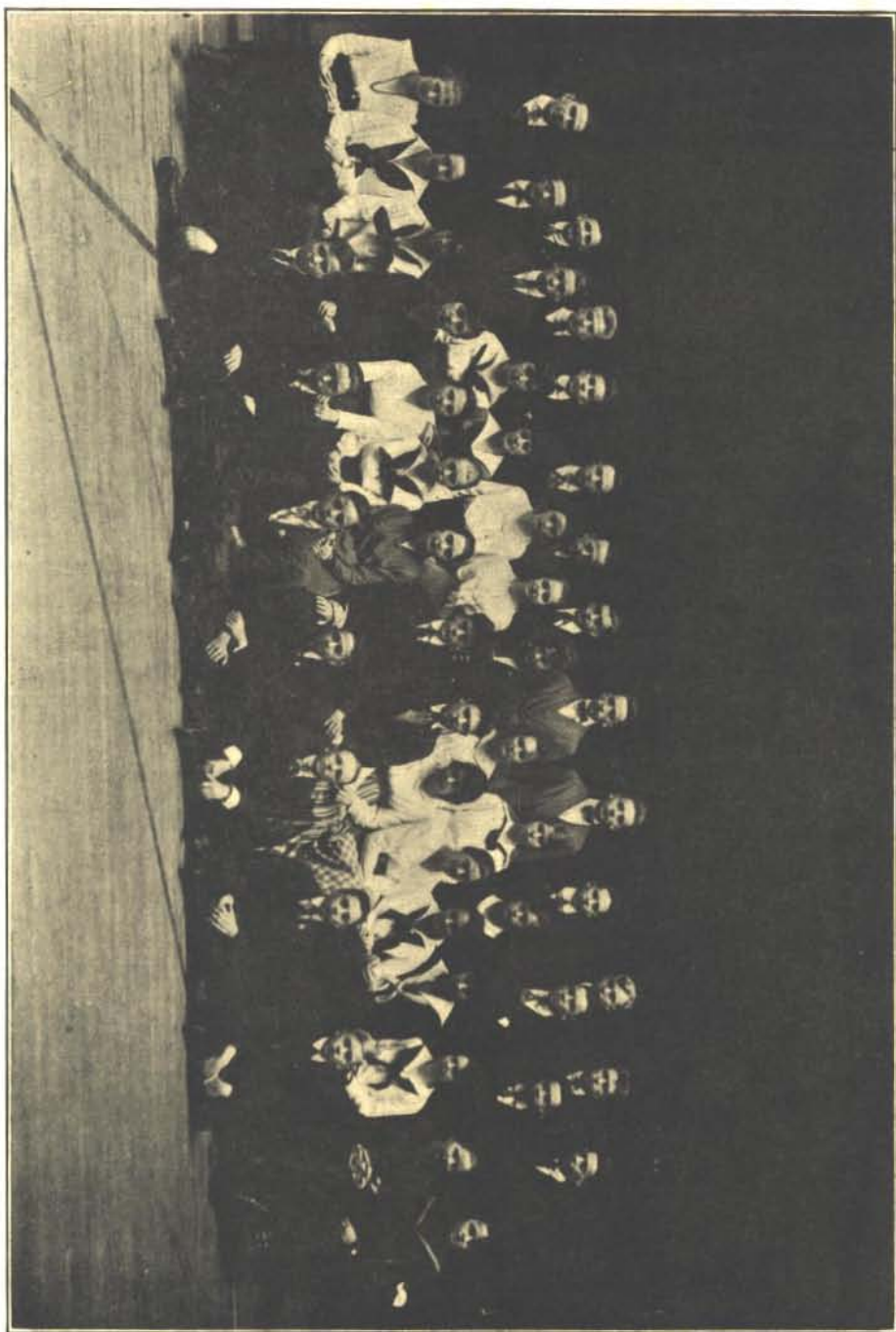
We surely appreciate the way in which you have responded to the Junior Red Cross, the Thrift Stamp campaign, Smileage, and to The Beacon. We have tried not to tax you too sorely, and wish to thank you for past and future co-operation.

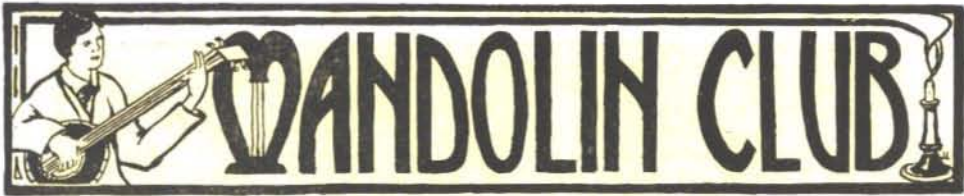
Soon the moving picture machine will be properly installed and will have to be paid for by all buying tickets for Friday and Saturday night performances.

Don't forget that we are a representative body, to express and carry out your wishes, and mend, if possible, your grievances, and that we are always open to suggestions from the school at large.

Mary Jones.







OFFICERS

President	Dewey Schmoll
Secretary and Treasurer	George Stanwood
Director	Norman Rathert
Librarian	Robert Hammerstein
Sergeant-at-Arms	Adrian Schmoll

The club has been very busy during the past few months, playing at the auditorium sessions and filling numerous outside engagements. These engagements, together with the character of music we play, require us to be constantly learning new pieces. If you know of a good musical number or have any suggestion which you think will improve the club, tell us about it. No club can be a success without the help of the student body.

Although we are running smoothly at present, we must look into the future. With the coming of June we shall lose five of our best players. This will leave but five members with whom to start the fall term. Any boy who plays a plectrual instrument, or intends to do so, should practice during the summer months and report at the fall "try-out."

In the near future we intend to give the school something unusual in musical entertainment.

George Stanwood.







Sponsor Miss Grolton

OFFICERS

President	Hilda Schroeter
Secretary	Laura Tuckerman
Treasurer	Alice Hager

Cleveland is growing rapidly, so there are now more girls in the school who wish to belong to a literary club than the Alethinae can accommodate. It seemed advisable to organize a second literary club for girls, and Philo had its origin.

We take this opportunity to give public expression to the gratitude we feel for the cordial attitude which the Alethinae has taken toward us. They entertained us at tea, November twenty-ninth, in a most delightful manner.

For the present term we have decided to devote our meetings to the reading of good modern plays, and plan to see the best plays which come to town.

We cordially invite any girl who is interested, or who might care to join our club, to attend our meetings, which are held every first and third Tuesday, in Room one hundred and fifteen, at three-thirty o'clock.

Laura Tuckerman.





10-10



Sponsor

Mr. R. T. J. Raebel

Motto

"The lyfe so short, the Craft so
long to lerne"

OFFICERS

President

Paul Gilpin

Secretary and Treasurer

Arthur Clark

Sergeant-at-Arms

Theodore Foerster

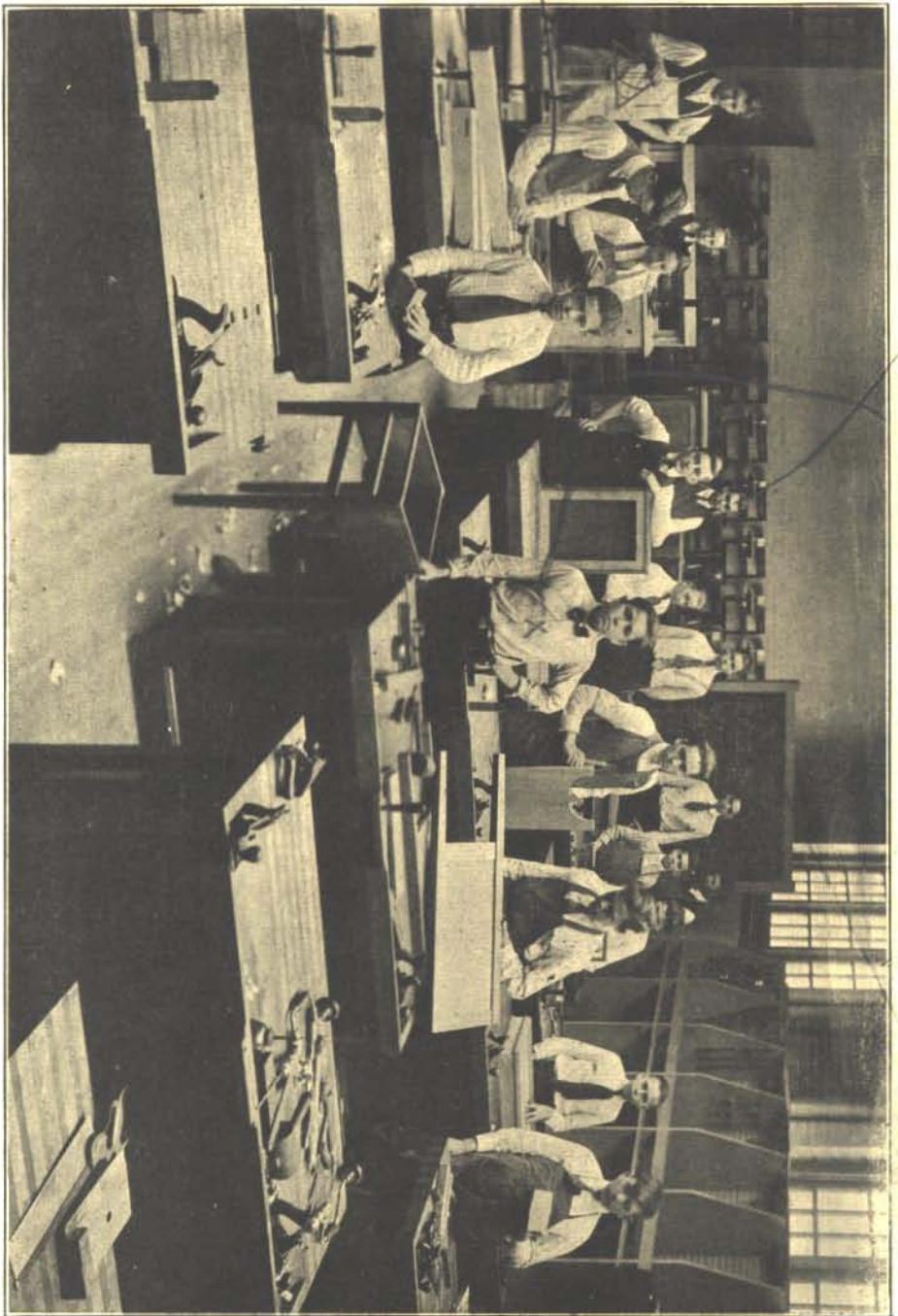
The Craft Club is now entering its fourth semester and has completed, or practically completed, several articles worthy of note. A buffet, a library table, a music cabinet, a bulletin board for the Alethinae, a reading lamp, a dressing table and a drawing board and T-square are the most prominent projects, and in addition several smaller and less intricate articles.

In the Middle Ages, when cabinet-making was an art and a cabinet-maker an artisan belonging to a guild, the use of nails and screws was practically unknown and, had it been a custom of the inferior workers to use them, the old master cabinet-makers would have scorned them. That is why Chippendale and Louis XIV furniture still exist; the time, toil, and brains embodied in each piece makes it an enduring structure of unsurpassed beauty.

Every Thursday afternoon we of the Craft Club become boys of the Middle Ages, apprentices in woodwork, being instructed in the mysteries of cabinet-making, and a new interest is aroused and a new understanding reached; the inanimate wood becomes a warm, living friend.

To show you how much we are interested in our work we invite you to visit us any Thursday afternoon and then you may see for yourselves how earnestly the eighteen members apply themselves.

Arthur Clark.





Sponsors Messrs. Hussey and Beers
Motto "Back to the Farm"

OFFICERS

President	Otto Fisher
Vice-President	Helen Wegman
Secretary	Beatrice Loving
Treasurer	Joe Levinson
Sergeant-at-Arms	Fay Adams

This club is open to all students who are desirous of a good time, and can successfully pass an oral examination.

Our good times not only include dances, entertainments and hikes, but also, as our motto explains, a close study and application of farm life.

We meet every Tuesday, in Room 204, at 2:30.

With the co-operation of all the teachers, we hope to achieve great results and also to affiliate ourselves, in the near future, with the State Grangers of Missouri.

F. Balfay.







Director Mr. Cleland
Colors Green and White

OFFICERS

President	Mildred E. Moss
Vice-President	Angelina Welsch
Secretary	Eliza Richeson
Treasurer	Olivia E. Gregory
Librarian	Edith Farren

The Cantanto Club has been steadily working during this third year of its existence and has accomplished much under the able supervision of its director, Mr. Cleland. We have learned many new songs, which promises well for the spring concert of musical clubs. The Club assisted with a number at the last graduation program and also rendered a selection at the Christmas auditorium session.

In spite of the fact that we have lost several members, two of whom were charter members of the Club, the membership has not decreased and many more girls have been admitted.

Any girl having a good voice and wishing to work in the Club may see Mr. Cleland. The Club meets for practice every Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in Room 300.

Eliza Richeson.







Sponsor Mr. A. F. Ewers

OFFICERS

President	Leonora De Vos
Vice-President	Catherine Buhmiester
Secretary	Lillian Carpenter
Treasurer	Theresa Jones

The Botany Club was organized for the purpose of gathering into an association the girls and boys of Cleveland High School who are interested in the study of out-door life.

Our aim is to become better acquainted with objects of nature in and around St. Louis.

During the past terms we have gone on many interesting trips. These are not staid and dry affairs, but filled with the fun of adventure and the delight and expectancy which comes with the making of new discoveries in the world of rocks, plants and animals.

Then, there is the noonday lunch, often prepared over the camp-fire, which satisfies the appetite.

The Botany Club extends a cordial invitation to anyone in Cleveland High School so interested, to attend one of our meetings on any odd Tuesday in Room 12.

Lillian Carpenter, Secretary.







Sponsor	Miss East
Motto	"Truth is beauty, beauty is truth"
Colors	Blue and Gold

OFFICERS

President	Isabella Hughes
Vice-President	Helen Cullen
Secretary	Muriel Schall
Treasurer	Edna Vogel
Sergeant-at-Arms	Ruth McCaslin

War times, war topics. This is our slogan. We are carrying it out in our series of patriotic programs, which are very helpful and interesting, and in our war service work.

Since November, fifty-one garments have been completed by members of the Alethinae for the Red Cross, besides many garments yet incomplete. The Society has also made twenty-five sewing kits for the Soldiers and Sailors' Club.

The Alethinae takes this opportunity to send greetings to the school.
Muriel Schall.







Sponsor	Dicere est ducere
Motto	Mr. Cochran

OFFICERS

President	Burdette Cantrell
Vice-President	Norman E. Dewes
Secretary	Jos. Levinson
Treasurer	Elmer Gast
Sergeant-at-Arms	John Milholfer
Beacon Representative	Charles Mesnier

The name, Webster-Hayne, which is taken from that famous debate of 1830, implies a debating society. The Webster-Hayne debate was taken as representative of the art of debating because it embodies the true significance of debating. Here in a single debate all the grievances of the North and South were set forth in a compact form, for the world to view.

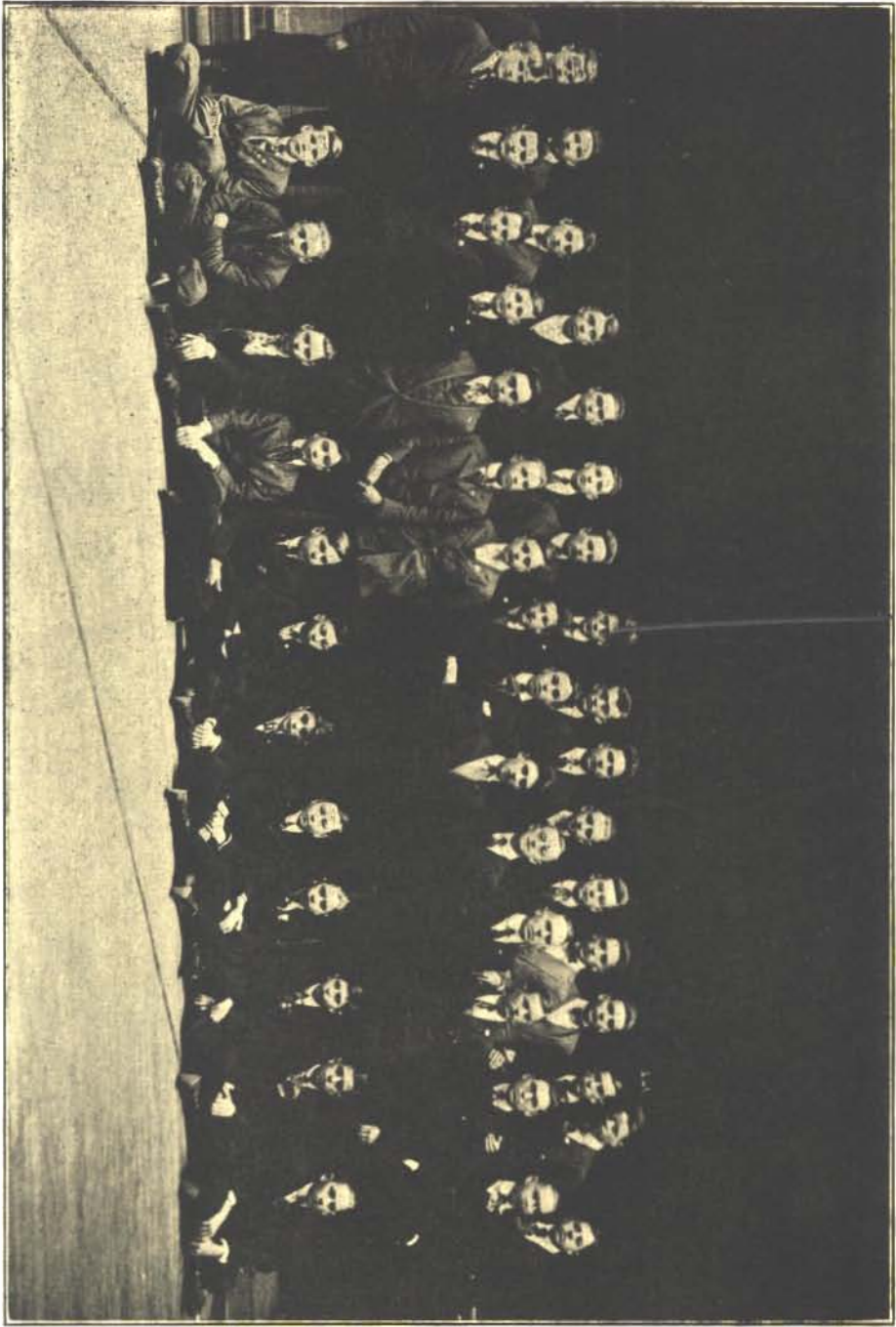
Debates explain great public questions as nothing else can. The debates of the high school league do this. What question could have been of more public interest than the one of municipal ownership of street transportation facilities, which was the subject of our last debate at Central?

Debating is only one of the branches of literary work which the Webster-Hayne carries on. The programs contain, besides debates, instructive talks, recitations, biographies, arguments and, lastly, critical comment on the program.

There is no club or organization at school which offers a more useful inducement than the one which we, the Webster-Hayne, offer—that is the ability to speak in public. We teach you to speak in public in such a manner that you enjoy learning.

If you are interested in literary work or public speaking, or if you wish to try for the debating team, join the Webster-Hayne. We meet in Room 121, Thursday evening, at 2:30.

Charles Mesnier.





Sponsor Miss G. R. Dixon
Colors Orange and Blue

OFFICERS

President Vardee Naysmith
Secretary and Treasurer Laura Tuckerman

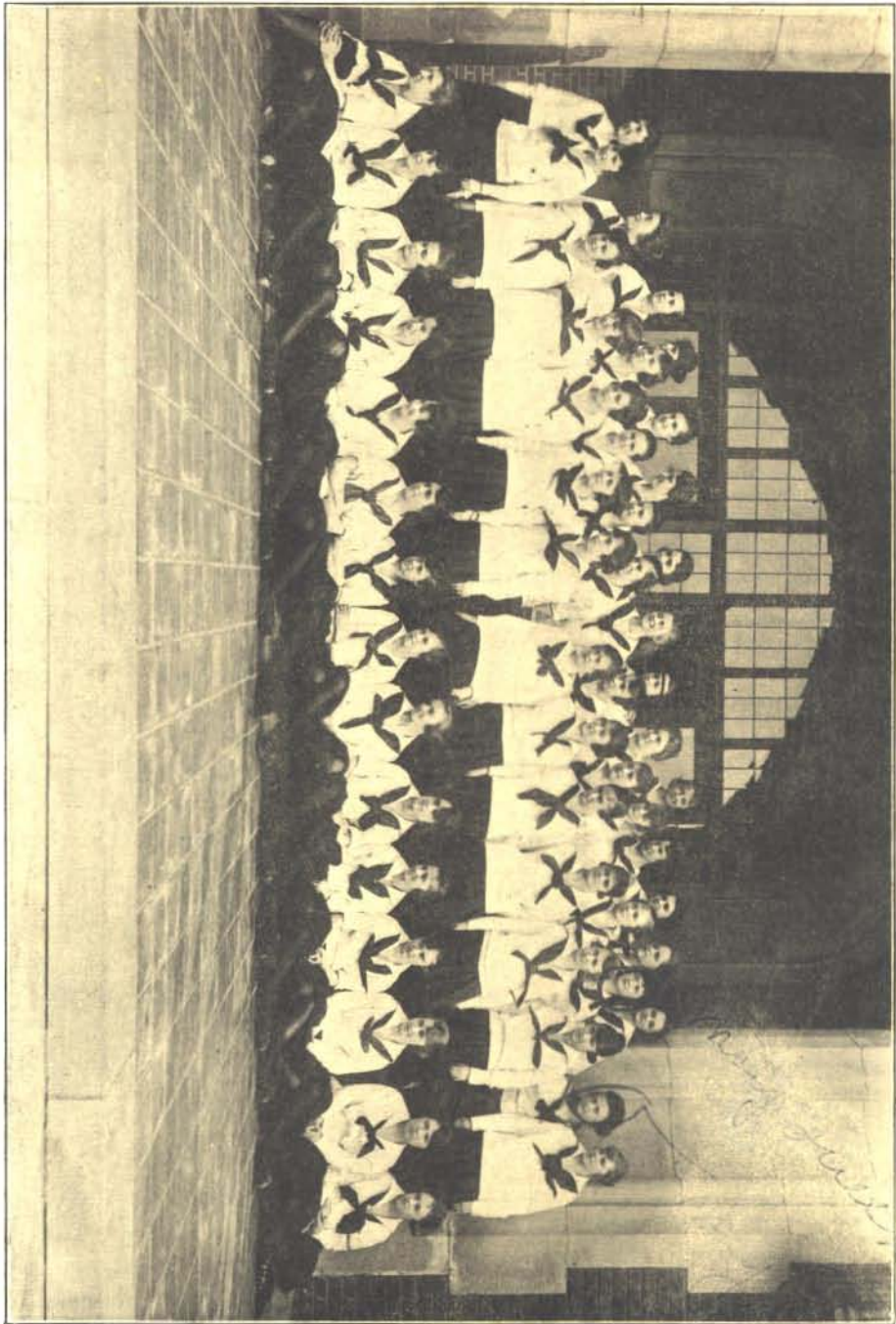
Dancing has always existed and always shall, for it is one of the chief means of self-expression. All nations without exception have their dances, which differ widely from each other, just as the characteristics of individual dancers differ. This is due to nothing other than self-expression.

Dancing is valued not only in itself, but for the habits one forms through its practice. Although probably unconscious of the fact, one is certain to acquire a more graceful posture and form. When one feels she has ability in certain lines, she will most likely hope to learn more of the subject and improve. Miss Dixon and the girls of the club are continually on the watch for girls who seem thus qualified in dancing, and for apparatus, and gym. work in general. Thus the principle or object of the Pipes O' Pan is to aid in the development of self-expression, and the way lies open to any girl who cares enough to work for it.

About the middle of May we hope to present a pantomime which was written and composed by one of our members.

Laura Tuckerman.





TYPENWRITING CLUB



Sponsor

Miss Powell

OFFICERS

President	Alva Eskridge
Vice-President	Angeline Welsch
Secretary	Helen Tacke
Treasurer	George Stanwood

The Cleveland Typewriting Club was organized to promote higher efficiency in the manipulation of the typewriter. The members have been benefited by spending the eighth period of every Monday evening in Room 214, where we have several one-and-two-minute tests and one ten-minute test. As a result some members now possess certificates from the Underwood and Remington Typewriting Companies, and one member has received a Remington gold medal.

The membership is limited to thirty, due to the fact that there are no more than thirty machines in the room. There are now thirty members enrolled and two on the waiting list.

We have social activities as well as work, and plans are now being made for a dance to be given in April.

Helen Tacke.





Sponsor Miss Bryan
Motto "A noble contest; a great hope"
Colors Red and White

OFFICERS

President	Gladys Brown
Vice-President	Helen Renner
Secretary	Olivia Haeckel
Treasurer	Alice Leibiger

During the present school year the Calathilon has attempted to continue its original purpose of studying the lives of eminent women and discussing problems of interest to girls entering the business world. With this end in view, the club has read during this term the lives of Alice Freeman Palmer, Florence Nightingale, and Clara Barton, and has had programs of a business character.

A great many of its meetings, however, have been devoted entirely to war relief work. Practically all the girls in the club have learned to knit, with the result that a dozen or two sweaters have been handed in through the Cleveland unit. The club has donated and made many comfort pillows, knitted a large blanket for the Red Cross, and filled several dozen "Soldier and Sailor" scrap books for the library. This work has been called the "Jitney War Relief Work," as the club has been divided into three teams, members of each donating a nickel per week.

Instead of having a picture in *The Beacon* this term the club has used this money for making comfort kits for the Soldiers and Sailors' Club.

On January 16, 1918, the club gave a farewell party to the Seniors, in which all the members dressed as children. The party proved a great success, all present having a delightful time.

The Calathilon extends a hearty welcome to those girls of the Two-Year Commercial Course who wish to attend a meeting or two with the view of becoming members. The club meets in Room 120 on each second and fourth Thursdays, at 3:30 o'clock.

Olivia Haeckel.



Sponsor Mr. Cleland

OFFICERS

President	Otto Fisher
Vice-President	Wm. Smith
Secretary	Albert Linder
Treasurer	Marion Flegle
Librarian	Chester Fisher

One club that is doing its bit in advancing the glorious cause of Cleveland High is the Glee Club. After a brief period of inactivity it was completely reorganized. The character of those participating in uplifting vocal art, as well as our most efficient leader, Mr. D. H. Cleland, speak for a bright future for this branch of school activity.

The boys have attained a good start by singing in auditorium sessions and at various other gatherings. On March 15, the boys enjoyed a trip to the Jefferson Barracks to sing for the soldiers. The soldiers appreciated our efforts, and we left the Barracks with the satisfaction that we had accomplished something for the cause of Liberty and Democracy.

The club this year is probably the best Glee Club Cleveland High has ever had.

All boys having vocal talent are welcome to join our organization.

Albert L. Linder.





Sponsor Miss A. E. Tensfeld
Colors Pink and White

OFFICERS

President Minnie Breitenbach
Secretary and Treasurer Lorene Rumpf

Of course, every girl admires dainty and delicate pieces of needlework, and she should be interested in the making of them. When the Priscilla Club was organized several terms ago, the chief purpose in view was to increase the girls' interest in embroidery, hand-made laces and china-painting; and judging from the work which has been completed this has certainly been accomplished.

China-painting appears to be the favored occupation of the members this semester and even though one piece may require many weeks' work, this does not discourage us in the least. Not only are we interested in the arts which help to beautify the home, but also in knitting and sewing for war orphans.

Our work may seem tedious and tiresome to some of those who are not acquainted with us, but we find it quite enjoyable, for our meetings are really social gatherings.

We also have had several delightful spreads and parties, and we are now planning to have an old-fashioned "Priscilla Party" in the near future.

Our club is growing slowly but surely. Membership has almost been doubled, and what's more, Miss Arrena Smith, who graduated in 1918, still pays us a weekly visit. I do believe that the spirit of "Priscilla" manages to slip into the room at our meetings—our girls are so very industrious. I want you to understand, however, that I am not the least bit superstitious.

Should you be interested, we would be delighted to have you visit us in Room 113 at our next meeting. Meetings are held every Tuesday at 2:45 P. M.

Lorene E. Rumpf.



Sponsor

Mr. Cleland

OFFICERS

President	Earl Welch
Vice-President	Albert Linder
Secretary and Treasurer	Kenneth Benson
Sergeant-at-Arms	Hanley West

The Cleveland Orchestra is perhaps the most progressive organization in the school. It not only affords enjoyment to its members in the rehearsals, and, we hope, pleasure to the whole school in auditorium sessions, but also offers an excellent opportunity for displaying and improving your musical talent.

We meet every Tuesday, at 2:30, and have an interesting and profitable rehearsal, after which we hold a business meeting.

If you play any musical instrument and are interested in improving, see Mr. Cleland. The Orchestra needs two mellophone players. This instrument can be played at once by cornetists, and cornet players in the school are urged to provide themselves with these instruments and get the valuable ensemble practice by joining the Orchestra. A number of additional cellos, as well as another clarinet and a trombone, can be used.

Kenneth Benson.





CLEDISON CLUB

Sponsor

Mr. K. G. Irwin

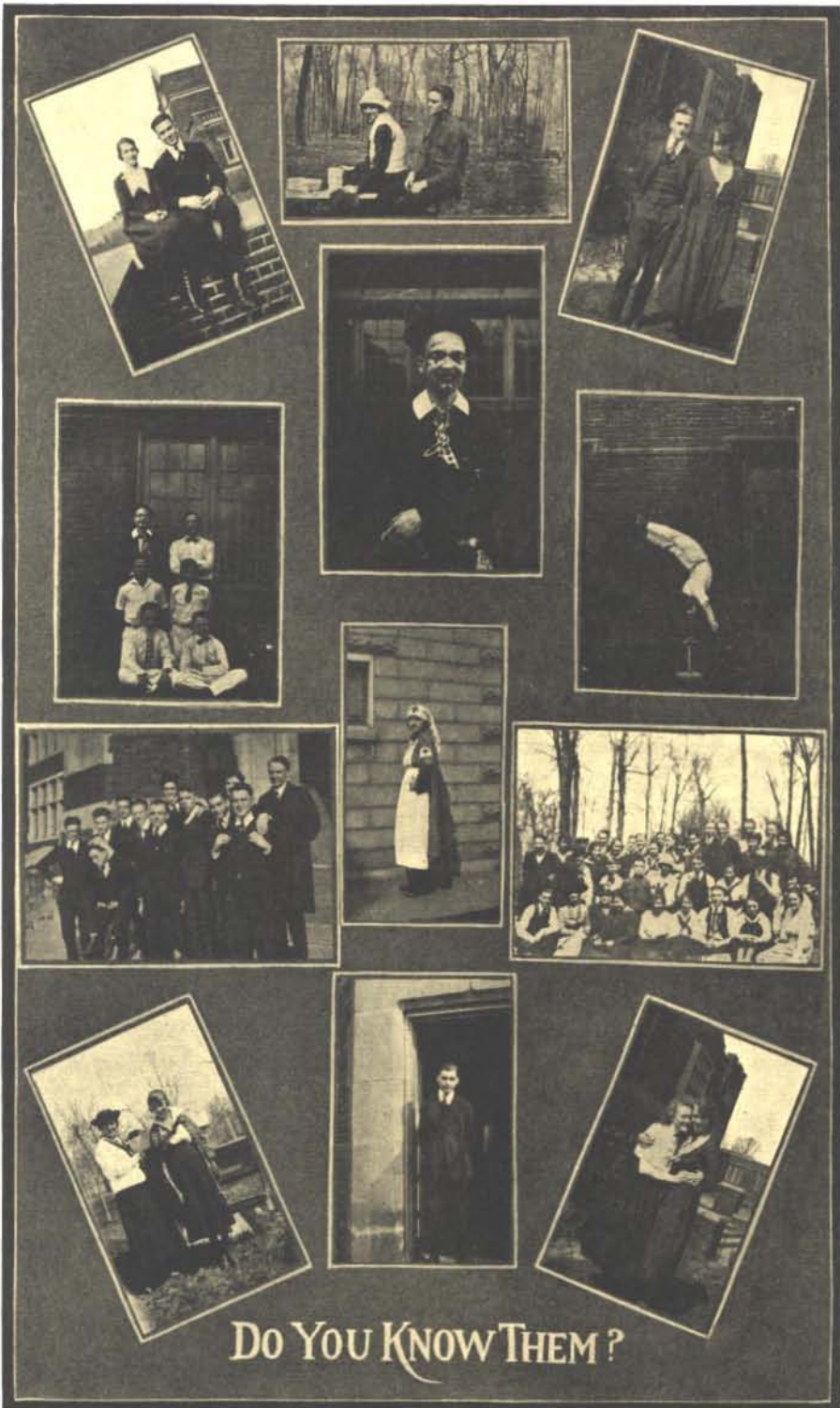
OFFICERS

President	Herman Van Aller
Vice-President	Alvah Heideman
Secretary and Treasurer	William Schoening
Sergeant-at-Arms	Richard Bussen

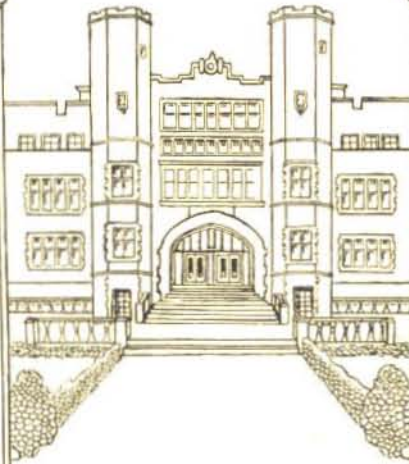
Among the newcomers of the organizations of the School is the Cledison Club. The name chosen by us is a contraction of Cleveland-Edison, with Thomas A. as our patron saint. "Everything Electrical" is our slogan. Unlike some clubs, we do not merely talk about things, but we visit industrial plants, we install in the laboratory model electrical devices, and then in our meetings we discuss the principles involved and their application. Almost any week the casual visitor to Room 215 will find in working order a duplex telegraph, an air X-ray outfit, a two-party telephone line with a central exchange, an electrical elevator, and an aerial tramway. These already have been constructed, and plans for others have been made. Industrial trips have been made to the Riverside Exchange of the Bell Telephone Co., and the Mississippi Valley Iron Furnace, and we have permission to visit the Edgar Zinc Works, the Laclede Coke Works, the American Car Co., and the Carondelet Ice Plant. The spring will be too short for everything contemplated. Our membership, which is limited to fifteen by the nature of our trips, includes the following embryo scientists:

Joseph Borgwald, Richard Bussen, William Collin, Otto Eble, Lawrence Goldman, Alvah Heideman, Forrest Hones, Russell Lanter, Edwin Pfeifer, Walter Remmers, William Schoening, Harry Strite, Adolph Thym, Herman Van Aller, William Zavoracek.





ATHLETICS



HONESTY
LOYALTY
COURTESY
INDUSTRY

GROVER CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOL



Although there is a page or two of The Beacon used up each semester with information concerning the Boys' Athletic Association, that organization is about as well known as an ice skate in Africa. This association, which numbers among its members every boy in Cleveland High, has no effect—no power—is of no use, you say?

Most emphatically, it is! This Boys' A. A. has a duty—a big, important duty. For it is the Boys' A. A. which must keep up Cleveland athletics.

“How?” you ask. Why, by supporting the teams! “Yes,” you say, “there it goes again! Always crowing about supporting the teams!”

Yes, sir! Always! It's our loyal duty. Our duty to our school. If there's one way of showing our pride in this big, fine institution, Spirit counts anywhere!

Support! Support! The teams need it! The school needs it! Do your part! You can make Cleveland an institution you'll be proud to graduate from. Try it!

The Athletic Council, which is elected by the Athletic Association, has in charge the awarding of letters. The following have won the “C” in athletic competition:

- Hamel
- Kraehe
- Lippert
- Placke
- Schulz
- Whitbread

Basket Ball

As had been expected, Cleveland repeated in capturing the Basketball Championship for 1917-18, but only after a most exciting and queerly ending season. Without question the winners were the superiors of every team in the league, but a bad slump in the middle of the season nearly threw Our Boys out of the race.

The quintet had a powerful defense in the form of Schultz and Kraehe, a veritable scoring machine in Lippert, and a capable pair of forwards. Then, too, there were good substitutes who certainly did their bit.

Cleveland started like a house afire, with easy victories over Yeatman and McKinley, but in the third contest Soldan surprised by winning over our team, 32 to 28. The West-Enders played a hard, smashing game, and the Orange and Blue moved about in a far too lady-like fashion. Smith and Schuster starred for Soldan, while Placke and Lippert were best for Cleveland. The score:

Soldan (32)	F. G.	F. T.	F.	Cleveland (28)	F. G.	F. T.	F.
French, lf (6).....	3	0	0	Placke, lf (16).....	6	4	3
Smith, rf (14).....	4	6	0	Hamel, lf (0).....	0	0	0
Schuster, c (8)....	4	0	3	Whitbread, rf (2)..	1	0	0
Schnauss, lg (2)...	1	0	3	Lippert, c (10)....	5	0	0
Gazzalo, rg (2)....	1	0	2	Kraehe, lg (0).....	0	0	1
	—	—	—	Schulz, rg (0).....	0	0	0
Total.....	13	6	8	Total.....	12	4	4

CLEVELAND-CENTRAL

Central, after a bad start, had picked up wonderfully, and on Larmore Day (which was indeed very properly named), Reddy Larmore defeated the Cleveland team in a heart-breaking battle. Cleveland's one alibi for this defeat is that Kraehe, Schultz, and Lippert played a hard game with the Columbian Athletic Club the night previous. The game was played at the Washington University Gymnasium, following the coal conservation order and a vote of the Interscholastic League Board.

Central, no doubt, played a wonderful game. Margulis and Widdecombe, the Red and Black guards, worked the ball down the field well, and the Central forwards were never wanting for plenty of opportunities. Crystal and Larmore showed great dribbling ability, and were annoyingly accurate in throwing baskets. Lippert, with five field goals, led the Cleveland attack.

THE BEACON

The score follows:

Cleveland (29)	F. G.	F. T.	F.	Central (38)	F. G.	F. T.	F.
Placke, lf (7).....	0	7	3	Larmore, lf (22)...	7	8	5
Whitbread, rf (4)..	2	0	2	Wassal, rf (4).....	2	0	0
Hamel, rf (0).....	0	0	0	Crystal, c (8).....	4	0	2
Tiemeyer, rf (0)...	0	0	0	Margulis, lg (2)...	1	0	2
Lippert, c (10)....	5	0	5	Widdecombe, rg (2)	1	0	2
Kraehe, lg (6).....	3	0	0		—	—	—
Schultz, rg (2)....	1	0	1	Total.....	15	8	11
	—	—	—				
Total.....	11	7	11				

It was easy to see that the mid-year graduations had seriously affected the Cleveland pennant hopes. Schultz, Kraehe, and Whitbread, the trio who graduated, could not leave their places of employment to obtain the always necessary practice. True enough, the two guards played with the strong C. A. C. team, and were able to work out there; but practice on a flute will not always make a good organist.

The snap and surety of the Cleveland attack was gone. The swiftly moving machine which had trounced Yeatman in the season's initial contest was far different from that five which ran aimlessly about the court in the Central game. Cleveland appeared to be lost.

In a hair-raising affair, the rejuvenated Yeatman quintet almost defeated the last-year's champions, Cleveland winning by a scant three points, with the score standing 25 to 22. Only the steady work of Placke and Kraehe enabled the Orange and Blue to "go over." Linnemeyer & Co. were out for blood. The score shows how near Cleveland came to grief.

Yeatman (22)	F. G.	F. T.	F.	Cleveland (25)	F. G.	F. T.	F.
Meyer, lf (2).....	1	0	1	Placke, lf (13)....	4	5	2
Weinel, lf (0).....	0	0	0	Hamel, rf (4).....	2	0	2
Linnemeyer, rf (16)	5	6	2	Whitbread, rf (2)..	1	0	0
Cranswick, c (0)...	0	0	2	Gilbert, rf (0).....	0	0	1
Satterfield, c (0)...	0	0	0	Lippert, c (4).....	2	0	2
Hausladen, lg (4)..	2	0	1	Kraehe, lg (2).....	1	0	2
Samel, rg (0).....	0	0	1	Schultz, rg (0)....	0	0	1
Wellman, rg (0)...	0	0	2		—	—	—
	—	—	—	Total.....	10	5	10
Total.....	8	6	9				

Added to this victory, the overwhelming defeat of McKinley a week later put our team back into the race again. Cleveland was victor by the most lop-sided score in many years. The Crimson were able to obtain only four points, while the South Siders' total amounted to forty-four markers. It seemed as if all the "old pep" had returned.

THE BEACON

"SOLDAN AGAIN"

But the dopesters erred. Soldan was returned victor for the second time in a most peculiar game. Both teams fought like demons, and the scarcity of field goals demonstrates how hard both sides were working to win.

Soldan had a 10-7 lead at the end of the half, but Cleveland woke up, and by the middle of the second period had a lead of 17 to 14. Then while the team was playing under favorable circumstances, Placke was injured and forced to leave the contest. The Cleveland fight disappeared, and our rooters watched the Brown and Gold score point after point. The whistle stopped the contest with the score standing 20-17.

Cleveland had played a poor game. For that matter, so had Soldan. The great number of fouls is not indicative of any effort to play the game rather than play the man. The victory put Soldan in a formidable position, whence Central might be threatened.

The score:

	F. G.	F. T.	F.		F. G.	F. T.	F.
Soldan (20)				Cleveland (17)			
French, lf (6).....	3	0	3	Placke, lf (11).....	0	11	0
Smith, rf (14).....	1	12	0	Trumm, lf (0).....	0	0	0
Calhoun, c (0).....	0	0	5	Hamel, rf (2).....	1	0	6
Schuster, lg-c (0)..	0	0	4	Gilbert, rf (0).....	0	0	4
Schnauss, lg (0)...	0	0	2	Lippert, c (4).....	2	0	2
Gazzalo, rg (0)....	0	0	5	Kraehe, lg (0).....	0	0	3
Long, rg (0).....	0	0	0	Schultz, rg (0)....	0	0	4
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Total.....	4	12	19	Total.....	3	11	19

Cleveland drew an open date and rested while Soldan was trimming the crippled Central five, 32 to 11. This defeat for the leaders fanned up Cleveland's hopes again. A victory over Central now meant that Cleveland, Soldan and Central would go into a triangular tie for the championship, and give the Orange and Blue another chance.

As was the case in 1917, Cleveland was equal to the occasion. Central was defeated to the tune of 14 to 10 in a hard game. Lippert's improved play in the second half of the game as compared to his performance in the first period, probably accounted for the victory, since he secured two of the team's three field goals, and held his opponent, Crystal, down to none. Kraehe's work at guard, and Whitbread's free throwing deserve credit.

THE BEACON

The score:

	F. G.	F. T.	F.		F. G.	F. T.	F.
Central (10)				Cleveland (14)			
Crossley, lf (2).....	0	2	4	Trumm, lf (0).....	0	0	0
Foster, rf (2).....	1	0	0	Hamel, lf (0).....	0	0	3
White, rf (0).....	0	0	1	Whitbread, rf (6)..	0	6	4
Crystal, c (6).....	0	6	1	Tiemeyer, rf (1)..	0	1	0
Farnsworth, lg (0).	0	0	6	Lippert, c (4).....	2	0	1
Widdecombe, rg (0)	0	0	4	Kraehe, lg (3).....	1	1	4
	—	—	—	Schultz, rg (0)....	0	0	3
Total.....	1	8	16		—	—	—
				Total.....	3	8	15

The much-hoped-for tie was brought about. Cleveland had a "look in" on the championship despite the tough luck—lost games—everything! On March 11, the League Board met to decide the manner of reaching a final verdict as to the champion. It was agreed that three games were to be played, each team to play each other team which had tied for first-place honors once. Cleveland students were elated to hear that the games were to be played at the Cleveland High Auditorium.

THE "PLAY-OFF" SERIES

The Orange and Blue team clashed with Soldan in the first play-off game, and with an overwhelming victory demonstrated its great superiority. That Cleveland five, backed by the old-time kind of rooters, and feeling that there was real support in the audience, "dug in" and outplayed the Union Avenue school from one end of the game to the other. Everybody starred, but Whitbread in particular. The Clevelanders were going some! Long shots, short shots, overhand shots, sideline shots—every kind imaginable went into that Soldan basket.

The first half was hotly contested. Placke gave Cleveland a start with a free throw, but Smith counted in like manner. Then Whitbread got a field goal, but Smith evened matters again, with two free tosses in quick succession. The Soldan wonder put his team further ahead with the only field basket the West-Enders were able to secure, and it began to look blue for Cleveland. Whitbread came across with another field goal, and the score was tied again. Kraehe caged a beauty from the center of the court, and Cleveland was ahead to stay. Whitbread slipped in another, and then the half ended with a score of 9 to 5.

Soldan began like a whirlwind in the second period. Smith scored a free throw, and for nearly five minutes Soldan stayed nearly alongside. But now Lippert slipped in two in a row, and Soldan was beaten. Only three points could the Gold and Brown procure in the second half, and all three of these must be credited to Smith, who by the way, was rather off his game. Cleveland continued the bombardment of the losers' basket, and totaled thirty-three to Soldan's eight at the final whistle.

THE BEACON

Cleveland was celebrating! As has been said, everybody starred. Whitbread led in the scoring with six field goals, but his work does not altogether eclipse the rest of the team's play. Lippert's four tosses were all sweet to Cleveland fans. Two of Placke's three counters were nothing short of marvelous. Kraehe and Schultz brought down thunderous applause for their wonderful guarding.

And Soldan? Well, Schuster and Smith tried very, very hard, but they could do nothing against a wonderful combination of players. As a game of championship caliber, the affair was a farce.

Cleveland (33)	F. G.	F. T.	F.	Soldan (8)	F. G.	F. T.	F.
Placke, lf (11).....	3	5	1	French, lf (1).....	0	1	1
Tiemeyer, lf (0)....	0	0	1	Smith, rf (7).....	1	5	0
Whitbread, rf (12).	6	0	3	Seidlitz, rf (0)....	0	0	0
Lippert, c (8).....	4	0	3	Calhoun, c (0)....	0	0	3
Bauer, c (0).....	0	0	0	Long, c (0).....	0	0	1
Kraehe, lg (2)....	1	0	3	Schuster, lg (0)...	0	0	5
Hamel, lg (0).....	0	0	0	Schnauss, lg (0)...	0	0	3
Schultz, rg (0)....	0	0	3	Gazzolo, rg (0)....	0	0	2
Total.....	14	5	14	Total.....	1	6	15

Keyed to the highest pitch of confidence, the team met Central on the following Saturday, and in a well-played, exciting game won the verdict over its rivals. CLEVELAND WAS CHAMPION by virtue of a 29-to-21 victory! The whole contest was one thrilling incident after the other. Now Cleveland would be far ahead, then the Red and Black would come within a few points of tying the score. However, had Placke and Whitbread shown any consistency in throwing fouls, the score would have mounted still higher. Out of thirteen chances, our forwards only caged a trio of free throws, all three of these being to Placke's credit.

From a scoring standpoint, Lippert and Kraehe were the Cleveland stars. The big center caged the ball five times, while Ollie came across with three praiseworthy long shots. Crystal's work featured the losers' play, he accounting for two field baskets and nine free throws, and playing a good floor game.

The feud began with a foul committed by Farnsworth. Placke missed his gratis throw, but Lippert "jumped it in." Placke and Whitbread each scored a field goal, and the Orange and Blue was off with a flying start. But Central retaliated gamely. A free throw for Crystal, a field goal by Wassal, another field goal by Crystal this time, and a seemingly impossible shot by Farnsworth, and Cleveland was trailing, 7 to 6. But then Kraehe, who always delivers in the pinch, came down the floor and put in a long one. A free throw by Crystal evened it again at 8-8,

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but Kraehe threw another field goal, and Cleveland gained a lead which was thereafter never relinquished. The South Siders kept on gaining, and held a 19 to 13 lead at the end of the period.

In the second half, Central threatened just a little, but by the end of the game Cleveland had increased the lead two points, and the final whistle of the 1917-18 season found Cleveland High the champions again.

The score of the game follows:

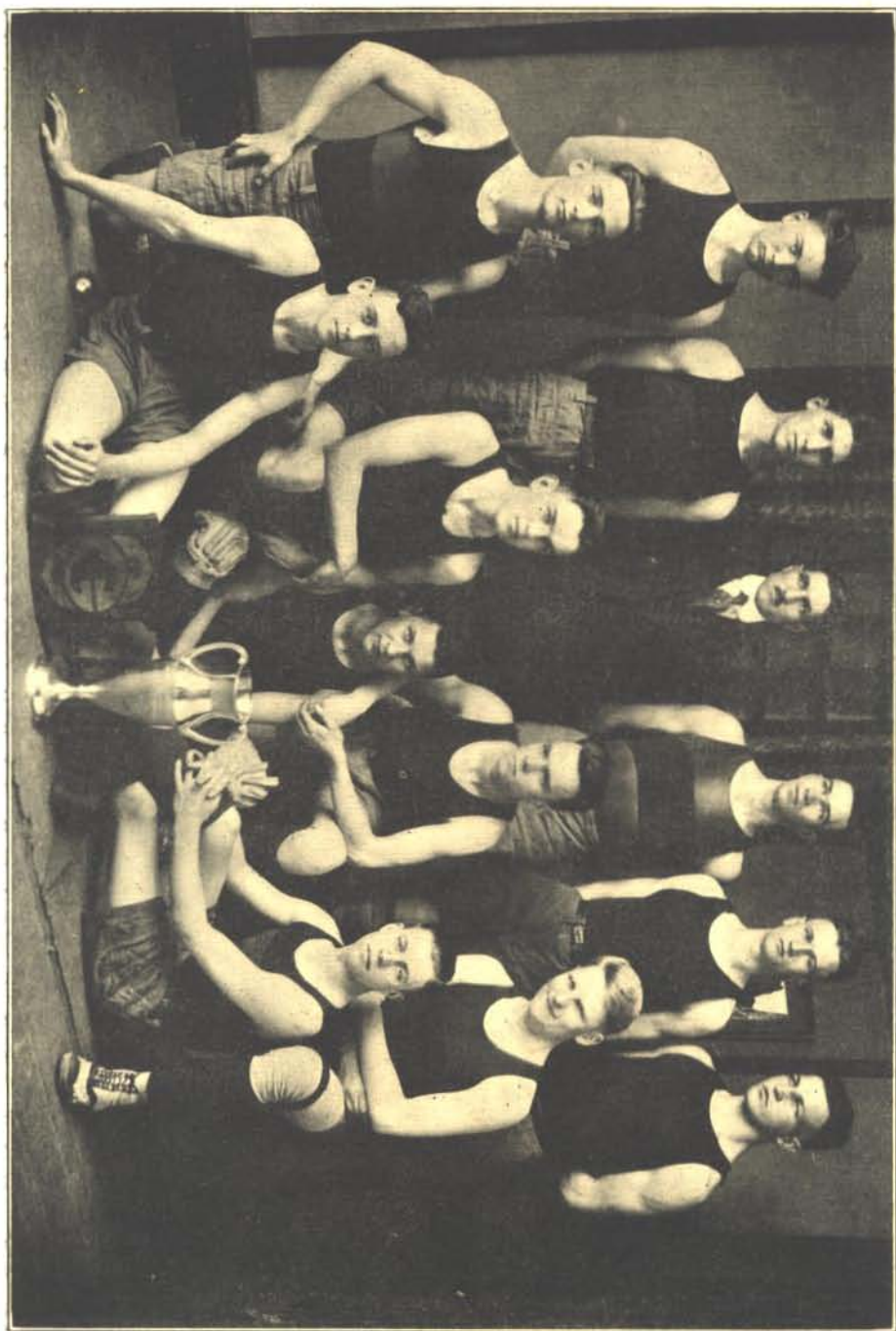
Central (21)	F. G.	F. T.	F.	Cleveland (29)	F. G.	F. T.	F.
Wassal, lf (4).....	2	0	0	Placke, lf (9).....	3	3	3
Foster, rf (2).....	1	0	3	Whitbread, rf (4)..	2	0	1
Crystal, c (13).....	2	9	2	Lippert, c (10)....	5	0	5
Widdicombe, lg(0).	0	0	1	Kraehe, lg (6).....	3	0	2
Farnsworth, rg (2).	1	0	6	Schultz, rg (0)....	0	0	2
Margulis, rg (0)...	0	0	1		—	—	—
	—	—	—	Total.....	13	3	13
Total.....	6	9	13				

A LOOK AHEAD

As with most sports, graduations have cut hard into basket-ball. The 1918-19 basket-ball five will have only one veteran, "John" Placke, to form a base on which to build an Orange and Blue team. Walsh, Stelloh, Trumm, and Stanwood of this year's scrubs promise to fill the other positions capably. Trumm probably will make center, Walsh and Stanwood are guards, and Stelloh would help Placke at forward.

Now, you new fellows who believe you have basket-ball ability, don't let this off-hand prediction keep you from coming out for the team. If you're worth anything, be sure that Mr. Matthews will recognize your ability. Don't forget! Be out for basket-ball next year!





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TRACK AND FIELD

A large group of candidates responded to Coach Neumann's call for track men, but owing to the fact that intensive training was necessary for getting the relay and hurdle men into shape for the Coliseum Indoor Meet, "R. F." worked mainly with the chosen few at first.

Thus Cleveland's first track competition came on the second of March. Owing to the poor way in which the meet was conducted, both of our sprinters were unable to get into their heats, and tough luck to Kloepper in the relay put our team out of the event. "Tom" Schneiderwind was the only Cleveland man to place, he getting a good third in the 50-yard hurdles.

Because of the necessity for the early publication of *The Beacon*, it is hard to say just what Our Team will do in the Big Meet. Our rooters can rest assured, however, that the Track and Field men will "come across big."

Listen!

Schlapprizzi and Trumm are **SOME** sprinters.

Kloepper and Schneiderwind are distance men of merit.

Lippert and Potthoff can heave the shot and discus.

"And, boy, that ain't all, either!"

LOCAL ATHLETICS

Cleveland does not limit her athletic activities to the Interscholastic League alone. Within the school, among the girls as well as with the boys, are various organizations which promote physical ability and athletic skill.

Probably the first formed of these organizations was the Gymnasium Club, one of Mr. Neumann's organizations. The Gym. Club is stressing physical culture, and is a club well worth naming on one's list of activities. The Pipes O' Pan, a girls' organization, have been working along somewhat similar lines.

The best known of these teams is the Tumbling Troupe. Under the able coaching of Mr. Neumann, the members have developed a high grade of efficiency, and are truly a valuable asset to Cleveland High. Weis, Creley, Geisel, Sybert, and Henderson, the present active members, with the assistance of Eichhammer, an alumnus of this school, have entertained the student body on several occasions, and have also filled some outside engagements. Their work has proven so attractive that they have been offered a place with several vaudeville circuits.

During the track season, several of the track-team, making use of a pair of boxing gloves loaned by one of their number, proceeded to revel in perfecting their skill in the art of self-defense. After a few nights of impromptu boxing, agitation was began to have a Fistic Club formed. At the time of this writing the matter is being seriously considered by Mr. Hoch. We may have a boxing club some of these days.



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BASEBALL

Because the basket-ball season dragged on a month or so more than was intended, the baseball hopes of Cleveland High were put on the chute and slipped down a couple of notches. While other teams had been practically formed, the Orange and Blue was still occupied with basket-ball. When the opportunity did come at length, the Clevelanders poured out upon the field and began to work hard, and Coach Matthews was able to draw some slight conclusions before two weeks of practice were over.

The team has four veterans left from last year. They are, Lippert at first, Capt. Tiemeyer at second, "Jawn" Auld in the outfield, and Placke to pitch. The five remaining positions will probably be filled by the following: Schlapprizzi, short-stop; Stanwood, third base; Gragg and Balfay, outfield; Decker, catcher.

Thus it can be seen that the nine isn't so badly off after all. We should make a good showing this year, and with the material on hand the 1919 team—next year's bunch—ought to be a wonder. But primarily it is the 1918 season which concerns us. Let it be said that it would be a shame if Cleveland would fall down flat in this sport. We don't mean that the team is weak, but we're afraid that you students are. Give them your loyal support and you can be sure that they'll come across.

CAN WE DO IT?

Undoubtedly, June, 1918, will work more hardships on Cleveland athletics than any other graduation has ever done. For in June, 1918, several of the greatest athletes that ever wore the Orange and Blue will bid good-bye to the Good Old School. Some will undoubtedly have done with athletics for all time, and will look back with fond memories upon the days when they strained every nerve, every muscle FOR CLEVELAND. Others will go on to college, and use their Cleveland experience to advantage in making their athletic reputations. And some, who have striven, toiled, hoped, and feared, and yet have NOT succeeded in doing great things, must be content with rehearsing the achievements of their classmates.

Students of Cleveland, listen! Nine of Cleveland's "best bets" are graduating in June. Football loses five men, five are also track and field sharps, two have achieved baseball fame, and two have also helped Our School in basket-ball.

Now, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? You Clevelandites who stay here, are you going to let things slide? What do you say? Cleveland MUST not sink into oblivion! With YOU rests the future of Cleveland athletics. You have no more a Schlapprizzi or Kloepper to do things in track. Ware, Potthoff, and Lippert cannot defend the Cleveland goal line in the future. The others, likewise, will not be here to help. IT'S UP TO YOU! You must—you can do it! Will you?



On March 17, 1916, a meeting was held in the auditorium and a representative body was formed comprised of the Cleveland girls. A plan was proposed for the organizing of a Girls' Athletic Association; it was received with such hearty enthusiasm, that steps were at once taken for its promotion.

The association is based on the point system, and every Cleveland girl who by the following ways receives 100 points is eligible to membership:

1. Basket-ball	100 points
2. Indoor Baseball	100 "
3. Tennis	100 "
4. Bowling	100 "
5. Field Hockey	100 "
6. Swimming, 4 events out of 8	50 "
1. Swim under water length of pool.	
2. Plunge for distance.	
3. Front, back or other dive for form.	
4. Dive for object, pick up 3 out of 7.	
5. Swim ten minutes around pool without stopping.	
6. Backstroke two lengths of pool.	
7. Rescue person two lengths of pool.	
8. Candle-light, swim length of pool.	
7. Swimming Team	100 points
8. Sub team	50 "
9. Pipes O' Pan	100 "
10. Four events out of ten on apparatus	50 "
11. Four five-mile walks	25 "
12. Perfect gym. record for one term	50 "

HONORS

Button or pin	300 points
School monogram	600 "
Final emblem	1,000 "

The purpose of this Association is to encourage and to increase school and class loyalty by fostering an interest in gymnastics and athletic sports.

I'm sorry to say that the Girls' Athletic Association of Cleveland, this term, has carried on but few activities. Nevertheless it would take more than this to drown the girls' spirit toward their Model Shrine, as is well seen by the increase in the present number of eligible people.

Vardee Naysmith.

Debating

OUR PAST

One-Two-Three-Four! Such has been the remarkable record of Cleveland debating teams. Off to a fast start by defeating Central, Cleveland has come down the line with victories over McKinley, Soldan and Central. Such a succession of victories has been phenomenal, no other St. Louis debating team ever having equalled the performance. On reviewing the situation thoroughly, we can attribute these victories only to three things: (1) The best coaches in the City of St. Louis, Messrs. Mark Moody and Harry Cochran; (2) Very widespread and enthusiastic support; and (3) Good debating material.

The following is a complete chronological table of Cleveland's debates:

Cleveland vs. Central, November 4, 1916

In this debate the forceful and splendid delivery of the Cleveland debaters won for them two out of the three votes of the judges. In this, our first debate, the support was good. The subject of the debate and the teams were as follows:

Resolved, That the United States should immediately own and operate the telegraph and telephone lines.

Cleveland	Central
Affirmative	Negative
Marion S. Flegle	Herbert Everly
Harold Stith	Herbert Skinton
Eugene B. Saxe	Jack Rule
	Alternate
George Whitson	John Moser

Cleveland vs. McKinley, March 24, 1917

This debate was possibly the closest in which Cleveland has ever participated. Both teams were very forceful in their delivery and defended their respective positions splendidly. However, Cleveland won the debate by having more, and better proven points. The vote of the judges was two for Cleveland and one for McKinley. In this, our second debate, the support was better. Cleveland defended the negative side of the question:

Resolved, That the United States should abandon the Monroe doctrine.

McKinley	Cleveland
Affirmative	Negative
Clifford Rens	Norman E. Dewes
Ralph D'Oench	Elmer Gast
Henry Arthur	Harold Stith

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Alternate

Marshall Reid

Clifton Lewis

Cleveland vs. Soldan, November 24, 1917

In this debate both sides had very efficient teams. Soldan was slightly shaded from the standpoint of delivery and was overwhelmed by the material and proofs of the Cleveland debaters. In this, as in other debates, there was no advantage on either side of the question. Cleveland won a unanimous verdict from the judges. The support of Cleveland students was remarkable. The subject and teams were as follows:

Resolved, That a minimum wage should be fixed by law.

Soldan	Cleveland
Negative	Affirmative
Harry Franzel	Marion S. Flegle
Harry Freidman	Elmer Gast
Willard McCleb	Norman E. Dewes

Alternate

Alvin Schetler

Edward Wippern

Cleveland vs. Central, March 9, 1918

Cleveland won this debate more easily than the previous ones, clearly surpassing Central in delivery and in points proved. Despite the fact that Cleveland had practically a new team, its showing in securing a unanimous decision demonstrates what Cleveland can do. Never was there a bigger crowd of supporters from a school supporting its debating team. The question, as follows, will be noted as one dealing with a vital question of the day. The Interscholastic League has always tried to have the teams debate on current questions.

Resolved, That American cities should own and operate the street railways.

Central	Cleveland
Affirmative	Negative
Samuel Rosenkranz	Burdette Cantrell
Rudolph Honetschlaeger	Joseph Levinson
Paul Flory	Norman E. Dewes

Alternate

Henry Boorstin

Edward Burkart

OUR FUTURE

Soldan, by virtue of having won from McKinley when Cleveland defeated Central, will debate Cleveland next November at Cleveland High School. It may be of interest to know that the next four debates will be held at Cleveland High.

Students—as the team and the coaches have said in the past, they say again. If you give them the wonderful support in the future that you have given in the past, **CLEVELAND WILL BEAT SOLDAN.**



Cleveland Kalendar

If never we frivoled or frolicked,
How dull would we students be;
To give us zest and scholarlie pride,
It takes an "aud" or some partie.

Sept. 4. Cleveland opened and every one returned from summer vacation ready for work. The first few weeks were very quiet because of the many things to be arranged, but shortly football practice began and all loyal Clevelandites began to get enthusiastic about the "season."

Sept. 26. Horrors! five weeks' exams began.

Oct. 3. Coso Club organized and chose Miss Nicholson for their sponsor. Their purpose was a social sewing club, but later it terminated in a patriotic club, sewing for the Red Cross.

Oct. 5. Blow School gave their annual entertainment and dance at Cleveland. Many from Cleveland were present.

Oct. 9. Joy! First football game of season. Cleveland played Rankin and won.

Oct. 12. New Senior Class organized and elected their officers.

Oct. 20. Cleveland played Principia. The spirit of the rooters was not dampened by the rain.

Oct. 24. Liberty Loan Parade in which the Cleveland girls displayed their school spirit. Some of the girls were dressed as sailors and the others wore Red Cross costumes. The girls were highly complimented in all the newspapers.

Oct. 26. Mary Jones entertained a few New Seniors at her home. Mr. Sapper presented her with a member of the canine family.

Oct. 27. First Interscholastic Football Game! Cleveland played Central.

Oct. 30. Nannette Wood had a "spiffy" Halloween Party. Had fortunes told and "everything." We all agreed that "Snid" and Olive had their share of the "eats."

Nov. 2. New Seniors had a meeting and chose Silver and Scarlet for their colors. After the meeting a few girls went over to Gladys Dowlin's house and danced.

Nov. 5. Philo Literary Club organized. Miss Grolton was chosen their sponsor.

Nov. 17. "Mighty" Seniors gave a dance in the gym. for the New Seniors. Everyone had a dandy time.

Nov. 19. Basket-ball practice began with much "pep."

Nov. 22. New Seniors called a meeting and afterwards danced in the gym. (I guess the main reason for it.)

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Nov. 24. Cleveland-Soldan debate. Clevelandites came home "all puffed up" because of the victory.

Nov. 29. Everyone enjoyed the—"Championship Football Game."

Nov. 30. Alethinae girls gave a tea in the Library of the school for the Philo girls. The afternoon was spent in writing limericks and the best two received a prize. The girls also danced.

Dec. 4. Professor E. Kroeger favored the school for the second time since its opening with a piano recital. He was greatly appreciated and applauded by the students. The following delightfully varied program was presented:

1. Air from "Alceste".....Gluck Saint Saens
2. Adagio from "Sonata Pathetique".....L. von Beethoven
3. Spinning Song.....F. Mendelssohn
4. Berceuse (Cradle Song).....F. Chopin
5. Polonaise MilitaireF. Chopin
6. SparksM. Moszkowski
7. Walhalla from "Das Rheingold".....R. Wagner
8. The GondolierE. R. Kroeger
9. March of the Pioneers.....E. R. Kroeger

Dec. 10. School spirit was the dominating factor at this auditorium session. Each speaker encouraged it and all were indeed successful in arousing the students' pride for their school. Elmer Gast gave a forceful and finely delivered talk on "school spirit" and what it would mean to us in later years.

John Kilcullen then spoke enthusiastically concerning the students' duty to school athletics.

The debut of the Tumbling Team was a splendid surprise. There had never been an exhibition of its kind before at an auditorium assembly. The five boys of the team performed some very difficult acrobatic feats. They received most hearty applause and they responded generously with encores.

Mr. Mark Moody of the faculty then spoke effectively on the session's topic, school spirit.

Robert Sapper announced that there would be a Royal Rooter's meeting after school hours, and all the girls were so full of school spirit that they regretted much that the society of the Royal Rooters was a boys' organization.

Dec. 14. Interscholastic Basket Ball season started with a victory for Cleveland over Yeatman.

Dec. 21. New Seniors entertained the Seniors with a dance in the gym. and it was declared by all to be "The Best Ever." The gym. was beautifully decorated and in the center was a large Christmas Tree.

Dec. 21. The ever popular Mandolin Club excited the most melancholy to a spirit of good feeling at this auditorium session of a kind which occurs but once a year.

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After its performance, a selection much appreciated was given by the orchestra.

Several familiar songs which had been studied in chorus were played on a victrola, now the school's, purchased with The Beacon funds.

Dr. Dodson delivered a sermon pleasantly new in idea, in which he roused the spirits of many, saying if Mr. Luther Burbank could effect changes in plant life, some day people might be able to alter themselves.

The Christmas spirit was everywhere apparent and it was with joyful hearts that the students received and returned the kindly greeting and wishes of Mr. Hoch.

Dec. 27. Alice Hager gave a "500" at her home. It certainly was a success. Alice makes a dandy hostess.

Jan. 2. Back again after the holidays.

Jan. 9. A party of New Seniors went coasting and afterwards went to Bill Smith's house for "eats." They all enjoyed themselves immensely.

Jan. 11. Perhaps many a student would not have braved the blizzard of that well-remembered Friday and come to school if the expected auditorium session of that day had not attracted him.

It was with many an exclamation of surprised pleasure that the class of January, 1918, filed down the side aisles; the girls on one side attired in a garb of a war nurse, with a cross and hairband of their colors, maroon and gold; and the boys on the other, wearing khaki trousers, white shirts and maroon ties.

Charles MacDonald, the president, introduced his class with a short speech.

Malvern Diesel then presented a well-played piano solo.

William Hrdlicka and Gerald Harris, in a surprising comedy termed "Headliners," caused much merriment. Mr. Hrdlicka's world-wide experience, especially that of Russia and Granite City, greatly impressed the audience.

Miss Dorothy Barker, costumed in a frock of the Stars and Stripes, recited a war-time ballad about Mr. Hoover; Miss Rose Wyatt accompanied her on the piano.

Following this, there was an interesting debate, of which the proposition was: Resolved, That the New Seniors are better than the Seniors. Mr. Diesel defended the affirmative and Mr. Bloomer the negative. In both speeches many doubtful compliments were paid. As the ladies of these opposing classes were not discussed, the girls were the judges, but there was no decision.

Messrs. O'Brien, MacDonald, Whitbred, and Stafford, with mandolins, and Miss Wyatt at the piano, impressed the audience with the idea that there would be music, but there was little of it and a great deal of fun.

The destinies of the class members were made known by means of a playlet, in which the characters were: Cecile Kingsbury, Hilda Brueggeman, Mildred Broderick and Esther Fletcher. Many were surprised to

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learn Edwin Gilbert was to be a janitor; Marie Barenthal, a dashing actress; and Elliot Whitbread, a baker whose place of business would be at the corner of Sixteenth and Biddle.

Each performance was enlivened by the graceful antics of Mr. Carl Bauer, whose actions were elaborated by the janitor's cap and feather duster.

Thomas Bloomer, with a splendid speech, presented the class gift, a Liberty Bond, to the school. Mr. Hoch received it with a few fluent words of praise and gratification.

Charles MacDonald closed the session, expressing the hope that the students appreciated the efforts of the class as much as they did the time taken from their classes.

Jan. 18. Those many boys and one girl surely must have aroused the envy of the entire student body as they took their places on the stage to receive the fruits of their conspicuous labors of the closing term.

This important assembly was fittingly opened by the mandolin club, which always creates enthusiasm.

A chorus by the school followed.

Mr. Hoch then presented the following with athletic "C's" for football service: Tiemeyer, Lippert, Whitbread, Balfay, Bauer, Cerny, Cole, Placke, Kerchoff, Auld, Schneidewind, Ware, Kreahe, Schultz.

Athletic "C's" were also received by Selinger, Moul, Fox, and Harte for tennis.

For debating, Whippern, Gast, Dewes and M. Flegle were honored with academic "C's."

Academic "C's" were given Lewis, Levinson and Mary Jones in reward for their efforts in publishing *The Beacon* of the Sept., 1917-Jan., 1918, semester.

Hearty rooting for each recipient was led by Robert Sapper.

Mr. Lowe, of the Meramec Trust Company, which is the godfather of our enterprising school bank, gave a short, convincing talk on Thrift Stamps.

He announced the winners of the contest of essays on the value of a savings account.

The prizes were banking accounts of sums varying as to the standing of the winners in the contest. Lorene Rumpf was awarded the first prize; Elmer Gast, the second; Elsie Whippern, the third; Elizabeth Archibald, the fourth; and Walter Schmitt, Marie Wassmund, Olivia Grubel were rewarded for receiving fifth place.

Jan. 21. Finals started.

Jan. 23. A few New Senior girls went to see Chin Chin. Oh Aladdin!

Jan. 24. All returned to school and met with the yellow plague (report cards).

Jan. 25. "Day of Joy," for the Seniors. They graduated.

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Jan. 28. School and work again. We received new programs. The girls became very busy knitting for the Red Cross and have continued to do so. Finished garments are being handed in all along.

Feb. 4. Almost everyone enjoyed walking to school on account of the car strike.

Feb. 5. The Grangers, a newly organized club at school, gave their first social event. They had a pie social, where they auctioned the girls' pies, and after eating them they danced.

Feb. 8. Bliss! The cars run again. Numerous Clevelandites were the guests of Herma Rombauer at a dance at the Bates School of Dancing.

Feb. 12. Student Council organized, elected officers and began active work about school matters.

Feb. 13. The first auditorium session of the Jan.-June semester was opened with a selection by the orchestra.

Mr. Hoch then spoke concerning certain regulations regarding luncheon, lockers and tardiness. He also gave a very commendable report on the school's sale of Thrift Stamps.

The Tumbling Team, which had so delighted the student body last term, performed again. They exhibited many new and skillful tricks. Seibert showed much acrobatic prowess. His little and very attractive brother performed with him and the youngster received tremendous applause.

Mr. Hoch displayed a pennant won by the team at a contest at the Y. M. C. A.

Amused by this clever team, the assembly was in a happy mood. But what was it to which Mr. Hoch was calling our attention? It was the school service flag. The audience became thrilled with an awed emotion and with admiration for those represented by the stars, of which there were ten, but two were to be added.

Cleveland's champions for democracy are Mr. Drake, commissioned, Fort Sherman, Ohio; Mr. Wilson, commissioned, Camp Dodge. Both formerly were members of the faculty.

Gerald Schrader was the first of the school to answer his country's call. He also had served on the border. He is now at Camp Doniphan. Another, John Routon, is believed to be in France. Curt Wilhelmi, June, 1917, is on the way to France, and Gerard Rafferty is now in training at Camp Doniphan. Another of the June, '17, class, Edward Warnhoff, is in the Aviation Corps.

Among those by whom the Steamer Wisconsin is manned is Elmer Nichols, June, '16. Irwin Walker, June, '16; Dewey Megel, June, '16, and William Nansen, January, '18, are in the navy. Fort Hancock claims Paul Ost, and the cavalry is the choice of H. Wehking.

Cleveland has one representative for a certainty in France, Morgan Dougherty of the class of June, '17. He is with the U. S. Naval Flying Corps.

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Mr. Hoch read to the assembly a letter which he had received from him, in which our former school fellow expressed his pleasure of at last being in France. He sent his regards to all, and surely the wish was in every heart of those present that Morgan Dougherty would be spared the supreme sacrifice of war.

Feb. 22. Gladys Dowlin had a George Washington Party at her home. We all enjoyed the various toasts at the table.

Feb. 23. An informal dance at the Century Boat Club was the medium of a good time for many Clevelandites.

Feb. 28. Herb. Howell and Gladys Dowlin were elected Beacon editors.

March 1. Senior class organized and elected their officers. This class is the largest to graduate from Cleveland, not saying anything about "quality." Mr. Tuckerman gave a beautiful reading for the Philo girls.

March 3. A "Surprise Party" was given on Ruth Loevy. It sure was a surprise.

March 4. The patriotism of Cleveland High School was again challenged by Dr. Cleveland.

He explained the necessity of the men in service being wholesomely amused that the morale of the fighting men and those in training might not be harmed.

That this might be accomplished, Dr. Cleveland advocated the purchasing of smileage books by the school.

March 5. The school orchestra began this auditorium session with a pleasing selection.

One of our prominent debaters, Norman Dewes, assumed the title of a prophet. He foretold the defeat of the Central basket ball team at the hands of Cleveland, Saturday, March 9, and the conquest of the same ill-fated school, Saturday evening. All hoped Mr. Dewes would prove to be a true seer.

Mr. Bostwick, public librarian, exhibited and explained some interesting slides of scenes of the St. Louis public libraries.

March 8. Ruth McCaslin gave a "500" at her home.

March 9. Cleveland won from Central in basket-ball, which tied Soldan, Central and Cleveland for the title.

March 10. Meeting of girls was called for the purpose of sewing for the Belgian children. The girls responded beautifully and have sewed every evening since.

March 11. Clifton Lewis gave a Stag Party at his home. The girls are sure that they were missed dreadfully.

March 12. A delightful selection given by the school orchestra.

Norman Dewes proved to be gifted with prophetic foresight. Central suffered defeat both athletically and oratorically on the same unfortunate day.

Burdette Cantrell, one of the victors and president of the Webster-

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Hayne, made a facetious little speech. Joseph Levinson caused much merriment by telling of his experience of nervous "stage fright."

March 12. Norman Dewes displayed the debating trophy cup and traced Cleveland's present territory of ownership on its silver exterior, and Cleveland's prospect, which embraced the whole cup.

"Rah-rahs" led by Robert Sapper were given for the team's coaches, Messrs. Moody and Cochran; and for the team, Cantrall, Dewes, Levinson, and Burghart.

Mr. Hoch then reminded us concerning a few school regulations. He also told us the triple basket-ball tie would be played off the three following Saturdays.

He asked the students to support the team in the games, which would be played off in the Cleveland auditorium.

Mr. Hoch found the student body enthusiastic concerning baseball.

He said some few but effective words concerning our duty to The Beacon.

The Glee Club pleased us with a song, which showed their loyalty to dear Cleveland. The audience was in a happy and flattering mood and they received much deserved applause.

March 14. The Mandolin Club entertained the auditorium assembly with two stirring melodies.

Mr. Watkins, of the Washington Agricultural Department, spoke, urging the raising of poultry in the back yards, that the red meat might be preserved to be sent "Over There" for our boys and our associates in the war. He said the poultry was inadequate in preserving qualities and must be used at home. Mr. Watkins advocated the raising of two hens for every member in the family. His talk made quite an impression.

The Glee Club delighted us with a song in closing.

March 15. The Rhythmic Circle from McKinley entertained the Pipes O' Pan in the gym. Their work was splendid. In the evening a good number of Clevelandites enjoyed a dance at the Algonquin Club. Mr. King and Miss Foote acted as two of the chaperons.

March 16. The most thrilling basket-ball game was played between Soldan and Cleveland. Cleveland went home victorious.

March 22. Helen Cullin gave a "500" and dance at her home.

March 23. Another thrilling game between Central and Cleveland. Cleveland won the championship.

March 28. The orchestra opened an auditorium assembly with a lively selection.

Mr. Hoch announced that the collection for the Y. M. C. A. Million Packet Fund would come the following Thursday. He also said Hot Cross Buns would be on sale after school. Mr. Hoch asked the students to hand in names and addresses of soldiers who could be benefited by smileage books purchased by the school.

Mr. Hoch gave us some good advice concerning the Daylight Saving Law.

THE BEACON

One reason for our gathering that day, said Mr. Hoch, was for paying respects to our victorious basket-ball team. Our hero, Lippert, spoke and presented the basket-ball trophy to the school. Mr. Hoch received it. We all agreed Mr. Lippert is a wonderful basket-ball player, but as to his ability as a speaker we said little. Mr. Howell, our honorable editor, said he did not know where to place his body.

Clarence Tiemeyer excited the assembly to an appreciation of basket-ball by his excellent "pep" and very good English. He felt honored, he said, to speak on the stage made sacred by Chubby Cole, football hero; Elliot Whitbread, a very popular young man; and David R. Francis, formerly governor of Missouri, a secretary in President Cleveland's cabinet, and present ambassador to Russia.

Mr. Levinson then urged the students to procure advertising.

Mr. Hoch presented the athletic "C's" to our champion basket-ball players: Schultz, Kreahe, Hamel, Placke, Whitbread, and Lippert.

Yells, led by the reliable Sapper, were given for the heroes and also for Messrs. Mathews, Tiemeyer and Levinson.

The Mandolin Club played two spirited melodies, and five of the club responded to the applause with a generous encore.

John E. Kellerd, an eminent Shakespearian actor, with an appropriate introduction in which pathos and humor were charmingly intermingled, discussed the misunderstanding of Shakespeare. He gave many laughable representations of the ways in which the passages of the great writer are interpreted. He attributed this to the actors' love of imitating.

Mr. Kellerd did not make his speech only a criticism of actors, but also a lesson to us. He told us to beware of imitation and to act as we think.

STUDENTS WHO REDEIVED "E" IN ALL SUBJECTS FIRST SEMESTER 1917-1918

THE THIRD FIVE WEEKS

<i>Albright, Sylvia</i>	<i>Diestelkamp, Lucile</i>	<i>Hrdlicka, Will</i>
<i>Baer, Mata</i>	<i>Dunkin, Alfred</i>	<i>Hutchinson, Glenn</i>
<i>Becker, Sylvia</i>	<i>Faszholz, Edith</i>	<i>Jaudes, Hilda</i>
<i>Behrens, Robert</i>	<i>Flachman, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Jones, Mary</i>
<i>Benson, Fern</i>	<i>Gaensslen, Bertha</i>	<i>Kloepffer, Victor</i>
<i>Bernthal, Marie</i>	<i>Garfinkel, Leo</i>	<i>Kuhn, Irene</i>
<i>Bishop, Martha</i>	<i>Gartner, Ruth</i>	<i>Landherr, Norma</i>
<i>Bloss, Erwin</i>	<i>Goldman, Lawrence</i>	<i>Murray, John</i>
<i>Brueggemann, Hilda</i>	<i>Gottschalk, Earl</i>	<i>Nisbet, Hugh</i>
<i>Buckley, Forder</i>	<i>Green, Madeline</i>	<i>Pletcher, Esther</i>
<i>Buckley, Mildred</i>	<i>Harris, Gerald</i>	<i>Richeson, Eliza</i>
<i>Butler, Louise</i>	<i>Hey, Marie</i>	<i>Rumpf, Lorene</i>
<i>Courtney, Corinne</i>	<i>Hillger, Adolph</i>	<i>Schaper, Florence</i>

THE BEACON

Schlapprizzi, Fred
Schmidt, Walter
Scholl, Ella
Smith, Ellie

Spindler, Ethel
Tacke, Helen
Terry, Naomi
Voyce, Martha
Wassmund, Marie

Wecka, Mary
Wilson, Mary
Wood, Nanette
Zeller, Lillian

THE FOURTH FIVE WEEKS

Behrens, Robert
Benson, Fern
Bente, Lois
Benz, Helen
Bernthal, Marie
Bloss, Erwin
Borgwald, Joseph
Buckley, Forder
Buckley, Mildred
Butler, Louise
Courtney, Corinne
Diestelkamp, Lucile
Dunkin, Alfred
Faszhold, Edith
Faudi, Susan
Fluckiger, Marie
Fritze, Adele

Gaensslen, Bertha
Garfinkel, Leo
Gartner, Ruth
Goldman, Lawrence
Golterman, Elizabeth
Green, Madeleine
Harris, Gerald
Herklotz, Hilda
Hrdlicka, Will
Hyland, Mae
Hutchinson, Glenn
Kloeppeper, Victor
Kuhn, Irene
Jaudes, Hilda
Jennings, Frances
Landherr, Norma
Murphy, Edna

Nisbet, Hugh
Ondr, Mamie
Pletcher, Esther
Richeson, Eliza
Rumpf, Lorene
Schlapprizzi, Fred
Schmidt, Walter
Smith, Ellie
Spindler, Ethel
Stanwood, George
Tacke, Helen
Walter, Herman
Wassmund, Marie
Wecka, Mary
Wood, Nannette
Zelle, Woesten

SECOND SEMESTER 1918

THE FIRST FIVE WEEKS

Albright, Sylvia
Anderson, Mildred
Benson, Fern
Biehle, Judson
Borgwald, Joseph
Britt, Faye
Buckley, Forder
Buckley, Mildred
Butler, Louise
Cullen, Helen
Dunkin, Alfred

Faudi, Susan
Fleck, Erna
Fluckiger, Marie
Frank, Ella
Goldman, Lawrence
Hiller, Mildred
Hilliker, Margaret
Hughes, Isabel
Landherr, Norma
Langen, Mary
McCutcheon, James

McKirdie, Isabel
Major, Louise
Metzger, Alberta
Rassieur, William
Richeson, Eliza
Schmidt, Walter
Schroeter, Hilda
Tacke, Helen
Wassmund, Marie
Wouters, Emma
Zelle, Woesten



Cleveland's Bit In The War

The United States of America have entered into what will no doubt be known as the greatest and most terrible war in the history of the world. A time of war, such as we are now facing, is the greatest criterion of American citizenship that can possibly exist. In it the test of true loyalty reaches its climax. Cleveland High School, named in honor of one of our most illustrious Presidents, cannot and will not fail in this test of true Americanism. Our school will not receive the hateful, accursed name of "slacker," and will not be the last to answer the call of our country.

After the tendering of our lives for the cause of our government, the next sacrifice is necessarily that of money. The natural step for the government was to take Liberty loans from its citizens.

To this call Cleveland responded nobly, showing that our country is always uppermost in our minds, and that no sacrifice is too great to be borne for our country.

Another plea of the government, intended primarily for those who cannot afford to buy Liberty Bonds, is for the purchase of War Saving Stamps and Thrift Stamps. At the beginning of this campaign Cleveland was apparently going to make a poor showing in this work. In comparison with some of the other high schools, we had done practically nothing in the first few weeks. Several of the St. Louis high schools had sold several thousands of dollars worth in one or two weeks; but here they practically stopped, and after one sudden spurt the drive was over. Cleveland, on the other hand, made her weekly sales rise steadily, so that for quite a long time our average weekly sales amounted to about \$400.00. The total sales up to the first of April have been \$5,765.00.

From time to time in the past year the American Red Cross Society issued stirring appeals to America to provide for their needs in the way of the urgent necessities, which they require for the vast numbers of men wounded in action. In order to be able to assist the Red Cross Society as a body, the Orange Cross Society of Cleveland was formed. Another aim of the Red Cross is to provide sufficient warm clothing for the soldiers in the trenches. To aid this society in their noble work, our girls immediately volunteered to knit.

So under the able direction of Miss Weeks, countless numbers of sweaters, helmets, wristlets, and the like have been made. Knitted goods, such as the girls are making, is an essential factor in the health and comfort of a soldier in the trenches.

Already a goodly number of our boys have entered the various departments of Uncle Sam's fighting machine. Many more are waiting for their chance to enlist, to fight for the cause of freedom. Up to the first of April our service flag held seventeen stars: stars of which we can be justly proud, because they represent Cleveland in the army and navy of the United States.

Honor Roll

Dougherty, M.
Drake, W. H.
Wilson, R. C.
Wilhelmi, K.
Nichols, E.

Warnhoff, E.
Routon, J.
Rafferty, G.
Nausen, Wm.
Ost, P.

Schrader, G.
Thomas, R.
Wehking, H.
Megel, D.
Watson, M.

Walker, I.
Miller, I.
Tuckerman, G.
Kinsey, Wm.
Stith, H.



Alumni Notes

The Cleveland Alumni Association is composed of all active graduates of Cleveland. An association of this kind stands for the high ideals that the school stands for, from which it originated. By means of an alumni association the former students can keep up actively the school spirit which meant so much to them in the days of their high school course. In it the old friendships are kept alive, and new ones are formed in the succeeding classes that join. A spirit of good-fellowship joins them all together in one mighty influence. If the student has been an ardent supporter of his school in the days of his course there—and this is very likely to be the case if he joins the alumni—he will continue to boost his alma mater and to speak of her in terms of nothing but praise.

The Cleveland Alumni Association especially is one that stands for the spirit of our good old school. Our high school is inspired to noble thoughts and deeds by the memory of the noble man after whom our school was named, and the Alumni Association of that school, being more mature, possesses the spirit of Cleveland to a still greater degree.

Cleveland spirit flows in the veins of the Cleveland alumni, for did they not send a generous number into the service of Uncle Sam? These young men and women of the Association are doing everything that they possibly can to help our government in this war for democracy.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! In the latter part of May the Alumni Association of Cleveland will hold a Red Cross Carnival at the high school, under the name of the Orange Cross of Cleveland. There will be booths of all kinds, which will offer good things for sale. Also, there will be dancing with a **REGULAR** orchestra at the moderate price of five cents per dance. It's going to be a big affair. Come and help make it so! Bring your girl and have a good time. All the proceeds of the Carnival will be given over to the Junior Red Cross Society.

Watch for the announcement of the exact date! Be present and don't be a slacker!

The Savings Bank

The School Savings Bank has been in existence about eight school months, covering a period of practically eleven calendar months. During this time the bank has become one of the most active of school organizations, and one whose influence is rapidly making itself felt. Up to April 1, 1918, there have been 415 pupils who have opened savings accounts of "their own." These 415 depositors have accumulated net savings of \$2,301.34, probably the greater portion of which would now be in the possession of others but for the fact that we have within our school this excellent and convenient opportunity to place our savings where they are not constantly subject to the human desire to spend.

THE BEACON

That our School Savings Bank has attracted the attention of people other than the pupils and parents of pupils of the Cleveland High School is evidenced by the many letters that have been received. A quotation from two of these letters may serve to show what a real opportunity is afforded the pupils of our school through this organization. Mr. Oscar A. Price, Director of Publicity of the Second Liberty Loan, addressed a letter to the School Bank under date of Washington, November 26, 1917, which reads in part as follows:

"The record of your school bank is splendid and the Savings Society is bound to be of incalculable value to the students. Permit me to congratulate the school on this splendid work and express the high appreciation of the Treasury Department for the support given the Liberty Loan."

Mr. H. E. Benedict, Secretary of the National War-Savings Committee, wrote from Washington on January 25, 1918:

"I congratulate you most heartily upon the success of the plan of your school savings bank, and assure you that in my mind you have adopted the best possible scheme to bring home to your boys and girls information relative to the actual operation of a bank, and you are also encouraging them to become savers and to know how in future years to conduct their business with a banking institution."

Figures probably will tell better than words what really has been accomplished by the Grover Cleveland High School Savings Society during the period of its existence. The following monthly summary, taken from the books of the School Bank, reveals the extent to which the pupils have availed themselves of the opportunity which is theirs, and it may serve to cause others to become active participants in this important movement.

MONTHLY STATEMENT OF THE GROVER CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOL SAVINGS SOCIETY FROM APRIL 25, 1917, TO APRIL 1, 1918

MONTH	NO. OF DEPOSITS	NO. OF New Accts.	MONTHLY DEPOSITS	TOTAL DEPOSITS TO DATE	MONTHLY WITHDRAWALS	NET DEPOSITS TO DATE
April	215	165	\$ 296.75	\$ 296.75	\$.....	\$ 296.75
May	377	47	380.64	677.39	5.60	671.79
June	99	2	213.85	891.24	91.91	795.73
September	216	65	334.51	1,227.75	103.10	1,027.14
October	475	63	468.62	1,696.37	39.80	1,455.96
November	375	24	353.67	2,050.04	89.61	1,720.02
December	151	4	122.59	2,172.63	100.80	1,741.81
January	219	19	471.21	2,643.84	243.59	1,969.43
February	199	12	257.74	2,901.58	62.69	2,164.48
March	204	14	184.83	3,086.41	47.97	2,301.34
TOTALS.....	2,530	415	\$3,086.41	\$3,086.41	\$785.07	\$2,301.34

Total Receipts from Savings Depositors.....\$ 3,086.41

Weekly Liberty Bond Payments..... 2,300.00

Thrift Stamp Sales to date..... 5,765.00

TOTAL BANK RECEIPTS TO DATE..\$11,151.41

Exchanges

Our exchange department has for its purpose the betterment of our own paper in that we often obtain valuable hints from other books on our list. We now have quite a number of exchanges from all over the country and hope our publication is as helpful and enjoyable to others as theirs are to us. The Apokeepersian of New York and the Lewis and Clark Journal of Washington, also the High School Beacon of New York and the Soldan Scrip of St. Louis are especially good. We wish to commend "Tech" for its lively snapshots and "The Tamarak" for its literary excellence.

It is with much pleasure that we see hints or criticisms in reference to the improvement of our book. Nothing helps so much as the right kind of criticism in work of this kind.

During the past year we have received exchanges from the following:

Apokeepersian	Poughkeepsie High School, N. Y.
Argo	Rutgers Prep. School, New Brunswick, N. J.
Bulletin	Davenport High School, Davenport, Iowa.
Caduceus	Norway High School, Norway, Me.
Comet	Austin, Texas.
Distaff	Boston Girls' High, Boston, Mass.
Forum	Central High, St. Joseph, Mo.
High School News	Central High, St. Louis.
Lewis and Clark Journal	Lewis and Clark High, Spokane, Wash.
Life	Washington, D. C.
Luminary	Central High, Milwaukee, Wis.
McKinley Manual Training	Kansas City, Mo.
Mercury	Riverside High School, Chicago, Ill.
M. T. D. Year Book	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
Owl	McKinley High, St. Louis
Tabula	Oak Park High, Oak Park, Ill.
Yeatman Life	St. Louis, Mo.
Shortridge	Indianapolis, Ind.
Sioux Falls Magazine	Sioux Falls High, Sioux Falls, S. D.
Register	Omaha High, Omaha, Neb.
Midway	University High, Chicago, Ill.
Carnation	McKinley High, St. Louis.

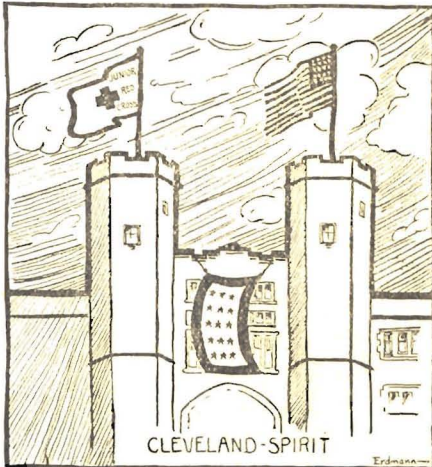
The study of these magazines is very interesting and brings us closer together, as much of the school life can be seen in their pages. It is our aim to work into the pages of "The Beacon" that spirit and lively interest so evident in our halls.

Such work as this often leads to higher ideals and gives one a better understanding as to what literature really is. Let us all work together to attain that perfection we long for by careful study of the efficiency of others and endeavoring to better amateur journalism in general.

G. M. Parker.



*If you think we've mentioned others
and somewhat slighted you,
Or else became too funny, and gave
you more than due;
And you'd like to write some locals,
for you know yourself you're good,
Why, go ahead and write them; we
did the best we could.*



An intoxicated man was waiting on one of the corners down town for a Tower Grove owl car. Suddenly a Tower Grove car approached. "Is this a Tower Grove owl car?" inquired the man. "No, this is a regular Tower Grove car," replied the conductor. "Go on by," said the man, "I'm waiting for a Tower Grove owl car."

* * *

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

*"Yes, my darling daughter;
But don't forget the submarine
Has prussianized the water."*

DODGIN' HIM

A man named Dodgin had recently been appointed foreman in a brickyard, but his name was not known to all the employes. One day, while on his round, he came across two men sitting in a corner smoking, and stopped near them.

"Who are you?" asked one of them.

"I'm Dodgin, the new foreman," he replied.

"So are we," replied the other workers. "Sit down and have a smoke."

* * *

*When a young man thinks that a doll-
like face,
And a picture hat in trimming
drowned,
With never a brain about the place,
Is the center that the stars go
'round—*

*That is love, that is love!
When a young girl thinks that some
5 feet 8*

*Of cheap conceit and rawness blent,
With its talk and its trousers up to
date,*

*Is this Old World's supreme event—
That is love, that is love!*

* * *

Junior: I just had some ox-tail soup and I feel bully.

Senior: That's nothing; I just had some hash and I feel like everything.



AN ODE TO "LIP."

*There was a husky first-sacker,
Who lifted his glove for to smack'er,
Then, with a frown on his face,
He dropped back to his base,
For he'd swallowed his "chaw" o' ter-
backer.*

* * *

The man who waits to be given a job has a life job as a waiter.

One of the drawbacks of success is that it often has a string tied to it.

He who strikes while the iron is hot doesn't always make warm friends.

Perhaps the surest things in life are the expenses we hadn't counted on.

* * *

AMERICAN EFFICIENCY

"I see the American troops in France are going to use ready-made trenches."

"Who made 'em?"

"The Germans."—Ex.

INTERNAL TROUBLE!!!

Gladys: "What's the matter with you?"

Herb. H.: "I've just swallowed fifteen cents. I wondered if you noticed the change in me!"

* * *

*There was an old man in Berlin,
Who said to the Kaiser, "Come in!"
He fed carbolic acid,
To the Kaiser so placid—
Do you think he committed a sin?*

* * *

APPROPRIATE LINES

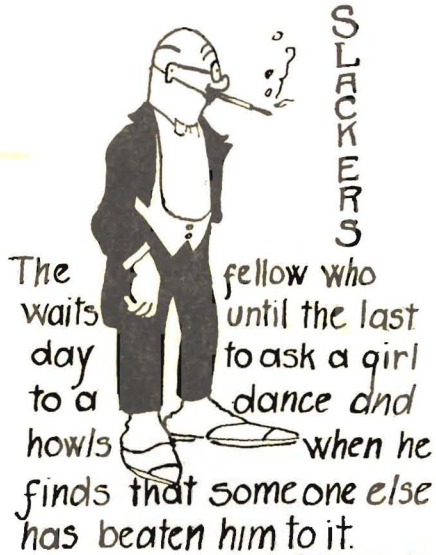
For Tiemeyer: "A hit, a very palpable hit."—Hamlet.

For the New Jays: "How green you are, and fresh."—King John.

For visitors to the office: "Thou canst not say I did it."—Macbeth.

On being sent to the office: "This was the most unkindest cut of all."—Julius Caesar.

For Lippert, in German: "What must I do to be saved?"—Bible.



*The fellow who
waits until the last
day to ask a girl
to a dance and
howls when he
finds that some one else
has beaten him to it.*

—SNIDER—

Mr. Tucker: Now, I don't like to sling mud, Leslie, but I'll give you (Henry) Clay to report on.

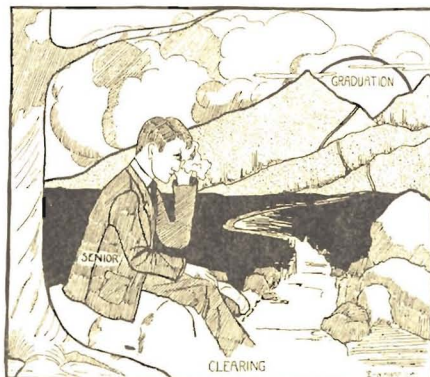
THE BEACON

THE SENIOR BOOKCASE

AdonisHarold Lippert
 The Ancient Mariner....Bill Smith
 A Girl from America...Edna Vogel
 Ulrich—the Farm Servant
Franklyn Mitchell
 A Modern Tomboy....Grace Lane
 Woman in White..Isabelle Hughes
 The Rose of Old St. Louis
Gladys Dowlin
 A Weaver of Dreams
William Rassieur
 Merchant of Venice...Joseph Lind
 Peg o' My Heart..Hazelle Weathers
 Wee Willie Winkie..Edwin Mueller
 A Valiant Woman..Olivia Gregory
 Tess of the Storm Country
Olive Townsley
 Hermann and Dorothea
John Auld and Marie Belz
 The Music Master..Victor Kloepper
 FrecklesBob Schuette
 Maid of Orleans.....Ruth Loevy
 Flower of the Dusk
Florence Wittkopf
 Polly Anna.....Vardee Naysmith
 Autocrat of the Breakfast Table
Marion Flegle
 Lady of Decoration..Beatrice Loving
 Alice in Wonderland...Alice Stone
 John Halifax—Gentleman
John Chapin
 Dictionary (unabridged)
Bob Sapper
 Vanity Fair.....Edna Kottkamp
 Making Her His Wife
Francis Kohlbry
 Kitty Canary.....Adele Preiss
 When a Man's a Man
Herbert Howell
 Sight of the Morning...Mary Jones
 Deadwood Dick.....George Parker
 The Honorable Peter Sterling
Milton Napier
 The Quaker Girl.....Helen Taylor

The Sweet Girl Graduate

.....Viola Weyland
 A Gay Charmer.....Nanette Wood
 Fair Maid of Perth..Emma Wouters
 One of the Heavenly Twins
Leslie Flegle
 Daddy Long Legs....Clifton Lewis
 Miss Minerva and Willy Green
 Hill.....Lillian Kiess and
 Walter Oswald
 Lorna Doone.....Alice Walker
 The Man of the Hour
Ralph Hagar
 The Gentleman from Indiana
Herbert Ware
 The Dream Girl.....Sylvia Hayes
 The Choir Invisible.....Glee Club
 Great Men and Famous Women
The Rest of the Seniors



Dorothy: If a girl told you you could kiss her on either cheek, what would you do?

Harold: I'd hesitate a long time between them.—Ex.

* * *

*If you have a bit of news,
Send it in;*

*Or a joke that will amuse,
Send it in.*

*A story that is true,
An incident that's new—
We want to hear from you!
Send it in.—Ex.*

THE BEACON

Mr. Moody: Edison says we sleep too much.

Bill Smith: Well, it is his own fault. He invented enough things to keep us awake.

* * *

Mr. Tucker (speaking to Ware): Herbert, I'm a Ware of that.

*The Czar once tried snuff, people claim,
And soon a deep sneeze shook his frame,*

*The nobles around
Did start at the sound—
Each thought the Czar called him
by name.*



Teacher: Johnny, make a sentence using the word indisposition.

Johnny: When youse wants to fight, youse stand in dis position.

Nannette: Oh yes, what's-er-name told me so.

Louise: What-ya-caller has gone, too.

* * *

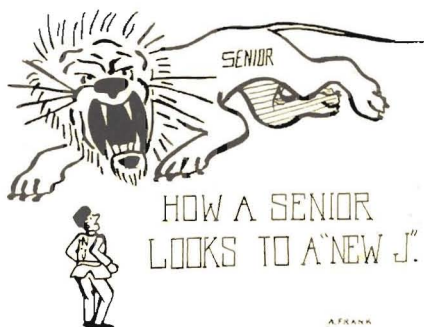
Miss Spalding: Would you rather see Macbeth's murder on the stage or have it off?

Miss Major: I'd rather see it off.

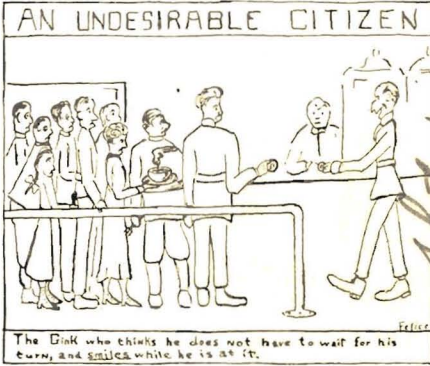
* * *

Mr. Irwin: Now you're getting at the answer. You left too much undone before.

Ware: Well, I thought you knew a little bit yourself.



"Darling," cried Baldy, in tender tones,
 "I never loved but thee!"
 "Then we must part," said Helen;
 "No amateurs for me."



Shit's right

A SENIOR
 Deep wisdom—swelled head,
 Brain fever—he's dead.

A JUNIOR
 False fair one—hope fled,
 Heart broken—he's dead.

A SOPHOMORE
 Went skating—bumped head,
 Cracked skull—he's dead.

A FRESHMAN
 Milk famine—not fed,
 Starvation—he's dead.

* * *

Junior: What does Q. E. D. mean at the end of the proposition?

Mr. Mark Moody: Quit and eat dinner.



This always happens

Teacher: Can you tell me a thing of importance that did not exist a hundred years ago?

Sapper: Me.
 * * *

Senior: Did you hear the story about the bed?

Freshman: No.
 Senior: That's where you lie.
 * * *

ODE FROM COOKERY CLASS

He may live without knowledge,
 What is knowledge but grieving?
 He may live without hope,
 What is hope but deceiving?
 He may live without love,
 What is passion but pining?
 But where is the man
 That can live without dining?—Ex.
 * * *

Milhoefer: How much is (pi)?

Zelle: Ten cents a slice.

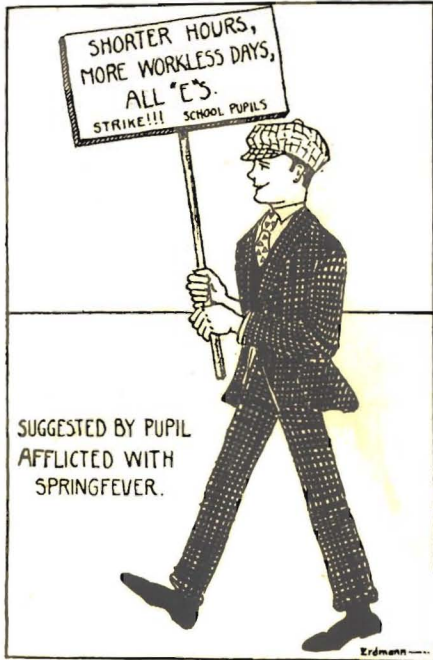


You can bluff all of the faculty some of the time;
 You can bluff some of the faculty all of the time, but
 You can't bluff all of the faculty all of the time.—Ex.

THE BEACON

"Roses I send to match your lips"—
 Thus wrote a lovelorn fellow;
 Alas! the florist sealed his fate—
 The ones he sent were yellow.

—Ex.



He: There's one thing I like about you.

She (fussed): What's that?

He: My arm.

* * *

Freshie: Why is the term "etc." used?

Senior: It is used to make people think we know a lot more than we do.—Ex.

* * *

*I sit alone in the twilight,
 Forsaken by God and men,
 And murmur over and over,
 "I'll never eat onions again."*—Ex.

* * *

She: He stole a kiss from me.

Second She: That was petit larceny.

She: It was not; it was grand.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW
 How to shoot hot air—Ask Peezy.

When to quit school—Ask Miss Kaufmann.

How to be a bore without knowing it—Ask Boonshaft.

How to be cute—Ask Flo. Wittkoff.

How to act affected—Watch Olive Townsley.

Where The Beacon office is located—Follow Herb Howell.

How to write a "pony"—Ask Fern Benson.

How to be witty—Ask Mr. Tucker.

How to be smart—Ask Tee.

How to get ads—Ask Jos. Levinson.

How to dance—Watch Potthoff.

How to drive a Marmon "34"—Ask Hamel.

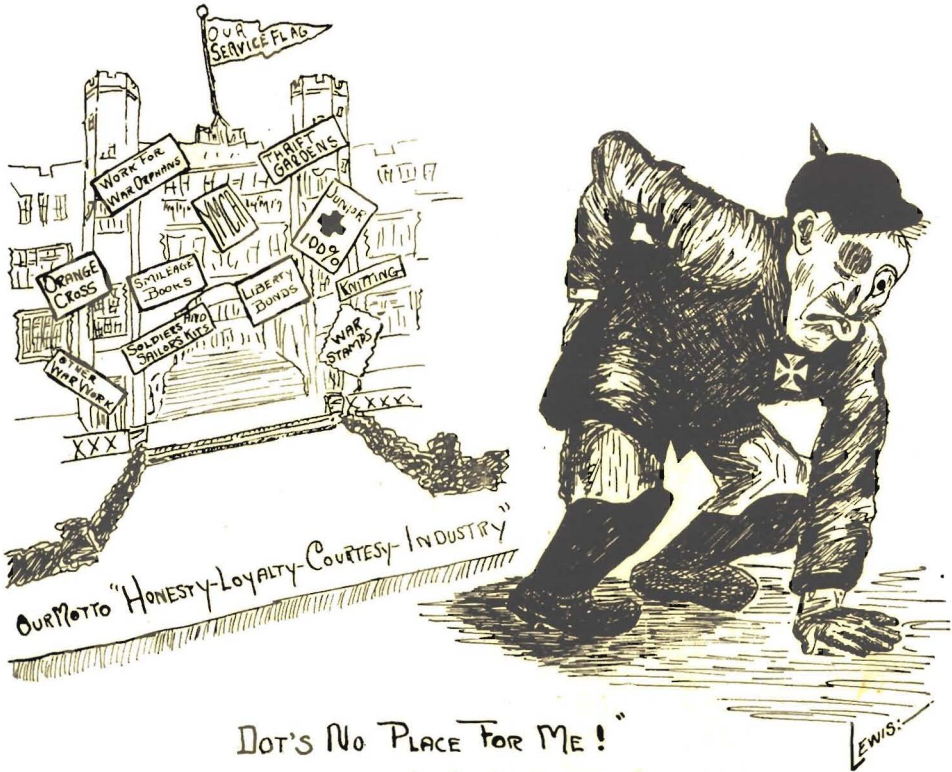
How to sleep in class—Ask Reholz.

In short, if you want to know anything at all—Ask Sapper.



WHEN THE TEAMS WERE TIED FOR FIRST PLACE.

*Lives of Seniors all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And by asking foolish questions,
 Take up recitation time.*



DOT'S NO PLACE FOR ME!

* * * *

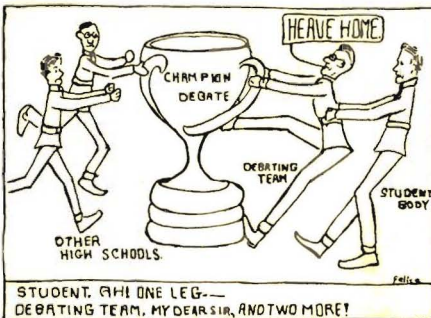
William: You know, Herb, I saw in the paper the other day that a scientist had found a mosquito weeping.

Herbert: That's nothing. Haven't you ever heard a moth ball?

* * *

Miss East: Why the test questions aren't giving you trouble, are they?

Eckles: No, it's just the answers that are bothering me.



GUESS WHO

- H. L. Husky lad.
- O. T. Oh, tush.
- C. L. Curly locks.
- G. P. Good pal.
- O. G. Oh, gracious.
- W. S. Well said.
- R. H. Right humorous.
- G. D. Good dancer.
- A. P. Always peaceful (?)
- M. F. More fun.
- L. F. Likeable fellow.
- M. J. Much jesting.
- R. S. Right silly.
- J. A. Just athletic.
- E. H. Ever humble.
- M. B. Many brains.
- E. W. Excellent waltzer.
- F. S. Fine sprinter.
- F. K. Funny kid.

THE BEACON

OH! MY!

The school surely set up a Howell about The Beacon.

Cleveland can cook Soldan's goose, but what can Mr. Milton Frye?

If Walker uses Wassel to pitch for Central, who will Bill Matthews?

When Mark gets Moody, he won't stamp his Foote, but Schorer than Ewers truly he'll Long to be a King. He doesn't live in a Barnwell what of that? He keeps his Eppels in one.

The street car strike made us S-later than ever.

Give me my razor Hohn.

All agreed that her Foote was Schmoll.

Can you imagine the Auld Belz ringing on the Morrow?

Did Kelsey Irwin the race?

The ship was sailing East when the Guy rope broke, and then the Nueman called for help.

If you Raeble to add to this list, don't Bragg about it.

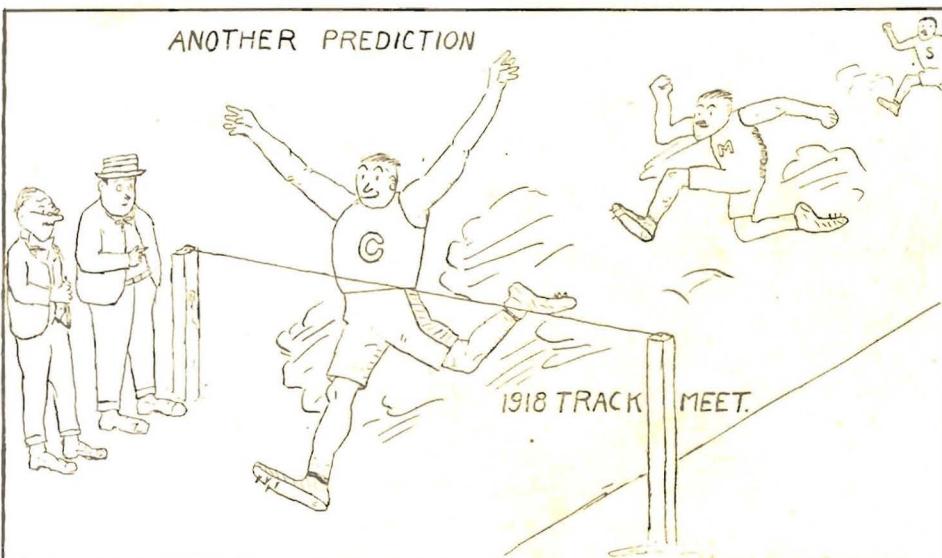


*Once I was rich, and all men turned
Submissive to my call;
But in a moment's time a durned
Alarm clock spoiled it all.—Ex.*

* * *

GOOD ADVICE

To get what you want, want what you can get.



Business



O matter how large a business a man possesses, he is always on the alert to gain more. Advertising is the instrument which increases business for him; the more advertising he does, the more business he receives. Business men are aware of this fact and are on the lookout for some good medium in which to advertise. Since The Beacon is considered a good advertising medium by business men who have advertised in it, the only thing the solicitors have to do is to approach and present their facts to the advertiser and he will sign a contract.

Students, The Beacon has been published. You have helped to publish it, you have secured ads, but the most vital part of your assistance is still needed to make this issue successful. The merchants who advertise in our book must be shown that they have not advertised in vain. They have advertised for a purpose, the purpose being that they want and expect your business. You buy something every day, and why not buy it from The Beacon advertisers? If you will not do this, we cannot expect them to continue to advertise. If you have any school spirit, which every Clevelandite is supposed to have, you will not overlook this fact.

We take this opportunity to thank the following for their most earnest efforts to make The Beacon a success financially.

Jos. Levinson, Business Manager.

* * *

Ad Solicitors for the June '18 Beacon

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THE BEACON

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the world will need, more than ever, leaders whose training has been broad and sound.

Since the war began the Government has called from the ranks of University men the largest proportion of officers and leaders in activities relating to the war. The demand for trained minds—particularly for those of general training—is daily growing.

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offers broad, sound training in the most important lines of human endeavor. Its teaching is supplemented by its close relation to the civic, industrial, professional and religious life of the great city of St. Louis, in which pointed and practical illustrations for classroom instruction are found.

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THE SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING prepares, by thorough training, for constructive work along Engineering lines.

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THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE is abreast of the best medical schools of the age.

THE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS trains carefully in the principles of Art, and fits students of artistic talent for successful careers.

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**For full information, write to G. W. Lamke,
— Registrar, Room 200, University Hall —**

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

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Kinloch, Victor 153-L

Bell, Sidney 2869

ELITE UPHOLSTERING AND MATTRESS CO.

WILLIAM A. BRUNE, Manager

All kinds of Furniture Repairing, Refinishing, Reupholstering, Etc.

Mattress Making, Renovating and Chair Caning

3412 CALIFORNIA AVE.

Howell: "Say, what's a manicure parlor?"

Heineman: "Why, that's a swell name for a hand laundry."

* * *

A MORAL IN VERSE

*"I wish I were a sophomore,"
Said a little Fresh one day,
"Then I should make the freshies sore,
And strut around, some gay."
"I wish I were a junior now,"
Said he the following year,
"I'd make them all look some, I vow,
A big gun I'd appear."
When he attained his latest wish,
I met him once again.
Said he, "Those lucky senior fish,
I'd like to be one of them."
But when a senior he became,
He changed his attitude;
"I'd like to be a Fresh again,"
Said he, "I wish I could."
So, Freshies, take example here,
Do not take time to dream;
For though it may seem very queer,
Things are not always what they
seem.—Ex.*

Kinloch, Laclede 188-R

Bell, Riverside 1310

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Meat and Vegetable Market

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Why worry about hard times?
See our new Cleanable Collars
for men and boys.

We are glad to show you.

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GROCERIES, MEATS, FRUITS
AND VEGETABLES

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Saussele's Shaw Bakery

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Grand 3688

Victor 141

Mr. F. W. Moody (in Phog. 2):
Let me hear everybody listening.

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Twenty-Third Year

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THE BEACON

CAN YOU IMAGINE

- Marie Belz all alone?
Gladys Dowlin a barber?
Johnny Auld in a hurry?
Edna Vogel starting an argument?
Marion Flegle not arguing at a class meeting?
Clifton Lewis with his hair combed?
Ed. Mueller in a dress-suit?
Emma Wouters a street car conductor?
"Dutch" Hager an ash-man?
A good time in the New Senior Class?
Harold Lippert knitting?
Adele Preiss without "that curl?"
George Parker weighing 200 lbs.?
Wallace Snider in love?
Fern Benson taking a final?
The treasurer of the Seniors broke?
John Chapin not with Margaret?
Fred Potthoff dancing?
Bob Sapper getting enough to eat?
Florence Wittkopf not butting in to somebody's business?
"Herb" Ware not kidding the girls?
Leslie Flegle not grinning?
Our Editor going home from school alone?
Olive Townsley not tearing around?
Ellis Hamel knocking a Marmon "34?"
Julius Mueller with a mustache?



*We specialize in exclusive
Jewel Articles and Artificer
for Miss Lady's needs and we
invite you to inspect
our display at our
New Store*

*Situated on Seventh Street
at the
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Victor 144

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THE BEACON

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Serves the STANDARD
MILK OF ST. LOUIS



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VELVET ICE CREAM
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MENTION THE BEACON WHEN PATRONIZING ADVERTISERS

THE BEACON

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 EVERYTHING GOOD TO EAT

RUDI STUDHALTER
 PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST
 2009 Arsenal St., Opposite Benton
 Park
 Both Phones

*"What you say, goes," he sadly said,
 His eyes and heart aflame;
 She glanced at the clock and turned
 her head,
 And softly spoke his name.—Ex.*

MAIN 2523 SALESROOM PHONES CENT. 2845
STEINER ENGRAVING & BADGE CO.
 SALESROOM 804 PINE 2ND FLOOR
 FACTORY 20TH & MULLANPHY STS.
 TYLER 718 FACTORY PHONES CENT. 6897

WHY TEACHERS GO INSANE

"I didn't hear the question."
 "Must we write this in ink?"
 "I forgot the lesson for tomorrow."
 "Shall we write on both sides of the paper?"
 "Is this to be handed in?"
 "Did you say our notebooks were due today?"
 "Are the exam. papers marked?"
 "I had my lesson all written out, but I left it at home."
 "May I be excused from platform work today?"—Ex.

ASEPTIC SHAVING PARLOR
 LOUIS SIKKA, Prop.
 5219 Virginia Ave.
 Our motto is "SERVICE"
 Experts in All Styles of Hair Cutting


From a Friend

Helen: Mr. Ware, you owe me an apology.
 Herb: I'd rather owe it to you than beat you out of it. However, I'll write you an I. O. U. for it.

* * *

No matter what day of the week it is, it is always "Tuesday" for Olive Townsley.

Graduation Footwear, Gymnasium
 Shoes, Tennis Oxfords



LEONARD SHOE CO.
 500 Bates Street

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Bell, Sidney 1924-R

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Res., 4727 Gravois Ave.

He (bashfully): May I kiss your hand?

Pretty young thing: Oh, I suppose so; but it's lots easier to remove my veil than my glove.

Electric Shoe Repairing Shop

JOS. GUTTENBERG

2211 S. 39th St.

Prices Reasonable

Henri Carr: Is it correct that the three ages of man are the soft stone, the hard stone, and the soapstone?

Marie Buck: No. The three ages of man are the Blarney stone, the grindstone, and the tombstone.

A LA SAPPER

*He tore his hair in wild despair,
Then wrung his hands in pain;
He leapt up in the startled air,
And then came down again.
Nay, grieve not for the woeful lot,
And have for him no fears;
A maniac, and yet he's not—
He simply leads our cheers.*

* * *

THE NOBLE WEAKER SEX

*The weaker sex
Is that portion
Of the human race
Who goes down town
In zero weather
In a half-masted lace waist
And pumps
To buy a muffler
And woolen socks
For her husband
So he can go to work.—Ex.*

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THE A. O. U. W. of MO.

ORGANIZED IN 1876

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WILBUR J. HOWELL,
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HAVE YOU READ EVERY AD'S MESSAGE?

THE BEACON

GUERDAN'S

914 Olive and Broadway,
near Market

Nifty Hats.....\$3 and up
Nifty Caps.....\$1 and up

Mr. Annin: "Well, Miss Townsley, I see you and I are both eating candy, but mine is for a cold."

Miss Townsley: "O! but mine is a life saver!"

* * *

There is a dangerous precedent for the women doing the work while the men are at war. The Indians did that, and the men never went back to work.

Sidney 2869

HY. BIRDMAN

3410 California Ave.

\$1.50 EXPERT PIANO TUNING

Pianos made into Players

Bargains in Used Pianos

Victor 153-L

"It is the little things of this life that tell," said Olive, as she hauled her little sister from under the sofa.

* * *

Heard in Mr. Tucker's 8 English Class:

Miss Hiller (gaping at picture of Robert Burns): Burns is the best-looking poet we have studied this term.

JOS. GLEITZE

Dealer in Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES

Phone Orders Promptly Attended to
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La Salle Candy Shop

Broadway and Olive Streets

Mr. Tucker (speaking of politics): I believe in principles, not in parties. Therefore, I am half Republican and half Democrat. That is why I part my hair in the middle.

* * *

Mr. Mark Moody—and when you get your mind on your work, hold it there, if you have to step on your face to do it.

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ROOM

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Bell, Sidney 687

THE BEACON

How do you know you're near the chem. lab.?

"Your nose knows."

* * *

Aimee: When Harold proposed to you, did he get down on his knees?

Hazel: I should say not.

Aimee: Why didn't he?

Hazel: Well-er-probably because they were occupied at the time.

Miss Fisse: Who is absent today?

Kohlbry: Adele Preiss.

Miss Fisse: Is there anyone else you miss?

* * *

Merely a Suggestion.—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," quoted the sentimental youth.

"Oh, I don't know," returned the matter-of-fact girl. "Did you ever try presents?"—Ex.

MAIN 1101



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315 North 10th St., 4th Floor. ST. LOUIS
THEATRICAL COSTUMER AND WIG MAKER. COSTUMES
AND WIGS RENTED FOR PLAYS, OPERAS, MASQUERADES,
ETC. HISTORICAL PAGEANTS FURNISHED

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| Audless | Platformless |
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| Teacherless | Flunkless |
| Lessonless | Examless |
| Studyless | Learnless |
| Gradeless | Workless |
| Lateless | Absentless |
| Go to officeless | Spring feverless |

Teacher: Give an example of a hypocrite.

New Jay: A hypocrite is a little kid going to school with a smile on his face.—Ex.

* * *

*Oh, Freddie is a pretty boy,
He wears a dark brown suit;
I'm sure if he weren't so sleepy,
That he would be quite cute.*

GIVE THE ADVERTISERS A SQUARE DEAL

THE BEACON

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Musical Instruments and Sheet
Music
910 Olive St.

From a Friend

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People are funny things. They change their notions so often. Take, for instance, Harold Lippert; just look how quickly he developed an ear for symphony orchestra music. We wonder why.

*Little grains of humor,
Little bits of bluff,
Make a simple New Jay
Think he's just the stuff.—Ex.*

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Personal attention to prescriptions,
Purest drugs and chemicals used.
Phone orders solicited. Prescriptions called for and delivered.
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Both Phones:
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For Quality Ice Cream and High-Grade Candies, go to
LAAKER'S
3543 South Grand Ave.
(Grand and Gravois)
Brick Cream always on hand

PETS
"Yes, my child." (Mr. Mahood.)
"There are four essentials to studying. The first is the right book, etc." (Mr. F. W. Moody.)
"Of course, I don't mean anyone in this room; I mean someone in Pittsburgh or Omaha." (Mr. Tucker.)
"Oh, these seniors." (Miss Hienmenz.)
"So much for that." (Miss East.)
"That's very nice." (Miss Foote.)
"Go to the office, please." (Mr. Cleland.)

*If lightning bugs struck a creamery,
And you were standing by,
I ask in a whisper—
Would not the butterfly?—Ex.*

BABY LABEL BREAD
is "the kind mother used to make." Many of our patrons prefer it to the made-at-home article—to say nothing of the work saved by the housewife.
Mothers and grandmothers join in its praise.
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NEWBERY-BURDICK-SCOTT GARMENT CO.

Manufacturers of

CLOAKS, SUITS, SKIRTS

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Olive: I think sheep are the stupidest creatures that ever lived.

Mary: Well, my lamb, so do I.

* * *

Marie: Do you know what Wallace's collar makes me think of?

Ruth: No; what?

Marie: A whitewashed fence around a lunatic asylum.

Mr. Cleland: Please try to sing the interruptions.

Compliments of

CHRIST JAUDES

A NEW JAY'S PRAYER

I want to be a senior and with the seniors stand,

With a fountain pen behind my ear and a notebook in my hand.

I wouldn't be a president, I wouldn't be a king,

I wouldn't be an emperor, for all that wealth could bring.

I wouldn't be an angel, for angels have to sing.

I'd rather be a senior, and never do a thing.—Ex.

STERLING RING 75¢
GOLD PLATE RING 25¢

CLASS PINS-RINGS & FOBs
ARMY-NAVY RINGS - \$1.50 UP

Service Rings are all the rage
Buy direct from Manufacturer. Free Catalogue.
C. K. GROUSE CO.
For 15 years THE Class Pin House
67 Bruce Av., North Attleboro, Mass.

CHARLES KOPP

Jeweler

4655 Virginia Ave.

TOUCHED

The Minister: Don't you think I touched them rather deeply this morning?

The Deacon: I don't know. I haven't counted up yet.—Ex.

Bell, Riverside 1374

Kin., Laclede 248-L

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"THE STYLE SHOP"

For Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hats

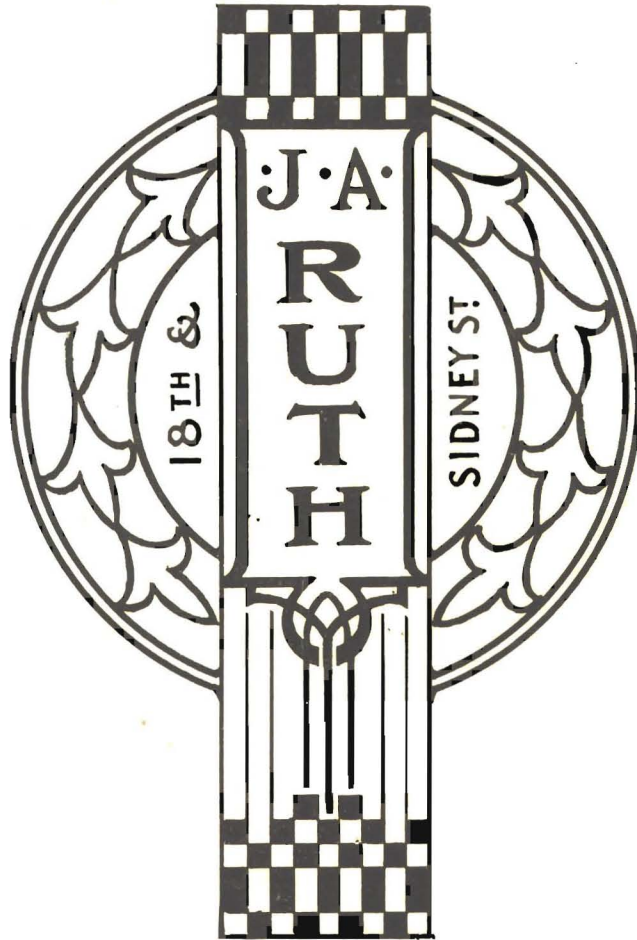
Riverside 1430 5524 Virginia Ave.

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THE BEACON

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PHOTOGRAPHS



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TO-DAY**

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FLORAL CO.


3117 S. GRAND AVE.

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An optimist is a fellow who can see the wolf at the door and say, "Ah, there are my wife's winter furs."—Ex.

Frank: Don't you think my hair is thick?


Herbert: Well, it grows on your head, you know.



DRINK OLD JUDGE COFFEE
ASK YOUR GROCER

It Brightens the Intellect and is So Good

Meyer Bros. Coffee & Spice Co.



A woman's head is not always turned by flattery—sometimes it's peroxide!—Ex.

* * *

Marriage is a wonderful institution, but who wants to live in an institution?—Ex.

The Guardian Life Insurance Co. of America
\$170,000,000 Insurance in Force
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JOHN G. KNOLL
FLORIST
816 Kansas Street
Decorations for all Occasions

Mr. Ewers: —and I think we should bow down to all green things as—

Bright 3: All except New Jays.

Estimates Furnished Victor 1335-R

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WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES
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U R Invited to Visit

THE AMNON CLASS
Of Lafayette Park Baptist Church
Lafayette and Mississippi Aves.
Every Sunday, 10 to 10:30 a. m.

CARONDELET NEWS

QUALITY PRINTING
6916 South Broadway
Riverside 433

Mr. Kelsey: What is harder than a diamond?

Parker: Latin.

* * *

The minister (in describing his future church): I want a simple church, and a bell in the steeple.

Grace Lane: I think you will have a better audience if you put the bells in the choir.

Tramp: Has yer any suggestions to make ter a feller what ain't able to raise er dime ter get shaved with?

Citizen: Yes, raise whiskers.—
Ex.

CANDY'S BAKE SHOP

"Nothing But the Best"

Spring and Juniata

Miss East (reading): And they heard the sound of wheels.

Dewes (from back of class): They must have been thinking.

An Education in Itself!

Clean—Live—Reliable

All the worth while news of the day.

Best editorials, feature pages,
market reports and sporting news.

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"THE PAPER THAT GOES HOME"

EACH AD HAS AN INDUCEMENT

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Kinloch, Laclede 104
Bell, Riverside 278

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Paint Co.**
BUILDERS' HARDWARE AND
PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
7126 and 7130 S. Broadway

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Optometrist & Optician with Ernest Nickl, Jeweler
Kin., Victor 1022-R 3219 MERAMEC ST.
Hours—Daily, 8:30 a. m. to 5:30
p. m.; Monday, Wednesday and
Saturday Evenings till 9 p. m.;
Sundays, from 9 a. m. to 12 m.

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Groceries, Meats and Vegetables
Fish, Poultry and Game in Season
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Dealer in Fine Footwear for Men,
Women and Children
5401 Virginia Ave.

WILMINGTON BAKERY
624 Wilmington Rd.
BREAD, ROLLS, CAKES
Bell, Riv. 620.

If a good-looking girl smiles at you, keep cool; she may be a book agent just practicing.

THE HORRORS OF WAR



*'Twas a quiet, balmy evening—every-
thing was deathly still;
Hark! a noise, a terrible noise ap-
proacheth from o'er the hill.
The whole populace was out, quaking
with newborn fear,
For, God in heaven, have mercy, the
noise was now quite near.
What was it—approaching soldiers?
or could it be a tank?
Oh, no! more likely the enemy—now
the populace shrank;
R-R-R-R-Rumble! nearer and nearer
the sound.
Yes, the populace was sure now, it
was the Hun hound.
When would the suspense be over?
when would it come in sight?
Shall this handful of people run, or
should they stay and fight?
Now the noise drew nearer, the thing
was almost here.
With guns in hand they stood waiting
for the merciless Boche to appear.
Once more through the waiting crowd
there ran another shiver;
Lo and behold! for down the slope
came a one-horse power flier.
Edward Dolder, June, '20.*

* * *

*Tho' a kiss be amiss,
She who misses the kisses
As Miss without kiss,
May miss being Mrs.
And he who will miss
The kisses of Misses
Will miss having the bliss
Of being Mr. to Mrs.—Ex.*

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1528 Market Street Phone, Central 1699-L	Importer of All Mexican Products Wholesale and Retail	16 Collinsville Ave. Phones: St. Clair 766-R Bridge 2944 East St. Louis, Ills.
		

Miss Fisse: What does it mean by a crime not committed within any state?

"Dutch" Hager: A crime committed on a river.

* * *

Mr. Annin: When you go to a doctor, he looks at your tongue and feels your purse.

*All good boys love their sisters,
And so good I have grown
That I love other boys' sisters
As well as my own!—Ex.*

Riverside 93	Laclede 93
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Drugs	
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Do you know Eddie?
No; Eddie who?
Why, Edditorial, of course.—Ex.

Stuckenburg: When I was a boy I used to ring doorbells and then run away.

Pauline (wisely): And now you ring them and stay.

Choice Plants	Both Phones
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Olive: Helen, you're a peach.
Helen: I'd rather be a pear.

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From a Friend

Popular Axiom—A word on the cuff is worth two in the book.—Ex.

Miss East: What were some of the rules of chivalry?

Howell: A knight should be in love with at least one lady.

* * *

"Never let wine glasses touch your lips,"

My pa has made this law;

I cannot disobey him, so

"Bartender, add a straw."

* * *

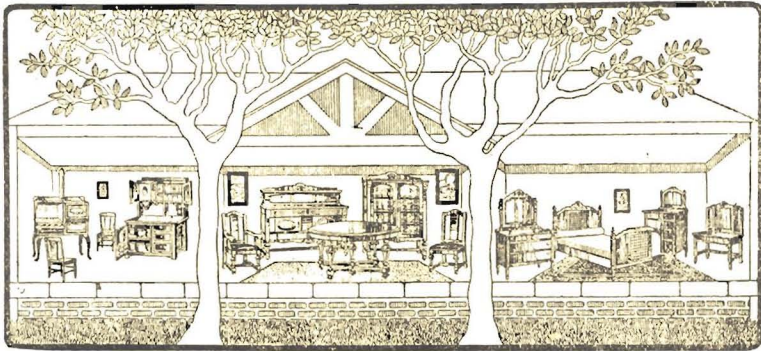
Dewey Schmoll must have joined the "Gimme Gang." From March 1st till April 1st, all he could say was: "Gimme six-bits."

* * *

IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Mr. Tucker: I see we have some of the same type of people in this class like President Adams, who made some midnight appointments.

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Don't worry when you stumble;
remember that a worm is about the
only thing that can't fall down.—
Ex.

Miss East: Have you done your
outside reading?

Rebholz: No, it has been too cold.

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Finest Alleys in South St. Louis.
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Olive Townsley: Alexander Ham-
ilton's father was Scotch, his mother
was French, and he was Scotch-
Irish.

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Come weep with me, for I have loved in vain. Paul Kohlbry.

I can successfully resist matrimonial charms. John Auld.

A dignified senior. Ed. Mueller.

George, I wish you would keep your feet at home.

Olive Townsley.

Ignorance is bliss, but not in Miss Kaufman's classes.

Another victim of love.

Clifton Lewis.

I shall die of overwork.

Ellis Hamel.

Did you ever hear Herbert Howell?

I'm strong for the ladies.

Bill Smith.

FORSTER BAKING CO.
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 BREAD

The course of a Latin verb never runs smooth.

Do you take Math.?

Say! I'm no thief.—Ex.

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Kennedy: Where is he? I'll ruin him.

Auld: Never mind. I killed him.

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*A man on third, two batters out,
Two runs would win the game;
If he could make a home run count,
Deathless would be his fame.
He pulled his grimy trousers up,
And spat upon his hands;
He pulled his cap athwart his eyes,
And faced the howling stand.
"Three balls," the fans yelled with de-
light,
"Two strikes," the umpire said;
He knocked the next ball out of
sight—
And then fell out of bed.*

Phone, Riverside 598

MARY E. FLORIDA
Millinery
7205 South Broadway

*That bold and chesty old Kaiser,
Who lately in war became wiser,
Marched up to the gate,
Where St. Peter sedate
Told him to go to the source of
a geyser.—Ex.*

Jacob Elsperman Adolph F. Leonhardt

Elsperman & Leonhardt
Realty Co.

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Eighth and Chestnut
Kin., Central 3486 Bell, Main 2660

Freshman: Oh, see the little leaf-
let floating on the breezelet and
resting on the wavelet.

Senior: Say, you'd better go out
in the yardlet and hold your little
headlet under the pumplet.—Ex.

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the same man I gave a mince pie to
Thanksgiving Day?

Tramp: No, I'm not; and wot's
more, the doctor says I never will
be.—Ex.

* * *

Detjin: Why did they call that
body of water a lake? They never
saw it.

Mr. F. W. Moody: Well—he
never saw Adam and they named
him.



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Mr. Irwin: What is it you all see when you are on top of a boat looking into the water?

Girl: Boys.

Mr. Irwin: Yes, and often Ed-dies.

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Dr. Walter A. Rauth

Expert Optometrists and Opticians
202 N. Seventh (near Pine)

Mr. Beers: Over there in England there is an old man 70 years old driving a truck in France.

If Edna would Havemann, I am sure Nanette Wood.

JOSEPH WARD

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PAINTER

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PLENTY OF INDICATION

"Say, you've been eating bananas."

"Where did you get your information?"

"Your face is covered with skin."
—Ex.

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D E wey Schmoll
Wil L iam Smith
M A rie Buck
Joh N Auld
A D ele Preiss
Adele H eineman
Lesl I e Flegle
Geor G e Parker
H azel Weathers
Robert S tapper
John C hapin
H enrietta Carr
O live Townsley
Mari O n Flegle
Harold L ippert

* * *

Olive Townsley: They wanted to put the President in for a year.

Compliments of
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Some pupils can say that they have been Frye-d.

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Seventh and Locust

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Eleanor: Why, it is only six o'clock. I told you to come after supper.

Clarence: That's what I came after.

*Her mother's name was Cleo,
Her father's name was Pat;
They named her Cleopatra,
Now, what do you think of that?*
—Ex.

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TIME TO PICK UP

*Some folks are awfully brilliant,
But they haven't any mind;
They walk right past the baskets,
Leaving paper bags behind.
I hate to see them do it,
I nearly have a fit!
Why can't these folks be neater,
And help to do their bit?—Ex.*

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Oh! Oh! Oh! Mr. Tucker asked
Olivia Gregory for a date—in
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Herb: Aw, shut up.
 Bill: You're the biggest nut in
 the room.
 Mr. F. W. Moody: Boys, boys;
 don't forget I'm here.

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*They stood beneath the mistletoe,
He knew not what to do;
For he was only five feet tall,
And she was six feet two.*

Kinloch, Victor 2199-X

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Olive 2240

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*Oh, say, can you sing from the start
to the end,*

*What so proudly you stand for
when orchestra plays it?*

*When the whole congregation, in
voices that blend,*

*Strike up the grand hymn, and then
torture and slay it?*

*How they bellow and shout when
they're first starting out,*

*But “the dawn's early light” finds
them floundering about,*

*'Tis “The Star Spangled Banner” they
are trying to sing,*

*But they don't know the words of
the precious old thing.*

*Hark! The “twilight's last gleaming”
has some of them stopped*

*But the valiant survivors press for-
ward serenely*

*To “the ramparts we watched,” where
some others are dropped,*

*And the loss of the leaders is mani-
fest keenly.*

*Then “the rockets' red glare” gives
the bravest a scare,*

*And there's few left to face the
“bombs bursting in air”—*

*'Tis a thin line of heroes that manages
to save*

*The last of the verse and “the home
of the brave.”—Ex.*

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If Lippert keeps on growing,
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*When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail.
"Well, I never!" was his comment.
"There's a mule that's been in jail."*

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"SWEET MEMORIES"

*I cannot eat the old meals,
I ate long years ago;
For all of us must save our bit,
And Hoover fusses so.
But tempting pictures of the past
Come flitting through my brain;
I'd love to have a thick beefsteak
Or frosted cake again.
I cannot eat the old meals,
I know it would not do;
For wheat and meat must be con-
served,
And milk and sugar, too.
And all the fats we save will make
Explosives, so they say;
I cannot eat the old meals,
It isn't done today.
I cannot eat the old meals—
Beans largely form my fare;
And butter, very thinly spread
On bread that isn't there.
A skim-milk soup, a sour-milk
cheese—
They aren't very good;
I cannot eat the old meals,
But, Gee! I wish I could!—Ex.*

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The Three Minstrels.—Snider, Napier, Boonshaft.

Huckleberry Finn.—Bill Smith.

Dance and Grow Thin.—George Parker.

Over the Hills to the Poorhouse.—Seniors, after seeing Schmoll.

There's Egypt in Your Dreamy Eyes.—Florence Wittkoff.

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John A.: Um—ah, er, er, er, er, er, why!

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Mr. Newman (in gym.): That line of boys looks crooked.

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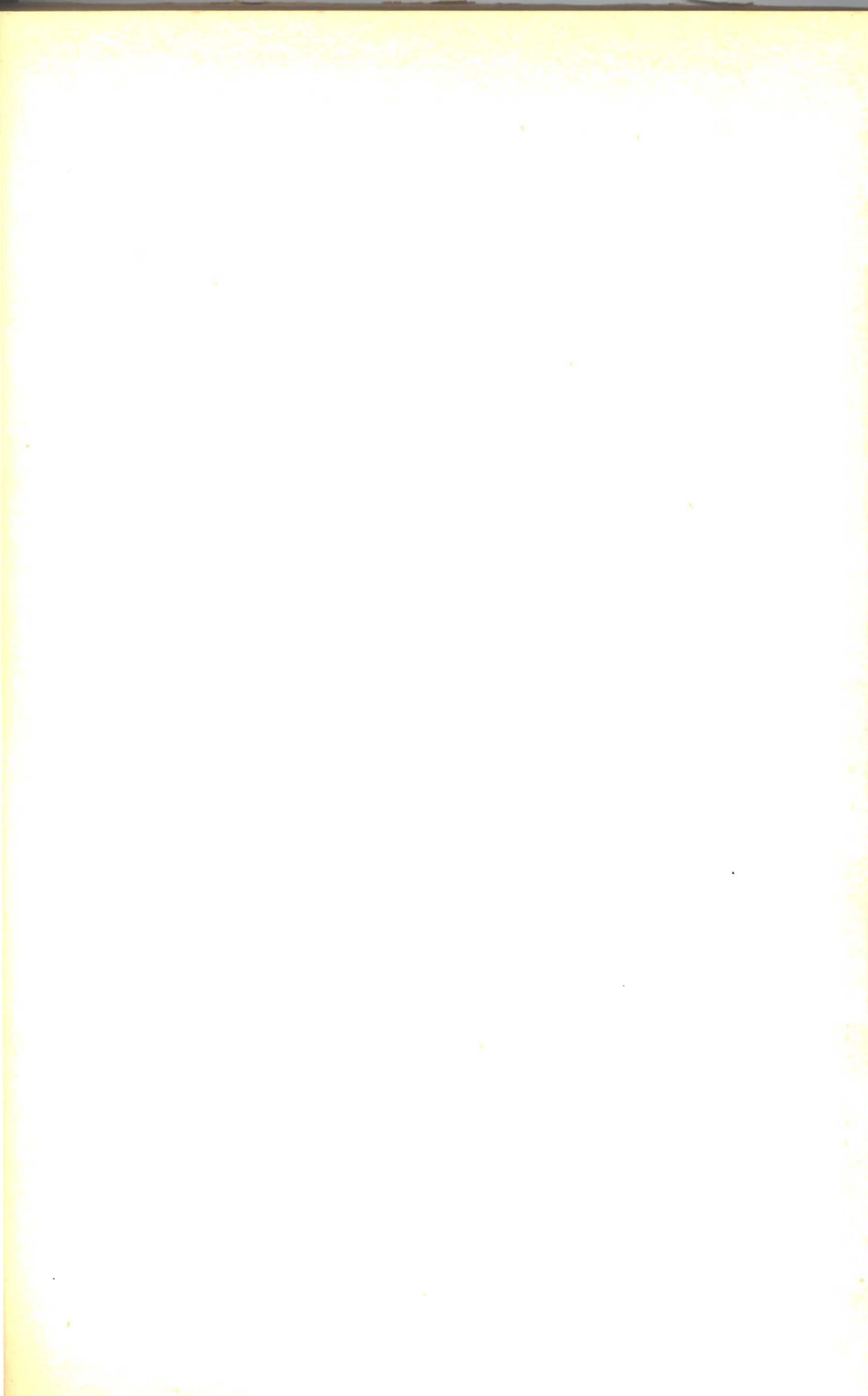
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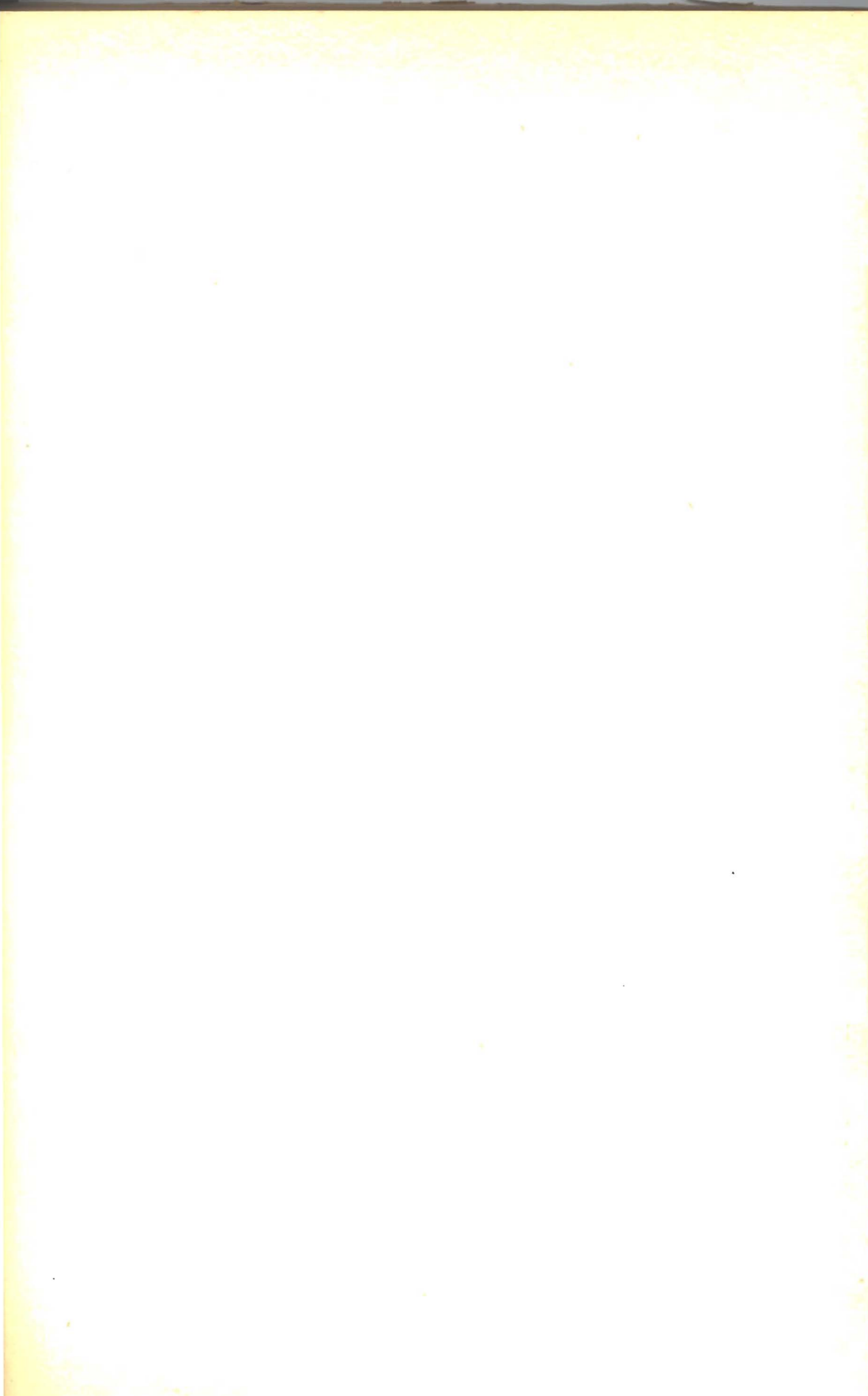
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