

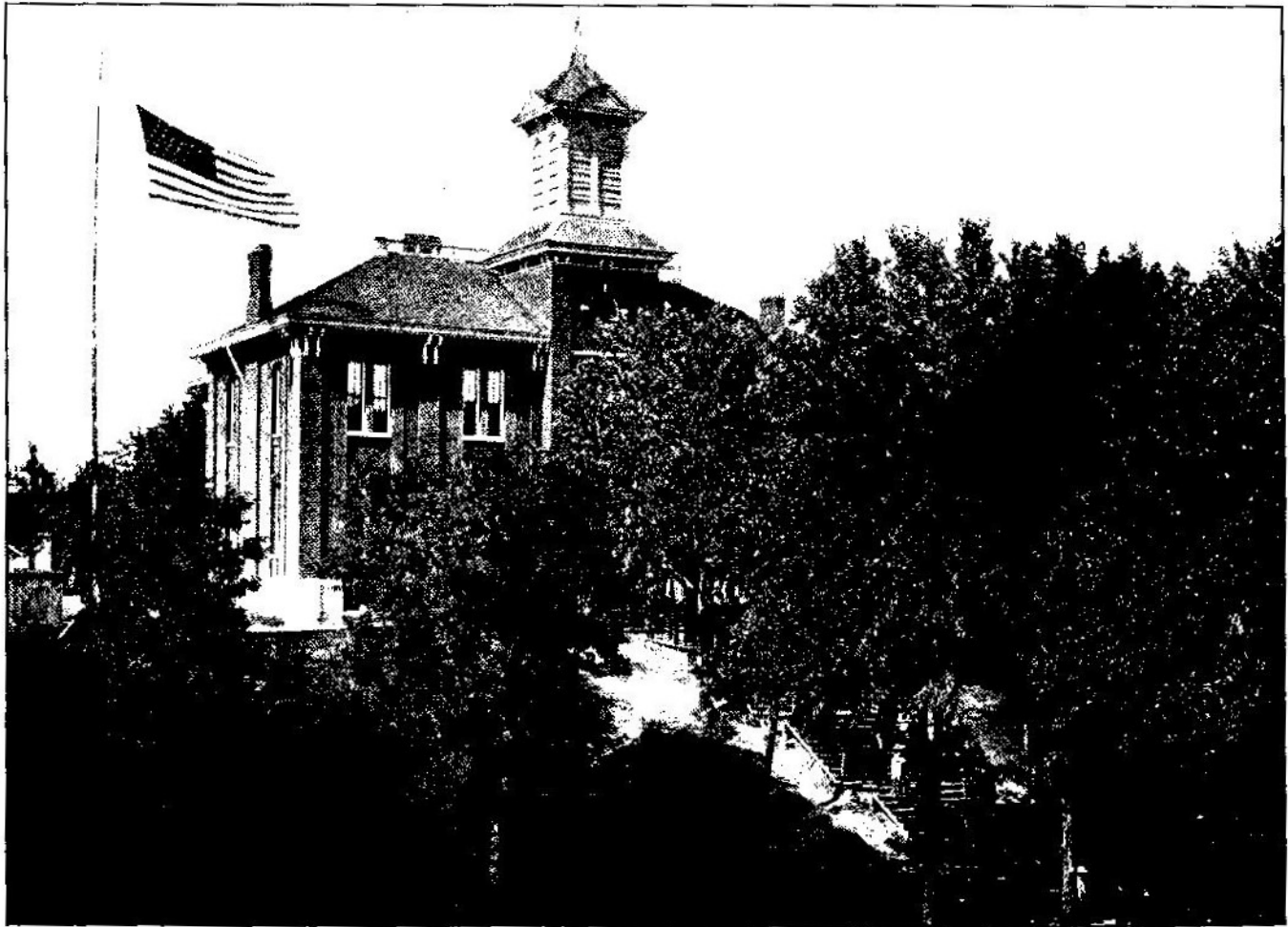
The Senior Echo



THE SENIOR ECHO

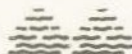
VOLUME 1.

CLASS 1904



CENTRAL BUILDING.

Photo by Knowles.

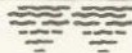


To

Mr. W. Sherman Lister

This record of pleasant days
is affectionately dedicated

—The Class of 1904.





Superintendent W. Sherman Lister.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

By Superintendent Lister.

I AM glad to use the "Echo" as a medium through which I may speak to the young people of our schools, and especially to those who are about to bid farewell to high school and enter the busy walks of life.

Members of the class of 1904 you are, just at this time, objects of surpassing interest to every thoughtful beholder. I say that, not to flatter vanity but to awaken a sense of responsibility. Permit me to emphasize two things which in my opinion will largely determine each individual's future success. These two are: training and character.

In the early history of our country skill in any line of work had not the premium put upon it that there is to-day. Our forefathers did not find it necessary to be a college graduate, or to be trained in a technological school, or to have a scientific education to make a success in life. Success, if it be measured by dollars and cents as units, came in large measure to John Jacob Astor, Daniel Drew, Vanderbilt, and many others who had never made any special preparation whatever for the lines of work which they pursued to amass their great fortunes.

Not so to-day. We are living in an age of invention, an age of electricity and the development of steel; an age in which the laws and forces of nature are being studied for their worth as

applied to practical purposes. No person can hope for success to-day above that of the common laborer who does not train diligently for the business which he intends to pursue.

If he aspires to be a musician he must train for it, for our ears have been cultured to know what good music is; if he desires a business career he must train for it, he must not only familiarize himself with the minutest details of that business which he chooses but he must possess a mind trained to act perfectly, to weigh and consider quickly and accurately, and to form unerring judgments.

In no line of activity to-day do we find a greater demand for well-balanced, thoroughly trained minds than in the great field of commercial industry. The testimony of our Captains of Industry is such, too, as warrants young people in electing that their training shall be continued in the higher institutions of learning of our land.

In the early days a lawyer could succeed by studying in the office of another, a physician by taking his course with another physician, but to-day no lawyer can hope to do anything who has not read his Blackstone under the careful supervision of a trained teacher, and the physician to whom we entrust ourselves in time of illness is one who has spent years in most careful preparation

and who has learned from specialists who devote their lives to the discovery of truth. The same is true in other lines as well, the world is demanding trained "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

I could not forget that other point. I would not have you measure success in life entirely by the dollar unit. If you do, your lives will be miserable failures.

Character, that indefinable something within you which receives and records indelibly upon your mind the thoughts, words and deeds of a life is all important.

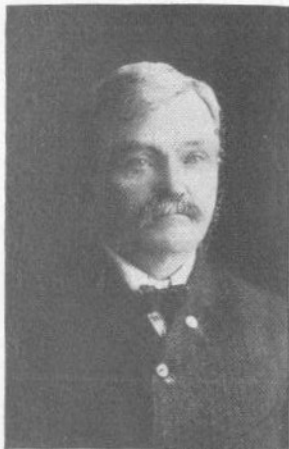
If the character is right there need be little fear for success in life. Character building is not the work of a moment, a day

or even a year. It is a slow process. We are working at it continuously, sometimes consciously, more often unconsciously. Some one has said: "The right kind of character is created by hammering one upon another of the sheets of gold leaf of opportunity which weld together and build higher and higher one strong piece of solid gold. This character will stand the test of fire. But the character that will fail might be likened to that reared upon tin foil, which while to all appearances welds together for a time, will not sustain the test of years."

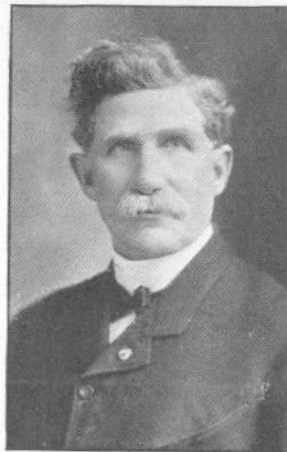
I believe each of us is placed upon this earth for a definite purpose. To fulfill this heaven-appointed purpose would, it seems to me, be the supremest test of "success in life."



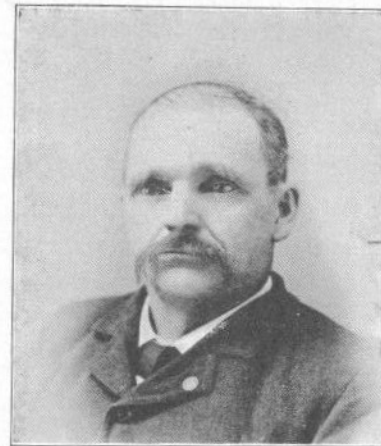
BOARD OF EDUCATION.



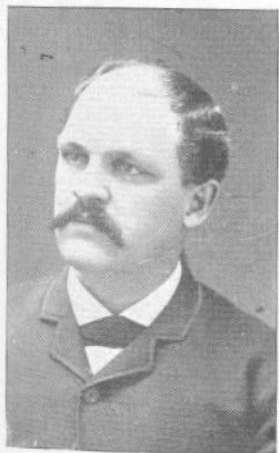
C. S. Cottrell, Treasurer.



John L. Root, President.



R. G. Lyon, Secretary.



P. L. Varnum.



E. H. Taylor.



H. J. Miller.

THE Board of Education feels a justifiable pride in the progress which the Vassar schools are making under the supervision of Superintendent Lister and his able corps of teachers.

Only a few weeks ago, another of Michigan's oldest and best colleges, Olivet, complimented the standing of our high school by placing it on the list of approved institutions whose graduates are permitted to enter the college department without examination. To-day a young man or young woman can be as fully furnished for university or college work as in our largest cities; thus in the educational line Vassar is offering inducements as a resident town second to none. This should be borne in mind by every loyal Vassarite when expatiating upon the desirability of our village to those who are contemplating a quiet, attractive, healthful place in which to rear their children.

The class of 1904 is one which any *city* might congratulate itself upon graduating, both in the personnel and number of which it is composed. Nine young men and eleven young women!

What an influence they *may* exert in the world! What power for good or evil is bound up in that score of lives!

Who knows but some name among the number may become a household word in our national life, and adorn the pages of American history.

The Board expects the very best from these young people, and hopes the very best for them. The halls of learning are open to them, and there are numerous opportunities for acquiring a complete education along the avenues of self-help open to ambitious young men and women.

It has been my observation, that, other things being equal, the educated man distances his competitor in the race of life.

An engineer officer being recently asked whether college men or men trained by practice are better equipped for industrial work, replied "Everything being equal, the practical man is likely to know more than the technical man about actual shop work, but he is also likely to stop knowing when he should go on knowing." This feeling is general. The merely practical man is being ousted by the modern technical graduate, who has learned *how* to do things.

The great Gladstone said to young men: "Get knowledge—all you can, . . . work onwards and work upwards."

Dr. Cuyler, of New York, says: "I have watched the career of young men by the thousand in this busy city for over thirty years, and I find that the chief difference between the successful and the failures, lies in the single element of staying power. Permanent success is oftener won by holding on than by sudden dash, however brilliant. The easily discouraged who are pushed back by a straw, are all the time dropping to the rear—to perish or be carried along on the stretcher of charity."

They who understand and practice Abraham Lincoln's homely maxim of "pegging away" have achieved the solidest success.

The Board of Education of Vassar will watch with interest the career of the class of 1904.

JOHN L. ROOT,
President of the Board of Education.

THE Board of Education, while pursuing various methods to gain a livelihood, are united in the interests of education, and believe that the future of our nation depends largely upon the public schools of to-day, and the success of the public school depends upon the united efforts of the teachers, board of education, taxpayers and patrons of the school. We know that every boy or girl in this broad land of ours, of sufficient health, between the ages of five and twenty years, can gain an education if disposed to do so, and thus arm themselves with weapons which, combined with energy, will enable them to compete for a position in the front ranks of this commercial, agricultural and manufacturing nation.

The Vassar schools, through the efforts of the Board of Education and their corps of teachers, are justly proud of the position they occupy among the schools of our great State of Michigan, a school where a diploma is a pass to enter any educational institution of the state.

The present Board consists of John L. Root, its President, who is a commercial traveling man, and one who, in the course of his ramblings, is ever on the lookout for pointers that will increase the efficiency of the Vassar schools.

R. G. Lyon, its Secretary, has been a member of the force about fifteen years, and enjoys the hearty good will and smile of teachers as he presents them each month with an order for their pay.

C. S. Cottrell, the Treasurer, is a farmer and one who has contributed largely to the support of the school, and now has one daughter who is a successful teacher in the grades. Mr. Cottrell has been a member of the Board for eight years and his experience in school matters is valuable and ever for the good of the school.

P. L. Varnum, who keeps a shoe store, is a veteran in school

matters, having served upon the Board for many years and a number of those years as President. Although his own children have grown to manhood and womanhood, still Mr. Varnum takes the same active interest in the school that he did when they were under instruction, and his varied experience in school work makes his councils of value to the School Board.

Captain E. H. Taylor, who is a Civil War veteran and since that time a lawyer, is an old member of the Board, having served as its Secretary for nearly nine years. He brings ripe experience into the councils of the Board. He is a man who believes in pushing forward and exerting every effort toward making the school buildings and grounds attractive to the pupil. He is interested also in a well-directed system and is ever striving to place the school upon a higher plane as an educational institution.

H. J. Miller, the druggist, who was appointed within the year to fill the position on the board caused by the death of Dr. James C. Avery, is a comparatively young man with a growing family, and takes hold of the work like a veteran. He is full of energy and enthusiastic for the cause of education.

This short sketch of the Board of Education would not be complete without paying a high tribute to the memory of Dr. James C. Avery, who was called to his reward during the school year now nearly closed. Dr. Avery was a good citizen, a bright and active man in everything that went toward making this world better. Ever ready to encourage his fellow men to a higher level of manhood as well as frown upon whatever is degrading and tends toward a downward course.

The Board of Education believes that the world is better for the fact that Dr. Avery lived in it. Although he was cut off in the prime of life, his works will follow him.

R. G. LYON, Secretary.

The Faculty.



Cora Willsey.



Edith Hurst.



Nina E. Bristol.



Ida A. Root.



Florence N. Bryan.



Maggie J. Frazer.

Photos by Knowles.

The Faculty.



E. Helen Husted.



Lizzie Laking.



Margaret Graham.



Ethel C. Cottrell.



May North.



Effie LeValley

Photos by Knowles.

Board of

Editors.



Barbara Borland.



Laurence Ellis.



Erma Boyd.



Newell Hill.



Alice Graves, Editor-in-Chief.



Cass G. Selden, Business Mgr.



Beulah Blackmore.



Melvin Lewis, Asst. Manager.



Will Ross.

THE SENIOR ECHO

Of Vassar High School.

Published by the Class of 1904.

Editorials.

TO the class of 1904, the largest of the thirty-three classes that have completed the course of study of the Vassar High School, belongs the pleasing duty of addressing the people of Vassar and friends of the high school in an annual representing the best efforts of the pupils. The colleges and many of our high schools have recognized the value of a publication of this kind. Our school has long been capable of putting out a creditable annual, though no other class has yet recognized this work as imperative. It becomes necessary, in our school work, to adopt new methods from year to year to keep pace with the outside world. So we consider the publishing of our "Echo" as a step in this advancement and a fitting finale to the four year's work. No pains have been spared to offer subjects of interest to both young and old. We have hunted up facts from many sources that we might furnish to the people a history of the "Old School" and have even gained the aid of the first teacher ever employed in Vassar, now Mrs. O. P. Tobey. She felt incapable on account of

her advanced years, of writing anything, but furnished some facts which we might use. Her words have been inserted somewhat against her wishes, but we trust the offense will be pardonable in view of the wishes of many who remember her efforts in connection with those early school days. Then, too, we have spent a great deal of time and written many letters to far distant parts of the United States to gain information concerning the Alumni. One would scarcely believe that the graduates are so widely scattered. The Vassar High School has furnished from among its boys and girls occupants of positions in all the important professions, who have become men and women of well rounded character and noble purpose. We found that the former graduates and teachers were very ready to contribute toward making our undertaking successful. Only a few have been asked to write articles, and they have responded very ably and cheerfully; indeed, had we space, any number could have been procured. We are confident that this department of the work will be of great interest to our readers. Some consideration, however, must be asked concerning the other parts of the book. It may be sufficient to say that it has been our earnest endeavor to place in the hands of the people a publication worthy of the standard of Vassar High School. May our efforts serve as an inspiration to the classes that shall follow. May the "Echo" of our past year's achievements reverberate through the old familiar halls and return to the classes of future time with the words "Follow," and "Perfect."

ALICE GRAVES.

AIM IN LIFE.

How many people are there who find that there is always something wanting in their lives? That there is always a desire for something they can not find?

In such people's lives there is something lacking. Although they may work hard every day, either mentally or physically, they live only a day at a time and have no definite aim toward which to direct their energies. Instead of letting ourselves go through the world like a wrecked ship upon the ocean which is drifted about by every change of the wind, and many times is found going back over the same places which it had just traversed, should we not have some port toward which we sail? Otherwise we are no better than the roaming gypsies. Although we stay in one place a year, perhaps ten years or even more, have we done the very best that we could to fill our position whatever it may be, and have we made an impression on the surrounding community?

People may say: "There is a steady young man; he will make a success of life;" but they are not aware that to make life a success it takes other qualities than steadiness, that a man must strive to do the very best he can along his line and let come what will he must be up and doing. Life is short and the world is large and there are so many people that one man's life is to the world not worth considering unless it rises far above the average.

It is true that no man has ever reached a perfect state of happiness; but men have lived who have found the interest in their work so absorbing that they have had very little time to worry

over their misfortunes and troubles, and it must be such people who enjoy life most.

It is the man with a will power like an unbending bar of steel who succeeds in life. Such a man has mapped out before him his course in life and his conscience is the compass by which he steers his little bark over the intricate coral reefs and guides it during life's many storms so that it will be ready to anchor safely in harbor at any time when land is sighted, whether the voyage be long or short.

There is always a place in the world for such people, and they will not be an incumbrance to the progress of any nation or to the world in general. The world needs more such people, in politics, religion, law, and in any work that benefits mankind, and no honest, upright profession can prosper without them.

W. J. Ross.

HIGHER EDUCATION.

In this day and age of the world it seems hardly necessary to give the arguments in favor of a college education—yet there is sometimes danger that high school graduates who for four years have been eagerly looking forward to graduation day as the goal of their hopes and ambitions should fail to recognize it to be, as its name implies, only the first step gained on the ladder of education.

It is but a milestone in the journey of life. Education is not finished but just begun, and there are higher schools of learning where the mind is trained more fully to meet the duties and responsibilities of life.

It makes, comparatively speaking, very little difference what institution we attend. There is the opportunity in the small college for coming personally in contact with the professors, who are men of culture and learning, to inspire any young person with higher ideals.

On the other hand the larger college or university offers superior facilities for specialization in a favorite line of research.

But both the small college and the great university will serve to broaden and develop the student and give a truer and more unprejudiced outlook on life. In this age when our colleges are turning out so many well educated persons, one needs careful training in thinking quietly, talking gently, and acting frankly with all his faculties alert, to compete with the college bred men and women in every profession. Not only do a man's abilities then demand a higher remuneration for his services to the world, but what is of still great importance, his capacity for usefulness is greatly increased.

Statistics can be quoted to prove the advantages that college bred men and women have over high school graduates, but they are scarcely needed. It is possible to-day for any boy or girl who is energetic and ambitious to win these advantages by his own labors and many of our great men and women have worked their way through college.

It is sincerely hoped that many students in the Vassar High School will seek this means to develop their faculties and increase their usefulness to the world. As a modern and progressive class,

we trust that all of our number will be able to continue their school life in higher institutions of learning.

BEULAH BLACKMORE.

THE RUSSIA-JAPANESE WAR.

Today in the far east a war is being waged—a war that may determine the fate of the yellow race. What the issue will be, what changes will be made in the map of the world or the history of mankind remains as yet a question of tomorrow.

Those nations not among the contending powers at the beginning of the struggle took their stand, either neutral or with the defensive or aggressive sides, and now wait to see it "played out." On the one hand the course of events was that Japan should go on unhindered in her great development; she should have Korea for her overflowing population; that her trade should expand into Chinese provinces, and finally, as a result of all of these ambitions she should become the first power among the "yellow races."

On the other hand, this working out of a new era in the history of Asia under the leadership of Japan conflicts sharply with Russian ambition. It has been *their* plan for years to push *eastward* to the ocean—for they must have an opening to the ocean in some way—and by intrigue, force and patience they have established themselves in Manchuria, where they mean to stay. Underlying this plan is their purpose to outstrip English influence

in Asia—to gain control of the “swarming orient,” and this first step—to thwart Japanese growth in Asia—is but one of the many in the long journey before her.

Interest increases as the Japanese go from victory to victory. Port Arthur and Vladivostok are practically lost, and the only means of reinforcement and securing supplies left to Russia is by the trans-Siberian railway, while the Japanese can easily be reinforced from home. Thus we see Japan victorious—Russia defeated in the first stage of the war.

What is next? Japan can not invade Russia, even if she so desires, while Russia may carry on the war indefinitely; and she has declared she will not acknowledge defeat. This great problem cannot be answered as yet. The danger in any way one may look at it seems to be war of long duration, or the entrance of other nations into the conflict.

ERMA BOYD.



School History.

By Erma Boyd.

TO the early settlers of Vassar, when once they had secured for themselves a home, came the urgent necessity of establishing a school and placing their children under some suitable instructor.

Accordingly, after T. North's spending three days in tramping through the forest to secure a sufficient number of citizens to sign a petition, what was known as the "Curtis Shanty" was made over into a school, and three months of school taught by Miss Augusta Slafter.

Very few remember this school. The "Echo," however, thinking it would be of interest to the public, has secured a few facts regarding this first attempt at education in Vassar, from its first teacher, now Mrs. Tobey, of Oregon, who says:

"The first school taught in Vassar was in the summer of 1851, of which I was teacher, at a salary of \$1.50 per week, with the privilege of 'boarding around' among the patrons of the school, some living at a distance of two miles."

"At that time the country was new, roads bad, sometimes almost impassible, which was only too true, when two gentlemen named Sylvester Black and Albert Smith came to Tuscola for me with a canoe by way of Cass river."

"After embarking, all went well till we reached the 'Rapids,' where the boat would not float, but with true Yankee ingenuity

the gentlemen disembarked, procured a long strip of bark from a tree, attached it to the front end of the canoe, and one walking on shore towed, while the other waded in the river and pushed in the rear until we came to deep water again, the teacher all this time riding in state like an 'eastern Princess'."

"The people were so anxious to have a school, they put a row of seats, just boards, around one room of the 'shanty' for the small children, and a table through the center, with board seats on either side for the larger pupils."

"The inhabitants, having come from different sections of the country, there were scarcely two books alike, and there was no place nearer than Flint where they could purchase more. Consequently the pupils were obliged to borrow and lend each other's books, which sometimes made trouble for the teacher as well as the pupils."

Although this school may not compare favorably with our present one, yet it should ever be dear to the hearts of Vassar, for it was this school, established on such a small scale, that laid the foundation of the Vassar schools of to-day, as well as being the first school established in the county.

In 1852 a frame school house was built, now commonly known as the "Moore House," and school taught during the winter term of this and the following year by D. G. Wilder. This

served as a school building for some years, but as well as the first one it had been built conveniently near the river, and it was perhaps in punishment for some of those delightful trips the pupils took, that warranted the parents to build a brick school house in 1860 on "the hill," thus making future generations aware that Education as well as "Fame sits upon an eminence."

Diplomas were not granted until 1871, the school having been graded in 1864 by ex-Congressman E. P. Allen, who left before the expiration of his term to join those struggling in the Civil War. Up to this time, however, only two had finished the course, Mrs. W. S. Ellias and David Malin, of this village.

The attendance during all these years, had been steadily increasing; another teacher had been engaged to assist in carrying on the work, and in 1881 an addition was made to the building, leaving it as it is to-day. Pupils were now coming from the east as well as the west sides of the river, and in 1886 a ward school was built on the east side, thus enabling the smaller children to attend school nearer home. Even this did not satisfy the claims made upon the schools, and in 1896 another ward school was built on the west side, making in all three schools for Vassar.

Pupils graduating from the high school are admitted to any college in Michigan without an examination, which shows its standing among the other high schools of the state.

Recently a new department was introduced, that of Music.

For some years the pupils of the various schools have been without this instruction, and now they realize more than ever the value of it. A chorus has been organized, consisting of about eighty members, which meets for rehearsal every Wednesday evening.

Of the original number of pupils, who composed the first school, only four now reside in Vassar: Mrs. James Johnson, Mrs. A. L. Brock, Mrs. James North and Mrs. John Burgess. These people have watched the steady development, seeing it grow from their own modest little school taught by Miss Slafter, 53 years ago, to the present one conducted by thirteen teachers, and this year they see a senior class, almost as large as their original school of 25. Vassar has ever shown an interest in educational matters. The citizens have always aimed to keep their school up to the highest standard, and it is a remarkable fact that only eleven years after the first tree was cut that the back part of the brick school house was built.

In the history of the Vassar schools it is shown that a successful school like any organization, social or political, is the result of a gradual growth. Although the desired result may not be attained in one brief year, yet once gained it will stand the test of time like the enduring oak, while its more progressive contemporary, the Jonah gourd, springing up in a night, withers and fades away in the fierce heat of the succeeding day.

OUR ALUMNI.

CLASS OF '71.

F. S. Lewis—Physician, Mayor of Port Angeles, Wash.
James A. Smith—Principal of a school, Rifle, Colo.
H. A. Sturgis—Lawyer, Omaha, Neb.

CLASS OF '72.

Louie Deare—
Sabra Safford—Mrs. G. W. Edwards, Sumner, Wash.

CLASS OF '73.

Ida Cottrell—Mrs. E. Bradley, East Orange, N. J.
Mary Meehan—Mrs. J. A. Trotter, Vassar.
Della Gibson—Mrs. W. Kimble, Massachusetts.
Ella North—Clerk, Vassar.
Eliza Dopking—Mrs. H. A. Beach, Clio, Mich.

CLASS OF '74.

C. C. Curtis—Died Aug. 28, 1903.
Glenn McElroy—Advertising Agent for Detroit Free Press,
Detroit.
Mack Haywood—Artist in Europe.
Clarence Tappen—Insurance Agent.
John Carey—Lawyer, Lennox, Iowa.

CLASS OF '75.

Amelia J. Alber—Stenographer, Kalamazoo.
Joseph Selden—State Bank Examiner, Niles.
Mary J. Sturgis—Died Aug. 3rd, 1902.
Anna C. Harmon—Mrs. E. B. Hays, Riverside, Cal.

CLASS OF '76.

Carrie L. Carlton—Mrs. Tanner, Flint.
Jennie Wilson—Mrs. Chancey Furman, Bookkeeper, Vassar.
Joseph S. Johnson—Insurance Agent, Saginaw.
Cora Irons—Mrs. Long, died March 9th, 1902.

CLASS OF '77.

May E. Banghart—Mrs. J. Smith, Principal School of Expression, Detroit.
Mary McDonald—Mrs. Mary Chandlier, Instructor at Miller's College, Cal.
Orson W. Cooley—Farmer near New Castle, Colo.
Mary Cooley—Teacher, Bay City.
Lily C. Brockaway—Mrs. Hadsell, Owosso.
Ida Nelson—Mrs. I. R. Brown, Detroit.

CLASS OF '79.

Tessa Michael—Mrs. Dann Elliott, South Bend, Ind.

CLASS OF '80.

Theda A. Sturgis—Mrs. Arthur Welseh, Colo.
Lucy M. Wilkinson—Mrs. Holmes, Caro.

CLASS OF '82.

Anna B. Selden—Mrs. G. W. Peck, Minneapolis.

CLASS OF '83.

Anna Huston—Mrs. W. J. Spears, Merchant, Vassar.
Lizzie Johnson—Music Teacher, Vassar.
Ollie S. Johnson—Mrs. Frank Collins, Vassar.
Dora C. Lane—Mrs. A. A. White, Central Lake, Mich.

CLASS OF '84.

Lena Davies—Mrs. Frank Wightman, Vassar.
Abbie Saunders—Mrs. Chas. Stone, Clare, Mich.
Clyde Stillson—Lawyer, Duluth.
Norris Wentworth—Engaged in Lumbering, Bay City.
Ida Garner—Mrs. Chas. Wells, Vassar.

CLASS OF '85.

Abbie M. Barnum—Mrs. Cavers, died Feb. 14th, 1900.
Nellie M. Johnson—Mrs. Arthur Rogers, Saginaw.
Lizzie A. Laking—Teacher, Vassar.
Will S. White—State Agent for American Book Co., Detroit.
Mary A. Clyne—Mrs. Brad. Miller, died Aug. 21, 1901.
Kittie M. Sage—Mrs. John Hancock, Vassar.

CLASS OF '86.

Vinnie Barnum—Tailoress, Flint.
Laura A. Moore—Mrs. Guy Walters, Vassar.
John A. Loranger—Lawyer, Traverse City.
Anna L. Bergman—Mrs. James Thurston, Denmark Township.
Gertie M. Miller—Mrs. G. A. Moore, Vassar.
Clara A. Lane—Mrs. H. J. Miller, Vassar.
Lizzie E. Thurston—Mrs. Geo. Gray, Vassar.
Geo. W. Walworth—Physician, Reese.
Chas. L. Brainerd—Ass't. Cashier of Bank, Marquette.
Lizzie B. McFail—Died April 11, 1887.
Geo. C. Tappen—Shipping and Receiving Clerk for Board and Paper Factory, Niles.
Jessie D. Bullard—Mrs. H. B. Linsey, Hiland, Mich.

CLASS OF '87.

Emma Meehan—Foreman of Ladies' Suit Dep't in factory, Los Angeles, Cal.
Sadie Hovey—Mrs. Wm. Boardman, Cure, Virginia.

CLASS OF '89.

Will Johnson—Hay & Grain Dealer, Detroit.
Thad S. Lane—Gen. Manager of Home Telephone Co., Jamestown, N. J.
Edward S. Reid—Electrical Draughtsman, Detroit.

CLASS OF '90.

Mazie Brainerd—Mrs. Clark, Higganum, Conn.
Bert Stephens—Architect and Gen. Manager of Lumber Mill,
Beloit, Wis.
Wm. A. Moore—Jeweler, Wilmington, Del.
May North—Teacher, Vassar.
Steven Graham—Judge of Probate, Port Huron.
Winifred Manchester—Mrs. Ernest B. Long, Williams, Arizona.
Lillie VanSycle—Mrs. Chas. Bradley, Flushing.

CLASS OF '91.

Mintie Gage—Mrs. Geo. Clarke, Vassar.
Walter Loranger—Lawyer, Traverse City.
Lelia Vandermark—Vassar.
Carrie Proctor—Mrs. Wm. Parish, died September 19, 1901.
Nettie Wentworth—Mrs. Elmer Coltson, Kingston.
Cora Lane—Mrs. W. B. Chapman, Vassar.
Ula North—At University of Chicago.

CLASS OF '92.

Maud Averill—Mrs. Elmer Pickeron, Spokane, Wash.
Mary G. Reid—Mrs. Chas. Caine, Marquette.
Laura Clough—Stenographer, Owosso.
Harry Morris—Physician, Sebawaing.
Susie Budlong—Mrs. Douglas Du Perier, New Iberia, Louisiana.
Allie Johnson—Civil Engineer, Detroit.
Agnes Atkins—Mrs. Frank Oaks, Ithaca.
Bertha Schoff—Mrs. C. N. Pierce, Vassar.

CLASS OF '93.

James Allen—
Harvey Morris—Physician, Vassar.
Hattie Jackson—Mrs. Kilpatrick, Millersburg.
Herman Curtis—Died Feb. 1st, 1901.
Addie Brainerd—Mrs. Clapp, Hartford, Conn.
Almon Perry—Farmer, Vassar.

CLASS OF '94.

Adeley Akins—Mrs. Geo. Warner, Vassar.
Preston Perrin—Electrical Engineer, Ypsilanti.
Joseph Persing—Civil Engineer, Toledo.
Anna Park—Mrs. Chris. Buckner, Marlette, Mich.

CLASS OF '95.

Helen Bourns—Mrs. Bert Jenkins, Portland, Mich.
Lloyd Johnson—Physician, Wadsworth, Ohio.
Elgie Dalby—Employed on Chocktow R. R. from Memphis to
Little Rock, Ark.
Julia Varnum—Mrs. Ned Miller, Vassar. 89
Will Wellemeyere—Physician, Vassar.
Grace Huston—Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, Chicago.
Lizzie Borland—Mrs. E. L. Casterton, Music Teacher in School,
Bay City.
Winnifred Perrin—Second Ass't. Actuary of Penn. Life Ins. Co.,
Philadelphia.

Florence Forbes—Mrs. Lewis Hascall, Vassar.
John Blackmore—Studying Music in Australia.
Morley Osborne—School Com. of Arenac Co., teaching at
Standish.
Rena Furman—Mrs. T. M. Stephen, Vassar.
Mae Wilson—Bay City, with Standard Benefit Association.

CLASS OF '96.

Lulu Balkwell—Mrs. Milo Lamphere, Vassar.
Maggie Green—Stenographer, Saginaw.
Edith Ellsworth—Bookkeeper, Vassar.
James Green, Architect, Chicago.
Carrie Cowles—Mrs. Gordon Leacock, Lapeer.
Lettie Whitcomb—Teacher, Frankfort.
Cynthia Caryll—Benton Harbor.
Guy Ormes—Clerk of Tuscola Township, Tuscola.
Carlton Forbes—Fort Wayne, Detroit.

CLASS OF '97.

Mary Atkins—Mrs. E. W. Sanford, Marlette.
Mary R. Haines—Teacher, Arbela.
Jennie Dean—Teacher, Toledo.
Mabel Jarvis—Vassar.
Audley Wilson—In Printing Office, Reese.
Clay Harrison—Teacher, Munger.
Bessie Crosby—Teacher, Unionville.
Vina Johnson—Vassar.

Maggie Graham—Teacher, Vassar.
Janie Borland—Teacher, Racine, Wisconsin.
Luther Hull—Bookkeeper, St. Ignace.
Hattie Fairleigh—Mrs. Harry Maus, Detroit.
David Rutherford—Telegraph Operator, Collings.

CLASS OF '98.

Josie Adams—Teacher, Calumet.
Ida Root—Teacher, Vassar.
Gertie Lane—Mrs. W. Frank Sherk, Mayville.
Ross Johnson—Died July 15, 1902.
Carl Garnum—In Furniture Establishment, Bay City.
Lulu Graves—Jeweler and Optician, Bad Axe.
Laura Davies—Died Jan. 24, 1899.
Gertrude Thompson—Reese, Studying Music and Painting in
Saginaw.
Maud Lake—Mrs. Earl Oversmith, Saginaw.
Rachel Borland—Stenographer, Racine, Wis.

CLASS OF '99.

Orla H. Baker—Lawyer, Chicago.
Carrol Forbes—Caro.
Veva Wilson—With National Protective Co., Detroit.
Eva Chadwick—Mrs. Eber Decoe, Vassar.
Jessie Cottrell—Mrs. Norman Blaylock, Vassar.
Mary Wilson—Mrs. Erastus Brainerd, Vassar. *db*
Effa Krisler—Foreman of Knitting Factory, Vassar.
Dayton Gurney—At Agricultural College, Lansing.

CLASS OF '00.

Tena Graham—Teacher, near Millington.
Mattie Kirk—Studying at Ypsilanti.
Lena Graves—Jeweler, Bad Axe.
Fannie Elliott—Vassar.
Katie Green—Vassar.
Eva Knight—Mrs. Bert Clark, Vassar.

CLASS OF '01.

Lewis Ellsworth—Cashier of N. Y. Life Ins. Co., Cumberland,
Maryland.
Harold Gaunt—Studying at Alma.
Roy Botimer—Pharmacist, Detroit.
Clayton Stephen—Ass't. Cashier State Sav. Bank, Vassar.
Grow Schoff—Mail Carrier, Vassar.
Orra Thompson—Bookkeeper, Buffalo.
Ethel Cottrell—Teacher, Vassar.
Hattie Aldrich—Watrousville.
Lew Whitcomb—Studying at Ann Arbor.
Will Beecher—Advertising Agt., Port Huron.
Harold Adams—Clerk, Rochester.
Earl Oversmith—With Am. Express Co., Saginaw.
Helen Husted—Teacher, Vassar.

May Smith—Bookkeeper, Vassar.
Ola Smith—In Printing Office, Vassar.
Ella Bates—Teacher, near Millington.

CLASS OF '02.

Guy Stark—Studying at Ann Arbor.
Mabel Root—Vassar.
Edith Garbett—In Printing Office, Vassar.
Mae Laramie—Studying at Albion.
Grace Lane—Clerk, Vassar.
Carrie Varnum—Vassar. 80
Maude McComb—Teacher, Tuscola Center.
Roy Brainerd—Bookkeeper and Stenographer, Vassar.

CLASS OF '03.

Alice Blackmore—Sault Ste. Marie. 92
John Davies—At Saginaw Business College.
Ruth Trotter—Vassar.
Maude James—Teacher, Vassar.
Lena North—Vassar.
Edna Schoff—Vassar.



Articles From Alumni.

The Worth of a High School Education.

J. A. Smith, Class of '71.

IN the course of a long experience in educational work, and a wide observation and acquaintance with men in all walks of life, I have never yet met a man who regretted having learned too much or spent too much time in acquiring an education. On the contrary, it has been a common source of regret that more time had not been devoted to intellectual pursuits.

In the educational system, the high school is the intermediate link, going beyond the absolutely essential limits of the common school, and stopping at the portal of the university.

It opens wide the door to a liberal education. If through the avenue of the college or the university, it is well, but if this opportunity be denied the student, still he has before him the vast world of literature and science with the ability to comprehend, the training to master, and the acquired taste to pursue them to a successful issue.

If the high school graduate can never join with the university man in the alumni dinner, he can still find congenial fellowship in the great World College Alumna Society, in which belong the names of Burrit, and Edison, and Franklin and Lincoln, and Herbert Spencer, masters of language, science, literature, state-

craft and ethics. But learning and ability level all distinctions, and worth finds its proper recognition. It is only in the first and untried portion of a man's career that the world inquires what college he was graduated from or was kicked through.

It is estimated that the chances of a high school graduate for a successful life are increased eight hundred times over those of the uneducated man, a proportion to gain which is worth many fold the time, energy and labor required for its attainment, while the increased power of enjoyment, the fellowship of cultivated minds, the companionship of the world's great writers, and the vast field of contemplation opened to the trained and thoughtful mind increases its value many fold more. Whatever impediments may be in the way of the young man's or woman's securing a college education, the high school course may be acquired by almost any young person of good health who possesses a reasonable degree of industry, energy and self-denial, as may be proven by the history of the Vassar schools, which in the past forty-four years have sent out so large a number of well equipped young men and women of very moderate means to successful careers in life. At least, the writer knows this to have been true in its early history, and has seen the truth verified in multitudes of cases in his subsequent experience in high school work.

The writer spent the years from 1863 to 1871 in the Vassar schools, and is but one of many who owe the foundation of their

education to that institution, and look back upon the days spent there in grateful recognition of its great good to them, and honor the taxpayers who founded and have maintained such an excellent system of schools in Vassar.

PORT ANGELES, Wash., March 28, 1904.

My Dear Miss Graves:

Your request that, as a graduate of Vassar High School, I send you a communication, reaches me here' on the outposts of civilization and progress, the extreme northwestern county of the United States proper. Doubtless many of the patrons of your book will remember me as a member of the first graduating class., viz., that of June 30, 1871. There were three of us in that class—Hiram A. Sturges, James A. Smith and myself. The first is successfully practicing law in Omaha, Neb.; Mr. Smith, I have not been able to locate. The teachers whose names adorn the diploma before me are: Lucius A. Park, principal; Elizabeth Green, Matilda Rutherford and Emma Nickerson. The board of trustees were: B. W. Huston, Thos. Williamson, Dr. William Johnson, Benj. F. McHose, James E. North and John Johnson, many of whom have gone to join the great majority.

I have been here over sixteen years, and note the great contrast between the climate here and in my old home. While we are in latitude 48 N and you are in 44, our climate is far milder. This has been an exceptionally cold winter with us, but the

crocus and pansy blossoms are to be seen in every garden, and the forest trees are struggling into leaf this 28th day of March. I have not seen zero weather since I came to Port Angeles. I am still practicing my profession, and it may interest my old friends to know that, while I am a Democrat, and this city has a Republican majority of nearly one-third, I am serving my second term as mayor. My thoughts often go back to my school days in Vassar, and I can recall the names of many of my old school mates who, while not formally graduates, deserve a high place on the roll of honor of Vassar High School. To all such, as well as to the Alumni and the present graduating class, I send greeting and my best wishes for success and happiness. Fraternaly,

F. S. LEWIS, M. D.,

Class of '71.

To one who leaves the school of his boyhood days behind him there comes, with the advancing years, filled as they are with happy memories, a sense of perspective, as he looks back and sees with a fresh point of view and with new interest the lessons that were plain before his eyes in those younger days; yet his eyes saw them not. He remembers how it seemed more pleasant to shirk some tasks that appeared irksome to him; how, as long as he appeared to get through with his work, it was well enough. This is one of the lessons that comes forcibly home to one in later years, that it makes no difference what appearances may be.

it is the reality that one should look to and care for. There is nothing more harmful to the forming of character than the desire for appearances rather than reality. Do not pretend; do what you undertake as thoroughly as you know how, and in after years you will look back with satisfaction rather than regret at the course you have taken.

Recently I had explained to me the manner of making phonograph records, and I was told how the sound waves to be recorded caused the membrane in the machine to vibrate, and how this, acting through the recording needle, made the continuous series of indentions which we see, like a fine line on the record, and which, when the needle goes over them again, give forth the same sound waves that produced them. It struck me that this process was enough like the formation of character to be worthy of remark. Each of us is nothing more or less than a continuous record of impressions received from childhood up. The many forces that surround us are continually at work—the air we breathe, the food we eat, the breezes that soothe us, the birds' song, the scent of flowers, the harsh word, the rose's color, the helpful deed. Each of these, acting through its proper channel, produces just as effective an impression as the note on the record of the phonograph. We are in character a composite of all the impressions we have received. No note is lost; no jar or discord fails to wound us. Thus far the analogy holds. What I want to call attention to is this: If you were to sing into a phonograph you would want it to preserve only what is sweet and harmonious and beautiful. How much more, therefore, in your treatment of

your fellows, should you desire them to have recorded in the upbuilding of their characters only what is true and noble and manly and good. Remember that no deed is lost, that no word ever ceases to sound, but the character it helps to form will give it out again. If it comes from you, therefore, let it be for the upbuilding of good.

GLENN W. McELROY,
Class of 1874.

I must, indeed, congratulate those who have taken upon themselves the publication of a Class Annual for the Vassar High School—the first annual ever published by that institution, if I mistake not. I believe I voice the sentiment of my classmates of '95 when I say I wish I possessed such a book. May the future classes continue the good work.

Perhaps a class annual should contain but the brightest in life; but I know others will write of this, so may we not now, and should we not often, consider the deep and vital questions, the plan and purpose of our being, and how we can best accomplish that purpose?

Life is such an earnest, vital, essential affair. It is such a grand opportunity to do and to achieve; to carry forward great and good schemes; and to help and cheer a suffering, weary, and, it may be, heart-sick brother.

I believe we little realize the full meaning or value of life. We would make a grander effort to accomplish more, if we did.

To the Class of '04.

Nowhere are there bluer and more cloudless skies than in Nevada, and the sun shines day after day undimmed by cloud or storm.

The climate is more even than that of the east, and has a charm of its own that can only be appreciated after long acquaintance.

Reno, which has been called the "Pittsburg of the West," is a city rich in possibilities as "an agricultural center, a railroad center, a mining center and a manufacturing center." The recently discovered mines of Tonopah will soon be connected to Reno by railroad, and indeed access to a large range of mining territory can only be had by way of this city.

What irrigation will do for the vast extent of still uncultivated lands can only be estimated by the results already accomplished; but Reno is even now accessible to a vast extent of highly cultivated country, and to the great grazing pastures where thousands of cattle feed; and necessity is already demanding new factories on the banks of the swift moving Truckee.

As for the people of Reno, they are earnest, whole-souled, energetic, eager for the best both for their city and their state: proud of their university and their public schools, of their churches, club houses and public library, they are still prouder of their homes.

Compared with the cities of the east, Reno is only a child, but a child of glorious promise.

ALICE M. MICHAEL.

Away back in the dateless past the Aryan race, to which we belong, had its Adam and Eve. The Garden of Eden was in some subtropical region, where nature produced spontaneously all that was required for the simple needs of our remote ancestors. No sort of forethought was required, no provision in a season of abundance for a season of scarcity; and man was a sensual animal, who ate, drank and slept, took no thought for the morrow, had no doubts, fears or troubles. Intellect had not been called forth from its dormant state.

We frequently err in thinking that this was a happy condition, not realizing that happiness is a relative term. Where there is no pain, anxiety, struggle or suffering, there can be no happiness, contentment or peace. The happiness of the clam is not desirable.

In the Creator's good time, the legend poetically says, man partook of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and was no longer content with his environment. He became conscious of needs before undreamed of. He began to exercise forethought to satisfy his new-found wants. The Garden of Eden disappeared and man went forth, henceforward to earn his bread by the sweat of his face and the labor of his hand and brain, and tasted the first real joys he had ever known, which came to him with the capacity to supply his own needs.

Every nation retains an inherited or transmitted memory of its edemic period, from the cultured Greek to the American

savage. There is nothing finer in literature than the Greek legend of the giant Prometheus (the giant forethought), which refers to this expulsion from the Eden of its golden age. Yet we still imagine this expulsion from Eden as a great calamity, and sanctimoniously deplore it as a punishment by the Creator for some sort of sin which must have been committed, instead of considering it as God's great plan for elevating the race. The hungering for knowledge is never a sin, although it always banishes from Edens.

We, too, all of us, look back upon our Garden of Eden in our infancy. Then we knew no want that was not supplied before we were even conscious of it. We were fed, clothed and sheltered. Our first steps guided and supported, we were shielded from all harm and danger. Yet no unkindness from parent or Creator drove us from our early Eden of infancy to begin the struggle of life for ourselves.

All successful life requires expulsion from Edens. The moment we settle down with no ambitions or desires to be attained beyond our present, we cease growth and development, and become as useless to our fellow-men as the infant or the clam.

The class of 1904 have just emerged from their high school Eden, and the flaming sword of destiny forever prevents their re-entrance. Its members are called to action in the wide affairs of men. There are painful wrenchings of old associations. It is for the best. If one were to remain forever in the best of schools he would never be wise, for he would never learn from that great teacher, experience.

As they go out to mingle in the struggle with their fellows they will experience for the first time that real joy which comes only through merited success. Let the long list of successful men and women who have passed the same school portals be a constant inspiration for highest effort.

The world is full of those who in the field of politics, religion and all branches of human activity claim—nay, demand—the right to think for others. Deny to them firmly this assumed right. Hear respectfully their opinions and reasons, and then do your own thinking, and abide by your own conclusions. Break out of the old beaten paths. The world needs *original thinkers*.

VASSAR, May 23, 1904.

IRA L. FORBES.

Graduating Class.



Alice Graves, Secretary.



Chester Owen, President.



Cass Selden, Treasurer.



Melvin Lewis, Seargent-at-Arms.



Anna Skelley, Vice-President.



Dora Lockwood, 2nd Vice-President.



Beulah Blackmore.



Newell Hill.



Lillias Parker.



Will Ross.



Ione Swan.



Laurence Ellis.



Hattie Goodman.



Dan Atkins.



Belle Holliday.



Tom Atkins.



Barbara Borland.



Erma Boyd.



Gibbins Walker.



Lillian Dean.

CLASS DAY PROGRAMS.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE TWENTY-SECOND.

Invocation	REV. C. H. PERRIN
Song of Welcome	HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS
Salutatory	BELLE HOLLIDAY
Oration	HATTIE GOODMAN
	"The Nineteenth Century"
Oration	GIBBINS WALKER
	"Liberty and Rebellion"
Class History	LILLIAS PARKER
Song	CHORUS
	"The Red Scarf"— <i>Thep, Bonheur</i>
Oration	WILL ROSS
	"The American Indian"
Oration	LILLIAN DEAN
	"Historic Trees"
Oration	DAN ATKINS
	"Our Martyred Presidents"
Song	CHORUS
	"Come Away to the Daisies"— <i>Bellini</i> .
Oration	IONE SWAN
	"The Golden Age"
Oration	NEWELL HILL
	"Arnold's Treason"
Class Poem	ANNA SKELLEY
	"The Daisy"
Song	CHORUS
	"Anchored"— <i>M. Watson</i> .

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE TWENTY-THIRD.

Invocation	REV. R. T. LYND
Song	HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS
	"Sailing"— <i>Godfrey Marks</i> .
President's Address	CHESTER OWEN
	"Debts We Owe"
Oration	ALICE GRAVES
	"Silent Builders of the Nations"
Oration	TOM ATKINS
	"Immigration"
Oration	CASS SELDEN
	"Optimism"
Song	CHORUS
	"Chorus of Pilgrims"— <i>From Wagner's Tannhauser</i> .
Prophecy	DORA LOCKWOOD AND BEULAH BLACKMORE
Oration	LAURENCE ELLIS
	"Fate or Destiny"
Song	LADIES' CHORUS
	"Blue are the Heavens"— <i>J. L. Frank</i> .
Oration	BARBARA BORLAND
	"The Close of Day"
Class Will	MELVIN LEWIS
Valedictory	ERMA BOYD
	"Trademarks"
Presentation of Diplomas	SUPT. W. S. LISTER
Song	CHORUS
	"Good Night, Good Night, beloved"— <i>Ciro Pui suti</i> .

Salutatory.

Belle Holliday.



Again it is the month of June, and commencement day, the day to which we as the seniors of 1904 have looked forward for twelve long, busy years. We are glad to have thus successfully reached the first mile-stone of our life, but our feelings are also tinged with sorrow, for we realize it may be the last time we meet together as a class. Our work in the past may have been difficult, but to-night we receive the reward of our labors, and

feel that our work has not been in vain.

School life is a quiet, peaceful river, that flows with even current into the mighty ocean of human activity. Here patient teachers have shown us how to manage our little barques so that, as we sail out upon the vast sea of life we may be able to withstand the gusts of adverse criticism, and not be overwhelmed by the waves of prejudice. Tonight we have reached the mouth of the river and behold the "unknown ocean spreads out before us." The question now is, shall we continue advancing and striving for the better things of life, or shall we fold our hands, lean upon

our oars and drift with the tide? Alas! one cannot drift upon the ocean of time, for either we must "paddle our own canoe or sink beneath the waves."

In the past our work has been mapped out for us by older and wiser heads than our own, and teachers have given us their assistance whenever it was necessary; but in the future we must work out the problems of life for ourselves. The success of every true worker has its beginning in the seeking of some point high above himself, and nowhere are there greater opportunities for advancement than here in our own fair land, under the shadow of "The Star Spangled Banner."

The utility and the failures of life are not due entirely to heredity and environment. Robert Ingersoll was the son of a minister, and, with his great oratorical abilities, he could have become a great power for good had he so chosen. Abraham Lincoln was in youth a rail-splitter; James A. Garfield, a canal boy; Thomas A. Edison, a newsboy. Although none of us may ever prove to be a Lincoln, a Garfield or an Edison, yet each can be a true, honest, noble man or woman, facing the world with a high ideal and a fixed purpose.

Just as no ship can safely sail the sea without a rudder, so

we cannot cross the sea of human experience without the rudder—good character. First see that your character is good, then work. In fact:

“Life should be full of earnest work,
Our hearts undashed by fortune’s frown;
Let perseverance conquer fate,
And merit seize the victor’s crown.
The battle is not to the strong,
The race not always to the fleet,
And he who seeks to pluck the stars
Will lose the jewels at his feet.”

Our success in school life has been in part due to constant stimulation; that stimulus has been our teachers. To them, our kind and able instructors, we owe much. But who is there now to lend a helping hand, to cheer us on to victory? Our own ambitions and abilities must be the spurs to urge us on, up to the heights by great men reached and kept. And our abilities! If we have no faith in our abilities, no self-confidence, then the key to our future will rust in the lock, and the promises of tonight will be void.

Classmates, there are three things to be remembered: First, nothing worthy can be obtained without labor; second, although we may work as hard as we can, if we have not character our labors will be in vain; third, a noble character, a worthy motive and hard work insure success.

Friends, the class of 1904 realizes that your eyes are upon them as they start upon the journey of life. They feel that their interests are your interests. In the past you have guided us with loving counsel, now as we stand with chisel in hand striving to carve our destiny and make our lives what God would have them, we ask you to deal gently with our mistakes and cheer us with your words of commendation.

“Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God’s command
Our life dream shall pass o’er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives that angel vision.”

Class History.

Lillias L. Parker.



On the eventful morning of Monday, September 3, 1892 A. D., we, the class of 1904, were proudly escorted to school by our several mothers. We stood with our fingers in our mouths gazing with open-eyed wonder at our strange surroundings, while our maternal ancestors conversed with the teachers in regard to our several faults and our more numerous virtues.

What indescribable little shudders chased one another up and down our spinal columns when our mothers departed and left us to the tender mercies of our first teacher!

How we loved that first teacher! She was a paragon of perfection in our eyes. Her virtues far outshone those of any succeeding teacher. In fact, the virtues of the following teachers so diminished with each in succession that by the time we reached our freshmen year we were unable to distinguish a single virtue in any of our instructors.

All during vacation we had looked forward to the opening of school, for we would then be High School students. How

well we remember the first day when we were given seats in the first two rows—those bashful, stammering “yes-ma’ams” and sudden starts when we were asked a question by one of our teachers. And this shyness remained with us during that entire year.

Vacation came and went, and again we were on our way to school. During our freshman year we were too unfamiliar with our strange environment to manifest any class spirit. But now, how big we felt! We were no longer shy, timid little freshies. No longer could the upper classmen sing, “Freshie, freshie, who goes there? Who put you into that high chair? Ma! ma!”

We were sophomores, with one year’s experience in High School life, and capable of doing business for ourselves. No longer satisfied with the teachers as leaders, we showed our class spirit by calling a class meeting, and we chose Newell Hill as president for the following year.

Our first social event was a sleigh ride. How eagerly we had watched for the first snowfall! After it came, sleigh rides became the order of the season, and continued as long as the snow remained with us.

Time passed swiftly, bringing June, and with it the fact that we had completed the first half, and were about to begin the last half of our High School career.

At the beginning of our junior year we met and chose our class officers, electing Will Ross president.

What lofty brows and knowing looks we now carried! One seeing us passing to and from classes might easily mistake us for seniors. For you recall that proverbial saying that a man who finds not satisfaction in himself seeks for it in vain elsewhere, and that is probably true of our class. At least we are confident of a few admirers who will never go back on us, the immortal twenty—ourselves.

But as historian I must not forget that while conceit may puff us up, it can never prop up us. Of course, we are all of noble nature, and exempt from it. These words may seem high sounding in a delineation of our class traits, but a strangely tense look on the faces of our friends manifests that they at least detect the hollow ring to these words as they remember that appalling junior raid.

Perhaps the least said about this episode the better, for there are undergraduates present who are listening. If we should pause to mourn a mischief that is past and gone, it would be the best way to draw new mischief on, to the misfortune of these innocent babes of the junior class.

Notwithstanding these slight outbreaks of vivacious spirits, permit me to say we were a solemn lot only at rare intervals and under the stern compulsion of duty; so that when we came to a selection of some fitting exhibition of the talents of the class,

instinctively we chose comedy rather than tragedy, by name, "She Stoops to Conquer."

We were creatures endowed with the power of laughter, as we have ample evidence in the zest with which all participated in this bit of comedy. "At least we proved that a laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market," for our comedy was a financial success.

Then in enumerating the many other good qualities of the class, I must not neglect to say we thought of others. We looked up to the seniors and the mighty designs which they had planned in the solitude which seemed to be their nurse of woe. We feared that this solitude would be apt to dull their thoughts, for "it is the despair of fools, which company alone can dissipate," and, as we did not want them to think their little class the whole of mankind, we gave them a reception, as was customary. They did not wear a superior air, as though this reception was composed of the bores and the bored; for all seemed to have an enjoyable evening.

This was the last social event of our junior year, and in due course of time, with no other violence than that received from examinations and discipline, we stepped into the dignity of seniors—the class of 1904.

There were twenty of us bearing this insignia. How old and dignified we felt! Early in the year we elected our class officers, choosing Chester Owen for president.

This year marked a still further development in the history of the class, for we believe all that is human must either retro-

grade or advance. So we are not surprised to note that this class ambitious to succeed symmetrically is found to be notable for its activity in athletics.

Six members of our class were enrolled among the champion football team of the Thumb for 1903. Permit me to say that much credit is due to our worthy superintendent's untiring efforts and patience in organizing and training the team. By their strong individual and team playing, in co-operation with Mr. Lister, they taught the surrounding teams that 'life should be measured by deeds, not years; by actions, not figures on a dial.'

In fact these successes and many others considerably augmented our class spirit, and at a special class meeting we chose class colors and pins to distinguish us from the common crowd. The colors chosen were green and silver. To avoid any misconception in the minds of friends who know us best, we feel a few words of explanation necessary in regard to our selection of green.

We are not so green as we look! Neither are we Irish, who sing, "Ah, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock, chosen leaf of bard and chief, old Erin's native Shamrock." Yet since green, as Mr. Bryan says, is a "sign of growth," we need not apologize. We would prefer to be called green rather than fossils. Fossils mark only the dead past; green is full of promises for the future.

Nor have we selected silver as a second color because we are free silver Democrats. We could easily have selected gold, but we remembered that Biblical injunction, "not to think of our-

selves more highly than we ought to think." And also the inscription the silver casket bore which determined the fate of Shakespeare's Portia, "who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves: let none presume to wear an undeserved dignity." So our class has chosen emblems which represent constant growth and intrinsic worth.

Our class as an organization made its debut in a social way, by having a sleigh ride to the home of Erma Boyd. It will hardly be necessary for me to state that we had a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No teachers present, we got on better through the heart than by the intellect, and believed that for the evening, in the absence of both school and teachers, we could truly say in the words of the poet, "Away with your dull care, and reason and logic cold, with such empty readings stored away in an empty skull, trained without sense and venerably dull." But this is hardly applicable to our teachers, whom we have learned to esteem as most amiable in a social way, as was shown in the entertainment proffered us by Superintendent and Mrs. Lister. For all who were present would vote without a dissenting voice that it was the climax of our social gatherings. Both of these events will be carried long in the memories of the members of the class who were present.

But as historian I am supposed to deal with cold facts and figures rather than with heartbeats and warm feelings incident to good fellowship.

The next marked phase of our development is in the field of literature. Our literary attainments have not quite reached the

altitude of great poets, such as Milton or Homer, nor such editors as Greely and Stead; who, like the Alps, throw back echoes from their rugged individuality and the many-sided splendors of their genius that echo and re-echo down the long corridors of time.

Yet hoping to put our literary productions into a like form, we named it the "Echo," so that you would recognize it as the reverberation from the happy days of youth, when

"Life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the golden, olden, glory of the days gone by"——

Our "Echo" is superior to the echoes of the great in this, our "Echo" is labeled and put in tangible form, convenient to carry in pocket as well as in the memory, and can be bought for a mere pittance, 50 cents. Our "Echo" is impressed upon paper in permanent form, so that future generations may gape in wonder at our prodigious literary ability.

Thus you see a resume of our class history would convince the most skeptical minded person that this class is an exceptional

one. If this is so in any particular, much credit is due the patience and kindness of our faithful teachers. But a careful study of our class history and the tendencies which have done much to shape our lives will reveal one characteristic of our class spirit best expressed in our motto, "Impossible is un-American."

We believe that it is best for us to commence life's duties and meet its obligations, convinced that nothing is impossible to perseverance and patience. Impossible is therefore the one word not to be found in the dictionary of the class of 1904. With Alice Cary we say:

"Resolve shines ever on the front of victory ;
Resolve that through the darkness goes right on,
True to its purpose, leaving hopes dead dust,
Red'ning with blood sweat, in despite of pain
(Building its walls of sorrow round the soul),
Pointing still forward to the flowery tops
Of fame's great moveless mountains."





Beulah Blackmore.

CLASS PROHPECY.

By Dora Lockwood
and Beulah Blackmore.

Scene—Air Ship Station in San Francisco.
B. buys ticket at office and enters ship.
D. buys ticket and also enters ship.
Soon recognize each other.



Dora Lockwood.

D.—Why, Beulah Blackmore, is it really you? It has been so long since we last met, nearly six years, that I hardly recognized you. Well, we seem to be going in the same direction. Are you going far?

B.—Yes; I expect to go to Tokyo, Japan, to attend the exposition.

D.—How fortunate! I am going there also; what a splendid visit we can have, for it will probably take us all day.

B.—Just think! We are going to attend the celebration of the victories of the war that started twenty years ago, the year we graduated.

D.—How little we thought it would end as it has. Then Japan was only a small island empire; now it consists of Manchuria, Korea and many of Russia's old provinces.

B.—Is it not wonderful, how a little nation like Japan could resist the power of a country with such great resources as Russia possessed?

D.—But you remember that Russia laughed at the invention of submarine boats and aerial motor planes, which are now so generally used in warfare, and was compelled to spend hundreds of extra millions on her navy, and went into war with not a single submarine boat at Port Arthur, whereas one hundred submarines at that time would have quickly annihilated Japan's fleet and made their landing on Manchurian coasts an impossibility.

B.—By the way, did you know that Melvin Lewis has been fighting for Japan during this war?

D.—No, has he? He was in our army the last I heard of him.

B.—Yes, he was there for three years, but became so enthusiastic over the war that he went to Japan and received a command in the Japanese army. He wrote me several days ago saying he would meet me at Tokyo. How surprised he will be to see you with me.

D.—Yes. I will be glad to see him, and you and I must try and stay together, and on our return stop at Manila and see Belle Holliday.

B.—Is Belle in the Philippines? When did she go?

D.—She studied for about five years in a mission school, and was sent to Manila as a missionary, and after several years fell in love with a wealthy American who had gone there to seek his fortune.

B.—Speaking of Belle reminds me of Laurence Ellis. Do you remember the jolly times we used to have with them, especially that time when we went to Caro, and he made Belle pay toll at all the bridges? I wonder what became of him?

D.—After graduation he became physical director at the U. of M., and won renown in the intercollegiate baseball game in 1908. You know how energetic he always was. Well, it was in that game that he was injured, and was taken to the hospital, where Barbara Borland nursed him back to health. Of course you know Barbara has become quite a famous nurse in Chicago.

B.—Well I declare. Let me read you this!

WON RENOWN!

Will Ross' Reputation As a Detective Is Now Secure—Forger Caught in the Mountains of Mexico.

LAWYER SELDON MADE FAMOUS!

D.—Well, then, Cass and Will have both reached their ideals at last.

B.—Isn't that good! And to think that they were in our class. It's an honor to have known them. But how different everything is now from those days, which seem like a dream to us as we look back upon them. There have been so many new inventions that it is like a different world. I think the greatest of them all is that thinking machine that Harriet Beecher Stowe Goodman invented.

D.—What machine is that? I haven't heard, though I might have known that Hattie would invent something of the sort. She was always so frank about telling her own thoughts, I suppose she wanted other people to be as frank, and thought since they were not she would find out anyway what they were thinking about. Ha! ha! ha! But tell me about it.

B.—Well, it is some little contrivance that you hold in your hand, and by placing your other hand on it, and looking intently

at the person whose thoughts you wish to know, it will, by some mechanical arrangement, record the thoughts of that person on the paper before you.

D.—That surely is a great invention, and just like Hattie. She will probably make her fortune.

B.—Oh, say, Dora, do you remember what a vivid imagination Erma Boyd had? Well, I have just been reading the dearest little child's story written by Erma. She has become quite a noted author of child's stories, and soon expects to marry the great detective, Will Ross, of whom we were just reading.

D.—I wonder how Erma's old chum Alice Graves is? Have you heard from her lately?

B.—Yes; she is the private secretary of a wealthy merchant in France, and has influenced him to give a great deal of his money to charitable institutions, and it was through her influence that he established several schools of art for the poorer classes in Paris; and she also influenced him to send several millions of sweaters and pompadour combs to the savage tribes in Central Africa.

D.—By the way, Newell used to be quite an apt artist. Whatever became of Newell?

B.—I have not seen Newell for several years, but I met Gibbins Walker, who was just returning from the great medical college in Paris, and he said that Newell was leading cartoonist

in the Paris "Figaro." Gibbins also said that Dan Atkins was his roommate, and was studying dentistry in the same college.

D.—Isn't that good. But did you notice what it said in the New York "Journal" about Ione Swan?

B.—No, I have not seen that paper lately. What was it?

D.—Why, Ione is now starring in "Glenwood," Glenn Hough Stephen's latest play.

B.—Well, is that so? I never expected Ione to be the actress of our class, she was so quiet. I supposed it would be Anna Skelley.

D.—I, too, had such an idea, but Anna reformed after leaving school and was married to a merchant in our old town.

B.—Yes? Do you remember Chester Owen and Thomas Atkins? I have never heard from them since I left school.

D.—Yes, I remember them, and when I was in court in Salt Lake City the other day I heard one of the finest appeals to a jury by Chester, who has become quite a lawyer and has been brought before the public by a characteristic that you seldom find in a lawyer, "truthfulness." And Tom, after leaving the V. H. S., went to the U. of M. And when he finished there he went out west, and is now a wealthy ranchman and quite a political leader in the neighborhood in which he lives.

B.—Ha! ha! ha! Do you remember what a business woman

Lillias Parker used to be? She is now at the head of a corporation which controls the under-ground railroad system in Vassar, and Lillian Dean, her old chum, who was also quite business-like, is now Commissioner of Schools.

D.—Well! Well! How proud we ought to be to have graduated with a class of such noted people, even though we have neither of us acquired any fame.

B.—And here we are. What a delightful trip we have had talking over the good old times. How dear to us are the memories of those school days which were so full of pleasant times; our jolly sleigh rides, May days and coasting and skating parties. Of course we used to think we had to study hard, yet it was that

careful training which helps us to meet the many serious and perplexing problems of life. Though perhaps neither of us now could prove the Pythagorean Proposition in Geometry, or describe a heliocentric parallax of the heavens, locate the medula oblongata, or give the exact dates of the conquest of the Huns and Visigoths.

D.—Yet I think the influence of those studies remains with us and gives us an advantage over those who never even graduated from our old school. And how dear are the friendships we formed then. Whatever of joy or sorrow or renown may come to us in later life, I am sure none of our number will ever forget those dear old days, and those dear old faces, in the Vassar High School, and especially the class of 1904.



CLASS WILL.

By Melvin Lewis.



Know All Men by These Presents, that we, the Senior Class of '04, being of sound mind and disposing memory, and considering the uncertainty of this life, do hereby make, publish and declare the following for our last will and testament, which said will and testament shall render null and void all other wills or testaments by us heretofore made.

This said document is drawn up at this time because at a recent consultation of the school board of this city it was discovered that the spark of life in said class had become so small that on June 24th it would cease to exist. Therefore the said class has determined to dispose of all property, real and personal, of which it may die seized, in the manner following—that is to say:

Firstly—

We, the Senior Class of '04, do hereby give, devise and bequeath to Supt. Lister and his assistants, namely: the Misses Willsey, Bristol and Hurst, for their kind help and guidance in this the last year of our school life, together with our heartfelt

thanks and gratitude, the experience they have gained in teaching our young ideas to shoot and in disciplining us in our intractable moods. In fact, we beg them to remember that we have often had their training as teachers in mind when we tried their patience by various wicked devices.

Secondly—

We give, devise and bequeath to the Junior Class our thanks for the hearty support they have given us on our numerous raids on the high school building, together with the consummate conceit and confidence which we have tried to show on all occasions, which feeling we hereby forever renounce in their favor.

Our last but not least gift to the said class of '05 is the back row of seats in the assembly room, together with the use of the laboratory during vacant hours, which is, however, to be used only during good behavior, such behavior to be left to the good judgment of our Superintendent.

Thirdly—

To the Sophomore Class we give, devise and bequeath all our Latin and German books, with a literal translation neatly written between the lines, and our English classics with the definitions of all difficult words inserted in the margin.

Fourthly—

To the Freshman Class of the Vassar High School we give, devise and bequeath our wonderful record as a class, hoping it will serve as a bright and shining light to guide them onward in the pathway of learning and athletics, together with the example of all our pranks and mischief, hoping they will profit by them and be able to increase the principal by proper investment.

We furthermore leave to the said class the knowledge of the place through which all our secret entries by night into the stronghold of learning have been made, which is through the window in the southeast corner of the eastern wall of the said building. The magic wand necessary to overcome all further opposition ahead is a small screwdriver and plenty of matches.

Fifthly—

To Mr. Ryan, our worthy janitor, we gladly give, devise and bequeath the immense relief which the close of school will bring to him, and the thought of another year without our assistance in scattering bits of paper and chalk about the building.

Sixthly—

To the School Board of our city we give, devise and bequeath, together with our heartfelt thanks for the building they have provided for us, our valuable advice in regard to the selec-

tion of teachers and improvements to school grounds and buildings, which we have compiled in book form for their convenience.

Seventhly—

To the Library we leave twenty bound volumes in red morocco with gilt edges, consisting of our graduating orations, which we feel sure future generations of young Vassarites will peruse with great profit and pleasure, and to the said Library we also bequeath 500 copies each of our little brochures, "How to Behave in School," and "Book Agents' Guide," with all the unsold copies of the Echo, which will doubtless necessitate an addition to the school building.

We, the Senior Class of '04, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament, to which we herewith set our hands and seals this 24th day of June, A. D. 1904.

THE SENIOR CLASS OF '04.

We, the undersigned students of Vassar High School, hereby certify that on the date above named the testator, Class of '04, appeared before us and signed the above instrument as and for their last will and testament, and we, at their request and in their presence and in the presence of ourselves, have subscribed our names hereto as attesting witnesses.

STILLSON ASHE, Pres. Class of '05.
FRED BANCROFT, Pres. Class of '06.



Class Poem.

✻

"The Daisy."

When June with sweetness fills the air,
And fields are green with waving grass,
The daisy comes with smile so rare,
And greets you shyly as you pass.

Ere summer days their harvests yield,
Sweet flow'r we love, in meadow fair,
To meet thee, when the flow'r-strewn field
Makes sweeter still the fragrant air.

Fragile thy form, lowly thy seat,
And skyward bent thy gentle eye;
Content the passing glance to meet,
And comfort give the passerby.

Oft in a ramble through the fields
Thy modest face has made us glad;
When gayer blooms their beauty yield,
We'll not forget thee, humbly clad.

The little child with simple glee
Rejoices when thy face it sees;
And maidens often turn to thee
To learn their fortune without fees.

On bridal wreath, in joyous hall,
Thy fair, sweet presence fills the air,
And death, majestic over all,
Craves thee to bless the casket bare.

A face, turned ever to the light,
The wise Creator gave to thee,
And heart of gold that's always bright,
Set in a veil of purity.

Each fragile part of thy fair form,
A lesson to mankind may teach;
Tho' not in words the message borne,
We may translate it in our speech.

The purity that stands supreme,
Must come from heart of gold;
Its blessings, like the sunshine, gleam
With radiance untold.

ANNA E. SKELLEY.

Valedictory—"Trade Marks."

Erma Boyd.



When our forefathers drew up the great Constitution there was a provision inserted by which inventions in any line might be encouraged and the rights of the inventor protected.

To-day, in accordance with that provision, men are spending large sums of money and a great deal of thought to secure for themselves a "special trade-mark," and not only find in many instances as they turn back to look over their achievements, the product of their labors, imitated and copied by someone else.

With this in view, it would perhaps seem a difficult thing for the inventor to secure his rights; yet despite this fact, it has been unquestionably proven throughout the ages, that there is one way by which we may secure for ourselves a trade-mark, free from all infringement, and that is by work of a superior character.

For this reason Stradivarius did not need a patent upon his violin. He had put upon it a stamp—his character. This was his only trade-mark; he needed no other. The name Graham

upon a chronometer was protection enough; Joseph Jefferson has been all the safeguard "Rip Van Winkle" needed, while "Tiffany" upon a piece of jewelry or silverware has become known all over the world.

All, sooner or later, are aware of this fact. The habit, once formed, stamps itself upon one's heart and character; finally it affects the whole bearing of a life and gives it an upward tendency not known to the person of low ideals.

Contrasted with "Superiority" is the trade-mark so often chosen by many, "Good Enough."

"Good Enough" has proven as injurious in its effects upon character and endeavor as "Superiority" has proven beneficial. It indicates the acceptance of a standard below the highest. One does something which is not his best; he realizes this, but has not the determination or the energy to repeat the task, or for other reasons he wishes to get the matter off his hands, and decides to let it pass as it is.

This trade-mark upon anything is a confession of inferiority in the work done and a degree of failure on the part of the doer; yet it is the controlling principle of many lives. Beginning as children in school, they forget that the habit of being easily satisfied may be the trade-mark of their future, and having once learned to say "Good Enough," they thus cover up delinquencies

and apologies for failures. Once *this* stamp is imprinted upon a character it tears down a whole standard of a life. Conduct is not what it should be. One knows that he is not doing right, that his actions will not bear strict scrutiny, but he says: "O, it is 'Good Enough,'" and allows it to pass without further sting of conscience. Next time it is easier to fall below the standard, and so the trend is ever downward, until the conscience ceases forever to sting and chide.

The great men who have been the most successful in life say that young people should never be satisfied with doing anything but their very best. Beginning in youth, they should brand "Superiority" upon every product of hand or brain. Further, they tell us that it is a great thing to have a lofty ideal and live up to it; though we fail to reach it, the effort we have made proves our faithfulness.

With this advice before us, how dare we look the whole world in the face if we have not earnestly done our best? But if, on the other hand, we have struggled with all our might toward the attainment of that noble ideal that should inspire us, we shall not be ashamed to stand among our fellow-men, knowing we have aimed high.

In actual life we do not think enough of the effect our ordinary tasks have upon our character. We say it makes no difference if we slight our work, when there is nothing of importance in it. Yet we should remember we are working in two

spheres—one where Man may see the kind of work we do; the other where God can see the marks we make upon ourselves.

History records that many catastrophies are caused in later years by careless or imperfect work in youth. Young people are continually leaving in the foundation walls of their character a fault, a weakness or a treacherous flaw. It is much easier to build around than to dig it out, and so they let it remain, saying, "That will do; it is good enough," until the whole walls become undermined and honeycombed. In after years, however, when, in some great stress or strain, the character fails, and the mortal falls into ruin, it is seen that a careless foundation was the cause of it all.

Hence comes the urgent necessity to all to

Build to-day, strong and firm,
With a firm and ample base;

and as the class of 1904 leaves the High School, enthusiastic, with high and noble ambitions, each one realizes that this is one of the certain ways to gain "Superiority" as the trade-mark of their lives. But now with Shakespeare we say:

What needs more words?
Count the clock: 'Tis time to part.
Farewell to you; and you; and you.
If we do meet again we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.



“The Close of Day.”

Barbara Borland.

AS each one thinks of the close of day he pictures it in his mind, and to each there comes a different scene. To the old man, the close of day is quiet and rest by the fireside, with his thoughts wandering back to his childhood days. The housewife sees her duties of the day done, and she sits with her family grouped about her for the pleasant hour. The student looks upon it as the time for the preparation of the tasks for tomorrow. The historian does not measure the days by minutes and hours, but the close of day is the end of an epoch marked by some great historical event. The philosopher does not look upon it as the end of one day, but as the end of mortal life, when the heart ceases to beat. But sunset is always followed by dawn, and at the coming of the new day the housewife again begins her daily duties; the student takes his place in class to recite the lessons which he has prepared; the historian thinks of the new day as a new epoch in history which will close with another great historical event. To those who do not awaken to the new day here, there is the resurrection.

In Genesis we read: “And the evening and the morning were the sixth day, and on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made.” It is hard for mortal mind to grasp the full significance of these words, for we cannot with our finite knowledge comprehend the transformation from the chaotic conditions prevailing prior to the construction of the universe to the complete perfect work, bringing about purity and harmony such as the world has never since known. These were eventful days; we know not how to measure them, certainly not by our present solar system; but were these days of hours or centuries, the finished masterpiece was the result. With what emotion its conception and execution were attended we may never know. Viewed from our modern standpoint, it must have been a time of supreme content when the Master of the Ages created this, our habitation, where the centuries should witness the changing sentiments and experiences of mankind.

History is the record of events. There is no time when it is complete; each drop of sand as it goes through the hour glass witnesses a new epoch in our lives. Looking backward over the past, we are impressed with certain experiences which seem to stand out prominently above all the rest.

The life of our Savior, short though it was, brought to the world a new thought and hope, which has endured through the centuries to elevate and beautify our conceptions of life. This Man of Men was destined to live but a few years, and the close of day came; but its lessons and teachings have shed their influence through all the years with an ever-increasing force and beauty. When His day closed our own began, and the heritage of millions was a life of joy and peace which never before was possible.

In the years following the introduction of Christianity we find men prominent in bringing out new thoughts whose acceptance meant the dawn of a new day. Some have put forth religious doctrines which have made their names familiar and their memories revered. The inventive genius of others has given the world the conveniences of today, and in our enjoyment of these common blessings we sometimes forget to whom we are indebted for the ideas which made them possible.

Great statesmen have by their sagacity and wonderful intellects so molded the trend of thought and action as to solve most trying political and social problems, and have wrought harmony

out of strife, contentment out of malice, peace out of anarchy and light out of darkness.

History is replete with the wisdom of great jurists who, by their wise interpretation of the laws, have developed a rule of action for the government of the body politic.

Men and women of literary genius have added their thoughts, each in his own day and generation, to the great questions of life, and each in his way has contributed to the peace and prosperity of the world.

Music, the strains of which have floated through the ages with a harmony which perhaps is found in none other of nature's treasures, has done as much for humanity as any element which has entered into the life of man. Surely great musicians are benefactors of the human race.

Each of these great souls has lived his little day in the world, and at its close has passed into the great hereafter; but each has left a trail of glory in the skies which has brightened all future dawns. How much more beautiful has the world been made by the lives of Luther, of Shakespeare, of Beethoven, of Washington, of Lincoln!

You have been in the woods at the going of the day and heard the rhythm of the brook as it slowly wanders along its course, the gentle sighing of the trees, the soft lullaby of the birds and leaves, and you know what it means when nature is at rest. To express this in the words of the poet Longfellow:

“The day is done, and the darkness falls from the wing of night
As a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in its flight;
Come read to me some poem, some simple, heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling and banish the thoughts
of day;
And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.”

Every day that ends witnesses the beginning of a new day,
and what the new day may bring forth no man knoweth. Every
life is as a new day starting out in youth as the fresh and beautiful
morn when the sun in all its glory fills the world with hope and

cheer. All our experiences of life are as the changing events of
the day, either fair or stormy as conditions may arise, and each
and every one must have an end.

What will be the record of our lives? They are made up
of a series of days, each of which makes its impression not only
upon us but upon those with whom we come in contact. Our
school days, which are the most beautiful and eventful of our
lives, must come to a close, and their record has been written. In
looking backward we find the path has sometimes led us through
pleasant places, sometimes over rough and untried ways, but
through all has been shining above us the star of hope and am-
bition, and all too soon the journey has been brought to an end.
What will be the record of our succeeding days?



The Juniors.

Class Officers.

STILSON ASHE, President.

EFFIE BRAINERD, Secretary.

GLENN STEPHEN, Treasurer.

FLORENCE PARKER, Vice-President.

Members.

BESSIE SMITH,

LORENA SMITH.

BETSY HUSTED.

GLENN STEPHEN.

HILTON RICHARDSON.

ALICE SKELLEY.

NELLIE GUNNELL.

STILSON ASHE.

LIZZIE KIRK.

FLORENCE PARKER.

RUBY RANDALL.

ISAAC CAREY.

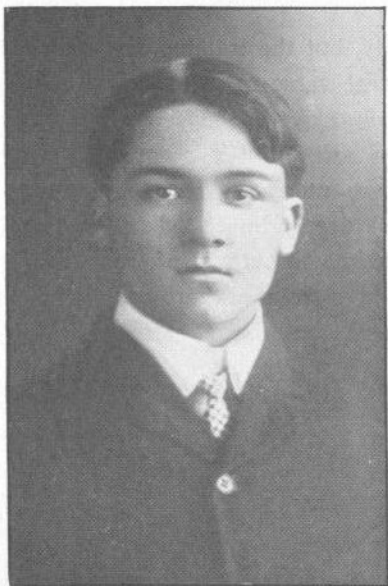
BERTHA GRAVES.

EFFIE BRAINERD.

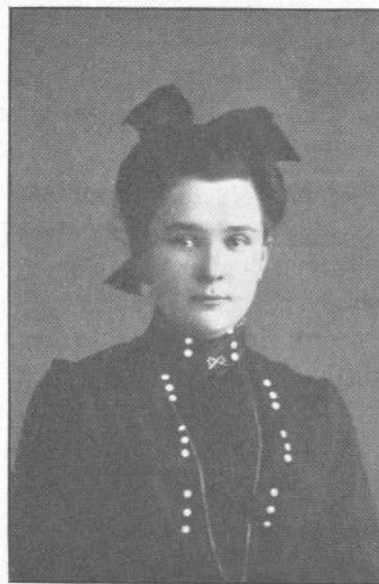
CLASS COLORS—Light Blue and White.

CLASS FLOWER—White Rose.

CLASS MOTTO—"Room at the Top."



STILSON ASHE, President.



EFFIE BRAINERD, Secretary.

Our Junior Class.

Bertha Graves.

WE, the Juniors, wish to introduce ourselves as the graduates of the Vassar High School for the coming year, and to aid the Seniors in their attempt to make known the gradual improvement of our school.

The class consists of fourteen industrious pupils, walking shoulder to shoulder, breasting the daily tasks assigned, and striving to gain knowledge to aid us in after life. Five of our number commenced school life in the chart class of this institution. The others have joined the course since, four in the ninth grade entered from country schools, and the remaining members have joined us at different periods.

Although we are not an especially noted class, yet we are somewhat proud of these facts: that the grade contains two who are gifted with poetical genius; that one member represented the High School in the District Oratorical Contest held at Flint this year (although she did not win the contest, she certainly did the school great honor); and that another member spelled the High School down last year.

We realize, as all classes must when they reach this point in the school education, that it is not merely the facts gained by per-

sistent study, but the training and expansion of the mind that is of such great value to us. During the perusal of the different branches of study we have learned a great deal that was not especially pleasing, but it is not these particulars we retain; it is only the more interesting facts.

We are deeply interested in the English Literature class at the present time on account of gaining an insight into the characters and lives of great authors and trying to find wherein lies their greatness and the source of their power. It also aids in the choice of the best literature to read.

The mathematics we appreciate because it increases our reasoning power, and the language study because it leads to a comparison of them with the native tongue, and thus impresses the origin of the words and the construction of the sentences in the English Language.

When we occupy the position of the present Senior Class we hope to be, in word and deed, the "worthy seniors." May we, during the next year, greatly increase our knowledge and gain a thirst for the higher things of this life. It is our desire that more than one of our class may be numbered among the eminent of the day.



THE JUNIOR CLASS.

Photo by Knowles.

The Sophomores.

Class Officers.

FRED BANCROFT, President.

BESSIE WRIGHT, Secretary.

LULU LAFORGE, Treasurer.

HAZEL SPAULDING, Vice President.

HERMAN HEINLEIN, Sentinel.

Members.

LENA LARAMIE.

LULU LAFORGE.

EDNA REID.

BESSIE WRIGHT.

JESSIE MCKENSIE.

GENEVIEVE DEAN.

TILLIE NORRIS.

ALTHA SMITH.

HAZEL SPAULDING.

HERMAN HEINLEIN.

FRANK LOUNSBERRY.

BESSIE GRIFFETH.

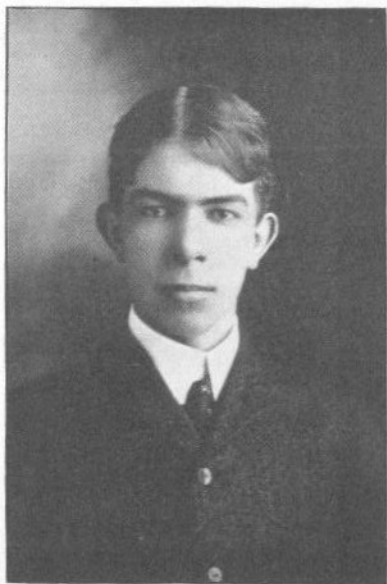
IVA SMITH.

FRED BANCROFT.

CLASS COLORS—Lavendar and White.

CLASS FLOWER—White.

CLASS MOTTO—"Rowing."



Fred Bancroft, President.



Bessie Wright, Secretary.

“ The Sophomores ”

Jessie McKensie.

HERE comes the jolly Sophomore Class, smallest and smartest in Vassar High School. Although the class is composed of only fourteen members, and is the smallest in the school, yet it is not the most insignificant, for we aim as high as any class. We have three boys and eleven girls in our grade. And of the fourteen members, Hazel Spaulding, Genevieve Dean, Fred Bancroft, Lena Laramie, Iva Smith, Bessie Wright, Tillie Norris and Frank Lounsberry are residents of the district; while the remaining six, Altha Smith, Edna Reid, Herman Heinlein, Jessie McKenzie, Bessie Griffith and Lulu La Forge, are foreign students who entered the ninth grade last year. We rank from five to five and one-half feet in height, and differ in many respects. Our class is noted for the different occupations that its members have chosen. We have an embryo artist, poet, doctor, school teacher, and several musicians. But at present our principal work is studying. The work in this grade is very interesting. Perhaps not so difficult as the eleventh and twelfth grades, yet more difficult than the ninth grade. But the second year's work is more interesting because a student is more

used to his surroundings and takes more interest in his work. This is especially true of foreign students. There are five students in this grade who are taking Latin, and two who are taking German, although German is not generally studied until the student enters the eleventh grade. The principal studies of the tenth grade are: Latin, Algebra, General History, Botany, Rhetoric and American Literature. This gives a variety of subjects, so the student can choose the required number of studies from these. Some of these studies prove very difficult, while others are much easier. Some studies require very much hard study in order to master them. But, on the whole, the tenth grade is one of the best grades in school. There is not the outside work to be done in this grade that there is in the two higher grades, but we will soon have that work to do, for we have only two years more to “climb the stairs” before we will finish school here. Then, perhaps, some will go to college, and some will take up immediately the occupations that they intend to follow. At any rate, we of the jolly Sophomores are hopeful for the very best from each of our members.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Photo by Knowles.

The Freshman Class.

Class Officers.

SMITH GRAVES, President.

ALTA BLAYLOCK, Secretary.

LUCILE CHAPPELL, Vice President.

MAE DAVISON, Treasurer.

Members.

ORA GAUNT.

ALTA BLAYLOCK.

FLOSSIE SMITH.

DAISY STILLSON.

EARL HAIGHT.

MARY PARKS.

MENTA MORGAN.

JEAN SUTHERLAND.

WILLIE WILSON.

SARAH BIERLEIN.

SMITH GRAVES.

MAE DAVISON.

COLLIN DEAN.

EARL COTTRELL.

MARY LEWIS.

HOWARD SLAFTER.

ANDIS STILLSON.

ELLEN MILLER.

MARY McFAIL.

LEWIS GARNER.

CASS CULLIS.

EDNA STEWART.

EDNA LOCKWOOD.

ALLIE HOBART.

LUCILE CHAPPELL.

ALBERT DECOÛ.

CHRISTIAN GOODMAN.

CLASS COLORS—Silver and Gold.

CLASS FLOWER—Cream Rose.

CLASS MOTTO—"Not Finished but Just Begun."



Smith Graves, President.



Alta Blaylock, Secretary.

"The Freshmen."

Lucile Chappell.

HURRAH! for the jolly Freshman Class of 1904! Larger than any grade in the High School, both in ability (?) and size. Of its twenty-eight constituents, Flossie Smith, Mary Parks, Albert De Cou, Mae Davison, Willie Wilson, Earl Cottrell, Mary Lewis, Sarah Bierlein, Cass Cullis, Collin Dean, Edna Lockwood, Smith Graves, Christian Goodman and Menta Morgan, entered the grade from the Grammar Department of this school, while Ellen Miller, Mary McFail, Ora Gaunt, Alta Blaylock, Allanson Hobart, Daisy Stilson, Jean Sutherland, Lewis Garner, Edna Stewart, Lucile Chappell, Andis Stilson, Leroy Garner, Howard Slafter and Earl Haight, came from different places.

The average height of our grade is five feet five inches, the tallest one, Miss Mary McFail, being five feet seven inches, and the shortest one, Miss Daisy Stilson, four feet eleven inches tall. There are fifteen students who are taking up the English course, *et tredecim sunt qui Latinam legunt*. As we all believe in the maxim, "You will never hit higher than you aim," we all aim high; one of our members even hoping to attain the height of being an assistant in a shop where sewing machines are repaired, while another expects to run an umbrella factory some day. In

one of our classmates we recognize a second Dante, and in another we see some resemblance to Florence Nightingale.

Though we are so young, our average age being only fifteen years, our minds seem to be fully developed, judging by the work we have done. So thoroughly have we gone over our lessons that one of our young ladies *expects* to eclipse Johnston by her history of the United States, which she will begin in the summer. Our class also claims the honor of having a young lady of such marvelous strength that she once threw a fourteen-pound iron ball two feet and then said that it didn't make her arm ache at all.

I could tell you many other interesting events, but now I will only say that all of those that I have related are positively true, as you would not doubt if you saw us. We have for officers: Smith Graves, President; Lucile Chappell, Vice-President; Alta Blaylock, Secretary; Mae Davison, Treasurer.

If you are awakened some night from a deep dream of peace by something that sounds like this:

Ra! Re! Ri! Ro! Rang! Rung! Rang!
Vassar Freshmen, whole sh'bang!
Freshmen! Freshmen! 1904!
There are plenty but give us more!
you may know that it's

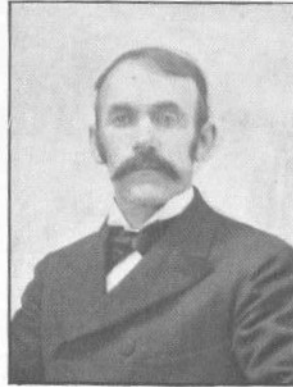
"WE FRESHMEN."



THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

Photo by Knowles.

Our Janitor,



R. R. Ryan.

THE old-time saying' "What is home without a mother?" can well be changed into "What is school without a janitor?" No matter how diligent the instructors may be, they cannot develop the minds of the pupils in chaos, and to change order into chaos is the duty of the omnipresent janitor.

The work of the janitor is long and tedious and often unappreciated. Sweeping, picking up bits of paper, which, by the way, is very vexing; dusting, repairing, and building fires is prosaic, but absolutely necessary work in a successful school. Those fires were especially appreciated this winter, when the cold, bleak winds from the west were the most furious.

Mr. Ryan is a very versatile man, and he has performed many duties not mentioned in his contract, such as building a warm house for the little birds from the south, always being

successful in discovering within two minutes the boys who break the basement windows, and requiring payment for such depredation, and even teaching school before a substitute arrives. In fact, our janitor is much more intelligent than the well known janitor who was always called upon to find lost articles. One day this janitor saw upon the blackboard "Find the least common divisor," and when the next day he saw "Find the least common multiple," he gave up in despair, saying: "I have looked high and low for that divisor, and now that multiple is gone, and I wouldn't know the thing if I should see it. They'll probably think I've stolen it, so I may as well resign."

Mr. Ryan has acted in his present capacity for two years, and it is the unanimous wish of both teachers and pupils that he may serve for many years to come.

HATTIE GOODMAN.



EAST PRIMARY BUILDING.



WEST PRIMARY BUILDING.



Cass G. Selden, President.

Vassar High School Lyceum.



Chester Owen, Secretary.

SEVERAL years ago, in connection with the Literary Department of the High School, there existed a Debating Society. Later this became known as the Rhetoricals, and now we call it the Vassar High School Lyceum.

Every student of the High School is a member of the Lyceum. The meetings are held in the High School room, Friday afternoon of the third week of each school month, except September and June. Each member is supposed to take part at least once each year.

The aim of this society is to aid its members to appear at ease before an audience, to become familiar with parliamentary proceedings, and skilled in the art of public speaking.

The programs are varied and cover a wide range of subjects,

thus making it both pleasant and profitable to the scholars and to the many visitors who attend.

One of the most interesting events in the history of the society was the contest in 1903. The outcome of this was watched with eagerness and enthusiastic pride by the citizens, as well as by the members of the High School. The local meeting was exceptionally fine and closely contested. The orations were carefully written and well delivered, each being worthy of praise. When the judges retired all felt that the difference between the orations was very slight. Miss Dora Lockwood was declared winner. Miss Lockwood appeared, as representative of Vassar High School, at the district contest held in this place. Again receiving first honor, she entered the State contest at Saginaw, and although

she was not awarded the highest place, she returned with honors.

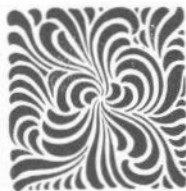
This year the interest in the contest was not less than last. Several wished to take part, but found it impossible to do so. As representative of Vassar High School, Miss Bessie Smith, of the class of 1905, went to Flint and there contested with representatives from Flint, Port Huron, Plymouth and Utica. Although Miss Smith did not receive first place, yet she won credit for herself and for the school.

These contests arouse a keen enthusiasm in oratory and are certainly worthy of encouragement, for nothing promotes progress in any line so much as competition, since it demands the best

efforts of the competitors, and, if carried on in the right spirit, will produce an effect upon the character which cannot be blotted out in a lifetime.

Thus ends the third and most successful year, as it ought to be. The Seniors, who have had an active part in the society since it was organized, now turn the work over to their successors and hope that they will still better it, that the interest will not decrease, and that it may ever be a leading feature of the High School work.

BARBARA BORLAND.





Beulah Blackmore, President.

The High School Chorus.



Newell Hill, Secretary.



Florence N. Bryan, Director.

THE Vassar High School Chorus was organized in January, 1904, with seventy-five pupils enrolled.

Miss Beulah Blackmore was elected President; Newell Hill, Secretary; Sarah Bierlein, Treasurer, and Smith Graves, Librarian.

The pupils have entered into the work with a zeal and enthusiasm which have been very encouraging. They have studied the compositions of many ancient and modern composers. If the interest which has been shown by members of the organization is continued, there is no reason why the Vassar High School Chorus will not be a musical and moral help to the town, and one of the best organizations of its kind in the state.

Music has held an important place in both ancient and modern education.

It is, of divine accomplishments, the most human; of human, the most divine.

It is hard to conceive of a religion, pagan or Christian, destitute of music. Strip mythology of the lyre and the pipe, the Hebrew's sacred feasts of harp and psaltery, the Christian cathedral of its chimes and organ, and all of the solemn chants and psalms of praise, and religion would be deprived of its main avenue of approach to the emotions. In war, no victory was ever won without music, either to inspire or reward the victor. What an inspiration a class song or a selection from a band, to boys on baseball or football field! In peace, David lays aside the buckler for the harp.

Music was intended for the people in general. It is not a

mysterious sort of something, to be comprehended by only a favored few. Of course we cannot make of everyone a great musician, but we can create a love for the art and give the pupils a good working knowledge of music.

The object of education in public schools is to give all the boys and girls an equal opportunity to develop what is in them. Pupils of great musical promise should not be compelled to choose between music on the one hand and letters and science on the other, but should find it possible, until they reach the professional stage of their education, to carry them along side by side. The claim of music with other leading subjects in the secondary school is becoming more general.

What is the purpose of teaching music in the public schools?

To create a musical atmosphere in America. The establishment of a musical environment in every home. To teach patriotism. A philosopher once said: "Let me make the songs of a nation, I care not who makes the laws." To bring beauty and happiness into the homes of the people through good music, and to teach them to express their deepest feelings in the only adequate language—in song.

With musical training in our public schools, the standard of church and popular music will be raised. Vocal music is an exercise contributory to health, and is to some degree a safeguard against those diseases which affect the breathing organs. When this is realized and the results in music are equal to the results in

other subjects, music will no longer be at the bottom of the list of subjects necessary for an education, but rather at the head of the list.

Let the children in the schools study the best and highest forms of music. If they study the poetry of Shakespeare, why should they not study the oratorios of Handel?

Music offers a substitute for literature and history in the study of its famous compositions, the biographies of distinguished composers, and the story of its development as an art.

It is the aim of musical educators to develop a national type of music, to lay the foundation for real American music. Most of our music is borrowed from other countries. Handel wrote the "Messiah" fifty years before Washington was made president of the United States. So, when the greatest composer the world has ever seen was closing his career, our nation had not made a beginning in artistic music; but already students from Europe are coming to America to attend its large and well equipped conservatories.

With our youths and maidens trained to understand, appreciate and love good music, we should rapidly approach the time when, throughout our land, our homes shall be homes of refinement, love and happiness; our communities composed of peaceful, law abiding citizens, and the nation an ideal one.

FLORENCE N. BRYAN, Director.

ATHLETICS.

FOOT BALL.

Members of the Team.



Newell Hill, Manager.

Ernest Loss, C.
Will Ross, R. G.
Jim Dunham, R. T.
Cass Selden, R. E.
Tom Atkins, R. H.

Frank Taylor, L. G.
Herman Heinlein, L. T.
Newell Hill, L. E.
Dan Atkins, L. H.
W. S. Lister, F. B.

Glenn Stephen, Q.

Substitutes—Earl Cottrell, Arthur McDonald, and John Enos.



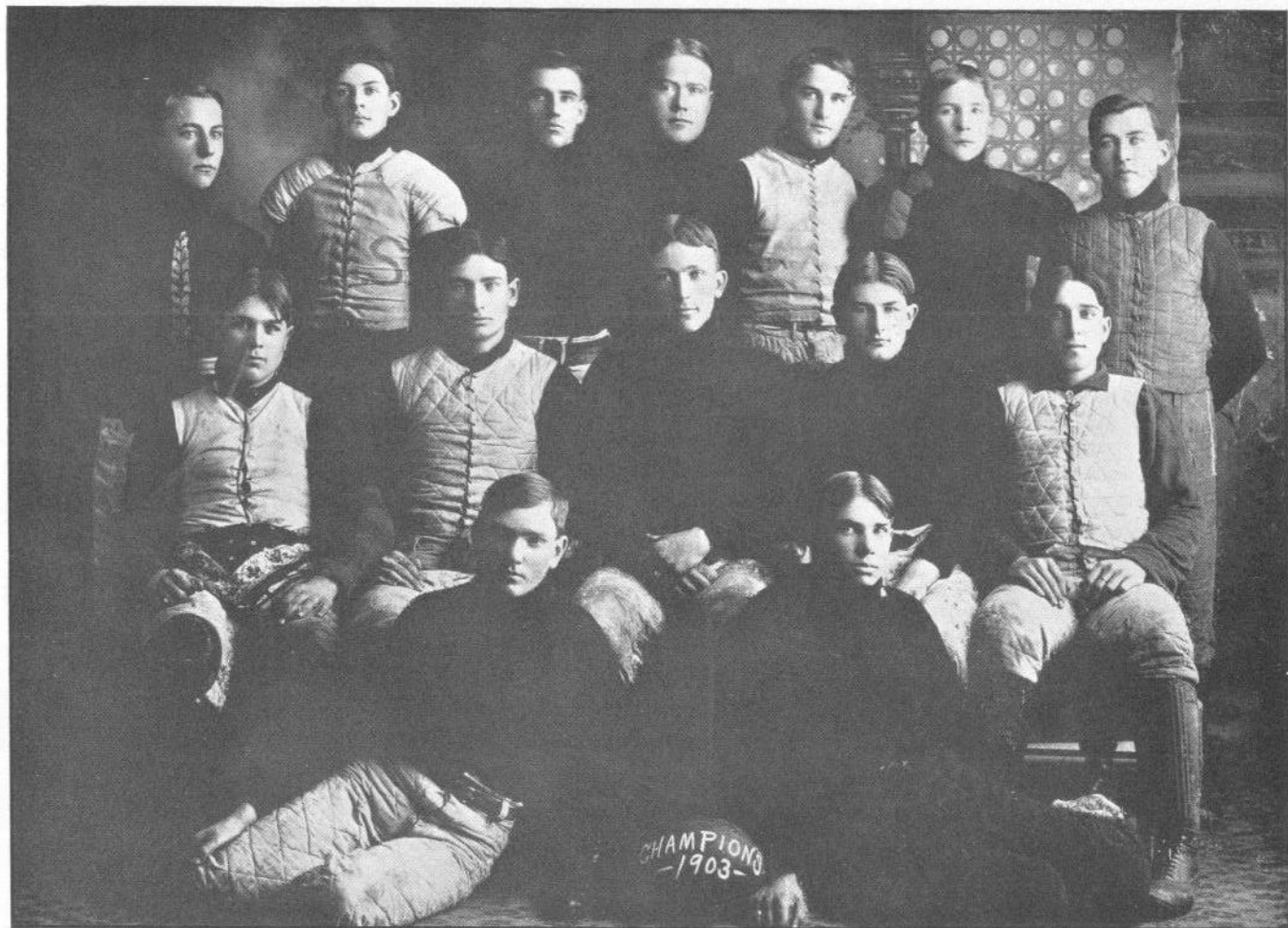
Tom Atkins, Captain.

THE world-famed and scientific sport known as football was introduced into the athletic games played by the boys of the Vassar High School about five years ago. The first team was composed mostly of the boys in the class of '01, and for two years they won many victories; but after this large class had graduated there seemed to be almost nothing left from which to make a football eleven, so that there was but one game played from that time until the class of '04 was in its senior year.

About the middle of September, 1903, Superintendent Lister called a meeting of all the young men in the High School, and at this meeting the officers of the football team were elected for the

season. Tom Atkins was made Captain, and Newell Hill, Manager. Then came two weeks of such training and signal practice as only football players can comprehend. We practiced during that time and also throughout the whole season, sometimes when it rained, if necessary, nearly every night after school about two hours, winding up the time by running at least one-half mile and sometimes two miles with all the clothing that a football player is obliged to carry.

On the second day of October, which was the last day of the county fair, we arranged with Caro to play our first game. Owing to the unexpected kindness of the county fair society we were permitted, after much trouble on our part, to pass the players



THE PIG-SKIN PUSHERS.

Photo by Knowles.

of both teams to the fair grounds free of all charge, providing they did not come too early. We were satisfied with this because all the boys were very enthusiastic over the first game. We secured a small amount of money by taking up a collection among the bystanders, who composed nearly two-thirds the entire number on the grounds, in spite of the fact that interesting horse races were in progress at the time. The Caro boys came down with the intention of winning the day, as the last game played between the teams of the same schools had proved an easy victory for Caro. The game was called about 3 o'clock, and Vassar made the first kick-off. Caro got the ball within twenty-five yards of their own goal and advanced it several yards before they were held for downs, when the ball changed, and Vassar soon had their first score on a touchdown, to the delight of all the patriotic citizens present, and shouts were heard which must have awakened memories of a time when Vassar was famous for its baseball players. This was not the only score that Vassar made, but four times was the pigskin forced over the opponents' goal line, once being dropped, so that the would-be touchdown became a touch-back. Counting the goal which was kicked, the game closed with a score of 16 to 0, and for the first time in several years Vassar had defeated Caro in a good, fair game, which was played by the best men which the high schools could produce.

Marlette was presented as the next victim, and with great faith in our ability as football players, we visited that town on the tenth of October. We arrived in the village before noon, but not wishing to make a display of ourselves before the game was won, we stayed quietly in the hotel until about time for the game to be called. Then donning our suits, which presented a remarkable contrast to Marlette's complete new suits of shining canvas, we marched in a body to the grounds and without unnecessary noise entered into the game with all the spirit which could be mustered, from memories of our former victory and the encouraging words of our coach. We played hard, securing the ball on

both the first and second kick-offs which we made, and convinced Marlette that we knew a thing or two about playing football by amazing them with a score of 21 to 5.

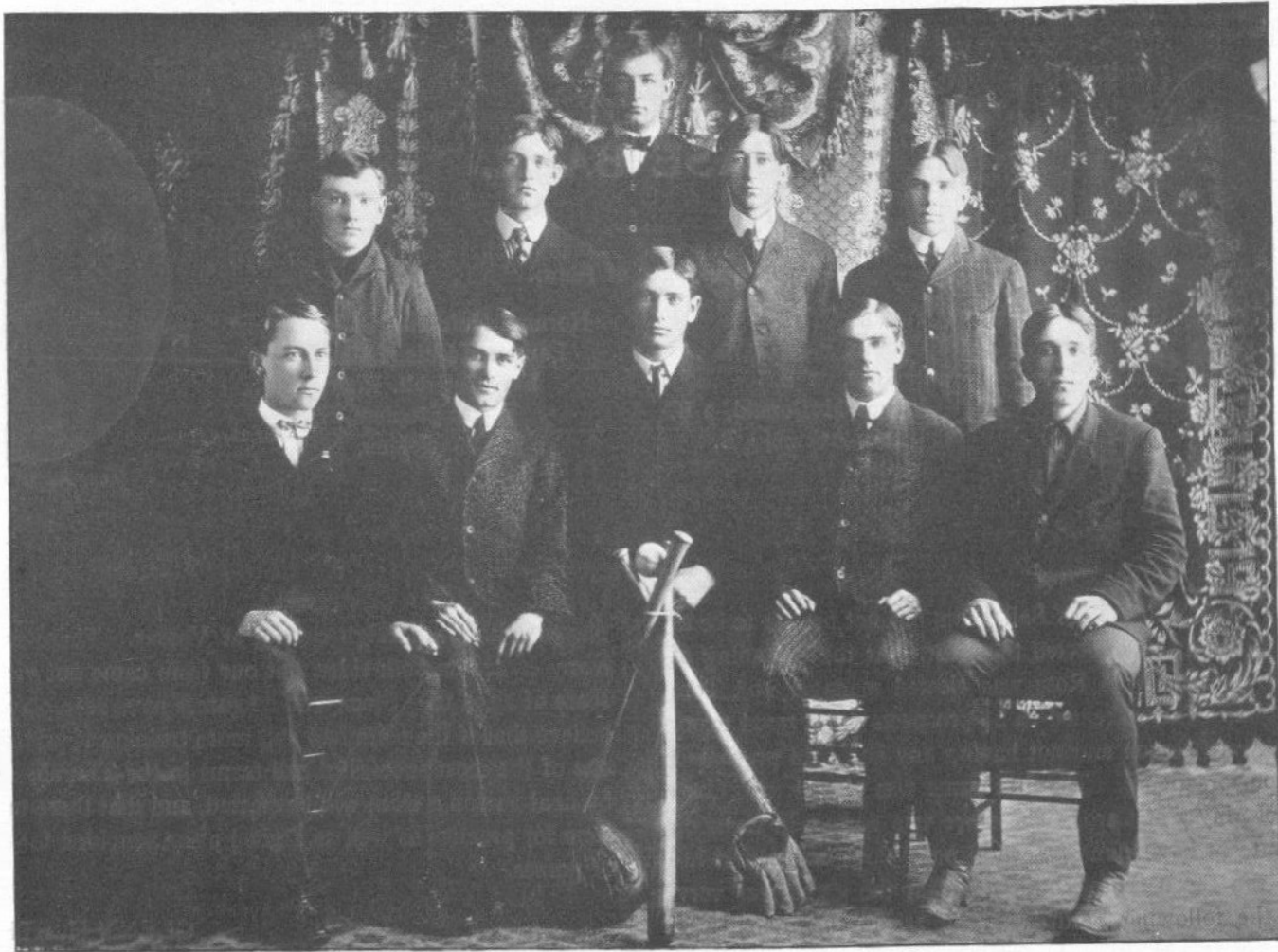
Marlette was not ready to give up then, but wished for a return game, which we gave them at Vassar, October 24. Owing to considerable hard luck on our part, we succeeded in defeating them after a hard struggle by center smashes in the latter part of the game, by a score of 10 to 6. In this game Marlette saw fit to play the best material they could muster from far and near, irrespective of their connection with any school whatever.

Saginaw, hearing that Vassar had a football team, thought they would like to arrange for a game with us, mostly for what practice they would receive from it. On the last day of October we met at our field on the fair grounds and played the hardest game of the season, which resulted in our first defeat with a score of 5 to 0. This was the first game in which any dispute had arisen, and at one time, had it not been for the large crowd which had assembled to watch the game, we would have withdrawn from the field rather than agree to the unfair decision made by the Saginaw referee, which favored his home team.

We next accepted a challenge from Bay City and left on the morning of November 6, arriving in Bay City early in the day, but the surprise of the Bay City team when they saw the size of our men caused us to be informed that there would be no football game that day. Nothing could induce the manager of the Bay City boys to bring out his team, so we were compelled to return home, paying our own expenses, with the game forfeited to us by the usual score of 6 to 0.

The weather in November was not favorable to football playing, so it was given up. Perhaps the most successful season of athletics that the Vassar High School had known came to an end when we returned from Bay City, November 6.

WILL ROSS.



BASE BALL TEAM.

Photo by Knowles.



Will Ross, Manager.

BASE BALL.

Members of Team.

Frank Taylor, C.
Dan Atkins, P.
Will Ross, 1 B.
Arthur McDonald, 2 B.
Tom Atkins, 3 B.

Herman Heinlein, C. F.
Laurence Ellis, L. F.
Earl Cottrell, R. F.
Glenn Stephen, S. S.
Cass Selden, L. F.



Tom Atkins, Captain.

OUR High School Base Ball Team has not proven to be as successful as expected this year. At the beginning of the season Will Ross was elected manager and Tom Atkins captain. There seemed to be prospects for a good team, but the backward season and not having any ball field prevented the boys from practicing. The first game was played with Caro High School May 7 at Caro. The score was 10 to 5 in favor of Caro. Our team having made several poor plays in the first inning, Caro ran seven scores, but after that the game was very close. On the following Saturday, May 14, another game was

played with Caro High School at Vassar. There were a good many errors on both sides, but our team came out victors with a score of 23 to 16. Since then no games have been played; but we believe that if the team had had more training it would have been one of the most successful ball teams in the Thumb. It is hoped by next season a team will be started, and that there may be more time for practice as well as a good place provided for the holding of games.

GLENN H. STEPHEN.

Track Athletics.

Members of Team.

Tom Atkins, Capt.
Dan Atkins.
Herman Heinlein.

Will Ross.
Stilson Ashe.
Gibbins Walker.

BEFORE the year 1899 athletics were almost unknown in Vassar High School. Mr. Wilbur, who was elected superintendent that year, thought that a twelve-grade school was incomplete without the aid of athletics. Accordingly a "Thumb field day" was instituted and fostered by what has since been known as the Thumb Athletic Association.

Our first attempt was a complete failure. But winning third place the second year seemed to be a great encouragement, and the third year Vassar marched upon the athletic field with one of the strongest teams that any high school had yet produced.

Each town was represented by one man in each event, and the places first, second and third counted 3, 2 and 1 points respectively.

On the field that night it was announced that Vassar held first place, Bad Axe second and Cass City third. Points were 23, 21 and 17, respectively.

The fourth year our team did not compete, and the cup was willingly sent to Bad Axe, the winning school.

For four years the meet had been held in Cass City with much success, Cass City being a more central place. But after Bad Axe had secured control of the cup they called a convention at their own little town, no neighboring towns responding, however. Later a convention was called in Cass City, but Bad Axe

was not present, and the old dispute could not be settled.

Soon after another convention was held in Pigeon. Here they elected officers all from Bad Axe, and decided to have the meet at their little burgh.

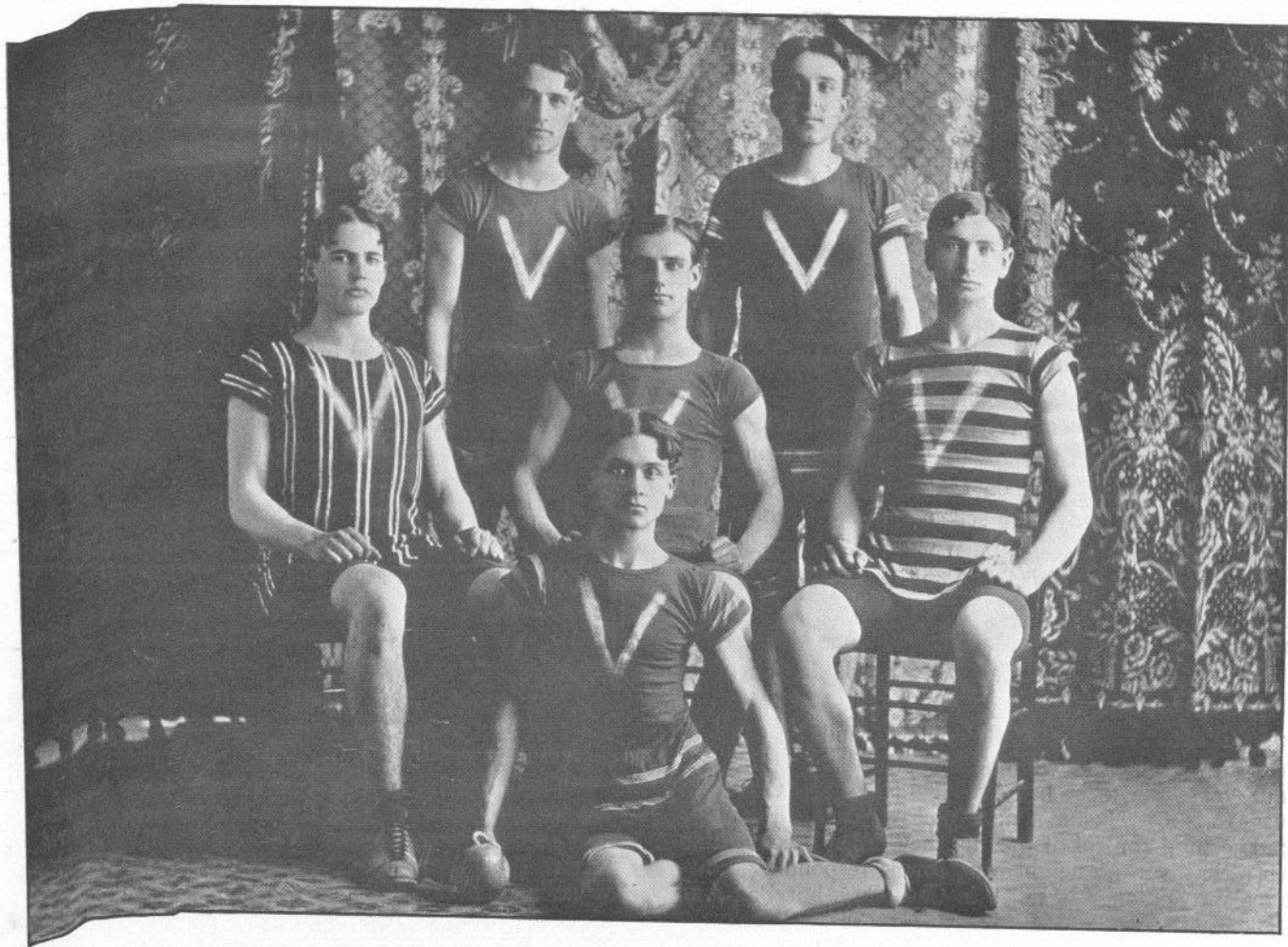
A few days before the meet, June 3, we were politely (?) notified that we were not in the association, and the reasons given, which were claimed sufficient to send us to the remotest ranks, served to center around the one contention that our boys are superior athletes!

Of course we could not deny the allegation, but we insisted upon our right and desire to meet the "alligator." We met, and nearly doubled their score in points.

Cass City won the cup, Harbor Beach taking second place. Had it not been for an unfortunate accident there is no doubt whatever but we would have returned victorious, although we had been handicapped greatly by the way we had been treated and had not trained anything like the way we had in previous years.

The majority of this year's track team graduate this year. We believe, however, that there is abundant material for a team next year in other classes. We hope it will be developed, and that Vassar shall ever enjoy the distinction she had this year—that of having superior athletes.

TOM ATKINS.



TRACK TEAM.

Photo by Knowles.

Literary Department.

THE GOLD MEDAL.

“M H, DEAR, what shall we do?” sighed Alice Benson one stormy winter afternoon.

“I don’t know. We’ve done everything I can think of,” said Jack, discontentedly.

“Let’s go to grandma’s room,” said Beatrice, the peacemaker. “She’ll tell us a story if we ask her nicely.”

“All right,” they chorused, and baby Paul echoed “All right,” as they started up the stairs.

They loved to stay in “grandma’s room.” The old-fashioned furniture and the cabinets filled with treasures of by-gone days brought many reminiscences of grandma’s girlhood.

“You ask her, Beatrice,” Jack had said as they ascended the stairs. So as they entered the room Beatrice said, “Grandma, will you tell us a story? We’re lonesome and can’t think of anything to do.”

“Yes, deary, I will tell you a story; but what shall I tell you about?” she asked. She thought a moment, then continued, “I will let one of you choose something from this cabinet, and then I’ll tell you about it. We will let little Paul pick first.”

So Paul was led to the cabinet, and as his fingers roved over the little keepsakes a bright gold medal, tied with a faded blue ribbon, attracted his attention and he pulled it out.

“Now, grandma, your story,” they cried, as Paul climbed upon grandma’s lap.

“This will be a story which I am afraid it will be rather difficult for you to understand, especially the little ones,” she began; “but I will try to make it clear to all. The older ones who have studied history know about the Revolutionary war—how our thirteen colonies fought and gained their independence from Great Britain. That cannot be explained to the little ones, so I will say that it was a time when there was war between our United States and England, another country. My mother, your great-grandmother, was then a girl of sixteen. This medal belonged to her. She lived near Medford, but at this time she was visiting a friend, Cynthia Mathews, in Boston. Here the British soldiers were encamped, and as it was only a month after the battle of Lexington, the times were very troublous. One evening she was returning from an errand across the commons, when passing near a house, which she knew to be the British headquarters, she heard the name Medford mentioned. Some power—something irresistible held her there. When she regained her senses she started for home. Flying into her friend’s room, she exclaimed, “I’ve got to go home—tonight.”

“Go home tonight! Whv. child, what is the matter? Are you sick?” her friend asked.

“No, I am not sick. I meant what I said. I must go home tonight.” Then she told how, when she was crossing the commons, as she neared the headquarters of the British, she had heard them discussing the strength of Medford. The Americans had

ammunitions and provisions stored there, and to gain these would be a good exploit for the British. They had planned to march to Medford and at sunrise surprise the town. "I must go and warn them," she said. "It is my duty." In vain her friends entreated her to wait till morning. There were no railroads or even stages then, so mother saddled a horse and rode away through the gathering darkness. It was a long, lonesome ride for a girl of sixteen to make, alone and at night; but goaded on by the thought of the peril or her home and loved ones, she urged her horse onward Higher and higher the moon rose in the sky. But at last the twelve miles were covered, and upon the next hill she saw her home. She rode to the door and, arousing her father, told him of the plans of the British. My story is nearly finished. Grandmother, your great-great-grandmother, put mother to bed while her father warned the town and they prepared for the coming conflict. At sunrise the British were defeated and driven back to Boston. At the close of the war Congress voted this medal to mother as a reward for her bravery. Years ago she gave it to me and now it is one of my most treasured keepsakes."

When grandma had finished her story it was dark and time for the children to go to bed. As they thanked her she said, "The next time you ask for a story perhaps I can think of one more interesting than this has been. Good-night now and pleasant dreams."

EDNA STEWART.

EXAMINATIONS.

O the long and dreary schooldays!
O the long and weary lessons!
Ever harder, harder, harder,
Study we as helpless martyrs,
Ever longer, longer, longer
Are the lessons now assigned us;
Lessons past our understanding,
Studied o'er and o'er but vainly.
Happy is the brilliant student
Who in everything advances;
By his constant, earnest labor,
He has mastered every subject,
By his wisdom and attention,
Won the hearts of all his teachers,
By his slyness and deception
Gets 100 in deportment.
But the pupils who are playful,
O how weary, O how wretched!
O the torture that awaits them,
O the work that is before them;
All the world seems drear and lonely,
Every heart with grief is heavy,
Every brain from dread is weary,
And the hopes that once shone brightly,
One by one are now abandoned.
Into the mind of one poor sophomore
Steals the thought of what is coming,
Of the few weeks ere vacation,
Filled with work to overflowing,
Work that's been so long neglected.

As if in a dream he stands there,
Silent stands in meditation.
Looks with haggard eyes and hollow
At the volumes scattered round him,
Till a dismal lamentation
Breaks the almost death-like silence.
Up he springs as one demented,
Seizes book in wildest frenzy.
Sits down at his desk in anguish.
Through the midnight hours he sits there,
Sits there pouring o'er his volumes,
O'er his long-neglected lessons;
In that bitter hour of anguish,
Cries he with his face uplifted,
"Give me help, O powers above us,
Give me strength to bear my burdens,
Strength for these examinations."
Thus the days pass and the sophomore
Studies hard and ever harder
As the crisis still approaches.
O the long examinations!
O the hard examinations!
Ever longer, harder, fiercer
At the end of each semester.
Ever cruel and more hated
Are they when they're unexpected.
Now they're hovering closely o'er us,
Lowering darkly round about us;
Hardly from our thumb-worn volumes
Dare we grant our eyes to wander;
Through our papers and our notebooks
Vainly search we for assistance,

Search for help in our affliction;
Search for points but never find them;
See but misery for the future,
For the near approaching future;
Sigh but cannot speak for sadness,
Trembling wait our teacher's pleasure.
O the hard examinations!
O the multitudes of problems!
O the never-ending history!
O the anguish of the scholars!
O the unrelenting teachers!
All the class is now disheartened!
All the air around us whispers,
Whispers of examinations,
Till the very stars in heaven
Look like zeros on our papers,
Till our thoughts are in confusion
And our brains with pain are aching,
And our bursting hearts within us
Seem resounding with its echo.
But at last the peaceful dawning
Of the long expected morning
Brings the dread anticipation
To a vivid realization.
Happy and exultant faces
Wear the students who have prospered,
In the weary search for knowledge
Have been patient and successful.
But that wretched, stupid pupil
Who has spent his time in dreaming,
Sees his prospects ever darkening,
Sees his fate is swiftly nearing.

As the teacher writes the questions
Glances he around the schoolroom,
Sees his classmates take their pencils
And begin the work before them;
He alone is idly looking,
Gazing blankly at the blackboard,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.
Of the questions now before him
Knows he positively nothing;
Still at times a vague idea
Creeps into his troubled fancies,
And he wonders, thinks, and ponders
On some statement half remembered.
Then a new idea strikes him.
He will peep into his text book:
Casts a fearful glance around him
Ere he dares his book to open;
But the teacher's eyes are on him,
Watching like an angry tiger
Ready to spring at any moment
Upon this hopeless, helpless victim.
Thus the days succeed each other
Till the final test is ended;
Soon an anxious faced procession
Marches slowly to the teacher,
Eager now to know their standings.
As they come back to the schoolroom
One can tell by each expression
Who has failed and who succeeded.
All but one have learned their standings.
Long he waited, long he lingered,

Ever wondering, dreading, fearing,
But at last can wait no longer,
Goes at last before the teacher
Solemnly as to the judgment.
Waits to hear the awful sentence.
Stands there trembling, freezing, burning
At the look she casts upon him,
At the fearful words she utters:
Fifty-five your average standing.
Through the hall and down the stairway
Rushes forth the maddened student;
Not a moment stops or tarries
Till his lonely room he reaches;
Throws himself upon his pallet,
Sobbing out his awful anguish,
Makes a solemn vow to Heaven,
To be good and learn his lessons
In the land of the Hereafter:
Kingdom of uncertain morrows
In the dim and distant future.

BESSIE GRIFFITH.

ADDISON AND SWIFT: A SIMILE AND A COMPARISON.

Two seeds were planted in one garden soil,
Two seeds of genius, by the Gardener,
To see what kind of fruit each would bring forth;
Both sprang to verdure, in a warm spring day,
And spread their tender leaflets to the sun.
One grew and flourished, with what nourishment
It of itself, drew from the earth and air,

And overreached its limited confines,
Casting a grateful shade from burning suns.
And ever were its cooling green leaves sought
To soothe and heal the wounds of mortal men.
The other, nurtured carefully the while
Seemed dwarfed and crippled, and refused to grow;
But when its place was sown to other seeds,
Then, moved by pride and envy, it put forth
A bright array of sharp-edged, sword-like leaves:
And tender vines that clung to it for support
Were bruised and cut by its unfeeling blades

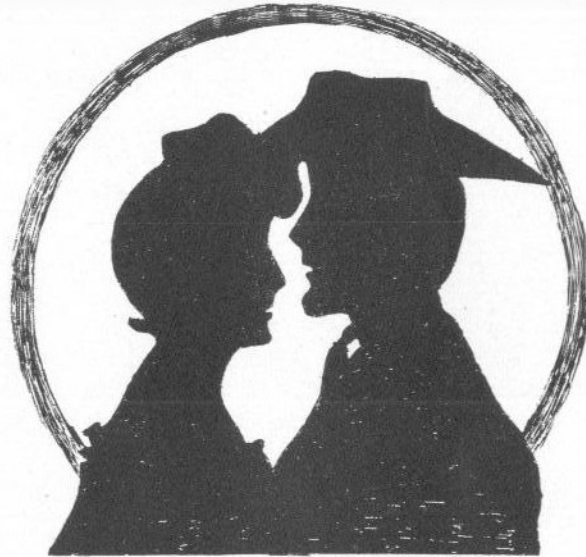
But still, though scorned and shunned by all its kind,
It yet fulfilled a mission here on earth;
For it purged the soil of poisonous qualities.
And left it pure and fertile, when the frost
Entered its veins and blighted its frail life.
The first had long ago come to ripe age,
Blossomed, withered, and died, and was cut down
To fit the soil for others of its sort.
Thus far did each accomplish, and well pleased
The ever kind and watchful Gardener.

BETSY HUSTED.



To School or Not to School, That is the Question.

The Phunny End.



Miss Bristol in class—" Mr. Selden, What does smacking suggest ?"

HIGH SCHOOL CALENDAR.

- Sept. 7—Renewing old acquaintances.
Sept. 8—Work begins in earnest.
Sept. 30-Oct. 2—Tuscola County Fair.
Sept. 31—Small attendance.
Oct. 2—Victory over Caro in foot-ball, 16-0.
Oct. 10—Another victory for foot-ball team over Marlette, 21-5.
Oct. 21—Noon—Boys' coats scented with Limberger.
Oct. 22—Girls' coats get worse dose.
Oct. 24—Foot-ball boys score another victory.
Oct. 29—Foot-ball team defeated by Saginaw, 5-0.
Oct. 30—Mysterious nightly visit, followed by dire confusion among books and silent piano.
Nov. 3—Another victory over Bay City, 6-0.
Nov. 22-23—Thanksgiving vacation.
Dec. 20—Reproduction of Funeral of Julius Caesar by Eng. Lit. Class.
Dec. 24-Jan. 4—Christmas holidays.
Jan. 4—Electric lights put in. Arrival of Miss Bryan—wondrous strains of melody issuing from High School building ever since.
Jan. 5—Serenade by rats in Laboratory.
Jan. 6—Mr. Rat captured; his music hushed
Jan. 11—Most orderly seniors take front seats
Jan. 28-29—Semester Exams.
Feb. 14—Celebrated by the Grades. Junior Valentine Social.
Mar. 2—Bryan talks to the School.

- Mar. 18—Teachers and Seniors entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Lister.
Mar. 25—Framing of Art. I, Sec. I, of High School Rules.
April 1—Practical jokes.
April 26—Pattengill lectures for benefit of Juniors.
May 14—Baseball team whips Caro.
May 10—Chorus changed to evening.
June —Seniors very oratorical.
June 19—Baccalaureate address.
June 22-23—Commencement.
June 23—Reception.
June 24—Good-bye to High School.



An Amateur "Bawl" Team.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

Ione S.—No, it is not proper for young girls of eighteen to go walking or riding with a young man unless accompanied by a chaperon.

Beulah B.—(a) Same as for Ione S. (b) It is very improper to use coarse, rough paper as note-paper.

Mr. Stephen—Yes, a shirt waist trimmed as you suggested would be very nice.

Miss Willsey—I should not recommend the use of much powder; it ruins the complexion. Talcum powder is, however, the best that I know.

Dora L., Bell H.—Girls of your age and size should not wear long skirts.

Melvin L.—Yes, growing boys require lots of sleep.

Allie H.—A receipt for "Angel's Food" will be sent to you on receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Lauranc E.—It is not gentlemanly to eat more than four ice cream sodas at once.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

What did Cora Will Say?

Answer—Who knows where Melvin Lew Is?

Do you know what Cass Sel Done?

No, but I know what Betsy Hus Did!

Why was Lorn Dick Out?

Why did Mary Mc Fail?

What on earth does Edna Read?
Who knows how Cass Cull Is?
What made Ora Gaunt?
How much did Lewis Garner?
Whom does Earl Hate?
How much can Isaac Carry.
What did Carrie Write?
How much is Chester Owin'?
Why did Jim Beach 'er?
What does Anna Hunt?



"I am going out of
business. That
High School
Chorus is too
much for me.

RULES.

1. The Superintendent shall be absolute monarch.
2. School shall be in session from 1:30 a. m. to 3:30 a. m. and from 3:30 p. m. to 1:30 a. m.
3. Students shall have freedom of building during both sessions.
4. Foreign students need pay no tuition.
5. Pupils in dealing with instructors shall not get angry nor brutal, but shall use moral suasion.
6. Teachers are required to walk quietly through the halls and not run nor talk aloud.
7. No student in High School shall carry more than fourteen studies or two boxes of matches, unless unusual ability is shown.
8. No student shall refresh himself with a drink at the fountain except with written permit from Superintendent, countersigned by President of Board of Education, and then only when application has been made the day before.
9. Pupils shall report to the janitor any misdemeanors of the Superintendent or other teachers.
10. To prevent the sound waves from cracking the plaster in the assembly room teachers are not allowed to talk aloud.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

- "Fast asleep? It is no matter."—Chester Owen.
- "Often have you heard that told."—Class Belle.
- "Silence is more eloquent than words."—Hattie Goodman.
- "What is the end of study? Let me know."—Ione Swan.
- "Ye immortal gods, where in the world are we?"—Freshmen (first day).
- "Better be out of the world than out of fashion."—Glenn Stephen
- "Curfew shall not ring to-night."—Cass Selden.
- "I am tipsy with laughter."—Senior Class.
- "We advise by the bucket, but take it by the grain."—Faculty.
- "Feed me 'till I want no more (fudge)."—Cass Selden.
- "A mighty and ponderous tread had she."—Bertha Graves.
- "I never felt the kiss of love or maiden's hand in mine."—Gibbins Walker.
- "From his forehead fell his tresses, smooth and parted like a woman's."—Isaac Carey.
- "And the light of heaven she came from still lingered and gleamed in her hair."—Ruby Randall.
- "The girls all say I am a rare jewel."—John Enos.
- "Low and sweet was his voice like a (?)."—Alanson Hobart.
- "He has a gait like a shuffling nag."—Melvin Lewis.
- "Let us have peace."—Class President.
- "Pretty is, as pretty does."—Barbara Borland.
- "And they were wondrous wise."—"Bored" of Editors.
- "Idle dreams, I know not what they mean."—Erma Boyd.

"Tom, Tom, the merchant's son,
Stole the pigskin and away he run."—Tom Atkins.

"There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone;
But the best of all meters
Is to 'meet her' alone."—Dan Atkins.

"Most of the great men have been diminutive in stature."—
Stilson Ashe.

"They are winding up the watch of their wit; by and by it
will strike."—Joke Editors.

"There will a worse come in her place."—Anna Skelley.

"Wise from the top of his head up."—Newell Hill.

"Doing nothing with a great deal of skill."—Laurence Ellis.

"Silent as night is, and as deep."—Gibbins Walker.

"For life, not for school we learn."—Seniors.

"Better to wear out than to rust out."—Cass Cullis.

"One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common
sense to apply it."—Juniors.

"Be silent or say something better than silence."—Effie
Brainerd.

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that
is the stuff life is made of."—Mr. Lister.

"It is not good for man to be alone."—Cass Cullis.

"Man delights not me."—Betsy Husted.

"Better late than never."—Margerie Smith.

"Patronize advertisers."—Everybody.

"It takes the Irish to beat the Dutch."—Pat Ross.

"The farmers are the founders of civilization."—Herman
Heinlein.

"Gentle in manner, mild in reproof, earnest in conversation,
sincere in purpose and withal a good friend and companion."—
Miss Hurst.

"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like golden fleece."—
Lillias Parker.

"Press on, a better fate awaits thee."—Freshmen.

"Beneath the formal garb there beats a soul as warm, as
friendly, as true and kind as one could hope to find in this dark
vale of tears."—Chester Owen.

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."—Melvin
Lewis.

"For good work and reliable goods patronize those who
advertise in the Echo."—The Manager.

"Wouldst thou drown thyself? Put a little water in a
spoon."—Freshmen.

The most virtuous gentle woman that ever nature had praise
for creating."—Gertie Hemingway.

LOST COLUMN.

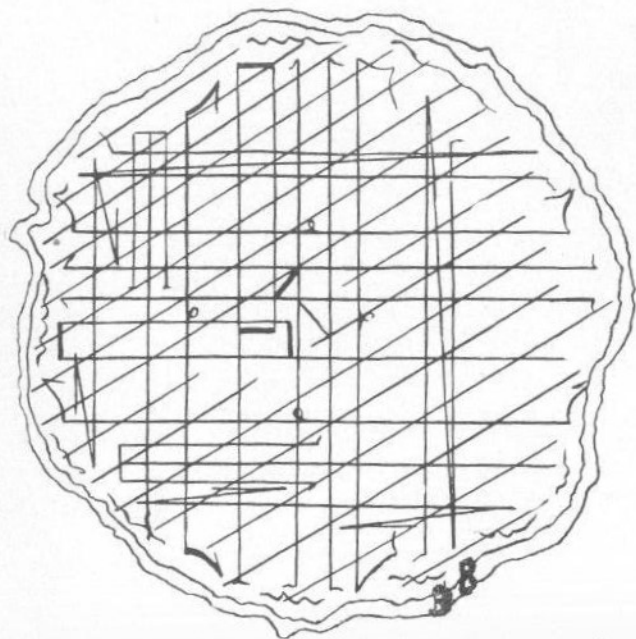
Lost—A fine megaphone.—Caro, May 14, '04.

Lost—Championship of the Thumb.—Marlette.

Lost—A chord.—The piano.

Lost—The key while drilling chorus.—Florence Bryan.

Lost—Leather bag containing a string, a piece of chalk and
a pencil.—Will Wilson.



Cross Section of Senior Girl's Brain.

If you cannot at first see what has been the most prominent thing in this young lady's mind during the year, hold the book level with the eyes and slowly rotate it to the left.

HIGH SCHOOL ALPHABET.

A is for Atkins, two bashful young boys.
B is for Beulah, with a face full of joys.
C is for Cass, who ne'er does wrong;
D is for Dora, a lover of song.
E is for Edna, who ne'er looks at a lad,
F is for Fred, so blithsome and glad.
G is for Glenn, who always looks "blue;"
H is for Hattie, who wears a small (?) shoe.
I am the author, by mischief known;
J is for Jessie, who speaks a mild tone.
K is for Kirk, fond of books (so they say);
L is for Lister, who has his own way.
M is for Melvin, a soldier so brave;
N is for Newell, who looks very grave.
O is oft used when we wish to exclaim,
P for Public, who must not complain.
Q is for Quizz, which drives us frantic;
R is for Ross, who cuts quite an antic.
S is for Skelly, whose values are great;
T is for Tom, who has a great gait.
U are the reader, whom we pity, alas!
V is for Vassar, which none can surpass.
W for Walker, not yet in his teens;
X for the unknown who pried off the screens.
Y for the young 'uns, asleep all the time;
Z is for Zu Zu at the grocer's, half-dime.

"HEARD IN THE CLASS ROOM."

Miss Mac.—"Give the first axiom."
Miss K.—"If equals—oh, equals, equals—um—equals, equals equals!!"
Senior Boy (Reading His Eng. Lit. (?) in the Lab.)—Excitedly!—"He kissed her again!!"
Senior Girl (Sympathetically)—"How touching!!!"
In German Class-room.
Class are translating German. Senior boy who has evidently been out with the boys the night previous lies slumbering in the corner of the seat.
Miss B.—"Mr. L., translate please."
Mr. L. (slowly opening his eyes and glancing over his book)—"I'll pass!!"
In same old class room.
Class approaching a difficult passage to translate. Senior girl translating preceding passage.
Mr. L. (in undertone to his seat-mate)—"I'll bet dollars to doughnuts I get that next translation."
Seat-mate—"I'll take you, and raise you one better."
Miss B.—"Mr. L. you may——"
Mr. L. (aside)—"When I do I don't see" (has a nose-bleed (?) and leaves the room.
While at school the other day one of our little Freshmen boys swallowed a pen, but his mother gave him something and that made it right.
"It isn't so much what a man says, but how he says it."—Miss Bristol. (How do you know, Miss B.?)



Senior Boy taking orders for the "Echo:"

"Oh me! Oh my! They do say Daniel Webster was once a book agent. I wonder if he had such blooming luck as I have had. I wonder too if there is a dog at that house over yonder."

WANT COLUMN.

Wanted—A nice tailor maid man.—IONE SWAN.

Wanted—Help on geometry.—LORENA SMITH.

Wanted—A position as voice cultivator on a farm.—EFFIE
BRAINERD.

Wanted—A good cleaning.—THE CLOCK.

Wanted—A gracious manner.—ALTA BLAYLOCK.

Wanted—An absolute monarchy.—MISS WILLSEY.

Wanted—A cradle.—FRESHMEN.

Wanted—A bow wow.—BEULAH BLACKMORE.

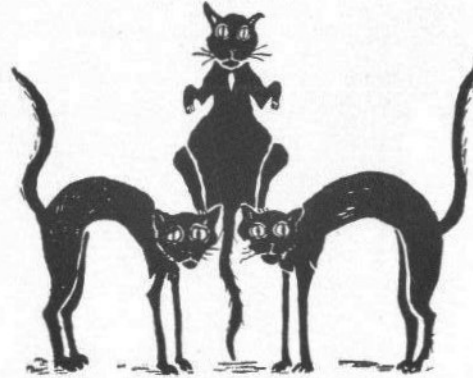
Wanted—A comb.—GUY GIBB.

Wanted—Bright idea.—EDITORS.

Wanted—Messenger to carry dispatches from Columbia to
brow of the hill.—SELDEN'S LAW OFFICE.

Wanted—A Holliday.—LAURENCE ELLIS.

Wanted—An industrious pupil.—MISS BRISTOL.



TAIL PIECE

Manager's Announcement.

I desire to call your farther attention to the following pages of advertisements. You will find as fine a list of advertisers represented as is to be found in any city. I bespeak for them your patronage. They have helped in a large measure to make this publication possible. I desire to thank them, each one, for the courteous treatment accorded us, and the generous response they have made to our solicitation for contracts.

Very respectfully,

CASS G. SELDEN, Manager.

THE OLD RELIABLE HOUSE OF

 D. C. ATKINS 

ESTABLISHED IN 1882

HARDWARE, FURNITURE
and UNDERTAKING.

CARPETS and CURTAINS.
CARRIAGES and IMPLEMENTS.

VASSAR, MICHIGAN.

MILLER'S CORN and BUNION CURE

WE will not refer you to people living in Texas to find out what this remedy will do, but we can give you a host of testimonials right around Vassar. Every bottle is guaranteed to give satisfaction or we refund your money. **Price, 15 cents.**

MILLER'S HEADACHE CURE

A sure cure for Headache. We will refund the price paid if they should fail to cure. Put up and sold by.

Price 10 cents.

H. J. MILLER.

MILLER'S CHOLERA MIXTURE

This remedy has been manufactured and sold by us for over twenty years, and of the thousands of bottles we have sold during that time we have not one single case on record where it has failed to cure.

Price only 25 cents.

DRUGGIST'S All the best odors in Perfumes from the largest **SUNDRIES.** and most reliable manufacturers in America.

Our 5c. and 10c. Toilet Soaps are hard to beat. They are richly perfumed and of excellent quality.

Also a large stock of Toilet Articles, Combs, Brushes, and Sponges, Etc.

OUR line of Drugs is fresh and "up-to-date." In the filling of Prescriptions and Receipts, every caution and care is taken that twenty-three years of practical experience in the compounding of drugs would produce; and you can rest assured that nothing but the best materials obtainable, and just what is called for, will be used on them when entrusted to us.

**Drugs, Stationery,
Wall Paper.**

H. J. MILLER, Pharmacist, Vassar.

GEO. D. CLARKE, PRESIDENT.

ESTABLISHED 1902.

ROSCOE C. WIXSON, ASST. CASHIER

BANK OF GEO. D. CLARKE

VASSAR, MICHIGAN

4 PER CENT

Interest paid on Deposits.
Money to Loan on Real Estate,
Personal Property. Good Endorsed Notes,
and a general Commercial and Savings Bank busi-
ness transacted. This Bank acts as Administrator, Executor
or Trustee under Will or Private Agreement.
Guardian for Minor Children, Receiver,
Assignee or Trustee for Creditors.
Titles perfected and Con-
veyancing correctly
done.

DRAFTS, MONEY ORDERS AND LETTERS OF
CREDIT ISSUED PAYABLE ANYWHERE IN THE
UNITED STATES OR EUROPE. RATES FROM
3 CENTS EACH, UP.

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FOR THIS ANNUAL
WERE MADE BY THE
Electric City
Engraving Co.
Of Buffalo, New York.
=====

GEO. D. CLARKE, President.

WM. J. HOXSIE, Vice-President.

SAML. P. SELDEN, Sec'y and Treas.

RELIANCE MILLING CO.,

MERCHANT MILLERS

— Buyers and Sellers of —

GRAIN, BEANS, HAY, SEEDS and WOOL

BREAD and Pastry made of Gold Band and Gilt Edge flour, our well-known brands, has undoubtedly been daily food for graduates of Vassar and many other schools for the past fifteen years. Sales today greater than ever before. There's a reason. Insist upon having these flours of your grocer, none better, few their equal.

VASSAR, MICHIGAN.

RELIANCE MILLING CO.

VASSAR KNITTING WORKS

VASSAR, MICH.

Manufacturers of

Strictly High Grade Worsted Garments

BOTH PHONES

F. C. HOGLE, Proprietor.



Men's and Boys' Worsted Sweaters
Men's Cardigan Coats and Vests
Ladies' and Misses' Golf Jackets
Ladies' Fine Worsted Skirts

*Men, Women and Children
Fine Worsted Hosiery.*

SPECIAL ORDERS GIVEN
PROMPT ATTENTION

P. L. VARNUM & SON

FINE FOOTWEAR
RUBBERS, HOSIERY



The Only Exclusive Shoe Store in the City

M. C. GRAVES

JEWELER and OPTICIAN



VASSAR, MICHIGAN



*Educated
Heads*

*AND
Skilled
Hands*

Always In Demand.

*THE TRUTH OF THIS IS ATTESTED
BY OVER 35,000 GRADUATES OF THE
DETROIT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY.*

COPYRIGHTED BY P. R. SPENCER, 1894.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE TO

11-19 WILCOX AVENUE

DETROIT, MICH.

HARDWARE



ALWAYS OF BEST QUALITY
AND PRICES RIGHT, AT

SANFORD'S

ON THE CORNER VASSAR, MICHIGAN

GEORGE EASTHAM

The Leading Tailor

Stylish, Artistic, and Up-to-date
Tailoring a Specialty.

This space belongs to  
R. G. LYON, JUSTICE OF
THE PEACE.

County Agent for State Board of Charities
and Corrections. Agent for the burial of
Indigent Soldiers and Sailors.
Secretary of the Board of Education.
Agent of Fire and Marine Insurance Co.
Conveyancing and General Office Business.

Marriages performed with neatness and dispatch
with a special discount to graduates of
the Vassar High School.

Dr. W. A. WELLEMERYE
Physician and Surgeon

Office and Residence on North Main St.
opposite School House.

Calls answered promptly night or day.

Valley Phone No. 79.

CLOTHING
AND
GENT'S
FURNISHINGS

E. W. ELLIS



NEXT
TO
POST
OFFICE

VASSAR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Graduates from our High School are admitted to the University of Michigan and Colleges of the State without Examination.

OUR REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

(A.) HIGH SCHOOL

1. Pupils holding Eighth Grade Diplomas granted by the County Commissioner of Schools.
2. Those holding Teacher's certificate.
3. Those coming from High Schools of approved standing.
4. All others must pass examination in the following branches: Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, U. S. History, Penmanship, Spelling, Civil Government and English Composition.

(B.) GRADES

1. No pupil under five years of age will be admitted to the Grades.
2. Non-residents and unclassified pupils must apply to the Superintendent and be classified before entering any grade.

EXPENSES

The expenses of living in Vassar are not high. We have also many foreign pupils who succeed in securing places where they may earn the whole or a part of their living expenses and at the same time do the work in school.

Foreign pupils pay tuition as follows :

High School.....	\$3.00 per quarter
Grammar School	\$2.50 per quarter
Primary School.....	\$2.00 per quarter

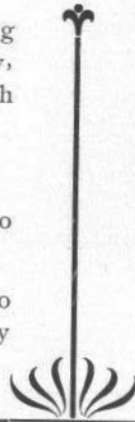
PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS

Catalogues and announcements and information pertaining to school work in general may be obtained by addressing either the Superintendent or the Secretary of the Board.

The outline of the courses offered is shown on the opposite page.

R. G. LYON,
Secretary.

W. SHERMAN LISTER,
Superintendent.



LANGUAGE COURSE

GRADES	IX.	X	XI	XII	Total Hours	
English	English, 2 Grammar and Compositi'n } 3	American Literature, 5 Rhetoric, 3	English Literature, 5	Advanced Eng. Literature, 3 Advanced Grammar, 2	21	2
Civics and History	Civics, 2 U. S. Hist., 3	General History, 5	Eng. Hist., 5		5	10
Mathematics	Arithmetic, 3 Algebra, 3	Algebra, 5	Geometry, 5	Higher Arith- metic, 3 Algebra, 2	21	
Sciences	Physiology, 2 Physical Geography, 3	Botany, 3 Zoology, 2		Physics, 5 Chemistry, 5	5	15
Commercial	Book- keeping, 3					3
Latin	Latin Lessons and Viri Romae, 5	Caesar, 5	Cicero } 4 Ovid } Composition, 1	Ovid, 2 Vergil, 3	20	
German			First Lessons, 5	Classics and Composition, 5		10
Required	16	23	15	18	72	112
Elective	13	5	10	12	40	
Periods	20	20	20	20	80	

GENERAL COURSE

GRADES	IX	X	XI	XII	Total Hours	
English	English, 2 Grammar and Compositi'n } 3	American Literature, 5 Rhetoric, 3	English Literature, 5	Advanced English Lit, 3 Advanced Grammar, 2	21	2
Civics and History	Civics, 2 U. S. Hist., 3	General History, 5	Eng. Hist., 5		5	10
Mathematics	Arithmetic, 3 Algebra, 3	Algebra, 5	Geometry, 5	Higher Arithmetic, 3 Algebra, 2	21	
Sciences	Physiology, 2 Physical Geography, 3	Botany, 3 Zoology, 2		Physics, 5 Chemistry, 5	5	15
Commercial	Book- keeping, 3					3
Latin	Latin Lessons and Viri Romae, 5	Caesar, 5	Cicero } 4 Ovid, } Composition, 1	Ovid, 2 Vergil, 3		20
German			First Lessons, 5	Classics and Composition, 5		10
Required	11	18	10	13	52	112
Elective	18	10	15	17	60	
Periods	20	20	20	20	80	

KEY—Figures indicate number of recitations per week. Studies in Light-face Type compulsory; in **Heavy-face** type elective. From the **Heavy-face** type must be selected a sufficient number of hours to aggregate the number of periods in each grade.

W. B. CAVERS,



DURING hot weather fresh meats require the greatest care. I have the best equipped Meat Market Refrigerator and the best Sausage Machinery in the "Thumb." I select my stock from Tuscola County farmers, and a life-long experience gives my customers

**THE CHOICEST MEATS
AT THE LOWEST PRICES**

T. E. TAGGART & CO.,

DRUGGIST and BOOKSELLER
DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES,
WALL PAPER AND CIGARS



OUR LINE OF SPORTING GOODS IS USED ENTIRELY
BY THE HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

LOCAL MANAGER FOR VALLEY PHONE

THE EXCLUSIVE DRY GOODS STORE

LEADS

WHY?

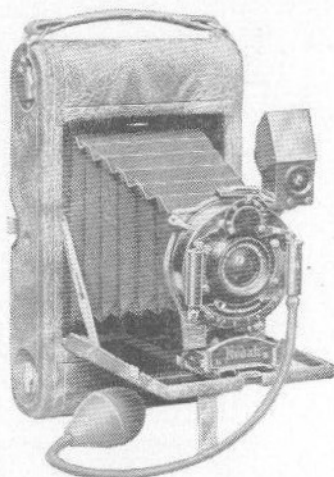
Because we keep only Dry Goods and can give you better lines and better prices than you can get elsewhere. It will pay you to look us up

YOURS TO PLEASE

T. M. STEPHEN

DRY GOODS

CARPETS



*“Vacation Days
are
Kodak Days”*

YOU may some day be far removed from the sights, scenes and faces that surround you now. Then pictures of these familiar objects would be valued beyond price. In any case the

Art of Photography is a fascinating one that repays at once all that it costs in time or money.

Don't fail to see our complete line of Kodaks, prices from \$1.00 to \$20.00.

Our line of Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumes, Wall Paper, Toilet Articles, Etc., is complete.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

Central Drug Store,

C. A. Learn & Co., Props.

*“Opposite Opera
House”*

“Always as Advertised”

We Invite Every Student

To take advantage of our Savings Department. Get the habit of saving while young. It's not necessary to open an account with a large sum. A dollar or less will do. Small deposits compounded twice annually will soon surprise you. Why not begin now?

We conduct a general banking business in connection with our Savings Department and offer every facility consistent with conservative banking



State Savings Bank

VASSAR, MICH.

Isaac Gibbard, President.

H. E. Harrison, Cashier

Don't Play With Fire

By further experimenting, as you can always depend on getting the very best **COAL** from us. We know where and when to buy it and can furnish an article that will please you

IT IS USELESS

for the Farmer to look for a more satisfactory place to sell his Grain. Most Farmers realize this, so follow the crowd. ❁ ❁ ❁

The Miller Grain Co.

VASSAR, MICHIGAN.

