The
D. T. H. S.
ANNUAL
1920

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Published by the
Senior Class of
1920

To Mr. C. A. Brothers who has guided and helped us through the four years of our High School life, we dedicate this book.

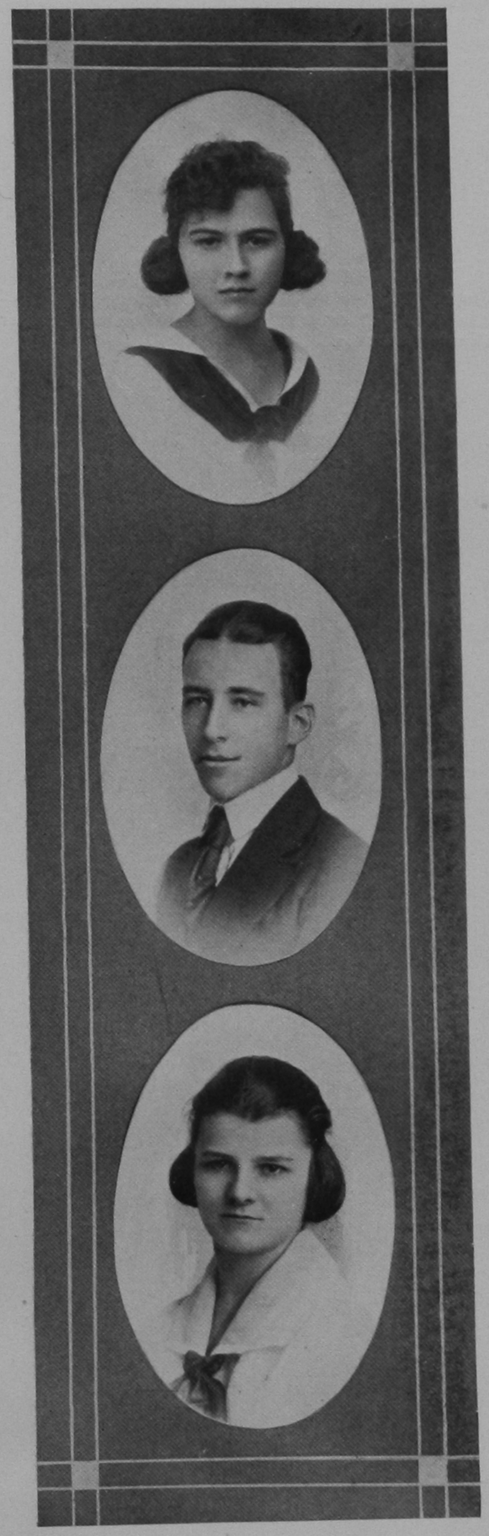
CLASS ROLL

Lisle Barnum
Victoria Currie
Anna Hatting
Clyde Schrotberger
Loretta Bannon

Edythe Deutsch
Walter Moloney
Emma Beiswanger
Thelma Drew
Alma Eyer

Walter Small
Irene Steichen
Orlena Siedentop
Russell Cook
Louise Steger
Iva Lee

Viggo Korsgaard
Margaret Welsh
Ruth Lydigsen
Roger Holbrook
Viola Burkhart
Martha Roeder



VICTORIA CURRIE
General Course.

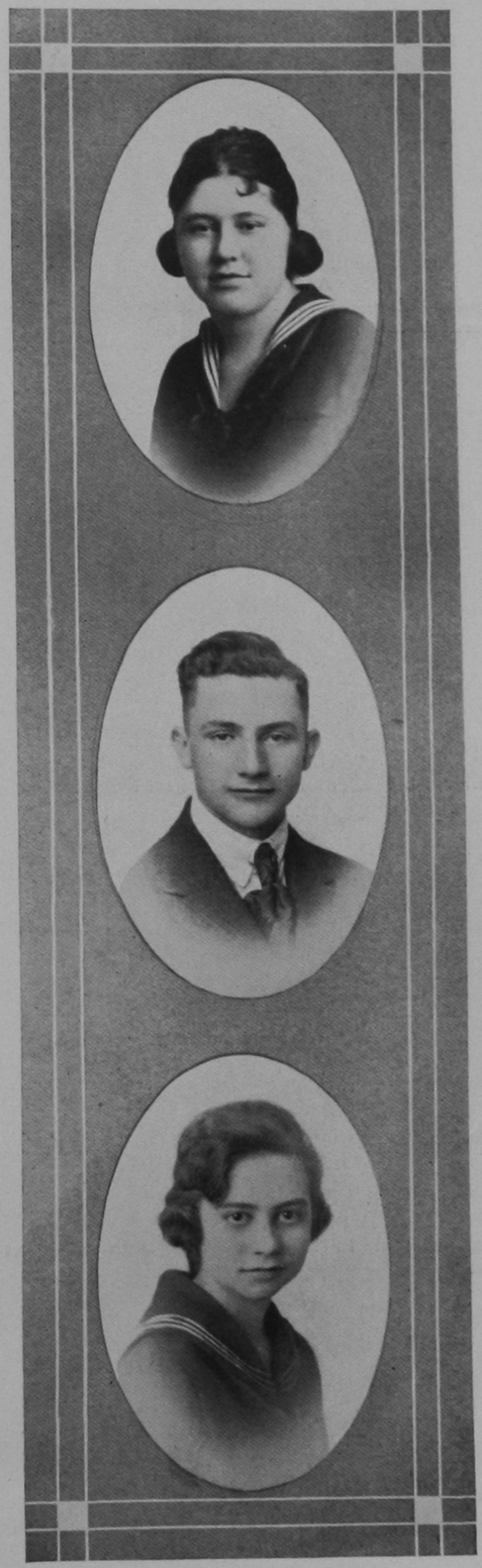
LISLE BARNUM
Senior Play—President of Class—Secretary of the Benedict Society—Joke Editor—Basket Ball—Foot Ball—General Course.

ANNA HATTING
Girls' Glee Club—Class History—Commercial Course.

LORETTA BANNON
Junior Play—Vice President Bernice Society—Class Will—Class Basket Ball—Literary Editor—General Course.

CLYDE SCHROTBERGER
Junior Play—Senior Play—Class Basket Ball—General Course.

EDYTHE DEUTSCH
Vice President of Class—Class Basket Ball—Commercial Course.



EMMA BEISWANGER
Junior Play—Senior Play—Class Poem—Class Basket Ball—Local Editor—Vice President of the Benedict Society—General Course.

WALTER MOLONEY
Basket Ball—Foot Ball—Junior Play—Senior Play—General Course.

THELMA DREW
Class Song—General Course.

ALMA EYER
Senior Play—Class Basket Ball—Class Yell - General Course.

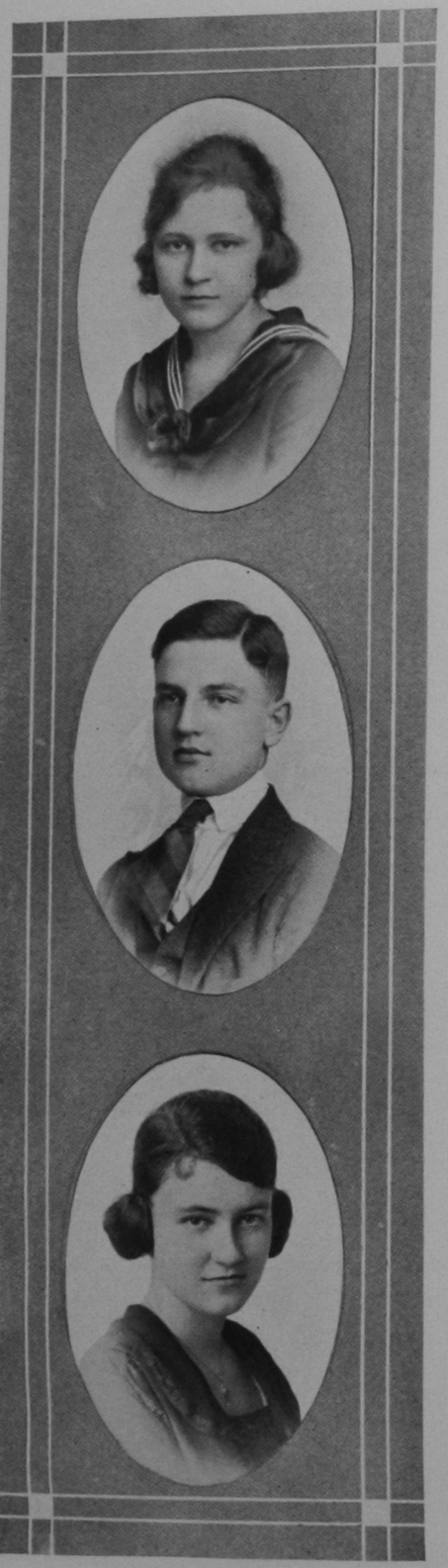
WALTER SMALL
Junior Play—Senior Play—General Course.

IRENE STEICHEN
Class Basket Ball—Girls' Glee Club—General Course.

RUTH LYDIGSEN
General Course.

ROGER HOLBROOK
Junior Play—Senior Play—Basket Ball—Foot Ball—President of the Bernice Society—Editor-in-Chief—General Course.

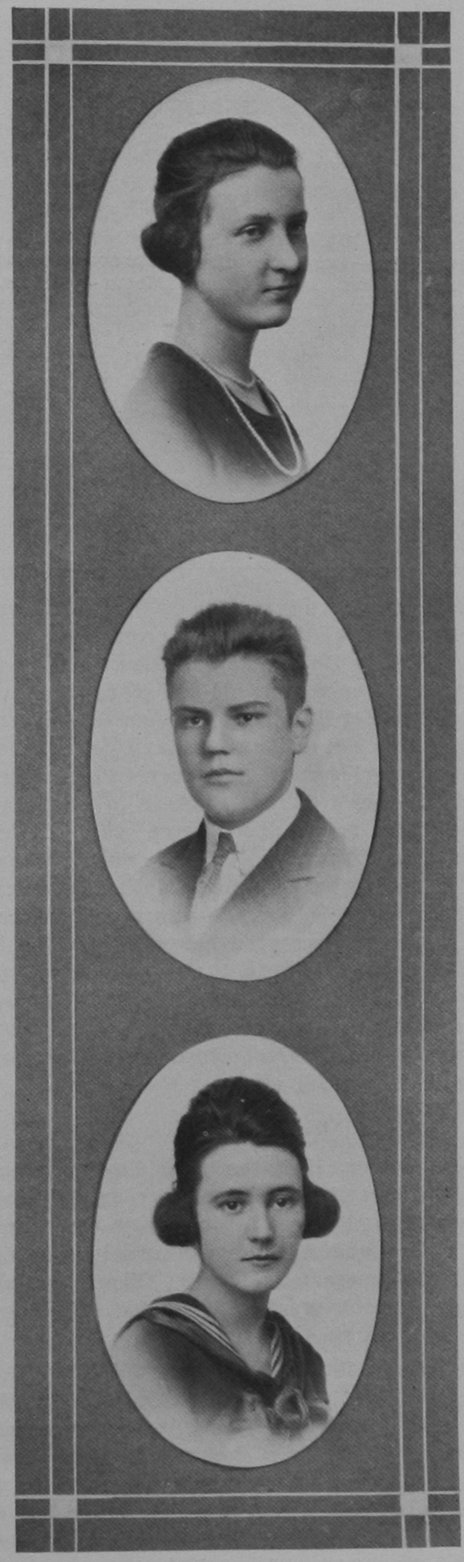
VIOLA BURKHARDT
Class Song—Junior Play—General Course.



ORLENA SIEDENTOP
Class Easket Ball—Senior Play—Secretary of Senior Class—Commercial Course.

RUSSEL COOK
Basket Ball—Senior Play—Class Prophecy—General Course.

LOUISE STEGER
Junior Play—President of the Benedict Society—Class Will — Class Basket Ball — Society Editor—Senior Play—General Course.



IVA LEE
Girls' Glee Club—Class Basket Ball—General Course.

VIGGO KORSGAARD
Basket Ball—Foot Ball—Class Prophecy—Business Manager of Annual—Junior Play—Senior Play—General Course.

MARGARET WELSH
Editor of Art Department—Junior Play—Class Yell—General Course.

MARTHA ROEDER

Senior Play—Secretary of the Bernice Society —Class Basket Ball—Class Motto—General Course.

Class History

CHAPTER I.

Four short years ago, we the class of 1920 with light hearts and lighter heads were welcomed into Dwight High School. We thirty-seven green-looking awkward boys and girls wandered about and drifted into the assembly in one body. As we entered the assembly, shouts of laughter greeted our ears. A stumbling over feet ensued in the mad rush for seats after which the happy Sophomores, jolly Juniors and dignified Seniors, they at least thought they were, did everything to tantalize us poor Freshies. Our one consolation was to think that these who were now tormenting us for being so green were once just as bad themselves, and I really believe they were worse.

The first few weeks were strange to our inexperienced minds. Everything was so new and different from anything we had heard or seen before that the weeks indeed proved stumbling blocks. After a while, however, we were adjusted to the ways of this great machine such as learning where and when to go to our classes, getting acquainted with our new class members and upper classmen who would deign to look our way, being enlightened into the mysteries of Latin and Algebra and we considered ourselves far from ignorant.

At our first class meeting we chose Edythe Deutsch, president, and Loretta Bannon, secretary and treasurer. Our life ran along very smoothly and we were studying, at least some of us were, until we decided that it was time for us to have a party especially since we aimed to mix good times in with our studies. So we put on our thinking caps and planned a party to be held at the High School building. All preparations were made and when the evening arrived for the party, groups of upperclassmen, both the fair sex and otherwise, were stationed on all the corners near the school and—well it is sufficient to say that some of the refreshments were enjoyed by others than Freshmen. The remnants were piled in one corner and just think! some very prominent High School students actually stole them but were discovered before all the lunch had disappeared. But a little thing like that did not bother us and seemed to heighten rather than dampen our spirits. Thus a happy day passed for the Freshmen and so ended the last and only social affair of the year.

CHAPTER II.

In September, 1917, the same Freshmen entered the assembly but with a very different attitude than the year before. Now the tables were turned and we had our turn in making fun of the ignorant Freshmen. There was no longer that look of awe in our faces and our knees did not shake from fear.

Our officers for that year were Walter Moloney, president; Loretta Bannon, vice president and Viola Burkhardt, secretary and treasurer. Unlike the Sophomore class that had preceded us, whose minds naturally were very diligent and turned to studies rather than dances, parties, and frolics, we proved to be the opposite. Although we had out-grown our

childish ways and notions, we were still the same pleasure-loving crowd as before.

Our first party of the year was at the home of Irene Steichen, two miles east of town. The yard was decorated with Japanese lanterns. All enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent, and here was one time we pulled it over on the Freshmen. We chose the same night as they for the party and because ours was two miles from town, our lunch was left in one piece, while the Freshies were content to eat theirs in pieces or not at all. Coming home at a late hour we drove around town to see that every one arrived home safely and uninjured.

This year will long be remembered in the hearts of all D. T. H. S. students as the year in which foot-ball was started with Mr. Carlton as coach. Although our boys were only sophomores and quite small, they were represented; and even though they did not play in all the games, they were stowing up knowledge of the game to be used in future years.

Another social event of the year was a party planned to be held at the Currie farm. It was in April and as the first thing that one thinks of in this month is rain, so the first thing that greeted our eyes on that morning was rain and more rain. It was not a light April shower, but a pouring, drenching one and all thoughts of a party flew to the four winds. The school proved a good substitute for our fun-making and we all tramped thither and were entertained by some hair-breadth escapes, ghost stories, etc., told by the gallant Mr. Carlton.

After this affair, there were no more social activities for the Sophomores, for it was drawing near the end of our second year and half of our High School life was over.

CHAPTER III.

After a very pleasant vacation and rest of three months thirty of us loyal to the purple and white returned for duty. For our president we chose Lloyd Caldwell from Kansas City, who urged us on to do great things. He was with us only a short time and the vice-president, Margaret Welsh, stepped into his place with Anna Hatting vice-president, and Louise Steger, treasurer. We were just well started in our classes when the spread of the "Flu" caused the schools to be closed for eight weeks. It was hard work to get started again but with extra effort and long lessons we were able to make up the time lost.

The crowning success of the Junior year was the play given April 4 and 5 in the High School Assembly. It was a three-act comedy entitled "Safety First." The parts were well portrayed and it was indeed shown that the Juniors were able actors and actresses.

As a precedent was established many years ago that the Juniors entertain the Seniors at the end of the school year, numberless plans were under way to make money for the reception. Through the efforts of the Junior girls, a cake and candy sale was held at Seymour's Drug Store and twelve dollars was cleared. Then the actors and actresses of the Junior play decided to display their dramatic talents in Emington and on April 26 gave the play there. It had been well advertised and when it was all over and the money was counted, over forty-five dollars had been cleared which were put in the bank for future use.

The week preceding June 7, dainty purple and white invitations were sent to all the Seniors and teachers summoning them to the school building on Saturday, June 7. How the Juniors did work that day! Early in the morning one-half dozen girls met in the Domestic Science room where many delicious things to eat were in the making. Upstairs just as efficient a corps of workers were busy decorating the halls and assembly room. It certainly looked pretty when we were all through. A short program was prepared after which dancing was the diversion to the strains of Johnson's orchestra of Pontiac. At eleven o'clock all were summoned to untangle themselves from the streamers and the great day was over.

So ended our third year of High School and after three months of good times, all would be ready to travel our last and most important year in High School.

CHAPTER IV.

In September, 1919, when school opened our ranks were still smaller. Some caught the spirit of the wanderlust and others decided to spend an extra year under the protection of the D. T. H. S. So now there were only twenty-two who were really and truly Seniors.

Now that we were Seniors many grave problems were left for us to solve. The first question to be decided upon was whether we should have a school paper published every two months or whether we should merely publish a Senior annual at the end of the year. It was argued both ways and when put to a vote the majority were in favor of the Annual. The next step was money to back this magazine. Roger Holbrook was chosen editor in chief and with the help of our president, Lisle Barnum, the staff was chosen.

One morning the assembly was well entertained by impromptu speeches made by the different members on the staff. Suggestions were given for raising money by the different classes and as a result at the next basket-ball game, the Freshmen had a candy and pop-corn sale clearing eighteen dollars which was turned over to the student fund. We wish to take this opportunity in thanking the Freshmen class for their loyalty to the Senior class and High School as a whole. We certainly appreciated their efforts and only hope that when they are Seniors the Freshmen then will be as generous in their support and aid.

A carnival was given on Friday evening, March 12, under the direction of the Senior class. All the classes helped with this to make it a success and it surely was a "howling" one as one would know from the noise when passing by the school that night. A good sum of money was cleared which goes to show that the Seniors have never lost their good qualities with which they started their High School career, and in addition have acquired many more.

On Friday and Saturday nights, May 14 and 15, the Senior class presented a three-act comedy "The Private Secretary." Under the careful guidance of Miss Bonham the play was a grand success both dramatically and financially. We, the Senior class, are proud of our efforts and achievements and feel that the future classes will have to work hard to beat our record.

Another grand success of the class of 1920 was held in Mazon Hall, a week later. This event had long been anticipated and it surely came up to our highest expectations. Sweet's 5-piece orchestra furnished their usual good music. Early Saturday morning the dancers retired after spending a very enjoyable even-

On Saturday evening, May 29, the Juniors gave their annual reception in honor of the Seniors. All had a wonderful time. The Juniors certainly know how to entertain royally and we hope they will be as well treated when they are Seniors.

Baccalaureate services were held in the Methodist church Sunday, May 30. Dr. Chapman delivered the sermon.

Now we come to the end of the Senior year, and it is with a feeling of regret that we wish our classmates success in their future life. Our High School days can never be blotted from our memories. The green and white is an unbreakable tie which shall forever bind us to dear old D. T. H. S.

ANNA HATTING.

Class Prophecy

The following prophesy was made for the members of the Senior class of '20, and each member is hoping his or her prophesy will be fulfilled:

1. Lisle Barnum, road commissioner of Grundy County, after many years of hard labor has succeeded in having hard roads north of Dwight to be called Thorpe avenue.

2. Margaret Welsh has recently signed a $50,000 contract to take the part of Cinderella in the latest "Paramount Feature."

3. After many years of clock-winding, Walter Moloney has been advanced to errand boy in the First National Bank.

4. Alma Eyer, after giving up the work of school-teaching, typewriting, telephone operator, dry-goods clerk, and many other occupations, has decided to be candy sampler at Vickery's "Sweet Shop."

5. Walter Small is still making a house to house campaign, selling subscriptions to Young's Magazine, to win a scholarship to the Do-Nothing Society School.

6. Victoria Currie is now writing another novel called "His Last Chance." She promises to put Dwight on the map.

7. Roger Holbrook signed as radio operator on the good ship Mary Ann, but has now been advanced to bell-hop to the cook.

8. Thelma Drew accepted a position as teacher in Blair, but soon eloped with the clerk in the general merchandise store.

9. Ruth Lydigsen is instructor of Oratory in the school for deaf and dumb.

10. Viggo Korsgaard, successor to Champ Clark, is now introducing a bill into Congress prohibiting the sale of malted milk.

11. Loretta Bannon has just returned from Europe where she has been working in the war-zone for the Humane Society.

12. Clyde Schrotberger is still working the coloring into Oleo at the Red Front. He hopes that Mary will not think the yellow on his fingers is from cigarettes.

13. Edythe Deutsch is now composing music on the typewriter in the Pontiac Motor Car. Co.

14. Iva Lee, after returning from Hawaii, is giving lessons on classical dancing in the Buskov Building.

15. Irene Steichen is now manager of the Steichen Implement Co. Don't say she can't run a tractor.

16. After eight divorce suits, Louise Steger has married a wealthy taxidermist and has decided to live a quiet life.

17. Russell Cook is still running the ninth recitation while Pete takes his piano lessons.

18. Emma Beiswanger has of late become a saleswoman for the Quality Store.

19. Orlena Seidentop has secured a position as telephone girl. Here's hoping she finds the right number.

20. Anna Hatting after many trials and tribulations is now trimming windows in Barnum's Hat Shop.

21. Viola Burkhart after several years of teaching school has finally decided to start giving lectures on the importance of steel.

22. Martha Roeder is now clerk in Heenan's Department Store. It is said she has a pull somewhere.

As a whole, the Senior class of '20 has become a group of leading people in the State of Illinois.

Class Will

We, the Seniors of 1920, being all of average intelligence and sound of mind, do hereby publish and declare:

That this is our last will and testament.

That the publication of this makes all previous documents null and void.

That we have given this will serious consideration and proclaim that it does justice to everyone mentioned herein.

Therefore we do set down the following bequests:

1. To Henry Klusman we do bequeath Viggo Korsgaard's popularity.

2. To Mary Chapple we do bequeath Ruth Lydigsen's powerful voice.

3. To Charlotte Thorpe we do bequeath Thelma Drew's eyes that she may have the full equipment.

4. To Margaret Brown we do bequeath Roger Holbrook's easy-going manner of speaking.

5. To Anna Pool we do bequeath Walter Small's proficiency as star actor of the class.

6. To Andrew Burkhart we do bequeath the boisterous gaity of the entire class.

7. Russell Cook bequeaths to some hopeful would-be Chemistry student all that's left of his laboratory equipment, coupled with his aptness for explosion.

8. To William Anderson we do bequeath Emma Beiswanger's sense of humor.

9. To Florence Bergman we do bequeath Anna Hatting's quiet and gentle nature.

10. To Herbert McKinney we do bequeath Loretta Bannon's idea of a good time.

11. To Leona Sodini we do bequeath Iva Lee's dignified manner of becoming angry.

12. To Irene Bannon we do bequeath Walter Moloney's love for his teachers.

13. To Helen Duffy we do bequeath Edythe Deutsch's unassuming manner and docility of spirit.

14. Victoria Currie does bequeath to the school as a whole her latest publication, "The B. P. & J., The Only Way."

15. To Miriam Deutsch we do bequeath Margaret Welsh's motto: "Work Before Play."

16. To Mildred Hornberger we do bequeath another year's growth together with Clyde's ability to amuse and entertain.

17. Orlena Siedentop does bequeath to the Junior class all the money left in the class treasury after the annual has been published.

18. To Florence Strufe we do bequeath the traditional alarm clock which so faithfully has kept Loretta Bannon and Emma Beiswanger on time.

19. To Dorothy Weicker we do bequeath a share in the alarm clock. It, however, must not be taken from our enterprising village for there are probably similar institutions in St. Louis and Cly and Meme will need it next year.

20. To Anna Drew we do bequeath the acting ability of our movie queen, Theda.

21. Viola Burkhart leaves to Irene Bannon her fondness for druggists.

22. To Marjorie Steichen we do bequeath the shoes which Martha Roeder wore when she leaped from the Sophomore ranks to the Senior. Marjorie will find them very useful in covering the two miles between her home and D. T. H. S.

23. Alma Eyer leaves to the entire student body her earnest advice: "Complete Your High School Education."

24. To Allen Zingrebe we do bequeath Lisle Barnum's gum-chewing ability.

25. Louise Steger leaves with her departure a certain sense of peace and security to a somewhat troubled Sophomore.

26. To Florence Burgwald we do bequeath Irene Steichen's fairness.

27. To Sylvester Dennehe we do bequeath a few more years of algebra.

28. Viggo Korsgaard leaves the space he occupied in the assembly to one-half the Junior class.

To the Junior class as a whole we do bequeath this little cake of yeast. May their ambitious souls rise—not ferment.

Senior Prom

On May twenty-first occurred the annual Senior Prom, an event which all Seniors eagerly look forward to and await. The play was over and most all of the work that graduation puts upon the Senior, so this night seemed the most satisfactory for the affair.

The hall was elaborately decorated in purple and white crepe paper, these being the class colors of the Seniors. Near the orchestra was placed huge baskets of purple and white lilacs which made it more effective.

Sweet's orchestra of Joliet furnished the best of music for the dancers. The first dance was merely a starter until everyone arrived. By nine o'clock there had assembled about seventy couples ready for the Grand March. So when the first notes of the march were struck up the Grand March, led by Louise Steger and Rupert Goodman, began wending its way around and around the hall until all were on the floor. Finally reaching the farthest end of the hall, Loretta Bannon and Lisle Barnum presented each with a dainty little dance program. These were printed in purple, tied with purple cords and ribbons and holding space for twenty dances, four of which were specials.

Then the dancing began. The music was excellent and certainly put everyone in the best of spirits if they weren't feeling that way before. "Tripping the light fantastic toe" continued until two 'oclock when everyone left for their homes having had a delightful time. The graduates-to-be were especially satisfied with this night's fun for it was the last time they will ever assemble as a class.

And thus ended this memorable affair that turns out of D. T. H. S. days of fun and frolic the grand old class of 1920.

Senior Play

"The Private Secretary" is the season's latest success, running for two nights at the High School auditorium, May 14 and 15. The play surely was a hit with all that saw it and the Seniors can take much credit for the way in which it was given. Miss Bonham's coaching was appreciated so much that a bouquet of roses and a box of candy were presented to her by the cast.

The synopsis of the play is as follows:

Act One. Scene—Douglas Cattermole's apartments at Mrs. Stead's. Douglas (Walter Moloney) is out of money and his rich uncle will give him no more till he sows his wild oats. His friend, Harry Marsland (Lisle Barnum) conceives a plan for him to impersonate a private secretary Mr. Marsland (Roger Holbrook) had engaged, and to sow his wild oats at the same time. The two are off leaving the real Private Secretary (Walter Small) in Douglas' apartments. Mr. Cattermole (Viggo Korsgaard) arrives and mistakes the secretary for his nephew and is much disappointed in him. He scares the landlady (Louise Steger) and Spalding the secretary and upsets his liver.

Act Two. Scene—Mr. Marsland's country house. Harry and Douglas arrive and take to the girls Eva Webster (Orlena Siedentop) and Edith Marsland (Alma Eyer) right away. Mr. Gibson, a tailor (Clyde Schrotberger), a creditor of the boys arrives to complicate matters. His one ambition is to rise in society and the boys have to pass him off as a friend. Later Spalding arrives and Mr. Cattermole and Douglas each try to get rid of him. Miss Ashford (Emma Beiswanger) the housekeeper, an enthusiastic spiritualist, takes him for a medium and Douglas seizes upon this plan to get rid of him. Complications ensue.

Act Three. Scene—Same as previous act. Spalding's life as a medium is very exciting. He is always being hidden and so takes the place for a lunatic asylum. Gibson discovers a burglar but he turns out to be Robert Spalding, the Private Secretary. Everything is made straight.

Others that helped the play to be a success are Knox, the writ-server (Russell Cook), and Johanna, the maid (Martha Roeder), each playing the parts well.

A school orchestra furnished music between acts which was much appreciated.

Class Poem

With 1920 there comes the class
That never another could ever surpass;
We have won great honors, achieved great fame,
If the school is not bettered — we're not to blame.

First on the list comes Lisle
Who bears all our cares with a smile;
If in trouble or sorrow we happen to be,
He laughs and says, 'What's that to me?"

Next, a fair young lass to her class so true
There isn't a thing she'd refuse to do;
She loves so dearly the moonlight eves,
It's needless to tell you—of course, it's Louise.

To-day Walt is happy, to-morrow he's sad,
Quite changeable indeed for a High School lad;
He's the star of our athletes through and through.
But he likes the girls just as all boys do.

Clyde, good-natured but with a severed heart
For he's been struck by cupid's dart,
Answer's no more to "her" sweet call
And resolves that he never again will fall.

Another lass by the name of Lorett,
Never a thing does she seem to forget;
She—at last, has decided to teach
And we are glad—for she'll make a peach.

There's Edythe, another whose commercial stand
Is simply wonderful; her typewriting's grand,
To her classmates she's faithful, to her friends she's true;
What more could you expect a girl to do?

There's Roger who's so very tall
But he's not so bashful after all;
This was proved in both class plays
When he was sure to get mixed with the girls some way.

There's another, a trim little lass is she
And goes by the name of Alma E,
Not a thing she attempts, does it ever fall through
That's more than a lot of us folks can do.

We have a boy who's fond of the farm
But this doesn't do him a bit of harm,
For he's the star of our actors and after all,
His name is only that of Walt Small.

Ruth is as bashful as bashful can be
But that doesn't matter of course you see,
For she's sure accomplished a deal of work
She never was known to idle or shirk.

Next in importance but not in size,
Comes Anna H. who sure is wise;
She's very timid and very shy
But, nevertheless, she always gets by.

Another maid with dark brown hair
When school begins she's always there,
High grades and honors are her lot,
Yes, it's Viola—I almost forgot.

Martha R. was a Sophomore last year
But now she's a Senior so never fear;
She worked very hard and we must confess
She's going to graduate, nevertheless.

Victoria's a girl who comes so far
She never can get here before the car;
This doesn't bother her for she's full of pep,
Without her the class would sure lose its "rep."

Viggo's the man with a business eye
Not a one will ever pass him by;
Unless for the annual, they give him an ad
If only a half page—that isn't bad.

Thelma's the one who knows how to speak
If I had my say she'd speak every week;
She never gets nervous or stutters a bit
And with her audience she sure makes a hit.

Iva's the girl with the graceful air
Her dancing lessons put that there;
She's very fond of the kodak too,
If you don't look out she'll sure get you.

Irene who never a word does say
Sure lets us have it all our way;
She's a very fair and stately dame
Would there were more to bear her name!

Russell's the one who a chemist would be,
Such a life would never appeal to me;
He's had several explosions so now I guess,
He knows just how to make the test.

Another, yes, Margaret, who you all do know
Sits in the last seat of the second row;
She toils every minute, but she doesn't care
For when exemptions are read her name is there.

Orlena's another with tresses fair
If you want to find "him" go over there;
She can play the piano to beat the band
When people hear it they say 'tis grand.

Last comes the author, who strives in vain
With desperate efforts to conceal her name.
O! how I wish this day were passed
For with the six great poets I'm sure to be classed.

EMMA BEISWANGER.

Class Song

IN DAYS OF D. H. S.

(Tune, "Some Day in Caroline")

The days have swiftly glided by;
The Seniors come to say good-bye
To students of D. T. H. S.
With sadness though we must confess;
The happy days which we spent here
We ever will recall,
Though other tasks now fill our spheres,
Memories come as shadows fall.

CHORUS.

Memories, memories,
Seems to set my heart a-wearyin'
For the days of D. H. S.
In dreams I wander back yonder
Among the rows of cheery friends;
And hear the laughing and whispering,
Of jolly students through the day;
And then I seem to see teachers there
In our classes as in days of old;
It's you my D. H. S.
With sweetest memories
Of friends with whom we used to wander
And of greatness ponder,
In days of D. H. S.

V. E. B.
T. M. D.

Class Yell

Let's go, Let's go,
Seniors, Seniors don't be slow,
We've got a rep, now keep your pep
For Dwight High—Dwight High!

MARGARET WELSH,
ALMA R. EYER.

Seniors Pay Last Tribute to English

As I sit and think of that Herrick and Damon and its rules of punctuation—that I wasted two perfectly good years of my life laboring over its lessons and writing themes as a week end pastime—but ah! 'tis over now. Then came that English and American Literature of the Junior and Senior years, when we studied lives of men now dead and gone, but who must have lived as long as Methusaleh, considering their eventful lives which no student of average intelligence could ever hope to remember.

Today our English work was ended and the appreciation of the fact was shown by one last "spread" on the last day of school for us, May twenty-seventh. It was quite a surprise to the students as well as to Miss Bonham when a large home-made chocolate cake, a supply of ice cold lemonade and three boxes of candy were brought in and served to all. The lunch was indeed an appetizing one and even Mr. Brothers, our honored guest, enjoyed it. After these refreshments the rest of the period was spent in commencement and graduation plans and the relating of plans by each student for the coming year. By a suggestion of one of the class a system has been organized by which each shall know the whereabouts of his or her classmates during the future. This is to be done by a circulatory letter and this way we shall, in years to come, always be the same united class as we have been in the days of D. T. H. S. And here's to our English Instructor and Class Sponsor—may we live in her memories.

Latest News of Some of Our Graduates

Louise Steger has entered the "chic" business.

Loretta Bannon has been greatly interested in the changing of the name of the town of Wilson—I wonder why. Could it be that she wants it or does she think that one "Wilson" is enough?

Emma Beiswanger has recently joined a "Scouting" party and has "Kepp" it going.

Alma Eyer has undertaken the work of raising a fund for the "Old Soldiers' Home" and Louise and Emma have donated their services in the good work.

Viola Burkhart recently saw Charles Ray in "Charley, the Druggist." The play was shown here for three nights, and no one could quite understand why Viola waited through three shows each night. There must be something extremely captivating about the druggist "calling."

Edythe Deutsch was seen leading a "Flock" down the street the other evening.

Iva's interest in China has waned lately. Emington now claims her entire attention.

Lisle Barnum is still looking for a little house for his little "Lot."

Thelma Drew was last seen starring in "The Corn Fed Vamp," a cereal play.

Ambitions

Don't you remember how we all started in High School with lofty ambitions? We were all going through school and be great men and women. How many still held faithful to their ideals in the second year? Not all. A few had dropped out by the road-side to lie in ease (?) and watch the rest struggle by. Some more were tired but were urged on by parents or principal for their own good. They kept going awhile but had no aim or goal to win and to struggle for. Their ambitions had faded. They could not form more on the same scale and they became loafers, dragging along with the rest of the class. All their ambitions were class parties and good times. They kept on for such as that.

The third year saw still fewer in the ranks. The laggards were being weeded out. Work somewhere else called them—clerking, learning the trade first, acquiring little education. The rest of us went on, our aim still in view, or perhaps we saw higher ones.

We are getting fewer, the work is getting harder—all necessary to our goal. The fourth year is nearly done and we are ready to go out to fulfill our aims—to live up to our ambitions. Perhaps we need more preparation, we will try to go on. We hope to be great, but then, that is the hope of every graduate, and we know that some never get there. Which of us will—that is for us alone to decide but by always keeping our one aim in view we will endeavor to go on.

FACULTY

MR. C. A. BROTHERS
Superintendent—Physics

MISS GOLDIE C. JAMES
Principal—Algebra—Chemistry—Biology

MISS MARTHA E. BONHAM
English

MISS ESTHER JOY LAWRENCE
French—Latin

MISS HELEN HATFIELD
English—History—Civics

MISS OLYVE BURNS
Domestic Science—Science I

MR. ARBON WETZEL
Manual Training—Coach

MISS ZORA WELLS
Typewriting—Shorthand—Bookkeeping—Geometry

MISS JANE LOUISE FULTON
Music—Drawing

MISS GOLDIE C. JAMES
Principal—Algebra—Chemistry—Biology

MISS ESTHER JOY LAWRENCE
French—Latin

MISS MARTHA E. BONHAM
English

MISS HELEN HATFIELD
English—History—Civics

MISS OLYVE BURNS
Domestic Scienie—Science I

MISS ZORA WELLS
Typewriting—Shorthand—Bookkeeping—Geometry

MR. ARBON WETZEL
Manual Training—Business Arithmetic—Coach

MISS JANE LOUISE FULTON
Music—Drawing

NOTES OF OTHER CLASSES

Junior

You certainly must have heard about those twenty-three Juniors who entered the D. T. H. S. this year. They are a lively bunch, I can tell you. It was not very long until they had a class meeting under the leadership of last year's president, Peter Kern. The following capable and active officers were elected: President, Leona Sodini; vice president, Marjorie Steichen; secretary, Irene Bannon.

We were overjoyed to find that we still had our "always smiling" Miss James as sponsor, for we have always found her true and loyal to the colors. For several weeks even the most active in the class were contented to be quiet and studious for we found that Junior life was not a snap. But even though we were busy the majority of us managed to be present and yell at the football games last fall.

Soon the more lively members of the class were clamoring for a party so it was decided to have a joint party with the Sophomores. Basket ball was just beginning at this time and the High School building was in use nearly every night so the party had to be given up.

As we could not have a party we decided to have a cake sale to show the town that we were still living. It was held at Seymour's Drug Store and nearly every one brought something, either cake or candy. The sale met with tremendous success.

Everyone was busy with basket ball this year, the girls included. The girls played several inter-class games of basket ball with the ever faithful Miss James as coach.

TO THE SOPHOMORES.

The Fresies call us Soppies
But we know they can't help that,
Because they're merely Freshmen
And we don't mind their prat.

The Sophomores aren't doing much
Perhaps you may know why;
It's 'cause they're studying awful hard
So we can all get by.

We haven't had any parties
The reason you can see
It's 'cause the H. C. of L.
Is high as it can be.

Next year we'll all be Juniors
And be a great deal more refined;
We'll be the classiest bunch of Juniors
The D. H. S. could find.

Miss Hatfield in Civics class—"Well how do the names of the electors get on the ballots anyway?"

Irene—"Why the printer puts them there, of course."

Miss Hatfield—"I have always wanted to go to Washington to see the White House and the Capitol and still hope that I may go sometime."

Bright Pupil—"You can go on your wedding trip."

Miss Hatfield—"Oh I might be too old to enjoy it by that time."

Sophomore

We are still noted for our class spirit as we were last year, so on September 8, 1919, we held our first class meeting. The election of officers was weighing heavily upon our minds so a speedy election was held. The following officers were elected for the year 1919-20: President, Paul Barry; vice president, Lenore Thompson; secretary and treasurer, Ray Zingrebe.

Attempts were made to have a Sophomore party, but as everyone was very busy with outside affairs, we decided to call it off for a while.

The H. S. had a campaign for Movie Tickets, the proceeds of which were to be added to the basket ball fund. Each class worked ardently, but the Sophs finally won the lead. Edna Seabert, being our star, sold 28 tickets.

Oh No! We will not leave out the greatest of our Sophs. All our foot ball and basket ball boys deserve great praise for the splendid work they have done. We are all very proud of the fact that the boys are well worth being mentioned.

During the year the H. S. had several entertainments on various Friday mornings. March 12, 1920, Edna Seabert and Lucile Smith entertained us, Edna playing the violin and Lucile accompanying her. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed this musicale. Here is some more of our Sophomore talent. We hope that some day Edna and Lucile will be starring in Cayuga or Odell.

We thought it was about time we were having a party, so we had a class meeting in regard to that fact. We set the date and were bound that it should not be changed. It was a lovely night, April 23, that the Jolly Sophomores gathered to have their first party of the season. A few of the teachers acted as chaperons for the crowd. Many thanks to them. With Mrs. Conner playing the latest Jazz

JUNIOR CLASS

First Row—left to right—Anna Drew, Margaret Brown, Marjorie Steichen, Mildred Hornberger, Florence Burgwald, Florence Struffe, Helen Duffy.
Second Row—left to right—Mary Chapple, Dorothy Weicker, Florence Bergman, Charlotte Thorpe, Eleanor Swanson, Irene Bannon.
Third Row—left to right—Peter Kern, William Anderson, Andrew Burkhart, Herbert McKinney, Henry Klusman.
Members Class not in picture—Lillian Epstein, Mamie Gregory, Edith Gallup, Lillie Larsen, Anna Pool, Leona Sodini, Allen Zingrebe, June Welsh, Edward Costello, Logan Ketcham, Fred Struffe.

everyone present enjoyed the dancing. We think this is where the majority of boys made their debut in dancing. At a late hour refreshments consisting of ice cream and wafers were served. We wish to extend best thanks to Miss James and Miss Lawrence for their ability in presenting a few little songs. Soon the pianist struck up with "Home, Sweet Home," then everyone departed happily.

On May the third and fourth were the track meets. Paul Barry and Harold Davis represented our class, and made the Sophomores score speed up at a great rate.

Those who left our class this year are James Costello, Marguerite Welch, William and Clifford Steichen. Marguerite is now answering calls at the telephone office, Jim pounding iron at the factory, and Bill and Clifford "thrashing" oats. We hope that no more of our class will dwindle away as we want to make it the largest graduating class ever.

May 7, Gladys Wood entertained the High School Assembly. She is very talented along the line of Public Speaking and here's hoping she will some day make her debut as a great orator. Her selections are of a very interesting type which everyone enjoys.

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Ted Seabert without a grin?

Wiley Bergman talking anything but telegraphy?

Dot Jenkins without a Freshie?

Punch and Judy coming in a minute before a minute to nine?

Mary Christman thinking of anything but "cereals?"

Miriam Deutsch staying up in deportment?

Cly Bartholic not pulling one over on Miss Hatfield?

Lucile reading anything but Milton?

Jep not rolling her eyes?

Den sticking to one girl?

Fritz without an evening filled?

Esther E. keeping still?

Gladys anything but 100 in deportment?

Cly without a milk pail?

WHAT WOULD—

Dorothy F. do without her diary?

O'Malley's do without Sylvester?

Ohlendorf's do without Jep?

Margaret B. do without Paul.

WHAT IF—

Margaret J's hairdress wasn't spiffy?

Jep didn't know the country routes?

Miss Hatfield forgot to take off deportment?

Miss Fulton forgot "Flea Club?"

Harriet H. got "Skinny?"

Andrew Peterson knew his French?

Ray Z. looked at a girl?

Freshman

On September 2nd, 1919, fifty some Freshmen drifted into the assembly of the D. T. H. S. with no idea how to act or what to do. The first week was a series of blunders on their part. They certainly furnished amusement for the whole school. After settling down, some of us received a fright, for we were summoned to the second recitation and told we must be on a program the following Friday. Some were so scared that they developed sickness. However, the program came off with great success.

The first Freshmen meeting was called on September 11, 1919, in the second recitation room. The meeting was called to order by Miss Wells, our sponsor. Nomination of officers then took place, those being elected were: Robert Flagler, class president; Dorothy Morgan, vice president; Grace Short, secretary and treasurer.

About one month later another meeting was called by the President, in first recitation room, for the purpose of distributing among the class, tickets for the series of moving pictures, being shown at the Opera House by the D. T. H. S. Fifty tickets were distributed among the members of the class.

Some time later the class again met to choose a class motto, flowers, and colors. A committee was appointed to get samples of colors. A motto was not decided upon and the class then adjourned.

On November the fifth, a meeting was called by the President. The colors chosen were red and white; flowers, red and white carnations; motto "Be Square."

On February 19, 1920, the Seniors called a meeting of all the class officers. The classes were told they wanted money from each class for the Annual. The Freshmen decided to have a pop corn and candy booth at the basket ball game on the following Friday. Quite a sum was realized from this sale and the money was turned over to the Annual Board.

David and Jonathan, James and Lawrence.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

First Row—left to right—Miriam Deutsch, Clymenia Bartholic, Lenore Thompson, Grayce Barnum, Esther Sondergaard, Dorothy Foersterling, Minnie Zabel, Dora Jepsen, Myrtle Coughlin.

Second Row—left to right—Edna Seabert, Edna Jepsen, Lucile Smith, Harriet Haise, Edna Kime, Mildred Schroeder, Mera Robinson.

Third Row—left to right—Harold Davis, Clifford Steichen, Sylvester Dennehe, William Steichen, Andrew Peterson, Wiley Bergman, Howard Hinch, Charles Christiansen.

Members Class not in picture—Arthur Bauerle, Paul Barry, Esther Epstein, Mary Christman, Ambrose French, Wayne Hoffman, Harold Hanlon, Dorothy Jenkins, Margaret Jeffries, Paul Korsgaard, Elva Landers, Clara Lund, Leslie Schore, Gladys Wood, Ray Zingrebe, Lloyd Pfeifer, Marguerite Welch, James Costello, Loretta Lawler.

"IT'S THE FRESHMEN."

When all is dull and quiet
When the social world's at rest,
And you hear some voices plotting
For a good time, that is best,
It's the Freshmen.

If the plans are sadly blighted
And the outlook sadder yet
And the crowd seems all the brighter,
Even though their hearts are set,
It's the Freshmen.

And so it runs through rain or shine
Their smiles shine through their tears,
'Tis the motto of their class
They will follow through the years,
For they're the Freshmen.

MAIDEN RUMINATION.

Each moment an eternity
For me—I hoped in vain.
I sat and waited patiently,
He never came.
And oh! I dressed so carefully,
From toe to shining curl,
I waited and he went to see
Another girl.

A FRESHIES ODE TO ALGEBRA.

Horrors of Horrors,
What's this I see?
Algebra numbers a+b—c
Confound the durn letters!
Now if I take a degree,
I'll fix up those letters so people will see
I'm no feather-brained Freshie, By Gee.
Although I have taste for alphabetical letters,
I know how to fix them to compete with their betters;
In orations long, or in comps very short,
I'll make them appear as if drunk with great sport
I'll not make them stand for stupid old numbers,
Where students will dig and make thousands of blunders.
I want them to fire the mind and the heart
So once they are heard, they will never depart
I want them to hit at the very soul
So that men of great learning in science and art,
Will make a great effort to reach the "Great Goal."
Of Ambitions fruit I have little to boast,
For I fear that it's wine goes down with this toast;
"May Algebra letters return to the dust,
While in real 'letters' of wisdom we will all put our trust."

M. M. T.

What would the school do for amusement if the Freshmen were not "Green?"

Robert Flagler seems to relish his finger nails. How about it, Bob?

WHAT IF—

Miss Bonham wasn't always praising the other English class?

Elizabeth Hovey didn't know everything.

Margaret Bower whispered.

Bill O'Neil forgot to curl his hair.

SENIORS TO THE FRESHMEN.

Oh bless thee, dearest Freshmen
Let nothing you dismay
For some of us did look like you,
When first we came this way.

Miss James is my teacher, I shall not want (any algebra)
She leadeth me into the rules of algebra,
My head runneth over, she annoints my brains with equations,
Yea tho I walk through the valence of algebra,
I fear no test, my test tube runneth over,
She leadeth me in the paths of algreba,
But I do not follow
So I may take this subject again next semester.

—A Freshman.

AXIOMS.

Recitation is a science of bluffing.

Zero added to zero—the result is flunk.

Zeros are always equal, though they never coincide.

A teacher is a many sided polygon and equal to anything.

A proposition is a general term for that which confronts a Senior at the end of the year.—Exchange.

How dear to my heart are the old coat and britches,
That for three or four years have kept me so warm;
They look rather shabby, but eight or ten stitches
And pressing will suit them again to my form
I looked at the new ones that looked almost like 'em.
They wanted a hundred or two—Sakes Alive!

How any sane man had the nerve so to hike 'em
I paid for these old ones, I think, twenty-five.
The old coat and britches, the moth-eaten britches,
Will answer for me till low prices arrive.

—Exchange.

Is your husband a good provider, Dinah?

Yessum, he's a good providah, all right, but I'se allus skeered dat niggah's gwine ter git caught at it.—Exchange.

He—I feel like proposing. Where can we go?
She—Let's try the courtyard.—Pitt Panther.

FRESHMAN CLASS

First Row—left to right—Inez Butz, Harriet Blocker, Ethel Hoffman, Margaret Bowers, Elizabeth Hovey, Sylvia Larsen, Mary Louise Heinen, Vera Tambling, Olivia Both, Marian Sterns, Lyda Price, Pearly Rhode, Grace Short, Edith Diefenbach, Dorothy Morgan, Zena Scoville, Louise Storm, Alma Simantel.

Second Row—left to right—Fred Ambler, Earnest Rearick, Elton Christopher, Orville Brown, Mildred Pool, Lillie Clausen, Esther Roeder, Grace Walton, Alma Walkup, Margaret Finnegan, Lida Sodini, Lila Hansen, Wilhelmina Flagler, Bernice Welch, Ruth Brown, Elsie Kelch.

Third Row—left to right—Howard Trunnell, James Lawler, Ernest Tock, Maurice Nelson, Ralph Eyer, Jesse Crewes, Oscar Christiansen, Virgil Nelson, John Blaine, Leslie Aye, Robert Flagler, William O'Neill, Charles Mahannah, Louis Nelson.

Members Class not in picture—Florence McConnell, Cyril Coughlin, Milton Beyer, Myldred Constantine, Adrian Pilson, Margaret Thompson.

D. T. H. S. ATHLETICS

More Freshmen are wanted for foot ball practice. They are the ones that develop a winning team.

Peter Kern claims he can play better when his "family" is watching him. So keep on coming, you Sophomore.

We wish a prominent member of the Junior class would walk home alone so Paul Barry could indulge more in athletics.

Girls, watch and see that "he" comes out for practice.

Ray Zingrebe wishes the girls would stay away from basket ball practice. What is the trouble, Ray?

When Korsgaard tried to dribble the length of the floor one would think a tank was coming.

Mr. Wetzel claims that there shall be no dirty work pulled off on the second team by members of the first team. It would be too bad if one of the second team players was rolled around on the floor.

Dame Rumor has whispered around that Mr. Wetzel will be back next year. Let's hope it's true.

After Iva Lee finishes her education as an osteopath she says she will come back and train the athletic teams. Oh you lucky fellows ??

The basket ball players wish an elevator from the dressing room to the gymnasium. This is a much needed article.

Why can't D. T. H. S. give large letters in place of the small ones. A boy appreciates it more because other people can see them. We wonder if they are ashamed of the "D" and if that is the reason they are small.

FOOT BALL.

The foot ball season opened with three men of previous foot ball experience reporting for practice, besides a squad of green men large enough to form a winning eleven.

The first two weeks were spent in getting the men used to handling the ball and the fundamental processes of the game such as tackling, falling on ball, charging, catching punts, receiving passes, etc.

Signal practice was started at the beginning of the third week and at times it seemed impossible to get enough men out for pactice, but as the game with Streator drew near the boys came out for practice steadier so that when they left for Streator they were accompanied by a large crowd of very enthusiastic rooters.

Streator's record speaks for itself, and that Dwight was beaten by a faster, heavier team did not take any of the pep from the boys and they came back and practiced diligently to meet Forrest at Dwight for the next game.

The topheavy score and the shutout handed to Forrest speaks for itself and shows the quality of foot ball that the D. T. H. S. was able to play.

A tackling dummy was installed and hard practice was taken up to meet Fairbury. The trip across country by automobiles and the fact that some of the boys were not in condition let Fairbury run up a top heavy score.

Then the game with Momence came next. The coach and players were worried over the outcome of this game so they white washed one of the balls so they could practice later at night.

The team was able to close the season by a well played and well earned victory over Momence. The fact that this was the first victory on the foot ball field over Momence is something to be proud of and since winning two and losing two in foot ball is better than the average for D. T. H. S. we believe we can claim a winning foot ball team.

Capt. McKinney at right tackle was a great help and aside from strengthening the line was able to stop plays that otherwise would have resulted in long gains.

Holbrook at left tackle played a steady game and could be depended upon to take care of his man on every play.

Korsgaard at left guard was a tower of strength in the line and no one could stop him when he once got under way.

Beyer at right guard did good work and deserves credit for his defensive work.

Costello, the quarterback and end was good in both places and deserves credit for his work.

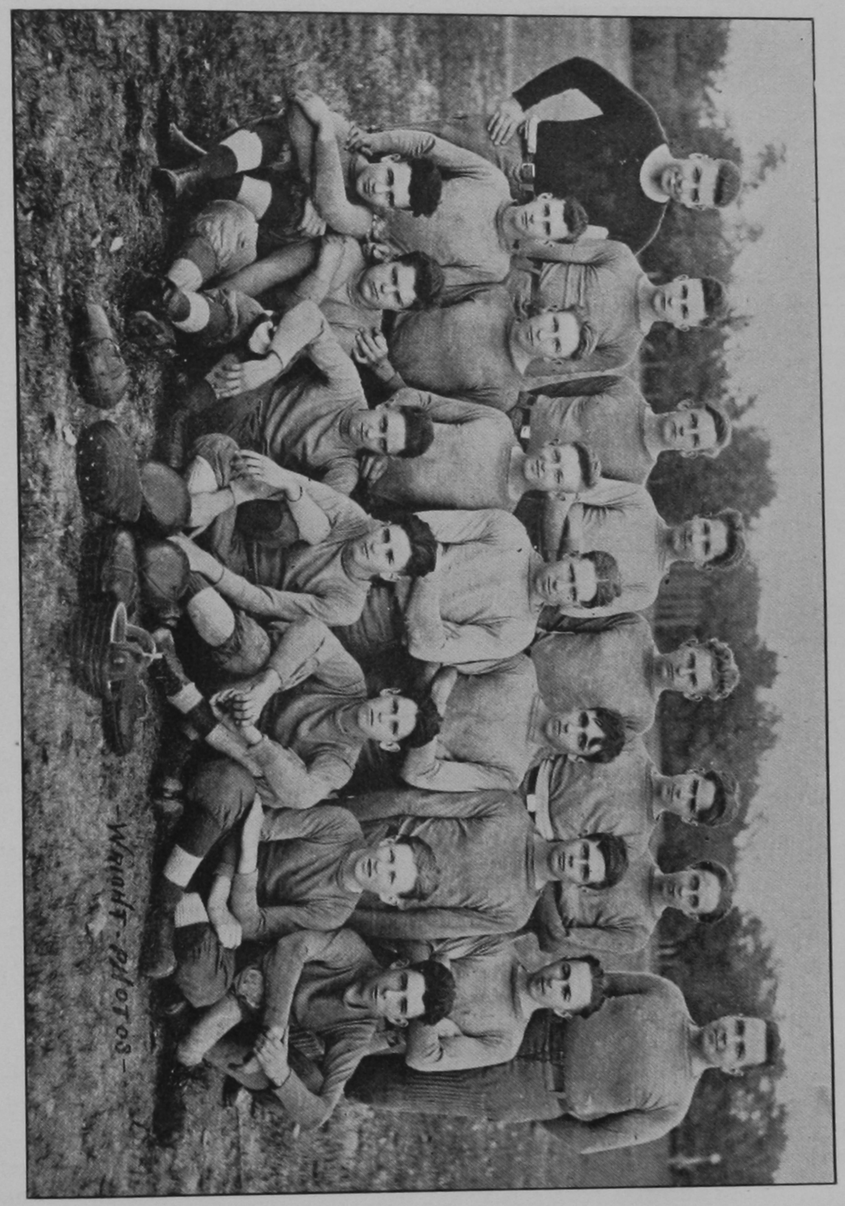
Kern at quarterback, although weighing only 126 pounds, showed headwork and the ability to run the team. He also was the best tackler on the team.

Davis at left halfback was the fastest man on the team and deserves special mention for the fight he put up at all times.

Wm. Steichen, the right halfback, played a steady game and a number of gains were made by him.

Strufe at fullback could plow the line at will and was the individual star of two games.

The substitutes and second string men that made it possible for the first team to get in its best form are Pilson, Clif Steichen, Hanlon,



FOOT BALL SQUAD.

Top Row—left to right—Coach Arbon Wetzel, Walter Moloney, Wm. Anderson, Wiley Bergman, Clifford Steichen, Paul Barry, Walter Small, Assistant Coach Isaac B. Mayers.
Middle Row—Audrian Pilsen, Will Steichen, Harold Davis, Fred Strufe, Roger Holbrook, Milton Beyer, Clyde Schrotberger.
Bottom Row—Logan Ketcham, Viggo Korsgaard, Peter Kern, Ed Costello, Orville Brown, Jr., John Blaine, Harold Hanlon.

Brown, Small, Schrotberger, Zingrebe, Blaine, Ketcham, Peterson, Anderson and Bergman.

Prospects are very bright for a winning foot ball team next year as seven letter men will be back.

BASKET BALL.

After Thanksgiving Mr. Wetzel issued a call for basket ball volunteers. He encouraged the boys somewhat by having a class tournament. The boys took great interest in this tournament and turned out very well to fight for the honors of their class, but the boys of the Senior class carried the purple and white to victory by winning all of their games.

Then the boys took up their work in earnest. For a while it looked as if Coach Wetzel would have a hard time picking a team from so much material. For the first few nights we had basket practice and floor work. Later the "boys" finally persuaded him to let them scrimmage for a few minutes but it finally developed into having the boys of the first team going a full forty minutes against two or three different teams. At last the night arrived to see whether the team picked by Coach Wetzel would survive a full forty minutes upon one of the worst floors in the vicinity.

The team went to South Wilmington to play the Gardner-South Wilmington High School upon the "Seals" floor. The boys were a bit shaky at first on account of the small and slippery floor and were a bit slow in getting started, but the floor work of Davis, Kern and Moloney gradually piled up markers while the guarding of Anderson and Steichen kept the Gardner boys from counting. Dwight led at the end of the half by a score of 10-8 but that was not a sufficient lead so they had to get to work again. When the final gun went off, Dwight was leading by a margin of four points. The score was 22-18.

Dwight returned home with expectations of winning a majority of their games. They practiced hard and they hooked up with Saunemin the following Friday night. The game was a hard fought game throughout. Dwight led at the end of the first half 5-1.

The second half started with a bang and was very hard fought. Dwight was still leading at the end of the third quarter 6-3. Then the fireworks started and Belcher, Saunemin's all-star forward, opened up and shot into the lead; then Kern, Dwight's midget forward, caged a basket and tied the score. An extra five minutes was played and Dwight submitted to defeat, 12-8.

Dwight then played Strawn and easily won by a score of 54-8.

Then we hooked up with Washburn and lost by a score of 34-12.

Dwight, it seemed, had lost all their endurance of the earlier part of the season and they fell down in the last half of each game. The time was now taken up by different methods of building up endurance, and it was certainly brought in the next game which happened to be played with Lockport.

Lockport led at the end of the first half but Dwight came back and won 19-16 in one of the roughest games of the season.

Dwight then played Forrest, Pontiac, and Mazon, in the week following. They dropped every game of this series by scores of 28-8, 27-17, and 28-6 respectively. More cases of no endurance.

The next game was with Lockport, at Lockport, and a system of six men against five was used. Dwight lost by 18 points. The score was 37-19.

On the following Friday night, Dwight met and defeated Gardner-South Wilmington High School, bringing to a close one of the most successful days the Dwight schools ever enjoyed. The game was played before the largest crowd that ever witnessed a game of basket ball in the gymnasium. The game was fast but Dwight was never crowded except in the first quarter. The final score was 33-16.

Next the County Tournament was held at Fairbury. The first game Dwight played was with their old rival, Saunemin High School.

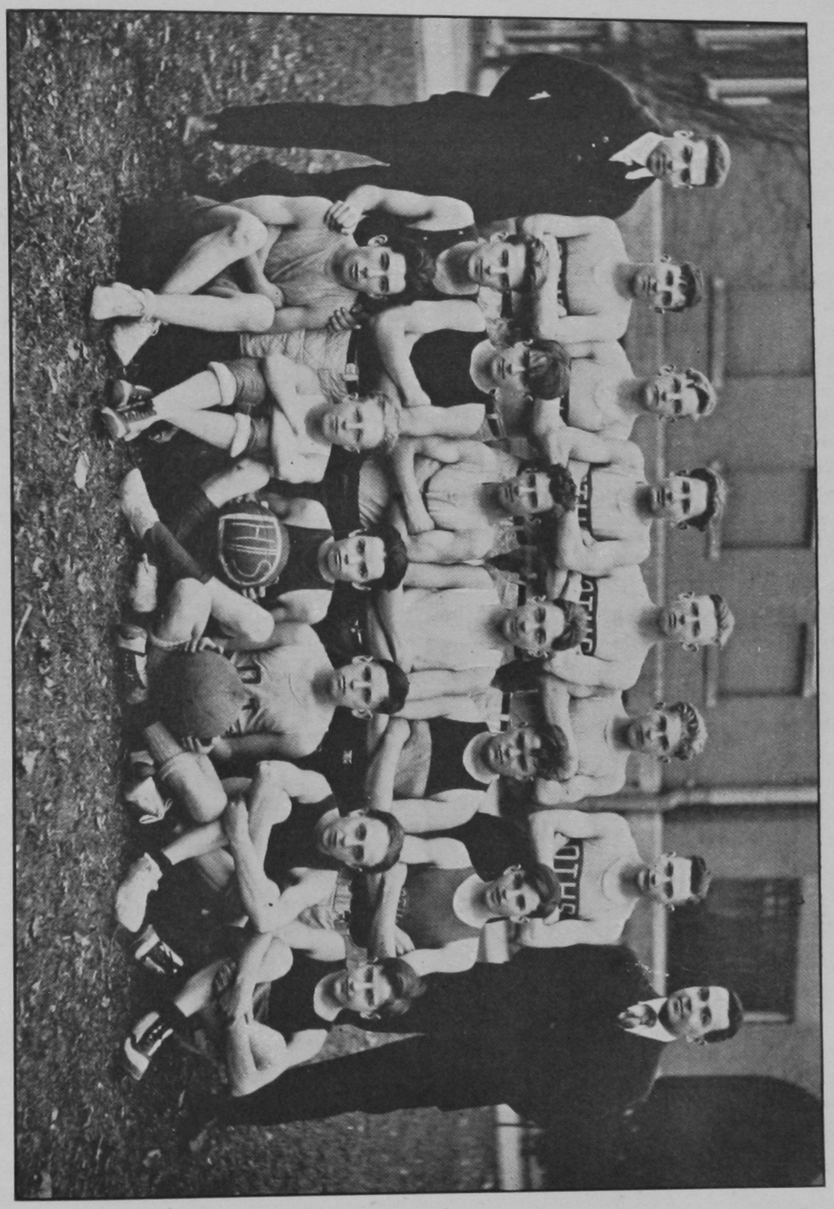
The game was certainly hard fought and it was not decided until the final gun went off. First one team would take the lead and then another, but Saunemin pulled a field basket a few minutes before the end and won 17-16. Dwight outplayed Saunemin but their inability to cage baskets from under the goal lost for them.

In the next game Dwight played Flanagan in an exceptionally slow game. Dwight won 22-16.

Then, through a flaw in the tournament, Dwight played Saunemin again but this time the game was not interesting because of the slowness. Saunemin won 28-7.

Fairbury won the final game against Forrest and took first prize. Forrest was second, Pontiac third and Saunemin fourth.

Dwight played Mazon at Mazon upon the following Friday. The second team was used dur-



BASKET BALL SQUAD.

Top Row—left to right—Coach Arbon Wetzel, Russell Cook, Wm. Anderson, Wiley Bergman, Harold Davis, Clifford Steichen, Walter Moloney, Mr. Isaac B. Mayers.
Middle Row—Ray Zingrebe, Paul Barry, Audrian Pilsen, Leslie Aye, Viggo Korsgaard, Ed Costello.
Bottom Row—Harold Hanlon, Elton Christopher, James Lawler, Orville Brown, Jr., Walter Small, Allen Zingrebe.
Members not in picture—R. Holbrook, P. Kern, B. Steichen.

ing most of the game. Dwight lost 45-18. The game was rough and hard fought.

The next night Dwight played Forrest at Dwight. Dwight hoped to win and certainly put up a hard fight. It seemed as if the ball would not go in the basket but would roll around on the hoop. After we had played fifteen minutes overtime, Forrest found the basket and won 22-18. This was the second time Dwight lost a game in overtime.

Pontiac played Dwight in the last game upon the local floor. The game was slow and uninteresting. Dwight was showing the effects of their long, hard schedule of nineteen games. Pontiac won 27-13.

Then Dwight went to Joliet where they played in the tournament. Dwight won their first game by trimming Coal City 33-22. In the next game they played Yorkville. This game was hard fought and went into extra time in which Dwight lost 31-28. This was the third game in which Dwight went into overtime and each time they lost. The boys claim that the overtime is unlucky. Do you blame them?

Dwight should certainly show some real basket ball next year as four regulars will be back.

Kern, although a small person, could certainly crawl around the guards and should show the boys playing against him a hot time.

Davis, our giant center, had the pep and fight in him which always helped keep the spirit of the team up to standard. He should be a big factor next year in winning a pennant.

Anderson, our back guard, was a steady player and could be depended upon to keep down the score. He also will be back next year.

Steichen, the other guard, was a big help and if he is here next year he will keep the forwards hustling to cage baskets.

Zingrebe is the best all around man as he can play any position upon the team. He will certainly step off a few paces next year.

Holbrook, the center and guard, was a great help and will be sorely missed the coming year.

As for Moloney, we will let you judge for yourself as to his ability.

There are many men who will show a lot of "stuff" next year, and will make the regulars step for their places. Some of them are Ray Zingrebe, B. Brown, E. Christopher, H. Hanlon and H. Trunnell.

Now since the season is ended and Dwight has put the basket ball on the shelf, let's give three times three for the team.

JUNIOR-SENIOR BASKET BALL GAME.

'Twas on the night of December twelfth that both doors of the school gymnasium opened and from one marched out the Junior girls basket ball team, the one and only part of D. T. H. S. where the symbol of self-praise shines brilliantly. From the other door came the Senior team, who with heads held high, glided across the floor to meet their opponents. It was not difficult for the on-lookers to distinguish the players, for the Juniors were elaborately decorated with flashy red ties. (It is said that a boy wears a red tie when he is looking for a girl. What could the Juniors have been looking for—Victory, I suppose). The Seniors wore black ties, already mourning o'er the Juniors lost game.

What a fine looking bunch of players—in their dark blue knickerbockers, silk stockings, dancing pumps and a package of gum in the mouth of each. The Junior team was complete but the Seniors were suffering the loss of Emma, one of their best guards. Everyone realized her ability and knew that once she swings her slender arm in one of nature's perfect arcs and encircles that leather bubble one may as well call it all "her own."

At 7:30 the battle was on. The ball flitted here and there from Junior to Senior—that is when it wasn't on the floor enjoying a game of rolley-polley all by itself. Relief soon came by a foul on the Juniors and Loretta tried her luck at shooting. Silence reigned supreme as she took her place behind the line, but pausing a while before shooting, she gazed at the ball and sighed:

"Dear leather covered pill, I beg of thee,
When these erratic limbs shall turn thee free,
Slip through yon iron-forged loop, for if thou fail,
My dear sweet chums will ride me on a rail."

Sighing again, she released the ball—it soared—then fell right into the cage.

The game began again, the ball staying near the Senior region this time and 'twas not long till the score climbed up 2 points more and the first half ended, 3-0 in favor of Seniors.

By the beginning of the second half the Juniors were getting pretty desperate; their ties were getting redder and it seemed as if they were uttering forceful ejaculations, full of meaning and fury to the "Gods of Wrath."

All in all the game itself became quite musical. First could be heard the referee blowing a blast. Then sounds of grinding teeth became audible and served as a snare drum. Even staccato notes were formed by the cracking of a wad of gum. Coming mostly from the Junior

players the melody resembled that of "I've Lost You so Why Should I Care." When all of a sudden Margaret pulled her tie off with one hand and threw it into John's face. When she was sure she had blinded him, she cast away her feeling of self-consciousness; took the ball in the other hand and with a mighty swing of her all powerful right put the ball in before John came out of his daze. 3-2 Seniors yet.

Only a few more minutes left but what of it. John has recovered his eyesight so the Seniors are safe. Nevertheless we need another basket says "Edi," and for the last time the ball bounced from Senior to Senior until Edythe tossed the lifeless object into its "dear little home in the air." The score ended 5-2, a victory for the Seniors in the first and last basket ball game they ever played.

TRACK TEAM.

Dwight High School tried a new branch in Athletics when they organized a track team. This was the first time that a team had ever been organized in Dwight and most of the boys did not know what one was like but they took to it with a determination to gain experience. or at least some of them did.

After a week or two of practice the school held a class tournament and much interest was taken in it. The Seniors won the meet.

Coach Wetzel arranged for a dual meet with Saunemin. Saunemin had been practicing and had also been to the county meet where they gained much experience. Saunemin won easily, the score was 81-33.

After another week of practice Wetzel took some of the boys to the county meet and they came back with one point, Kern taking third in the fifty yard dash. Kern, Korsgaard, Mahannah, Anderson and Barry made the trip.

Dwight gained much experience at the meet and hoped to come home farther up in the column of points.

FRENCH II PICNIC.

"Parlerai vous francais?" said Miss Lawrence to her French II pupils on the day before Senior examinations. Well! if you answered her thusly: "Oui Oui" you could go along with her when she took her flock of would-be foreigners up to the park for a picnic. There were sixteen of the class members and of course, we took along Miss James, because they say its always best to laugh and be cheerful when eating and take it from me, she was a large portion of the amusing machinery.

It was quite a while before our little French twin boys (Walt M. and Clyde) arrived with the "creme glacie" but, when they did come, the benches began to diminish quite rapidly—and that brick ice cream—oh la! la! Everywhere you could hear mixed phrases of French, English and even some German, that is from everyone except Miss James, who always had her mouth stuffed so full she didn't have time or room to talk. Oh! 'twas exciting and overfilling—yes indeed—the latter.

When the big eats were over, we had a bonfire of the paper sacks and our picture taken around it. From that time on kodaks clicked incessantly getting the picnickners (especially Emma) in some very embarrassing positions. A few accidents happened, but none worth mentioning except a few stage scenes by Walter and Emma—the noise of which was even audible—"Vraiment Je pense qu' il aime celte fille."

All in all, it was an ideal picnic and at half-past one, all began to stagger back to the school, scarcely able to walk and weighing at least ten pounds more than when they started. Nevertheless it was one "wild" time—Cette assez.

INFORMATION GIVEN.

How to play basket ball.—Inez Butz.

How to dance.—Wayne Hoffman.

How to handle "champaigne" students.—Louise Steger.

How to talk softly.—Viola Burkhart.

How to look wise.—Walter Moloney.

How to get to school on time.—E. Beiswanger.

How to act dignified—Iva Lee.

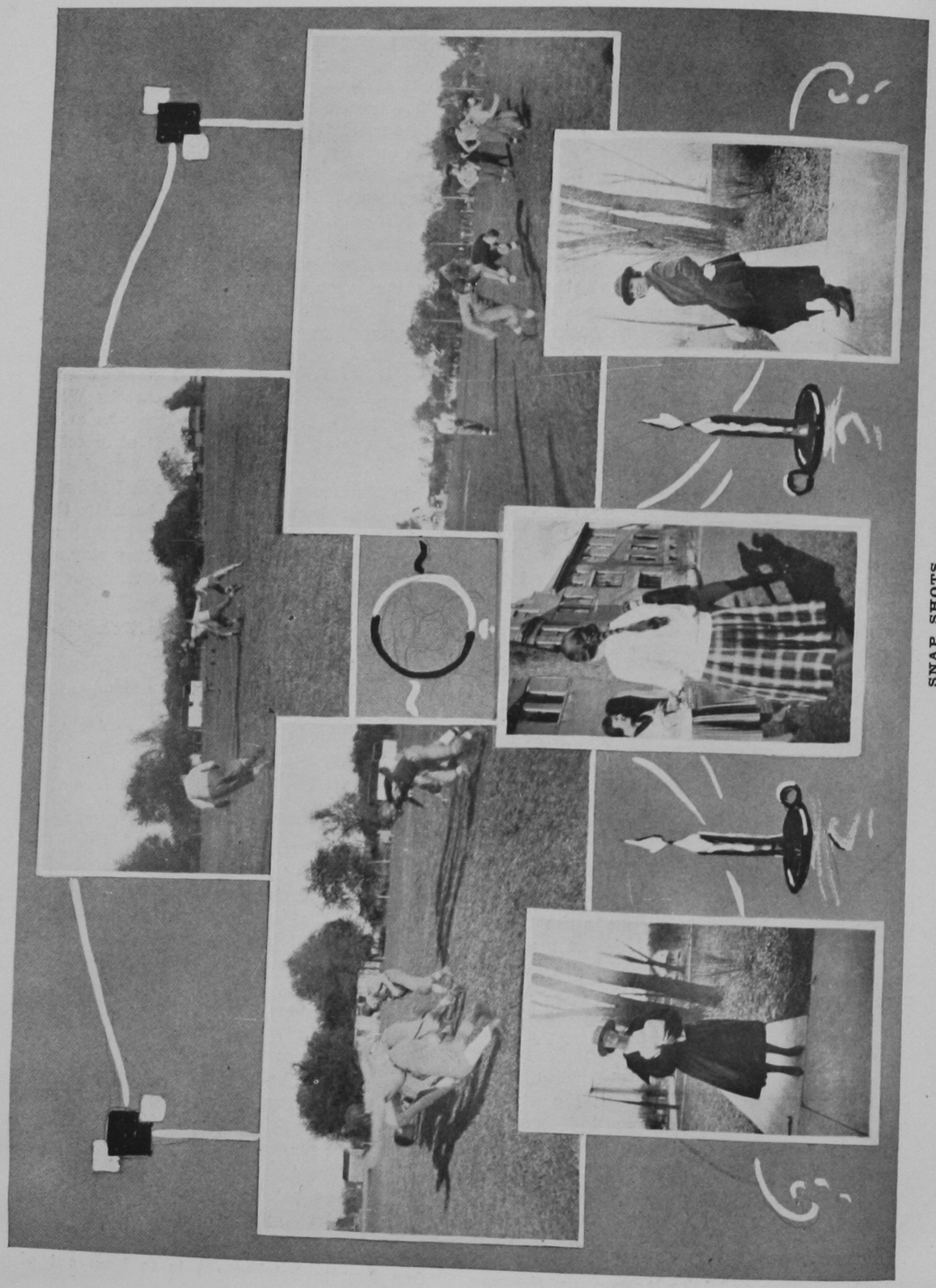
How to choose.—Sylvester Dennehe.

The French II class was learning to sing a little French song in the parts. The song was going fairly well until suddenly Viola Burkhart was heard to say "I always go down to pray" ('pres).

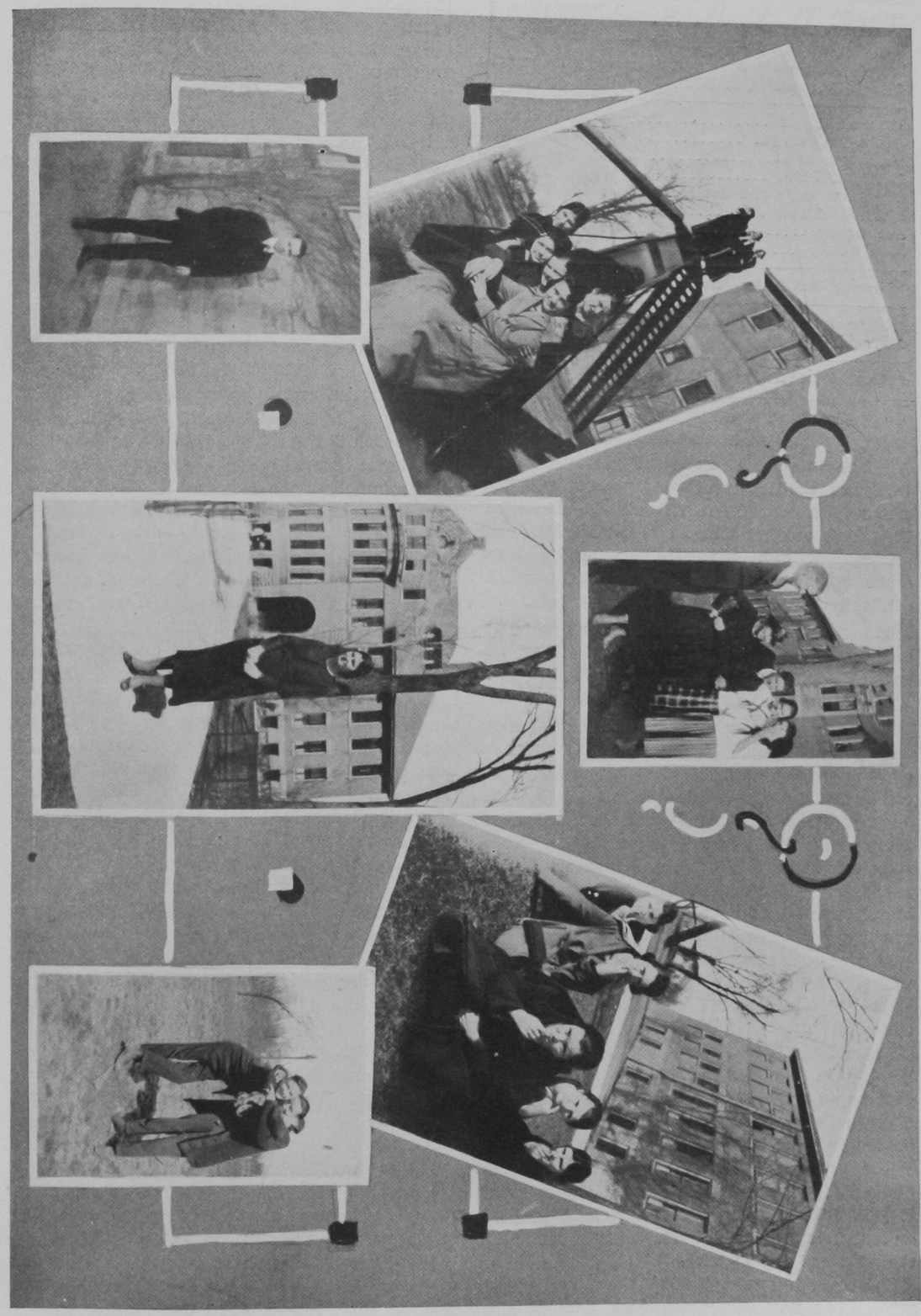
The Biology class was studying the skeleton. Miss James was holding up two skulls so that we could compare them. They were shaped slightly different and she asked which was the better. One member of the class spoke up and said, "Oh! I like this skull much better because I just hate 'round-heads.'"

The Seniors have all had their pictures taken and as yet have received no bill for camera repairs.

One way to help others is to keep out of their way.



SNAP SHOTS.



SNAP SHOTS.

THE D. T. H. S. ANNUAL

Dwight, Illinois

Published once during the school year by the Senior Class of D. T. H. S.

Editor-in-Chief ..... Roger Holbrook
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Girls' Athletics and Society Editor. Louise Steger
Literary Editor ..... Loretta Bannon
Art Editor ..... Margaret Welsh
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A STUDENT'S VIEW OF A NEW HIGH SCHOOL.

There have been many articles published lately of the tax-payer's and other people's views of a new High School. It seems as though no one has thought of the High School student. We will try to tell you a few facts and also a few of the detrimental tasks which confront the present High School student.

The present assembly room is not able to seat more than 125. We now have 149 pupils enrolled and many more will enter next year. Where shall these new students sit?

We at the present time are having classes on all four floors. It takes on the average three minutes to change classes. Under modern conditions it should take not more than one minute. There are eight classes each day, 5 days each week, and 40 school weeks. This means a waste of 50 hours for each student per year. 150 students will lose over 7,500 hours of valuable time in this way. Is this practical in modern times?

If a new school is not built the D. T. H. S. will lose its credits in the Illinois University. This will also include all other universities and schools of good standing. If we are not an accredited High School we lose our membership in the "North Central Association." Can we no longer be on an equal standing with other smaller schools as Odell, Forrest and Saunemin?

The assessed valuation of District 230 is $3,895,093. The assessed value of the railroad is $452,424 and of the Grade District $1,518,020 or a sum total of $1,970,444. This is over half the value of the district.

Outside the grade district there are 40,960 acres. The new school will cost $200,000 and the bonds will extend over 20 years, making a taxation of $10,000 per year. The land outside the grade district will then pay one-half of $10,000 or $5,000 plus interest or at the most $5,300. This makes the tax $.1289 per acre. Cannot the rural community pay that for a new High School?

Some suggest that we wait until material decreases in price. We have now waited so long that the idea must be carried through immediately.

Can you not see that it is not a matter of money but a case of necessity that a new High School be built at once? S. & K.

"FLUNKERS."

How smoothly this great big world of ours would run if everyone was perfect and everyone worked but no one shirked. But alas! that time has never been and doubtless never will be for wherever you go you will find "idlers."

In school this class is more familiarly known as "flunkers" and it includes girls as well as boys. Dwight Township High School has her own share, the majority of them being from the lower classes, the Freshmen and Sophomores.

"Flunkers" are to be found in every class, always displaying their one true characteristic, that of giving excuses. Even if they haven't the lesson ready they are sure to have the excuse ready. Of course, a poor excuse is better than none but, when its the same old story of "Some one had my book," "I didn't know where the lesson was" or "I went to sleep last period," can you blame that poor teacher for losing her head and her patience?

Why is it so many flunk? The reason differs in different subjects. As in Mathematics, the pupil hasn't and won't learn concentration. He will not put his mind on the subject and keep it there long enough to become interested. Instead his thoughts drift and he is soon daydreaming.

In English work pupils flunk because they will not use a dictionary and are not acquainted with Mr. Webster. The studying of literature requires dictionary work and reference work and if it isn't done the pupil thinks it is so "dry" that he can't possibly stand it.

Some more of our "flunkers" spend their time in school writing notes and carrying on foolish, unnecessary correspondence that could easily be done outside of school. Others are magazine devotees who use their study periods reading short stories until their minds are so

removed from their lessons that all interest is lost. Still others are regular movie fans. They think it is a disgrace to carry home a book, why they couldn't be so "sissified." However, four nights of every week their presence seems needed at the movies. Last but not least, comes a cause which applies to all boys, who are possessors of failing grades, the cigaret-smoking habit. How often we see our young Freshmen boys puffing leisurely away at a "kill-me-quick." Will these boys ever finish High School? No, not at the rate they are traveling now.

This question of "Flunkers" is one of vital importance to the parents as well as the welfare of the school. There is nothing gained and far more lost if the time that is wasted is to be considered.

So, Pupils of D. T. H. S., quit shirking. Give up following the path of least resistance and start out on the path that's hard to follow. It may be hard at first but once the end is reached and success is won, then is the time that you can sit down and "Let the Rest of the World Go By." L. M. S.

THE GRADUATE.

Graduation day is here. The school doors open wide and out steps the graduate now free forever. As she slowly wends her way from the "old brick school" she can't help turning back and casting one last glance at that old memorable place. What memories come with that sight? How plainly she remembers those Freshmen days when Life was so cruel to her, when she feared to make a move because those impudent Juniors might laugh. Then the parties where everyone starved because of those greedy upper classmen.

How much more at ease and comfortable the Sophomore year made her. For the first time she began to feel a little independent, then gradually a little more and more until the feeling "I am it" took possession of her.

Next the jolly Junior Days! She became so much more popular and prominent, taking part in the Class Play, Senior Prom and Reception, but still outwitted by those Seniors. But now another year passed and ah! how pleasant to be a dignified and honored Senior. Praise and respect from all even the Freshmen. The dearest treasured memories of all are those of Senior days. Life seemed like one big dream fully realized. Now those trials and troubles of the past four years are easily forgotten and she remembers the school as the place where Youth was spent. She thinks of the hours spent in those rooms, the teachers so kind and helpful, and the friends so tried and true.

With one last sigh, she bids her classmates farewell, leaves her School Days behind and goes out into the world taking with her only "The memories of D. T. H. S."

VALUE OF ATHLETICS IN SCHOOL.

The Athletic Department of the Dwight Township High School is trying to develop the members of the various teams and all persons that take part in any form of athletics; morally, mentally and physically.

Morally: By insisting on clean language while on the floor or field and in the dressing rooms; clean habits, regular hours, total abstinence from tobacco; clean sportsmanship, taking every fair advantage of an opponent to win but not stooping to anything unsportsman-like, such as cheating or seeking to injure an opponent.

Mentally: Regular exercise tends to keep the brain clear and help the student to study more intelligently and grasp facts more readily.

A ruling of the Illinois Athletic Association, of which Dwight Township High School is a member, states that every member of every team must be above passing in at least three studies. If a boy is having trouble in keeping up his studies, he is dropped from the team until the studies are taken care of.

A recent investigation of a well known college in Central Illinois shows that 857 of all athlete lead their classes and that there is but 7% failures by students taking part in athletics to a 12% of failures by students that do not take part in athletics.

Physically: By training the muscles to obey command of the brain in the shortest possible time. Developing and strengthening weak muscles; special care given to weak lungs, sprains, bruises, etc., proper breathing and bathing. An experienced osteopath takes care of all men injured in practice or in games, representing the Dwight Township High School.

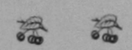
AFTER HIGH SCHOOL—WHAT?

The graduates are completing twelve strenuous years of work and are now confronted with the question of "What Next." The next few years in the graduate's life are going to make a great difference in the future of each graduate.

If you let up on all further effort of further improvement, secure a "snap" and get along just as easily as possible, your High School education is a failure and you are a dead loss

to the community that paid for your education. But—if you get busy more than ever before—go to college even though you must pay your own way, or get a job of some kind and work with only one thing in mind—"How well can I do this thing I am doing?" and learn everything you can about the work you are doing you will succeed and be a big asset to the community and a profitable investment for the tax-payers.

Which is it for you?



THE OPERETTA—"THE FEAST OF THE LITTLE LANTERNS.

SYNOPSIS.

The ancestral estate of Princess Chan is held in trust until the night of the Feast of the Little Lanterns, when it shall be given over to any two surviving children. Princess Chan, having lost her brother and sister when they were all children at play in the mountain summer home of the Prince, is in great sorrow at the thought of losing her home which, however, is saved for her.

The first act opens with the celebration of the Feast of the Little Lanterns, various legends being woven into the text of the song. The Governess who would regulate affairs of the children in China, and the little maid who adores her mistress, cause some amusement and entertainment. Then the surprise for the Princess is introduced in the person of the little Japanese juggler girl, who pleases them mightily until summoned to the parlor. The chorus departs and the curtain falls with the sorrowing Princess alone in the garden.

In the second act the Princess is discovered still alone and lamenting. The chorus comes back with Wee Ling caught in mischief; after which the little juggler girl rushes in with the announcement that the emperor has information that the sister of the Princess Chan is alive and near. Orders are given that every place be searched. In searching the garden for her the little maid finds a locket which the juggler maid claims as hers, in which is found the half of a coin which exactly matches the one worn by the Princess. They recognize each other as sisters, and are overjoyed that the home shall continue to be theirs.

The stage was elaborately decorated to represent a Chinese Garden. A profuse number of little lanterns were hung about the stage and a lattice work covered with flowers made the scene very effective. The color scheme was very beautiful.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Princess Chan, Chinese Heiress—Soprano . . . . . Iva Lee

Mai Ku, Japanese Juggler Maid—Soprano . . . . . Edna Seabert

Wee Ling, Maid to Princess—Mezzo Soprano . . . . . Lillian Epstein

Ow Long, Governess to Princess—Mezzo Soprano . . . . . Lenore Thompson

Chinese Dancer . . . . . Irene Bannon

All the Glee Club girls took part in this operetta but the cast serves to show the principal characters. The Princess (Iva Lee) wore a white suit of Chinese pajamas trimmed in yellow. She also wore the pearl head ornaments of a princess. She handled her part exceedingly well and has earned much credit as a soprano singer.

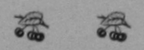
The little Juggler Maid (Edna Seabert) was dressed in a pretty little kimono. She had her hair dressed very effectively in the Chinese style and she too deserves a great deal of attention for the way she carried her part.

The Maid to the Princess (Lillian Epstein) and the Governess to the Princess (Lenore Thompson) were attired in large flowered pajama suits with a plain color trimming. They both did exceedingly well and received great applause to their singing with their sweet contralto voices.

The Chinese Dancer (Irene Bannon) also wore a large flowered pajama suit trimmed with black. She acted her part with great merit and received much applause to her sweet songs.

Lucille Smith, Harriet Haise, Anna Hatting, Florence Bergman and Louise Storm deserve much credit for the way in which they handled their solo parts. Not one was the least bit nervous and the strains of their sweet voices were very clear and audible.

The remainder of the Glee Club girls did exceptionally well. Each was dressed in pajamas of various colors and light bed room slippers and also carried a fan and lantern. The operetta as a whole was a huge success and much credit is due Miss Fulton for her careful training, as well as the girls. E. M. B.



INFLUENCE OF ART.

Jud Tunkins says the moving pictures have shown so many different phases of life that he can't get a man to hoe corn who deosn't put on airs like an actor.—Washington Star.

LITERARY

D. T. H. S.

Hark! rattle! bang! rattle! Don't be excited as it is only a Ford. But see! it is crowded from top to bottom. No,—the letters are not F-o-r-d, but D-T-H-S. Yes, indeed! There is a great crowd of one hundred and fifty students packed into an assembly room to accommodate one hundred. No wonder there is so much noise; to run more quietly we must have a bigger car.

However, it is as the old saying, "The more, the merrier." Who can say we are not a jolly bunch? The real fact is that "Jimmie," our chauffeur, must pound the desk with her keys more than a dozen times a day to keep order, so no one will go below while we are speeding onward.

Speedy! My! It is nothing uncommon to have a dozen of us late (we're so fast) and you would be surprised to know that sometimes it takes only a day or two to reach 85% in deportment.

One thing particularly noticeable about this Ford is the crank. It takes Mr. Brothers to start things a-going. If you doubt my word, ask Edith Diefenbach how long it takes him to start her deportment on the downward chase. She can tell you that it only takes one turn to make six miles.

Miss James serves very well as the clutch for when Ed. Costello starts singing, she will say, "If you would like to sing, you may come up in front and entertain us for ten minutes." Immediately the gears are shifted and the song rolls noiselessly along. Sometimes she even shifts our ideas of what we think is a good excuse for absence when she distinctly announces, "Now, don't you think I am accepting all of these excuses. If you are afraid of the storm you need not hurry home, you can come and sit beside me."

We all notice the *brake* several days after exams when all our resolutions to do better work have been baffled. Then one day in Biology class Paul said, "The most consoling thing about going to cinemas was seeing so many women in the pictures opening their mouths and not saying a word you could hear." Then there was a *break* and it didn't prove quite as noiseless as the pictures either. Paul resolved not to break such gentle news again where there were girls around.

This machine is well provided with spark too. Pete and Fritz may serve well but our surest source is Lottie and Lisle.

"Such a crowded car! I know if we had more room, I could get better grades," says a high average Senior.

"Say, if this crowd continues much longer, I am going to ride in Logan's car where there is more room," remarks Alma.

"Oh, there would be plenty of space here if it wasn't for my feet," adds Wiley.

"I am perfectly satisfied, only people don't understand me," sighs Inez. "You know the other day I told one of the girls how my fellow always called me sugar. Then she asked, 'Why does he call you that?' I said I didn't know unless it was because he thought I was so refined." Then she laughed and thought it was a good joke.

Then Thelma excitedly interrupts, "Yes, I think this place is just fine but some of those boys are awful; they call me Theda. Do you think I look like Theda Bara? I don't. Then I wouldn't miss being one of the 'Big Four' either. We do have such jolly times together. Who are the Big Four? Why, Vic, Vi, Bat and Brownie."

Our machine would never run if it were not for the unusual tool-box containing all the best material to promote our knowledge.

We cannot help but feel grateful to our English teacher, Miss Bonham, who labors so zealously that we may gain a real understanding of literature. She can find all sorts of talent, except that for poetry among us.

Miss Burns is so "tasty." Her sweet appearance and dainties in the cooking room attract unusual attention. Besides sewing and cooking, she teaches freshman science.

For ability in music and art we are sure that there could be no one better than Miss Fulton. She also shows her merits by her work in the grades.

"Parlez-vous " "Oui?" Then you will want to know Miss Lawrence, our language teacher. She will tell you in a half minute if you are speaking Parisian French. Be sure to have a mirror handy. This has been her second term among us, and although illness deprived us of her services the first part of this year, we were all glad that she could come back.

Miss Wells, though not very large, performs a large task of teaching the commercial subjects. She is always busy and we are sure that all taking this course will be fully prepared to take their place in the business world.

Miss Hatfield is a jolly friend and wears a smile for everyone. She shows her accomplishments by the Friday programs which she

supervises and also the Junior play. Her specialty is teaching History.

We all agree that Mr. Wetzel has pep and what's more, he has enough of it to give us some too. He has worked hard coaching basket-ball, foot-ball and the various other athletic sports all this year, and the results were far from being a failure. Manual art also constitutes a great amount of his work.

Last but not least is Miss James. She needs no introduction as she was with us last year. Her interests lie in science and mathematics and many things have been accomplished by her help.

Among our activities is Patrons' Day which is observed once a year. Then we give others a chance to see our unusual ability by our exhibitions and program.

Our own ambitions with the aid of our faculty guides us over the *ups* and *downs*, and if we only had more room we would surprise you with our great achievements.

V. E. BURKHART.

THE UNWELCOME VISITORS.

"I might have known that it would turn out just this way!" sulked Josephine.

"I think, dear, I could manage if we could get Mandy Gates to help," said her mother uncertainly.

"Mandy's time is all engaged. I'll stay, of course. It's just my luck!"

"Oh, Josephine, I'm so sorry!"

"So am I. I had looked forward to going. This isn't the first time Aunt Mattie Hawkins planned things at some one else's expense. The idea of inviting herself down for Christmas dinner—bringing her fruit cake and incidentally a family of four."

Josephine had seen herself, too, in her new spruce blue suit and oh—the arrival in the city with Evelyn to meet her in the Funston's new car.

"She might at least have written to ask if it would be convenient," said Josephine.

Josephine turned the page of Aunt Mattie's letter and read on with blazing eyes.

"I knew how Delia would feel about celebrating this year, being so poorly and all so I says to myself, 'I'll just take my cake and the children and we'll all celebrate together.' I'm sure Delia will be glad for what are relations for if not to show their love and loyalty in season and out of season? I would have you here but the trip would be hard. I'll just bring my cake and we'll be there in plenty of time to help with dinner. Sadie can scarcely wait to see her Cousin Josephine and we ain't none of us got any other Christmas in sight."

"I'd write if there were time and tell her how you and Goldie had planned on an easy restful day."

Josephine knew well that her pen would refuse to inform Aunt Mattie of the enormity of her offense. If only Aunt Mattie had found it convenient to acquaint them with her resolve earlier.

Josephine delighted in entertaining, however, and during her mother's period of invalidism she had become a capable little housekeeper. Little Miss Goldie, the roomer, begged to help. She was full of sympathy for Josephine's disappointment but as she watched the stirring and chopping and flavoring, her eyes widened like a happy child's. She insisted that she assist Josephine with the household labors and after much coaxing gained her permission.

"It's good of you to want to help," said Josephine, gratified in spite of herself.

"Oh, it's all in the day's work," said the roomer.

"I suppose you think Aunt Mattie coming just now is all in the day's work! Do you expect me to be grateful for losing my fun?"

"Yes, but you have something in place of it."

"With Aunt Mattie and Sadie and the rest here at home!"

Goldie did not reply to that but Josephine thought she looked rather queer. Suddenly she remembered that Goldie had no home—only a rented room. Josephine wondered what Christmas would seem like without folks. Even if she had been going to Evelyn's house party, there would be home to return to.

Aunt Mattie Hawkins came close upon her letter, bearing gifts. In fact, every last Piper was loaded down with bundles, bumpy satchels, lumpy baskets and swollen shawl straps. Aunt Mattie's skimpy figure was out of all proportion to the burdens she bore. She lacked what some folks would call "style;" her skirt sagged and dipped and was adjusted very carelessly to her twisted blouse. But there were no sagging nor twisted lines in Aunt Mattie's face; that was all whole-hearted happiness.

Sadie, near Josephine's age, was rather timid while the other cousins were frankly and boisterously enjoying the outing.

Next morning they were up early. Since it was a holiday, Josephine had thought of course, that Goldie would put in most of the morning resting but there seemed to be no necessity for that.

"I declare, all this bustle is a regular tonic to me!" declared Josephine's mother.

She who had been so long a shut-in, pointing out old duties to her daughter, was now hostess.

Aunt Mattie said apprcciatively, "Josephine is a master-hand at work."

"Josephine is very capable,' said her mother with a proud assurance, "but she is not a drudge. She has her good times, just as other girls do."

"There's compensations," replied the Aunt. "I shouldn't wonder but what there's compensations for most things, once we look for them."

Josephine, upon hearing this said to herself, "Yes, Aunt Mattie is right. Wherever I look I can see them now. There is Goldie who has an animated look in her shy, dull eyes; there is the little mother, aglow with the pride of hospitality, to say nothing of the Hawkins' cousins and—I almost forgot, just think of all the lovely presents in the other room. Quite a stack of them!" computed Josephine as she gazed absently around the room.

"Yes there is," said Aunt Mattie who understood Josephine to mean plates—but she meant compensations.

EMMA BEISWANGER.

THE MERCHANT AND THE BOOK AGENT.

A book agent importuned James Watson, a rich merchant, living a few miles out of the city, until he bought a book,—the "Old Homestead." James did not want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent; then taking it under his arm he started for the train, which takes him to his office in the city.

Friend husband had not been gone long before Mrs. Watson came home. The book agent saw her, and went to her and persuaded her to buy a book. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning.

When Watson came back in the evening he met his wife with a cheery smile as he said, "Well, my dear, how have you enjoyed yourself today?"

"Oh yes! I had an early caller this morning."

"Ah, and who was she?"

"It wasn't a 'she' at all; it was a gentleman—a book agent."

"A what?"

"A book agent, and, to get rid of him, I bought his book, the "Old Homestead," see here it is," she exclaimed, advancing towards her husband.

"I don't want to see it," said James frowning.

"Why, husband?" asked his wife.

"Because that rascally book agent sold me the same book this morning. Now we've got two copies of the same book, and—"

"But husband, we can—"

"No we can't, either!" interrupted Mr. Watson. "The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow. I-I—"

"Why, there he goes to the station now," said Winnifred, pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the agent making for the train.

"But it's too late to catch him, and I have taken off my shoes. I can—"

Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor, drove by. James and Winnifred pounded on the window in a frantic way almost frightening the horse to draw his attention.

"Here, Stevens," he shouted, "You're hitched up! Won't you run your horse back to the train and hold that book peddler 'till I come? Run! Catch 'im now!"

"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping up his horse and tearing down the road.

"All aboard," called the flagman.

"Book agent! hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you."

"Watson? Watson wants to see me?" repeated the seemingly puzzled man. "Oh, I know what he wants; he wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to sell it to him."

"If that's all he wants, I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much is it?"

"Two dollars," said the man eagerly reaching out for the money, and passing the book out the car window.

Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing, in his shirt sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance.

"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens, "just got it and that's all."

"Got what?" yelled James.

"Why I got the book—'Old Homestead,' and paid—"

"By-the-great-guns," moaned Watson, as he placed his hand to his brow and swooned right in the middle of the street.

GRACE SHORT.

HIRAM JACOBS' CITY TRIP.

"Ef you must, Hiram, I spose you'll go, but for my part I wished you'd stay ta home. Now with all this spring work a-comin' on and hired help none too plenty, you'd do wise not ta go gallavantin off ta the city, just cause ya see'd

a plow advertised cheap when more'n likely tain't worth much as a coal shovel."

Hiram Jacob addressed thus by his wife turned slowly in his arm chair, pulled his whiskers and answered calmly:

"I'll be goin' Mirindy Anne and when my mind is hard sot on a thing tain't no use to argue. Ef you'll finish packin' my eatables in that 'ar bag while I mend this shoe string I busted, I'll be obleeged to ye."

Having relieved his mind Hiram quietly resumed his task, while his wife gave forth an explosive grunt and banged the cover on the tin dinner pail.

Preparations being completed, the old farmer carefully dusted his suit of rusty black with a whisk broom, adjusted his hat, commented upon the contents of his purse and giving his wife a serene look of perfect self-assurance, picked up his lunch and started down the little gravel walk to meet the train. After a few gusty warnings, Mrs. Jacob returned to her washing, plunged her hands into the soapy suds and shook her head sagely over Hiram's foolish venture, as she termed it. A neighbor woman soon dropped in and through the thrilling moments that followed, all else was forgotten save the latest gossip of the town.

Meanwhile farmer Jacob strutted proudly to the depot and announced in a voice of great importance to the station agent, "Gimme a ticket fer the city, yes a round trip one, be hanged ef I git thar and can't git back. Wouldn't mind hevin' that five dollar bill changed. Like ta hev somethin' asides paper money all the time."

The agent opened his mouth wide and stared hard at this unusual flow of conversation but never-the-less, proceeded to obey orders. He had hardly finished his bargain when the old man chipped in again.

"Nice mornin' ain't it? Don't 'pear like its gonna rain tho' we could stan' a little ta make the crops grow!" Just then the local bound passenger steamed in trembling and snorting in every curve as if impatient to be off. Farmer Jacob boarded it, as a thing of no consequence, took a seat near the window, picked up a daily paper with an air of indifference and placing his specks on the end of his nose, glared at the headlines. After a moment the train gave a slight starting jerk and then glided smoothly forward, gaining in rapidity and speed as the miles advanced.

For a spell all went well, but growing tired of pretending to read Hiram gazed out at the now swirling countryside. When the conductor entered to collect the tickets he became so excited that he called out to the amusement of all around,

"Hey! don't ya think you'd better slow down? This things goin' pretty blame fast, seems to me!" The conductor with a hearty laugh replied,

"Well if you think this fast you had better wait till the end of the journey."

"If that's the case," Hiram answered, "we'll all be dead by then."

However he became more used to it as time wore on and when the heart of the great metropolis loomed up before him, he was quite at ease.

Returning to Miranda, we find considerable trouble taking place. After the departure of her visitor Mrs. Jacob proceeded to hang out clothes. She had barely started when she discovered the cows in the cornfield, helping themselves to all that was valuable. With her sunbonnet cocked on the back of her head, skirts flapping in the wind and apron strings flying, she started in pursuit. Her shrill voice rang through the air.

"Bess, git out o' thar! Hear me? Dollie, ye miserable wretch git now I tell ye—git!!"

When they had all GOTTEN, she returned puffing and panting to the clothes line. A few more sheets were hung up but interruption again took place. The sheep had strayed into the orchard. Mrs. Jacob's face flushed an angry red.

"Well, I wished to goodness Hiram'ud a stayed home and minded his own business!" she exclaimed hotly, as she kicked a clucking hen out of the way, picked up a couple of loose boards, and marched to the scene of peril.

"This do be the last time I have such goin' on's around this place I reckon!" The sheep problem settled she trumped back, only to be met by a troublesome book agent who hung on till noon and the washing had to be finished after dinner.

Farmer Jacob alighted from the train and finding himself in a great city hardly knew what he had come for. Street cars, trucks, wagons, automobiles and other signs of traffic blocked the passage ways. A constant stream of people passed him and the windows of the large bargain stores were filled with almost every article imaginable. He gazed stupidly around for a minute then bumped into a burley looking policeman in an attempt to escape a team of swift horses. Reaching the other side of the street, he mopped his brow with a red

cotton handkerchief and drew a long breath of relief. He stepped gingerly across a crossing and entered a building with the intentions of buying Miranda a present. When he asked to look at dress goods he was told crisply that such things were not sold in hardware stores. As he started out a gust of wind blew his hat from his head and he went sailing after it for more than a block.

As nothing of worse consequence happened he stayed longer than necessary thus causing his good wife to grow nervous with anxiety. At last when night set in she called to Barney, the hired man, saying

"Ef yer long legs be worth the havin' I want ye ta take a lantern and start fer my husband. It's high time long ago he was here and he aint home yit. I knowed somthin' 'ud come 'o this. He's gone and got runned over more'n likely. Oh dear! oh dear!"

So Barney shambled along in search of the lost one, but when he reached the fence the lantern flickered and went out. Unfortunately he possessed no matches and in trying to scramble over he tore his coat tails, scratched his nose and battered his head. There were some words used that it would do well not to repeat here.

While all this ill luck was taking place Farmer Jacob quietly walked in at the back gate, a small hand plow under one arm, a new dress under another and various other bundles piled on top. His hat ambled over one eye, his coat collar was half off and a shoe string flapped in a hap-hazard manner about the ankle. In every way he looked a dilapidated tramp, but none the less he was exceedingly happy. When he gained the house Mirinda screamed. "Can that be you, Paw?" To which Paw answered, "It's me."

"Well the land 'a livin' I thought it was the end of ye. Set down and give an account of yerself. How comes ye so late? Barney put that lantern on the floor and stop yer gappin', Mr. Jacobs home and safe. Shut that cat out doors, I can't stand its yeowling any longer. Hear me? Rub some campfire on yer bruises and you'll be none the wuss. Now Hiram?"

"Wull, I aint got much to say but I cin give ye my opinion of the city. It's mighty fine fer those 'at like it, but fer me *home* is best.

GLADYS WOOD.

WHAT THE LITTLE GIRL SAID.

"Ma's upstairs changing her dress," said the freckled-face little girl, tying the strings of her doll's bonnet and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl, for that double-jointed young person.

"Oh, your mother need not dress up for me," replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her everyday clothes, and not to dress up."

"Oh, but she hasn't on her everyday clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk dress, 'cause she expects Miss Simpson today. Miss Simpson always comes over here to show off her nice things, and ma doesn't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said, 'The dickens!' and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress, she'd have to hear all about the poor heathens who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for money to buy hymn books to send them. Say, do the nigger ladies use hymn book leaves to do their hair up on and make it frizzy? Ma said she guesses that's all the good the books do'em, if they ever get any. I wish my doll was a heathen."

"Why, you wicked little girl! What do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, taking a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on world extravagance.

"So folks would send her lots of things to wear, and feel sorry to have her going about naked. Then she'd have hair to frizz, and I want a doll with truly hair, and eyes that roll up like Deacon Jones' when he says 'amen' on Sunday. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick—you know Uncle Dick, he's been out West and swears awful and smokes in the house—he says I'm a holy terror, and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down in a minute so you needn't take off your coat. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you to. Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she didn't want you to think she was able to give a lot this time, and she needs a muff worse than the Queen of Cannon Ball Islands needs religion. Uncle Dick says *you* ought'er get to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natives would be sorry they was such sinners; anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less 'twas a blind one, and you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on the edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionaries. Uncle Dick's awful funny, and makes ma and pa die laughing sometimes."

"Your Uncle Richard is a bad man, and ought to have remained out West, where his style is

appreciated. He sets a horrid example for little girls like you."

"Oh, I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the bannisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when ma ain't around. That's a pretty cloak you got, ain't it? Do you buy all your clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do."

Just then the little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the lady on the cheek, and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat.

G. S.

THE EVOLUTION OF A THEME.

Theme night has come once more
As it has come before,
Each week.
And my brain in torment tries
To think of something wise
To speak.

'Tis thus on Thursday night
I'm always in a plight,
To know
Just what I'm going to say,
Inspiration comes my way
So slow.

Suddenly I think I've got it
And upon my paper jot it,
But not long
For I sadly shake my head
Because I know that I have said
Something wrong.

So I search and search in vain
For a subject that seems sane
To use.
There's the earth and heaven above
There's nature, war, peace and love
To choose.

I think till I can think no more
I scratch my head till it is sore
In despair.
And although I try to do my best,
Themes seem to me a perfect pest,
So there!

Then what a glorious feeling
When a little thought comes stealing
Into mind.
Ideas are unfolding
And a theme is in the molding,
So I find.

The world takes on a brighter hue
Since no more themes are due
For a week.
So I climb into my bed
And rest for my weary head,
I seek.

LOUISE STORM.

BERNICE SOCIETY.

On October 2nd a meeting of the Seniors of the Bernice Society was called and the following officers were elected: President, Roger Holbrook; Vice President, Loretta Bannon; Secretary, Martha Roeder.

The above officers with Miss Bonham appointed a program committee as follows: Margaret Welsh, Peter Kern, Alma Eyer. A poster committee of the following was appointed: Florence Bergman, Leslie Aye, Lucile Smith. Six programs were given.

The first program was held on the 23rd of October. This program dealt with nature. There were several nature talks and a debate, Resolved, That Animals Think, which was decided in favor of the affirmative.

The second meeting was held December 12. In this program a courtroom and trial were presented. The trial—People of the State of Illinois vs. The Four Verb Brothers, Be, Do, Go, See. After the trial several songs were sung by the Senior class.

The third meeting, January 23, 1920. This was a college program. College songs were sung and there were papers and talks of college life. There was also a debate—Resolved, That Students Should Take College Entrance Examination. This was decided in favor of affirmative.

The fourth program was given March 5. The program was on Inventions and Discoveries. Many interesting facts were brought out in this, especially the talk on "The Man the Rain Minds," by Inez Butz. The program was ended by the girls double quartet.

The fifth meeting was held on April 2. In this program we were told a few things about literary characters, writers and cartoonists. Thelma Drew also gave us one of her readings which amused all present.

The sixth and last program was given April 23. In this program Gladys Wood gave several of her humerous readings and there were talks in regard to nature. At the close of this program a representative of the Wesleyan College gave an educational talk.

This ended the programs for the Bernice Society in charge of the Seniors of 1920.

BENEDICT SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Senior members of the Benedict Society was called by Mr. Brothers on the morning of October 2.

The purpose of the meeting was to elect the officers of the society and to attend to any other business which needed attention at that time. The following officers were elected: Louise Steger, President; Emma Beiswanger, Vice President, and Lisle Barnum, Secretary.

Under the guidance of Miss Hatfield, teacher of English and History, several good programs were given by the society in the assembly every two weeks.

Several of the programs were biograpical in nature while others were historical and descriptive.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Miss Harriet Haise, an industrious young Sophomore, entertained about ten High School couples at a party at her home on February 28th. Immediately after the basket ball game between D. T. H. S. and Pontiac Township High School, the merry crowd went to her home where games and dancing was enjoyed during the greater part of the evening. After this dainty refreshments were served and all departed after a real night of fun.

The social whirl of the school seems to be getting to be a dangerous question because of the pupils' craving for dancing. They'd like to waltz all afternoon; they one-step and fox-trot all night, and when they come to school the next day and encounter their lessons, they "hesitate."

Miss Inez Butts made her first debut into the literary world on March fifth, on a Bernice Society program.

Interest in moving pictures and plays is growing rapidly but mostly in the former. Many D. T. H. S. maidens state that they like "Ford Weeklies" but enjoy the "Buick Weekly" a great deal more—and so Peter has a hard life.

Miss Viola Burkhart leaves for Kankakee as soon as school is out (as rumors go) where she will take up the work of being assistant pharmacist.

The Club Room of the High School boys, more commonly known as "98," is gradually becoming a public library. Many of the stories are evidently thrilling because it is said that the boys "Read 'em and weep."

"That's so, there's a lot of love on the screen."

"Yes, but there's a durned sight more in front of it."—Film Fun.

Cupid Cufflinks—Marie Louise watched him with her happy heart on her sleeve.—N. Y. Illustrated World.

LOCAL

For a ten minute program on a Friday morning, the French II class presented a very interesting little play entitled "Blanche-Neige et Rose-Rouge." The play is a little snow scene. The children are playing in the snow and making a snow man. After they finish the snow man, they dance around him and sing. Just at this time Ivan (Clyde Schrotberger) and Marie (Emma Beiswanger) his wife, enter. They see the children playing and since they have none, they decide to make one of snow. After they have it made, it turns out to be Blanche-Neige (Florence Burgwald) a real girl. Three girls, Louise Steger, Alma Eyer and Margaret Welsh, represent flowers and they come running in. When they leave, they take Blanche-Neige with them and later return with Rose-Rouge (Loretta Bannon). Everyone was sorry to see Blanche-Neige depart but were very glad to see Rose-Rouge. The play was a big success and the costumes were also very stunning. Much credit is due Miss Lawrence, for regardless of the play being short, it required a great deal of work and training.

You study bugs and beetles,
Leaves and turtles too,
Flowers and trees and everything
That ever on earth grew;
Then turn around and mix it well
And steep it just like tea,
Serve it as Chas. Darwin's food
And call it Biology.

—Biology Class of 1920.

The only reason some people attend the movies so often is to hear some good music for a change.

The Biology class learns some very interesting and striking facts such as "The potato shows its stem character by its eyes."

Several weeks ago Miss James wished the Biology class to make some little pocket gardens in which to grow some seeds for experiments. She escorted them all to the manual training room and gave detailed instructions as to how it was to be done. A stranger entering at that hour would have certainly thought she was taking Mr. Wetzel's place as manual training teacher. It was not long until saws were seen bobbing up and down, planes moving back and forth under the guidance of the delicate hands of the girls as well as the boys. Louise Steger and Loretta Bannon portrayed wonderful skill in using the saws and planes, but I am sure they would not be the least bit surprised should they receive a bill for damages. We had the misfortune of breaking our

glass cutter but I am sure Roger and Lisle called it great fortune, for Miss James sent them down town to purchase another. Lucky boys! for Pete's is next door. The boys were back in no time, however, so they certainly could not have visited Pete's long. After much confusion and "hard labor," we finished our tasks. We enjoyed our trip very much but I am not so sure that Mr. Wetzel did.

PATRONS' DAY—FEBRUARY 6.

Patrons' Day was, as usual, a howling success this year. The weather was not very promising but in spite of the mud and rain, a large crowd, many of whom were unable to secure even standing room in the assembly, was present. The program was opened by selections by the High School orchestra which surely deserved the appreciation expressed by the audience. Physical training exercises then followed, given by the fifth and sixth graders. A very pretty little coon sketch was given by some of the third and fourth graders who certainly showed great ability as cake walkers and I am sure the future looks bright for them as fox trotters. Next on the program was an operetta "The Feast of the Lanterns," given by the Girls' Glee Club. At the conclusion simple refreshments of apricot sherbet and wafers were served after which the various exhibits in the halls and rooms were inspected. These all spoke for themselves and showed in a small way what is being accomplished each year by the pupils under the guidance of the teachers.

In the evening at eight o'clock the operetta was repeated in the High School assembly. Drills were also presented by the seventh and eighth graders. After the program, a very exciting basket ball game between the Gardner-South Wilmington team and Dwight took place in the gymnasium. This made Patrons' Day especially a great success, for we certainly gave Gardner all that was coming to them.

GALA NIGHT.

On March the twelfth, the High School pupils presented the public with a "Gala Night." This entertainment was orginated and directed by the Seniors while the rest of the classes did their part by helping in any and every way. As nothing similar to this had ever before been given here, every class except the Freshmen (they've never been known to keep a secret yet) agreed to keep silent on the subject. The result was a crowd of about two hundred and fifty people who came to find out for themselves.

The minstrel show opened the performances in the upper hallway at seven-thirty and all who saw it enjoyed twenty minutes of "mixed fun." The costumes were far worse than ridiculous but nevertheless they were all "niggers" through and through. Their program consisted of jokes, stories and southern songs besides a few original steps by Walt Small across the stage.

For those who bite easily there was a fortune telling booth in one corner where they could bite to their heart's content—all for six cents.

A weird looking place for "communication with the spirits" attracted many people who evidently believed in Spiritualism. That is, they may believe in some kind but it is doubtful if they enjoyed this kind—of conversing with spirits of camphor or ammonia, etc. Opposite this was the "Relic Room," a place where handiwork of all kinds and ages was shown.

Then there was Andy Gump and Min another speciality of the evening which no one failed to miss. It surely must have been out of the ordinary for the trials of poor little Chester, the impatience of Andy and the sympathy of Min were evidently so humorously portrayed that even Mr. Brothers smiled once —or was it because it was a scene of Married Life.

A visit to the Zoo was also an interesting one for within a pen, a ball and chain about his feet, and a goat skin for clothes, was the wildest man this side of Kankakee. Frantically tearing his hair and hollering madly he made people who saw him thankful that Dwight is within the bounds of civilization. As for the other animals—they were all there, but in peculiar forms and those who expected to encounter real living beasts came out muttering things quite disgraceful to the English language.

Another large attraction of the evening was the Haunted Trail, especially for those who were fearless and enjoy mysteries. To say the least it was indeed tedious and discouraging to get such a good start but after having advanced onward and upward, guided by two ropes, for some distance to find that everything beneath you had slipped and you were again on level ground. Perhaps after going some distance farther a ghost was encountered just as you stumbled and fell into something funny. On and on, but the worse it became. Ungodly shapes and draped skeletons had to be passed but it was a relief to fall, if only on your knees and think of that past life you'd led. Another attempt to keep going and after having plodded over all sorts of neck-breaking objects you ended it by a final slide on a sheet of tin. Nevertheless there was that grand and glorious feeling that you had been over Life's uncertain path once.

On the lower hall a real fortune teller told you what the future held for you, while a candy booth supplied what you could hold. At one side Dame Fashion presented all the latest modes of dressing. Spring suits, coats, hats, street costumes, summer clothes and evening gowns were shown with D. T. H. S. maidens and lads for models. The models that seemed especially charming were Bud Brown, that "cute little girl" with the "avenue strut," and John Blaine, with his "vampy veil" and cunning feet. Their appearance was certainly striking as they appeared before the glare of the stage light.

Last but not least came the "Terrace Gardens" in the basement room. The place was beautifully decorated in purple and white, the class colors of the Seniors, and the people were served at small tea tables in an up-to-date way—menus, waiters, and checks. In one corner the High School orchestra was situated, furnishing music as the people ate. All these things carried out the idea of the Terrace Gardens so well that it was only necessary for one to close his eyes and he could easily believe he was sitting under the "Bright Lights of Clark Street."

And thus the night ended but the success of it meant a credit to the Senior class and an honor to every pupil who showed his school spirit by taking part in it.

D. T. H. S. ORCHESTRA.

After two weeks of school had elapsed the orchestra was assembled on a Monday night to start once again the weekly (drudge?) of practice. This opinion of practice being a drudge, however, was soon changed after a few rehearsals under the supervision of Miss Fulton (the music and art teacher of the past year of '19 and '20) who was sometimes assisted by Mr. Converse (a violin teacher from Joliet).

Our first appearance was made before the Assembly on one of the Friday afternoon Literary programs. We practiced diligently to try and make a good impression upon our fellow students and also to have our first appearance a success. Whether our end was accomplished I have never been fortunate or unfortunate enough to hear.

However, that was just the beginning of our appearances. Next the Woman's Club had a talk by Mr. Paul, of Champaign, on "Pronunciation" and we were asked to add variety to it's program. When the Seniors decided on a "Gala Night" our orchestra was chosen to play in the Terrace Gardens to give it the right atmosphere. This playing was a grand success except for the fact that a few people complained of ringing ears who had been too near the orchestra.

The Juniors were kind enough to ask us to show our talent playing, as a curtain raiser and between acts of their play. Everyone felt really good the Friday and Saturday nights we played for them and evidently Mr. Brothers noticed the difference in the music because as we left Saturday night he informed us there was a treat awaiting our arrival at the ice cream parlor. I'm sure this was thoroughly enjoyed by all so I wish here to extend our thanks to him. We could not be partial to the Juniors so two weeks later, when the Seniors gave their play, we were present to aid them.

Our last and greatest efforts are being put into practice each week for the Commencement exercises. We feel that this year our orchestra has been successful but just wait until next year and "You'll be surprised." We're going to organize and have some good times among ourselves, so better get that old instrument out of the attic that grandfather used to play on and practice up a little for next year we hope will be the best orchestra year in the history of the Dwight Township High School.

BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP.

On Wednesday morning, May 26th, the whole Biology Class, sixteen in number, went to Renfrew Park on an observation trip. The day was bright and cheerful and the pupils equally as anxious to enjoy one last "hike" before the class dispersed for the year.

Five kodaks were taken along and soon put to good use when the destination was reached, although by no means, used on birds or insects for when all arrived at the park we decided to have it a "pleasure trip." Pictures were taken in every nook, angle, and corner of the park. A few foot races were enjoyed and most interesting of all was an imaginary base ball game, minus bat, ball and gloves.

We gathered a few flowers for our own spe-

cial benefit and then started out to Oughton's park at the other end of town.

However, we had only reached the business part of town when Miss James, evidently realizing how good ice cream is on a hot day, took her fifteen "kiddies" into O'Malley's and treated us all to an ice cream cone each. Gee! it was so good. Thanks to Miss James' generosity and kindness. Then the sporty boys of our class bought nice chocolate bars, nuts and everything good and we ate and ate till we could eat no more.

Finally we journeyed on until we came to the other park, where we took in all the sights and Paul got a wet foot. Then we started back to the school for the remainder of the morning classes, but we certainly did not eat any dinner that noon when we went home.

ONE OF THEM.

ALUMNI

Mary and Martha Hoffman, of the class of 1919, have been teaching school the past year.

Dorothy Hanlon, of the class of 1919, has been attending the National Kindergarten of Chicago.

Estella Burkhart, of the class of 1918, has taken up the profession of nursing in Chicago.

Rebecca Miller, of the class of 1918, has recently been married to Mr. Andrew Kaye, who works in Seymours Drug Store of this city.

Clarice Lemmer, of the class of 1919, is taking up the profession of nursing at the University of Wisconsin.

John Barry, Donald Nelson, Rupert Goodman, Siegert Jensen, '19, and Edward Dickler are attending the University of Illinois.

Erna Kepplinger, class of 1919, is working at Gazin's store.

Maurine Ketcham, class of 1919, is working at the Farmers' Elevator office.

Vera Brown, class of 1919, has been teaching the past year.

Francis Ketcham, class of 1919, is Mr. Brothers' secretary.

Theodore Chapman, class of 1919, is attending the Wesleyan College at Bloomington.

Loretta West, class of 1919, is taking up the profession of nursing at the Women's Hospital, Chicago.

Agatha Hagerty, of '19, is going to school at Normal.

Helen Brendley, of '19, is working at the West Side Furniture Store.

Victor Ericson, '18, graduates from West Point in June of this year.

Paul Holbrook, '18, is now in the 258th Aero Squadron and is located at Aberdeen, Maryland.

MOTTOES OF THEIR OWN.

To flunk or not to flunk, that's the question. —S. Dennehy.

I punish that they shall prosper.—C. A. Brothers.

Variety is the spice of life.—Pete Kern.

Start early and get used to "them."—Chas. Mahannah.

Better late than never.—Emma Beiswanger.

Laugh and the room shakes with you.—Harriet Haise.

Red (hair) is the color of love.—Orlena Siedentop.

Give me many or give me none. — Lenore Thompson.

Ignorance is bliss.—Dorothy Fosterling.

I shalt not whisper.—Margaret Bowers.

Take it slow and easy.—Elva Landers.

Let the rest of the world go by.—Henry Klusman.

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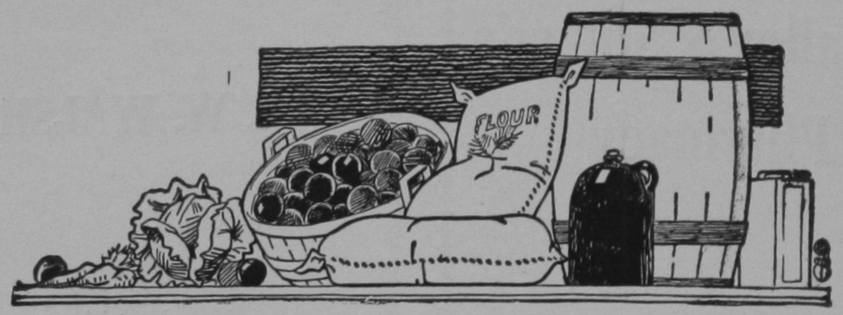

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He cannot on what he pays out for rent.

PREPARE NOW TO OWN YOUR OWN HOME

Boston & McClelland

LUMBER — GRAIN — COAL

DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

Insurance

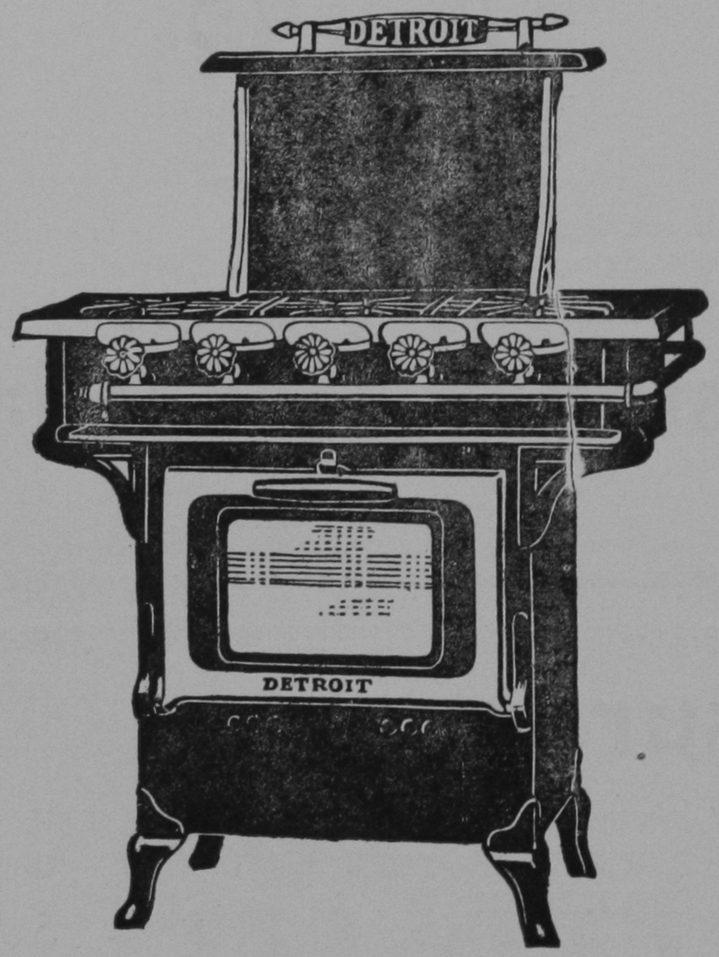
ON YOUR PROPERTY, YOUR HEALTH, YOUR TIME, YOUR EMPLOYEES, OR YOUR LIFE!

Investments

ALWAYS PROTECTED BY A FIRST MORTGAGE. FARM INVESTMENTS WITH A FUTURE.

Irwin H. Baker

Red Star Detroit Vapor
OIL STOVE



Each burner guaranteed for 10 years.
Burns 19 hours *red hot* on 1 gallon kerosene.
Hotter fire than city gas.
No wicks of any kind—strictly a gas vaporizer.
Call and we would be pleased to demonstrate it to you.

Cosgrove & Company

Our Hardware is the Best; It Stands the Test.

PHONE 73 DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

Have you money to invest?

$ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $

If so, invest it in a local security bearing the highest possible rate of interest consistent with the nature of the security. Your money invested locally in local securities will tend to develop this community while investing money in foreign securities or in securities secured by properties elsewhere does not help your local community.

$ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $

Frank L. Smith, Land Man

"If You Deal With Me You Get Results"

LAW, LOANS, LAND AND INSURANCE

PHONE NO. 8 DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

United States Depositary Member Federal Reserve System

The FIRST NATIONAL BANK of DWIGHT

Resources $1,400,000.00

"If you want to know whether you are destined to be a success or a failure in life you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible:

ARE YOU ABLE TO SAVE MONEY?

If not, drop out. You will lose. You may think not, but you will lose as sure as you live. The seed of success is not in you."—*James J. Hill.*

Start a Savings Account now, and

"MAKE THIS YOUR BANKING HOME"

FRANK L. SMITH, President CURTIS J. JUDD, Vice President
JOHN R. OUGHTON, Vice Pres. JOHN J. DOHERTY, Cashier
E. M. HOFFMAN, Assistant Cashier

Directors

CURTIS J. JUDD JOE MILLER JOHN J. DOHERTY
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C. J. AHERN E. B. LEWIS

GOOD APPEARANCE!

Stop, think, and realize that your best friends, when first met, judge you by your good appearance. *The only way the world judges you at first sight.*

Kuppenheimer Good Clothes

Made in all-wool fabrics, excellent tailoring, and superb styles will insure *your good appearance* and *a good lasting impression.*

We have these exceptionally good clothes—*they are exceptional values.*

The Quality Store
EDWARD GAZIN, PROP'R

Dwight Township High School

Dwight, Illinois

Recognized by the State Department of Public Instruction.
Accredited by the University of Illinois
Member of North Central Association of Schools and Colleges.

Attend High School Because

1. High School Influence is Good.
2. Demand for Educated Boys and Girls is Growing.
3. Thinking Power is What Counts.
4. It Pays Big Returns in Dollars and Cents.

COURSES

General, College Preparatory, Normal, Domestic Science, Manual Training, Commercial.

A corps of well trained, experienced teachers.

If you live outside the High School District the County will pay your tuition.

For full particulars address the Principal.

ERIK THOMSEN

The Village Blacksmith

East Mazon Avenue

Blacksmith and Auto Repairing.

Welds all Kinds of Metal—Auto Springs included.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

The prints of baby's fingers pressed upon the window-pane will not last forever—

Our photograph will.

WRIGHT STUDIO

P. O. Block Dwight, Ill.

ONE FINDS THE LATEST IN SPORT HATS AT

Mary E. Barnum

MILLINERY

East Street Dwight, Ill.

Ford THE UNIVERSAL CAR

J. E. FERGUSON

Authorized Agent

FORD CARS

Ford THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Bank of Dwight

Established 1855

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,
$100,000.00.

WE PAY INTEREST ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS

You may deposit with us your savings funds for which you are awaiting the opportunity for investment. We pay interest compounded semi-annually on such accounts.

OFFICERS

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JOHN P. MCWILLIAMS, *Vice President*
CHAS. D. MCWILLIAMS, *Cashier*
LOUIS A. WEICKER, *Assistant Cashier*

FOUNTAIN PENS STATIONERY

Seymour's Drug Store

CAMERAS TOILET ARTICLES

Seabert Brothers

EVERYTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS

SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES
EMERY SHIRTS
FRIED HATS
RALSTON SHOES

LET US FURNISH YOU WITH YOUR NEEDS IN OUR LINE

WILL SAVE YOU MONEY

If you knew you could get several dollars back for every dollar you invested it would not take you long to decide, would it? You would invest at once.

Well, that is just what you can do by investing the subscription price to the DWIGHT STAR AND HERALD. It will be the means of saving you several dollars during the year if you will allow it to do so. It is the best investment you can make for the money.

Say nothing about the local news it carries but consider it just as a business proposition, a money saver. It carries the advertisements of the local merchants and by keeping track of these from week to week you will be able during the year to save yourselves many times the cost of the year's subscription in buying the things you need and want. All you have to do is to watch the advertising columns and the bargains offered by your home merchants will allow you to supply your wants at the bargain prices they offer.

$2.50 Per Year in Advance.

There are many ways of cutting the cost of building.

Our experience in this line of business has taught us the less expensive ways of securing the more desirable results.

When you are formulating plans for building and need expert building advice we invite you to consult us.

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