The Annual

C. F. H. S. 1911





The First Annual

of

The Chagrin Falls High School

Published by The Class

of 1911



Dedication

to the

To The Faculty of the Chagrin Falls High School This Annual is Affectionately Dedicated by the Class of 1911



School Board

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F. P. Shumaker

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The Faculty



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Miss Lila E. Coit, A. B. Asst. Principal.



C. J. Marshall Supervisor of Music.



A. T. Carr, Ph. B. Principal.



Miss Adeline G. Curry



Mrs. A. J. Foster Supervisor of Penmanship.

Seniors



Officers.

President	Lawrence C. Gates
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Secretary	Gertrude D. Hutchinson
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CLASS FLOWER: Lily of the Valley.

CLASS COLORS: Green and White.

CLASS MOTTO: Ad summum.



ETHEL M. BURNETT "Come and trip it as you go, On the light fantastic toe." Classical course. Managerial Board of Annual.



MAMIE M. CIBULAK "As merry as the day is long." Classical course. Managerial Board of Annual.



JOHN L. EGGLESTON "Just good natured, that's all, and not pretentious." Classical course. Managerial Board of Annual.



LAWRENCE C. GATES "The society of girls is a very charming thing." Classical course. President of Class. Basket Ball 2, 3, 4; captain 4. Base Ball 2, 4. Managerial Board of Annual.



ROBERT C. GOLDBACH

"And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep." Classical course. Basket Ball 3, 4. Base Ball, 3, 4. Editor-in-Chief of Annual.



LLOYD F. HENDERSON "'Grace,' 'tis a charming sound." Classical course. Treasurer of the Athletic Association. Treasurer of Class. Editorial Board of Annual.



WILLIAM D. HOOPES

"Better late than never." Classical course. President of the Athletic Association. Business Manager of the Annual. Basket Ball 3, 4. Base Ball 2, 3, 4.



LAVERNE B. HUGGETT

"Thou wouldst be great, art not without ambition?" Classical course. Managerial Board of Annual.



GERTRUDE D HUTCHINSON

"Then she will talk. Ye Gods, how she will talk." Classical course. Secretary of Class. Editorial Board of Annual.



GRACE M. SHUMAKER
"Come, pensive nun, devout and pure, sober, steadfast and demure."
Classical course.
Vice-President of Class.
Class Historian.
Editorial Board of Annual.



EDITH K. STONEMAN "And gladly wolde she lerne and gladly teche." Classical course. Editorial Board of Annual.



GERTRUDE M. WILSON "Of manners gentle and affections mild." Classical course. Editorial Board of Annual.

History of the Class of 1911

S EPTEMBER the 7th, 1907, was one of the most memorable days in the history of the Chagrin Falls High School, for upon that day there entered it the most unique and distinguished freshman class in the history of that institution. The roll revealed the names of thirty-six zealous and ambitious boys and girls. We soon settled down to high school routine and bore with equanimity the usual initiation inflicted by the upper classmen.

About the middle of the year we organized, choosing our class flower—the lily of the valley—and colors, green and white. At this time, we first entertained the Sophomores. The Seniors made a raid on the refreshment committee and after a bloodless battle, succeeded in securing several of the choicest cakes, which had been destined for the feast, but after harmony had been restored, a very pleasant evening was passed.

Very happy and never to be forgotten occasions were the Physical Geography and the Botany excursions.

These occasions were made particularly delightful under the chaperonage of the Botany teacher. Instead of being loaded down with fossils and rare botanical specimens, we often returned happy and hilarious with immense clusters of exquisite crab-apple blossoms. The freshman year was so full of good times that it will always remain as a refreshing oasis in our memories.

In our Sophomore year, we started under a new superintendent After sizing him up and being favorably impressed, we settled down once more to business.

Having lost a number of members, several of whom were matrimonially inclined, our class at the end of the Sophomore year had dwindled to half the number that had entered High School as freshmen.

One day in November, we were surprised by a visit from the State Inspector. Not having been put wise to this visit, we were not exactly ready for an inspection drill, to the chagrin and mortification of our instructors. However, "all is well that ends well"—we have learned to be constantly ready for chance inspection.

After the opening of the spring term we were sorely dismayed and distressed at having our General History Class suddenly removed from the gentle guidance and tender wisdom of a tried and true teacher into the strenuous clutches of a mere man not so well acquainted with our modest and shrinking virtues. Over the inevitable adjustment that necessarily followed, we mercifully draw a veil.

The maple syrup season being an unusually fruitful one that year, the Sophomore boys cut one afternoon, and visited a nearby camp. After having fully satisfied their natural longing for maple sweets, they kindly remembered their girl classmates by leaving a gallon of the delicious syrup in the cloak-hall and as the word was passed on to the girls one after the other, each dutifully inscribed her name on the board and passed out to interview that syrup can. Each returned satisfied and serene with sweet smiling lips.

During the month of May, the Juniors entertained us in the Assembly Hall and, as it was the first time we had been entertained as a Class, we were very well behaved, dignified and truly appreciated the Juniors' efforts in our behalf.

In our Junior year, we started in with fifteen members, in good health and with fair prospects. It fell to our lot that year to break in a new Principal, but as he proved to be quite tractable, we have had no serious trouble with him. As Juniors we entertained the Seniors. This was the most elaborate affair we had yet attempted and the effort of entertainment weighed a little on our spirit; but not to the extent of appreciably affecting anyone's appetite.

We put in a busy Junior year preparing for our entrance into the Senior class. The year closed with the high school reception for the Seniors which proved to be one of the most delightful occasions in the whole year.

At last we have reached the high school goal,—we are Seniors. Our class has been reorganized, and all things promise a successful ending.

As a Senior class we now number twelve—all Latin students—seven girls and five boys.

At Thanksgiving, we gave our last class party, entertaining the Juniors that evening. We now feel that we have done our duty socially, and with some regret we commit this pleasing task into the hands of the Juniors.

Looking back over four years' record, we see where we could have done better. We have made some few mistakes. All great personages have done so, but it was through heedlessness and not malice. We modestly admit that to our instructors are due our hearty thanks for the vast accumulation of wisdom and knowledge we are about to bear away with us. We are well aware that our class is a remarkable and brilliant example to all the classes that are to follow, and we expect, as a class, to shine brightly upon the pages of fame.

GRACE SHUMAKER, Historian, '11.



Preparing Commencement Orations



Officers.

President	hepherd
SecretaryRuth G	oldbach
Treasurer	Parker

Class Yell.

Wee! Wah! Wee! Wah! Wee! Wah! Welve! Juniors! Juniors! Nineteen twelve!

CLASS COLORS: Imperial Blue and White.

CLASS FLOWER: White Rose.



Junior Class Roll. Olive A. Robens Elsie M. Warren Warren B. Parker Mona L. Sanderson Howard E. Foster Ruth B. Goldbach Harley A. Coombes Orrell L. Rood Helen Brewster Sim Shepherd Fred C. Page Clarence A. Williams Ruth H. Ober Alta M. Warren Turner B. Kline Laura R. McLaughlin Owen L. Carlton Ruth H. Modreo Horace Elliott Forrest W. Bowler

History of the Junior Class

I N the fall of 1899 the group of little children that gathered around the door of Miss Russell's room would have attracted the attention of a chance passerby by their unusually intelligent faces and happy smiles. This was the present Junior class entering in upon that wonderful and mysterious realm called "SCHOOL."

We passed through the Primary Grades in the allotted time with the brave *little* struggles for which we are now characterized.

When we were promoted to the Grammar Grades we felt

"Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts, In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts. But, these attained, we tremble to survey The growing labors of the lengthened way, The increasing prospects tire our wandering eye, Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

But we pursued our studies diligently and with a determination to conquer all obstacles, that is, conjugations, boundary lines, and the rules of our teachers, and finally, as a reward for our hard labors, we received promotion cards from Miss Collacott and entered the sixth grade triumphant.

Instead of passing into the large, sunny room at the end of the hall as sixth graders were accustomed to do, we were obliged to remain in our old room in order that our sunny faces might radiate beauty to its gloomy walls yet another year. We were a happy class but alas! Cupid came in and stole our pretty young teacher, Miss Edna Robens, away from us before the year was over. And in her stead came Miss Elder who drilled incessantly on themes.

We entered the seventh grade with a gasp, we were to have a MAN for a teacher. We experienced a novel year—everybody passed. This was the first time that a knowledge of our great intelligence was borne in upon us.

Miss Curry was our next teacher. Here we came up against a new kind of discipline—we were put upon our honor. The discovery that we had such a thing formed the basis for our eighth grade song which began:

"School days, school days,

Dear old Honor Rule days;

Readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic,

Taught to the tune of our conscience prick,"

and so on. Then without graduation, we were shoved along into the High School.

We now entered upon a new era of our existence and we felt that our childhood days were over and that we were destined for deeper things, such as Algebra and Latin. Mr. Teare, superintendent; Mr. Bish, principal; and Miss Coit, assistant, were our new instructors. At this time the boys donned long trousers and the girls lengthened their dresses an inch and adopted *rats*. Our thinning numbers that entered the "Flat" class were reinforced by the arrival of such country students as had successfully passed the Patterson examination.

We passed through this green stage, the object of all the slams and gibes of the upper classmen. Our poor little hearts were kept from despair by the Carmina Sanctorum in which we were drilled by our principal.

We entered Sophomore year with Mr. Carr as our new principal. Here we entered upon the study of American Literature, Book-keeping, and Caesar, which filled the year with trials and tribulations for both teachers and pupils. In Geometry we tried to apply our knowledge to real life and formulated ideas that Mr. Teare was an Axiom, Miss Coit a Proposition, and Mr. Carr a Corollary. In General History we distinguished ourselves by declaring in an examination, that the reason Martin Luther's progress was checked in the Reformation was because the opposing party gave him a diet of worms (Diet of Worms).

After such a brilliant career our instructors could do no less than promote us to the Junior class, and to the position we now hold as the guiding Star of the lower classes. We have sometimes felt this year in our German Class as if our precociousness was fading a trifle. But then as we have all chosen different futures than that of German Professors, we gaze into the future fearlessly and with brave hearts.

> "A perfect judge will read this work of wit With the same spirit that its authors writ."

> > RUTH B. GOLDBACH. MONA L. SANDERSON.





Officers.

President
Vice-PresidentMildred T. Henderson
SecretaryJoyce L. Sheffield
TreasurerRobert H. Richardson

12 Repairs Bar

CLASS COLORS: Lavender and White.

CLASS FLOWERS: Lavender and White Sweet Peas.



Sophomore Class Roll. Walter G. Bradley Louise C. Brewster Frank L. Burton Vernon J. Class Olive M. Curtiss Irene L. Davis Ednah J. DeKorte Edna M. Gifford Myrtle R. Grant Harry W. Halsey Mildred T. Henderson Chas. W. Huggett Mary B. Iredale Irene B. Jackson Aleata J. Johns Olive M. Losher Catherine E. Muggleton Muriel E. Nichols Hilda Ober Robert Richardson Louise O. Sanders Joyce L. Sheffield Maurice M. Shumaker Lucile W. Stoneman Edna F. Wrentmore Roscoe C. Walters

Sophomore Class Poem

Should you ask the source of knowledge, Whence comes learning, whence comes brilliance. I should answer, I should tell you-From the Sophomore class of '13 From the wise and learned Sophomores, From the class of 1913! Should you ask where maids are fairest-Full of wit and understanding, And where youths are brave and gallant, I should answer, I should tell you, In the Sophomore class of '13. For their fame has long been wide-spread In the village of the foothills, Where the Falls of the mighty Chagrin Flash and gleam among the meadows-Laugh and leap into the valley, For they cram not neither dig they, Still their deeds are ever mighty. Look to Seniors; look to Juniors! See them grinding; see them digging! Midnight oil each night they're burning In the mad pursuit of knowledge-Reaching wildly for great learning, Yet in searching still they gain not What to Sophomores comes uncourted, Comes unasked for and unbidden.

And note the innocent young Freshie-Each young and blooming Freshie, How he looks to each wise Sophomore As his pattern, his example! In the days that yet are coming Lo! how much will fade and perish Of the olden days at Chagrin, But the doings of the Sophomores, The achievements of the '13's All the wit of Sophomore maidens, All the strength of their brave brothers-Will live long in minds of many-They will never be forgotten-Who that knows them can forget them? How they toiled not, neither crammed they, Yet how victory crowned them leaders.

O. M. C.



Market and

CLASS FLOWER: American Beauty Rose.



Freshmen Class Roll. Orvin A. Goodwin George W. Nycamp Hugh N. Beattie Reveley G. Beattie Claude E. Oberlin Clarence B. Wait Georgiene G. Hutchinson Gladys M. Page Mamie H. Gates Samuel Ridge Carlyle S. Harris Merrill L. Reed Howard H. Davis Frieda K. Ziegler Fanchon D. Stillwell Floyd J. Smith Milton J. Bentley Clifford J. Dryer Harold W. Baker Harry T. Hoopes Howard C. Allshouse Harold A. Bright Ruth L. Baker Treva G. Hill George T. Riddle Howard E. Wilber 23

Class Dope

The Freshmen are as green as tea, It looks as though they'd always be. You'd think their heads were made of tin, The way they sit and grin, and grin.

The Sophomore girls just take the cake, They're great on puffs and all those fakes. The Sophomore boys, Are little toys, So say the other classes, But don't you see, They're up a tree, They're overpowered by lasses.

The Juniors stand ten to ten, Part young ladies, part young men, This is the reason you clearly see, Why it is hard for them to agree, But they've adopted the colors, blue and white, And decided now to stop their fight.

The Seniors are the same as ever, Decidedly smart and very clever, But we want to thank them, one and all, For starting this New Annual.

Literary

High School Rhetoricals

T has been the custom in the High School during the last three years to hold regular sessions of rhetoricals every two weeks. These are conducted after the manner of a literary society. A president, a secretary and a sergeant-atarms are elected by the High School and preside at the meetings.

The president is chosen from the Seniors as this seems to be the only class able to uphold the dignity of the position. The Junior class receives the next highest honor and a secretary is chosen from their number. And then of course the sergeant-at-arms is selected from the Sophomores.

Those who take part in the program are not chosen at random and neither are they alone those pupils who have exceptional ability in any particular line But there are a certain number of requirements which every student must fulfill in order to complete his High School course. These requirements are on several lines and are allotted to the various classes as follows: Every member of the Freshman and Sophomore classes is required to present one recitation, one theme, one debate and one extemporaneous speech. The requirements of the Junior class are: one speech, one book review, one debate, one extemporaneous speech and one recitation or a second speech. The Seniors have the same requirements as the Juniors with the exception that the commencement oration takes the place of the last requirement.

The subjects which are treated are chosen under the supervision of the faculty and are such as are of benefit to the students.

The speeches are supposed to approach the quality of an oration but are not quite worthy of that title. The books which are reviewed are such as are worthy of the attention and of value to those who hear them reviewed. It is the object of the reviewers not only to give the plot and story of the book reviewed but also a general criticism. The recitations are of various kinds, often from eminent writers of prose as well as poetry. The themes are on divers subjects and great attention is given to the grammar and rhetoric. The majority of the debates are on current topics, especially of a political character. The extemporaneous speeches are on subjects of current interest with which the speaker is supposed to be at least partially familiar and are expected to be three minutes in length.

The rhetoricals are not given simply as a means of entertainment but they are intended to benefit and help not only those taking part but also the audience. They are intended to supplement the regular course of instruction, especially the composition work and to increase the general literary tastes and acquirements of the High School pupils.

G. D. H., '11

Prize Stories

Mignon-the Messenger of Joy

"IGNON, will you please take a message to Phil for me?" called Alice to her little six-year-old niece. After the child had answered in the affirmative, she continued: "Phil will be home for dinner now and I want to catch him before he goes back to the office. Tell him that Auntie wants to go to the theater tonight."

The little girl ran around the corner to the Allbright home where Phil was eating his dinner while his mother and a visiting aunt talked. Philip spied her coming and exclaimed, "Ah, here comes little Mignon-Mignon who brings me joy."

Philip was a young German. He and his older brother, Gus, had just started in the florist business and Phil was looking forward to the day when he could ask Alice Woodburn to be his wife.

"So Phil has a girl now?" began the aunt after Phil had departed.

Then Mrs. Allbright told her Alice's story. How, being left an orphan, she had lived with a mean old aunt until she was eighteen, when she had run away and come to live with a married sister, Mrs. Hunter; and that for the last two years Phil had been devoted to her; and then ended by saying she hoped Phil would marry her for she was such a good cook.

A week later Alice came running into the room with an open letter in her hand and cried: "Tessie, I've got a letter from James Montgomery and he is going to call here tonight for his boat will arrive at six o'clock and lay anchored all night. Isn't that fine?"

"Yes, very fine, but what will Phil say?"

"Phil be plagued; he isn't running me!"

"Yes, I know, Alice," answered her sister, "but it isn't right for you to encourage both of these boys. You had better choose between the florist and the engineer. If you don't, you'll be sorry." "Yes, that would be wise, wouldn't it?" retorted Alice. "If I gave up Phil I

"Yes, that would be wise, wouldn't it?" retorted Alice. "If I gave up Phil I wouldn't have any one to take me around to the different amusements and if I gave up James it would be Phil all the time and I do so love a change. And anyway, I don't know which one I do like best."

James called that night with an air of determination. He was just releasing his sweetheart who had just promised to be his wife when Tessie entered the room with an odd expression on her face and asked Alice to excuse herself for a few moments.

As soon as they were out of the room Tessie exclaimed: "Alice, Phil is at the door and I didn't dare invite him in for fear he would get mad if he found James with you."

A slight gasp escaped Alice's pressed lips as she started for the reception hall. She was pale and trembling for now she remembered Tessie's warning which she had rebuked that afternoon.

"Hello, little girl, wouldn't you like to go for a buggy ride this evening?" began Phil.

"Oh Phil, I can't, I'm engaged," answered Alice in a strange little voice.

Phil interpreted this that Alice had another engagement for that evening and, even though he was jealous, he said: "Well, how will tomorrow night be then?" as he captured her little hands and kissed them. "Oh, don't !" sobbed the wretched girl as she struggled to release her hands, "you don't understand. I'm engaged to be married—to James." "James Montgomery?" thundered Phil as he threw Alice's hands from him.

"James Montgomery?" thundered Phil as he threw Alice's hands from him. And as Alice nodded, he continued, "And you dare to marry him after making me love you, and you pretended to love me for all these years?"

"Oh, Phil, please don't talk so, I'm so sorry, I didn't realize what I was doing. Have mercy on me!"

"Have mercy on you? No, never! I'll curse you, I hope your delightful husband will lose every cent he has. I hope your children will have to beg on the street. And if they ever come to my door I'll—" "Auntie, oh, Auntie, where are you?" called little Mignon and then as she

"Auntie, oh, Auntie, where are you?" called little Mignon and then as she caught sight of her said: "Aren't you going to kiss me 'Good night'?" then catching sight of Phil she continued, "You can kiss me too, Phil!"

He pressed the child close to his breast and kissed her passionately, then set her down and walked out of the door without saying another word to finish his threat.

James couldn't think of remaining on the lakes after he was married, so he secured a position in Cleveland and after their wedding in June he and Alice started housekeeping there.

A year later little Mignon died. And Phil who loved her as if she were his own could do no more than laden the little white casket with his choicest flowers, for he could not bring himself to attend the funeral since Alice was to be there. As he was stealing out after the last look at the little corpse he caught sight of two flowery pillows, which had come from another florist's, one read "Our love," and the other, "At Rest." "Dead, dead!" shrieked his thoughts. "Our love is dead, not at rest."

A year after this a baby girl came to the Montgomery home. And Alice named it "Mignon." A part of Phil's curse was granted him, for four years later when James, after investing all his money in a southern scheme, went south to investigate and caught a fever and died. The schemes for wealth fell through and Alice and little Mignon were left alone with but a few thousand dollars. They could not live on this forever so they made their home with James' brother, Joseph, and his wife, who lived in a suburb of Cleveland. And Alice was installed as bookkeeper in his office.

Fourteen years passed thus. Alice had raised her delicate child till now she was eighteen years old and her uncle, Mr. DeMott, who had no daughters, wished to introduce her into society in Cleveland by giving a ball in her honor. Two weeks before the ball the occasion was being discussed by the Montgomery household when Joseph said, "Well, I suppose we may as well expect a wedding in the family soon if little Mignon enters society."

"Why, Uncle, how could you?" in a pleading tone.

"Well, you just wait and see."

"But Uncle, what about Eugene?"

"Oh, you will meet wealthier men than he and then you'll forget him. I can just see you now, a wealthy old man's darling."

"Uncle!" screamed the teased girl, indignant to think that anyone would dare to think for one moment that she would ever forget Eugene Biglow.

Mignon's ball was to come during her two weeks vacation. She went to the DeMott home a week beforehand so that she might purchase the little necessities for the ball, such as gloves, pumps, and ribbons. And at the same time have a chance to visit some of her old chums. The second day after her arrival she was to dine and remain all night with a friend, Christine Davies. It was a lovely afternoon so she decided to walk to Christine's even if it was seven blocks and besides she had just received a letter from Eugene and she wanted to be away from inquisitive friends when she read it. When she had gone nearly a block and was deeply interested in her letter she heard someone shouting, "Mignon, oh, Mignon, wait a minute!" It was her little cousin Warren DeMott. As he neared her he panted, "Mamma said to ask you what time you would be back to go shopping tomorrow and what it was you wanted to buy?""

As the shopping list was rather long Mignon wrote it down on the back of the envelope of Eugene's letter and then went on her way, wondering if she would be able to get away from Davies' in time to meet her aunt at nine.

"I wonder why Eugene insists that I marry him as soon as I get through Normal?" mused Mignon as she walked along apparently in deep thought. "He knows that mother wouldn't give up bookkeeping and live with us. He knows that the only reason that I am going to teach is so that mother won't have to work any more. No sir, Mr. Eugene Biglow will have to understand that I will never marry him while my mother has to work. And if he won't wait, why"—a sharp pain and then all was darkness.

During all these years the Allbright brothers had worked up their business until they were considered the best florists in Erie. And just when they had accumulated enough money to be called independently wealthy, the older brother married.

Phil was disgusted to think that his brother would marry, when their mother was the only sensible woman in the world and all the rest fickle. He was so much put out that he sold his share to his brother, took his mother and set up a greenhouse in Cleveland. Then he bought a little bungalow in a quiet residence part of the city and with his mother to boss the maid he got along very nicely, with only an occasional case of the "blues."

Today was one of his "blue" days. "Mother, I didn't suppose Gus was so foolish as to marry, did you?"

"I don't call that foolish, dear. I wish you would do the same."

"Me, mother?" cried Phil in surprise.

"Why not? You know you won't always have a mother to run your house. And even before I die I may not be as spry as I am now." "Oh, mother," he answered in a shaky voice as he held her in his arms.

"Oh, mother," he answered in a shaky voice as he held her in his arms. "You know that I swore years ago that I would never marry anyone but Alice." And with that he went into the front room and sat gazing out of the window, his head resting in his hands, but he was seeing things in Erie which had happened twenty or more years ago. And then he saw Alice, yes, Alice, walking slowly up the street. He knew it was Alice! Wouldn't he know that figure, that walk, if he saw it in China? And then as she drew nearer, that brown, curly hair, that poise of the head, and those eyes and—. With a cry he was running out of the door like a madman; Alice had fallen. He carried her into the house and Mrs. Allbright soon had the girl in bed and a doctor was summoned. He came and pronounced it nothing serious. Said she had evidently turned her ankle and fainted, then hit the sidewalk and was stunned but would probably be alright as soon as she came to.

As Phil sat by the bedside watching, he saw that it was not Alice. This girl's hair was a little lighter, and he didn't think she was quite as beautiful but still his heart warmed towards her as it had not done to anyone since the time of the old Alice. The girl opened her eves as he was sitting there and upon seeing a strange man near her she became frightened and begged him to tell her who he was and where she was.

"You just had a little fall but you will be alright soon. I am Mr. Allbright.

My mother is in the kitchen preparing a cup of tea. She will be in directly." Just then the old lady appeared and whispered: "Phil, I can't find a thing that tells who she is, only a letter in her pocketbook that starts, 'Dearest Mignon.' So I suppose she is Mignon somebody. I hope her mother isn't worrying, but I presume she is.'

Mignon lost all fear at sight of the dear old lady and fell into a heavy slumber at ten o'clock. She didn't waken until six the next morning. When she opened her eyes this time she saw a maid sitting by her side. After she had col-lected her thoughts for a few moments she asked, "Is this Mr. Albright's home?"

"Yes."

"Are you his daughter?" "No, I'm the maid."

"Oh, well, where is Mr. Allbright and his mother?"

"Mr. Allbright is at his office. He had to go early this morning to send out flowers for a morning wedding. His mother just went to bed half an hour ago. She sat up all night with you." "Oh, dear, I'm so sorry! What did the doctor say ailed me?"

Then the girl told her just what the doctor said. "Hum," mused the girl, "the same thing happened once before. But I guess I'm alright now," then aloud, "Well then, if you will please hand me my clothes I believe I will try to get up."

"Please don't, miss, maybe you're not able, I mustn't allow you to go without asking my mistress and I hate to wake her for she is all tired out." "I have had a similar accident once before, so I think I'm alright. Before,

the doctor said it was the catching of the cords in my neck that made me faint away. And I have an appointment with my auntie at nine and if I don't appear and she finds out that I haven't been at Christine's she will get the police out in search of me and that wouldn't be pleasant, would it? And I must go and explain to Christine why I didn't show up last night."

"Well, I'll help you but I hate to have you get up."

Just as she was ready to leave an hour later, she wrote a little note to her kind friends, thanking them and saying that she would call the following Sunday and bring her mother, whom she was sure would wish to meet such kind people. And then she signed the note, "Mignon."

Sunday Mrs. Allbright saw Mignon and another young lady coming down the street. "Oh, Phil, here comes Mignon; but she hasn't brought her mother,-I guess it's an older sister," she said to her son who was in the next room. "I had so hoped to see her mother for I don't know many old ladies in Cleveland and I would like someone to talk to.'

When Mrs. Allbright opened the door for the ladies, Mignon said: "Mrs. Allbright, I want you to meet my mother, Mrs. Montgomery.

"Your mother!" exclaimed the old lady, "bless me!"

"Alice Woodburn!" cried Phil, who had just entered the room.

"Phil!" was the weak response.

That was the beginning. Inside of six months Alice became Mrs. Philip Allbright and Mignon could no longer deny Eugene his long sought-for promise.

As the newly married couple and Mignon and Eugene were sitting on the porch in the moonlight, a little spirit of the past sprang up in Phil's mind and he said: "I once loved a little girl named 'Mignon,' but she is dead now, and I used to have a little saying about her. Now I have reason to use that phrase again, for another girl has fulfilled it,—'Mignon brings me joy'!"

"Me too!" echoed Eugene.

MONA L. SANDERSON, '12.

The Secret of the Mexicans

•• W HAT are you looking so cross about, Bob?" asked Marian of her brother, as she lazily came up the steps of the veranda and seated herself.

"Do I look cross? I was trying to think of some way to get money enough to start to college next month," answered Bob.

"Why, what has happened? Last spring father said he would send you to the best college he could find."

"That I know," replied Bob, "but it seems that soon after that he lost a great deal of money. Then he hoped to make good through the summer so that I could go anyway, but his plans failed. I would have worked if I had known, but father doesn't air his business secrets."

"You are not by any means too old to wait and work a year," said Marian.

"I guess I'll have to, but it doesn't seem as if I could give it up now even for a year," answered Bob.

"It is a shame, but set your brains to working and I'll do the same and perhaps we can devise some way after all," said Marian. "Let's get the pony and go for a ride. It is much cooler now," she added.

They had a lovely long ride until evening. At the supper table their father told them that he and their mother were going into the city the next day on business, and that Marian and Bob could do as they pleased. Bob suggested that they take their lunch and go for a long drive.

The next day, after seeing their parents off, Bob went to the stable to hitch up the pony while Marian went into the house to finish packing their lunch. Soon they were started, and gaily riding south along a beautiful road by the sea.

They had had a hot season in southern California that summer. Most of the residents went north during the summer, but the Tracys were for various reasons detained. But now since the days were cooler, they began to enjoy themselves more. The day seemed almost perfect. A light breeze was blowing from a turquoise-blue ocean whose soft swelling waves gently caressed the white beach. Marian chatted away about anything that happened to attract her attention, little noticing her brother's absent-mindedness.

They had ridden about ten miles when Marian said, "Oh, let's go down under the cliffs and have our lunch. I'm awfully hungry, and besides I've always wanted to investigate those rocks."

"Alright," said Bob, "I am hungry myself."

They had stopped on a high cliff overhanging the sea. Below this was a mass of rocks of all sizes promiscuously scattered around. On the sides of the perpendicular rocky cliff were great holes, or caves, washed out by the waves. Once a month there is a minus tide which goes out unusually far and stays out about a day or a day and a half. This happened to be one of those times, so that Marian and Bob could easily walk on the rocks and hunt for curious things.

They hitched the pony near the road on top of the cliff. As they came down the steps hewn out of the rocks at one side of the bluff a great flock of snow white birds flew off their nests and circled around over their heads. Bob began to enter into the spirit of the thing and they had a jolly time eating their lunch on one of the rocks.

After lunch they began looking for odd bits of sea-weed and shells. They found sand dollars, barnacles, tiny lover's boats, starfish and clams. As they searched, they gradually drifted apart. Marian was tying some of the things in her handkerchief when Bob excitedly called to her. Running to where he was, she found him looking into a crevice between a rock and the side of the bluff. At first she thought that the heat had affected his brain, for on looking herself, she didn't seem to see anything unusual. But Bob was very much excited. At first he tried feverishly to push the stone away; then, having stopped and considered the matter, he decided on more scientific methods. He got the long rope with which the pony had been staked, and climbed half way up the bluff in order to slip it over a projection on the rock. In scrambling up he lost his footing, and his right foot slipped into a crevice between the rocks. The big stone trembled with his weight, then rolled smoothly back as if on hinges. Bob and Marian were both too surprised to speak. At first they looked gingerly in; then, getting bolder, they went entirely inside. It seemed to be just an ordinary cave, and they were beginning to feel a little disappointed, when, with a cry, Bob disappeared through the floor.

Marian looked around in time to see his head vanishing beneath; then an awful silence followed. She called frantically, but in reply heard only the hollow sound of the echo. Soon, however, she was surprised to see the stone slowly rising; finally, a hand appeared. She recovered from her fright sufficiently to lend a helping hand to Bob. Having now found that he was safe and sound again, she commenced to cry. But Bob was too much engrossed in his discoveries to notice Marian. They found that the stone was fastened by a peculiar arrangement which enabled it to move up and down. Bob pulled up the ladder, which he had discovered in the hole and found it to be a rope ladder of a construction peculiar to Mexicans. He then declared his intention of going down again in order to explore more fully. Marian implored him not to go; but, finding him obdurate, decided to go too; for she said she couldn't bear the suspense of waiting alone. So, after propping up the stone with a piece of driftwood, both descended into the cave.

The light furnished by the entrance was very dim; but, after their eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, they could see things quite distinctly. At one side of the cave against the farther wall was a high-backed chair of dark wood; opposite this was a small table of the same wood. At one end was a shelf with a beautifully embroidered cloth hanging over it. On this shelf was a statue of the Virgin Mary and her Son. On each side of this was a candle placed in a curiously wrought silver holder. Bob took one of these and lighted it, thus making more light to examine their surroundings. Below the shelf on the floor was a goat-skin rug. Lifting up the rug, they searched the floor, hoping to find something hidden there. They had made so many discoveries that they were not surprised to find a secret spring. They pressed it, and a piece of the stone sprang back, disclosing a small hole, about a foot square, chiseled out of the floor. Bob held the candle inside of this but could see nothing. Marian, feeling around with her hand, discovered a string of beads with a little gold cross fastened to it. They examined the beads a moment, and not thinking them of much consequence, Marian put them around her neck.

They were very enthusiastic over the discovery of the cave, and decided to bring their friends to see the place at the first opportunity. Then, thinking that they had better start home, Bob started up the ladder first in order to help his sister. He had got about half way up when the rotten rope broke at the top, at the same time dislodging the piece of driftwood. Bob, ladder and all came tumbling down amid a shower of debris. He was so amazed by this turn of affairs that he just stood and looked.

"Well, this looks as if we were done for," said he.

"What shall we do," wailed Marian, "and oh, the tide!" as that thought struck her. "We don't know how long it has been out. It may come in any moment."

"That's so," answered Bob. "Hadn't thought of that. Let's hunt around. Maybe there is something we can do."

They tried several things, but none gave promise of success. Bob, having almost given up, sat down to think. Marian went slowly around the wall, running her hand up and down, hunting for a secret passage-way, she said. She had gone almost around the room when she came to a dark corner. She stopped to examine it and Bob, seeing her hesitation, came to where she was. Here they found a crevice about a foot and a half wide at the bottom and narrowing as it extended upward almost to the top of the cave. Marian commenced to wriggle through. Bob tried to remonstrate with her but she was determined, saying that if there was a way out this must be the way. Bob, thinking that it would be better to die together than alone, started after her. They worked and twisted themselves this way and that through the narrow and crooked passage; at intervals they stumbled down rough steps; in some places the jagged edges of the rocks fairly tore their clothes to shreds.

They went so far that Bob thought it was no use to go farther; but Marian was determined to see if this passage was not a way of leaving the cave.

Finally they came to a little opening on a sort of ledge where a stream of water flowed into a kind of tunnel below them. Bending down and looking through the tunnel Marian could see a little dim half-moon of light at the farther end.

"Oh, we are saved," she cried. "Look! It won't take us long to get out there."

"I don't know," answered Bob. "See! the tide is rising fast!"

Bob took off his shoes, rolled up his trousers and stepped into the water, which came a little above his waist. Taking Marian in his arms, he slowly waded toward the speck of light at the end of the tunnel. As he stumbled along, the crevice kept growing smaller and the water kept rising. Several times he slipped and nearly fell. By the time they got to the opening the water had risen so
high that they had to duck under. When they came up, they floated a moment, in order to get their bearings. They found they were from fifty to seventy feet out from the bluff in comparatively deep water. The sun had set and it was with the greatest difficulty that they made their way to the rocks, and up the rough steps to the pony cart.

California nights are somewhat cool, and Marian and Bob were chilled, even with the light wraps they had brought. Their teeth chattered with the cold long before they reached home.

Their parents and the servants were much excited and wrapped them in blankets before the blazing fire-place and made them drink several kinds of hot tea.

After Bob had told about their adventures, not without many interruptions from Marian, Mr. Tracy examined the beads on Marian's neck and was very much excited over them, saying that if he was not mistaken they were very fine black pearls and worth quite a sum.

"I remember now," said Mr. Tracy, "I am almost sure that that is the place my grandfather used to tell me about. He said that there was an organized Mexican Brotherhood that used to worship in a secret place each month, but that no one had ever been able to find it. We will go down as soon as possible and examine the cave more closely."

Bob and Marian's friends and schoolmates soon heard about their adventure and came to see them. They were never tired of hearing the story over and over again.

Mr. Tracy took the pearl necklace to a reliable jeweler who was very much interested in it, and recommended another dealer. It was finally sold for a sum of money sufficient to send Bob through college with enough left to help toward Marian's college course.

A month later, on the day before Bob started to college, Marian and Bob and all their friends went to the caves on a picnic to celebrate, having brought a ladder with them. They went over all the ground again excepting the tunnel. Bob and Marian were unanimously voted a hero and a heroine by their friends.

HELEN BREWSTER, '12.



THE Basket Ball season for 1910-11 has been a very successful one for the high school team. Out of eighteen games played, but four have been lost, and those by a very narrow margin. Games were played with two of the Cleveland High Schools and many of the Y. M. C. A. teams.

The team was entered at the Basket Ball Tournament held at Delaware, Ohio. They were the only team entered from this part of the state. Although no cup was won, they acquired honors since they were classed as one of the first three teams by the Columbus papers.

The team was captained by Lawrence C. Gates who has filled his office in in a very creditable way. He was a member of the Ohio All Star team last year.

Although three members of the team will graduate this year, there is some fine material coming on, and next season promises to be just as successful as this has been.

Officers of Athletic Association.

President	William D. Hoopes
Secretary	
Treasurer	Lloyd F. Henderson



GATES Captain

<i>C</i> . <i>F</i>	.H.S. Oppon	ents.
26	Columbia Juniors	18
54	Slippery Five	9
31	Stars	15
56	Apollos	8
44	Alumni	53
43	Erie A. C.	24
32	Anchors	18
37	Lorain at Lorain	12
11	University School at U. S.	9
22	Lincoln at Lincoln	28
15	Tech at Tech	27
36	Elyria	18
27	Lorain	15
38	Cadiz at Delaware	9
30	Mansfield at Delaware	33
37	Elyria at Elyria	12
25	Wiedmans	23
27	W. R. U. Dental School	23
Points made last year, 608		
	Oracinate and year, oco	200

Opponents, 299

694 Opponents, 351

The Team.

This year,

R. F	-Coombes
L. F	-Gates
С. —	-Bowler
R. G	-Hoopes
L. G	-Kline
Sub	-Goldbach
Sub	-Page





SHEPHERD Captain

The Base Ball season has very good prospects, although less interest is taken in it than in Basket Ball.

A very good team has been selected and a schedule has been arranged.

The team is captained by Sim Shepherd, who is one of the best players.

The schedule is :---

Apr. 22—Chardon at Chagrin Falls. 29—Solon at Chagrin Falls.

May 6-Bedford at Chagrin Falls.

13-Bedford at Bedford.

20-Burton at Burton.

27-Chardon at Chardon.

30-Garrettsville at Garret'ville.

June 3—Garrettsville at Chagrin Falls.



CARLTON Student Manager

Alumni

THE Chagrin Falls High School Alumni Association was organized April 11, 1890, for the purpose, as stated in the Constitution, of promoting acquaintances among the Alumni and the interest and immediate success of the Chagrin Falls High School.

The first officers of the Association were Geo. B. Haggart, Pres., Miss Lena L. Pratt, Rec. Sec'y.

Previous to the class of '89, by whom the Association was organized, there had been ten graduates, Hugh Christian in '79; Theodore Modroo and James Short, '81; Ella Whitlock Dudley, '82; Geo. Haggart, '87; and the class of '88 containing four members; H. C. Cleverdon, Lewis Richards, Fred Gates and Lucy Foster.

June 14, 1890, the first banquet and reception for new members was held at Punderson Lake, the Class of '90 becoming members at that time. At the same time it was decided to hold a reception or affair of a social nature each June.

In '91 and '92 the banquets were held at Punderson Lake, but in '93 it seemed the desire of the majority to make it a more formal function, and Hotel Irving was selected as the place of meeting. This proved quite satisfactory and several receptions were held at the Irving House.

One of the most enjoyable events in the history of the Association occurred June 21, 1901, when, in response to an invitation extended by Supt. Shumaker, the annual reception was held at his home. A most delightful evening was spent.

Since that date, the Assembly Hall has seemed the most desirable place for the receptions. The last meeting held June 28, 1910, resulted in the election of the following officers: Pres., Harry Stroud; Vice Pres., Madaline Harris; Cor. Sec'y., Helene Dripps; Rec. Sec'y., Lilon Pugsley; Treas., Vernie Fuller.

The Association has an enrollment of over three hundred, nearly every profession being represented. Each year adds a class to the membership. It also adds to the list of names that will respond to roll call no more.

All activities of the society in the past, have been of a social nature, but suggestions have been made that the Association assume responsibilities along other lines.

Realizing, that with a rapidly increasing membership, the society should become a potent factor in raising the educational standard among the young people, another year may find some of the suggestions acted upon.

MISS CORA M. SANDERS.

Members of the Alumni Association

Hugh	CLASS Christian	OF	'79	
	CLASS ore Modroo	OF	'81	

Theode *James	Lake	
	CLASS OF '82	

*Ella Whitlock Dudley

CLASS OF '83 Carl Wrentmore Philippine Is.

CLASS OF '84

Alliance Geo. Haggart CLASS OF '88

*H. L. Cleverdon

F. C. Gates	Chagrin Falls
Lewis Richards	Monesson, Pa.
Lucy Foster Shackson	Chagrin Falls

CLASS OF '89

*Sarah Stoneman Bailey	
*Chatta J. Bassett	
Geo. Fenkell	Detroit, Mich.
Edward E. Johnson	
Fred A. Little	Cleveland
*Pearl Montjoy	
*Stella Marble Niece	
Florence M. Overton	Westfield, N. Y.
*Lena J. Pratt	
CLASS OF	'90

Children Ch	20
Edward I. Bailey	Cleveland
Clara Bartlett	Chagrin Falls
Frank T. Carlton	Cleveland
Lilon Bliss Geddes	Glenville
Helen E. Gifford	Chagrin Falls
Hattie Parker Hunkin	Chagrin Falls
*Anna Baster Hutton	
Lilian Frazer Matthews	Chagrin Falls
Cora M. Sanders	Chagrin Falls
John A. Smith	Cleveland
-	

CLASS OF '91

Flor	iene Tambling Gates	Chagrin Falls
*Free	1 H. Gleason	
Free	1 Henderson	Cleveland
Myr	a Pelton Henderson	Cleveland
Guss	sie Coleman McBane	Colorado
Fran	nk Stone	Cleveland
Hen	ry G. Strick	Chagrin Falls
A. 1	H. VanValkenburg	Novelty
	CLASS OF	'92
and the second sec		7777 5 51.00

Grace Stoneman Cassius M. Clay	Brewster	Wickliffe Cleveland	
*Nellie Gurney Wilson W. Hunt		Saginaw, Mich.	

Walter N. Larkworthy	Mississippi
Henry G. Thorpe	Oregon
Blanche Kent Turner Edward A. Upham	Ravenna Montgomery Ala
Hattie Henderson VanV	
Wilson H. Walters	Shawmutt, Me.

CLASS OF '93

John A. Church Ama Burnett Church	Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls
Florence Russell Douglass	Chardon
Althea Gates	Chagrin Falls
Clement L. Gates	Chagrin Falls
Lilon Matthews Hastings	Rocky River
Walter H. Hubbell	Řavenna
Gertrude M. Larkworthy	Chagrin Falls
Katherine Hale Laughlin	Solon
Wilhelmina Carlton Lowe	Chagrin Falls
Eva Harris Thayer	Chagrin Falls
Eva Hardy Waters	Cleveland
Martha Bull White	Cleveland
Katherine Church William	s California
Gracia Pelton Wyckoff	Bedford
CLASS OF '94	4
Blanche Savage Baldwin	Chagrin Falls

*Bert Dean	chagran a driv
Nettie Burton Hageman	Chagrin Falls
Irving G. Huggett	Chagrin Falls
*Hattie Walters LaRue Charles Murfett	Warrensville
Guy L. Sheffield	Chagrin Falls

CLASS OF '95

E. H. Baldwin	Chagrin Falls
Gertrude Bishop Raver	wood, Chicago
Zila Burnett	Chagrin Falls
*Adaline Cole	
Donna Frazer Fenton	Chagrin Falls
Vernie L. Fuller	Chagrin Falls
Helen R. Hutchinson	Chicago
J. Belle McVeigh	Orange
Olive Dewey Mountjoy	Chagrin Falls
Carrie Britton Patterson	Solon
Norma Stoneman Sargent	Chagrin Falls
Caroline Rodgers Woodwo	rth Kansas City

CLASS OF '96

Mattie Wooley Arnold	Cleveland
Clarence Balke	Auburn
Katherine Gardner Canfiel	d Cleveland
*Myrtle Cole Ella Miller Myers Earl Winton Pettibone Bruce Pratt Carrie Stevens White Ralph L. Williams	Aspinwall, Pa. Wapakoneta Cleveland Cleveland Cleveland

CLASS OF '97

Mable Thayer Bramley Twinsburg

39

Maude Sheffield Brown Chagrin Falls Guy Burnett California Redlands, Cal. Cleveland Anna Church Louie Henderson Dube Leila Allshouse Ely *Lucy Kingsbury Cleveland Lloyd McClintock Mexico Mary Murfett Roy Sprague Orange Seattle, Wash. Mattie Hall VanWinkle Harry Watson Cleveland Cleveland Irene Bailey Wilson Mentor Florence McVeigh Wilson Wilson's Mills

CLASS OF '98

Mary Hutchinson Beck *Wright H. Bramley Carl M. Brewster Leila Carlton Brewster W. Roy Brewster Frank M. Carl Chagrin Falls Hiram Cora H. Davis Chagrin Falls George J. Dippo Neal C. Fenkell Mabelle Godfrey Fowler Agnes H. Graham Bessie Cole Hickox Anna H. Kaske Raymond H. Leach Adelia Chittle Lewis Archie V. Perkins *Mary B. Shephard Lewie A. Tenny Edna E. Walls Franklin H. Walters Moose City, Minn. Carl H. Whitman Akron Theresa Emery Woodard

Cleveland Detroit, Mich. Cleveland Wadsworth Chagrin Falls Warrensville Hawaii Alliance Cleveland Chagrin Falls

Cleveland

Cleveland

Alliance

Cortland Cleveland

CLASS OF '99

Lloyd G. Bradley	Chagrin Falls
Lulu Devoe Gore	Novelty
Forrest O. March	Pittsburg, Pa.
Nellie A. Morrison	Solon
Lynn A. Niece	Chagrin Falls
Maud Bradley Sherman	Chagrin Falls
Alice Murfett Thayer	Willoughby
*Bernice Pugslev Treash	

CLASS OF '00

George Bayard
Paul R. Bramley
Leon B. Brewster
Elsie T. Fuller
Isabelle Dripps Harris
Claude S. Hill
Olive Murfett Hoffman
*Raymond W. Honeywell
Ella Calkins Kent
Forrest B. Pelton
Mary Niece Phillips
Chauncey W. Wyckoff

CLASS OF '01

Ethlyn M. Arnold

g, Pa. Solon 1 Falls 1 Falls oughby Cleveland Cleveland

Cleveland Chagrin Falis Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls Orange

Pittsburg Chagrin Falls Cleveland Cleveland

Cleveland

Lillian Archer Bradley *Maude M. Burnett Gail A. Carlton Lura Childs Cunningham Grace Wyckoff Lacey Jessie Phillips Lacey Pearl C. Losher Raymond Luse J. Raymond Luse Roscoe G. Phelps James R. Porter Blanche L. Pugsley Adella Pelton Samson Edna Robens Shilts Minnie Brewster Stroud Sadie Foster Teare Horace Van Valkenburg Maude Gates Weimer

CLASS OF '02

Phoebe Robens Burton Dora Judd Dalton Clarence Davis Jessie Eggleston Eva Dalton Gluvna John Greenaway Mary Warren Hollis Kate Isaac Lippert Clifton H. Lines Howard McClain Bessie Ward Muggleton Sheboygan, Wis. G. Dean Muggleton Gertrude E. Muggleton Ralph Muggleton

CLASS OF '03

Florence Barrows Howard H. Barrows Bertha N. Bradley Anna G. Brewster Emma A. Carlton Clayton H. Gifford Lougardia D. Henderson Abbie Leach Holbrooks James Earl Hoopes Thomas Clyde Hoopes Paul G. Kent Caroline Arnold Landen Viola Hutchinson Leisk Harold W. March Adam J. Miller Maud G. Nycamp Frank B. Page Mabel Phillips Page Dewey C. Phillips Howard B. Pugsley Lottie Gifford Pugsley Blanche Perkins Rodgers Calvin M. Rorabeck Chispa Lamson Rose Vira Hulbert Schuman Frank A. Squire Ila Stoneman Harry W. Stroud Phoebe M. Tooker North Solon

Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls Portland, Ore. St. Mary's Chagrin Falls Conneaut Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls Imperial Cal. Akron Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls Cleveland

Chagrin Falls New York City Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls Braddock, Pa. Cleveland Newbury Auburn Tiffin

Cleveland

Chagrin Falls

Cleveland

Chagrin Falls Warren Chagrin Falls

Cleveland Orange Newbury Bainbridge Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls Cleveland Solon Cleveland Washington, Pa. Pittsburg, Pa. Warrensville Cleveland Cleveland Cleveland Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls Solon Akron Chagrin Falls Cleveland Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls

Forrest A. Williams

CLASS OF '04

Helen B. Arthur F. Marion Brown Helen M. Campbell Leslie G. Campbell Floyd Cathan Floris W. Clark Harry M. Dalton Freda Reno Davidson Lura Rorabeck Drake Blanche Eggleston Jay G. Hickox George T. Hintz Edna M. Huggett May Patterson Kock Lorene Hinckley Lines Gale R. Ober Maud Chambers Oldham Jessie Hissett Payne Grace Gifford Porter Frank D. Waite

CLASS OF '05 Lynda Braund Chagrin Falls Anna Carlton Chagrin Falls Helene Dripps Harry Forsyth Corinne Gates Ethel Gifford Leila Payne Henry Nina Hinckley Hintz Forrest Judd Zeno Kent Verne LeRoy Aleatha Hickox Matthews Howard McClintock Edward McLaughlin John Murfett Gladys Pelton Ruby Robens Mamie Wilber Rorabeck Jessie Tooker Virgil Wilmot

Jay Barber Grace Bradley *Frank Braund Emma Brussow Margaret Crary Edith Gifford Peter Hall Laura Hoopes Beulah Lampson June LeRoy Ethel Luse Anna McLaughlin Forrest Miller Daisy Muggleton Clarence Page Lucy Walker Simpson Bertha Stolph Edmund Wilber Bessie Wooley

Cleveland Cleveland Zanesville Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls Egg Harbor, N. J. Youngstown Bedford Chagrin Falls Athens Chagrin Falls Oberlin Wapakoneta Tiffin Erie, Pa. Twinsburg Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls Cleveland

Chagrin Falls Pretoria, S. Africa St. Augustine, Fla. Newbury Chagrin Falls Cleveland Sunburg, Pa. Athens Russell Chagrin Falls Russell Orange Steubenville Cuyahoga Falls Akron Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls

CLASS OF '06

Cleveland Chagrin Falls

Chagrin Falls Warrensville Orange Westfield, N. Y. Ashtabula Chagrin Falls

Warrensville Russell Pittsburg, Pa. Cleveland Cleveland South Newbury Chagrin Falls Cleveland Russell

CLASS OF '07

Isabelle Arthur Cleveland Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls Veda Braund Ethel Carter Agnes Clarkson Minnie Clarkson Lizzie Corlett Alvin Davis Morris DeKorte Bertha Frayne Ernest Gifford Willie Greed Minnie Tuttle Hardy Madeline Harris Cora Holbrook Tryon Huggett Evelyn Judd Cornelia Kent Clarence Kline Lottie Stoneman May White Wass Blanche Whitlock Gladys Woodard Cleveland

Warrensville Warrensville Warrensville Oklahoma Athens Chagrin Falls Cleveland Chagrin Falls Orange Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls

CLASS OF '08

No Graduates

CLASS OF '09 Georgianna Arthur Cleveland Thomas Bradley Chagrin Falls Lyle K. Braund Hiram Harry Burnett Lillie Giles Hiram Chagrin Falls Florence Halsey Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls Beloit Edna Hickox Elmer Hoopes Bainbridge Milton Matthews Annette McFarland Chagrin Falls Lillie McLaughlin Lucy Modroo Chagrin Falls Warrensville Dean Ober Hiram Ypsilanti, Mich. Maude Ober Lilon Pugsley Chagrin Falls

CLASS OF '10

Jemima Blackford	Chester
Florence Carter	Chagrin Falls
Frank Coombes	Hiram
Arthur Fosdick	Hiram
Hazel Fuller	Chagrin Falls
Elsie Gastemire	Chagrin Falls
Gertrude Green	Chagrin Falls
Hazel Jackson	Orange
James Kent	Hiram
Marie Stoneman	Chagrin Falls
Hazel Tambling	Ypsilanti, Mich.
Lois Wilson	Palmyra

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Shumaker, Chagrin Falls Mr. and Mrs. D. W. McGlenen Chagrin Falls

*Deceased.

An Uncrowded Profession

TO WORK seems more simple, more unlikely to require scientific study, than bricklaying. Men lay bricks today in practically the same way as they did in Egypt three thousand years ago. A few years ago a contractor made some experiments. He analyzed the motions of the bricklayer. The first thing that he discovered was that every time a bricklayer stooped down to pick up a brick he lifted over a hundred pounds, for he lifted the entire upper half of his body, while the brick weighed only five pounds. He concluded that a great deal of energy would be saved if the bricklayer did not have to stoop at all. He next discovered that the bricklayer used up time in turning the brick around until he got it in the correct position; also that the bricklayer wasted effort in tapping the brick to see whether it was sound. By continuing this manner of systematic study he found that only five of the eighteen motions usually made in laying a brick were absolutely essential. It was then comparatively easy to devise ways of eliminating the useless motions. By employing helpers to sort and arrange the brick, and by erecting a moving scaffold which delivered the bricks at the right height, he was able to increase the output from one thousand bricks a day per man to about twenty-seven hundred. Yet the workmen who followed his instructions were able to do their work with less fatigue, and received a great increase in pay.

This is only one of the many illustrations which might be given of the application of scientific methods of study to modern industrial problems. Everywhere it is applied this study results in increased efficiency and economy of manufacture. But there is one field of opportunity for young men that has been very little investigated, because in the past the industrial field was apparently more attractive. This is the field of scientific farming.

A farmer was returning from market. He had been obliged to sell his load of potatoes at a low figure, for they were covered with scab and were under size. For three seasons the result had been the same, though he had used seed potatoes from a different source each year. He had decided to plant the field to another crop in future years, as the only solution of the problem.

He did not know that several years before a man had studied this disease of potatoes, had found that a fungus caused the scab, and that spores from the fungus remained in the soil ready to attack the seed potato as soon as planted. He did not know that if he had dipped his seed potatoes in a very dilute formaldehyde solution, at a cost of a few cents, the spores would have been killed, and his potatoes would have been scab-free. Also, he did not know that the pupils in grammar grade at school could have given him this information from their study of diseases of plants in the school course of "Agriculture for Beginners." The farmer of the next generation who does not make a study of the literature of his

subject, and who does not know how to make laboratory and field experiments, soil and germination tests, ration tables, and milk and butter tests, will find it difficult to make a living. If he is not familiar with the literature on soil inoculation, crop rotation and crop rations, plant diseases, cross-fertilization, farm accounting, and all the phases of his work, he will be forced to abandon the field.

Twenty years ago the farm had few inducements to offer the ambitious boy. Long hours, few neighbors, no books, no chance for advancement. The country boy after graduation from High School was expected to start off somewhere and "make something of himself." He would consider that he had made a failure if he went back to the plow and the barnyard. Farming meant drudgery, while the city offered better conditions of living, social opportunities, and chances for intellectual progress that were not to be secured in the country.

Today conditions are entirely changed. The cities are overcrowded, there are more doctors than patients and more lawyers than clients, and in nine cases out of ten the young man who goes to the city finds himself pushed into some dark corner where he can barely make a living,—a mere cog in the machinery of business. But the country no longer means isolation. Near neighbors, good schools, mail delivery, and ready means of communication and transportation have brought life in the country to a social plane even higher than that of life in the city.

Yet scientific farming and the systematic study of its problems have been barely touched by this generation. This is a field for the ambitious city lad as well as for the boy from the country. After graduation from High School the young man who has trained himself to think while at school should spend several years at practical farming, so that he may know the nature of the work and its problems. Then he should spend from one to three years in technical study at some Agricultural College, and at the close of this period, if he has made good use of his time, he will be fully equipped for his life-work as scientific farmmanager, in a pioneer field that will reward him well for all of the energy and thought that he can put into his profession.

Science has built our railroads, our sky-scrapers, our machinery. It is science that has coaxed brilliant colors out of petroleum waste. It is science that has sent men flying above the clouds. Scientific management is now at work reforming methods of industry, systematizing business organization, revolutionizing factory and trade operations. Scientific management is about to enter every department of practical farming. For the young man who is in good health, who has a trained mind, and who is not afraid of work, scientific farm management offers great opportunities, for it is an uncrowded profession.

CARL M. BREWSTER.





SOME STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN THE DIFFERENT CLASSES.

First Item is Entitled, "I Wonder Why He Wanted to Know?"

Mr. Carr (in Zoology): "Howard, I can't find this lizard's mouth. Where is it?" Howard: "Under its nose."

During Lesson on Scottish Poets.

Mr. Teare: "Owen, where was Scott born?" Owen: "In Scotland."

Did She Mean Medulla Oblongata?

Seven brave (?) girls, with the aid of one boy, were skinning a snake.

Georgiene: "Have you skinned as far as the musical obligata?"

In Commercial Geography.

Teacher: "Which side of the 40th meridian are we on?"

Bright pupil: "This side."

Do You Suppose She Has Had Any Experiene?

Miss Coit, just as Juniors came to the last sentence in a German story :

"Now this next is true."

The sentence was:

"A sleepy young man cannot say anything interesting."

44



After the Ball

Lawrence Gates, in Physics Class to Mr. Carr: "Why is it you can see circles on the wall in the morning?"

Mr. Carr: "I never have had that experience."

Miss Coit: "Please read the next passage, Gertrude Hutchinson.

Silence.

Miss Coit: "I can't hear you very well." Class: "She isn't here."

Lawrence Gates to Mr. Carr: "Why can you see it lightning before you see it thunder?"

Some Choice Senior Translations.

Grace Shumaker: "They set sail backwards."

Lloyd Henderson : "His garments were held together by thorns, otherwise he was a Greek."

Lawrence Gates: "And he put fire in Dido's bones."

Ethel Burnett, (translating Zu viel ist zu viel) : "Too much is enough."

An Actor Might Have Answered This.

Mr. Teare: "Why did they not cut Macbeth's head off on the stage?"

Mr. Carr, in Physics: "Owen, if you sang into a piano, what would be the effect?"

Owen hesitates.

One of the girls, "Uncanny."

Isn't Mr. Carr Mean?

Mona proudly in zoo: "I saw a spotted adder once that was two feet long and an inch and a half in diameter."

Mr. Carr: "Are you quite sure you weren't frightened?"

Mrs. Foster, distributing slips with a scholars name on each to be used as a copy in writing. "You people are old enough to decide for yourselves what you wish your signatures to be." All the girls giggle.

Gertrude Hutchinson's Voice Gets Hit Again.

Gertrude, translating in Virgil: "And his voice cleaved in his mouth." William Hoopes, butting in: "You mean yours does."

William wiggled just terribly one day in Virgil. Miss Coit, crossly: "William, if you want a cradle, go home and get one."



Some Other Ones.

While hunting quotations for the annual.

Gertrude Hutchinson to Gertrude Wilson: "Here is a good one for you, 'Of manners gentle and affections mild.'"

Gertrude Wilson: "It isn't either. You don't know how mild my affections are."

Friend: "Hasn't Owen Carlton got odd lips?"

Olive Robens: "Yes, they always strike me funny."

We Didn't See These Happen.

Lucile (after meeting a cow-puncher): "Girls, does a cow-puncher punch cows?"

Mr. Teare to Clarence Williams in English History class during lesson on Queen Mary: "And how old was Mary, Clarence?"

Clarence, (sleepily): "Sixteen last birthday, sir."

Little bits of knowledge, From the teacher's hand, Make a student's reason Grow to beat the band.

Our little Miss Sheffield went down a side street, That charming young Wesley Shutts for to meet. But, just as she met him, her papa chanced by, And Joyce lit out with a terrible cry.

An Ode to Clarence Williams.

O, Clarence, Clarence, spick and span, In a few years more You'll be *almost* a man.

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Irene Davis.

Wanted .- Would like complete translation of Horace. Muriel Nichols.

A Parody

Ι

Between 2:15 and 3:20, When our spirits are beginning to lower, Comes a pause in the school-day's confusion, That is known as the noisy hour.

II

I hear in the High-Room around me, The scraping of many feet, The sound of the doors that are slamming, And a murmuring as many mouths speak.

III

From his throne, Mr. Carr hears the Freshmen Descending the creaking hall stair; His face grows as black as a storm cloud, And speechless he watches them there.

IV

A whisper, a giggle, then silence, They observe him in quiet surmise, That he is plotting and planning a lecture, They can tell by the gleam of his eyes.

V

"I wish you would try to be careful And not make so much noise on the stair; I've requested you over and over, And I hardly can see how you dare.

VI

"This noise will have to be lessened, They don't have it in other schools, And now, if you wish to remain here, You will have to abide by the rules.

VII

"I don't wish to be arbitrary, To fret and to scold's not my rule, But at last I have reached a conclusion, You Freshmen may stay after school."

VIII

When the toils of the school day are over, With his coat and his hat on his arm, He repairs to the room of the Seniors, And talks of the Spring with its charms.

IX

Ah, this is the life of a teacher, Who teaches in Chagrin Falls High; We hope that he will these days cherish, As things to remember us by.

1911-12.

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