The Iris
Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Three

The Annual of the Highland High School
Publication Sponsored by Senior Class
Volume IV.
The Class of 1923 presents to you this fourth volume of the Iris. The preparation of it has been a pleasure. We trust it will be regarded by all readers as a milestone in the educational life of Highland and contribute in a modest way to the growth of public sentiment in favor of better school advantages and increased educational facilities of every kind for the young people of this community.
DEDICATION

As a testimonial of how fully we appreciate the merit of the one who has been our class sponsor during our four years in Highland High School, we respectfully dedicate this fourth volume of the Iris to Miss Jesse Davis. Our association with her has been one of the most helpful and pleasant of our High School experiences.
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PEARL STOECKLIN, Subscription  ELMER JENNE, Photography

LEIGHTON COLLINS, Business Manager  THELO PABST, Cartoons  BONELYN MYERS, Jokes
SENIORS
Claire Genevieve Beckman
"She who sings drives away sorrow."
"And Home Came Ted" '23.
Athenian Society '22, '23.
Basket Ball '22, '23
H. S. Orchestra '22
"Yanki San" '21

William Leighton Collins
"Take Honour from me and my life is done."
Business Manager "Iris" '23
"And Home Came Ted" '23.
Debate '23
Hamiltonian Society '22, '23
Class Vice Pres. '23, Pres. '20, '21
Basket Ball '22, Capt. '23
Base Ball '23
Sec'y. Athletic Association '22
"Peg O' My Heart" '22
"Yanki San" '21

John Peter Flaharty
"How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world."
"And Home Came Ted" '23
Basket Ball '23
Hamiltonian Society '22, Critic '23
Baseball '23
H. S. Orchestra '22
Quincy High School '20, '21.

Nelson Oliver Foehner
"Well, when I find my kind of toil,
I labor like a Turk."
"And Home Came Ted" '23
Pres. Hamiltonian Society '23, Vice
Pres. '22
Basket Ball '22, '21 Capt. '22.
Vice Pres. Athletic Association '22
Baseball '23
H. S. Orchestra '22
Vice Pres. Class '20, '22
"Yanki San" '21
Elmer Emil Jenne

"I know my price: I am worth no worse a place."

Photographer "Iris" '23
"And Home Came Ted" '23
Athenian Society '22, Critic '23
Debate '23
Basket Ball '20, '21
Class Sec'y. '20.

Albert John Lebegue

"The force of his own merit makes his way."

"And Home Came Ted" '23
Athenian Society '22, '23.

Julius Sebastian Marti

"Man delights not me,—no, nor woman either."

"And Home Came Ted" '23
Debate '23
Hamiltonian Society '22, Critic '23

Pauline Emma Messerli

"Just being happy is brave work and true."

"And Home Came Ted" '23
Athenian Society '22, '23
Basket Ball '22, '23
Marine H. S. '21, '20
Albirdie Bonelyn Myers

“She enters into all things with zeal and zest.”

Joke Editor “Iris” ’23
“And Home Came Ted” ’23
Athenian Society ’23, Sec’y. ’22
Basket Ball ’22, ’23
Iuka High School ’20, ’21.

Selmar Thelo Pabst

“The world’s no better if we worry,
Life’s no longer if we hurry.”

Cartoonist “Iris” ’23
“And Home Came Ted” ’23
Hamiltonian Society ’22, ’23.

Pearl Bernice Stoecklin

“Shall show us how divine a thing
a Woman may be made.”

Subscription Manager “Iris” ’23
“And Home Came Ted” ’23
Class Sec’y. and Treas. ’22, ’23
Hamiltonian Society ’22, Vice Pres. ’23
“Peg O’ My Heart” ’22
Basket Ball ’21, ’22, ’23
“Yanki San” ’21

Lorna Doone Spencer

“A rose set with small willful thorns.”

Editor-in-chief “Iris” ’23
Class President ’22, ’23
“And Home Came Ted” ’23
Sec’y. Athletic Association ’23
Athenian Society ’23, Pres. ’22
Class Vice Pres. ’21
Basket Ball ’21, ’22, ’23
“Green Stockings” ’21
“Yanki San” ’21
Class History

Everyone concedes that a class history is generally one of the "dryest" and most uninteresting articles that can be published in an annual. Despite this there are always one or more present in each edition, no matter what school may issue it. They are undoubtedly written to show what the class has or has not done during its years in school. During our four years here we have not done as much along social lines and entertainments as some classes may have, but we believe we have done our bit towards breaking up the monotony of the past four regular school years.

When our class first embarked upon our high school career we numbered thirty-three. It took quite a while until all of us became well acquainted as there were a great many non-residents among us. The first social event of the year was a Halloween party given by the Seniors. We were the guests of honor and were naturally the ones that suffered most. These same Seniors however felt rather sheepish when later on in the year we, to show our good sportsmanship, gave a wiener roast for the entire high school. Between these two events came a Party of Hearts given by the Junior class. It was enjoyed by all those present, but not all the "hearts" were there.

Coming back for our Sophomore year (we had not discarded our verdant hue) several old faces were missing, to be exact ten had left us. This reduced our class role to twenty-three. Indications were that social events were going to be scarce this year, so in order to keep the spirit of the class united in a common interest it was decided that we should choose a motto and class color. Much discussion took place, but when a decision was finally reached flame and gray became our colors and "We Have Won by Perseverance" our motto.

Concerning the latter it must be said that it isn't very elaborate but it is not that quality that makes a thing worth while. This was also the year when the weather man repeatedly refused to permit us to give a lawn party after we had made all preparations for it. We took it for granted that we just weren't supposed to give it.

After another three months of vacationing we came back as Juniors. Only sixteen of the original thirty-three reported as members of our class. During the course of the winter a school dance was given in the gymnasium. Those of us who could trip the "light, fantastic toe" attended. The class of '22, much to our enjoyment, gave a wiener roast when warm weather came. During the month of May, as is the custom here, we invited the Senior Class to a banquet given in their honor. Everyone excepting those that had to give speeches fully enjoyed it—at least they said they did.

Now we have come down to our Senior year; that year for which we have long been striving and patiently waiting for. No social events out of the ordinary have been held, but at the present time rumor has it that we will soon be guests of the Juniors for the annual Junior-Senior banquet. Only a dozen of us are now left and we are kept busy with the usual Senior "extras," but some entertainment will probably be given in return for the Juniors' banquet. Soon will come commencement and the ending of our high school career, and then the beginning of the time when we should keep the last verse of our school song in mind:

"And when time's swift tide has borne us
Beyond the lesson's sway.
And the old brick walls have vanished
With their rounds of work and play;
As the cares of life shall thicken,
Let us turn our memories back,
And renew the old time courage:
As we think of 'Red and Black'."

W. L. C. '23
"Our Class Motto"

The motto "We Have Won By Perseverance" was adopted by the present Senior class when they were in their Sophomore year. At the time that action was taken most of us undoubtedly gave little thought to the vast meaning of those few words and to their great truth. Now that we have just about passed through our four years of High School we realize their truth more because we know that it was only through considerable effort that we have reached this end. Also because we have a broader and more comprehensive view upon life and can better understand the relations between men.

In this motto of ours there is no Latin or French and there are no high sounding words or phrases to which the average person must give a good deal of thinking before he can decipher their meaning. It is written in a clear, concise, and clean cut manner and expresses one of the greatest maxims of life—something worthy of being remembered by anyone. Most everyone believes, to some extent, that fine feathers do not make fine birds; in a like manner it is not always the finest words that express the finest thoughts. So it is with our motto.

One may ask the question where we think that its far reaching meaning lies. In response we ask another question. How does man achieve any goal that he may set, or in narrower terms, how have you achieved all that you now have? Was it not through a constant effort directed toward securing that which you desired? Your response, if it be given frankly, will unquestionably be "Yes." Perhaps the effort was not very noticeable or evident to you, but never-the-less it was there to some greater or less degree. Then why does not each of us have to say "we have won by perseverance" when we have accomplished a feat of any magnitude?

For further evidence an illustration from psychology can be used. According to the teachings of that study the human mind is prone to follow the paths of least resistance, and civilization is artificial. These two ideas demonstrate clearly that in order for us to follow the "straight and narrow" path to success there is always a struggle of some severity going on within us.

Every man born on this earth receives a vast store of knowledge from the innumerable generations that have gone before him, which cannot be measured in dollars and cents, and which can be said has been gained without paying anything for it. But in actual life, in this material world where man's success is very generally measured by what he has, and not by what he has done or how he has lived, we will receive nothing without first paying the price. The laws of society forbid it; we receive only as much as we give.

As I have said before we will soon be leaving our High School days and embark upon the boundless sea of life. After we have gone out several leagues we will probably realize still more fully the proof of the above stated facts, and be more willing than ever to admit, no matter what the circumstances, that whenever we have accomplished any feat that "we have won by perseverance," and through that only.

—W. L. C. '23
Senior Relaxations
Junior Class Roll

Norman Tuffli, President
Milton Reinhart, Treasurer
Estelle Hagnauer, Secretary

HEDWIG ARDUESER
CHARLES BUB
CLARENCE CLANCY
CURTIS COLLINS
AMY GOTTENSTRATOR
HELEN HANSER
ESTHER HEBRANK
GLENN HEWETT
LUCILLE HOYT
WALDO HUG
VERNON ITTNER
FLORENCE IBERG
IRMA KOCHE
CHARLES LANDERT
HARRIET LYNCH

JOY MALAN
IRA MAUPIN
WILMA MATER
ELDA MATER
EDNA MUELLER
ROSALOE MENZ
OLIVE NUEMAN
RUSSEL RAWSON
DOROTHY ROGER
MARGUERITE TIBBETTS
ROLAND TSCHUDY
EDWARD SUPPIGER
ELLEN STOKES
VIRGINIA WILD

Ps. 102—Thou shalt endure forever—H. H. S.

1923
Junior Class
Sophomore Request

Of course we want in the Annual
Do you blame us at all?
We have freaks of nature, short and tall
Midgets, fat ones, skeletons and all
So put us in the Annual.

We've the smart ones, and dull ones, too
Some are old and some are new
Some are witty and some are flat
So put us in the Annual, for all that.

We don't want ourselves in, oh no
But pictures like a picture show
Represent us as a circus if you can
In nice developed pictures, black or tan.

That is all we have to say, today,
Represent us in your Annual
Oh, Seniors! we do pray
And if you do, we'll reward you for we pay.

A SOPHOMORE

Prov. 1—They would none of my counsel, they despised all my reproof.
Miss K. Wenger.
Sophomores

Vera Zopf, Floyd Tschannen, Eric Menz, Christopher Baumann, Janet Michael,
Meiva Wernle, Malcolm Herbst, Della Beinecke, Helen Humpler, Irma Leutwiler,
Viola Yann, William Edwards, Dorothy Steiner, Carwin Zimmermann,
Louise Steinkocnig, Esther Clancy, Wm. Katt, Albirdie Myers, Elmer Iberg,
Edgar Haller, Lenore Searcy, Irene Iberg, Joseph Kapp, Vincent Flaherty,
Hilda Vonland, Frances Scholey.
Heb. 13—Obey them that have the rule over you and submit yourselves.—Freshmen.
Embarrassing Moments Experienced by Freshmen

NOTE:—The following stories were written by various members of our Freshmen Class. Some of the incidents really happened while others are “creatures of the fertile brain of some of our imaginative Freshmen.”

1

They say “it never rains but what it pours” and so it seemed to me on this particular day. I had just come from English and was talking to some one and at the same time looking at the pictures on the wall. I was not watching which way I was going and bumped into a two hundred and fifty pound girl. I fell down as if I had been struck by a house. I was not hurt but oh, how my blood rushed to my face for almost all of the students saw me as at this period there were many changes of classes.

The first experience was terrible (as it seemed to me) but was not the worst which happened that day. I had been elected class president and it was I who was supposed to post the announcement of a class meeting. I wrote down “Freshmans meet in Mr. Tomas’ room.” Mr. Thomas was very much surprised at seeing his name spelt in a new way and the original way of forming the plural of Freshman. After the students found out who had posted the announcement my hours of happiness were numbered throughout the rest of the week. I certainly was glad when I came back Monday and found that most of the students had forgotten my recent mistake.

2

It was my first day in high school. I was very nervous. The principal announced where every teacher’s room was, but it just went in one ear and out the other, because I was so nervous. At last she said that the first period classes should rise. I had listened enough to know in which room my first study was to be, so I went there. When the period ended I left that room and started to go to my next class. I didn’t know exactly where it was but I didn’t want to show my ignorance by asking some teacher. Near me I saw a door. I went into that room out of an assured air. I had gone about ten feet into the room before I noticed my mistake. I hurried out as fast as I could but the Seniors, who were in that room, saw me and laughed at me.

This didn’t help my state of mind any but I went on. I soon saw another door and decided to enter that room. This time I was on the lookout and I just stuck my head inside the door. But all the Juniors saw me and laughed louder than the Seniors did. I guess they had forgotten the days when they had been Freshmen.

I went on and when I saw some of my fellow-classmen in a room. I went into this room and was very much relieved to find I was in the right place.

After that study I was supposed to have English. I went to the nearest room and went in. I was wrong again! This time the class was composed of Sophomores. They didn’t laugh because they remembered their Freshman days. One consolation after all this was that I could hardly make another mistake.

That noon I was in such a hurry to get out of school that when the principal announced that the girls were dismissed I started to get up with them. That evening I surely was glad the day was over.

3

This was my first day of High School and like any other freshman I was green and excited, when I came into the building. I had my mind on everything and nothing. I felt so queer when I went into the study hall as everyone began to laugh and look at me. I didn’t know what was wrong until one of my classmates told me that the hat rack was down stairs. Then I found out that in my excitement I had taken my hat into the assembly. Wishing I could slip through the door, I rushed out into the hall to leave my cap, and then I had to come back into the study hall and hear them laugh and talk about my mistake.
Embarrassing Moments Experienced by Freshmen

It was after the semester examination and having received ninety-five in English I felt capable of mastering any thing in Grammar. The County Superintendent had come to visit us and, as he was a family friend, I wanted very much to answer all the questions just right. We were having a drill in parts of speech. A number of the class had been answering correctly and finally my turn came. I was asked "What part of speech is 'girl'?" Without consulting my brain I said "Girl" is feminine." I did not notice my mistake, but to my surprise the teacher asked another student and when she said "girl" is a noun, I realized I had been inattentive and had not answered the question. I made up my mind then to listen more carefully so I wouldn't make such foolish mistakes again.

One Wednesday morning during the October vacation days I took the carpet-sweeper and went into the parlor to clean it. I had just started to sweep when I was called to the front door as the door bell rang. When I opened the door I saw my aunt and two of my cousins from the city.

I took them up to the room they were supposed to occupy. I then went down to oil the floor around the parlor rug. By this time I was supposed to dust the furniture. Unfortunately I had forgotten the piano bench. My smaller cousin came into the parlor and asked me if I would allow her to play a roll on the player-piano. I said that she might and when she got up and went into the hall. I noticed my aunt look crossly at her. She said "Look at your nice clean dress. Where on earth were you sitting? on one of those dusty parlor chairs I suppose. I don't see why that girl cannot clean the parlor properly. I would certainly like to teach her how to keep house." But when she came into the parlor she praised me and told me that the parlor was very pretty and clean. I certainly felt embarrassed to think that my aunt was "two-faced," I suppose as we call it. She stayed a week but certainly talked about me in my presence. Of course she did not mention my name but I know that she meant me because she talked about girls being so forgetful.

Giving a talk before my classmates is one of my most embarrassing moments. I feel as if I was ready to fall at any moment and the worst part of it is I forget the name of the topic.

In one of my classes one day I was asked to give a talk on a certain topic. I had a week in which to prepare it. I practiced it every day, but it seemed that every time, I would leave out the most important points.

Finally the day came. I knew I would be unlucky enough to be called upon so I hoped I would be the first and would be able to enjoy the others. But I was not the first.

I timed each talk and counted the moments that were left. It was almost time for the bell, and I was called on.

It seemed to me as if my classmates were all strangers. I had at least enough courage to start but I could get no further than the first sentence. My voice trembled, my knees shook, and the teacher let me sit down.

Jer. 16—For mine eyes are upon all their ways—Mr. Dietz.
Non-resident Students
The Progress Of Evolution
1913.

1927

"Eventually, Why Not Now?"
**We Need A New High School**

If you were to enter a hotel and find that absolutely every available room was taken what would you do? What would you have to do. You could do only one thing and that would be to leave this hotel and canvass the city until you had found suitable sleeping quarters.

Now consider the case of a student. He enters an overcrowded high school; finally he becomes dissatisfied and proceeds to find another school in which to pursue his studies. Would he not be justified? Yet when some people heard of this, they would immediately declare the boy foolish and say that he is very particular as to where he attends school.

After you have decided that the boy has a legitimate excuse for looking for another high school, visit Highland High.

This school was originally built to accommodate ninety students. At the present time the enrollment exceeds 120. The desks in the assembly have been moved more closely together, the aisles made narrower, more desks have been added until it has become difficult to walk about.

It had become impossible to further move the desks. In September 1922 five of the students had to stay in the business room, and could not even report to the assembly.

That is just the assembly. The girls' cloak room with a floor space of 160 square feet supplies the needs of sixty girls. This room at present is also being used as a classroom, there being no other available space for that purpose. As for the boys' coat room, "'there ain't no such thing.'" Hook strips have been put up in the lower corridor for the accommodation of the boys. The sanitary facilities for both boys and girls are woefully inadequate.

Two years ago, because of the crowded conditions in school, a room was taken from the grades to be used as a laboratory for science work.

Another fact that shows that the high school is too small is the crowded condition of the business room. It was originally built for fifteen desks. It now contains about twenty-five desks and several tables.

This crowded condition of the business room does not only prove that the school is too small but that a greater majority of students each year want to take practical subjects, of which the present school can only offer one—Business. In a new school the curriculum could be much more diversified. Students must go to high school, many cannot go to a university, why not teach them something practical while they are at high school. A course in Household Arts and Science, Manual Training, or Machine Shop Practice would be enthusiastically received by many boys of the so-called motor type. The state pays half of an instructor's salary in such courses, meeting the requirements of the Smith Hughes Law.

By this time you should have decided that the school is evidently too small; and the question should arise as to what can be done to improve the conditions, and to attract more students.

To this, I think, there is only one answer and that is to build a Community High School, or at least build a larger one than the one we now occupy. The success of such a school would not long be in doubt. There is no other school of its kind in the near vicinity, at the present time, but we must act quickly or someone will beat us to it.

This idea is not a new one and an untried one. If you are doubtful as to its success go to Collinsville. A school had been built to accommodate quite a large number of students. After about eight years its size had to be doubled in order to take care of the ever increasing number of students. Collinsville now has a $160,000 high school including a gymnasium with a seating capacity of 1000.
We Need A New High School

The expense would not be so great. Most of it would have to be raised by taxation. The High School tax is one of the lowest in the state. It would be much better to keep a student in our home town than to send him away where the cost would be yet higher.

The advantages of such a high school would be very numerous. It would offer a more diversified curriculum, attracting students from a wider radius than at present. Many students would graduate from high school ready for the vocation which they intend to follow and not with a feeling that they had wasted much valuable time by being obliged to pursue academic studies for they can see but little value after they leave school.

Besides offering a larger curriculum the school could offer more sports. This is becoming a bigger factor every year in helping boys and girls to decide where they will attend school. The only sports at Highland at present time are Basket Ball and some track work. The success of this year's Basket Ball team is well known to everyone. It has been proved beyond a doubt that if we could have a school large enough to warrant the acquiring of a coach's services we would have athletes hard to beat.

Besides attracting more out-of-town students, the school would attract out-of-town visitors. Highland is so situated that people come from a wide area to trade. An increase in patrons would mean much to Highland in its present condition.

Perhaps you will ask what will become of the present building? This building would not be wasted. The primary grade occupying the separate building could come back into the main building. The grades could absorb two or three rooms of the high school addition, and the library which is now sharing the office with Mr. Dietz could be moved into another room.

As many of the new students would be non-residents a small restaurant could easily be managed by students taking courses in Domestic Science. A course in Agriculture, would be provided for such who are interested, including a plot of ground for experimental work. Such courses are never wasted.

The only disadvantage I can conceive of is the expense; but equality of opportunity for all pupils at a greater expense is much better than the limited opportunity now received at a less expense. Thus it can be seen that the advantages overbalance by far the disadvantages.

It is compulsory that you send a boy or girl to school until sixteen years of age. Some of these years undoubtedly are spent in high school, why not see that the years spent therein are profitable ones for all. In the not distant future you will be called upon to vote on this question. 'You do not want the school to go on as it is, so until the time comes, talk it over and create an interest in your neighbors for a new High School, a Community High School for Highland. And watch both, the school and the city, prosper and grow.—Vernon Ittner—"24.

Ps. 119—They abide this day according to thine ordinances.—Daily Delinquents.
Job. 32—I will also show my opinion, for I am full of words—Miss Davis.
Basket Ball Review

Shortly after school opened in September the annual meeting of the H. S. Athletic Association was held and the basket-ball team organized. Collins, who was elected captain, Foehner, Suppiger, Tuffli, and Menz of the last year’s squad again reported, and with the addition of Flaharty and Tschudy indications were that Highland would have one of the strongest basket ball teams in its history. The results of the season show this conclusively as thirteen games were won out of seventeen played. Summed up, this was the best year Highland has ever had in the basket ball field.

OUR GAMES

POCAHONTAS 16; H. H. S. 19
Not having had very much practice our boys had a hard time keeping on the long end of the score.

MASCOUTAH 16; H. H. S. 20
Playing a much better brand of ball than in their first game Mascoutah was prevented from taking the lead during the entire contest.

POCAHONTAS 4; H. H. S. 22
This game was marked by numerous fouls and much rough playing.

TROY 3; H. H. S. 50
Another easy victory. Troy was out-classed from the beginning.

MULBERRY GROVE 19; H. H. S. 34
Scoring was about equal in the first half but near the end a commanding lead was run up. For an added attraction the second team was matched with Marine. The latter lost 15—11.

TRENTON 19; H. H. S. 21
For the first time in history Trenton was defeated on her home floor.

MULBERRY GROVE 3; H. H. S. 0.
Peeved because of their previous defeat Mulberry was out for “revenge.” The game was called and forfeited in the second quarter as a protest against the rough tactics used and the unsportsman like attitude that prevailed among her players and her spectators.

TROY 9; H. H. S. 25
It was a game but that was all. The Trojans were again easily out-classed.

COLLINSVILLE 22; H. H. S. 23
This was one of the hardest fought games of the season. The winning point was scored shortly before the final whistle blew.

COLLINSVILLE 27; H. H. S. 13
Collinsville’s new gymnasium was too large for our boys and they were decidedly lost.

ST. JACOB 3; H. H. S.—2nd 21
The visitors were out played and the “seconds” scored consistently.

VENICE 14; H. H. S. 21
Our opponents were out-classed and were repeatedly unable to break through our defense.

VENICE 15; H. H. S. 30
Our superiority over Venice was again shown.
Basket Ball Review

TRENTON 31; H. H. S. 22
The point getters were dazed in the first half and Trenton run up a 17—3 lead. The tide changed in the later period.
The second team saved the day by defeating Trenton's seconds 11-10.

KEYESPORT 4; H. H. S. 64
This game was a farce. "Big Sup" dropped in 22 field goals.

MASCOUTAH 39; H. H. S. 28
The scoring was close until near the end of the final period, when Mascoutah ran up their commanding lead.

LEBANON 9; H. H. S. 36
We had them out-classed from the start and the outcome was never in doubt.

LEBANON 16; H. H. S. 26
With the discouraging score of 9 to 3 at the end of the first half our team came back strong and piled up a large score.

TEAM RECORD

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INDIVIDUAL RECORD

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DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

GREENVILLE 31; H. H. S. 6
We were unfortunately matched with the strong Greenville team for our first games. The poor showing can be attributed to the fact that two of our regular players were unable to participate in the game. Greenville later was an entry in the state championship games.

Ps. 22—All my bones are out of joint.
A Victory Worth While

Now listen, my children, and you shall hear,
Of the most wonderful game of the entire year.
'Twas the eighth of December in the year '22,
That the old H. H. S. gave Trenton the shoe.

Before the game started we saw them all prance,
But we had it doped out that we had a good chance.
From the very beginning we set out to win,
And it wasn't very long for their chance looked slim.

For our boys they are fighters from "Sup" down to "Leight,"
And expected this night to make Trenton their bait.
To do it they played as they had never before,
And made the goals count from all over the floor.

Now the game was not easy, so don't be misled,
For Trenton fought hard seeing what was ahead.
But all their best efforts went up and then down
And when the halves ended, their rooters did frown.

The second half started just like the first half did,
Each team still endeavoring to make the best bid.
Backward and forward the ball often did go,
And many a player took many a throw.

As the minutes passed on Trenton's scoring improved,
For with thirty seconds left, into a tie we were moved.
But alas for poor Trenton when this climax had come—
We scored the first goal and the game safely was won.

In all the long years that have passed on before,
'Twas the first time we beat Trenton on her own home floor.
And now we are hoping when next year comes 'round,
Trenton plus others will be forced to the ground.

W. L. C.—'23.
Basket Ball Banquets

As the close of the basket ball season drew nigh Leighton Collins, captain of the team, thought that it was in his place to some way show appreciation to the team for the kindness they had shown him in electing him their captain. As a result the team, Mr. Siegrist and Mr. Dietz were guests at a six o’clock dinner given at his home on Thursday evening February eighth. An abundance of good things to eat was furnished by the host’s mother and after each had had his fill, those for whom it was convenient, remained for the evening.

On Saturday evening, March tenth, Miss Wildi and Miss Davis entertained the basket ball team, their lady friends, and coach Siegrist and his wife at a six o’clock banquet given at the former’s residence on Lindendale avenue. When all had assembled a delightful luncheon consisting of three courses was served. The tables were well decorated for the occasion and a small favor was provided for each. Tickets for a theatre party were also presented and when the repast was completed, the group adjourned to the Opera House.

'23 Senior Directory '23

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Chief Characteristic</th>
<th>Chief Occupation</th>
<th>Ambition in Life</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>L. Collins</td>
<td>Ambition.</td>
<td>Doing his duty.</td>
<td>To succeed Harding.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Flaherty</td>
<td>Laziness.</td>
<td>Writing poetry.</td>
<td>To manage a Kroger store.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. Foehner</td>
<td>His serious air.</td>
<td>Talking to Lorna.</td>
<td>To strike it right.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Lebegue</td>
<td>Intelligence.</td>
<td>Taking it “all in.”</td>
<td>To be a “regular fellow.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Marti</td>
<td>Silence.</td>
<td>Reading “Physical Culture.”</td>
<td>To be a hermit.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. Messerli.</td>
<td>Her good nature.</td>
<td>Blushing.</td>
<td>To make a mechanic’s home happy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Myers.</td>
<td>“Pep”</td>
<td>Avoiding opposite sex.</td>
<td>To reform the world.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Pabst</td>
<td>His hands.</td>
<td>Drawing pictures of horses.</td>
<td>To raise chickens.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. Spencer</td>
<td>Indifference.</td>
<td>One never knows.</td>
<td>It’s hard to tell.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. Stecklin.</td>
<td>Her lisp.</td>
<td>Getting good grades.</td>
<td>To be a Socialist leader.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Prov. 10—The lips of the righteous feed many—Miss Bloomquist.
Girls Basket Ball Team

Second Team
Haller, Rawson, Menz, Ittner, Reinhart, Hanser, Collins.

Ps. 11—I am as a wonder to many—Robert Ittner.
Literary Societies

The Anthenian

President: First semester, Lorna Spencer.
Second semester, Edward Suppiger.
Vice President: First semester, Milton Reinhart, Curtis Collins.
Secretary: First semester, Roscoe Menz.
Second semester, Roscoe Menz.
Critic: First semester, Clarence Clancy.
Second semester, Elmer Jenne.
Program Committee: First semester, Roscoe Menz, Virginia Wildi,
Albert Lebegue.
Second semester, Albert Lebegue, Helen Hanser, Harriet Lynch.

BI-WEEKLY MEETINGS

The Hamiltonian

President: First Semester, Ira Maupin.
Second semester, Nelson Foehner.
Vice President: First semester, Estelle Hagnauer.
Second semester, Pearl Stoecklin.
Secretary: First semester, Nelson Foehner.
Second semester, Wilma Matter.
Critic: First semester, Julius Marti.
Second semester, John Flaharty.
Program Committee: First semester, Edward Suppiger, Norman
Tuffli, Wilma Matter.
Second semester, Leighton Collins, Irma Koch, Ira
Maupin.

BI-WEEKLY MEETINGS

JOINT SESSION AT OPERA HOUSE.
April 3, 1923.
Result of Contest: Hamiltonians 44 points, Athenians 34.
Senior Activities

Senior Night

Our first public appearance, in our Senior year, was at the High School auditorium on December 18, when we rendered a program that seemed to please.

The musical numbers of the program were a Welcome song by the class, a piano duet by Pearl Stoecklin and Leola Gude, and a violin solo by John Flaherty. Readings were rendered by Bonelyn Myers and Lorna Spencer. The question, "Resolved,—That Capital Punishment should be Abolished" was debated by Julius Marti and Albert Lebegue for one side of the question and Leighton Collins and Elmer Jenne for the other. All possible argument for each side was advanced, the young men acquitting themselves with exceptional credit. A farce-comedy, "At The Movies" which greatly amused the audience was presented by Bonelyn Myers, Pauline Messerli, Lorna Spencer, Nelson Foehner and Thelo Pabst.

Junior-Senior Banquet

According to time honored custom, the Junior Class entertained their upper classmen to a Banquet on May 11 at the Turner Hall. The table and surroundings were beautifully decorated with both Junior and Senior class colors and flowers. The Seniors were welcomed with a toast by the Junior class president, Norman Tuffli, with Supt. C. L. Dietz acting as toastmaster. After the first course, which consisted of Fruit Salad, the Senior class president, Lorna Spencer, responded with a toast to the Juniors. The second course consisted of Chicken A la King, Mashed Potatoes, Mayonnaise Mexican Slaw, Creamed June Peas, Olives, Pickles, Celery and Rolls, after which a very entertaining Senior history from a Junior's standpoint was presented by Harriet Lynch. Neapolitan Ice Cream, Wafers and Coffee composed the third course and was followed by a Mock Commencement, which proved very entertaining to all present.

The evening's festivity was ended by singing our High School song. In years to come we will look back with pleasure on that night when we gathered once more to "eat and be merry" with student and teacher alike.

"And Home Came Ted"

On Friday evening, May 18th, before one of the largest audiences that ever gathered at the Opera House, we presented our class play, "And Home Came Ted." It was a financial as well as a literary success.

Not much time was taken from our regular school work for the rehearsals for it, only a few weeks from the time we began to learn our lines until the date of presentation. But that was time for nearly all of us to become thoroughly sick of it, and when the day arrived none of us had any confidence that it would be either well rendered or well received. Exactly opposite was the result. When facing the full house every one rose to the emergency and did their part well, and in play parlance it "went over big" with the audience. All of which only goes to prove what many famous actors claim, that in amateur theatricals those taking part must practice until the plot and play is so familiar to them that they no longer like it, and then they are fit to present it to best advantage to an audience that never heard it before.
The play was a well selected one that exactly fit our class, each of our seven boys and five girls having a part in it.

Nelson Foehner as "Skeet Kelly" was a typical Bowery product, and one wondered if all those metropolitan ideas could really be obtained in Jamestown. Bonelyn Myers as an heiress showed the graces of heart and mind that should always go with the possession of wealth. Pauline Messerli played the part of a spinster. She played the part with such pep and vivacity as to convince all that she didn't have a chance in a thousand of ever becoming a real spinster. Elmer Jenne as a villain made his hearers forget that he really is a very upright and honorable young man. Pearl Stoecklin as a negro cook won the affection of all present despite her sable (artificial) hue. Leighton Collins as a man of mystery made one think "Sherlock Holmes" might have not been neglected in the English courses. Thelo Pabst as a lawyer was a proper disciple of Blackstone and in disguise was perfect. Lorna Spencer as housekeeper showed that she could easy enough preside over a home, with tact and poise in time of trouble. Claire Beckman made the kind of a widow that don't stay widows long. John Flaharty as a groom and Jane Stocker as his bride had a honeymoon of rough going, but like all readable stories it ended happily. Albert Lebegue as a father and Julius Martin as a servant both displayed excellent histrionic ability.

The only one outside our class who took part in the play was Jane Stocker and we are grateful to her for the help given us.

School Picnic

Our annual school picnic was held May 22nd at Lindendale Park. Both Seniors and Faculty cast aside their dignity and enjoyed the games and gaiety as much as any one.

In the evening a dinner was given in honor of the Juniors and the Faculty, us Seniors being the hosts. It being our last social meeting with faculty and Juniors we exerted ourselves to see that they enjoyed the event perfectly and believe we were successful.

Baccalaureate Services

Rev. Meske, minister of the Congregational Church, delivered the Baccalaureate sermon at that church, on Sunday evening, May 27. Rev. Miche, minister of the Evangelical church assisted with the services.

Commencement

On the evening of Friday, June 1, the Seniors gathered for the last time, at the Opera House.

The program opened with orchestral music and the Invocation which was pronounced by Rev. C. E. Miche. After two songs by the Girls' Chorus, Rev. D. C. Cameron of St. Louis who is very prominent in the community activities of that city, delivered the annual address. A vocal solo by Miss Kistler was the next number. After the presentation of the diplomas by Superintendent Dietz, the Response was made by the Class President, Lorna Spencer. Led by the Senior Class the audience joined in singing our High School song.
Thomas’ Success

One bright summer day a small, blue-eyed and freckle-faced boy trudged down the railroad tracks with a sack flung over his shoulder. This boy’s name was Thomas Turner, better known as “Tommy.”

Half an hour later a policeman spied him picking up coal along the track. He started after the boy but Tommy was soon out of sight.

Tommy approached his humble home, with a heavy heart. He knew his cruel step-father would beat him if no coal was brought home.

He entered his small, dirty, poorly lighted home. The bottles of liquor on the table told him their story. His step-father came forward and asked for the coal and as Tommy had none, he snatched a whip and asked, “Do you think ye can get grub without earnin’ sumpin’, ye devil?” The liquor had had its effect upon him and Tommy saw the horrible look in the cruel man’s eyes. The whip cracked on Tommy’s small back but it struck no more for he darted through the enragéd man’s legs, as quick as lightning. He ran as fast as he could, down the railroad track until he was out of sight.

After a long walk Tommy arrived at a small village named Morristown. Tommy trudged slowly onward along the principal street until he could walk no more and at last he fell in a heap at the feet of Mr. Glenn, a business man who was visiting Morristown.

Mr. Glenn carried Tommy into a home nearby and tenderly laid him down. When Tommy opened his eyes he looked about in wonder, but when Mr. Glenn explained, he was calm once more.

Mr. Glenn asked, “How old are you, my lad?”

Tommy said, “I guess I’m about twelve, yes I think so,” he ended lamely.

Mr. Glenn said, “You look to be an honest chap and I think I can use you for my errand boy. if you can run fast,” he ended laughing good-naturedly.

Tommy answered, “Thanks mister, I’s much obliged,” and his eyes shone with emotion.

The warm glow in his eyes seemed to hide some of his freckles as he answered kind Mr. Glenn.

After Mr. Glenn had bought new clothes for the boy and after they had settled other affairs about Tommy’s living with him they left for Chicago, where Mr. Glenn took Tommy to his home.

The very next morning Tommy started to work. Because he loved his work and put forth his best efforts, Mr. Glenn liked him and as a favor accepted the small weekly amount Tommy gave to him for his board and room.

Six years passed, during which time Thomas worked with never ceasing energy. He had slowly risen from an errand boy to the assistant foreman. He had never uttered a harsh word to those who worked for him and Mr. Glenn treated him as his own son.

Mr. Glenn came to Thomas one evening and said, “Thomas you have done your work well, very well indeed and I wish to help to start a business for you.”

Thomas said, “I suppose I must accept because I know I can succeed, but you have done so much for me already that I can hardly persuade myself to accept.”

After toiling for two years Thomas had succeeded and he congratulated himself for accepting his benefactor’s offer. Thomas Turner is high in social life and he never will forget Mr. Glenn’s kindness.

Vera Zopf—'25
Lost And Found

"Don’t you dare, you big bully; don’t you dare tease that girl."

"Aw, go on, you little fella, who’s afraid?" With these words the big boy pulled the braid of hair that was hanging down the back of the little girl. The child winced and her eyes filled with tears that would not stay back, but no, she would not cry before a boy, especially in front of Bud.

Bud was the "little fella" referred to. He was a child of nine years. His red hair looked redder in the sunlight. Beneath it was a round freckled face, scrubbed as clean as possible. His whole appearance was neat, but you could tell at a glance he was poor for his clothes were patched in several places. His anger was aroused now and so he jumped at the big boy and immediately there was a serious fight.

Bud seemed to be a good fighter for soon he was chasing the boy down the street. He soon stopped and came back to the little girl.

"Did he hurt you, Betty? Come let’s go home to mother, she’ll comfort you." With these words the two set out for home.

The girl limped for she was a cripple and often an expression of pain came into her face. As these moments she turned away from her brother.

The two stopped at the door of a tenement house. Bud picked up his little sister and carried her up the three long flights of stairs. They opened a door on the third floor and were greeted by a gush of hot air. How stifling it was up there.

In a wheel-chair next to the window sat a frail little woman. She had such a sweet face and she looked so young. In her lap lay beautiful embroidery, but her hands were idle. She had such a far away look on her face.

The children came up to her softly and both kissed her. Her face lit up with a smile immediately but tears ran down her cheeks.

"What is it mother? Are you hot, shall I fan you?" This came from Betty.

"No dear, but I am so tired. I think in a little while I will go to sleep. When I awake from that sleep I will never again be tired."

"I am so glad, mother. Shall we go away that you can sleep?"

Bud ran to his mother, for he, being older, understood. "Oh, mother, mother, don’t leave us!"

"My dear boy, I am ready. Bud, my darling, always take care of Betty. In the lowest drawer in the dresser is a letter for you."

The children clung to her. Little four year old Betty smilingly kissed her but Bud broke down and wept on her shoulder. A few minutes later their mother died. She was buried the next day and so the children were left alone in the world. The thought of being an orphan made Bud shudder. He was afraid that now it meant the Orphan’s Home for them, but no, he would not let Betty go there. He could make enough money selling papers to provide for them both.
Lost And Found

That night he read the letter of which his mother had told him. It read.

"My Darling Boy:

It is so hard to tell you but I must, for it would not be just to let you keep on living and believing as you have been doing. I will try to tell you in as few words as possible.

Your mother died when you were but a baby. As her husband had died a month or so before, she asked me to take care of her children. I took you and your nine year old brother to my home and cared for you as though you had been ours.

Mr. Scott, a wealthy man living here in New York, asked if he might raise your brother, Derry. We knew it would be a great opportunity for the child so we gave him up.

You know how Bill, the only father you knew, died. It will be hard for you now, dear, but be brave. I do not know where your brother is for I never saw him after he left us.

I ask you, dear boy, to take care of little Betty, for my sake. I know you will do it.

Your loving

MOTHER."

With tearful eyes Bud finished the letter. He went to bed soon afterward and there decided how he would carry out his search for his brother.

The next morning he went to the office of "New York Times." He came out later with a bright look on his face, for the manager had promised to enter an advertisement in the "Lost and Found" Column for him. He was to pay by doing odd jobs around the office after school.

A few days passed and Bud became worried for fear that he should never find his brother. He was certain he would recognize him if ever he saw him for he had a picture of him when a boy of seven years.

One day he came home to find Betty sitting on a young man's knee. Where had he seen him before? Those big black eyes and Greek nose looked so familiar. He was almost certain it was the very way his brother's picture looked. He came up to the young man and introduced himself. How jolly this dark-haired man was, he just joked and joked. Finally he drew a paper out of his pocket and read:

"Lost.—Boy by the name of Scott, aged 18 years. Probably known by the name of Derry. Please call 1132 North Pine St."

"I've come to answer this," said the young man. "My name is Derry Scott and I am eighteen years old, so I fit so far. Now what can you want of me?"

Bud showed him the picture and gave him his mother's letter to read. Derry seemed very happy. After treating the kiddies to a good supper and a movie afterward, he went home promising to call the next day.

That evening he asked his father if he really was a brother to the little freckle-faced boy.

Mr. Scott said that he was. Then they decided to take the two children to their home, to live with them and also to give little Betty medical attention.

Wilma Matter—'24.

Job 36—And they shall die without knowledge—Flunkers.
"Who's there?" Old Richard Falcombe straightened up in his bed and attempted to pierce the darkness that surrounded him. Again he called and then reached out to switch on the lights. There was a rush of footsteps, a pair of hands clutched Falcombe's throat and after a short struggle the old man sank back upon the bed. The hallway clock chimed a silvery two as a figure glided from the room and slunk away.

Seven hours later a coroner's jury returned a verdict of death by strangulation, and immediately the detectives began their work of ferreting out the criminal. The evidence was meager, in fact there were no definite clues at all. The assassin—either intentionally or accidentally, had worn gloves and so excluded the possibility of detection by fingerprints. The household servants were examined and cross-examined, but getting no satisfactory results the officers turned their attention to Richard Jr., Falcombe's younger son.

"Where were you the night of the murder?" was the first question put to the youth.

"At the Wellston ball," came the reply.

"When did you get home?"

"At quarter past two."

"You were in full dress?"

"Yes."

"With gloves?"

"Yes, of course."

"I should like to see your dress suit, please."

A valet left the room and returned presently bearing the desired apparel. On the left sleeve of the coat gleamed a long white hair. The chief of detectives picked it up. "Was this your father's hair?" he asked, turning to Falcombe.

"I don't know—I suppose so—it looks like it might have been."

"How did you get it on your coat?"

"I don't know."

"Perhaps you do not want to know."

"Well, I talked to my father before I left for the ball. It is possible that the hair fell upon my sleeve at that time."

"It is not highly probable that a young man would spend four or five hours in other people's company with such a glaring white hair upon his coat sleeve."

"But it is possible—"

"Possible! Bah! Richard Falcombe, Sr. was killed about two o'clock by a man wearing gloves. You admit coming home about two o'clock wearing gloves, and, furthermore a hair, doubtlessly loosened during your father's death struggles, is found on your sleeve. In view of these circumstances, Richard Falcombe, Jr., you are under arrest as the murderer of your father!"
Be Sure Thy Sin Will Find Thee Out

Roger, the elder son, was in the room when the arrest was made. His eyes glittered and he gave his brother a look that was half laugh, half sneer. It could be plainly seen that no love existed between the two men. Roger, considered a financial success as head of the paper mills six miles up the Hudson, looked with contempt upon Richard who had been graduated from Yale but two months before, and had been living on his father's money. Richard, again, knew much more about his brother's affairs than was comfortable for Roger. From the time that the younger threatened to expose the older's gambling activities, the two had been engaged in constant strife, each attempting to injure the other in some way. Now as the murderer was led away, Roger rejoiced inwardly that he at last had the stage to himself.

Falcombe, Sr., had always been partial to his namesake, and this partiality was certainly shown in his will, inasmuch as three-fourths of the estate was left to Richard. The cause for the murder seemed now so apparent that people began to wonder how the boy-slayer had ever hoped to escape detection.

When the trial came off, the jury remained out scarcely an hour before giving a verdict of guilty, and two months later the electric chair sniffed out the life of young Richard Falcombe. Roger came into possession of the entire estate and moved into the family mansion in Albany.

* * * * * * *

Twelve years passed. The Falcombe murder case was all but forgotten. Roger still lived in the old house; he had grown tremendously rich but for all that he led a miserable existence. Although he was barely forty, his hair were almost white, his face was haggard, his eyes were shifty and bloodshot and he seemed to be always conscious of some hidden danger. The doctors could give him no relief so they advised a change of climate. Accordingly Falcombe set sail for Hawaii.

It was the second night out. All evening heavy black clouds had been piling up, but not until after midnight did the storm burst in all its fury. Falcombe awoke with a start. The big ocean liner was rolling slightly, while outside the wind shrieked and the thunder cracked and roared. Suddenly a voice seemed to come from a far corner of the state-room. Twice the voice spoke, each time the same words: "Who's there?" A rattling sound as if someone was choking followed. Falcombe sat bolt upright, cold sweat breaking from every pore. A flash of lightning revealed nothing out of the ordinary in the room, but as the glare faded a face appeared at the porthole. It was the face of young Richard Falcombe, a face in which were mingled rage, helplessness, humiliation and terror. Thus had he looked when the judge pronounced the death sentence. With a scream Roger Falcombe sprang from the berth.

"Why do you haunt me, you devil?" he shouted. "I know I killed our father. I know I wanted his money! Must you always remind me of my deed? Haven't I suffered enough? Oh, begone! Get away!"

He staggered across the room and shattered the glass with a blow of his fist. The rain swept in and drenched him to the skin, yet the face remained stationary. Falcombe rubbed his bleeding hand across his eyes. "You are still here? You were dead once. I'll settle you for good!"

Clawing and panting he lunged through the porthole and attempted to grapple with the vision. His arms met nothing and he plunged downward; a spate of audible above the noise of the storm, then the wave closed over the murderer of the two Falcombes.

Roscoe E. Menz—'24.
Editorial

Elsewhere in this year's Iris appears an article written to bring the question of a new high school before the public. This is not a new idea for Highland. Three years ago a debate was held in the assembly, the subject of which was, Resolved:—"That Highland should have a Vocational High School." Last year all that subscribed to the "Square News" surely read about the plans for a new community high school. Now you read about it in the Iris and soon the question will be directly before the people.

By printing articles in the school papers, however, only the school children and their parents read them and can understand the necessity of a new high school. Those not directly concerned with school affairs know little about it. We, who are here in school, are all convinced that we need a new school, but without the help of those outside the issue would surely fail if it came to a vote of the people.

We as Seniors can do little. We will soon graduate and from then on our class will be scattered. Therefore it is up to the students still in school to hold firmly together and make a united effort to boost the idea of a new school building. By convincing a few people each week or each month that we need a new high school you will be rendering a great service to your school community, and will make it possible to have a new building here within a short time.

Character

The charm of the individual, the moving force of individualism, is character. It is that fresh Heaven-sent impulse, which gathers about it a variety of lesser impulses, that shape the natural courses of our lives. Character is a deathless principle of the soul, the thing we carry with us beyond the mortal confines of existence, and the influence we leave behind us.

Character is God's measure of a man. Let it also be our measure of ourselves and other men. Do not judge a person by what he does under normal circumstances and favorable environments, because the true index of character is the actions of an individual when brought under great stress or circumstances. Neither should we judge a person's character too hastily because the first impression is not always lasting. Let us not be so foolish as to hold in contempt the sweat on the brow of an honest toiler. It is by hard work that character is developed. God gave us a vast world filled with the obstacles of environment, saying, "I have given thee all else, save character. Build thou it." We are here to obey his command.

The development of character depends largely upon the implanting within the heart and soul true, proper, and exalted ideals. It should be our one aim, our chief ambition, the developing of a character, impregnable to the trials and temptations of human life.

To rear the temple of character, high and fair, let us always remember,

"We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

L. D. S.—'23.
Editorial

Your forefathers may have come over on the Mayflower; your father may be one of the wealthiest men in America; you may be a graduate with a long string of credits after your name and you may have gained great popularity among your friends, but you will still have to face the unescapable fact that the world will pay you for only one thing and that is the service you render it.

The editor of one of our popular magazines has said "Ultimately nothing matters, so why worry about anything? It is encouraging, isn't it? And how true it is, yet, is this the attitude of mind we should take if we wish to succeed? Everything should matter to us. Especially during our High School days, while we are preparing for our life work we should be careful not to shirk. A habit is easily formed and if we go through school shifting the burden from our shoulders to those of others, we will do so all through life and fail to succeed. We are all too prone to deal lightly with school work, forgetting that in this stage of our life it is as important as our vocation will be to us later on.

L. D. S.—'23.

To The Faculty

This is the time of year when, more or less consciously, we review the past four years. As we look back thus and consider the influences which have been factors in these formative years, we realize that we owe much more than we ever knew to the kindness, tact, and consideration of our faculty. More than ever this year we feel the differences there will be in our affairs next year, and it adds a seriousness to our Commencement it would not otherwise have. We make use of this opportunity to assure the following classes and our faculty that our interests will remain with the Highland High School no matter where our homes may be and we hope that each succeeding year will serve but to increase the scope and usefulness of our school. We realize and urge you, our underclassmen to consider that this augmentation of its usefulness will come about most surely if the principles and ideals of our faculty are emulated.

The Senior Class '23.

Excl. 2—I got me men singers and women singers—Miss Kistler.
A Tragedy

One Tuesday of last week a well-known resident of this city passed away after enjoying many years of comfortable livelihood. Surrounded by a host of relatives and friends, the old lady was enjoying her evening luncheon when suddenly a coughing spell seized her. The convulsions which followed became so violent that they resulted in her death. Doctors were summoned, but to no avail; the dear lady had answered the supreme call and passed into the land of everlasting peace. The funeral held on Thursday morning was attended by an enormous crowd of ardent admirers.

Now don't be mistaken,

Now don't be misled,

The deceased old lady

Was a Rhode Island Red.

Titus 3—We are also sometimes foolish—Seniors.
The Class of '23.

Once there was a Freshman class,
A crowd of thirty-three,
A sittin' in this High School,
As proud as they could be.

A host of green wee tiny things,
Afraid to even wink,
'Cause teachers told them, strictly, too,
"You've come up here to think."

As days rolled on the little folks,
Began to like their kin,
And when they said amongst themselves,
"We've come up here to win."

'Afore so many weeks and months
The Seniors called them Sophs,
And then they weren't subject to
The Juniors hearty laughs.

That year went faster than the first
And Juniors they became,
And to regrets of all the crowd,
A few dropped out the game.

The next year came almost as fast,
And proud they were to be,
A host of graduating folks,
In nineteen-twenty-three.

Prov. 15—A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance—Miss Wildi.
A Senior's Studies

Of all the Senior studies here,
I've liked physics the best;
But, boys, there are some real stiff parts
That put you to the test.

History?—well that's pretty hard,
And yet it's easy too;
I do remember still one date—
Old fourteen-ninety-two.

Civics and English?—They're not so bad,
And I like them pretty well,
But naming the authors we took up
Would take a year to tell.

Pedagogy was a nice one too;
But a teacher I'll not be.
For there are enough already
From the class of twenty-three.

Trigonometry was the hardest one
That I did ever see;
And those that found it awfully hard,
Were Jenne, Abbie, and "me."

N. O. F.—'23.

Ps. 71—My tongue also shall talk all day long—Miss Galbraith. ?
The Assembly Clock

A clock hangs on the assembly wall,
    A-tickin' loud and long;
It sees the moves of every one,
    The good, the bad, the right, the wrong.

it's hung there many-a-year, I guess,
    I think since nineteen three;
It's heard the Seniors' loud Har! Har!
    And the Freshies' sweet Tee! Tee!

Its face is still so nice and clean,
    Its hands so big and strong;
But its voice is old and squeaky now,
    As it sings its same old song.

I often watch the pendulum,
    As periods come and go;
But the old bar only laughs at me,
    As it swings there to and fro.

It has seen many leave the school
    And more will it yet see;
But now it looks with a kindly smile,
    On the class of twenty-three.

    N. O. F.—'23.

Ps. 40—And he hath a new song.
Essay On "Burns"

(With due apologies to Mr. Carlyle)

There must be some motive behind everything. This article is not an exception and its contents may be summed up as a brief sketch of the power of Burns that leave their imprint upon those with whom they come in contact.

It is a well known maxim that things to which we are accustomed, lose their glamor. This is not true of Burns. How often have you come in contact with Burns? Innumerable times and yet there are no thrills lacking on repeated contacts. What class of people are best acquainted with Burns? The laborer, the professor, the student, the king, in fact every animate and inanimate thing, though only the animate have the power of fully appreciating them. However disinterested we may be in Burns the slightest touch with them will set every one's nerves to the quick. This rare quality possessed by no one but Burns is not to be looked over with a glance passed by and forgotten. This singular characteristic is known all over the earth, even in its depths, the farther down, the stronger it is.

Perhaps the ideal—a perfect production has been attained at times by Burns only. The works have been turned to a crust as we might say.

The faculties of Burns are equally developed, but their preference to only objects of a certain nature is something not to be probed too closely. Now what are some of the objects (we can hardly call them subjects) of Burns? A field mouse, a mountain daisy—a dried one preferred,—a dead hare, a jolly beggar. Even you and me Burns might take as an object and produce a masterpiece. It is absurd to think Burns would not take you. Have you never touched a hot stove and received a certain sensation. You were used as an object then.

To our readers in general if there be any—to men of right feeling anywhere we are not required to give advice concerning Burns. With pity we look at one enshrined in Burns. Never will the suffering sustained pass from the memory of that man. —P. B. S.

What Would H. H. S. Be Without—

Della Beinecke's dazzling beauty?
Prof. Siegrist's ironic remarks?
Claire Beckman's powder-puff?
Leighton Collins' Har-Har?
Bobby Ittner's intellect.
Albert Lebegue's debating ability?
Elmer Jenne's camera?
Pearl Stoecklin's perseverance?
Wilma Matter's big brown eyes?
Dee Ina Althoff's modesty?
Charles Bub's witty replies?
The Senior Class?
Roll of Honor

Attendance

DELLA BEINECKE
ESTHER CLANCY
CURTIS COLLINS
LEIGHTON COLLINS
CHARLES LANDERT
JOY MALAN
WILMA MATTER
ROSCOE MENZ
ALBIRDIE MYERS
BONELYN MYERS
HOWARD MUERI

FRANCES SCHOOLEY
DOROTHY STEINER
EDWARD SUPPIGER
RICHARD TROLLIET
ROLAND TSCHUDY
HILDA VONLAND
EDNA WAGNER
MELVA WERNLI
VIRGINIA WILD
CARWIN ZIMMERMANN

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DELLA BEINECKE
MORRIS CLEMENTZ
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LEIGHTON COLLINS
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ROSCOE MENZ
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MILDRED ROGIER
EDWARD SUPPIGER
Not Otherwise Grouped

Job. 41—Out of his nostrils goeth smoke—Charles Bub.
Joke Section

Pearl:— Thelo, have you forgotten to pay your class dues?
Thelo:— Not yet, but give me time and I will.

Senior:— Did you ever take chloroform?
Fresbie:— No, who teaches it?

Waldo (speaking of a debate):— Where could I get some points?
Leighton:— On a paper of pins.

One Fresbie:— I thought you had that quiz down cold.
Another:— Well, didn’t I get zero?

Elmer:— There are only two things that keep me from dancing.
Chic:— What are they?
Elmer:— My feet.

Edward:— Why are they putting up a new telephone pole here?
Mr. S.:— To hold up the wires, of course.

Ira:— All those in favor of the motion signify by saying "Aye."
Absent minded, same sign.

Teacher:— Give eight functions of the air.
Pupil:— Atmosphere, oxygen, nitrogen, carbon-dioxide, wet, dry, dew, frost.

"Binney":— Drink milk for underweights.
Elmer:— What do you do for undersized?
"Binney":— Stretch ’em.

Robert, on the farm:— "’Nix, nix, goosey, use discretion."

Mr. S.:— Give an example of a simple machine.
Lorna:— A linotype.

Mr. S.:— Did you ever see petroleum and where?
Mabel:— Petroleum Salve.

Teacher:— How is garbage disposed of in Highland?
Thelo:— It is fed to the chickens.
Miss B:— Give some examples of the way seeds are distributed.

Birdie:— Well the milk-weed seeds crawl out of the pod.

Miss B:— Do any of you wish to ask any questions before examination?

Leola:— Was the Boston Massacre an immediate cause of the Civil War?

Miss B:— What are the duties of the county auditor?

Lorna:— I guess he hears every thing.

Miss B:— What were some of the natural resources after the Civil War?

Leola:— The Debt.

Miss B:— After the abdication of Charles V. what did his son get?

Irma:— Hungry (Hungary)

Miss B:— Yes, he did after his marriage.

Miss B:— Very seldom are good pearls found in the oysters that we eat.

Vincent:— One time I found an oyster in the oyster-soup at a restaurant.

Miss B:— Opossums are usually of a dirty yellow or gray color.

Elmer:— Sometimes opossums are plum black.

Miss B:— What two kinds of cases are brought up for trial?

Nelson:— Suit cases and medicine cases.

Miss B:— John, name a kind of tax by which the government derives revenue.

John:— Thumb tacks.

Miss B:— Name the ports of entry in Illinois.

Julius:— Chicago, Rock Island and St. Louis.

Miss B:— “How did the United States acquire the Hawaiian Islands?”

Elmer:— “They were purchased from Alaska.”

Mr. S:— Where is the Indian Ocean?

Irma:— In the Arctic Ocean.

Milton:— A vertical is a plane perpendicular to the sun’s rays.
Overheard in Physiography Class

One proof of the shape of the earth is that the sun is round. The effect of water on the temperature is that it makes the temperature more thicker and heavier. Tides are caused by earthquakes. Tides are caused by a change in the course of a river or ocean. They occur every twelve hours. Tides are caused by reflection of a part of the earth's surface on the moon. A good harbor should be on good land. Atmosphere is that which causes some fouls to fly and some to walk. Petroleum is secured from iron ore.

Mr. S:— Describe the surface of the ocean. Gertrude:— It has mountains and plateaus.

Pearl:— I always get dizzy when I work these problems. Mr. S:— Yeah! And do you go 'round and 'round and 'round.

A new revelation:

The general relation between plateaus and human life is that no people can live on plateaus without running the risk of dying.

Miss W:— What is a cloister? Cornelius W:— Isn't it some kind of turtle?

Miss W:— What is venom? Freshman:— I think it is some kind of meat.

Miss W:— How did Sir Walter Scott spend the five years previous to his marriage? Bright Freshman:— Courting his girl.

Miss W:— Cornelius, when you want to learn something, what does your brain tell you to do? Cornelius:— It tells me to open my book.
Several minutes had been taken by the teacher for explanation of some terms that she thought unfamiliar to freshmen: At the first breathing pause someone in the room grasped the opportunity to ask: "How do you know all that?"

Quinten Koch believes the "Holy Grail" is a Holy book, Milton Werner said a Druid was a forest in the Vision of Sir Launfal, and a third Freshman was confident that the leper in "Sir Launfal" was a wild beast.

Miss W:— What is an impersonal passive?  
Eric:— One that isn't personal.

Miss W:— I'm giving you some words I want you to know tomorrow.  
Eric:— Can we look them up in our book?

Miss W:— Give a word with the prefix sup, meaning greatest, or largest.  
Floyd R:— Suppiger, he's the largest.

In the business room—A transcription.

We attach hereto invoice received from Armour & Co. for twelve 39 lb. chickens.

It is extravagant to use the electric wire for your law entry work. Of course they meant light.

Some definitions:

A bank, A bank is a place where money can be gotten or money put.  
A postal money order is a written order which we get from the rural mail carrier or at the post office when we send for something at a distance.

The notes receivable accounts are accounts that are receivable.

Slips

Mr. S:— You make a square 2" by 3".

Mr. S:— Some water comes to the surface of the earth through roots of plants and animals.

Miss G:— "Caesar" (meaning Leighton).
Miss G.— Addison was ready for college at the age of 15.
Roscoe to "Nat":— So was I.
Nat:— (Hazily) Yes. was, but is no more.

Miss G:— If I said "I am beautiful" what tense would it be?
Student:— Past.

"Late"— Pearl, do you know that we study the amoeba in Physics to-day?
Pearl:— The amoeba, I do not get you.
"Late"— Didn't it say that the subject of the experiment was the "simple cell"?

Teacher:— William, this is the third time I saw you looking on Fred's paper.
William — Yes, ma'm. He doesn't write very plainly.

Films For Famous People in H. H. S.

Harold Geppert in "Eat and Grow Thin."
Julius Marti in "Why Girls Leave Home."
Ellen Stokes in "My Wild Irish Rose."
Cornelius Wick in "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?"
Charles Bub in "Ten Nights in a Barroom."
Jane and Janet in "Children of Jazz."
Theo Pabst in "Huckleberry Finn."
Miss Bloomquist in "The Forbidden Woman."
Hilda Vonland in "The Speed Girl."
Della Beinecke in "Food for Scandal."
Lonelyn Myers in "Smilin' Through."
Miss Kistler in "Bella Donna."
Elmer Lebegue in "Tom Sawyer."
Dorothy Rogier in "My Homespun Girl."

1923
Favorite Expressions

Elmer J.:—Something is radically wrong.
Leighton: Oh! I was just going to say that, that's what I thought.
Miss G.: I don't know whether I told you or not, but I'll tell it to you anyway.
Virginia: If anybody asks you just tell them you don't know.
You'd like to know wouldn't you?
Mr. S.: You think so, eh? Are you right sure?
Lorna: Oh you doll!
Jane: That's darling.

Popular Names

Clarence—"Duke"—Looks it, eh?
Leighton—"Late"—Never.
John—Jack, John, or Pete?—Neither, just lazy.
Norman—"Nat"—Pretty big, or not?
Albert—"Abbie"—Sounds English like "Reggie."
Ellen—"Chie"—"That's the spirit!"
Wilma—"Wimps"—Tickle me!
Edward—"Soup"—It ought to be "whipped cream."
Claire—"Sassy Susie"—Apologies.
Jane—"Sparky"—More apologies.
Harriet—"Dutch"—Or not?
Roland—"Doc"—115 pounds??
Pearl—"Humph"!:—"Ithmuth."
Julius—"Juli"—Star Athlete.
Robert—"Bobby"—Student.
Lorna—"Nornor"—Ask her.
Esther—"Hebby"—4 feet, how many?
Russell—"Frankie"—He sure is frank.
Nelson—"Nel"—The "Nel" of parting day—Gray.
William—"Red"—Rouge may come and rouge may go, But freckles hang on forever.
Virginia—"Ginny"—"When the moon shines."
Rosece—"Snooky"—We're sorry. Menz, but you earned it.
Vernon—"Nunny"—What does it mean?
H. H. S. Gossip

It has been discovered one of the Senior boys has a hankering for physical culture, he also is his own doctor, disapproves of vaccination, and is a strong prohibitionist. Mr. C. Wick revels in Physiography but can’t study it. The poor deah, rather a handicap. Our sympathy at your disposal. Yes, boys, A. G. G. rouges before she combs. Senior boys have taken to the bottle. It is to be hoped no one overlooked the picture of the muscular second team of H. H. S. Allah be praised. A certain somebody has discovered the intrinsic merit of a joke in the Annual of 1921. After two months the Freshman Physiographers have lost their interest in the Senior who sits in the rear of the class. Probably their necks ached from turning their heads around every time she was called upon. Know thyself. Only two cases of people falling off chairs have been reported this year. The windows of the Physics Lab. have been washed. The students were nearly blinded by the amount of light that could now be admitted. Joy Malan has become so accustomed to lending L. Collins his compass that now every time L. C. addresses him, he unconsciously hands the compass over, whether wanted or not. Miss B. is all smiles to-day. Do you know the reason? We do. Want to hear it? Well—we hate to give anyone away but—Oh’ here it is. Who? The reason. No Rudolph Valentino trousers in H. H. as yet. Have you taken stock of yourself? What can you do? What do you like to do? What will you do? Are you preparing for your future occupation? If not, why not? “The battle of Waterloo has been called by that name because it rained the night before the battle” H. H. S. we’re with you. Vernon and Norman, the staff greatly appreciate your help in Annual work. What is a friend? How many have you? Bobbed heads are disappearing. Dog show on Washington every morning. T. Pabst is recommended as an advisor on “get-rich-quick” methods. Don’t judge others by yourself. You’re not perfect. Freshman children have been supplied with nails to while away their time at school. We advise them to save these playthings to use in building the new community high. The supply of Freshie Gems is steadily increasing, due to the demand made by the Iris.—P. B. S. ’23.
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Staff Photographer

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of
'25
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Give us a trial. We aim to please.
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Always in Touch

HIGHLAND TELEPHONE COMPANY
"The other day" said Dad Gogetem, of the Mill Creek Flour Mills, when Pop Hastings, the Grocer said "he allowed it was alright for me to be what he called a philosopher, but I didn't have to run a grocery store, I up and says to him:"No Pop", says I. "an' you don't have to run no flour mill an' they ain't neither of us got to make a livin' runnin' hawgs in the timber like Yank Winters, but I don't calculate it makes such a power of difference what a man's got to do so long as he behaves hisself an' acts square accordin' to his lights an' makes the best out of things as they come; it ain't all on account of what a body does but how he looks at it an' how he keeps his head up an' how he don't go tryin' to bog down somebody else; even if you got a job pullin' stumps, you can look at the sunshine for your own good an' talk about it in case they's somebody around who ain't thought to look.''

Compliments and good wishes of our firm to the student body and graduates.

Highland Milling Co.

Established 1837
Millers of "HIGHLAND BEAUTY" flour.