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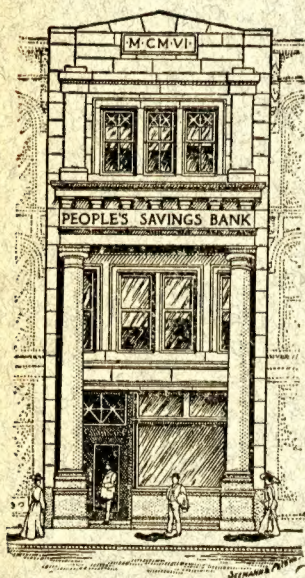
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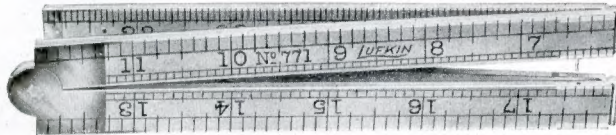
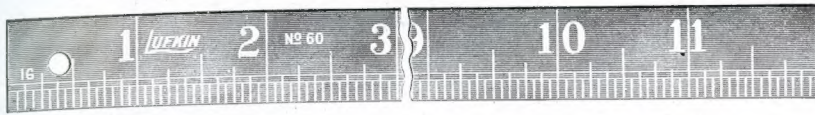
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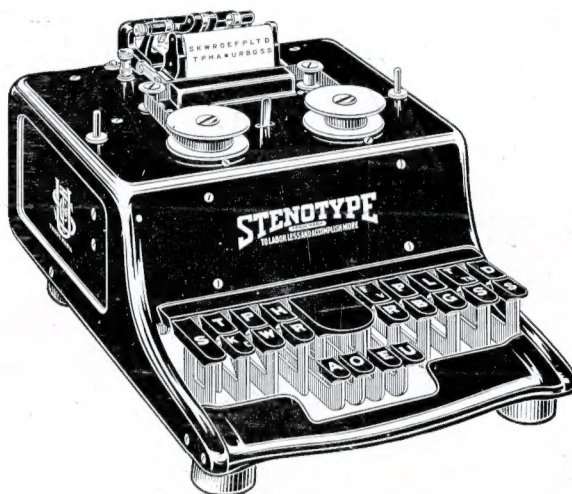
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Student Lantern

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JANUARY, MCMXIV

No. 4

Cover Design

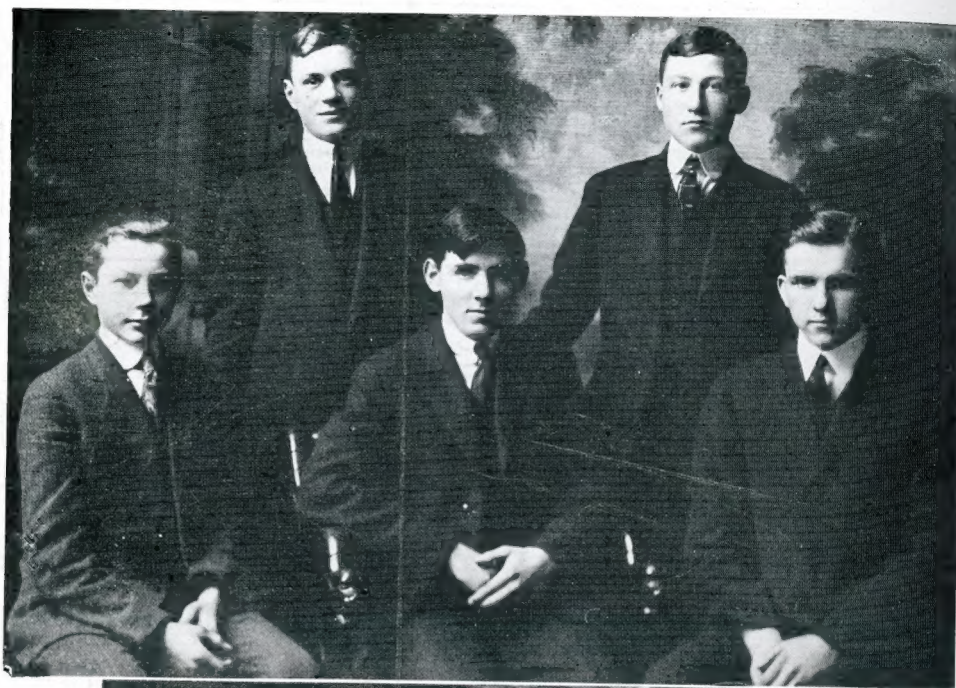
Schmelzer

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JIM HARRIS.

PUBLISHED BY
Saginaw High School Lyceum
SAGINAW, MICH.



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Sitting—Chester Clark, John Silhavy.

GIRLS

Standing—Helen Burill, Ethel Ryckman. Center—Henrietta Seitner.
Sitting—Sarah Sandleman, Bertha Forrest.

STUDENT LANTERN

Vol. IX

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No. 4

The Room in the Tower



WISH that, instead of writing this story, I could tell it as I heard it from my great-uncle before he returned to London, on his way to resume his military command in India. I had been reading Kipling's "Tales of the Hills," and was sitting by the fireside with no light in the room, dreaming over those weird, Indian stories, when Uncle George joined me in the comfortable old library. After lighting his pipe, with my permission, he took the other easy chair, seemingly lost in deep, deep thought. "Uncle," I said, "have you ever seen any ghosts in India?"

"No, my child," he replied, "not in India, but I certainly saw one in good old-fashioned England. The last time I was over there I stayed several weeks at quaint old Lynn. Your uncle Leister, having invited me to visit him for a day or two at Norwich, sent his motor car to take me there. We left Lynn at three o'clock, intending to arrive at our destination in time for dinner. After two hours' ride through Norfolk's peaceful country lanes, we had just entered the old village of Ryborough when the car came to a sudden stop in front of the village inn, which went by the name of the "Black Lion."

"Engine trouble," the chauffeur said, jumping off his front seat. And so, because of the unexpected delay of several hours, I went into the inn while he worked away.

The typical English inn-keeper received me kindly, inviting me to his best and only parlor, and telling his rosy-cheeked daughter to bring me a cup of tea. The chauffeur, apparently, having made no headway, I decided to take a stroll. Following the shady lane which led one past an old castle, facing a large lawn surrounded by trees, which, like the castle, must have been hundreds of years old.

A white-haired gardener was employed in removing leaves from the velvety lawn, and respectfully touched his cap as I approached. "Fine place this, my good man," I said. "Whose is it?"

"None finer in the country, sir, and no better master than young Lord Bruce Temple, who succeeded his uncle, the old general, who lies yonder in

the old family vault," the old fellow replied, waving his wrinkled hand towards the distant church steeple.

"Do you mean Lord George Temple, who died in India?" I queried.

"Yes, sir; the same," he said, "and a sad day it was for us old servants when young Lord Bruce brought our dead master's body home."

Just then a tall, handsome young man approached, in a shooting costume, with his gun slung over his shoulder, and he was followed by a pair of long-haired setters.

"There comes his lordship, now, sir. God bless him," the old gardener said, removing his cap as his master came near.

"Excuse me, Lord Temple, do I see in you the nephew of my comrade, Colonel Temple?" I asked.

"At your service, sir," the young man answered. "I am always glad to welcome a friend of my poor old uncle's. May I ask you when and where you knew him?"

I then and there told him how he had been for years in the same regiment in the lonesome Indian Military Station, how we had become fast friends, and how we had parted with regret when I was promoted to Calcutta. Only once had I met him again, and then I read how my dear old friend had been fatally stricken by an Indian fever. And here I was on the very grounds which he had owned, loved so well, and about which he had often told me when we sat on the veranda of our Indian bungalow.

I resolved not to leave the place until I had paid homage to my partner at his silent grave. And so I informed Lord Bruce, telling him at the same time how chance had brought me here.

My new young acquaintance seemed touched by the expression of my wish to visit the grave of his uncle, and evening having set in, proposed that I stay over night, and visit with him in the morning the old church, in which was his late uncle's last resting place under the chancel. He insisted that I spend the night with him at the castle, provided that I would not mind the hospitality of his house, somewhat crowded by many guests.

I accepted, followed him into the castle, and, after having met his charming wife and his two curly-haired children, I was taken to a cozy room located in one of the castle towers. With apologies for my travelling costume, I joined the large party in the spacious dining room, enjoying the rich hospitality of my amiable host.

Dinner over, the ladies returned to the parlor with the hostess, we gentlemen remaining over our coffee and cigars. Being urged from all sides, I

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told many a story about the kind colonel, who had often sat at that very table. So interested was our company that it was quite a while before we joined the ladies in the drawing room, where the same topic of conversation was continued.

Bidding my host and hostess good night, I took the lighted candle, handed me by a servant, and went up the winding staircase to my room in the castle tower. In passing an open window in the tower passage, the light of the candle was blown out, leaving me, as I had no match, to find my way as best I could to the only bed chamber at the top of the staircase.

The night being chilly, a few blazing logs in the fireplace greeted me cheerfully, furnishing ample light by which to undress. So I did not miss the light of my candle.

It must have been past midnight when I went to bed, but still reflecting upon the long conversation about my dead friend I found no sleep, but kept thinking of him, whose kind face, surrounded by a long, white beard, I seemed to see continually before me. When I finally went to sleep I do not know.

Suddenly, I awoke and heard heavy footsteps coming up the creaky stairs, becoming louder and louder, as they seemed to draw nearer my door. Then they ceased. "Who is there?" I cried. But no answer.

The light in the fireplace had died out and I tried to light the candle but remembered I had no match. Remembering also I was an old soldier, I got up, opened the door and looked out.

The moon dimly shining through the open window revealed nothing. Only an owl, which had rested on the window sill, flew away with a hoarse shriek. Having once more looked around, I carefully bolted the door and went to bed again.

I had almost dozed off, when I distinctly heard the door-knob turned, the bolt flew back with a rusty sound, and through the open door entered the figure of a tall man, attired in the gold-braided uniform of my old regiment, with the India war medals jingling on his chest, but his shining sword hanging noiselessly at his side.

I could not see his face and I was unable to speak or move, as the silent form drew near, passing me without a look and going towards the other side of the room, part of the wall of which was covered by a large painting of a pretty girl, who, I had previously noticed, resembled closely my charming hostess.

In front of the picture the silent form stopped and drew from the pocket of his military coat what appeared to be a large sheet of paper. Slowly the

other hand raised up, moving the picture aside and revealed an opening in the wall, which evidently, at one time, had been a niche used for a holy image, which you still see in old English country houses. One hand held back the picture, the other deposited the paper in the opening of the wall, covering the same up immediately with the painting.

This done, the figure turned in a military way, and, behold! The pale light of the moon, which shone through the window, revealed to me the face and white beard of Colonel Temple. But how he had changed! His once full cheeks had sunken below the cheek bones, his eyes appeared lifeless in hollow sockets, and the skin was as pale as in death.

On he came, pausing a moment, as if he would speak, then went on as noiselessly as he had come. And closing the door he had left open, left as mysteriously as he had entered.

I tried to shout after him, but my voice failed. I endeavored to get up, but I could not move. I seemed paralyzed, and my memory left me.

When I came to, the sun had risen and was shining through the window through which I last remembered the moon had shone.

Was it a dream? It could not have been, because I was awake and could have touched the man's figure. And yet it must have been a dream because there are no ghosts, I tried to assure myself.

Still following what seemed to me a foolish impulse, I moved toward the picture as I had seen my dead friend do. I thought I would faint when I saw the identical opening in the wall which I saw the night before, and there rested a sheet of paper yellow stained, folded and crumpled.

Hesitatingly, I drew forth what turned out to be a document, which I unfolded with trembling hands.

It was a will—a will signed and sealed by Lord George Temple, Colonel of Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards. It bequeathed the entire estate, including the castle in which I was, to Lady Quendeline Manners, his beloved niece. The entire estate to be her undisputed property as long as she remained single, and in case she married to go to her husband for ever. The document revoked what appeared to have been a previous will in favor of his nephew. Lord Bruce Temple, the present owner.

The shock of this strange discovery made me forget, for the time being, the ghostly appearance which had been the cause of it. What was I to do? Should I wilfully destroy the happiness of the hospitable young lord and of his charming family? If the existence of the will became known it would doubtless turn him out of house and home and leave him penniless, so to

say, for the lord had told me that he owed all his present fortune to his uncle. But no matter what my sympathies were, I must do my duty and keep my honor by turning this will over to the authorities.

But I did not feel strong enough to face my young host with my strange discovery, which would mean ruin to him. So I decided to see, at once, Sir John Lewis, the old family solicitor, who was also staying at the castle, a guest of Lord Bruce, and show him the document and let him have the responsibility of bringing it to the notice of His Lordship.

I looked at my watch. It was seven o'clock. I dressed quickly; put the will in my pocket and went downstairs to the library, which was unoccupied. I rang for a butler and asked him to beg Sir John to come to the library as soon as convenient.

The servant returned immediately, followed by Sir John, the famous London solicitor. Briefly, I explained why I had requested his presence, handing him the document and relating the strange happenings of the night before.

The look which he gave me as I handed him the will proved that he doubted my right frame of mind. No sooner had he unfolded the paper than he read the same with a knitted brow and a sorrowful face. But as he proceeded his face brightened until he happily smiled.

"General," he said, "I don't know whether you saw a real ghost or had the nightmare as a result of those excellent Norfolk lobsters you seemed to have enjoyed so much last evening. Neither do I know how you came by this, the last will of Lord George, which doubtlessly deprives his nephew, the present owner, of all his property. It is also true that Lady Quendeline Manners became the rightful heiress of this castle. But she has lost all her rights by having married and the property passed to her husband, who fortunately happens to be Lord Bruce Temple, our host.

SENORITA '15.

"Mother," asked Wenger, "is it correct to say you 'water the horse' when he is thirsty and you give him a drink?"

"Yes, my dear," answered his mother.

"Well, then," said Carrol, picking up a saucer, "I'm going to milk the cat."



One on the Judge.

Judge: "What is your name?"

Irishman: "Corrigan."

Judge: "Married?"

Irishman: "Yis, sir, Oi am married."

Judge: "Who'd you marry?"

Irishman: "Oi married a woman."

Judge: "Well, you fool, did you ever hear of any body who didn't marry a woman?"

Irishman: "Shure, my sister; she married a man."

The Heroism of Henry

OR,

THE LIFE OF A NOBLE DETECTIVE



IT WAS one of those quiet twilights—if anything in a city can be termed “quiet;” one of those times when the din of a city seems more noticeable and intermingled, when a certain young man lounged idly on a park bench, meanwhile listlessly fumbling a torn newspaper, left, no doubt, by some previous occupant of aforesaid bench. While his appearance did not indicate that he was a millionaire prospect, neither did he appear to be in bare circumstances, or an habitual loafer.

He was simply dreaming! Dreaming simply, perhaps, but nevertheless, simply dreaming! Two items in the newspaper left by some kind, maybe forgetful, idler, had sent his heart throbbing, and now he was soaring upon the pinnacles of fame. But alas! just simply dreams. One of the causes of his condition was an exciting account of an unravelled mystery; the other, an account of a detective school.

Yes! this young man gloried in the idea of becoming a detective. A bold, brave detective! Unravelling mysteries! Written about in the papers and magazines! Talked about in every home! Rendering services to fellow beings! Being praised and honored! Ah! that was the life!

“Sqwak-awk-awk! A hastening auto screaming vigorously at careless pedestrians brought the dreamer to his senses. His castle fell like a house of cards. He was just an idler in a park. Ah, well, he would ferret out a more quiet place to dream, more secure from interruptions and intrusions.

Arising slowly he sauntered down a neighboring street. It was not an avenue lined with mansions but a street, on either side of which were apartments wherein the artisans of the stage were wont to do light housekeeping and in a broader sense have a substitute for a home.

Our day-dreamer had proceeded some five or six minutes along this pre-described street when he was startled by clear-ringing tones issuing from a series of lighted windows in the lower floor of a neighboring apartment. ’Twas a feminine voice. “Stop! Have mercy! For the child’s sake and for my sake stop! I tell you naught but the truth. Take our funds but spare our child! Oh, this is too much! Brute that you are! Coward! Help! Help! Huh-uh-uh-uh!” The time had come! Fortune smiled on him. He would soon be a hero and famed throughout the land! Our young man now

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thoroughly keyed up and suddenly keenly taking interest, passed into the entrance of the building, and thence into the series of rooms in which the voices were most audible.

Even as he hastily opened the door the female in question was finishing her third attempt at crying "Help!" in a tone so anguish stricken and pleading that heat of indignation burned the cheeks of the heroic intruder, and he entered just in time to see a woman swoon to the floor clutching the semblance of a child tightly to her bosom.

The only other occupant of the room was a man, clothed swarthyly, and wearing a leering expression almost unendurable. In his hand he held an ugly revolver, which was pointed menacingly at the prostrate woman. Without a moment's hesitation the young gallant hurled himself at the villain and they both rolled in a heap.

* * * * *

'Twas several hours later as a young man reclining in a white bed began to stir feebly, and had to be quieted by a young lady who professed the occupation of a nurse.

In another part of the city two people, a man and a woman, were laughing heartily, and then, subsiding, picked up a stuffed doll, of baby size, and prepared to continue their rehearsal of a modern comedy sketch.

(You should worry, Henry, mistakes will happen.)

'16.

"Here, my son," said Mr. Bricker to Roy, "what does this mean? Your report card gives you only 50 in arithmetic, and your teacher makes the comment that you can't count straight up to 25. What are you going to do with such a report when you go into business?"

"Now don't worry, father," replied Roy. "To count up to 25 isn't necessary nowadays."

"Not necessary?" gasped Mr. Bricker.

"No, sir. I can start a ten-cent store."

We Wonder.

When Decker will get a hair cut.
When Gase will be football captain.
When Fred and Florence are going to get married.
When Sheldon and Weadock are going to graduate.
When the boys will sit with the girls in chapel.
When Granville will get in before two a. m.



Think It Over

Could the husband of a widow marry the widow's sister?

The Fisherman's Story



"IN YOUR right you see, fantastically carved, a large boulder which has stood for many centuries." The speaker, a short, stockily-built man, bearing on his cap the sign of "Cooks'," will be recognized as once as one of Cooks' guides, showing a party of tourists the wonderful sights. Among this party, however, was a preacher whose eyes wandered and rested on a distant figure. Turning to his companion, he questioned, "What is that over there?"

"It seems to be an old man," said the other.

"I wonder what he can be doing?" asked the preacher.

Curiosity getting the better of them, the party struck off in the direction of the old man. Reaching the spot, they found him planting flowers on a grave. The preacher, being a kindly old gentleman, asked who was buried there. The fisherman, for such he was, told them it was his brother Ned's grave, and asked if they would like to hear his story. All in the party nodded their assent and he began.

"About twenty years ago, Ben and Ned and I lived very happily in that house over yonder. We lived chiefly by the fish we caught and managed to get along fairly well. Ned, being a cripple, was not asked to work although he always did his share. Ben and Ned both loved a beautiful girl and soon they quarrelled over her. They then decided to confront the girl with the case and let her choose between them. She chose Ben, and Ned refused to be friendly to his brother. Dragging himself wearily home, he told his story to me in a broken tone, while I comforted him as best I could. Ned was not present at Ben's wedding and it was not until an heir to Ben's fortunes was born that the feud was settled. We then lived happily, Ned buying many toys for his namesake, until SHE came in the person of a beautiful gypsy."

Here the speaker's voice broke and lowered. Resuming the story again, he said, "Being a very cunning and alluring creature, she soon had Ben worshipping her. Try as we might, we could not break the spell. Poor Ned could not find it in his heart to tell Ben's wife, so he decided if it were in the power of man, he would break the spell. With careful watching and waiting, Ned soon learned that the gypsies were going to break camp and that Ben intended to go with them. At the appointed time, Ben stepped out of the house only to have his arms pinioned behind him and he was forced, under the influence of drugs, into unconsciousness by Ned and me. Carrying him to

a boat, Ned and I exchanged hurried farewells, and Ned rowed him off to sea. It was our intention to carry him to an island not far off and wait for the gypsies' departure. Being a man of strong character and good health, Ben, with the help of the salt air, soon revived. Rage getting the better of him, he drew a dagger and the two locked in deadly combat. In the struggle the boat was upset and the two were separated. Ben reached the shore in safety, but he reached it alone. Coming to the house, he confessed to me, and swore he killed Ned before he paused to reason. In the morning, Ned was found washed in on the rocks with the tide. Ben seeing him first, rushed to the spot while I went for a brandy flask. Upon returning, I found that he had regained consciousness long enough to recognize Ned and his wife and then passed off into the Great Beyond. We buried him here and constructed this rude headstone. That is all, except to say that Ned did not die in vain, because he saved Ben's honor and made him a good, honest man. To my mind, that is the highest tribute one mortal can pay to another."

Not a dry eye was to be found among the tourists as they descended slowly down the hill, followed by the fisherman, who, with a parting touch to the grave, hobbled painfully homeward.

MILES GRAYSON '16.

That Proud Day

He knew that the eyes of all were upon him as he led her down the broad, flower-bestrewn aisle lined with fashionably clothed humanity thronged hither by invitation and curiosity. The strains of a distant orchestra fell faintly upon his ears, and a great joy surged through him as he approached the raised platform. It was the moment he had dreamed of for years, and as the day approached, his fear of losing had ever grown stronger, but NOW as he came proudly down the aisle he knew that his Jersey calf had won the prize at the cattle show.

Silently one by one in the infinite grade books of the teachers, blossom the little red "F's," the forget-me-nots of the Freshmen.



Catterfeld (to clerk applying for position): "What do you know about the duties of a druggist?"

Laesch: "Well, I can run a soda fountain, sell stamps, look up the directory, charge small bills, and—"

Walt: "That's enough. You're engaged."

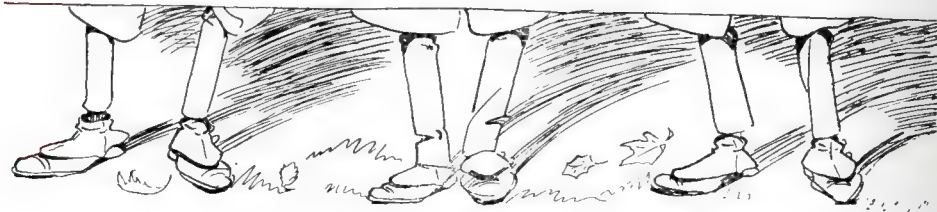


Teacher: "Alfred, what is your Locker number?"

Alfred (looking up from English book absent-mindedly): "One hundred and five North Tower."



OH · FOR · AN · INSPIRATION



(Dedicated to J. E. T.)

Is this my physics which I see before me,
My problems all completed? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, glorious vision, sensible
To copying as to sight? or art thou but
Some problems of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from my over-worked brain?
I see thee yet, in form all as complete
As I would have mine be.
There! I see them all, all finished
As mine should have been on yesterday.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,
But thou art fading, fading, fading,
And — art gone!

M. W. '15.

AN ODE TO THE AUTO

The author of the following patriotic ode to the automobile is not known, but he is certainly entitled to the position of poet laureate of the U. S. A.

I

My auto, 'tis of thee,
Short cut to poverty,
Of thee I chant,
I blew a pile of dough
On you two years ago;
Now you refuse to go,
Or won't, or can't.

II

Through town and countryside
You were my joy and pride,
Oh! happy day!
I loved thy gaudy hue,
Thy nice white tires so new;
Now you are out for true
In every way.

III

To thee, old rattle-box,
Came many bumps and knocks;
For thee I grieve,
Badly thy top is torn,
Frayed are thy seats and worn,
A bad cough has thy horn,
I do believe.

IV

Thy perfume swells the breeze,
While good folks choke and wheeze,
As we pass by.
I paid for thee a price
'Twould buy a mansion twice,
Now everybody's yelling "ice"—
I wonder why.

V

Thy motor has the grippe;
Thy spark-plug has the pip,
And woe is thine.
I, too, have suffered chills
Trying to pay thy bills;
No gold my pocket fills
Since thou were mine.

VI

As once before.
Gone is my bank roll now,
No more would it choke a cow,
Yet if I had the mon.,
So help me, Jonathan,
I'd buy a car again,
And speed some more.

Winston: "Have you a thumb
tack?"

Howson: "No, but here's a finger
nail."



War News

Corrigan: "Bing got hit by a
stray shell today."

Cummings: "Poor fellow, was he
badly hurt?"

Corrigan: "No, it was only a pea-
nut's overcoat."



Carman: "How did you sprain
your ankle?"

Weadock: "Why, I slipped on a
piece of pipe the plumber forgot."

Carman: "Oh, yes, of course, a
pipe wrench."

She Knew

He: "Where are those pretty
stockings you used to wear with
flowers in them?"

She: "Hardly that."



Mr. Growell: "Poor Belgians."

Mrs. Growell—"I don't see why,
I cut out several shirts for them at
Christmas."

Mr. Growell: "Poor Belgians."



At the Front

He donned his pajamas, and stood
at attention,

Prepared for the battle or storm.
But pardon, dear reader, I beg con-
descension,

I should say, Fatikue Uniform.



STUDENT LANTERN

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Saginaw High School Lyceum

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STUDENT LANTERN,
 Saginaw High School, SAGINAW, MICH.

Junior Appointees

On January 6th there was announced in chapel the list of Junior Appointees. This list contains the names of the five girls and the five boys who have maintained the highest grades in their two and one-third years that they have attended Saginaw High School. It is a requisition that anyone must have attended this high school from the Freshman year to become an appointee.

It has often been said that the majority of those acquiring these appointments are carrying "easy" programs. But this is not true. Three-fifths of the present nominees are preparing for college; i. e., they are carrying either Group I or II, which groups requires the most academic work. In as much as this is not a history of the system we will leave this for the true purport of this article.

Many people have often won-

dered if the benefit derived from these appointments are worth the time spent in earning them. It certainly is. First, to become an appointee one must concentrate his efforts and make use of all his spare time. One must train himself to be resourceful and reliable. These honors are not gained by a brilliant recitation one day and a flat failure the next day. They can only be obtained by sturdy and tireless efforts and a high grade of work for every school day. By this continual striving and toiling, each student thus dedicated prepares himself for the great future, wherein only the workers succeed and the drones fail. It is as the beehive in which there are two classes, the workers and drones. During the summer the workers make and store honey while the drones live on the efforts of the others. Therefore, during the summer, the drones spend an easy life. But their life of joy is limited. When desolate winter visits us and there are no flowers for the bees to live on, the workers turn the drones outdoors and finally sting them to death or leave them to brave the elements alone.

Students, this is the same case as yours. You who study are the workers, the others are the drones. School time is summer in which the drones fare as well as the workers. The difference is, that the workers are preparing for future years; they are storing away knowledge. Af-

ter the school years, each one must shift for himself. Thus it is that the drones are unprepared for life and result in failures while the workers with their store of knowledge are ready to face the world.

Secondly, the self-assurance gained from these appointments is unlimited. They give one a feeling of security and a knowledge that the owner WILL succeed. Any business man prefers an appointee to a non-appointee because he knows that such an honor can only be gained by unrelenting labor.

Students, which class do you belong to? If you are a worker, all is well. If you are not, then now is the time to change. It is not too late. Become a worker and let the remainder of your school life show it. Then your future will be summer rather than winter.



Honor System

Not long ago, the Lyceum agitated the question of the honor system in tests. When this paper went to press, the question was still under discussion.

The honor system in examinations is a test of character—to cheat or not to cheat. Most students when on their mettle do the proper thing; a few do not. They claim no one will know. They are entirely wrong. Nearly all the students will know and will, therefore, despise that individual. We do not approve of one student telling the teacher such and such a person cheated, and

then trying that student by a student council. This method of procedure in the eyes of the staff is a poor one and should be rejected everywhere. It only tends to create animosity.

If, instead of telling on an individual who cheated, the student body would break relations with him, he would soon find himself an outcast, the friend of none, totally at odds with his class.

Then would he see the error of his ways. He has had his lesson with public opinion and finds that it is more capable to punish than all the teachers in all the schools. It is a sure fact that he will not repeat his cribbing. Probably there will be cheating done in the first examinations, but not in the second. Public opinion, you know.

Therefore, in the second examination those few students who cheated will be on their mettle and will do themselves proud—not by cribbing, either. And so through the honor system our high school becomes a builder of character, which is the highest pinnacle to strive for.



Attention!

Have you any school spirit? Where is it? Did you read the Exchanges in the December number? The Exchange editor gave us all a chance "to see ourselves as others see us." Now profit by those suggestions from other papers. They all agree that we need more stories. But here is the question: Where can we get them? The literary editors can't write everything. So write, everybody! Perhaps you are

a budding genius, but modest. Try your hand. Only a few members of the staff need know your name. But boost, fill our story column full to the top!

M. P.



Why Not?

The coldest part of winter is still to come. What does this mean to you? Will you seek out some warm corner to repose in on these snappy and bright afternoons, or will you get out into the great outdoors and enjoy life? Why don't you get out with the rest of the people and skate? You may not be a good skater, but that is immaterial. After a day spent in school, one should get out in the fresh air and exercise. Fill the lungs with pure oxygen and build up your tissues. Breathe out the old, breathe in the new. There is enough fresh air for all. Skating is the most healthy sport known, because it keeps one out in the open and in fresh air. There are plenty of places to skate, and surely each one has a pair of skates. The only requisition that is lacking is the spirit to get out and do something. Furthermore, if enough enthusiasm can be aroused, perhaps we can have a hockey team and induce the neighboring high schools to do the same. Thus a new sport can be added and more students can participate in athletics, which result all universities are striving for. There certainly is enough material for two or three hockey teams in Saginaw High and if we can arouse enough enthusiasm, one of the fastest and hardest games will be added to our list of sports.



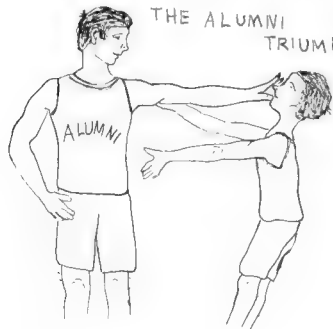
THE JUNIOR APPOINTEES
HAVE THEIR PICTURE TAKEN



EXPLAINING TO FATHER WHY HE
DID NOT GET A JUNIOR APPOINTMENT.

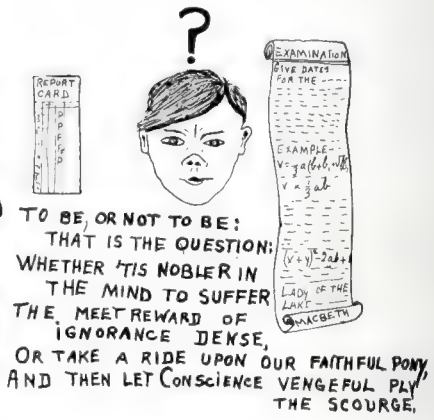


THE THIRD DEGREE



THE ALUMNI
TRIUMPH.

JANUARY



TO BE, OR NOT TO BE:
THAT IS THE QUESTION;
WHETHER 'TIS NOBLER IN
THE MIND TO SUFFER
THE MEET REWARD OF
IGNORANCE DEUSE,
OR TAKE A RIDE UPON OUR FAITHFUL PONY,
AND THEN LET CONSCIENCE VENGEFUL PLY
THE SCOURGE.

Rhetoric

BOYS' SECTION, GROUP I, GRADE IX

November 20.

Mr. Ellis began the exercises with a very interesting talk on the efficiency of aeroplanes and dirigibles. He especially brought out the safety of airships at the present time as compared to their danger a few years ago.

Mr. Morley then described very clearly the manufacture of iron and steel. He began with an account of its early manufacture by the Greeks and Romans, bringing its history down to the present day, and pointing out the different steps of producing several kinds of steel and iron from the ore in its raw state.

The exercise was concluded by Mr. Dean's topic: "New Inventions in Agriculture." He described the gasoline plow with its great value to the farmer, and the modern barns with their steel stanchions for the animals, automatic cars for conveying feed from one part to another, and the great improvements in sanitary conditions under which milk is kept.

December 4.

A very interesting account of the Annual Boys' Conference, which was held in Ann Arbor, Nov. 27, 28, 29, was given by Mr. Strong and Mr. Macomber. Mr. Strong told of his experiences on the first two days of the conference. The meetings held in the Hill Auditorium; the welcome by President Hutchins of the U. of M.; and the parade of the delegates were the principal topics of interest which he treated.

Mr. Macomber then told of the speeches which took place on Nov. 28 and 29. Among the speakers which he heard were, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Foster, and a prominent football man of this state.

He was especially interested in Mr. Bryan's talk, "The Making of a Man." The main subjects which Mr. Bryan brought out were the necessary ideals which form good character: Christianity and Temperance. He gave many interesting stories treating these subjects.

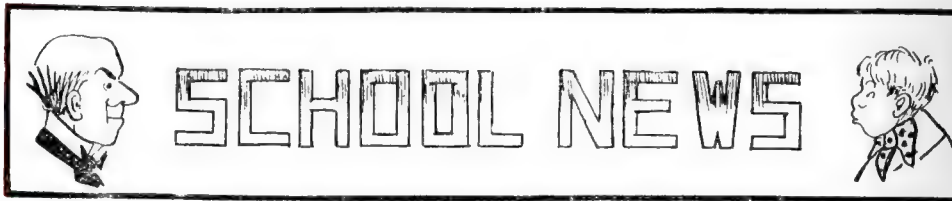
GIRLS OF GROUP ONE

At the meeting of the public section in room 205, on Friday, Nov. 20th. at Clearing Hour, Jennie Brown spoke on the subject, "Three Great New Canals." One of the main points was the Kaiser Wilhelm canal and the Panama canal.

Bernice Bunyan spoke on the subject, "Panama Canal and the American Fleet," and Erma Casler on the "Education of the Modern Woman."

"Training City-bred Girls to be Useful Women," which is an account of what the girls of Washington Irving College are learning, was given by Edna Chartrand.

At the meeting of the public section of the girls of Groups I and III, on Friday, Dec. 4, 1914, in room 205, Virginia Clark spoke on "The Sweet Life of Florence Nightingale." She told how much Florence Nightingale had done in organizing the Red Cross. Rosa Dill spoke on the subject, "Japan's Lady Bank President," and Evangeline Doerr on "Is the Panama Canal Safe From Earthquakes?"



Dec. 7—The school was quite overwhelmed by the sale of Red Cross Stamps; all classes exceeded former records, but the Seniors carried off honors for selling the largest number.

Dec. 8—Three upper classes went to chapel. The musical program was furnished by Miss Johnson, who sang two delightful songs.

Dec. 9—We broke the usual fire record by getting out of the building in a minute and a half.

Dec. 12—Although the weather is cold, it is said that "Buck" Silliman and "Al" Huss go around with their coats unbuttoned.

Dec. 16—The football boys were awarded their "S's" in chapel. The musical program was furnished by Miss Percy and Miss Baker.

Dec. 19—Oh, those eighth hours!

Jan. 4—Santa Claus must have been good to the boys, as most of them are wearing their Christmas ties.

Jan. 6—The Juniors who received "appointments" were: The Misses Seitner, Birril, Forest, Ryckman, and Sandleman. The boys were: Dante Archangeli, Chester Clark, Ralph Morley, George Schultz, and John Silhavy.

Jan. 8—For the first time in the history of the school, the three upper classes congregated to have an open discussion of "The Honor System." Those who presented their views upon the subject were: Carol Wenger, Alfred Marwinske, Miss Ellis, Fred Schmidt, Jr., Charles Cummings, Arnold Schirmer, Mr. Warner, and the Opperman brothers.

Mr. Tanis takes great pleasure in rendering music to his various classes on the numerous perfect musical instruments found in the lab.

Alumni

Al Baumgarten is now in quest of a business education and so he has entered Bliss-Alger College. Ella Parth is there also.

Meta Stein, Marion Wilkinson and Lula Schlichum are attending the County Normal Institute.

Milton Scherping is at present driving a Ford for the Sullivan Supply Co. Clara Otto is teaching in a district school.

Frances Goodman is clerking in Barie's store.

1914's Caruso, Jack Hall, lives in Merrill now, and is holding a responsible position in the bank there.

Franklin Bromm is working at the Union Abstract Co.

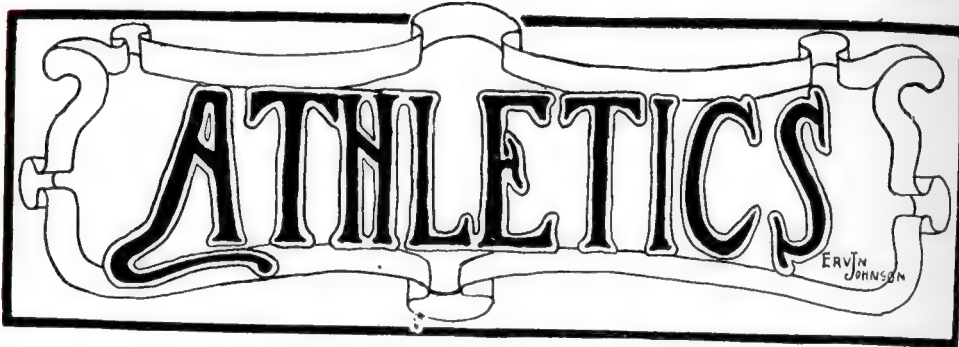
Mildred Packard has become quite an actress since leaving Saginaw High and has recently taken the part of the heroine in the "Gipsy Rover" at Merrill.

Social

The annual Football Hop of the Saginaw High school was given in the banquet hall of the Auditorium, December 11, 1914. The dances were, as usual, named after the various football players. Perhaps the most appropriate of these was "Back to Michigan," which was given Coach Lichtner. The hall was very prettily decorated with the football blankets and suits. The latter hung (very carefully) over the low white fence which enclosed the upper part of the hall were supposed to represent the "rainy" effect produced by the Jackson game. Dancing continued from 8:30 until 12.

The Junior Hop, given annually by the Junior class of the Saginaw High, took place Dec. 23, 1914, in the banquet hall of the Auditorium. The decorations were in the form of black and gold "S" banners hung about the hall and palms and evergreens banked upon the orchestra platform. Over this hung a large shield of electric lights forming "S. H. S." and "16." Refreshments were served about 10:30, after which the dance continued until 12:00 o'clock.

RUTH McCLELLAND.



BASKETBALL

After a short intermission in the shape of Thanksgiving vacation we returned to school and Captain McCorkle called for basketball candidates, and about the largest turnout of the last couple of years responded. Among them, Captain McCorkle, Hackstadt, Howson, Bricker and Barth were seen on the squad last year. But it was not long before there was a fight on and only Captain McCorkle seemed at all sure of his job.

Shortly before Christmas the leader was laid up again with his weak knee, and this caused the doctor to keep him out indefinitely.

Alumni

After a two nights' practice, the Alumni game called for January 8th. Coach Dreier appointed "Stewey" Howson captain for the game, and although he led a willing bunch, a victory was, of course, out of the question against as experienced a bunch as the Alumni. Norm Spencer and his crew simply played an experienced game. Howson, Bricker, Barth, Weadock and Behse all played hard games. Van Auken's defensive game was fine, while Archangeli and Klumpp, who replaced him, both worked like Trojans. Hackstadt at center found that Bradley was more than he could handle, but played a fine game, considering this fact.

The line-up:

ALUMNI—38

15—SAGINAW

Johnston, Bradley	F.....	Howson, Weadock
Steckert, F. Spencer.....	F.....	Barth, Hackstadt
Bradley, Winkler	C.....	Van Auken
N. Spencer (C).....	G.....	Bricker
Runchey, McVety	G.....	Behse, Archangeli, Klumpp

Final score: Alumni 38, High School 15. First half: Alumni 20; High School 10. Goals from field: Bradley 8, Johnson 3, Steckert 2, N. Spencer 2,

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MeVety 2, Howson 2, Barth 2, VanAuken. Goals from foul: N. Spencer 3 in 10; Howson 3 in 7; VanAuken 1 in 1; Barth, none in 3. Points awarded: Alumni 1; High School 1; Referee: Wallis. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

Bay City Eastern

At the beginning of the next week, Behse's departure for the South, coupled with the ineligibility of Howson and Hackstadt, didn't show cause for a very hopeful outlook. The Y. M. C. A. floor proved too much of an advantage for Bay City, who was able to get away with several plays which could not have been as successfully executed on a larger floor. 40-12 seems about as low as the team can go and so from now on it should improve.

Line-up:

SAGINAW—12		40—BAY CITY
Barth	F.....	Hamill
Weadock, Rau	F.....	(C) Burgher
Van Auken	C.....	Miller
Bricker	G.....	Slazinski
Schirmer, Archangeli	G.....	Moultrop

James considered. "There ain't no such a thing as too much pudding," he decided.

"There must be," continued his mother, "else why did the little boy burst?"

James passed his plate for the fourth time, saying, "Not enough boy."



An amusing story is told of an old Indian chief who was invited into an ice plant, where he witnessed for the first time in life the artificial production of ice. Looking on in astonishment, he exclaimed:

"Uh! Heap smart white man! Smarter than God Almighty! White man make ice in summer time; God Almighty have to wait for winter!"

Father and the three children were to give mother a birthday gift in combination. The youngest child was selected to make the presentation address. She prepared for it carefully, and thus delivered it in due season:

"Dear mamma, this gift is presented to you by your three children and your one husband."



An Irishman wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution, and went to a druggist's to buy one. Selecting one that answered his purpose, he asked how much it was.

"Well," said the clerk, "if you want the empty bottle it'll be one cent, but if you have anything in it we don't charge anything for it."

"Shure, that's fair enough," observed the Irishman. "Put in a cork."



In the discussion of the "Honor System" in Chapel on Friday, the 8th, someone said, "We will have to be educated up to it." We all agree to this, and that we should begin with the apparently lesser things, and so the "Honor System" will be used in regard to the Exchanges. They will continue to be placed on the Library table and all students are placed "on their honor" not to take them from the Library unless they have the permission of Miss Truckner or the Exchange Editor; and no one is to keep an Exchange more than two days at the most. Now let us see if we cannot prove the success of the "System" in one way, at least.

The first impression in the magazine world is a big factor in the success of a magazine, and so it is most vital to the success of even a high school paper to have a cover that conveys a good first impression. As the editor of this department wishes to discuss only one part of all the Exchanges in an issue of the Lantern, for reasons of comparison and interest, the cover is naturally chosen first. These will be divided into three classes according to their general excellence, and will be judged by the combined artistic value of design, colors, grade and style of paper, and appropriateness.

Class No. 1

SOMERVILLE RADIATOR, Somerville, Mass.—The conventionalized poinsetta design is an excellent piece of designing from flowers and has been adapted to your cover excellently, both in arrangement and in coloring. Your cover is unpretentious and rather plain, but most effective.

THE THISTLE, Scott High, Toledo—The bold, broad titling is very unusual but well handled, and together with the excellently executed and well balanced winter scene gives a holiday atmosphere to the whole magazine. The paper used is of correct weight and pleasing finish.

THE TIGER, The California School of Mechanical Arts—The pebble finish paper with the deckle edge would make an excellent cover in itself, but

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is given the finishing touch by the small plate in the corner. Had this been larger or more brightly colored than you have it, the cover would have been ruined artistically.

The Christmas number of the BOOSTER, La Crosse, Wis.—This is the best all around Christmas cover of them all. The making of this cover is not in the red, but in having the red outlined in black. Had this not been done, it would have been hopelessly cheapened. Some very good Christmas covers were spoiled by the too lavish use of red or green without any color to counteract this gaudyness. The sketch is clearly drawn and presents a comfortable home next a lone pine tree.

THE BEACON, Detroit Western—Your cover of orange and black is well handled. You have just the correct amount of the orange for this background. Be careful how you use black paper, though. It can be made to look pretty poor.

The same thing about the paper applies to the OPTIMIST, South Side High, Newark, N. J.—Your football drawing is one of the best we have seen in a long time and the goal posts make an effective framing.

The covers of the GOLD AND BLUE, L. D. S. U., Salt Lake City, are always first class. Their excellence lies in their simplicity, their professional execution and their harmonious coloring. Don't forget us on your Exchange list, Gold and Blue.

Mr. Anderson, the artist of the much admired WORLD, of St. Paul, is a good one. His two-tone landscapes are worth framing. There is nothing amateurish about the general appearance of the World. On the December issue the capitals should have been outlined in accordance with the above criticism on the "Booster."

THE MEDILLITE, Medil High, Chicago—Your cover is one of, if not the most meritorious in design and proportion but its beauty is almost lost by the combination of dark green on pale yellow, smooth finish paper. Try a coarse surface paper

Everything considered, the laurels go to SAID AND DONE, Muskegon, for December, at least, for having the finest cover. It is not only appropriate for the season but could be used on almost any issue.

Class No. 2 will appear in the next issue.

New Exchanges

The Opinion	Peoria, Illinois
The Optimist	Bloomington, Ind.
The Thistle	Scott High, Toledo, Ohio
The Sangia	Waycross, Georgia
Said and Done	Muskegon, Mich.
The Camosun	Victoria, British Columbia
The Sibyl	Girls' High, Riverside, Cal.
The Oracle	Woodward High, Cincinnati, Ohio
The Argus News	Ottumwa High, Iowa
M. H. S. Observer	Mayville, Ky.
The Booster	La Crosse, Wisconsin
The Tatler	Marquette, Mich.
High School Echo	Pocatello, Idaho
The Zodiac	Lansing High
The Echo	Nashville, Tennessee
The Big Stack	Anaconda, Montana
The Tiger	California School of Mechanical Arts, San Francisco, Cal.

This brings our Exchange list up to 67.

Plambeck: "Do you think the horse will survive the automobile?"

McCorkle: "Not if he gets in its way."



A local paint shop recently received the following letter:

"Gentlemen: Please send me a small can of your best striped paint. Red and white preferred. I only want enough for to paint a barber-pole.

"Yours truly,
"f. j. schmidt JR."

Hard Times

"Just tired of him, eh?" asked the lawyer. The actress nodded.

"Well, I wouldn't advise you to sue at this time. The war is crowding everything off the front page."



Her Choice

The Mistress: "I shall take one of the children to church with me this morning, Mary."

Mary: "Which one?"

The Mistress: "Oh, which ever will go best with my new dress.



JOKES



Cabbage, giving the principal parts of think: "Think, thunk, thank."

Johnny: "I ain't got no syrup."

Mr. Wicks: "Correct your brother, Willie."

Willie: "You is too."

Epitaphs

In this spot is buried Mary Ann. She started the fire with gasoline to make her work lighter. She hasn't worked since.

In memory of Harold Noitt, who rocked the boat to frighten the ladies. They could all swim except Harold.

Sacred to the memory of Geraldine M'phatt. She drank three gross bottles of Anti-Fat, and floated away from here.

Here lies buried Jonathan Brown who went to sea and never was found.

Miss D.: "Mr. Sheldon, compare the adjective full."

Sheldon: "Full, fuller, fullest."

Miss D.: "Wrong, Mr. Sheldon; full cannot be compared."

Sheldon (very anxious): "Bu-but you can say, 'I was fuller than he was.'"

Corrigan:—"I want another box of those pills like what I got for mother yesterday."

Catterfeld: "Did your mother say they were good?"

Corrigan: "No, but they just fit my air-gun."

Shannon's Essay About a Pig

Pigs are very queer animals. The pig has its uses. Our dog don't like pigs. His name is Nero. Our teacher read a piece one day about a wicked king named Nero. I like good men. My papa is an awful good man. He don't swear and he don't blaspheme. Men are very useful. They have many uses which I can't stop to tell them all. This is all I can think of about the pig.

Catterfeld: "Bill, you told Al that I was a sneak and always prying into other people's affairs."

Granse: "How do you know?"

Catterfeld: "I heard you over the telephone; I always listen when you two are talking together."

James started his third helping of pudding with delight.

"Once upon a time, James," admonished his mother, "there was a little boy who ate too much pudding, and he burst."

Financial Statement of Student Lantern, January 16, 1915

RECEIPTS	DISBURSEMENTS
Balance forward from last report \$201.15	W. J. McCron, Dec. issue.. \$72.00
Circulation since last report \$39.47	Seemann & Peters, Dec. issue 25.00
Advertising since last report 17.51	Seemann & Peters, 500 special envelopes 4.25
Total receipts since last report.. 56.98	C. E. White, photo work Dec. issue 3.00
	Martha Adomeit, prize story 1.00
	Total disbursements since last report \$105.25
	Balance in bank 152.88
Total to account for.....\$258.13	Total\$258.13

Circulation Manager's Report of the Student Lantern, December Issue

No. copies printed500	Rec'd cash sales\$23.50
No. cash sales 235 \$23.50	Rec'd credit sales 17.70
No. credit sales..... 192 19.20	Rec'd Nov. delinquents..... 1.50
No. copies per Editor.... 5	
No. adv. comps 15	\$42.70
No. comps. 50	Due Dec. credits 1.50
No. subs. 3	Total accounted for.....\$44.20
No. on hand 0	Postage 1.83
Totals500 500 \$42.70	\$42.37
Due November credits... 1.50	
Total to account..... \$44.20	(Signed) CHAS. H. CUMMINGS, Circulation Manager.

Financial Statement Athletic Association, January 16, 1915

RECEIPTS	DISBURSEMENTS
Balance forward from last report \$378.60	Alex Strachan, Alumni game \$1.50
Alumni game, total receipts..... 25.40	John Wall, Alumni game.... 1.00
	M. W. Tanner Co., ribbon and felt 1.35
	H. & W. Heim, supplies by F. Dreier 3.75
	Morley Bros., one basket ball 6.00
	F. Dreier, sponges20
Total to account for\$404.00	Total disbursements\$ 13.80
	Balance in bank 390.20
	Total\$404.00

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Financial Statement of Football Hop, December 11, 1914

RECEIPTS	DISBURSEMENTS
Door sales\$13.00	Rent Auditorium Banquet
Student sales 37.00	Hall\$12.50
Check room receipts, our	W. J. McCron, printing.... 5.75
percentage 1.35	Dan A. Russo, music..... 10.50
	Wm. Roethke Floral Co.,
	rent of palms 2.00
	Total expenditures 30.75
	Balance in bank, net gain..... 20.60
Total receipts\$ 51.35	Total\$ 51.35

Financial Statement of Junior Hop, Class of 1916

RECEIPTS	EXPENDITURES
Library sales\$41.00	Rent, Auditorium Banquet
Door sales 39.00	Hall\$12.50
Check room, our percentage 2.25	Postage per Knowlton
	Comins 1.30
	W. J. McCron, tickets.... 3.75
	Dan A. Russo, music..... 19.50
	Wm. Barie Dry Goods Co.,
	cloth40
	W. J. McCron, programs.. 3.00
	Seemann & Peters, pencils. 2.50
	Grohman, the Florists, rent
	of palms 2.00
	F. P. Walters, punch..... 10.50
	Total expenditures\$ 55.45
	Balance, net gain 26.80
Total receipts\$ 82.25	Total\$ 82.25

A 1915 NOVELTY

A New Beauty in a Classy Cravatte, The Numerals "1915"
woven into the Pattern in Harmonious Colorings
Give a Highly Pleasing Effect.

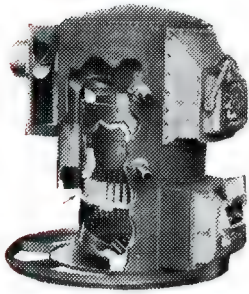
50c

We Announce The Spring Opening of our "Made To Order"
Clothes Department. Leave your measure now.

\$15 to \$30

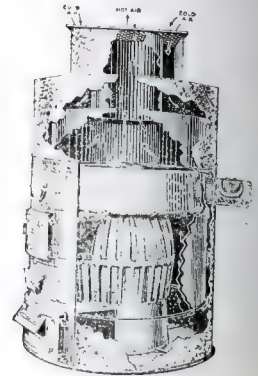
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