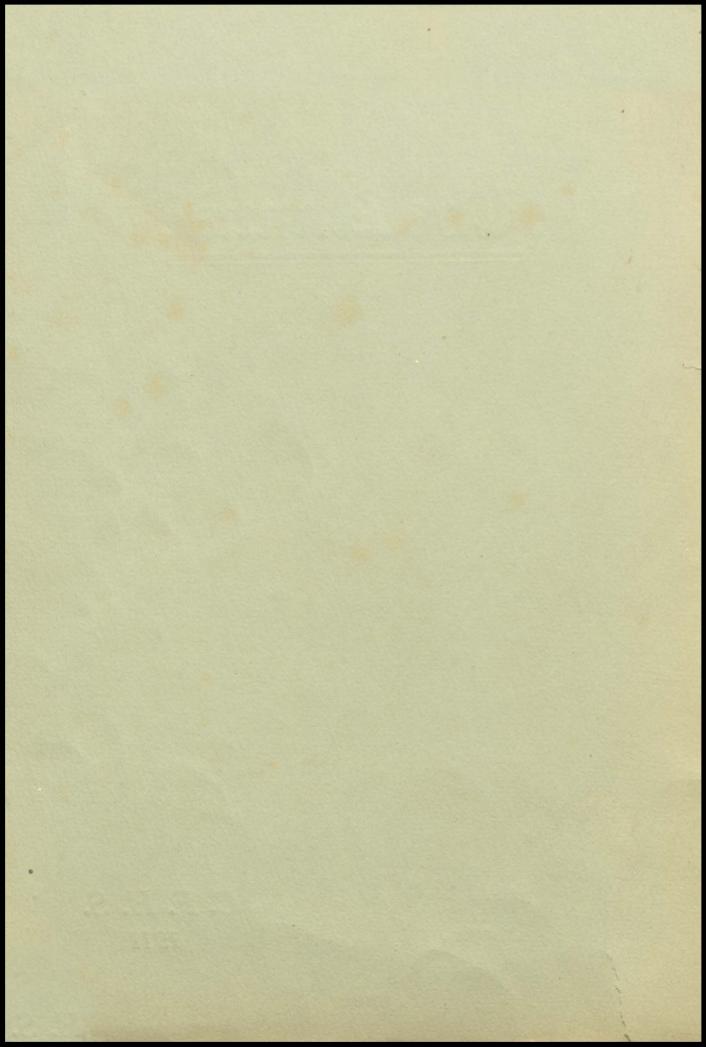
The Annual

C. F. H. S. 1911



The First Annual

of

The Chagrin Falls High School

Published by The Class

of 1911



Dedication

To The Faculty of the Chagrin Falls High School

This Annual is Affectionately Dedicated

by the Class of 1911



School Board

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The Faculty



E. C. Teare, Ph. B., A. M. Superintendent.



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



C. J. Marshall Supervisor of Music.



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



Miss Adeline G. Curry



Mrs. A. J. Foster Supervisor of Penmanship.

Seniors



Officers.

President	
Vice-President	Grace M. Shumaker
Secretary	.Gertrude D. Hutchinson
Treasurer	Lloyd F. Henderson



CLASS FLOWER: Lily of the Valley.

CLASS COLORS: Green and White.

Class Motto: Ad summum.



ETHEL M. BURNETT

"Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."

Classical course.

Managerial Board of Annual.



MAMIE M. CIBULAK

"As merry as the day is long."

Classical course.

Managerial Board of Annual.



JOHN L. EGGLESTON

"Just good natured, that's all, and not pretentious."

Classical course.

Managerial Board of Annual.



LAWRENCE C. GATES

"The society of girls is a very charming thing."

Classical course.

President of Class.

Basket Ball 2, 3, 4; captain 4.

Base Ball 2, 4.

Managerial Board of Annual.



ROBERT C. GOLDBACH

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



LLOYD F. HENDERSON

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



WILLIAM D. HOOPES

"Better late than never."

Classical course.

President of the Athletic Association.

Business Manager of the Annual.

Basket Ball 3, 4.

Base Ball 2, 3, 4.



LAVERNE B. HUGGETT

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



GERTRUDE D HUTCHINSON

"Then she will talk. Ye Gods, how she will talk."

Classical course.

Secretary of Class

Secretary of Class. Editorial Board of Annual.



GRACE M. SHUMAKER

"Come, pensive nun, devout and pure, sober, steadfast and demure."

Classical course.
Vice-President of Class.
Class Historian.
Editorial Board of Annual.



EDITH K. STONEMAN

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



GERTRUDE M. WILSON

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

History of the Class of 1911

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In our Junior year, we started in with fifteen members, in good health and with fair prospects. It fell to our lot that year to break in a new Principal, but as he proved to be quite tractable, we have had no serious trouble with him.

As Juniors we entertained the Seniors. This was the most elaborate affair we had yet attempted and the effort of entertainment weighed a little on our spirit; but not to the extent of appreciably affecting anyone's appetite.

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

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

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

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

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

GRACE SHUMAKER, Historian, '11.



Preparing Commencement Orations



Officers.

President	 	 	 	 					 		 				 .Sim	1 5	Shepl	nerd
Secretary	 		 		 		4 1	 		 		 		 	 Rutl	1 (Goldt	ach
Treasurer		 		 					 		 		 		 Warı	eı	ı Pai	rker

Class Yell.

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

CLASS COLORS: Imperial Blue and White.

CLASS FLOWER: White Rose.



Junior Class Roll.

Olive A. Robens

Elsie M. Warren

Warren B. Parker

Mona L. Sanderson

Howard E. Foster

Ruth B. Goldbach

Harley A. Coombes

Orrell L. Rood

Helen Brewster

Sim Shepherd

Fred C. Page

Clarence A. Williams

Ruth H. Ober

Alta M. Warren

Turner B. Kline

Laura R. McLaughlin

Owen L. Carlton

Ruth H. Modreo

Horace Elliott

Forrest W. Bowler

History of the Junior Class

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

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

When we were promoted to the Grammar Grades we felt

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

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

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

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

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

"School days, school days,
Dear old Honor Rule days;
Readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of our conscience prick,"

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

We now entered upon a new era of our existence and we felt that our child-hood days were over and that we were destined for deeper things, such as Algebra and Latin. Mr. Teare, superintendent; Mr. Bish, principal; and Miss Coit, assistant, were our new instructors. At this time the boys donned long trousers and the girls lengthened their dresses an inch and adopted *rats*. Our thinning num-

bers that entered the "Flat" class were reinforced by the arrival of such country students as had successfully passed the Patterson examination.

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

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

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

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

RUTH B. GOLDBACH.

MONA L. SANDERSON.



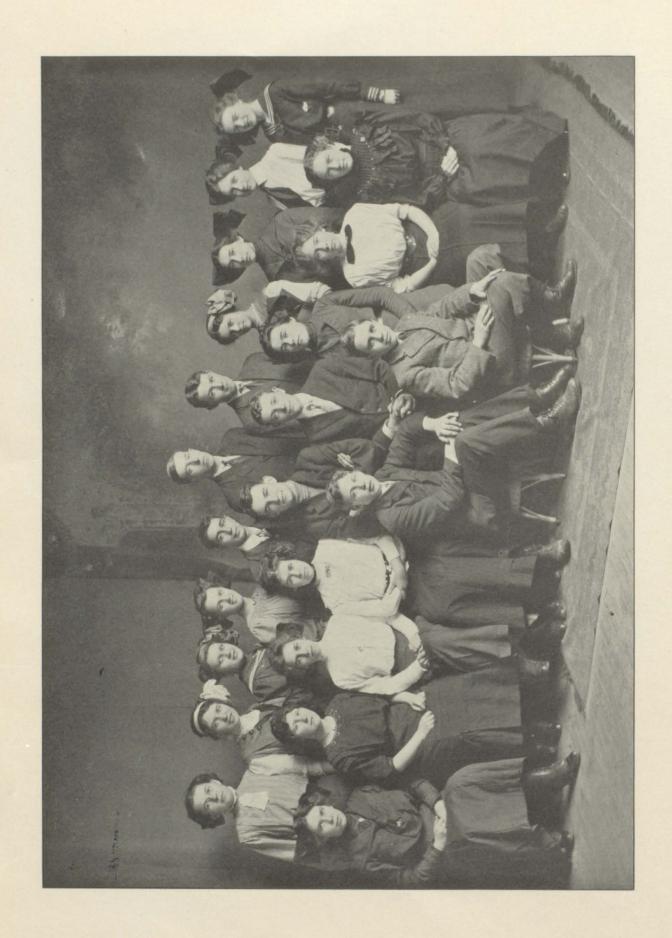


Officers.

President	er
Vice-President	on
Secretary	ld
Treasurer	on

CLASS COLORS: Lavender and White.

CLASS FLOWERS: Lavender and White Sweet Peas.



Sophomore Class Roll.

Walter G. Bradley

Louise C. Brewster

Frank L. Burton

Vernon J. Class

Olive M. Curtiss

Irene L. Davis

Ednah J. DeKorte

Edna M. Gifford

Myrtle R. Grant

Harry W. Halsey

Mildred T. Henderson

Chas. W. Huggett

Mary B. Iredale

Irene B. Jackson

Aleata J. Johns

Olive M. Losher

Catherine E. Muggleton

Muriel E. Nichols

Hilda Ober

Robert Richardson

Louise O. Sanders

Joyce L. Sheffield

Maurice M. Shumaker

Lucile W. Stoneman

Edna F. Wrentmore

Roscoe C. Walters

Sophomore Class Poem

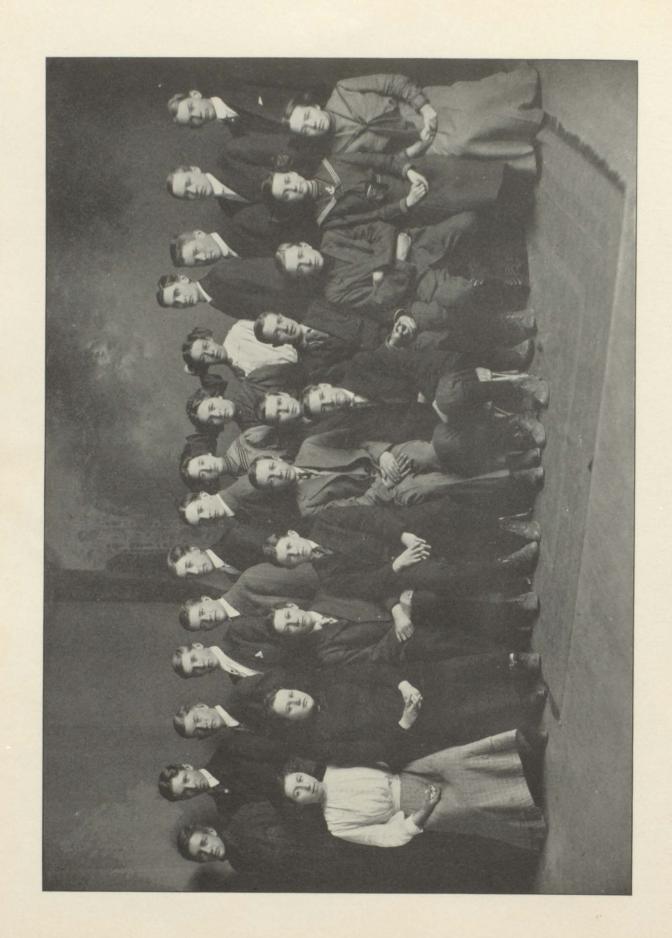
Should you ask the source of knowledge, Whence comes learning, whence comes brilliance. I should answer, I should tell you-From the Sophomore class of '13 From the wise and learned Sophomores, From the class of 1913! Should you ask where maids are fairest-Full of wit and understanding, And where youths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

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

O. M. C.



CLASS COLORS: Cardinal and White. CLASS FLOWER: American Beauty Rose.



Freshmen Class Roll.

Orvin A. Goodwin

George W. Nycamp

Hugh N. Beattie

Reveley G. Beattie

Claude E. Oberlin

Clarence B. Wait

Georgiene G. Hutchinson

Gladys M. Page

Mamie H. Gates

Samuel Ridge

Carlyle S. Harris

Merrill L. Reed

Howard H. Davis

Frieda K. Ziegler

Fanchon D. Stillwell

Floyd J. Smith

Milton J. Bentley

Clifford J. Dryer

Harold W. Baker

Harry T. Hoopes

Howard C. Allshouse

Harold A. Bright

Ruth L. Baker

Treva G. Hill

George T. Riddle

Howard E. Wilber

Class Dope

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

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

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

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

Literary

High School Rhetoricals

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

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

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

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

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

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

G. D. H., '11

Prize Stories

Mignon—the Messenger of Joy

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

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

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

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

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

A week later Alice came running into the room with an open letter in her hand and cried: "Tessie, I've got a letter from James Montgomery and he is going to call here tonight for his boat will arrive at six o'clock and lay anchored

all night. Isn't that fine?"

'Yes, very fine, but what will Phil say?" "Phil be plagued; he isn't running me!"

"Yes, I know, Alice," answered her sister, "but it isn't right for you to encourage both of these boys. You had better choose between the florist and

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

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

for a few moments.

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

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

which she had rebuked that afternoon.

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

began Phil.

"Oh Phil, I can't, I'm engaged," answered Alice in a strange little voice. Phil interpreted this that Alice had another engagement for that evening and, even though he was jealous, he said: "Well, how will tomorrow night be then?" as he captured her little hands and kissed them.

"Oh, don't!" sobbed the wretched girl as she struggled to release her hands,

"you don't understand. I'm engaged to be married—to James."

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

"Oh, Phil, please don't talk so, I'm so sorry, I didn't realize what I was

doing. Have mercy on me!"

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

caught sight of her said: "Aren't you going to kiss me 'Good night'?" then

catching sight of Phil she continued, "You can kiss me too, Phil!"

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

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

started housekeeping there.

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

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

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

ding in the family soon if little Mignon enters society.'

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

"Well, you just wait and see."

"But Uncle, what about Eugene?"

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

"Uncle!" screamed the teased girl, indignant to think that anyone would

dare to think for one moment that she would ever forget Eugene Biglow.

Mignon's ball was to come during her two weeks vacation. She went to the DeMott home a week beforehand so that she might purchase the little necessities for the ball, such as gloves, pumps, and ribbons. And at the same time have a chance to visit some of her old chums. The second day after her arrival she was to dine and remain all night with a friend, Christine Davies.

It was a lovely afternoon so she decided to walk to Christine's even if it was seven blocks and besides she had just received a letter from Eugene and she wanted to be away from inquisitive friends when she read it. When she had gone nearly a block and was deeply interested in her letter she heard someone shouting, "Mignon, oh, Mignon, wait a minute!" It was her little cousin Warren DeMott. As he neared her he panted, "Mamma said to ask you what time you would be back to go shopping tomorrow and what it was you wanted

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

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

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

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

Today was one of his "blue" days. "Mother, I didn't suppose Gus was so

foolish as to marry, did you?"

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

"Me, mother?" cried Phil in surprise.

"Why not? You know you won't always have a mother to run your house.

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

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

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

My mother is in the kitchen preparing a cup of tea. She will be in directly."

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

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

"Yes."

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

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

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

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

"Please don't, miss, maybe you're not able, I mustn't allow you to go without

asking my mistress and I hate to wake her for she is all tired out."
"I have had a similar accident once before, so I think I'm alright. Before, the doctor said it was the catching of the cords in my neck that made me faint away. And I have an appointment with my auntie at nine and if I don't appear and she finds out that I haven't been at Christine's she will get the police out in search of me and that wouldn't be pleasant, would it? And I must go and explain to Christine why I didn't show up last night."

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

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

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

When Mrs. Allbright opened the door for the ladies, Mignon said: "Mrs.

Allbright, I want you to meet my mother, Mrs. Montgomery.

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

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

"Phil!" was the weak response.

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

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

"Me too!" echoed Eugene.

Mona L. Sanderson, '12.

The Secret of the Mexicans

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The light furnished by the entrance was very dim; but, after their eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, they could see things quite distinctly. At one side of the cave against the farther wall was a high-backed chair of dark wood; opposite this was a small table of the same wood. At one end was a shelf with a beautifully embroidered cloth hanging over it. On this shelf was a statue of the Virgin Mary and her Son. On each side of this was a candle placed in a curiously wrought silver holder. Bob took one of these and lighted it, thus making more light to examine their surroundings. Below the shelf on the

floor was a goat-skin rug. Lifting up the rug, they searched the floor, hoping to find something hidden there. They had made so many discoveries that they were not surprised to find a secret spring. They pressed it, and a piece of the stone sprang back, disclosing a small hole, about a foot square, chiseled out of the floor. Bob held the candle inside of this but could see nothing. Marian, feeling around with her hand, discovered a string of beads with a little gold cross fastened to it. They examined the beads a moment, and not thinking them of much consequence, Marian put them around her neck.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bob took off his shoes, rolled up his trousers and stepped into the water, which came a little above his waist. Taking Marian in his arms, he slowly waded toward the speck of light at the end of the tunnel. As he stumbled along, the crevice kept growing smaller and the water kept rising. Several times he slipped and nearly fell. By the time they got to the opening the water had risen so

high that they had to duck under. When they came up, they floated a moment, in order to get their bearings. They found they were from fifty to seventy feet out from the bluff in comparatively deep water. The sun had set and it was with the greatest difficulty that they made their way to the rocks, and up the rough steps to the pony cart.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HELEN BREWSTER, '12.



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

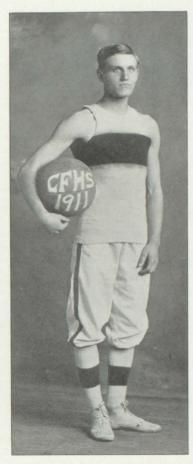
The team was entered at the Basket Ball Tournament held at Delaware, Ohio. They were the only team entered from this part of the state. Although no cup was won, they acquired honors since they were classed as one of the first three teams by the Columbus papers.

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

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

Officers of Athletic Association.

President	William D. Hoopes
Secretary	Sim Shepherd
Treasurer	Lloyd F. Henderson



GATES Captain

CE	. H. S. Oppon		
	I L		
26	Columbia Juniors	18	
54	Slippery Five	9	
31	Stars	15	
56	Apollos	8	
44	Alumni	53	
43	Erie A. C.	24	
32	Anchors	18	
37	Lorain at Lorain	12	
11	University School at U. S.	9	
22	Lincoln at Lincoln	28	
15	Tech at Tech	27	
36	Elyria	18	
27	Lorain	15	
38	Cadiz at Delaware	9	
30	Mansfield at Delaware	33	
37	Elyria at Elyria	12	
25	Wiedmans	23	
27	W. R. U. Dental School	23	
Points made last year, 608			
	Opponents,	299	
This	year, 694		
	Opponents,	351	

The Team.

R. F.—Coombes

L. F.—Gates

C. —Bowler

R. G.—Hoopes

L. G.—Kline

Sub. —Goldbach

Sub.—Page





SHEPHERD Captain

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

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

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

The schedule is:-

Apr. 22-Chardon at Chagrin Falls.

29-Solon at Chagrin Falls.

May 6-Bedford at Chagrin Falls.

13—Bedford at Bedford.

20-Burton at Burton.

27—Chardon at Chardon.

30-Garrettsville at Garret'ville.

June 3—Garrettsville at Chagrin Falls.



CARLTON Student Manager

Alumni

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MISS CORA M. SANDERS.

Members of the Alumni Association

TVICITIOCIO OI LIIO I	
*Hugh Christian CLASS OF '81 Theodore Modroo Lake	Walter N. Larkworthy Mississippi Henry G. Thorpe Oregon Blanche Kent Turner Ravenna Edward A. Upham Montgomery, Ala. Hattie Henderson VanValkenburg Novelty Wilson H. Walters Shawmutt, Me.
*James Short	
CLASS OF '82	CLASS OF '93
*Ella Whitlock Dudley	John A. Church Chagrin Falls Ama Burnett Church Chagrin Falls
CLASS OF '83	Florence Russell Douglass Chardon
Carl Wrentmore Philippine Is.	Althea Gates Chagrin Falls Clement L. Gates Chagrin Falls
CLASS OF '84 Geo. Haggart Alliance	Lilon Matthews Hastings Rocky River Walter H. Hubbell Ravenna
*H. L. Cleverdon F. C. Gates Chagrin Falls Lewis Richards Lucy Foster Shackson CLASS OF '89	Gertrude M. Larkworthy Katherine Hale Laughlin Wilhelmina Carlton Lowe Eva Harris Thayer Eva Hardy Waters Martha Bull White Katherine Church Williams Gracia Pelton Wyckoff Chagrin Falls
*Sarah Stoneman Bailey	
*Chatta J. Bassett	CLASS OF '94 Blanche Savage Baldwin Chagrin Falls
Geo. Fenkell Detroit, Mich. Edward E. Johnson Fred A. Little Cleveland *Pearl Montjoy *Stella Marble Niece	*Bert Dean Nettie Burton Hageman Irving G. Huggett *Hattie Walters LaRue Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls
Florence M. Overton Westfield, N. Y. *Lena J. Pratt	Charles Murfett Warrensville Guy L. Sheffield Chagrin Falls
CLASS OF '90	CLASS OF '95
Edward I. Bailey Cleveland Clara Bartlett Chagrin Falls Frank T. Carlton Cleveland Lilon Bliss Geddes Glenville Helen E. Gifford Chagrin Falls Hattie Parker Hunkin Chagrin Falls	E. H. Baldwin Gertrude Bishop Zila Burnett *Adaline Cole Chagrin Falls Chagrin Falls
Helen E. Gifford Chagrin Falls Hattie Parker Hunkin *Anna Baster Hutton Lilian Frazer Matthews Chagrin Falls	Donna Frazer Fenton Vernie L. Fuller Helen R. Hutchinson L. Belle McVeigh Orange
Cora M. Sanders Chagrin Falls John A. Smith Cleveland	Carrie Britton Patterson Norma Stoneman Sargent Chagrin Falls
CLASS OF '91	Caroline Rodgers Woodworth Kansas City
Floriene Tambling Gates *Fred H. Gleason Fred Henderson Myra Pelton Henderson Gussie Coleman McBane Frank Stone Geveland Cleveland	CLASS OF '96 Mattie Wooley Arnold Cleveland Clarence Balke Auburn Katherine Gardner Canfield Cleveland *Myrtle Cole *Myrtle Cole *Myr
Henry G. Strick Chagrin Falls A. H. VanValkenburg Novelty	Ella Miller Myers Aspinwall, Pa. Earl Winton Pettibone Wapakoneta Bruce Pratt Cleveland
CLASS OF '92	Carrie Stevens White Cleveland
Grace Stoneman Brewster Wickliffe Cassius M. Clay Cleveland	Ralph L. Williams Cleveland
*Nellie Gurney Wilson W. Hunt Saginaw, Mich.	CLASS OF '97 Mable Thayer Bramley Twinsburg
Wilson W. IIunt Dagmaw, Mich.	made inayer Drainey I winsburg

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

CLASS OF '98

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

CLASS OF '99

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

CLASS OF '00

Cleveland
Cleveland
Cleveland
Chagrin Falis
Chagrin Falls
Chagrin Falls
Orange
Pittsburg
Chagrin Falls
Cleveland
Cleveland

CLASS OF '01

Ethlyn M. Arnold	Cleveland
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Lillian Archer Bradley	Chagrin Falls
*Maude M. Burnett	
Gail A. Carlton	Chagrin Falls
Lura Childs Cunningham	Chagrin Falls
Grace Wyckoff Lacey	Chagrin Falls
Jessie Phillips Lacey	Portland, Ore
Pearl C. Losher	St. Marv's
J. Raymond Luse	Chagrin Falls
Roscoe G. Phelps	Conneau
James R. Porter	Chagrin Falls
Blanche L. Pugsley	Chagrin Falls
Adella Pelton Samson	Imperial Cal
Edna Robens Shilts	Akron
Minnie Brewster Stroud	Chagrin Falls
Sadie Foster Teare	Chagrin Falls
Horace Van Valkenburg	Cleveland
Maude Gates Weimer	Cleveland

CLASS OF '02

Phoebe Robens Burton	Chagrin Falls
Dora Judd Dalton	New York City
Clarence Davis	Chagrin Falls
Jessie Eggleston	Chagrin Falls
Eva Dalton Gluvna	Braddock, Pa.
John Greenaway	Cleveland
Mary Warren Hollis	Newbury
Kate Isaac Lippert	Auburn
Clifton H. Lines	Tiffin
Howard McClain	
Bessie Ward Muggleton	Sheboygan, Wis.
G. Dean Muggleton	
Gertrude E. Muggleton	Chagrin Falls
Ralph Muggleton	Cleveland

CLASS OF '03

CLASS OF	'03
Florence Barrows	Chagrin Falls Warren
Howard H. Barrows	
Bertha N. Bradley	Chagrin Falls
Anna G. Brewster	
Emma A. Carlton	Cleveland
Clayton H. Gifford	Orange
Lougardia D. Henderson	Newbury
Abbie Leach Holbrooks	Bainbridge
James Earl Hoopes	Chagrin Falls
Thomas Clyde Hoopes	Chagrin Falls
Paul G. Kent	Cleveland
Caroline Arnold Landen	Solon
Viola Hutchinson Leisk	Cleveland
Harold W. March	Washington, Pa.
Adam J. Miller	Pittsburg, Pa
Maud G. Nycamp	Warrensville
Frank B. Page	Cleveland
Mabel Phillips Page	Cleveland
Dewey C. Phillips	Cleveland
Howard B. Pugsley	Chagrin Falls
Lottie Gifford Pugsley	Chagrin Falls
Blanche Perkins Rodgers	C3 4
Calvin M. Rorabeck	Akron
	Chagrin Falls
Chispa Lamson Rose	
Vira Hulbert Schuman	Cleveland
Frank A. Squire	Chagrin Falls
Ila Stoneman	Chagrin Falls
Harry W. Stroud	Chagrin Falls
Phoebe M. Tooker	North Solon

	T . A 337700			
	Forrest A. Williams	Chagrin Falls		
	CLASS OF 'C	04		Isabelle
	Helen B. Arthur	Cleveland		Veda Br
	F. Marion Brown	and a		Ethel Ca
	Helen M. Campbell	Cleveland		Agnes C
	Leglie C. Campbell	Zanesville		Minnie (
	Leslie G. Campbell	Chagrin Falls		
	Floyd Cathan	Chagrin Falls		Lizzie C
	Floris W. Clark	Chagrin Falls		Alvin Da
	Harry M. Dalton Eg	g Harbor, N. J.		Morris I
	Freda Reno Davidson	Youngstown		Bertha F
	Lura Rorabeck Drake	Bedford		Ernest C
	Blanche Eggleston	Chagrin Falls		Willie Gr
	Jay G. Hickox	Athens		Minnie 7
	George T. Hintz			Madeline
	Edna M. Huggett	Chagrin Falls		Cora Ho
	May Dattonson V-ol-	Oberlin		Tryon H
	May Patterson Kock	Wapakoneta		
	Lorene Hinckley Lines	Tiffin		Evelyn J
	Gale R. Ober	Erie, Pa.		Cornelia
	Maud Chambers Oldham	Twinsburg		Clarence
	Jessie Hissett Payne	Chagrin Falls		Lottie St
	Grace Gifford Porter	Chagrin Falls		May Wh
	Frank D. Waite	Cleveland		Blanche
				Gladys V
	CLASS OF 'C)5		
	Lynda Braund	Chagrin Falls		
	Anna Carlton	Chagrin Falls		
	Helene Dripps	Chagrin Falls		
		toria, S. Africa		
		Augustine, Fla.		Georgian
	Ethel Gifford	Newbury		Thomas
	Leila Payne Henry	Newbury		Lyle K.
	Nine History	CI . T. II		Harry Bu
	Nina Hinckley Hintz	Chagrin Falls		Lillie Gil
	Forrest Judd	Cleveland		
	Zeno Kent	Sunburg, Pa.		Florence
	Verne LeRoy	Athens		Edna Hid
	Aleatha Hickox Matthews	Russell		Elmer H
	Howard McClintock	Chagrin Falls		Milton M
	Edward McLaughlin	Russell		Annette :
	John Murfett	Orange		Annette Lillie Mc
	Gladys Pelton	Steubenville		Lucy Mo
		Steubenville		Dean Ob
	Mamie Wilber Rorabeck	Cuyahoga Falls		Maude O
	Lossis Toolson	Akron		Lilon Pu
	Jessie Tooker	Chagrin Falls		Litton I ti
	Virgil Wilmot	Chagrin Falls		
	CLASS OF '0	6		Jemima 1
	Jay Barber	Cleveland		Florence
	Grace Bradley	Chagrin Falls		Frank Co
×	Frank Braund	Chagini Fans		
		Chamin D.H.		Arthur F
	Emma Brussow	Chagrin Falls		Hazel Fu
	Margaret Crary	Warrensville		Elsie Gas
	Edith Gifford	Orange		Gertrude
	Peter Hall V	Vestfield, N. Y.		Hazel Jac
	Laura Hoopes	Ashtabula		James Ke
	Beulah Lampson	Chagrin Falls		Marie Sto
	June LeRoy			Hazel Ta
	Ethel Luse	Warrensville		Lois Wils
	Anna McLaughlin	Russell		2013 11113
	Forrest Miller	Pittsburg, Pa.		H
	Daisy Muggleton			Mr. and
		Cleveland		Mir. and
	Clarence Page	Cleveland		31
	Lucy Walker Simpson S	outh Newbury		Mr. and I
	Bertha Stolph	Chagrin Falls		
	Edmund Wilber	Cleveland		
	Bessie Wooley	Russell		*Decease
			41	

CLASS OF '07

Isabelle Arthur	Cleveland
Veda Braund	
	Chagrin Falls
Ethel Carter	Chagrin Falls
Agnes Clarkson	Warrensville
Minnie Clarkson	Warrensville
Lizzie Corlett	Warrensville
Alvin Davis	Oklahoma
Morris DeKorte	Athens
Bertha Frayne	Chagrin Falls
Ernest Gifford	Chagrin Falls
Willie Greed	Chagrin Falls
Minnie Tuttle Hardy	Chagrin Fans
Madeline U	CI . F. 11
Madeline Harris	Chagrin Falls
Cora Holbrook	Chagrin Falls
Tryon Huggett	Chagrin Falls
Evelyn Judd	Chagrin Falls
Cornelia Kent	Cleveland
Clarence Kline	Chagrin Falls
Lottie Stoneman	Orange
May White Wass	Chagrin Falls
Blanche Whitlock	
Gladys Woodard	Chagrin Falls
Gladys Woodard	Cleveland

CLASS OF '08 No Graduates

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

CLASS OF '10

CLIIDD OI	10
Jemima Blackford	Chester
Florence Carter	Chagrin Falls
Frank Coombes	Hiram
Arthur Fosdick	Hiram
Hazel Fuller	Chagrin Falls
Elsie Gastemire	Chagrin Falls
Gertrude Green	Chagrin Falls
Hazel Jackson	Orange
James Kent	Hiram
Marie Stoneman	Chagrin Falls
Hazel Tambling	Ypsilanti, Mich.
Lois Wilson	Palmyra

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

^{*}Deceased.

An Uncrowded Profession

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CARL M. BREWSTER.





After the Ball

SOME STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN THE DIFFERENT CLASSES.

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

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

Howard: "Under its nose."

During Lesson on Scottish Poets.

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

Did She Mean Medulla Oblongata?

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

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

In Commercial Geography.

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

Bright pupil: "This side."

Do You Suppose She Has Had Any Experiene?

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

"Now this next is true."

The sentence was:

"A sleepy young man cannot say anything interesting."



After the Ball

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

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

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

Silence.

Miss Coit: "I can't hear you very well."

Class: "She isn't here."

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

Some Choice Senior Translations.

Grace Shumaker: "They set sail backwards."

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

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

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

An Actor Might Have Answered This.

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

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

Owen hesitates.

One of the girls, "Uncanny."

Isn't Mr. Carr Mean?

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

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



After the Ball

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

Gertrude Hutchinson's Voice Gets Hit Again.

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

William wiggled just terribly one day in Virgil.

Miss Coit, crossly: "William, if you want a cradle, go home and get one."

Some Other Ones.

While hunting quotations for the annual.

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

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

Friend: "Hasn't Owen Carlton got odd lips?" Olive Robens: "Yes, they always strike me funny."

We Didn't See These Happen.

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

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

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

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

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

An Ode to Clarence Williams.

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

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Wanted.—A valet to do my mending. Inquire Miss Coit, Franklin Ave.

Notice.—Olive Robens will please chew gum awhile and give her jaws a rest.

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Wanted.—Pupils in declaiming.

Irene Davis.

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

A Parody

I

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

II

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

III

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

IV

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

V

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

VI

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

VII

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

VIII

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

IX

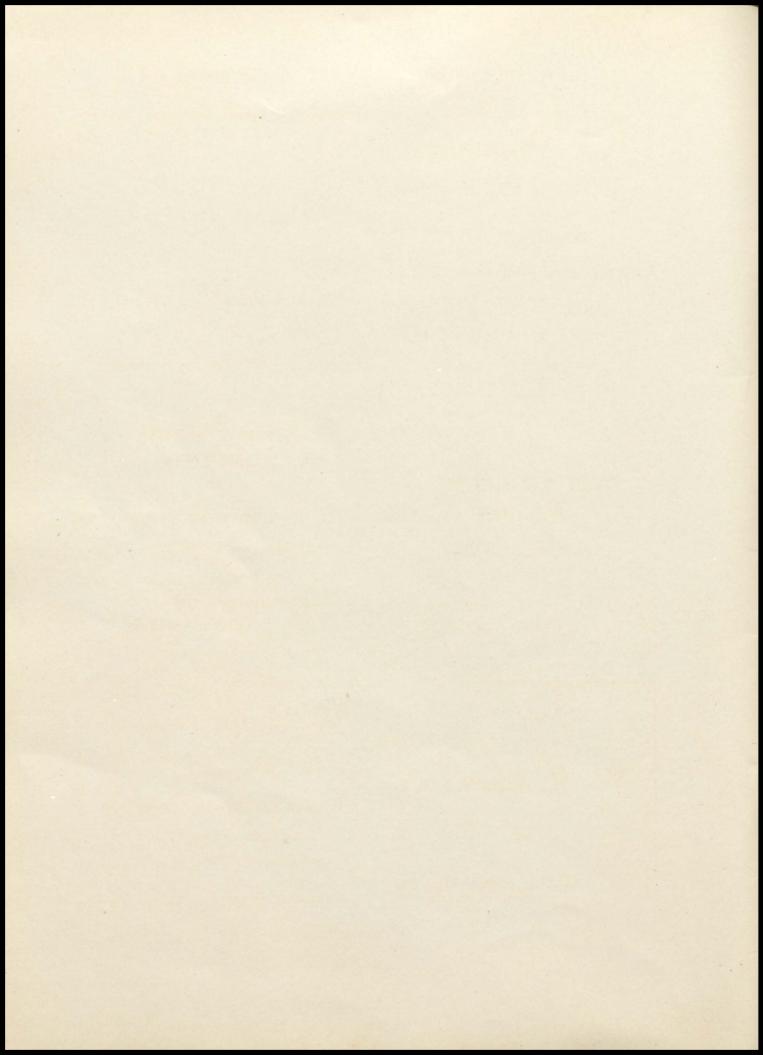
Ah, this is the life of a teacher, Who teaches in Chagrin Falls High; We hope that he will these days cherish, As things to remember us by.

1911-12.

Patronize those

who by their assistance have made the Publication of this Annual possible.





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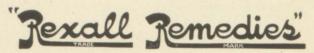
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TE took this space to show the girls and boys of the Chagrin Falls High School that we appreciate their trade and their friendship-we wish them well. They are our future men and women and we feel that when they select their druggist from whom to buy drugs and medicines on which their life or health may depend, that they will choose the one where QUALITY comes first but prices are no higher.

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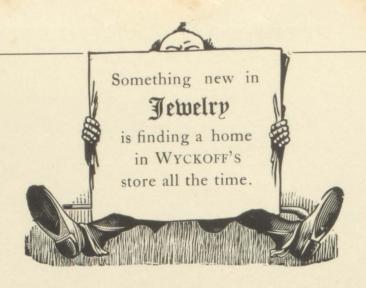
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