

THE ANNUAL

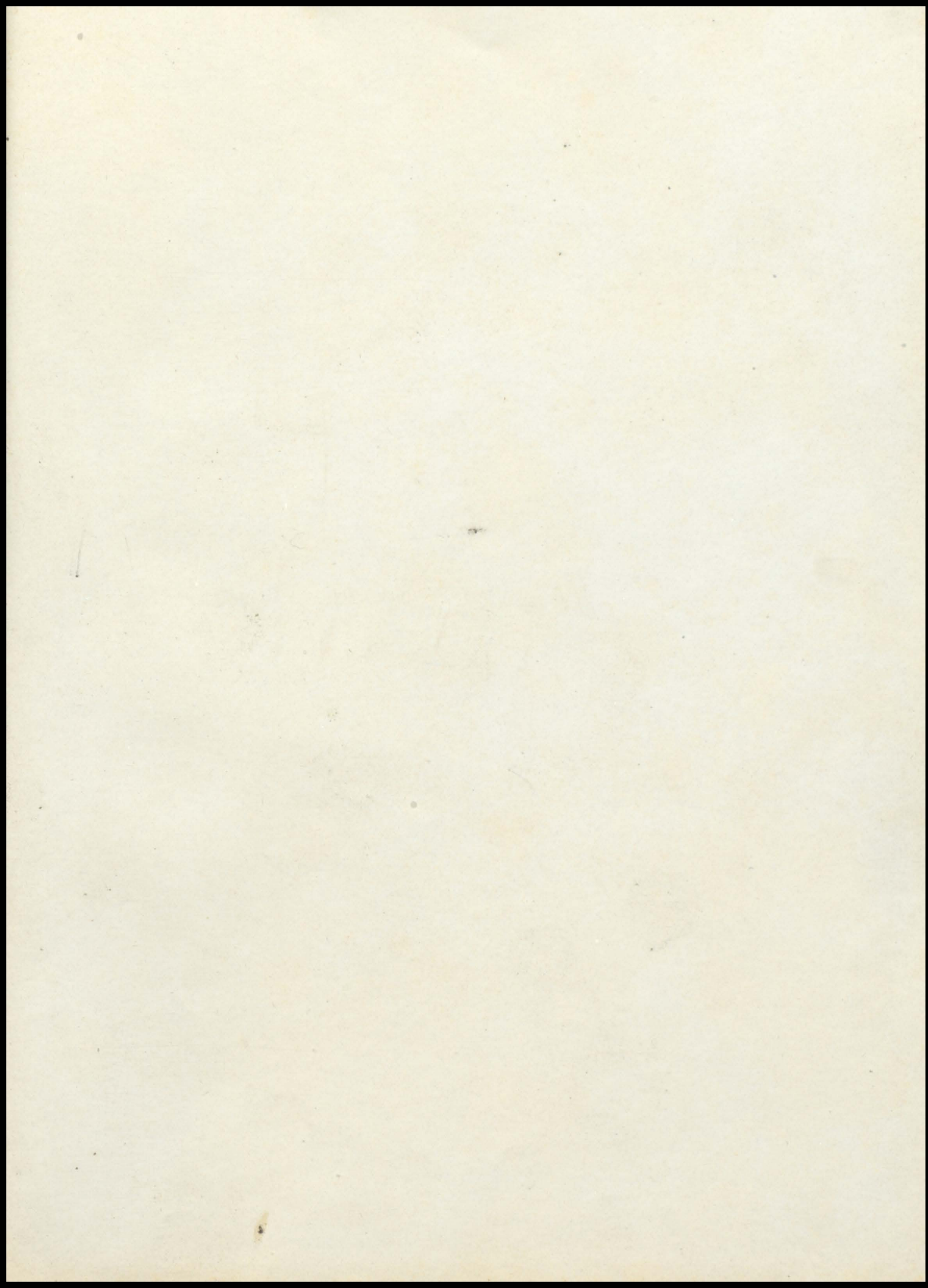


1914











The Annual

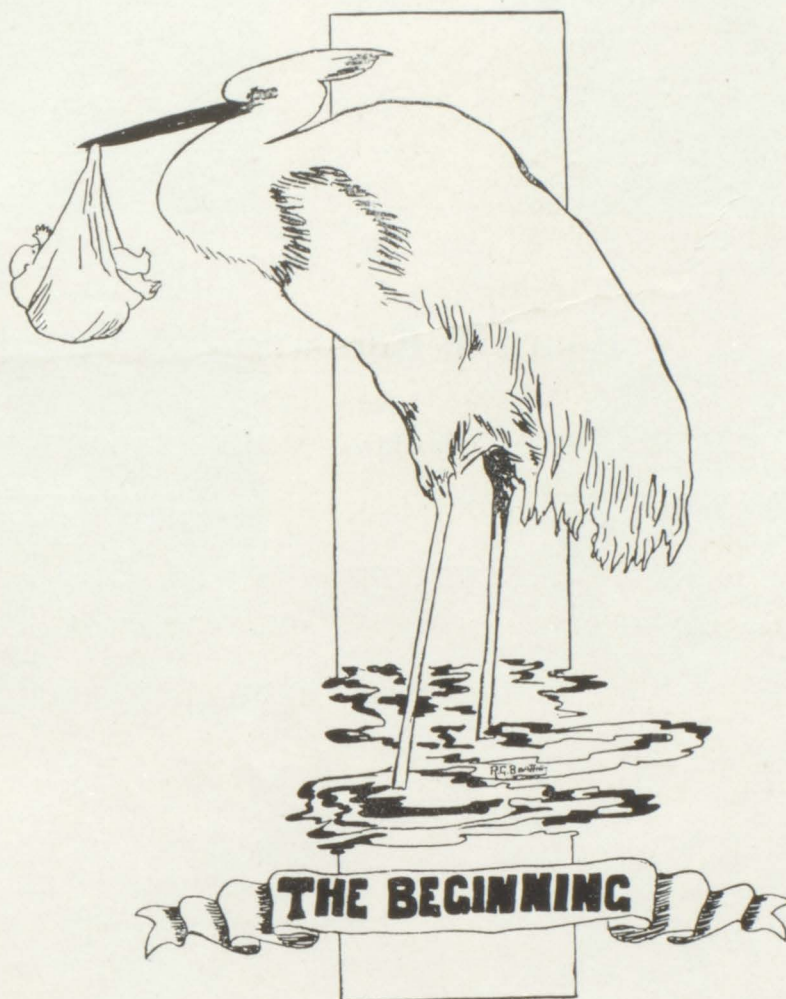
Volume IV



Published by
The Class of 1914



The Class of Nineteen Fourteen Respectfully Dedicates
this Volume to Our Principal
Ralph H. Gibson



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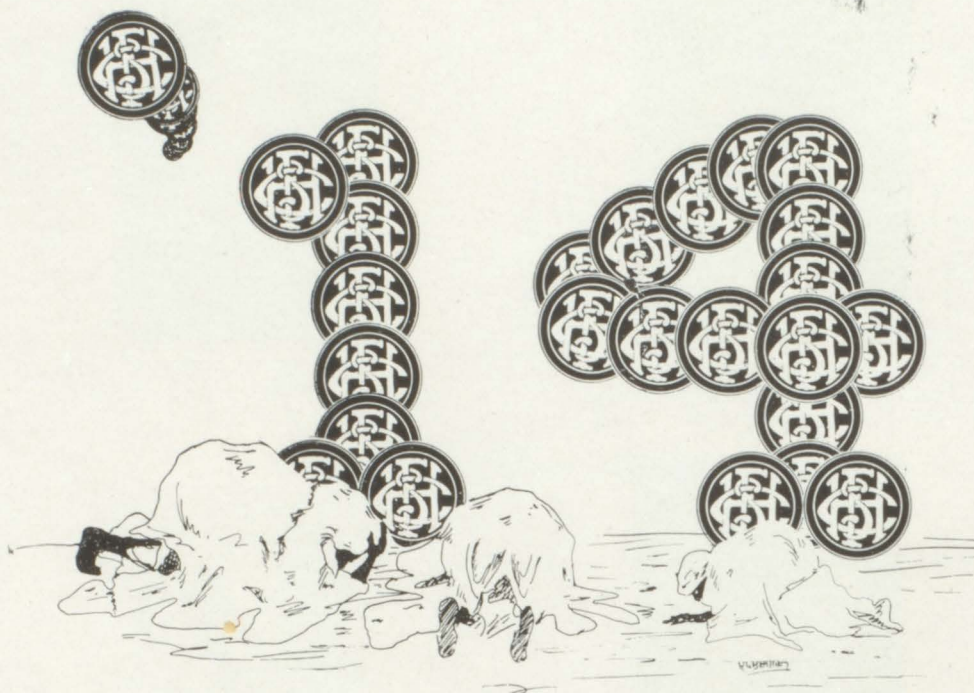


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Supervisor of Penmanship

Senior Class



Organization

<i>President</i>	Reveley G. Beattie
<i>Vice President</i>	Georgiene G. Hutchinson
<i>Secretary</i>	Frieda K. Ziegler
<i>Treasurer</i>	Carlyle S. Harris

Colors.....	Cardinal and White
Flower.....	American Beauty Rose



REVELEY G. BEATTIE, "Reve."

"Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time."

Scientific Course.
President of Class.
Boys' Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.
Football, 3, 4.
Basketball, 3, 4.
Editor-in-Chief "The Annual."

GEORGIENE G. HUTCHINSON, "Jean"

"To beguile many, to be beguiled by one."

Classical Course.
Vice-President of Class.
Girls' Glee Club, 2, 3, 4 (Pres., 4).
Assistant Editor "The Annual."

FRIEDA K. ZIEGLER, "Fritz."

"Du bist wie eine Blume."

Classical Course.
Secretary of Class.
Girls' Glee Club, 3, 4.
Editorial Board "The Annual."

CARLYLE S. HARRIS, "Brick."

"Don't do today what you can get from some one else tomorrow."

Scientific Course.
Treasurer of Class.
Football, 3, 4.
Basketball, 3, 4 (Capt., 4).
Baseball, 2, 3.
Boys' Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.
Business Manager "The Annual."



HOWARD H. DAVIS, "Hiddy."

"A genius in the bud, watch it carefully."

Classical Course.
Football, 3, 4.
Editorial Board "The Annual."



TREVA G. HILL.

"Wisdom is better than rubies."

Scientific Course.
Girls' Glee Club, 3, 4 (Treas., 4).
Managerial Board "The Annual."



GEORGE W. NYCAMP, "Cutie."

"I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse."

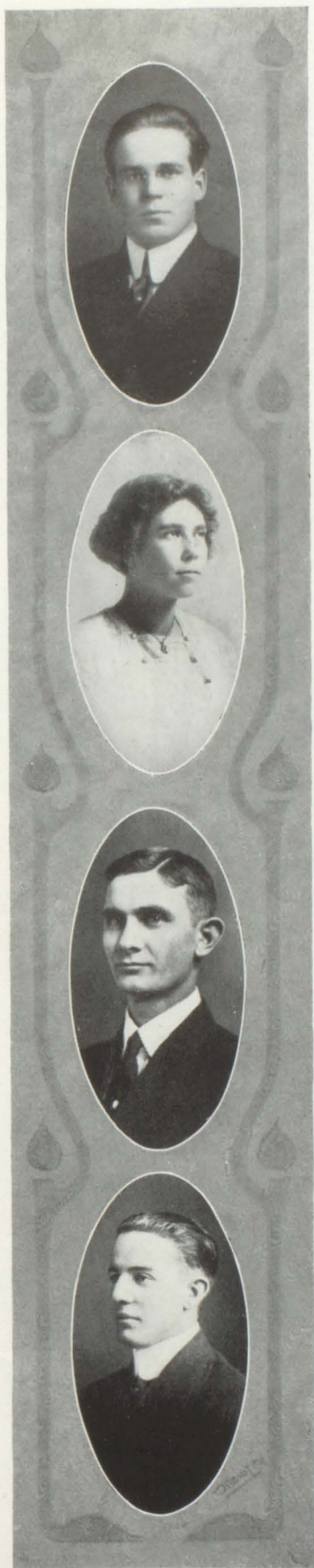
Scientific Course.
Football, 3, 4.
Basketball, 4.
Managerial Board "The Annual."



MAMIE H. GATES.

"Man delights me not."

Scientific Course.
Managerial Board "The Annual."



HAROLD W. BAKER, "Bake."

"More sinned against than sinning."

Classical Course.

Boys' Glee Club, 3, 4.

Football, 3, 4.

Editorial Board "The Annual."

CATHERINE MUGGLETON, "Katie."

"Little things are great to little men."

Scientific Course.

Editorial Board "The Annual."

SAM RIDGE, "Crane."

"Boys, don't be a grouch."

Scientific Course.

Boys' Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.

Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Managerial Board "The Annual."

CLARENCE B. WAIT, "Feather."

"Blow till thou burst thy wind."

Scientific Course.

Boys' Glee Club, 2, 3, 4 (Pres., 4).

Football, 3, 4 (Capt., 4).

Basketball, 2, 3, 4.

Baseball, 2, 3, 4.

Managerial Board "The Annual."



HARRY T. HOOPES, "Noisy."

"Why should the devil have all the good times? Let us go forth."

Scientific Course.
Boys' Glee Club, 4.
Football, 4.
Basketball, 3, 4.
Baseball, 3.
Editorial Board "The Annual."

ORVIN A. GOODWIN, "Jennie."

"Mamma's pride, Papa's joy."

Scientific Course.
Managerial Board "The Annual."

GLADYS ROOT
Post Graduate Course.

Senior Yell

Hip, Rah! Hi, Rah! Ru, Rah, Roar!
We'll put the other classes on the floor!
Seniors! Seniors! One—Four!

Senior Dope

C—hagrin Falls High, forever and ever.
L—ila, to teach us, does truly endeavor.
A—s ever, no thought to useless studies pay,
S—itting dreaming the live-long day.
S—wear we that our class is the best.

O—h, mercy on us, thou murderous test.
F—ootball Team; hip, hip, hurray!

N—o defeats for us, we can truly say.
I—sh ca Bibble,
N—ever to fun insensible.
E—'s our cards do seem to lack.
T—rue always to the Orange and Black.
E—lyria twice before our team fell.
E—ver to foreign hopes, we sound the knell;
N—ever give up, even if we do fall in the dust.

F—ight to win, that's us.
O—n to graduation, then we're done.
U—p now, then down; yet we have our fun,
R—ough and ready; never held in the leash.
T—oo much study is a weariness of the flesh.
E—ntered with the approval of all.
E—xit (kicked out), with an awful fall.
N—ow we bid goodbye to all.

Degrees Awarded to Seniors

B. B. (Bachelor of Bluffing)

Harry Hoopes
Harold Baker

D. D. (Doctor of Digging)

Treva Hill
Mamie Gates
Orvin Goodwin

M. F. (Master of Foolishness)

Clarence Wait

B. T. (Bachelor of Tutoring)

Frieda Ziegler

M. L. (Master of Loafing)

George Nycamp
Carlyle Harris

B. S. (Bachelor of Sleep)

Sam Ridge

B. E. (Bachelor of Eating)

Reveley Beattie

Ph. D. (Doctor of Philosophy)

Howard Davis

B. W. (Bachelor of Wit)

Georgiene Hutchinson



AIN'T SHE CUTE ?



FOOTBALLERS IN
GIT' CLOTHES.



SENIORS AT PLAY.



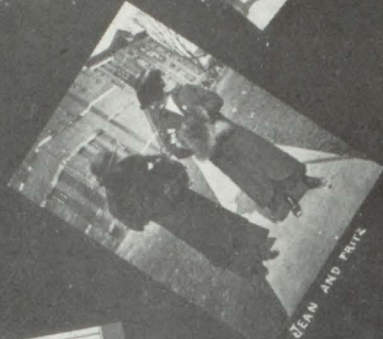
CLASS HONDOO



WHAT'S THIS ?



PIE FACE



JEANS AND PANTS



OUR OFFICIAL GERMAN PONY



AIN'T IT FUNNY ?



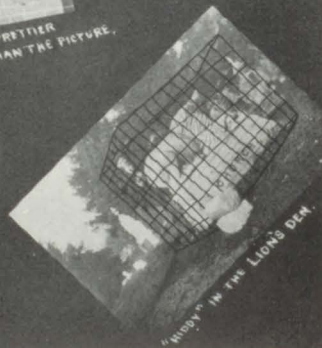
THE FRAME IS PRETTIER
THAN THE PICTURE.



"OLD FOSDILL"



SIX FOR A QUARTER



"HOOBY" IN THE LION'S DEN.



Our Superintendent

WITHOUT some tribute to our Superintendent, this volume would be quite incomplete. Mr. Teare has practically made the Chagrin Falls High School what it is. For years the school has been his central thought, and its welfare his chief ambition.

He has shown remarkable ability in the instruction of the students, and on all occasions has proven himself desirous of assisting them in every way possible.

Even in his disciplining, he has made students feel the real interest that he manifests toward all, and has shown that his supreme aim is to develop those sterling qualities which are so essential to true success in life. Naturally, then, he has won the respect of the students.

The success of this Annual and all those preceding this one has, in a great measure, been due to his interest and co-operation.

We, the Senior Class, therefore tender him our earnest thanks for his part in this Annual and, above all, for his patience, his sympathy, and his keen interest in our every undertaking for improvement.

The Senior Class of 1914.

Junior Class



One link more and the chain is forged.

Organization

<i>President</i>	James K. Barnard
<i>Vice President</i>	Joe Mattus
<i>Secretary</i>	Bernice L. Ober
<i>Treasurer</i>	Martha Ridge

Colors.....	Yale Blue and White
Flower.....	White Peony
Motto.....	Follow the Gleam



Junior Class Roll

Bertha Fosdick
Martha Ridge
Bernice Ober
Hazel Hunkin
Ruby Stoneman
Elsie Gifford
Gertrude McNish
Carlton Lowe
Marion Goldbach
Aveline Kent
Lucy Warren

Lucy Thompson
Bernice Fleming
Merrill Reed
Joe Mattus
Tom Henderson
Mary Kent
Corinne Allshouse
Hugh Beattie
James Barnard
Dann Taber
George Arthur

The Junior Lecture Course

ACCORDING to a past custom, the Class of 1915 put on a very entertaining, as well as instructive, Lecture Course. It consisted of five numbers, four of which were furnished by the Coit Lyceum Bureau, and the last one by the Glee Clubs of the High School.

The first number was a lecture, on November 13, by Victor Murdock, Congressman from Kansas. He gave a very interesting lecture on "Insurgency," in which he told how some reforms were brought about in the House.

The second number was a concert given by the Metropolitan Grand Quartet, on November 26. Each member was a talented singer, and the Quartet rendered the evening's entertainment very well.

The next number was a concert by the Chicago Ladies Orchestra, on January 13. This was one of the best numbers of the course, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The fourth number was a lecture on "Out of Work," by Dr. John A. Gray, on February 27. He told in a very forceful way his experience as a "hobo" in New York City.

The last number was a musical comedy, "A Virginian Romance," given by the Glee Clubs, assisted by a violinist, Miss Springer, on March 27. This was something entirely different from what the Glee Clubs had ever attempted before. But their hard work resulted in such success that by request the opera was repeated on May 8.

This course has been one of the best offered in many years. The Junior Class feel well repaid in all ways for their efforts and wish to thank the townspeople as well as the members of the High School for the interest shown thruout the course.

B. O., '15.

US

Perennially good natured,
Witty and full of vim,
Who can be more full of fun,
Than our President Jim?

Tommy down in lab—
Professor learned is he,
Cuts up funny capers,
And spiels on 'tricity.

Bunny, Bunny Ober,
I wonder what you do
When you go a-Roweing,
In your small canoe?

Blue-eyed Lucy Warren,
Hair just like a cloud,
Generally she giggles
And whispers awfully loud.

We girls all call her Marthy,
And she is quite a kid;
She never was responsible
For anything she did.

Joe is quite a famous boy,
And known thruout the town;
For in his role of "Moses,"
He won himself renown.

Little Marion Goldbach
Looks so meek and mild;
Seeing her, could one believe
She was a naughty child?

Ruby's just a little girl
Of sense she has a lot;
And what is more unusual,
She uses what she's got.

Hazel's calm and smiling,
And dearly loves a joke,
But when she gets to giggling,
We're all afraid she'll choke.

Who is "Tango," did you say?
Why, that's not hard to tell.
Who could it be but our Corinne?
Red-haired, and quite a swell.

Her name is Elsie Gifford,
And she rides upon the car,
For the very simple reason
That she lives so very far.

Stub yearns not for education,
As any one can see;
Crams not for examination,
Nor looks for a degree.

Bertha, sitting by the door,
Likes a cooling draft;
So she leaves the door ajar,
Till we're nearly daft.

Her name is Lucy Thompson,
But as "General" she is known.
She always has her lessons,
For she studies lots at home.

George Arthur's from the country,
I don't suppose you'd guess it.
Tho he may know his German well,
He cannot well express it.

There is a little Junior boy,
Has hair of golden Hugh;
And teasing laughing Junior girls
Is all he likes to do.

Aveline is our artist,
And we are glad to state
That however much she seems so,
She's not at all sedate.

Stately Bernice Fleming
Takes a lighted Tap(b)er,
To light her way along the paths
That lead to daily labor.

Dan Taber's very meek and mild,
And minds his P's and Q's,
Else, by my soul, across the aisle,
Just think what he might lose.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
I would like to know
If a certain little boy asked you,
Would you go?

Carlton's long and lanky,
With lots turned up for feet.
He doesn't like our motto,
And it fairly makes us weep.

Gertrude is our poetess,
But you may rest assured
That of this lovely masterpiece,
She didn't write a word.

Sophomore Class



Organization

<i>President</i>	Ernest Williams
<i>Vice President</i>	Margaret Rodgers
<i>Secretary</i>	Gertrude Burnett
<i>Treasurer</i>	Helen Nightingale
 Motto.....	 "Vestigia nulla retrorsum"
Colors.....	Royal Purple and White
Flower	White Rose



Top Row—Dorothy Cope, Gertrude Burnett, Henry Nycamp, Pauline Didham, Iva Menges, Louise Blackler, Russell Pelton, Ernest Williams, Thelma O'Malley, Florence Schmitt, Beatrice Cray, Francis Rowe, Anna Jaros, Helen Nightingale, Mildred Holbrook.

Middle Row—Marie McGlenen, Warren Gore, Genevieve Kent, Lester Johns, Margaret Rodgers, Louis Brewster, Winifred Timmons.

Front Row—Roy Stoneman, Raymond Carzoo, William Langstaff, Myrl Hill.

The Pilgrims

THERE was once a band of pilgrims that sought the Halls of Fame and a diploma bound up in a pretty blue ribbon. At their head was a zealous, lanky President of extreme wisdom and age, assisted on one hand by a diminutive person, so short and infinitesimal that she seems but illy capable of upholding the leader in determining his weighty matters of state. This person is the Vice President. On the other hand of the leader is yet another small person, of bird-like name who gathers up the coppers of the pilgrims as they pass along.

These are the ones who lead the band over the rough roads to the Halls of Fame. Some of the pilgrims have lost heart and dropped by the wayside. Among those that still follow are a few who are aided by more illustrious pilgrims who have almost gained their goal or passed it. Among these is one, a merry youth, who gathers inspiration from a quiet maid in the pilgrim band just ahead. Another is a dark haired, dark eyed maiden, who has acquired another pilgrim who has reached and passed his goal, and is now resting in peace. And yet another of this kind is a plump maiden whose thoughts are centered on a lengthy pilgrim in the foremost band of all, one who is even now grasping the prize.

But let these subjects pass. There is much of interest in the procession of pilgrims that follows. All that have passed, as yet, have been the appointed leaders or those fired by the zeal of more experienced pilgrims. One of those following is a short, "fuzzy-thatched" personage. Another is a maiden with a heavy, flaxen braid. Another is a vain, self-satisfied youth with a penchant for violent greens and purples. And so the ranks pass,—here a maiden with wildly streaming locks, there one who walks with stiff stateliness, a roll of ragtime under her arm, and as the dust clouds settle after their lagging footsteps, a very much condensed edition of boy, of stony name, trots by, the last of all.

F. G. S., '16.

Freshman Class



Organization

President.....	Fred Ridge
Vice President.....	Clayton Taylor
Secretary.....	Leona Judd
Treasurer.....	Lyman Huggett
Colors.....	Pale Green and Pink
Flower.....	Clio Rose



Top Row—Vera Whims, Eugenie Dean, Leona Judd, Sadie Ruch, Mabel Pierson, Lenore Shumaker, Dorothy Van Valkenburg, Helen Bowler.
 Middle Row—Edmund Coe, Rhena Gifford, Fred Ridge, Marion Brewster, Lyman Huggett, Alice Pelton.
 Front Row—Elmer Isaac, Herman Short, Gordon Dipbo, Clayton Taylor.

The Flats' Twenty-third Psalm

- 1 The teacher is my master; I shall not deny.
- 2 He maketh me to sit down in a seat up front, when a noise is made, and he leadeth me out to the office.
- 3 He restoreth not my pony after he has destroyed all its contents, and he leadeth me in the paths of learning for my parents' sake.
- 4 Yea, tho I spend more than half the night in boning, I shall get no rest, for he is over me.
- 5 His eye and his word do everything but comfort me.
- 6 He prepareth a test for me that maketh the cold shivers to play tag upon my back.
- 7 He anointeth my card with P's.
- 8 My brow runneth over with sweat before he is half thru his quiz.
- 9 Surely, his exams and his lectures shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in fear of him forever.

Flat Proverbs

A Flat and his gum are soon parted.

It takes more than one Flat to make a Senior.

A Soph answer turneth away wrath, but a Flat answer is as nothing.

Be not puffed up, dear Flat; pride goeth before a fall.

Go slow, my boy; it takes more than long trousers to make a man.

Popular Election

1	Wittiest.....	Jim Barnard
2	Laziest.....	Lester Johns
3	Noisiest.....	Harry Hoopes
4	Slangiest.....	Stub Reed
5	Nerviest.....	Marian Brewster
6	Most Energetic.....	Howard Davis
7	Most Original.....	Reve Beattie
8	Best Natured.....	George Nycamp
9	Worst Grouch.....	Sam Ridge
10	Windiest.....	"Chesty" Baker



Chagrin Falls As An Industrial Town

ALTHOUGH our little village among the hills is usually thought of as merely a residential town, upon closer observation, it will be discovered that it is also somewhat of an industrial center. Taken as a whole, the population is of the great middle or working class. The town boasts of four very flourishing manufactories, giving employment to quite a large number of our residents. These four are: The Adams Bag Company, The Ober Manufacturing Company, The Falls Foundry, and The Deerlick Oilstone Company.

The largest of these is The Adams Bag Company, which has had a rather varied history. In the year 1858, Fitch Adams and his brother Alfred formed the firm of Adams & Company, which firm acquired an old woolen mill property at Chagrin Falls and built therein a paper mill capable of turning out from four to four and a half tons of paper per day. They built also a bag factory for the manufacture of unprinted flour sacks from this paper. This firm had an office and printing department in Cleveland. The bags made at Chagrin Falls were shipped there, printed with the various brands desired and distributed to customers from this point.

Early in the 60's, the Messrs. Adams associated themselves with a Mr. Jewett of Cincinnati, and a firm was established known as Adams-Jewett & Company, with offices both in Cleveland and in Cincinnati.

Adams-Jewett & Company took up the business of manufacturing burlap and cotton sacks, and as these were at that time used as packages for flour to a greater extent, proportionately, than at present, the business of the firm in paper sacks, both in respect to revenue and units of output, was a small fraction of the total.

During the Civil war, the price of cotton advanced tremendously,

and it was during this period that paper sacks as containers for flour began to be quite generally employed in the Central, Middle and Eastern states.

In addition to the manufacture of cotton, burlap and paper sacks, the members of the firm, in the latter part of the 70's, took up the manufacture of paste and tags. Neither of these enterprises were successful.

During the early 80's, both Mr. Fitch Adams and Mr. Alfred Adams invested heavily in two cattle ranches in the West. This investment was also unsuccessful.

Mr. Fitch Adams died in 1888.

In 1889, the Cincinnati house was sold. From that time until 1897, the firm of Adams-Jewett & Company struggled along under a load of debt created largely through unsuccessful outside ventures. In 1897 a receiver was appointed for the property at Chagrin Falls, and Mr. George March, president of the Chagrin Falls Banking Company, received that appointment.

In 1898, Mr. Henry R. Adams, son of Mr. Fitch Adams, secured the interest and co-operation of Mr. Luther Allen of Cleveland, in taking the property out of the hands of the receiver and reorganizing it. The business was thereafter continued as a corporation under the name of The Adams Bag Company, which company started actual operations in January, 1899. At this time the printing department was moved from Cleveland to Chagrin Falls.

By 1906, the business of the company had grown to such an extent that another paper machine was installed in the paper mill, thus doubling the company's paper producing capacity.

The company manufactures its paper from old Manila rope and finds its customers among the flour millers and cement, lime, plaster and gypsum manufacturers. A constantly growing sentiment in favor of sanitary food containers, will, it is believed, result in a continually increasing volume of business.

The present officers of the company are:

Walter H. Cottingham, President;
E. B. Allen, Vice President;
Gardner Abbott, Secretary;
Kenneth H. Allen, Treasurer;
Edmund Grieve, Auditor.

At Chagrin Falls, the officers actively in charge of the company's productive facilities are:

E. A. Kline, Plant Manager;
Fred J. Voltz, Supt. Bag Factory and Printing department.
Edward Newman, Foreman of Printing Department;
Dan Wallace, Foreman of Bag Factory.

The company's disbursements in Chagrin Falls for pay-roll and miscellaneous purchases are about \$60,000 per annum, exclusive of freight bills paid to the freight agent of the W. & L. E. at Chagrin Falls, which runs in the neighborhood of \$25,000 per annum.

The company's product is favorably known all over the United States as far west as Omaha and Kansas City, and as far south as St. Louis and Washington, D. C. The enterprise furnishes steady employment for over one hundred residents of Chagrin Falls. It is Chagrin's largest industry, and a credit to the town.

Following the Adams Bag Company in order of age, is The Ober Manufacturing Company, which, like the paper mill, has shown a fine growth in the past years.

The business was founded here in 1873 by George H. Ober and John H. Ober under the firm name of Ober Brothers. At that time they employed about six or eight men in the manufacture of handles and the management of a retail lumber yard.

On account of the scarcity of timber, the business has been transformed gradually from wood to iron work, in which it now carries on a flourishing trade under the management of Mr. A. M. Ober. The company is now engaged in the manufacture of sad irons, sad iron handles, castiron hammers, hatchets and toy banks. They also manufacture a line of special machinery for the turning of handles for axes, picks, sledges, hammers, hatchets, augers, files, knives, forks, hoes, rakes and brooms; also spokes, gun stocks, lasts etc.

The broom-handle lathe manufactured by the company will turn thirteen handles per minute, and the sander will finish them at the rate of twenty per minute, or twelve thousand in a ten-hour day. All of the machinery and most of the sad iron handles are inventions of Mr. George H. Ober, formerly a member of the firm, but now deceased.

The company at present employs from sixty to seventy-five men, depending upon the condition of the business. The pay-roll amounts to approximately \$45,000 per year. The amount of business done annually by the firm averages about \$100,000.

The machinery of the mill is operated by an up-to-date electric power plant, which has been recently installed.

Much of the output is shipped to exporting firms in New York, from which point it is shipped all over the globe. The shipping list includes, also, every state in the Union.

Another firm of importance, though probably not so well known as The Ober Manufacturing Company, is the Falls Foundry. Its business consists of the manufacture of grey iron castings, the greater part of which are shipped to the Ford Motor Car Company of Detroit, Mich.

The company was founded in April, 1910, with a capital of \$60,000. The officers of the company are as follows:

C. J. Miller, General Manager;
T. E. Henry, Secretary and Treasurer;
J. F. O'Neill, Superintendent.

When running at full capacity, the company employs seventy-five to one hundred men. The pay roll averages \$5,000 to \$6,000 per month.

The foundry melts from twenty-five to thirty-five tons of iron per day. Besides the castings marketed to the Ford Motor Car Company, the foundry supplies lamp post work to the Metal Manufacturing Company of Canton, Ohio, where it is decorated and from there shipped to nearly every state of the Union to be installed.

The company also makes a large number of radiators for the Bryant Heating Company of Cleveland. These radiators are machined and put together there and installed in business establishments and private dwellings. A great number of castings also are made for the Lakewood Engineering Company of Cleveland. This firm manufactures brick and concrete mixing machines, and other machines required by various concrete companies. The foundry also casts parts for the Orenstein, Arthur

Koppel Company of Koppel, Pa. These are mostly wheels and bearings for cars used for mining purposes.

Although the company has not been in existence many years, it seems to be in a very prosperous condition. It has excellent transportation facilities, being situated on the W. & L. E. railroad.

The Deerlick Oilstone Company ranks fourth in the list of the larger concerns. It was founded about twenty-seven years ago in a quarry in the vicinity of Chagrin Falls. In 1901, it was moved to the present factory site in the town. The business consists of the preparation of oilstones, whetstones, slips, mounted oilstones, scythe stones, sand stones, ax stones, razor hones and other specialties. For this work, about twenty men are employed.

In addition to the Deerlick quarries in Chagrin Falls, the company has extensive quarries in Hot Springs, Ark., and in Georgia, Ind. From these quarries are secured the best grades of Arkansas and Washita oilstones, Hindostan and Orange Water whetstones, and Indiana sandstones.

Much of the output is sent to exporting firms in New York, from which point it is shipped over the entire world. The remainder is marketed in all parts of the United States.

Besides the four principal factories already discussed, there are several smaller industries, which are, nevertheless, of considerable importance.

One of these is the business of H. A. Sheffield & Son. It consists of the engraving of monuments and some metal work. The firm was established in 1876 by Mr. H. A. Sheffield, and during the thirty-eight years of its existence has grown from a very small establishment to be one of the largest businesses of its kind in northern Ohio. It now does business within a radius of over fifty miles.

In 1904, Mr. G. Sheffield, a member of the Chagrin Falls High School Alumni Association, was admitted to the firm. Still more recently, the plant was moved to a vastly improved site, where it makes a very attractive appearance.

Another of the smaller businesses which enjoys a very flourishing trade, is the Wyckoff Floral Company. Miss Grace Hunt, now Mrs. W. L. Wyckoff, started the business in 1901 in a small and incomplete greenhouse which she purchased from Mrs. H. Bancroft. From this plant, which covered only about 1,160 square feet of ground, she has twice enlarged, and now owns 5,000 square feet of glass. She is planning to enlarge again as soon as possible.

The present plant is watered by the Skinner Automatic Watering System, and is heated by 1,500 feet of hot water pipes. By this automatic watering device, much time and labor are saved. There are four acres of land contiguous to the greenhouses, devoted almost entirely to outdoor plants, especially dahlias.

They have for sale all kinds of bedding plants and cut flowers and in addition to these, make a specialty of artistic floral designs. Until recently they have been troubled by no competition, but now Mr. Carlton Lowe has installed a hot bed system on a small scale, and is adding to it as rapidly as possible. His may become the leading floral industry of Chagrin Falls at some future day.

Another industry of which very little is known is that of Mr. D. W. McGlenen, our ex-mayor. His business consists mainly of the collection

and classification of the names of high school Seniors thruout the United States. These names he furnishes to the various colleges, who use them for advertising purposes. He also collects the names of college Seniors. He does business with more than half the colleges in the United States, including many of the most noted universities.

Besides these principal industries just discussed, there are many smaller ones doing business. These include the industries common to the average small town. It will be seen from this that Chagrin Falls has a firm position in the industrial world, and that there is a bright future for her.

H. H. D., '14.

That Cake

THE last box of candy had been opened, the punch bowl placed in a nest of glasses, and the last tack put in the decorations. Sixteen dusty but satisfied girls and boys gathered in the center of the gym for a last look before separating and leaving for home, to dress for the Senior dance that evening, for which they had worked so hard. There was a general gracious compliment from one committee to another on their work, and Dora Meade of the "refreshments," was chatting idly about the beautifully colored autumn leaves, massed in the corners of the big room, when someone jostled her elbow with the sharp edge of a plate. She turned and saw Nell Bryce, red and puffing from a long run, with a napkin-covered plate in her hand.

Dora led her to the table in the corner, where she lifted the napkin from a beautifully rounded, frosted cake.

The rest of the "eats" committee had wandered over to take a look at the last contribution, and there was a babble of congratulations, for the cake had been baked and boasted of by Nell. It was one of her first attempts at baking, and the girls were inclined to be lenient. Besides, it really did look good.

After room had been made for it on the already overcrowded table, it was again covered and left in lonely grandeur. There were a few last hurried touches, the halls echoed with noisy feet and shrill voices, a door was slammed and then the only sound was the rattle of the janitor's broom and the dripping of the leaky faucet in the Physics room.

A few hours later, the gym was again an active, busy place. But this time the hall echoed with laughter and the latest rag time, and the girls were in frills and ribbons, piloted about by escorts in their best suits and tightest collars.

In one corner was the long refreshment table, which became the center of a politely jostling crowd in the few hot moments between each dance. The punch was just cold enough to "hit the spot," the sandwiches were going; in fact, the "eats" were all that could be expected,—except Nell Bryce's cake. That was still left undisturbed, except for a wedge from its generous sides. It looked appetizing—oh, very; but everyone

seemed to fancy either creamy fudge in back of it or the marguerites in front of it. To Nell, who kept a motherly eye upon it, it seemed invisible to the dancers, who raved over every separate thing on the table except her cake.

"Timmy" Gove, seeing her troubled face and coming too late to have heard of the reason, asked Virgie Cole, as he guided her about a vine-draped pillar, "What makes Nell look so glum?"

Virgie giggled. "She brought a cake this evening that's the pride of her heart, because she baked it herself. I guess she forgot to look at the recipe in spots, or else she thought she knew too much too look at it. She was mistaken if she did think so, because she made a mistake somewhere; and to finish up the heavenly thing, it is as heavy as lead." And Virgie shuddered daintily.

"Are you sure no one will try it?" anxiously, for Timmy was not quite blind to Nell's dimples and blue eyes.

"Mercy, yes," Virgie replied, with unnecessary vigor, as Tim thought. "We're all afraid of seeing things on our bedposts tonight if we tackle it." With another giggle.

They circled around another post in silence, and Virgie led the talk to another subject.

The music ended and they drifted to the nearest clump of chairs. Virgie was chattering, as usual, when Tim cut in and told her that he had an idea. The subject of Nell's cake evidently had not been forgotten and Tim had been thinking about it. He didn't want Nell to miss having a good time on account of a "blame cake." For five minutes there was eager planning between the two, and they separated. It did not take another five minutes before every one concerned knew of it.

The next dance was a waltz, and Nell was swamped with "bids" for it. After that, her attention was kept away from the refreshment table, but she could not help noticing that her cake was drawing attention. It was disappearing rapidly and a great many were drifting about with pieces in their hands. Nell did not notice that they all eventually "drifted" to the same spot, a potted palm, behind which reposed a paper bag, placed upright on the floor. This was rapidly filling with wedge-shaped pieces of cake.

It was not long before the plate on one corner of the table was empty and taken away. After that, Nell very wisely forgot about it and devoted herself to having a good time.

She could not know, of course, that Timmy Gove, before going home that night, emptied a paper bag out of the Physics room window onto the ash heap underneath. He was quite sure they were to be carted away the next day. But they were not.

Three days later, as Virgie passed the Physics door in search of a missing book, she heard a subdued sniffing from within. She poked an inquisitive head through the crack of the door, and found Nell Bryce sobbing into a damp square of cambric.

At Virgie's sympathetic desire to listen to her troubles, she explained:

"I found this under the w-window," pointing to a hardened piece of cake in her lap; "and the r-rest is on the a-ash pile." F. G. S., '16.

A Deuce Set

BOB MARKS was a tall, well built young man, with a face of tan, which generally wore a pleasant expression, but now it was overspread with clouds of care. He came stamping into the room and flung himself into an easy chair with a groan of despair.

"What's the matter, now, Bob?" asked Jo Evans, who was spending the summer with him.

"Oh, I asked her to go Saturday night, and she said, 'So sorry, but I've promised Jack Brooks.' It's more than a fellow can stand, an angel to me all the week, then finishing it by giving that Jack Brooks Saturday night. It's hard luck, I say, mighty hard luck. Can't you tell me something to do?"

"Um, well, you see I've never had any experience in this sort of thing; but why, why not play off for a clear field, tennis, you know? You and Jack are both good players—regular champs. Just fight it out, if you can't settle it any other way; the one who loses to step out of the lists entirely."

"Say, that's all right, I can't stand this uncertainty any longer. Wonder if I know Brooks well enough to ask him? Guess I'll go around and see him anyway. I can beat him at tennis." And Bob, seizing his hat, rushed out of the room and was gone.

Jack was in his room when Bob came in like a young tornado.

"Beg pardon, Jack, for not knocking; but I've come on important business."

"Well, fire away," said Jack, seating himself on the table with a book in hand, well knowing what the business was.

"It's about Miss Fischer. You know as well as I do that we must settle this pretty soon."

"Oh! come to get me out, have you? That won't be an easy thing to do."

"Well, not quite that," and Bob told him Jo's plan.

Jack received it without enthusiasm. He was sure that he could beat Bob at tennis; but, as he said, he had the "inside track" that evening.

"Well, she's going to the theatre with me Tuesday night," remarked Bob.

Jack's face fell. "When shall we play?" he asked.

"Oh! make it Wednesday afternoon."

"All right; best three out of five."

"Suits me; but what'll we do for an umpire?"

"Let's get Bert Steward'. You know he is down here every Wednesday and he is good at that sort of thing."

"He wouldn't know anything about the matter and we could just tell him we wanted to see who is the best player."

"All right," answered Bob, "I'm on; and see here, no inside track business tonight. If we're going to carry this thing through, we've got to promise not to mention it to Miss Fischer until it's settled."

"What! do you want me to break my date for this evening; not much."

"Well, I think it would be only fair; for the one who wins will be able to go with her all the time."

"Say, I'll stay away tonight, if you'll break your date for Tuesday evening."

"Oh—why—no—you'd better go tonight. I was only joking anyway."

"No, I will stay right here, thank you," going over to his desk and beginning to write something about the sudden death of his grandmother and the necessity of his presence at the funeral.

Wednesday afternoon the tennis courts were occupied only by Bob, Jack and Bob's friend Jo. The day was very warm without a breath of wind, the courts in splendid condition and the two rivals evenly matched.

By half-past three, four sets had already been played, of which Bob Marks won the first, Jack the two following, and Bob the fourth. They were playing in excellent form but the heat and exercise was telling on them.

The only cool person on the place was the umpire—a fine looking young fellow, older than the other two—who sat comfortably under a large umbrella on a stand near the court. Jo walked over to him and asked the score.

"Six all of the fifth set. Great games, aren't they? What in the world induced those two lunatics to play tennis on a day like this?"

"Oh! don't you know?" asked Jo. "I thought they told you. The one that wins has a clear field to gain Miss Fischer's favor. Do you know her?"

"Know her!" cried the exasperated umpire, "know her!—why, I'm engaged to her myself!"

"What! Oh!—hey, boys, come here, the game's up—she's already engaged"; then aside to the umpire, "hadn't we better go and get some ice cream?"

M. R., '16.

Spring

What is more beautiful than Spring
When the birds come back and sweetly sing
Their softest melody and loudest song
From early morning, all day long?
The barren boughs with their sprouting leaves
Hide the homes of the birds from thieves;
And the babbling brooks with their tinkling sound
O'er the stones and glades meander round
Under shady trees, and through sunny meadows
Laughing joyfully at their shadows.
And every flower is tended with care
As Nature sends moisture throughout the air
To quench their thirst; and by her hand
She sends their fragrance all over the land.
The soft winds hum as they creep around
Through flowers and grasses with a wooing sound,
Making them sing as they wave and swing;
Who does not enjoy the beauties of Spring?

G. M., '15.

The Emblem of C. F. H. S.



FOR some unknown reason, Chagrin Falls High School, until recently, has never had an established emblem. A short time ago, Reveley Beattie, Senior Class President, suggested that a design for an emblem be worked out and submitted to the high school for its acceptance. Upon the suggestion meeting with the approval and support of the Annual board, he immediately set to work and, after much thought and labor, presented several designs. Two of the best of these were selected and put into the hands of the officers of the various classes. On March 17th, their choice was submitted to the entire school by the Superintendent, who had enthusiastically favored the plan from the beginning. Upon being put to a vote, the emblem was unanimously adopted and a cordial vote of thanks given to the originator, Reveley Beattie.

This new emblem, which forms the cover design of the present Annual, is intended to serve various purposes: In gold with numerals, it will become the regular Senior class pin. It will be a great improvement over the pins of other years, all of which have been different and seemed to represent merely the class and not the Chagrin Falls High School.

In addition to being the Senior class pin, there will be a cheaper one made which may be worn by any member of the high school who has passed, satisfactorily, the mid-year examinations of the Freshman year.

We sincerely hope that this emblem will meet the approval of all the C. F. H. S. Alumni as it has already that of the undergraduates.

H. H. D., '14.



FORCED POSE



UNAWARES



DO YOU THINK IT'S SERIOUS?



WHO'S WILD AND WHY?



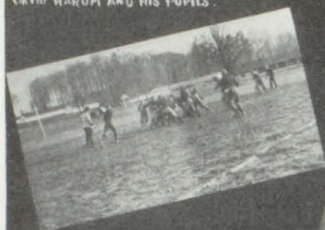
DAVID HARUM AND HIS PUPILS



WHO SAID WE COULDN'T?



THE SQUAD AT PRACTICE



THEY COULDN'T MAKE A YARD



OUR STOVALL



FATHER



EARNIE'S FRIENDS



WE - NEED - HELP



STOPPED IN THEIR TRACKS



ONE HOUR BEFORE THE DATTLE MOTHER

Advice To a Grind

To grind, to grind, unceasingly;
Why should you trouble so?
What good is it to study up
On things one just can't know?
I like to get my lessons so
I know them well enough;
But to try to get them further,
Why, I'd much prefer to "bluff."
I wouldn't give you bad advice,
Or plan to have you fail;
But it seems a shame to study
On things so dry and stale.

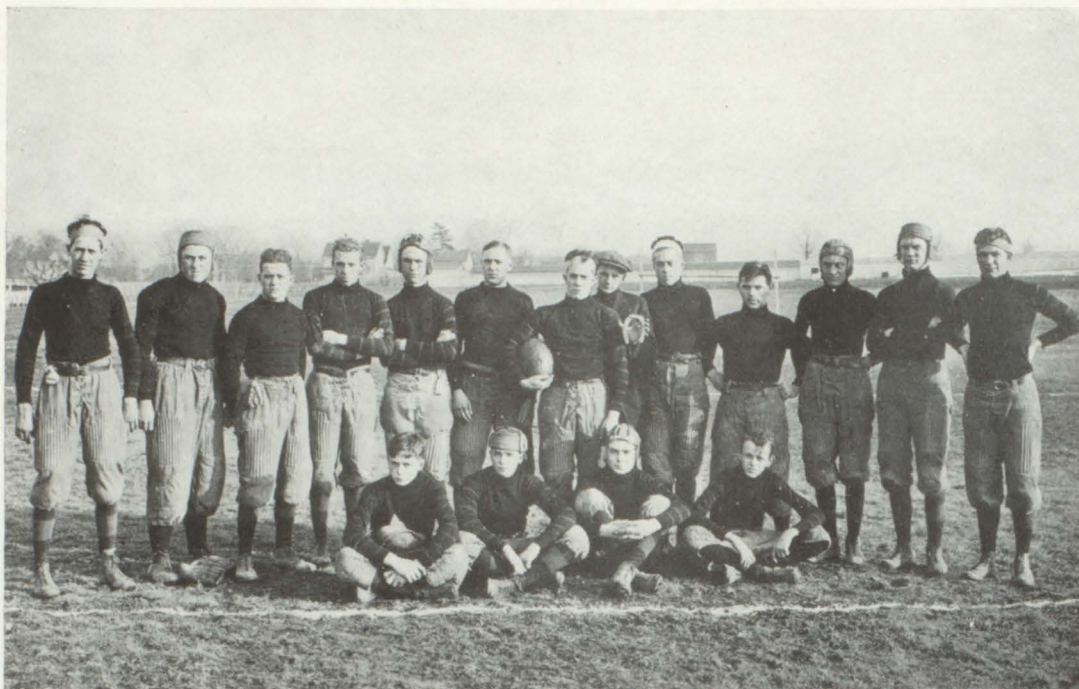
G. K., '16.



The Truant

It isn't because I'm lazy,
That I like to run from school;
It's simply that I long to stroll
By some nice shady pool.
I try to keep on studying;
But, oh! it is so hot,
And the Tempter sends the breezes
Which call for me to stop.
And so before I know it
And before They know it, too,
I'm off among the green woods
With not a thing to do.

G. K., '16.



Organization

<i>President</i>	Dann O. Taber
<i>Secretary</i>	Francis Rowe
<i>Treasurer</i>	Jim Barnard

1913-1914 Athletics

DURING the past year, athletics in C. F. H. S. were marked by a continuation of the old "Chagrin Spirit" in a wonderful measure. The strength and nerve necessary to repel a stronger foe from the goal line and to win against odds, were never manifested to a greater degree.

The football team showed an abundance of high school spirit during the season. In the game against strong Cuyahoga Falls, it held for downs twice on the one-yard line.

The basketball season developed the same spirit. In three games, the team came from far behind, and, although losing on two occasions, won the admiration of all the spectators.

At this writing, no active steps have been taken toward the organization of the baseball team but probably they will soon be taken. We all hope that the ability of this team will live up to the standard set by the other varsity squads.

Here's to "Chagrin Spirit"! May it continue to live deep in the hearts of all members of future C. F. H. S. teams.

H. H. D., '14.

The 1913 Football Season



Although several valuable men of the previous year's squad were lost by graduation, the success of the 1913 team was very great. A fine schedule of six games was played with neighboring high schools, resulting in five victories and one defeat.

The season started with the overwhelming defeat of the Hudson high school at Hudson. After a rest of two weeks, we met the fast Chardon High team on our home gridiron and, although scored on for the first time in two years, we won a well-earned victory.

The following week Warrensville was invaded and another victory was added to the list. Bedford then lowered her colors to us on her home field. The next Saturday, Hudson, for a second time, tried her mettle against us and, although losing again, showed much improvement. For a climax to a successful season, the powerful Cuyahoga Falls team was brought here and we suffered our only defeat; but we can boast of putting up a desperate fight.

The team suffered considerably from injuries throughout the year but was not discouraged by them. A successful season is looked forward to next fall.

Below is the schedule and lineup for the past season:

C. B. W. (Captain)

Schedule

C. F. H. S.	84 (at)	Hudson	0
C. F. H. S.	12	Chardon	6
C. F. H. S.	28 (at)	Warrensville	0
C. F. H. S.	6 (at)	Bedford	0
C. H. H. S.	33	Hudson	0
C. F. H. S.	6	Cuyahoga Falls	25

Line Up

L. E.	Hoopes
L. T.	Davis
L. G.	Sargent, Baker
C.	Taber
R. G.	Lowe
R. T.	Nycamp
R. E.	Williams
Q.	Reed, Mattus
L. H.	Wait (Captain)
R. H.	Beattie
F.	Harris

Substitutes

Pelton, Hill, Rowe



Back Row—Barnard (Student Manager), Taber, Williams, Lowe, Sargent, Reed,
 Gibson (Coach).
 Seated—R. Beattie, Baker, Nycamp, Wait (Captain), Davis, Hoopes, Harris.
 In Front—Pelton, Mattus, Hill, Rowe.

The Basket Ball Season of 1913-1914



The basketball season was a success as usual. The team prospered, considering the conditions confronting them. Four veterans formed the foundation of a strong team, although we had lost the services of our old captain. Three second team men of the previous years' squad showed enough class to make the varsity.

The team met several of the best secondary school teams in the state, including Oberlin High, Geneva, Elyria, U. S. of Cleveland, and Oberlin Academy. In several of the games, hard luck manifested itself and figured more in our defeat than did the opposing five.

Although the squad loses several valuable men by graduation, all conditions point favorably towards a speedy team for the coming season.

Here's success to the team succeeding us! Below is the schedule and lineup for the season:

C. S. H. (Captain)

Scores

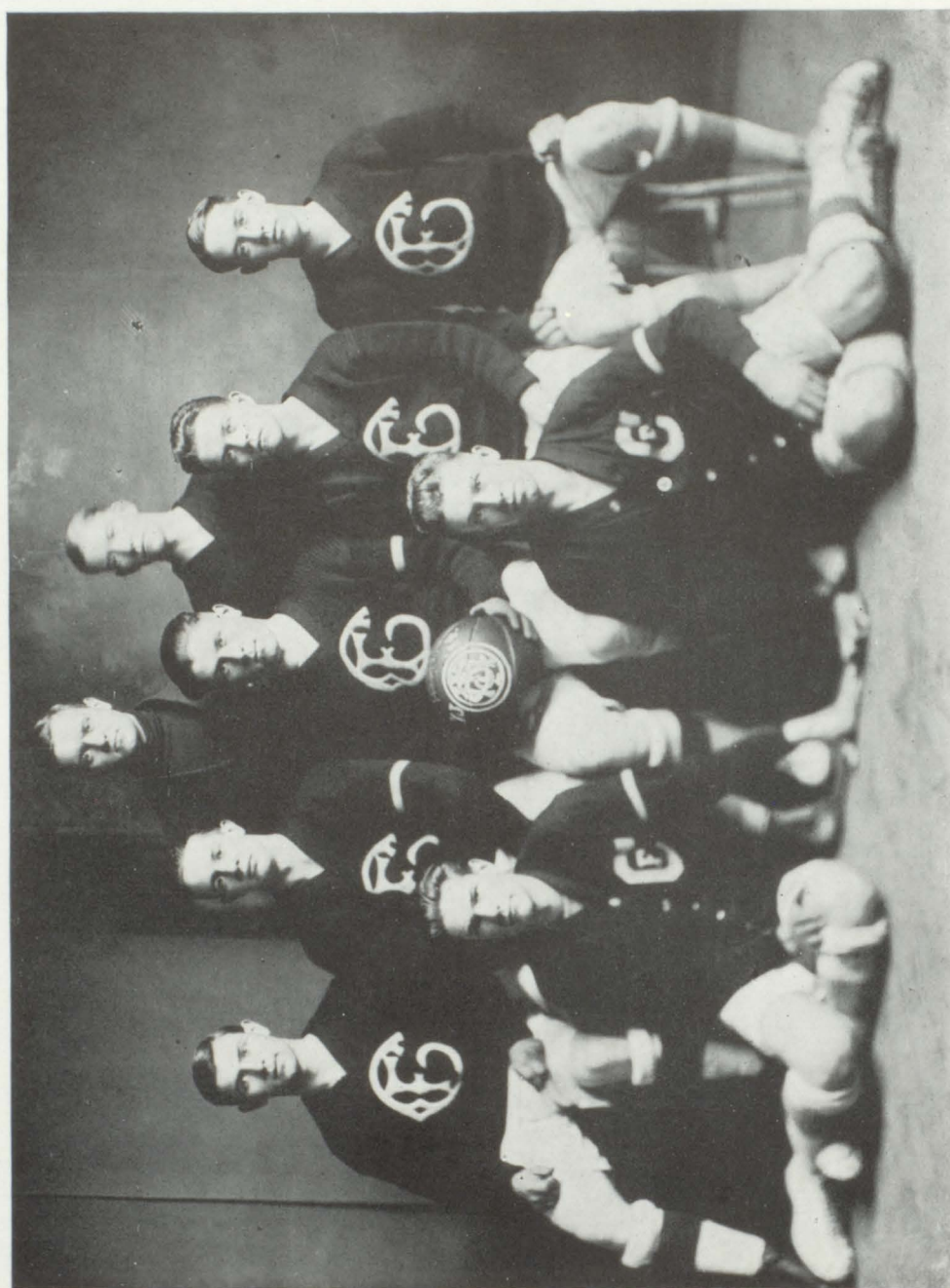
C. F. H. S. 9	Lendahand Stars31
C. F. H. S.10	Alumni37
C. F. H. S.50 (at)	Berea High12
C. F. H. S.21	Geneva High15
C. F. H. S.21	Oberlin Academy16
C. F. H. S.33 (at)	Elyria High16
C. F. H. S.44	Berea High13
C. F. H. S.19 (at)	Oberlin High30
C. F. H. S.16 (at)	University School19
C. F. H. S.28	Elyria13
C. F. H. S.24 (at)	Geneva High25
276	217

Lineup

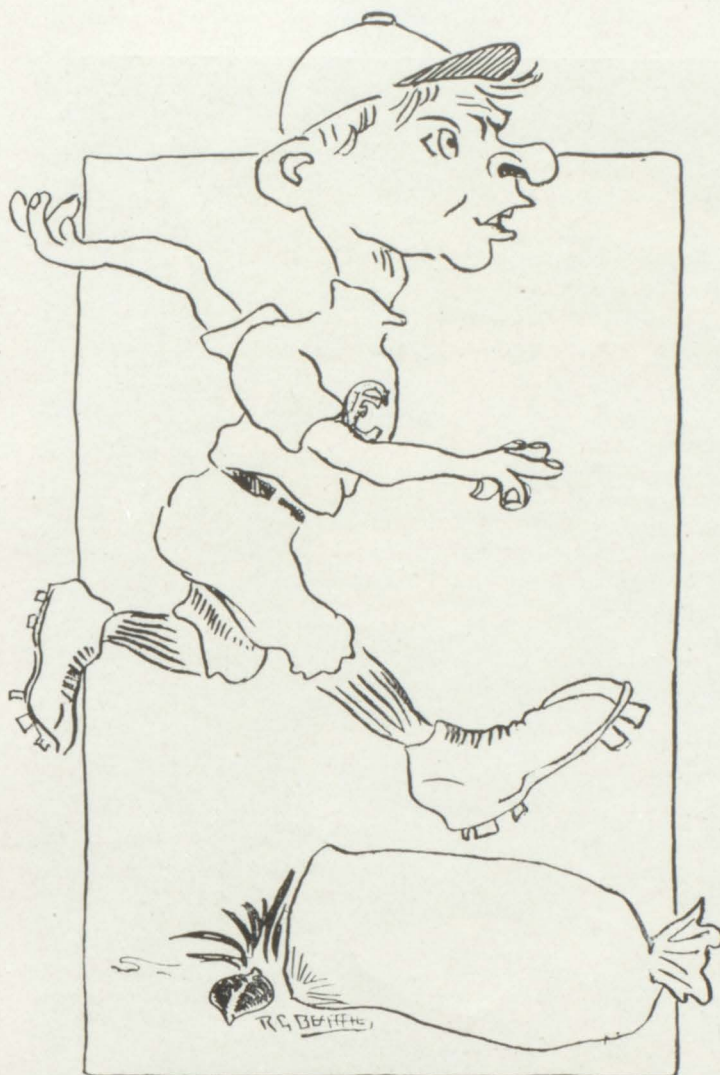
L. F. Harris (Captain)
 R. F. Williams
 C. Wait
 R. G. Mattus
 L. G. R. Beattie

Substitutes

H. Beattie, Hoopes, Nycamp



BASEBALL



Without having played a game, it is a rather difficult proposition to predict just how formidable a nine will be found on the diamond to keep pace with the record set in other branches of our athletics. Also, considering the fact that only four or five veterans will be found in the lineup, the task seems doubly difficult. However, all candidates are enthusiastic in their efforts to make a good showing; and if the spirit continues, as it surely will, there is no reason why they can not gallop off with more victories than defeats. As

yet, but little attempt has been made to develop inside baseball because of the importance of handling the ball more consistently and wearing off some of the most noticeable rough places.

On account of bad weather, and Decoration day coming on Saturday, the schedule will be extremely short. It is as follows:

Schedule

April 25—Kent (there)
 May 2—Berea (there)
 May 9—Warrensville
 May 16—Chardon
 May 23—Chardon (there)

R. H. G. (Coach)



	Gibson (Coach)	Ridge (Capt.)	Henderson	Lowe	Williams
Barnard	Wait	Arthur	Sargent	Mattus	H. Beattie
					(Student Manager)



BOYS GLEE CLUB

Organization

<i>President</i>	Clarence B. Wait
<i>Secretary</i>	Reveley G. Beattie
<i>Treasurer</i>	Hugh N. Beattie
<i>Librarian</i>	Merrill L. Reed

The Boys' Glee Club

The Boys' Glee Club of '13-'14 has upheld the reputation of the organization. The freshman class contributed liberally to the talent of the club by furnishing several new members. The good work of last year was continued with much vim and success, greatly due to the leadership of Mrs. Zoe Long Fouts.

Through graduation, six members will be lost; but, nevertheless, a successful season can rightfully be expected for the coming year.

R. G. B., '14.



Back Row—Herman Short, William Langstaff, Harry Hoopes, Carlton Lowe, Sam Ridge, Church Sargent, Hugh Beattie, Joe Mattus.
 Middle Row—Tom Henderson, Jim Barnard, Harold Baker, Clarence Wait, Carlyle Harris, Francis Rowe, Reveley Beattie.
 Front Row—Warren Gore, Lyman Huggett, Lester Johns, Gordon Dippo, Myrl Hill.

A Virginian Romance

MUSICAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS
PRESENTED BY THE

Glee Clubs of Chagrin Falls High School

Under the Management of the Junoir Class and the
Direction of Mrs. Fouts and Miss Coit

Violinist Miss Nella Sprenger

Accompanist Mrs. Joyce Shutts

CAST OF CHARACTERS

In Order of Their Appearance.

Dorothea Kent, a cousin from the North and a madcap	Marian Brewster
Katherine Lee	Bernice Ober
Frances Kent, sister of "Dorry"	Genevieve Kent
Lou Haverly	Georgiene Hutchinson
Colonel Haverly, an ex-Confederate and a gentleman of the old school	Dann Taber
Moses, Col. Haverly's colored servant and a privileged character	Joe Mattus
Harry Lee	Carlyle Harris
Frank Lee	Jim Barnard
Dick Osgood	Francis Rowe
Jack Winthrope, a Yankee college chum of the Lees and in love with Miss Lou	Harry Hoopes
Aunt Nancy, sister-in-law of the Colonel and from New England	Florence Schmitt
Mrs. Lee, a neighbor of Col. Haverly	Aveline Kent

TIME—THE PRESENT

ACT I. Col. Haverly's Plantation—Virginia.

"Under the Shade of the Blossoming Trees."

Chorus	Girls' Glee Club
Recitative	Dorry
Entrance Song	Quartette
Down in Lovah's Lane	Moses and Quartette
To What Can I Compare Her	Jack
When I Was Young	Aunt Nancy and Girls
Spanish Serenade	Lou and Girls
I Want the Strolling Good	Double Quartette
The Boogy Man and Finale	Harry and Chorus

ACT II. Terrace at Mrs. Lee's, the night of the party, one week later.

"Oh When Hearts are Young and Hearts are Gay."

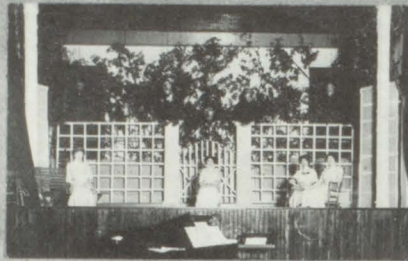
I'm All Tahed Out	Moses
Ain't Got No Show	Boys' Glee Club
When Grandma Danced the Minuet	Katherine and Chorus
Minuet—Margaret Rodgers, Tom Henderson, Gertrude Barnett, Revelev Beattie, Pauline Didham, Harold Baker, Mabel Pierson, Myrl Hill.	
Duet	Jack and Lou
The Snow Storm	Girls' Glee Club
The Courtship	Dorry
Toasts and Finale	Chorus



STROLLING



THE MINUET



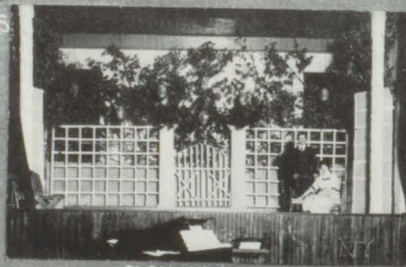
SCHEMERS



GOLHWERLY MOSES



DOWN IN LOVAH'S LANE



JACK AND LOU



Organization

<i>President</i>	Georgiene G. Hutchinson
<i>Secretary</i>	Bernice Ober
<i>Treasurer</i>	Treva Hill
<i>Librarian</i>	Margaret Rodgers

The Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club of Chagrin Falls High School has accomplished the usual amount of work this year. Its success is due partly to the earnest work of the members, but chiefly to the efficiency of the director, Mrs. Zoe Long Fouts. Instead of the formal concert given last year by the two glee clubs, as the fifth number of the lecture course, the clubs, this season, put on "A Virginian Romance," a musical comedy. This was a great success and we hope that it will serve as an incentive for the clubs to do even better next year.

The club will appear at the school concert in May, and this will complete the work for the year.

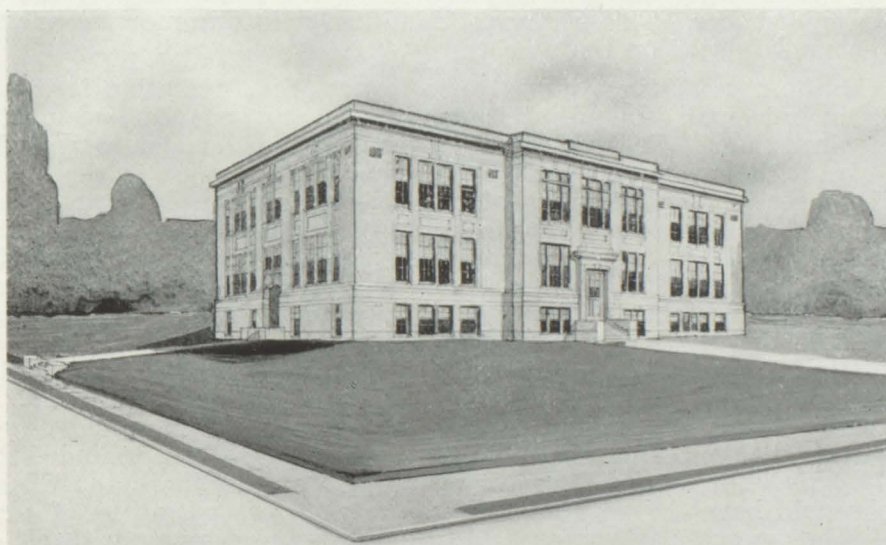
G. G. H., '14.



Back Row—Miss Coit, Iva Menges, Florence Schmitt, Thelma O'Malley.
Middle Row—Aveline Kent, Bernice Ober, Georgiene Hutchinson, Mary Kent, Pauline
Didham, Frieda Ziegler, Dorothy VanValkenburg, Genevieve Kent.
Front Row—Marion Goldbach, Alice Pelton, Margaret Rodgers, Marion Brewster,
Gertrude Burnett, Lenore Shumaker, Winifred Timmons, Eugenie Dean, Treva
Hill.



The Old



The New

Chagrin's Duty

EDUCATION is the foundation stone of civilization. It is absolutely essential to the uplifting and progress of a nation. In securing it, cities, towns, villages and country districts unite as one. These divisions, though unequal in size, are on the same level in furnishing their quota of educated men. If they fall behind, they are failing in their duty to their country. Chagrin is one of these units; so the question naturally arises: has Chagrin done its duty? To prove this, we must go back to the year 1880. Then there was an old antiquated school building of four rooms. In this were crowded eight grades. Pupils studied in these overcrowded, illy-heated and illy-ventilated class rooms. In those days, the building was looked upon as sufficient to meet all demands. In a few years, the times so changed that a new building was necessary, so a new school house was built in 1885. It was an excellent structure, judged by the standards of those days, and local people prided themselves in it. The most improved methods were adopted. It was spacious and well lighted. Up-to-date equipment was installed, which improved conditions materially. In general, an added stimulus was given to education, and better trained boys and girls were turned out. This building answered the needs for many years; in fact, no changes were needed until 1892, when an addition of four class rooms and an Assembly Hall was made.

The people of Chagrin Falls again rested easy for they seemed to have filled their wants for many years. But not so. In 1909, on account of the building's being filled, more room was needed. A temporary way out of the difficulty was found by erecting a frame building for the first and second grades. This was soon found insufficient to meet the increasing demands placed on the schools.

At the present time, it has come to pass that education is the one thing in universal demand. Without it, you are tramped underfoot by the trained man. He is the one that can put his shoulder to the wheel and give it the strongest push. To be educated, one must be the product of the most modern facilities of education. Chagrin is a progressive village and wants to hold her place with her sister towns in her output of trained men. That she cannot do so now is shown by the fact that many pupils, after being graduated from her schools, find it necessary to go to outside schools in order to complete their secondary training and obtain the very work they could and should be given at home in the new High School. When this building is completed, Chagrin will be assisting mankind and better fitting her youth to meet the world. Of course, this means a slight increase in taxes; but who would stop at this when the tremendous results are considered in a broad-minded manner? This improvement is absolutely necessary. With it, the Chagrin scholar will have the advantage of the most approved means of education. He can enter a broader field of activity and compete with his city neighbor. He will be better fitted for college. Even if he does not enter college, he will be a better man. The idea is only practical and abreast of the times. The new building will fill a long felt want and solve a hitherto unsolved problem for Chagrin Falls.

D. T., '15.



JOKES

O! do not criticize these jokes;
You really may be glad,
When you compare the jokes we print
With all of those we had.

After Miss Coit and Carlton Lowe had had a lively verbal tilt in Junior German, Miss Coit continued to the class: "Now that is an example of the polite form in both cases."

Mr. Gibson in Civics Class: "Now when we go to the city, we don't drink water, or at least I don't!"

Addressed to the German Teacher

The grades I pull from thee, Dear Heart,
Have a sting of pain for me;
I count them o'er, each one apart,
In misery, in misery.

Dann: "What time does Miss Coit get back at noon?"

Frieda: "Same time as Mr. Gibson."

High School Dictionary

The Faculty—A group of people paid to let the Seniors run the school.

Athletics—A common course of study in High School.

Exams—See Flunk.

Cicero—A synonym for pony.

Glee Clubs—A howling success.

Indolence—A condition found in all Flats and many Sophs. Upper classmen alone are immune.

Flunk—See Exams.

A Flat—A certain unique species of the animal kingdom—color, green; intellect, very small.

A Soph—An instrument of torture designed for the lowly Flat.

A Junior—A cross between a Soph and a Flat.

The Hall—A trysting place for lovers sly,
When parted by walls so cold and high.

Teare—Something in the form of a transparent drop of fluid matter.

Webster—Some unknown high-brow who has written a book called the "Dictionary," which now is commonly used as an ornament to the school room and to convert a common chair into a baby's high stool.

Theme—A mass of words scraped into a heap by brain racking effort upon which the Professor may vent his ill-temper.

Us—None of your business.

You—We're not saying.

A Captain—A personage, celebrated by his ability to keep balanced upon the line between failure and the passing grade; the shining light of the school.

Bernice F. so spick and span,
Thinks a lot of Mr. Dann.
She always seems sedate and prim;
I wonder if she is with him?

Jim recites German poetry to Miss Coit:
Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin—und—Ish-ca-bible.

Miss Coit sneezes—Merrill Reed, "There are your teeth on the desk."

Carlyle in German—"She let the tears run down her forehead."
"Harry—"She must have been standing on her head."

Harry H.—I fell out of a tree the other day.
Clarence—What tree?
Harry—Geometree.

After Miss Coit had finished explaining a German idiom, Jim exploded with, "Gee, I'd like to catch the first Dutchman."

Warren Gore is singing.
Raymond Carzoo: I don't care if you sing, but I hate that kind of a noise.

Hiddy—Hasn't "Cutey" got a big pompadour?
Brick—Yes, it's so high that he has to stand on a chair to put on his hat.

Jean—How do you pronounce that word?
Miss Coit—Xylography (the art of engraving wood).
Harry H.—That's your business, isn't it?
Miss Coit—I don't get yuh.
Harry H.—Making impressions on block-heads.

Mr. Gibson in Soph. Geom.—Miriam, what is a straight angle?
Miriam—A straight angle is a straight line that runs in both directions.

Gore gets his "Honey" up at Menges' Bee Farm, but he runs a great risk of getting stung.

A Heavy Investment Fails

Mr. Gibson, having secured a large two-gallon pickle crock for use in Physics Laboratory, discovered one afternoon that it was cracked.

"For goodness sake," he cried, as large tears appeared in his eyes. "I just paid *fifteen cents* for that last week."

Post Graduates of Case School of Applied Slush

Bernice Ober Rowe
Marion Brewster Hoopes
Bernice Taber Fleming
Pauline Sam Didham

Vernita Fenton Goodwin
Catherine Doc Class
Jean Wrentmore
Harold Gertrude McNish

Various Shades of Local Color

Frieda's cheeks.
Carlyle's hair.
Winifred's waists.
George's ties.
Jean's nose.
Sam's hands.
Harold's neck.

Harry's socks.
Gore's suits (green).
Miss Coit's eyebrows.
Vera's belts.
Marie's hair ribbons.
Dorothea's diamond.

Reve—Why, yes, that church has an annual meeting every year.

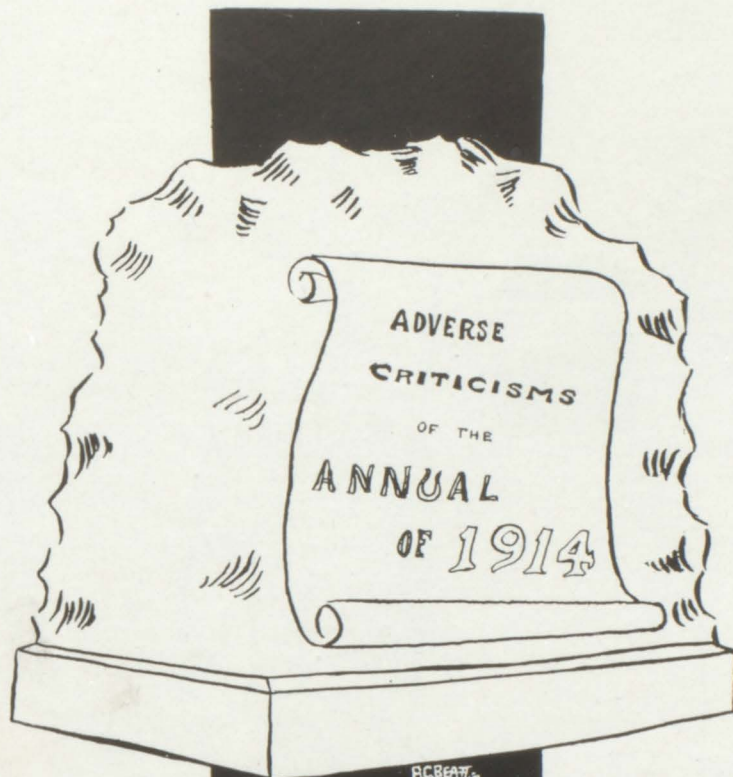
My Heart's in the Highlands

As Bernice Ober Would Sing It.
My heart's with a Sophomore,
My heart is not here.
My heart's with a Sophomore,
And he is my dear.
Where ever I wander,
Where ever I go,
My heart's with a Sophomore—
'Tis Francis Rowe.

Want Ads

A good paying job requiring no work.—Harry T. Hoopes.
A girl that will love me for more than a week.—Sam Ridge.
Exams that require no knowledge of the subject.—Carlyle S. Harris.
Ten nights a week.—Dann O. Taber.
Second-hand note books.—Clarence B. Wait.
Some comfortable chairs for the office.—All who have classes there.
A moment to sleep.—Reveley G. Beattie.
An original idea.—The Annual Board.
Four weeks more of school.—Nobody.

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— Benjamin Franklin.



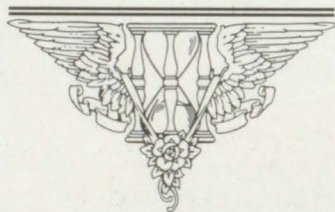
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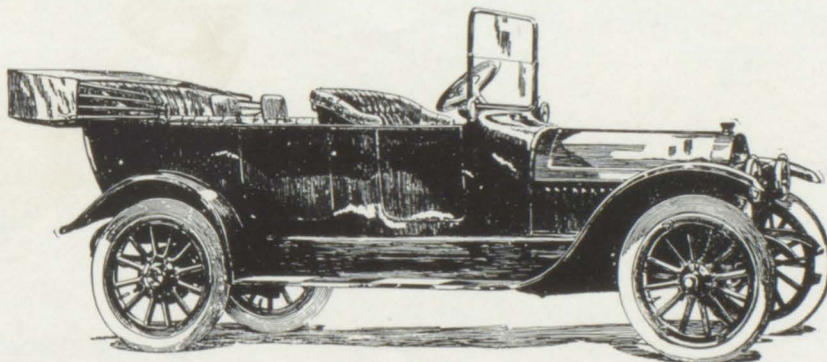


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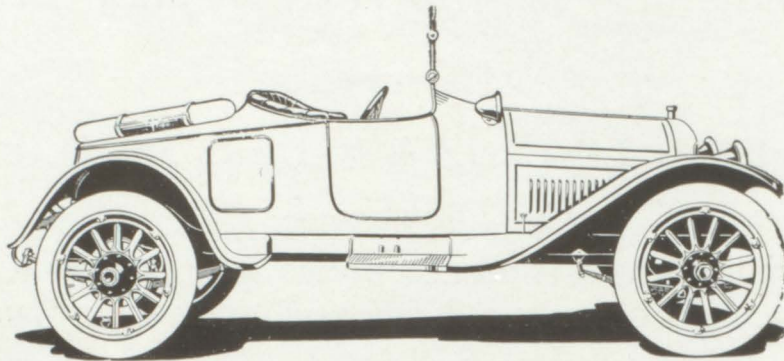
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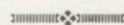
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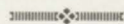
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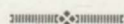
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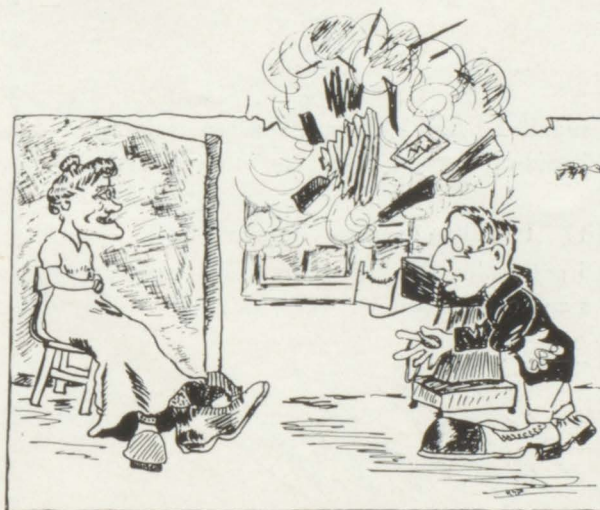
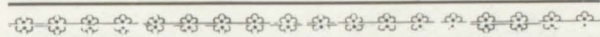
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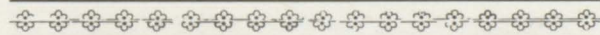


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