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1908

HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL
ANNUAL 1908

EDITED, AND MANAGED BY
RAPHAEL ISAACS AND EDITH M. TOMLIN

For the Senior Class of Hughes High School

THE COLLEGE MAN WINS

"Who's Who in America," is a biographical dictionary of the 10,704 living Americans, "most notable, in all departments of usefulness and reputable endeavor." Six thousand one hundred and twenty-nine of them are college graduates; 1,580 more have had partial college training. Only 1,627 have had high school training only; the remaining few constitute but 10 per

cent. of the total. Comparing this classification with the education classification of all the people in the United States, as given by the last census, it is found that one high school graduate in 404 has achieved "notable success;" one college graduate in 42. The college man has the better chance, *ten times*.

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THE SECRETARY, UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI



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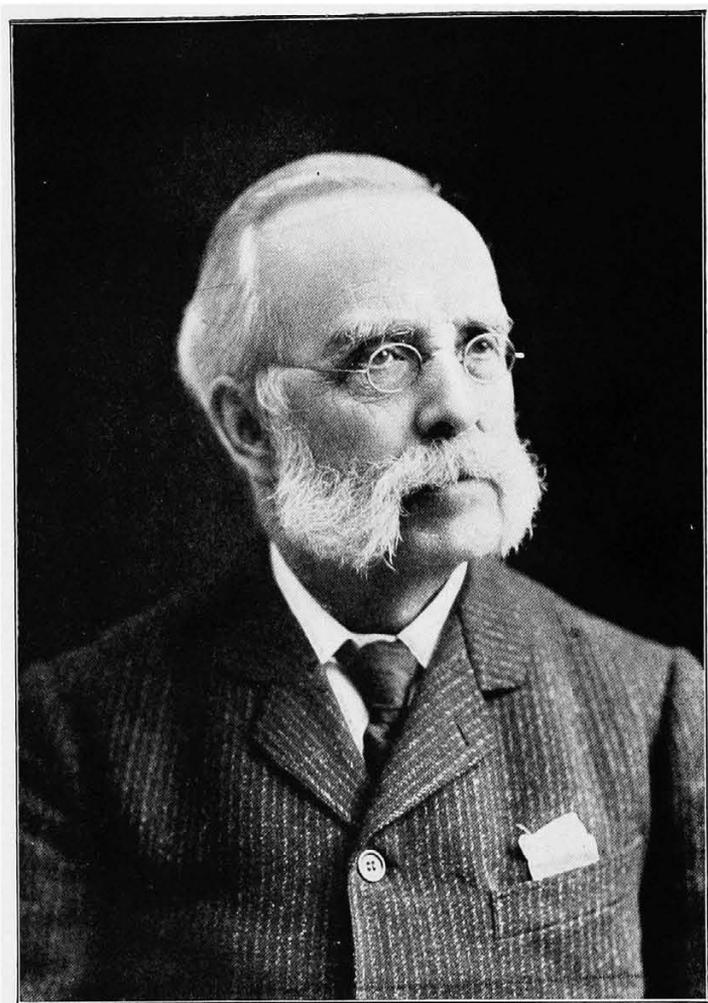
116 EAST NINTH STREET



THE ANNUAL

Is Respectfully Dedicated to
ELIAB WASHBURN COY, Ph. D.





ELIAB WASHBURN COY
PRINCIPAL HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL

✠ ✠ A WORD OR TWO ✠ ✠

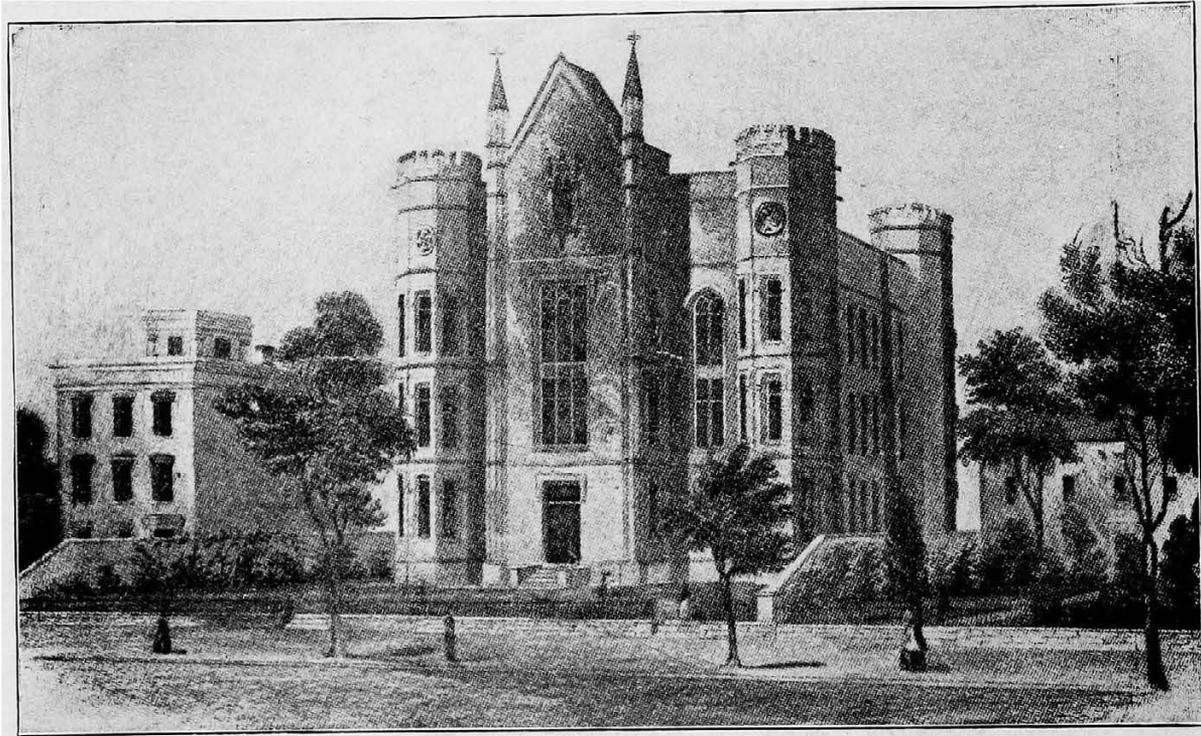


The Editors in compiling this Annual have intended that it should be

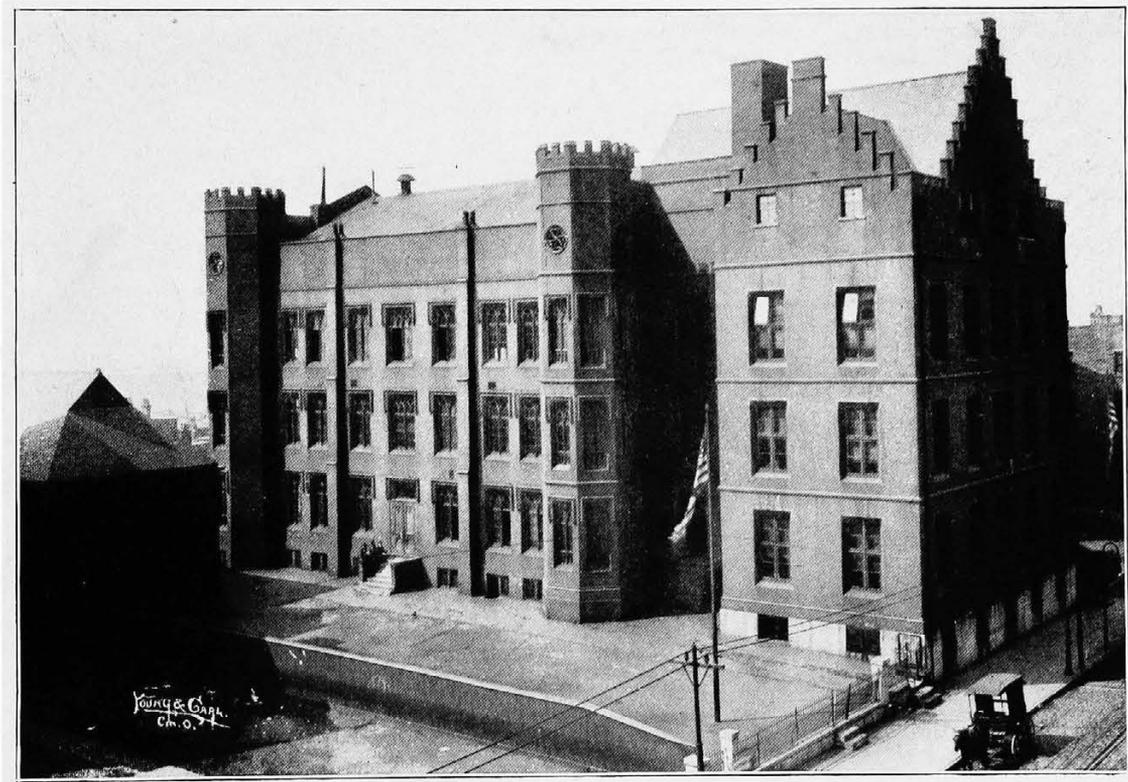
A Pictorial Review of the Year.

With this end in view, all stories and such matter have been omitted to make way for photographic representations of people and events of the year.

The Editors.



HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL IN 1853



OLD HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL (PRESENT DAY)

	FACULTY	
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E. W. COY, PRINCIPAL.

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T. WARRINGTON GOSLING.

FRED. ALVIN KING.

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STUDENT'S DREAM.

O the seers of old, they were bad and bold,
 And the feats they did were eerie;
 With their wondrous plays, and their mystic ways,
 And discourses long and dreary.
 With a one, two three! you'd a palace, see,
 Full of gold and jewels plenty;
 They could fill your plate and have on you wait
 Tall slaves to the tune of twenty.

On a charger gay, you ride away,
 With a sword in your scabbard handy,
 To the maiden fair, with her golden hair—
 Oh the seer of old was a dandy!
 But I boldly say, let him hear who may,
 We could take away their glory;
 They would fade away, turn with envy gray,
 Those sorcerers old and hoary.

City fathers bold, they are not so old.
 But, Oh! they are wise and witty!
 For before your eyes see (on paper) rise
 The grandest school in the city.
 As you gaze and gaze, you are filled with praise,
 And marvel much at its beauty;
 While the fathers say, in their modest way,
 "We have simply done our duty."

But the magic's here; while you gaze and cheer
 For the structure tall and stately,
 It recedes away—till a later day—
 This building you've seen so lately.
 'Fore your startled eyes 'twill again arise,
 With its many dissolving views.
 O the fathers bold, beat the sages cold,
 When they gave us "Receding Hughes!"



OLD HUGHES STAFF

STAFF OF "OLD HUGHES"

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EDITH MULFORD TOMLIN.

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LOUISE SCHMITZ.
SIBYL HECK.
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ROB'T. BUHRMAN.

ATHLETICS

WM. MITCHELL.

"CLIPPED AND KEPT"

GUSTAV ECKSTEIN.
SUSAN G. MORRISON.

EXCHANGES

BESS DARLING.

ALUMNI

FRANK R. WILLIAMS

BUSINESS M'GR.

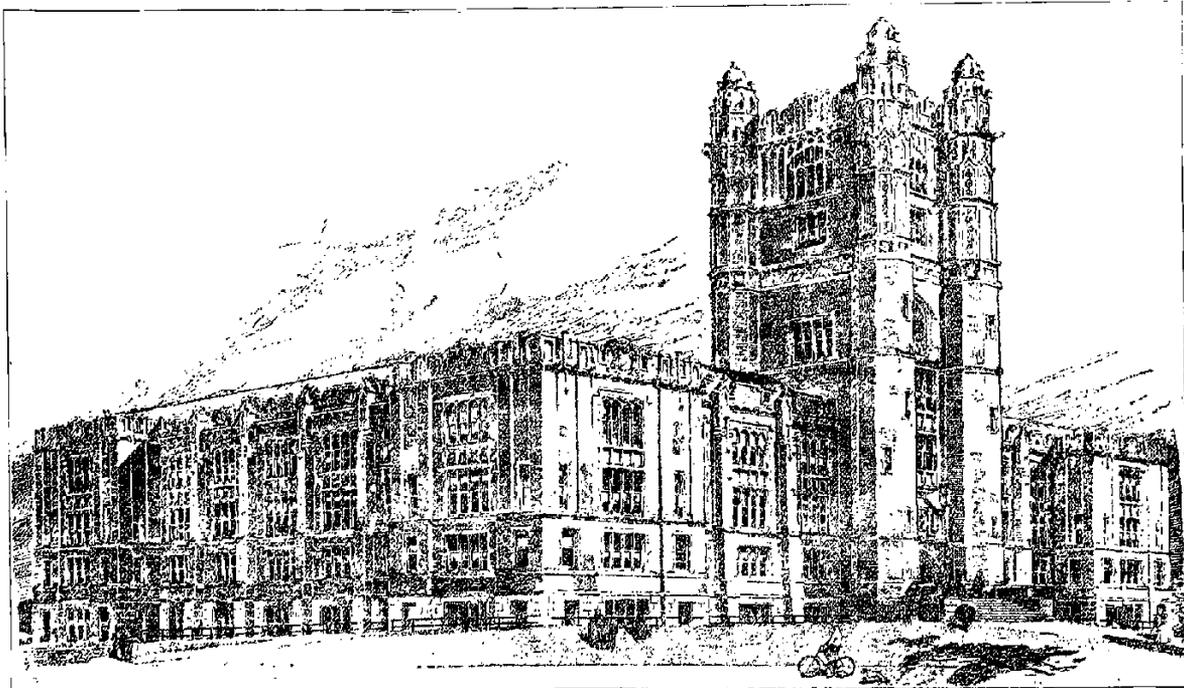
WM. HALL MAX FRIEDMAN
(1st Half) (2nd Half)



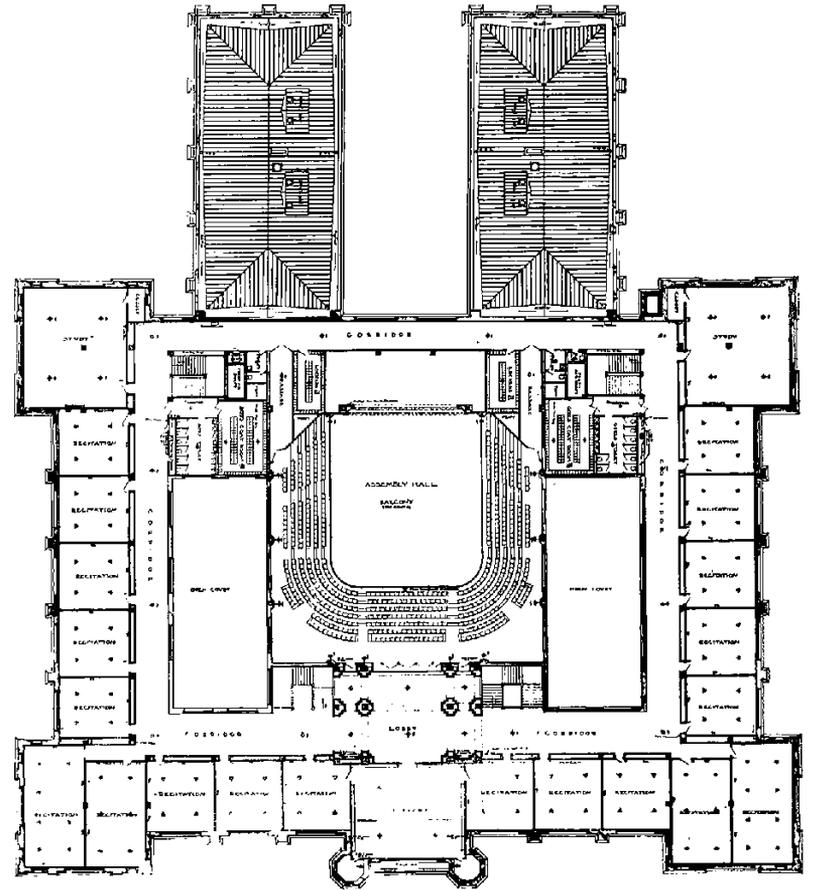
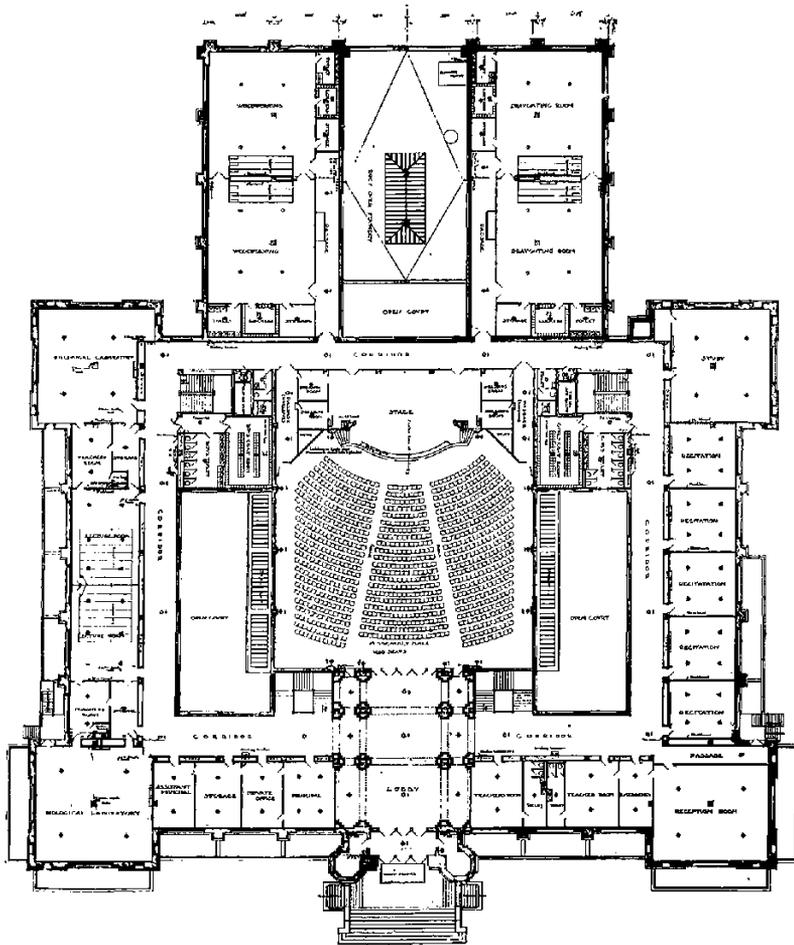
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EDITH M. TOMLIN.....Editor
THEODORE MINGES.....Solicitor
ROBERT BUHRMAN.....Tatler
RALPH MCGLOSSON.....Statistician

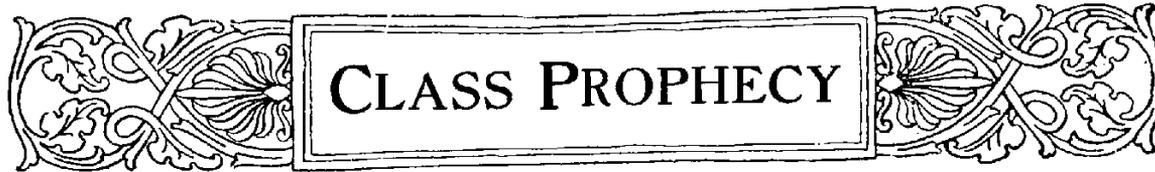
JULIA JERGENS.....Statistician
BESS DARLING.....Statistician
HULDA GUCKENBERGER.....Statistician
LOUISE SCHMITZ.....Statistician



NEW HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL



PLANS OF NEW HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL



CLASS PROPHECY

 ON June 1st, 1923, I boarded the new steamer, *Hughes-Itonia*, now, the largest and fastest vessel afloat, for Paris. On the third day out, land was sighted, and soon the sound of the lowering of the gang plank was heard. Many walked ashore, and soon I found myself the member of a small party that desired to penetrate the woods back a little farther from the shore than the rest, where they might obtain a few snap-shots, that their companions would envy.

We had gone some little distance when our attention was attracted by a huge monkey, holding a coconut in his paws, and swinging by his tail to the branch of a tree in a very contented way, undecided as to which one of our heads would make the best target for his aim. But not being accustomed to have a row of kodaks pointed at him, became alarmed, and did not wait for one of us to approach him, but instead slung it after us, and I, unaware of his intention, had just snapped my picture, when—bang! I can remember no more, but when I came to my senses, my companions were gone and I was left alone in what I took to be a forest. There seemed no hopes of escaping from this desolate place, so I contented myself with wandering around, trying to find the shore.

Suddenly I heard a whistle, and thinking it to be from the steamer, hastened my steps in the direction from which it came. Then, much to my surprise and also my delight, I found it to be the dinner call from a nearby farm. Approaching, I met several of the farm hands going to dinner, who I recognized as two of my old schoolmates, Earl Hertwig and Reginald McGrane. They seemed very glad to see me, for

indeed it was the first time I had seen either of them in the last fifteen years.

Earl extended his hand, but when I grasped it, I did not know whether I was holding a piece of wood or a hand. He noticed my astonishment, and immediately explained that owing to the fact that he was employed as bug catcher on this farm (potato bugs), it was very hard for him to keep his hands in good condition. His explanation, however, was unnecessary, for the reason was evident.

Then turning to shake hands with my friend Reginald, I was greeted with such a hearty grasp that I was very glad to withdraw my hand before it was altogether mashed. I had not noticed his appearance up to this time, but now I saw that he was attired as a jockey, his yellow blouse and red trousers were certainly a contrast to the dull blue overalls of his partner. He seemed in a great hurry, and excused himself, leaving me with Earl, who told me of the great events that were being prepared for the morrow, which, by the way, was the Fourth of July; I had forgotten all about it. Reginald was to ride *Lady Bird*, considered around the country as the only sure winner, but that now, almost at the last moment, Palmer had turned up with a horse which he intended riding, and as no one knew anything about his horse, it had caused a great deal of excitement as to which should be the winner.

But all this time I noticed that he was getting very fitzy (and you bet I was too, for it had been quite some time since I had heard the dinner call, and now glancing toward the house, I saw the rest of the farm hands going back to

work, and was just wondering whether it would be polite for me to propose that we go in to dinner, when Earl said, "Well, I think if we want anything to eat, we had better be making tracks for the house." So we did. I was taken in through the kitchen, and then it just dawned on me that perhaps the proprietor of this farm would not be so glad to see me, (since I did not know him), and feeling in my pockets for a coin with which to tip the cook for a hand-out if I should be refused a dinner. I found myself the fortunate possessor of a quarter, which I made up my mind to hold to as long as I possibly could.

As I was thinking these things, the cook came in from the dining room and told me to go in to dinner. There was something terribly familiar about her voice, and yet it was some time before I could place it; then all of a sudden it struck me that this was Elsie Webb. I did as I was bid and hastened into the dining room, where, upon my entrance, I saw sitting at the head of the table a very handsome man, who, on seeing me enter, rose, and coming forward, I at once recognized as my dear old friend Bob, but with his towering height and grand military style, I was forced to address him as Mr. Meade, and not the old familiar term, Bob.

On being assigned to my place at the table, which I was much pleased to find was the place of honor, our conversation immediately drifted back to the good olden times, beginning with our many pranks at school down to the present. The main topic of conversation was of the preparation for the celebration of the morrow. He informed me that the star company of the season would be at the Opera House the following night, which performance we could not miss, as we would probably never again in our lives have an opportunity of seeing such a novel and romantic play as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and what would make it all the more interesting was the fact that the parts were being rendered by many of our acquaintances, Vogel taking the part of poor old Uncle Tom; Rosenbaum, the villain; Meyer, St. Clair; Charlotte Eggers, aunt, and Elfreda Benner, Topsy, and Evelyn Meyers that of dear little Eva. Then to enliven the evening, those with an extra dime might remain to a concert, in which Bess Darling, Anna Hugnagel and Clarence Fernberg were the chief

figures in singing and dancing, winding up with a solo, "San Antonio," by Mr. Louis Fine.

He informed me that he had purchased a number of tickets from Samuel Schlansky, who was the ticket agent for this company.

Just then, in answer to a ring from my host, Schlemmer the butler entered, and he was told to order Perin, the coachman, to bring the carriage around for a drive.

After making a very elaborate bow, he disappeared so quickly that I looked to see just what part of the floor had swallowed him, when I suddenly remembered that he was once the champion runner at Hughes.

As soon as the meal was finished, we left for a drive to the city, as he wished to show me the sights. The road was hot and dusty, and the sun beat down mercilessly, and silence reigned throughout. Suddenly directly in front of us there arose upon the horizon a great white cloud of dust, and issuing forth from the midst of it came the shrill cry of "water melon! mel-on-s! mel-o-n-s," in a voice which I at once recognized as that of our beloved president, Hans Green. As the wagon drew near, I saw that he was sheltered from the sun by a large green umbrella, which bore the inscription: "H. Goldenberg, maker and repairer of umbrellas." But he was not alone, for at his side, smiling and giggling, her face almost covered by a large sunbonnet, sat Ruth Sanders, who bowed very pleasantly as we passed.

The quiet repose into which we had lapsed was suddenly disturbed by the hysterical cries of two buxom girls coming down the road, at lightning speed, their mouths widely distended and cheeks puffed out like stuffed toads, and between each gasp for breath they let out a whoop that would have done credit to a full-blood.

So anxious were we to find out the cause of this commotion, that I did not recognize my old friends, Lenore Ruby Foote and Sarah Belle Grad, until we had halted at the edge of a large cistern, where clinging to the round of a ladder with one hand, and holding a pig from a watery grave with the other, was the stalwart frame of Gustave Eckstein. He made many explanations as to the eccentricities of this very peculiar stock, but as I was a little rusty in hogology, I took

for granted what he said, and we soon had the unlucky animal on dry ground, and were on our way again.

In an adjoining field we were very much amused by the manner in which the grass had been mowed, but as the man was coming our way, we soon found out the reason, for I recognized the farmer as Paul Becker. Now Paul was so pigeon-toed that he could only mow in a circle, and being new on the farm, he was not on to the way of cutting.

In the far distance we noticed a man coming in our direction at full speed, and by the steady stride and long swing I knew him to be Joseph Schneider, the former runner of our school. When he was in calling distance, I asked him the cause of this most unusual stunt, and he informed me that he was training for the 880 yard dash on the morrow.

My host being very considerate of our appetites, now proposed that we go to the "Teamster's Home." On nearing the hotel, our dispositions were caused to be somewhat ruffled, for just as we were leaving the buggy and starting down the sidewalk for the entrance, two porters who were cleaning the pavement caused a cloud of dust to go all over us, and as we were not in need of any snuff, was about to give them a good pummeling, when to my amazement I found myself in company with Mr. Stanley Kries and Dick Rust, so making the best apology I could for being so rude, we turned to enter the hotel, when my attention was attracted by a man singing in a very melodious voice—

c
/s my o

Standing by a ladder and holding a bucket of water, sponges and rags, was Stanley Wilson. His features were drawn, and he was dreadfully aged, there were streaks of silver in his hair, and his voice was cracked. A little above him, washing windows, the flourishes of her rag-keeping time to the rhyme of his song, stood Julia, the heroine of the ditty.

On entering the hotel we were greeted by the delicious odor from the cooking of the many Italian dishes for which the house was famous. The interior was very beautiful, and as we were admiring all these lovely things, a little French maid approached us, whom I recognized as Marion Tieman.

I was just thinking how charming she looked, when she addressed me thus: "Bon jour, monsieur, on allez vous?" Maybe you know what this is! I don't; but just the same, I asked her where I might register, and was shown to the desk. There sat behind the counter a goodly proportioned dame, of about forty years, I should judge, for her hair was not yet streaked with gray. This most lovely person was Esther Washburn, the proprietor. I registered, and was shown into the dining room by a very charming waitress, Lucile Washburn, where, after looking over the menu and deciding that I wanted an oyster stew, I rang for a waitress, and my call was answered by Agnes Doyle, who was all smiles to see her old friend. She soon complied with my request, and brought me in a bowl with one little oyster down in the bottom. I was so angry that I picked up a dish of crackers and dumped them in on top of him and left them there, and I guess the hungry little rascal has them all ate by this time and is ready for another stew. I left the table quite disgusted, and made my way to the elevator. I thought I would stop and talk to Miss Washburn on my way, but as I passed the desk I saw that Story had her monopolized for it would be hard to tell how long, so I went on, and was taken to the third floor by William Mitchell, the elevator boy.

By this time I had really forgotten the number of my room, and as my host had left me, and, as I did not wish to spend my quarter in tipping a bell boy, I determined to find it myself, if I entered every room on the floor first. I started out by looking at the numbers on the doors, and coming upon Number 23, stopped. Surely I had this number in connection with something before, and yet what, unless the number of my room. Feeling positive that I had found the right place, I entered. The room was empty, and so closing the door after me, I made myself as comfortable as I could, and picking up a paper from the stand, sat down to read. It happened to be about a month old, still I devoured its contents eagerly. The head-lines seemed very exciting: "Caught at Last," so I started out with that article. It told of how Louise Schmitz, one of the most desperate cow-boy girls of the country, had been captured. It seems as though she had been causing a great deal of trouble, for, as the leader of a daring band of out-laws, she had made it unsafe for anyone to go out after dark.

Just at this point of the story, I heard strains of music (shall I say music, or a noise). I was wondering if I should open the window and throw down my quarter it would go away, but I was not long in doubt, for hearing a tapping on the glass, I opened it, and a monk jumped in. Being curious to see its master, I looked out, and there in the street below vigorously grinding a hand-organ, stood Blanchard, while not far from him, Wahn was doing his best to beat a tambourine and dance. While I was amusing myself with this odd sight, some one entered so noiselessly that I was not aware of their presence, until I felt a pair of arms surrounding my neck, and turning quickly, I saw Cora Rusk. That she was an old maid was evident from her dress, but more certain from her action. To her right on the floor sat a polly in its cage, while a large black cat was making itself busy rubbing against my feet and purring vigorously.

This was certainly a very valuable menagerie, and I was just wondering how would be the quicker way to cage the whole bunch, when she, not knowing my intention, hugged me a little tighter, and cried: "O dearie, I am so glad you came, for although you are a tramp, you know a man is a man for all that." But the sweet embrace was soon broken, for the entire hotel was thrown into commotion by an uproar in an adjoining room. A traveler, Howard Kugler, worn and weary with the day's journey, had been assigned to a room that had not been occupied for some time, and into which old Tabby was won't to take possession. Now the traveler ordered the maid, Dora Bernstein, to bring in a hot water bottle and mustard plaster, and also to place a pitcher of hot water outside his door. On retiring, he was somewhat surprised by the furry feel of the bottle, but supposing it to be a twentieth century invention, was soon in slumberland, but having viewed a foot-ball game in the afternoon, his mind was going over the lapse of years to the time when he was playing on the old Hughes eleven and was giving a mighty kick-off, when he transformed his supposed hot water bottle into a veritable volcano, for Tabby not being accustomed to the foot-ball game, clinched upon his bare toes, and with one great spring, he landed plump into the mustard, cat and all, and making a bee line for the door, he forgot the pitcher of water, and into this he thrust the other foot, and being

unable to extract it, he went down the stairs like a young tornado, and the assistance of Dr. Minges had to be called.

After this experience, I was determined to be shown my room, and so calling to a porter, was soon in the right place. I was very tired and anxious to go to sleep, so made great haste to get there. When just on the verge of enjoying this peace for a few hours, I was again disturbed by the talking of a woman. Her voice was very shrill, and rose and fell in quite an excited and enthusiastic way, repeating the words again and again: "And think, my friends, when the gentle hand of woman shall sway the empire."

As I listened, I became impressed, and almost wished I was a woman and might have such a distinguished leader as Mademoiselle Nora Bess Ely. But at the same time, while it was very pleasant to listen to the gentle voice of woman, still it would have been just as pleasant to get a little sleep, but knowing that there was no chance for such a thing at present or in the near future, was just about to ask to have my room changed, when horror of horrors, she started singing, and not alone either, for Louise Kirck, her companion joined her. I listened to them for a few minutes, and then, much to my joy, the end came, winding up with—

"The rights of woman now are here,
The devil you need no longer fear."

Indeed, I was very glad that I need have no longer fear, and was soon in the land of nod.

I was awakened next morning by the firing of the sunrise cannon, by Earl Eversman, and remembering that this was the glorious Fourth, I got up, went to the window and looked out. I saw Margaret Martin and Palmer walking right across the street. He was attired in his jockey costume, and Margaret wore a beautiful creation of a merry widow hat, which was the target for a huge cannon cracker thrown by a small boy, the dimensions of the hat making easy money for the boy. There was a splutter of the fuse—bang—the flowers went heavenward, and the straw made a noon-day meal for a hungry donkey. Palmer never was able to console his lady friend over her loss, and so contented himself with a few of his pet expressions, such as we often had the pleasure of hearing at our foot-ball games when something went contrary to his wishes.

Hastily donning my coat, I started out for the park where I had been informed the celebrations were to take place. On a small cross street, I saw a sign, "Mr. Haeckl." On inquiring, I found him to be the man who compounds the flavoring extract used on the back of postage stamps. About half a block farther, I entered the store of Miss Susie Morrison, who was doing a satisfactory business in butter, cheese, flour, chest protectors, hair oil, eggs, rubber boots and other luxuries. She had a score of female clerks, Dora Sonnendav, Elsie Zeller, Lisetta Mittendorf, Elizabeth Wides and Ida Schaefer, who were very popular with the men, who of course paid their respects to the store. After a very pleasant stay in the store, which had lasted some time, and the noise in the streets was becoming intolerable, I moved on, and just as I was crossing the street, my attention was attracted by Miss Denton, who was coming in my direction. She had a terrible looking thing on her arm, and on making inquiry, I found it to be her husband, and do you know, he could not look me straight in the face, for he was cross-eyed. Marie had been North, South, East and West, and wherever she went, of course she would have an occasional admirer, but the minute she had the opportunity she began about Byron, and Byron it was in the morning and Byron it was in the evening, and when she went to a play, she would begin about how like Byron the hero was, until she had scared all of them off; but being a very persistent old maid, she kept up her conquest, and finally landed her fish. He had been a miner in a coal mine, without any education, and thought that perhaps Byron was some friend of George Washington.

I next ran into Miss Kelsall, of whom I inquired the whereabouts of my old schoolmate, Huldah Guckenburger, for having spent much time together, and just a sort of rivalry having existed between them about some poor fellow who was just off his dip about Huldah, the sprite of Hughesville. Of course, Nat would have to say that she was a lovely girl, and all that, but when she said it she would look as if she had tasted a lemon. But it is hard lines for a sociable girl to sit around the house and practice finger movements on the piano and see everything lighted up across the street. Huldah always had a rusher of men callers, and the weather permitting, she held an over-flow meeting on the veranda. There was the proprietor of the farm and our hero, Robert Buhrman,

and Bill Hall, the fellow who wrote Jr. after his name. These were all just foolish about Huldah, but when our hero went to see her, the door-bell just kept on ringing, and he found that instead of conducting a courtship, he was simply getting in on a series of mass meetings. So he dropped out of the competition, and took to calling on Sarah Craig, where he found he was just the cheese. But peach crops come and peach crops go, and the door-bell did not tingle with the usual frequency, and Huldah, seeing that the vernal season had passed, decided to stop the Philandering, and pick one for keeps, even the meadow would look good to her. At last accounts she was supposed to be guessing. Such was the detail that Miss Kelsall gave me regarding her old friend, but remembering that the regular recording angel had to be laid off, and a hired first-class stenographer put on the track when you ask one maid to discuss the other, so thanking her for her information, I passed on, making my way toward the park.

At the entrance there was a very cozy looking settee, and I was counting on a nice little snooze, but it was a case of "stung again," for as I approached, I heard a kid squaling and several people talking, and always being more or less of a buttinsky, I walked on until I reached them, and who do you suppose it was. Edith Tomlin, dressed as a nurse girl, sitting there talking to Ralph McGlasson, a large sized cop, and indeed I believe he was copping her, for she never even noticed me, so I stood by and listened. It was really a shame to take the money, but I was very glad to be the first one to congratulate them, and suppose the happy event will come off in the near future.

I would liked to have remained with this loving pair forever, but just then, hearing the call of a street vender: "Peanuts, pop corn, candy and chewing gum; five a pack," I decided that, as I had no breakfast, some candy would not go bad, so I went to hunt the fellow up, and found it to be Arthur King. I spent ten cents of my quarter, and left him.

A little farther on I was held up by Ernest Clerk, one of those guyes who owned a stand where you throw rings at canes, and if fortunate enough to ring one, it is yours. He was yelling so loud, "the cane you ring, the cane you carry away," that I really thought it was worth a nickle, and being

informed that you got three throws for five, I made an attempt, and succeeded in getting one, which I sold to some easy mark a little later for 14 cents.

Right across the way was a lemonade stand, in charge of Margaret Barkley and Bess Broerman, and seeing me pass, insisted on my taking some, which I willingly did, and while I was standing talking, along came Raphael Isaacs, walking with an Annual under his arm, and very busily engaged in an argument with himself. He was talking so loud that I could not help hearing what he was saying. It seems that the young men of Hughesville were thinking very seriously of giving the young ladies a dance, to repay them for one that had been tendered them many (leap) years ago, but somehow they could not agree as to the amount each should pay; some were willing to give ten cents, but the majority thought that too large a sum, and would not volunteer a nickel, so Isaacs was appointed to ask one of the ladies how much she had given toward the other dance, but she had told him that it was none of his business. At this he had flown into a passion, and vowed that they should not give them a dance at all.

A few minutes later, Harold Neave came along and invited me to accompany him to the games, and thinking this a good chance to have my admission paid, I grabbed his arm, and we started off. We did not stop to talk to anyone on the way, so arrived at the gate in a short time. Max Friedman, the door-keeper took our tickets, and called an usher, who happened to be M. Miller. He ran ahead so quickly that we had some trouble in following. After we were seated, we heard the cries of Edna Ringold, "Here you are, get your

programmes right here. Every event marked, high rope walkers, sweep-stake horses, matched mules, spotted hogs, and the baby show, open to all not over twenty. Here you are, cost you but a nickle, a half dime, a five cent piece. We purchased, or rather Harold purchased one, and we started looking over it, but before we had finished, a loud bell rang which announced the opening of the games. We were all attention in watching the display on the tracks, which lasted for some few minutes. Then the prizes were announced, and Rosa Schear was awarded the blue ribbon for having the fattest spotted pig, and Rickell the best pair of mules.

Now the center of attraction seemed to be a little stand brought up in front of the grand stand, which held the beautiful babies, up for inspection. Ye gods! Could any one ever imagine a more terrible sight; some I know would be delighted to see fifty, yet posing as under twenty. I made a side remark to my friend, but alas, one of them heard it, and before I had time to utter a final prayer for salvation, I was scalped. I felt my head go off with a terrible slash and fall on the floor.

I opened my eyes, and found the sunlight streaming in through the window of my cabin, and looking at my clock, found it long after rising time. My alarm had gone off some time ago, and yet I did not feel like I had had any sleep. I rubbed my eyes, tried to think, but my brain was dusty, so I sneezed and jumped out of my bunk, and dashed a bowl of ice water on my face, and then my senses gradually came back, and I was still sailing in the Atlantic, with nothing like Hughesville in sight.

MURPHY, '08.



FAREWELL ANNOUNCEMENT

DEAR SCHOOLMATES:

It has always been the custom in past years for the Tatler to write a farewell, would-be-witty note to his classmates. As it was, is now and ever shall be my policy to try to be different. I will not write a "last Spec of the Spectator." I had not the chance to reveal my identity in "Old Hughes," and I therefore take this opportunity to sign my name as Tatler, insurance inspector and statistic collector.

I ask you to kindly remember me as one who tried

to develop the humorous nature of each one of you, or to keep in condition that nature, if it was already developed. Whether I have succeeded or not, is merely a matter of opinion.

I bid you all God-speed in days to come, and hope you have received my efforts in the light in which they were offered.

Remember me, (as the Maine said when it started for the bottom),

R. L. BUHRMAN, TATLER.



CURIOSITY SHOP

Anxious:—No, the spots on the sun are not caused by prickly heat.

Constant:—A is right. Mortar holds bricks together, not apart.

A. B. C.:—Yes, air outside of the base line is foul.

Batesville:—To take black spots out of cloth, dye the whole piece black.

Beany Blankenbucles:—We refuse to answer your question.

Citizen:—There is such a bill pending in Legislature at this time. It reads: Resolved that; the edges of all "Merry Widow" hats shall be medicated to prevent eruption on skin of passersby who may scraped.

Curious:—You question is a strange one. We think a mosquito must needs strain himself in getting through a screen door or a fine sieve.

Tax-payer:—Yes, you may shoot your neighbor's dog if it licks your baby's face.

TATLER.

SENIOR CLASS, '08

MARGARET J. BARKLEY.

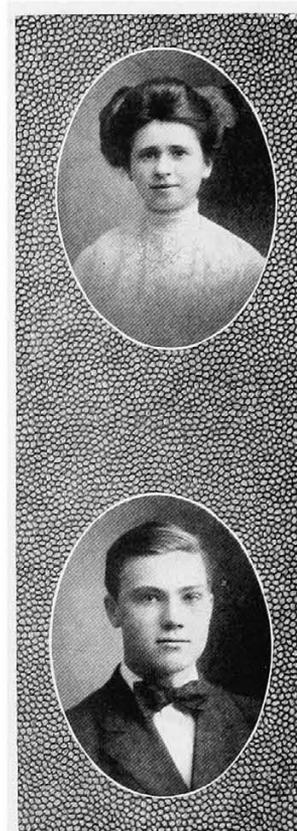
"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."

"Peggie's" quiet, unobtrusive ways have often deceived people.
But those who know her, grant her to have as many resources as
there are days in the year.

PAUL BECKER. Foot Ball Team.

Full of life, full of happiness, full of mischief, yet nevertheless
one of the heartiest boys in Hughes. In fact, we may say of him—

"He could smile, and smile, and be a villain still."





ELFREDA BENNER, Poos Ball Team.

"You must dream of her tall and stately,
You must picture her walk sedately,
And whatever she does is sure to be right."

Always happy and good-natured. Also athletic, for without Elfreda to shield our team, the victories might not have been so pronounced.

DORA BERNSTEIN.

"Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double!
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks!
Why all this toil and trouble."

Dora is a girl who realizes that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and therefore she labors constantly to increase her store.

ALBERT BLANCHARD.

One of those who are devoted to the muse of music. Heard of in all musical circles, disseminating sweet harmony wherever he goes, that is Blanchard.

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy,
I were but little happy could I say how much."

BESS BROERMAN, V. O.

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous, though coy and gentle though retired."

This is a very reserved girl. She is loving and calm and respected by all.

ROBERT BUHRMAN, T. O.

Manager Foot Ball Team, O. H. Staff.

Another of those devil-may-care fellows, who's always in mischief, and nearly as always in trouble.

"Mischief, swift to enter the minds of desperate men."

SARAH CRAIG.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."

Sarah can do a great many things and do them well, but what we most admire her for is her music. May the muses continue to favor her in this line!





BESS DARLING.

Nu Beta Phi, Old Hughes staff.

"Her face is like the milky way i' the sky—
A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

Bess's sweet disposition, sympathetic nature and loving heart have made her the very personification of her name.

MARIE DENTON, Captain Poos Ball Team.

"A mighty hunter, and her prey is man."

This mischievous, light-hearted girl can get as much fun out of things as any in the class. She also knows how to get what she wants both from teacher and pupil, for she is Past Master at "bluffing."

AGNES DOYLE, Poos Ball Team.

"I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise and good."

Here is a studious girl, who never says much, but simply does. Her teachers all recognize her to be a splendid pupil.

GUSTAV ECKSTEIN, Laboratory Assistant; Old Hughes Staff.

Our baby orator. One of those boys who defies the old motto:
"Children should be seen and not heard."

"He lards with flourishes his long harangue."

CHARLOTTE EGGERS,

Nu Beta Phi; Theta Sigma Poos Ball Team.

"An angel of light, she will sing of His love,
As she tenderly care for the ill;
She will point them to Him whose throne is above,
And teach them to do His sweet will."

It has been said of Lottie, "she talks like a Dutch uncle." However true this may be, more than once in the past four years of our associations together, have our cares been lightened by the sound of her gentle voice.

EARL EVERSMAN.

A talented Spaniard, turn-veriener, Herancourt product.

"How fine it is to feel a giant's power."





NORA BESS ELY, Nu Beta Phi; Poos Ball Team.

"In her longing to be helpful,
She will to the sick-room go;
And her smile will scatter sunshine,
In relieving pain and woe."

"Fido," as she is best known by her friends, has during our acquaintance brightened our lives with her smiles and laugh(?). Now as she enters her studies for a professional nurse, the class of 1908 wishes her efforts to be crowned with success.

CLARENCE FERNBERG. Class Representative at Music Hall.

"I love to wind my mouth up,
I love to hear it go,"

LOUIS FINE.

A diminutive youngster, full of vim, life and fun.

"Words of learned length and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics, ranged around."

LEONORE FOOTE, V. O.

"Short but sweet.

Here is the "little one" in the class of '08. Though no bigger than a peanut, she has trials and tribulations enough for twenty girls.

MAX FRIEDMAN. French Club.

Here she is. Ain't she cute. Just look at the dear thing.

"And Frenchie, he spake for fayre and fetisly,
After the scale of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to him unknowe."

SARAH BELLE GRAD.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all (s)he knew."

Behold one our shining lights! Sarah Gelle is certainly a brilliant girl.





HARRINGTON GREEN, D. B., President, '08.

Here is our worthy President pictured in all his youthful charms.
Can you beat him?

"He was the noblest Roman of them all."

HOWARD GOLDENBURG.

Few have the persevering tenacity which this boy possesses.
Unusually bright and learned is "Goldic," yet withal easy to get
along with.

"In thy face I see the map of honor truth and loyalty."

HULDA GUCKENBERGER, Theta Beta, Poos Ball Team.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love."

This Titian lassie is one of the best known girls of the A Grade.
"Sweet" she is to her friends, who all admire her for her poetry
and her other numerous accomplishments.

JOHN HAECKL. Base Ball Team.

One of the few who know everything without obtruding themselves into other people's affairs.

"A man not of words, but of actions."

WILLIAM HALL, D. B.,

Business Manager "Old Hughes," Base Base Team.

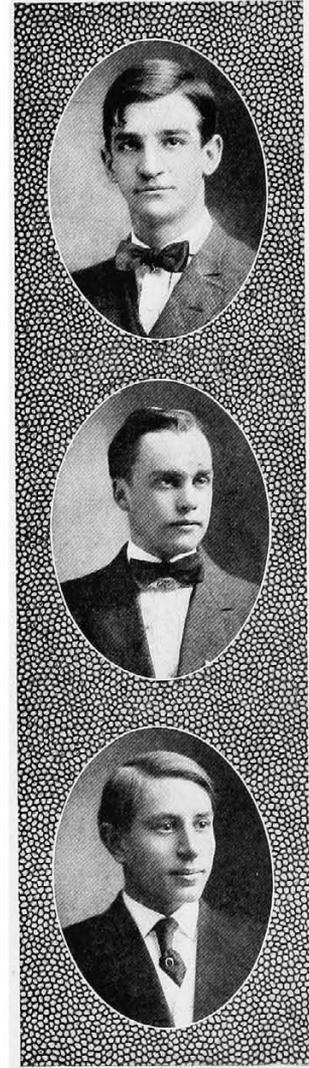
A true Irishman, with an Irishman's sense of fun.

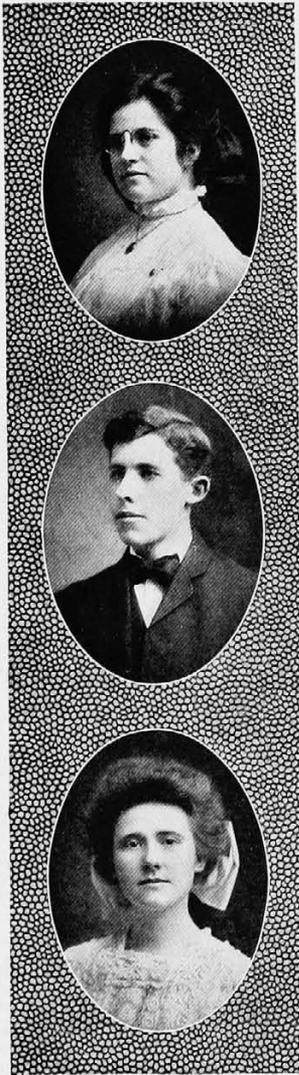
"Oh! who will smoke my merschaum pipe."

EARL S. HERTWIG, T. O.

Here's to "Baron." Earl is a boy who could be bright if he would keep awake.

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
'You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again.'"





ANNA HUFNAGEL, V. O.

"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."

Here is an all around good girl. Enough study to commend her to her teachers, and enough fun to make her a favorite among her classmates.

RAPHAEL ISAACS, T. O., Q. E.,

Editor "Old Hughes." Editor and Gen'l. M'g'r. Annual.

Raph, the renowned and honored. Notice that learned look on his brow. He is an especial friend of Mr. Gosling's acquaintance.

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."

JULIA JERGENS, Nu Beta Phi; Theta Sigma; Poos Ball Team.

"Some one asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing I did say;
But with me fingers pointed to
The lips of my dear Julia."

The dignity with which their fair maiden has glided through the hall of dear old Hughes, and the gentle smile which she bestowed upon every one, has drawn her very near to the hearts of teacher and pupil.

NATHALIE KELSALL, Theta Beta; Poos Ball Team.

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
As sweet as (Price Hill) air could make her."

"Nat" is one of our happy girls. She is always laughing, and she has a famous laugh, too, taking in about every note in the scale. She is a great walker; very fond of it, indeed.

ARTHUR KING.

A peculiar boy of extraordinary temperament. He is a jolly good companion.

"I never thrust my nose into other men's porridge."

STANLEY KREIS, D. B.,

Foot Ball Team, Base Ball Team; "Old Hughes' Staff."

The regulation dude of the class. Also one one of the few dudes whom all can get along with well. He's—

"The very pineapple of politeness."

"A fine press gentleman, that's all perfume."





LOUISE KUCK, Nu Beta Phi; Theta Sigma.

"She had a rustic, woodlawn air,
And she wildly clad,
Her eyes were fair and wildly fair,
Her smile made me glad."

To know Louise is to love her. She always has a kind word for every one, and has proven herself a friend to each of her classmates.

MARGARET MARTIN, Theta Beta; Poos Ball Team.

"Thro' light and shadow thou dost range,
Sudden glances, sweet and strange;
Delicious spites and darling angers,
And airy forms of fitting change."

Gretel is one of the girls loved by all. She is a lovely companion, and a faithful student. She is ever ready to please, and does so often in more ways than sharing her home-made cakes and candies. She is also a very jolly girl, and possesses a "smile that won't wear off."

REGINALD McGRANE, D. B.

A boy who has come out wonderfully these past two years. An earnest student and a good scholar is "Rex."

"Learning by study must be won,
'Twas ne'er entailed from sire to son."

RALPH McGLASSON, T. O., "Old Hughes" Staff.

Mac has always been a friend in need. When any of his fellows could not understand, he made them understand.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed,
And certainly he was a good fellow."

ROBERT MEADE, T. O., Foot Ball Team; Class Secretary, '08.

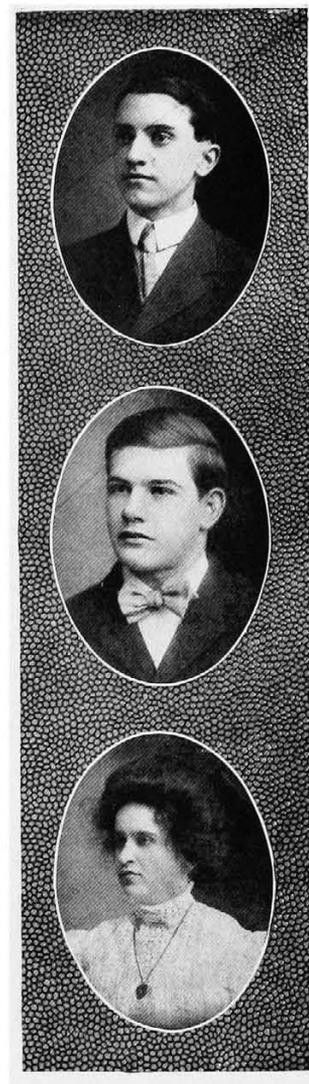
"Old Hughes" artist. Here's the athlete of the school. A small compact mass, but wondrous strong withal.

"It seemed a cherub who had lost his way."

EVELYN MEYER.

"It is a very good world to live in."

Evelyn is one of the studious members of our class. Although she has only been with us a short while, she has made many friends. She is satisfied with the world, and the world is satisfied with her.





EDWIN MEYER. Baseball Team.

It's hard to find the peculiarities in Meyer, because he has none. Just a common, ordinary boy is "Eddie."

"He that respects himself is safe from others;
He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce."

MITCHELL MILLER.

Another young athlete, and a renowned chemist as well. "Mitch" is well liked by all for his good qualities.

"The muscles of his brawny arms were strong as iron bands."

LISETTA MITTENDORFF, Poos Ball Team.

"A little child, a limber elf,
Singing and dancing to itself."

"Bright Eyes" is a very applicable name for Lisetta. She reminds one of a wood fairy, with her graceful motion and merry laugh. Fairies do not play the piano, but Lisetta does, and does it well.

WILLIAM MITCHELL, T. O.

Foot Ball Team; Captain Base Ball Team; Secretary '07;
"Old Hughes" Staff.

Here's a man proficient in anything and everything. He plays
base ball, foot ball or anything else going.

"There's mischief in this man."

THEODORE MINGES. Staff of the "Annual."

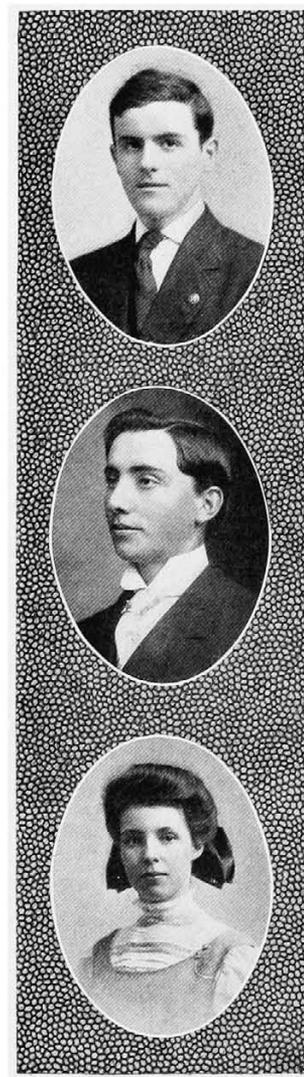
"Doc" fully conveys the impression of what a "grave and digni-
fied Senior" should be. He's a fine fellow, for a' that.

"A kinder gentleman treads not the earth."

SUSIE MORRISON, V. O., Poos Ball Team.

"Of all the girls that are so sweet,
There's none like pretty Susie."

Susie is one of our mathematical girls. Nothing pleases her so
much as a long, hard problem. She is generous with her lessons,
too, as many a hard-worked student can testify.





HAROLD NEAVE, T. O. Foot Ball Team.

"Oh, where, oh, where has my little dog gone." This is Hal's song all day long. A mischief-loving fellow, the same as Palmer, Mitchell and Becker.

"Mirth always did mark whate'er he did."

ELLIOTT PALMER, D. B.,

Captain Foot Ball Team; Base Ball Team; Art League.

A man difficult to describe, he has so many peculiarities. Among the foremost of these is his love for big words.

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief."

HOWARD PERIN.

A good boy, and one who has an utter abhorrence for all things wicked and sinful. He is like the lemon, of which a man said on perceiving the outside—

"The worst is yet to come."

DAVID ROSENBAUM.

"Rosie" is a budding mathematician, who expects to make a mark in the world. Wake up "Rosie."

"Awake, awake, it is the morn."

CORA RUSK.

"One vast substantial smile."

No one can have the "blues", when Cora is around, for there never was a merrier girl. She goes through the world with a smiling face, and troubles seem to fly when she comes near. We thought Cora was a little angel until she read her composition on, "Recollections of My Childhood." Oh! naughty Cora!

EDNA RINGGOLD.

"For never anything can be amiss.
Where simpleness and duty tender it."

This girl is the personification of generosity, as many whom she has saved from a flunk can testify.





RICHARD RUST, D. B.

"He could distinguish and divide,
A hair, 'twixt south and southwest side."

RUTH SANDERS,

Nu Beta Phi, Theta Sigma; Poos Ball Team.

"Light of heart, and light of foot,
Darts like sunshine, in and out;
As she bounds through hall and room,
May she leap right into fame."

To Ruth belongs much of the honor won by the "A" Grade Poos Ball Team. She was our "star" player. Her favorite color is "green."

JOSEPH SCHNEIDER.

Foot ball team, track team, 440 yard run, 880 yard run. A great long-distance runner; besides a foot ball player of no mean repute.

"Nothing is won without effort or sacrifice."

ELMER SCHLEMMER.

Foot ball team, base ball team, track team, 100 yard dash, 220 yard dash. Our short distance runner. Also a great foot ball and base ball player.

“Speed with the wings of the wind.”

IDA SCHAEFER,

“Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is her destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow,
Finds her farther than to-day.”

Ida has been a very earnest student. Her greatest desire has been to prosper. She has formed many strong ties of friendship during her four years at “Dear Old Hughes.”

ROSE SHEAR.

“None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.”

This maiden has twined herself about us through her happy disposition, and we will greatly miss her smiling face when we are separated.





LOUISE SCHMITZ, Poos Ball Team; Old Hughes Staff.

"She's pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

If you were in trouble, the first person you would go to would be Louise. And she would comfort and love you until the sun seemed to shine. Again. Truly, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

SAMUEL SCHLANSKY.

A man who abounds in a peculiar sense of humor. Practical jokes are his specialty.

"The merriest man within the limits of becoming mirth."

DORA SONNENDAY, Theta Beta; Old Hughes Staff.

"Her music vibrates in the memory still."

"Dodie" seems to be a quiet little girl, but she can be very jolly "at the proper time, and with the proper people."

EDWIN STORY.

The same old story; too sleepy. Wake up Ed.; be alive. Remember this:—

“A man must find his occasions in himself.”

SIDNEY TEDESCHE.

He believes himself absolutely necessary for the success of anything.

“Had I been present at the creation, I could have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the Universe.”

MARIAN TIEMAN, Theta Beta; Poos Ball Team.

“Oh, she danced such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.”

“Mac” is one of the pretty butterfly girls of our class. She gracefully flits from one to the other, making all glad that they met her. She is also quite talented in the dramatic line.





EDITH MULFORD TOMLIN,

Theta Beta; Editor "Old Hughes and Annual.

"I hate nobody; I am in charity with all the world."

"Deedie" has the sweetest disposition in the world. She is always happy, and has a smile and a kind word for every one. The fine work she has done as editor has proven her high metal capabilities. "Deedie" is as pure as a pearl; a maiden one can never forget.

HERMAN VOGEL, D. B.,

Class Treasurer, '08; Chemistry Laboratory Chief Assistant,
Foot Ball Team.

A quiet, unobtrusive boy. However, upon occasions he can make his presence known (in class meetings).

"With an air of perpetual apology for the unpardonable presumption of being in the world."

ESTHER WASHBURN, Theta Beta; Poos Ball Team.

"She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair."

"Star" is one of the most popular girls in the grade. Her talent as an elocutionist, to say nothing of her charming personality and coquettish ways, have had no small part in bringing about this circumstance.

LUCILE WASHBURN, Theta Beta.

"When she will, she will;
And you may depend on it;
But when she won't, she won't,
And that's the end of it."

Lucile is a girl who greatly improves upon acquaintance. To her friends she is generous, charming and kind.

GEORGE H. WAHN.

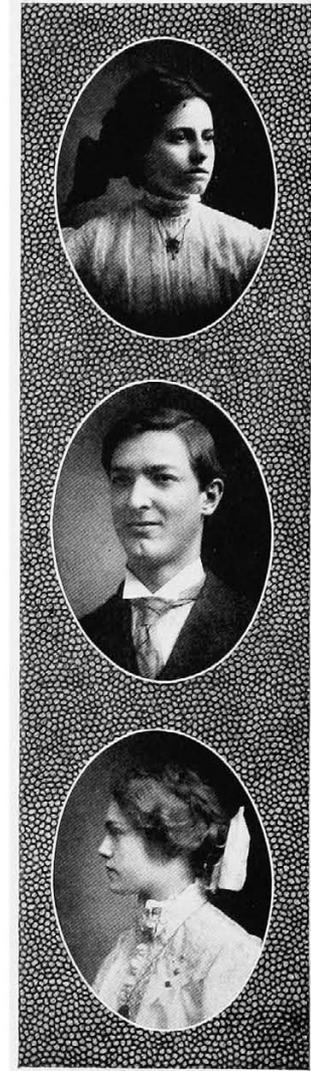
A man of unlimited, unprecedented talent, both in poetry and music.

"My boys, if you would farmers be,
Remember this; take after me."

ELSIE WEBB, Theta Beta; Poos Ball Team.

"Beyond expression fair,
With thy floating flaxen hair,
Thy rose-lips and full brown eyes."

"Kittens" is one of those girls who is just made to be petted and loved. Everybody likes her, especially——





STANLEY WILSON, D. B Class Treasurer, 07.

A true ladies' man. He has more cases to his record than any other boy that ever went to Hughes But—

"She floats upon the river of his thoughts."

ELIZABETH WIDES.

"Let gentleness my strong enforcement be."

The simplicity and lack of affectation in Lizzie has won for her the admiration of all.

ELSIE ZELLER, V. O.

"She is a winsome, wee thing,
She is a handsome, wee thing,
She is a bonny, wee thing."

Here is a dear little girl, last but by no means least. Elsie has very high ideals, and is living up to them, too.

THE CLASS GROUPS

✿ ✿
✿ ✿
A GRADE—CLASS OF '08

Class Colors—Light Blue and Gold.

Class Motto—Carpe Diem.

Flower—Those Class Pins.



OFFICERS

HARRINGTON GREEN, *President*. ELSIE WEBB, *Vice-President*. HERMAN VOGEL, *Treasurer*. ROBERT MEADE, *Sec*

CLASS YELL: SULPHURETED HYDROGEN
 ZINC SULPHATE,
 HUGHES! HUGHES! 1908.



A GRADE

B GRADE

COLORS: White and Gold.

FLOWER: Daisy.

YELL:

KI, KILI, KONE,

KO, KILI, KINE,

HUGHES! HUGGIES! 1909!!!

OFFICERS:

JOSEPHINE C. PETERSON, *Pres.*

ROBERT M. GREEN, *Vice-Pres.*

SIBYL M. HECK, *Secretary.*

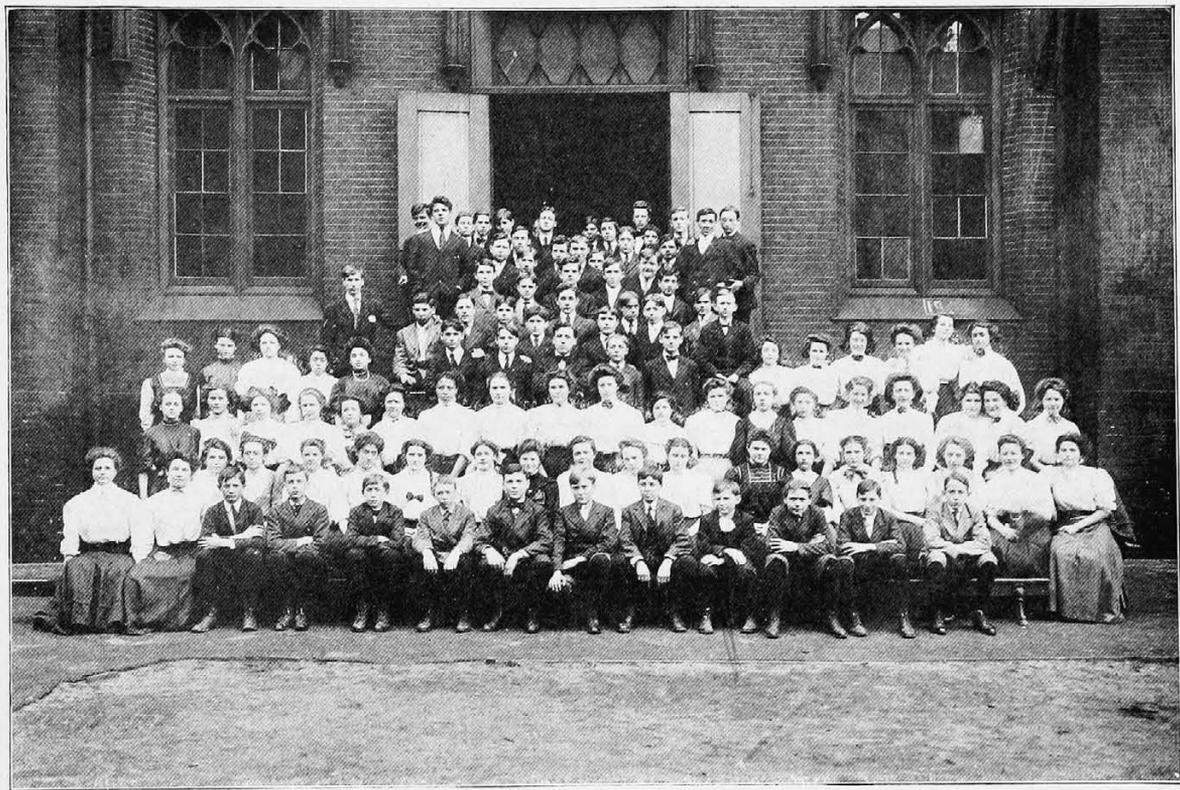
RAY FRAZIER, *Treasurer.*



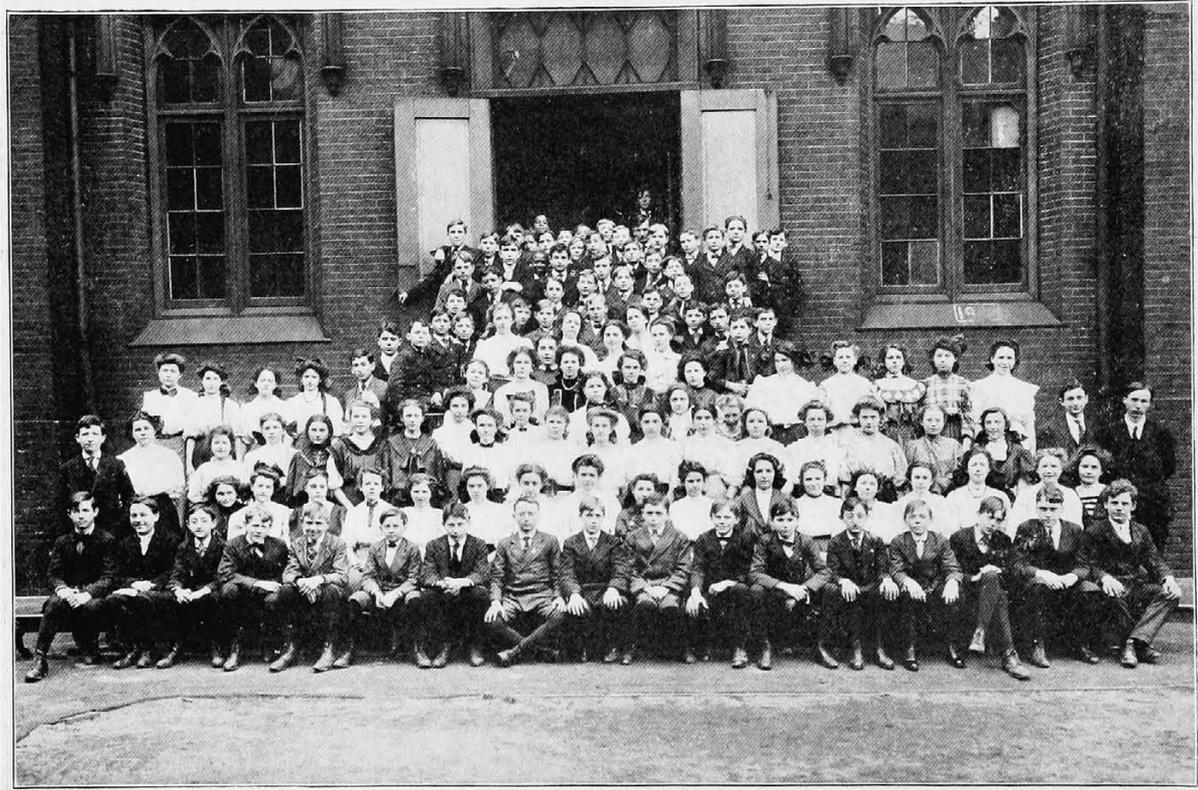
B GRADE

C GRADE

CLASS OF 1910



C GRADE



D GRADE—First Half



D GRADE—Second Half



Art League

THE pupils of all the grades, doubtless remember when they first learned of the object and work of the Art League, of Hughes High Schools. Every year the incoming grade is informed as to what the League is, what it has done in the past, and what it hopes to do in the future. Every year, also, the first lesson is recalled to memory by a request that each grade elect a member to the Executive Board.

With the first lesson in Art League business, and with each reiteration of it, goes a word about the finances or funds of the League. No organization that is worth while, works without money. The Art League is worth while. It obtains funds from contributions of pupils who voluntarily assume the obligations of membership. These pupils show an interest in the school, which prompts them to take an active part in whatever goes to maintain or to improve its good name. They are called loyal. To be loyal is a great privilege. But loyalty is not characteristic of everybody. Some never have a thought of lending a hand to benefit the name of the school. That is their great misfortune. Then, some pupils have loyal intentions, when they first hear of the League, but they are not constituted so as to be *out and out* loyal. They make some sacrifice, they do something, but do not hold out, and soon are lost to the cause. There are everywhere people who like to see the show, but leave just before the collection is taken up. When the burden comes, they stand from under and let it press on the shoulders of others. Let it be repeated: "To be loyal is a great privilege."

What has the League done?

In the halls and the rooms of the school are a number of pictures and other objects of art. All, or nearly all have been

placed there by the Art League. This year a few were added to the collection of former years. Among them are: "The School of Athens," by Raphael; "Creation," by Michael Angelo, and some pictures illustrative of Old Pompeian Decorative Art. The money for these pictures was contributed by loyal pupils of Old Hughes.

What is the amount contributed by an *out and out* loyal pupil?

The round sum of five cents per school month, and, *it is voluntary.*

What is the League now doing?

Old Hughes is growing very old. Not much longer can it be hoped to remain. It is more or less failing even now, and who knows how soon it will be said: "Old Hughes is now history."

The other day an elderly gentleman was seen standing in front of the school, and gazing intently at the venerable pile, the writer overheard him saying: "How it all has changed since I went to school here, and Mr. Thornton was principal! He, too, had changed *some.*"

Before Old Hughes passes into history, the Art League hopes to have a set of four souvenir postcard-views, representing Old Hughes as it now is, including one interior view. The views have been taken, and the cards are now being finished in Germany. They will be ready about June, and will be sold in sets of four only, at ten cents per set. Later, the League intends to have a card made of Old Hughes as it was originally. The profit that accrues from this undertaking will go into the treasury of the League.

No doubt, all pupils of Old Hughes, past and present, will want a set of souvenir cards.

M. B.

S O C I E T I E S

T. O. D. B. T. B. V. O. T. S.
N. B. P. Q. E. F. C.



FIRST DEGREE

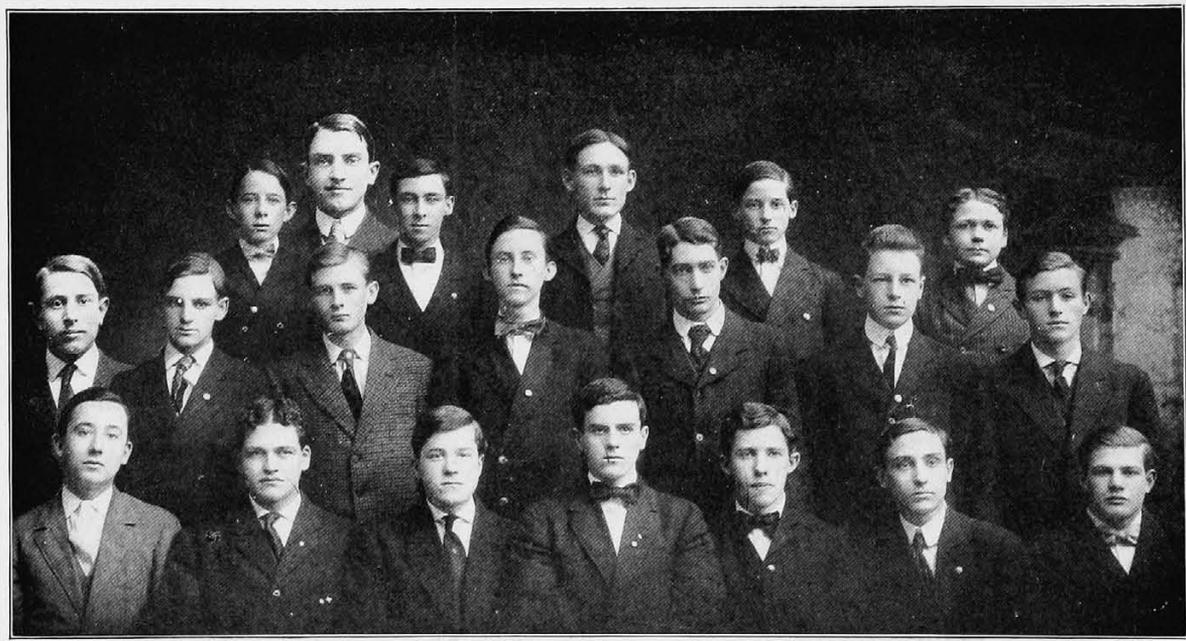
SECOND DEGREE

THIRD DEGREE



KIEADE .08

1895 TRIGINTA  OPTIMI 1908



1908.

WILLIAM MITCHELL.
 RAPHAEL ISAACS.
 ROBERT BUHRMAN.
 HAROLD NEAVE.
 ROBERT MEADE.

RALPH MCGLASSON.
 EARL S. HERTWIG.
 HOWARD KUGLER.

1909.

ERNST PHILLIPS.

EARL WAGNER.

1910.

MURRAY HORTON.
 JOHN J. GEYER.
 GEO. H. CONROY.
 STANTON WHITCOMB

JOHN PRATT.
 RAY MUSICAMP.
 ROB'T. W. PIERCE.
 ARTHUR JONES.
 ARTHUR NEAVE.
 WM. BUENTE.

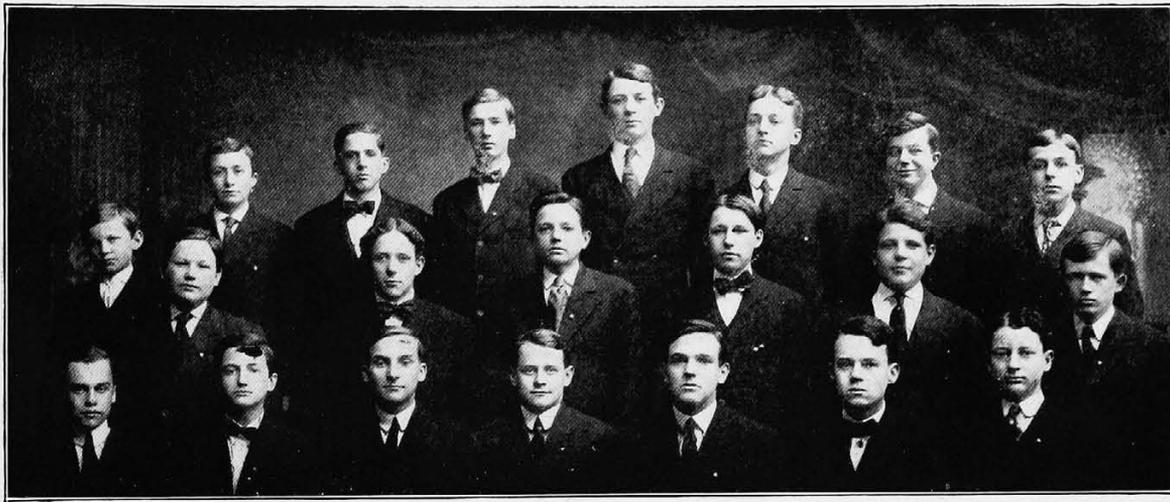
1888

DELTA



BETA

1908



BROTHERS IN FACULTY

E. W. COY. WARREN RITCHIE. T. W. GOSLING. E. A. POOS. J. GREVER. ALAN SANDERS.

CLASS OF 1908

HARRINGTON GREEN. STANLEY KREIS. ELLIOTT PALMER. HERMAN VOGEL.
WILLIAM HALL. REGINALD McGRANE. RICHARD RUST. STANLEY WILSON.

CLASS OF 1909

HENRY DAVIS. WALTER DOBERT. RAYMOND FRAZIER. ROBERT GREEN. SHIRLEY MORGAN.

CLASS OF 1910

WALTER BAUSCH. CHARLES COPENHOEFER. ROB'T. MAISCH. CARL WHITTAKER.
ROBERT BLACKBURN. LE GRANDE LEAVENWORTH. WALDO MEADE. RALPH VAN MATRE.
EDGAR CLYDE. DARRETT LINDSAY.

THETA BETA

Flower—Daffodil.

Colors—Green and Gold.

Mascot—Teddy Bear.



SALLIE ARMSTRONG.

HULDA GUCKENBERGER.

MARY KAUTZ.

NATALIE KELSALL.

MARGARET MARTIN.

ELSIE SCHNEIDER.

DORA SONNENDAY.

MARIAN TIEMAN.

EDITH MULFORD TOMLIN.

ESTHER WASHBURN.

LUCILE WASHBURN.

ELSIE WEBB.

VIGINTI OPTIMAE



COLORS: Purple and Gold.

FLOWER Violet.

BESS BROERMAN.
MARY HILL.
DORA SONNENDAY.
MARGARET PLIMPTON.

HELEN MARKQUA.
LEONORE FOOTE.
OLIVE EWELL.
SUSIE MORRISON.

ALICE BURHAUS.
EMMA MORRISON.
DOROTHY CALDWELL.

ELSIE ZELLAR.
ANNA HUFNAGEL.
HELEN BEHLE.









COLORS: Blue and Gold.

FLOWER: Forget-Me-Not

IRENE EDWARDS.
CHARLOTTE EGGERS,

JULIA JERGENS.
LOUISE KUCK.

MILDRED MEADOR.
LUCILE MORRIS.

RUTH SANDERS.
LILLIAN WERK.

NU BETA PHI

Colors—Black and Gold.
Flower—Brown-eyed Susan.



Motto—Es, bibe, animo obsequere.



BESS DARLING.
CHARLOTTE EGGERS.

NORA BESS ELY.
JULIA JERGENS.

LOUISE KUCK.
RUTH SANDERS.



1902

== Q. E. ==

1908



M. BRAAM.
RAPHAEL ISAACS.
JACOB FIALCO.
NORA MACNALLY.

HARRY KLEIN.
MAX GOLDBERG.
ALMA GINSBERG.
HELEN WAGNER.

FLORENCE MAYER.
SELMA DINKALAKER.
LUELLE NEIGHBORS.
RUTH BARNHART.

FLORA LEVINE.
NATHAN SILVERBLATT.
MARY MONTGOMERY.

FRENCH CLUB

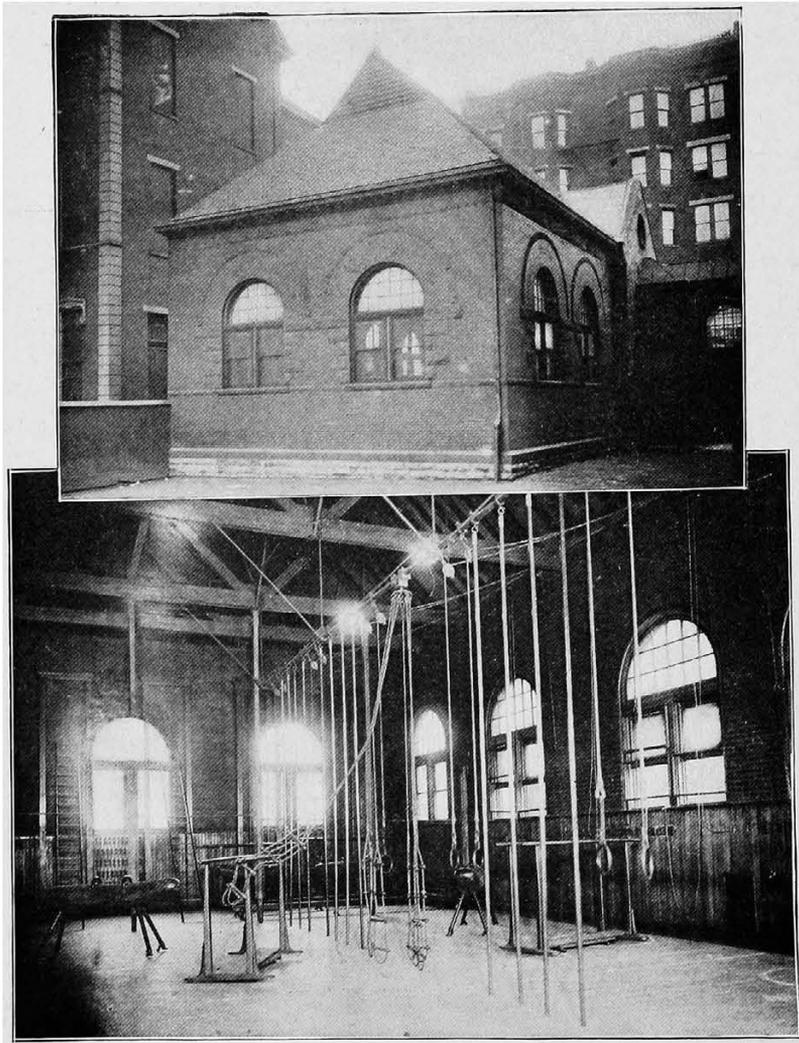


MARIE DENTON.
MARION TIEMAN.

BESS BROERMAN.
LOUISE KUCK.

HULDAH GUCKENBERGER.
CORA RUSK.

LENORE FOOTE.
MAX FRIEDMAN.



GYMNASIUM HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL

—Courtesy Times Star

Athletics

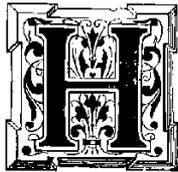


Athletics



M..08

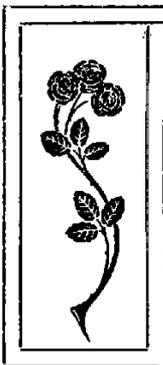
BASE BALL TEAM



JOHN HNECKL..... Pitcher.
H. WANKELMAN..... Catcher.
WM. MITCHELL..... First Base.
ELMER SCHLEMMER..... Second Base.
EDWIN MYER..... Short Stop.
CLEMENT FENKER..... Third Base.
ARTHUR JONES..... Left Field.
ROBERT BUHRMAN..... Center Field.
WM. HALL..... Right Field.

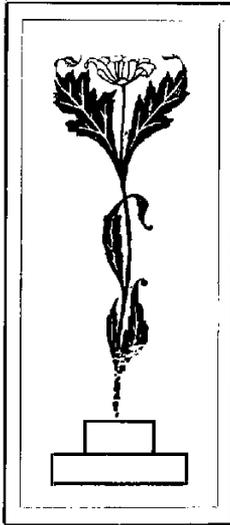


Courtesy, Commercial Tribune.



FOOT BALL TEAM

Right End.....	SCHLEMMER—BUHRMAN.
Right Tackle.....	VORSANGER—BECKER.
Right Guard.....	BUENTE.
Center.....	VOGEL—WAGNER.
Left Guard.....	NEAVE.
Left Tackle.....	JONES.
Left End.....	MEADE—WANKELMAN.
Quarter Back.....	MITCHELL.
Left Half Back.....	R. PALMER—E. PALMER.
Right Half Back.....	FENKER.
Full Back.....	FERNBERG.



A Grade Hoos Ball Team

CHAMPION BOYS TEAM

Front Box.....	WM. MITCHELL.
Front Box.....	HAROLD NEAVE.
Back Box.....	EARL EVERSMAN.
Back Box.....	JOHN HAECKL.
Back Box.....	STANLEY KREIS.
Front Guard.....	ROBERT BUHRMAN.
Front Guard.....	SAM SCHLANSKY, WM. HALL.
Back Guard.....	JOS. SCHNEIDER.
Back Guard.....	HOWARD PERIN.
Center.....	ELLIOTT PALMER, (<i>Capt.</i>).
Center Guard.....	PAUL BECKER.

SCORES:

A., 17—C., 6.

A., 15—D., 1.

A., 10—B., 0.

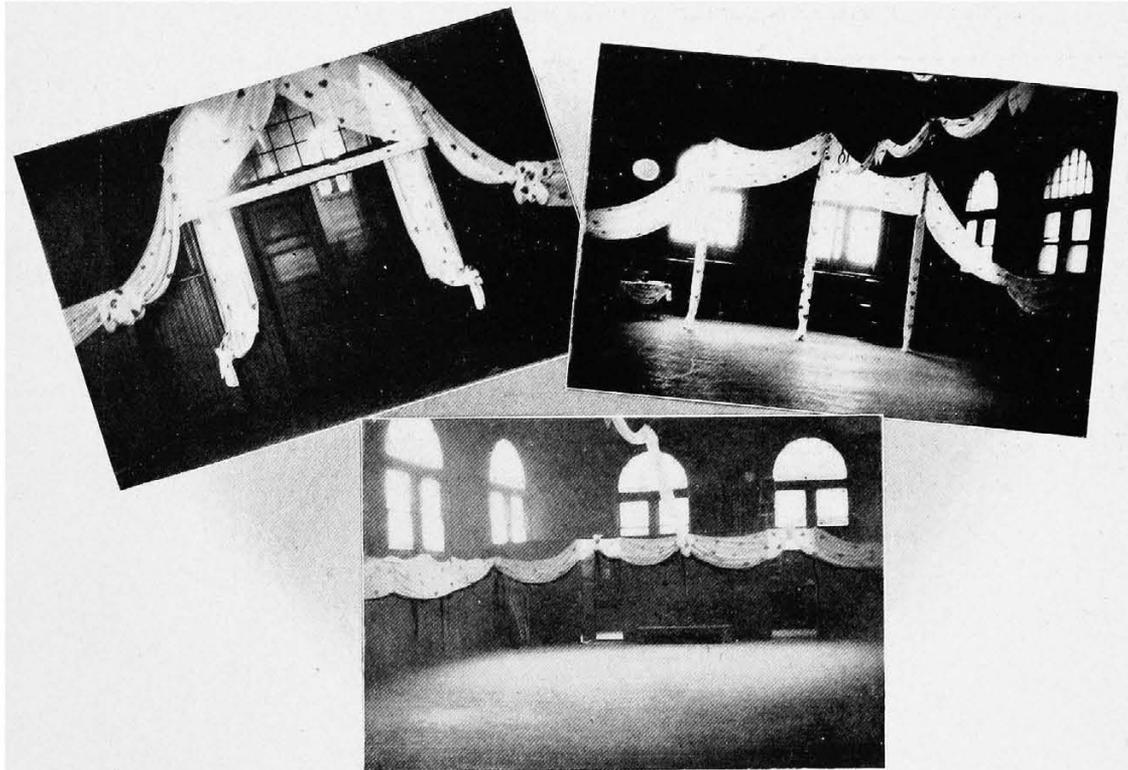
A--Grade Girls' Poos Ball Team



Center	MARIE DENTON.	Left Back Guards.. .. .	{ JULIA JERGENS. ELISE WEBB.
Left Front Box.....	{ MARION TIEMAN. AGNES DOYLE.	Right Back Guard.....	RUTH LANDERS.
Right Front Box.....	NORA ELY.	Left Front Guard.....	{ LOTTIE EGGERS. MARGARET MARTIN.
Right Back Box.....	{ ESTHER WASHBURN. LOUISE SCHMITZ.	Right Front Guard.....	ELFREDA BENNER.
Center Back Box.....	LISETTA MITTENDORF.	Center Guards.....	{ SUSIE MORRISON. HULDAH GUCHENBERGER.
Left Back Box.....	NATALIE KELSALL.		

SCORES:

A.—C..... 5— 3.
 A.—D..... 22— 2.
 A.—B..... 19—10.



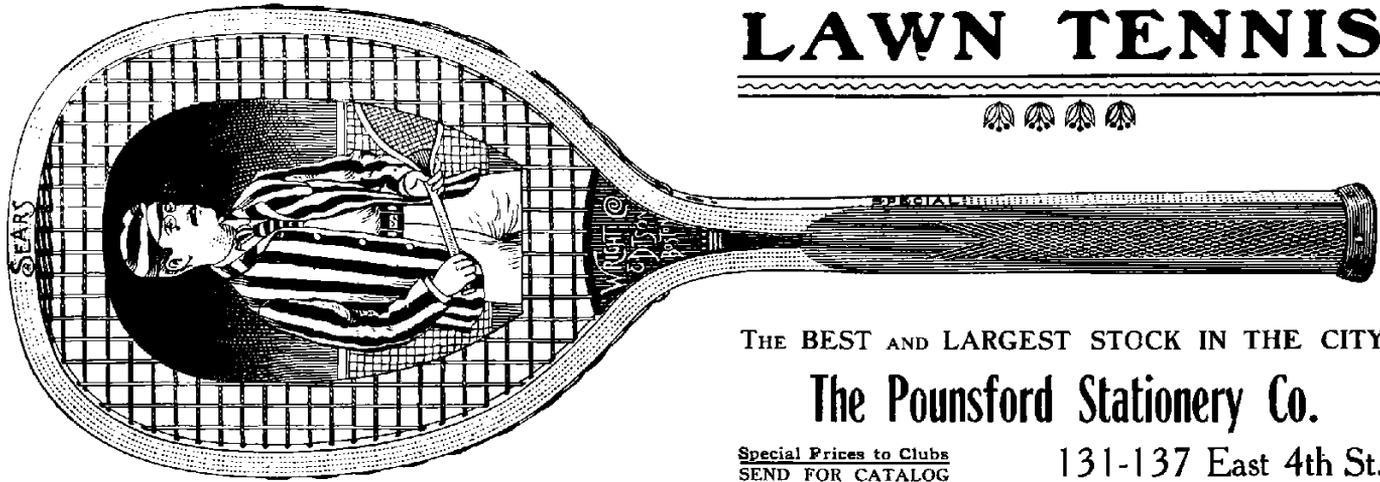
DECORATIONS IN GYM DURING B-GRADE RECEPTION

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Barkley, Margaret.....212 Carpenter St.
 Benner, Elfreda.....547 Hopkins St.
 Bernstein, Dora.....829 Richmond St.
 Broerman, Bess.....1320 Summit Ave., Bond Hill
 Craig, Sarah.....825 Betts St.
 Darling, Bess.....2967 Terrace Ave.
 Denton, Marie.....2538 N. Ingleside Place
 Doyle, Agnes.....941 Richmond St.
 Eggers, Charlotte.....2949 Harrison Ave.
 Ely, Nora.....821 Hathaway St.
 Foote, Lenore Ruby.....1621 Tremont St.
 Grad, Sarah Belle.....631 W. Ninth St.
 Guckenberger, Hulda.....2832 Harrison Ave.
 Hufnagel, Anna.....4213 Turrill St.
 Jergens, Julia.....Cor. Bruce and Hamilton Ave.
 Kelsall, Natalie.....959 Chateau Ave.
 Kuck, Louise Mae.....2949 Urwiler Ave.
 Martin, Margaret.....4140 Kirby Ave.

Meyer, Evelyn.....Mt. Washington, O.
 Mittendorff, Lisetta1223 Sasafras St.
 Morrison, Susie.....2543 Kincaid St.
 Ringgold, Edna.....427 Elizabeth St.
 Rusk, Cora.....14 Garfield Place
 Sanders, Ruth.....2918 Montana Ave.
 Schaefer, Ida.....702 Carlisle Ave
 Shear, Rose.....637 W. Sixth St.
 Schmitz Louise.....3738 Liston Ave.
 Sonnenday, Dora.....Cleves, Ohio
 Tieman, Marion..Cor. Newton & Brewster, Evanston
 Tomlin, Edith Mulford.....3407 Warsaw Ave.
 Washburn, Esther.....1817 Chase Ave.
 Washburn, Lucile.....1902 Chase Ave.
 Webb, Elsie A.....Millbrae Ave.
 Wides, Elizabeth.....725 W. Seventh St.
 Zeller, Elsie M.....1013 Murdock Ave.

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 Fine, Louis.....712 W. Fifth St.
 Fernberg, Clarence.....827 Lincoln Ave.
 Friedman, Max......638 W. Seventh St.
 Green, Harrington.....Avondale Ave.
 Goldenburg, Howard.....305 Laurel St.
 Hall, William.....Rapid Run Road
 Hertwig, Earl.....3749 Montgomery Ave.
 Haeckl, John.....3819 Edgewood Ave.
 Isaacs, Raphael.....702 W. Ninth St.
 King, Arthur.....822 W. Fourth St.
 Kreis, Stanley.....Glenway Ave. and Rapid Run
 Meyer, Edwin.....2623 Fenner St.
 Miller, Mitchell.....634 W. Sixth St.

McGrane, Reginald.....433 W. Eighth St.
 Meade, Robert.....4226 Hamilton Ave.
 Mitchell, William.....3309 Glenmore Ave.
 Minges, Theodore.....Miami, Ohio
 McGlasson, Ralph.....1935 Cleaney Ave.
 Neave, Harold.....461 Considine Ave.
 Perin, Howard.....651 W. Fifth St.
 Palmer, Elliott.....825 Chateau Ave.
 Rust, Richard.....The Elberon Flats, Price Hill
 Rosenbaum, David.....831 W. Court
 Schneider, Joseph.....521 John St.
 Schlemmer, Elmer.....1768 Townsend St.
 Schlansky, Samuel.....639 Barr
 Story, Edwin.....2798 W. Sixth St.
 Tedesche, Sidney.....725 W. Seventh St.
 Vogel, Herman.....782 Summit Ave.
 Wahn, Geo.....2571 Liddell St.
 Wilson, Stanley.....1834 Chase Ave.

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