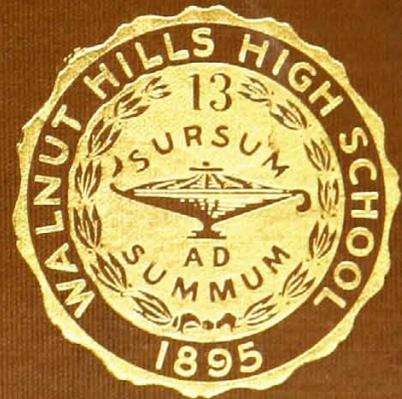
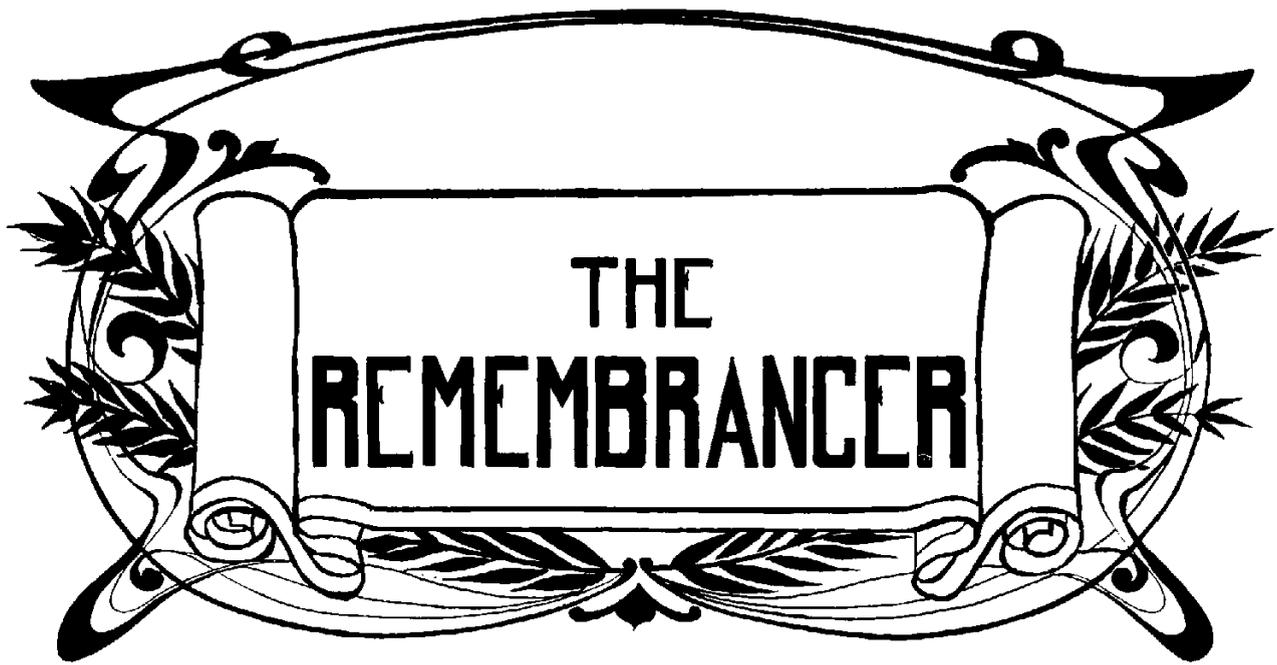


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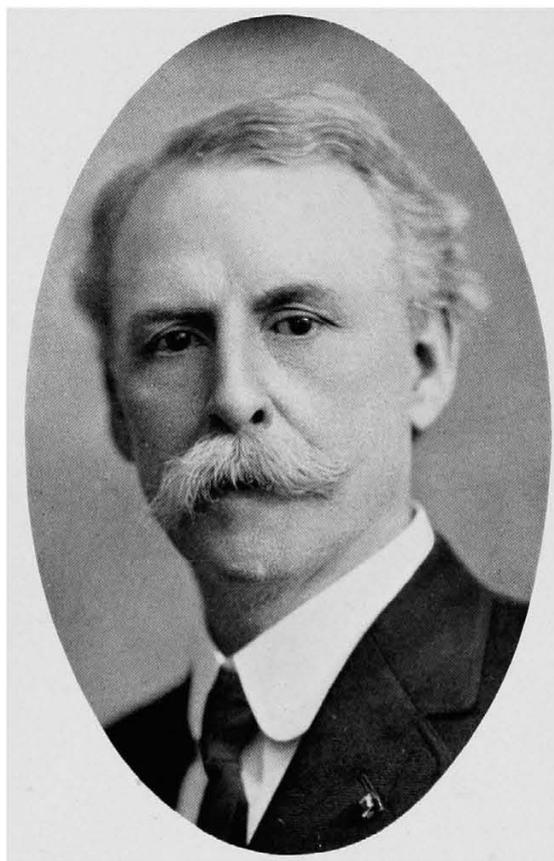
Walnut Hills High School



PUBLISHED BY
THE "A" GRADE

CARLETON DAVIDSON
FREEMAN DOUGLAS

Editor
Business Manager



ATLEY S. HENSHAW
Acting Principal

To

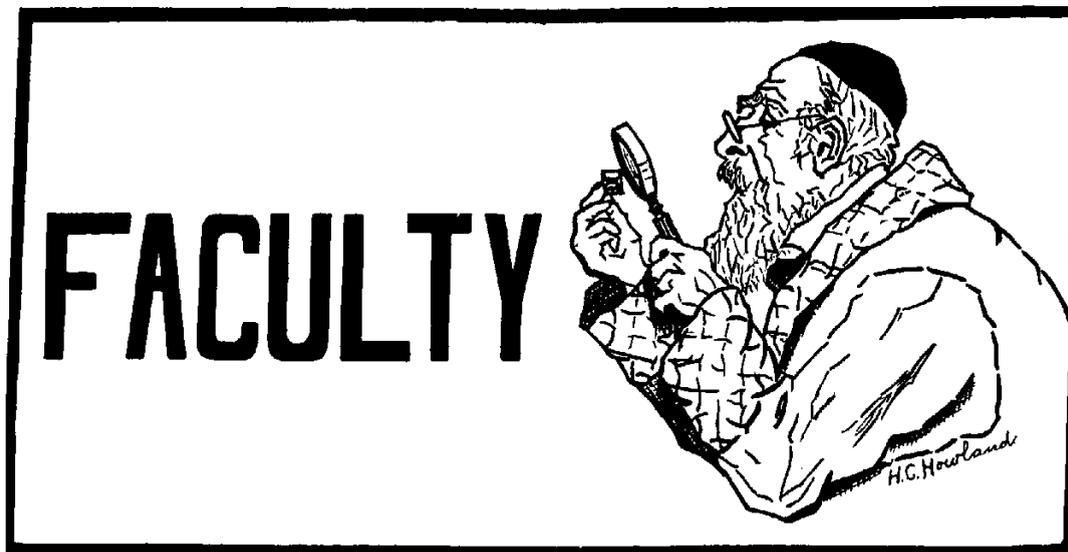
Atley S. Henshaw

this book is lovingly
dedicated



Greetings

WE present to you, the readers of this book, a diary of our Senior year. It is a history, a chronicle of the deeds of a fair assemblage of maids and youths organized into a graduating class. This class is about to disband and leave its Alma Mater. After four years of increasingly close association and of varied experiences, we take with us this "Remembrancer" of our joys and of our tribulations. Within its pages we find a record in which, in after years, when youth has fled and "we maun totter down the hill" of life, we may scan the faces of our classmates and muse over accounts that will bring back a rush of pleasant memories of the profitable days we spent at old "Walnut Hills."



ATLEY S. HENSHAW, Acting Principal

LAURA E. ALDRICH
ERNST M. BENEDICT
ALICE S. BETTS
JEANNETTE CIST
A. M. CRANE
ALMA S. FICK
EMMA R. FRICK
JULIUS FUCHS
ALFRED HARTZEL

ATLEY S. HENSHAW
GRACE H. HOPSON
ANNE H. KING
CLARA D. KLEMM
ARTHUR A. KNOCH
FRANCES KOHNKY
MARGARET E. LAYMAN
EDWARD F. MACKE
ELLA G. NEAVE

HERMAN NEWMAN
ALFRED NONNEZ
JANE S. O'HARA
ANNA R. RAITT
HELEN SCHRADER
LOUISE SPILMAN
NELSON A. WALKER
RACHEL WHEELER
BELLE WOODS



THE CLASS



Senior Class

Colors, Brown and Gold

OFFICERS

FREEMAN DOUGLAS, President

FLORENCE HANEY, Vice-President

HELEN HEYL, Secretary

CAROLYN McGOWAN, Treasurer, Room I

DONALD McCOMAS, Treasurer, Room III



HAROLD ADAMSON

"Red" has been at one time or another a member of almost all the athletic teams in our school. Still, he was never so devoted to practice as to neglect his Literature, especially the looking up of all difficult words. So he is as well liked by all the teachers for his conscientious work as by the fellows for his good nature.

MOLLY BALDWIN

All of us are very fond of Molly, and her soft, brown eyes are both the envy and admiration of her school friends. Molly is one of the bright stars in the shining constellation which compose the wonderful class of A 4.

HAROLD BENTHAM

"Benny" has shown himself to be both faithful and good-natured in his studies. He can always be found in Room 3 at intermission digesting his Greek, although toward the latter part of the year he seems to have been on diet, judging from his translations. But let us hope that it will pave the way to whatever profession he has selected as his life work.



CURTIS BERESFORD

Curtis is an all-round good fellow, and there is no one in the class better liked than he. He has humor, cleverness, and, best of all, good nature. His stirring descriptions of baseball and football games, which he sent by "special dispatch" to the "Gleam," have been a source of delight to all of us.

ERNST BRAUN

"Ernie" has a great talent for writing, and to this ability is due the wonderful success of the "Gleam," of which he is one of the editors. During the last year he has been occupied with German and the Gym team. For a more complete biography of the illustrious member of the class, mention "pink-cheek Ernie" to any of the fair sex.

MARGARET BREED

A great favorite among the girls is our generous, loyal Margaret. Always in good spirits, she helps her friends to have a splendid time when she is with them. She is modest, sincere, and a true friend. As to her artistic ability, we need only point to her contributions to the Remembrancer. Her one failing is her fondness for pickles, and she is always surrounded at intermission by a swarm of hungry girls eager for a bite.



PERSIS BROCK

The old saying that the "best things are contained in the smallest parcels" is true once more, as those who know Persis are only too glad to assert. No social event is successful unless she is present, and "cute" is an adjective that truthfully describes her.

ELAINE BROWN

To some Elaine may seem quiet and dignified, but to those who know her she is full of fun and always ready for a joke. She is a real true friend. Elaine is the brightest girl in the class of 1913, and can answer the hardest questions with ease, but she manages to enjoy those lessons in her own way. Chemistry is Elaine's specialty. At times she has been so interested that she has been known to go to sleep during the last part of the bell so that she could substitute the whole of the seventh bell.

ELLEN BURDSALL

A mantilla and a rose in her hair would be most becoming to Ellen, for she looks like one of the daughters of Old Spain, with her dreamy black eyes and long, thick hair. But in spite of her dreamy expression, she is usually alert when a bit of mischief is about, and really delights in "starting something" at short notice.



BERTHA CANTELON

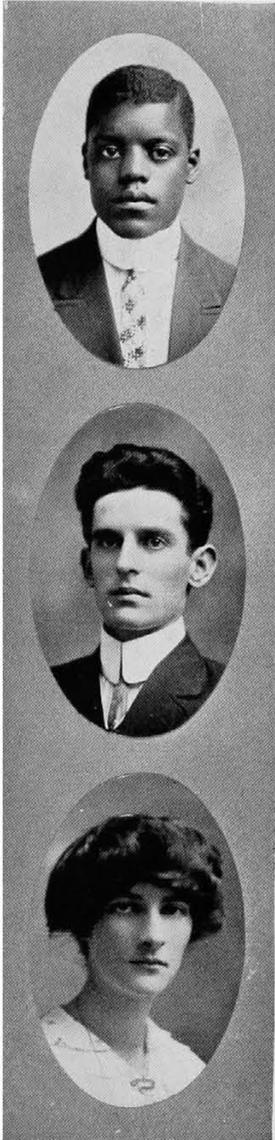
Bertha is an unusually neat and lady-like girl whom you can tell is nice upon first sight, and whose sweetness is real and deep. This is part of our opinion of Bertha, but there is much more. Hidden under a dignified and mild manner that causes us to characterize her as quiet, we find much fun and a good laugh always ready. She is absolutely unselfish, cheerful and agreeable to all, and has an unconscious knack of winning every one's friendship.

MARGUERITE CHATELIER

Marguerite is one of the quietest girls in the class. But, though she is quiet, she is also very attractive. In fact, that is one attractive point which not many other girls in the class have. She is brilliant in all school work, and therefore is very popular with her teachers. She is well liked by all her classmates who know her real value.

HARRIET CORWIN

Harriet is, as is shown by the choice of the class, the prettiest girl in the "A" grade. Her artistic ability equals her beauty, and if she continues to improve in the future as much as in the past, she will one day wake up to find herself famous.



ELWOOD CROMWELL

Cromwell is one of the very brightest stars in the graduating class. In French, especially, does he shine to such an extent that we are never tired of chanting his praises. In addition to his intellectual capacities, Elwood has proved himself in the past four years to be modest, conscientious and unassuming.

CARLETON DAVIDSON

"Davy" is at the same time an editor, orator and track team captain. Still, all these troubles do not seem to rest too heavily on his shoulders. At least, they do not seem to have stunted his growth, as all will admit who have seen him run a mile race. Nor have these honors enlarged his cranium, with the exception of his bump of knowledge, which has grown in a most astonishing manner. Tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking, he is a general favorite.

EDITH DAVIS

Fair and willowy is Edith, and always so beautifully dressed that she is called the "Fashion Plate" of Walnut Hills High School. Edith is a very light-hearted girl. She laughs and the class laughs with her. Is it necessary to tell this to any one who is in her French class?



FREEMAN DOUGLAS

Hail to the President of the class of '13. We love to see him presiding over our class meetings. It is kind of Douglas to do so, for he is a very busy man, for when he is not out chasing for ads he is strolling beside a little girl, or, if we fail to find him anywhere else, we may be certain he is in the Gym showing his graceful form to admiring Freshies.

FRED DREEKE

Freddie, although small, is a good scout, and has shown his metal in many a hard-fought battle on the football gridiron. Many a Freshie is indebted to him for teaching the kip, back rise or chute, for Freddie's form is known throughout the school. He is certainly the biggest little man in the class.

MARIE DROESCHER

Although Marie seems dignified to those who do not know her, nevertheless she is quite a talker. She is a very popular girl and always friendly with every one. We wonder why Marie ever goes to French, for the study hall is more quiet and has all history references.



DOROTHY DUKE

Dorothy, born in old Kentucky, is ever ready to defend the Southerners, and her attitude does her great credit. No more loyal rebel would have troubled the nation had she lived during "de wah." But she is also intensely modern, as was shown at the time of the "A" dance, when she delivered her well-remembered speech on "Woman's Suffrage." She hopes it will not be long before she can cast her vote with all the other privileged citizens.

LAWRENCE ELY

Lawrence is the renowned business manager of the "Mock Trial" and the debate, and the manner in which he handled these affairs has been a credit to him. He is one of the quietest boys in the class, but, in spite of this, or possibly because of this, he is very popular.

BERTHA FOREMAN

Bertha has shown marked ability in her studies, especially in French and German. However, music seems to be her greatest talent and her clear soprano voice has delighted those who have heard her sing. Unfortunately she cannot sing Chemistry Equations.



MARGARET GALLOWAY

Margaret is one of the few girls who had the courage to attempt a mathematical course, and she has been quite successful in her attempts to master the several difficult problems. Violets are, it seems, her favorite flowers, emblematic of her modest and retiring character. But why is she always late? I am afraid she spends too much time powdering her little nose before her mirror.

EDWARD GOETZ

Although the 1913 class has several farmers-to-be, Eddie is about the only one at present who can say, when he is late, that he had to milk the cow or feed the chickens, and it certainly seems as if Eddie were taking advantage of having so good an excuse. Still Goetz is liked by everybody.

EMMA GROMME

Every one will agree in saying that Emma is "positively darling." She has a most attractive personality and easily makes friends, of whom she has a great many. Her bright conversation and smiling good humor are delightfully refreshing, and one is assured of a good time in her presence. But why is she attempting to buy a collection of advertisements, especially "Arrow Collars?"



FLORENCE HANEY

"Shorty" is one of the most popular girls of Room 1. She was elected Vice President of the A grade by an almost unanimous vote. We hope that "Shorty" will continue her excellent work at the U. C. Her specialty is Literature, and we can almost see her "slinging" Chaucer at the unsophisticated and unfortunate students who may some time in the future be trusted to her tender mercies.

ALICE HAYES

Can you find anybody in this array of photographs who is as quiet and innocent-looking as Alice? She has the sweet, simple expression which was so much admired by Ben Johnson when he wrote: "Give me a look, give me a face that makes simplicity a grace." She stands well in all her classes, and certainly "shines" in Latin, because she is a hard worker and does nothing by halves.

SARAH HAZELWOOD

Attractive, impulsive, good-humored, sweet Sarah is well known to all the High School students. She excels in composition, where her creative imagination can have full play, and she takes pleasure in the study of Literature, as her devotion to the different poets is well known.



KATHRYN HEARD

Kathryn is such a sweet-tempered girl, and you seldom see a frown upon her very pretty face. She is quite popular in a social way if all reports are true. She never troubles about her lessons, but takes the ups and downs of school life with the same charm and good-humor. Every one who knows Kathryn likes her.

SYLVIA HELMICH

Sylvia, although small, has great ambition to write a book. If she is as successful in that as she is in her lessons, we may hope some day to hear of a "best seller," with either her name or her nom de plume upon the title page. It will be a good book, for Sylvia is very conscientious and painstaking. She is a delightfully friendly girl, and one of the most pleasant members of our class.

HELEN MARCELLA HEYL

Helen is a very fascinating girl, who, as Class Secretary, has done admirable work. A whisper goes around that she is so attractive that when she enters the laboratory all the magnetic needles point in her direction. Her greatest beauty is her large, full, clear, soulful eyes, sometimes mistful, sometimes mocking, always friendly. Gifted with much dramatic talent, it is her delight to declaim parts of plays. She is an earnest worker, but not a silent one.



GORDON HILDRETH

Gordon is one of the best-natured fellows in the class, for he is always looking for fun and usually finds it. We suppose that is the reason that he is so popular with the girls, for after school he can be seen up either Ashland or Burdette avenues in company with some fair damsel.

GRACE HILLER

Grace! A lovely name, and most appropriate. Combined with unusual good looks and a charming temperament, one would have to look far for a more attractive young girl. We believe that our class is not alone in the appreciation of this truth. However, she always comes to school VERY early. Ask her why.

LUELLA HOPPE

"Johnny" is a gay, good-humored girl, always ready for a jolly time. She is a beautiful dancer, and those who have seen her upon ice-skates say she has no rival in that delightful winter sport. She also has inherited some of her brother's popularity from last year.



HERMAN HOWLAND

"Bud," or "Shrimp," is one of our most celebrated characters. Behold the gymnast, behold the pole-vaulter! Also, behold the ladies' man. Among the most striking attributes of this interesting specimen of "Parcus Homo" are his never-failing grouch, and the smoothness of his hair, not one lock of which was ever known to be out of its accustomed place.

FRED JOHNSON

Fred is the distinguished orator and debater. In spite of the fact that the debating team lost, it was a victory for him, for his ideas were well brought out, his arguments convincing, and his eloquent flow of language placed him in the first ranks of the team. He has a lively sense of humor and is most studious.

SOL LANDMAN

Sol, alias the "Modern Cicero," is well known throughout the school for his smile, which shines with brightness in Debate and Composition. There we hear his original wit, much to the delight of the class. Were it not for Sol's jokes, life would not be what it is.



IDA MARIE LEE

Ida is one of our talented members, for she sings divinely and delights our ears whenever she consents to take part in any of our school entertainments. With her lovely dark eyes and beautiful hair, she is surely good to look upon, and seems truly a fortunate girl, being doubly gifted. Her popularity is beyond doubt, and she is one who counts her friends by the dozens.

"She vows she'll be a suffragette,
Votes for women she will get."

HAZEL LITTELL

What would the class be without Hazel? Pretty and sweet, she is a girl every one is glad to know. She is friendly with all the class, and is a charming hostess. She plays the piano well and has a great fondness for notes. These are musical and otherwise. No one could help loving Hazel.

CHRISTINE LITTLEJOHN

Christine is a girl who always maintained a high standard in her studies. Although she has not joined the "riding class," her Latin and Greek translations are always of the best. She has been called the girl with the "Madonna face," and her sweet calm serenity of countenance justifies the compliment.



CLIFFORD MAGLY

"Mag" is the strong man of the '13 class, and is "some" football player, as every one knows who ever saw him in the field. He also has a remarkably small appetite, which accounts for his diminutiveness, especially in his pedal extremities. He has been the boast of the school, or, rather, has "boasted" the school for several years, being one of the original '49ers.

JULIA MARSH

Julia is always a welcome addition to any gathering, for she is so jolly and good-tempered. She is one of the few who study Spanish, and she does very well in that language. Always on time, no one can find fault with Julia. She has a winning personality that is sure to win friends for her wherever she goes.

DONALD McCOMAS

"Don" is an all-around good fellow, well liked by the girls for his grace and ability in dancing, and likewise all the fellows are his friends until he starts collecting class dues, and then—! But judging from his numerous and brilliant answers in Civics, we can expect some day to have a great Mayor by the name of McComas, or (looking at the Glean) an equally illustrious editor.



CAROLYN McGOWAN

Carolyn is our Treasurer, and she is also our treasure, and her friendship is also a treasure. Carolyn can play the piano with a touch that wakens a responsive chord in your heart, and sets your feet to a dancing measure almost without your knowing it. Tall, graceful, with a crown of beautiful hair, she is most attractive. Her great fondness for Latin may be accounted for by the location of her seat.

LILLIAN MICHAEL

Lillian is one of our bright, talkative girls, and what she says is worth while, and we are glad to hear her express herself at all times. She has an unusually sunny temper, bringing gayety and liveliness into all her classes. Her command of German is splendid, but why are her German recitations "love ballads?"

ELIZABETH MILLER

Elizabeth, better known to every one as "Betty," is one of the sweetest girls in Room 1. Quiet as a little mouse in school, she is full of fun and up to all sorts of pranks outside. Every one who knows her likes her. Although she "never has anything fit to wear," she always looks nice. We are very glad to claim Elizabeth as a member of the class of 1913.



MILDRED OBERHELMAN

Mildred is one of our nicest and dearest girls. She is rather quiet, and those who do not know her well cannot appreciate her gentleness, her good humor and her warm-hearted interest in all the daily happenings of the school. Her teachers all like her, and she has a number of very good friends among the class. She can sing very beautifully, and plays the piano in an artistic manner. Her personal charms equal those of her intellect.

LAURA O'HARA

A very sweet and studious young girl, Laura is a shining example to her classmates. She is exceptionally clever and is generous with her knowledge. Her ability for unraveling scholastic mysteries is simply marvelous.

HILDEGARDE PERKINS

Hilda is a great favorite of her classmates. Her happy disposition and pleasant manner attract the love and admiration of all who meet her. She is always ready for fun, but this does not prevent her from doing well in her lessons. English is perhaps her favorite (?) subject, and she hopes some day to acquire all the knowledge in this branch that she can, without study.



HUGO PLUEDDEMAN

“Pleuddy,” our Chemistry shark (?), has the distinction, or, should we say the pleasure, of being the sole flood sufferer in the class. All in all, he is a good fellow, noted for letting trouble take care of itself. His specialty is lecturing, and we can see him in the future swaying the “many-headed monster” with his stirring rhetoric.

GERTRUDE POELKING

Gertrude has the gift of writing most interesting orations and delivering them with much grace and style. Her choice of subjects are especially good and all enjoy hearing her. She is very studious and industrious, and deserves great credit. Every one likes Gertrude, and she has made many friends.

JOHN POOLE

“Bum” is the star gymnast of the school, for he is Captain of the Gym team, and also, as Captain, led the football team. He also was the class Treasurer—was, we say, for the burden was so heavy that he shifted it to other shoulders. Due to his remarkable appetite, many fellows will not recognize him in the lunch room, but when they are outside, everybody is Bum’s friend.



ALMA POWELL

Alma has such soft, shining brown eyes, so full of expression. There is no more ambitious girl in the class, and nothing seems too hard for her to attempt. She is also most obliging and ready to help any one, as many of her friends can testify.

WALTER QUALEY

Ortygia stands out prominently as one of our best debaters. He has a fine, strong voice, a splendid delivery and a mind back of the arguments he puts forth. He is also very good in Chemistry, and gallantly comes to the assistance of any distressed damsel who may appeal to him. He has a well-developed amount of taste in the fine art of dressing, and we all know the girls admire his handsome face.

JOHN QUINN

John has a keen sense of humor, and his witty replies have caused many of the girls and boys in his class to regret that they were auditors. They were forced to take something they did not want as a result of their attention. John has much musical ability, which he hope he will develop further in the future. He is a notable figure as he strolls about the schoolyard in his nifty garments. Of course, he always wears the "last cry" in everything, and perhaps that is why he is always late.



ARTHUR RICHARDSON

Art or Rich is renowned among the fellows for his athletics, and among the girls for his cute, curly pompadour. He certainly is a good fellow, and many a game has been won by his broad-shouldered charge which cleared a way for the good old red and gray.

MARK ROSENTHAL

We hate to think of the fate of the prisoner in the "Mock Trial" if the detective, Mr. Holcomb, had not given his testimony. Mark is certain to be found in any fun in the school, but never goes so far as to hurt any one's feelings. Moreover, he is studious, and therefore is liked by both teachers and students.

MEYER SALKOVER

Salkover is by no means an unimportant member of the class. This is easily seen if you notice the consternation on the faces of the boys some morning when he is absent. In fact, they grieve so much over his possible illness that they just cannot translate their Latin. But, luckily for the boys, Salky is seldom absent, and he always comes early in the morning.



SARAH SCHNEIDER

It is a great pleasure to know Sarah, she is so jolly and good-tempered, also very good-looking. She is so very obliging that she is always ready to help any one in a "perfectly awful chemistry muddle," and, what is more to the point, she can be of great assistance, as she is very proficient in that study, especially in "lab."

SANFORD SPEELMAN

Sandy, the farmer, or, rather, the farmer-to-be, is a good sport, according to the boys, and to the girls, too, although he has never been known to deign to notice any of the latter. He is known throughout the school as the "original funny man," but we believe him to be a close relative of Old Man Grump.

DOROTHY STEVENS

Dear, dainty Dorothy, lovely in disposition, gentle in manner, and truly delightful to know. All the girls are fond of her and count themselves lucky to be numbered among her friends. She is one of the very few girls to whom Chemistry is not a "terror."



EVERET STEVENSON

There is an old saying that small bundles contain wonders at times. Well, Steve is a wonder—at times—and one of them is during the Latin bell, and no one will deny that another is during the Literature bell. The same is true of his Gym stunts, his football and baseball playing.

MARIE TAPKE

The old saying, "A still tongue, a wise head," is personified in Marie. Whenever a difficult question is asked she is right there with the answer, and it certainly does help out the rest of the class. Marie is as pretty as she is wise, which is no light compliment.

PAULINE TASHMAN

Pauline adds her name to the long list of charming Southern girls, transplanted to our colder climes. She has a warm Southern heart and delightful manners. She and her sister are pleasant additions to the class.



RACHEL TASHMAN

Rachel is one of our lively, talkative girls, full of fun and energy. Her Southern accent is most captivating and delightful to hear. She has a profound respect for authors of all kinds and degrees, or she would not have declared so valiantly upon one occasion "The pen is mightier than the sword."

CAROLINE TRACY

Caroline is a tall, graceful girl, with a pronounced fondness for milk chocolate. It seems to be her favorite article of diet, and she always has a supply, which she generously shares with those around her. She is blessed with a thirst for knowledge, and will never miss information through fear of asking questions. What attraction had the two iron rings at the soap factory for Caroline?

LEROY VOSS

Lee is the real, bright and shining light of the Chemistry class, for he daily astounds his fellow-students by the brilliancy of his answers. In the French class he shines, also, but this time with the girls. He is one of our best debaters, and was on the team. He is also on the Remembrancer staff.



GOLDIE WEST

The quiet and unassuming manners of Goldie are a pleasant thing to behold among so many lively spirits, and her dignity impresses all with whom she comes in contact. She is very fond of chemistry "lab." "There is a reason."

HOMAN WHITTEKER

Witt is the official photographer of the school, for he has taken so many pictures of the teams and so many of the pupils that nearly everyone's "mug" has been inside his little black box. All know that the list of Witt's friends is as large as that of his pictures, and both are continuing to grow.

HOWARD WIRTHLIN

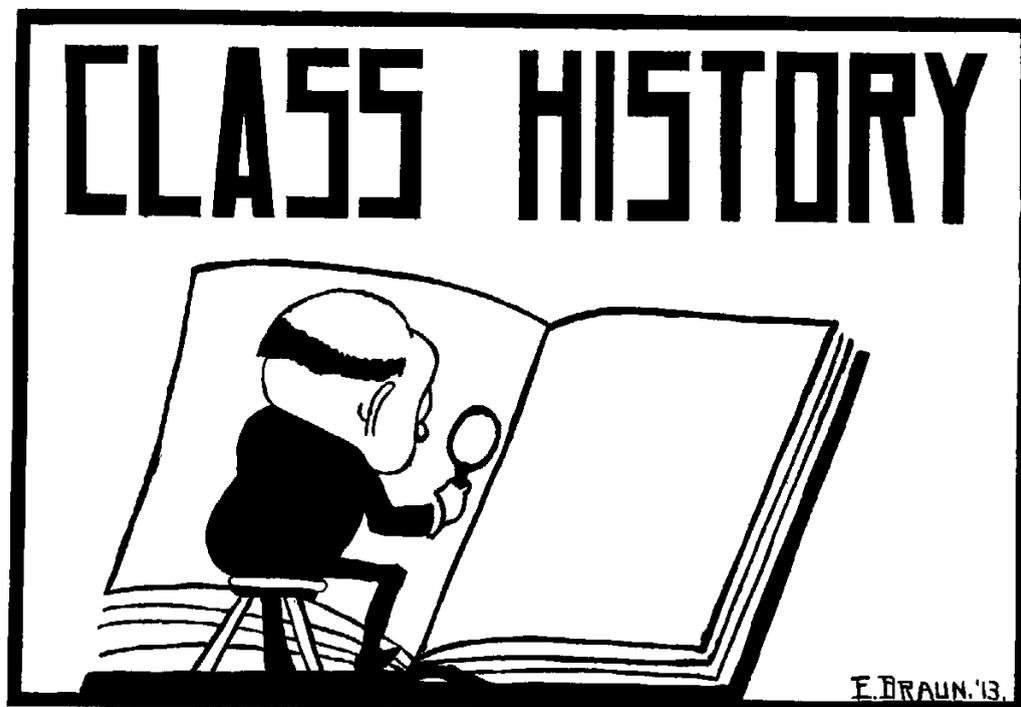
Howard, better known as the "Angel," or "Worty," although the last of the boys alphabetically, is by no means so actually. His importance is due to his athletic powers, studious disposition and perpetual smile. For Worty was a member of the husky Gym team, and his speaking countenance is brightened by a cherubic smile when he pursues Burke or gives the formula for the anhydrid of H_2O .



LUELLA WITTKAMPER

Luella is a tall and graceful girl, who is very attractive. She has beautiful fair hair, much admired by all of us. A most unfortunate habit seems to have gained possession of her. She loves to drink tea! In the old days that was the sign of a hopelessly hopeless maid given over to single blessedness. But times have changed. We really trust that Luella is not on the way to become a "bachelor girl."





History of the Class of 1913 of Walnut Hills High School

IN the fall of 1909 there was a call for more troops at the Walnut Hills High School Recruiting Station. A battle for Education had been going on in this vicinity for many a day, and great numbers had been lost during the previous year by

attacks of Spring Fever, Transfer-cards, and finally by Graduation Diplomas. As the army quarters were comfortable, and the commissary department good, war looked very attractive to the 400 raw recruits. Even the Captains of the various

departments looked "easy." What mattered it, at first, if some found themselves in the wrong tents, or even wandered from the prescribed line of march? A few demerits and all went well again.

The rookies, after being *D*-graded, felt their humiliation keenly, but managed to struggle through that awful first year of probation. Beset by all sorts of disease, such as Measles, Chicken Pox, Algebra, Latin and Zoology, many succumbed to the trials of the first winter campaign, and were sent home on furloughs. Those whom Camp Hughes did not enroll returned the following September.

Promoted to the Cavalry Division, they all mounted mustangs (alias ponies) and galloped like heroes into the Latin Quarter Camp. Life became more interesting after this. In the ranks, common soldiers had the privilege of meeting Pythagoras, Caesar, Divitiacus and Labienus, also Achilles and Jupiter. Some grew quite familiar with Scott, Dickens and Daniel Webster, and at mess the pedantic ones paraded their intimacy with these dead ones, to the intense disgust of their fellow-sufferers.

In the fall of 1911 the regiment was promoted to the Third Division. Surprised at this new feeling of importance, and made bold by their supposedly high position, many found themselves well preserved, which, in the language of Company B, meant "canned."

Those who grew weary wrestling with Cicero, Pope and kindred spirits, retired to Dr. Knoch's Camp and hospital tent. Some were so weak that they asked to be excused from the study camp. The willingness of the soldiers to do anything but work brought many fond mothers to headquarters.

To the strong and valiant survivors came a worthy test during the last year of the Campaign. Fire was discovered at precisely 8:43 A. M. on Thursday, and the squadron filed out in regular order. The barracks were cleared by 8:45 and the noble heroes of the hour, Spielman, Magley and Richardson, armed with buckets of "aqua pura," extinguished the smouldering blaze just as the Fire Department, with clash and clamor, arrived upon the scene. Proud of their comrades, the veterans led the way, and all the Camp returned to regular duty.

Stirred by the excitement of this unusual incident, the members of the regiment decided to storm the citadel, which was then held by the many Captains of Discipline. General Henshaw was in command, and among his best Lieutenants he counted Mrs. Klemm, and the Misses Aldrich, Betts, Cist, Fick, Hopson, Neave, King, Kohnky, Layman, O'Hara, Schroder, Spillman, Wheeler, Woods, Fricke and Kelsey in one division; while in another division he enlisted the valuable services of Messrs. Bene-

diet, Crane, Fox, Knoch, Macke, Newman, Nonnez and Walker. The holders of the Fort, overcome by the numbers and the daring of their assailants, sent forth a flag of truce and agreed to give each and every one an honorable discharge and a diploma on June 6, 1913.

Thus ended one of the most interesting campaigns ever told of in the history of

Education in the vicinity of Cincinnati.

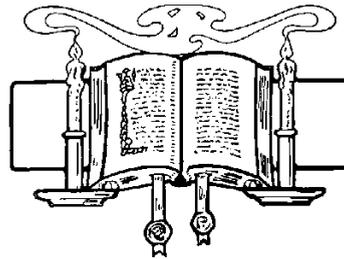
And during all this exciting period no one suspected that there was in this heterogeneous assemblage

“A chiel’s amang ye talkin’ notes,

And faith, he’ll prent it,”

who was known as

FREDERICK A. JOHNSON.

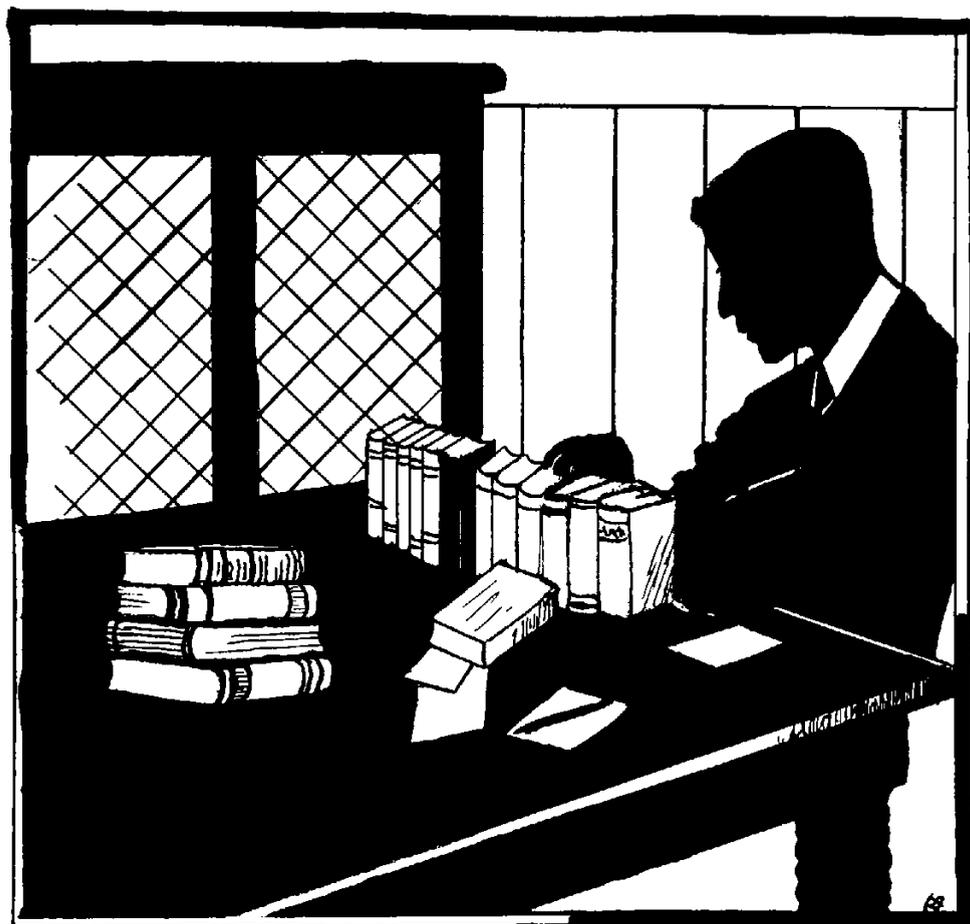


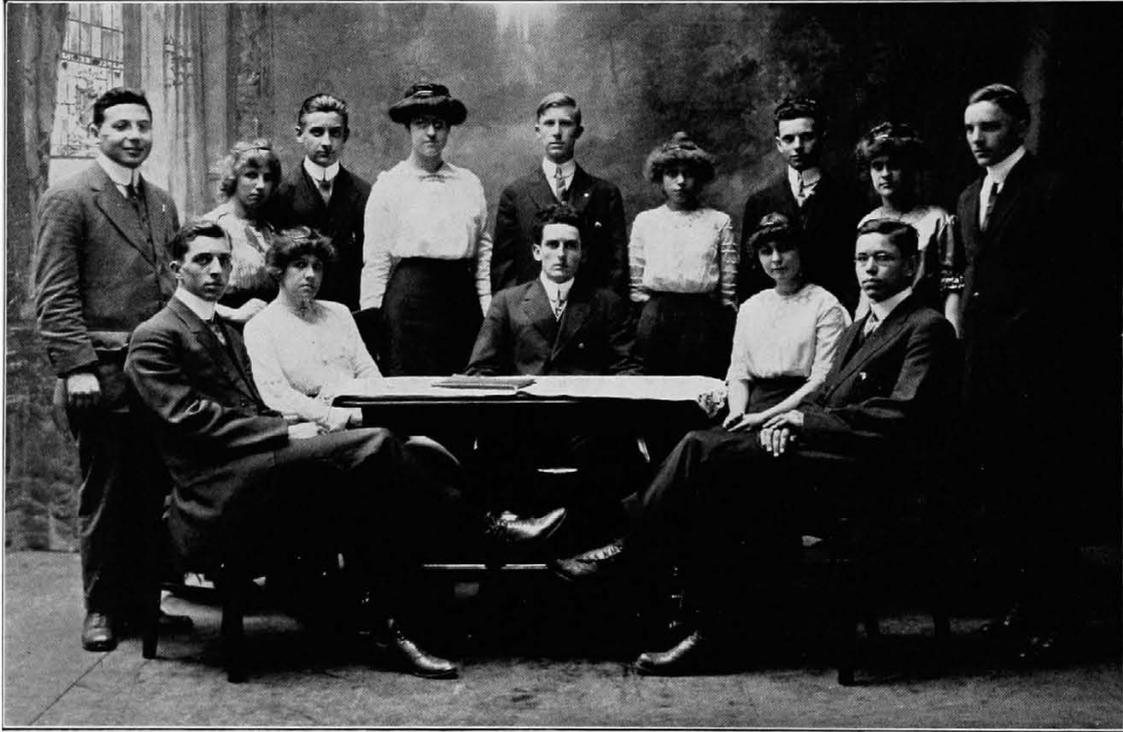
“A Epic”

Willie, small,
Study Hall;
Feet immense,
Silence dense;
Feet fall,
Teachers call;
Reprimand,
Willie canned.

—C. R. B.

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Oratorical Contest

“The Philippine Question”	CARLETON DAVIDSON
“The Mission of Our Country”	FREDERICK JOHNSON

The Philippine Question

(Winning Oration.)

THROUGH the darkness of the night of April 19, 1898, might have been seen 500 sailors slipping quietly over the shadowy sides of the American fleet in the far-away harbor of Hong Kong. Straightway they proceeded to daub a new coat of dark, drab paint over the snow-white that had covered our ships for thirty years. For Admiral Dewey had just received the message, flashed half around the world, that war had been declared against Spain. Three days later found Dewey ready to attack the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay. And *attack* them he did. In less than five hours every ship of the Spanish squadron was at the bottom of the bay, and 300 years of Spanish rule over 8,000,000 people had gone up in the smoke of American powder.

By the treaty which followed in the next year, President McKinley, supported by the American people, compelled Spain to cede her sovereignty over the Philippines to the United States. His supreme consideration was purely the humanitarian object of liberating the Filipinos from misgovernment and oppression. His purpose was not selfish, it was benevolent. It was not the greed of power, it was philanthropy, the care for the welfare of others. He did not

want the Philippines. He knew that they would cost us millions of dollars. When would any commercial gains amount to the hundreds of millions we had already spent in the Philippines? No prospect of wealth or advantage, no matter how colossal, could ever atone for the precious American life lost in these far away islands. *For such a sacrifice there is only one justification.* It is the discharge of duty in the name of a righteous cause. The only righteous cause for our presence in the Philippines was the redeeming of the Filipinos from Spanish oppression.

The treaty had eliminated Spain, and it was now the duty of the United States to frame and put into effect a policy with regard to the Philippines. The question now was: What relations would it be wise to establish with these 8,000,000 brown men of Asia? Should we incorporate the Philippines into the United States. That the Philippines could ever become an organic part of the United States of America was an impossibility. The difficulties were insurmountable. The case needed no arguing. Every aspect of human existence entered a protest against a union so unnatural and so unwise. Consequently, to carry out our humanitarian policy, it be-

hooved us to prepare them that they might find embodiment in a separate national organization. For to refuse them independence when they are ready for it would be contrary to the vital principles and institutions whereby our republic lives, moves, and has its being.

Having undertaken this great responsibility, we are now on our honor to see it to the end. We owe a duty to the Filipino people, to ourselves, to the world, and to the wives and mothers of those lost heroes. We have been doing this duty nobly. Wonderful progress has been made in every direction in this decade of guidance. A school system has been established throughout the islands, attended by 700,000 students. Where under Spanish rule there was no attempt at vocational training, there is now an enrollment of over 400,000 pupils in industrial courses. In the spread of English we are actually giving the Filipino people for the first time a common language. More than twenty languages are spoken in the islands, with almost innumerable variations in the dialects. English as a common language is most important for the advancement of both commercial intercourse and national feeling.

In sanitation, our experts have accomplished wonders. Smallpox has been eradicated, and cholera suppressed. Lepers who formerly roamed, almost at will, have been segregated and cared for. Artesian

wells introduced in the country districts have reduced the death rate by one-half.

In the construction of public works exceptional progress has been made. Manila harbor is now one of the best in the Orient. The city of Manila is now excellently lighted, watered and sewerred. Roads and railroads have been constructed. There is telegraph communication between all important points, and even cable connection with the United States.

In no way has the progress of the Filipino people been better shown than by their increasing participation in their own government. Under Spanish control the native Filipinos were practically excluded from all share in public affairs. Now over 90 per cent of the officials and employes of the provincial governments, and nearly 60 per cent of those of the central government, are native Filipinos. They are represented in every branch of the government, executive, legislative and judicial.

All this progress points toward ultimate independence for the Filipinos, and indeed, at no time has the policy of American people wavered from that course. Besides, they desire independence. They have dreamed of liberty and they have fought for it. The 6,500,000 Christian Filipinos have in the last fifteen years come to cherish a strong sentiment of nationality and an intense yearning for independence. This is a fact of the most tremendous con-

sequence. For the sentiment of nationality wherever it exists, is unquenchable and irresistible. It arms even a weak nation with might. By it a few hundred thousand Boers successfully resisted the enormous power of the British Empire for the space of three years. If a national feeling has emerged and a new political consciousness with a love of independence has been born, our own hearts tell us that such a national consciousness deserves the independence to which it aspires. For the very soul of our republic is the principle that the consent of the governed is the only foundation of all just government.

Since the people of the United States stand ready to grant independence to the Filipinos when they may be safely entrusted with the use of it, the only issue that could arise would be with reference to the time for the establishment of the Filipino Republic. And indeed, this very issue has arisen. A bill now pending, and supported by the Democratic party, gives the islands qualified self-government at once, and complete independence at the end of eight years. This bill assumes that we have discharged our trusteeship to the Filipino people and that they are now ready for self-government and national sovereignty. But there is no justification for such an assumption. In spite of all this progress in the last ten years we have made only a beginning. Still thousands

die each year on account of unsanitary conditions and at least a million children of school age are receiving no education.

Mr. Stimson, former Secretary of War, makes this statement: "There are few competent students of recent Philippine affairs who do not believe that if American control were now removed from the islands practically all signs of American accomplishment in the Philippines in the last decade would disappear in the next generation." The Philippine question has not been a conspicuous question in the last campaign and Mr. Abbott, the competent student of Philippine affairs, says that he does not believe that the people have changed their minds with regard to the policy toward the Philippines, and furthermore, that no party has the right to take such irrevocable action without a clear command from the people.

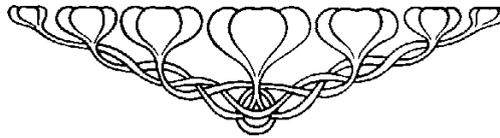
It is a fact of deep significance that, under liberal franchise privileges, less than 3 per cent of the Filipinos vote. The voting force is less than two-thirds of the population of Manila alone; is much less than the number of half-naked Igorrots, and barely one-half the number of fierce Moros, and does not in any sense represent a majority of any one of the numerous tribes of the islands. It is common knowledge that a deep hatred exists between the Igorrots and the Moros of the mountains and the Tagalogs of the plains.

Under such conditions, would it be possible to establish a democratic government? Let us apply those sacred words which are the very foundation of our government: "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people." In no respect could the governing of 8,000,000 people by 200,000 be called either a government "of the people" or "by the people" or "for the people." There would be taxation without representation. It would be an oligarchy. And the annals of history tell us that there would soon be corruption, injustice, and finally revolution.

Therefore, we hope that the Democratic party will act with wise conservatism and

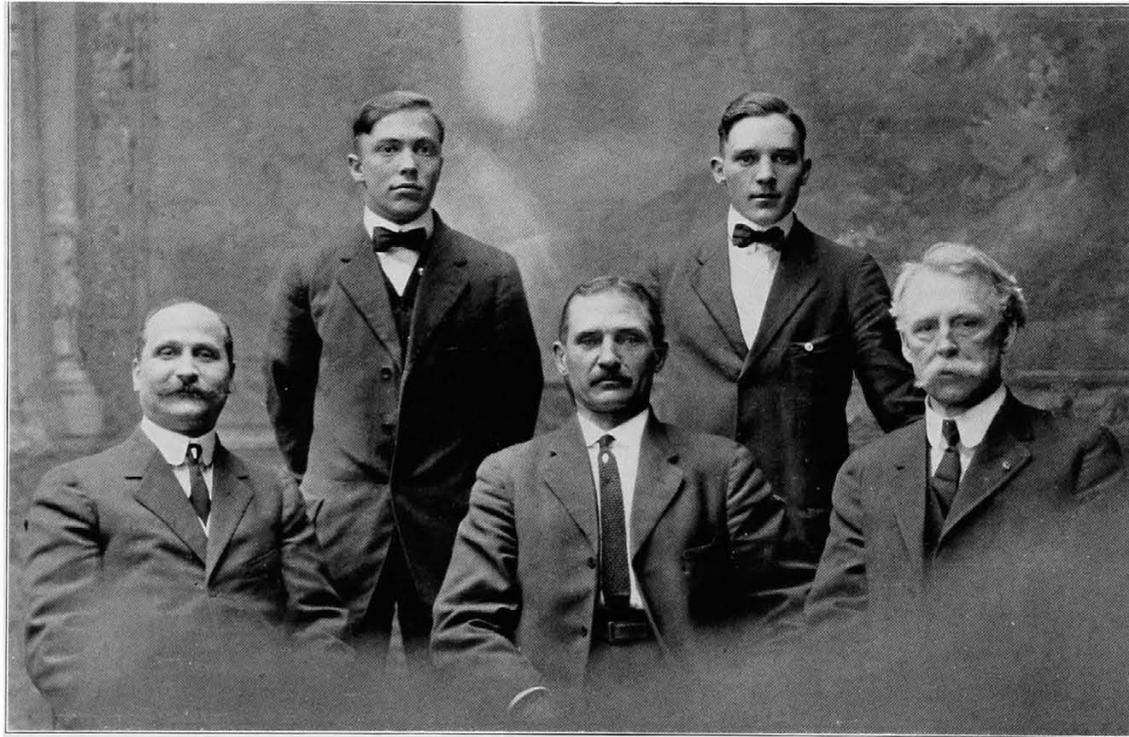
sober judgment, at once assuring the Filipino people on the one hand of ultimate independence, and on the other of patient co-operation with them through the years that may be necessary to prepare them for it. Then not a party, but the American people, will be united in co-operation. For, to accomplish this feat, which has never been accomplished for any tropical people, the American people must promote with all its influence and power, education, sanitation and progressive liberty until the Filipino people shall loom up a lighthouse of freedom, throwing its luminous rays over the whole Orient.

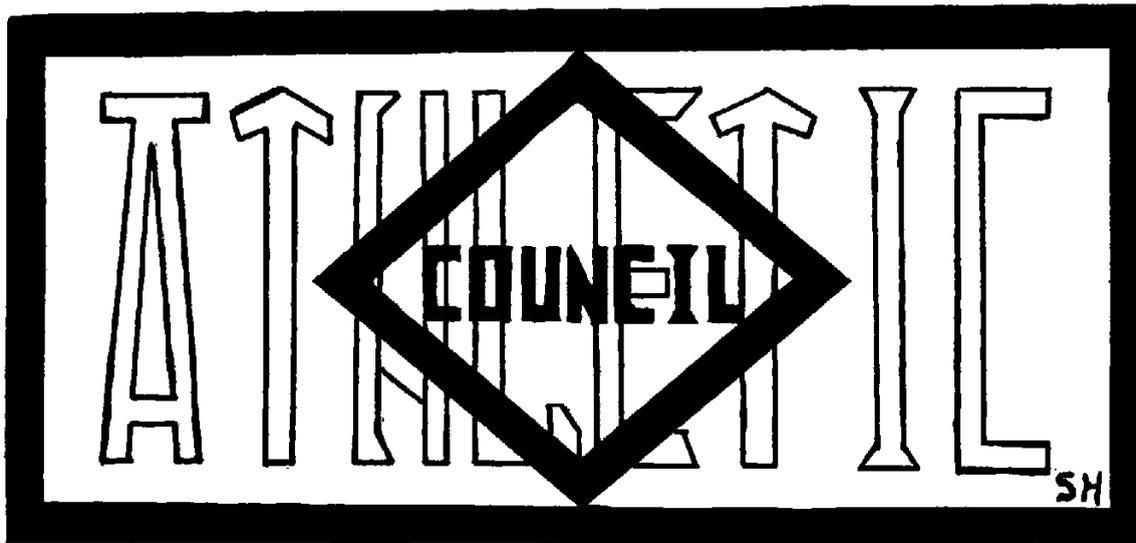
CARLETON F. DAVIDSON.



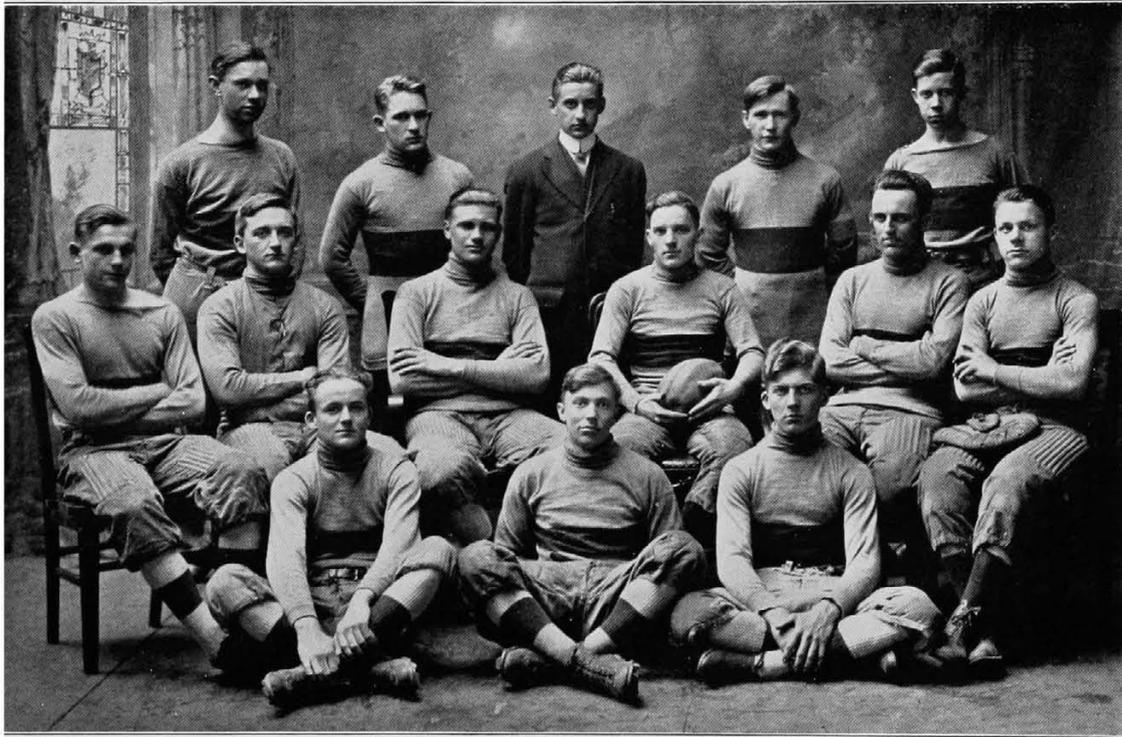
ATHLETICS







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JOHN POOLE	<i>Vice-President</i>
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DR. NEWMAN	<i>Treasurer</i>
MR. HENSHAW	<i>Faculty Manager</i>



FOOTBALL



JOHN V. POOLE

HOMAN WHITEKER

C. Magly, Right Tackle.
Al. Gaither, Left Half.
R. Babbitt, Right Half.
T. Gaither, Full-Back.
W Costello, Right End.
F. Dreeke, Quarter-Back.
D. Statler, Right End.

*Captain
Manager*

C Mitchell, Left End.
H. Adamson, Right Guard.
G. Habekotte, Center.
K. McPherson, Center.
A. Richardson, Left Guard.
L. Hurtig, Left Tackle.

Football

REVIEWING the football season, Walnut Hills, for the first time in many years, cannot claim to have had a successful year. At the opening of the school year the outlook for a championship team was the best in many years, due to the number of experienced regulars left from the preceding year's team.

The first day thirty candidates turned out, and a very promising team was turned out within a week. The following week we traveled out to College Hill and "trimmed" our soldier friends, 47 to 0. From this time on, events did not turn out so favorably, and the team went to pieces.

Without a doubt the best game of the season was the game with Hughes. Anyone that witnessed that contest of brains and muscles saw plainly that when the team had the inclination it had the go. One misdirected play and a little tough luck put the odds against us, and we lost by a very close margin. A little later the season ended in a half-hearted way, with but two victories to our credit.

With the amount of material left, and with good coaching under next year's Captain, A. Gaither, a winning team should be turned out.

The following are the positions and players of the football team of 1912-13:

Right End—S. Mitchell.

Right Tackle—C. P. Magly, L. Hurtig.

Right Guard—J. V. Poole (Captain), H. Adamson.

Center—G. Habekotte, K. McPherson.

Left Guard—T. Goodman, D. C. Statler.

Left Tackle—A. Richardson.

Left End—W. Costello.

Quarter-back—F. Dreeke.

Full-back—T. Gaither, C. Magly.

Right Half-back—R. Babbit, T. Gaither.

Left Half back—A. Gaither, T. Gaither.

Poole weighed 145. Captain of the team. "Bum" was light for his position, but "oh, my." With a liking for the game, combined with several years' experience on the team, "Bum" was a "Bear Cat."

Magly, weight, 180. When "Gush" hit anything there was usually a bump, and then a mass of players who took "time out" to rearrange their distorted appearance. When there was a fight or an argument in progress "Frelough" could always be found in the front row playing the "first violin."

A. Gaither, weight, 160. "Ali Gater," our

husky right half-back and Captain of next year's team, was our ground gainer on plunges through the line. He is a born player and is always in the game.

Babbit, weight, 150. Rex, or "King," was always there with the "head and foot work." His remarkable dashes with the ball were always a feature of the games.

T. Gaither, weight, 155. It sure was tough luck that "Tom" tried in vain to cut off his right "hoof" with an ax last summer, because he would have been of invaluable service to the team.

Drecke, weight, 135. "Freddy D.," the smallest player on the team, showed up exceedingly well for his first year on a big team. With a little good coaching this midget of the gridiron will be a second Foss.

Costello, weight, 140. Although "Irish," or "Costie," got a late start, he finished up strong, and was one of our most reliable players.

Mitchell, weight, 145. "Jethro" was always there, holding down his end of the team, and played his part to good advantage. When "Mitch" tackles, the feeling is as if a pile of bricks hit you.

Habekotte, weight, 160. "Dutch," or "Mutt," held down the position of center. Very few plays got by the big "Irishman," but a good many plays were beyond him. He was the comedian of the team.

L. Hurtig, weight, 200. "Boy" played the

position of tackle to perfection, and was the weight man of the team. A small technicality took him off the team before the Hughes game, and without a doubt the outcome would have been different with the big boy in the line-up.

Richardson, weight, 160. "Art," or "Rich," sure could play football, regardless of the fact that he said he did not care for it. He was quick at judging plays and tackling his man. No doubt but that his war face opened many a hole.

McPherson, weight, 160. "Mack," or "Kenneth," deserves unusual credit for sticking with the team throughout the season. Although not quite ripe for "fast company," he was a very good substitute for the line positions.

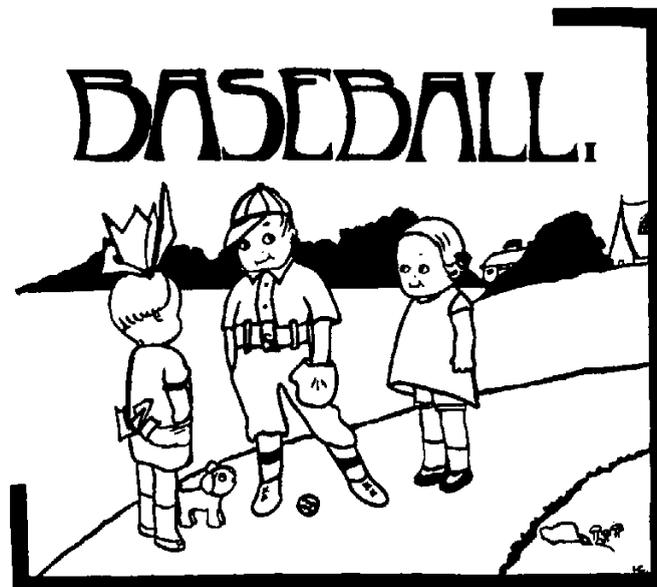
Goodman, weight, 160. Although "Hot-foot" only stayed with us a month or so after the season closed, he deserves honorable mention for his good work in holding down the left guard position.

Adamson, weight, 145. "Red" is inclined to be a bit lazy, but showed up well in a pinch, but the trouble was he was not pinched enough. His first year on the team was, as a whole, satisfactory.

Statler, weight, 155. Although "Stat" was in the game a short time, he shows the making of a valuable player in the future. Here's hoping that he gets as rough next year as he does in the yard at intermission.

JOHN V. POOLE.





REX BABBITT, *Captain*

D. STATLER, *Manager*

W. Anthe, *Catcher*

C. Magly, *First Base*

W. Costello, *Second Base*

L. Cahill, *Short Stop*

S. Speelman, *Third Base*

J. Roth, *Left Field*

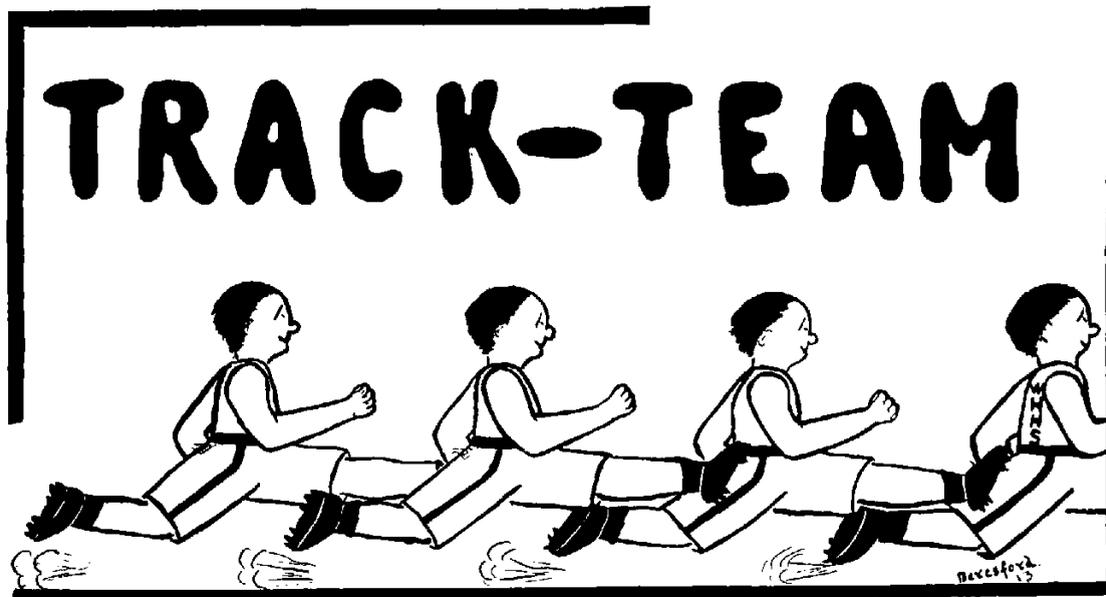
Evans, *Center Field*

W. Steidle, *Right Field*

Dale, *Third Base*

E. Stevenson, *Substitute*





Carleton Davidson, Captain
Walter Costello, Manager

C. Mitchell
Al. Gaither
C. Blackburn
D. Statler

R. Babbitt
F. Dreeke
W. Simpkinson

Baseball Talk

THE returns of the annual baseball election proclaimed "Rex" Babbitt Captain and DeCamp Statler Manager. At the summons about twenty-five candidates came out, and practice began about the middle of March. But the rainy season held back good practice considerably, and it was about the first of April before real hard work began. With only a few days' practice, Babbitt got his team into "trim," and he himself twirling from the mound, bore it to victory in two practice games against a strong Hyde Park team.

The third game was an interscholastic game with the Woodwardites. There were seven hard-fought innings, and we were defeated 4 to 5. The game was close all the way through, with both Babbitt and Schrimper pitching good ball. We scored two runs, but much to our displeasure, Woodward scored three in the first inning. But after this inning Babbitt settled down and pitched big league ball. Had he had a little stronger support we cannot help but think the score would have been in our favor.

SCHEDULE.

April 4—Hyde Park; 8 to 1.
April 11—Hughes; rain.
April 18—Woodward; 4 to 5.
April 23—U. of C.; 3 to 1.
May 2—O. M. I.
May 9—Hughes.
May 16—Covington.
May 23—Newport.
May 30—Madisonville.
June 6—Norwood.

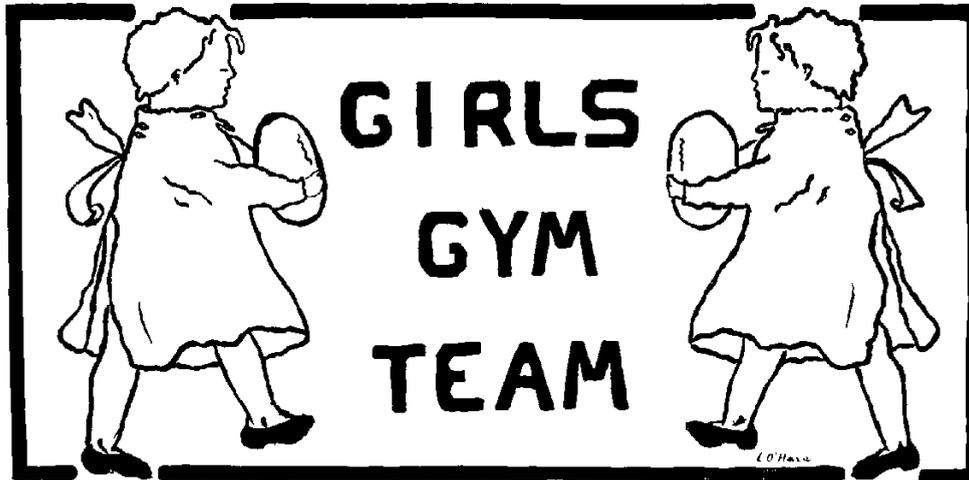
The Track Team

AT the summons, about twelve candidates for the track team responded and journeyed to Music Hall almost every afternoon to practice for the Y. M. C. A. meet. Four were chosen to run the relay race, and nobly did they run it. But much to our disappointment, Woodward crossed the line first; we got second place and Hughes third. But a month later, at the First Regiment meet, we got revenge. With only three days' practice, we easily defeated Woodward by almost a quarter of a lap, and nobody was more surprised than the Woodwardites themselves. Really, we do not blame them, for they have many more candidates to choose from, and an indoor track so that they can keep in training during the entire year. Truly, the track team is an organization of which we may well be proud, and probably is as strong as any

team Walnut Hills ever produced, even in her old historic days. For it was this team, with the exception of several who graduated last year, who won both the Harvard and Oxford meets, and is very confident of winning them both this year. The four members who make up the relay team are Davidson, Statler, Blackburn and Babbitt. The time was three minutes and fifty-five and one-fifth seconds, which is remarkably good time for a High School team. Babbitt also won the two-twenty yard dash, leaving Woodward only the Junior relay race, in which we did not enter. Consequently, we feel that Walnut Hills on that night "lived up" to those words which are so dear to us all:

"Schul-a-rack, a rack-a schul—
Schul-a-rack a rack-a schul—
Who rule? We rule--
Walnut Hills High School."





Miss Calkins Acting Captain
 Myra Winkler Manager

Lillian Michael
 Bernice McDonald
 Elizabeth Eichhold
 Lydia Rockel
 Ruth Russel
 Edna Blesch
 Charlotte Metzner
 Lillian Herancourt
 Gertrude Moesta
 Ida Jones
 Bertha Goetz

Anetta Popp
 Louise Larry
 Anna Croswell
 Mary Hanauer
 Vera Stall
 Cecille Stark
 Edith Cohn
 Hannah Schneider
 Mildred Diss
 Anna Sullivan





WALTER COSTELLO, *Acting Captain*
 DeCAMP STATLER, *Manager*

C. Mitchell
 D. McComas
 H. Bentham
 T. Gillespie
 E. Braun
 H. Pleuddeman
 T. Carr

E. Simpkinson
 R. Hall
 A. Juergens
 R. Geis
 J. Bryan
 E. Stevenson

J. Buerger
 M. Matz
 P. Chatelier
 E. Goetz
 W. Steidle
 D. Cleveland

B. Stevens
 R. Wentz
 E. Fritsch
 E. Guckenberger
 E. Segal
 I. Hartsough

Girls' Gym Team

ON the 20th of October, 1910, more than thirty A, B, C and D grade girls met in the Gym to make up the famous Girl Gym Team of Walnut Hills High School. We all remember that day, for it was a day of great sorrow. We had to part with 50 cents before we could join. Anyway, we invented a smile and chose Miss Heins for Captain and Miss Levine for Manager. We met every **Tuesday morning**, from 8 till 8:30, and at recess, and really did very good work.

Nineteen-thirteen, however, found us ready for work again, although the team had lost about ten A grade girls. Ten or eleven new D graders were added to our team, and work began again in earnest. Miss Shroeder proved to be a good Captain, and Miss Leuders was certainly a grand Manager.

October, 1912, found Miss Leuders as Captain and Miss Brock as Manager. The only difference was that another day had to be added. We now met on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and we really needed it. Every lesson Dr. Knoch would say, "Gym Team girls to the front," and whether we had been to learn the lesson before or not made no difference, we positively had to get up before the class and do our stunts. It certainly was exciting.

November, 1913, the best of the four years, found the remainder of the team in the Gym. We were a worn-out looking "bunch" after our three years of hard work. But, as ever, we were willing to die for our school, so we got busy. Miss Brock and Miss Winkler were chosen Captain and Manager of the team.

PERSIS BROCK, '13.

Boys' Gym Team

IT becomes the annual duty of someone to write either a short speech, essay, oration or even a poem with one of Walnut Hills' most venerable and sturdy organizations, the Boys Gym Team, as its nucleus. The chance for originality usually falls to one of the members of this muscular and brawny band, but this year it was written by one who is neither noted for his bicep measurement or for the size of hat he wears. In case any of you should read through this article (and I know most of you won't), kindly judge it from the above voluntary statements as to the author's shortcomings.

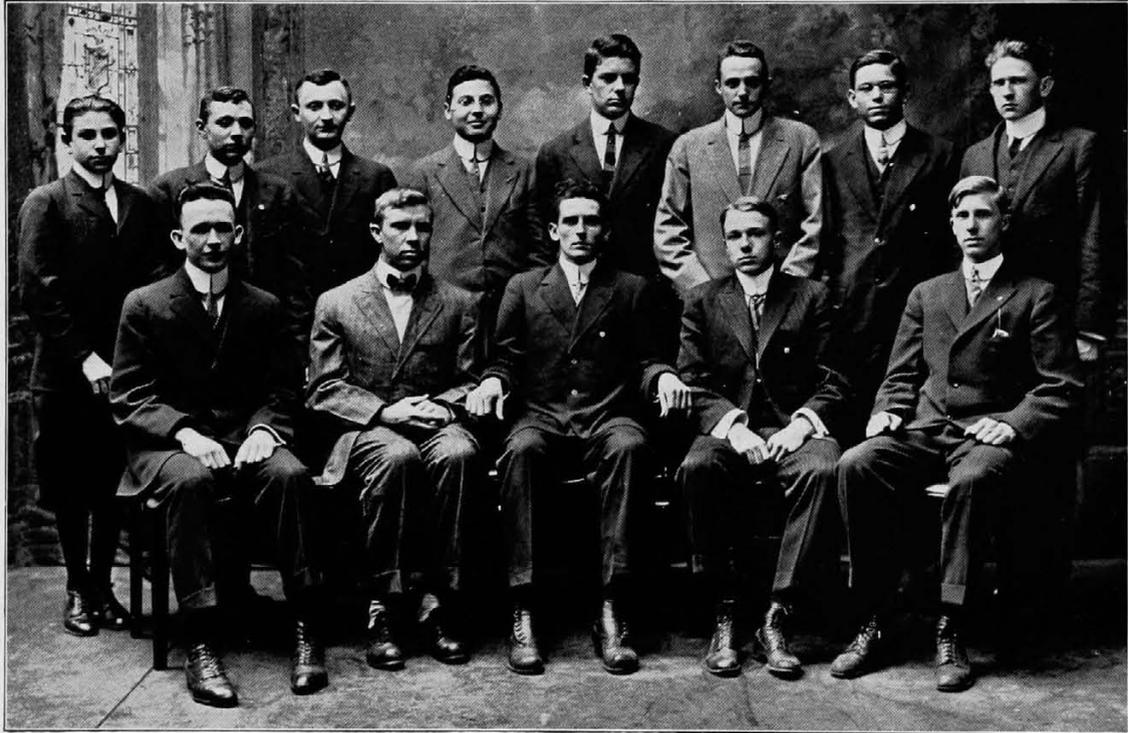
This year, like preceding years, the team has been on the lookout for promising material in the D, C and B grades, because many of the team are Seniors, and as they all have fond dreams of graduating, they would leave the team badly crippled if no attempts were made to replace the old boys with new. Every year this is done, because next year our Freshman, Sophomores and Juniors will be Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, and when eventually they all reach the acme of their school career, namely,

belonging to the Senior class, they will find much joy and pride in having well developed arms and legs, and in a large chest expansion.

When they escort their fair classmates to the various dance factories, such as the Gym, the Mansion and the cabin of the Island Queen, those who have worked hard and long in the Gym will be able to out-dance and out talk those who have not taken advantage of the Gym.

With Gym work comes a certain ease and poise of manner which will be very useful when they find themselves enveloped in the social whirl of a Senior's life. Therefore, Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors, pay heed to this friendly warning and be sure to take advantage of Dr. Knoch's coaching, or lo and behold! when you may have a desire you will probably find the apparatus worn out by over-zealous patrons of our mythical friend, Mr. Hercules, who, when doing the kip on the golden apple tree might have shown better form if he had been acquainted with our pale-faced friend, Magnesium.

F. S. DOUGLAS, '13.





Debating Club

CARLETON DAVIDSON, President
DWIGHT SLATER, Vice President
W. D. QUALEY, Secretary
JOHN QUINN, Treasurer

F. Johnson
L. Voss
L. Ely
E. Goetz
S. Landman
M. Rosenthal
M. Salkover

J. Hagans
D. Rice
M. K. Weller
F. Rees
H. Stanley
B. Quartors
J. Bryan

MOCK TRIAL



E. BRAUN '13

The Case of Jennie Bryce

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

Judge	Dwight Slater
Prosecuting Attorney	Fred Johnson
Attorney for Defense	Carleton Davidson
Clerk	Fallis Rees
Bailiff	Bernard Quartors
Messenger	David Rice
Foreman of the Jury	Horton Stanley
Philip Hadley, Prisoner	Sol. Landman
Mr. Holcombe	Mark Rosenthal
Mr. Bronson	James Hagans
Mr. Reynolds	Hugo Plueddeman
Mr. Alexander	Meyer Salkover
Mr. Howell	Walter Qualey
Dr. Littlefield	Leroy Voss
Timothy Senft	Edw. J. Goetz
Mrs. Pitman	Elaine Brown
Mrs. Murray	Helen Marcella Heyl
Miss Hope	Dorothy Duke
Eliza Shaeffer	Lillian Michael
Jennie Brice's Sister	Mildred Oberhelman

The Debating Club

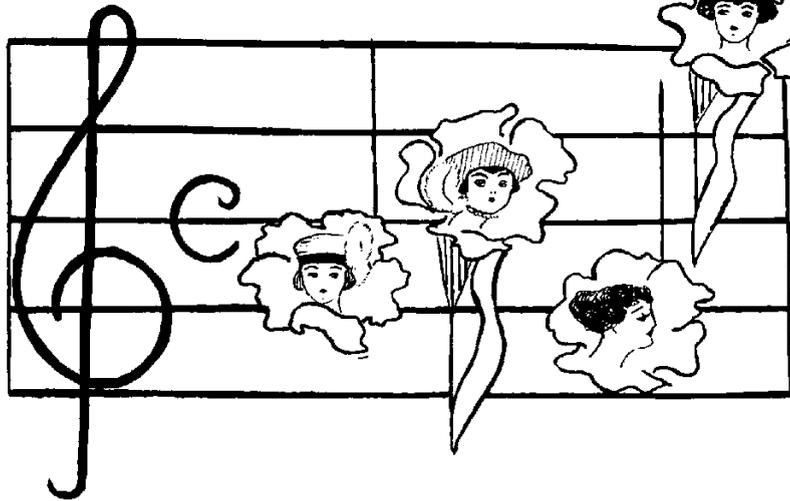
THE Debating Club was organized in the latter part of October. Work was immediately begun on a mock trial, which the club presented with great success. The subject was "The Case of Jennie Brice." Dorothy Duke, as Miss Hope, with her beauty spots and highly tinted cheeks, looked as if she had come direct from Broadway. Lillian Michael, as Eliza Shaeffer, acted the part of a rustic maid beautifully, but the sensation of the evening was Helen Heyl's spectacular fainting. Immediately after the mock trial negotiations with the Newport High School for a double debate were completed.

The Debating Club has won much glory during its fifteen years of existence, and Mr. Richmond, in an essay written last year, describes the rank and status of the club at that time. These are his words: "That too good a reputation is dangerous is

well demonstrated in our attempt to secure an interscholastic debate. Nearly all the schools approached, in replying to our challenge, frankly admitted our superiority and their inability to meet us on equal grounds, an admission fully justified by the record the club has established in its fourteen years' existence, during which time it has lost but three out of twelve debates—a record which has never been attained or rivaled by any other school in our city."

Evidently so slight a thing as a reputation does not bother Newport, for her champions, without a word of fear, advanced their arguments and won the day in a double victory over Walnut Hills. The only excuse we have is lack of thorough preparation. I think that it should teach the club a lesson, that it is not boasts, but hard work, which begets a reputation.

G
L
F
F



C
L
L
B

Girls' Glee Club

R. Schneider
A. Raskopf
V. Surtees
R. Punshon
R. Railsback
M. Wallace
G. Thienes
N. Guckenberger
J. Striker
A. Heineman
M. Helmers
E. Remelin

L. Williams
E. Wolf
J. Forman
S. Snyder
K. Farr
D. Paal
M. McDonald
A. Alexander
O. Williamson
M. Pool
E. Ragadsky
V. Tate

M. Sorber
E. Allee
H. Broker
D. Cone
A. Curliss
J. Campbell
J. Heyle
G. McLean
M. McDonald
V. Ragadsky
R. Aultman
J. Lee



Prophecy

IT was quite late in the afternoon when I, after faithfully (?) performing my duties at school, started down town in quest of knowledge concerning the future of the A grade. I had been instructed by a person of authority on the Remembrancer staff to visit a reliable fortune teller and learn, if possible, what she might prophesy as to each individual's future life.

It was about four o'clock when I arrived in the heart of the city, and, not knowing exactly where I might find a fortune teller, started walking up and down the different streets, carefully perusing all of the signs which protruded from the many buildings. At last, after strolling for many blocks, I came to a low, frame cottage, where I noticed, to my great surprise and pleasure, a sign containing the words "Tea Lizzie, successor to Coffee Mary; Fortune Teller," hanging several feet above the narrow door. I hurriedly entered the front gate, walked up the steps and rang the bell.

"Well, what can I do for you?" abruptly asked an old woman, with a suddenness which almost took me off my feet.

"Oh, Hello," says I, "I'm a student at W. H. H. S., and have been sent down to have you see what is in the future of each member of the 1913 class."

"Well, come on in and I'll see what I can do for you," commanded the fortune teller, grabbing me by the coat collar and almost hurling me into the house.

"Madam," says I. "do you always handle people who come to patronize you the way you have handled me?"

"Ah, young man," quickly snapped the old woman, "do you realize that it is to me, the great Tea Lizzie, the greatest of all fortune tellers, to whom you have asked such a question?"

"Well, I may not be a great fortune teller, not even a Tea Lizzie or a Lemonade Suzie, but hereafter let me walk by myself," answered I angrily.

The old woman, without a word, slowly walked out of the room which I had so unceremoniously entered and on into the next. I sat quiet for some ten or fifteen minutes, when suddenly she again stood before me, with a cup of steaming tea in her hand.

"Here, drink this if you want to see the future lives of your classmates," once more she commanded.

I must admit that it was with quite a shaky hand that I took hold of the cup, but I did as I was told and hoped for the best.

"Now if you want to see just what will be going on in ten years from now, then

look into this box," said the fortune teller, handing me a medium-sized box with two openings for the eyes at the one end.

As I looked through the aforementioned apertures, nothing but darkness at first met my eyes. Then, at one instant, the entire inside of the box was lighted up, and a picture immediately became evident. From all appearances, the picture must have been that of a rear yard to a residence. In the foreground was a strong iron cage about two feet square, and inside the cage was one lone duck. With the exception of a few trees, the yard was otherwise vacant. Suddenly a middle-aged man appeared on the scene, and, raising an air rifle at the duck, shot and killed it instantly. The picture then vanished. With a bewildered look upon my face, I turned around to the fortune teller and asked for an explanation of what I had just seen.

"That yard which you just saw," began the woman slowly, "belonged to Bill Anthe, and the man who shot the duck was the owner of the yard. I suppose you remember how Bill loved to hunt ducks in his younger days. Well, he is now too old to hunt them, so he has them caught and put in that cage, then he shoots them."

I laughed aloud, but, realizing that again I might receive rough treatment, quieted down.

"Look again into the box," said the fortune teller.

I once more did as I was told, but this time the picture had entirely changed. I saw before me the office of what I supposed to be an army officer. I was soon convinced that I had made a mistake, when into the office walked two women, one dressed in ordinary garb, and the other wearing the regulation militant suffragette suit, and carrying a blunt sword. Expecting the two to converse, I listened attentively.

"You say that you want to enlist in the army?" asked the latter.

"I do," answered the former and smaller one.

"Give me your name, please," again replied the one, whom I recognized as Dorothy Duke.

"Persis Brock."

"Do you drink, chew, or smoke?"

"No, I've quit."

"What's your nationality?"

"A girl."

"No, your nationality?"

"Oh, I'm an American."

"What do you want to be in the army? What office do you want to hold?"

"Oh, I'd just as leave be a deckswab."

"Alright, the navy is down at the foot of Broadway, tied there. Don't forget to pull it up on the bank every time you come in from a cruise."

So interested was I in the conversation of these two people that as this second pic-

ture vanished I was for a moment startled. I again turned around to the old woman, who sat gazing out the window.

"Say, Lizzie," says I, for I now felt quite intimate with her, "tell me what each member of the class will be doing in years to come."

"I see Braun," she began, "selling peanuts and popcorn at the corner of Fifth and Walnut."

"Will he be successful?" I asked.

"Oh, indeed, he will sell between 20 and 30 peanuts a day."

"Who else can you see?"

"Well," she replied, "I see an old man with a grizzled beard carrying a hand organ and leading a monkey by a string. I am not quite sure, but I think that the man is Douglas."

"I expect you're right," I replied assuringly, "Douglas always enjoyed music, and his favorite animal was the monkey, in fact, Beresford was always with him. But tell me more about the rest of the class."

For the second time in the afternoon the old woman left the room. I supposed that she was going to get me more tea, or perhaps something stronger; however, in a few minutes she again returned and sat down near me.

"Here," she said, handing me a paper, "is a newspaper of the year 1935. You may not be acquainted with the fact, but we fortune tellers are supplied with future

news in order to enable us to continue our profession."

I looked over the paper carefully, and incidentally jotted down a few notes, as follows:

VALUABLE HEN.

"Edw. J. Goetz, at one time a member of W. H. H. S., has discovered in his herd of 200 chickens, one hen which lays from seven to nine eggs a day—or, maybe, he said, one egg in seven to nine days, anyway it is a nice hen."

NEW FIRM.

"Clifford Magly and Louis Hurtig, two prominent business men of this city, have organized a new company. They intend to sell shoe strings down on Fountain Square. Hurtig was elected President of the company, while Magly is the force."

MARRIED.

Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Salkover left the city yesterday upon their honeymoon.

GREAT ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Miss Hazel Littell, the eminent pianist, has at last succeeded in overcoming one of the greatest difficulties encountered in piano playing. Last week while surrounded by a few of her closest friends Hazel successfully played the scale, bewildering those about her. She leaves, in two months, for Europe to develop her talent.

DOUBLE ACCIDENT.

While working on a horizontal bar yesterday Herman Howland and Homan Whittaker were accidentally thrown to the ground. Howland broke his little finger and Whittaker broke his watch crystal. Both will recover.

DANGEROUSLY ATTACKED.

Several days ago, as Everett Stevenson was passing across his cattle ranch, he was suddenly attacked by the husband of one of his cows; however, being previously trained by John Poole along the lines of holding his own against these ferocious animals, Stevenson succeeded in throwing this one. He emerged with but few scratches.

SUCCESS AT LAST.

After many months of rigid training, Miss Florence Haney and Miss Kathryn Heard have at last made their debut in grand opera. They will sing part of the opera by Spaghetti at Music Hall next Sunday evening.

GEM FOUND.

While digging for fishing worms in the back yard last week Harriet Corwin accidentally unearthed a brilliant sparkling jewel. It was taken to a jeweler, who said

that it was only a lump of coal, valued at \$300.00. Harriet refuses to tell us who the jeweler was.

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS GIVEN.

Quite a surprise was in store for Carleton Davidson, valedictorian for the class of 1913 of W. H. H. S., at the conclusion of his speech at the Grand Opera House last evening. Several of his classmates, along with others in the audience, tossed presents into his arms. Davidson said that as he had no incubator he couldn't use them.

I looked at my watch, and, upon seeing that it was already quite late, handed the fortune teller the newspaper and picked up my hat.

"Before I go," said I, "tell me what I will pursue in later years."

"Oh, you?" she replied, "you will successfully carry on a thriving business. Your heaviest season will, no doubt, be in the winter time, and, toward summer, it will slacken up."

"But what is it?" I broke in impatiently.

"You will drive an ash wagon, and as far as I can see, you—"

But, having now heard more than I desired, I passed out of the door.

JOHN C. QUINN.





Senior Dance

THE last day of the mid-year exams, February 5th, to be exact, the Senior dance "happened." It only happened because everything was done at the last minute, and in a great hurry. Everybody helped decorate the Gym in brown and gold pennants and streamers of gold paper. Instead of having members of the class take turns at playing the piano, the music was real dance music, piano and traps. During one of the intermissions a suffragette meeting was held in the study hall. Ida Lee and "D" Duke were the two speakers, and by the time they had convinced everyone that women should vote,

the refreshments were ready. The ice-cream had strawberries in it, and a few dignified Seniors, not mentioning names, had two plates. So after the musicians had left, and each girl had pulled down a pennant for her memory book, and Dick had turned out the lights, every one tramped home through the snow, declaring what a glorious time they had had.

Committee on Decorations—Miss Brock, Miss Gromme, Miss Lee, Miss Littell, Miss Duke.

Committee on Refreshments—Harold Bentham, Walter Qualey, Gordon Hildreth.

A.-B. Dance

THE MANSION

May Tenth, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen

COMMITTEE ON HALL.

HERMAN HOWLAND, *Chairman*

Donald McComas

Lawrence Ely

COMMITTEE ON PROGRAMS, REFRESHMENTS, ETC.

DOROTHY STEVENS, *Chairman*

Luella Wittkamper

Edith Davis

John C. Quinn

Howard Wirthlin

“Some of Us as Others See Us”

NAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	WORST FAULT	NICKNAME	FAVORITE PASTIME	ONE WORD DESCRIPTION
Helen Heyl	“My hair”	Primping	“Honey bunch”	Talking	Critic
Elizabeth Miller	“My soul”	Gossip	“Betty”	Dancing	Little
Ida Lee	“For Hughie’s sake”	Lazy	“C. H. & D.”	Singing	Suffragette
Grace Hiller	“Great Scot”	Hasn’t any?	“Bill”	Housekeeping	Mathematician
Emma Gromme	“Oh Kid”	Talking	“Em”	Studying History	Jolly
Persis Brock	“I should care”	Slang	“Becky”	Having a good time	Petite
Florence Haney	“Do you love it?”	Copying French	“Shorty”	“Mock wedding”	Favorite
Kathryn Heard	“My stars”	Giggling	“Kat”	Going to the Library	Dear
Luella Hoppe	“We should worry”	Recites too much in chemistry	“Johnny”	Dancing	Dandy
Margaret Breed	“Would -- a”	Only brings two pickles to school	“Marg”	Wearing sweet peas to school	Circus
Carolyn McGowan	“My London”	Writing letters	“Coline”	Getting “ads”?	Anti-suffragette
Edith Davis	“I don’t know a thing”	Studies too much	“Eie”	Decorating her Theme tablet	Stylish
Hilda Perkins	“Oh Heavens”	Eating	“Hibby”	Serving in the lunch room	Cut-up
Dorothy Stevens	“On with the dance”	Does n’t like Latin prose	“Dot”	Doing the Boston	Adorable
Luella Wietkamper	“To the stars above”	“Gooheimer”	“Boo”	Going to Oxford	Best all around
Harriet Corwin	“Hasn’t any”	Too much society	“Hatchet”	Cleaning house	Pretty
Dorothy Duke	“Thrilled to a peanut”	Likes the “braves”	“D”	Embroidering	Dignified?
Hazel Littell	Expressionless	Too big a hurry	“Jeff”	Getting things “free”	Peach

Petty Sayings by Non-famous Men

Adamson—Good show at the Orpheum this week.

Anthe—That doggone Lit.

Bentham—(Greek student) and Old Ulysses. (See Whitteker for completion of translation.)

Beresford—No indeed.

Braun—(That's funny) Tee-hee, tee-hee-hee-hee.

Cromwell—Utter silence.

Davidson—Practice for the track team today fellows.

Douglas—That's all right, keep your shirt on.

Dreeke—Thirty-seven, forty-six, naught. (Football practice.)

Ely—Another quiet lad.

Goetz—Gee, just in time.

Hildreth—Gimme a match; I wanta smoke my rope.

Howland—Is *that* so?

Johnson—Er-uh-Why, the middle ages extended from, etc.

Landman—Lend me some theme paper.

McComas—Hey, fellows, got any class dues?

Magly—Aw, shut up, can't yu.

Poole—Slip me sumpin'.

Qualey—Resolved, that debating is good exercise for the bark.

Quinn—Aw, he oughta be shot.

Richardson—(Graf expert). The graf looks like this.

Rosenthal—(Pestering Salky). Oh Salky, where's your hat?

Salkover—The proposition is peace.

Speelman—Here goes an in-drop, shooter first.

Stevenson—Who's the dame?

Voss—A Lemon or a peach.

Whitteker—He said, "Oh ye gods!"

Wirthlin—How do you write an excuse? I gotta write one.

Plueddeman—That *won't* work. Let's argue about it.

ANONYMOUS.

High School Want Ads.

LOST—A pony. Meyer Salkover.

LOST—My theme tablet. Herman Howland.

LOST—Four recitation periods while walking from Hyde Park. John Quinn.

LOST—Two cents matching pennies. Ernst Braun.

FOUND—The Girl of My Dreams. Gordon Hildreth.

FOUND—My Hero. Harriet Corwin.

FOUND—My Hero. Hazel Littell.

WANTED—My derby not sunk. Donald McComas.

WANTED—100 per cent. John Poole.

WANTED—My mamma. Clifford Magly.

LOST—A powder magazine and puff. Handle with care. Reward offered. Kathryn Heard.

LOST—A curl. Light brown in color, slightly faded; otherwise as good as new. Harriet Corwin.

LOST—The other one. Same description as above. Harriet Corwin.

LOST—My mathematical ability. Caroline Tracy.

WANTED—A girl. Curtis Beresford.

FOR SALE—My new book, "How To Become a Successful Flirt." Ernst Braun.

WANTED—Pupils for my correspondence school; to learn the art of being business managers. Freeman Douglas.

WANTED—Votes for women. Dorothy Duke.

WANTED—Some hair pins. Hazel Littell.

“Der At’lete”

I want to be a team boy,
And with the Gym team stand,
With magnesia on my fingers,
And calluses on my hand

I can do the front kip backwards;
I climb the ropes with glee;
And march around the Gym floor
To Doctor’s “One, two, three.”

I mount the bucks sans effort,
The rear mount take with ease;
Do the front and backward scissors,
Or any kips I please.

I jump the rest on the parallels,
Do the rise and shoulder stand,
Do the back and frontward push-up
And stand on either hand

I’m at home on the horizontals;
Chin ten times with either hand;
Do the kip, or chute, or giant,
The bar’s at my full command.

I like work on the apparatus,
My muscles increase every day;
But the work in the yard detains me
From joining right away.

I won’t stand for running the hurdles,
Though it might improve my grace;
But I don’t quite see any pleasure
In wiping the ground with my face.

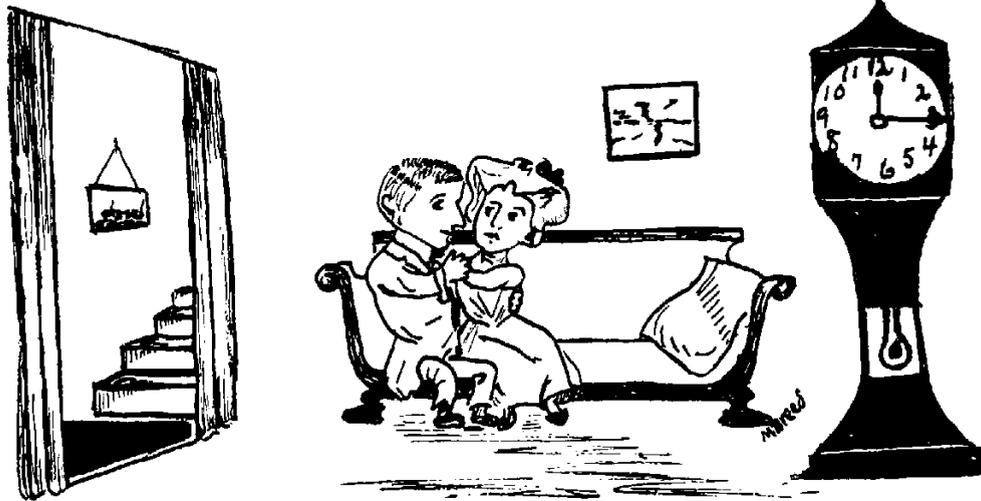
Pole-vaulting develops the athlete;
It takes you up near the sky,
And without support it leaves you
To drop in the sand on your eye.

It may be fine to sprint dashes
To jump and to play through the air;
But the gravel rash on the forehead
Is the part for which I don’t care.

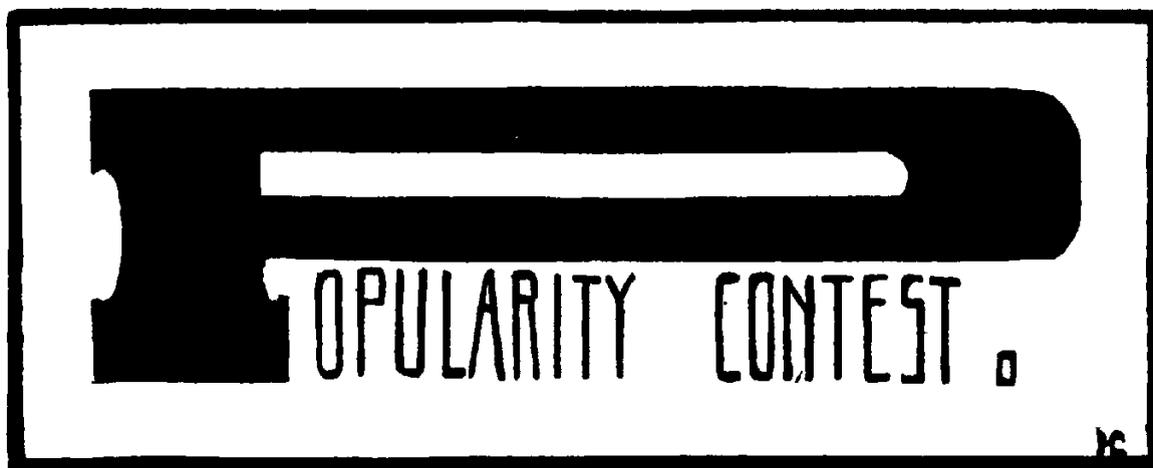
They urge us each day on “school spirit”
Which undoubtedly has its good points,
But what’s the use of school spirit
When you’ve broken all of your joints?

To join the Gym team or not to,
I’ve pondered that question hard.
Well, I’ve come to the final conclusion—
I’ll practice in my back yard.

C. R. B.



“Violet,” called the old gentleman from upstairs, “What time is it?”
“I don’t know Pa, the clock isn’t going.”
“Well, how about the young man?”



Popularity Contest

Best Athlete—

Magly, 30.
Poole, 11.
Richardson, 6.

Best Dancer—

L. Hoppe, 14.
P. Brock, 8.
D. Stevens, 4.

Biggest Grind—

Salkover, 30.
Poole, 4.
F. Runck, 4.

Best Natured—

F. Haney, 8.
Quinn, 7.
Adamson, 5.

Biggest Grubber—

Poole, 13.
D. Duke, 12.
Anthe, 10.

Biggest Giggler—

F. Runck, 30.
E. Gromme, 17.
D. Stevens, 2.

Brightest—

E. Brown, 17.
M. Tapke, 13.
Salkover, 10.

Prettiest—

H. Corwin, 21.
K. Heard, 11.
L. Hoppe, 6.

Laziest—

M. Baldwin, 12.
Anthe, 8.
Hildreth, 7.

Biggest Talker—

H. Heyl, 22.
Braun, 14.
L. Michael, 5.

Noisiest —

Braun, 13.
Whittaker, 9.
B. Tashman, 1.

Bluffer—

Quinn, 13.
Stevenson, 11.
H. Perkins, 8.

Most Ambitious—

C. Littlejohn, 16.
Davidson, 9.
Johnson, 7.

Biggest Grumbler—

Howland, 18.
Speelman, 18.
M. Baldwin, 3.

Dude—

Quinn, 23.
Howland, 13.
Douglas, 8.

Biggest Cutup—

Whittaker, 17.
Beresford, 5.
Quinn, 4.

Most Unfortunate—

R. Tashman, 11.
Magly, 10.
Pleuddeman, 5.

Most Original—

Quinn, 9.
Beresford, 6.
C. Tracy, 5.

Wittiest—

Quinn, 22.
Braun, 6.
Whittaker, 4.

Handsomest—

Davidson, 14.
Beresford, 8.
Quinn, 8.

Class Favorite—

F. Haney, 13.
H. Littell, 11.
Douglas, 5.

Vainest—

H. Corwin, 29.
H. Heyl, 7.
M. Galloway, 5.

Most Dignified—

D. Duke, 7.
C. McGowan, 6.
M. Oberhelman, 5.

Biggest Flirt—

Braun, 12.
D. Duke, 7.
Douglas, 6.

Most Artistic—

M. Breed, 19.
H. Corwin, 14.
Beresford, 7.

Class Poet—

Beresford, 19.
Quinn, 14.

Jolliest—

D. Duke, 10.
E. Gromme, 9.
F. Haney, 6.

Latest—

M. Galloway, 23.
Qualey, 18.
Goetz, 3.

Neatest—

C. McGowan, 7.
K. Heard, 6.
Anthe, 5.

Most Attractive—

H. Littell, 18.
D. Duke, 5.
Ida Lee, 4.

Best All-round—

F. Haney, 14.
Davidson, 8.
Duke, 4.

Best Mathematician—

G. Hiller, 20.
Salkover, 19.
M. Galloway, 7.

Cutest—

P. Brock, 22.
F. Hancy, 5.
Beresford, 3.

Most Stylish—

E. Davis, 30.
D. Duke, 4.

Class Will

KNOW All Men by These Presents:
That we, the Senior class of Walnut
Hills High School in the year 1913,
being of sound mind and memory,
and without prejudice, do hereby and
herein, will and bequeath all our unearthy
possessions in the manner set forth below,
to-wit:

To the Juniors we leave our trusty ponies
and our dog-eared books, to have and to
hold, through better and through worse,
especially worse.

To the Junior girls the Senior girls leave
their mirror and Miss Wheeler's plants.

To the Junior boys the Senior boys leave
their "smoking room."

To the Freshies we leave our surplus
theme paper, as a recompense for theirs,
which has mysteriously disappeared.

To the Glean staff we leave the camp
table.

To the flunkers we leave sympathy "imo
pectore."

To the Juniors we leave our quarrels
concerning class officers, dues and pins, the
Remembrancer, and the various entertain-
ments.

To the Department of Written English
we leave our old compositions.

To the sinners we leave the "anxious
seat."

To those with cold feet we leave permis-
sion to stand on the registers in the hall.

To the "athletes" we leave the Gym, the
cinder path and the pick and shovel.

To the cheerful fibbers we leave the list
of tardy excuses.

To the school in general we freely and
willingly give our unused demerit pads.

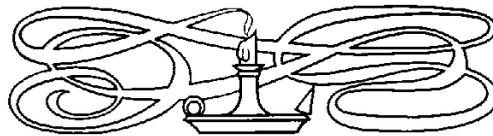
Signed, this fifth day of May, in the year
of our Lord one thousand nine hundred
and thirteen.

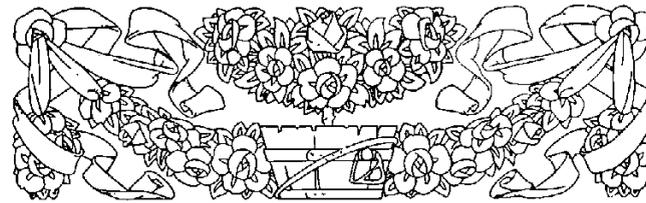
THE CLASS OF 1913.

Class Directory

Adamson, Harold	1642 Clayton St.	Haney, Florence	3304 Hackberry St.
Anthe, William	2773 Observatory Rd.	Haves, Alice	3325 Reading Rd.
Baldwin, Mollie	1310 Chapel St.	Hazlewood, Sara	1984 Lexington Ave., Norw'd
Bentham, Harold	2114 Fulton Ave.	Heard, Kathryn	2218 Kemper Lane
Beresford, Curtis	854 Lincoln Ave.	Helmich, Sylvia	1944 Dana Ave.
Braun, Ernst	2434 Ingleside Place	Heyl, Helen	2402 Upland Place
Breed, Margaret	620 June St.	Hildreth, Gordon	3467 Hudson Ave.
Brock, Persis	1645 Herbert Ave.	Hiller, Grace	2455 Madison Rd.
Brown, Elaine	937 E. McMillan St.	Hoppe, Luella	1826 Dexter Ave.
Burdsall, Ellen	526 Hoge St.	Howland, Herman	2365 Kemper Lane
Cantelon, Bertha	3028 Reading Rd	Johnson, Fred, Jr.	861 Beecher St.
Chatelier, Marguerite	1521 Chapel St.	Klinge, Loretta	1770 Lexington Ave.
Corwin, Harriet	819 Lincoln Ave.	Landman, Sol	3455 Whitfield Ave.
Cromwell, Louis	3013 Alms Place	Lee, Ida	1922 Clarion Ave.
Davidson, Carleton	1764 Humboldt Ave.	Littell, Hazel	1603 Ruth Ave.
Davis, Edith	345 Forest Ave.	Littlejohn, Christine	3070 Gilbert Ave.
Douglas, Freeman	2229 Kemper Lane	McComas, Donald	2152 Alpine Place
Dreeke, Fred	2218 Reading Rd.	McGowan, Carolyn	9 Haydock Apts.
Droescher, Marie	3508 Monteith Ave.	Magly, Clifford	2520 Woodburn Ave.
Duke, Dorothy	Anthony Bldg., Seminary Pl.	Marsh, Julia	1915½ E. McMillan St.
Ely, Lawrence	955 Nassau St.	Michael, Lillian	1521 Hapsburg Ave.
Forman, Bertha	1817 Hewitt Ave.	Miller, Elizabeth	2710 Cleinview Ave.
Galloway, Marguerite	2946 Paxton Rd.	Oberhelman, Mildred	1939 Cleneay Ave.
Goetz, Edward	1775 E. McMillan St.	O'Hara, Laura	3047 Hackberry St.
Grohne, Emma	1832 Brewster Ave.	Perkens, Hildegarde	3459 Observatory Pl.

Plueddeman, Hugo . . .	California, O., R. R. 1.	Stevens, Dorothy	3627 Edwards Rd.
Polking, Gertrude	2707 Alms Place	Stevenson, Everett	3418 Mooney Ave.
Poole, John	1342 McMillan St.	Tapke, Marie	1526 Ruth Ave.
Powell, Alva	2604 Woodburn Ave.	Tashman, Pauline	1647 Clayton St.
Qualey, Walter	1834 Kinney Ave.	Tashman, Rachel	1647 Clayton St.
Quinn, John	3291 Linwood Ave.	Tracy, Caroline	532 Howell Ave.
Richardson, Arthur	2632 Kemper Lane	Voss, LeRoy	3443 Burch Ave.
Rosenthal, Mark	2918 Reading Rd.	West, Goldie	1108 Chapel St.
Runck, Francis	926 Locust St	Whittaker, Homan	2621 Cleinview Ave.
Salkover, Meyer	2729 Woodburn Ave.	Wittkamper, Luella	3327 Stettinius Ave.
Schneider, Sarah	961 McMillan St.	Wirthlin, Howard	2401 Columbia Ave.
Speelman, Sanford	3563 Wabash Ave.		





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this volume of The Remembrancer, we urge
its readers to in turn aid them, and

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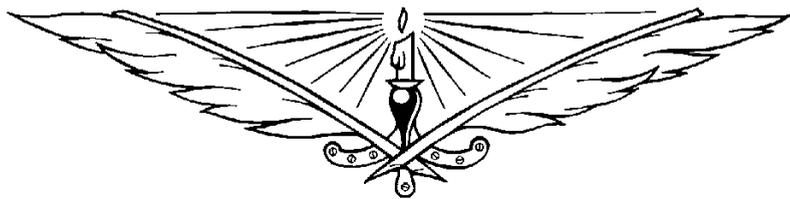
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Surplus,	500,000
Undivided Profits,	300,000
Deposits,	6,000,000

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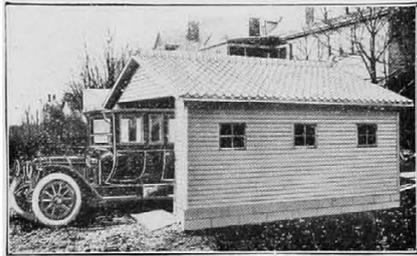
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For Next 30 Days**



We now offer the Edwards "Steelcote" Garage (1913 Model), direct-from-factory, for \$92.50. But to protect ourselves from advancing prices of steel, we set a time limit upon the offer. We guarantee this record price for 30 days only. Just now we can save you \$35 or more.

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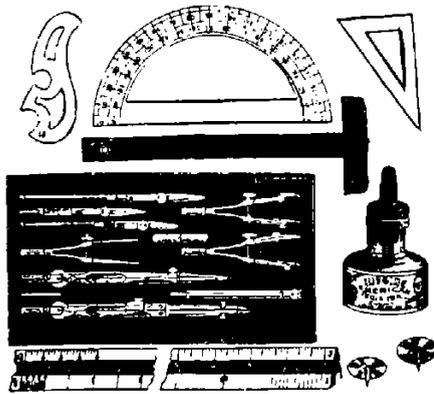


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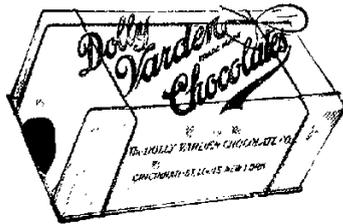
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