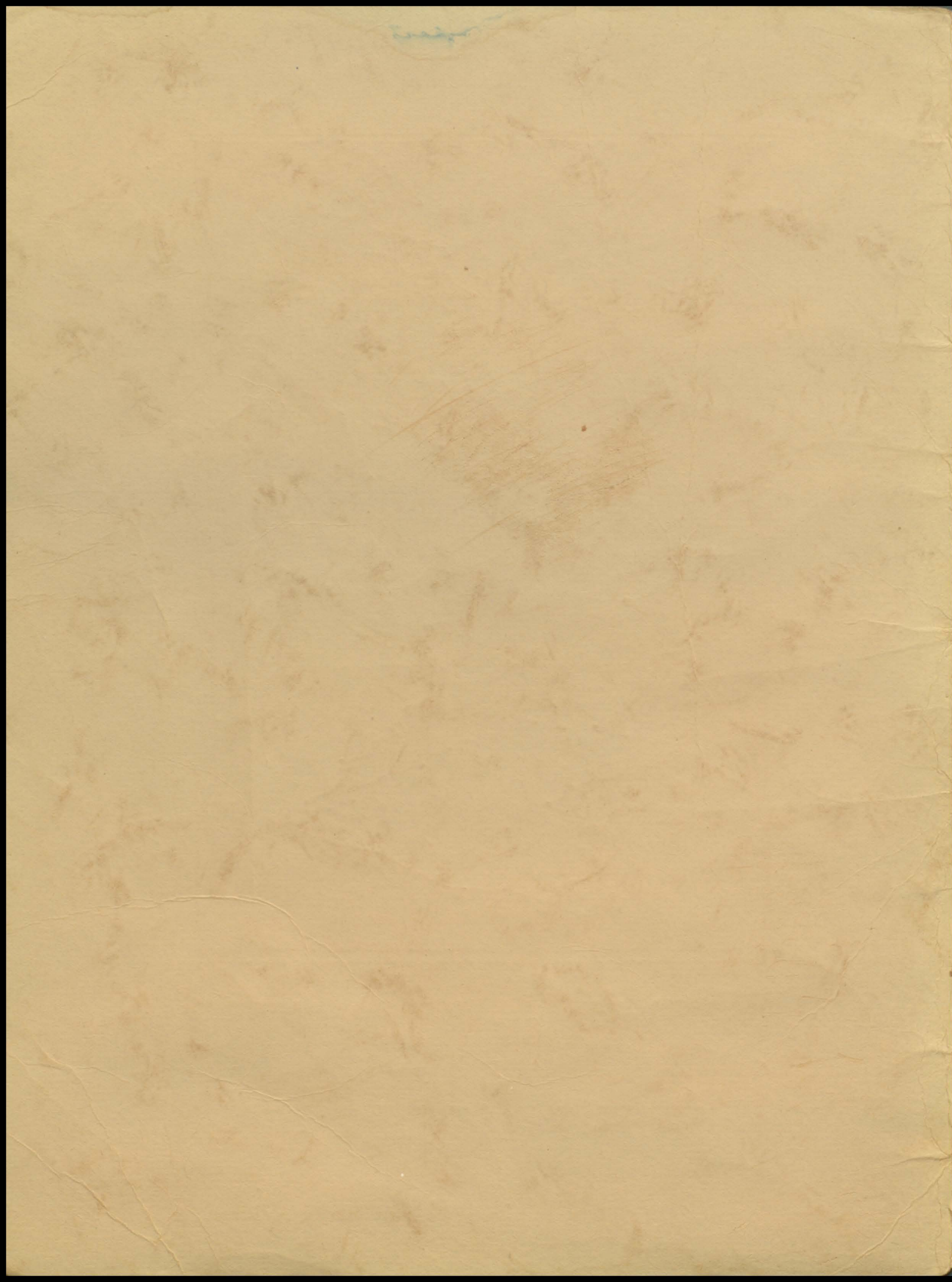
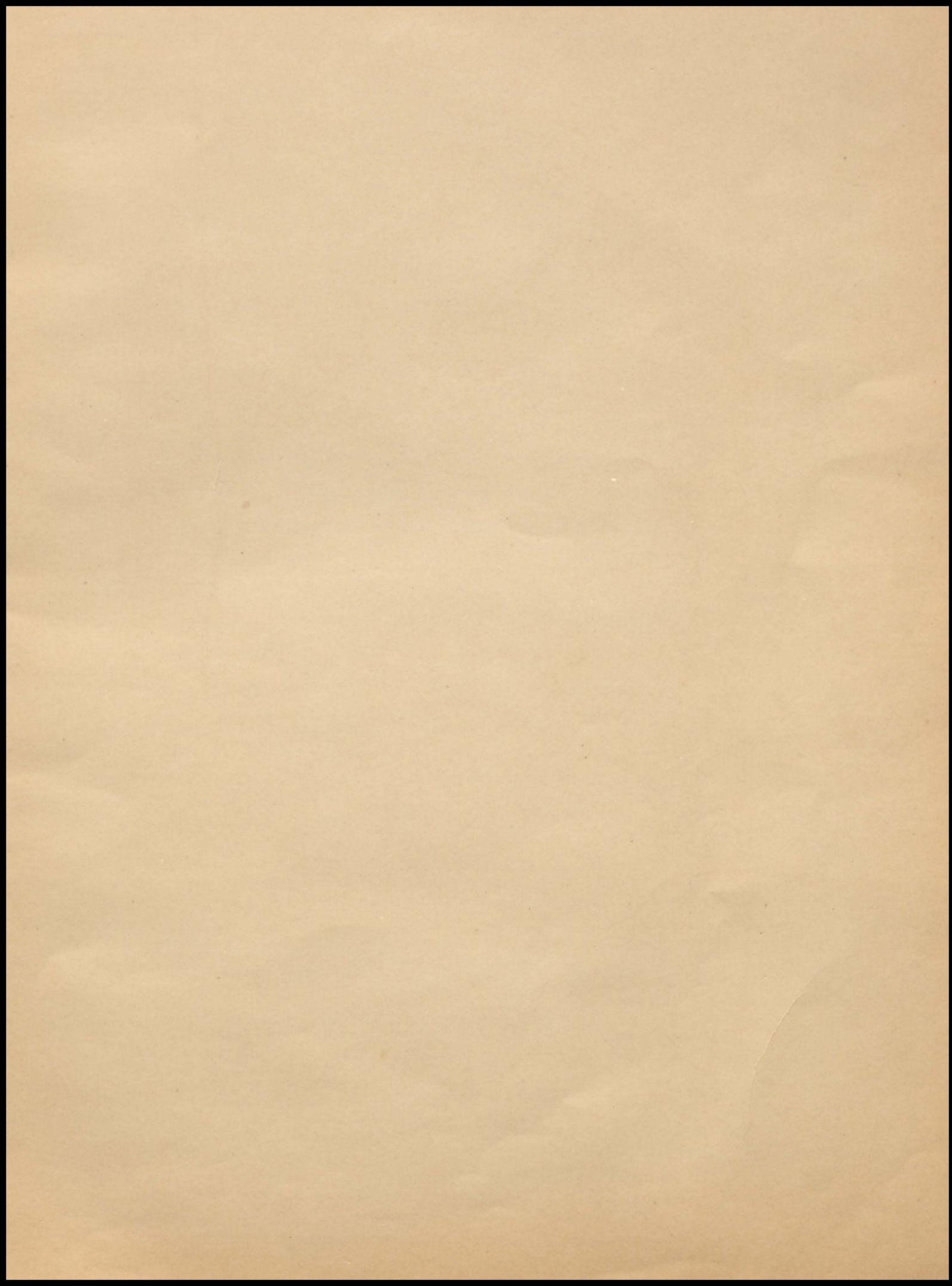
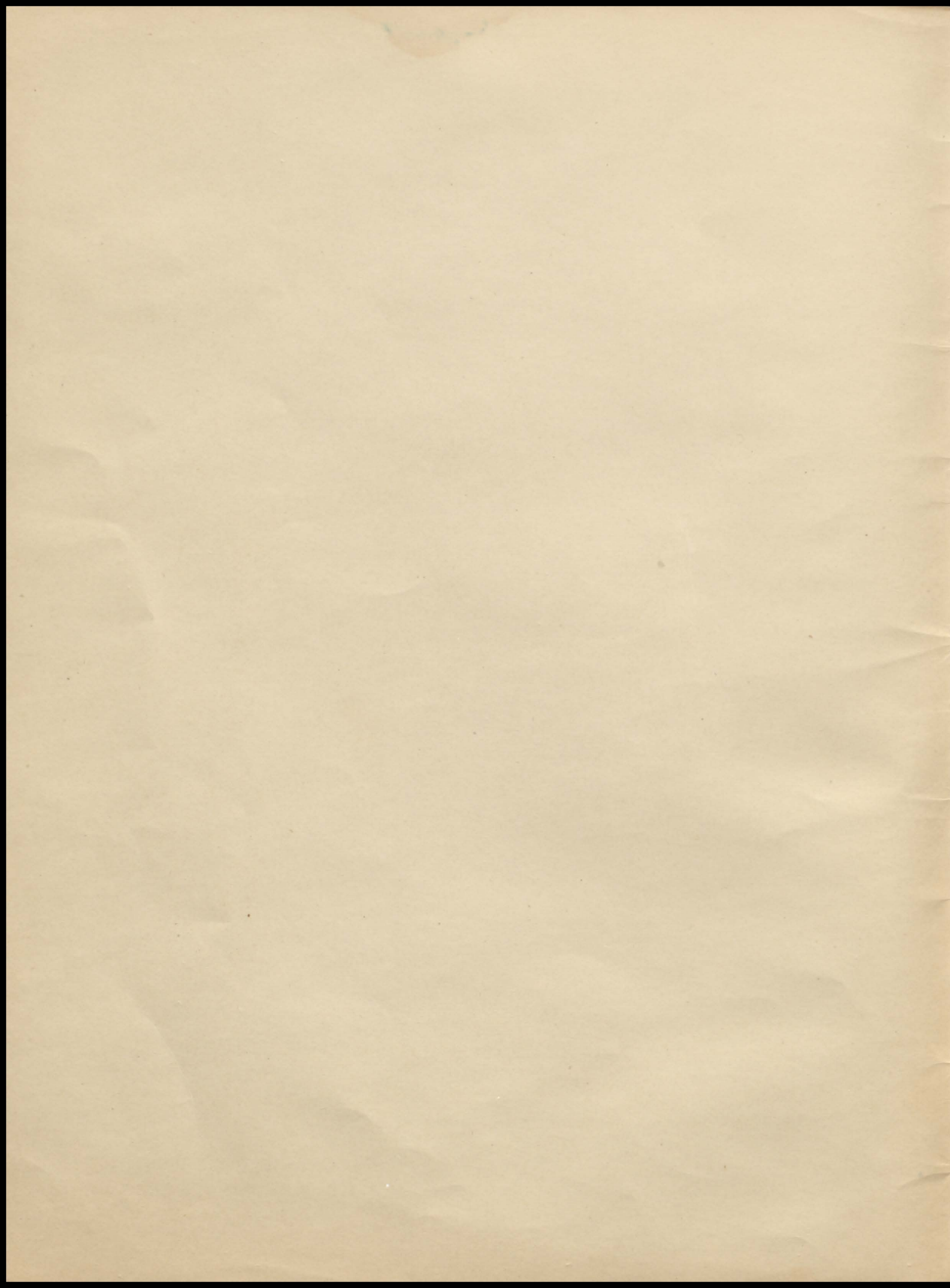




STAR OF THE NORTH







FOREWORD

WE, the class of January twenty-six, have strived to make this annual a creditable representative of our class. We sincerely ask that you will be lenient in your judgment as you turn its pages and we hope that you may retain only fond memories when the book is closed.





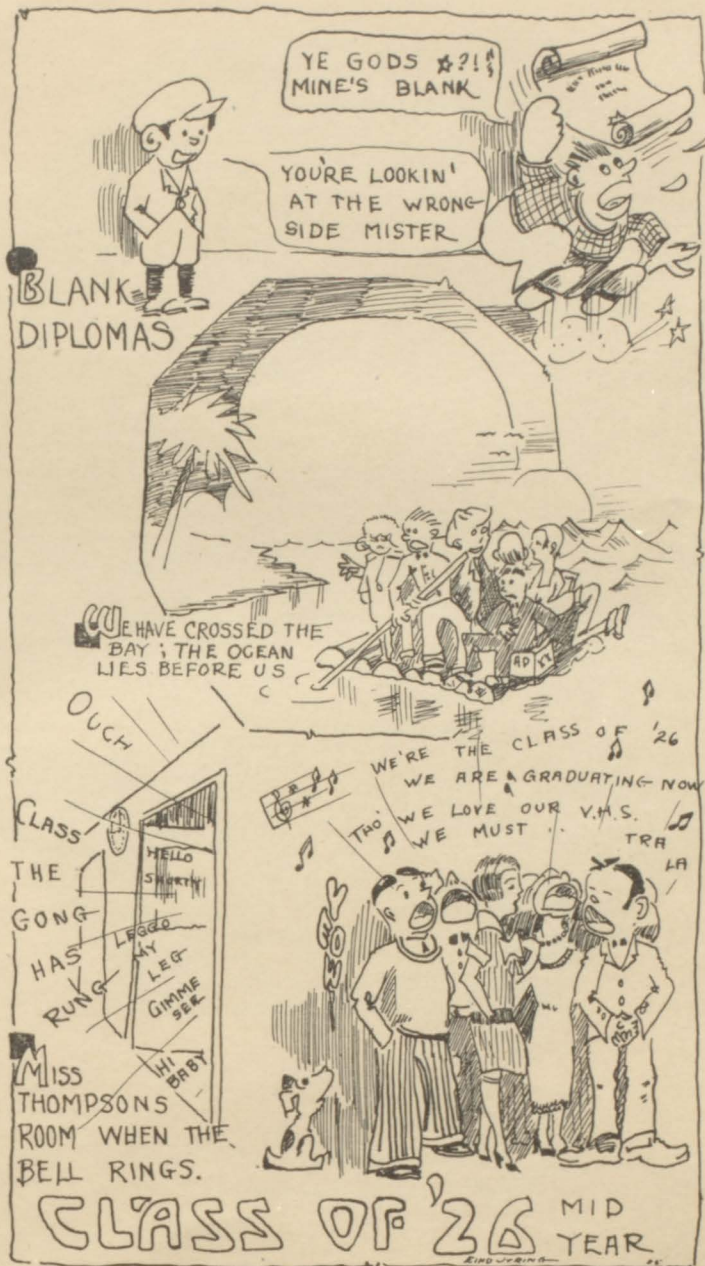
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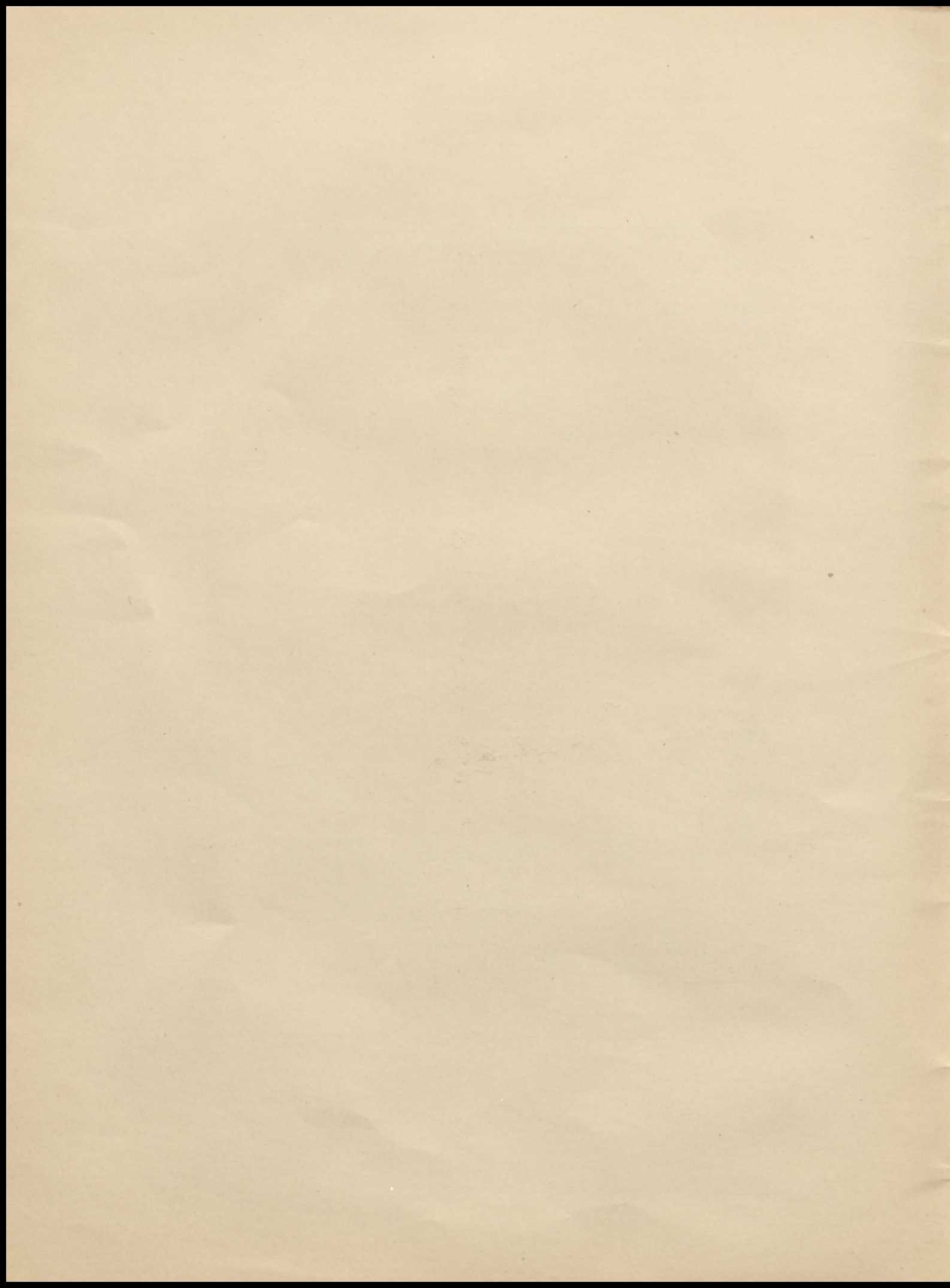
M. Elisabeth Stiening

who has helped and guided us in our class work, we,
the class of January '26, dedicate this our annual.



Motto: *We have crossed the bay, the ocean lies before us.*







Class Organization

President, *Paul Lundmark*

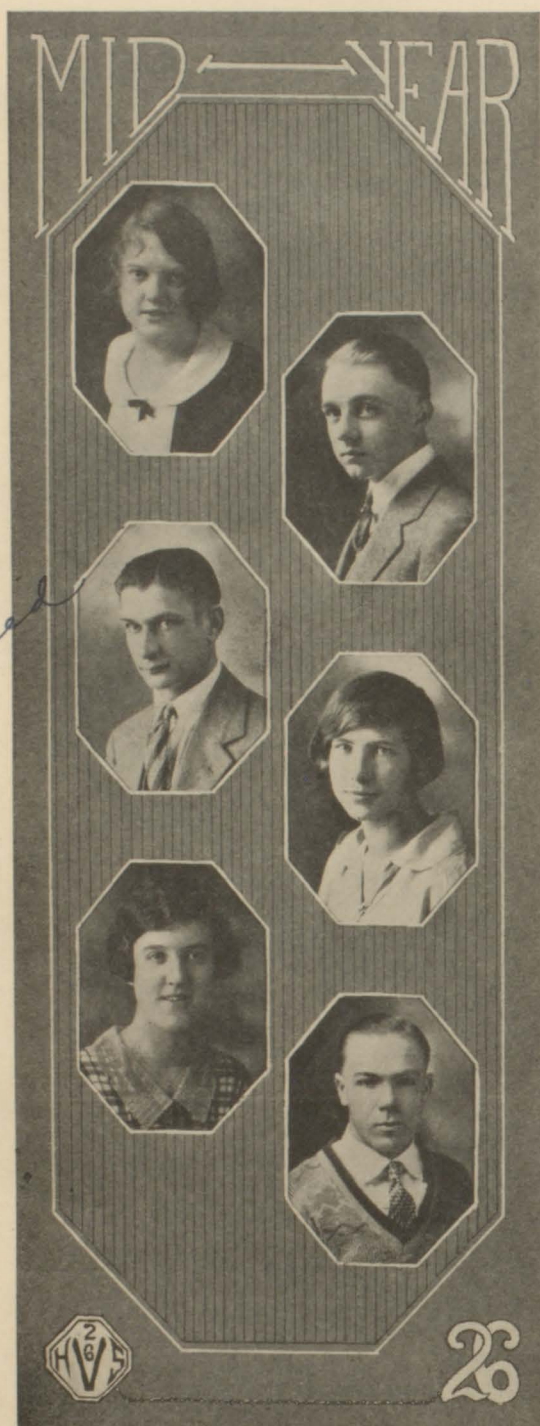
Vice President, *Sylvia Dahl*

Secretary, *Milton H. Anderson*

Treasurer, *Arnold Nelson*

Colors: *Cerise and Honey-dew-mellon.*

Flower: *Sweet Pea.*



LILA ANDERSON

A quiet lass ever ready to
help a friend in need.

MILTON H. ANDERSON

Here is a man so very meek
That even his shoes refuse to
squeak.

GEORGE BODOVINITZ

There must be a lot of good
work in him because none has
ever come out.

ANNA BOHO

A friendly heart with many
friends.

ESTHER BORGESON

A happy mixture of humor
and sense
Blessed with good nature and
recompense.

REGINALD BURCHELL

Like the Hudson, his ways
are lined with bluffs.

AGNES CHARLESWORTH
This is a merry good natured
soul.

ELSIE CROSSLAND
By diligence she wends her
way.

GEORGE CUCICH
He has a nature fit to work
with great capacity.

SYLVIA DAHL
She's not a flower, she's not a
pearl,
She's just a noble all around
girl.

DONALD DOIG
A woman is a woman but a
good cigarette is a smoke.

ERMA DOUGLAS
'Tis the songs you sing and the
smiles you wear
That make the sunshine every
where.



Mariel



ESTHER ELDIEN

Not very tall, and not very
small,
But fair and sweet and liked by
all.

GOLDIE FINN

Books, it's a dull and endless
strife.

ALBINA FORTE

She is full of life,
She is full of fun.

ALICE GAELSKI

She is thoughtful and sweet
From her head to her feet.

ALMA GRANROTH

A form more fair, a face more
sweet
It ne'er hath been my lot to
meet.

JOSEPH GRIGG

Mischief
At the bottom of mischief
But who'd ever think it?

HILMA HEGG

An innocent face, but you
never can tell.

JOHN JACOBSON

The world is lonesome for
some people, but for him it is a
high road of adventure.

SUSAN JACOBSON

Truth shines clearly in her eyes
And in her heart affection lies.

CARL E. JOHNSON

Unhampered by the common
throng
He plugs away 'til break of
dawn.

GLADYS JOHNSON

And from her earnest eyes
A serious soul is looking.

EINO JYRING

A little fussing now and then
Is relished by the best of men.





MARY KASSA
To see her is to love her
And to love her but forever.

HELMI KOIVISTO
She attains whatever she
pursues.

CLIFFORD LARSON
There is a whole day to-
morrow that isn't touched yet.

JOHN LINDGREN
He is wise who doth talk but
little.

SYLVIA LUNDBERG
What was I put in the world
for if not to rave and rave?

PAUL LUNDMARK
Teachers think that I'm so
sweet
They always want me in the
foremost seat.

MARION MAKELA

The rule of my life is much
business
A pleasure, and pleasure a
business.

CATHERINE MATHESON

Dates are my favorite fruit.

ATNA MATTS

A maiden never bold
Of spirit still and quiet.

SOPHIE MELDICH

Pretty to walk with
Witty to talk with
And pleasant to look on.

ARNOLD NELSON

Girls, guard well your heart's
door from this young man.

MYRA NELSON

When she goes walking down
the street
The birdies all say tweet, tweet,
tweet.

Maxine





ANN OLSON

Bubbling over with laughter
and fun
She never did worry for lessons
undone.

HILDUR PETERSON

Age cannot wither her, nor
custom stale her infinite variety.

HENRY QUAYLE

Let us love wine and woman
mirth and laughter
Sermons and soda water on the
day after.

RUTH RISBERG

I want what I want when I
want it.

VAINO RONKA

My mind to me a kingdom is
And gold is not its price.

WALFRED SALMI

Lured on by something; shall
we call it curocity?

DOROTHY SEPANIO
The world's no better if we
hurry.

NANCY SEPPALA
Here's a maid good without
pretense
Blessed with plain reason and
sober sense.

ABE SHANEDLING
I'd rather be a big man in a
small town
Then a small man in a big town.

JEAN SHERMAN
A quiet maiden, intent on her
work
We know that her duties she
never will shirk.

AUNE SHIROLA
For she is a jolly good fellow.

DONALD SOINE
I like fun and jokes
'Bout as well as most folks.





TORDIS VATSHAUG
For if she will, she will!
You may depend upon it.

Marned
GLADYS WENNEN
Her heart is not in her work
It must be somewhere else.

ARNE WILLIAMSON
I have a heart with room for
every frolic.

ALVINA ZINKE
As fond of dates as an Arab.



HONOR ROLL

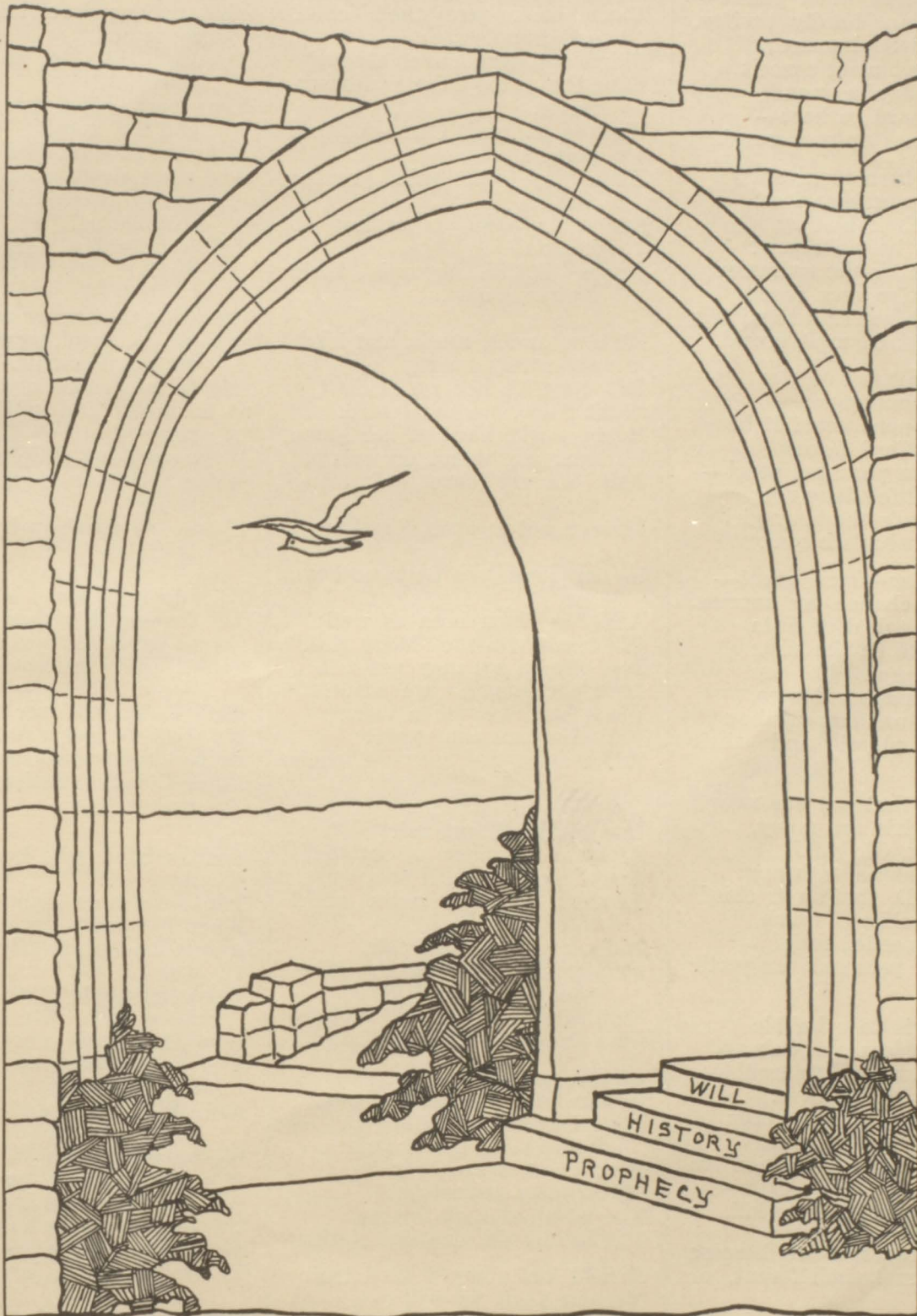
Valedictorian: Helmi Koivisto
 Salutatorian: Tordis Vatshaug
 Milton Anderson
 Marian Makela
 Alma Granroth
 Ruth Risberg
 Eino Jyring
 George Cucich
 Mary Kassa
 Paul Lundmark
 Gladys Johnson
 Agnes Charlesworth



Chief ----- Sylvia Dahl
 Art ----- Helen Gill
 Senior Pictures ----- Ruth Risberg, Sylvia Lundberg
 Literary ----- Alma Granroth
 Assistants ----- Esther Borgeson, Alice Galoski,
 Hilma Hegg, Sophie Meldich, Tordis Vatschaug
 News ----- Irma Douglas, Donald Doig
 Snaps ----- Henry Quayle
 Cartoonist ----- Eino Tyning
 Jokes ----- Myra Nelson, Arnold Nelson

3rd-year

Staff



A HISTORICAL MEDLEY

Four years have gone so swiftly
We've mastered work galore—
Shy Freshman, hardly thrifty,
Became loud Sophomore;
Less work but more conceit
He grew to Junior proud,
A Senior—hard to beat—
He now makes up our crowd.

Now let us turn to mystery
Among our numbers few;
A trifle of their history
To you may be quite new.
Our Sylvia L. is the swimmer
Of whom we're very proud,
And we wish her luck as winner
In that great Olympic crowd.

A friend most full of glee
Is liked by everyone;
'Mongst us none could it be
But our Clifford Larson.
Yet Mary's a plain set pearl—
The best in life's long run;
While Marion's the busy girl
A-finishing what's begun.

There's Vaino—hero great—
With good chance for success.
We hope the deal of Fate
May prove to be the best;
And a Susan still but coy
Who never misses dances,
She cares much less for boy
Than its plural and their
glances.

We're glad that out our way
The quiet girls are many,
Jean, Nancy, Gladys J.
And Atma shine with any.
'Tis Sylvia D. that's our chief
And we consider it much
To get the needed relief
From her personal magnetic
touch.

As a prick is to a bubble
So Myra, unless she behave,
Turns joy for Paul to trouble;
And causes him to rave.
If Henry in future succeeds
As we all believe he will,
We advise close attention to
Reids
Less time 'round 116 to kill.

Each class boasts a fair heroine
Be she dismal, indifferent, or
gay,
And ours proves to be Goldie
Finn,
The Eva of our play.
We give thee praise our Irmalee
For the lovely songs you sing;

Though afar your ship may be,
In our ears your voice will ring.

Milton and Abe—never mudd—
'Cause books are their chief
delight;

Hilma and Ann never study,
Yet they too their lessons
recite.

Walfred S. and Carl—football
players

Some day will gain greater
fame;

For their work, regardless of
honors

Shows spirit toward their
Notre Dame .

Elsie so sweet, meek, and kind,
Is very rarely heard;

But opposite her we find
Short Aune, our noisy bird.

Helmi works hard at her game
Without any doubt or worry;

This we are sure will bring
fame,

Though not in exceeding hurry.

In our class two Georges have
we

And like them both as well:
One's interest—the "Moon A.C."

The other's we may not tell.
Both the Donalds we suspect,

Work hard but all in vain;
Yet what can one expect

When they will not use their
brain.

Our Alma tall and fair
Attracts so much attention;
Yet a secret deep is there
Though no lad's name she'll
mention.

It doesn't seem quite fair,
On our path toward the Man-
sion Bright,

That Albina, as all will declare,
Does things on a greater height.

Gladys and Hildur P.
Is our first inseparable pair,
Like Tordis and Esther B.

Their links need no repair.
Alvina and Lila—they be
Of opposite disposition;

The latter of high degree,
The former defying description.

Arnold has many a good trait
Yet one fault we will out,

He never keeps the quilt on
straight;

Ask Roy if this you doubt.
If smiles made a loving peer

Joseph would lead all the rest.

His grin from ear to ear
Would be considered the best.

There are many rumors in air
That no one dare take Cath-
erine out,

Yet this news let us now de-
clare;

They may, when friend Walt's
got the gout.

If Agnes thought less about Val
And more about civics and gym

She surely would be a more
suitable pal

To the world at large, and to
him.

One wish that never came true
Was public speaking each day,
Not oft can Reginald, 'tis true,
His facial contortions display.
Is he meek and quiet? The
same—

We're speaking of John L. now—
When seen out of town at a
game?

Please tell us the why and the
how?

Friendship to some is like ice
Yet fear not however this be,
For no expert cast of the dice
Could part Alice from her
Sophie.

Ruth R. has a clever mind—
We wish we had a few more—
By looking further we find
Anna, Dorothy, Esther E.—that
makes four.

There's Eino gets lessons each
day,
Yet that's more than we can see
When his time's devoted to Rae
And preparing his "White Cross
Tea."

There are souls that work like
bees

Who apparently never play;
Two such who may fool you
are these—

Arne Williamson and John J.

We were fifty-two at the start
A month or more ago;
What will we be when we part?
'Tis not for me to know.

These facts were only revealed
To create mirth, laughter and
fun;

Truth is told and nothing re-
vealed

Here's the end. My tale is
done.

—A. G.

PROPHECY

As one who turns to home land
from a journey long and lone
And meets the smiling faces of
the friends that he has known,
So I tread the paths of dream-
land till in shadowy design
I meet the many faces of those
old class-mates of mine.

In my swift and hazy wand'ring,
seeing friends on every side—
Members of that Mid-year class
now scattered far and wide,
I stand before the portals of a
gilded door marked Fame
And entering, gaze in joy at
more than one familiar name.

The opera's claimed our Irmalee
the screen our Henry Q.
He's starring now in "At 'Em
Eve," written by Sophie, too!
Aune S. like Gilda Gray, could
even vamp old Mars,
While Tordis is at Hollywood—
interpreter to foreign stars.

Though all are architects of
Fate, yet Eino is unique—
His architectural ability has put
him on easy street;
New York has had its traffic
problem solved by Walfred S.
Who is constructing aerial
streets—a feat, we must
confess.

Civil engineers in South Amer-
ica's wide expanse,
Reginald and Joe have roamed,
the jungles to enhance;
And, by some odd coincidence,
Helmi's in jungles, too,
Hunting specimens quite rare
to add to the North-Side zoo.

Of authors we have plenty; now
behold our tall George C.,
His write-ups on the billiards,
arts,—put anyone to sea;
"How to be happy though Mar-
ried," Paul Lundmark's latest
book,
Was prompted by the doleful
fact that Myra could not
cook.

The heads of the Angora
Mission, Marion M. and Nan.
Together have just published a
book "Heathens of Hindu-
stan;"

Alice's snappy poems are ex-
tremely hard to beat,
"Advice to Erring Flappers"
states Alvina's theory neat.

Ann Olson's chosen painting,
as has likewise Goldie Finn,
They are said to be close rivals
for the affections of a "him;"
This seems to be George B. who
is a sculptor and social lion,
And it appears he's having a
most perfectly good time.

In the race for presidency,
Arnold's entered as dark-
horse,
And should he gain his goal we
can but say there have been
worse;

John Lindgren's able lawyer at
the nation's capitol,
His secretary Sylvia L., vouches
for his great pull.

John Jacobson's a terror in the
senate-room, I hear,
He reprimanded Dawes and has
no common sense of fear.
Ruth Risberg's entered in be-
half of "Compulsory Edu-
cation,"
The outcome's anxiously await-
ed, far throughout the nation.

A second Amundson of ice has
Clifford Larson become
Discovering unheard of places—
His idea of sport and fun;
And Hildur's opening tombs of
note surpassing those of Tut,
While Gladys is tagging on be-
hind to help her out of ruts.

Arne W.'s been expounding this
startling revelation:
That he has traced the missing
link to this our own dear
nation.

Alma and Aggie are curio hun-
ters, now ransacking Rome,
Though I think they'd rather be
in old Virginia, their home.

Gladys Johnson is composing on
her scale a huge cantata:
Director Vaino stands before
New York's "Great White
Way Orchestra"

In which Anna and Albina are
now playing the drums—
That only goes to show that
woman's sway has just
begun.

Abe Shanedling, active partner
of the local clothing store
Gave up his oratory just to
tackle work galore;
His stenographers are Anna B.,
Hilma and Esther E.—
So wary of him, it is said, that
they mind him to a T.

We knew that Sylvia Dahl was
bound to achieve a great
success.

E'er a champion of women's
right's now Virginia's Mayor-
ess

This movement seems to be the
rage, for there is Esther B.,
Preaching woman suffrage in
lands across the sea.

As teachers I see Elsie Cross-
land, Mary K., and Jean,
Dorothy gave up the race, com-
petition was too keen;
Carl Johnson is a football coach,
and Milton, an ardent fan,
Is Prof. of Physiography plus
the husband of Susan.

Lila Anderson and Catherine
have turned out to be nurses,
And 'tis a well established fact
that Donk is filling purses;
Life hands us many a laugh, 'tis
true, so squint at ol' Rip Doig,
He's been a Santa Claus so long
children think him heroic.

The ever dimming veils of mist
proclaim my journey o'er
And ruefully wondering
whether I shall see them any
more

I slowly leave these portals,
though my heart begins to
pine

As I sadly bid farewell to all
those old classmates of mine.

THE CLASS RINGS

'Twas a great day in our school
When the class rings came to
town

And the crowing of the Seniors
Could be heard for miles around.

Now, if you should see a Senior
With a little sickly grin,
You'll know he wants a compli-
ment

Upon his brand new ring.



Dolls and dolls!



Oh Fear!



Leap frog!



That's right!



1 down and 4 to go.



Crab?



Crabs!



The Search!



Honest Abe.



Posing.



Arms and the man.



Surprise!



Drifting.



Why?



Found: A background.



Don't!



Hands up!



Who let him out?



Hello!



Backful.



Now Teddy.



Where?



A forest nymph.



Enslaving whom?



Kinds of fish.



Three points of interest.



Strumming.



A fair trio.

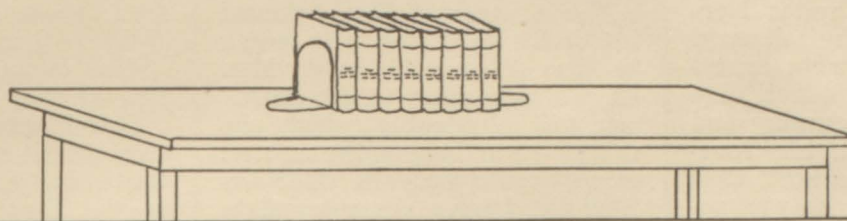


A quartet.



Taxi - taxi!

LITERATURE



THE BIOGRAPHY OF A CIVILIZED CANNIBAL

"Tum, tum, tum" the drums broke the stillness of the early morning. Immediately sounds of rejoicing came from all the followers of Nobo, greatest chieftain of all Africa. Did not the drums announce the birth of a long wanted daughter.

Radma, Nobo's daughter, was the pet of the whole tribe. She was loved because of her clever actions; moreover she was thought to be a charm against the evil spirits. This they believed since, instead of being handsomely black, with the rolling eyes of her race, she to her sorrow, was blessed with a beautiful olive complexion, bewitching blue eyes, and bronze hair.

Fortune, however, who never remains long with one person, soon deserted Nobo. Instead of being able to obtain food nearby, the braves had to go on long hunting trips several times a year.

On one of these occasions the village was left unprotected. Only the women and children were left, and the decrepit old men who sat by the fire dreaming of the days when they stirred the camps to enthusiasm by their bravery.

Tragedy descended upon the village in the form of white traders who left, taking Radma with them.

Great was the anger of Nobo when he returned and found his

precious darling gone, but it availed him nothing. His daughter was gone, and gone forever from him.

John McCurdy, the chief trader, was not a cruel man in any way. He was deceived by Radma's appearance to such an extent that he believed he was rescuing a white girl from the clutches of the heathen. Neither of them understanding each other, Radma was brought to America willy-nilly.

Of the trip to America, the less said the better. She suffered excruciatingly both from the change in climate and from nostalgia.

John McCurdy, as I explained before, believed that she was of the white race. In fact, it was his opinion that her parents had been missionaries who were killed by Nobo's tribe.

To counteract the influence of these eight years with the heathen, McCurdy sent her to a very religious boarding-school for ten years.

Radma was the despair of most of her teachers. Product of an environment where convention counted for less than nothing she took part in some desperate (I borrow the adjective from the teachers) escapades.

During this time her beauty had become more and more startling with each year.

John McCurdy brought her to live with his sister whom he felt more capable of curbing Radma's wild tendencies than

any teacher.

She became a sensation almost over night. The boys were all anxious to have her for a partner when dancing because, as they said, she danced divinely. Although they thought so, she was dissatisfied—she missed something—she didn't know what.

One night after tossing about restlessly she fell into a dream, peopled with her savage friends. She saw them after a successful hunting season, dance around the great ceremonial fire. Again she seemed to feel the pleasure of dancing to the pronounced rhythm of the tom-toms. She saw herself the favorite dancing-girl in Nobo's village.

The next day Radma tried to recall her dream. After much effort she succeeded. With what joy did she find that she still remembered that barbaric dance!

"Now," she thought, "I will horrify some people but I don't care."

Very carefully she went over the several parts in the dance, and managed to make some order out of the chaos.

At the next party that she attended everybody was asked to do a stunt. She showed them dancing as it is done by cannibals. The crowd was enchanted with it and did not leave until everyone had learned the intricate steps of what

ton.

John McCurdy now cursed the day when, through the goodness of his heart, and out of a sense of duty, he felt obliged to civilize a cannibal.

It is strange when one reflects on the exotic personality of Radma, that her affections should center on Charles Norman, a student missionary. His characteristics were everything that hers were not. He was quiet, and unassuming and very earnest. But his love-making was of the sort that appealed to her and he was accepted.

Soon after their wedding they sailed for Africa, the field of Charles' future endeavors. Fate decreed that they went first to Nobe's village.

Radma was filled with delight at the prospects, but when she arrived, it was to find that her father was dead.

The shock so unbalanced her mind that she went back to the primitive customs of her forefathers. Charles was in despair and tried by every device known to him to save her from degeneration for his efforts were in vain.

Forced to this conclusion, and knowing that he could never persuade her to leave her people, Norman departed, a broken-hearted man.

Radma rapidly lost all the surface culture that she had acquired through her years of contact with civilization and became a cannibal of whom even the cannibals themselves are proud to speak.

THE DESIGNER

I.

Mae regarded her drawing intently for a full minute. Finally, with a weary sigh, she slipped the paper into her bag and donned her hat.

As she was about to leave the office of "Madame Souret's Exclusive Apparel Shop" where she was employed as a clerk, the proprietress entered. Her look of troubled concern changed to one of faint suspicion as her searching glance traveled

from the disordered confusion of the desk to her employee's apparently flustered appearance. As if ashamed of her train of thought her voice assumed an almost apologetic tone as she declared briefly, "I will detain you for only a minute. Please step inside."

For a moment Mae believed implicitly that she was going to be discharged, and Mrs. Gray's peremptory "sit down" removed all doubts which she might have held on the matter. Mrs. Gray closed the door behind her before she essayed to speak.

"I find it very difficult to tell you what I had intended." She glanced almost beseechingly at Mae's puzzled face before proceeding. "Miss Landor, I do not censure. I wish merely to state—" She paused awkwardly, as Mae rose questioningly. Please do not take offense. But valuable articles have disappeared from my shop from time to time. Remember, I'm not blaming anyone," she finished feebly.

Mae flushed indignantly, and as she was about to frame a reply, Mrs. Gray concluded decisively, "That will be all. Please tell Miss Clark that I wish to see her."

Verging on tears, burning with anger and humiliation, the dazed girl turned and blindly left the office.

Miss Clark, the designer, who was a dazzling blonde possessed of French heels and a wad of gum which she masticated energetically, turned impertinently at Mae's approach.

"Mrs. Gray wants to see you."

"Why, what's the matter dearie?" she regarded the other in mock surprise and some concern. "Madame give you the gate?"

The younger girl left the shop with a look of deep disgust and consternation on her usually unclouded face. The huge cathedral clock chimed a quarter past five as she entered the business section. There was a hint of spring in the crisp invigorating air, and it seemed

to Mae that there was an added interest and animation pervading the hustling masses.

She kept repeating over and over, "How dare she! I won't stand it! I won't!" Realizing that tell-tale tears stood in her angry eyes, she surreptitiously hastened to apply to them a frail excuse for a handkerchief.

"Hey there!"

Mae paused in some trepidation at that familiar voice.

Bob Manners drew his roadster to the curb, and recklessly transferring his trombone case to the floor, invitingly opened the door. Catching sight of Mae's face he queried, with just a tinge of amusement in his voice, "What's the matter, ol' kid? Been to a funeral?"

Bob's infectious smile caused a faint, though troubled, smile to enhance her face.

"Quit teasing. I—I'm furious!" With this statement she scrambled to the proffered seat. She completely disarmed her companion by announcing vehemently, "Oh I could strangle her!"

Bob, stifling a desire to laugh, said consolingly in a paternal fashion, "Come, come my dear. Out with it." Having attained that mature age of twenty-two he incidentally regarded his pretty friend as an infant, nor did he fail to exhibit this relationship.

It was not long before the whole undesirable tale was imparted to the sympathetic Bob.

"I can't understand it," Mae finished passionately. She practically implied that I was a thief! I simply will quit."

"Now see here Mae don't fly off the handle like that. There's a catch somewhere. Go back to work in the morning, by all means. It's a dirty business." Bob shook his handsome head sagely, "I don't like it."

As they drew up before the Landor house, his keen eyes discerned an interesting bit of white, unruled paper projecting from Mae's bag.

"What's this,?" he asked, unceremoniously tugging at the sheet.

Mae quickly jerked her bag

out of reach. "It's—a secret." That's telling me so much," Bob growled. "Well, so long." "Thanks," Mae said laconically as she stepped out of the car.

"Lift or advice?"

But Mae was already up the steps and Bob noted with growing interest, that her tall slender figure was not altogether unattractive.

II

For a week Mae had endured the harrowing, grating existence at the shop. Her sensitive nature rebelled at the superficial turn affairs had taken. The constant contact with the inquisitive, garrulous Jessie Clark only tended to disturb her the more poignantly.

During every spare moment she had been busily employed in the office, working upon her "secret." Jessie's curiosity was all-consuming, and it was not long before she announced to her employer that she thought Mae was "acting queer."

Mrs. Gray chose to overlook the implied accusation, however, for she had accidentally stumbled upon Mae's fascinating project. That very morning she had negligently picked up an envelope to encounter the following inscription, written in Mae's graceful hand.

Dayton Designing Institute
Contest Dep't.

New York City.

Her quick mind grasped the situation, and it was with added interest that she regarded her youthful employee. Mae had been working for her a little over a year, ever since her graduation from high school. Mrs. Gray recalled that Mae had been disappointed in her ambition to attend College, for a fatal accident at the Metal Works, where her father had been employed, had left the family in straightened circumstances. The burden of support had fallen upon the daughter of the family, and Mrs. Landon increased the little income by boarding a few teachers. Mrs. Gray reflected that there were two younger children, Dick and June. She had never

overcome her liking and admiration for Mae's plucky fight against disappointment and misfortune. During the day she had been doing some deep thinking. Several times she made as though to enter the office where Mae was diligently working, but refrained, as though in preference for another idea.

At five o'clock Mae, laden with a large drawing, emerged from the back room and sought her employer.

"Mrs. Gray, I feel that I ought to tell you that I'm submitting a design to the Dayton Contest." She paused and extended the sheet to her. "I wish you would look it over and tell me what you think about it."

Mrs. Gray uttered a surprised exclamation as she examined the drawing. "Why haven't you told me that you could design? This is excellent—superb."

Her employers evident display of genuine enthusiasm erased all feeling of resentment which Mae had harbored against the older woman. She gratefully, thanked Mrs. Gray and hastened to prepare the precious drawing for mailing. After a last scrutiny she nervously and reverently proceeded to fold the drawing into the envelope. How diligently she had worked and planned, and with what fearful impatience she would await the final result of the contest!

She hurried out of the office to the main part of the establishment, to encounter Jessie's baleful eye.

III

For two weeks Mae had been besieging the bewildered postman every time he made his rounds. On this particular Saturday morning she had posted her self well toward the front of the establishment. On the preceding night Bob had taken her to the Charity Ball, there was a hint of romantic dreaminess in her large hazel eyes as she gazed at the highly-polished counter on which she leaned.

She was startled out of her reverie by a loud thud, as of a packet being thrown on the counter. For a moment she experienced a frantic fear of confronting a returned drawing. She screwed her courage to the breaking point to gaze fearfully at the morning's mail. With a relieved feeling she noted that the packet was addressed to Mrs. Gray. Her eyes traveled hesitatingly to the right of the packet. Suddenly she experienced a queer sensation. Her frame began to tremble violently and her knees threatened to give way beneath her. Her startled eyes had beheld a thin, business-like envelope addressed to her, that fairly staggered her. For a full minute Mae Landon gazed dumbly at the exterior portion of the letter. Then, as though realizing that it was her exclusive privilege to examine the contents, she slowly and fearfully opened it.

With a peculiar cry, in which were intermingled shock, surprise, terror, and incredulity, she began a series of panoramic revolutions, ecstatic in character. Mrs. Gray, hurrying forward to learn the cause of the outburst, perceived in Mae's tapering fingers—a thousand dollar check!

After the rituals were over, she further demolished Mae by saying, "Hereafter, you are in my employ in the capacity of designer."

"B-but Jessie?"

"I discharged her. She was—incompetent."

Further conversation was rendered impossible by a series of loud blasts—such as are emitted from a certain kind of roadster.

Mae dashed wildly to the rear in search of her hat, just as the noon whistles decreed her freedom for the remainder of the week.

"Goodness, gracious me!" mocked Bob. "But aren't we excited. Out with it."

His evident display at sarcasm completely failed because

of the kindly, fond tone in which he spoke.

"I—I— oh, look!"

Bob looked.

"Congrats! Where d'ja get it?"

"I earned it. I mean I won it. My drawing won first place in the Dayton Designing Contest." Mae was quite calm by this time.

"Congratulations again, Mae."

Bob became serious. He awkwardly sized up his feelings on the matter by saying, "That's great. You don't know how proud I am."

His companion's heart gave a sudden leap. With some effort she pulled herself together to say weakly, "Isn't spring wonderful?"

Bob's hearty laugh revealed a little too much for Mae's comfort, and it was with a feeling akin to relief that she stepped out of the car as it drew up before the door.

"See you at eight," Bob announced gayly, "So long."

Mae rewarded him with an irresistible smile, and glancing back over her shoulder as she reached her door, she saw that he was still in the car, staring after her.

Her brain registered her happiness in the following train of thought: "Oh, I'm so happy! It seems that I have everything, the check, my new position, and—She glanced timidly at the figure in the car, —and Bob."

—AY GEE

BETTY'S BIRTHRIGHT.

It was moonlight in the garden. The soft radiance traced mysterious carvings of deep purple shadows and gleaming silver highlights. The rose terrace was a cloud of scented sachet, wafting an enhancing spell over the near-by lily pool whose pink and creamy water-lilies lay softly sleeping, languished by the heavy perfume. Their glossy leaves floated lazily, cradle-like upon the water intersected by bright twinkling gleams—a vain star seeking reflection.

A favorite haunt in daytime

of all the twittering, splashing birds, the pool is at rest in the moonlight. Sunlight means gayety and life; moonlight brings tranquility and peace of spirit.

In the shadow of the tall and stately hollyhocks, the moonlight glitters on two indistinct objects, which upon closer scrutiny prove to be two lovers discussing that age-worn question—marriage. Their troubled frame of mind proves to be anything but consistent with the magnificent surroundings. But hush—we must listen.

"But Ronald, dear," argued a sweet melodious voice, "you know it would mean nothing but ruin to you. You must consider your future. Heaven knows I love you Ronnie, but that of course is not the question. My love is so great that I don't want you to miss your chance in life. Perhaps some day," she managed to say sobbingly, "you will meet the girl you could be proud of—one with a name. Me? Why I don't even know if I ever really had one except Betty, the one they gave me in that hideous orphanage."

Here she broke down, unable to go on because of the persistent tears and sobs which shook her.

Ronald was one of those men who "just couldn't understand why she kept happiness at a distance because of such a mere trifle as a name." However he would not ask her again, that is, at least not tonight. Trying his best to comfort her, he put his arm around her lovingly, tenderly, and oh, so lightly, and softly whispered those few precious words which make so many feminine hearts beat just a bit faster—to which one invariably expects to hear, "Oh, say it again."

But such was not the case with Betty. She was of a highly sensitive as well as emotional temperament and of course, she loved Ronald, but she was always moved very deeply to think of how strangely Fate handled things—homeless, nameless outcast on the one

hand; and a proposal from a wealthy banker's handsome son on the other. Most girls would think it absurd of her even to consider the matter. Why, they deemed themselves fortunate and far above the ordinary to get a glance from him. But the idea haunted her! What if Ronald should later regret he married a girl of whose parentage he knew nothing—a girl whose children could not go to "Grannie's for Thanksgiving." Yes it was a serious situation—especially if you realize the significance of a name. Yet some thoughts came to her. "Maybe some day, I might learn my true identity," she would muse, "anyway it happens in the movies: but in real life?"

It was some weeks later. Betty was coming home which, by the way, was nothing better than a shabby-looking boarding house—more tired than usual. It had been a hard day and besides, somehow, one didn't feel right on a rainy night like this. Different thoughts were racing through her confused mind as she was crossing the street, when suddenly and seemingly from nowhere a car sped around the slippery corner.

A scream at the driver was uttered a second too late! It was ghastly, horrifying! Betty knew nothing.

"She is still living—not a moment to be lost!" cried the frantic woman who was the only passenger in that luxuriant car. "Oh God!" she continued, clasping her breast and lifting her face that very beautiful but apparently lifeless one and appealing to the Almighty in tones that could never be matched for extreme sincerity, reverence, and mingled emotions. "God," she pleaded, "save us from the disaster and help us to win from the grim reaper." She recalled the first time she had thus appealed, but was not answered—the time her one and only precious darling had been kidnapped. Yes it was many years ago, but how fresh the memory that was doomed to stay forever—a memory that brought about those deep facial

impressions so hated and constantly combated by women of her high rank. But she cared not for appearance, for what was appearance when happiness was lacking? Even now her darling Yvonne, she thought, was probably drudging for someone; where, if at home, she would have had every possible means toward luxury, education abroad——.

As Betty was lifted from the soft cushions, she stirred slightly. It seemed as if already the prayers of Mrs. Harrison were being answered. Without a moment's hesitation, she was hurried into the hospital and placed in charge of a wise looking physician. Mrs. Harrison, in the adjoining room, waited breathlessly. Finally the doctor appeared. She knew instantly that things would be all right—she wore a broad smile.

"Well, madam," he began, I am glad to say that there is nothing especially serious. Her unconscious condition was due to shock and over-work. She will recover shortly but will need complete rest for a while."

Oh, thank you so much, Doctor," she said gratefully, the anxious tense lines disappearing from her face and a quiet, serene, Madonna-like expression taking their place. It was like the appearance of the glorious sunshine or lovely rainbow after the storm had abated.

"No, Madam, you may not see her tonight. She cannot stand any excitement. Come tomorrow at three."

"That I am only too eager to do, Doctor." With these words and a happier expression she left the hospital.

The following day Mrs. Harrison appeared with several interesting looking packages. One contained the daintiest shimmering silk night gown—beautiful enough for any queen to be proud of—and the other contained flowers that issued forth the same intoxicating fragrance which prevailed in Ronald's garden on that wonderful moonlit night.

Upon entering, Mrs. Harrison was a bit surprised to see that

Betty was even more beautiful than she had dared to believe. Betty greeted her with a faint smile.

"My Heavens! Can it be possible that she is really human?" thought the woman to herself.

Favorable thoughts registered in the girl's mind, also, as she gazed intently at the state-like woman.

In the minutes that followed they became perfectly acquainted. Betty told Mrs. Harrison that she was an orphan, and in turn learned of the mysterious disappearance of Yvonne. Before the end of this story, however, both were in tears. Mrs. Harrison, realizing that Betty should not be so disturbed, thought it the proper time to bestow the gifts.

"Now Betty, dear," she said wiping away her tears, "I have brought something for you. Suppose you let me help you put it on." So saying she unwrapped the package and revealed to Betty the most exquisite thing her eyes had ever beheld.

"Mrs. Harrison, that—that isn't for me!" she said chokingly—very much overcome with awe and emotion. "I-I hate to wear it—why, I would—would crush it."

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Harrison consolingly. "But Betty! Betty! she stammered suddenly, turning very pale. "Betty, where did you get that red mark on your shoulder?"

"Why, I don't exactly understand you," said the girl in a calm but puzzled manner. "Why should you get excited over that silly little birthmark? Haven't you ever seen one before?"

"No! not that Yvonne had it, dearest child!" she managed to say—her affection and motherly instinct getting the best of her, as was evident from the nervousness, and the great tears rising to her eyes. She studied the mark closely and found that it resembled Yvonne's in the minutest detail.

It is not for me to describe that joy, that heart-breaking joy of the reunion of mother

and daughter after a separation of eighteen years. Suffice it to say, that all the medicine in the world would do nothing compared to this sacred meeting.

When Betty finally recovered her voice, she said with an unmistakable look in her eyes, "Mother call up Ronald and tell him I want to see him quick." Then, as her mother left the room, she kept repeating to herself, "Yvonne Harrison—Yvonne Harrison—My! To think that it should be such a pretty name, too."

—S. E. M.

ROUTINE

Up the stairs to third floor,

Down again to first;

Now we stop on second,

We have to quench our thirst.

Now to go to swimming—

That's basement floor you know;

It's here, there, everywhere,

We're always on the go.

We come to school at dawning
And gaze at the bulletin board

In search of some announcement

An assembly to record;

Alas, we sadly loiter

Along the busy hall,

There is no meeting that day—

We all would like to bawl.

We then crawl to our lockers

And fearfully search for the key,

We find it among the crackers

We brought for lunch, you see.

Our books are jumbled masses,

Their bindings broken and torn;

At last we start to classes

To seats severely worn.

The day passes so slowly,

Our classes seem to drag;

Some yawn and plenty whisper.

The bluffers only brag.

Finally the day is over,

It's home at last we go—

This is the grinding routine

Which most of you don't know.

—Slim Pickins.



NEWS

SENIOR BANQUET AND DANCE

The senior class of 1926 was given a banquet on Tuesday evening January twelfth.

Upon entering the cafeteria the guests gasped in surprise. The tables were cleverly decorated with flowers representative of the class colors, individual nut cups of cerise and honey-dew-mellon, tall candles, and attractive place cards.

The chinese puzzle of faces finally assumed a more definite and distinct character as each guest found his assigned place and sat down to a dinner which was delicious from the first course to the last spoonful of ice-cream.

The program was the surprise of the evening. If "music hath a rare charm," then certainly was everyone charmed by the variations of the symphony of 1926.

The last strains of the postlude having died away everyone hastened to the immediate scenes of the Senior Promenade. Gay colors flaunted themselves in the subdued light of the large room where brilliancy had been softened by an artistic arrangement of the class colors.

Weary dancers might retire to cozy corners provided with comfortable chairs, and restless stragglers vied with one another for closer proximity to the refreshment table where punch and wafers awaited their attack.

The music gratified even the most expectant and critical ear. Yes indeed! There were one-steps without end for those

who enjoy walking, fox-trots enough for those who are always needing pep, and slow dreamy waltzes for those few who prefer graceful relaxation.

Thus the entire evening was one of continuous enjoyment, even unto the last strains of Home Sweet Home.

THE SENIOR CLASS PLAY

"Adam and Eve" was a great success. Everywhere people are saying that never before have they seen a class play which can equal this one.

The characters were exceptionally well chosen, each one taking his part as if he had always lived it.

Vaino Ronka, as Adam Smith, held the concentrated attention of his audience from his first entrance to his final exit. One could almost tell by the expression on his face what was going on in his mind.

Goldie Finn, as Eva, was not out done by Vaino's brilliant acting. She was the typical flapper of today.

Arnold Nelson, as the Scotch aristocratic fortune hunter, added greatly to the humor of the play. For all we know there may be some Scotch blood in his family.

Abe Shanedling, as Uncle Horace, was always complaining of his ailments—so much so that they were funny rather than serious.

Milton Anderson, as Clinton DeWitt, was not only a clever English sheik but a very amusing comedian. Julie DeWitt, his wife—portrayed by Gladys Wennen—was appreciated by all.

Paul Lundmark, as Mr.

James King, was certainly a father to be pitied, for like many another father, he had his hands full with the family.

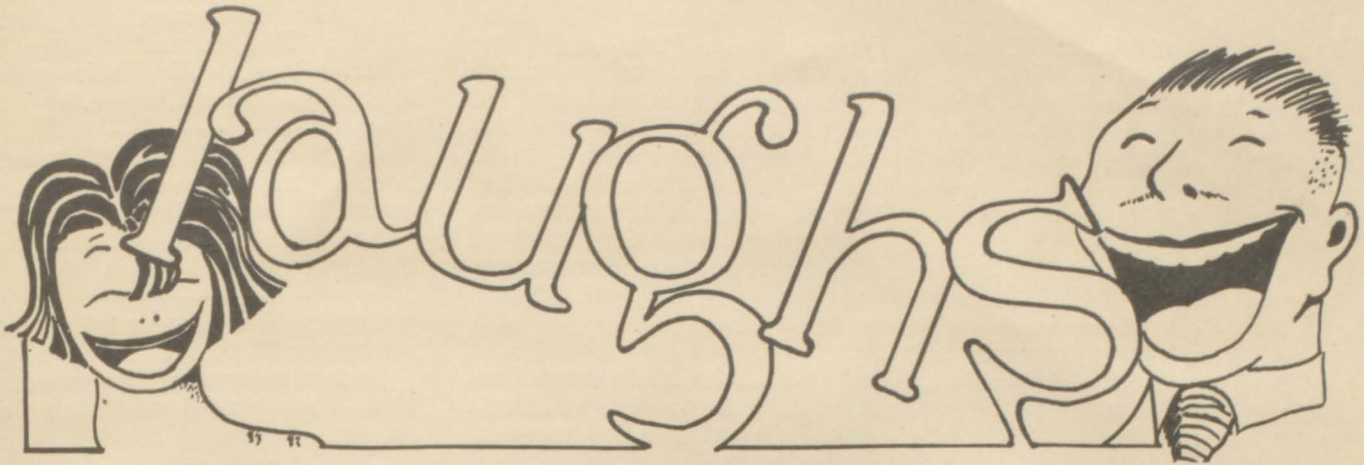
Clifford Larson, as Dr. Delameter, portrayed the broken-hearted suitor well.

The part of Aunt Abbie was cleverly characterized by Agnes Charlesworth; and Jean Sherman, as Corinthia, the maid, seems to make us think that all maids are not as bad as they are painted.

The Senior class is indeed very proud of its class play and the students who took part in it. This brilliant three act comedy shows how a successful business man can be a failure as the head of his family—a family which does nothing but run up bills and then conspires with the doctor to send him away so that it may have a better chance to spend. Before Mr. King departs, however, he leaves his business manager, Adam Smith, in charge of the family. The latter is met with such extravagance that finally, as a desperate remedy, he tells them their father is ruined. This blow brings out the best in all the characters who assume a great variety of responsibilities and thus aspire to lighten the absent parent's burden. Mr. King's sudden return exposes Adam's plot but his scheme has been entirely successful for the family refuses to return to its sponging habits.

ATHLETICS

The January class of 1926 has had representatives in every branch of athletics. There are seven in this class who have



participated in football, swimming, hockey, and basketball.

Of the girls, Sylvia Lundberg was on the swimming team one year. Sylvia was on the team which won the state swimming tournament in 1923.

Donald Soine, Carl Johnson, Walfred Salmi, and Donald Doig have taken part in football. Doig was also a member of the basketball squad one year. Arnold Nelson participated in hockey one year.

The graduation of these students leaves gaping holes in our teams which we hope will be well taken care of by those now in the lower classes.

TIME

I went into the High School to have a little fun.

The teacher said, "You haven't Time, so come and add this sum."

The pupils of the Junior High who laughed or played at will.

Just sat and grinned at me, of course, for they had "time to kill."

Oh, its "Time" the coach does holler.

When the game is to begin; And its "Time" the battered player calls

When he's banged on the chin.

And its's Time the pupils ask for,

When the quizzes come around. And "Our Time was wrong" is the excuse,

When late from sleeping sound.

"Oh it's Time for History notebooks"

Is the most familiar call.

And "Time" we hear at five o'clock

When it's ("Time" to sweep the hall.

But it's time that makes the Kindergarten

Grow right up to Seniors sage. And time that makes the Seniors then

Grow old and gray with age.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN NO. 1925

Out of my house with flying feet

Jumping the gate to attain the street

I hurry amain to reach the school

Dismissing all thoughts of Fords and pool,

O'erpowered with dread at being late,

Of hearing the old school clock strike eight.

I flee from folly on every side With a scholar's pain to main-

tain my stride

I see at last the old brick walls And franticly enter its wel-

come halls.

Into my locker, and out of it, too—

Frantically wondering what to do

For the halls were silent, and that blooming clock

Is eight and past--and ye Gods! a hole in my sock!

With trembling step and mournful mien,

Avoiding places where I'll be seen

I bump into a wondering janitor

Who roils me with his easy banter,

As I'm about to turn away; Collapse instead to hear him say,

"My boy, today is Saturday!"

Ay Gee.

CLASS SECRETS

Favorite Dish: Spaghetti

Favorite Haunt: Pantry

Favorite Athletics: Basketball

Favorite Song: Ah Ha!

Pet Vice: Smoking

Prettiest Girl: Albina Forte

Handsome Boy: Henry Quale

Most All Around Girl: Sylvia Dahl

Most All Around Boy: Arnold Nelson

Best Girl Dancer: Susan Jacobson

Best Boy Dancer: Arnold Nelson

The Flapper: Alma Granroth

The Wittiest: Sophie Meldich

The Happiest: Donald Soine

The meekest: Gladys Johnson

The Noisiest: Aune Sirola

The Brightest: Helmi Koivisto

The Gum Shark: Henry Quayle

The Faculty Rusher: Goldie Finn

The Best Mixer: Myra Nelson

The Littlest Girl: Aune Sirola

The Tallest Boy: George Cucich

The Most Talented: Irma Douglas

The Most Studios: Marion

Makela
 The Most Ambitious: Tordis
 Vatshaug
 The Biggest Bluffer: Abe
 Shanedling
 The Most Diplomatic: Carl E.
 Johnson
 The Best Swimmer: Sylvia
 Lundberg
 The Most Courteous: Vaino
 Ronka
 Broadest Grin: Joseph Grigg
 Biggest Feet: Henry Quayle
 Prettiest Eyes: Mary Kassa
 Poet: Helmi Koivisto
 Class Caruso: Arnold Nelson

JOKES

Habit is a wonderful thing. It must have been that which made Howard Reese call out, "Check!" when he didn't hear one of the spelling words Miss Stiening was dictating.

Anna B. wants to know why, if they don't give Addison and Steele credit for discovering the short story because they didn't know it, they give Columbus credit for discovering America; he didn't know it either.

A fair 12A: (enumerating her proposals) "Well, I had three proposals at International Falls."

A green 9A: "Are you sure it wasn't Fergus Falls?"

Sylvia L: "Play something, Lempie."

Lempie N.: "Oh, no, I'm too rough."

Paul L.: "Why is a kiss over the telephone like a straw hat?"

Myra: "I'll bite, why?"

Paul: "Because it isn't felt."

Teto: Am I a little pale (pail)?
 H.T.: NO, your a big tub.

Fresh: "Well, what didja get on the old card, huh?"

Senior: "A blank, two incompletes, and a question mark."

1: "Good jokes, eh?"

2: "Sure, but there's someone who doesn't think so."

1: "Whoozat?"

2: "The guy who wrote them up."

It is reported that when Eino Jyring was a little boy, there was an earthquake which frightened the inhabitants of the town in which he was living. His parents sent Eino to stay with an uncle in another district, explaining the reason. A few days later they received a telegram saying: "Am returning your son. Send earthquake."

Agnes C. (talking about Russian police in public speaking): "The Police of Russia were sent out under one head."

AMBITION

(With a Lot of Strings)

Although you think you're treated badly,
 Although you think you haven't got your due,
 Remember, you're not judged at all by what
 You think, but only by the things you do.

Although some erring teacher flunks you,
 You're sure that flunkin' wasn't meant for you
 Don't harangue, fret, rebel, and argue—
 Get to work—show what you can do.

Some day you're going to be the teacher,
 And you're the one who's going to give the flunks:
 So don't you think you ought to profit
 By other fellows most unlucky bumps?

Now here's my moral, fellow students,
 (And you can believe that I just mean it, too)
 Behold! Admire the mighty oak tree,—
 Thet tree was once a little nut like you!

Catherine: "Father, did you have the porch seat painted yesterday?"

Father: "Yes, I did. Why?"

Catherine: "Well, Walt and I sat on it last night and Walt got paint on his trousers."

Arthur Anderson (to Mr. Raps): "Yes Ma'am."
 Mr. Raps: "My hair was bobbed quite a while ago."

A: "I told Bill I didn't want to see him any more."

S: "He surely became mad."

A: "No, he just put out the light."

Clerk: "See how rosy these apples are?"

Irate Customer: "No wonder that they blush at such a shameless price."

She: "They say that two people with opposite characteristics make the best marriages. Do you believe it?"

He: "Yes, I've always been looking for a rich bride."

Mrs.: "Oh dear, I've just noticed we invited 13 to dinner."

Mr.: "What of it! You're not superstitious?"

Mrs.: "No, but we have only 12 spoons."

Doctor: "Has there been any insanity in your family?"

Patient: "No. They tried to make my uncle insane but didn't have enough money so he was hanged."

Mr. Lampi (at ten minutes to nine): "now you can have all the rest of the period for study."

Miss S. (discussing the short story, The First Christmas Tree): "Is Gregor absolutely necessary in the story?"

Henry Q: "No, someone else could take his place."

Mr. Lampi: "Richard, what was the Anti-Sherman Act? Did you ever hear of it?"

Richard (meekly): "Yes."

Mr. Lampi: "Well, what was it? A vaudeville act?"

Doctor: "I will examine you for ten dollars."

Donk: "Go to it—if you find it, I'll give you half."

Teacher: What do elephants have that no other animal has?

Abie: "Little elephants."

JUICY BITS BY AN OPERATOR

NAME	Alias	Appearance	Characteristic	Taste
L. Anderson	Andy	fairy-like	to smile	thin people
M. Anderson	Milt	charming	to plan	professors
G. Bodovinitz	Slitz	collegiate	to hunt	public speaking
A. Boho	Hoho	saucy	to insist	riches
E. Borgeson	Slim	slender	to fret	avoiirdupois
R. Burchell	Reggie	modest	to fish	red haired Junior
A. Charlesworth	Mate	jolly	to accomplish	wooden shoes
E. Crossland	Cross	quiet	to listen	marcel
G. Cucich	Stub	fatherly	to catch	bulletin board
S. Dahl	Skippy	congenial	to demand	Duluth
D. Doig	Rip	sleepy	to sleep	Pool Hall
E. Douglas	Doug	spritely	to flirt	Music
E. Eldien	Es	retiring	to love	book-keeping
G. Finn	Googs	daring	to talk	stage
A. Forte	Biner	bewitching	to ensnare	good times
A. Gaeloski	Al	confiding	to agree	comedy
A. Granroth	Al	bored	to pose	pretty clothes
J. Grigg	Joe	smiley	to grin	humor
H. Hegg	Hil	dashing	to ride	football men
J. Jacobson	Jakie	apologetic	to laugh	trapping
S. Jacobson	Sue	petite	to charm	dancing
C. Johnson	Sphinx	athletic	to deceive	football
G. Johnson	Glad	tiny	to play	books
E. Jyring	Dopey	diplomatic	to draw	drugs
M. Kassa	Kay	angelic	to receive	North Side
H. Koivisto	Visto	intelligent	to study	good literature
C. Larson	Cast Iron	innocent	to dally	Irma Martin
J. Lindgren	Johnny	deceiving	to fool	Aurora
S. Lundberg	Sap	sophisticated	to snap	swimming
P. Lundmark	Polly	soft	to argue	talking
M. Makela	Mak	studious	to acquire	typing
C. Matheson	Cay	babyish	to entice	Walt Nystrom
A. Matts	At	meek	to squint	dancing
S. Meldich	Bab	dreamy	to disdain	babbling brooks
A. Nelson	Nels	knowing	to nod	Phyllis
M. Nelson	Cappy	guilty	to wink	stepping out
A. Olson	An	romantic	to flunk	Romance
H. Peterson	Speckles	pleasing	to lure	Henry Quayle
H. Quayle	Hank	mischievous	to yawn	Hildur Peterson
R. Risberg	Shorty	modern	to bluff	Leonidas
V. Ronka	Sonny	manly	to control	class play
W. Salmi	Fada	unfathomable	to beat	athletics
N. Seppala	Nan	interesting	to evade	missionaries
D. Sepanio	Dot	impish	to oggle	pushing cars
A. Shandling	Abbie	come hither	to discourage	business
A. Siirola	Noddy	aggressive	to walk	stories
J. Sherman	Giggles	sweet	to startle	Angora
D. Soine	Donk	self-conscious	to gasp	Gilbert
T. Vatshaug	T. V.	crafty	to think	thrills
G. Wennen	Dot	peppy	to sputter	Bill
A. Williamson	Jawn	shy	to drive	girls
A. Zinke	Weiners	friendly	to win	Pop

The Mid-Year Class of '26 wishes to thank Mr. Pederson for his patient endurance in taking our pictures, and his generosity toward the class.

We also wish to extend our

thanks to the boys of the Print Shop and their instructor, Mr. Mueller. They have all taken such keen interest in our work and made this edition a success.

We wish to express our gratitude to Helen Gill who has so willingly given her time and effort to designing our annual cover and panels.

Autographs

