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C. W. Dickey, Proprietor

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CASH GROCERY

HUSTON'S DRUG STORE

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School Books and School Supplies

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Three Months Summer Term \$20.00 in Four Payments
Life Scholarships 25 Per Cent Off Until Aug. 15

"TROPICRASH"

That man-like summer Suiting that is taking the country by storm.

This fabric bids fair to be even more popular than Palm Beach.

Although it looks like any other Outing Crash, it is tissue thin, and of that open construction which invites the cooling breeze to circulate through its meshes.

It comes in colors that any man will be proud to wear--good, conservative tones for the man who likes "staple" effects in his clothes--lighter, more "summery" shades for the chap who cares for "dash and go."

Made to your individual measure by Kahn Tailoring Company for \$12.50 for plain sack-coat and trousers.

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Mrs. J. S. Brady

Staple & Fancy Groceries

We buy what **YOU** have to sell
and sell what **YOU** want to buy

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Meet all competition in the
MEAT LINE

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Everything to Eat and Wear

WE HAVE Special facilities for those desiring to open checking or saving accounts and we extend the students and patrons of Jefferson Davis High School a cordial invitation to form an early connection with this bank.

First National Bank

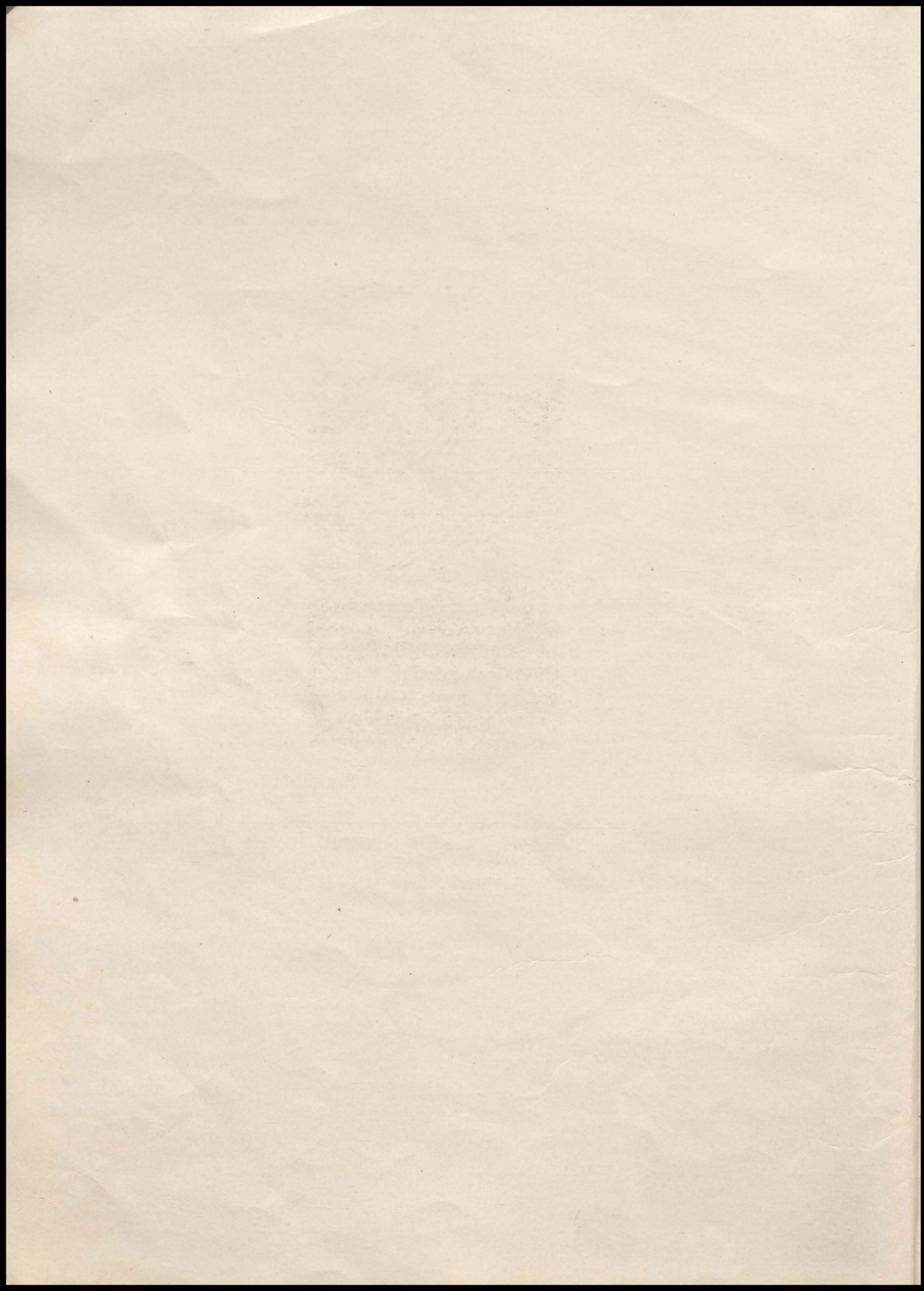
Bay City, Texas

Capital and Surplus, - - - - - \$125,000.00

GREETINGS

AS A TRUE chronicle of the year's work, let this little volume come to you—a gentle reminder of the dearest, most pleasant days of High School life, and if, in after years on looking through its pages, your hearts are made glad by the memories of happier days, we shall feel our purpose accomplished.

The Staff.

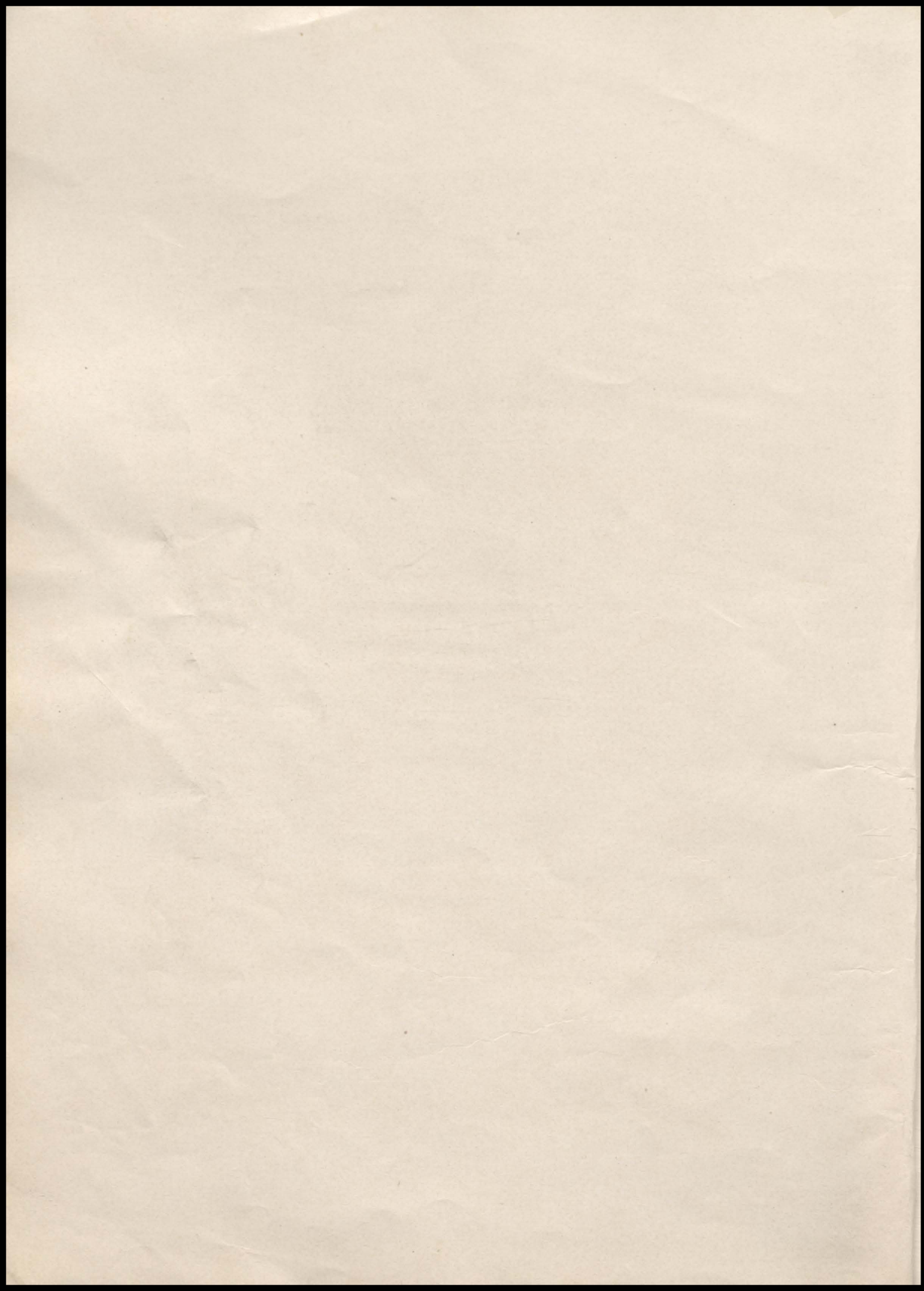




TO MISS VIRGINIA O'NEAL

As an appreciation of her love, encouragement and untiring efforts in behalf of the Senior Class and the "Frog", we affectionately and gratefully dedicate this volume.

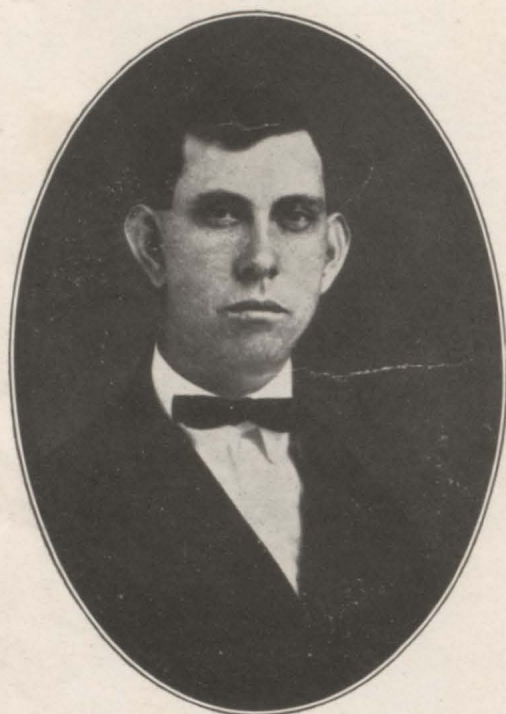
Members of Class 1915.





THE "FROG" STAFF

Beginning at top, left to right---Lera Cloar, Secretary and Treasurer; Ethel Miller, Story Editor; Yetta Wigodsky, Humorous Editor; Raleigh Sanborn, Business Manager; Estella Sutherland, Editor in Chief; Miss Virginia O'Neal, Assistant Editor; Julia Meece, Assistant Ad. Manager; Sam Hill, Circulation Manager; Earl Broughton, Staff Artist; Ben Hill, Advertising Manager; Percy Hamill, Exchange Editor; Margaret Wilson, Athletic Editor; Mary Terese Moore, Staff Artist; Esker McDonald, Athletic Editor; Effie Williams, Society Editor.



PROF. R. E. SCOTT

Superintendent of Bay City High School.



FACULTY

Top, left to right---Virginia O'Neal, English; Mary H. C. Buell, Music; Mary Lou Carter, Domestic Science; Olga Grote, Latin and German; T. L. Smith, Manual Training; C. E. Miller, History; A. A. Aldrich, Mathematics.



ESKER L. McDONALD,

"Potts"—"Essie."

Pres. Senior Class 1915; Pres. Honor Council;
Pres. Athletic Association; Pres. Boys' Glee Club;
Capt. Baseball Team; Capt. Foot Ball Team;
Basket Ball; Sporting Editor "Frog";
Senate Debating Society; Class Play;
"Frog" Minstrel.

*"He had that manner, innately a gentleman's,
which makes the acknowledgment of a
favor appear like the conferring of one."*



EVA MAE ANDERSON,

Glee Club; Basket Ball; Class Play; A. L. S.;
Tennis Club.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy virtue."

CALLIE CAROLYN CARRINGTON

Secy. A. L. S.; Athletic Association; A. L. S.
play; A. L. S.

*"Never hurried, never worried, always
happy."*

LERA ETHEL CLOAR,

A. L. S.; "Frog" Staff; A. L. S. play; "Frog"
Minstrel.

*"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and
stately."*

BENJAMIN HARVEY HILL,

Senate Debating Society; Glee Club; Foot-
ball; Honor Council; Ad. Manager
"Frog;" Class Play; "Frog"
Minstrel; Basket Ball.

*"A kindly heart, a steady mind, a wholesome
wit."*

HAZEL LEWIS,

A. L. S.; Glee Club; Athletic Association.

"Such a busy little girl, unassuming and brave!"

KATHRINE BRYAN LINN,

A. L. S.; Glee Club; Basket Ball; Class Play;

"Her auburn curls, broke the hearts of many envious girls."

SALLIE LOUISE LINN,

A. L. S.; Basket Ball.

"Little things are sweetest—infinite riches in a little room."

CORRINE LEANORA MILLICAN,

A. L. S.; Glee Club; Tennis Club.

"Thy voice is sweet as if it took its music from thy face."





JULIA ANTENETTE MEECE,

A. L. S.; "Frog" Minstrel; "Frog" Staff;
A. L. S. Play.

"Ambition is no cure for love."

ETHEL MILLER,

Secy. A. L. S.; "Frog" Minstrel; Basket
Ball; Secy. Honor Council; Story
Editor of "Frog."

"As modest as she is sweet."

MARY TERESE MOORE,

A. L. S.; Basket Ball; High School Orches-
tra; "Frog" Staff Artist; Class Play;
"Frog" Minstrel.

"To know her was to love her."

LUCILLE MAGILL,

Class Poet; Vice President of A. L. S.; Ten-
nis Club; Basket Ball; "Frog" Minstrel.

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

JANE NINDE,

A. L. S.; Glee Club; Vice-President Athletic Association; Honor Council; Class Play; Secy. Senior Class.

"I am sure God could make a sweeter creature, but I am equally sure He never did."

HELEN SCHWARTZ,

A. L. S.; Athletic Association.

"A jewel well worth a poor man's taking."

ESTELLA LUCILLE SUTHERLAND,

Editor-in-Chief of "Frog" and "Annual;" Glee Club; A. L. S.; Class Play; "Frog" Minstrel; Athletic Association; Tennis Club.

"If God can love so many, surely I can love a dozen?"

RALEIGH SANBORN,

Business Manager "Frog;" Class Play; Vice-President Honor Council;" Senate Debating Society; "Frog" Minstrel; Valedictorian; Athletic Association.

"His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a man.'"





ORVILLE NETTIE SMITH,

Member "Frog" Staff until Christmas,
1914-15; Member A. L. S. in 1913-14.

"Drink to me only, with thine eyes."

MARGARET INEZ WILSON,

Salutatorian; A. L. S.; Sporting Editor
"Frog;" "Frog" Minstrel; Athletic
Association.

*"Whatever skeptics could inquire for,
For every why, she had a wherefore."*

EFFIE FLORENCE WILLIAMS,

A. L. S.; Class Play, "Frog" Minstrel; So-
ciety Editor of "Frog;" Tennis Club.

*"A little rosebud set with wilful thorns, as
sweet as Texas air could make her."*

YETTA WIGODSKY,

Pres. A. L. S.; "Frog" Minstrel; A. L. S.
Play; Humorous Editor of "Frog;"
Tennis Club.

*"She looks as clear as morning roses, newly
wet with dew."*



IDA MAE YEAGER,

A. L. S.; Basket Ball; Assistant Exchange
Editor "Frog;" "Frog" Minstrel;
Glee Club.

*"Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile,
And with her whole heart's welcome in her
smile."*

JUNIOR



Junior Class Roll

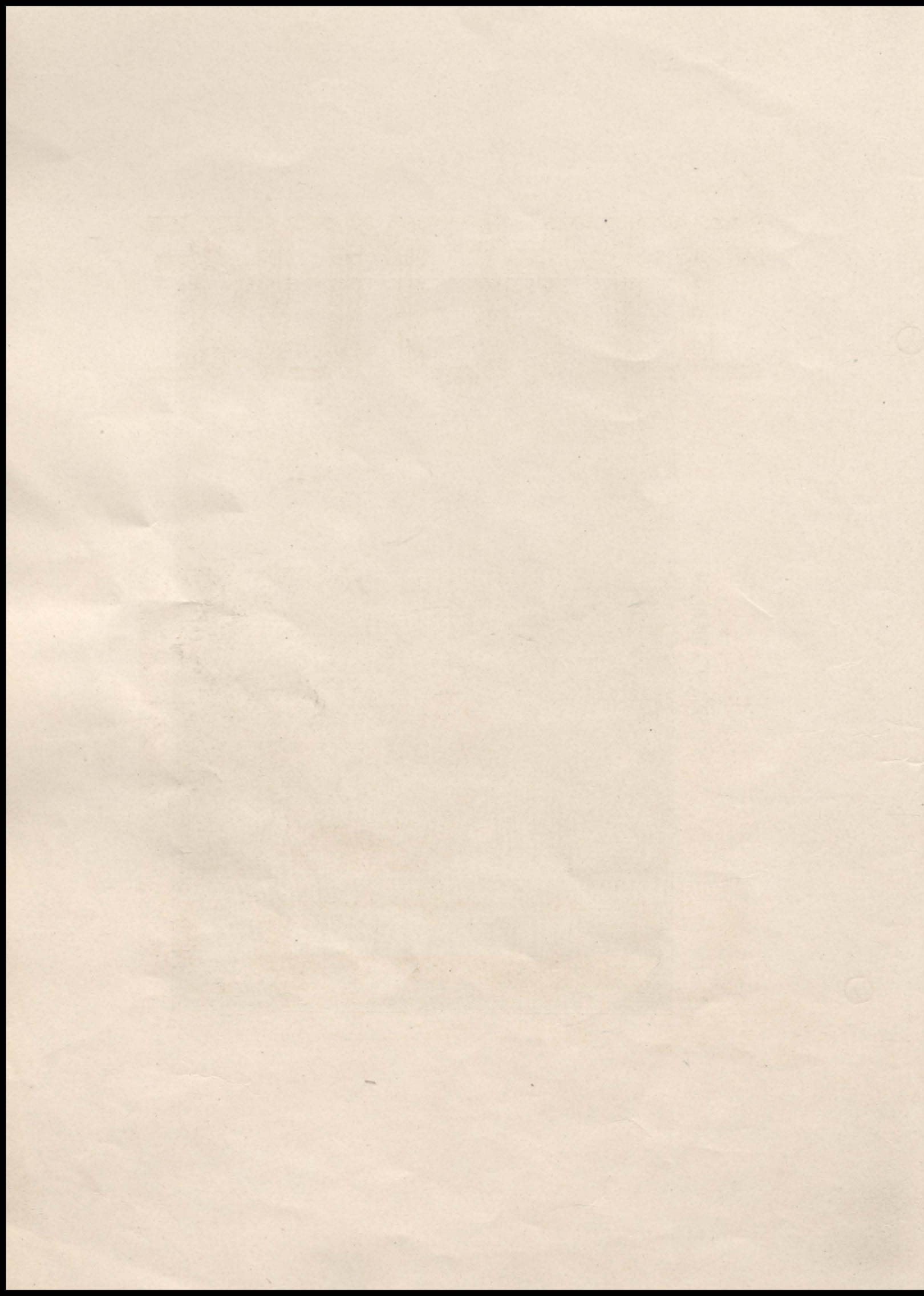
Jason Humber
Dewey Bell
Sam Hill
Earl Martin
Charlie Davidson
Marvin Watkins
James Preddy

Percy Hamill
Austin Castleton
Charlie Watkins
Helen Norvell
Mary McLendon
Abbie McMahan
Clarence Woolsey

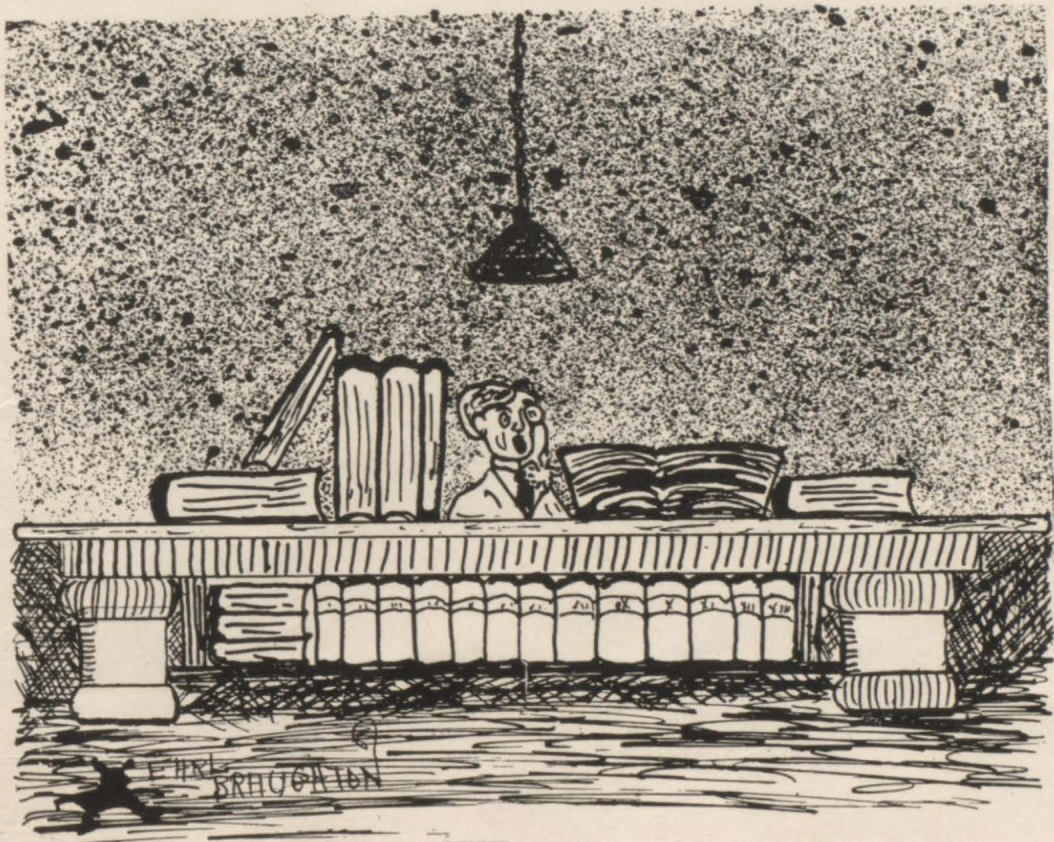
Earl Broughton



JUNIOR CLASS

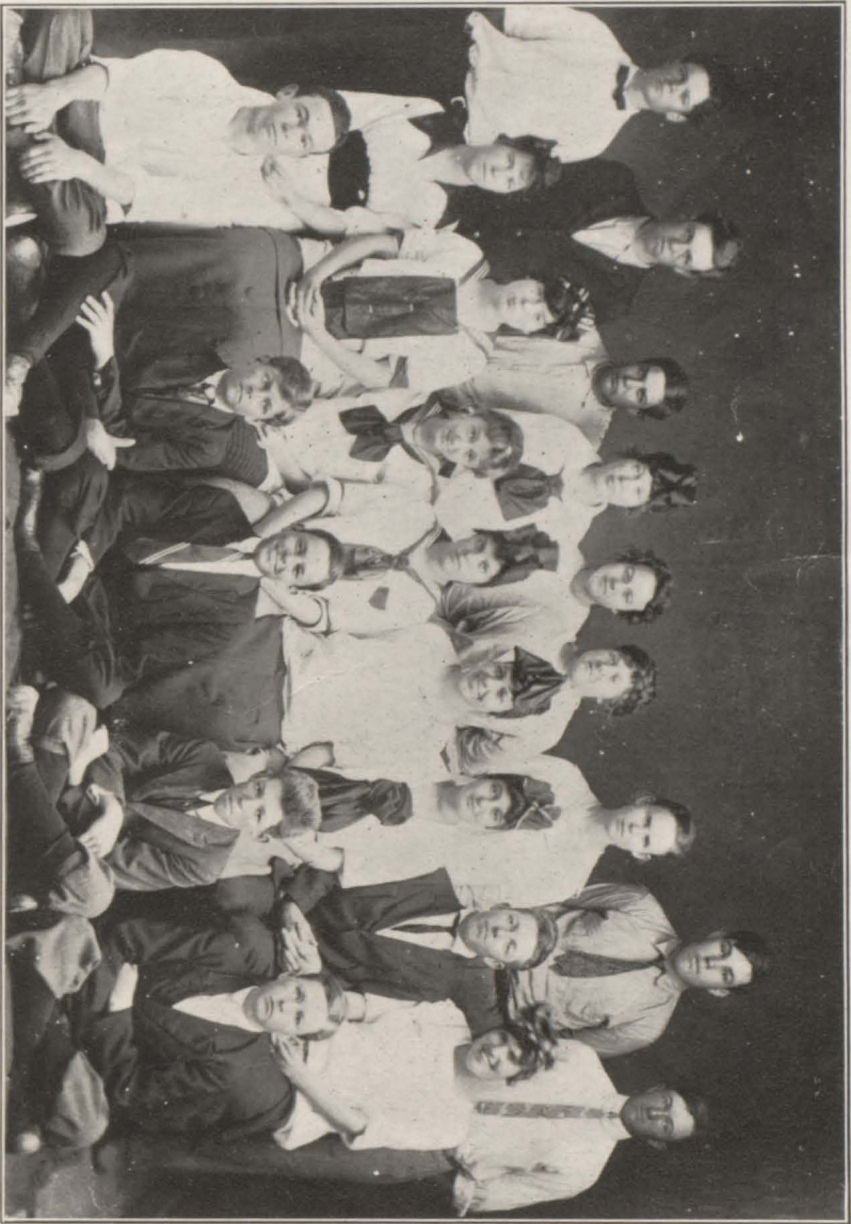


SOPHOMORE

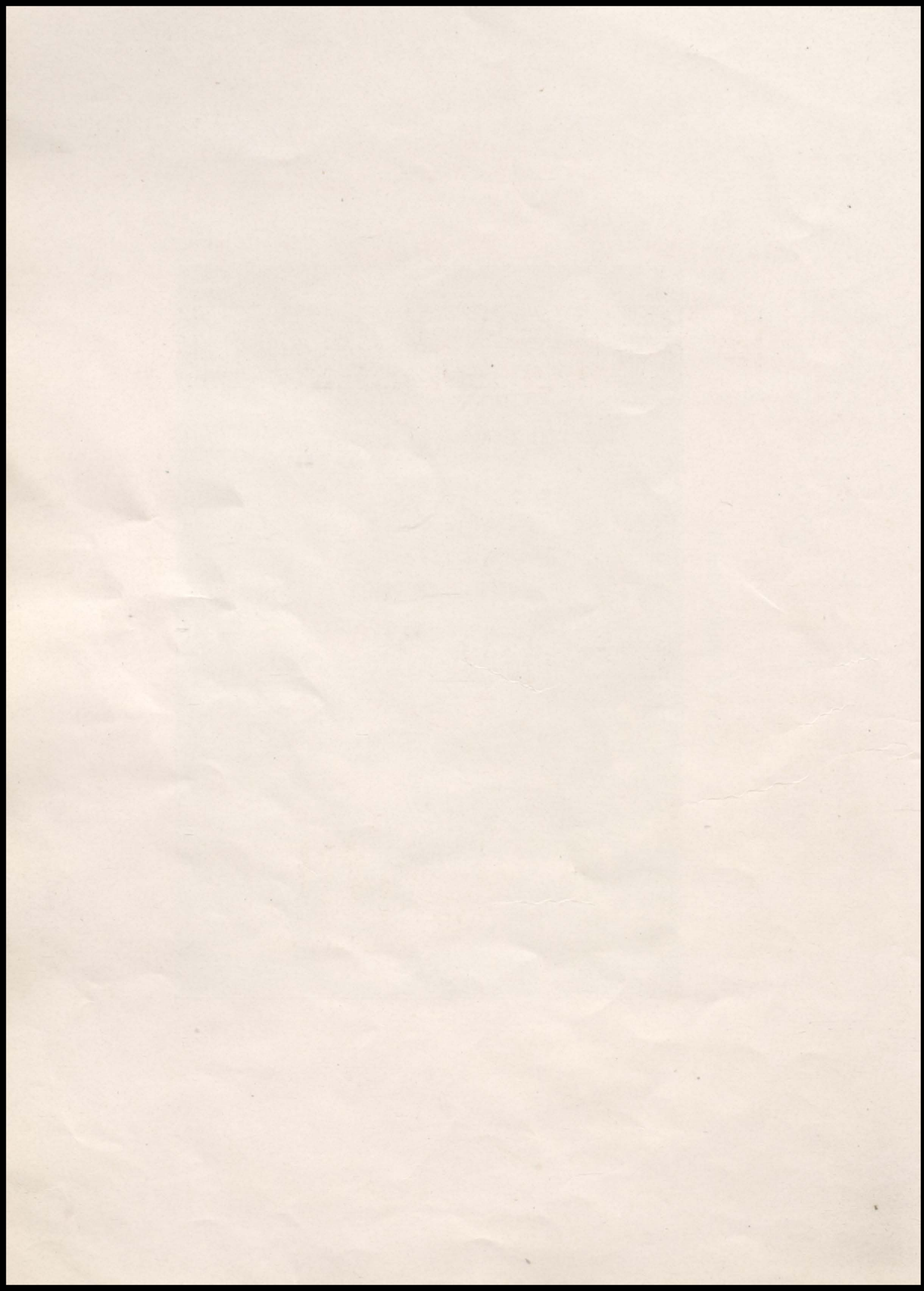


Sophomore Class Roll

Lonnie Phillips	Carrie Boney
Luther Large	Thelma Moore
William Dugan	Blanche Millican
Blanche Arnold	Charlotte Jones
Johnnie Sutherland	Helen Parker
Gladys Sansing	Jewel Morris
Frank Schaedel	Doris Conger
Frank Carrington	Conrad Anderson
Iris Darby	Richard Gaines
Clayton Abernathy	William Holman
Charlie Carr	



SOPHOMORE CLASS



FRESHMEN

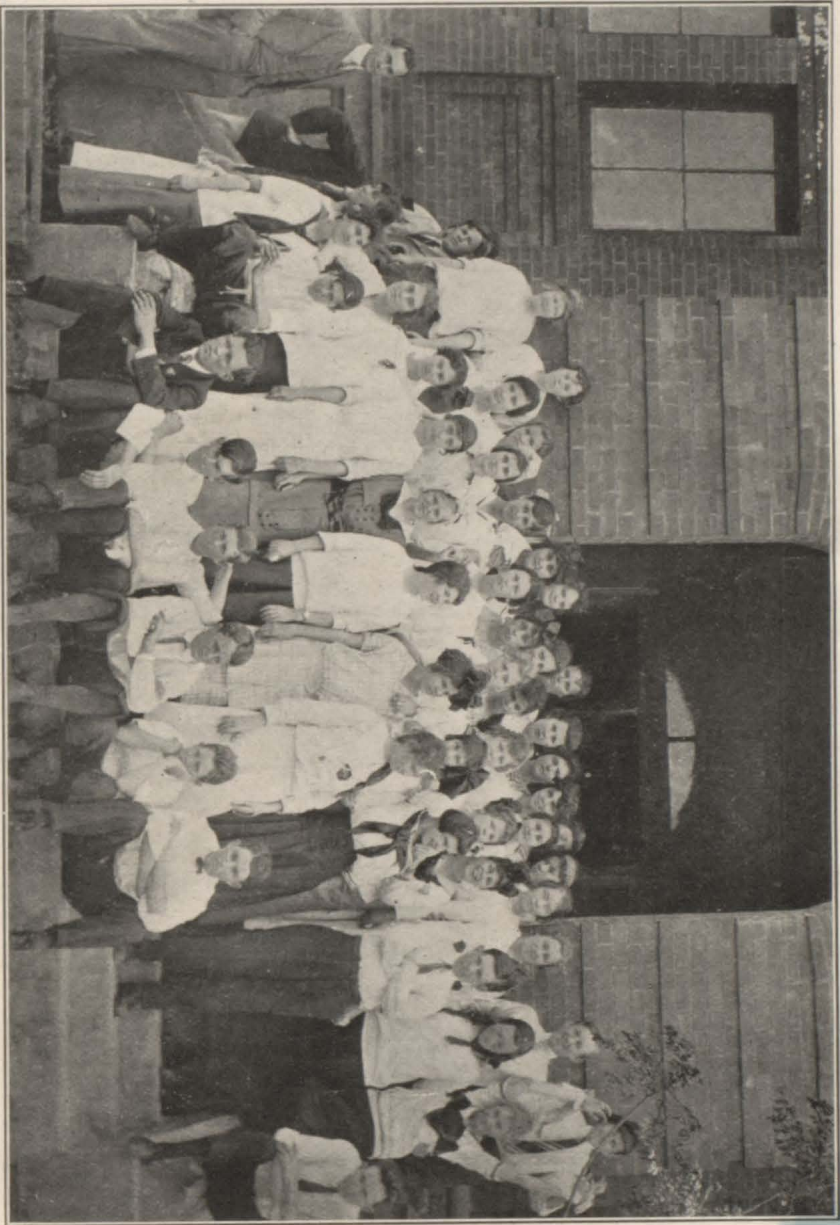


H. HOBBS

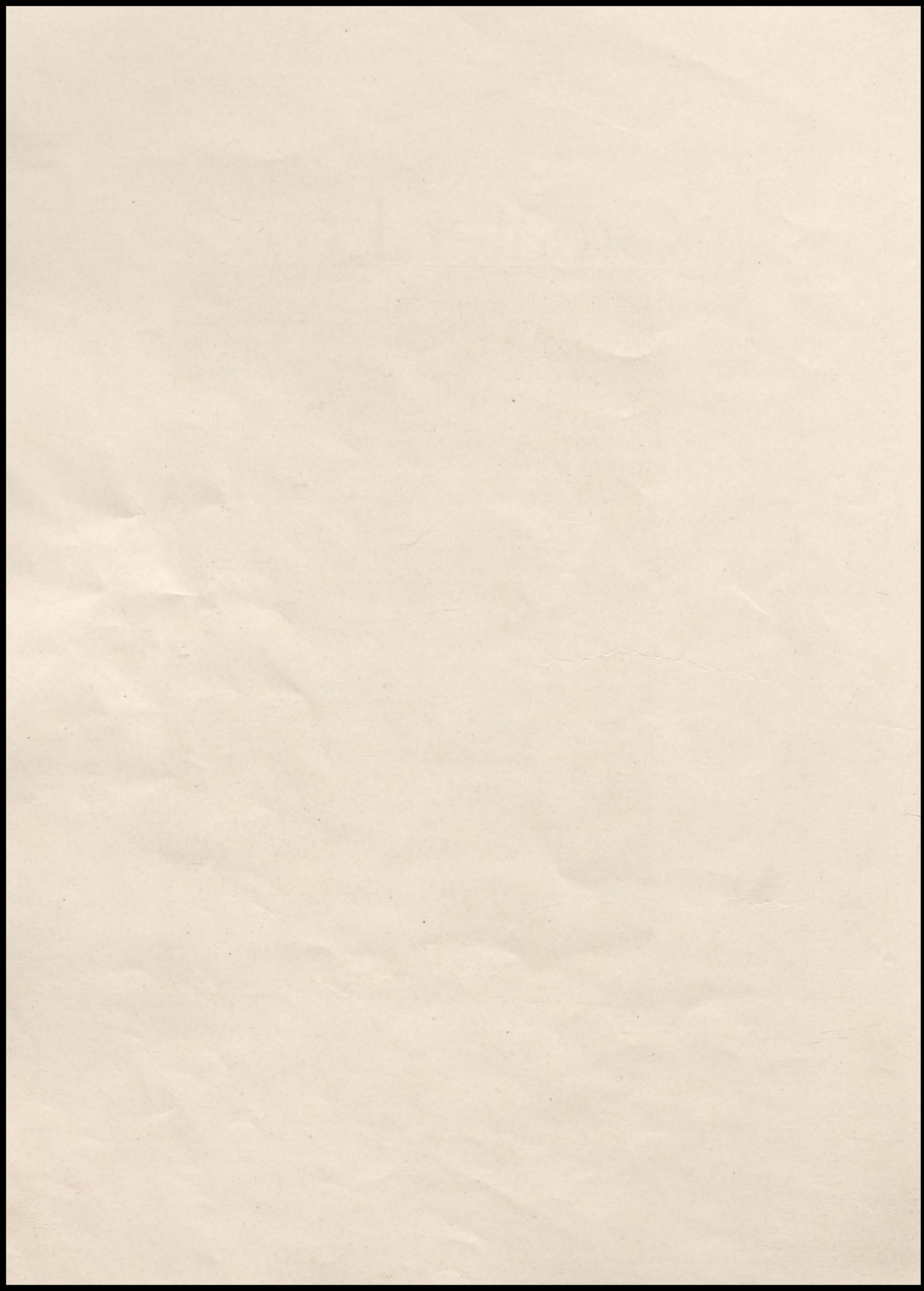
Freshman Class

Roll

Bernice Miller	Kathryne Moore
Ethel Morrow	Lorinne Melville
Hattie Culver	Dollie Middlebrook
Mabel Glick	Pearl Montgomery
Elsie Richardson	Eloise Matthews
Jessie Phillips	Anna Moll
Eddie McLendon	Gloria Norvell
Pearl Brady	Alice Owens
Julia Austin	Kathrine Percival
Ida Mae Branch	Larra Phillips
Annie Laurie Bond	Louise Poole
Eunice Baker	Lizzie Redden
Ollie Clark	Ethel Ryman
Ruth Cable	Mabel Sweeny
Alice Conger	Edith Shoemaker
Lottie May Cox	Ricca West
Bessie Cloar	William Holland
Ethel Darby	Markham Grover
Laflin Foote	Charlie Tew
Kathrine Follis	Herman Head
Esther Head	Lawrence Buford
Freda Klein	Claude Jones
Marie Kennedy	Billy Moore
Reulah Loeschner	Alva Grantham
Lillie Linn	Donald Moore
Irene Lanham	T. C. Cash
	Lawrence Selfridge



FRESHMEN CLASS



“Greater Love”

The heat of the August afternoon had cooled perceptibly as Robert Shirley cantered up the drive at Oaklands. It had been his custom for many years to spend each Wednesday evening with his old friend and neighbor, Colonel Desmond. This custom had become the main point around which his life revolved since Margaret had grown into womanhood. Five years ago she was a romping child, who gaily ran to tell him that Wolf, her favorite hound, had run down a fox. Today she stood on the veranda to welcome her father's friend, a bright beautiful young lady, full of the joy of living, and looking on life through the abundance of her own heart. The whole world seemed good and true to her. The only daughter of an idolizing father, the adored mistress of a hundred or more slaves, Margaret reigned a veritable queen at Oaklands. As yet no thought of woe had come to her, although she had many admirers from the city and neighboring plantations. She had just returned from Vicksburg where she had spent a few days with an old schoolmate, enjoying the gaiety of the city society and ordering a few things for her winter wardrobe. The joy of being at home again rang in her voice as she called to Robert Shirley.

“Oh, Robert, how good it is to see you again. Come into the library and we will have a nice little chat before dinner. I have so much to tell *you* about my visit.”

Margaret led the way down a long hall to the spacious library beyond where Colonel Desmond sat looking out on the beauties of that August afternoon. The library was his favorite resting place and one might find him there during his leisure hours. He had told Margaret once that the room filled him with a sense of peace and that the view from the French windows out across the garden to the blue hills in the distance was indeed refreshing after a long sultry mid-summer day. He arose to meet Robert with his customary greeting.

“Glad to see you looking so well, Robert. It seems ages since you were here last sir. Margaret, child, have you a song for us this evening?”

Margaret went over to her harp and Robert seated himself on a sofa near her. She sang several light, airy songs and then came over and sat down by Robert.

“Shall I tell you of my visit in the city?” she asked.

“By all means. I should like to hear how you amused yourself for so long away from home.”

She then told him of the brilliancy and gaiety of Vicksburg and of all the young men she had met there. He listened with an open look of admiration on his face, and it could be readily told by a glance into his eyes that he thought her far more charming than all the belles of Vicksburg or any other city.

In a short while, supper was announced by a negro servant, Joab, and the three went into the dining room. Margaret took her place behind the coffee urn and the meal went on pleasantly. Robert was accomplished in the art of conversation, always agreeable, always with a fine air of sincerity. The daughter of Colonel Desmond did not lack wit and charm and met his talk with graceful readiness. Joab took away the dishes, brushed the polished mahogany, and placed before the Colonel the decanters of wine. After a while, on the excuse that she had a

slight headache, Margaret left the table, and passing through the library she took up her bedroom candle and slowly ascended the winding stairs.

Mammy Susie had been in the Desmond family for more than fifty years. Colonel Desmond bought her when she was a likely young wench and gave her to his bride as a house girl. She had wooed her mistress devotedly, but when Margaret was born, the love of her life was given to her. To mammy, she had always been perfect. When as a baby she kicked and cried for something just out of her reach, mammy would always say:

"Sunpthin' sho is de matter wif ma honey chile, case she wouldn't ax dis way. I mus gib her some catnip tea."

In the years that followed Mrs. Desmond's death, Margaret was her care day and night. Tonight she waited for her asleep in a chair as she had said to herself:

"I'll jes take forty winks, case Miss Marget neber knows when to come up when Marse Robert is here."

Margaret opened the door softly and tiptoed in, and slipping up behind mammy she placed both hands over her eyes.

"Wake up and guess who, mammy," she laughingly cried.

"Lauzy, honey chile, I wasn't asleep. Seems lak yo has been gone a month of Sundays. It was dat lonesome round here. Set right down and let me git yo shoes off, and here's yo litle red dressin' gown. I knows your hair ain't been brushed good since yo left, 'perdin' on dem triflin young niggers in town."

"Oh, Mammy Susie, how you spoil me," exclaimed Margaret as she sank back in the big chair and let her heavy suit of brown hair down for mammy to brush.

"How have you been mammy, and how are all the darkies? Is Uncle Jake's rheumatism any better?"

"Yes, chiie, Ah made him some tea outter elum root an it done hope him already. I'se been so pestered about yo fergitten your bag an turnin' back when yo left, case yo know dat means bad luck; an Ah dreamt about muddy water while yo wus gone, so Ah shore is glad to get yo back all right."

Margaret laughed merrily at mammy's superstitions.

"Well, I am home safe and sound so your muddy water dreams didn't amount to much this time. But hurry, mammy, I am so tired."

A mocking bird singing at her window awakened Margaret the next morning; and bouncing out of bed, she hurriedly dressed and ran downstairs to see what had happened during her absence. She wandered around the grounds and finally sat down in her favorite seat under a huge oak tree.

"Breakfast am ready, Miss Peggy," called Joab from the doorway.

"All right, Joab. Tell father I will be there in a minute."

As she entered the dining room her father greeted her with a cheery "Good morning, daughter."

But in spite of her light mood the meal dragged. At length the colonel pushed his chair back and said:

"Would you like a ride over to Elmhurst with me this morning? I have some business with Robert, but we can easily get back in time for dinner."

"I would like to go, father, but my trunks are upstairs and have never been unpacked."

"Oh, bother your trunks. Mammy Susie will unpack them. Run upstairs and primp up a little and I will wait for you in the library."

Margaret went to her room and was dressing for her ride, when Ester, the youngest pickaninny of Mammy Susie, came rushing in, breathless with excitement, her eyes wide with fear.

"Oh, Miss Peggy, Miss Peggy!" she burst out sobbing and fell on the floor.

"For goodness sake, Ester, get up and tell me what is wrong."

Ester arose, trembling, from the floor and stood eyeing her mistress doubtfully.

"Oh, don't do dat, Miss Peggy, I'll tell you ebery bit. But, please, don't let Marse Jack whoop me, I'se so skeered."

"Hush crying, you silly little negro, and tell me right now."

"Deed I will, Miss Peggy, I wuz playin' hoss wif Marse Jack's bridle, you know de one he thinks so much of, and had hit tied on de fence. I wuz a pullin' back on it and a cluckin' to ma hoss jes lak he does, when blam! an dat crazy ole strap had done busted right clean into. I didn't broke it, Miss Peggy, yo knose Ah didn't. It jes busted hitself. Oh, Lord, here he comes now. Hide me, Miss Peggy, hide me. Let me git behind you so he can't see me."

"Go through that door and downstairs as quickly as you can and I will make it all right with Marse Jack."

Colonel Desmond was fond of his horses and valued this bridle above all the rest. It was one that his friend, Major Shirley, Robert's father, had given him before his death.

"Take it, colonel," he had said, "and use it as your own. I have no further use for it now."

The colonel had given special intructions to the negro who cared for his horse in regard to its keeping, so one can readily imagine how Ester felt when she discovered that it had "jes busted hitself."

Now Margaret knew what a terrible uncontrollable temper her father had and how unyielding and obstinate he was, but she also knew how to manage him when it came to anything like this. He came into the room with a scowl on his face and before he could say a word, Margaret burst out as if in a rage.

"Now what do you suppose that little imp, Ester, has done. Why she has broken your bridle, the one Major Shirley gave you, and I don't think you can ever use it again. She ought to be whipped, I tell you, not whipped but actually beaten. The idea of her even daring to touch such a thing as this bridle, let alone playing with it. Here it is; look at it. This rein is broken into. Here is my riding whip, and I will go and find her for you."

She handed him the bridle and started for the door.

"Wait, daughter," he said, "you needn't go for her, I know she didn't intend to break it."

Margaret had scarcely been home two weeks when she was taken violently ill. Mammy Susie gave her catnip tea, and made her chew "elum" root and even tied nutmeg around her neck, but all these favorite remedies were to no avail. Her fever rose steadily from day to day and her father paced the floor in his anxiety.

"Marse Jack," said the old negro, on the morning of the third day, "yo had better go fer de doctor, case pore little Miss Margaret is got dem smallpox is as shore as I am a livin'. I done tied nutmeg around her neck, but hit don't seem to do her no good atall."

"Oh, Lord," groaned the colonel, "are you sure that it is smallpox, Susie?"

"Hit shorely is, Marse Jack."

"Then I will go to Vicksburg for the doctor at once and I will be back as soon as I can. You know you have never had smallpox, so you had better get one of the other negro women to nurse her."

"Oh, Marse Jack, don't take me away from ma honey chile. Let me nurse here, case dem oder niggers don't know how to take care of her."

"All right, Susie, take the best care of her that you know how, because she is all I have in this world, and God knows what I would do without

her. Robert will come over and stay while I am gone and you must look to him for anything you need."

After the colonel had gone, the house seemed so lonesome and poor Mammy Susie, with this added burden, was driven almost to distraction. Of course Robert did all he could to help her and he took charge of the plantation, yet the management of the house and servants fell to Mammy Susie. Robert still cherished the hope that it might not be smallpox that had thus stricken the girl he loved, and it was not until the old nurse told him that her face and hands had already begun to break out that he was convinced. He wandered about the house and anxiously awaited the messages from the sick room that Mammy Susie sent him every hour.

All day Sunday Margaret tossed from side to side and mourned most pitifully. Greatly weakened by her long days of sufferings, she sank into an unconscious slumber. Mammy worked that dreadful Sabbath day, using every remedy she had ever heard of, trying in every way to keep Margaret quiet and comfortable. She pillowed her head on her broad breast and crooned to her the lullaby that had so often quieted her when a restless child; but all her efforts were in vain and the fever mounted higher and higher. Time and time again Mammy walked to the window and looked far down the road for some signs of Marse Jack and the doctor, for surely they could reach Elmhurst today; but no one was in sight and mammy's heart was filled with despair when she noticed the flushed cheeks and listened to the incoherent mumbling as Margaret tossed to and fro. 'Twas then that she realized that she must make the great fight for her darling's sake alone.

With an instinct born of love, care and watchfulness, she saw how thin was the thread that held body and soul together. The pale, sweet face seemed to grow smaller and to sink lower into the pillow as Margaret drifted into unconsciousness.

Mammy Susie, with a heart bowed down, torn with anguish, and filled with fear and dread, walked slowly to the window for one last look into the distance for help. The sun was sinking lower into the west, casting shades like long grasping arms reaching out for the soul that Mammy Susie was striving so hard to hold. All the world seemed still and afraid. A bird in the distance called mournfully to its mate, but no answer came. A faint breeze brought the low hum of Uncle Jake's banjo and down in the "quarters," the negroes sat around their cabins and talked in hushed voices, for didn't Mammy Susie's honey chile lie dying?

The reproachful, despairing look of a dog that has been struck by its master was in the eyes of Mammy Susie as she sank on her knees by the window and poured out her heart in an impassioned prayer to God.

"O, Lord," she prayed, "don't take my honey chile, she's too young and pretty to die. I knows I ain't fitten to pray, but O, Lord, I'll forgive Jake what I ain't spoke to for more's two weeks an' ma heart's white, hear me, O, Lord, hear me! Spare her young life for Marse Jack an' take me in her stead, case I'se all worn out an' they ain't nobody what needs me. So take me, Lord, an lebe her to live out her pretty young life."

Mammy rocked backward and forward in agony of soul; but when she arose there shown on her face the "peace that passeth understanding."

The last ray of the dying sun fell across the bed, lingered awhile, and departed as if reluctant to go alone.

Down the hall sounded the quick tread of hurrying steps and into the room rushed Colonel Desmond, accompanied by the doctor, who quickly stepped to the bed, and after carefully examining the patient, turned to the colonel:

"No cause for alarm, sir, your daughter is sleeping naturally, and has safely passed the crisis."

"Glory be to God," shouted Mammy Susie.

Margaret's day of convalescence were trying indeed to one of her

temperament. She had been moved to Elmhurst, so that the house might be aired and fumigated. These days she spent in Robert's home were full of beautiful tender memories. Slowly the knowledge of his great love dawned upon her and all of her past life seemed full of little things compared to what it would be if it were shared with Robert's. To him the days were all too short and he spent long hours sitting by her side, dreaming of what it would mean to have her with him always.

Health and strength quickly returned and found a more beautiful Margaret than ever; more serious from her close contact with death; more tender and kind for the loving kindness that had been shown her. Grateful to God for His mercy and full of renewed zeal for His work, crowned by the love of so good a man as Robert, she felt indeed that her life had only just begun.

As the days passed by she could not suppress a vague feeling of uneasiness, a presentiment that something was wrong at home. She thought it strange that Mammy Susie had not followed her as her father had promised. They told her that the house must be cleaned and that Uncle Jake was sick, but these excuses did not satisfy her. Some nameless fear seemed to hang over her; an unaccountable restlessness took possession of her and she felt that she *must* go home. In some explainable way she connected this fear with Mammy Susie and it made her heart tremble, for Mammy Susie's years of devotion and untiring love had made her very dear to Margaret's breast, and the thought might have happened to her, struck terror to her soul. When she heard Robert ask her father to ride to the field with him that afternoon, she determined to steal away and see how things were at home.

The sun was bright and warm; the ride was a pleasure. Margaret's spirits rose as she neared home.

"Why, I was only homesick," she remarked to herself, "there is no place like Oaklands. Hello, Sam, what's the matter? Your face don't shine as usual."

Instead of the answering grin that she always received, Sam gave her a scared look and turned and ran to the house. Margaret laughed and called after him: "I hope you are not bewitched Sam."

Mammy Susie's cabin stood nearest the house under an immense oak tree. As Margaret rode up, she saw that something was wrong and she jumped off her horse and rushed to the door. The negroes stood back as she came up; each face seemed full of sorrow as they gazed at her. Uncle Jake stood in the door and his head seemed whiter, his form more stooped than when she had seen him last.

"Chile, chile," he said, "she has ben a-cillin' fo you day an' night."

"Oh, Uncle Jake, what is the matter? Why didn't you let me know?" and Margaret swiftly entered the room where Mammy Susie lay dying, smitten by that dreaded disease smallpox.

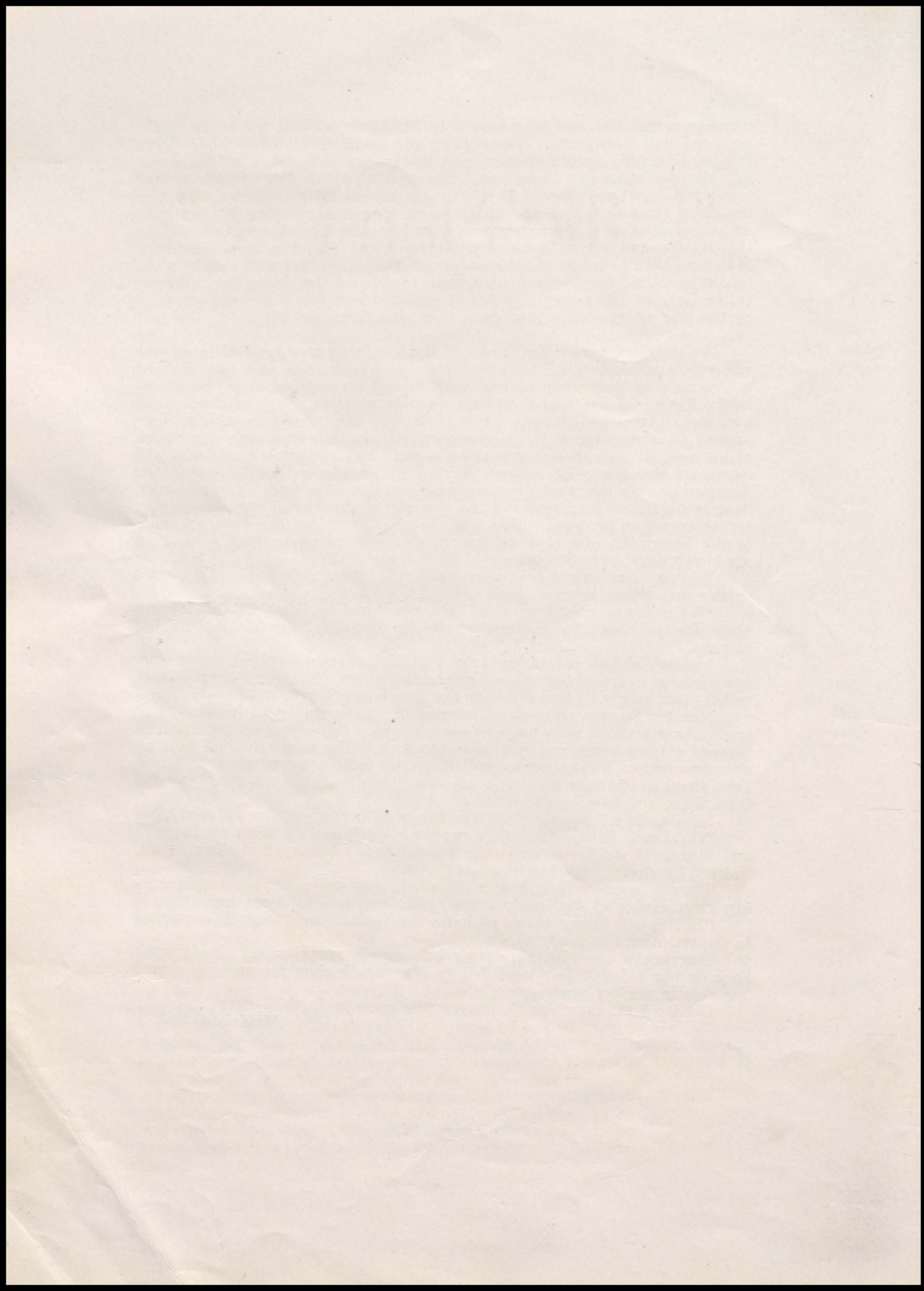
The old negroe's face lit up with a heavenly smile, her labored breathing grew easier as she feebly turned her head and held out her arms.

"By blessed honey chile; yo looks lak God to me. How I'se wanted to see yo! now I'se ready to die."

Margaret's arms lovingly encircled her old nurse as she slowly sank back on her pillow. Her head fell on Margaret's shoulder and she closed her eyes in perfect peace.

Good old Mammy Susie's prayer was answered.

Abbie McMahan—'15.



“Little Man Lee”

And the M. K. Y. T.

“You—you are just the horriddest boy I know!” Peggy turned about with a sudden energetic jerk, and flashed upon Lee a flash of her very black eyes.

“You’ve all the time got to be puttin’ ol’ bugs en’ things on people! En’ pullin’ their hair—en’—en’! I’m never going to speak to you again, Lemual Alexander Brown! so there!”

Peg stamped her little foot with passionate fury, turned about with characteristic suddenness, and swept away majestically; her little pug lifted to an astonishing angle, and her long black curls bobbing indignantly.

“Aw shucks, what chu’ got’a go an’ get mad for? Girls are ’bout the fussiest things I ever did see anyway!”

With that this young philosopher assumed an expression of deep gloom—as much as to say, “It’s a shame the way some people treat little boys like me!”

As for Feggy she heeded not the parting injunction of her former companion and friend, but walked away rapidly with a thoroughly injured air, the aforesaid Lemual Alexander Brown hoisted himself slowly up onto the hitching post, and there sat with a weary and greatly abused air.

Lee’s big brother, Tom, suddenly appeared up the street whistling merrily as he strode along, in the very act of passing the knotty old hitching post, he turned suddenly, noting for the first time the same boy perched upon it. The whistle broke off and he gazed upon his younger brother with a sympathetic twinkle in his eye. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and nodded expectantly towards Lee.

“Well now, ol’ fellow, what’s happened, you don’t mean to tell me she’s chucked you again?”

Lee looked up with a most terrifying scowl: “You—you jest better poke ’long ’en leave me ’lone; it ’ud be ’bout best for your health, I reckon.” Whereupon he deliberately turned his back, and resumed his former despondent attitude.

“Bow, wow, piff, bang”—Tom clapped his hands and stepped forward dramatically, emitting a series of realistic howls.

But suddenly Mrs. Brown’s head in the upper window of the old brick house appeared: “Boys, boys,” she cried, “what is the matter?”

Tom turned around quite calmly and spoke to his disturbed mother; “Nothing at all mother, dear, Lee and I were merely having a friendly little chat.” He waved his hand with a reassuring air, just as much as to say, “Well now don’t worry, that’s all settled,” and turned aside and winked slyly to his little partner.

Mrs. Brown smiled an amused smile and then closed the window gently. She was a sympathetic little mother and understood her two boys. They, too, were close, close friends and companions, yet it seemed unusual, for Lee was a tiny boy of eight and his brother, Tom, a big healthy youth of seventeen. More than once she had come upon them engaged in serious discussion, which, had she listened, would have amused her greatly; but like a discreet mother, she always slipped away before

they saw her. She knew that her big boy, Tom, was well able to manage the rough-and-tumble Lee.

As these thoughts passed through the mind of the mother matters were progressing rapidly out by the old hitching post. Lee felt his scowling dignity slipping, slipping. He was trying very hard to frown upon his tormentor. But his mouth just would curl up instead of down at the corners, and the old man wrinkle on his forehead turn the wrong way. He set his teeth grimly and puckered his little face up into a very funny, very quizzical scowl. He resolutely stood his ground, as game a youngster as anywhere to be found. Tom, well trained from previous and similar episodes, gazed upon the unusual facial contortions with a delightfully concerned expression, advancing a few steps—cautiously, doubtfully, even hesitatingly—he paused for just a moment, perhaps only three seconds, into the face of this strange creature. Then with growing alarm he stepped up again—cautiously, doubtfully, even hesitatingly. He continued to proceed in such a puzzling manner, until arriving at a point exactly five yards, two feet and three inches, west of the overburdened hitching post. This time he balanced himself on tiptoe, and turning slowly about to a desired angle, again peered for a moment, perhaps only three seconds, into the face of this strange creature.

Was our young friend unmindful—entirely unmindful—of this strange conduct? Well, perhaps he was, he would certainly tell you so were you to have asked him—and perhaps he wasn't. But we might have noticed, had we looked real hard through our Sunday spectacles, that his left eye, a nice brown eye, was making a funny lot of wabbles—and mostly to the west side. And in a moment, in fact at that very moment, this interesting show was all over. Of course Lee lost none of his dignity by his defeat, nor did Tom take undue advantage of his undue victory. As it was, just as Lee made one of those suspicious movements of his left eye to view the western horizon, it happened "the cat had his nice fat mouse." Tom turned just at the right time, caught the glint of the guilty eye—and winked right into it. Not just an ordinary wink you understand, but one so full of jolly good fund, kindness, amusement, a little gentle reproof perhaps, and just altogether so irresistible that Lee forgot all his abuse. And in that very moment—oh, marvels, grinned quite openly.

Tom, as usual, was ready to rise to the occasion. He winked again—with the other eye this time—and poked Lee playfully. "Come on ol' boy get down off that tree; I jest betcha' don't know what I know. It's M. K. Y. T., too!"

This mysterious message produced the desired effect on the smaller boy. He immediately jumped down off his lofty pinnacle and came eagerly toward Tom. Both immediately became two very mysterious men of business. What that business was remains unknown, for they did not stay around where curious eyes could discover their secret. In a few moments both had crossed the lawn and disappeared into the innermost recesses of the old barn. And there, as we all know, privacy reigns complete—it is boys' own domain, where refuge is not sought in vain.

On the days following the amusing conquest of the small Lemual by the rising young Thomas, matters were progressing rapidly in the old barn, and all done so quickly and quietly. Even Mother Brown remained ignorant of this new interest. Immediately after school each evening big boy and little boy vanished mysteriously. From then on until supper time neither even so much as poked an eye or an ear outside of the old barn door. There was the most tantalizing air of mystery about every action they made.

So it continued until one sunny day, just one week and one day after the beginning of the mystery. As the tired gentle mother sat at the window sewing in the late afternoon she smiled a sweet smile as she patiently waited—waited for what she knew not. Yet she did know that today something existing would happen; she could feel it in the very at-

mosphere—in the very sunshine. Something funny, something glad. A moment later and she saw her two boys come running toward the house. Fat chubby Lee was doing his best to keep up with his big brother.

In turns he was dismayed and discouraged, and again as Tom stopped a second or two to let him catch up he rallied his forces and made a fresh start. Mrs. Brown watched the approach of her two sons with no little interest. What was that that Tom was waving excitedly? A letter surely. Oh, what could it be? She dropped her work and turned toward the boys as they entered the room—all expectancy, sympathy and eagerness.

The small Lee, blowing and puffing in the most alarming manner, came tumbling in noisily, immediately trying to deliver himself of his excitement by standing on his head and waving his feet gayly about in mid-air, but the moment Tom began with "Oh, mother, mother, we've—," he tumbled onto his feet again with astonishing rapidity.

"St—st—op—you—you—you ol' thing, you, you, let—let me—me—tell; you s—said I c—could i—if I—I'd give you my pie tonight, and, and—"

Mother smiled at Tom and spoke a trifle impatiently, "Well, dear, you may tell it then, but don't be long." Lee began to swell visibly with the dignity of his position, and he blinked his eyes hard as he prepared himself for the unusual honor. But not a moment did he lose; he bust forth excitedly the moment he could catch his breath:

"T---Tom, he—he—an'—an' me, we got i—it! It's—its the b—best one, too, an'they's goin' to—to send us 'b—bout a m—million dollars, too." He paused for breath, such a jumble he made of this mysterious news.

But Tom could stand it no longer. He saw his mother's unsmiling and pale face. The bare suspicion of any such unbelievable news was too much for the over-worked little widow. It was all she could do to make both ends meet, and that only by constant work—always sewing, sewing. No wonder then that the chance of a little rest should effect her so deeply. So Tom immediately took advantage of the pause, and supplied the necessary information, "You see, mother, we've won the Boys' National Invention Contest," and handed her the letter that he carried. "We've been working on it for almost a year, but didn't tell you because we wanted to keep it a secret,—just our own M. K. Y. T., you know—then we never even dreamed that we'd get first prize, fifteen hundred dollars, you know. Mother, just think of it!"

Mrs. Brown stared at one and then the other in blank astonishment. She could scarcely believe her ears,—surely, oh surely, she was dreaming. Her boys, these mere youngsters, couldn't possibly have won in the great National Contest Invention! What could they have invented? She always knew and was proud of Tom's mechanical talent, but she had never imagined that it would prove such a glorious success—and so soon.

Almost tremblingly she took the letter from Tom, the Tom standing there with the joyous light in his dark eyes, looked so painfully like her husband had looked. Just three years ago, he had come to her with like news, but followed so soon with such a terrible heart-rending separation. He had worked too hard for his great success, had forfeited his own life for the sake of fame—the old relentless tax collector. She glanced at the letter, yes it was true. It read as follows:

"After a thorough judging of the inventions presented us, we decided that your wireless outfit wins the prize. It is the most complete piece of workmanship in every detail that we have seen in many a day. You therefore are awarded first prize, fifteen hundred (\$1500.00) dollars. We extend to you the most sincere congratulations and if at any time you need appreciative customers do not hesitate to see us. Continue your work by all means; it speaks of great promise."

Then, indeed, the mother turned a radiant face toward her sons. She

gathered both little boy and big boy to her with a half laugh—half sob of pure joy.

Lee bounced right side up with little care, his fat face scarlet from its unusual burden. When he gave his mother the manliest hug possible, for a boy eight years of age, he turned to scowl upon his big brother, but not however with the usual success; he couldn't scowl at all nicely today, he was so happy himself. Tom bending gently and lovingly over his mother, in perfect understanding of her feelings, saw this amusing frown and laughed aloud joyously, as he poked Lee playfully in the ribs.

"Ouch! you—you st—stop that you—you ol' th—thing," gasped Lee between gasps. "First thing you—you go 'a' go an —tel it a—al an'—an' then you wan'na have mamma all y—yourself."

But just then, happening to look up, he saw the flutter of a small white handkerchief from the steps of the big brown house across the street. He stopped cautiously, hesitated for a second, and looked slyly at his mother—then at Tom from the tail of his left eye. Neither seemed to care much about him anyway. Mother was just sitting there still and quiet holding the letter in her hands and looking at it—maybe she was thinking of father and his similar success three years ago. Tom was beside his mother, his strong arms about her, and that same glorious light in his eyes. What was it? Perhaps he saw future successes, or perhaps many long-desired comforts for his patient little mother, who knows?

So after a pause with lessening caution, Lee spoke to Tom very slowly and grandly, "Aw, I don't know anyway. I guess I'll let you have 'er for a little while." He thrust his fat hands into his little pockets manfully, and sauntered toward the door.

"I s'pose you 'scuse' me for a little while. I've got some most 'stressful' business 'fairs what need's 'mediate 'tention, anyway!"

Tom and his mother looked up in amused surprise, as the small Lee left the room and bounced energetically down the front steps. They smiled at each other — curious, understanding smiles of affection. "Oh, what a dear, funny boy he is!" exclaimed Mother Brown lovingly. "And what a nice little man," laughed the big Tom.

Meanwhile Lee had stalked majestically across the street to the girl with the beautiful dark eyes and pretty black curls. He sauntered along in truly man fashion,—hands in pockets and shoulders squared. He made a funny little embarrassed bow to the little lady before him, watching keenly, however, to see that she took sufficient note of his newly acquired dignity. She laughed a little puzzled laugh and then tossed her head back with the old characteristic gesture and flashed a look of her bright eyes on Lee.

"I'm—I'm just glad your big brother got the prize Lee, and—and I'll forgive you, I guess, for puttin' that ol' bug on me that day!" She looked down, perhaps just a trifle bashful, then looked up again through her long black lashes at Lee. She paused for a moment—just the tiniest little moment—and then flashed him another quick glance of her beautiful eyes.

"But you were the—the horriest boy I ever saw! and bugs 'er just the awful-est things." She shivered quite nicely and naturally, and Lee—well, he grinned quite openly.

But she didn't see him do it—bless you no. Little man Lee had at last learned the most valuable lesson of his long eight years—unless, perhaps, it was the M. K. Y. T.

Jane Ninde —'15.

Class History of 1914-15

The old, old legend of the pot of gold that lies at the end of the rainbow is a part of my story. In the year 1911, an infant band of raw recruits started on that strenuous climb through High School. These were Freshies, and we humbly acknowledge that we are those who began so weakly to climb the mountain of learning. There was a class of forty, large enough to accomplish big things, but we had many drawbacks. First of all, we were Freshies, and the target of all the ridicule from the higher classes. This we bore meekly, for did we not know "that every dog has his day," and ours was surely coming? Then we were illy prepared for High School work and the greenness of Grammar School had to be rubbed off. For a year we toddled on, doing our best with the unknown lands of Latin, English, and Science. Through it all we beheld a glimmer of the rainbow shining afar off, and thought often of the pot of gold that lay at the end. In childish glee we looked forward to the time when we should be at least "somebodies" in High School.

At the end of the term, almost a dozen fell by the wayside, some going to other schools, some failing, and others simply giving up. There were several recruits who joined our little band, and courageously plodded along with us. What a happy time when we became really Sophomores! Our day had come, and I am afraid that we persecuted our Freshmen friends as severely as we had vowed to the year before when we were suffering the agonies of first year pupils.

With new courage we entered upon the year 1912-13, because we had become used to the ways and customs of High School boys and girls. Better work was done, as we pursued practically the same courses as in the Freshman year. That "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" was forcibly proved in our second year, for we had little except study and when the term closed only about twenty-five passed into the land of Juniors.

And now our ambition, a thing rarely alluded to in the past years, actually captured a few of our rapidly strengthening band. In the two years that had passed, somewhere, somehow, someone had sowed that little seed of endeavor, and it sprouted and grew in 1913-14. Although quite a number of the old crowd were gone, we had a good industrious class; and what is better a strong conscientious instructor to lead us aright. The rainbow still shone overhead; although it seemed to fade away at times when we waded through the regions of geometry and physics. But when a hard old original was proved, or a physics problem worked, out came that rainbow in many colored rays to allure us on to the end.

Our Junior year was one of social, as well as scholarly pleasure, and we had many gatherings that shall not soon be forgotten. We also made wonderful progress in Dan Cupid's line, and to those who were involved in his meshes it was surely a time of joy. To us who were merely observers it was an interesting time to take lessons—and memory lingers yet!

Aside from this, the Juniors were graver and more sober as they toiled on and on up that steep Mountain of Knowledge. Like the beautiful sunflower that ever faces and climbs toward its God, so our Junior class looked ever upward, with aspiring hearts to the rainbow at whose end lay our treasure.

At the end of our third year the tried and true, the brave and bold,

of our band of students came through the thickest of the fight—final examinations—and became Seniors. Only those who had been faithful, courageous, and true held such ranks as that and we numbered 23. What a year it has been for us—work and play—a year full of toil and pleasure, but the best year we have ever had in our lives. It is the fulfilling of so many of our dreams, the accomplishing of so many of our plans. Our lessons have been hard, but we, being more favored than many with such noble and patient High School teachers, have managed to come out unharmed from the perils of Latin, English, mathematics, history and science. Climbing on, with new energy and perseverance, has put us almost to the end of the race, but we could not have reached it so happily had it not been for our social and athletic life intermixed with the student's work. Such parties and candy-pullings, picnics and stews, basket ball and foot ball games were never had before!

And now, like the youth who climbed the icy mountain with "Excelsior" as his motto, we have reached the end of our rainbow. We stand with its various colored hues of light and joy shedding over us, and at our feet lies that long sought for pot of gold. It is ours by right, and each of us richly deserves the part that we receive. To take is all that remains, and what each one of this dear class of 1914-15 does with his treasure I shall let our prophet tell.

Katherine Linn—'15.

Music Among the Seniors

- Raleigh—"I Love the Ladies."
 Ida—"It's a Long, Long Way to Matagorda."
 Effie—"He'll Come Back."
 Helen—"I'm Looking for Someone to Love."
 Yetta—"Oh, I Wonder Where My Lovin' Man Has Gone."
 Esker—"I'm on My Way to Palacios."
 Ben—"The High Cost of Loving."
 Hazel—"In My Little Old Ford."
 Mary Terese—"P-o-p-u-l-a-r-i-t-y Spells Popularity—That's Me!"
 Julia—"Goodnight Ladies."
 Lera—"I Gave Him Kisses One" (aided and assisted by the Senior girls (?).
 Ethel—"Would You Take Me Back?"
 Sam—"I've Only One Idea About the Girls and That's to Love 'em, I Want to Love 'em."
 Corrine—"All That I Ask Is Love."
 Stella—"Oh, Take Me Out for a Joy Ride."
 Kathryn—"I'm Crying Just for You."
 Louise—"There's a Boy in the Heart of Maryland With a Heart That Belongs to Me."
 Margaret—"All Night Long."
 Lucille—"Can't You See I'm Lonely?"
 Eva—"Any Little Boy That's a Nice Little Boy Is the Right Little Boy for Me."
 Callie—"In the Sweet Bye and Bye."

An Apology to Poetry

On a lovely day in May,
When every star did glitter,
Went sentimental Sue to stray
And hear the fishes twitter.

Sitting high upon a stump
A morning glory sang
Two trees; a rope then jumped
And the air with stillness rang.

Sentimental Sue took out a book,
For she was very witty,
Yet in her book she didn't look,
But instead, composed this ditty:

"There was a lover who certainly knew
What was best in a wager to do,
'If you're loser,' said he,
'Why, you'll have to kiss me;
If you're winner, I'll have to kiss you.'"

Sue was quite proud of herself;
She couldn't believe her own nose;
She mistook an old mule for an elf—
How poetic she was, no one knows.

When in a quiet tumult of thought
Sue espied an old hen in swimming.
To her an inspiration it brought
And flooded her soul to the brimming.

The hen only sneered in disdain
At the fruitless attempts of Sue,

But the maid pronounced her insane,
Saying, "Now let me hear from you."

Sighed the hen in a business-like way:
"Let the poets declaim as they may,
Be it ballad or rhyme,
Or a poem sublime,
I can give them all points on a 'lay.'"

Sue was so taken-aback
She fell forward into the lake,
And hit the breakers with a smack
But soon she heard them quake.

O, the breakers! what think you they
say
In their lively and boisterous way?
Well, you see, they can't preach
To the sands on the beach,
So they murmur: "Dear friends, let us
spray."

She soon met a duck exulting;
Sue then stroked its back,
And the duck replied, "quack."
Then poor Sue cried, "Say, that's insult-
ing."

Sue quickly came to shore
And started for her home—
Sentimental she was, no more;
And she cared no more to roam.
—Class Poet.

A School Dirge

Full fathom five thy average lies;
Below the passing grade,
Let not the numbers deceive your eyes
For they're not likely to fade.
They never suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange
Dreaming will not change the knell:
Hark! now I hear it,—ding, dong, bell.

—Class Poet.

Our Teachers

The bravest poet alive would quake
With this big subject in hand,
Yet my best attempts I will make
To stir up a little sand.

Miss O'Neal in stature is lacking
But her brain makes up for it quite,
Our duty is to keep it racking
And our duty is done with might.

In English she manages trim,
For when Macbeth we read
She has thunder and lightning grim
And we see poor Duncan bleed.

Miss Grote is certainly proud
Of her Senior Latin class,
Because we're the smartest crowd
Although we fail to pass.

Talkative she is and jolly,
And you'll always see her laughing;
She persists in all kinds of folly,
You can ever hear her chafing.

Mr. Aldrich is next in the list.
An athletic of note is he,
In basket ball he's never missed,
He's a wonder you'll all agree.

But he has other attractions as well
That quite surpass playing ball,
He can sing as clear as a bell
In a voice that is still and small.

Mr. Miller is a man of few words
Only when he's asleep.
His "don'ts" are incessant as twitter of
birds;
A sweet vigil o'er us he doth keep.

But in History he can't be excelled,
Especially on outlines each week;
We write every word that's been spelled
And in reference books have to seek.

Mr. Scott is last and least
When it comes to being stingy,
He shields the class from bird and beast
And about him there's nothing dingy.

In High School the first year we had
him
And now this is the close—
He guides the class with determined vim
Regardless of how the wind blows.

—*Class Poet.*

Council to Girls

Girls, wear dresses while ye may
Old time is still a-flying,
Suffragettes bold desire the sway
"Votes for women," they're crying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The older he's a-growing,
Decides his brilliance isn't the one
That keeps the world a-going.

The age is best which was the first
When woman knew her place;
But now they'll head the line or burst;
They always win the race.

Then be not slow, but use your time,
And while ye may, wear dresses;
Suffragettes think trousers sublime
And always clip their tresses.

—*Class Poet.*

“Organizations”





J. D. H. S. BAND

Top Row---Walter Davidson, Chas. Davidson, Marvin Watkins, Ed. Castleton, Chas. Watkins.
Middle Row---T. C. Cash, Tom Barber, Jas. Castleton, Albert Lewis, Dewey Bell, Jas. Preddy.
Bottom Row---Fred Meece, Percy Hamill, Lawrence Selfridge.



ATHENA LITERARY SOCIETY

Top Row—Margaret Wilson, Katherine Linn, Ethel Miller, Yetta Wigodsky, Virginia O'Neal.
2nd Row—Lera Cloar, Jane Ninde, Mary Terese Moore, Julia Meece, Callie Carrington.
3rd Row—Eva Anderson, Abbie McMahan, Corinne Millican, Estella Sutherland, Hazel Lewis, Louise Linn.
Bottom Row—Helen Schwartz, Helen Norvell, Effie Williams, Lucille Magill.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Commencing at top, left to right—Eloise Matthews, Mary H. C. Buell, Charlotte Jones, Iris Darby, Mildred Walker, Lottie Poole, Cathrine Follis, Eddie McLendon, Gloria Norvell, Abbie McMahan, Hazel Lewis, Estella Sutherland, Helen Parker, Jane Ninde, Mabel Glick, Helen Norvell, Eunice Baker, Kathryne Moore, Blanche Millican, Bernice Milner.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Commencing at top, left to right—Earl Martin, Frank Meece, William Holman, Clayton Abernathy, Ben Hill, Markham Grover, Ray Horn, Donald Moore, Dorris Conger, Lawrence Selfridge, Harry Hobbs.



FIRST YEAR COOKING GIRLS

Top, left to right—Ida Mae Branch, Jessie Phillips, Ollie Clark, Ethel Darby, Hattie Culver, Cathrine Follis, Esther Head, Mabel Glick, Annie Laurie Bond, Lillie Linn, Eloise Matthews, Bernice Milner.



SECOND YEAR COOKING GIRLS

Top, left to right—Miss Mary Lou Carter, Teacher; Lydia Middlebrook, Carrie Boney, Addie Harrison, Maud Mangum, Thelma Moore, Estella Sutherland, Mildred Walker, Lottie Poole.



MANUAL TRAINING BOYS

Clio Literary Society

*MOTTO: "Love many, trust few, always paddle
your own canoe."*

Colors—Black and gold.

Flower—Sunflower.

Julia Austin
Ida Mae Branch
Annie Laurie Bond
Eunice Baker
Ollie Clark
Ruth Cable
Gaynell Coleman
Hattie Culver
Alice Conger
Lottie May Cox
Bessie Cloar
Ethel Darby
Laflin Foote
Kathrine Follis
Mabel Glick
Esther Head
Freda Klein
Marie Kennedy
Beulah Loeschner
Lilly Linn.
Irene Lanham

Kathryn Moore
Lorine Melville
Dollie Middlebrook
Eddie McLendon
Pearl Montgomery
Bernice Milner
Ethel Morrow
Eloise Matthews
Anna Moll
Gloria Norvell
Alice Owens
Kathrine Percival
Larra Phillips
Louise Poole
Jessie Phillips
Lizzie Redden
Ethel Ryman
Elsie Richardson
Mabel Sweeney
Edith Shoemaker
Ricca West

Senate Debating Society

*MOTTO: "True eloquence clothes a man with
kingly power."*

Clayton Abernathy
Conrad Anderson
Tom Barber
Earl Broughton
Dewey Bell
Austin Castleton
Charles Carr
Frank Carrington
Dorris Conger
Charles Davidson
Walter Davidson
William Dugan
Richard Gaines
Percy Hamill
Jason Humber

Sam Hill
Ben Hill
Claud Hamill
William Holman
Ray Horn
Luther Large
Albert Lewis
Earl Martin
Esker McDonald
James Preddy
Lonnie Phillips
Charles Watkins
Marvin Watkins
Clarence Woolsey
Raleigh Sanborn

Frank Schaedel

Freshman Literary Society

Lawrence Buford
Claud Jones
Ed. Castleton
T. C. Cash
Markham Grover
Alva Grantham
Harry Hobbs
William Holland

Albert Moore
Lester Mersfelder
Frank Meece
Lawrence Selfridge
Marvin Scott
Fred Wilson
Charlie Tew
Donald Moore

Philosophian Literary Society

MOTTO: Esse quam videri.

Colors—Pink and green.

Flower—Sweet pea.

President—Mildred Walker.

Secretary—Florence Reid.

Vice-President—Lydia Middlebrook.

Parliamentarian—Gladys Sansing.

Blanche Arnold

Carrie Boney

Bertelle Caverly

Annie Lee Cox

Iris Darby

Adelene Harrison

Charlotte Jones

Maud Mangum

Lydia Middlebrook

Blanche Millican

Thelma Moore

Jewel Morris

Helen Parker

Lottie Poole

Florence Reid


Gladys Sansing

Johnnie Sutherland

Lovolia Touns

Mildred Walker

Grace Williams



ATHLETICS

OF THE
 Jeff Davis
 High School.
 1914-1915
 (C.S.A.)

By Geo. Bounds

On October 19, 1914, Supt. R. E. Scott called a meeting of the High School boys for the purpose of organizing the Athletic Association of the J. D. H. S. After electing a president, secretary and treasurer, a finance committee and a coach were selected. Mr. Chas. Schaedel, an old A. and M. star, was chosen as our football coach, and notwithstanding the fact that we started to work late in the season, he succeeded in giving us many of the fine points of the game, of which we were in need.

November 24, "Turkey Day," was a very disappointing occasion for Bay City, in regard to athletics. Palacios High School succeeded in winning from the home team in a game of football on a heavy, rain-soaked field by the score of 25 to 0. This sort of weather, however, explains for the odd score.

The defeat for our boys at the hands of the Palacios eleven was indeed a severe blow to our team, for we had begun to think that Jeff Davis High School had about the only football team in this community. However, this defeat only tended to inspire us for the next game, which never took place.

The football squad loses only two players by graduation this year, but these two vacancies can be supplied with good players next season. The two who are to leave us forever are Esker McDonald, full back, and Ben Hill, guard.

Then the basket ball season opened. Mr. T. L. Smith gladly accepted the task of teaching us that favorite game. After much toil and worry he finally succeeded in picking out a healthy quintet of players whom he took to Brazoria. Here the boys met defeat by the score of 12-11. The wet field played on in Brazoria and the present ignorance of our boys of the inside points of the game were largely responsible for the loss. This, however, merely stimulated their desire for thorough development, which was sought on their return home.

After quite a bit of practice the home boys became anxious for another game, and Lane City became our foe. This game, played on the home field, proved to be one of the fastest games ever played here, which resulted in a victory for Bay City by the score of 12 to 5.

The team now declared vengeance on Brazoria. In retaliation of the defeat suffered from them we won by the pleasing score of 19-3.

Lane City again was met. Being a little over-confident because of

the victories in the last two games, a team composed of only two first team players was sent to aforesaid city. After a hard fought game Lane City proved to be the victor. The resulting score was 10-9.

One of the most closely contested games played was had on the home court with Palacios High School. This was really the first strong team we had as our opponents. The game was slow, but clean throughout. It seemed in the first half that Bay City would be beaten without a score, but when the game ended Bay City had made 3 points to the 12 of Palacios, thus losing the first contest with that team.

In a double-header basket ball game at Palacios the following Saturday afternoon, the High School girls defeated the Palacios girls, but their boys just would not permit us to make it a double win. The Palacios boys defeated Bay City 6 to 5.

This game was a lively one from start to finish. It was indeed one of the hardest fought contests of the season.

From the first time the whistle blew until the last one Bay City was there with the goods and was showing the Palacios team how the game was played. At the end of the first half the game stood 3 to 1 in Bay City's favor.

But then there was the fatal second half. During this period Palacios "got our goat" and succeeded in scoring fine points, while we could only score 2.

Bay City's forwards did excellent work, considering the few and difficult chances they had.

Then here comes Lane City on the big celebration day, desiring a game. Words are inadequate and our hearts too tender to describe such a scene as was witnessed on that occasion. To make a long and pathetic story short and to the point, Bay City simply walked over their opponents to the tune of 26 to 2.

We are now in the baseball season, and have only played one game as yet, but we hope to play more. Palacios High School came down April 21 and gave us a game. The contest was limited to only five innings because two players were participating in a basket ball game in the early part of the afternoon, thus necessitating the short game. The score resulted in favor of the visitors 3 to 2. We hope, however, to get an opportunity to avenge this defeat, even though it be late in the season.

The boys who survived the season in Bay City sports were as follows:

Basket Ball—C. Tew, E. McDonald, forwards, M. Scott, L. Large, guards; E. Martin, center; C. Abernathy, substitute.

Baseball—P. Hamill, 3b; F. Carrington, ss.; L. Large, 1b; R. Horn, rf.; C. Hamill, cf.; J. Brady, lf.; D. Conger, c.; H. Castleton, 2b.; E. McDonald, p.; M. Scott, utility; C. Jones, substitute; J. Preddy, p.

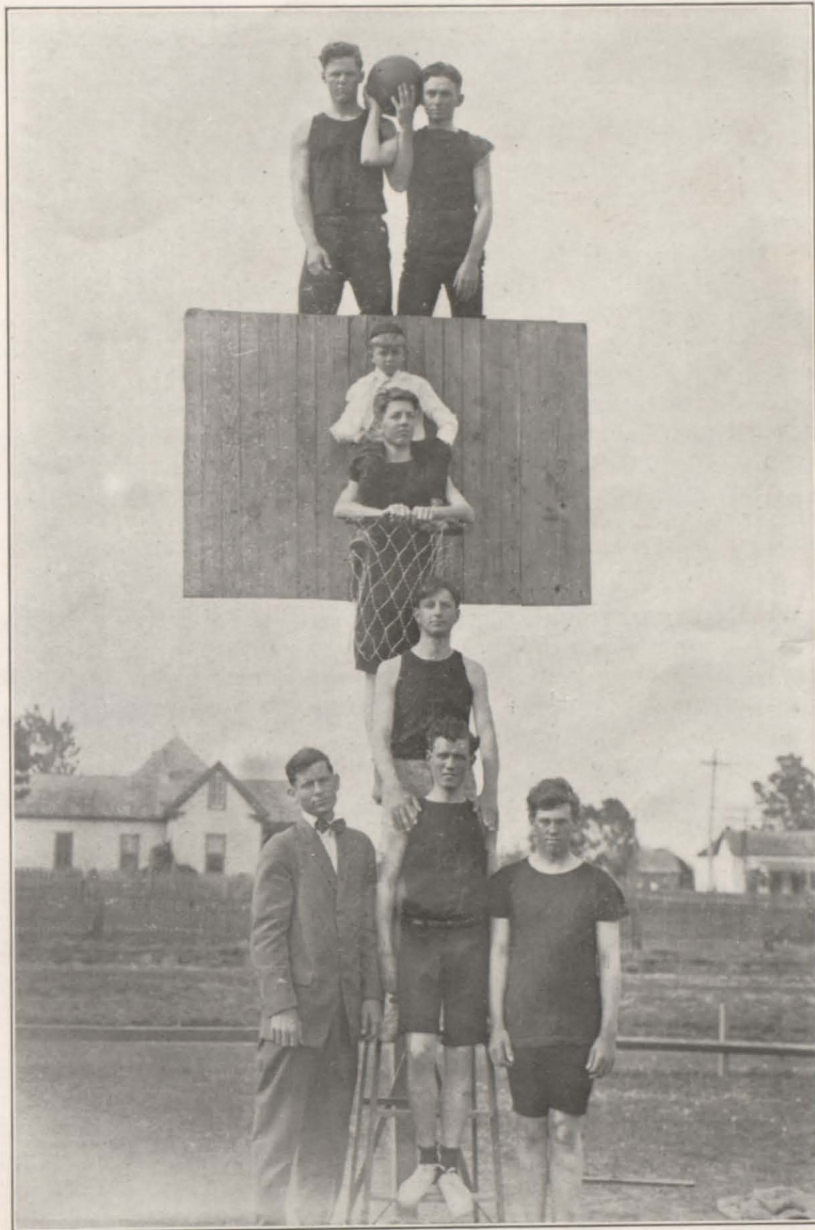
Football—D. Conger, l. e.; J. Humber, l. f.; B. Hill, g.; C. Watkins, c.; F. Schaedel, r. g.; L. Larøe, r. t.; G. Gaedcke, r. e.; A. Castleton, k. m.; W. Conger, l. h.; M. Watkins, r. h.; E. Martin, r. h.; E. McDonald, f. b.; L. Oldman, substitute.

* * *

On October 20, 1914, an Athletic Association for the girls of Jefferson Davis High School was organized with Jane Ninde as president; Abbie McMahan, secretary, and Katherine Moore, treasurer.

* * *

On Friday, November 7, Field Day was observed by the entire school. This was also the opening of the basket ball season for our girls. The home team had received a challenge from the basket ball girls of Palacios, but the girls were unable to come. Wharton was called, but she had a game booked for the day; then Collegeport was challenged, but the girls



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Top, left to right--E. McDonald, f.; M. Scott, g.; C. Smith, mascot; C. Abernathy, sub.; E. Martin, c.; T. L. Smith, coach; C. Tew, f.; L. Large, g.

could get no conveyance. But our girls, determined not to be outdone, played a game among themselves. The teams were composed of:

Team A—Eva Anderson, g. t.; Carrie Boney, g. t.; Ida Yeager, g.; Mildred Walker, g.; Thelma Moore, c.

Team B—Jane Ninde, g. t.; Katherine Linn, g. t.; Lydia Middlebrook, f.; Helen Parker, g.; Marie Terese Moore, c.

The game resulted in a score of 2 to 1 in favor of Team A.

* * *

The girls divided up and formed the "matchless" team, called the Brownie team. In this team we have our best players and we do them more than justice when we speak of them as the "matchless" team, for have they not brought great victories to our school and great credit to the leaders and those interested in athletics?

In the early part of January, the Brownie team received a challenge from Brazoria and they left Bay City on the early morning train, Saturday, for that place. When they reached Brazoria, a dismal surprise awaited them. The rain was coming down in torrents. They, however, were not discouraged and went to the school building where the Brazoria team gave them a hearty welcome. Breakfast was served here and shortly afterwards the game was called. It was difficult work playing in the mud, but our girls would not let such a little thing as mud, ankle deep, hinder their winning the game, with a score of 20 to 0.

* * *

The return game with Brazoria came in February. The girls arrived on the noon train and lunch was served at the school house. At two thirty the game started and Brazoria began to pick up at once. However, our girls were on their metal, and won the game with a score of 19 to 3.

* * *

The second match game was with the Palacios girls. They came through in cars, reaching here about 12:40 p. m. The visiting girls were entertained by our girls at their respective homes. The game was called at two thirty and the ball was soon doing "some traveling." The Bay City team outclassed the Palacios team so much that the game was not even interesting and the score proved this—being 18 to 0 in favor of Bay City.

The return game was played with Palacios two weeks after the game on our court. The game was a perfect walk-over for Bay City. We had very little more to do than we did when we white-washed them on our court. The Palacios girls tried to give us a rough game, but our girls were too quick to even give them a start. Bay City's guards were so nearly perfect that Palacios didn't score any field goals at all. They scored only one foul goal. Our center was, as she has been in every game this year, "on the alert." The score was 17 to 1 in our favor.

* * *

Early in April the girls took the evening Brownsville train, bound for Angleton. On account of the lateness of the hour the time was limited to twenty minutes. After a hotly contested game the score was given in Bay City's favor, 3 to 0.

* * *

On April 22, San Jacinto Day, the Angleton girls played a return game with Bay City. The game started at 4:30. The first half ended with a score of 2 to 1 for Bay City. The playing was "simply great." In the second half Angleton picked up and surely did some hard work, but our faithful team showed them that they were made of "sterner stuff."



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Top, left to right--Mildred Walker, g.; Ida Yeager, g.;
Mary Terese Moore, c.; Eva Anderson, f.; Lydia Middle-
brook, g.; Jane Ninde, f.; Katharine Linn, f.; T. L. Smith,
coach.

The game closed with a score of 8 to 4 in favor of Bay City. There was considerable interest in this, the last game of the season. Never did players work more like Trojans than did our girls.

* * *

With Mr. Smith as coach the girls have brought a series of successes to good old Jeff Davis High School. Mr. Smith has certainly proven a trained and efficient coach, and we owe him a great debt of thanks for his zealous and untiring efforts in leading our girls to victory. His work will never be forgotten. In rain or sunshine Mr. Smith has trained and drilled the girls to make them more and more efficient.

We feel that we owe each player thanks for the results accomplished. They have not lost a game during the entire year. The score for the entire years has been, summed up in a nutshell—Opponents, 9; Bay City, 85.

Now, readers, have we not a reason for being proud of the basket ball girls and Mr. Smith?

* * *

THE BROWNIE TEAM.

Katherine Linn, g. t.; Jane Ninde, g. t.; Mildred Walker, g.; Ida Yeager, g.; Lydia Middlebrook, g.; Eva Anderson, c.; Marie Terese Moore, c.

SUCH IS FAME.

John had just graduated from High School and he had not, as yet, been able to decide as to what profession should be honored with his talents. While engaged in debating this within himself, he sat down in the shadow of a hedge, in the manner of the philosophers of old.

It was summer, the birds were singing, and the heat waves could be seen against the horizon. John's thoughts turned to law, and Blackstone rose from the ground before him and began to tell him of the fame to be gained in the pursuit of law. He painted this in such glowing colors that John's heart began to warm towards law. But when Blackstone told of the long wait in his office before clients would recognize his greatness and of the fact that he would probably wear out his clothes in spots, John's spirit took a sudden slump, and Blackstone rode away on the back of a passing dragon fly.

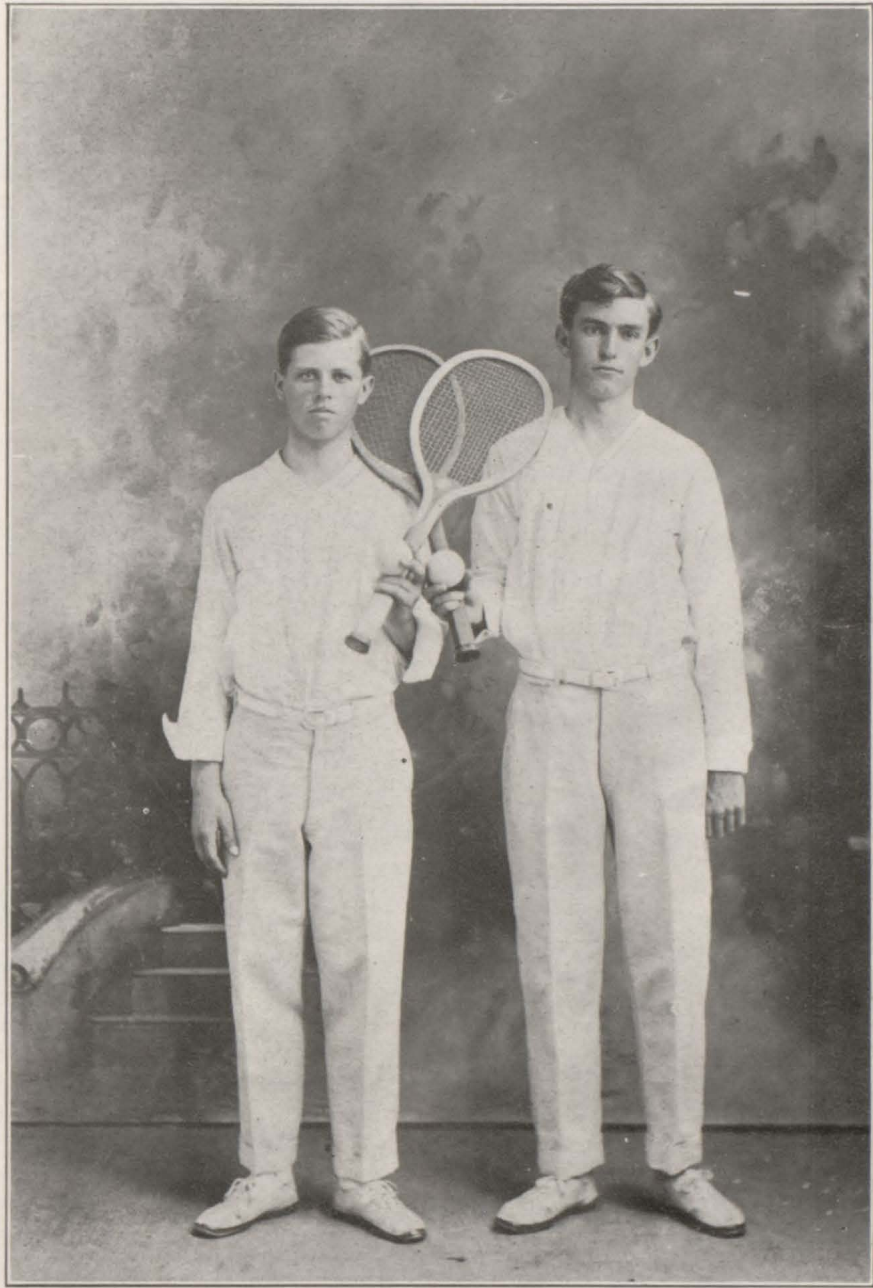
After his disappointment at the sudden departure of Blackstone had somewhat abated, John's thoughts turned to politics. This, he thought, was only a step beyond law and might not present the same disadvantages. He saw himself elected to the president's chair, and just as he started to declare war on a country whose name he had forgotten, Burr rose before him and shouted in a terrible voice, "Beware." The shock of this threw him back under the hedge and he began to wonder what he should do next.

Just then a great aeroplane swooped suddenly down beside him and Wright invited him to take a ride. He stepped in gladly but as they rose from the earth you can imagine his surprise at finding himself in a dirigible with Count Zeppelin at his side. When they had flown along for either several feet or a thousand miles, the dirigible sneezed, wagged its tail, and John found himself riding on a dragon that snorted horribly.

Just as John grew accustomed to his new mount, he found himself occupying a reserved seat at a circus, while the dragon capered joyfully around the ring.

All at once the elephant jumped through a paper hoop, and the clown jerked up the center pole and rode away on the back of a housefly. One of the tent pegs fell from above and struck John's head. He opened his eyes and shouted angrily at his small brother, "You better lookout where you throw your pebbles."

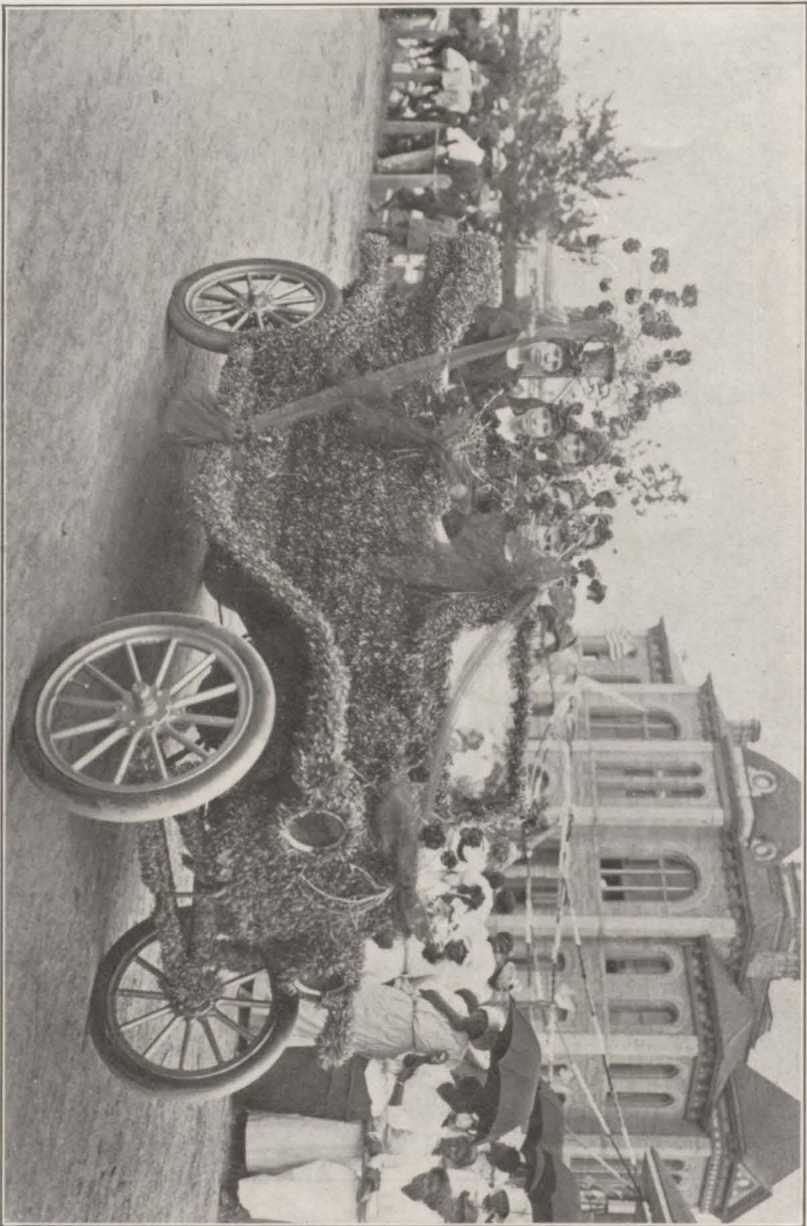
—Loco, '16.



TENNIS CHAMPIONS

Percy Hamill

James Preddy



PRIZE WINNING CAR
Basket Ball Girls in the San Jacinto Day Parade.



Don't think for a minute that the good old "kandy-making," that always comes in the list of good times, was forgotten. The Senior girls proved an exception to the old saying "too many cooks spoil the broth" on Friday evening, March 19, when Miss Margaret Wilson entertained with an old-fashioned "kandy-making." The spacious kitchen was a scene of much activity and enjoyment as the girls put away their "seniorical" dignity and became once more the simple cooks. During the evening music and games furnished ample amusement for those not domestically inclined. The guests dispersed at a late hour declaring Miss Wilson the most competent of hostesses.

* * *

The Seniors were the participants of a jolly good time on January 6. At about three o'clock the crowd started out and as "Big Hole" had been chosen for the stopping place they soon arrived there. A number of games were enjoyed and at six o'clock supper was served in that style that everyone likes. The crowd reached town about seven o'clock and after seeing the picture show they returned to their homes, wishing for more such good times.

* * *

The word "Senior" does not bring to the minds of some people the same pictures that it brings to others. Though the Senior year is always a serious one, in a way, as we look back on the good times we have had we wonder what the outcome would have been without these things because "all work and no play" is no better for a person than "all play and no work."

* * *

On December 23, the Senior class had a very interesting chemistry experiment, in fact Mr. Miller says that we always displayed our talents better on these occasions than at any other time. The general theme of this experiment, like many others during the year, was "eat." Can you wonder that we displayed our talents?

* * *

On Friday evening, April 15, Miss Estalla Sutherland delightfully entertained the Seniors with a party. The home was beautifully decorated and was a scene of activity throughout the entire evening as a number of interesting contests and games were enjoyed.

* * *

During the Christmas holidays Miss Arzilla Clark delightfully entertained a crowd of J. D. H. S. students with a party. Music and dancing furnished amusement for the evening. All declared Miss Clark an A-1 hostess.

* * *

Among the enjoyable events of the year the Hallowe'en events at the home of Miss Hazel Lewis on October 31, looms up and we remember it with a smile.

* * *

The Seniors enjoyed another one of those "good old feasts" in their laboratory on Tuesday afternoon, March 16. Many good things delighted their palates.

* * *

The invitations are out for the annual Junior-Senior reception May 14.

JONES



"Oh, Percy, dear, your birthday gift was so beautiful," remarked Carrie, with her best smile. "And you unintentionally left the price mark—fifty dollars—on."

"Oh, how careless of me!" replied Percy.

"And I see you bought it at Moore & Reynolds. Now, I know you wouldn't mind taking it back and exchanging it for one of those lovely fifty-dollar sable muffs they have in the window, would you?"

"Oh, no, not at all; with pleasure!" he replied.

An hour later that young man was lamenting the foolish act of buying an ornament for \$10 and sticking a \$50 label on it.

* * *

"Wonderful!" said Dubbson enthusiastically, as he gazed at the new Garraway baby.

"Do you wonder I am proud of him?" said Mrs. Garraway.

"No, madam, I do not," said Dubbson. "Indeed I realize more than ever now the truth of the old saying that a woman's crowning glory is her *heir*."

* * *

Miss O'Neal—"Harry, what is a simile?"

Harry—"Don't know."

Miss O'Neal—"Suppose you said 'My hours at school are as bright as sunshine,' what would that be?"

Harry—"Irony."

* * *

Willie—"Say, pa, you ought to see the men across the street raise a building on jacks."

Pa (absently)—"Impossible, Willie, you can open on jacks, but a man is a fool to try to raise on them—er—I mean it must have been quite a sight."

* * *

Mr. Miller told his American History class the reason why metals are used for a standard of exchange instead of cucumbers. He said cucumbers were perishable and so could not be used. We feel sure that they would be perishable, if he were present.

* * *

Just as the mother and her small son left the neighbor's house, where they had been calling, the hostess handed the little fellow a banana.

"What do you say, dear?" admonished his mother.

"I'll be back again later," said the boy.

* * *

Tourist (in village notion store)—"Whaddyu got in the shape of automobiie tires?"

Saleslady—"Funeral wreaths, life preservers, invalid cushions, and doughnuts."

Mr. Aldrich—"Ed, how many are 6 and 4."

Ed.—"Don't know."

Mr. Aldrich—"Ten."

Ed.—"Taint, 5 and 5 are 10."

* * *

Freshie—"There is a new edition of the 'Students' Reference Works.'"

Teacher—"Why, I haven't heard of it. Where is it published?"

Freshie—"Under the tablet cover during tests."

Mabel was visiting the country and for the first time in her life saw a peacock. "Oh, grandma," she shouted, "come out and see the old chicken in full bloom."

* * *

Judge—"Where did the motor hit you?"

Rastus—"Well, judge, if I'd been carrying a license numbah, it would have busted it to a thousand pieces."

* * *

Mr. Miller was telling the class about Nero. He at last asked Donald what he thought about him.

Donald replied, "Well, he never done nothin' to me."

* * *

Tommy—"Pop, what is a theorist?"

Tommy's pop—"A theorist, my son, is a man who thinks he is learning to swim by sitting on the bank and watching a frog."

* * *

"Mama," complained Jane, "I don't feel very well."

"That's too bad," said mother sympathetically. "Where do you feel worse?"

"In school, mama."

* * *

Miss O'Neal—"Harry, what is your definition of a hypocrite?"

Harry — "A hypocrite is a boy who comes to school with a smile on his face."

* * *

"Helen," said the teacher, "do you know what the word 'celerity' means?"

"Yes'm," said Helen. "It's something you put hot plates down with."

* * *

Mr. Miller—"Can anyone name something that is very dangerous and has horns?"

Lottie Mae—"Yes, sir, an automobile."

* * *

Mary Terese — "What is your idea of the character of Lady Macbeth?"

Effie—"Oh, I reckon her character was as good as anybody's."

* * *

Miss O'Neal (upon a cat entering the study hall)—"You children enjoy seeing a cat so much that I wish you could see an elephant."

* * *

"They say there are microbes in kisses. This rumor is most rife—Come sweetheart, dear, and make me an invalid for life!"

* * *

She—"Some day I want to show you my family tree."

He (looking at her admiringly)—"It must be a peach."

* * *

Miss O'Neal had a very singular English class Friday. She requested that theme paper and a good lead pencil report to the class room.

Mr. Scott—"Do you know where little boys go when they smoke?"
Ray Horn—"Sure; down in the basement."

* * *

Mr. Miller (in chemistry)—"Tell us how to make a match."
Helen—"How should I know, do I look like Cupid?"

* * *

Friend—"In what course does your son graduate?"
Father—"In the course of time from the looks of things."

* * *

No. I.—"You are sweet enough to eat."
No. II.—"I do it regularly."

Just Poetry

A grin beats a frown all to pieces;
A smile makes the whole world look bright.
And a smile and a grin make the glad laugh begin,
Which will put all your troubles to flight.

* * *

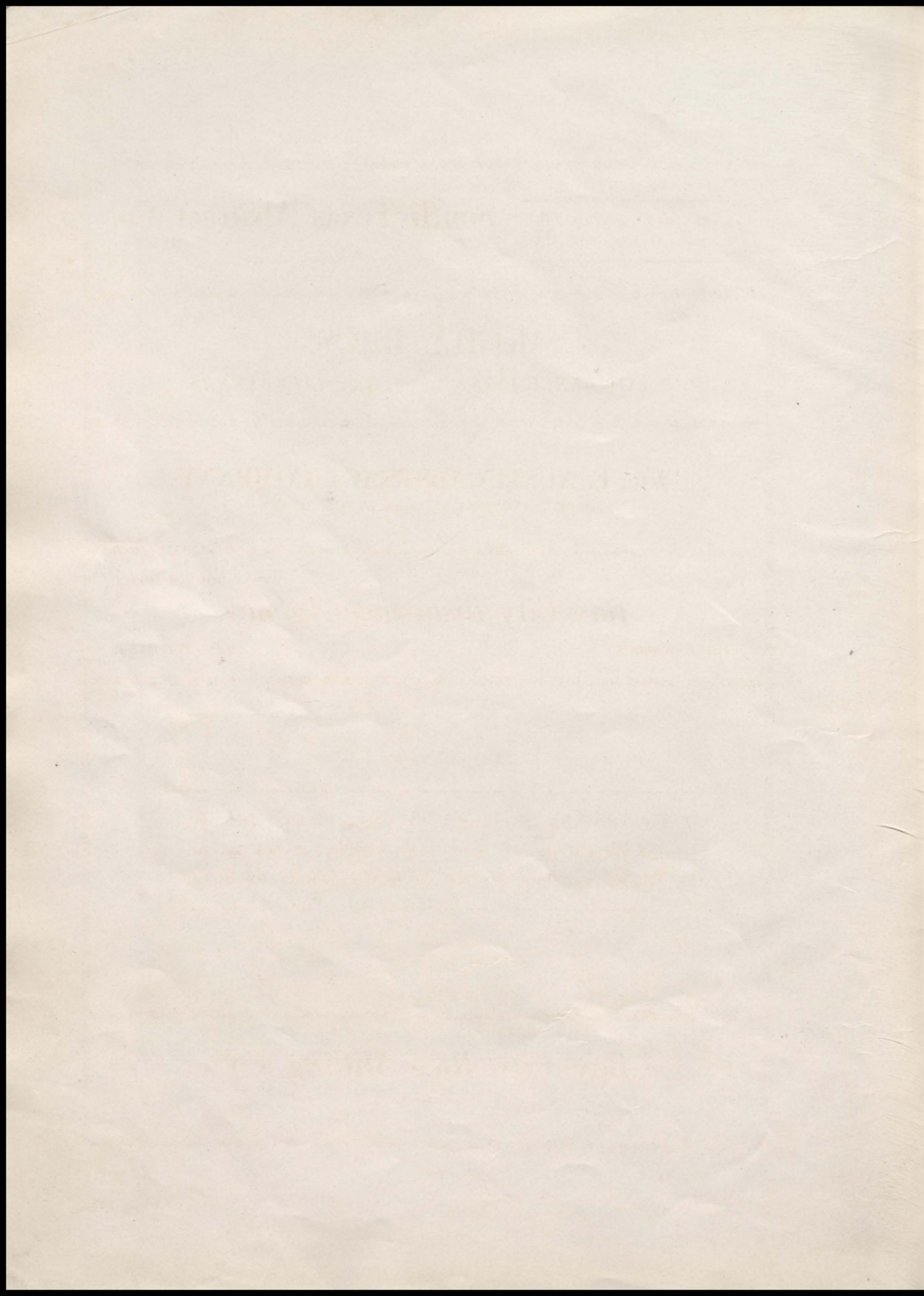
My bonnet lies under the bedstead,
My silver and furs and all that,
My clothes and a few other trifles—
I live in an up-todate flat.



"Frog" Staff at Beginning of School, September 11th



"Frog" Staff at End of School, May 21st



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