





The Cactus.

Though I may have many features that do not the masses please; Though while sitting in my presence some are not quite at their ease; Though I be unprepossessing in appearance; great and small Must concede, if they are honest, I've some good POINTS after all. To You,
DEAR READER,
THIS BOOK
IS
DEDICATED.

Preface.

HE CACTUS is what it is. Nobody can be more conscious of its many defects than we who have watched its growth from its primal germ to its present, prickly, keep-your-distance state of suspended development. The only excuse which we have to offer for its numerous imperfections is that it has sprung up amid new and untried conditions of soil and climate, and has been nurtured by inexperienced hands. Perchance others who may succeed us will profit by our mistakes and gain wisdom from our folly. May it be so; and may each year witness its more perfect growth.

And, now, dear reader, if you imagine one of its bristling points is aimed toward you and bespeaks a hostile attitude, please bear in mind that a hundred just as sharp are turned some other way. Then count thyself thrice blessed.

We beseech you to feel assured that not one of all its spines is tipped with malice. The nettled sensation which their contact may produce is but the tingling of a soothing balm, whose rare quality is such that its presence is unfelt except where it has found lodgment in an unsound part and is working an almost painless cure. However, any irritation of the affected parts will not only destroy its potency for good, but will provoke raging inflammation. Therefore beware!

We do not regret, gentle reader, that THE CACTUS is not a bog-lily whose enticing charms allure its victim to his miry grave; but we do regret that it has so few sweet-scented blossoms for the thousand sterling qualities of those whose trifling weaknesses it pricks.



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To the Cactus Blossom.

O blossom of the cactus,
'Midst thorns and stems so queer,
Of thee we learn a lesson—
A lesson fraught with cheer.

Exhaling thy sweet perfume
In home—on desert air,
Thou teachest us to scatter
Our good deeds everywhere.

And though in parchèd desert, Or seeming barren field Our lot be cast, yet may we Some noble fruitage yield.

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· · · Teachers . . .

High School Building.

(West Walnut Street.)

High School.

Grades.

L. H. BeelerSev	venth and Eighth Grades.
Lena BurkettFir	th and Sixth Grades.
NETTIE CURRENTFo	urth and Fifth Grades.
Laurilla SmithSec	ond and Third Grades
Dollie ChalfantFir	st and Second Grades.

Central Building.

(East Arch Street.)

(
CHARLES E. SCHWARTZ Eighth Grade WILLIAM E. HUTCHENS Seventh Grade	١.
Seventh Grade	ė.
HEDE DENNEY	
MARY E. TATE	
Fourth Grade	
DA MCCORMICK Third Grade	
DA RILEY	,
ESSIE RILEY	

South District.

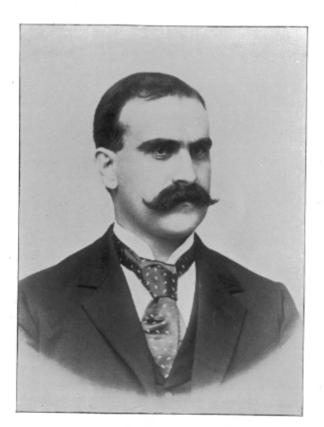
(Buildings on West Seventh Street.)

James H. Davis	Third a	nd Fourth Grades.
Ida Geiger		d Second Grades.

North District.



CRAVEN L. HOTTEL, PH. D., Superintendent City Schools.



ISAAC E. NEFF, A. M., Principal High School.

Craven L. Hottel was graduated from Hartsville University in 1872, receiving the Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. In 1876, having complied with the requirements of his Alma Mater as to post-graduate work, he was honored with the Doctor's Degree.

For twenty-four years he has been connected with the public schools of Indiana either as teacher or Superintendent. As a teacher he has had experience in all departments of work, from the primary to the commissioned high school, inclusive. He is now serving his fifth year as Superintendent of the city schools of Portland.

ISAAC E. NEFF was graduated from the Preparatory Department of DePauw University in 1887, after which he entered the University proper, completing the Classical Course in 1891 and receiving the Degree of A. B. He was a member of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity, and was a prominent figure in the Military Department, being a Lieutenant of Infantry, gunner in the Artillery Company and a member of the Zouave Company. The year following his graduation was spent in the post-graduate departments of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., for further preparation for teaching. The time was divided between Physics under Dr. Rowland, and History and Political Economy under Drs. Ely and Adams.

His professional work was begun as Principal of the High School of Crawfordsville, Ind., which was followed by a year as Vice-President of the New Ebenezer College of Cochran, Ga. This position he left to accept his present one as Principal, and Instructor in Science in the Portland High School.



WILLIAM E. MILLER, B. S., Instructor.



ANGELINE SHERWOOD, Instructor.

WILLIAM E. MILLER attended Antioch College at Yellow Springs, O., then Union Christian College at Merom, Ind., graduating from the latter in 1893, receiving the Degree of B. S. He was Principal of the West Ward Schools of Portland, Ind., in '93-'94 and Instructor in Mathematics and History in the High School during '94-'95-'96.

Angeline Sherwood attended college at Olivet, Mich., in '88-'90 and later at State Normal at Ypsilanti, taking the Latin Course, and graduating in '93. She taught at Chelsea, Mich., in '93-'94, and has been Instructor in Language and Literature in the Portland High School during '94-'95-'96.

Portland High School.

The decade ending with 1885 gave birth to the high school system in Indiana. It was the period of concentration and crystallization of educational ideas and forces which had been slowly gathering volume and strength since 1851. After years of comparative indifference to other than her material interests, the State awoke from her lethargy, and, with one bound, took her place alongside of her most wide-awake sis-The ushering in of the new era, for era it was, came with the enactment of the school law of '73. This law, which was an embodiment of the educational thought of more than a quarter of a century, prepared the way for a new school system that satisfied the urgent demands of the masses for a more extensive popular education. The formulated products of this law were the gradation and classification of the district schools, the formation of township graded schools, and the establishment of high schools, all so related as

to form a system commencing with the district school and terminating in the State University.

In this period of organizing forces and influences, the Portland High School was established. Fostered and cherished by patrons and friends who are alive to the value of educational institutions, its growth, if not rapid, has been continuous. In 1885 it received from the State Board of Education a commission to prepare its pupils for entrance, without examination, into Indiana University, Purdue University and the State Normal School. Other institutions of learning in the State, and a few in other States, have honored it by giving full credit for such parts of their work as it has done.

In 1879 was held the first commencement. At the close of the first ten years thereafter, the alumni roster contained but thirty-one names. The next seven years added sixty-four, making the total enrollment ninety-

five. This difference in the rate of growth is, at least, largely accounted for by the slow growth of the town during most of the first period. Before the discovery of natural gas in and near the town, the population was small. In 1886 the first gas well in the State was sunk in Portland. At once the town grew into a city. So rapidly did the population increase that it was almost impossible to accommodate the school children with suitable rooms and sufficient teaching force. While this sudden influx of population swelled the enrollment in the grades, for several reasons it added but little to the enrollment in the High School. But the alumni roster is not a correct measure of the good accomplished by the High School. Many pupils have entered its portals and have in a large measure been fitted for the duties of life, who, for various causes, were not permitted to complete the course of study. Since, and including the year in which the first commencement was held, the following gentlemen have held the position of Principal: Joseph Polley, Ellwood Haynes, Frank Harris, K. Vander Matten, Charles M. McDaniel, George W. Meckel, John S. Axtell and Isaac E. Neff, the present efficient incumbent. Each of these principals has left a worthy record, both as teacher and supervisor of school work.

Until 1893 the enrollment was less than fifty. In 1894 it increased to sixty-four, and the present year witnesses an enrollment of one hundred and fourteen. The Preparatory Class numbers fifty, and careful grading has made its quality correspond to its quantity. The same may be said of the classes immediately preceding the Preparatory year; hence we may expect the enrollment in the High School to increase considerably during the next few years from causes which lie wholly within the schools. No attempt has been made to crowd numbers into this department. On the contrary, the aim has been to secure thoroughness of work, that the interests of the pupils may be best served, and the honors conferred by the High School Diploma made more desirable.

Four years ago the Science Course was greatly enlarged, and chemical and biological laboratories were established. Additional equipments and facilities have been added from time to time, until to-day but few schools in the State have a better equipped Science Department. This work has not been increased at the expense of other lines; rather has it been brought up

to an equal degree of excellence with them. To preserve a just equilibrium among the several departments, and to increase the effectiveness of each, has been the steady purpose in their supervision. It may be worthy of mention here that in enlarging the aim and scope of the Science Department the truth of the dictum long maintained by psychologists that the healthy exercise of the mind in any department of knowledge strengthens it for work in all others, has had another verification with us. Instead of weakening other lines, as some anticipated, the Science Department has given them new life and force.

The growth of the curriculum has kept pace with that of the school. Little by little has the grade element been displaced by high school work proper. Those studies best adapted to mind development have been placed in the course, and, as nearly as possible, arranged in logical order. Perfection is not claimed for the present course of study, yet it is believed to be as nearly perfect as past and present conditions will permit. A few changes will be made next year, but they will be more in the line of natural growth than in that of radical and ill-advised alterations. At no time, however, can a permanent curricu-

lum be established, for educational methods are constantly changing and educational thought is constantly expanding. That which serves us well to-day will prove unequal to the new task imposed by to-morrow. A prospective change, which may occur in the near future, includes the establishment of a purely English course. Whether or not such a course is of more value in general than a classical is a question undecided by our best educators, but a preference on the part of patrons for the one or the other is sometimes marked, and as soon as both courses can be presented this preference should be recognized. This can not be done until a fourth teacher can be placed in the faculty; for it is folly to overload teachers, and, at the same time, expect them to do good work; work which must stand in competition with that done in other standard schools, and what is of more importance still, serve the best interests of the pupils. A teacher who is required to conduct more than five recitations per day will fail to do the kind of work demanded by this progressive age. The recitations should be fewer rather than more than this number.

That certain men are best fitted both by nature and training to do certain work, and therefore the most desirable results are obtained when each one is doing that which he can best do, is a truth long recognized. In law, in medicine, in literature, in the mechanical arts, and, in most professions and callings, we have had specialists for years. It is somewhat strange that the schools have been so tardy in recognizing the necessity for special teachers. Only in the last few years have school authorities given specialization more than passing attention. Wherever it has had fair trial in the schools it has produced satisfactory results. Two years ago the plan of specializing was introduced into our High School, and so marked have been the advantages over the old method that no thought of a return to the latter can be entertained. Specializing in high school work, paradoxical as it may appear, means a broadening and deepening of the work as a whole. A full statement of the work done by the departments will be given elsewhere under that heading.

The general outlook as to growth and usefulness is, perhaps, not a proper subject for discussion here. Yet, a statement of what a school is can hardly be complete unless connected with both its past and its prospective future. Although the work of to-day must be planned with reference to the requirements of to-day it must also be planned with reference to the supposed requirements of to-morrow, for the future grows out of the present just as the present has grown out of the past. With a commodious building, a good general equipment, purely departmental work resting upon well organized grade work, a faculty chosen with reference to their special fitness for the several departments, and with an intense desire on the part of all those connected with it to keep in close touch with the educational progress of the age, the Portland High School can reasonably look forward to a period of still greater prosperity and a larger degree of usefulness.



ASSEMBLY ROOM.



BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.



LIBRARY.



CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

Departmental Work of the High School.

The practical astronomer, night after night with his eye at the telescope which reveals Nature in her grandest manifestations, takes more than a passive interest in his huge equatorial. It is to him more than a series of lenses and complications of clockwork, for he feels that it is a part of himself. It is not the glass and the metal, nor yet the skillful workmanship that accounts for his attachment to it, but rather because of its power to make him a freer man.

The Captain of a palatial ocean steamer feels that in his ship he has a living, thrilling companion by which his natural environments are well nigh cancelled. It is not the graceful form, the perfect material, nor irresistible strength that inspires his affection, but rather the fact that it makes him master of the physical universe, and to that extent makes him free.

Likewise in considering the Departments of the High School we would have it understood that it is not in the mechanical arrangement that the virtue lies. The school is more than buildings, laboratories and libraries; it is more than curricula, students and teachers, for it might have them all, each good of its kind, and yet the school be a poor one. It is the life-giving spirit, coördinating all parts and having for its end the finding of truth and freedom and the moulding of character that we wish to trace through the Departments of the High School. With that idea prominent and with character building as the test and guide, the Departments become animated and each will perform its appointed functions. Since the mind is a unit and not a conglomerate mass of faculties the same methods are applicable in the training of all its powers. To say that one branch of study is included in the course to train the memory, another to develop the reasoning power, and still another to sharpen the perceptive faculties is to confuse the spirit with the modus operandi

The student carries his entire mind with him to the laboratory as well as to a recitation in language or mathematics, and one who does not recognize this mental unity is floundering within a deep shadow. All Departments, then, have many points in common, and it is only the object under consideration which suggests the differentiation.

The value of Natural Science study is clearly recognized in our school, and the equipments necessary for that Department are continually provided by an appreciative School Board It embraces five years of study, the Junior year carrying two studies in the Department. The laboratory method is followed as far as practicable, not, however, entirely substituting laboratory manuals for text-books. The classes in biology are furnished with the materials under consideration, or if living specimens of the locality are being studied, the members provide themselves with the material. They make dissections and mountings which, by becoming matters of experience, impress facts. They are provided with a large laboratory and all conveniences called for by the nature of the work. Dissecting instruments, microscopes and accessories are parts of the equipment, and also museum jars and large

cases and a barrel of alcohol for the preservation and exhibition of anatomical specimens.

Histological structure is continually illustrated, but because of an insufficient number of compound microscopes the greater attention is given to gross anatomy. Some attention is given to taxidermy, and the student is encouraged to make private collections of all kinds relating to the study. Note books in which a complete record of all laboratory work with drawings and full description of material used is required of all. The care and accuracy shown in the note books is very gratifying. In botany a herbarium of fifty plants with their full analyses is one of the requirements.

Physical Geography and Physics share the biclogy rooms. The physical instruments, while good of their kind and very useful in illustrating the lessons, are inadequate in number and breadth of scope to do laboratory work comparable to that done in the other branches of science.

The Chemical Laboratory is especially well furnished and equipped. Supplies for a year's illustrative work and qualitative analysis are provided and advantages equal to an ordinary college are given. The enthusiasm and success of the students of Chemistry is

a sufficient reason for the expenditure in that line. The study of Chemistry is pursued in the Senior year and the time is about equally divided between laboratory and class work. In this subject also the student is encouraged to make original investigations and familiarize himself with practical applications.

The Department of Latin and English, each of which is a three years' course, is combined under one instructor. The principle, "not how much, but how well," is closely followed.

The study of Latin is begun in the second year. The first twenty-two weeks of the third year is devoted to the study of Cæsar, and in connection with translation and Latin prose a study of Roman life and customs and of military science is pursued, and the reading of some biography of Cæsar is required. The remainder of the year is given to the study of Virgil. The scansion of the verse and the study of mythology receive special attention. Twenty-two weeks of the Senior year is given to Latin. The time is devoted to the study of Cicero's orations and prose composition. In connection with this, oratory among the Romans is studied and the reading of the life of Cicero required.

The study of English in the High School begins with English Grammar in the first year. Here a thorough mastery of the principles of syntax is acquired, and practical applications made in composition work which is frequently assigned. The next year the study of Rhetoric is taken up and supplemented in a practical manner by weekly themes. These are carefully corrected by the teacher and rewritten by the pupil as corrected. In the latter part of the year the study of an American author is taken up, and the pupils acquire an insight into poetic thought and its apt expression. In the Junior year English gives way to History and Science. In the Senior year twenty-two weeks are devoted to English Literature. Beginning with the Anglo-Saxons in their early home, the development of the race and the language is traced to its present greatness. An acquaintance with many of the masterpieces of English Literature is acquired, and the perception of moral strength and beauty quickened. Much written work is done in connection with this subject.

The Departments of Mathematics and History are united under one instructor. Three years and one term are given to the former and two years to the latter.

The classes take up the study of Algebra on entering the High School and continue it for two years. During the first year they acquire a thorough mastery of the fundamentals of the subject, and advance through factoring, fractions and simple equations, ending the year's work with the subject of simultaneous equations of three or more unknown quantities. The second year's work begins with involution and completes the study. The third term of the second year's work also includes Book-keeping. While the time given to this subject is insufficient to acquire a complete knowledge of all its intricate details, a broad foundation is laid and the student gains sufficient mastery of double-entry book-keeping to enable him to successfully meet all ordinary requirements of a prac tical business life.

The study of Mathematics is resumed in the Senior year with Geometry and Trigonometry. The former occupies the first twenty-eight weeks and the latter the remaining eight.

Only Plane Geometry is taught. Not only are the written demonstrations learned, but numerous original theorems are demonstrated by the class, and they are constantly encouraged to do inventional work.

The time devoted to Trigonometry is, of course, insufficient for mastery of the subject. However, the basic principles are learned and the student gains some insight into their application to surveying and astronomy.

Throughout the mathematical course it is the aim that general principles and laws be taught, for their contemplation is far more improving to the mind than the examination of isolated propositions; and that when such principles and such laws are fully comprehended their application can then be taught, as consequences or practical results.

The study of American History is begun with the first term of the course The period of discovery and colonization, as well as the Revolutionary period, having been studied before, is now carefully reviewed. The Constitutional period is then taken up and the story of our country's growth to the present time next receives attention. Five or six weeks at the close of the year are given to a hasty study of the Constitution. This not only serves as a good preparation for the study of Civics, which does not come until the Senior year, but gives the student a knowledge of the main features of the government of his country, and

thus enables him to read understandingly much current literature which would otherwise be unintelligible until he had taken up the more exhaustive study of the subject.

The work in Ancient History is pursued during the first term of the third year, and Mediæval and Modern during the remaining six months. Throughout the work in this department the student is taught that principles are greater than facts, that an event deserves to be called historical, not because of greatness in itself, but because of its relation to his own life. Causes and results are traced, and in the study of Modern History special attention is given to the relation of European complications and tendencies to the corresponding portions of American history.

The Library is quite well supplied with historical reference books, and parallel readings are frequently assigned. Most of the recitation work in history is oral, and exactness and elegance of expression are insisted upon.

A term of Psychology is included in the Senior year, and is very properly placed in the Department of Biology, which furnishes data for comparative study:

A special attempt is made to make it experimental in

its nature, for evidently, above all others, this subject should be free from the oppressive dictum of text-book makers.

The school is divided into three sections for literary exercises. One hour each week is given to this work, and the result has been gratifying. Each pupil responds to his name every third week with alternating essay and declamation. Debates, orations and extemporaneous speeches are frequently substituted for the regular work in the upper classes. All essays are corrected by the teacher previous to their delivery, and the exercises, when delivered, are criticised by the students. The literary societies are also doing good work in both forensic and parliamentary drill. A portion of the time allotted to Opening Exercises is devoted to short talks by the teachers on subjects of importance not included in the curriculum of study. In this way principles of government, sociology, astronomy, and many other sciences are taught and the horizon of the student broadened. On each Friday morning the events of the past week are noted. Current history is thus brought before the school in digestible form, and they are taught to discriminate between important and unimportant events.

The Department of Physical Culture, while not extensive because of the lack of apparatus, is maintained by the Zouave Company and the Calisthenic Class. They have been assiduous in practice and have attained considerable skill in their respective exercises.

The Library is a source of much strength to the school. It is used very freely by the students to their great advantage. It is made the beneficiary of an annual lecture course, which has quadrupled the number of volumes within the past year. Many valuable reference books have been added through the favor of an appreciative School Board. The reading table, thanks to the Superintendent and West Ward teachers, receives ten of the leading monthly magazines, which, together with several weeklies and exchanges and the daily Congressional Record, afford valuable and highly

appreciated reading matter on the leading questions of the day.

Having given the mechanical workings of our High School, we leave off where we began. It is the "esprit de corps," after all, in which the virtues of a school may be found. We are favored with a liberal Superintendent, a man broad enough to see good and to commend it wherever it may be found, who looks not at the surface but at the deeper and truer contents. We are also favored by a Board of Education that spares no pains to provide the most favorable environments for good work, by a body of students amenable to reason and ambitious to excel, and by a relationship of kindliest feeling between the student body and teaching force.



Senior Class.

Motto: Carpe Diem. Flower: Carnation.

Colors: Cardinal and White,

Officers.

FRED L. Sims,

IDA HOOD,

GRACE GILPIN,

GLEN PELHAM,

CHAS. P. GRAY,

STELLA HAWKINS,

RAY WARMAN,

President.

Secretary.

Poet.

Oratol.

Historial.

Sergeant-at-Arms.

Members.

ADDA CRING. JESSIE HARB. MARY HUEY. LAWRENCE CARTWRIGHT. JENNIE WIEST. MELLIE LAFOLLETTE. FRED L. SIMS. Elma Boltin. JESSIE YOUNG. IDA HOOD. MAURICE WEST. GRACE GILPIN. KATE MORAN. STELLA HAWKINS. ETHEL CASTLE. GLEN PELHAM. RAY WARMAN. BURLEIGH TAYLOR. STELLA DENNEY. Chas. P. Gray.

To the Class of 1896.

The kingdom of Fame is a beauteous land,
A land full of sunshine and bloom,
Where all great achievements are written in gold,
And all is not hid in the tomb.

A ladder leads up to the kingdom of Fame, Each round marks an epoch in life. If you would ascend you must climb with a will, Nor falter nor faint in the strife.

You're now at the foot of the ladder of Fame, Your hand on the first golden round, Your eye cast above to the towering height Where all this world's glories are found.

There's Duty, stern mistress, who bids you ascend; Ambition, who urges you on; And Hope, the sly temptress, smiles "Courage; you can," And bids Fear, the coward, begone!

The pathway of life runs not always along Through banks of June roses in bloom, Through valleys of sunshine, and song, and delight, Where blossoms exhale sweet perfume;

But thistles and thorns have a place in this life.

No less than the roses of June;

And sunshine and shadow, the good and the bad,

Alike on life's pathway are strewn.

The road you must travel is cheerless and rough, At first it is narrow and steep; The briars of Malice grow rank on each side To tear the poor pilgrim's flesh deep.

The race is not with the fleet-footed alone;
But he who would scorn to give in,
Who bravely, with patience, holds out to the end,
The victor's proud title may win.

And those who succeed take the credit themselves, While those who have failed say 'twas fate That prevented their getting along in the world And made others famous and great.

Yet those who to duty are ever found true, And do what they have to do well, Not only success will achieve, but will be Respected and honored as well.

With Duty for guide you can ne'er go astray,
Her counsel keep therefore in mind;
Her voice may be harsh and her mien may be stern,
But her heart is most tender and kind.

Then heed when through conscience she gives her command, Nor hearken to selfish desires; Though Malice, and Envy, and Slander assail, She'll lead you unharmed through their fires.

Then, young men and women, take her for your guide;
Be deaf when temptation allures;
Seek not your own glory, but do your work well,
And triumph shall surely be yours.

History of the Class of '96.

It has been said that histories are as perfect as the historian is wise. But whatever of worth may be found in the following chronicle will be due not to the writer, who is remarkable for nothing but unpretentiousness, but to the surpassing excellence of the subject.

Only those events will be recorded which have occurred since our admission into the High School, for up to that time our school life was uneventful, save an occasional fitful gleam of the latent fires of genius dis played by a few of our number in their successful efforts at gaining promotion despite the wilderness of zeroes through which their careless feet had trod.

We had enjoyed less than one term of High School life when the bell clapper disappeared, and malicious insinuations by designing Juniors led to our arraignment on the charge of surreptitious appropriation of public property. With some little difficulty we exonerated ourselves from the slanderous accusation. Again

and again did the upper classes charge us with being responsible for the chaotic condition of the organ, and as often did we establish our innocence. Our first year was mainly spent in defending our reputation and in learning to bluff successfully or flunk gracefully. Our success in the former was only partial, but in the latter unparalleled.

It was during our Junior year that we first gained consideration and respect. Then it was that we became famous for our ability in attaining such dazzling success with the expenditure of so little brain energy. We took to Latin as naturally as cats to water, and within a surprisingly short time could speak it fluently, an accomplishment which won for us the admiration of our teachers and the envy of the other classes. In Zoölogy we dissected a grasshopper and a cat in a manner that was truly startling. On our botanizing expeditions we discovered many new and rare varieties of flora, thus

gaining for ourselves an enviable reputation as original investigators in that branch of science. But our Junior school days flitted swiftly by, and lo! one day our promotions came, and we were awakened to the fact that we were Seniors!!

A remarkable change now occurred; our noses pointed at a higher angle, and we all bought larger hats. All traces of gaiety left our countenances, and an expression of dignity and wisdom more befitting our position was assumed. During the present year our class has distinguished itself in more ways than one. We have been credited with the decoration of the new building, and have kept the even tenor of our way in free and easy disregard of the "below-ninety-five-is-unsatisfactory" deportment clause on our monthly report cards.

The Class of '96 has established precedents, but followed none. It has labored with a spirit of unanimity (?) and enthusiasm that has remained unshaken to the end.

Putting it mildly, we are Websterian in oratory, Jeanne d'Arcean in inspiration, Napoleouic in ambition, and Cæsarean in accomplishment. In variety of talents we excel. Among us are to be found scientists, haranguers, mechanics, painters, pessimists, actors, prohibitionists, singers, pugilists, theologians, monopolists, orators, ponyists, agriculturists, musicians, egotists, linguists, socialists, poets, flunkers, prevaricators and mugwumps.

From our class of individual geniuses we can safely prophesy there will come a porter, a senator, a quack, a High School teacher, a ward politician, a gold bug and a silverite, half a dozen first-class housekeepers, and two or three saintly old maids.

But laying jest aside, we believe there can be something said in a serious vein concerning the work done by the Class of '96. While we realize that we have not always done our best, and that many tasks have been imperfectly performed, yet withal we feel that our time has been well spent. As a class we have organized societies, been instrumental in the success of the Lecture Course, successfully undertaken the publication of the "Cactus," and have performed our school work creditably and faithfully. Our achievements, if not remarkable, are at least worthy, and will, we trust, reflect honor upon the Portland High School.



Junior Class.

MOTTO: Conare et Vince. FLOWER: White Rose. COLORS: Blue and Silver.

Officers.

Members.

EDITH GEMMILL.
ETHEL GREEN.
ESTHER ROGERS.

Daisy Tipton. Forest Cartwright. DICK HAMMONS. JOHN KELLY. OMAR THOMAS. CLEMMIE AXTELL. MARY WAGGONER. Lester Sims. LAURA CRAIG. JENNIE ADAIR. MINNIE LANTER. EARL BERGMAN. MARY MOREHOUS. ELMER CALKINS. SICILY GARNER. DOT BAILEY.

History of the Class of '97.

In the year 1893 we made our debut in the High School in which we now occupy so prominent a position, with the resolution to make the most of the opportunities that were presented to us. In the Freshmen year we went to work with a will. We never did anything by halves, but everything we undertook was performed with that thoroughness and despatch for which we have become famous. The Sophomore Year was passed through in our characteristic style.1 achievements during this year made famous the little chicken-coop back of the central building. many records were made and many others badly fractured-for it happened that we sometimes made a respectable recitation in algebra, and often managed to get through a Latin recitation with less than fifty flunks. We spent two years in this obscure place and when we left it, the very walls were saturated with

learning, and inscribed with hieroglyphics, cuneiform, hieratic and demotic characters, and our names. The building where we entered upon our famous career has been removed to a benighted part of town, there to shed abroad the liberal culture with which it became imbued during our occupancy.

Many of those who entered High School with us have for various reasons been compelled to leave us', and from a Freshmen class of sixty-five but eighteen remain. But these eighteen are the nucleus about which the school clusters², and upon which the hopes of the institution are founded.

Our motto is "Conare et Vince," which freely translated means "We are going to get there." This is given in Latin for the benefit of the Sophomores who

¹ Flunk, flunkety, flunk.

¹Algebra Examinations, etc.

²They resemble protoplasm.

³If they have to go horseback.

can not speak English, and the translation is given for the benefit of the Seniors.¹

As a class we have taken an active part in all the undertakings of the High School, and have performed the Junior year's work in a manner that will bear any comparison. We intend to take up the Senior year's work with the same determination with which we entered upon the present, and make it the brightest and most profitable in our school history.



¹Thanks, awfully.

¹ WHAT?

²This sounds nice-but?

Junior Class Poem.

A Junior, you say? What a queer looking creature!

Just see how it ambles and shuffles along,

It hasn't a single endurable feature,

Oh say, to what race does the Junior belong?

Yes, it talks like a bird of the genera Anserine,

And it has some queer traits of the quadruped Sus,

Its hair stands up like the quills of a porcupine,

It's as brave and as fierce as the Musculus Mus!

I will buy me a treatise on natural history,
And study its pages from preface to end;
I never will rest till I clear up the mystery
Of the Junior's beginning and whence they descend.

The book I have purchased, with care I've looked into it,
But the Junior's beginning is still in the dark;
There's no living thing but would blush to claim kin to it,
And Noah had none of its kind in the ark.

Eureka! I've found it! The Equus de Asinus,

The Junior's ancestor or I am a fool!

The very same ears, the cheek and the laziness—

Now who would have thought that the thing was a MULE?

A Junior Visits the Sibyl and Makes Some Discoveries Concerning the Seniors.

I had finished my Latin lesson earlier than usual one evening, and, full of the inspiration of classic themes, fell into a meditative mood. Wandering through Elysian fields with Æneas, and dwelling upon the shadowy future I had longed for Apollo's favor and the gift of prevision. Now, in my dreamy musings, I trod again in ancient Greece, and came by chance to Delphos. But no shrine to the god of prophecy is here. Long ages ago it was forgotten; the priestess of the oracle has been dumb for centuries. But remembering the Sibyl with her handful of sand—countless grains which vanished only with the years—I sought Italy. There in the Cumean Cave the Sibyl, withered with unnumbered æons, hoarded the precious remaining grains of sand.

Why such trivial objects as Seniors should come into my mind at such a time I do not know. It was the natural reaction, I suppose, after such great thoughts had occupied my attention. Joy possessed

me, to have come before the Sibyl's doom, yet thoughts of pity for the Seniors crowded into my mind. With so blank a past and so insignificant a present what can they expect for the future, thought I, and with a flash of prophetic insight I cried, "O defuncti magnis periculis; Graviora manent. Bella, horrida bella cum psychology, trigonometry, consti—et cetera cerno, examinations moreover; et seniores furentes in desperatione." (N. B.—To Seniors: The above is quoted from Vergil.)

As I approached the cave the Sibyl, conscious of the high honor conferred upon her by the presence of a Junior, bowed low and inquired my mission. "Ancient Madam," said I, "the honor of the Portland High School is deep in my heart. But I fear lest disgrace shall come to it through the class of '96. I seek, therefore, to know what their fate is to be, and whether I shall advise the 'Supe' to expel them all before graduation." The Sibyl graciously acceded to my request,

and, shuffling the shriveled palm leaves, drew one inscribed in strange characters. "First," said she, "comes the class president. First in size, first in his own mind, first in the management of The Cactus, Fredericus Longius Sims, surnamed Jupiter Optimus Maximus. The qualities manifested during his school life will remain with him. Undisciplined by his experience in school he will start out into the world still ignorant that one's importance decreases directly as the square of one's own idea of his importance. As he has done thus far he will continue to do-attempt to run everything. He will attempt thirty-five different things, for he does not suppose there is anything he can not do, except take a second place. If he takes a ride on the cars he will want to run the train. When he attends college he must run that. He will run for Congress, and like most of his running will be in vain. But his last run will be when he runs a flying machine and himself into the ground." "Alas, poor Icarus," I murmured, "if this be the fate of such a bright youth what will befall the rest?"

But the Sibyl shuffled the leaves again, and continued: "Mr. Taylor is of a quiet, retiring nature, and a word of praise so confuses him that he blushes beyond

recognition. Although when he signs himself 'E. B. T.' he means it for Exceptionally Bright Thinker, he does not intend other people to think so, and he has successfully disguised the fact up to this time. The last person to speak of his own merits, he goes into ecstatic raptures over the poets, exhausting the vocabulary of the dictionary, and ending as he began, with 'fine.' His genius is manifold: He can preside over the Olympian games, rival the power of Orpheus, out yell the untutored savage, or argue learnedly in the Forum. Yet, fickle and impressionable, he wanders from classic Florence to Mount Ida's shady groves, uncertain where to choose."

Sometimes, through the Sibyl's agitation and hurried utterances, I could not catch her words. She began to read more rapidly without pausing for breath or allowing me time for comment.

The next name I heard was "Cring." "You will hear of this young lady," said she, "in future days as a public lecturer. She will fearlessly enter the field of temperance, of politics, of economics, but her favorite topic will be Woman's Rights, and especially the rights of one woman. Her native boldness and forwardness will urge her into this work and bring her

great success. She may even, in time, convince the world of the right of the class of '96 to exist, though this is doubtful, being as yet shrouded in mystery." "Miss Young," she continued, "will not remain Young always nor will her efforts to do so be as strenuous as those of most girls. When she is no longer Young her present frantic efforts to be charming will be abandoned. Her incessant giggle will subside and her airy ways will be replaced by a more serious mein. Miss Moran is to attain distinction as a prima donna. The flattering success achieved in her debut as a soprano singer will encourage her to go on. She will continue to exercise her talent in the same charming manner, and will win great applause for the good judgment she shows. With this she will be content, steadily refusing all notoriety urged upon her by offers to connect herself with traveling shows as a living skeleton.

"Mr. West is destined to shine as a Professor of Ancient Languages. After several failures as a chemist, a civil engineer, an electrician and an inventor, he will finally discover his real genius. This was obscured during his school days by the fact that his extreme modesty prevented him from doing as well as he might have, out of respect to the memory of Erasmus. As to the fair sex, he will always remain in blissful ignorance of its existence, and Cupid, probing his heart, will find it filled with musty Latin MSS.

"Misses Gilpin and Denney, young ladies of undetermined mental caliber, will follow their real inclinations immediately after graduation. Their pretended assiduity to study and devotion to midnight oil is wholly for the purpose of imposing upon their instructors. Fond of the frivolities of fashon, they will appreciate the longings in other feminine breasts and will establish a store where furs and feathers and other beautiful things are actually given away. They will become bachelor girls, and in an amazingly short time will be fair, fat and forty. Miss Wiest will pose in the show window of their millinery department, her self-satisfying beauty attracting universal attention. She will consider the admiration she excites sufficient remuneration."

Here the Sibyl paused for an instant, and a look of sadness came over her face as she gazed upon the next palm leaf. "Ray Warman!" I cried, divining her prophecy. "Yes," said she. "Behold this whilom charming little fellow transformed into a fop of the twentieth century. A cane, an eye-glass, and the very

latest styles accompany an astounding lack of gray matter, the deficit equaling his present surplus. But alas! How sad his fate! It early gravitates toward the Grave. You may already have observed his inclination in that direction. Yet true to his name he may show a combative disposition and come off conqueror even of the Grave. Bid him therefore still live in hope."

Then the Sibyl paused and began to mutter strangely. I asked, "What of Miss Boltin?" At the name the Sibyl broke into rhapsodic apostrophe:

"Roll on, thou bright and dancing dark eyes, roll.

Thine amorous glances all are shot in vain."

Then shuffling the leaves again, she said: "Miss Boltin, becoming pessimistic from her continued failure to attract admirers, will resort to her favorite Byron. She will employ herself in organizing Byronic clubs throughout the country, and her success will be so great that the complexion of the future generation will rival the melancholy hue of this fair young lady herself.

"Miss Huey," she continued, "is a maiden of unbounded ambition. Her highest ambition at present is to graduate. If this is ever accomplished her next aspiration will be for engagement rings and things of that sort. In this, however, she will be hoodwinked. But not thus will her lofty desires vanish. If she can not be what she will, she will be what she can. She will join the ranks of the new woman, and serve not only as a cause of the increased pride of '96, but as an awful warning to the girls of '97.

"Miss Castle, having suffered much from that tired feeling will devote herself to the alleviation of the miseries of humanity, and incidentally make her fortune selling patent medicine guaranteed to banish all lassitude and inertia. It possesses the added advantage of developing a stereotyped expression appropriate on all occasions, and keeping the hair in curl."

The next shuffling brought a Gray leaf uppermost. "The youth whose future is here predicted," said the Sibyl, "is in great danger of an unbalanced mind. When a single hair strays on the wrong side of the parting it suffices to check the cerebral action on that side and invariably causes him to flunk in Geometry. To warn people of his condition he has taken great pains to cultivate 'the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind.' He will be widely known as the author

of Gray's Grammar, whose rules of syntax will have the single excellence of being unique. Unlike most theorists, however, he puts strictly into practice his own principles. 'Don't never use no more than two negatives in one sentence,' etc.

"Miss Harb, desiring to put into practice her special accomplishment will establish a school where boys and girls from two to twenty will here be taught to say 'I don't know' in the most graceful manner, and to look meek and pretty; also how to keep their hands white and to display them most effectively."

"Misses Pelham and Hawkins will establish a Young Ladies' Seminary in Boston. In accordance with the puritanical ideas of the founders the rules of the institution will be of the strictest nature. The young lady students will need to consult the dictionary to find out what is meant by a gentleman visitor. Talking or whispering in the seminary halls will be a thing unheard of; whispering in church an indictable offense, and gum-chewing punishable by expulsion. Miss LaFollette will be matron of the institution. Those piercing black eyes will see everything, and every offender will be warned of the awfulness of her conduct by the fate of the matron, who, it is said, when a

school girl, whispered twice a week and giggled at least once."

Here the Sibyl began to appear exceedingly weary. But after a deep sigh she continued: "Mr. Cartwright will shed undying luster upon the class of '96. Wildly gesticulating in the halls of Congress he will have opportunity to show off all the knowledge he is now so painfully acquiring in Constitution. He will quote Cicero most fluently, and palm off slices of the Constitution and Washington's Farewell Address as his own oratory. But his greatest success will be attained as a funny man for the newspapers. His sanctimonious expression and long hair will readily secure him the position, and he will grind out the most diabolical jokes with persistent prolixity."

It was with intense relief that the Sibyl perceived that the last leaf was reached. "Miss Hood, after long apprenticeship, will decide that the occupation of tailoress would not be agreeable to her. As president of a club of bachelor girls she will effectually keep at a distance her numerous admirers; but finally she will find her true vocation, and will hang out her shingle: 'Ida Hood, Instructor in the Fine Art of Giggling. Fifty Cents per Lesson. All Kinds Taught—the Giddy

Giggle, the Intermittent Giggle and the Incessant Giggle. Extra Rates for Instruction in Combination Vocal Action—Singing and Giggling. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded."

The Sibyl sank back exhausted as the twentieth leaf went wildly fluttering to the floor. With a light heart I exclaimed: "The relief I feel is beyond words. Knowing that the Seniors were accustomed to being blown up, and that their big heads, being hollow, were

easily inflated, I expected to see them so inflated with the imagined success of The Cactus that they would soar up into the skies, leaving the Juniors to receive all the reproaches and revilings for its publication. I can now apply myself more diligently to study, being relieved of this great fear. The Sibyl then vouchsafed to me the future of the Class of '97, but out of my great modesty, and my consideration for the Seniors, this will be reserved for the annual of '97.





Sophomore Class.

Motto: Progressus nostra voluntas.

Colors: Pink and Lemon.

YELL: Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rate! Sophomore! Sophomore!

Class of '98!

Officers.

Charles Bliss,	-	-	-	-	-		-	President
GERTRUDE PELHAM,	,-		-	-				Secretary.
EDITH HOLMES,	- ,	-	-		-		-	Treasurer.
RHUIE HALL, -	-		- ,	-,			-	Historian.
LAVINA GOETZ,	-	-		-	1		- 0	Poet.
John Robbins, -	-			-	-	-	ં ે.	Orator.
JOHN SEBRING, -	- "	-	-				- '	Sergeant-at-Arms.

Members.

Myrt.	LE	FOLTZ.	
FRED	M	ELLINGER.	

FRANK SANDERS.
EDWARD JELLISON.

LIZZIE BA	TES.
NINA BRA	ANN.
CHARLES	BLISS.
RAY BRA	KE.
WILLIAM	CORWIN

ALIDA FORRY.
WILLIAM BROKAW.
LAVINA GOETZ.
EDITH HOLMES.
Orda Graves.

Jones.
HALL.
KIKENDALL.
PELHAM.
E KINSEY.

WALTER KUNCE.
JOHN ROBBINS.
Desha Shephard.
JOHN SEBRING.
PEARL BAKEN.

History of the Class of '98.

THE REALM OF BLISS.

It is to the Class of '98 that the High School owes its equilibrium. Before we entered, it was weak and unstable because of its feeble and narrow bottom. When we took our places in rank, it was evident that the school had taken a summersault, and had become as steady as the pyramids of Egypt. So attractive did we prove that over half of '97 pretended not to know anything, so as to be enrolled with us at the close of the first year. Even their Moon jumped from its orbit and with its great tidal wave sought our sphere and is now our distant satellite

We see evidences of considerable attachment yet on the part of some of those who did not join us last year, and, as the migratory season comes on in May we will look for another influx to latitude '98. The scientists of our class have taken an interest in the matter and are now ready to report their established theory. The spectroscope was turned on the Senior Class and revealed the startling fact that it was composed almost wholly of gas, with some traces of chewing gum, black paint and sandstone. The Junior's spectrum was so dull as to appear blank except a slender line of Green supposed to come from the *Ethyl* flame. Later the "X" rays were turned on them and a huge rounded shadow was distinctly visible, at once recognized as Calkin's nose.

The Freshies were next subjected to the spectroscope test and a continuous band of green was seen, broken only by shaggy lines of red, and when traced were found to come from Billie Bryan's scalp. Our own class unlike those already examined gave the characteristic spectrum of a self-luminous solid, fair to look upon.

We are noted for our oratory, the boys of the class

carefully avoiding the evil of monotone and being even more careful in the production of gliding and harmonious tones than in reciting the facts. The Latin conjugations and declensions given in concert are known as the barn yard medley; Corwin under the gate carrying the air.

There is one other mark of greatness in which our class excels, and the teachers themselves have continually impressed the fact. We are set up before the school as exemplary in conduct almost daily. The front seats and the teacher's desk are turned into model thrones and our class furnishes the models of deportment.

Ours is the class of progress, the Brake is never applied. For us the Graves never yawn; the Baken is tender and sugar-cured; the Brann is heavy and mostly shorts. Among us are to be found an Independence Hall and happy Holmes; Bliss reigns supreme and most assuredly our class Goetz there every time.

When we shall have finished our course and come off with flying colors, we shall go forth into the world and make our mark, not in scrawly numbers on crumbling sandstone, but with letters of truth in the opinion of men.



High School Weather Signals.

When Alexander studies for five minutes in succession it will be a cold day.

When a review of current events is announced for opening exercises prepare for a dry spell.

When Miss S—— calls on West for a translation there will be a perfect calm followed by a storm.

When Sims presides at a class meeting look out for high wind.

When black paint is seen over the south entrance expect thunder.

When Gray discusses "necessary ideas" there will be a dense fog.

When Kunce says "I don't see that," there will be no change.

When Calkins has his necktie properly adjusted there will be such a rise in temperature as has never been known.

When Taylor combs his hair there will be an electrical display in the upper regions. This phenomena is expected to occur about the time of the autumnal equinox.

When Corwin groans and grunts in an abstract manner for seven consecutive minutes "a new theory" of hurricanes is brewing.

When you see a young man with Websterian brow and sedate countenance passing through the hallway with "the silent tread of a cat" it will be Rainey.

> F. Sanders, Soph. Weather Prognosticator.





Freshman Class.

Motto: Wisdom our Star. Colors: Magenta and Green.

Flower: Yellow Rose.

Officers.

Schuyler Rainey, - - - President.

Paul Axtell, - - - Vice-President.

Esta Tucker, - - Secretary.

Ethel Botkin, - - Treasurer.

Pearl Adams, - - Poet.

Earnest Headington, - - Orator.

Laura McGriff, - - Historian.

Earl Cartwright, - Sergeant-at-Arms.

Members.

CLIFFORD GRAVES.
NAOMI ROBBINSON.

LOLA BOES.
WM. BRYAN.
ESTA TUCKER.
NELLIE REED.
HARRY MCGILL
JAS. ALEXANDER.
LOTTIE YAGER.
LETHA SMITH.

ROBERT WAGGONER.
JOHN LANTER.
LAURA MCGRIFF.
CORA SMITH.
WALTER REBER,
EARL CARTWRIGHT.
EARNEST HEADINGTON
PAUL AXTELL.

GRACE MULL.
EVA BAKER.
GRACE IMEL.
NELLA ISENHART.
ZELLAH LEAVY.
BERTHA SMITH.

SCHUYLER RAINEY.
SUSIE HALFHILL.

CLYDE TOWLE.
STELLA JONES.
GRACE MCLAUGHLIN.
MABEL BOTKIN.
ETHEL BOTKIN.
PEARL ADAMS.

Edna Vantilburgh. Colonel Foreman.

History of the Class of '99.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GREEK.)

Although we have not yet completed our first year in the High School it is a fact of common note, especially among the higher classes, that we are well up in High School ways. We are free to confess that this advanced standing which we have so early attained is not due to our marked précocity, but rather to our tireless vigilance during the present year in observing and profiting by such conduct in those of higher rank as gives them their air of superior learning. We can now play the role of Junior, Senior, or even the supercilious Sophomore with an accuracy of detail that is both startling and agonizing to those worthies who before supposed they had a monopoly of all the trappings that suggest, but do not indicate the presence of Solomon's hobby.

At first we thought it folly to look at a Senior or Junior with anything but an intellectual telescope, but did presume to take an occasional side glance at our superiors by one promotion. We discovered some of the distinguishing characteristics of greatness the first week, and soon began to practice them in true Sophomoric style. After struggling all day in uncertain conflict with circulatory systems and Joint High Commissions we would go home and spread consternation among our little brothers and sisters by letting drop occasional remarks concerning "the superior vena cava," "the tendencies toward arbitration," and the like. Of course, we did this in a free off-hand style that to the unsophisticated compelled the inference that such trifles were the merest common-places in our vast realms of learning, and had been known so long that it was only under the stimulus of a passing remark that our memories were able to recall them. Our experiment clearly proved all that had been expected from it; for the little innocents underwent the same shriveling sensation that we experienced the first time we

listened to the vaporings of a Sophomore. In short, the Sophomore's talisman was discovered—his charm was broken.

Encouraged by our success and now seeing nothing below the Juniors worthy of our attention, we turned an eye of inspection toward them. To our amazement we found that their castle on its dizzy heights is defended by nothing but Quaker Guns. The secret of their power was ours. We found that they were right in assuming that make-believe knowledge is as good as any, so long as one does not come in contact with those who know what he pretends to know. We immediately procured some advanced text-books and memorized a list of high-sounding phrases which contained such words as "monocotyledinous," "rationalization of binomial surds," "polarization," "seismology," "physiognomical," etc. With these weapons made after the Junior patent, we succeeded in paralyzing grade pupils and Sophomores alike. Even Juniors themselves quailed in the presence of a foe that employed the same tactics as they themselves.

The Seniors now held the only remaining stronghold of a learning that was not our own. Their farfamed redoubt shrouded as it was in the fog of dignity was reputed to be defended by five-hundred-pounders that were discharged only when an enemy appeared sufficiently formidable to be worthy of their lead-a condition which had never been known to exist. Bold to temerity because of former successes, we penetrated the dense fog up to the very mouths of the supposedto-be siege guns. Nor were we greatly surprised to find that the heads of the Seniors were comp'etely muddled by the surrounding mist; they were unaware of our approach and the capture of the fort was so easy an achievement that we are not even proud of it. But now that we have vanquished every rival, we propose to continue our ascent and pause not until we stand upon the summits of achievement. Then when all the world, dazzled and amazed, shall gaze up at us, they will indeed realize that glory is reflected upon the Portland High School.



Organizations.



Senior Quartet.

Freaks.

BORNEO C. TWRIGHT, '96.
T' GLEG BRYAN, '99.
CHINCH I A CALKINS, '97.

GRUNTER CORWIN, '98.
GRINNEY WEST, '96.
DUKE DE WOBBLEY TOWLE, '99.

Chumps.

OFFICERS.

Celestial Chump, - - - West.

Noble Grand Chump, - - Cartwright.

Ordinary Chumps, - - - Sims, Gray, Warman, Taylor.

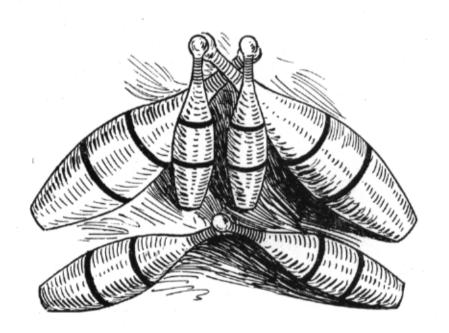
The Spectacle Club.

High School Choir.

L. R. CARTWRIGHT. RHUIE HALL.

ESTA TUCKER.

Daisy Tipton. Ethel Jones.





The Calisthenic Class.

Colors:

Navy Blue and White.

FLOWER:

Johnnie Jump-Up.

W. E. MILLER.

RHUIE HALL. DAISY TIPTON.

LAURA CRAIG.

Laura McGriff. Edith Holmes.

ETHEL GREEN. DOT BAILEY. DESHA SHEPHERD. ETHEL BOTKIN.

JESSIE YOUNG.

Pearl Adams Ida Hood.

GERTRUDE PELHAM.

JENNIE ADAIR.





High School Zouaves.

Officers.

- Generalissimo. OMAR THOMAS, RAY WARMAN, First Sergeant. EARL BERGMAN, First Corporal. Charles Bliss, -Quarter-Master.

YELL:

Hulla Balloo, Balloo, Balloo, Hulla Balloo, Balloo, Balloo, Zouave Zoo, Zouave Zoo, Zoo Zoo! Zoo Zoo!

PAUL AXTELLA CLIFFORD GRAVES. EARL BERGMAN. RAY WARMAN.

FRED MELLINGER. CHARLES BLISS. JAMES ALEXANDER. JOHN SEBRING. JOHN ROBBINS. LESTER SIMS. JOHN KELLY.

ERNEST HEADINGTON. WALTER KUNCE. EDWARD JELLISON. HARRY McGILL. THOMAS FAREER.

WALTER REBER. WILL PETERSON. RAY BRAKE. OMAR THOMAS.

The Bema Literary and Scientific Society.

Believing that a society for literary and forensic drill would afford advantages that the curriculum would not, and that the parliamentary practice in connection therewith would be of great service in life, some twenty students organized the Bema Literary and Scientific Society.

As indicated by its name, the Society deals with both literary and scientific subjects, the essays being restricted to the latter. Meetings are held on the first and third Fridays of each month, at which a literary programme, consisting of orations, debates, essays and declamations, is delivered, followed by music, and then by experiments and discussions upon the leading questions of Physical and Social Science.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend our meetings.



The Bema Literary and Scientific Society.

Мотто:

"All that is, is Natural, and Science Embraces All Things."

Colors:

FLOWERS:

Blue and White.

The Violet.

Officers.

Secona	I erm.	•							Third Term.
FRED. L. SIMS	-				- President, -				OMAR THOMAS.
ETHEL CASTLE	-	- 1			Vice-President,	-	- 1		FOREST CARTWRIGHT.
					- Secretary, -				
MARY HUEY,	-	-		-	Treasurer,	-	-	-	EARL CARTWRIGHT.
					- Librarian, -				
									EARL BERGMAN.

Honorary Members.

C. L. HOTTEL,

I. E. NEFF,

W. E. MILLER,

ANGELINE SHERWOOD

Members.

ETHEL CASTLE, DAISY TIPTON, ALIDA FORRY, ADDA CRING, FRANK SANDERS, MARY HUEY, STELLA DENNY, LESTER SIMS, SICILY GARNER, EARL BERGMAN,

OMAR THOMAS, MARY WAGGONER, RAY WARMAN, MAURICE WEST, FOREST CARTWRIGHT, ERNEST HEADINGTON, MARY MOREHOUS, FRED. L. SIMS, EARL CARTWRIGHT, LAWRENCE R. CARTWRIGHT.

Forum Literary Society.

On January 15, 1896, twenty members from the Senior and Junior Classes met in the Mathematics Room of the High School Building and organized the Forum Literary Society.

The Society was named from the great Roman Forum, where so many famous orations were delivered.

Although it has only been organized a short time, yet by its marked progress we feel assured of its success. The meetings are held every two weeks, on Wednesday evenings, at which a programme consisting of orations, declamations, essays and debates is delivered

To all of these meetings visitors are welcome, and by their presence would encourage us, and also show interest in our Society.

We feel that the work done in this Society will benefit us for our journey through life, and after our graduation we will many times look back with pleasure upon our work done in the Forum Literary Society.



Forum Literary Society.

Motto: Progress and Fraternity.
Colors: Gold and White.
Flower: Trifolium repens.

Officers.

President,
Vice-President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,
Librarian,
Sergeant-at-Arms,
Sergea

Members.

96.

97.

DOT BAILY.
JENNIE ADAIR.
ETHEL GREEN.
ESTA ROGERS.
LAURA CRAIG.
EDITH GEMMILL.
CLEMMIE AXTELL.
DICK HAMMONS.

IDA HOOD,
JESSIE HARB.
STELLA HAWKINS.
GRACE GILPIN.
ELMA BOLTIN.
JESSIE YOUNG.

GLEN PELHAM.
BURLEIGH TAYLOR.
JENNIE WIEST.
CHARLES GRAY.
KATE MORAN.
MELLIE LAFOLLETTE.

99.

ESTA TUCKER.
PEARL ADAMS.
MABEL BOTKIN.
ETHEL BOTKIN.

98

RHUIE HALL.
ORDA GRAVES.
MYRTLE FOLTZ.
EDITH HOLMES.
GERTRUDE PELHAM.

Portland High School Alumni Association.

We are living to day in an age of unparalleled social and intellectual activity, and in an age which has for its maxim, "In union there is strength." And, as a consequence, an age in which institutions, and not individuals, are alone able to make themselves universally felt as a power for good and progress. These institutions exert an influence two-fold in its nature. Not only do they tend toward the upbuilding and advancement of society external to them, but they promote internally that feeling of love and friendship and that spirit of association and fellowship which is so essential to the true appreciation of our fellow men.

Not without a realization of this has the present association been formed and maintained. Up to the time of the organization thirteen years had elapsed since the first graduates of the Portland High School had received their diplomas and stepped out upon life's stage of action. During that time two score did likewise. School ties and associations are soon severed; each one's pursuits lie in different paths. Schoolmates are lost sight of in the whirl of one's own existence,

and our interest in our home school soon ceases. What better way to prevent this than by renewing that interest and in doing all in our power to upbuild it still further.

"The Portland High School Alumni Association" was organized May 26, 1892, with a membership of twenty-five It has as its object the preservation of school ties and the maintenance and advancement of the best interests of the High School of Portland. All graduates of the Portland High School who have maintained a good moral standing in the community in which they live are eligible to membership. Honorary membership may be conferred upon the Board of Education, Superintendent, and Principals of the High School.

The first acquisition to the ranks was the Class of '92, to which a reception was tendered May 31, 1892, at the Merchants' Hotel. In a similar manner the Classes of '93, '94, '95 were duly entertained and admitted to membership, until the enrollment of the society now numbers forty-seven. On the following page is given a list of the Alumni.

Alumni.

'79

Laura Mitchell, Ginerva Boyer.

80.

Mellie Wiest.

'81.

Thomas Denney, Allie Weik, Edith Jackson, Ida Webb.

'82.

*Harry Headington, Joseph Long.

'85.

T. Clifford Hood, Lewis G. Oswald, *Zua Bergman, *Lulu Hysell, Clara Trixler, Ruth Ramey. '86.

Mary Banks, Etta Frazier, Laura Sanders, Claudia Sanders, Lizzie E. Arthur, Lillie E. Arthur.

'88.

Reuben E. Brokaw, Anna Bishop, Emma Henley, Ida Maines, Etta Neal, Gertrude Gilpin, Lottie Sawyer, Effie Ramey, Josie Coffman, Hugh C. Beelman.

'90.

Lewis Lommason, Wilbur C. Hoover, Emma A. Hoover, Martha C. Clark, Cora M. Burke, Mary C. Chalfant, Ella Cring, Mary E. Tate.

'91.

Adah Headington, Ida McCormick, J. Albert Hood.

'92.

*Loy Adams,
W. Ervin Artman,
Charles H. Hartzell,
Boston Vail,
Lydia C. Shook,
Gertrude E. Moulton,
Flo Morrow,
May Sylvester,
Ida Kinsey,
Flora Listenfelt.

'93.

Lou Alexander, Ida Geiger, Mellie Stanley, Jennie L. Shook, Charles H. Baird. '94.

Fannie M. Craig.
Joseph Hodupp,
Lizzie M. Hubbard,
Ella J. Smith,
Sarah B Briggs,
Bessie J. Hodupp,
Mary E. Axtell,
Mary H. Gilpin,
William Vail,
Jane L. Fulton.

'95.

Malcolm B. Proper, Newton A. Davis, Winnifred Axtell, Oral U. Adams, Lena H. Burkett, Hattie E. Smith, Artie E. Bryan, Bessie R. Childers.

^{*} Deceased.

Officers of the Alumni Association.

'92.	'95.
Ruth Ramsey President. Lillie Arthur First Vice-President. Adah McGovney - Second Vice-President. Mary Tate Secretary. T. H. Denny Treasurer. Emma Hood Mellie Wiest Secretary. Joseph Long Executive Committee.	Albert Hood President. Ruth Ramey First Vice-President. Pattie Clark Second Vice-President. Emma Hood Secretary. Loy Adams Treasurer. Gertrude Gilpin Barry Tate
'93.	'96.
Mellie Wiest President. Gertrude Moulton First Vice-President. Lillie Arthur Second Vice-President. Adah McGovney Secretary. Albert Hood Treasurer. Lizzie Arthur	Martha Clark President. Joseph Hodupp First Vice-President. Second Vice-President. Second Vice-President. Secretary. Treasurer. William Vail
'94.	'97•
Mellie Wiest President. Gertrude Moulton First Vice-President. Lillie Arthur Second Vice-President. Adah Headington - Secretary. Albert Hood Treasurer. Lizzie Arthur Buth Ramey Executive Committee. Cora Burk Executive Committee.	Malcolm Proper Lillie Arthur





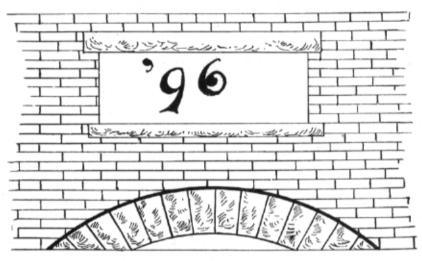
Who Are They?



"Now, B-, QUIT!"

-85

"ALL RIGHT, ——. TICKEE, TICKEE!"



Remains of a Worm-Eaten Manuscript.

Th	As mor—ng dawn-d ———— above t— do-r ———
of st-dy tired ove-mo-n low	The sch rs ga-k-d ———————————————————————————————————
Seni———l-rk———-by h-lvs and so	"Who did the dee—?" ques————— i- sav-g- t-ne;
They —————— b——— to do -t right.	that no seem know.
So ————————————————————————————————————	"
And————————————————————————————————————	bu- "sunrise" cam- — n— be- distur— —
———— brush i- hand ———sto——uppe- round	Another tal — fumed — an- hullaballoo
Bega figu bold h *96.	st-ll there ano rehears
	t-n P. M ladder tall
Frsand paper	- chis take turns
— acids strong a— weak ———	fatigu-dst
B spite no avail	st-y th r- everm-r

Fads.

Hood.—"The giggles."
West —"My smile."
Pelham.—"My fairy footfalls."
Hare.—"My silent sneeze."
Moran.—"My poetical translations."
Gray.—"Wurshes."
Warman.—"Weeshes."
Gilpin.—"Wushes."
Denny.—"The fidgets."
Young.—"Well—jest becuz."

Wiest.—"Borax and auburn hair."
Cring.—"Andah."
Castle.—"My pious expression."
Huey.—"AB C?"
Cartwright.—"Me and Venus."
Boltin.—"My dazzling smile."
Sims.—"Veracity."
Hawkins.—"My demureness."
LaFollette.—"Converging footprints."
Taylor.—"Fondling feminine elbows."



Sims presiding at a Class meeting.

Cicero's First Oration Against Bye.

How long, pray, O Willful Bye, will you abuse our patience? How long will this highmightiness of yours be displayed? How long will your unbridled effrontery vaunt itself? Not at all by the patience of the teachers, not at all by the long suffering of the High School, not at all by the undisguised disgust of all concerned, have you been moved!

Do you not see that your inefficiency is known to all? Who of us do you think is ignorant of what you did not do last night, of what you did not do the night before, of what you ought to have done but did not do every night this year? Who of us do you think is ignorant that the windows are never cleaned, that the desks are never dusted, that the rooms are only half swept?

O tempora! O mores! The School Board knows these things, the Superintendent sees them, and yet this fellow remains. Remains? Nay, even more, he comes into the assembly room before all have departed and with malicious glee stifles all present with clouds of dust. We, however, consider ourselves fortunate if we escape his impudence.

O the immortal gods! Where in the world are we? What kind of a school have we? In what city do we live? Here, here in this new school building we have a janitor who knows only half his business and neglects that; who imagines he is sole proprietor of the west ward; who is devoid of all courtesy and consideration for others.

There was, there was a time in this school when a janitor knew his business and was respectful to his superiors. That time is past.

What is there, O Willful Bye, in your position that can please you now, since you can not usurp any further authority or stir up any denser dust? If you can not get the temperature above 98 on a warm morning nor below 30 on a cold one? If you can not lord it over us with a more despotic hand?

Leave us, therefore; resign your position. Depart! excede! go forth! erump! GIT!

Quotations.

"I can not bring my tongue to such a pace."

—Cring.

"She would tremble and start at the wagging of a straw."—HARB.

"Shine out fair sun till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass."—Wiest.

"While in the mildness of my sleepy thoughts."

—LAFOLLETTE.

"Let me play the fool."-PELHAM.

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips Let no dog bark."—Sims.

"He hath a lean and hungry look."-WEST.

"In action how like an angel."-Castle.

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt."

-Moran.

"Tis a vile thing to be called on to recite

When one is unprepared and looks not for it."

—HUKY.

"There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps."

-Young.

"Whether she knew a thing or no,
Her tongue continually would go."—HAWKINS.

"But break my heart,
If I must hold my tongue."—Gilpin.

"A sagacious but amusin' little cuss."-WARMAN.

"Heaven, were man but constant he were perfect"

—Hoop.

"The lover, sighing like a furnace."-TAYLOR.

"Language unmannerly, Such which breaks."—Gray.

"Her voice was ever soft."—Denney.

"Well, I should smile."—Boltin.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a 'pony.'"
—Cartwright.

"What's in a Name?"

BolTin PelHam HuEy

HarB MoRan GrAy WeIst DeNney TaYlor

LAFollette
CartwriGht
CrinG
WaRman
WEst
YounG
HAwkins
CasTle
SIms
HOod

AxTell MoreHous GrEen

BergMan KElly GarNer LanTer CrAig BaiLey

HamMons
CalkIns
ADair
RoGers
GEmmill
TipTon

SimS THomas WagOner Cart Wright

An Incident.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO POE.)

Once upon a P. M. dreary, while I pondered, growing weary, Over half a dozen pages of obscurest Latin lore; While I vainly was exploring, suddenly there came a snoring As of one his soul outporing in melodious notes that soar, Startling fearfully the silence that had reigned there just before.

Scarcely 'twas an instant after, 'ere the sound of limpid laughter Came from merry, mirthful maidens who think studying a bore. I, with unaccustomed daring, raised my eyes, and round me staring Saw Prof. Miller wildly glaring from the desk where oft before He had heard the same commotion, but would never hear it more.

His fierce gaze was fixed on Carty, showing clearly that his hearty And intense disapprobation fell on those who sleep in school. Carty waked from blissful dreaming; quick his mind was filled with scheming

How he might evade his seeming violation of the rule, And in frantic desperation loud he murmured, "I'm a fool."

But 'twas vain to rack his senses; he must face the consequences, Though his fate most bitterly he surely must deplore.

With his nap thus rudely ended. To the rest he then pretended He had all along intended just to sleep but not to snore.

And with look, as usual, serious, in a whisper faint, mysterious, "Got your lesson, Simsy," said he, "I shall have to flunk once more, But 'twill be no strange sensation, for I've done it oft before;

Yes, I've done it oft before."

-F. L. S.

The Animated Telegraph Pole.

Once upon a midnight dreary, going homeward, weak and skeery
From a fellow Senior's cozy quarters near—O, well—
Suddenly a creepy feeling down our spines came coldly stealing,
Hark! What meant those wierd appealing sounds that on our hearing fell,
Queried Gray, "What tale of sorrow doth such notes of grief impel—
From what breast all sorrow-laden doth such plaintive music swell?"

Who can tell? Q, who can tell?

Then we spied a feline wailing 'neath a window on a paling,
And straight that hapless neighborhood to shield each Senior strives.

"Scat!" Yelled Taylor, "siccum Raider! Carty, kill the serenader!
Stay—we'll let the vile invader feel the edge of Juniors' knives.
They will quick dispatch his carcass, though he may have seven lives.
Scat! see there, he's climbed that pole, and to evade us he contrives;
But we'll have him—bless his lives."

Then—who can describe the tussle! We, dumb-struck, scarce moved a muscle.

For that pole was animated, and did kick, and yell, and roar.

Laugh not at us in derision. Yes, it may have been a vision,

But we came to the decision it was Sims and nothing more—

Lean and lank and lengthy, limber, long-legged Sims and nothing more—

Only Sims, and nothing more!!

-L. R. C.

Side Talks With Girls.

By Ruthless Askmore.

CLEMENTINE.—Yes, it is perfectly proper to look up occasionally, even at the risk of seeing a boy.

Esther.—It is a very bad habit to smack the lips. I would advise a free use of alum.

Dor.—There can be no objection to your sitting beside a man provided he be married and your teacher.

Adeline.—Yes, ambition is a good thing. Your way of raising your grades is perfectly legitimate, but it requires patience and faith.

Rebecca.—Your teacher was right; it is not in good taste to whisper or make a disturbance of any kind while a speaker is on the floor. Either tennis or golf is good for correcting awkwardness and acquiring a graceful bearing. It was certainly a mark of ill-breeding in the young lady to make so cutting an insinuation

in the presence of company. If she entertained the opinion which the remark you quote would seem to indicate, she should have come to you privately and in a friendly manner told you that your conversation would be greatly improved by less frequent references to your travels and the wealthy people you have met.

Pearl —Your mother is perfectly right in not permitting you to have company until you are sixteen. Your attractiveness will increase meanwhile, and your books should have your undivided attention before that age. No, it was not exactly improper, yet hardly good form for you to ask your sister's beau if you might accompany him and your sister to the entertainment.

"O. G."—There can be no impropriety in your cherishing the acquaintance of young men of higher classes but lower stature. We know of no prescription

that will prevent your further growth; or that will encourage his, unless it be plenty of vigorous outdoor exercise. Do not concern yourself about the last matter you mention—sixteen-year-old boys are not allowed to go to war.

ETHEL.—Your friend who you say lives in another part of the State should not object to your having other gentleman company occasionally, provided you do not permit any one young man to be too attentive to you. However, your present course of attending strictly to your studies and avoiding social gatherings of all kinds is commendable. There is no limit as to the number of letters you may with propriety write to your absent friend. Write as often as you care to, though it be twice a day.

MARKE.—Time is what is needed. We know of no other remedy. The hair is always very scraggly looking for some months after being clipped. Yes, we think young men generally understand that it is impossible to keep it in condition when it is too short to do up and too long to frizzle.

GERTRUDE.—The nature of your inquiry certainly contradicts your statement that you "have been a con-

stant reader of Side Talks With Girls," for we have repeatedly said in these columns that we will answer no questions on the subject of kissing. Read some good work on etiquette.

LAUREE.—The meaning of your first question is not altogether clear; however, your bearing toward the young lady who is now the special friend of your former beau should not be in the least affected by the change of circumstances. For answer to your second question see reply to "Gertrude" above.

X. Y. Z.—If you are certain of the attachment of the red-headed young man, and feel quite sure that his excessive bashfulness is all that keeps him from seeking your company, it would not be out of place for you to invite him to call some afternoon or evening. What would seem boldness under ordinary circumstances would be entirely proper in the case you mention.

KATHERINE.—It might be well to try massage. We would also suggest a sparing use of light dumb-bells—say four or five ounce at first. Be exceedingly careful in all your exercise, as overexertion might result seriously.

Senior—In acknowledging the receipt of commencement presents, you should say: "My Dear Mr. Brown—Please accept my thanks for your aptness in seeing the point when I sent you the invitation. Sincerely, ———."

Jessica.—No one of any degree of culture will laugh when you sneeze. A microphone will make it audible. Get your friend whom you say is a genius in science to make one for you.

Senior Boys.—I am always glad to hear from my gentlemen friends. The experience which you say you have had in nocturnal sign painting will be a good recommendation if you apply to the Battle Ax Plug Company for employment, as they are in need of more men on their night force.

ETHEL J.—No, an occasional smile is not a breach of etiquette.



To My "Cicero."

Ye last Latin text-book, left lying alone, All thy companions to ashes have gone; No book of thy kindred, no booklet, is nigh To re-echo thy wailing and give sigh for sigh. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to mould and decay: Since the rest have departed, I'll send thee away. Go thou to the ash-pile; there on it's gray bed Thy kindred are lying, all smould'ring and dead.

And mourn not that thou must be burned then, and lost, But rejoice in the sum of the flunks thou hast cost. For, at best, every life's like a seed that is sown, To flourish, and blossom, and perish alone.

- F. J., S.

Barbara-Muller.

[WITH APOLOGIES TO WHITTIER.]

Sweet Maud Muller was cutting corn,-Clear on a cool September morn-With tattered hat and sun-burned hand-Green-walled by the hills of Maryland. Gaily she sang, and her heart would leap As she thought of the orchards fruited deep; But the sweet song died as far away She saw the approach of a gallant bay, With head erect, and mane of black Fanning the face of the man aback. The rider was dressed in a suit of gray, And on his breast was a bright display Of glittering buttons, thickly set-A man more brave Maud never met. Thus down the lane at early dawn "Stonewall" Jackson came riding on. On this pleasant morn in the early fall, As Lee marched over the mountain wall, Jackson was sent from the mountain down To scout in the fields near Fredricktown. Onward he rode, and a vague unrest And a nameless longing filled his breast. Thirsty and tired at last he grew, And he gravely pondered what to do.

Under his slouch hat, left and right, He glanced, but no house met his sight. But far away, with hopes forlorn, He saw the shocks and the standing corn; And thinking that there might be found a friend, Spurred on his steed till he reached a bend, And as Maud Muller he espied, He drew his rein at the maiden's side. He asked for a draught from the spring that flowed Through the waving grain across the road. Maud stooped at the spring, with its banks of green, And filling for him his small canteen, She blushed as she gave it, looking down At her feet so bare and her tattered gown. "Thanks," quoth Jackson. "So long I have drank From the southern streams and the army tank That for many a day there has passed my lips No water so pure as that which drips From the well-filled vessel I hold in hand; And a face more fair I have never scanned. Than of her who gave it-except in truth Of a girl I courted in early youth. Her name was Frietchie, and none could be Fairer than Barbara was to me.

But another loved her—a proud old judge— And I was a harvester, only a drudge. To each and to all he sternly said, 'Touch even a hair of Barbara's head. And you die like a dog! For blindness can see That Barbara Frietchie is only for me.' With hopes all dejected, I candidly then Promised myself that never again Should such a thing happen, and solemnly swore, Though I lived through the ages, to never love more. Many fancies of youth have left me since then, And I bow under two score years and ten; But since I have seen you, my pretty maid, I feel like deserting my old brigade. I would not espouse the Union cause, But am sometimes for union"-a silence, a pause. Then Maud forgot her briar-torn gown, And her graceful ankles; bare and brown, And pondered while a pleased surprise Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes. Then she looked up and said: "Ah, me, With greatest of pleasure, sir, I'll be. But before I finish I wish to inquire What kind of papers you most desire? Are marriage contracts doorless traps, Well-fenced shields with State's Rights gaps? Are these your views? If so, in fine, With thanks for your kindness I shall decline. But if your proposal is like to a rhyme-No better to-day than 'tis for all time-Why then, my refusal I'll squarely reverse, And accept your kind offer for better or worse. So take to your heart the things I have said; And if to my own correct views you are led,

Call around this eve at six thirty o'clock. By then I will have all this corn in the shock, And will have a few hours with nothing to do, And suppose I might just as well spend them with you. If you like we'll then put our agreement in black " But alas, O alas! He never came back. Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these, "It might have been." How long Maud stood no man can tell, But the half-cut shock 'cross the "gallows" fell, And the morning sun grew bright and high, Till it finally stood in the mid-day sky. But still she thought, till at last it lowered, Of the pride and flower of the rebel horde. She hoped and wished, till the hour grew late, That she might share in his large estate. Before her friends she would freely set The rarest gifts that gold could get. She would dress herself in silk so fine, And eat rich cake and drink rare wine: She would dress her mother grand and gay, And baby should have a new toy each day; And the little rebels upon her lap Should each be decked with a soldier's cap. In short, for herself and all her kin. At the wedding feast would life begin. Jackson rode to a lonely place Where he could not see Maud's pleasant face; Then he clearly saw he had been led, Not by reason, but charms instead. As over and over the scene he went, Each time more truly would be repent. He clearly saw if he had laid His dimes in reach of the rustic maid,

On the return of the summer sun,
It might look down and see not one.
Again he thought of the low-born kin
That by winning Maud he would also win.
He knew that her coarse-grained brothers three
Would drink from his wine glass just as free
As from the spring that gently flowed
Through the meadow across the road.
Along this line his thoughts still run,
Of what he did and might have done;
Till profound grief brings on a craze,
Then he draws his sword and ends his days.

Honor to Maud! And let a tear
Fall for her sake on "Stonewall's" bier.
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of freedom and union wave!
Let peaceful stars above look down
On that stern old judge in the southern town!
Let wily Cupid never more
Err as he has so oft before,
By letting another choose a wife
From above or below his place in life!
And now may all who this tale rehearse
Render him thanks that it doesn't end worse.



The High School Lecture Course.

Convinced that a course of good lectures and entertainments is a public blessing and a legitimate support of the school, and believing that they inspire the best incentives and broaden the horizon of the pupil and elevate the minds of the general public; and also realizing that by the teacher and pupil being thrown together in working for a common cause involving mutual help for the good name and prosperity of the school; that the barrier between the pupil and the teacher which stands in the way of the teacher's influence and help may be beaten down; and oppressed by the lack of a library worthy of the name, we resolved to build it up to conform to the needs of the school course. It was proposed to fill the cases with books adapted to the pupils, such as would encourage general reading, and to provide books suitable for collateral reading for the various branches of study.

The work was well begun with last year's course, which netted the library fund \$118, and at the same time created a demand for another course this year, which, however, was not undertaken without considerable deliberation and hesitation, for during the previous year it was demonstrated that the lectures themselves were not self-sustaining, and that all the proceeds and the supplying of a considerable deficit had to come from the home talent number included in the course for safety.

The committee was unwilling to provide anything but the best of talent and first-class conveniences for patrons. Each lecturer had to be of recognized power among men, and every entertainment the best of its kind, all to be held at the new Auditorium at a low admission rate.

George R. Wendling opened the course with "Saul of Tarsus," on November 25, and was well received. This lecture was provided for at a cost of \$126.

Robert J. Burdette followed, on December 20, with "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache," to the very great

pleasure of the large audience in attendance. The elevating humor and pathos of that big souled man can not be forgotten. The cost of the number was \$124.

John Temple Graves appeared January 21, and delivered that masterpiece of eloquence, "The Reign of the Demagogue," which was considered by many as the climax of the course. The expense incurred to the management was \$100.

The Zouave Company and the Calisthenic Class, very kindly and ably assisted by soloists and others, gave the fourth number on February 21, which was made a celebration of Washington's birthday. The program was a varied one, skillfully rendered, and proved to be very profitable to the library fund and enjoyable to the large audience. The expense, not including guns and Indian clubs, which remain as the property of the gymnasium, was \$38.

The closing event of the course was the musical number given April 10 to the largest audience of the season. The dramatic cantata, "Jepthah and His Daughter," was very highly appreciated and was very profitable to the fund. Great credit and many thanks are due the local musicians, especially to Mrs. Neff, for

their untiring efforts to make the closing number the success that it proved to be. The expenses were \$44, including books and some fixtures, which remain as property of the school.

The course has been a very expensive one, the expenses reaching \$432.45, but the proceeds happily were much larger, being \$568.85, leaving a net balance of \$136.40 as proceeds. One hundred and five dollars will be invested in the library and \$31.40 in gymnasium supplies

We very cheerfully acknowledge our obligations to a host of friends of the High School, with whose encouragement and help the course has been an unqualified success

The liberal patronage and manifest appreciation of our efforts have been very thankfully received, and we desire to express our gratitude to our many benefactors through the columns of The Cactus.

Trusting that the benefits derived may be lasting and that the course has given full value for favors received, we submit the above report of the High School Lecture Course.

COMMITTEE.

Ol' Sugar=Makin' Time.

I'll tell you how the matter stan's with me,—I wouldn't keer
So over much 'bout bein' young ag'in exceptin' jest one time o' year.
I s'pose you know, of course, what time I mean,— your mem'ry's good;
You don't fergit ol' sugar-makin' time, an' where the b'ilin'-down house stood?

You haint forgot Jim Patterson, Steve Nolin, Tomps, an' Bill,

An' that whole gang that used to cong-re-gate aroun' the ol' camp on
the hill?

I thought so. 'S cur'us, haint it, how them rickollections last?

An' how they 'pear to stick a feller's feelin's like molasses to the past?

Ol' time has had our pleasures in the 'vaporatin' pan;

'N he's kep' the fires a-goin' mighty ste'dy, y'understan'.

He's been a-stirrin' down the foam, an' skimmin' off the dross;—

The level sinkin' all the time, an' yit there warn't no loss—

Fer though they haint much left o' them past joys— as I jest said,

The quality o' what they is has left us one ahead.

In p'int o' fact, I'm satisfied; fer knowin' as I do

That ol' time don't back-track his-self, ner wait fer me an' you,

I've learned to 'just myself to suit pervailin' carcumstance,

Yit steal a march—you might say—ever' time I git a chance,

An' wander back some forty year'— an' feel it haint no crime,

But 'specially it haint 'long 'bout ol' sugar-makin' time.

Fer them air 'bout the sweetest joys 'at life is subjec' to, An' Him 'at knows we cheerish 'em won't punish me an' you Fer holdin' on to what is pure an' dear in days gone by If we are keerful not to slight life's later joys, an' try To be content with what he sen's an' what he takes away, An' don't go 'round a-grumblin' 'cause we could'nt have our say. An' so as I was tellin' you-I like the placid charm A feller feels in rickollections o' the ol' home farm; But specially in airly spring, when ever' day an' night The groun' thaws soft, an' then turns in and freezes jest as tight. It's sort o' slushy gittin' 'round, but that don't bother none,-Leastways it hain't con-spic-uous when sugar-water'll run, I wished the sun'ud come out now, an' stay a week or two, An' settle down to business same as what it used to do. I'd like to see him melt plum thro' ol' winter's icy fleece, An' send it down the creek a-singin' songs o' love an' peace. Fer then you know, it wouldn't be so over many days 'Till maple roots'ud liven up an' sap'ud start to raise. It's then you allus kind-o' feel uncommon light an' queer, An' sort-o' dreamy-like aroun' the eyes, an' things that's near All seems so distant and so dim, that in your don't-care mood You want to jest be left alone in quiet solitude.

Then in your dreams you wander out to where the maples stood, An' watch the drippin', drippin' sap an' wonder how it could Have hopes o' fillin' up the trough at such a rate as that.

An' then you git down on your knees, an' lay aside your hat, An' bow your head, an' then—you pause, fer you air gazin' down Into the grave o' your departed youth, whose locks o' brown Air long an' wavy as of ol', an' eyes as deep a blue,

With cheeks as red an' smile as gay an' looks as pure an' true.

An' when you stoop to drink, you feel un-speakabl-est bliss

As them sweet lips spring up an' meets you ha'f-way with a kiss.

There's somethin' 'bout the atmosphere in airly days o' spring That's mighty soothin' to a feller when he's tired o' ever'thing An' feels a kind-o' sadness fer ol' winter, dead an' gone, But yit a sort-o' gladness fer the summer comin' on. His feelin's all is mingled—like the hummin' o' the bees A-shootin' 'crost the orchard toward the grove o' maple trees,—But still in mem'ry clingin' to the ever blessed joys That left him sad an' lonely when he had to leave the boys; His thoughts revertin' back'ard, with ecstacy sublime, To the "olden, golden glory" of ol' sugar-makin' time.



The Fifteenth Annual Commencement

Of the Portland High School.

At the Auditorium. 8 p. m. June 2, 1896.

Programme.

Music Orchestra Invocation Rev. G. B. Garner Music Orchestra Class Presentation Prof. I. E. Neff Lecture—"Gunnery" Dr. P. S. Henson Music Orchestra Presentation of Diplomas Supt. C. L. Hottel Music Orchestra Benediction Rev. S. A. Armstrong

Alumni Reception and Banquet.

Wednesday Evening, June 3, 1896.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

By Rev. John S. Axtell, A. M., Ph. D., at the Auditorium, Sunday, 10.30 A. M., May 31, 1896.

Theses of the Class of '96.

Driving from the Back Seat
Arbitration versus WarMellic LaFollette
The New Woman
"Why Not Smile?" Ethel Castle
"H"Jennie Wiest
Our National Responsibilities Jes-ie Harb
The Hand
The Rise of Popular Government
Napoleon as Viewed To-Day Stella Hawkins
The Overdue Airship
The Salvation Army and the Booths Jessie Young
Jeanne d'Arc
"Sweet Are the Uses of Adversity" Stella Denney
Alchemy, or the Spirit of Chemistry
America's True Wealth
Pegasus Eugene B. Taylor
Prosperous America Lawrence R. Cartwright
The Riddle of the Sphinx
A Beam of SunshineFrederic L. Sims
The Young Girl's Vision: The Old Woman's DreamAdda Cring
The Total Carry Total

Advertisements.



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