1913

PUBLISHED BY
THE HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME NUMBER ONE
To

Mr. Frank H. Craig

whose untiring efforts
in the interest of our school
have won for him
our respect and love.
We can truly say with the poet:---

"And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."
WETHERSFIELD

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A TOAST

The teachers of the Wethersfield School; who believe that every child is pure and good until otherwise proved, who give their love and friendship to all children alike, and who are united in their efforts for the betterment of the school
Teachers of the Wethersfield High School

Caroline V. Ewan, English

Norma Lewis, Music

Noel E. Craig, Mathematics

Frank H. Craig, Science
Hazel M. Partridge

"A woman convinced against her will,
Is of the same opinion still."

Elizabeth W. Fraser

"She acteth according to her own sweet will."

Louie F. Hall

"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."
Elmer E. Anderson

"A chum as a chum should be."

—Elmer Motley.

Elmer H. Motley

"A chum as a chum should be."

—Elmer Anderson

George R. Anscomb

"Better late than never."
Senior Class History

There was tumult in the school room
In the fall of nineteen nine,
And the seats were filled with "freshies,"
Waiting for the stroke of nine.

Upper classmates sat in grouplets,
Where they whispered each to each,
And bright smiles lit up their faces
With the joyfulness of speech.

Thus we entered life in High School,
Bashful, timid, stupid, too;
And the teachers looked and wondered
What on earth, with us, they'd do.

But for long they did not worry,
For our deeds began to shine,
And examinations over,
Said our teachers, "You are fine."

Came, at last, our first class meeting,
In the office we are told,
It was carried on with vigor,
As by senators of old.

As we gained in knowledge later,
Then we entered in the race
With a number of our classmates,
For the honor of first place.

Lo, nineteen ten! One grade higher,
Sophomores were we in that year,
And our lessons were some harder,
But we met them without fear.

Some fine parties now were given,
But a masked one beat them all;
Some were dressed in rags and tatters,
Others robed for some grand ball.
Thus the year passed all too quickly,
Till proud Juniors we became,
And were noticed by the Seniors;
For abroad had spread our fame.

Fame for entertainments given,
Certainly increased the crowd,
When reception funds were needed,
So we all felt rather proud.

After that, the glorious evening,
May, the fourteenth, was the date,
When the Seniors all assembled,
Guests of honor quite sedate.

Juniors we, a few weeks longer,
And we worried much, alas!
Lest our grades of late forgotten,
Were too low to let us pass.

But at last, our worry over,
Seniors of ’13 are we,
And our class will be remembered
When this annual you see.

For our class, tho’ small in number,
Has done something as a rule,
In its work these four years through,
To add honor to the school.

Soon our school days will be over,
Soon we’ll leave dear W. H. S.,
And our places will be taken
By some other Senior class.

But remember shall we always,
All our teachers kind and true,
And besides, our many schoolmates,
We will often think of you.
INCE graduating from the Wethersfield High School in 1913, I have been teaching. I spent my summer vacation of 1914 at Normal but in the spring of 1915, I decided to go to the World’s Fair in San Francisco. I planned to go in a touring car with three other teachers, all graduates of W. H. S. Our schools closed on the twenty-fifth of April and on the thirtieth we left for San Francisco.

We rode as rapidly as we were allowed during the day and at night we stayed at one of the hotels in the cities or towns through which we passed. Sometimes we almost wished we had traveled by train because we had to stop so often to repair punctured automobile tires. At other times we were very much pleased to think that we had come in the touring car because we saw so many beautiful places and it was so pleasant riding over the cool country roads.

One day while we were riding through the country about three miles from the town of Page, Nebraska, the automobile broke down and the chauffeur told us we would have to wait about an hour to have it repaired. There was a neat little farm house about a quarter of a mile up the road, so we decided to stop there to rest if the lady of the house was willing.

I knocked at the door and it was opened by a lady whose face I recognized at once as my old classmate, Louie Hall. We had a short but very nice visit with her. I learned that she was the wife of a thriving farmer and before I left, I decided that her right Mr. Wright had come along.

The next week we reached Denver, Colorado where we saw a great many beautiful sights. We decided to stay in the city for the day so we went through some of the large stores. While we were passing down one of the main streets we saw a
large window where some very beautiful evening cloaks and dresses were displayed. We entered the store more for curiosity's sake than anything else. We were looking at some of the prices when a lady came up and asked us if she could do anything for us. I turned round and to my great surprise I saw Elizabeth Fraser. I asked her if she was clerking in the store and she said, "Oh no, I am the owner." She had learned to be a very successful dressmaker. I knew that she had always liked to sew, but I had never dreamed that some day she would be selling opera cloaks and dresses. I had a nice long talk with her about our high school days and then I had to go for it was getting late and we had planned to retire early that we might rise at four o'clock next morning and continue our journey.

We arrived in San Francisco at 10 A. M. on the thirty-first of May. We saw everything that a person could possibly see in one day and that evening we were tired out, but we talked of the pleasant time we had had and all the wonderful things we had seen. Every evening when we were returning to our hotel we would say that we had seen the most wonderful things that day of all but we said the same thing every day.

On Friday of the first week we were looking at some of the furniture that was on exhibition. I saw a beautiful plain mission parlor set which was very different from any that I had ever seen before. I told the girls that I should like to know who had made such a magnificent thing. One of them told me there was a name suspended by a cord just above my head and on looking up, I saw Ray Anseomb's name printed in large black letters.

I lingered near the furniture for about ten minutes thinking that I might see Ray and sure enough I did. I talked with him for a short time and he said he had been working
hard over his furniture ever since he left school. He had become one of the great cabinet makers of the world.

The next day we visited the poultry exhibit and we saw chickens of every possible size and color. At one of the pens a man was feeding some pet chickens. I stepped nearer so that I could see them eat and, when I spoke of their beauty, the man turned round and smiled and, to my great surprise I saw Elmer Motley. He seemed very much surprised to see me there. He showed me all the chickens he had brought and he told me he had worked very hard with them but thought he was well repaid for all his trouble.

One evening in July we were strolling down a beautiful shady lane enjoying ourselves to our heart's content. In front of us there walked a young man and lady also enjoying themselves in the cool evening breezes that were blowing from the Pacific. We wondered if this lane was "lover's lane" because if it were we should have to go to some other place.

These two people strolled to a near-by bench and when the young man turned his face towards us I recognized Elmer Anderson. I hurried over to talk with him and to find out if he had brought anything with him to exhibit. He introduced me to his wife and then I sat down and talked with them. He had a book in his hand and I asked him to let me see it as I was very fond of books, and, after a short hesitation, he handed it to me. I looked to see who the author was and there was Elmer Anderson's name in pretty gold letters. I asked him if it was his name and he said he guessed it was. I was surprised at what my other classmates had accomplished but not half so much as I was at seeing Elmer Anderson a great author for when he was in high school he often told the teacher he did not know how to write even a one page theme.

I reminded him of his composition work in school and we had a good laugh together about it. After we talked a short
time he and his wife accompanied me to my hotel. He told me I might keep the book if I wished to and that he would try to see me again.

After we had been in San Francisco about two months we started on our journey homeward. We went home by another route and I was not fortunate enough to meet any more of my friends, but I was satisfied for I had seen all my class-mates of 1913, if only for a short time.

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**The Old School Bell**

From memory's hall,
A tone comes stealing, ringing
Sweet and clear, as voice of child
In happy school-days singing.
A Corner
in the
Girl's
Work
Room

A Corner
in the
Boy's Work
Room
The Wethersfield School was not only the first school taught in the county, but it was also the first school in the county to put tools into the hands of its pupils and to establish an annual field and kite day.
Address to Alumni

FELLOW Alumni of Wethersfield High School, with sincere pleasure I address you from a page of the First Annual of our 'old school.' Mark you, not an old school since we are able to recall its beginning.

In the seven years of the school's existence, nearly fifty young people have gone from its doors with diplomas and various excellent acquirements. We, this band of fifty individuals, are a large enough group to be recognized by all. We should play as important a part in the life of our school as the present student body or teaching staff. We, considered by ourselves and others, as among the founders of the Wethersfield High School, should bring before and maintain before the student body and the teaching staff the ideals of the founders; ideals perhaps not perfected, but in embryo.

The future should bring to the school, not only growth in number but also a standard of educational development at least equal in sincerity and results to the one planned by the founders of the school. As a strongly organized group of zealous Alumni, we should not only remember the happy school days of the past, but try to make all our days happy school-days.

To the many friends of Wethersfield High School, the Alumni recommend this booklet, which is the first Annual of W. H. S., appearing in the seventh year of its life. Among the various emotions, which this booklet will bring to its possessors, none we, the Alumni, believe will be of disappointment or of regret.

This work is a step in the growth of a school whose influence shall be felt and already has been felt in remote places. A school with a brilliant future, set in a lovely
background filled with the romantic history of a village planted upon the prairie of Illinois. Its founders did not realize all their dreams and ideals. Only in fancy did they behold the school, which now offers this publication.

The Alumni should join with friends of the school in giving aid, support and sympathy to the founders of the school; to those in whose hands have been placed the control of the school; to the teachers of the school and to the student body of the school.
Class of 1907
Icy D. Miller  Mabel E. Redford  Della G. Donaldson  Harry E. Meyers

Class of 1908
Blanche I. Dustin  Ernest G. Dustin  Noel E. Craig
WETHERSFIELD

Class of 1909
Dean H. Radford  Laura A. Townsend  Cecile B. Pierce  Emma B. Bean
Irma L. Close  Lola M. Rogers  Esther M. Ray  Opal E. Leech
Rose M. Carlson  Linnie R. Olson  Mary E. Whitney  Oscar C. Samuelson

Class of 1910
Agnes A. Fraser  Rena D. Partridge  Mabel F. Lindstrom  Ruby M. Turnbull
WETHERSFIELD

Class of 1911

Alma A. Spiegle  Bessie I. Odell
Ada B. Robbins  Emily J. Carlson  Glen C. Craig  Fred E. Peterson

Class of 1912

Marjorie V. Brown  Ethel M. Radford  Addie L. Anderson  Mary E. Grubbs
Pearl L. Bennett  Ethel H. Pask  Minnie F. Bohnenberger
Ray S. Partridge  Glen S. Good  Raymond M. Coleman
Leslie H. Cronau  Karle L. Bennett
The first school in the county was taught at Wethersfield in the summer of 1839 by Miss Stewart. This school was held in the log church which stood a few feet north-east of the present fire station, corner of Tenney and Church Streets.

The seats in this first schoolroom were of slabs split from logs. Wooden pins driven into auger holes served for legs. There were no backs to the seats. The younger pupils sat upon these seats holding their books in their laps, often swinging their feet as they could not touch the floor with them. The older pupils' seats faced the walls. A wide board along the wall took the place of writing desks. The school books were gathered up each Friday afternoon to get them out of the way for Sunday services.
The "Old School Building"

Was erected for a church by the Wethersfield Baptist Church Association in 1856, but was sold before its completion to the trustees of the Wethersfield School district for school purposes.

School was held in this building from 1857 to 1903. It stands to-day beside Tenney street deserted and dilapidated like a ragged beggar sunning himself. In the summer weeds grow about it, hiding its doors' sills worn thin by the feet of the boys and girls who passed into school to their studies or from school to their games or to take their places in the great school of life as doers and workers in the world's activities.
Reared and supported by the tax-payers of Wethersfield in order that their children may receive a better education than they themselves received.
At the spring election of 1901 the question of room for the pupils of Wethersfield came up and was extensively discussed. At the regular and at special meetings held in 1902 the school site was changed to the Public square and money was voted for a new school building. The plans were drawn by architect John McCullough of Kewanee and the contract for building was given to Miner and Carlson of Wethersfield. The building was completed at a cost of about thirty thousand dollars and was ready for use on October 12, 1903.

The Wethersfield public school contains eight school rooms, a recitation room, a laboratory and recitation room, and a boy’s work room. The building is heated and ventilated by means of the best modern appliances. It is well lighted and is equipped with an exceptionally large surface of the finest black board. The halls are large and roomy. Its work-room has saws, planes, turning lathes, etc., and much of the apparatus used in the science experimental work is made in the work-shop.

The school building is in the middle of ten acres of the most beautiful play-grounds in the state. Over two hundred trees of thirty different varieties are upon the grounds. In the spring and summer flower-beds add much to the attractiveness of the grounds. No more beautiful school grounds can be found anywhere in the world. The people of Wethersfield are proud of their beautiful school-grounds and of their school which they justly call, “The College on the Common.”
A large play-ground solves many of the difficult problems in education.
The Name, Wethersfield

In 1634 ten pioneers from Watertown, Mass. made a settlement on the west bank of the Connecticut River about forty miles from its mouth. They took up lands known as "The Adventurer's Lands" comprising what are known as "The Great Plain" and "The Little Plain."

Till 1636 the place was called Watertown. In that year the settlers decided to change the name. While debating the question of a change of name, one man suggested that, as their fields would become great sheep pastures in the future it might be well to call the place wether's field. The name was adopted and became the name of the village.

In 1836 just two hundred years afterward a settlement was marked out on the unbroken prairies of Illinois by the Connecticut Association which provided that this new settlement should be called Wethersfield after Wethersfield, Connecticut, where the Association originated and held most of its business meetings.
Boys and girls who learn, while at school, to love the flowers and the birds, will be more gentle with others, will be more lovable to others, and will make better citizens when they become men and women.
WETHERSFIELD

Wethersfield Town Hall

IN 1837 The Home Missionary Society of Connecticut sent Rev. W. F. Vail to Wethersfield, Illinois. Through his efforts a church society was organized Oct. 19, 1839 under the name of the First Ecclesiastical Society of Wethersfield.

By 1849 the organization had grown so that it needed a church. On Aug 24th of that year, Harry Talcott conveyed to Jeduthan Hubbard, Sullivan Howard and Joseph Goodrich trustees for the First Ecclesiastical Society of Wethersfield Lot 77 of the Village of Wethersfield for the sum of $20.00. The west and north sides of the lot was afterward sold by the trustees leaving a tract of land twelve rods square in the south east corner of Lot 77.

On this land a church building, now the Town Hall of Wethersfield was erected by Sullivan Howard and others in 1849. The building was forty feet long and thirty feet wide. The framework was of hard wood, hauled overland from Rock Island and other points on the Mississippi River. The large yellow sandstone blocks in its foundation were taken
by Augustus Little from a slough on his farm just north of
Kewanee.

To this church the men brought their families from long
distances in wagons having nothing but boards for seats.
Sometimes there was no box but a wide board reached from
the back of the wagon to the front axle. The seats in the
church were straight-backed and hard. The sermons were
long and often dry. The hot summer sun streaming through
the windows, the flies buzzing about the room and the voice
of the minister, all invited sleepiness. It is no wonder that
it was hard to keep the congregation awake in those days.

By 1885 the membership of this church had decreased so
that no regular services were held, and on May 6, 1895 it
was voted to sell the church property. On June 7, 1897 this
building which in its day was considered one of the finest in
the state was sold to the town of Wethersfield for a Town
Hall. In the same year twenty feet was added to the north
end, but the original part built in 1849 was never changed.

Since its purchase for a Town Hall, it has been the meet-
ing place for the voters of the Village and Town of Wethers-
field and it has been the scene of many events of interest.
The associations which cluster around this historic building
are dear to every citizen of Wethersfield. Every stone in
its foundation, every board and timber in its walls is elo-
quent of the efforts and trials of those early settlers who suf-
fered that we might enjoy the fruits of their labors.
"Ring around the Rosy"

Happy as the birds
    That sing in trees on high,
Brighter than the stars
    That twinkle in the sky.

Joyful ring their shouts,
    In the merry round,
Of children 'mong the flowers,
    On the old school ground.
THE class of 1914 began its High School career in the year 1910. It was composed of twenty pupils. The higher classes thinking us green Freshmen tried to be overbearing to us, but finding we were not easy to deal with, gave it up, and now we are the leading class in the high school.

Our Freshman year was one not soon to be forgotten. We enjoyed our new lessons, and were seldom scolded, because of our extraordinary good behavior in the front seats on the south side of the school room, where the higher classes had been kind enough to leave vacant seats for us.

During the latter part of September our class gave a picnic at Windmont park after school. Morrill Lay volunteered to furnish the melons and went home after school to get them. On cutting the melons, we found them so green that we were under the painful necessity of throwing them into the lake. This was a good joke on Morrill and he never promised watermelons again. About 8:30 o'clock in the evening we decided we would like to boat ride, and as there were no lights, we telephoned the man that took care of the park asking if we might use the boats and lights. This man who lived in Kewanee took the trouble to come down to the park to accommodate us, but on arriving he found us
just departing. All reported a splendid time. Our teachers during this year were exceptionally good to us, and we thought a great deal of them. At the end of our first year in High school, every proud Freshman carried home his certificate of promotion.

On the sixth of September of the following year, we as Sophomores, and with higher ambitions than ever before, took up our year's work. This year Roll of Honor badges were to be given to all the pupils who made an average of 99 per-cent in deportment. At the end of the year there were only three pupils in the High School who had made this per-cent and these three were from the Sophomore class. This shows how well our class as a whole stood in behavior.

We had several parties during the year, and at all of these we had fine times. Our first party was on a bitter cold night in January. While we were busily engaged in playing games, the shrill sound of the Wethersfield fire whistle was heard. Everything was forgotten; the only ones to remain at the school building were the unlucky Sophomore girls who were preparing the refreshments. Everyone else went in search of the fire. When those of the class who had gone to the fire and their guests returned everything was in readiness, and they were not sorry that it was time to eat, their long run having given them a ravenous appetite.

On the last day of this term our annual field day was held, and we, the Sophomore class, decided to have a candy booth in order to raise some money. We were successful of course, and after paying all of our bills had seven dollars and fifty cents left to add to our class treasury which was not over supplied with funds.

Some new members were added to our class and some left us until out of a class of twenty entering High school as Freshmen only eleven remained to become Juniors. We
sincerely hope that these will stay with us until we have finished our school life.

When we as Juniors, came back to school in 1912, every one of us had spoken for a back seat, and the other pupils were compelled to remove their books from our desks. This caused a great deal of sarcasm among the lower classes and the Seniors, but everything came out all right, as they soon came to the conclusion that we deserved the back seats. During the month of September it was very hot and we enjoyed the privilege of reciting our lessons on the school grounds in the shade of the trees. We certainly hope that we may enjoy the privilege again this year.

We have a new teacher this year, Mr. Noel Craig. Geometry is our favorite study and we are the brightest geometry class that has ever left the Wethersfield school. If you doubt this ask our superintendent for he knows. In the month of February 1913, we the Juniors gave a box social, this was a success of course and we cleared the neat sum of seventeen dollars. We enjoyed a bob party, one evening last winter and spent part of the evening at one of our classmate’s home, where an oyster stew was enjoyed by all. We gave a class party a few weeks later and every one reported an excellent time.

Our Junior year so far has been of greater importance than the preceding year, taken from an educational standpoint as well as from a social standpoint. Of course we all expect to return to school next year and take our place as Seniors and hope that by that time we may put away all childish fun and use our last year at school, in a way that we may not regret in future years. Although we have had trials and troubles we agree that our school days are the best part of our lives. We sincerely hope that our teachers will forgive us for the trouble we have caused them and hope the class of 1914 may be one of which they will think with pride and pleasure in after years.
JIMMY, finding time hanging heavily on his hands, wandered down to the brook which flowed back of his home and sat watching the ripples chasing each other over the surface of a deep quiet place in the brook. Suddenly he saw something ascending through the water; he couldn't imagine what in the world it was. It came closer and closer to him and suddenly he realized that it was the coach of the Queen of the Fairies and her retinue. By the time he had realized this, the coach had reached the bank and the queen was being assisted up the
bank. Her pages spread a red velvet carpet for her to walk upon and she advanced to the place where Jimmy was sitting, in a manner most becoming to the Queen of Fairies.

Jimmy sat spell-bound; these people were exactly the same people of whom his mother had read the night before. He was beginning to feel afraid and to wish that his mother was with him, when the queen spoke in a sweet, musical voice saying, "Master Jimmy, hearing that you were rather lonely and, as the Fairies' mission in this world is to make other people happy, we have come to take you to our pleasant home, and we must start immediately."

"But, Queen, how in the world am I to go with you?" asked Jimmy, "Why, your coach is only large enough to hold my little finger." "Never mind," said the Queen, "but do as I tell you and everything will come out all right. Let us start right away."

Suddenly Jimmy began to feel very strange. Was he just imagining it or was he really growing smaller? Yes, he was growing smaller and by the time he had reached the coach he was just a trifle smaller than the queen and no larger than a little finger. How queer he felt!

When they were safely seated in the coach, the Queen said to Jimmy, "You see, by making you as small as we are, you weigh practically nothing at all and can ride on the water safely. You see that we do not even leave a trail; this is why people can never find the way to our kingdom without our aid."

"But Queen," said Jimmy, "how in the world do you get down under the water?"

"Wait," said the Queen, "and you will soon see."

By this time they had reached the center of the brook, and, after the queen had tapped three times with her wand
on the side of the coach, the brook opened and they slowly descended. In a few seconds they heard faint strains of music and the queen told Jimmy that it was the fairy band playing in his honor. Below him he saw a winding road on which, he was told by the queen, that they were to land. Gently and slowly they floated down to the road. Everything seemed bright and cheery, the queen had already proven a delightful entertainer and the trees and flowers were the most beautiful that Jimmy had ever seen.

The Queen explained to him that there was to be a garden-party in his honor and the band was playing while waiting for his arrival. Turning a sharp corner they entered the garden where all the fairies were assembled. The fairies were very prettily dressed, some in the red velvet petals of the rose, others in the petals of the chrysanthemum, morning-glory, violet, or sunflower. These bright colors mingling with the beautiful foliage of the garden seemed to Jimmy the most beautiful sight he had ever seen.

Many games were played and Jimmy had such a delightful time that he told the fairies he wished they could always be his playmates. But the Queen said that only once in a lifetime did they come to a person, because there were too many people in the world that needed cheering, to make more than one visit to each person.

Jimmy told the Queen that he was sorry they could never again play together and said that he would help the fairies all that he possibly could in cheering other people. The Queen thanked him and just then Jimmy saw his mother bending over him and heard her say that supper was ready. Jimmy, to this day, does not know whether his experience with the fairies was a dream or a real adventure.
### Junior Dictionary

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<td></td>
<td>O' Mike!</td>
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WETHERSFIELD

Football

Ready for the rush

Racing

On the home stretch
IT was the sixth day of September in 1911, that, we who are now Sophomores, began High School life as little Freshmen. We were made fun of and thought green by the older pupils but we considered ourselves as smart as they thought themselves to be. We did not rush for the front seats as the "Freshies" had in former years but were wise and took the back seats to escape the continual gaze of our teachers.

During the second week of school 1911, we had our first class meeting and elected the following officers: President, Grace Hill; Secretary, Joy Hill; Treasurer, Milo Craig.

Friday evening, November Seventh, we had our first party which was a decided success until it came time to serve the refreshments when, to our great surprise, we found that some one had taken nearly all of them. It was the last Freshmen party of that year.

In the early spring of 1911 one of the Freshmen boys decided that he had learned enough and left school. On the 29th day of May we carried our books home and the next day we all attended the High School picnic at Windmont and had a delightful time. This picnic ended the first year of our High School life.

We returned to school last fall but to our surprise one
of our classmates did not return neither did our beloved Algebra teacher for some one had claimed her hand and heart. Our Algebra teacher this year is well trained in athletics, yet he declares that we use our muscles, meaning our fingers, too much and our brains not enough. Nevertheless, we think ourselves pretty good Algebra pupils.

It was about the first of October 1912, when our first class meeting of the year was called and the following officers were elected: Leta Wyant, President, Leroy Bryner, Secretary and Treasurer. Our first party of this school year was held in the same month that we held our first Freshmen party. We have enjoyed the holidays of the year very much. After the Christmas vacation the Sophomores came back with but one thought in mind and that was to settle down to study.

We have had one party since the beginning of the new year and proved ourselves royal entertainers. We think that we have gained the leadership from the Juniors and shall try to keep it during the remainder of this year and next, after which, take it—He Who Can.
Tommy's Dream

Tommy had been a very naughty boy and his mother had spanked him. This made him feel very bad, so he went to the haymow to console himself by watching the pigeons.

He sat down on the hay and soon an old man appeared to him. The old man was dressed in very ragged clothes and carried a short stick. He said, "I heard you complaining so I have come to take you for a pleasant afternoon's journey." This just suited Tommy and he was soon ready to go.

The old man then whistled and a small dog appeared. The old man touched the dog with his stick, and to Tommy's astonishment a fine horse stood before them all saddled and ready for use. They mounted the horse and rode away. Soon
they came to a thick woods. The old man said, "We must rest our horse awhile." They got off and sat in the shade of the trees while the horse rested.

When they were ready to start again the old man touched the horse with his stick and lo! there appeared a small monoplane. Tommy was somewhat frightened at these sudden changes and began to wish himself at home. They next got into the monoplane and went sailing over the trees, so high up that it made Tommy dizzy to look down. They kept going faster and faster over hills, trees and buildings until Tommy began to wonder if he would ever get home again. He hated to tell the old man that he was frightened for he thought himself quite a man, though only nine years old.

After flying many miles he saw a blue stretch of something miles and miles below him. Just then they began to descend very rapidly. As they dropped lower and lower Tommy saw that the blue expanse was a large lake. Very much frightened and because he just couldn't help it he began to cry. "Ain't we going to fall into the water?" he asked the old man.

Just as they were about to touch the water some one called, "Tommy, Tommy, supper is ready! Where are you?" Tommy rubbed his eyes and looked around very much surprised to find that he was in the hay-mow and that it was almost dark. "My, but I'm glad that it was only a dream," he exclaimed. "I thought that I was surely going to get 'ducked.'"
Oh, that I were a boy again,
A school boy, with appetite on edge;
With senses keen for work or play,
And care-free as the wind.

In the pleasant shade of the Poplars
FIFTEEN witty pupils entered the Wethersfield High School on the third day of September, 1912. Twelve of these pupils were from the Wethersfield Eighth Grade and three from other schools in Wethersfield Township. This class found thirty-five other pupils in the High School ready to welcome them and to initiate them in mischief.

Early in the fall the Freshmen class gave a party at the school house. This party was much enjoyed by all present. Games were played after which refreshments were served in the social room.

During the first snow of the year a bob-sled ride was greatly enjoyed by the members of the class. Mr. Noel Craig acted as chaperon. The evening was spent at the country home of Russell Thurwachter. Many games were played and a lunch was served at ten o'clock. Then, as the class does not believe in late hours, they returned to their homes.

After much hesitation, Dean Haraldson decided that he would rather work than go to school. Oh! what a foolish decision. Dean himself will be sorry some day that he left the class of 1916, but the pupils will miss most, his jokes and the
lectures that he got, though it was rather hard on the class to have to listen to those lectures.

The class, taken as a whole, is one of the smartest classes that ever entered Wethersfield High School. If the pupils of the class keep on as they are doing probably all of them will hold honorable positions some day.
It was late one chilly November afternoon and a peddler after a fruitless day's work was slowly plodding his weary way along a dreary, lonesome country road. To get home that night would be impossible and the weather was too chilly to sleep out doors; but he kept on walking, hoping all the time that he might soon find a place that would serve as shelter for the night.

It was not long however, before he came to a house, surrounded by tall trees, which from all appearances, was deserted. Although an empty house would not be very warm, it would
at least shelter him from the wind, so he decided to spend the night at this place.

After looking around the house, he went in and, as he was very tired after his day's work, he soon fell asleep. He slept soundly until midnight when he was suddenly awakened by a moaning sound which he supposed was the wind. He had decided that it was the wind and was about to lie down again when he happened to look into the next room. There he saw several white-robed figures sitting about a couch on which lay a dead woman. He tip-toed to the door to see what they were doing. The white-robed figures seemed very much depressed for they were moaning and weeping. Suddenly one cried out, "Oh, our dear sister is dead, our dear sister is dead, how can we get along without her?" Another white-robed figure rose and answered her, saying, "If she is dead we can not help it now. Let us have a dance." So they all rose and came into the room where the peddler had been sleeping and began to dance. The peddler, although very much surprised was not really frightened. He stood in the corner to prevent these people whom lie now knew to be ghosts, from seeing him. They danced until nearly exhausted and then disappeared in the darkness.

The peddler soon fell asleep and did not wake again until daylight. He then left the house to begin his day's work. The first farmhouse that he visited to show his wares, was the home of the man who owned the house where the peddler had spent the night. The peddler told him where he had spent the night and what he had seen there. When he finished the farmer said, "Yesterday that house which is haunted, and the land upon which it stands was mine, but to-day it belongs to you." The peddler was greatly puzzled at this and insisted that the house did not belong to him.
“Yes it does,” said the farmer. For more than a year I have offered it as a reward to any one who would sleep in it all night. You are the first person who has had courage enough to stay in it a whole night, therefore it belongs to you.” “Oh, thankee,” said the peddler, his face fairly beaming. “Me no going to be a peddler any more.”
A Study Period

Made in the Manual Training Room
Our High School Pin

AFTER a high school was formed in Wethersfield, the pupils of the school began to think of a high school pin. Many catalogs were sent for and examined, but no pin could be found that suited the pupils. They wanted something different from other schools. At last it was suggested that they take the wild goose for their mascot and for the emblem on their pin. This suggestion was received with enthusiasm.

To explain why they took the goose for their mascot and for the emblem on their pin we shall have to go back a number of years in the History of Wethersfield.

Eighty years ago, in the spring and fall, much of the ground where the school building now stands was covered with ponds of water. Wild geese in their journey from North to South and vice versa, often stopped at these ponds. At a later date a great many tame geese were raised in Wethersfield. These also used the pond on the Commons. Geese were so plentiful in Wethersfield that it received the name of "Goose Island." After the trees were set out and the many flower-beds made, the pupils of the school were so proud of the former goose pond that they determined to perpetuate the name, hence their mascot and emblem.

The goose is noted in prose and song for its loyalty. Two thousand years ago the Gauls were about to gain a foothold upon the Roman Capitol when the geese, kept sacred to Juno; roused the Romans and the Gauls were repulsed. The Wethersfield goose is pure white. White has always stood for purity.

The High school pin signifies two things to the pupils of the Wethersfield School. In the first place it signifies purity of thought and deed; in the second place it signifies loyalty to
the school, to their teachers and to their schoolmates. The pupil who wears this pin should think of its signification and resolve that:

He, himself, has a duty to perform,
A work to do in life,
Which makes or unmakes
For purity and for loyalty.
First Cabin in Wethersfield

The above cabin is still standing in Wethersfield and is the oldest log cabin in this part of Illinois. It was erected by Abner B. Little in 1837 on land purchased from the government and is still owned by the Little family.

This building, eighteen feet long and sixteen wide, has one room and a loft. In this cabin sixteen people made their home during the winter of 1837-8. In the logs of its walls are auger holes into which poles were thrust at night. On these poles the beds were made. During the daytime
the poles were put out doors and the blankets and quilts folded up to make more room.

Calico curtains fastened to strings near the ceiling could be pulled to divide the room into several smaller rooms. It is said that much of the courting which resulted in the first marriage in Wethersfield took place in one of the curtained-off parts of this room. To the young people of those days courting while separated by only a thin curtain from the rest of the family was not considered so much of a hardship as it might appear to the young people of to-day.

The Old Settlers' Picnic

In 1911 the first "Old Settlers' Picnic" in Wethersfield Township was held in the yard of the Town Hall. Several hundred old settlers and their families met and "swapped" stories. So much interest was taken in this picnic and the succeeding one held in 1912, that a permanent Wethersfield Old Settlers' Association was organized. These meetings will be held on the last Friday in August of each year.
W. H. S. Alphabet

A is for Anderson, yes it is Mae,
Who is a good girl, so they all say.

B is for Bernard, bad little boy,
Who delights in class to play with a toy.

C is for Clarence, a country lad
Who, in History Class looks sad.

D is for Dean who, in class, talks,
But, when called on to recite, he balks.

E is for Eva, a demure, studious lass
Whose recitations are always a delight to the class.

F is for Fern, who stories can write,
But sometimes whispers, when others recite.

G is for the two Graces, who attend W. H. S.
They far surpass the ancient three, I guess.

H is for Hazel, whose name is a bird
But Frederick don’t mind one bit, I’ve heard.

I is for Inez, a girl whom we all
May look up to because—she is tall.

J is for Joy, who lives up to her name
And puts all who are crabby, quite to shame.

K is for Kennish, Marian I mean,
Whom Russell thinks is quite a queen.

L is for Lenora with pretty black curls,
The envy of all of the High School girls.
M is for Minnie, who sings like a lark,
So Arthur says—did he far miss his mark?

N is for Nelson, just Edith we say,
When speaking to her in a friendly way.

O is for Our dear old W. H. S.,
Of all the High Schools it is the best.

P is for Pierce or Page as you please,
Leone and Josephine will do in a squeeze.

Q is for quizzes which the teachers spring,
When they think the pupils aren’t studying.

R is for Ruby, so attentive is Elmer,
’Tis a wonder the rest of us even know her.

S is for Shaner, and Hazel though small,
Is big in her work; an example to all.

T is for Thurwachter, a long hard name,
Call him Russell and he answers the same.

U is for “you all,” an old Southern phrase,
Which Miss Ewan uses in a good many ways.

V is for visitors, who as a rule
Say as they leave, “What a model High School!”

W is for Wyant, a gay little miss,
Leta in fact, could you not guess this?

XYZ and I believe I’m through,
I’m glad, and I suppose you are too.
A Wethersfield Pupil's Essay on
"Does a High School Education Pay?"

I think that a high school education pays if the pupil is of the right kind. If a pupil is careless and does not care to learn, he will be apt to be careless after he is out of high school and for that kind of pupil probably a high school education will not pay. If a pupil is industrious, and is anxious to learn, a high school education will pay and that pupil will show that it does pay.

A high school education will prepare a person for a better position in life and that person is not likely to become a gambler, drinker or swearer, for he goes with good companions. That person has learned in school what the different temptations do to man, and so he knows enough to keep away from them. He will go through life with a clear and unstained heart. These are the kind of men and women that make the United States what it is, and the kind that the United States wants.
The Henry County Athletic Association held its first Annual Contest at Cambridge.

Wethersfield School was represented as follows:

High School Declamation - Mary Findley
High School Essay - Edith Nelson
High School Spelling - Hazel Shaner
Eighth Grade Spelling - Irene Nelson

High School Track Team

Elmer Anderson
Elmer Motley
George Bean
Albert Hitchcock
Milo Craig

The object of the Wethersfield school is to send its graduates from the school with sound bodies, with good morals, with fixed habits of work and with the fundamentals of knowledge so thoroughly learned that they will be of use to those graduates in their daily work as wage earners.
How Would They Look?

Without a grin - - - Everett Motley
Six feet tall - - - Leroy Bryner
In long skirts - - - Hazel Shaner
With raven locks - - - Agnes Johnson
Quiet for two consecutive minutes - - John Romig
In knee trousers - - - Elmer Anderson
Flunking in class - - - Marian Kennish
Idle - - - Josephine Page
In his big brother's clothes - - - Milo Craig
In a silk hat - - - Scott Roper
With straight hair and no ribbon - - Gladys Hayden
As a mouse tamer - - - Leone Pierce
With a mustache - - - Mr. Noel Craig
Waltzing - - - Lizzie Fraser
Without her diamond - - - Grace Hill
Mary's Smile

Mary had a little smile,
'Twas broad as it was long,
And everywhere that Mary went
That smile did go along.

She brought the smile to school each day,
Which broke full many a rule;
It made the Juniors twist and turn
To see that smile at school.

So said the teacher, "Cut it Out,"
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till teachers disappear.

Why does the smile thus linger so
The High School pupils cry?
Why everybody loves that smile,
The teachers all reply.
Annual Board

Frederick L. Wells, Editor-in-Chief
Lizzie W. Fraser
Josephine Fuge
Leone G. Pierce
Hazel M. Partridge
Marian G. Kennish
Grace V. Hill
Hazel V. Shaner
Leta B. Wyant
Gladys M. Hayden
Minnie F. Carlson
Gertrude A. Ryan
Milo L. Craig
Arthur E. Johnson
Norma Lewis
George S. Bean
Aubray R. Jones

Glee Club

Grace V. Hill
Gladys M. Hayden
Myrtle E. Moore
Leone G. Pierce
Leta B. Wyant
Hazel M. Partridge
Minnie F. Carlson
Gertrude A. Ryan
Milo L. Craig
Arthur E. Johnson
Norma Lewis
George S. Bean
Aubray R. Jones
Favorite Pastimes

Arthur Johnson—Asking foolish questions.
Miss Lewis—Talking to George and Milo.
Elwyn Radford—Sharpening his pencil in class.
Myrtle Moore—Quarreling with Lawrence.
Mr. F. H. Craig— Appearing at unexpected moments.
Louie Hall—Keeping quiet.
Elmer Motley—Watching and waiting for Ruby.
Cecile Robbins—Looking pretty.
Dean Haraldson—Making faces and talking to himself.
Mary Findley—Laughing.
Albert Hitchcock—Arguing about religion.
Miss Ewan—Keeping pupils after school.
Leta Wyant—Giggling.
Frederick Wells—Writing poetry.
Margaret Cooke—Avoiding the boys.

"Is there anything you can do better than anyone else?"
Soph: (thinks a moment) "Yes—I kin read my own writin."

"The Seniors have a fine time."
"The Juniors enjoy themselves."
"The Sophies live."
"The Freshies just exist."

Miss Ewan—"Tell something about George Elliot."
Bernard (hesitatingly) "She was born and she died I believe."

"Pat do you understand French?"
"Yis, if it's spoke in Irish."
Pupils of the High School

Senior Class
Louie F. Hall  Hazel M. Partridge
Elizabeth W. Fraser  Leo R. Anscomb
Elmer E. Anderson  Elmer H. Motley

Junior Class
Mary L. Findley  Agnes D. Johnson
Leone G. Pierce  Cecil I. Robbins
Josephine Page  Myrtle E. Moore
Margaret C. Cooke  Elwyn Radford
Lawrence W. Hammers  Frederick L. Wells
Albert Hitchcock

Sophomore Class
Grace F. Bennett  Minnie F. Carlson
Joy E. Hill  Leta B. Wyant
Grace V. Hill  Fern L. Marvin
Ruby M. Lindstrom  Myrtle M. Lindstrom
Gladys M. Hayden  Leroy M. Bryner
George S. Bean  Arthur E. Johnson
Clarence H. Lindstrom  Matthew H. Faust
Everett L. Motley  Aubray R. Jones
Milo L. Craig

Freshmen Class
Inez J. Anderson  Gertrude A. Ryan
Edith P. Nelson  Eva M. L. Berg
Mac E. Anderson  Lenora P. Grubbs
Hazel V. Shaner  Marian G. Kennish
Edwin A. Burns  John W. Romig
Chester J. Buchanan  C. Russell Thurwachter
Bernard L. Felt  Scott Roper
Jokes From The Bugle

Warning: Beware of the Pinching Bug. Myrtle can show the effects of coming in too close contact with it. She will carry a scar on her finger to the grave.

Miss Ewan: (quickly) "Milo."
Milo: "I ain't doin' 'nuffin.'"
Miss Ewan: "That's just it. I want you to get to doing something right away."

Geometry Teacher: "Lawrence, what method did you use in proving that theorem?"
Lawrence: "The method of superstition."

A COMMON OCCURRENCE.

Burr-rr-rr-rr-rrr-rrrr!
Mr. Craig: "Hello!"
Mrs. M: "Charlie there, Mr. Craig?"
Mr. Craig: "Yes, he's about somewhere."
Mrs. M: "Will you tell him to bring a loaf of bread home for supper?"

A Junior Girl: "Frederick, was that last account in Bookkeeping one dollar and twenty-five cents?"
Frederick: "No, only one dollar and a quarter."

1st Scene: A boy and girl walking slowly up Tenney Street on the coldest night in January.
Girl: "It is very cold."
Boy: "Sure."

2nd Scene: (On West Division Street, No. 137).
Boy: "Good night."
Girl: "Good night."

3d Scene: Boy running down Tenney Street.
Boy: (to himself) "Gee! I froze my ear."
Mr. Craig: Chester, name the regions of the brain."
Chester: "Frontal, temporal, occipital and participle."

The latest pronunciation of Congregational, is Congregational by Elmer Motley's reference book.

Junior: "What makes the north-east corner of the High School room so cold this year?"
Sophomore: "Don't you know that there is a Berg in that corner this year?"

UNANSWERABLE QUESTIONS
If Aubray dropped a brick on Bernard's head would it be Felt?
If Noel Craig is a Count, is Josephine a Page?
If Cecile is the first Robin to appear, when does Partridge come?
If it is a hundred in the shade will Margaret Cooke?
If Johnson is sick is Frederick Well?
Why are the Juniors so jealous because the Seniors have a Hall?
If the Junior boys were locked in the basement would they use Hammers?
If minus means less, does Myrtle mean Moore?
If Albert can hitch a horse why can't he Hitch a cock?
If a mountain is 5,280 feet high, how high is Joy Hill?
Why does George Bean look so frightened when Lenora Grubbs?
If Milo is Mr. Craig's son, is Minnie Carlson?
How cold would the wind have to be to Pierce Leone?
If Mr. Craig says "No reason why you shouldn't," why does Leta say Wy-ant?
To Advertisers

We, the pupils of the Wethersfield High School, take this space to thank those who have advertised in our annual. This advertising has enabled us to lower the price at which the annual will sell.

We believe in patronizing home industries, and we hope and firmly believe that advertisers in this annual will be reimbursed many times over for the financial support which they have given us.
SPECIAL ATTENTION IS PAID TO YOUNG MEN'S CLASSY CLOTHES at POPULAR PRICES

ALL THE NEW, SMALL FIXINGS OF FURNISHING GOODS YOU WILL FIND HERE FIRST

Carlin & VanCoutren, CLOTHES SHOP

An "Auto" Accident and What Came of It.

It was the first of May and a lovely spring-like day. All the birds were singing gaily in the trees, the bees were humming busily from flower to flower, and everything and everybody seemed to be in the best of spirits. There had been a

NUWAY

Buy "Nuway" Groceries to Save Money and get Premiums. Coupons with Article. Sold exclusively at

A. B. HULL'S South Side Grocery

Phone 1534
light thunder shower early that morning, but soon after the sun came out, all traces of it disappeared leaving the air fresh and cool and the grass very green.

Raymond Miller, a successful young druggist, who lived in the town of Marion, Ill., had an errand to the town of Wood-

Kennish Hardware Co.

Furnaces, Glass, Paints and Varnishes,
Rugs and Linoleums

211 North Main Street - - - Kewanee, Illinois
Among the many varieties are

- Maple Walnuts
- Bittersweet Lemon
- Bittersweet Cocoa
- St. Nicholas Sticks
- Sea Foam
- Kopjes
- Walnut Tops
- Pecan Tops
- Dipped Caramels
- Bittersweet Orange
- Bittersweet Pineapple
- Bittersweet Coconut

All Are Most Delicious

CULLY BROS.
Home of Pure Food Products

As it was such a pleasant day he decided to go in his “auto.” He hardly wanted to go alone so he invited his mother, aunt and little nephew to go with him. They all gladly accepted the invitation and the little party were soon spinning merrily along the beautiful country road.

Dr. B.F. GREENHOW
Dentist
Cor. Tremont and Second Streets
Kewanee, Illinois
FIRST
National Bank
OF KEWANEE

DIRECTORS

William F. Bowen       James K. Blish       William Stabler
George T. Oliver       Edward S. Whiting    George W. Bennison
George Armstrong

CAPITAL, SURPLUS and UNDIVIDED PROFITS
$170,000.00

The Oldest Bank in Kewanee
Established in 1871

The management of this bank has endeavored to pursue a progressive policy, to be liberal in its treatment, and to adhere strictly to legitimate lines of banking.

One Dollar Deposited Opens an Account at This Bank
We have a Safety Deposit Vault—Boxes For Rent
We Pay 3 per cent Interest in Our Savings Department

"Deposit Your Money in Safe Banks"—Roosevelt
WETHERSFIELD

C. F. KURBAT

Wethersfield, Illinois

Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries, Flour and Feed, Fresh and Salt Meats of all Kinds.

Buyer and Shipper of Poultry

Cor. of Church and Tenney

New Phone 741

They had gone about twenty-five miles when all at once there was a loud report which proved to be from the right hind tire which had burst.

Raymond gayly assured his mother and aunt that he could soon put on another tire, but to his dismay he found that he

NOBILING & HERBENER GROCERS

Good Things To Eat. The Home of Richelieu Goods
Phone 64 119 N. Tremont Street
had either forgotten to take along an extra tire or had lost it on the way. "Well! of all the luck!" Raymond was saying, when he heard gay shouts and laughter from a distance. "I wonder who that is," said Raymond. "Roy and I will just walk on and see if we can get any help. You and Auntie just

DUDLEY RULE & CO.  
JOB PRINTERS  
SPECIALIZE ON FINE WORK  
This Annual is one of our specimens
stay here, mother. You'll be all right and we won't be gone long."

They had walked about half a mile when they came to a
large grove of trees where a crowd of young people had gath-
ered together. As Raymond and Roy reached the place the
young people were in the act of crowning a very lovely golden-

SEE

SPICKLER

Spring Suits, Hats, Shoes and Furnishings
Attention, Ladies!

During this summer’s vacation you will have an excellent opportunity to learn to

COOK WITH GAS

Your mother knows how and will be a good instructor, besides it is an art that you should master for your own future use.

THEN YOU’LL BE HAPPY

When John comes home hungry and you can feed him some of the appetizing and hunger dispelling morsels you have prepared on your new Gas Range.

By the way, whenever you get ready for that new GAS RANGE, come in and see our line. We are selling some good ones.

KEWANEE LIGHT & POWER CO.

Supplying

Kewanee and Wethersfield
The House Of Reputation

and authority on all kinds of finishes for public buildings as well as your own homes.
See us. We are ready to answer questions.

Yours very truly

GUSTAFSON & SONS
206 W. Second St., Kewanee, Illinois

haired girl as the "Queen of May."

As soon as the young people noticed the foot passengers, they stopped their frolic and came out to the road to see what was wanted. Raymond told of the accident and inquired the distance to the nearest town where there was a garage. They

Suits, Shoes, Hats And Furnishings
A ways the latest at
HYMAN'S 213-15 N. Tremont St.
told him it was five miles to Cambrac, the nearest town. “It might as well be fifty miles for I never can run my “auto” that far with the tire in that condition,” said Raymond shaking his head thoughtfully. “I can walk there all right I suppose, and get some one from the garage to come out and fix it but the
worst of it is leaving mother and aunt for so long a time in the hot sun with nothing in the world to eat. It's just on the stroke of twelve now,” he continued, pulling out his watch.

“Oh! don’t you worry,” cried a merry-faced girl, stepping out of the crowd. We are going to have dinner just as soon as

CROWN CAFE

We are making a special effort to please our Customers.
Open until 12 o’clock every night.
Our prices and special dishes will interest you.

Wm. PARTRIDGE, Prop.
219 W. 2nd St. Kewanee, Illinois
we can get our baskets unpacked, so you march down to your car and bring your mother and aunt up here and you will all take dinner with us. Then after dinner my chauffeur can drive you to Cambrac in my car in double-quick time and you can have some one from the garage come out and fix your car. Now

Griggs Music House

High Grade Pianos and Musical Merchandise
Sewing Machines and Supplies, Phonographs, Talking Machines and Records
219 West Second Street - Kewanee, Illinois
BEAUTIFY THE CEMETERY

BY HAVING A NICE

MONUMENT

ERECTED BY

THE FRANK LADD MONUMENT CO.

212 N. MAIN ST.

don't say a word but just run on and get your ladies,” she added as he began to protest. All the others urged him to join them in their picnic dinner. As there was nothing else to do he went after his mother and aunt and brought them to join the merry group.

PALACE BARBER SHOP

You're Always Next. 4 White Chairs. Electric Barber Pole. Electric Massage

H. H. MORDUE, Proprietor

Give us a call at 113 West Third Street.

HAMILTON & PLUMMER

Florists
Since Eating is a Necessity
Why not Make it a Pleasure?

LET US SELL YOU

Blue Ribbon Canned Goods
and
America's Cup Coffee

"The Cup That Cheers"

MULHOLLAND BROS.

WETHERSFIELD, ILLINOIS
The dinner was delicious and no one enjoyed it the less for the unexpected addition.

After dinner the young lady who had first issued the invitation, and whom Raymond now knew as Miss Rosie Carter ordered her chauffeur to drive up with her car. At the last

THE 15 YEAR OLD BOY AND GIRL

of to-day will, in ten years, need to know something of business life. If you have children, it is your duty to train them in business methods, to give them the benefit of your own business experiences.

See that they have bank accounts while they are growing up. There is no other one thing that will give them a more proper insight and conception of business than in having their own bank accounts at this bank.

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minute she decided to go along as she said, "The men at the garage are sometimes cross about going out into the country to do anything and maybe they will behave better if I go along as I know them so well." Art. Mason, a young attorney, who appeared to admire the merry-faced Rosie very much, although

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as she said herself, she was the village Tom-boy, decided to go along.

It was a lovely ride and Raymond felt that he had known the young people always. He was not a little sorry when the ride was ended and they were back at the picnic grounds, even

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if he did know that another "auto" with men from the garage was on its way out to repair his machine.

They arrived in due season and in a short time the skilled machinist had the car in readiness for the remainder of its journey. It was just three o'clock when Raymond and his

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party bade their new friends adieu with many thanks for the kindnesses rendered them, and started on their journey again.

They made the remainder of the trip in safety and arrived at home that night at ten o'clock, but, strange to say, all the rest of that summer Raymond seemed to have a great many

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errands in Woodford and he never failed to stop at the little village of Cambrac where he was always kindly received by his friends, and especially by Mattie Fischer, the daughter of the richest man in the village.

When it became too severe weather to run his car Raymond

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came on the train to spend almost every week's end with Mattie. It did not seem at all surprising that just one year from the day of the "auto" accident Raymond came over to Cambrac again and this time he did not return alone but took modest little Mattie with him as his bride.

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