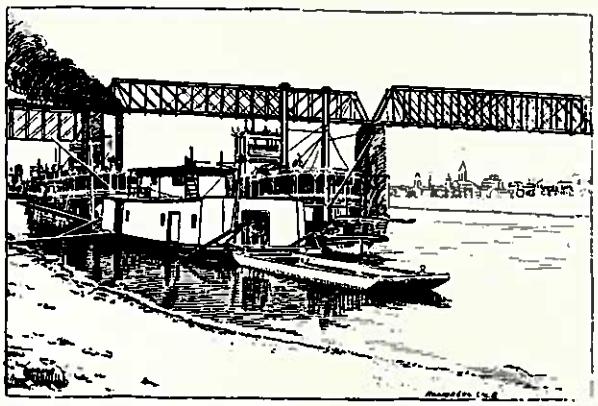


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THE BELJUAN

1914

Published by the Junior Class

OF

Bellaire High School

"Push and Pull—but in one Direction—
toward Success."—Motto.

VOL. 5.

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TO



C. S. McVAY

PRINCIPAL OF B. H. S.

THIS VOLUME

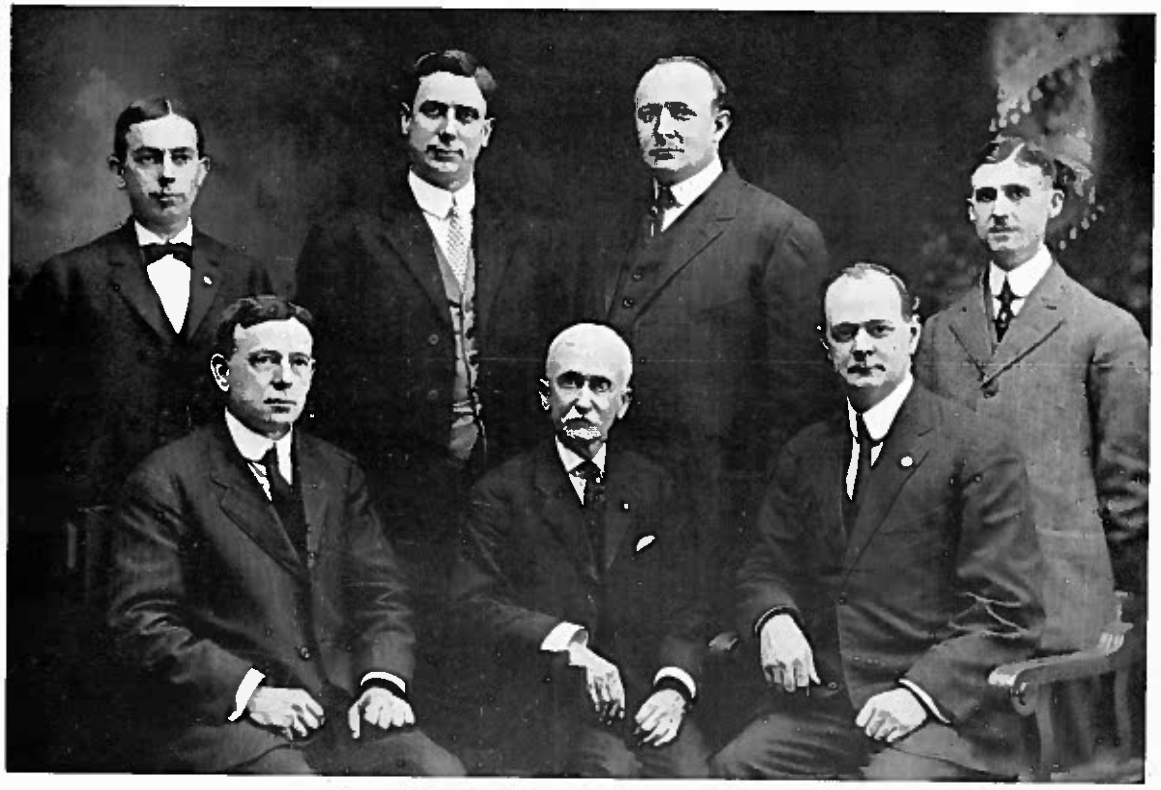
IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE JUNIOR CLASS.

1914.



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History of the Public Schools
OF
BELLAIRE, OHIO

In view of the fact that few of the residents of Bellaire, much less students of Bellaire High School, are familiar with the annals of Bellaire's Educational System, the author considers it not out of place for the following brief sketch to be placed in the "Beljuan," Bellaire High School's annual publication, since in a no more fitting place could it appear.

Shortly after the town of Bell Air had been laid out (1843), the settlers felt the need of schools, and in 1839, the first school building was erected on Pultney Street, next door to the 1st M. E. Church at that time, on what is known today as 27th street. This building was afterward converted into a dwelling, having been remodeled and repaired.

In this early school-house or a little frame school-house 18 by 18 ft. nearer to McMahon's Creek, Mr. Vincent Milligan, who later taught in the new Central building, taught a summer school for a term of three months. In Mr. Milligan's words. "That was all Bellaire needed—the town had not arrived. My school was very juvenile, mostly children sent to relieve the homes of the care, (and the teacher was probably spending a little time while waiting for something to turn up."

During the year 1860, the School Board purchased the old shoe factory, (situated on what today is Belmont and 35th Street) which had ceased to operate, and fitted it up for school purposes. This building continued in use until 1871, when the large and costly school building, now called the Central, was constructed, just east of the old building. Its cost was $21,000, exclusive of furniture. The first faculty in this building, in 1871, was composed of the following: Principal, R. S. Page, Misses J. Greenlee, M. B. Gorby, A. Birdsong, M. Cratty, Mrs. M. F. Harton, Misses A. Cunningham, E. S. Martin, E. Evans; other teachers were Vincent Milligan, Jacob Davis, Mr. Lions, Richard Merrill, Mr. Blackford and Thos. Munnell; also Messrs. Crisswell, John Duke and Geo. Wilson, who were among the first superintendents.

The school board at that time was composed of the following members: E. G. Morgan, President; J. G. Jennings, Secretary; Joseph Gorby, Chas. Henry, John Archer and John S. Cratty. The superintendent in years 1864-68 was Wm. R. Gooderl. In 1862 there were but three teachers employed and the enrollment was not more than 150—what a contrast to the present figures which follow in this writing. Upon entering the new building H. N. Mertz was chosen superintendent. His successors in order were:—R. S. Page, I. C. Tuttle, A. W. Melville, A. P. White, J. T. Duff, E. S. Cox, B. T. Jones, H. G. Williams, J. R. Anderson, Wilson Hawkins, and the present superintendent, J. A. Jackson.

The Board of Education in the years '74-'75 comprised the following:—John S. Cratty, President, Jno. Archer, Joseph Gorby, Isaac Booth, Uriah Venning and Geo. W. Hayne, Clerk. A few facts and their relative figures will show the development and progression of Bellaire's educational system—that mill whose finished product makes Bellaire what it is and what it undoubtedly will be in years to come. Between the years of 1870 and 1877, the enumeration for school age increased from 1,141 to 2,930,

while in the first named year the levy was $9,317.94. Today there are nine school buildings that cost an aggregate of $180,800, with two more under construction which will cost approximately $160,000.

There are 62 teachers employed, with an enrollment of 2460 scholars. The cost of education per capita on the total enrollment is $24.30. The Public Library also, is a beneficial feature of the school system. Miss Grace Haney is at present librarian. The present Board of Education of which there is a likeness and roll contained in this book, is to be commended for its productive efforts for the betterment of Bellaire's Public Schools.

The present High School building, erected in 1904, cost about $45,000. The building is a very beautiful one—its chief fault being its inadequate size, for many changes have been made in it since its erection, to meet the requirements for our rapidly growing High School. The Assembly Hall has been enlarged, a Principal's office added, the cloak rooms changed, and a Commercial Department fitted up.

This year Manual Training and Domestic Science rooms were equipped in the basement, and these departments bid fair to become the most popular activities of the school. With all these changes it has been found necessary this year, to have regular classes in the laboratory rooms and even in the lower hall of the building. The authorities are now very much perplexed to know what to do next, but it is very likely that these difficulties will be overcome upon the completion of the two fine buildings now under construction.

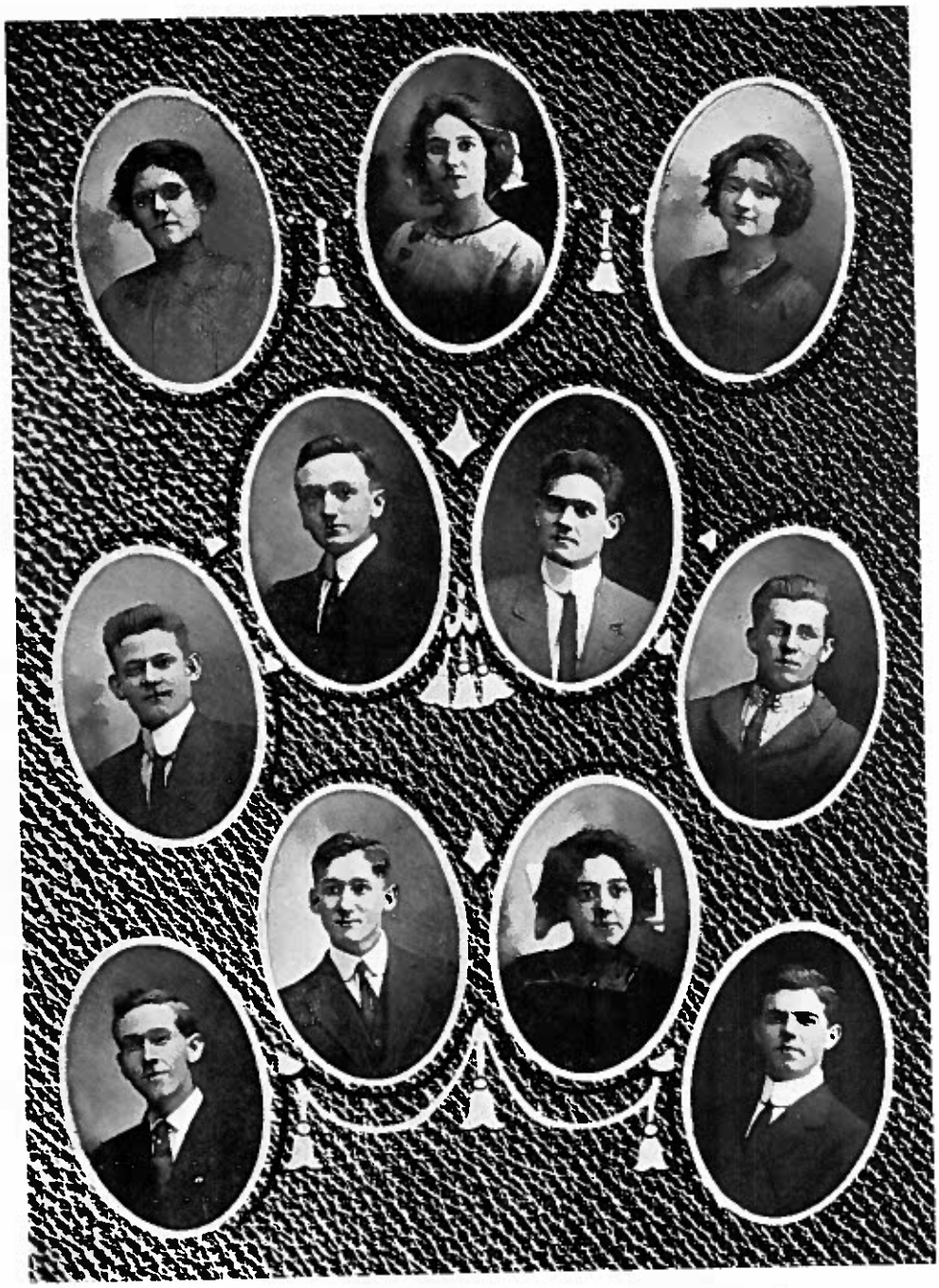
Thus from such an humble beginning, has Bellaire's Educational System grown into one of the best and most efficient in the state, relative in size, of course. For "B. H. S." is in the first class of Ohio's Schools, the graduates of which may enter many of the colleges in Ohio, and several in other states, without the waste of time spent in preparatory schools.

PROSPECTS FOR 1913-1914 IN THE BELLAIRE SCHOOLS.

1913-1914 promises to be a great year in the Bellaire schools. The High school will be larger than ever, and for the first time in its history, will occupy the entire building. There are three eighth grades to be promoted into the high school instead of two as in years past. This together with the ever-increasing number of students from the rural districts who find old Bellaire High the "best ever," insures a much larger Freshman class in September, 1913, than last September, when the enrollment in that class reached one hundred and eight. The Board of Education has made provisions for this increased enrollment, and will employ an additional teacher for the High School corps, thus insuring a continuance of the present efficiency of our High school.

The Board of Education expects to have the two new buildings ready for the opening of school in September, and will dedicate them in an appropriate manner. There will be no better school-buildings in Eastern Ohio for graded school purposes than these. The Gravel Hill building contains sixteen rooms, twelve of which will be occupied next year. The First Ward building has twelve rooms, and seven of these will be in use next year. These buildings are fire-proof, well-ventilated, and sanitary. Each has shower baths, play rooms, and auditorium, and about all that is modern in school architecture.

The school pupils of Bellaire can look forward with pleasure to the opening of school in September, for their surroundings will be better than ever before, and there will be plenty of enthusiasm.



THE BELJUAN BOARD

M. Frazier
J. Frazier
Ferrell

Jones
Heatherington
Anderson

Tallman
Van Dyne
Ault

Corbett
Grace

The Beljuan Board

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Clarence Corbett	Assistant Manager
Richard Grace	Assistant Manager
Helene Jones	Girls' Athletic Editor
Clarence Corbett	Boys' Athletic Editor
Fanny Tallman	Literary
Mary Frazier	Alumni
Robert Anderson	Cartoonist
Frances Ault	Humorist

Foreword

In performing the customary duty of the Junior Class—that of publishing the annual paper—we have striven to make a true record of High School life during the term of '12-'13, and therefore this volume—the fifth—which is the result of our labors, should not be criticized on its merits as a literary effort.

We have contributed our best efforts to the advancement of the standard set by those who put forth the first volume and their successors who precede us, having their labors for our guide in an undertaking wholly new to us.

But even then, were it not for the aid extended us by others, our labors would have been fruitless, indeed. Among these, are those who engaged advertising space in this book, and those who so obligingly contributed material. This aid we gratefully appreciate.

It is now an assured fact that "The Beljuan" is a permanent institution of Bellaire High School, thus insuring the students of having something, for each year, to recall his happy days of school life, long after the cares and strife of the world have dimmed, but not obliterated, those dearest memories.

Senior Farewell

"Farewell!
For in that word, that fatal word,—howe'er we promise, hope, believe,—there breathes despair."

On Commencement Day we meet for the last time as a class. To-day we are school boys and school girls; to-morrow, for some of us at least, our school days will be over and we will step out into the world to take our positions in life—but better fitted to endure the sorrows that must come and better fitted to enjoy the pleasures by having spent these years together at old B. H. S.

"Your school days are your happiest days." How often have we heard these words—and how little did we realize the truth and wisdom of them. It is difficult to express our feelings on this occasion, but already as we are about to leave behind us dear old High School with its familiar faces and class-rooms filled with memories of hard work and good times, we begin to appreciate just what it has meant to us—for indeed, those were the happy days!

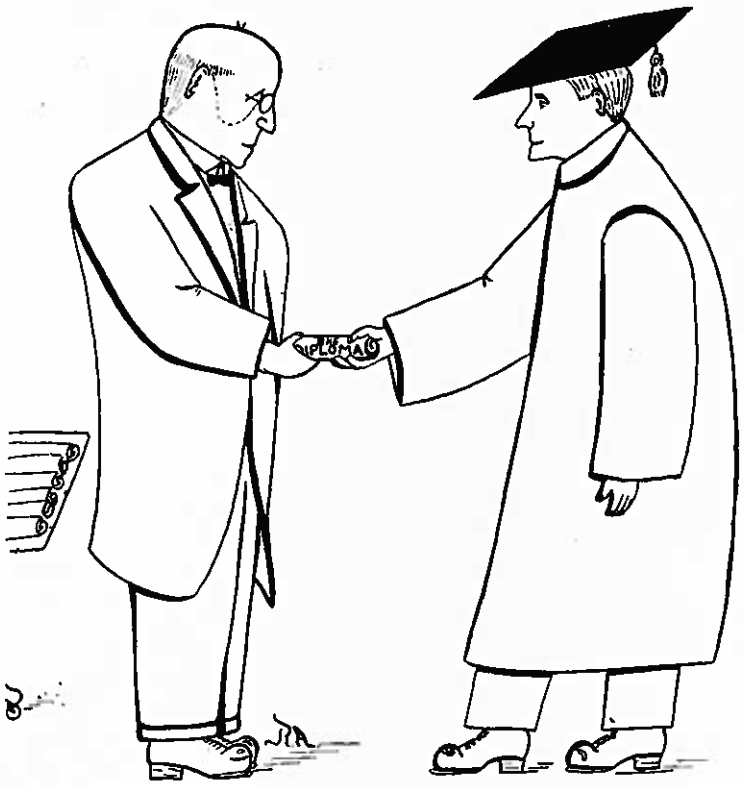
And as we go our way we realize that, while the past is gone forever, still the future is our very own, and we must lose no opportunity for doing good and bringing happiness to ourselves and others.

We have not, as a class, been wonderful, and we do not claim to be encyclopedias of knowledge. It was not for this that we have gone through school. To develop the power of thought should be the chief aim of every student. For when we have forgotten Geometry and Latin, when we are no longer able to give the symbol for water, the power of thought will remain.

We have done our best. When we won, we proudly accepted the reward of victory—if we lost, we were consoled in the knowledge that we had done our best, remembering that "he only is exempt from failures who makes no effort."

May we always remember these happy years, the friendships formed, the broadening influence gained from the contact of other lives and let us never forget the noble, patient teachers of B. H. S., to whom we owe so much. Let us ever strive to remember their teachings, that we may always look back to our high school days—our happiest years—with pleasant memories and a heart filled with pride and gratitude. May we, the class of 1913, ever be a credit to old B. H. S. So now

"Like some low and mournful spell
We whisper that sad word, 'FAREWELL!'"



Senior Class 1913

OFFICERS

Howard Thompson	President
James Gilleland	Vice President
Owenah Bauer	Secretary and Treasurer
Laura Shafer	Girls' Editor
Howard Thompson	Boys' Editor

Colors—Gold and Blue.

Yell

"Rah. Rah, Rah,—Girls and boys;
Look and listen, hear our noise.
Question! Question!—who are we?
We're the class of One-nine-one-three."

Motto—Be Second to None.



NORMA AMBLER

Utopian Literary Society; Girls' Glee Club; Girls' Sextette.

"And like the wind in summer sighing,
Her voice was sweet and low."

Say not to this lass, "The most valuable things come in small packages," you may get squelched. But don't judge her wrongly. She's mighty good-natured and possesses a wonderful voice because of which we can foresee a brilliant and successful future.



EUGENE SLACK

Delphian Literary Society. High School Orchestra.

Eugene is the pride of the commercial department. His only fault lies in the fact that he absolutely spurns the advances of the greater part of the Senior Girls and recognizes the ability of only one of them. He is a splendid violinist and was one of the ringleaders in inflicting the orchestra upon the school.

"He laughs, and the world laughs at him."



BERTHA BURROWS

Delphian Literary Society.

"Smile and the world smiles with you."

Now honest, did you ever see Bertha angry? With the many troubles of Senior life as well as those of the preceding years of High School life, Bertha has ever worn her smile and enjoyed life. She possesses more than an ordinary knowledge of Civics. As far as we know, her affections have never been directed toward the other sex.



EDGAR WALTERS

Delphian Society. Boys' Glee Club and Octette. Track Team.

Edgar has acquired quite a reputation while in High School. Being industrious, he has earned the good-will of the Faculty, and by his geniality and friendliness is held in high esteem by his class-mates. Great good, little bad, and many friends are the result of his High School career.

"Pride of the Commercial Department."



KARL EGGIMAN

Delphian Society. Asst. Business Manager, Beljuan Board—1912.

Commercial department. Karl is a young man of excellent business ability, as was evidenced by his success as one of the managers of the annual "Beljuan." He is great at making presentation speeches, and also noted for his sweet smiles.

"Always Busche, never Pull."



ELSA BERLETT

Delphian Literary Society.

"There is nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

She is quiet and gentle but always ready to lend a helping hand. Although not sure in just what sphere her greatest power lies we know that in time it will show itself and she will add her spark to the flame of 1913.



NORMA LOCKWOOD

Secretary Utopian Literary Society second half 1913; Asst. Editor Beljuan 1913.

"A little scorn becomes her ladyship."

An excellent example of a healthy, happy Senior. She always has a cheerful look and little things such as lessons never disturb her in the least. A confirmed optimist at all times. One cannot always take her at just what she says, for instance at certain elections.



RUTH FORSYTHE

Delphian Literary Society.

"The glow of modesty o'erspread her cheek,
and gave new luster to her charms."

Not many have been able to have the pleasure of really knowing this unassuming, "Lass with the delicate air," although we feel positive, "To know her would be to love her." At any rate a certain lad thinks so who is not a member of our class, but a member's brother.



LOWELL GLADDEN

Delphian Society. President of Delphians—Spring Term in 1913.

Lowell is a quiet and studious sort of chap. He is inclined to be extravagant and sometimes spends as much as five cents to attend the motion picture show. He was simply superb in Physics and was hard to excel in geometry. A farmer by birth, yet he is gradually acquiring city ways, and will some day become a firm believer in metropolitan ways.

"Excelsior."



MORRIS LUBITZ

Utopian Society. Junior-Senior Contest—1912.

Well known and favorably thought of, not only because of his personal characteristics, but also because of his treatment of those with whom he comes in contact. It may be safely prophesied that he will leave behind him "Foot-prints in the Sands of Time."

"One of the Best."



ANNA BUSCHE

Delphian Literary Society.

"She is a woman—therefore may be woo'd,
She is a woman—therefore may be won."

Anna is probably the most non-fickle girl we have. She has one and only one attraction and we are inclined to think it is a very strong one, so far as we can learn, although we may not have gone far enough.



EMMETT BARRETT

Utopian Society. Boys' Octette. Beljuan Board—1912. Football—'09-'10-'11-'12. Captain—'11. Basket Ball—'09-'10-'11-'12. Baseball—'10-'11-'12. Track Team. Glee Club.

Emmett is our star athlete, in games and on the track. Proficient in his studies, he is continually gaining an insight into that knowledge that will enable him to be successful after he leaves school.

"Why should I worry?"



BESSIE SCHIFFLER

Utopian Literary Society.

"Happy I am, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

One of these I-don't-care-if-I-never-get-there kind. Twice she tried quitting our class but as if it were a magnet it drew her back into its fold, saying it could not do without her. For that reason she is one of us. She keeps one eye on the opposite sex and the other where it happens to land. Altho she isn't really cross-eyed.

HAROLD HOCHSTRASSER

Delphian Society.

Harold is an example of true simplicity. Never gives a care about the frivolities and unnecessary things of life; cares only for the good grades and study; loves his books better than the opposite sex; and holds his school duties in highest place. A good worker, friend and every inch a gentleman.

"A better friend no one could have."





EARL HOUCK

Utopian Society. Junior-Senior Contest—1913.

Earl is one of the "Best Evers." It is always a great surprise to the teacher when Earl cannot answer, and may be pointed out as the example of a studious, reliable and well-behaved young man. Especially good at debate, and, possessing a good articulation and delivery, would make a fine minister of the Gospel.

"Slow but Sure."

ELIZABETH WACHLI



Delphian Literary Society.

"And still they gazed and still their wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."

Two synonymous words associate themselves with Elizabeth's name; they are Books and Study. Her poor little arms are laden day after day with books, books and more books and way into the night she studies—studies—and studies some more. But it is a whispered fact that she actually goes home on Wednesday with one book only, which bears the title, "How to Entertain Callers." But sad to relate she even studies that from the time she arrives home till eight.



CLYDE BRYANT

Utopian Society. Beljuan Board—1912. Foot Ball—1912. Basket Ball—1911-12. Track Team.

Clyde has gained a place in the memories of his school mates not only by his success as an athlete, but also for his excellent scholarship. He is held in high esteem by his fellow graduates and by the Faculty. Because of his winning ways he is eventually certain to become of importance in his after life.

"Grace and Honor is his."

LOUIS DUGA



Louis is care free, jolly and always ready to indulge in a laugh, either upon himself or another. He is equally willing to give or take. Never worries about the feminine side of life, and is always ready to reciprocate a smile or good deed. So, here's hoping that his smile may never change to a look of sadness, and that he lives happily forevermore.—

"For he's a jolly, good fellow."



JOHN FULTON

Delphian Society. Junior-Senior Contest—1912. Football—1912.

Four years ago John was a "Tiller of the Soil." Now he is one of the most ministerial looking fellows imaginable. He is great at declamation and in Civics his hobby was to use "municipality" in a sentence.

"Waal, I reckon so!"



HOWARD THOMPSON

Delphian Society. President of Senior Class. Beljuan Board—1912. Junior-Senior Contest—1912. Glee Club. Boys' Class Editor.

In regard to the fact that we are the writer of these lines, we are compelled by etiquette to conciliate all criticisms of egotism by refraining from expounding upon our many excellent virtues and will also omit mentioning our few faults.



HAZEL CRAIG

Delphian Literary Society.

"Still water runs deep."

Although small in stature she is mighty in works. Her especial hobby is never to fail to recite in Virgil class. We are not sure whether Hazel will be a school teacher or enter some other profession, but we are sure she will succeed.

ALMA RODEWIG



Vice-President 1911-1912; Asst. Business Manager Beljuan 1912; Secretary Delphian Literary Society first half of 1913.

"An outspoken maiden with jollity laden."

A bright happy girl whom every body loves. She knows a lot more than she will let on. Always has her lessons and is the special joy of the teachers. Alma is indispensable on music mornings and on the entertainment committee at Senior parties.



CLOYD SNYDER

Delphian Society. Pres. of Delphian Society—Fall-term 1912. Foot Ball—1911-12. Editor Beljuan—1912. Boys Glee Club.

Cloyd is Chalmer's brother, but is not at all like him. He is constantly harassing the girls, much to their chagrin, and assures us that his chief ambition is matrimony. Has considerable ability as an editor, as evidenced by his able management of the 1912 Beljuan, and is at present engaged in local newspaper work. His future success is foretold by his present ability.

"Alma, where do you live?"

ALVIN ADAMS



Delphian Society. Junior-Senior Contest—1913.

Although some people think Alvin to be slightly girlish we hereby wish to state that they are entirely wrong, for it has been authoritatively ascertained that he indulges frequently in the games of dominoes and "Ring around the Rosies." A pianist of excellent ability, he is sure to be heard from after he leaves school.

"Oh, those horrid boys!"



CHALMER SNYDER

Utopian Society. President of Utopians Spring Term 1913.

Chalmer is Cloyd's brother, but he is not at all like him. He is constantly avoiding the girls, much to their chagrin, and states that his chief ambition is to avoid matrimony. Very fond of dogs and is often seen talking to Freshmen.

"No wedding bells for me."



LESTER BAIRD

Utopian Society. Beljuan Board Cartoonist—1912.

Member of Commercial class. Noted for his drawings, sketches, and also for his excellent aim in shooting paper wads. He is very loyal to the class, especially to some two or three of the young lassies.

"Johnny-cake."



HELEN FRITSCHE

Delphian Literary Society.

"Be good and you'll be happy,
But you'll miss a lot of fun."

A jolly happy maiden, never missing anything that looks like fun. She has the famous smile, "That won't come off" and adds much to the cheerfulness of the assembly hall. Her principal occupation is boy-catching.



CLARENCE KEYSER

Delphian Society.

Clarence is noted for his short stature. Being the shortest boy in the class, he has the impression that he should answer all questions in the shortest way, and as quickly as possible.

"Speed is my motto, Speed is my song,
Speed I think of, all the day long."



OWENAH BAUER

Delphian; Treasurer Class 1913; Junior-Senior Contest 1913; Alumni Editor Beljuan 1912.

"Short but sweet
Who could help loving her?"

A real genius. She is never led by the opinion of any-one else but she must understand the case thoroughly before she believes it. Why she has even been known to question the text books. Owenah will never be satisfied with the little things of life. Her motto is "Always the best." While others stop by the wayside tired and discouraged she presses on to the heights.



FRANKLIN JOHNSON

Delphian Society. Football—1912.

Franklin's chief ambition in school is to get more Physics experiments in his manual than anyone else. Sometimes tries to be an athlete, and has at times succeeded. Cares not for Senior girls, but worships "The" Freshman. A favorite with all. Must be heard and usually is.

"Dantes Inferno."



HAZEL WORKMAN

Utopian Literary Society.

"Good things should be praised."

Hazel had one grand debate at the beginning of the year, both sides being well discussed by Hazel herself. The debate was "Resolved that school has no attraction for me this year and therefore my High School days are numbered." But after sincere, heart-rending consideration, she decided in favor of the negative and journeyed back to become a Senior. Nevertheless the affirmative thought of that debate still lingers in her mind and no doubt she will rejoice when May comes.



RENA BLUM

Secretary Delphian Literary Society 1913; Junior-Senior contest 1913.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Some people it is a real joy to meet and know. Rena belongs to such a class. She is the possessor of a large amount of jollity and wit and a certain skill for using either or both. She has also marked streaks of literary genius.



WALTER KOCHER

Society. Boys' Octette and Glee Club.

Walter is one of those boys who are never idle. When he is not studying he is busily at work in a well known store, where he is securing a thorough understanding of the practical side of business methods. A vocalist of ability, he is favorably known in High School, and because of his cheerful ways never loses a friend once gained.

"If I could only sing."



FRANK PICKETT

Utopian Society. Commercial Department.

In Frank we have a quiet, scholarly and well-liked young man. One of his worst faults is throwing chalk in class meetings, but this is usually in self-defense, and may therefore be forgiven.

"Do Others as they do YOU."



MARTIN CLARK

Delphian Society. Director of Orchestra.

Martin's chief characteristics are his musical ability and his quiet, gentlemanly ways, which are attested to by his popularity with the young ladies of the school. He is very ambitious and it has been said that he even aspires to the leadership of the famous Stewartsville band.

"The Musical Muse."



ELVA LAROACHE

Utopian Literary Society.

"Gentleness reigneth here."

Quiet and unassuming, loving solitude (the kind that's spent with only one more), but always ready to laugh whether she's supposed to or not. Her golden curly locks are her fortune.



JAMES GILLELAND

Society. President Boys' Athletic Association—1912-13. Vice-President Senior Class. Football; Basket Ball.

James is well thought of, both by the Faculty and by his school mates. Always jolly and full of fun, he is therefore making many friends and few enemies. He is a good athlete, good scholar and a fine friend and true.

"My Bonnie lives over the Creek Bridge."



MYRTLE WALLACE

Delphian: B. B. 1910-11-12-13; Pres. A. A. 1912; Vice President A. A. 1913; Captain Girls' Team 1913.

"A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushes at itself(?)."

Look upon a modern wonder. She has saved our basket ball team when we were in dire straits and we think her future will be a famous one.



GRACE WARNOCK

Utopian Literary Society.

"I have a heart with room for every joy."

We have never been able to find in just what point Grace's greatest charm lies. But if you really want to know perhaps another member of the class will be able to tell you. We all know, however, that the charm is there, for Grace is a very sweet and lovable girl. One special quality is "dreamy eyes."



AMOS WEIL

Utopian Society. Orchestra.

Amos is the personification of Virtue. Never known to do a wrongful deed, to enunciate a prevarication or to impose upon an inferior. Although from the suburbs, he cannot be called countrified, for he is metropolitan in all his ways and manners. In High School he has many friends and no enemies, and if he continues thus in after life is sure to make a name in his professional life.

"A man among men."



MILDRED LONG

Secretary first term Utopian Literary Society 1913; Basket Ball, 1911, 1912; Girls' Sextette; Girls' Glee Club; Junior-Senior Contest 1912-1913; Literary Editor Beljuan 1912.

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

She is loved by everybody because of her sunny disposition and happy smile. A very busy lady but never too busy to help a classmate who is submerged in the gulf of some difficulty.



VIRGINIA GRAFTON

Utopian Literary Society.

"A maiden fair with shining hair."

It has been said that a woman's crowning beauty is her hair and Virginia surely has her share. Not many of us have really become acquainted with this lass, but all who are, speak only with praise.



ORMA FRY

Utopian Literary Society.

"Simple and modest and sweet—the very type of Priscilla."

A class would be far from perfect had it not dignity, refinement and beauty. For this reason Orma is with us as she possesses all three. Her good qualities are many as are also her friends. Her favorite sport is sleigh-riding, providing she meets with no accident, but should she be so destined she desires not to meet her fate alone. Thus far her wish has been granted.



MAUDE CROW

Utopian Literary Society.

"The heaven did such grace lend
That she might admired be."

One of the redeeming features of our class, a maiden quiet and dignified who has claimed her full share of beauty. She has many friends and all who know her love her.



HILDA RODEWIG

Utopian Literary Society.

"And even her faults lean toward virtue's side."

Hilda is a firm believer in fate and her favorite expression is "It cannot be helped." She was never known to misbehave in the assembly. So far as we know her heart is whole although one cannot always tell.



CLARENCE SIDDALL

Utopian Society.

Clarence is noted for his sad look; solemn, serious soliloquies; sleepiness and smiles. He is ever attentive to his own business and firmly believes in the Golden Rule.

"Rip Van Winkle."



ROGER LEACH

Utopian Society.

The "Beau Brummel" of 1913. The cause of much sorrow and many heart-aches among the young ladies of the school. His chief ambition was playing hookey, and this was gratified to a large extent during his Senior year. In spite of these faults, he is one of the most popular young men that ever graduated from Bellaire High.

"Oh, to be thought of by others as I think of myself."



LURA SHAFER

Utopian Literary Society.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are of pearl."

Some say she's dignified to the extreme, yes, to such an extreme that it really loses the name of dignity. She treats all alike with partiality to none which really aggravates some of her gentlemen friends. Her smiles and cheerful words have won for her the sincere friendship of all who know her.



ETHEL EDWARDS

Delphian Society.

"A maiden quiet and reserved."

Not many of us have really known Ethel, but those who have, say that she is kind and faithful. We have never heard that she is anything but whole hearted, but it is not always safe to say. In whatever she undertakes we wish her success.

"The Redman's Love for His Domain"

In April's ivory moonlight
  Within the chestnut glade,
He loves to drink the streaming flood
  That flows beneath its shade.
He loves to see the feathery smoke
  From his evening camp-fire blaze,—
He loves to stroll twixt pillars tall,
  Of dark, straight, coning mast.

He loves to stroll with nature
  On her broad palace floor;
He'd love to roam the wild-wood paths
  Forever, ever more.
He loves the still deep silence there
  The whispering of the wind:
The perfume from the white-faced flower
  That never, never sinned.

He loves it, Oh, he loves it,
  He loves it ever more.
He loves the glade, he loves its shade
  And the wild-wood paths adore.
In evening, when his hunt is o'er,
  Then round his camp-fire sits,
This Redman of the wood and plain
  Drinks in the spirit of the wind
That wails through his wild domain.

EDWARD JONES.

"The Picture-Shows."

What do you think of the picture shows? Their great hold upon the public is evident, for the entertainment they offer at a very low price, has to a great extent emptied the galleries of our regular theaters. For five cents the millionaire and the street gamin see the same moving picture show; and the people of the hamlet and metropolis are delighted in turn by exactly the same pictures.

It is difficult to realize fully what they mean to mankind. Not even yet, do we begin to understand the possibilities of these picture shows; color photography, for instance, is just beginning to be effective in these films.

Motion pictures have already become the most universal form of amusement ever known, and it may be to-morrow the most catholic instrument of education the world has ever possessed. It has been abused, and it is not altogether free from evil, but with proper municipal regulations as to policing and lighting, the real difficulties should disappear. The moving picture has conquered, not only the United States, but the whole world. It appeals alike to the scholar and the untutored savage; and delights all ages, from tot to dotard.

The moving pictures make travel possible to the stay-at-homes; they bring to us the Coronation; we may see the birdmen cleaving the air; ships at sea, wild beasts in their jungles, children at play, men at work, plants growing and flowers blooming and a thousand other wonders—all in moving pictures. But more than this, they make possible an illustrated campaign in behalf of a sane Fourth, because they present with the utmost vividness to audience after audience the dangers of lock jaw involved in the past lavish giving of fireworks to children.

The photoplay is distinctly better than it was a year ago, or even six months ago, and it is getting better every day. The time has already come when persons of good taste may venture into the first five-cent theater at hand without as much risk of offense as is taken upon going into a two-dollar theater.

Picture shows may be made to teach whole towns the attractiveness of town improvements. Until recently the future of the moving picture has been considered only in its relation to its amusement and business features. But it has been proposed that in the public schools of this country, every lesson in geography shall be accompanied by moving picture illustrations to fix in the mind of the pupil the actual characteristics of the country about which he is studying.

These are but suggestions which we hope to see brought about. The moving picture, as you and I know is only fifteen years old, and if it shall accomplish half as much in the next fifteen years as it has in the past, it will go far beyond the expectations of the world of "1913."



THE JUNIOR CLASS.



Junior Class

OFFICERS

Alex DuBois ..... President
Kelly Van Dyne ..... Vice President
Erma Ferrel ..... Secretary and Treasurer
Jean Heatherington ..... Editor

Colors—Purple and White.

YELL

"Rackety! Zackety!
Gazack! Gazeen!
Here's to the class
Of Fourteen."

Motto—Push and Pull—but in one Direction—Toward Success.

Juniors

F. *H*eil
J. D*E*cker
R. *R*obertson
L. D*E*an
L. *S*utton

C. *S*hepherd
F. A*U*lt
E. Conaway
G. Conaway
E. F*E*rrel
F. Wi*S*e
R. *S*utton

J. *F*razier
G. *R*amage
C. J*O*hnson
J. *M*c*L*ain

P. *T*rimble
M. *O*bermann

E. *O*rrel
M. *F*razier

L. *T*arbet
M. *H*oward
R. Gre*E*nberg

L. Kas*T*en
H. *H*arris
E. Warr*E*n

V. W*O*rkman
H. *F*ulton

W. Ki*N*g
D. McM*I*llan
K. Va*N* Dyne
L. Forst*E*r
M. Daugher*T*y
R. Grac*E*
R. Kilgor*E*
C. Giffe*N*

H. W*A*llace
B. Giffe*N*
E. Mc*D*onald

F. *T*allman
J. *H*eatherington
P. F*E*rrel

V. *B*oyer
B. Giv*E*ns
S. *L*ubalsky
H. *J*ones
M. All*U*m
P. *A*lbright
R. A*N*derson

W. McCroba
R. B*L*um
L. D*A*ugherty
E. Ram*S*ey
N. Was*S*man

V. *F*owkes
E. D*O*uglas
A. D*U*Bois
F. B*R*ice
W. Kompar*T*
M. Hass*E*l
C. Corb*E*tt
L. Giffe*N*

Junior Class History

In 1910-11, we came; in 1911-12, we saw; and in 1912-1913, we conquered. First, in 1910-11 we overcame our bashfulness; in 1911-12, we mastered our studies; and in 1912-13, we conquered the mighty Seniors in oratorical powers; and our victories in 1913-14, time only will show. But our chief victory will be, that we have accomplished our purpose in dear old Bellaire High School.

The entire history of our deeds in High School would occupy volumes, but as we have only lines in which to record them, we must be content with a brief summary. Our first year in Bellaire High was occupied mostly with overcoming shyness, and in preparing brilliant recitations. It is a well known fact in the history of B. H. S., that the ninety odd students of the class of 1914 showed such remarkable ability in all affairs of High School life.

The second year started much differently than the first. Instead of a bunch of "greenies," we proved ourselves to be very experienced and well informed on all phases of High School life. We were soon a year nearer our goal and were half through our High School education.

Our third year in B. H. S. has proven more eventful than either preceding. In our studies we have proven ourselves exceedingly brilliant. In athletics, our Girls' Basket Ball have swept all other classes before them. The Girls' Varsity Basket Ball Team was very ably helped to win the Championship of the Ohio Valley, by two forwards from the Junior Class, Misses H. Wallace and H. Jones. Our boys have had no class basket ball team, but one Junior boy, Corbett, has proven himself a worthy guard on the Boys' Varsity. In Football our class was well represented. We had six regulars on the squad.

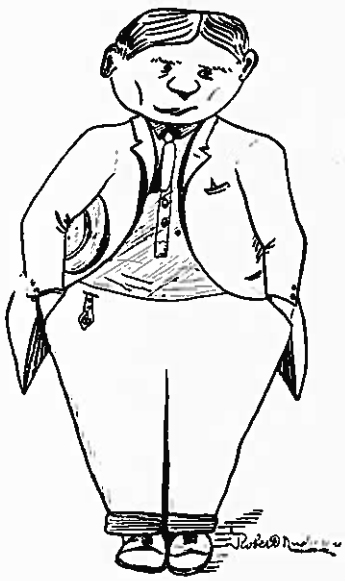
We are now ready to begin the last lap of the race for an education, but instead of the ninety-two students who started in 1910 there remain only sixty-two. But when we all work in unison, such events are possible to be made happen, that the whole civilized world will be forced to praise and honor the class of 1914.

And now the final prediction is, that there will be at least fifty to graduate. And when we think of the perseverance, diligence and ability of this group of young ladies and young gentlemen, we will agree that the "Class of 1914" has bequeathed a great gift to humanity and all civilization.

"J. A. D. '14."



The Sophomore Class.



The Sophomores

OFFICERS

Clyde Duffy ..... President
Ellen Pearson ..... Vice President
Frank Nelson ..... Secretary and Treasurer
Ira Bryant ..... Editor

Colors—"Blue and Gold.

CLASS YELL

"Sophomore, Sophomore,
Well I guess

The best class in B. H. S.
1-9-1-5

Which is the class that always thrives,
The Sophomores."

Motto—"We came, we saw, we conquered."

Sophomores

Albright, Harry
Aplin, Catherine
Ault, Kirker
Barrett Margaret
Bass Helen
Burrows, Edgar
Bryant Ira
Clark, Albert
Cochran, Carl
Conaway, Effie
Curtis, Nellie
Creamer, Susan
Copeland, Kenneth
Duga, Marie
Darrah, Carl
Dorer, Walter
Duffy, Clyde
Denham, Grace
Dean, Dorothy
Fry, Earl
Franke, Vera
Gallaher, Albert
Giffin, Frank
Giffin, Earnest
Greenlee, James
Hays, Jessie
Harris, Helen
Holub, Charles
Hayward, Charles
Heatherington, V.
Heath, Wilma
Jones, Harold
Kilgore, Clair
Kettlewell, Simon
Lawrence, Arthur
Luke, Clara
La Roche, Edgar
Littleton, Katie
Leach, Katherine
Mason, Ralph
Myers, Zella
Marling, Harry
Moore, Fleda
Michael, Margaret
McKelvey, Anna
Mazelli, John
Nicholson, Elizabeth
Nelson, Rachael
Nelson, Frank
Neff, Myrtle
Neff, Dale
Neal, Ross
Norton, Elizabeth
Palmer, Hazel
Pearson, Ellen
Phillips, Margery
Peabody, Ora
Peabody, Geneva
Powell, Charles
Richards, Kennedy
Rosser, Bessie
Rinkes, May
Russell, Melvin
Stephens, Walter
Siddall, Minnie
Stubbins, Marie
Shannafelt, Rose
Tannahan, Faye
Umstead, Ethel
Voight, Hazel
Weill, Jerome
Wagoner, Marie
Wolfe, Evelyn
Wassman, Dorothy
Watson, Helen
Zimmerman, Boyd

Sophomore Class History

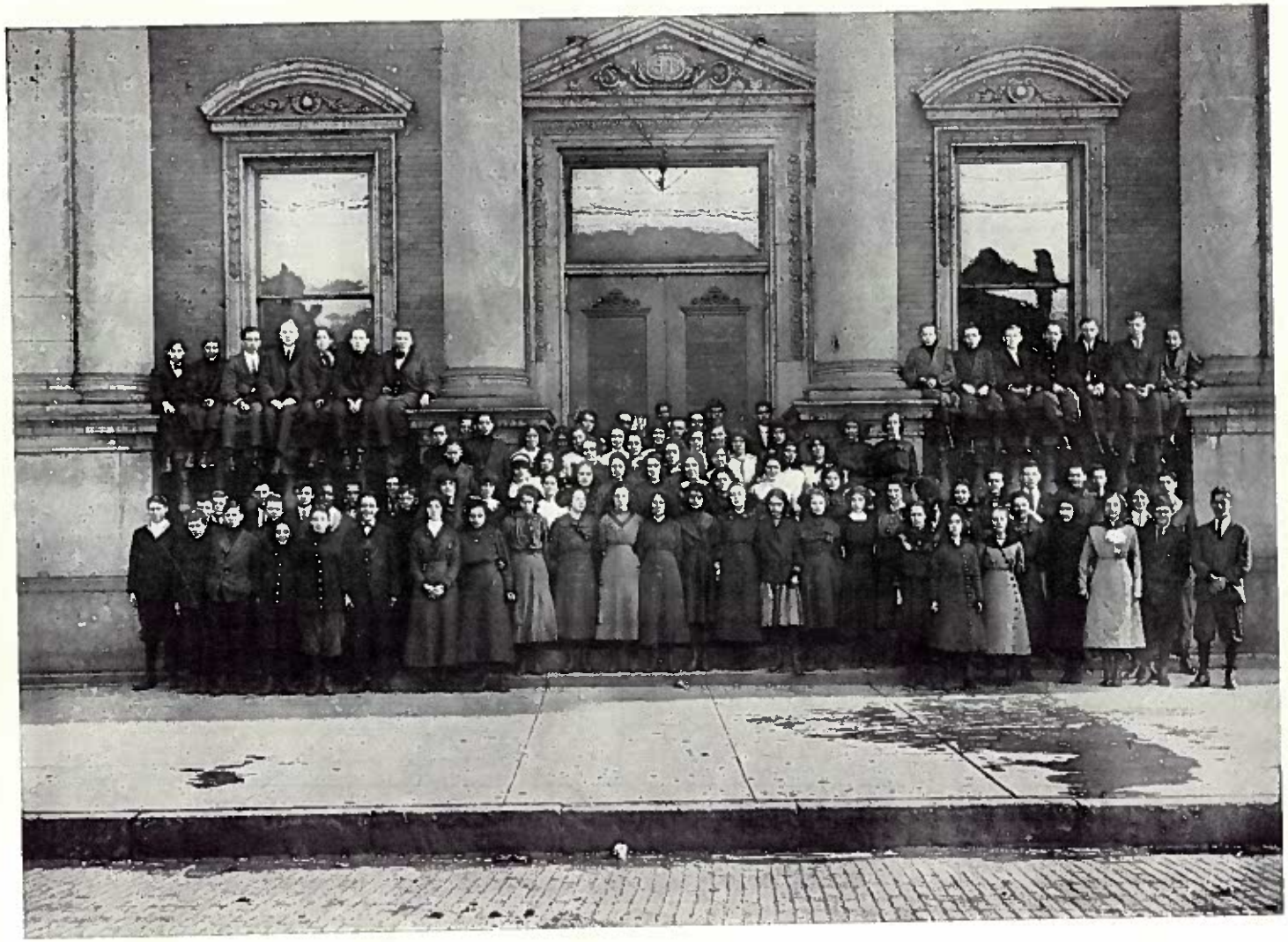
The Sophomore Class is one of the largest classes of the High School. When we entered we were not a bit green(?). The energy with which we started our studies amazed everyone, the Seniors included. In athletics our class maintained their honor. The boys' basket ball team was one of the teams which were tied for the championship. They were also well represented on the football field.

At the beginning of our second year, we again started our course of study, athletics and literary work with greater determination to do better work than ever before. Although one part took college preparatory course and others the commercial course, we realized that we must hold together. This was done so vigorously that all the other classes had to "get a move on" to keep up with us.

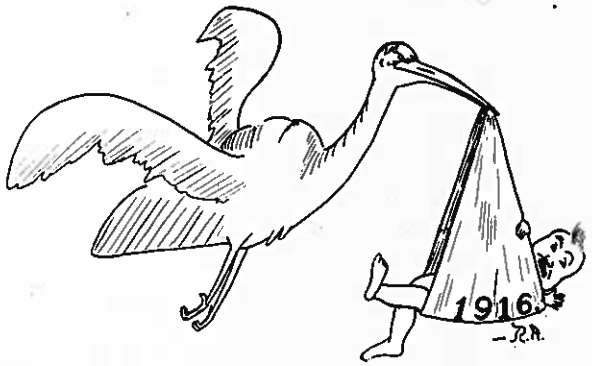
The Class of 1915 did not hang back in athletics. The Sophomores were represented by five regular men on the varsity football team. There were two regular men and two subs on the boys' basket ball team and two girls on the girls' varsity team.

In literary work the Sophomores always furnish the best programs.

Since the Sophomores overcame so many obstacles in all branches of study, athletics and rhetoricals a fitting motto is: "We came, we saw, we conquered."



Freshman Class.



"Freshies"

Wm. Phillips ..... President

Charles Schiffler ..... Vice President

Erdine McCroba ..... Secretary

Cora Duffy ..... Class Editor

Colors—Maroon and White.

YELL.

"Rah! Ree! Ri! Ro!

Ring! Ching! Cheen!

Freshmen! Freshmen!

Nineteen, Fifteen!

Motto—"Work and Win."

Freshmen

Anderson, Joe
Ambler, Erma
Adams, Robert
Allen, Clarence
Albright, Grace
Ault, Ralph
Brooks, Ralph
Bentfield, Helen
Beuter, Elizabeth
Bryant, Bessie
Boyer, Carl
Creamer, Wilma
Dixon, Scott
Dunfee, Gale
Deafenbaugh, Wilson
DuBois, Paul
Duffy, Cora
Fry, Nellie
Fitton, Clark
Fienberg, Abe
Giffin, Lavella
Giffin, Edna
Green, Spotwood
Houck, Myrdith
Hummell, Elward
Hall, Ernest
Jones, Edward
Jones, Ila
Kohutek, Anna
Kettlewell, Seward
Kent, Shirley
Klimer, Wilbert
Kinney, Martha
Keyser, Miles
King, Frank
Kern, Mildred
Keyser, Richard
Lovejoy, Etta
Labelsky, Nathan
Lando, Morris
Lubitz, Rosa
Lockwood, Alma
Luchs, Helen
LaRoche, Paul
Meek, Wylda
McGraw, Anna
Morris, Charles
Mendelson, Hyman
Marsh, Ethel
Myers, Nellie
McAllister, Harry
McCloy, Russell
Mansell, Harry
Musgrave, Edwin
Mason, Esther
Mansell, Rhea
Mack, Joseph
McCroba, Erdine
McClain, John
Morgan, Donald
Neuhardt, Grace
Nalley, Bryan
Oftendinger, Bertha
Oberman, William
Phillips, William
Payne, Harold
Porter, Louis
Pickett, Helen
Passmore, Jane
Robertson, Walter
Rodewig, Carl
Richards, John
Rodewig, Marie
Ritner, Mabel
Rausch, Mamie
Shimp, Paul
Sells, Inez
Sells, Maude
Stephens, Edwin
Scholes, Scott
Schnegg, Mildred
Seal, Mabel
Stubbins, Margaret
Siddall, Helen
Sutton, Maybell
Schlicher, Corrine
Shepherd, Maybell
Schramm, Robert
Stidd, Minnie
Schiffler, Charles
Severs, Freda
Tschappat, John
Trader, Friend
Unterzuber, Cecil
Warnock, William
Workman, Owen
Wyrick, Anna
Woodruff, Anna
Wallace, Grace
Walker, Tillie
Warnock, Robert
Wilkinson, Freemont
Wassman, Charles
Zazepinsky, Esther
Zazepinsky, Bennie
Allom, Jay
Burkle, Howard
Deceife, Marie

The Freshman Class History

The Freshman Class of '16 exceeded in numbers any other preceding class entering High School. At first there were one hundred and three pupils. The class of '16 was without doubt green but they did not meet the expectations of the upper-classes. As a matter of fact we missed our class rooms for the first few days but were able to find them without difficulty in a short time. The upper classes never let anything pass without a laugh at our expense, but as they have had the same experience our class was not embarrassed very much (?).

The class of '16 made a good showing in athletics. The boys from this class were substitutes on the football team, while three girls were on the girls' Varsity B. B. team, one regular and two substitutes. We have hopes of a future, brighter than the past in our athletics.

The Freshmen had one of the best (?) Rhetoricals ever held in the High School. The debate was especially interesting (?) and the other parts showed that they were the result of hard labor and the participants well deserved the credit they received.

The last but not least distinguishing characteristic of the '16 class was their excellent work and conduct throughout the year. It will only be three years, until the freshmen of today will be graduates and the class promises to be the largest and brightest that has yet graduated.

A Short Story

Once upon a time there lived some distance from Nedra a beautiful young girl. She was the daughter of a poor farmer who made his living by industriously working the few acres of poor soil and selling the products in market. She and her father lived in a little old weather-beaten farm house which sat by a roadside. It was very lonely where they lived, the nearest house being over five miles away. The portion of ground about the farmhouse was filled with flowers, for both the old man and his daughter loved beauty passionately. Everything about was scrupulously clean, and a queen need not have hesitated to sit upon the bare, clean, floor of the kitchen. One evening as the old man sat upon the doorstep smoking his clay-pipe and the daughter busied herself with household affairs, the man said: "Helen, the crop is ripe, I must start to market on the morning after tomorrow. As the market is so far away, I may be obliged to stay all night. If you feel any fear, I'll stop at Williams's and send Marie over to stay with you."

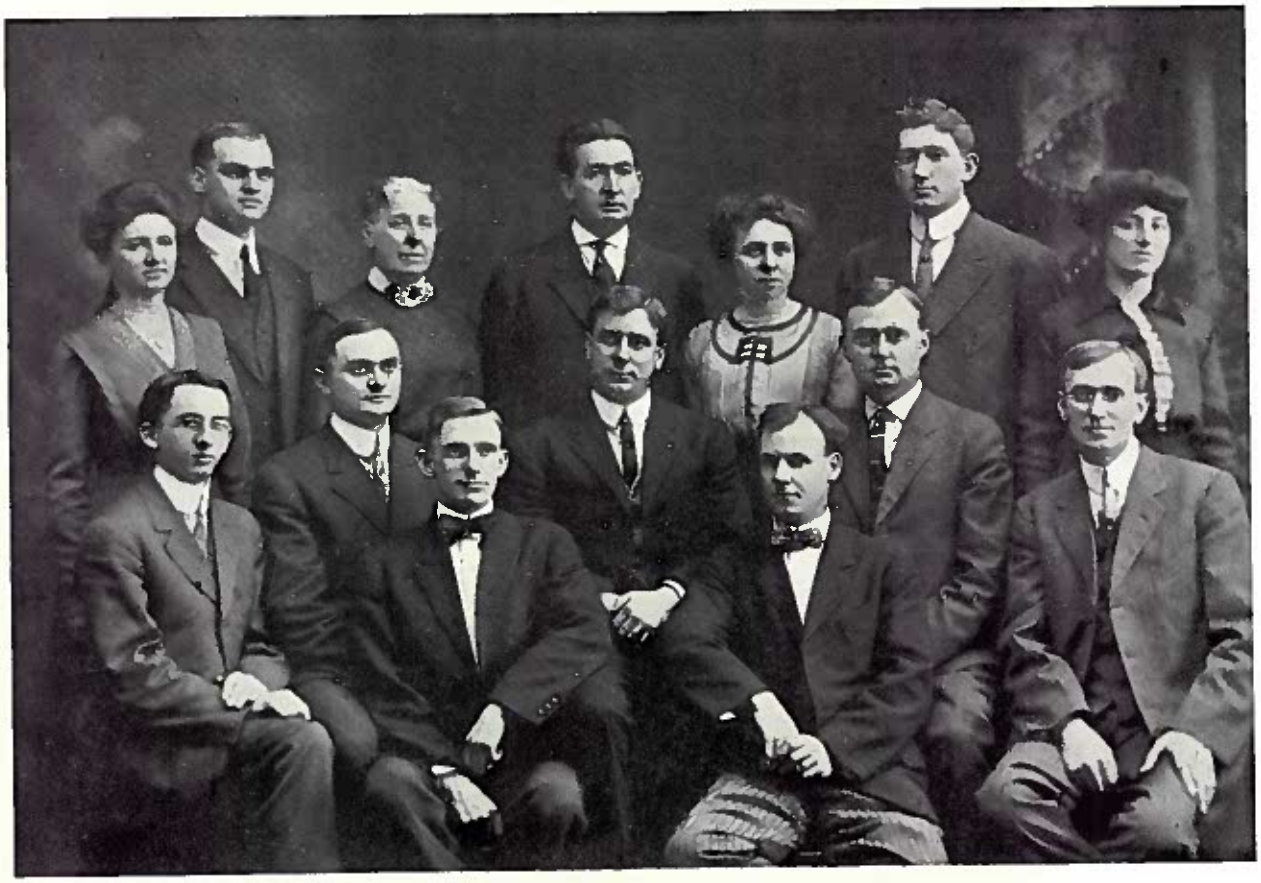
"Although I don't think I shall be afraid father, I would like to have Marie come over and keep me company," said Helen. "Very well, then," said he, "I will send her over, and now let us be off to bed for we have a hard day's work before us on the morrow."

The morning of the second day later saw the farmer safely started to the distant market. He was seated in a little old cart driven by a meek grey donkey, both of which looked like they might have seen the Hundred Years' War. At noon Helen ate a light lunch and then went to sit under the shade of a large elm tree to wait for the arrival of her friend. Perhaps it was the heat, but for some reason Helen fell fast asleep under the tree. She was aroused from her pleasant dreams by hearing a gruff voice near her say: "Waal young lady, it seems to me you've enjoyed yourself sleeping in this lazy fashion. Get up and fix me something to eat."

Helen stared at the speaker in surprise and horror, but she had heard many tales of how wicked tramps were. What should she do? Finally concluding that it would be best to obey him, she said: "You stay here and I'll prepare you a lunch." "Oh, but I'd rather go into the house," said he. Helen was terror-stricken but she managed to control herself. She would show him that she was not afraid. "You'll stay here," she said. She went into the house and her busy brain was unusually active. She set to the pantry and cut four thick slices of bread, buttered them and brought out a plate of cold meat which she sliced. As she was doing this she thought of the few dollars she and her father had managed to save for the winter. It was upstairs in an old trunk. What if the tramp—but she shut her lips firmly and said to herself: "He shan't." Pouring out a

huge cup of coffee, she carried the lunch outside to the tramp. After satisfying his hunger, the tramp said in a wheedling tone: "Ye haven't got a little money to give an unfortunate fellow have you?" "No I haven't," said Helen. "Well," said the fellow, "what made you so anxious to keep me out of the house?" Knowing she could not evade the fellow, Helen sprang into the house and secured the door. Behind the door was an old rusty pistol which she took and examined. "'Twill do," she said tragically. When the tramp saw the movements, he followed closely after her, but she shut and barred the door in his face. Cursing savagely he soon found a large club with which he proceeded to batter the door. Helen saw that the frail door could not long stand such treatment as this so she shoved the table up to it. The tramp saw that something was wrong, so he battered away harder than ever. Pretty soon the door began to give, inch by inch. Helen was in desperation, the tramp in elation. Soon the door could not longer resist the tramp's blows so it fell in. "Ha, me lady," said the tramp, "I'm in after all." Helen thought she would faint but she pulled the trigger of the pistol. There was one sharp report and then she fainted dead away.

She was aroused by a gentle shaking and looking up she saw Marie standing there. "Oh, did I kill him?" she said to Marie, as she regained consciousness. "Kill who, dear" asked Marie. "The tramp. Oh where am I?" she asked this as she found herself lying under the tree and the cottage door was just as she had left it when she went to wait for her friend. "You're right here with me. How nervous you are! You must have been dreaming." Then Helen told Marie of her experience and Marie had a good laugh. But it was quite a while before Helen could be persuaded that she did not kill a man.



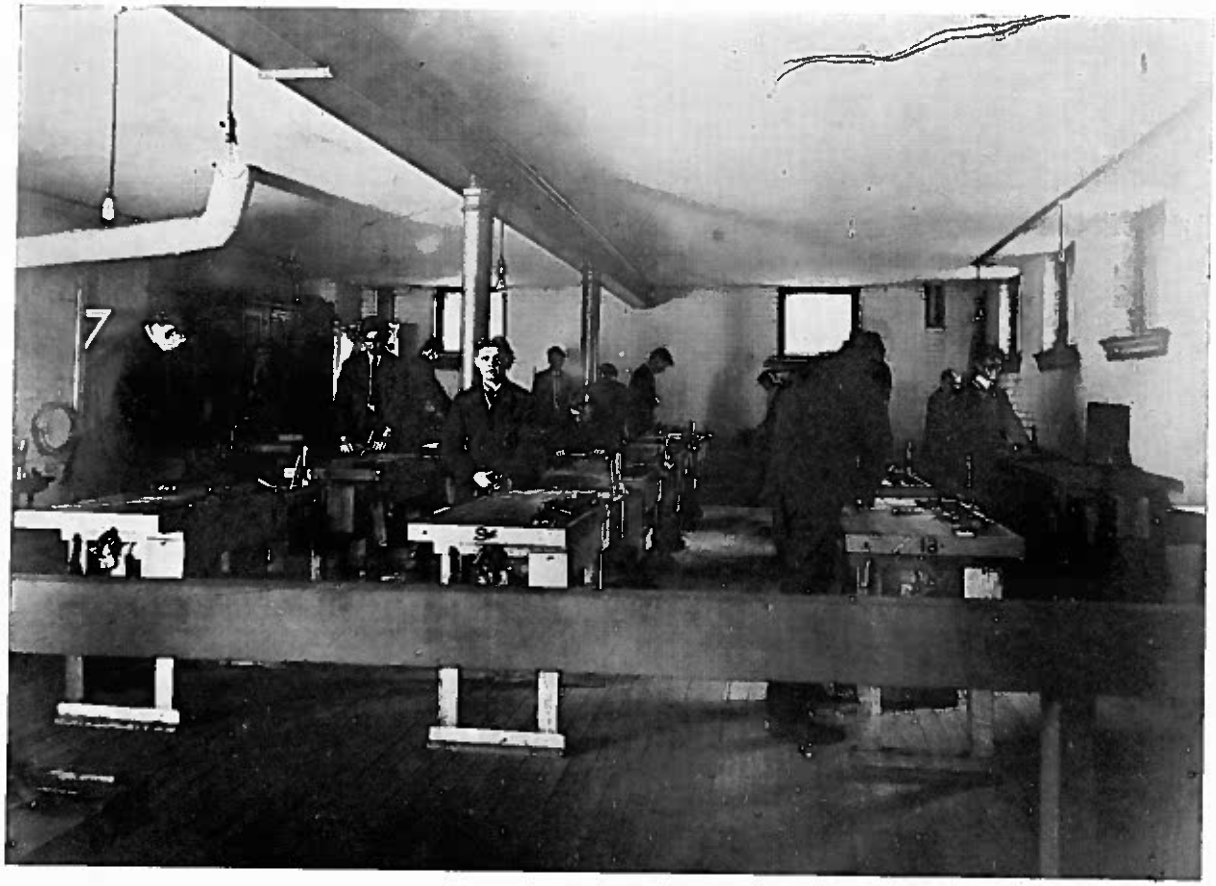
Faculty

SUPT. J. A. JACKSON, Ph. B.
Mount Union.

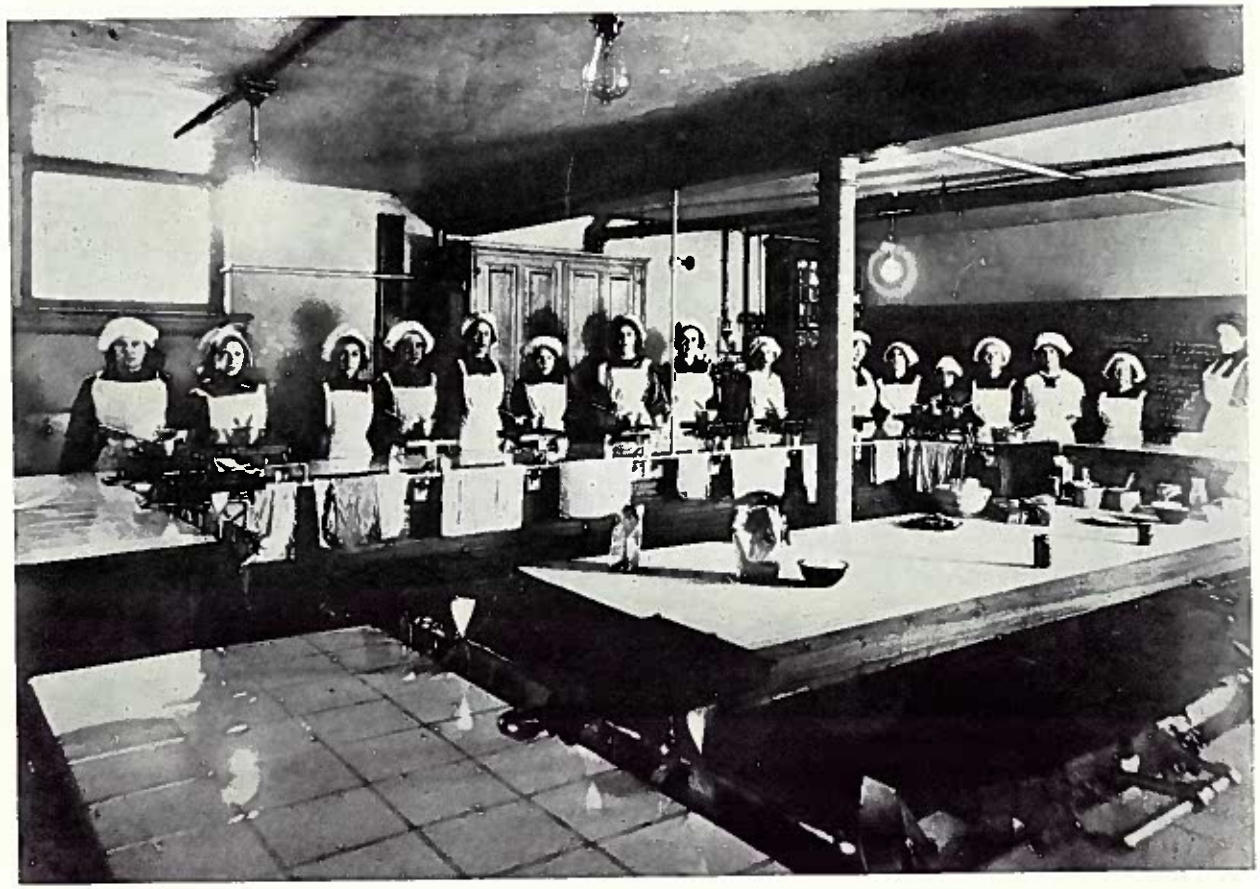


W. E. BLACK, Oberlin

PRIN. C. S. MCVAY, B.S., O. N. U.
C. R. WELBAUM, A.B., Otterbein
GEORGIA PARRY, A.B., Goucher
J. R. WHITE, A.B., Muskingum
GUY TEETER, Ohio State
E. E. HALSTEAD, Oberlin Conserv.
ALICE CUNNINGHAM, Ypsilanti
J. V. NELSON, B.S., O. N. U.
W. W. LOOMIS, B.S., Baldwin Univ.
W. P. MCCORMICK, A.B., Westminster
ELSIE STEINDORF, B.S., Purdue
MISS H. GILKEY, Music
I. R. STOUT, B.C.E., Rochester



MANUAL TRAINING.



Domestic Science Department.



COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

Juniors In 1914

During our week's vacation in April, I became city-sick. I was, as one might say, "tired to death" of walking over our mud covered streets. The flood had just gone down and left a layer of soft mud about six inches deep on every street in the lower part of the town. I did not fancy walking through this, so I decided to visit a friend in the country, who had time and again asked me (and I as many times promised) to pay him a visit.

So on Thursday morning, I started out for the farm. Don't think for a moment that I was going to work—only to have a good time running over the hills. As I was walking along the road which led to my friend's house, I saw a beautiful flower clinging out on the edge of a cliff. From this road one could see a beautiful brook running peacefully along below. The brook was bordered on either side by a steep bank about twenty feet high, which made it look like a small canyon. It was right on the edge of one of the banks that I noticed the flower. I decided to have it, for it was the first wild flower I had cast eyes on this Spring.

As I snapped the stem, I lost my balance and down I went. Everything faded before me. There was nothing but darkness. This delightful journey seemed to continue for about an hour, then, all at once, I came to a sudden stop. I hit something, but what, is a mystery to me. After waiting a moment, I gathered up courage enough to open my eyes. I expected to see (?) half of my body lying on the other side of the brook and my head calmly floating down stream as it was slowly being haggled by the minnows, which at this time of the year fill all of the small brooks. But I was denied this pleasure. I found myself in a dark room surrounded by about a dozen "brownies." As I opened my eyes, they all took hold of me and began to run back into the dark. After what seemed to be a journey of about ten minutes we came to a beautifully illuminated room. In this room was seated an old man. He had long white hair and his beard almost touched the ground. The "brownies" carried me before this old man and then let me down.

As they relaxed their hold on me they seemed to disappear. The old man now got up from his seat. At first I decided to run, but before I could make up my mind, the old man spoke. His voice sounded very hollow as these words came from his lips, "I am Mr. McVay, your former teacher. This is the year 1934. All of your former classmates are now engaged in various business callings with the single exception of you. You are a "bum." As he spoke the word "bum," I became curious. I looked at myself and, sure enough, I was dressed in a suit of rags which was so torn that it looked almost impossible to keep it together. Around my neck was a dirty red handkerchief. I raised my hand to get my hat, when I found that I carried an old broom-stick. I raised my other hand to lift my hat. There was no hat there, nothing but the rim of one. The old man spoke again, "Follow me and I will show you your fellow school mates engaged in their various callings. I hope I may persuade you to turn from your life of wandering and settle down to some useful business as you are the only one of "The Class of 1914 who has failed."

I was "up a tree." I remembered my school days as if they were but a week or so back. Yet this old man claimed it was the year 1934. He said he was Prof. McVay. He resembled him about as much as I do Prof. Loomis as I now stand here beside the old man of mystery. As I was thinking the matter over, the old man picked up a cane and struck the large lamp which lighted up the room. We were in darkness. I turned to ask the old fellow something. He was gone and I found myself alone in the dark.

A voice seemed to say, "Go straight ahead." If I went straight ahead I would probably come to Hades. If my friends were there that would not be success but utter failure. I started forward. I had hardly taken half a dozen steps when a large picture appeared in my path. It was a tramp digging in a barrel with a broom-stick. He was dressed in rags, had a handkerchief around his neck, and on his head was the rim of a hat. Under the picture was the name C——. It was poor me. I almost cried.

As I was thinking whether to cry or laugh, I found myself walking down a street in New York. By some way or other (probably by means of the old man's power) I had become dressed as other people. While walking along in deep thought, I noticed a sign which read, "Blum, Anderson and Labelsky, Attorneys." I went in. I found the three gentlemen seated at a table busy at work. As I closed the door with a bang, they looked up. They were the three attorneys, who immediately recognized me. We had a chat and I found that many of my former class mates were in New York. I passed out on the street and walked down a little further. A beautiful electric sign caught my attention. It read, "Wallace, Jones, Workman, and Ault, World Famous Physical Instructors." Being curious to know the nature of the inside I entered. Several groups of ladies were standing about in different parts of the large room. The place was well fitted up with all kinds of gymnastic goods. I was not recognized, but I could easily distinguish the owners. As I was walking around the wall, my eye caught sight of a baseball. I decided to keep it as a souvenir, but just as I was going through the door, an officer took me by the shoulder. He was Willard King. I was taken before Mayor Norman Wassman. When he discovered who I was he allowed me to go free. I was introduced to Richard Grace, Louis Seigler, Vera Boyer and Marie Hassal, who were clerks and stenographers in the city building. Clara Shepherd, Richard's wife also happened to be in the building at the time.

On the police force were Paul Trimble, Edward Orell, and Carl Giffin. While in New York I visted the hair-dressing apartments of Misses Forester, Kasten, Warren, and Ferrell. The Misses Kilgore and Howard conducted the largest millinery store in the city. They are the most skillful hat artists in the country. I found many of my school mates traveling with theatrical companies. Margaret Oberman is a world famous dancer who has won fame in foreign countries. Carl Johnson happened to be in New York at the time. He is posing in vaudeville as a great pugilist. Jean Heatherington, Fred Heil, and Elsie Douglas also have a musical act in vaudeville. They have won fame from coast to coast. In the evening I went to church. What was my amazement, when I found the minister to be Paul Ferrell. His church was the famous one "just around the corner." In his congregation are Edna, Bessie and Lela Giffin, who conduct a large confectionery.

I now boarded a train and started for Washington. On the train I met Joseph McClain and wife, formerly Lucile Sutton. Mr. McClain is president and part owner of a large automobile factory in Detroit. At the Washington Depot, I found the telegraph operator to be Walter McCroba. He is the chief one on the B. & O. line.

At Washington I visited Secretary of State, Mr. Alex DuBois. As a politician, he has no rival. He is well posted on all of the great questions of the day. He also has fame as a public speaker. Lucy Dean is his chief stenographer. Mr. DuBois said his success was due in part, to his "pull" with Mr. Van Dyne, manager of the "Beljuan," a daily in Chicago with over a million subscribers. Dacy McMillan and Florence Wise are stenographers in the government service. Before leaving Washington, I took a spin out in the country. There I found Mr. Fowkes and wife, formerly Pearl Albright and Homer Fulton and wife, who was formerly Lucy Tarbett. Messrs. Fowkes and Fulton are great lumber dealers. They own mills from coast to coast. From Mr. Fowkes,

I discovered the whereabouts of many of the girls of "The Class of '14." I found that many of them held political positions in Kokomo, which is the only city in the world controlled by the "suffering-cats." I visited this famous city. The women had the city upside down, just as they have everything else. I began to look around. I visited the mayor, who happened to be Elizabeth Conoway. Grace Conoway, Mary Daugherty, Lela Daugherty and Fannie Tallman are also "Suffering-cat" leaders. Mildred Allum is the chief lawyer in the city. Elva Ramsey and Georgia Ramage are engaged in the retail business. Mary Frazier is the great public speaker. She has won much honor by her wonderful orations. Many of my friends were engaged in farming around Kokomo. Richard Sutton, Harry Harris, Bessie Giffin and Esther McDonald have a large dairy farm. Richard and Bessie are married but Harry has not made up his mind yet. Esther is hopeful that he will decide shortly. John Decker and Florence Brice are also married and living the beautiful life of farmers.

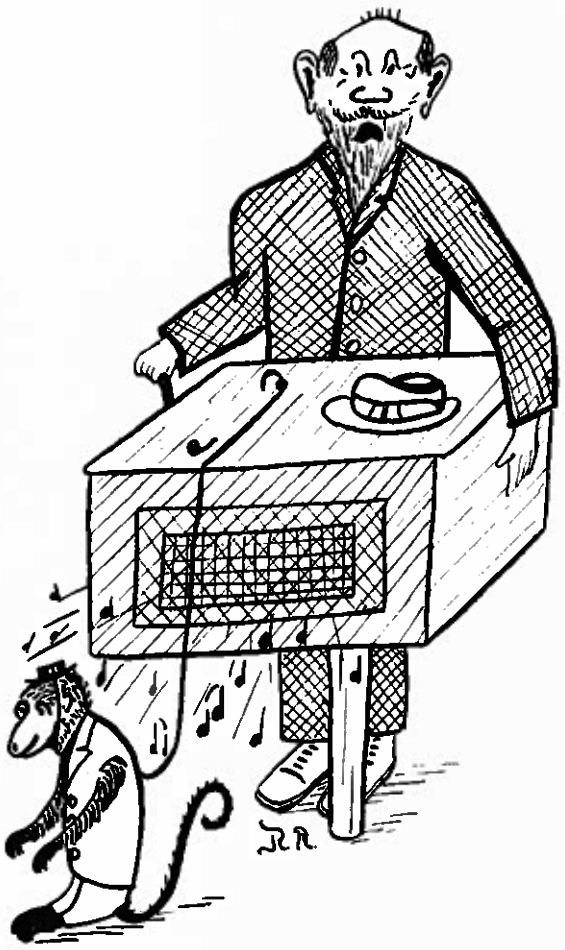
From Mr. Decker I heard that four of our classmates were still in Bellaire. The next morning I started for the "City of Fame and Fortune." After riding a day, I reached the city. The place did not look like old Bellaire of yore. In place of the one-horse C. & P. depot there was a large ten story structure. It is one of the finest depots in the country. I made up my mind to visit the High School and see if any of the old professors were still on the "job." As I was going through the park I noticed two gentlemen coming down. They were James Frazier and Robert Robertson. James is now mayor of Bellaire and Robert is a great manufacturer. I found that I had visited all of my classmates but two. They were Wilma Kompart and Rhea Greemberg. I was utterly surprised when Mr. Frazier said they were leaders of the "old maid's" club in Bellaire. I now went up to the High School building. The building now covers the entire square. At first I was squeaky about entering, but nevertheless I did.

I opened the door. I was in a large hallway. A large stair-case led upward. I ascended. On the second floor was a large room. I peeped in. In it were seated about five hundred scholars and at the front seated at a desk was that old man with whiskers who had left me in the dark room and claimed to be Prof. McVay. I stopped still. This thing seemed real to a certain extent but how did the old man get back in the building from the dark room? I gave it up. I started in the room. I could at least congratulate my old professor on the success to which he had elevated "Old B. H. S."

I started toward the desk. All eyes were riveted on me. I looked neither to the right nor to the left. When I thought I had walked the necessary distance, I stopped and looked up. There was no professor there. I turned around but I did not see five hundred pupils. I was not even in a building. I was sitting at the bottom of a cliff which rose up from a little brook. In my hand was a small flower. As I noticed the flower, I remembered. When I had crawled out on the edge of the cliff for the flower the earth had given way and I had fallen to the foot of the cliff. I had come in contact with something "harder" than I, which had rendered me unconscious. During the "trance" I had visited all of my school fellows twenty years after graduating.

It was late in the afternoon so I gave up my proposed journey to the country. I went to bed and pondered long over my adventure. I could make nothing out of it. I went to sleep, content with all of the visions but one,—the "tramp."

CLARENCE CORBETT, '14.



LITERARY AND MUSIC.

Literary

Good literary in a school is a most important factor in the process of acquiring an education. Bellaire High School has a literary of which it may be justly proud. It has broadened and improved until it can truly be said that it ranks high with the very best.

During the first part of the year a young man from the west, Mr. Schiebler, demonstrated the Remington Typewriter to us. He showed B. H. S. what wonderful things could be accomplished by this machine when backed by perseverance and determination. Mr. Schiebler who is only seventeen years old had been awarded a medal for speed work, his record having been two hundred and fifteen words per minute. His remarks and those of the gentleman who accompanied him were highly instructive and no doubt encouraged the boys and girls of our commercial department especially, to work harder and devote more time to this special line of work, having in view the goal which Mr. Schiebler has already reached.

Rev. Shafer of the First M. E. Church conducted our devotional exercises and gave us an excellent address on "The Purpose of Our Being."

Sylvester A. Long, connected with the lecture course was interested enough in our High School to favor us with an address. He made a great many remarks which were so good that we can not do him justice if we pass over them. The most important are the following:

"Men do great things because they are great."

"We are fearful that people find out what we do not know."

Mr. Long applied this to the school in a way most amusing."

"It is no disgrace to be ignorant but to continue to be ignorant."

"It is the struggle to learn that counts, not what you learn easily." His address was extremely interesting and we are sure that he taught Bellaire High some things they never knew before.

Rev. McCormick of the United Presbyterian Church delivered to us a stirring address on "Life" and also gave us several mottoes which certainly would be fine if adopted by our various classes.

As predicted by last year's Literary editor, our lecture course has been much better than before. It was composed of the best talent that Prof. Jackson could procure and was voted, by all, to be a decided success.

The first number of the course was the "Neapolitans," a complete Italian orchestra and chorus, composed of nine men and one woman. The company was under the direction of Signor Artus Lamberti, one of the best directors of Italy. Serenader songs was a special feature of the entertainment and the classical music delighted the many music lovers of our city. This number gave our course a fine start and was a forerunner of the excellent numbers that were to come.

The second number was the "Orpheans" a musical club of four young men. The features of their program were vocal quartettes, horn quartettes and solos on their various instruments as well as vocal solos, song illustrated with cartoons and impersonations. This company was one of the best that ever appeared in this city, being versatile, artistic and capable of giving a widely diversified program.

As to the next number of our program, we can not possibly do justice or even adequately describe this very wonderful man. Benjamin Chapin in his impersonation of Abraham Lincoln simply carried Bellaire by storm. Perhaps the best way would be to give a few newspaper clippings from some of the newspapers of the country.

"The New York Sun" says, "Mr. Chapin's Lincoln is written with admirable skill and restraint and a deep and sympathetic feeling for the humors as well as the heroism of the man. It gives one a sense of moral majesty not only of Lincoln but of his generation. It is to be recommended in these

days of frenzied exposure of graft and treasonous scourgings of the senate as a much needed spiritual bath."

"Exceedingly clever acting. Strong, potent, stirred the blood and appealed strongly to the emotions."—"New York Evening Journal."

Sir Robert Ball says, "Brilliantly conceived, wonderfully done."

If this does not give Mr. Chapin the proper send-off we will give up in despair for certainly "More could be said of no man."

In the fourth number of our course we were presented with Sylvester A. Long's masterful address on "Lightning and Toothpicks." The subject, which was an odd one, and no doubt had many people guessing, was based on an incident and had very little to do with the theme. It was a practical discussion of the universal reign of law and appropriated through habit. It is a real contribution to advanced thinking on life's problems.

The last number was Roland A. Nichols who gave a fine lecture on "The Man Worth While." Mr. Nichols is a man of strong personality and a fine speaker. His address was very interesting.

The morning after the lecture Mr. Nichols kindly consented to speak to the High School. He told us about what we had all been hoping for, his experience with the famous novelist, Harold Bell Wright.

Mr. Nichols came upon Wright when on an evangelistic tour in 1873. This was during the panic, and Wright was down and out, so to speak, only twenty-one years old and practically a tramp. He was a painter by trade and Mr. Nichols gave him work painting signs for his tent. The work was done so well that he became interested in him and made special efforts in trying to make him a Christian. After a short time Wright was converted and Mr. Nichols said that at that time he firmly believed that he would become a great man. He had a bright mind, a remarkable flow of language and capability of analyzing character. Later Mr. Nichols took him into his home, and, although he himself was not over-rich in worldly possessions, managed to send him to school for a few years. While at school an incident happened that nearly ruined his career. Some miscreants had broken into the college chapel, torn up the Bible and destroyed things generally. A reward of one hundred dollars had been offered for the arrest of the persons. Thinking how much good one hundred dollars would do him and how it would help Mr. Nichols, Wright started to play the detective. He had gotten "next" to several fellows that he was sure had a hand in the affair, so in order to further his plan he got in with them and made them think he was a real sport, like themselves. Then came the trouble. Strong drink was brought in. It was a hard struggle for the boy who was trying so hard to make good, but in order that they might not suspect him he had to take it. Then it got such a hold on him that he did not stop until it was too late. His friends all left him. The best and most kindly disposed friends of Mr. Nichols were saying, "I told you so," but Mr. Nichols did not desert him. He went to him and told him that he still believed in him and again helped him out of his trouble. Mr. Nichols says that this, although terrible, experience was no doubt a great lesson to Wright. Shortly after his return to his home in Hiram, Wright fell in love with a girl who, as Mr. Nichols said made him walk the straight and narrow way for several years before she said "Uh-huh." Wright then made a visit to his father in the West. When he came home he started on his first book which he called "Dick." It was rejected by several publishers. Finally he took it to Mr. Nichols who, after reading it said, "Don't call it Dick,' call it 'That Printer of Udels,' " and to Mr. Nichols great surprise he said "I will." Then Mr. Wright acting upon the advice of a publisher rewrote the book and after many trials finally had it published. He dedicated it to Mr. Nichols. Next came the "Shepherd of The Hills" which Mr. Nichols thinks is the best thing he ever wrote. Closely following on these were "The Calling of Dan Mathews," "An Uncrowned King" and his latest novel "The Winning of Barbara Worth." He is now engaged in writing "The Eyes of the World."

Our lecture course, taken all in all was as great a success financially and otherwise as could possibly have been expected. It has now been proven true as Mr. Jackson said when trying to jolly us one day that B. H. S. could put anything through when they once got at it.

Our two literary societies, the Utopian and Delphian still continue to hold down the platform at

B. H. S. Each naturally maintains themselves to be the better but as the subject has never been debated it would probably be best for the "Beljuan" not to give an opinion.

The officers are as follows:

FALL TERM

Utopian.	Delphian
Kelly Van Dyne '14.....President	Cloyd Snyder '13.....President
Walter Dorer '15....Vice President	Lowell Gladden'13..Vice President
Mildred Long '13.....	Alma Rodewig '13.....
.....Secretary-Treasurer	.....Secretary and Treasurer

SPRING TERM

Utopian	Delphian
Chalmer Snyder '13.....President	Lowell Gladden '13.....President
John Fulton.....Vice President	Paul Ferrel '14.....Vice President
Norma Lockwood '13.....	Rena Blum '13 Secretary-Treasurer
.....Secretary and Treasurer	
William Phillips '15.....Marshal	

Later in the year Mr. Claron Shafer, a blind man who travels in behalf of the state of Ohio, gave us a very interesting and instructive talk on "The Prevention of Blindness."

Rev. King of this city favored us with an address on "The Relation of Knowledge to Faith."

Dr. Laing, a scientist from Detroit, Michigan, gave us an address in which he demonstrated an instrument which he had invented which showed the relative positions of the sun, moon, earth and other planets.

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR CONTEST

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1913.

The Junior-Senior Contest which was held in the High School Auditorium, was one of the best and probably the closest ever held in B. H. S. It was composed of the usual Composition, Oration, Declamation, and Debate. The subject for Debate was: "Resolved that the Commission Form of Government should be Adopted by the City of Bellaire." All of the subjects were well delivered and those who took part deserve much credit for their work. When all was over, there was scarcely anyone who felt capable of giving a decision in the matter. Finally Supt. Gillet appeared and announced the following decision of the Judges:

Points—Juniors, 360; Seniors, 350.

Needless to say the Juniors were delighted and to express their feelings they rushed to the platform and gave their yell of victory. The program was as follows:

Music (a) Serenade—Cupid's Charms.....HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
(b) Selected.....HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
Composition—The Sugar at the Bottom of the Cup.....MARY FRAZIER '14
Composition—My Country.....MILDRED LONG '13
Music—Vocal Duet (Neidlinger).....NORMA AMBLER. WALTER KOCHER
Oration—American and Opportunity.....OWENAH BAUER '13
Oration—The Present.....PAUL FERREL '14
Music.....BOYS' GLEE CLUB

DEBATE

Resolved: "That the Commission Form of Government Should be Adopted by the City of Bellaire."

Affirmative: Alvin Adams, '13; Earl Houck, '13.

Negative: Robert Anderson, '14; Robert Blum, '14.

Music.....BOYS' GLEE CLUB
Declamation—Biff Perkins Toboggan Slide.....RENA BLUM '13
Declamation—Pyramus and Thisbe (Midsummer Night's Dream.....NORMAN WASSMAN '14

DECISION OF JUDGES

Music.....HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Our Bellaire High

In this section of our country
"Old Bellaire" is at the top;
It's Bellaire that has *the* High School,
It's Bellaire that makes them hop.

What's the use to go to High School
If it's way down in the scale,
If no spirit makes you hustle,
Aud the profs. all say, "You failed."

Move Your props, I say, move onward,
Where there's spirit you may share;
Then you'll see the use of living,
And won't feel just like a bear.

Stir yourself; attend a high school
That is heard of in the ranks,
Where the teachers are congenial,
And among them are no cranks.

Where the students work together
For the glory of the school;
And are friendly to each other
And to strangers never cool.

What's the use, I say it over,
Plodding on in such despair;
Pull up stakes, move on, and settle;
In a school that treats you square.

It is Bellaire High that needs you;
It is Bellaire High you need;
Bellaire is the High that's honored;
To Bellaire go now with speed.

How we love that dear old High School;
How we for her victories vie;
May she stand forever glorious,
Our own school, our Bellaire High.

—H. E. J.—'14.



High School Orchestra.

The High School Orchestra

The High School Orchestra was re-organized in the fall of 1912, and under the leadership of Martin Clark it has demonstrated, both to the High School and pupils and to the faculty what such a diligent body of students can do. Also with the kind assistance of the Board of Education, the Orchestra has secured a new piano and many new overtures, which have been a factor in making the Rhetoricals a success. Special notice must be taken of the fact that the Orchestra rendered its special selections at the Junior-Senior contest. Among the new members of this year's Orchestra of whom mention should be made are, a young lady trap-drummer and a new pianist who with their musical knowledge have made many of the literary programs a success.

MEMBERS OF THE ORCHESTRA

Martin Clark	Director	Richard Grace	Flute
Robert Blum	1st Violin	Jean Heatherington	1st clarinet
Benjamin Zazepinsky	1st violin	Charles Powell	1st Cornet
Cloyd Snyder	2nd violin	Harry Powell	2nd Cornet
Eugene Slack	2nd violin	Fred Heil	Piano
Amos Weil	Viola	Harry Douglas	Trombone
Alvin Adams	Piano and Cello	Elsie Douglas	Drums and Traps

Junior Alphabet

A Is for Andy our handy little man.
B Is for Blum who stars at debate.
C Is for Corbett an athlete of renowned fame.
D Is for DuBois the president of our great class.
E Is for Erma and Elizabeth, two studious children.
F Is for Ferrell our preacher man.
G Is for Giffin that sits in front of Heil.
H Is for Heatherington of whom we are all proud.
I Is for It our glorious class.
J Is for Jim an all around sport.
K Is for Kilgore at whose home we have parties.
L Is for Lucy a quiet little maid.
M Is for McClain who brings cry-babies to class.
N Is for Norman who quotes from Shakespeare.
O Is for Oberman a talkative little Miss.
P Stands for Pearl the maid from the country.
Q Stands for Quiz the terror of all.
R Stands for Richard never seen without Clara.
S Stands for Sutton whom Joe takes for a spin.
T Stands for Trimble who in Physics is keen.
U Stands for Us '14 don't you know.
V Stands for Velma whom our president admires.
W Stands for Wallace our star forward.
X)
Y) Causes many a Math. student to swear.
Z)

The Athletic Association

THE BOYS

Clarence Corbett '14	President
Albert Keyser '14	Vice President
Emmett Barrett '13	Secretary
Prof. McVay	Treasurer
Prof. W. W. Loomis	Coach

CAPTAINS

Clarence Corbett, Football	Half
Emmett Barrett, Basket Ball	Forward

THE GIRLS

Henryetta Wallace '14	President
Myrtle Wallace '13	Vice President
Elizabeth Warren '14	Secretary

CAPTAIN

Myrtle Wallace, Basket Ball	Guard

"THE B'S"

FOOTBALL	BOYS' BASKET BALL	BASEBALL
Barrett	Barrett	Barrett
Bryant	Bryant	Corbett
Cochran	Corbett	Dorer
Duffy	Cochran	Duffy
DuBois	Duffy	Heatherington
Fulton	LaRoche	Powell
Johnson, F.		
Johnson, C.	GIRLS' BASKET BALL	
Nelson	Jones	McCroba
Snyder	Phillips	Wallace, H.
Van Dyne	Tannehan	Wallace, M.


R.A.



Football Team

Review of Athletics

The year 1912-13 found Bellaire High with good records in all lines of sports. Under the excellent coaching of Prof. Loomis our Athletics have been constantly on an upward jump. Another year of his instructions should find us with even better records.

This was "Old B. H. S.'s" banner year in Football. Of the nine games played, we lost only five. For the first time in the history of the school, we played Wheeling High even. The team was one of the lightest in the valley,—averaging only 147 pounds.

It is unnecessary to say the Girls won the Basket Ball Championship. They are getting the habit. The Boys got a poor start by losing the first three games, but came back strong and won two-thirds of the remainder.

Last year's Baseball team made a fine record, which will be found elsewhere. This year's team will probably keep pace with the preceding teams which Old B. H. S. has produced.

Last year's Track Team also made a good showing for their first attempt at such a sport. This year's squad will probably do better.

We take this opportunity to thank the public at large for their loyal support of our teams, and trust that the succeeding teams will all be worthy of such patronage.

Football

"The Squad"

Name	Class	Wt.	Age	Height	Position
E. Barrett	1913	145	18	5 ft. 7 in.	Quarter Back
C. Bryant	1913	135	18	5 ft. 8 in.	Half and End
C. Cochran	1915	150	18	5 ft. 11 in.	Guard
C. Corbett (Capt.)	1914	153	18	5 ft. 8 in.	Half
C. Duffy	1915	135	19	5 ft. 6 in.	Half
W. Dorer	1915	150	18	5 ft. 8 in.	Tackle
A. DuBios	1914	150	17	5 ft. 7 in.	Guard
J. Gilleland	1913	145	18	5 ft. 10 in.	Center
C. Johnson	1914	140	18	5 ft. 7 in.	Tackle
F. Johnson	1913	150	18	5 ft. 4 in.	Guard
A. Keyser	1914	140	18	5 ft. 8 in.	End
E. LaRoche	1913	160	18	6 ft. 1 in.	End
F. Nelson	1914	150	18	5 ft. 8 in.	Tackle
C. Snyder	1913	140	18	5 ft. 8 in.	Center
K. Van Dyne	1914	165	18	5 ft. 11 in.	Full
J. Fulton	1913	170	18	5 ft. 11 in.	Center

"SOMETHING UNUSUAL."

Our gridiron heroes opened the season, at Edgehill, with their old rivals, Wheeling High. A large crowd of rooters of both schools attended the game and there certainly was some rooting going on. The teams were well matched—neither being able to get in striking distance of their opponents' goal. However we had the better of the argument. Although Jones, Duffy, Corbett, and Barrett starred, the whole team deserves much credit for the game they put up. Hamilton, Hanke, and McGranahan starred for W. H. S.

LINE-UP

Wheeling, O.		Bellaire C.
McGranahan	L. E.	Jones
McDonald	L. T.	Dorer
Cowl	L. G.	C. Johnson
Helstrom	C.	Gilleland
Roberts	R. G.	DuBois
Turk	R. T.	Nelson
McCullough	R. E.	Snyder
Hamilton	Q.	Barrett
Hanke	L. H.	Duffy
Schwlab	R. H.	Corbett (Capt).
Stobbs (Capt.)	F.	Van Dyne

Referee—Holden.
Umpire—Welbaum.

"A SLAUGHTER."

After strengthening the weak places shown in the first game, "we" proceeded to trounce Moundsville to the tune of 41 to 0. We had them outclassed in all departments. We would run till we were tired then rest. The visitors did not make first down at any time during the game and but once were we held for downs. Duffy, Corbett, and Barrett pulled off runs of from five to thirty yards whenever it pleased them to do so. Stewart, at center, played the best game for Moundsville. Nanna was also above the average.

LINE-UP

Moundsville, O.		Bellaire—41.
Stillwell	L. E.	Jones
Foster	L. T.	C. Johnson
Ellis	L. G.	DuBois
Stewart	C.	Gilleland
McGlumphy	R. G.	Cochran
Wilson	R. T.	Nelson
Karcher	R. E.	Dorer
Nanna	Q.	Barrett
Webster	L. H.	Duffy
Rafferty	R. H.	(Capt.) Corbett
Booher (Capt.)	F.	Van Dyne

Referee—Anderson. Umpire Welbaum.
Touchdowns—Barrett 2, Corbett 2, Dorer, Van Dyne.
Goals—Corbett 4; Barrett 1.

"NAUGHTY BOYS."

Our first defeat came when we traveled to Steubenville to meet the team representing that city. Although they won we do not acknowledge their superiority. Our three best players were barred from the first half of the game for disobeying the orders of Coach Loomis. They were Jones, Duffy, and Barrett. Corbett was also out of the game with a bad ankle. After the above players were reinstated, Bellaire scored a touchdown in three minutes, Barrett carrying the ball over the line. Dorer and Barrett played the best game for B. H. S. while Lewis and Dougherty starred for S. H. S.

LINE-UP

Steubenville—18.		Bellaire—7.
Criss	L. E.	Powell, Jones
Beusche	L. T.	C. Johnston
Brannagan	L. G.	F. Johnson
Shiplper	C.	Fulton
Strayer	R. G.	Cochran
Sivard	R. T.	Nelson
Fiscus	R. E.	Snyder
Dougherty (Capt.)	Q.	Dorer, Barrett
Day	L. H.	Gilleland, Duffy
Lewis	R. H.	Dubois, Dorer
McCoy	F.	Van Dyne

Referee—Patton. Umpire—Welbaum.
Touchdowns—Lewis, 2; Dougherty and Barrett.
Goal—Barrett.

"WE BOW."

In a fast game at Brookside Park B. H. S. was defeated by Martins Ferry High 23 to 0. Although one-sided, we played a good game. Features were pulled off by members of both teams. Martins Ferry outweighed us considerably and this gave them an advantage over our light line. Perry's thirty-yard run on the kick-off was the feature gain. Dunn, Graham and Holly also pulled off several long runs. The good tackling of Corbett and the offensive work of Barrett were the features for Bellaire. Duffy and Cochran also put up a good defensive game for B. H. S.

LINE-UP

Martins Ferry—23.		Bellaire—0.
Sauters	L. E.	Jones
Neilly	L. T.	Nelson
Conway	L. G.	Cochran
Schelle	C.	Snyder
Fleaman	R. G.	F. Johnson
Seabright	R. T.	C. Johnson
Seevers	R. E.	Lawrence
Holly (Capt.)	Q.	Barrett
Dunn	L. H.	Bryant—Corbett (Capt.)
Perry	R. H.	Duffy
Graham	F.	Van Dyne

Umpire—Jones. Referee—MccFarland.
Touchdowns—Graham, Lewis, Perry.
Goals—Neilly 2.
Goal from field—Neilly.

"THREE STRAIGHT."

B. H. S. met her third straight defeat of the season at New Philadelphia by the score of 7 to 3. There was a large crowd in attendance and they witnessed a scrappy contest from start to finish. New Philadelphia's shift took Bellaire off their feet in the early part of the game, but we soon got on to the formation and broke it up. The forward pass was used by New Philadelphia to good advantage, while Bellaire's gains were mostly around the end. The latter part of the game was a punting duel in which our boys came out ahead. Winkler, Broadhurst, and Wallick starred for N. P. H. while Duffy featured for Bellaire.

LINE-UP

New Philadelphia—7.		Bellaire—3.
Wallick	L. E.	Dorer
Switzer	L. T.	C. Johnson
Shively	L. G.	Cochran
Nungesser	C.	Snyder
Evans	R. G.	Nelson
Anderson	R. T.	Du Bois
Church	R. E.	Bryant
Broadhurst	Q.	Barrett
Winkler (Capt.)	L. H.	Duffy
Meyers	R. H.	Corbett (Capt.)
McIntosh	F.	Van Dyne

Referee—Welbaum.
Touchdowns—Winkler
Goal—Broadhurst.
Goal from field—Barrett.

"WE DEFEAT THE CADETS."

B. H. S. now proceeded to trounce the Cadets from Wheeling. The game was played on Friday and a fairly good crowd turned out. Although one-sided the game was full of snap. Bellaire scored a touchdown the first minute of play. Cathedral kicked to Corbett on the five-yard line. He advanced to the thirty-yard line from where Barrett circled the end for a seventy-yard run and a touchdown. The other points were made by Barrett, Duffy, and Bryant. For the Cadets, Foley and Kearne starred. Corbett was injured in this game and did not finish the season.

LINE-UP

Cathedral—6.		Bellaire—26.
Duffy	L. E.	Dorer
Cogley	L. T.	Nelson
Rafferty	L. G.	F. Johnson
Waterhouse	C.	Fulton
Marquard	R. G.	Cochran
Haley	R. T.	C. Johnson
McFadden	R. E.	Snyder
Vensel	Q.	Barrett
Kearne (Capt.)	L. H.	Duffy
Hanley	R. H.	Bryant—Corbett (Capt.)
Foley	F.	Van Dyne

Referee—Shiffler.
Touchdowns—Barret 2, Duffy, Bryant, Foley.
Goals—Barrett, Corbett.
Umpire—Loomis

"ALMOST DISGRACED."

Bellaire next defeated Bridgeport at Brookside by the score of 13 to 7. The teams were about evenly matched in all departments. Bellaire was greatly handicapped by the absence of five regulars. The game was practically featureless, with the exception of the long runs of Duffy and Barrett. Barrett made both of Bellaire's touchdowns after runs of 25 and 15 yards. McGown played a good game at quarter for Bridgeport.

LINE-UP

Bridgeport—7.		Bellaire—13.
Sykes	L. E.	Frazier
M. Stonecipher	L. T.	C. Johnson
J. Stonecipher	L. G.	F. Johnson
Nichol	C.	J. Fulton
Stitt	R. G.	Phillips
Fulton	R. T.	Cochran
Bishop	R. E.	Snyder
McGown	Q.	Barrett
Johnson	L. H.	Duffy
Fox	R. H.	Bryant
Burrows	F.	Du Bois

Referee—Loomis
Touchdowns—Barrett 2 and McGown.
Goals—Barrett and Fox.

"ANOTHER."

Greatly outweighed and outclassed, Bellaire was defeated by Marietta High by the score of 27 to 3. Bellaire's only score was a beautiful drop-kick from the thirty-yard line by Barrett. This was the toughest proposition B. H. S. had to contend with during the entire season and they did well to hold them to the resulting score. Bodie, right half for the visitors, was the star of the game. Every time he carried the ball he advanced ten or twenty yards. For B. H. S. Duffy played the star game. Keyser also played well for his first game.

LINE-UP

Marietta—27.		Bellaire—3.
Reed	L. E.	LaRoche
Butler	L. T.	Cochran
Gale	L. G.	F. Johnson
McKendry	C.	Snyder
Wilson	R. G.	Du Bois
Meister	R. T.	C. Johnson
D. Whiting	R. E.	Keyser
C. Whiting	Q.	Barrett
Kelly	L. H.	Duffy
Bode	R. H.	Bryant
Hayes (Capt.)	F.	Van Dyne

Referee—Welbaum.
Touchdowns—Bode 3, Kelly.
Goals—Hays 3, Barrett.

"A SAD TALE."

On Thanksgiving Day the football team from old B. H. S. traveled to Cambridge. We were defeated by the score of 32 to 0. There were six or seven of the regulars who failed to make the trip. Our boys were greatly outweighed by the husky Cambridge lads who ploughed through our light line at will. Duffy played the star game, both on offense and defense. Stars for Cambridge were Jenkins and Morgan.

LINE-UP

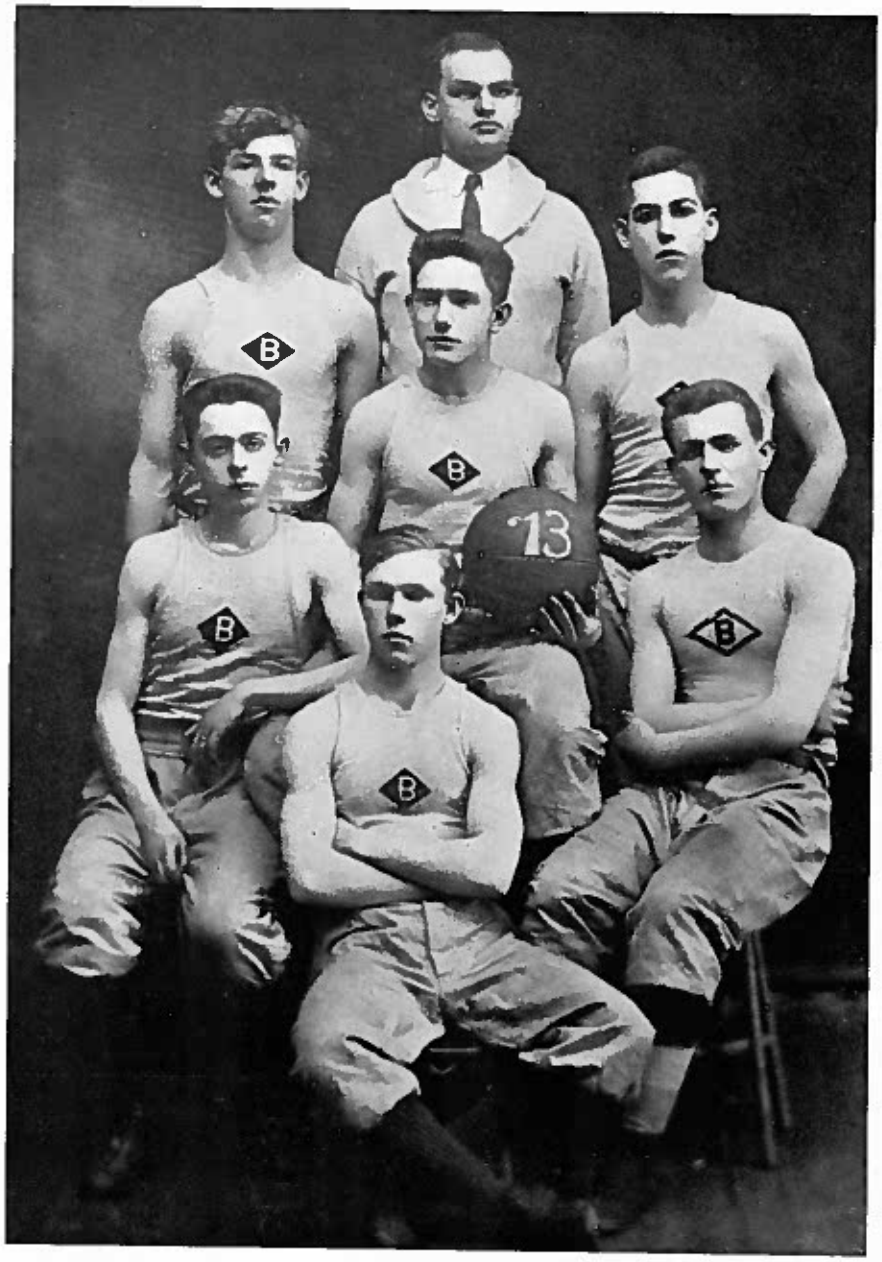
Cambridge—32.		Bellaire—0.
Shaw	L. E.	LaRoche
Clary	L. T.	C. Johnson
Scott	L. G.	Deafenbaugh
Gallup	C.	Phillips
Meredith	R. L.	Mason
Albright	R. T.	Cochran
Ritter	R. E.	Keyser
Jenkins (Capt.)	Q.	Duffy
Lyon	L. H.	Du Bois
Morgan	R. H.	Bryant
Addison	F.	Van Dyne

Referee—Bridge.

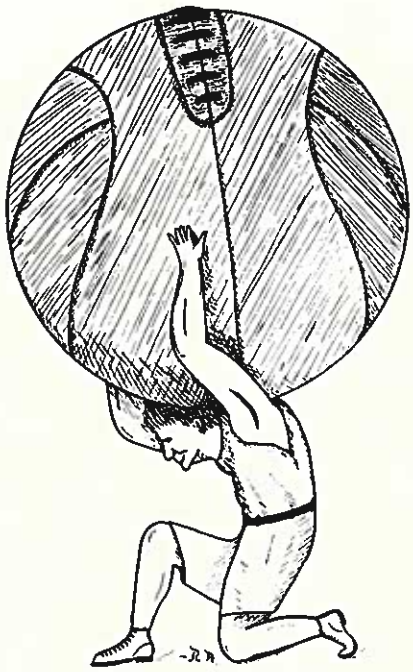
Umpire—Loomis.

Touchdowns—Jenkins 3, Morgan 2.

Goals—Jenkins 2.



Basketball Team



Boys' Basket Ball Team

THE TEAM

Emmitt Barrett '13	Forward
Clyde Bryant, '13	Forward
Clarence Corbett '14	Guard
Clyde Duffy '15	Guard
Edgar LaRoche '15	Center
Carl Cochran '15 / Walter Dorer '15	Subs

THE RECORD

Bellaire	34	St. Clairsville	36
Bellaire	30	Wheeling	41
Bellaire	21	Martins Ferry	22
Bellaire	42	Bridgeport	15
Bellaire	15	St. Clairsville	52
Bellaire	57	Martins Ferry	16
Bellaire	41	Wellsburg	28
Belllaire	33	Wellsburg	35
Bellaire	43	Barnesville	11
Bellaire	9	Wheeling	25
Total—Bellaire	362	Opponents	318

"A POOR START."

Owing to lack of practice our quintette was taken over in the opener by St. Clairsville to the tune of 34 to 38. The game was in doubt until the whistle blew for the finish. It was flood time but never-the-less a large crowd packed the gym, many of them from St. Clairsville, and they were kept busy applauding the good work of their favorites. The first half ended 20 to 15 in our favor, but by good team work and injuries to two of Bellaire's players St. Clairsville was able to get the lead. Christy of St. Clairsville was the star with 9 goals and 6 fouls. Bryant of B. H. S. was next with 8 goals and two fouls.

"NO IMPROVEMENT."

In an uninteresting game, our five was defeated by Wheeling High by the score of 41 to 20. Wheeling outclassed us in both team work and basket shooting. They seemed to score at will, while every point our boys made was the result of hard work. There was a large crowd in attendance but they were disappointed. Marsh, Wheeling's big center, was the stellar light of the game, he dropping seven baskets for a total of 14 points. Biery, of Wheeling, was next with five baskets. Eight of Bellaire's points were fouls thrown by Barrett. Duffy played the classy game for us.

"A LITTLE BETTER—NOT ENOUGH"

Our Boys again met defeat when they traveled to Martins Ferry to meet the lads representing that town. The team-work of our boys easily outclassed that of Martins Ferry, but the low ceiling handicapped their shooting ability. The team put up a better defensive game than heretofore,—Duffy at guard and La Roche at center did not allow their men to get the ball near the basket. Bryant led with three baskets. Barrett made two goals and four fouls.

The final score was 22 to 21 in favor of Martins Ferry.

"WE START."

We won our first game when the Bridgeport boys came down to our gym. They were never in the game. The final score stood 42-15. The gym was packed to its utmost capacity by an enthusiastic crowd. Corbett was back in the game after being out since the opener. Bryant featured with eight goals. Barrett and La Roche were next with four each. Johnson was the chief scorer for Bridgeport.

"ST. CLAIRSVILLE PLAYS."

After defeating Bridgeport, our five went out to the County Seat and there met defeat at 52-15. They saw us coming and were prepared. Fearing defeat they waxed the floor so that we could not stand on our feet. Of course, they had their shoes fixed for the occasion and were at home. All we could do was start then take a nice fall-away slide, and throw the ball. We couldn't tell where we were going to throw it, for half the time we were on our heads trying to do a few acrobatic stunts.

"REVENGE"

When Martins Ferry came down to our Gym. we gave them a dose of the same thing that they gave us earlier in the season. The final score was 57-16. They scored first, but this was the only time they were in the lead. Barrett, La Roche and Bryant did the scoring with twelve, six and five goals respectively. Duffy and Corbett guarded close, holding their forwards to two baskets each.

Neilly "starred" for Ferry with two goals and six fouls.

"WE CELEBRATE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY"

On Washington's Birthday our quintette defeated Wellsburg High in the most interesting game of the season. The final score was 41-28. At the end of the first half, the score stood 21-11 in favor of W. H. S. But we were only playing with them. When the whistle blew for the second half we started anew. Before the up-the-river boys knew what had happened, the score was 23-24. The large crowd almost went wild. Then, just to show them we could do it, we ran up 13 points to their none. They scored a couple more then the whistle blew for the finish. Bryant, Barrett and La Roche threw the baskets, while Duffy and Corbett guarded close, holding their men to three each.

On the same evening Martins Ferry High School second team defeated our second team 29-25.

"A CORKER"

When our boys traveled to Wellsburg for a return game, they were defeated 35-33. The game was fast and very rough. Our boys put up a fine game considering the odds against them. They were cheated out of two minutes of play. Wellsburg was afraid we would take one of our famous spurts.

For Wellsburg, Williams starred with six baskets. La Roche caged five for us.

"SOMETHING SOFT"

In a walk-away game, our five defeated Barnesville 43-11. They were never in the game. The first half ended 23-3. Then, in the second half the second team went in and Barnesville was able to do a little better. The Barnesville team did not make a field goal while our regulars were in the game.

La Roche caged twelve baskets for a total of twenty-four points. Cheffy, for Barnesville, threw one goal and five fouls.

"A CLOSE ONE"

In one of the most interesting games of the year, our five defeated Bridgeport on their floor by the score of 47-37. The game was a little rough, owing to both teams' determination to win. At the end of the first half the score stood 29-25, in our favor. Bridgeport tied the score in the latter part of the last half, but by a spurt, we came out ahead. Barrett starred along the scoring line, with seven goals. Sykes of Bridgeport was also a star and scored seven.

On the same evening our second team defeated Cathedral 16-13.

"SOME GUARDING"

Our boys met their last defeat of the season at Wheeling by the low score of 25-9. The game was wholly defense. The combined efforts of both teams resulted in but nine goals from the field. Our forwards were not able to connect for a single basket. The game was the fastest ever seen in Wheeling and was a little rough.. Marsh caged three for Wheeling, while Biery threw two baskets and nine fouls. Duffy and La Roche each threw one goal for us. Bryant threw five fouls.

Our second team was defeated by Martins Ferry 32-31 in a fast game in our gym.

Base Ball

1912

THE TEAM

Emmett Barrett, 1913	Pitcher
Clarence Corbett, 1914	Third B.
Herbert Boyer (Capt.), 1912	Catcher
Walter Dorer, 1915	Second B.
Clyde Duffy, 1915	Short S.
Jean Heatherington, 1914	Left F.
Ralph Heatherington, 1912	First B.
Harold Jones, 1915	Right F.
Frank Aldridge, 1912	Center F.
Donald Royer, 1912	Sub.
Charles Powell, 1915	Sub.

"OUR RECORD"

Wellsburg	0	Bellaire	9
Cathedral	16	Bellaire	8
Martins Ferry	3	Bellaire	11
Moundsville	4	Bellaire	3
Wheeling	6	Bellaire	7
Martins Ferry	5	Bellaire	6
Total	34		44



GIRLS' TEAM.



Girls' Basket Ball

When Girls' Basket Ball is mentioned in connection with Bellaire High it is worth while to sit up and take notice, for something good is sure to be heard about a team that has such a reputation as the Bellaire Girls' Team. And they have always come up to their reputation for winning games and clean playing. They consider a game that cannot be won by fair means not worth winning, so any team that comes up against Bellaire is sure to get a square deal.

This year the season did not open till January 10, which is rather late, and so on account of the number of games scheduled the season was rather crowded, but this did not keep the girls from coming up to their usual winning record.

The following girls played on the team of 1913:

Right Forward	Henryetta Wallace
Left Forward	Helene Jones
Jumping Center	Erdine McCroba
Second Center	Faye Tannahan
Right Guard	Myrtle Wallace
Left Guard	Margery Phillips

Only two of these players, Myrtle and Henryetta Wallace, were on last year's team, this being the first year of varsity work for the remaining four. A team that has on it such a number of new players, and yet holds up to the mark the high standard of the school, certainly deserves more than ordinary credit.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE AT BELLAIRE.

If you had looked into the local gym. on the night of January 10, you would have seen a crowd of about three hundred basket ball enthusiasts cheering as if their throats would crack. For were not the teams representing St. Clairsville High playing the Bellaire teams? And was it not the first game of the season? The game was very interesting as both the St. Clairsville and Bellaire lassies were determined to win. But the skill of the local team proved to be a little too much for the visitors and at the close of the game the score board showed that the new team had won for the red and black their first game played together as the varsity team of B. H. S. Bellaire made all their points on field goals.

Bellaire—30. St. Clairsville—25.

WHEELING AT BELLAIRE

The second game was played the next week, January 17, with Wheeling on the local floor. The visiting girls put up some good playing, but nevertheless they proved quite easy for Bellaire. The work of our guards was especially good, Wheeling not being able to cage any fields. One foul was thrown by Bellaire. Their other points were made on field baskets.

Bellaire—29. Wheeling—2.

BELLAIRE AT MARTINS FERRY.

The next week after this glorious victory, the local team journeyed to Martins Ferry, where they won from the girls of that town by the close majority of one point. The game was quite interesting despite the fact that not many baskets were made on either side. The Bellaire guards came up to their record made in the Wheeling game, and again held their opponents to no field goals. Ethel Umstead played forward in this game in place of Jones. The local team secured their point by one field and two fouls.

Bellaire—4. Martins Ferry—3.

BRIDGEPORT AT BELLAIRE

Bridgeport came down to Bellaire on January 31, with some pretty high hopes of winning the game for they, as well as the girls for the red and black, had won from St. Clairsville. But their hopes were crushed. From the start the Bellaire girls had possession of the ball most of the time, and hardly gave the "up-the-river" girls a look in. Some members of the visiting team tried to rough it up a little, but they found that there could be nothing like that in Bellaire, for the referee awarded the home team an extra point when a Bridgeport guard intentionally threw her forward. This was the fourth game of the season, and Bellaire, the "old reliables," had won them all. Our forwards threw eleven fields and two fouls.

Bellaire—25. Bridgeport—9.

BELLAIRE AT ST. CLAIRSVILLE

Before our team traveled to St. Clairsville it had reached our ears that the St. C. bunch meant to take the game by fair or *foul* means. So when on the evening of February 7 our girls went to that place, it was evident that the villagers had not hoped to get the game fairly, and had prepared to land it by other means. First, they had waxed their floor till it resembled a "Greased Pig," then fixed their shoes to save their own necks, and now went into the game (?) to break the record of the Bellaire girls, and also their heads. Our girls have no reason whatsoever to consider this so-called "game" a defeat, for it was not. They all played well, and considering the closeness of the score in spite of St. Clairsville's tactics, it is easy to see who would have been on top if it had been a clean game as it should, instead of what it was. And all that just to get a few more figures opposite their names on the score board! If the reputation for such actions does not hurt St. C., we are sure that the result does not injure good old Bellaire. Our score was made by one field and two fouls.

"It is not the fact that you're licked that counts, but how did you fight—and why?"

Bellaire—4. St. Clairsville—9.

MARTINS FERRY AT BELLAIRE.

Perhaps one of the cleanest, and surely one of the most interesting games of the year, was staged on the Bellaire floor February 14, with Martins Ferry as opponents. The playing was so fast and determined on both sides that the end of the first half found the score 9-9, with the large and excited audience cheering wildly. We had no notion of losing however, and in the 2d round played even harder than the first, making ten points ourselves and holding "Ferry" to but four. Seven fields and ñxe fouls were shot by the home team. Bellaire girls made most of the fouls tried.

Bellaire—19. Martins Ferry—13.

ALUMNAE VS. HIGH SCHOOL

On account of the Junior-Senior contest, no game was played the next week after our victory over Martins Ferry. But on February 28, High School clashed with the Alumnae team, which is composed of the school's former shining lights. The game was hard played, but from the first minute of play High School took the lead, and they held it to the finish. The game ended with High seven points ahead, which is a greater majority that High ever had over the Alumnae, which shows that all the basket ball stars are not found on teams of former years. The High School secured 6 fields and 5 fouls.

High School—16. Alumnae—9.

BARNESVILLE AT BELLAIRE

The evening of March 7, found Barnesville and Bellaire High in battle array against each other. The battle scene was in the High School Gym. at Bellaire. Rather a hard fight was expected, but the Barnesville recruits suffered an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the Bellaire veterans. But Barnesville put up a good fight considering that this is their first season for such engagements, and did some good defensive work. The general saying was "Pretty good for amateurs." The local centers did very good work.

Bellaire—30. Barnesville—8.

BELLAIRE AT BRIDGEPORT

Our next game was played at Bridgeport on March 14. A large crowd accompanied the team to that place and they certainly made some noise at every good play, and they had many such an opportunity. Everyone played at their best and a very good game was the result. Our forwards played a very good game making a number of difficult baskets. As usual Bellaire came out victorious, with a number of points to spare.

Bellaire—14. Bridgeport—8.

BELLAIRE AT WHEELING

The game with Bellaire at Wheeling was played on March 21. This game was the last of the season and we certainly made it a good ending. It was decided that we would see how badly we could beat Wheeling and they suffered the worst defeat that any team in this part of the country ever had; being "skunked." A large and enthusiastic crowd went with the team.

Bellaire—18. Wheeling—"0".

With the Wheeling game, ended one of the most successful seasons of the Bellaire Girls' Basket Ball Team. They won nine of the ten games played. One game (at St. Clairsville) was unfairly taken from them. Miss Myrtle Wallace was captain and played a fine game at guard. The girls themselves also deserve much credit for the fine exhibition of sport they put up under the efficient coaching of Prof. Loomis.

This record gave them the undisputed "Championship of the Valley." This was the fifth straight time this stunt has been performed and indications point to the same thing next year.

Beljuan

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF B. H. S.

1. Thou shalt not quiz the faculty, that thy grades may rise accordingly.
2. Thou shalt not haze the freshmen, for it is unjust.
3. Thou shalt not steal they neighbor's note book, although thine own be suffering.
4. Thou shalt not build camp-fires near a church, for it has been tried.
5. Thou shalt not write notes to thy neighbor, lest thy teacher send both thee and thy neigbor from the room.
6. Thou shalt use no more than nine words in one recitation, lest thy teacher respect thy learning.
7. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's pompadour, nor his daily average, nor his stand in with the faculty, nor thy teacher's grade book, nor anything which is thy neighbor's.
8. Thou shalt not place a tack on thine enemy's seat at more than an angle of forty-five degrees, if thou wishest to enter the roll of honor.
9. Thou shalt not petition the faculty, ere thou receivest thy grade, for it is ungood.
10. Thou shalt courteously overlook the noise and clamor of the mental arithmetic class in their busy world though it disturbs your study.

"Why should I advertise?"

"Well, here is an example. America wasn't named for Columbus who discovered it, but after Amerigo Vespucci, who advertised it."

Clerk—"Do you want a narrow man's comb?"
Franklin—"No, I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

They held hands through the long, long night—
Don't think that I am a joker.
They held hands till they saw daylight.
For they were playing poker.

Seniors were born for great things.
Sophs were born for small.
But it is not recorded
Why Freshmen were born at all.

A PARODY.

When you're fooling in the assembly,
And having lots of fun
A-laughing and a-jabbering
As if you're deaf and dumb,
You'd better watch your corners
And keep looking all about
For Mr. Nelson 'll get you
If you don't watch out.

We, the undersigned, do swear off eating chocolate in German Class by the request of our dear teacher, Miss Stiendorf.

Signed—Kelly Van Dyne, Margaret Obermann, Helene Jones, Paul Trimble and Joe McClain.

These spring rains put life and growth into green things. How the Freshmen are flourishing! But behold there will come a frost, a biting frost next year—they will be Sophomores.

Heard at St. Clairsville after the boys' basket ball game.

St. C. boy—"Say, are you from Bellaire?"
Bellaire Freshie—"Bellaire?" "No, where's that?"

CHATTER FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

Margaret Obermann—My dear child, you are indeed correct in thinking it is improper to whisper to your neighbor and you are quite right in obeying the teacher and maintaining such a strict silence (?) in the assembly-room.

Nellie Curtis—To make your eyelashes long and curly, try an even more violent exercise of the tongue. The result will assuredly be successful.

Miss Cunningham—I cannot see why you object to the girls having a mirror in the cloak-room.

Clarence Keyser—A mile run each day, a cup of vinegar and a lemon will work wonders towards increasing your height.

Jim Gilleland—Of course, if you feel that it is absolutely necessary for you to wear that yellow necktie, nothing can be said, but it is a shade too light even for your complexion.

Alvin Adams—After hearing of your quest, I have found that girls and lady teachers prefer violet perfume. I would advise you to use this kind to accomplish their favor.

Of all sad words that cause us sorrow
The saddest are these: "Written test tomorrow."

Walter Kocher (picking up Caesar): "Oh my, Latin is easy, I wish I had taken it. 'Forte dux in oro'—forty ducks in a row. 'Pasus sum jam'—pass us some jam. 'Boni leges Caesaris'—Bony legs of Caesar."

One of the girls translated: 'Wer hat das Pulver erfunden?' Who has found the powder?

SHAKESPEARE

Freshman—"Comedy of Errors."
Sophomore—"Much ado about nothing."
Junior—"As you like it."
Senior—"All's Well That Ends Well."

"Shall I brain him?" said the hazer,
And the victim's courage fled.
"You can't," he is a freshman,
"Just hit him on the head."

Thompson—"Rather than remain single and be an old dried up lady in waiting, would you marry the biggest fool on earth if he asked you?"

Susan—"Oh, Howard! This is so sudden."

BELLAIRE HIGH'S INSANE

A record of the following cases has been brought before the faculty, and the suspects are being closely watched. Further developments are anxiously awaited.

Case No. 1.—Lewis Duga: Could articulate when two months old, talked himself into imbecility and never utters a rational sentence. It is believed his mind is weakened trying to follow his own thoughts. Incurable.

Case No. 2—Hazel Craig: Since an infant she expressed a desire to gain a diploma. Insanity caused by overwork.

Case No. 3—Jim Frazier: Was an unusually bright young man, but has lately become mentally unbalanced, stays out late at night, goes to moving picture shows. No hope for his recovery as he constantly grows worse.

Cases Nos. 4, 5, 6—Myrtle Wallace, Lavinia Forester and Jean Kilgore—These cases are absolutely without parallel. They are overcome with violent convulsions when baseball is mentioned.

Ask:

Clyde Duffy about St. Clairsville.
Henryetta Wallace about tunnels.
Walter Kocher about sleigh rides.
Mr. Welbaum about Bridgeport Games.
Mr. Loomis how to play dunce.
"Sleep" Cochran the difference between a referee and a steamboat whistle.
Sam Lubalsky what occurred in the laboratory when he attached the gas hose to the water spigot.
Paul Du Bois how he enjoyed the afternoon of March 18.
Joe McClain if he likes cider.
Bellaire Girls how to play baseball.
Erdine about a St. Clairsville Bill.

DO WE HEAR THE STUDENTS SAY THAT—

Sam Lubalsky knows chemistry but doesn't show it?
Helen Watson rooted for Martins Ferry?
Norma Ambler is wearing a diamond ring?
Martin Clark stopped wearing his red necktie because of Wilma?
Arthur Lawrence visits West Wheeling?
Once upon a time, Teeter and Welbaum had black eyes?
John White can't say Indian?
Nelson should be an orator?
Thompson is quiet and unassuming?

Nellie Curtis is talkative?
Bess and Mabel are loyal fans?
Joe McClain is lazy?
That Nelson once failed to recognize Miss Steindorf and called her for talking?

QUOTATIONS

Thompson—"The Honored President."
Mason—"Go away and let me study (?)"
Steindorff—"I am on the faculty."
Orma—"An she is as true as she is sweet."
Ferrell—"A good man, one of the best men although a clergyman."
Deacon—"I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty."
Lucy Tarbet—"Modest and shy as a nun is she."
Baird—"He has a face like a benediction."
Kocher—"Now sing and be joyful."
Maud—"Pursuit of knowledge under Difficulties."
Norma—"With vocal powers most vociferous."
Nick—"Young fellows will be foolish."
Weil—"He is a little man let him go work with the ladies."
Girls' B. B. Team—"They can conquer who believe they can."
Toots—"I have forgotten what the inside of a church is like."
Keyser—"It is better to smoke here than smoke hereafter."
Nellie—"She is always full of laugh."
Marjory—"Of manner gentle and affections sincere."
Lela—"Quiet reserved and studious is she."
Faye—"She works wonders with her powers."
Duffy—"See the conquering hero comes."
Chalmers—"A much married man."
Roger—"First be sure its light then go to bed."
Evelyn—"It would never do to be out of fashion."
Emmett—"Give an athlete half a chance and he does well; give him none at all and he does better."
Red Powell—Exceedingly well "red."

ELECTION RETURNS

Most Popular Man	Emmett Barrett
Most Popular Girl	Myrtle Wallace
Prettiest Girl	Erdine McCroba
Handsomest Boy	Kelly Van Dyne
Handsomest Prof.	Mr. Black
Greenest Freshie	Mabel Shepherd
Most Conceited Soph.	Doss Neal
Sportiest Junior	Jim Frazier
Most Dignified Seniors (tied)	Earl Houch and Harold Hochstrasser
Most Love Sick	Evelyn Wolfe
Biggest Flirt (Boy)	Roger Leach
Biggest Flirt (Girl)	Helen Harris
Best Speaker	Norman Wassman
Boy With Most High School Spirit	Howard Thompson
Talks Most and Says Least	Bessie Schiffler
Worst Grind	Louis Duga
Biggest Bluffer	Jim Gilleland
Greatest Fusser	Helen Luchs
Most Religious Man	Alvin Adams

Our Maud is a bonnie lass,
But, Oh, the queerest ever,
She loves to walk and talk and dance,
And sometimes at a boy she'll glance;
But as for study—NEVER.

A LAW IN PHYSICS

The deportment of a pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from the instructor.

Mr. White (calling roll)—"Er-er-eh-rr- W-e-l-l here's a name I can't make out.
Freshman Zazepinskky—"Present."

Corbett—"Say Kelly did you see M— about an ad in the Beljuan?"
Kelly—"Yes."
Corbett—"How did you come out?"
Kelly—"Through the window."

Minister—"Are you a Christian?"
Freshie—"No sir, I am a Student of Bellaire High School."

AT THE SANDWICH WAGON.

Freshie—"Chicken sandwich and frankfurter, and some coffee, Please."
Soph.—"Cold bird, a hot dog and some wash!"
Senior—"A frigid fowl, a torrid canine and a steaming cup of luscious beverage.
Junior Commercial Student—"The party of the 1st part desires a sandwich of or composed of chicken, a roll wherein is compressed a frankfurter so called, and a cup, jar or receptacle filled with coffee.

Mr. Loomis (in chemistry class)—"Finished a sentence with 'iodide of Potassium.' "
Elizabeth Conaway (suddenly waking up)—"Eh-eh-er. How long was she sick?"

WANTED.

More silence from the octette—Everybody.

Somebody to buy my room mate's clarinet—Amos Weil.
A medal—also something to make my mustache grow—Howard Thompson.

Alex DuBois—"The dentist said I had a large cavity that needed filling."
Duffy—"Did he recommend any special course of study."

Mr. McVey—"Kelly do you have trouble in saying your lessons in school?"
Kelly—"Yes sir."
Mr. McVey—"What seems to trouble you?"
Kelly—"My German teacher."

Susan—"Is there anything you can do better than any one else?"
Thompson—"Yes, I can read my own writing."

Fred Heil—"If you are a good boy, you will go to Heaven when you die and have a gold crown put on your head."
Robert Robertson—"Not for me. I had one of them things put on a tooth once."

I WONDER.

If after our girls have finished the Domestic Science course, their future Prince Charmings will tell them of the bread their mother used to make?

"The Alumni"



"Between Towns"

CONTRIBUTION OF THE CLASS OF 1878:

The above is from a water color painting by Ben H. Faris of the class of '78, now located in Cincinnati. The organ grinder and his assistant were painted while resting through the heat of the day on the old Wooster Pike, which is to Hamilton Co., what the National Pike is to old Belmont.

THE CLASS OF 1879:

Motto: Non scholae sed vitae dicimus.

Jennie Wise	Julia Faupel	Ben Cowen
Alice Fitton	Ella Gorby	Charlie Sheets

All still learning in the School of Life; The history of our Alma Mater would be interesting to us all, and we are not ashamed of her humble beginning. We can remember when we were first organized as a High School and about two score of us were crowded into a small room on the fourth floor. It was a mystery to some of us how Mr. Hood could see through the stove.

We still hold all our teachers in loving remembrance, and especially do we owe much to our friend and teacher Prof. John T. Duff under whose supervision the first classes were graduated.

CLASS OF 1880.

The Clerk of Court was reading the allegations in a case, when a man jumped to his feet and says, "Your Honor, these allegations are not true, and the Alligator knows it."

CLASS OF 1881.

The Class of 1881, with Wordsworth's "Little Cottage Girl," can say—

"Seven are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,—"

Nell, the bright story writer, and Edward, the quiet, dignified member of the class.

The two Margarets and Bess have given to the next generation boys and girls that may become presidents, president's wives, or who knows, Mrs. Presidents; Martha, with her happy disposition is still training the youth of our land to become good citizens; while "Uley" is one of the successful Smiths of the nation.

Each member of the class will cherish with fond memory Superintendent Cox, who inspired in us a love for good literature, Principal Irwin (whom we called Teddy) and Miss Gorby, with her sweet, firm manner.

CLASS OF 1882.

We know not what lies in us, till we seek;
Men dive for pearls—they are not found on shore,
The hillsides most unpromising and bleak,
Do sometimes hide the ore.

CLASS OF 1883.

"Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift, without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

CLASS OF 1884.

One boy and girls galore
Had the class of '84:
Twelve roses and a thorn
Did the B. H. S. adorn.

CLASS OF 1885.

Good, Better Best!
Never let it rest
Till your Good is Better
And your Better Best.

CLASS OF 1886.

Sink thou a shaft into the mine of thought;
Be patient, like the seekers after gold;
Under the rocks and rubbish lieth what
May bring thee wealth untold.

CLASS OF 1887.

Stop not, loiter not, look not backward, if you would be among the foremost! Work is the weapon of honor, and who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

CLASS OF 1888.

A broad band ring with four holes in the top, having some resemblance to the figures 88, was the badge of the class of that year. Engraved on the inside of the ring was an Anglo Saxon motto, meaning "Each one is his own hope." I am a little out of touch with my fellow-classmates, but so far as I know them, they have utterly failed to realize their hopes, with one brilliant exception, your fellow-townsman, little John Schick. The rest of us got married and saved our names from oblivion, our wives or husbands making marks for us, while John has fought his way single-handed and alone. He is his own hope. All honor to the fellow who has fought alone, but the rest of us hope that Ohio will soon tax bachelors.

The spirit of the class of '88 is finely expressed in the words "One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better."

CLASS OF 1889.

Don't be foolish enough to waste your life on yourself. You are robbing yourself when you do that.

CLASS OF 1890.

We are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea.

CLASS OF 1891.

To "who, what and when," for us of '91, must also be added "where," because the "twenty for our native land" are scattered nearly all over it. "When" was June 5, 1891, and since that commencement we have been trying to answer the world's ever reiterated question "who and what." Sometimes we write with satisfaction, but more often our sober second thought demands an erasure; yet with glamour of commencement day dreams still "trailing clouds of glory" before our eyes, we hope that before the papers must be finally handed in we shall at last write the answers that shall earn the coveted "100."

CLASS OF 1892.

"And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
The eternal Saki from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour."

CLASS OF 1893.

Go, dive in the vast ocean of thy mind,
O, man! far down below the noisy waves,
Down in the depths and silence thou mayest find
Rare pearls and coral caves.

CLASS OF 1894.

An incident—It was a cold dark January morning and rhetorical day. He arose before dawn, dressed in his best and blackened his shoes in the dark. He did not read the label on the box, for if he had it would have read thus, "Rising Sun Stove Polish." Did he shine (in rhetoricals) that day? He did, from head to FOOT. He was a member of the class of '94. O, do you remember?

CLASS OF 1895.

Reflected from the vastly Infinite,
  However dulled by earth, each human mind
Holds somewhere gems of beauty and of light
  Which seeking, thou shalt find.

CLASS OF 1896.

There are gains for all our losses.
  There are balms for all our pains;
But when youth, the dream, departs
It takes something from our hearts,
  And it never comes again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
  And we sigh for it in vain.
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air
  But it never comes again.

And we ten are widely scattered
  As a class we still maintain
That '96 will still be true,
To Bellaire High, tho' we're few.
  We may never meet again.

CLASS OF 1897.

In June of 1897 was graduated a class of seventeen members—fourteen girls and three boys—all of whom are still living and in possession of their right faculties. This is worthy of mention as it is well known that ultra-brilliant minds deteriorate most rapidly.

In the old "Elysian" was held one of the most successful Commencements ever seen in Bellaire. In fact our class as a unit will testify that there never has been a good Commencement since.

Such orations, such original poems, such grandiloquence; such grace of manner and delivery! Oh, the days gone bye!

Every one of us was so bright and so gifted in the art of public speaking that we were all permitted to take part. And what addresses! No matter if they were half quotations—they were good quotations anyhow.

Our motto was "Onward," or "Forward," or "Get a Move on You," or something like that. It has been so long ago we have forgotten. But whatever it was we have obeyed its teaching, for where there were only seventeen of us then, there are now forty-five—and the end is not yet.

To the Class of 1913 we extend greetings and say, "Go thou, and do likewise."

CLASS OF 1898.

Just a Word of Advice to Future Classes of the B. H. S. Our grandfathers in their youth were advised to go West and grow up with the country.

Today the great undeveloped South is the land of opportunity.

There is need in this land of sunshine for men and women of every profession, artists, and artisans.

To those about to set forth to seek their fortunes I would say: Come South, Young man or woman, come South.

CLASS OF 1899.

"I wish I could make High School students everywhere realize to what an extent the social and moral standards of this country depend upon them and how alarming is the present excess of sociability among them and how great the need for more real study and character building. I cannot claim that this represents the opinions of my class for I have seen very little of the other members in recent years, but I believe that those who have kept in touch with school life will agree with me."

CLASS OF 1900.

Those of us who wear the ring with two ciphers (1900) realize by this time something of the meaning of "Launched But Not Anchored," and now appreciate to a greater extent that the proper use of our High School days repays us in after life with a profit beyond our most sanguine expectations, but that the waste of time then will make us dwindle intellectually, morally and spiritually in our after life.

CLASS OF 1901.

The patient work of the teachers, their unselfish interest in our class, not as a whole, but as individuals surely proved to us, "The true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us; to develop, to their fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us has endowed us."

CLASS OF 1902.

A little learning scattered o'er
A frolic of four years or more,
Then—Presto, Change!—and you create
A sober High School graduate!

CLASS OF 1903.

When "I can't" would come and stay
And bother you all day,
  Drive him out with all your might.
His muscle is so weak,
And, in truth, he's rather meek,
You can flout him, you can scout him,
You can altogether rout him
  With a strong, "I can, I can!"

CLASS OF 1904.

Every piece of work that we do which is well done is so much help; every piece of pretense and half-heartedness is so much hurt.

CLASS OF 1905.

Go on with your work and be strong,
  Halting not in your ways,
Balking the end half won
  For an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise,
  Certain of sword and pen,
You are neither children nor gods,
  But men in a world of men.

CLASS OF 1906.

"What we do belongs to what we are, and what we are is what becomes of us." Our achievements, after all, depend upon our character, and this determines our ultimate destiny. It is never too early or too late to begin to think of the big things of this life, or of the infinite possibilities of the life to come. Every little act is a turn upon the Yale lock to the door of Eternity. Think well before you place your hand. When once you have determined your course, have put your hand to the knob, DON'T HESITATE, AND DON'T FORGET THE COMBINATION.

CLASS OF 1907.

The Class of '07 altho it has not set the world afire with its brilliance, still is doing its best for coming generations. Five of this class are married, having already presented us with five honorary members, four are teaching, two are still on the pursuit of higher knowledge and the last but not least is a stenographer.

"Non Paratum" now as ever
Some of us yet may say.
Before our life ties we sever
"Paratum est" may it be.

CLASS OF 1908.

Here's a health in homely rhyme
To our oldest Classmate Father Time!
May our last survivor live to be
As old and as wise and as tough as he.

CLASS OF 1909.

Here's to dear old B. H. S.
And the class of "Nineteen nine."
Here's to the health of Old Bellaire.
May fame on you forever shine.

CLASS OF 1910.

The class of 1910 still has a very vivid recollection of untasted ice cream and almost barbarian attacks of the Junior "brethren" upon the Seniors in their very best evening apparel; but there is also a peculiar feeling of love for old B. H. S. that comes back to each one of the 1910 seniors. Some of the Latin translations have been completely forgotten; some of the physics experiments have not proved to be absolutely useful in our work; and Shakespeare may still be a horrid dream to some of us; but the day-dreams of high school days are being more effectually realized because of the influence of our teachers both in the classroom and out of school.

The class of 1910 can only say again, "May each class of B. H. S. strive to be the best and may each graduate be able to realize his highest ambitions."

CLASS OF 1911.

Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place.
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face.
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it may be;
Think He has chosen you for it,
Then walk loyally.

CLASS OF 1912.

Having finished our first lesson last May when we received our "sheepskins," we have been spending this last year starting our second. Some have gone on to college, others stayed at home and still others are preparing to enter college at some future date but we are all trying to live up to our motto "We strive to reach the highest goal."

"Hilda at School"

In the faraway country of Scotland, there lived a lassie by the name of Hilda Burns. Hilda's parents were poor and she had no chance for a good education, as an education in those days was costly.

One day they (Hilda and her parents) were surprised to receive a letter from Hilda's distant uncle. It was stated in the letter that Hilda's uncle, wishing his niece to have a good education, enclosed a check for $150 for that purpose. He recommended Mrs. Beaufort's School for Young Women. Hilda's parents readily consented to this plan, and Hilda began to make preparations to attend the school. All arrangements were made between Madame Beaufort and her new pupil. As Hilda was leaving for the school, her mother placed in her hand a worn Bible. "Take care of it, daughter," she said. Hilda promised her mother that she would, and then took her leave. Her father accompanied her to the school and placed her in Madame Beaufort's charge. She was kindly received by that lady. Shortly after, her father took his leave with many promises, "not to worry." Madame then led Hilda about and introduced her to the other girls. All, with one exception, received her very graciously. Marie Stuart, an English girl, was the exception, and she bowed distantly and coldly to Hilda. Hilda felt the hot tears rising to her eyes, but with an effort, she turned to a friendly girl near her and made a pleasant remark.

Each day Hilda grew more popular, but there was one girl who would not meet her friendly advances. This was Marie Stuart. One day, toward the end of the term, Madame Beaufort said she had a surprise in store for the pupils. The girls knew it would be a surprise if Madame had anything to do with it.

"Pupils," said she, "I am going to offer a prize of $50 for the most original story written by any one of you. You will have two weeks, the time till the end of the present school term, in which to write it. At the end of that time the essays will be handed to me and I will judge them. To the girl who has the best one, I will award a prize of $50." After she left the room, the girls talked among themselves of the prize. They all crowded around Hilda and coaxed her to try for it. "I'll try," she said. "I can not do anything more than my best." Marie Stuart said nothing, but in her heart she was determined to win the prize. "I can buy that set of furs I have always wanted, and besides, outshine my rival." For Marie firmly believed Hilda had stolen her place in the girls' hearts.

On the next day, Hilda received a letter from her mother. Her mother said that Hilda could not remain at school any longer, for they could not afford it. They did not like to ask Hilda's uncle for any more help, as he had been very generous already. Hilda's eyes filled with tears as she read the letter, for she had learned to love all the

girls. She was not selfish enough to wish to stay after this, but she determined to make an effort to win the prize. It would just be enough money to pay for the next season's tuition. "I *must* win the prize," she thought.

Suddenly an inspiration came to her as she picked up her mother's worn Bible. Seating herself at her writing desk, Hilda filled page after page with her story. Worn out by her exertion, her head drooped and she fell sound asleep.

In the meantime, the rest of the girls were making fudge in Marie Stuart's room. Suddenly one of the girls exclaimed: "Where is Hilda?" No one had seen her, so they went in search of her. They found Hilda sitting at her desk, fast asleep. When they saw her thus, not wishing to disturb her, they tiptoed out of the room again. When the path was clear, Marie Stuart entered Hilda's room again. She had seen the written sheets on Hilda's desk, and came back to see what they were. When she saw what the writing was, Marie was seized with a great temptation. Snatching the papers from the desk, she slipped quietly to her own room. She realized the value of the story, and determined to use the plot as her own. After a great struggle between her good and bad natures, she swiftly replaced the manuscript.

When Hilda awoke, she was surprised to see Marie Stuart in her room. Marie impulsively confessed and begged Hilda's forgiveness. Hilda could scarcely believe what she had heard, but she readily forgave Marie. From that moment the two girls became fast friends.

At last the great day came. A number of visitors were there, including Hilda's parents. Madame Beaufort ascended the platform, and after making a little speech, pronounced Hilda Burns as winner of the prize. All of Hilda's friends stepped forth to congratulate her, and the foremost among them was Marie. After kissing Marie and shaking hands with her friends, Hilda stepped forth to greet her parents and their simple praise fell upon appreciative ears.

HAZEL VOIGHT, '15.

Modes of Travel

There are many principal modes of travel. From walking to riding to flying shows a wonderful progress in civilization. Yet today all these ways are used.

Although first in origin, walking is also first in importance. Man is fitted for it by Nature, so naturally it is the cheapest way. It is the best of all exercises for developing the body. When one walks, just for the love of walking, one usually goes into the country. There, in addition to pure air, one has the opportunity of studying Nature. This develops the powers of observation. Walking is a fine antidote for bad spirits; one cannot feel ill-humored when walking. As things are important only in relation to their effect upon the mind, body, and soul, and as walking is good for all of them, we may safely give it our highest praise.

When man first arrived upon this terrestrial sphere, he was told to subdue the earth and its creatures. He did so and found a use for these creatures. One use was carrying himself and his possessions upon their backs. Some animals have certain peculiarities that fit them for particular places. The camel has hoofs fitted for walking in the sand on deserts and more important still, can do without water for a number of days. In the extreme north, dogs are used for pulling the sleds. In India and other eastern places people ride upon elephants. I have even heard of a man riding upon an ostrich. Donkeys, oxen and zebras are used, but in the best parts of the world, the horse, finest and noblest animal of the lot, is used.

From riding on the backs of animals to riding in vehicles pulled by them, is a short step. In Japan, India, and China, men pull the carts.

In Holland, (someone once told me), that on market days, they hitch the dogs and the women to the carts, the men walking alongside smoking their pipes. I do not know how true that is. In the West, before railroads were built, the people traveled in wagons, several going at once for protection. They still travel caravan fashion across the Sahara. Horses, mules, oxen and other animals are used.

But animals cannot carry man across the water. So he invented the boat. I suspect the first one was rather a sorry spectacle. He needed it so vitally that he soon had it improved almost out of recognition. Even the Indians had skillfully made boats although they did not possess a high degree of civilization. The sea has certain fascinations. Very early man ventured upon it in boats propelled by sails. They were not safe and were extremely slow, depending for speed upon the wind—and "The wind bloweth where it listeth," as the old saying goes. In seventeen hundred ninety-six, John Rumsey built the first steamboat. This marked the beginning of a new era. Modern steamships are speedy. The "Mauretania," in nineteen and nine crossed the ocean in four days and ten hours. In all probability that record has been since broken. These ships are safe, pro-

tected by wireless telegraphy, and every other device human ingenuity can provide and man has not lost his capacity for improving.

In eighteen hundred and fourteen, Stephenson constructed a steam-engine. It was not much thought of. The first railway for the conveyance of passengers was opened by the Stockton and Darlington Company, in eighteen and twenty-five. The first American railway was the Baltimore and Ohio. From that time much improvement has been made, especially in the United States. In nineteen hundred and one the average mileage in this country was two hundred and sixty-five thousand miles. If there were no railroads we could not have the government; the tracks that connect the cities help to hold the United States together.

Locomotives run by electricity are used in every large city now. The first one was made by Professor Page. Thomas Edison and Stephen Field also interested themselves in street-cars. The fare on these cars is so cheap that rich and poor may use them. They are now often put through country districts as well as through cities. The automobile differs from a street-car chiefly because the former was made for common roads and not for rails. The first one was invented by a Frenchman, Cuegnot. His machine is still kept in Paris. They are only a recent invention, but have been greatly improved during the last few years. There are electric motors, steam motors with gasoline fuel, compressed air and explosive gas motors.

For centuries men have had the desire and have made attempts to fly. Only in recent years, however, have these attempts been successful. Dante of Peruga made some gliding flights in fourteen hundred and fifty. Chanute and Lilienthal are the pioneers of the present movement. Their experiments were a starting point for the Wrights in America, and Ferber and Voixin in France. In nineteen hundred and two Wilbur and Orville Wright made their first flight at Kitty Hawk. The United States government refused to consider "a couple of cranks." Charles Flint of New York financed the movement. There has been great improvement. There are numerous accidents but nothing seems to discourage the aviators.

These ways of travel are all so important that it is hard to pick out the most necessary. Walking is nature's way; there are people who love the horse so dearly that no machine could take its place. Yet I suppose the aeroplane is really the most wonderful for in it man leaves the earth and to what degree of perfection the aeroplane may go is hard for our twentieth century minds to consider.

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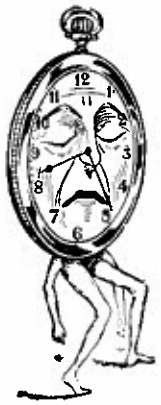
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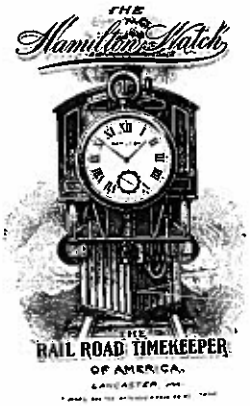
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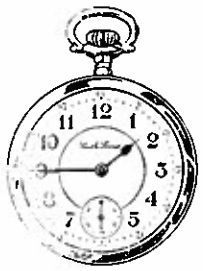
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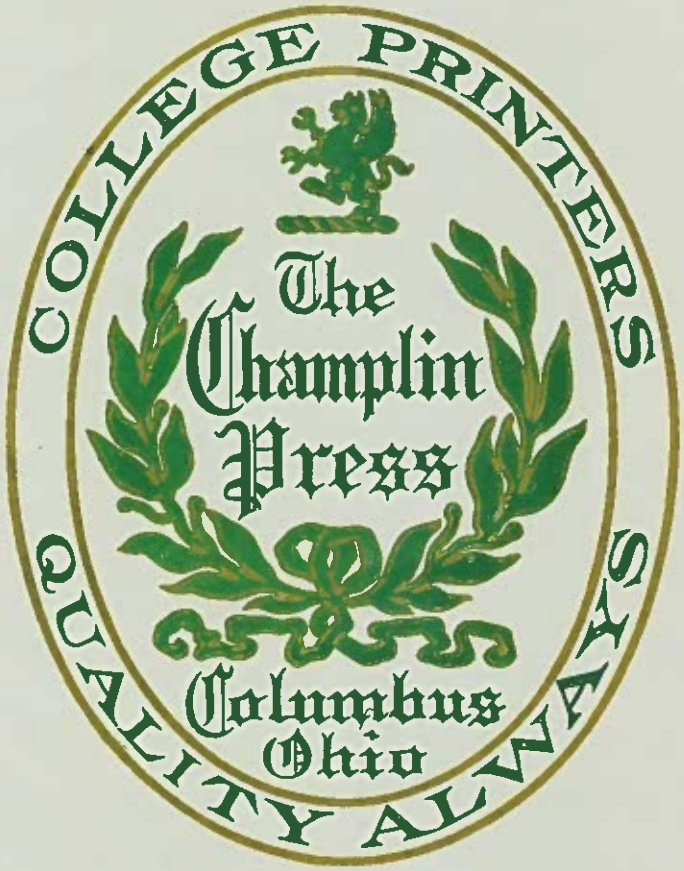
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