

STUDENT LANTERN

May, 1913



10c. per Copy.

75c. per Year.

T. W. MARTIN & SON, Jewelers

205 Genesee Avenue, in Eddy Building

are Different, Exclusive and of Better Quality

Prices Reasonable

Diamond Experts

Compliments of E. A. Robertson Co.

J. A. SCHIRMER, Jeweler

216 GENESEE AVE.

COMPLETE LINE OF UP-TO-DATE JEWELRY FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS. WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF SETTING DIAMONDS AND MAKING ALL KINDS OF SPECIAL JEWELRY TO ORDER.

ESTABLISHED 1882

People's Savings Bank, SAGINAW, MICH.

Three per cent. interest paid on all Savings Deposits.

It's what you SAVE, not what you EARN, that makes Wealth.

IF YOU DEPOSIT	Amount Deposited	Interest Earned	TOTAL AMOUNT
5 cts. per day for 5 yrs.	\$ 78 25	\$ 5 57	\$ 83 82
10 cts. per day for 5 yrs.	186 50	11 14	167 64
15 cts. per day for 5 yrs.	234 75	16 71	250 46
20 cts. per day for 5 yrs.	313 00	22 28	335 28
25 cts. per day for 5 yrs.	391 25	27 85	419 10
30 cts. per day for 5 yrs.	469 50	33 42	502 92
40 cts. per day for 5 yrs.	626 00	44 56	670 56

The above is on a basis of 3 % per annum

(The wasted dollar is a lost friend, gone forever)

A new one in
Athletic Underwear

WILSON BROTHERS

“Klosed Krotch”

UNION SUITS

\$1.00 and \$1.50



Jaeckel & Rau

212 Genesee Ave.

Imitation

Walk-Over Shoes are often imitated. You never knew anyone to imitate a lead dollar or a paste diamond—*think it over.* :: :: ::

Walk-Over Boot Shop

F. J. GROWELL, Proprietor

To be Just Ahead

of the fashion that is commonplace both in the style of the garments and in the fabrics is the definite purpose of our business



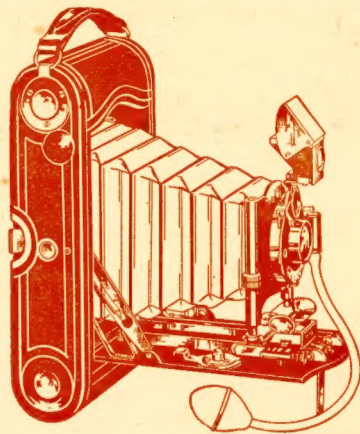
T. A. Reade, Tailor

Maker of Men's Garments

207 Genesee Ave.

Saginaw, Mich.

Spring-time is the time to Kodak



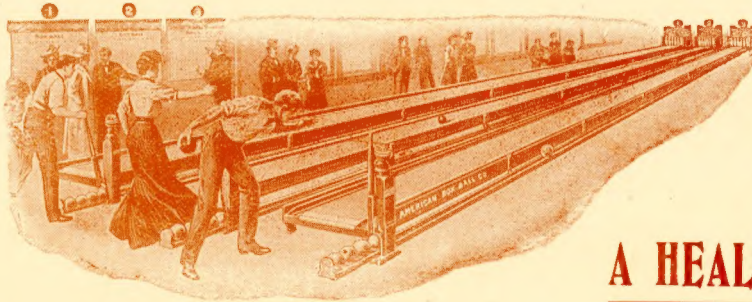
The orchards in blossom, the full trout streams, the delicate laciness of the trees,—all nature in its best and happiest moods, await the Kodaker in Spring. The Kodak has made picture-taking so simple that a child can understand it—so efficient that the expert cannot exhaust its possibilities.

Loads in daylight with Kodak Film cartridge,—no dark room needed for any of the work, not even for developing and printing. Everything about operation gladly explained.

We have Kodaks in all sizes and at prices from \$5 upward. Brownies \$1 to \$12.

J. E. ANDERSON CO.

PLAY BOX BALL



A Clean Amusement

**A
Splendid Recreation**

A HEALTHFUL EXERCISE

ALLEYS—121 South Franklin Street

BOTH PHONES 888

Dr. Frederick E. Bush DENTIST

Located in Saginaw 15 years. All Operations Painless. Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

3RD FLOOR WIECHMAN BLDG. COR. GENESEE AND JEFFERSON

DR. T. E. HOWSON DENTIST

205 WEICHMANN BLDG.

SAGINAW,

MICHIGAN

WHEN you go to the river on fishing bent, you do not hang back when you see them coming home with big strings of fish.

You know that the pond or river where they caught those fish is the place for you to go, and you lose no time in getting there.

You make no experiments.

Why should you?

Let the experience of others guide you in your travel-goods purchases as it does in your fishing.

We rest upon our record.

Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases, Leather Goods, and "Cross" English Gloves.

Liebermann Trunk Co.

415 Genesee Ave. Bell Phone 1818



BREAD FLOUR

**TWO FAVORITES
who always make good**

Delivered from Manufacturers direct to your home at wholesale prices.

Callam Mills

211 N. Franklin

PHONES 147



KELSEY

sells the

New Edison Home Kinetoscope.

The Victor Post Card Projector with Arc Lamps.

The Radiopicans.

Demonstrations any time
at our store.

202 Genesee Avenue

The Girl Who Graduates

from the High School; who hesitates to pledge four years to a College Course; who, nevertheless, desires to study, to enjoy college advantages, to cultivate special talents, to enrich her life and her friendships—should know of **NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY**, a Junior College for young women planned especially to meet the needs of High School graduates. Collegiate and Vocational Courses, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Business Law, Travel. Outdoor life a feature. Study of the National Capital. Illustrated book of 126 pages free on request. Address

Registrar, National Park Seminary
FOREST GLEN, MARYLAND

(Suburb of Washington, D. C.)



“The Certain Mark
of Quality”

When you see the above Mark on an article, whether it's on a five cent lead pencil or on a masterpiece of the printer's art you may rest assured that the article is all we claim that it is and is the highest quality that is possible to give for your money.

SPECIAL---See our “English Twill” Correspondence Cards and Envelopes in those nifty “S & P” labelled boxes at 35c the box.

SEEMANN & PETERS

“OFFICE OUTFITTERS”

PRINTERS, BINDERS, ENGRAVERS

PHONES 442

COR. FRANKLIN AND TUSCOLA STS.

PHONES 442

Wm. Polson & Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

SASH, DOORS, FRAMES, TURNED
WORK, INTERIOR FINISH

Saginaw,

Mich.

The "Englischer"

This may seem to be an extreme style, but you will find them very popular this season. Its a manish shoe for young women — the last is flat, the toe receding and the heel wide and flat. An extremely comfortable shoe for walking. We have them in Black and Tan at



\$4.00

Erhard & Stalker

The Quality Boot Shop
220 GENESEE AVE.

LUFKIN

Worlds Largest Manufacturers

... of ...

Measuring Tapes

and Rules

Saginaw, Mich.

WATCH
FOR=====THE
"AURORA"
OUR BIG SCHOOL ANNUAL

EVERYBODY BOOST

TENTH ANNUAL
SAGINAW VALLEY TRACK MEET

SAGINAW, ARTHUR HILL, ALPENA, WEST
BRANCH, BAY CITY EASTERN, FLINT AND
BAY CITY WESTERN HIGH SCHOOLS

SATURDAY, JUNE 14th, 1913

ALUMNI FIELD

MEET CALLED AT 1:30 P. M.

STUDENTS' TICKETS 15c.

GENERAL ADMISSION 25c

STUDENT LANTERN

Vol.
VII.



MAY
MCMXIII



No.
8

Cover Design

CONTENTS

Prunes—Part 3	207
Sour Grapes	213
Editorial	219
Literary Notes	221
Happenings	224
School News	225
Theatres	226
Athletics	227
Social	230
Jokes	232

PUBLISHED BY
SAGINAW HIGH SCHOOL LYCEUM
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN



LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT BERKELEY

STUDENT LANTERN

Vol. VII.

MAY, 1913.

No. 8

“Prunes”

A ROMANCE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

In Three Parts.

By J. ROY STAVER.

Part Three.

“**S**AN-N O-ZA-AY.” A loud voice sounded through the car. In one of the rear seats a young man started into sudden wakefulness.

“What station did you call?” he inquired of the uniformed individual coming up the aisle.

“San Jose,” replied that worthy.

“That’s my station,” replied the young man.

Before long there was a crunching of brakes and the hiss of escaping steam and the train rolled into the station and stopped. With all possible haste, a grip in each hand, the young man made out of the door. Once outside and on the station platform he paused for breath.

“Better get my bearings first,” he murmured to himself. “Also I’ll have to find some place to stay.”

Upon inquiry, he found there was a very good hotel right across from the depot. So he decided he would stop there. He had traveled since early morning and as a consequence was ravenously hungry.

He hied himself at once to the hotel and after sending his luggage to a room, made at once for the dining-room. He enjoyed the meal immensely. The food was excellent and the service all that could be expected. Thus, ere long, he found he had eaten so much that he was very glad indeed to retire to his room for a little nap.

He felt greatly refreshed on rising and started at once to dress for a call he was to make that afternoon. “Wonder if she will be angry,” he asked his reflection in the mirror, as he adjusted his collar. “I wouldn’t blame her a bit if she were. Here I’ve only known her six weeks, have never seen her in my life, haven’t the slightest idea of what kind of girl she is, yet at this moment I am preparing to call on her as an old friend. Well, I’ve got to take the chance, now I’ve gone this far. I only hope she doesn’t get angry.”

He pulled on his coat and took one last look at himself in the glass. Yes, it was Jimmy Valentine, all right. The same old Jimmy, although you would

hardly have known him in his new outfit. He looked rather more like a professor of some kind than what he really was.

He descended the stairs and requested the boy at the desk to call him a cab. He hadn't the slightest idea where Genevieve lived so thought it best to ride. The boy came back almost immediately with word that his cab was ready. So tossing the boy a coin, Jimmy went outside.

"I want to go to 158 Elm street," he informed the driver. "How far is it?"

"Oh, not far," responded the man. "About ten minutes' ride."

"Well, all right," said Jimmy as he entered the cab. "And say, Driver, let me off at the corner just before we reach there. I think I'd rather not have them see me come in a carriage."

As he rode along he tried to think what he should say when they came face to face. What excuse should he offer for his unseemly haste in responding to their invitation, and too without saying a word about it. Suppose they should reject his offers of friendship upon meeting him in person? He began to feel almost sorry he had come.

At that instant the cab stopped.

"Here's your corner, Mister," the driver shouted down to him.

What! So soon! Why it seemed but a moment before that he had started. However, he alighted and paid the man. He must retain his calm at all hazards. It would never do to let the driver notice his agitation.

Upon receiving his fare, the man turned around and drove off in the direction from whence he had come, leaving Jimmy standing on the corner, his last vestige of confidence gone. Never before had he been in such a panic. It took all the will power he could possibly muster to keep his feet from following that carriage. Ah, but this would never do, he thought. "Faint heart ne'er won fair ladye." After all there was nothing to be afraid of. He would walk past first, anyway. So assuming an unconcerned air as he could under the circumstances, he started up the street. He watched the numbers as he went along. One hundred forty, one hundred forty-six.

"It must be the house beyond that high fence," he murmured to himself. He kept on. He was almost to the fence. Now he had passed it. He looked into the yard.

Suddenly and without warning Jimmy's heart landed with a sickening thud against the roof of his mouth! His knees smote together beneath him! For there, in a rocker on the porch, sat Genevieve Billings, looking directly at him. Had he possessed the ability at that moment, he would certainly have fled. As it was, however, he remained rooted to the spot.

For the instant Genevieve did not recognize him, but all of a sudden it came to her.

"Why, Jimmy Valentine!" she cried, running out to him. "Who in the world ever expected to see you here. Come in and sit down." She led him back to the porch.

STUDENT :: LANTERN

"You must meet mother at once," she told him, happily. "She'll be real glad to see you, I'm sure."

Mrs. Billings, hearing the conversation, came out of the house at that moment and was promptly introduced to Jimmy. She greeted him most heartily and bestowed upon him such a kind and motherly smile that dissipated at once all doubts he may have had as to his welcome.

It was impossible for him not to feel at home after that. And Genevieve! He could hardly keep his eyes away. He had known and talked with hundreds of girls in his day, but none like this one. What charm, what grace! It fairly intoxicated him. How entirely at ease she made him feel, and how easily the words came to his lips in answer to her questions.

"I was just sitting here waiting for the postman," she was saying, "when you came, but I don't care if he ever come now." She smiled at him archly.

"I am sure no one could feel more happy than I do at the present moment," returned Jimmy. "But a short while ago I was almost sorry I had come for fear you might be angry."

"Angry!" exclaimed Genevieve. "Why you foolish boy! I'm sure nothing could have pleased us more; and I know mother is just as delighted as I."

The elder woman smiled indulgently upon them.

"You may be sure, Mr. Valentine," she said, "that the hospitality of our home is yours for as long as you care to stay. Your most entertaining letters, from which Genevieve, with your permission, has read me extracts, have created in us a consuming desire to become more intimately acquainted, and we should indeed be loath to relinquish the opportunity now that it has come."

Jimmy was over-whelmed.

"Words fail me, Mrs. Billings, with which to thank you," he answered. "I can but try to deserve the friendship which you so cordially extend."

Thus, now quite acquainted, they chatted on one thing or another all afternoon. At supper-time Jimmy was for going to the hotel, but they would not listen to it.

"You haven't forgotten those delightful evenings I wrote you about, have you?" Genevieve questioned him.

Jimmy hadn't forgotten, no indeed; but he too forward on so short an acquaintance. However, he only smiled and did as they suggested.

Such a delightful meal it was, too. Such wonderful home cooking! And, oh, how good it was after what he was in the habit of getting. He was never more himself than on that evening. All through the twilight and later into the deepening shadows of the night, as they sat and conversed, he could not but feel that the advice Mr. Shelly had given him was only too true; that it was the surroundings of a home and all its influences that he needed. And when as he knelt for his evening prayer that night, he gave thanks to the blessed Providence that had shown him the way of true friendship.

For three whole days Jimmy walked on air. He had never known such happy moments in all his existence. Never before had he been so light-hearted and cheerful.

And then,—on the morning of the fourth day there came the change. All the forenoon he sat before the window of his room gazing out over the tops of the buildings into the space beyond. Nothing tragic, dear reader, he was only absorbed with the serious thoughts which come to every young man in love. Sudden moods are a common occurrence to young folks in that condition.

When he called that afternoon Genevieve noticed there was something wrong with him, but she did not allude to it. Rather, she tried to dispel his apparent absorption, and so far succeeded, that by supper-time Jimmy was more his former self.

After the evening meal, he suggested a stroll through one of the beautiful parks, to which she readily assented. She was not above certain moods herself and always enjoyed the singular peace and quietude so peculiar to parks and woodlands. Many the times she had spent the twilight hours, listening to the rustle of the leaves as they unbent themselves to the sweet caress of the summer breezes.

This night, as before, she found herself listening for the old familiar sounds. As for Jimmy, he had far weightier matters to think of. He had about decided that the time was at hand when he must speak to this beautiful girl at his side of their future. He had purposely suggested this stroll, somehow instinctively feeling that the seductive evening time would aid him in the consummation of his wishes.

They presently came to a bench and rested from their walk. For several moments neither spoke until Genevieve remarked: "A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Jimmy."

"May be they're worth no more than that," he answered, "but of that you must judge. I was just thinking of a little story I would like to tell you."

"What is it about?" she asked, interested at once.

Under cover of the semi-darkness, Jimmy smiled to himself. What would she say to his little story. What verdict would she offer?

"It's about a little fellow I've known for quite a while," he began. "To me it is very interesting, so I thought you might like to hear it.

"A long time ago, away up in the New Hampshire hills, he first saw the light of day. His mother died the day he was born, so he never knew that wonderful influence called mother-love. And it made quite a difference to him in after years. His father married again within a year of his mother's death and the step-mother brought to the home several children by a former marriage, all older than he. Almost from the first they abused him.

"It was the old story of the step-mother with children of her own: they got everything, he almost nothing. Whenever there was ice cream and peaches and such good things for the others, they fed him on prunes. And

STUDENT :: LANTERN

oh! how he did hate prunes. He would go off into a corner afterward and cry himself almost sick.

"His father was quite wealthy and might have given him all manner of comforts but somehow the step-mother so prejudiced his mind against the boy that the father neglected him entirely.

"Then, one night, the boy tired of it all, packed up his few belongings and ran away. He was fifteen then, but they have never seen nor heard from him since. He spent two whole months of awful hardship, many times having to steal from the farmers' fields, through which he passed, such things as he could find.

"He finally reached Chicago, so famished and his clothes so tattered he was just about ready to drop. A friendly newsboy found him and bought him some supper. He has never had a meal since that that tasted better. He resolved, then and there, that if fortune ever came his way, he would not forget that newsboy, and he has but recently started a search for him. The boy also promised to start him selling papers and to find him a place to sleep, but they became separated almost at once, when a policeman chased them for loitering on the street. So that night he secreted himself in a freight car instead.

"In the middle of the night something awakened him. He had unknowingly secreted himself in a car attached to a trans-continental train. He hardly knew what to do, but decided to wait for daylight. The next day came and two more beside before he was able to leave the train. And for the whole time he had nothing but a little dry corn to eat, which he found in one corner of the car.

"Finally, however, the train stopped in a great freight yard. It must be some big city, he thought. He watched his chance and slipped away without any one seeing him. Several hours later a man found him sitting on a doorstep crying softly. The man took pity on him, and after hearing his story gave him work. That was a little over twelve years ago. Today he is still working for the same man, a much loved and trusted employee.

He was always a saving lad and stayed home nights. He never had a girl like most of the other boys. He never found one that he cared anything for, until one day Providence brought him a message. Are you listening, Genevieve?"

"Yes; yes," she answered. "Go on; I'm intensely interested."

Jimmy continued.

"He answered that message, and in a shorter time than he could have believed possible, he found himself hopelessly in love with the most charming girl he had ever known. What to do he didn't know. He had never had any experience in anything of the kind before. But finally he decided to place the whole affair before the girl and let her be the judge.

"And that is what he is doing tonight, Genevieve, placing the story of his life before the girl he loves; before the one girl in the world that can make

him happy. Dear Genevieve, I am that boy. In telling you this story to-night I am trying to let you know how my very soul is hungering for you, how I am longing for the sweet caress of your arms and lips. Tell me, sweetheart, is my wish in vain?"

All the magnetism of his fresh young voice went forth to the listening girl beside him. For a full minute she could hardly realize that her little prayer of a few short weeks before had indeed come true. And it was with almost a sob in her voice that she answered him.

"Oh, Jimmy," she said, who could help loving you? It seems almost as though I had loved you always."

At the sound of her words all the pent-up emotion within him gave way, and he caught her up in his arms and showered her face with kisses.

For a long time they remained in each other's embrace, too overcome for words. Presently, however, Genevieve gently disengaged herself and asked:

"Really, Jimmy dear, don't you like prunes? Why, I just love them. They are really good. Now, honest, don't you think they are?"

Well,—er—of course, if she wanted him to;—although as we remarked at the beginning, Jimmy Valentine never did like prunes.

THE END.

Teacher—"Edward, you have spelled 'rabbit' with two t's. You must leave one out."

Edward—"Yes, ma'am; which one?"

"What is your name?" asked the teacher of a boy in the front seat.

"Tom," replied the youngster.

"You should say 'Thomas,'" said the teacher. "Now, what is your name?" said she to the next boy.

Thinking he had learned something the lad promptly answered, "Jackass."

There was a man
Sat on a can,
The can was full of powder.
He began to cough,
The can went off
And blew him all to chowder.

Teacher—"Give me the principal

parts of 'occido'?"

Pupil—"O kiddo; O kid dearie;
O kiss us sum."

Prof.—"A fool can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer."

Student—"Yes, just look how many of us flunk our tests."

Cannibal—"How did our chief get that attack of hay fever?"

Second Cannibal—"He ate a grass widow."

Wanted—An office boy, partly inside and partly outdoors.

Please excuse Willie from school, as he has had the measles to oblige his father.

This is in memory of John Smith who was accidentally killed as a mark of affection by his wife.

Wanted—A piano by a young man in good condition.

“SOUR GRAPES”

“**W**AL-TER, Wal-ter,” came a shrill call through the clear spring air. The tousled-headed urchin busily occupied behind the barn, hastily hid the “makings” for his cigarette between two stones and yelled, “Comin’.” To his mother, standing on the farmhouse porch watching the sturdy figure with its broad straw-hat approach, he was the personification of trouble. He was just an ordinary country boy, freckled and tanned and somewhat large for his thirteen years. Nature and environment had fitted him to be a leader and favorite of crowd and his wonderful ability for concocting mischief made him a general enemy of all peace-loving people. With rather a defiant air he strode to the porch. He knew what was coming and intended to be as mean as possible about it.

The little fair-haired woman just waited for him to emerge from the orchard when she called to him, “Walter, what have you been doing? Here it is eight o’clock and you haven’t your shoes and stockings on yet!”

“Aw, ma!” he grumbled, “do I have to wear ’em?”

“Certainly.”

“Aw, ma.” He was calculating rapidly: school began at 8:30; ten minutes here at the porch; ten minutes to put on his shoes, that left ten minutes. He never could walk the mile to school in ten minutes. That would be three tardies in three days and all on account of the hated shoes, as he reasoned. There would be a note from the teacher and a family discussion after which he saw himself free of the cumbersome shoes.

“Oh, mother,” Walter’s older brother broke in from the doorway, “let him go as he is.”

“Well, I don’t know.” Mother’s blue eyes were wavering in their determination.

“I’ll be late, ma, if I have to put ’em on.”

“All right, but mind you don’t come home all spattered with mud.”

The little bloused figure was already to the gate. Swinging his dinner pail and letting his feet revel in the coolness of the dewy grass, he started out through the woods.

“Now what does Bob want of me,” he pondered. His suspicions were well-grounded for he knew from experience that brother Bob always got value for value. Well, he would be on his guard, especially as Bob had vowed vengeance on him for sending comic postals to his girl. With a cheery whistle he dismissed the matter and shied a couple of stones at some chattering squirrels and was busily engaged in killing a snake that had crossed his pathway, when the sound of the school bell sent a shock through him. “Gee! I’ll be late,” he cried. Grabbing his dinner pail he was off running swiftly on the hard-worn pathway, but it was no use; the last doleful

sound of the bell found him still a good distance away. There was trouble in store for him; he wondered what shape it would take. What "teacher" might do did not trouble him; it was Bob at home who worried him for Bob was sweet on "teacher" and had promised Walter a good paddling if he heard any complaints. "She'll ask him to see that I'm not late any more," he thought. He saw all his peace gone, saw himself watched every minute. "Gee! Bob'll get after me now," he muttered.

When he reached the schoolhouse everything was quiet. Hanging his hat in the entry he marched in head up. The other fellows looked up at him admiringly; they would never have attempted anything like it; teacher would have promptly squelched them. He was deeply engrossed in trying to hook "Reddy" Turnbull's ear when teacher called him to the desk.

"Walter, why were you late?" she asked.

The whole school was attention, heads slyly lifted over books to get the whole enthralling scene. Walter had firmly intended to fold his arms grandly and await his punishment but "teacher's" blue eyes looked so curious, as if she really wished to know, that he said "Bob did me a favor this morning and it surprised me so I guess I forgot to walk fast."

Miss Hill frowned but her cheeks got pink. "Walter" she said, "you may take the corner seat in the girl's section for the rest of the month."

Slowly he transferred his belongings, surveyed his surroundings, made faces at a little girl and then settled down to plan the crowd's method of support if he should need it. The revenge upon "teacher" for this present indignity would come later. That decided, he gave his attention to other matters. Just now the sixth grade arithmetic class was reciting and that silly thing, Bernice was trying to explain a problem. Huh! she thought she was smart because everybody said she was pretty and the fellows tagged after her. There, teacher was sending her to her seat and she was crying. Well, all the West's were cry babies anyway.

But Bernice instead of bursting into tears and laying her head on her arms merely held her chin in her hands and stared ahead.

If she was going to cry, why didn't she cry, anyway, instead of just sniveling? The time he put the frog on her neck she cried in torrents. He watched a tear slowly roll down her cheek from beneath her long wet lashes, hang a moment and then go splash! on her slate. Another and another rolled round the curve of her pink cheek. O, maybe she was kinda cute but she never noticed him so—

Suddenly she turned around and smiling at him with clear blue eyes, whispered, "Wash my slate."

Now Walter had fully expected to see her eyes all red; but Bernice was not crying because she was worried about those problems but because she was tired and discouraged. Nobody had said anything about her pretty new dress and on her birthday she had expected something from Walter Steffin but he didn't send anything, not even a comic card. All the other boys had been so nice and here was one boy who did not even notice her.

Walter grinned back rather bewildered but he took the proffered slate. Anyone who could cry and laugh at the same time was beyond him. Poor girl, she had had rather a hard time with those problems; her slate was all marked up, problems crossed out and done over again. Here away up in the corner his name. Her tears had nearly washed it out. He stole a glance at her; she was smiling to herself. Was she thinking about writing his name here, maybe?

Yes, she certainly was. She had written: Walter Steffin is a mean, hateful little boy, and she was smiling to think what he would do when he found it.

Walter, in perfect innocence, washed her slate scrupulously clean and handed it back with a grin.

Bernice watched him wondering. Now what did that mean? Didn't he care even about what she said—or what? He would bear watching.

That night he watched her walk home with "Reddy." They were talking earnestly together. Now what could he be saying. Walter wished he knew more about those things. Maybe "Red" was asking her to be his girl. Ye gods! (Bob had said that once.) If only a wild horse would come dashing along, then he would stop it after it had killed "Red" and show her how brave he was. "Reddy" wouldn't walk home with her tomorrow night, that was certain. That night after leaving Bernice, "Red" was attacked by Walt Steffin and in a fair fight given a severe drubbing, for Walt was a little fury.

The next day after school Walter hung around. How would he do it? He didn't know how to ask her and then she might refuse and he couldn't lower his dignity to such an extent. What would the fellows say, anyway? At last Bernice came out of the door and he walked slowly down the road until she caught up with him.

"I'm gonna walk home this way tonight, Bernice," he said to her across the road, without lifting his eyes.

They walked along in silence for a time. At length she said, "My! these books are heavy."

Instantly he was across the road. "Oh, limee carry 'em." Why hadn't he thought of that before? They all did that. During the transfer of the books their hands touched and he shuddered. His were black and hers were nice and white. How he must look! Barefooted, dirty feet, dirty hands, dirty face, ragged hat, faded blouse. Why hadn't he waited till tomorrow and cleaned up. Gee! what must she think of him.

"Going to the party tomorrow night?" Bernice asked.

He was startled. He hadn't thought about going; such things had never interested him. "You going?" he parried.

"I think so," Bernice answered mentally adding, "if sister Jane goes."

"I'll be there," he said quickly, hoping that Bob couldn't take teacher so that he, Walter, might go along, for mother wouldn't let him go alone.

They reached her house and he hung on the gate awhile and when her mother called her in he turned slowly homeward. Bernice had looked at him

shyly several times and his heart kept jumping in remembrance. He had never felt this way before—so strange and happy. He wandered along enacting imaginary dramas in which he and she were respectively hero and heroine. He was brought down to solid earth by a flash of lightning and he realized that it was quite dark. The family was at supper when he got home and mother seemed worried. He entered sheepishly, hung his hat and dinner pail away and sat down quietly, hoping to escape comment.

But mother shattered his hopes immediately by saying, "Where have you been, son?"

He looked at his slate and said, "I walked home with Bernice." He was on uncertain ground and the best he could do was to tell the truth. Bob grunted at his reply.

"Yes?" mother said, questioningly.

He threw a shame-faced glance at mother, caught father's encouraging nod and went on, "An' I guess I walked home kinda slow." He paused. "Gee! she's awfully pretty," he added desperately, and stopped immediately in terror. What if Bob should tell the fellows! Bob was coughing severely and left the room. Walter felt that he would have had to tell someone; at any rate nobody was laughing. Mother was really quite grave; her boy was growing up.

"Ma?"

"Yes, Walter."

"Ma, kin I go to the party tomorrow night?" He awaited her answer anxiously.

"Why, yes, if Bob goes."

"Aw, ma, it's only over to Thompson's, can't I go anyway?"

"No, Walter."

Well, here Bob was coming back; if only he would go. Walter was rather suspicious that Bob had been laughing at him. He would square that account later. Now he approached Bob with the question, "Do you want me to clean the buggy tomorrow, Bob?"

"No, sonny," Bob grinned at him.

Any other time that epithet would have been a declaration of war between them, but now he needed Bob's help so he tried a different way. "Do you want me to carry a note to teacher?" he asked, not knowing that Bob and teacher had had a little difference of opinion.

Bob was visibly nettled. "You mind your own business," he said. "What's the matter with you, anyway? Has Bernice—"

But here father interrupted with a quiet, "Oh, Bob, will you see Friedal about that gray span of his tomorrow?" There was meaning in the glance father gave Bob and Bob understood: Walter's feelings were to be respected.

With a despairing glance at mother Walter crawled back into his shell.

"Are you going to Thompson's party tomorrow night, Bob?" mother asked.

"Why yes. Is that what this young diplomate has been trying to find

STUDENT :: LANTERN

out? Well, well, so you are going along? Maybe you'd like me to drive around to get Bernice?"

Walter's face lit up. "Oh, Bob!"

"But I'm not; so don't think about it."

That night Walter did not go to sleep for a long time, but lay awake thinging of the wonderful things he would do for Bernice, and when he fell asleep he only continued his waking dream.

In the morning he was up bright and early, scrubbing and brushing. His shoes and stockings were put on and he started off to school long before eight that he might walk past Bernice's house. She was away ahead with a crowd of girls so he loitered on behind. All day long he tried to talk to Bernice but there was always a crowd of girls about her. At night she was also surrounded so he had to walk home alone. Hurrying through with his supper he cleaned and brushed and scrubbed until viewing himself in the mirror he felt satisfied. He had on a new high collar which made him feel real dignified, until Bob, who was poking along, said, "We'll leave the lantern home tonight, father, I don't want two shining lights with me."

At last, after a great deal of deliberation on Bob's part, they were off. Walter wondered if Bernice would be there already. In spite of Bob's deliberation it was still quite early when they arrived and Bernice was not yet there. Walter felt ill at ease; none of the gang were there, only strange boys, and he sat around in a corner; his high collar choked him; his clothes were uncomfortable and he felt as if everybody was looking at him; he didn't know what to do or what to say and was tremendously relieved when Bernice arrived. As soon as he saw her he called out, "Hello, Bernice." Everybody turned and stared and Bernice frowned. "Goodness!" she thought, "how horrid he looks." Poor Walter felt more miserable than ever.

After a while they played a foolish game and before long Walter was thoroughly enjoying himself. Eight boys were placed behind eight chairs. Seven chairs were occupied by girls and one was empty. The boy behind the empty chair had to wink at one of the girls and try to get her away from a boy, and then that boy had to steal a girl. When Walter's turn came, he winked at Bernice and wouldn't let her out of his chair. Even when the other chaps winked at her, he held her back and after a while she sat real quiet and seemed to enjoy herself.

It was as a thunderbolt when, as he went to say good night to Bernice, she turned on him vehemently, saying, "You are a hateful, mean little boy."

All the way home he kept pondering over that phrase, and once when Bob stopped whistling to say, "Have a good time, kid?" Walter gulped and said, "Uh-huh."

He slipped away to bed as soon as he got home. Thoroughly puzzled, he finally resolved to go to Bernice with a peace offering early in the morning, and then lapsed into a deep, dreamless sleep.

A pebble thrown against his window awakened him quite early. A

second later he saw Jake Sells, one of the gang, walk up to the house from the orchard.

"Get up, Walt," he called excitedly, "there's a bear loose from the circus and there's a hunt out for him. The men'll pass along here pretty soon. Hustle up!"

Walter tumbled into his clothes and hurried out, calling to his mother that he didn't want any breakfast. "Gee! it's lucky I ain't got anything to do this morning," he cried, as they hurried off.

"The other fellows are waiting over in the grove," said Jake, "I tried to get Tom Delton to come along but he's going over to Bernice West's this morning with a present for her."

Walter started guiltily.

But Jake went on in supreme scorn, "He's been over there pretty near every day."

Walter swallowed hard. Jealousy, anger and shame swept over him, one after the other. Then, "The sissy boy," he sneered, "a taggin' after girls."

M. ADOMEIT.

The Exchange Looking-Glass

As Others See Us.

"The Student Lantern, Saginaw High School, Saginaw, Mich. We like your style of magazine. You have a snappy editorial in your last issue, and we also admire the originality of your jokes."—Orange and Black, Benton Harbor, Mich.

"Student Lantern, Saginaw, Mich. The story, 'Peggy's Christmas Dinner,' is certainly laugh-provoking. Your jokes and cuts are splendid."—High School Recorder, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

"The Vindex," in choosing from its list of exchanges the papers which in their estimation lead in each department, picks the "Student Lantern" in two out of eleven departments, namely, the Alumni and School News columns.

"Student Lantern, Saginaw, Mich., always has an excellent number of stories and good athletic write-ups."—The Tatler, Marquette, Mich.

"The Student Lantern, We welcome you as one of our best exchanges. Your editorials are well written."—The Owl, Park Ridge, N. J.

"The Student Lantern is another large paper and contains a good cartoon, 'The Beginning of the School Year'."—Black and Gold, McKinley High, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

"Student Lantern. Your joke department is good. We enjoyed the stories and poems, too."—The Reflector, Jackson, Mich.

"Student Lantern, Saginaw, Mich. You are an ideal publication. Every department is complete. In fact, we consider you one of our best exchanges."—High School Recorder, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.



STUDENT LANTERN

PUBLISHED EVERY SCHOOL MONTH BY
Saginaw High School Lyceum

HARRY W. STAVER	Editor
WILLIAM WHATLEY	Asst. Editor
JAMES L. O'DONNELL	Business Manager
CLEMENT STONE	}	Asst. Business Mgr.
FRANK GORMAN		
EDW. DETTENTHALER		
HAROLD POLSON		
WILLIAM WHATLEY	Circulation Manager
DEPARTMENT EDITORS		
HAROLD FORSYTHE	Alumni
CARL MILLER	Athletics
WILLIAM WHATLEY	Exchanges
NAOMI WOLCOTT	Theatre
DONALD WILSON	}	Humorous
EDWARD SCOTT		
WILLIAM O'KEEFE		
WM. MCKENZIE		
MYRLE DURVEA	}	Illustrating
WILLIAM EASTMAN		
EDITH FIELD		
ERVIN JOHNSON		
J. B. RICH	Literary
JEANNIE LIDDLE	Social
ESTHER HOLLAND	School News
HARRY FLOYD	

Address all letters, stories and other communications to

STUDENT LANTERN,
Saginaw High School,
SAGINAW, MICH.

Entered at the Postoffice as Second-Class Matter
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE 75 CENTS PER YEAR
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

For Sale at
T. W. Martin's Jewelry Store

Our Parting Word.

"For everything under the sun, there is a time and place." Many days have come and gone, and yet it seems but a short time since the present staff began its task, arduous at first, of publishing the "Lantern." And now has come the time, and here the place to say a last few words. It is not without pleasure that we pass our responsibility on to others, and yet not without regret also. Regret, because of the pleasant associations we have formed, and the wealth of experience that it has been our privilege to obtain. Pleasure, because as we look back upon our finished work, while there is the consciousness within us, and the knowledge of many failures, and room for much improvement, still, amid the many duties of our every day school life, and myriad other tasks, we feel that we have at least upheld the standard of efficiency and quality set for us by preceding editors.

It is most fitting and truly proper that at this point we should express our sincere thanks to all who have been instrumental in assuring the success of our publication. To the business men of Saginaw who have so liberally patronized our paper, we extend our deep gratitude. To the faculty members and our principal who have aided us so splendidly this year, we give the highest praise. As tribute to those who have contributed material of any sort and to the noble work of the business managers, we call to witness the publications we have issued.

That the "Lantern" will be in good hands next year, we are indeed certain. That we have a greater right to expect bigger things next year than this is not to be questioned. A member of the present staff, whose ability has been tried and tested, and found reliable, has been chosen by the executive committee of the Lyceum to hold the honorable and worthy position of editor. Mr. Whatley is just the man for the place and we congratulate the committee on its selection. But it is equally important that the other members of the staff be the "best material" available. Again we offer congratulations. With Mr. O'Keefe as assistant editor, Fred Schmidt as business manager, and Hugo Geisler, Jr., as circulation manager, we feel safe in our declaration that the "Lantern" is in good hands.

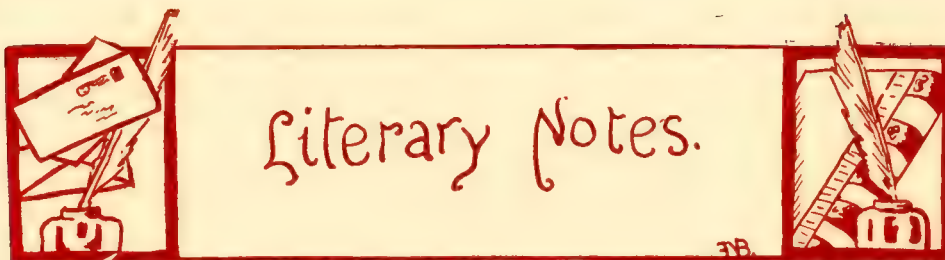
With these parting words, we hold out to the incoming staff a record untarnished, a splendid sum of money in the treasury, and over and above all, the hope that theirs shall be as successful and harmonious as term as was ours.

HARRY W. STAVER,
Editor.



AURORA.

Just a word regarding the Aurora. It is the custom each year to strive to surpass all former editions. This is a monstrous task, due to the fact that the "Aurora" work each year grows more complicated. However, we feel sure that this year there is something in store for those who admire clear-cut engravings. Our pictures this year are of the highest quality, and in this degree we believe we have out-stripped our predecessors. Each department has been ably edited, many novel sayings are interspersed, the jokes that we will print are absolutely new, pleasing bits of scenery adorn the pages, and with but these few suggestions, we leave the issue with our readers. Notwithstanding the fact that the cost of publishing the "Aurora" has increased considerably, we will sell it at the exceedingly low price of fifty cents, as usual. Every single student that has a bit of school spirit will want one of these books to which in after years he or she may turn and recall the days when the walls of Old Saginaw High sheltered and nurtured their growing minds.



LYCEUM.

April 18—At this meeting, the constitution of the Lyceum was amended so as to vote in the new members in the spring and to allow the whole membership of the Lyceum to vote the new members in, instead of the few who would be left next year. After a stormy session, the amendment was finally adopted by 19 to 9.

April 25—The debate, "Resolved, that the United States should take immediate action to grant independence to the Philippines to take effect within eight years," was resumed. Miller, of the negative, set forth his side of the argument in a strong and effective manner. The debate, "Resolved, that it is the duty of the United States to intervene in the present troubles in Mexico to safe-guard the lives and property of Americans," was started. Humphrey, Floyd and Loveland, all of whom took the affirmative, gave their speeches, which were very well prepared.

May 9—"The Railroad Brotherhoods of America" was the topic chosen by Troy, and he gave a very interesting account of his subject.

May 16—The following officers were elected for 1913, first semester:

President, W. E. Whatley.
Vice-President, Neil Hackstadt.
Secretary, William O'Keefe.
Marshal, Carl Miller.

At a meeting of the executive committee, the editorial staff of the Student Lantern was chosen:

Editor-in-Chief, W. E. Whatley.
Assistant Editor, William O'Keefe.
Business Manager, Frederick Schmidt.
Circulation Manager, H. P. Geisler.

—o—

G. C. L. S.

April 1—Regular meeting of the G. C. L. S. "How records are taken for Edison phonographs," was the subject of the paper given by Cora Godard.

April 18—Regular meeting of the G. C. L. S. A book review was given by Rhea Barbarin on "The Harvester;" and the "History and Production of Moving Pictures" was given by Anna Parsons.

April 25—Regular meeting of the G. C. L. S. "Lavender and Old Lace" was given by Margaret Leaning.

May 2—Regular meeting of the G. C. L. S. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was given by Hazel Walters, and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" was given by Clara Winkler.

May 9—Regular meeting of the G. C. L. S. The book review started several weeks ago was continued. Miss Jeannie McGregor gave "The Shepherd of the Hills;" and Miss Ruth Shepherd gave an account of "The Calling of Dan Matthews."



AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

April 18—Regular meeting of the A. L. S. Miss Hoerner gave a paper on American Education for Turkish girls; Miss Bandemer gave a paper entitled, "World Gain in Polar Discoveries;" Miss Rupp told how the women of California are preparing for citizenship.

May 2—Regular meeting of the A. L. S. The debate started last week was finished, those on the negative side winning. Miss Redmond told how moving pictures are made.

May 9—Regular meeting of the A. L. S. The hour was devoted to the election of officers. Miss Lorraine Bradt was elected president; Miss Jessie Witherell, vice-president; Miss Flora Ellis, secretary; and Miss June Spencer, treasurer.



THENCEAN.

April 1—Regular meeting of the Thencean. The program which was very interesting consisted of papers by Mildred Packard on "April Fool's Day;" Miss Meyer on the Michigan opera, "Contrarie Mary;" and Miss McCormick on "Immigration."

April 18—Regular meeting of the Thencean. Papers were given by Miss McCormick on "The San Francisco Exposition;" Miss Powell on "The Use of Flowers as National Symbols;" Miss Otto on "Tenements;" and Miss Roberts on "Floods."

April 25—Regular meeting of the Thencean. Miss Spence spoke on "Negro Education;" Miss Spencer on "The Evils of Child Labor;" Miss Marie Wallace on "Palestine Americanized;" Miss Ora Wallace on "The Federation of Peace;" and Miss Polson on "The Blind Institute."

May 2—Regular meeting of the Thencean. Papers were given on "Mexico," "Caste in India," and "Women in India," by the Misses Winkler, Winship and Warner, respectively.

The following officers were elected for next year: Miss Mildred Packard, President; Miss Harris, Vice-President; and Miss Polson, Secretary.

TENTH LEGION.

April 18—Regular meeting of the Tenth Legion. Literary program consisted of papers by Miss Hubert on "The Greek Idea of Earth;" Mr. Laesch on "Zeus and his Wonderful Company;" Miss Curry on "How the Poets mode the Religion of Greece;" Mr. Cole on "The Oracles."

April 25—The papers at this meeting were of the lives of the members of the First Triumvirate. Mr. Bromm spoke on the "Life of Caesar;" Mr. Lenick, the "Life of Pompey;" Mr. Symons, the "Life of Crassus."

May 2—The papers at this meeting were of the lives of members of the Second Triumvirate. The "Life of Octavius" was given by Mr. Rossman; the "Life of Antony" by Mr. Wenger; the "Life of Lepidus" by Mr. Payne. The judges who had been appointed at the previous meeting to decide which papers were best given on the lives of the members of the First Triumvirate or of the Second Triumvirate, announced their decision in favor of the First Triumvirate.

May 9—The program at this meeting consisted of a question box.

Mr. G.—"Who can give an example of a diminutive ending in 'kin'?"

Boone—"Pumpkin."

Mr. G.—"Does that mean a little pump?"



Adam's Apples.

How many apples did Eve and Adam eat? The old version says, "Eve 8 and Adam 2 (Eve ate and Adam too), total, 10" This is what American papers have to say about it. Nebraska Herald: "Eve 8 and Adam 8, total, 16. Missouri Gazette: "We don't see this; Eve 8 and Adam 82; total, 90." New Work Screamer: "Our contemporary is entirely wrong; Eve 81 and Adam 812; total, 893." Ohio Advertiser: "We reason like this, Eve 814 herself and Adam 8124 Eve; total, 8938." Illinois Telegraph: "Eve 8142 know how it tasted, and Adam 28142 see what it might be like; total, 36284."



If Spike Davis can carry a brick

on his head for a mile, what can apothecary?

Bill Steckert wishes to announce the fact that h is going to have his shoes shined.

A preposition is a bad thing to end a sentence with.

He stood on the bridge at midnight,

Interrupting a calm repose,

For he was a tall mosquito,

And the bridge was the bridge of my nose.



"Say' boy, you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Well, come along and I'll Fiji."



If a hen laid an egg the chickens would say, "See the orange marmalade."



In One Ear and Out the Other.

Miss B. (in Geom. XI)—"Mr. Granse, why are you holding your ear?"

Granse—"To keep my Geometry in."



April 13—First baseball practice at Alumni Field. "Pete Reynolds turns out as usual. Good luck, Carl!!

April 15—Franz turns out for a star role in the movies.

April 17—A. Mut Murphy gets a haircut. Hooray for the ould shores!

April 22—Miss Madge Hall of the Freshman class, and Miss Bruske, delighted those present at chapel today singing many beautiful songs, with violin and piano accompaniment.

April 23—As basketball season is now a matter of ancient history, our star is not getting sufficient notoriety, and wants his name in our periodical as of yore. All right, anything to oblige, Ed, gaze upon it:

EDWIN JOHNSTON.

April 28—The Juniors held a class meeting for the purpose of selecting a class pin. Instead of selecting a pin, they up and summarily ousted their pin committee along with all the pins that have been submitted. Another committee was appointed and brave hopes are entertained for their final success.

April 29—Prof. Edwin D. Grant, of the Houghton School of Mines, gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on the copper country in chapel this morning. Prof. Grant is making a tour of the principal high schools of the state in order to interest students in his school.

April 30—Bob Seitner came to school with a pair of white Oxfords, evidently thinking it the first, instead of the last day of April.

April 30—Student Lantern on sale; almost 400 being sold in a school of 800! May we ask what is wrong with the students of Saginaw High? Arthur Hill, with 375 pupils, sells 300 copies of their paper, so we repeat, what is wrong with Saginaw High students?

May 7—The male element in school was very slim this afternoon. Cause: South Michigan league opening.

May 8—Seen in the halls: "Baseball and Track, Saginaw vs. Bay City CENTRAL!!!" Aren't us getting scrumptious?

May 9—Last day of rhetorics this year. But our joy was more than neutralized by the cards coming out, showing many members of our esteemed faculty to be on a rampage.

May 9—Many grouches to be seen as the "Ducks" are th undisputed cellar champs.

May 10—And the baseball team eats up Bay City Eeastern; score 21-6. But the track team lost to the aforementioned school, 63-59. Pretty close, eh?

H. FLOYD.



THEATRES

Junior Play.

The event that every High School student looks forward to with anxious eyes is the annual "Junior Play." The class of '14 are now going through rehearsals night after night to prepare for the students an entertainment which will be worthy of their praise and may be looked upon as one of the best shows ever given by S. H. S. students.

The play to be given this year is in vaudeville form, containing five acts displaying the best dramatic and musical talent of the class. A synopsis of the play is as follows:

ACT I.

"Boosters of Blackville."

Scene—Boosters' club rooms. Cast—Eight coons.
A continuous laugh.

ACT II.

"Professor Zouletski," in his world renowned Slight of Hand performance.
All new tricks, never been shown before.

ACT III.

"Taking Father's Place."

A comedy in a broker's office. An all-star cast.

ACT IV.

Two famous comedians in a laughing hit.

ACT V.

"Dreams." The best looking girls in the city and all the latest song hits.

This is to be given May 29th, in the Masonic Temple, where dancing will be enjoyed after the performance.

The rehearsals are being directed by the Misses Denfield and Lutz, who are doing their utmost to make it the success that it promises to be. It will not be necessary to say anything about the stage manager, only that it is Squire Polson, who we know is very capable of handling this great undertaking and will be, in great part, responsible for the success of the Junior Play.



John Runchey, Football and Basketball Captain.

Three years ago there came into this school a little Freshman, as green as the rest, but with a desire to make a team, small as he was. He turned out and worked. His ambition was reached when he made the football team, a year ago. But still he kept on and became a star the next year. But still he kept on and was elected football captain for next fall. But still he didn't stop, but turned out for basketball and made it. His good playing won for him the captaincy of next team. And again he kept on and made the track team, winning his letter in the Bay City Eastern meet. What will he be next year? Such an all around athlete is scarce in school, and like other schools, Saginaw has had a few. Runchey ranks high in this list upon which are the names of Krupp, Green, Spencer, Cooper and Madden. We sincerely wish him a most successful year 1913-14.

Saginaw vs. Alumni.

The Saginaw High School baseball team again proved to the alumni the old theorem that "They can't come back" by beating 14 to 11. Saginaw scored steadily while the Alumni made theirs in bunches. Gaudreau pitched a good game for the losers, while Baskins and Rice were "there" for the winners.

The line up:

Saginaw.		Alumni.								
G. Rice.....	C.....	Baskins								
Baskins, K. Rice.....	P.....	Gaudreau								
Meibeyer	1st B.....	M. Beales								
Topham	2nd B.....	Sutter								
Johnson, K. Rice.....	S. S.....	R. Beales								
Sage	3rd B.....	Cooper								
McCorkle	L. F.....	French								
Vorwerck	C. F.....	Dull								
Troy	R. F.....	Weadock								
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
S. H. S.		5	0	1	3	3	0	0	2	*—14
A.		0	0	7	0	0	0	4	0	0—11

Umpire—Doolittle. Batteries—Baskins, K. Rice and G. Rice; Gaudreau and C. Baskins.



Saginaw vs. Bay City Eastern.

Saginaw High School team gave an exhibit game for the track men, showing them how to beat Bay City. The game was too one-sided to be interesting, Saginaw stowing it away in the second inning, scoring seven runs. Captain Topham was there with the bat; Meibeyer played some game at first and at bat. Hamilton was in poor form for Bay City.

The line up:

Saginaw.		Bay City.								
G. Rice.....	C.....	Dangle								
Baskins, K. Rice.....	P.....	Hamilton								
Meibeyer	1st B.....	E. Rohrer								
Topham	2nd B.....	Caryell								
McGee	S. S.....	Abbott								
Sage	3rd B.....	Marshall								
McCorkle	L. F.....	Dietzel								
Troy	C. F.....	W. Rohrer								
Johnston, French.....	R. F.....	Goulet, Jones								
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
S. H. S.		0	7	2	2	1	4	1	4	*—21
B. C. E.		0	0	3	1	1	0	0	1	0—6

Umpire—Eagan. Batteries—Baskins, Rice and Rice; Hamilton and Dangle.

CARL F. MILLER.

STUDENT :: LANTERN

Saginaw vs. Bay City Eastern Track Team.

Cedric "Pat" Smith and a few others came up and beat our crippled track team by the score 63 to 59. Pat Smith was the chief point getter—25 points. "Art Seeley starred for Saginaw by breaking the Saginaw High School records in the mile and half mile. Perkins was there with the sprinting; he netted 21 points for Bay City.

The summary:

100-yard Dash—Perkins, Bay City, first; Runchey, Saginaw, second; Smith, Bay City, third. Time—10 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

Shot-put—Smith, Bay City, first; Hughes, Saginaw, second; Hall, Saginaw, third. Distance—41 feet.

440-yard Dash—McLoy, Bay City, first; Loveland, Saginaw, second; Reynolds, Saginaw, third. Time—55 seconds.

Broad Jump—Perkins, Bay City, first; Smith, Bay City, and Runchey, Saginaw, tied for second. Distance—17 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

220-yard Low Hurdles—Perkins, Bay City, first; Smith, Bay City, second; Hanaford, Saginaw, third. Time—29 seconds.

High Jump—Phillips, Bay City, first; Hanaford, Saginaw, second; Gallagher, Bay City, third. Height—5 feet 3 inches.

Mile Run—Seeley, Saginaw, first; Burkholder, Saginaw, second; Lobsiger, Saginaw, third. Time—4:58.

Discus Throw—Smith, Bay City, first; Hughes, Saginaw, second; Gorman, Saginaw, third. Distance—98 feet 8 inches.

220-yard Dash—Perkins, Bay City, first; McCloy, Bay City, second; Loveland, Saginaw, third. Time—25 seconds.

Pole Vault—Wallis, Saginaw, first; Schirmer, Saginaw, second; Reynolds, Saginaw, third. Height—9 feet 5 inches.

880-yard Run—Seeley, Saginaw, first; Gallagher, Bay City, second; Burkholder, Saginaw, third. Time—2:09 $\frac{4}{5}$.

Hammer Throw—Smith, Bay City, first; Hughes, Saginaw, second; Anneck, Bay City, third. Distance—109 feet 5 inches.

120-yard Hurdles—O'Donnell, Saginaw, first; Smith, Bay City, second; Perkins, Bay City, third. Time—18 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

Relay—Won by Saginaw.

Total—Bay City Eastern, 63; Saginaw, 59.



On May 5th, the Saginaw High School musical societies presented at the Academy a revival of the Gilbert & Sullivan opera, "The Mikado." The scene of this delightful production is laid in the Land of Blossoms, and the exquisite setting, as well as the catchy music and the talent furnished by the Amphion and the Glee clubs, united to make the evening a complete success. The Violin club as accompanists, although but recently organized, justified their existence most pleasingly.

Nanki-Poo, son of the Mikado, appears in the city of Titipu to find Yum-Yum, whom he loves. Disguised as a wandering minstrel, he is fleeing from his father, who wishes time to wed Katisha, a lady possessed of a beautiful "left elbow" and other doubtful charms. The chief dignitaries in the town of Titipu are Koko (guardian of Yum-Yum and her two sisters, the Lord High Executioner, and Pooh-Bah, the Lord High Everything Else. Koko has just received notice from the Mikado that unless an execution takes place within a month, the position of Lord High Executioner will be abolished. Since no criminal can be found and Koko's professional pride forbids self-decapitation, he prevails upon Nanki-Poo to take his place in return for Yum-Yum's hand. The magistrates of the city in the person of Pooh-Bah consent to perjure themselves by swearing that the victim has been duly slain, and Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum depart on their honeymoon. The Mikado then arrives with his daughter-in-law elct, Katisha, and hears a lively recital of the criminal's death from Koko, Pooh-Bah and Pitti-Sing, one of the three little maids. When he discovers that the criminal was his son, the three accomplices are

STUDENT :: LANTERN

condemned to death. To save them, Koko plans to marry Katisha. His wooing of this "most unattractive old thing," is very amusing and was ably handled by both characters. Katisha finally consents, Nanki-Pooh returns with Yum-Yuh, and a general reconciliation ensues.

Floyd Rieder added much glory to the reputation won last spring in the Junior Play. His voice was strong and musical and his theatrical ability undoubted. He made a very jaunty and effective Koko. Otto Wolf and Erma Klumpp as Poo-Bah and Katisha played their difficult parts exceedingly well. Miss Klumpp's voice is especially sweet, while Mr. Wolf, with his "family pride," furnished some of the best comedy in the play. The three little maids were charming. Miss Spencer made a graceful and dainty Yum-Yum, while Miss Field's voice is delightful. Mr. Fred Osler and Mr. Arthur Wrege, although not in High School, very kindly consented to take the parts of Nanki-Poo and the Mikado. The chorus showed signs of much diligent training, and as a token of their appreciation, presented Mrs. Wilson and Miss Lauer with baskets of roses during the performance.

To Chief Bosses, Jokes Department,
Student Lantern:

Dear Dubs—For why you try to foolish me with your disgustful and sorrowing joke in your last edit of Student Lantern am I with a privation to comprehension. Loathsome at the thought that once I was your friend, but am groan to pity and sorrowing for your humorous has become enfeeble out of constant applying. When this lafing joke first was cracked upon me, my gone by ancestors were ruling in China. My tremendously great great grandfather was grappled by a melancholia and the jester of the court used it to pull him through. He lately died from the lafter at the joke. Henceforth however it has become unfunny, and now you try to crack me with your joke. For why? Do you wish me to dye besides? My knights have been long

and wearisome for I have unable to sleep for afraid of leaving this world without preparations. Henceforth my implications with the Student Lantern are annuled and I wish not my name this year to make another appearing in your most witty and humorous monthly.

Yours in the past,
S. TU WAWLUS.

At Steckert's Farm.

Meibeyer—"How's the milkmaid, Steck?"

Steckert—"It ain't made, you boob; cows give it."

Dike—"I prefer the English mode of spelling to the American, don't you?"

Esther—"Why so?"

Dike—"Well, take parlour, for instance. Having 'u' in it makes all the difference in the world."

Miss Phillips had just succeeded in translating a sentence into German.

Mr. G.—“Now block it off and put it into your head.”

Voice from the rear — “Block-head.”

Wallis—“I want to marry your daughter.”

Mr. Holland—“Are you economical?”

Wallis—Oh, yes; I have run my auto for about a year on about \$60.”

Mr. H.—“Can't we compromise this thing? I'd like to hire you for my chauffeur.”

Miss H. (to Kelly, who is talking during roll call) — “Spencer, turn around and stop talking. I think that we'll have to get a trained nurse for you.”

Voice from the rear—“I appoint Lenore Heim or Ethel Farmer for that job.”

Wanted—By Carman. My old girl back again.

What Did She Mean?

Dike—“I want to know where I stand in your affections?”

Esther—“Be seated.”

Rich—“My uncle is going to get married.”

Kanter—“Is he?”

Rich—“No, Iky.”

Philosophy.

The proof of a girl's complexion is her tears.

He—“I would kiss you if we were not in a canoe.”

Staver—“I see you are smiling at my jokes.”

Wallis—“Yes, I always smile when I meet old friends.”

The Ideal Senior Girl.

Esther Holland's eyes.

Katherine Schulz's hair.

Catherine Gage's nose.

Marjie Khuel's mouth.

Nemo Wolcott's complexion.

Elsie Schmidt's arms.

Ora Wallace's feet.

Kathleen Pike's hands.

Mildred Brown's elbows.

Anna Brown's ears.

Naomi Wolcott's dimples.

Martha Volz' voice.

Edelhoff's Wooing.

Deer heart, I'm in an awful stew,

How I'll reveal my love to you.

I'm such a mutton-head, I fear,

I feel so sheep-ish when you're near.

I know it's only cow-ardice

That makes lamb-entations rise.

I dread a cut—let me explain—

A single roast would give me pain.

I should not like to get the hooks,

And dare not steak my hopes on looks.

I never sausage eyes as thine.

If you would but-cher hand in mine,

And liver round me every day

We'd seek some hamlet far away,

We'd meat life's frown with love's caress,

And cleav-er road to happiness.

Mother—“My son, haven't I told you it is very bad form to dip your bread in your coffee?”

Son—“Yes, mother, but it's very good taste.”

Siebel's

“THE GORHAM SHOP”

HAMILTON STREET

Financial Statement of Athletic Association, May 14, 1913.

RECEIPTS	DISBURSEMENTS.
Balance forward.....\$814.07	Saginaw Vulcanizing Works, re- pair rubber shot.....\$ 1.00
James O'Donnell, indoor meet... 4.10	H. & W. Heim, sundries per in- voice 1.20
Dues, 2nd semester, delinquent.. .25	Edwin Johnston, sundries Ann Arbor trip45
W. W. Warner, Alumni game.. 1.80	Morley Bros., per invoices on file 155.95
S. S. Purdy, Bay City game and meet 14.40	M. I. A. A., dues for 1913..... 2.00
E. Truckner, Bay City game and meet 1.65	Chas. Hahn & Son, drayage of sand, tennis court 36.97
	Chas. Hahn & Son, cinders, etc., on track 28.46
	F. Dreier, expense Bay City game and meet 10.00
	D. R. McGee, ball bat..... 1.00
	Total disbursements\$237.03
	Balance in bank.....559.24
Total to account for.....\$836.27	Total\$836.27

Financial Statement of "Mikado" Music Fund Account, May 14, 1913.

RECEIPTS	DISBURSEMENTS.
Advertising space on tickets.....\$ 4.00	Music Books, per C. M. Lauer...\$ 20.40
Library and student sales, per E. Truckner 198.85	Express, costumes to and from Rochester 3.80
Flowers and decorations..... 3.50	Mrs. Williams, Materials per M. Gubtil's statement..... 3.20
Academy window sales..... 96.10	Sundries, per Mrs. Wilson's state- ment 6.00
	Mrs. L. M. Wackerman, Rochester 23.50
	W. J. McCron, printing..... 12.00
	Wm. Roethke Floral Co., flowers and decorations 8.50
	Express, music books returned... 1.30
	Rent of Academy, performance and rehearsal 45.00
	Total disbursements\$123.70
	Balance in bank, net gain....178.75
Total to account for.....\$302.45	Total\$302.45

Financial Statement of Student Lantern, May 14, 1913.

RECEIPTS	DISBURSEMENTS.
Balance forward\$187.86	L. Merrill, photo work..... 0.50
Circulation since last report..... 34.70	W. J. McCron, April issue..... 69.75
Advertising since last report..... 19.95	Seeman & Peters, April issue.... 4.70
	Total disbursements.....\$ 74.95
	Balance in bank..... 167.56
Total to account for.....\$242.51	Total\$242.51

Circulation Manager's Report.

Cash sales.....\$17.40	Cash sales.....\$17.40
Credit sales..... 17.10	Credits collected 16.30
	Amount due80
Totals\$34.50	Totals\$34.50
Total number printed.....500	
Cash sales 174	
Credit sales 171	
Comps 30	
Advertisers, Exchanges..... 122	
Library Sales..... 3	
500 500	WM. WHATLEY, Circulation Manager.

Henry Feige & Son

RETAILERS OF HIGH CLASS FURNITURE
AT POPULAR PRICES

118-121 SOUTH BAUM STREET

SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

Valley Phone 51-R

Bell Phone 2115-J

Budge's Orchestra

JOHN A. BUDGE, Director

Music furnished for Weddings, Receptions, Balls, Etc.
Latest Hits and Electrical Novelties.

Res. 514 No. Third Street
SAGINAW

JUNIOR VAUDEVILLE

5—BIG ACTS—5

Thursday, May 29th

MASONIC TEMPLE

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

Robertson's Laundry
"We have but two articles for sale"
Quality---Service
PHONE 79

=====*Compliments of*=====
John Schmelzer

THE J. W. IPPEL Co.
Dry Goods and Ready-to-Wear Goods

Merrill Building **Agent for** **West Side**
Ladies' Home Journal Patterns

C. E. Lown
Big **8** Barber
Shop
And Bath Rooms

413 Genesee Ave. Saginaw

Russo's Orchestra
DAN A. RUSSO, Director



Schmelzer Apts. Bell Phone 1425-J

SAGINAW, MICH.

Attention Students

WHAT LIGHT ARE YOU
USING TO STUDY BY?

The leading Physicians of today recommend the
Incandescent GAS BURNER as the best artificial
light for the eye.

The New Welsbach Inverted Lamp is nearer to
day light than any other burner.

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCEN YOU

Saginaw City Gas Company

STORE
117 S. Jefferson Ave.

GREEN HOUSE
Opposite Forest Lawn Cemetery

Grohman
Florist

Both Phones 284

The Man Who "Soles" Saginaw

IS AT

THE MODERN SHOE REPAIR

414 Tuscola Street

He positively does the finest Shoe Repairing you ever saw, and it costs less.

WHY NOT TRY HIM?

BOTH PHONES

E. B. MOWERS, Prop.

SCHIRMER'S

BIG DRUG STORE

On one spot since
1883

Cold and Hot Drinks
with Dainty Lunches

Corner Hoyt and Sheridan Ave.

NEW ENGLAND LUNCH

407 Genesee Avenue

Bell Phone 807-L.

C. E. LOWN, Prop.

BILL OF FARE:

Roast Beef and Mashed Potatoes.....	10c
Hot Roast Pork and Mashed Potatoes.....	10c
Hot Chicken Pie	10c
Sliced Ham and Bread.....	5c
Baked Beans	5c
Buttered Toast	5c
Milk	5c
Chicken Sandwiches.....	10c
Sardine Sandwiches.....	10c
Ham Sandwiches.....	5c
Corned Beef Sandwiches.....	5c
Salmon Sandwiches.....	5c
Swiss Cheese Sandwiches.....	5c
Egg Sandwiches.....	10c
Oysters	25c
Cereals and Cream.....	10c
Eggs any Style.....	10c
Half-and-Half.....	10c
Cream	15c
Slic'd Bananas & Cream 10c	
Pie per Cut.....	5c
Coffee, Cocoa, Tea.....	5c
Home Baking.....	

Chicken Dinner Sundays.

Open 6 a. m. to 12 p. m. daily.

Saturdays 6 a. m. to 1 a. m.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS

Ladies and Gentlemen.

Farmer's Glass Factory

is the place for you to visit. We correct Defective Eye Sight and Make our own glasses.
Artificial Eyes, Hearing Appliances, Etc.

FRED D. FARMER,

221 Genesee Ave.

Bell Phone 812-J

Valley Phone 1417-M

Charles E. White

PHOTOGRAPHER

"Everything in Photography"

305 Genesee Ave.

SAGINAW, MICH.

Louis Stierle

Staple and Fancy
GROCERIES

PHONES

Bell 406

Valley 39

709 Hoyt Avenue

"We Have It"

If it's Drugs or any of the many articles
sold by drug stores, it is the best obtain-
able and the price is the lowest.

Culver-Deisler Co.

424 Genesee Avenue

Both Phones 233

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. C. P. STONE
DENTIST

227 SO. JEFFERSON AVE. BELL PHONE 1997

OTTO & DAVIS
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
BEARINGER BUILDING
SAGINAW, MICH.

WEADOCK AND WEADOCK
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

BEARINGER BLDG

DR. C. C. BUSH
DENTIST

ALL OPERATIONS PAINLESS
309 GENESEE AVE. HEAVENRICH BLDG.

J. D. DRAPER

Insurance

EDDY BUILDING

BROOKS AND COOK
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

MASON BUILDING

TELEPHONES { Bell 253
Valley 167

Ralph S. Jiroch, M. D.

OFFICE 305 Avery Bldg. HRS. { 11 to 12 a.m.
2 to 4 & 7 to 8 p.m.
SAGINAW, MICH.

Railroad Ties, Posts and Poles

BOUGHT and SOLD by

S. F. McCandless

305 Eddy Bldg.

WALTER L. CREGO
DENTIST

ROOMS 7 AND 8 MASON BLDG. SAGINAW, MICH.

UMBRELLAS and GLOVES

— AT —

FELDMANN'S

416 Genesee Ave.

ALTSCHOFFEL & STORK

107 North Jefferson Ave.

Barbers

J. W. Grant

Fine Watch Repairing and Manufacturing

FOR 26 YEARS SAGINAW'S

Leading Jeweler

MORLEY'S

**Spalding and Reach
Base Ball Supplies**

We make a specialty of

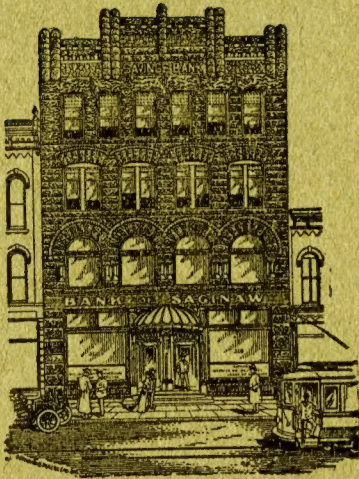
Spalding Sweaters and Jerseys

W. J. McCron

**LINOTYPING,
PRINTING
AND
BINDING**

**Q SHOW PRINTING
A SPECIALTY**

**212-214-216 N. Franklin St.
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN**



EAST SIDE OFFICE,
810-812 GENESEE AVENUE.

Security and Safety is Everything

THE BANK OF SAGINAW

represents forty (40) years of safe,
conservative and honest banking.

It has a paid up capital of **\$500,000.00**, a surplus fund of **\$500,000.00**, and an additional fund of over **\$300,000.00**.

It has over one million dollars (\$1,000,000) in actual gold, paper money and silver stored in its vaults, and the vaults of other banks as a reserve fund for the protection of its depositors.

It pays 3 per cent. interest on Savings deposits and an account can be opened with \$1.00.

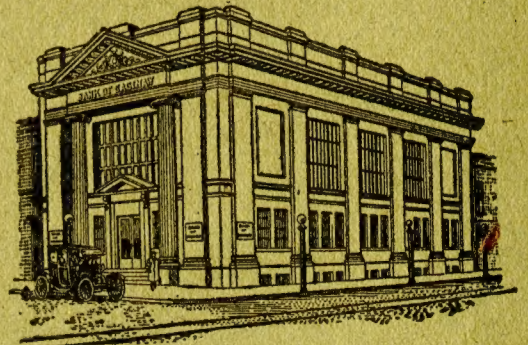
It's Officers and Directors are among the most conservative, strong and successful business men in the city, same being as follows:

OFFICERS

BENTON HANCHETT..	President
OTTO SCHUPP.....	Vice-President and Cashier
C. A. KHUEN.....	Vice-President and Asst. Cashier
S. S. ROBY.....	Asst. Cashier
C. M. COPLIN.....	Asst. Cashier
F. J. SCHMIDT.....	Asst. Cashier
A. B. WILLIAMS.....	Asst. Cashier
J. HOLLAND-MORITZ..	Auditor

DIRECTORS

BENTON HANCHETT	FRED J. FOX
HELON B. ALLEN	THEO. HUSS
WM. BARIE	C. A. KHUEN
A. P. BLISS	F. G. PALMERTON
ARNOLD BOUTELL	E. A. ROBERTSON
C. E. BRENNER	EZRA G. RUST
EDGAR D. CHURCH	OTTO SCHUPP
WM. C. CORNWELL	G. M. STARK
L. T. DURAND	JAS. E. VINCENT
WM. J. WICKES	



WEST SIDE OFFICE, 400-402 COURT STREET