

Rockford High School's (RHS, Rockford, Illinois) eighth yearbook (12th ?), 1901:

A 7" x 9" (18 x 23 cm) booklet containing 131 pages of text, including 8 photos, and 6 pages of ads.

*The
Annual
1901*

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THE ANNUAL

1901

PUBLISHED BY THE . . .

SENIOR CLASS OF THE
ROCKFORD HIGH SCHOOL.

THE CLARK CO. PRESS.

TO OUR BELOVED
AND ESTEEMED PRINCIPAL
PROF. B. D. PARKER.
THE ANNUAL
OF 1901
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

THE ANNUAL

1 9 0 1

PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS
OF THE
ROCKFORD HIGH SCHOOL.

EDITORS AND MANAGERS

RUTH E. BURLINGAME, '01, Editor-in-Chief.

JOHN A. SMITH, '01, Business Manager.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

JAMS BATEMAN, '01.

MARY BURHOE, '02.

MABEL BARBER, '03.

HELEN WRAY, '04.

BOARD OF MANAGEMENT

JOHN CRILL, '01.

LEIGH MARTIN, '02.

DONALD DICK, '03.

ROBERT ASH, '04.

ILLUSTRATORS.

WILLIS HALL, '01.

GEORGE ALLEN, '03.

HUGO HERING, '02.

GREETING.



DEAR READERS:—

We who have spent much time and gray matter in preparing this volume hope it will in no wise fall short of its mission. If by the perusal of its pages the "happy days gone by" enjoyed by the class of nineteen one during its four years sojourn in the R. H. S. are again lived over in memory its object has been accomplished.

Should there be any erroneous statements, you must be satisfied to tell your neighbors of them, as the Editor leaves for parts unknown on the day previous to this book's appearance.

Yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR.

47413

*375 7 R59

ROCKFORD HIGH SCHOOL.

COLORS: CRIMSON AND BLACK.

YELL.

Rah-rah, Rah-rah, Rah-rah, Rah-rah !

R-o, c-k, f-o, r-d ! R-o, c-k, f-o, r-d !

RAH ! RAH ! RAH ! RAH !

ROCKFORD !

GREETING



DEAR READERS :

We who have completed the pleasurable task of compiling this little volume, sincerely hope that it may fulfill the object we had in view—namely: that of preserving in your minds a remembrance of the Class of 1902. It has been our constant endeavor to accomplish this end without causing unpleasant feeling on the part of any reader.

Yours respectfully,

THE EDITOR.

R. H. S. SONG.

ROCKFORD HIGH SCHOOL.

(“TUNE—*Marching Thro' Georgia.*”)

Rally 'round our high school, boys,
She's ever been our pride,
From the north, south, east and west
We'll gather to her side.
Then by her we'll take our stand,
All other schools defied,
While we are standing by Rockford.

CHORUS—

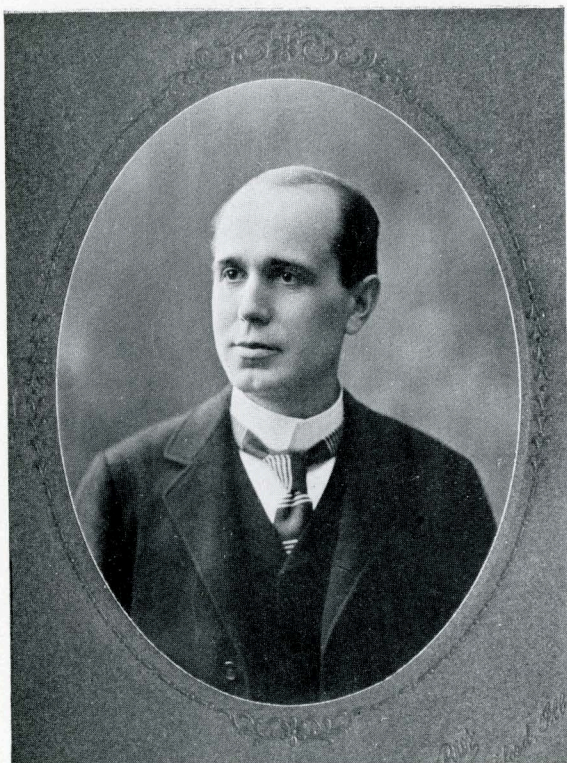
Hurrah, hurrah, for Rockford at the top,
Hurrah, hurrah, for those who kept her up,
Once again the red and black will flutter uncorrupt,
While we are cheering for Rockford.

Wave the good old colors, boys,
We followed in the fray.
Give again the high school yell
That helped to win the day.
Then against our gallant lads,
Let come the team who may,
While we are fighting for Rockford.

As in declamation, boys,
We've once more reached the prize,
We'll cheer the brave contestant
Who has helped our school to rise.
Then from voices loud and strong
The echo never dies,
While we are cheering for Rockford.

Rockford, Rockford, ere shall be
Our cry upon the field.
Rockford, Rockford! 'till again
For conquest we are steeled.
Rockford, Rockford! then with pride,
When victory is revealed,
While we are shouting for Rockford.

R. E. B. '01.



BERTRAND D. PARKER, Ph. B.

PRINCIPAL.

Instructor in Branches Relating to Political Science.

He was born in Vermont, but has spent much of his life in Illinois, graduating from both the Classical and Normal Departments, at the Illinois State Normal University, at which time he represented his class as salutatorian. After several years of teaching in village schools, he served for two years as principal of the city schools at Springfield. He entered the Junior Class at the University of Pennsylvania, graduating in '95, with the degree of Ph.B.

During his college life, he took prominent part in debates and oratorical contests, taking several prizes. Rockford became his home in August of '95.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

OUR FACULTY.



P. R. WALKER.



SUPERINTENDENT OF ROCKFORD SCHOOLS.



“In manners like a gentleman.”



CLARA F. RANDALL.



TEACHER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.



“A Perfect woman, nobly planned
To warm, to comfort and command.”



HARRIET E. MORSE.



TEACHER OF ALGEBRA, GEOMETRY AND
TRIGONOMETRY.



“In every look, word, deed and thought,
nothing but sweet and womanly.”





JENNIE E. WALDO.



TEACHER OF BIOLOGY AND GEOLOGY.



"He who can draw a joy from rocks, or woods or weeds, and does it is wise."



ROBERT A. GRANT.



INSTRUCTOR IN BOOKKEEPING, BUSINESS ARITHMETIC, STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING.



"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."



MARGUERITE STRAUCHON.



TEACHER OF ENGLISH.



"So wise, so young, in face so fair."

FLORENCE MABEL FOSTER.

LIBRARIAN.

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."



HELEN DICKEY.

INSTRUCTOR IN DRAWING AND PAINTING.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low;
an excellent thing in woman."



GRACE POTTER.

TEACHER OF LATIN AND GREEK.

"Wearing all that weight of learning
lightly like a flower."



**WILLIAM LEWIS.**

TEACHER OF HISTORY



"There was a star danced, and under that
was I born. Alone I did it."

**MRS. NELLIE HAYES STEVENS.**

TEACHER OF ENGLISH.



"It is the *mind* that makes the body
rich."

**LILLIAN R. SMITH.**

TEACHER OF ALGEBRA.



"A mind not to be changed by place or
time."

LYLE R. BROWER.



TEACHER OF MANUAL TRAINING.



“To be a well favored man is the gift of fortune.”



FERDINAND STEDINGER.



TEACHER OF GERMAN,



“None but himself can be his parallel.”



AGNES BROWN.



TEACHER OF BOTANY, PHYSIOLOGY AND PHYSICAL
GEOGRAPHY.



“To me the meanest flower that blows
can give thoughts that do often lie too deep
for tears.”



**EARNEST ANDREWS.**

TEACHER OF CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS.



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

**LAURA GREEN.**

TEACHER OF LATIN.



"The learned eye is still the loving one."

**EDGAR M. CLINTON.**

TEACHER OF CIVICS AND ARITHMETIC.



"Ill fits thy age such toil to undertake."

SENIOR

1901



CLASS OF NINETEEN-ONE.

JUNIORS.

OFFICERS.

RALPH LAWTON,	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
VERA FREEMAN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
COUSIE FOX,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sec. and Treasurer

COLORS: YALE BLUE AND WHITE.

YELL.

High School, High School, High School, hi!

M D C C C C I!!



HISTORY OF NINETEEN-ONE.



Our High School days are numbered. Life with all its perplexities, its joys and its sorrows lies before us—an open page whereon to write our records. Such a short time it seems since we, as Freshmen, toddled about the “great, big school house,” through the long, spooky way to the Annex, and like good children submitted to all the kindly offices of the Juniors relating to our toilets. We were wise Freshmen, wise beyond our years in fact. “Georgicus Cæsar” was our example, and truly 'tis little wonder that our record was so remarkable.

All things were planned for our especial benefit. For us Miss Hollenshead smiled her sweetest and told her most beautiful fairy stories. For us the most delightful receptions were held, and for us, alas, the cunning Sophomores saved their most indigestible jokes.

What memories come to mind as we think of our Sophomore days! How well we remember the motherly kindness of Miss Smith in watching over our wayward tendencies! Was it not her tender care that saved us from an early grave mid the ups and downs of x and y ? May she receive the reward she merits.

And then last year how could the new high school have been properly built without the aid of our experienced eyes? Not a timber nor a stone was laid but we were there to see it put in correctly. Music, in the old days, raised the walls of Troy, but it was our good, old yell that raised the walls of the addition. We hope the school board won't forget us when the roll is taken.

And now we are Seniors, not numerous 'tis true, but what we lack in numbers we make up in genius. The world is ours should we desire it. All men pay us homage, and well they may!

"Have we lawyers?" you ask. Snyder the "great and only." Who can surpass his brilliant wit and smooth tongue. "Writers?" Our class has twice taken first prize in the OWL's Christmas Story contest. "Debaters?" Florence Smith, the famous Cooking School advocate takes first place. "Orators?" Ruth Burlingame won the preliminary and represented our class and school at Champaign State Oratorical contest. "Musicians?" Brearley is leader of the R. H. S. Orchestra—and shall we add—Cutler is leading soprano in the R. H. S. Quartette. In addition to these we have poets, essayists, athletes and musicians, linguists and singers of whom we may well be proud.

Our reign has been one of push, of prosperity. New ideas have been instituted and successfully carried out. New lines of work have been opened and our high school is now one of the best regulated in the state. To the Seniors a large portion of this is due, and when the years have rolled by, perhaps another graduating class will, looking back, see our record and say, "There was a class."

High School! High School, High School, hi!

M D C C C C I!

JAMES BATEMAN, '01.



THE CLASS OF '01.



We of the class of naughty-one
Began our career when the autumn sun
Was gilding the leaves and mosses gay
With orange and scarlet, brown and gray.
In that dear old year of ninety-seven
We first made up our class eleven,
And bundled our boys in feather-beds
With bull-dog masks to protect their heads.
Next in the chronicle of class events
Each brave classman paid twenty-five cents
For the privilege of freezing his own noble "phiz"
And taking along on the sleigh-ride his Liz.
Next year the boys in busses left town
To visit the gorge of great renown.
Then did the dander of the girls "ariz,"
And the boys were told to mind their "biz."
And off the girls went in fine array
Singing with voices loud and gay.
"The boys they played the cheap-skate game
The girls they got there just the same."

* * *

The river lay peaceful and quiet
Tho' the Juniors were having a riot.
On the "Illinois" they were holding a fete
For the Seniors staid and sedate.
Again this class of genius rare
Of noble youth and ladies fair
Are gathered within the high school walls
To answer the summons of social calls.
This time the friends from far and near
Gathered at evening their program to hear.
Such plays, readings and songs airy
Never were heard in our Literary.
Dear friends, we sing of our glory
To youth and heads that are hoary.
But confess that in the course we have run
We're ever been the class of "naught-won."
R. E. B., '01.

SENIOR CLASS SONG.

Tune—(THE TAIL OF A KANGAROO.)

1. On a morn four years ago in September
Came a class to our High School door.
'Twas the class of naughty-one.
Now our work's all done,
All the joys of our school days o'er.
Yet we've done all we could
For our High School's good
And we're proud of the record we've made.
We have worked with a will,
Though it's been up hill,
And our fame will not soon fade.

CHO:—

Oh school days bright and happy,
Oh school days loved and true,
You've been a good kind teacher
And we've worked our best for you.
Seek out the striving student,
To him lend all thy lore.
Give him our heart's confession,
School days are sad when o'er.

2. Now the time has come at last when we enter life,
And to show what we can do,
We have carved our class name
On the walls of fame.
Our achievements not a few,
Now a cheer for the class,
For each lad and lass
Who has helped to success push it through,
And in life though we part
We shall keep in heart
The words of our schoolmates true.

CHO—

—JAMES BATEMAN.

—WALTER BREARLEY.

PROGRAM

FOR THE

39TH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

OF THE

ROCKFORD HIGH SCHOOL.

JUNE 20, 1901.



Invocation.

- I. Oration: The Establishment of Free Libraries a Distinctive Feature of the Beginning of the Twentieth Century - - - FRANKLYN SNYDER
- II. The Evolution of a Book. (Illustrated by tableaux)
- - - - - FRANK CUTLER
- III. The Workingman's University, - ELIZABETH BOWIE
- IV. The Rise of a Reading Public, - RUTH McELWAIN
- V. The Historical Novel - - - ETHEL HORTON
- VI. The Short Story. - - - BESSIE BROWN
- VII. Child-Life in Poetry, - - FLORENCE SMITH
- VIII. A Set of School Books } Studies,
 } History,
 } Imaginary Conversation,
 - JOSEPH WESTERBERG, COUSIE FOX, MAUDE FOX
- IX. The Owl, - - - - SAMUEL ROBERTS
- X. Dramatic Sketch, (At the King's Head)
- BERTHA GRAHAM, EDWARD WELD, JOHN A. SMITH
- XI. Tableau—History Mathematics and Poetry.
- XII. Presentation of School Banner.
- XIII. Award of Diplomas.

The tableau used in this program are taken from the mural decorations of the new Congressional Library at Washington, D. C.

...PROGRAM...

SUGGESTIONS FOR SENIOR CLASS DAY PROGRAM.

1. *Solo*—"Because," - *M. M. CORBETT, JR
2. *Recitation*—"The Cooking School," -
- - - - - FLORENCE SMITH
3. *Quartette*—"Happy days gone by,"
- PHILLIP SINNAMON, MR. SINNAMON,
- P. SINNAMON, PHIL SINNAMON
4. *Paper*—"When my Mama cut my hair,"
- - - - - WALTER BREARLEY
5. *Object Lesson*—"How to organize a Quartette."
- - - - - FRANK CUTLER
6. (a)—"Nickels and Dimes."
(b)—"After the Ball," ANNUAL BUS. M'G'R
7. *Soliloquy*—"Sam at Madison," - -
- - - - - BERTHA FROST
8. *Living Picture*—"Patience on a Monument,"
- - - - - HELEN OSBORNE

* Responds to encore with "The Belvidere Girls."

BUBBLES FROM A WITCH'S CAULDRON.

CLASS PROPHECY FOR 1901.

GEORGE ALLEN will soon give to the world his latest production entitled, "How to assume a graceful gait while carrying a world of wisdom on one's shoulders."

EVA ANGLEMIRE will ever prove true to her first love and will therefore ask for Mower.

The Class of '01 here take occasion to publicly extend their sympathy to ZILLAH ATKINSON, who, we hear, will not long enjoy this life—of single blessedness.

JEANETTE BAINBRIDGE will make a tour of America behind the old white horse with the Parson as traveling companion.

GEORGE S. BANKS will resign his position as end man in the circus and will be a world renowned agitator of Woman's Rights.

JAMES BATEMAN will pursue his career as electrician until he makes his fortune, when he will retire to private life and teach Chemistry in the R. H. S. as a pastime.

ELIZABETH BOWIE will be sole proprietor of a large Chicago confectionary establishment, where fudges will be furnished at all hours of the day free to all members of the class.

WALTER BREARLEY will manufacture kisses and an improved paper bag dinner box with his own testimonial printed on each.

MAUDE BROCKMAN will return to the R. H. S. after a few years of study elsewhere, to assist Prof. Stedinger with his German classes.

BERT BROWN—oh my! what shall we say of our class punster! He will not long remain in his present position, but will soon bear the honors of bank president, and then he'll spend the remainder of his life in "slinging (jokes and) piecrust down the road, forever and forever."

BESSIE BROWN will lead them all a merry chase and then settle down with some of our literary genius.

TOM BROWN will live up to his reputation as a crack base ball player, and will bring our school athletics into prominence by his renown.

RUTH BURLINGAME will spend her life conducting a home on the "Complements not Competitors" plan.

BARTON SMITH will spend years in trying to distinguish between one of the fellow's hands and her's, and finally on finding out will ask for her hand only to find that she has grown tired of waiting and has given it away.

CHARLOTTE CASE will still preside over the meat market at Cherry Valley, where all geese are slaughtered without mercy. Beware boys! for she is not a respecter of persons.

MARY CASE will succeed Katherine Ridgeway as reader in the concert company. But her eloquence in public will never reach that with which she Utter(ed) her choice.

IRENE CLEVELAND will preside over a small club of two with eminent success and universal satisfaction.

CLAUDE B. CONANT will conduct a thriving grocery business with a restaurant attachment for the benefit of R. H. S. students.

MATTIE CONNER will confine her talents to a little secluded convent where she will compose a new set of school songs to take the place of the present "Never Say Fail" and "Johnny Sands."

MATHEW M. CORBETT will rise to the profession of soda fountain clerk, where he will live in perpetual bliss surrounded by plate glass mirrors while he serves cool, delicious drinks across the counter to the Alumni girls.

JOHN W. CRILL will spend his time in a life saving station, where his early athletic training will enable him to rescue venturesome maidens from a watery grave.

ARTHUR CRUMB will prove as great a genius in selecting a life partner as in finding "rare" geological specimens.

FRANK CUTLER, although living among a bevy of ardent admirers, will ever remain a bachelor owing to his inability to choose between them.

MYRTLE DOW will take an extensive trip to Europe where she will meet her fate.

JOHN EARLY will prove the old adage,
Early to bed, Early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

ALICE EDDY will play "Taps" for her soldier boy's last "engagement."

FRANCES EMERSON will spend her life as a deaconess in a Chicago mission.

NORA ENRIGHT will marry a bank clerk of good standing.

COUSIE FOX will pursue her musical education in Germany, where she will make many friends owing to a letter of introduction furnished by Herr Stedinger.

MAUDE O. FOX will follow various lines of work, but always will do something "Worth" while.

REUBEN FOX will be the demonstrator in a Liquid Air entertainment. [Wouldn't that freeze you?]

VERA FREEMAN will take to the platform in the interest of free silver.

BERTHA H. FROST, although not a nun, will spend the remainder of her life singing "hims" and saying "Sams."

LULA FULLER will develop into a public singer of great popularity.

LENA GIFFIN, although she graduates from most of her studies, has decided to take "Caesar" for life.

ELSIE GLENNY will dress in silks and satins and ride behind her four-in-hand.

BERTHA GRAHAM, although the rest of the class will advance with civilization, will be the exception proving the rule, and return to the "Savage" state.

WALTER GREEN, the woman hater, will at last be conquered by a pair of brown eyes.

ETHEL S. HORTON will practice spell-binding on current subjects.

DORA JOHNS will still drive George C. through life by his heartstrings.

EVANGELINE JOHNSON will change her name for the uncommon one of—Brown.

HATTIE E. JOHNSON will be eminently successful as a teacher of kindergarten children.

ORA JOHNSON will—Oh, ask Clark! how do I know?

ALICE KING will rule over a little kingdom of her own.

ELWILDA LATHAM will present the city with a new park bearing her name.

RALPH H. LAWTON will weigh out rice for the many happy wedding parties in which he will take no prominent part.

RUTH McELWAIN will become assistant stenography teacher to Mr. Grant, on general principles, you know.

PENFIELD MOWER will change his name to No More as soon as he has his growth, and will then settle down with a little Highland girl.

CHARLES MORAN will go into voluntary exile on a desert isle to escape the admiration of the women.

MAUDE BARCKLEY will become so attached to the class of '01 that she will spend her life in visiting its members.

RUTH MUTIMER will start an establishment where girls will be taught how to make their hair and eyes most effective.

MORRIS NELSON has gone a sailor for to be, and will some day occupy the position of Commodore.

JEANNETTE NYMAN will go thro' life as a walking advertisement for Ayer's Hair Invigorator.

HELEN OSBORNE will be mother to a large orphan asylum.

RUTH PENFIELD will issue a book bound in calf on "How to Rear Young Men and Women so there will be Harmony."

SAMUEL ROBERTS will be editor of a matrimonial correspondence paper. Special rates to all members of the class.

HANNAH ROHLEN will make Latin her specialty, and will soon occupy a position as teacher in the language.

LAURA E. RYAN, as we expected, will continue her high grade work and become city superintendent of the Chicago schools.

ROSS SAVAGE will renounce teaching and become the manager of the Western Base Ball League.

FLORENCE SMITH will conduct a cooking school and LUELLA SCOVILL will follow in her wake as physician.

PHIL SINNAMON will return to the R. H. S. where he will teach the Seniors to sing in chapel with his bass viol accompaniment and sonorous bass voice to lead.

EVELYNE TEAGUE will give up her study of geology, biology, psychology and phenomenology for the more pleasant occupations of roastology, boilology, stitchology, darnology, patchology and general domestic hustleology.

ELIZABETH SMITH and ALICE KING will form a secret society, having solemnly taken their oath that they would never give each other away.

FRANKLIN SNIDER will cease to roam, and will settle down in a "Cousie" little home.

FRANCES SIZER. Now-a-what will she be? Oh, she will be engaged in writing a primary edition of the Advanced Algebra for Sinnamon's special benefit.

JOHN A. SMITH, judging from all appearances, will be compelled to give his undivided attention to his private correspondence with a certain Sophomore girl.

BESSIE A. THORNTON will next fall again enter the R. H. S. as a Freshman—thus passing off her youthful appearance on the poor, unsuspecting faculty.

MARTHA SMITH will endow the Rockford High School with enough to keep up both girls' and boys' gymnasium.

Although MARY TURNER will devote her life to the study of art, she will remember enough music to be able to sing, "When Jack comes home again" in the same old way.

CLARENCE WALLIN and JOSEPH WESTERBERG, inspired by their school successes, will become entrepreneurs in a turnip enterprise. As Mr. Wallin is Marshal, and hence is able to devote only a portion of his time to turnip raising, he will not be as successful as his partner.

OLIVE TURNER will so intimidate the school board that they will hire her at once at her own price.

ELEANOR WHIPPLE will lead a sweet and helpful life in the service of Uncle Sam as a Red Cross nurse.

ANDY WILLIAMS, although a brave bachelor, will see his fate—"Sizer" up and finally take her for better or worse.

ANNA WILLIAMS will not apply for a position as Prof. Grant's assistant, for he will soon offer another proposition which will be far more beneficial to both parties.

BESSIE WORDEN will remain in our city one short year and then will be lost to us in the whirl of Washington society, where she will create a wide and lasting sensation. She will later make a trip to the Hague, where she will remain the remainder of her life.

LENA WRIGHT will claim a big athlete as her victim.

LUCILE YOUNG will outlive every other member of the class, and ah—methinks she may outshine them.



Awake, the Muse has departed,
Let no man change what the Fates have decreed.

IDENTIFICATION TABLE OF SENIOR CLASS.

NAME.	ALIAS.	AT FIRST SIGHT.	FAVORITE AMUSEMENT.	PET PHRASE.	WHERE FOUND.	BUSINESS.	PUBLIC OPINION. (Shakspeare.)
Anglemyre, Eva.....	Cæsar's First Love.	Her austerity.	Giggling.	"I think."	Up Highlar d way.	Physical Culture instructor.	She lacketh the jollity of her class mates.
Atkinson, Zillah.....	The Persian.	Interesting.	Star gazing.	"Isn't that so?"	West end, she knows where.	Choir singer.	A well made girl.
Bainbridge, Jeanette....	Miss Bateman, as used by Prof. Andrews.	Her luxurious hair.	Riding behind the white horse with Parson.	"Oh Ruth!"	Hunting her rubbers in the Senior hall.	Stenographer.	A lady whose smile will pass her anywhere.
Banks, George.....	Geordie.	His length.	Communing with G. Banks his best friend.	"I can't read!"	Near a Baker.	Geologist.	"A very melancholy man."
Barelay, Maude.....	"The New Girl."	From the sweet Sunny South.	Keeping us all guessing.	"Silence."	Everywhere.	Getting her lessons.	Would that we knew her better.
Bateman, James.....	Jimmy.	A man whose size is more than his confidence.	Riding down the river on his wheel in Dec.	"To be sure."	Interviewing the editor about?	Poet, electrician author.	A man who improves with the acquaintance.
Bowie, Elizabeth.....	"Liz."	Her condescending air.	The manufacture of fudges	"Loan me a sheet of paper."	Occupying Miss Randall's chair.	Manager of canning industry.	A girl of good heart and happy disposition.
Brearley, Walter.....	Sport.	His mustache.	Eating his dinner from a paper bag.	"Hello Dovey!"	At the office.	Musician to "her majesty."	"A pretty youth not very pretty."
Brockman, Maude.....	"The Lady of the castle."	Her morning smile.	Dutch studiern.	"Have you got your German?"	South Rockford	Watchmaker.	A maid of womanly heart.
Brown, Bessie.....	Brown Bess.	Her smile.	Chasing hens.	"That's swell."	Down Frankie's way.	A widow's maid	"A maid so tender, fair and happy."
Burlingame, Ruth.....	Cinderella White.	Charming.	Entertaining her friends.	"Oh horrors!"	Anywhere but in class,	Editor.	Ambitious.
Case, Charlotte.....	Charlie.	Her seeming wisdom.	Cooking.	"Of course."	Deep in the mysteries of S. History.	Running Cherry Valley Meat Market.	The real article.
Cleveland, Irene.....	Miss President.	Her dignity.	Presiding over literaries.	"The meeting will now come to order."	In the halls.	Superintendent of private instruction.	A literary young woman truly.
Conner, Mattie.....	Matt.	That nine dollar smile.	Sleigh-ride parties.	"Killing swine."	At one of the knitting factories.	Chaperon.	O K
Corbett, Matthew.....	Pretty.	His complexion and his nose glasses.	Singing "Because."	"You've got the most beautiful eyes Pearl."	Looking for the "Belvidere" girls.	Concealing his age or youth rather.	"The boy is fair of female favor"
Cutler, Frank.....	"Sponger."	His stern Roman nose.	Punishing Brearley by batting him over the head in class	"Doggone you!"	Paradise Alley three flights to the rear.	Organizing the "exclusive" male quartet.	"Is a fair young man and well,"

IDENTIFICATION TABLE OF SENIOR CLASS. (CONTINUED.)

NAME.	ALIAS.	AT FIRST SIGHT.	FAVORITE AMUSEMENT.	PET PHRASES.	WHERE FOUND.	BUSINESS.	PUBLIC OPINION. (Shakspeare.)
Dow, Myrtle	Myrtie.	Her rustic simplicity.	Work.	"Will you."	Down on the farm.	Milkmaid.	A good lass but far too bashful.
Eddy, Alice	Ed.	Her imperturbility.	Piano playing.	"I don't know."	(Ask Ma.)	Book Agent.	Her path lieth not with ours. She desirest something more
Enright, Nora	Pete.	Her regal air.	Promenading.	"Oh, I don't know."	On the south stairs.	"Knocker."	Stunning.
Fox, Cousie	Cous.	Small but sweet.	Eating fudges.	"Oh, Bess!"	Maybe Roberts knows.	Director of a Whistling quartette.	She is well liked by all.
Fox, Maude	"Fat."	Younger than she looks.	Dancing to Brearley's fiddling.	"You bet I would."	At all the dances.	Stenographer and Typewriter.	"Fair and wise is she."
Fox, Reuben	"Rube."	His Cyrano De Bergeracan nasal appendage.	Liquid Air lectures.	"Going to the show?"	At the library.	Poet.	"He is a good boy."
Freeman, Vera	"Vice."	Her stateliness.	Walking with the "Greek."	"I am a Democrat."	"On the fence" in money debates.	Pedestrian.	Promising.
Frost, Bertha	Frosty.	Her proud dignity.	Entertaining (Sam.)	"Oh, you dear boy."	At Madison.	Letter Writer.	Tho' proud she hath virtues.
Fuller, Lula	"Lu my Lu."	Her gait.	The cake walk.	"Looks like two cents and a collar button."	With Juanita.	Laundress.	Highly respected by those who know her.
Giffen, Lena	"Caesar's Ghost."	That smile.	Studying Latin.	"Go to it"	Ask Allen.	Keeping 'Caesar' out of mischief.	Full of fun—that's why we like her.
Glenny, Elsie	Peggy	Dressmakers model.	Playing basket ball.	"Mr. Andrews."	In the gang about the register.	Being "Dog's" Sister.	A jolly, good girl.
Graham, Bertha	Bert.	Swell and unattainable.	Coming late to class.	"Kenyon."	Having a "swell time" anywhere	Cutting 'em dead.	She hath too good an opinion of herself.
Horton, Ethel	Mamma.	Her Puritan primness.	Y. M. C. A. Course Lectures	"That's fine."	"On the banks of the Kishwaukee far away."	Orator.	A good girl—just a little formal.
Johnson, Evangeline	Vangy.	Those expressive eyes.	Typewriting.	"For Heaven's sake."	Miss Bowie can tell.	Missionary to the heathen.	A true friend—respected by all.
Johnson, Hattie	The Amazon.	Her majestic height.	Remaining silent.	"Ich viess es nicht."	Down on the farm.	Rural school teacher.	Too much given to deep thought.
McEvoy, Elizabeth	Lizzie.	Her saucy tilted nose.	Camping.	"I think so."	"Home, Sweet Home."	Bookkeeper.	A girl we would know better.

IDENTIFICATION TABLE OF SENIOR CLASS. (CONTINUED.)

NAME.	ALIAS.	AT FIRST SIGHT.	FAVORITE AMUSEMENT.	PET PHRASES.	WHERE FOUND.	BUSINESS.	PUBLIC OPINION. (Shakspeare.)
McElwain, Ruth	Frenchy.	Her queenliness	Making her tracks in a stenographic note book.	"Nettie."	At Church.	Elocutionist.	A maid of happy spirits and wisdom.
Moran, Chas.	Pat.	His <i>tall</i> figure.	Going to the "coup."	"Just like getting money from home."	At hard study?	Chief tenor of Cutler's quartet.	A happy go lucky fellow yet we all like him.
Mutimer, Ruth	Beauty.	Her hair.	We can't tell.	"I don't know" in U. S. Hist.	Can't you guess?	Rural Route Post-mistress.	Ask Corbett for his opinion.
Nelson, Morris	Moss.	His sweater.	Chasing a ball down a bowling alley.	"How would you like to be the ice man."	Down S. 3rd St. way.	Judge.	Too jolly for an officer.
Osborn, Helen	Our Sphinx.	The sweet double deck to her chin.	Instructing the children.	"I was just going to say"	At the teacher's desk.	Red Cross nurse	Far too solemn to become great.
Roberts, Sam	"Sneezer."	His general "Horace Greely" appearance.	Using the editorial shears on the Owl.	"Hello,"	In close proximity to a "Caesar."	Encouraging (?) the Owl contributors.	A man of ability
Rohlin, Hannah	Hannah.	Her round Cheeks.	Studying.	"Where's Alice"	Reference room - Library.	Superintendent Kindergarten.
Ryan, Laura	Laury.	Her sweet smiling face.	"The wearing of the Green."	"Bessie."	At Thornton's.	Gossip.	Pride goeth before a fall. We think -
Seoville, Luella	Ella.	Her length.	"Sappho."	"Come, oh come with me."	"Mid the green fields of Virginia."	Investigator.
Sinnamon, Phil	The "Athlete"	Not fat, fair and forty.	Sawing on the bass viol or violin.	"Ye - ah!"	At Niquette's.	Keeping dates with Shermie.	"He was a man; take him all-and-all."
Sizer, Frances	Frank.	Her "Lights."	Discussing Pol. Econ.	"Now - a."	Ask Floberg.	Housekeeper.	Such a cute little woman.
Snyder, Franklyn	"Reverend."	His apparent wisdom.	Trying to puzzle the teachers.	"Why is this so"	In the council room.	Lawyer.	"He's a learned man."
Smith, Barton	"Uncle B."	The man who lost a pompadour.	Holding the fellows' hands at sleigh rides.	" --- it."	Trying to find the way to B -	Mayor.	"A man of such perfection."
Smith, John	The Liar.	A pusher.	Talking in the halls.	"Con stam it."	Maybe those Soph girls know.	Business manager of air ship line.	Will pass in the crowd,
Smith, Florence	The Witch.	Her self confidence.	Debating "to be or not to be."	"The cooking school."	Moralizing with Cuttie.	Cook of high degree.	Wisdom, good sense, honor, all are hers
Smith, Martha	Her timidity.	Visiting in the country.	"Oh, heavens!"	At home.	School teacher.	"She hath troubles of her own."

IDENTIFICATION TABLE OF SENIOR CLASS. (CONTINUED.)

NAME.	ALIAS.	AT FIRST SIGHT.	FAVORITE AMUSEMENT.	PET PHRASES.	WHERE FOUND.	BUSINESS.	PUBLIC OPINION. (Shakspeare.)
Smith, Elizabeth	Bessie.	That frigid smile.	Waiting for her report card.	"You bet."	Telling the girls all about it.	Talking.	Prominent by her silence.
Thornton, Bessie	"Our youngest."	Her childish face.	Exercising her tongue.	"Well, I guess."	Perambulating in the halls.	Poetess.	Her diffidence hideth her genius.
Turner, Olive	Ollie.	Her numerous eyes.	Tableaus.	"The principles of government."	Down near the college.	Actress.	Her studies occupy too much of her time.
Wallin, Clarence	Dummy.	His side-burns.	Hammering a typewriter.	"Well."	Moline, Ill.	Reporter.	A very nice little boy.
Weld, Edward	Parson.	His piano legs.	Singing in Cutler's quartet.	"Good morning."	Sitting with one of the girls.	Political stump talker.	A good youth well worthy of honor.
Westerberg, Joseph	Joe.	His diminutiveness.	Checkers.	"Got your stenography?"	Out of sight during a rough-house.	"Cop."	"A good scholar."
Williams, Andy	Bolley.	His bow-legs.	Hunting.	"Isn't that touching."	Trying to borrow Mr. Lewis' gun.	Sportsman.	Truly a good lad.
Williams, Anna	'Sweet William'	Her severity.	Assisting Mr. Grant.	"One step at a time, please."	Room 5.	Teacher in Arith.	Too severe to find Fame.
Worden, Elizabeth	Bessie.	Her original hair.	Extracting agony from the piano.	"Oh my dear child."	Ask Jack Craig.	Musician.	An accomplished and excellent young maid.
Wright, Lena	The wrong Miss Wright.	Her quietness and reserve.	"What happened to Jones."	"I think -"	Always in her place.	Instruction in Penmanship.	Her bashfulness impedes her progress.
Lawton, Ralph	Professor.	Looks green.	Physical culture.	"Holy Gee."	Bald-headed row-theatre.	One of our court jesters.	A worthy man, that's sufficient.

JOLLY JUNIOR



CLASS OF NINETEEN-TWO.

JUNIORS.

OFFICERS.

MARY BURHOE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
VERA KIMBALL,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
FRED EMERSON,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
EVA LADD,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

COLORS: PURPLE AND GOLD.

YELL.

Hoop-a-ra-rah! Hoop-a-ra-roo!
Rockford High School—Nineteen-two!!



MCPHERSON BROS. Photo.

CLASS OF '02.

HISTORY OF NINETEEN-TWO.



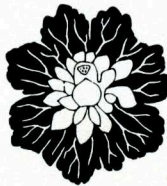
Early in the fall of '98 the outside world was startled by the rumor that one of Rockford's public buildings had been besieged by a small army and, taken unawares and poorly garrisoned, had been invaded both on the north and on the south. The building was the High School, and the army consisted of about one hundred and fifty scholars fresh from the eighth grade. When once they had forced entrance, the faculty, finding that they weren't of a "half bad sort," allowed them to remain.

Our first year was unmarked by any great event, as we believed in biding our time and, incidentally, the principle that "children should be seen and not heard," had been firmly inculcated into our minds during our sojourn in the grades. So we said little, worked hard, and after the summer vacation we found ourselves full fledged Sophomores. Then we began to take life a little more easily. The first literary society for the lower classmen was established by us, together with the Freshmen. Although we studied our geometry and our Cæsar diligently, about the middle of the year we relaxed sufficiently to indulge in a sleigh ride to New Milford. Notwithstanding the fact that, a strange paradox, we went on wheels and not runners, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and went back to work with renewed vigor and diminished treasury. Then followed several months of unceasing labor, and at last we hailed with joy the summer vacation.

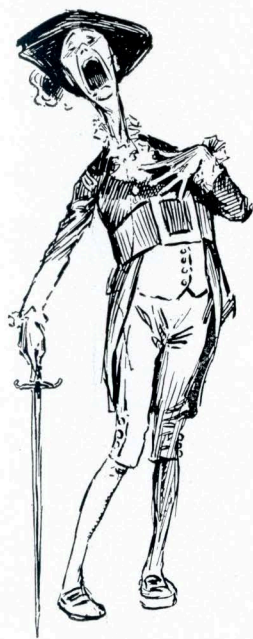
But how glad we were to come back in the fall as Juniors, especially since we could now look forward to enjoying the conveniences of the new building. Meanwhile, we performed many wonderful experiments in physics and also made the acquaintance of Herr Stedinger, to whom many of us contributed such

literary productions as "I must learn my German lesson every day," written carefully a hundred times or so. Finally the new building was ready for use and most of us were fortunate enough to have several recitations in the new class rooms. Together with the Seniors, we sat in the old Assembly room and sung once again the songs of our childhood. In February we took advantage of the fine sleighing and gave a sleigh ride to Winnebago. Our exceptional originality as a class was now undisputed. I will say in proof of this, that several of the more discerning Seniors have decided not to graduate with their own class but choose rather, remaining at Rockford High School a year longer, to bask in the sunshine of 1902. May they never have cause to regret it.

MARY E. BURHOE, 1902.



SOPHOMORES.



WE
WOULD
CALL
YOUR
ATTENTION
TO
THE
CLASS
OF
NINETEEN-THREE.

CLASS OF NINETEEN-THREE.

SOPHOMORES.

OFFICERS.

ADDISON SCHUSTER,	-	-	-	-	-	President.
LOLA HARVEY,	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
MARY BROWN,	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
JEAN DICK,	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

COLORS: CRIMSON AND WHITE.

YELL.

Chick-a-rac-chick-a-rac !

Chick-a-rac-a-chee !

Rockford High School,

Nineteen-three.

HISTORY OF NINETEEN-THREE.



As Freshmen first to you we came
Determined all to win great fame.
It was a bright September morn,
With highest hopes our class was born.
A hundred forty strong were we,
And that did make us full of glee.
Our teachers kind did lead the way,
Then too, our own good sense, I say,
Secured the honors we desired
And landed us where we aspired.

Algebra, Civil Government or Latin could not claim all our attention, for organization, colors and yell were also topics of the hour. A goodly interest was manifested in the Literary Society until it became "an old, old story." Elated that our names appeared in the "Owl," we were at once its fast friends and supporters.

The reception given in our honor was a highly enjoyable occasion, and taught us the pleasant social side of school life. A sleigh ride too, with jingling bells and tooting horns, proved enticing, and, while we did not win a vacation, as did the Sophomores, we managed to spill some of our number into the snow.

Of course "the baby must have its picture taken," so we Freshmen gathered on the front steps and those who were not afraid of breaking the camera, had their faces photographed for the benefit of the future classes.

"The glorious hour has come at last,
Sophomores, we're Sophomores;
For out of the Freshmen year we're passed,
Sophomores, we're Sophomores."

For while we have ever been more Brown than Green, we were happy indeed when we in our turn could welcome a younger class and become wise Sophomores.

We display with pride our pin of crimson and white, the class of 1903 being the youngest to so decorate itself.

Our professors early promised us a new building. We watched eagerly as the plans and then the building itself progressed. When the time came to take possession, we were happy indeed, and moved with the greatest alacrity. Thanks also to a kind friend, a lovely palm found its way into our assembly room to make it more homelike.

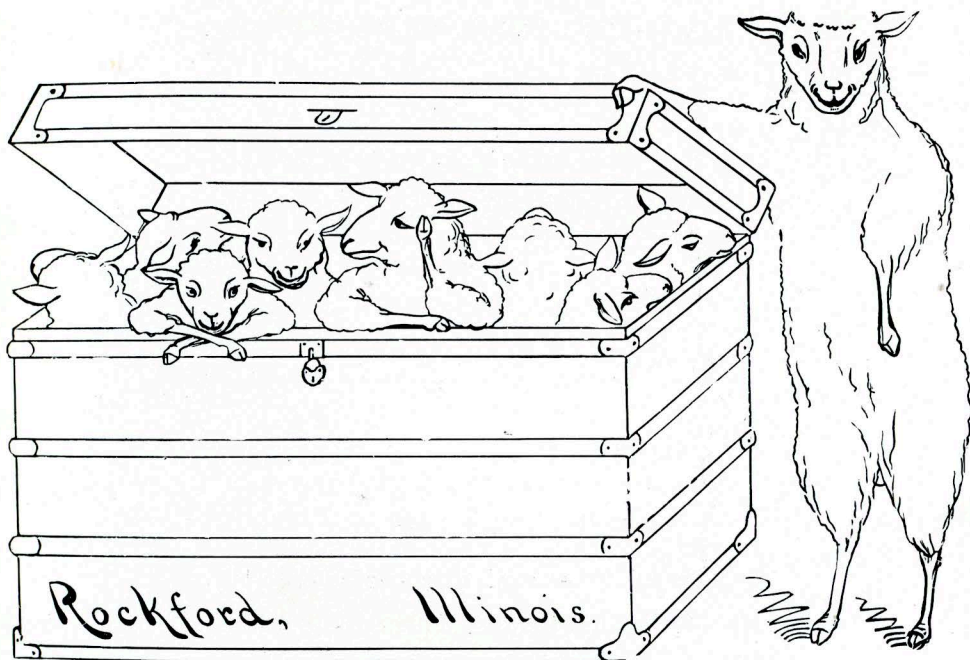
Here we are, studiously at work, and while we have not yet won great literary honors, we have a Crumb to comfort us that a Starr or some other luminary may lead us to the highest achievements ever known in the Rockford High School.

“And now let every heart be gay
Sophomores, we’re Sophomores.”

MABEL C. BARBER, '03



... FRESHMEN ...



CLASS OF 1904.

CLASS OF NINETEEN-FOUR.

FRESHMAN.

OFFICERS.

CORNELIA GIDDINGS,	-	-	-	-	-	President
WILLIAM KNIGHT,	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
BLANCHE HUGHES,	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
NONA JONES,	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

COLORS: PURPLE AND WHITE.

YELL.

One-a-zip ! two-a-zip ! three-a-zip-a-zoar !

Rockford High School, Nineteen-Four !

CLASS HISTORY OF NINETEEN-FOUR.



Now, as Freshman, of course we are as green
As any Freshmen you have ever seen,
But we know much more than some people thought,
And now remember well what we are taught.

Last September, a hundred and fifty strong, we first entered the High School. At first we were overcome by bashfulness, but in a few weeks time we commenced to climb the foot hills of Mt. Wisdom. We met and organized as a class, adopted our constitution and elected our class officers.

The Sophomores from the first were compelled to acknowledge our superiority. Two of the important offices in the Freshmen and Sophomore Literary Society are filled by Freshmen. Our fame as a class went so far that the faculty and city council decided that we should have the best room in the new building. The upper classmen were growing jealous and tried to vex us by saying that our class colors were blue and green. One because our marks were apt to make us feel blue, the other because we were green. This did not worry us in the least, and we soon had a meeting and decided that we should wear the colors, purple and white. The next move the Freshmen made was to rent a piano for their room, and now every morning the upper classmen have to resist the temptation of listening at our doors. Even the worthy janitor was attracted by the melody, and now often finds it convenient to fill the inkwells during morning exercises.

The Reception passed off smoothly enough for we Freshies, some of our more progressive boys vieing with each other in the homage paid to certain members of the faculty. Those who watched us dance remember well our graceful movements, but

we also want you to notice more of our Delsarte; for instance, the grace and ease with which we ascend and descend the stairs *en route* to our recitations.

For proofs of our magnanimity in answering "catchy" questions, we refer you to any of the teachers, especially Mr. Lewis, or, if you have any doubts as to our literary ability consult Miss Strauchon's theme case.

We still have time left for social pleasures however, as you may see by the number of sleigh rides which certain members of the class take.

Recently we have welcomed some fifty pupils into our midst. Since then we have grown so solemn and sedate that Prof. Parker mistook a crowd of Junior girls for Freshies, which was a good thing for the Juniors, as certain Freshmen will testify.

Our boys have joined the Athletic Association, and will some day be an honor to the class and the school as well.

But enough of this. May we so cover ourselves with glory and honor in the remaining three years that when we turn aside from our duties here, we may be able to join the great caravan that goes out to meet the world, fully prepared for its numberless trials, temptations and tribulations.

HELEN WRAY, '04.



"Parents Always Welcome."

AT THE R. H. S.



PLEASED

TO

SEE

YOU.

AND WE HOPE YOU WILL



DROP IN

WITH

YOUR

FRIENDS.

SIGNED :

*The Faculty,
Student Body.*

FRESH--FRESHMEN.



THE FACULTY
HAVE HAD
THEIR
HANDS
FULL

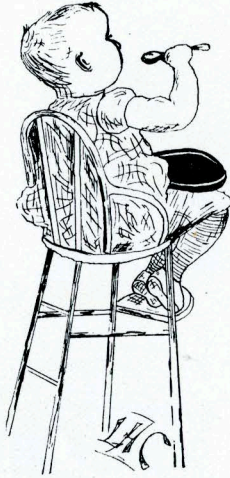
in locating the new Freshman class that entered in February. As they have been with us so short a time their history is not recorded, but we hope soon to know them better.

The class includes :—

Ades, Lewis
Andrews, Dexter
Ballou, Mabel
Becker, Laura
Boyer, Ada
Carlson, Henry
Carlson, Harry

Golly, Ella
Haegg, Reuben
Hering, Livonia
Hopkins Arthur
Hughes, M. Blanche
Harper, Frank
Kennedy, Florence

Donnelly, Erma
Duffy, Frances
Emerson, Alice
Ford, Bernece



And even the Freshmen have
their Spreads.

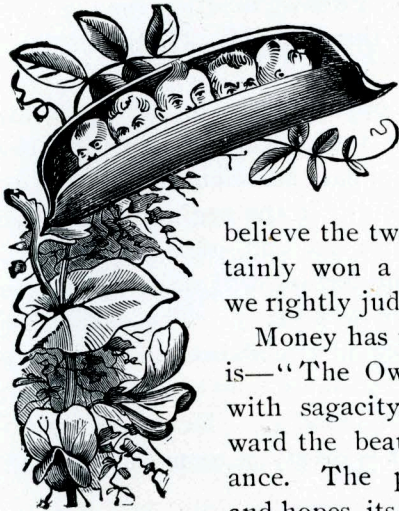
Keig, Pearl Frances
Linnen, James
Lane, Jesse
Moran, Mary
Morgan, Clara
Nordwell, Arthur
Reader, Evelyn
Row, Edith
Rosenquist, Ruby
Reitch, Cora
Redine, Reuben
Rundquist, Fred
Scott, Effie
Swenson, Mable
Stone, Frank
Southworth, Julia
Varbel, Ruth
West, Edna





McPHERSON BROS. Photo.

BOARD OF CONTROL, OWL.



New Talent in Sight
for the Owl.

THE OWL.



Nineteen Hundred and One!
then the echo comes: Nine-
teen Hundred and—won. We

believe the twelfth volume of *The Owl* has certainly won a place beside its predecessors if we rightly judge how a success is determined.

Money has not been made, but staid. That is—"The Owl," predicting financial success, with sagacity turned the would-be gain toward the beautifying of the paper's appearance. The paper, indeed, has felt repaid, and hopes its readers have been well pleased with the venture. Although an extra expense was incurred, no man will be our creditor, as regards money matters, at the close of school.

But just to look wise and say nothing has not been our motto. We have endeavored to cover the pages with interesting matter, the "ads," of all kinds, have been crowded to their proper position, and, verily, they have received their reward.

Our aim has been conservative. All nine issues have been published with almost uniformity of goodness. If there has been any variableness, we think it told for the better each successive issue as experience gave the lesson. Original poetry and prose descriptions have been marked features in this year's number.

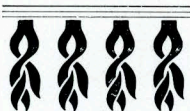
All praise is due to those who performed the actual service for the interests of the H. S. organ—the assistants, the board of control, Alumni correspondent, and all those who have wielded the quill, for it required parts to make *The Owl* complete.

The school has kindly favored us in many ways. We may safely say as many subscriptions have been given as as heretofore and have been *paid*. But once did we mention the fact that the subscription was due. We thank the R. H. S. for their support.

A year's experience gives opportunities to think of some advice for the Editor-in-view of 1902. Do not undertake the publishing of The Owl unless you have sufficient time to devote to the work. Having undertaken it, in the beginning purpose in your heart what you will carry out and stick to the same. You will then enjoy the labor and fortune will smile upon you. We admit our shortcomings have been many. The school has increased in size and is increasing in attendance, and therefore demands a better paper. The Owl must continually move its feathers and spread its wings to brood all. Next year may it appear much improved, as there is plenty of room for bringing it to pass.

When the last edition has left the press, the Editor thus meditates: "If I could but have The Owl another year, I could do much better." If things were done twice all would be wise. We leave the bird to you Juniors. It has increased our wisdom, may it beget understanding in you.

SAM ROBERTS, '01.



THE SENIOR AND JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.



OFFICERS:

President,	-	-	IRENE CLEVELAND
Vice-President,	-	-	ELEANOR WHIPPLE
Secretary-Treasurer	-		CHARLOTTE LEONARD

Although in general work the Literary Society has inaugurated no new features, we feel justified in saying that the class of 1901 has raised the literary standard of the R. H. S. to a plane even higher than the exalted place which it has always held, and has set a bright and shining example for our friends and successors of the lower classes.

Owing to the disadvantages under which we labored at the beginning of the year, the work of the society was delayed until the Thanksgiving meeting. A large membership was soon enrolled and meetings held every third week. For each meeting two members were chosen to have entire charge of the program. The programs have been varied and interesting, including essays, debates, biographies, farces, original stories, poems, instrumental and vocal music. Frequently some subject of timely interest has been taken and made the central thought of the program. A criticism of each program by one of the members has been a profitable addition.

Members of the Faculty, and Mr. Wilson, of the Y. M. C. A., have very kindly lent their aid, and the High School Orchestra has contributed to the enjoyment of the sessions. Almost

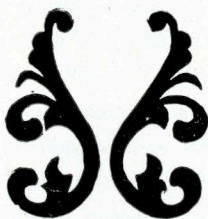
without exception the members of the society have willingly taken part and thus have benefitted themselves while adding to the general interest.

The society has presented to the school a bust of Lincoln which now beautifies our Assembly Room.

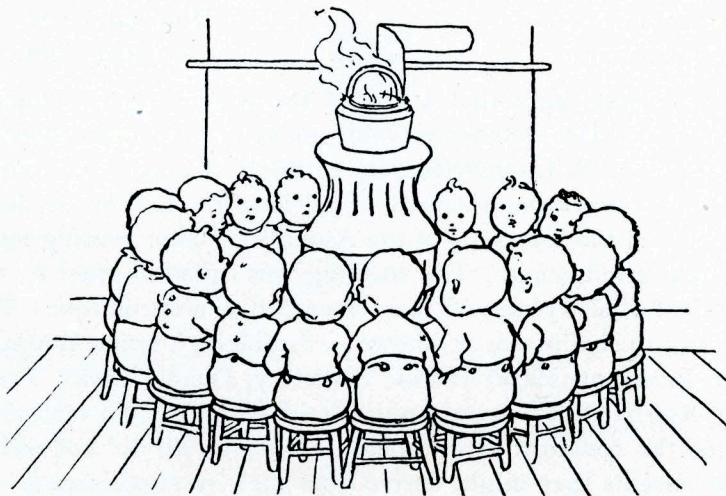
We do not wish to seem unduly egotistical, yet we think it may be truly said that we have striven not in vain for the accomplishment of our purpose "to acquire experience in discussion, facility of expression, practice in literary effort, and to cultivate among the members of the society fellowship and good-will."

May the Literary Societies to come be prosperous and successful, and bring honor to themselves and to our beloved
R. H. S.

E. E. W. '02.



DOWN IN THE OLD CHEMICAL LABORATORY.



"My! Won't Those Fudges
Ever Get Done?"

THE FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE LITERARY SOCIETY.

OFFICERS.

President,	-	-	-	-	VERNON WHIPPLE.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	-	HAZEL HICKS.
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	DONALD DICK
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	ROBERT ASH

The first thing that attracted the wondering Freshmen's eyes one day last October was this notice: "Business meeting of the F. and S. Literary Society in Room 9, 2:45. All come."

That afternoon a crowd of curious yet bashful students gathered in the rear seats of the Assembly Room, waiting for—they knew not what. The meeting was called to order by the president of last year, and they proceeded to elect officers. The result of the ballot was as follows: President, Vernon Whipple; Vice President, Hazel Hicks; Secretary, Donald Dick; Treasurer, Robert Ash. A fair number of scholars from each class signed the constitution, although, evidently, all did not realize what benefits they might derive from such an organization.

The society started out well to perform its mission in life which was to teach the verdant Freshies how "to appear in public upon the stage." The first program, prepared by Lola Harvey, showed careful preparation, and gave the members a fair idea of what was to follow. As there was no piano in the new Assembly Room we were compelled to accept the hospitality of the Seniors and use their room. But the Freshmen soon procured a piano, and the meetings have since then been held in their Assembly Room.

Some of those most interested in the success of the organization thought that the constitution could be improved; there-

fore a committee was appointed to make what changes seemed best. This committee was ably assisted by Miss Strauchon, Miss Smith and Miss Green, who have shown great interest throughout the year. Mr. Parker also has assisted us greatly both by his encouragement and kindly advice. It is to be sincerely hoped that the class of '05 will take up the work anew and make it a grand success.

V. H. W. '04.



One of Our Flowery Speakers.

SANITARY REGULATIONS

...OF THE...

ROCKFORD HIGH SCHOOL,

WHICH HAVE PROVED A GREAT SUCCESS IN REDUCING
THE AMOUNT OF SICKNESS.

1. No R. H. S. parties on school nights.
2. Absence from class takes a "+" from month's grade.
3. Headaches, backaches, etc., are minor ailments to be overcome by an act of the will.
4. All Chemistry fumes must be carefully confined to the laboratory.
5. Making fudges, vacant or other hours, is positively forbidden.
6. All cases of illness must be reported at once to the faculty hospital corps for investigation.
7. If susceptible to dyspepsia do not board at the R. H. S. cafe.
8. When giving a spread do not forget to invite the faculty to attend in a body and test the menu.

CUPID'S KODAK COMPANY.



She had tried for some time to climb the rocky path on the cliffs to take a view of the lake, and at last finding a spot where her footing was safe she fixed her camera in position. She looked very charming as she stood among the dark rocks of the cliff in her fresh, white gown with a large leghorn sun hat trimmed in pink roses nestled against her wealth of brown hair which looked like pure gold as the morning sun flooded her with its warmth and brightness.

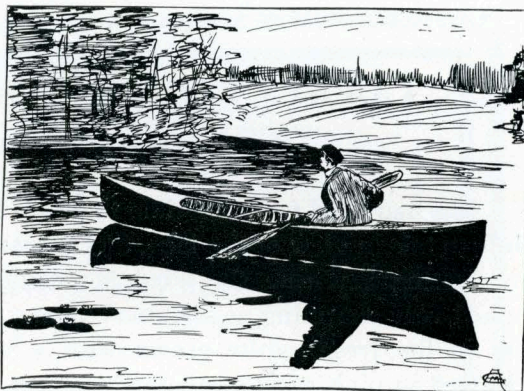
Her strong, sweet face was turned intently on the scene before her a moment, then she pushed the slide and the picture was taken.



In the shadow of the rocks, at the waters edge, a canoe was idly rocked by the waves that gently broke over the narrow strip of sand. A large heron wading in the shallow water of the cove in search of a morning meal of cray-fish, on hearing approaching footsteps, spread its great wings and disappeared far over the cliff.

A stalwart young figure strode down the rocky path, paused a moment to watch the flight of the bird, and then shoving the canoe from the shore quickly sprang in nearly capsizing the fragile craft. A few deft strokes with the paddle however and he had left the dark, cool retreat and was skimming quietly along over the sparkling waters, with cap pushed well back, revealing the dark waving locks lying damp on a smooth, white brow. He came within the camera's range, thus unknowingly taking a conspicuous place in the negative.

"O, do tell me a story Aunt Suzette; I'm so lonesome, an' there's nobody to play with, an' its rainin', and please do," cried a wee maid as she burst into the room and began tugging at the skirt of a young lady who was putting the finishing touches to her toilet.



It was several weeks later, and Miss Suzette after her ramble over the hills that early morning had anxiously watched the development of her pictures, and to her surprise, although the view of the lake was marred in one of them, there was an excellent likeness of a young man in a canoe. For some reason she kept the picture. It may have been the odd circumstances connected with it, or, perhaps, it was the attractive face that prompted the act.

"A story? Well ——" she began slowly but was interrupted, for her little neice had begun to investigate the various articles on the dressing-table, and finally becoming interested in some photos, cried, "Why, there's Ted!"

"Ted who?" asked her aunt as she glanced through the muslin curtains.

"Not out there, here in the picture, in the birch-bark frame. Did he give it to you?"

"Why no, child; what are you talking about? Who is Ted?" she inquired with growing interest as she glanced at the picture the child held.

"Why, Ted. Don't you know? He got my dollie out of the water one time, an' he always tells me to 'shut my eyes 'an

open my mouth,' and then—mum—!" and she smacked her tiny red lips.

"Come, tell me about 'Ted.' Does he really look like the picture?" asked her aunt.

"O yes; an' he took me to ride in the little boat, an' we went so fast, an' I had to set so still."

For the remainder of the afternoon Suzette listened to glowing accounts of this hero of her little namesake, who had certainly won the heart of the small Suzette.

One afternoon the young lady was again standing on the cliffs dreamily gazing at the white caps as they rose and fell in the glimmering sunlight. She held her hat idly in her hand, and a stiff breeze blew her hair about in charming disorder. But unmindful of her surroundings her thoughts drifted back to one summer's day when a light canoe sprang from beneath the shadow of the rocks and then disappeared around the point.

Suddenly she was aroused by the sound of a joyous cry from her little neice, whom she had left on the beach playing in the sand. Turning she saw the little blue frocked maid fly over the sand and bound into the arms of a tall young man who tossed her up to a seat on his shoulder, and then slowly walked toward the foot of the cliff, her little bare feet beating in delight upon his broad chest.

Fast ran the little one's tongue she had so many things to tell her friend. "O Ted, where is the little boat?" she asked at last.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed. "And you haven't forgotten the canoe? Well, I came way across the lake in it to see you, just as soon as your papa told me you were here."

"Did you, really?" she asked, climbing down on the sand.

"Yes; and now tell me what you were doing out here all alone?"

"I'm not alone. Auntie Sue is up there on the rocks. O! an' she's got a picture of you right on her table, an' I knew it was you an' the little boat too."

"A picture of me ! O, no, pet, you must be mistaken."

"Yes, truly, she has, Ted," and she fixed her earnest blue eyes on his face. "Auntie didn't know who it was, but I told her it was you. I'll go an' get it an' show you," and she immediately started off down the beach.

"O come back here you little rascal," he cried, "your aunty might not like it," but the little bare feet had skipped far over the wet sand before he overtook her. "Wait ! I'll go with you, and we'll see what we find in the canoe." So they made their way down to the boathouse, giving Miss Suzette a chance to descend from her rocky nook unobserved, and by a path through the woods to reach the camp.

The little girl was in a very talkative mood, and by her quaint remarks and innocent confidences aroused the young man's curiosity to know the "pretty Aunt Sue," who, in some unaccountable manner, had come into possession of his picture. On reaching the canoe the picture was forgotten by the child at sight of the heaps of water-lilies. She clasped her chubby hands in silent rapture, and at last, on the suggestion of her friend, trudged off bearing the choicest blossoms for her Aunt Sue.



There was a social gathering at the hotel that evening ; the porches and lawns were filled with the gay, happy guests from the various camps along the lake. As the many tugs and launches, with their colored lights, glided along their silent way, the lake seemed alive with great fire-flies.

A clear, sweet voice rose above the murmur of conversation and attracted the attention of Ted and his friend who entered the parlors to enjoy the touching ballad so faultlessly rendered. Ted's quick eye was arrested by a creamy, water-lily bud in the singer's hair. "You haven't met her ? Why, that is strange, come along," and the young men made their way across the room as the last notes died away. Many happy days followed as the friendship between Suzette and Ted made rapid progress.

Toward the last of the summer the little Suzette was wandering along the beach picking up the daintily hued shells.

"I don't think Ted is nice one bit," she said softly to herself, "He knew I wanted to go where the water-lilies grow, and now they have gone without me. He said he and Auntie Sue had a secret an' I think he might tell me too."

G. I. C. '01.





ADVERTISEMENTS.



FOR RENT. To select parties, at reasonable rates, my unexcelled "sneeze" in three octaves with improved adjustments. See me before going elsewhere.

S-M R-B-R-S.

WANTED AGENTS. To sell M. Corbett's recent book—"The Tragedy of the Nelson House," in two volumes, bound in half calf and a book strap. Pronounced by the critics to be a "howling success."

FOR SALE. Frank Cutler's latest success in the musical line—"The High School Quartett." For sale in quart cans only at all undertakers.

WANTED. A girl that will go with me and me only. Real "stiddy comp'n'y" is all I'll accept. J-HN C-LL.

TO EXCHANGE. The R. H. S. orchestra for the Glucose whistle.

FOUND. Near the door of Room 9 a number of badly damaged hearts. Owners may have the same by presenting themselves and an explanation to Prof. Clinton.

A CARD. Prof. Grant wishes to thank the friends who aided him in his recent search for the sender of the Valentine. For the benefit of those interested, he wishes to announce that the maiden of the "green and yellow melancholy" has at last confessed her love, and matters are settled satisfactorily for all parties concerned.

NOTICE. A new and original stock of tardiness excuses have just arrived from Paris. Parties wishing an assorted package will apply to Miss Foster at office. Do not delay. Come early and avoid the rush.

LOST. A reputation, foot ball games, friends and enthusiasm. Parties having comfort in large quantities will do well to negotiate with
FOOT BALL TEAM OF 1901.

WANTED. Some one to hold my hand during noon hour.
B. SM-TH.

WANTED. To exchange my hat for one of a larger size.
SH-LD-N.

WANTED. Some one to appreciate me.
WALT-R BRE-RL-Y.

WANTED. A position as trained nurse. Best of references furnished.
B. WORD-N.

FOR SALE. My ponies, well broke ; been in use five years.
GL-N-Y.

WANTED. A special policeman to follow Westerborg and prevent his injuring the furniture by displaying his superior penmanship.

FOR SALE. Inspirations for sale at cost. Great reduction over last year's prices owing to age of stock. We keep everything from ideas for love sonnets to sonatas and rag-time. Go elsewhere before seeing us

FOX AND THORNTON—Dealers.

FOUND. A decidedly blonde hair on Phil Sinnamon's coat. Owner may have same by proving property and paying for this ad.

NOTICE. Have you heard my talking machine. Latest design. Smoothest running. Great variety. Send stamp for catalogue. Mail address,

LAURA RYAN, Room 10, R. H. S.

NOVELTIES! NOVELTIES!! NOVELTIES!!!

I have them. Anything from a package of pins to a baby's rattle. Don't forget the place.

FERN THOMPSON, Prop.

WE handle cooking utensils of all kinds. Largest stock in the city. Special instructions given with each piece of apparatus.

FLORENCE SMITH & Co., Limited.

FOR SALE. The latest novels by popular authors. Price, 25c. each. By taking three you get a high grade 1900 bicycle and a can of our best baking powder.

"How it Happened"; or *"Kenyon's Conquest,"* by Bertha Graham. A charming love story of to-day, forcibly written. It holds the interest throughout.

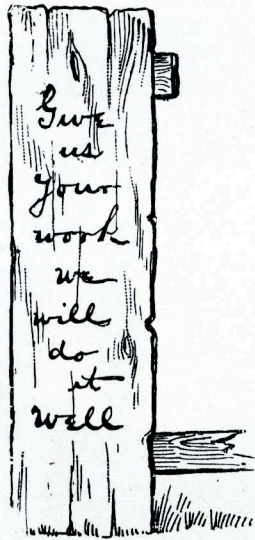
"As a Tale that is Told." A bright story by Bessie Worden. A true narrative of life on the West Side.

"Why She Smiled," by Frank Cutler. Tells of the humorous incidents in the life of a young engineer and others. A most interesting book.

"*How to Saw Wood*," by George Banks, is a valuable and useful treatise on that very necessary accomplishment.

"*All Bound Round with a Woolen String*," by Bateman. Sixth edition, and very popular. Dramatized version.

"*The Pleasures of Silence*," by the prominent authoress, Alice Eddy. A book full of nothing. Beautifully illustrated with blank half-tones. Get a copy. It makes good gun-wadding.



THE STUDENT CONTROL.



The student control system was first adopted for the R. H. S. in 1899 by a unanimous vote of the students, and has ever since been a marked success. In fact its popularity has reached such an extent that we now have applications from other schools for information as to the methods employed in a government which has proved so satisfactory.

The marshals are now stationed throughout the long halls at all hours of the day, and many a little confab has been brought to an abrupt conclusion by the sharp commanding voice of the ever present official.

There have been several trials during the year, and as the result we find our rogue's gallery quite filled with the countenances of the most desperate characters. The punishments inflicted on convicted criminals are often quite severe and therefore there is now a demand for good attorneys to plead the case of the offenders.

The student control, taken as a whole, is very beneficial to the students. It teaches them to govern themselves, makes them familiar with the court room and its proceedings, gives them practice in debate, and in many cases gives them knowledge and experience that will enable them to go forth in life with a fairly good understanding of that government which is of the people, for the people and by the people.

OFFICERS.

Mayor	-	-	-	-	-	-	BARTON SMITH, '01
Clerk,	-	-	-	-	-	-	JOHN CRILL, '01
Attorney,	-	-	-	-	-	-	F. SNYDER, '01

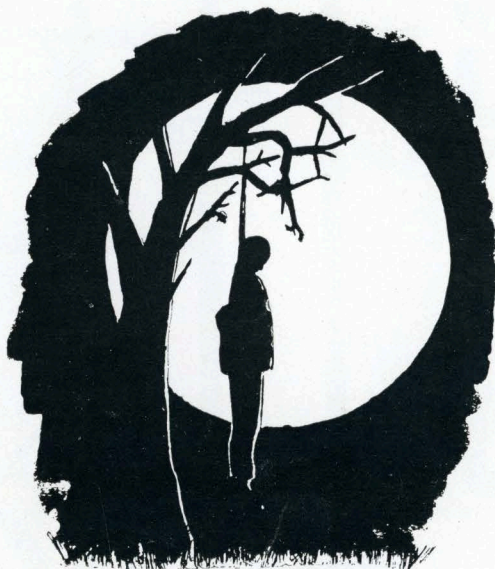
ALDERMEN.

JAMES BATEMAN, '01.
MARY CASE. '01.
VERA KIMBALL, '02.
KARL WALDO, '02.
HAZEL HICKS, '03.

FRED JOSLIN, '03.
GERTRUDE HUNTER, '04.
CARL GILL, '04.
VERNA ADES, '04.

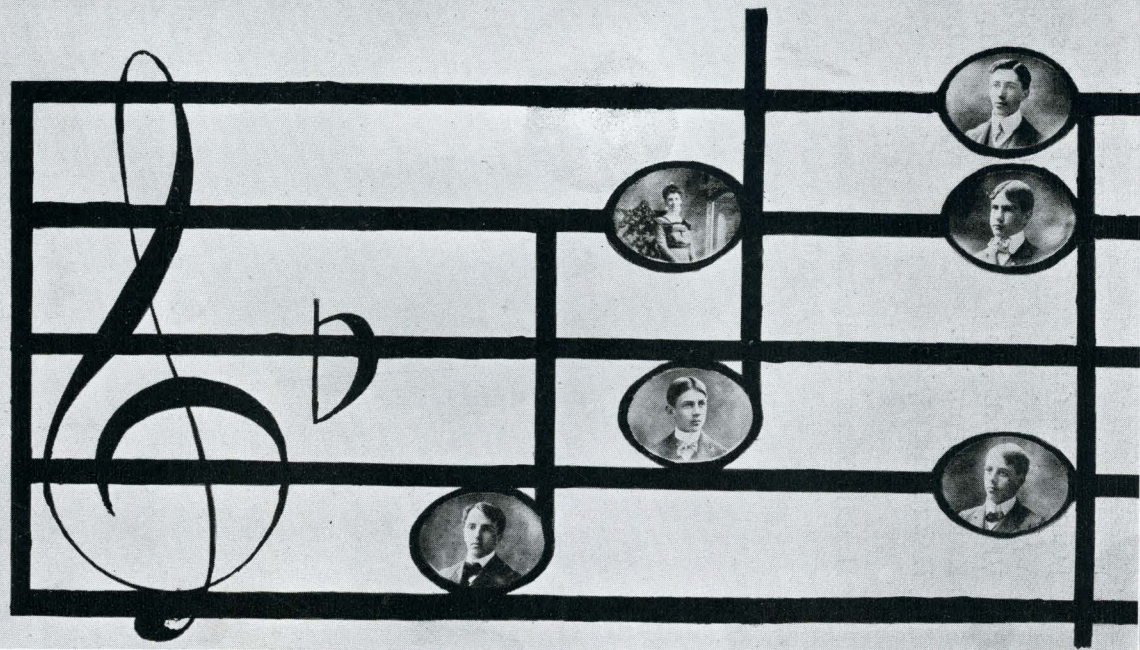
JUDGES.

MORRIS NELSON, '01, ALBERT SHELDON, '02, CARL KINNIE, '03,
VERNON WHIPPLE, '04.

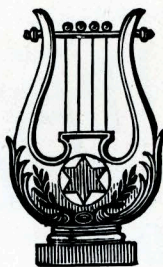


We Don't Hang Them We Suspend them.

THE ORCHESTRA



MCPHERSON BROS. PHOTO.



THE R. H. S. ORCHESTRA.

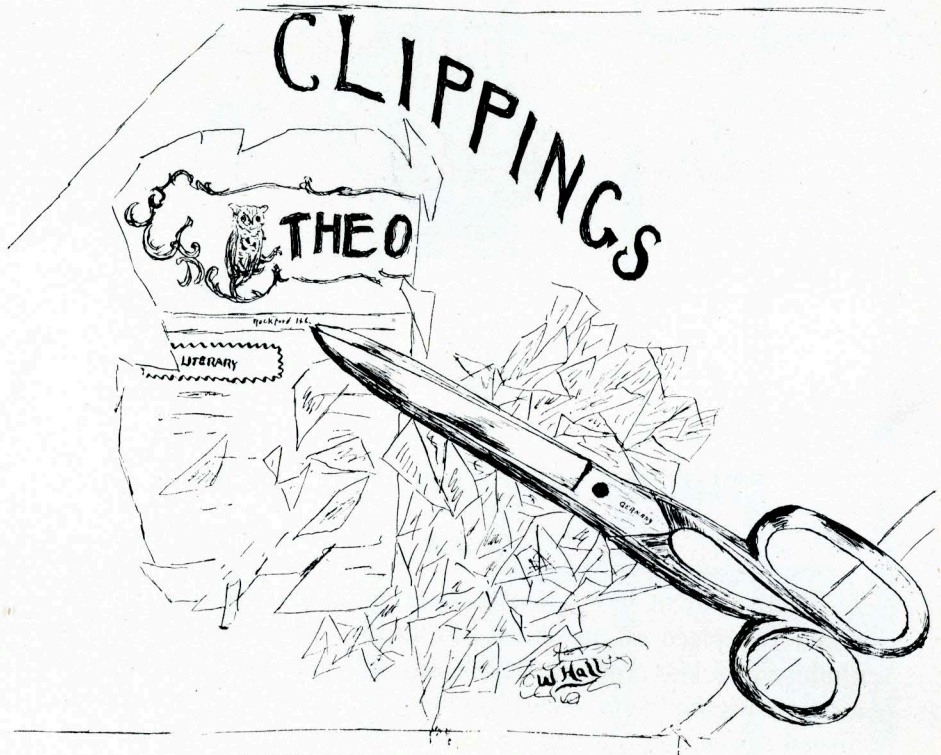


This year in our school musical circles the orchestra has taken the place of the Mandolin Club. The membership includes musicians from all the classes and is therefore thoroughly a school organization. During the year the orchestra has furnished music, not only to the R. H. S. literary societies, but also to many gatherings not directly connected with the school. Among outside engagements we find many church sociables, teachers institutes, the R. H. S. oratorical contest, and the parents' meetings.

At the first of the season the orchestra secured the services of Carrol Starr as accompanist, but later, owing to his long illness, Miss Hering was chosen to take his place. Much credit for the success of the organization is due to Prof. Stedinger, who has not only furnished much of the music but has directed several rehearsals in person.

We hope that the classes next year will keep up the standard which has been held by this year's musical club.

W. B. '01.



Lives of football men remind us,
That they write their names in blood,
And departing, leave behind them
Half their faces in the mud.

MR LEWIS—"Mr. Cutler, you are the Dolliver of the history class.

CUTLER—"What do you mean?"

MR L.—"The smoothest ball-bearing bluff ever known."

MR. PARKER—"If a Representative should die who would he send his resignation to?"

How strange that B. Smith should hold another boy's hand all during the Episcopal sleighride thinking it was Bertha's.

CONSTABLE OF THE GENTLER SEX TO CRUMB
—"Sir I will take your name."

CRUMB—"Well I wouldn't have you if you did."

My Daisy's smile
Seems sweet to me,
When I'm the lucky fellow,
But oh that smile,
When it rests for a while
Upon the other fellow.

MISS RANDALL—"What does it mean by saying 'he made love by squeezing her hand?'"

MARTIN (blushing)—"I don't know." If he doesn't, who does?

MISS POTTER—"Mr. Burlingame you may erase that name immediately and take your seat."

CLARENCE—"I am as fast as I can, but John G. Wooley is a sticker."

REGISTER-GAZETTE—"Bartlett played well in the Aurora game."

REPUBLIC—"Glenny played well in the Aurora game."
The only difference is that Bartlett reported for one paper and Glenny for the other.

MISS MORSE (to fresh Freshie in room three, who has accidentally lit a match)—"Are you exploding over there? If you are we'll get some water and put you out."

MISS FOSTER, you like crackers, but do Uneeda biscuit every recess?

— — — — —

A pair of suspenders—any two of the faculty.

— — — — —

A STUDENT'S COMPLAINT.

Our football team to Elgin went,
To thrash their team was our intent,
And on their shins their anger vent
 Boo-hoo !

The boys were sure of winning there,
They vowed to pull the Elgin's hair
And serve them up as "Roast beef rare"—
 Boo-hoo !

Sing, Muse and to thy listener tell
What to our team that day befell;
'Twas something bad we know right well,
 Boo-hoo !

That evening on an early train
Our boys were seen, soaked through with rain,
To go to bed they all were fain—
 Boo-hoo !

Now football players, list to me
Next time we hope to victory see,
Jove's eagle on our school yard tree—
 Oh gee !

— — — — —

MR. LEWIS (to Bartlett who is inattentive)—"Stay with us Bartlett."

BARTLETT—"I can't, the pace this class sets is too fast."

You should have seen the look in Bertha's eyes as she jealously watched Andrews shaking hands with a few of his acquaintances that Monday he came back to school. Why, he could not help himself, Bertha, and besides he only shook hands with them.

Miss Morse told the diminutive Miss Teague to stand on an eraser so that she could reach the blackboard.

MISS STEVENS—"Give a number of slang expressions."

MISS HARVEY—"I don't know any."

Behold the twentieth century girl.

Mrs. Winslow's Complexion Powder is a never failing beautifier—Reference, Corbett.

On account of her inability either to read or write at the polls, Miss Burlingame's name will be dropped from the list of editors.

GIBBONY in Senior English—"Well, what color was Satan?"

MISS RANDALL—"In theatrical performances he is usually black and red."

Surely a compliment to the high school.

'Tis rumored that on reaching Latham the driver of the boy's 'bus refused to go further without his pay, and none of the "exclusive bachelors" could show any; so they were forced to return to Rockford without seeing the gorge at Roscoe. The girls were sorry that, as *they* were at Roscoe, they were unable to help them out.

"The boys, they played a cheap-skate game,
The girls, they got there just the same."

“Eighteen girls, only eighteen girls,
There are others I know—,
But they're not such pearls.
Sun or rain, we'll go just the same,
We'll be happy forever without the boys..”

“Is the lady of the house in?” Inquire at the South Annex.

The night of the reception some of the Freshman did not dare to go home alone on account of the curfew law.

FIRST STUDENT—“What does B—’s collar remind you of?”

SECOND STUDENT—“I don't know, what is it?”

FIRST STUDENT—“A whitewashed wall around an insane asylum.”

HERR STEDINGER—“Keep still and speak loud.”

CRILL (enviously)—“Don't some of them (volcanoes) smoke all the time?”

Be sure your sin will find you out. Mr. Andrews accidentally confessed he studied on Sunday.

MR. JOHNSON—“Please may I have Miss Gidding's card?”

MISS SMITH—“Are you going to see her tonight?”

MR. J—“I dare not, she has the mumps.”

Faint heart never won fair lady.

ONE OF SENIORS—“By jolly, isn't that a pretty little girl?”

JUNIOR—“Na, new Freshman English teacher.”

The senior stopped flirting.

MISS RANDALL—"Williams, put your feet under your desk if there is room for them."

MR. SAVAGE entered the room eating a fudge.

MISS POTTER—"Mr. Savage, please put that away."

MR. SAVAGE—"I am," and he eats calmly on.

CORBETT (incoherently)—"It's the funniest thing—really it is! There must be something the matter with the gas connection on Seminary street. Every night that I go up there"—Here the suppressed titter of his audience reached his ears, so he coughed and stopped.

MR. LEWIS—"What relation was Agripina to Nero?"

MISS EMERSON—"Why—I guess—she—oh I know. She was the wife of Nero's father."

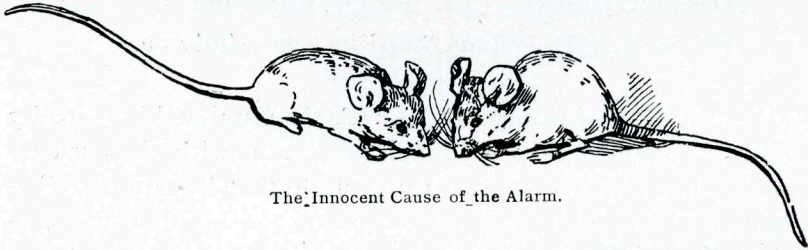
PUPIL (having been seated in the front seat near the register)—"Its too warm here."

MISS GREEN—"Boys who have been naughty must expect to have to sit where it is hot."

It's too bad that Miss Waldo doesn't appreciate her skeleton when it's dressed in costume befitting it's station in life.

NOTICE!! —Miss Waldo wishes to announce that the skeleton is no longer in need of the pant guards which were carelessly left on his ankles, as the half year study in which he is prominent is now over. The gentleman whose property said pant guards are, can obtain his possessions by presenting a suitable reward at the science room, and paying for this "ad;" 25c a line please.

MR. LEWIS (as a mouse ran across the floor)—“You young men of the class who are afraid of mice just put your pant guards on, I don’t believe the young ladies are frightened so easily.”



The Innocent Cause of the Alarm.





MCPHERSON BROS. Photo.

EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE ANNUAL.

EDITORIAL.



In placing our little volume before the public we would say with Shakespeare, "As You Like It." For if in it we present the different organizations and departments of our school in a manner pleasing to those most familiar and interested in our school life, its success is established. We wish here to thank those who have contributed in any way to the 1901 ANNUAL. Foremost among these we would mention the assistant editors, board of management, and those who have wielded the pen in our behalf.

* * * *

During the past year we have witnessed many changes in the old red school house. The enrollment has so steadily increased that at last the board of education decided to house us more comfortably.

The workmen soon arrived, and the midway, with the dear old south annex, were the first victims to their industry. Wall after wall, and stone after stone the old building was razed to the ground.

They say that Seniors are cold and dignified—but ah! who was it that walked about the ruins and carried off pieces of red brick for the sake of the memories of spreads, debates, of joys and woes that clustered about the spot.

Soon the walls of the new structure replaced the old, and about Christmas time we were introduced to our new apartments. The Freshmen were given one of the new Assembly rooms and the Sophomores the other, while the old original Assembly room was assigned to those who know and love it best—the classes of '01 and '02.

By the new arrangement recitations are never heard in the study rooms, thus giving much advantage to students during study periods.

In spite of the many benefits we have reaped so recently from this improvement, we would suggest that when another addition is needed, that a building large enough to accommodate even the Fresh—Freshmen be appropriated.

* * * *

As the end of the school year draws near, one more class takes up its books to leave the old R. H. S. In behalf of this, the Senior class, we would express regret at leaving the old surroundings for the broader but less familiar scenes of the future. Faculty, fellow students, and even studies now fill a prominent spot in memory. Never before have the hazings, literarys, class meetings and foot ball games been pictured so vividly to the mind as now. But let all send a "God speed" after those who, as the iron gates swing back, are shut out from the care of the old Owls and their Alma Mater forever, the class of nineteen hundred and one.





MCPHERSON BROS. Photo,

ORATORICAL SOCIETY.

THE ORATORICAL SOCIETY.



The age which witnessed the great growth of the newspaper saw also a rapid decline of oratory. Instead of offering their

thought from the rostrum men hastened to reach a larger audience through the press, until the "matchless art of Athens" was studied only by those who occupied the pulpit. But this art was in no danger of being lost. For while newspaper editing is less a task than public speaking, and though the audience may be larger, still "the half of saying is in the way it's said."

We are indebted in large part to our Higher Institutions of Learning for the present revival of interest in oratory. It was less than a generation ago



"The Business Woman."

"Complements, not Competitors."

that oratory received any attention as a separate study, and it was not until 1892 that the first chair of oratory was established in a Western University. Not only are the universities offering many good courses in the study of oratory, but to stimulate interest in the High Schools are offering prizes for High School competition.

The University of Illinois was one of the first to organize a state oratorical contest by inviting the accredited High Schools of Illinois to take part. At present about fifty schools are in this league, of which the R. H. S. is one.

The preliminary contest was held in the English Lutheran Church, March 28th, and a large audience greeted the six young ladies who appeared. Curious to note not a boy entered the contest. Whether it was lack of spirit or stage fright in the presence of the talent arrayed against them it is hard to say.

Mrs. N. F. Thompson, Rev. Barber and Attorney Stanton Hyer acted as judges of the contest, and after some deliberation gave the first place to Miss Ruth Burlingame, who argued that woman's true position was not in the business world and in politics. Her oration entitled, "Complements, not Competitors," was very ingeniously written, and was the product of many weeks of hard work.

The second place was awarded to Miss Evelyn Teague, whose oration entitled "The Business Woman" was directly opposed in argument to Miss Burlingame's.

The oration winning first place was then sent down to the Champaign contest, and was selected one of ten from the fifty schools that contested. The authors of these ten orations appeared at Champaign to compete for the honors in delivery. Although our representative did not win the place expected, we feel proud in contemplating that in the five years of this contest, Rockford has three times succeeded in winning a place among the ten. In 1898 Mr. Edward Montgomery won second place for the R. H. S., and in 1899 Mr. Edward Weld carried off first honors for our school. May the enthusiasm never die out while Rockford High School stands.

W. A. LEWIS.

ROCKFORD HIGH SCHOOL ORATORICAL CONTEST

MARCH 28, 1901



Selection,	-	-	-	-	-	R. H. S. ORCHESTRA
The Business Woman,	-	-	-	-	-	EVELYN TEAGUE
The Power of an Ideal,	-	-	-	-	-	WINNIE HOOPES
Vocal Solo—" <i>The Holy City</i> "	-	-	-	-	-	KATHERINE CRYSLER
What Charlemagne Did for Education,	-	-	-	-	-	FRANCES DUFFY
Complements, Not Competitors,	-	-	-	-	-	RUTH BURLINGAME
Selection,	-	-	-	-	-	R. H. S. ORCHESTRA
The Democratic Queen,	-	-	-	-	-	ETHEL HORTON
United Labor,	-	-	-	-	-	PEARL SLITER
Decision of Judges.						

FOOTBALL

The foot ball season of 1900 opened with seven members of the old team out for practice ; Glenny, Bartlett, Crill, Vincer, Levings, Sheldon and Williams (Capt.), with a good stock of light material on hand. Two teams were organized, the first and second elevens, and practice began in earnest soon after the opening of the school year. The first event was a practice game at Riverside in which the two elevens fought valiantly for supremacy. It is needless to say that the first team won, owing, it was asserted by the defeated, to the introduction of raw material into their ranks and the partiality of the officials.

On Sept. 29th, the Aurora boys came up and a good game resulted; our defeat being due entirely to a sad lack of practice, it being undoubtedly too hard a proposition for the first of the season. The Aurora men out-weighed our fellows, being 175 pounds to our 155.

Wednesday, October 3rd, a practice game with the first team of Beloit College was played. Rockford expected to be beaten badly but held Beloit down to twenty-six points. Sheldon, Crill and Vincer played a college game.

There is a breach in the history of the foot-ball boys about the time of the Elgin game, held on the Asylum territory. On this day the rain was nothing compared with the reign of the Elgin foot-ballists.

Shortly after this the services of Coach Felver were secured for a week and the expected results and improvements were soon noticed among the players.

At 3:15 P. M. of Oct. 27th, the Elgin boys came on the field with the conviction that before many minutes passed a large score would be to their credit, but their minds were changed before the end of the game, for although they won, the score was not one to our discredit—6-0.

On Nov. 3rd, a day worthy to be put down in the history of our country, the owls on our school house screamed with delight as our boys sent the Dixon conglomeration of agriculturists home with a considerable amount of terra firma deposited about their persons and without a score. And the band played on, tune 18-0.

Some trouble was experienced by Rockford in obtaining a quarter back of reliability, but Brearley was given a trial and proved satisfactory.

At Broadhead, on Nov. 17th, a real victory for us was turned into defeat by the ignorance or partiality of the officials, the first half was favorable to our success, there being five points in our favor. But in the second half the Wisconsin boys on our ten yard line, third down, five yards to gain, fumbled and fell on the ball and as he got up the man on the ball hit it with his knee, another of their men carried it around Rockford's end and although the referee had blown his whistle, and against the protests of the Rockford delegation, the touch down was allowed. Score 6-5 Brodhead.

Again the team assembled on the field for a game on the 24th at Beloit with the Academy. The amusement furnished by way of variety was a mid winter storm with other variations of mud and of language not generally prevalent in the vicinity of a Sunday school. Beloit flipped heads. Score 11-5.

Thanksgiving day the last and best game of the season was played between the Alumni and the R. H. S. team. Good play-

ing was put up by both sides and several spectacular runs were the features of the game. The Alumni were confident of success but the fates decreed otherwise. The story is told in the score 0-0. The High School being on the five yard line when time was called.

This year's games have been accompanied by the hardest of hard luck and unfairness on the part of some officials. Most agree with the athletic member of our faculty in saying that we had the best of material and had Coach Felver remained, our team would have surpassed that of the class of 1900.

J. B. '01, C. B. '02.

NAME.	POSITION.	WEIGHT.	HEIGHT.	AGE.	CLASS.
Andrew Williams,	R. Half Back,	137 lbs.	5 ft. 7	19	'01
John Crill,	L. Half Back,	170 lbs.	5 ft. 8	19	'01
Elliott Bartlett,	Full Back	165 lbs.	5 ft. 8	17	'01
Walter Brearley,	Quarter Back,	130 lbs.	5 ft. 5	17	'01
James Bateman,	Center.	180 lbs.	6 ft. 2	17	'01
John Vincer,	Right End,	130 lbs.	5 ft. 5	19	'01
Frank Cutler,	Left End,	140 lbs.	5 ft. 8	18	'01
Bert Sheldon,	Right Tackle,	157 lbs.	5 ft. 8	18	'02
Barton Smith,	Left Tackle,	155 lbs.	6 ft. 0	17	'01
Ralph Levings,	Left Guard,	190 lbs.	6 ft. 3	18	'03
Morris Nelson,	Right Guard,	160 lbs.	5 ft. 10	18	'01
Geo. Woodruff,	Sub.	150 lbs.	5 ft. 8	—	'04
Robert Whipple,	Sub.	150 lbs.	5 ft. 9	17	'02
Edward Weld,	Sub and Mgr.	175 lbs.	5 ft. 9	20	'01



McPHERSON BROS. Photo.

R. H. S. TRACK TEAM '01.

THE TRACK TEAM.



Early in the year about forty candidates appeared to train for the track team, and indoor work was started in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. The work continued indoors until about the 1st. of April, when the men were taken to the Fair Grounds track. Training quarters were arranged there and the track and field put in good shape.

April 26th a preliminary class field meet was held, and many good records were made for so early in the season, the Seniors winning the meet with 38 points, the Juniors capturing the second honors.

The firsts and seconds from these contests were selected to train for the inter-scholastic meets which were to follow. In the Knox College meet at Galesburg the Rockford High School was represented by two men, John Crill and Albert Sheldon, the former winning a third place in the 120 yard high hurdles, and the later a third in the half mile run.

Later in the year it is hoped to send two or three men to Ann Arbor to the Inter-State scholastic meet, and on June 1st. a full team to Belvidere.

E. M. CLINTON.

MEMBERS OF TRACK TEAM.

John Crill,

Earl Glenney,

Edward Weld.

Fern Thompson,

Lee Martin,

Ralph Levings,

Philip Sinnamon,

Frank Anderson,

Barton Smith, Manager.

THE ATHLETIC SOCIETY.



BASKET BALL.

Under the direction of Miss Enoch a class of girls was organized into an Athletic Society. They found the various foot and arm exercises both interesting and helpful. At the latter part of their term in physical culture, they, at the suggestion of Miss Enoch, formed themselves into two teams for the playing of basket ball. They elected Miss Vera Kimball for business manager, and Miss Elsie Glenny was chosen captain of the Red men and Miss Belle Haley of the Blue. The following girls then filled the places of:—

	RED.	BLUE.
<i>Goal Toss</i> —	P. Sliter.	V. Kimball.
<i>Goal Defender</i> —	E. Glenny.	M. Weldon.
<i>Center</i> —	M. Walsh.	D. Duffy.
<i>R. Guard</i> —	E. Bement.	B. Haley.
<i>L. Guard</i> —	E. Ladd,	E. Yates.
<i>Umpire</i> —	Blanche Pardridge.	
<i>Time Keeper</i> —	Cora Warfield.	

The work showed the enthusiasm of the team. Games were called in ten minute periods, and Miss Warfield showed her sagacity by carefully proclaiming the "Time's Up." Among the teams were many plucky members who showed forth to a good advantage.

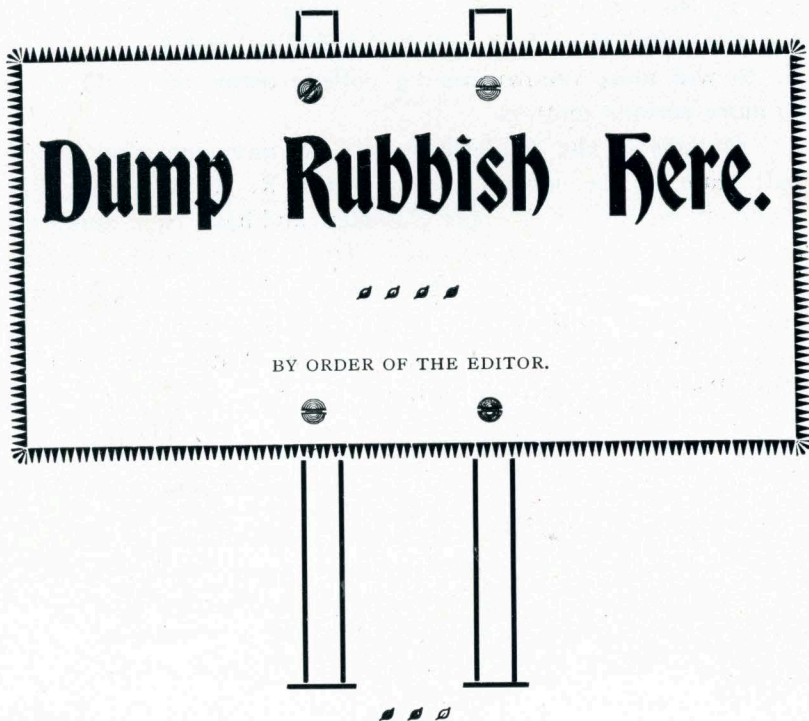
Only two members of the team had acquired any experience beforehand; these two, however, the Misses Walsh and Sliter, gladly aided the beginners in any and all ways possible. The team soon came into prominence, and was considered an addition to the school.

On account of the warm weather the girls have decided to give up their sport until fall. The team regrets that they may lose the aid of their best members, who either leave the R. H. S. to win more renown among college teams or settle down to more serious matters.

Outside of the Athletic Society, we have one other basket ball team in the school known as the R. H. S. team. The members are mostly of upper classmen, and have been doing excellent work. The officers are: Ruth Burlingame, captain, and Ruth Penfield, business manager. The team is as follows: Goal Toss—R. Burlingame; Goal Defender—Evelyne Teague; Center—Mary Burhoe; R. Guard—Adah Yates; L. Guard—Ruth Penfield; Coach—Miss Laura Green.

R. SLITER, '04.





Wouldn't it be a good idea to take up a subscription and present Brearley with a new dinner box, that paper bag story is getting old.

Ask Martin if Miss Ash has had occasion to use those sticks with which she was presented, to use on him when he stayed too late.

Mr. Hayes, thinking it his duty to escort Miss Yates home yells—"Say there, are you going my way?"

M-ry B-h-e. "Such a pair of dark, vivid, and eloquent eyes."

Never thought of separately :
Caesar and Miss Giffen.
Miss Brown and her smile.
Moran and Physical Culture.
Florence Smith and the "old woman."
Miss Bowie and Roberts.
Westerburg and his pen.

Mary had a little lamb
Whose feet were white with snow,
And everywhere the lambkin went,
Those feet were sure to go.

They once held down a burning deck,
Tho' all but they had fled,
The melting snow put out the flame
And the lamb ran home to bed.

From the "Freshman's First Reader."

If Miss Thornton doesn't like the idea of B—— making
"them goo-goo eyes" at that pretty Junior girl, she ought to tell
him so. Perhaps he would divide even.

If a certain tree increases eight feet in height in fourteen
days and nine hours, how long would it take Brearley to grow a
mustache, when Northern Pacific is selling at 900 and the wind
is in the south-east?

The annual High School Beauty show, held in the hall the
other afternoon, was a howling success. Sixty-eight young
ladies entered and the same number of awards were made. The
Senior class won out with sixty-seven points, the sixty-eighth
being lost in the river. The judges survived.

FRESHMAN—"Is Weld going to be here next year?"

CHUM—"Oh, no."

FRESHMAN—"Then we can't have any school, can we?"
But then it was only a Freshie.

Wi-l-s Ha-l.—“Strange that a film of smoke can blot a star.”

Why are not the Seniors a good class?
Because they are Naughty-Ones.
But still there are others who are naughty-two.

Mr. Bert Brown, banker, has been frequenting the Fox home, although it is said that he is not interested in any particular Fox hunt but merely in the Case in general.

Who can tell why Miss Burlingame's heart was so visibly affected on St. Valentine's Day? Hearts were trumps—perhaps we had better waive the point.

The Sophomore boys know the “keep step” and the faculty say they will soon learn the “lock step” if it is not stopped.

Poor Bertha! Life must be such a burden since Sammy went away. We cannot but extend our heartfelt sympathies, although we feel that the day is at hand when the barriers will be broken down and they will meet on “That Beautiful Shore.”

MORAN—“Hello Deacon: Did you hear about that elopement on State street 'tother day?”

WELD—“Nope. What about it?”

MORAN—“Why-er, a horse ran away with a woman. Runaway you know.”

From the results of the German play we would judge that Maude Fox practiced her part with some Worth(y) instructor, as she certainly took the part of the new bride like an experienced hand.

Does Lawton like Miss Bowie's fudges? Ask him. Be careful and don't let her hear you though.

We wonder if Walter's mamma used a bowl in cutting his hair. Appearances point that way.

Allen will ever have as many friends as he can draw "Gibson girls" to give to them.

The long and the short of it—Bateman and Westerburg.

Is Banks capable of joking? This is his latest success :
"Did you hear of that accident yesterday" And then the victim answers "No! what about it?" At this point Banks smiles serenely and softly murmurs, "Why—er the wind blew up State street." Truly humorous isn't it.

It is said that poets subsist on fried sunbeams and brilliant thoughts boiled in early morning dew, flavored with essence of inspiration. We wonder if Bessie Thornton lives up to the standard in this respect.

Prof Parker says we ought to keep in touch with current events. Did Miss—well we won't say who—think of current events when she kept in touch with the surface of the north stairs some time ago?

For a long time the boys bravely withstood the charms of Miss Glendora and her daily flower garden, but at last one of their number succumbed and now Harry goes riding in her carriage at all hours of the day.

An illustration of the force of gravity—Adams fall from Eden.

There was a young lady named Fox,
Whose heart was as hard as a rox.
But since Franklyn she met,
She's not found her heart yet,
While Snyder still feels all the shox.

We have just learned the real reason why Sheldon and Crill did so beautifully(?) at the Knox field meet. There was a certain Lad(d), it seems, who objected to Bert's being so fast, so he let the other fellows win the race and Johnny stayed behind to keep him company.

Ask Bess Wo-d-n how much she gets for acting as model for all the amateur milliners of the school.

'Tis a sad Case with Lawton this year.

When Irene throws her heart away we Grant it will not be wasted.

A fruitful time—noon hour in the boys basement.

When you happen to observe an individual with that "don't you want to buy a ticket" look reposing serenely on the anterior portion of their physiognomy, it would be better for the chances of your happiness hereafter to increase your acceleration per second ; preambulate around an angle in the neighboring thoroughfare, or ascend with a velocity equal to the whole number of oxygen atoms in your composition, a perpendicular of indefinite longitudinality commonly utilized for the purpose of supporting certain elements placed thereon as a means of conveying distinct articulation from one place of habitation to another equally distant from the center of the earth.

In other words : Beware the ticket agent.

If you wish a call from some of the younger members of the faculty, just stay out of school a month and invite them up to hear you recite. For further particulars inquire of Prof. L-w-s or Miss P-nf-ld.

When in need of pens inquire of Bertha Graham, as she takes great pleasure in loaning her assorted collection of stub pens at all hours of the day. Borrowers need not hurry about returning.

All students passing through the upper hall between the third and fourth hours are at liberty to take advantage of Kit Crysler's lunch counter and cake walk.

What a shame that Barton Smith isn't a girl, so that we could end the tale of Sinnamon's devotion to him in the good, old way ; "they married and lived happily ever after."

ELSIE GLENNY—"Now girls listen. I now believe, I do believe —— "

And the girls retreated.

After the fudge party in the second hour Chemistry class, there was a woeful lack of evaporating dishes. If any one should run across one —— why,—then it would be broken.

We wonder if it is the disappearance of so many dinners that has caused the girls to resort to "The Rooms." You might expect the girls to sacrifice themselves a little by leaving their dinners where the poor hungry "grub thieves" could help themselves.

We understand that Glenny stopped in Chicago on his return from Champaign, and there found solace for all his woes in a Sabbath spent with a former Rockford girl.

To the Editorial Staff of "The Owl," Sam Roberts, Editor-in-Chief and his assistant editors, Ruth Burlingame '01, Frank

Cutler '01, Mary Burhoe '02, Mary Sheldon '02, Addison Schuster '03, Cornelia Giddings '04 and Harold Beale '02, business manager, the editorial board of *The Annual*, as fellow-workers in misery, extend their most heart-felt congratulations on their year's work.

For two minutes and fifty-nine seconds the basement was filled with discord painful to the ear. Disorder was the order of the hour. Brave disciples of the law were being laid low in vast numbers by the merciless citizens of the republic. The "Reign of Terror" was nothing compared with the rain of debris descending on the unarmored anatomies of the courageous defenders of the peace. In the midst of the fray, lo! Ned Weld, "the boy orator" opened his mouth and spake in tones like unto the braying of a donkey. Behold! the tumultuous multitudes were stilled. Peace perched upon the banners of the victors, and the Hero enthroned on a soap box reigneth supreme, crowned with a package of Grape-nuts and a pickle. "God Save the King."

If you were a black-Smith cast on the Banks of a desert isle with nothing but a Bowie-knife in a Brown Case to eat, and surrounded by a whirling Eddy and three howling Foxes with a heavy Frost coming down, what would you do?

Why with the Bowie-knife I'd kill the tenderest Fox, flavor it with Sinnamon and put it on to roast. Occasionally I would Turner over and when Weld—one would eat it with Graham gems. Then feeling Fuller than before, I would probably construct a boat and arrive at Cleveland once more a Freeman. That's the way I Sizer up; am I not Wright?

PROF. PARKER—"What is a sinking fund?"

REYNOLDS—"A fund used for digging wells."

If you wish to know the Chemical composition of fudges ask Lawton or Miss Cleveland. They understand it.

At the Junior-Senior picnic Miss Thornton went fishing, and very appropriately took her Bate-man with her.



Filling.

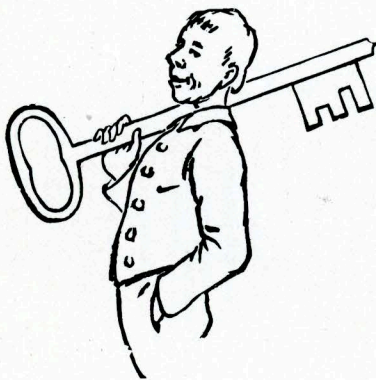
GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

NAME.	PRESENT LOCATION.	WHY WE CAN'T FORGET THEM.
Caesar Allen	Junior Class.	Lena won't let us.
Morris Nelson	Enlisted in U. S. Navy.	The newspapers are too full of accounts of his deeds of bravery, medals of honor, etc.
John Shober	Leading a retired life.	Sundry pieces of plaster missing in the ceiling of Mr. Lewis' old recitation room.
Ruth Penfield	Junior Class.	Her golden hair a hanging down her back.
Bertha Frost	"Seeing" the Continent.	"Andy" comes home from Madison too often.
Kenyon Reynolds	"Special" at R. H. S.	His close association with some of the Senior girls.
Penfield Mower	Dartmouth College.	The dents above the class room door ways where he bumped his head.
Bert Brown	Banker.	The faculty can't forget his pranks and scrapes which so greatly amused (?) them.
Evelyn Teague	Junior Class.	The halo around her name in High School literature.
Robert Ogilby	Flour and Feed business.	We can't forget his pretty curls.
George Cohoes	Rockford.	Noted for what were <i>politely</i> called exaggerations.
Vera Crotty	Real Estate Office.	A certain nameless charm.
Tom Brown	Collector for Schmauss Co.	The boys can't forget what a good thing he made out of the treasury ship of the base ball team.
Jenny Green	Lady of leisure.	Remembered as the only heiress which "1901" has produced.
Dora Johns	Rockford, Ill.	Constantly brought to mind by the perfectly fearless way in which she manages that fiery team she drives.
"Bottle" Bartlett	Lake Forest Mil. Academy.	The odor of his pipe still lurks around the corner.
Alonzo Cotton	Shipping Clerk.	He was such a famous leader (of what?)
Linton Sheaf	Holcomb, Ill.	He isn't <i>all</i> gone for his better half still remains.
Walter Green	Lake Forest Mil. Academy.	The janitor often reminds us of the time when Walt turned the hose on him.
Lyon Weyburn	Scranton, Penn.	"His sweet face still haunts us."
Claude Conant	Grocery Clerk.	"Lives of foot-ball men remind us."
Loretta Haime	Musical Career.	"Boo-hoo, I don't like Willie any more, I just like you."
Pearl Bear	Enjoying matrimonial bliss.	She's changed her name so we <i>have</i> forgotten her.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN. (CONTINUED.)

NAME.	PRESENT LOCATION.	WHY WE CAN'T FORGET THEM.
Eleanor Whipple	Junior Class.	She still graces our assembly room.
John Crill	Special.	Because of his great achievements in the athletic line.
Mary Lucas	Indianapolis.	The echoes of her musical laughter.
Fred Monks	Memories of that particularly fragrant brand of tobacco that he used.
Frank Bunt	Traveling salesman.	The touching way in which he took the faculty into his confidence.
Dora Downs	Evanston.	The broken hearts she left behind her.
Ora Johnson	Rockford.	Her pretty little ways.
William Calvert	Rockford.	Time cannot efface the <i>large</i> impression he left behind him.
George Colton	Chicago.	Just because he made dem Goo-goo eyes.
William Clark	Podunk (we should judge.)	The reason was placed on record but unfortunately it has been lost.
John Early	R. H. S. "Special."	We'd like to forget him but we can't, He's around so much.
Fan Emerson	Rockford.	----- Now don't tell!
Grace Graves	Rockford.	Her life membership in the "Grub Club."
Isadore Haight	We loved her so.
Mabel Ryan	Rockford.	Is it because we loved her? Guess once again.
Mary Turner	Rockford.	She was such a jolly good fellow that we can't.
Cora Warfield	Junior class.	Remembered as Margaret Walsh's satellite.
Ella Woolsey	Rockford.	Her crown of glory shed an everlasting radiance.

FINIS.

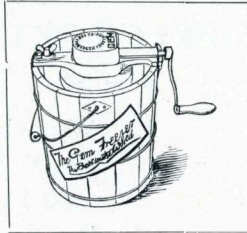
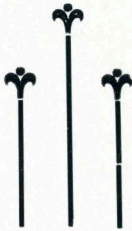


The Class of '01 now Forever Locked Out of the R. H. S.

DIRECTORY.



'04	Ades, Lewis	Winnebago, Ill
'04	Ades, Verna	719 N. Winnebago st
'04	Agnew, T. H.	1002 Franklin ave
'03	Allen, Edgar	624 Seminary st
'03	Allen, George	624 Seminary st
'02	Allen, George T.	413 N. Winnebago st
'02	Alneer, Arthur	128 Kishwaukee st
'04	Anderson, Frank	506 Seventh st
'04	Andrews, Fred	1330 School st
'03	Andrews, John	460 Brown Building
'04	Andrus, Dexter E.	317 N. Church st
'01	Anglemire, Eva	208 N. Prospect st
'04	Angove, Beverly J.	1317 Eleventh ave
'04	Arnold, Arthur	1017 Spafford ave
'04	Arnold, Jennie	1427 E. State st
—	Arnold, Leola	1017 Spafford ave
'04	Arnold, Walter	215 N. Second st
'03	Arvidson, Esther	1661 Fourth ave
'03	Ash, Edith	409 Kishwaukee st
'04	Ash, Robert E.	409 Kishwaukee st
'01	Atkinson, Zillah	921 North ave
'03	Atwood, Seth B.	212 N. First st
'03	Bagley, A. G.	Davis Junction, Ill
'02	Bailey, Bessie M.	329 Bluff st
'01	Bainbridge, Jeanette	1708 W. State st
'03	Baker, Myrtle	1328 Benton st
—	Baldwin, Fred B.	1110 Rockton ave
'04	Ballou, Mabel	419 Jefferson st
'03	Banks, Ernest	1133 N. Church st
'01	Banks, George	1236 E. State st



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'02	Banks, Pearl	1236 E. State st
'04	Banks, Sadie I.	Irene, Ill.
'02	Barber, Earl	126 N. Madison st.
'03	Barber, Mabel C.	324 Rockton ave
'01	Barclay, Maude E.	604 Peach st.
'04	Bargren, Howard	628 N. First st
'03	Barningham, Florence	Box 904 Rockford
'03	Bartholomew, Alice	Roscoe, Ill.
'03	Bartlett, Agard	918 Cedar st
'02	Bate, Ashley	1120 George st
'02	Bate, Stella E.	1121 Rockton ave
'01	Bateman, James	1136 Jackson st
'04	Bates, Annie	802 Kilburn ave
'04	Beach, Lillian E.	307 Forest ave
'04	Beal, Alice	719 N. Court st
'02	Beale, Harold	123 N. Second st
'04	Becker, Lura	1610 E. State st
'03	Beckett, Faith	Rural Route No. 5
'04	Bell, Edna	209 N. Main st
'03	Belshaw, Agnes	414 N. First st
'02	Bement, Bessie	540 George st
'03	Bergstrom, Ingeborg	1115 Fifth ave
'04	Blewfield, Grace E.	1102 Tenth st
'02	Blomquist, Myrtle	728 Fifth ave
'04	Bordwell, Harry	501 Rockton ave.
'01	Bowie, Elizabeth	315 N. Avon st
'03	Bowie, Walter	315 N. Avon st
'04	Boyer, Ada C	1136 Greenwood ave
'03	Boyer, Eugenia	1136 Greenwood ave
'04	Bradley, Mamie	794 N. Second st
'04	Bradley, Nora	794 N. Second st
'01	Brearley, Walter	727 Cherry st
'02	Breckenridge, Nette E	1210 E State st
'01	Brockman, Maude	712 S. Winnebago st

'04	Brockway, Edgar	732 Seminary st
'03	Brown, Arthur	120 Longwood st
'01	Brown, Bessie A	1205 W. State st
'03	Brown, Edna L.	312 South Third st
'03	Brown, Frances	320 S. Third st
'03	Brown, Gertrude	140 Washington st
'03	Brown, Mary	230 N. Second st
'03	Brown, Maude	Box 727
'02	Brown, Pembroke	114 Rockton ave
'03	Brown, Ruby	1404 S. Main st
'04	Brown, Theodore	625 Pope st
'04	Bowneni, Joseph	413 Caroline st
'02	Buckland, Zinnia	419 S. Fifth st
'04	Bull, Ethel May	Seward, Ill
'04	Bull, Grace Grant	Byron, Ill
'03	Bunn, Lizzie	1102 N. Church st
'03	Bunt, George	418 E. State st.
'02	Burhoe, Mary	208 North Second st
'02	Burlingame, Clarence	137 Lawn Place
'01	Burlingame, Ruth E.	137 Lawn Place
'02	Burritt, Frank C.	Rural Delivery No. 2
'04	Carlson, Harry	203 N. 4th st
'04	Carlson, Henry	1210 4th ave
'02	Carpenter, Juanita	1417 Charles st
'03	Carroll, Jessie	1250 Sanford st
'01	Case, Charlotte	Cherry Valley, Ill
'01	Case, Mary J.	Cherry Valley, Ill
'03	Castner, Jennie	1227 Elm st
'02	Cavanagh, Maud R.	749 N. Second st
'03	Chase, Eleanor Delle	321 N. 3rd st
'04	Church, Clare	328 N. Main st
'04	Clark, Carlotta	822 Haskell ave
'04	Cleveland, Ethel	1135 Grant ave
'01	Cleveland, G. Irene	1125 E. State st

'04	Cohoes, Bessie M.	1210 N. Court st
'03	Collins, Josephine	Roscoe, Ill
'01	Connor, Mattie	625 Prairie st
'03	Cooper, Nettie M.	222 S. 1st st
'01	Corbett, Matthew	608 Whitman st
'04	Corcoran, Grace	1437 Greenwood ave
'04	Cotton, Alice	604 N. Horsman st
'04	Cotton, Grace	604 N. Horsman st
'03	Coyner, Ralph D.	402 Lafayette ave
'02	Craig, A. G.	Fairdale, Ill
'01	Crill, John	133 East st
'04	Cross, Charles M.	628 Furman st
'04	Crotty, Irene	727 E. State st
'01	Crumb, Arthur	1012 N. Court st
'04	Crumb, Frances	1012 N. Court st
'04	Crumb, Kittridge	1108 N. Church st
'03	Crumb, Stewart	1012 N. Court st
'02	Crysler, Kathryn C.	320 N. Main st
'04	Cummings, Earl	927 N. Court st
'01	Cutler, Frank	842 N. Main st
'04	Dawson, Agnes	714 Chestnut st
'03	Dick, Donald D	624 N. Church st
'03	Dick, Jean V.	624 N. Church st
'03	Dobson, Frances	312 N. Avon st
'03	Dolbear, Inez	965 N. Court st
'04	Donnelly, Erma B.	229 N. Main st
'03	Doran, Katherine	1103 N. Church st
'02	Doran, Irene	1103 N. Church st
'04	Dougherty, Genevieve	314 Olive st
'01	Dow, Myrtle	Box 846, Rockford
'04	Duffey, Daisy	113 Auburn Place
'04	Duffey, Frances	113 Auburn Place
'01	Eddy, Alice M.	Box 257 Rockford
'02	Elbers, Edith	128 S. 2nd st

We all go to • •

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'03	Elmer, Gertrude	912 School st
'04	Emerson, Alice	513 N. Court st
'02	Emerson, Fred	518 N. Court st
'04	Engquist, Edith	928 Seventh st
'01	Enright, Nora	201 Hinkley ave
'02	Erwin, Elizabeth	325 W. State st
'04	Eyste, Claude L.	Holcomb, Ill
'03	Fackrell, Maude	2216 W. State st
'04	Fairlie, Agnes	1119 Harlem ave
'04	Fiddick, May	827 Rockton ave
'04	Field, Harriet	1109 Eighth st
'02	Floberg, Adelbert R.	618 Seminary st
'02	Ferguson, Cora	Roscoe, Ill
'04	Foote, Earl G.	124 Auburn Place
'02	Foote, Eura V.	124 Auburn Place
'04	Ford, Bernice	613 North st
'01	Fox, Cousie	725 N. Court st
'02	Fox, Harold	212 S. 2nd st
'01	Fox, Maude O.	212 S. 2nd st
'01	Fox, Reuben	725 N. Court st
'02	Fredrickson, Esther A.	Box 259, Rockford
'03	Freeberg, Alma	1518 7th st
'04	Freeman, Pearl	1108 Charles st
'01	Freeman, Vera	316 S. Winnebago
'01	Frost, Bertha	712 N. Court st
'03	Frost, Raymond	712 N. Court st
'01	Fuller, Lula	1818 Preston st
'04	Gaarn, Lars	610 Cherry st
'02	Gallagher, Kathryn	840 George st
'03	Gates, Ray	430 Green st
'04	Giddings, Cornelia	806 Kishwaukee st
'02	Giddings, Corwin H.	806 Kishwaukee st

'01	Giffen, Lena	522 Jefferson st
'04	Gill, Carl	971 Grant ave.
'04	Ginders, Guy W.	419 Walnut st
'03	Godfrey, Carrie	327 South Third st
'02	Godfrey, Edward	327 S. Third st
'04	Golden, Laura	810 N. Winnebago st
'02	Goldman, Ella	325 Penfield Place
'02	Goldman, Lillian	325 Penfield Place
'03	Goldy, Marion E.	1010 Peach st
'04	Golly, Ella	1011 North Second st
'—	Glenney, Earl B.	1038 West State st
'01	Glenney, Elsie	1038 West State st
'01	Graham, Bertha	856 Haskell ave
'03	Green, Harry L.	806 N. Court st
'04	Gregory, Earl	510 S. Second st
'03	Gregory, Evalyn	319 S. Second st.
'03	Grunewald, R.	408 N. Fourth st
'03	Gustavson, Annie	1602 E. State st
'04	Haegg, Norma	320 Penfield Place
'04	Haegg, Reuben C.	1215 Third ave
'03	Haime, May	710 N. First St
'—	Haley, Belle	1220 E. State st
'04	Hall, Mabel	2103 School st
'03	Hall, Ralph	123 W. State st.
	Hall, Willis	1234 N. Court st
'04	Hanlon, Katherine M.	214 Lane st
'04	Harper, Frank H.	130 N. Main st
'04	Harper, Mabel M.	121 N. Winnebago
'03	Harrington, Oldis	1558 E. State st
'03	Harvey, Lola	1103 Harlem ave
'04	Haskin, Fern	1119 E. State st.
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'03	Hayes, Calvin L.	White Rock
'03	Hayes, Eva	317 N. Third st

'03	Hedlund, Eleanor	526 N. Third st.
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'02	Hedrick, Rozella	1310 S. Church st
'02	Helmbolt, Neva	401 Rockton ave
'04	Hemenway, Allie	418 Forest ave
'02	Hering, H. H.	826 N. Church st
'04	Hering, Livonia	826 N. Church st
'03	Herrington, Roy	N. Second st
'02	Hickey, Margaret F.	805 Chestnut st
'03	Hicks, Hazel	541 Rockton ave
'02	Hill, Mildred	109 W. State st
'03	Hill, Pearl C.	315 South First st
'03	Hodge, Burt M.	422 Market st
'03	Holland, Myra	1413 Eleventh st.
'04	Holmes, Harriet	2008 E. State st
'03	Holmquist, Harold	1019 Fourth ave
'03	Hoopes, Winnie M.	1044 E. State st
'04	Hopkins, Arthur	707 Peach st
'03	Hopkins, Mabel	707 Peach st
'02	Horner, Harry S.	713 Ashland ave
'01	Horton, Ethel	New Milford
'03	Hoyle, Jennie L.	224 North Main st
'04	Hubbard, Edna	711 Corbin st
'02	Hudler, Daisy K.	410 Kent st
'03	Huey, Bessie M.	222 South Third st
'04	Huffman, Myrline	721 N. First st
'04	Hughes, Blanche H.	703 Locust st
'04	Hughes, Mary Blanche	324 N. Main st
'02	Hultberg, Henry	1213 Seventh st
'02	Hunter, Edith	222 S. Third st
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'04	Johnson, George	1528 E. State st
'01	Johnson, Hattie E.	Box 208 Winnebago
'04	Johnson, Lawrence	816 Kishwaukee st
'03	Johnson, Maude A.	515 Rockton ave
'04	Jones, Bessie M.	822 Ferguson st
'04	Jones, Nona	323 N. Court st.
'03	Jordan, Ethel	980 N. Court st
'03	Joslin, Fred M.	316 N. Main st
'03	Keig, Alice	523 Lafayette ave
'04	Keig, Pearl	523 Lafayette ave
'04	Kelley, Parke	326 Stanley st
'04	Kelsey, Emma	936 Grant ave
'04	Kennedy, Florence	323 Loomis st
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'02	Kimball, Vera	533 Fisher ave
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'03	Kinnie, Carl	817 Bruce st
'04	Kirkendall, Dora	1104 Ferguson st
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'04	Kjellstrom, Herbert	1010 Second ave
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'04	Knight, William	206 Monroe st
'02	Koch, Edna May,	Fairdale, Ill
'02	Ladd, Eva	1503 E. State st
'03	Lagerquist, Eleanore	501 Seventh st
'04	Lane, Jesse	703 N. Madison st
'03	Larson, Roy E.	813 Fifth ave

'01	Latham, Elwilda	926 George st
'04	Lawson, Grace	1437 Third ave
'01	Lawton, Ralph	615 Peach st
'02	Leonard, Charlotte H.	1022 W. State st
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'03	Lewis, Philo	1618 Kishwaukee st
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'04	Little, Harry J.	218 Lane st
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'03	Lonquist, Eleanora	1422 S. Court st
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'04	Magrane, Thomas	329 Wall st
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'04	McEvoy, Aleta S.	622 N. Second st
'02	McEvoy, Lizzie C.	622 N. Second st
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'04	Moran, Mary E.	519 N. Court st
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'03	Morgan, Clyde	1231 S. Winnebago st
'03	Morgan, Louise	1433 Clifton ave
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'04	Mutimer, Violet	1234 S. Church st
'02	Nelson, Arthur	1301 Tenth st
'03	Nelson, Betsey	1116 Sixth ave
'04	Nelson, David	1116 Sixth ave
'03	Nelson, Elsie	1602 14th ave
'04	Nelson, Ferdinand	1003 Third st
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'03	Nelson, Ruby	320 Sixth st
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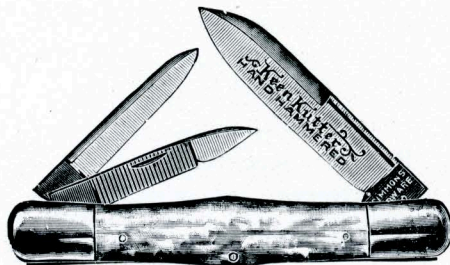
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