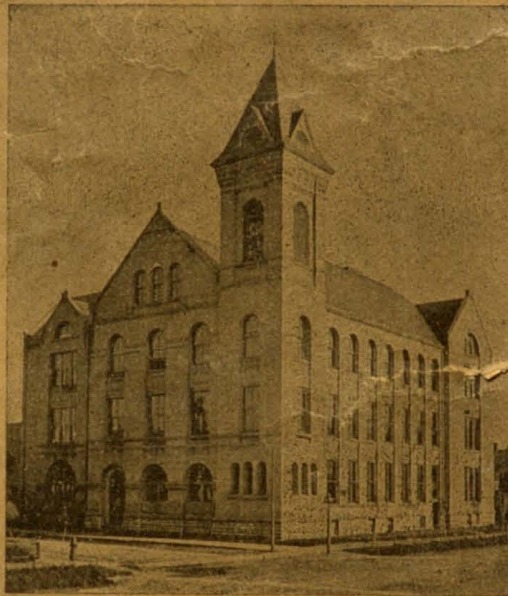
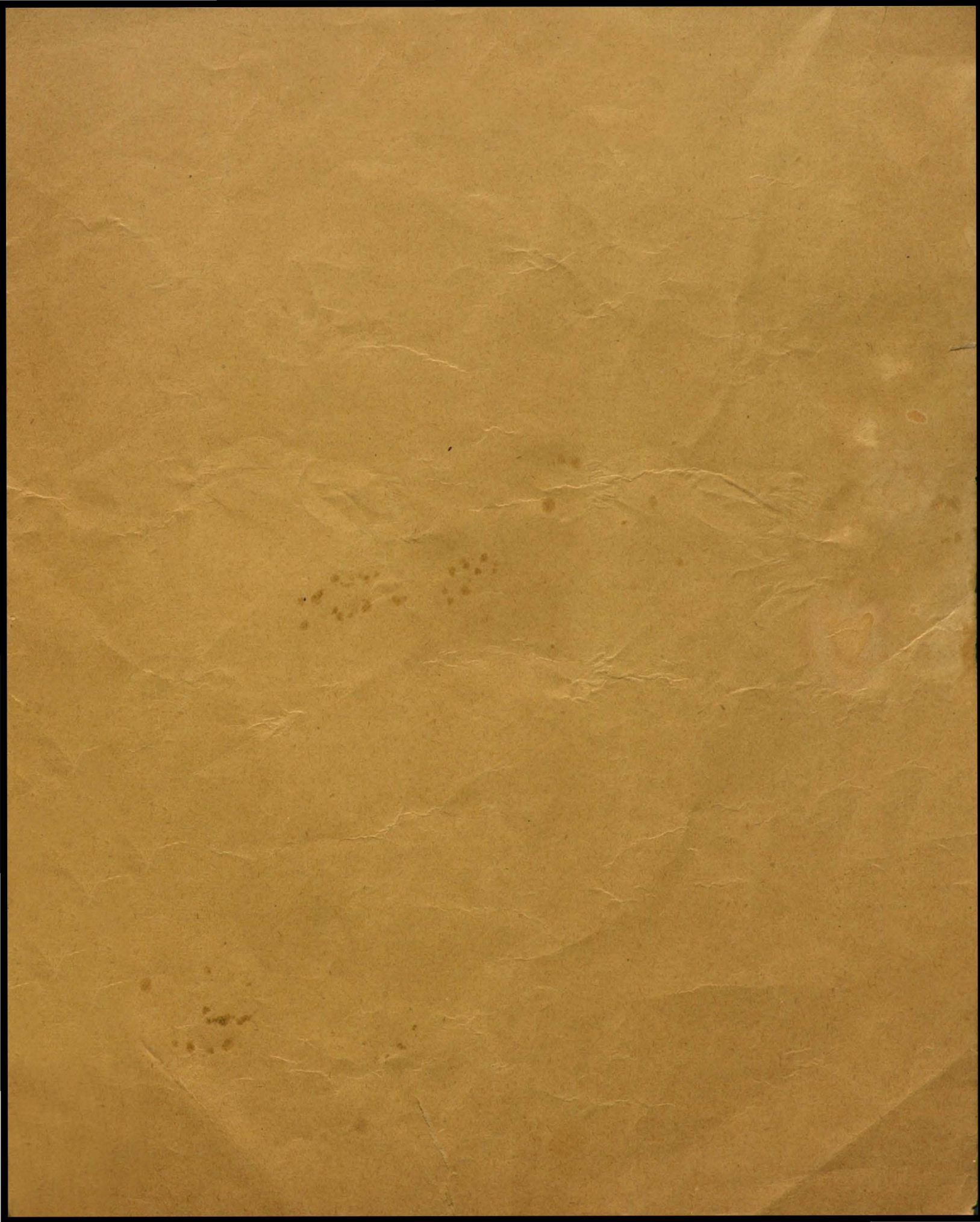


Senior Annual



HUMBOLDT HIGH SCHOOL

'99.



The Senior Annual.

HUMBOLDT HIGH SCHOOL, JUNE, 1899.

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Rose Cole, Editor-in-Chief.
May Camden, Historical Editor.
Eva Brown, Literary.
Carrie Newton, Music.
Cecele King, Jokes.
John Shanley, Personals.
W. K. Whitaker, Athletics.

ALUMNI

Two hundred and sixteen students have been enrolled during the present year.

The names of class of '97, the first to graduate, are: Florence Schilling, Anna M. Arndt, Blanche S. Bigue, Caroline Brown, Julia A. Christianson, Georgia P. Geddes, Jessie C. Jefferson, Lettie C. Leyde, Mary E. O'Connor, May B. Schriber, Edna M. Williams, Edith R. Gray, Mary E. Tracey, Edith Miller, Lilah M. McGuire, Ethel Kay, Alma Foester; Messrs. Theodore Bevans, Percy H. Burnham, J. R. Truscott, Frank King and R. A. Miller.

The following was the class of '98: Barbara Mathilda Altstadt, Florence Evva Baker, Frank Charles

Bergh, Adelyn Marie Carlson, Adele Shirley Haskell, Lillian Virginia King, Abbie Elizabeth Lawton, Clara Florence Listoe, Myrtie Agnes Murphy, Bessie Newton, Frances Marie Pansy O'Brien, N. Rex Peabody, Mina Pearl Rowe, Delia Gertrude Ryan, Elbridge Cole Staples, Elizabeth Betts Turner, Lilian May Wilcockson, Edwin Hartland Zeige.

THE CLASS DAY PLAY.

What Happened to the Class of '99.

WM. ROTHAUSEN.

ACT I.

John Shanley appears as the cruel king of the Island of Ease and Repose, wearying for new creatures to torture. A messenger suddenly arrives and informs him of the wreck of the class of '99 on the shoals of Hard Work while sailing from Graduation to the Future. With joy the king exclaims that they shall suffer and be put to death. Yet he allows one avenue of escape—the torture of examination. The victims are summoned and the instruments of torture brought forth, first—pens, ink, and examination paper; next—text-books and compasses; and lastly—Latin books. The class enters and in response to the king's inquiry is presented by the president.

Presentation of the Class.

WM. ROTHAUSEN.

"O king, you see before you the class of '99 of the Humboldt High School. We have just started on a new career with all that determination and confidence characteristic of high school graduates. The course seemed clear, the outlook bright, until our journey met with this sad interruption on the shores of your island; but whatever your decision may be regarding us, you cannot take from us that knowledge and experience we have acquired in our high school course, which have prepared us for the embarkation on the broad sea of life. . . You behold a class whom you cannot turn from their firm resolution, from their determination to push on whatever your decision may be. The last four

years shall not have been spent in vain. You as well as ourselves shall realize the fact that we are launched not anchored."

His majesty is still unsatisfied and Jessie James suggests that he listen to the record of their past.

History.

MAY CAMDEN.

With confidence, she states the valiant deeds of '99 from their entrance till their graduation, and enumerates the many good qualities they have exhibited. They have shown their versatility and wisdom in the frequent choice of class colors, and their steadfastness in retaining Edith Staples as president through the freshman and sophomore years and in electing only two successors, Alfred Oehler and Will Rothausen. Their social powers have been exhibited at a party in the sophomore year, long remembered for the beautiful gowns worn by the girls, at a skating party in the Junior year, and above all at the Junior-Senior reception.

The secrecy of their meetings and the important questions discussed and decided made their Junior debates also famous. More recently the dramatic skill of the class has been displayed in the Shakespeare entertainment where the casket and the trial scenes from the Merchant of Venice were given.

Surely a class with such a record has ground for hope that the king will permit them to be launched not anchored.

Statistics.

CARRIE NEWTON.

The statistician gives some interesting facts concerning the class as a whole and as to individual members.

In the aggregate they weigh two thousand, three hundred and sixty pounds. Their combined height is one hundred feet.

The brains of the girls have made a special expansion during the past year, witness the elevation of their hair.

Kathleen Carroll is the wisest in the class and Will Rothausen the tallest.

Jessie James is a neat housekeeper.

Alfred Oehler is a gallant knight.

Blanche Holmes is conspicuous for her good-natured smile.

The Epicurians might claim a disciple in Cecele King.

Socrates and Claude Anderson have thoughts in common.

Eva Brown is a poetess and queen of dramatic art.

As a Latin linguist Hattie Staples excels.

Will Whitaker earns the enviable reputation of being the most contrary boy in the class, redeemed by the sweetness of his vocal music.

The flower of the class is Rose Cole.

Lena Arndt has fluffy golden hair.

The girls envy James Kennedy his curls.

"Sweets to the sweet" describes May Camden.

Adolph Meyer has a Macaulay-like memory.

Edith Staples shines as an artist.

The class colors are red and green, and their flower the American Beauty rose. The motto is "Launched not Anchored."

The king cannot fail to be moved by the recital of such noble attributes in the human beings chance has brought within his power.

Class Portraits.

EDITH H. STAPLES.

John Shanley was a guesser, a guesser of renown,
In case he didn't know, he guessed and then he sat
him down.

Sometimes 'twas the wrong answer

But he never minded it.

"I'll better guess another time

And maybe then I'll hit."

There was a young lady, named Newton,

Who bought a fine flute and kept tootin',

She played all the day

And the neighbors all say

She sends all the cats just ascootin'.

There was a gay young fellow,

Whose name was Willie W.

He never loved to study much,

The reason it may trouble you,

The girls they did adore him,

He'd whistle and they'd come,

But though he loved them all a lot,

He singled out no one.

Jessie James a secret dark and drear doth hold,

'Tis only one, the rest she's told;

But this, my friends, is known to fame,

The Jessie James who robbed a train.

A teaching of children

Do we find Miss Blanche;

If a whisper they try

'Tis a very rare chance;

For it's nothing but study

She'll have in her school,

Or else they will sit on the three-legged stool.

There was a young man named Claude,
Whom all did praise and applaud,
He planned a grand boat
Which they set afloat,
And his fame it was spread wide abroad.

I pray you do not leave
When you hear our poet Eve,
For she means so very well, I can assure you.
Her wild and haughty mien
Is but that of a tragedy queen
Working out her great and mighty genius.

May Camden pills and potions mixed,
A pretty complexion she did fix,
As red as a rose
All but her nose,
For on that point it never sticks.

There was a lad named Willie,
I tell you he was a star.
He scorched on smooth and hilly
Faster than any steam car.
He rode so fast he burst into flame
And down he fell on the stones;
We really know not whom to blame,
But all we found was his bones.

'Twas Lena Arndt defied Jack Frost,
He nipped her in the ear;
He caught her on the way to school
And she paid him pretty dear.

Young Alfred just loved to eat pie
At the bakery; these did he buy
At two for a cent.
His money he spent
And his comrades he thus did supply.

Hattie Staples, in her garden fair,
Tends to the flowers with loving care.
The sweet bachelor button is her pride;
She prefers always to be at its side.

Harold and James, great friends were they.
They ran for the car one day in May.
James caught on and took his ride;
But Harold missed and ran beside.

Cecile so loved to eat cake
She ate all the baker could bake.
Though we said to her
"Do not, do not,"
She just insisted
And turned to a brown twisted
Doughnut, doughnut.

Kathleen Carroll, on a summer's day,
Took all the honors, so the teachers say.
She has always studied with all her might
And burned her candle far into the night.

Our dignified Senior Adolph
Once at girls did solemnly scoff;
But since to dance he has tried to learn,
He does not look at them quite so stern.

Rose Cole has such little boys on the string,
They hop about for everything.

To make an impression how hard they do try;
If they do not succeed, they go off and cry.

Even the heart of the savage king is somewhat impressed by art, yet he insists that he can no more be satisfied without examination than can the President of the University of Minnesota. So the examination begins. His majesty plies the unhappy victims with all sorts of questions sane and insane, and receives like answers. Blanche Holmes explains that gas is what Mr. Smith keeps in a bottle in the laboratory. Lena Arndt illustrates the fact that cold contracts and heat expands by the long days in summer and the short ones in winter. Eva Brown identifies Dewey as the son of the family physician of the grandmother of one of the faculty of the Humboldt High School. Alfred Oehler conjugates Ich habe gehabt, du hast gehabt, er hat gehabt, till the King exclaims "Enough of that hopping. Next time you had better walk. It is more dignified." May Camden divides seventeen apples among thirteen children by making apple sauce, and also gives a Latin rule for making bread. Question follows question till their brilliant answers make the King loath to part with such extraordinary mortals. Yet he consents to have a seeress fortell their future and to base his final decision on that.

ACT II.

The King presents the far-famed prophetess to whom the future is as an open book. Cecile King begs her not to be too cruel, but to make life easier for them in the future.

Oration on The Future.

CLAUDE ANDERSON.

"Is not the tendency to think on the future inherent in human life itself? But why a preference to the future? Does it afford more than the past or present? We fondly hope so. We have not been successful in business, but perhaps we shall be; or, prosperity has been ours, may it still continue and increase. The ideal up to which we have steadfastly tried to live seems ever to be as far distant, but the solace of the coming days bids us trust and work on. 'It is better farther on' is the keynote of futurity.

We are at the dawn of an active life. We all have ideas of life and every account of a noble career makes us wish to be likewise noble. But wishing never yet accomplished anything. Not

day-dreaming and thinking on greatness, but constant struggle realizes our ideal. Yet I do not discourage thought on a better life for the future, nay, rather, urgently encourage meditation on it. I believe we can develop higher ideals by pondering over them. . . . Our aspirations prophesy our destinies. . . .

O may we 'join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence.' "

The Prophecy.

ROSE COLE.

Conducted to the world of the future, the prophetess beholds these visions:

Will Rothausen is introducing a wonderful medical compound warranted to cure all the ills flesh is heir to, an entirely unknown mixture of Spanish bullets and American smokeless powder.

In distant India, Lena Arndt instructs the natives in Greek Grammar, while Claude Anderson conducts the class in Virgil.

"Busily engaged in preparing the evening meal for her family is the quietest member of the class of '99. Here she is enthroned—this is indeed her kingdom—Hattie Staples."

Following Ballington Booth at the head of a procession marches Adolph Meyer, holding his head proudly as of yore.

Far away in Manila, tenderly feeding a sick soldier, is May Camden, while Dr. Carrie Newton is seen in the prescription room of the hospital.

On a base-ball ground hoarse screams arise—
"Hurrah for Oehler! Hurrah for Al!—Alfred Oehler, the greatest batter of his age.

"Ringing out in the voice of a clarion I hear,
'Every time you ring a cane you get a cigar.
Walk up and buy.' Need I tell this is your old comrade, John Shanley?"

Cecile King is seen decking the portraits in a large gallery. Each one represents a man who has at some time been her husband, but for some mysterious reason all have died.

Clad in a severe tailor gown Blanche Holmes is addressing an immense audience on the all-absorbing topic "Why should women have equal rights with man?"

Edith Staples is seen issuing from the door of a pretty country home, looking across to a little church from which strains of music are wafted, and calling gently "John tea is waiting for you."

James Kennedy wins fame as a prize-fighter having obtained his start in the class-meetings of '99.

A hypnotist of wonderful power, with crowds waiting to consult her, turns out to be Kathleen Carroll.

At the head of a regiment in fierce battle appears Harold Engemoen, careless of shot and shell, leading his men on to victory.

Eva Brown is seen making an expedition to the North Pole in company with her husband.

By his brilliant powers of oratory, a rising young lawyer proves that a beautiful young lady charged with shop-lifting, is innocent and while receiving her thanks his face is recognized as that of Will Whitaker.

Jessie James is revealed as the wife of the native president of the Phillipine Islands.

But his savage majesty filled with admiration again refuses to let them go. Harold Engemoen reminds him that these great prophecies can be realized only in the land of Hard Work and not here in the land of Ease and Repose. It is in vain. But the King grants their request for a sight of the prophetess. The veil falls and reveals a skeleton.

ACT III.

The class consult in regard to escape, and finally Whitaker suggests that the class poet has the power to soften their captors heart.

Class Poem.

EVA E. BROWN.

We've left the harbor of High School days,
We are launched on the ocean of Life,
Where pleasures come in their various ways
And mingle their joys with our strife.
Our hopes and aims have soared without rest
To the Future we scarce have begun.
Our hearts grew firm, as onward we pressed
To the goal that at last must be won.

Our journey was like a summer rose
That unfolds to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of the evening close,
Is strewn on the ground to die.
What soul beneath the cloudless sky,
That smilingly bent all serene,
Could dream that danger, awful and vast,
Hung imminent over the scene?

But a midnight black spreads o'er the sky,
O'er our prow the billows dash,
And onward, still onward we fly
While the rolling thunders crash.
Then spake our captain, bold and true,
"My men, your fears dispel."

The Lord, whose breath has filled our sail,
Will guide our vessel well."

So onward we sailed life's rugged stream,
Till Time our deep grief should mend,
For there's never a darkness without a beam,
Nor a road without some end.
For death will find us soon or late,
Where ever we may be;
And everyone must meet his fate
Tho' he roam on land or sea.

Yet fiercer and louder blew the gales
That lashed our noble bark,
With an angry twist down came the sails,
As we dashed thro' the waters dark.
Then mighty rocks rose out of the mist
And sharp reefs lurked beside,
A pause—a shock—then all on board
Were scattered o'er the tide.

Still bright our hope and slight our fear,
For 'mid the night and roaring blast
A shining light seemed drawing near
To tell of dangers past.
And soon a boat with flying sail
O'er the foaming billows rose
And bore us, saved from the fearful gale,
To the Island of Ease and Repose.

Here are silent winds and towering hills
That rise in still relief.
The story that the long day fills
Is always joy not grief.
On either side, behind, before,
'Neath a golden dome of mist,
The ocean stretches like a floor,
A floor of amethyst.

Yet this is not the land we seek,
This isle so free from care,
Where we must live and never speak
Of the burdens we ought to bear.
We cannot leave our hopes that glow,
For these enchanted isles
And let the cheerful future go
With her promises and smiles.

Your Prophetess has now foretold
A future for each one
Which we are eager to behold
Before brief life is done.
But how can these great things be gained,
How can we search, I pray,
For future blessings, future joys
If on this isle we stay?

And so, good King, I do implore,
Be not harsh and cruel too,
Restrain your hate, torment no more
This helpless, shipwrecked crew,
And ne'er shall you repent such deed,
Your pathway will be light,
You will then receive your well-earned meed
For making our lives so bright.

At last the king, remorseful and repentant,

promises anything they command. Thanking him for having taught them how superior the land of Hard Work is to that of Ease and Repose, they entrust to him for the Humboldt High School a chair.

Presentation to the School.

ADOLPH MEYER.

He states that the class wishes to leave some memorial, and such a one as shall suggest the value not of ease and repose, but of hard work. He claims that the use of the term to mean the office of a magistrate or professor, as well as the presiding officer of an assembly, does suggest work and its rewards. He asserts that in ancient and in modern times men have desired to have their names remembered by those who should follow them. Thus they hope that this chair will ever keep fresh in the minds of teachers and pupils the class of '99.

Gifts are also sent to guide the classes still in school.

Presentation to the Classes.

ALFRED OEHLER.

To the freshmen is presented the lantern of Diogenes as a magic charm against unseen dangers.

With it is given the advice that if a pleasure trip is taken on the bright and sunny sea, the lantern should be filled with the oil of wisdom, the wick trimmed with the shears of shrewdness, lit and hung to the prow of the schooner as a protection against the wiles of the wicked King of the Cannibal Isle.

The sophomores are complimented on their self-complacency, and on this account nothing of a warning nature is needed for them. On the contrary others need to be put on their guard against the gay and brilliant sophomores so a little silver whistle is given them.

On this they may blow a blast to announce their coming and the way will be made clear.

To the Juniors is handed down the time honored sickle, bright and sharp with use, with the admonition to keep it in good order and reap as much folly and wisdom with it as have the class of '99.

They then bid the King farewell and sing at parting the class song of Wm. Whitaker.

Class Song.

WILLIAM KELLAR WHITAKER.

- I. For four long years we've struggled,
And we pored long o'er our books,
And what we have accomplished,
Is suggested by our looks.
The teachers oft have said to us
"Just do as you are told,"
But sometimes, too, we didn't—
But that tale we will withhold.
The teachers say that we've done wrong,
And brought them endless pain,
But we will make this promise now:
We'll ne'er act so again.
They doubtless hate to lose us,
For we are surpassing fine,
And they'll do well if they can match
This Class of Ninety-nine!

REFRAIN—

Always do as people say you should,
That's what has made the class of '99 so good.
We did as we were told—
We're just as good as gold—
And that is why we're here to-night—
Because we're good.

- II. Our school days here are ended,
And our work's been only play
Compared to what we now must meet—
The problem of our way.
Our ship is "Launched not Anchored,"
And with crew of nineteen souls,
Has left this port behind us,
To search for distant goals.
Though calms and storms we'll doubtless meet,
We'll never backward turn—
They'll only serve to spur us on,
Still something new to learn.
And if again in future days
You think of olden time,
Just give to us one ling'ring thought—
The "Class of Ninety-Nine."

REFRAIN.

ATHLETICS.

W. K. WHITAKER.

The annual Field Day of the St. Paul Inter-scholastic Athletic Association was held at Hamline May 5th. The Cleveland High School withdrew, leaving only the Mechanics Arts H.S. and Humboldt to compete.

As was expected, M. A. H. S. captured the majority of the events, but the Humboldt team made an excellent showing, taking three firsts, four seconds, and four thirds.

The members of the Humboldt Track Team were: W. Rothausen, '99; W. Whitaker, '99; E.

Goff, '01; H. King, '01; A. Millard, '00; E. Duffee, '02; R. Hubbard, '01; K. Peabody, '02; D. McGuire '02.

The events in which we secured places were:
Quarter-mile Bicycle: W. Rothausen, 1st;
Whitaker, 2nd.

Mile Bicycle: Rothausen, 2nd; Whitaker, 3rd.

2 Mile Bicycle: Rothausen, 2nd.

120 yd. Hurdle: H. King, 1st; K. Peabody.

Shot Put: E. Duffee, 3rd.

Mile Run: E. Goff, 1st; H. King, 2nd.

220 yd. Hurdle: K. Peabody, 3rd.

The Northwestern Interscholastic Athletic Field Day was held three weeks later at Hamline. The Central High School of St. Paul took the prize cup, Minneapolis Central High School was second. The Humboldt gained three points, as Will Whitaker came in second in one of the bicycle races. So our school was by no means last, some others failing to get a point.

We feel well satisfied with the showing of our track team this year, and, as we have improved at each field day, we expect some fine results next year.

IN OUR SCHOOL.

"With all their faults we love them still."

CECELE M. KING.

Lives of our Junior girls remind us,
As they flit through life so fleet,
They depart but leave behind them,
Foot-prints on the asphalt street.
Foot-prints should one hap to meet,
We should not wonder,
Should he stop to ponder
Who could have such monstrous feet.

Prayer of the Seniors.

Holy Simon and devout Ann,
Save us from the wrath of "Mann."

Some Old Songs.

Alfred Oehler has revived the old, old song that was once so popular in our school, "Sweet Marie."

Some Good Advice.

Gussie, the editor of this department wishes to inform you that Alfred doesn't think that soda water is good for Marie's complexion, unless he buys it.

In the Physics Class.

Mr. Smith. Miss Arndt, what is a real image?

Miss Arndt. A real image is inverted, upside down.

Oh yes, we have some cyclists in our class, but for some unknown reason our lady cyclist prefers riding with the Junior boy—s.

Some Want Adds.

Wanted—At once, a deaf person to mark time for our orchestra.

Wanted, Immediately—An idea, would not object to it being written in verse form.

No, Rose doesn't like mince pie, but she thinks it is economical.

"For Heaven's sake, what on earth is the matter, is the school-house falling in?" !!

"O, dear no, don't be frightened, it is only Mr. Baker going down stairs."

Adolph Meyer didn't mean it when he said, "Despise me not for my complexion."

The editor wants to know, if there ever was a field-day when John Shanley wasn't the "whole show."

MUSIC.

CARRIE NEWTON.

An Italian gentleman is said to have declared his admiration for the musical sounds of the English language. When asked for examples, he cited never more and cellar door. Had he known the Humboldt High School faculty, he would have added one more to his list of musical expressions.

This year a High School Orchestra was organized under the direction of Miss Ella Door. The members, Grace Morgan, Susie Morgan, Mamie Morgan, Paul Jaeger, William Moran, Donald Wingate, William Hermann and John Jaeger, possess great musical ability. The orchestra has made great progress in its work and it has won laurels both for itself and for the school.

Having played successfully before the High School students, it was chosen to assist the

Hamline Orchestra in playing the accompaniment to the Oratorio "Jerusalem," sung in the University Chapel by a chorus of fifty voices. The Humboldt Orchestra played alone "The Southern Belle," an overture by La Barge. It was clearly shown, by the enthusiastic encore which they received from the cultivated audience, that this was one of the musical gems of the evening. At the graduating exercises of the Humboldt High School, the music will be furnished by its orchestra.

LOCALS.

The Juniors intend to welcome the coming Fourth and speed the parting Senior.

The Seniors have never let the Freshies get ahead of them until this winter, and then only on stormy days when the snow was untrodden.

The Senior girls have almost all of them put up their hair during the last year, and not only the back but also their front hair. They are evidently not afraid of "rats."

The boys not to be outdone by the girls, have gradually raised the height of their collars. With the exceptions of one or two, they have not yet reached the coveted four inches, but we hope they will reach the height of their ambition by commencement.

Adolph Meyer parts his hair in the middle now, before this there has been "no parting there."

R. C. and C. K. appeared in pink and blue striped shirt waists the Monday after Field day. As they had attended the sports (having received comps) they had to make the waists Saturday and the result was that they did not know their Literature lesson. This was an offence which Miss Allison cannot pardon, so she gave them "very perfect," but the waists were pretty and the girls had a lovely time.

An introduction to H₂O seems to have refreshed Blanche Holmes' chemistry apron after the winter's toil.

It seems rather hard that certain Seniors have to come into Mr. Smith's room after recess, for its woe unto any doughnut that findeth itself within the sacred precincts of the laboratory.

Giddy giddy Juniors, put away your play.
Next year you'll be Seniors,
Then to fun good day.

Dear little Sophomores, sweet and good,
When the teacher's cross, just have an ear of wood.

Good-bye Freshie, dont you cry,
You'll be Seniors by and by.

LITERARY NOTES.

EVA E. BROWN.

The literary talent of the Class of '99 has already blossomed forth. The following list of books published, or in preparation, promises renown in this direction.

We were much delighted to hear that our president, William Rothausen, the youngest of the class, has composed a very touching poem entitled "I'll Never Go There Any More," concerning an experience of his in Minneapolis. We would suggest the sub-title, "The Scorcher Scotched."

In the near future Harold Engemoen will publish a famous work on which he is busy every day, entitled "Two Lives in One." This will set forth his theory in regard to making two speeches in the time an ordinary person takes for one. The means by which this is possible is called the Rapid Utterance Process.

After taking a course in pharmacy at the State University, May Camden and Carrie Newton will publish jointly a ten-volume work entitled "The Art of Preparing and Mixing Medicines." We are looking forward to this as the greatest literary work of the age. We hope they will not disappoint us.

Rose Cole and Cecele King are said to have well under way a book in Senior French. Its usefulness, however, will be somewhat limited by the fact that no one will know its contents until he has learned this marvelous language from one of the above mentioned.

Claude Anderson, our great orator, will soon have completed his "Benefits of Fast Walking," which ought to help the High School pupils in passing from one recitation to another. The faculty is very greatly indebted to Mr. Anderson for this work.

THE HUMBOLDT HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

THEO. BEVANS.

This Society was organized in June, 1897, by the graduates of the Humboldt High School. Its objects are: to perpetuate, as far as possible, their school associations, to aid meritorious members in completing their education, and to assist in building up the Humboldt High School.

At present it has thirty-eight members, near-

ly half of whom spend most of their time out of the city, thus leaving its working force so small as to make any advancement in the lines of its objects very difficult.

The increase in membership which it will receive from the class of '99 will enable it to organize an effective literary society, through which the members can continue enjoying their school associations, besides being enabled to carry on some of their studies to a good purpose.

The life of the Humboldt High School has been one grand long struggle for life more than for position, and that the west side is now enjoying the benefits of a high school is mostly due to Prof. J. C. Bryant.

Had it not been for his untiring efforts in securing its establishment and his aggressiveness and persistency in fighting for its maintenance it would long since have been abandoned.

In a few years owing to the rapidly increasing attendance, it will be necessary to build for the high school a separate building. The Alumni would suggest that a just tribute to him who so ably labored for a high school on the west side would be to name it the Bryant High School.

That the Humboldt High School lived through the storms of the past shows that it is firmly established, and that the west siders will not be likely to be called upon to make another stand in its defense; but there are other fields in which school enthusiasts can exert their energy to a good advantage.

At present the Humboldt High School is equipped with a library that is larger, in proportion to the number of pupils to use it, than any other high school library in the city.

The library facilities cannot be too extensive, and the alumni choose this line of work for themselves. They also intend to endeavor to secure for the Humboldt High School all the advantages that are given to other schools in order to surround the pupils of the west side with everything that will make their school days pleasant and most beneficial.

