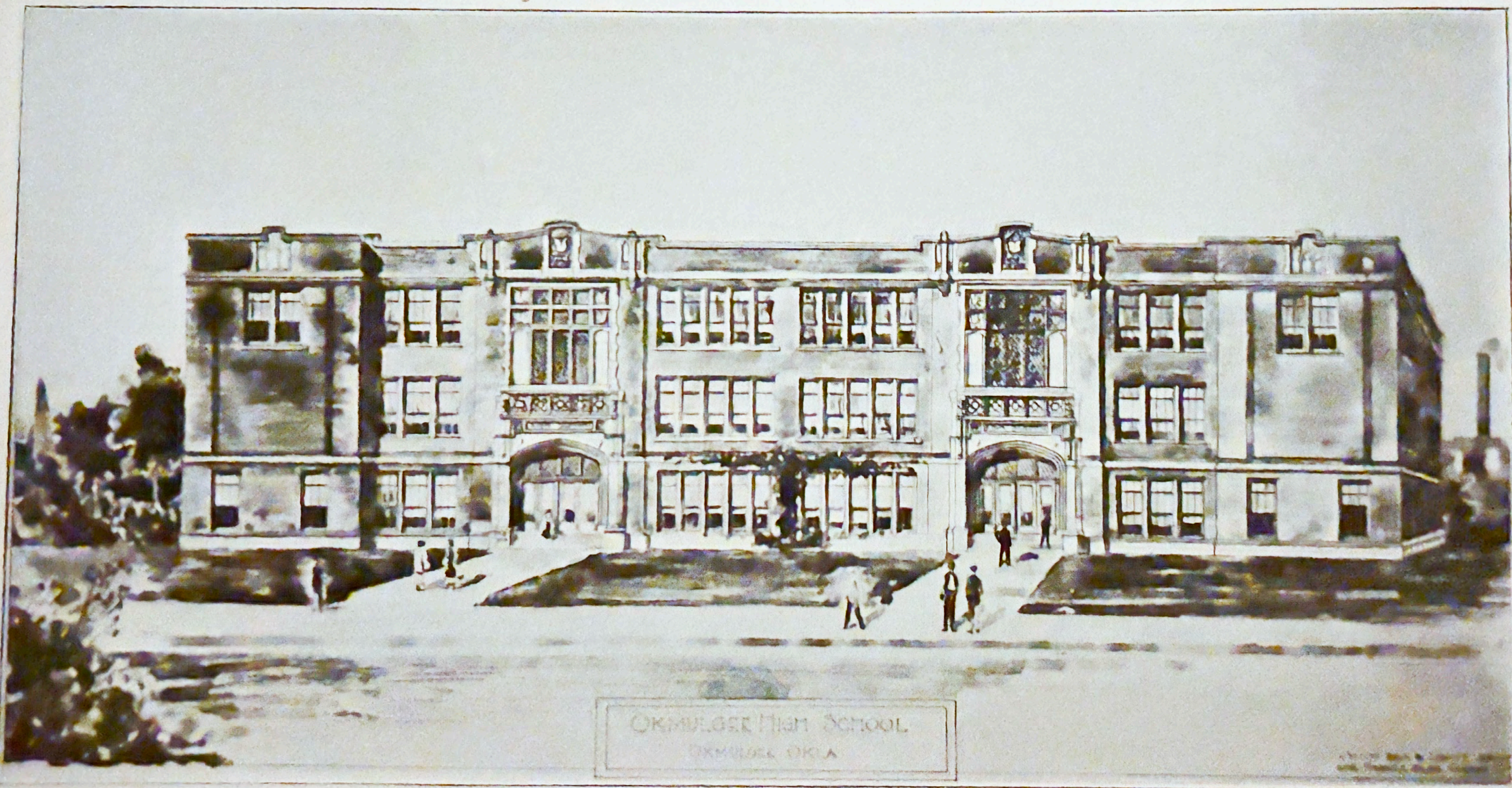


1956

The Quaker





The Gusher

Dear O. H. S. gave birth to me
About a month or so ago;
For food they gave me ink and pen—
And then commanded me to grow.

Please don't expect too much of me,
For I 'm so very young;
But later on, with your support,
I hope to be quite strong.

I have my future all planned out,
And it surely is a rusher;
Oh! pardon me—for I forgot
To say, my name—it is THE GUSHER.

Faculty

- MR. N. O. HOPKINS—Superintendent of City Schools.
- MR. R. R. SHORT—Principal of High School; Instructor in Science; Sponsor of Senior Class.
- MISS PEARLE ISLE—Instructor in English; Sponsor of Et-A-Virp Debate Club.
- MR. R. L. SEAMAN—Instructor in Commercial Subjects; Sponsor of Sophomore Class; Sponsor of Junior Society.
- MISS GRACE BARKER—Instructor in Domestic Science and Domestic Art.
- MISS EDITH HALL—Instructor in Domestic Science, Domestic Art, and English.
- MISS ANNABEL DONNELLY—Instructor in Mathematics; Sponsor of Excelsior Society.
- MISS MARTHA REDFORD—Instructor in History and Latin; Sponsor of Freshman Class; Sponsor of Ciceronian Society.
- MISS EFFIE MILLER—Instructor in German and History; Sponsor of Junior Class; Sponsor of Ciceronian Society.
- MISS MERLE J. SCOTT—Supervisor of Music.
- MR. R. R. BARLOW—Supervisor of Manual Training.
- MR. E. V. DONALDSON—Supervisor of Playgrounds.



MR. HOPKINS.



MR. SHORT.

The Staff



ADDISON SESSIONS.
BEULA SPRAGUE.
MIKE KING.

RUTH SEIDER.
MARIAN WANN.
BERNICE TREVOR.

BILL SCOHY.
LOY JEFFRIES.
SAM VIERSEN.

Senior Class History

On an unusually cold September morning school was called, and the Eighth-graders tramped their way down Sixth Street, eager to be upstairs in the High School building, but wondering what would be the reception given them there.

As a Class, they had never been together. Part of them had always been at the Central Building with Miss Cook, while the others had remained at the High School under the supervision of Miss Madson.

But, once inside the building, they turned their faces upward—the way which they have always kept them—and trudged upstairs to await their fate with an unknown Principal. The morning exercises were opened with the encouraging song, "Aunt Jemima's Plaster," and all the downhearted Eighth-graders lifted their voices in song, which greatly surprised the grinning populace of the High School.

After a tedious hour spent in enrolling, the Class repaired to the English room, where they met their fate in Miss Hamilton. She was tall and proud—proud of her ancestors and "bringing up"—and the Class naturally accepted this as if it were contagious. But they learned English and learned it well, so that they were said to be one of the best classes in the School.

Mr. Powell, the Principal, was also the teacher in Civics. Here the Class was generally enlightened by an oration by Raymon Marvin or a vocal solo by Carl Benson, which usually fitted the point of discussion. But they got through, and were proud of the way the Class as a whole was sent to the next grade.

When Freshmen, they had several worthy additions, who helped build up a still stronger Class, which was to be looked upon with pride, both before and after graduation. But they were bashful as yet—only Freshmen—and were jerrred at through custom; still, they outlived this and passed triumphantly into their Sophomore year.

Here again they were one of the leading classes through membership and good work. In Music they were the best of help, and when in the spring the concert was put on, they were well represented in the Chorus. They not only worked, but worked diligently; were fair and reasonable; and when "Hobo Day" came, they appeared in their worst togs to help commemorate the day which all Seniors hold dear. It is a day of peace and recreation, set apart to give the student an idea of what they might be—so they will live up to their ideas.

When this honorable Class had become Juniors, they had gradually grown into the hearts of the student body through their good work and interest. The Class was full of spirit, and systematically planned and staged the most difficult play ever attempted by a High School class. In "She Stoops to Conquer" the Juniors surpassed the wildest expectations and gave what the city proclaimed an "ideal high school play."

The O. H. S. students, prominent among them this illustrious Class, dressed in the most disreputable garbs they could find, spent "Hobo Day" this year having a hilarious good time. The sky-blue pink worn by one was most fascinating, while the dark white worn by another was most dazzlingly beautiful.

The work which the Juniors did was watched by all the Faculty, and the Class passed victoriously into their Senior year, only a little bewildered by the fact that they had lost two or three of the most prominent members, who went to military schools.

The Seniors are a Class who work for the welfare of the High School and are considerate of all grades. They realize that each Class will be where they are some day, and therefore try to set a good example. Each is working for his future profession, and expects to make of himself a person whom O. H. S. will be proud to say graduated from that institution.

Although it was impossible for the Seniors to put on a play, they are publishing an Annual, which will be much more representative of the High School and its work than a play could ever be, and this will live, while a play would not. The Carnival which the Class held at the Gym was something which was never before attempted, and it was a delightful surprise to the townspeople. The Seniors are proud of their work there.

The new High School building, which is not completed, is expected to be the place where the Seniors may have their Baccalaureate and Commencement exercises, and this will be a fit dedication to the building. On Arbor Day the Class is planning to set out a tree on the grounds of this new building, to be a monument to the Class as long as it lives.

In short, the Seniors are interested in the High School—its work of to-morrow—and hope that all the Classes may be as proud of their work and standing as is the Class of '16.

P. H., '16.

Last Will and Testament

We, the Seniors of O. H. S., Town of Okmulgee, County of Okmulgee, State of Oklahoma, Continent of America, World, being in our right mind (which is a wonder, after all the work we've done), do hereby make our last will and testament, this 2nd day of June, 1916. It is our wish that all items of said will, of said class, of said school, of said town, of said county, of said state, of said group of States, of said continent, of said celestial sphere, be closely followed:

1. To the Freshmen we give the right to become Sophomores, and demand that they leave all their childish manners and sheepish grins to the Freshmen-to-be. When said Class becomes a higher Class, we give them a privilege now denied them—that of calling someone else "Freshie."

2. To the Sophomores—Oh, what a noble Class!—we give the right to continue holding class-meetings, which, at our request, they will please do, as such meetings give the High School student body a chance to laugh. We also leave them the Dictionary, which, if consulted often and studied closely, will aid in giving them a knowledge equal to that possessed by us.

3. To the Juniors we leave the right to be Seniors in our place, and they are to consider themselves highly honored. As fellow-sympathizers in the cause, we give and bequeath to this Class all our note-books and references, which have aided us in our thesis-writing, and it is our heart-felt hope that these will prove beneficial. We also confer upon this Class the privilege of getting out an Annual and all the work, worry, trouble, and thought that accompanies it. It is our desire that their Annual prove a success, which we are sure it will.

4. To Miss Isle we leave our theses papers; to Miss Redford, our Latin books and papers; to Miss Miller, our History note-books and map-books; to Miss Donnelly, our empty ink-bottles, the contents of which have been used to make diagrams; to Miss Barker we leave our empty spools and eyeless needles; and to Mr. Barlow, all the scrap-lumber, of which he will please build a house; to Mr. Seaman we leave our left-over football tickets; and lastly, to Mr. Short goes all our short pencils, which have been used in Physics and Chemistry problems. He will please give them to R. Short, Jr., who will probably use them to build fences.

5. To Mr. Hopkins we leave only a feeling of thanks for the help he has given us in our four years of High School.

6. To the whole High School we give the right to use the new High School building, and hope they will leave it with the same feeling we have in leaving this building.

"Seniors may come,
Seniors may go,
But the spirit goes on forever."

L. J., '16.

Senior Class Prophecy

A few days ago I was very much surprised and mystified to receive a curiously shaped package postmarked Calcutta, India, and was yet more astonished at its contents—an odd, bowl-shaped affair, made of glass. Accompanying it was this note:

"Because your grandfather once did me a great service, I am sending you this magic globe. For one hour you may look into it and learn anything you may wish to know; after that, its charm will be broken forever."

That was all—no heading, no signature. Since then I have been too busy and too skeptical to try its powers; but this evening I am all alone, so I think that I shall prove whether the parcel was sent as an expression of gratitude or as a joke.

As I gaze into the globe I think of what I should like to learn over and above everything else; and what could be of more interest to me than the future of my classmates of '16? At first I see only a myriad of rainbow-tinted lights, but gradually from among these appears a figure clad in fur garments, and with much difficulty I recognize Ruth Seider. Think of it! Ruth Seider an Arctic explorer.

The scene soon changes to one of an orchard of blossoming fruit-trees, under one of which are seated two people, both busily engaged in writing. I finally perceive that the smaller one has just finished a piece of poetry, and I watch as she signs her name—Effa Lair. The other, more militant-looking than the former, I find is busily engaged in writing an anti-cigarette pamphlet. That must be Imo Pearson.

Next I see a billboard in front of a large house, announcing that Mme. Viola Uri will appear, for one night only, as Carmen, and that the role of Don José will be played by Robert Sartain. Just across the street, at a rival theater, the famous Holbrook concert troupe is advertised. Among the attractions are: Beula Sprague, the famous lyric soprano; Loy Jeffries, the greatest pianist since Paderewski; Mayme De Vinna, the divine violinist; and Monsieur Holbrook, the successor of Caruso.

This scene is replaced by a picture of a mission school in China, where numbers of Oriental children are running about at play under the supervision of Margaret Newhouse and Evelyn McNabb.

When this view has faded, there appears the Ship of State sailing o'er troubled water, but at its helm, guiding with a steady eye and firm hand, stands Sam Viersen, the biggest man in the Republic. At his side is Lillian Ekstrom, his helpmate and partner in distress.

Now I see in the mystic globe figures acting out a scene in the dramatization of Addison Session's best known novel, "To-morrow." Ah, look! There is Ber-

nice Trevor, "the darling of the movies," taking the part of the heroine, and playing opposite her is Mike King.

At fairs and expositions I find Guila Baker, the most daring of all air-women, giving exhibition flights, aided by her husband and mechanician, John Milner.

In the globe there now appears a little vine-covered cottage in the sunny South, ruled over by Hazel Haas, who is married to an adoring husband. At a little distance is another cottage, and within I perceive a large studio, in which, in front of a large easel, stands Marian Wann, our High School artist. She is busily engaged in painting a picture entitled "O fairest of the rural maids," with Merle McNabb as her model.

Quickly the cottage changes to a little delicatessen shop, where Pauline Hessian holds sway with the aid of her French *chef*, Dwight Williams.

This scene is replaced by a large hospital, and at the head of its staff of surgeons and doctors is Maurine Alexander, while the head nurse is none other than Amelia Sturbois. In another part of the city, in the slum district, I recognize with much difficulty Mary Thornburgh and Clara Mount as settlement workers.

When this has faded, there suddenly appears in the globe a vast crowd of people eagerly listening to the words of the great Socialist reformer, Will Scohy.

And now that I have learned what is to befall the others in the years to come, will my fate be shown in the globe? Yes, look! Outlines begin to form—but hark! what is that? The clock strikes, my hour is up, and I hold in my hands only a meaningless piece of glass.

NELLIE WETMORE, '16.

Junior Play Picture--Cast



Fable of the Unhappy Sophomore

Now in a certain city there dwelt a man. And the man waxed great in the goods of this world, but he had not been as the lilies of the field, which toil not, neither do they spin. He had labored sorely, and with much perspiration. And the man had a son. And for the son he had silks and spices and a college education. Even this. And the son murmured that the silks and spices and shekels were good to look upon, but he thought of the college education and was sorely troubled. And the man was sorely troubled that the son was sorely troubled at the thought of the college education. And he rent his clothes. Then there brake on him a bright thought, even as a vision, and he fox-trotted up and down gayly. And he said unto the son: "Do but go through High School." And the son said: "Even so."

And so he went on from the Seventh Grade to the Eighth, and from the Eighth into High School, and he waxed verdant; and thence he became a Sophomore. And he was plainly pleased and delighted, even as wine red in the cup, delightsome. And he felt like unto blowing trumpets and sounding cymbals. And when the time came for him to become a Junior, he was sorely troubled that he would be a Sophomore no longer; that he must leave the Sophomore Class. And he waxed thin and pale at the thought of it, and he said: "The Sophomore Class is *the* Class. Oh that I might be one again!"

Then the man saw that this fancy idea, which was like unto a vision, was good, and he called unto him his son and said: "In college there are Sophomores. Go thither, and in that way be one again there."

And the son waxed exultant. And he hied him through the Junior and Senior years of High School, that he might hasten through the Freshman year of college and be a Sophomore again.

And the man was greatly pleased, that he might have his desire.

Moral: There is no Class like the Sophomore Class.

M. M., '18.



Freshman Girls

BUCKNER, CLARA.
 BYRD, EUTHA.
 COVER, CARRIE.
 CROSSMYER, VERONICA.
 CRUME, MATTIE.
 DICKERSON, IRENE.
 DICKERSON, VANESSA.
 EDWARDS, MARIE.
 EVERETT, VIOLET.
 ELLIS, IRMA.
 FARLEY, OPAL.

FOX, CORA.
 GARNER, PAULINE.
 GAINER, WINNIFRED.
 HAMILTON, BERTIE.
 HART, GLADYS.
 HEAD, ZELMA.
 HART, ELIZABETH.
 LOONEY, BERNICE.
 LUNNEY, HELEN.
 MALL, MILDRED.
 MCGRAW, KATIE LEE.

MILLER, MARETTA.
 MOSS, ILA.
 MYRES, FRANCES.
 ROBINSON, DONNA.
 TOON, SILVIA.
 TRENT, ELIZABETH.
 TURMAN, MABEL.
 VANHORN, MARY.
 WESTOVER, FRANCES.
 WILLIAMS, THELMA.
 WOODS, GRACE.



Freshman Boys

ALEXANDER, T. C.
 ARMBRUSTER, DEWEY.
 BROWN, ELZEY.
 BAKER, MENARD.
 BRAZEEL, HERMAN.
 CAMPBELL, WALTER.
 EKSTROM, LEO.
 FENSLE, SHELDON.
 GALLIGAN, GERALD.
 GEORGE, FRANK.
 GOREE, TOM.

GROUND, WILLIAM.
 HACKLER, CLIFFORD.
 HENSLEY, WAYNE.
 HILLMAN, ENDOCEN.
 HULSEY, CLARENCE.
 KENNEDY, ELWOOD.
 LAMB, JOSEPH.
 LUTTES, DALLAS.
 MARKHAM, AVERY.
 MCINTIRE, HAROLD.

NEWHOUSE, VERNE.
 PIPPIN, ROY.
 REBOLD, BRYAN.
 RYAN, CLEMENT.
 STACKHOUSE, DAN.
 SULLIVAN, DOYLE.
 TAYLOR, NELSON.
 WIRICK, LAWRENCE.
 FANNING, HOMER.
 BROOKS, JOHN.

Et-a-Virp Debating Society

With a crew of thirty, on November 12, 1915, there calmly and unexpectedly floated out upon the sea of existence in O. H. S. a new barge of determined debaters, supporting a noble banner of Blue and White, upon which was the cognomen, "Et-a-Virp."

As President (or, more properly, Captain) of this storm-proof vessel, we first chose Bernice Trevor; but Miss Trevor, seemingly finding the waters too rough or the gales too harsh, soon gave away to the superior strength of William Holbrook. The other worthy officers of this crew were: Thurston Blakely, Vice-President; Hazel Haas, Secretary and Treasurer; Vernando Cover, Sergeant-at-arms; Miss Isle and Mr. Short, Directors.

On November 30, 1915, a Constitution was adopted, which provided for a meeting of the Society every Tuesday evening. The main object of this Society, beside that of debating, was parliamentary drill. Under the guidance of the above-named officers, the vessel slowly but surely continued its course out upon the waters of success. Of course, there were battles and defeats because of inexperience, such as the encounter with the craft *Muskogee*; yet our determined crew survived all and undauntingly pursued their way. But do not think this is to be a solemn ship of State; for all work there must be some play, and Et-a-Virp had her share. If you doubt this, just ask those who attended the leap-year "stunt" given by Miss Isle.

At the beginning of the second semester it was thought best to retain William Holbrook and Hazel Haas as President and Secretary. The new officers who took command were Leota Haas, Vice-President; Joe Murphy, Sergeant-at-arms. During this semester there were no more external battles, but I am sorry to relate there was much wrangling of the crew, which for a time threatened destruction of the ship. This was soon quieted, however. When this ship sets out next year, there is a hopeful dream of an even better voyage, since this ship will bear an experienced crew.

Stenographic Department



Business Department



Ciceronian Literary Society

The Ciceronian Literary Society was organized in the fall of 1906. Red and White were selected as colors; and Cicero, the great Roman statesman and orator, was chosen as model. Since then, we have steadily increased in numbers and have proved undoubtedly the most prosperous and successful in the annals of the Society. We have sixty active members, the most brilliant and talented students in O. H. S. Besides those active in society work, we have four honorary members—Miss Christine Fischer, Miss Martha Redford, Miss Gwendolyn Rudy, and Miss Effie Miller.

During the first part of the year, we were under the leadership of the following illustrious officers:

President,	MICHAEL KING
Vice-President,	BERNICE TREVOR
Secretary and Treasurer,	GLADYS CULVER
Sponsor,	MISS MARTHA REDFORD

In December, Miss Culver moved away, and the Society lost not only her capable Secretary, but also a very valuable member.

The work which was begun by those officers was successfully carried out by the corps chosen to serve the last semester.

President,	BEULA SFRAGUE
Vice-President,	ROBERT SARTAIN
Secretary and Treasurer,	MILDRED CLYMER
Sponsor,	MISS EFFIE MILLER

We are to be represented in all branches of the inter-society contest (piano, violin, vocal, dramatic, oratorical, and debate) by members of such talent that victory is already assured us. Mike King, Bernice Trevor, and Ethel Everett hope to win in debate and thus keep the silver cup under the Ciceronian pennant another year.

As shining examples of our varied abilities, we offer Beulah Cary, who painted many of our attractive programmes; Merle McNabb, who whistles like a bird; Margaret McClelland, already noted for literary talent; Jake Hamilton, who always contributes something in the way of jokes or readings to our programmes; and Jefferson Myers, who supplies us with material for *The Reflector*.

Then here 's to the Ciceronian Society! May her days be long and prosperous, her members loyal, and her influence far-reaching!

Ciceronian Notes

The Ciceronian programme for Friday, March 17th, was good, if brief.

An exceptionally clever reading was given by Jake H. Hamilton, Irish jokes were read by Mary Rawley, and a vocal solo was rendered by Jessie Grounds, all of which were very entertaining. Merle McNabb surprised several Friday by her whistling talent, and everyone who heard her is convinced that no one in O. H. S. could win over her in a whistling contest.

In the preliminary musical contest, the decision of the judges was in favor of Fitz-James Work, violin solo, and of Helen Trent, piano solo.

Mike King, Bernice Trevor, and Ethel Everett are the debaters who were nominated by the Society to debate in the Excelsior-Ciceronian contest. Although they have the O. H. S. Debating Team to go against, they are confident of success, for they have been there before.

The officers of the Society and Miss Miller, the Sponsor, are doing excellent work. The members, too, are doing their part, for almost without exception each programme proves better than the last.

Et-A-Virp Debate Club



Girls' Glee Club



Orchestra



Football

ADDISON SESSIONS.

"Ad's" line-plunging and short bucks just outside of tackle were a feature of every game. He ranks with the best fullbacks in the State.

Okmulgee vs. Kiefer, ...	7-6
Okmulgee vs. St. Joseph's College, ...	25-6
Okmulgee vs. Okemah, ...	13-7
Okmulgee vs. Bacone College, ...	12-13
Okmulgee vs. Nuyaka Indians, ...	62-0
Okmulgee vs. Alumni, ...	11-0
Okmulgee vs. Henryetta, ...	0-6

COACH GEYER.

The best Coach O. H. S. ever had.

JOHN MILNER.

Right Half.

John was in every play from the first whistle until the last. He was a sure, hard tackler and a good ground-gainer.

LETTER MEN.

SAM VIERSEN.

JOHN MILNER.	JAMES GOOKIN.
MICHAEL KING.	GRAYDEN PHILLIPS.
ADDISON SESSIONS.	HARLAN PHILLIPS.
HERMAN FRITCH.	CLAUDE SULLIVAN.
JAMES BRAZEEL.	WALTER CAMPBELL.





Football, 1915

Girls' Basketball



Basketball Review

The Basketball season of 1915-16 for Okmulgee High School was a very profitable one in point of basketball experience, although not satisfactory financially or in number of games won.

The teams were able for the first time to practice and play indoors, the old skating-rink being secured for that purpose, but inability to properly heat the gymnasium caused very irregular practice and several cancelled games.

In the early part of the season the Girls' Team promised to be exceedingly strong and fast. The first game was played with Wetumka, and although they won by two points, our girls felt confident that the return game, which was cancelled, would have been Okmulgee's. The Morris girls were defeated by O. H. S., and then Ada High School was in for a trimming, but the Frisco, by means of a wreck, took that pleasure from our girls. Inability to get games near at hand and a gymnasium too cold for practice prevented a more complete schedule.

A fair Boys' Team opened their season by taking a very close game from the City Team, but their next game with Chelsea High School, later champions of northeastern Oklahoma, proved to be a "hoodoo," for after a thirteen-hour trip, due to washouts, the boys played at 11 o'clock at night, and were defeated by a large score. Then Muskogee in two games, Checotah and Kendall each made Okmulgee add to their success. However, they were all the strongest teams in this part of the State and contenders with Chelsea for the championship in the Kendall College tourney. Cancelled games and a cold practice-hall caused the Team to close its season.

This year's Team will lose only one man, and, with the experience gained this year, and the new High School gymnasium, with its regulation court, well lighted and heated, next year's Team should give a good account of itself.

Alumni

Class of 1906.

MAMIE EVANS.
ELSIE WHEELER.

HELENE BAKER.
RICHARD JENNESS.

Class of 1907.

No Seniors.

Class of 1908.

ONA MARRS (Mrs. Oliver Sparks).

Class of 1909.

CRYSTAL SEIDER (Mrs. Will Gingerich).	
ALEX JOHNSON.	THOMAS JENNESS.
MYRON WINSLOW.	WILLIS WINSLOW.
LELAND STANFORD.	RALPH VIERSEN.

Class of 1910.

CARRIE BRYDIA (now married).	
OLLIE MARRS (Mrs. Oscar Brinks).	
WILL GINGERICH.	MARY BROWNFIELD.
MABEL HULL.	RAYMOND WARD.
HOWARD ANDREWS.	ARABELLA MARVIN.
DELLA DICKERSON.	LOUISE CLARK.
E. W. MARRS.	

Class of 1911.

JANET MCCREADY (Mrs. Thomas Jenness).	
LENA EVANS (Mrs. J. B. McAnally).	
GUILA HULSEY (Mrs. Maurice Farris).	
ARTHUR SWAIN.	YOUNG RUSSELL.
EDITH VIERSEN.	EVERETT FILLEY.
BRYANT CARLETON.	

Class of 1912.

IRENE SKELETON (Mrs. James Pancoast).	
LORENE DIXON (Mrs. Leland Stanford).	
NEIL MARVIN.	DORSEY FUNK.
BERTHA SKILLEN.	HARRY PRESTON.
WILLIAM SCHOCK.	

Alumni

Class of 1913.

KATIE MILAM (Mrs. Kelley).

RUTH MABREY.	LELAND SKELTON.
DEAN WIDENER.	LEONA KIMBLEY.
PRICE STARKS.	ROSE CLARK.
VERA ALLEN.	CLIFFORD MOODY.
HARRY WIRICK.	HELEN BUTLER.
FLORENCE MILNER.	JOHN ALLEN.
HUBERT URI.	DOROTHY HESSICK.
HELEN FINCH.	HAZEL WEIMER.
GILPIN SESSIONS.	JAKE FORAKER.
MANELL HAMILTON.	ZAIDA HOFF.
CORLEY SMITH.	BEATRICE HOFF.
BLANCHE SMITH.	

Class of 1914.

JAMES MORONEY.	IONA GOREE.
GALEN OLIPHANT.	STERLING WILLIAMS.
MERWINE NEWHOUSE.	LUCILE DECKARD.
MILDRED HOLCOMB.	EDNA SHELTON.
GEORGE CARLETON.	HAZEL GOURLEY.
OMA WOODS (now married).	BIRTHDAY THOMPSON.

Class of 1915.

VICTOR COOPER.	MARIAN GILMORE.
HELEN SWAIN.	JOHN FUNK.
RUSSELL KIMBLEY.	MARGUERITE WEEKLY.
WAUNETTE HAMILTON.	JOHN CAREY.
MARGUERITE LUNNEY.	NAOMI NICHOLAS.
NORA BONHAM.	WILLIAM MORONEY.
BESSE POTTER.	JUNE JOHNSON.
DOROTHY OWENS.	GEORGIA CONN.

Seen on Mr. Short's Excuse File

MR. SHORT,—Please excuse Herman's absence this p. m. He sent his suit to the tailor's and it shrunk until he couldn't wear it.

Respectfully,

Mrs. ———

MR. SHORT,—Kindly excuse Mike's tardiness this morning. He could not get his hair curled well.

Yours,

Miss ———.

KIND PROFESSOR,—You will have to excuse Marion's tardiness this a. m., for the cat did not want to get up, and so could not be disturbed.

Mrs. E. ———.

DEAR MR. SHORT,—Please excuse Bernice's tardiness this a. m., as Dave did not call up to tell her he wouldn't be by. She waited, and was tardy.

Mrs. ———.

MR. SHORT,—Kindly excuse Ruth's tardiness, as she was detained at the telephone by a young man friend. If you will do this, I will make your water bill smaller next month.

Mr. A. F. ———.

FRIEND SHORT,—Please excuse Sam for leaving school before it was dismissed, as he had to take a little girl friend to the train.

Yours very respectfully,

Mrs. A. A. ———.

PROFESSOR,—Excuse Loy's absence this morning. She had to teach the dog not to walk bow-legged. She has this to do to save his health.

Mrs. ———.

PROFESSOR R. R. SHORT, ESQ.,—Please excuse Viola for being late this morning, as her little brother acted very peculiar and we decided that he was cutting teeth; so Viola rubbed one through for him, and by the time he woke up it was too late for school.

Mrs. J. P. ———.

PRINCIPAL OF HIGH,—I do not want you to scold Beula for being late, as it was not her fault. McDuff (our cat) got her hat on and he looked so cute that she had to wait till we could take his picture.

Obligingly,

Mrs. R. K. ———.

MR. PROFESSOR,—Please don't take harsh measures against Grayden for being late. He had to stay home while I washed his socks. I promise you it will never happen again.

Beseechingly yours,

Mrs. ———.

DEAR PROFESSOR SHORT,—Though my son was absent, he was absent for a good cause. He admires your curly hair so much that he was late trying to make his likewise.

Your dear friend,

"SALTY'S" FATHER.

PRINCIPAL SHORT,—I beg of you to excuse Pauline's absence this a. m., as she was tired after "doing" the Senior Carnival. If you'll do this, I'll give a hundred extra business cards on the order you sent in yesterday.

Mr. J. R. ———,

Foreman of Okmulgee Democrat.

Hobo Day Picture





"THE HOODOO," SCENE III.

Staff After



COZY THEATRE

The Home of Better Shows

World's Greatest Masterpiece Photo Plays

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Matinee 1:30

Evening 6:45

Howdy, Fellows!

We greet you with pleasure and meet you with a smile and send you from our door satisfied.

OUR SODA FOUNTAIN RUNNING FULL BLAST

MEET YOUR FRIENDS HERE

... **ARMOUR** THE ACCOMMODATING DRUGGIST

Colleges teach one thing not in the curriculum, one thing that is important and vital to your future success—they teach the value of good Clothes, of a pleasing, correct, distinctive appearance.

The more you think about it the more you realize that you ought to wear our

Society Brand Clothes

They are made exclusively for young men, designed for you by a master designer, who has gained fame for this particular sort of work.

Our Clothes are truthful with their wearers, and do not blare, unless you are the blaring kind, which we know you are not.

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