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# THE SENIORETTE.

ISSUED IN THE INTEREST OF THE HIGH SCHOOL  
BY THE SENIOR CLASS, NORTVILLE, MICHIGAN.

VOLUME 1

FEBRUARY, 1910.

NUMBER 1

## Dropped From the Squad.

Roy S. Cray.

Billy sat in his room thinking, he wondered how he was going to pay that year on the 'varsity foot ball team. The one thing he had been thinking about ever since he left high school the year before. He had been a star player on the high school team, and had even had his name in the paper as the pluckiest quarter-back in the country. For this reason great things were expected of him when he reached the university. He at length arose, for it was time to go and try out for the team.

He met some of the boys who were also going to try, and he felt very young and small as he walked by the side of these powerful men, who, although of his own age, were much stronger and heavier. They soon reached the dressing room and found the coach and trainer busy enlisting and weighing the men who wished to play. Billy's heart sank as he heard the coach call out the weights, not one being below one hundred and seventy-five, while some passed the two-hundred mark.

But when his name was called he marched to the scales and his heart sank lower as the scales showed one-hundred and thirty-two. He looked around the crowd of men, and saw a smile upon their faces, then he turned to the coach, who looking intently at Billy frowned and said, "Pretty good stuff, but not much of it." Then he began weighing the other men.

As Billy stepped from the scales he heard some one giggle from the back

of the room, and when he saw who it was, he walked over to the big fellow, with face very red and his fists clenched tightly together. "You insulting—!" but here some one caught him from behind and marched him out of the room.

When they reached the campus, Billy was talking very gaily with his new-found friend, who was no other than big "Boney" Dryden, a great hero of the gridiron.

"So you intend to try for the team, eh?" remarked Boney, "well I hope you make good, but it looks doubtful for you're pretty small, but then you have lots of grit and that helps some, and I'll do all I can for you."

"Thanks," was all Billy could say, for he was still burning from the insulting laugh that that big boy had let out.

It was a week later when Billy saw his name on the scrub line-up. (during the week he had been diving at the dummy and thought it very tiresome), and this was the chance he had been waiting for and now that it had come he resolved to make the best of it. The first day he practiced with the scrubs he noticed that the first team was also being trained and that they were big fellows, also that his team did not have as heavy a line-up and were very slow, but he determined to get all he could out of them all, and worked hard.

Billy's nights were spent in working out new plays and getting new signals, and he spent many a day changing

the men so that he could get the most out of them. The scrubs gradually got on to the signals and they also played faster until Billy had them going through their plays like clock-work, and that was the way they were working when it came time to play the first team on the day before the big game of the season.

That afternoon Billy trotted out on the field with his team in the best of spirits. He had told his men just before coming to the field, "now boys work hard for there may be a chance for the team," and so they came, all smiles and feeling that they would stand a good show against the big fellows. The other team was already there and the side line was lined with a row of college men to see the teams work for victory. No shouts greeted the scrubs as they swung to the field, but "Boney" was looking at Billy with a broad grin that showed he liked the little fellow. After practicing a few minutes the scrubs lined up for the kickoff.

Big Boney sent the ball straight for the scrub full-back who snatched the ball and made fifteen yards before he was downed, then Billy ran up and the game was on. Billy called a signal and the half went around right end and made five yards, then Billy sent the other half around left and he also made five yards. "Scrubs ball, first down ten," yelled the referee, and this was kept up until fifteen yards from the first team's goal, here the first team seemed to rally and held them for two downs and they only made two yards. Then Billy began to fear that they could not make eight yards in one down and so decided to try a place kick. He gave the signal, the full-back dropped on his knees ready to receive the ball and Billy gave the motion, the full-back caught the ball, and before the first team knew what the scrubs were doing the ball shot over their heads directly between the goal posts, scoring the scrubs three points. Just then the whistle blew and the first half of the game was over. Shouts greeted the victory of the scrubs, for the crowd was dumb-founded. It was the first time in football history that a scrub team had scored against the first team on the eve of the great game. The coaches were berating the men and walking nervously around. They hated to see the first team pushed down the field by the scrubs, but when they scored that was the worst of all.

In a short time the second half was called and the scrubs kicked off. This time Billy kicked the ball into Boney's hands and started down the field, but was downed before he made two yards. Now the game was on. The first team was going to win at any cost and the scrubs were determined they would not. The first team had no care, hurt scrubs or not, they were going to win. Slowly they forced the bleeding, fighting scrubs down the field, fighting desperately for every yard. Three times the scrubs held their opponents when they were near the goal and just as many times did they kick it back. Now the first team was within fifteen yards of their goal when Boney fell back as if he was going to kick, but just as the ball was flipped to him some one yelled "Fake," but too late, the scrubs were scattered and it seemed as if they had no chance to get Boney, but Billy saw him start round the end and so darted after him and just as he rounded the end Billy leaped through the air and struck him full in the chest and both rolled over on the ground.

When Billy opened his eyes again he was laying in bed and a nurse was bending over him.

"What did they bring me here for?" he asked as he collected his thoughts



Why teach Agriculture and lay such emphasis upon nature study in the grades? Why bother with a School Savings bank and encourage the right kind of athletics? I am thoroughly convinced that most of the things that boys and girls learn and carry away from school are not of books, but of people—good tendencies drawn out, bad ones suppressed; habits formed or unmade. This being so, those things which enter into the life of our boys and girls, whether we will or no, must be taken into consideration in every school. The teaching of economy, honesty, neatness, the right spirit in athletics, on-timeness—these and others just as important are the real life things to be taught in our schools, and are acquired for the most part, by these indirect means."

J. D. LARUE.

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and could feel no hurt.

"You were hurt yesterday in the game," answered the nurse.

"Yesterday!" he exclaimed, "what time is it?"

"Three o'clock."

"Then they are playing and I didn't get a chance to play. Gee nurse it's hard for a small man to get along in this world!" Just then he heard a groan from a nearby cot.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"You know very well who it is," replied a voice from the cot. "You

wait until I get over this and you'll—" but here the nurse interrupted and told them they must not talk any more. Then she handed Billy a note telling him it was from the football captain.

Billy opened and read,

To the forty-two horse power six cylinder battering ram. You are dropped from the squad. I will explain later.

CAPTAIN CREW.

A smile spread over Billy's face and he felt happy that he was not forgotten.

## Little Nemo.

Harold Tibbitts—11th Grade.

I tried to sleep but could not. The babble of sound in all notes that came from the bunks around me was too much, and I arose and shuffled into the outer room. The sleet drove in gusts of howling wind against the panes of the small window, which rattled with the reverberation of sound.

I sat down in a chair near the stove and perched my feet upon the foot rest, which ran half way around the stove, and silently watched the only other occupant of the place, a tall, slim, bearded stranger, of about forty winters, who sat before a common table shuffling a deck of cards. I noted the deftness and ease with which they were laid with the edges even or in a fan-shaped mass.

"Rather a rough night out," he said, startling me from the doze into which I had fallen. "Yes, rather," I answered noting the odd smile that played round the corners of his mouth. "Nearly as bad a night as the one on which I took a trip down the Peace to the first chief factor's house in '92," he said smiling cynically. I said nothing, and he continued:—

"A number of miners and workmen

came down to the landing to take the last boat out. It was late and disease broke out among the party and spread fast, we having as many as seven to bury in one day. Morrison, an old man, was taken, as was a young Irish man, McNatty, by name. Morrison owned a fine dog and McNatty a ten dollar gold piece, which he bet against the dog that he would die before Morrison. He did by about four hours and we buried them side by side.

"The next night, Morrison came to me just as plain as I ever saw him, and accused me of injustice in his interment, and that his remains should be taken to his relatives. He came for three nights and upon the fourth, I stole out with pick and shovel to his grave, removed the box and took it to the wharf where I had prepared a canoe.

"I placed one end of the box in the bottom and the other on the thwart, thus leaving it in a slanting position.

"I got in, took the paddle and started off. I sat facing my cargo and the first thing I knew Morrison was winking at me through a knot hole

in the box. Then began the worst voyage I ever expect to take. That thing rocked the canoe until it dipped water, whirled it around in circles, and all the while that eye staring through the hole at me

"At last I reached my destination and left the canoe at the landing to

go to the station and arouse the agent. After having accomplished this, we returned to the landing, but not a vestige of that box was to be seen. I——"

I awoke with a start to find the fire out and my pipe clenched, bottom-side up, between my teeth.

## A Trip to Mars.

Blake Wheeler—9th Grade.

I reached home rather late one night, and as I dropped into my easy chair, I glanced over the newspaper, when suddenly my eyes rested upon the headline: "Transportation to Mars is now possible." As I had been interested of late in the near approach of the planet to the earth and the news in the daily paper regarding it I eagerly read the article. I soon found a certain Professor Sims (in my own neighborhood) had invented a wonderful machine, which would carry a person to Mars in a very short time.

I at once resolved to get a sight of this machine. I dropped my paper, caught up my hat and walked out into the night. I soon found the house set back from the street and surrounded by trees, and as I ascended the steps a little old bent man opened the door. I soon learned this man was Professor Sims, and he seemed very pleased to find me interested in his invention. He led me up two flights of stairs into a large room, where I at once recognized the machine. It was a steel sphere large enough to hold two men, and as the professor opened the door I saw the strange machinery, the main thing being a long tube containing the secret of the invention. This was a substance, he explained, which reversed the laws of gravitation, causing the machine to fall rapidly, but with a slight jar to the place of destination.

I thought the old man insane, when he asked me if I would accompany him on a short trip to the planet, but laughingly answered "yes" The professor opened a sky light above the machine through which gleamed the ruddy glow of Mars, filling me I admit, with a kind of awe. We entered the machine, he closed the door, pulled a lever and I realized that we were traveling through space at a rapid rate.

We traveled what seemed but a few hours when we lightly descended to the ground. I opened the door and was amazed to find myself on what I knew to be Mars. It seemed impossible that I had traveled thirty-five million miles in such a short time.

The first thing I noticed was the bright red color of all vegetation which took the place of green upon our earth, and immediately concluded this was the cause of the ruddy glow of Mars, which distinguished it from all other planets. Next I saw the houses were made of a material resembling our glass, but capable of being made into any shape. They were all constructed the same except the public buildings and were equally distributed over the land, not having any cities. I soon met an inhabitant, who, although like the people of the earth was about ten feet in height, and I found that all the people had exactly the same measure-

SENIORS, '40.



EVA BRADLEY,    GRILL JOHNSON,    EDITH MILLER,    EMILY RYDER,  
HOWARD WEST,    MAY WOODMANSEER,    GLADYS ANKRELL,    HAZEL REYSON,    STARR TAYLOR.

ment. As I saw people walking about, I noticed they all dressed the same and in bright colors, showing a lack of fashion. I beckoned to an inhabitant nearby, who did not appear in the least surprised on seeing me. He approached and we conversed in signs, he soon became interested and I saw that he would be my friend. He led me through the well paved streets, where the people stared curiously at me to a large castle.

I was treated with great hospitality at this governor's palace. I was taken through the country by means of an electric arishlp made from material resembling our aluminum and traveling two hundred miles an hour. The time passed quickly and I soon learned the language of the Martians. I found the people in advance of our civilization and I was told that Mars consisted of one continent and three oceans, there being but one nation, with a population of about twenty million, which was ruled by one governor.

The people had many wonderful inventions, great telescopes, by which the people of the earth are closely watched, and wireless telegraphy is used by all. Their greatest invention, however, is the elixir of life, which contains all the food elements and lengthens their life nearly three hundred years or about six hundred of our time.

I, at the end of a week, thought it time to depart as I was anxious to impart the news to our own people, so bade them farewell and entered the machine. The professor pulled the lever and we were off like a flash on our homeward journey.

I became suddenly aware that something had gone wrong and the machine did not slack up as it neared the earth, and we soon struck the ground with great force breaking the machines in pieces.—I opened my

eyes and found myself lying on the floor of my room, having fallen from my chair. My newspaper lay as I left it, but I could hardly realize that my trip was nothing but a dream after all.

Edward Bogart, an enthusiastic student of physiography, etc., has erected an observatory on the summit of Buchners' hill, near the Morse residence, and is prepared to give free demonstrations upon looking at the moon through a coat sleeve.

Mr. Seiden (cicero class): Miss Chadwick please give the principal parts of conticesco. Miss Chadwick: Conticesco, Conticescere, come tickle me, (contigue.)

The lone members of the Virgil class has revised "Cheyenne" and was actually heard singing (?) this: "Virgil, virgil, where's my pony?"

There's need here for you dear;  
Without further ceremony,

I must translate two-forty rate  
With my pony, my Virgil trot."



He — Did You Hear The Fowl Whistle  
She — No! — I Hope Not

# GRADE DEPARTMENT.

## Mighty Bill.

Lisle Alexander—7th Grade.

Northville was in a high state of excitement. It was then Saturday, and that afternoon the greatest and last game of the season was to be played with the Oakland Tigers. Northville was sure of winning, because—look what it said on the large bill on the corner.

Base ball today at Athletic park.

Northville junior vs. Oakland Tigers.

Line-up as follows: Stimpson, c.; Johnson, P.; Cray, 1st Base; Stimpson, 2nd Base; Turner, 3rd Base; Palmer, S.; Taft, R. F.; Taft, C. F.; Mighty Bill Ball, L. F.

The question was how could they loose with such a line-up? Every body was going to the game. That afternoon the grandstand was full and the diamond was surrounded while the people kept pouring in.

The game started at three o'clock, and the first inning passed by quickly; the second the Tigers got a score by knocking a little grounder past Turner on third.

In the third, Northville began to wake up, Star Tart got a hit and scored. The fourth inning passed by with no scores, but in the lucky fifth—lucky for the Tigers—they ran in two scores, the inning being stopped when "Mighty Bill" made a brilliant catch by standing and catching a fly twenty feet high in the air with his cap.

The sixth and seventh went by without a score, but in the eighth the Tigers ran in another score making it four to one, in their favor. The

first part of the ninth came and went. Northville was at bat and win they must. The people thought if only they could get the bases full before Mighty Bill came to bat, he would bring them all in—how could he do otherwise, he always made one home run in a game, and he had not made one yet.

Turner went to bat and shocked the people by making a two-base hit, but he tried to get ahead of his feet and fell down so he only reached first. Then Cray marched to the plate with a new bat in his hand; the pitcher threw two balls and a strike, then Cray saw one he wanted, so took it with a crack which broke the bat and got him to first base and Turner to second. How the crowd yelled and whistled while Johnson went to the plate, and he also put the crowd in another fit by making a single and filling the bases. Now rising from the bench, removing his sweater and selecting his bat, Mighty Bill strutted to the plate; wiping his hands in the sand and pulling his cap over his eyes, he faced the pitcher. He was sure of a home run and the crowd was sure he would secure one. The pitcher wound up and sent two balls, then two strikes, and another ball. The last one would tell the tale. The pitcher sent the ball with lightning speed, Mighty Bill struck at it—there was a loud crack—the people began to yell and the men on bases to run. The batter looked around at the catcher, dropped his club, went to the bench, got his sweater and glove and started on a trot toward home. The people stopped yelling and looked at the catcher, who was playing catch with the ball. The crack the crowd heard was the ball as it hit the catcher's mitt and "Mighty Bill" had struck out.

BASKET BALL TEAM.



MORSE. HLY. STARR. LA MUE-COACH. SHAFER. KIRYON. MATSON.  
MILLER. WOODMANSEE. CHRISTENSEN. JOHNSON. CHADWICK.  
PERKINS. SMITH. ROYER.

## A Nutting Party.

Lydella Murdock—6th Grade.

My friend had a nutting party to which twelve girls were invited. We went to a very dense woods near Ann Arbor, in which lay a small pond, where a few boats were kept. We reached this place about eleven o'clock, and putting our lunch in the hollow of a big tree started to gather nuts. When we had our bags about half full we thought it nearly lunch time and so returned to the hollow tree and while eating our lunch watched the squirrels in the nearby shrubs. In a short time we heard a shot, and one of the squirrels fell and then a couple of hunters picked it up and passed by.

After lunch, leaving our bags, we went in search for more nuts, only returning to find our bags gone. We began a search for them and soon found the hunters with our bags over their shoulders, following we saw them hide our treasures in a large sap kettle. After they left we went to the kettle and got our bags finding them filled.

We soon reached the lake and two of the girls went for a boat ride. They found a fish-pole and soon caught something which pulled one of them into the water, but as she was a good swimmer she soon reached shore, and to our amusement their fish turned out to be nothing but a large log.

As we walked toward home a man soon overtook us and asked if we had seen two hunters. He told us they had robbed a large fur store in Detroit, and had been seen on his farm. We told him our experience and he asked us to open our bags. This we did and found them partly full of furs. He took them and we continued our journey. When we reached Ann Arbor, we saw the two hunters with a policeman. They pointed at us and came our way. The policeman asked

us if we knew anything about the furs, and we told him about giving them to the farmer, so they let us go. We soon reached home and although tired and frightened we claimed we had had a good time.

### Humorous.

Miss Nelson (reading a physics problem): A wheel is turned by a crank—' I don't see what difference it makes what kind of a person turns it.

Junior (at the butcher shop): Have you any bones for rogs?

Butcher: Yes.

Junior: Give me one please.

Miss Woodmansee (translating German): He looked over the tops of the trees across the lake at his feet on the other shore.

Miss Welbourn: I wish every gentleman to pay attention to me.

H. White (Physiography class): Why did they build the ocean so close to the shore?



Not from N. H. S., by gum.

## Out West.

(By Wendell Miller.)

School was just out for vacation in the small town of Cedarville, and some of the boys were talking together in small groups, while others were walking slowly toward the woods.

Frank received a letter from Denver, his uncle's. "He wants me to come out to Denver." After the excitement was over Frank turned to James "Goodbye," he said, "I won't see you tomorrow, because I am to take the early train." "I hope you have lots of fun," said James as they parted.

That night Frank packed his trunk and early the next morning he was off on a train for Denver. He stopped at Deaf Moun to eat his dinner and came near getting left. When he reached Denver his uncle was waiting at the station.

"If you had been a day later, I should have started," said his uncle. "Where are you going, uncle?" asked Frank bewildered. "Didn't I tell you in that letter that I was going up the mountains and hunt for gold?" came the reply. The next day they were to start, so his uncle went to an Indian village and bought Frank a gun, named "Punch Centre." It was called this because it always hit the thing you aimed at. Next his uncle got him some clothes and a revolver and some Indian blankets.

"You got to tell me 'Trusty Jack'" said his uncle. "I believe I'll take an Indian so he can hunt for us if we really get rich." "Where do you think we will go?" asked Frank, who loved to ask questions.

"I think we will go up in the Utes country, I've heard there is a lot of gold up there," said his uncle, "and I think we'll trap beavers, if the Indians aren't in their war-paint."

It took the party six days to get where they thought they might find gold. One day they saw a party of six Indian chiefs, in their war paint, who, as they saw the party of whites stopped and counseled together.

"They will follow us until dark and then attack," said the Indian, "and I move we keep going up the mountains, for we may find a place to defend ourselves." "Trusty Jack" consented just as one of the Indians raised a white flag and laying down his gun came forward on his horse. "Trusty Jack" went out to meet him and asked, "What do you want?" "Will you surrender?" called the Indian. "No," thundered Jack, and the fight began.

The Indian guide went ahead and told them to go on they would reach a good stopping place.

"As for myself," he said, "I will go down and see if there are any changes." He soon returned and reported two Indians at the camp, as the others had gone in search of more Indians. "Trusty Jack" expressed a wish to kill them, but the Indian thought that useless as the others would soon return. And return they did, following the party some time but, finding it impossible to catch "Trusty Jack" they went away. During this time Frank had found a piece of gold and upon searching had found a number of pieces.

In due time Frank returned to Cedarville, and learned of the death of his friend, James Harding.

Frank, has now reached his manhood, and lives with his wife and four children, to whom he delights to tell the story and they never tire of it.

E. Bradley (working some very difficult (?) Physics problems): How long does it take the earth to turn around?



## Indian Legend.

Elizabeth Heppner—3d Grade.

Long, long years ago, the Great Spirit went about the world making things beautiful. Wherever his feet touched the ground beautiful trees and flowers sprang up. All summer the trees wore their green dresses and sang their sweetest sang to the breeze as it passed by.

One day the wind told them the time would come when they would fall from the trees and die. This made the leaves very sad, but they did the best they could so not to make the mother tree unhappy. But at last the time came when they dropped from the branches and fell to the ground.

When the Great Spirit saw them he thought them very beautiful, and wished they would not die, but be bright and beautiful forever. So he gave to each leaf a pair of wings and power to fly and called them birds. The red and brown leaves became robins, the yellow willow became yellow birds, and from the bright maple leaves, he made red birds. The brown leaves became wrens and sparrows. This is why the birds love the trees and always go to them to build their nests and for food and shelter.

## Humorous.

"All history repeats itself"

A proverb claims, I've heard,  
But when in class I'm called upon  
Mine never says a word.

G. ANGELL.

Harold Turner (after Latin class):  
I don't think I deserve an absolute  
zero.

Mr. Selden: No sir, neither do I,  
but it is the lowest mark I'm allowed  
to give.

Miss Welbourne (algebra 10): What  
is the lowest common multiple?

Student: It is the correct num-

ber you can multiply by to get the  
right answer.

When you Norine Hogle in German  
translate heard you her dutch would  
think already.

Why didn't that boy help his sister  
carry her books?

Because he couldn't be a brother  
and assist her too.

Books that have helped me. How  
to appear dignified, Johnston. Self  
Appreciation, Lauray. Winning  
Hearts, La Rue. How to flunk Grace-  
fully, H. Nevison. Methods of Bluff-  
ing, S. Taft. Conversational Ease,  
McCully. Fads and Fancies, Perkins.

The various and erroneous reports  
concerning the prima causa for the  
sparse growth upon our superintendent's  
head necessitates a defense from  
this editor.

While at college Mr. L.— wrote  
home to his lady love and enclosed  
a lock of his hair each time.—Further  
comment is unnecessary.



Important Junior—"Get along with  
you, Roads, we're products of the North-  
ville High."

Weary Mike—"Take a tumble to you'se  
fellers, tain't what you use to was, but  
w'at you now may is."

# ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

## Athletics.

By President of Senior Class.

The speed with which the basket ball teams have acquired the fundamentals of the game promises well for the future. Starting with absolutely no knowledge of the game, they are rapidly developing a perfect machine. The fighting spirit of the teams is the most noticeable feature of the play. The idea of sticking to it has been made most prominent by the excellent coaches.

The Pontiac team, although excelling in experience, size and team work, were forced to "fight some" in order to command victory from our young high school Tigers, and we at least left the impression of "gameness" in Pontiac. The game with Holly was certainly saturated with "ginger," and although the first half belonged to Holly, through the nervousness and carelessness of our boys, the second half, however, turned the tide and

the game was won with a swiftness which fairly swept the Holly boys off their feet. The hero of this half was the famous Don Ball, who proved himself in this game a veritable tower of strength and endurance. His blocking and basket shooting was second only to his fighting spirit and "pep." The boys team puts up as a whole, a clean, fast game, slightly marred by acts of unnecessary roughness.

The girls may have perhaps a more perfect scoring machine than the boys, at least so appearing in the Baltimore game, in which they seemed to score almost at will, the only thing preventing a larger score being the shortness of the time. It is expected that many very interesting games will be played with teams of other schools and the Northville girls have a bright and prosperous year before them.

### Track Team Work.

This is about the time of year that spring and summer athletics are planned and it can be said, that there is excellent material for a strong track and base ball team in our school. As we still retain a membership with the Tri-Country Athletic

association. (Thanks to a few who participated in the meet last year) we hope to build up a team which will bring honors to the Northville schools, for the cup would certainly show up "great" in our new high school.

### Prospects for Track Meet.

It would seem that Northville is the logical place for the annual Tri-Country Track Meet this year. From the fact that the grounds here are better than at any other place in the circuit. We have an ideal half mile track and ample space for the other events. Enthusiasm

is at its height here this year for High school athletics and there would be a great attendance. Then, too, each of the other schools have had this event and should be willing to concede this year to us.

BASKET BALL TEAM.



VERRE

HOLMES.

HALL.

HODDER.

TIBBETS.

COACH-RELDYX.

GRAY.

JONESTON.

TURKIN.

# ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

## The Alumni.

Harry Seeley, a graduate of class 1901, after a few years work in the west under the employment of the U. S. Geographical Survey in Wyoming, now occupies a responsible position in the Northville State Savings Bank as assistant cashier.

William Sleator, of class '02, secured his A. B. degree in June, 1907, from the U. of M., and is now holding an instructorship in Physics in that university.

Albert Holmes, (class '09), is taking the agricultural course at the M. A. C.

Miss Edith Goodrich is at the present time a teacher in the Thomas Training School, of Detroit, Michigan.

Professor J. J. Hornberger is the superintendent of schools in Willamston, Michigan, this year.

Olive Dixon, of class '08, taught a "descrie" school in the vicinity of Pontiac last year, and this fall sought the haven of Oberlin, where she is now Freshman.

Hazel Furman (class '06), is attending Albion College, where she is now Sophomore.

Bessie Seeley, of class '06, has been holding a position with the Stimpson Scale Manufacturing Company, of this place for some time.

Alfred Ferguson, a former principal of the N. H. S., is now superintendent of the schools of Lawton, Michigan, and Mrs. Ferguson, nee Oral Chapman, (class '07), is grammar room teacher of the same school.

Charles Sessions, ('06) graduate, is now continuing his course at the U. of M., after a delightful trip of several months in England.

The students of the classes '07, '08 and '09, who at the present time are attending the U. of M., are: Miss Aline Smith, Charles Miller, Samuel Penfield, Jamie Dubuar, and Floyd Neelands.

Miss Virginia Stearns, a former principal of our school, is now holding a position in the classical school of Terre Haute, Indiana.

## Humorous.

There was a young fellow named Bill,  
Who did not believe in free will  
When LaRue said to saw wood,  
He'd say "yes if I could;  
But I feel foreordained to sit still "

Leota was a young girl in the choir  
Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,  
'Till it reached such a height  
It was clear out of sight,  
And they found it next day in the spoir.

H. Perkins (at the telephone)—"Hello,  
is this you?—Well, this is me."

Warning—Beware of making bets  
with Mr. La Rue. I can testify as to  
the results. IRENE DIXON.

Announcement.—There will be a  
teachers' meeting down below.

Is Hamlet mad? Ask the twelfth  
English class.

"Stub" Snyder haln't never had no  
use for grammar nohow

"Say Pat, how would you like to  
be buried in a Protestant graveyard?"

"Faith an' I'd die first."

When it comes to the use of  
"woman's weapon" and its power in  
many particulars, go to the joke edi-  
tor, Miss Edith Miller.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## THE SENIORETTE.

Official organ of the Senior class of the Northville High School. Subscription Price 25 Cents.

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 Sixth Grade.....(HARRY KATOR  
 (CHARLIE FREYDL  
 Fifth Grade.....)HAROLD WHITE

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FEBRUARY, 1910.

### OUR BOW.

We take pleasure in presenting to our friends the first number of the "Seniorette," a magazine of the Northville Schools put out by the Senior class. We have no doubt there are many improvements which should be made but we feel we have done our best in this new adventure.

We have not made this a Senior magazine altogether as is generally shown in our High Schools, but a magazine having contributions from our different grades, and as such we trust your criticisms will be friendly.

We wish to thank the hustling business men who have made this magazine possible by their generous advertising.

THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

## PROGRESS.

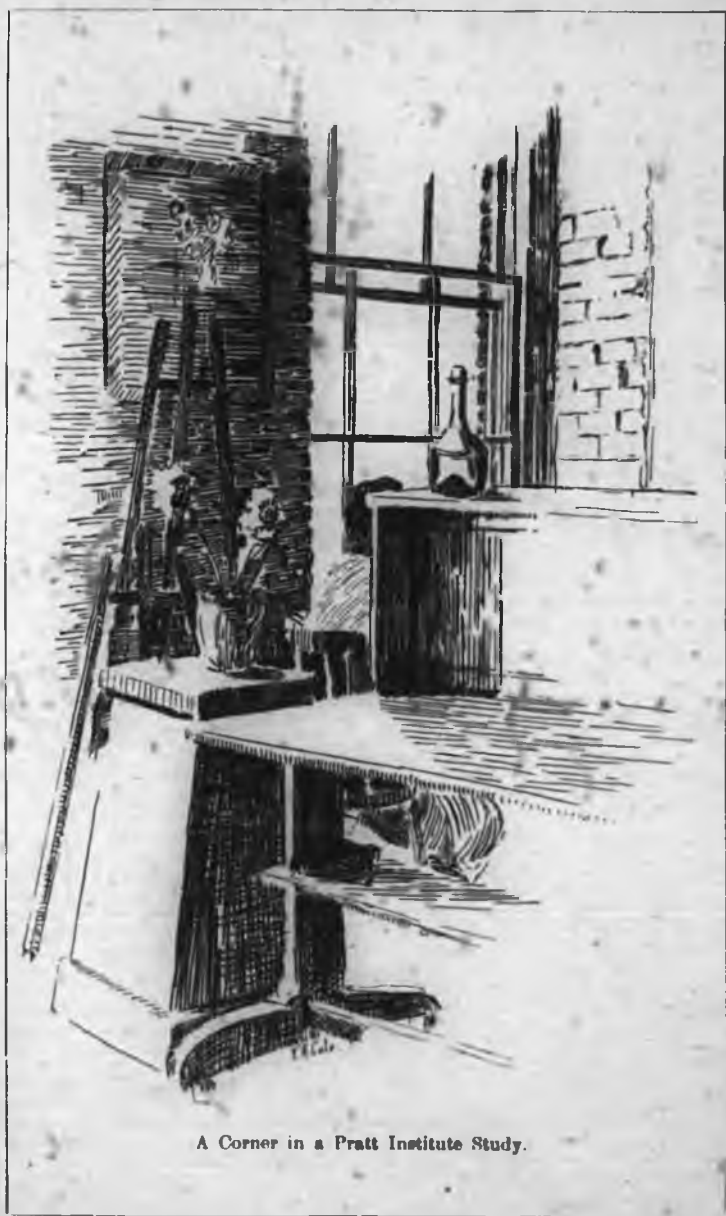
Progress is the keynote of this twentieth century, along all lines of industry and activity the first is mandatory that there must be something doing. Peary kept at it until he reached the North Pole. The great scientists are constantly struggling to solve nature's mysteries. Birds have always flown, but men have but just solved the principles of aviation.

Every community is or should be intensely interested in its public school and should insist that it be progressive and up-to-date. The times demand a wider range of knowledge than years ago. Progress has been made in methods of teaching and in the way things should be taught, and, in the main, in results obtained. The boys and girls must have the best there is.

The personnel of our High School teaching force is number one. In the grades good work is being done. A teacher of drawing has recently been secured and has commenced work. Under the efficient supervision of Supt. La Rue things are working like clock-work. Mr. La Rue is indefatigable in his endeavor to line up our school with the best of them, and is certainly giving school affairs the benefit of every minute of his time and his best effort.

C. L. DUBUAR.

Pres. Board of Education.



A Corner in a Pratt Institute Study.

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## Should Drawing Be Taught in the Schools.

Drawing itself is a mood of expression in which the mind and muscles of the hand work together to express an idea or group of ideas by a picture of the idea.

We hold that with very few exceptions every one has minute ideas in his mind but that he has never been taught to express it, so it has never reached a normal development. Therefore, we argue that drawing should be taught in the schools to give the child a chance to develop his expression of an idea.

Drawing should be introduced in the kindergarten, where we get spontaneous expression and where no other influence has been at work to destroy it. Then, little by little, as the child advances, his knowledge grows and we get a clearer perception of what the child sees for himself.

Each grades work broadens his

knowledge until he is able to express himself easily and clearly by the time he reaches High School. Of course there are exceptions where the child has another talent deeper set than his drawing, and then he tends to favor the best liked subject. All children will not be artists, but they will be able to express themselves more clearly.

As soon as the child reaches the High School he should be given the chance to choose drawing among his other electives, and the teacher should be continually on the lookout that his talent be recognized and developed to the highest extent.

Therefore, if drawing were put in the schools with this idea uppermost, there would be a greater number of pupils interested in it and it would mean success for both teacher and student.

FRANCES A. COLE.

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## Music.

Music is taught in our school from the kindergarten through the high school. In the kindergarten the work is purely imitation, the children hear the simple little songs sung to them and take them up quickly. The material used consists of notion songs, lullabys and songs appropriate to the season. In the grade songs a little more difficult are attempted and the first steps in reading and the making of the staff are given from the blackboard. In the second the children see the same songs that they learned, by note in the books, and in this way begin to associate melody with the staff and notes. This is an important step in their development and must be slowly and carefully handled. Simple reading by note and simple time are developed. The third grade continues along the same line, which grows more difficult. Two part work is begun in the fourth and three part in the sixth.

Individual work is encouraged, especially in the lower grades, to give the children confidence and independence.

High School music consists of four part chorus work taken from some of the best composers. The past two months having been spent on Cowen's "The Rose Maiden," a cantata of great merit, and the results are very satisfactory. There is a small Glee Club of twelve members organized for the pleasure and benefit of people especially interested in music. The work throughout the school is very satisfactory and, while there is always chance for improvement, we feel that the boys and girls are interested and do their best.

The aim in all the work is to develop a love for the best music. Our greatest need is a new piano in the High School and the placing of the old one in the kindergarten.

MAE COLDREN.

**HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS.**



ARTHUR W. ANDERSON  
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FRANCIS A. COLE,

MOXIE JASE WEINHORN,



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