

# Senior Annual



Griffin-Fleischmann  
High School  
Griffin Corners, N. Y.

JUNE 1912

## **Introductory**

The Senior Class have endeavored to keep up the custom of the first class and publish a School Annual. The class wishes to thank the various contributors and especially the various department editors. We trust that this book will meet with general approval and that our mistakes will be overlooked.

We especially wish to thank the business men who have assisted in the publication by their liberal advertising.

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### **Board of Editors**

Eugene Howe, Editor-in-Chief  
Emmons Jenkins, Business Managers  
Christina Haderup  
Arthur Kelly, Literary Editor  
Louis Carey  
Andrew Becker  
Humorous Editors  
Howard Wolcott, Athletic Editor

## **Dedication**

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### **To Miss Hayes**

The Senior Class of 1912 most gratefully dedicate the School Annual to Miss Eva Hayes, who during the last two years has won the respect and esteem of the High School Students by her purity of character and her untiring efforts in their behalf.



MISS EVA HAYES





**THE SENIOR CLASS**  
**EUGENE S. HOWE, ANGIE PARL COLE, EDNA M. DOOLITTLE.**

## Senior Class

MOTTO—CONSTANTIA VICEMUS.

COLORS—GREEN AND GOLD

FLOWER—DAISY.

Class Roll.

President ..... Pearl Cole  
Secretary ..... Edna Doolittle  
Editor-in-Chief ..... Eugene Howe

## Faculty

Principal—Orlu D. Avery, Mathematics and Science.  
Preceptress—Eva Hayes, Latin and German.  
Second Assistant—Gertrude Smith, English and History.  
Seventh and Eighth Grade—Mary Palmer.  
Fifth and Sixth Grades—Helen Youmans.  
Third and Fourth Grades—Mae DeSilva.  
First and Second Grades—Kate Ackerly.

## **Announcement**

The Board of Education wishes to announce to the public that they are justly proud of their school. The Griffin-Fleischmann High School has established a reputation for thorough and efficient work. There is a splendid school spirit among the students and they conduct themselves as ladies and gentlemen. Aside from the regular school work, the annual speaking contest and frequent debates in the Zeta Rho Society and with teams from other high schools train the students in public speaking. We respectfully invite parents who are looking for a high school in which to educate their children, to investigate the record made by our school.

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### **Location**

Griffin-Fleischmann High School is located in the twin villages of Fleischmanns and Griffin Corners, N. Y., on the Ulster and Delaware R. R. among the foothills of the Catskill Mountains. The surrounding scenery is picturesque and the section is noted for its pure water and invigorating atmosphere. This school is accessible from Halcott, Pine Hill, Big Indian and other points on the Ulster & Delaware R. R.

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### **Grounds**

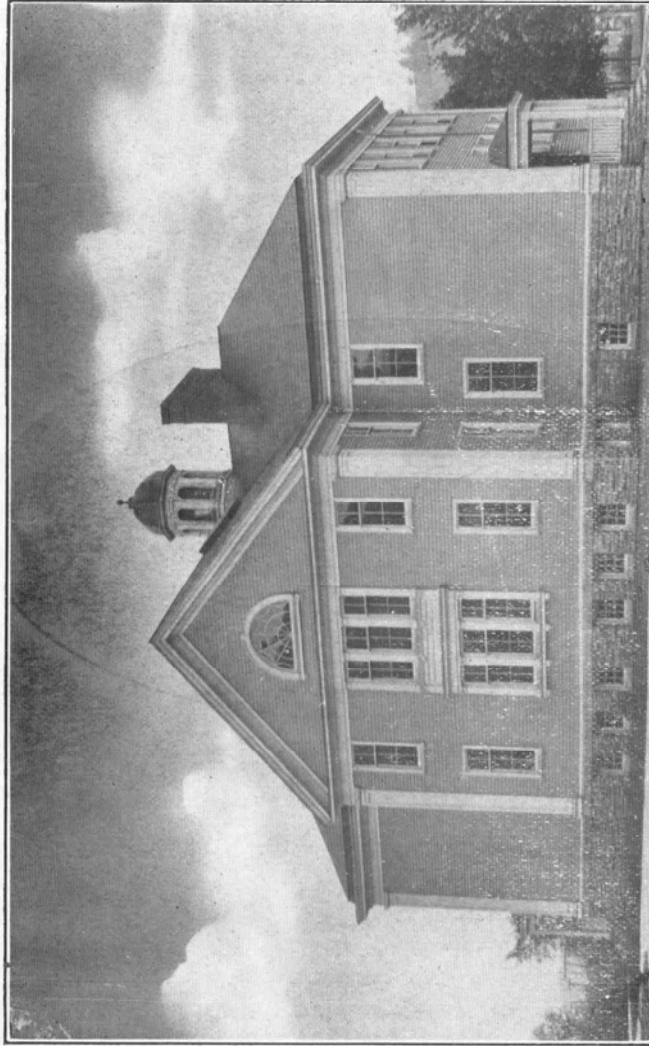
The building is located on a large level lot. There is ample space for all kinds of athletics. The Board of Education have recently constructed a fine cement walk leading from the street to the building and the grading of the front lawn has made the school property a beauty spot and pride of the village.

The building is large, new and strictly modern. On every floor there are automatic sanitary drinking fountains provided for the children. This avoids the dangerous practice of allowing children to drink out of a common cup and thus contracting tuberculosis and other dreaded diseases. The building is heated by the American Force



THE FACULTY





HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

Fan system, which furnishes the rooms with abundance of fresh, warm air. The fact that the school has been practically free from epidemics while the school has been in session in the new building, is ample proof of the value of a complete ventilating system in our public schools.

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### **Library**

The school is well provided with a reference library used in connection with the high school and also a good grade library. In the village there is a free library known as Skene Memorial Library. This contains a large number of volumes of choice books and it is also provided with the best magazines. The students of Griffin-Fleischmann High School are welcome to use this library in connection with their school work.

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### **Laboratory**

The school is equipped for the courses in Physics and Biology as outlined by the State Education Department and the Board of Education is constantly adding to this equipment.

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### **Free Tuition**

All students holding a Regents preliminary certificate or other credentials which the Department of Education at Albany will accept will be admitted to the High School Department and their tuition will be paid by the state.

Tuition to the other department is as follows:

|                                 |                    |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|
| Seventh and Eighth Grades ..... | \$2.50 per quarter |
| Third to Sixth inclusive .....  | \$2.50 per quarter |
| Primary .....                   | \$2.00 per quarter |

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### **To Teachers of Rural Schools**

You can do your pupils no greater service than to inspire in them a desire to complete a High School course. All that many of the boys and girls need in the country school is encouragement. Statistics prove that the earning capacity of farmers in this country who have had a high school education is double that of those that have received only a common school education. Also students completing a high school course are admitted to the Agricultural Department of Cornell University without tuition.

Furthermore, we wish to state that all rural school children who report to this school for the Regents examinations will be welcome and receive careful and kind attention of the the instructors in charge of the examination.

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## Commencement Program

SELECTION

Orchestra

INVOCATION

Rev. Frederick Withy

VOCAL SOLO

Eva Fowler

ESSAY-- "The Awakening of China"--Angie Pearl Cole

SELECTION

Orchestra

ESSAY--"The Panama-Pacific Exposition"

Edna M. Doolittle

ORATION-- "Signs of Opportunity"-- Eugene S Howe

VOCAL SOLO

Clinton Wolcott

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

Hon. F. M. Andrus

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

Orlu D. Avery

SELECTION

Orchestra

## The Awakening of China

There are periods in the history of any country when it realizes the need of reform and when it employs some means of carrying out its ideas. Numerous examples of this kind can easily be cited, but perhaps the most recent proof of this truth may be seen in the change and awakening which has taken place in China.

China is the cradle of a very old civilization, older perhaps than that of any other lands except Egypt and Babylonia. Its progress however, has been slight for its educational methods have remained essentially the same as they were 2000 years ago. These were crude to the extreme and permitted of little mental growth for it cultivated the memory only. The Chinese language contains no alphabet but consists of a number of symbols each representing a different word. therefore it is necessary to learn by rote a vast number of signs and symbols—a prodigious feat for the memory.

The government has given itself little concern about the education of the child. This has been left entirely to the discretion of the parents. Yet in spite of these facts male education has been so universal that scarce a boy can be found who has not enjoyed opportunities for such education as then existed.

The fact that China has taken thousands of years to realize the necessity of arousing itself from its lethargy is due largely to the nature of its religious worship. The principal feature of this religion has been the worship of their ancestors. Because of the reverence and veneration which this required, it made them unwilling to leave the ways which their forefathers followed and they are yet suspicious of foreigners and dislike foreign customs. Their dress, manners, and even the mode of construction of their houses have undergone no change. Son followed the trade of his father and so could not improve conditions by exerting his own personality, developing his own mental faculties for something of practical advantage. For this reason the industries have been neglected.

Until very recently China has shown little development in commerce, due largely to their suspicion of foreigners. But with a new order of things the Chinese are now conscious of the fact that there will be no internal growth if they do not have commercial intercourse with foreign nations. The "open door" in China was an important



step toward advancement in that line. Commerce is increasing and China with its great population and its undeveloped resources has a chance of becoming one of the great commercial nations of the world.

Manufacturing has not developed to any great extent. Chinese articles are very much the same as they were 2000 years ago. Silk spinning and paper making are carried on in some localities. Commerce and manufacturing have never been encouraged by the Manchus. They thought of little but wealth and power and it is easy to see why this house has had its downfall.

In 1643 the Manchus, a small tribe in the northern part of the Empire, took advantage of internal disturbances in the country and of the weak submissive nature of the Chinese and seized the throne. From then until the recent change, China was governed by an emperor who as an absolute monarch often ruled with a tyrannical hand. He had the power of appointing all government officers and these were generally Manchus. He could also name his own successor. This kind of rule developed a race which is indolent and not progressive. After about 250 years of Manchu rule the people began to realize that they were being robbed and oppressed. The few Chinese who dared to assert their rights were merely told that they must submit to the government. It was asserted during the recent rebellion that of 14 government officers only 2 were held by Chinamen from the mass of the people. Such government could not fail in time to arouse a fighting spirit in the people. Several unsuccessful rebellions occurred against this rule and the offenders were severely punished, a fact which aroused the Chinese still further against the Manchu dynasty.

Such a condition of affairs could not last. People began to awaken and plan open resistance to the government which ruled with such tyranny. They began to arm and planned a revolt. Perhaps this was due in a large degree to Dr. Sun. He showed the people the folly of submitting to such tyranny and oppression. The revolt began in the central part of China and spread rapidly. Large sections of the army deserted to the revolutionists. Some of the leading generals of the army were among the deserters. Several important cities were captured. The revolutionists reported that their object was to make China a republic like the United States. After several more important victories they proclaimed China a republic and made Dr. Sun its provisional president. The revolutionists forced the reigning dynasty to abdicate, a national assembly was elected from the people. This in turn chose Premier Yuan president of the republic.

This progress shows that the awakening of China is a reality. This

revolt, however, had more reasons than a mere change of rulers. The people understand that the old ways will not do now. They are more progressive than their rulers who prefer the old order of things because it keeps them in wealth and power. They have taken a long step forward and although they are yet poorly educated they have a better chance of future prosperity under the new order of things than they did before. That they realize the need of better education is seen from the fact that there are so many Chinese students in our country.

There is little doubt that in the course of time China will far exceed Japan, although the progress of that nation is remarkable. China has a much greater opportunity for development as its natural resources are yet unexplored, it has excellent harbors and great water power for manufacturing. It has a population greater than any other country in the world. China has now shown its desire to be a civilized nation and when its people are educated, and foreign manners and customs are adopted, China will stand with the great nations of the world.

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### The Panama-Pacific Exposition

Ground was broken by President Taft at San Francisco, October 4th, 1911, in preparation for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, which is to take place during the year 1915, and which is to celebrate our nation's mighty achievement—the completion of the Panama Canal. At the very beginning of the work, the directors of the exposition company have a definite plan along which to direct their energies. This exposition is to be different from any one given up to the present time. In the first place the motive of the celebration is different. All the great fairs of history have signalized anniversaries; they have been retrospective, gazing along the tract of time and the recording the progress of the world since some discovery or some great act of the people. The exposition at San Francisco rises directly from the great event itself and looks forward into a new era. We have heard the completion of the canal spoken of as the wedding of two oceans. We may then think of the exposition as the nuptial feast, a joyous send-off, the completion of preliminaries, and the beginning of a new life, united, co-operative—a glad bridal celebration at the home of the bride.

Instead of the community pursuing the even tenor of its way except in a district dedicated to the purpose, as has been the case with all other expositions, the signs of festivity will greet the honored guests at the very threshold. Her house will be open, decorated, lighted, swept, and made ready. San Francisco, the whole city, is the sight.

At the foot of Market Street, the exposition city will open its gate to its guests and this great thoroughfare of two miles length will be an avenue of triumph. Through this grand canon with its walls of the latest architecture, will pass the greatest pageant representing the Orient that has ever moved through any street. At the junction of Van Ness Avenue with Market Street, will be erected the most important buildings. From this point, the natural heart of the city, as civic center of the exposition, Van Ness Avenue sweeps to the north for more than two miles to Fort Mason, the military post jutting into the blue bay of Saint Francis. About four miles to the west of this point lies another greater promontory, the Presidio of San Francisco overlooking the Golden Gate, the natural beauty of which will be heightened by a white company of the navies of the world, and an assemblage of war vessels unequalled in history. The displays of the National Government will be made on the Presidio. This will be one of the most important and appropriate features of the exposition—for the officers of the United States Army have built the Panama Canal, one of the most difficult engineering tasks in history. The medical branch of the army has stamped out yellow fever, solved the problem of sanitation, and made life safe for the white man in the tropics. Between these two promontories and adjoining the Golden Gate lies the district known as Harbor View. In this part of the city will be the great and imposing structures, such as the Palaces of Liberal Arts and of Education, containing exhibits that record the progress of the past and point the way to the future. The utmost attention will be given to the Liberal Arts and Manufactures, to the uplifting of education and educational methods, and to the mechanical advancement of the world, and other serious features as distinguished from those whose purpose is amusement or passing entertainment.

In Lincoln Park will be erected some carefully planned memorial tower, statue or building. In Golden Gate Park, will be erected some of the finest buildings of the Fair and from its natural chain of lakes, will be created a miniature production of the Canal. The strip of land lying between the two parks will be at the disposal of foreign nations.

Another feature which will tend to make the Exposition different from many other of the past is made possible by that greatest of Cali-

fornia's assets, her moderate and sunny climate. This will make it possible for the Exposition to be open for twelve months and will permit our visitors from other nations to view America's Jubilee at any season of the year without discomfort.

The Exposition will open with the greatest international parade of battleships in the world, in which every country that has a navy will participate. The warships will first assemble at Hampton Roads to be reviewed by the President of the United States; then lead by the Oregon, a San Francisco ship, whose historical cruise around the Horn during the Spanish War made the canal a vital issue, the vessels will proceed through the Canal to San Francisco.

The Royal yachts of the world will be invited to be present at the yacht races, motor boat races, etc. The program of events will continue with great aviation meets, automobile meets, and outdoor sports, in which the athletes of the world will compete for supremacy. Then in the concluding days of the fair will come the pageants throughout the city when history will take the form and color on the streets and the early days will come back again to the city by the gate.

Thus will end the great international festival which will celebrate the wedding of the two oceans. May our foreign guests return to their home lands with a deeper interest in America and American institutions.

Edna Doolittle.

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## Signs of Opportunity

Opportunity is present and future. It has been the master of human destinies for all ages. Fame and fortune waits at its doors, in every clime, city and hamlet, upon the seas, and upon the land, in the log cabin, and in the palace. Once at every threshold, and once only, opportunity knocks unbidden and returns no more.

It is seen by some, by many it is unrecognized. At the crisis there is opportunity. At the call of duty, great or small, it is always there, to each according to his responsibility, capacity, and capability.

While it has no physical existence, it is still known by its signs. It comes unheralded. There is no advance agent, no electric sign in the Heavens, no signboard at the parting of the road, and no prophecy guiding to opportunity. The crisis and the duty of that hour are



the signs plainly visible to those prepraed, whether arising in the daily walks of life, in the realm of invention, on the field of battle, or in the Halls of Congress.

Opportunity depends upon preparation. Education, physical and mental training, enable us to discover the needs of the hour, a public or private duty, the principle of some invention, determination of right and wrong, and how best to bring those results to pass, which are the essentials of opportunity.

Thus it was, that the military training which Ceasar received while a young man and his appointment as Proconsul of Gaul, made him the greatest commander of his time.

General Sheridan was not told, while a cadet, that he could win his laurels at Winchester if he absented himself from the field of battle and made his famous ride. It was the noise of the cannonading, the stragglers along the road, his fighting troops at the front and the duty at the hour of that conflict. He did not hesitate, but leaping to his horse hurried to his soldiers. At the moment he comprehended the situation. The experiences of his West Point career, his hard service as a soldier, his courage, and promptness enabled him to rally his troops, put to flight the enemy and turn defeat to victory. This was surely a great opportunity. But, the crisis thus presented enabled him to use his knowledge and skill in doing that which was his duty, thus winning him the glory of a great General and the plaudits of a Nation.

Some people say, when a man has been successful in his business, he won by luck. But luck is the point where preparation meets opportunity. Success comes to those whose mental faculties are trained to recognize these signs of opportunity, to act at the crisis, and to know the duty of the hour.

The experienced man is the most valuable to his employer, because in an emergency he is competent to discover it and overcome it.

Little can be expected from those who tell us what they would do if circumstances were different. The greatest struggles are some times our most efficient aids. All history attests this.

Lincoln, "The Saviour of his Country," born in a log cabin from a poor farmer boy became President of the United States. If Lincoln had been born in luxury he would not have been the man he was. The hardships of his early life moulded the character of this great man and made him capable, by reason of his patience, courage and honesty to assume the greatest responsibility of his day, in discharging a great duty to his fellowmen and the Government, through the terrible crisis of a four years war to a lasting peace.

Life itself is opportunity. Therefore its whole time may be made

to serve the purpose of those bent on self improvement. Let a man but have a purpose, and opportunities to obtain his end will always be present to help him. If we do not know what we want, how shall anything be made to serve us?

The youth of to-day is the man of to-morrow. By means of education and experience he must make of himself a better mechanic, merchant, farmer, lawyer, doctor, teacher, or priest. In any vocation he must be prepared to discover and interpret the signs of opportunity when they come.

Opportunity is unlimited. It is intermingled with our surroundings. For ages, the boundless resources of America were unknown and unused, because the Indian was not the right kind of a man. In a similar degree all nature is to-day bursting its bands, as it were, with golden opportunities for those who can see. Many men and women had seen the kettle boil, but it occurred to only one that the force which lifted the lid might be confined and made to do human service.

Opportunities come and go like the waters of the brook past the waterwheel. The individual may lose, but the General Grant, the man of the hour, wins.

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## The Mystery of Black Hawk Cavern

(An original story.)

'Twas in the early sixties as I was planning where I should spend my summer vacation, I, unexpectedly, received a letter from Uncle Jack Rhuford, who owned a large cattle ranch in Montana, asking me to spend a few months with him. I decided at once to accept the invitation. My plans were soon made and in a week I was speeding over the great plains for the first time.

As I stepped off the train at the little station of Tarley, I felt some one slap me on the back and turning around beheld Uncle Jack, a tall, stout, sunburned man of about fifty years and clad in corduroy riding breeches, red flannel shirt, wide brim felt hat, cowhide boots and a cartridge belt with two revolvers sagging over each hip. After a very friendly greeting, he led me back to the hitching post, where two mustang ponies were standing, all saddled and bridled. "Can you ride?" said he, holding out the bridle to me. "Sure," said I, little hurt at his asking me, a man of twenty-five, if I could ride horseback.

"All right then, I reckon we'll be hitting the breeze fur the Black Hawk Creek." I took the bridle and was nicely seated in the saddle when the first thing I knew I found myself sprawling in the dust ahead of my horse. I arose and brushed off the dust and said that I couldn't ride a bucking broncho after all. "Put these on," said Uncle Jack, holding out a pair of spurs. I did so and after a fall or two more, made better progress. As we were riding along I asked him how things were going out on the ranch and was surprised but a little pleased to learn that some rustlers had been working on the herd for the last two months. "They are in a cavern up Black Hawk Creek about twenty miles and its pretty hard and also mighty dangerous to get near them they are all plumb quick with a gun," says he. "My outfit went out after 'em last night an hain't got back yet." "There is something mysterious about that Black Hawk Cavern, when you get to it they disappear through a small hole; and if you get any closer you're sure to get an ounce of lead for your pains. They got three of the boys two weeks ago. An' whats wuse, they take the cattle in with 'em so's you can't get any chance to get 'em back."

We had now come up out of a hollow and I saw the ranch house before us, a long, low log structure with two doors and four windows in front and a window on each end. As we rode into the yard, I saw a dust cloud on the horizon and as it came closer, Uncle Jack said it was the "outfit" returning. He counted them and said, "There ought to be twenty and there is only nineteen. I reckon them rustlers have got another." As they rode up to the corral, a grim, dusty looking lot of men, all dismounted and turned their horses loose in the corral; and then they led off to the Bunk House with their saddles upon their arms. One, a tall, well set young man in true western costume, with a clean shaven, lean face and eyes which showed the boldness and daring of youth, came toward us. "That's Ben Holt, the ranch boss," said Uncle Jack. "What luck, Ben," inquired Uncle Jack. "We're even with 'em to-day, Jack. We got one of the and they got poor Bill Jones. Come on into the office and I will tell you about it." We went into the office, a small room furnished with a desk, three chairs, and a fire place. We sat down and Ben began. "Wall, it's like this: Yesterday when we got up on Bear Flat, we saw two rustlers. They spied us about the time we did 'em, and they did their work plumb quick. Rope Jones got a bead on one of them and he rolled off his horse and we thought he had cashed in, so we rode in and he pulled out a gun an' shot Bill dead afore a man of us could draw a gun. Wall, it shore made Rope feel some bad, he

and Bill being brothers, cause he figured that he had ought to get him first shot. We left three men to take him over to the cotton woods and finish him while the rest of us went after the other, who was making off with five of them yearlings. He had quite a start and his horse was fresh so he kept a gaining on us and disappeared in the gap of the cavern fore we could get in range of him. We did not go very close but circled around the mouth of the cavern two or three times and got three rifle balls sent after us so we quit and came back I reckon that's all."

As Ben was leaving the room, Uncle Jack called out, "Send in McArthur." Soon a swarthy, red-headed, thick-set, little Irishman appeared, who proved to be McArthur. "That's Red," said Uncle Jack, and this is my nephew who has come out to spend the summer with us. Uncle told him he was to teach me how to rope cows, shoot, ride, etc. "All right," replied Red, sullenly, and withdrew.

After my enormous appetite was fully satisfied, Uncle Jack took me to my room and showed me the clothes which I was to wear while at the ranch. The next morning I appeared attired in cowhide boots, leather breeches, flannel shirt, wide brimmed hat, cartridge belt and a revolver hanging at my hip. I felt queer, as you may imagine, but was easier when Uncle Jack told me that I looked as if I were a native of the West.

After breakfast Red gave me my first lesson. He taught me how to rope my little mustang which Uncle had given me. I was much delighted with this present and from the color and general conduct I decided to call him Mustard. I saddled up and we rode out on the plain and practiced roping and shooting during the morning. I was surprised to find that when I roped a cow, Mustard would jump back and tighten the rope so as to hold her. "What makes her do that?" I inquired. "Your sure some green," replied Red, good naturedly. "They are all broke to do that."

About noon as we came near home we saw a stranger approaching from the opposite direction. "A two-gun man," said Red. From this I understood that a man that carried two revolvers was called a two-gunman. We turned our horses into the corral as the stranger dismounted and tied his horse. The new comer was a man of more than average height, dark skinned, black hair and eyes that showed determination. "Is this Bar Cross?" he inquired to me as I came up. "Yess," said I. "Boss home?" he asked curtly. "In the office," I replied and walked in, followed by the stranger. Uncle Jack nodded as we entered and eyeing him from head to foot inquired, "Looking for a



job?" "I reckon that's why I'm here," returned the stranger. "We have enough in the outfit now but could use a gun fighter to look after some rustlers who are a worken on the herd. Would a hundred a month suit you?" The stranger reflected a moment. "I have heard something of the rustlers of Black Hawk Cavern. How long ud you give me a job?" "Till you get 'em." "All right. My name is Furgeson. Got a man working for you by the name of Webb Ball?" "Yep, know him?" "Heard of him. I reckon I'll be goin' down to the bunk house and be getting acquainted with the boys." "The bunk house is full so you can bunk up here with my nephew."

I was pleased with this for I had taken a liking to this new man. He crossed the room and extended his hand and I said, "I think we shall get along." "Hope so," said he, and left the room. "I like him," I said to Uncle Jack. "Yes, he is shore true blue. Didn't seem to take a shine to Ball. I reckon he will get them rustlers if anyone can."

Everything went along smoothly for a while except that the cattle disappeared as usual. Furgeson and I were riding over the ranch one day near Dry Bottom when we caught sight of three men driving off five steers. "Them rustlers," said Furgeson, "We'll circle around this hill and get into them cottonwoods over there and maybe we can see 'm." We reached the cover of the woods and saw them riding below us in the basin. "Know that man riding in the middle?" asked Furgeson. "It looks some like Ball, but it can't be," said I. "That's him," said Furgeson, his hand unconsciously tightening over the butt of his six shooter. "If them other two is rustlers he's in with 'em." We rode back to the ranch and found that Ball was not there. The next morning the boss reported five more steers missing. That settled it. Webb Ball was helping the rustlers.

One day about two weeks later Webb said he was going to ride down to Tarley and be gone a couple of days. "Now's the time to watch him," said Furgeson. Webb set out early the next morning and we started also but in a different direction. We made straight for Bear Flat and concealed our horses in a hollow and then crawled to the top of a ridge and lay flat to the ground. In about half an hour Webb and two other men came along and stopped to talk just below us. "How many head is there? Webb was saying. "Seventy-three" one of the men answered. "Well, four of you can go over with me and help drive the cattle and the other two can stay here. It is getting pretty hot for me over at the ranch for that Furgeson suspects me and he is a bad one to run up against. I will be here to-night at dark and we can be in town by daylight." "All right, so long" and



Webb rode down the gulch and the other two in the opposite direction.

"We'll follow 'em," said Furgeson. After Webb was out of sight we ran along the edge of the plateau for about half a mile and the two men stopped. As we came closer we saw four more men ride out of a pass heretofore unnoticed by us. They held a short conference and then all disappeared through the pass. "Get out your gun and follow me," said Furgeson, at the same time drawing both of his own and taking another which he handed to me. We crept cautiously forward until we reached the pass. Before us were about seventy-five cows grazing on a large meadow which was completely shut in by the hills. "Keep your eyes open and stay here while I go down and take a look at that brand." I crawled behind a tree and did not have long to wait before he came back. "They are Bar Cross cattle all right, come on," said he, turning around and hurrying out of the pass. I asked him what he intended to do. "Ketch them all to-night," was all he said. We then rode back to the ranch.

That night just as dusk was falling over the plain, the Bar Cross outfit with Furgeson at the head might have been seen riding toward Bear Flat, all armed to the teeth. We left the horses in care of two men. Uncle Jack was left in charge of sixteen men near the spot Webb was to meet the other four men with the cattle. Then Red, the boss, and myself started for the pass. We plunged deep into the thick sage brush. Soon we saw the four men drive the cattle out through the pass and on down the gulch. After they had gone by we crept carefully through the pass toward a cabin. We crept up to the side of the cabin and looked in through a crack in the logs. Two men were seated in the middle of the room engaged in a game of cards. Furgeson walked boldly to the door and rapped. "Who's there," inquired both men at the same time jumping up and drawing their guns. "Webb Ball," Furgeson said, imitating his voice to the latter. "The jig is up. That Furgeson surprised us and got all the rest of the boys but me and I have a bullet in my back. Come out and help me in." With that he fell heavily against the door as if exhausted. Both men rushed out swearing. They no sooner had done this than we were on their backs and had them bound. We saw that we could not carry them away with us so performed the duty of the West to the cow thief, and left them hanging in their own door. We then set out to explore the mysteries of Black Hawk Cavern.

We found the meadow in which it was situated to be a fertile plain, containing several acres. This was so completely shut in by

the mountains that a person riding along the ridge would be unable to see it. We then went in the opposite direction from which we had entered and found the meadow grew narrower until it came to the small opening through which we had so often seen them disappear. There was a narrow shelf around this opening and it was so arranged that a few men could withstand a small army. The cattle had been driven through the small pass at the other end of the Cavern.

As we joined Uncle Jack we learned that he and his men had also performed the Western duty upon the rest of the gang.

We then rode slowly home, satisfied that we had solved the mystery of Black Hawk Cavern and freed the West of one of the toughest bands of outlaws ever known.

F. Louis Carey.

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### Class Prophecy

Although the hour is very late, I find my Virgil intensely interesting. Aeneas is preparing for his journey to the halls of Pluto in the lower world. Would that I might accompany him and meet his father, Anchises, and possibly Virgil himself.

Ah, who are these people approaching, it looks like my friends now on their way, the flowing robes of Aeneas, the white garments of Sibyl. Will they take me with them? I will put on the magic Tarnhelm of Wotan and follow.

We move along amid the gloom under the solitary night. Thro' shade and desolate halls and the empty realms of Pluto. There we meet the monstrous savages, the Gorgons, Harpies, and Ghosts. On and on we go, Aeneas eager to meet his father.

Recalling the fact that I am a member of the graduating class of 1912, I believe this a most favorable opportunity to look into the future of my classmates. While my companions proceed thro the misty shade, when they have disappeared from view I withdrew my magic helmet and stood before Orpheus, the Thracian priest, in his long robe. "Can you not tell me of my classmates, noble hero? What has fortune in store for them?" The spirit breathed forth a sigh, turned and met my gaze sorrowful as it loath to say what the future might hold for me. Caring little about myself, I thought of my sister classmate, Edna Doolittle. As if anticipating my thought, he said: "Sept-

ember will find your friend preparing for her vocation as teacher in the world's most progressive city, New York. She will mingle with the little children, starting them right in life by her sweet and gentle nature. Although her friends will be many, she will not forget the friendship of her early days and after a few years of successful teaching, will realize that it would be very lonesome for an engineer to go to South America alone, and altho' it is a long distance from home, they will travel southward, where they will live in the sunny climate of Brazil, returning to the home country to enjoy the wealth they have acquired there.

"The other member of your class, Eugene Howe, has a worthy career before him. He will complete his college course, obtaining honors by his diligence and the nobility of his character. Not satisfied with his degree and encouraged by the prominence he has received as an orator, he will take up the study of law at Harvard, and will then continue in his profession, at length receiving a seat as a Supreme Court Judge among the honored men of the land. The girl he left behind in the G. F. H. S. will share the honors with him and lend a helping hand to his success."

Suddenly I find my Virgil open at my hand with Aeneas still on his journey, wandering thro' the gloom, and my lesson unprepared. I wonder if this prophecy of Orpheus will come true.

## **Charge to the Juniors**

Members of the Class of 1913:

The future success of this high school is dependent in a large degree upon the records and achievements of the early graduating classes of this institution. Although your class is small just as great a duty is placed upon you collectively and individually as though your class were larger.

Every tree is known by the quality of fruit which it yields. This is true not only in nature but also human enterprises. You as a class will be known by what you accomplish.

Griffin-Fleischmann High School has distinguished itself in athletics, prize speaking, debating and the various other programs of the Zeta Rho Society. All these well directed diversions from the grind and the work of the class room have helped to place this school upon a higher level. You must consider it a personal obligation to uphold a high standard of scholarship.

This is a sacred charge. No vain and empty words could well be left to those who have this duty to perform. We hope that you will not regard too lightly your trust nor make yourself unworthy to resume such a responsibility. If you do your duty and securely guard this charge, you will have done your share towards assisting Griffin-Fleischmann High School to become one of the best of its kind in the State.

Eugene S. Howe.

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## **The Zeta Rho Society**

The Zeta Rho is a literary society which was organized in the fall of 1908 by the students of Griffin-Fleischmann High School.

The first meeting this year was a business meeting and was held the first Friday in October. The following officers were elected: President, Myron Morse; Vice President, Eva Fowler; Secretary, Hazel Dean; Treasurer, Victor Gavitt. It was voted that each academic class should

provide a program for the meetings which were to follow. The date for each one was to be decided upon by the class.

The Seniors and Juniors combined their efforts, numbers and dignity to give the first program, which was as follows:

Zeta Rho Song.

Discussion—Resolved, That a new heating apparatus should be installed in the school building. Affirmative, Emmons Jenkins; Negative, Eugene Howe.

Dialogue—"How Girls Study" .....Eva Fowler, Edna Kelly

Piano Solo .....Edna Doolittle

Reading—"A Bashful Man" .....Pearl Cole

The discussion showed that much thought had been put upon the subject by both sides and the whole program was excellent.

The Sophomores were the next to entertain us with the following program:

Song .....Club

Proclamation to Freshmen .....Louis Carey

Debate—Resolved, That public moving picture shows should be prohibited by law. Affirmative, Victor Gavett, Morton Seudder, Christina Haderup; Negative, Louis Carey, Myron Morse, Leah Todd.

Piano Duet .....Hazel Dean, Alma Schaeffer

The decision of the judges was unanimously in favor of the negative.

Pantomime—"Wanted a Wife."

The debate was excellent and the advice to the Freshmen, though not always needed, might be heeded with good results.

After some little discussion and not a little disagreement, the Freshmen decided to call their program, "An Evening with Longfellow," and rendered the following numbers with credit to their youth and inexperience.

Zeta Rho Song .....By All

Essay on Longfellow .....Hulda Hollenbeck

Piano Solo .....Kathleen Maginnes

A Poem—"Under the Spreading Knowledge Tree" (with apologies to Longfellow) .....Richard Keator

Reading—"The Courtship of Miles Standish," with shadow pictures. The Chinese Restaurant.

"Under the Spreading Knowledge Tree" contained some well deserved hits at the expense of the sophomores.

The Freshmen program was the last one of the year. All the pro-



grams were fine and we shall look forward with pleasure to the meetings next year.

### The Annual Prize Speaking Contest

Early in the fall the annual prize speaking contest was arranged between the Freshmen and Sophomores. Each class chose two boys and two girls from their groups to represent them. After several weeks of hard drill under the direction of the faculty, ably assisted by Rev. R. W. Birdsall, the following program was given on Friday evening, Nov. 17th, in the auditorium of the school building:

- Piano Solo—Selected .....Naomi Shapero
1. Damon and Pythias .....Frances Maginnes
  2. The Black Horse and His Rider.....Richard Keator
  3. The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter .....Kathleen Maginnes
  4. The Scene at Natural Bridge.....Arthur Kelly
- Vocal Solo—Selected .....Clinton Wolcott
5. Commencement .....Naomi Graham
  6. Sparticus to the Gladiators .....Victor Gavitt
  7. The Captain's Will .....Leah Todd
  8. The Victor of Marengo .....Myron Morse
- Vocal Solo—Selected .....Clinton Wolcott
- Decision of Judges.

Judges:—Rev. Raymond Coutant, Arkville, N. Y.; Prin. Frank McLaury, Stamford, N. Y.; Prin. Fred Fisher, Roxbury, N. Y.

The first prize for the boys, a five dollar gold piece, generously donated by Dr. H. W. Keator, was awarded to Victor Gavitt. His recitation was exceptionally fine. Leah Todd carried off the girl's first prize in a manner that won much praise for herself. The second girl's and boy's prizes were awarded to Naomi Graham and Myron Morse, each of whom deserve great credit. The other contestants delivered their selections in a praiseworthy manner, of which their classes were proud. Although the contest resulted in the sophomores winning both prizes and one second, the freshmen are still game and prepared to give them a hard fight next year.

A. L. K.

## Entertainment Course

During the school year a splendid course of five entertainments was given at the Griffin-Fleischmann High School, by the Empire Lyceum Bureau.

The course consisted of the following entertainments: "The Latimer Concert Group," "The Aylesworth Sisters" (the jubilee singers.) "The Tennesseans" (the colored minstrels.) "Elizabeth de Barrie Gill" (the harpist.) "Irving T. Roberts" (the lecture on "The Man of the Hour.")

With the above course the school netted \$52.80.

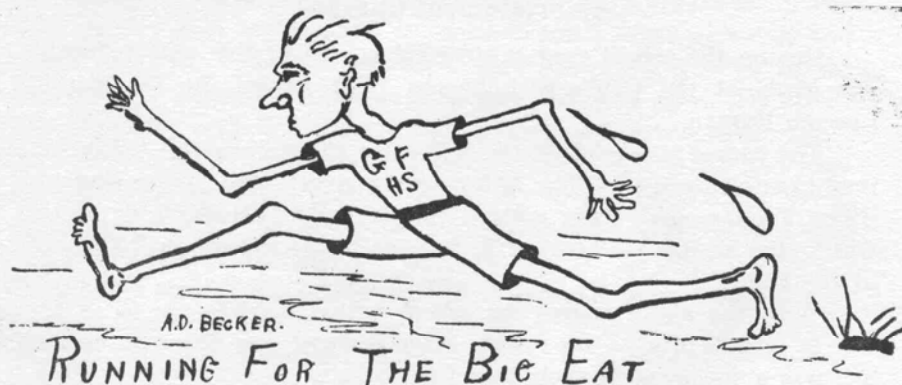
It is difficult to say which entertainment was the best as each one was a specialist in their own line.



## Athletics

We have had two track meets among the students of Griffin-Fleischmann High School. In the first tryout we spotted our best material and complete teams were made up with Richard Keator and Crawford Greene as captains. It was decided that these two teams should hold a contest, as a result of which the losing side should treat the winners to a supper. The Girls' Athletic Association had been divided into two basketball teams and were included in the scheme and the losing girls' team joined in the fun by assisting the boys in giving their feed to the victors.

May 29th was the night set for the feed and we all had a dandy time. Many true stories were told and some others also that were amusing if they were not true. Louis Carey responded to the toast, "What we expect of the Team at Margaretville"; Myron Morse responded to "What is expected of the rest of us", Miss Hayes on "Girls Basket Ball," Miss Smith on "Girls Athletics" and the toast list closed with some "Fatherly Advice" from our dignified senior, Eugene Howe. Mr. Avery acted as toastmaster. We adjourned the meeting by all joining heartily in the school song.

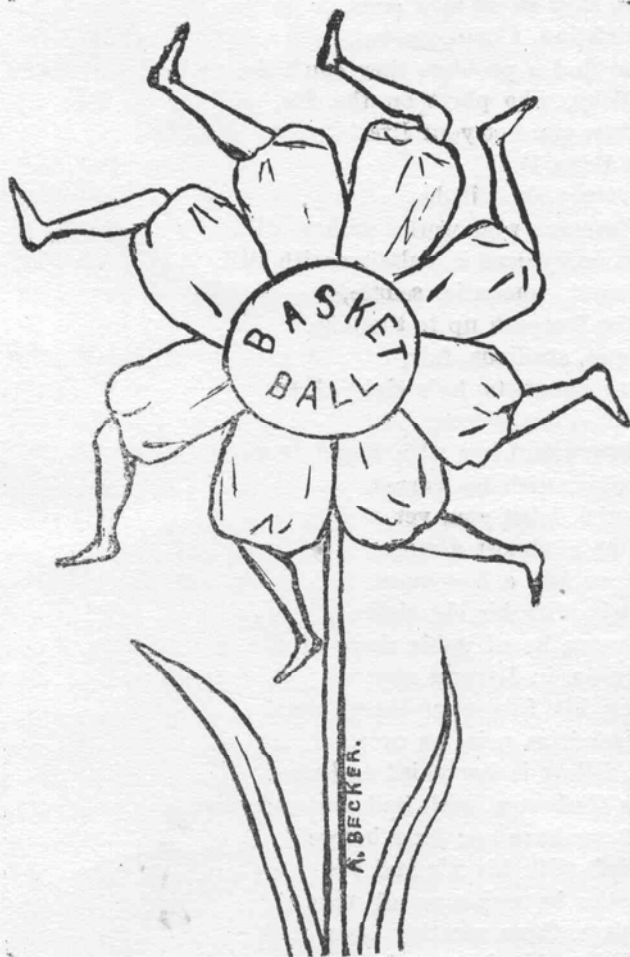


### Field Day at Margaretville

Fleischmanns was well represented and the cheering they did when "Slick" Slover cleaned 19 feet in the running broad jump, breaking the last year's record of 17 feet 7 inches, could be heard as far as Clovesville. "Slick" also broke last year's record of 8 feet 10 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches by jumping 9 feet and he now wears the smile that will not come off. When intermission came, we were six points in the lead. When it came to the long distance runs and high jumps, we lost our lead. Among the other boys who distinguished themselves at the Meet are Richard Keator, Emmons Jenkins, Crawford Green, Louis Carey, Louis Pultz, John Avery, Percy Winchell and Robert Doolittle.

The result of the Meet shows that Stamford will have something to do to retain the cup next year and they have another rival in the form of Griffin-Fleischmann High School. Stamford has over 100 students in the high school, Margaretville over 70, and we only have about 45. This was the result at the end: Stamford 1st, 103 points; Fleischmann 2nd, 82 points; Margaretville 3rd, 71 points.

I think we all ought to give a vote of thanks to our principal, Orlu D. Avery, for encouraging and helping us in our athletics and to our old friend, Daniel Chase, for assisting us in our track meets.



## School Alphabet

- A stands for Andrew, with plenty of wit,  
His horse with the girls has made quite a hit.
- B stands for our Basket Ball Team  
We're not so slow as we may seem.
- C stands for Christina, Chauncey too,  
It is hard to find a problem they can't do.
- D stands for Dicky, who plays on the fife,  
He is a corker, you bet your life.
- E stand for fair Edna D.  
A kindergartener she will be.
- F stands for Florence, who works with a will,  
Her greatest enjoyment is waltzing with Bill.
- G stands for Gavett, romantic, sedate,  
Who wore the footpath up to the lake.
- H stands for Howe, studious, fair,  
At math and banquets, he's right there.
- I stands for Irene, quiet, serene,  
You will always find her with Hazel Dean.
- J stands for Jenkie, with his cornet,  
He'll get a girl, I bet you, yet.
- K stands for Kely's, almost a score,  
Every year we add a few more.
- L stands for Lewis, with his big violin,  
To the orchestra he adds his share of din.
- M stands for Myron, in Latin a star,  
May nothing his future greatness mar.
- N stands for Naomi, as prim as ever,  
To catch a fellow is her chief endeavor.
- O stands for the Orchestra, with its boom and roar,  
Why didn't we have one long before?
- P stands for Prof. with his x's and y's,  
In mathematics he makes us all wise.
- Q stands for quizzes, those monthly tests,  
When we all knuckle down and do our best.
- R stands for dainty, demure, little Ray,  
He's getting Dutcher every day.



S stands for Sanford, Schaefer and Seudder,  
 There's Florence, and Morton, and Bruce is an nudder.  
 T stands for Thelma, modest and quiet,  
 If anything is right, she will stand by it.  
 U stands for all of us,—happy we,  
 With plenty of spirit and fancy free.  
 V stands for Virgil, an all around grind,  
 Who studies Webster line for line.  
 W stands for Wolcott, walk and work,  
 He may do the first, but the last he'll shirk.  
 X stands for unknown quantities—pew!  
 Just look around you'll find quite a few.  
 Y stands for the yells, that the Freshmen do,  
 If you don't know a better one, just say Boo!  
 Z stands for Zeta Rho, a society for stu-dents,  
 Where we exercise our literary bents.

Miss Smith in English 4—"Now read this lesson over ten times all at once."

One morning in Geometry class, Mr. Avery said that we would have a little voting contest, prepare your ballots for the one member of the class that looks nearest like the ancient Pythagoras and the one receiving highest number of votes should have the honor of demonstrating the "Pythagorian Proposition." While the ballots were being prepared Mr. Avery left the room to get a drink of water and he found in counting the votes that it was the unanimous decision of the class that their teacher looked most nearly like the ancient mathematician. It made Mr. Avery feel ancient. We don't know whether he would ever have recovered if he had not been taken for a student of Griffin-Fleischmann High School at a Y. M. C. A. meeting held a short time after over in Dry Brook.

Martha is sure she will like "Vergil" for she is very fond of Latin.

A mischievous lad threw a snow-ball and hit Becker in the garret.

Victor has ceased squeezing lemons by the lake, and has gone on Fleischmann Heights for some "Graham" wafers.

While George Speenburg was escorting "Miss Floss" home from 7-2-8, a savage dog attacked them and bit George on the veranda.

When Leah learns "Howe," she will play basket ball.

Frances has taken her first lesson in German, du, diner "Dear Dick."

Miss Hayes in the Assembly Hall—"There is a class on the floor, I want to see the room study."

Have you heard of "Slicks" improvement in German? He is getting "Dutcher" every day.

Why has Arthur Kelly always a short hair cut? Because he is always a Wooleater (Woolheater.)

When is beef the highest? Answer—When Ray practices the high jump.

Solve by Algebra.—If John Decker could hit a base ball, what could Blanche Hitt?

Miss Hayes in Latin I—"We must hurry or we won't get through Bruce."

Huldah Hollenbeck likes a certain "Person." Who knows but what he is an "Earl."

Miss Smith introduced the second year English class to a new young lady, Miss Apprehension.

Andrew, being asked the meaning of unprotentious, immediately replied, "You wouldn't think so by the looks of it."

Wanted—A "Miller." Must have some experinece. Walter Murray.

Wanted—A "Woolheater" to work my sheep farm. Arthur Kelly.

Wanted—A "Merchant." Box 43, Griffin Corners.

Wanted—A "Victor" talking machine for the girls in German class. Miss Hayes.

Edna wants to know if it takes an electrical engineer to make a "Howard" watch. Information may be had at Columbia College.

Don't waste any sympathy on your fellow men, Andrew, you might get boomeranged yourself.

The night of the Athletic Feed, Andrew Becker left your music in the wagon. When you went to get it, your horse kicked you and you did not return.

Don't put anything in the annual about Miss Palmer, she would blush.

Don't get boomeranged, Victor, there isn't a "Ray" of hope for you.

Don't get "Dutcher," Ray, you might get "Hitt."

In German Class.

Miss Hayes—Ray, give the following in German: "Where is the man."

Ray—"Wo ist der Mann."

Miss Hayes—"Where is my man?"

Louis—"In Albany."

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### The Latest Snogs

"Waltz me around again Willie," by Florence Scudder.

"You are the Pearl of my life: would it were wife," by Myron Morse.

"Over the Hills and far away," by Miss Hayes.

"Mary had a Little Lamb," by Mr. Avery.

"Happy is the Miller," by Walter Murray.

"Anything in the world for you, John," by Blanche Hitt.

"Would I were a Merchant," by Naomi Graham.

What is Blanche's favorite flower? Sweet Williams.

Walter Murray's favorite insect is a Miller.

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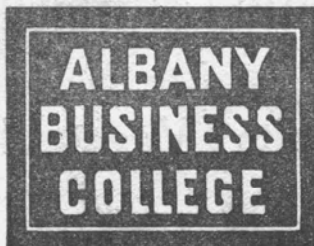
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