

# GRAPH

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HIGH SCHOOL . . .

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# GRAPH

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## The American School

The American school is not only the best school the world has ever known, but is the most democratic institution in the world today. It takes all classes of boys and girls and ministers to them efficiently without regard to color, race, or condition in life. It has done more for the cause of temperance than all the temperance societies ever organized, and more for patriotism and civic righteousness than all the campaign orators that have spoken from the lakes to the gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It has done more for the public health than the physician and as much for morals as the minister. It is the only institution in America that could take the crowds of foreign-born children that throng our shores each year and turn them into loyal American citizens. It has all of the children of the nation the greater part of the day, during most of the impressionable years of their lives. It is such a mighty force for good that it deserves the support of all—support in interest, time and money. Many movements for civic improvement or the good of humanity, undertaken with much enthusiasm and some intelligence, turn out to be as profitless as seeking for the fabled fountain of youth; but what is done for the public schools always returns a profit manifold, for it is done for the child, the community and the state.—From Supt. Lose's address at the twenty-third annual session of the Department of City and Borough Superintendents at Harrisburgh, December 26, 1912.



## Notes

Keep your temper; no one wants it.

It took William J. Bryan "16" years "to" get "1" government office.

Mr. Carl J. Ketchum, of the University of Pittsburg, visited us the latter part of February. His advice was, "Go to Pitt."

The Burgettstown Local leaves Center Avenue at 8:15 a. m. and 4:00 p. m., for Atlasburg. All the way to Atlasburg for ten cents. Marie and Ruth enjoy their ride every morning and evening.

The newly elected officers of the Athenian Literary Society are: President, Arthur John; vice-president, Burt Scott; secretary, Mary Nichols; assistant secretary, Gertrude Linn; pianist, Olive Tope; assistant pianist, Emma Cox; treasurer, Anna Cox.

Mr. W. S. Brightwell, field solicitor of the California State Normal school, California, Pa., visited the High School during the last week in February. In his talk to the pupils, he told us that the two essential factors in a High School career are "attention" and "obedience."

Prof. Pence, State High School Inspector, visited the school in February. He took exception to the high school teachers' teaching in the eighth grade, and criticised the crowded condition of the school. Otherwise he seemed pleased, and on leaving intimated that he would recommend that we be given first grade classification.

The members of the Senior Class who expect to teach will soon begin a review of the common branches, especially arithmetic, grammar, spelling, history and civics. They will also study methods of teaching. The ninth grade will begin soon the study of Pennsylvania history and physiology preparatory to examination for admission to the high school.

John Cramer, of the seventh grade, informs us that in giving our list of noted persons born in February we omitted the name of the greatest of all, John H. Wagner, the king of short-stops, who has the honor of being born on February 24th. We offer apologies to both John and "Honus." The name of Wagner should certainly have been included in the list. John is a great admirer of the great ball player and one of his regular correspondents.



Our schools were visited during the past month by Mrs. W. G. Bovard, Mrs. J. P. Linn, Mrs. Fred Glessner, Mrs. T. L. Woodrow, Mrs. G. R. Norris, Mrs. C. O. Taylor, Rev. W. M. Hayes, Rev. James Waite and Misses Eva Park, Nellie Boynes and Agnes Malone. Two of our directors, Mr. Lee and Mr. Cassidy, got as far as the office. Next time we hope they will find time to visit in the class rooms.

The keynote of the March character is "strong will," aided by persistency and personal magnetism. Persons born in March are prone to be a little restless and over anxious as to the future. March has not produced so many great people as February, but the list is by no means a weak one. Space will permit us to mention only a few. The March mind seems to run to politics, as evidenced by such names as those of Madison, Jackson and Cleveland, all former presidents; and such present day statesmen as Bryan, Heney and Champ Clark, all of whom were born in March.

The concert given by the Bellefield Blind Quartette in the Westminster church on Thursday evening, March 6, was largely attended. Every one was greatly pleased with the songs and selections rendered. On Friday morning the blind boys visited the High School. Mr. Scott, the reader, told us all about their school lives. He asked us to visit them in Bellefield, where they receive their education and learn to enjoy themselves even though they can not see. Just to hear them sing and play, when they are blind, certainly makes us feel as though we cannot over reward and help them along. It certainly ought to make us, when we see them being led about, mighty thankful we can see.

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## Political

The turning over of the United States government to the Democrats has been completed. The House of Representatives has been Democratic for two years; a Democratic president was inaugurated on March 4th; and now the Senate has been organized with all officers but one Democratic. There should be no holding up of legislation, since the entire government is in the hands of one party. The progressive element seems to be in control of that party, with indications that the progressive element of the Republican party will join hands with the majority party and thus assure the carrying out of President Wilson's policies. It is up to the Democratic party to make good. One very great element in its favor is the confidence that the people seem to have in the new administration.



# Answers to Questions

The Graph has been requested to give answers to the questions in our February number. The answers by number follow:

1. Protestantism was established in England by Edward VI, in 1549.
2. Alfred Austin is Poet Laureate of England.
3. Pittsburg is the eighth city in the Union.
4. Jenner discovered the fact that vaccination would prevent smallpox.
5. Rockefeller, Carnegie and Frick are the three richest men in the United States.
6. "The fault is in ourselves," etc., is a remark made by Cassius to Brutus in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar."
7. Taft appointed the greatest number of Supreme Court judges.
8. The bat and the sponge belong to the animal kingdom.
9. "The Horse Fair" was painted by Rosa Bonheur.
10. Lew Wallace wrote "Ben Hur."
11. The dictagraph is an instrument for receiving and transmitting sound.
12. A telephone message is technically known as a "telepheme."
13. The Seven Wonders of the World, in ancient times: the Pyramids of Egypt, Hanging Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Statue of Jupiter at Athens, the Mausoleum, the Colossus at Rhodes, and the Pharos of Alexandria.
14. Burgettstown is the leading soft coal shipping center in the United States.
15. A horse rises upon the front feet first; a cow upon the hind feet.
16. Colorado is the "Centennial State."
17. Braddock was defeated two blocks north of the P. R. R. station in Braddock.
18. The Olympic games were first held at Olympia, in 1453 B. C.
19. "I, Wisdom, dwell with prudence," was written by Solomon.
20. Agassiz was a famous Swiss scientist, who came to America in 1846, and was for many years professor of science in Harvard.



# Education

Perhaps no period of equal length has been so crowded with political events as the closing quarter of the nineteenth century. China, wrapped in the grave clothes of antiquity, has come forth from the tomb of Oriental seclusion. Germany's petty kingdoms have been united by the mighty hand of Bismarck. The idea of Democracy seems to represent "the tide and passion of the time." Its upheaving power has altered the history of imperialism and has shifted the world's political center of gravity.

During this historic period, America, yet a youth among the nations, viewed these world movements as a disinterested spectator. But with the close of the century America was thrust into the arena of international affairs. The corresponding responsibility found our country prepared. Appreciating the importance of political supremacy, America soon attained and held the foremost position in the world's politics. With our new power came new and more difficult responsibilities. Socialism, immigration and other great and important questions are absorbing the energy of the nations. These problems are regulated to some extent, but they can be CONTROLLED through the medium of general education. Certain processes of civilization take the brightest and strongest of the children of the poor and put them prematurely at grinding toil. Education is a stranger to them; the broader view they are not permitted to have. It is under such conditions as these that vice, crime and degeneracy come into being. Ignorance is the source of most crime. Education alone can reach this class and bring them to the level of respectability.

Are you a progressive along educational lines? Do you believe our country has a patent on perpetuity? It is through the medium of knowledge that our country shall attain the "golden age." Education can accomplish more in the conservation of our standard of purity than the building of war vessels and political machines.

—LEONARD L. EWING.

March 4, 1913.

Mr. Scott Todd,  
Business Manager The Graph,  
Burgettstown, Pa.

Dear Sir:—I received a copy of The Graph several days ago containing my advertisement.

Allow me to congratulate you and your editorial staff on the fine appearance and excellent subject matter of your initial issue of The Graph. The entire magazine is well gotten up, and reflects much credit upon your talents and good taste.

You should certainly feel encouraged, and I hope you will be inspired to still better and nobler things.

Very cordially yours,

J. T. THOMPSON, Principal of Steubenville Business College.



## What They Say

Mr. B. is a sensible man;  
He stays to his home and looks after his folks;  
He drives a bargain as straight as he can,  
And into nobody's tater patch pokes.

But Mr. B.  
Of the new G,  
Sez he wants to pay for this brainy treat.

Mister C. is a dreffle smart man;  
He's ben on all sides that give places or pelf;  
But consistency still was part of his plan;  
He's been true to one party—an' that is himself;

So Mister C.  
Of the new G,  
Sez he shall wait and then see.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,  
With good old idees of wut's right an' wut ain't;  
We kind o' thought school went agin printers an' ink  
An' thet die or type warn't the best mark of a saint;

But Mister D.  
Of the new G,  
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our Journal must allers be took,  
An' Mr. N., you know, he is our school father;  
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book  
Puts the debit to him, an' to us the per aller;

An' Mister N.  
Of the new pen,  
Sez in his view the Graph is worth ten.

Neighbor T. sez he never heerd in his life  
Thet th' Janitor rigged out in his swallow-tail coat  
An' marched round in thet school big as life  
To help in the office and keep all in the right road;

But Mr. T.  
Of the new G,  
Sez they don't know everything down in school B.

Wal, it's a marcy we've got folks to tell us  
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow;  
Thet the town has critics an' other wise fellers  
To drive the school's team, if they gits in a slough.

Fer the General P.  
Of the new G,  
Sez the world'll go right if they holler out "Gee!"



# The New England Primer

When our forefathers set foot on the New England shore, besides having to conquer the elements of nature they had to provide for the education of their children. This they accomplished nobly, and our purpose at this time is to acquaint the reader with the first text-book that was used in that education.

The New England Primer was published by three men, two of whom were university graduates, some time between the years 1687 and 1690. The book in itself is unique, and like all the books which were written at that time, was closely connected with the Bible. Among the things which received attention in this book are the following: First, the alphabet; the second was a long list of two-letter combinations, such as ab, ob, de and at; the third was a second alphabet with a rhyme and a picture for each letter, thus for "A" there was a picture of a tree with a serpent curled around its trunk, and beside the tree Eve is represented giving Adam the forbidden fruit. The rhyme was:

"With Adam's fall,  
We sinned all."

The fourth was instructive questions and answers, some of which were:

Who was the first man? Adam.  
Who was the first murderer? Cain.  
Who was the most patient man? Job.

The fifth was an alphabet of lessons. For "A" there was:  
"A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

The sixth was prayers: "The Lord's Prayer," "A Child's Morning Prayer," "Agur's Prayer" and "Prayer at Laying Down."

The seventh was the sum of the ten commandments, which read thus:

"With all thy soul love God above,  
And as thyself thy neighbor love."

The eighth was the burning of John Rogers. For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the facts we pen the following: John Rogers, minister of the gospel in London, was the first martyr in the reign of Queen Mary. He was burnt at Smithfield, February 14, 1554. His wife and children were present at the burning. His faith did not falter for he knew that God would approve of his actions. His last work was a poem of advice for his children. And a part of this was a dialogue between "Christ, A Youth and a Devil."

All these things may not appeal to all people as the essential things for a primer to contain, but let us remember that this was only the beginning, and considering it as such, let us have nothing but praise for the men who made possible such a worthy beginning.

JAMES SIMPSON, '14



## I Pluck A Posy

It is best to look on the bright side of life at all times. Who would choose a melancholy, pessimistic person as a companion instead of a bright jolly person? Such a person is a regular human damper. If this person should be in a party going on a vacation and should keep a solemn face and say all sorts of warning, solemn things the party would feel a dampening influence on its spirits after this, and no one coming in contact with this person could enjoy himself. In this way the person will ruin the day for himself and all others. But suppose we consider a person who wishes to enjoy all things in life and also to make others enjoy themselves. An uplifting influence goes wherever he is. When a new enterprise is begun there are two classes of people, ones who are hopeful, and ones who are sure of failure, ones who help and ones who hinder, ones who encourage and ones who discourage.

A person who is pleasant and kind at all times is more sought as a companion than one who is grouchy in looks and actions. It is an unusual day that has not room for a good laugh in it. The hour which affords no opportunity for an uplifting thought is an odd one among its brothers. And when the hours go by, and you see no chance for doing a little kindness to somebody, it is pretty plain that you need a pair of human spectacles.

Cheerfulness is as hygienic as sunshine. A person who is constantly cheerful, who disdains worry, who never is heard to fret and complain, may work hard and meet with many trials, without losing his mental balance. But there is always reason for anxiety in the case of the people who grumble, and worry and brood. Sunshine is no more essential to physical vigor than cheerfulness is to mental health. Cultivate cheerful thoughts if you would be sound in mind as well as in body. A little poem by Elizabeth Porter Gould entitled "Don't Worry" is a good one in this connection:

Why shadow the beauty of sea or of land  
With a doubt or a fear?  
God holds all the swift rolling worlds in his hand,  
And sees what no man can as yet understand,  
That out of life here,  
With its smile and its tears,  
Comes forth into light, from Eternity planned,  
The soul of good cheer.  
Don't Worry, The end shall appear.

But there are ways by which we may spoil the capacity for enjoying things. One way is by having too much, and another by not having enough. Either one is bad.



The employees in a candy factory are usually given permission to eat all the sweets they wish. This is not a proof of benevolence on the part of the proprietor; it is only business economy. Generally the permission is taken advantage of so heartily that in a week or two the new employee does not wish to see even a chocolate drop.

But on the other hand, our faculty of enjoyment may die for lack of nutrition or fuel. It is said of a great English scientist that when he was a small boy he showed marked musical ability. But his life was turned into an entirely different channel and when he became a man of fifty he had power neither to enjoy nor understand music because the taste had died of neglect. Young people or older persons who constantly devote themselves to having a good time lose appreciation through overdose; and those who postpone enjoyment until they have grown rich or famous in some way, may lose this faculty through lack of nutrition. Too much or too little, the result is the same, loss. Browning says:

How good is man's life, the mere living!  
how fit to employ  
All the heart and the soul and the senses  
forever in joy.

This enjoyment of things should extend to love of beauty in nature. There are some persons who never can see beauty in nature. There are so many things our Creator has made for our enjoyment that we should not pass them over lightly. We should all be like Wordsworth, who said the common face of nature spake to him "rememberable things;" also,

And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

Mrs. Hemans writes:

There's beauty all around our paths  
If but our watchful eyes  
Can trace it midst familiar things  
And through their lowly guise.

So there are always things in nature to prove to us of a divine hand which makes them and watches over all. Then consider this from Browning:

Have you found your life distasteful?  
My life did, and does, smack sweet.  
I find earth not gray but rosy,  
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.  
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.  
Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

CORA TODD, '14.



## Grandfather's Story

When grandfather was about twenty years of age and was just married he lived in a large country house surrounded by several acres of land on which he kept two hundred sheep, with dogs to protect them. Now grandfather is grown very old and feeble. He is telling his grand-children a story of long ago:

"You see, Jimmie, I had a great big field of sheep. Lumberlegs was the large Newfoundland dog who protected the sheep. When he was about two years of age he looked like a young lion, with his tawny head and muscular body. Waddles and Jack were the other two dogs who roamed about and sometimes took Lumberleg's place when he was off duty. Your grandmother always fed the three dogs out by the spring-house every morning, noon and night. The dogs' law was that no dog should dig up any bone but his own or he should be punished by being tied for a week. Lumberlegs was such a large dog that it took so much food for him that he always said he never got enough. Waddles was always a good friend to the other dogs, for he did not eat much and would leave good bones lying about for the others. He was a just little fellow and always obeyed the law. One warm summer day Waddles did not feel hungry. He hid his bone under the cellar door and lay under a bush near by, pretending to rest, but mostly to watch his bone. Along came Lumberlegs, roaming away from his job to search for more food. He came by a can of milk, but after playfully knocking the stone from the lid with his huge paw, found it so tight he could not get the milk. Journeying on further he smelled Waddles' bone, dug it out quietly, and thought he would play with it before eating his good meal. Then Waddles awakened and walked up, holding his tail erect, sniffing and growling a little. The more Waddles sniffed and growled, the more Lumberlegs tossed the bone in a taunting manner. Since Waddles was so small and Lumberlegs so large, he did not think it worth while to fight. Now came Jack from his journey with grandmother to the village. Waddles knew he always helped him out. As soon as Jack saw the trouble, he jumped and quickly snatched the bone. Waddles also thought he could help, but Lumberlegs only snapped him by the neck and shook him like a mouse."

Just here, Grandfather Peer fell asleep and the children decided to let him finish when he awoke.



## Observations

A campaign is under way for a memorial to Stephen C. Foster. What better memorial can be erected than "Old Black Joe" or "My Old Kentucky Home."

Sometimes a knock is better than a boost. The treatment accorded the parading suffragettes on March third by the Washington police will make more votes for the cause than a thousand public speeches.

A Freshman suggests that hereafter when Miss Fiero and Miss McClurg take extended trips they should take a chaperone; at least until each can call some other chap-'er-own.

Israel says that fainting when alone causes death. Take warning. When you want to faint, be sure to select a crowded place.

The Huerta administration in Mexico seems to have a wholesome respect for Colonel Tate and the United States government. He ordered his commander at Nogales, across the Arizona line, to surrender to the rebels rather than risk the danger of American intervention.

What's in a name? A son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and a son of Dr. W. T. G. Morton, the discoverer of ether, have both been sentenced to imprisonment in the federal prison at Atlanta.

Rooms three, four and five have been giving special attention to letter writing for the last week. Watch for the receipts at the local postoffice to increase.

Who will pronounce "rough, cough, dough, plough and through," and still say that the English language is easy?

Did it ever occur to you that there are people living right here in Burgettstown who are older than any railroad company in the world, older than any gas company, any steamboat company, any telegraph, telephone, or electric light company?

For a crazy man, Harry Thaw is creating quite a stir in New York political circles.



## Choice of Permanent Values

In this early part of the twentieth century we hear a great deal of women's rights. Indeed it has been only a few days since the streets of Washington were crowded with an army of suffragettes parading for the purpose of giving strength to their cause. From this demonstration and from numerous other events we are led to believe that the time is rapidly approaching when women shall gain the ballot and win the last step in making themselves man's equal in the government of the world.

This movement, which is at present so evident, is most active in England. There the women, led on by Mrs. Pankhurst, demonstrate their rights by smashing windows, destroying both public and private buildings, attempting to mob all officials who do not agree with them, and, lastly, by the use of that most destructive and cowardly weapon, the bomb, hitherto employed by maniacs or anarchists only.

But this movement in England does not as greatly concern us as the fact that the American women are taking up — shall we say "the rebellion!" Soon, perhaps, if the zeal in America becomes as great as that in England, we shall awake some morning with the thunder of a murderous explosion ringing in our ears to find the capitol of the United States blown up, hear the suffragettes proclaiming with megaphones the glory of their deed and begging to spend the remainder of their days in prison to aid that glorious cause, "Women's Rights." Or perhaps they will find flames more effective. The women in England have tried this with a certain degree of success. There is a chance that General Rosalie Jones might also be successful.

Gradually the number of the suffragettes increase, rapidly their doctrines are spreading. What can be the cause of this rebellion? Simply the fact that women regard themselves as imposed upon on account of not being allowed the ballot. They think, I dare say, that when the constitution of the U. S. was formed they were slighted or perhaps classed with the non-citizen or the imbecile. Nevertheless this is a grave mistake. Men as a rule regard their mothers and sisters as far superior to themselves.

What do you imagine George Washington would think if he were alive today to see his mother marching at the head of an army of riotous women bearing a standard engraved with the emblem, "Votes for Women!" Did not President Lincoln say, "All that I am or ever expect to be I owe to my angel moth-



er?" As we look back through history we, without exception, find that all great men have said something similar about their mothers. But with the equal suffrage, this respect and admiration will vanish. Do you think that Washington or Lincoln would have regarded their mothers in the same way should they have met them on equal terms in the political field?

But such a comparison is far fetched. Women who had raised such boys as Washington or Lincoln were satisfied to remain at home rather than march for miles through rain and mud simply because such a feat could be performed. Such women regarded a jail as a place to be abhorred and shunned. If the women of today take up the idea upheld by the English suffragettes, that it is an honor to live in jail, they will have little influence in preventing their children from doing wrong, and a guillotine will have to be erected to protect the laws. In fact there have been times in the history of England when the guillotine would have settled Mrs. Panhurst's account with the government.

Scarcely a day passes that the suffragettes do not add another crime to their list. Judging from their present actions, there would be few scruples to divert them from any course they should wish to pursue once they had a hand in the government.

Now, dear readers, if you regard the advise of The Graph as sufficient, avoid politics. Do not enlist in this lawless rebellion. Regard the respect of your husbands, brothers and sons superior to equal suffrage, and help to uphold the pure and holy name of American womanhood.

CLARA E. FERGUSON.

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When spring comes will Ikie Bloom?

If Libby Smiley is fat, is gasoline?

If Miss McClurg is old, is Arlina Young?

If John McGill raises wheat, will Margaret Miller?

If T. R. Woodrow Taft across the Potomac, who Woodrow Wilson?

If Miss Fiero can catch coons (Kuhns) in Pennsylvania, what can Thomas Hunt in New Jersey?

Stop! Look! Listen! all ye farmers; a new way to make hens lay—Get a piece of stout cord and place around chicken's body, tie and lay her on her side. If desirable place a pillow under hen's head. For particulars see '14.



# Memory Pictures

BY RUTH ROW CRAMER.

Dedicated to the memory of my classmates and teachers  
in the Burgettstown High School.

As looking back across the years, I scan with friendly gaze  
The by-ways of that quiet town, the home of other days;  
And dim becomes the present as the mind recalls the scene,  
Unmarred by all the changes wrought through years that intervene.

The artist, Fancy, takes the brush and colors rich and rare,  
And by the magic of his touch paints mem'ry pictures there;  
And blending with the colors bright, the shadows—yes, a few—  
Give softened tone and mellow light, where sunshine shimmers through.

And all the old familiar scenes so peaceful lie, and still,  
As if the winds of changing time blew neither good nor ill:  
Familiar faces I have known are smiling at me there;  
There's not a note to mar the scene nor discord anywhere.

And e'en the thoughts that thrilled the heart, the thoughts so true and sweet,  
Are painted there in mem'ry still to make the scene complete;  
For as the flower without the scent of perfume lacks in part,  
So lacks the theme without the thought that stirs the artist's heart.

Ah, friends of mine! Your early steps have trod that place called Home;  
And far or near, on land or sea, wherever you may roam,  
When all the world in quiet lies and strife has ceased to be,  
Does not the vision come to you just as it comes to me?

And after all, 'tis art sublime, and none but artist's skill,  
That paints into the commonplace the thoughts that charm and thrill;  
That paints sweet memory pictures in colors true and fast,  
And lends unto the present all the sunshine of the past.

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"Variety's the very spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavor."

Cooper, in his work "The Task," expressed this thought, which he considered was necessary, to some extent, in order that any great undertaking might be successful. Today we find that there are people who believe this very same thing. Among these might be mentioned the members of our High School faculty. They have solicited the aid of the ministers of the town in further promoting this idea of variation. At the time this was written we had the pleasure of having with us two of the above mentioned ministers, who have had charge of the opening exercises and who have given short talks on interesting subjects. All due thanks to the ones who have thus helped us in our work.



## A Plucky Struggle

It was on Thanksgiving Day. Pitt had sent tickets to all the High Schools having a football team. State had scheduled to play their annual football game with the University of Pittsburgh which had a very strong team.

When we neared Forbes Field, which was the place where the teams were to play, a lot of State students were singing their college songs and giving their school yells; then a policeman came up and stopped them. We entered the park and found our seats. The Pitt students were in the right side of the field with their cheer leaders to cheer their men to victory. State was on the left hand side of the field with their noted band, which consists of one hundred musicians with their blue uniforms.

First came Pitt's football warriors and they were given a cheer by the Pitt students with a will. After them came State's warriors. The large band was playing when they came out; the cheers were given with a will by the State students. Each team ran through a few signals to work the stiffness out of their body. They all seemed fit to give each other a good stiff battle.

Pitt won the toss and was to defend the north goal and State was to defend south goal. The game started with Pitt kicking off to State. The first half started with a vim. State tried Pitt's line but found it like a stone wall. "Shorty" Miller tried Pitt's end and gained five yards which, was the third down. Pitt took the ball and gained ten yards by line plunges which brought the ball to State's thirty yard line. Pitt lost the ball by a fumble, Very recovering it for State. State tried a forward pass but failed. "Shorty" Miller gained three yards on an end run and then Mauthe made a fifteen yard run which brought the ball up to Pitt's forty yard line, then Mauthe kicked to Pitt's ten yard line. Pitt tried to advance it but could not. Then Pitt kicked to State's forty yard line, Miller receiving the ball on his thirty yard line and advancing it ten yards to his forty yard line and then the whistle blew, finishing the first half with the score 0-0.

While Pitt and the State warriors were resting, the Pitt students came from their stands with their cheer leaders and formed a large "P," which stood for Pitt, and this nearly covered the whole field and then they all dispersed because the teams were coming back from the club house from their brief rest.

As soon as the field was cleared play was resumed, Pitt having the ball on State's forty yard line. The first play was a quarterback run around State's right end; he was downed after gaining seven yards. He was injured by the hard tackle and



had to be carried off the field and rushed to the Mercy hospital. Play was resumed when a substitute was put into play. Pitt then kicked to State's twenty yard line and here Miller, State's plucky quarterback, advanced it fifteen yards by a run through a broken field, which brought the ball up to State's thirty-five yard line. Here State made a fumble and Wagner, Pitt's big right end, recovered it and started down the field which looked like a sure touchdown; but Miller, State's quarterback, was there and knocked him out of bounds on State's ten yard line, saving State from being scored on. Pitt tried State's line for three consecutive times and each time failed to cross the goal. It was State's ball on its five yard line. Mauthe gained five yards through center. Miller and Very worked a successful forward pass which netted twelve yards and then Miller gained three yards around the left end, thus placing it on their twenty-five yard line and out of the danger zone. State kept gaining by different plays till they had the ball on Pitt's twenty yard line with two more minutes of play and three more downs. Mauthe tried the line and gained one yard and then he fell back for a placement kick, which he did with great success, while the Pitt and State rooters were holding their breath. They were going to kick off again when the whistle blew, ending the game with the score 3 to 0 in State's favor, winning the pluckiest struggle football men ever saw.

ISRAEL BLOOM, '16.

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Everything gets Libby's goats,  
She must have lost about fifty.  
Of all the records for losing goats,  
This one is certainly nifty.

---

A little boy had the habit of saying "damn," of which his mother naturally did not approve.

"Dear," she said to him, "here is ten cents if you promise not to say 'damn'."

"All right, mother," he said as he took the money, "I'll promise." As he fingered the money, a hopeful look came into his eye. "Say, mother, I know a word that's worth fifty cents."—Ex.



## "Taint So Terrible"

There is a girl whose name is Alice,  
And, with a physique not too small,  
She weighs the cube of five, then some,  
That sum being nine, know all.

While trying on her summer clothes,  
She found her weight was increasing;  
Of all her wants, she knew  
The main one was reducing.

She faced the truth with tearful eyes.  
"Go over to McClure's and see  
If the scales in the storeroom  
Aren't just as correct as they used to be.

How Alice's lips did droop  
When she looked at the shiny beam  
And saw that Hazel weighed ten less.  
Strange though this tale may seem.

She may someday reach one-fifty.  
O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
She can then think of High School days  
When her weight was published in The Graph.

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## Stew's Straight Shot

There is a teacher with cat-like treads,  
Comes walking into the school,  
To see if the pupils are using their heads,  
Or playing and acting the fool.

She now sees Everett up on the floor,  
With a gum band aimed at "Jim;"  
And "Deac" says, "Stew," stretch it some more;  
Oh my! how I pity him.

"Stew" stretches that gum to twice its length,  
And "Deac" thinks of the hornet's sting,  
But "Jim" studies on with all his strength,  
As he waits for the gong to ring.

Somewhere the bright sun is shining,  
Somewhere the sweet song birds dwell,  
But "Jimmie" says as he sits there repining,  
"That gum band sure did sting like—well."

Then the teacher slips quietly into the door  
Though we all thought she'll surely speak;  
But "Stew" never used that gum band any more,  
And neither did "Jim" or "Deac."



# Measles

Of all sad words of our teachers' pen  
The saddest are these, "Measles again."

There has been an epidemic of measles in the High School which has caused the monthly reports to be decorated with no small number of absent marks. They appear to have very little preference as to whom they attack, although they are slightly partial to persons on whom they will not be crowded too closely together. Besides causing pupils to lose much school, they also caused them to lose their appetite. Another of their tricks is to cause their victims' faces to look like a "before-taking" advertisement for some complexion promoter. Numerous doctor and drug bills have also been caused by these "pesky" measles. The fine for taking a case of them is 21 days imprisonment in the house, usually in a very dark room, with the measles themselves for company, and most of their victims will tell you that they are company enough for a week or more at least. On the other hand, they have helped the doctors and druggists make money. But in spite of these benefits I think most people will say, "Out with them," for they are a sickening dose. Nevertheless, these tiny germs show us how easily they can conquer a much larger and stronger muscled enemy with apparent ease, demonstrating how easy it is for man, the most intelligent of beings, to be ruled for a time at least by an invisible enemy.

BRYAN ELDER, '15.

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## Doctor Friedman

A young German scientist, Dr. Friedman, believes he has found a cure for tuberculosis. He claims to have cured over a thousand persons in Germany. He recently came to New York at the request of a millionaire banker by the name of Finley, whose son-in-law is a sufferer with the disease. Mr. Finley offers the physician \$1,000,000 if he succeeds in curing ninety-five per cent. of the cases treated. The political physicians in New York city gave Dr. Friedman a very cold reception, and when this is being written he is in Canada, where he went at the request of the Canadian government. If Dr. Friedman's cure is what he claims for it he will be hailed as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.



## A Dream Which Was Not All a Dream

Lambertville, N. J., March 12, 1915.

My dear Anna:—

In vain have I searched my mind to find something interesting to write you. The usual news items are scarce, so I shall tell you about a dream which I had last night, and which concerns both you and me. The scene seemed to be laid in Western Pennsylvania, when you and I were both teachers in the Burgettstown High School. The scenes were so vivid that when I awoke I could hardly believe it had been a dream, and not a reality.

I dreamed we went to a concert in a town called Carnegie. When the last strains of music had died away, we started for the depot to catch the "bummer." But, Anna, you know my weakness for good things to eat, so we stopped in a restaurant to get something to eat. To our great dismay when we arrived at the station the train had gone, and we were left behind in a strange town, I with fifteen cents in my purse and you with but little more. What were we to do? To sleep or not to sleep, that was the question. Whether it were better to rest on a bench in the station, or hurry to a nearby hotel, and there seek solace in slumber. Then it occurred to us that we were almost without funds and that was out of the question. But you were never one to lose your head in the midst of trouble. It occurred to you that you had a kind aunt living in the neighboring town of Crafton. Fortunately, we had enough to pay our fare, so we hailed the last car and arrived at your aunt's home at 1:30 a. m., happy in the thought that we would not have to sit up all night. Just then I awoke; but do you know, Anna, those scenes were so realistic that the dream has lingered in my mind all day. I hope I shall not have such a dream soon again.

Your sincere friend,

Myrtle B.

---

Miss Fiero—"What are the principal parts of the verb may?"  
Wayne—"May, June, July."

---

Teacher—"Who were the bachelor presidents?"  
Pupils—"Those who did not have any wives."





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