

STUDENT LANTERN

December, 1912



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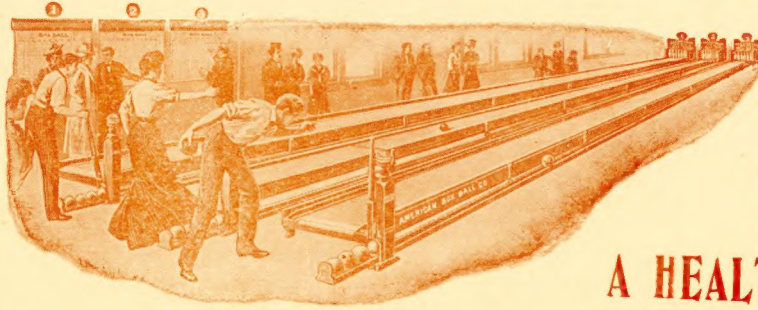
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In about two or three months he is promoted to the OFFICE PRACTICE DEPARTMENT shown above. In this department there are six Wholesale Offices, Real Estate and Insurance, Commission and Brokerage Office, Freight Office and a Bank. Each one of these offices is equipped with a full set of large books, filing devices of different sort, loose leaf and card ledgers and in fact almost everything found in the up-to-date office. Each student is required to manage each of the several different offices for a period of two weeks, keeping the books, doing all the billing, filing, etc.

Students of the Saginaw High School are most cordially invited to visit the institution at any time. Our school extends through the entire city block, from 127 N. Franklin St. to 126 N. Washington Ave.

Bliss-Alger College

F. R. ALGER, President

STUDENT LANTERN

Vol.
VII.



NOVEMBER
MCMXII



No.
2

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CONTENTS

The Call of the Heart	61
Peggy's Christmas Dinner	66
Oh, For An Inspiration	69
Editorial	71
Literary Notes	75
Happenings	78
School News	79
Exchanges	81
Athletics	83
Social	88
Theatres	90
Jokes	91

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STUDENT LANTERN

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No. 3

The Call of the Heart.



“**J**OE, for mother's sake can't you keep straight?” Robert Holland, young and well built, stood before his brother who sat with face buried in his hands.

Joe did not answer. The news of his father's death had sent him back into the past. How happy his boyhood days had been! Working and playing on the farm with little Bob. How dear had been his mother's companionship! But ah! the misery of his manhood. He had dragged both of them down and Bob alone kept him from sinking. He went back five, six year; mother's love had always saved him from the hard knocks of farm life, but somehow he and father had never got along very well. There had always been that under-current of dislike. Then one night father's anger had passed all bounds. He felt again his own sickly fear at being sent out at night in winter to care for himself and his anger at the injustice of it. Unbidden a picture came to him: his father standing stern and cold in the doorway, the light behind him, that one cruel word on his lips, “Go.” With set teeth he answered, “Yes. For mother's sake—yes—I have tried. But his curse,—it hangs around my neck like a mill stone.”

“Joe, forgive, forgive. Give the proud man back his words. Joe, the paper said he just seemed to languish away. Those words ate into his heart. For mother's sake forgive.”

“Forgive,” a bitter laugh curved the other's lips. “Those words are written, seared into my very soul. I cannot forgive before I forget.”

“Mother's love was greater far than father's anger. O Joe, how she loved you!” It was a cry of longing for young Bob had known few tender words or caresses.

“Bob, why do you stick to me?” the other queried suddenly. “You have always followed me, giving up one good position after another.”

“Joe,” returned Bob slowly, “perhaps I ought not tell you this. I haven't given all my life up for you. Each sacrifice I made was for the mother who is yearning—for you.” His voice trembled. “The night father stood in the

doorway and you passed out at the gate, my life mission was given me. That night, after you were lost in the darkness mother pulled me into her room." His voice sank. "Standing in the doorway she charged me to follow you, to stay with you, to sacrifice for you, to help you. 'Do all this,' she said, 'for the mother who loves him better than anything else on earth.' Then with one kiss she sent me after you." Joe's shoulders were shaking. "And now if she should know—"

The older boy raised his head, "I had hoped that you had done this for me alone. It would make a difference—to me—you know."

Bob turned on his heel and walked to the window. He did not want his brother to see the expression on his face. A feeling of repulsion for the man who could sink so low and still consider himself worthy of all these sacrifices, swept over him. These fits of dislike had come more and more into his life especially since of late Joe's lapses had been more and more frequent and his fight against the craving less and less strong.

"Never mind who I'm doing it for," he said shortly. "I'm doing it. You do your share; let drink alone. Make a man of yourself."

Joe turned to him. The handsome boy who had won his mother's love with his pretty tender ways had grown into a dissolute young man with weak lips and slightly blood-shot eyes. "The first night we came to the city a saloon sheltered us; my first money was spent in a saloon and so it went—five long years. Can I wrench myself away? Can I overcome the longing which seems to rise up and smother me until in very desperation I drink? At times when I have been fighting it, when I had walked miles and miles in some small room my nails cutting into my hands, so tightly were they clenched, then, when every bit of my strength was in the struggle for honor, then, the very smell of liquor would send me bounding to the door and out to disgrace once more. You have been through it with me. You know I have fought it time and again only to eventually lose." He rose and walked to the window. In a dull, bitter tone he continued, "My soul, my body, is hopelessly tired of the fight. Each struggle left a battle-ground like an open wound in my poor naked, outcast soul; each failure was like a knife thrust in that wound until now—what is there left that is worthy in me? That is what makes it so hard."

Silence fell between them and the night settled. Then Bob's voice sounded from the darkness, slowly and gently all his scorn melted in the knowledge that he must save this boy for his mother. "Joe, you are about right I guess. Your soul has been torn between right and wrong. You

STUDENT'S LANTERN

would not suffer so if you did not know the difference. Mother taught us all, the good we ever knew; she taught us the right and wrong of things, so, Joe, it is mother pleading in you for your redemption. It is her fight; if she has failed it is because you did not help her. Now is the time to show your mettle. When you feel this longing, let boyhood traditions, aims and hopes, combat with it and win! Yes, win! I say. Win, for poor loving mother, her boy from the clutches of his weakness."

A stifled sob came from the window. "O mother, mother, how can I face the thought that I have failed you?" Joe moaned. "Even now with my soul in misery I must sit here; for if I arise my feet would carry me to the door and out to sweet oblivion." His clenched fists beat on the window-sill. Below across the street the lights of a cafe called to him. In the next room the tinkle of glasses broke the silence and the smell of liquor came stealing to him. His nails dug deep into his palms. "I can't stand it," he moaned. "Get me some water."

Bob walked to the stand—the pitcher was empty. Tip-toeing to the door he passed out. The night breeze wafted the odor of wine to the struggling man. Breathing hard he threw himself from the window. He struck a chair and drew himself to his feet. In the darkness his hand struck something hung on the chair—his hat. Almost mechanically he put it on, walked to the door and passed out. Hurrying and stumbling he went down the stairs, everything forgotten save that he was going to get the one thing which had come to mean life to him.

Returning with the filled pitcher, Bob walked to the window. "Here's the water, old man." He bent to put a hand on the other's shoulder—he was gone. "Joe! Joe!" he called anxiously. He turned on the light. The empty room told its story. Slowly he turned until he faced a quaint picture of a dear old lady with soft gray hair gently touching her forehead who was smiling down at him. "And once more I have failed," he said slowly. Then, the hopelessness of it all striking him, he threw himself down before the picture. Somehow that smile above him, so sweet and sad, had made him but a boy again longing to be loved and comforted; his shoulders heaved. His sobs, dry and deep, voiced grief long delayed. Twelve, fourteen years, ever since his coldness and sternness as a child had turned his mother's affection from him, the ache had grown and now the out-pouring was very, very bitter. "Mother, mother," he cried, with tender accents, "why was I so hard and cold? Why could you not love me even so? He is not worthy. One word from you could lift me from the depths. Oh! Mother—mother,

I love—you so.” Haltingly and brokenly the words came, “Yes. In my hard—cold way—I love you—more than he is capable of—and you do not know—or—or care.” For a long time deep sobs shaking his whole body broke the silence of the room.

A slight knock at the door did not disturb him; he was lost in the sorrow of the past and the despair of the future. Several loud and imperative knocks roused him. After a short colloquy at the door he turned with a yellow slip in his hand, a telegram. He tore it open. Its message stared up at him:

“Joe Holland: Come home at once. Your mother is sick. C. Carter.”

Stunned, he brushed his bloodless face with a hand that trembled as a leaf in a winter wind. Your mother is sick. Some time had passed since it had been sent. Perhaps she was worse. Perhaps—dead!

Raising his terror-stricken face he looked at the picture smiling so bravely down at him. Perspiration stood on his forehead. He seized his hat and coat and hurried away, all thought of Joe gone. Mother was sick and he was going to her.

* * * * *

In a neat little New England bedroom, a worn old lady was tossing in her delirium and moaning, “Joe, boy. My poor boy. Joe, come to me.” Anxiously neighbors and doctors watched her. Several days ago a telegram had been sent calling her son home. Many of the new villagers knew nothing of Bob as she had spoken only of Joe, so when a tall, handsome chap appeared at the door there was the general cry, “Her son has come.” “Joe is here.” To his eager questions they answered, “Come, see for yourself.”

At the doorway he faltered, then with a deep sob entered the room. The sweet old face was turned to the wall. At his entrance she lifted her head. “Mother, mother,” all love and longing of these weary years was voiced in that cry.

She turned away from his arms. “I want Joe,—why doesn’t father let Joe come in to me?” Childishly she threw her head from side to side, calling for Joe.

Stunned, cut to the heart, Bob buried his face in the bed. In pity the others were silent while he battled with his misery. One by one they turned away until he was alone. For a long time he kept his head buried in the covers for he did not want his inarticulate cries of pain to reach his mother. He tried to drive the sobs down, but he was weak and they shook him in their

fierce tempest. A cool hand on his forehead quieted him and at last he raised his face to the girl beside him.

"Tell me," she whispered gently, "why do you weep?"

Through set teeth and with trembling body he said dully, "I am Bob; she calls for Joe."

In dismay the girl's eyes opened wide. "You are not Joe?" She stopped; then went on softly, "The doctor hoped that his coming would quiet her and now—" She broke off as the slight figure in the bed tossed and cried, "Joe, my boy, my beloved boy, come to me."

"Oh, if Joe would only come," whispered the girl.

Gripping the edge of the bed and breathing hard the man was silent. A struggle was going on within him. At last he turned and with a deep sigh said slowly, "You know, but forget that I am Bob." He leaned over the bed, "Mother, sweet," he called, brokenly. That was Joe's pet name. "Mother, sweet, Joe is here. Come to Joe."

The little faded lady lifted her head then rested in his arms in deep content. "Joe, you have come at last."

The girl caught her breath in a half sob and hurried away.

Now Bob used all the endearing terms his lips had never dared say. Oh! it was sweet to have her in his arms, even under a pretense. So through the dreary November days he was with her, enjoying all the caresses which he had missed in his boyhood. Bit by bit her fever vanished and she seemed to mend. Then suddenly she failed and did not rally. Bob was frantic. He could not bear to steal her love. This deception was wearing him out. He was pale and hollow-eyed. Each time she called him Joe, it was like a knife thrust into his already sorely wounded heart. Had she not needed him always he would have rushed away to find Joe. It cut him to the heart to steal away her sacred confidences. At last Bob grew so heart-sick that he could bear it no longer. One evening as he sat stroking her hand he felt her glance upon him. "Bob," she whispered softly.

He started, then caught himself. "Why, little mother, you startled me."

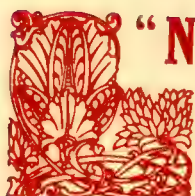
"Bob," he met her tender gaze and trembled.

"Mother dearest," he moaned, "forgive. I was starved for your love, and you called so for Joe and he was not here. I—I—did not think of anything else but that I loved you. Dear heart, I love you so."

Through the mist in her eyes she saw the tears roll down his cheeks. "My laddie,—my laddie," she sobbed. Then, spent, she rested in his arms, going on faintly, "I found you out about a week ago; I can not bear it longer to live without him. O boy, I—have lost—him—but I—have found—you."

The call of his heart was answered.

Peggy's Christmas Dinner.



NOW, don't forget the goose, Jack," shrieked Peggy as the chugging motor bearing Jack to the city sped out of the drive.

Peggy, clad in pink gingham, was planning her first holiday dinner. She had told their one maid, Mary, that she might have Christmas day all to herself.

"Of course," she pondered, "I've never cooked, but I know I could learn. I always could make good fudge. All I need is a good cook-book. I won't even call up mother for advice."

Peggy, by the way, was to have just a little family party—mother, father and Bob were to motor out.

She had but two days to prepare for this event, and was soon very busy making out a list of the needed supplies. In a very few minutes she was calling up grocers, caterers, and florists.

"180-J, Central!" called Peggy. "Hello—Green's grocery? Please send me some potatoes—of course. I don't know how many—for a family of five—well, if you must know, about six will be enough, I think. Have you grape fruit? Well, I'll take a peck; and I'd like a bushel of cranberries and a few bundles of celery. Send these things to Mrs. Jack Norton on Glendale street."

"Now let me think," said Peggy. "What else do I need? Oh, of course, an ice." After the ice and flowers were ordered, Peggy turned her mind to her dinner. She decided she would do the cooking and serving herself for this was to be a grand surprise for the unsuspecting family.

She finally found a cook-book and her head was soon buried in the mysteries of its pages.

"Take a plump goose," she read, "'weighing about twelve pounds. Draw and fill with a good stuffing; then truss and after dusting with salt and pepper, put to bake in a medium hot oven.'"

Poor Peg's head began to swim. "Why draw it?" she complained. No one could tell a picture of a goose drawn by me from Court landscape!" Consulting an encyclopedia, she could not find "stuffing" as applied to geese.

"Well, it isn't in here, so it can't be important, and I'll just leave it out. Now the potatoes—here they are—now, let's see." Turning to the cook-

book. "Take six medium-sized potatoes and mash. Add milk and butter and seasoning. When done, mash with milk."

"Well now, that sounds reasonable," decided Peggy, and dismissed that subject from her mind.

"Now, I must have a plum pudding. Christmas would not seem Christmas without one—page 92. 'Separate eggs; add flour and raisins'—and it says to do it a week before desired. I'll start right now."

She got out her ingredients. "No raisins! I wonder if these prunes will do as well if I cut them up real small. 'Separate eggs. Now how do you do that? It must mean these with the brown shells from the pretty white ones!" Soon everything was "dumped" together.

"'Put in pudding bag and boil.' How easy!" Peggy thought. "But what is a pudding bag? I'll have to put it in that old work-bag of mine, the pink one." She put a pan of cold water on the stove, poured her slimy dough into the bag and placed it carefully in the water. Then she looked up the other directions.

In a few hours she returned to her pudding. She uncovered the kettle and found it filled with a brownish dish-water substance, while prunes floated here and there on the surface. This was quite a blow to the confident cook, but "Never mind," she mourned. "With plenty of goose and potatoes they won't want any dessert."

The eventful day dawned and Mary, with beaming face and bright green hat, left the house to spend the day with a friend.

Peggy was simply rosy with excitement and, after a warning to Jack that he was not to enter the kitchen, and a Christmas kiss to reward him for her lovely gift, Peggy retired entirely covered by a gingham apron.

The goose, in all its plumpness, lay basking in the ice-chest. Peggy lighted the oven. "'Dust with salt and pepper,'" she quoted, and soon the glorious bird was safely stowed away in its hot resting place.

"Now I'll start the potatoes; the goose should be done by six tonight. It's ten now."

She carefully followed directions and poured milk and butter over the unpeeled potatoes. "They'll be done with the goose," thought Peggy. Then she went on with preparations.

Six o'clock soon came, and Peggy, bewildering in a new gown, greeted her guests.

"My land! Peggy," greeted mother, "what are you burning? Old rubbers? Put up the windows."

A very suspicious blue-gray smoke was curling from the kitchen. Peggy rushed forth after her guests were seated to see instead of the glorious goose a heap of black ashes.

"It seems to be overdone," mused Peggy. "Next for the potatoes. "What on earth makes them so dirty?"

However, she served up the repast for her fasting relations.

No one seemed hungry, however, and tears began to roll down Peggy's hot cheeks. "I g-guess my dinner is sp-spoiled." Her whole frame shook with sobs. To see his own adorable Peggy weeping over an offending goose was too much for her fond husband.

"Never mind, dear," comforted the generous Jack, "we'll motor to Sherry's, and see the opera afterwards." Leaving the tempting repast smoking on the table, they departed.

When Mary returned she just surveyed the ruin, threw up her hands in horror, and said, "The saints preserve us—the poor darlints."

Some Initiation.

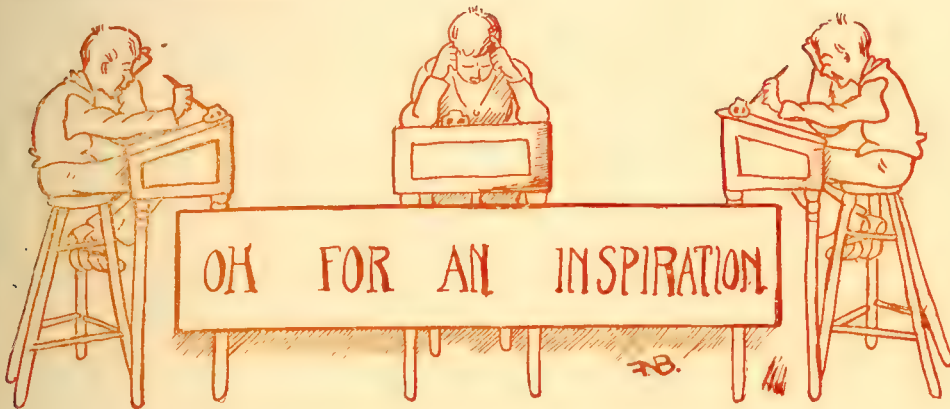
A man met an Irishman on the street the other day and said to him, "Pat, how do you like the new lodge?"

Said Pat, "Well, the lodge is all right, sor, but shore an' it has some mighty quare ways about it."

"Why, how's that?" inquired the friend.

"Well, you see, sor, when there comes a funeral, the last two that's jined the lodge has to walk beside the karpse all the way to the cimitery, one on each side of it with his hands behind his back and his head way down like this, and never

look up till they get to the cimitery or they will have to pay a \$5 fine. Well, Mike and me had to walk beside one right after we jined the lodge. We started out all right, Mike on one side, me on the other; but all at wunst, after we had gone about two miles, Mike said to me, 'Pat, I smell something.' 'Hist, Mike,' says I, 'shut up or ye'll have to pay the fine.' We went a little further and it was something terrible an' Mike says again, 'Say, Pat, I can't stand that smell.' So I says, 'Look up, Mike, and see what it is an' I'll help to pay the fine.' An' Mike looked up and bedad, we had been follerin' the slop wagon."



THE NEW STENOGRAPHER.

I have a new stenographer; she came to work today;
She told me that she wrote the Graham system;
Two hundred words a minute seemed to her, she said, like play.
And word for word at that; she never missed 'em.
I gave her some dictation, a letter to a man,
And this, as I remember, was how the letter ran:

"Dear sir, I have your favor, and in reply would state
That I accept the offer in yours of recent date.
I wish to say, however, that under no condition
Can I afford to think of your free-lance proposition.
I shall begin tomorrow to turn the matter out,
The copy will be ready by August tenth, about.
Material of this nature should not be rushed unduly,
Thanking you for your favor, I am yours very truly."

She took it down in shorthand with apparent ease and grace,
She didn't call me back all in a flurry;
Thought I, "At last I have a girl worth keeping 'round the place."
Then said, "Now write it out; you needn't hurry."
The Remington she tackled, now and then she struck a key,
And after thirty minutes this is what she handed me.

"Dear sir, i have the feever and in a Pile i sit,
And i except the offer as you have reasoned it;
I wish to say, however, that under any condishun

Can i for to think of your free-lunch proposition.
I shall be in tomorrow to turn the Mother out,
The Cap will be red and will Cost \$10 about
Material of this nation should not rust N. Dooley,
Thinking you have the feever, i am yours very truely.

LEAP YEAR.

The girl proposed.
Her luck was bad.
The chap referred
Her to his dad.

But dad said yes—
He sort o' thunk
He liked a gal
What had some spunk.

WINTER MISERIES.

The furnace fire's started now
And trouble has begun,
For it is difficult to suit
The whims of everyone.

Elvira thinks it is too hot—
You know she's rather stout—
While Eunice says, "I'm freezing cold!
Don't let the fire go out."

Maria wants the damper up
And Mildred wants it down;
Whichever way I fix the thing
I'm greeted with a frown.

Oh, I shall welcome with a whoop
The advent of the spring,
And when the winter is all gone
I'll cheer like everything!



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Many, many centuries have rolled on their way since that memorable night when the star led the Wise Men over the terraced hills to a little manger, poor and bare, at the rear of the village inn at Bethlehem; many since that night on which "there were shepherds keeping watch over their flocks, when, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them," and to their happy ears were uttered "the good tidings of great joy, that unto them was born that day in the city of David, a Saviour, which was Christ, the Lord;" many since the time and moment of nativity when the "pole of the heavens stood motionless, and the birds were still, and there were workmen lying on the earth with a hand in a vessel, and those who handled did not handle, and those who took did not lift, and those who presented it to their lips did not present it, but the faces of all were looking up; and I

saw the sheep scattered, and the sheep stood and the shepherd lifted up his hand to strike, and his hand remained up, and I looked at the stream of the river, and the mouths of the kids were down and were not drinking; and everything which was being propelled forward was intercepted in its course." Thus did a little Child make His triumphant entry into this world. The years passed on. The little Child "grew and waxed strong in spirit." The daytime found Him at His lowly task in His father's workshop; the Sabbath, in the temple; the long warm evenings, and early morning amid Nature's store of wondrous treasures; later years, "about His Father's business." If this were all, the world would have forgotten soon. But because He gave to the world truths which no human mind could ever have conceived of; asked questions the greatest intellects of all ages have never answered; solved puzzles scientists of today are just beginning to get a little insight into, we honor His birth each year. His was a life of helpful service, sympathy and kindly interest. Because of Him the thoughts of men have been enriched; the place of little children honored. And for His friends He had the very poor, the lonely and the solitary, those whose hearts were not warmed by any

human love, and those whose souls were sad.

"This One, then, was our Ideal. He ever lifted up before our eyes the thought of doing good; of helpful sympathy for those not so fortunate as we; of tender interest toward the aged and infirm; of happy joy toward little children. And though "despised and rejected of men," spat upon and crucified, we honor Him at this glad time because He left this good old world of ours far richer and better than we can ever know.

May we, each one, at Christmas time, when the hearts of men are joined in tune, have regard for those to whom the day brings little joy; the multitudes of little children to whom the day means so much; the sad and sorrowing to whom Christmas brings, not happy thoughts, but painful memories, making more real their sense of loss. And would it not be grand, would it not turn this world upside down if only some of us would resolve to banish from our hearts all selfishness, all foolish pride, all envy, and all low, mean thoughts, and instead live upon a higher plane, be unselfish, be loyal, be true, think lofty, pure, and noble thoughts, for "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," to the end that we may approach nearer to the Ideal Life and be of greater usefulness and greater

blessing to ourselves, our fellow-men, and our God!

May this, even the giving of ourselves in whole-hearted service for others, be our Christmas gift to the little Child of Bethlehem, that grew to be a Man, and gave His life to bless, to help, and to uplift mankind everywhere.



STUDENTS!

We take this space for the very purpose of having a little confidential talk among ourselves. There are always some things about which one must speak and speak constantly. One of these things is in regard to the liberal support of our school paper by Saginaw's generous merchants.

In this number you will find the advertisements of merchants handling almost every line of goods. In other words, you will discover in these pages a store or place of business at which you may make any purchase desired or needed. What, then, is the next thing to do after reading these advertisements? Are they placed there for our amusement, or our benefit? Most surely for our benefit! They have a very important place which they fill. They are there for the express purpose of interesting the student. What do merchants intend their advertisements to do? The answer

must needs be, "more business." Therefore, fellow-students, what are we to do after we have read carefully and thoroughly all the ads. in our "Lantern" and have found the article we desire or the store handling a line of such goods? The most natural thing to do would be to go directly to that place of business and buy what you need. What will be the result? The only result which can possibly follow will be that merchants will become aware of the fact that the only efficient way in which to reach and interest students is by means of their publication. If we only could impress upon the minds of our advertisers, and merchants generally, that we do make our purchases at stores advertising in the "Lantern," and that we do "patronize those who patronize us," merchants everywhere would be ready, nay, even eager to use our advertising columns.



AN APOLOGY.

Students, hark ye! One word would we like you to hear.

In the November issue of the "Lantern" under "Lyceum Notes" will be found a small article which refers to the Hon. Carl F. Miller. This article, the said man claims, is a slander upon himself and has hurt his feelings. He wants, and so do we, the outside world to know that this is his third year as a member

of Lyceum. As the Lyceum is in no fit circumstances financially to hire a lawyer to defend themselves in case the said person should bring suit against us we will gladly (?) apologize for hurting his feelings by publishing the said article (of course, we would like to help Mr.

Miller gain notoriety so we take this way of doing it for we are sure that Miller will not let such a good opportunity, as the one we are offering, slip by).

(Signed) LYCEUM, 1912-13.

R. R. L., Sec.

O'Hara's Economy.

O'Hara once saw an advertisement in a street car reading: "Buy your stove at O'Brien's and save half your coal."

"Begorra," he said, "I'll buy two stoves and save all me coal."



Our Marks.

Nice "E,"
 Who! Whee!
 Big "G,"
 Gee, Gee!
 Figure "F,"
 Whoof! Whoof!
 "F. H."
 Oh H—!
 The letter "P,"
 No siree!



Looks Not Deceiving.

"There are ten thousand unmarried women in this town."

"I am surprised."

"You wouldn't be if you had seen them."

Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving Day draws near; the
 hen with pensive eye
 Reflects upon the prospect queer—
 she'll soon be **chicken** pie.

The turkey's voice is stilled; cha-
 grin has choked his breath.
 'Tis hard to know that he'll be filled
 with **chestnuts** after death.

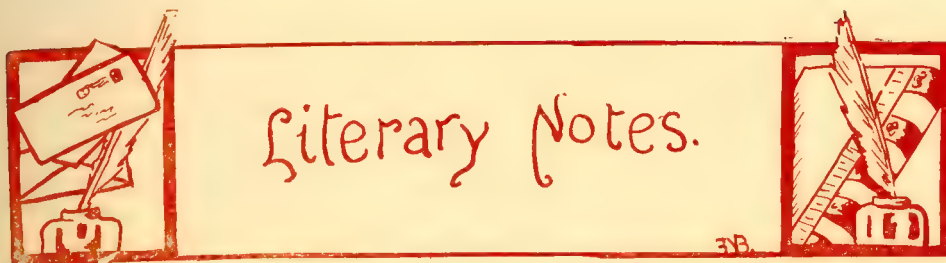
The pig has cause to fret; in vain
 he cries, "Fair play!"
 For what a roasting he will get
 upon Thanksgiving Day!



Which One Got It?

An Irishman and a Dutchman
 once got in a fight over a bologna
 sausage. Finally they decided that
 each would take hold of an end
 with his teeth and pull, the one get-
 ting the larger part would be the
 best man. Pat sunk his teeth deep
 in the meat and whispered, "Are
 yez riddy?"

"Yaw," says the Dutchman, open-
 ing his mouth.



THENCEAN.

Nov. 8.—A biographical sketch of Woodrow Wilson was read by several members.

Nov. 15.—This day was devoted to suffrage, three excellent papers being given. Miss Armstrong gave "The Life of Helen Kellar," and her views regarding suffrage; Miss Dreggs gave "The Life of Jane Addams," and Miss Holland gave a "Review of Suffrage."

Nov. 22.—Was given to Thanksgiving. Miss Helen Grandy gave an excellent paper on the "Origin of Football;" Miss Florence Gubtil gave an interesting account of the "Origin of Thanksgiving," and Miss Elsa Harris read an original "Thanksgiving Story."

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AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The regular meeting was held November 8. "The war with the Turks" was well given by Miss Selma Bandemer; "The Origin of Hallowe'en" was given by Mildred Brown. Following this a general discussion on Woman Suffrage was held.

Nov. 15.—Regular meeting of the American Literary Society. "On a Hallowe'en Honeymoon" was given by Loraine Bradt; "Across India with Kem" was the subject of Miss Ethel Cole's paper, and a very interesting paper on Tuberculosis was given by Helen Frueh.

Nov. 22.—Regular meeting. Miss Ellis spoke on "National Parks;" Miss Franz Hebert gave an interesting paper on "Expeditions to the South Pole," and Miss Nellie Green gave a humorous paper on "An Intimate Evening with Taft, Wilson and Roosevelt."

G. C. L. S.

Nov. 8.—Regular meeting of the G. C. L. S. The society enjoyed a political program today. Miss Erma Klumpp told of the method of voting for the President of the United States. Jessie Kenny spoke about the Progressive platform and Theodore Roosevelt. Myrtle Marskey gave the Republican platform, and Florence Whitney explained the Democratic platform.

Nov. 15.—Regular meeting of the G. C. L. S. The results of the election were given by Misses Emily Gillam, Anna Roth, Frances Goodman and Ann Baird.

Nov. 22.—A Thanksgiving program was taken up. Miss Edith Field gave a Thanksgiving poem, Miss Harriet Brown read a Thanksgiving story, and Miss Hazel Scott gave a brief account of the First Thanksgiving.

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TENTH LEGION.

At its first business meeting the Tenth Legion elected the following officers: President, Arthur Symons; Vice-President, Ione Hubert; Secretary, Adam Fox; Treasurer, Carroll Wenger.

One of the finest debates given in the East Side High was presented at the first meeting for literary work. The question was: "Resolved, That Caesar was a greater general than Napoleon." Both sides were argued with a great deal of force and skill, the negative side, Franklin Bromm and Adam Fox, losing by a small percentage to the affirmative, Carroll Wenger and Waldo Grouse.

Nov. 22.—Sylvia Priess gave a good talk on the "Downfall of Arivistus," and Emily McCormick ably handled the subject, "The Adventures of the Tenth Legion."

Dec. 6.—The general topic was the Roman army at Caesar's time. Herman Laesch gave a splendid paper on the composition of the army; Gordon Wilson told of its officers; Sarah Brown spoke well of the provisioning and pay of the soldiers, and Ione Hubert talked of the dress and equipment. She had dressed three dolls to represent the general, lieutenant and soldier, which made what she had to say more real and interesting. All the papers were well prepared and well given.

LYCEUM.

Nov. 8.—The first literary program of the year was held on November 8th. It consisted of the following debate; "Resolved, That the United States senate was within its rights in passing the Panama Canal Toll Bill, and that it was justified in so doing." Mr. Hughes, of the affirmative, and Mr. Whatley, of the negative, finished their speeches. Mr. O'Keefe, of the affirmative, did not have time to complete his talk, being interrupted by the third hour bell, therefore it was necessary to lay the debate over till the next meeting.

Nov. 15.—Mr. O'Keefe resumed his speech for the affirmative, following which Mr. Geisler spoke for the negative side of the question. Mr. Hughes then gave the rebuttal. The judges decided the debate in favor of the affirmative by the vote of 75 to 60.

A petition signed by Mr. Miller and Mr. Hughes to make female students and teachers eligible to membership in the Lyceum was laid over until after the debate on woman suffrage, which is booked for December 6, on motion of Mr. Staver.

Nov. 22.—The Lyceum voted to hold a joint meeting with the Thencean at some time in the near future, if the Thencean girls were willing. A committee composed of Messrs. Hughes, Draper, and Topham was appointed to confer with the Thencean on this point. Their report was that the Thencean had accepted the invitation. The literary program consisted of a talk on the "Cuban Political Situation," by Gilbert Brooks, and a paper on "Aerial Navigation in Germany," by Charles Cummings.

What He Wanted To Know.

The professor was delivering the final lecture of the term. He dwelt with much emphasis on the fact that each student should devote all the intervening time to preparing for the final examinations.

"The examination papers are now in the hands of the printer. Are there any questions to be asked?"

Silence prevailed. Suddenly a

voice from the rear enquired:
"Who's the printer?"



A Freshman's Vision.

The camel has nine stomachs—
They told me at the zoo;
Now wouldn't I feel happy
If I could have but two?
Then I could be the happiest,
And call this life a dream,
With just one for roast turkey
And the other for ice cream.

FOOTBALL HOP DEC. 6

- BASKETBALL SEASON OPENS -

DO YOUR XMAS SHOPPING EARLY

THANKSGIVING DAY WE WHITEWASHED ARTHUR HILL 43-0

ERVIN JOHNSON

December



Nov. 9.—Reserves again showed class in defeating A. H. H. S. reserves, 47 to 0.

Nov. 9.—First team went down to defeat at the hands of Ann Arbor, 14 to 6.

Nov. 11.—The Seniors write a letter giving their valuable (?) advice on the question of reviews.

Nov. 11.—First class games. Seniors defeated Sophs. Juniors defeated Freshmen.

Nov. 12.—Seniors, Juniors and Sophs. in chapel. Mr. Warner announced that 150 preferred Roosevelt's motto and 96 Wilson. It's a good thing for Mr. Wilson we didn't have much to do in the election, isn't it?

Nov. 13.—Juniors fall in, holding a class meeting. Wm. O'Keefe was elected president; Mildred Packer, vice-president. There was no time for further business.

Nov. 14.—Tennis club meeting. \$31.20 was realized on first class games.

Nov. 14.—Pres. Scherping ought to be a good tennis player, as was shown in yesterday's tennis meeting.

Nov. 16.—Bay City is again our legitimate prey.

Nov. 18.—Seniors and Juniors, victors in last week's class games, battled this afternoon to a 0-0 tie. Fine stuff!

Nov. 19.—Seniors held second class meeting, proceeding with the election of officers. Miss Helen Woodruff was elected vice-president, after a stormy session.

Nov. 19.—Juniors also held class meeting, electing Ralph Wallace secretary; Miss Nellie Green, treasurer, and Al. Baumgarten, marshal.

Nov. 20.—Sophs. join in a class meeting. William Bandemer, president, and Marjorie Powell, vice-president.

STUDENT :: LANTERN

Nov. 21.—Seniors, Juniors, Sophs. in chapel. Miss Lorraine Bradt rendered two fine piano solos, while Professor Rath, U. of M., talked on "Forest Reservation in Michigan."

Nov. 23.—Saginaw nosed out Port Huron in a fine game of football, 27-19.

Nov. 24.—Sunday. "Porky" Lange got a shave.

Nov. 26.—Seniors and Freshmen in chapel this morning listened to the most enjoyable musical program heard in some time, consisting of violin solos by Mr. Harold Forsythe, our school musician.

Nov. 27.—Second issue of "Student Lantern" out; going like hot cakes, as usual.

Nov. 27.—Mass meeting at school for A. H. H. S. game; was very enthusiastic and well attended. After the meeting all went over into Arthur Hill's territory and had a pleasant little teaparty (?).

Nov. 27.—Sophs. elect Arnold Schirmer secretary and Tessie Witherill treasurer.

Nov. 28.—"Hey, Bill, does your stomach feel kind of funny, too?"

Nov. 28.—Our eighteenth annual victory over A. H. H. S.—43-0!!

Dec. 2.—Heard in Senior review class: $4 \times 3 = 14$; 4 and 7 is 10, etc.

Dec. 2.—Found: A number of fine pocketbooks. Owners may have same by paying for this ad.

Dec. 3.—Miss Erma Klumpp entertained the Seniors, Juniors and Sophs. in chapel today. Mr. Warner, where are all those interesting talks we used to hear, Tuesdays?

Dec. 3.—Juniors finally nose out Seniors for class championship by score of 7-6.

Dec. 4.—Senior girls mysteriously discuss the following weighty question: "Shall we wear high or low heels," etc.

Dec. 4.—First call for basket-ball candidates.

Dec. 6.—Social season starts tonight with seventh annual Football Hop.

HARRY E. FLOYD.



"The High School Record," Girls' High School,, Louisville, Kentucky, is a well edited paper. The girls are to be congratulated on their literary department and the large number of ads they have secured.

"The S. H. S. Herald," Springfield, Ohio, is a very creditable magazine. We would advise The Herald, however, to separate its ads from its literary matter.

"The Pennant," Meriden, Conn., is all that could be expected of a high class High School monthly.

"The Key," Battle Creek, Mich., in its Freshmen number, initiates the Freshies into the mysteries of High school life. The athletic department is also well written up.

We think that the "Vindex," Elmira Free Academy, Elmira, N. Y., would be made more attractive by suggestive cuts at the heading of each department.

It is our opinion that advertisements scattered among literary matter greatly detracts from the looks of a magazine. Therefore, we advise the "Reflector," of Jackson High to separate their ads from their reading matter.

"The Fulcrum," Armour Institute, Chicago, lacks an exchange column and also a column for school news. We think that the addition of these columns would improve your paper.

"The Totem," Lincoln High School, Seattle,, Wash. Your football news is fine, as are your cuts; but, as stated elsewhere in this column, we do not approve of scattering advertisements through the literary matter.

"The Gates Index," Gates Academy, Neligh, Nebraska, presents too monotonous an appearance. The editorials are the only redeeming features in this magazine. Liven up with a few cuts.

"The Westonian," West Branch, Mich., is conspicuous by the absence of its table of contents. Separate your ads from your reading matter and liven up with a few cuts.

"The E. L. H. S. Oracle," Edward Little High School, Auburne, Me., is a well balanced paper. Cuts are especially fine.

We also acknowledge receipt of the following:

"The High School Life," Chicago, Ill.

"The Student," Detroit Central.

"The College Chronicle," Naperville, Ill.

"The S. H. S. Recorder," Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

"The Echo," Olivet College, Olivet, Mich.

"The Weekly Almanian," Alma College, Alma, Mich.

"The Pleiad," Albion College, Albion, Mich.

"The Advocate," Lincoln, Neb.

"The Oracle," Winfield, Kansas.

"The Spectator," Capitol University, Columbus, O.

"The Tattler," Marquette, Mich.

WILLIAM WHATLEY.

The Bashful Maid.

"Did you ever stop to consider," said Wilton Lackeye, "the perils that beset the truly modest in these days? The other evening I attended a rather elaborate studio party. An amateur magician was going through his tricks while a maid passed in and out with refreshments. The magician was reading letters placed under a rug as the maid brought in a tray of ices.

"What letter is this?" a spectator asked.

"That is B," the magician answered; and sure enough he was right.

The maid looked with astonishment at the letter which had been hidden under a thick rug. Then she turned her gaze to the handsome young magician who had read it. Then, setting down her tray of ices, she hid her rosy face in her hands and ran from the room. "What's the use o' my clothes?" she cried.



A Substitute.

He: "Why does that tatoood man run around the stage at every performance?"

She: "The manager advertised moving pictures and the apparatus didn't arrive."



Bay City at Saginaw.

Nov. 16.—After playing away from home the whole season, Saginaw at last played at home and celebrated this chance by beating Bay City by the score of 6-0.

On account of the wet and muddy weather, neither team was able to show up much class. Both teams fought for all there was in the game.

Bay City had several chances to score but always were held within the shadow of the goal posts by the stone wall defense of Saginaw. In the second quarter, Egan received a forward pass and ran the ball about fifty yards, being downed on the one-yard line. Saginaw fumbled on the next play and then the half ended.

In the last two minutes of play, Robertson received the ball on that old delayed pass and crossed the line for a touch-down. The goal was missed.

The line-up:

Saginaw.		Bay City.
Steckert	L. E.	Stagel
Klumpp	L. T.	Davis
Hughes, Capt.	L. G.	Burbidge
Winkler	C.	P. Baldwin
Whaley	R. G.	Glaxie
Davis	R. T.	Annex
Egan	R. E.	Perkins
McGee	O. B.	Coryell
Robertson	L. H.	Capt. Ellis
French	F. B.	Smith
Runchey	R. H.	J. Baldwin

Port Huron at Saginaw.

Nov. 23.—Saginaw rooters were given a chance to see the old game of straight football win against the new open game. Saginaw beat Port Huron on straight football by the score of 27-19. Never has such clever forward passing been seen at Alumni Field as Port Huron pulled off. Their little

quarter-back, Spunger, was always under Wastell's passes and making big gains. They made all three touch-downs on forward passes.

Saginaw plowed through Port Huron's line for steady gains thus winning the game. Robertson placed a pretty place kick between the goal posts.

The line-up:

Saginaw.	Port Huron.
Steckert	L. E. Collins
Winkler	L. T. Jeffries
Hughes, Capt.	L. G. Haslett, McLean
Draper	C. Bouchen
Whaley	R. G. French, Foss
Davis, Klumpp.	R. T. Thompson
Egan	R. E. Morgan, Gill
McGee	Q. B. Spunger
Robertson, Hanaford.	L. H. McIntosh
French, Robertson.	F. B. Capt. Wastell
Runchey	R. H. Haslett, Morgan

Arthur Hill at Saginaw.

Nov. 28.—Before a crowd of three thousand, Saginaw danced through Arthur Hill's line keeping time with the Third Regiment Band brought by the Saginaw rooters. The game ended with Saginaw carrying home their eighteenth victory over Arthur Hill, beating them by the tune of 43-0. It is too bad that our faculty manager scheduled this as the last game of the season, for it would have been a good practice game during the first of the year.

From the first of the game to the end it was Saginaw and nothing but Saginaw. Only once did Arthur Hill make first down, and they never had a chance to score; not even when our team was composed mostly of subs.

Saginaw played a game that made the old men of '07 smile and tell how they used to do it like that.

Raymond and Captain Lorenzen were the stars for Arthur Hill. Raymond's punting was a big feature of the game.

All of the sixteen men who played for the Black and Gold starred. Saginaw's line made big holes through which the backs plowed for big gains. The ends were there when it came to forward passes. Much credit must be given to McGee for his good head work. French, Runchey, Hanaford and Johnson certainly were there when called on to play through the line or to get in the way of a forward pass. Robertson was there with his usual gains and also added the points on a field goal. The line played a fine game throwing Arthur Hill for losses after losses.

STUDENT :: LANTERN

With ten of the men who played in this game back again next year, where will Arthur Hill be?

The line-up:

	Arthur Hill.			
Saginaw.				
Steckert, Beach.....	L. E.....			R. Orr
Winkler, Klumpp.....	L. T.....			Ahrens
Hughes	L. G.....			Fisher, J. Ippel
Draper	C.....			Payne
Whaley	R. G.....			Dezelske
Davis	R. T.....			Couillard
Egan	R. E.....			Krause., A. Ippel
McGee, Rice.....	Q. B.....			A. Ippel, J. Orr
Robertson	L. H.....			Procatel
French, Hanaford.....	F. B.....			Raymond
Runchey, Johnson.....	R. H.....			Lorenzen (Capt.)
Score by quarters:	1	2	3	4
Saginaw	14	6	7	16
Arthur Hill.....	0	0	0	0

Class Games.

In the first series of class games given under the auspices of the Tennis Club, the Juniors beat the Freshmen 13-0, and the Seniors beat the Sophomores 6-0.

For the championship the Seniors and Juniors struggled, but in the first game neither could score. The Juniors had one chance, but fumbled on the one-yard line. Juniors champions, 7-6.

The Juniors and Seniors again fought for supremacy and the Juniors won by a score of 7-6, although being out-played by the heavier Senior team. Steckert plowed through the line for a fifty-yard run and touch-down, but the goal was missed. Hall, the little Junior end, caught a forward pass by accident, after the ball had bounced off a Senior's fingers, and ran through an open field for a touch-down. The goal was kicked.

Winkler played a good game for his class as umpire.

The Seniors were penalized in the last quarter from the four-yard line. This saved the game for the Juniors.

Basket-ball Starts.

Wednesday, December 4, Captain Steckert called for candidates for the basket-ball team. Never before was there such a likely crowd turned out. Three old letter men were amongst them, they being Captain Steckert, Man-

ager Meibeyer and Eastman; while some of the likely men are Miller, last year's sub; Johnson, from Detroit team, and Davis, the midget.

This year's schedule allows Saginaw fans to see some good games.

The schedule:

- Jan. 3—Alumni.
- Jan. 10—Bay City Eastern at Bay City.
- Jan. 17—Grand Rapids here.
- Jan. 24—Mount Pleasant here.
- Jan. 31—Lansing at Lansing.
- Feb. 7—Arthur Hill at West Side.
- Feb. 14—Detroit Central here.
- Feb. 21—Alpena at Alpena.
- Feb. 28—Bay City Eastern here.
- Mar. 7—Arthur Hill here.
- Mar. 14—Ann Arbor at Ann Arbor.

A Vulgar Word.

An Armenian who was visiting in the U. S. attended a dinner given by the ladies' aid society. A very beautiful young lady was present. Wishing to compliment her on the beauty of her skin, and there being no word in the Armenian language for complexion, he ventured as follows: "You have a very beautiful hide, Miss Allen."

"Now Mr. Diar," said she, "you ought not to tell a lady that she has a very beautiful hide. You should use the word skin. It is better, and hide refers only to the skin of animals."

Very much abashed, he resolved to drop the word hide from his vocabulary.

What was his surprise a few weeks later, when he attended church, to have them announce the hymn, "Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide me." There was the vulgar word again and he did not like the looks of it. So to the great surprise of the congregation he sang in a deep bass voice, "Skin me, oh, my Saviour, skin me."

Owner of the coop: "Who's in there?"

Rastus: "Ain't nobody in here, 'ceptin' us chickens."

STUDENT :: LANTERN

DAVIS
HANAFORD
WHALEY
KLUMPP
FRENCH
RUNCHEY

MC GEE
HUGHES
EGAN
ARMSTRONG
DRAPER
WINKLER
ROBERTSON
JOHNSON
STECKERT

FRENCH
ROBERTSON
RUNCHEY

ARMSTRONG
HANAFORD
HUGHES

BEACH
WHALEY
DAVIS
STECKERT
BURKHOLDER

EGAN
WINKLER
DRAPER

McGEE
JOHNSON
KLUMPP
SHELDON



Friday night, December sixth, the football team gave a very successful informal party in the gymnasium of the school. The decorations were quite unique. From the track were suspended the familiar yellow and black blankets and the football suits of the team, which, according to posters, "put Arthur Hill on the blinks," each suit being adorned with the name of its owner. Above the baskets at each end of the hall were touching memorials to Arthur Hill and Bay City. Posters bearing the names of the substitutes were placed along the horizontal bars. From the rings were hung the suit cases of the team, the water pail, "Doc." Ernst's medicine case and posters in honor of Coach Dreier and assistant trainer Mr. Wall.

At the signal, "Are you ready, Saginaw?" dancing began. The time was divided into four quarters the players being refreshed with ices at the end of each period. The dances were named for the different members of the squad, and appropriate nicknames were in evidence. The music was furnished by Russo's Orchestra and about eighty couples attended. The team was not as well supported as its victories deserved, but it is thought that the sum required to buy sweaters for the football men was raised. Dancing was enjoyed until twelve o'clock. The patronesses were Mrs. E. C. Warriner, Mrs. W. W. Warner, Miss Roberts, Miss Moiles and Miss Babcock.

The Junior class are engaged in making elaborate preparations for their big party. They have obtained permission to have it in the Masonic Temple and committees have been appointed with the following people as chairman:

STUDENT :: LANTERN

Decorating, Don Hanaford; Refreshments, Elsa Harris; Arrangements, Frank Gorman; Programs, Waldo Losch; Invitations, Earl Raymond and Elsa Werner. The party will take place Friday, December twentieth, and a large attendance is expected.



Perverted Proverbs.

Better is a crust and contentment than great riches and strife; but most of us are willing to take the strife.

A wise son maketh a glad father; which may account for a lot of the paternal grouches we meet daily.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth; and usually take the goods with them.

How much better it is to get wisdom than gold—theoretically.

Love not sleep lest thou come to poverty; but at the same time riches seldom come from keeping the bright lights burning all night.

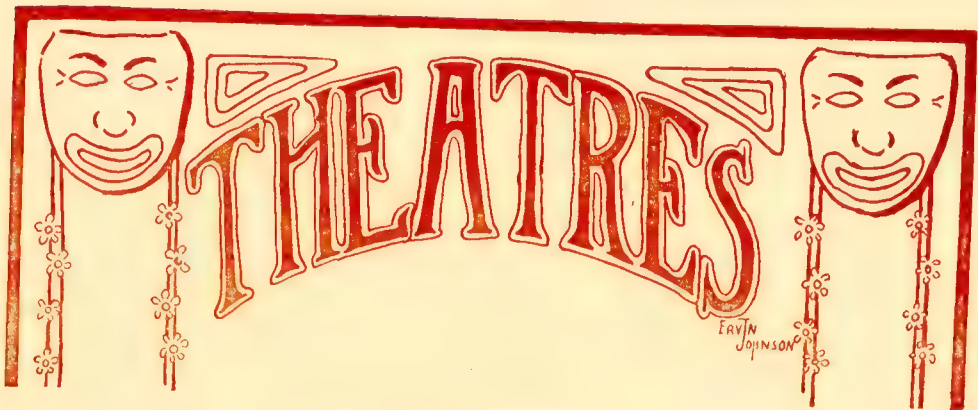
In the house of the righteous is

much treasure; also there are some unrighteous who are in no immediate danger of starving through lack of riches.

A man shall be commended according to his own wisdom; however, if we were to set the standard for ourselves there would not be sufficient commendation to reach half way round.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but often it is not as bad as the fulfillment.

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; which if followed literally means that the recital of your virtues will never constitute a deafening chorus of praise.



THEATRES.

January 10th, Kitty Gordon is coming to Saginaw in the great musical extravaganza, "The Enchantress." Arrangements have been made to play in the Auditorium, owing to the massiveness of the company, which takes six cars to move it from city to city. Saginaw is the only city in the valley to have this company.

During the months of January and February, Saginaw is to be favored by three travelogues, Lyman H. Howe January 3rd and 4th, and Mr. Robison from January 13th to 23rd inclusive. His travelogue concerns mostly the Panama Canal where he has been the past summer taking the pictures which he shows. These will be at the Auditorium as heretofore. Rainey's pictures will be at the Academy, February 9th to 15th inclusive. These are of the very highest class of moving pictures.

Everyone will be glad to hear that the "Bohemian Girl," a world-famed opera is to be presented at the Academy, December 25th, by a large original New York Company. High school people especially will be interested in the wonderful musical talent displayed by this star cast.

The "Pink Lady" is to be presented at the Academy two nights, January 31st and February 1st.

"Graustark," or the story of a love behind a throne, will be played at the Academy December 31st.

NAOMI WOLCOTT.



Color Scheme.

"Brown was turned down by Miss Black."

"What was the matter?"

"Said she didn't treat him white."

"Naturally he felt blue."

"Maybe he looked green."

"He will forget it by the time he is gray."

"There is some color of truth to that."

"Still he thought her the pink of perfection."

"Perhaps closer inspection would have disclosed a yellow streak."

"Please pass the rainbow."

Live and Learn.

Small boy—"Mamma, did God make you?"

Mother—"Yes, dear."

S. B.—"And father, too?"

Mother—"Yes."

S. B.—"And sister, too?"

Mother—"Certainly."

S. B.—"And me, too?"

Mother—"Certainly, foolish."

S. B.—"He's improving right along, isn't he?"

A workman descending a ladder looked up and said warningly:

"Hold on there, Pete. Don't get on the ladder till I'm safe down."

Can't you see how old and cracked she is?"

"Oh, rats!" said Pete, as he got on. "It would serve the boss right if he had to buy a new one."

Teacher—"A coal dealer has ten tons of coal which he sells at ten dollars a ton. How much does he get for it, Tommy?"

Tommy—"One hundred and ten dollars."

Teacher—"That's wrong."

Tommy—"Yes, I know, but they all do it, teacher."

"When do you expect your wife home?"

"Most any time. One of the neighbors wrote to her yesterday."

The Turned Worm.

Eddy—"Can you imagine anything worse than to bite into an apple and see a worm?"

Sue—"Yes, to bite into an apple and see half a worm."

Smith—"Say, Bush, I can blow smoke rings that float across the room, and ring a door-knob."

Bush—"That's nothing; I can blow them, so they ring a door-bell."

Irish schoolmistress — "Class in astronomy, attention. Bridget O'Donoghue, say after me, 'Jupiter is the largest planet near the sun and moves with twice the velocity of a cannon ball.'"

Bridget (who is slightly deaf) — "Jupiter is the largest parent ever had a son and moves with twice the ferocity of a common bull."

Little Frederick having been sent to the drug store to get some "dye stuff," as he called it, and forgetting this on his way, said to the clerk:

"What do people die with?"

Clerk — "Oh, of various things, my boy, heart failure, for instance."

"Well," said Frederick, "I suppose that will do, give me a nickel's worth, please."

A traveling man from Chicago was riding in a train thru the country. He saw a silo and asked the woman next to him what it was. She did not answer him. He said, "I'm a traveling man from Chicago, I'd like to know." So she told him it was a silo. Later they saw a windmill and he wanted to know what it was and she told him again. Still later they saw a donkey by a fence. He asked her what it was, and she answered, "That must be a traveling man from Chicago."

A little boy was crying on a street corner when a lady asked him if he would stop if she gave him a penny. "No," was the reply. "Will you if I give you a nickel?" she asked. "Lady," he answered, "I couldn't stop for less than fifty cents."

Not Guilty.

"Well, boys," said the teacher one spring morning, "I suppose you are all prepared for an early spring?"

"Yes, sir," said the small boy who was always to blame, "but I want to tell you I didn't put it on your chair."

Then the spring was postponed on account of an early fall.

Early to Rise.

A young city chap who had been in the habit of getting up late in the morning, was sent to his uncle's farm. At daybreak the uncle entered his room.

"Come, come, my boy," he said, "you've got to get up. You're on the farm, now, you know."

The sleepy city chap raised himself on his elbow and rubbed his eyes.

"What's up?" he asked.

"We're going out to cut the oats."

"Well," exclaimed the other with a yawn, "you certainly don't have to sneak up on them in the dark, do you?"

Helen — "Jane told me your hair was dyed."

Anne — "'Tis false."

Helen — "That's what I told her."

Rapid Growth.

Shopper: "Why is it when I get potatoes that the largest are on top?"

Irish Clerk: "Faith, madam, and its good reason you have for asking that; you see potatoes grow so fast now that by the time I get a hill dug for you the last ones are twice as big as the first."

Financial Statement of Athletic Association, December 11, 1912.

RECEIPTS.	DISBURSEMENTS.
Balance forward from last report \$205.84	Bay City Mgr., Bay City Eastern game \$6.00
Proceeds class games, tennis fund 32.10	Officials, Bay City Eastern game 17.20
Refund, Ann Arbor trip, per W. Steckert 16.95	Lantern slide, per G. Winkler... .35
Bay City Eastern game, library and gate ticket sales..... 52.70	Port Huron Mgr., Port Huron game 52.80
Port Huron game, library and gate ticket sales..... 65.20	Officials, Port Huron game..... 15.00
Arthur Hill game, library and gate ticket sales..... 536.60	Refund acct. ticket exchanges... .20
Arthur Hill game, Arth. Hill H. S. 53.55	Officials Arthur Hill game..... 35.00
Refund, Vassar trip, per W. W. Warner 7.26	Arthur Hill Mgr., Arthur Hill game 1.50
	Wesley House, meals Pt. Huron team 7.00
	Expense, second team to Vassar, per W. W. Warner..... 5.46
	Morley Bros., supplies per vouchers on file..... 4.30
	Lee & Cady, salt, per F. Gorman 10.00
	Furstenberg Bros., lumber, per F. Dreier 1.08
	James Kanaly, printing, football season, per J. E. Tanis..... 11.50
	T. W. Martin & Son, repairing, per J. E. Tanis..... 2.00
	Wm. Barie Dry Goods Co., cloth, per F. Dreier..... 2.09
	Total expenditures.....\$171.48
	Balance in bank..... 798.72
Total to account for.....\$970.20	Total\$970.20

Financial Report Arthur Hill Game, November 28, 1912.

Ticket Report—	Tickets sold at S. H. S. Library and gate:
701 students' tickets @ 15c..... 105.15	369 students' @ 15c.... \$55.35
1940 citizens' tickets @ 25c.....\$485.00	1925 citizens' @ 25c.... 481.25
Total to account for.....\$590.15\$536.60
Total paid attendance.....2,641	Total ticket sales..... \$590.15
Tickets sold at Arthur Hill	Officials \$35.00
High School:	Car Fare..... 1.50
332 students' @ 15c..... \$49.80 36.50
15 citizens' @ 25c..... 3.75	Net gain..... \$553.65
.....\$53.55	

Circulation Manager's Report—November Issue, 1912.

Number copies printed.....600	Cash sales\$25.70
Number cash sales.....257	Cash session rooms..... 17.70
Number credit sales.....198	Balance due..... 2.10
Number complimentaries 25	
Number exchanges 36	
Number comps. to advertisers..... 74	
Number on hand..... 10	
Total600	Total\$45.50

Financial Statement of Student Lantern, December 11, 1912.

RECEIPTS.	DISBURSEMENTS.
Balance forward from last report \$154.09	Adam Fox, Jr., prize story..... \$1.00
Circulation since last report..... 43.80	W. J. McCron, November issue.. 69.00
Advertising since last report.... 27.78	Seeman & Peters, November issue 4.80
Band fund for Arthur Hill game 49.45	Arthur Amsden, Band for Arthur Hill game 63.00
	Postage for exchanges, per W. Whatley11
	Paper for drawings, per I. Johnson .25
	Total expenditures.....\$138.16
	Balance in bank..... 136.96
Total to account for.....\$275.12	Total\$275.12

Freshie—"Kind sir, will you please extract this painful portion of wood from under my fingernail."

Senior—"Dear me, so you have been scratching your head again."

"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are home, Willie?" asked the hostess.

"No, ma'am."

"Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?"

"Oh, she wouldn't care," said Willie, confidentially, "this isn't her pie."

A religious father whose son was about to be married, said, "John, there's only one request I wish to make of you and if you agree to it I'll make you a present of \$10,000. I want you to solemnly promise me, that you will keep holy one day of the week and refrain from all work."

"Make it \$70,000, pop," said John, "and I'll keep the whole week."

Doris—"Mamma, why is your hair turning gray?"

Mother—"Because you are such

No more do we see them—
Those lovers so true—
Together go strolling
Each night home from school.

Something must have happened
To part these dear friends,
Now why not Dottie
And Bill make amends?

a bad girl sometimes."

Doris—"What a bad child you must have been, mamma. Grand-ma's hair is nearly white."

No Free Admission.

Mandy was a young colored girl fresh from the cotton fields of the South. One afternoon she came to her Northern mistress and handed her a visiting card.

"De lady what gib me dis am in de pahluh," she exclaimed. Dey's anodder lady on de do' step"

"Gracious, Mandy," exclaimed the mistress. "Why didn't you ask both of them to come in?"

"Cause, ma'am," grinned the girl, "de one on de do' step done fo'got her ticket."

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of suitable Christmas presents from which to
choose than ever before. The following list
offers only a few suggestions of what you can
see at our store.

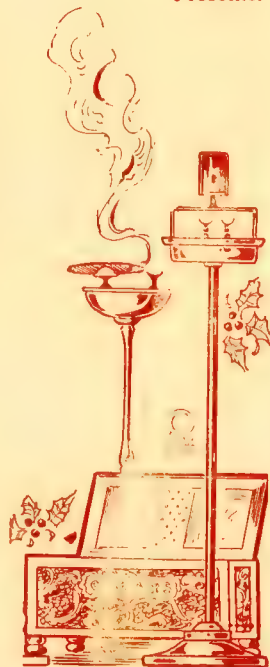
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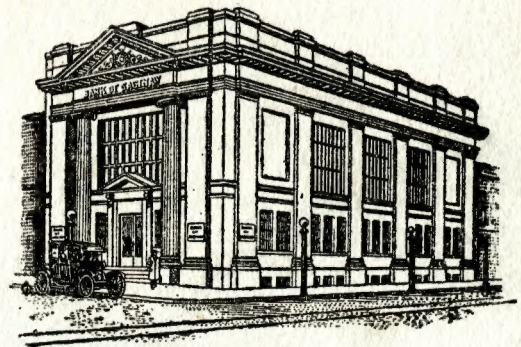
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