

The
Capronite
'19

THE CAPRONITE



Published by the
SENIOR CLASS
Community High School
Capron, Illinois

Class Colors: Green and White

Volume IV
1919

Our Service Flag

JUST one hundred stars upon our service flag, just one hundred boys clad in khaki have marched away from our little town of seven hundred. And what depths of feeling are evoked within our hearts as we look upon those stars—as the significance of each star steals softly into our hearts!

We have given freely. Our best, our bravest, and most loved—each mother has bravely sent her boy marching away in answer to the call of the Stars and Stripes. Many were the boys who volunteered when that first call came over our country—that call, which appealed to their patriotism and which moved their hearts to respond with the offering of their services.

All have not had the opportunity of leaving our national cantonments and entering into overseas service. Nevertheless, in their hearts dwelt the same dauntless, steadfast patriotism which fills the heart of every true American.

Many of our boys have come home hale and happy—happy in the thought that each has done his bit and stood ready behind the flag to offer his life for his country. But all have not as yet returned. Some of them have left us never to return and are lying silent on the battlefields of France.

Each and every community must bear its share of the burden. No community is left untouched, unscarred;—so, while some are proudly welcoming their boy's return, some must face the ordeal of never seeing their dear ones again. Only two stars upon our service flag have turned to gold. Our tribute, loyal and reverent, we offer to those heroes—the greatest tribute which is possible to give to their memory, "He was an American."

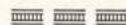
So here's to the soldiers who left their homes to offer their lives in upholding the honor of their country—fighting for those principles of Democracy "that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth." Our boys, who protected their flag—the red, white and the blue.



DESIRING to show in some slight manner our sincere appreciation for the loyal self sacrifice, noble patriotism and faithful service to their Country, We the Seniors of '19, respectfully dedicate this, the fourth volume of The Capronite to the Soldiers and Sailors of our community.



Our Service Flag (Continued)



"If the blue star turns to gold, mother,
In our little service flag at home,
You will know your boy's been true
To his country and to you—
That he died for justice, too, mother—
If the blue star turns to gold.

If the blue star turns to gold, mother,
In our country's service flag back there,
You will know your boy's been game;
That he faced the shot and flame—
Kept the honor of our name, mother—
If the blue star turns to gold.

If our blue star turns to gold, mother,
In the nation's service flag for all,
You will know your boy's last word,
While the feeble life blood stirr'd,
Was the first he ever heard: 'Mother!'
If the blue star turns to gold."



Honor Roll of the Community

NAVY

Walter Hauth Clifford H. Skelley Wilfred Ward

AVIATION

Clarence Edson Alfred Cleland Maynard Baker

ARMY

Serg. Eron J. Hanson (deceased)	Pvt. Louis Thorson
Pvt. John Walley	Eng. Herbert Lee
Serg. Einar V. Petersen	Serg. Viggo Nordvig
Corp. Oscar J. Olson	Serg. James Lambert
Lieut. Robt. J. Lascelles	Pvt. Peter Peterson
Serg. Lester S. Hess	Pvt. Wm. Walley
Pvt. Frank Lambert	Corp. Luke Petersen
Pvt. Emanuel Larson	Pvt. Obed Peterson
Cook Clarence O. Peterson	Pvt. Oscar Freestrom
Cook Carl E. Georgeson	Pvt. Leroy Chamberlain
Pvt. Wm. Henry S. Greene	Corp. Harry A. Johnson
M. P. Harry Hermonson	Corp. Edw. J. Thorson
Pvt. Elmer A. Hermonson	Pvt. Elvin Edson
Pvt. Speer Marriett	Pvt. Jesse Kieselburg
Pvt. Axel Henry Petersen	Pvt. Harry M. Hermonson
Pvt. Henry Oswald	Pvt. John A. Anderson
Pvt. Arthur Georgeson	Pvt. Martin Christensen
Pvt. Benj. Warne	Pvt. Elmer Edson
Serg. Harold Dutton	Pvt. Robert Nelson
Pvt. Russel Hovey	Mch. Oscar Thorson
Pvt. Olney C. Moe	Serg. Gail C. Downing
Pvt. Hal D. Caudry	Pvt. Robert McClure
Pvt. Edw. Nelson	Corp. Benj. Andersen
Pvt. Stern Johnson	Pvt. John Wurtz
Pvt. Bartel Olson	Pvt. Walter Pundt
Lieut. Orion Wing	Pvt. Paul Jacobson
Pvt. David Scott	Pvt. Guy E. Spenser
Pvt. Louis Rose	Corp. Albert Rader
Pvt. Joseph Hutchinson	Cook Hiram F. Wales
Pvt. Mark Truman	Corp. Wm. J. Mulligan
Pvt. Sam'l McCullough	Pvt. Albert F. Walley
Pvt. LeRoy S. Grant	Corp. Fred Lambert (Co. Clerk)
Pvt. Hans Petersen	Major Ray H. Puffer
Pvt. Benj. Ridge	Pvt. James E. Ward
Pvt. Hjelmar Pearson	Pvt. Benj. Kendall
Pvt. Duane Skagen	Serg. Albert S. Kroon
Pvt. Jasper Nelson	Pvt. Wm. Petersen
Serg. Ernest E. Bates	Pvt. Amos Hermonson
Lieut. James A. Logan	Corp. Louis Giesecke
Serg. Lyle Rolandson	Pvt. Floyd E. Johnson
Serg. Wm. Georgeson	Pvt. Wesley Martin
Pvt. Orin Largeson	Pvt. Lester B. Bertschy
Serg. Robt. B. Marshall	Pvt. John Harp
Pvt. James P. Jones	Corp. Imbert Övrid
Serg. Allen R. Montgomery	Pvt. Andrew Andrews
Serg. Walter L. Graham (deceased)	Pvt. Hans Loftis
Pvt. John Lambert	
Serg. Knute A. Olson	

H. M. C. '20



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PAUL NELSON



Eight

FACULTY



Nine

Faculty



VERA M. MEGOWEN

Virtuous, Merry, Modest.

*"Her ready speech flowed fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy."*

ELLEN P. ANDERSON

Energetic, Pleasing, Attractive.

*"I never knew her truly until she smiled
on me."*

J. M. WILSON

Jovial, Magnetic, Wise.

*"Oh, the friend we love is a friend indeed,
Who's ever true in the hour of need."*

SENIORS





Class Officers

HARRIET JOHNSON President
OWEN JOHNSON Vice President
MURIEL GOODALL Secretary
PAUL NELSON Treasurer

Class Colors
Old Rose and Silver

Class Flower
Rose

Class Motto
The sail is set, where is the shore?

HARRIET O. JOHNSON
It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice.
Helpful, Omnicompetent, Joyful.



PAUL E. NELSON
And in his manners so modest as a maid,
Persevering, Entertaining, Necessary.

MARGUERITE E. BRANNEN "Me"
Smiles make the world go round,
So I boost it all I can.
Mysterious, Enthusiastic, Busy.

CLIFFORD J. HOPPERSTAD
An argument! an argument! ye gods—I'm starving
for an argument.
Cunning, Jestful, Handy.

MURIEL E. GOODALL
A rare combination of frolic and fun,
Who rejoiced in the joke and relished a pun.
Merry, Energetic, Good.

THE CAPRONITE '19



JOHN B. HOPPERSTAD "Hopp"
He doesn't say much but there's reason to believe he thinks occasionally.
 Jocund, Bashful, Honest.

LENA C. JOHNSON
A true friend is forever a friend.
 Lovable, Cheerful, Joyful.

JOHN W. LASCELLES "Lolly"
He goes his own straight way and asks for no advice.
 Jaunty, Winning, Lively.

CONSTANCE O. JOHNSON "Consy"
A sweeter flower did nature ne'er put forth.
 Cautious, Obedient, Just.

THE CAPRONITE '19



ARMOUR R. NELSON
*And now so busy, yet for all his buzz,
 We tho't him busier than he was.*
 Amusing, Ready, Nimble.

MILDRED I. THOMPSON "Milly"
She has the happy faculty of seeing the sunny side of life.
 Mischievous, Interesting, Tall.

OWEN M. JOHNSON
It's great to be a Senior but a Freshman has my heart.
 Original, Mannerly, Jolly.

NORMA I. LARSON "Norm"
Always the same—a jolly good pal.
 Needful, Industrious, Lucky.

History of The Class of 1919



ON Monday, September the sixth, 1915, sixteen extremely verdant, anticipant Freshmen wended their way uncertainly toward the Capron High School. Needless to say, the upper classmen were prepared to humiliate and ridicule those timid, shy newcomers. However, in the course of time they were enveloped in the intricate whirl of high school studies—the most loved of which was Algebra (not).

The class distinguished itself almost immediately—perhaps not entirely for its amazing faculty in acquiring knowledge, but the pranks of the boys brought the class into the limelight in the high school activities. There were numerous high school social affairs, the first of which was the initiation of the Freshmen class. Several Freshmen were included in the cast of the high school play which was given that year. With the approach of the close of the year the Freshmen began to realize that their first year in high school was to be long remembered as one of the very happiest school years they had ever enjoyed, and that without a doubt often in the future their thoughts would turn back to the days when they were Freshmen.

As Sophomores the class was fifteen in number, one classman having left our ranks at the close of the first year. It was then their turn to inflict upon the entering Freshmen some of the humiliations to which they, as Freshmen, had been subjected. The year, which was uneventful with the exception of minor occurrences, drew to a successful close and the Sophomores were ready for their third year's work.

As jolly Juniors the class enjoyed the first year in the new high school building. The Juniors could not be excelled and the general good fellowship which existed between the members of the Junior class gave them a loyal high school spirit which was not surpassed even by the Seniors. On May thirty-first, the Juniors gave to the Seniors a farewell reception.

As Seniors the class consisted of thirteen members, two of the Juniors having retired from our ranks. Strange to say, the class did not settle down and was not as dignified as all Senior classes usually are. Their pranks were in a measure diminished but they could hardly be regarded as a perfect example of dignified discipline for the undergraduates. However, the class undoubtedly possessed the usual qualities of a Senior class. A play was given in January by the Seniors and Juniors, and was regarded as a success. But the greatest task which the class of 1919 ever attempted is THE CAPRONITE, which is the first volume edited by the Seniors.

And now, as Seniors, this class of '19 goes out of our dear C. H. S., hoping that each future year may see her stronger, larger, better, hoping that every class may be as loyal to her and that every class may leave her with as many happy memories of the high school days spent within her walls, as the class of 1919.



Memories, Memories,
Dreams of days gone by—
O'er the sea of memory
We're drifting back to you.
High school days, High school days,
Among the friends so dear—
We bade you farewell,
But forever you dwell
In our beautiful memories.

H. O. J. '19



A Prophecy

WHILE at home for a brief vacation I was told that my long hoped for dream had come true. A new moving picture machine had been installed and shows were given regularly, thus cheating the railroad company of many fares to neighboring towns. When we entered the building the only lights were in the corridors, as the auditorium was darkened and the show was in progress. The soft strains of music drifted to where we sat and upon inquiring who was playing I was told that it was the Hopperstad orchestra, led by Clifford. That, of course, was to be expected, as he always was musically inclined and was usually entertaining us in class.

Upon turning my attention to the screen I discovered that the leading role of the drama was played by a charming young lady who was a blonde and I was surprised to find that the heroine was Constance. The vampire who sought to take the affection of the stately hero from her blonde rival was none other than Harriet. My goodness! what a shock! Sisters as rivals, but then see what training may do for a person and I think the play, "A Night Off," must have given the girls an idea of the success they could make along that line.

The next play flashed on the screen and was a news weekly. Suffragettes were marching in Washington led by a young lady who looked strangely familiar. As the columns approached I saw that Muriel had given up farm life and was making fiery speeches on Woman's Rights.

The scene changed to within the House of Representatives and I noticed the Speaker making an eloquent address, gesturing profusely. Surely I had seen that orator before, but who could he be? "John Lascelles has succeeded as Speaker and is an important man in his party," said my sister, as if she read my thoughts. Every one knew John would be an orator by the ability he manifested in Literary Society.

But now the scene changed to the Senate where the member from Illinois was pleading for good roads. No wonder either, as if anyone knew what the roads of Northern Illinois were at all seasons of the year, it was John Hopperstad. It seemed as if Capron was well represented in politics and to think that two members of our class had made such noticeable successes was very gratifying.

Again the scene changed to an eastern college where two ladies, one very tall and the other short, were walking arm in arm on the campus. They met a man who had a worried expression and was carrying a big bunch of note books. As he noticed the ladies his frown quickly changed to a smile. As I gazed intently I recognized my pals, Mildred and Norma, and the man was none other than Owen whom nature intended for a professor. Dame Gossip, ever present in our little town, said all three had made a splendid success as teachers and had become well known in their subjects, Norma teaching mathematics, Mildred, domestic science, and Owen agriculture.

The scene changed to wheat fields in Illinois, said to have a high yield per acre, and there industriously at work was our class comedian, Armour.

Next the scene was in a Chicago hospital where a nurse was moving quietly about the room of her patient. The announcement on the screen said: "Famous Driver Has Serious Accident." I always knew Paul was a careless driver when he began with a Ford, but since he took to racing I thought he would be more cautious. Lena had followed her sister's example and was very useful as a nurse.

I was indeed glad I had come to the show and although I had come merely to be entertained I had learned the whereabouts of my classmates and had enjoyed an imaginary reunion.

Of course, one cannot always rely on the movies, but in this instance I have reasons to believe they were right or nearly so.

M. E. B. '19

Eighteen

Class Will

WE, the members of the class of nineteen-nineteen, being sound of mind and excellent of judgment, before leaving this temple of wisdom known as the Capron Community High School, do make and solemnly declare this to be our last will and testament:

To Mr. Wilson, we leave our loyalty and deep regard.

To Miss Anderson, we leave our love and respect.

To Miss Megowan, we leave our sincere thanks for her kind assistance.

To the Juniors we bequeath our solemn dignity and the honors of the class row.

Our originality, we leave to the Sophomore class.

To the Freshmen, we leave our studious habits.

I, Mildred Thompson, bequeath my liveliness to Naomi Johnson.

I, Norma Larson, give my studious nature to Harold Hanson.

I, Muriel Goodall, leave my methods of always arriving at school on time to Helen Crosier.

I, Harriet Johnson, leave my good nature to Donna Ellingson.

I, Owen Johnson, give my knowledge of Physics to Reuben Rolandson, and to Axel Claesson, I bequeath my editorial ability in making a successful Pre-Capronite.

I, Lena Johnson, do bequeath my kindness and willingness to help others to Ruth Hawes.

I, Marguerite Brannen, do give my position as Annual Editor-in-Chief to one who wishes work, worry and woe.

I, John Lascelles, do give my oratorical genius to Harold Clarke, trusting that he will make good use of this at Literary Society.

I, Constance Johnson, give my quietness to Madeline Haley.

To Myrtle Rislow, I, Armour Nelson, give my entertaining ability, hoping she will develop it fully.

I, Clifford Hopperstad, do give my whole heart to Vivian Fallon to keep as long as she wishes, and I also bequeath to Harold Hanson my good behavior and my ability of application to doing mischief.

I, John Hopperstad, leave my bashfulness to Robert Nelson.

Signed, sealed and delivered by said Senior Class as their last will and testament in the presence of us, who, at their request, and in their presence have signed our names as witnesses thereof.

SENIOR CLASS OF '19

Witness: MISS DOMUCH

Witness: MR. DOLITTLE

Nineteen

Class Poem



What ship is this comes sailing
Across the harbor bar,
So strange, yet half familiar,
With treasures from afar?

This ship, our memory approaches
Folding up her magic glass,
Pointing to familiar faces
In our 1919 class.

When lingered I by the pathway
Of this treasure-laden ship,
I knew those old familiar faces
From our 1919 class.

The first I saw was Constance,
With her bright and happy face,
And her same old golden silence
In the hearts of many no one could take her place.

The next I saw was Armour,
With his same old joking way,
By trying to puzzle teachers,—
But I'm sure he's been forgiven long before this day.

John Hopperstad, our friend and helper,
At least he always used to be;
And Clifford, who always liked to play,
Now has proven greater than one could wish to be.

And Lena, she has not changed a bit,
With her meek and modest way;
But Mildred, with her black eyes, blacker still,
Ah, yes, we loved her just as well.

To my surprise there was Norma,
With her same old friendly way;
Marguerite, the sunshine of our class,
The illustrious editor of our annual staff.

And Paul, hardly did I know him,
For I beheld a prince before my eyes;
But soon that old familiar smile
Kept me no longer in dismay.

Then comes John and Owen,
Who had not changed a bit,
Owen just as wise and stately as ever,
And John the cut up of our class.

Oh, Captain! Our courteous captain,
Tho' Harriet is her name;
Many storms she has led us through,
But to our captain we are ever true.

Indeed was I very much surprised
To find so true my twelve old classmates;
The storms of life had changed not their ways,
The ways I loved the best.

So here's to the Class of 1919!
Here's to the Class so true,
Here's to our teachers who have helped us,
And dear old C. H. S., here's to you!

MURIEL E. GOODALL, '19





Helen Crosier	Reuben Rolandson	Hilda Pearson
Terene Seaver	Evelyn Johnson	Earl Cornwell
Blanche Hopperstad	Harry Meckley	Regina Johnson
Emma Fitch	Leo De Munn	Ruth Hyndman
		Ida Zimmer

Junior Class History



President HARRY MECKLEY
Vice President REGINA JOHNSON
Secretary and Treasurer HILDA PEARSON

IN September, 1916, we, the class of '20, entered upon high school life with considerable awe and timidity. Without much difficulty we conquered the subjects laid down for Freshmen to master before they may become Sophomores. At the close of our Freshman year two of our members left school.

The next fall when we again reported for duty we had added ambitions, because instead of attending the old school house of the year before, we entered the new Community High School. It was in our second year that we became organized, and elected the following officers:

President EARL CORNWELL
Vice President REUBEN ROLANDSON
Secretary and Treasurer RUTH HYNDMAN

As Sophomores, we took an active part in the social festivities of 1917-18 and even gave two high school parties. At the close of our Sophomore year, three more left our class; one moving away and the other two taking hospital training.

On September 2, 1918, we registered for training as Juniors. The work went on much the same as in other years, except for the change in studies. This year we welcomed three new pupils. The Junior Class furnishes more members for the orchestra than any other class. The class is also well represented in the Glee Club. The Junior Domestic Science class prepare a lunch every week for the High School pupils.

R. H. '20



SOPH'S

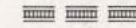


P. W. 1919



Top Row—Dora Hopperstad, Hazel Meyers, Fred Durley, Ida Ward, Fred Smith, Frances Camp.
Second Row—Josephine Hopperstad, Gladys Kleive, Stella Hopperstad, Axel Claesson, Ruth Hawes, Naomi Johnson, Vivian Fallon.
Bottom Row—Harold Clarke, Gladys Olson, Myrtle Kislou, Jerrold Seaver, Anne Hutchinson.

The History of the Sophomore Class



Of course, before the members of a class may become Sophomores, they must first pass through the Freshman mill. Therefore, in the fall of '17, twenty-three of us, plain little Freshies, assembled under the roof of the new Community High School to spend our first year in high school.

The first day we were immediately tagged with the unwelcome name, "Freshies." With the help of our teachers and the Sophomores we were able to reach the different class rooms.

But even though we were often ridiculed by our higher classmates, our Freshman life passed quickly and we soon forgot that we were once green and unpolished.

In the fall of '18, nineteen enrolled as Sophomores, four pupils leaving the happy group.

This year we find still larger obstacles which must be mastered, in the forms of Geometry and Latin, but we are taking them all in the best of good humor and hope that our class may stand together until we have become "full-fledged" Seniors. We will then have the distinction of being the first class to complete its entire four years in the Capron Community High School.

S. H.





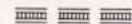
Top Row—Aleida Kleive, Howard Goodall, Walter McLean, Margaret Goodrich, Robert Nelson.
Second Row—Donna Ellingson, Corla Hopperstad, Ella Ellwanger, Charles McLean, Selma Stalheim, Earl Johnson, Nellie Dunham.
Bottom Row—Mildred Haley, Carl Granquist, Madeline Haley, Earl Lambert.

Twenty-nine



Twenty-eight

The Freshman Class



President HOWARD GOODALL
Vice President NELLIE DUNHAM
Secretary SELMA STALHEIM

Class Color—Maroon and White.

Class Flower—Red Rose.

Class Motto—Step by step we shall rise.

Corla, who plays the violin, is a member of the C. H. S. orchestra.

Earl L. is especially noted for his immense size.

Madeline and Mildred are two sisters never to be parted.

Howard is always entertaining us during school hours by humming and whistling.

Ella seems to have been bitten by the snake of wisdom when very young.

Walter and Charles are two brothers of great height.

Donna aims to specialize in Spelling.

Carl is the artist of our class and is a very bashful boy(?)

Alida always has a smile on her face, as you will notice if you happen to look at her.

Earl J. We wonder if he is ashamed of his height; he seldom straightens up to show it.

Nellie is noted for her penmanship.

Robert is very bashful and does not like to have the girls come near him.

Margaret loves not wisely but too well.

Selma is a quiet but ambitious member of our class.

N. D.



Thirty



Thirty-one

School Days

Our school began in the autumn,
And busily day by day,
We've been toiling, toiling, toiling,
For the thought of spring and May.

Every boy and girl and teacher
Has worked with might and main.
For honors and for credits
Which all would like to gain.

Sometimes we feel so very sad,
When cards go home to Dad,
Who looks so understandingly,
That then again we're glad.

Our teachers are the very best
From regions far and near,
The knowledge which they bring to us
Will make us many a year.

We all are very glad to work
In a school as nice as ours,
We're just as proud as we can be
To while away the hours.

And oh! what jolly times have we
When all our work is done,
We leave no slightest thing unturned
To have the most of fun.

Our teachers have been patient
As only good ones are,
And faults so very many
Have been looked at from afar.

Our school days soon'll be ended
And we must say goodbye,
To our classmates and our teachers
And to dear old Capron High.

And then the time is coming
When we will bless these days,
The happiest and the freest
Beneath the old sun's rays.

Should the years be long and dreary
E'er we reach our highest aim,
The memories of these school days
Will lead us on to fame.

MILDRED THOMPSON, '19

The High School Music Rack

===

Helen C.—"A Soldier's Farewell."

Reuben R.—"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now."

Harry M.—"I Don't Want to Get Well, I'm in Love with a Beautiful Nurse."

Grace Z.—"Tenting on the Old 'Camp' Ground."

Howard G.—"Nellie (Gray?)"

Alida K.—"Smiles."

Muriel G.—"Absent."

Owen J.—"When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

Constance J.—"Oh, Johnny!"

Fred S.—"They Always Pick on Me."

Marguerite B.—"There's a Long, Long Trail."

Margaret G.—"I'm Old Enough for a Little Lovin'."

Vivian F.—"There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl."

Regina J.—"The Little 4d Rambled Right Along."

Axel C.—"I Always Dream of Someone, But No One Dreams of Me."

Ruth H.—"Only a Year Ago."

Robert N.—"Don't be Afraid to Ask the Girl."

Howard G.—"I was seeing Nellie Home."

Fred D.—"I Ain't Got Nobody Much."

Terene S.—"Everybody Loves a Jazz Band."

John L.—"A Twelve O'clock Fellow in a Nine O'clock Town."

Paul N.—"One, Two, Three, Four" (Five, Six, Seven).

Ida Z.—"I'm Trying so Hard to Forget You."

Harold H.—"I Could Say Good Night to a Thousand Girls."

Leo D.—"Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."





Thirty-four



The Orchestra

THE High School Orchestra is slowly but surely gaining prominence. Music is becoming more popular each year and especially so in Capron High. Our orchestra practices every week. We have quite a number of musically inclined Sophomores and Freshmen, and by the time they have reached the Senior and Junior years we shall have a splendid orchestra. We have played a few times in public. Our leader this year is Miss Anderson. The following are the members and the instruments they play:

PIANO

Regina Johnson

FIRST VIOLIN

Terene Seaver
Corla Hopperstad

CORNET

Clifford Hopperstad
Walter McLean
Jerrold Seaver

'CELLO

Blanche Hopperstad

CLARINET

Charles McLean

HARP

Harriet Johnson

DRUM

Leo De Munn

Thirty-five

DRAMATICS

A VERY pleasant evening was spent by the people of Capron and community in attending a play given by our popular High School people, entitled "A Night Off," with the following cast of characters:

Prof. Babbitt, college professor of Ancient History.....	Owen Johnson
Dr. Harry Damask, son-in-law of the professor.....	Earl Cornwell
Angelica Damask, elder daughter of Prof. and Mrs. Babbitt.....	Muriel Goodall
Jack Mulberry, son of an English lord, traveling with a theatrical troupe under assumed name of Alfred Chumley.....	Paul Nelson
Zantippa Babbitt, wife of the professor.....	Harriet Johnson
Sophonisba, younger daughter of the Babbitt family.....	Constance Johnson
Marcus Brutus Scrap, manager of the theatrical troupe, in search of a fortune.....	John Lascelles
Lord Mulberry, from England in search of his son.....	Clifford Hopperstad
Susan, maid in Babbitt household.....	Norma Larson
Prowl, butler in Damask home.....	John Hopperstad

ACT I

Scene—The professor's study in the Babbitt home.

Time—Any time.

ACT II

Scene—Reception room at the Damask home.

Time—The following afternoon.

ACT III

Scene—Professor's study at the Babbitt home.

Time—A week later.

ACT IV

Scene—Professor's study.

Time—That evening.

Each individual rendered his or her part in a very proficient manner. Much credit is due to the manager, Miss Megowan, for her special efforts in training and directing the same.

Several intervening features of the evening were numbers by the High School orchestra, a cornet solo, a vocal duet, and a piano solo, which were very pleasing to the audience.

L. W. D.



The Community Lyceum Course

IN keeping with the custom acquired during the past few years, the Community High School has again set before you for your approval five entertainments taken from the Redpath Bureau. As before, we have tried to bring upon the stage of our auditorium a line of entertainment that will surpass any previous course which we have presented. We sincerely believe that this has been accomplished by the extreme interest and large attendance which you have given to it.

When the sale of tickets was launched we were just passing thru one of the darkest periods of the war. The length of the war was about to be decided by the presentation of the Allied armistice to the central powers.

As everything was undecided, so were the minds of the people when the question of season tickets was presented to them. Many gave a helping hand to the students who were trying to make the Lyceum a success and the result was that about two hundred season tickets were sold.

Then the armistice was signed and everyone was very much relieved. The war was over and soon our boys would be coming home. With their minds relieved the people began to seek recreation and entertainment, and in doing so patronized our Lyceum Course.

More season tickets were sold at the first number and the door receipts were large at each of the numbers.

This year the course consisted of "Reno," the famous magician; the "Paramount Entertainers," a trio consisting of one gentleman and two ladies, giving readings and musical selections; the "Arden Entertainers," a quartette of four charming young ladies, giving a musical programme; Marvel Miller, a reader, and Dr. Hagerman, lecturer.

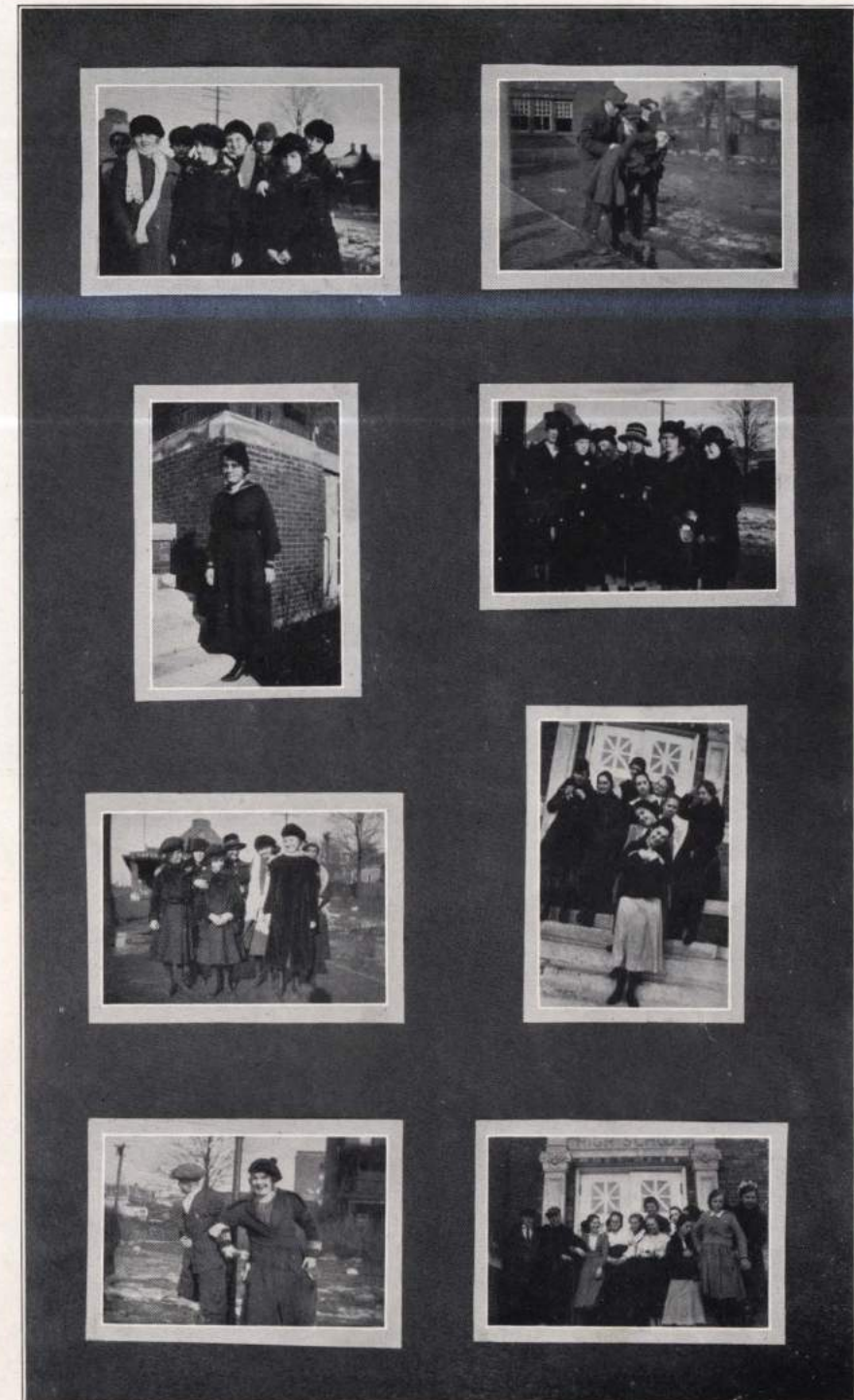
E. R. C. '20

Chinese Puzzles

Where does Myrtle get all her notes?
 What is Reuben's favorite weed?
 What jeweler does Axel patronize?
 Where does Evelyn get her regal walk?
 Why does Clifford aspire to become a tonsorial artist?
 What makes Fred S. so supremely good natured?
 Where does Leo get his musical talents?
 When does Earl L. study?
 What makes Marguerite and Norma so slender?
 In a beauty contest which would take the prize, Harriet or Constance?

The Earth Would Quake If

Ella should miss a lesson.
 Donna should lose her interest in the boys.
 Leo should come to an H. S. party.
 Marguerite's letters from France should cease coming.
 Howard should get angry.
 Harold Hanson should come to school every day.
 Terene and Regina should cease to be chums.
 Miss Anderson forgot how to smile.
 Paul, Owen and Armour should cease to display their wit.
 Mildred and Norma should have a "falling out."
 Earl Johnson's pompadour should become misplaced.
 Jerrold should behave in Geometry class.
 Anne and Ruth should quarrel.
 Earl Cornwell should lose his dignified appearance.
 Myrtle should stop teasing "Sonny."
 Hilda should lose her sunny smile.
 Selma should lose her ruby ring.
 Frederick Durley's sweater should fade.
 Gladys Kleive should lose her pleasant disposition.
 Robert should become bold.
 Margaret should lose her interest in a Senior lad.
 John Lascelles should lose his oratorical ability.
 Fanny should lose interest in her school work.
 Nellie should lose her curls.
 Ida Zimmer should lose her "happy-go-lucky" way.





Domestic Science



VISIT our school building some Friday forenoon and you will find the Domestic Science class busily preparing a wholesome and appetizing lunch for the students from the country. At present the girls of the class have become competent cooks and know the true value of the different food products, and how to prepare dainty and healthful dishes therefrom.

Under their efficient teacher, Miss Megowen, they are also learning how to sew and thus far have been successful in making several useful garments.

When one tastes the food they have cooked or sees them busily occupied with the gentle art of using the needle, one cannot help but be thankful that Domestic Science has been introduced into the schools to assist in making more efficient housewives of our girls.

R. J. '20

Forty

Society



A RECEPTION was given by the Board of Education the first Friday after school began. A large crowd gathered at the auditorium to become acquainted with the teachers. A miscellaneous program of several numbers was given. Later in the evening refreshments were served by the Junior and Senior girls. Even though the weather was disagreeable, all had an enjoyable time and at a late hour departed for home.

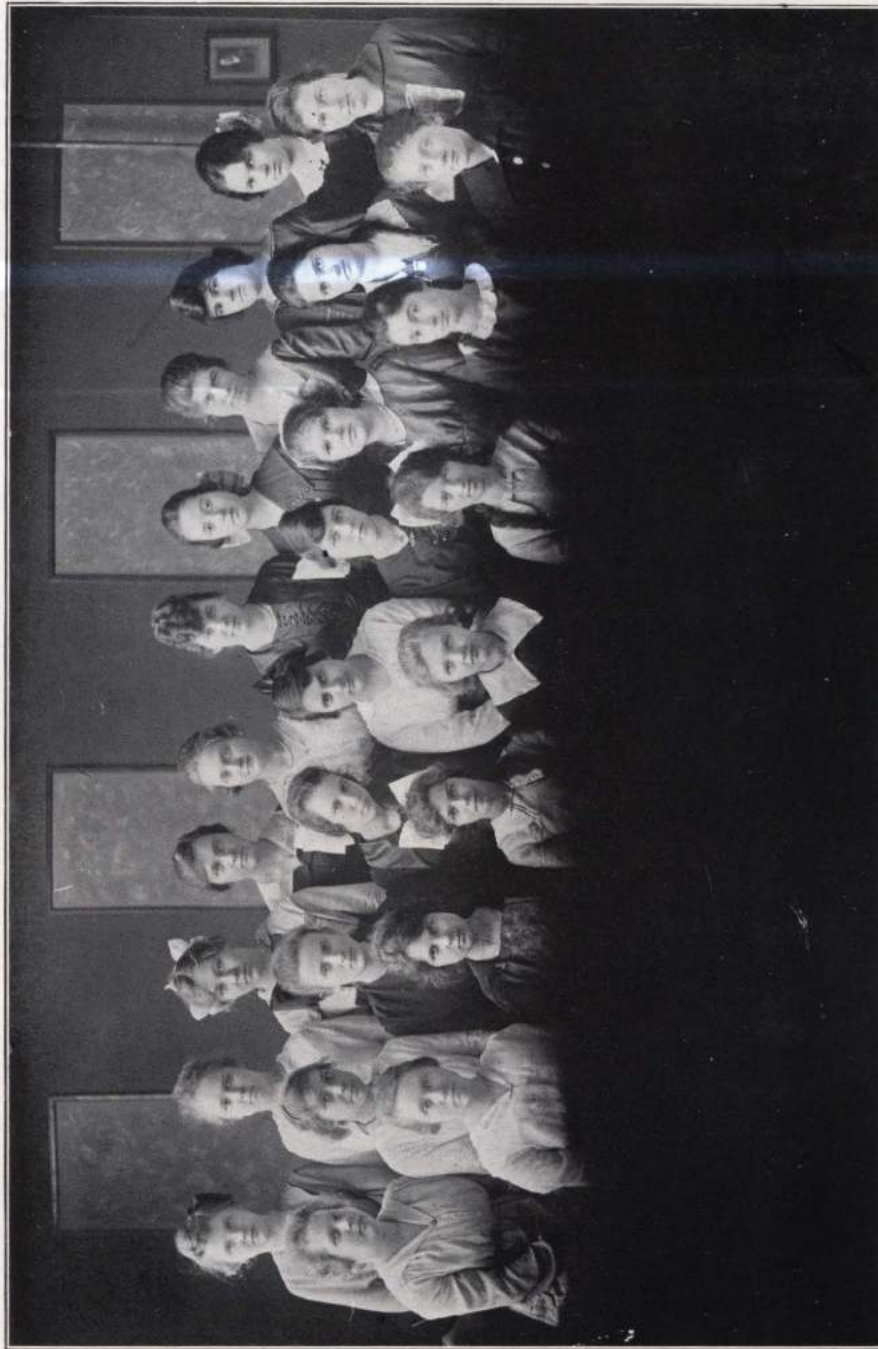
The first High School party in the year of nineteen eighteen was largely attended, especially by the Freshmen, as this was their first attendance at a High School party. After a number of games were played, we went to Crosier's, where refreshments were served. Upon our return to the school building we took an active part in the remainder of the activities and at midnight, after a pleasant evening, we returned to our homes.

The next meeting of the young people of the community at the High School was greatly enjoyed. Owing to unfavorable weather the attendance was not as large as usual. The girls of the Domestic Science class very kindly agreed to serve the refreshments. After a pleasant evening we were homeward bound.

The Seniors thus far have proven themselves very efficient society leaders, hoping they will continue to do so in the future.

G. A. Z. '20

Forty-one



Top Row—Gladys Kleive, Grace Zimmer, Terene Seaver, Hazel Meyers, Idah Zimmer, Blanche Hopperstad, Emma Fitch, Stella Hopperstad, Mildred Thompson, Naomi Johnson. Second Row—Helen Crosier, Ella Ellwanger, Corla Hopperstad, Frances Camp, Norma Larson, Selma Stalheim, Myrtle Rislow, Marguerite Brannen, Nellie Dunham. Borrom Row—Lena Johnson, Donna Ellingson, Madeline Haley, Aleida Kleive, Mildred Haley, Ruth Hyndman, Anne Hutchinson.

Girls' Glee Club



IN all institutions of this kind it is necessary to provide some means of vocal training. For the past two years this has been accomplished by a High School Chorus, but this year it was thought best to organize separate Glee Clubs for the boys and girls.

The Girls' Glee Club is composed of girls from all classes under the leadership of Miss Anderson. The girls meet for practice each Tuesday after school. Their progress has been somewhat retarded by the closing of school, but they plan to make better use of their opportunity during the second semester. An operetta is being considered, and they plan to sing at High School activities and other social functions.

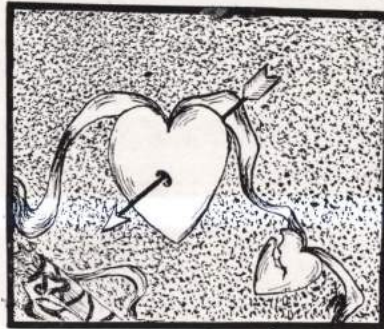
E. I. F. '20



Can You Imagine?

Margaret Goodrich being left "alone"?
 Clifford Hopperstad agreeing with any one?
 Armour Nelson pleading "guilty" to any mischief?
 Harold Clark posing as Abraham Lincoln?
 The orchestra making music?
 English III and IV class with a perfect recitation?
 Carl Granquist being good?
 Reuben Rolandson lecturing against smoking?
 Earl Cornwell with the giggles?
 Leo De Munn beginning an argument?
 Axel Claessen not surrounded by Sophomore girls?
 Ella Ellwanger without her lessons?
 Robert Nelson talking to a girl?

Cramming For Exams



In a quiet and pleasant parlor,
Sat a maiden in dismay;
Reviewing all her English,
For an exam the following day.

Now a friend was kindly asked,
Her exams to help her get;
And in the big settee,
He with her there did sit.

They were hidden by the piano,
No better place they thought;
For here 'twas nice and cozy,
So no other place they sought.

There was no one else around,
No, not a single one;
So he did call her pet names,
And even called her "Hun"!

Unity, Coherence, and Emphasis,
Were the three she wished to know;
And pondering awhile, she said,
"I'll never make a show."

Her friend was ever ready,
"Like this," he said, "You see,
Unity is when I love you,
And you, my dear, love me."

"And what, then, is Coherence?"
I will demonstrate, said he;
He put his arms around her,
For that he often had.

"Oh! and what is Emphasis?"
She asked him rather shy;
He answered very hastily,
With a very meek reply.

"Another demonstration,
I fear I ask of you;
Though that is not so many,
For I know there were only two."

For just a moment brief,
He feasted on her looks;
Returned him by the girl,
And quite forgot their books.

Then he carefully maneuvered,
To evade her little nose;
And placed the desired Emphasis,
On the lips much like a rose.

"I think you'll have no trouble
With exams to-morrow," he said,
"Can it be really true?"
She asked, while blushing red.

"But won't you kindly tell me,
Though you may think it rude,
To ask that question, or on
Your school work to intrude."

"What was your highest grading?
For you are rather sharp;"
He answered, quite embarrassed,
"It was a 'question mark'."

H. V. P. '20



Answers to Correspondents

Margaret G.—Your desire for each should help you choose between the two.
 Reuben—We assure you that love and smoke cannot always be concealed.
 Regina—A wrist watch is an ideal present.
 Armour—Never speak sense when nonsense will answer the same purpose.
 Leo—Faint heart never won fair lady.
 John L.—Be not deceived, you can never judge a girl by her looks.
 Harriett—A quiet married life on the farm would no doubt be ideal.
 Hilda—You will find that smiles are the language of love.
 Ruth H.—I have decided that modesty is the citadel of virtue and beauty.
 Owen—A little study now and then is relished by the tallest men.
 The Orchestra—It is true that practice makes perfection.
 Harry—Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
 Clifford—Be not deceived by apparent popularity.

What If?

Miss Megowen should flunk the Senior boys?
 Harriet should lose her giggles?
 John Lascelles should not go south Sunday nights?
 Clifford should obey his elders in school?
 Constance should smile?
 Armour didn't flirt with Miss Anderson?
 Owen should take his sister out more?
 Lena should fail in Solid Geometry?
 Muriel didn't write to Russel?
 John H. lost his dimples?
 Paul found nerve enough to flirt?
 The Juniors had a dance?
 Reuben should be caught in the "hookey" act?
 Harry missed his train Sunday nights?
 Hilda didn't flirt?
 Leo should play in public?
 Terene was called "Tanglefoot" again?
 Regina should cut Constance out?
 Emma should wear nose glasses?
 Grace didn't like Mr. Camp?
 Helen didn't correspond so much?
 Ida Ward got mad again?
 Bud should grow?
 Fannie should lose her 1918 class ring?
 Fred Durley walked like a dude?
 Robert wasn't bashful?
 The Freshmen girls didn't like Earl J.?
 Nellie and Howard should get out of whack?
 Ella drove a race horse?
 The domestic science dinners were big enough to taste?
 We didn't have exams?
 We had a new clock?
 We had school on every holiday?



If perchance it doth appear,
 To personal truths we come too near,
 Forget the one about yourself
 And laugh at one on someone else.

Mr. Wilson (during semester exams): "May I have a word with them, Miss Megowen?"
 Miss McGowen: "Let me have just one more word first."
 Mr. Wilson: "That's the way of it, the women always have to have the last word."

Muriel G. (during the play): "And Harry promised me on this spot, not ten minutes ago, never to tell me an untruth falsehood again."

Miss Megowen (in English class): "Those that come here for fun will get a funny grade."

Armour (leaving English class as Miss McGowen is writing down the grades): "I'll bet I get a 0 minus."

Here's to the Freshmen who are studying Benjamin Franklin:
 Early to bed and early to rise,
 But you don't meet any of the regular guys.

Jerrold: "Give us a waltz, orchestra leader, a Wilson waltz."
 Miss Anderson: "I don't get you."
 Jerrold: "One with lots of good notes in it."

I'm looking 41412 love.—Reuben R.

Harriet J.: "Last week I waved my handkerchief at one man for three hours. And then I found out I had been flirting with a scarecrow."

"When you burn your hand what three authors do you think of?"
 "Dickens—Howitt—Burns."

Miss Megowen (before the play started): "Now you all evaporate."

Miss Megowen: "What did Dryden write about?"
 Clifford: "Wrote the death of Tennyson."

Scene, France. Officer passes private busily engaged in ridding his clothing of cooties.
 "Picking them out, my man?" said the officer.
 "No, sir," said the private, "just taking them as they come."

Earl C.: "That's a lovely complexion you've got."
 Ida Z.: "I walk eight miles for my complexion every morning."
 Earl C.: "I heard the drug store had moved."

Regina: "I understand they introduced a new dance called the 'Panama Canal.' How did it go?"
 Terene: "It was just one slide after another."

THE CAPRONITE '19

Owen: "Miss Megowen, have you learned to make 'golden soup' in domestic science class?"

Miss Megowen: "No, what is it?"

Owen: "Fourteen carrots."

Smile and the world smiles with you,
Kick and you kick alone;
But the cheerful grin will let you in,
Where the knocker is never known.

Reuben: "That girl of yours is a sweet kisser."

Earl C.: "How do you know?"

Reuben: Oh, I had it right from her own lips."

John L-L had been in the habit of coming early and staying late on his frequent visits at the 'Cloverdale' farm.

Finally Ruth, one of the younger members of the family voiced her opinion on the matter. It was getting late or rather early in the morning when Ruth, being unable to sleep, entered the room and said: "Well, John, are you going to stay and see what Constance has for breakfast?"

When ma is downstairs at 8 o'clock
Sit Like This
When ma is upstairs at 9 o'clock
Sit Like This
When ma is snoring at 10 o'clock
Sitlikethis

Armour N. (who has been asked to read in English class): "I can't read very loud. I've got an awful cold."

Miss Megowen: "You ought to be doing something for your cold. You've had an awful cold all winter."

Ida (in English class): "He wrote an article in the paper denying that he had been dead."

Clifford H. (at telephone): "She isn't been here at all to-day."

Tourist: "Pretty dull around here."

Rube: "Jest now 'tis. Yew wait a couple of months and see how this place'll be stirred up."

Tourist: "What's going to happen?"

Rube: "Ploughin'."

Critic: "Your work seems a little raw."

Poet: "It oughtn't to be. It's been roasted enough."

Mrs. Johnson: "That young man who calls on you twice a week stays too late. You will have to sit down on him."

Regina: "Why, I do, mamma."

Carl: "I saw a goblet to-day made of bone."

Earl L.: "Pshaw! I saw a tumbler made of flesh and blood last night."

Carl: "Where?"

Earl L.: "At the circus."

Evelyn (who was sitting alongside of Norma in a street car): "Conductor, I think you ought to charge people according to their weight."

Conductor: "If we did, we wouldn't stop for you!"

Marguerite: "We had shortcake for tea."

Mildred: "So had we; so short it didn't go around!"

Prof. (during singing): "Now boys, altogether, sing do-me-so-do."

Boys (in chorus): "Lend me some dough."

Miss Anderson: "Howard, take that gum out of your mouth."

Howard goes up to the waste basket, takes the gum out of his mouth and then begins to chew again.

Miss Anderson: "Howard, didn't I tell you to take that waste basket out of your mouth?"

"What falls flatter than an egg?"

"A joke you have heard before."

THE CAPRONITE '19

Happenings of the Year

SEPTEMBER



"The golden-rod is yellow"

2. Back to school again. But think, we are Seniors!
3. Real labor begins.
5. Seniors, one to another, "Have you your Physics?"
9. Blue Monday.
10. The Senior boys get hungry in Geometry class. Caught eating cough drops.
12. Paul, Armour and Owen attend the fair.
13. Miss Anderson organizes a "Girls' Glee Club."
17. Everybody wonders why Reuben stays out doors for two periods.
19. Every one coughs when Reuben enters.
20. First High School party. Everybody enjoys themselves immensely.
23. Harriett comes back to school after a vacation.
25. First Exams.
30. First Report Cards. What did "mamma and papa" think?



OCTOBER

"You cannot rival for one hour,
October's bright blue weather."

School closed on account of the influenza.

NOVEMBER



"Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow."

4. School opens again.
5. Everybody smells camphor. Beware of the "Flu" germs.
6. Organization of orchestra by Miss Anderson.
7. We were all inspected.
8. Two members of the Senior class have a confidential talk in the rest room.
Who? When? Why?
11. Celebration of the signing of the armistice.
13. Orchestra members make their "debut" at a soil lecture. Three cheers for the orchestra.
15. Miss Anderson very kindly requests Armour to stop his purring.
18. Rev. Feldwisch visits school.
19. The teachers select a Lyceum Course for this year.
22. High School party. How did Evelyn get home?
25. Margaret Goodrich goes to Chicago to spend Thanksgiving.
26. Evelyn seems rather sleepy in school. Why?
28. No school. Thanksgiving day.
29. Cast for the play selected.



DECEMBER

*"The sun that brief December day
'Rose cheerless over hills of gray."*

2. Owen Johnson receives a birthday greeting from Margaret G. in Chicago.
4. Senior class elects officers.
6. Our engraving contract with the Jahn & Ollier Engraving Company signed.
6. First number of the Lyceum Course.
9. Seniors elect Annual staff.
11. Two weeks until Christmas.
Carl writes a letter to Santa Claus.
13. Mildred receives a note (love note) from Clifford.
17. Myrtle gives a free exhibition on the piano at noon.
18. Senior boys have whooping cough in morning assembly.
19. Juniors elect class officers.
Everywhere we go we have tests.
Preparation for the holidays is the only reason given.
20. Miss Megowen leaves for her home in Alton.
Sophomores elect class officers.
- 20-30. Christmas vacation.
30. School opens after Christmas vacation.
Harriett has a new cameo. When did she get it?
31. Freshmen elect class officers.

JANUARY



*"Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new."*

1. School New year's Day. No rest for the wicked.
2. "Freshies" and two Seniors rubber through the door at visitors.
3. Senior play practice after school. Also orchestra practice. Result of play practice? ? ?
6. Mildred and Norma actually have their Physics lesson at class time.
7. Miss Megowen becomes so exasperated at her sleepy English class that she orders the windows opened on a very cold day in order to wake them up. Results? ?
8. Ruth and Evelyn come to school with diamond(?) rings.
10. The play, "A Night Off," given by the Seniors.
11. Seniors go to Blaine and give the play.
13. Blanche comes back to school.
14. Everybody busy on Annual work.
17. Domestic Science girls serve lunch.
20. Second number of the Lyceum Course.
- 23-24. Semester Exams.
24. High School party. Paul escorts a different girl home from High School party. Whose turn next, Ruth or Evelyn?
27. Mr. Hess comes to Capron from Fort Williams, Portland, Maine.
30. Third number of the Lyceum Course.
31. A party given in the auditorium in honor of Mr. Hess.
Ruth's turn arrives. Paul escorts her home from party.



FEBRUARY

*"February brings the rain.
Thaws the frozen lakes again."*

3. Miss Anderson resumes her school duties after an attack of "influenza."
4. Reuben takes a nap in English III and IV.
5. Kodak day. Many get "shot" but only a few receive fatal injury.
6. Where did Owen get his new stick pin?
7. The Seniors are all disappointed because they had to take Geometry only one semester.
11. Glee club practice.
12. Fourth number of the Lyceum Course.
13. Jerrold seen buying a beautiful valentine. Who's the lucky girl?
15. The giggles are contagious.
17. The morning after the night before.
My kingdom for a bed (Terene).
18. Glee club practice.
20. Stella falls upstairs. Just a variation from going down.
22. For a change Miss Anderson thinks it would be a good thing to have order the third period.
25. Miss Megowen gives the English III and IV a free lecture.
28. Robinson Crusoe was glad when Friday came. So are we.



MARCH

*"March brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil."*

3. Seniors really choose class rings.
4. Miss Megowan in Domestic Science: "Give suggestions, Idah, for a pink and white luncheon."
Idah: "A red table cloth."
5. Marguerite wears a new watch bracelet.
7. Hilda and Paul pass notes to and fro all morning.
10. Another blue Monday.
11. Constance wears her hair pompadour.
12. Helen gets to school on time.
13. Beware—the thirteenth.
14. Myrtle and Naomi spend the day in Harvard.
17. Paul wears a new signet ring. Whose?
18. John L. and Harry M. have a good time in English III and IV class.
20. Prof. Wilson gives the boys a lecture on smoking.
21. Hurrah! Friday is here again.
24. Rain.
26. Rain and more rain.
- 27-28. Examinations again.



APRIL

*"April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet."*

2. Report Cards.
3. Some are surprised to see their marks in deportment.
7. What makes Harriet so sleepy in school?
8. Glee club practice.
9. It doesn't rain, it pours.
11. Orchestra practice.
12. While Emma F. was playing the piano Blanche Hopperstad said to a group of girls:
"Girls, do you know there are two things that make me feel more religious than ever,
and those are music and moonlight?" Some combination, Blanche.
13. April showers bring May flowers.
14. Grace Z. and friend attend the movies at Harvard.
16. Hilda goes out Ford riding.
18. Idah is so sleepy to-day. Bob's Reo is the cause, we think.
- 24-25. Exams.
28. Report cards. Be sure and let your folks see those grades.
29. Seniors are preparing for graduation.

N. L. '19



In Memoriam

IOLENE RISLOW

Born November 16, 1892

Died January 2, 1912

CARL OLSON

Born July 27, 1894

Died August 21, 1916

MORIS WING

Born May 29, 1898

Died October 11, 1918

TRUMAN ELLINGSON

Born February 13, 1894

Died November 8, 1918

SERG. WALTER GRAHAM

Born May 31, 1893

Died October 22, 1918

MRS. JAMES HUTCHINSON

Born January 3, 1893

Died March 12, 1917

Call them gone, but not forgotten,
They are not with us to-day,
But the thought of them is something
That will never pass away.

List of Graduates

Capron High School, District No. 31

1887

Dr. Henry Brown.....	Deceased
Helen Benson (Mrs. T. K. Thorvilson).....	Nerstrand, Minn.
Kate Hooper (Mrs. W. H. Keefe).....	3449 Congress St., Chicago, Ill.
Fred Magill.....	Poplar Grove, Ill.
Minnie E. Wooster (Mrs. Geo. Emery).....	2135 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Alice Rice (Mrs. J. E. King).....	641 Fullerton Pkwy, Chicago, Ill.

NO CLASS UNTIL 1892

1892

Clara Ridge (Mrs. Wm. Lascelles).....	Capron, Ill.
Inge Benson (Mrs. L. E. Johnson).....	Capron, Ill.
Carrie Emery (Mrs. Jno. Burkman).....	518 Wingra Street, Madison, Wis.
Ida B. Lascelles.....	722 Seward St., Evanston, Ill.

1893

Martha Benson (Mrs. A. Johnson).....	Capron, Ill.
Jennie Douglas.....	Deceased
Christine Georgeson (Mrs. Benj. Johnson).....	Capron, Ill.
Carrie Hanson (Mrs. B. W. Anderson).....	Norwood Park, Ill.
Rose Hungerford (Mrs. Perry).....	727 Park St., Kenosha, Wis.
Lizzie Lascelles (Mrs. Daniel Webster).....	722 Seward St., Evanston, Ill.
Jennie Wooster (Mrs. J. B. Crosier).....	Capron, Ill.
Bertha Lambert (Mrs. Mann).....	Eagle Grove, Iowa

NO CLASS UNTIL 1896

1896

Alice Berry (Mrs. T. Goodall).....	369 Euclid Ave., Beloit, Wis.
Agnes McClusky (Mrs. John Robinson).....	Poplar Grove, Ill.
Ethel Langher (Mrs. Carl Davis).....	1341 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Alba Tyrrell (Mrs. Irving Banks).....	Deceased
Clara Bean (Mrs. F. S. Cornwell).....	Capron, Ill.

1897

Hal Puffer.....	377 Woodward Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Jennie Walley (Mrs. Alf. Hopperstad).....	Capron, Ill.
Stanley Lambert.....	Deceased
Paul Wooster.....	306 W. 89th St., New York, N. Y.

NO CLASS UNTIL 1899

1899

Agnes Hutchinson.....	Custer, S. Dakota
Maude Chamberlain (Mrs. J. S. Bussell).....	Rogerson, Idaho
Hugh Clarke.....	Garden Grove, Cal.
Fred Witter.....	Burlington, Wis.
Clarence Witter.....	Maple Park, Ill.
Philip Sinnamon.....	Scotsville, Ky.

1900

Edith Sinnamon.....	732 W. Grand Ave., Beloit, Wis.
Margaret McClusky.....	Hill's City, S. Dak.
Maude Cornwell (Mrs. Guy Warfle).....	25 E. St., N. Janesville, Wis.
Elden Witter.....	Oconto Falls, Wis.

THE CAPRONITE '19

NO CLASS UNTIL 1903

1903

Ruby Steele (Mrs. Wm. Heath).....816 Hackett St., Beloit, Wis.
Ida McClusky.....Capron, Ill.

1904

Pearl Emery.....Harvard, Ill.
Hattie Stimes.....509 Indian Terrace Rockford, Ill.

1905

Vera Watterson (Mrs. Wm. Smith).....30 Plymouth St. Buffalo, N. Y.
Janet Torgeson (Mrs. H. Petersen).....Capron, Ill.
Ray Puffer (Major).....U. S. Army
Lottie Goodall (Mrs. Murray).....Hazelton, Iowa

1906

Wm. Johnson.....810 Janes St., Saginaw, Mich.
Benj. Ridge.....Capron, Ill.
Ethel Johnson (Mrs. Geo. Clifford).....508 Madison St., Oak Park, Ill.
Ruby Emery (Mrs. Ray Carpenter).....Harvard, Ill.
Dale Emery.....Capron, Ill.
Vera Wright.....Deceased

1907

Ellen Georgeson.....1136 N. Laramie St., Chicago, Ill.
Mary Lambert (Mrs. Robt. Montgomery).....Poplar Grove, Ill.
Wm. Smith.....30 Plymouth St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Alma Wolfram.....Capron, Ill.
June Rolandson.....208 Burr Oak Ave., Blue Island, Ill.
Alfred Stimes.....Capron, Ill.

1908

Ona Hermonson (Mrs. F. Brickley).....Capron, Ill.
Lucy Hopp (Mrs. Fred Cook).....Clinton, Wis.
Agnes Rislow.....Capron, Ill.
Gail C. Downing (Serg.).....U. S. Army
Otto Ellingson.....3932 N. 3rd St., Duluth, Minn.
Iolene Johnson (Mrs. A. Bloemke).....404 College Ave., Peoria, Ill.
Ferne Tuttle (Mrs. A. Haynes).....Des Plaines, Ill.

NO CLASS UNTIL 1910

1910

Orion Wing (Lieut.).....U. S. Army
Hazel Dimond (Mrs. Benj. Ridge).....Capron, Ill.
Orion Torgeson.....U. S. Army
Hazel Heath (Mrs. Loyal Thompson).....Lacon, Ill.
James A. Logan (Lieut.).....U. S. Army

1911

Robt. Lascelles (Lieut.).....U. S. Army
Speer Marriet, Y. M. C. A.....Beloit, Wis.
Grace Wolfram.....Belvidere, Ill.
Nellie Wolfram.....Harvard, Ill.
Truman Ellingson.....Deceased
Iolene Rislow.....Deceased

THE CAPRONITE '19

1912

Lucile Stockwell.....3412 W. 22nd St., Seattle, Wash.
Lulu Rislow.....914 23rd St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Anna Goodrich.....722 Seward St., Evanston, Ill.

1913

Wm. Georgeson (Serg.).....U. S. Army
Ethel Mellstrom.....Capron, Ill.
Agnes Hermonson (Mrs. J. Hutchinson).....Deceased
Adolph Torgeson.....603 Woodlawn Ave., Rockford, Ill.

1914

Robert Nelson.....U. S. Army
Ella Hopp.....% Mercy Hospital, Janesville, Wis.
Esther Thompson.....Capron, Ill.
Esther Nelson.....Poplar Grove, Ill.

1915

Ella McLean (Mrs. Herman Holfretter).....Belvidere, Ill.

1916

FOUR YEAR COURSE

Robert Georgeson.....Capron, Ill.
Morris Wing.....Deceased
Hazel Jones.....Caledonia, Ill.
Helen Olson.....Woodstock, Ill.
Agnes Larson.....Capron, Ill.
Jeanette Nelson.....Capron, Ill.

THREE YEAR COURSE

Gladys Cornwell.....Capron, Ill.
Emma Smith.....Capron, Ill.

1917

Gertrude McLean.....807 Garfield Ave., Belvidere, Ill.

1918

Margaret Georgeson.....Capron, Ill.
Walter Georgeson.....Capron, Ill.
Hal Caudry.....2233 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Olney Moe.....Chemung, Ill.
Nellie Rolandson.....Capron, Ill.
Malcolm Stimes.....Capron, Ill.
Ralph Smith.....Capron, Ill.
Henry Watterson.....Capron, Ill.
Ruby McLean.....807 Garfield Ave., Belvidere, Ill.

Some Things to Learn

Happiness was made to be shared.
 Manners are the happy way of doing things.
 It is a poor heart that never rejoices.
 If you sit bemoaning the past you will never get on in the future.
 When you can't remove an object, plow around it.
 Lost time is never found again and time enough always proves little enough.
 Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm.
 As surely as violence makes enemies, so surely does love make friends.
 If you have so much business to attend to that you have no time to pray, depend upon it, you have more business on hand than God ever intended you should have.
 God often digs wells of joy with the spade of sorrow.
 Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.
 If we said "Thank you" oftener, both to God and man, the road would grow smoother, and the burden would seem lighter.
 Temperance and labor are the two best physicians of man.
 It is nobler to be shabby and honest, than to do things handsomely in debt.
 The secret of life is not to do what one likes to do but to try to like what one has to do.
 No man is a free man who has a vice for his master.
 No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself.
 The wise use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.
 We are put into the world to make it better and we must be about our business.

Mrs. O'Brien's Boarding House

"Nothing doing again to-day?" asked Helen Collins. Her husband, who was the other half of the vaudeville team, closed the door before he replied.

"I have a week in Chicago in August," he said, "that's something."

"Well, I do call that something," exploded Helen. "I suppose you mean to sit around here until August, and then jump out there, don't you? Harry Collins, do you realize that we're to be thrown out bodily if we do not obtain money at once?"

"Quit your hollering," said Harry, "you can be heard all over the house."

"Let them hear," shouted Helen, "and don't you dare speak to me," and she added, "what salary did you take for Chicago?"

"None of your business," he replied, "I am sick of fighting, so you can get a new partner." He went out and slammed the door before Helen could think of anything to say.

"Let him go," she sobbed, "I don't care. Oh, why did I ever join his miserable company? We never did get along. So we might as well quit right here as any time."

The boarders were going down to dinner. She could hear them talking in the hall as they went past her door and down the creaky stairs. Suddenly she heard Harry's quick and firm step in the hall. He opened the door and then looked foolish.

"I am sorry for what I said," he faltered, "honest, I didn't mean it."

And thus Collins and Collins made up.

They had not worked for eight weeks and Mrs. O'Brien had given them a very sarcastic look of late. Mrs. O'Brien managed a boarding house for actors and actresses and occasionally had great difficulty in obtaining her just money, as with the Collins Company.

"We had better go down and eat," suggested Harry. "The first table is eating now, and if we miss that there won't be anything left and I think I smell steak."

In the lower hall Mrs. O'Brien approached them with her sarcastic look and curtly "Well?" There was a distinct chill in her voice.

Harry decided it was best for him to move on.

"Come on," he whispered.

"When you folks come out, kindly step into my rooms," said Mrs. O'Brien. "I would like to see you."

"Oh, certainly," replied Harry, trying to look as though he didn't know what she wished to see him about.

Susan, the maid, came to take the order.

"Susan, my wife and I will take coffee, steak and potatoes and hurry them along."

"Yes sir," she said obediently, and then on the side to Harry, "Excuse me, but I heard the boss a sayin' she wouldn't wait no longer. I ain't a buttin' in but I thought you'd like to know."

"Yes, we are glad to know it," he replied, "do you suppose there is any use in giving her a bluff?"

"My goodness, yes," replied Susan, "but I must be goin' now afore she sees me a talkin' to you folks."

Harry thanked her for the tip and finished his meal amid the sneers of the other boarders, as it had become generally known that Collins' were owing a large board bill. Then they went to their humble rooms and Helen could see by the gleam in Harry's eyes that he had an idea.

She knew it would be of no use to question him, as she had tried that before with no results, so she decided to go along and see what the idea he had developed was.

They went down the old creaky stairs and went directly to the landlady's office.

She opened the door, but no smile greeted them.

Harry led the way and Helen followed close behind.

"Mr. Collins," Mrs. O'Brien began, "I think that I have waited long enough for my money. You either bring it to-night or out you both go," and she added, "if you would look for work instead of spending your money foolishly you would have had a contract by this time."

Harry agreed to call again at the appointed hour and went back to his room.

"Now we are in for it," said Helen, "no more meals until you get work. Oh, why did I ever meet you? Your company is the slowest on the road. Nobody will engage us. Oh, why, oh, why did I ever join you in this miserable company?"

Harry said nothing, but was very thoughtful for the rest of the day. He went down town and stayed for a great length of time. About seven thirty he returned and went to the room and told Helen to come with him.

She went with him to the landlady's office and she was there awaiting his arrival.

He took from his pocket a long envelope and from it drew a paper, with the heading, "Contract." Helen gasped to the extent of her nerves and nearly fainted.

"Listen," began Harry, "I have a contract to begin at once with Wilbur and Wilbur at the salary of one hundred dollars per week, and at that salary our rooms will not do. We want a suite and if you cannot provide it, we will look elsewhere."

Mrs. O'Brien turned several different colors, while Harry delivered his speech, and finally regained her speech.

"I suppose I can put you folks in number 306," she began.

"Tell you what," said Harry, "we'll just take the whole suite of rooms, or nothing, with breakfast brought to us."

Here Helen started to say something, but on looking at Harry, decided it was better not to.

"Yes," said Mrs. O'Brien, "I think I can let you have the rooms, but we do not take breakfast to the rooms."

"That or nothing," said Harry.

She finally agreed that they were to have the suite of rooms, number 306, and breakfast to be brought to them.

Collins and Collins went to their new rooms.

"How did you ever get that contract so quickly?" asked Helen.

"Contract," laughed Harry, "that is no contract, it is a bluff."

"Oh," gasped Helen.

"It will keep that landlady from pestering the life out of us and besides will give me time to look for work."

The next morning there was considerable gossip in the halls about the "Collins' flyin' high."

Mrs. O'Brien was overcome with emotion when she came with their breakfast. She wiped a tear from her eye with the corner of her apron. "You people can have anything you want. I will see that Susy gets it for you."

And when she left, Harry laughed. "She fell for it, alright," he said.

"Yes, and you will fall out of a boarding place before long," said Helen.

"Oh, I don't know," said Harry.

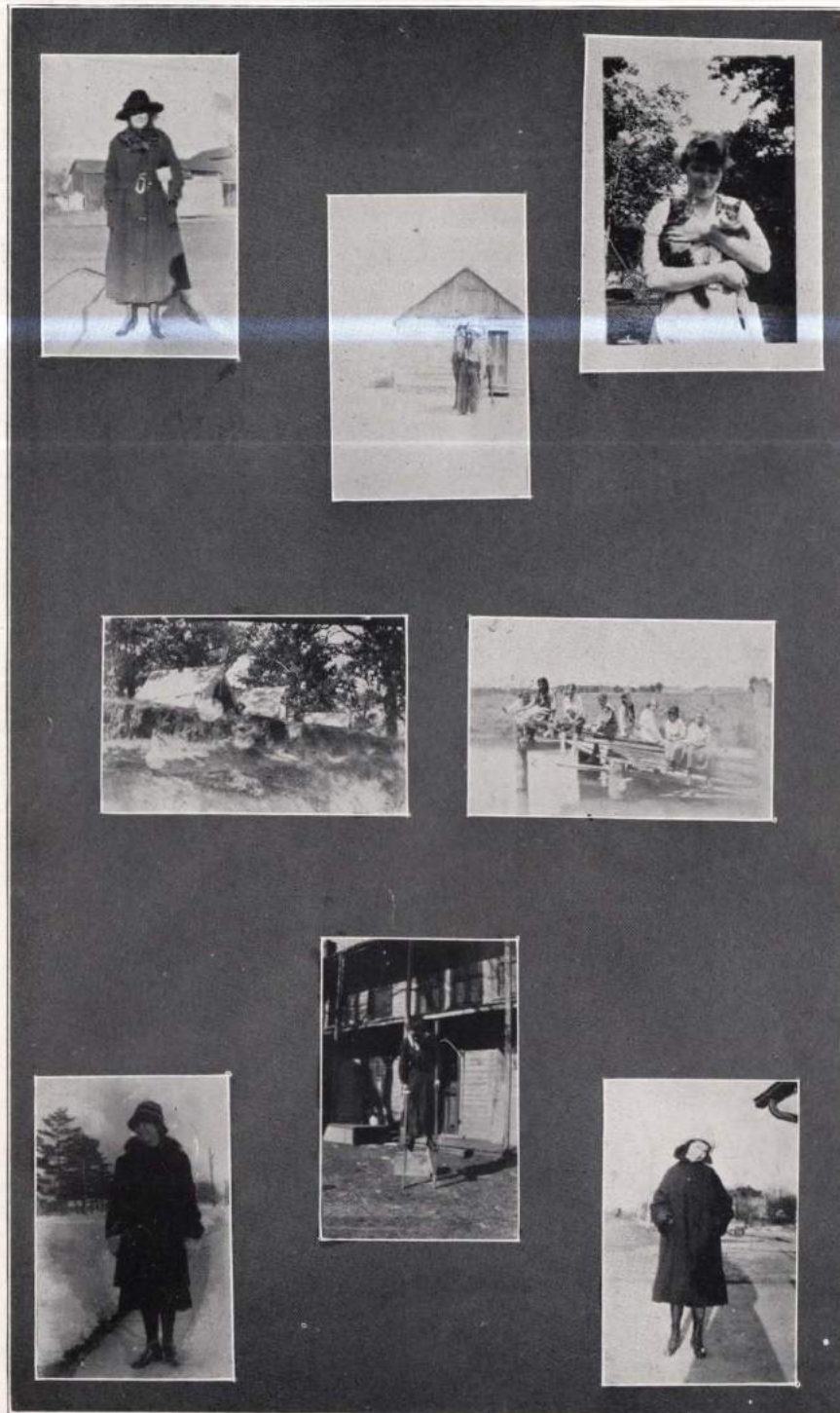
"Harry Collins, you know this can't go on for——"

A gentle knock was heard at the door. It was Susan with a letter for Collins and Collins. On opening they found the contract they had bluffed, only with the salary of one hundred and fifty dollars per week. Both were dumfounded.

Harry regained his speech first. "Not so bad, and she never knew the difference."

"No," said Helen, "I will leave it to you to bluff it through hereafter."

LEO W. DE MUNN



SAYINGS



Better be always on your guard than suffer once.—Member of Latin Class.
 It is always well to keep hold of your horse's bridle.—Muriel G.
 Nothing certain but uncertainty.—Just before Exams.
 A feller needs a friend in a final exam.—H. H.
 Little children and headaches, little children and heartaches.—Freshies.
 Better be a "has been" than a "might have been."
 One cannot draw the water from a deep well with a short rope.—Earl L.
 If thou love learning, thou shalt be learned.—Mr. Wilson.
 To believe a thing impossible is the way to make it so.
 A fault confessed, is half redressed.
 He that hears much and speaks not all
 Shall be welcome both in bower and hall.
 When you've nothing to say, say nothing.
 Four eyes see more than one.—F. H. D.
 Pleasant company shortens the miles.—Blaine Bunch.
 Your companions are your mirrors and show you yourself.—Anne.
 Then here's to the jolly bachelor's life,
 And may he live till he takes a wife.—Leo.
 Better stretch your hand than your neck.—Axel.
 All my goods are of silver and gold, even my copper kettle.—Hazel.
 If I have lost my ring, I still have my finger.—V. F.
 Maidens should be mild and meek,
 Swift to hear and slow to speak.—Constance.
 If the sky were to fall the man that is tall would be hit first.—Carl.
 He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor student.—H. F. H.
 I have missed the endearing elegance of female friendship.—F. S.
 It seems to me a simple and generous character should never have to make an apology.
 —Howard
 Toast to be toasted or roast to be roasted.—Clifford.
 Praise a wife but remain a bachelor.—Harry.
 All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth.—J. W. L.
 To the boys—Do not run after trains or women, there are others.
 I like one of those Haley twins awfully well, but I don't like the other one a bit, but I don't
 know which one I like and which one I don't.—Alida.
 Sufferance is our badge.—Freshmen.
 And they shall all die without knowledge.—Flunkers.
 The smallest things are often the most difficult to deal with.—Earl Johnson.
 You shall know me by my orations.—John L.
 May he be blessed who invented sleep.—Terene S.
 One who studies all the time.—No One.
 Some are wise, but we are otherwise.—Freshies.
 My pupils, forget not my law.—Prof. Wilson.
 Prove all things.—In Geometry Class.
 Out of his nostrils he bloweth smoke.—Reuben R.
 How I do love "Peanuts."—Regina.
 You can tell a Sophomore, but you can't tell him much.
 Unto us that honor was given.—First Freshman Class in New High School.
 All we ask is a patient ear.—Orchestra.

We were fools.—All who did not purchase a CAPRONITE.
 Would that you could bear with me a little foolishness.—Paul N. to teachers.
 Oh, how I love to work.—Hilda.
 Wish I knew which one I like best.—Margaret.
 He who minds his own business will always have business to mind.—Owen J.
 Little things worry little minds.—Donna E.
 Looking for a gold mine? Look for a CAPRONITE.
 There are meters of ice, there are meters of stone,
 But the best kind of meter is to meet her alone.—E. R. C.
 If a body sees a body, thinking in a quiz,
 If a body help a body, is it teacher's biz?—Naomi.
 Put the lights out and all girls look alike.—Armour.
 Never speak sense when nonsense will answer the purpose just as well.—Earl J.
 It jerks one terribly to kick at nothing.—Hazel.
 When once the heart of a maiden is stolen, the maiden will soon steal after it.—Hilda.
 Calmness is a great advantage.—Robert.
 Absence of occupation is not rest.—Ruth Hawes.
 Life, like a kiss, is sweet but soon over.
 Laugh at your ills and save doctor bills.—M. E. G.
 Gray hair and wrinkles, too, may come,
 But a happy heart is always young.—Olene.
 No one is a fool always, everybody sometimes.—R. F. R.
 A clear conscience is a soft pillow.—F. G. C.
 Life is what we make it.—D. R. E.
 Read a page and think an age.—C. B. H.
 One honey bee is better than a house full of flies.—Selma.
 He that sips many arts, drink none.—Walter.
 Pride leaves home on horseback, but returns on foot.
 Every little fish would become a whale.—H. A. C.
 Pleasant company shortens the miles.—Myrtle.
 A day for toil, an hour for sport,
 But for a friend, life is too short.
 A light heart lives long.—Ida Zimmer.
 A happy temper, like the Aeolian harp, sings to every breeze.—Mildred.
 Think twice before you speak once and you will speak twice the better for it.—Norma.
 When one runs after wit he is sure to catch nonsense.—Clifford.
 Eggs and oaths are easily broken.—Miss Megowen.
 The world is like a staircase; some go up and some go down.

If you have kind words to say,
 Say them now.
 To-morrow may not come your way.
 Do a kindness while you may,
 Loved ones will not always stay,
 Say them now.

Yesterday is dead—forget it,
 To-morrow does not exist—don't worry.
 To-day is here—use it!

The glory of life is to love—not to be loved,
 To give—not to get. To serve—not to be served.

To Our Professor



To Capron, Illinois,
 On a bright summer day,
 Came an old professor,
 Who was very gay.

As school hadn't started,
 And he wasn't a shirk,
 He went into the country
 In search of work.

The first place he came to,
 They were making hay;
 And in need of help,
 He was hired to stay.

As he was a teacher,
 And didn't look very fast,
 The men began to wonder
 "How long will professor last?"

Soon the day's work was ended,
 The men were tired and sore,
 But the little old school man
 Was ready for more.

Then came the threshing season,
 With the heavy sheaves of grain;
 He handled these with skillful hands,
 Without the slightest pain.

School opened in September,
 Then the real work began,
 Making friends with all the pupils,
 Which would tax most any man.

He was jolly, he was pleasing,
 Had a very taking way;
 And delighted all the pupils,
 As he labored day by day.

As the days pass slowly onward,
 And vacation time draws near,
 We are wondering just how long
 Professor Wilson will stay here.

E. R. C. '20

Language of the Flowers

Harry Meckley.....	Apple Blossom.....	Preference
Vivian Fallon.....	Sweet Alyssum.....	Love Returned
Axel Claessen.....	Bachelor's Button.....	Hope in Love
Regina Johnson.....	Calla Lily.....	Feminine Beauty
Hilda Pearson.....	Dandelion.....	Coquetry
Clifford Hopperstad.....	Peony.....	Anger
Earl Cornwell.....	Ivy Geranium.....	Your hand for the next dance
Helen Crosier.....	Heartsease.....	Think of me
Myrtle Rislow.....	Hydrangea.....	Heartlessness
Blanche Hopperstad.....	Jonquil.....	I desire a return of affection
Stella Hopperstad.....	Kannedia.....	Mental Beauty
Paul Nelson.....	Lilac.....	First Emotion of Love
Norma Larson.....	Osier.....	Frankness
Mildred Thompson.....	White Mulberry.....	Wisdom
Ida Zimmer.....	Periwinkle.....	Sweet Remembrances
Harriet Johnson.....	Petunia.....	Less Proud than They Deem Thee
Lena Johnson.....	White Violet.....	Modesty
John Lascelles.....	Sunflower.....	Your Devout Admirer
Terene Seaver.....	White Jasmine.....	Amiability
Constance Johnson.....	Primrose.....	Inconstancy
John Hopperstad.....	Maiden's Hair.....	Discretion
Owen Johnson.....	Dogwood.....	Am I indifferent to you?
Muriel Goodall.....	Mourning Bride.....	Unfortunate Attachment

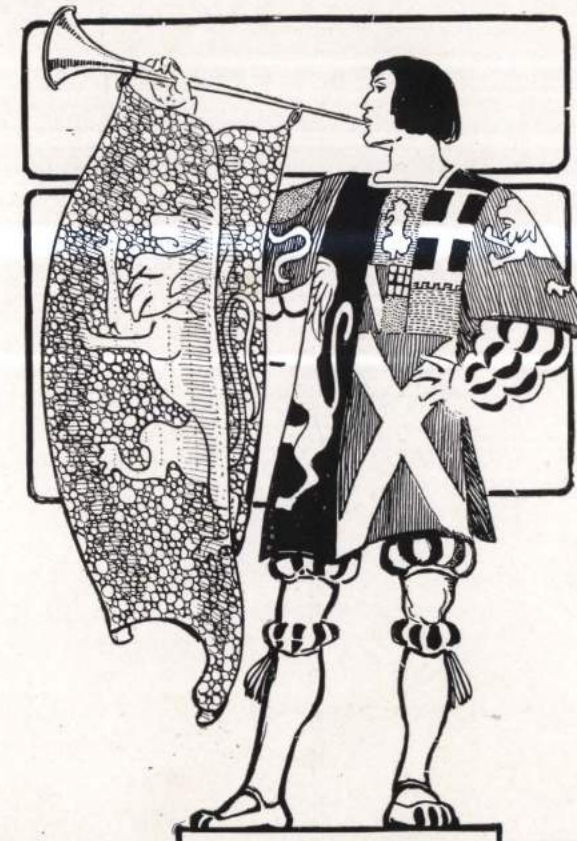
Mince Pie for High School Parties

Take two cups of Blanche's special brand of flour(?). Add enough of Hilda's sentimentality to make the crust tender. Then add a pinch of Vivian's temper. Then Gladys K.'s tears will furnish the necessary liquid portion. Mix thoroughly with a knife or Naomi Johnson's tongue. Roll thin with a bunch of Harriet's nerves. Place carefully in the tins, using Myrtle's white hands. Both crusts are then ready for the delicious mixture which is commonly known as mince filling. Our method of making a mince pie filling is as follows: One pound Constance's sweetness, one-half pound of Owen's blushes, a pinch of Mildred's wit, a lump of John's independence, a teaspoonful of Marguerite's sunny smile to give it spice. A cupful of Clifford's stubbornness will give it firmness. A small amount of Stella's energy, together with Fred Durley's sunny grin, will help make our pie a success.

Corla's indifference and Earl Lambert's impudence are also two very necessary ingredients.

Add a small amount of Emma's Swansdown flour(?) to thicken it sufficiently for baking. Mix all together and then pour into a kettle with Frances Camp's quickness. Boil for fifteen minutes by the heat of John Hopperstad's temper, meanwhile stirring with Muriel's inquisitiveness. Pour into crusts with Leo's slowness. Throw top crust on with Walter McLean's accuracy. Place in an oven that is as hot as Miss Megowan's sarcasm and slowly raise the temperature until it is as hot as it was not in our assembly during the winter.

When it becomes a lovely golden brown, remove from the oven with Mildred Haley's cautiousness. Place it on the stage with Lena's gentleness to be viewed by all plucky enough to venture to High School parties, where you will observe that the top is decorated in Norma's style and says in bold letters, C. H. S. '19.



Patronize Our :-:

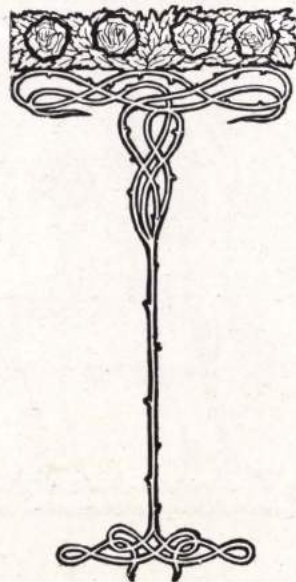
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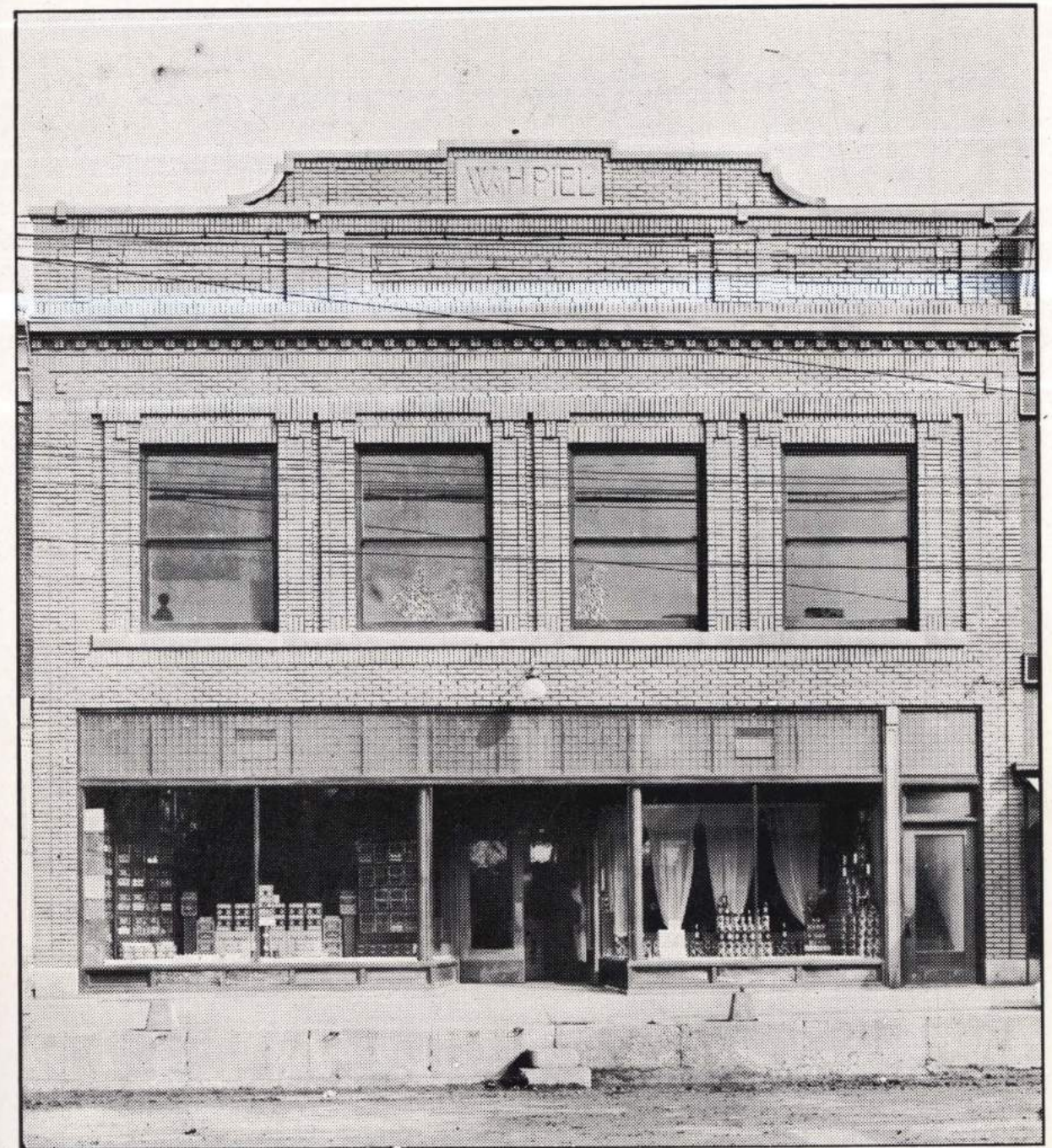


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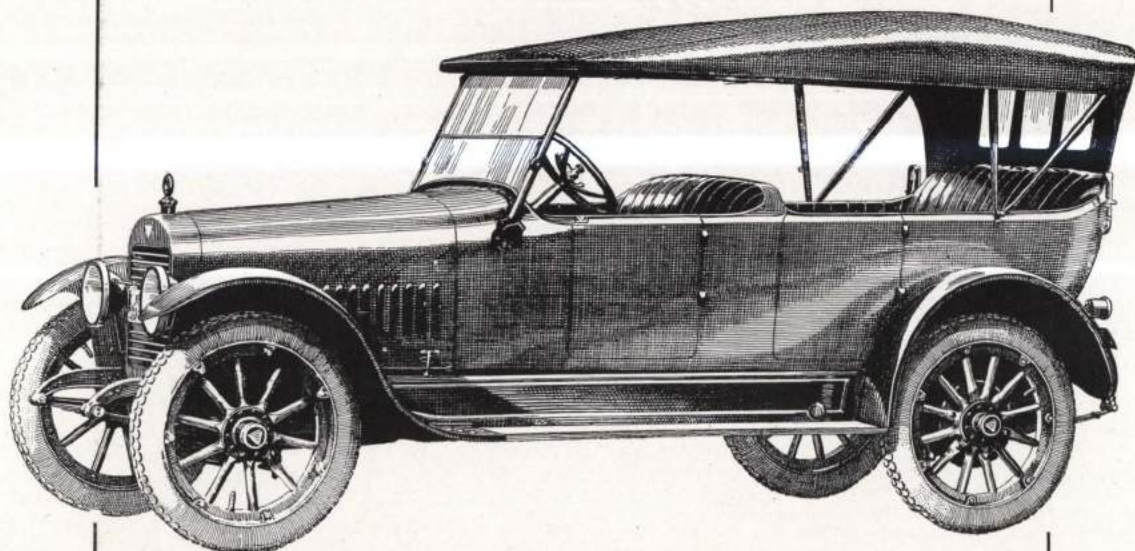
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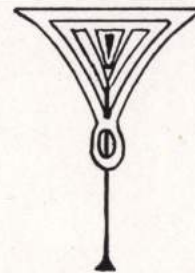
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SURPLUS	\$ 15,000.00

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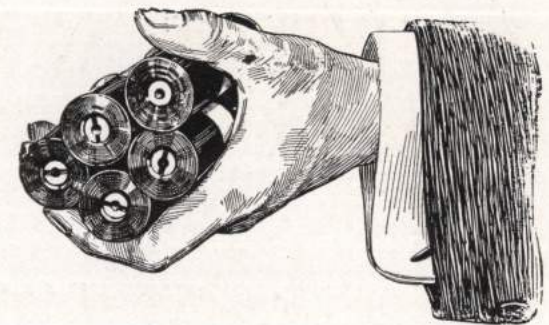
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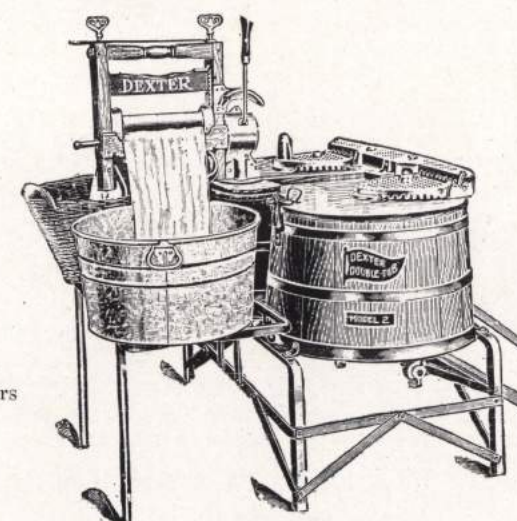
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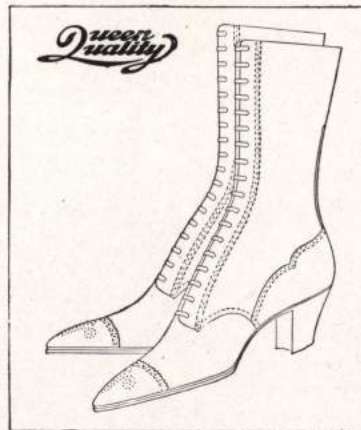
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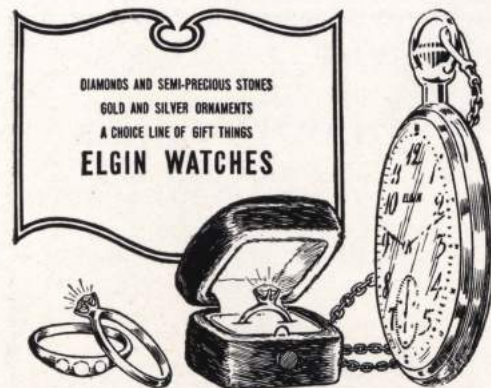
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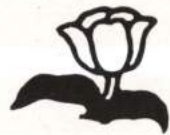
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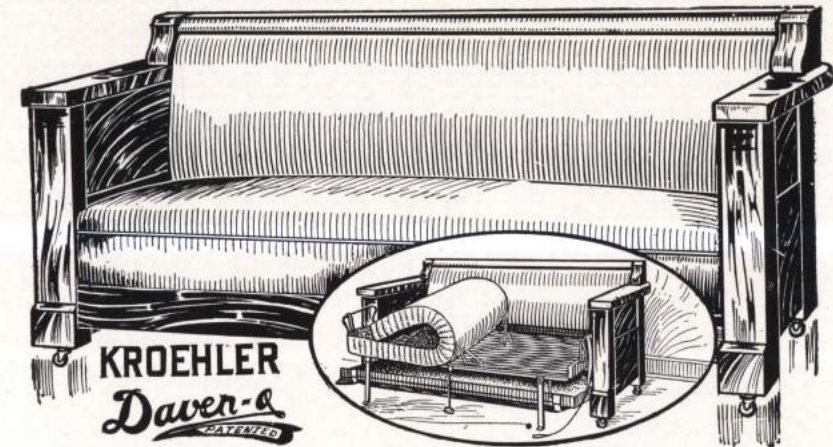


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