The Argosal

Junior Number
October 1910

Published by the Seniors of
The Argos High School
Argos, Indiana
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HOFFMAN BROTHERS
THE BUSY CORNER
A VACATION EPISODE

MAE TODD, '11

It was during my vacation of nineteen hundred and eight, that I visited a rustic summer resort in Southern Indiana. As I sat on the spacious veranda of the so-called "Hoosier Rest," I was the spectator of a scene that reminded me of my old second reader, and especially one poem was recalled.

I think that I shall be safe in saying that every one has heard it.

"It was an old, old, old lady,
   And a boy who was half-past three,
   And the way they played together
   Was beautiful to see."

In a comfortable-looking wicker chair, shaded by the dense foliage of a hydrangea border and a great oak tree, sat an old lady; not one who had, during the passing years, lost the beauty of youth, but one with a sweet and smiling face. Her silver hair was brushed smoothly over her temples, with the exception of one small lock that persisted in being blown about by the breeze.

On a mat at her feet, was the boy who "was half-past three." His face also showed signs of extreme happiness. It has always seemed strange to me that those most afflicted were usually the persons to cheer the men who are sound of body, but of restless and impatient disposition.

I noted the boy's attentive face and surmised that his older companion was telling a story: perhaps of the time when grandpa was called to fight for his country, or of the old husking bees.

At any rate I was interested. So, moving softly on the opposite side of the border, I sat down behind the wicker chair, with only a row of hydrangea between the pair and myself. I had never dreamed that there was such a delightful place on the whole grounds. I was literally carried away from my usual droll attitude and found myself enjoying a sleepless dream.

But I was aroused by a sweet
voice saying: "Yes, dear, your sister is a missionary to India, and she has sent you to me, and we are having lovely times, aren't we?"

The boy nodded lazily and looked far across the lake to a clump of bushes on the other side.

"I don't understand it," he said, "but I think it's like this: I'm here and Sister Lily is on the other side of the lake and can't come across. Is she having a good time in India? She will be home soon, won't she?"

For a moment the old lady was silent, then a frolicking squirrel brought her back to speech again.

"No, child, it will be a long time before your sister will return, for in India the people are not yet civilized and she has chosen the training of these people as her calling."

Again the boy fell into a brown study, and then said softly, "Yes, Grandma, we are having lovely times, you and I."

Then they arose and walked quietly across the lawn and soon disappeared; and I realized that it takes many thinks to make happiness.

A VILLAGE CHARACTER

DELFAY WICKIZER, '11

Perhaps I shall never forget a certain character of this village in which I was born, because I remember from the time since I was old enough to know or recognize anyone. The picture of this one person, whenever brought before my mind, causes me to stop a moment and reflect upon that one's life.

When I first think of him I can see him as he wanders slowly down the street. His once strong and straight form is now bent and feeble, but never does he support himself by a cane. As he passes by the stores and shops, he is greeted kindly by almost everyone; and their greeting you may be sure is returned in the most ardent manner. And who could refrain from giving such a one a cheery good morning. Not even a perfect stranger could, I dare say. For his face was the very expression of kindness, and good-will for all.

I loved to look in his honest face, to watch the smiles that seem to linger about his mouth, and gaze into his clear blue twinkling eyes, which in spite of their age always betrayed the fun-looking heart. He was always prepared for a joke and a hearty good laugh. In fact, these were the things which added most in keeping alive the enthusiasm and high spirits which
he maintained until the very last. Honesty and everything done "fair and square," as the saying is, were the two principles which he held uppermost in all his dealings.

He was not a man who believed that he must attend church in order to be a Christian. But, he believed in a God who surely helped and guided him through a life, which in the end, proved to be a help and blessing to all those with whom he came in contact.

And, often, as I passed by that old man’s home, and saw him setting by his wife’s side I thought how true were those words.

"Old—we are growing old;
Going into the gardens of rest
That glow through the gold of the west
Where the rose and the amaranth blend,
And each path is a way to a friend;
Because of the peace that the years unfold,
We are thankfully growing old.

THE CLOCK’S STORY

WENDELL PICKERL, '12

As I am an old clock now, much worn and good for only a short time, I shall tell you only a few happenings that I have seen.

For several years I have been enjoying life in the Argos High School assembly room. From my position on the front wall I can see almost everything that takes place—and at the same time am a good target for those paper wads which the wicked little Freshmen throw. But—

"Consider them as they grow,
They work not
Neither do they know."

Not a single escape is planned without my notice, and when the spanking machine (of which you read in the Argosal) was in operation, no one enjoyed the joke more than I.

I watched some bad Sophomores throw a banana peel just so timid that little Freshmen would step on it, yet no warning could I give.

I would gladly tell where the grade books which disappeared last year, went, but I am afraid of the ones who hid them.

Some of the boys would be embarrassed to ever look me in the face again, should I tell how many girls refused them dates for the Bourbon Fair. Also the Junior girls wouldn’t enjoy hearing their conversation on a graphophone, about the night none of them were asked to go to Reed’s circus.

But I could go on forever telling incidents both sad and ridiculous but I must begin another day’s ticking. But furious I beg of you to see that none of your members glue my works together as some of them did the other night; for the gum was so effective that I may carry part of it until my dying days.
"My boy, it's a pretty good world, you'll find
If you look straight ahead
and don't look behind.
Though it snows sometimes
And it blows sometimes
And you think it is flooded with woes
sometimes,
It's a glad old world,
And a sad old world
Or a bad old world
When you make it so.
But just bear in mind wherever you go
That somewhere the grand old sun's aglow.
"Git up and git"
And a lot of grit
Are the things that label a man as "fit."
There's a shadow here and a dark place there,
But you'll find the sunshine is everywhere,
If you look for it. Chink up! Elate!
Rub the word "Pessimist" off your slate!
Meet the knocks with a grin,
But never give in,
And sooner or later you're bound to win"

"I am only one
But still I am one,
I cannot do everything.
But still I can do something.
And because I cannot do everything
I will not refuse to do the something
that I can do."

Yes, it is true I am only one in this great world of ours and yet must not forget that I am only one, and although I cannot do everything, I can do something, and no matter how small it may be, if that "something" brightens some one's path or lightens the burden of my fellow men, I should be content. For it is not the great things in life which count so much; it is the small ones, which are really the golden opportunities, that glide past. So, although I am only a small person, if I do those small things first, I may later be able to do greater ones, for 'God helps those that helps themselves.'

Did you ever stop to think how much good a smile does or a cheery word? It sometimes "goes a long way," and does much to soothe a troubled spirit. Therefore let us do the small things day by day and the great things will take care of themselves.

Just smile when you feel like
grumbling and see how much better you feel. If you would smile oftener you would be able to see this beautiful old world as God really intended you should.

Mrs. Wiggs prayed the Lord to keep her from "gettin sour." Try it. Put all your worry at the bottom of your heart and set on the lid. Another of Mrs. Wiggs sayings is:

"Don't go and git sorry fer yourself for that's something I never could stand in nobody."

"Smile
'Til the bluey heavens shine through;
And Old Sol winks down at you.
Thinks you are a sunbeam too,
'Cause you smile."

Although the Argosal is not an entirely new adventure for the High School, it is practically new for the Seniors. We have decided, for various reasons, to publish it bi-monthly and hope to make as much a success of it as the classes before us. But of course we must have help, and this must come from the other classes. Hand in good live notes and see what great results we'll have.

Perhaps our fathers and mothers remember when they went to the little red school-house and sat on rude benches. Their education consisted in mastering the three R's—reading, writing and arithmetic.

Then note the difference between our schooling and theirs. We have every advantage,—a new building, good teachers and pleasant surrounding.

Then, students, it behooves us to nail onto everything that is permitted us and take it as a special gift of Providence.

"Ubinan gentians sumus?
'Where in the world are we."

The future of our High School is very bright. With the new building and enrollment one hundred and six, we expect to make this the banner year.

The faculty for the year is as follows: Craven Hottel, superintendent and Latin instructor; Miss Wingert, principal and mathematics instructor; Miss Mitchell, English instructor; Miss Boyd, Science and History; and Miss Bergen, Music and Art.

ALUMNI NOTES

The majority of the class of 1910 are either continuing their education at some college or university, this winter or gaining in worldly experience by being the chief factor in a school room. We are pleased to note this and hope that they may be successful in the future, as they were in the Argos High School.

Ennice Holmes, ’10, is attending
Northwestern University at Oxford, Ohio.

Clyde Lewis, '10 left recently for Indianapolis to make a thorough study of the automobile.

Mary Grossman and Grace Wisely members of the class of 1910 are attending school at the South Bend Business College.

Ray Schoonover, '06 is running for County Surveyor on the Democratic ticket.

Rosco Hoffman and Park Garn both of 1907, are this year finishing their studies at Purdue.

Eva Nelson '08 recently moved to Plymouth.

Olio Newhouse, '02 soon leaves for California where she will resume her teaching.

Austin Yearick, '99 recently left for Macy, Indiana, where he has an interest in the Telephone business.

Mrs. Murt Zumbaugh, '07 of Sturgis, Michigan, visited in Argos the later part of September.

Mrs. Bessie Rolfe, '96, left this summer for Wyoming where she joined her brother, Omer and wife on a ranch.

Mr. ('93) and Mrs. Frank Huff, 96 of Berne, Indiana are the proud parents of a new baby girl.

Zena and Zita Boggs, '06 visited relatives in Arkansas this summer.

Nellie Lowman, '07 has been compelled to give up her teaching this winter on account of poor health.

Ruth Maxey, '99, is "school marm" at Rutland.

Venus Vanvactor, '09 visited High School during her vacation in Argos.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

As this is the first publication of the Argosal for the year 1910, the material for our Exchange Department is somewhat limited.

The Daily Echo was one of our faithful exchanges last year and we hope it will continue to be so this year.

Last year our Exchange List was quite large, and we were proud of it. But we hope to make it even larger than before. And we cannot do this unless we receive our old exchanges, and add new ones to our list. So, we are only hoping that they will all come back to us. We enjoy reading the papers so much;
and shall always be glad to welcome exchanges.

**A Man And His Shoes.**

How much a man is like his shoes! 
For instance both a sole may lose.
Both have been tanned.
Both get left and right,
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need healing; oft are sold 
And both in time will turn to mold,
With shoes the last is first, with men 
The first shall be last, and when 
The shoes wear out they're mended new, 
When men wear out they're men dead too.
The both are trod upon, and both 
Will tread upon others, nothing loath.
Both have their ties, and both incline, 
When polished, in the world to shine,
And both peg out—now would you choose 
To be a man or be his shoes.

—Selected.

"This is the gospel of labor—
Ring it, ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of love came down from above,
To live with the men who work.
This is the rose that he planted,
Here in the thorn-cursed soil—
Heaven is blest with perfect rest,
But the blessing of Earth is toil."
—Henry Van Dyke.

**LOCALS**

PARK Garn '07, gave a talk, Monday, September 12.

Russel Losser, a member of the class of 1909, visited High School September 7, and visited Physics class.

On September 13 we were entertained in chapel by Rev G. Hartman Bright.

The following attended the first Literary Program in the new building; Gladys Pickerl and Venus Vanvactor, '09; Clyde Lewis, '10; Zena and Zita Boggs, '06, and Beatrice White, '05.

Fonta Browne gave two very good recitations in Chapel September 20.

Mr. Jesse M. Lee, of Detroit, Michigan, visited with his granddaughter Mae Todd, during September.

Monday, September 26, the three upper classes, Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores took there places in the new building.

Miss Lena Boyd, from Greencastle, a graduate of De Pauw came September 28, as our new Science teacher. We all like her very much.

Mary Grossman, '10, visited High School Monday, October 10.

Miss Etelka G. Berger from Lafayette, a student of the Columbia Art School of Chicago, came to us last week. She will teach Music and Art. We all hope to have beautiful voices and to present great master pieces of Art by next June (???)

Mrs. Tate gave gave a vocal solo, October 10. It was appreciated by all.
With the new teachers and our new building, the school year for 1910-1911 should be the "best ever."

Mr. R. C. O'Blenis gave a very interesting and instructive talk on "Optimism," Tuesday, September 27.

Friday, September 9, several from the class of 1910 visited the Literary Club. They were: Laurence Corey, Eunice Holmes, Esther Lewis, Albert Hoffman and Ethel Rule.

Esther Mc Griff, '09, visited classes September 8th.

A play entitled "The Colonel's Maid" will be presented by the students Thanksgiving week. It is an exceptionally bright and amusing comedy, full of action. All parts are good. The proceeds will go to the Athletic Association.

At last we have entered into the class which has seemed our only aspiration for four years. We remember when as freshmen we looked up to the Senior as a man; a man who has passed the trials of the High School successfully. We have a class of nineteen, one larger than has ever graduated from A. H. S. But we are not striving for the largest number, but hope to send out the best class of men and women.

Have you noticed the "Girls with the Purple Ties?"

I suppose you have all heard of the Senior penant and its rapid transit from the flagg staff to Harry Nellans' hands. But we still hold the principle, that loyalty to your colors means a class spirit.

Although we are Seniors, Fourth Grade Arithmetic seems extremely difficult and many blunders are made.

Ruth G. said the acre was the unit of the square measure.

Cicero is delightful.

Prof. Hottel—"Grover, how far
can you take that sentence?"
Grover S.—"I can take it out home if you want me to."
Such is life in the Latin class!

Did we ever eat any thing in laboratory? Why, of course not; that's a place for work, and besides, Pat is "dead-broke".

Dessie B. (in Lab.)—"They don't make duck hats out of duck feathers, do they?"

Pat may not be heart-breaking, but he is known as an expert in flask-smashing.

"I never had a beau, but I'm going to try it."—Katie P.

Mae Todd was absent this month, on account of the illness of her mother.

Ralph Thornburg was absent about two weeks in September on account of sickness.

Miss W. (in physics) — "Six sick inches."

There are boys and boys, and more boys, but no boys like Culver boys—ask Laura T.

Pat (declining Argos) — "Argos, Argae, Our geese, Our goats, our goats."

Ask Amsey about the "blubber of air."

We have just finished the "Talisman" and have begun Scott's "Ivanhoe."

The officers for the ensuing year are:
President—Clyde Lehman.
Vice-president—Eunice Newhouse.
Secretary—Laura Thornburg.
Pianist—Ruth Gantz.
Treasurer—Delfay Wickizer.

Ruth Harley, Ralph Beltz, Marie Fox, Laura and Ralph Thornburg are new Seniors and we welcome them as members of the class.

Perhaps Harry N. may go to the moon some day.

Echors from the Jungles
of Juniataland.

Omnibus Soc Signo Vinco.

September 8, 1910, the Junior class met in room 6. The following officers were elected:
President—Dale Huff.
Vice-president—Fern Roose.
Treasurer—Esther Steffey.
Pianist—Lois Taylor.
Secretary—Fern Good.
Ass’t. Sec’y.—Joshua Bunch.
Florence Dickey, Fern Good, Blanche Zink, and Harold Meek are new and welcome classmates.

Miss Wingert thinks we are a "dreadful" geometry class, but we hope to make a "great" improvement in a short time.

Russell S. (in geometry)—

"Rising it to the nth power."

Dale Huff—"Most of them riz up."

Guess the change of seats the other morning was the cause of Laura's wry face.

Will Wendell ever forget October 12?

CLASS COLORS: Crimson and cream.

Class Motto: Row, do not drift.

The following officers were elected at our first class meeting:
President—Mattie Jones.
Vice-president—Harry Rohrer.
Secretary—Areba Simmons.
Treasurer—Ordo Silver.

The Sophomores can adopt the old saying, "Small but mighty; few but powerful," as our number is now only nineteen, the smallest class in H. S.

We are all sorry to say that we have lost one of our classmates, Essie Leffert, who has moved to California. We all wish her success in her school work.

In English we are studying Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and find it very interesting.

Mr. Hottel, in Latin class, told us that shoe-leather was good to eat. We wonder if he has tried it.

Miss M. informed us, in Ancient History, that "Sennacherib" might (perhaps?) be called "snatch-a-rib."

The first day the new instructor, Miss Boyd, taught, she made several blunders in pronouncing the names. She began the recitation by a roll call, and it sounded something like this:

Lewis Bean, for Lois Beam.
A-a—, what is that? Areba, oh, yes—Areba Simons.
Ludlo Nichlos.
Lulu War-Warn-Warner?
Ora Bur-r-r—oh! What?
Elmer Wal-Walters?
Irene-e-e-a—a—what?
Ordo Slivers.
Pearl W-a—what?
Harry-e-e-r-r-ro—oh!
The first class party of the term was at the home of Essie Leffert. She was very pleasantly surprised, Wednesday evening, October 5th, when a number of her classmates rushed in upon her. The evening was most pleasantly spent in playing games. Light refreshments were served and in the "wee sma' hours" of morning the happy throng departed. All report a jolly time.

THE Freshmen class feels that it is the most important one in High School. It numbers thirty-seven.

The first class meeting was held Wednesday, September 7, and the following officers were elected:

President—Donald J. Wickizer;
Vice President—Mary E. Pickler,
Secretary—Tina Nelson,
Ass't Secretary—Lloyd Mc Griff,
Pianist—Edna Foker,
Treasurer—Hattie Corey,
A constitution was provided by Edna Rule, Pansie Lowman, and Helen Boggs.

Games Slayer was at the board vainly endeavoring to solve an Algebra addition problem, in which the result was zero. "Be sure and add your noughts, "Miss Wingert cautioned and then she asked him what his answer was, and, scratching his head, he said; "Well I got five zeros."

Marie Walker, after coming in from a soaking rain, when she had had no umbrella—"Gracious it washed all the powder off of my face."

The Freshman class colors are light blue and white, their flower American Beauty Rose.

Miss W. (in Freshman Botany) "Lawrence, what is the name of plant which lives on another plant?"
Lawrence—"Host."
Miss W. "Oh no! that is the name of the plant that it lives on."
Lawrence—"Well it must be the 'hostess' then."

WANT ADS.

Wanted by Miss W.—A cage and carpet for Lawrence Fink.
Wanted by Franc B. A secret hiding place for his algebra, a place no one can find.
Wanted by Lawrence F.—An excuse for staying out of school, he can't imagine how he is going to manage it.
Wanted by Miss Boyd—to learn the names of her pupils.

One of the Freshmen prefers to Drive Harrison’s delivery wagon rather than to go to school.

The Freshman can out class the Sophomores in one thing, they know the Golden rule, while the Sophomores do not.

Miss Boyd—“Boys are you talking.”

Lloyd Mc.—“I ain’t talking.”
We all wonder what he was doing.

Miss Wingert—(to Inez M, who was laughing)—“Inez, what is the matter.”

Inez—Oh! I just got tickled.”

Eleven Freshman were absent Thursday and Friday for the Bourbon Fair.

We are very sorry that we have lost two of our classmates, Tina Nelson and Vernon Thurmburg.

Miss Boyd requested us (in our Botany class) to draw across section of a twig of horse chesnut.

Most of us had it drawn, when she told us to be sure an put the inner bark on it. Hattie Corey became indignant and said; “Well I can’t put that in because it will make mine look older and I don’t want my twig to be older than it is.”

The Fresman class motto is “Excelsior.” We will at least respect it because it is so venerable.
ATHLETICS

NOW is the time.

The A. A. A. elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President—Ralph Thornburg
Vice President—Harold Meek.
Treasurer—Prof. C. L. Hottel.
Secretary—Harry Nellans.
Yell Master—Neil Thompson.

Say, have you paid your dues?

The Basket Ball season is here; let us get busy and practice. Wake up, boys and do it now. Everybody turn out for practice. This means you.

Don’t be a knocker!

Keep up your grades if you expect to make the team.

A new system of admission to the Basket Ball teams will be used. See the President about it and save money.

Don’t be a molly coddle’ Go in for Athletics. A few bruises won’t hurt you. Try out for the team and surprise yourself.

Pull together, boys, and see the magnificent results.

The games will be scheduled before long and our neighboring towns will sit up and take notice of Argos High School.

In all probability the monogram system will be adopted. Monograms will be given to all A. A. A. members that play in winning games.

Boost!

Help! Girls if you are interested you can do much. Attend all the games and cheer for the team. Yell!

On to victory!
MONTHLY REPORT:
Rastus, bad.
Josh., very good.
Pat., middling.

Beware, oh freshmen, lest your juvenile superfluities and redundancies precipitate the disintegration of your mental capacities and hasten the devastation of the green capillary substance which vegetates upon the apex of your craniums.

Say, sis, sing some song. Some song sung in Sunday school, Sunday. Such songs sound so sweet.

Yes, the little Juniors, with their little learnings and a little bluff, make the little Freshman think they're just the stuff.

Anybody wishing to know the definition of alternation—just ask Joe Bucher.

Esther Steffy, reading in Cicero.—On account of leisure and studies.

The library chairs are not safe. Sometimes they upset. For further information see Amzi.

In oral arithmetic Miss W. asked Ruth H. what she got and she answered, “I got lost.”

Russell Krouse, after taking a Junior girl home from the Freshman Reception said, “I did treat her mean tho’, I didn’t have one stick of chewing gum.”

Lois S.—Picking up a milligram weight with the letters mg. upon it, said—“Oh this isn’t grams, this is monograms.”

Fern asked Florence D. what she got in Botany (meaning what grade). Florence answered—“Oh we got bean seeds and squash seeds.”

Mae T. in giving Newton’s Law of Gravitation said, “Everybody in the universe has some attraction for somebody else.”

Lives of great men all remind us
We can ride a pony too
And departing, leave behind us Grades to show that we got through.

Harry Nellans—I just love latin. I like it so well, I take it over every year.
Gwendolyn seems to cause competition.  
Can you figure out why?

Harry N.—I know that Lois S. doesn’t use the same kind of pony that Amzi does, ’cause their ponies don’t hitch up together.

If you can’t boost athletic’s,
Don’t pull it down
If you don’t pay your dues
Don’t hang around.

Games Slayter wants some left handed chairs in laboratory.

A little black cat
Strayed from home one night
When the stars shone in heaven
And the moon shed forth its light
When it happened to cross in its innocent stray
A trio of Senior girls
Who were out on a “spray”
They howled like Indians
They squealed like a mouse
For bad luck would surely now
Visit their house
And sure enough the saying came true
For in Physics Miss Wingert all but made them boo-hoo
Such a racket she raised
A poor lesson had they
All caused by the cat
On an innocent stray.

—D. V. B.

Miss W.—(in Physics) You’ll have to use a “rubber cork” for that.

Have you heard about Miss W.,
Miss M. and the mouse?

I think if I were Neil
And couldn’t go to play,
I’d find some pleasant thing to do,
Not fret and suilk all day,
Till everybody wished me gone
At least a mile away.

I think if I were Wendell,
And lessons were hard to learn,
I’d do the very best I could
The highest mark to earn
Not throw the “hateful” book aside,
And to my toyes turn.

I think if I were Harry,
And drawing a game of ball,
I’d drop the pen at once and run,
Should teacher gently call;
The boy who answers to his name
Is manliest of all.

I think if I were Lewis,
With studies that must be done,
I’d finish everyone of them
Before the set of sun,
I’d be a little studious man,
And brighten work with fun.

Let the howlers howl
And the growlers growl
And the pessimists scowl
And the gee-gaws go it
There’s plenty of light
Behind the night
School is all right
And we know it.

In Room I. the little one are taught to salute to the American flag. One young hopeful in telling about this said: “And Miss Hottel made scoffs, then we made scoffs.”

Miss W.—What is the difference between base and rate percent.  
Harold M.—Well there’s a sign after rate percent.

— Did Harry N. ever have the hysterics?
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