

CLOSING EXERCISES UNION HIGH SCHOOL

Interesting Commencement Exercises Held Last Week—The Graduating Class Consisted of Ten Young Ladies and One Young Man.

The closing exercises of the Union high school were held Tuesday evening, May 25. Ten young ladies and one young man were graduated in the '17 class.

SALUTATORY.

Lillian Malone.

Dear friends, one and all, in the most impressive way I am to show you tonight how absolutely impossible it is to welcome friends.

"My first I hope you are; My second I see you are; My whole I know you are!"

For after all our fine words, our lofty sentiments, and high sounding phrases how much more can we really put into this greeting to our friends.

WOMAN'S PART IN THE PRESENT CRISIS.

Lizzie May Estes.

Never in the history of the world have woman's opportunities been so great as at the present.

Woodrow Wilson, our great President, has the right conception of national duty.

Each has carved for herself a name, That leads, we hope, to highest fame, The circus brings the music gay,

Playing in the tent so true, I see a kitten with eyes so blue;

no time to make sad the men at the front by our tears and wailings, for conquering navies cannot float in tears.

Woman can encourage the development of the nation's resource. Not only can she have a garden of her own but she can teach children to cultivate vacant lots.

A very, very effective way the woman can help is to go to the front under the name of the Red Cross.

The greatest immediate and perhaps the most important service the woman can render in the present crisis is the encouraging of the Liberty Bonds.

I appeal to you, women of our beloved South, in the name of civilization and humanity, in the name of those who have gone before us, in the name of those who will come after us.

STATISTICS OF CLASS OF 1917.

Sadie Barnado.

At the election held at the Union High school voting precinct on May 23, 1917, and all the eligible members being present and by just and fair ballot honors were conferred upon the members of the eleventh grade as follows:

- Prettiest—Elizabeth Garner. Most conceited—Jamima Wilburn. Cutest—Pearle Kelly. Smartest—Gertrude Orr. Handsomest—Sadie Barnado. Most talkative—Lillian Malone. Wittiest—Jennings Alford. Sweetest—Lizzie Mae Estes. Prissiest—Pearle Kelly. Biggest Baby—Jamima Wilburn. Biggest flirt—Marie Wilburn. Laziest—Jennings Alford. Biggest loafer—Elizabeth Garner. Jolliest—Lillian Malone. Most sensible—Thelma Hart. Most studious—Gertrude Orr. Most sensitive—Perlie Johnson. Biggest gigglers—Marie Wilburn and Pearl Kelly. Most timid—Lizzie Mae Estes. Brightest—Jennings Alford. Most accommodating—Thelma Hart. Most ambitious—Gertrude Orr. Most sentimental—Pearle Kelly. Most sarcastic—Sadie Barnado. Neatest—Perlie Johnson. Most dignified—Marie Wilburn. Best dancer—Pearle Kelly. Best all-round-girl—Elizabeth Garner.

A CIRCUS DREAM.

Perlie Johnson.

Ah, the year has seemed so long, But now we hear no happy song, For a lingering sadness gently tells, That each must soon say a sad farewell.

I know that when within each heart, We see our paths must lie apart, The golden cord of memories' love, Will make us hope to meet above.

Each has carved for herself a name, That leads, we hope, to highest fame, The circus brings the music gay, Before me like a mystic spray;

Playing in the tent so true, I see a kitten with eyes so blue;

But watch, my dear, for little claws, That Pearl has hidden in her paws.

There stands a camel large and strong, Waiting for those who pass along, 'Tis Gertrude in the same old path, Who bore us o'er the sands of math.

Behold I see a handsome mule, Prancing along as if to school, At once it stops, a fatal time, Jamima's fault we all do find.

Now tripping gayly in the way, A chattering parrot brightens the day, So Lillian still the life of the class, Cheers us daily as we pass.

Next I saw a modest mouse Moving slowly through the house, To me the thought came like a dart, That it was surely Thelma Hart.

Above a roar of lions so loud, Above the wrangle of the crowd, I hear the mocking so gay, Sweet Elizabeth charms the way.

Clinging to a pole so high, Many monkeys I do spy, Just like Jennings day by day, Neglecting better things for play.

A little dove admired by all, We see beneath the canvass wall, Reminding us of Lizzie Mae, Who always walks the better way.

In the last cage I did see, A tiger as it seemed to me, But lo! I opened quick the door, And found our Sadie Barnado.

On a perch pole I did sit, And watch my friends stroll in the pit; Suddenly I gave a howl, For I was just a big old owl.

CLASS PROPHECY.

Marie Wilburn.

On a summer afternoon I was sitting by my desk admiring a beautiful vase of roses that had been placed there for a surprise to me.

Of course in this melancholy spell, my thoughts hung in clusters about my class-mates and school experiences.

truly the fragrance and sweetness of the eleven roses made me feel that our class was meeting by proxy.

Just then I noticed a movement in the petals of one of the roses that I had thought resembled our golden haired and musical Elizabeth Garner.

I picked up a second rose and out stepped another fairy. "Ah, tell me," I said, "of Gertrude Orr, she who possesses the 'Math' brain of the class.

Just as I placed this rose into the vase, another little fairy stealthily stepped from a bud and signaled me to be silent.

This jingle said, the fairy disappeared so that another might tell of Thelma Hart. "Her quiet manners has fitted her to be a minister's wife and a minister's wife she will be."

And now from the fifth rose came another little fairy walking slowly and indifferently gazing about. "Why," said I, "you remind me of the only boy that is in our class, Jennings Alford. Can you tell me of him?"

"Of whose future are you going to tell me?" I asked. "Of your gay little blue-eyed brother Tom in your class play," she said.

The sixth little fairy appeared. "Each has carved for herself a name, That leads, we hope, to highest fame, The circus brings the music gay, Before me like a mystic spray;

that in the halls of fame will be written Perlie Johnson's name."

And now appeared the seventh little fairy which said, "I shall tell you of Sadie Barnado. She will let her light shine in the dark corners by teaching a crowd of little brown-skinned, dark-eyed children in China who will come daily to be benefited by her helpful instructions."

The eighth little fairy came forth and voluntarily told me of the always happy Lizzie Mae Estes. "If you could follow me to New York city ten years from today there in front of one of the large theaters you would see this sign, 'Miss Elizabeth Estes, The Famous Young Dancer Here Tonight.'"

Before I could recover from my surprise the ninth fairy hurled me through space as it seemed, until I was standing upon a bloody French battlefield. "There she goes," "Goes who?" I asked. "Your school mate, Lillian Malone, staunching the flow of blood, binding the wounds and administering to the needs of mankind. As you see her now, so will she continue as long as there is need of her smiles and cheering words among the stricken soldiers."

I now took up the tenth rose confident of learning the future of Jamima. Reluctantly the fairy came out and handed me a paper from which I read: "Jamima Wilburn, the French teacher and stump speaker of your class, is soon to become the wife of a progressive farmer of Cedar Hill community, but he will always progress in the way that Jamima suggests."

"Does that not complete the futures of all your class mates of '17?" she asked. "Yes," I answered, "and I thank you." "But wait," she said, and from the eleventh rose stepped the last little fairy. "Do you not wish to hear of your own future," she said. "Yes," I replied, "but I was so interested in what I had just heard of the others I had forgotten myself; but do tell me what my future might be?"

"My dear," she answered, "Can you not picture a lovely little home with the blue sky and waving trees above, and the green grass beneath. In this ideal little place you will happily keep house for your—er mother."

CLASS WILL OF '17.

Pearl Kelly.

In school, of the city of the Union county of Union and State of South Carolina, do being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and give this to be our last will and testament, to wit:

1st. We do will and bequeath unto the class of 1918 our special privileges of being dismissed at 1:20, of sitting on the front seats in chapel and tete-a-tetes with Mr. Jeffries in the office.

2nd. I, Perlie Johnson, do hereby will and bequeath my love and admiration for Abraham Lincoln unto Frank Williams and I truly hope that he and his future history teacher will be somewhat more amiable in the discussion of him than Miss Harris and I were.

3rd. I, Lillian Malone, (the noted coquette of the class), desire that my art of flirtation be willed unto Iva Belue.

4th. I, Marie Wilburn, do will my melodious voice to Jesse Humphries.

5th. I, Sadie Barnado, leave to Kenice Douglass my memory of flattering phrases and promise to give her the necessary instructions for their proper use if desired.

6th. I, Pearl Kelly, do bequeath unto Willie Hawkins my great and valuable secret of "How to become great though small," a secret of untold value to those of diminutive stature.

7th. I, Jennings Alford, do will my executive ability but not my beauty, unto anybody who needs it. Apply early and avoid the rush.

8th. I, Elizabeth Garner, will to Elizabeth Lemmond the care and keeping of three of my beaux as one will be sufficient for me in the future.

9th. I, Lizzie Mae Estes, do solemnly will my habit of blushing unto Francis Reeves and I trust it will cause him as much embarrassment as it has caused me.

10th. I, Jamima Wilburn, do give and bequeath my eucleonary power to Sarraat Hames.

11th. I, Gertrude Orr, do bequeath unto some benighted member of the tenth grade my troubles as class secretary, also my fondness for study unto Joe Humphries.

12th. I, Thelma Hart, do hereby bequeath my amiable disposition unto Harry Arthur and my dignity and timidity unto Kathleen Humphries.

13th. We, the class, do will unto Miss Alberta Harris, our efficient and beloved teacher "The Bell" which has called us so often from play to work and we truly hope that she will be as attentive to its call as we have been.

14th. We, the class, desiring to leave in the surest place the choicest possessions of our lives and knowing from a year's fruitless effort to ensnare Mr. Fuller by our separate and collective charms, do hereby leave to him our undivided love and affections with the request that he be satisfied with these hearts and not try to break all those of next year's class as he did

GERMAN KAISER FREE WITH FELICITATIONS

ours by his good looks and winning ways.

15th. We, the class, will to the tenth grade all of Mr. Jeffries partiality to us and we trust that "On one Occasion" or other they may get more automobile rides in the Overland than we have and far more important than that more flattering compliments that he has given to us.

16th. We, as a class, do lastly will unto our beloved superintendent, principal and teachers our sincere affections, our deepest respect, our heartiest gratitude and our whole unlimited wealth of our eternal memory.

In witness thereof, we, the class of 1917, the testators, have to our will, set our hands and seal this first day of June, one thousand nine hundred and seventeen, in the presence of:

Witnesses: Miss Alberta Harris, Prof. Davis Jeffries, Mr. E. A. Fuller.

VALEDICTORY.

Jamima Wilburn.

The honor has been conferred upon me of addressing you at this final meeting of the class. This honor brings with it a feeling of joy and sadness; joy because we have reached the goal for which we have so long been striving; sadness because of the severing of long and eminent associations, yet there is an end to all things; to the shortest path and "to the longest lane there comes an end."

Kind fellow students, we welcome you to fill our vacant places, and hope that our lives and influences have been such as will make each of you remember us in the years to come. We hope that you will enjoy and appreciate your opportunities more than we have, and fill the vacant places more worthy. We bid you farewell, and god speed for the time to come.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, we most heartily thank you for the comforts and privileges you have provided us with, by giving us this beautiful and well-equipped building and such excellent teachers. And we assure each of you that we will spare the many unselfish provisions you have made for our comfort and happiness. In behalf of the class of 1917 we bid you farewell. Most beloved teachers at whose feet we have so often sat, whose patience we have so often tried, it is with sadness that we leave you to go into lives full of activities or to higher institutions of learning, for which you have labored so faithfully to prepare us.

Class mates: We have met here together for the last time. Our relations and associations as class mates must be broken and we must bid each other farewell. It is sad indeed to sever relationships as pleasant as ours have been, yet we know that such relationships contained in the bigger life for which the smaller life has been designed, would become monotonous. Truly we are slow to see why triumph should be crowned with tears, why continued happiness should be cut short by parting sorrow; but we must know that only those who weep have a right to laugh. May this last experience of heart-rending separation bring clearly to our minds that life has in store for us the difficult realities as well as the pleasant dreams, sorrows as well as joys, defeats as well as victories. Yes, class mates, catch the vision of Byron when he said:

"Thou man, a pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear." Know, too, that all sorrow is nothing more nor less than the divine way of purification. Know, too, that real affection is made more certain when tested, even as men become holy when tried. Then comfort yourselves once and at all times with the happy thought that the bright stars can always be found in the edge of the darkest nights. Class mates, "Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present, it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and a manly heart."

Go from this life of preparation into the real life of activity with this old proverb ever before you.

Sow a thought, reap an action; Sow an action, reap a habit; Sow a habit, reap a character; Sow a character, reap a destiny.

And if we never meet upon earth again, may we upon the shores of the great beyond meet again never to disband. Where we can cast our trophies at His feet who will then scatter His gifts of priceless rewards as shining sands.

Congratulates Himself and Ally on Failure of Entente Offensives—The British Have Captured Over 50,000 Prisoners Since April 1st.

Although Field Marshal von Hindenburg and Emperor William assert that the Anglo-French offensive on the Western front has failed after seven weeks of effort, a French official statement declares that the Germans lost more than 52,000 prisoners alone during the French and British drives against the German lines.

Emperor William writes the German empress that the fighting in France has reached a "certain conclusion." Since April 1, the British have advanced on a front of 20 miles from Loos to south of Bullecourt, to an extreme depth of six miles east of Arras. Field Marshal Haig's men have taken Vimy ridge, dominating the plains to Doual and have virtually surrounded Lens and St. Quentin and have held their gains against desperate and repeated German attacks, while inflicting heavy losses.

In the same time the French have advanced along a 15-mile front north of the Aisne and seized the heights dominating the valley of the Ailette river, the last natural defense before Laon. In Champagne the French troops in intrepid attacks have gained the heights of Mont Carnillet, the Casque, the Teton and Mont Haut, to the east of Rheims. All the French gains have been held. Repeated attacks by the German crown prince against the captured have been made without avail and he has expended thousands of lives in fruitless efforts to regain the lost ground.

More than 1,000 officers were included in the total of 52,000 prisoners captured. Enormous quantities of material were taken from the Germans, including 446 heavy and field guns, 1,000 machine guns and many trench guns.

Emperor William also has congratulated Emperor Charles on the

advance on the Carso. The Italians added to their gains on Friday by taking Austrian positions on a front of one and a quarter miles to a depth of 400 yards south of Castagnavizza on one of the main roads to Triest.

An advance of 400 yards along a mile and a quarter front by Italian troops on the road to Triest, announcement by the Germans that they had captured a French position 1,000 yards in length northeast of Soissons and a British air raid on German bases along the German coast constituted the chief news developments in the war thence Saturday.

Aside from the battle fronts, occurrences in Brazil and in Southern Russia bear important relations to the war.

Forty-six merchant vessels aggregating 240,779 tons are restored to the world's carrying trade a time when they are urgently needed by a decree signed Saturday by President Braz of Brazil, enabling that country to make use of the German vessels now in Brazilian ports.

Thirty-three of the German vessels are of more than 4,000 tons each and one is of 12,350 tons. This action was the first step taken by Brazil after revoking her declaration of neutrality in the war.

In consequence of Russian royalists riots in Tiflis, in the Trans-Caucasian government of Southern Russia, the Grand Duke Nicholas, formerly commander in chief of the Russian armies, is reported to have been arrested.—The State.

KARUMA SUNK BY GERMAN SUBMARINE NEAR SPAIN

New York, June 4.—The British freight steamship Karuma of 2,985 tons gross, was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine, April 27, near the Spanish coast, according to Chris Thornton, an American seaman, a survivor of the ship who has arrived here. Thornton said the ship was attacked without warning while on the way from Malta to a British port. The second engineer and a sailor lost their lives, he declared. The Karuma, built in Sunderland in 1910, was owned by the Union Steamshipping company, of London. When sunk she was in the service of the British admiralty carrying supplies.

The Russian bark Imberhorne, of 1,958 tons gross, from Mobile, March 28, for Greenock, Scotland, was sunk by a German submarine on May 1, off the west coast of Ireland, according to American members of the crew who have arrived here. The crew escaped.

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