

The junior, sophomore and freshmen classes of the high school have been having some high old times the past week, fighting over which flag should float at the head of the flag pole in the school yard, the lower classes combining against the seniors, who seemed to have the best of the argument until the lower classes purchased the pole from the school board and then chopped it into firewood and presented the wood to Prof. Mason. Two of the lads even sat up two nights to keep their class flag at the top of the pole while another big, husky lad who had never been known to get up before daylight in his life, got up at four o'clock in the morning and hauled down the senior flag and put up the flag of the junior classes. This young fellow should be presented with a Carnegie (leather) medal for bravery and strict application to duty—when no one was around. The whole affair culminated in a banquet being given by the junior classes in the basement of the high school building Friday night, the seniors not being invited, of course. However, the seniors invited themselves, tried to rush the grub from the victorious under classes but were corralled bodily and tied up with ropes and were laid on the floor to watch the other fellows and girls eat the good things provided. After the seniors had groaned with anguish and hunger for an hour or so they were released and invited to partake of the feed, after which all adjourned to the big assembly room where the whole bunch had a good time singing, speechifying, etc., and the class rush turned out to be a very happy affair after all, which is the proper way to do. Prof. and Mrs. Mason and Miss Brackney chaperoned the doings.