

THE  
CENTRALIAN  
1900



The  
Southern  
Printing  
Co.

# The Centralian

VOLUMN II.



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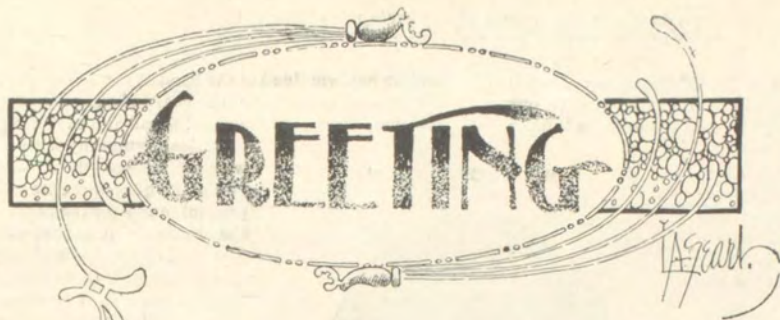
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# GREETING

*A year.*

In this the second volume of our annual, "The Centralian," we have endeavored to make an improvement on last years' book (thanks to experience) and to make it a credit both to the school and to the staff. We hope that it will be a memento which will be kept, and enjoyed in later years, when its pages will recall the many pleasant days spent at "Old Central."



## FROM KANSAS CITY TIMES.

In granting the degree of L. L. D. to Prof. E. C. White of the Central High school the state University of Missouri has paid a fitting tribute to one of Kansas City's most honored citizens. Perhaps no man in our state is more deserving of such a distinguished compliment than he. As an educator of life-long experience he has few equals, and as an elegant, refined gentleman, no superiors. The influence for that which is highest and noblest, which such as he bring into the educational field, cannot be overestimated. The university is the more honored by this compliment to one of the most worthy educators in the West.

### THE HONOR IS DESERVED.

High Tribute to Dr. White, Principal of Central High School.

*To the Editor of the Kansas City Times.*

It was with genuine satisfaction that I read the special dispatch from Columbia, Mo., published in The Times, that the board of curators of the University of Missouri had conferred upon Principal E. C. White the degree of L. L. D. The records of the university show that when he graduated he was the valedictorian of his class, and since his graduation he has devoted his life to teaching.

In 1873 he was elected as teacher in the Central high school and four years later principal of that school which position he filled with the very highest degree of satisfaction for eleven years. He decided in 1887 to retire from school work for a time at least, and I wrote in the annual report for that year the following: "At the high school, Principal E. C. White, after an uninterrupted connection with that school for fifteen years, eleven of them as principal, resigned the position that he has so ably acceptably filled. His resignation was deeply regretted by teachers, pupils and patrons generally,

and he has remained at the head of the school for the past two years only at the earnest solicitation of the board of education and of myself. His even disposition, excellent judgement broad and catholic views, high order of scholarship,

deep sympathy with all pupils, justness in dealing with all classes—these qualifications, coupled with a warm and generous enthusiasm in teaching, fitted him pre-eminently for the delicate and responsible duties of the position. He carries with him into private life the gratitude of hundreds of pupils upon whose lives he left a deep and abiding impression."

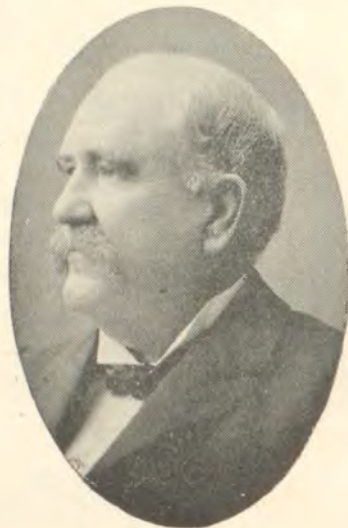
Two years later he was elected vice-principal of the Central high school and entered upon the active duties of his profession again. When Mr. J. T. Buchanan resigned two years ago Principal E. C. White was unanimously chosen principal. In fact, no other name was seriously considered by the board. The qualities of mind and heart that I emphasized eleven years ago in regard to Dr. White I can only reiterate today. Through all these years we have stood closely together as bosom friends, and time has only deepened my convictions; and the sentiments I entertain are most heartily concurred in by every teacher in his school.

The honor conferred upon him will indeed be glad news to the thousands of grown men and women who have been connected with the Central high school, and a genuine pleasure to his fellow teachers in this and other states. The degree was worthily and honorably bestowed, and no one rejoices more than myself in this fitting recognition of his ability, scholarship and practical and successful management of the laigest mixed high school in the United States, and I close with the fervent wish that his life may be prolonged beyond the three score and ten limit, and that he may remain ac-

tive in school work of this city to the end.

J. M. GREENWOOD.

### "OUR PROFESSOR"



Prof. E. C. White.

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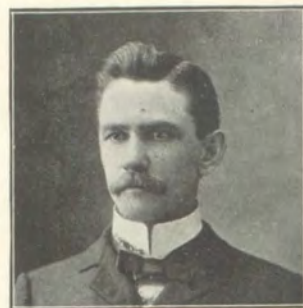
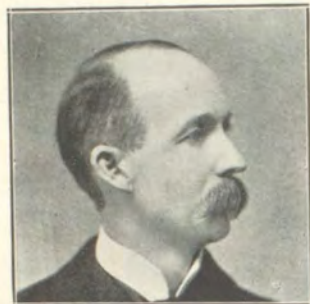
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## The Seniors.

Just to think that we were once freshmen! The thought almost makes us hide our faces in shame, for we naturally think of the present freshmen and unconsciously put ourselves in their places. Thus we do ourselves a wrong. We were never such specimens as are the dirty little urchins we now see playing marbles in the halls and fighting over whether one yelled "vence" before the other shot. No, we had outgrown the nursing age and had reached the time in life when young people make up their minds to accomplish something in the world. The teachers marveled at our brillancy and sterling worth, and predicted that we should be the grandest, most wonderful class ever graduated from Old Central. They were supremely happy to think that at last, they would be able to see some results from their unceasing labor. They finally grew so enthuiastic that they began to have us come back in the afternoons for a little social chat. But we soon saw that it was merely the benefit they derived from us that caused this attention on their part, and since we were not in school for the purpose of instructing our teachers we soon grew lax in our attendance at these little meetings which undoubtedly would have ended naturally, but school let out about this time so that the teachers were enabled to seek instructions elsewhere. Besides we were no longer Freshmen.

The next year the greater part of us were Sophomores, and thus we had a chance to change our teachers and begin anew our valuable instructions, which we carried on very successfully for the whole year, so that in the spring we had the teachers fairly capable of teaching the Freshmen who were soon to come from the Ward schools.

The next year we were Juniors. Now we had reached the place where the Senior looked very kindly on us in hopes we would give them a party and the Sophomores offered us daily prayers to save them our prose translations and ponies, and the teachers (thanks to our persistant training) had grown to be rather instructive to us and valuable to the school. It was during this year that we really worked and accomplished something. But now we are Seniors, supreme, graud, shiuing, dazzling stars, unequaled in the years past and admirable models for future classes to pattern after. The task of describing us to the public is too great. I fail for lack of words to express our grandeur.

## The Juniors.

The task of a historian is under no circumstances an easy one. It is then with particular hesitancy that we enter upon the history of the unsurpassed, unrivaled Class of 1901. From the very first this class has been recognized to be the eighth wonder of the world. On the day of its first enrollment Mr. White was taken with an epileptic fit, Miss Archer was overcome with hysterics and Prof. Coll—we have it on the authority of the present senior class—was heard to groan that night in his sleep. These deep and portentous omens have been borne out by the unusual success of the class. Among our successes are the facts that we are neither seniors nor sophomores, that we possess neither an unshaven Field nor a kingly Morrow.

The first year of our existence has an unparalleled record in the history of the school. Grim professors and staid school marm opened their eyes in amazement at our brilliancy. So far did we surpass the piteous brain bursting efforts of sophomores to be bright that it was predicted we would graduate before they did. This prophecy might have proved true if it had not been for trickery on the part of the class of 1900. These inhuman monsters one night waylaid and by skillful surgical process took out all our brains thus leaving us to begin again in knowledge's thorny path.





### OFFICERS OF THE SOPHOMORES.

MISS BOLENA SAUNDERS, President.  
 MR. WILL SINGLETON, Vice-President.  
 MISS HELEN GENTRY, Secretary.  
 MR. EDWARD DUNLAP, Treasurer.  
 MR. CHRISTOPHER LAWLER, Sergeant-at-Arms.



### FRESHMAN CLASS—Officers.

President, MR. EWING COLE.  
 Vice-President, MISS ANNA HAMILTON.  
 Secretary, MISS MARY NEAL.  
 Treasurer, MISS MABEL ALLEN.  
 Critic, MISS MABEL THORNTON.  
 Sergeants-at-Arms, { MISS AILEE STEVENS,  
                                   { MR. ED LOCKRIDGE.

## Sophomores

Pen cannot describe, tongue cannot tell of the merits of this splendid organization of not too wise fools and not too foolish wisemen. From our first entrance we displayed all the modesty that could be expected from a class so grieved at the blatant boastfulness of its predecessor. In fact we were a very model of staid demeanor. We never were knowe to recite except in the privacy of a two o'clock audience. We never spoke of Mr. Coll in a less proper term than His Satanic Majesty, and we never blew our nose without permission from Mr. White.

As the first year of our existance drew to a close we began to think of our election of officers. The majority of the class thought that Parson Pugsley would made the best leader. Deacon Morrow objected and was immediately churched. Sister Brent was chosen vice president and Brother Singleton was chosen treasurer.

When we started-into school this year it was with the greatest pain that we looked upon our successors- But with the greatest of fortitude. Wetook up the heavy burden of playing example to these benighted freshmen. As great as may have been the responsibiities of mourning the delinquencies of the Jnniors, that of instructing the Freshmen has been no less trying. It would have discouraged a less determined band, to teach the Freshman not to cry during Mr. White's weekly Friday invocation and not to bring to school more than two dolls a day.

It is with mingled feelings of joy and sadness that we look back over our past efforts: joy that we have accomplished so much toward the betterment of the Freshman class in particular; sadness that after all our efforts no more than 10 per cent of the Freshmen class seem probably to escape the penitentiary or the asylum for the weak minded. It is alone for the infinite patience and for bearance that we have displaed in the last two years that we hope to get inside the pearly gates. Amen.

## freshman.

We are Freshmen and proud of it too. We are strong enough to take care of ourselves although some of us are very young. Our lungs are strong and make a big enough noise to raise what little hair is left on Prof. Call's head. Our ears are open—beware, for we are learning all the secrets of the supercilious senior, the haughty junior and the prattling sophomore. Do you realize that you are somebody? For an establishment of this fact, just engage in a conversation with anyone of our officers. Our meetings are pervaded with a certain dignity that could not be found in other assemblies of this school. We know how to strut and imitate our older brothers and sisters. A freshman may be a little body but he gets there just the same. We can talk back to our teachers and assert our rights just as well as anyone. We stand in one, compact body, propped up by no one.

It is our intention to let the world know that we are here, not only can we do this, but also we can make our energy felt in future generations. It takes a slick person to slide through life, and this slickness we possess.

To show how wise and prudent we are in the selection of our officers look at their names: MR. EWING COLE, President, MISS ANNA HAMILTON, Vice-President, MISS MARY NEAL, Secretary.





THE PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

# Officers and Members of the Philomathean Society.

COLORS: Old gold and white.

YELL: Thalíssa! Thalíssa! Thala Philomathía! Philó!!  
Philó!!

## OFFICERS.

RUTH MOSHER,	-	-	-	President.
PAULINE ELLISON,	-	-	-	Vice-President
JULIA Freeman,	-	-	-	Secretary
MARIETTA NEFF,	-	-	-	Kyburnates
LUCIA FORD,	-	-	-	Sergeant-at-Arms

## MEMBERS.

Maude Neal,	Nellie Carkner,
Mabel Hayes.	Mary Johnson,
Mary Gentry,	Helen Gentry.
Helen Williams,	Cora Withers,
Lucia Ford,	Helen Mohr,
Grace Lipscomb,	Cora Tracy,
Rene Fletcher,	Grace Ketchum,
Mary Louise Moore,	Lotta Hewson,
Ruth Mosher,	Olive Oburn,
Bessie Stocking,	Fanny James,
Cornelia Thatcher,	Pauline Ellison,
Marietta Neff,	Helen Mann,
Cornelia Ketchum,	Mary Peters,
Mary Atchison,	Susie Brooks,
Helen Brinkman,	Mary Neal,
Julia Shillito,	Mary McMillien,
Margarite Cutter,	Margarite Tyler,
Helen Swofford,	Julia Freeman,
Dorothia Mann,	Fanny Ketchum,
Margerie Dennis,	Justine Mann.

## Ye Philoes

At wearysome lengthe have you, I gesse, been told ye forgoing annuals of ye organization of this band of damozels, ye Philoemathean Literary Societee; of ye olden tytle, F. F. which ye maydens must needs change, for ye horride boyes wold calle them funny freaks, wythe seemynge lacke of chyvolrye; of ye seconde tytle, D. O. W., which proved even worse that ye fyrst, for ye dysgustyng cynycal Platoes immediatly called them Dear Olde Workers, (there was a double signifiçance to that laste name; i. e. sundrie boxes of candy, play house billets extracted by threats and force from ye, members of ye firste mentioned Societee). At last ye ever fickle maydens tooke upon themselves ye rhythmycal appelacion of ye Philoemathean Literary Societee, notwythstanding the fact that in many boyes' scoles ye nayme hadde become associated wythe ye sterner sex onlie, ye Philoes didde not forgyt ye naymes that ye wycked Platoes had called them, for wythe mightye hautinesse did ye maydens refuse ye invitacion to join ye Platoes some five years lates, wythe great cunnynge did ye Platoes laye in wait to revenge themselves for ye Philoes marble hearts, and so ye followers of ye appyle pynke and greene barred ye supporters of ye yellow and whyte from ye annual Platoe—C. L. C., contest. Ye Philoes peridiocally had a grand upheaval which they called an Open Sesion, when ye younge laydies wold befittingly themselves costume and wold orate, declaim, or synge for ye amusement of ye large and enthuiaistic audience. In ye year '99, when ye open session was prohibyted by ye crewel Scole Borde, then were ye Philoes nigh drowned in ye tears which they shedd. "Woe!" cried ye Presydenste, "woe is me!" Surelee the nexte thyng they will take away will be my gravel!" To add another bitter pill to their box, were ye tyme honored Societee Halle (adjacent to Asseembly Halle) taken away from them ande they were banished to ye lower regionus to wit under the chaperonnage of ye office of Prof. Whyte. But ye troubles only served to make ye Philoes cleave together, more closely. Under ye whyte and golden banner have ye maydens trod ye paythe of honor, duty and fellowshipe for manie years; may ye band of Philoes hold ye high place for manie years to come.

C. P. THATCHER.



THE PLATONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



# Officers and Members of the Platonian Society.

COLORS: Apple Green and Pink.

YELL: Agomen! Dergomen! Rip, Ray, Rah!  
Plato! Plato! Sis Boom Ah!

## OFFICERS.

MR. CHANDLER WARREN WATSON, - President.  
MR. J. FREDRICK GREEN, - Vice President.  
MR. WILL HOGSETT, - - Secretary.  
MR. WILBERT RODGERS, - - Treasurer.  
MR. TOM BRANIFF, - - Critic.  
MR. RICHARD ROBERTSON, Sergeant-at-Arms.  
MR. ROSCOE POTTS, - - Prætor Platonian.

## This Year's Past Members.

MR. JOHN R. WALKER, JR.  
MR. TOM REED,  
MR. DAN SAUNDERS,  
MR. ARTHUR BROWN,  
MR. RICHARD MCCARTHY,  
MR. HENRY THAYER,  
MR. HARRY LYON.

## Active Members of the Platonian Society.

Chandler Warren Watson, Reed Byers,  
Albert J. Bone, J. Fredrick Green,  
Lee Philbrook, Roy Bradbury,  
Byers Love, Norman Lombard,  
Dan McFarland, Roscoe Potts,  
Richard Robertson, George Kilpatrick,  
Wallace Lee, Frank Howard,  
Will Hogsett, John Taylor,  
Kim Barton, Harry Wayman,  
Wilbert Rogers, Ewing Cole  
J. Scott Harrison, Jr., Clifford Langsdale,  
Tom Braniff, Lawrence Blodgett,  
Burnes Moore, Paul Kirtley.

## Platonian Society

About a score of years ago Central's first literary society was organized, known as the "High School Debating Club." It admitted both boys and girls to membership. It is safe to presume that in such an organization of school boys and school girls not more than eleven twelfths of the time was devoted to serious debating and literary work, while the other twelfth was spent in having a good time. It is even probable that the smaller part was devoted to work and the rest of the time to play. At any rate it is known that some of the more serious boys and several outsiders got together and formed an entirely new society for boys and work only. Thus in 1886 the "Platonian Society" was organized. In that year they gave their first open session, a modest little entertainment in a study hall in the old building. Each year the open sessions grew better and were carried out on a larger scale. No longer were they given in the afternoon in a study hall, but at night in the new assembly hall. The year of the first open session was also the year of the first contest with the C. L. C. Unless one has been a member of either of the two rival societies, one cannot judge of the excitement and the spirited rivalry that exist during the whole year, gradually growing stronger and stronger as the contest approaches, and reaching the climax on that night.

During the early years of their existence the societies were obliged to hold their meetings any where they could, but when the new building was added, they were all provided with rooms adjoining the assembly, "Plato Hall" was on the fourth floor in the extreme northwest corner of the building. The very thought of it brings a flood of pleasant recollections of the meetings held there. The members of the society sat on three sides of the room while the president and secretary were at the other side, all forming a hollow rectangle. No Plato who ever attended a meeting in that room can forget it.

But those good old times are gone. We have been deprived of open session, contest, and even our room. We are worse off now than we were in our first struggling years. Why was this done? Surely not as a punishment. Let us hope is was far some other reason and that by next year Central's societies will have all their former privileges restored to them.

ALBERT J. BONE.



THE CENTRAL LITERARY CLUB.

# Officers and Members of the Central Literary Club.

**COLORS;** Old Rose and Blue.

**YELL:** Nika! Nika! Rip, Ra, Re! Nota bona, C. L. C.

## OFFICERS.

President,	-	-	-	MISS ZOE FORD
Vice-President,	-	-	-	MR. EDGAR LOVEJOY
Secretary,	-	-	-	MR. GEO. MULFORD
Treasurer,	-	-	-	MR. WILL P. M. STEVENS
Critic,	-	-	-	MR. RALPH BYRNE
Sargeant-at-Arms,	-	-	-	MISS OLIVE STONE
Reporter.	-	-	-	MISS MABEL ALLEN

## MEMBERS.

Celia Abernathy,	George Mulford,
Edith Gillham,	Will Stevens,
Barton Hall,	Tom Scruggs,
Kate L. Holloway,	Alberta Smith,
Edgar Lovejoy,	Allen Withers,
Loyd Morrow,	Raymond Barnett,
Elsie Gillham,	Fred Pugsley,
Zoe Ford,	Will Gill,
Katherine Harroun,	Earl Allen,
Ray M. Merrill,	Olive Stone,
Ethel Murray,	Ruth Lowry,
Leon A. Searl,	Gladys Jones,
Diller Wood,	Sena Hutchings,
Ralph Byrne,	Mabel Allen,
Oakley Lemming,	Van. Hammett,
Daisy Kirk,	McClain Alexander,

## PAST MEMBERS.

Arthur Byrne,	Roy Standish,
Will Lawrence,	Tucker Buckner,
	Roy Russell.

## History of the Central Literary Club.

Far back in the misty past, long before the last lingering hairs departed from the shining dome or Mr. White, long before Philbrook's feet became a standing joke, long before C. Will Lawrence entered within the portals of Central—there was brought forth in this High School an organization by the name of the Debating Society. This advent occurred in the year 1882. From the very first the influence of the society upon the school was acknowledged to be of the very best. It was held necessary that such questions as, "Who can trace his birth back farthest beyond that of Methuselah—number 12 or number 6," "which is the most clearly the work of the devil—Latin or Greek," should be decided once and for all. This the society did to the satisfaction of everyone.

At the end of five years certain of the boys finding the intellectual pace too fast seceded and formed a new society. This society had for its Declaration of Independence the following: "We hold these truths to be self evident; that all Platos are created dull and witless; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these rights are stupidity, obstency and the pursuit of ignorance; that to secure these rights societies are instituted among Platos deriving their just powers from the consent of the brainless." Of course for the loss of such boys the society wept no tears.

The year following the Debating Society changed its name to the Central Literary Club and under this name held its first annual open session 1887. The same year beheld the first annual C. L. C. Plato Contest. When we look back over the records of these windy battles and see that the C. L. C's. possess five medals more than their rivals, the Platos. We can not help but believe that the society during these years prospered in a literary ability of no mean consideration.

Indeed when the members of the Central Literary Club stop in contemplation of the history of their society and the success of their fellow members, both in school and in life, it is impossible for them not to feel a thrill of pride.

RAY BARNETT.



SOCIETY OF LITERATURE AND HISTORY.

# The Society of Literature and History.

## YELL.

Boom-a-laca! Boom-a-laca!

Boom! Boom! Bah!

S. L. H! S. L. H!

Rip! Ray! Rah!

Colors: Purple and White.

## OFFICERS.

President

Vice President

Secretary

Treasurer

S. L. H.

Critic

Sergeant-at-Arms

Reporter

Ralph Morrison

Mary Pepper

Eunice Langley

Carrie Rockefeller

Joyce Richardson

Bessie Daniels

Newton Wagner

Chester Swan

## MEMBERS.

Bessie Daniels

Gwendolen Edwards

Madge Elliot

Mable Jenkins

Nellie Milam

Winnifield Patton

Ethel Peeples

Olive Richardson

Aliene Triplette

Winnifred Carpenter

Eunice Langley

Joyce Richardson

Margie McDonald

Carrie Rockefeller

Mary Pepper

Georgia Burns

Ruby Adams

Lorenzo Dewey

William McLaren

Ralph Morrison

Edward North

Clement Richardson

Alfred Seddon

Chester Swan

Allen Wayman

Will Singleton

Carl Craig

Newton Wagner

Frank Kaynor.

## Sketch of the Society of Literature and History.

(As told by An Alumnus) in the year 1950.

Fifty years ago in the village of Kay See, which overlooked the glittering(?) expanse of the Big Muddy, there stood a "little red school house," from which many of our most brilliant beings (and others not so brilliant) have been launched upon the world. This building was called Old Central; here the verdant children of the townspeople daily digged and delved, searching for the roots of knowledge. Some, making pitiful attempts to trace the source of the tree recommended to their attention, came to the conclusion that, like Topsy, knowledge "just growed." Others, possessed of fertile minds and ambitious spirits, swept on toward the longed for goal and at length burst upon the startled community of the town in the full light of graduation and glory.

To this class belonged the members of the Society of Literature and History, and of the four secret societies which, by the kind but somewhat hesitatingly reluctant permission of the School Board, had maintained an existence through many years.

Philos might intersperse hard work with dance and giggle and shriek; Platos might rage and storm and make cyclonic attempts to devastate the property of the school; C. L. C's. might be torn in twain by civil—or uncivil—war;—still onward sped the strong current of the life of the S. L. H.; still upward climbed its members toward understanding. Recorded in the annals of the society were many honors won by the wearers of the purple and white. Written in the book of membership were the names of many of the brightest and most conscientious workers of the school, students who had for their standard, earnestness and integrity, and who had won their high rank through ability. In the sands of time, footprints indelible mark the progress of these boys and girls who were searching for wisdom and glory, and who found fun and frolic while they waited. For the god of knowledge did not rule alone in their midst; pleasure ever sat beside him and made bright the path of duty.

Indeed, in the words of William Allan White, "The Lord said, "Let there be light, and there was."

THE S. L. H.





THE LUMINARY STAFF.

## History of the Luminary.

When Central High School had but a handfull of pupils and only eight teachers, way back in 1885, the misty past where we love to wander and explore, Mr. Philips, who is now at Manual, suggested that a paper be edited by the "Kansas City High School Debating Society," which was then Central's only Literary Society.

Acting on this suggestion Embrey Holmes, Frank McDonald, Charles Searritt, James Richardson and Neil Brooks undertook the task.

After vainly scratching their heads for a suitable name for the paper, they went to Mr. Morrison for advice. He said "It is to be the bright and shining light of the High School, Hence I would call it the 'Central Luminary.'"

After having the paper's fortune told, which turned out, "In 1900 there shall be much honor and glory cast upon its success," they decided that it was well worth the name.

The first number of the Luminary made its appearance in December. It was coverless, dateless, printed on very poor, cheap paper, had only eleven pages and but six advertisements.

Mr. Neil C. Brooks and Mr. James P. Richardson published the Luminary for several months in 1887, but were not destined to control it long, for a band of boys, chiefly Platos, captured it and soon put it upon a firm basis, arranging it in departments and increasing its ad list.

About this time the "Folly Floggers," who afterward became the "Philomatheans," came into existence and were soon allowed representation on the paper, so that now the Luminary was published by the three literary societies.

A short time afterward the subscription price was lowered to thirty-five cents per year, but even then it was almost impossible to collect the subscriptions.

From time to time the Luminary has resorted to various means to make itself popular, establishing new departments, offering prizes, and roasting, and now after years of rapid improvement it stands the best High School monthly magazine in the United States, far surpassing very many papers selling for twice and three times the price of the Luminary.

Last year the first "Annual," "The Centralian," was published and proved such a marked success that it was immediately decided to make the Centralian a regular publication.

This year we hope to give the public the best and most interesting book ever published in Central.



## The Girls' College Club.

The Girl's College Club will lose many of its members in the Class of 1900; but those still in High School take an active and enthusiastic interest in the work of this organization. It is to be advised that all the girls who intend to go to college and have not joined the Club, do so at once and thus ally themselves with those who are united with a like good purpose in view—the organization under its new officers—will meet the second Thursday of the next



School year, prepared to do more systematic and effective work than this year of its organization allowed.

The Club has listened to several interesting talks by College women, and expects a varied and equally enjoyable list of programs next year.

### Officers for '99-'00:

RUTH MOSHER, - President  
LOUISE GRIFFITH, - V-Pres't  
RUTH LOWRY, - Secretary



A.G. CO. CO.



L.A. SEARL



DELTA OMICRON OMICRON FRATERNITY.

# The Delta Omicron Omicron fraternity.



COLORS—Carminé and Gold.  
FLOWER—Red Rose.

## ACTIVE MEMBERS.

REYMOND G. BARNETT	J. FREDERICK GREEN
J. MCLEAN ALEXANDER	THOMAS E. BRANIFF
N. LLOYD MORROW	WILL E. GILL
WILL L. HOGSETT	LEON A. SEARL
KIMBER S. BARTON	CHANDLER W. WATSON
RAY M. MERRILL	ROY D. BRADBURY

## ALUMNI MEMBERS.

HERBERT B. YEAGER	SHELTON P. STONE
HALSEY M. LYLE	OLIVER R. WELCH
DOUGLAS C. CROWELL	WILL MCCRUM
WILLIAM N. JONES	MERRITT N. LUCAS
C. WILL LAWRENCE	VIRGIL N. PLATT
HENRY MYRES	FRANK B. CLAY
EDWARD H. HALLIWELL	ROY B. STANDISH

## ROLL OF HONOR.

Leon A. Searl, President Class of 1900; Artist of the Luminary.

Chandler Warren Watson, Editor-in-Chief of the Centralian; President of the Platos; Business Manager of the Luminary; Editor of "Plato His Book."

J. Fredrick Green, Captain of the '99 Football Team; Vice-President of the Platos; Vice-President of Seniors; Member of Luminary Staff and Track Team.

Ray M. Merrill, Second Prize Chicago Inter-Acedemic Oratorical Contest; Editor and Manager of the Luminary. Declamation Class Day.

Raymond Barnett, Manager of Xmas Play '99, and Receiver of Class Gift '00; Editor of Luminary next Fall.

Will Hogsett, President of the Platos next year, and Business Manager of Luminary next year; President of Class of 1901.

Roy Bradbury, } Members of the Platos and Luminary  
Tom Braniff, } Staff.

McClain Alexander, C. L. C., and Sergeant-at Arms of Senior Class.

men supported by the fraternity are men fully capable of filling the positions to which they are elected. Mr. Fred Green who was captain of the foot ball team this year conducted a most successful football campaign. In fact the season was one of the most successful in years, and will compare most favorably with those of the base ball and track teams. In the contests too, all honors that are won must be won strickly on merit. Indeed the fraternity considers itself not an instrument of evil in the life of the school, but an instrument of good. At the fraternity meetings not only is the sociability of its members promoted, but also is the intellectual development of its members payed attention.

It is with pleasure that the graduating Delta Omicrons look back over this year's record, and it is with anticipation that they look forward to that of the next year, for they know that the mantle of responsibility falls upon worthy shoulders.







PHI LAMBDA EPSILON FRATERNITY.

# Phi Lambda Epsilon Fraternity.

ZETA CHAPTER (Organized in 1895.)

FRATERNITY COLORS—Scarlet, Gold and White.

FRATERNITY FLOWER—Red Carnation.

## MEMBERS.

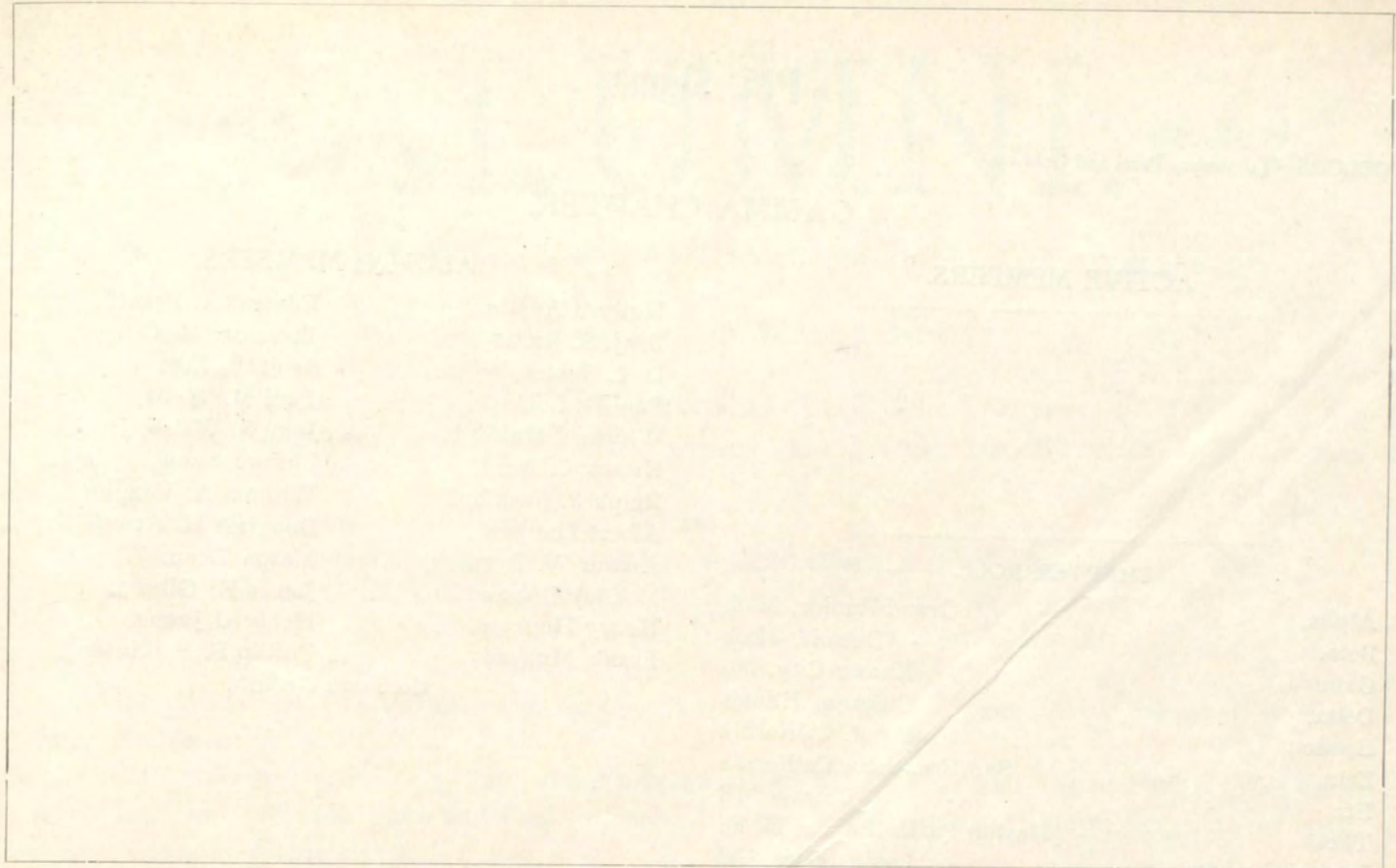
John R. Walker, Jr.,  
Lee E. Philbrook,  
Edgar Lovejoy,

Albert J. Bone,  
C. Arthur Brown,  
Richard J. McCarty, Jr.,

Watson Armour,  
Wallace Lee,  
Dan Saunders,

Allan Withers,  
Paul R. Kirtley.  
Roscoe Potts,





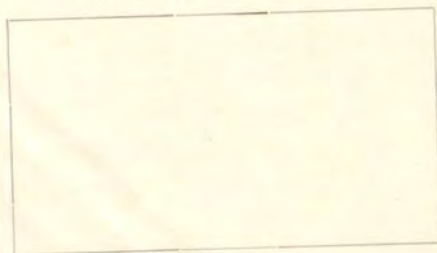
THE PHI SIGMA FRATERNITY.

# Phi Sigma.

COLORS—Turquoise, Pearl and Gold.

## GAMMA CHAPTER.

### ACTIVE MEMBERS.



### CHAPTER ROLL.

Alpha,	-	-	-	-	Grand Rapids, Mich
Beta,	-	-	-	-	- Detroit, Mich
Gamma,	-	-	-	-	- Kansas City, Mo
Delta,	-	-	-	-	- Chicago, Illinois
Epsilon,	-	-	-	-	- Oakland, California
Zeta,	-	-	-	-	- San Francisco, California
Eta,	-	-	-	-	- Chicago, Ill
Theta,	-	-	-	-	- Maston Park, Buffalo, N. Y.
Iota Alpha Lan,	-	-	-	-	- Los Angeles, Cal

### ALUMNI MEMBERS.

Howard Austin,  
Benj. S. Brown,  
D. L. James,  
Paul G. Leidigh,  
Whitfield Mulford,  
Kersey C. Reed,  
Ralph P. Swofford,  
Albert Lombard,  
Arthur W. Byrne,  
M. Clay Dobson,  
Henry Hopkins,  
Frank Mulford,

Edward A. Braniff,  
Theodore M. Criley,  
Benj. B. Lee,  
Paul M. Mohr,  
John S. Welsh, Jr.  
Clifford Snow,  
William A. Vaughn,  
Douglass H. Atwell,  
Mason Dean.  
James E. Gibson,  
Heberd James,  
Phillip F. Parkinson,

Comingo Griffith.

# ALUMNI.

Mr. Philip Fulton Parkinson is with the Waddell Investment Company of this city.

Mr. Walter W. Shaw is at Ann Arbor.

Mr. Will L. C. Todd is down in the Virginia State University.

Mr. Tom Reid is at Manual.

Mr. John R. Walker, Jr., is with the Central Coal and Coke Company.

Mr. Ed Braniff, one of Central's ablest writers, has a very desirable position on the Kansas City Star.

Miss Pearl Constable is at El Paso, Texas.

Miss Marie Stewart is studying dramatic art and music in New York.

Mr. Comengo Griffith is at Lawrenceville, New York, preparing for Princeton.

Mr. Bertrand Reed has been for the past two years at St. Paul's Academy.

Mr. Almond Copley is at Kansas University.

Dr. Saunders, the Validictorian of his class at U. M. C. this year, was a member of Central and a Platonian.

Mr. George Barnes ('83) has been studying art in New York, and has met with great success; several of his pictures have received prizes and honorable mentions. One of his pictures is in the Public Library of this city.

The class of '88 produced two artists who have distinguished themselves in New York as rising illustrators of the day, Mr. Thomas K. Hanna and Mr. Bayard F. Jones. Mr. Hanna is not only a contributor to "Life," but has also illustrated several books of short stories. Mr. Jones' signature to clever wash drawings appears frequently in "Harper's Bazaar" and other magazines.

Mr. Edward D. Ellison ('88) completed the four years course at Princeton, and is now one of the most successful young lawyers in the city.

Miss Frida Von Unwerth ('88) is a teacher of German in Central.

Mr. Lanier Cravens ('88) went to the Philippines as the captain of a company in the 32nd U. S. Volunteers, and has been recommended for a medal for personal bravery.

Mr. William Y. Murray ('89) is a prosperous business man and a favorite in musical circles.

Mr. Robert Schaufler ('89), graduate of Williams, has won honors in New York medical schools.

Mr. Howard Huselton ('90), who is on the "Star", is well known musically and socially. He is acquainted with many musical artists.

Miss Katherine Sleeper ('91) is interested in charities in the city.

Mr. Henry D. Faxon ('91), of the Leland Stanford University of California, is a junior member of a large wholesale drug firm.

Mr. Jules C. Rosenberger ('91) ranks high amongst the lawyers of Kansas City.

Mr. Frank C. Neff ('93), a graduate of the Missouri Medical College, is in the Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Clarence T. Spellman ('93), a graduate of the Kansas State University, is practicing law in the city.

Mr. Philip T. Cook ('94), who was a popular student of the Theological Seminary of New York, is completing his course of study for the ministry.

Miss Mignonette Smith ('94) was graduated from Wellesley, and has been traveling in Europe. Mr. Robert E. Wood, who was one of the most popular and brilliant young men of his class ('95), has won many honors at West Point, and stands high in his class.

Miss Katharine Criley, the valedictorian of the class of '95, is living in Indianapolis. She was obliged to discontinue her course at Smith on account of her ill health.

Miss Agnes Lee ('95) finished a special course of study at the Kansas State University, and is now on the "Star."

Mr. Bartlett Page and Mr. Reuben Campbell, of the class of '95, are members of business houses in the city.

Miss Marion Ess ('95) will be graduated from Vassar in June. Miss Ess is the class president.

Mr. John Sears ('95) is successful in the banking business.

Miss Stella Barse ('96) will be graduated at Smith this year. She is a member of the Alpha Society.

Miss Lucile Carkener ('96) studied music in New York as a preparation for teaching it this winter.

Miss Lelia Christopher ('96), after several years at Vassar, traveled in Europe.

Miss Elizabeth Parkinson ('96) is a favorite pupil of Mme. Marchesi in Paris. Miss Parkinson has attained the honour of singing at several of Marchesi's concerts, and has been praised by some of the greatest living musicians.

Miss Marie Jones ('96) has been at Smith.

Miss Jessie Hargis ('96) is attending Drury College.

Miss Cornelia Topping ('96) is studying at the art school in Chicago.

Mr. James P. Lombard ('96) will be graduated from Yale in June.

Mr. Robert D. Magill ('96), who was a Platonian and a member of the Luminary, is successful in business in the city.

Mr. Gordon T. Beaham ('97) is a junior at Princeton.

Mr. Paul M. Mohr, Mr. Paul Leidigh and Mr. T. Whitfield Mulford, of the class of '97, are completing their junior year at Yale.

Mr. O. Ward Clay ('97), Mr. John Welch, Jr., ('97) and Mr. Clifford Snow ('97) are in Burnham, Hanna & Munger's store.

Mr. Ralph Swofford ('97), who was a member of the Platos and also of the Phi Sigma fraternity, has made a brilliant record for himself at Princeton. The latest honour he has achieved is the managing editorship of the "Nassau Literary Magazine." Mr. Swofford is in his junior year.

Miss Alice Barse is completing her sophomore year at Vassar.

Miss Martha Criley ('97), the salutatorian of her class and a prominent Philo, is at Smith.

Miss Eda A. Sutumeister ('97) has been the only girl pupil in the school of landscape gardening at St. Louis. She has met with success in this original employment.

Miss Ona F. Winants ('97), one of Central's most bright alumnus, is at Smith.

Miss Lenora Yeager ('97) attended Ann Arbor and is now teaching at Central.

Mr. James E. Gibson, a Plato and editor-in-chief of the '99 Annual, and a member of the Phi Sigma fraternity, is at the State University at Columbia, Missouri.

Miss Monica Railsback is a favorite of her class at the Chicago University.

Miss Helen Stout is a freshman at Smith.

Miss Ruby Ridgway has been taking a post-graduate course at Central.

Miss Alta Zens, who was a strong member of the Philos, at one time the capable editress-in-



chief of the Luminary, as well as the Philo Open Session president, has been spending the winter in Germany. Her letters are vastly more interesting than those of many regular newspaper correspondents. She has a thorough knowledge of French and German. Miss Zens was one of the most brilliantly executive girls of her class, and wherever she may go she will make as many friends and have as many admirers as those she has made at Central.

Mr. Ralph P. Swofford has recently been elected editor-in-chief of the "Princeton Tiger."

Mr. Ben Lee has lately been admitted on the staff of the monthly paper at Harvard. Besides he is on the weekly, and has won quite a reputation for himself.

Mr. D. L. James has distinguished himself at Yale by carrying off the sophomore essay prize.

Mr. Clifford Snow is now attending the Kansas City School of Law.

Mr. Leon Brady is down at the Rolla School of Mines.

Mr. Elmer Sanford, Mr. Roy Standish, Mr. Bryant Cromer, Mr. Fred Lee, Mr. Mason Dean and Mr. Gustave Stein are at Ann Arbor.

Mr. Walter Wilson, Mr. Campbell Christopher and Mr. Chandler Warren Watson are attending University Medical-College, of this city.

Mr. Fred Winfield Pabst is on the Kansas City "Journal."

Miss Julia F. Wood ('97) has been in Kansas City this winter. She was at Smith for two years.

Miss Jewel D. Wood ('97) has been traveling in Europe. She has rapidly acquired a remarkable proficiency in French and German.

Mr. D. L. James ('98) and Mr. Kersey Coates Reed ('98) will be juniors at Yale next year. Mr. Reed has won a Latin medal and Mr. James many literary honors.

Mr. William A. M. Vaughan ('98) has been successful in the real estate business. He is secretary of a large transfer company.

Miss Virginia E. Morse and Miss Marie Pugsley are sophomores at Smith.

Miss Katharine Morgan and Miss Ruth Gentry, of the class of '98, are sophomores at Vassar.

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### The Class of '99.

Mr. Doughlass H. Atwill and Mr. Heberd James have been room-mates at Yale.

Mr. Philip Parkinson, an able Platonian and member of the Luminary, is in business in the city.

Mr. Mason L. Dean is at Ann Arbor. He is a member of one of the best Greek letter societies in that college.

Mr. Frank Mulford and Mr. Raymond Brinkman are at Yale.

Mr. Bryant S. Cromer has won honors at Ann Arbor.

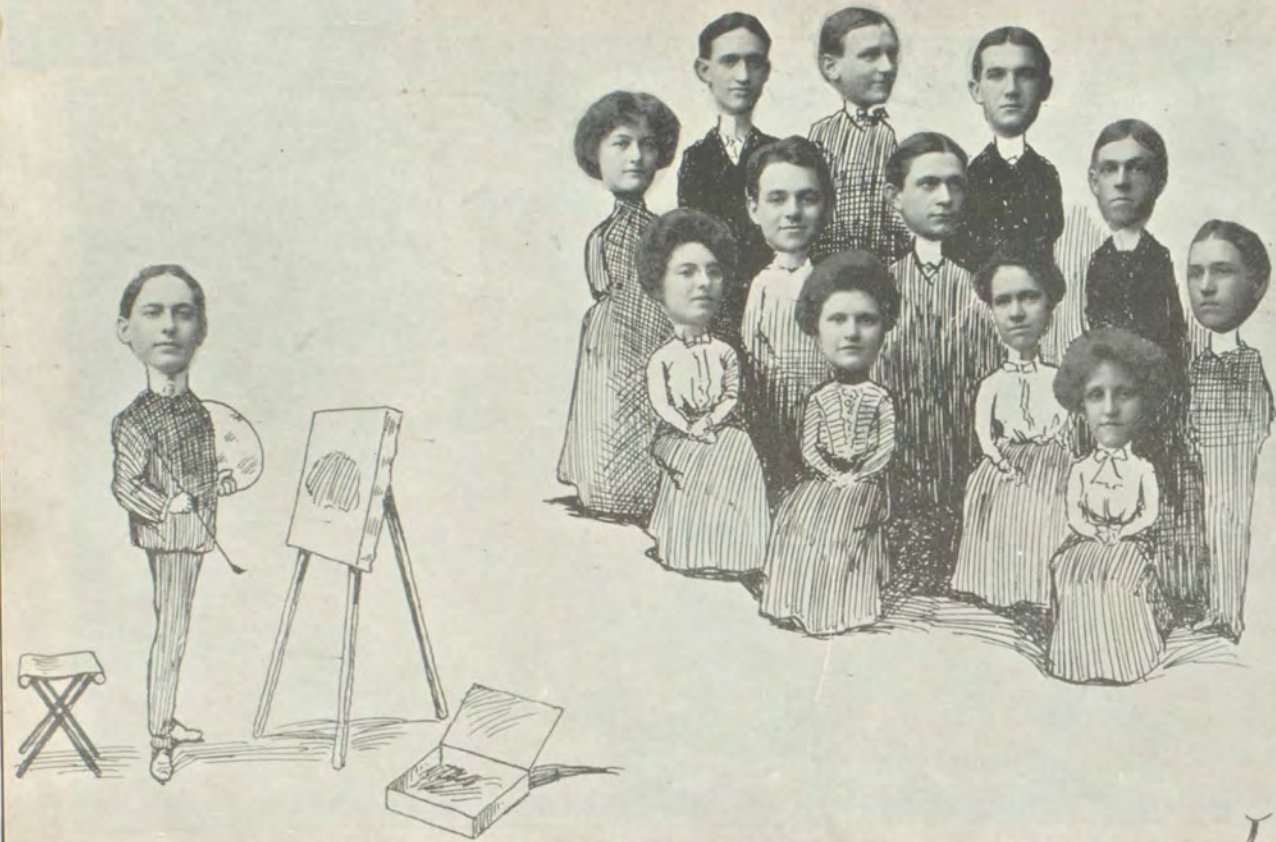
Mr. Campbell Christopher has been taking a course in the medical college of this city.

Mr. C. Lester Hall has been at the Chicago University.

Miss Helen S. Beaham is at Vassar.

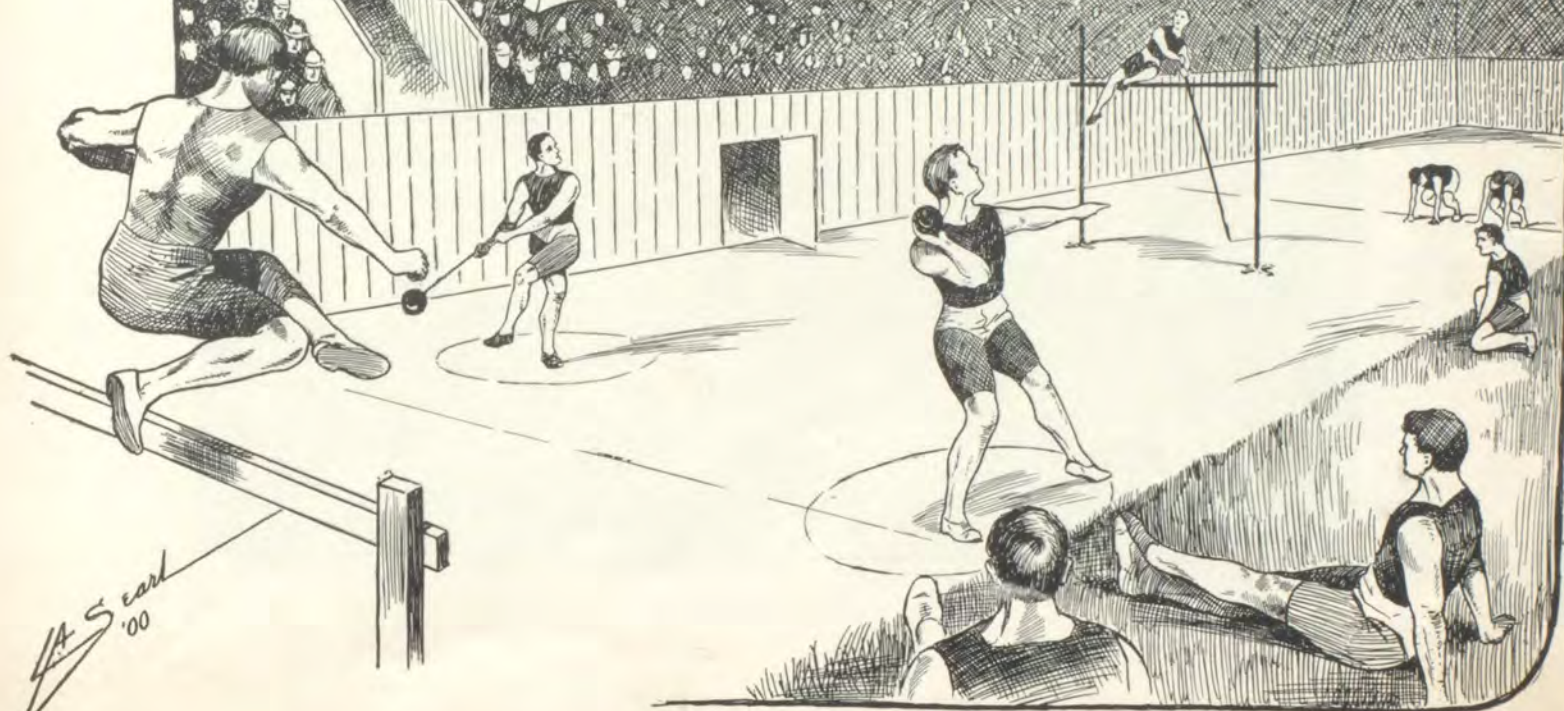


NEXT YEAR'S LUMINARY STAFF.

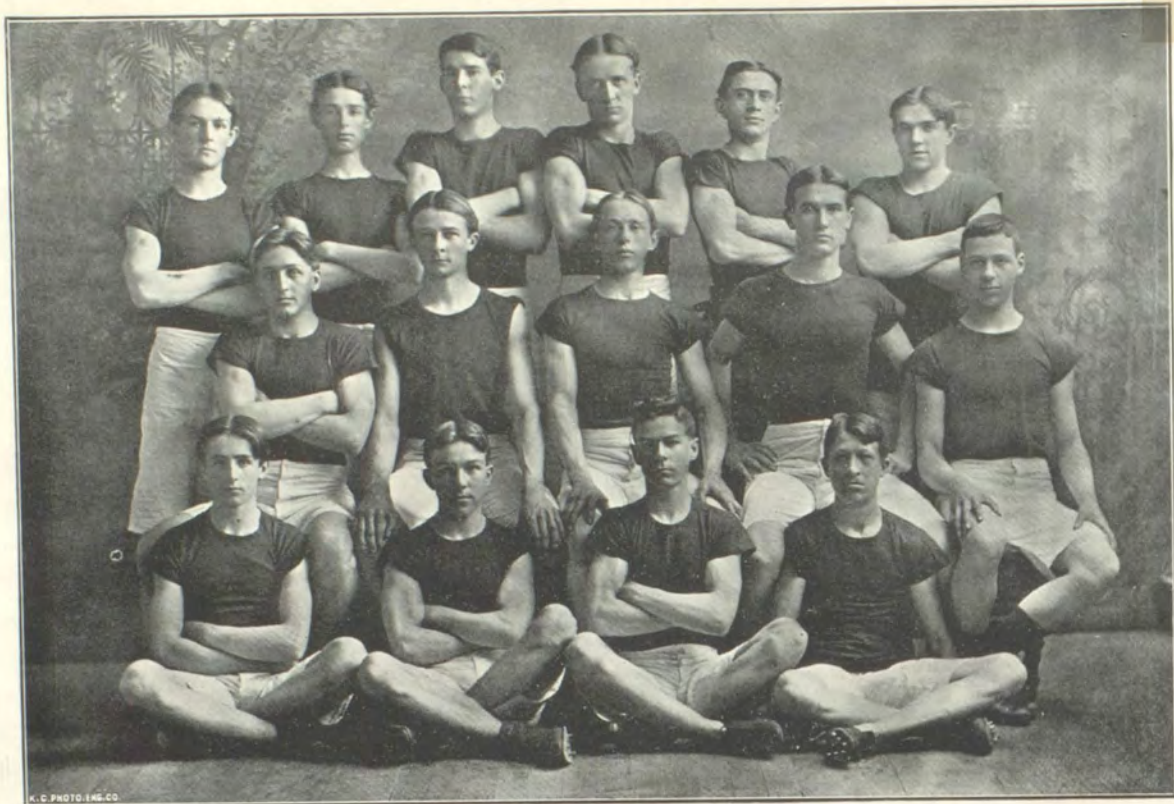


L.A.S.

# ATHLETICS



A. S. Earl  
'00



TRACK TEAM.

## ATHLETICS.

Though there has been great improvement in many directions in the school during the past year, the greatest and most noticeable advancement has been along the line of athletics. In former years the football and baseball teams, though made up of excellent material, have lacked the firm organization necessary to the greatest success. There was no organization back of the team to offer financial support and stir up enthusiasm in the school. Consequently the interest in athletics was small. But late in the last school year the Athletic Association was organized to control all athletic events and arouse a more general interest in athletics. The first "Field Day" although a defeat for Central, showed that the school was beginning to turn toward athletics.

This year the association has been very successful. It organized and, more than that, supported a football team which has a very good claim to the High School championship of this part of the country. This team was never defeated, save by the Topeka High School eleven in a game at the very beginning of the season. They afterwards, however, decisively defeated even that team, and so may well claim the championship for the season of '99. Following is a list of the games played, with the scores:

- Nov. 1st. Topeka H. S. 18; K. C. H. S. 6.
- Nov. 4th. Ft. Scott H. S. 6; " " 18.
- Nov. 11th. Manual Training H. S. 5; K. C. H. S. 6.
- Nov. 25th. Topeka H. S. 0; K. C. H. S. 17.
- Nov. 30th. Ft. Scott H. S. 0; " " 5.

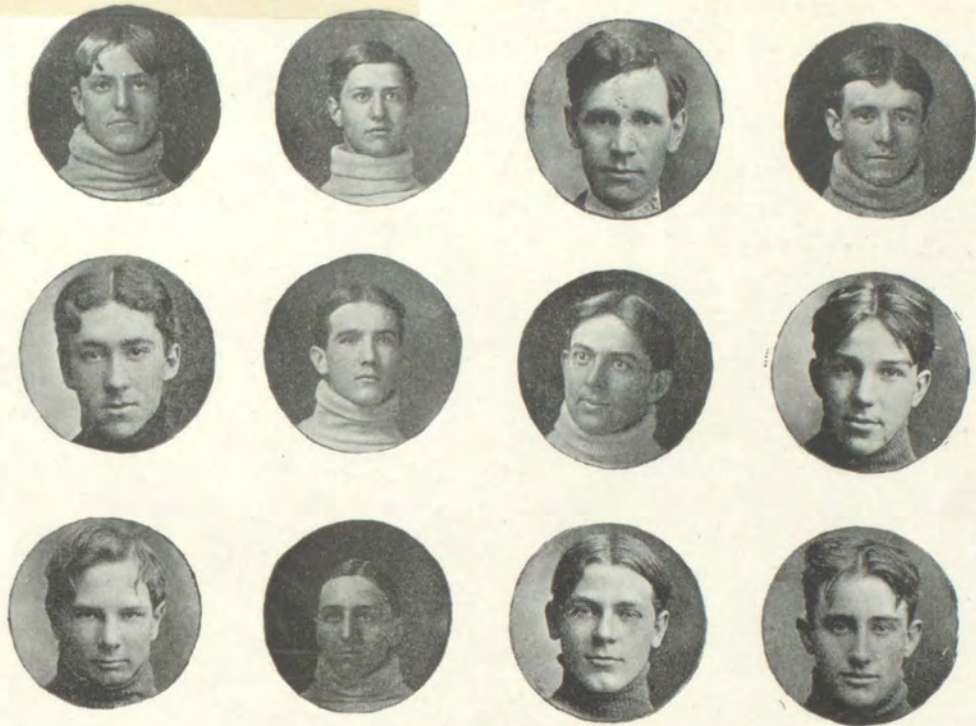
The association has also spent about \$350 in putting up a gymnasium, and many of the boys

have received great benefits from the work done there. A baseball team has recently been organized and, at the time of this writing have played three games, winning those with Kansas City Kansas and Newport High schools and losing the one with the Manual Training school. The ball team being still in existence with a good part of its life yet to live, we can say little about it, but will pass the job on to the critic of next year, who can write its epitaph much better than we can. We will also consign the Field-day contests to his tender care, as the "class prophet" firmly refuses to reveal the destiny of our track team. Suffice it to say that we have a good team and they will surely win—unless Manual develops a better team.

On the whole, athletics have had a prosperous year at Old Central, and the future is even brighter than the past.

P. S. Though not a girl, the editor feels bound to add a post-script to this article, along with an apology to the Girls' Athletic Association. We didn't mean to cut them, 'deed we didn't. But we can say very little about that mysterious and august body as, when we went to interview them and inquire as to the health of the organization, we had the door shut in our face with the reply that "they were very well, thank you, and needed no help from the *boys* association."





'99 FOOT BALL TEAM.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

## Bonnie Brawn.

The 20th Century Girl, the Gibson Girl, the Poster Girl, and other creations *etcetera*, are all the reflected imagery of fertile-brained humorists and eccentric artists.

The masculine girl apeing the dress and manners of her self-styled contemporary (man), whom she is vainly trying to supplant by unwittingly placing him on a pedestal, thus only accentuating his superiority; the Gibson false ideal with her haughty, artificial manners and high cheek bones; the Poster Girl with her unnatural combination of colors and mass of untamed lines, who exists on the covers of magazines and immodest bill boards--these are our effeminate sisters.

Contrast our feminine sisters, the Athletic Girls--a last creation of that recognized leader, "Old Central." She is flesh real and blood red, whom no silly humorist or eccentric artist can deface or destroy. She is the embodiment of all that is fresh and healthy. The pink and red of her cheeks overshadows the carmine skin of the Poster Girl, the curves of nature and the ease and grace of her movements successfully compete with the geometrical outlines and mechanical movements of the Gibson Girl. Delightful! Isn't she?

So will they all be when wary High School girls cultivate that modest brawn which supplements a massive brain.

And so this excellent individual is come to be a "Maide in Kansas City.

RUBY RIDER,  
Pres't. of the Girls' Athletic Ass'n.



FIRST BASE BALL TEAM.



SECOND BASE BALL TEAM.

# The Games.

## FIRST TEAM.

### GAMES PLAYED.

- April 17..... At K. C. K. Score 11 to 8  
 In favor of Central.
- April 14 ..... Central versus Wesport. Score 18 to 17  
 In favor of Central.
- April 17..... Central versus Manual. Score 17 to 14  
 In favor of Manual.
- April 28..... Wesport versus Central. Score 20 to 8  
 In favor of Westport.

### GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

- May 4..... Central versus K. C. K. In K. C. Mo.
- May 12..... Manual versus Central.

## SECOND TEAM.

### AT HYDE PARK.

- April 28..... Central versus Hyde Park. Score 15 to 14  
 In favor of Central.

### THE TEAMS AS THEY STAND IN THE LEAGUE AS WE GO TO PRESS MAY 1ST.

Manual .....	Points, 1,000
Central .....	" 500
K. C. K. and Wesport .....	" 250



Sept. 15—Excitement, joy, sorrow.  
 Sept. 18—School.  
 Sept. 28—Staff met and owing to laziness decided not to get out a September *Luminary*.  
 Sept. 26—Henry Thayer took a chew and didn't get sick.  
 Oct. 2—Professor Ayers discovered Liquid Air.  
 Oct. 7—Will Stephens engaged.  
 Oct. 15—Oakley Lemming wears a clean collar.  
 Oct. 23—*Deah Bahton* returned to school.  
 Oct. 26—Ruth and Justine determined to "rush" Roy Standish.  
 Nov. 1—Wednesday.  
 Nov. 7—The C. L. C's had a meeting.  
 Nov. 10—Watson met the "Kitchen Mechanic."  
 Nov. 17—Exercises in Assembly hall and some Freshmen clapped.  
 Nov. 21—Pauline heard from Mason.  
 Nov. 22—Mason heard from Pauline.  
 Nov. 25—Byers Love begins to save money to buy Helen a box of candy for Christmas.  
 Nov. 27—October *Luminary* out.  
 Dec. 8—The S. L. H's invent a new kissing game.  
 Dec. 11—Oakley Lemming wears a clean collar.  
 Dec. 15—The middle of the month.  
 Dec. 19—November *Luminary* out.

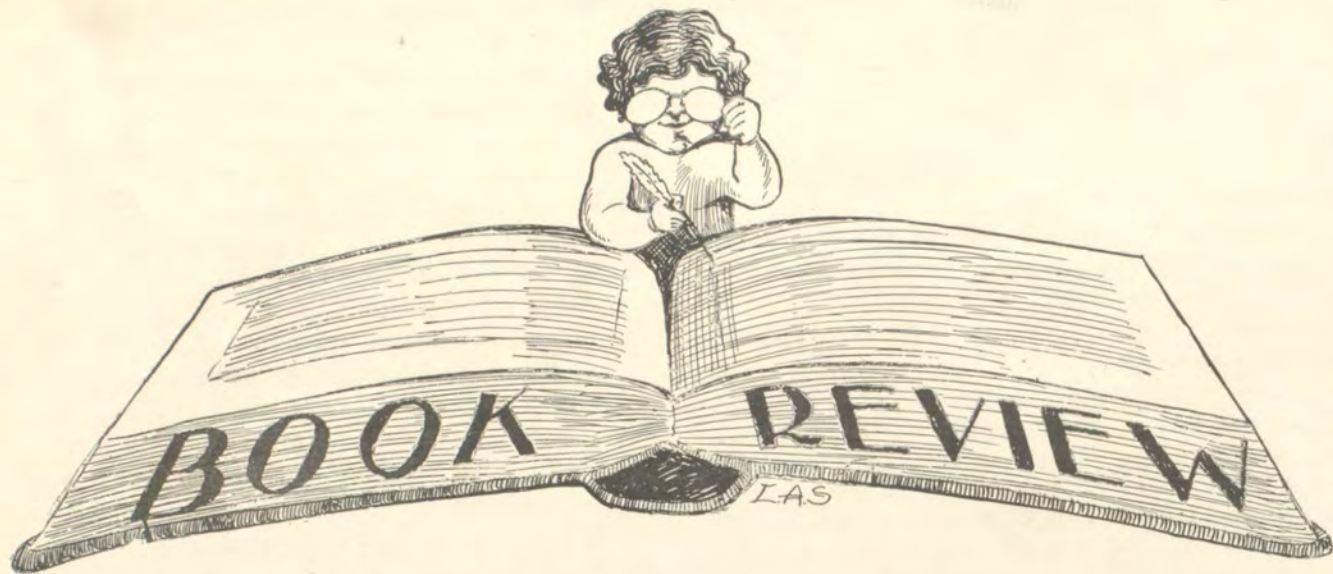
Dec. 22—Christmas play given; Arthur determines to take up the profession of an actor.  
 Jan. 1—New Years, following resolutions made:  
 Will Lawrence: Never to attend Central another year.  
 Lloyd Morrow: To become a poet.  
 Oakley Lemming: To wear clean collars.  
 Henry Thayer: Never again to cut classes.  
 Leon Searl: Never to have anything more to do with girls.  
 Mr. Coll: Not to eat while on duty.  
 Will Stevens: To graduate before marrying.  
 Chan. Watson: To come to school.  
 Clem Richardson: To get fat.  
 Richard Robinson: To give up trying.  
 Miss Steel: To have her picture taken for the *Annual*.  
 Jan. 3—Holidays over; much indigestion from Christmas candy.  
 Jan. 8—Will Lawrence comes to school wearing his Christmas present—a vest made of a Turkish bath towel.  
 Jan. 14—Professor White is elected in the "Bald Headed Club."  
 Jan. 19—Searl meets the "Kid."  
 Jan. 26—Roy Standish and Elmer Sanford leave for Ann



Arbor—Great grief.

- Jan. 29—Walker buys a \$3.96 overcoat at the Hub and gets a whistle with it.—Much pleased.
- Feb. 5—Henry Field has his face mowed.—75 cts.
- Feb. 15—The Freshmen receive valentines.— Much tickled.
- Feb. 17—C. L. C's have a quorum. Congratulations.
- Feb. 19—Monday. No lessons.
- Feb. 20—Prof. White and Maj. Kelsey have a 20 round sparring bout in the gymnasium—the fight interrupted by Policeman Coll.
- Feb. 26—Watson starts training for field day. Runs *ten* miles every day.
- Mar. 2—Lloyd Morrow has an *idea*.
- Mar. 9—Deltas have a box party at the Auditorium. Kim Barton and Searl throw carnations at their ballet friends.
- Mar. 16—Anti-Cigarette League of Central high school organized. Will Stevens elected president.
- Mar. 18—Sunday—Seddon, for some unaccountable reason, misses spending the day with Gwendolen.—causes her great anxiety.
- Mar. 21—Roy Bradbury buys a dime novel.
- Mar. 23—Platos give their hall program. Watson displays his feminine qualities.
- Mar. 31—Last day of the month.
- April 4—Sunday. Seniors begin to write all night on on their note books.

- April 8—Sunday. Seddon's father said he didn't know where Alfred was and couldn't tell when he would be home.
- April 19—Fred Green sells all his old clothes in order to pay his carriage bills.
- April 27—Merrill entertains the Omicrons. Searl dances 23 two-steps with the "Kid."
- April 28—Searl arises in the morning barely able to talk. Luminary boys work hard to get their material in for the Annual. Searl and Watson take lunch on the Luminary.
- April 30—Luminary comes out. Lorenzo Dewey is greatly tickled because he has been roasted. Dewey celebrates later in the evening.
- May 4—Friday evening. Searl and Seddon meet on a south bound Troost car. Searl says he is going to call on his Sunday school teacher. Seddon unwilling to tell where he is going to call.
- May 12—Field day. Watson proves that he was an athlete. Great celebration.
- May 23—Commencement. Big crowd and great honors. A few of the boys celebrate their entrance into the path of life later in the evening.
- May 25—Class day. The Juniors become mighty Seniors and the Seniors are forgotten.
- May 26—Seniors begin to hunt for jobs. Lemming is successful in getting one. Seddon goes to work.



Since last year we have been steadily adding to our collection of the latest and best books. Now we can boast of quite a library and it is our earnest wish that everyone will take advantage of this excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the standard works of today.

We give below a list of the books that have been added to our library during the past year; with remarks and short criticisms by the librarian.

"Farces and Fiascos" by Albert Bone. This little pamphlet tells in a few thousand words how to make a horse laugh. Mr. Bone says in one place, "If you havent any talent, pretend you have and the effect is the same."

"When the Shoe Fits and other poems," by Lee E. Philbrook. These are exquisite little gems; the one which gives its title to the volume being particularly pathetic. They have an exquisite lyric quality and we can not forbear quoting:

I Went one day to the shoemakers shop  
To purchase some foot-gear brown,  
To buy a pair that I could wear  
But in vain I searched the town.  
At a big fire sale I at last did stop;  
There I gained the long sought prize.  
The heat had expanded, the shoe I demanded  
And 'twas over increased in size.

"Rudiments of the Language of the American Indians and its Influence on Chaucerian English," by Fanny James.

This profound theme owes its being to the leisure of the afflicted young genius who is its authoress during a sad year of bereavement. "Idle thoughts of an idle Fellow," by Edgar Lovejoy. The author is peculiarly fitted to his task. "Learning to Walk," by Lelia Chesney; a few experiences of and her critical period of infancy; "Recalled To life" by the Platos. "Lint on the Lungs," by George Kilpatrick. The author believes this frightful disease is caused by excessive chewing of the rag. "Behind the Curtain" by Arthur Brown, memories of his acquaintance with theatrical personages. "A Fated Choice" by Nellie Carkener. "A Lingering Death," by the C. L. C's. "Base-

ball," a few hits by J. Fredrick Green. "The last of the Mohicans" by Tom Reed. "Are Appearances Deceptive?" by Lotta Hewson; "How I Keep My Beau," by Cora Withers. "An Exciting Ride and other Tales" by Justine Mann, including her famous story, "Between Ann Arbor and Watkin's Glen," also "A Dance Cut" and "An Argument in Favor of Cases." "Youth's Illusions" by Kate Harroun. "In the Seats of the Mighty" by Logan Clendenning. "The Return of Hal" by Allen Withers. "Across the Water," by Barton Hall. "A Prisoner of Hope" by Cornelia Thacher. "To Have and to Hold" by Helen Williams. "The old Days" by Olive Oburn (to be published in 1901.) "The Doctor's Daughter" by Bessie Stocking. "History of the Anti-Cigarette League," by Lloyd Morrow. "Fifteen Years in High School" by Will Lawrence. "Boys, a Species of Animal" by Marietta Neff. "The Force of Attraction" by Mary Neal. "A Sound Feature," by the High School Orchestra. "Minors" by the S. L. H's, being an account of a few digs. "Story of a Kansas Farm" by Dan McFarland. "In a Looking-glass" by Helen Swofford. "A History of the World in a Nut Shell," by the Seniors (it has been aptly said that this is a chesnut.) "Sun and Shadows or Future and Past," by the Juniors. "The Penalties of Wisdom" by the Sophmores. "A Thorny Path," by the Freshmen. "School Life" (9 years of personal experience as a pupil of Old Central) Will Lawrence. "Soldiers Three" (a complete history of the High School Cadets) Nathaniel Grant (Author "The Three Musketeers" and "The Last Three Soldiers.") "Wee Willie Winkie," Will P. M. Stevens. "Through the Looking Glass," Barton Hall. "The Reveries of a Bachelor," Ralph Morrison (Author of "A singular Life," etc.) "The Horse Fair," The Homer Class. "The Compressibility of Steel," Leon Searl, Author of "The Kid." (Observation by moonlight in a bobbing party, illustrated by McClain Alexander.) "What I know" (5 Vols., Half Calf, 1000 pages, small

type) Paul Kirtley. "My Ideas on the Race Problem" J. Scot Harrison, Jr. Author of "Sprinting It." "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," Joe Ellis, Author of the Gentleman of Leisure." "Twice Told Tales," Prof. Smith, Author of Humorous (?) stories. (A complete collection of his annual jokes.) "Dream Life," Watson. "Two of Them," Byers Love. "Chatterbox," Cornelia Thatcher. (The interesting (?) conversations of four girls, as told by one of their number.) "A Man of His Age," Lee Philbrook, Author of "A Treatise on Footwear." "We(e) Win," Will Singleton. "Sons of Strength" Harry Harris and Harry Nicol, Authors of "The Battle of the Strong." "Madge," a Poem, Chester Swan. "Vanity Fair", Helen Swofford. "Old Songs," The Music Class. "The Half-Back," J. Frederick Green. (A story of the Central vs. Manual foot-ball game.) "Sleepy-Time Stories," John Wingate, Author of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." "The Autobiography of a Child," Ray Merrill. "When Dewey Came to Manila (by the hero's thirty-seventh cousin.) Lorenzo Dewey. "Public Libraries, their Use and Abuse," Dan McFarland. "Among the Four Hundred," Pauline Ellison. Cornelia Thatcher, Fanny James and Winnifred Lombard, Authors of "All Alone." "The Formation of a Union," Will P. M. Stevens and—— "Bridging the Gap from School to College," Prof. Minckivitz. "The Light that Failed," Central Literary Club. "Wonder Book," (Complete revelation of Philo society,) Anonymous. "Life of Alfred the Great" (An Autobiography) Alfred Seddon. "The Drift Toward Municipal Control," Prof. L. L. L. Hanks. "Averages" The Faculty. "Thoughts, or Needless Exertions," Burns Moore. "All Alone," Fannie James, assisted by P. M. Ellison and Cornelia Thatcher. "How the Sun Rises and Sets, or A. M. and P. M." by Will Stevens. "What a Funny Thing is Love." by Helen Swofford. "The Budding Birds and Twittering Trees" by Will Hogsett.

"The Power of Woman" by Justine Mann. This essay is written from personal experiences

and remeniscences, so no one need censure or criticise the arguments set forth therein.

"The Blight of Love" by Norman Lombard. This poem abounds in such delicate feeling and tenderness that we can not but feel that the author must have been touched by a deep, sincere passion of love, but that also this was singularly turned to melancholy, regret and sadness by an unexpected termination of affairs.

"What is it to Try to be a Preacher," Clement Richardson. "The Ecstasy and Rapture of Knowing that she is Yours," Leon A Searl. "A short Discourse on Feet," Lee E. Philbrook. "How to keep Busy" Chandler Watson. "If I Only knew, "Dick" Robertson. "An Unrequited Love," Ruth Mosher. "The Heart that Burns with a Secret Joy," Nellie Carkerar. "The Question of Choosing the Right One," Lotta Hewson. "Do it today, Do not wait until (To) Morrow" Kate Holloway. "Alexander the Great," Olive Stone. This narrative is quite relastic and the author states that the reason for this is because she has had such excellent material so close at hand.

"The Brook I used to Play in," Miss Helen Williams. A poem full of mirth and gayety, typifying all the joyfulness expressed by a babling brook as it winds its way through the grassy meadows of a New England farm.

"Be Constant Unto Death even if you Have to Give Up everything," Louise Griffith. "How to take Life Easy," John Wingate. This is written from experience, so do not question the contents.

"The Hope of an Artist," Bessie McComb. This is romance in which the author has been deeply interested and to say the least it would not do to miss reading it.

## English as She is Sometimes Spoke.

"Let each student choose what they wish."

"Its the Britons that does it."

"If any one has their oration in good form, they will never have no difficulty."

"He did not intend to, I don't think."

"The three persons singular has the same forms."

"They mistook Bainter and I for racers."

"Ive quite several of them in the hour."

"I hope you will speak of this in the families in which you are in."

"Give it time to lay in your mind."

"I wish I could eject a pound of temper into some of you."

• "The frieze in the British Museum is much more better."

"Please speak a little more loud."

"A great many things that is valuable to know."

"What boat one should take depends on their condition on the sea."

"But of that I'll speak of later."

"It has never been proved, I don't think."

## Youth and Age..

When day is young  
The Sun holds sway,  
But when Night's shadows gather gray,  
The dim, cold Moon  
Holds empire o'er the Day.

So, in our youth,  
Warm pleasure gilds the way  
But, as we age,  
Life's blotted page  
Is ruled by death;  
He holds his empire there.

## A Poem.

The laughing morn  
When spring was born  
Looks up with joyous gladness  
Bids us be gay, put care away.  
And banish sadness.

He turned his eye  
Of warmest scorn,  
Upon the widowed weeds of winter,  
And straight they grew, took form anew,  
Were fresh and warm with gladness.



## Answers to Letters.

### Boy's LIST.

L-g-n Cl-n--ning—We can only applaud the scheme of printing “lives” in the LUMINARY. In fact we congratulate ourselves that we, too, have bestowed some thought upon the subject. We have already in preparation a course of reading that promises to be very edifying. It contains the lives of George Washington, Peter Cooper, Benjamin Franklin and Jesse James. In this way we hope to educate the Sophomores and Freshmen up to the higher qualities in history.

But—shall we tell it—we first began to doubt our correspondent's seriousness when we came to that phrase “a corrupt metaphysical school.” Up to that time we had great faith in his earnestness. When we reached that, however, we were tempted to believe that the most of him is simply sound. But granting that he put a great deal of thought upon that expression, we still doubt its application. You see, poems such as he describes are usually upon the subject of ‘my lady’ and “love,” “my ladies' love,” “a summer night”—and this is metaphysics! Oh, ye gods and little fishes! But to add insult to injury he calls it corrupt. You blue eyed Junior and freshly brushed Senior, you—you—are corrupt! and you write in a corrupt metaphysical school! Oh! Oh!

Roy Standish—The letter was misplaced and fell into the hands of the wrong person, a man got it although it was addressed to a Mann. Well we enjoyed it very much indeed 'twas a bright witty letter if it was too full of love.

James Austin—We evidently got the wrong letter, one intended for some one else, for all we could make out of it was that you had been elected into the Platos. Still you seemed to have so much to write about it that we thought it might be important.

Will Gill—We would advise you to use Madam Yale's Remedies.

Lee Philbrook—No we will try not to forget your shoe ad. The business manager will see you next week for copy. If you can furnish us with a cut small enough to get on one page we should be pleased to illustrate your shoes in this add.

George Doyle—Why don't you get a base ball of your own?

#### GIRLS' LIST.

Ruth Mosher—Well, yes, we think that if you will let him think you don't care for him, he will come around very nicely. If he is such a young man as you describe he must be handsome. But as a usual thing artists are handsome.

Lotta Hewson—No we do not believe that you will gain in the long run. The boys may stand it for a while but the most patient boy on earth could not stand all that you claim to impose on them. We are very sorry for the red headed young man of whom you speak.

Cora Tracy—Yes we are signing people every day for positions with Grand Opera Companies and think you stand a very good chance of obtaining a *job*. There is a "barn-storming company" which starts for Arizona in a few days and we think we may possibly be able to secure you a place in the chorus.

Pauline Ellison—If you are as beautiful as you claim to be in your note we cannot understand why you should inquire about such an article as "Mistletoe face cream."

Martha Brent—Altho' the younggentleman you speak of is out of High School, still he will be through Ann Arbor by the time you finish here so I think you will get along all right if you stick to him.

## One of the Patriotic Songs

SUNG BY MRS. VOORHIES' SINGING CLASS DURING THE SPRING OF '00.

Tune: "Old Oken Bucket."

How dear to my heart is old room twenty-seven,  
How sweet are the songs we have sung there this year.  
The stage in Assembly where we were in heaven  
We'll always remember with pleasure this year.  
The strong alto singers, the soprano singers,  
The deep basso singers that we ne're more shall hear.

How dear is old Central, the office and Peters  
The Luminary too with its office so trim;  
Eleven and thirteen, the homes of fair creeters  
And e'en the old basement we used for a Gym,  
The musty old basement, the dusty old basement,  
The cobweby basement we used for a Gym.

## APHORISMS AND SHORT PROSE THOUGHTS.

Success is the child of Labor and Perseverence.

Happiness is the loadstone of existence; all our actions are unconscious efforts to gain it.

The future is the unknown quantity of existence.

Duty is the rudder of life.

A sun-shiny old age is the mellow fruit of the seeds of temperance, sown in an honorable youth and a ripe manhood.

Riches are often the down from the nest of adversity.

Prejudice is the magnifying glass of fools. Charity is the oil of the soul; it loosens the rusted hinges of love.

Hate is the sister of prejudice and ignorance the child of folly.

Respect is the true mirror of greatness.

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As Truth was journeying on the road to Happiness he met Folly returning. "Why have you turned back?" he asked. Folly replied: "Prejudice told me I was on the wrong road."

—Ray C. Houlton.



## Prohibition Club.

YELL—Strong Will.  
COLOR—Rosy Red.

Lee Philbrook  
Barton Hall  
Clement Richardson  
Tom Braniff  
Diller Wood

### MEMBERS.

Will P. M. Stevens  
Will Hogsett  
Will Singleton

Wil(burt) Rogers

President  
Vice President  
Secretary  
Treasurer  
Errand Boy

Will Lawrence  
Will Gill  
Will Cooper

### PAST MEMBERS.

Will Todd  
Will Vaughn

Will Bridges  
Will Jones

### HONORARY MEMBERS.

Will Luby  
Initiator

Will Weber  
William Goat

## Last Will and Testament of Will P. M. Stevens.

I. *To my dearly beloved Ange*, and to her heirs, descendants and assignees forever, I do hereby give, donate, present, leave, will and bequeath, to be used by the aforesaid dearly beloved, and by her heirs and assignees forever, without control, hindrance or restraint, the sum of five cents (in the Aluminum coin of Ricksecker) together with all moneys and interest accruing therefrom. Moreover while I lay no restraint upon my dearly beloved Ange, and while I wish aforesaid dearly beloved to expend the aforesaid check freely, I do solemnly warn her against extravagance as a vice into which she may easily fall, from having money so greatly in excess of what I have been wont to allow her since our engagement.

II. *I do furthermore direct* my executors to expend the \$15,999,999.95 remaining of my estate in a marble shaft, to be twenty feet higher than the monument to Washington; aforesaid shaft to be inscribed as follows: "He never wore shoes larger than fives, nor did his pants bag at the knees.

(Signed) WILL P. M. STEVENS.

Codicil.

Since above was signed I have found a copper cent which I forgot to put in the machine. I hereby direct my executors to put said cent out at interest and to use the proceeds in establishing hospitals and asylums. In view of which fact let the monument aforesaid be also inscribed. "He was generous to the poor."—W. P. M. S.

## Calling a Boy in the Morning.

I

JEANNETTE KENDALL

Was there ever a harder task,  
That was given to one to try,  
Than get some sleepy boy to rise,  
When the sun is high in the sky.

II

It's "Johnnie, 'tis time to get up, dear,  
Hurry, or you'll be late today;  
Johnnie, my dear, do you hear me?  
It's time for you to rise, I say."

III

A sleepy "yes, ma, I'm comin' "  
Floats down from the room over head,  
But never another sound is heard,  
From Johnnie up-stairs in bed.

IV

"Johnnie, wake, are you up, I say?  
Are you coming down here to me?"  
But silence reigns supreme o'er head,  
For Johnnie's asleep, you see.

V

Another five minutes slowly pass,  
And the fond old mother waits,  
For her son to come to breakfast,

As a basket of stockings she mates.

VI

Then, "Johnnie, I'm ashamed of you,  
To keep your mother waiting so,  
When I have all the clothes to mend,  
And most of them are yours, you know."

VII

"If you don't come right down to me,  
You'll have your own breakfast to get;  
I'm sure I'll not get it for you,  
No matter if you fuss and fret."

VIII

"And I was going to town today  
But now I'm sure we cannot go,  
Because it's nine o'clock right now.  
It's too late now to start, you know."

IX

A silence, then an awful noise,  
As though the house was falling,  
'Tis only Johnnie getting up;  
That's calling a boy in the morning.

# Bachelor's Club

## CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

ART. 7. SEC. II. All members postively forbidden to do more than glance at the ladies.

ART. 11. SEC. 7. No member allowed to escort a girl to the car, or to be seen walking on the street with a girl, or in anyway waiting upon the female sex.

ART. 4-11-44. SEC. 13. No member is permitted to walk through the halls with a girl or to sit in the window and spoon with aforsaid person.

ART. 4,993, SEC. 2136. Members must not smile at, flirt with, or in any way encourage the acquaintance of a young lady.

ART. 9176, SEC. 398,227. No members are allowed to call on a young lady or to take her to any place of amusement. (Members may, however, call on young ladies' mothers.)

ART. 768,124, SEC. 139786. No member is to be caught talking to, bribing or otherwise seeking the friendship of girls' nurses.

### Penalty.

Any member violating or breaking in any way these rules will be immediately expelled from the club and required to MARRY.

## OFFICERS.

WILL P. M. STEVENS	-	President.
LEON A. SEARL	- -	Vice President.
BYERS LOVE	- - -	Secretary.
ALFRED SEDDON	- - -	Treasurer.
CHANDLER WARREN WATSON,	-	Cook.

## ACTIVE MEMBERS.

KIM BARTON	WILL GILL
RAY MERRILL	ALLEN WITHERS
LEE PHILBROOK	RALPH BYRNE

## ALLUMNI MEMBERS.

SHELTON STONE	BRYANT CROMER
HAL HOPKINS	MASON DEAN
WILL TODD	ROY STANDISH
Janitor, PHILIP F. PARKINSON.	



## AGNES.

Sweet Agnes, most winsome and gentle and fair,  
With roses twined brightly amid her dark hair,  
Smiled roguishly down at the clear bubbling spring  
And filling her pitcher, thus sweetly did sing:

“Whoever at springtide a maiden shall woo,  
Where musical waters are shimmering through  
The rocks, where an oak tree its shadows doth fling  
The same shall be wed ere the wane of the spring.”

I stepped from the shadow and smiled on the maid,  
Perhaps the light kiss of sunset had made  
The beautiful flush on her forehead and cheek  
Which deepened in tint as I hastened to speak.

“Fair Agnes, I woo you with vows that are true  
To be my sweet bride ere spring time is through.  
See! waters are rippling through the rocks and the shade  
Of yonder gnarled oak o'er the sweet spot is laid.”

She pouted and roguishly answered me “nay,”  
But warm in my fingers her little hand lay  
And closely I pressed it and named the sweet day  
When Agnes beside me should linger alway.

JAMES O. BRYSON.

## OLD MAID'S SOCIETY.

### YELL:

Comrades, Comrades, ever since we were girls,  
Sharing each others' powder box,  
Wearing each others' curls,  
Till now when Life is fading and we are cross and  
contrary,  
What a pleasure to think of our High School days,  
And read the Luminary.

President	-	-	LOTTA HEWSON.
Vice President	-	-	HELEN SWOFFORD.
Secretary	-	-	MARY NEAL.
Treasurer	-	-	JUSTINE MANN.
Sargeant-at-Arms	-	-	HELEN WILLIAMS.
Critic	-	-	GWENDOLEN EDWARDS.
Reporter	-	-	NELLIE CARKNER.
Kyburprationates			PAULINE ELLISON.

### Active Members.

Mabel Hays,  
Maude Neal,  
Bessie McComb,  
Barton Hall.

### Past Members.

Ruby Ridgway,  
D. L. James,  
Monica Railsback,  
Lester Hall.

## The Faculty.

Mr. I. I. Cammack, our Assistant Principal, is a man of today, up with the times and conversant with the needs of a Cosmopolitan High School, such as ours. We feel safe in saying that old Central has one of the brightest futures in store for her, if Prof. Cammack will stay with her and not be coaxed away by some eastern school or college as was our former principal Prof. Buchanan.

Mr. E. M. Bainter, the champion of the athletic cause, the man who has labored long and hard to establish it on a firm basis in Central is one of the most popular teachers in High School. As a professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, he has met with marked success.

Mr. P. K. Dillenbeck scarcely needs introduction, so many times have we enjoyed his recitations and those of his pupils, who have from time to time entertained us in Assembly Hall. But we take the privilege of saying that many of his pupils have gone to Eastern Colleges and taken medals and prizes for the oratory he had drilled into them when they were still in old Central.

Mr. A. E. Douglas with his kindly smile and truly gentle character has won his way into the hearts of all of his pupils. The atmosphere around him always seems wholesome and sweet which makes his room a haven of rest.

Mr. W. H. Ficklin, our Professor of Zoology has made that department of the school very interesting. He seems to put his whole energy into the work, and the way he puts the subject before his pupils makes them take a remarkable interest in the work.

MR. R. A. MINCKWITZ.

The great name and wide spread fame of the Kansas City Central High School is very largely

due to our excellent professor of Latin and Greek, Mr. R. A. Minckwitz. He has repeatedly refused chairs in the leading universities and his ever growing reputation is being steadily increased by his numerous editions of classics. May old Central long enjoy her master of classics.

Miss Jennie Adams, Latin classes, well grounded not only in the mere wording of translations but, what is more essential to a Latin student, in the knowledge of constructions is the record of Miss Adams. In Miss Adams' classes no pupil is ever forced to work, but under her very gentle ways and lady-like commands the most stubborn soon finds himself an interested and willing pupil.

Mr. Francis H. Ayres, our physics teacher is one of the most popular teachers in the school. His untiring efforts and his strong determination has made our physics department the first and foremost in the west. He has no sympathy, whatever, with a "loafing" student and expects a certain amount of work from every one, which he never fails to get.

Mr. Porter Graves, a graduate of "Old Central" has had charge of the botany laboratory for the last three years. Being a young and active man, he has taken a great interest in the Athletics of the school and did much towards organizing the Boy's Athletic Association.

Mr. L. L. L. Hanks has been with us for the last three years. His good humor and pleasant smile has made him popular with all of his pupils, who are always glad to speak a good word for him. He was for many years Superintendent of Public Schools in Kansas City, Kansas, where he gained fame as an educator. Prof. Hanks is a native of Kentucky, being born and reared on a farm. He worked hard while a boy, earning enough money to gain an education for himself. We are glad to point to Mr. Hanks as a truly self-made man.

Mr. H. H. Holmes, the teacher of mathematics, came to Central three years ago. He is a conscientious worker himself and expects at all times, the same kind of work from his pupils. He, like Prof. Graves, has been an earnest worker for the Athletic Association and was unanimously elected Manager of the base ball team.

Mr. Wm. A. Luby, teacher of mathematics, is another graduate of our own school. While a senior in the school, he became prominent by winning the mathematical medal, which is yearly bestowed upon the best mathematicians in the school. While in Central, Mr. Luby was an earnest worker for the success of the S. L. H. society, of which he was a prominent member.

Mr. F. M. Peters, teacher of chemistry, has made himself popular with all his pupils by the interest he displays in the individual work of every pupil in his classes. He is a friend of the societies of the school, and whenever a "new dose" is needed for an initiation, Prof. Peters is usually the gentleman who concocts the ill tasting drug.

Mr. E. E. Rush, teacher of civil government, can best be called the "freshman's friend." The pupils in his classes are nearly all freshmen, and they are truly fortunate in having such a noble teacher to start them out on their four years of toil in Central.

Mr. J. W. White has been a member of the faculty for several years. Prof. White is an art enthusiast and has done much toward beautifying the bare walls of Old Central.

Miss Vivian Armstrong is another graduate of Old Central. While this is Miss Armstrong's first year as a teacher, she has shown wonderful ability in her work in the chemical laboratory. We are always glad to see our graduates succeed, and success will surely come to Miss Armstrong if she continues to follow the *path* which she has entered upon.

Mr. Burton Reid, another graduate of Central, is assistant teacher of physics. Like Miss Armstrong this is Mr. Reid's first year with us, but he has a rosy future before him.

Miss Eleanor Denny, has been at Central for five years, during which time she has made many friends among the pupils. Miss Denny has always been a friend of the Luminary, which paper has published many small literary articles of Miss Denny's composition.

Miss Ellen E. Fox is one of the oldest and most highly respected of our teachers. She takes such a keen interest and enjoyment in her own work that she never fails to inspire her pupils in their daily work. Truly no pupil can ever feel sorry that he had Miss Fox to guide him through his junior year.

Miss Margaret Jones, our literature teacher, is one of the most lovable of women. She takes a personal interest in each and every one of her pupils, and tries to help that pupil to make something of himself in after life. Miss Jones, probably more than any other teacher in High School, is doing a great and noble work in helping to form the characters of her pupils.

Miss Zina D. Snyder came to Central four years ago. She is a tireless worker in the interest of her classes, and cannot help being admired and respected by every one of her pupils.

Miss Sarah E. Steele has also been at Central four years. She probably comes in contact with more pupils than any other member of the faculty, yet she never loses her good humour and always has a pleasant smile and a kind word for every one. Miss Steele will certainly not be forgotten by the departing seniors, who will always have a pleasant remembrance of her.

Miss Darnell is another graduate of the school in which she now has the honor of teaching. Miss Darnell has made many friends while teacher of the Spanish classes and we wish her success in her new undertaking.

Miss Yeager is also one of our graduates who has become a member of the faculty. She has had an auspicious beginning and, in future years, no doubt, she will be one of the most respected and honored of Old Central's teachers.

Major Kelsey, teacher of mathematics, is one of the most popular teachers in the school. He was the organizer of the High School Cadets, an organization which one time comprised as members nearly every boy in the High School. Major Kelsey has been with us constantly for four years, except the time when he went to the Spanish American war, as Major in the 3rd Regiment, Mo. Volunteers.

Miss Bertha Bain has been a teacher in the school for the last five years. She has made many lasting friendships with her pupils, owing to her earnest and zealous work in the class room.

Miss Louise Morey has been with us only a year, yet she demonstrated her ability as a teacher before she had been with us three weeks.

Miss Effie Buck is one of the most popular teachers in the school; in fact the boys are so fond of Miss Buck that many of them return at two sharp in order that they may be able to attend her afternoon sessions. Truly Miss Buck is fortunate in having the friendship of so many of Old Central's boys.

Miss Esther Crowe is another of Central's old teachers. Many of Kansas City's young business men were pupils of Miss Crowe, and they have carried into life many of the precepts taught them by their old teacher.

Miss Kate Harriman, the teacher of mathematics, has been a member of the faculty for a number of years. During that time she has come to be recognized as one of the leading teachers of the West.

Miss Anna T. Spence has been a member of the faculty for two years. She is an earnest worker, herself and hence commands the respect of all her pupils, and the Platonian society.

Miss Bertha Sutermeister, teacher of German is a graduate of our own school and has made an enviable record as a teacher in the school.

Miss Jessie L. Thacher, teacher of English, is another of Central's popular teachers. She has been with us for many years and many prominent citizens were once pupils of Miss Thacher.

Miss Frida Von Unwerth is another of Central's graduates. She is teacher of German and has gained the respect of all her pupils by her conscientious efforts.

Miss Laura Whipple is a Kansas City woman and has shown great ability as a teacher of German and Literature.

Miss Mary E. Wilder, teacher of Latin, is one of the most efficient Latin teachers in the West, and many Eastern schools are casting coveting eyes in Miss Wilder's direction.

Mrs. Geo. B. Wheeler, has been matron of Central for many years. She is a friend of the sick and suffering, and Mrs. Wheeler would be sadly missed if we were to lose her services.

Mrs. Eva J. Steinberg has gained many friends among her pupils in book-keeping and shorthand, by the careful attention which she pays to her work.

Mrs. C. F. Voorhees is now finishing her first year with us as instructor in music. She is an able successor to Mr. Bennett, and is well known throughout Kansas City as one of our leading vocalists.



Mr. Wm. Weber is so well known in this city, that it is almost unnecessary for the Luminary to speak of him. He has made the art department of the school what it is today by his untiring efforts, and is now working for a larger and higher department, of which the school is much in need.

Mr. A. T. Jaquemot, teacher of French and German, is well known as an instructor of modern languages. He is good humored, but at the same time he commands the respect of all his pupils.

Mr. A. F. Smith is another of Central's old teachers, having been a member of the faculty for many years. Prof. Smith is well known because of his wit and humor, his room being a mecca for all those who are fond of a good joke.

Mr. C. H. Nowlin is another true friend of the freshman. He is our teacher of physiology and many of our juniors and sophomores remember Mr. Nowlin's Man Friday, that grim occupant of the closet.

Miss Ruby Archer, one of Central's graduates, is the genial clerk in the office. She has a great store of patience and is always glad to help out a puzzled freshman or a senior in trouble. What could we do without Miss Archer to help us out of our little scrapes?

Miss Crowder has been with us but a short time, yet she has amply proved that she is a good assistant to Mr. Weber. She is obliging, and that counts for a great deal in High School.

Miss Gertrude Johnson is one of Kansas City's oldest school teachers. She has been a member of the High School faculty for three years and has made an enviable record as an instructor.

Miss Gertrude and Miss Nettie Semans are graduates of Central and as members of the faculty, have done much towards bringing up the quality of school work to the high standard which it has attained.

Miss Sophia Rosenberger, teacher of English is popular with her pupils because of her kindness.

—*Alfred Seddon.*

Chorus to the New Popular Ballad "Only You"

Words by

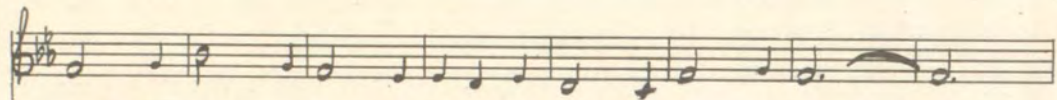
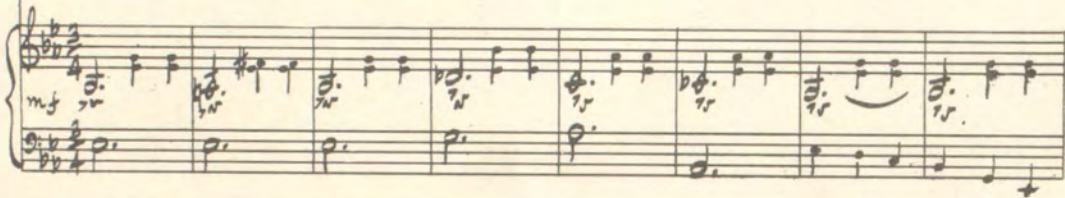
Harry E. Gale Author of "THE ONLY GIRL I EVER LOVED"

Music by

Paul Burter

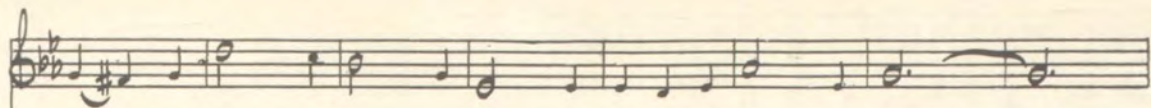


ON - LY YOU I LOVE SWEET HEART ON - LY YOU I LOVE -----

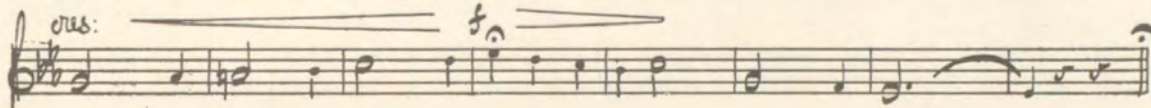
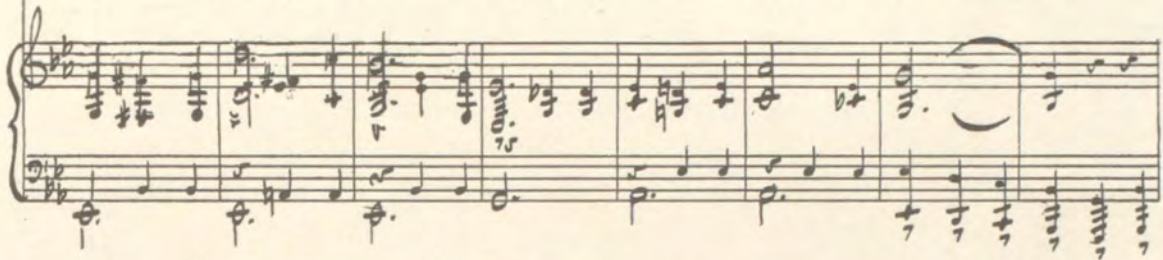


AL - WAYS DREAM - ING OF YOU DEAR THO' YOUR SPIR - ITS FAR A - BOVE -----





'NEATH THE LIL-LIES YOU ARE REST-ING OER YOU THE SKY IS BLUE .....




AND THIS FA - DED FLOWR I HOLD, TELLS MY LOVE FOR ON - LY YOU .....



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# THE OPEN SESSIONS.

C.L.C



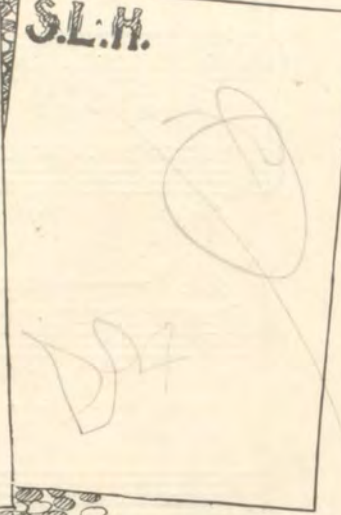
PLATOS.



PHILOS



S.L.H.



T.B. H. COMPTON  
1971

## HOPE.

A violet brave its fragrance gave  
To the trembling breath of a heavenly sigh,  
And the soft odor flow on etherial blue,  
A whisper to Man from the Man God on High.  
The God in Man wakes as the life in seed breaks  
And he gathers his strength with work's problems to  
cope,  
For the breath of the flower that came in that hour  
Was the message of kings, the spring message of  
Hope!

A soft veil of green on the hedges is seen  
No illusion of longing but promised to be;  
And the soul of the loam with the blue of the dome  
Is holding eternal assurance to me.  
Then why am I fain to wait with my pain,  
And shudder in darkness and emptily grope?  
I can reach to the God of the sea and the sod,  
And drink the God message, Man message of Hope!

CHARLES EDWARDS.

## A FEW APPROPRIATE QUOTATIONS.

Norman: "How often do I remember."

Fannie (gloomily): "In the sweet days of yore."

Pauline (hopefully): "In the sweet bye-and-bye."

Philbrook: "Is it only a dream?"

Hogsett: "Above the trees the moon was slowly drifting."

Bone: "Are we forgotten when we're gone?"

Barnett: "'Tis too late, the deed is done."

Phi Lamda Epsilon: "Alas! our time has come."

Wingate: "The night is waning fast, and 'tis time for bed."

### QUESTIONS.

Leon: "My little bird, whence hast thou flown?"

Bradbury: "'Tis I, thy lord, let me enter."

Braniff: "What fools these mortals be."

Lorenzo: "Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

Prof. Holmes: "Wait till I sew on this button."

Prof. Minckiwitz: "'Tis I who have been, who is, and who ever will be the one infinite, all important power in this class."

Barton Hall: "I am so sad and lonely."

Withers: "Listen, my little children and you shall hear of the midnight ride of Paul Revere."

### FAVORITE WALKS.

Bill Stevens: Trot.

John Wingate: No walk (rather be carried).

Helen Swofford: Cake-walk.

John Adams: Policeman.

Henry Thayer: General Inspector of railroad ties.

Leon Searl: Stopper (stop her).

McAlexander. Pacer. (sets the pace for Leon).

## A FEW APPROPRIATE QUOTATIONS.

Mable Hays: "Is she not more than painting can express, or youthful poets fancy when they love?"

Justine Mann: "I would have nobody to control me. I would be absolute."

Lee Philbrook: "Men of few words are the best men."

Will Hogsett: "A still, small voice."

Chick Trent: "We meet thee like a pleasant thought when one is wanted."

Fred Green: "A sweet little cherub."

Anna Hamilton: "Wearing all that weight of learning like a flower."

Justine Mann: "Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes error a fault and truth discourtesy."

Loyd Morrow: "Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."

Will Lawrence: "I have immortal longings in me."

Leon A. Searl: "Nature disclaims thee; a tailor made thee."

Lotta Hewson: "A dear gazelle, to glad one with her soft, black eyes."

Pauline Ellison: "Comparisons are odious."

Byers Love: "When we asunder part, it gives us (two) mutual pain."

Cornelia Thatcher: "Too fair to worship, too divine to love."

Alfred Seddon: "All mankind loves a lover."

Elsie Gillham: "Would the gods had made thee practical."

Ray Merrill: "Lord of humankind, with haughty mein."

Fred Pugsley: "Rovers never tire of each other."

Diller Wood: "Art thou dissatisfied that thou weighest not three hundred?"

Henry Thayer: "He's tough madam, tough, and devilish sly."

Merrill: "Reverence the Faculty."

Watson: "Indeed, I know much, yet I should like to know all."

Barton Hall: "Too young art thou for cupid's darts to harm thee."

Will Lawrence: "Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth."

Maude Neal: "Never doubt I love."

Mary McMillen: "But to see her was to love her."

Helen Williams: "She that was fair and never proud, Had tongue at will and yet was never loud."

Burnes Moore: "Brain him with a ladies' fan."

## The Lobster Club.

Colors—RED.

YELL,—Epha—a—soph—a, Lof—a—soph—a—Rosy red, Red hot vest and Fiery head.

### ACTIVE MEMBERS.

President, LLOYD MORROW (red vest)  
Vice-Pres., EDGAR LOVEJOY (red head)  
Secretary, WILL P. M. STEVENS (red cheeks)  
Treasurer, FRANK HOWARD (red nose)  
Critic, GEORGE KILPATRICK (well read)  
Sargent-at-arms, RUSSELL BARTLETT (red cap)

QUALIFICATIONS:—Crimson complexion  
when embarrassed.

GEORGE MULFORD      McLAIN ALEXANDER  
DAN McFARLAND      KIRK RAILSBACK  
LEE PHILBROOK      FRED GREEN

### PAST MEMBERS.

FRED REDENBAUGH      JOE CRIMSONBERGER  
CHARLIE CARMINESTEIN  
PINKY B. VERMILLIANSON



## My Friend the Kleptomaniac.

I have often wondered how a detective can take up some trifling bit of evidence that a criminal has left behind him after the commission of a crime, call it a clew and use it as a starting point to unravel the mystery as he would an intricately tangled skein of yarn, bringing the suspect to the bar of justice with an overwhelmingly strong case against him in the face. Yet, the most surprising part of all has seemed the sequel to such a marvelous piece of detective,—the prisoner had the temerity to plead not guilty; he proves an alibi, he is acquitted!

But I have ceased to wonder, and thereby hangs a tale.

Without doubt you know that I am a more or less pronounced "kodak fiend." Being thus afflicted it was possible for me to overlook the golden opportunity that presented itself in "the first"—why, the burning of Convention Hall, of course. So, a few days after the fire I found myself amid the ruins, camera in hand, deplably absorbed in focusing a view. Just as I pressed the button, to my chagrin, a shadow flitted by before my camera. I glanced up. It was a woman. Our eyes met. She saw the frown upon my face, at the same instant I recognized her. It was Miss Nameless—for—obvious—reasons, our new neighbor, folks just moved into the new house next door a few weeks ago.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, indeed I do. How awkward of me! I do hope I didn't spoil your picture", she stammered blushing.

"No, no," I hastened to return—though I knew that picture would be one huge blurr—"I assure you there is no harm done." "Oh, I'm so glad!" she gushed. I just took a snapshot myself. I do hope it will turn out well! I want it for my collection, you know. Oh, but you do not know! I am a collector of curiosities,—no not that exactly that, but mementoes,—that's it. I was here the

other day. Gathered a most astonishing array of trash: nails, bits of glass, a clip off a capital that once capped a Corinthian pillar,—awfully silly isn't it?"

"Not at all," I replied. "I like the sentiment that dictates—"

"It's my fad," she interrupted me. "I have collected souvenirs all my life. I have a houseful of them! I came here to-day to take a picture and get a brick, one of those pretty, curved, cream colored bricks, you know, couldn't carry it the other day. Oh, there's one now! And, see, it's actually been scorched by the flames!"

I stooped and picked it up.

"Oh, thank you", she said stretching out her little gloved hand for it.

"Let me carry it for you, please; I am homeward bound."

All the way home my fair friend entertained me with a vivid description of her treasures and of the trouble she had, the strategy she had to employ in obtaining some of them.

"What on earth is the matter with your hands?" was the question with which my sister greeted me as she opened the door for me.

I looked at them.

"Oh, nothing," said I. "That's soot. I found our neighbor, Miss Nameless, down there, delving in the ruins for mementoes. I carried home a brick for her that she found in the debris."

My sister stood aghast.

"Miss Nameless?" she grasped.

"Um-hm," I returned dumfounded at her consternation.

"Bob," she said, nervously grasping my arm, "I, I don't like her one bit!"

"What's the matter with her?"

"Why,—um—er—come in here Bob and I'll tell you all I know about her." She drew me after her into the sitting room.

I was intensely interested. Women do find out an alarming amount about one another in an incredibly short time,—and the oracle was about to speak.

My sister carefully closed the door after us.

“Well?” I inquired.

“Bob,” she said placing a trembling hand upon my arm and lowering her voice to almost a whisper, “Miss Nameless is a CRANK!

“Enthusiast, you mean,” I corrected. “She has an innocent fad whi”—“No! No! No!” cried sister excitedly. It’s a craze with her,—a mania,—an insatiable desire to get a souvenir of everything and everybody she comes in contact with.”

“Well,” I said dryly, “I fail to see—”

“Certainly! But wait until I have finished. You see, when she can’t get a thing she wants legitimately, why—why—she just helps herself. Don’t grin like that, Bob, I’m in earnest. The other day I paid her my first neighborly visit. She showed me her collection—whole house full of stuff. Bob, she actually gloried in the fact that she had purloined about half of it all. Take hotels, she makes it a point to take along a souvenir wherever she stops. She has a tumbler, for instance, with the monogram W. A.—Waldorf—Astoria—cut in the glass; a cup from here, a napkin from there, a knife, fork or spoon from some other place.”

“Look here, are you trying to make her out a thief, a kleptomaniac, I mean?”

“Exactly; listen. Yesterday she returned that neighborly visit. See that volume of Shakespeare there on the center table? Remember the pretty little<sup>est</sup> sterling silver book-mark in it? She looked through that book—well, the book-mark is GONE?”

For a minute I was speechless, then I burst into a laugh.

"Oh, pshaw, sis, that book-mark'll turn up somewhere about the house, I'm sure."

I started, for some one opened the door of the room. It was Mary our new girl of all work.

"Supper's ready, mum," she said, blandly.

Of course that ended our interesting conversation.

As I trudged up stairs, to wash my begrimed hands, I tried hard to make myself believe there was nothing in my sister's suspicions. It was so disagreeable to suspect a young lady of—I stepped before the mirror and saw something that gave me a chill. My pin! I missed my pin, my diamond pin. It was not in my necktie—gone; but I had it when I started down town. Lost? How could I lose it? An idea! I shuddered. Miss Nameless—kleptomaniac! Ah, now I seemed to remember numerous covetous glances, a constant flow of conversation to distract my attention.

No; I could not believe it, and yet—but I'd never tell my sister. It would be too humiliating.

Next evening when I came home from business I found my sister all upset. "She" had been there, the "brazen thing," on the "pretense of showing how well her picture of the ruins turned out."

"But I kept my eye on her," said my sister nervously. "She didn't get a chance to make away with anything this time, although she did fondle that little filigree card tray there until I was on the verge of nervous prostration. But I watched her too closely."

Suspicion when once aroused grows by geometrical progression. I had inserted a "want ad" in the paper about my lost pin, but, as I feared, though I offered a liberal reward without obtaining the desired result, I hated to suspect my fair neighbor, and yet I was not extraordinarily surprised when a few days later my sister came hastening to me all aflush with excitement, the afternoon paper in her hand.

## CAUGHT SHOPLIFTING.

WELL DRESSED YOUNG WOMAN ARRESTED IN A  
DEPARTMENT STORE.  
IS SHE A KLEPTOMANIAC?

IS HELD BY POLICE FOR IDENTIFICATION.

Eagerly I read on. The minute description of the prisoner given fitted her nicely. "Her"? Miss Nameless, to be sure.

I looked up at my sister. There was one of those "I-told-you-so" expressions on her face. "Well?" she said triumphantly.

I stroked my chin reflectively.

"I saw her start downtown this afternoon," she said, nodding her head vociferously.

A long, long pause. I stared at the paper absentmindedly, while I earnestly debated with myself whether or not to go down to the station to identify the prisoner. Suddenly my eye caught a little "want ad" on the next page of the paper that caused me to start, for this is what it said:

FOUND—Near Convention Hall, diamond stick pin; horse shoe design; owner can get same by calling at 711 XYZ St., and identifying.

My pin! I sat there transfixed, speechless, deaf, motionless. My sister's voice startled me back to my senses.

"Bob, Bob!" she cried, we're wrong after all. There she comes now."

I looked out of the window. Yes, indeed, there came Miss Nameless tripping merrily along,

her arms full of bundles and packages, the spoils of a shopping expedition.

I looked at my sister and she looked at me. Then we both laughed loud and long.

Now for the end.

Last night when I got home, I found sister hard at work getting supper.

"What's the matter with Mary?" I asked.

"Oh, Bob," said my little sister, eyes swimming in tears, "I had an awful scene with Mary to-day. Discharged her—the thief! Been missing my things around the house lately, you know. This morning I inspected Mary's trunk and found half my silverware in it."

"Find that book-mark?" I inquired timidly.

"Y-y-y yes," she sobbed.

I turned away to hide my smile, and instinctively felt for that diamond horseshoe pin again sparkling merrily in my necktie.

"CHAT," '97.

## DEAD—ALIVE.

If a man be filled with hate of life,  
If a man be eager and keen for strife,  
If a man be yearning for love's short hour,  
If a man be full of the hope of power,  
If a man have even the love of hell,

'Tis well! 'tis well!

So he be not satisfied.

Out of the heart of the golden west,  
Where the fire burns on the sun's red crest;  
Where the power of Man on his iron steed,  
Flies glad on with will sure speed,  
Comes a message of hope as an eagle flies,  
'Tis burning in fire on the opal skies,  
'Tis catching Man's heart with its leaping fire,

And higher, and higher!

If he be not satisfied.

Oh, there is a death in this life of ours  
That comes of the blight in the heart of flowers,  
Spreading itself, grave-moss on the stone,  
Without, no world; within, no groan—  
Dead—'live in life, 'live-dead in death,

A breath, foul breath!

If man be satisfied.

From the crawling worms comes a naked man,  
And he rides on the wind, the Man who Can;  
And the Fire meets the fire in his face,  
And he rides in the glory of Power's place;  
And the white of his body's the snow of grace,  
But the red of the Fire is in his face;  
And as he flies to the perfect skies,  
Where Man is God and God is wise,  
And he grasps the Life that conquers life,

Life, Life

Is not satisfied.

—Charles Edwards.

## Missionary Volunteers.

COLORS—Red, White and Blue.

President

Will P. M. Stevens

Vice President

McClain Alexander

Secretary

Ruth Mosher

Treasurer

Barton Hall

Chairman Home Missions

Diller Wood

Chairman Foreign Missions

Fred Green

### PRAYER MEETING COMMITTEE.

Prof. Coll

Kim Barton

Leon Searl

Albert Bone

Raymond Barnett

Frank Howard

Handwritten vertical text in Chinese characters, likely a list of names or a dedication.

Handwritten vertical text in Chinese characters, likely a list of names or a dedication.

Handwritten vertical text in Chinese characters, likely a list of names or a dedication.



## Anti-Cigarette League.

An Anti-Cigarette League has been organized at Central High School by the President and Treasurer of the Girl's League of the city, Miss Bertha Holland and Miss Stella Sexton. The officers of the league elected last week are:



President, Miss Stella Sexton; Freshman.  
Vice-President, Miss Nettie Ford; Sophomore.  
Secretary, Miss Ivah Ellis; Freshman.  
Treasurer, Miss Bertha Harlan; Freshman.  
Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Grace Spaulding.  
Critic and Reporter, Mr. W. B. Howard; Junior.  
Program Committee of One, Miss Harriet Woodward;  
Freshman.  
Head Circulator of the "Boy", Miss Bessie Shoudy.

The league has organized with a membership of fifty, and is doing fine work. It will meet every Friday afternoon until school closes; but during vacation will meet but once a month.

IVAH ELLIS, Secretary.

## Something Else.

There they sat, just as they had done at least a half a dozen times in the last month; she, with her little hands clasped demurely on her lap, and her laughing blue eyes scanning the pink and blue sunset; he, viciously digging up the sod with his cane.

Although he had been planning all day to get her into the arbor that evening, so as to ask the fatal question, still his nerve entirely forsook him, and the eloquent speech he had been all night preparing flitted away at the gentle tapping of her foot.

"Confound that sunset" he thought. "If she would only look at me instead of at it, I might be able to begin." But still his tongue remained stationary; the sun drew his brilliant coverlet after him, and the moon peeped down in idle curiosity on the two.

At last she arose, as if to go and Tom managed to stammer, "Oh Mildred, don't go. It is such a beautiful night to—to—"

"To visit? Well, if you want me to stay, you must say something. Silence always oppresses me."

"Well, there shall be no more silence, for I really have a great deal to say. You know this will be our last evening together for some time. My regiment goes tomorrow."

She sighed heavily, "You will be gone sometime I suppose?"

"Probably."

"And I know you will be very busy, so I won't feel hurt if you send my messages through Dick's letters instead of writing individually," and she shot a mischievous glance at him.

He clenched his fists, but if he made any remark it was to himself.

"It was just three months ago, that you came here with Aunt, Millie, and I have seen you daily in that time."

"Yes, Tom, you and your brother Dick have been very kind to me, and I shall never forget it."

"And you know, Millie, that constant association it—"

"Breeds contempt."

"Oh hang it, Millie! There are exceptions to all rules, and this is one. In this case, it has bred affection."

"I am very glad, Tom. I too have grown very fond of you, and if it was not that Dick was to be left, I don't know what I should do."

"Botheration on Dick. Why do you bring him up constantly. Millie, I love you, and it only remains for you to make me happy by returning my love."

"Dear Tom, I shall always love you" and for the first time her eyes met his.

Then the moon considerably got behind a tree, but from the darkness he heard a low hum of voices, and presently that of Mildred say, "Oh, I just said I loved you, not that I would be your wife."

"But you will, Millie?"

"For the present Tom, I can only be a sister, but in the future, I may be '*something else.*'"

And with that they parted, Tom happy in having triumphed over Dick. But presently, looking out over the garden, he saw that self same brother walking arm in arm with that self same Mildred. If he could have heard their conversation, he would have recognized a counterpart of his own with Mildred, without even the omission of the avowal to be "something else in the future." As it was, he saw enough to cause him to make up his mind to have a very serious talk with his brother

next day.

Accordingly, Dick was waylaid in the morning, by a very dignified looking brother, who laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Pardon me, but if you are at leisure, I have a few words to say to you upon a very important matter."

Dick laughed, "Well I declare, you look as if you were going to a funeral. If your important matter is very sad, get through with it in a hurry, for I am extremely happy."

"Yes, I judge you let your good feelings run away with you last night didn't you?"

"O, you know of my luck do you? I tell you Tom, she is just the sweetest thing alive. And to think she is to be mine! Say, old fellow, why don't you congratulate me?" "Look here what are you talking about?" demanded Tom. "Why you know, I fell in love with Mildred the first time I saw her, and I've been just worshipping the ground she walks on, ever since; but I never got brave enough to tell her so until last night, and would you believe it, she loves me. O, its just grand!"

"Did—did—she say she would be—be your wife?" asked Tom, his breath coming in quick gasps.

"No, she didn't say so in just so many words; but she said she would be a sister at present, and something else in the future. Why, Tom, are you sick?"

"No, no," said Tom, passing his hand over his brow in a dazed fashion. "And—Dick, do you think that that 'something else' means—means a wife?"

"Certainly. What else could it mean? Do you think," and here Dick began to grow pale, "that it could mean anything else?"

"I didn't think so until a few seconds ago."

"Why, what has changed your opinion?"

"Dick, Mildred also promised yesterday, to be 'something else' to me in the future."

"The coquette! and so she has been trifling all this time. She is a clever actress; but she will never——"

At this juncture, steps were heard on the gravel, and looking back, the two excited boys saw the pretty culprit, leaning on the arm of their father, advancing toward them. As she drew near, she broke into a little laugh. "How cross we look. Something must have gone wrong."

"You, at least, seem to be happy, Miss Forest," said Dick icily.

Mildred drew herself up to her full height, and in a stern voice replied, "My son, it grieves me to hear you speak thus to your mother. Pray, use a more respectful tone in the future."

The boys looked amazed, then, with proud bows, started towards the house. "Dick! Tom!" cried the young wife, hurrying after them, "please forgive me; it was all a joke. I really did not mean to hurt you, and do love you, and am I not 'something else' besides a play sister? Please don't be angry." And how could they refuse to make up?



## Platonian Assembly Hall Lecturers for '99 and '00.

Mr. Byers Love on the Science of Bachelorhood.

Mr. Frank Howard on How to Marry Well.

Mr. Wilburt Rodgers on Why is Love a Failure to me?

Mr. Bradbury on How Time may be Profitably Spent.

Mr. Albert Bone on How to Become Fleshly.

Mr. Wallace Lee on The Value of Madam Yale's enchantment to boys.

Mr. Harry Lyon on How to Become a Past Number.

Mr. Arthur Brown on How to Love Five Girls at once.

Mr. Dan McFarland on The value of the Art of Declaiming

Mr. Richard Robertson on How to Win a girl without trying.

We have enjoyed this series of lectures very much indeed, and extend our hearty thanks and congratulation to the above-named orators.

## A Bit of Wedding Cake.

"But what shall I do with it?" he asked helplessly.

She looked up at him and laughed as he stood dangling a square white box by its satin ribbon.

"There's a certain inanity in treasuring another fellow's wedding cake. Won't you take it as a gift?"

"Thanks, no," she answered. "I have a sufficiency; besides, the charm is broken if you give it away."

"Charm?" he echoed "What charm has an infinitesimal piece of cake that would not stay the appetite of a mosquito? Silly question this, anyhow, of—"

"Do you mean to say," she interrupted solemnly, "that you have attained unto years of discretion, and have never tried the charm that lies in a bit of bride's cake?"

"Never!" he averred.

She looked so bewitching in her bridesmaid array that he would have sworn to any fact or fallacy whatever, could he thereby prolong this tete-a tete. In seeking a spot where perchance that ubiquitous best man might be eluded, he had found this curtained corner of the porch.

"Then you must try it before you are a night older," she said with a pretty air of authority. "Cut a card into seven slips and give me a pencil, and I'll do the rest."

He obeyed with unwonted docility.

"This is merely a short and sure way to find out whom you are to marry," she resumed.

"I know whom I want to marry, I don't need a piece of cake and seven slips of paper to tell me that."

"Whom one wants to marry and whom one marries are not always the same individual," she replied sententiously.

"Oh!" was the only audible remark.

"Now," she went on, "I shall write a name on each of these six pieces and leave one a blank for bachelorhood, you know."

"Um!" he assented.

"Then you will place them under your pillow, with the wedding cake, and draw out one each morning; the last one—" with a pause of emphasis.

"I understand," he broke in. "The last shall be first. But I can't think of six names; one is so indelibly written on my heart that—"

"Oh, I can arrange that!" she interrupted blithely. "You know they must be written by some one else, any way, some disinterested person."

"Oh!"—very humbly.

But as he watched her brows wrinkle in arch perplexity, he concluded that it was not such a bad thing after all, this idea of tying up wedding cake in boxes, and he became convinced that weddings, on the whole, were not such a bore when he saw the ubiquitous best man peer into the half light of the veranda and retire precipitately.

"There's one thing I forgot," she was saying: "each slip must be destroyed as it is drawn out, and only the last one read."

"Humph! Strict requirements, these! It would give a fellow some satisfaction perhaps to know whom he had escaped."

"Oh, but the charm won't work unless you do! Promise, now!"—imperatively.



And he promised. Then—

“Oh, I say,” he cried, interrupting the writing again. “You’ll put your own name down won’t you?”

“Shall I?” she queried doubtfully.

“Well, rather!” And though the light was dim she saw something in his eyes that made her add hastily:

“Oh, very well, since it is by request.”

On the eighth day thereafter she received the following telegram:

“Your name seventh. Has charm worked?”

And it was not till their honeymoon was at the zenith that she told him confidently that each bit of card board had borne the same name, and there had been no blank.

## A Chestnut History.

NAME.	PASTIME	DESCRIPTION.	WHERE FOUND.	FAVORITE STUDY.	ULTIMATUM.
Morrow .....	Thinking	Noisy	Lum. office	None	Greek Prof.
Clendening .....	Writing	A Cad	Study B.	Gestures	Convention H. Janitor
Lemming .....	Translating	Cute.	In his shoes	How to grow.	Politician
Withers.. ..	Playing.	Lanky	With Lovejoy	Gracefulness	Chimney-sweep
Watson .. ..	Bumming.	Shaggy	Nowhere	Everything	Pres. U. S.
Harrison .....	Jawing	All Important	Athletic meets	Bolena.	Street faker
Seddon .. ..	Calling	Indescribable	Gwendolen's	Politics	Alderman
Bone .....	Acting.	None to be found	Library	Booth & Barret	Slob
Searl .....	Dressing	Handsome	At the Kid's..	Roberts' Rules	Love in a cottage
Alexander .....	Girls..	Fair	Olive's	Pool	Down below
Dutton .....	Fibbing	Not worth while	Assembly Hall	Others.	Don't know
Kilpatrick .....	Playing Soldier	Mick	Near home.	Arguing	Policeman
Lawrence .....	Strutting	Dramatic	Central A. S.	Looking glass	Graduating
Stephens .....	Smoking	Lazy	Angeline's	None	Beggar
Richardson .....	Swearing	Skeleton	In bed.	How to get fat	Evaporation
Philbrook .....	Studying	Dignified	Helen's	His pony	Brewer
Hen. Thayer .....	Praying	Saintly	Church	The Bible.	Missionary
McFarland .....	Blundering	Nothing	Bone's Heels.	A. B. C's	Death
Merrill.. ..	Singing	Sheeny	Mary's	How to be popular	Tramp



## Central's fireside Companion Club.

High School Girl—Papa, we girls have a new name for those boys who call on us, but never take us out anywhere.

Papa—What is it, daughter?

Girl—We call them “fireside companions.”

### OFFICERS.

ALBERT BONE,	-	-	-	President
CLEMENT RICHARDSON,	-	-	-	Vice-President
RICHARD ROBERTSON,	-	-	-	Secretary
OAKLEY LEMMING,	-	-	-	Treasurer

### MEMBERS.

Albert Bone,	Clement Richardson,
Chester Swan,	Tom Scruggs,
Oakley Lemming,	Loyd Morrow,
Ralph Morrison,	Will Gill,
	Richard Robertson.

### ALUMNI MEMBERS.

Fred Pabst,	Arthur Sutermeister,
Frank Mulford,	Phillip Parkinson,
Harold Kuhn,	Walter Shaw.

## War' Ich Ein Mann.

War' ich ein Mann—was fur Gedanken  
    Kommen mir aus diesem vor!  
Ich schwinde, und die Fusze wanken,  
Ideen, eine Meng' von schlanken  
    Schatten rufen, "Armer Thor'."

War' ich ein Mann—muszt ich besiegen  
    Reichtum, Namen, Steele, Macht.  
Einmal dichtend, traumend liegen,—  
"Tauge-nichts" fur Namen kriegen  
    Von dem Morgen biz zur Nacht.

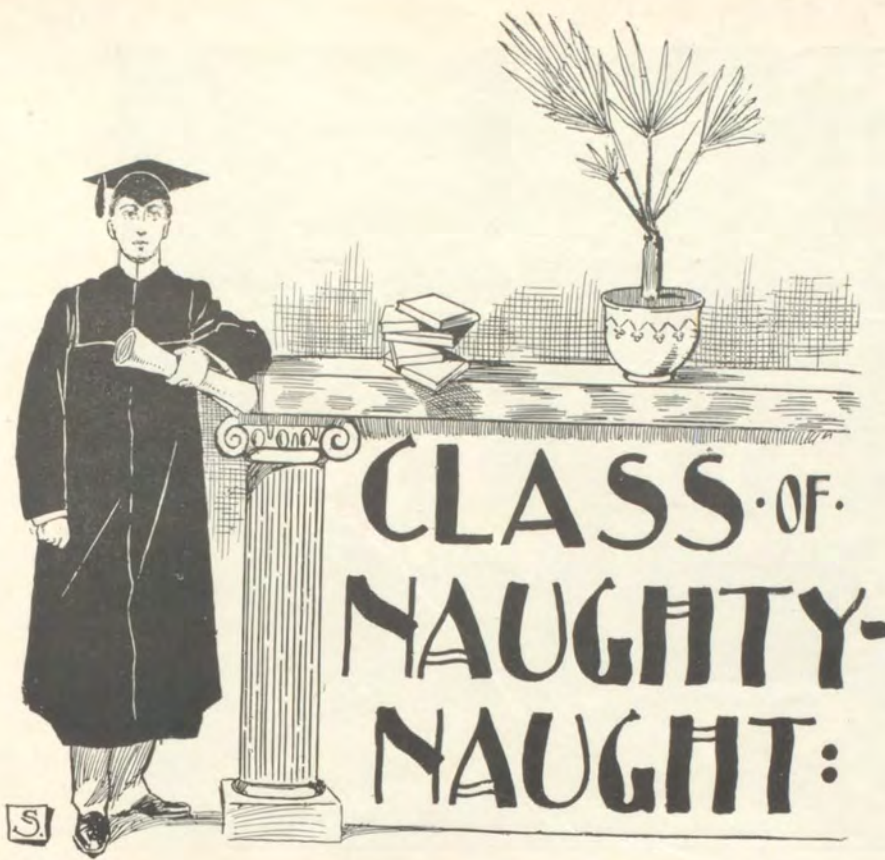
War' ich ein Mann—ihr holde Damen  
    Gonnten mir die Kusse nicht,—  
Statt der Blumen hatt' ich Samen,  
Wunsche nur und schwaches Amen,  
    Saget ihr, "Das darft du nicht."

War' ich ein Mann—die schonen Kleider  
    Durft' ich nimmer tragen mehr.—  
Was fur Schmerzen, was fur Neider  
Entstanden mir im Herz, wenn leider  
    Leben schien so od' und leer!

War' ich ein Mann—so arm geboren—  
    Das Allerschlimmste wurde sein,  
Von diesen armen, lieben "*Thoren*,"  
Mein *Eigener* hatt' nie geschworen,  
    Darz ich soll werden Wei belein!  
(Fur das Lesekranzchen geschrieben.)

RUBY ARCHER.





John Adams,  
McLean Alexander,  
Earl A. Allen,  
Lulu Allen,  
Fred Allen,  
Della Arnold,  
Minnie A. Asahl,  
George H. Aschman,  
Carl Baechler,  
Carl Baird,  
Florence Baird,  
Brenda Baker,  
Myrtle Baldrige,  
Joseph M. Barrett,  
Beth Bartle,  
T. Russell Bartlett,  
Sam Barton,  
James H. Beckett,  
Grace Beed,  
John Bender,  
DeGressa Benedict,  
E. P. Bennett,  
Herbert Benton,  
Meta Biggar,  
Frank H. Blackmar,  
Albert J. Bone,



SENIORS.

Stella Branham,  
Laura C. Bricker,  
Grace Brigham,  
Charles Arthur Brown,  
Louise Brown,  
Mildred Brown,  
Elsa Bruegman,  
Joe Buckley,  
Roxie Bumbarger,  
Ernest Burnham,  
Linnie Bush,  
Reed Byers,  
J. Malcom Calvin;  
Carrie Chadwick,  
Daisy Chambers,  
Ninon Chambers,  
Adaline Champion,  
Grace Chapman,  
Mabel Codding,  
Francis Cole,  
Katie Considine,  
W. Arthur Cook,  
Mamie Cottingham,  
Ruby Cottingham,  
Annie Myrtle Cowan,  
Maude Ethel Cromwell,

Edith Darnall,  
Edna E. Davis,  
Marian K. Detherage,  
Margaret Dennis,  
Clarabel Denton,  
Nelly Duby,  
Lorenzo Dewey,  
Mabel C. Dillon,  
Abby Downing,  
Maude Downing,  
Smith Downs,  
Blanche Doyle,  
George W. Doyle,  
M. Lenora Duncan,  
Oakie M. Dyer,  
Stella Egelhoff,  
Lucy May Ehrke,  
Zelma Eldridge,  
Margaret L. Elliott,  
Emma Ellis,  
Will O. Ellis,  
Myrtle Evans,  
Harriet Farley,  
Edith S. Farrar,  
Katie Ferguson,  
Henry N. Field,

Aileen Filkin,  
Frank Flory,  
Zoe Izah Ford,  
Albert Franck,  
Robert Franck,  
Louise F. Gauss,  
Margaret Elsie Gaylord,  
Mary Gentry,  
Nellie C. Gillespie,  
H. E. Ginter,  
Archibald Gould,  
Jessie C. Gould,  
Will T. Graham,  
Nathaniel Grant,  
J. Frederick Green,  
Jewell Griffin,  
Marie Louise Griffith,  
Maude Hadden,  
H. Barton Hall,  
Burks Hamner,  
Lucy Hanes,  
J. Scott Harrison, Jr.  
Katherine Harroun,  
Myrtle Hartwell,  
Richard Haven,  
Ada Harriett Hawkins,

Mabel Hays,  
Lena Heim,  
Lotta Pearl Hewson,  
Clyde C. Higley,  
Ralph Waldo Hill,  
Mary A. Hinsen,  
Irving Hirsch,  
William Hoffman,  
Kate Lee Holloway,  
Wesley Hooper,  
Frank C. Howard,  
Julia Trent Howard,  
Lena Emiline Hull,  
Louise Hunt,  
Edgar Inger,  
Fannie James,  
Nellie Jarvis,  
Sadie Stafford Jay,  
Mabel Clare Jenkins,  
Victor Johns,  
Lenoree Johnstone,  
Alice Kander,  
Nellie G. Keith,  
Olive W. Kennery,  
George A. Kilpatrick,  
Helen G. King,



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SENIORS.



Paul Kirchmaier,  
Edith B. Knight,  
Sylvia Hortense Knowles,  
George Copff,  
Ross Kyger,  
Estelle Lain,  
Cliff Langsdale,  
Faye Lansdowne,  
F. Ernest Lenderbren,  
Edward N. Lavine, Jr.,  
C. Will Lawrence,  
Julia Evelyn Leary,  
Mamie M. Leary,  
Olive Lewis Lebrick,  
Oakley D. Lemming,  
Gola Lemman,  
Estelle Leon,  
Ruby May Lewis,  
Roscoe E. Linton,  
Joseph K. Lipscomb,  
Rose Idella Listinger,  
Winnifred Lombard,  
Mamie E. Lonegran,  
J. Byers Love,  
Ruth Annie Lowry,  
Hattie Lucitt,

Luella Maas,  
Anna F. McLaren,  
Bessie McComb,  
Anna S. Maddick,  
Florence Mainhart,  
Helen E. Mann,  
Florence M. Masters,  
William G. Mathews,  
N. Geneosa Maxon,  
Anna Mayfield,  
John McCoy,  
Margie McDonald,  
Daniel McFarland,  
Mary McGregar,  
Hortense E. McKee,  
Sadie McMillan,  
Ruth S. McMillen,  
Hugh N. McPherrin,  
Russell McWilliams,  
Ray M. Merrill,  
Ethel Merwin,  
Nellie Milam,  
Festus O. Miller,  
Genevieve S. Milnes,  
Violet Mitchell,  
Thomas H. Monaghan,

Stella Moore,  
Ruth Mosher,  
George H. Mulford,  
Frank Munson,  
Ethel B. Murray,  
Vernon Murray,  
Enri M. Nelson,  
Joseph S. Norman, Jr.,  
Edward S. North,  
Fannie A. Norton,  
Very Paget,  
Millie Paddock,  
Bessie A. Palmer,  
Carlotta Palmer,  
Winifred Patton,  
Effie A. Payne,  
Ida May Peppard,  
Lee E. Philbrook,  
Ethel Pickett,  
Fred C. Pickett,  
Bernice M. Pike,  
Grace Pollock,  
Charles Hart Pomeroy,  
M. Defoe Pypes,  
Kirk Railsback,  
Edgar Dale Redenbaugh,

Juliette Mae Reefer,  
Florence Reynolds,  
Clement J. Richardson,  
Richard Robertson,  
Wilbert E. Rogers,  
Edna M. Rogers,  
Ford B. Rogers,  
Harry Roll,  
Fannie Soleta Root,  
Albert D. Sargent,  
Margaret Peale Saunders,  
Dan Saunders,  
Irene W. Schell,  
Harry R. Shroeder,  
Jeanette Pearl Scott,  
Rose Sea,  
L. A. Searl,  
James C. Searles,  
Josephine H. Searles,  
Alfred M. Seddon,  
Grace Mabel Shafer,  
John Shepard,  
Bessie Singleton,  
Ethel S. Slaughter,  
Alberta Smith,  
Nell C. Smith,



SENIORS.

Othalla Mae Screnson,  
Raymond E. Sparks,  
Will P. M. Stevens,  
Bessie Stocking,  
Olive Stone,  
Britta Strickler,  
Clara Stringer,  
Chester Swan,  
Elizabeth Swartz,  
Clara Alice Sweetser,  
Fannie Taylor,  
Nellie Taylor,

Cornelia P. Thacher,  
Henry Thayer,  
Eva Tiffany,  
Grace Toomey,  
Marcella Torrance,  
Pearl Tralle,  
Werna Inez Trent,  
Aline H. Triplette,  
Annie Turner,  
S. May Vance,  
Margaret B. Van Doren,  
Mary Van Patten,

Florence P. Walker,  
Theodosia Walker,  
Sadie Walmer,  
Aleen Ward,  
Ola Warford,  
Rhea Warrington,  
Chandler W. Watson,  
Lettie U. Watson,  
Cora B. Wells,  
Bertha K. Wheeler,  
Attis A. Whipple, Jr.,  
Martha S. Whitney,

Etta Whittaker,  
Crystal W. Wier,  
Alpha C. Williams,  
Helen T. Williams,  
Mayme Williams,  
John W. Wingate,  
Edith E. Wirt,  
Allen L. Withers,  
Mable J. Wood,  
Funice E. Woodward,  
Josephine M. Young.



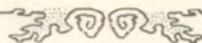


K. C. PHOTO. ENG. CO.

SENIORS.

## Some Central Statistics.

NAME	SWEARS	DRINKS	SMOKES	LOVES	WANTS	LIVES	WORKS
Barton Hall.....	Never.. .. .	Milk .....	Corn silks.. .. .	Himself.....	Himself.....	On sentiment...	Miss Wilder
Henry Thayer.....	Terribly .....	Red Rye.....	A corn cob.....	To shoot craps..	Money .. .. .	Fast.....	Never
Clem Richardson...	Under breath...	Xmas play champaign	Grape vine.....	Mary.....	To run the S. L. H.	Easy .. .. .	His dad
Burnes Moore .....	In society.....	Cock Tails.....	Bull Durham....	Little Byers....	To be big .....	On sausage .....	His tongue
McLain Alexander	Yes.....	W. Sor.....	Doesn't.....	Olive.....	C. L. C. presidency	In pool hall....	His friends
Leon Searl.....	Plainly.....	Egg chocolate..	Chancellor.. .. .	The Kid.....	The Kid.....	At the Kid's.....	The Kid
Chandler Watson...	By his friends...	Whisky.....	Cubebs.....	All the girls...	Everything.....	Where his hat is off	Everybody
Alfred Seddon.....	To love Gwen...	Menthol.....	Nothing.....	Gwen .....	Her.....	Out south.....	Miss Edwards
Lloyd Morrow.....	In Hebrew. ....	Anything.....	Anything.....	The Luminary..	To declaim .....	At Mabel's .....	Kate
Prof. Coll.....	In Greek.....	In basement....	Unknown.....	Bartlett.....	Notoriety.....	In halls.....	Never
George Kilpatrick..	Horribly.....	Horribly.....	Horribly.....	His specks.....	Sense.....	By talking .....	His teachers
Allen Withers.....	Just learning...	Hood's.....	Like a chimney	Zoe.....	To borrow a ten	On his dad.....	The C. L. C. (?)
Bill Lawrence.....	When he flunks	Mellin's Food..	Oh! deah naw..	Lengthy Bill...	Fame.....	In the seventh year of his reign	The judges
George Doyle.....	On the diamond	After the game..	When treated...	His mine.....	A rich girl.....	For glory .. . .	The nine



## Central Red Book.

Luminary Office—The loafing place of the school.

Room 17—Nearest place to Hades.

Cadets—Something unknown.

Platos—A society of know-nothings.

C. L. C's—We will not attempt to define this conglomeration of genii. It is beyond our power to define them.

Philos—A society composed of sweet things, none of whom will admit that she is over 16.

S. L. H. — Seddon's Light Horsemen. (Knights of the pony).

Phi Sigmas—Used to be a power in the school, but are now composed chiefly of Hall.

Freshy—A pupil who is not yet out of the hands of his nurse.

Pony—We will refer you to Stevens for a definition of this rare word.

Open Session—A thing of the past.

Senior—The whole show.

A Case—We are unable to define this word, but everyone has felt its effects at one time or another. Byers and Helen are living examples of a case.

Copying—Borrowing a little knowledge.

The Office—Feared by the Freshmen, and the place of gossip for the faculty.

Initiation—George Kilpatrick can best define this term for you. Ask him for particulars.

To work—Something usually practiced on an innocent teacher, a thing which Seniors never do.

Vacation—A roaring hot time.

## The Songs that Some folks Sing.

C. W. WATSON, "There Little Girl don't Cry."

BARTON HALL, "Holy, Holy, Holy." (*Hymn.*)

BYERS LOVE, "Du bist wie eine blum,"

*Rubinstein.*

LEON SEARL, "My Little Woman," *Osgood.*

ALFRED SEDDON, "Thou Art Like a Flower,"

*Shuman.*

HELEN SWOFFORD, "Come to Me," *Denga.*

MARGERY DENNIS, "Cupids in Love with me,"

*McGlennon.*

RUTH MOSHER, "If I but Knew." *Smith.*

LOTTA HEWSON, "'Tis Love and Joy together that  
makes me Happy."

LEON SEARL, "And the Midnight Bells were Tolling."

RUSSELL BARTLETT, "All Alone."

LORENZO DEWEY, "King of the Boulevard."

RALPH BYRNE, "Swinging on the Back-yard Gate."

BARTON HALL, "Mama's Lullaby."

ROY STANDISH, "Which Shall be My Choice."

ALFRED SEDDON, "Daisy, Daisy, Sweetest Flower  
that Grows."

PAULINE ELLISON, "Come Back to Me Sweetheart."

PAUL KIRTLEY, "Only Me."

LOUISE GRIFFITH, "Little Bobby Shafto," (*Brockett.*)

THE KID, "I'll Leave My Happy Home for You."

BYERS LOVE, "Helen, I Love You."

## Strange Are the Ways of Woman.

"I say," growled Harry Lincoln, "it's perfectly ridiculous."

"Is it possible?" rejoined his companion, looking up from a copy of "Truth," over which he was chuckling with a delight quite exasperating to the young man who was making a vain attempt to be dramatic as he stood there with his hands thrust fiercely into the pockets of his smoking jacket, while a tremulous scowl adorned his forehead.

"Is it possible?" came again in cool and measured tones from Jack Gilbert. "Come, Harry, no more mock heroics. What's the matter?"

"What's the matter?" rejoined the other fiercely. "You know well enough what the matter is. Here we are, both in love with the same girl and trying to live peaceably together. This is the only holiday we'll have for months, and we're sitting here each watching to see that the other doesn't make a bolt for Miss Valandingham's presence. I was tired, long ago, of reading about such 'situations' in sentimental novels, and here I am in the same worn-out conventional attitude myself. Why in the name of common sense couldn't you have fallen in love with some one else, or at least, have done something original?"

"My dear fellow," rejoined Gilbert, smartly, "you forget that Margaret and I were at least warm friends before you and I ever took rooms together, or indeed, before I ever knew you and was fool enough to—"

"Oh, pshaw," answered Lincoln, "I don't care if you were. But this much I know, we must either fight a duel for her, or we must find out which one of us she'll have; I can't stand it any longer."



"Well," returned Gilbert with the same exasperating quietness, due probably, to his certain conviction that Gilbert's position with reference to the young lady in question was perfectly assured, "well suppose we broach the subject by writing to her—say, as an accompaniment to some little gift or something of that kind. Of course, if by any possibility I should win the prize, you will accept matters as best you can and we'll be just as good friends."

"Oh, yes—certainly," returned Harry, with a criminal smile, "we shall stand 'now and forever, amen,' on the impregnable rock of friendship; and of course, if I should be the favored one, you'll feel just the same toward me. It's perfectly natural."

Each of the young men sat down at his desk and prepared to write his letter. Suddenly a thought came to Gilbert, and he called out: "It might be well for me to give you a hint as to the kind of letter you had better write, I've known her so long, you know. Make it the tender, sympathetic kind, she'll like that best."

Now, it so happened that this was Gilbert's own opinion, but he knew that Harry Lincoln wouldn't follow his advice, and that was just why he gave it. Then he proceeded to write that very kind of letter himself, beginning after this fashion:

Wednesday, April 25, '96.

DEAR MARGARET—With this little note I send you some flowers, violets they are, because I feel them to be your own blossoms. Their dreamy, delicious fragrance seems to belong to your sweet nature. They are not above sympathy; their lavish perfume is scattered freely and simply," etc., etc., etc.

In the mean time, Harry's pen was skimming over the paper with this result, in direct opposition to Gilbert's kindly hints.

April 25, 1895.

DEAR MISS VALANDINGHAM—These lines accompany a volume of Maeterlinck. Do you know why I have chosen this particular poet as a gift for you? At least give me the pleasure of telling you. It is because I do not understand him, and you are so adorably incomprehensible that I imagine you and Maeterlinck must be companionable. Like his mighty, mystic verses is your glorious personality," etc., etc.

When these marvelously foolish and ingenuously sentimental epistles were completed and sealed the boys went out to purchase their respective gifts.

"How absolutely ridiculous," you say. Why did they have to give her something? Why didn't they do the thing in a sensible, straightforward way? Of course it was ridiculous. But these particular young men, with their small amount of culture and their meagre degree of enlightenment, didn't see it in that light. They thought themselves irresistibly proper. So, in the course of the afternoon a big box of violets and a dainty volume in white kid and silver, wrapped in tissue paper, and tied with ribbons, found their way by special messengers to the home of Miss Valandingham.

Jack Gilbert and Harry Lincoln stayed at home all the evening in the vain hope of receiving some word from Miss Margaret Valandingham. Jack was still possessed of that annoying self-assurance, and Harry was growing more and more irritable and impatient. At last, just before twelve o'clock, when the lights were turned out at the hotel, they went to bed.

If, when the boys started down town the next morning, you could have made the experiment of finding the relative weight of their hearts, I believe the scales would have come much nearer balancing than could possibly have been the case the night before.

The thoughts of each hovered persistently all day about the little half-table where the mail was always left in the morning. That day the postman left two little notes written on the same tinted paper and with the same M. V. monogram on each seal. And these two notes were opened first when their respective recipients returned home that night. Would you like to read them? Here they are:

Wednesday Eve.

DEAR MR. GILBERT—Your violets were charming, as was also the appreciative effusion accompanying them. I am much delighted in knowing your opinion of my place in the portrait gallery of women—between Thackeray's Amelia and Dickens' Lucy Manette, or even Dora, perhaps. I thank you.

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET VALANDINGHAM.

P. S. Were I to comply with your request you would probably discover me to resemble more nearly Becky Sharp or Madame Defarge.

M. V.

Here is the other:

Wednesday 9 P. M.

MR. HENRY LINCOLN,

DEAR SIR—It was extremely kind in you to send me Maurice Maeterlinck's poems, but I fear my intellect incapable of appreciating his remarkably metaphysical or physiological (which is it?) abstruseness. Indeed, you show plainly that you do not understand this fact, that I am the most ordinary of girls. Personality? I have none. Incomprehensible? There is nothing in me to comprehend. Since you are so badly mistaken in your estimate of my character, I hope this note will have the effect desired by me, which is that you will acknowledge my intellect to be

far too inferior to be noticed by one possessing your remarkable powers of penetration.

Very truly yours,

MARGARET VALANDINGHAM.

You say these letters contradict each other. Of course they do; but what's the difference? Would it be kind to witness the grief of two such crestfallen young men as the recipients of these letters must have been? I think not. And yet, they deserved their fate.



## Independent Order of Swell-heads.

### ALPHA CHAPTER.

Grand Master,	-	-	-	LOGAN CLENDENING
Supreme Slob,	-	-	-	PAUL KIRTLEY
Peace Maker,	-	-	-	GEORGE KILPATRICK
Head Cook and Bottle Washer, }	-	-	-	RAY M. MERRILL
Unworthy Master.	-	-	-	BARTON HALL
Kikapoo Bill,	-	-	-	WILL C. LAWRENCE

(Heep Big Injin.)

### ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Ray Barnett,	Lee Philbrook,
Byers Love,	Prof. Call,
Leon Searl,	Dell Dutton.
Janitor and Spitoon Cleaner,	Richard Robertson.

## A Card of Thanks.

The Luminary wishes to express its appreciation to those who have so willingly and generously assisted in bringing to completion this our second Annual. We feel that it is to such hearty co-operation and encouragement that we have been enabled to present to you a book representing to the fullest extent the educational facilities of our school. The teachers in particular and the pupils in general have all done their part in substantially aiding us. The Board of Education has also joined us in our undertaking. In conclusion we desire to thank Mr. Searl for his untiring work and the ability displayed within these pages. Again we extend our heartfelt thanks and gratitude to all our friends.

THE STAFF.

A decorative border of repeating floral motifs, possibly laurel leaves, surrounds the central text. The motifs are arranged in a rectangular frame with rounded corners.

**LOCALS**

**AND**

**CLIPPINGS.**



# Young Men

Who dress Correctly and Fashionably, and who usually have their clothes made to order are earnestly advised to look at the line of SPRING SUITS made expressly for us by

**Messrs. Brokaw Brothers & Co.,**

NEW YORK CITY,

Acknowledged to be the finest ready-to-wear clothing made in America. Their construction, style and finish cannot be excelled by the best merchant tailors, and only the finest fabrics are used. To introduce this make to the young men of Kansas City we have made very close pricing on our entire Spring line—ranging from

**\$15.00 to \$22.50.**

❁❁ Sizes from 14 to 20 years or 36 chest measure. Men of medium build can be perfectly fitted from this line. ❁❁

Walnut  
11th Sts.  
Grand Ave

Emery, Bird, Thayer & Co.

Walnut  
11th Sts.  
Grand Ave



35th Annual . . .  
Summer School.

# Spalding's Commercial College = = =

(INCORPORATED.)

BEGINS JUNE 1st AND CONTINUES UNTIL SEPTEMBER 1st.

## COURSES AND TERMS.

Book-keeping, three months, - - - -	\$10 00
Shorthand and Typewriting, three months, -	10 00
Telegraphy, three months, - - - -	10 00
English Branches, three months, - - - -	5 00
Special Instruction in Penmanship, 3 months,	5 00
Special Instruction in Book Typewriting, 3 mos.,	8 00

The Hours of Instruction are from 8:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.

The College Rooms are large, and having North, East and South exposure, they are the coolest, best ventilated and most pleasant in the city.

The Faculty is composed of fifteen Teachers and Lecturers, who by extensive study and successful experience are specially fitted for their different Departments of Work.

Our Employment Bureau is daily placing Students in good positions FREE OF COST. Over 2,000 of our Graduates and former Students are now filling good positions in this city alone. We have so placed 90 per cent of our Students this year.

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 1st.

TELEPHONE  
1174.

J. F. SPALDING, A. M., President.

East Wing N. Y. Life Building,  
KANSAS CITY, MO.

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The girls' favorite mission—Permission.

Will Lawrence has joined the Anti-Cigarette League. Lloyd Morrow is also a very prominent member.

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Whenever Will Lawrence and Lloyd Morrow run out of cigarette paper they use test paper. This must be the reason why the Board complains of the waste of so much paper.

McFarland (on platform in Elocutiou class): "I had intended giving a selection from Clay's speech at this point, but (glancing at his watch) I see there is not time."

Prof. D.: "Yes, there is; lets have it."

McFarland: "Ah, but I haven't the speech."

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Dear Editor: I have been troubled with indigestion and the "blues" for several years. Last month I bought a copy of the LUMINARY, and after reading the Local column found that I was well roasted, and now I feel that life is worth living. If you can tell me what I'm writing about I shall deem it a great favor.

ALFRED SEDDON.

TO MR. R. A. MINCKWITZ:

Dear Sir: Four years ago I first came under your treatment; at that time I was small and puny, but now, thanks to your excellent system of slapping and pounding, I am *large* and *robust*.

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Dear Sir: For many years I have been troubled with the swell head, or, as known to medicine, "magnus caput." I was exceedingly overbearing to all, but my head was speedily reduced under your skillful treatment.

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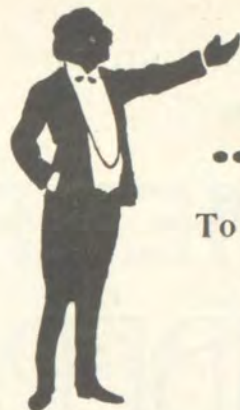
Gentlemen: Some time ago I scratched my finger. At the time it gave me much pain, but it healed over too quick to have an opportunity to create as much sympathy as I wished, so I bought a penny's worth of your horse salt, and now I am thirsty.

GEO. MULFORD.

TO DR. QUACK:

My Dear Doc: I write to tell you how much service you rendered me after the Plato initiation. I do not know how I can possibly repay you for your good work, because I never have a cent, all my loose coin being used to pay up my numerous fines. Nevertheless I will never forget you, and may, after school is out, be able to collect enough money together to pay you.

Your Badly Bothered Friend,  
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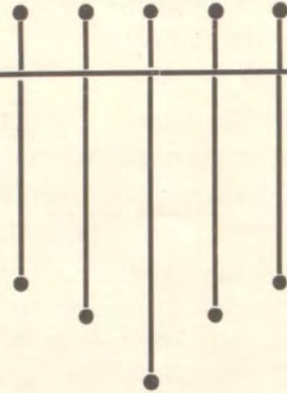
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### The Presentation of the Child Jesus,

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By Murillo, valued at \$100,000, size 13x6½ feet, China department first floor.

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### Saint Cyril of Alexandria,

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### Noah and Sons,

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### The Ascension,

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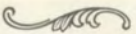
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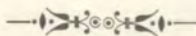


Pupils would do well to follow the example of Miss Steele while in the Assembly Hall Friday morning. (She reads the newspaper.)

Patronize the friends of the Luminary and get a dozen of those fine One Dollar Photos at E. Johnson's, Rookery building, 12th and Grand.

Ralph Byrne, (yawning)—“Well, boys, I always did have an open countenance.”

Did the “Kid” represent the sugar and Leon the sack that Mr. Scoville spoke about in Assembly Hall?



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Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Optical Goods, Etc.

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Nellie—What is that noise?

Norman—It is only the rooster crowing.

First Tramp—What is the cause of lock-law?

Second Tramp—Lots of check.

Teacher—What is sleep?

Winegate—It is kind of an inherent habit.

Teacher—What do you do when you run?

Adams—Don't know; never tried it.

Prof.—What makes a fellow tired.

Pupil—"Mouth."

Philbrook—No, his feet.

Bright Senior—Seceisim, we-kiss-'em.

Diller objected very strongly to the insinuation that he used "mighty little cuss words:"

Ask Henry, Ralph and Logan what their nicknames for each other are.

Roy Bradbury at Luminary Office—Give me two box seats in the gallery.

A certain Plato wishes it to be distinctly understood that his name is "Kill-Pat-Trick" and that he is a "black baller" from 'way back.

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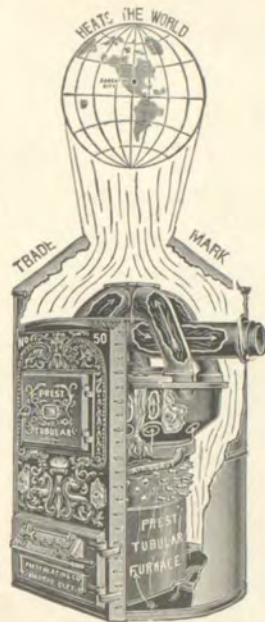
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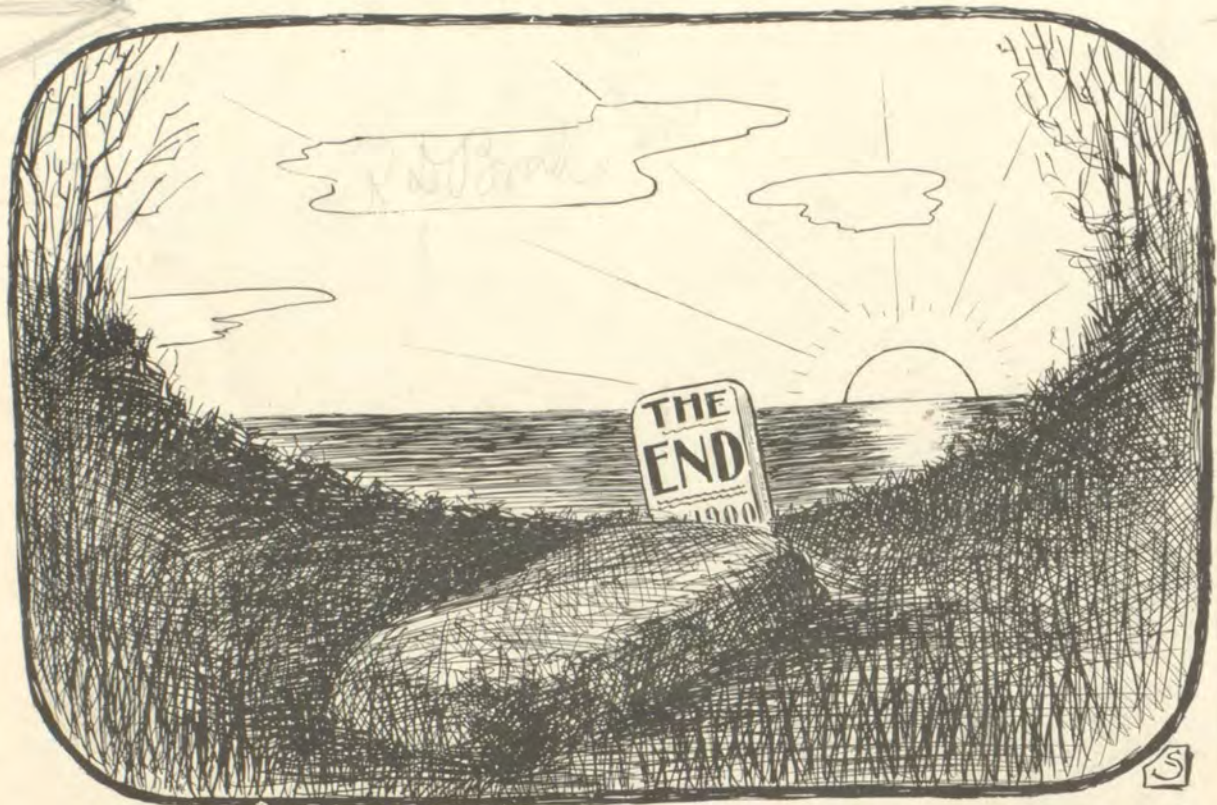
*KANSAS CITY, O.S.A.*

The advertisement is a black and white illustration. On the left, a woman in a dark dress with a white ruffled collar and a large white bouquet stands next to a table with a vase of flowers. In the center, a large, dark, draped object, possibly a sculpture or a piece of fabric, is the focal point. To the right, a woman sits at a desk, looking towards the viewer. The background shows an interior with a window and architectural details. The entire scene is framed by ornate, decorative scrollwork.

278  
216

10/24

24



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