

THE CENTRALIAN.
Volume III.

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"Old Central."

Most Affectionately Dedicated
to the Class of 1901.

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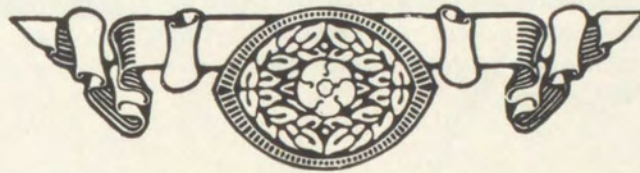
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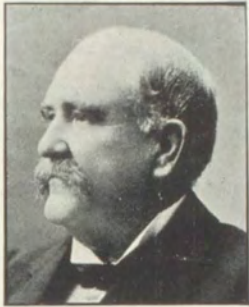
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GREETING.

IN this, the third volume of THE CENTRALIAN, we give to the school what we have earnestly endeavored to make a representative year book or annual of Central High School. We have given every organization in the school a space in which they might publish anything they chose, so that the book may be truly said to be Central's own book. We hope each of our readers will keep THE CENTRALIAN as a memento of the good times we are now enjoying in "Old Central."



E. C. WHITE.
Principal.



I. I. CAMMACK,
Vice-Principal.

School named for this man



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 MISS SUTERMEISTER.
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MR. COLL.
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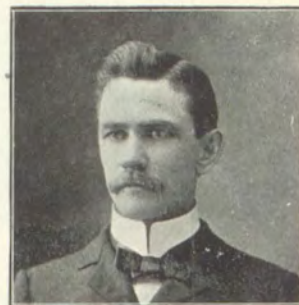
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Editorial

Well, school is about over! Some of us are glad and others are,—well hardly sorry, but, to the Seniors who will never come back to “Old Central” again, there clings a loving, tender feeling for the old school that has been their home for four long years. We are sorry to leave the place where we have had so many good times together, and yet glad to receive a diploma of which any one might well be proud. And, indeed, the whole school may well be proud of the school year just past, for never in the history of Central has there been a more successful one.

Early in December word was passed around that Central would again compete in the annual oratorical contest held at Chicago. Mr. Joseph Ellis was selected as our contestant and he succeeded in carrying off the first prize from a contest in which there were thirty-five schools represented. A little later, the Sons of the Revolution offered a prize for the three best essays on some patriotic subject. Miss Maude H.

EDITORIAL.

Neal and Miss Julia St. Clair, two of our own pupils, reflected honor upon themselves and their school by winning the first and third prizes respectively.

But not only have the good things been done by individuals, but the literary societies have also done some excellent work. On December 21, 1900, the fifteenth annual Christmas Play was given by members of the Philomathean and Platonian societies, the Central Literary Club, and the Society of Literature and History, and every one agreed that it was by far the best Christmas Play ever given on Assembly Hall stage. Such a play, given as that one was, could only have been done by hard rehearsals, and the people who composed the cast deserve great credit for their fine work.

The hall programs of the different societies also deserve mention. The Philos gave theirs first and it was most assuredly a success. It was an original play and was given by young ladies, who would easily make their mark upon the professional stage if they should so choose. The Platos came next with an original farce comedy, and, judging from the extravagantly complimentary things said about them, they made a great hit. The audience was kept

laughing all the time at the ridiculous situations of the old uncle, Ephraim Hasem, and Wood B. Broke, alias Miss Julia Summerfield. The contents of "Plato: His Book" spoke well for the literary ability of the society. The S. L. H. were next in line with a play called "City Ways", which, though not original, was nevertheless well acted by members of that society. The parodies which they sang were some of the best ever sung on our stage. We never tired of listening to the droll talk of Mr. Pendergrass and Mrs. Granson, and our only regret was that the entertainment was not longer. As we go to press, the C. L. C. have not given their hall program, but if it is to be a typical C. L. C. program, we know that it will be a good one.

Such is the kind of work done in Central in a year, and it is the patriotic spirit that prompts this work, which makes the reputation of the Central High School known all over the United States. Every pupil that goes to our school ought always to be ready to stand up for his school, and always to be ready to give three lusty cheers for the Royal Blue and White.

EDITORIAL.

IT surely looks at the present time as if the societies would never regain their former privilege of giving open sessions. About the middle of the year some members of the Platonian Society decided to go before the Board of Education and request that body to again grant the former privilege. Before doing so, however, they went to the president of the Board, Mr. Joseph L. Norman, and asked his advice upon the matter. He advised them to speak to Mr. White and to try to gain his consent to the petition which they had drawn up. This was done, but Mr. White refused absolutely to recommend the Open Sessions. He said that they caused too much excitement and disturbance in the school, and that, therefore, they took away the attention of the pupils from their lessons.

At this juncture all of the societies endorsed the petition of the Platonians and the affair began to take larger form. A joint meeting was held and Mr. White was asked to be present and to state his reasons for opposing the Open Sessions. He told the societies that the Open Sessions, added to the hall programs of the different societies, would make entirely too much disturbance and excitement. To off-set

this, the societies offered to sacrifice the hall programs for the Open Sessions. Mr. White still refused. He also made some objections to the way in which rehearsals were carried on; he said that there was too much "fooling around" done and too little work, and then also there were things in the programs themselves of which he did not approve. To meet this, the societies were willing to put the rehearsals, programs, and even the finances under the supervision of the faculty. In short, the whole thing was to be under the direct control of Mr. White; the societies would simply rehearse their entertainment, have it passed upon by the teachers, and give it at the appointed time. Mr. White could see that every bill was properly taken care of and turn what was left of the money over to the societies. Still Mr. White said no. The societies thought that they had conceded all they could; they had even given the Christmas Play without getting a cent from it; all the money was turned over to Mr. White. There was no use, however, in carrying the matter to the Board, so it was dropped.

If the Open Sessions were again restored, we believe that they could be given with great benefit to the school. The very enthusiasm which they create

EDITORIAL.

is school spirit, and no one can deny that that is a good thing for the school. Since they have been taken away, [there has been a noticeable lack of school interest. Even the athletic contests do not bring the desired result. What the pupils want is to see an entertainment given by their own school-mates in their own school; they can go out and see a ball game any time. A school with its nine long months of study, without a little fun here and there, does not rest well on the average school pupil.

We sincerely hope that some day in the near future, the old entertainments will be revived and that there will be a little more enthusiasm than now exists in Central.

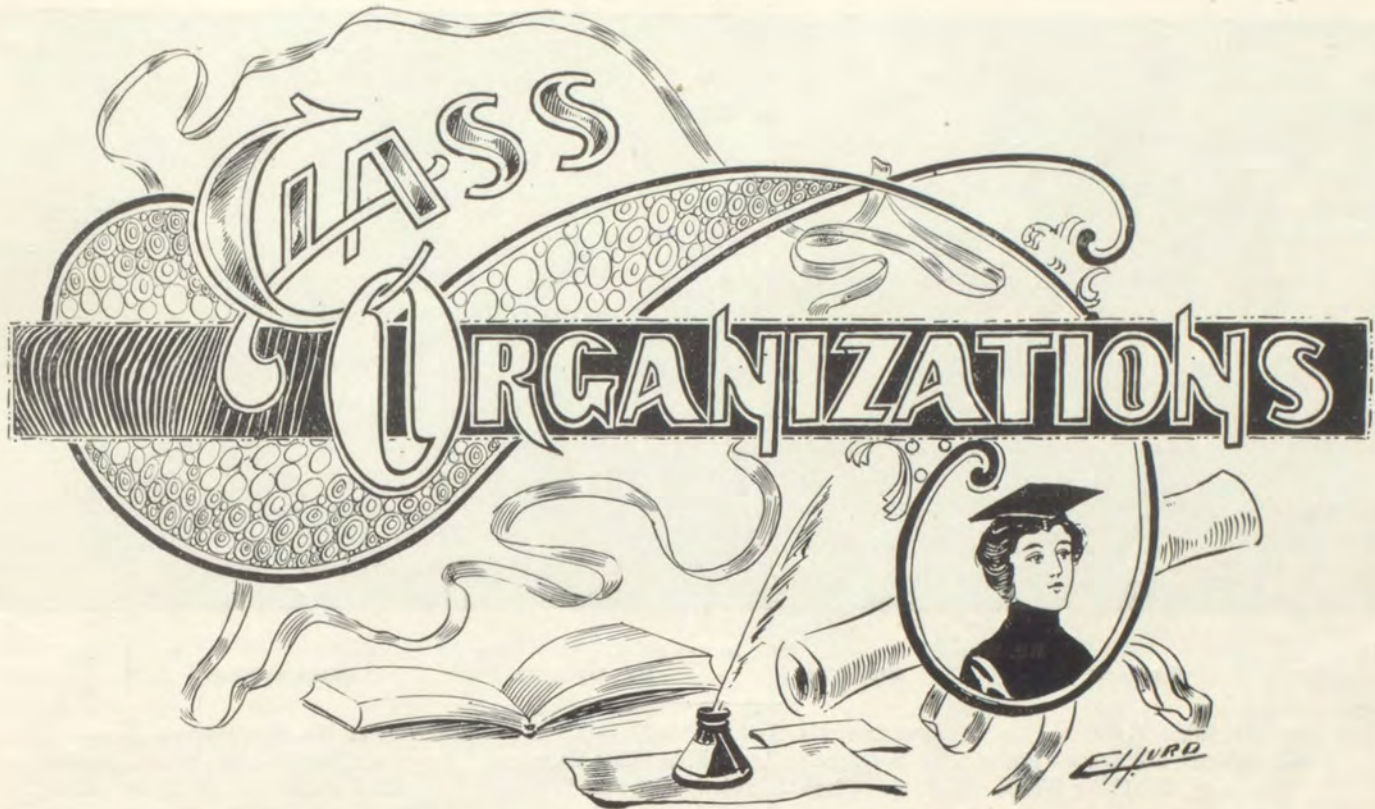
PATRIOTISM is an essential factor in a nation's progress. Love of country, inspiring a common aim in the breasts of men, obliterates all party lines and thus binds the nation together into one great united body. No country can prosper unless there is a deep spirit of patriotism permeating its citizens and it is due to this fact more than any other that the American people stand to-day peerless in their progressiveness.

Patriotism is just as essential to a school's prosperity as it is to a nation's, and Central lacks nothing quite so much as she does broad school spirit.

Perhaps no one thing tends to stir up school spirit as much as athletics and they should, therefore, receive our heartiest support. Mr. Bainter by his skillful management of our teams, has done the school inestimable good. This Spring he also provided convenient training quarters for the track team thus inducing many boys to go in active training. This is the kind of school spirit that counts and it is the kind we need. We must learn to sacrifice more of our personal interests and desires to the welfare of "Old Central." This spirit will make us ever victorious on the platform, unconquerable on the track and on the gridiron.

Looking back on an enviable record we must draw inspiration to surmount present obstacles and advance onward remembering what has gone before and determined to increase the honors of our proud heritage.

Whatever our hand findeth to do let us do it with our might, not now one faction and then another but all together. Let us make Central High School a "*good place to live in*" and when we are graduated we will go feeling the inward satisfaction of having done our work well.





Arthur MR. DEW. *Diller* MR. WOOD. *Maude* MISS NEAL. *Will* MR. HOGSETT. *Edgar* MR. LOVEJOY. *Roy* MR. BRADBURY. *Ethel* MISS MURPHY. *Roscoe* MR. POTTS.

President, Mr. Edgar Lovejoy, ✓
 Vice President, Mr. Roscoe Potts, ✓
 Secretary, Mr. Diller Wood, ✓

Treasurer, Mr. Arthur Dew, ✓
 Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Ethel Murphy, ✓
 Class Historian, Miss Maude Neal, ✓

Class Prophet, Mr. Will Hogsett, ✓
 Giver of Class Gift, Mr. Roy D. Bradbury, ✓
 Class Declaimer, Mr. Joseph Ellis.

The Seniors.



When one stands on the shore of a mighty sea there comes a feeling that these vast tossing waters are the creation of a being infinitely higher than ourselves. Standing at the base of the Rockies, boundless in extent, magnificent in their grandeur, one realizes perhaps for the first time, what a pigmy is man. When one contemplates the class of 1901, perfect in all its rounded beauty, limitless in its possibilities, he sinks in the dust, trembling and afraid. The class of '01 leaves behind it a record radiantly brilliant. In fact its beloved teachers are all suffering from weak eyes, caused by constantly facing such bright and shining lights. "Father Time" recognizing its stupendous prodigity, has shown his appreciation by creating for its special benefit a new century, knowing that the care of its infant purity

and innocence will demand well trained minds and the example of perfect manners.

When the class of 1901, exulting in the rosy flush of youth, walks forth into the garden of life, amidst the twittering of the little birds and the gentle sighings of the morning breezes, the lilies will raise their pure, heavenly features, and murmur softly, "It is mine," and the dainty violets will lift their blushing, angelic faces and cry, "No! we saw it first."





MR. LAWLOR. MISS DANIELS. MISS KIRK. MISS McMILLEN.
 MR. McPHERRIN. MR. NEFF. MR. TAYLOR.

Officers Junior Class.

President, Mr. Woodford Taylor, Secretary, Miss Bessie Daniels, Critic, Mr. Paul Neff,
 Vice-President, Miss Mary McMillen, Treasurer, Mr. Christopher Lawlor, Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Daisy Kirk,
 Senior Gift Receiver, Mr. Howard McPherrin.

The Juniors.



positions; Mr. Coll failed to read the morning paper during school hours; Blodgett got a shave; the moon grew dark; the sun rose and set, and several such unusual things happened when we became members of this school.

We do not number among our members any orators, such as the mighty Barnett; or vocalists, such

as J. Roy Ellis of "Zulu Babe" fame; or actors or playwrights, such as His Nits, Will Hogsett; or again, such freaks of natural history as Roscoe Fairbanks Potts. We are composed of boys and girls of ability. Why, anybody will tell you that,—who don't know us. We are prime favorites with our teachers; they gave us all "m" on our cards,—(m you know, stands for magnificent or magnanimous or some such word). We can always tell that they appreciate us when they ask us to come back and see them in the afternoon. Why they even go so far as to get mad, if we are not there promptly at two o'clock! Now wouldn't that make you hurry?

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Of course, we do not like to brag, but then, confidentially, we really think that we are the warmest things that ever hit this school. Now we wouldn't want that told around for fear people would think we were conceited, but just wait till next year, and if you want to see the most brilliant class that ever graduated from this school, just turn your eye on us.



MISS BUCKNER.

MR. WELLS.

MISS STEVENS.

MR. LOCKRIDGE.

MISS NEAL.

Officers Sophomore Class.

President, Mr. Tom Orr,
Treasurer, Miss Aileen Stevens,

Vice-President, Miss Mary Neal,
Sergeant, Mr. Ed Lockridge.

Secretary, Miss Madge Buckner,
Critic, Mr. Earl Wells.

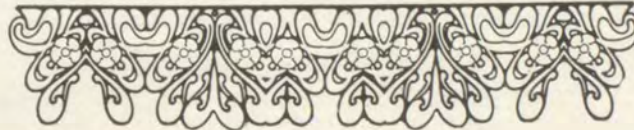
The Sophomores.



To the inquisitive person who had the nerve to question the importance of the Sophomores, we would like to say that we are quietly sawing wood and, like the tar baby, "jes keepin' on sayin' nuffin." Among other things the class of '03 is noted for the beauty of its girls, and if anyone entertains any doubt on the subject, if he will observe the grace and dispatch with which the swell-headed juniors and the haughty seniors eat humble pie before the dainty little sophomore maids, there will not be a shadow of a question that our judgment is correct.

While the other classes are telling how good they think they are, we just keep working on and take the honors the school insists on showering upon us, as modestly as the horrible example of the class of '01 will permit.

When we informed the faculty that we would allow them to assist us in running the school, like the Irishman on horseback, when the horse put his hind foot in the stirrup, they said, "If you're going to get on, I'll get off." But we decided to wait a year before assuming complete control, and in gratitude the faculty is planning to have the recitation rooms of the class of '03 veneered in rosewood and mahogany; upholstered in satin and draped with rare point lace. Butlers in full livery will serve fancy drinks from a sumptuously appointed fountain, in fact any luxury will be procured, absolutely regardless of cost, if it will in any way contribute to the comfort of this, the absolutely greatest aggregation of geniuses ever brought together in one class.





MISS BARR. MR. THOMPSON. MR. SCARRITT. MISS WARFIELD. MR. WALKER. MR. PUGSLEY. MISS LEWIS.

Officers Freshman Class.

President, Mr. Ewing Walker,
 Treasurer, Miss Aletha Barr.

Vice-President, Mr. Will Scarritt.
 Critic, Mr. Charlie Pugsley,

Secretary, Miss Charlotte Warfield,
 Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Julia Lewis.

The Freshmen.



Freshman, Freshman,—there is a very charm in the word; a familiar rhythm and ring that tells of green vales and dales; of one long Spring of delight which finally merges into the Summer of Sophomorphism, then into the Autumnal Juniorism, and then finally into the austere, cold, icy Winter of Seniorism. But why is it that, from time out of mind, the poor, weak, unoffending Freshman has been looked down upon as if he were but one infinitesimal atom in the structure of an educational institution? Why does every one laugh when one of us walks up to Mr. Coll and, in a subdued tone, asks where the elevator is to be found? Those heartless wretches, the Sophomores, although only a neck ahead of us, give us the merry ha-ha whenever they find one of our number lost in the halls. Why is all this? That is a question for older brains



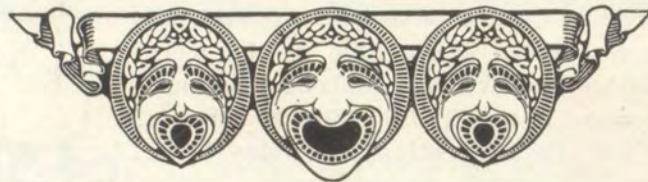
than our frail craniums contain to think upon.

But whatever the reason may be, it will not affect our growth. We intend to expand and show the pupils of this school a thing or two. We have adopted as our class motto the affirmative side of the question, "To Be or Not To Be," and we are going to *be* somebody if we have to wait until we are Sophomores to do it. The older members of the school might well make a note of our independence. Hereafter we are going to treat with cold contempt all attempts to belittle us. We have stood it now for nine months and we think that is long enough. We will, however, make use of the experience gained by watching the present Sophomore class in its struggle for existence. We are going to spring some big surprises on our swell-headed Sophomore friends. Why, next year we are simply going to,—but then I forgot that then we will be Sophomores ourselves.





SOCIETIES



E. J. URO



THE PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Officers and Members of the Philomathean Society.

COLORS: Old Gold and White.

YELL: Thalissa! Thalissa! Thala!
Philomathia! Philo! Philo!

❁❁OFFICERS.❁❁

M. Hampton Neal,	- - - President	Grace Lipscomb,	- - - Kyburnates
Lucia Ford,	- - - Vice-President	Fannie Ketcham,	- - - Critic
Annie Clay,	- - - Secretary	Helena Jahren,	- - - Sergeant
Marianne Brooks,	- - -	- - - Scribe	

❁❁MEMBERS.❁❁

Grace Allen
Lucia Byrne
Madge Buckner
Susie Brooks
Bessie Byers
Marianne Brooks
Helen Brinkman
Nellie Carkener
Annie Clay
Margaret Cutler
Rene Fletcher
Edna Field
Lucia Ford
Julia Freeman

Lucille Gibson
Helen Gentry
Ann Hamilton
Mary Johnson
Helena Jahren
Helen James
Grace Ketcham
Fannie Ketcham
Cornelia Ketcham
Grace Lipscomb
Julia Lewis
Mary McMillen
Lucille Mullett
Helen Mohr
Dorothea Mann

Mary Louise Moore
Marietta Neff
M. Hampton Neal
Mary Neal
Olive Oburn
Mary Peters
Bessie Sooy
Julia Shillito
Marguerite Tyler
Lela Titus
Cora Tracy
Charlotte Warfield
Cara Withers
Ruth Weeks

The Philomathean Literary Society.



The plan pursued heretofore in writing an article about the society has been to tell of its founding and the chief happenings in its history since that time. It may be of interest to know when it was founded and that, through the efforts of its former members, it has secured a place as one of the leading literary societies of the school; but as these are matters of past interest, too much time should not be spent upon them.

Since the societies have been deprived of so many of their privileges, it has been remarked that society spirit and the interest of the school in societies would die out, but the enthusiasm of this year proves this supposition to be false. Now that we are no longer allowed to give our annual Open Session, we have tried to take the disappointment with good grace and to devote all our efforts to giving a successful Hall Programme. Although there has been much discussion as to whether this step should have been

taken by the Board of Education, it is, after all, probably best, as it brings the school more into contact with the societies.

Our friends (?) the Platos, once decided to war with us poor Philos because of a little eaves-dropping heedlessly done, but it is a familiar proverb that "he who laughs last, laughs best," so we think they have taken their revenge.

OLIVE O'BURN.





THE PLATONIAN SOCIETY.

Officers and Members of the Platonian Society.

COLORS: Apple Green and Pink.

YELL: Agomen! Dergomen!
Rip! Ray! Rah!
Plato! Plato!
Sis! Boom! Bah!

❁❁OFFICERS.❁❁

Harry Kendall	President	James Austin	Treasurer
Roscoe Potts	Vice-President	Harry Wayman	Critic
Burnes Moore	Secretary	Howard Hudson	Sergeant-at-Arms
	Earl Wells	Praetor-Platonian	

❁❁MEMBERS.❁❁

Will S. Hogsett
Kimber Barton
Burnes V. Moore
Roy D. Bradbury
Roscoe Potts
Laurence Blodgett
Paul R. Kirtley
Harry S. Wayman

• James H. Austin
Woodford Taylor
Earl Wells
Clifford Jones
Joseph R. Ellis
Paul J. Neff
Guy B. Moore
Tom Orr
Ralph Freyschlag

Harry Kendall
Ewing Walker
R. Howard Hudson
Earl Shrout
Howard McPherrin
Edwin Dunlap
Harry Becket
Ed Lockridge

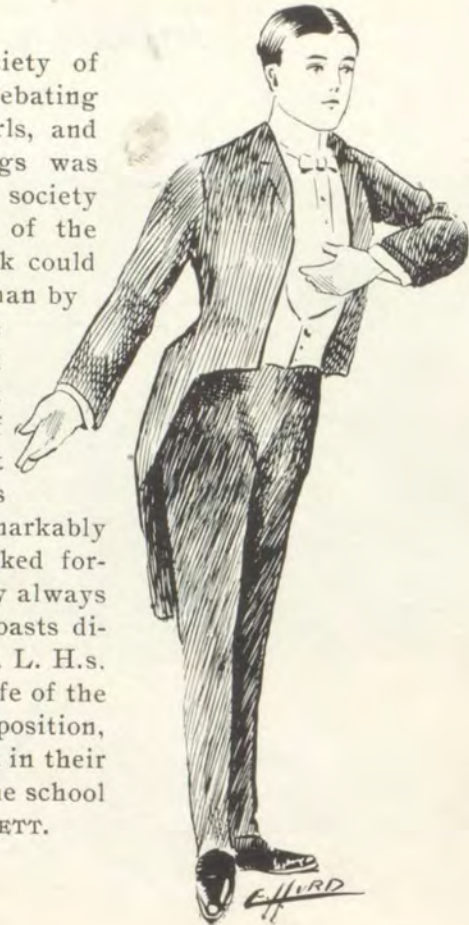


The Platonian Society.

Once upon a time there was organized a society of genii called the "Kansas City High School Debating Society." It was composed of both boys and girls, and the principal business transacted at the meetings was chewing gum and avoiding program duty. This society remained alive for about two years, when most of the masculine element decided that better literary work could be done by a society composed entirely of boys than by the mixture of boys and girls then composing the aforesaid Debating Society. So they seceded and organized themselves into a separate and distinct society having for its object, the enlargement of

the human brain. Finally some one had a thought, (for a change). It was that the name should be the Platonian Society; this name was adopted unanimously. Ever since the society started, it has been remarkably successful. When Open Sessions were given in Central, everyone looked forward to the Platos' Open Session with more than usual interest; for they always contained good literary matter combined with plenty of rather warm roasts directed against their poor, weak colleagues, the Philos, C. L. C.s and S. L. H.s. But even since the Open Sessions have been taken away, since the very life of the societies has been plucked out, even in the face of the strongest of opposition, the Platos have not given an inch. They have taken all the more interest in their hall programs and have endeavored through them to show the pupils of the school what they can do.

WILL S. HOGSETT.





CENTRAL LITERARY CLUB.

Officers and Members of the Central Literary Club.

COLORS: Old Rose and Blue.

YELL: Nika! Nika!
Rip! Rah! Ree!
Nota! Bene!
C. L. C.

❁❁OFFICERS.❁❁

Lloyd Morrow,	President	Edith Schooley,	Treasurer
Diller Wood,	Vice-President	Mabelle Thornton,	Critic
Myrtle Peabody,	Secretary	Margaret Carpenter,	Sergeant-at-Arms
Earl Hurd,		Reporter	

❁❁MEMBERS.❁❁

Raymond G. Barnett
Margaret Carpenter
Will Gill
Elsie Gillham
Kenneth Keebler
Edith Gillham
Lloyd Morrow
Helen Hoover
Edgar Lovejoy
Fred Pugsley
Aley Hutchings
Daisy Kirk

Tom Scruggs
Diller Wood
Elizabeth Oldham
Dorothy Orbison
Roy Sea
James Green
Kathleen Pague
Myrtle Peabody
Christopher Lawlor
Alle Morton
Bolena Saunders

May Huffsmith
Edith Schooley
Margaret Philbrook
Mabelle Thornton
Elizabeth Morton
Malcolm Lowry
Edith Barnett
Edna Rauch
Bertha Glasner
Maude Morrison
Earl Hurd
Stanley Wood



History of the Central Literary Club.



Debating Society was the name of the first literary society in the Central High School. This society was organized in the year 1882. Five years later some of the boys seceded and formed the Platonian Society. In the year 1887 the society changed its name to the Central Literary Club. This same year there was given the first annual Open Session of the Central Literary Club, or C. L. C., and the first annual C. L. C.-Plato contest. These Open Sessions and contests were continued up until two years

ago, when they were suddenly forbidden, without a word being said to the societies. The two societies, the C. L. C. and Platos, made a desperate effort and regained the contest. But this year even that has been taken away. The murmur goes around that the so-

cieties are not doing enough solid, literary work. How can they, when they are pleading to be placed upon a literary basis, be anything but social organizations when the very life is being choked out of them. All of the societies miss their Open Session. None miss them more than the C. L. C. Their Open Sessions always had a reputation for conscientious literary effort. The contest is also a loss for which the society grieves. To-day the C. L. C holds from these contests seven more medals than the Platos. The last contest was a victory for the C. L. C. They won three numbers out of four. The record of the Central Literary Club is one of



which its members can be proud, and those members graduating this year feel confident that its high standard of excellence will be preserved by those members who will be here next year.

RAYMOND G. BARNETT.



SOCIETY OF LITERATURE AND HISTORY.

Officers and Members of the Society of Literature and History.

Colors: Purple and White.

YELL: Boom-a-laca! Boom-a-laca!
 Boom! Boom! Bah!
 S. L. H.! S. L. H.
 Rip! Ray! Rah!

❁❁OFFICERS.❁❁

Allen Wayman,	-	-	President	-	-	Lillie Rothgeiser	-	-	Critic
Laura Welhener	-	-	Vice President	-	-	I. U. Smith	-	-	Sergeant-at-Arms
Carrie Rockefeller	-	-	Secretary	-	-	Chas. Branaman	-	-	Reporter
Georgia Burns	-	-	Treasurer	-	-	Bessie Daniels	-	-	Samuel Lucretius Historicus

❁❁MEMBERS.❁❁

Mary Pepper
 Joyce Richardson
 Hattie Coon
 Irene Gilchrist
 I. U. Smith
 Chas. Branaman
 George Mossbacher
 Bayard Richardson
 Edna Smith

Arlie Stanton
 Georgia Burns
 Frank Kagnor
 Lillie Rothgeiser
 Ethel Peeples
 Arthur Dew
 Ralph Morrison
 Edna Wanamaker
 Bessie Daniels

Josephine Westfall
 Laura Welhener
 Carrie Rockefeller
 Edna Rockefeller
 Mabel Flannery
 Will Singleton
 Newton Wagener
 Allen Wayman
 Everett Copley



The Society of Literature and History.



The Society of Literature and History is proud of its record, and it knows of no better way of singing its own praises than by pointing to what it has achieved in the face of the united opposition of its rivals.

An unvarnished statement of what a few members of the S. L. H. have accomplished may not be amiss. Two of its Alumni, Professor Graves and Professor Luby, are members of the Central high school faculty. One is a rising minister of the gospel. Three are civil engineers. Three are on the reportorial staffs of Kansas City papers. Others hold positions of trust and responsibility in business houses of the city. And one, the gem in our diadem, Miss Elizabeth Parkinson, has but a few days since won all Paris with her beautiful voice, and the telegraph has borne the news around the world that a new and greater Patti has been discovered. Miss Parkinson's first public appearance was as a member of the S. L. H.

In the years when medals were given for excellence in various lines the S. L. H. carried off nine in

three years, more than were secured by all the other societies combined.

Coming down to the present year, the S. L. H. is proud of its membership and of the record it has made. Fraternity strife that has strained almost to breaking the bonds of other societies of the school has found no echo behind the doors of its meeting room. Time which others have consumed in bickerings, its members have spent in the beneficial exercises for which the society was organized. In literary and oratorical ability and in scholarship its members rank among the best. At this writing one of its members is a strong candidate for valedictorian honors. Its representatives on the Christmas play and upon the LUMINARY staff have reflected credit upon it. Year by year it is expanding into fields formerly usurped by its older rivals. Every succeeding year more of its members are to be found among the officers of the various class organizations. It numbers three of last fall's successful football members and the captain of this spring's track team among its members. And thus modestly but with conscious worth have we blown our horn.

RALPH E. MORRISON.





CENTRAL WEBSTER CLUB.

Officers and Members of the Central Webster Club.

COLORS: Gold and Purple.

OFFICERS.

Harry R. McGregor,	- -	President	Robert G. Bruce,	- - -	Treasurer
C. Arthur Bruce,	- -	Vice-President	J. Sherwood Fender,	- - -	Critic
William Browning,	- -	Secretary	Will T. Bowker,	- -	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS.

Sol. B. Laub
Rollin E. Gish
William Browning
Arthur Stout

J. Sherwood Fender
C. Arthur Bruce
Rowland Hill
Harry R. McGregor

Will T. Bowker
Robert G. Bruce
John M. Langsdale
Hal Donohue



The Central Webster Club.



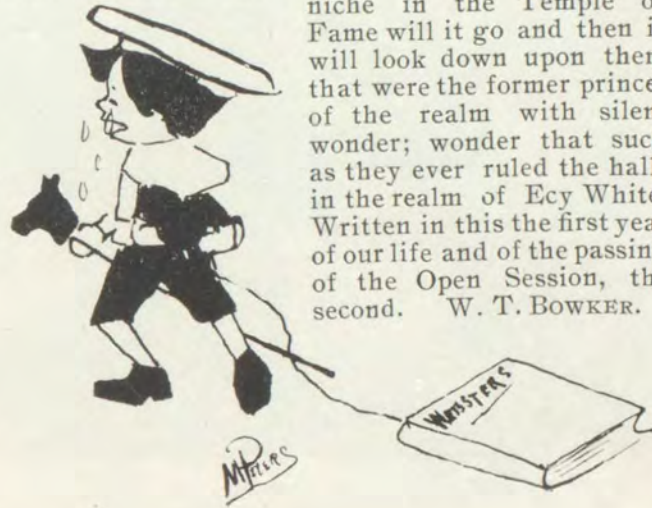
Now, in the days of the good caliph, Ecy White, there did abide under his reign sundry organizations with these exceeding great names, the Platos, the Philos, the S. L. Hs. and C. L. Cs. These did have a monopoly upon society and waxed exceeding haughty and dignified. For many years they did have an annual explosion under the name of Open Session and they did survey with great dignity the whole of the domain of the great caliph and thought that it was theirs to rule for evermore. Whereat the Protector of the Freshmen waxed exceeding wroth and did sit upon the societies and did scrunch them hard. He did hale them forth from their high abodes in the Assembly Hall and did shut down upon the Open Sessions.

Taking warning by this sad fall from the seats of the mighty, various and sundry boys did get together and organized under the name of the Central Webster Club, a society that did have for its object,

mutual advancement along the Royal Road of Learning, by the debate of those great questions that did agitate the popular dome of thought.

So much for the past. Eschewing alike the haughty demeanor of the Platos and the silly frivols of the Philos, this club will go on, under the blessing of the caliph's smile, and looking not down the seductive by-paths of pleasure will press forward even unto that high goal of fame that is so dearly beloved of all mankind. Yea, even unto the very highest

niche in the Temple of Fame will it go and then it will look down upon them that were the former princes of the realm with silent wonder; wonder that such as they ever ruled the halls in the realm of Ecy White. Written in this the first year of our life and of the passing of the Open Session, the second. W. T. BOWKER.



THE LUMINARY STAFF.—Present.



MR. MORRISON. MR. BARNETT. MISS GILLHAM. MISS NEAL. MR. ELLIS. MR. LOVEJOY.
MR. BRADBURY. MISS FREEMAN. MR. HOGSETT. MISS PEPPER. MR. HURD. MISS CARKENER. MR. SINGLETON.

THE LUMINARY STAFF.—Past.



EDGAR LOVEJOY.



JOSEPH ELLIS.



RAYMOND BARNETT.



ELSIE GILHAM.



WILL SINGLETON.



WILL HOGSETT.



ROY BRADBURY.



NELLIE CARKENER.



MAUDE NEAL.



EARL HURD.



MARY PEPPER.



JULIA FREEMAN.



THE LUMINARY-STAFF AT WORK.

History of the Central Luminary.

QUONCE upon a time, when Professor Coll was comparatively a spring chicken, when the institution of "two-sharp" was unheard of, even before Mr. Smith had ever sprung a joke,—in short, in 1885 A D., it was suggested that Central should have a school paper. The suggestion was taken up by the Kansas City High School Debating Society, Central's only society at that time, and the first LUMINARY came out in December, 1885. It was a miserable looking affair of twelve pages, without a cover, and was published on very poor paper. The LUMINARY was issued monthly until 1887 when several members of the Platonian Society gained control of it and made it a much better magazine, printing it on finer paper and increasing its size. The price for it was then ten cents. Pretty soon the Philomathean Society was organized and representatives of that society were elected members of the LUMINARY staff. This made

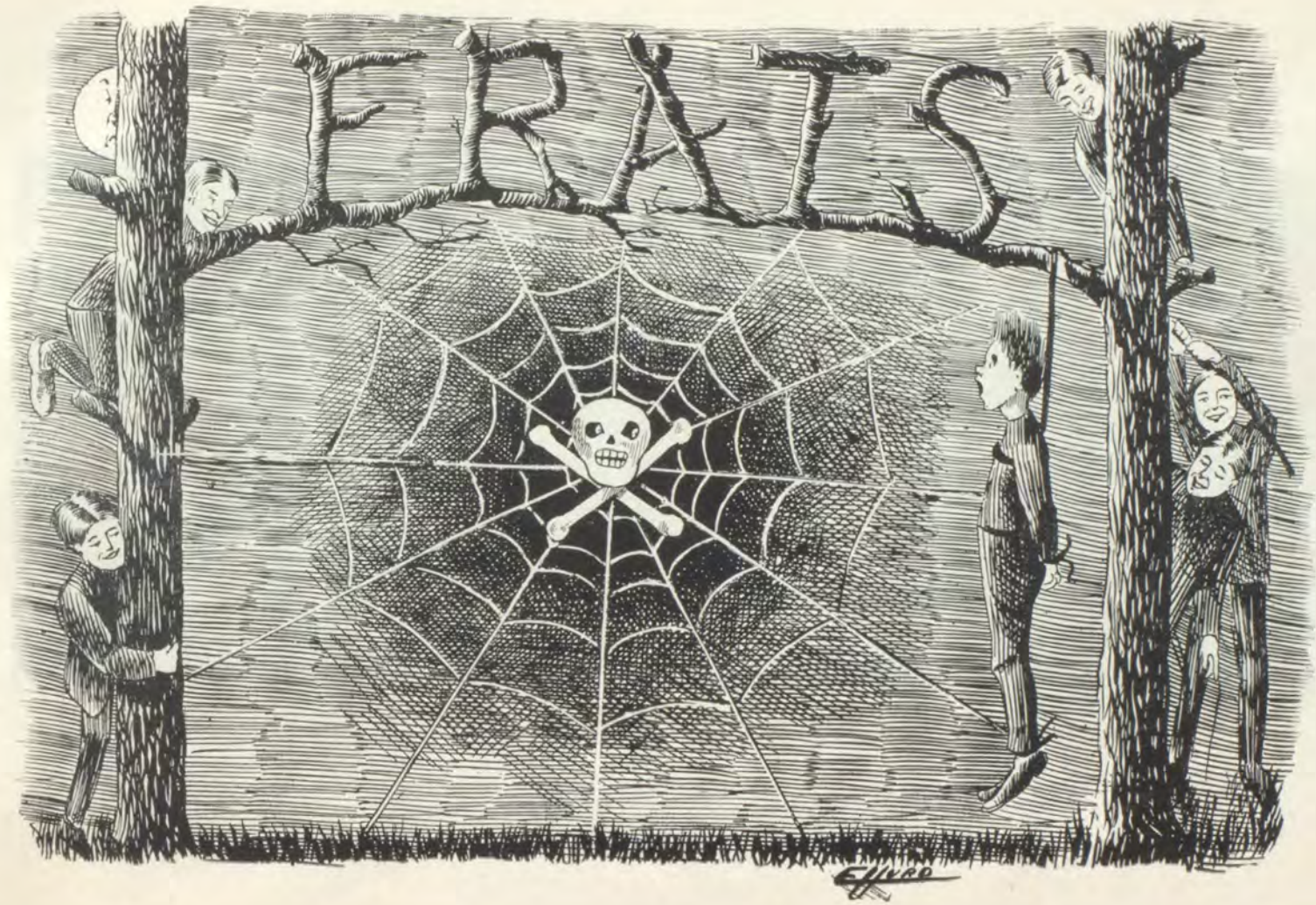
it controlled by three societies: The Debating Society which afterward became the Central Literary Club, the Platonian Society, and the Philomathean Society. It was published monthly at a price of ten cents per copy, additions being made to it from time to time, up till 1898. The paper did not seem to be selling very readily at ten cents; a very few people would buy it and the rest did not seem to care for it at all; so it was decided to reduce the price to five cents and increase the number printed from five hundred to one thousand copies. This seemed satisfactory and in 1899 the first year book, THE CENTRALIAN was published. It was a great success, and accordingly Volume II was published last year. It also met with success and this year, we, the LUMINARY staff, submit Volume III of the CENTRALIAN to you for your inspection. We have tried to make it interesting but you must realize that we could not make the book a success without the co-operation of the school. So that whether this year's CENTRALIAN is a success or a failure remains entirely with you. We have tried to make it Central's book.



LUMINARY STAFF FOR NEXT YEAR.



MR. TAYLOR. MR. JONES. MISS GIBSON. MISS GILLHAM. MR. NEFF. MISS WEEKS.
MISS PEABODY. MR. GILL. MISS KETCHAM. MR. BRANAMAN. MISS DANIELS. MR. SINGLETON.



THE DELTA OMICRON OMICRON FRATERNITY.



JONES.
BRADBURY.

GREEN.
HOGSETT.

TAYLOR.
BARTON.

ELLIS.
BARNETT.

HURD.
MORROW.

BECKET.
GILL.

SEA.
BLODGETT.

Delta Omicron Omicron.

COLORS: Carmine and Gold. FLOWER: Red Rose.

HONORS HELD BY MEMBERS.

RAYMOND G. BARNETT: President of C. L. C.; Editor-in-chief of "Luminary"; a principal part in Christmas Play.

WILL S. HOGSETT: Editor-in-chief of "Centralian"; President of Platos; Business Manager of "Luminary"; Author and Stage Manager of Plato Farce; a principal part in Christmas Play; Prophet of class of '01; Editor of "Plato, His Book."

LLOYD MORROW: Vice-President of C. L. C.; part in Christmas Play; President of C. L. C.

THOMAS BRANIFF: President of Platos; Editor of "Luminary."

ROY D. BRADBURY: Business Manager of "Centralian"; a principal part in Christmas Play; giver of class gift, '01.

JOSEPH ELLIS: Winner of first prize in Chicago Inter-academic Oratorical Contest; Vice-President of Platos; Associate Editor of "Centralian"; Class Declaimer, '01; part in Christmas Play.

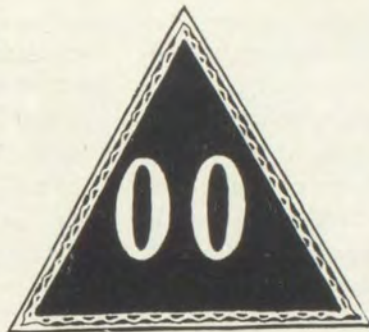
WOODFORD TAYLOR: President of Class of '02; Member of Luminary Staff for next year; Captain of Foot Ball Team, '02.

LAWRENCE BLODGETT: Business Manager of Christmas Play.

JAMES GREEN: Captain of Base Ball Team.

EARL HURD: Artist of the Luminary Staff; Artist of "C. L. C. Book"; Artist of Luminary Staff next year.

WILL GILL: Manager of C. L. C. Hall Program; Member of Luminary Staff next year.



ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Raymond G. Barnett, Joseph R. Ellis,
Lloyd Morrow, Laurence Blodgett,
Will S. Hogsett, Roy Sea,
Kimber L. Barton, Clifford Jones,
Thomas Braniff, James Green,
Roy D. Bradbury, Earl Hurd,
Will E. Gill, Harry Becket,
Woodford Taylor,

CHAPTER ROLL.

Alpha, Kansas City, Mo.
Beta, Topeka, Kas.
Gamma, St. Joseph, Mo.
Delta, Lawrence, Kas.

Delta Omicron Omicron.

IN the fall of the year of 1897 was given birth the Delta Omicron Omicron Fraternity. Five boys, Mr. Herbert B. Yeager, Mr. Halsey M. Lyle, Mr. Douglas C. Crowell, Mr. C. Will Lawrence and Mr. William N. Jones, members either of the C. L. C. or Plato literary societies, were the charter members. It was with difficulty that the Delta Omicron Omicron obtained a footing. The other two fraternities, who until that time had run things to suit themselves, threw every obstacle possible in the way of their coming rival and on all occasions fought it bitterly. Notwithstanding this strong opposition, however, the new brotherhood forced itself to the front and soon became a prominent factor in the life of the school. In the year '98-'99 it became powerful enough in one of the literary societies before mentioned to defy the combined strength of the other two fraternities. That same year it was one of two of the fraternities to win a number each in the C. L. C.-Plato contest. In this year also was given the first of the annual receptions of the Fraternity. During the following

year, '99-'00, the Fraternity rose to power in the other literary society and gained also many honors throughout the school. In the C. L. C.-Plato contest of that year, the D. O. O. was the only fraternity to win a number. At the close of the year the roll of honors much overshadowed that of the other two fraternities combined. This year, the year of 1900-'01 the Delta Omicron Omicron has slowly and steadily increased in influence and has defeated in the long run the combined efforts of the other two fraternities. The roll of honors this year is even larger than it was last year. Nor are the honors those won by political wirepulling, but honors won by individual merit. It is a point of pride with Delta Omicrons that in those entertainments of the C. L. C. and Platos where literary ability is demanded, the other fraternities have without any fuss stepped out and handed over responsibility to their rival.

Brilliant has been the record of the Delta Omicron Omicron this year, and, if prospects may furnish a basis for judgment, that of next year will be even more brilliant. RAYMOND G. BARNETT.

THE PHI LAMBDA EPSILON FRATERNITY.



LAWLOR. POTTS. KEEBLER. LOVEJOY. KIRTLEY. KENDALL. McCARTY.
LOCKRIDGE. MOORE. FREYSLAG. WELLS. SCARRITT.

Phi Lambda Epsilon.

Scarlet, Gold, White, Red Carnation.



ACTIVE CHAPTERS, 16; SUB ROSA, 6.

ROLL OF ZETA CHAPTER.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Edgar Lovejoy
Richard McCarty
Paul Kirtley
Roscoe F. Potts
Kenneth Keebler
Ralph Freyschlag ✓
Harry Kendall
Christopher Lawlor
Guy Moore
Earl Wells
Edward Lockridge ✓
Will Scarritt ✓

HONORS.

President of Senior Class
President of Platos
President of C. L. C's. (Two terms)
Manager of Glee Club
Vice President of Senior Class
Vice President of Freshman Class
Vice President of Platos (Two terms)
Editor of "Plato His Book."
Editor of "C. L. C. Book."
Business Manager of "Plato His Book."
Business Manager of "C. L. C. Book."
Business Manager of Luminary.
Business Manager of Plato Farce.
Captain of 2nd Foot Ball Team.

Phi Lambda Epsilon.



ETA Chapter of Phi Lambda Epsilon was placed in Central High School in the year 1895 at the request of four very prominent members of the Platonian and C. L. C. Literary societies. By the results that soon became evident after the founding of the chapter, Phi Lambda was there for a purpose and from that time until the present writing, Phi Lambda has been branching out in its lines of work until now the main objects of the fraternity are as follows:

First—To promote friendly relations among its members.

Second—To develop more interest in the Literary societies and further a better school feeling among the students.

And third—To endeavor to secure for its members honors in all the contests,—both physical and mental—in which they are engaged.

In regard to the latter we do not believe the Phi Lambda ever backed a person unfitted for the place which he would fill if elected.

These are the things which our fraternity has striven to do for the school, individually and collectively and we point with pardonable pride to our record in trying to keep up our resolutions.

No member has ever been taken into Phi Lambda because he was a "popular idol" or a "social lion." If the members, after a thorough discussion of the

candidate, decide that the barbarian would, because of his good standing in the class room and among his fellow students, make a good Fraternity worker, and could and would bring some honor to the Phi Lambda, the doors of Greekdom are thrown open to him and he is taken out of the world of the barbarians. In this way the members have made Phi Lambda one of the best "Frats" in Central. Since the founding of Phi Lambda, two other fraternities have been established in this school. Although in a great many of the contests in which all of these fraternities have taken part, a great deal of feeling has been aroused, still it can never be said the Phi Lambda Epsilon did not do what was honorable in every instance. No matter how powerful she was in school because of her position, Phi Lambda never deliberately cut or demeaned a man of another faction. As the result of this fair and just treatment of "all concerned" the school at large has put more and more faith and trust in the Phi Lambda and she in return has helped her friends and admirers in the student body in many ways. This kindly regard for Phi Lambda in the minds of the barbarians is prized and guarded more by the fraternity than any honor for any or all its members. We hope that this feeling between members of Phi Lambda and the student body will never die out and that the pleasant relations that have been maintained in the past will be continued in the future.

THE PHI SIGMA FRATERNITY.



HOCKER.

WOOD.

DUNLAP.

AUSTIN.

SCRUGGS.

TAFT.

RUSSELL.

MOORE.

PUGSLEY.

Phi Sigma.

COLORS : Turquoise, Pearl and Gold.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

James Austin,	Thomas Orr,
Ralph Byrne,	Frederick Pugsley,
Edwin Dunlap,	Roy Russell,
Burton Hoeker,	Thomas Scruggs,
Burnes V. Moore,	Willard Taft,
	Diller C. Wood.



HONORS HELD BY MEMBERS.

DILLER WOOD—Secretary of Senior Class;
Vice-President of C. L. C.

THOMAS ORR—President of Sophomore
Class.

ALUMNI MEMBERS.

Howard Austin
Edward Braniff
Benj. S. Brown
Theodore M. Criley
D. L. James
Benj. Lee
Paul Leidigh
Albert Lombard
Paul Mohr

Henry Hopkins
Frank Mulford
Clifford Snow
Ralph Swofford
Whitfield Mulford
Kersey Reed
Douglass Atwill
Arthur Byrne

Mason Dean
Clay Dobson
James Gibson
Comingo Griffith
Barton Hall
Hebard James
Philip Parkinson
John S. Welsh, Jr.
Wm. A. Vaughn.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Alpha, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Beta, Detroit, Mich.
Gamma, Kansas City, Mo.

Delta, Chicago, Ill.
Epsilon, Oakland, Cal.
Zeta, San Francisco, Cal.

Eta, Chicago, Ill.
Theta, Buffalo, Ill.
Iota Alpha Lan, Los Angeles, Cal.

Phi Sigma.

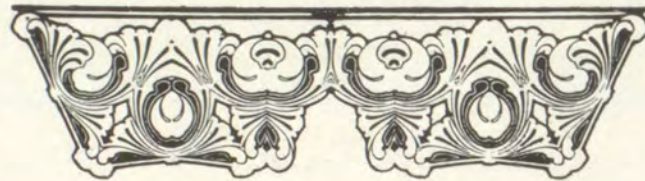
WHEN the literary societies of this school were at the height of their power, a new organization arose from seemingly nowhere. This fraternity, for such it was, thereafter became known as the Phi Sigma. Its power grew so rapidly that, before the school was aware of the fact, this fraternity was recognized as the strongest organization of any kind at Central. The success of this Greek letter fraternity was the signal for the beginning of another, and soon the Central High School of Kansas City became known as a school of fraternities. Now there are three fraternities, rivals to the bitter end. The result may easily be seen—"school spirit"—the essential of a school's success. This quality has been developed to such an extent that the spirit of our school closely resembles that of a college. Thus it may be said that

Phi Sigma has been instrumental in bringing about the wonderful success of this school.

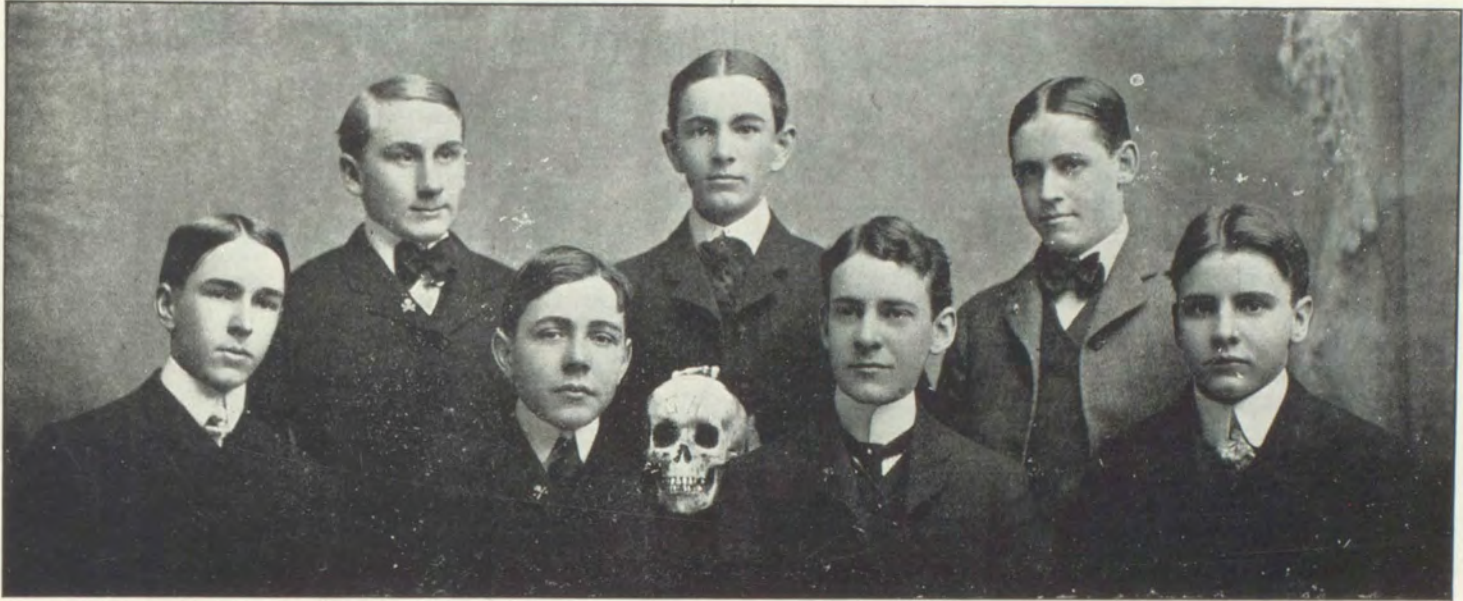
Not satisfied with carrying off the majority of school honors in this city the members of this fraternity have succeeded in doing the same in the Eastern colleges. Princeton's monthly paper, *The Nassau Lit*, the editors of which are selected for their literary talent, has as an editor-in-chief a Phi Sigma man. Phi Sigma is also represented in the staff of editors of *Harvard's Monthly* and of *The Crimson*.

Yale has in one of Phi Sigma's men a writer of much talent, whose name is connected with the monthly magazine. In the present year in the distribution of school honors, Phi Sigma has fully received its share. Thus it may be seen that Phi Sigma has not been idle, and let us hope that she may never be, but that she may with her present strength gain yet more success.

DILLER WOOD.



THE SKULL AND CROSSBONES FRATERNITY CLUB.



BARTON.

B. MOORE.

G. MOORE.

FREYSCHLAG.

BRADBURY.

POTTS.

Ralph E.
BYRNE.

The Skull and Crossbones Fraternity Club.

CLUB COLORS: Crimson and Silver.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Kimber L. Barton	Roscoe F. Potts
Ralph W. Freyschlag	Roy D. Bradbury
Guy B. Moore	Ralph E. Byrne
J. Scott Harrison, Jr.	Burnes V. Moore



CHAPTER ROLL.

Alpha, Indianapolis, Ind.
Beta, Minneapolis, Minn.
Gamma, Kansas City, Mo.
Delta, Omaha, Neb.

On the 25th of June, 1900, four boys, Kimber L. Barton, Guy Moore, Scott Harrison and Ralph Freyschlag, organized a club which was known to the public as "H. D." In the following September, they decided to extend their membership and start a chapter of the "Skull and Crossbones Fraternity Club." With this end in view, Roy D. Bradbury, Roscoe Potts, Ralph Byrne, and Burnes Moore were elected to represent the fraternities of which they were members.

The membership has been limited, and next year

a member of this club must be a senior, a member of a fraternity and of a literary society.

The object of the club is to eliminate all the fraternity strife and to promote a better feeling between the fraternities. Although but little has been accomplished thus far in overcoming the antagonistic spirit between the fraternities, we are looking forward to the time—which we hope is not far off—when "Old Central" will have regained her old time peaceful attitude.

RALPH W. FREYSLAG.



THE SIGMA* PSI SORORITY.



MISS BUCKNER.
MISS HAMILTON.

Kelle
MISS BOONE.
MISS LEWIS.

MISS COMBS.
MISS THORNTON.

MISS SAUNDERS.
MISS PAGUE.

MISS JAHREN.
MISS ALLEN.

MISS STEVENS.

The Sigma Psi Sorority.

COLORS: Dark Red and Apple Green.

OFFICERS

Miss Ann Hamilton	- - -	President
Miss Aileen Stevens	- - -	Vice-President
Miss Madge Buckner	- - -	Secretary
Miss Belle Boone	- - -	Treasurer
Miss Mabel Allen	- - -	Critic



MEMBERS

Mabel Allen	Julia Lewis
Madge Buckner	Mabelle Thornton
Belle Boone	Kathleen Pague
Aileen Stevens	Bolena Saunders
Ann Hamilton	Cordelia Combs
Helena Jahren	Angeline Munger
Jessie Butts.	

With the coming of the new year and the coming of the new century there came also to "Old Central" something new and entirely different from anything which it had ever before sheltered; a girls' fraternity—more correctly, a sorority—was organized. To those of us who knew the members of the Sigma Psi (in their previous existence as the "Naughty Nine" and the O. Y. 9.), the fact that they were to have charge of the sorority, was proof incontestable that it would be an unqualified success.

In this sorority there are eleven active members and two honorary members, making thirteen in all, but it must be remembered that thirteen is a lucky number in this present century.

It is true, that, being but recently organized, they have, as yet, done little; that their successes are yet to come; that their history is written in the unseen pages of the future, not in the open books of the past.

But look you! beauty, wit, tact and sweetness—these four combined, are they not invincible? Would it be presuming much on the future to draw for them a proud horoscope of unending conquest? Hail to thee, our "sister." We surrender, unconditionally, to these unparalleled charms, and may thy future be brighter than even our most ardent wishes could make. The fraternity bows the knee to the sorority. "The King is dead but long live the Queen."

MABEL ALLEN.

THE TAU PHI SORORITY.



MISS RAWSON. MISS CARKENER. MISS FORD.
MISS FREEMAN. MISS MANN. MISS JOHNSON.

Tau Phi.

Though to be a Tau Phi is the Alpha and Omega of existence, we do *not* call ourselves the Alpha chapter, and we freely acknowledge that we are the "only ones"



MEMBERS.

Nellie Carkener
Mary Johnson
Helen Mohr
Julia Freeman
Anne Rawson
Dorothea Mann
Lucia Ford



in the world, which is not egotism. Nor were we constituted after the manner of fraternities, with black cowls and blue lights, grim skulls and white bones, to produce a proper scenic effect.

No, we just happened. Our purpose is shrouded in mystery—(even to ourselves)—and you will have to guess, but in vain—for the sub-

tle and powerful charm conveyed in the mystic letters, Tau Phi, a charm so potent that it conjured up a group of seven girls, the like of whom cannot be found in this earth's revolving round.

MARY JOHNSON.



CENTRAL GLEE CLUB.

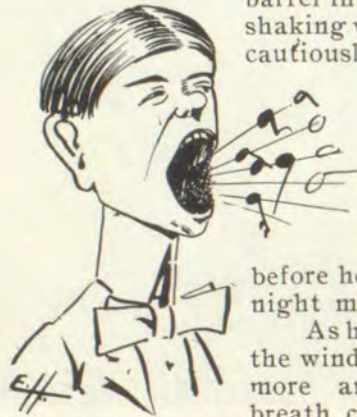


SEELEY. FREYSCHLAG. ELLIS. WITHERSPOON. MORROW. POTTS. LOVEJOY. WOOD. MOORE.
GILL. HOGSETT. MCPHERRIN. MRS. VORHEES. RUSSELL. AUSTIN.

The Central Glee Club.

QN a dark and dismal evening last February two, gaunt, hungry-looking tom-cats sat perched on Ellis' back fence. With many mournful long drawn out yowls they were busily expounding the famous "Cat Logic" which Mr. Minckwitz so firmly maintains originated in his 6th hour Homer class.

While engaged in an unusually hot debate a sound came to their ears so horrible that Thomas I. dropped lifeless into the tender embrace of a refuse barrel in the alley. Thomas II., shaking with unutterable dread, cautiously crawled along the



fence. Never before in all the varied history of his nine lives had he heard such sounds as were now leaking out of the house that had been his "happy home" before he had joined that fly-by-night minstrel troupe.

As he drew nearer and nearer the window his progress became more and more painful. His breath came in "short pants," his eyeballs seemed to be bursting from their sockets while a peculiar zig-zag haze enveloped every

thing in a ghostly pall. The iron grating at the coal chute was slowly curling up and the house in its agony sweat great drops of paint. Drawing closer he also noticed that the window too seemed to have a *pane!*

Looking in fearfully he saw eight rather harmless looking young men grouped gracefully around a sorrel piano. Thomas II succeeded in retreating almost to the walk when the strain became too great, something snapped and Thomas' lights went out forever.

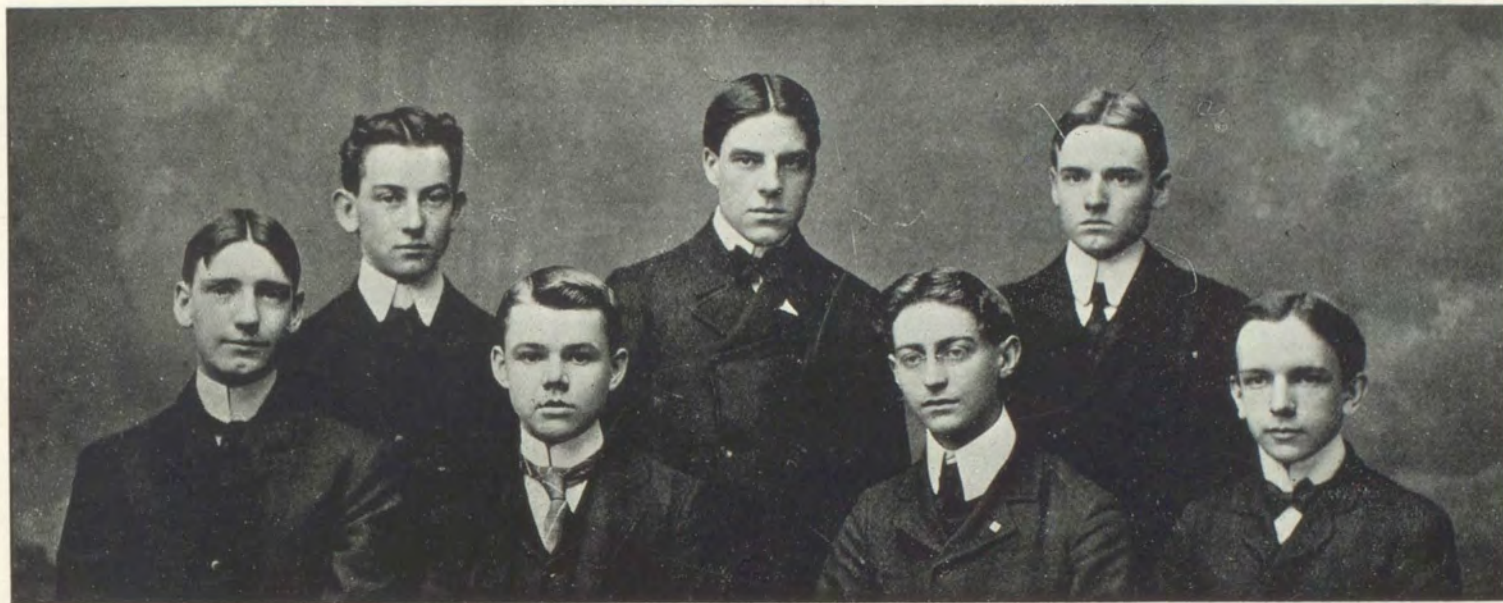
Such was the beginning of the Glee Club, now perhaps the most successful organization at Central. The Glee Club was so fortunate in the start as to obtain the assistance of Mrs. Carrie Farwell Voorhees to whose untiring, patient work the success of the organization is mainly due.

The first public performance was given before the Athenaeum Club and it met with a royal reception. The boys entered into the spirit of the rollicking college songs and seemed to enjoy them as much as the audience.

Notwithstanding the tragic scenes of its birth, the Glee Club has prospered so harmoniously that the shivering shade of Thomas II. would scarcely recognize in the rich chords of the "Two Roses" or the sweet harmony of a "Summer Idyl" the same voices that had moaned so discordantly what proved to be his death song.

JOSEPH R. ELLIS.

CENTRAL MANDOLIN CLUB.



LOVEJOY.

REED.

MOORE.

LOOMIS.

HUGHES.

BITTING.

CLARK.

CAST OF CHRISTMAS PLAY.



MISS FLETCHER. MR. MORROW. MR. ELLIS. MR. BLODGETT. MR. BRADBURY. MISS JONES.
MR. BARNETT. MR. WAGENER. MISS PETERS. MISS PEPPER. MISS MULLETT. MR. HOGSETT. MR. SINGLETON.

The Christmas Play.

GVERY year the four societies of Central High School, namely, the Philos, C. L. C.'s, S. L. H.'s and Platos, give a Christmas play. The best talent of the societies is picked out, a play decided upon, and a trainer engaged, about six weeks before Christmas.

Then the fun begins. Every day, promptly at one o'clock the call for rehearsal is sounded. Studies, if gotten at all, are prepared by the midnight gas; teachers rave, the trainer breaks foot-lights and properties in his vain endeavors to find some talent in the amateurs; the boys swear *sotto voce*, the girls weep, and last, but not least, the faculty shakes its dignified head and solemnly vows to cut out such frolics in the future. This may not have been the experience of the Christmas players of the past, but it surely was of those who gave that uproarious farce last Christmas, "What Happened to Parker." But after all the ups and downs of stage training, the play was a howling success.

Never before was such acting seen at Central. Never again will such acting be seen unless there be some very brilliant stars in the Christmas players of

the future. From the moment the curtain rose the audience sat amazed at the array of beauty and talent spread out before it, and the whole performance went off without a hitch, save for the periodic spasm of the curtain.

There is neither time, space nor words to elaborate upon the merits of the individual players. Suffice it to say that it was the best play ever given at Central, thanks to the excellent cast. The finances were entirely under the control of the faculty, the proceeds to be used for the purpose of improving Assembly Hall stage.

The members of the cast were as follows:

Fred Parker, a dry goods merchant.....	Raymond G. Barnett
Wm. Torrence, his partner.....	J. Roy Ellis
Jeremiah Growler, a chronic kicker.....	Will S. Hogsett
James Jones.....	Roy D. Bradbury
Dr. Rogers.....	Newton Wagener
Mr. Harrison, a capitalist.....	Lloyd Morrow
Sergeant Ripley.....	Will Singleton
Vivian, Parker's wife.....	Mary Peters
Mildred Green, Vivian's aunt.....	Mary Pepper
Hebe Worthy, Growler's niece.....	Rene Fletcher
Cora, maid at Parker's.....	Lucille Mullett
Tillie, a waitress.....	Gladys Jones
Two guards.....	Frank Kaynor, Allen Wayman.





CENTRAL TRACK TEAM.

The Track Team.

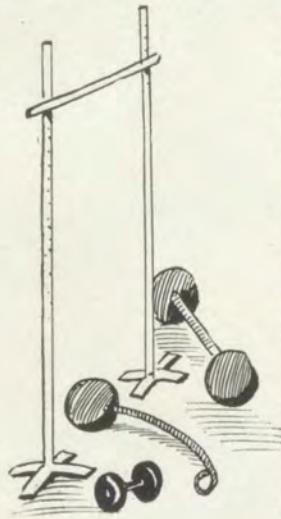
THE prospects for a good track team were never better than they are this year; never before has there been more interest taken in track athletics than at the present time. The boys who were at all interested have turned out in force and have trained faithfully since early in the spring, having in mind only one object—

that of giving Central the best track team she has ever had; and from indications as we go to press, they have succeeded most nobly.

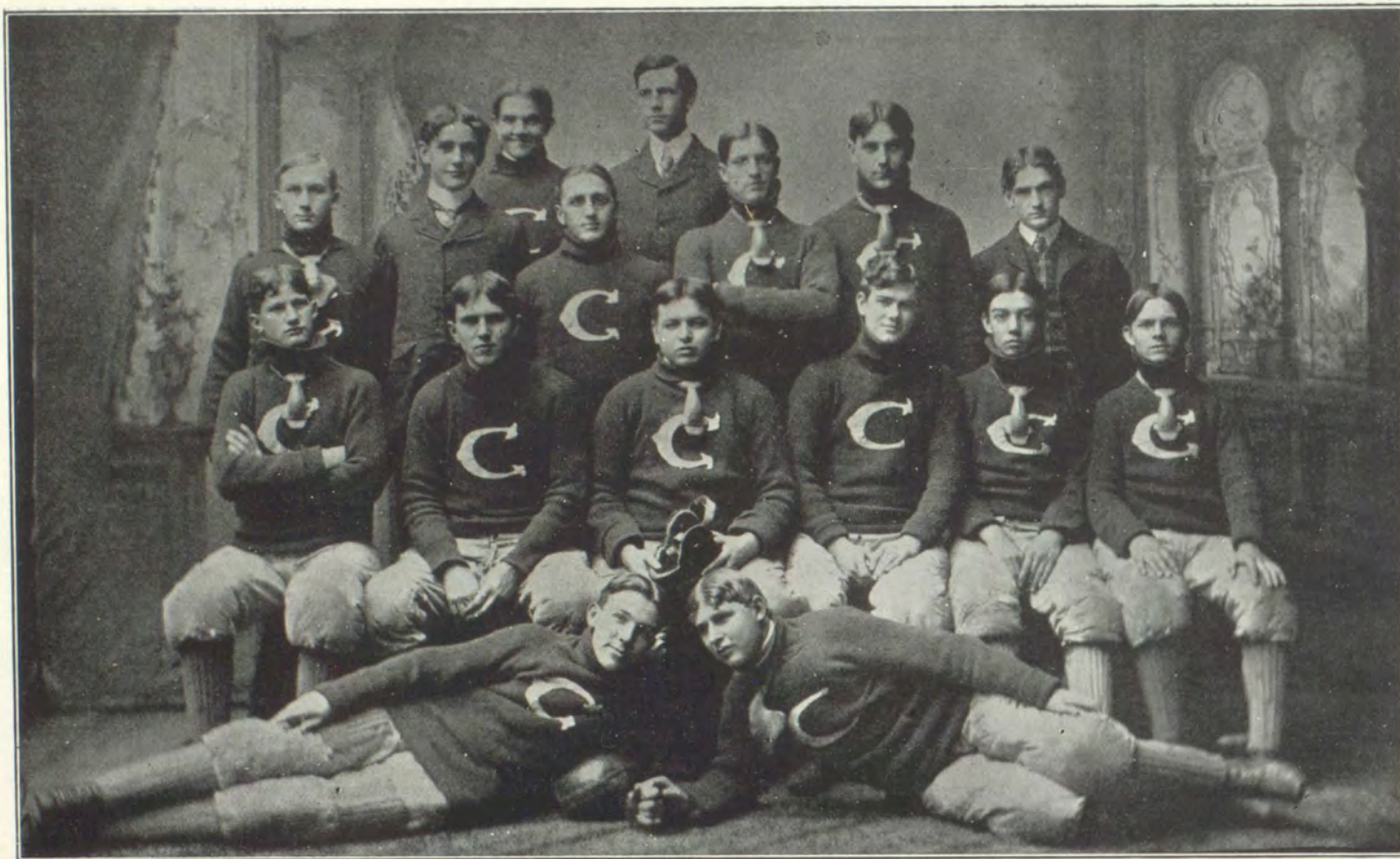
Manager Bainter has arranged a long schedule of meets to be held with our old football rivals—St. Joseph, Topeka, Lincoln, Wentworth Military Academy, and Manual Training School—and we may expect to receive a liberal share of the honors. But the only regret we have is that we were unable to meet our sister school,

Manual, alone on the cinder path and to try to redeem ourselves for the loss of the foot-ball game played with her last fall. For some reason, unknown to us at present, it has been decided to drop this contest from the list. This seems a pity, for the pupils in each school would rather see this particular meet held than any other, on account of the sharp rivalry existing between the schools in all other lines of athletics. But we have next best thing in the two contests arranged for the first two weeks in May, where we shall have a chance to meet Manual, although together with several other teams.

Our team is strong in the runs—especially the long distance runs—and the high jump, but rather deficient in the shot put and hammer throw as was the case last year. However, taking our team as a whole, as we look at it at the present writing, we have great cause to congratulate ourselves. But by the time this book is issued we shall know whether our self-congratulations were well founded or not. But meanwhile we shall hope for the best; and let us have patriotic spirit enough to attend all the meets and to give our hearty support to the boys who are struggling to keep Central's laurels flying.



CENTRAL FOOT BALL TEAM.



MOORE. STANTON. BAITER.
GOODWIN. McPHERRIN. MORRISON. MILLER. BRANAMAN. BOONE.
WASHER. TAYLOR. MARTIN. SHIPPEY. BAKER.
SCROGGINS. KINNEY.

Foot Ball.



CENTRAL should be proud of her foot ball record for the past year, for it beats* by far any record in her history. This statement is not made unadvisedly, for, considering the hard luck against which Central played in most of her games, she did remarkably well in winning as many games as she did. She was unusually unfortunate in having her players disabled, frequently to the point of leaving the game, and in several instances such accidents were the cause of losing a game, for instance, in the Central-Manual game when Mr. Pharris Martin was compelled to leave the game, thereby weakening the line; and also in the second Central-Topeka game, when Mr. Woodford Taylor was severely injured and compelled to quit playing. Such is the hard streak of luck which Central had to fight this year.

It would be difficult to attempt to pick out the stars from our team, for there are so many of them; but for an all around foot-ball player, both offensive and defensive, Mr. Woodford Taylor, the quarter-back, would probably take first place. Mr. Morrison the full-back was also a valuable addition to our team as were Mr. Stanton and Mr. Shippey, our

plucky half-backs. Mr. Martin center, should come in for his full share of praise, and it is due to Mr. Washer's excellent management and experience, that the team made such an excellent showing. But it is useless to enumerate the players and their virtues. They speak for themselves.

The following is a schedule of the games played last season:

Kansas City, Oct. 13.....	Central 43; St. Joseph, 0.
Lexington, Oct. 20.....	Central 0; Wentworth Military Academy, 23.
Kansas City, Oct. 26.....	Central 6; Topeka 0.
Kansas City, Nov. 10.....	Central 5; Manual 6.
St. Joseph, Nov. 17.....	Central 30; St. Joseph 0.
Topeka, Nov. 28.....	Central 0, Topeka, 12.

The following is the line-up of last year's team:

Howard Goodwin.....	right end.
Eb Washer (captain).....	right tackle.
Howard McPherrin.....	right guard.
Pharris Martin.....	center.
Chas. Branaman.....	left guard.
Hal Scroggins.....	left tackle.
Paul Baker.....	left end.
Arlie Stanton.....	right half-back.
Lee Shippey.....	left half-back.
Woodford Taylor.....	quarter back.
Ralph Morrison.....	full back.

Substitutes,—Miller, Boone, Kinney, Moore, and Van Eman.



CENTRAL BASE BALL TEAM.

Base Ball.

CENTRAL has certainly not made a very brilliant showing this year in the way of base-ball games. At the first of the season the outlook was indeed promising, but just as soon as they commenced playing, all hope vanished, for the first game played was an overwhelming defeat for Central. The score was 16 to 4, but that was not the worst part. The thought of losing to Manual was what hurt. The idea of letting that excuse for a team beat us out was fearfully galling. But we had to swallow it as best we could and hope for the better. But, alas! here came our friends from across the state line, the Kansas City, Kansas High School team, and when they got through with us, we were still one run shy. The score was 17 to 16. Pretty nearly discouraged but still fighting, we started to do battle with the team from the Westport High School, and we demonstrated the fact that we were "not dead but only sleeping" by beating them to the tune of 21 to 12. This concludes the list of games played up till the time we go to press, and we

sincerely hope that during the rest of the season the team will make a better showing. Captain Green

has picked the best of the players who have come out to practice and has done all in his power to bring up the standing of the team. One way for the school to encourage the boys is by coming out to watch them play. The line up of the team follows:



McNulty.....	catcher.
Kinney.....	left-fielder.
Washer.....	second base and pitcher.
Sanders.....	second base and pitcher.
Diers.....	pitcher.
Marshall.....	first base.
J. Green (captain).....	shortstop
Graves.....	third base.
B. Green.....	right field.
Cotton.....	center field.



GIRLS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.



HELEN.

A Storiette—The Violin Maker's Daughter.

RECLINING comfortably in a big steamer chair, Beverly Ledyard looked the picture of contentment. As he puffed little rings of smoke from a small briar-wood pipe, his thoughts were far distant from the beautiful moonlight scene shimmering before him. He was thinking of his college days of only a year ago, when everything seemed so promising and happy. His face relaxed somewhat when he thought of the day he first met Helen Royden; and then the great game, how vivid it all was, the grey November sky, the cheering crowd, the pandemonium when he, at the head of his team, trotted on the field for a preliminary warming up. A thrill went through him even now as he remembered the hush that settled on the vast crowd as he prepared to kick off, and then the long nerve-straining game with the score still nothing to nothing. He never had quite understood how he got away from that left end, but after he had struggled across the goal line with the opposing full on his back, what a deafening cheer went up. This had seemed to seal their friendship. He was her hero, and he worshipped her.

When she left college to travel with her aunt, how desolate it all was. Letters had come less and less frequently until a misunderstanding stopped the correspondence, and now fortune had

A STORIETTE—THE VIOLIN MAKER'S DAUGHTER.—*Continued.*

placed them on the same ship bound for home after such a long separation. As he sat there in the moon light, all was still except the steady, faint, "chug, chug" of the engines and the soft strumming of the orchestra in the main salon. Suddenly some one down on the steerage deck below him began to sing, accompanied by a rich toned violin whose sympathetic sweetness seemed to tell a story of its own. The song was one of those sad melancholy ballads, that the Italian loves so well, and it sank into Beverly's very soul. When the music stopped and all was still again, Beverly, heaving a heavy sigh, retraced his steps to the salon. With a jealous pang he saw Helen chatting merrily with Cecil Van Dorf, a rich young snob who had been in his class at college. As Beverly came towards them a close observer might have been able to discern a faint color rise to her face, and as he passed with a very grave quiet, "Good evening, Miss Royden," he might also have noticed that she started slightly at the chilly greeting.

As Beverly went to his state-room his thoughts were anything but pleasant. The meeting had jarred the more because the song had brought up such sweet memories of the days he dared not hope would return.

Awaking early from a troubled sleep Beverly could not help but think of the events of the night before. What was there in that song that could revive memories he fancied were but shadowy dreams of the days gone by? Suddenly a plan occurred to him so simple that he wondered he had not thought of it before. Helen must hear that song.



ESTRELLA.

A STORIETTE—THE VIOLIN MAKER'S DAUGHTER.—*Continued.*

After breakfast he obtained permission from the captain to search the steerage. The usual crowd was there, all with a woe-begone look in their foreign faces. Beverly walked rapidly down the deck when suddenly he found himself face to face with a strange looking couple. An old white-haired man, with the help of his fair companion, was slowly making his way to the sunny side of the deck. His companion was a tall, dark girl, having all the voluptuous charms sometimes seen in Italian beauties. A light shawl seemed to display more effectively her raven hair and eyes, while a loose-flowing dress in its simplicity lent additional charm to the already lovely picture.

After making the old gentleman comfortable she left him a moment and Beverly thinking perhaps that this girl might be the singer, politely asked the old man in Italian if his daughter did not sing. The old gentleman seemed pleased to be addressed in his native tongue and feeling rather merry that morning, they were soon chatting away like old friends. Of course Estrella, for such was the fair Italian's name, was greatly surprised on returning to her father to find a strange man with him, but being very favor-

ably impressed by Beverly's agreeable manners, the three were soon fairly well acquainted. After much persuasion Beverly prevailed upon the old man to get out a violin of which he seemed to be very careful.

The old man had but begun when Beverly knew that he was in the presence of a master and when, the music gradually softening, Estrella sang an exquisite little love song with that marvelous contralto voice, Beverly was delighted to recognize in her the mysterious singer of the night before. After much pleading he finally made the old violin player and his daughter promise that they would sing in the main salon that evening. As he left them, Estrella watched him go, a strange look in her big, black eyes.

The report that two steerage passengers would appear in a concert that evening drew a large crowd in the salon. Helen Royden, being a passionate lover of music, sat very close to the platform on which Estrella was to appear. By her side sat the ever-present Cecil. The audience was just commencing to be restless when the two musicians appeared, accompanied by Beverly who had been requested to introduce them. With a clever little story he

A STORIETTE—THE VIOLIN MAKER'S DAUGHTER.—*Continued.*

presented Estrella, and a murmur of applause went through the audience as the graceful girl stepped forward. At Beverly's request she sang the sad love song that had moved him so much the night before.

As the old man began to play, all were hushed; and when Estrella, her rich young voice full of emotion, sang the love song of her far away father-land, many a tear dropped unheeded for "auld lang syne."

Helen was of course greatly surprised to see Beverly with Estrella and watched them with an odd little pain in her heart, and when Estrella in the midst of her song looked towards Beverly with a glance that could not be mistaken, Helen found herself thinking of the old college days when they had loved each other and had been so happy. Looking up she met the grave eyes of Beverly and flushed scarlet. Estrella, seeing the look, understood why Beverly was so anxious for her to sing the sad old love song.

Strange to say, Estrella did not respond to the thunders of applause, but hurried quickly below with her father. When Beverly tried to find her to thank her in behalf of the passengers, she was nowhere to be found. Leaning his elbows on the rail he looked

out on the calm moon light with unseeing eyes. "Had Helen understood?" he asked himself again and again. Suddenly he became aware of the presence of some one and glancing up saw Estrella standing motionless beside him. As soon as he turned she said, "Signor, you have been kind to me, Estrella does not forget; tonight I discovered that you love some one and that some one loves you. No, do not start, I am sure! go to her!" And before he knew it, she had stopped, kissed his hand and vanished. Beverly did not move a muscle for some seconds, then turned and went to the upper deck.

Walking back toward the stern of the boat his heart thumped wildly as he recognized a familiar figure standing alone by the rail. Stepping quietly to her side he said, "Helen, did you understand?" She started violently on hearing his voice, but seeing the look in his face, held out her hand and whispered, "Yes, Beverly."

As they stood there, happy that they understood each other at last, Beverly could not help but imagine it was all a dream. The moonlight transformed the waves into a heaving field of gems and the sounds of the ship came like whisperings from

A STORIETTE—THE VIOLIN MAKER'S DAUGHTER.—*Concluded.*

fairy-land. Below them someone was singing the sad, old love song of dreamy Italy, and as the last sorrowful note floated over the waters and died away, Beverly leaned over and reverently kissed the head-bowed before him.

JOSEPH R. ELLIS.



"He said, 'Helen, did you understand?' She whispered, 'Yes, Beverly.'"



CENTRAL'S SOCIETY OF FASHION

MOTTO:—We ah the only originals, doncher know.

STANDING WULES.

- I. No puhson can be a membah unless his coat fits puffectly in the back.
- II. All canes must be impohted and must have knobs big enough to fit the mouth of the ownah.

SITTING WULES.

- I. Any membah caught with baggy twousah legs shall be immediately expelled fwom the society aftah a notice of fohty-eight howahs.
- II. Each membah shall 'ave at least thwee goils on the stwing. 'Owevah, moah ah allowed.
- III. As to 'ose, hanything between a bwick wed hand a sky blue will do, the polka dot waviety being pwefubed.
- IV. All suits of clothing must be made by hunion tailahs; 'and-me-downs positively pwohibited.

OFFICAHS.

Chollie Edwahds, - - - - - Pwesident.
 Kimbah Bahton, - - - - - Vice-Pwesident.

Buhnes Moah - - - - - Secwretawy
 Dell Dutton - - - - - Fashion Plate No 1.

MEMBAHS.

Kimbah Bahton, Chawles Edwahds, Roy Bwadbuwy, Buhnes Moah, Dell Dutton.

FRENCH DEPARTMENT.

Le President de France.

L'origine de Monsieur Loubet était le plus humble. Son père était petit fermier dans la France du Sud, et sa mère habitue encore la maison où il était né une petite bâtisse avec le rez-de-chaussée employé comme les étables et le premier étage comme l'habitation de la famille, vertueusement fermée maintenant excepté la grande chambre dans laquelle Madame Loubet repose, habite et reçoit ses hôtes. C'était ici qu'elle tenait la cour après l'élection de son fils. "Suis-je contenté? Suis-je contentée" répétait-elle. "Pas de tout." "Helas! Mon pauvre fils! Qu'une quantité de trouble aura-t-il maintenant."

Loubet est un brave et bon bourgeois. Sa très bonne humeur le fait un favori. Une fois en arrivant à la gare de Lyons, un homme bien vêtu et d'une apparence respectable lui dit,

"Monsieur le Ministre, votre voiture est ici."

Monsieur Loubet le remercia, entra, et au moment que l'assistant avait fermé la porte, s'écria,

"Pourquoi n'entrez-vous pas"?

"Monsieur le Ministre, je m'asseyerai sur la boîte," était la réponse respectueuse.

"Nous deviendrez mouillé mon amie; Venez en dedans "

"Mais, votre Excellence—" "Quelle sottise! Quelle sottise! Sautez dedans" et le laquis lui obéit.

Le président de la république français reçoit un salaire de cent vingt-cinq mille dollars.

Il demeure à l'Elysée mais il ne l'aime pas beaucoup. Le cuisine de l'Elysée est en charge d'un cuisinier qui s'appelle "Chef de Bouche" du président.

Loubet n'aime pas les ostentations à l'extérieur. Ses goûts sont simples et sa vie a été harmonieuse et tranquille. La dernière considération mais non pas la moindre, c'est qu'il semble être un très honnête patriote avec une anxiété pour la dignité et la prospérité de son pays.

HELEN McCARTY.

La Petite Marie.

Le jardin du café Mendon était brillamment allumé.* Beaucoup de petits lumières étincelées parmi les arbres et les doux tons de l'orchestre flottaient sur l'air embaumé. Ça et là étaient des petites groupes conversantes et riantes avec la joie la plus innocente du monde pendent qu'un bourdonnement de beaucoup de personnes qui marchaient et causaient mêlait harmonieusement avec le cri des grillons et des cigales.

Marie, la petite bome du café allait et venait gaiement parmi beaucoup de tables fredonnant doucement le refrain du-chant qui flottait dans l'air. Modeste d'une manière bien séduisante était-elle dans sa robe délicate, son tablier bonnet blanc. Une boucle de cheveux jouait autour de son visage et tombait à travers du velours de sa joue.

Bien des yeux la regardaient comme elle passa et beaucoup de pièces brillantes tombaient dans la laroche de son tablier blanc comme la neige, douées de bonne volenté pour ses services. Ses yeux brillaient et fidèlement elle tint à son travail jusqu'à ce que les lumières s'éteignaient lentement un far un et les derniers notes de l'orchestre flottaient en silence. Alors elle mit de côté son tablier et son bonnet soigneusement et mettant son collet et son chapeau sella va corbeille et s'en alla. Elle se glissa dans l'escalier étroit du bâtiment noir, et au an quatrième étage, elle fit un pause et lentement ouvrit la porte. Elle alluma la lumière de cire et tourna vers le lit dans le coin de la chambre. "Mon pere, mon pere," dit-elle tendrement comme elle passa sa main delicate sur les cheveux blancs du malade, "nous aussi ferons festin comme des princes maintenant," et elle tintait sans souci les piecès d'argent dans sa poche.

La lumière sifflait et brûlait comme père et fille conversaient et se mettaient à leur repos.

CORNELIA KETCHAM.

Cyrano De Bergerac.

Savenien Cyrano de Bergerac qui est l'hero d'une drame d'Edmund Rostand fut né en 1619 et mourut en 1655. Il était homme de lettres d'une famille noble de Gascon.

Son maitre lorsqu'il était jéuné était un prêtre de campagne. Plus tard il entra le Collège Beauvais à Paris où il étudiait jusqu'il avait dix-neuf ans. Cyrano menait une vie de plaisir pendant ce temps. Quand il était au collège il écrivit "Le Pédant Joué," une comédie satirique dans laquelle il ridicule la pédanterie comme il la trouve dans son maitre Grangier.

Quittant le collège il entra la Garde Nationale où il avait la réputation d'un batteur insouciant et sans gêne. Il passait son temps avec la jeun'sse du jour et on dit qu'il a battu des centaines de duels. La cause était souvent son nez enorme, duquel il était très sensitive.

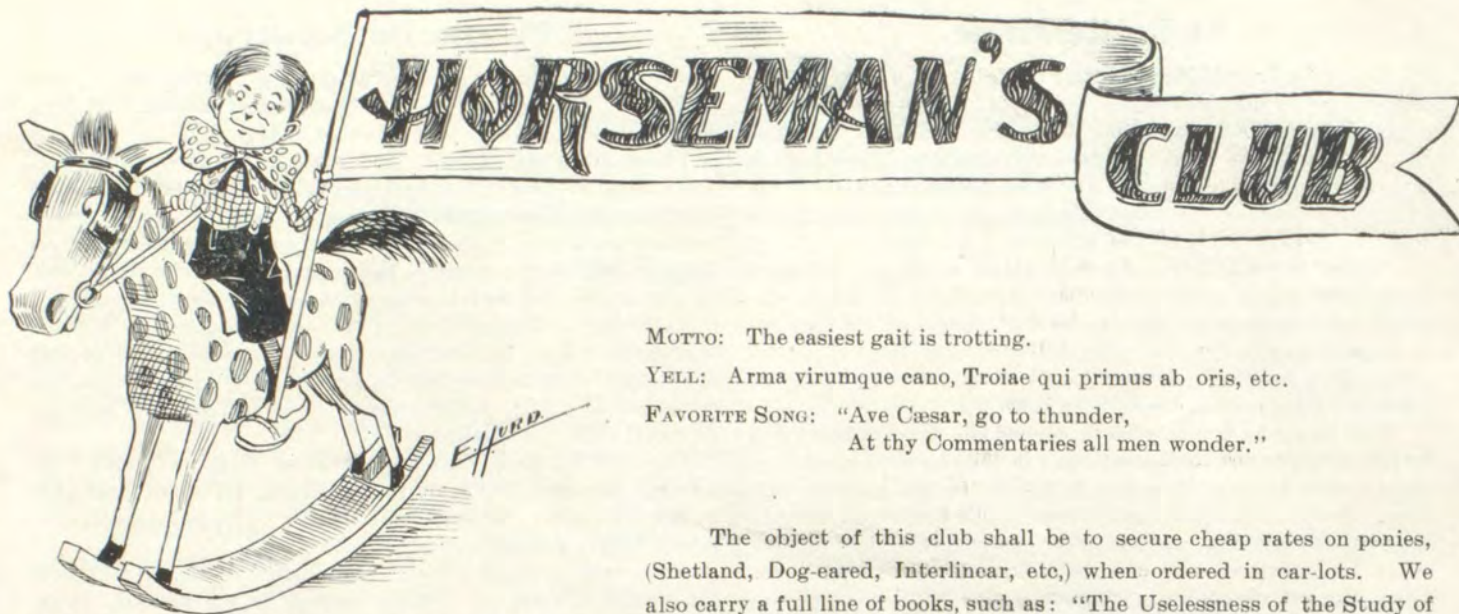
Je cite de Menag'ana: "Bergerac était un grand ferrailleur. Son nez qu'il avait tout défiguré, lui a fait tuer plus de dix personnes. Il ne pouvait souffrir qu'on le regardât, et il faisait mettre aussitôt l'épée à la main.

Plus tard Cyrano a complètement changé sa vie. Après qu'il fut blessé à Arras en 1640 il a renoncé la vie militaire et se dévouait à la litteratur et à l'étude de la philosophie et des sciences naturelles.

On ne sait beaucoup de sa vie à ce temps. Son ami, Le Bret, loue son desintéressement et sa pureté. Un soir lorsqu'il retournait chez lui il fut frappé sur la tête d'un morceau de bois qui tomba d'une fenêtre. Peu de temps après il mourut de la blessure.

Rostand nous donne une image presque parfaite de cet homme, sa caractère aimable, sa personnalité magnifique et de sa vie pure.

CORINNA LESUEUR.



MOTTO: The easiest gait is trotting.

YELL: Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris, etc.

FAVORITE SONG: "Ave Caesar, go to thunder,
At thy Commentaries all men wonder."

The object of this club shall be to secure cheap rates on ponies, (Shetland, Dog-eared, Interlinear, etc.) when ordered in car-lots. We also carry a full line of books, such as: "The Uselessness of the Study of Latin," by Diller Wood; "Down with Cicero," by Joseph Ellis; "Caesar's Revenge, or The Life of a Roman Newsboy" (price, 10c), by Roscoe Potts. These books are second-hand and a little the worse for wear but still serviceable.

MEMBERS OF THE CLUB.

Diller Wood,
Burnes Moore,
Roscoe Potts, (Trotts),

Burton Hocker,
Fred Moeninghoff,
Joseph R. Ellis,

Thomas Scruggs,
Arthur Dewlitttle,
Allen Wayman,
Edna Wanamaker.

Flora Wolfson,
Maude Hampton Neal,
Lucia Ford,

GERMAN DEPARTMENT.

Die Königin Luise von Preußen.

Eine der edelsten Frauen, die je die Krönungskrone getragen hat, war die Königin Luise von Preußen. Sie lebte während der schwersten Zeiten die Deutschland in dem neunzehnten Jahrhundert erlebte; während der Zeit wo beinahe ganz Europa zu Füßen Napoleons lag. Und während dieser Zeit zeigte sie sich eine treue Frau und eine liebevolle Gattin und Mutter.

Schon als Kind war Luise großmütig und selbst aufopfernd. Mit ihren Spielfkameraden war sie gütig und freundlich. Sie gab den Armen alles was sie zu geben hatte und dann that es ihr leid daß sie nichts mehr zu geben hatte. Durch ihren Einfluß wurde die barbarische Sitte, daß der Lakei an der Seite des königlichen Wagens laufen mußte, aufgegeben.

Luise wuchs heran, ein wunderschönes Mädchen. Als Göthe sie und ihre Schwester Charlotte sah, sagte er, daß der Eindruck welchen sie auf ihn machten, nie ausgelöscht werden würde. Als siebzehnjähriges Mädchen heiratete sie den Kronprinzen Friedrich Wilhelm von Preußen.

Seine Liebe für Luise verändert sich nie und sie genossen das schönste Familienglück. Der Kronprinz wurde der schönste Mann in Preußen genannt, und er war auch eben so gut. Seine Frau zog jedermann an durch die Lieblichkeit ihres Wesens, ihre musikalische Stimme, ihre freie Gemüthsart, ihre glänzende Unterhaltungsgabe und ihr edelmütiges Herz.

Sie war eine ideale Mutter und wurde von ihren Kindern geliebt und geehrt. Ihr ältester Sohn, Wilhelm I., sagte: „Ich werde mich immer der Tugenden der Königin, meiner Mutter, erinnern. So lang ich lebe, wird meine Mutter in meinem Herz in süßen liebevollen und dankbaren Erinnerungen leben.“ Und während eines halben Jahrhunderts war Luise auch das Musterbild der deutschen Nation.

Die Königin Luise war der heilige Geist deutscher Einheit. Napoleon glaubte, daß sie selbst den Krieg aufgehetzt hätte und er wußte daß er mehr in der Liebe, welche die deutsche Nation für sie hegte, zu fürchten hatte,

als in mehreren Heeren. Während des Krieges war sie immer mit dem König. Um die Kriegsschuld zu bezahlen verkaufte sie all' ihre Juwelen und die königliche Familie lebte wie einfache Leute. Nie war sie entmutigt, sondern hoffte immer daß es bald besser werden würde. Aber sie starb ehe die besseren Zeiten kamen.

Und einige Jahre nachher kam was Luise wünschte und wonach sie strebte — die deutsche Einheit. Und sie hoffte auch daß ihre Kinder zu edlen Männern und Frauen heran wachsen würden. Auch dieser Wunsch wurde erfüllt und in dem Kaiser Wilhelm I. fand Deutschland einen guten edlen Herrscher.

HENRIETTA EHRKE.

Schillers Held „Wallenstein“.

Sehr leicht ist es uns das Urtheil über Wallenstein auszusprechen wenn wir ihn nur als Kaiserverräther betrachten. Wenn wir aber Schillers meisterhafte Schilderung der entscheidenden Zeit seines Lebens lesen, den verderbten Zustand der Politik, den buntscheckigen, heftigen Character des Heeres und die allgemeine Ehrlosigkeit darin betrachten,—dann geben wir sehr gern den unglücklichen Einflüssen der Zeit einen Theil unserer vorherigen Verurteilung.

Wir sehen dann, daß der Held nicht ganz zu tadeln ist, daß in ihm auch die guten Triebe leben, obgleich sie nicht stark genug sind, sich gegen die zusammengesetzte Macht der bösen Triebe und der bösen Welt zu vertheidigen. Und also wird unser Gefühl gegen ihn, wie sein Character selbst, ein verwickeltes. Zur selben Zeit da er

uns widerwärtig ist, erweckt er in uns auch das Mitleid.

Der Fehler Wallensteins, welcher ihm zuerst am herrlichsten dient, und welcher ihm endlich am tiefsten schadet, ist sein Ehrgeiz. Aber gerade die erwünschten Erfüllungen verursachten Neid und allerlei Ränke gegen ihn. Der Argwohn und die Bosheit des Hofes treiben ihn endlich zum Troke, die geheimen Handlungen mit den Schweden, welche er nur mit Nebenabsicht angefangen hat, ernst durchzuführen.

Und in diesem Schritte zeigt sich der andere große Fehler seines Characters,—das Verlangen nach Rache. Doch müssen wir dieses nicht zu streng richten. Der Wunsch in ihm ist ein ganz natürlicher, wie es von den meisten Menschen nach solcher ungerechten Handlung zu erwarten ist.

Das Land war in einer solchen Aufregung, daß es fast keine wirkliche Vaterlandsliebe gab. Religiöser Streit und Selbstsucht herrschten; jeder diente dem, wovon er den meisten Vorteil hoffte. Und von einem Kaiser, der so wenig im ganzen Reiche galt, war es leicht sich zu trennen, ohne die Treue zu brechen. Wie es Schiller selbst uns von dem unglücklichen Verräter sagt: „Sein Lager nur erkläret sein Verbrechen.“

Doch Wallenstein, der Verräter, hatte eine höchst wertvolle Tugend, welche vielen seinen vertrauten Kriegsgenossen fehlte,—die Treue zur Freundschaft. Und für diese müssen wir ihm auch viel anderes entschuldigen. Wie er an Max Piccolomini und den Offizieren, welche ihm treu geblieben sind, hängt, stellt sich in scharfem Contrast zu dem hinterlistigen Verlassen des Octavio Piccolominidar. Diesem hat er schon Jahrelang am blindesten vertraut, theils wegen eines Traumes, mehr wegen der Vorbedeutungen der Astrologie, worin er einen unerschütterlichen Glauben hatte. Und gerade von diesem Liebling, Octavio, wird er zuerst verlassen und hintergangen.

In dem harten Krieger findet sich auch ein kleiner Zug von Zartheit. Sein Leiden über das Betragen Octavios, über das Schicksal des Max, und seine Liebe für Thekla,—dies alles macht ihn uns viel vertrauter.

Auch sehen wir etwas hoch Bewundernswertes in der edlen Fassung, womit er den Bericht seines stürzenden Schicksals empfängt, und wie er sich zur folgenden Selbstverteidigung vorbereitet.

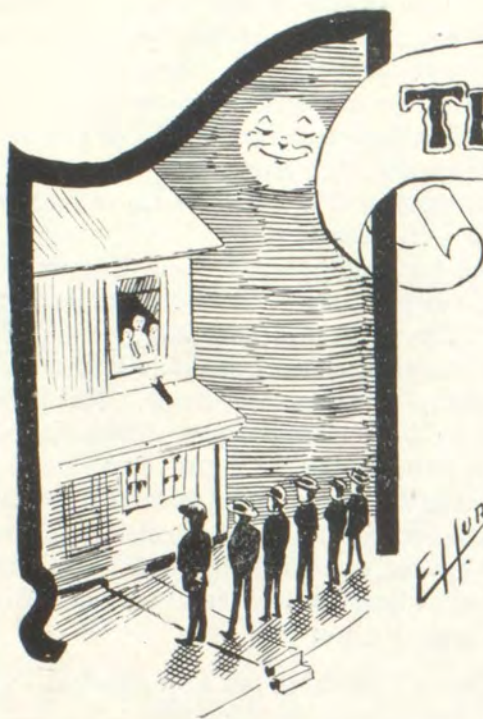
Und obgleich wir ihn als Verbrecher anerkennen, thut es uns doch leid diese Vorbereitungen mißlingen zu sehen. Am meisten thut es uns aber leid, daß ihm durch einen seiner eignen rachevollen Offiziere seine letztes Gut geraubt werden soll,—sein Leben.

Also wird er hintergangen von einem Offizier, der Ehrsucht wegen, von dem anderen wird er gemordet, der Rache wegen. Es sind seine eignen Gefühle, die in ihnen wirkten, doch nicht auf dieselbe Weise. Die List, wovon sie Gebrauch machen, ist seiner Natur fremd. Nur solche Gedanken hegte er, doch, wie er sagte, „Ich mußte die That vollbringen, weil ich sie gedacht.“

So haben wir in Wallenstein, dem Held des größten deutschen Dramas, ein schreckliches Beispiel der Folgen zweier anfänglich kleinen Fehler,—des üblen Denkens, und des ungezähmten Ehrgeizes. Wenn er nur den Worten seiner Frau gefolgt wäre:

„O lieber Herzog! Streben wir nicht allzuhoch hinauf, daß wir zu tief nicht fallen mögen.“

EDITH LATIMER.



THE GLEEFUL GLEEISTS

A club organized for the cultivation of the human voice and the deafening of the human ear. The club is under the able directorship of Prof. Jay Roy Ellis, I. K. E. (which means I Know Everything). Music furnished for any kind of entertainment from a pink tea to a sheep-killing. Serenades a specialty.

THE LINE-UP.

First Tenor	- - - Diller Wood	Second Base	- - - Will S. Hogsett
Second Tenor	- - - Edgar Lovejoy	Shortstop	- - - Ralph Freyschlag
First Base	- - - Prof. J. Roy Ellis	Umpire	- - - Roscoe Fairbanks Potts

SUBSTITUTES.

Burnes V. Moore
Lloyd Morrow
Howard McPherrin

Jamie Austin
Trumbull Seeley
Willie Gill.

SPANISH DEPARTMENT

La Civilizacion de las Aztecas.

HACE algunos años que he leído un libro muy bueno, "The Fair God" por Lew Wallace. Este libro relato las costumbres de aquella nacion extraña, las Aztecas. Desde una epoca muy remota, Mexico estuvo habitado de estos pueblos, que fueron muy ignorantes en algunas cosas pero extremadamente progresivos en otras. Fueron belicosos y un soldado fue un hombre muy grande entre ellos. El rey si mismo habia de cautivar a algunas victimas para sacrificarlas sobre el ara del dios de guerra, Deseaban tambien tener muchos cautivos, porque estaba su religion de placer a los dios por ofrecerles los sacrificios humanos. Pusieron a la victima en el ara y le rompieron el corazon de su cuerpo aunque sea viva.

Pero sin embargo, estuvieron muy inhumanos, su civilizacion fue maravillosa. Tuvieron palacios muy grandes y hermosos, hechos de piedra, que se

rodearon de jardines llenos de todas especies de flores. Muchos diversos pajaros cantaron en los arboles.

La nacion se dividio en clases, a la manera de la sistema feudal, y el rey mando a todas las clases. El departamento penal se gobierno por los tribunales en las ciudades principales. Sus resoluciones fueron decisivas y el rey si mismo no pudo mudarlas. Las leyes se recordaron por escrituras de pinturas o geroglificos, algunas de las cuales tenemos ahora.

Pero dieron la bienvenida a Cortes, creyendole ser "El Dios Blanco," a quien habian esperado durante tantos años. Cortes mato a Montezuma y destruyo a toda la nacion.

En esta manera salieron de las paginas de historia las Aztecas inhumanas pero brillants.

AILEEN WARD.



REFRIGERATED ORDER OF HOT AIRISTS

E.H.P.D.

A Club organized for the benefit of mankind. Bureau of cheap information. If there is anything you don't know, ask us and we will tell you whether we know or not. The effect is just the same. There are a very few of us left. We make our members full-fledged politicians, with diploma admitting to the "bar." Class elections a specialty.



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Paul Kirtley,	- - - - -	-	President
Edgar Lovejoy,	- - - - -	-	Vice President
Harry Kendall,	- - - - -	-	Secretary
Burnes Moore,	- - - - -	-	Treasurer
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Ralph Freyschlag	Paul Kirtley
Kenneth Keebler	Edgar Lovejoy
James Austin	Harry Kendall
Howard Hudson	Burnes Moore
Guy Moore	Roscoe F. Potts

SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

CHE Chemistry classes for some time have been studying the metallurgy of the more important ores, and in furtherance of this plan, recently visited the Argentine Smelter and Refining Works. The following Article is the outgrowth of one of these visits.

THE ARGENTINE SMELTER AND BLUE VITRIOL WORKS.

Although the process of smelting really begins with the charging of the furnaces, there are certain

preliminary steps which are necessary. The ores are brought into a large room with a cement floor and after being partially crushed, are piled up, quartered, thoroughly mixed, again and again, and finally samples are taken for assay.

After the ore has been carefully analyzed and roasted, two or more kinds are mixed with some flux, as limestone, and coke, in the proper proportions, and the whole dumped into the blast furnaces, which are fairly well represented by the accompanying illustration.

These furnaces are kept running night and day until repairs become necessary, and most of the metals contained in the ores are reduced together. The flux used forms with the impurities a dark colored glass or slag which is drawn off into pots, and carried to the slag railway. At intervals the mixture of molten metals is drawn off into small molds, and in this form is known as bullion. In most of the ores smelted, this consists largely of lead, but contains also some silver, copper, gold and iron, with perhaps certain others.

This bullion must be separated into its constituents, otherwise it is of little value. Some of the more important steps are given below.

First, the bars are thrown into what are called the softening furnaces, where the metals are almost instantly melted. From here the molten alloy is run into large kettles, to which zinc is added. This is known as Parke's process of separation. It depends upon the fact that zinc forms an alloy with silver and gold, but not with lead. The alloy thus formed rises to the surface and crystallizes, whereupon it is skimmed off by means of perforated dippers. Considerable quantities of lead adhere to the silver, gold and zinc, but the great bulk of it remains in the kettles, and may be drawn off and moulded.



A MODERN BLAST FURNACE.

For the recovery of the zinc, the alloys are put into retorts and heated strongly, the zinc is vaporized, and is condensed in conical shaped condensers attached to the outer end of the retorts, through small openings it drips out into molds, and is then ready for use again in the kettles.

The remaining alloy is next run into cupellation furnaces where strong blasts of air accompanied by intense heat, oxidize the lead to litharge, PbO.

It is now raked off the surface, and put upon the market as the common impure oxide of lead. All that remains now is the separation of the silver and gold, processes which are beyond the limits of this article.

THE BLUE VITRIOL WORKS.

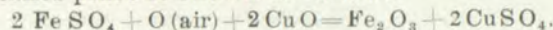
The Blue Vitriol Works, while not as interesting to the general student, are, nevertheless very enjoyable and full of profit. The crude ore before being brought to the Vitriol Works, is melted and thereby reduced to a form called 'matte,' which consists mainly of the sulphides of iron, copper, lead, silver, arsenic, antimony and some free gold.

After being crushed, the matte is fed by machinery into a furnace to be 'roasted;' here it is stirred at regular intervals by mechanical devices, and most of the metallic sulphides are converted into oxides.

When the process of oxidation is complete, the ore is treated with dilute sulphuric acid and heated by means of steam. In this way the copper oxide is dissolved, together with some of the iron, arsenic and antimony.

To purify this solution it is pumped up into high wooden cylinders or towers, through which a current of air is forced. Being heated by steam at the same time, the antimony and arsenic are oxidized, and the iron is converted into an insoluble form by the addi-

tion of cupric oxide, and is consequently precipitated. At the same time the cupric oxide added is converted into sulphate or blue vitriol. The reaction that takes place is shown as follows:



Not only, therefore, does this ingenious method get rid of the iron, but also converts the cupric oxide into cupric sulphate which materially strengthens the solution.

Filter presses now remove the gold or silver that remains and the residue is taken to the smelter division. What occurs there we have described above. Returning now to the copper sulphate solution, we find it being evaporated in large pans until sufficiently concentrated, when it is taken to the crystallizing department. Here it is pumped into large cement vats in which strips of lead are suspended at regular intervals. At the end of seven or eight days the strips are removed covered with large bright crystals of copper sulphate. The crystals are now washed and screened, so as to be of assorted sizes, after which they are ready for the market.

Although there are many other ways of obtaining the copper sulphate the above process produces the better grade for various reasons, the most forcible being that they are made from a neutral solution. Great credit is due to Mr. Hoffman, the originator of the above process, which is undoubtedly the best method known at the present writing.

JAS. P. HUGHES.

DEPARTMENT OF ZOOLOGY.

Parasitism and Symbiosis.

AMONG the many interesting things that are just beginning to be largely investigated in the subject of zoology, are the peculiar relations between individuals, both of the same species and of different species. With a great many of these most people are fairly familiar. We have seen bees living together in colonies. The queen bee lays the eggs, which the drones have fertilized, in the spring. The workers care for the young, and gather food for the whole household.

The life of ants is even more highly developed and civilized. There are generally four kinds of individuals: winged males and females, and wingless males and females, or workers. The termites of South America have soldiers, who fight their battles for them. They are divided into companies,

and have officers who march along beside them and keep them in order.

In this kind of life the labor is divided among the different animals so that they are mutually dependent, and one cannot live without the others. Wolves, buffaloes, sheep, and some other animals herd together and help each other, but they can get along alone.

Parasitism, where one animal lives at the expense of another, is a closer relation, and more vital. Sometimes the host is not much disturbed, but often his body is devoured, and he dies.

The tapeworm is one of the common parasites of man. It takes up its abode in the intestine, and there lives a quiet and comfortable life, feeding upon the partially digested food. The leech is an external parasite which attaches itself to the skin of

a higher animal, and sucks its blood. Bacteria live in the blood and tissues of animals in great numbers, and are responsible for most of the disease we particularly dread. We do not know, however, whether they are animals or plants.

Plants are also often troubled with parasites, both animal and vegetable, which, taking advantage of their helplessness, live upon their sap.

A near relative of the parasites is the messmate, which uses part of another animal's food. There is a small crab which lives inside of a mollusk, that was long thought to be a parasite, but it is found that it only uses the left over food, and so does not inconvenience the mollusk at all. Many messmates obtain their food independently, and only use the body of the other animal as a place of refuge.

All of these habits have a tendency to make animals grow simpler in structure, as, when they have their food prepared for them, they do not have to do much work. The tapeworm cannot see or hear, and has a very small brain, as its mode of life does not require great mental activity. The leech is merely a small living sack, adapted to do nothing but suck.

Symbiosis is a little higher form of association.

It is the living together of two animals, so that both are the better for it. The most striking example of this is the hermit crab, which always carries a little sea anemone around on its shell. It takes it to places where it can get its food, and then the sea anemone, which is well armed with long stinging threads, fights off the crab's enemies. When a crab loses its anemone, by death or accident, it hunts up a new one, forcibly tears it from its lodgment, and places it on its shell.

The flea helps keep the hair of a dog smooth and clean by eating the dead skin and hair. It does not injure the dog at all, but really contributes to its comfort, while the flea has a pleasant home and enough to eat. Corresponding to the flea are some small crustaceans which live among the scales of fishes. It has been found that it does not suck the blood of the fish, but only eats the dead skin, which is of no use to its possessor, but really needs to be removed. It gets free transportation, and is able to leave its friend when it wishes, and live independently. There are animals which live among the eggs of beetles and take care of them, eating those which fail to come to maturity.

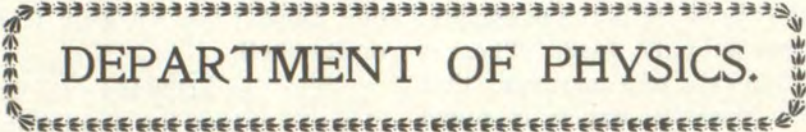
Some ants have a very pretty habit of taming

the little aphides or plant lice which live on green plants, using them for cows. They pasture them on the freshest and greenest leaves, and care for them faithfully, protecting them from all their enemies. When they use all the food in one place the ants move them to another. The aphides se-

crete a sweet fluid which is much prized by the ants, so they are amply rewarded for their labor.


Parasitism and symbiosis have only a few points in common, although there are many apparent similarities.

STELLA SEXTON, '03.



DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS.

A Model of a Steam Engine.

ENERALLY speaking it is difficult for the unimaginative mind to form clear conceptions whenever mechanical principles are involved. For this reason models are very helpful. They are even more useful than the complicated instrument or machine which they represent, because of the fact that only the essential parts are shown in the model.

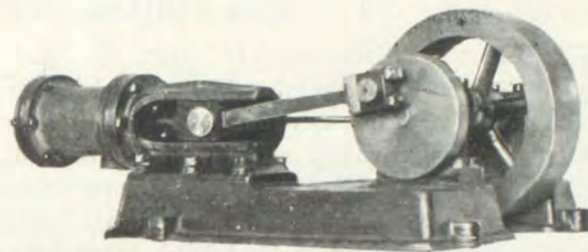
With these ideas in mind, Mr. Ayres bought some rough castings of a model steam engine of the simple slide valve type. Noticing the plans on his table one

day, I was immediately struck with the idea that it would be of great benefit to me if I could construct this engine. It was in my line of work, and not only that, but it would give me valuable practice with machine tools and lathes. The result was that I obtained the privilege of making it.

The tools with which I had to cut out and finish the various parts were the lathe, drill-press, grindstone, and some minor tools, such as hack saws, taps, dies and so forth. The first things I finished were the cylinder and steam-chest, which took about

fifteen afternoons. Following in natural order came the cross-head and piston rod. After these were turned out in the lathe, I coupled up the connecting rod. The most difficult of the castings to finish was the flywheel. It took all of two afternoons to even get it centered correctly, and another afternoon to bore the hole for the axle. To turn the rim true and polish it was a minor job, and took only one afternoon. The next thing was the crank-shaft and crank-wheel. I bored the hole in the crank-wheel, and then fastened it to the shaft by means of a set-screw, and then turned it on the shaft. The pillow-blocks for the crank shaft caused a great deal of trouble, for I had no planer, and consequently had to finish them with a file and a saw.

These were the most difficult parts to handle. Of course there were many other little things necessary to complete each casting which I have not mentioned, such as cutting and boring holes, cutting threads and making bolts. After all the parts had been completed, I collected them, and put a coat of red paint on the rough parts to give the finished engine a neat appearance. The accompanying cut shows the engine as it appeared when completed.



The estimated capacity of the engine was one horse-power. I was quite curious to know how nearly the actual performance of the engine would come up to the estimated capacity. The Indicated Horse-power of a steam engine is given by the equation: $I. H. P. = \frac{PASN}{33000}$, in which P is the average pressure on the piston throughout the stroke, A the area of the piston in square inches, S the length of one stroke, and N the number of strokes per minute.

Under the condition that P is 80, A is $1\frac{1}{2}$, S is 4, and N 600, the Indicated Horse-power would be .8. This is called the Indicated Horse-power, because the true horse-power would only be found after deducting a fraction for friction, tight packing, and other losses.

Altogether I was well pleased with the result of my work, for I not only got practice in machine work, but I also learned a great deal about steam engines in general, from working with this model.

PAUL J. NEFF.

The Moissan Electric Smelting Furnace.



AS the discovery of liquid air and the recent achievements in wireless telegraphy are destined to create great changes in the affairs of mankind, so also will the invention of the electric smelting furnace open up new horizons to chemistry. This is all the more convincing when we know that high temperature is one of the chemist's most valuable agents. Heretofore the highest temperature, produced by the best known method, was about 2500 to 3000 degrees C. while with the electric furnace, a temperature of 5000 degrees C. can be produced with comparative ease. Before this invention, the furnaces were heated by such material as coal, charcoal and coke, consequently extremely high temperatures were impossible. The result was that there were many substances, such as lime, carbon and flourspar, which could not be fused, while to-day, through the work of the electric furnace, not only these but also every substance known to man can be melted. We shudder at the thought of the intense cold produced by liquid air, but what is the cold at minus 264 degrees compared with heat at 5000 degrees?

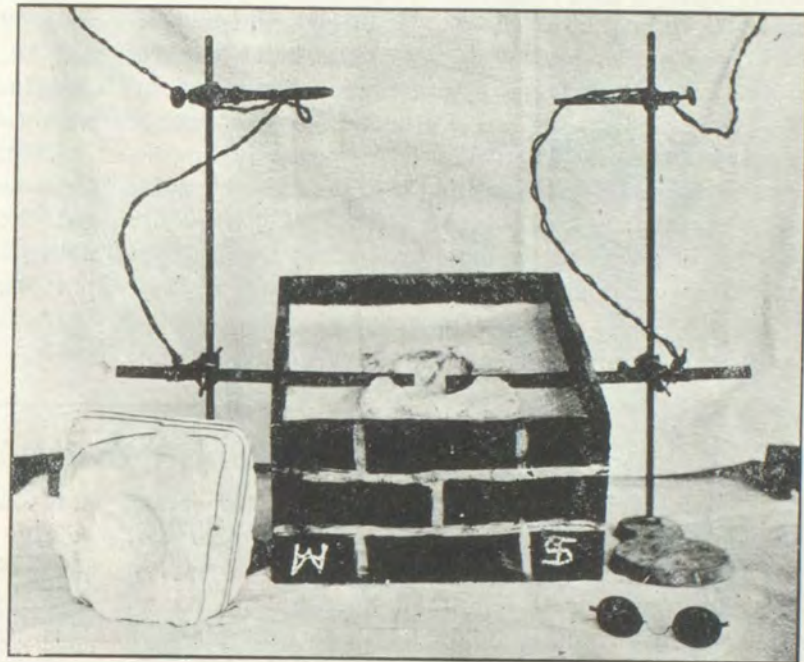
There are several quite distinct types of electric

furnaces, but that employed by M. Moissan is held in high favor, not only on account of the results obtained but also on account of its simplicity. We have had the good fortune, in our Physics course this year, to construct one of these furnaces, and to repeat some experiments that seem almost too marvelous to believe. We have taken the Moissan furnace for our model. The cut (page 103) shows our furnace as it looks when completed. The outer part consists of a box about two feet square by a foot high. The interior of this box is lined with asbestos and filled with clay. A solid block of limestone, about six by eight by ten inches, which forms the principal part of the furnace, is sunk into the clay with only the top surface showing. In this block are cut two longitudinal grooves, which receive the electrodes; and in the center is a cup-shaped cavity about four inches in diameter, which holds the substances to be smelted. On this is placed a block of the same material, in which is a cavity of the same diameter as the one below and about one inch in depth, thus making the roof of the furnace. The ends of the carbons come within a short distance of each other in the lower cavity, and thus, when the circuit is closed, the electric arc, made between the electrodes,

generates the heat which fuses the surface of the limestone, and forms a polished dome that reflects the heat of the arc upon the substance to be smelted. The carbons, to the ends of which are attached the electric wires, are held in place by two iron clamps on each side of the furnace.

Although the construction of the furnace was interesting, still it is only secondary in comparison with the experiments performed with it. First was the making of calcium carbide, the material from which acetylene gas is manufactured. The electric furnace has made its production possible. Before the invention of this furnace the substances, lime and carbon, of which calcium carbide is made, were thought to be refractory; but under the intense heat of our little furnace, both melted as readily as if they had been wax. The ingredients used in its manufacture were pulverized lime and carbon, mixed in the ratio of fourteen parts of lime to nine of carbon. This mixture was placed in the furnace and the circuit closed. Within thirty seconds it had begun to melt, and in two minutes the

entire substance was at a white heat, forming calcium carbide. This was removed from the furnace, and, when cool, had very much the appearance of coke, except that it was a lighter gray color. When placed in



THE MOISSAN ELECTRIC SMELTING FURNACE.

water it formed the acetylene gas which, when lighted, burns with a bright white light, just as it does in the bicycle lamp.

Another experiment was the melting of iron. Hardly had the iron come in contact with the electric arc when it began to fuse and run like water. Of course iron was melted by means of the blast furnace before the electric furnace was invented, but not in the short time that the latter does its work. By this we see that the electric furnace will, in the future, be a great time saving apparatus for all the large smelters. The furnace treated sand just as it did iron. It melted it in a very short time, producing a substance which had very much the appearance of molten glass.

Probably the most interesting experiment with the electric furnace is the one performed by its in-

ventor, that of making artificial diamonds. Speaking briefly, this is accomplished by mixing sugar of carbon, molten iron and certain acids together, and letting them cool under certain conditions. Little crystals are thus formed that have all the characteristics of the genuine diamond. Although we cannot say it will be of any practical value, nevertheless, by this experiment M. Moissan has certainly achieved a most memorable scientific triumph.

M. Moissan's experiments are, we believe, of vital importance. They open up new fields to chemistry, and the majority of them not only add new facts to natural philosophy, but are certain to be of great practical value.

HARRY S. WAYMAN.

THOR W. SANBORN.

Telephone Switchboard.



THE telephone has grown to be an important adjunct in almost every form of business, and is rapidly gaining ground as such in every well regulated household. As an electrical invention, it holds an important place in the subject of physics. The time allotted to the

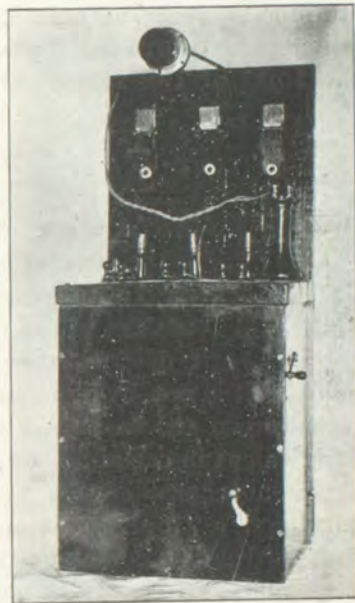
study of this, though necessarily short, is sufficient to give a very good conception of its general principles, when they are illustrated by a model. In the past this model was lacking, but this year we supplied this need by building a switchboard of three-line capacity.

In building this switch-board no attempt was made to reproduce any part of a commercial board. It fully illustrates, however, the principles of a large exchange. Its parts are all very simple and readily understood. On the front of the board are three small drops, which are operated by electro-magnets. Under these are three plug jacks, and on a projecting shelf are three plugs. When any two of these are crossed and inserted into the proper plug jacks, connection is made between two telephones. On this same shelf are three sets of keys, a ringing and a listening key for each line. A box attached to the lower end of the board contains a battery and a magneto generator. The battery is used when the operator is in communication with any line. The circuit of this is closed or opened by a switch on the side of the box. The generator is used for ringing up the telephones, and is operated by a crank placed at the lower right hand corner of the box. On an arm projecting from the top of the board, is a transmitter, and to the left of this the receiver.

With these different parts in mind, the operation of the board is more easily understood. When the crank of a telephone generator is turned, it operates one of the drops on the switchboard. The operator

then closes the battery circuit and switches in his transmitter and receiver by pressing a listening key. After he has ascertained the number desired he breaks these connections, inserts the proper plugs in the plug jacks, presses the ringing key, and then turns the crank of the generator, which rings up the telephone called. The drops again fall when the persons telephoning ring off, and this notifies the operator to disconnect.

The system just described is similar to that in use in Kansas City, although it differs in several minor particulars. In the East, where the development of electricity is more advanced, there are two new systems in use —



TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD.

the central energy and the automatic. The first places all batteries at the central station and employs automatic ringing. The second, which is more recent, bids fair to revolutionize switch board construction. The work of connection at the central station is done automatically by electro-magnets, which are controlled by small dials mounted on the front of the telephones. The present concen-

sus of opinion seems to be that this system is impracticable, but it has been predicted that if it can be made applicable to exchanges with a large number of lines, as has been done in New Bedford, Mass., it will so cheapen rates that, within ten years, ninety per cent of the people will have telephones.

PAUL L. DRAGON.

JOHN L. STARKIE.

Malaria.



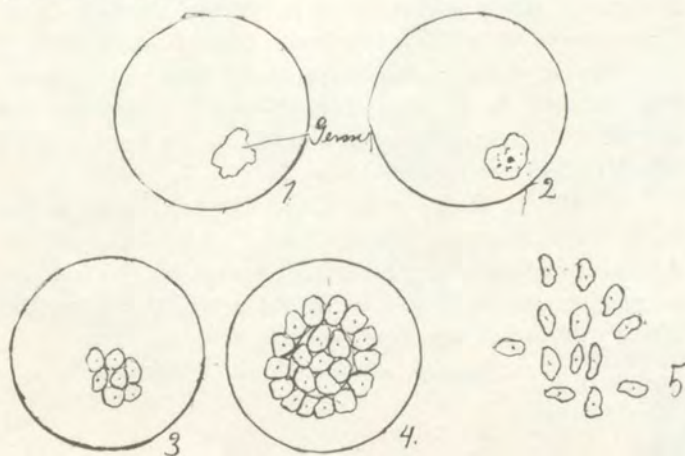
MALARIA is one of the greatest nuisances, in the way of disease, with which the world at large has to battle. It not only puts the body in a very bad condition, but it destroys the temper, and the power to enjoy. It is not by any means a new disease, but has been known and described since earliest history. It is prevalent in certain parts of the United States, but this is not considered a malarial country. It is a rural and a tropical disease. Though occurring in some of the cold countries, such as Sweden, Greenland and Siberia, it is native in South America, Africa, and all tropical climates. It is the cause of Jungle fever and of the much dreaded Roman fever.

Between 1887 and 1897 the annual death rate from Malaria, in Italy, was fifteen thousand. There were four deaths out of every hundred deaths in the United States in 1860 caused by malaria, and two and seven-tenths in 1880.

The true cause of malaria was not known until about twenty years ago, and was not generally accepted until about ten years ago. The research has been carried on chiefly by Italians, Americans, and Englishmen. The true cause is a micro-organism or germ which inhabits the red corpuscles of the blood.

Infection is carried on entirely, it is now generally believed, by a species of mosquitoes called Anopheles. These mosquitoes bite a healthy person and deposit

some of these germs in the bite with the saliva they leave there. A germ is a white shapeless body with an indistinct nucleus. One of these germs enters a red corpuscle, as in fig. No. 1, and digests all the haemoglobin, or red matter in the blood. Immediately some pigment spots begin to form, as in fig. No. 2. The cell then divides probably, as in fig. 3 and 4. It subdivides many times until the corpuscle is filled with Sporocytes. The corpuscle then bursts and the Sporocytes swarm out into the blood, as in No. 5, and produce fever.



However some of the germs do not divide but simply swell up and fill the corpuscle, when they both die and are eaten up by a white blood corpuscle.

If at this stage of the process an Anopheles mosquito happen to come along and suck one of these germs out before it has died, it is taken into the stomach of the mosquito. Here it may become a male germ, by developing arms or threads, as in fig. 1, or it may become a female germ by simply getting larger, as in fig. 2.



The threads of the male germ drop off and fuse themselves upon the female germ. The female germ then works its way out between the mucous layer and the muscular layer of the mosquito's stomach. Here

it develops some small dark threads called Blasts. These finally work their way out to the proboscis of the mosquito and are deposited in the saliva. They enter the human body as a simple germ as at first. This process is called Sexual Generation.

There are three types of malaria; the Tertian, or that in which the fever returns every second day; the Quartian, or that in which the fever returns every third day; and the Tropical malaria. If reinfection takes place, daily fever is produced. That is, in the Tertian, if a person is bitten on Monday the fever will come on Wednesday and if he is bitten again on Tuesday, the fever will come again Thursday.

In order that the breeding places of malaria can be found, it is necessary to know the difference between the Anopheles mosquito and the Culex or ordinary mosquito. There are four differences. The Anopheles have spotted wings and very long Palpi which the Culex have not. The Anopheles mosquito's body, when in a resting position on a ceiling, is perpendicular to the ceiling, and when on

a perpendicular wall, it is nearly parallel to it. With the Culex mosquito it is the opposite.

The eggs of the Culex are laid together, four hundred in a group, in a boat shaped body, with the end of the egg on the water. The eggs of the Anopheles are laid separately and on the side on the water.

The breeding places of malaria are found in all stagnant water, such as shallow parts of streams, pools and puddles, and especially where there is a good coat of pond-scum.

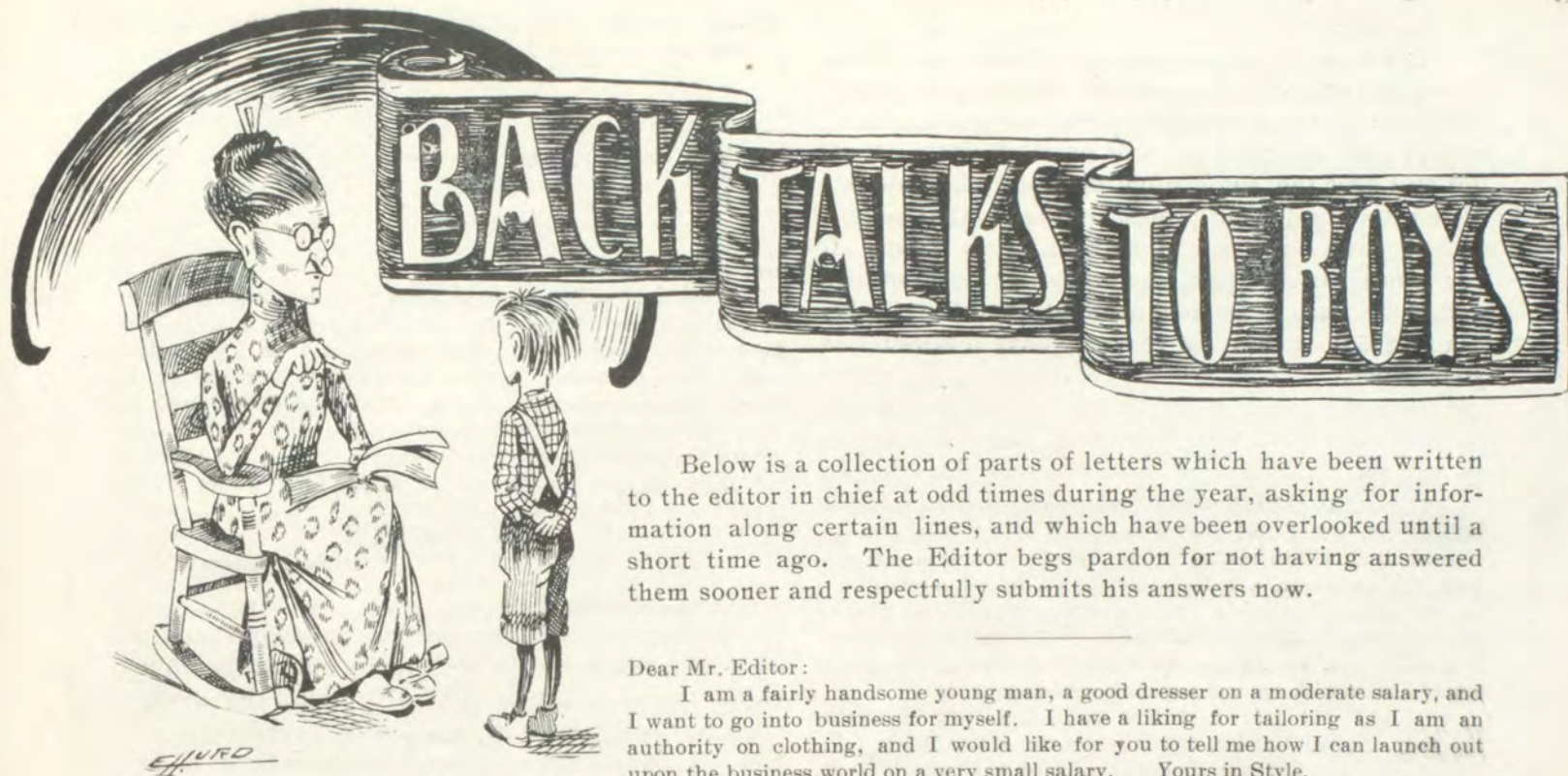
Quinine is a very effective, though slow, cure for Malaria. But a preventative is better than a cure. Three ways of killing the larvæ have been found.

The first is by draining their breeding places. The second is by introducing small fish into the water. The third is by kerosene. The last is very effective as it suffocates them.

To Mr. L. O. Howard, Chief Entomologist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, I am indebted for my information concerning this question. This information can be found in Bulletin No. 25, and in the April number of the *Century Magazine*.

ADDA MYRTLE ANDREWS.





Below is a collection of parts of letters which have been written to the editor in chief at odd times during the year, asking for information along certain lines, and which have been overlooked until a short time ago. The Editor begs pardon for not having answered them sooner and respectfully submits his answers now.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am a fairly handsome young man, a good dresser on a moderate salary, and I want to go into business for myself. I have a liking for tailoring as I am an authority on clothing, and I would like for you to tell me how I can launch out upon the business world on a very small salary. Yours in Style,

Dell Dutton.

Mr. Dutton:

You seem to value your good looks more than your ability to tell a clay worsted from a gunny sack. However, that is a weakness prevalent among young men of your age, and we will overlook it this time, but will offer the suggestion that, if you would pay more attention to your profession than to that angelic face of yours, you would make a better tailor. If your capital is too small, you had better start out on a rather low basis. Do not attempt anything higher than a \$13.00 at first or you may have a law-suit on your hands.

My Dear Sir:

I hope that you will pardon my laying my woes unnumbered before you, but I feel that I must tell of the pain and the anguish that within me lie, before I shuffle off this mortal coil. I am, Sir, an Actor, a thespian of the old school, a relic of former days,—in other words, a back number. Ah! No longer am I able to hold an audience of thousands spell bound by my matchless soliloquies, but must content myself with playing to almost empty houses with egg and vegetable accompaniment!!

Think! of! it!! Sir! The greatest of living Macbeths, the only original Hamlet, the impersonator of two hundred different roles, ranging from Richard the Third, to Charley's Aunt, one of the greatest,—aye the GREATEST of modern historions

walking the streets to day a poor man!! Meh reason totters!!
It drives me ma—ad to think of it!!

Yours dramatically,

Raymond G Barnett.

My Dear Sir:

You had better see a doctor.

my Deer editor:

i thot as How i'd rite yer an ast wot a feller Ot ter dew wen he wants ter Go into Serciety. Tte Serciety out hyar in our Neck uf the Woods aint very high strung but Then i guess it'll pass. I'm a rite peart looker wen i'm drest up, ef i dew say It myself, but sumhowerother the Girls don't seem to taik no Shine upter me. i don't think as how it cud be my looks, But i'll send yer my fotograf an Let yer jege fur yerself. I wush you'd Kinder giv me yer opinyun on The subjick at yer furst lesure Time, cause I've got soshal asprashans.

yourn Trewly,

laurence Blodgett.

My Dear Aspiring Friend:

It is cruel to shatter your "soshal asprashans" so suddenly but, my dear sir, I really and truly do not think that you are in it at all. What the modern "serciety bell" wants is an attentive young man who can tell funny stories till he is black in the face and dance twenty-three two-steps without stopping to take

a breath. Now, judging from your letter, I should not think that you were much of a hand at either of he above mentioned arts.

And when I look at your "fotograf" my heart is too full for expression. What you need is a real sharp razor and some shaving soap. Use according to directions on the wrapper,—only be careful not to cut yourself. After you have tried this awhile let me know how you are coming along. A little time and patience will bring you out all right, I think.

Sir:

I am a poor wandering minstrel, but at the present moment my heart is heavy, my voice silent, and my purse empty. I have a voice of exceptional sweetness and purity, but wherever I go I am met with the same coolness. No body seems to care for my art. I am not an amateur by any means, for I have made several public appearances, one of my most *howling* successes being my appearance at the Orpheum Theatre of Kansas City. The audience, after I had sung but the opening bars of that tender ditty, "Ma Zulu Babe," would let me go no further but insisted upon applauding until I was forced to leave the stage, followed by a shower of bouquets, at least I suppose they were bouquets for I

did not turn back to look. Now why is it that I should be such an outcast? Please inform me upon this subject.

Yours Sincerely,

Prof J. R. E.

My Musical Friend:

It is indeed sad to read such a letter as yours is, one so full of sad complaint. I pity you, 'deed I do. The first part of your letter is very clear to me, but when you begin to speak of your "*howling*" success at the Orpheum, you leave me somewhat in doubt. I do not know exactly how to interpret the word "*howling*." One place, Mr. E., where you made a mistake was when you did not turn back to see what it was that was hurled after you when you were beating a hasty retreat from public view at the time of that memorable Orpheum appearance. I think that if you had examined more closely you would have discovered that—strange as it may seem—those mysterious bouquets were really not bouquets at all but sundry decayed vegetables and tacks, etc., which were sent down upon you from on high. Sooner or later, my dear friend, you must realize the awful truth, namely:—that *you can't sing*. Now my advice is, quit trying to sing and settle down to some good solid work in some other line of business.

Girl's List.

Miss Maude Neal :

Judging from your letter I take it that you are a woman's rights enthusiast. But why you write me for information, I cannot see. Who ever heard of anyone telling one of your kind any thing new? I do not exactly understand what line of woman's rights you intend to pursue, woman suffrage or saloon smashing. However, whichever line it is you have gotten on the wrong track. You should write to Mrs Mary E. Lease, or Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Miss Olive Oburn:

The main part of your letter is taken up with bewailing your fate at not having any one in sight upon whom you might bestow your affections. Now, don't you worry; you will be all right. For you know, pretty girls always receive lots of attention before they die.



SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

The Misadventures of Two Cornets.

WHENEVER Mitchell was particularly low in his mind the inhabitants of Gaylord Hall always knew it. Not that Mitchell cared for that, you know, because he took a fiendish delight in letting them know his condition. And how, you ask? Not by word of

mouth, nor by tears, these commonplace ways, did Mitchell make known his misery. None of these, but by wild, unharmonious and prolonged playing on his cornet. The louder the discord (I had almost said music), the more miserable and disconsolate, Mitchell. Whenever the boys of Gaylord heard the first few

foreboding notes, they left their several occupations and fled the place in panic. And woe, woe to the luckless few who were left behind—no lessons for them.

William Logan and "Ted" Mitchell were roommates at a large eastern boy's school. They had come from the same western country town, and now they shared each other's joys, sorrows, pocket money and tobacco, impartially. Their rooms were the meeting place for all the choice hilarious spirits in the school. Many and many a wicked plot was schemed out there; many and many a plot was nipped in the bud there by watchful care takers. The boys possessed a boundless hospitality and generosity which their school fellows enjoyed and did not return.

When Logan entered the archway of Gaylord one lovely day his ears were struck by a perfect avalanche of sound. He knew too, well, what it meant. So he only groaned in spirit as he strode up the steps.

"He's got 'em again," he muttered, darkly. "I'll beat his confounded old cornet all to smash if he don't get over these spells."

"O Lord!" as a particularly lame scale ended with a crash. The door was open. Mitchell, the thoughtful, feared lest his neighbors should be deprived of



"In the center of the room he sat."

his musical festival. In the center of the room he sat, sprawling Turk-wise on a pile of pillows. His hair was rumpled, his face was red, but he clutched his cornet firmly. Around him, the room was in the last stage of disorder; every box, every drawer, everything that could possibly hold anything, had its contents spilled and rifled. All Mitchell's and Logan's clothes as well, lay in graceful attitudes in chairs, bed and floor. But, strange to relate, every pocket of every garment was turned inside out. Indeed, the whole place looked as if a cyclone or at least a well organized burglar raid had been there.

"What's the matter? Been robbed?" gasped Logan, gazing about.

"O, cut that out," as Mitchell strove to answer him with a heart-breaking wail from his instrument.

"No, broke!" said the disconsolate one gruffly at last.

"Tell you what, old man, we're clean broke. Nothing but about forty-five cents between us and starvation, and a whole month before we get an allowance. I tell you, it's enough to make me play worse than I do, ain't it now, Willy?"

"Well, what's the reason we're broke, I'd like to

know, eh?" shouted Logan. "What's the reason? Ain't it because you pawned every decent thing we had, to buy Brown's bull pup?" [Withering scorn.]

Did Mitchell look properly quenched? Never.

"Now Willy," he said, "you know you wanted the pup yourself."

"Yes," came reluctantly from Logan. "I suppose now we can sell the pup. Jim wants him."

"What? I'll starve first," snapped Mitchell throwing several pillows at his friend.

"Then what shall we do? I might have known better than to let you take care of the money. If I starve now, my death be on your head!"

This last somewhat damped Mitchell's cork-like spirits.

"Think of something," he said diplomatically, "you're always first rate at getting out of a hole." "Can't we borrow some money or get some that we've lent?"

"Borrow," sneered Mitchell. "Yes, borrow, when all the fellows are dead broke, too, Jimmie said he couldn't pay his loan yet because he had to buy Miss Wills some candy. So there you are."

"Well, anybody that can play the cornet like you do, isn't fit for anything and I might have known it.

But I'll help you out—and myself. O, by Jove! the cornet—the very thing!” and Logan shouted with laughter. “Old Thompson was over today and he said something about two of his orchestra fellows being sick, or dead or something. Now I'll go over and see him, and find out if he won't hire us. Isn't that a fine idea?”

“Us? Why you're crazy. You don't know how to play and you don't expect me to do it all, do you?”

“O, never mind a little thing like not knowing how to play. I suppose you've got sense enough to teach me, haven't you.”

At last, after a half hour or more had been spent in idle argument and recrimination, the twain sallied forth to find “Old Thompson.”

Mr. Thompson was the leader of a rather feeble orchestra which played all incidental music for the various theatrical companies which came to town. He was very reluctant to hire the two boys, of course, for he knew them to be college mischief lovers. But his need was pressing and with a mental reservation to watch them closely, he hired them. The boys were elated. This promised to be the master piece of foolery. They notified all their friends of their success and were properly congratulated.

In the week that elapsed before their debut Logan was patiently instructed in the art of music making. Of course he could not really play but as Thompson was rather deaf, what did one discordant sound, more or less, matter? Logan puffed out his cheeks, grew red in the face and in short gave a perfect imitation of a player. Oh, it was rare sport. The two boys, innocent looking as could be, would creep into their places. Then, screened from the conductor's gaze they would make sundry grimaces at their admiring school-fellows.

At last, however, the novelty wore off; and when first one and then another tempting social engagement offered itself, the boys longed for freedom. So the irrepressible Mitchell conceived the idea of hiring a substitute. Some guileless under-graduate would be got to take the place of one of the boys. His cornet would be slyly filled with cotton and he would go through the motions of playing so as to deceive the most elect. Then Mitchell and Logan, one by his side, the other on pleasure bent would complacently draw their salaries on pay-day. On account of the director's infirmity, he suspected nothing. How could he, when always two pairs of innocent eyes met his and two cornets were played with vigor? It grew

to be a mark of special favor, a distinct honor, among the younger boys to substitute. And their admiring relatives and friends never heard the end of their breathless adventures in that capacity.

But alas and alas! The thrice cursed catastrophe that proved their undoing! In a rush of social engagements Mitchell, whose evening off it was, installed his "sub" duly in place. But Logan unthinkingly (or was it purposely? it was never learned which) also procured an unsuspecting boy to take his place in "the band." This particular week there had come to town a company a great deal better than any that had stopped for a long time. So Logan, who dearly loved a good performance, determined not to be cheated out of this one. The orchestra played in a box-like enclosure almost under the stage, thus rendering it impossible for its members to see the performance.

When Substitute Number one, crawled into his place, he gazed curiously at his companion of the cornet. Number two, who did not know Mitchell very well, supposed this was he—or at least he thought that the other knew how to play.

In one act of the drama, the direction had been given for a blare of trumpets—and this blare of trum-

pets, was to be given by the two cornetists. Both substitutes had been told of this by their employers, but each depended on the other to do the "blaring."

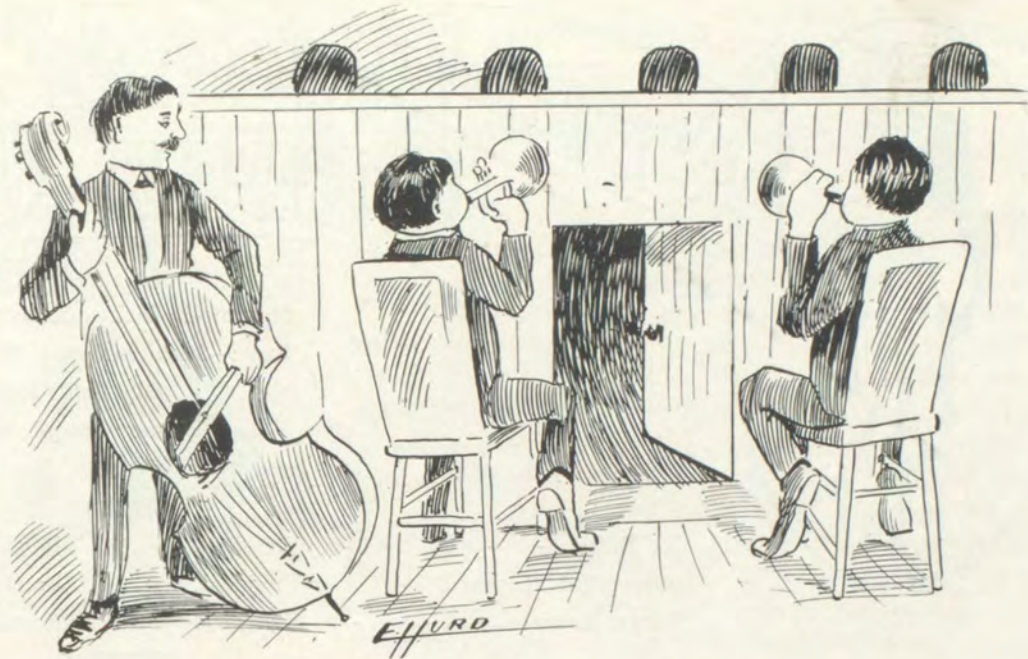
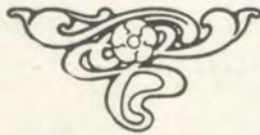
The time approached, when suddenly Mitchell in a box looked across the house to a party that was just entering. He caught a wide-eyed glance from one of the crowd. Horror of horrors! it was Logan! They both looked quickly at the orchestra where sat the luckless two, calmly awaiting their doom, and neither could play a note! In silent misery Logan and Mitchell waited.

The leader looked quickly at his henchmen, gave his three little officious taps for attention, and raised baton.

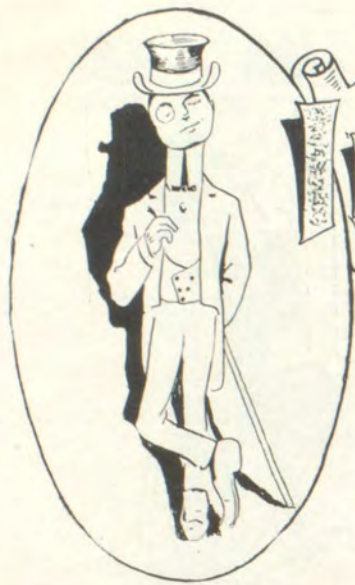
"The queen approaches. Hark! the blare of trumpets!" sang out a herald. With cheeks puffed out, hands clutching instruments, faces fiery red, both substitutes blew furiously. For a moment there was a dead silence then suddenly through the cotton mufflings came a sound long and loud like the wail of a lost soul. Oh! the agony of that moment! As that awful sound broke upon the stillness, the luckless two realized their ignominy. Throwing down their cornets they fled precipitously down the little hatchway, far, far, into the night.

The bull-pup still reigns at Gaylord—his masters having recovered from their financial embarrassment, and as he chews reflectively on a choice corner of the best rug, he ponders on the dreadful time when he so narrowly escaped a change of quarters.

GEORGIA DVORAK.



"There came a sound like the wail of a lost soul."



INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ITS

MOTTO:—Nos sumus omnis ludus.

YELL:—Magnum Caput! Magnum Caput!!

Rip! Rah!! Ree!!!

We are "It!" We are "It!"

Yes! Sir!! Ree!!!

OFFICERS.

- | | | | | | |
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| Joe Ellis | - - - - - | President. | Ralph Morrison | - - - | Treasurer |
| Raymond G. Barnett | - | Vice-President. | Ralph Freyschlag | - - | Errand Boy |
| Burnes Moore | - - - | Secretary. | Roscoe Fairbanks Potts | - - | Tramp |

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- | | | |
|----------------|--------------|---------------|
| Willie Gill | Dell Dutton | Edgar Lovejcy |
| Thomas Scruggs | Chris Lawlor | Edwin Dunlap |

Paul Kirtley

James Austin

NOTICE—All candidates for membership must wear a hat of number 8 size or over.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Jenkins' Objection.

THE village of Benton consisted of only one store and four houses. Still, the farmers of the vicinity made much use of its social accommodations. My story opens at this place on a sultry afternoon during the Indian summer after harvest time.

On the elevated platform in front of the store were seated several farmers, lounging in the sunshine, seemingly too tired to talk. Finally, one of them raised his hand to his eyes and gazed intently down the smooth, white road.



JENKINS.

"Pears to me as some 'un is comin," he said. This attracted the attention of the others, who at once set to guessing who the traveler was.

"Thet's Pete Jenkins," finally decided one. "I know thet yaller nag o' his as well as I do my name."

The speaker was right. The man upon horse-back was no other than Peter F. Jenkins, the wealthiest farmer in Merrill county and the body and soul of the district board of education. School had been open but a month, and for the first time, a lady teacher had been employed, much against the wishes of Mr. Jenkins. He was, to use his own words, "not agin the woman but agin her way o' doin' what she pleased." In his mind things had been going from bad to worse during the four weeks of school. And so, being a talkative man, his arrival was anxiously looked forward to by the store loungers.

Slowly, with a swinging gait, the horse drew up to the platform.

"How'dy gentlemen," said Jenkins as he threw

the lines over his mare's head, and dismounted.

"Fair on to middlin," came the reply from one of the group.

After tying his horse, the rider entered the store kept by Abe Maxwell, also a member of the school board.

Those on the outside, anxious for gossip, were disappointed at what they considered the loss of so tempting a budget of news. They were, however, soon made happy for both Maxwell and Jenkins appeared at the door.

"I'm agin it. I'm agin it from beginin' to end," the latter was saying. "Why, thet teacher is a havin' my Sam, the Stunt's boys, and a lot o' the gals a dallyin' around for thet show. When Sam gits home he goes out in the barn and waves his hands at the raffers and tells the cows about a Juliee or Julieet, or some sort of foolish name."

By this time the platform audience had become very interested and one of them ventured to ask, "What's your city teacher doin' now, Peter?"

"Doin'?" Doin' everything she kin' to make good fer nuthin' lazy critters out o' our boys," was his quick reply.

"But," he continued, "I'll stop this palaverin'

and get her back where she come from in jig time at the next meetin'. I jest talked it over with Max, here, and he's a goin' ter help me. I guess I got some say around thet skule yet a while."

Mr. Jenkins' anger increased as he talked, so by the time he had finished this last sentence, he had become too full for utterance. So he mounted his horse and turned towards home, leaving the group in front of the store wondering how far he would carry his threat.

Miss Scott, the teacher, was a very determined young woman. Her last step in what she considered a movement to improve the school was perhaps a little too radical. She was attempting to give a scene from Romeo and Juliet, having the country boys and girls take the parts. Under the ruling of the school board no one could interfere with the teacher's work except through that body at its regular meetings.

Time sped on until the day before that on which the board met. There was upon this day only one thing in Mr. Jenkins' mind which could be thought of besides his anger at the new turn of school affairs, and this was his wish for a certain roan trotter owned by Mr. Morris, another member of the board. Fear-

ing that his unsettled temper would make negotiations for this horse impossible on the following evening, he determined upon this night as the only time to see Morris.

Putting on his boots, and placing a large roll of bills in his vest pocket, he went to the barn to mount his nag.

Twilight was coming on when he started. The road before him stood out distinctly in its whiteness against the dark shadows of the trees along its edges. For some time he rode in silence, thinking first of Morris and then of Miss Scott. Slowly above the tops of the pines rose the full autumn moon, throwing a deeper shadow around the trees. Here the road sloped down to a little creek, crossed by a ford. Just as his horse had passed the water, Jenkins was startled by a sudden voice.

"Throw up yer hands," came the muffled voice of a man, who grasped the horse by the bridle. The experience was a novel one for Mr. Jenkins, and he was slow in complying. The appearance of two other men with revolvers, however, quickly changed his mind and he raised his hands above his head. The first man turned and led the horse and rider into the underbrush by the roadside. Once under cover they



"Throw up yer hands."

took him from the horse and gagged him. One of the men grasped Peter's feet while another attempted to tie them. At this moment his "yaller" colt gave a loud whinny.

Then there broke upon the stillness a distant clattering of hoofs.

The men dropped their work, listened a moment, and, seizing Mr. Jenkins' hat and coat which they had removed, hurried into the woods. The sounds from the horse's feet grew nearer and nearer until they finally came to a stop at the ford. Then it was that the "yaller" colt gave another long whinny and trotted out to the road. This act was followed by a pause, then between the crackling of the bushes a voice called out, "Mr. Jenkins! Oh, Mr. Jenkins, are you here?"

The recent captive had risen to his shaky knees and was tugging away at the gag in his mouth. Just as the splash of the water told that the new comer was going on, he freed his mouth and called loudly, "Hey there. Here, wait a minnit." Then he hastened to the roadside and there to his great astonishment sat Miss Scott on Mr. Morris' roan trotter.

"What in the world are you doing away out here without a coat and hat?" was her first question.

Mr. Jenkins' voice was a little unsteady, but he managed to tell of his capture and of how her timely arrival had saved his money if not his life.

After his story was ended he caught his colt and in company with Miss Scott started back home.

"But what be ye doin' on thet horse this time o' night?" he asked after he had regained his composure.

"Oh," she answered, "I was just over to see Mrs. Morris today and her husband told me to take the horse for a week and try him."

"What!" cried Jenkins excitedly, "er, you a' goin' ter buy him?"

"No, indeed," she replied and added with a gay little touch, "I have not money enough to purchase one half as good as this one. At home I always rode, and Mr. Morris said that as I should—well, as I should be back and forth a great deal this week before the entertainment, I had better ride his horse."

Silence followed this speech and Peter Jenkins, the kind hearted, fought with Peter Jenkins, the determined for several minutes. Finally he cleared his throat and after several attempts to speak he said, "Er, er, Miss Scott, don't say nothin' about this doin's to the boys. I guess I'll go to Spencer tomorrow and see about sellin' my hogs."

"But," interjected Miss Scott, "tomorrow night the school board meets. Have you forgotten?"

"No, I ain't forgot it. But I guess they won't miss me." At this point Mr. Jenkins' gate was reached and as he turned to enter the yard he said, "Ye kin use my buggy the night of thet show of yourn, but don't tell the boys long afore hand."

The loungers from Maxwell's store were present in a body at the meeting of the school board on the following evening, and anxiously awaited the arrival of Mr. Jenkins. The latter did not appear and they learned that he had been forced to go to Spencer upon important business. So it was that no opposition was raised to Miss Scott's entertainment.

The following Friday arrived, and with it the evening of the show. Early the wagons began to come to the little school house. The entire room was filled with old and young, eager to be amused by something besides a husking bee or quilting party.

Just as the crude curtain rose above the roughly made stage, the door opened and Peter Jenkins slip-

ped unnoticed into a seat in the darkest corner of the poorly lighted room.

After numerous songs and recitations, the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet was given. The production would have brought convulsions of laughter to one acquainted with the play, but it made a deep impression upon this audience. As the curtain fell, Miss Scott stood up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have one more number, but it is without a name. That I leave for you to give."

The curtain arose and in the center of the stage, executing a wild dance around a coat and hat over which hung the motto "In this sign we conquer," were three men dressed as bandits. Suddenly the leader pulled off his mask and there stood young Jenkins. Peter Jenkins, the elder, looked dumbfounded. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, then taking his hat in his hand he quietly slipped out of the door saying, "Well, I'll be gosh durned."

WILL CARENCE.



In and About School.



TOM SCRUGGS AT THE ORPHEUM.



WILL HOGSETT, ALIAS JULIA SUMMERFIELD.



PUGSLEY AND "THAT PIPE."



"MAH ZULU BABE."



A PHILO IN 1950.

SOPHOMORE DEPARTMENT.

The Power of a Dream.

THE summer of 1864 found Philip Oden on a railroad train speeding through the interior of Georgia. It had been four years since he, though a southern gentleman, had left his home and friends against his wife's wishes to go North and join the Federal army, the army, which was then forging the thunder bolts used later to strike the fetters from the feet of the negro.

The train was heavily loaded with Union soldiers, prisoners of war. The men sat upon a flat, open car, jammed and huddled together like cattle, exposed to the sun and rain. They had, however, plenty of air and water for which they were thankful and the rapid motion was so pleasant, that they would have enjoyed it, had it not been for the fact that they were being carried to Andersonville, a name, which of itself, sent a thrill of terror to the stoutest heart that beat beneath the soiled blue blouses.

Sergeant Oden made up his mind to make an ef-

fort for his freedom. There was only one man who knew his design. This man was an old tried friend, whom he loved and trusted. Watching his opportunity, when the guard's attention was turned elsewhere, Philip, without looking at his comrade, whispered to him—

“Bob, old boy, I am going to make a break for liberty. Will you risk—”

He paused as the guard came nearer and was given a warning glance by Bob Burrell.

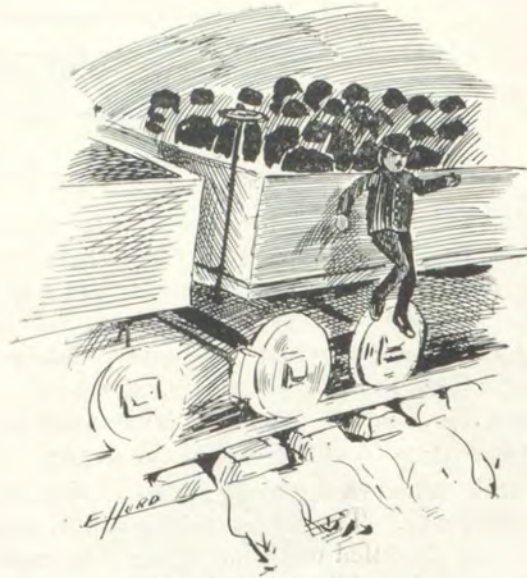
After the sun went down, twilight softened and obscured the landscape. Soon a cool breeze sprang up which refreshed the weary soldiers who stood up, stretched their cramped limbs and turned their eyes toward the North Star—and home. Ah! at the thought of home and dear ones, tears welled down cheeks that never blanched before the foe, and bearded lips quivered at the remembrance of those left behind.

Sergeant Oden was in a reckless, defiant mood

and his thoughts were all centered on the desperate attempt he intended to make to recover his liberty. As the night wore on, most of the prisoners fell asleep, some in one position, some in another, half lying, sitting.

An hour after midnight all was still with the exception of the drowsy "hum" and languid murmur that always pervades an aggregation of human beings. Philip Oden was wide awake, every sense alert, every nerve tense waiting for an opportunity to leap unseen from the flying train.

At last, even the guard became somnolent and relaxed his vigilance. As he drowsily turned on his beat with his face toward the opposite end of the car, he little thought that he had just given a coveted chance to Philip Oden. Oden, quick to take advantage of this whispered to Bob Burrell—"God bless you, Bob—I'm going to liberty or death." Burrell heard the faint whisper but before he could speak he saw in the darkness the outline of Oden's figure as he straightened himself, flung his arms upward and sprang into the darkness to meet—what? Burrell shuddered as he pictured the lifeless body and colorless face that might now be lying beside the iron rails.



"He * * sprang into the darkness."

Two or three soldiers, upon discovering Oden's absence, turned and looked enquiringly at Burrell who whispered to them, "Move up, boys and fill his place so the rebs won't miss him. He said he was going to liberty or death—God grant he may find the

first." "Amen," his comrades breathed, then they huddled together and kept silent.

The guard, who had charge of the squad in which Burrell and Philip belonged, noticed the latter's absence when the prisoners' breakfast was served.

"Whar's yer pardner, Yank?" he asked glancing at Bob.

"I don't know," answered Burrell.

"Yer do know, yer know he's skipped."

"Well, Johnny Reb, maybe he has, he don't seem to be here."

"Blast my soul; I wonder ef he skipped over board while we wuz runnin' twenty miles an hour. Ef he did hit's no use los'in time huntin' 'im, the poor devil must a bin killed ez soon ez he struck ther 'arth. But I'll have ter report 'im missin' ter ther officer in charge, and git a cussin' fur lettin' 'im go."

* * * * *

And what was Philip's fate?

When he made the perilous leap into darkness and space the shock so stunned him that he became unconscious. After awhile, recovering a little he raised himself in a dazed way and tried to stand; but he turned blind and dizzy for his right leg refused

to do its part. The effort he made to use it caused the most agonizing pain. He fell back exhausted.

When morning came Philip was scarcely conscious; he would realize his condition and surroundings for a moment, then some movement would bring on the faintness and blindness and he would go back to the past. Home and wife would picture themselves on his dazed brain and become more real than the actual present.

"Elinor! Elinor!" he would cry; then a moment of stupor and he would appeal to his wife again.

As the country was thinly settled there was no one living near enough to hear his cries. At last a man came riding slowly along the highway. The word "Elinor" fell upon his ear, he started, looked hastily around and listened intently. Presently he heard the cry again. Then he dismounted, and guided by the voice he found the blue coated form lying beside the iron rail. He stooped over the prostrate man, and looked into the unseeing eyes. One instant he looked, then falling by Philip's side cried— "Massa! Massa! is it you? Thank God! you ain't dead. The Lawd has heard my prayer and covered yo' head in battle."

The man was Alfred, the negro slave, into whose

care Philip had entrusted his wife, when he joined the Federal army.

Alfred, receiving no answer, raised his master as gently as possible and placing him upon the horse, walked beside him, holding him firmly in the saddle.

Luckily it was only half-a-mile to Dr. Lenox's plantation where Alfred was stopping with his mistress, Mrs. Oden, who being a niece of Dr. Lenox, was at this time a guest at his house.

The early morning had given place to open daylight when Alfred reached the Lenox place. Everything was quiet, however, about the house and grounds. One or two lazy negroes were stirring about the cabins, but they did not see Alfred as he crept into the barn, staggering under his burden. Up the stairway Alfred toiled and at last reached his bed which although covered with a coarse coverlet was sweet and clean. Laying his master gently down, he stood in anxious thought a few moments; then stealing softly from the room, he closed and locked the door behind him.

By this time the household was astir and very soon the family assembled at breakfast. When Dr. Lenox had breakfasted he stepped out on the veranda to smoke his cigar. Alfred, seeing him there, ap-

proached him and said respectfully, "Marse Richard, will you come to the stables befoh you go out, sir? I think there is sompin wrong wif Hector (the colt.)"

"Why yes, Alfred—I'll go and see him right away, but if he's ailing I think you can do more for him than I." The doctor, saying this, walked toward the barn followed by Alfred. As soon as they were out of earshot of the house the negro said, "Marse Richard, though 'Hector' is all right this morning he had such a bad spell last night that I got a pass from Miss Elinor and went to H—— to get something to make him a drench. I got the medicine and started back. Just at daybreak I struck the railroad half-a-mile from here and then hearing a voice call 'Elinor' I dismounted. Guided by the voice I soon found a blue coated sojer lying beside the track. I looked into his face and saw thas it was my master, Philip Oden."

"What! Elinor's husband!" hurriedly exclaimed the doctor. "Yes, Marse Richard," the negro answered.

"Where is he?"

"I brought him here and hid him in the stable loft where I sleep. I think he is badly hurt. Marse Richard, will you please come and see him?" Tears

rose to Alfred's eyes and his voice had a tone of piteous entreaty.

"Certainly I will see him and cure him too, if I can. Lead the way."

Alfred and the Doctor climbed up the rough stairway to the loft. Philip was in a stupor, breathing heavily. Dr. Lenox examined him, then turning to Alfred said, "His leg is broken, there is also a slight concussion of the brain. Now, my man, get some bandages for we must attend to Philip's injuries at once."

Although, Elinor Oden lived for weeks within a stone's throw of her husband, she knew nothing of his presence, for Dr. Lenox had instructed Alfred to say very little regarding Philip for fear that the Confederate cavalry, which sometimes halted for a day or two in the vicinity, might hear of Philip's presence and recapture him.

One day Mrs. Oden thought of her husband more constantly than usual. All day and far into the night his image filled her mind.

In the dingy barn attic, at the same hour Philip lay thinking of her and wondering where she could be. This was the first hour that his brain had been

entirely clear since his terrible leap. He had awakened out of a deep sleep, conscious and perplexed, by his surroundings. Alfred, who was sleeping soundly upon a pallet in the corner of the room, had left the door a little ajar in order to give the sick man a current of pure air. He had intended closing and locking it, but sleep stole upon him and like a strong man pinioned his eyelids ere he was aware.

While Alfred lay sleeping, the door softly opened and a white figure, gliding into the room, moved about as if in search for something or someone. Philip raised himself and asked faintly, "What do you want?" The apparition turned toward him and stretching out its arms, whispered back "I want my Philip." Oden was now thoroughly excited, struggling to rise, he said, in a louder tone, "Who are you?"

"Elinor," breathed the figure as it glided to the bed, knelt down beside him and gazed at him with stony, unseeing eyes.

"My God! is she dead, and this her spirit?" he almost shrieked.

This awakened Alfred, who springing to his master's side, bore him gently back upon the pillow. Philip, though faint from the effort he had made, did

not swoon as Alfred feared he would, so he heard the negro say very gently:

“Miss Elinor! Mistis, wake up.”

With a sigh and a sudden catching of her breath, the stony look left her eyes, and Mrs. Oden looked around with amazement.

“You’re safe, Mistis,” said Alfred. “You have been walking in your sleep and have come up here. I reckon the light in the attic drew you to it.”

“But who is this, Alfred?”

“Elinor, don’t you know Philip?” breathed the sick man, as he raised his head and feebly stretched his arms toward her.

“Oh, Philip! my husband,” sobbed the wife, as she knelt beside him, gently kissed his forehead and laid her cheek tenderly upon his wasted hand.

Thus, by some unknown force, Elinor Oden was guided to the barn loft and there reunited to her hero husband.

HORACE GUFFIN.



“Struggling to rise, he said, ‘Who are you?’”





CENTRAL NURSERY

COLOR:—Baby Blue.

YELL:—Freshman Ree! Freshman Rah!
Milk Bottle! Baby Rattle!
Sis! Boom!! Bah!!!

Run on the co-operative plan. This Institution makes a specialty of all cases of sickness resulting from fright caused by unprepared lessons, etc. In fact, we can handle anything that comes our way. All kinds of excuses swallowed and no questions asked. Our Motto is: Patience brings Patients.

OFFICERS.

Mrs. Geo. B. Wheeler,	-	-	-	Head of Girls' Dep't.
Mr. Patrick R. Coll,	-	-	-	Head of Boys' Dep't.
Mabelle Thornton,	-	-	-	- Chronic Patient.

PATIENTS.

Mabelle Thornton,
Aileen Stevens,
Kathleen Pague,
Anna Hamilton,
Julia Lewis,
Cordelia Combs,

Daisy Kirk,
Dorothea Mann,
Katherine Howe,
Roscoe Potts,
Roy Russell,
Thomas Scruggs,

Diller Wood,
Joseph Ellis,
Ralph Freyschlag,
Burton Hocker,
Lloyd Morrow,
Guy Moore.

NOTE: All patients *must* have nurses belonging to the union. Scab labor positively prohibited.

FRESHMAN DEPARTMENT.

An Idle Fancy.

THE thatched huts of the town of Damoh had been deserted. For in the hope of relief the inhabitants sought the sequestered spots along the banks of a shallow stream known as the Soune, whose inactive waters grew black and slimy as the night became dense. The late moon arose to gaze upon a restless, sleepless city whose sons were indeed martyrs to withstand these scourges of the tropical orient.

Somewhat removed from the peopled portion of the city an old dilapidated hovel lay half tottering in an opening of tall, gaunt willow trees. In this rather antique abode, apart from the world, dwelt an old woman, decrepit, broken and bowed with the weight of age. The wrinkles of her black face disguised all vestige of expression. Her withered form seemed calloused to the ravenous heat of the hills.

She gazed longingly through the thickening gloom far into the heart of the city, that lay torpid and dry

in the unchangeable, sultry atmosphere. Here and there a native trudged about, performing an obligatory errand or leading a beast of burden that seemingly sounded the accordant note in making the picture a harmonizing one of lazy inactivity,

She did not seek in vain, for, plodding along as though defying the absolute monotony, a willowy, comely Indian lad of twenty summers approached the straw covered hut. But a look of profound concern settled over her anxious countenance, and her brow knitted itself into a deep V shape as she perceived two foreign officers immediately behind him.

This young civilian, her son, was respected as an intelligent man of honored dignity whose integrity was self-assertive in his quiet demeanor, and whose reputation bore no stain. Honest, respected, even admired, he lived among the officers of his country's conquerers.

Perhaps it was this that startled his mother as

two officers apparently guarded him, for never had an officer visited their miserable home and the affair bore a something of puzzling appearance.

The native pushed open the low door, motioned the old woman to retire, and bowed slightly as the two entered. The old mother hesitatingly withdrew, but looked distrustfully back as the three seated themselves at a table.

The extreme closeness of the place rendered the heat scarcely endurable, but the three men remained unconscious of their inconvenience. A deck of cards was taken from a shelf, counted, and examined by each player. Each bore toward the other a smouldering antipathy, and repugnance domineered the individuality of the participants. The officers looked knowingly at the boy as he reached in his bosom and drew out a stone, that sparkled in the flickering candle glare. The officers laid on the table piles of gold. The cut was made, and the cards of the initiative deal lay before each.

By some previous agreement two were to win while the third one lost. All went serenely, even calmly. In silence each player watched his opponent, until a decisive moment had thrown the players into an uproar. A cry of anger rose from one of the officers.



"Removed from * * the city, an old dilapidated hovel lay."

He sprang from his seat, drew his revolver and fired, not once but thrice. His successful yet unfortunate opponent fell heavily, groaning and writhing in the throes of death. From his trembling hand fell the jewel. The assassin reached for it; and slipped from the suffocating hut now filled with the stifling smoke of the revolver and the piercing shrieks and groans of the wretch, that gasped and bled on the floor of bark. Fearful the boy gazed upon him, then upon the gold he had gained, but that now seemed as the accursed silver of Judas as it lay strewn before him.

Appeared at the portal the old woman, stunned and surprised, ignorant of what had occurred, and little dreaming of the future complications of which her son stood in such imminent danger.

Mad in the face of bitter disappointment, crazed with the sensation and excitement, the officer sounded broadcast the news of the murder. In a moment the camp was roused, the cry of vengeance, long and loud,



"In silence each player watched his opponent."

echoed through the valley. The dust arose in the streets, forming immense clouds as clattering horsemen rode madly through the city. From a peaceful, quiet camp it became a scene of fearful pandemonium.

The moonlight illumined the streets, as, long after midnight the degraded captive marched into camp. Rough, grave cavalymen led the march. Between long files of men and darkening crowds the

Indian walked solemn and alone. Immediately behind, a squad bore the body of the departed. A single drum sounded.

* * * * *

A blank fortnight had passed. The same sun rested on the same western slopes. Its last beams pervaded all parts of the helpless city with equal severity. And with shimmering glare the cloudless west submitted again to the inevitable. No native wandered here or yonder, for the inhabitants, without exception, stood gathered on a hill that towered above and lorded it over the surrounding valleys. It was a great tribunal, where every tongue read the condemnation, where every heart executed the sentence. There arose before them a gallows of crude, primitive construction. On the steps that led to eternity stood the Indian, tall, stolid, upright. His austere visage evinced but cool, stoic placidity. His hands were tied behind him. His breast naked to the beating sun.

Thus he stood, silent in the fading, dying day. Rigidly bloodless remained his cool, calm countenance. Tearless were those kind, expressive eyes. Motion-

less that purpled lip. All looked on him—he on them—solicitous. Here friends were strangers in this sea of upturned faces.

Pale, aghast, awe-stricken, I felt the frigidness of death, uncolored in its bare horror, undeterred in its cruel execution, enacting to its fullest degree its inflexible authority. But when defiantly met, how its terror shrinks, its pain fades and its horror disappears.

From the multitude the grieved mother gazed with stupor. Solitary felt she as he felt. Alone did the pangs of comfortless destitution and depravity pierce her weak and bursting, yet loving heart. Earnestly did her soul seek the Almighty for a lone solace; but, alas; hell's hour had come, and delay was at an end.

Sickened, I turned away as the sun at last sank. The atmosphere grew dry. The very air seemed parched. The heat became unbearable. The silence for the moment was intense. While quietly stole a quivering zephyr, which dared whisper the fearful message—I awoke.

HAL DONEHUE.

CHRONOLOGY

E.H.

Sept. 15. "Weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Sept. 17. School. A Freshman is run over by Professor Coll.

Oct. 1. Anti-Cigarette League started.

Oct. 2. Anti-Cigarette League breaks up.

Oct. 15. Cold weather. Dell Dutton hunts up his pawn ticket and redeems his overcoat.

Oct. 20. Roy Bradbury goes out to Gladys' house and loses his heart. Could not find it and had to go home without it.

Nov. 5. Roscoe Fairbanks Potts, etc., etc., becomes possessed of the idea that he is a funny man. Starts out to prove it.

Nov. 27. Bolena begins to have heart trouble. Doctor doesn't know who is the cause.

Nov. 30. Kirtley celebrates Hallowe'en. Meets Police Judge McAuley next day.

Dec. 1. Blodgett gets a shave and a pair of shoes.

Dec. 10. Lloyd Morrow thinks.

Dec. 20. Roy Bradbury buys a box of candy as a Christmas present for Gladys. Later on decides that he needs it himself. Exit candy.

Jan. 15. Harry Kendall decides to reform Central. Not at all pleased with present system.

Jan. 20. Blodgett gets another shave. Unable to withstand the shock.

Jan. 25. Potts goes to prayer meeting. Sick next day.

Feb. 2. Lambdas have a quorum at their meeting. Decide to run Roscoe Fairbanks Potts for principal of the school.

Feb. 11. Burnes Moore elected secretary of the Platos. Begins to wear hat cocked on the side of his head.

March 1. Glee Club organized. Boys with good voices prohibited from membership.

March 2. Ellis buys a copy of "Mah Zulu Babe." Begins mysterious rehearsals in his barn. Neighbors kick.

March 6. Glee Club appears at St. Anthony Baby Bazaar. Audience exit by fire-escape. Police called.

March 8. Platos have an election. No one hurt.

March 10. Morrow thinks. Symptoms of brain fever noticed.

March 12. Russell recites in English literature without making a mistake. His father cautions him against overwork.

March 28. "Girls' Issue" of the Luminary comes out. Maude happy.

March 29. Platos give their farce. Bradbury and Hogsett become very affectionate toward each other.

April 4. Burnes Moore and James Austin decide to rush Helena. Ed Dunlap becomes "weal angwy."

April 15. Senior election held. Potts turns ward-heeler. Kendall recites his little speech, but suddenly finds out that he is not a senior. Retires in disgrace.

April 16. All frat members wear two six shooters and a bowie knife till elections are over. Prof. White does not step outside his office for fear of being assassinated.

April 26. C. L. C. give their farce. Pay a great compliment to Platos by imitating "Plato, His Book."

May 5. Some Freshmen caught playing hide-and-seek in the lockers.

May 10. Glee Club appears in Assembly Hall. Mrs. Voorhees faints. Mr. White loses a collar button.

May 16. "Annual" comes out. Hogsett and Bradbury sent to the Insane Asylum at St. Joe.

May 20. Fred Pugsley buys a new five cent pipe.

May 30. Graduation. Seniors look "just too lovely for anything."

May 31. Class Day. The school astonished at the array of talent (?). Tears at departure.

AMEN.

Central Red Book.

NAME.	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC.	CHIEF FAULT.	CHIEF ATTAINMENT.	PRINCIPAL OCCUPATION.	AIM IN LIFE.
Burnes Moore.....	Mouth.....	Mouth.....	Secretary of Platos.....	Jawing.....	Politician.
Roscoe Potts.....	Feet.....	Too numerous to mention.....	Graduation.....	Getting votes.....	Tramp.
Lloyd Morrow.....	Frozen Smile.....	Sport.....	Some one to love him.....	Walking the halls.....	None in sight.
Raymond G. Barnett.	Dr-r-ramatic.....	Magnum Caput.....	To run the school.....	Strutting.....	To be an orator.
"Willie" Gill.....	Weight.....	Singing.....	To be IT.....	Being heavy.....	Dime Museum Specimen.
Dell Dutton.....	Loud.....	Those Clothes.....	To be somebody.....	To keep in style.....	Fashion Plate.
Burton Hocker.....	Funny (?).....	Nonentity.....	Phi Sigma.....	Going out to Bolena's.....	To be important.
Charles Edwards.....	Stylish.....	Too stylish.....	Nothing so far.....	Keeping his "two-sahs" pressed.....	Dude.
Paul Kirtley.....	Bossy.....	Lazy.....	Holding a chair down.....	Resting.....	Policeman.
Maude Neal.....	Dazzlingly Brilliant.....	Wants to run the Philos.....	Prize Essay.....	Posing.....	Woman's rights advocate.
Pharris Martin.....	Heavy.....	All about equal.....	Center Rush.....	None.....	To "rush" the girls.
Joe Ellis.....	Enlarged Medulla Oblongata.....	His voice.....	Singing "Mah Zulu Babe".....	Gaining notoriety.....	Vaudeville artist.
James Austin.....	Sissy.....	Effeminaey.....	Lady's Man.....	Primping.....	Tc marry.
Fred Pugsley.....	Awkward.....	"That pipe".....	Anna.....	Smoking "that pipe".....	Human chimney.
Olive Oburn.....	Attractive.....	Can't find any.....	Has Will H. on her staff.....	Looking pretty.....	A society belle.
Ewing Walker.....	Unreliable.....	Flopper.....	Founder of the "Walker Flop".....	Changing frats.....	To settle down.
Roy Bradbury.....	Comedian (?).....	Mushy.....	Gladys.....	Trotting to Gladys'.....	End minstrel man.
Harry Kendall.....	Big at the mouth.....	Two-faced.....	To be important.....	Working the Phi Lambdas.....	Justice of the Peace.

WANT COLUMN.

(Advertisements inserted in this column at the rate of one cent a line, payable in advance. Big returns obtained.)

Wanted—Some notoriety, cheap or otherwise. Apply to Dell Dutton.

Wanted—Something to kick about. Anything will do. Burnes V. Moore.

Buyer Wanted—For my latest patent, the celebrated "Walker Flop." Will enable you to change your opinions at will without any pangs of conscience. Have used it myself. Never fails. Admirably fitted for elections of all kinds. Apply to Ewing Walker.

A Buyer Wanted—For the best collection of ponies on the market. Everything from Cicero to Cæsar interlinears. Apply before the end of school to Roscoe Fairbanks Potts.

Wanted—A private secretary to take down my campaign speeches. Must be an expert in taking fast dictations. Apply to Harry Kendall.

Wanted—By the Platos, some fair elections.

A first class razor and razor-strop wanted. Also some shaving soap. Laurence Blodgett.

Wanted—An engagement with some theatrical company. Anything from light comedy to heavies. Raymond G. Barnett, actor.

Wanted—By the C. L. C., some originality. Apply to Kenneth Keebler.

Wanted—By the Glee Club, some good, reliable young man with an all-round voice, to act as understudy.

Wanted—By the high school janitors, rest.

Wanted—Some one to love, by Lloyd Morrow. All applications addressed to me personally shall be regarded as strictly confidential.

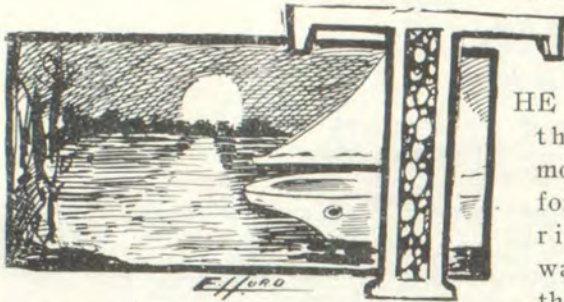
Wanted—By the Philos, somebody to take Maude's place next year.

Situation Wanted—By a capable young man. Am a first class tailor's helper. Dell Dutton.

Wanted—By Roscoe Fairbanks Potts, enough energy to last through the summer. Apply soon, as I am slowly wasting away from overwork(?).

Wanted—Some first-class school spirit by Central High School. Apply between now and the beginning of next year.

Genius Old and New.



THE light of the full moon transformed the rippling waters of the bay into shimmering gold. The drowsy charm of the June night had laid its impress upon the two young men who were lounging comfortably on the decks of a handsome yacht, mystically white beneath the moon's clear rays.

"I say, Masters," came from the depths of one of the hammocks swung across the deck, "where have you been all day?" "Oh, just knocking around, trying to find something to look at."

"Did you find anything?"

"Well, rather," came slowly between cigarette puffs. "I've run across a Murillo Madonna."

"The devil you have," was Dick Bryson's polite retort.

"Well, you're an artist and I am not, but just the

same I've made a find."

"You've slipped up this time, old man," declared Dick emphatically, "because the original canvas was burned during the French revolution. Why, man alive, it would be worth a cool two hundred thousand if it were in existence."

Will squinted at the moon, and silently blew smoke for fully two minutes. Then he lounged out of the hammock and pulled himself to his feet with a yawn.

"Well, there's no use in trying to tell you about it. You can see for yourself, and if I lose out, I guess I can stand for the drinks," and Will started leisurely for the cabin.

"Hold on there, old man," called Dick. "Where is this wonderful canvas you're so dead sure about?"

"Why, right here in Naples; to be more specific, it's in a collection belonging to an old guy of a prince, Garnaldo, I believe his name is."

"Well, I hate to take you seriously," said Dick. "I wish you were right, but if you are, there are about a million artists more or less, including yours truly, who are wrong. Can we go there tomorrow?"

"Why, surely," said Will. "In the meantime you'd better follow my example and turn in. If you are as sleepy as I am, you won't worry yourself about

original Murillo Madonnas or anything else."

But Dick didn't find it so easy to get to sleep as did his friend.

* * * * *

"Here we are," at length said Will next morning after leading his friend through a maze of crooked streets, past queer smelling markets, and threading a careful path through miscellaneous aggregations of dogs and children.

"Hm, not very promising," commented Dick, as he dubiously regarded the outlines of what had once been a handsome structure of gray stone, but which wore an air of decidedly shabby gentility. "How do we get in?" he added.

"Well, not by standing here," said Will. "This old fellow has an entire collection that isn't half bad, and lots of Englishmen and Americans come here to see it. They tell me he has a prejudice against Frenchmen and Germans. If he hadn't, somebody would have found the Madonna long ago."

Will lead the way through a paved passageway into a court, one side of which was flooded with the morning sunlight. An old servant was basking in the warmth like a very large and ugly lizard.

"Here, Luigi," said Will, pushing a coin towards the old fellow, "I want to show my friend the pictures."

Going through a lofty entrance hall they found themselves in an immense square room, its walls hung with faded tapestries, its gilded furniture dull and di-

lapidated. Everything revealed poverty dire and mournful—everything except the remarkable canvases which adorned the walls. There were many pictures well worth studying, but Dick saw only one of them, and that one made him catch his breath. Drawing nearer, he scrutinized it carefully. Surely this could not be a real Murillo. He looked again; none but a master's hand could have thus portrayed that wonderful look of motherhood in the sweet oval face of the Madonna, none but a master's hand could have produced that faint mystical coloring so warm and beautiful and yet so elusive.

"Will," he exclaimed, "this is a Murillo, I am sure of it."

"So," said my friend, who had been watching him quietly, "so you really have found out that I know something about art, after all, haven't you. Tell me, do you want it?"

"Want it!" Dick's face said a great many things that his tongue evidently couldn't.

"Well, my dear boy," said Will, "you know the power of the almighty dollar. The old prince may not be so incorruptible as you might think. I can work him all right if you can devise some way of disguising the picture in case we should be discovered taking it away."

"That's easy enough. All I'll have to do is to get a little varnish, cover the picture with a good coat, paint a little landscape on it, and presto! there you are. Not a soul will know but that it's the latest ef-

fort of your humble servant. Then when I get back home all I'll have to do is to wash off the varnish, and behold! there is my Madonna as beautiful as ever.

"Say, that's a fine idea, old boy. Now do you know I never could have thought of that. What do you say to our getting announced to the old prince now, and seeing if we can buy the picture. There's that old servant. Let's send in our cards."

Yes the prince would see them, and they followed the servant up one broad flight of marble stairs, and found themselves in a dim octagonal room, its walls lined with books. Seated at the table, pouring over a huge work was an old man, his long white hair falling over his bowed shoulders. As the servant announced the visitors, he turned and eyed them sharply over his gold spectacles.

"Be seated, sirs," he said with a courteous wave of his hand. "May I ask what business you have with me?"

"Have I the honor of addressing Prince Garnaldo?" asked Masters, secretly wondering what manner of prince this could be.

"Gennaro Arnavolio, Prince Garnaldo," corrected the old man with a faint touch of pride in his voice.

"Well sir," began Masters, "my friend here wants very much to purchase one of your paintings, a Murillo Madonna. Now he is willing to give you—"

"I can't sell you the picture at any price," interrupted the old man. "It is a masterpiece as you have discovered, and you know what our Italian law is in regard to disposing of such works."

"But my dear sir, my friend is an artist, and can easily fix the picture so it could not possibly be recognized," interjected Will. "Of course we are not going to stay here, and we won't get you into any trouble."

The old man hesitated thoughtfully. "That isn't the only thing," he continued. "The painting belongs to my granddaughter, Margherita. You would have to secure her consent before you could attempt anything of that sort, anyhow."

"Could we see the young lady?" suggested Bryson. "Perhaps we might be able to persuade her."

"It would do no harm to call her," said Garnaldo. She shall come. Here, Luigi, go tell your mistress to come to the library."



MARGHERITA

wonderful dark eyes. To Dick Bryson she was a dainty model which made him long for his canvas and brushes. To Will, she was a woman, and somehow she impressed him in a way strangely different from the women of his metropolitan world.

There was interest and wonder in her glance, but the little chin was resolute. No, she would not sell the picture. It had been her mother's until death, and so it should be hers. No form of logic could move her, and the young men left decidedly gloomy

Surely no more attractive picture was ever framed than that which the open doorway soon presented to their gaze. They saw a figure charmingly piquant in its girlishness; there was something almost luminous in the oval face and the

over the prospect of securing the much coveted canvas.

"Well," said Will, as they started for the wharf, "we have just one loop-hole left. They invited us to come back and see the picture as often as we please. Perhaps we may yet find a way to secure possession of it."

In the days that followed, the home of the old prince appeared to have a persistent fascination for both the friends. They wanted to see the Madonna again and yet again. But Will had to inwardly acknowledge, and Dick could not but perceive, that for one of them nature had provided a more attractive object than the work of a masterhand of past centuries. Dick was true enough to the canvas, and it seemed to him that he discovered new beauties in it with each passing hour. But Will found a steadily increasing magnetism in a certain shady corner where he discovered new surprises daily in the rippling laughter and varying moods of the winsome little Italian.

And so it came about that the son of a New York millionaire and the granddaughter of a Italian prince of ancient lineage each found the other quite indispensable. Of course it would be quite unlike a real romance for everything to work out without any hitches at all, and this little tale is no exception.

Will very soon found that he had a thorn in the flesh with which he had to contend in the person of a young Italian who had a very comfortable fortune to go with his good looks. It would be unreasonable to

expect him to take kindly to Will's attentions to the girl he had picked out for himself, and it can hardly be said that he accepted the American's lengthening visits with very good grace.

"Will," said Dick one morning, "there's no use talking, we have got to make a decisive movement very soon. If you keep coming here, young Denelli is going to get your scalp. If he ever persuades the old man to stop our coming, we're both out of it."

"Yes," said Will, "I guess you have it sized up just about right. But what in thunder are we going to do about it?"

"Well," replied Dick, "there's one thing sure, the picture doesn't leave the place without the girl. Now tell me straight, do you really want to marry her and take her home to the folks?"

"You've got a pretty good eye, old man," said Will. "That's just exactly what I do want to do if I can figure out how."

"Well then," said Dick. "Listen. You know that big garden party affair that we're invited to to-morrow? Well, supposing two certain young men, and a young woman, and a certain Madonna went out for a little moonlight spin on the bay; and supposing they ran over to Scala. The launch can do it in thirty-five minutes, and I think a certain priest might be notified in the meantime to expect some visitors."

"Yes, but suppose some one should discover that we had a Murillo on its way out of the country? What do you suppose would happen to the old prince?

You know he's the guardian of the picture as well as if its owner."

"Why, that's easy enough," replied Dick. "We'll disguise it in the way we first talked about. I'll varnish it and cover it with a landscape daub, and there you are."

The picture was not the only obstacle. It is a far cry from Naples to New York, but Margherita loved the young American with all the ardor of her deep-tinted blood, and her faith secured a consent for the hasty marriage across the bay.

There was much mirth and melody in the handsome gardens of the American legation that Thursday evening; the soft breeze bore fragrant incense from the rich blossoms and foliage. There seemed to be but one drawback to the carefully laid plan, and that was the persistent manner in which young Denelli attached himself to Margherita. Nine-thirty came, the hour at which Dick was to go for the disguised Madonna, and meet his friends a quarter of an hour later at the pier.

"How in the world are you going to get her away?" he whispered to Will.

"Never mind old boy, you run along; I'll manage it somehow."

The minutes passed and no opening came. "I've got to take him along," he groaned inwardly, "and get rid of him somehow." Would the young people go for a moonlight ride on the bay? Margherita assented and her companion had no option but to accept.

The launch contained a very impatient young man when the trio reached it, but he gave no outward sign of his surprise, though he whistled under his breath when he saw the unexpected guest.

Straight out towards the harbor's mouth they passed. Then their course was suddenly deflected, and the trim vessel circled near the shining sands once more.

"Look out," said Denelli, "dont get in too close, its very shallow here."

"How deep do you suppose it is?" asked Will.

"Less than four feet right where we are," was Denelli's answer.

"Well, I'm very sorry, dont you know, said Will, 'but I've really got to know just how deep it is, and I'll have to ask you to find out.'" There was a sudden

whirling in mid-air of the harmonious black and white of evening dress, and an echoing splash. As Will glanced again after giving a quick direction to the engineer, he saw a misty figure endeavoring to wade out of reach of the light breakers, and clinging tightly to what had once been a handsome silk hat.

Perhaps Margherita's eyes followed the doleful figure as it picked its way to dry ground. But Dick certainly saw nothing of the comedy beyond the first act. When Will looked his way again, he was staring soulfully at an impressionist landscape in green and yellow.

MARY E. PEPPER.

NOTICE.—Owing to lack of time and space, we have been compelled to omit a large part of this story.

W. S. H.





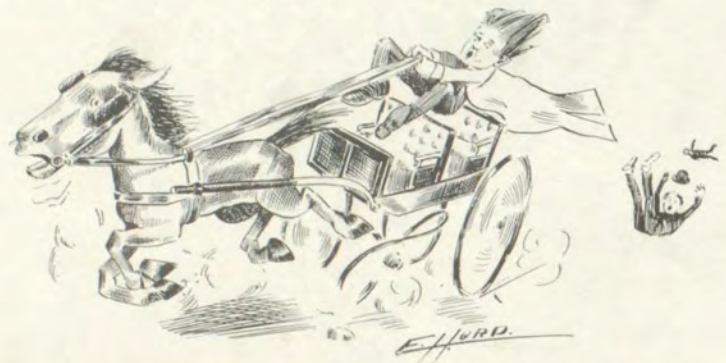
FIRST COON — "Dat Miss Johnsin sho don know nuthin'."

SECOND COON — "What bring you to dat declusion?"

FIRST COON — "I took huh to de church suppah, las night, an' w'en de waitah sez w'at'll yo take?' I sez it's immaterial, an' Miss Johnsin, she lipped in an' sed she'd take de same wid mustard on it."



UP-TO-DATE.



DELL, DUTTON AT TWELFTH AND OLIVE.

A Reconsidered Aspiration.



THE serious young men and reverend old gentlemen who spoke in chapel exercises at Fullerton's Female Seminary always lauded in chosen metaphors and well-rounded figures, high ideals and high aspirations to the young ladies of that excellent institution. Some giggled over notes or frivolously admired the curl of the earnest young man's hair; others, mindful of the teacher a few feet distant, listened with praiseworthy attention until opportunity was given for some infraction of the rules, but one girl drank in the words of those eloquent speakers and under their inspiring influence determined to wrest the crown of honor and glory from the world. There were two reasons why it was quite ridiculous for Laura to have made up her mind to this task. Only ugly, clever women or poor,

ambitious girls need think of such things. In this case the pretty girl is at a great disadvantage, for the ugly, clever woman is not distracted by offers of marriage, and the poor, ambitious girl has to work hard to keep from starving. In the contest for success it is only that absorption in the task that excludes everything else, and hard work that gains the prize. Now Laura was neither ugly nor poor. She had large blue eyes that were particularly pretty when she smiled, and her father exhibited fat pigs and prize cattle in the fairs of even the two next counties. His name often appeared in the local paper on the occasions of his trips to the city, and he had served a term in the State Senate. Laura, however, had a liking for higher things than blue-ribbon stock, and wished for a fame which should reach even the farthest boundaries of authorship. As yet she had never attempted any writing save that which lay in the regular school course, but certainly any one who could produce such delicious little scraps of literature as to so arouse the unbounded enthusiasm and admiration of the Fullerton young ladies would find no trouble in securing the public attention for her more ambitious efforts. Often in imagination could she see her neighbors reading her stories and essays in the magazines, herself known and

honored, and perhaps—who could tell?—writing a book. To simple people there is something awe-inspiring about the man who has written a book, no matter if it is an almanac, or if but ten copies were sold, and those to the author for distribution among his friends. Laura was quite unsophisticated and unspoiled, but her eyes were very blue and friendly when she smiled, and she had a delightful dimple in her rounded cheek.

That was what Jim Lane saw—trust a man for that—and for that very reason fell quite in love with her. But he was considerably awed by the revelation of her aspirations, which Laura confided to him one evening as they were returning from church. Jim had never dreamed of writing a story in his life, and was much more concerned in the state of his pretty bay mare or the outlook of his apple crop than in transcendentalism or theories of life. "I know I'm not good enough nor smart enough, Laura, but I love you very dearly," he said.

"You mustn't talk that way, Jim. Of course you are clever, but don't you see? I don't want to give up my work when I hope that I can do so much. I want to work so hard and have people know me and all the folks to be proud."

"But, Laura, if you married me you could go on with your work just the same—I would never interfere the least bit. You'd have just as much time and I'd be very happy; so it wouldn't matter to you at all."

"O, yes, it would, Jim. A woman can't ever do anything of the kind after she is married, and besides, it wouldn't be right. My work might come in between us and then both of us would be unhappy."

"But if you should fail? If they wouldn't buy your pieces?" he asked pleadingly.

"It couldn't be any different then. If I failed I wouldn't want to take you just because I couldn't get the other. You would always remember it. Besides, I mean to devote my whole life to my work, so surely I won't fail."

She watched him wistfully as he walked away. She noted with pride how broad his shoulders were and how well he carried himself. After all he cared a great deal for her and it would be very stupid without him.

Three days later Laura gave herself a little shake. "If you are ever going to do anything I really believe you had better be doing it," she said briskly, so as a good beginning she sharpened a lead pencil with a very long point and took her writing materials out under the trees. But before she was comfortably settled she saw a rose on her pet bush, so she had to run and pluck it, and then just beyond a branch of the honeysuckle vine was dead and had to be cut away.

"Now, I am really going to begin," she said, with a little pucker between her eyebrows, when these weighty acts were finished. At the end of a half hour two lines had been written and Laura's hands lay idly in her lap.

"Oh, dear, it was never this hard at school. Mr. Fullerton would just give us our subject and after reading about it I could write so easily. But I don't think of a thing." After a pause—"Isn't Jim the dearest old goose? He said he loved me."

At last a story was finished, after how many trials and tribulations Laura alone could tell. With great anxiety did she post the letter and with greater anxiety did she wait for the answer. How excited she was when the hired man came from town, how eager she was to know each mail time, with what a flush of shame and little gasp of disappointment did she one day receive the identical manuscript that she had sent away!



ET.
LAURA.

"O, well, of course, the first time. That happens to all writers, for years and years, sometimes. I'm not a bit discouraged and I shall try again at once. How glad I am that that Jim is not coming around bothering me. I shall have all the time I want. But isn't it strange that he has never come to see me since?" she said in her queer little habit of talking to herself. So an essay was tried next and sent away to an unappreciative editor.

In the course of events Laura bought a new hat—a very pretty hat, all lined with pink mull; a hat in which she expected to conquer all the masculine hearts that should be gathered together in the little church on Sunday. Laura, with secret self-satisfaction, could tell the glances that were bestowed upon the new hat and its pretty wearer, but, strange to relate, Jim was with another girl, and after service he scarcely spoke to her as he walked down the narrow aisle, nor did he cast one glance of admiration at the new pink bonnet, but—oh—oh—he put the girl in the smart buggy behind the fast mare, a place that no one save Laura had ever filled. "Well," said Laura comprehensively, and walked home with quite a preoccupied air.

"Well, of all things," she said with a stamp of her foot as she threw the new hat on the bed, never caring that it fell upside down and that the roses were burying their pink faces in the counterpane, "I hate that hat! I don't see why I ever got it. She—(did she mean the hat?) "is as ugly as she can be; her eyes are certainly crooked." Surely she didn't mean the hat. Hats haven't got crooked eyes, or eyes of any kind, for that matter. "O, of course it don't make any difference to me. I don't care, only one hates to see a man so fickle. It spoils one's ideals about him. Not, (loftily,) that I ever had any ideals about Jim Lane, for I hadn't. I'm glad I told him what I did. A woman should have some higher aim in life than marrying.

A woman should develop herself, she should—oh, bother! I'm sure the sun made my head ache and that makes me feel—like—crying."

Six weeks later, well towards the close of an early September afternoon, Laura sat on the large, cool veranda, looking across the already yellow fields of grain to the hills beyond. Very sweet and cool she herself looked, but just a little tired, just a little sad, from her arduous literary labors, no doubt. The sky was very blue and the air fragrant and mellow, with that peculiar haze that comes no other time of the year. The leaves rustled in the light breeze and threw wavering patches of shade on the long grass. Laura was so preoccupied that she did not notice the approach of a man behind her and so startled was she at the sound of a well known voice that she sprang from her chair with a little scream.

"Jim!" she cried, all her resolutions about hauteur and coldness forgotten at the sight of that frank, sun-browned face.

"Good afternoon, I want to see your father, if he is at home."

"O, he—he isn't here—but won't you sit down?" asked Laura, her face pink as a rose.

"Well, it is dreadfully hot," as if he had just made that discovery, "and I believe I will. Kitty brought me over in seven minutes—pretty good time, that."

"Yes, but aren't you afraid to drive so fast in such hot weather?"

For awhile they talked of trivial things, until at last a complete silence fell upon them. Laura racked her brain desperately for something to say and Jim sat watching her in a cool, composed way that was maddening. Suddenly he leaned forward and grasped the arm of her chair. "Laura, I didn't come to see your father, and you know it; I want to see you, and I want you to reconsider what you said."

"What I said? Why, what—"

Laura broke down in confusion.

"I love you more than I can say, but what I say I mean," he replied, earnestly. "Won't you think again what you said about having to choose between your work and me?" (After a pause.) "I have been very miserable the last six weeks. I couldn't wait any longer."

"Yes, you seemed to be very miserable; so absorbed in misery that you couldn't even look at my new hat. Miss Springer would be glad to hear you—"

"Hang Miss Springer!" devoutly.

"She certainly isn't so very pretty," said Laura, thoughtfully.

"She is hideous," he agreed promptly.

"But, Jim, I meant what I said about—about the other. A woman should use all her talents, and I believe I can do something if I only keep at it. And it would be too mortifying to give up now. But it is such hard work—and it is disappointing to get back

a piece that you have put your whole soul in," said Laura, with a little catch in her voice.

"How many was it, dear?" asked Jim, sympathetically.

"Fourteen."

"Poor child. Never mind, dear. Better luck next time."

"O, I couldn't stop, now, you see. I've sent away the best thing I ever wrote and I've got all my hopes pinned upon it. I'm looking for an answer every day. I can't decide anything till I get it."

"But, Laura," Jim objected.

"No, I can't decide until I get it."

"Then I understand," Jim said angrily, "that if your piece is accepted you throw me over? If you take me it is not because you care for me, but because you can't have what you want in your work."

"Here's a letter, Miss Laura. I just got back from town," said the hired man at the door. Laura ran forward with a cry of joy, but Jim interposed and took the letter himself.

"Listen, Laura," he said gravely, so gravely that Laura stopped impressed by his determined air. "It's the last time I shall ask you. Will you marry me?"

"Give me my letter," said Laura.

"Wait a moment, answer me before you see the letter. Judge with both possibilities in view, but it's for the last time."

"My work."

"I love you," Jim said simply.

"Listen, Jim", said Laura seriously. "The letter can't make any difference to me. I have been thinking the last six weeks and I know that authorship is not for me. And no matter what success might come I could not be happy without your love. No—wait a minute. Give me my letter."

She tore it open with trembling fingers and a disappointed look passed over her face. Then she let the letter drop heedlessly to the floor.

"The same as usual," she said with a little shrug. "But it is all right, a reconsidered aspiration is much better than the original." MAUDE H. NEAL.





CLASS OF 1901

W. W. Herbert Findlay
Theodore Frank
Roy Fridley
Frank H. Friedberg
Julius Frischer

Ralph Waldo Hill
E. Burton Hocker
Will S. Hogsett
Paul E. Hoopes
William Brunig Howard

James P. Hughes
Kenneth Keebler
Joseph Wheeler Kenton
Julian Kerneckel
Harvey Kinney

James H. Austin
Paul S. Baker
Verne Bantleon
Raymond G. Barnett
Lewis Bitting
Chas. M. Blackmar
Laurence G. Blodgett
Royall D. Bradbury
Edwin B. Bridges
Chas. Brunn
Ward Byers
James K. Christopher
Clifford Churchill
Oliver D. Claffin
Alto Eugene Davis
Arthur Dew
Wallace T. Downing
Wm. W. Duke
Hart Duncan
Frank Egelhoff
Evan G. Eldridge
Webb S. Ellifrit
James Daniel Ellis
Joseph Roy Ellis
Geo. F. Farrah
Lowell Fillmore
Harry B. Lamoreux
Ned O. Lewis
Wesley H. Loomis
G. Edgar Lovejoy
Paul Lux



THE SENIORS.

Geo. D. Lyddon
Walter G. Marshall
Hunter L. Martin
Daniel Wm. Matthaei
Richard Justin McCarty, Jr.
Geo. McGrew
Owen McNulty
Arthur Miller
Fritz Jos. Moenighoff
Burnes V. Moore
Guy B. Moore
Ralph E. Morrison
Oliver S. Newman
Leslie J. O'Brien
Wilson Lee Overall
Burrell W. Peacock
Roscoe F. Potts
Samuel H. Robinson
Tom Scruggs
Herbert R. Seddon
Moses Silverman
Eb Washer
W. Allen Wayman
Fred White
Ernest U. Winegarden
Harry Wolfe
Diller C. Wood
Max Zacharias

Celia Abernathy
Roberta Adkins
Julia Elizabeth Aldrich
Adda Myrtle Andrews
Elizabeth McLeod Bacon
Ella Anna Baehr
Lillian Julia Ball
Ruth M. Barnes

Helen Bartle
Hilda Baum
Malinde Baumgardt
Mathilda Beattie
Florence E. Bellemere
Marjorie Benton
Cora Berkey
Evelyn M. Brady
Stella Branham
Ivy Bowman
Mary Brigham
Hazel Brown
Ma Belle Brown
Gertrude A. Brueser
Clara R. Bungardt
Alice H. Bunz
Lura M. Bushey
Nellie Carkener
Lucile Carter
Edith Clark
Margarett Helen Clark
Myra E. Colgan
Harriett L. Coon
Mattie M. Couch
Ethel V. Creasy
Grace Dalton
Elida Drotts
Birdie Dunne
Georgia Dvorak
Mary Edwards
Henrietta W. Ehrke
Edith Emery
Bessie Englander
May Evans
Estel I. Evilsizer
Cora F. M. Farrar
Mabel Felton

Elsa Field
Myrtle Filkin
Mabel L. Flanery
Lucia O. Ford
Hattie Fradenburg
Dorothy Franck
Julia R. Freeman
Grace Garner
Irene A. Gilchrist
Nellie C. Gillespie
Florence Gobble
Pearle Goodman
Jessie St. Clair Graham
Jane Gray
Joanna Marie Grosse
Mary Dolores Hackett
Mabel Hadden
Fay Hale
Ruby Earle Hardin
Mabel Clair Harkless
Nannie V. Harris
Lillian Helm
Mabel Hicks
Georgina M. Hill
Alice E. Hillis
May Hinsin
Marie Hollis
Jessamine Holmes
Helen Marie Hoover
Sue Jackman
Eulah Jackson
Florence James
Mary Eleanor Johnson
Cornelia Ketcham
Louise Knight
Estella T. Lain
Myrtle G. Larson

Gola Lemmon
Clara Edna Lewis
Dorothea Mann
Alice Marksbury
Eva Marquis
Mary F. Maxson
Helen McCarty
Elizabeth S. McDonald
Grace Rowntree McDonald
Dora Monahan
May Olive Monahan
Blanche A. Moore
Irene Josephine Moore
Alle Mary Morton
Elizabeth Morton
Mary D. Moss
Sophronia Muehlbach
Ethel Annie Mully
Lucille A. Mullett
Florence A. Munson
Ethel L. Murphy
Ethel Murray
May Adeline Murray
Maude H. Neal
Edith Romaine Neale
Marietta W. Neff
Marie Anna Neubauer
Matilda Newman
Josephine Nichoalds
Minnie E. Nylund
Ressie E. O'Brien
Olive Oburn
Lillian May Olson
Bessie H. Packard
Mary E. Pepper
Mary Walton Peters
Queenie H. Peters



THE SENIORS.

Margaret Philbrook
Lillian M. Pierson
Hortense Pigg
Winona Esther Pope
Vera Powell
Emma Randall
Adelaide Randolph
Trilla Reed
Lena Reese
Carrie D. Rockefeller
Flossie Rohrer
Mary B. Roseberry
Maude L. Rowe
Pearl Russell

Sarah Virginia Ryland
Letha Sauerland
Edith Madeline Scholey
Mabel S. Scott
Maybell Seelye
Edie Mae Setzler
Julia Brown Shillito
Bessie Lee Shoudy
Beth Sill
Grace E. Sinclair
Carrie Skinner
Claire Bell Smith
Edna Smith
Leah Snoddy

Vivien Lois Springer
Ettie May Stevenson
Georgia Stewart
Gertrude Stewart
Eula B. Stokely
Mary Storm
Gertrude Taylor
Nellie Thayer
Helen Seibert Thomes
Florence P. Walker
Edna Laura Wanamaker
May Washington
Gladys Waters
Nellie G. Waterston

Stella E. Weimer
Laura L. Welhener
Mary Minter White
Cora H. Wilcox
Nellie Williams
Edna Wilson
Harriet Wilson
Margaret W. Winslow
Mary O. Winslow
Onie Wintrod
Flora J. Wolfson
Ada Wood
Alice Yocum
Edith Virginia Young

The commencement exercises for the Central High School will be held in the Auditorium Theater, Tuesday afternoon, May 28, at 2:30. No outside talent will be employed for the program, which is to consist of original essays, orations, and declamations, chosen by competition. The music will be furnished by the music classes of the High School under Mrs. Voorhees, and by the Central Glee Club.

Highest honors have been won this year by Miss Flora Wolfson, who will deliver the valedictory address. Miss Joyce Richardson ranks second, and will give the salutatory. Next in order among the ten highest are the following: Miss Bessie Shoudy, Miss Helen Thomes, Miss Bessie Packard, Miss Irene Gilchrist, Mr. W. Allen Wayman, Miss Henrietta Ehrke, Miss Adda Myrtle Andrews, and Mr. Will S. Hogsett. These form the class eligible for the highest honors, having completed four full years' work in Central High School.

The following eleven pupils have been neither absent nor tardy during the entire course: Messrs. Laurence Blodgett, Frank Egelhoff, Theodore Frank, and Owen McNulty, among the boys; and Misses Lura Bushey, Ruby Erle Hardin, Eva

Marquis, Trilla Reed, Carrie G. Rockefeller, Julia Shillito, and Pearl Russell among the girls.

In addition to these, four pupils have never been absent,— Mr. Ernest U. Winegarden, and Misses Gola Lemmon, Dora Monahan, and Hortense Pigg.

The list of those who have never been tardy is as follows: Messrs. Verne H. Bantleon, Chas Blackmar, James Christopher, Webb S. Ellifrit, Herbert R. Seddon, W. Allen Wayman, and Sam Robinson.

Misses Adda Myrtle Andrews, Elizabeth M. Bacon, Hilda Baum, Malinda Baumgardt, Mathilda Beattie, Florence E. Bellemere, Marjorie Benton, Gertrude Bruesser, Clara Ryland Bungardt, Harriet L. Coon, Mattie Couch, Ethel V. Creasy, Elida Drotts, Henrietta Ehrke, Estel Evilsizer, Hattie Fradenburg, Irene A. Gilchrist, Florence Gobble, Mary Hackett, Georgina M. Hill, Marie Hollis, Sue A. Jackman, Ethel Mullay, Ethel Murray, Marie Neubauer, Flossie Rohrer, Sarah Virginia Ryland, Georgia Stewart, Mary A. Storm, Laura L. Welhener, Edith Virginia Young, Carrie Skinner, and Joanna Marie Grosse.



The only attraction for Will Hogsett now seems to be the "Girl with the Oburn hair."

The Glee Club wishes that, in singing, Joe Ellis would be natural.

Nellie Carkener is often caught by her friends playing softly on her piano, "The Cat Came Back." It used to be, "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me."

The report goes around that Ralph Freyschlag and James Austin will form a partnership, calling it "The Amalgamated Order of Porch-climbers." The capital stock is made up of two step-ladders and a burglar's jimmy.

When the hot summer days come, and you are wishing for something to take that dry, choking sensation from your throat, just drop in at LOVE'S DRUG STORE, 924 Walnut street, and get one of those glasses of good, cold sodawater.

The latest invention is the celebrated "Walker Flop." Ask Ewing Walker all about it.

This is a translation heard in Mr. Minckwitz's 5th hour class:— "And the majestic Will(ow) bowed low to the pretty Olive."

Ask Roy how he taught a certain young lady the fraternity whistle.

Will Hogsett has sold the copyright on his "Etiquette for Stags" to Mr. Laurence Blodgett, who will revise it and add to it some things found out by himself through his long experience.

Lloyd says he taught a certain young lady the fraternity grip the other day in only FIVE MINUTES! That's a pretty long time, Lloyd.

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The Finest Fountain in the City
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Theatre & Afternoon Parties

Lovejoy: "The warmth of genial courtesy. The calm of self-reliance."

If you are looking for the best drug store in the city, go to Love's, 924 Walnut St. He has a fine line of goods, as well as a swell, first class soda fountain, where the best of refreshments may be found at reasonable prices.

Miss Hamilton wants it distinctly understood that her first name is Anna, not Annie.

Now that Burnes Moore is no longer secretary of the Platos, we hope that he will wear that hat straight on his head.

What about a junior party this year?

Ralph Freyschlag should be more careful the next time he writes a letter to his fraternity brother in Topeka.

Mr. Brown (to Marietta): "Who is that handsome, brown-eyed young man with whom I see you always walking around the halls?"

Marietta (sweetly blushing): "Why, that's Mr. McPherrin. Why do you ask?"

Mr. B.: "O, I just wanted to know!"

Mr. Brown is hereby congratulated upon his nerve.

When you are debating in your mind as to what barber shop you are going to patronize, just think of the one that has advertised in the *Luminary* all year. GEORGE HEROLD, 332 New Ridge Bldg., is not only a liberal advertiser, but he has one of the best barber shops in the west.

Wonder whose brown eyes and dark hair Mabel Flannery was describing in her last S. L. H. story?

Mr. Brown is certainly of a very retiring nature, judging from the frequency with which he disappears into his collar.

Jean Welsh (in Mr. B's first hour French class): "This light hurts my eyes."

Mr. B.: "Turn around, then."

Jean: "O, then I can't see you."

It seems to be the latest fad of at least one S. L. H. to wear a flower from the hat of his lady love as a button hole bouquet. Can you give us any pointers on the subject, Mabel?

Roscoe, the natural-born "carver."

Sunday School Teacher: "Mr. Moore, will you please repeat the 23d Psalm."

"A pony is my guide, I shall not fail. It maketh me," etc., etc.

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Quotations From The Masters.

Pharris Martin: "He seemed a cherub who had lost his way."

Doc. Morrow: "I know it is a sin for me to sit and grin."

Hocker: "He was not yet in love, but very near it."

Helen Brinkman: "Yet with her went a secret sense of all things sweet and fair."

Mabelle Thornton: "Love is not all a delirium."

Boys!— Do you want to make some *money*, and work only when you desire? Well, if you do, it will be a good thing to talk with B. D. Ransom, manager of Faultless Laundry, 1826-28 Walnut Street.

Dorothea: "A good laugh is sunshine in a house."

Willie Gill: "Like two single gentlemen rolled into one."

Pots: "A shallow brain behind a senior's mask."

Maude: "I am not now that which I have been."

Anna Hamilton: "Could I love less, I should be happier."

Jack Barton: "Pa, I want to be tough!"

Kirtley: "He multiplieth words without knowledge."

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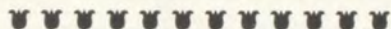
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Mary Neal: "She is the very pink of courtesy."

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When school closes you always have a lot of books you don't want. Well, what are you going to do with them? Take them down to B. Glick, 710 Main St., and get a good price for them. He pays the best prices for second hand books of any book dealer in town.

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Bradbury: "I never dare to be as funny as I can."

Guy Moore: "A wit with dunces and a dunce with wits."

Earl Wells: "I love to wind my mouth up; I love to hear it go."

Eby Ryley: "Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps."

Polly Downing: "And many a wicked smile he smole; and many a wink he wunk."

Jamie Austin: "The ladies call him sweet;
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—*Shakspeare.*

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You see that fellow, with that long shaggy hair, going down the steret? Where is he going? Why, he's going to No. 332 New Ridge Building and get it cut, because he knows that *George Herold* can cut hair better than any barber in the city.

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We are almost astounded when we read of the vast amount of life insurance that is carried by the citizens of this country, and see the long string of figures required to represent it. There was a time when the man who carried life insurance was considered as being peculiar or exceptional, but now, the man who does not insure his life is so regarded. The life insurance business is rapidly developing into a profession, and some minds go so far as to rank it with the Pulpit and the Bar. Certain it is, that the business is constantly becoming more highly considered, and at the same time ennobling those who are engaged in it; gradually rooting out the dishonest, the incompetent, and the undeserving. As a result of this movement the subject of life insurance is being brought more prominently than ever before, to the attention of wage earners and capitalists who desire to protect themselves, their heirs and their estates. It is calling into the ranks of workers, young men of greater ability, and stronger purpose, and I do not know of an occupation requiring no greater amount of capital, which holds out so much promise of reward, as the life insurance business. It presents an attractive opening for young men with energy, ambition, persistency, and a firmly-fixed purpose to succeed.



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If you think you can drop in at any little old corner drug store and be satisfied with what you buy, you are very much mistaken, because nothing but a first-class up-to-date store can furnish the best goods at low prices; and *Love's Drug Store*, 924 Walnut St., is first-class in every particular. He can satisfy you when all others fail.

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Another Fable: Is not This a Pleasant looking Girl? What a sweet Smile she Has. How smoothly she speaks. But run away little children, for she is a Gusher. She will spend your Money with the glad hand, and then cut you Dead. So Brush by, wise one, Brush by!

We pity him from the bottom of our hearts but Diller Wood.

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They sat on the porch at midnight,

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Her papa came down the stairway,

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MAHOONEY: "Partly fur St. Path-
rick who druv the shnakes out uf
Oirland, and partly fur Pathrick
O'Hooligan who druv the Raypoo-
licans out uf the Sixt' Ward."



