



1903

CENTRALIAN







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PUBLISHING CO.

The Centralian.

VOL. V.

Edited By

THE LUMINARY STAFF OF 1903.



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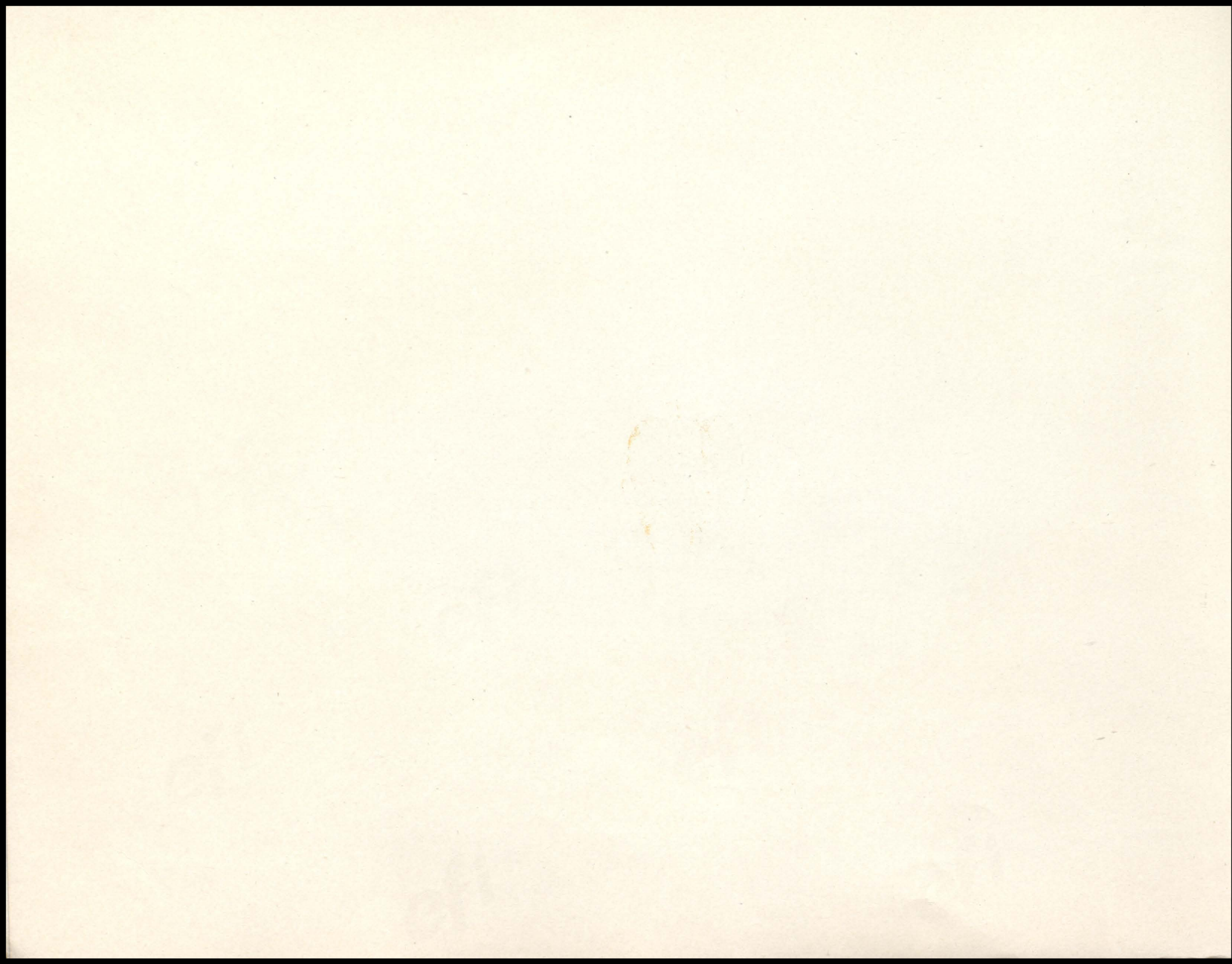
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CLASS OF 1903.







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 Mathematics.
 MR. W. H. TEMPLIN,
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 MRS. EVA Z. STEINBERG,
 Shorthand and Bookkeeping.

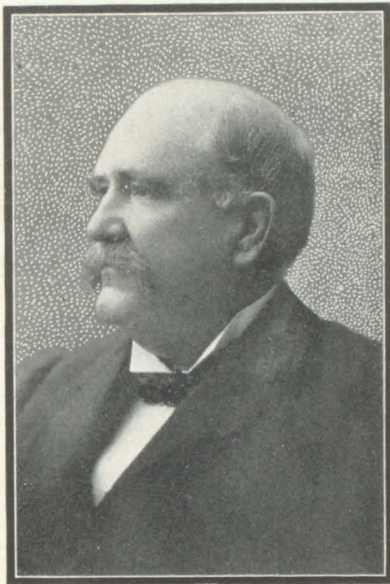
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 MISS BERTHA BAIN,
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 MR. J. W. WHITE,
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 Study Hall.
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 Clerk.
 MRS. G. B. WHEELER,
 Matron.

MR. P. R. COLL, Janitor.

GREETING

IN publishing the Fifth Volume of the Centralian, the Luminary staff has attempted to issue an Annual representing all departments of our school, and all phases of life at Central. Society members, the school at large, Seniors, and even the tenderest Freshies will find in it the reflection of their work and their interests.

The book is what the students and teachers of this school have made it, and the staff hopes that with this in mind they will not "view it with a critic's eye, but pass its imperfections by." If the editors have succeeded in making this Centralian stand in the eyes of their fellow pupils for a year of High School life, full of earnest, serious work, or jolly, good times and of pleasant memories, they will go their way rejoicing, feeling fully paid for the time and thought they have expended upon it. May this Annual always mean to its readers happy thoughts of old classmates, true friends, honored teachers of "Old Central."



E. C. WHITE.
Vice Principal.



I. I. CAMMACK.
Principal.

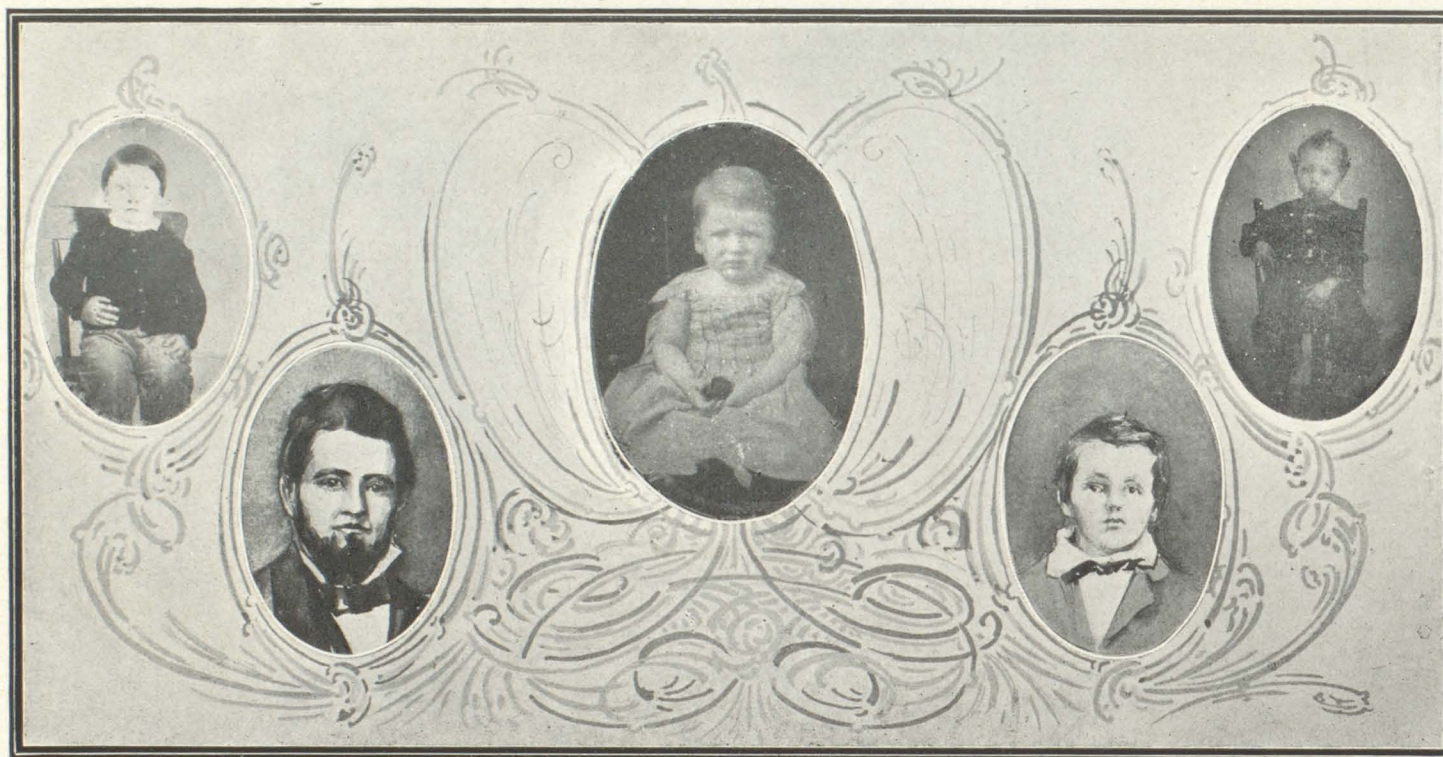


E. M. BAITER.
Assistant Principal.

IN FALLOW DAYS OF YOUTH!



THE DEANS OF THE DEPARTMENTS.



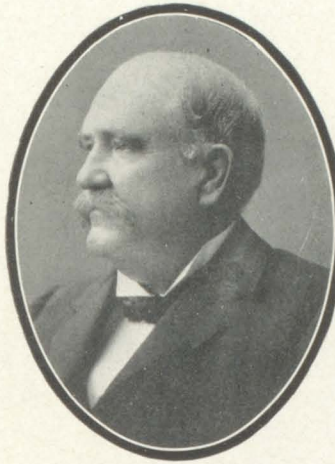
I. I. Cammack.

Dr. E. C. White.

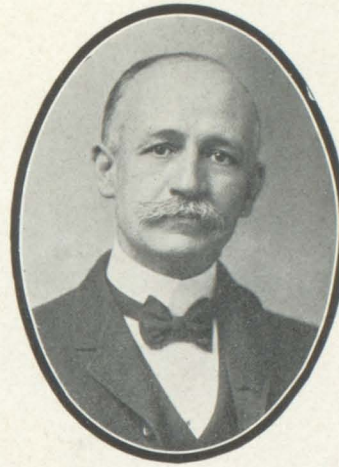
Franklin A. Ayers.

E. M. Bainter.

A. F. Smith.



DR. E. C. WHITE.
Department Foreign Languages.
Instructor in Cicero.
Elected July 5, 1872.
Principal 1876 to 1887.
Was again made principal in
1897. Resigned in 1901 and be-
came vice principal.



ALEXANDER E. DOUGLASS.
Instructor in Latin.
Elected June 16, 1898.



JENNIE R. ADAMS.
Instructor in Latin.
Elected June 17, 1896.



WM. CATRON GORDON.
Instructor in Greek and Latin.
Elected August 7, 1902.



SR. RAFAEL G. ACOSTA.
Instructor in Spanish.
Elected August 21, 1902.



LAURA L. WHIPPLE.
Instructor in English Literature
and German.
Elected May 30, 1896.



ERDMUTHE VON UNWERTH.
Instructor in German.
Elected September 15, 1902.



A. F. SMITH.
Department of English.
Instructor in English Literature.
Elected May 28, 1889.



ELLEN E. FOX.
Instructor in Rhetoric and
Grammar.
Elected September, 1889.



JESSIE L. THATCHER.
Instructor in American Literature
and Rhetoric.
Elected January 5, 1888.

BERTHA BAIN.
Instructor in Rhetoric and
History.
Elected June, 1895.





SOPHIA ROSENBERGER.
Instructor in English.
Elected September, 1897.



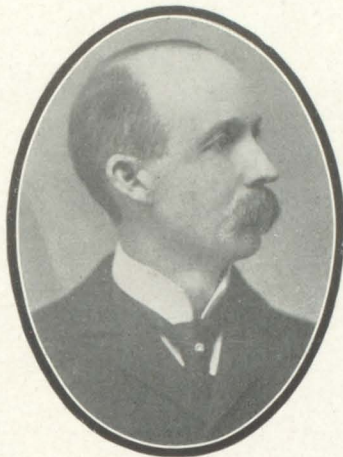
E. MARGUERITE STRAUCHON.
Instructor in English.
Elected August 7, 1902.



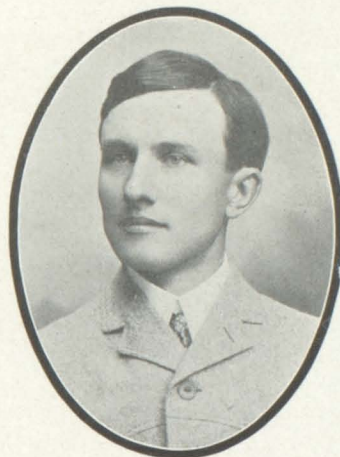
LEONORA YEAGER.
Instructor in English.
Elected February 3, 1898.

ANNA WOLFSON.
Substitute.
Elected August 2, 1900.





JOHN W. WHITE.
Instructor in General History.
Elected September 5, 1895.



WILLIAM A. LEWIS.
Instructor in History and Political Economy.
Elected September 4, 1902.



ELMER E. RUSH.
Instructor in History, Civil Government and Commercial Law.
Elected February 20, 1896.



EVELYN BURRILL.
Instructor in History and Civics.
Elected September, 1902.



EDWARD M. BAITER.
Assistant Principal.
Department Mathematics.
Instructor in Mathematics.
Elected May 30, 1896.



H. H. HOLMES.
Instructor in Astronomy and
Mathematics.
Elected September 2, 1897.



GERTRUDE SEAMANS.
Instructor in Mathematics.
Elected September 15, 1892.

WM. A. LUBY.
Instructor in Mathematics.
Elected May 29, 1897.





W. H. TEMPLIN.
Instructor in Mathematics and
Mechanical Drawing.
Elected August 7, 1902.



EDWARD J. HALL.
Instructor in Mathematics.
Elected August 7, 1902.



JOSEPHINE MAGERLE.
Instructor in Mathematics.
September, 1901.



ELEANOR M. DENNY.
Study Hall.
September, 1897.



FRANKLIN A. AYERS.
Department of Science.
Instructor in Physics.
Elected September 5, 1895.



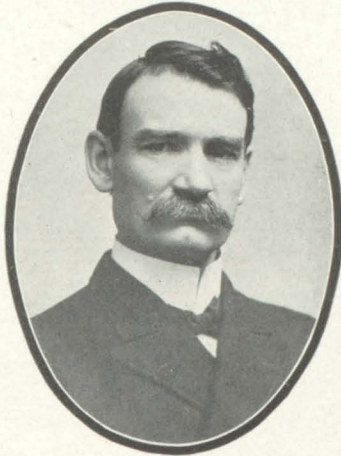
FREDUS NELSON PETERS.
Instructor in Chemistry.
Elected May 30, 1896.



JOHN S. LORIMER.
Physics Laboratory.
Elected September 10, 1902.

A. DAY BONNIFIELD.
Chemical Laboratory.
Elected August 7, 1902.

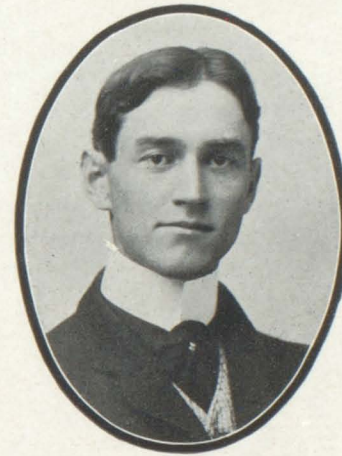




CLIFFORD H. NOWLIN.
Instructor in Physiology and
Psychology.
Elected September 5, 1895.



PORTER GRAVES.
Instructor in Physical Geogra-
phy and Geology.
Elected May 29, 1897.



WILLIAM C. HAMILTON.
Department of Physical Culture.
Elected February, 1903.



WILLIAM WEBER.
Department of Fine Art.
Elected September 1, 1898.



PRESTON K. DILLENBECK.
Instructor in Elocution and
Dramatic Art.
Elected August 21, 1895.

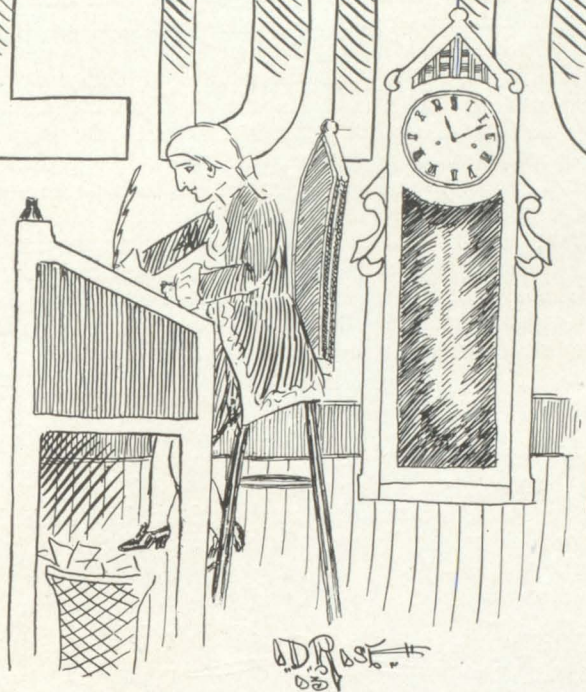


MIGNON CROWDER.
Instructor in Art.
Elected January 4, 1900.



MRS. CARRIE
FARWELL-VORHEES.
Instructor in Music.
Elected August 17, 1899.

EDITORIALS



As the end of school approaches, the Seniors, who are so soon to leave the place where they have spent four bright and happy years, feel that this is a time for looking backward. They review the achievements of the past year with a feeling of fondness and self-satisfaction, fond-

ness for this noisy, dusty old building, for all our occasional weariness at the dull grind of class routine, and justifiable satisfaction in the record of a successful year.

When school opened it was in an atmosphere of the most favorable seriousness. The students felt changed, stuck to their studies, the societies opened their weekly meetings with an unmistakable determination. Then came the first great event of the year, THE LUMINARY election, in which all the school had a voice. We feel justified in saying that the staff which was the result of this election has, with the co-operation of the teachers and pupils, administered the most successful year in the life of this paper, and is now sending to the press the most complete CENTRALIAN ever issued by the school; that it leaves a treasury not only free from debt, but with a surplus of over two hundred dollars, and a prospect of a larger sale than THE ANNUAL has ever before known.

In the athletic field, also, Central's banner is waving high. Our foot ball team won five out of the eight important games of the year, and met most glorious defeat in

EDITORIAL.

the other three. Our showing in basket ball and base ball is creditable to the name of Central. In fact, the base ball enthusiasm seems to have affected even our Faculty, who have unbended their dignity enough to form a team of their own and to enter the lists with Central's sons, to uphold her glory. Now the time is approaching for the Annual Track Meet, and every one about school feels confident that we will win laurels in this arena.

We feel proud when we think of our Christmas Play, which was a success financially and otherwise—thanks to the efforts of the societies, the school, and Mr. Dillenbeck. All the Societies joined in taking part in it, much to their own credit and to the satisfaction of the students, who are always glad to see them taking an active interest in school enterprises.

The mention of Societies calls to mind our Hall Programs, which are, after all, one of the most enjoyable features of life at Central. The C. L. C.'s, although they were forced to appear first and without much time for preparation, gave us so inviting a taste of society work that every one was eager for more. When the Philos appeared two weeks later, their decidedly original and refined program met with a hearty reception. They were followed by the Aristonians and THE ANNUAL will not attempt to judge between them. Suffice it to say that the laurels for excellent Hall Programs are to be given to the two girls' societies.

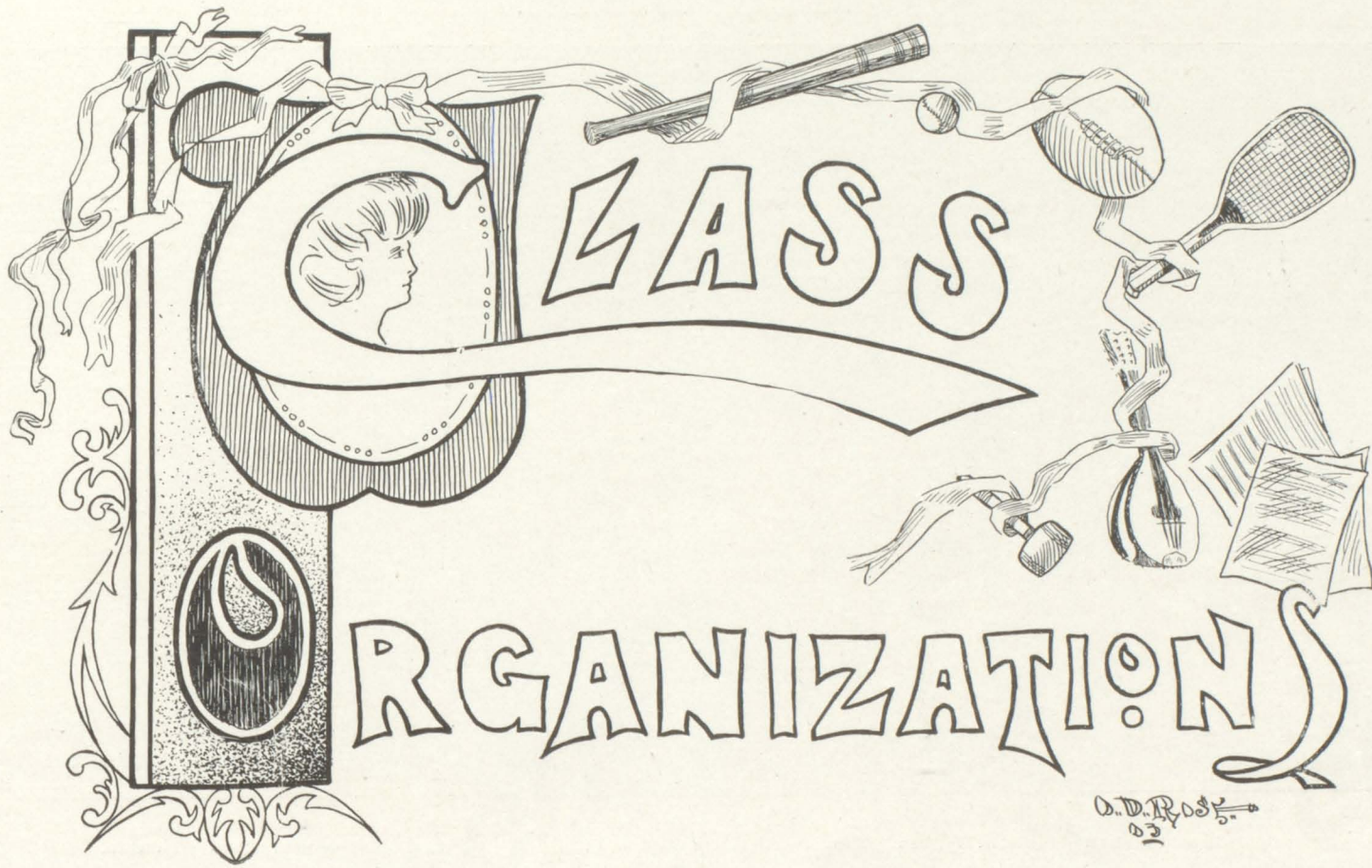
The Webster Club acquitted itself creditably in the entertainment and proved that, as Dr. White said, "They are not dead." Last came the Platos. We always expect to enjoy ourselves heartily when the Platos appear in Assembly, and this year was no exception to this rule. We like a good laugh once in a while, and thank the boys for

giving it to us. We cannot leave societies without mentioning one of the most justly popular institutions in our school, one that has done much toward maintaining its reputation, the Central Glee Club.

Then, most exciting of the events of the year, came the Senior election. Let those who scoff at the high and mighty Seniors of naughty three and hint that they have much conceit and no judgment, but look at the list of their officers and become silent. From first to last their selection of representatives, and especially of their chief representative, shows sound common sense and appreciation of merit. A most promising sign is that three of these officers are girls, a fact which indicates that Central's girls are at last waking up to the fact that it isn't fair to do three-fourths of the work and then give their brothers all the honors.

Last and best of all is that which is not yet come, our Class Day and our Graduation. For the Seniors among us, they will stand for the rounding out of a successful course: whose joys, sorrows and responsibilities have been but a preparation for the world which is before them. But the glad accomplishment is tinged with the sadness of farewell.





SENIOR OFFICERS.



Adelbert Barber, Sergeant-at-Arms. Florence Trotter, Sect. Ralph E. Ellis, Gift Giver. Earl Wells, Treas.
Ella Beardsley, Class Prophet. Dell D. Dutton, V.-Pres. Wm. MacLaren, Pres. Mary Louise Moore, Class Historian.

SENIORS.

"WE WHO are about to die, salute you." Die? Yes, even so. We must die, although the world may never



see our like again— must perish off the face of the earth. Never more will the sun shine down upon our radiance more dazzling than its own. Never more shall we move, majestic, through the halls of old Central, a source of awe and reverence to the timid Freshies, a vexation and an annoyance to the important Sophomores, whose brassy arrogance was shamed by our sterling merit, an example to studious and admiring Juniors, a joy to our teachers and a terror to Mr. Coll. Never more. Gone are those joyous days, and our fate is close upon us. On Commencement Day will the awful consummation of our destiny arrive. We whisper it to you lest the shock of

our sudden destruction be too great for your loving hearts to bear.

our sudden destruction be too great for your loving hearts to bear.

The cause of this dire misfortune to the human race is one which you have never suspected. Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky it falls upon you. We fain would mitigate the pain it must cause and yet the dreadful truth must be told. The Seniors have become afflicted with a strange enlargement of the cranium. It is growing rapidly worse and worse, and such is the amazing speed of the fatal march of this malady that by graduation day our skulls will no longer be able to contain the brains that are endeavoring to fill the universe, and they will burst, leaving their contents to be diffused through the ether. Thus will be quenched the light of Central, nay, even of the whole world.

Dear friends, bear it calmly. And yet we cannot blame you for those tears. It is fitting that you should weep. Central, lift up thy gates in lamentation. Let the sound of thy wailing be heard in the land. For whom thou shalt cry aloud in anguish, "Where are my darlings, the delight of my heart, the pride of my soul?" The answer will come back to thee from the depths of thy desolate halls, "Gone—gone—gone."



JUNIOR OFFICERS.



Howard Hudson, Gift Receiver. Aletha M. Barr, Secretary. Hyden Eaton, Sergeant-at-Arms.
Madge Topping, Treasurer. Will Scarritt, President. Lula Hays, Vice President.

JUNIORS.

WELL, here we are! After being compelled to hide our shining light, not under one bushel, but two or three, for one year—we have come forth in all our glory, all the more brilliant for our rest.



A. M. BARR '04

As Freshmen we astonished everyone. We did everything so well. We were three times more green than any other "Freshies." As Sophomores we kept so quiet that they even forgot to put us in THE ANNUAL. And now, now, we have blossomed forth full-fledged Juniors. But no one is surprised at our brilliancy. They all say, even the faculty, "We knew it."

Now this seems conceited, does it not? Well, you know that there is only one time when conceit is the least bit pardonable, and that is when you have something to be conceited about. and, if you don't believe we deserve all this praise, look at us. Notice how the

Freshies, the Sophs, and even the Seniors pay homage to us. Of course, the Seniors try to make you believe that we are nobody, just because the teachers like us so well that they request us as a special favor to stay two weeks longer. Ha! Ha! Why, everyone can see through that. It is nothing but "sour grapes." Poor Seniors! They are mad because the teachers are so anxious to get rid of them two weeks ahead of time.

So, ye people of Central, follow us. In our illustrious footsteps there is fame and fortune—that is, a few crumbs that we do not care for. Watch us! And when we sit upon the stage as graduates, you will hear a murmur arise from the admiring crowd, "What brilliancy! and magnificence!" and happiness will reign for, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."



A. M. BARR '04

SOPHOMORES.



'05



SOPHOMORES.



WE, THE members of the Sophomore Class, wish to announce formally our existence to the pupils of Central High School. Of course, we know that in the two years we have attended "Grand Old Central," we have made our impression. But as we were not asked last year, our Freshman year (how long ago that seems and how glad we were when we could say we were Sophomores), to say anything in THE CENTRALIAN, this is our first opportunity to make an announcement where we know it will reach all patriotic students.

Well, we started last year, shy and trembling Freshmen (would you ever think it to look at us now?), and have done good work ever since. Ask our teachers, any of them will tell you that. There is one teacher who says we are more like the class that graduates this year than any other she has ever had. Now some haughty Seniors may think this is a compliment for us, but we are certain that the teacher who made the remark intended it as a compliment for the Seniors, and as such we condescend to give

it to them, as they have always been our friends.

Besides our uniform good work we have captured one important prize, an honor of which we are justifiably proud. This was the medal, offered by "The Sons of the Revolution" for the best essay on "The Women of the Revolution," and won by Miss Lily Bell Neal. Perhaps you did not know that she is a member of this illustrious class.

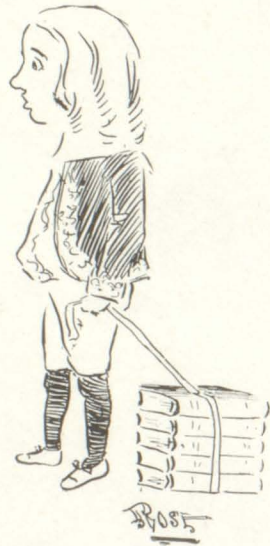
We are very much tempted to be as brave as the Philos, and close with a toast to ourselves, but instead we will be content with prophesying that in the years to come the class of '05 will distinguish themselves and show themselves worthy members of Central High School.

LEE W. CAMPRELL.



FRESHMEN.

'06



FRESHMEN.

We are Freshmen and although the Seniors snub us
and pass by us as if we are nothing, we are still the same
unconquerable Freshmen, and we are proud of the fact.

We were going to have an election, but we were afraid
our enthusiasm would make the Seniors feel ashamed that
they were so quiet over theirs, and so we decided not to
have one. Nevertheless, we are here for four years to come
—maybe longer.

BERNARD BUCKNER.





Hall
Moore
Wood

Weeks
Barber

Dutton

Rose

MacLaren

Beardsley

Eaton

Kendall
Welsh
Bowers

THE LUMINARY.

Past, Present and Future.

THE other day I dreamed a dream of the past and the future of THE LUMINARY. I thought I stood in the hall of the old building, on a certain day in December, 1885, when the first issue of THE LUMINARY was being sold. There was great excitement over the strange event. Pupils gathered in groups to discuss it, and teachers smiled benevolently to encourage the editors. All sorts of remarks could be heard. Some were appreciative as:

“Isn't it fine to have a school paper?”

“What a good story that was of K's.”

“Joe, that was a pretty hard roast on you in the locals; served you right, though.”

“Isn't it splendid? I'll have to get two copies and send one to May.”

Some, however, were adverse, as:

“Well, if I couldn't get up something better than this old cheap, coverless, twelve sheet paper, I'd leave papers alone.”

“Wasn't that story about the worst you ever read?”

“Pretty poor locals. Don't think I'll get a copy next time.”

Yet after the sales were over, the editors felt that

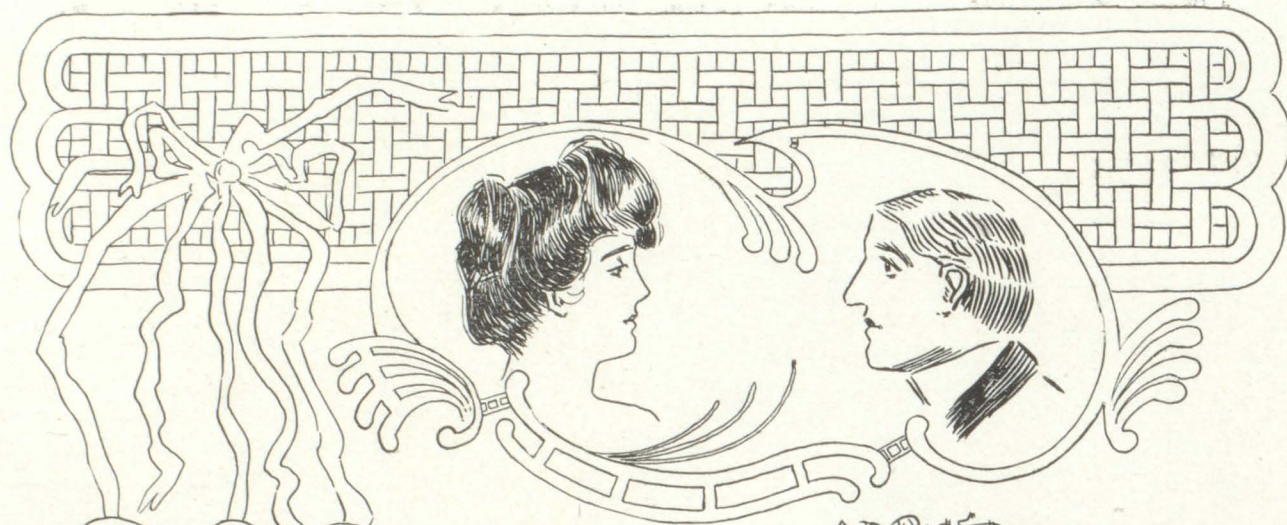
all was going well and decided to try again.

And I saw in my dream that the members of the “Central Debating Society” did try again, and that soon the Platos, Philos and S. L. H's came to their assistance, making the paper improve year by year.

You know that you all had a voice in the election of this year's staff, and that this staff is trying to make THE LUMINARY more of a school paper than it has ever been before. But in my dream the school spirit had assumed such grand proportions that the paper was the best school paper that was ever published. Every issue had as much material as THE ANNUAL. The stories were such good ones and so well told that they made their authors famous immediately. The pictures were so fine that they were sought by art collectors. The science, law and history articles were so learned that they were sought by the greatest scientists and historians in the country. The advertisements! Oh, dear. They were so numerous that the business managers had to refuse some every month. Of course every pupil bought a paper. News stands demanded a large number of copies. That was the golden age for THE LUMINARY.

Although that was only a dream, let us make it as nearly true as possible.

ELLA BEARDSLEY.



A. D. ROSE
03

T H E

S O C I E T I E S



PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

COLORS: White and Gold.

FLOWER: Daisy.

YELL.

Thalissa! Thalissa!

Thala! Philo Mathea!

Philo! Philo!

Philomathea!

OFFICERS.

Mary Neal	-	-	-	President	Adelaide Hall	-	-	-	Kyburnates
Ella Beardsley	-	-	-	Vice President	Sara Wingate	-	-	-	Sergeant
Florence Sheppard	-	-	-	Secretary	Mary Lockridge	-	-	-	Scribe

MEMBERS.

Susie Brooks
Cora Lee Withers
Mary Neal
Mary Louise Moore
Ann Hamilton
Lilla Titus
Ruth Weeks
Helen James
Charlotte Warfield
Madge Buckner
Joyce Welsh
Ella Beardsley

Aimee Teasdale
Cordelia Combs
Ellen Miner
Marion Gage
Ethyl Cooper
Evelyn Hall
Adelaide Hall
Elizabeth Barton
Grace Allen
Edith Moore
Kate McCollum
Ella Topping

Hortense Taylor
Marceline Freeman
Edna Calloway
Sara Wingate
Cornelia Field
Martha Woods
Vesta Lackey
Mary Lockridge
Marguerite Teasdale
Madge Topping
Florence Sheppard
Marie Dodge

THE PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE Philos may well feel proud of their Society, for its past has been good; its present is better, and its future, from present prospects, will be best of all. The Philos may remember proudly, that in the past, the Society, not only presented such Open Sessions as "The Banquet of Famous Shades," "Vanity Fair" and "The Conquests of Nations," but also that they worked unselfishly and enthusiastically to give entertainments worthy of the name of Old Central.

In the present, the day of Hall Programs, the Philos have succeeded in showing some of the results of Society training and in making the one short hour allotted to them as entertaining as possible. Also, the Society has steadily grown and strengthened its footing in the school. The Philos desire the help of the teachers and of the students, and they have tried to secure it by carrying out the ideas of the Society, a group of girls banded together for mutual help and for advancing the literary standard of the school.

As for the Philos of the future, they have much before them. Encouraged by the recognition of the school and stimulated by the opportunities of the Christmas Play and the Hall Program, they will certainly realize the hopes and expectations of others for them.

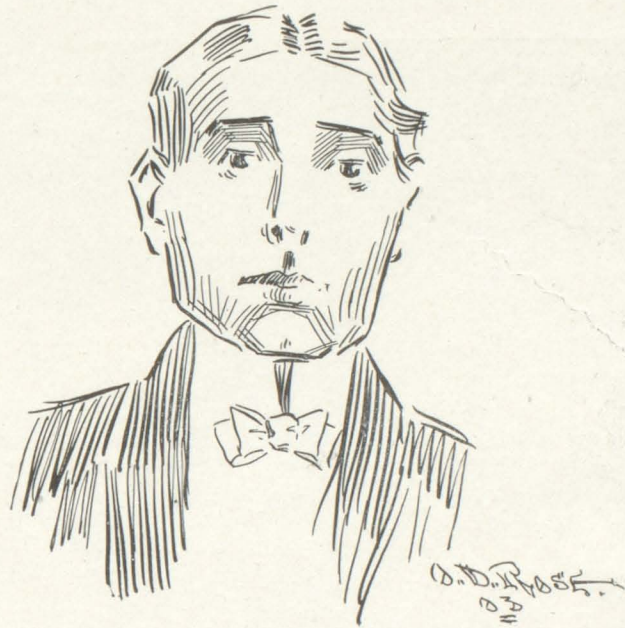
But what binds the Society together and gives it a place in the school is the Philo spirit. All Philos are

deeply interested in the welfare of the school and in the pupils; the affection for Central is greatly increased by membership in the Society. The Philos desire not only a perfect society, but also one that will be a part of the school and of interest to the scholars. The girls do not want a society, narrowed by prejudice, but widened by good will for fellow students and true appreciation of the talents of others. With these ideals the Philos hope to reach the highest point of usefulness to others and to themselves.

MARY LOUISE MOORE '03.



Plato



THE PLATONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



THE PLATONIAN SOCIETY.

COLORS: Applegreen and Pink.

YELL.

Agomen! Dergomen!

Rip! Ray! Rah!

Plato! Plato!

Sis! Boom! Bah!

OFFICERS.

Mr. Wm. Scarritt - - - President Mr. Bernard Buckner - - - Treasurer
Mr. David Rider - - - Vice President Mr. Ralph Knight - - - Critic
Mr. Howard Hudson - - - Secretary Mr. Ed Lockridge - - - Sergeant at Arms
Mr. Jack Barton - - - Praetor Platonian.

MEMBERS.

Earl Wells
Clifford B. Jones
Howard Hudson
Ed Lockridge
Harry Becket
Rex Dunlap
Milo Ebert
Walker B. Longan
Chas. Lockridge
Ralph Ellis
Chas. Lynn
Chas. Pugsley

Ralph Page
Shannon Douglass
Will Scarritt
Jack Barton
Creswell Eaton
David B. Rider
Ralph Knight
George Smith
Will Peters
Coates Cockrill
Beverly Overall
Willard Hovey

Benard Buckner
Bernard Buckner
Rollie Lower
Frank Ellis
George Rider
Ted McDonald
Jeff Dunlap
Miot Mulford
John Blodgett
Arthur Sanford
Rufus Montgall

THE PLATONIAN SOCIETY.



EVERY student in school ought to know the history of the Platonian Society. For the benefit of those entering school this year, who have been denied the pleasure of learning the origin of Central's oldest literary society, it might be well to say that in 1887, a body of boys who were members of the Central High School Debating Society, composed of both boys and girls, realizing that better work could be done by a society in which essays would be written instead of love letters, and declamations delivered instead of declarations of love, handed in their resignations. They then organized what has ever since been known as the Platonian Literary Society.

The Platos have always been in the first rank of Central's societies, in the opinion of others besides its members. An offer of membership has not been refused in three years and perhaps longer. This should be proof of our standing with the pupils.

Since the Open Sessions and contests have been abolished, athletic contests, and the annual Hall Program, have been the only occasions on which the society can come before the public. From the fact that the school at large does not see us as often as formerly, questions have arisen as to whether the Platos are keeping up their old standard. We can only answer these falsely based sus-

picious by referring to the work which has been seen by the school during this school year. Four of our members were on the foot ball team and upon the track team. As for our literary work, the best proof of our standing would be to quote the words of one of the faculty, who said: "When the Platos come on in Assembly Hall, we are sure of something original and good." We flatter ourselves that the last Hall Program has not fallen below the best.

The society has lately received an impetus in the form of twelve new members. We feel confident that they will prove an honor to the society, and help it to maintain that place which it has held for sixteen years in the history of Central High School.

May the Platos continue to remain first in athletics, first in literary talent, and next to love for "Old Central," first in the hearts of the pupils of our school.

HOWARD HUDSON, '04.





THE CENTRAL LITERARY CLUB.



CENTRAL LITERARY CLUB.

COLORS: Old Rose and Blue.

YELL.

Nika! Nika!

Rip! Rah! Ree!

Nota! Bena!

C. L. C.

OFFICERS.

Lula Morgan	- - -	President	Allen Hughes	- - -	Treasurer
Jean Kirk	- - -	Vice President	Loving T. Crutcher	- - -	Critic
Edith Barnett	- - -	Secretary	Florine Leming	- - -	Sergeant-at-Arms
Hyden Eaton	- - -	Reporter.			

MEMBERS.

Aletha Barr
Edith Barnett
Loving T. Crutcher
O. Virgil Dodge
Margaret Carpenter
Lee Campbell
Lulu Hayes
Jean Kirk

Florine Leming
Lula Morgan
Elizabeth Oldham
Mabelle Thornton
Laura Speed
Genevieve Stiles
Nancy Scruggs
Hyden Eaton

Butler Gentry
Allen Hughes
Chambers Hunt
Hoyle Jones
Frank Ridge
Sam Sebree
George Tourtellot
Edgar Thompson

HISTORY OF CENTRAL LITERARY CLUB,

Or, Why We Should Have a Tablet in the Hall of Fame.

1882--1890--1903.

AGAIN it becomes a pleasant duty to proclaim to the world at large what was the origin (and what has sustained in honor and credit the good old name) and glorious history of the Central Literary Club.

Around the three dates above cluster the three most important epochs in our history. It was in the year of



1882 that our society was ushered into this world and at once began making history for "Old Central." Succeeding a five years' period of history - making came a time when things began to drag. A close and critical introspec-

tion brought to light the fact that continued progress was checked and almost prevented by the influence of drones who were "hanging on," in spite of the fact that they had become wearied and worn out and had failed to keep pace with the ever increasing growth of the society.

In the year of 1887 those who were retarding our development were diplomatically requested to "pack their duds and go," and this they did. These discards formed a society under the name of Platos. The significance of this organization was at that time suspected, and his-

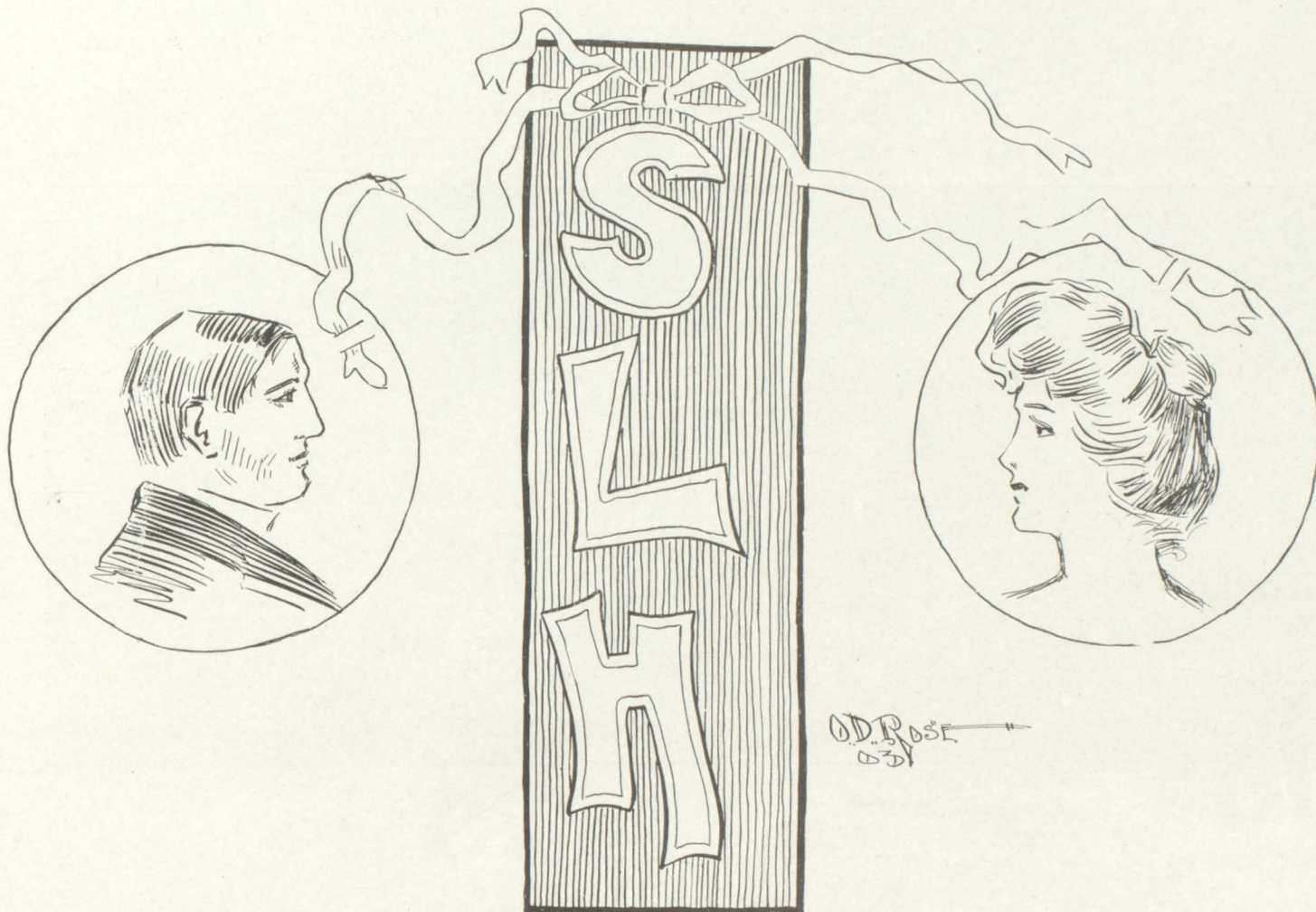
tory has confirmed the suspicion that this organization was intended to be, and has become, the fitting place for depositing what has been so aptly termed the *caput mortuum*.

Being relieved of the burden of dead timber, with its branches carefully pruned, the C. L. C. again forged ahead, winning victories over every society in sight. It has given the most creditable entertainments, maintained the highest standard of individual membership, and in every way sustained year by year an established and recognized standard of excellence. The result has been that now, in the year 1903, the Central Literary Club stands on the pinnacle of achievement and of it can be truly said *ne plus ultra*. In its relations with social and intellectual phases of school life, aside from the established curriculum of the school, it is certainly *sine qua non*.

In any hall of fame to be established in the future within the walls of Old Central, a bronze tablet of heroic size must of necessity be devoted to the proper recognition of the good work of this club in uplifting the grade of scholarship.

LOVING TREVELYAN CRUTCHER.





O.D. ROSE
631

SOCIETY OF LITERATURE AND HISTORY.



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.

Earl Reed	- - - -	President	William McLaren	- - - -	Critic
Norman Getman	- -	Vice President	Parker Francis	- -	Sergeant-at-Arms
Grace Carr	- - - -	Secretary	Elias Greenman	- -	Reporter
Hallie Culbertson	- -	Treasurer	Blanche Rotzell	- - - -	

Samuel Lucretius Historicus

MEMBERS.

Will McLaren
Everett Copley
Edna Rockefeller
Rexford Brinkley
Alvin Lorie
Grace Carr
Earl Reed
Ambert Haley
Dwight Davis
Gilpin Moore

Norman Getman
Marian North
Blanche Rotzell
Hallie Culbertson
Edson Cowen
Katie Hurt
Georgia Hynes
Howard Mervine
Lewis Jordan
Earl Sanders

Mary Colgan
Frank Jack
Blanche Lewis
Margaret Potterf
Adelbert Barber
Bessie Hayes
Elias Greenman
Valerie Himburg
Parker Francis
Hunter Nead

THE SOCIETY OF LITERATURE AND HISTORY.

A LITTLE more than ten years ago, the growth of "Old Central," together with the class of work then being done by the societies, made it plainly visible that there was dire need of a society which should do something besides "chew gum and avoid program



R.

weekly program was shown in our Hall Program last

duty." It was to this end that Miss Gano, then a teacher of English, called together some of her best pupils and organized *Societas Literaturae Historiaeque*, "to promote the study of history, literature and science." The constitution as it now stands, with the exception of a few amendments, was adopted February 12th, 1893, and from that day to this there has not been a stronger nor a more successful society in Central High School. As the society has never been divided by factions, all the enthusiasm has been directed to one end, the good of the S. L. H. So once more has the old adage "In union there is strength," been proved. The effect of the excellent work done in our regular

year; and, but for a little misfortune, would have been much more successfully shown this year. Our high standard, which is kept up by the thoroughness with which both the character and the work of every candidate is looked into, was illustrated only a few days since in the election from our membership of the President of the Senior Class.

H. E. REED.



ARISTOTONIAN



Irma Settles

THE ARISTONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



THE ARISTONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

MOTTO: Non quis sed quid.
COLORS: Purple and Lavender.
FLOWER: Violet.

OFFICERS.

Florence Trotter	- -	President	Mary Baird	- -	Sergeant-at-Arms
Elizabeth Settles	-	Vice President	Emily Bodman	- - -	Treasurer
Elizabeth Thompson	- -	Secretary	Julia Tavenner	- - -	Critic

MEMBERS.

Eleanor Hall
Mida Brandon
Beatrice Thomes
Ella Foster
Gertrude Copley
Mary Clauser
Mary Dunn
Mabel Gleason
Blanche Charles
Julia Tavenner
Annie Shuck
Louise Norton

Jeannette Kendall
Ernestine Bainbridge
Grace Legg
Tessa Boughan
Florence Trotter
Ethel Brubaker
Fanny Wilson
Hortense Bachrach
Louise McKean
Emily Bodman
Blanche Rosencrans
Mary Baird
Esther Marshall

Iva Spaulding
Helen Krabiell
Mary Halstead
Faith Marvin
Elizabeth Settles
Anna E. Fox
Elizabeth Thompson
Irma Settles
Zella Slaughter
Mary Wilkinson
Kittie Lambdin
Jessie Stacy

THE ARISTONIANS.



AND so you ask, my children, what it means, this knot of purple ribbon and this golden leaf with "A" upon it? Then draw more closely around the evening lamp and I will tell you. It is a tale of old Central, which tells of the merry throngs that there assembled daily to drink as deeply as might be of the Pierian spring.

Once, not so many years ago, seven maidens met within the classic precincts and formed a band now known as "Aristonians." The new society was a sturdy urchin from the first and before it was a year old, was clamoring for its place in the world and crying for the moon, namely, a part in the great Christmas play. Though told by its brother and sister societies that children should be seen and not heard, it took its little brother, Webster, by the hand and won renown on the dramatic stage amid plaudits from the crowd and groans from its envious elders.

And how it grew! Unlike other children at the "growing age," it was not sensitive about its size, but exulted when old friends greeted it with the time-worn phrase, "How you do grow." Long before it reached its

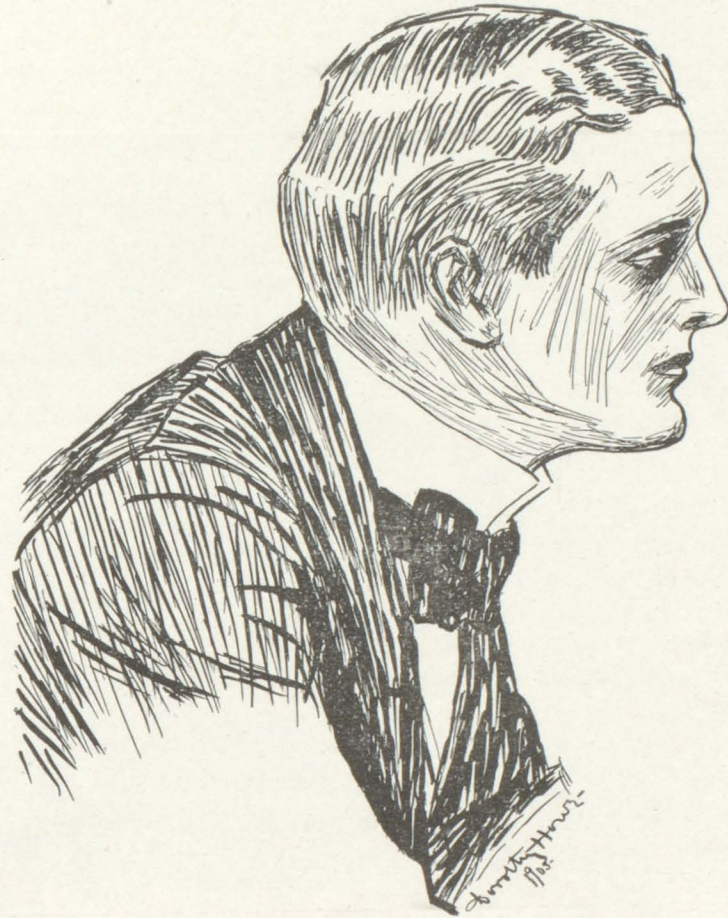
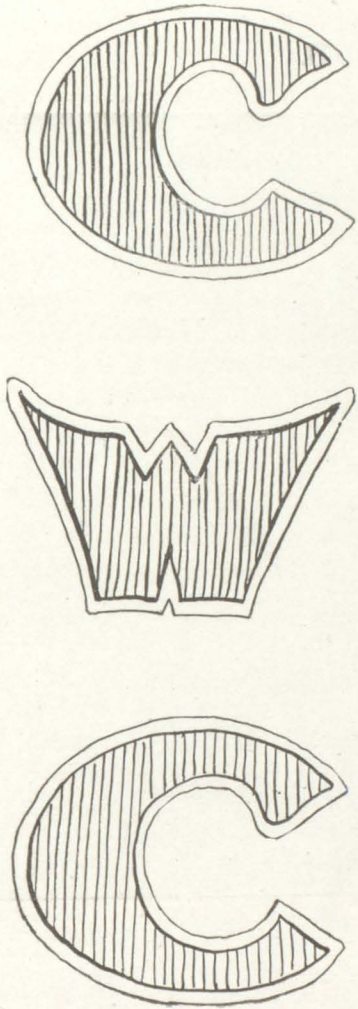
second birthday, the youthful society had "appeared in public on the stage," bringing into the dazzling light of publicity some promising pupils.

But not in public only has its superiority been shown. In every class room are its members to be seen, winning glory and reaping whole harvests of "E's." Throughout the sordid world are its graduate members scattered, diffusing knowledge and "leavening the whole lump." From this circle of thirty-eight members shall go forth unfledged college professors and future presidents of the Athenaeum.

And so, my children, be diligent; con your lessons well. Some day one of you may grow up to be an Aristonian.

FAITH MARVIN.





THE CENTRAL WEBSTER CLUB.



THE CENTRAL WEBSTER CLUB.

COLORS: Red and White.

YELL.

Rip! Rap!

Strip! Strap!

Sis! Boom! Bah!

Webster! Webster!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

OFFICERS.

Francis M. McShane	- - -	President	Frank C. Beck	- - - - -	Treasurer
Walter B. Phillips	- -	Vice-President	Elwood B. Frawley	- - - -	Critic
Harry D. Hynds	- - -	Secretary	Virgil V. Sharp	-	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS.

John Langsdale,
Walter B. Phillips,
Harry F. Cotton,
Harry D. Hynds,
Francis M. McShane,
Elwood B. Frawley,

Richard M. Stephens,
Frank Banister,
Charles A. Barker,
Henry Stephens,
Frank C. Beck,
Jerome Dyer,

John H. Higley,
Frank Woodbury,
Fred H. Montgomery,
Virgil V. Sharp,
Fred Freshman.

THE CENTRAL WEBSTER CLUB.



CARLYLE says: "The history of a nation is the biography of its great men." So may it be said that the history of a club is the record of its members. Although the Central Webster Club has had but a short life of three years, that time has seen it advance until it now disputes first place with the other Central societies.

The group of ambitious boys who banded themselves together to follow in the footsteps of the mighty Webster wished to emulate him in courage, strength, and oratory; but were compelled to follow him in another way, to work from the bottom of the ladder of public opinion to the place where they now stand, respected by all. They had to struggle on, never flinching under the ceaseless hail of criticism and ridicule, until they conquered the forces leagued against them, and pressed on to plant the standard of the C. W. C., where it can be seen floating proudly in the breeze, and proclaiming to the world the virtues of Daniel Webster, "the man who met and conquered everything in his path."

The Websters have not been idle during this last year. Out of many contestants for the honor of representing Central at the declamatory contest at Chicago

last fall, a Webster man was chosen. Two worthy followers of that famous statesman took leading parts in the Christmas play; and the recent Hall Program given by the society, demonstrated its strength and ability.

Not only in these lines, but also in athletics, do the Websters show the energy, determination, and pluck which is bound to succeed. During the football season three members of the C. W. C. did much to help Central's team to its many victories on the gridiron. The club is represented in our basket ball team, while on the track we have some of the best athletes in the school, and a Webster holds down the initial bag in the baseball nine.

The Mandolin Club is helped to its high state of proficiency by two of our men, while several more sing the praises of "The Wild Man of Borneo."

On the whole, we pride ourselves on the splendid school spirit, in work and play, which is displayed by our society. We confidently hope, that the name and fame of Webster and the Central Webster Club will live and continue to be a guiding star to future generations.

HARRY D. HYNDS, '03.



Dedicated to the Central Glee Club .03

"AN ODE TO CENTRAL"

WORDS BY

WALTER B PHILLIPS

MUSIC BY

SADIE C BARNES.

Valse Tempo

1 How we are at our by the trail laughing Johnny on the hills
2 In the air, you are scattered Old the County far and wide
3 When to let legs come and daughters of old Cen. had tried their way.

Just the laugh to come to who at from the an. to. qua. ted walls
all the snow up on the speaking tower and tumbled by the was
all unwitting they are thinking such good times dare come to stay

All those paths the paths to knowledge which we oft so high by had
but at a sea. are when all the note a fo - my hope of best
Thinking of the friendships many of the frogs the honors won.

ad ding dar by strands of learning. spread for - my life's joy do thread
Dream we of the gaps at Central. had the gaps we love the best -
and perhaps a little sad by. no - a - long that no close -

Chorus

Tento a marca

Cen. Cen. Cen. Alma ma - ti day shall we the white and blue.

Ev - er shall we sing thy praises. Ev - er will be True,

Central Central. Alma mater day shall we the white and blue

Ev - er shall we sing thy praises. Ev - er will be True.

THE CENTRAL GLEE CLUB.





Miss Regina Schnakenburg.
Accompanist.



Mrs. Carrie Farwell-Voorhees.
Director.



Mr. Dell D. Dutton.
Manager.



THE CENTRAL GLEE CLUB.

Mrs. Carrie Farwell-Voorhees - -Director
Miss Regina Schnakenburg - - Accompanist
Mr. Dell D. Dutton - - - - - Manager

MEMBERS.

Alex S. Peek, '03.
Rowland Hill, '03.
Milo M. Ebert, '03.
Ralph E. Ellis, '03.
Kenneth Byrne, '04.
Howard Hudson, '04.
Charles B. Lynn, '03.

Dell D. Dutton, '03.
Will H. MacLaren, '03.
Clifford B. Jones, '03.
Rexford Brinkley, '04.
Elwood B. Frawley, '03.
Frank Williams, '03.
Arch. Morrison, Jr., '03.
Norman W. Getman, '03

M. Butler Gentry, '03.
Frank E. Parker, '04.
Robert G. Bruce, '03.
Walker Longan, '03.
Frank C. Beck, '05
Virgil Dodge, '03.
Ora D. Rose, '03.

ENGAGEMENTS OF GLEE CLUB.

Assembly Hall, Jan. 30, '03.
(Entire Program).
Spalding's Commercial College, Feb. 5, '03.
(Entire Musical Program).
Kansas City, Kansas, High School, Feb. 19, '03.
(Entire Program).
Athenaeum Club, March 25, '03.
(One Number.)
First Presbyterian Church, March 26, '03,
(Entire Program).
Assembly Hall, March 27, '03,
(One Number.)
Fiftieth Anniversary of K. C., Pepper Bldg., March 28.
(One Number.)

Bar Association, Commercial Club Rooms, April 4, '03,
(Entire Musical Program).
Commercial Club, May, '03.
(Entire Program.)
Manufacturing Association, May, '03.
(Entire Program.)
Bar Association, May, '03.
(Entire Program.)
Class Day, Assembly Hall, May 22, '03.
(One Number.)
Graduation Exercises, Auditorium, May 29, '03.
(One Number.)
Modern Woodmen of America, April 29, '03.
(Entire Musical Program.)
Franklin School, May 18, '03.
(Entire Program.)

THE CENTRAL GLEE CLUB.



A number of freshmen have been noticed gazing wonderingly at a crowd of stern-looking youths, hurrying across Locust street shortly after the fifth hour—a sheet of music in one hand, a bun sandwich in the other, in a vain endeavor to get somewhere.

These youths are the Glee Club, whose time has become so valuable that they cannot be burdened with lessons or meals, who are called upon to make every notable civic and literary gathering a success, and who awaited a call to give the president a few of their numerous selections when he reached Kansas City in May.

To those who are anxious concerning the fate of the gallant Romeo and his timid Juliet, it can be said with pride that Romeo has since entirely abstained and that Juliet has been shown the proper use for a razor.

It might be of interest to some to know that "we and Col. Van Horn" were called upon to assist in the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Kansas City. But such honors seem insignificant when it can be said that Mr. Dutton, as the "Wild Man from Borneo," was proclaimed "the Jonah man" by the entire Bar Association.

Mr. Ebert is the sole remaining representative of that famous squad of a few years ago, who propounded the well known "Cat Logic." Since the last exhibition of his marvelous skill in that line, in the last Glee Club entertainment in the Assembly Hall, he seems to have forgotten the art.

But, seriously, the Glee Club has had the most successful year in its history. Never before has the club been so popular with the teachers, pupils and general public, and so greatly in demand. We have had to refuse scores of invitations on account of our school duties. The only explanation we offer for our success is embodied in two words—Mrs. Voorhees.

Those who are able to appreciate the vast amount of work and skill required to bring the club to its present perfection are well able to congratulate Mrs. Voorhees on the wonderful work that she has accomplished.

Great credit is also due to Mr. Dutton for the splendid way in which he has managed the club for the past two years. Next year's club will feel a great deal the lack of a person such as Mr. Dutton in whom it may place its entire trust.

MARTIN BUTLER GENTLE '03.



THE GIRLS' CHORUS.



THE GIRLS' CHORUS.

MEMBERS.

First Sopranos: Florence Block, Isabel Barton, Bernice Cromwell, Grace Evans, Maud Emmert, Jessie Harris, Faith Marvin, Lela Meredith, Pauline Post, Regina Schnakenburg, Cora Surface, Mary Wheeler, Nellie Maggard, Kathleen Wilson, Edith Cammack, Lotta Dahn.

Second Sopranos: Laura Campbell, Bunn Humphrey, Sadie Lowe, Eva McHatton, Clara Martin, Loney Pierson, Irene Page.

Altos: Edna Clarke, Mabel Conger, Bernice Ford, Ruth Prewett, Mabel Rams, Pearl Maupin, Julia Wischropp.

MUCH can be said about the general excellence of the music department at Central, but the Girl's Chorus, which is a fine example of that excellence, should be especially commended.

Their programs, some of which were gotten up on exceedingly short notice, show that they have worked hard and earnestly. They have reached a high point of artistic finish, which is wonderful for such a number of untrained voices, whose only time for practice is during one school period.

Miscellaneous songs, and choruses from operas and oratorios, have been studied by them; nothing seems too difficult. Such barriers as beginning harmony, sight-reading, musical history, biography, etc., have also been cleared. For their special program in Assembly Hall, they selected a musical cantata, "Florabell." While pre-

paring this, they worked like Trojans, feeling that they *must* make it a success, and they feel that the result of their work was enjoyed.

The music in the school is on an equal footing with the other studies, both as to educational value and the number of points credited. Many of the girls, when they had reached their limit in points, took the study for the musical education it afforded. The girls of the chorus, who do not graduate, intend to keep up their work next year.

To say that Mrs. Voorhees is dearly loved and appreciated, is like repeating an axiom—it is a well known and self-evident fact. All those who have voices and care to sing, should take advantage of her fine tuition and enter one of her classes.

REGINA SCHNAKENBURG.

THE MANDOLIN CLUB.



THE CENTRAL MANDOLIN CLUB.

THE Mandolin Club has continued its great success of last year. At every appearance it has been given an enthusiastic reception, and the warmth of this has steadily grown with each performance on the Friday morning program.

Part of the year's work included four appearances on the Assembly Hall program, the giving of a program before the Kansas City, Kan. High School, a place on the High School program given before the Athenaeum, and furnishing the music for the Christmas play. This last was with short notice and without a full rehearsal. On account of press of school work a great many requests for outside music have been denied.

The membership has not changed a great deal from that of last year. The following is a list:

First mandolins: Maude Clements, Augusta Shropshire, Henry Clarke, Ambert Haley.

Second mandolins: Edna Clarke, Ella Foster, Mr. Graves.

Guitars: Miss Strauchon, Frank Banister, Harry Cotton.

Piano: Georgia Shropshire.



THE CHRISTMAS PLAY CAST.



THE CHRISTMAS PLAY CAST.



OUR Christmas play this year was a brilliant evidence of what united effort can do. Faculty, societies and pupils seemed to strive to make it the one great event of the year. The crowded and enthusiastic house was proof of how well they succeeded. But all the enthusiasm in the world could not have guided and trained our budding Mansfields and Julia Marlowes, if it had not been for the patience and skill of Mr. Dillenbeck and those who assisted him. It is to them that Central owes a great part of her thanks for her play.

The proceeds of the entertainment are to be devoted to a worthy cause—that of improving our stage with some new scenery. For proof of our great need in this line—see Plato Hall Program!

The Curtain-raiser, "Change Partners," was an amusing farce in which Mary Louise Moore took, with great dignity and success, the part of Mrs. Somerton, a widow. Miss Lula Hayes seemed just suited to the part of her daughter, Florence, a sweet, innocent boarding-school girl. Miss Elizabeth Settles, as Parker, was certainly a pretty little maid. The parts of Sir Fitful and his son, Charlie, were well taken by Mr. Howard Hudson and Mr. Norman Getman.

But the hit of the evening was "The Wedding March," a farce full of the most impossible and the most comical situations. Mr. Elwood Frawley, as Mr. Wood-

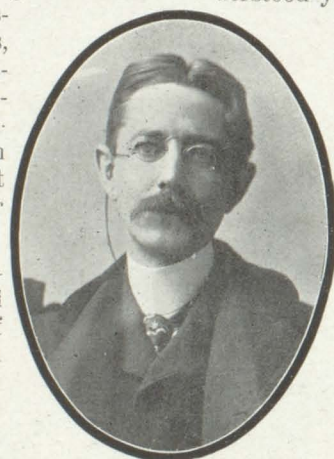
pecker Topping, the poor, unfortunate bridegroom, certainly had the sympathy of the audience. He played with great credit to himself and to his society.

Mr. Poppytop and his daughter, Anna Maria, the bride, as impersonated by Mr. Dwight Davis and Miss Hortense Bachrach, could not have been better done.

The character of Mrs. Bunthunder, a much misunderstood young wife, was taken charmingly by Miss Mary Neal; while Mr. Rowland Hill, as General Bunthunder, a "Companion of the Bath," made an excellent irate husband. Mr. Loving Crutcher, as Captain Bapp, was a striking "military man." Annie Mahan and Clifford Jones as specimens of the emotional nobility, deserve great credit for their tearful efforts.

Perhaps one of the most interesting characters in the cast was that of Uncle Bopaddy, the conveniently deaf old gentleman, by Mr. Charlie Lynn. His voice, manner and ap-

pearance, were an excellent characterization. Miss Daisy Kirk, as the young milliner, and Mr. Virgil Dodge, as her bookkeeper, were good. Rex Brinkley, footman, and Edith Moore, maid, were hits. Dell Dutton was comical as Cousin Foodle. His "Oh!-An-na Ma-ri-a!" was clever. AIMEE TEASDALE.



PRESTON K. DILLENBECK.
Director Dillenbeck School of Oratory

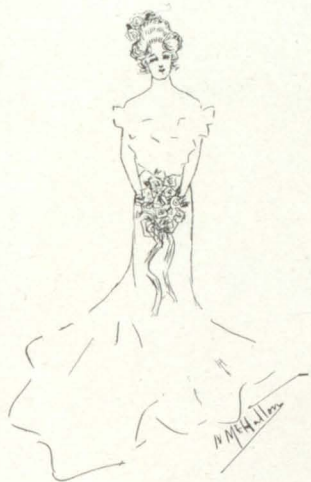


THE FRENCH PLAY CAST.



THE FRENCH PLAY.

In the afternoon, May the eighth, eight girls representing the French department appeared before the school in a farce entitled "Les Cuisinieres." The role of "Francoise," the head cook, was taken with great spirit by Miss Mabelle Thornton. She spoke the lines with de-



lightful expression and was altogether the most popular actress of the afternoon. Madame Beloiseau, the mistress who discovers her servants in the midst of their stolen banquet, was Miss Marguerite Teasdale, who carried her part with a dignity which was materially increased by her stately appearance. The part of Ernestine, her maid, was taken by Miss Aimee Teasdale, whose charming manner and good accent won the approval

of all her audience. Some other cooks were represented by Edith Moore, Elizabeth Barton and Aletha Barr, who filled their parts with great success. Miss Barr, as she hid under the table, was the personification of mischievous alarm. Miss Lulu Hayes, who appeared as Heloise, the modiste, won the hearts of all her audience by her pretty face and her repentant manner. One of the most charac-

ing characters in the farce was Miss Goebel, otherwise Miss Belle Hormell, who assumed a motherly manner with great success.

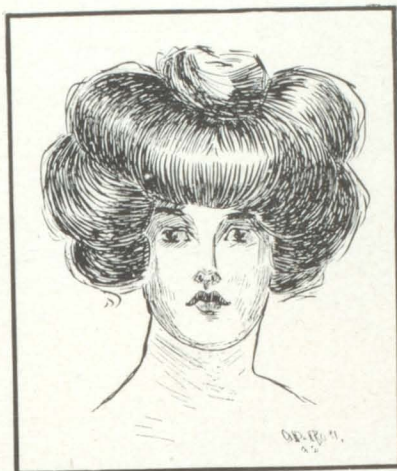
The success of the farce is largely due to the untiring efforts of Miss Clarke and Miss Wood. The farce was well chosen for presentation to an audience who did not understand French, for the subject was familiar to all—even the boys know something about dish washing and cooking, if only in their results—and as the words were simple and the acting of the girls was so realistic that none of the audience lost the point of the farce. The whole programme was a great success and reflected untold credit on the department which presented it.



THE GERMAN PLAY CAST.



THE GERMAN PLAY.



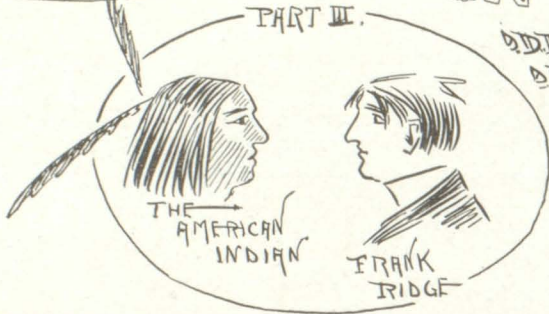
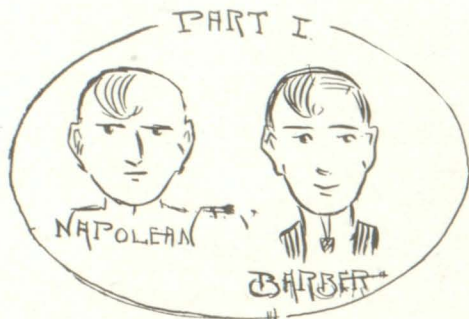
On Friday afternoon, May 15, the pupils of the German Department presented a very creditable programme, representing the work of the German classes. The first number was a piano solo, "Violets," by Miss Helen Krabill, whose delicate touch was well suited to the interpretation of her theme. This was fol-

lowed by a ballad by Drexel Haines, illustrated in pantomime by Mr. Haines and Miss Marguerite Zimmerman, who were dressed in the typical German peasant costume. Next Miss Ella Beardsley, a prominent Philo and one of the most popular Central girls, sang Rubenstein's "Spring Song" in a sweet, pure voice, that seemed filled with the airy spirit of springtime. The fourth number was Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capricoso," played by Miss Louise Ruhl, with excellent execution and much feeling. Last, but not least, came a one-act farce entitled "Oversalted," given by Messrs. Campbell, Sharp, Warrington and Misses Mense, Levine and Potterf. The farce represented the

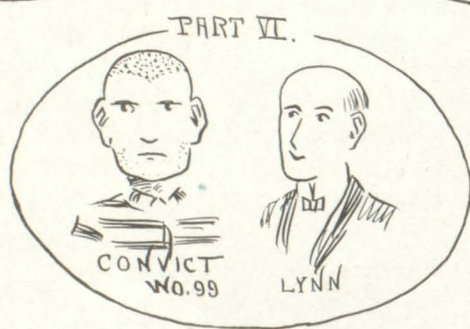
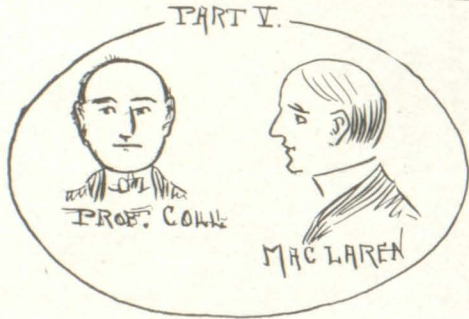
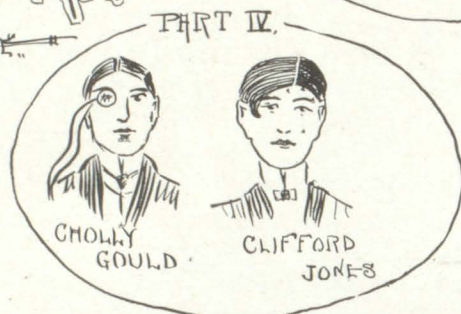
trials and tribulations of a young wife who, in the absence of the cook, had prepared a dinner to which her husband had unexpectedly brought home a friend. The dinner proved to be rather too salty, whereto hung the tale and a family quarrel. The part of the wife was cleverly acted by Miss Blanche Mense, while that of her husband was taken by Mr. Clyde Campbell, who had fortified himself for the role by donning a villainous looking moustache, curled upwards in true German style. When the curtain fell upon the first reconciliation we all decided that we had witnessed a most entertaining program. The afternoon was closed by the singing of the German classes of Germany's national song, "Die Wacht am Rhein."

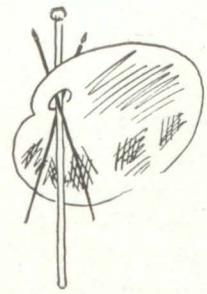


HAIR IN SEVEN PARTS

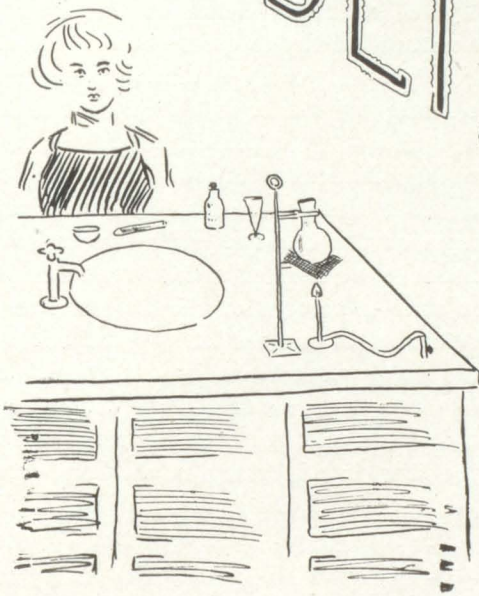
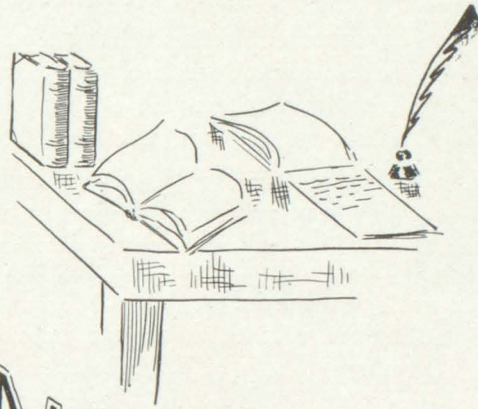


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DEPARTMENTS



S.D. Root
1911

LANGUAGES.—DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

JOHN RUSKIN.



THE world of literature has at various times possessed lovers of nature, poets, masters of happy phrasing and graphic expression painters, moralists, philosophers, masters of architectural art, and men of various learned callings, endowed with great mental powers, but one must search diligently to find among them a man so completely gifted with the spirit and letter of learning as was John Ruskin.

To the name of poet, no one can dispute his title. Not only in verse, but also in prose he speaks with a beauty and delicacy not to be acquired by rules of rhetoric, yet easily intelligible to any one in sympathy with his beliefs and interested in his statements. No other writer is there whose expressions in English are so uniformly eloquent, musical and rich in ideas. The "cumulative humanities" could not have been wanting in the lineage of the man his works reveal to us, if anything of power comes from their influence, while his own chance allusions and explanations, the critical insight and vast knowledge of a true scholar are constantly exemplified. In his works intended for those possessed of some learning, he is not content to leave the reader with isolated impressions, choosing rather to treat all subjects as fully as possible, expressing not only his own thoughts, but also those of the greatest writers of the past in support or contradiction of his own beliefs. He has a way of bringing outside information to give clearness or charm so natural and pleasing that it relieves him of any suspicion of pedantry. In such works as his

"Proserpina," a book of loving studies of wayside flowers, one is constantly surprised, delighted and instructed by bits of science, literature and philosophy. For instance, in the chapter entitled "Papaver Rhoëas" we find a delightful discussion of poppies; not such as we might expect from a botanist, not such as one would find in Thoreau, if he had described the same flower; but something more charming than either could have produced, dignified by the essential science of the one and not lacking in the nature-knowledge of the other. At the beginning the word "proper" compels him to pause and give it serious attention; the reader is led through a discussion as to the use of a word which cannot fail to be a valuable lesson in the distinctions of our language. In one sentence he says "I said of the Poppy, that it was robed in 'the purple of the Caesars.' The words gave, to any one who had a clear idea of a Caesar and of his dress, a better and stricter account of the flower than if I had only said 'Petals bright and scarlet.' What I meant was, first, that the poppy leaf looks dyed through and through, like glass or Tyrian tissue; and not merely painted; secondly, that the splendor of it is proud, almost insolently so. Augustus in his glory might have been clothed like one of these; and Saul; but not David nor Solomon; still less the teacher of Solomon when He puts on 'glorious apparel.'"

After the discussion of the structure of the flower, he quotes from Homer and Virgil, passing from the descriptions of the poppy by these classical writers to the

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place it has occupied in architecture. Words cannot describe the skill with which he connects details and explanations into a harmonious whole.

As a writer of elegant and expressive prose, Ruskin has no equal among modern authors. The scenes he had in mind rise clearly before the readers, as if he had seen them and needed but that magic touch to bring them back. His similes, though daring, are always true. When writing in the heat of controversy his ideas burst forth in an almost incoherent torrent, but they are ever the same, brilliant, rounded, finished, eloquent. His sentences ring with the highest art of oratory.

In the field of art criticism Ruskin stands above all others. Not only to the high priests and votaries of "art for art's sake," but to the common people as well, has he been a teacher of what is wise, artistic and harmonious in buildings, paintings and furnishings.

As an observer of the philosophy of existence, he deserves more than passing notice. He seems equally capable of understanding the faith by which the apostle cries "Oh, death where is thy sting?" and the stern stoicism of the author of "De Contemnenda Morte."

In every field which he has entered, and in every capacity which he has adorned, John Ruskin has added honor to his name, and has clearly shown himself a master of the learning of men, a workman in the imperishable fabric of Anglo-Saxon speech, true to the highest ideals of his art.

E. E. BOWERS.

PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY OF HAMLET.

THERE is no more interesting study, either in fiction or drama, than the development of character.

In the study of Hamlet we note that of the three principal powers of the mind—intellect, feeling and will—the first is the most prominent. Hamlet had keen perception. He knew that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern had been sent to watch him, he resented this and reprovably told them that he was aware of their purpose. When he was going to England he shrewdly suspected treachery, and upon opening the king's letter, found his surmises true. Best of all, his keen perception told him there was some mystery connected with his father's death and he determined to unravel it.

He had a good memory and an especially fertile imagination. His imagination is certainly displayed when he feigned madness and when he decided that:

"the play's the thing,

Wherein to catch the conscience of the king."

In no place does it take higher flight than when he speaks to Horatio of Yorik's skull:

"Here hung those lips I have kiss'd

I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now?

Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of

merriment that were wont to set the table on a
roar?"

Thought is Hamlet's dominant faculty. We see by

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his soliloquy that he considered it too much so:

"Thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn away
And lose the name of action."

Of feelings, the ideal are shown rather than the sensuous. His agnostic emotions are displayed by his hatred toward the king, his timidity in carrying on his plans, and his jealousy at Ophelia's grave; the altruistic, by setting his life "at a pin's fee," even sacrificing his love for Ophelia in order to carry out the plan of revenge; intellectual, first in the phase of surprise when he learns of his father's ghost, next, perplexed as to whether it is really a ghost or an evil spirit, last, belief when he is convinced by his uncle's actions, that his suppositions are correct; the moral emotions are called forth when he considers the rightness and oughtness of the deed he is contemplating, and whether it is his duty to carry it out.

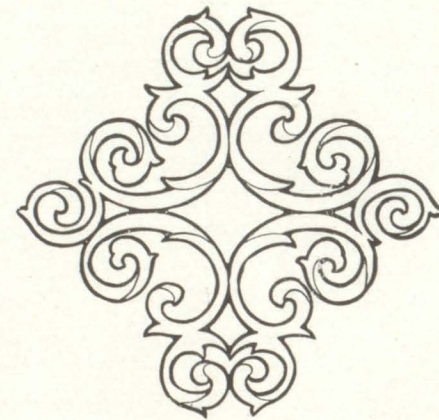
Grief, one of the passions which act most severely on physical life, affects the course of Hamlet's life greatly. It makes the world seem undesirable to live in and suggests the idea of suicide.

Conflicting emotions, some of which urged him to lay down life, others of the same force which restrained him, resulted in inaction.

Will, which is necessary in order to accomplish anything, is sadly lacking in Hamlet. This is his fatal weak-

ness. He deliberates, forms all sorts of resolutions, but never acts. When at length he did kill his uncle, it was only on the spur of the moment, merely an impulse, not an act of will. If will-power were only in the same proportion as his other faculties, he would have been an admirable character, and, well, the story would not have ended as it did.

ETHEL FISHER, '03.



DEPARTMENT OF GREEK.

THE HOMERIC POEMS.



THE tribulations of a two year's struggle with Greek grammar and with Xenophon's history of the March of the Ten Thousand are rewarded in the third year of the Greek course by the satisfaction that comes from a study of Homer. It is not only a great pleasure, but a privilege to be able to read in the original the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," the greatest epics the world has ever known. They have inspired some of the best works in art and literature. It was the description of "the father of gods and of men" in the first book of the "Iliad" which furnished the inspiration to the old Greek sculptor, Pheidias, for his famous statue of Zeus. Not only did the ancient writers quote from these masterpieces but our English authors have made countless references to them. Milton's poems, especially "Paradise Lost" are full of the pretty epithets and expressions, common in Homer. To the average reader, such an expression as "Thetis' tinsel slippers" found in "Comus" would have no particular force, but if he had read the "Iliad" he would at once think of the epithet, "silver-footed," there given to the sea-goddess. Although this is but one example from one poet, it shows of how much value is a knowledge of the Greek poems in reading English.

We have several translations of these great poems, which are considered very good, but in these we lose sight

of several things which appear in the original. Concerning this point, Matthew Arnold has written: "Homer is rapid in his movement, Homer is plain in his words and style; Homer is simple in his ideas; Homer is noble in his manner. Cowper renders him ill because he is slow in his movement and elaborate in his style; Pope renders him ill because he is artificial both in his style and in his words; Chapman renders him ill because he is fantastic in his ideas." In these translations, a certain amount of the beautiful thought and of the inspiration of the Greek poet is lost. To be sure, Keats, who knew only the translation, wrote about these poems:

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez—when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a mild surmise—
Silent upon a peak in Darien."

However, the beauty of the language itself—the total absence of harsh sounds and the musical flow of the lines cannot be imitated in our tongue. Thus one gains much more by studying the original Greek than by reading the translations. Then, too, one derives a certain satisfaction from having read for himself what the poet of olden times thought and sang.

The incidents related in the two poems have nearly the same interest to-day that they had in the time in which

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they were written. The "Iliad," which is the story of the "Anger" of Achilles and of the fall of Troy, deals mostly with war. Yet, near the close of the sixth book, there is one of the most beautiful and touching little incidents to be found in all literature—the farewell of Hector to his wife and child at the Scaean Gates, as he is about to depart for battle. When, fully arrayed in his armor, he reaches out his hands to take the baby, the little one screams with fright at the waving crest of the helmet. After removing the objectionable piece, Hector takes the baby and tosses him up in his hands. Then he earnestly prays to Zeus to watch over and protect his only son. The "Odyssey," which is of an entirely different nature, deals with the wanderings of Odysseus, commonly known as Ulysses, after the fall of Troy. Who is not familiar with some, at least, of the stories of this hero's hair-breadth escapes? All through the poem, the goddess Athene aids Ulysses, her especial charge, in every possible way, while Poseidon, the sea-god, does all in his power to thwart the hero's desires. Yet in this poem, too, are related incidents which keep it from growing tiresome. One of the prettiest of these is that which takes place just before Ulysses goes to the city of the Phaeacians. Nausikaa, the Phaeacian princess, and her slave women go to the river to wash the linen; while they are waiting for the clothes to dry on the beach, they play a game of ball. It is the shout which they raise when the ball is accidentally thrown into the

river and lost that awakens Ulysses from his slumbers in the thicket, near at hand. In the meeting which follows, Nausikaa gives an example of the maidenly modesty which every young woman should possess.

Thus, here and in many other places, the poet shows his high ideas of morality. Professor Jebb wrote that the Homeric poetry was to the ancient Greeks what the Bible was to the Hebrews. It constituted not only their literature, but also their laws, their education and their religion. How much it must have meant to a Greek to hear the old bard, with his inborn love of music, poetry, and all that is beautiful, pour forth his soul in those poems which were destined to live and to furnish such wonderful inspirations to all generations!

ANNA ELIZABETH FOX, '03.





DEPARTMENT OF GREEK.

TRANSLATION FROM HOMER.

Down from the crests of Olympia came Phoebus Apollo,
Raging in heart, on his shoulders his bow and his quiver
Covered securely. Clanged on the angry god's shoulders his
arrows,
As he descended. Like to the night he came, then him
he seated.
Far from the ships, and into their midst he thence shot an
arrow.
Terrible twanging arose from the silver bow as forth he
whizzed it,
First did he mark out the mules and the dogs in the open
for victims.
Then at the men themselves did he hurl his bitter-sharp arrows.
Always the close crowded, corpse-laden pyres were blazing,
So ended he, and the hearts in the breasts of all in that con-
course,

stirred he—moved as the waves of the sea of the deep of
Scarus,
When from the clouds rush the East Winds, hurled by the hand
of the Father;
Moved as the grain standing deep in the cornfield is moved by
the West Wind
Dashing upon it and swaying and bending the ripened ears
earthward,
Thus the assembly was swayed and rushed toward the ships with
the war cry.

Zeus himself, the Olympian, portions all fortune to mortals,
Both to the brave and the evil, e'en to each one as he wishes.
This now to you he has given, yours to the end to endure it.
All, even strangers and beggars, are under the care of the
All God.

—S. C.



DEPARTMENT OF LATIN.



CONSCIENTIOUS study of Latin is of so much benefit that arguments in its behalf seem unnecessary; yet it is always a pleasure to its students to speak of its worth. When we realize that more than half the words in the English dictionary are of Latin origin, we must admit that, for a dead language, the Latin is "exceedingly alive." If we wish to enjoy the richness of the English, we must be a student of the language that is its thesaurus. Words which before seemed merely necessary elements of speech are made to appear the very embodiment of great thoughts and of noble deeds.

In the study of etymology, we discover a rich field of investigation. It is impossible to enter into the full meaning or beauty of such words as *application*, without going to its real source. And if we make a study of its history in the changes of meaning as civilization advances and is influenced by Christianity and by the experiences of life, we are fascinated with the moral phases of their meaning.

The study of Latin inspires in us a taste for good literature. Through Caesar's vivid descriptions and his accounts of his wars, of his campaigns, and of his victories, we get better acquainted with his time, his people and, best of all, with his own wonderful skill as a leader. We grow to realize what it means to be a great general, one of Nature's teachers, the vanquisher of his enemies.

Virgil fosters a taste for beauties in poetry. In read-

ing the Latin, we lose none of his desired effects, none of the purity, simplicity and, sometimes, horror of his words, which we are sure to lose if we depend upon an English translation.

In Cicero we get a contrast between the oratory of his day and that of our time. We see the Roman love of flattery, consciousness of superiority and unwonted pride and arrogance. Cicero very naturally gives us more about their likes, dislikes, customs and manners than could be gained from any number of English historians.

Four years spent in studying such literature naturally fosters a fondness for good, wholesome reading, which manifests itself in our choice of books, not only good for the development of the mind, but also beneficial to us in a spiritual way.

As it is a college requirement, it is especially important for those expecting to enter our best schools. It is the foundation of the chief living languages. Its roots are involved in medicine, in chemistry, in psychology, in nearly all scientific studies. It is, therefore, very practical.

In the critical study of the Latin sentence with reference to its construction, its idioms and its mannerisms, lies a great aid to brain-culture. It better prepares one to enter an educational field. It enlarges the views of those who are attached to one subject alone. It is worthy
be put upon it. FLORENCE TROTTER.

DEPARTMENT OF LATIN.

BOATING SONG.

(Translated by S. L.)

Yoho! My men! The loud resounding echo rings. Yoho!
Over the peaceful and wide-spreading face of the sea.
The Lord has strewn calm and the ocean is freed of his blast.
The waters lie conquered on all the expanse of the deep.
Yoho! My men! The loud resounding echo rings; Yoho !
Now let the boat quiver under the strokes of our oars,
With rythmical pull driven on, while the heavens laugh down
At the sea, bringing breaths of the freshening breeze to our sails.
Yoho! My men! The loud resounding echo rings; Yoho!
Let now our emulous prow cut the waters, with leap
Like dolphins, and let the waves shout and dash upon her sides.
And let our track have stretched behind it a furrow of foam.
Yoho! My men! The loud resounding echo rings; Yoho!
Drear o'er the ocean the north wind wails. Call we, Yoho!
Now churned by our rowing white foams the sea. Call we,
Yoho!

With unceasing voices the shore shall resound: still, Yoho!

—Latin Folk Song.

Harriet S. P. D. Portiae:

Si tu, mea carissima amica, vales, bene est; ego quoque valeo.

Peregrinari in aliis terris maximam delectationem mihi praebet. Tamen (hoc incredibilene est?) mare non odi.

Forte audivisti nos in Italia hiemare. Hic aer lenis adhuc non validissima fuit.

Peregrini ex omnibus orbis terrarum partibus occasus solis vehementer admirantur, qui habentur pulcherrimi. Ego quidem pulchriorem aspectum numquam vidi.

Romae duos menses versati sumus, sed, si potuissemus, multo diutius ibi remansissemus. Cum ruinas Magni Fori in superiore schola legere solebamus, recordata sum. Aspiciere autem Forum multo magis me delectat quam orationes in eo loco habitas legere.

Volo vehementer nos ad Graeciam pervenire posse. Sed necesse est mecum patrem domum ad suum negotium redire et mater carissima peregrinari sola non volt. "Quae eum ita sint" (ut dicere solebamus) non potero (eheu!) Athenas et sua templa pulchra videre.

Ad urbem Paridis sex mensibus proficiscamur. Dum ibi remaneam spero multa mirabilia visura esse.

Saepe invenimus aliquos qui ex America nuper transgressi sint. Tum, cara Portia, domus cupidissima fio. Cum ad me scribes, vide ut omnia de amicis meis narres: Tune es hac hieme in schola?

Finis huius longioris epistulae mihi faciendus est. Laetane es?

Scripta Neapoli, ante diem septimum decimum Kalendas Maias.

Mi Amice Carissime:—

Si vales, bene est; ego valeo. Te saluto. Iam audio te rebus gestis tuis clarissimum existimatum esse, quod mihi maximum gaudium dat. Nunc, si tibi placet, de me loquar. Scis me esse magistrum herbariae in Academia

DEPARTMENT OF LATIN.

Harvardiana, quae est prope Bostoniam, quo, ut studeam herbariam, soleo ire.

Bostonia est una e maximis Americae urbibus et, ut opinor, pulcherrima celeberrimaque. Sunt in ea urbe multa aedificia publica. Id autem, quod me maxime delectat, est Horti Publici. Hi sunt in media urbe et nunc in eis scribens sedeo. Habentur ab omnibus esse optimi orbis terrarum. Nunc est ver et formosissimum tempus totius anni. Altae omnium generum arbores, statuæ clarissimorum virorum, fontes fluentes a leonibus marmoreis subiecti, palmae virides; flores pulchrae et rarae, et multa cetera in hoc loco videri possunt. Hic etiam est lacus parvus in quo pons albus constructus est. Cymbae sub ponte semper trahuntur.

Una parte circum hortos sunt viae latae, in quibus tecta pulchra maximis fenestris et portis ornata, quae e pretiosis lapidibus facta sunt. Hic multi optimates Bostoniae habitant.

Altera parte fumum nigrum ex locis negotii oritur. Iucundum mihi est intellegere talem quietis locum dari populo Bostoniae cotidie in negotiis versato.

Dulce est in gramine viridi iacere et curas molestas arcere. Est conspectus pulcher ubi sol splendet in caelo sereno et arbores altae gratissimam umbram praebent. Dies et noctes, semper sunt alii qui ibi ambulent. Multi iuvenes, et pueri et puellae, cum suis matribus in arena lu-

dunt, quae in uno angulo hortorum posita est. Hic multas horas sedent et pulchrum naturae conspectum circumspectant. Est vero locus mirabilis et populus eo delectatur. Utinam omnes Americae urbes tales hortos habeant!

Ubi in Academiam Harvardianam intrabis? Spero te brevi tempore hic videre. Volo tibi omnia optima; mi carissime amice, vale.

Parkerus B. Francis, e classe MCMIV, hanc epistulam scripsit ante sextum decimum diem Kalendas Maias.



DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH.

LE BONHOMME.

"La Cigale ayani chanté tout l'été
Se trouva fort dèpourvue,
Quand la bise fut venue."

La Fontaine, semblable à sa cigale, était pendant toute sa vie comme un grand enfant, qui avait besoin de quelqu'un qui veillât sur lui.

Né à Chateau-Thierry, d'une famille bourgeoise, toute son enfance se passa dans les forêts, les champs, et au bord de la rivière. A vingt-six ans, son père le maria à une jeune fille de la campagne; mais, lui, rêveur, oublieux, volage, il négligea tout, ses fonctions comme sa femme et son fils. Laissant tous ces entraves, il alla à Paris, résolu d'être un poète.

Là, son mérite fut bientôt reconnu et il entra, comme poète attitré dans la maison d'un grand protecteur des arts et des lettres—Fouquet. Après la chute de ce grand ministre, La Fontaine ne fut plus, reconnu ni par le roi, ni par la cour. Pour son bonheur, une femme charitable, Madame de Sablière, lui offrit sa maison comme asile, et lui donna même ses vêtements et une pension pendant vingt-cinq ans. Après la mort de sa bénéfactrice, La Fontaine fit son paquet et s'en alla. En chemin, il rencontra Madame d'Hervart, une amie de Madame de Sablière, qui l'accosta, en lui disant: "J'allais justement vous chercher, pour vous inviter de venir demeurer maintenant chez nous." La Fontaine répondit, "Madame, c'est justement où j'allais."

Comme nous avons dit, La Fontaine était très oublieux. Cet incident montra sa distraction: Plusieurs années après la chute de Fouquet, le roi consentit à recevoir de La Fontaine, un de ses

livres. Celui-ci alla à Versailles pour le présenter au roi. Il recita très bien sa présentation, et oublia seulement une chose—le livre! mais le roi l'accueillit avec bonté et lui rendit sa pension.

Ses amis se désolaient que "le bonhomme négligea tant sa femme et insistèrent qu'il se reconciliât avec elle. Il partit pour Chateau-Thierry avec cette intention, mais en y arrivant il ne la trouva pas à la maison; alors, rencontrant un ami, il est allé passer la nuit chez lui. Le lendemain, il retourna à Paris et quand ses amis lui ont demandé où était sa femme. "Oh!" dit-il, "Ma femme! Je suis allé chez elle, mais elle n'était pas à la maison, et j'ai oublié d'y retourner!" Il ne connaissant pas son propre fils: Un soir chez un de ses amis, il rencontra un jeune homme qu'il trouvait fort agréable et il demanda qui il était; on lui répondit que c'était son fils. "Je suis bien content de le savoir je croyais que je l'avais vu quelque part."

La Fontaine n'écrivit son chef-d'oeuvre, "Les Fables," qu'après qu'il avait quarante-trois ans. Quand on lit ses vers si gracieux, si aisés qu'il aimait tant qu'il en oubliait famille, ambition, et intérêt, on peut comprendre pour-quoi il fut aimé de tout le monde. Sa conversation était charmante avec les gens qu'il aimait, et il aimait les gens d'esprit; mais il s'inquiétait fort peu des gens qui n'en avaient pas. Une fois, un courtisan voulant que ses hôtes soient bien amusés pendant le dîner, invita La Fontaine d'être du nombre mais lui comprenant la situation, resta tout silencieux. Avant la fin du dîner il se leva pour partir, en disant qu'il allait à l'Académie. Quand on lui fit observer qu'il était trop tôt pour l'Académie, il répondit—"Eh bien! je prendrai le chemin le plus long pour y arriver!"

Telle est la vie de La Fontaine—moitié comédié; moitié,

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tragédie. Sur sa tombe on trouve cet épitaphe qu'il a écrit pour lui même:

"Épitaphe D'un Paresseux ou de La Fontaine:
Jean s'en alla comme il est venu,
Mangeant son fonds avec son revenu;
Croyant trésor, chose peu nécessaire.
Quant à son temps, bien sut le dispenser
Deux parts en fit, dont il voulait passer
L'une à dormir et l'autre à ne rien faire."

Aimée Teasdale.

LE CID.

Imaginez-vous une belle fille chérie de et aimant un brave homme, écoutant, avec tous ses sens charmés les mots de sa gouvernante. Mots qui lui disent que son père approuve son choix entre deux amants. Mais dans ce grand bonheur elle craint un grand revers. "L'amour est un tyran qui n'épargne personne." Cette fille est Chimène la fille de Don Gomès et on les voit à Séville.

Tournez maintenant voir Don Diègue le père de cet amant parlant avec le père de Chimène. Don Diègue n'est plus jeune mais il est un homme qui sort d'une maison en guerriers si féconde, qu'ilst y prennent naissance au milieu des lauriers et en son temps sa valeur était sans pareille. "Enfin vous l'emportez et la faveur du roi, vous élève en un rang qui n'était dû qu'à moi." Ainsi parle la, jalousie du comte mais il apprécie et admire Don Diègue. C'est son fils, Don Rodrigue, qui aime Chimène et qui est son choix. Ils parlent l'un de son fils et l'autre de sa fille et consentent à l'union. Mais ils parlent trop longtemps—une dispute s'élève entre eux et le

vieux père de Rodrigue recoit un soufflet du père de Chimène! comme Don Diègue déplore "la vieillesse ennemie" et pense à sa gloire passée! C'est à son fils qu'il faut remettre la vengeance parceque ce n'est que dans le sang qu'on lave un tel outrage.

Et Don Rodrigue? Qu'y faire? Père, maîtresse, honneur, amour? "Plus l'offenseur est cher, et plus grande est l'offense," a dit son père. Mais quelle lutte entre l'honneur et la passion! C'est un long combat moral mais enfin l'honneur est vainquer et Rodrigue décide de venger son père. Il est jeune, c'est vrai mais "aux âmes bien nées, la valeur n'attend point le nombre des années."

Don Rodrigue tue le, comte dans ce combat. Le roi dès qu'il a su l'affront, a prévu la vengeance et a voulu dès lors prévenir ce malheur; mais hélas! voici Chimène maintenant à ses genoux apportant sa douleur Venant tout en pleurs lui demander justice. Elle parle, ne pensant qu'à son père —mort. Sa douleur est terrible, sa voix lui manque. Le roi dit qu'il veut lui servir de père et tâche de la consoler.

Alors on voit Don Rodrigue chez Chimène parlant avec sa gouvernante. Elle le regarde d'un visage étonné et le supplie de fuir la violence de Chimène qui vient; il se cache. Elle entre avec Don Sanche, un jeune cavalier qui l'aime et quit vent qu'elle emploie son épée pour punir le coupable. Il part.

Se croyant seule avec sa gouvernante, elle laisse éclater son amour et elle déplore qu'elle ne peut haïr la main qui a causé sa douleur. C'est la lutte du devoir et l'amour. Elle est digne de son amant. Elle décide de conserver sa gloire, le poursuivre, le perdre, et mourir après lui. Ainsi parle son devoir. Don Rodrigue l'entend et les interrompt. On peut s'imaginer la scène entre les deux amants. Encore la lutte

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entre le devoir et l'amour. C'est à elle qu'il vient satisfaire. C'est pour lui offrir son sang qu'en ce lieu elle le voit. Il a fait ce qu'il dû il fait ce qu'il doit. "Tu n'as fait le devoir que d'un homme de bien; mais aussi le faisant, tu m'as appris le mien. Va-t-en!"

Don Rodrigue va à son père et lui dit qu'il veut mourir. "Ah," dit Don Diègue, "l'amour n'est qu'un plaisir; l'honneur est un devoir," et lui dit que son pays a besoin de son bras. Les Maures, leurs ennemis sont dans le port "et le flux et la nuit les amènent dans une heure sans bruit à leurs murs." Don Rodrigue part et il sauve Séville.

Don Rodrigue vient à son roi pour lui apprendre l'histoire de la victoire et il lui raconte tout, disant à la fin que la terre, le fleuve, et le port sont des champs de carnage où la mort triomphe. Les rois des Maures se rendirent à Don Rodrigue le nommant leur Cid, et le combat cessa faute de combattants.

Que pense Chimène maintenant? Est ce l'amour ou le devoir? Encore le devoir.

Chimène est avec le roi. Il lui dit que Don Rodrigue est mort. Sa couleur change; elle trahit son amour et son amour parle. Mais quand le roi dit que Don Rodrigue voit le jour, son devoir parle et elle dit qu'elle veut un combat entre Don Rodrigue et un des cavaliers du roi. Elle épousera le vainqueur. Don Sanche s'offrit comme l'assailant et le combat a lieu. Don Sanche retourne apporter aux pieds de Chimène l'épée de Rodrigue. Elle le croit mort qu'and elle voit l'épée et elle accuse Don Sanche de ce nouveau meurtre.

Elle va au roi. Son amour seul parle et ne croit plus un crime d'avouer son amour. Le roi lui dit que Don Sanche est

vaincu et que Don Rodrigue vit. Il a laissé la victoire incertaine.

Mais Don Rodrigue a lavé sa faute involontaire et obtient pour sa valeur pardon, le nom de "Cid" et Chimène.

ELIZABETH ANDREWS.

Fourth Year French.



Die wichtige Frage.

Marie war gerade aus dem Pensionat nach Hause gekommen, und schon hatte sie unglückliche Liebhaber. Sie war schön, begabt und jung, viele reichten die jungen Burtschen, die sie kannten nicht widerstehen konnten, weil sie ein lustiges, lebhaftes Mädchen war, hatte sie ihre Verehrer gern, aber sie selbst blieb unberührt. Unter ihren begünstigten und auch beharrlichsten Verehrern war Karl. Bald wurde seine Liebe zu ihr so bemerkbar, daß ihre Verehrinnen sie mit seiner Verehrtheit neckten.

„Sich hat recht, denn ich weiß daß er mich liebt,“ sagte Marie. „Sich denkt er wird morgen um mich anhalten und dann will ich ihm sagen daß es mir leid thut, aber daß ich ihm nur eine Schwärmer sein kann.“

Die Worte kamen Karl zu Ohren und er beschloß Marie zu überreden. Mit diesem Vorhaben ging er den nächsten Tag zu ihr. Marie empfing ihn wie sonst und bald schlug er vor, daß sie in eine redenbedeckte Laube im Garten gehen. Auf dem Wege war er so ergeben wie immer und, wenn es möglich wäre, noch mehr. Als sie die Laube erreichte, beugte er sich über das schöne Mädchen und sagte:

„Marie, Sie können ohne Zweifel errathen warum ich Sie hierher gebracht habe. Ich habe Ihnen etwas zu sagen, was mir sehr wichtig ist. Sollen Sie mir die Wahrheit antworten?“
 „Fast mit Zittern sagte sich Marie bewußt wie laut ihr das Herz schlug und daß ihre Antwort ihr künftiges Glück entscheiden werde.“
 „Und wollen Sie mir die Wahrheit antworten, Marie?“
 „Sie wissen, daß ich es werde, Karl,“ sagte Marie ernst.

Zwieder beugte er sich über sie und schaute ihr gerade in die Augen, während er sagte:

„Wissen Sie lieber Schwärger ober roten Pfeffer auf ihren Hüften?“

ELIZABETH CLAY, (Third Year.)

Eine Anekdote.

Ein alter Mann und seine Tochter gingen einmal nach der Stadt. Es war ihre erste Reise. Als sie in die Stadt kamen, gingen sie in ein Gasthaus. Als es Zeit war, zur Ruhe zu gehen, nahm seine Tochter ihn zu einem Zimmer und zeigte ihm ein Stappbett mit einem großen Spiegel. Seine Tochter ging fort. Er nahm sein Stiften und stellte sich an das Bett neben den Spiegel und schielte bald ein.

Seine Tochter kam wieder ins Zimmer zu sehen, daß alles in Ordnung sei; da sah sie ihren Vater am Bett stehen. Sie ließ ihn an und sagte: „Gehe doch zu Bett,“ und damit öffnete sie das Bett. Er sah sie erstarrt an und sagte: „So etwas habe ich noch nie gesehen, daß ein Bett auf seine Hinterbeine stehen kann.“ Und so wollte er nicht in ein Bett schlafen, daß solche Kunststücke machen konnte.

MINNIE HEINS (Second Year.)

Nur zu kluge Kinder.

Die Mutter bemühte sich, ihren Kindern zu Haus Deutsch zu lehren. Die Kinder waren sehr klug und hatten ein Gedächtnis ge-

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lernt. Die Mutter war sehr glücklich, weil die Kinder alle Tage sagten:

„Was der Vater will,
Was die Mutter spricht
Das befolge still.
Warum? Frage nicht.“

Die Kinder hatten aber ohne die Hilfe der Mutter noch mehr deutsch gelernt.

Die Mutter sagte: „Heute Abend kommt der Prediger zum Essen.“ Die Kinder sagten nichts, aber sie sahen sich an. Der Prediger hatte bei ihnen schon einmal gegessen.

Die Kinder aßen viel, aber der Prediger aß noch mehr. Zu der großen Freude der Kinder wurden Erdbeeren aufgetragen, aber die Mutter vergaß ihnen etwas zu geben. Der Prediger nahm jedoch drei Mal davon.

Nach dem Essen sagte die Mutter zu den Kindern:

„Sagt dem Prediger Euer deutsches Gedicht her!“

Die Kinder, die nur an Erdbeeren denken konnten, fingen an zu sagen:

„Wenn der Prediger ißt,
Wenn die Mutter vergißt,
Wenn es Erdbeeren giebt,
Fragt nicht was das Kind kriegt!“

Die Mutter sagte gar nichts, weil sie an das Sprichwort glaubte: „Reden ist Silber, Schweigen ist Gold.“

ELIZABETH ANDREWS (1st Year German.)

Das Vergissmeinnicht.

„Es blüht ein kleines Blümchen
Auf einer grünen Au',
Sein Aug' ist wie der Himmel
So heiter und so blau.“

Es hat nicht viel zu sagen,
Und alles, was es spricht,
Ist immer nur dasselbe,
Ist nur: Vergissmeinnicht!“

Vor langen, langen Jahren waren die schattigen Thäler, die blühenden Wiesen, und die plätschernden Bäche die Heimath der Elfen und Nixen, da hielten sie ihre nächtlichen Tänze ab und sangen und spielten.

Die Königin der Elfen war Blüte. Sie war sehr schön. Sie hatte goldenes Haar, und ihre wunderbaren, großen Augen waren so klar wie ein Spiegel und so blau wie der Himmel im Juni.

Einmal als Blüte allein auf dem Ufer eines Baches saß, kam ein schöner Knabe daher um Wasser zu suchen. Aber als er die schöne Blüte sah, liebte er sie plötzlich. Täglich kam er sie zu sehen. Sie waren sehr glücklich. Aber da Wotan, der König der Götter dies sah, war er sehr zornig. Da Blüte eine Nixe sei, habe sie keine Seele und der Knabe könne sie nicht heirathen. So sprach Wotan und befahl ihm, wegzugehen und nie zurückzukommen.

Als Blüte dies hörte, war sie traurig. Aber sie nahm von ihrem Liebhaber Abschied und sagte:

„Vergissmeinnicht.“

Hernach welkte sie hin und endlich starb sie aus Gram. Dann war Wotan traurig, so traurig, daß er anstatt ihrer ein schönes Blümchen setzte. Aber es ist auch immer traurig und was es spricht, ist immer nur dasselbe, ist nur:

„Vergissmeinnicht.“

MARY SHERRICK (First Year.)

Bismarck's Wirken

—in—

Deutschland.

„Ein Reich von Erz, so hielt im deutschen Lande
 Fürst Bismarck für des Reiches Wohlthat Nacht,
 Der von den Alpen bis zum Nordseestrand
 Die langgestohnte Einheit uns gebracht.
 Das Herrliche hat er dem Reich errungen,
 Es fahrt ihn das deutsche Selbenth;
 Die Reiche Deutschlands hat der Fürst begangen,
 Er war der deutschen Einheit Waffenschmid.“

B. S u e s s e r.

Fürst Otto von Bismarck, einer der berühmtesten und geistreichsten Männer Deutschlands wurde im Jahre 1815 geboren, und lebte in einer Zeit, die für Deutschland die schwierigste und verhängnisvollste war. Er fing schon früh in seinem Leben an, darüber nachzudenken, wie er Deutschland aus dieser schwierigen Lage befreien könne.

Nach nachdem Wilhelm der Erste den Thron bestiegen hatte, traten Deutschland und Oesterreich sich feindlich gegenüber. Bismarck sah nachdem Wilhelm der Erste den Thron bestiegen hatte, und es war auch die höchste Zeit, daß ein Mann von solch einem hohen Rief nun Bismarck als Staatsminister zu seiner Seite, um sich von ihm während des österrichischen Krieges beraten zu lassen; traten Deutschland und Oesterreich sich feindlich gegenüber. Bismarck sah nachdem Wilhelm der Erste den Thron bestiegen hatte, und es war auch die höchste Zeit, daß ein Mann von solch einem

große Fragen nicht durch Reden, sondern durch „Blut und Eisen“ gelöst werden.

Ein Streben in diesem Sinne war, die kleineren deutschen Staaten zu vereinigen, dieses gelang ihm und mit seiner Hilfe gewann Deutschland den Krieg.

Er gründete dann den Norddeutschen Bund und wurde zum Bundeskanzler ernannt und bei dem Ausbruch des deutsch-französischen Krieges ließ er den ersten Versuch gegen Frankreich antreten. Bismarck mußte mit seiner entschlossenen Haltung den Krieg zu seinen Gunsten führen, so daß er die Krone bereit, und als politischer Leiter des Bundeskanzler ernannt und bei dem Ausbruch des deutsch-französischen Krieges ließ er den ersten Versuch gegen Frankreich antreten.

Er arbeitete nun den Rest seines Lebens für das Wohl Deutschlands und wurde von allen sehr geliebt. Als aber Wilhelm der Zweite an die Regierung kam, resignirte Bismarck als Reichskanzler, denn die wichtigsten Bismarcks und Kaiser Wilhelm's waren sehr verabscheut.

Die hohe geistige Bedeutung Bismarcks und seine eiferne Energie waren in seiner außerordentlichen Erfindung erkennbar. Die impulsive Gewalt machte an sich schon einen mächtigen Eindruck, und eine Erregung war bei dem eiferigen Mann nur selten wahrzunehmen.

Er that mehr für Deutschland als irgend einer je vor ihm gethan, und er war es, der Deutschland Freiheit und Einheit brachte.

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AMOR PATRIO.

(A translation.)

El amor de la patria es à los pueblos lo que el amor de la vida à los hombres aislados, por que la patria es la vida de las naciones; mejor aún, las ideas de naciòn y patria se identifican y confunden.

En todos los tiempos y países el amor patrio ha producido milagros de inspiraciòn y heroísmo.

La pasiòn del ciudadano por su patria se compone de todas las pasiones personales y desinteresadas con que Dios ha formado el corazòn humano; amor de sí mismo y defensa del derecho sagrado que tiene todo hombre al venir al mundo; amor de la familia, que no es otra cosa sino la patria en pequeno y estrechada al rededor del corazòn de sus hijos; amor de padre, de madre, de abuelos, de aquellos de quienes se ha recibido la vida, la ternura, el idioma, los cuidados; la herencia material ò inmaterial, al venir à ocupar el lugar que nos prepararon junto à ellos en las ciudades ò en el campo; amor de esposa, à quien el brazo del hombre debe proteger en su debilidad; amor de los hijos, en quienes revivimos por la perpetuidad de la sangre y à quienes debemos dejar aún à costa de nuestra vida, el suelo, el nombre, la seguridad, la independència, el honor nacional que constituyen la dignidad de nuestra raza; amor à la propiedad, racional inclinaciòn à conservar el pedazo de tierra heredado ò adquirido por acumulaciòn del trabajo diario; amor del cielo, del aire, de los valles, de las montanas, de los horizontes, de los climas, crudos ò dulces en que hemos nacido, y por hàbito han llegado à formar parte de de nuestra alma, de nuestros ojos, de nuestros sentidos; carino à las costumbres, al idioma, à las leyes que, por decirlo así, nos han sujetado desde la cuna, las cuales podemos modificar, libremente con nuestras propias luces y nuestra voluntad nacional.

Siempre que un sentimiento de esta clase llegue hasta el entusiasmo en cualquier país, las mujeres lo experimentan en

igual y à veces en mayor grado, que los hombres, y como por su naturaleza son màs impresionables, màs sensibles y màs amorosas, es mayor la delicadeza y ternura de sus sentimientos y se enlazan màs íntima y estrechamente, con sus corazones y sus sentidos, à to do cuanto les rodea.

Esta querida y deliciosa imagen de la patria se compone para ellas de sus paderes y hermanos, de sus maridos, de sus hijos, de sus hogares, de sus tumbas, de sus afectos familiares y sociales, de su religion, de las oraciones que ensenan à balbutir a los queñuelos que los inician y sostienen en la vida de perfecciòn.

Es imposible hallar en la historia, fuera del martirio por la religiòn, proezas iguales ò superiores, porque son sobrenaturales las ejecutadas à impulsos del patriotismo.

ADA FEDELI.

EL PRÍNCIPE Y EL PATAN.

En una mauana agradable de primavera, un legre pastor guardaba sus ovejas en un valle floreciente, y cantaba y bailaba con alegría. El príncipe de la patria, que cazaba en los alrededores, observaba al muchacho, y le preguntaba que como era que ese día estuviere tan alegre. El muchacho, que no conocia al príncipe, respondiò: "Porque no he de estar alegre, puesto que nuestro príncipe no es màs rico que yo?" "Realmente?" exclamò el príncipe, "decidme entonces todo lo que poseis." El muchacho dijo: "El sol que nosotros vemos todos los días en el bello azul del cielo, brilla para mí lo mismo que para el príncipe; y las montanas y los valles desplagan el mismo primoroso verde, las mismas carinosas flores que florecen para mí así como para él. Yo tengo bastante que comer todas las días; tengo vestidas que me cubren y gano tanto dinero como quiero; podeis decirme que tiene màs que yo un príncipe? El príncipe, agradado por estra resquesta, contesto: "Tienes razon, muchacho, y puedes Yo tengo bastante que comer todas las días; tengo vestidos que decir à otras gentes, que el príncipe mismo te lo ha dicho así."

ROBERT PAYNE DORMAN, '03.

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IN GOD'S OUTDOORS.

(Fragmento de Quayle.)

El viento de otoño se retarda y á paso lento, viene á través de la profunda barranca. Las rojas y radiantes flores se agrupan en maguejas de bella forma. Las negras pensamientos se recatan hasta parecer-amarillentos amargones por largo tiempo dilatados en florecer, pero luciendo por fin. De cuando en cuando las campanulas, con hermosas hojas pendientes y con sus florecencia en forma caprichosa, extravían y florecen, muchas de ellas como ojuelos de collar de rosa tan ardiente que se acercan al vivo color de la llama. La mala yerba, con su púrpura grocera, permanece en su dignidad como de costumbre, inflexible, como algunas personas que he conocido. Los zumaques morían, pero en este otoño tienen el fresco verdor que en la primavera, de suerte que aquí hay un vivo verde grato á los ojos. Uvas silvertres penden de sus púrpureos racimos algunas veces, envueltas en las sombras que sus propias hojas producen, tan raras como ara bescos; pero la hojas de las uvas están volviéndose oscuras como si estuviesen cansadas de la larga lux de un día de verano, del que pronto se verán libres. Porque las días pasados están ahora, como dijo un poeta:

Enamorados de la tranquila muerte,
Llamada dulcemente buena suerte.

MABEL R. MAHON.

ALADINO.

(De James Russell Lowell.)

Cuando yo era un muchacho pobrete,
Yo vivía como un cochino,
Nunca tuve un amigo ó un juguete;
Mas tenía el farol de Aladino,
Cuando no podía dormir por el resfriado,
Tenía fuego bastante en mi cabeza,
Y edificaba, con magnífico tejado,
Castillos en el aire, con largueza.

Desde entonces trabajo noche y día,
Y en dinero conservo un gran tesoro,
Que por la que amo gustoso yo darían,
Si me amara, como yo la adoro,
Ten fortuna en lo que hicieres,
Al guño te da á si tú le das,
Y no sufras si algo tú perdieres.
Yo ni castillos en el aire tengo niás.
PATIENCE HOCKER, '03.





IN this age of commercialism the world has little use for anything that has not practical utility. Matters that do not bear directly upon the comforts or necessities of life are regarded by many as not worthy of consideration. The question is continually being asked, "What is it good for?" or "What practical application can be made of it?" Some there are, no doubt, who regard chemistry as a vague and abstract science and think of it only as something which has to do with a laboratory of ill smelling gases, where one is confronted by a formidable

array of bottles labeled with unintelligible names. If there are any such, let them consider for a moment how manifold are the applications of chemistry to-day and how vitally it has to do with man's welfare and comfort. But for the achievements of this science we might yet be living in the dark ages. Certain it is that the perfection of our modern civilization has been made possible only through chemical research of the past.

Chemistry has not always been thus intimately connected with the practical affairs of life. The time was, in the early development of the science, known as the age of alchemy, when the all-absorbing purpose of chemical research was to discover the "philosopher's stone" and the

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"elixir of life." The "philosopher's stone" was thought to be a substance by which all the baser metals might be converted into gold and silver, while the "elixir of life" would restore health and youth to the diseased and aged. Consequently, those who were engaged in these visionary pursuits, being desirous that none of their discoveries should become known, surrounded their investigations with mystery. Therefore, chemistry early came to be looked upon as an occult science.

The ideas of the old alchemists have long since been abandoned, and from a narrow and mistaken conception the modern status of the science has been evolved. Like other sciences, chemistry has made wonderful progress during the nineteenth century and has rapidly and steadily come to have a more practical bearing until to-day there is scarcely an industry that is not dependent upon it.

Probably the one individual who contributed more largely to this progress than any one else was Liebig, the most celebrated chemist of his time. He was not satisfied to allow chemistry to remain simply a laboratory science, but devoted his attention to seeing where practical application of it could be made. Consequently, his researches were directed along practical lines, chief and most important among which were his investigations into the chemistry of agriculture, food stuffs, sanitation, etc. So important were his results in agricultural research that he practically revolutionized farming methods, and consequently became known as "the father of agricultural chemistry." Before Liebig's time farming was nothing more than a robbing of the soil, and land would consequently become "worn out." Liebig not only investigated the soil and the constituents necessary to plant life, but

showed how these might be returned to the soil in the form of fertilizers, manures, etc.

Thus farming to-day is being conducted along more scientific lines than formerly. The great importance which has been given the subject is evidenced by the numerous agricultural colleges found throughout the country. Now every state has one of these institutions, where local conditions, as well as agriculture in general, are given careful study. The government also maintains experiment stations and employs chemists who devote their entire attention to the forwarding of this practical and interesting research.

Along this same line comes the subject of food stuffs, in the preparation of which Liebig also made extensive application of chemistry, his extract of beef, no doubt, being familiar to many.

In the culinary department of the household, too, chemistry plays an important part, although the housewife little realizes how many and complex are the reactions taking place in her cookery. She simply knows that yeast is necessary to make bread "rise," and baking powder (in the case of biscuits), or, in its stead, soda and sour milk. Now, there is an explanation and reason for this simple phenomenon, which, like a good many other everyday occurrences, we are very likely to regard as too trivial and commonplace for consideration.

Chemistry alone holds the key to the situation and so to this science we must turn for our explanation. We learn that the rising of bread, biscuit, cake, etc., is due to the generation of a gas, and that this gas is carbon dioxide, more popularly known as carbonic acid gas. The carbon dioxide, in attempting to escape, raises the dough. Now, this gas is always set free from soda when some sub-

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stance or re-agent is put with the soda to break it up. It is on this principle that baking powders work, and it is for this reason that sour milk has to be used with soda when it is employed in the place of baking powder. Baking powders are simply mixtures of ordinary soda and some other substance which will break up the soda into carbon dioxide and other compounds. They also contain some starch, which is simply added as a preservative. The higher priced grades of baking powder have for their liberating agent, as this substance might conveniently be called, cream of tartar, while the cheaper grades usually contain alum.

Everybody is more or less familiar with the controversies which are being carried on from time to time between baking powder manufacturers and government and state authorities. The point of contention is usually alum, which is considered deleterious to health. Some states have passed laws prohibiting its use in baking powders, while others are about to do so. These liberating agents, such as cream of tartar and alum, in addition to setting free carbon dioxide, which is the important thing, form other compounds, which remain in the dough and are regarded as unhealthful. Now, it is obvious that if some liberating agent could be employed which would avoid these objectionable compounds, it would be greatly to be desired.

Interesting experiments have recently been conducted along this line by our own chemical department. Hydrochloric acid of the proper potency was tried as a liberating agent and found to be entirely satisfactory, as far as the cooking was concerned, but on account of the form in which it comes would probably be objected to as inconvenient. This acid does not occur as a solid, but is used only in the form of a solution.

The chemical reaction involved shows carbon dioxide and common salt to be the only compounds formed. The salt, as every one knows, is not detrimental to health, but a necessary part of our diet. If, perchance, too strong a solution or too much of the acid were used, any excess that might remain in the dough would be readily vaporized by the high temperature necessary in baking. So it is evident that the possibility of a perfect baking powder may yet be realized.

The matter of cooking, however, is only one of the many ways in which chemistry is intimately connected with the daily routine of the housewife. Interesting mention could be made of the subject of hard and soft water and how temporarily hard water may be softened by the addition of ammonia or by the process of boiling. The composition of the different kinds of soap and their relations to hard and soft water could also be mentioned. Even the simple process of washing one's hands has more chemistry connected with it than would at first be supposed. Thus many of the processes of the household have a new interest when viewed from the standpoint of the chemist.

The manufacture of matches, coal or illuminating gas, explosives, paints, paper and glass and the processes of tanning, bleaching, dyeing and photography can only be mentioned for want of space. All these industries, however, employ chemists who are continually endeavoring to discover new facts and so perfect the processes.

Out of the theory and experiment of to-day will come the practical application of to-morrow. The science of chemistry is still in its infancy. Investigation and research are continually going on, and who dares to prophesy what the result may be.

R. W. RUNNELLS.

THE PHYSICS WORKSHOP.



TO some people the physics shop is a place of wonder. That, however, is not the case; it is merely a common machine shop on a small scale in a still smaller place.

It is equipped with eight pieces of machinery, consisting of lathes, saws, both plain and scroll, a drill press, emery and buffer wheels. On the lathes all kinds of metal and wood turning, varying in size from a fly wheel for a twelve horse power steam engine down to a one gram weight, may be done. The power for running this machinery is furnished by a seven horse power electric motor. The shop is equipped with several sets of hand tools and a complete set of drills, reamers, dies and taps, with which bolts and nuts may be made.

Some very creditable work has been done in the shops including all the apparatus used in both the laboratory and lecture room, that can be made there. The students who have done this work have profited by the experience in the practical handling of the machines.

WILL R. BOVARD, '03.

DEPARTMENT OF BIOLOGY.

BENEFITS OF THE STUDY OF BIOLOGY.



ALL who have studied nature agree that she is rich in beauty and instruction. A careful study of biology opens the eyes to the many and beautiful things in nature which, but for such a study, would be passed unnoticed. It is coming to be recognized that a technical training along some line is of great advantage to a person in whatever occupation he may be engaged. To have some idea of system is the secret of success of many of our greatest men; to know how to go at a thing is of inestimable value to one whatever his task may be; an idea of system is obtained from an earnest study of biology, and thus one can not fail to be benefited by the technical training in this subject.

Again, such a study develops the judgment. In a little advanced investigation, where staining and other technical work is done, close thought is required to bring out results. Thus judgment is cultivated in the laboratories of natural science.

It is also well for economic and hygienic reasons to know something of the lower inhabitants of this great world of ours. When such pests as the Hessian fly and the army worm attack our wheat and the San Jose scale destroys our fruit trees, a tremendous financial loss is sustained. The United States government, through a

special department, expends immense sums of money in making a study of the various pests which yearly cost the farmers so much; scores of scientific experts are constantly engaged in experimenting along the lines of inoculation and extermination and in publishing bulletins and pamphlets upon these subjects. In order to be able to read these reports with intelligence and to draw from them the hints and suggestions contained therein it is necessary that the people at large should know something of the subjects involved.

Many varieties of insects subsist on decaying animal and vegetable matter, and were it not for these little scavengers it would be impossible for man to live upon the earth.

In studying biology one becomes acquainted with some of the elementary principles of life, such as adaptation and specialization. Those who study physiology after having studied zoology or botany will see that the same great principles that apply to the lower animals apply also to man.

Besides being extremely valuable to a person in everyday life, such a study is absolutely essential to one who hopes to go into higher scientific work or into the practice of medicine or surgery.

Adding the practical advantages which may be gained by a study of this subject, to the pleasure of the work in field and in laboratory, it may be fully realized that the time occupied in the study of biology is being well spent in the development of many of the faculties and in adding many interesting and useful facts to one's fund of general knowledge.

FRANK H. ELLIS.

DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY.

PSYCHOLOGY AS A PRACTICAL SUBJECT.



THE idea seems to prevail that psychology is the least practical of all the sciences, and that it is studied only for pleasure. It is true that it is a very fascinating subject, but that is only a small part of its value. It has as wide an application in everyday life as any subject we study in school. It is difficult, without thinking about it, to realize to how great an extent this is true.

One of the first things a child does after it is born is to scream. This is a perfectly natural testing of its lungs and vocal apparatus. It is also an experiment in practical psychology. The child learns very soon that that cry produces a peculiar mental effect on the people who hear it, causing them to give the child food and minister to its comfort in other ways. Later other experiments are made, and the conclusion arrived at that desired ends can be accomplished by other simple means, such as holding the breath and kicking vigorously. In after life more complicated methods of "working" people are devised. And "working" people is only an application of the law that certain stimuli produce mental states which tend to realize themselves in appropriate actions.

In the business world, whenever two men meet, it is the desire of one to influence the other, and of the other to resist the influence. Other things being equal, a man who has had systematic training in psychology will have the advantage in this struggle over the one who has not.

Psychology is also of great assistance to us in training our minds. By teaching us the elements of memory,

it suggests to us the best ways of training the memory so that we can work in harmony with natural laws instead of against them. In the same way we learn the necessity of restraining the passions and the best ways of doing so. By studying our aesthetic emotions we learn to get the greatest possible pleasure out of life. In this way the study of all kinds of mental states naturally suggests a way of cultivating or discouraging them, whichever is desired.

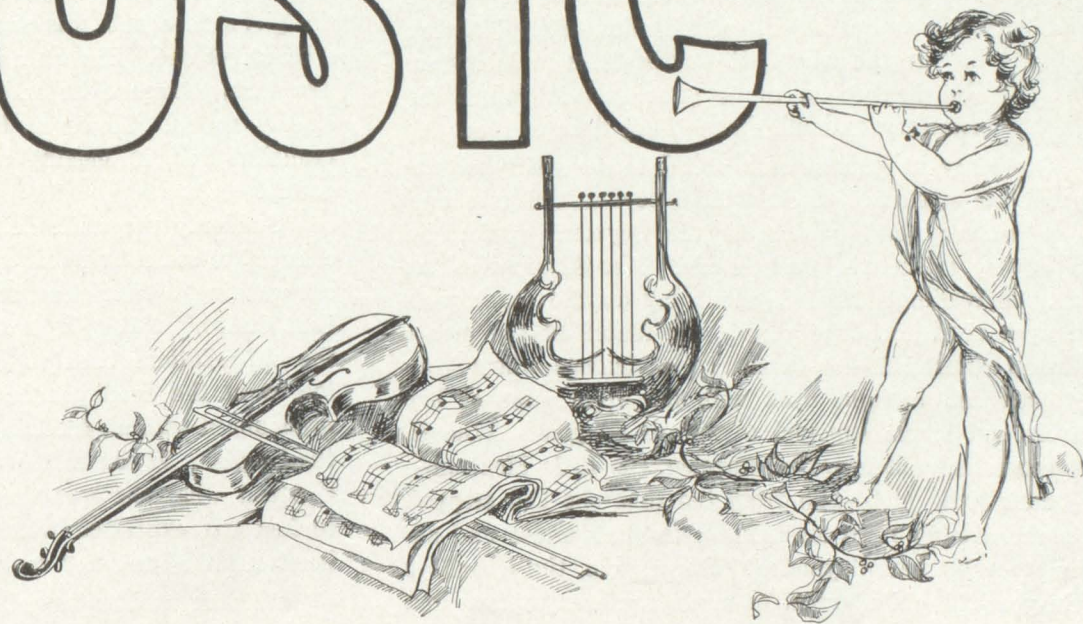
The most important thing of all for a person to learn in order to achieve the highest success in life is to decide on one line of work and follow it up unswervingly. No real good can ever be accomplished by a person who flits from one business or study to another. The necessity for this concentration of purpose is sure to impress the student of psychology, who learns the reason for it.

One of the most practical and necessary, and at the same time agreeable qualities one can possibly have is the power and the desire to understand and sympathize with the joys and sorrows of others. It is sympathy with each other's weaknesses that makes our lives endurable and even amiable, and this sympathy comes, to a great extent, from the ability to imagine one's self in the place of another. The desirable emotion of sympathy can be cultivated, when it is not natural, by systematically encouraging the imagination to dwell upon the feelings of others; and this cultivation of the imagination is a part of the work of psychology.

Thus, from the highest of all motives, the desire to be helpful to others, as well as from the selfish one of wanting to get the best out of life, we are urged to study psychology.

STELLA SEXTON, '03.

MUSIC



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

THE LOST CHORD.

(Printed at Request of Mrs. Voorhees, Teacher of Music.)



WINSTON Conrad was walking swiftly down the darkened avenue leading from the cemetery. He was going away—perhaps never to return. The boat was to leave at ten. It was now about nine, and as a walk of ten minutes would bring him to the wharf, it was needless to hurry so. But he wished to be gone and to forget the cemetery and all that it held dear to him.

Suddenly he paused and looked to see what had attracted his attention. Before him, beyond the gate and the artistically laid garden, in the Seymour parlor, he saw a very attractive family circle. Mr. Seymour sat at the table reading. Mrs. Seymour lay on the couch with her eyes riveted on the young girl seated at the piano. Winston recognized her as the little Mexican whom Mrs. Seymour had brought back with her from one of her travels and whom she had afterward adopted. Who in Lawrence had not heard of Carmen, the little Mexican—the dark little girl—who from the time she had stepped into the drowsy little town had been the wonder and example for all her playmates? She it was, the impulsive eight-year-old child, quick to anger, quicker to love and to obey, who sat at the piano letting her musical fingers glide carelessly over the keys. She was the idol of Mrs.

Seymour's heart, not because she was odd and peculiar, not because, in many respects, she was more lovable than the American child, but principally because she loved music. She was music. Her voice was music. Her whole being thrilled with the vibrating chords of music in her.

Winston stopped a moment. He saw the small, pale body swaying to the rhythm of the sound. He looked at the girl's face and was surprised to see that it was not a beautiful one. Her hair was tumbled. Her complexion was dark, though clear and smooth, and her face was decidedly round. However, the mouth and eyes were both beautiful and in looking at them all defects were forgotten.

Suddenly the smile left her lips. The light air changed to something soft and slow and sad. Then, without warning, a rich, clear, strong voice began to sing "The Lost Chord." Was she homesick, too? Did she long for the old relations back in Spain and Mexico? Did she, too, want the dead parents? The words she sang were pronounced with an accent. Carmen had not yet mastered the English. It can hardly truthfully be said that she understood what she was singing. But the tune appealed to her. It expressed what she felt, and throwing back her head she sang her sentiments.

Winston, without, gripped his sachel more firmly and, after one short groan, strode on. At ten o'clock he stood on the deck of a small steam-ship and watched as

THE LOST CHORD.

he left Lawrence. The quiet, sleeping town would not miss him. He left nothing nor nobody behind, except—the cemetery. The lights sank lower and lower. The town fell into the distance. Broader and broader became the expanse of waters. The shores were no longer seen. So he left the deck and sought his berth—thinking of his mother and hearing the last words of “The Lost Chord.”

* * * *

All was light and glitter. Handsome men and fair women were assembled in the opera house. Winston Conrad, the successful lawyer, was in the midst of a particularly well-dressed group. Many eyes and glasses were turned in his direction, for there were few present in the house who did not know that the crisis of the rivalry between him and Mr. Sullivan had been reached. Tomorrow the case would be decided and the laurels would be placed on the head of the victorious one.

Meanwhile, Winston was turning these things over in his mind. Creighton had just told him that Herr Bok was waiting for him below. Herr Bok had a private grievance against Sullivan. What that grievance was Winston did not know. Enough to know that Bok hated Sullivan and that after the play he would meet Bok. Then together they would decide Sullivan's fate. A look, not of triumph, but of fear, came over Winston's face. He was not used to making such plans and he was a little

frightened at himself. However, he must not lose his self-control. He looked toward the stage. Some one was singing. A dark, though attractive, little woman was making the house ring with her voice. He listened. The tones charmed him. But just as he became deeply interested, she stopped. She had finished her selection. However, the applause which followed was so unrelenting that she was forced once more to step to the foot-lights. Then, for the first time, Winston recognized her as Carmen. She threw back her head in the old manner and began:

Seated one day at the Organ,
I was weary and ill at ease.

Winston leaned back in his chair and suppressed a deep sigh. His thoughts were carried back to Lawrence. He thought of his mother, of the cemetery—now so dark, so cold and so bare. He was again taken back to the time when he had gone out into the world—twenty years before. He once more saw himself, a mere boy of eighteen, standing at the gate listening to a Mexican child sing.

I know not what I was playing.
Or what I was dreaming of then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

Yes, she had struck his deepest sympathy. Those were days when he was not ashamed of aught he did. His

THE LOST CHORD.

mother knew all—but now—would he be willing for her to—

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife.

What was he thinking of doing? Like love overcoming strife! Oh, why had she sung that song? Was she reproaching him for meaning to win?

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace.

He saw the good Bishop—he who had comforted and helped so many. It was he who had helped and taught him. It was the Bishop who had, the year before his mother's death, confirmed him. He remembered his first impression of the communion service. He heard the Bishop pronouncing the impressive prayer of consecration. "For in the night in which he was betrayed, He took bread, and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it unto his disciples, saying, 'Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you. Do this in remembrance of me.'" Oh, how long it had been since he had taken the sacrament! Could he ever hope to be as good and as trust-worthy as he was when he first heard these words? What would the Bishop say if he knew his intentions?

No, he had unintentionally found that chord which he had not sought for twenty years. He had discovered the better part of his nature. He would turn from his

old ways and walk in straighter paths. The fight between him and Sullivan would be a fair fight.

Under cover of the applause which followed, Winston turned in his chair, motioned for Creighton to come nearer, and whispered in his ear, "If you see Bok, tell him that I don't need him. We will have no further use for his services."

FLORENCE TROTTER.



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.



TO THE query, "what are you gaining by the study of music?" which is often asked by our parents and friends, we who are studying music as presented to us in this school, can say we are gaining in many ways, and particularly in the three most essential points—physical, intellectual and moral growth.

From a physical viewpoint, we are taught that the foundation of all good singing is correct breathing; but not only is this beneficial for the voice—it is invaluable to physical development. Deep breathing enlarges the chest, quickens the circulation, brings into action many muscles directly connected with the maintenance of health, greatly strengthens the lungs and insures the poise of the body in a correct position, for breathing is the best foundation for a dignified and graceful carriage.

As an intellectual advantage the study of music sharpens the wit, heightens the perception, and develops the imaginative and emotional side of our natures. It stimulates concentration of thought, trains the ear and tests the eye. It has been said that "unless music appeals to the untrained listener through his emotions he has no conception of it." Music is intangible and fleeting, and yet it is most certainly a language, not a definite one, perhaps, but a language of the emotions. Mere words cannot express the tempest of the human heart, nor tones portray

the definite ideas of the human mind. But music is a speech that appeals to the mind and the imagination as well as to the heart.

The study of music in our schools is very valuable to the student who intends taking private instruction after leaving school, for in the class-room we have a thorough drill in theory, sight-reading, ear-training, time, rhythm, breathing and tone-placing, so far as it can be carried on in class work. As we advance into our second year of study we have all these things in more difficult form with the additions of musical history, harmony and the best class of chorus work in which particular attention is given to the enunciation, phrasing and general finish and style. If the house stands, the foundation must be a good one. So it is in music. If we are to be worthy of the name musician, we must know the beginning thoroughly and be able to understand and speak intelligently of it as well as to execute it. As we advance we must learn to give of ourselves, for in just such a degree as we are great and true to ourselves, the best that is within can be given out through our art. Along with our study and practice must come a power of song so uplifting that its influence will be felt by all who hear.

Good art should have as its object the promotion of a thorough musical understanding of pleasure and of morality. We know that art arises out of a certain instinct which impels man to express his emotions and thoughts

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

in some objective form. When his emotions or thoughts are worthily directed toward great subjects, then his art will have dignity; when, in addition to being happily and wisely selected, the thing at which he aims is represented with skill, his art will have a pleasing effect; and when his general tendency is good, his art will be moral. When music becomes a mixed art—that is to say, when it is connected with words and associated with definite ideas; when it is made the accompaniment of scenes which in themselves may be used to work powerfully for good or evil upon the emotions—then it is easy to see how music is a moral or an immoral agent. Whether the song be patriotic, sentimental or comic, in each case the music used is not a primary agent to originate, but a powerful secondary agent to intensify the emotion already awakened by the words.

NELLIE MAGGART.

THREE KINDS OF MUSICIANS.

IT is a well known fact that people who play musical instruments, or sing, are of three classes. To the first class belong those who earn their livelihood by music; to the second class belong those who affect being musical to gratify their vanity; to the third class belong those who are genuine lovers of music for its own sake.

In the first class we find a great variety of people. John Philip Sousa, the celebrated band master, although rated as a talented musician, nevertheless belongs to this class because of the money he receives. Some professional singers and instrumental artists command large salaries for their services, while others find it hard to obtain a scant living.

Nearly all musicians have once been poor, save a very few like Mendelssohn; even he did not reject the profits

sent to him by his publishers. Wagner generally received from Colonel Mapleson five thousand dollars in advance for one performance.

At present we have three prominent composers, Pain, McDowell and Parker, teaching at Harvard, Columbia and Yale, receiving regular salaries. In such cases money is accepted usually as a vital necessity.

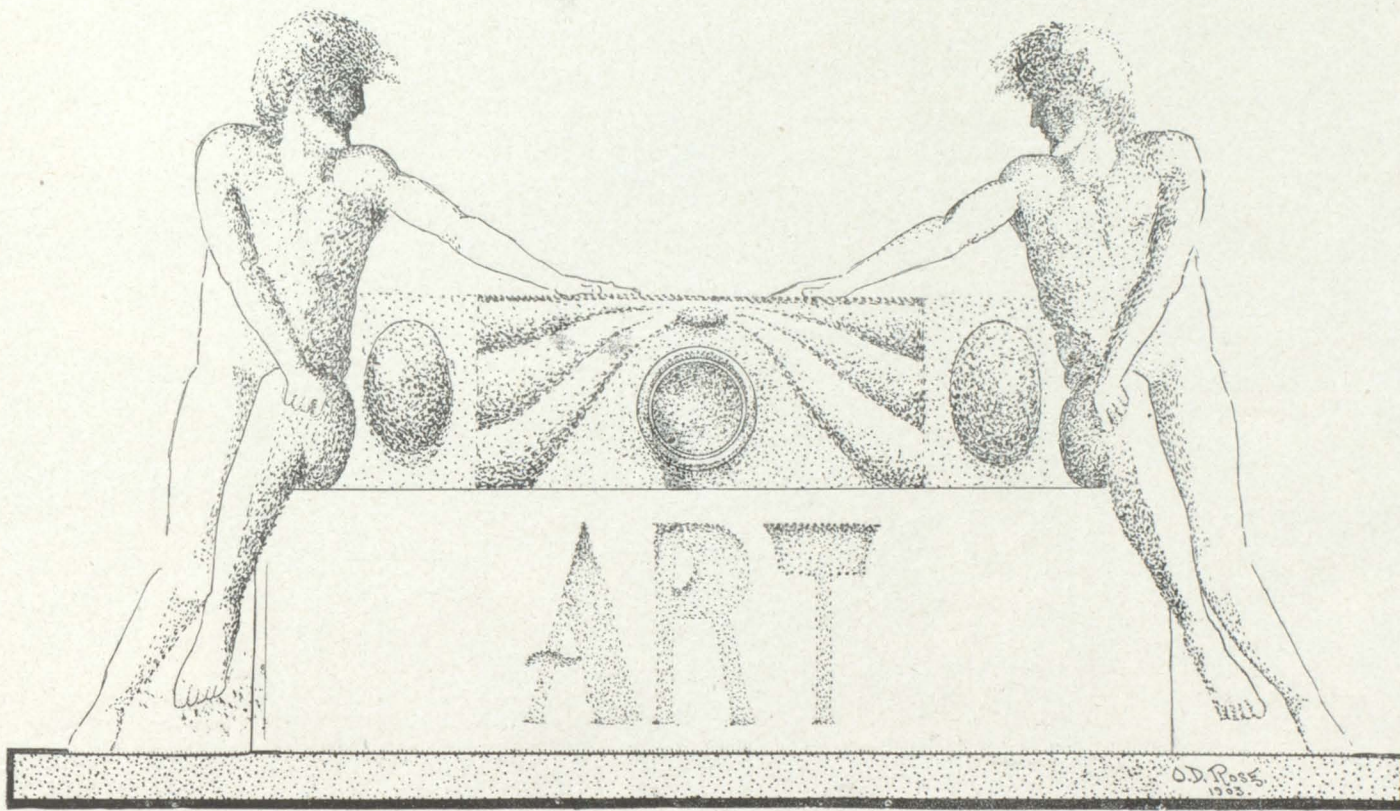
Those who indulge in music for self-gratification, or vanity, are not so numerous as are the professionals; yet we find them everywhere. In this second class we place the young lady or gentleman who has no musical ability, but who has learned music just as a parrot learns to repeat oft-heard words. Later in life they learn, to their sorrow, that they are fitted neither for music nor for anything else.

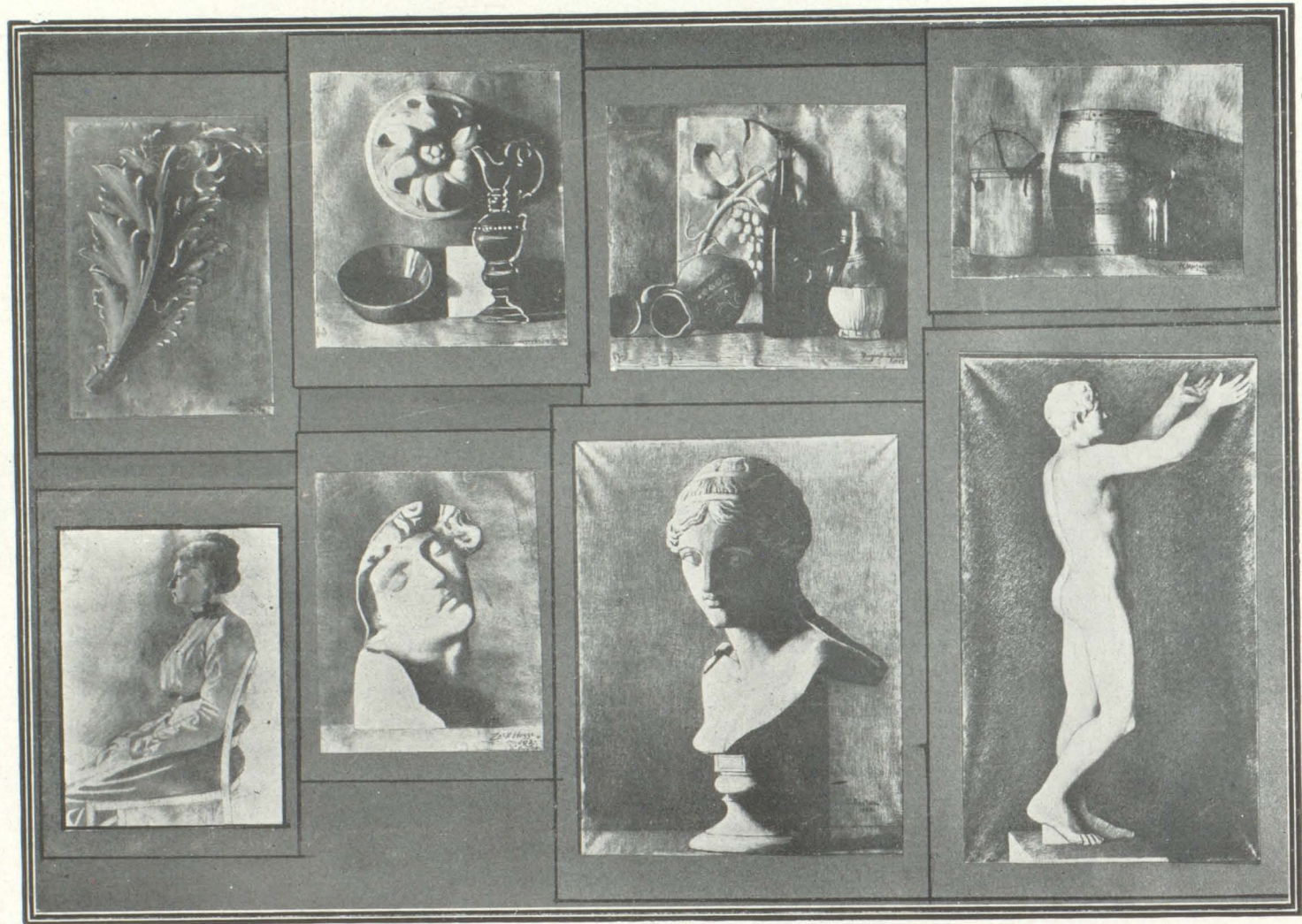
The true and real object of studying music is to cultivate the love of harmony. The sweet-toned song-birds think of nothing but the true nature of music. So does the man or woman who loves music for its own sake. To this last class belong such celebrated and gifted musicians as Chopin, Mozart, Wagner and Brahms.

In studying music, everyone should cultivate a love of music for its own sake.

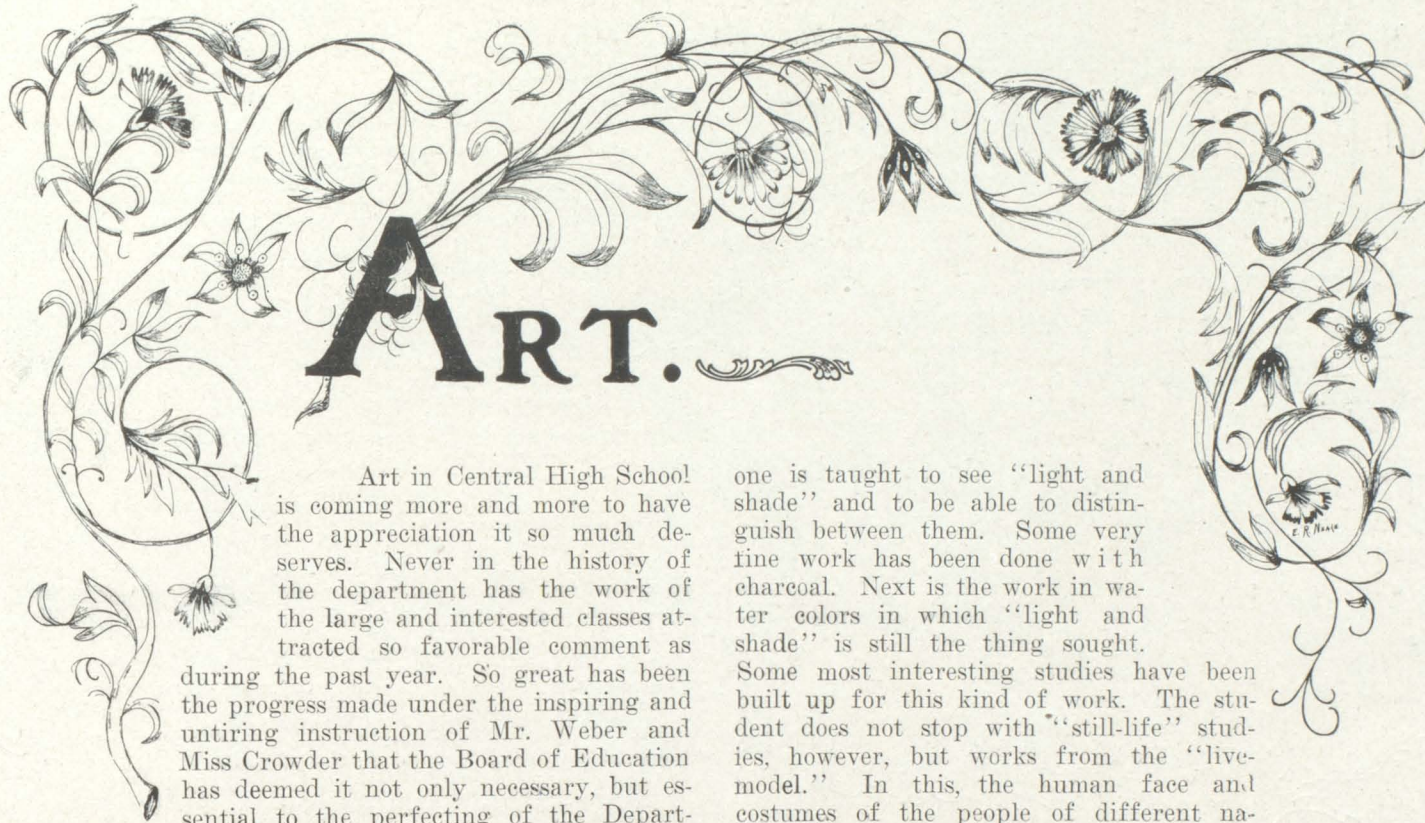
ISABEL BARTON.







WORK DONE IN ART DEPARTMENT THIS YEAR.



ART.

Art in Central High School is coming more and more to have the appreciation it so much deserves. Never in the history of the department has the work of the large and interested classes attracted so favorable comment as during the past year. So great has been the progress made under the inspiring and untiring instruction of Mr. Weber and Miss Crowder that the Board of Education has deemed it not only necessary, but essential to the perfecting of the Department to give it the long needed room. If the artist would do his best, ample room and light must be provided.

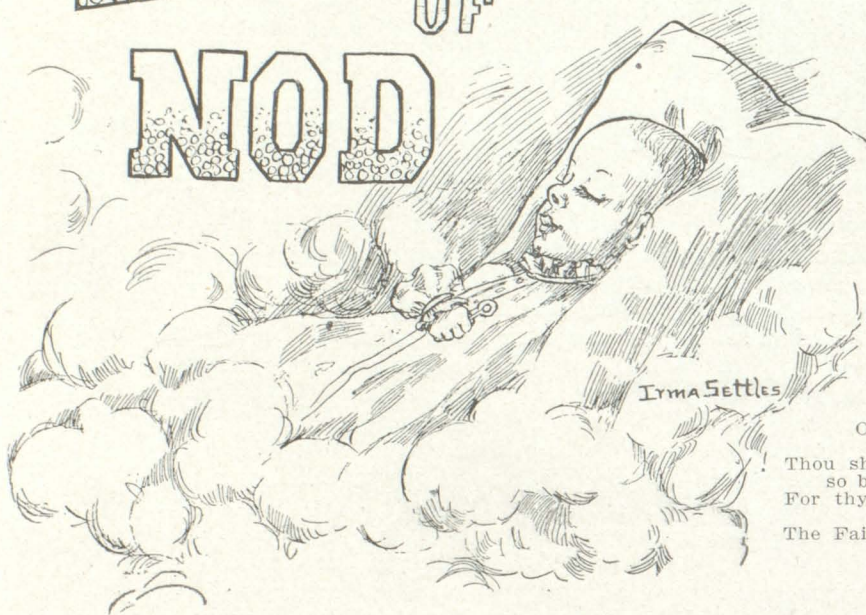
The same plan of work is carried out in the studying as in the large academies in Germany and France.

Charcoal is the first thing that is taken up. In this

one is taught to see "light and shade" and to be able to distinguish between them. Some very fine work has been done with charcoal. Next is the work in water colors in which "light and shade" is still the thing sought.

Some most interesting studies have been built up for this kind of work. The student does not stop with "still-life" studies, however, but works from the "live-model." In this, the human face and costumes of the people of different nationalities become familiar to them. Lastly, comes the more advanced work in oil. The studies in this are on a larger scale than those in water-colors. Every hour forty to fifty students may be seen diligently applying pencil and brush; and many most successfully.

THE LAND OF NOD



A LULLABY.

Bye-lo, the Fairies are calling thee,
Babykins,
To show thee the fair Land of Nod, little
dear;
Close thy bright eyes, or they'll flee from
thee,

Babykins,
Hark! hear their voices so soft and so clear
Hi-O, Hi-O, Hi-O,
Sleep, Baby, sleep.
The night fast is falling,
We Fairies are calling,
Sleep, Baby, sleep.

Thy coach is of clouds from the sky,
Baby darling.
For blankets the foam from the sea they
will bring;
Thy pillows shall be of the mist,
Baby darling.
The dear Noddy Fairies will watch thee
and sing:
Hi-O, Hi-O, Hi-O,
Rest, Baby, rest;
The cool wind is blowing,
The pretty stars showing,
Rest, Baby rest.

O'er the broad Milky Way thou shalt fly,
Little Maiden;
Thou shalt drive for thy steeds little moonbeams
so bright;
For thy reins thou shalt have lines of stars,
Little Maiden;
The Fairies will hail thee with cries of delight:
Hi-O, Hi-O, Hi-O,
Come, Baby, Come;
The birds home are flying,
The pale day is dying;
Come, Baby, come.

And there in that land thou shalt stay,
My Mavourneen,
Till the candles of heaven go out, one by one;
Then they'll sing as they gather thee up,
My Mavourneen,
And send thee to me on the first ray of sun:
Hi-O, Hi-O, Hi-O,
Wake, Baby, wake,
The sun-beams are peeking,
This little one seeking;
Wake, Baby, wake.

—Jeannette Kendall, '03.

DEPARTMENT OF ELOCUTION.

ADVANTAGES OF ELOCUTION.



ELOCUTION is coming to have the place in the organizations of Central High School which it deserves. Under the inspiring direction of Mr. Dillenbeck the Elocution Classes have worked with zeal and interest. Why should there not be a great interest in the art of expression? We employ it almost every waking moment of our lives. We use it in the home, in society, in business. Every time we enter into relationship with our low-beings we express ourselves in a manner which is either interesting and effective or otherwise, depending upon our knowledge and application of the principles of expression. We cannot utter a word without employing this art, and what we say is clothed either in beautiful and fitting language which pleases and delights the hearer, or in inartistic and unbecoming language which is displeasing and falls gratingly upon the ear.

It is in the Elocution Class that we learn to express ourselves properly; to modulate our voices, and to put force and intelligence behind them. Here we are taught to appreciate the depth of thought of the greatest writers and to bring our minds to act in channels in which theirs have acted. Gradually we learn to speak their words as if they originated in our own minds. And it is this for which the elocutionist strives.

When the student enters the Elocution Class, he is trained first in voice culture and the principles of gesture. By degrees he takes up short readings, memorizes them and receives individual criticism with regard to platform deportment, gesture and directness of address. These lessons are interspersed with weekly programs given by the

pupils themselves. The second term is devoted to a critical study and analysis of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." In the advanced class in Elocution, Shakespeare's "Macbeth" and "King Lear" are read. After studying the scenes for interpretation, they are presented in characters. Much genuine enjoyment is to be had from the reading and acting of these scenes, and all the life and enthusiasm which is put into it go to make such work very profitable to the student.

Besides the study of Shakespeare, the weekly program and individual criticism are continued. The programs, however, take a broader field. In addition to the readings toasts, original orations and extemporaneous speeches are given.

The study of elocution also develops the entire characters of man. It produces a harmonious blending of the spiritual, intellectual and emotional qualities. It develops self-control, diminishes self-consciousness, and gives one the power to receive that spiritual influx which we call inspiration, thereby making only truly a divine artist. It is difficult to realize the great influence and power the public elocutionist exerts over his auditors. No public man or woman is more potent for good than the elocutionist. Great thoughts expressed in writing have a silent and powerful influence, but infinitely greater is the spoken word issuing from a soul which is taught to feel and vibrate with every thought. This man holds his hearers as with the influence of a magic wand. His powerful and sublime thoughts go direct to the hearts of his hearers and make an impression which never fades from the memory. He is the operator that plays upon their heart-strings, and causes them to vibrate in unison with the music of his own soul.

MARJORIE M. ROBERTS.

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS.



WHY STUDY MATHEMATICS?

WHAT is the use, is a question common among pupils, especially in mathematics and particularly among girls. Though usually asked by one that is not doing well, yet it is worthy of consideration. The less a person knows about a thing the less competent he is to judge of its utility. Those who know least about a subject are those who inveigh most against it. In beginning a subject one can know but little of its utility. Such knowledge grows as the subject develops.

In mathematics, especially, every branch, every topic leads logically to the one that follows. A mastery of the fundamental processes is necessary to a mastery of the more complex operations. To every statement there are two questions "How do I know it is so," and "Of what use is it?" The former is based upon previous facts; the latter leads to greater knowledge.

It is certain that one reasons only from what he knows. Other things being equal, he that knows most reasons best. One knows only what he remembers, and uses only what he can recall.

No subject calls for more accurate memory than mathematics. Not memory of processes, solutions or demonstrations, but memory of principles of conditions, of relations. Since mathematics is an exact science, mathematical memory must be an exact memory. But an education is obtained not so much by gaining facts, as by the effort put forth in gaining them. One may not need, in daily life, many of the bare facts learned at school. But he will always need the power acquired while mastering them. Power to think quickly, power to meet emergencies, power to originate, power to separate the essential fact from the non-essential, power to pursue faithfully, persistently, intelligently. Such power comes from

effort, directed purposefully, continuously systematically. Nowhere better than in mathematics can such training be obtained. Though one may forget all the minutiae of arithmetic, the processes of algebra, the propositions of geometry and the formulas of trigonometry, he can never lose the power he gained by mastering them.

A girl needs a well trained mind as well as a boy. She may pursue any vocation that he may, and reach as great eminence. Each should be able to read a sentence thoughtfully. Mathematics trains one in the art of expressions, not figurative but exact. It does not displace English nor even compete with it. It needs language for its proper expression, and, properly studied, perfects one in the use of language. Practically every declaration consists of a hypothesis and a conclusion. Frequently the hypothesis is not expressed. If one, by studying mathematics, should master only the power to read, his time would be well spent.

Mathematics is a constant search after truth. All truth is valuable in itself. It may not be necessary for learning other truth. No good mathematician is a good gossip. The converse is usually true. There has been no great mathematician whose personal character was not beyond reproach. The habit of searching for the truth teaches one to love the truth. Mathematics is then a great moral force, purifying and uplifting one who faithfully follows the study.

Inattention and carelessness are two of the greatest hindrances to success.

The study of mathematics tends to overcome both faults. A little mistake becomes a great error, a little carelessness causes serious results. A little inattention causes loss of important conclusions. Finally one develops the habits of thoughtfulness, carefulness and attention; habits that last through life.

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS.

COMETS' TAILS.

So closely is physical science related to mathematics that theoretical results of vast importance have often been deduced mathematically and verified afterwards experimentally. An example of this is the deduction made by Maxwell that light exerts pressure on any surface on which it falls. He also showed how to calculate the value of this pressure. The pressure of sunlight on one square centimeter at the earth's surface is a minute fraction of a gram. Six with seven ciphers before it represents this fraction decimally.

Twenty years after the death of this great mathematical physicist the existence of this pressure was proved by direct experiment by two different scientists. One of these is a professor in McGill University, Canada.

The existence of this pressure is made to account for the peculiar behavior of comets' tails. The theory, embracing an explanation of many other puzzling facts in astronomy besides, has been put forward by Svante Arrhenius, a distinguished chemist and physicist of Sweden.

One feature of comets not understood until quite recently is the position of their tails. These point almost directly away from the sun. Comets move in a curved path which makes a sharp turn near the sun. When approaching the sun the tail reaches out behind the comet to an enormous distance. The comet of 1843 had a tail one hundred million miles long. After the comet has passed the point in its orbit nearest the sun, it travels along with its tail in front. Now the tail was known to be composed of very fine particles of matter. Why did not the force of gravitation draw them towards the sun?

That some violent repulsive force having its source in the sun affected the tail, was evident. Was this repulsion electrical in its nature?

These questions long remained unanswered. They can be answered now. The sunlight pushes the tail away. How the pressure of sunlight, which it requires such skill and care to detect can overcome the force of gravitation which is evident when one holds the lightest object in his hand, we will endeavor to make clear. Were the particles of matter in a comet's tail large instead of being very minute, as they really are, the sunlight could not do what it does.

The pressure of sunlight depends for one thing on the area of the surface exposed to it. The force of gravitation depends for one thing on the mass of the body in question. Now the mass or weight is proportional to the volume. The force of gravitation then may correctly be said to depend on the volume of a body and the pressure of sunlight on the area of its surface. Volume and surface area do not keep pace with each other. So the volume of a dust particle may be excessively minute compared to its surface.

The variable relation between the surface and volume of a solid is illustrated very nicely in the case of a sphere. Moreover the sphere has the least surface area compared to its volume, and yet the surface may be thousands of times the volume. It must not be inferred however, that the particles are assumed to be spherical.



MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT.

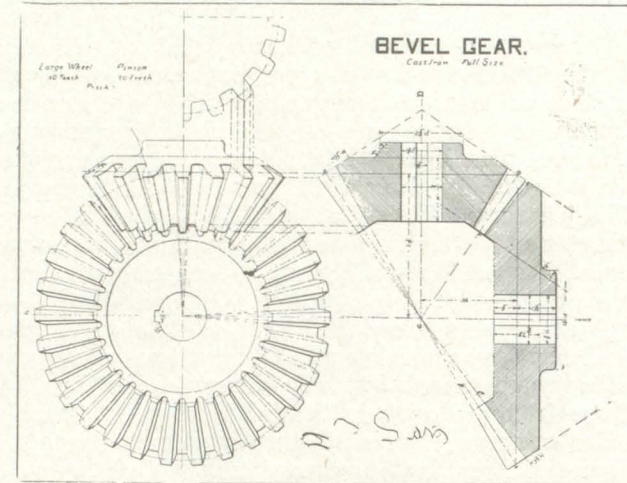
MECHANICAL DRAWING.



IN that part of mechanical drawing, known as gears, are studied different toothed wheels, the bevel, the spur, the miter, etc. It is the purpose of this essay to design a perpendicular bevel gear, the larger of whose wheels has thirty teeth, and the smaller twenty. In planning such wheels we lay down two circumferences called the pitch circles. When the wheels are finished these circles must cut the teeth at such a distance from the ends that the circles touch each other when the gears are working. The distance from centre to centre of two adjacent teeth is the pitch. Upon this distance is based the construction of the teeth. In this construction we first describe the two curves which form the face and the flank of the tooth, that is, the part of the tooth above and the part of the tooth below the pitch circle. The first of these curves is called the epicycloid and is the path of a point in the circumference of an imaginary circle which rolls upon the outside circumference of the pitch circle. The ratio of the pitch circle to this imaginary circle is expressed by the formula " $\frac{P N}{6}$," in which "P" is the pitch of the given circle, "N" the number of teeth, and "6" a number which is invariable in working out any gear. The curve which forms the flank of the tooth is called the hypocycloid, it is formed by rolling the imaginary circle upon the inside circumference of the pitch circle. The epicycloid and hypocycloid are connected to make the profile of the tooth. It has been found by experiment that a gear tooth is strongest when three-tenths of the pitch is taken on the epicycloid and four-tenths on the hypocycloid.

In designing any gear the lines of centres are the first to be drawn. In this case these lines, "ab" and "ed," are perpendicular to each other and of indefinite length. The pitch-diameters "eo" and "xo" are two lines perpendicular

at the point "O," where the pitch-circles meet. The figure, being a cross-section of the two wheels, does not show the pitch-circles. On this cross-section are indicated the thickness of each gear "ij" and "kl," the width of the



axle space "mn" and "pg," and the length of the teeth "oy." Next the plane teeth are shown as in upper left hand corner of the drawing. Following this the plan of the larger gear is drawn, as in the lower left hand corner. On this plan the teeth are laid out, the lines of their sides converging toward the centre, and the dimensions of the plan conforming to the dimensions of the cross-section. The smaller gear is drawn in mesh with the larger gear. Its teeth are projected down from the plane teeth upon the pitch diameter "eo" produced and the dimensions are projected from the cross-section. As the light always strikes the paper at an angle of 45 degrees to the left, the drawings are so shaded.

Thus is completed the design of this bevel gear. The plan is now ready to be sent to the patternmaker.

HAROLD L. WELSH, '03.

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSIOLOGY.

ADVANTAGES DERIVED FROM A STUDY OF PHYSIOLOGY.



THE principal reason why students are required to study physiology and other branches, by some considered not practical, is, that they develop the mind. Students may never utilize all the lessons learned, but the effect remains. As defined, "Physiology is the science which treats of the functions of the organs of a healthy human body." The "human form divine," is the grandest and most incomprehensible work of the Creator. It is a machine so perfect, that even when abused it will do hard work for years. Its action is automatic; it repairs itself, supplying wasted tissues and throwing off useless or dangerous matter.

Consider, moreover, the mechanical inventions suggested by physiology. The cave-dweller maid discovered the hinge in her elbow, according to Dr. Hillis, and utilized her discovery by swinging the first door, whereby her "young man" might not witness the mysteries of her toilet. The body supplies models for other things quite as important. For instance, the hip joint is the ball and socket, the head turning on the second *cervical vertebra* is the pivot, in the foot are examples of the three classes of levers and our great "sky-scrapers" are supported by hollow cylindrical columns, like the bones of our bodies, combining strength with lightness. Bicycle frames too, are like modified long bones, and telephone cables like nerves.

Although it is not generally understood, people would be happier if they had a better knowledge of their constitutions and would obey the laws of nature as learned from physiology. Man's chief pursuit is happiness. Health is happiness. On bodily health depends mental health. "A sound mind in a sound body" is as necessary to-day as it was centuries ago. Not only mental strength, but also good morals depend on physical health. It is very hard to be good when we feel badly and everything looks blue. The hearty person with a good digestion, is not to be compared with the unfortunate victim of indigestion, predigested food, and dyspepsia tablets. If people knew more of physiology there would not be so many dyspeptics. The general idea is that alcohol is a stimulant; if it were understood that it is a narcotic and if narcotic effects were also understood, there would not be so many victims. If we realized that oxygen is our very life we would pay more attention to ventilation. If the importance of physical exercise were felt, athletics would not be confined to a few students. If we knew the dangers which threaten our sense of sight, there would not be so many with spectacles, particularly among the young. If people studied physiology they would know these things.

It frequently happens in an emergency, such as a case of drowning, bleeding to death, a serious burn, or poisoning, when a doctor cannot be found quickly that a partial knowledge even of physiology will save a life.

JUDITH CONNELLY, '06.



MAN,
As she sees him.



WOMAN,
As she looks to him.



LAW

CAPITAL AND LABOR.



THE great question of Capital and Labor is, perhaps, receiving more attention from sociologists and economists than any other current topic, and rightly, too; for it is a problem which presses for solution. We can easily see the bad effects of the accumulation of capital. Take, for instance, a corporation which absorbs a great many of the larger packing companies. This corporation, which is popularly called a "trust," asks all other packing companies to join it in order that this one company may monopolize the beef supply and exact exorbitant prices from the public for a necessary food. If the packing companies join the "trust" all well and good; but if they refuse to join the corporation immediately lowers the price of beef so much that the pygmies fighting the giant are powerless and must either join the trust or go into bankruptcy. This "monarch" having once established itself proceeds at once to put the price of beef where it chooses, and by the just laws of our most famous democracy, no one may gainsay it.

Having seen the evil resulting from the "trust," let us consider the Labor Union. I think that labor is more to blame for the strikes and other forms of contention be-



DEPARTMENT OF LAW.

tween the two classes than its opponent, because labor is often too headstrong to arbitrate and will listen to no conciliation, unless its point is yielded. The Labor Union including, I am sorry to say, a great number of skilled workmen, having taken an employer's men into its organization, approaches the employer through that pusillanimous representative called the "walking delegate." This pompous individual whose type is characterized by "loud" clothes and the huge diamond which adorns his shirt-front, uses much the same method in making union labor prevail that is used by the trust in forcing weaker companies to join their corporation. I will explain the method of the union by an affair which took place in Kansas City a short time ago. If I remember aright the union wished the transfer companies to recognize their organization; but the transfer companies, seeing the trouble that might ensue from such a step, refused to grant their wish. The union at once declared a strike and no freight was handled in the city for a few days, except by United States Bonded transfer wagons. The drivers of the idle teams wearing badges and buttons, promenaded the streets crying "Union labor forever," and it became necessary for policemen to ride with those who were sensible enough not to join the strikers, in order to keep them from being injured by this lawless mob of teamsters. The strike finally ended in a compromise by which the transfer companies agreed to allow their employes to join the Union and to pay them on the union scale of wages, reserving the privileges of hiring or discharging whom they pleased. It may be seen from this example that the greatest objection to the Unions is that they will sometimes order their men to go on a strike for no other reason than that the Union is not recognized or that some employer discharged one of their

number without giving a good reason for "letting him out."

The course taken by the Unions in declaring strikes and interfering with a man's business to the extent that he is unable to hire or discharge men without the probability of a strike, is only another way of saying "We want to run your business." A good workman who does his work conscientiously, instead of engaging in this tyrannical way of gaining a desired object, will, independent of any organization, show his employer that his services are worth more than the salary that he is receiving at the time.

There is a wide, deep chasm between capital and labor. The feeling on both sides is so strong that a crisis is inevitable. It may come in the form of a revolution, in the preliminary stage of which "each side will think itself independent, yet see the near relation." In the second stage an epidemic of madness may sweep the country. No one can judge how harmful this stage may be; but in the third stage, that of reconstruction, we may be raised to a higher plane and may find ourselves under a more harmonious system than any that has ever before existed. Thus the crisis may have its benefits, but we shudder to think of what may have to be passed through to bring about a desirable state of affairs. However, this is mere conjecture. No human being can tell what the outcome of the present conditions will be; but a crisis must come.



DEPARTMENT OF LAW.

THE LAW OF CONTRACTS.

A CONTRACT is an agreement enforceable at law made between two or more persons, based upon sufficient consideration and resulting in an obligation to do or not to do a certain thing." The laws governing the making and enforcement of contracts are of the utmost importance in business relations as all business transactions involve contracts in some form.

From the definition it is evident that the essentials of a contract are: Parties competent to contract; the consent of the parties; subject matter, that which is contracted about; and consideration, the "quid pro quo" or "that because of which" the contract is made. All persons not forbidden by law are competent to contract. Among those so prohibited are minors, idiots, habitual drunkards, alien enemies, insane persons and (in some states) married women. This statement must be taken with the qualification that an incompetent person will be bound by a contract for the necessities of his station in life, though he cannot be compelled to pay an exorbitant price. Consent must be the free act of the party in order to bind him, except in certain cases, as, for instance, where he has agreed to give title to land, and wishes to break his contract. In that instance, the court would compel him to sign a deed. Subject matter sufficiently explains itself. Consideration may be either good or valuable. Good consideration is natural affection between very near relatives. Valuable consideration is anything not contrary to law which might be an inducement to the party to whom it is offered. Money, of course, as the standard of value, is the most common consideration.

Examining the contract, we see that it was made by

means of an agreement, consisting of an offer and acceptance. The fundamental principles of agreement, as stated by the best authorities, are, that the offer and its acceptance must be communicated by words or actions; that the offer must be intended to create and capable of creating legal relations; that the acceptance must be absolute and identical with the terms of the offer; that an unaccepted offer creates no rights on the part of the person or persons to whom it is made, and may be revoked by the person making it at any time before acceptance; that acceptance turns an offer into a contract, and is irrevocable; that until the moment of acceptance an offer is revocable; and, while an offer need not be made to an ascertained person, it must be accepted by an ascertained person before a contract can arise.

The first statement in the series is made because of the division into express and implied contracts. An express contract is one in which the parties expressly state their intention and the extent of their liability to each other, as in a deed, mortgage, or bill of lading. An implied contract is one in which the law, because of the acts of the parties, will imply whatever is necessary to complete a contract, where it is evident that a contract should exist, in justice to all concerned, and where one is accustomed to exist. As in the case of a man buying flour of a grocer, though he simply orders the flour, saying nothing about payment, the law will imply an agreement to pay a reasonable price. Also, the grocer, by exhibiting the article in question, implies an offer to sell. If it were customary to give away flour, he could not enforce payment unless there were an express understanding that it should be purchased. Express and implied are subdivisions of oral contracts. Written contracts may be either

DEPARTMENT OF LAW.

under seal or without it. Under seal they are called "specialties." Any contract not under seal is a "parole" contract. Specialties were formerly said to impart sufficient consideration because of their solemnity, though this doctrine is now much weakened by the present practice of taking presence or absence of consideration at a test of validity.

To return to the rules governing agreement, "legal relations" are those not forbidden by law. The law will in no way recognize a contract for illegal purposes. Thus, while a party to an illegal contract cannot, as a general rule, be compelled to fulfill his agreement, he cannot recover for anything he may have paid or done toward such completion.

The last principle is best illustrated by a common example. When a merchant advertises goods for sale, he does not know who will come to buy, but some person or persons must order the goods offered before a contract of sale can arise.

A civil action may be brought by the injured party when a contract has been broken. The steps of the action are suit, judgment and execution. If the breach of contract was a failure to pay money, the payment of the sum with interest at the legal rate will satisfy a judgment. If one party fails to deliver goods according to contract, the injured party may recover the difference between the market price on the day agreed upon for delivery and the contract price, with interest; or, if he has paid in advance, he may collect the full market price with interest. If the buyer refuses to accept the goods, the seller may sue for the purchase price, re-sell the goods and sue for the difference between the selling price of the goods and the price agreed upon, or keep the goods and sue for the dif-

ference between the price agreed upon and the market price when the goods were to have been delivered.

If a person is hired by another for a certain length of time and discharged before the expiration of the time through no fault of his own, he may recover the wages he would have received till the expiration of the time, if he cannot find employment elsewhere. Or, if his wages are less in some new employment he may collect the difference.

In a case where the parties have specified in the contract what damages shall be assessed, the law will not enforce the payment unless the sums stated are just to all parties. The law of contracts is of such constant application in commercial affairs that it should be universally and accurately understood.

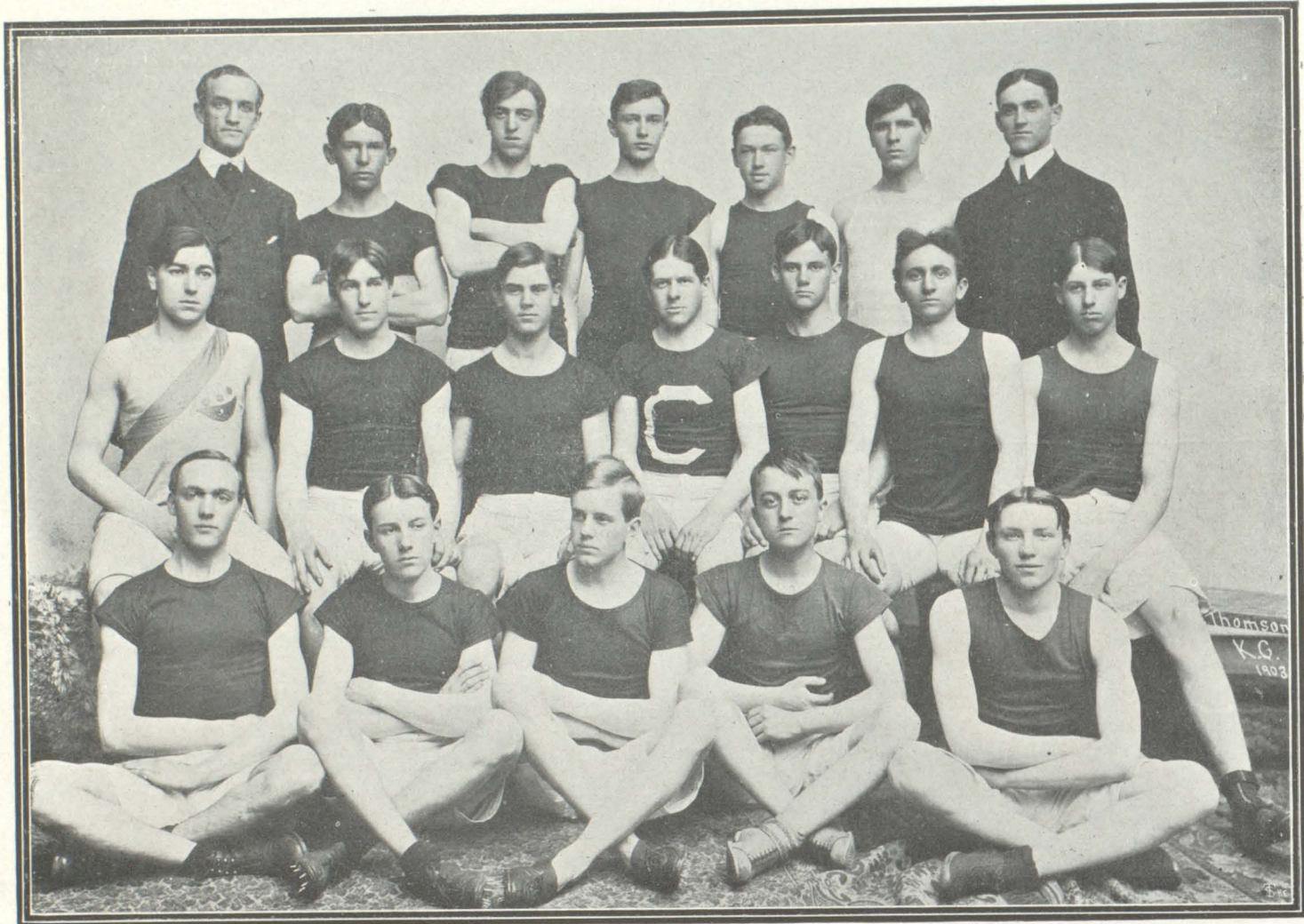
E. EARLE BOWERS.



Athletics



THE TRACK TEAM.



THE TRACK TEAM.

WHEN the candidates for the Track Team first assembled for preliminary work the prospects for a good team were rather poor. But during the last month the men have improved wonderfully; the chances for a record-breaking team were never better.



Page, Cotton, Scarritt, Hill, Knight, Getman and Greene, our last year's men, are in fine form. With Page for the sprints and jumps, Cotton for the runs, and "Bum" Greene, the modern Hercules, for the weights, our future was never rosier. There are men new to Central and others new to the work, who show great promise. Central surely ought to make an excellent showing this year in Track and Field events.

A remarkably fine schedule has been arranged. On May 2, we hold our first meet. On that date, once more, we contest with Manual. It was

a great pleasure to the boys to hear that they were again to meet our old rivals. There is no reason why we should not simply overwhelm them, and the boys say we will.

The following Saturday the team goes to Lincoln, Neb., to compete in the Missouri Valley Interscholastic

meet. It is our most important event, as schools from four states will be there. Never before has a Central team been given such a trip, and everybody is working hard to go. The boys expect to make the best showing of all teams Central ever placed in the field.

On May 16 occurs the Tri-city meet with St. Joseph and Topeka. Next to Manual, St. Joseph is our greatest rival, and heretofore has come out first in these games. This year we hope to reverse the situation. The place of the meet has not yet been decided.

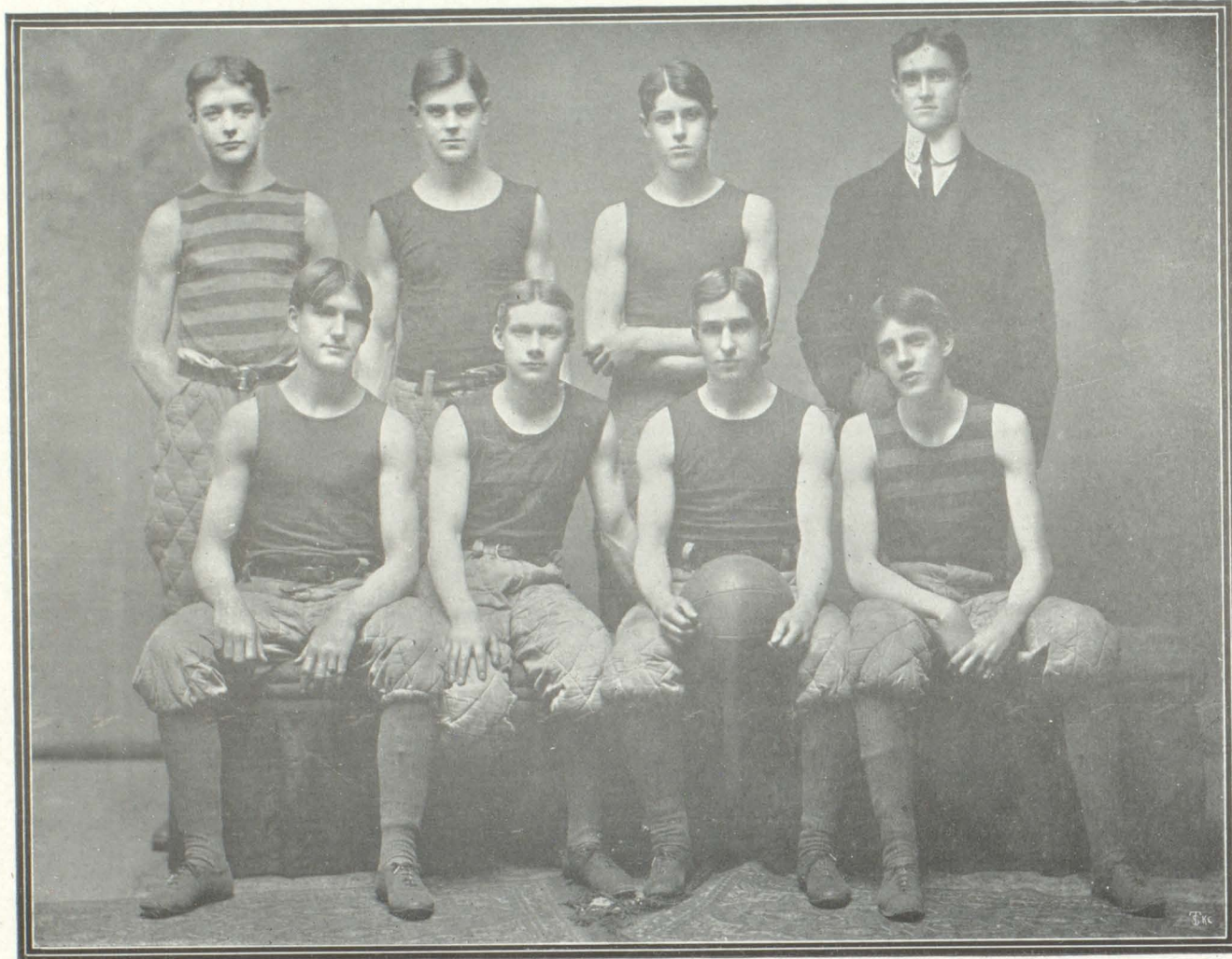
The Kansas City Athletic club, on Decoration Day, will hold a track and field event, open to all. If the conditions are such that amateurs may safely contest, Central will be represented. The boys will be in fine trim and should appear to good advantage.

The candidates this spring have labored under more disadvantages than any of their predecessors. First, they attempted to practice on the track at Fifteenth street and the Paseo, but the ground was so rough, and bruises and sore ankles so frequent, that it was abandoned. As Exposition park could be obtained only every other day, practice was held at school on the odd days. It was a very inconvenient arrangement, but the best possible. It was purely through the kindness of the Kansas City Athletic club that we could use the park, as they have a lease on it.

The boys have been greatly assisted by the coaches, Messrs. Gordon and Hamilton. Both were famous college athletes and were able to assist our men greatly. They rendered their services willingly, and won the grateful appreciation of the contestants.

This year another event was added to the list—the discus throw. Harry Minton, a Sophomore, has made a throw of over eighty feet. Greene, Dutton and Dorman have also made good progress in its use.

THE BASKET BALL TEAM.



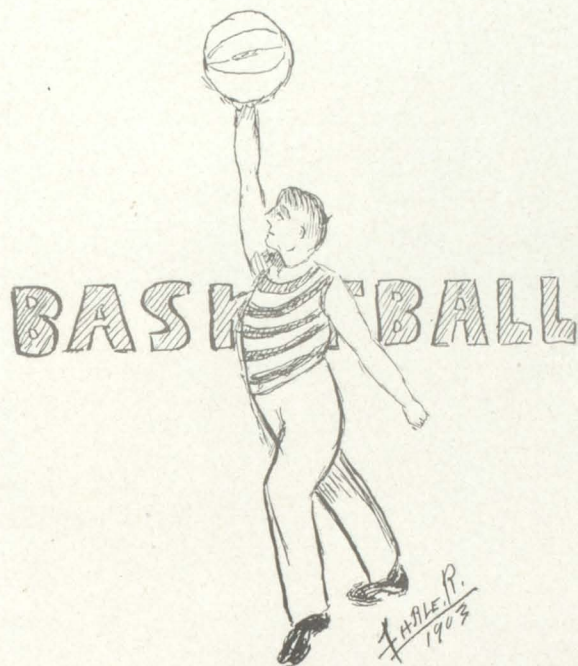
Beck
Aschmann

Davis
Sanders

Leavens
Cotton (Capt.)

Mr. Hamilton
Myers

BASKET BALL.



THERE was more interest in basket ball at Central this year than ever before. At every game supporters of our team were much in evidence. The boys were handicapped by the lack of a suitable practice grounds. Our gymnasium has too low a ceiling and too narrow a court, while the posts make running difficult and dangerous.

In basket ball the home team has a decided advantage as they not only are familiar with the court, but are accustomed to the height and location of the baskets. As we could not use the "gym" in a regular game the opposing men always had this advantage.

We had a great team this year, and easily defeated our only High School rivals, Westport. As there were no other teams of our class we were forced to play against men much older than our players.

The Y. M. C. A. Tigers claim the local championship, but it looked at one time as if Central would hold that honor. We met them three times. The first game with them was at the commencement of the season, when our team was not yet thoroughly organized. We proved easy victims. The next time, upon their own court, we turned the table, and thus endangered their claim of superiority. But in the final contest of the series, Aschmann, Central's star center, was ill, and we were beaten by a narrow margin.

John Aschmann was easily Central's best player. There is little doubt that he is one of the finest centers in the west. Our rivals all admit that. There were but two games in which his opponent scored more points than he did. Myers rarely misses a free throw, while Sanders is an adept at dodging his man and scoring. The merit of the backs, Cotton and Beck, is indicated by the fact that Harry Cotton has twice been elected captain, and that Frank Beck is next year's captain.

The line-up was: Earl Sanders, forward; Harold Myres, forward; John Aschmann, center; Harry Cotton (Capt.), back; Frank Beck, back.

THE GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

OWING to the illness of Mr. Freytag, we received very little attention until the second term of school. We started with twenty-four players and have now a squad of twelve, from which the team is chosen before each game. The members of the squad are: Genevieve Burns, Vera Phillips, Myrtle Polson, Edna McBride, Mabel Hennessy, Daisy Keeley, Katherine Castel, Louise Hendie, Mildred Bell, Henrietta Bowman, Ella Hansen, Fay Thompson.

Our first game, in which we lost with a score of 9 to 3, was with the Kansas City, Kas., High school team, on March 27th, in our gymnasium. We played a return game in a neutral court on April 16th and won with a score of 4 to 3.

The line-up of this year's team was as follows: Genevieve Burns, forward; Mabel Hennessy, forward; Vera Phillips, center; Myrtle Polson, center; Edna McBride, guard; Henrietta Bowman, guard. Substitutes—Louise Hendie, Daisy Keeley and Katherine Castel.

The game is both interesting and healthful, and we hope more girls will take part in it next year.

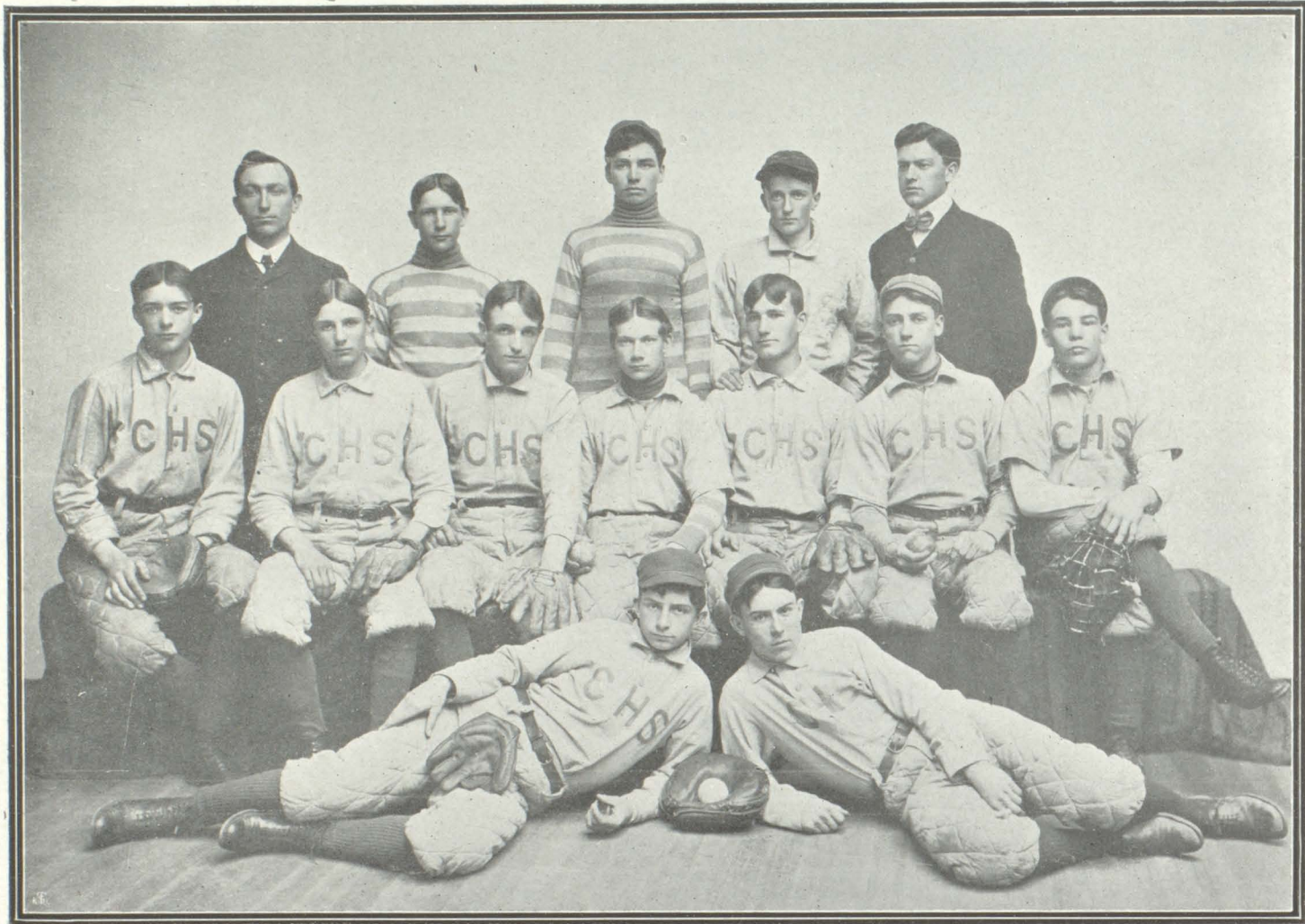
In the game between Manual and Central the Central

girls won, defeating their opponents by a score of 10 to 6. The game was played in the gym. and was witnessed by a large crowd. Playing was fast and at all stages the Central girls outplayed their opponents.

VERA B. PHILLIPS, '04.



THE BASE BALL TEAM.



	Mr. Graves	Mervine	Morley	Cowan	Mr. Bonnifield	Lewis
Beck	Nelson	Cieslik	Sanders (Capt.) Ragan	Aschmann Wells	Hill	

Winners of the High School League Pennant.

BASE BALL.



THE base ball team has a bright outlook before it. At the present writing they have overwhelmingly defeated Kansas City, Kas., and Westport. Following the Manual contest there will be three more games in the Home League. No out-of-town games have been definitely arranged. The men this spring have worked under a disadvantage, caused by the inability to secure any of the parks permanently. Through the kindness of the Kansas City

Athletic club they have been enabled to use Exposition Park three days out of the week. The remainder of the practicing has been done on vacant lots, or "any other old place."

Including last year's substitutes there are six old men on the team. The three new players are doing excellent work. Ragan's playing at short stop is particularly brilliant. In the two games already won the entire team showed up in great form. The batting of the nine is better than ever before.

On account of the absence from school of A. Aylesworth, who was elected captain, the men started in without an executive head. After the team was picked, Earl Sanders was given that position for the second time. In the Central-Kansas City, Kas., game, his pitching was remarkable.

The team lost a fine player by the illness of Creswell Eaton. His work at first base during practice games was noticeably good. Five other promising men were compelled to quit work on account of their studies.

The present team, though, has been doing very hard practice, and they should without difficulty win the coveted cup this year. The scores of the two games already played were: Central, 28; Kansas City, Kas., 4; Central 25; Westport, 11. The line-up is: Beck, 1st base; Aschmann, 2d base; Ragan, short stop; Cieslik 3d base; Wells, left field; Nelson, center field; Hill, right field; Sanders (Capt.) pitcher; Lewis, catcher. Substitutes—Morley, outfield; Mervine, pitcher; Cowen, catcher.



FOOT BALL.



WHILE Central has had foot ball teams that won more games in the season, she has never had one that worked together more harmoniously, nor met such strong competitors as the team of 1902. In the long run, against schools capable of producing strong teams, Central cannot hope to win over half her games, yet she has won more than that every year—this year four out of seven.

The games with Topeka were the most hotly contested. In the first, Topeka clearly outclassed Central. In the second, Central played with valor and desperation. While defeated, the defeat carried all the merits of victory.

The defeat that stung the worst was the one administered by Olathe. The game was lost on a safety, but it was characterized by miserable individual and team play.

However, Central revived and played a game against the Topeka team that proved their mettle.

Stanton played in the first two games, after which he retired and was succeeded as captain by Earl Wells, to whose energy and zeal is due much of the team's success.

The team was not one of stars, but of team players. Yet at times the individual work of each was characterized by brilliancy. The line held firmly and stood together as one man. The ends were tireless and were rarely circled. The quarter passed accurately and swiftly and the backs carried the ball for steady gains.

To Messrs. Gordon and Bonnifield, faculty coaches, great credit is due for the team's fine showing. Patient in practice, but unsparing in criticism, hard working and never failing, they won and held the respect and confidence of the team.

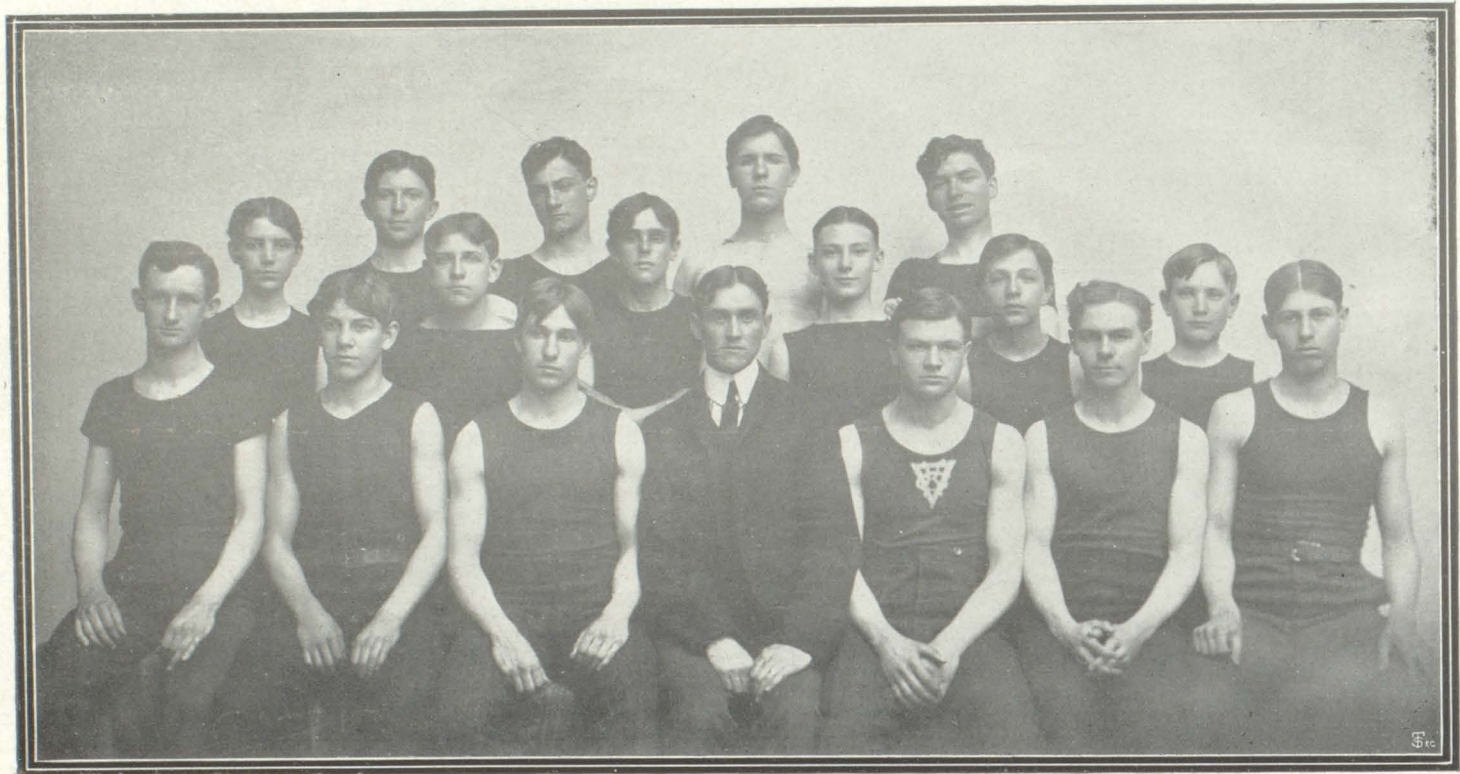
The manager, Mr. Bainter, has arranged schedule for next year, including games with St. Joseph, Topeka, Des Moines and Lincoln, Neb.

For the past two years no game has occurred with Manual, owing to disagreement as to playing rules. It is hoped that arrangements may be completed whereby athletic relations between the two schools may be fully resumed.

The line-up was: J. Newby, K. Byrne, centers; F. Ridge, right guard; Wadsworth, right tackle; Wells, Colgon, right end; Beck, left guard; Sharp, left tackle; Scarritt, left end; Sanders, quarter; Cotton, right half back; C. Eaton, left half back; Davis, full back; Overall, sub back; A. Stanton, right half back and captain.



THE TUMBLING TEAM.



THE TUMBLING TEAM.



THE foot ball season closes the last of November, and from then to the middle of March, when the spring athletics are begun, the boys spend their time in the gymnasium. Two or three times a week, during the long winter months, they assemble for basket ball, apparatus work, tumbling and pyramid building. By constant practice and effort, some of the boys reach a degree of skill very creditable to High School athletics.

Tumbling is an art which requires skill, nerve and a cool head. It consists of a variety of air-sets, snap-ups and falls, which, once learned, are never forgotten. By a little practice, a man will learn to fall in any position without injury. It is done by simply relaxing the body, and making no effort to break the force of the fall. It is not an infrequent occurrence for a tumbler, while attempting some new trick, to receive, without harm, a fall which would seriously injure a person unaccustomed to the exercise.

Experienced tumblers are so used to being thrown through the air, and alighting in different positions, that they rarely have a mishap. Their nerves are so steady and their heads so cool that they know, every fraction of an instant, just where they are, and where they will be next. At the same time they learn what is perilous to attempt, and how to ward off useless danger. Self possession and calm nerves are not useless faculties with which to encounter the world in after life.

While pyramid building does not require so much dexterity as the other, it calls for a greater amount of strength. The best man for this kind of work is one with

perfect control of his muscles. Brute strength alone will not do. The muscular power must be so divided and apportioned that each part of a massive framework of men has equal support, and equal strain. A very simple pyramid must be practiced time and time again before perfection is reached.

Apparatus work includes exercises on the horse, parallel bars and the horizontal bar. Practice on these develops the body much more evenly than dumb-bell or Indian-club work. When performing feats on the bars or the horse there is a constant exertion and effort to keep the equilibrium, which affects muscles that the more mechanical bell and club drills do not bring into play. There is also, in these, a slight element of danger, which tends to steady the nerves and train the muscles.

Perfection in club swinging is gained only after much practice. Almost anyone can do a few simple turns, but real skill is not for all. The juggling, especially, is difficult to acquire. The boys that have devoted their time to this branch of gymnasium work deserves great praise. They practiced long and faithfully for the part.

Central has always shown her appreciation of the "gym." programs, by her enthusiastic applause. Mr. Hamilton has carefully trained the boys and worked hard to make their exhibitions a success.

The members are: Will Wadsworth, Fred Warrington, Harry Cotton, Frank Bannister, Hampton Robinson, Roy McCubben, Thos. Greene, Irving Morley, Howard Shafer, Lewis Leavens, Hugh Pinkerton, Eugene Liddy, Louis Fisher, Richard Lewis, Arthur Caps, Earl Reed, Ward Gifford, Frank Geary, Leroy Wert, Harold Woodbury.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.



DURING the past year the Athletic Association has prospered in every way. Many new members have been added and the boys have shown great interest in the various athletic events of the school year.

In foot ball we won five out of the eight games played, Westport, Leavenworth and Olathe each being defeated once, and St. Joseph twice by the grim fighters of the Central eleven. In basket ball, however, we were not so fortunate, winning only three games out of seven. This was due to the superiority in age and weight of our opponents, not to their superiority in playing.

But if there is anything to be desired in our foot ball and basket ball records, we may hope that this will be more than supplied by our base ball and track teams. The prospects for these two organizations were never better. The boys have shown great interest in the work. They have trained faithfully, having in mind only one object—that of giving Central the best teams in base ball and track athletics that she ever had, and the indications are, at the time we write, that they will succeed nobly. In base ball the team has won the two games played. These games demonstrated to the spectators that Central has never had a better aggregation of hard hitters and fast fielders. If the pennant is not won by them this year we can only say that it never will be won by Central.

In regard to the track team, the future is also promising. Although few of last year's team are left, the new material is showing up well, and we hope and expect that our boys will defeat Manual, win the tri-city meet, and be well among the leaders in the inter-scholastic at Lincoln.

At the last regular meeting of the Athletic Association new officers were elected. They are: Mr. Peters, President; Harry Cotton, Vice President; Virgil Sharp, Secretary, and Earl Sanders, Treasurer. At meetings of the foot ball and basket ball teams, Will Scarrit and Frank Beek were elected captains of next year's teams.

Two more honors have been conferred on two of our members. Mr. Bainter was elected president of the Missouri Valley Inter-scholastic Athletic Association, and Mr. Will Scarritt was elected secretary.





THE RACE FOR A WIFE

BY
HAYDEN
EATON



AT the junction of three roads in the western part of the state was situated one of the most thriving mining towns of that region. Its supremacy over the neighboring towns of Hampton and Cartorville was, perhaps, due to the fact that it was a terminal to three directions of travel. The community had really no claim on its right to be called a town, but its relation to some of the smaller settlements required a distinction. Not more than a score of small structures comprised the business portion of the village; among these the most prominent were a general store and postoffice, a church, a blacksmith shop, a tavern whose proprietor had the nerve to hang out a hotel sign, and the office of the justice of the peace. Of all the occupations in which its inhabitants were employed the most prevalent were mining, farming and loafing, the last being attended by far more interest and enthusiasm than the other two combined. A representative squad of loafers could be found at the postoffice, at any time of the day, summer or winter, discussing every topic

that was able to stand this operation. They had the past, present, and even the future of every character in the village mapped out. They could estimate the wealth of nearly everyone of their neighbors, and, in fact, they knew more about some people than these persons knew about themselves.

Foremost among the citizens of the village was one David Thornberry, who owned and operated one of the best mines in that region. His wealth was unestimated, but the village gossips held that "he had many a yaller brick laid aside fer that daughter of his'n." His acres were bordered on the north by the property of Hiram Drake the next wealthiest man of the town. He farmed to a small extent, but his main resource was his saw-mill, the only one in that section of the country. His son had long been paying court to his neighbor's daughter, but as far as any one knew, the subject of marriage had not yet been approached. On this point the argument about the postoffice would run high. One said he was bashful; another said he was waiting for a change of circumstances; in fact, there were as many opinions as debaters.

One day in middle summer, a stranger came into town from the East. He built a house on a vacant stretch of ground not far from the main part of the village, hired men to help him speculate, made friends with the townsmen, and in general gave everybody to think that he intended to stay. For a long time after his arrival

THE RACE FOR A WIFE.

this one topic was under discussion around the postoffice.

"Well, Dick," said one to another as they met in front of the store, "What do you think of our new neighbor?"

"It's too early to think yet, Jim," replied the other. "Thus far I hain't heard nothing against him, tho' he is startin' out rather shiperish."

"It does look like he's a little fast," was the reply. "He's puttin' up a sight of a house for just one man, and, by the way he's fixin' up that place he must have a brick or two himself. They tell me that he's been to see Rose Thornberry twice already. I'll tell you what, Dick, Sam Drake better watch those strings of his."

Everybody seemed to like the stranger and he progressed very rapidly. His friendship with Miss Thornberry became more intimate each day and rivalry between him and young Drake set in. As the friendship increased, so did the rivalry. A month passed by and the matter was constantly getting worse. Finally, it reached its highest pitch and each lover demanded her choice between them. But the girl knew not which she loved the best. So, one day in early fall, when the two happened to meet at her house, she was asked then and there to decide which she would marry.

"Friends," said she, "I love you both, but I do not know which I love the better. I am sorry such a question must be decided, but it must. Whichever way it is decided there must be friendship between you. But I shall not decide. He whose love is the truer will win in the contest I shall propose. One of you will go to Hampton the other to Cartorville, each will mail a letter at the postoffice, and return. The one back first I shall marry. You may ride or walk. I impose no other condition. As

the distances are the same it matters little where each should go. Sam you will go to Cartorville and James to Hampton. You will start early Thursday morning."

The gentlemen departed and although their way was the same for quite a distance, neither spoke, but both were thinking. When the news reached the postoffice, as all news did, it created not a little excitement. Favor seemed to be on the side of Drake and yet no one was willing to wager on either.

James Burton had never been a man who let one sentiment overwhelm him, but it now seemed to him that he was entangled in an affair which custom allowed him to go wild over. The actions of each man from the decision day to the time set for the contest were not at all honorable. In the determination to win, each would have resorted to foul means. Burton hoped to outdo his rival by sending to Hampton a horse so that he might have a fresh animal for the return. But he was disappointed later to see the best stallion in Drake's stables ridden off in the direction of Cartorville. However, he soon took up again an air of confidence for he had planned with this in view.

The day of the contest arrived and a small crowd gathered in front of the postoffice early in the morning. The start was without incident and each rider set off for his respective destination confident as ever of winning. The small crowd soon dwindled to but a few persons, the rest having gone home, for it was hardly possible that they would return before dark.

The postoffice was situated square in the vertex of the angle formed by the roads to Hampton and Cartorville. The highways were rocky and hilly, but neither rider had an advantage in either respect. A stream crossed

THE RACE FOR A WIFE.

the Hampton road about a mile from the village. The river was down in a valley while the highway was some thirty feet above the bed of the stream. The road narrowed as it neared the bridge, and on either side there was a cliff at the bottom of which were heaped rocks and debris. At a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the postoffice both roads began a long gradual descent so that anyone coming from either direction could not be seen until he had passed within that distance.

When Drake reached Cartorville a little before noon, he called for his horse at the place where he had ordered it to be left.

"Narry a horse of yours have I seen," he was told.

"Then where's my man?"

"Nor your man either, sir."

"Well, what in thunder," he muttered perplexed: "But say man, have you a horse I could hire?"

"Nope. But Tim Dolan, the blacksmith over yonder might have a nag he could rent yer."

It took quite a time to barter for the use of the horse, change the saddle and then mail the letter, but in order to make up lost time the rider left the place at such a furious gallop that the blacksmith stood in the road and called out every expletive he knew; and when he had finished the list he repeated it as many times as he was able before the horseman was out of sight.

Burton, however, changed horses and, having mailed his letter started back without much delay.

About the middle of the afternoon a crowd began to gather at the store to see the finish. All joined in a rambling discussion of every phase of the contest, until it was almost dusk, when the crowd was suddenly hushed by the appearance of a horseman on the Hampton road.

Every gaze was directed first down the other road to see if Drake was in sight and then at the oncoming horseman. From most of the crowd there came a murmur of dissatisfaction as they realized that their favorite would lose. The horseman came on and galloped into their midst.

"Hey!" he cried. "What's the excitement?"

"Bill," ejaculated one who recognized the voice of the postrider, "You'd a walked that quarter of a mile, Bill, if you could a seen our faces when you come in sight." There's a race between Sam Drake and Jim Burton and the winner's to marry Rose Thornberry. I guess you may know, too, that most of this crowd's for Sam."

"Well, yer do tell. So that's what caused that streak of greased lightning I met this side of Hampton is it. Well, I'm another that's fer Sam."

The spirits of the crowd rose again. The postrider took his bags into the store and returned.

"I guess yer come pretty near not gettin' any mail tonight, Jake," he said to one of the crowd.

"How's that?"

"Just as I was nearin' the bottom of thet hill, tother side of the birdge, Old Sally jumped in the air like there was a fence in front of her and come pretty near throwing yer Uncle Billy over the precipice. I don't know what skeered her 'cause before I had time to think of anything but holdin' on we was half way up the tother side."

He had barely finished when a cheer arose announcing the appearance of a horseman on the Cartorville road. The rider was coming at a furious pace and the tossing of hats only made him dig his spurs the deeper. On he came but when he was yet quite a distance away, his steed stumbled and fell from exhaustion. The rider was on his

THE RACE FOR A WIFE.

feet in an instant and running as fast as his stiff legs could carry him. When he was told that he had won, a smile lit up his face for an instant and as suddenly passed away. All the way home he refused to talk to any of his companions.

The main part of the crowd waited for the arrival of Burton. Hours passed and still he did not come. A party was formed to travel in the direction of Hampton to investigate. Just after they passed the bridge they learned the true cause for the delay. Burton's horse was found lying in the road suffering from a broken leg. Farther on they came upon a rope stretched tight across the road about two feet from the ground. Burton had been thrown over the cliff into the valley, and there his body was found lifeless. No one ever doubted but that a trap had been set for the postrider by some one intent on capturing the mails.

* * * * *

A twelvemonth passed and fall came again. One evening as night was coming on Sam Drake and his wife were sitting on the porch of their home. Neither had said anything for quite a time when the husband broke the silence:

"Rose," he said, "it's just a year to the day that I ran the race that won you." He paused a moment and then continued. "I'm going to tell you something now, for I can't stand the remorse any longer. And after I've told you, you can either call me out for what I am, or you can forgive and bear the shame secretly with me. You'd hardly think that a man had the heart to do such a deed, but I was desperate then." He was getting more excited as he was talking and now he had grown quite white in his wretchedness. "Rose," he muttered scarcely

audible, "I hired a man to tie that rope across the road."

A silence followed but finally she spoke and her tone of voice inspired new life into her husband.

"It isn't me that can forgive you, Sam. You must ask Him who only can forgive. I'll do what you last named, Sam. I'll bear it with you and pray for you. And anyway, now that I've had a year to think about it. I believe I'm happier the way it is. You know you can't always tell about them city chaps."

THE END.





A boy splitting "Wood"



Who sang over the "Banister"
The Board of Education



How did "Hoyle" happen to make such
a big hit? He fell over the
"Cliff" trying to enjoy the "Seebrees."



What did Willie "Steele"
that he got so many "Weeks"
"C. Jones"



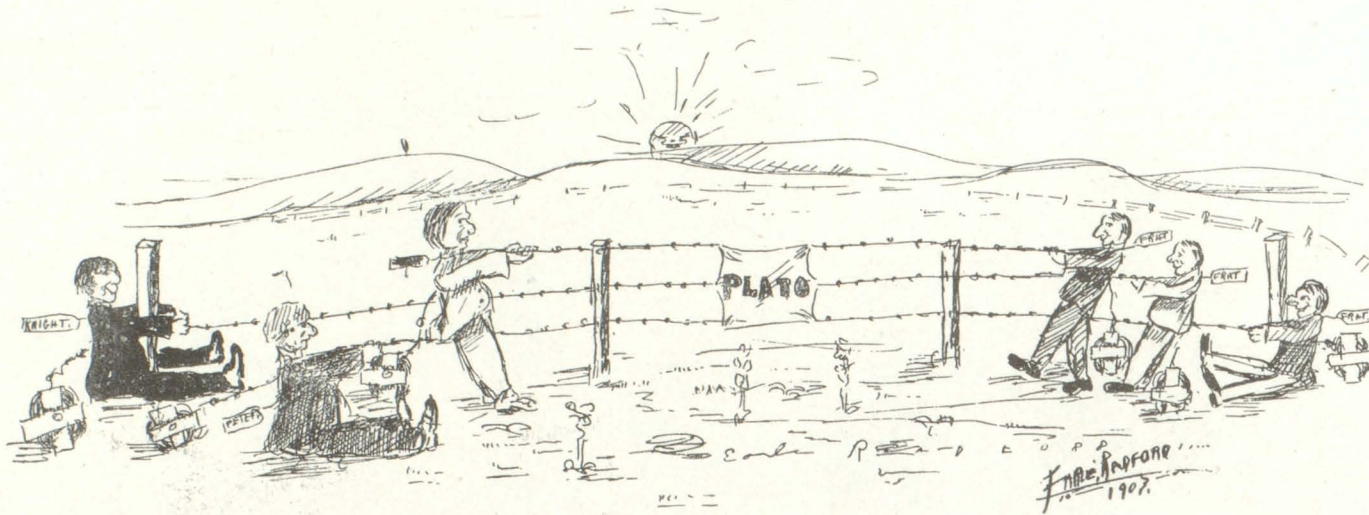
Whats the matter
is "Kattie Hurt"
No she is compelled
to listen to "Earl Reed"



Is the "Victor" King
No, he is a tramp



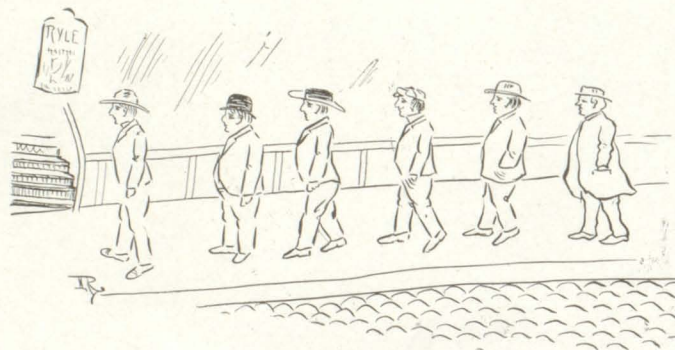
Why is "Virgil Sharp"?
Because of his recent contact with
"Stone"



A BARB-WIRE PULLING.
By Peters, Knight and Overhall.



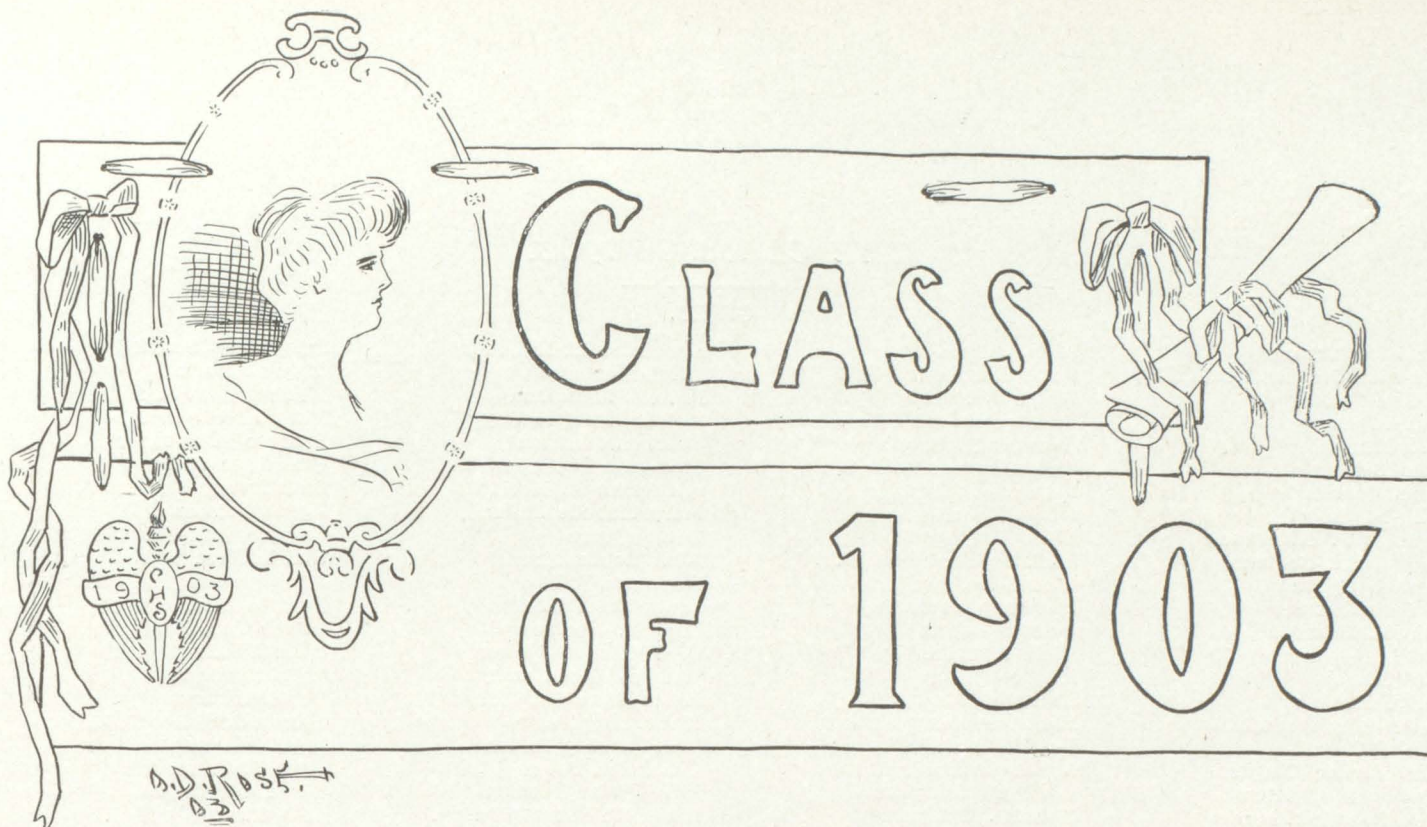
ROSE.
Pushing the Brush.



12:45—A rush for Ryle's.



BARTON.
Wins the Rough-Rider Contest
at Convention Hall.



John Aschmann
 Eugene Edward Ball
 Frank N. Banister+
 Adelbert DeVergne Barber**†
 Charles Arthur Barker‡
 William Robert Bovard†
 Arthur W. Caps
 Coates C. Cockrill†
 William Bain Cooper
 Dwight Moody Davis
 James D. Donovan
 Robert Paine Dorman**†
 Jerry F. Duggan†
 Rex Wallace Dunlap
 Dell Dawes Dutton‡

Ralph Edgar Ellis
 Elwood B. Frawley
 John Bailey Gage
 Asher Holmes Gaskill
 Martin Butler Gentry
 Norman Walter Getman+
 Dabney Grant
 Elias Greenman†
 Rowland Hill
 Harry Daniel Hynds
 Clifford Bartlett Jones†
 Victor L. King**†
 John M. Langsdale, Jr.
 Samuel Levite†
 Edward Mariner Lockridge

BOYS.

Walker B. Longan
 Edgar A. Linton
 Gardiner J. Lucitt
 William Henderson MacLaren**‡
 Joseph S. Magnuson†
 Ralph Barnes Mason
 Charles Edward McCarty
 Robert Middlebrook
 Archibald Morrison, Jr.
 George Mossbacher
 Jonathan D. Newby
 S. Beverly Overall
 Alex S. Peek
 Francis W. Prince
 Frank I. Ridge

Grover Dishman Roadcap
 Virgil V. Sharp†
 Howard Evans Sibley†
 Henry Calvin Smith, Jr.*+
 John Henry Stephens, Jr.
 William J. Wadsworth‡
 Earl Wells
 Harold L. Welsh
 Henry I. Westfall
 Frank J. Williams†
 Harold Williams
 Edward C. Winslow
 Ernest N. Winslow
 Stanley Willis Wood

THE CLASS OF 1903.

GIRLS.

Elizabeth Barton
 Catherine Frances Neal Bailey
 Pauline Baum†
 Vera Bauman
 Ella Beardsley*
 Ethel Benefield
 Mabel Benson
 Nellie M. Biggs
 Ashleigh F. Bilderback
 Emily Nash Bodman
 Tessa Boughan
 M. Susie Bowen*†
 Mida L. Brandon*
 Ethel Briggs†
 Rose Brink
 Madge Buckner
 Lillian May Bushnell†
 Marion Carroll
 Ethel Louise Chapman
 Blanche G. Charles*†
 Maude Ruth Clements
 Mabel Morgan Conger†
 C. Letitia Cotter
 Hallie B. Culbertson
 Ruth Mildred Cunningham
 Nella Elma Davis†
 Bettie Nadine Deatherage
 Elsa Lee Dickson
 Marcella Doyle
 Margaret Duggan
 Mary Duggan†
 Mabelle Eldridge
 Edith M. Ellison
 Mary S. English*†
 S. Mae Feist
 Ethel I. Fischer*
 Maude Flersheim

Ella White Foster*
 Anna Elizabeth Fox*†
 Emma J. Fricke
 Frances Buford Gillespie
 Hermine Glattstein
 Bessie Lurline Golladay†
 Fay D. Greenamyer
 Amos D. Grider+
 Stella Haglage*‡
 Adelaide Beatrice Hall*†
 Evelyn Frances Hall†
 Marianne Hamilton
 Celeste Hardin
 Ethel Maurine Hays
 Madge Hinson
 Emma Hitshev
 Patience Embry Hocker
 Pearl Hopton
 Miriam Adelaide Horne
 Ina Mary Houghton
 Edith G. Humphrey†
 Katharine Ewing Hurt
 Georgia Lane Hynes
 Marguerite Jones
 Ida Lewis Jordan
 Inez Jeanette Kendall
 Nellie Kenmuir
 Marie Ruth Kirkpatrick
 Berrinece Kirtley
 Louise McCarn Kittle+
 Helen Mae Krabiel*†
 L. LeNettie Knox
 Nell L. Lanphear
 Dean M. Leitch
 Lillian E. Levine
 Agnes Dudley Lippincott‡
 Cleo Lytle†

Katherine M. Mahoney
 Helen Masters
 Kate L. McCollum
 Mamie Ethel McCoy
 Janet A. McCrum*
 Catherine T. McDonnell
 Katharine M. McNabb‡
 Mary Isabelle Miller
 Edith Moore*
 Mary Louise Moore*
 Henrietta F. Mossbacher
 Mary Edith Neal*
 Lucy B. Needles
 Coila Esmene Nelson
 Frances Alice Newby
 Helen Elizabeth Oldham
 Mabel May Park
 Ethel Luring Patton
 Charlie E. Peters
 Jane Vivian Pierson
 Elizabeth Louise Piper
 Gertrude Elizabeth Prewett
 Louise Reck
 Eloise Reichenecker‡
 Nina Lillian Remfry
 Mabel Ridgeway*†
 Marjorie McLean Roberts*
 Anna Mary Rogers†
 Louise A. Ruhl
 Rossamond Russell
 Mary Sage
 Veta B. Sanderson
 Elizabeth Kate Davis Settles
 Stella Sexton*†
 Florence G. Shepard
 Georgia Esther Shropshire
 Zella May Slaughter*

Daisy Dean Smith
 Olive Z. Smith
 Blanche Etta Snoddy
 Mary Estelle Sparks
 Frances H. Spencer*
 Genevieve Stiles
 Kate Irving Streeter
 Agnes Dolores Sullivan†
 Georgie Catherine Sweeney
 Nell LaNere Tabb
 Anna Levena Tallquist
 Bernice Lenore Tate
 Aimee Teasdale*
 Edna Thomas†
 Ethel Thomas†
 Beatrice Thomes*
 Elizabeth Miller Thompson
 Ethel Thomson
 Nora E. Thomson†
 Mabelle Thornton
 Lilla Titus
 Florence Trotter
 Bertha Twyman
 Elizabeth Lee Umbarger
 Helen Vogel
 Julia Van Alen Waring
 Viola Alberta Warner†
 Pearl Evelyn Wasson†
 Ruth Mary Weeks*
 Edith Mabel Wheeland
 Mary Ayres Wilkinson*
 Mary Belle Wishart
 Edith A. M. Wolf+
 Emma May Woods.
 Mary Harriet Woodward*
 Clara Downing Yocum†

* Indicates honorable mention

† Indicates not tardy.

‡ Indicates not absent.

+ Indicates neither absent nor tardy



Married Folks Club

Color—True Blue.

Flower—Forget-Me-Not.

Active Members.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Ebert (nee Kirk).
Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Jones (nee Barton).
Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCarty (nee Thompson).
Mr. and Mrs. George Tourtellot (nee Topping).
Mr. and Mrs. Butler Gentry (nee Hays).
Mr. and Mrs. Coates Cockrill (nee Lackey).
Mr. and Mrs. William Peters (nee Woods).
Mr. and Mrs. Rex Dunlap (nee James).
Mr. and Mrs. Irving Smith (nee Leslie).
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wells (nee Rockefeller).
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Pugsley (nee Withers).
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Barton (nee Thornton).
Mr. and Mrs. Logan Clendening (nee Robertson).
Mr. and Mrs. David Rider (nee Pague).
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Creswell Eaton (nee Howe).

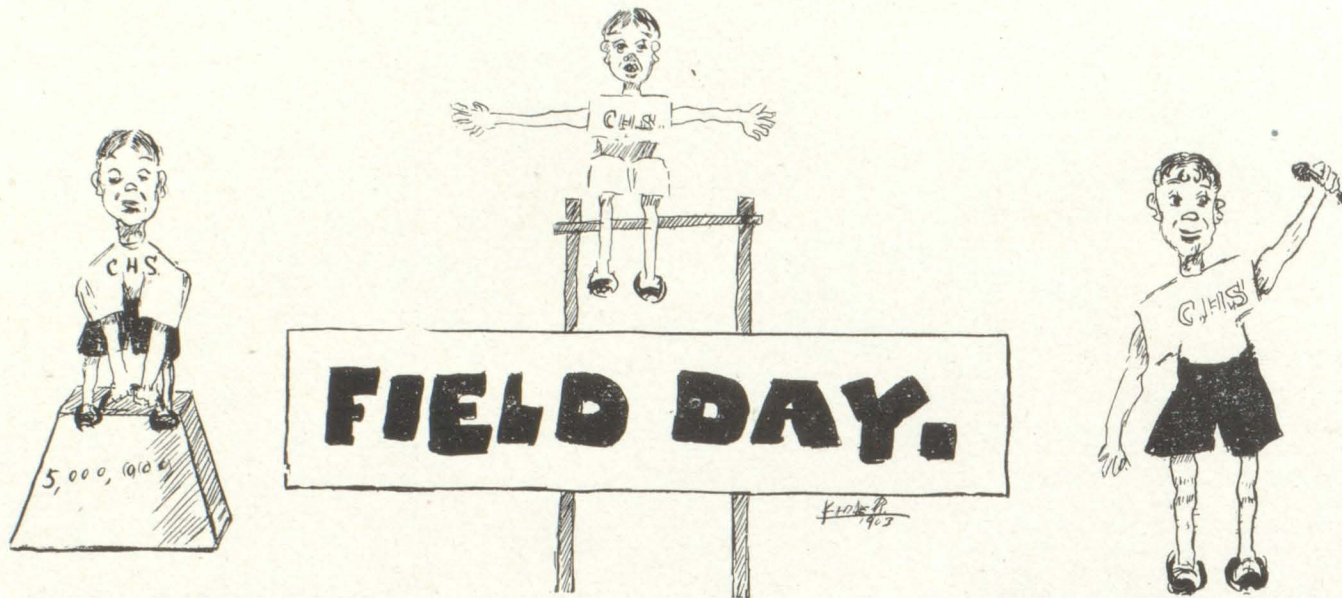
Past Members.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes.
Mr. and Mrs. Bainter.
Mr. and Mrs. Rush.
Mr. and Mrs. Warren Kendall (nee Brown).

Applicants for Membership.

Miss Lee Campbell.
Miss Mary Neal.
Mr. George Smith.
Mr. Loving Crutcher.





First Event—Standing Broad Grin.

Rex Dunlap—First - - - - - 13 inches
 Elwood Frawley—Second - - - - - 12 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches
 First Prize—A sack of nuts.
 Second Prize—A case of crayon.

Second Event—Standing Bluff.

Chas.B.Lynn - - - - - First
 Clifford Jones - - - - - Second
 Stanley Wood - - - - - Third
 First Prize—A pair of mitts.
 Second Prize—A package of fishfood.

Third Event—Free-For-All Pony Race.

Ruth Weeks - - - - - First
 Mary Neal - - - - - Second
 Joyce Welch - - - - - Third

The-Also-Rans flagged at the pole were: Victor King, Robt. Middlebrook, Anna Beth Fox, Ella Beardsley.
 Time—4 years. By heats—Viri Romae, Caesar, Virgil, Cicero.

First Prize Only—One Copy of Prof. Trott's Revised Interlinear.

Fourth Event—Working the "Profs."

Miss Lee Campbell - - - - - First
 Miss Madge Topping - - - - - Second
 Miss Ferne Phillips - - - - - Third
 Miss Martna Woods - - - - - Fourth

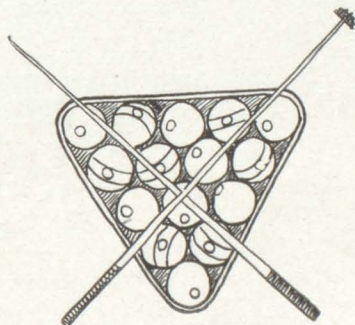
First Prize—A box seat at Orpheum.
 Second Prize—One Set of Dr. Grundy's Famous Teeth.



KNIGHTS OF THE CUE

Colors: Deep Green.
Yell: Ryle, Ryle Cue and Chalk,
Billy, Billy, Rack 'em up.

Three Cushion King—Earl Wells. Straight Rail Viceroy—Chas. Lynn.
Most Eminent Cue Bearer—Harry Bekett, Mighty Spotter—Jess Snodgrass.
Lord High Scratcher—Jack Barton.





William Hogsett, Secretary to Peirpont Morgan.
 J. Roy Ellis, Musical Instructor, Oberlin College.
 Frank Wetherspoon, '02, Night Clerk Grand Hotel.
 Diller Wood, '02, Strong Man Buffalo Bill's Wild West.
 Lawrence Blodgett, Barber, Boston, Mass.

OUR ALUMNI



William F. Gill, '02, First Vice President, First National bank.
 Fred Nelson Pugsley, '02, Dean, University Medical College.
 Hawkins Huey, '06, Manager Loose-Wiles Cracker Company.
 Edwin Dunlap, '02, General Manager Swift Packing Company.
 Paul J. Neff, '02, Dean Physics Dept., Kansas University.
 J. Sherwood Fender, '02, with "The Lost in a Desert Company."
 Harry Kendall, '02, President Wabash R. R. headquarters at St. Louis.
 Lloyd Morrow, '02, Head Clothing Dept. Emery, Bird, Thayer D. G. Co.
 Thor. W. Sanborn, '02, Telephone Boy Sanborn Lumber Co.
 Homer O. Sparks, '02, Sparks Bro. Horse & Mule Co.
 Edward Stevens, '02, Floor Man for Burnham-Hanna & Munger Co.
 Woodford Taylor, '02, Coach Football Team M. S. U.
 Newton Wagner, '02, Waiter, Ann Arbor, Mich.
 Kimber Barton, '02, News Boy, Williamstown, Penn.
 Guy Moore, '01, Instructor Spaulding Commercial College.
 Roscoe Fairbanks Potts, Manager Royal Pool Hall, Columbia, Mo.
 Burnes V. Moore, '01, Boxing Instructor Salina, Kas.
 Ernest Platt, '01, Street Car Conductor, New Haven, Conn.
 Wallace Downing, '01, Killing Dept, Armour Packing Co.
 Edgar Lovejoy, '01, Rector First Baptist Church, Paola, Kas.
 Willard C. Taft, '01, Secretary and Treasurer Rubber Tire Co.
 Harry Harris, Promoter Louisiana Lottery Associations, Hick's Hollow.
 Roy D. Bradbury, Head Clown Sells Bros. Circus.
 Eby Riley, Jockey, for the J. L. Palmer Racing Stable



Does "Cotton" come by the yard? Yes every morning by Miss W's



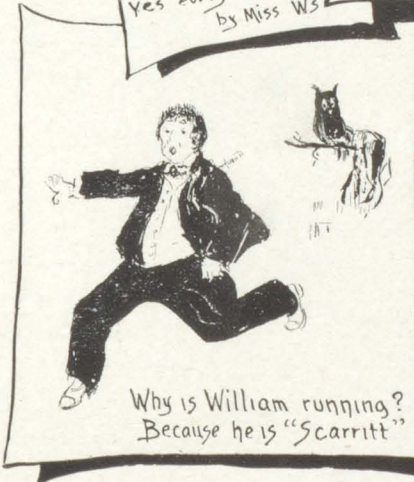
If "Helen" is James, the first in "Dunlap's" mind, does she call "Smith", "George" the second



Why did Egelhoff leave the School? Because he couldn't very well take it with him.



What makes "Adelbert" "cut up" so? Because he's a Barber.



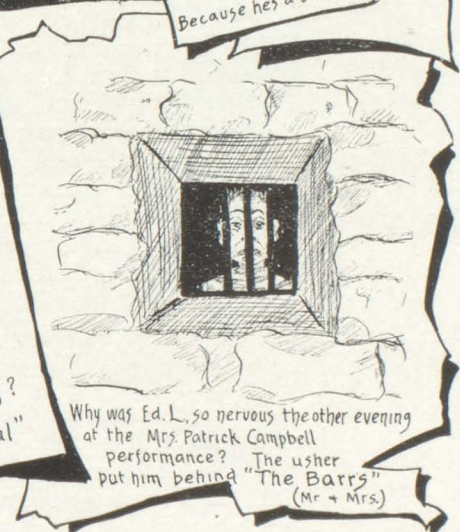
Why is William running? Because he is "Scarritt"



Why is that first hour commercial law class so greatly interested in Packing House affairs? On account "Ham + Bacon"



Did you ever see "Loving" pray? No, but we've seen "Mary Neal"



Why was Ed. L. so nervous the other evening at the Mrs Patrick Campbell performance? The usher put him behind "The Barrs" (Mr + Mrs)

HIS FIRST BATTLE



THE sun rose slowly over the paddy field and gazed down through the heavy vapor, upon a troop of infantry that was monotonously wending its way through the thick yellow grain with a steady, determined tramp.

There was no contrast afforded between the golden paddy field and the khaki uniforms of the men, and only the occasional glimmer of the sun upon the barrels of their rifles betokened life in that desolate place.

The young lieutenant gazed steadily ahead of him and stumbled along unseeing.

This was his first scouting expedition, and between the excitement of his first serious experience and the fear that attends the uninitiated, he was in a somewhat dazed condition.

But the shots of the enemy roused him and quickened the pride that he felt in being given this detail.

The troop marched on and finally found themselves in a thick underbrush where long stinging thorns grew in the abundance that is known only to the Philippines.

The bullets of the enemy sang around their ears and the bronzed skin of the young officer took on an ashy hue as he saw the man beside him fall.



He was young and frightened, but he was an American, and when he caught sight of the slim, agile figure of a Filipino, through the brush, all the blood of his forefathers surged with renewed vigor through his body and his soul was filled with true American patriotism, as he raised his gun and fired his first shot!

His pulses grew steadier and he moved along stealthily with every sense alert.

Suddenly he felt a sharp, stinging pain in his arm and looking down, saw the blood slowly trickling down his sleeve dyeing it an ugly purple.

Just then his sergeant stepped to his side, and said: "Lieutenant, you're shot!"

"Yes," gasped the young officer weakly.

The sergeant grasped him and led him to one side.

His first thought was of his mother, and then there crept over him the remorse of conscience that always comes when one is in imminent danger.

He thought of all the mean things he had said and done from his infancy up to the present time.

By this time he had been led to a place of comparative safety and he felt someone gently supporting him, while the sergeant knelt down and deftly ripped the sleeve open. The lieutenant gasped once or twice and closed his eyes, only to open them again to see that ugly purple stain on his sleeve.

Very carefully the sergeant disclosed the wound; this was too much for the officer and he quickly turned his head that he might not see.

Silence reigned for a second and then the lieutenant felt the man who supported him tremble and heard the sergeant say in a thick, choked voice:

"Lieutenant, it's a thorn!"

EDNA WILSON.



D O O Electioneering Club

Profound Plugger—Harry Beckett. Worthless Advisor—L. Trevilion Crutcher. Stub, the Sniffer—Hoyle Jones.
 Cute, the Mixer—Virgil Dodge. Belittled Candidate—Clifford Jones.

Canvassers.

Sam Seebree. Hyden Eaton. Ralph Page. Frank Eglehoff.
 Rufus Montgall. Walter Sanford. George Tourtelott. John Blodgett.

Anxious Candidates.

Elwood Frawley. Sam Levitt. Will Cooper.



Ros.

Mr. Graves does a Creatore stunt.



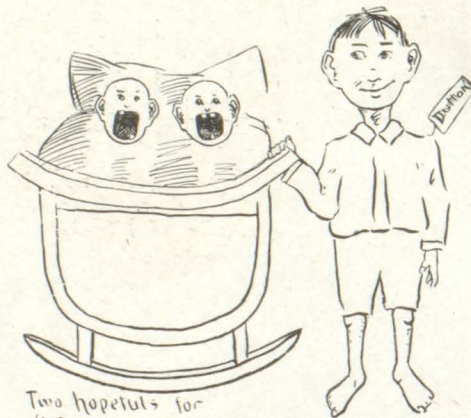
Joe Brown

Miss K. C. She's caught one, too.



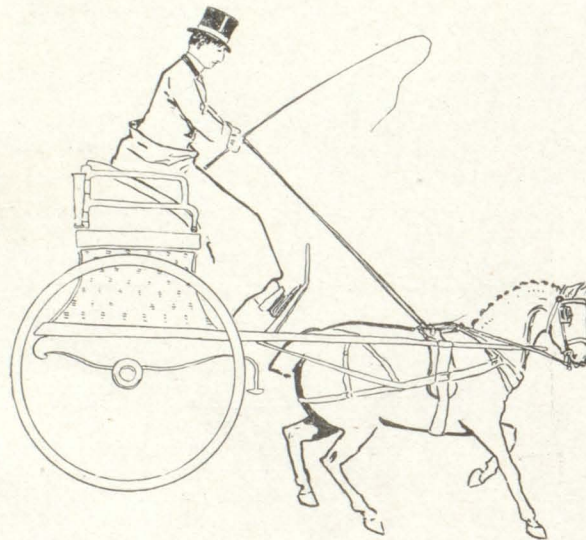
R.R.

Dr. White at the bat.



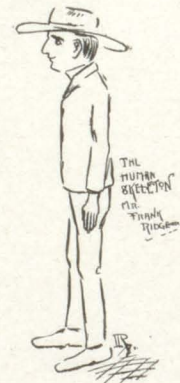
O.D. Ross

Two hopefuls for
"The Glee Club"



O.D. Ross

Mr. Ralph Ashbrook Knight at the Horse Show.



THE HUMAN SKELETON
FRANK THORNTON

MRS. G. B. WHEELER,
Matron.



1903.



1858.



1858.

PATRICK R. COLL,
Central's Popular Janitor.



1903.



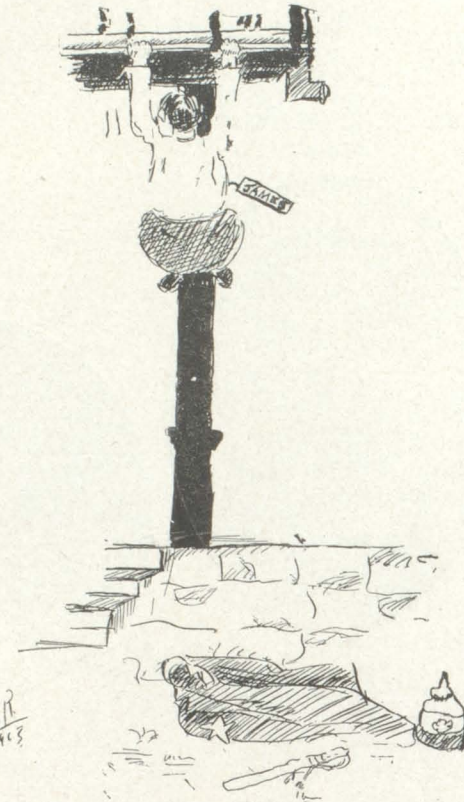
GRUNDY'S FIRST STEPS IN ENGLISH.

Note—By placing the illustrations with each selection we feel that the pupil derives more real true value from the lesson than he would if illustrations were lacking.

LESSON I. THE CHATELAINE BAG.



Ah children! What is this que-er thing we see before us on the ta-ble? An pock-et book. It is found hang-ing to the belts of most girls. What is its use? To car-ry things. What is in the que-er thing? Let's look and see. Here is an knife and an pow-der rag, and an pair of dice, and some pick-els, and some car-fare, and some fudge, and a hand-ker-chief, and an look-ing glass, an comb and brush, an pair of slip-pers, a turkish tow-el, an novel, an note, an hard boiled egg, an pa-per of pins, an watch, an pair of hair-pins and a file and an horse-shoe nail and an rab-bit foot. Does the owner need all of these things? MOST-LY.



LESSON II. THE PORCH CLIMBER.

Do you see James? He is clim-bing up the post and "needs the money." Will he get it? Let us see. He has opened the win-dow and is stepping in the room. Where are the people that live in the house? They are down stairs dining. Yes, he has got something, it is a seal skin sack and a few diamonds which the kind lady left on a chair for him. Will she get them back? Yes, if Chief Hayes can't use them.

GRUNDY'S FIRST STEPS IN ENGLISH---Continued.

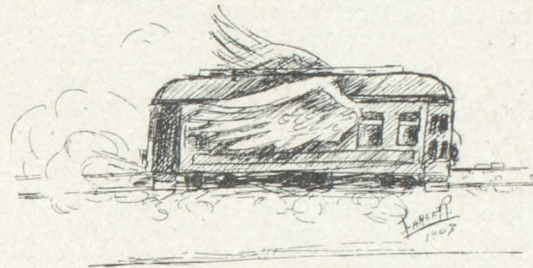


LESSON III.

THE CURFEW.

Why are the children stand-ing? Because they want the curfew to ring. Will it ring if they all stand up? Ask the Mayor.

Who is the man on the stage smil-ing at our princi-pal and clap-ping his hands? He is Mr. Hoagland. Do the child-ren like Mr. Hoagland? Well, we rather guess yes.



LESSON IV.

THE NEW GREEN CAR.

Little folks, do you see that long gre-en thing be-fore you? It is a new Troost car and it is pro-pel-led by e-lee-tric-ity. It goes on tracks, sometimes, and at others it gces on peo-ple. Run away pup-ils for it makes a great noise and rais-es cane, dust and taxes. Do most peo-ple like the "new green cars?" No, not many, only just those who can get off the car and walk for a long while to their hom-es. How far do the peo-ple walk to their home? Many miles. What do the other peo-ple do? They just lay awake and say man-y things about the "new green cars."

CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE.

(a la Central.)

Whanne that May had come with her bright sonne
And had oped the floures every one,
Than eke alle good folk rejoiced were
In our graduations couthe stir.

Befelle that in that seson on a day
At Central High a merrie band there lay,
Who longen an a pilgrimage to go,
And in the world devoute corage shew.
And natheless you or alle of them I'll tell,
Both who they weren, how they lookéd well
And eke in what arraie they were inne,
And at their leader wol I firste beginne.
A stately man was he, and well ydressed.
His coat ypinched was across his breast.
Without a sound he moved amonge the crowd.
His voice full semely low, nor ever loud.
A man of power was he, a principal,
And eke as worthy wight was not at all.
With him there was a man, his assistante,
With lockes crull, ne e'er did presse want.
Full tall was he, and snapped bright his eyen
As though therein did sondry tempers lyen.
Than came a boy, a yonge president,
To whom the office importance ylent.
A mighty hed he had, and though it w'as,
Ellis eke thought it larger than it was.
With him also a worthy youthe there ben,

Forsoothe Dutton he's yclipped of men,
Embranded was he as it were a mede,
Alle full of freshe colloures, white and rede,
For worthiness eke he ben honoured might.
Also with them was Jones, a propre wight,
And of his part as meke as is a mayde,
Ne never yet ne villanie ne sayde.
Inne alle his life, and curteis was he.
A simple mayde there was, demure was she.
Her name was Troupe, yet she did walk alone.
Of candie and of peanuts wolde she nonne.
A Hail there was, nor was he grete of lengthe.
In mathematikes weren alle his strengthe.
He was not pale as a forpined gost.
He loved not the talle maydens most.
A merrie mayde than came, one Mary N.,
Full light of heart and bright of hed she ben,
And by hire side there rode a loving friende
Who travelled with her to the journey's ende.
Behind her next yrode a fluffy lass,
Hire nose tretis; hire eyen grey as glass;
That of hire smiling was full simple and coy.
Hire greatest othe ne was by Seint Eloy.
And she Alitha Ban yclipped was
Thire was a Doctour, too, greatest of men,
Full big he was of braun and eke of bones.
Forsooth he was a stout carle for the nones.
Of Latin and of Logike he was red,

CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE.

Shining as glass and ballid was his hed.
Natheless he was yloved of alle the bande
More than alle other clerkes in the lande.
With him went Mr. Gordon alle the day.
He was as freshe as is the moneth of May.
Of twenty yere of age he was, I guess
He well coude blush, yet well code teche natheless.
Than came a sãintly mayde, yclipped Beardsley.
The service well she sang and fetisly,
And she was not right fat I undertake,
With her the pilgrimage also to make,
Rode Anna Beth, on no lean hors, I trow,
For hardily she was not undergrow.
There was one Graves a full solempne man
Of rocke and antike beastie well he can
Discourse if eke with care wolde seek, ye may
Findé him at mandolinning alle the day,
A clerke there was amonge the bande also
That unto Physiks hadde long ygo.
His even twinkled in his hed aright
As don the starres on a frosty night.
A merrie man was Ayres and sharpe of speche
Souning in common sense and well did teche.
A mayde there ben, who Welsh yclipped was,
A smile as of a cherubinne she has,
And sikerly she was of grete disport,
And full pleasant, and amiable of port.

A good man was there, Douglasse yclipped,
Who in the ways of patience ykept,
Well, as a techer sholde, ensample yeve.
By his cleneness how his shepe sholde live
Than came a techer of drie Rhetorike,
Full thoroughly she taut to write and speke.
In fellowship well coude she laughe and carpe,
And of her wittes was she ware and sharpe.
There also was one I trowe, yloved of alle;
One Holmes who made us write upon the walle
Hard problems sondry, and myself and Mr. Coll.
At ende of alle the train he paced on
And gathered up the stragglers every one.
Of his stature he was of even lengthe
And won duly sharpe eyed and grete of strengthe.
He was a man of an unbounded waiste—
Had in his nut-hed a round visage placed.
A Frawley hadde he, who in speche coude win.
Of his complexion he was sanguine;
At will ne coude with sarrie palsy shake,
Or any parte upon a programme take.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause
Th' estat, the arraie, the nombre and eke the cause.
Why that assembled was this compagnie.
Than look about you in the school and see
Eke for yourself the way of our viage,
And alle the rime want of our pilgrimage.

S. LANGSTAFF.



GOLD RIMMED MIRRORS

By
JULIA
TAVENNER



HE was sitting alone under a big tree. On her lap lay a book. Looking moodily over her glasses, she saw neither the little flower with which she was idly toying, nor the beautiful green vines at her feet. A pair of deep brown eyes shut all else from her view.

He was so dignified, and distant, and cold—to her. He had always been so, even when they were little children. In the very act of teasing the other girls “half crazy,” he always said, “Yes, ma’am” to her, and lifted his cap.

Now, it was even worse. He treated the other girls to bright little compliments, witty personalities, which gained him a welcome in every group. With her, he never made conversation. If there was nothing to talk about, he kept quiet and waited for her to find something. There was no name for his manner, but indifference. Still, every now and then, she was led to hope that losing her good opinion would be a matter of real importance to him. Yet, he was so distant that a wall of ice seemed always to separate them.

Some one had told her that he had complained of her coldness. What a good chance he gave her to be warm-hearted and affectionate! With a vicious jerk, she uprooted the poor, unoffending little flower.

Suddenly, the moody expression gave place to a startled, then to an interested look; but, in a minute, the lovely face assumed the most correct drawing-room non-expressiveness, bending just a little lower to look at the broken flower.

Slowly the non-committal look changed to wonder, surprise, breathless interest. The violet eyes assumed a fixed, peculiar look. Now, they were sparkling with a softened light, and her quick, agitated breathing seemed the only disturber of Nature's perfect calm; turning half-way round, she met a strong, eager handclasp, and raised her eloquent face to the passionate gaze of a pair of deep brown eyes.

* * * * *

Resting contentedly on the grass at her feet, an hour later, he asked brightly: "Do you still hate your glasses as much as you used to?"

She started, glancing, as he thought, almost guiltily at the glasses now lying in her lap.

"No," she said.

Looking down at them, her imagination pictured again the reflection she had seen there an hour ago, a big, broad-shouldered fellow coming aimlessly up the path behind the big tree, poking into the grass with a stick.

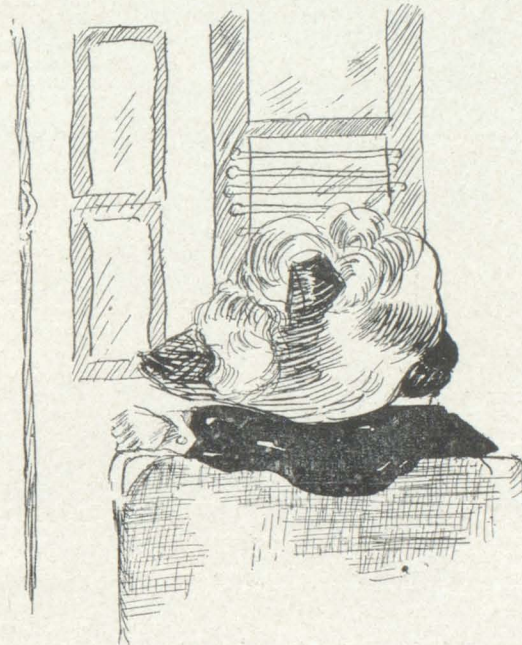
Shifting his head, he glanced carelessly in her direction, suddenly took two or three quick nervous steps forward, then stopped. Slowly, noiselessly, he came on until he was standing close behind her. Reflected in those dark eyes, she saw, mirrored in her glasses, all the passionate longing of her own heart. She saw, and turned.

"Can you see so much better with them?" the deep voice broke in.

She started again; and, still thinking of the reflection which she had seen in their clear depths, answered, with a happy little smile: "Yes, I can see better *with* them, and a great deal better *in* them."

JULIA TAVENNER.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



They live on the South Side 10 blocks apart—Who are they?

MADAME WISE GUYESS



H. BECKETT.

So you want to take your lady to the "opera house" and haven't got the "mussumma" and you ask what to do. Well go and walk backwards and she will think you are coming out.

E. WELLS—Dear Madame, I heard that if I wrote to you, you could tell me what to do in my sad plight. I owe the tailors 25 dollars, the florist 60c and Billy Ryle 25c. I also owe my neighbor, C. Lawler \$20. What had I better do. Move.

DAINTY LULU—You ask what is good for "white hands." Place them in dishwater three times a day, followed by a brisk "stunt" with a broom, hoe or carpet sweeper.

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ing to personal affairs will be answered by "Marconi System" upon receipt of a few ether waves and a paperless telegram pad.

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A. BARR.

No, A. B. you have committed a horrible breach of etiquette. Never open grapes with a nut cracker or place mustard on the ice cream. If you are unfortunate enough to drop any of your food in your neighbor's lap, don't call his attention to it and ask him if it is his. Let him find his own mistake.

C. COMBS—What's a good thing for an aching tooth? Have it pulled.

RAILROAD MAN—You want to know what time that 9 o'clock Wabash train leaves for Loulsberg? Sixty minutes after eight.

RESTLESS GRANDMA—My grandson swallowed a thermometer last week. What's to be done? Make him "cough up," if he don't he'll surely die by degrees.

B. DORMAN—(a) Who discovered Columbus. (b) Who invented the lock step? (c) What color is black? (d) Who was the first Swedish alderman to join Tammany? (e) What's Milwaukee noted for besides beer?

Answers:

- (a) America.
- (b) Pinky Blitz.
- (c) Yes.
- (d) O'Rafferty.
- (e) Bottles.

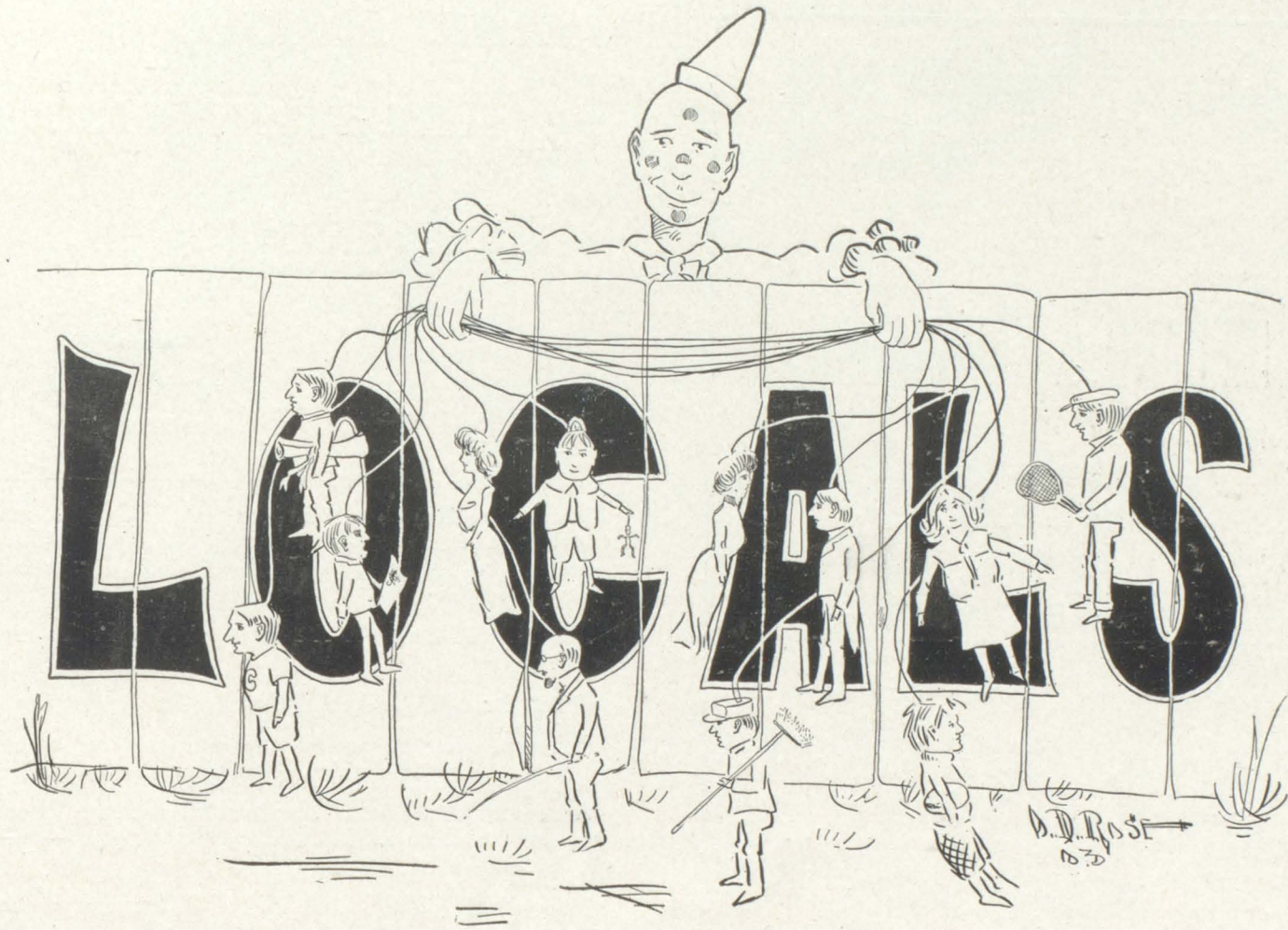
MILO EBERT.

You say that the one you love, loves you not and you ask me what to do. Follow formula given below, apply twice a week and await results. Take a couple of theater tickets, mix with a 5 pound box of candy and a three dollar brougham, followed by a supper and a slow ride home; a bunch of roses next morning, then buckle down and earn another week's salary. Repeat this until you feel that you are it.

INQUIRER—No, never chew the gum found under the street car seats, it's very bad for the teeth.

WEALTHY WIFE—I feel quite sure that my husband married me for my money. I am a very ardent lover of monkeys and keep one with me constantly, and to this hubby objects. What is best for me to do? My advice would be just keep silent for my belief is that "hubby" is well earning his money.

AMBITIOUS—So, since your neighbor's son has got a raise, she puts on airs, buys her vegetables from a "Dago" huckster, takes milk from a man who lives next door to a fellow who owns an automobile and in every way acts "stuck up." You have no son to get a raise, so you don't see anything to do. Just buy a bottle of Le Page's glue and show her that her neighbors can be stuck up too.



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Lockridge—That's right, Mr. Lewis; it's always telling one good bye.

Ask Miss Thornton if she saw that man in the cage with the sheep.

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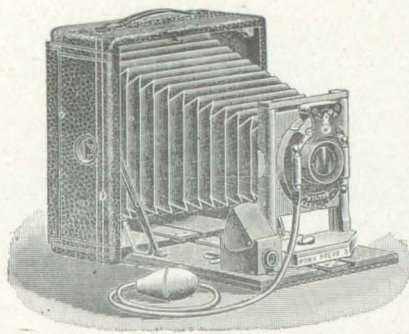
To trade some of my burning thoughts for a command over the English Iambic.—The Centralian poet.

A new set of janitors. Applicants must be as pretty as present incumbents. No seniors need apply. — The whole school.

Mary Neal (on the golf links)—O, heavens, all my things are broken.

Caddy—Oh, no, ma'am; you have the ball left.

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Middlebrook reminds one of a toy balloon. If he was pricked with a pin there would be nothing left of him.

Mr. Ayres (in physics class)—“What is force?”
Tourtelott—“A new breakfast food.”

Every singer in that Plato quintette could point out four good reasons why the harmony wasn't absolutely perfect.

Cockrell informs us that three of a kind would have scooped the ark, as it held nothing but pairs.

John Langsdale, by the way, informs us also that one of the dampers of ambition is the fact that the mantle of greatness has to be worn as a shroud too often.

Overheard in Hermann's, where crowd of Platos were eating: “Do you call that a veal outlet?” asked Wells. “Why, it is an insult to a calf to call that a veal outlet.” “I didn't mean to insult you, sir,” said the waiter.

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"I rise for information," said Stanley Wood during C. L. C. election. "I am very glad to hear it," came a voice from the rear of the room; "no one needs it more."

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The S. L. H.'s: I have not obeyed the voice of my
teachers nor inclined mine ear to them that instructeth me.

Charles Silvey Preglesley: Yet a little sleep, a little
slumber, a little folding of the hands in sleep!

Helen James: The light of the eyes rejoiceth the heart.

The Sisters in Secrecy: Who hath contentions?
Who hath babbling?

New Haven: He that laboureth, laboureth for him-
self.

The Platos: Kings and bears often worry their
keepers.

Adelbert Barber: Beware of the young Barber.

Aletha Barr: Better slip with foot than tongue.

Harry Beckett: "Full of courtesies, full of craft.

Howard Hudson: O, Lazy-bones! Dost thou think
God would have given thee arms and legs if he had not
designed thou shouldst use them?

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 6. The value of equipment in libraries, laboratories, furniture, endowment, etc., has quadrupled.
 7. The Twentieth Century Thank Offering Fund, gathered during the past three years, aggregates more than \$110,000.
 8. Although No. 3 is true, nevertheless, because of No. 4, another building is necessary. Most of the money is in hand, and it is hoped to begin it this spring.
 9. **No Football!** All other college games are heartily supported; a gymnasium, costing, with equipment, \$35,000, having separate practice rooms, lockers, baths, etc., for men and women; two physical directors, two assistants and two medical examiners to look after the physical well-being of students.
 10. "Baker has never been defeated in debate!" Recent graduates hold twelve scholarships in six different post-graduate schools. For the last three years Baker has won first place in the State Oratorical Contest, and two years ago won first place in the Interstate; four graduates have fine positions in the U. S. Weather Bureau Service; of the four Magnetic Observatories in the United States, Baker men are in charge of three; last year there were more calls for teachers than we had graduates to supply.
 11. To sum up briefly the progress of the last five years, the attendance has almost doubled, the Freshman class has trebled, the income has quadrupled, the housing capacity has more than doubled, the value of equipment in laboratories, libraries has trebled, the endowment has quadrupled, and with the next graduating class President Murlin will have signed more diplomas than has been granted by the institution in all its previous thirty-six years' history.
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Heard in the Class Room—Mr. Gordon: "Who was Jupiter?" Stanley Wood (hearing a loud whisper from right answers boldly), "An Egyptian princess."

Mr. Rush (in Commercial Law): "What special importance has the law of procedure?" R. Ham (his mind full of his spring suit): "Through this the state tries to find out what particular breeches have been made."

Logic according to Susie Brooks in English—"Red clover is fertilized by bumble bees, bumble bees are destroyed by moles, moles are eaten by cats, cats are kept by old maids, the number of old maids is increased by higher education; therefore higher education is responsible for the increase of red clover."

A figure of speech according to Runnels—"I had to go down to the river to hear the water rattle over the stones."

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Mr. Douglass: "As we have a half a minute left, Middlebrook you put all the verbs and nouns you know on the board."

Teacher: "There is an opening in the skull of very young infants." Hughes immediately feels for his.

Longan (translating French): "I know these are males, unless I am crazy—the he goat, the bull, the dog and the hen."

Miss —: "Why, Ed Lockridge, haven't you read 'Alice in Wonderland? Most small children have.'"



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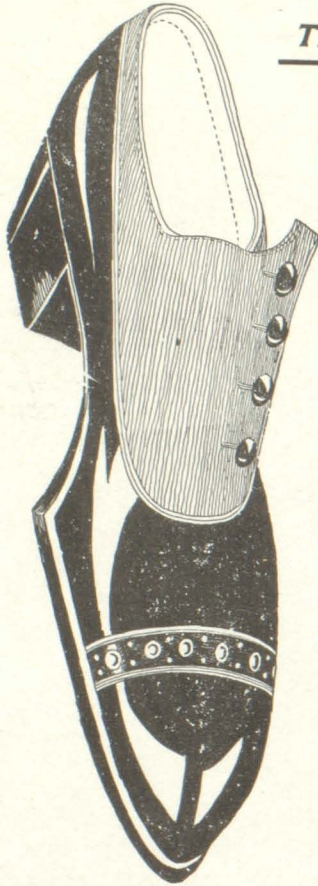
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The little urchins play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day."

—The Class of '06.

"And out of mind as soon as out of sight."—The
Janitors.

"Base is the slave who pays"—his dues for the C.
L. C. party.

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"Use Sapolio."—Henry Clark.

"Nothing doing."—Average society meeting.

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"With a lullably song."—The Plato quintette.

"It is very, very small, indeed."—Grover Renick.



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Questioner: The alarming spread of insanity among the editors of the Luminary is to be charged directly to the when-will-the-annual-be-out fiend.

H. E. N. Club: The quotation you refer to is from Shakespeare, we believe, and reads: "Don't never butt in."

Wells: As to your question as to a means for staying away from Ryle's, we can only suggest that you find another pool hall to go to.

English Student: No, Mr. Rush does not tell any jokes unless the greater part of the class is present. He does not wish to repeat them.

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J--n K-rk: We hardly think you can hope to regain his affection.

Mr. B--t-n. Sir.: You have been misinformed. Your son Jack has been doing excellent work here all year.



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"There's mischief in this man."—Francis McShane.

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Inquisitive: We have never even heard of the "Websters." You must be mistaken in the name.

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Knock as you please; there's nobody at home."

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Were I to come to you, my friend,
And tell you for a fact
That I drove a ball three hundred yards or more,
And in reward for this fine drive
Received as poor a lie as e'er was seen,
I know what you would say.
You'd calmly turn and smile,
And with a far-off look reply
You thought it was a blamed good lie.

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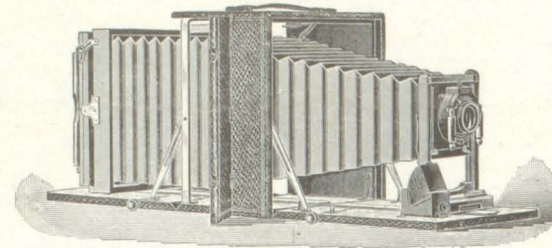
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Grove: Yes, Hallowe'en is an old custom of the Romans. See Virgil—"Rejoicing he walked off with the gait of Julius."

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Smith.

“Most glorious (K)night,
Thou wert truly sent for slumber.”

—Ralph Knight,

But if we meet in distance years,
Or on a foreign shore,
I well can take my oath I've seen
That ingrowing face before.”

Owed to Crutcher.

“Jokes of all kinds cut and dried.”—Prof. Smith.

“Lightly from fair to fair he flew, and loved to plead,
lament and sue.”—Frank Williams.

“ 'Tis the looking down that makes one dizzy.”—
“Lengthy” Will Peters.

“Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it, for shame,
And hang a calfskin on thy recreant limbs.”

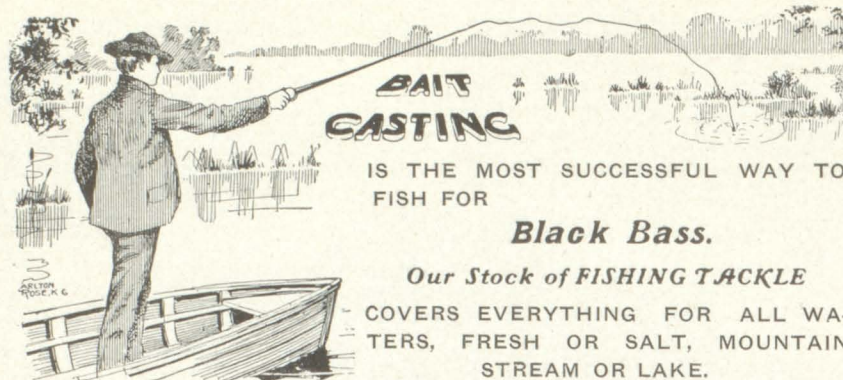
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"Mother has lost her pet, sister her toy."—Sam
Sebree.

"Company, villainous company, has been the spoil of
me."—Chas. Lockridge.

"Where got'st thou that goose look."—"Overall."

"Give me a case to put my visage in."—Rider.

"On whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony."

—Gentry.

"How doubly blessed are we that are not simple
men."—Bruce.

"Only in the world to fill up space."—Dallas Tour-
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Nothing.—“Satisfied,” Tourtelotte.

A quorum.—C. L. C. 'S.

A smaller laugh.—Beck.

A new face.—North Mehorney.

To be graduated.—O. Rose.

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'Tis the last silver dollar, left shining alone;
All its bright companions are squandered and gone;
No coin of its mintage reflects back its hue.
They went in Funke's Bonbons, and this will go, too.
I'll not keep thee, thou lone one, too long in suspense.
Thy brothers were melted, and melt thou to pence;
I'll ask for no quarter, I'll spend and not spare,
Till my old tattered pockets hang centless and bare.
—Frank N. Mitchell.

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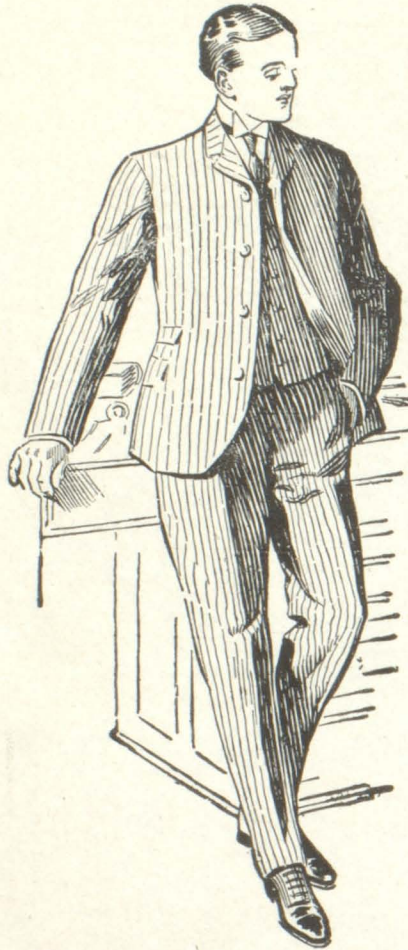
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Mr. Change: When you speak to a man look on his eyes.

Loving Crutcher: "There are no fools so troublesome as those that have wit.

Lulu Hayes: Pretty and witty, will wound if they hit ye.

Will Scarritt: You may give a man an office, but you cannot find him discretion.

Smith: The most exquisite folly is made of wisdom spun too fine.

"Matches are made in heaven. The fire never goes out in the other place," so says Mr. Peters.

Composed by — to A. B.

"I'd like to steal this curly lock
To remember you, little girl;"
And sweet she gazed at him and said
"I'm glad it's still in curl."



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