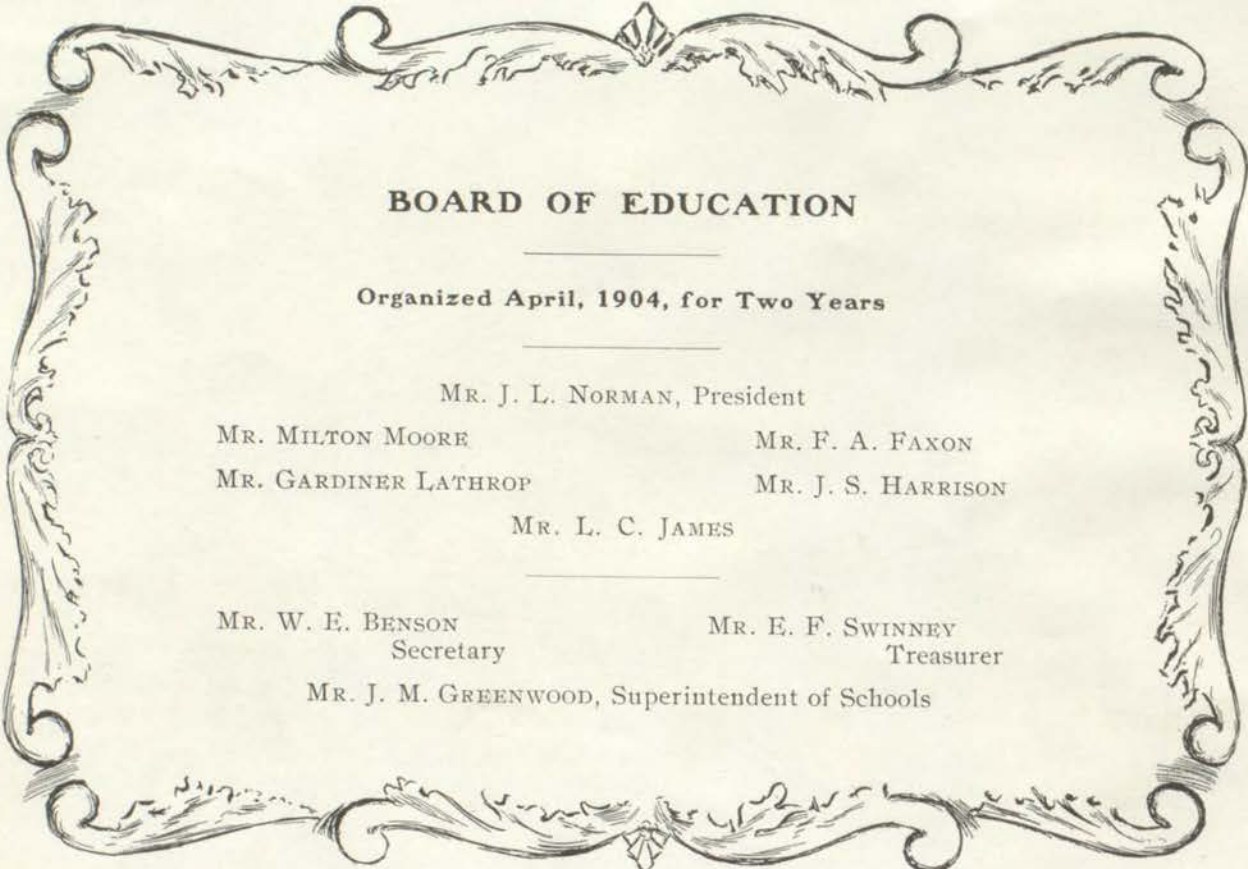




THE
STAFF





BOARD OF EDUCATION

Organized April, 1904, for Two Years

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EVOLUTION OF CENTRAL

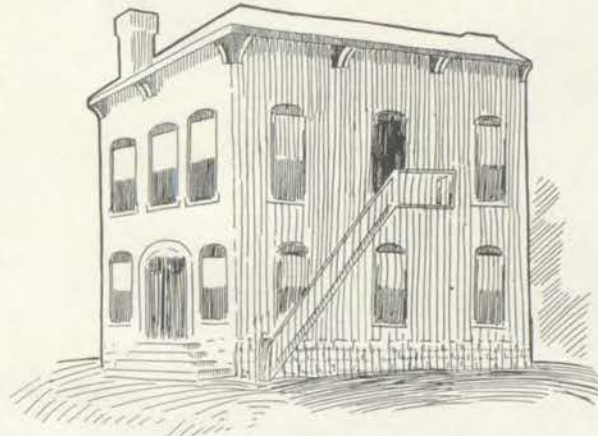
With the growth of Kansas City came the demand for a high school. The Board of Education realizing the need, purchased in 1867 the lot 240 x 132 feet on the southeast corner of Eleventh and Locust streets. At the time a two-story brick building of two rooms stood upon the lot. This was converted into a school and Mr. J. B. Bradley elected to take charge. For four years this building was used under the management of Mr. Bradley and later of Mr. W. G. Pratt. But in 1872 it became overcrowded and it was evident that the school facilities must be increased. For this purpose a one-story frame structure of three rooms just south of the school was pressed into service. In the fall of the next year Mr. C. L. Sheffield was made principal. For three years these two buildings were sufficient, but then another change became necessary. The frame building was removed and the brick structure enlarged by additions to the south and east. The school had then nine rooms and it was at this time that Mr. E. C. White first became principal.

As the school grew and improved, interest was aroused in the people and a desire for better equipments naturally followed. The Board of Education, to meet

the new demands, erected a three-story brick building, seventy-four feet square, on the south end of the lot. On each of the first two floors were five class rooms with wide halls running the entire length. The third floor was one large auditorium with a seating capacity of five hundred. Before a year had passed the attendance grew to seven hundred, but for a while the school

was made to serve their needs. In 1887 Mr. White resigned and Mr. J. T. Buchanan was elected principal. Ten years later an addition to the school became absolutely necessary. Five rooms of the old building on the north end of the lot were appropriated and a year later the whole was made an annex to the school. In 1891 over one thousand pupils were enrolled. That spring the people in the school district rising to the emergency, voted one hundred thousand dollars for a new

building. Work was immediately begun. In October, an addition of eight rooms on the west sides of the old building was completed. Part of the Assembly hall was divided up and made into three large class rooms. For other quarters several rooms of the Y. M. C. A. building were secured and here the pupils who could not be admitted into the school proper were accommo-



CENTRAL 1868-1877

EVOLUTION OF CENTRAL—Cont'd

dated. In December, 1893, the new high school, which stands on the north end of the lot, was finished. It is separated from the original structure by courts forty feet wide and is connected on each floor by an enclosed passage. There are three stories and a basement. On the north front is a tower one hundred and forty feet in height and on the southwest corner there is an observatory used by the pupils in connection with the study of astronomy. The revolving copper dome is of sufficient height to enable the observer to survey the horizon in all directions.

The interior of the building was arranged with an eye to the utilization of all the room possible. On both the first and second floor, large halls run the entire length of the building. There are also on the first two floors large study halls, each of which is capable of seating more than two hundred pupils. The third floor, with the exception of five class rooms, was appropriated for a large Assembly hall with a balcony on three sides. In this auditorium more than seventeen hundred pupils can easily be seated. In the school,

including both the old and the new buildings, there are forty-three recitation rooms.

In 1897 Mr. Buchanan left to take charge of a high school in New York City. Mr. E. C. White was re-elected principal but in '01 he resigned and Mr. I. I. Cammack, then vice-principal, was made principal and still has charge of the school. What the school is today,

what these men with the assistance of an able corps of teachers have made it, we all know. It has been the purpose of the Central high school to give a broad and liberal preparation for life, but the education has been more for a growth of character and individual strength than for a development of any particular calling that may be chosen. More than twenty-five hundred students have graduated from

Central and these graduates are found today in every vocation and profession, demonstrating by their enterprise and intelligence their fitness to deal with the practical affairs of life.

ELIZABETH CLAY, Senior.



CENTRAL 1875-1884





CENTRAL
HIGH
SCHOOL



I. I. CAMMACK
PRINCIPAL



E. C. WHITE
VICE-PRINCIPAL



E. M. BAITER
ASSISTANT-PRINCIPAL

FACULTY

Nineteen Hundred Three and Four

MR. I. I. CAMMACK, - Principal
 DR. E. C. WHITE, Vice-Prin., - Latin
 MR. E. M. BAINTER, Ass't-Prin.,
 Mathematics
 MR. A. E. DOUGLASS, - - Latin
 MISS JENNIE ADAMS, - - Latin
 MR. WILLIAM CATRON GORDON,
 Latin and Greek
 MISS LOUISE MOREY, Latin and Greek
 MISS KATE HARRIMAN,
 Latin and Mathematics
 SENOR FRANCISCO ORTIZ, Spanish
 MRS. EMMA GUINOTTE CLARKE, French
 MISS CREAGER, - - French
 MISS E. VON UNWERTH, - German
 MISS LAURA WHIPPLE,
 German and English
 MR. E. B. EVANS, - - English
 MISS E. M. STRAUCHON, - English
 MISS SOPHIA ROSENBERGER, English
 MISS ESTHER CROWE, - English
 MR. A. D. BONNIFIELD, - English
 MR. A. F. SMITH, English Literature
 MR. F. H. AYERS, - - Physics
 MR. L. B. MULL, - Ass't in Physics
 MR. F. N. PETERS, - - Chemistry
 MR. W. A. LEWIS, Ass't in Chemistry
 MR. C. H. NOWLIN,
 Physiology and Psychology
 MR. PORTER GRAVES,
 Physical Geography and Geology
 MISS MARY I. STEFLE, - Biology
 MR. H. H. HOLMES, - Mathematics



MR. WILLIAM A. LUBY, Mathematics
 MISS JOSEPHINE MAGERLE,
 Mathematics
 MISS EFFIE BUCK, - Mathematics
 MR. W. H. TEMPLIN,
 Mathematics and Mech. Drawing
 MRS. EVA Z. STEINBERG,
 Shorthand and Bookkeeping
 MISS ELLEN E. FOX,
 Rhetoric and Grammar
 MISS BERTHA BAIN,
 Rhetoric and History
 MR. J. W. WHITE, - - History
 MR. WM. A. LEWIS,
 History and Political Economy
 MISS EVELYN BURRILL,
 History and Civil Government
 MR. E. E. RUSH,
 Civil Government and Com. Law
 MR. P. K. DILLENBECK, - Elocution
 MRS. C. FARWELL-VOORHEES, Music
 MR. WILLIAM WEBER, - Drawing
 MISS MIGNON CROWDER,
 Ass't in Drawing
 MR. WM. C. HAMILTON,
 Physical Director
 MISS ANNA WOLFSON, - Substitute
 MISS KATHARINE MORGAN, Substitute
 MISS ELEANOR DENNY, - Study Hall
 MRS. S. T. FLUHART, - Study Hall
 MISS ETHEL M. SHANKLIN, - Clerk
 MRS. G. B. WHEELER, - Matron
 MR. P. R. COLL, - - - Janitor

EDITORIALS

The primary purpose of the Year Book of a school or college should be to represent as truly as possible a year of the history of the school, both in the light of beneficial industry and the pleasures afforded by its society. In this capacity it need not, and certainly should not, assume the characteristics of a catalogue. No particular division of its subject matter should be carried to an extreme, but the entire space should be proportioned among the different heads according to their relative importance in the history recorded.

With the appearance of this volume the work of the present Staff is ended. The editing of THE LUMINARY has been a pleasant duty, yet it has been work. The experience which many of the members of the Staff have received by an almost constant association with the business men of the city is a study in itself, whose value in future situations cannot be estimated. It is the desire



of THE LUMINARY Staff of nineteen four to represent all members of Old Central, from the highest and most mighty of all Seniors to the tiniest and most green of all Freshmen, and to fulfill in every detail the requirements of a truly representative Year Book. If the Staff has succeeded in this

purpose, it will consider its work not only ended, but complete.

This has been an unusually successful and pleasant year for both teachers and pupils in the history of Central. In September the work was taken up with the earnestness and studiousness now becoming so characteristic of the members of the school. Even the Freshmen seemed less green and entered upon their high school life in an elderly and dignified manner. The society work was continued with more than ordinary seriousness and the newly-elected LUMINARY

EDITORIALS—Cont'd

Staff began its work with enthusiasm. This quiet was disturbed only when the two oldest societies, the Platonian Literary society and the Central Literary club, and later the third oldest, the Philomathean Literary society, disbanded. The entire school hopes that in the near future other societies will be formed which will be as great an aid in raising the literary standard of the school as the old societies were found to be.

In athletics Central has kept up to her usual standard. On the football field she won victories and suffered defeats, it is true, but these were all forgotten in the glorious victory over Manual, her rival. Baseball has been taken up again this year and the school is looking forward to the time when its representatives will win laurels in the Track Meet. More interest is added to the athletics by the meets to be held between the classes of the school. For this purpose not only the Junior and Senior classes, but the Sophomore and Freshman as well, were organized recently and we hope that these meets will prove a rallying point for the class spirit, in which the school is so noticeably lacking.

On the stage Central has been most admirably represented. The annual Christmas play was once more a brilliant success, and an added pleasure was given by the new scenery used that evening for the first time.

The Board of Education has at last renewed the privilege formerly accorded the literary societies of having a pay entertainment. This is to be in the form of a contest in oratory and essay writing, and is designed to prove one of the most brilliant events in the school year.

The highest interest has always been felt in the Hall programs given by the literary societies. This year the school looked forward with curiosity to the first, that of the Aristonian society, which, considering the very short time the girls had to prepare it, was a credit to the society. The second, given by the S. L. H.'s, was one of the most original that has ever been presented on the Assembly Hall stage. It fulfilled entirely the traditions of the society which is now the oldest within the walls of Old Central. Two weeks later took place the Webster's Hall program, clever and humorous from first to last. Later in the year the Glee club, under the management of Mr. Howard Hudson, appeared in a most enjoyable program.

Not only in our own school but in outside fields as well Central's students have won laurels. As usual, honors in the Chicago Declamation Contest were taken by Central, but more so than usual. This year not only did Mr. Hudson win first place, but our other representative, Miss Lulu Hayes, as well. Another annual event in the history of the school was the result of the competition carried on by the Sons of the Revolution. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Cary Griffin won the gold medal and Miss Blanche Rosencrans the silver one.

Last but not least of the school events come Class day and Commencement, which will round out the work of a class which has been a pride to the school and a source of great satisfaction to themselves.

THE LUMINARY

HISTORY

Way back in the misty eighties, when even most of the Seniors were still below the level of the dining-room table, the first LUMINARY was published. It was a Christmas gift to the school; not a novelty in art, appearance or subject matter, yet remarkable, considering that it was the start and considering the conditions under which it was published. It consisted of twelve pages of cheap printing on cheaper paper and was without date or cover. The most important feature of this first edition was its name and this has come down to us, still meaning "the brightest of shining lights."

The first two volumes of THE LUMINARY were published by the members of the High School Debating society, afterwards the Central Literary club, and the paper was entirely under the control of the Society; but, in 1887, the Piatts, and a year later, the Philos were given a representation on the paper. Under the new management, THE LUMINARY met with greater success. It was divided into departments, editorial, literary and local, and its list of advertisers increased. When the S. L. H. society was formed, it was also allowed a partnership in the interests of the paper.

For many years THE LUMINARY was almost entirely the product of the twelve or thirteen editors and a few members of the societies. Many means have been resorted to by the various managements to lengthen the list of contributors and to make the book popular. Continued stories were published, prizes were offered for

various kinds of writings and, one year, the entire paper was run in two colors. Still the proper amount of appreciation was lacking. Then, the price of THE LUMINARY was reduced to five cents a copy, sold on subscription. Even at this reduction some of the subscribers would not pay, so subscriptions were done away with.

In 1899, the custom was started by the staff of making the last issue of the year an Annual or Year Book, its primary object being to faithfully represent school life and the work done at Central. This is the sixth volume of THE CENTRALIAN.

The eighteenth volume of THE LUMINARY was edited under an entirely new regime. The paper was taken out of the hands of the societies and placed in charge of the school at large. Nominations for positions on the Staff are made from those pupils having the highest scholarship in the school, and from these each pupil selects the twelve he thinks most suitable for the positions.

The nineteenth volume of LUMINARY history we boast as the greatest, brightest and most profitable. Each month THE LUMINARY has been sent out to nearly a hundred exchanges, representing the most prominent institutions in the country. During the year, we have received favorable comment from nearly every one of these. Few of the big colleges and universities, whose fame is spread throughout the country, can boast publications the equal of THE LUMINARY and THE CENTRALIAN.

THE STAFF
 'WAY BACK
 IN THE EIGHTIES



WILES

HALL COPLEY

KING
 TRASDALE

J. WELSH
 BARBER
 L. WELSH

BARNETT
 EATON
 BOWERS

CAMPBELL,
 ROSE

SKETCHES FROM THE EDITOR'S DIARY

March 15.—Today has furnished conclusive proof that the editor has the biggest "cinch" on earth. I had a personal interview with three printers and two engravers. On the way back to the office I stopped at a laundry to get an ad, just for amusement. At the office I read and corrected about a dozen articles, wrote several pages of matter and made up a "dummy" for about forty pages.

March 21.—The literary editors were especially good today. Out of a half dozen articles that I absolutely needed, I succeeded in getting one, which had to be rewritten. While I ought to have been eating lunch, I drew a whole page sketch and took it down to the engravers.

March 26.—Fine prospects. The business manager tells me that I will have to cut the bills of last year half in two in order to come out with a whole skin. At the same time, several students take the pains to inform me that even if every member of the Staff should drop dead, still there was no reason why I should not send to press the best ANNUAL ever published.

April 1.—Today I had a tongue battle with six members of the Staff. The result was natural. The final decision of the overwhelming majority was that I must write all the articles I needed and during spare time make a few society collections.

April 5.—I secured a dozen promises for stories. I note here that of the twelve, three finally responded, two being four days late.

April 7.—I made a last attempt to get all the members of the Faculty to have their pictures taken. Not much success. It took two fellows a half hour to brush me up so I could go to the first hour class.

April 11.—Some one passing through the office, accidentally on purpose, walks off with my "dummy." That's nothing—it only takes three or four hours to make a duplicate.

April 13.—The janitor sweeps the office and in so doing nearly swept THE CENTRALIAN out of existence.

April 16.—Today is another of those instances when all I do is to fold my hands and look wise. Made arrangements for a half dozen group pictures and managed to sneak into a couple myself. I also went over THE CEN-

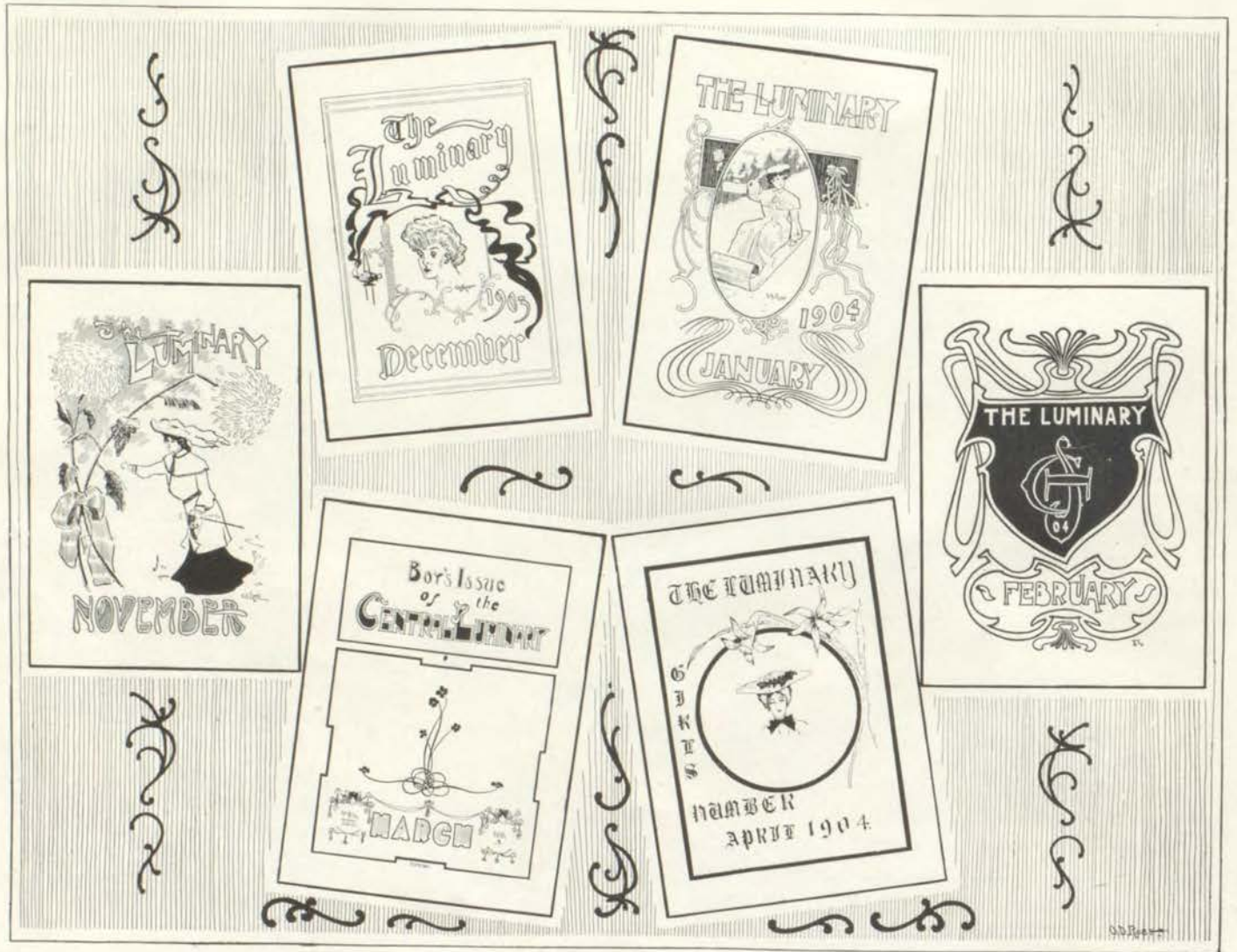
TRALIAN with the printer and decided on the style for different parts of the book.

April 21.—Last night I read sixty pages of proof. Slept on a press at the printing office.

April 25.—Today is the last day of grace before press day and, on looking over the forms, I discover that out of the sixty pages due, I have the cuts and matter for only seventeen.



JUST THE
OUTSIDES



TRAVELS OF THE LUMINARY

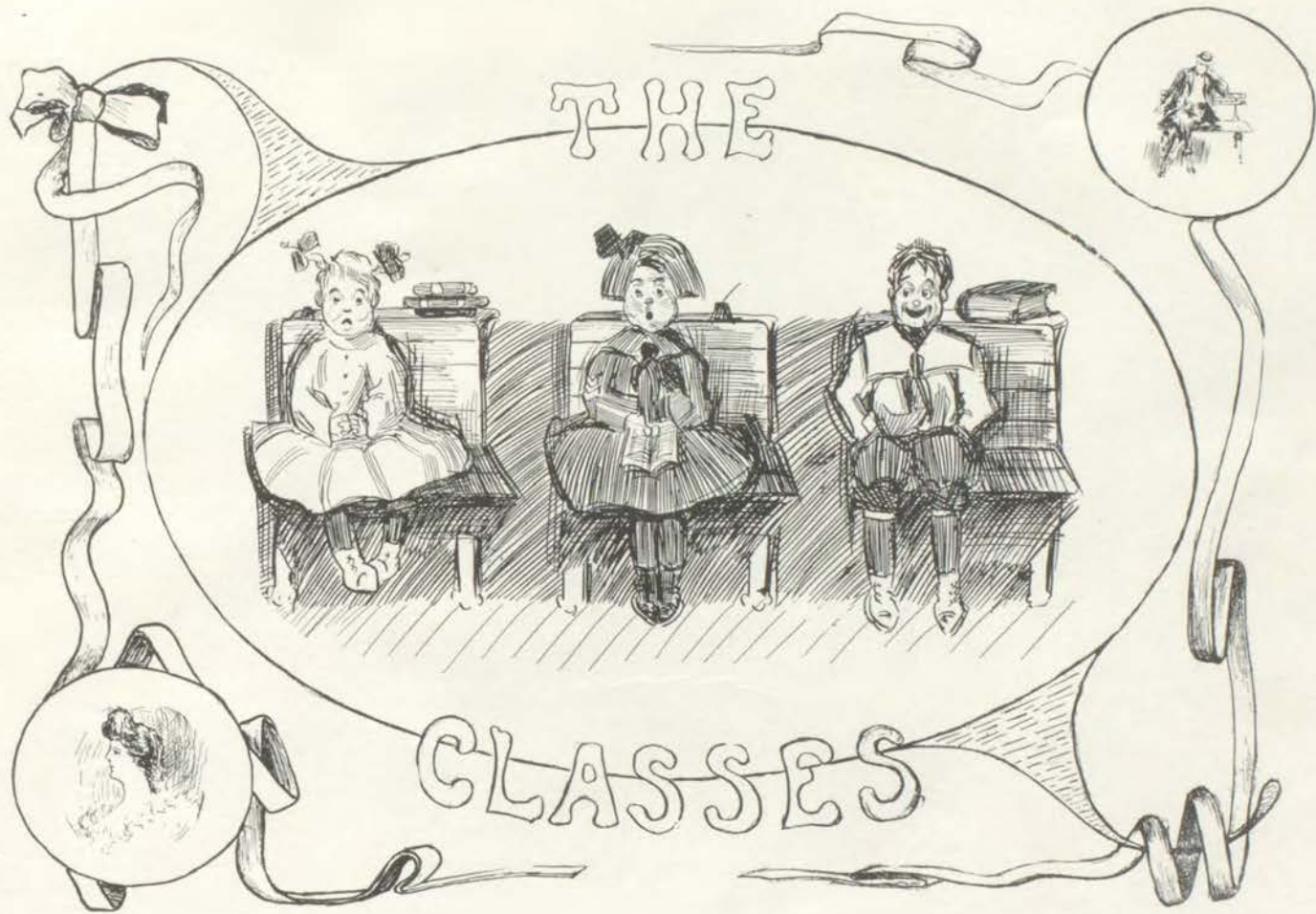
Exchange List

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| Caskidillian, Ithaca, N. Y. | Oracle, Des Moines, Ia. | Brown Herald, Providence, R. I. |
| High School Star, Papilion, Neb. | Christian College Chronicle, Columbia, Mo. | Purple and White, Pittsburg, Kas. |
| Center, Yate Center, Kas. | Normal Review, Warrensburg, Mo. | Adjutant, Orchard Lake, Mich. |
| Kodak, Everett, Wash. | Williams Weekly, Williamston, Mass. | High School News, Coffeyville, Kas. |
| High School Index, Oshkosh, Wis. | Echoes, Joplin, Mo. | W. M. A. Trumpeter, Lexington, Mo. |
| Observer, Decatur, Ill. | Squib, Golden, Col. | High School Forum, St. Joseph, Mo. |
| World, St. Paul, Minn. | Messenger, Wichita, Kas. | Princeton Tiger. |
| Wisdom, Eldorado, Kas. | Iris, Philadelphia, Pa. | Easterner, Washington, D. C. |
| Herald, Kansas City, Mo. | Student, Oklahoma City, O. T. | St. John's Echo, Shanghai, China. |
| High School Review, Hamilton, O. | H. S. Recorder, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. | Jayhawker, Manhattan, Kas. |
| Purple and Gold, Bellevue, Neb. | Lewis Academy News, Wichita, Kas. | William Jewell Student, Liberty, Mo. |
| Impressions, Scranton, Pa. | Roaring Branch, Bennington, Vt. | Beacon, Asbury Park, N. J. |
| Northwestern, Evanston, Ill. | C. C. Medical Bulletin, Omaha, Neb. | Wide-Awake, Vancouver, B. C. |
| Crucible, Greely, Col. | Lincoln Advocate, Lincoln, Neb. | Raven, Dennison, Tex. |
| Blue and the White, Macon, Mo. | Houston Crimson, Spokane, Wash. | Purple and White, Peoria, Ill. |
| High School Digest, Grand Isl., Neb. | Windmill, Lawrence, Kas. | University Log Book, K. C. Kas. |
| Scio Collegian, Scio, O. | Daily Maroon, Chicago, Ill. | Alexandrian, Alexandria, Minn. |
| Drury Mirror, Springfield, Mo. | Alumni Register, Philadelphia, Pa. | Polaris, Columbus, O. |
| High School Sentiment, Parsons, Kas. | Transylvanian, Lexington, Ky. | Student, Eureka, Kas. |
| Classic, Orange City, Ia. | Nautilus, Jacksonville, Ill. | Native American, Phoenix, Ariz. |
| High School Oracle, Burlingame, Kas. | Lariat, Cheyenne, Wy. | Radius, Kansas City, Mo. |
| Central Collegian, Fayette, Mo. | Inter-Schol. Commentator, Denver, Col. | Maroon and White, Independence, Ia. |
| Aegis, Bloomington, Ill. | Apokeepsian, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. | Occident, Albuquerque, N. M. |
| Aeolith, Franklin, Wis. | High School Register, Omaha, Neb. | High School News, St. Louis, Mo. |
| Latin and High School Review, Cambridge, Mass. | Skirmisher, Salina, Kas. | Rival, Columbia, Mo. |
| High School News, Berlin, Wis. | M. S. U. Independent, Columbia, Mo. | Student, Columbus, Kas. |
| Nautilus, Kansas City, Mo. | Red and Black, Reading, Pa. | Tum-Tum, Kent, Wash. |
| Argus, Ottumwa, Ia. | Oracle, Cincinnati, O. | Gleam, Corona, Cal. |
| Crimson, Louisville, Ky. | Jayhawker, Kansas City, Kas. | Alumni Weekly, New Haven, Conn. |
| | Aurora, Los Angeles, Cal. | Chronicle, Niagara Falls, N. Y. |

LIFE OF A BUSINESS MANAGER



A member of the Executive Department must have the traits of half a dozen notable characters. He must have the gabble of a book agent in soliciting advertisements; he must out-rival the second-hand clothing merchant in order to successfully cul the printer to a lower contract; he must be an able "ad" writer and a general bureau of information. He must be able to recite glibly anything from the number of words to a page, set in any size type from agate to letters the size of building blocks, to the most desirable weight in 28x42 enamel book paper and its equivalents in sizes both larger and smaller. He must be able to travel from the high school to Fifth and Walnut in five minutes and not get arrested for mal-treating the citizens. Thus, it appears, that a business manager of a school paper has, by no means, an artless task. Statistics would show that he spent a very large per cent of the glorious daylight gazing wistfully at the varied countenances of his advertisers and that the midnight oil burned long and late. When he enters the office of a business firm he is at once the most important individual connected with the institution from which he hails. He learns the printing and engraving business and becomes acquainted with the methods of a modern business man. Incidentally, he must hear many lengthy stories of business success and is often compelled to stand, with bowed and patient head, listening to lengthy advice and criticism—all the result of his business relationship. At any rate, when he has seen six numbers of *THE LUMINARY* and *THE CENTRALIAN* go to press, he has undisputed credentials from "the school of hard knocks."



POST

GRADUATES



THE POST-GRADUATES

Perhaps some of you may remember that at the close of last year there was at Central a race of people known as Seniors, who had become so very inflated with their own importance that their overstrained craniums bid fair to burst under the pressure of the rapidly swelling gray matter within them. Indeed, it is rumored that some of the poor wretches actually suffered this awful fate and that now they are engaged in the stupendous task of collecting enough of their scattered brains to serve as ballast on their journey across the troubled waters of life. Some thirty or forty of the graduates have succeeded in bringing together enough to serve as a working basis, and with admirable good sense have returned to Central to take a post-graduate course. Many of these graduate students are preparing for college. Others who do not expect to attend college, take advantage of the opportunity offered by a post-graduate year to round out their education by study in branches of art, science and modern language which it is almost impossible to include in the regular course.

The advantages of such a year are easily discerned. The student, free from the demands of the literary society, perhaps of THE LUMINARY Staff, of the school teams, and from duties of a public and semi-social nature that are always imposed upon a high school Senior, free from

the necessity of preparing four lessons, can devote his time to a thorough and comprehensive study of his subjects. He brings to bear upon them also, the experience and mental acumen gained during four years of high school work and can not only master more difficult problems, but can master them more quickly than his classmates in lower grades. The factor of time is a very important one in such studies as literature, history and economics, where much outside reading and individual research are necessary to make one's work of real educational value. The numerous school enterprises, such as the Xmas play and the Inter-Society Literary contest, our Glee Club, our Athletic Team, our school paper, our literary societies with their Hall Programs, and the social life that they bring into the school, all give Central that splendid school spirit usually found only in colleges. Our courses of study prepare more fully

each year for the principal universities, in some branches even overlapping and allowing Central students to obtain advanced standing in rhetoric, science and mathematics; and now there are coming to Central every year a greater number of pupils of college age who desire more mature and advanced work.

S. LANGSTAFF,
Post-graduate.



SENIOR
OFFICERS



ALETHA BARR, Secretary. LULU HAYES, Vice-President. HYDEN EATON, Prophet. BESSE McMURRAY, Gift Giver.
EVERETT COPLBY, Sergeant-at-Arms. SAM SEBREE, Treasurer. WILL SCARRITT, President. HOYLE JONES, Historian,
GEORGE TOURTELLOT, Critic.

"TO THE SENIORS"

The melancholy days have come, but it is not the autumn. Instead, the spring is ushering in the golden summer. And those ignorant may ask, "Then why melancholy?" Yea! they are indeed ignorant who ask that, for who, who around us has not felt sorrow creep into his heart and who has not shed a tear for the ones departing? Ah! It is sad but it is true. The class of 1904 sends its last message to you by me, its most unworthy servant. But weep not, I pray you, for we do not leave you comfortless. We have left you our memory and our deeds. Never did a class leave our Alma Mater with greater delight in the dear memory of former days, and with greater anticipation when we gaze down the vista of coming manhood or womanhood. But we are not afraid. Have we not passed four years in Old Central, from which many a great and glorious class has gone? And will we not be the greatest and most glorious of all?

Ah! you vain-glorious ones, pray lay aside your accustomed disdain—which as all truly know only hides jealousy—and confess that we are

"The bright, consummate flower."

And from everything that we find to be proud of, that which makes us the most happy is the feeling that we have done our duty to you so well that we leave you power. For knowledge is power, and what we have done, you can do. Of course it will not be done in our way, for that were impossible, but with our example and our experience to follow, you should be able to do something great. And do not think that when we leave you, that it will be never to return. Never shall that be. We shall look back many, many times and wish you good luck.

But I pray you, dry those tears and become recon-

ciled. What is, is; and though it may seem hard to you that we should depart, we can only hope that time will heal the wound. And now, listen! Can you not do something that will help the Faculty bear our loss? Look how we have shone in every branch of learning! Athletics drew from our ranks some of its best men. Look how easily we captured both first prizes of the Chicago contest, when *we sent our* representatives.

Think of the "Sons of the Revolution" medal! And not only in these mentioned do we stand foremost, but in every department in the school have we made the class of 1904 celebrated. We do not, and neither does the Faculty, expect to see this great aggregation of genius cease when Central has been left behind, but through all future time, we shall continue to astonish and benefit mankind. The only change will be that occasioned by change of field. Here it was rather small, and we filled it without difficulty, and when the scene is larger, we will broaden in proportion. Imagine, if you can, what *we* are going to do!

So all ye disconsolate be comforted with the certainty of better things. For a while it will seem strange, without our bright faces, pleasant words, and brilliant conversations, but

"Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill."

Now with these last words, spoken with sorrow and tears, we bid you a last adieu. Farewell! And it shall be answered in disconsolate tones, "Farewell!" And through the silence will echo

"Oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone,—
Now thou art gone, and never must return."

ALETHA MARY BARR, Senior.



JUNIOR
OFFICERS



TED McDONALD, Sergeant-at-Arms. BLANCHE ROSENCRANS, Treasurer. BOYD FISHER, Gift Receiver.
LILY BELL NEAL, Secretary. JOHN HIGLEY, President. LEE CAMPBELL, Vice-President.

THE JUNIORS

Hail us! For our brilliancy is no longer to be suppressed. Although for a long time we have been rising steadily to the top of the ladder of learning, it is just lately that the school has been forced to acknowledge it. We have but one more year here and then we will graduate from Old Central,—not as the present Senior class will or preceding classes have, but we will go out leaving the pupils and teachers sorrowful and dejected.

Our class has shown its usual good judgment in the selection of class officers. We have chosen for our "high and mighty" representatives boys and girls who have won honors for us; those who have raised the standard of the class, and those who will continue to uphold it. Mr. John Higley, our president, has appeared before us in the Christmas play, taking the role of Doctor Binton most successfully. Miss Lee Campbell stands among the highest in our class in her studies and shows her humorous talent in her locals and stories for *THE LUMINARY*. Miss Lily Bell Neal and Miss Blanche Rosencrans have each won medals given by the Daughters of the Revolution.

When we were first year pupils (we could scarce call ourselves Freshmen, since we were far more brilliant

than the ordinary "Freshies") we were kept in the background, but our brilliancy, daring spirit and loyalty brought us to the front. When we became Sophomores we were, of course, a wee bit conceited—that being the one characteristic of all Sophomore classes—but nevertheless, we gained the respect of all. Now the pupils

look up to us, rather than look at us as their equal. Even the Seniors confess that we are the "light and joy" of the school; that the spirit of loyalty that we have brought to the school is beyond their power of imitation. Well, we must not be too hard on them, for we must remember that we, too, will be Seniors.

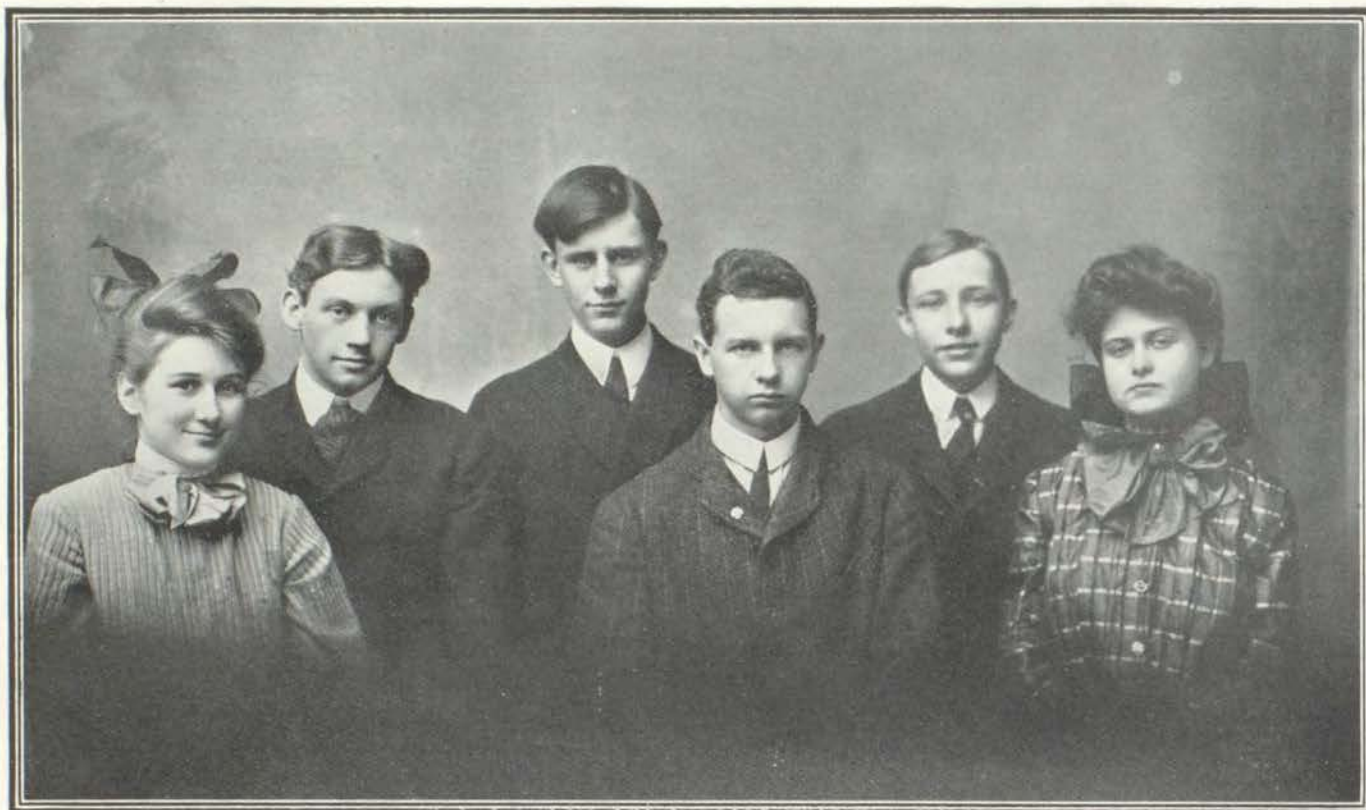
The Seniors deign to smile on us, but we do not care to recognize it; the "Sophs" cry to be one of us; the "Freshies" sigh and look up to us. The Seniors are not worthy of

much attention as they soon will be a thing of the past. "Sophs" and "Freshies," don't worry. You are all young yet and may learn—at least we hope so. Just take us for your model and you will be all right in the end. We know you may be just a little late, but remember "every little dog has his day."

BESSIE PAGUE, Junior.



SOPHOMORE
OFFICERS



LUCIUS McCONNELL, Treasurer. MURRAY DAVIS, Critic. RUFUS MONTGALL, Secretary.
MARY LOCKRIDGE, Vice-President. SHANNON DOUGLASS, President. FAY HARKLESS, Sergeant-at-Arms.

CLASS OF NAUGHT SIX

Wonder! Wonder how such remarkable people as those who now compose the Sophomore class were once Freshmen! From the first, this brilliant class has been recognized as the great eighth wonder of the world. The societies opened their arms to us when we were Freshmen and the mighty Faculty opened their eyes in amazement at our brilliancy. So far did we surpass the brain-bursting (?) Seniors in the class rooms that it was predicted by all that we would even graduate before they did; however, not wishing to embarrass them before the eyes of the school or to deprive them of their glory, we considered it best to run Old Central for two years to come and allow them to receive their diplomas.

We are not only prominent in school life for our aptitude in studies, but are noted for our remarkably pretty girls. If any one cherishes any doubt on this subject, let him observe the humble piety with which the swell-headed Juniors and stuck-up Seniors wait upon the dainty little maidens of naught six, and his shadow of doubt will instantly pass away.

Perhaps you would like to hear a bit of our history. Well, when we were Freshmen we were young and unsophisticated, as are all Freshmen. Because we

knew nothing of Parliamentary Law, we were not even allowed to have an election. We were green as green could be and instantly bit at those time-worn jokes of the nursery and those elevators. But stop! The Freshmen musn't think that we were worse than they are, for now we clearly realize that we were endowed with better developed minds than the present Freshmen. We have been able to accomplish much more than they can ever hope to attain. Even the teachers recognized our abilities and delighted in our company, as was shown by those daily invitations extended to partake of a little intellectual consultation with them.

As Sophomores, you have already heard of us. We added but one accomplishment. That was due to the girls, their looking glasses, and chamois skins. We sincerely detest bragging, but a certain amount of it is permissible when one has something to brag about; if you do not believe we deserve such praise, merely look at us and admire. Wait! If you dare to see the most brilliant class that ever graduated from Old Central, turn your eyes upon the dazzling Sophomore class—the good old class of naught six.

RUFUS F. MONTGALL, Sophomore.

FRESHMAN
OFFICERS



MABLE NOWLIN, Critic.

WILLIAM BRENT, Vice-President.

ELLA FANCHER, Treasurer.

WILFRED QUAYLE, President.

BONITA PETTIJOHN, Secretary.

JACKSON YOUNG, Sergeant-at-Arms.

FRESHMEN—CLASS OF '07

We Freshmen are outrageously snubbed by the Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors, but it makes no difference to us.

It has been said that a Freshman was the biggest fool of all fools. Then, by simple deduction, we must conclude that over a third of Centralites lack ambition.

When we first came to high school we had some difficulty in carrying our books up to room 39, but by hard work in the gym we developed sufficient muscle in our arms and legs to accomplish the journey with comparative ease.

This year we had an election, mainly because athletics could not get along without our co-operation. Then, again, the achievements of such a marvelous class as ours could not be passed by without recognition.

We hope to be Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors within the next four years—or more—and then we will have an election that would make even the Seniors feel weary and sad.

Some brilliant (?) student took the trouble to say that the ward school was the place for us, but he is mistaken, for many just such bright-minded people cannot solve a problem of simple quadratic equations.

Although we can hardly carry four books home or distinguish a water bucket from a fire bucket, we can tell that there are harder problems in life than trigonometry.

Of course it was hard at first for us to find the right rooms and we must confess that one of our number stayed in an English class two weeks before he

found out that it was not physiology. This is no disgrace, but shows great intelligence on his part in finding it out at all.

We had a few recruits in at Christmas time, and now we can boast that our class of '07 is the largest in the school.

We must look up to the Seniors as a matter of custom, not of duty. If it were duty, we would all balk.

We know that we have three more years to go to school at dear Old Central and that thought alone gives us much joy.

We all are proud that we had some members on the second football team, and, as they did remarkably well for Freshmen, we hope to have some men on the baseball team.

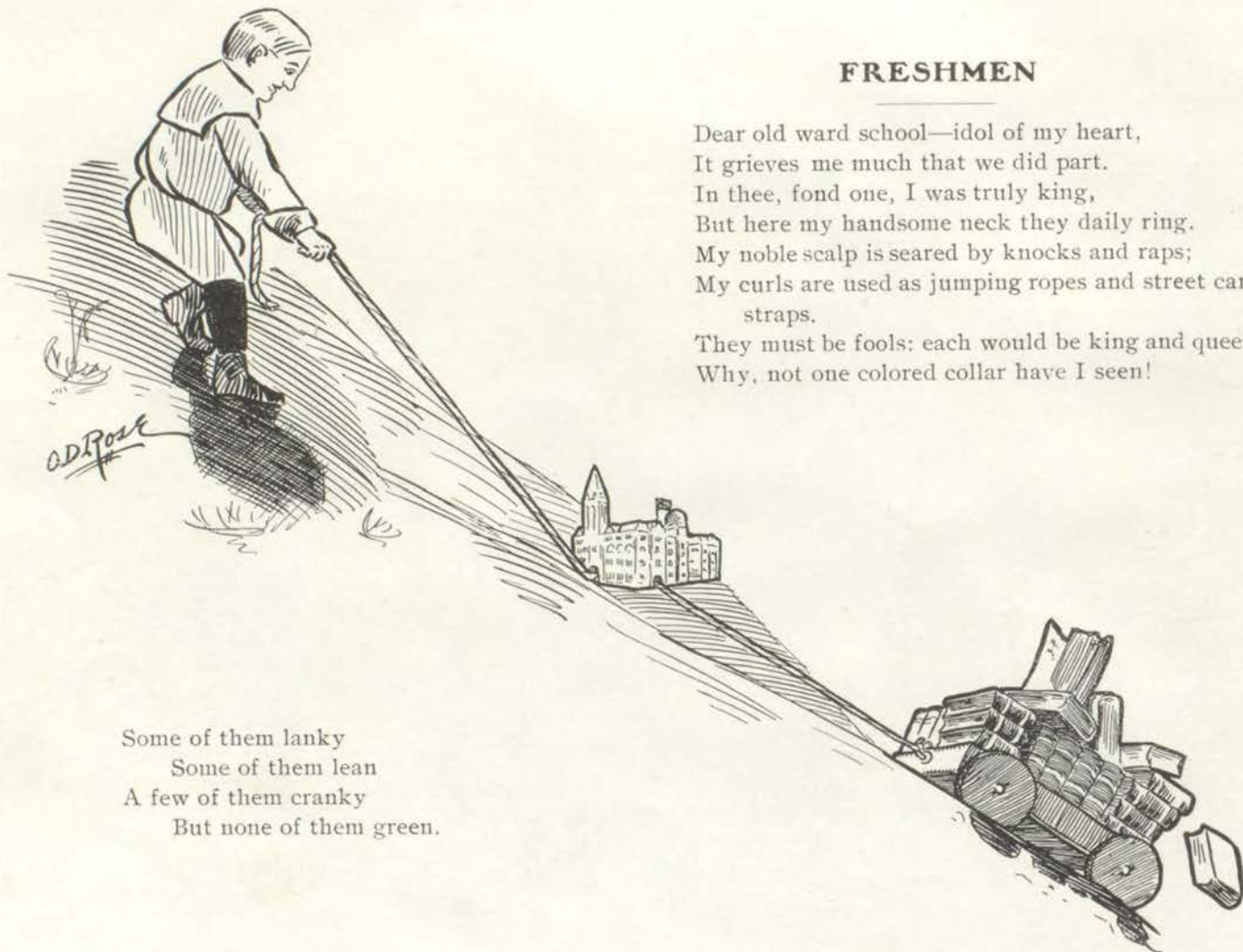
Our class is proud to be the possessor of a "Red Cap Brigade" of Freshman girls. These young ladies are the pride of the class of '07. They are more affectionate than their elder sisters, and show their fondness for each other by parading in large numbers through the halls with their arms lovingly entwined.

We sit quietly in Assembly Hall and enjoy the programs as a matter of course. We are not so interested in each other as the Sophomores are, and therefore do not need the plan suggested by Mr. Buchanan.

Our size is a great advantage in passing through the crowded hall and we find our way as easily as Tom Thumb could in a cornfield.

EDWARD GILL, Freshman.





FRESHMEN

Dear old ward school—idol of my heart,
It grieves me much that we did part.
In thee, fond one, I was truly king,
But here my handsome neck they daily ring.
My noble scalp is seared by knocks and raps;
My curls are used as jumping ropes and street car
straps.

They must be fools: each would be king and queen—
Why, not one colored collar have I seen!

Some of them lanky
Some of them lean
A few of them cranky
But none of them green.

SECRET

1910



HISTORY OF THE SOCIETIES

Central was a nine-room building with a stove in every room when the High School Debating Society was organized. It was a mixed society, naturally having for its object the improvement of its members along numerous educational lines. It was this society that started THE LUMINARY on its brilliant career and, unaided, made two years of its history. In 1886, several boys, thinking that literary work would be carried on to a greater advantage in an organization composed entirely of boys, withdrew from the society and, together with some outsiders, formed the Platos. The Debating Society immediately changed its name to the Central Literary Club.

Rivalry was the first result of the two societies and, since through its cultivation greater interest was centered in literary work, an annual contest was suggested and the custom duly established. At first the contest consisted of three numbers—oration, declamation, and essay, but later the debate was added.

About the same time, a society was formed entirely of girls which, after going under the names of "Folly Floggers" and "Daughters of Wisdom," became known as the Philomathean Literary Society. They applied for admission into the Plato-C. L. C. contest but were refused. The same year the open sessions were inaugurated which gave each society the opportunity of displaying its work in a formal evening entertainment.

In 1892, Central gave birth to its fourth society, the Society of Literature and History. Soon after this the

new building was completed and each society was given a room, adjoining the Assembly Hall, for its exclusive use. These rooms the societies furnished and carpeted to their own tastes and ceased to wander from room to room to find a place to meet. A few years later the school became crowded and the rooms were used for recitations. The same year the Board of Education,

being advised that the open sessions caused too much excitement and disturbance in the school, abolished them and substituted the popular Hall Program in their stead. Numerous attempts were made to recover the lost privilege, but all were unsuccessful. The year 1899 bore another calamity. The Faculty demanded that the Plato-C. L. C. contest be opened to the other societies. To this proposition the Platos and C. L. C.'s voted a flat refusal, so the contests were discontinued.

In 1901, the Central Webster Club was formed and a year later the Aristonian Society. At the beginning of school in 1903, a member of the Faculty was placed in each society to act as adviser. A little later a charter was introduced into each society which set forth new principles and fixed a definite standard of membership. The C. L. C.'s and the Platos thinking the charter objectionable, immediately disbanded. The other societies stood firm at the outset, but three months later the Philos adjourned forever. The remaining three organizations are still among the living, firm in government and still making history for Central.





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

FRANK H. JACK, - - - President
HERBERT VAN CLOSTER, - Vice-President
BLANCHE ROTZELLE, - - Secretary
EARL INSLEY, - - - Treasurer

MARJORIE COLLISTER, - - Critic
HOMER BERGER, - Sergeant-at-Arms
ISABEL BARTON, - - Reporter
MAURINE DYER, Samuel Lucretius Historicus

Members

Frank H. Jack
Dorothy Hunt
Eva Walbridge
Earl Insley
Maurine Dyer
Blanche Rotzelle

Victor Hucke
Frances Hickey
Herbert Van Closter
Marjorie Collister
Homer Berger
Ruth Stuart

Isabel Barton
Edwin Patterson
Charles Fist
Dayton Langworthy
Ruth Quistgaard
Miss Whipple

SOCIETY OF LITERATURE AND HISTORY

As a history of the society is given year after year, it would not be necessary to repeat it were it not for the fact that so many Freshmen have asked concerning the applause issuing from room 3 on Fridays, and the dignified, serious group of boys and girls that pass to and from the same place. It seems but just to tell them of the ancient and important body that holds forth in that room.

About twelve years ago, there was formed in Central a society that was destined to rise to the highest rank. Its purpose—to promote the study of literature and history in their most attractive forms, as well as to enjoy some social advantages—was a creditable one, and aided in drawing strong members to the society. At first the small band of people worked against many obstacles, but with a persistence strengthened by adversity, they grew until their adversaries began to admire and even to fear their strength.

The best members of the school were drawn into the society, and in the contests, which were open to all, the members of the Society of Literature and History were always among the highest. Two former members, now on the Faculty, were always at the head of the school in mathematics and science. Coming to more recent days, the S. L. H. has been represented in every department of the school. On THE LUMINARY Staff, in the contest at Chicago, at class elections, on the Christmas Play cast, in athletics, in the Glee and Mandolin Clubs, and in fact every place where the talent of the school has been displayed, the members of the S. L. H. have held prominent places.

Thus the society grew, excelling in its Hall Programs and increasing in membership, until the dawning of this, the twelfth year—the most strenuous one in its history.

For then it was that the new charter appeared which was to work such changes in the societies in general. New regulations appeared which completely upset some of the old ones, and when the S. L. H. saw its brother and sister societies pass out of existence, it was not without some little hesitation that a majority of the members decided to go on and keep up the old standard.

Even this little setback meant more hard work, as there was now the opposition of the societies that had left the field to contend against; but indomitable courage must conquer in the end, and so the S. L. H. is still alive and very much in evidence. We have the advantage over our sister and brother societies in age and in the fact that while one has the grace and effort of the girls to sustain it, and the other the strength and energy of the boys, we have both combined to make one splendid power.

The Society of Literature and History has a glorious record behind it and a grand future ahead of it. It will grow like the renowned bean pole in the fairy tale, far beyond the rest of its kind, and make the purple and white respected both in and out of school as it always has been. Above all it will live up to its purpose to make stronger men and women of the people who graduate from its ranks. The new pupils who will enter the school in coming years will join in shouting the Rip-Ray-Rah to the glory of the S. L. H., the oldest society in Central.

MARGERIE COLLISTER, Senior.





ARISTONIAN



ARISTONIAN
LITERARY SOCIETY



**ARISTONIAN
LITERARY
SOCIETY**



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

Officers

BLANCHE ROSENCRANS,	President	GERTRUDE COPLEY,	Treasurer
ESTHER MARSHALL,	Vice-President	RUBY MOORE,	Sergeant-at-Arms
JESSIE STACY,	Secretary	MARY CLAUSER,	Critic
ELIZABETH MOISE,	Thobia		

Members

Grace Legg	Mary Clauser	Helen Carr
Mary Baird	Annie Shuck	Ruby Moore
Ernestine Bainbridge	Esther Marshall	Eva Smith
Julia Tavenner	Jessie Stacy	Margaret Casey
Kittie Lambkin	Fanny Wilson	Alice Lambkin
Gertrude Copley	Elizabeth Moise	Virginia Robertson
Eleanor Hall	Louise Martin	Mary Talbot
Louise Norton	Mildred Tavenner	Annette Betz
Blanche Rosencrans	Millie Stacy	Estelle Greenwald
Iva Spaulding	Elsie Martin	Margaret Jessen
	Miss Fox	

THE ARISTONIANS

A few years ago there loomed up on Central's horizon a new constellation in the society universe. Other constellations had shed their brilliancy with varying effect for years, yet this one actually appeared with the startling name, *Aristonian, the best*. How presumptuous! How unheard of! As if any new society could outshine those already established! "It is but transient," said some, "and will soon disappear." Some of the wise, however, predicted for it a great future. Gradually it became known that egotism was not the motive that prompted the high-sounding name. The title indicated an ambition, not an attainment. And bravely has the society striven to justify its name, until now it is a well-defined constellation in Central's firmament.

The Aristonian Society, as we have said, is among the youngest of the school organizations. Yet since its birth in 1900, it has had a steady growth, and is now established on a firm basis. Each high school organization has, or ought to have, some central idea which distinguishes it from the others. In one it may be oratory, which is given prominence; in another, athletics; in another, school politics or society alone. The Aristonian Society stands for scholarship. This is an idea which has never been sufficiently emphasized in the school organizations. We stand, then, as our name implies, for the *best* in scholarship. This is the underlying principle which has always guided us. It will be seen, however, that excellence in scholarship does not hinder activity in other

lines. Our society has for two years been represented on THE LUMINARY Staff, and our members are taking leading places in the school life.

Among the events of the past year, our Assembly Hall program should be mentioned. "Aristonian Day at the St. Louis Exposition" was the subject, and all seemed to enjoy this preliminary glimpse at the wonders of the Fair. Two of our members took part in the Christmas play in the presentation of "The Plot that Failed."

The Sons of the Revolution recognized our literary ability by presenting the silver medal to our president for the writing of one of the best essays in the "Tories of the Revolution" contest. We are also striving to keep up the standard set by our charter members for excellence in class work. "E" and "G" stand for the *best*. Why should we not have them? But space forbids a further enumeration of our achievements.

Our colors, the lavender and the purple, are looked upon with respect because of what they represent. Of this we are justly proud. Long may they wave. And may they ever be recognized as the emblems of a society, always loyal to Old Central, and always aiming at



the best.

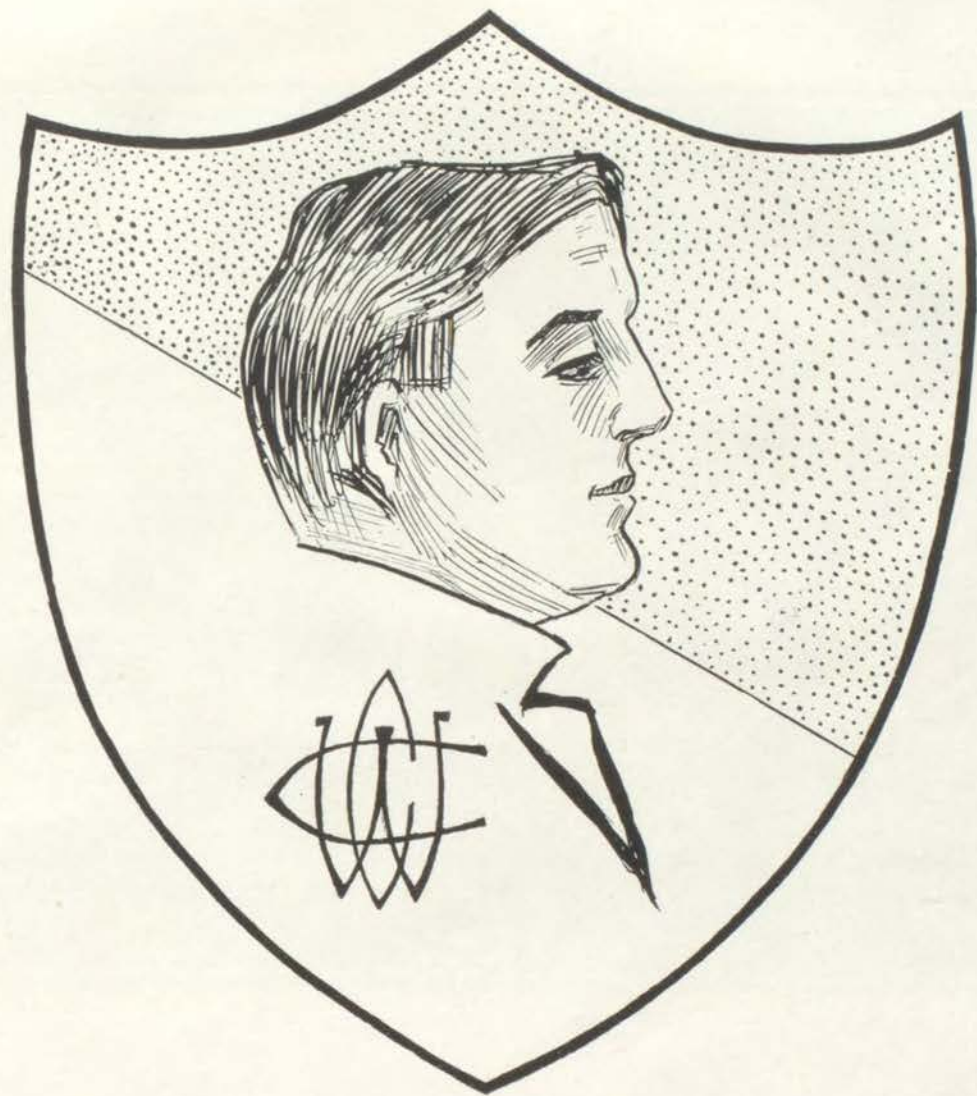
"Let us then be up and doing,"

Striving for the *best*, we say;

"Still achieving, still pursuing"—

This our motto day by day.

GERTRUDE COPLEY, Junior.



CENTRAL
WEBSTER CLUB



**CENTRAL
WEBSTER
CLUB**



COLORS: Red and White

YELL:

Rip! Rap!
Strip! Strap!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Webster! Webster!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Officers

WALTER B. PHILLIPS, - - President
HUGH E. MOORE, - - Vice-President
LESLIE CASTLE, - - Secretary

EDWIN C. WHITE, - - Treasurer
FRANCIS M. McSHANE, - - Critic
EDWARD KIDDER, - Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

Walter Baum
Clyde Blanchard
Bert Booram
Earle Bowers
Leslie Castle
Ward Cook
Leland Copeland
Jerome Dyer
Boyd Fisher
D' Killian Gash

Roy Greene
Cary Griffin
John Higley
Pierce Kane
Edward Kidder
Francis McShane
Harry Minton
Hugh Moore
Irving Morley
George Neal
Harry Noble

Walter Phillips
Hugh Pinkerton
Walter Roseberry
Ross Stewart
Albion Stalbert
William Wadell
William Wallace
Edwin White
Frank Wilkinson
Mr. Nowlin

CENTRAL WEBSTER CLUB

After Daniel Webster, the greatest orator, thinker and debater in the English language, as well as the greatest athlete of his time, has the Central Webster Club striven incessantly to model itself. Like him it was at first met by a storm of criticism and ridicule, and forced to fight its way step by step, with every inch contested. It has now triumphed over difficulties, and occupies a position of the highest rank, after planting its banner ahead and above those of any of its contemporaries. Its long list of victories makes this claim indisputable.

This year the club has been exceptionally well represented on both the football and basketball teams, where its members have done splendid work. In the Xmas Play cast two of the members took leading parts, acquitting themselves most creditably. One of our athletes was elected vice-president of the Athletic Association, while another member holds an important position on THE LUMINARY Staff and thus in many-sided abilities we emulate the great and versatile Webster. In the annual prize essay contest of the Sons of the Revolution this year, in which all the high schools of Missouri competed, the first prize—a gold medal—was won by a member

of this club. The great confidence the school has in this society was demonstrated when the Junior class gave its two most honored offices to Webster men. The club is well represented on the Glee Club, Track Team, and in all other branches of the school, and sent her full quota of valiant warriors to battle for Central's honor on the diamond.

Our past history is too well known to need mention. It is only necessary to recall such names as Fender and Cotton—names that in the history of Central are immortal—and to add that we have a longer and more distinguished list of our Alma Mater than any other society that has ever existed in the school.

It is our fondest trust that in future years when we together with our honored predecessors come back to visit the scenes of the defeats and victories, the disappointments and the joys that endear our school to us, we will hear of such high honors being won by Central and such noble achievements by our club that we

will again rejoice that we belong to "Dear Old Central" and to the Central Webster Club.

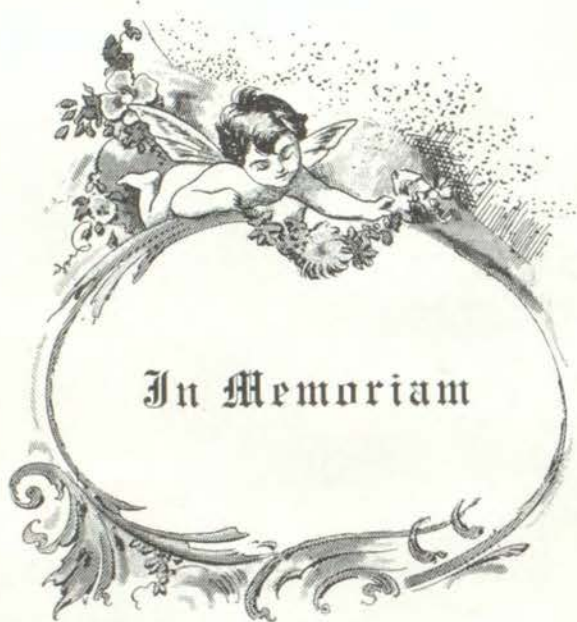
J. PEARCE KANE, Sophomore.





Central
Literary
Club

Organized November, 1882
Disbanded November 6, 1903



Platonic
Literary
Society

Organized April, 1886
Disbanded November 6, 1903

Philomathean Literary Society

Organized September, 1888
Disbanded February 26, 1904



ATHLETICS

E. RADFORD
1927





W. H. HAMILTON
Instructor
Physical Culture



E. M. BAITER
Manager
Football Team



PORTER GRAVES
Manager
Baseball Team



H. H. HOLMES
Manager
Tennis Team

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

At the beginning of the year it was decided to have regular monthly meetings of the Girls' Athletic Association, but for several reasons it was never carried out. Thus, altogether, the season of 1903-4 was not very successful, for the girls of the school as a rule do not take much interest in girls' athletics.

It is especially unfortunate that the girls who are going to college do not take more interest in the work. At the girls' colleges, athletics of all kinds are considered very important, especially basketball, and, if girls do not take up the work here, they will miss a great deal of pleasure when they go away to school.

Thus far, basketball is the only athletic enterprise that the association has promoted. At the date of writing no very important games have been played, but Central won in the majority of the practice games played with Kansas City, Kansas. Before the season is over, match games may be arranged with Westport, Manual and Miss Barstow's School.

The team is under the direction of Miss Morgan, who has charge of al-



MISS MORGAN, President
MISS PHILLIPS, Vice-President
MISS SHILLITS, Secretary
MISS McBRIDE, Treasurer

most all the work in girls' athletics. It is hoped that by next year a new gymnasium will be obtained, which will be large enough to accommodate spectators. Then the work will progress much faster.

It is expected that a girls' tennis tournament will be held with Manual at the same time as that of the boys. Tennis is almost as much a girl's sport as a boy's, and, although it is comparatively new here as a high school enterprise, we hope that it will be taken up as strongly as basketball. It is healthful, sufficiently exciting, and not so dangerous as some sports, and ought to be strongly supported.

Indeed, all kinds of girls' athletics were as unknown as far west as Missouri a few years ago as the higher education of women was unknown in the seventeenth century. Of course, the large female colleges of the East took up the idea much sooner, but it has still much room for development. Up to the present time, the only species of athletics followed by the girls of the West is basketball, while in the East they even try the lighter events in track athletics.

OFFICERS OF
BOYS' ATHLETIC
ASSOCIATION—
SECOND TERM



FIRST TERM

MR. PETERS, President.
MR. HAMILTON, Vice-President.
WILL, SCARRITT, Secretary.
ROGER DAVIS, Treasurer.

SECOND TERM

MR. PETERS, President.
IRVING MORLEY, Vice-President.
ARTHUR KENDALL, Secretary.
FRANK PARKER, Treasurer.

BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The season of 1903-4 was in many respects a good one for the Athletic Association, although in a few ways athletics did not prosper. Many new members were added to the association, and the season was a financial success. Although we lost heavily by the Lincoln football game, it was more than made up by the gains in the game with Manual, and no expense was incurred in basketball.

In respect to points, we won and lost about the same number in football, although we fell behind in basketball, losing the three games which were played with teams outside of the school. We fully expect, however, that the track team and the basketball team will win enough points to make up for that.

The school at large, too, showed more interest in athletics and the Athletic Association than ever before. At the football game with Manual, nearly one thousand people turned out from Central. But in basketball, we are sorry to say, the pupils do not show very great interest. This year, too, a new sport was added to the list—tennis. This is a very inter-

esting and healthful game; it is hoped many will take it up.

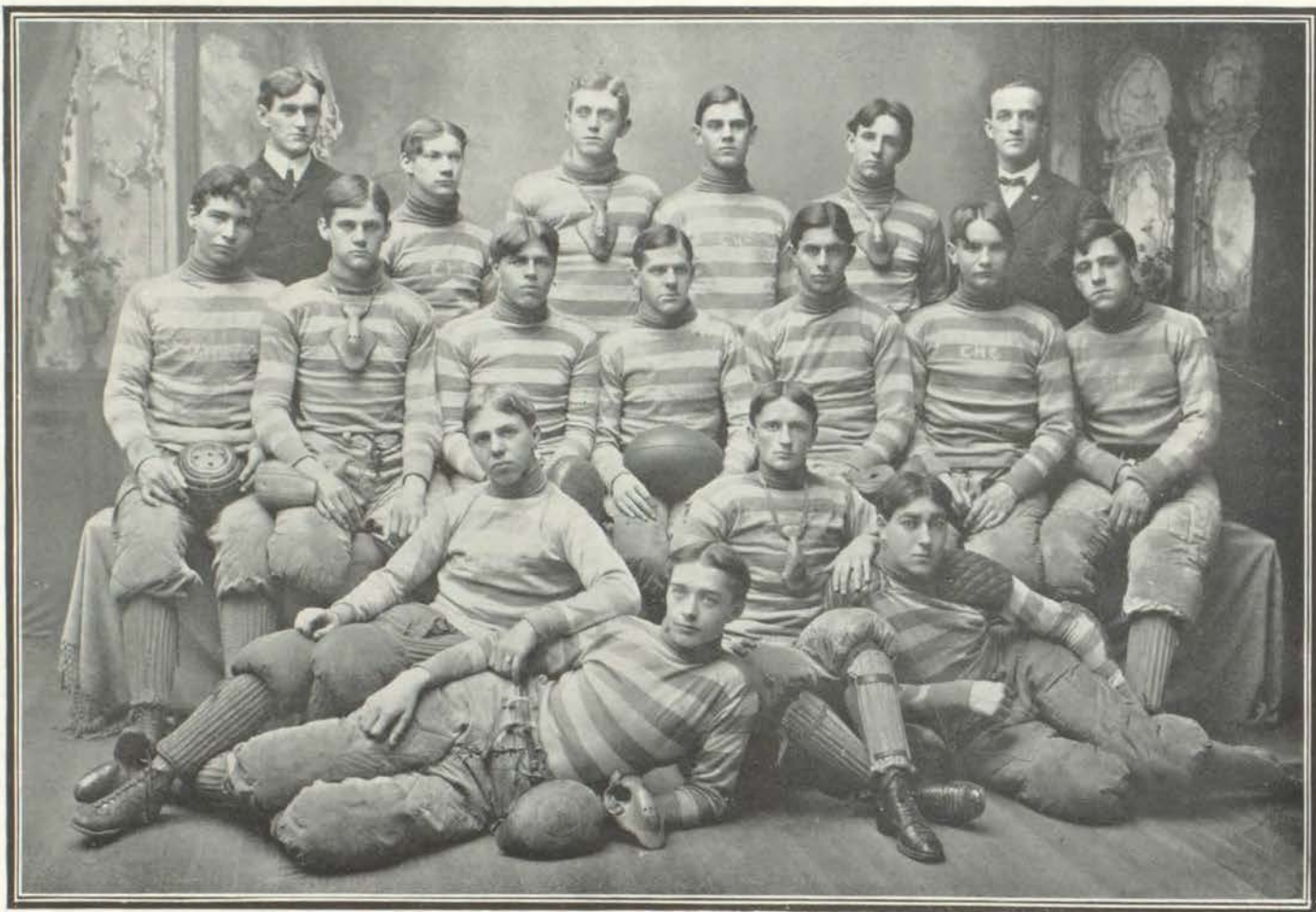
The merit of our athletics has also obtained recognition, largely through the efforts of Mr. Bainter, in all the states of the Middle West. The school is indebted to Mr. Gordon and Mr. Hamilton for the training of the track team, the football team, and the basketball teams. Mr. Bonfield had charge of the baseball squad, while Mr. Graves acted as manager and arranged the schedule. Central is indeed fortunate in having these men in the faculty. Without them we would be at loss for someone to train and manage the various athletic enterprises.

The field of usefulness of the Athletic Association is very wide, and its work is far-reaching in its effects. It keeps alive the interest of the school in athletics, and plays the principal part in promoting athletics of all

kinds. It acts as a treasurer for the athletic interests of the school, and as a general representative of them. So that, after all, it was through the Athletic Association that Central came to her present high place in athletics.



FOOTBALL
TEAM



HAMILTON	SANDERS	PHILIPS	DAVIS	HUNT	GORDON	
MORLEY	WOODBURY	BYRNE	SCARRITT (C)	McSHANE	COMBS	HUDSON
	KENDALL		BECK	COWAN	FRESHMAN	

FOOTBALL

SCHEDULE FOR 1903

OCT. 8, CENTRAL AT TOPEKA	0-5
OCT. 10, ST. JOSEPH AT KANSAS CITY	0-17
OCT. 17, CENTRAL AT FT. SCOTT	0-23
OCT. 24, LINCOLN, NEB., AT KANSAS CITY	16-0
NOV. 7, CENTRAL vs. MANUAL	30-0
NOV. 14, CENTRAL AT ST. JOSEPH	0-6
NOV. 28, CENTRAL AT MACON, MO	0-40

Although Central won only three games in the season of 1903, and one of these was played with a team formed in less than a week, we do not feel that this year's team was inferior to that of 1902 or 1901. Both those teams won more games than this year's, but the schedule of 1903 was the hardest Central has ever attempted. A game was arranged for every week during the entire season, and the teams played were the strongest high school teams in the Missouri valley.

The defeat hardest to bear was that inflicted by St. Joseph, November 14. It was occasioned not so much by the superior playing of our opponents as by the fumbles of our own team. Still, the score was only 6 to 0, and the overwhelming defeat of Manual atoned for this and all other defeats.

This was the first time we had met Manual in football since 1900, when we were defeated with a score of 6 to 5. This time, however, the memory of that defeat was destroyed, as we won with the sufficiently large score of 30 to 0.

Mr. Gordon and Mr. Hamilton coached the team,

while Mr. Bainter acted as manager and arranged the schedule, which was an exceptionally fine one, giving the team an opportunity of winning the championship of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa. This schedule was changed twice during the season—once because the grounds were in such poor condition that we were unable to play Topeka on the appointed date, and once because we found that the Des Moines high school team had a negro on it. The place of the latter game was filled by a game with a team formed of Central Alumni. It was a very interesting game, in which the regulars won easily.

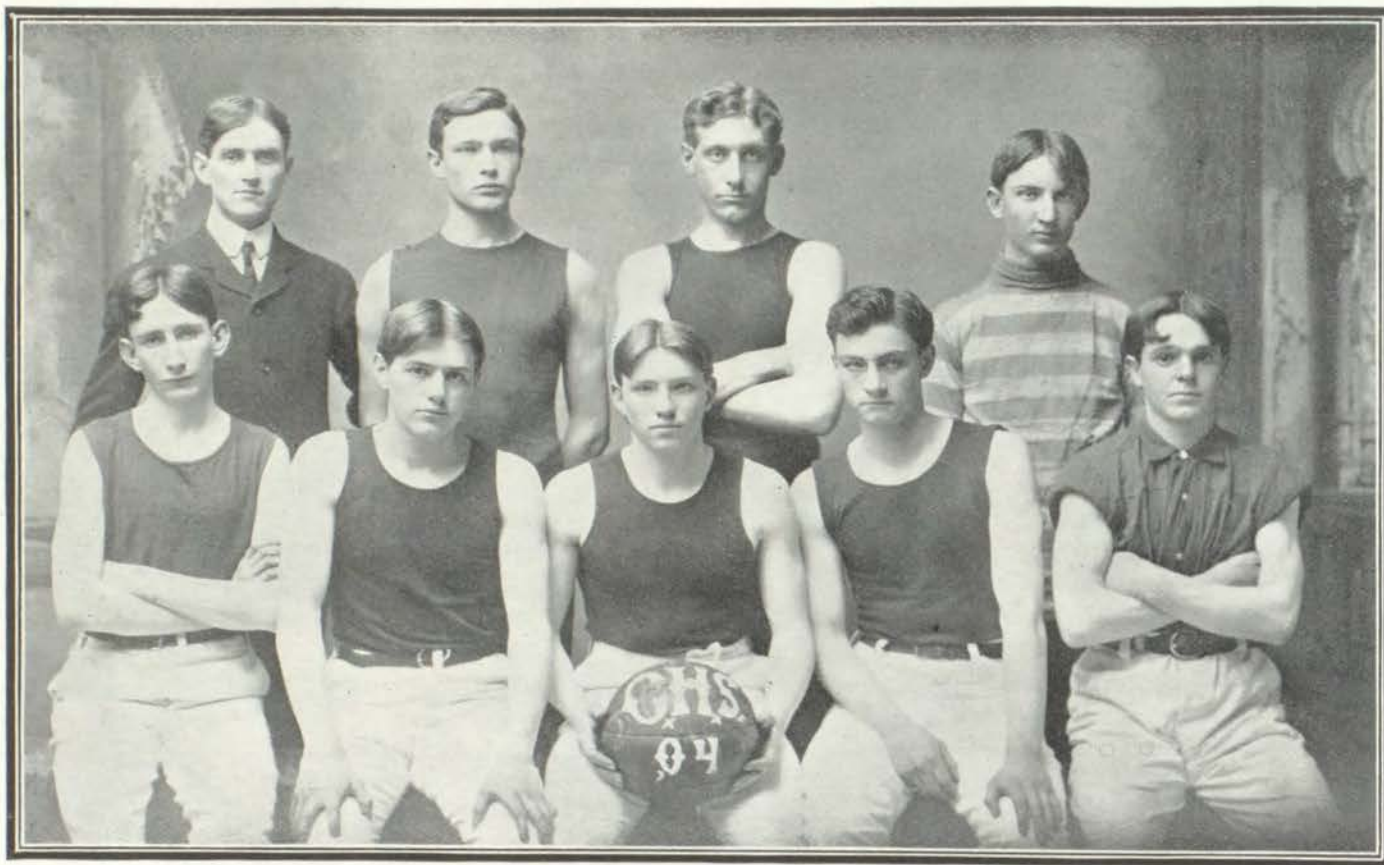
All during the season good team work was shown, while Scarritt, the captain, was the star among the individuals. The team this year was at a disadvantage, too, because it was composed largely of new players, few of last year's men coming back. Frank Beck has been elected captain of next year's team, which we hope will win more games than that of 1903.



LINE-UP

COMBS..... Right End	HUDSON..... Left End
BECK .. Right Tackle	SANDERS..... Quarterback
MORLEY..... Right Guard	SCARRITT (Captain).....
PHILIPS..... Center Right Halfback
McSHANE..... Left Guard	DAVIS..... Left Halfback
WOODBURY..... Left Tackle	HUNT..... Fullback

BOYS'
BASKETBALL
TEAM



HAMILTON
GEARY

PARKER
LANGWORTHY

CHANDLER (C)
WINTON

SHAFFER

BROWN
CAMPBELL

BASKETBALL

The basketball season of 1904 was not as successful as that of 1903, largely because the management was unable to get a sufficiently large place in which to practice. Only three games were played with teams outside the school, and we were defeated in all of them. This, however, was expected, and the team did as well as the manager had hoped.

A series of three games was played early in the season with the Sharks, a team formed from the boys in the first hour gymnasium class. The Sharks won two of them, and the team was reorganized, some of the Sharks being taken into it.

In the game with Westport, played February 20, at Con's Hall, Westport, the Central team was defeated with a score of 23 to 13. Our team excelled in team work but were unable to throw goals well, because the height of our gymnasium only allows seven-foot goals while the regulation height is ten feet.

In the Topeka game also Central did well, considering the difficulties under which it worked. At Topeka, great interest is displayed in basketball, shown by the fact that over 1000 people came out to see the game with Central. If this much interest was shown here, and there was room to accommodate such

a number of spectators, Central might win more games.

The last game of the season ended very badly for Central, for we were defeated by Liberty, Missouri, with a score of 42 to 8.

A team was formed about this time from the fifth hour gymnasium class. They called themselves the Lions. They played a game during March with the Y. M. C. A. basketball team, but were defeated with a score of 16 to 5. Three members of the Y. M. C. A. team are from Central, the other two from Manual and Kansas City, Kansas. A team formed from the second hour gymnasium class also played the Y. M. C. A. team, but were defeated with a score of 16 to 6.

At the beginning of the season Frank Beck was captain of the team, but he resigned during February, and Joe Chandler was elected to take his place.

The basketball team will continue to practice until the close of school. They will play games as often as possible but it is not probable that many can be obtained, as most schools drop basketball when the baseball season opens.

The team is indebted to Mr. Hamilton for its training, and for the arrangement of the games with Westport and Topeka.



THE TEAM		
CENTER—SHAFFER		
FORWARDS		
CAMPBELL	GEARY	
GUARDS		
MINTON	LANGWORTHY	
SUBSTITUTES		
BROWN	PARKER	LEWIS

GIRLS'
BASKETBALL
TEAM



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Early in the fall of 1903, about twenty of the girl students of Central high school who were interested in basketball, met in the gymnasium to inaugurate the work for the ensuing season. Arrangements were made to practice on Wednesdays and Fridays of each week, preparatory to the choice of the teams which were to carry the blue and the white to victory.

After three months of faithful practice under the efficient coaching of Mr. Hamilton, the two teams were chosen. The members of the first team were Ivah Ellis, Edna McBride, Vera Phillips, Louise Hendee, Lavenia Mathis, Josephine Thurmond, Hanna Fitzgerald, Helen Robinson and Bessie Addison, captain. Mr. Hamilton was chosen manager of the team. The captain of the second team was Miss Fay Thompson.

The teachers have also manifested interest in basketball and have honored the first team by playing several practice games with them. These games were very interesting, though decidedly in favor of the first team.

So far this season but seven games have been played, these being with



Kansas City, Kansas. Although the Central team was much overmatched in size, the score stood C. H. S., 56; K. C., K., H. S., 43. The line-up in most of these games was: forwards, Vera Phillips, Bessie Addison; centers, Ivah Ellis, Helen Robinson; guards, Edna McBride, Louise Hendee. Arrangements are being made for other games, two being scheduled with Manual. Challenges have been received from Lawrence and Topeka, Kas., and Lincoln, Neb.

Whether the team has accomplished much or little, its faithful practice will surely tell for the good of next year's team. Should this be the case, the team of '04 will feel amply repaid for its work. If the new gymnasium materializes, and it is to be hoped it will, it cannot fail to arouse enthusiasm in the Central students, and to build up interest in athletics. Thereby it will create an atmosphere conducive to good comradeship and school spirit. When this millennium is reached, there should be no reason for Central not having the best girls' basketball team, one whose motto would be, "Noli est Secundi."

BESSIE ADDISON, Senior.

BASEBALL
TEAM



SANDERS
NELSON

BONNIFIELD
BROWN
CAMPBELL

SEBREE
RAGAN (C)

GRAVES
BUMBARGER

HALE

WESTFALL

LEWIS

MERVINE

BASEBALL



Although many of the men trying for the baseball teams are new, the prospects were never better for a successful season. Much interest was shown in baseball by the school in general, and Mr. Bonnifield had plenty of good material to select from. Enough of last year's players are back to give the team experience and to enable us to tell definitely what they are able to do. The team was unfortunate in not getting any of the parks to practice in, but they found a very good place in the southern part of the city, where the practice was carried on quite well.

Most of the very responsible positions, including those of pitcher, catcher, shortstop and third base, are held by old men. Mervine or Sanders will pitch, Lewis or Hale will catch. Sanders did especially good work last year, as did Ragan, who will hold the position of shortstop.

In the High School League, in which Central is ably represented by Mr. Graves, a very good schedule has been arranged. Each team, Manual, Central, Westport and Kansas City, Kas.,

plays each other team two games, and each team furnishes the grounds and gives three games. Mr. Graves is trying to arrange some out-of-town games, but has had little success.

Last year's team started out with no better prospects than those for this year and yet won the pennant, and we see no reason why the team of 1904 should not do the same. This year we have more experienced men, more promising new material, and the same trainer, Mr. Bonnifield, so that, unless the opposing teams are exceptionally strong, Central should come out ahead.

THE TEAM

LEWIS, c.
 SANDERS, p, 3b.
 BUMBARGER, 1b.
 BROWN, 2b.
 RAGAN, (captain), ss.
 NELSON, 3b.
 SEBREE, lf.
 WESTFALL, cf.
 MERVINE, rf, p.

SUBSTITUTES

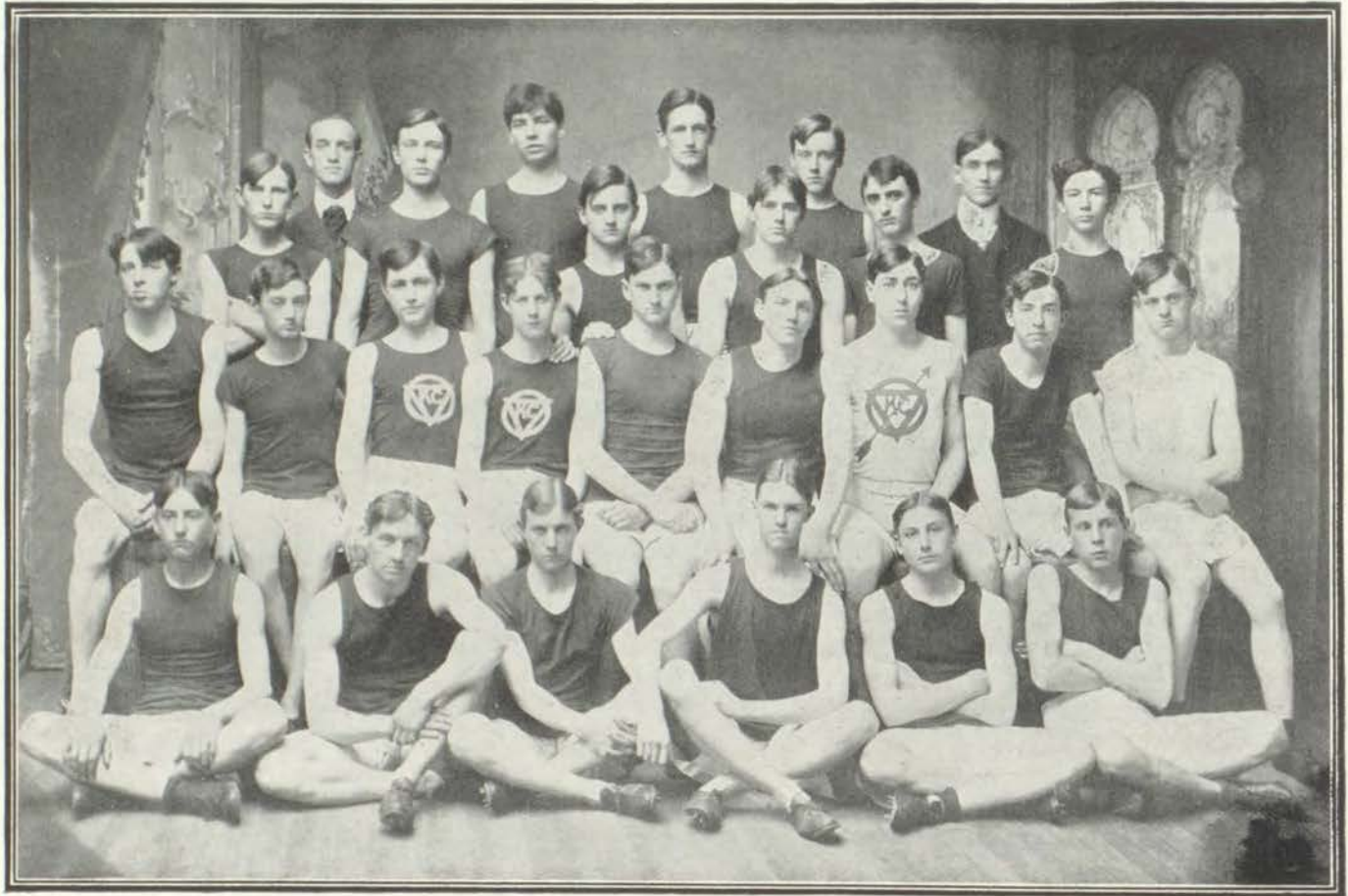
HALE CAMPBELL.

CENTRAL'S SCHEDULE

Apr. 9th—K. C., K. vs. Central—Apr. 30th
 Apr. 16th—Westport vs. Central—May 7th
 Apr. 23d—Manual vs. Central—May 14th



TRACK
SQUAD



TRACK ATHLETICS

Although it is not probable that a track team such as last year's can be organized, the prospects are good for a team as strong as the average. Most of the six men who won the Missouri Valley championship have left school, only Scarritt remaining. The team lost an especially good man in Harry Cotton, who was the best half and quarter miler in the Missouri valley.

The material, therefore, is almost entirely new, and the managers cannot tell how the men will do in a contest, but, on the whole, the outlook is quite promising. Quayle, a new man, does very good work on the long distance runs, while McConnell and Scarritt represent us in the short runs. McConnell, however, early in the season was struck on the leg by the twelve pound shot, which put him out of training for about three weeks. Freshman and McConnell did good work in the 440 yard run. Scarritt is sure to do good work in the hurdles.

Not as much interest as usual was shown in track athletics this year, comparatively few men coming out to try for position. It is expected, however, that interest will be stimulated by the meets which will probably

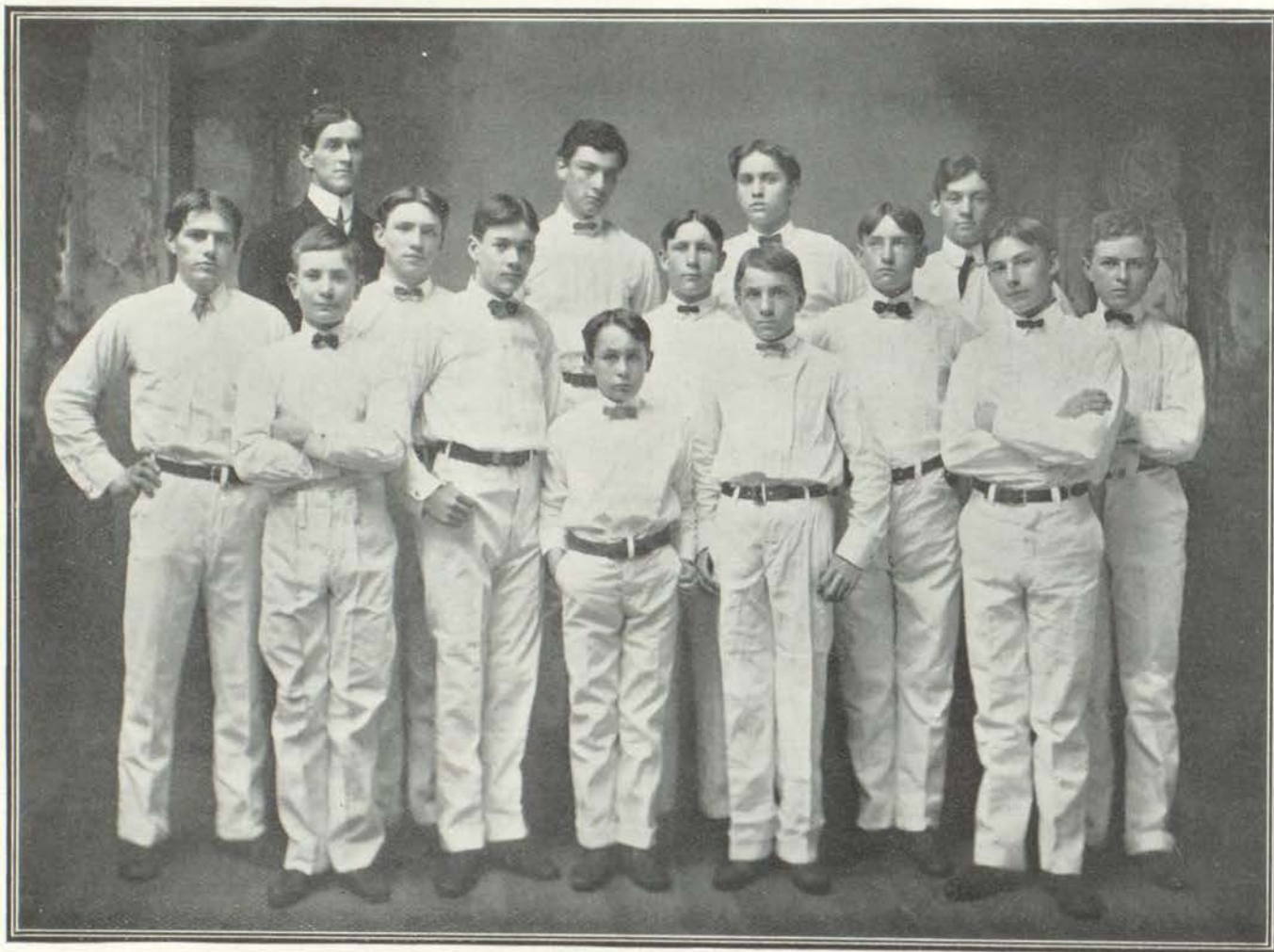
be arranged between the Freshman and Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes. These class meets are almost an entirely new thing at Central, and it is to be hoped that they will arouse more class and school spirit.

The schedule has been partly arranged by Mr. Bainter. The first outdoor meet of the season will be held with Manual April 30. We are always glad to meet Manual in any kind of a contest, and we hope that we shall prove our superiority over them this year as well as we did in 1903. The Missouri Valley Interscholastic Meet will be held here May 7. This is the main event of the season in track athletics, and we consider ourselves fortunate in having it held here.

A very interesting contest was held with Manual in Convention Hall at the same time as the Missouri-Kansas Meet. The events were the fifty yard dash and the one mile relay race. In the fifty yard dash, McConnell won for Central with Scarritt a close second, while Freshman was defeated by the Manual runner in the last heat of the relay race. In the number of points, however, Central won.



TUMBLING
SQUAD



THE TUMBLING SQUAD

The tumbling team this year is composed principally of new members, since nearly all the old members have either graduated or dropped out, and there are only a few who are strong enough to attempt some of the more difficult feats that were done last year.

Mr. Hamilton, the director, has worked hard to train the raw material which he has had to work with this year and is much encouraged with the result. His main object has been to develop in each boy control of all the muscles. There is no better exercise for the development of this control than tumbling, because one must have steady nerves, a cool head and a definite idea of what comes next.

Some of the boys have gained considerable proficiency in different lines, such as snap-ups, rolls, hand-springs and different air-sets. A few have been practicing

some of the more dangerous feats which require the use of the belt in learning—back air-set from horse and ground and the under-cut from horizontal bar.

Jasper Livingston is the star hand stand performer. He spends most of his time in the "gym" walking on his hands, but his latest feat is to stand on his thumbs.

Oscar Haas is easily the best horizontal bar performer, and delights in hair-breadth escapes.

A certain part of each day is devoted to mat work, in which each member takes part, doing air-sets, hand-springs, rolls, and snap-ups, which are the first lessons.

The boys are doing faithful work in pyramid building, and expect to give an exhibition before the school May 13th.

DAYTON LANGWORTHY,
Sophomore.

THE SQUAD

OSCAR HAAS
ROY McCUBBIN
HARRY MINTON
DAYTON LANGWORTHY
HOWARD SHAFER
HAMPTON ROBINSON
JASPER LIVINGSTON
ARTHUR SONTAG
JOHN MCCOY
FRED BELLEMERE
HOWARD MERVINE
JOHN KARGES
HAROLD STICKNEY
ED EISENMAN
CHARLES WOODBURY

TENNIS
CLUB



SCARRITT COPELAND EATON HOLMES SEBREE ELLIS SCOTT

TENNIS

When Central won the interscholastic field meet, the baseball championship and everything in the literary line, she did not take time to weep because there were no other prizes to capture, but instead through her able representative, Mr. Holmes, she introduced tennis into the school. This gave participants in that sport the power to add one more gem to their already brilliant crown.

The first tourney, held with Manual, was in itself magnificent. This contest started a tennis enthusiasm among the pupils which will make that game as necessary to school athletics as baseball.

In the spring of 1902 Mr. Holmes started the tennis movement, but there were few, if any, boys who felt like taking it up. In the fall of 1903, however, he interested four boys, Sebree, Eaton, Copeland and Frances, who boomed the affair not only in the school but outside until they had the scalps of Manual's best players hanging from their belts.

Last fall the tournament was not backed by the school and was really merely a preliminary step, made by a few individuals, to bring about an unusual high school event. On May 21 we meet Manual again, and this time not only the pupils but also the teachers of

Central will be represented. This tournament will differ from that of last fall in that the Athletic Association will be promoting it. This fact indicates more than anything else that tennis is the coming high school sport.

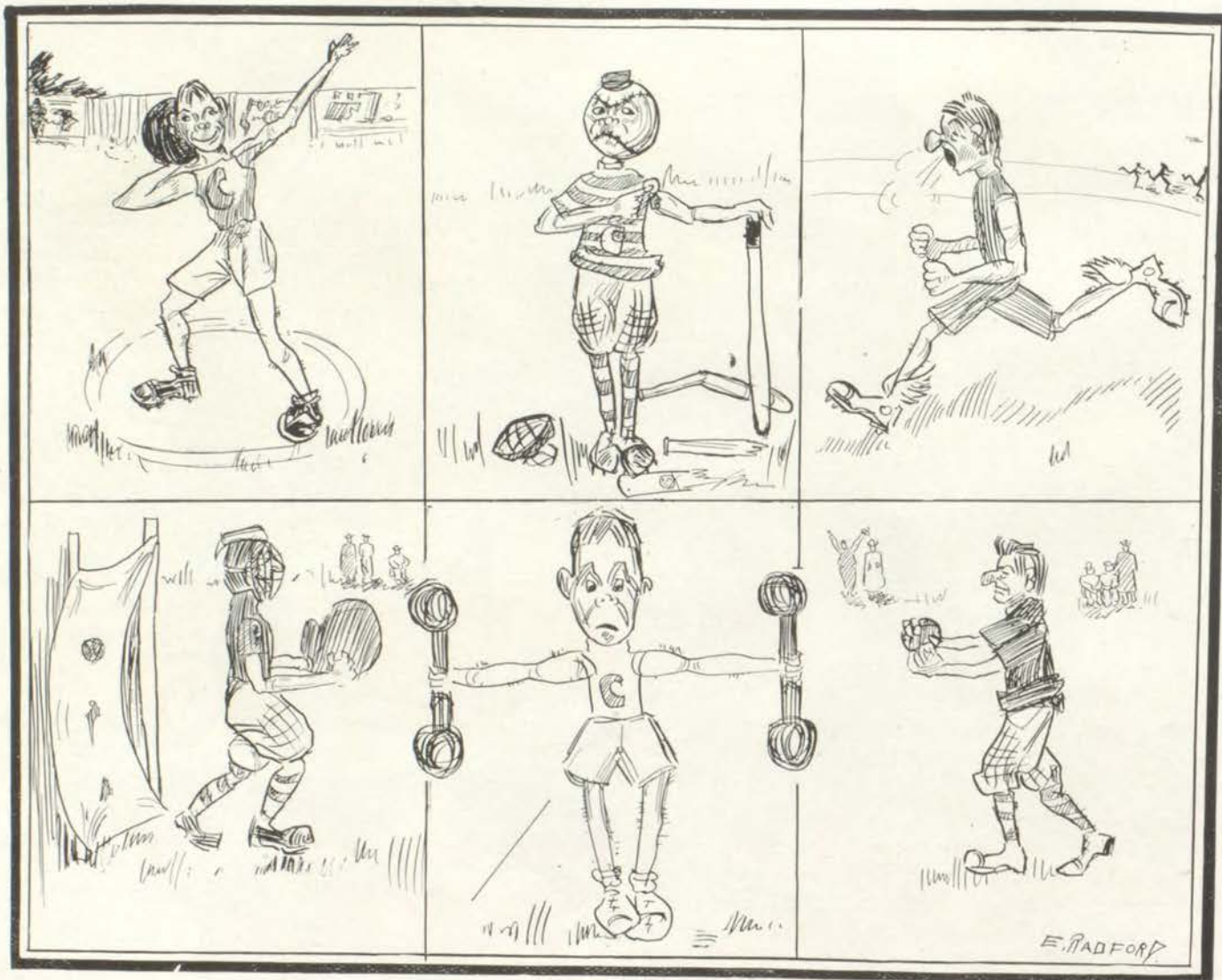
The interest in tennis has not been growing in Central only, but the other high schools throughout the country have taken this game up and the day of the interscholastic tennis tournament is not far off. In fact this year, if the Athletic Association saw fit, Central could fill her schedule with the best high schools in the Missouri valley.



The game of tennis merits the support of all the pupils—first, because Central has adopted it, a fact which alone means that there must be no defeat; secondly, because it carries with it the excitement of football without its dangers; thirdly, because it is one of America's most popular sports, as shown by the eager interest taken by the public in the tournament with England; and last and not least, because it is necessary to add new laurels to Central's list and this can only be done by the hearty support of all her pupils.

SAM SEBREE, Senior.

ON THE
FIELD





LAW

AND

HISTORY

LAW AND HISTORY FACULTY



JOHN W. WHITE
General History



EVELYN BURRILL
History and Civics



ELMER E. RUSH
History, Civics
and Commercial Law



WILLIAM A. LEWIS
History and Political Economy

THE SOUTHERN WOMEN OF THE 60'S

I do not wish to speak of the Southern women of the Civil war whose names are in history. Those were the wives of the brave leaders of the Confederacy. They naturally became known from the prominence of their husbands, and thus brought to notice, their own virtues caused them to remain in view. Justly so, for they were true women, encouraging their husbands, sympathizing with them, standing by them, through victory and defeat. However, it is the wife, the daughter, the sweetheart, of the private soldier, whose womanliness I wish to record. Their names are not known by the world at large, but their memory is still fresh in the hearts of those they helped and sustained, and in many homes their living presence is still a benediction.

As we listen to our old grandmother, silver-haired and dressed in black, who was among those brave women of 1860, a fragrance of lavender and heliotrope seems to breathe around us, and, shutting our eyes, we see her as she was just forty-four years ago. Sweet and slender and smiling, she stands in the spring sunshine with the old-fashioned garden around her. With her aristocratic little face, her brown hair demurely parted in the middle, her slender white hands and her airy, billowy dress, we think her a fragile little thing, unused to hardships, nurtured in the lap of ease. It is true. She has nothing to do but be happy, and she is happy. She is a bride of three summers and all is joy, peace and love in that household.

Then the war comes with all its tragedy of blood. Father, brothers and husband must fight for their rights,

and before God, they believe their cause right. They had reasons, strong reasons, to believe it, but God, to aid all mankind could not help the few, and so they failed. In such a time were those frail, sweet, loving women found wanting? No; but what a change had passed over them! Before the war they loved and were happy—now they loved, but worked and suffered. You can speak of the bravery of men when they rush to battle in the face of death. Ah! What is that to the bravery of the young wife who stands at the door of her dear home and smiles as her husband goes off to fight—and perhaps to die? It is much harder to stay at home and wait, than to be in the thick of the fray. Who can reckon the agony of the dark hours of the night as these wives and mothers pour out their hearts to God in supplication? Who can realize the feverish anxiety of the daytime as they wait and wait for news from the battlefield? No one can who has not passed through it.

However, while these women suffered, they were not idle. Those slender, white hands, unused to work, must work now. They cooked, cleaned, scrubbed, washed and ironed—in fact, they did the work that all their slaves had been accustomed to do. Besides this, they sewed, not only for themselves, but for the dear ones so far away, and for many other brave soldiers. They opened their homes to the wounded and nursed them back to health. It is wonderful how their slender bodies, unaccustomed to hardship, could stand under the weight of so much work, but they seemed untiring. Not only did they have to endure work. That alone would have been easy; but they had to

THE SOUTHERN WOMEN OF THE 60'S—Cont'd

stand passive and see their lands ravaged and made desolate. While the Federals plundered and desecrated their homes, they stood at the door, fearless and silent. They never forgot they were ladies,—ladies of the Southland; and often the most reckless and forward soldier, awed by their calm dignity, removed his hat in their presence and became quiet.

So the years wear on until the war is ended. Some are left widows, some childless, many fatherless, but they are patient, brave and true through all these afflictions. The girl who stood that morning in the sunshine of the garden is not so young and girlish-looking now, but her face is even sweeter from having suffered and become

resigned, and she receives her husband, maimed and crippled though he is, with the same brave smile. As the thought of her has strengthened him in his absence, how much more does her loving presence help him in his adversity.

Slowly, by much work and love, from the ashes of their ruined home a second home rises. The hearth is at last cheerful and bright for their children.

Oh, ye sons of these noble women, bare your heads in silence before them, and let the incense of your reverence and love hallow their memory forever!

JEANNE WELSH, Senior.



THE LAW OF NEGOTIATION

The law of negotiation grew out of the common law of England. The historical source of the negotiability of both bills of exchange and promissory notes is the custom of merchants, which in time was recognized by the courts and by parliament. This recognition was set on a firm basis by the Statutes of Anne in 1705, which declared them a substitute for money. Bills of exchange are the most ancient of all paper currency, having been used by Barbarossa in 1189.

A note to be negotiable, must contain some set of words which will convey the intention of negotiability. The words most used are "Pay to the bearer," or "To the order of," although any other words from which it can be inferred that the person making it intended it to be negotiable, will serve the purpose.

The great purpose of negotiable paper is to take the place of money as a commercial medium. The three kinds now most used are bills of exchange, promissory notes, and checks. Under the development of the courts of England and America, the paper money laws have worked to the protection of the bona fide holder, and certain qualities must be inherent in the currency to make it legal. The most important of these essentials are: The note or bill must contain a promise or an order; the promise or order must be unconditional; it must be an absolute promise or order for the payment of money alone; the amount of money must be certain; the time of payment must be a time certain to occur; the instrument must be specific as to all its parties, and the instrument must be delivered. A note to be legal does not have to specify a certain day, but it must be made payable upon the happening

of an event which is certain to occur—such as a death—though the time is uncertain. In a bill or note only such persons are considered parties whose names appear upon the face or back of the instrument.

To transfer negotiable paper from one person to another, it is necessary that it be indorsed. Indorsement is the writing of a name of the indorser on the instrument with the intent either to transfer the title to the same, or to strengthen the security of the holder by assuming a contingent liability for its future payment, or both. An indorsement to be valid, must be somewhere upon the instrument. Any form of words with the signature, from which the intention of the holder to incur the liabilities of an indorser may be determined, is a sufficient indorsement. Indorsements are classified as blank, full, without recourse, special, restrictive, conditional and anomalous. Of those named above only the indorsement without recourse applies to the liabilities, the others apply to the different methods of wording and the conditions attaching to the delivery. The indorser, without recourse, declares himself liable for the payment of the note only on condition that it is forged, fictitious or altered.

Of the three kinds of negotiable paper, the one least negotiable by indorsement is the check. A check is not a bill of exchange, but it is an order on a bank or banker, payable on demand, and without days of grace. It implies that the drawer has money on deposit in the bank for the purpose of being checked out. The danger and inconvenience of handling large sums of money all the time is done away with by the use of checks.

THE LAW OF NEGOTIATION—Cont'd

When there is an occasion to pay out money, an order on a bank is given to the person to be paid. When presentment is made for payment, the payee must sign his name on the back before the bank cashes it. This check is returned to the drawer, and the signature on the back is a receipt that the amount of money called for has been paid.

As in the case of a bill of exchange, the drawer implies that he has the funds on deposit in the bank, and that the check will be honored. If the bank refuses to pay, the drawer is still liable to the payee for the sum of money. The only case in which the drawer is not held liable for the payment is when the payee neglects to present the check for payment within a reasonable time.

It is almost impossible to estimate the extent and commercial value of negotiable paper. Every day, in the transaction of business, men write hundreds of promissory notes and bills of exchange. At the present time, a

business man, who receives and pays out large sums of money, seldom handles the money itself. He pays by giving his creditors checks on a bank.

If the drawer of a check is a responsible business man, and he has drawn out all the money he had deposited, the bank will often honor his check and reimburse itself when he again has money on deposit.

The safest way of handling money is by the use of negotiable paper, because it is much easier to lose gold and silver dollars than greenbacks. The United States recognizes this demand, and, instead of putting the gold and silver coins on the market, the precious metals remain in the vaults, and the gold and silver certificates are passed as currency. Because the United States is able to pay its debts, the certificates issued by the treasury are as readily accepted in this country as the legal tender itself would be.

MARGARET JESSEN, Senior.



A GODDESS FOR A DAY

"Oh, I wish I were a goddess, only for a day," sighed Phya, as she finished the last garland of myrtle and lilies, for she was tired of making wreathes and longed for greater things. The garlands were finished, and she set out at once to deliver them at the house of Megacles, a wealthy merchant who lived near the theatre of Dionysus, at the foot of the Acropolis. There was to be a banquet in the house of Megacles that night, and Phya's garlands were to be worn by the banqueters, according to the custom of the times.

Now Phya was a very beautiful, tall and stately girl, and quite queenly in her bearing. She had been sold into slavery once because she had neither parents nor relatives left to protect her. Then she became a dancing and flute-girl at banquets, but a kind old gardener rescued her from that life. Now she made garlands for banqueters, victors in the games, and for processions in the religious festivals.

It was now the month of flowers, and the shadow-pointer was stretching half way across the garden, when Phya arrived at the house of Megacles.

It was evening, and in response in her knock, a slave opened the street door. She entered and walked through the hall into the open court within. There she met Megacles and his daughter. Both were evidently proud and ambitious, though not aristocratic in origin.

Megacles in his youth had been a boatman, but by shrewdness, energy and daring had become a wealthy ship owner and merchant. It was upon the basis of this wealth he hoped to climb to political power.

He was already the recognized leader or "boss" of the "Shore" party, as the merchants were called. But the rivalry of the landed aristocracy, the "Plain" party, and the hostility of the shepherds and farmers who constituted the "Hill" party, had thus far prevented Megacles from attaining any power or voice in the government.

The "Hill" party was, at this time, headed by Pisistratus, who had, at one time, secured supreme power by a cunning stratagem. One day in 560 B. C. he had driven into the market place, himself and his mules bleeding from wounds inflicted by his own hands. He explained to the people that the aristocrats had tried to kill him, because he had defended the rights of the masses. He cried out also that his life was no longer safe. The Athenians, believing this, assigned him a bodyguard of fifty men armed with clubs. Pisistratus, however, added to the number of men and equipped them with spears instead of clubs, and then seized the Acropolis.

But he did not retain his power long, for the two leaders of the other factions, Megacles of the "Shore" and Lycurgus of the "Plain," had combined against Pisistratus and had driven him into exile.

Now, Megacles was planning to bring him back to Athens, on condition that he would marry Megacles' daughter. He thus hoped to bind Pisistratus to himself and unite the "Hill" and "Shore" parties. This would perpetuate his own power and that of Pisistratus.

While meditating upon these things, Phya entered with the garlands. Her magnificent stature and stately bearing attracted his attention, and suggested to him a

A GODDESS FOR A DAY—Cont'd

plan of bringing back Pisistratus to power, under the apparent guardianship of Pallas Athena. For Phya, clothed in the armour and costume of Pallas Athena, would easily pass for the goddess. The plan was soon submitted to Pisistratus and approved by him, because he could regain his power without bloodshed or violence.

The gardener was quite willing that Phya should aid in restoring his great party leader to power, and, of course, Phya was delighted to play the goddess.

A few days later Phya, in the guise of the goddess, was approaching Athens, riding beside Pisistratus in a chariot. Heralds proceeded them with the announcement that Pallas Athena was bringing back Pisistratus to her own Acropolis. The procession marched undisturbed through the city and up to the Acropolis, while the Athenians manifested the greatest reverence and adoration for the supposed goddess.

Thus Phya realized her wish and was goddess for a day.

And what did all this mean? It meant the restoration of Pisistratus to power, and that meant the protection of the masses from oppression of the nobles, and also the rescue of all Athenians from anarchy. It meant higher civilization, both for that age and all future ages, and the preparation of the ignorant masses for self-government, by crushing the power of the nobles. It was the cause of the revival of art and literature, the founding of many temples, and the preservation of Homer's great epics in their present form.

And thus the flower-girl of Athens, who played goddess for a day, was the means of bringing as great a blessing to Athens as Pallas Athena herself could possibly have done.

ELLA R. BROWER, Sophomore.

CIMON, SON OF MILTIADES

Cimon, the son of Miltiades, the conqueror of the Persians at Marathon, was perhaps the greatest man Greece ever produced. In him were united the courage of his father, the great wisdom of Themistocles, and the disinterestedness as well as the justice of Aristides, to which he added remarkable generosity and liberality.

Having acquired a great fortune, he made no other use of it than to benefit his fellow-citizens in every way possible. A few instances of his disinterestedness, liberality and wisdom follow, as recorded by Cornelius Nepos.

He had the fences of his gardens and fields torn down that strangers, as well as his own countrymen, might partake of his fruit. When he walked out, he would have a retinue of young men well clothed and if he happened to meet an aged citizen in mean dress, he ordered some one of them to change clothes with him. But besides this, the same body of attendants carried with them a quantity of money, and when they met in the market place any needy person of honest appearance, they took care to slip some pieces into his hand as privately as possible.

CIMON, SON OF MILTIADES—Cont'd

When the allies to Athens had become weary of furnishing troops and ships manned for war Cimon, different from the other leaders, allowed them to furnish ships un manned so that they could help their own men at home. He caused the ships, which the allies sent, to be manned by Athenians, thus they arose to a certain degree of supremacy over their allies.

No Grecian general ever humbled the pride and power of Persia like Cimon. He was everywhere victorious over the Persians and many times he destroyed their strongest maritime towns.

His victorious career was interrupted for a time by fresh dissensions among the Athenians. There existed in Athens a strong political party, opposed to Cimon, which acquired such power during his absence, that he was condemned to exile for ten years. But, before the expiration of that term, the Athenians perceived how prejudicial it was to their interests to be deprived of the services of such a man; they recalled him from his banishment, and Pericles, who had been the chief cause of it, was the first to propose a decree for his return.

No sooner was Cimon allowed to resume his conquests than he went again with two hundred vessels in search of the enemy. Having first signally defeated a fleet of three hundred ships, he landed his troops on the Cilician coast and gained another memorable victory over an army of three hundred thousand men, commanded by Mezabyzus, one of the ablest of Persian generals.

He intended to go further and even to shake the Persian empire to its very center, when King Artaxerxes,

dispirited by so many many losses, and apprehensive of new dangers, resolved to put an end to so disastrous a war by a treaty of peace. It was concluded under the following conditions:

First, that the Grecian cities in Asia should be acknowledged as free and independent states; secondly, that no Persian war vessel should navigate between the Black Sea and the coasts of Pamphylia; thirdly, that no Persian commander with his troops should approach the Grecian seas within a three days' march; and fourthly, that the Athenians should not longer attack any part of the dominions of Persia. These conditions were accepted and ratified under oath by the two parties in the year B. C., 449.

During the negotiation of this treaty, Cimon died, either from sickness or from a wound received at the seige of Citium in Cyprus. When he drew near his end, he commanded his officers to set out with the fleet immediately for Athens and to conceal his death with the utmost care.

The order was punctually executed and the secret so well kept that neither the enemies nor the allies had any suspicion of the event; and the whole fleet returned to Athens in safety still under the guidance and care of Cimon, although he had died thirty days before.

Thus this great man, the greatest perhaps that Greece ever produced, after having conferred so many signal benefits on his country during life, promoted its interests even after death, and left it in the height of glory and power.

JAS. T. REDMOND, Sophomore.



CARY A. GRIFFIN
WINNER OF GOLD MEDAL

BLANCHE L. ROSENCRANS
WINNER OF SILVER MEDAL



SONS OF THE REVOLUTION CONTEST

Subject: "The Tories of the Revolution"

The time-honored maxim that history tends to repeat itself has for several years been finding very substantial proof in the annual result of the competition conducted by the Sons of the Revolution.

One gold medal had already come to Central from this source when, four years ago, the Sons of the Revolution offered medals for the best essays on "Heroes of the Revolution," written by students in Missouri high schools. Two of our pupils, Miss Maude Neal and Mr. Logan Clendenning won diplomas of honorable mention. This was no mean achievement, but it was eclipsed by the result of the next year's contest, when the gold medal went to Miss Neal and the bronze one to Miss Julia St. Clair. In 1903, the gold medal, the bronze medal and the first honorable mention were returned to Central by Miss Lilly

Bell Neal, Mr. Henry Westfall and Mr. William MacLaren. In 1902 Mr. Horace Griffin had received honorable mention.

This year has brought to our school the two highest honors, the gold and silver medals, which go respectively to Mr. Cary Griffin and Miss Blanche Resencrans. Central is especially proud to have won, for the first time, the two highest honors in this contest, but she is even more proud that she has gained these prizes since the subject, "The Tories of the Revolution," although one of the most interesting of topics, was the most difficult yet chosen by the Sons of the Revolution. Since she has advanced thus far, we hope that she will not fall back, but will continue to hold this place of honor among the high schools of Missouri.



FACULTY
DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS



WILLIAM WEBER
Drawing



MIGNON CROWDER
Drawing



MRS. CARRIE FARWELL-VORHEES
Music



PRESTON K. DILLENBECK
Elocution, Dramatic Art

DRAWING—FINE ART

The study of art cannot but benefit anyone who applies himself to it sincerely. No matter whether he be talented or not, even if he never becomes an artist, the many refining influences of art will leave their indelible marks upon his character, and he will be the better man for having studied it.

It cultivates good taste; it develops the finer nature; it creates an aesthetic faculty. It causes one to shrink with disgust from loudness and coarseness, and to turn instinctively to refinement and harmony. Gaudy, inharmonious combinations hurt the artist as much as a jangling chord hurts a musician's sensitive soul. It teaches him to love beauty and nobility of character in any form, and enables him to see beauty in things and persons held as commonplace by those untrained in art. It causes him to look for the best qualities of every one he meets and, surviving the numerous hard knocks and discouragements showered upon him by an unappreciative world, struggling for something more noble—the betterment of his fellow-beings—he looks upon the brighter side of life. Hope is always visible to the true artist, and so he does not allow his mind to dwell upon melancholy, bitter subjects. There would be fewer cynics

and pessimists in the world if the study of art were pursued more commonly and more sincerely.

The children of Kansas City should be very proud of their opportunity of studying art in the public schools, and should show their appreciation by making good use of their privileges.

Especially should the pupils of Central high school be glad of their advantages. They are taught by the same methods used in the large art academies where their instructors were taught. The course of study, indeed, is so similar to that pursued in these institutions that, should a Central pupil take up art as a life study, and attend, in the future, these more advanced academies, he would feel perfectly at home in them.

The beginner in the study of art is put to work on designs and simple familiar studies in pencil and charcoal. This drawing in black and white is continued for some time, for it is the most important stage in the entire course of study: drawing itself, is the foundation of all art, and the study of black and white teaches those most important of all elements of painting—discrimination between light and shade, and the value of tones. After these foundation studies, come more inter-



DRAWING—Cont'd



Drawn by Edith R. Neale

esting work in water-colors, and, last of all, fascinating work in oils; each step makes the eye more true, and the touch of the hand more skillful and delicate.

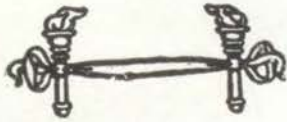
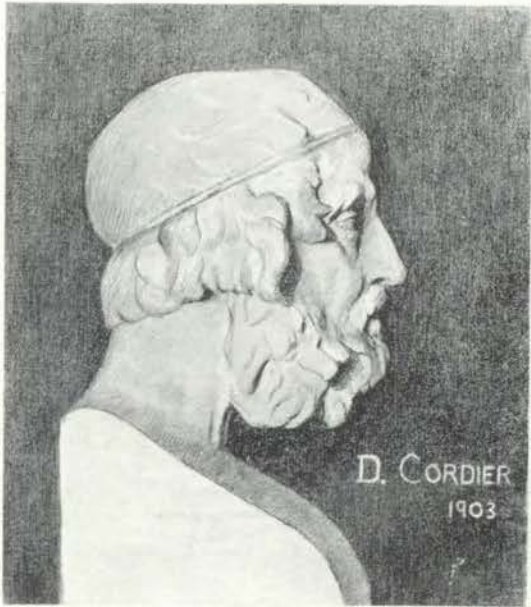
Two very interesting innovations have been made in the course of study this year. Several months ago, Mr. Weber and Miss Crowder decided to allow the pupils to lay aside their more serious work on Fridays, and to devote these "short-hour" days to sketching each other. For several lessons, this lighter work seemed harder than the other work, but gradually the pupils have become accustomed to it, and interested in it, and their work now shows marked improvement.

In consequence of the enthusiasm caused by this short experience in drawing from a "live model," some of the pupils contributed money to hire a regular model. The experience has proved successful, and it is to be hoped that it will be made a regular feature of the course of study in the future; for portraiture, even on this small scale, gives the student deeper insight into character than almost any other study.

It is the hope of teachers and pupils that their efforts in the past will be rewarded in the near future by a larger and lighter studio, where they invite all ambitious pupils to join them, and where they expect, in time, to produce some second Raphaels and Rembrandts.

BERTHA DENNIS, JUNIOR.

DRAWING



DRAWING



DRAWN BY
ETHEL BRUBAKER



MUSIC

Herbert Spencer tells us that music ranks as the highest of fine arts—as the one which, more than any other, ministers to human welfare, and Hooker says, "Melody, both vocal and instrumental, is for the raising up of men's hearts and the sweetening of their affections toward God."

Every young person who aims at a high educational standard should be thoroughly versed on the knowledge of music, which, more than any other acquirement, will repay the time and money expended upon it. Although all cannot excel in music, everyone may become lovers of music. It requires certain talent to produce music; that is, something more than a mere comprehension of sweet sounds and harmonious notes.

There are certain persons in the world who are satisfied when they learn what they call a "tune"; for instance, ragtime. They have no musical inspiration and their execution upon the piano or organ is purely mechanical. When they hear the magnificent rendition of classic music, they smile serenely and observe that simple music is the sweetest and suits them best, but they forget that the simplest music can be made capable of excellent interpretation. The greatest singers of the world move an audience to tears of appreciation when they sing, "Home, Sweet Home," or "Annie Laurie."

A musical person is always an addition to society. One who has a cultivated voice, or can perform well on any instrument, adds much to a social gathering. It is necessary, to complete the musical education, that the voice be strong and sweet, developed and improved by modern methods.

Music exercises powerful influences through the mind upon the body. By increasing mental energy, or by its depressing influence upon the feelings, music affects the health to a very considerable extent. Many instances might be cited from ancient history and from sacred writings in which the records of songs have united the refinement and purity of Acadian manners

and customs with a love of music. In Egypt music was thought to promote virtue and morality in the education of the Egyptian youth. Pythagoras commended music in the treatment of the insane. When physicians recognized evil spirits as the cause of disease, music was held to be a cure.

The power of the world's great poets and musicians lies in the interpretation of man's own soul. There is a beautiful incident in the life of Jenny Lind which illustrates how quickly the human heart responds to genuine soul songs. She was from Sweden and her voice was the most heavenly ever given to woman. Guilia Grisi, a beautiful Italian singer, was in London at the same time as Jenny Lind. Both were invited to sing the same night at a court concert before the Queen. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first. She was so disturbed by the scornful look of Guilia Grisi that she was at the point of failure when suddenly she asked the accompanist to rise. Taking the vacant seat her fingers wandered over the keys, and then she sang a little prayer which she had sung when a child. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but was singing to her friends in the fatherland.

At first the notes floated on softly, then swelled louder and richer every moment. She seemed to throw her whole soul into the thrilling "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. The audience was spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her beautiful eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disturbed her. There was no fierce expression now; instead there was a tear drop glistening on the long, black lashes, and after a moment, Guilia Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arms about her and kissed her, utterly regardless of the audience.

Beethoven has truly said, "Music should strike fire from the heart of man, and bring tears from the eyes of woman."

BERNICE FORD, Senior.



CENTRAL
GLEE CLUB



CENTRAL GLEE CLUB

Officers

Mrs. Carrie Farwell-Voorhees, Director
Boyd Fisher, Accompanist
Howard Hudson, Business Manager
Francis M. McShane, Asst. Bus. Mgr.
Frank E. Parker, Secy. and Treas.
Roger Davis, Librarian

Members

FIRST TENORS

Kenneth J. Byrne Frank H. Ellis
Horace G. Getman Ray J. Waters

SECOND TENORS

Ora D. Rose Pryor R. Combs
Arthur C. Kendall Richard E. Wiles
Roger Davis

BARITONES

Everett Copley Rufus F. Montgall
Walter B. Phillips Earl F. Insley
Ralph A. Knight

BASSES

Howard Hudson Earl Reed
Francis M. McShane Victor P. Simonds
Frank E. Parker Clifford J. Leonard



CENTRAL GLEE CLUB

The school spirit and the character of the studies have both contributed to place Old Central almost in the rank of colleges. Nothing is more responsible for this than the Glee Club. A college glee club embodies in song the life and action of the students. Ours does this also, because it represents every phase of school life. It contains the student and the athlete, the rich and the poor. The societies are represented, as is also every class except the Freshman. An organization of this kind would be expected to serve the same purpose in a high school that a glee club does in a college. The Central Glee Club does in so marked a degree that we find ground for the above comparison.

The Glee Club was late in organizing this year. It commenced work on the twenty-eighth of January with seven old and thirteen new members. So regular has been the attendance since then that the average absence per meeting has been only one and the average tardiness even less. The interest has been of the keenest, half past two and even three o'clock frequently finding them hard at work in room twenty-seven. Such determination has undoubtedly found its reward.

The sixth of May was the date set for their appearance before the school. On that occasion the Assembly Hall resounded with melodies like those one hears when he is lifted beyond himself. Great bursts of song swept

the soul beyond the most blissful hopes of the future, and as the delicate strains of music fell upon the ear, the eyes filled and glistened as if beholding sights too glorious for mortal vision. These remarkable results were accomplished by the twenty boys, directed by Mrs. Voorhees.

Four years ago when eight boys were killing cats in Ellis' neighborhood by singing with the windows up, Mrs. Carrie Farwell-Voorhees appeared upon the scene and won the everlasting thanks of the old ladies of that part of town by turning the boys' efforts in the right direction and developing a good glee club. Each year since then, simply by her efforts, the organization has advanced. Now the appearance of the Glee Club is looked forward to by every pupil as one of the great events of the school year. For this all thanks are due to Mrs. Voorhees.



Mr. Howard Hudson the, "reformed Romeo," was elected business manager, which part he assumed even better than that of Romeo. So last year's prediction concerning the business manager was utterly unfounded. With such a director and such a manager and a better set of voices than ever before, the naughty four Glee Club is the best Old Central has ever seen or heard.

FRANK E. PARKER,
Senior.

CENTRAL MANDOLIN CLUB

Director

Mr. Porter Graves

Members

FIRST MANDOLINS

Mr. Porter Graves
Augusta Clements
Clarence Sappington
Ethel Nixon
Frances Eastwood

SECOND MANDOLINS

Edna Clark
Esther Marshall
Ethel Coffin

GUITARS

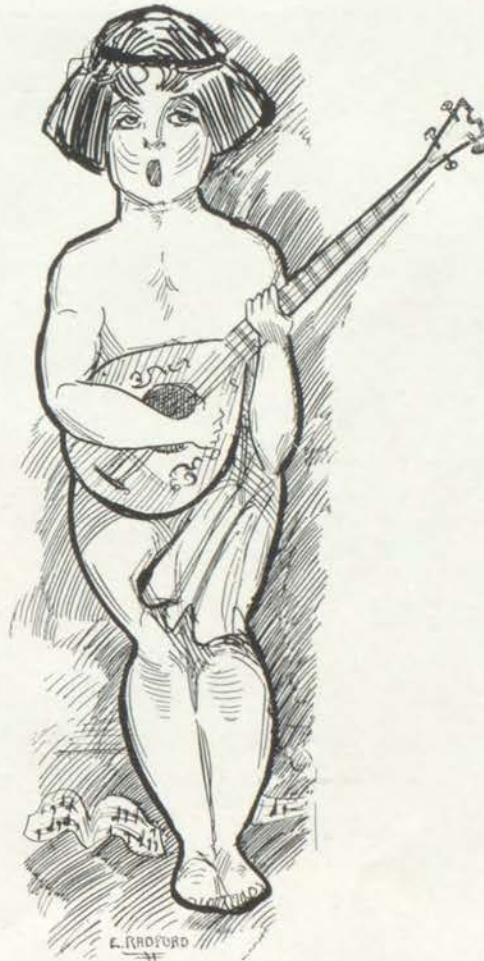
Maude Clements
Harry Dunaway
Bryan Morrison

PIANIST

Ella Foster

VIOLINIST

Mary Wheeler



CENTRAL
MANDOLIN CLUB



CENTRAL MANDOLIN CLUB

The Mandolin Club was first organized in the latter part of the school year of 1901-2, and for a year its membership consisted entirely of boys. During the first year of its existence it did not appear in public, but recently outside engagements have been made. The work for this year included four church programs, and once before the State Blind Institute of Kansas City, Kansas, once at the Franklin school and once before the Teachers' Institute. From this it is evident that the organization has given entertainments differing very greatly in character and it is thought that in many instances it has done much good. Every entertainment the club has given has been received with great enjoyment and much applause.

Besides these engagements the club has appeared on the Hall program three times, once when the program committee was disappointed in securing a speaker, giving the entire program. The entire musical program of the Christmas play was furnished by the Mandolin Club. The music was of the highest order and merited even more recognition than it received. However, the reception of the club by the school has always been very

enthusiastic and encores have been called for very freely.

The club has played more difficult music this year than ever before and has had excellent results. This necessitated a great deal of extra work, but the members have been very cheerful in responding to the extra calls for practice. The plan has been to practice once a week, but often it was necessary to take more time.

Although the six new members of the club are very able and willing, we feel greatly the loss of Mr. Banister, Mr. Cotton, Miss Shropshire and Miss Strauchon, who were members of last year's club.

An organization is truly strong when it can, upon short notice and without special preparation, give a creditable example of its work. Mr. Graves, as director and manager, has done a wonderful service to the school in modeling and building up the Central Mandolin Club. Carrying out an idea clearly his

own, he has developed each year from rather raw material an organization as strong as any in Central and one which, when called upon in an emergency, has only one reply—"Ready."

EDNA CLARK, Senior.



CENTRAL
CHORAL CLUB



CENTRAL CHORAL CLUB

Officers

MRS. CARRIE FARWELL-VOORHEES, Director
EDITH CAMMACK President
BERNICE FORD Secretary
LOTTA DAHN Treasurer
BESSIE WARFORD Librarian

Members

FIRST SOPRANOS

Edith Cammack
Lotta Dahn
Florence Humphrey
Pauline Post
Mabel St. John
Cora Surface
Zola Sweet
Marie Weatherhog
Bernice Cromwell

SECOND SOPRANOS

Susie Brown
Laura Campbell
Pearl Sieglar
Mabel Ditzler
Sadie Lowe
Frances McGinley
Margaret Horgan
Bunn Humphrey
Acklin Graham

FIRST ALTOS

Leonora Yates
Ora Davis
Jana Gasaway
Minnie Turner
Elise Wood
Helen Wadsworth

SECOND ALTOS

Isabel Barton
Edna Clark
Bernice Ford
Bessie Warford
Lutie Knoche
Julia Wischropp



CENTRAL CHORAL CLUB

Those Central girls, whom the "concord of sweet sounds move," have an organization which they call the Central Choral Club. The primary purpose of this organization is to learn to sing. To this end the girls, during their daily study period with Mrs. Voorhees, pursue a regular course of musical study, comprising theory, written work, sight reading, ear training, breathing, tone production and vocalization. In singing they strive for true pitch, correct enunciation, phrasing, style, and finish. Considering the number of untrained voices and the fact that they have but one school period a day for musical study, the improvement of the girls is to be wondered at. Indeed, it speaks well for their ability to grasp the subject and their earnestness to do the work. But not all their time is spent in "soothing the savage breast"; they wish to be musically intelligent as well. This desire arouses their interest in musical history, biography, and harmony. The girls also study musical form in connection with the compositions which are played to illustrate the works of the great masters.

Especial attention has been given to the epoch makers of musical history—Bach, Beethoven and Wagner. After the operas are studied, selections from them are played on the Apollo. In this way the girls

become familiar with the "linked sweetness" of the world's best classics. Most of the operas are studied so thoroughly that upon hearing them one imagines the story; really one seems to be a partner of the principal characters' joys and sorrows.

An interest in the history of the great national songs stirred the patriotism of the girls this year.

They reason that since the success of a nation depends upon its patriotism, the knowledge of the songs that have helped to make our nation is, at least, one step toward patriotism. It is a pleasure to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" now that the girls know that the grand old hymn sprang from the soul of Francis Scott Key, as he watched the glorious banner waving amid the din of shot and shell. Such a song must live as long as the "banner" itself.

The club has had a good year. Whenever it has appeared, it has been received with enthusiasm. This year it has given two programs in Assembly Hall, one at the Franklin school, and another at the Olive Street Methodist church. While the girls study for "the love of the working," each one feels that her best efforts are due to Mrs. Voorhees' lasting zeal and deep musical interest.

JULIA WISCHROPP,

Sophomore.



CENTRAL FIFE AND DRUM CORPS

Manager

Mr. W. H. Templin

Fifes

Arthur Kendall

Sewall Nash

Frank Dannahower

Donald Davis

George Smyth

Linn Dannahower

George Goldman

George Pike

Drums

Frank Woodbury

Harold Woodbury

Victor Simon

Everett Copley

Charlie Woodbury

Louis Smyth

Bass Drum

Bert Lewis



CENTRAL FIFE
AND DRUM CORPS



CENTRAL FIFE AND DRUM CORPS

The Central Fife and Drum Corps was organized just after the Christmas holidays. Central has, for a long time, needed some musical organization that would help along the athletic interests. Many high schools of less importance than Central have drum corps. This year an investigation was made to see if there was sufficient suitable material in school to warrant such an organization and the result was the present drum corps—an organization of which Central should be proud, considering its present strength and purpose.

Its object is to get out before the athletic contests, make a noise, attract attention and get up a crowd to attend the games; then, marching to the field of battle, to drum our boys on to victory.

It has fulfilled, at least, the greater part of its purpose, as seen at the recent baseball games and track meets. It is waiting patiently until next fall so that it can give the football team a share of its famous product.

It has been asked several times by pupils and teachers, if the corps would give a program in the Assembly Hall. Now, while it shows lack of respect to decline invitations, still it was feared that the presumptive spirits which prompted the kindness would be run out of school immediately after such a proceeding.

There are at present, in the corps six drummers, eight fifers and one base drummer. The corps has had

no uniforms this year, but next fall it hopes to appear in the blue and white of Old Central.

Mr. Tenplin, our manager, is very largely responsible for the success and good work of the corps, for it was through his untiring efforts that the boys were held together until they gained the necessary strength to stand alone. Mr. Tenplin was for several years connected with the infantry, and as he at one time had charge of a drum corps, the club has been fortunate in securing him as its manager.

There is nothing which stirs the American people like a fife and drum corps and as soon as the shrill notes of the fife and the rumble of the drum, together with the boom of the bass drum, are heard, out go all classes to see what is up. On account of this fact, it was thought that a drum corps for Central would stir up more interest in athletics and other school events, and so it has proved.

The corps holds regular practice meetings twice a week and while those meetings are in progress all educational pursuits in the building stop and the teachers suddenly decide that they have engagements elsewhere.

Although it is but a new organization, the Central High School Fife and Drum Corps is known throughout the city and any other place within a half mile of where it happened to play.

LOUIS SMYTH, Junior.

ELOCUTION

Elocution, as we study it now, differs greatly from the elocution of some years ago. Some old people today, when you speak of studying elocution, say emphatically, "No; I don't believe in it. It's silly and it makes girls affected." And when you consider what elocution was even twenty years ago, you cannot blame these old people for their opinion. The one idea then was to learn to "speak a piece" and the pieces were often of the most lurid kind. When I was six years old, I went to a country school where the old-fashioned Friday entertainments and the old-fashioned idea of elocution prevailed. I can still remember pretty distinctly a "piece" one of the "big girls" spoke. It was about a gypsy girl who had been deserted by her lover. I remember the "big girl" had to kneel (in the snow, I think it was), "cry to Heaven," then snatch a dagger from her bosom, and rushing into the church stab her lover just as he was being married. No wonder sensible people called such things "silly" and highly disapproved of them.

We, however, not only learn self-possession before an audience, but we also try to develop both the mind and the voice. The whole course is planned with these objects in view. We study Shakespeare's plays and learn not only to gather the meaning of his words, but also to express this meaning to an audience. Oratory is a subject also emphasized for its value in literary training and the art of expression. We have our "programs" that are composed of recitations which we could recite in public if need be. In the advanced classes, we have debates, toasts and extemporaneous speeches. No one can deny the value of these exercises. Particularly are the debates valuable, as we all know how very few men can talk and "talk to the point."

At the end of a year a pupil has gained much almost unconsciously. Besides the recitations and the Shakes-

peare that he has studied, he has learned other things that are of immensely greater value. Take for example a certain boy in the elocution class. He had a good voice, but he could do absolutely nothing on the platform. He was so nervous that he fidgeted continually; he mumbled his words so that he could hardly be understood, and could never remember more than a third of his recitation. At the end of the year, he could stand and move easily, he spoke clearly and directly and did not forget his lines.

The pupils of Central, in particular, have practical uses for what they may learn by the study of elocution. In the first place, elocutionary ability will give a person entrance into a literary society. There, the elocutionary training is constantly needed, in the debates, the programs, the elections, and all arguments. A person who has mastered what our elocution course teaches is needed in the Assembly programs, the Christmas play, and is a power in class elections, as a really good speech will often influence votes. If a person is in the Glee Club and can recite he is doubly valued; if he is a Senior his elocutionary training will give him a place on the Commencement program. And lastly, it gives an opportunity for a free college education. All of us know of the Chicago University scholarships.

In after life, the advantage of elocutionary training is so very obvious that it hardly needs mention. Besides the number of times in which a person can give pleasure by reading, everyone is at some time called upon to take part in a debate, or give a toast or an extemporaneous speech. Then, indeed, do many people long for the self-possession that the study of elocution would have given them. In after life, that self-possession alone is well worth years spent in the study of elocution.

LEE CAMPBELL, Junior.

CHICAGO DECLAMATION CONTEST



LULU L.
HAYES



HOWARD
HUDSON

Central has won laurels in oratory in recent years that are no less bright than those in the literary field. The prizes of the Chicago Oratorical Contest are beginning to be looked upon as held in perpetual lease with no right to sell, by the Central High School. Five years ago Mr. Bryant Cromer astonished the high schools of the Middle states by carrying off the first prize in the annual declamatory contest held at the University of Chicago. The following year Mr. Ray Merrill won second place in the contest, but at the next trial Central was not successful. The following year, Mr. Joe Ellis regained a reputation for Old Central by carrying off first prize. A year later Mr. Sherwood Fender received the same honor and this year Central has fairly outdone herself by winning first place both for the boys and for the girls. The successful students were Mr. Howard Hudson, well known in connection with the Central Glee Club of which he is now the manager, and Miss Lulu Hayes, who is one of the most deservedly popular and one of the most talented members of our school.

In closing this roll of fame we have left wide spaces across the bottom of its pages for we know that it is not *closed*, but that Central will continue to write new names in its columns as each year goes by,—names that will mean as much to her as those that we see written here today.

CHRISTMAS PLAY CAST



CHRISTMAS PLAY

On the night of December 23, 1903, when the curtain fell on the last act of our annual Christmas Play, a thoroughly pleased and satisfied audience left the Assembly Hall. Although the night was extremely disagreeable, almost every seat in the auditorium was occupied, which goes to prove that when the pupils of Central undertake to do a thing, Kansas City people know that it will be a success.

The play given this year was a bright, entertaining little comedy drama, entitled, "A Plot That Failed." Such a plot it was! Starting with an innocent joke perpetrated by some mischievous girls on a handsome young doctor, it ended with the discovery and capture of a real live villain!

The cast gave evidence of earnest and thorough training, thanks to the careful instruction of Mr. Dillenbeck, and the movement throughout never dragged. It seems only just, at this point, to thank Mr. Dillenbeck, in behalf of the school, for the interest he always takes in our Christmas Plays. It is no easy matter to drill a dozen inexperienced pupils, talented as they may be, and we certainly appreciate Mr. Dillenbeck's assistance.

As for the work done by the individual members of the cast, many complimentary things may be said. Miss Aletha Barr, as Bernice Halstead, a young lady of eighteen with an affection of the heart, was charming. She read her lines with clearness and distinctness, while her girlish simplicity and gracefulness won her a hearty reception. The part of Hannah was taken by Miss

Besse McMurry, who showed decided dramatic ability. She entered into her part exceedingly well, though never overdrawing it, and her easy stage manner was especially noticeable. Mr. Howard Hudson, who took the part of Abraham, Hannah's brother, made one of the "hits" of the evening. His impersonation of the old New England farmer was cleverly worked out. Another member of the cast who deserves especial mention is Miss Elizabeth Clay, who took the part of Mrs. Halstead, a haughty and disagreeable step-mother. Her voice was well pitched, her manner always in keeping with the part she played. Mr. Boyd Fisher as Dwight, the villain, had a most trying part and he acted in a way to reflect credit upon himself. Mr. John Higley's work in the role of young Doctor Burton gave evidence of a careful preparation, while Mr. Paul Kendall's impersonation of Sammy, a negro porter, brought down the house. Miss Ernestine Bainbridge and Miss Elizabeth Moise were typical young school girls. The work of Mr. Homer Berger was good, as was also that of Mr. Herbert Van Closter.

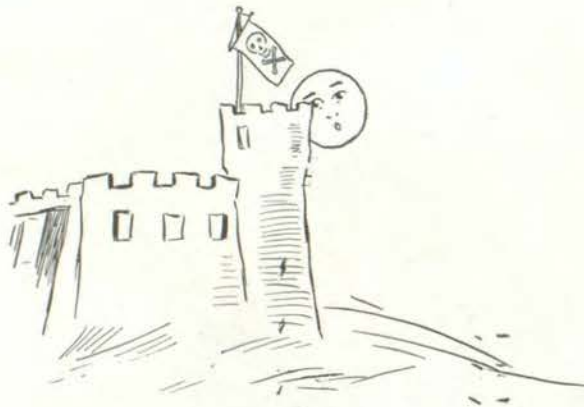
In our enthusiastic review of the members of the cast, we had almost forgotten to mention the new scenery, and far be it from us to overlook such an important addition to our stage. Why, it was the first time in many a year that the curtain worked without a hitch for a whole evening!

So, here are three cheers for the Christmas play of nineteen three—cast, scenery and all!

LULU L. HAYES, Senior.



A PLOT THAT FAILED



Cast of Characters

Bernice Halstead, a young lady of eighteen, with an affection of the heart,
a love of fun and a hatred of arithmetic - - - ALETHA BARR
Amy Halstead, her sister, two years younger, full of frolic, - - -
- - - ERNESTINE BAINBRIDGE
Inez Gray, a young lady visitor willing to share in the fun, - - -
- - - ELIZABETH MOISE
Mrs. Halstead, a widow and stepmother to the Halstead girls, - - -
- - - ELIZABETH CLAY
Hannah Mary Barnes, or Sis, a maiden lady who keeps house for her
brother, - - - BESSE McMURRY
Dwight Bradley, a fortune hunter, Mrs. Halstead's son, - - - BOYD FISHER
Doctor Burton, a young physician, - - - JOHN H. HIGLEY
Sammy, the darkey bell boy in the Halstead home, - - - PAUL KENDALL
Abraham Barnes, or Bub, a Yankee farmer still unmarried at forty, a dia-
mond in the rough, - - - HOWARD N. HUDSON
Attorney, - - - HOMER BERGER
Sheriff, - - - HERBERT VAN CLOSTER

Synopsis

ACT I

SCENE 1.—A pleasant parlor in the city home of the Halsteads.

ACT II

SCENE 1.—Kitchen in the old Barnes farm house.

SCENE 2.—Same, but two weeks later.

ACT III

SCENE 1.—Drawing room in the city home of the Halsteads.





EARL RADFORD

Science
Department
ment

FACULTY—DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE



CLIFFORD H. NOWLIN
Physiology and Psychology



PORTER GRAVES
Physical Geography and Geology



FRANKLIN H. AYRES
Dean
Physics



I. B. MULL
Physics Laboratory



WILLIAM A. LEWIS
Chemistry Laboratory

PRESENT STATUS OF THE VARIOUS RAYS USED IN THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE

Never before in the history of medicine has the subject of light received the attention it does today. It seems to be the chief topic of discussion among all scientific men. The treatment of the subject should be conservative, owing to the undeveloped and unverified condition of affairs. The principal forms of light used in the cure of disease are the "X"-Ray, the Finsen Light, Radium and the "N"-Ray.

The "X" or Roentgen Ray, the father of all the "rays," as it were, was discovered by Prof. William K. Roentgen, of Wurzburg, Germany, in 1896. These rays, invisible to the eye, are set free when a high pressure electric current is passed through a vacuum tube. For medical use the Crookes' Tube is employed. It is a glass vacuum tube with a platinum wire sealed into either end. The anode, or positive pole, terminates within the tube in a flat, polished piece of platinum, set at an angle of about 45°, with a line joining the ends of the tube, while the cathode, or negative pole, ends in a concave piece of aluminum. When an electric current of high pressure is passed through the tube, electrofied particles are shot off from the concave aluminum terminal at right angles to its surface and strike the platinum terminal, which is placed at the focus of the negative terminal. This bombardment of the positive or platinum terminal produces rays of great penetrating power, with which we are all familiar, in the form of "X" or Roentgen Rays.

The value of these rays to medicine cannot be overestimated. In surgery, since photographs can be taken through the flesh, the exact location of foreign bodies,

dislocated and broken bones and abnormal and diseased organs can be plainly shown. It has also proven its value in the treatment of certain skin diseases such as cancer, lupus vulgaris, and psoriasis.

The most thoroughly tested of all light curative agents is the Finsen Light. This was discovered, as its name implies, by Dr. Niels R. Finsen, of Copenhagen. After studying for eight years to become a general practitioner, his health failed. He then took up the study of light in the cure of disease. He had always entertained the idea that light, properly applied, might have curative powers. By his experiments he has brought the science to where we see it today. He is now pensioned by the Danish government, and superintends the splendid Finsen Light Institute in Copenhagen, to which patients are brought from all parts of the world.

The Finsen Light is most efficient in the treatment of lupus vulgaris, or tuberculosis of the skin. It is also used with success in treating cancer, selt rheum, and consumption in its early stages. An average of reports shows that from 50 to 60 per cent of patients treated are cured.

The apparatus and mode of treatment are briefly as follows: An electric arc lamp of 2,200 candle-power is placed at the large end of a brass tube about 3 feet long. In this tube is placed two quartz lenses with distilled water between them. The quartz lenses absorb practically all but the actinic rays—blue, violet and ultra-violet, while the distilled water tends to further the work of the quartz lenses by absorbing heat rays. Still the rays are too hot to be applied directly to the affected parts. To

USE OF LIGHT RAYS IN MEDICINE—Cont'd

further reduce the intensity of radiation, the rays are passed through an inverted cup with a quartz bottom. This cup has an inlet and outlet connected to rubber hose, through which cool water is kept running. Here sufficient absorption takes place to reduce the intensity of the rays to the point of safe application. The entire apparatus is suspended from the ceiling and is constructed so it can be placed in any position to treat the part affected. The treatment consists first in placing the inverted cup firmly against the skin over the diseased part and then directing the light through the quartz bottom.

The electric light is used in preference to daylight, since it has been found to do the same work in seconds that the latter did in minutes.

The duration of treatment is one hour per day. A cure is generally effected in from two weeks to three months, dependent upon the case. The ulcerated parts heal without scars and the treatment is painless.

Photo-chemical baths are also potent in relieving many ailments,—mostly nervous disorders. In this the patient, nude, receives the sunlight over the entire body. A number of cures have been reported.

Finsen also discovered that if smallpox patients are allowed to recover in red light, no scars or pock marks result.

Phototherapy, sometimes used to designate the practice of Finsen Light, has proven that the actinic rays are practically the only ones of the solar spectrum with a decided germicidal effect. It has been so thoroughly prov-

en that actinic rays have a positive germicidal effect that Dr. Finsen hopes to contend successfully with contagious and infectious diseases.

The royalty of England has taken kindly to his inventions, not a few of which are installed in the larger English hospitals.

However, phototherapy is seldom used in America for three reasons: First, the rarity of lupus vulgaris in America; secondly, the apparatus is too complicated and expensive for the general practitioner; and lastly, the Yankee pig-headedness in adopting new ideas foreign to him. The last statement is to be deplored.

Nevertheless, the new science is radiant with hope, and in the future we may be able to successfully combat with diseases which now seem incurable.

Radium, the recently discovered substance, may be of use to the medical fraternity in the future. Since it is so widely known a brief review of its discovery will suffice. It was discovered by M. Curie and his wife, Mme. Curie, a lady of Polish birth, working together in a chemical laboratory in Paris. Following after the principles discovered by Becquerel and Roentgen, she, more than he, succeeded in 1898 in extracting a minute quantity from pitch-blende. The commonest form is chloride of radium, grayish-white in color, and resembling coarse-grained salt.

The term "radio-activity" is very often referred to nowadays. We should have a clear conception of its meaning before we proceed further. Radio-activity is

USE OF LIGHT RAYS IN MEDICINE—Cont'd

the term which is generally taken to mean the giving off of rays which have the power of penetrating opaque objects. The distinguishing feature of radium is that it emits radio-active infinitesimal corpuscles or electrons, with scarcely any perceptible loss in weight or size. Their speed is about one-third that of light or 60,000 miles per second.

Many things show that radium has a decided effect upon living organisms and tissues. Animals, such as mice, rats, guinea pigs, etc., and plants die after a few days exposure to emissions. It has been used with success in the treatment of cancer after Roentgen Rays had failed. Experiments in bacteriology show anthrax, typhoid, and cholera bacilli to be destroyed after exposure from 16 to 72 hours, thereby showing its germicidal powers. And it has also been reported that blindness, caused by a disorder of the optic nerve, has been perceptibly helped. It is anticipated that pulmonary diseases may be helped or cured by "induced" radio-activity; that is, breathing air charged with the electrons.

Radium seems to have a bright future. However,

we should not be overconfident, because time and experiment must alone determine that.

The "N" Rays are the most recently discovered of all radio-active lights. They emanate from the ganglia or nerve centers, of the body and are only visible when brought near a florescent screen. Their wave length has not been accurately determined, but it is known to be shorter than that of light. Their penetrating power is known to be very great.

On account of its recent discovery, no data is forthcoming to verify its therapeutical value in medicine. But we may contemplate something from it, since it has the property of radio-activity.

What has already been accomplished, doubtful as much of it may seem to be, gives great hopes for the future development of light as a curative agent. What it shall ultimately amount to is only conjecture as yet. But if the present rate of progress is continued, we may hope to overcome disease which now seem incurable.

LESLIE CASTLE, JUNIOR.



SOAP

Manufacture, Use and Ingredients

It is singular that people will use the smallest commodities of life without caring to know anything of their origin or under what conditions they came to be used as they now are. Probably not one person in ten could give the history and preparation of one of our most useful articles, an article which, if we were deprived of today, would cause the greatest inconvenience. This is soap. It is familiar to every civilized community upon the globe, for its manufacture has been carried to such perfection that it can be had for very little cost.

The first record we have of the use of soap as given us by Pliny, who speaks of two kinds—hard and soft—as used by the Germans for medical purposes, as a salve or ointment. There is reason to believe that soap came to the Romans from Germany, and that the detergents in use in earlier times, and mentioned as soap in the Old Testament, were simply the ashes of plants and other similar purifying agents, and not the soap with which we are familiar.

Till Chevreul made his researches on fatty bodies, soap was believed to be simply a binary compound of fat and alkali, but that chemist laid bare the constitution of oils, and the true nature of soaps. He points out that all fatty oils and fats are mixtures of glycerides and some fatty acid, and that if this mixture is boiled with a solution of caustic potash, soap is the result.

This discovery, together with one made a short time after—that instead of the expensive olive oils that had

hitherto been used, cheaper oils, such as fish oil could be adopted with practically as good results, so far as cleansing went—led to the erection of buildings all over the country for the preparation of this article. Of these the one which concerns us most is situated here in our city. It consists of two immense buildings which contain eight large pans, each of which holds ten carloads of soap, and several smaller ones, each holding from one to four carloads. This factory is more favorably situated for obtaining fatty substances from the packing companies than the new one, that of Proctor and Gamble, upon the Kaw river. The latter, however, is much larger, containing twelve of the largest sized pans, and costing a million or more dollars.

The manner in which these factories prepare soaps is a matter of such interest that it is worth while to dwell at some length upon the methods employed.

Many of us, no doubt, have heard our grandfathers speak of soft soap. How, when they were boys, they used to save the wood ashes during the winter and store them away in barrels, protected from the rain and snow. In the spring, lime was added, and then water poured on in small quantities from time to time to dissolve the caustic potash. In this way was obtained a dark brown solution which was regarded as sufficiently strong when it would float an egg. The compound in the ashes that is of such importance is potassium carbonate, and when the lime is added the following reaction takes place:

SOAP—Cont'd



Then to the dark brown solution the grease was added and the whole boiled for several hours. The whole was then stored away in cellars.

The method of today for the preparation of this soap is almost the same, differing only in having a small quantity of soda in it for the purpose of giving it some consistence. As yet no way has been discovered by which the impurities may be removed. They cannot be salted out, as in the case of hard soaps, owing to the double decomposition which results from the action of salt, producing a hard and almost entirely soda soap and potassium chloride. Consequently the finished product, containing all the impurities, would be very irritating to the skin if used upon it as a cleansing agent.

Another soap, the making of which is also somewhat interesting, is curd soap. This is made in almost every country, although the nature of the fatty products employed varies greatly. But in all these cases a mixture of several oils is used, and the proportions have no fixity. The fatty products are put into the soap pan and open steam turned in. When the fat has melted, a quantity of weak lye is added, and the injected steam causes the lye and fat to mix and thus produce a milky emulsion. As the lye becomes absorbed, additional quantities are added until the solution becomes distinctly alkaline in its properties. In this condition it contains many impurities, the removing of which is accomplished by a process called "graining." Either common salt or strong brine in

measured quantity is added, and the soap being insoluble in salt solution a separation of the constituents takes place, the soap collects upon the top and the spent lye falls to the bottom from whence it is drawn off. The soap is then removed and placed in the frames for solidification.

Another very interesting feature of the soap industry, is the preparation of toilet or perfumed soaps. The method by which they are made differs very little from what has already been mentioned, except that special care is taken to see that the alkali is carefully neutralized, and that all foreign ingredients which might be injurious to the skin are removed. The more common of these soaps are perfumed by simply melting and stirring into the mass some cheap, odorous body that is not affected by alkalies under the influence of heat. The finer ones, however, are made with more care. The soap is cut into thin shavings and the essential perfumes kneaded into it by special machinery after which it is formed into cakes by pressure.

There are two theories held in regard to the manner in which soap cleanses. The first is that the soap dissolved in a large amount of water suffers hydrolysis with the formation of free alkali, and that this solution unites with the oil secreted by the glands of the skin. The second is that the cleansing power of soap is due to the inherent property of its solution to emulsify fats. Both of these theories are ably supported by men of high standing.

ROY GREEN, Senior.

AN INTERESTING MINERAL COLLECTION

"No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years."

Perhaps few Kansas City people know that right in their midst, in the offices of R. E. Bruner, is an imposing private collection of minerals, ores, and curios from all parts of the world. Many rare and beautiful specimens are shown in various forms. Both gold and silver are found in all their varieties. Sometimes gold is native, in quartz or agate, lead sulphide, wire form, crystallized, and sylvanite. It is also found in combination with iron in pyrites. Native gold sometimes occurs in quartz, or more commonly in quartz sand. Silver, in some of its forms, is native, wire form, argentite, horn-silver, ruby silver, in lead sulphide, and quartz. Small quantities of silver sulphide are almost always found in lead sulphide. Copper also occurs in various forms, such as malachite, light green in color, azurite, turquoise blue, copper pyrite, brassy yellow, fool's gold, somewhat purplish, and bornite. Small mounted glass globes contain copper with the water from the mines to keep it from tarnishing. This copper was taken from the Michigan mines.

One notable specimen contains iron, zinc, copper, lead, free gold, quartz and country rock, and another zinc, lead sulphide, iron pyrite, shale, dolomite, and sphalerite. Still another of interest, is a rock on which there are lead cubes covered with pyrites of iron. The rock itself is covered with dolomite.

There is no doubt about the beauty of one piece of quartz. It is made up of a great cluster of crystals, weighing about four hundred and eighty pounds. The tips of the crystals are colorless, while the great mass is snowy white. This specimen, which was on exhibition for several years at Little Rock, Ark., is worth several hundred dollars. It was found in Arkansas and for that reason is called the "Queen of Arkansas." It is shown in the second mineral case, as a mass of white. Here are hundreds of specimens of quartz, agate, and petrified

wood, the most important being the one mentioned above.

There are three or four massive specimens of calcite of unusual beauty in this collection. These crystals whose color varies from pale yellow, pink and blue to jet black, could not be duplicated. Here also are found fine specimens of mica, selenite, feldspar, and zinc sulphide. One odd rock is the flexible sandstone from North Carolina. Others, asbestos from Canada and corals from East Indies and the Bahamas. The most important of these is the Madrepora and the Astrea.

One mineral case is almost entirely filled with stalactites and stalagmites. These make a very beautiful showing. Some are pearly white, some milky white, others pale yellow, and yet others pale blue. They present all sorts of exquisite forms.

I might spend hours writing about these minerals and still have said comparatively nothing. To rightly appreciate the value of this private mineral collection, one must see it for himself. Time would be well spent, looking over these specimens. There are between ten thousand and eleven thousand gems, ores, and curios in this collection.

Mr. Bruner has spent considerable time gathering together these specimens of various kinds for scientific, as well as for financial reasons. He takes great pride in showing and talking about his collection to all visitors who are interested in that direction. He invites all of Kansas City to see this display and particularly, all pupils from either high or ward school, (provided they are accompanied by their teachers). Here is a great opportunity to see something worth while. No one should let it slip by. Nothing more splendid will be seen at the World's Fair. But why go there and see a mineral collection when one of such grandeur can be seen at home?

ANNETTE GIFFIN, Junior.



A
CORNER
IN
MINERAL
MUSEUM

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF PSYCHOLOGY

Of the practical value of psychology, I think the people of the present generation are fully aware. They realize that by the very nature and temperament of this nation, life is strenuous; that men are struggling to gain name, place and honor in this world, and, in order to obtain it, all their energies must be directed toward building up their minds. The favorite aphorism of Sir W. Hamilton well expresses this recognized necessity: "In

this world there is nothing great but man. In man there is nothing great but mind."

Psychology first shows the influence which the nervous mechanism has over mental operations, then takes up the study of the intellect, feeling, and will. In this order, certain truths are established in the students mind. These truths, or rather laws, have been proved by the experience and years of work of many eminent psycholo-

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF PSYCHOLOGY—Cont'd

gists. They have pursued this work by the comparative study of the biography of great men, by laboratory experiments with people, who either had some mental or some bodily infirmity, by watching the development of the minds of children, and by studying the cause and result of the rise of language, mythology, laws, religion, and science among the different peoples.

When understood in their true light, these established facts are of such a kind as to give any student a good idea of human nature. He goes out into the world able to judge his fellow-men, and hence fitted for the world struggle. Once a man of the world, he never doubts the influence of the "association of ideas."

In the "Vicar of Wakefield," we have an example of this influence. Moses was unaccustomed to associate white hair and learning with any but the most lovable old gentleman, who deserved respect and veneration. Hence, he trusted the old gentleman, and exchanged his horse for a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and shagreen cases, thinking the rims were silver. On the other hand, while the impostor saw nothing in the boy's face which could lead to the conclusion that he might easily be "worked," the hair tied with black ribbon, and the white stockings, easily convinced him of the boy's inexperience with the ways of the world. Both were under the influence of the association of their ideas. However, the impostor had obtained much knowledge of the association of ideas, knowing that it was of the utmost importance in his business, and had committed just enough Greek to make the people, whom he came in contact with,

believe that he lived the life of a scholar. He afterwards confessed that, ever since he was a child of seven, he had watched the effect of different impressions on those about him until dissembling was the easiest and most perfect thing he could do.

Not only "fakers" and "quacks," but men in every walk of life, make use of this knowledge,—milliners, hatters, shopkeepers, window-drapers, etc. Did you ever wonder why a large packing house will not allow visitors to go through their canning department without special permission? Do you suppose they realize that fastidious visitors may be very unfavorably impressed with the meat, before it is canned and cooked?

This association of ideas seems a very potent factor in life. What held the people together in the time of war and what preserved the union? Was it not the love of the American flag? This love of flag is rooted deep in the hearts of men of all nations. Their fathers have fought for it and died for it, and this cannot be erased from their minds. To fight the flag should seem too much like fighting what they had been taught to love.

For the very reason that it is a potent factor in life, a knowledge of association gives the average student an insight into the doings of every day life. The ultimate result being an employment of all the senses in making the acquirement of knowledge a pleasure, rather than a pain. In a word, psychology leads the way to intellectual, moral and physical education.

MURIEL MALONEY, Senior.

FACULTY—DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS



EDWARD M. BAINTEK
Dean



JOSEPHINE MAGERLE



H. H. HOLMES

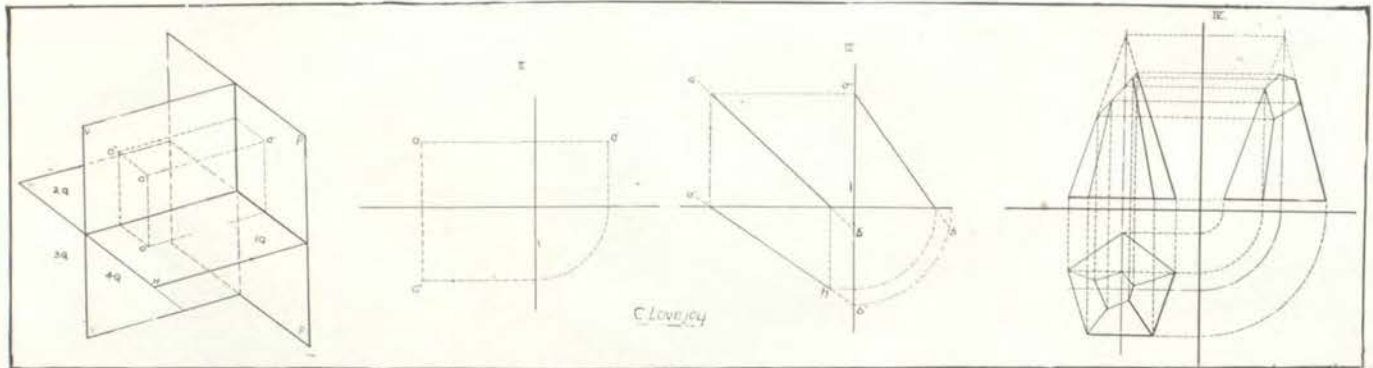


W. H. TEMPLIN



WILLIAM A. LUBY

ORTHOGRAPHIC PROJECTIONS



In order that you may understand the beginning, we will tell you that a projection of a point on a plane is the foot of a perpendicular drawn from the point to the plane. We work with three planes: H, the horizontal plane; V, the vertical plane; and P, the perpendicular plane. These planes are placed in the position as you see them in figure I, forming 1Q or the first quadrant, 2Q or the second quadrant, 3Q or the third quadrant, 4Q or the fourth quadrant.

We will place a point, calling it A, in the space of the 1Q. Now, when you look from point A perpendicular on the H plane, you see its projection A1; when you look from point A on the V plane, you see its projection A2; and when you look from point A on the P plane, you see its projection A3. In figure II you see these three projections, A1, A2, and A3 as they look when the three planes have been laid flat.

So in figure III you take a line AB, look perpendicu-

lar on the H, V, and P planes, and see its three projections A1B1, A2B2, and A3B3. As we have done with a point and a line, so may we do with a solid. In figure IV we have the frustum of a pyramid whose base is a regular pentagon. You place this frustum in the space of 1Q, and as you look perpendicular on the H, V, and P planes you see its three projections.

So that you may see how beneficial this work is, we will give you its uses. A mechanic will place a spur or a bevel gear in 1Q as we have done with the point, the line, and the solid, and he will make his plan accordingly. An architect, when looking on the H plane, gets his plan view for a building; when looking on the V plane, he gets his front view; and when looking on the P plane, he gets his side view. So you may see that this work in projections is the foundation of both mechanical and architectural drawing.

AILEEN FLAVEN, SENIOR.

MATHEMATICS

An article on mathematics which shall be of general interest, is very difficult to write. It may not be amiss, however, to call attention to some changes that have taken place in recent years in what we are doing and how we are doing it.

In the first place, only one year is now required in algebra before geometry is begun. Practically the same work is covered, but not so many problems are solved. In addition, a system of drawing is used by which a pupil is enabled to see more clearly the meaning and use of an equation.

One year is given to plain geometry, after which a pupil may either take solid geometry, higher algebra or higher arithmetic.

Many pupils wish to become teachers. For them primarily, the work in arithmetic is adapted, though the work never ceases to be practical. In the book now in use, the problems are drawn from the business world, and the methods of solution are the methods of actual practice.

Trigonometry is taught in a very interesting way. Problems in surveying, leveling, elevations, and topog-

raphy are made by the pupils in the field, and solved by them, in connection with the study.

Astronomy is not taught from a mathematical but from a descriptive point of view. Nevertheless, there is much that calls for a geometric conception, and facility in use of the equation.

Analytics is not usually taught in the high school. But we have so many pupils whose attainments are beyond those of an ordinary high school, that one class each year is maintained.

About forty-five per cent of our graduates intend to go to college. That they may sustain our high reputation for efficiency, a class in college mathematics is maintained. This gives a thorough, comprehensive and rapid review of the work required for entrance. One of Kansas City's most liberal citizens has provided an additional incentive to earnest effort. He has given a medal to be presented to the pupil making the highest record in mathematics, upon competitive examination.

There are more pupils studying mathematics than any other study though it is required only five terms.

Though some fail, the number is said to be comparatively small, and the teachers feel that the number is growing less.



INTER-SOCIETY CONTEST

Owing to the inconvenient time at which the Society Contest was held, this article could not be given the proper position or space it should have. As the contest was held the day before the last copy of THE CENTRALIAN went to press, it was necessary to make a cut in the department matter to give it even the poor recognition it has received.

Some few years ago the annual contests of the literary societies were one of the most enjoyable features of the school but for several reasons they were discontinued. These conditions having changed, the contests were revived. On the evening of Friday, April 29, the first contest was given in the High School Auditorium with a large and most enthusiastic audience in attendance. It was of a high order throughout and proved a marked success. Mr. Cyrus Crane presided with grace and dignity and the Central Mandolin Club presented its usual excellent and inspiring music, ably led by Mr. Porter Graves.

In the first event, the oration, Mr. J. Pearce Kane carried off the honors, and was later dec-



orated with a gold medal amid the rousing cheers of his society—the Central Webster Club. His subject was: "The American Revolution, the Corner-stone of Modern Civilization.

In declamation the medal winner was Miss Ruby Moore of the Aristonians. Her selection, "From a Far Country," was well chosen and well received. The Society of Literature and History was fortunate in winning the two remaining medals.

In debate the Webster representative, Mr. Earle Bowers, seemed the favorite of the audience but Mr. Frank Jack of the S. L. H. by the force of his invincible logic secured the decision. Mr. Jack affirmed

"That Protection is Less Beneficial to Any Nation than Free Trade."

The winner of the essay was Mr. Edwin Patterson of the S. L. H. on the subject, "Epithets from Il Penseroso." He was decorated amid the rafter-shaking cheers of Boom-a-lacka, etc. Throughout, the contest was characterized by

interest and good feeling. The occasion will long be remembered as an epoch-making event of the year 1903-04.





EARL

RADFORD.



LANGUAGES

FACULTY
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



SOPHIA ROSENBERGER
English



A. DAY BONNIFIELD
English



A. F. SMITH
Dean
English Literature



BERTHA BAIN
Rhetoric and History



ELLEN E. FOX
Rhetoric and Grammar

SOME PECULIARITIES OF THOREAU

One striking difference between Thoreau's works and those of any other writer is that one becomes acquainted with the man by reading even a single one of his books. Possibly this is because of the nature of his works and the matter he treats; however, when we read the works of a great traveler or observer, we do not invariably become acquainted with the man. Thoreau had many offers to go to foreign countries where, his friends thought, he would have much to observe, and probably it was his refusal to move from New England that makes his fame secure. It is the little things that put one into sympathy and understanding with a writer, and Thoreau was a close observer of details.

Some of Thoreau's methods are hardly above criticism. He never carried a gun, for he says he never killed anything; yet he always took along, on his trips into the wilderness, guides and companions to do the shooting for him. Then he would write about what was shot. Unlike many gentle persons who "wouldn't hurt anything," he had no scruples about plucking a beautiful flower to be sacrificed to his own ends. "By the roadside," he writes, "close to the wheels, I noticed a great purple-fringed orchis, * * * which I would fain have plucked if I had not thought the driver of the stage would say, 'Oh, it's a waste of time.'" Again he says, "We soon saw a splendid yellow lily, which I plucked."

Thoreau seems to have had a great dislike for missionaries, thinking they should keep away from the Indians with their long prayers and ceremonies which served only to confuse and mystify their untrained minds. He says: "This way or that led to some Tomhegan or Soctarian stream up which the Indian had hunted, and whither I longed to go. The last name, however, had a bogus sound, much like sectarian, as if some missionary had tampered with it. * * *" Again, after hearing

his Indian guide tell about the long prayers of some missionaries, he writes: "I judged that their every camp was a camp-meeting. * * * I read of another similar party that seem to have spent their time singing the songs of Zion. I was glad that I did not go to Ktaadn with such slow coaches."

He occasionally indulges his bit of humor in passages that bring to the reader a slight inclination (and no more) to smile. After speaking of a beautiful flower which he had just plucked, the naturalist writes: "Having resumed our seats in the canoe, I felt the Indian wiping my back, which he had accidentally spat upon. He said this was a sign I was to be married." "Wherever there is a channel for water, there is a road for the canoe. * * * It is said that some Western steamers can run on a heavy dew, whence we can imagine what a canoe may do."

The following passage is characteristic of Thoreau, the naturalist, keen observer and hermit of New England: "The note of the white-throated sparrow, a very inspiring but almost wiry sound, was the first heard in the morning, and with this all the woods rang. This was the prevailing bird in the northern part of Maine. * * * Though commonly unseen, their simple ah, te-te-te, te-te-te, so sharp and piercing, was as distinct to the ear as the passage of a spark of fire shot into the darkest forest would be to the eye. * * * I hear this note for a few days only in the spring, as they go through Concord, and in the fall see them again going southward, but then they are mute. We are commonly aroused by their lively strain very early. What a glorious time they must have in that wilderness, far from mankind and election day!"

FRANK N. MITCHELL, Junior.

THE SOUTH

Walter B. Phillips, Senior

Sometimes at night when all is still,
And I sit dreaming of the past,
A flood of memories comes to me,
That starts my pulses beating fast:

Fond memories of long gone days
When in my far-off Southern home,
My childhood's happiest hours were spent
As through the grand old woods I'd roam.

There midst the moss-draped foliage green
A thousand flaming orchids grew,
And humming birds of dazzling hues,
Fire-like against the heaven's blue,

Flit here and there, to each gay flower
To flutter, sip, and then away
With never a rest the whole day through,
Except their wayward course they stay,

To dip and skim o'er some clear stream,
And scattering as they rise in air
A shower of rainbow jewel drops,—
Fit gems for any princess' hair.

'Tis there, that earthly paradise
Where man meets nature face to face
And through the whole year walks with her
In all her grandeur and her grace.

There nature is akin to God;
There, with her praise in every mouth,
We who live near to nature's heart
Hail with delight our own, our South.

FACULTY
FOREIGN LANGUAGES



WILLIAM CATRON GORDON
Latin and Greek



ALEXANDER E. DOUGLASS
Latin



DR. E. C. WHITE
Dean
Latin



LAURA L. WHIPPLE
German and English Literature



ERDMUTHE VON UNWORTH
German

DEPARTMENT OF LATIN

The River Styx

Vergil II., 235-330

Hence is the way which leads to the Tartarian Acheron. Its waters black with mire, boil like a vast whirlpool and pour its sands into Cocytus.

A horrible ferryman guards these waters and flowing rivers—Charon, terrible in his squalor. Upon his chin there grows a mass of unkempt white beard; his eyes gleam like balls of fire; from his shoulders his sordid garment hangs gathered in a knot. With his own hand he pushes the boat through the deep and tends the sails, ferrying the bodies of the dead in his dusky boat—already old, but God's old age is fresh and green.

Hither, from up and down the shore, pour the multitudes of the dead; matrons and men and dead heroes, done with life, boys and virgin girls, and youths, laid on their funeral pyres before the eyes of their parents—many as the leaves which slip and fall in the forest at the first touch of frost, or as the birds, which from over the sea gather to the land, when winter drives them across the deep to sunny climes. They stand, each holding out his hands in longing for the other shore, and begging that

he may be the first to cross. But the grim boatman takes now these, now those of that sad band, while some he warns off and keeps away from the shore.

Amear—for he wondered and was moved at this tumultuous sight—cries: "Tell me, virgin, what means this rushing in crowds to the river? What do the spirits seek, and with what distinction do these desert the shores, while those with oars are ferried over the livid river?"

Briefly thus the aged Sybil answered him: "Son of Anchises, the undoubted offspring of the gods, you see the deep waters of Creytus and the Styginu pool by which even the gods fear to swear and break their oaths. This is a helpless and unburied throng which you behold; the boatman, Charon; those whom he bears across the wave are the buried. For never can man go over the dreadful flood before his bones are quiet in their grave. A hundred years they wander and hover about these shores. Then at last, having served their time, they again seek the stream of their desires."

RUTH MCPHERRIN, Senior.

Aeneas amico carissimo salutem dicit:

Si vales, bene est; ego valeo. Ego sum in umbris, ad Sibyllam ii et eam petivi ut me ad inferam terram ducat et me ad meum patrem adferat. Sic ea dixit: "Aureus ramus et foliis et lento vimine, sacer Junoni infernae, latet. Reperi eum, nam nemo sine eo umbras adire potest." Dum eum petivi et desperabam cum duae albae columbae meae matris mihi monstrarent quo loco erat. Ramum cepi et ad Sibyllam redii. Dum illa duxit et ego secutus sum. Vidimus multos infandos conspectus, apud quos manes Palinuri erant, qui volitabant. Cum eo de fortuna tristi collocutus sum et tum procedi,

Umbras tandem advenimus. Ecce, Cerberus, monstrum horrendum tribus capitibus, portam custodiebat, cum ingressi simus, gemitus horrendi coorti sunt. Didonem vidi et dixi me invitum ab ejus terra discedisse, sed illa me audire nolebat et fugit. Et vidi Lydeum, Adrastum, Glaucum, et Deiphobum, qui mihi narravit quo modo mortuus esset. Denique meum patrem, Anchisen, inveni. Mihi de bello quod fieret, de Roma, et de populis locutus est.

Iam tibi omnia optima desidero; mi carissime amice, vale.

HELEN E. CARR, Senior.

DEPARTMENT OF GREEK

The Portent at Aulis

Just a few days ago, as it were, when the ships of the Achaeans were collected at Aulis to do a great injury to Priam and the Trojans, and while we round about the fountain, under the beautiful plane tree, whence flows the clear water, were making sacrifices of unblemished hecatombs on the altars, there appeared a great omen.

A terrible serpent, blood red, on its back, which Zeus himself had sent to the light, darting from under the altar, glided swiftly to the plane tree. There, on the highest branch, crouching under the leaves, were the young of a sparrow, helpless little birds, eight in number, while the mother who bore them was the ninth.

Thereupon, the serpent devoured the piteously crying young ones, the mother meanwhile, flying about and bewailing the fate of her children. Then her, still shrilly crying, the serpent seized by the wing.

The god who had displayed this omen made its portent clear. For the son of crafty Cronus then turned the serpent to stone.

But we, standing around, wondered what had happened. When, indeed, the dire portent came into the sacrifices, Calchas immediately spoke in prophecy: "Why, oh long-haired Greeks, have you become silent? Counselor Zeus has shown you this thing, as a great omen, late in coming, and late in fulfillment, the glory of which will never fade. For just as the serpent devoured the eight young of this sparrow and the mother, herself, who was the ninth, thus for so many years shall we fight about here, and in the tenth year we shall take the broad-streeted city of Troy.

ALVIN BLOCK, Senior.

The Aurora

The art of fresco-painting is very ancient, for it is known that from the remotest periods of the monumental history of Egypt, it was in use in that country; but it was perfected in Italy where the most primitive examples are marked by technical peculiarities which even yet survive.

Prominent among those who pursued this art was Guido Reni, a prime master in the Bolognese school of painting, and one of the most admired artists of the period in which he wrought.

When but a child, Guido showed a remarkable aptitude toward the art of form, and at the early age of thirteen he had already gained marked proficiency.

He studied under Denis Calvert and Lodovico Caracci, but soon excelled his masters and started independently in the race for patronage and fame.

Later he went with Albani to Rome where he remained twenty years. Here in the garden-house of the Rospigliosi Palace he painted the vast fresco which is justly regarded as his masterpiece—the Aurora. Earth and sea are robed in darkness, the winds are hushed, nature is sleeping, when suddenly from the East comes saffron-clad Aurora, rosy-fingered goddess of dawn, daughter of Hyperion and Thia. She is borne swiftly along on a cloud of rosy tint, and is symbolic of the

beauty and freshness of the morning as she gaily pursues her way, strewing roses upon the awakening earth.

Immediately after her come four steeds, well-matched in mettle and beauty, drawing a golden chariot in which sits Apollo, the personification of manly grace and strength.

It is only after the time of Vergil that we find Apollo sitting in the chariot of Helios, for up to that time the Greeks and Romans had never identified Apollo with the sun-god. Guido Reni has followed the later Roman conception, and has given to Apollo all god-like attributes in every particular, except in the formation of the head, in which he has to a certain degree failed and which is said to be the one defect in the picture.

Poised above the horses heads is a cupid bearing aloft a flaming torch known to mortals as the morning star.

Surrounding the chariot of Apollo move the Hours hand in hand. Comely maidens are these in their robes of varied hue, their hair carelessly blown by the soft morning breezes.

The entire picture is one of motion, swift and full of grace, as the happy group advances high above the earth, driving before it all the darkness and gloom of night.

HELEN KRABIEL, Post-graduate.

DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH

Richelieu

L'année de 1624 trouva au pouvoir en France Armand Jean du Plessis de Richelieu qui devait être pendant dix-huit ans la tête de la France et l'homme le plus puissant du monde. Il était le troisième fils d'un capitaine des gardes de Henri IV. Sa famille était noble mais pas riche. A la mort de son frère, l'Évêque de Luçon, il quitta le métier des armes pour se faire prêtre et pour obtenir plus tard l'évêché de son frère.

Il était en apparence grand et beau; ses traits étaient sévères; son teint pâle; ses cheveux noirs et pendants et une barbe pointue augmentait la sévérité de sa figure. Sa marche était noble mais un peu saccadé. Sa parole d'une merveilleuse lucidité mais sans onction et sans charme. Il avait une santé assez débile et vers la fin de ses jours il était très faible.

De caractère il était cruel, froid, fier, vain, égoïste, sans scrupule, sans conscience, mais habile, vif, intelligent, brillant, spirituel, sans peur. Toute son ambition était d'acquiescer du pouvoir. C'était pour lui une passion. Il résolut de le gagner de quelque manière que ce fût.

Il se fit bien venir de la reine, Marie de Médicis par toutes sortes de flatteries et de compliments. Il devint même une première fois ministre en 1616. C'était par l'influence de la reine qu'il fut nommé cardinal et plus tard premier ministre du roi, Louis XIII. Et quand on dit qu'il était au conseil, c'est à dire qu'il était le conseil, car il le réglait absolument et les autres seigneurs n'osaient l'opposer de peur de mourir sous sa main cruelle.

Quand Richelieu devint premier ministre il trouva la France dans une condition d'anarchie et de ruine à cause de la mauvaise gestion de la régente, pendant la minorité du roi. Il y avait trois grands obstacles qu'il devait surmonter. Le premier et le plus difficile à résoudre était les Huguenots, qui demandaient du pouvoir politique et plus de droits que l'Edit de Nantes leur accordait. Richelieu décida de les assiéger dans leur place forte, La Rochelle. Par la construction de digues immenses, il les enferma dans la ville, où ils furent vaincus par la faim.

Après avoir subjugué ainsi les Huguenots il s'employa alors à subordonner les seigneurs, qui se révoltaient et qui voulaient avoir des terres et des lois chacun pour lui-même. Par exemple les Guises désiraient s'établir en Provence, les Montmorencis en Languedoc. Mais Richelieu savait comment les traiter. Il les emprisonna, il les décapita, il les exila,

Le troisième pouvoir qu'il devait détruire était le Parlement de Paris qui servait d'obstacle au pouvoir royal. Il le conquit aussi par son esprit de fer.

Ainsi Richelieu établit solidement sur le trône Louis XIII un faible et pauvre roi pour son pays.

Hors de toutes ces choses Richelieu aggrandit la France non seulement en terre mais aussi en rang. Du dernier rang il l'éleva au premier rang parmi les nations.

Il construisit aussi le Palais Cardinal, appelé plus tard Palais Royal, qui était beaucoup plus beau et riche que celui même du roi. Richelieu y demeurait en grande splendeur. Il y avait de grands salons, des salles de bals, deux théâtres et aussi une galerie des vingt-cinq

DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH—Cont'd

premiers hommes de France—et parmi ces portraits l'on trouve celui de Richelieu lui-même.

Richelieu fit aussi beaucoup pour la littérature par la fondation de l'Académie Française. Quand il entendit que quelques hommes de lettres se réunissaient souvent pour lire, étudier et purifier la langue, il leur demanda s'ils ne voulaient pas s'organiser sous l'autorité royale.

L'Hotel de Rambouillet

Catherine de Vivonne, femme du Marquis de Rambouillet, ayant une âme pure et un esprit délicat se plaisait point au Louvre où la cour n'était guère raffinée, et voulut avoir une société à elle. Pour accomplir ceci, elle fit bâtir à Paris, à quelque pas du Louvre, un hôtel dont elle donna elle-même le plan et qui fut grandement admiré.

Ici son salon devint bientôt le rendez-vous préféré des beaux esprits, des hommes et des femmes les plus distingués et ici fut admis quiconque avait le talent de se faire passer pour un bel esprit. Le roturier y marchait de pair avec le gentilhomme et la roture ne songeait point à se soulever contre la noblesse. Lous se rencontraient à l'hôtel sur un pied d'égalité; et ceci était un grand avantage pour le perfectionnement de la société française. Ce salon vit tour à tour Racine, Malherbe, Balzac, Richelieu, Corneille, Voiture, Molière, Boileau, La Rochefoucauld, Mme. de Sévigné, Mlle. de Scudéry, Mme. de Longueville et Mlle. de Montpensier.

L'influence de l'hôtel de Rambouillet sur la littérature française était très grande. Il épura la langue et le goût; donna aux sentiments et aux moeurs plus de délicatesse; et créa aussi, pour ainsi dire, l'art de la conversation, mais à force de vouloir être raffinée elle de-

C'était comme un ordre et nous avons aujourd'hui le résultat de cet ordre—L'Académie Française—la seule société de cette espèce au monde.

Voilà Richelieu—cardinal, guerrier, homme d'état—le plus grand homme que nous avons dans l'histoire de France!

MARGUERITE TEASDALE, Senior.

vint alambiquée et quelque peu affectée. L'hôtel rendit la langue française guindée et prétentieuse. On eut tellement peur d'employer quelque mot entaché de rouille qu'on cessa d'appeler les choses par leur nom; ainsi, un miroir cessa d'être un miroir et fut le "conseiller des grâces." Cette affectation donna naissance à la langue des "Précieuses Ridicules." Mais le nom de "Précieuses" donné d'abord aux dames de l'hôtel de Rambouillet fut longtemps honorable pour elles; et c'est à l'autre génération des Précieuses dégénérées que le ridicule s'est attaché, parce que certainement chez la Marquise de Rambouillet régnaient la suprême distinction la familiarité, et l'art de tout dire avec grâce.

Rien ne représente mieux les goûts de l'hôtel de Rambouillet que la célèbre "Guirlande de Julie." E'était un cahier présenté à Mlle. de Rambouillet par le duc de Montausier. Des feuilles de ce cahier furent pientes par le célèbre peintre Robert et les madrigaux qui l'accompagnaient étaient l'ouvrage de Montausier lui-même, ou des autres poètes de l'hotel de Rambouillet. Le coeur de la belle Julie fut touché par cette galanterie et elle épousa Montausier quatre ans plus tard.

EDITH MOORE, Post-graduate.

Der Anfang des Dramas

Schon im zehnten Jahrhundert machte man in Deutschland den Versuch, dramatische Kompositionen hervorzubringen, wenn auch allerdings nicht mit besonderem Erfolg. Wir sehen das an der Aebtissin Roswitha. Der wirkliche Anfang des modernen Dramas aber waren die Vorstellungen biblischer Gegenstände, womit die kirchlichen Vorgesetzten gewisse heidnische Vorstellungen ersetzen wollten. Diese Vorstellungen gingen in was man Wunderspiele nannte, über, worin der Versuch gemacht wurde, die Ereignisse um Ostern oder andere heilige Zeiten zu dramatisiren. Zuerst wurden diese Spiele in der Kirche vorgetragen, später aber im Freien und das Volk interessirte sich massenweise dafür. Fragmente einer schweizerischen dramatischen Vorstellung vom dreizehnten Jahrhundert sind noch erhalten; aber die erste vollständige Form, die wir besitzen, ist ein Stück aus der ersten Hälfte des vierzehnten Jahrhunderts, über die Parabel der zehn Jungfrauen. Zu erwähnen sind die „Fastnacht“-Stücke, natürlich roh aufgeführt, aber auch mit Humor und Spaß vermischt. Nürnberg scheint besonders der Hauptsitz dieser „Fastnacht“-Stücke gewesen zu sein, denn Hans Rosenblüt, ein Nürnberger Dichter, war der Verfasser sehr vieler dieser Spiele. Später wurde er von Hans Folz, einem Nürnberger Barbier und Meistersänger nachgeahmt.

Hans Sachs, der Meistersänger von Nürnberg war einer der fruchtbarsten deutschen Dichter; nach seiner eigenen Angabe soll er über 6000 Gedichte gedichtet haben, darunter 208 Tragödien, Komödien und auch lustige Spiele.

Hans Sachs war einer der ersten, der in der neuhochdeutschen Sprache schrieb. Während er zu seiner Lebzeit sehr bekannt und berühmt war, wurde er jedoch nach seinem Tode beinahe vergessen, aber Goethe brachte seine Bedeutung wieder hervor. Seine größten Werke sind seine Fastnachtspiele. Er versucht nicht mehr als Rosenblüt die dramatische Wirkung zu entwickeln, aber seine Charaktere haben Leben. Die Fastnachtspiele von Hans Sachs zeichneten sich aber aus durch reine Gesinnung, frischen Humor und das Bestreben, das Volk zu bessern.

Nicht nur Wunder- und Fastnachtspiele, sondern auch Schulkustspiele wurden geschrieben und in Universtitäten und freien Schulen aufgeführt.

Wenn Luther nicht mit Religionsstreiten beschäftigt war, ermunterte er zu diesen Lustspielen und war dem Bestreben des Dramas im Allgemeinen immer freundlich. Ungefähr Mitte des sechszehnten Jahrhunderts wurde ein Theater zu Nürnberg gebaut und gleich darnach folgten Augsburg und andere Städte dem Beispiele. BLANCH E. NEUSE, Senior.

Goethe

Um zu wissen, wie groß und wie begabt Goethe wirklich war, muß man seine Gedichte und seine Dramen selbst lesen, und selbst davon beeinflusst sein. Seine Werke enthalten die tiefsten und auch die schönsten Gedanken, die man nur in der deutschen Literatur finden kann. Sie entsprechen alle dem hohen Geist des Verfassers und den wahren Empfindungen des Mannes.

Was seinen Werken einen noch höheren Werth giebt, ist, daß sie uns eine treue Schilderung von Goethes Leben geben, denn wir wissen, daß die verschiedenen Einzelheiten seiner

Dramen Goethes eigene Erlebnisse sind.

In seinen Werken sehen wir auch deutlich die drei Perioden seines Lebens: Erstens, eine Periode von jugendlicher Leidenschaft und wildem Begehren. In dieser Zeit schrieb er „Werthers Leiden“, „Die Launen des Geliebten“ und so viele Liebesgedichte. Nächstens, die erste Weimarische Periode, als er ganz im Geiste des Sturm und Drangs, und zugleich unter dem guten Einfluß Frau von Steins lebte. Während die zweite Periode schrieb er unter anderem, „Egmont“ und „Götz von Berlichingen.“

Goethe—Cont'd

Leztens haben wir nach seiner Reise nach Italien, eine Periode, in der er sich ganz und gar von dem Sturm und Drange, wie auch von jedem äußerlichen Einfluß, mit Ausnahme des hocherhebenden Einflusses Schillers, freisagte. Und aus dieser letzten Periode haben wir „Wilhelm Meister“; „Hermann und Dorothea“; „Iphigenia“, „Turquato Tasso“ und sein größtes Werk, — die Tragödie „Faust“.

Diese Dichtung hatte Goethe schon seit seiner Jugend im Herzen gehabt, und sie wuchs mit ihm mächtig empor. — Viele Dichter der Zeit fielen dem faustischen Drange zum Opfer, Goethe aber hatte ihn in sich durchlebt, und wurde daher Herr der Stimmung. Denn der Dichter, welcher diesen Stoff überwältigen, und die Volksfrage in ihrer innersten Bedeutung erfassen sollte, durfte der Stimmung nicht unterliegen. — „Faust“ ist das tiefste Werk deutschen Geistes, seit Wolfram von Eschenbach's „Parzival“. Es übertrifft diesen, indem es das Leben eines ganzen Jahrhunderts, und daher die Menschheit selbst, und nicht nur einen Menschen, spiegelt.

Die Tragödie fängt mit einem Prolog im Himmel an, wo Mephistopheles den Herrn auffordert, Faust's Seele

gewinnen zu suchen. Der Herr geht auf die Wette ein. Mephisto scheint seiner Sache sicher, doch der Herr sagt: „Es irrt der Mensch, so lange er strebt, doch die Seele wird mein.“

Das Trauerspiel eröffnet mit Faust auf seinem Zimmer. Er dünkt sich den Göttern gleich, und ruft daher die Geister zu sich, um mit denen und nicht mit Menschen zu verkehren. Als diese erscheinen, beweisen sie ihm jedoch, wie viel zwischen ihm und der Gottheit liege und sie raten ihm, wieder unter den Menschen zu leben.

Als Faust nun vernichtet, die Wahrheit einsieht, und zu den Menschen zurückkehren will, erscheint ihm Mephisto, der ihn dann stets in Versuchung führte und ihn zu allem Bösen verleitete.

Das Drama ist nun ein Kampf zwischen dem Bösen und Guten, und stellt den inneren Kampf des Menschen dar.

Gräthchen, ein junges, unschuldiges Mädchen, wird von Faust durch Mephisto verleitet. Eine starke Liebe entsteht zwischen ihnen, und wird von Mephisto angetrieben.

Der erste Theil des Dramas endet dann mit Faust's Niederlage. Gräthchen's Seele wird jedoch gerettet.

ANNETTE BITZ, Senior.

Zu der Zeit der Kansas City Ueber-schwemmung

„Holla! Was ist das?“

„Ach, achten Sie nicht auf mich, ich versuche nur den Weg nach Hause in dieser Dunkelheit zu finden.“

„Sehr dunkel, nicht wahr? Man würde kaum seinen eigenen Bruder erkennen.“

„Es ist ja sehr dunkel, aber das ist doch etwas übertrieben. Ich würde meinen Bruder oder sonst Jemand, den ich gut kenne, an seiner Stimme selbst erkennen. Was sagen Sie? Ich kann Sie darin nicht übertreffen? Das weiß ich nicht so bestimmt. Ich möchte wissen, ob dies wohl der rechte Weg ist. Gehen Sie diesen Weg? Nun, wie ich eben sagte, meines Vaters Nachbar hat eine Wette mit mir gemacht, daß er mich zum Narren halten könne über das Stimmenerkennen,

und er hat alles versucht, es zu thun, aber das kann er nicht. Ich sage Ihnen, ich erkenne seine Stimme über dem Telephon, kaum daß ich sie gehört habe. Ach, Gott sei Dank! Da scheint ein Licht von jenem Hause; wir können an diesem Laternenpfahl sehen, wie diese Straße heißt. Ei, die Dreiundvierzigste Straße! Hier ist es, wo ich abgehe — Sie auch? So? Dann werden wir noch zusammengehen, aber nicht weit, denn ich wohne in dem dritten Hause — glaube ich — so muß ich Ihnen gute Nacht sagen. — Was — Sie wohnen auch in dieser Straße? Was sagen Sie? In dem vierten Haus? Zum Kuckuck, noch einmal! — Nun, Fritz, das Geld ist dein!“

BEULAH ROBINSON, Junior.

THE GERMAN
PLAY CAST



THE GERMAN PLAY

On the afternoon of April 22, the German classes of Central High School gave their annual entertainment, a farce—"Das Vestenknopfchen"—to the rest of the school and to their patrons. It was a great success in every respect. The large audience gave good proof that the people of Kansas City are interested in the work that we do in our study of German; and the eagerness and good-will with which the participants of the farce did their part, show what pleasure the pupils themselves find in pursuit of their German course.

The farce was preceded by a few musical numbers, each of which was exceptionally good. Then came the farce itself. Lucky (Miss Beulah Robinson) is a mischievous young girl of seventeen, visiting her married sister, Ilse (Miss Blanche Mense). A former friend, Arnold (Mr. Julian Cahn), comes very unexpectedly to visit the family. Arnold is in love with Lucky, and she with him, but neither is quite ready to confess it.

Then Max (Mr. Clyde Campbell) and Ilse—the young husband and wife—have their first quarrel. It is all about a little vest button that Ilse refuses to sew on her husband's vest. The quarrel results in an utter estrangement, and Ilse threatens to get a divorce. Mr. Campbell and Miss Mense both played this scene exceedingly well, and made a fine impression upon the audience.

While these two were each preparing to leave, Arnold and Lucky come in and, having learned of the quarrel, decide to sew on the button and so restore peace. Lucky, quite naturally, does not yield to this without a good deal of coaxing. Upon looking they find that two buttons are missing, and so each sews on one. In doing this they accidentally bump heads, and Arnold, making use of the opportunity, grasps Lucky by the arm and calls her his bride. Lucky feels herself insulted and imposed upon, and leaves the room in a very indignant manner.

In the last scene all the characters of the play come in, one after the other, each with wraps on, and parasol and valise in hand, obstinately bent on leaving the house forever. Each feels himself or herself the wronged one.

A general reconciliation then takes place; Max and Ilse vow never to have another quarrel and Lucky promises to be Arnold's bride.

Then when all are happy Susie, the cook, rushes in and declares that she will not stay in the house another hour, but when Max offers her a raise in her salary she gladly submits. The part of the cook, which was indeed very cleverly played by Miss Lena Ackerman, called forth a great deal of laughter from the audience. Miss Robinson and Mr. Cahn also deserve praise for the ease and grace with which they carried out their parts.

ANNETTE BETZ, Senior.



DEPARTMENT OF SPANISH

EL LAGO TRAPPERS

En los últimos años pasados, he pasado varios veranos cerca del Lago Trappers. Esto en el condado Rio Blanco, Colorado y cerca de seis millas de Williams Forks, que están en la parte superior del gran Rio Blanco. Debido a' que está a' ochentas millas del ferrocarril, solo hay pocas gentes que van allí. Los que van son cazadores, y generalmente es una clase de cazadores, que no aprecian la belleza del lago y de sus alrededores.

El viaje al lago se hace en ferrocarril a' Wolcott, por diligencia hasta Yampa, un pueblo que tiene cerca de cien gentes y después, se hace un viaje algo pesado a' caballo por una vereda escarpada de treinta millas de largo. Esta vereda es tal que ningún carro puede pasar por allí y basta es difícil para que un hombre y su caballo puedan pasar. Hay ríos, sin puentes que los crucen y muchos lugares escarpados que son peligrosos, y que se necesita un tiempo considerable para pasarlos. Para concluir este viaje en un día se tiene que hacer una jornada, pasada y fastidiosa, y lo que sería una tarea imposible para otro que no fuese un caballo de monte con fuertes herraduras.

El lago propiamente dicho está situado en una baja de tierra en el llano, formado en la cima de las montañas, y lo escarpado de la vereda puede imaginarse, cuando digo que en las dos millas próximas al lago, baja el terreno tres mil pies, lo que hace un término medio de tres y media pulgadas por pie'.

El lago está lleno abundantemente con truchas, que es un pescado, el más difícil para pescar, en el mundo en proporción a' su tamaño, y el campo alrededor es excelente terreno para alces, venados, osas, y para carneros montañeses que ahora casi se encuentran extintos.

TRAPPERS' LAKE

In the past few years I have spent several summers at, or in the vicinity of, Trapper's lake. It is in Rio Blanco county, Colorado, and about six miles from Williams forks, which are at the head of the great White river. On account of its being 80 miles from a railroad, there are only a few persons who go there. Those that do are hunters, and generally a class of hunters that do not appreciate the beauty of the lake and its surroundings.

A trip to the lake consists of a railroad ride to Wolcott, a stage trip to Yampa—a town of about 300 people—and then a hard trip on horse over a rough trail for 30 miles. The trail is such that no wagon can be driven over it, and one that is indeed difficult for even a man and horse to pass. There are rivers, without bridges, to ford, and many steep places that are dangerous and that require a good deal of time. To complete this ride in one day is a hard and tedious journey, and would be an almost impossible task for other than a rough-shod mountain horse.

The lake proper is located in a deep depression in the Flat Top mountains, and the steepness of the trail can be imagined when I say that in the last two miles to the lake one goes down 3,000 feet, which is an average of 3.5 inches per foot.

The lake is abundantly filled with trout—the "gamiest" fish in the world, for its size—and the surrounding country is excellent ground for elk, deer, bear, and the now almost extinct mountain sheep.

HOYLE JONES, Senior.



HOW SATAN CAME TO LINCOLNVILLE

By Cary A. Griffin, Senior

It was six o'clock on the evening of the great ball, and an air of expectation hung like a cloud over all Lincolnville. Erastus Jones, the fiddler and moving spirit of every social event in the town, had several days before posted notices in the postoffice announcing in yellow letters the fifth annual Mask Ball of Lincolnville's leading society, and after stating the price of admission, had shrewdly added that, without exception, the leading members of the community would be present. It was owing to this last statement, as much as to anything else, that on this particular evening the colored, but extremely respectable people of the town showed such an air of importance and industry. Mysterious and wholly astonishing costumes were being prepared in all the houses. Black, excited mammies were fluttering officiously around their daughters, while behind the closed blinds many fearfully and wonderfully attired men were strutting stiffly in their strange clothes.

Mr. Publimus Johnson was one of these. Next to Old Man Simms, the richest person in town, he was magnificently arrayed in a long red cloak, trimmed with rabbit's fur, and a brass crown to represent the King of England. Being naturally of an economic turn of mind, he had not thought it necessary to provide

any more of the royal dress, for the red coat was sewed up in front, and, stretching grandly to the floor, hid all traces of trousers and coat beneath. In spite of his fine costume, however, Publimus was in a very anxious frame

of mind. By common report (which, whatever its faults, usually contains a good deal of truth), he was desperately in love with Miss Sophelia Pullam, the silly, but captivating belle, whom he was to take to the dance that night. Unfortunately for him, Mr. Johnson was not alone in his happiness, for Sophelia had lately been known to smile very sweetly upon another, Mr. Samuel Jackson. Under ordinary circumstances, Publimus had little to fear from his rival, for, although Sam was a great deal the larger and more handsome of the two, still he was notoriously poor and lazy and it was a well known fact that Sophelia was decidedly adverse to supporting a worthless husband. Now, however, when he had planned to capture his love by one great blaze of glory, the would-be King

Edward had just received a startling piece of news. The Jones' boy, a little yellow fellow, whose age might have been anywhere from eight to fifteen, and whose chief reputation was founded upon fearlessness and love of mischief, had come to tell him that Sam, after two weeks of



HOW SATAN CAME TO LINCOLNVILLE—Cont'd

exceptionally steady work, had that morning declared his intention of going to the city to buy a costume that would be the wonder of the ballroom. Furthermore, Jones, junior, made it known that Sam had carried out his purpose so far as to ride off on the noon train, and had really returned on the five-thirty with a broad grin and two large bundles.

Publimus was in a quandary. For the first time it occurred to him that his rival's costume, and not his own, might meet the favor of Sophelia. He pondered for several minutes over this disagreeable proposition and then, happening to glance at the Jones boy, who was probably watching him with a very angelic expression, he was struck by a sudden idea. He closed and locked the door, took several large sheets from a chest, gave the boy a quarter, and then proceeded to unfold a plan that made even a Jones boy, gasp with delight.

As has already been said, Mr. Johnson was one of Lincolnville's most well-to-do citizens. Of course, you must not infer from that that he was a millionaire, for

you remember that Lincolnville, itself, had not yet arrived at the happy state of affluence when it could speak with calmness of its first postoffice and second circus. How-

ever, the chief glory of Publimus rested, not in the length of his bank account—perhaps because there was no bank—nor even in the fact that he had once held the high office of judge of elections, but pre-eminently in the ownership of the famous Nebuchadnezzar, the pride of the town. As fast horses were unavailable, it had long been the custom of Lincolnville, and surrounding centers, to give yearly mule races and, thanks to Mr. Johnston's big, white animal, his town had carried off the honors for five successive years. The reason for Nebuchadnezzar's success, his enemies asserted, was the fact that his appearance frightened all the "go" out of the other competitors. Indeed,

if he had been human, he would have furnished a beautiful subject for a character sketch. His legs were bowed fore and hind. His tail was as hairless as an old ball bat, and in exciting moments, had been known to point straight



HOW SATAN CAME TO LINCOLNVILLE—Cont'd

up into the air like a flagstaff. His great ears always hung horizontal, stretching far out on each side, and when he was in a race, he would wave them around in very ecstasy of confusion.

Sitting in a light spring wagon, drawn by this imposing steed, Mr. Johnson rode to the Pullam's, who lived a few miles out of town, and called for the object of his affections. She heard him coming and, dressed in a long black robe of an old-time nun, she tripped blithely down the path and climbed into the vehicle with a quickness very unlike a nun. They drove slowly at first, while Publimus, evidently impressed by the stillness of the night and the unreal light of the full moon, soon led the conversation into the realms of the supernatural. They were soon speaking in awed whispers of the ever-present, but invisible, powers of good and evil. He remarked upon the silence and loneliness of the road, and was gratified to feel her draw closer to him. Finally he reminded her of the dark clumps of trees they were soon to pass through—the spot where a child had once been murdered, and where, it had been asserted upon good authority, both angels and demons were in the habit of roaming. So well did he play his part, and with such terrified glances did he stare into the gloom, that by the time they reached the dreaded place, Sophelia was fairly frozen with terror.

When they were almost through the grove, and just when the girl was beginning to hope once more, the mule suddenly halted, and Publimus gave a low, blood-curdling groan. He dropped the lines, and began in solemn, judicial tones:

"Sophelia Pullam, dis yer am a d'rect imposition o'

Providence. Don' you rekelect de surmun Broder James preached las' Sunday? Don you 'member how he says, 'Ye got t' have love, bruder'n! Ef yo' don' wan' t' have it, de good angel o' love 'ul come down wid a flamin' sword and mak' ye have it!' Sophelia Pullam, youin't never had no love, an' now, jes when you're wid me, honey, de white mule ha' dun stop, and dat hapin'en right year kaint mean but jes' one thing—dat angel is commen' t' git ye, Sophy."

Sophelia cowered abjectly down in the seat, and the arm of Publimus stole softly around her.

"Look dar, Sophy," he said in sepulchral tones. "It's a-commin'. Look at de golden white wings, honey, look at de blazin' sword!"

Sophelia slowly opened her eyes and took one fearful peep. A few yards off, moving slowly toward her, she saw an awful, snow-white figure. Great wings flapped softly on its shoulders, and as it floated along, it waved a long, gleaming weapon in one hand, and pointed the other solemnly at her face. She took one look and was conquered.

"Go way, go way, dar!" she cried, throwing her arms convulsively around her companion's neck. "Oh, go way please, Mistah Angel. I loves Mistah Johnson, deed I does."

But here there occurred a most startling interruption. A great, unearthly monster rose from the ground and started savagely toward the wagon. It was red—a deep, bloody, unnatural red—which shone with terrible significance in the moonlight. It needed no second glance to see what that was. From the waving feather on the cap,

HOW SATAN CAME TO LINCOLNVILLE—Cont'd

to the long pointed shoes, it could be only one thing—the real, living, fiery devil!

He gave an awful roar, and darted with terrible swiftness toward the little group. The King of England saw him first, and rolled unceremoniously from the wagon. The angel and the wondering mule saw him at about the same time. The former, with a human yell and super-human jump, landed up squarely behind the place just vacated by the King. Old Nebuchadnezzar turned around at the first noise, took one disapproving glance at the approaching spirit, and then suddenly determined to seek new fields. The King, thus suddenly deprived of his whole court, sprang almost from under the hands of the avenging demon, gathered his royal garments around him, and started at a very creditable speed after his disappearing companions.

Such was the procession as it arrived at the ball. In front, with very active ears and a very rigid tail, came a pale white mule. Behind, in a shaking spring wagon, sat a frightened, bewildered nun, while towering above her, waving a great wooden sword dramatically over her head

and enjoying the whole thing immensely, stood the winged Jones boy. A few feet further back, coursing along close to the ground, but with terrible earnestness, came the once proud wearer of a crown. He did not turn toward the dance hall, as the mule did, but, with the royal robes of England floating proudly behind, he kept on down the road as far as the eye could reach. Still further back a self-satisfied, easy-going devil, Sam Jackson, was seen approaching. Regardless of the crowd of dancers watching him, he walked quickly over to the nun, who was still sitting in the wagon where Nebuchadnezzar had stopped it. The Jones boy—sword, wings and all—had long since faded out of sight. Sam sprang up beside the still trembling Sophelia, seized her by the hand, and cried, "Will you marry the devil, honey?" She hesitated a moment, looked around on the crowd, and then murmured, "Ef he wants t' marry me." The preacher, dressed as Jack the Ripper, was instantly called upon. He took his place beside a calm, but still resentful mule, and as the two stood up above him, he married them—the devil and the nun.



THREE CHUMS

By Aletha Mary Barr, Senior

"I tell you I don't want a dog!" And Jemina, otherwise Jim, shook her head petulantly. But if one could have looked into her eyes, he would have seen two tears that were threatening to disgrace her.

"Now, Jim, cheer up!" And Jack patted her consolingly on the shoulder, and for a few moments was silent, while Jim thought sorrowfully of a dear companion, a beauty of a St. Bernard dog that she had lost a short time before.

The present conversation was taking place in the yard of "The Manor," an old place where Jim's forefather's had been born and raised, and where Jim herself had spent fourteen glorious years of happy girlhood. A mile or two up the old road was Royallien Hall, the home of Squire Edmond, whose only son and heir, Jack, was the pride, delight and, at the same time, despair of this staid old English countryside.

He and Jim had been companions ever since the day when Mrs. Allison had returned from India with her four-year-old daughter to take possession of the old Manor-house.

She had left her gallant husband, Captain Allison, in his last resting place in the tropical forests of India, where he had fallen a hero, during the mutiny. His widow, broken-hearted, had returned to England with Jim, whom she idolized, to spend the remainder of her life in peaceful quiet. And Jim, as she grew up, became husband, son, and daughter to this fragile little woman.

So at the age of eighteen she was strong, independent, and rather self-willed, but withal still a tender blooming girl.

She and Jack Edmond had kept the neighborhood alive with their pranks and adventures, and "Jack and Jim" had become synonymous for all kinds of mischief. They rode, hunted, tramped, and fished together, always in gay comradeship.

But now it was all past—at least for a time—for Jack was going away! Those four words had been repeated with sorrow in every house around. And immediately would follow the question, "What will Jim do?"

And Jim was thinking of this, too. What would she do?

"Why," she said to her mother in a wondering tone, "what *will* I do? Attend the teas, card clubs all the time, where I hear nothing but—well, I don't know what I



"PAT"

would hear. Ough!" She shrugged her shoulders in disgust.

So today Jack had come over to have one last chat and to offer her "Pat," his English bull-dog.

Pat was the most beautiful ugly specimen of the canine race that one could imagine. Bunch-legged, squatty body, a nose pushed clear into his face, a protruding mouth, and teeth that made those outside his exclusive circle of friendship fairly gasp with terror. And his tail! As Jim had once ecstatically said, "Oh, I just can't describe it!" But for my reader's peace of mind I

THREE CHUMS—Cont'd

must give you even an inferior description. Leaving his body at a right angle, it looked like a poker; then suddenly it dropped again at a right angle, whether by nature or science I am unable to state. Turning again it seemed to have been crimped. On the whole it was a work of art; whether natural or artificial those who have more knowledge of the subject, can tell you.

This beauty was the pride of his owner's heart and he was paying Jim the highest compliment in offering him to her. Imagine his astonishment at hearing her reply:

"I tell you I don't want a dog!" accompanied by that emphatic shake of the head.

"You don't want Pat?" The wonder in his voice increased, and Jim, turning around, saw Jack gazing at her with wide-open eyes and mouth.

"Well, you see I shouldn't feel true to Don, and—and—" But she wavered, for through the gate and across the grass came "Pat." Together they watched him approach, both silently admiring his doggish symmetry.

"Now, I say," broke in Jack, "look at him."

Jim following his advice looked, smiled, and as Pat put his head into her lap, turned and said, "Oh, the beauty; I will take him. But come, let us have one more gallop."

They jumped up and ran laughing like two children to the stable where Jack saddled her horse, and in a few minutes Mrs. Allison was waving them good-by as they rode down the lane.

Oh, the glory of that ride! It seemed as if they could never stop. Both realized that a change was at hand. Jack would be in London, busy with work and pleasure, while Jim would remain at home with her duties and her loneliness. They were both silent and thoughtful. The only sounds heard on the road were those of the horses hoofs and the barking of Pat, as he raced along with them.



THREE CHUMS—Cont'd

At last they turned homeward just as twilight began to fall, and as they turned up the lane leading to the "Manor" Jack spoke.

"How often will you write, Jim?"

"I'll answer your letters, and tell you about Pat, Jack."

"And about all the dear old places and everything that happens, and—well—everything, you know." Jack's tone was wistful and getting off his horse, he stooped over to pet Pat, who seemed to realize that the moment was more solemn than usual.

"Dear old boy! You'll take good care of him, won't you, Jim, and talk to him?" Jack's voice trembled.

Then straightening up he lifted Jim from her saddle.

"I must go now, for I take the early train, you know. Good-by, dear old chum, and—good-by!"

"Now Jack, I feel too bad to have you get sentimental; I will be lost. Why, I won't even have any one to quarrel with," and Jim laughed a sad little laugh. "Don't forget us all down here in the country."

"Why, Jim, how could I?" The reproach in his voice hurt her. "I'll write often—and say, Jim, don't forget, will you?" And Jack shook both her hands fervently and then ———

"Well, Jack, going now?" Mrs. Allison's voice broke the silence. She was standing in the doorway to say good-by.

"Yes, I'm off for 'London-town' to make my fortune; so good-by, Mrs. Allison. Cheer the governor up once in a while because he will be rather lonely. And now its good-by for the last time, Jim"—his voice dwelt tenderly on the name "Jim"—"for I'm off," and jumping on his horse he rode away.

And Jim standing in that summer twilight waved a good-by and then leaned her head against a pillar and

pretended that she was tired, while Pat sat dolefully down on the steps, with his wonderful tail between his legs.

* * * * *

It was nine months later when Pat rushed frantically up the steps to where Jim was sitting and whirled madly around trying to attract her attention. But that was hard to do, for she was deep in a reverie—a thing which was strangely frequent with Jim these days.

At last she stooped over to pet him and saw his tail going at a wonderful rate and on the end of it was tied an envelope.

"Well, what's this?" she cried. She untied the letter and as her eyes fell upon the address, her heart beat a little faster and the blood rushed to her face. For it was Jack's writing. What miracle was this? Jack in London and here a note in his very handwriting tied to her—or rather his—dog's tail!

Her fingers trembled as she opened it, and then a cry brought her mother to the door.

"Oh, mammy, here's a note from Jack! He's here, really, really, here!" and Jim in her excitement hugged her mother until she gasped for breath.

For this was what she had read:

"DEAREST JIM: Arrived here by the afternoon train and a little while ago, seeing Pat wandering around the old place, decided to make him the bearer of my message. Be ready for a gallop tomorrow morning at half-past five. It will seem like old times. Be sure now, and I will whistle at the gate for you. Yours impatiently,
"JACK."

At five the next morning Jim was ready and waiting and when she saw the well-known figure riding up, she rushed out and burst upon him like a whirlwind.

"Well, it's good to see you! How are you? How long will you be here? What have you been doing?" and

THREE CHUMS—Cont'd

such questions all jumbled up in one mass of incoherent murmurings.

Then the first shock over, they rode down the lane and across the open fields as of old—as if he had never been away.

She turned and looked at him as they rode along. Yes, he was just the same, more manly, perhaps, and more imbued with that strength of character which makes a success in life.

And Jack in his turn found the girl of his dreams, and was satisfied.

Thus looking, talking and thinking, they galloped along in the fresh morning air, in the quiet of the spring and the freshness of the fields.

At length they reined in their horses at the top of the hill and looked out over the meadows and shires of England. The sun was just rising, dispelling the light mist, and making every leaf and blade of grass quiver with expectancy.

They had seen this many times, but today it was like a new thing. Jim drew a long deep breath and turned to her companion to speak, but the look in the eyes that met hers kept her silent.

"Jim,"—there was a new quality in his voice—"do you know that it has been nine long months since we have ridden together over these fields? Do you realize that so

long a time has passed since I saw you last? You may but you do not realize how I have longed to see you. Why, Jim, it seemed sometimes as if I must come home against my judgment—not my will—to you; but I had work in London, that I had to finish before I could even think of coming back here to ask you—" He broke off suddenly. "Don't you know what it is?"

Jim felt a smile come to her face in spite of herself. He was so like the boy in the old days—just as impetuous. Then she suddenly thought. Was she smiling because of that or out of sheer happiness?

"Well, dear, you don't seem inclined to help me out, but I won't be stopped, Jim. We have been chums a long, long time, and Pat's affections are divided between us. How awful to take him away from you and still I must have him. Jim, think of our comradeship. Jim look at me."

Jim turned and looked.

Taking her hand he continued, "Jim, why not be chums for life?"

Chums for life! How sweet that phrase sounded in her ears. Chums for life!

And turning slowly toward him, she gave him her other hand and said softly, "Yes, Jack, chums for life."

Then pulling away, she wheeled her horse suddenly and cried, "I'll race you to the house," and was off.



A CASE OF NERVE

By Nell Gaines, Senior

When John Clements told his friends that he was going to run for sheriff of Blackfoot county, Idaho, on the Democratic ticket, all of those worthies did their best to dissuade him. They told him that it would be all foolishness for him to try to get the office, for Blackfoot always went Republican. But John thanked them kindly and went his way.

Up the mountains about twenty miles was a deep valley known as "Jackson's Hole." This valley was completely surrounded by mountains, the only entrance being through a small canyon so narrow that horsemen had to go single file. One man could defend the place as long as his ammunition lasted.

In the valley were about two thousand acres of as fine land as could be found in the state and this little Eden was occupied by a band of cattle thieves or "rustlers." These men were the terror of the country and no ranch in a radius of one hundred miles was safe from their raids.

When John Clements formally announced himself candidate for sheriff he remarked, "If I am elected, the first stock taken from Blackfoot county by that band of thieves from 'Jackson's Hole' will be brought back if I have to blast out a side of the mountains to do it." So it was that Clements got the office by an overwhelming majority.

About a week after he was sworn in four fine horses were stolen from the town of Blackfoot. The next morning Clements and two deputies started for the mountains

in hot pursuit of the thieves, but since the men had several hours start of the officers, they reached their stronghold in safety.

When Clements and his two companions reached the canyon leading to the "Hole," and found no one on guard, Clements sent the two back. "We three can't start a fight in there and we are too many to try to bluff, so you must go back to Blackfoot. If I don't turn up in a reasonable length of time you get up a posse and clean them out. So long, boys." He turned his horse and rode slowly up the stream that ran through the canyon. Finding the entrance to the valley unguarded, he rode boldly up the trail leading to the "rustlers" cabins. As he passed the first one which was somewhat removed from the others, an old man came out and stopped him. He asked him his business and how he happened to get past the guard. "There was no guard at the entrance," Clements answered. "I came in here for some horses that have been missing from Blackfoot since night before last." He started his horse, but the man caught his bridle, begging him not to go on. "You won't get your horses," he said, "but will get killed or will be forced to stay with the gang. I wandered in one day and happened to overhear a conversation between two of the gang and now they won't let me leave. Get out, young man, while you can."

"I can't go without those horses" Clements answered. "I thank you for your interest, but I am *not going* to leave without the horses."

A CASE OF NERVE—Cont'd

The man shrugged his shoulders and stepped aside. Clements urged his horse to a gallop and was soon far within the valley. Riding up to a cabin, he started to dismount when the door flew open and a big cowboy carrying an immense Winchester came down to the hitch-rack.

"Hello stranger, what's your business," was the greeting he gave. "I came after those horses I see out there," Clements said, with a jerk of his head in the direction of a corral. The fellow was so surprised at the audacity of the little officer that he could not speak for a moment. Then he laughed and said, "Well, smartness, I want to be around when you get those horses. If you get out of your saddle I will blow your brains out." "All right, shoot," Clements answered, "for I am certainly going to get those horses. I would a little rather be killed on the ground any way." He slid out of the saddle and started for the corral. The big robber yelled at him to stop, but he went on, calling back over his shoulder, "Shoot, old man, while I'm not looking. I won't hurt you. I didn't come to shoot. In fact, I left my guns at home." The only answer he got was a volley of curses. By this time he had reached the corral bars. Pulling them down, he went in and took the nearest horse by the rope still on its halter. He led it out, the other three following, and came slowly back towards the enraged ranchman who was still swearing to kill him every step he took.

When Clements reached his own horse, he fastened his lariat to the four others and swung into his saddle.

Then turning to the cowboy he said, "I think you had better alarm the camp or I will get away with these

horses, because you haven't the nerve to even stop me, much less kill me, or you would have done it long ago." As the man made no move to follow Clements' suggestion, he rightly judged that the rest of the gang were on another raid, so he turned his horse and rode calmly down the trail.

As Clements reached the rift in the rocks that led to safety he called back to the robber who had followed him to the entrance, "If you are going to keep your word and kill me you had better shoot quick, for here we part company." With that he turned his horse around the corner and rode down the trail.

He made all speed for Blackfoot, reaching there just in time to stop a posse that had been organized to go after him.

After he delivered the horses to their owners, he met a number of cowboys returning to their ranch. He stopped them.

"Don't leave there," he said; "we are all going back to the 'Hole' as soon as I get some sleep. Those fellows up there are cowards. I was so scared I could hardly stay on my horse, but I bluffed a fellow twice my size out of those horses. I don't believe his guns were even loaded. If you wait we'll raid the 'Hole.'"

* * * * *

Ranchmen came from miles away to identify cattle found on the range lands of the "Hole." Now, this fertile land is occupied by numerous farmers and today John Clements is mayor of the county seat and spends his spare time hunting game around his farm in Jackson's Hole.

THE WINNING OF A WAGER

By Evelyn Hall, Post-graduate

One warm day in July, Gay was sitting in his office ruminating over a letter just received from an old school fellow and chum, inviting him to spend the month of August with him on his ranch. It closed with a wager of one hundred acres of his best land that he would return to the city a benedict. "What can he mean?" thought Gay. "Does he think I shall be so impressed with his domestic bliss that I shall forthwith ask the first country damsel I see to marry one, or does he expect me to fall in love with his wife and run off with her? Can't see what inducements he can hold out in that line, but country is enough temptation for me this hot weather, so here goes."

"DEAR LAWRENCE: Letter just received. Thanks awfully for your invitation which I most gratefully accept. The joy of visiting you and Hazel, the cool nights and grassy fields are enough to offer me without any extra accommodation thrown in. Truth is, old fellow, 'There is just one girl in all this world for me.' Where she is just now I do not know, but I am moving heaven and earth to find her. Met her in my legal capacity as administrator of an estate. She was an orphan and a beneficiary. It was love at first sight with me, but I didn't speak till business was all settled. Had an engagement with her one evening, but was suddenly taken ill, became unconscious, and when sufficiently recovered to make inquiries she was gone without a word. So don't hold me out as a desirable fish for any of your rural beauties to angle for. A wager? Anything you like. I'll hand you a \$100 bill right out if I fall in love with any one you can show this summer—unless it be Hazel. Just think, in a few weeks I'll be leaving this hot town! Will let you know later what train I take. Meet me at the station, will you?"

"As ever, your truest friend,

"GAY."

"Dear me," thought Gay, "it's next to impossible to go back to business after that letter. Three weeks more

of this hot, dusty city would be unendurable if it were not for the hope I have of seeing Helen at any moment, or hearing of her return. Lawrence certainly is crazy if he thinks any girl can begin to come up to Helen Garrett in my estimation. I suppose he has come to the conclusion that I shall be a confirmed old bachelor unless he lends me his assistance, but I'll show him. Why, here, I have it! Go out and spend a quiet month, win the hundred acres of his best land, see Miss Garrett during the winter anyway, if I can't succeed in finding her before, and be a neighbor of Lawrence's during the summer months. Ha! that works like a charm!"

* * * * *

Three weeks later Gay seized his hat and suit case, slammed the door of the office, and ran down the two flights of steps like a boy let loose from school, arriving outside barely in time to catch the depot car.

The clock at the station said 6:05. "Ten minutes yet," laughed Gay, "after all that rush. Well I'm mighty glad I didn't miss that train, I can tell you, and especially after they promised to meet me."

From force of habit, he scanned the faces of the jostling crowd and once more turned away with a sigh, purchased several magazines at a news-stand and boarded his train.

* * * * *

"Here it comes," shouted Lawrence, "I said the Northern Pacific, didn't I? This is it, then. And there's old Gay handsomer than ever."

"Why,—it's Mr. Wyman!" exclaimed Miss Garrett, and with a charming blush, "why—didn't—you—tell—me?" Imagine Gay's surprise! Miss Garrett did not understand until afterwards what Lawrence meant by "Money, please."

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE JONES, MATCHMAKER

By Bertha Dennis, Junior

Nell stepped from the train at the little Georgia station of Sybee in high spirits, in spite of her wilted collar. She was looking forward to a delightful visit with Kate Lovell, her college chum, and what was of much more importance—her brother's fiance. To her surprise and disappointment, no one was visible but the usual crowd of happy, excited little pickaninnies who come up every day to watch trains come in. Expecting her friends to come at any moment, she walked into the stuffy little waiting-room, and sat down, dropping her valise on the floor beside her. When the seconds lengthened into minutes, and still no one appeared, her happiness began to ooze away; for the only pastime that suggested itself was battling with the huge mosquitoes—regular gallinippers they were—and as this was a necessity, it soon proved timesome. At last when sitting still any longer became impossible, she walked out on the wide platform to explore.

Just as she turned the corner of the station a quaint little darkey strolled up and touched her arm. His small ebony face was aglow, and his beady black eyes twinkled mischievously under the torn brim of his big straw "jimmy," as he looked up at Nell and asked, "Is you Miss Kitty's comp'ny? Kase if you is," he continued without waiting for an answer, "she's waitin' fo you down de road. Ole Jim's got one o' his cranky fits, an' won't come up by de engine, so she's a-waitin' in de lane. I'd a been heah soonah but we was a-pickin' cherries fo' Aunt Jinny. So, if you'll jist come along now, I'll show you whah she is." After this lucid explanation, the independent little fellow started off down the road, leaving Nell to dart into the waiting-room, seize her valise, and hurry after him. "We'll have to hurry mighty fast," he volunteered as she caught up with him; "Miss Kitty might be skeahed you wasn't commin' and go back home. I'll help you tote

that satchel if it's too heavy," he gallantly offered, as he noticed what Nell was carrying. Nell accepted this generous advance, and she and her small escort walked slowly up the dusty road, swinging the valise between them.

Just as they turned off into a cool-looking lane, Nell heard a call, and looking up, saw her chum hurrying towards her with an anxious, beaming face. During the greetings which followed, Nell's little guide scampered off. "I jist knew that little rogue, Nap, was up to some of his tricks when he had been gone so long, so I gave over the horse to Mammy Lize, who was going home, and started out to find you myself," Kate explained. Under the influence of loving embraces, Nell's usual vivacity returned, and by the time they came in sight of Kate's home—a stately old brown-stone house, covered with Virginia creepers and surrounded by laurels, magnolias, roses and jasmine—she was ready to vote the South a paradise, in spite of the heat and the tormenting sand-flies.

At tea, which they enjoyed in the garden under a great spreading magnolia tree, the two girls were joined by Mrs. Lovell, a gentle, courteous little Southern woman and the only son, Dick, a tall, well-knit, jolly-looking young man. He burst out excitedly, "Oh, Sis, Jack Laughorn has come. Nap told me that his young master arrived this morning. I went around to his camp and begged him to come over and stay with us, but he made the usual excuse that our giddy life interfered with his pleasures. I suppose we shall have to be satisfied with an occasional visit." Then, in answer to Nell's inquiring look, he explained that Jack was his college room-mate, "an all-round, jolly good fellow," who devoted a few weeks each summer exclusively to his art. "I doubt if you'll ever meet him, unless we run across him in the

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE JONES, MATCHMAKER—Cont'd

woods some time," Kate laughed; "he sticks to his old painting like a crab in sunny weather."

Several happy days followed, which the young people passed in crabbing, shrimping, surf-bathing and resting. One beautiful afternoon Nell started alone to explore the tempting woods near the house, and found herself in a regular "Garden of Eden." She wandered on and on under the moss-draped trees, stopping occasionally to gather some particularly beautiful spray of honeysuckle or jessamine, lost in day dreams until the setting sun at



last reminded her that it was high time to return home. Accordingly, she started back, but to her surprise, as she walked quickly on, nothing seemed familiar. Frantically, she tried various paths, but none of them led her home. At last, realizing that she was lost, she sank down despondently upon a vine-covered rock. Before long her reflections were interrupted by a shrill little voice whistling "Dixie." As she looked up, the bushes parted in

front of her, and a little black face, topped by a jaunty straw hat, peeped forth. It was Nap, her twice-welcome guardian angel!

As soon as he saw her a smile of recognition broke over his face. Advancing with his hands in his overalls' pockets, he greeted her boldly, "Don't you remembah me? I's the one what helped you tote yo'ah satchel to Miss Kitty's. Want a bite?" he generously asked, as he extracted a grimy peach from the depths of his pockets. "It's mighty good," he added as Nell refused with a smile. "Nap," she said, "I'm lost. Won't you take me back to Miss Kitty's?" "Well, ain't that a shame," sympathetically replied her bright little friend; "I can't go back to Miss Kitty's kase I promised Marse Jack to come back to suppah; but I'll tell you what, you kin come and eat suppah with us, and we'll take you home aftahwahds." Nell knew then that Nap's "Marse Jack" was the Lovells' artist friend, and smiling roguishly, she followed the little darky, wondering what Kate would say. They had walked but a short distance when they came upon a young man, sitting on a camp-stool, absorbed in painting. "That's Marse Jack," shouted Nap as he caught sight of his master. The artist turned, and seeing the unexpected guest, arose and came forward. "She's Miss Kitty's comp'ny," said Nap, and with this scant introduction disappeared into the tent, leaving the two young people together. Nell put an end to the embarrassment which they both felt, by saying, with a merry little laugh, "You see, your obedient little valet found me lost in the woods and insisted upon bringing me home with him. I thought perhaps you would not object to his taking me home, so—" "I tol' her to stay to suppah," came from inside the tent. Jack urged his fair guest to accept this cordial invitation, thanking Nap's insatiable appetite for bringing him such luck, but wondering what they could eat. As Nell protested that she was not in the least hungry, she and Jack started im-

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE JONES, MATCHMAKER—Cont'd

mediately homeward in the twilight. Neither one was especially glad when they met Kate and George in the lane, starting out to hunt for their visitor. After proper introductions, Dick exclaimed, "It's too bad, old chap, that Miss Nell had to get lost to induce you to come to see us, but now that you are here, we'll keep you for a good long visit." With surprising alacrity, Jack accepted the invitation, and the next day Nap moved his master's belongings to the Lovells' to the delight of all persons concerned.

However, the Lovells did not see as much of either of their visitors as they had expected. Jack spent a great part of his time in company with a certain very attractive young lady, whom he took rowing, walking or fishing, much to Kate's delight and to Dick's chagrin, for he saw that his chances with this charming young person grew beautifully less.

Although Jack tried many times, he never succeeded in speaking to Nell of what lay nearest to his heart. He was almost ready to give up in despair, when one day he caught Nap in a piece of mischief that at any other time would have secured the youngster a sound cuffing. Therefore the little fellow was much surprised when his master not only encouraged him to go on with what he was doing, but even offered assistance.

Sad to say, all happy times must end, and the time came speedily when Nell must return home. Strange enough Jack's vacation ended at the same time, and he accompanied her to Philadelphia. As they parted, he

placed a small package in her hand. "It's from Nap, and not to be opened under any circumstances until you reach home," explained Jack, and Nell wondered at the note of triumph that sounded in his voice. After a short while, curiosity overcame her sense of honor, and she opened the packet. Inside, on a sheet of delicate pink paper was written the following note, which caused Nell to blush deeply as she read it:

"Deer mis nel: mis kitty giv me the paper ain't it nice? i wanted tu send yu wat i found in mars Jack's bok but he tuk it awa' wen he saw me lukin' at u. Enyway it wus a pictur he dru of you with 'my love' on the botum he sey yu tan hav it if yue ask him fur it. its reel purty so i thot yud lik to no how to git it, yur fren' Napoleon Bonnypart Jones."

The next winter, when Kate went to New York to prepare her trousseau, she found another bride-to-be to help with her preparations, and heard with delight that her wedding-day was to be the occasion of another wedding in the same family. "I really couldn't help it, you see," apologized Nell humbly; "Nap fixed it all in such a cute way." But Kate knew that Nell loved Nap for just that very cute trick, so she only smiled knowingly.

A few days after the double wedding, little Nap, down at Sybee was delighted with a box which came for him from "Marse Jack" and "Marse Jack's" young wife. It contained a huge and delicious candy Cupid and a ten dollar gold piece, which for many days made little Nap lord of all he surveyed.



A MODERN AMERICAN

By Beulah Robinson, Junior

They were sitting, as so many couples before them had sat, at one of the tables "built for two," in the remotest corner of an Eastern cafe.

To look at him, one would have thought that the young lady across from him was sitting enraptured at the fervent words of love that he was pouring into her ear. To look at her, one would have thought that she was listening to something that she had heard three times a day for the last week, or else that he was discussing ordering beef-steak or lobster.

Finally, however, she started up out of her reverie, and, in the animated tone most natural to her, exclaimed, "Dick, I have something to tell you!"

"Well," said the surprised suitor somewhat taken back at having his words of love interrupted in such a peculiar manner, "what in the world is it?"

"Promise not to tell?"

"Yes."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

She took one long deep breath, "I'm engaged."

Dick's face was one of great perplexity; he knew not whether to be happy or to be sad, to hope or to despair. But he manned up enough courage to say, "When did it happen?"

"Guess!"

"Well, you wern't engaged night before last, for I heard you flatly deny a statement to that effect."

"You're right so far."

"And you didn't become engaged last night because

you just now told me that you didn't see anyone but that blooming idiot of a stranger here, who's been trying to cut out every other fellow in town. I've forgotten his name."

"Right again."

His spirits were beginning to rise. "Well, then, when *did* you get engaged?"

"About ten minutes ago!"

"About ten minutes ago! Bess, do you mean—"

His face was now one beam of joy; but its expression changed again when she said, "Now don't get excited; it's not you!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm engaged—but not to you—and that it happened while you were looking over the bill of fare."

"What in the thunder are you talking about?"

"Well, now, you calm down and I'll tell you all about it. Last night I received an offer of marriage for which I was not exactly prepared; so I told him that when I came down here with you tonight, he would receive his answer. He lives here in the hotel, so it was easy enough for him to be down in the office about this time. In passing the dining room, he was to notice if I had my boa on or off. If it were off, so was the engagement; if it were on, as it is now, well—"

"Oh, yes, I see it all," replied the dejected lover in a weak voice, "but who's the lucky fellow?"

"That blooming idiot of a stranger," she laughed as they rose to go.

THE SONG OF THE SWAN

By Elma M. Eaton, Senior

Tasso was putting a new set of strings of his beloved violin. I had just given him a good scolding. Whenever I was particularly cross with Tasso he would provokingly bring out that violin of his, and today he had been so very aggravating that my lecture had been prolonged to nearly lunch time. The main cause of my displeasure was his flat refusal to play his new composition for me; but I insisted so long that finally he said decisively, pointing to the snow-covered landscape without: "When winter suddenly is changed to spring, then will I play my swan song for the first time." At this moment Laura, his wife, coming in for the morning practice, brought the lecture and argument to an end.

Now week after week passed by and Tasso worked alone in his studies, even Laura being excluded. My lectures grew more frequent but they only made Tasso moodier and gloomier. Laura was broken-hearted over her husband's neglect and worried herself into a serious illness. One night as she lay asleep she moaned restlessly, "If I could hear him play once again, if I could only hear Tasso play again!" Her appeal was heartrending, but knowing the melancholy Tasso too well to interrupt his solitude, I sat helpless, unable to relieve her suffering or fulfill her sad wish. Thoughts came into my heart of the musician. How could he be so heartless and cruel to his frail English wife? Could he not see his neglect was killing her?

Suddenly as if in a dream I heard his violin. Laura, too, heard it and as she listened she uttered a cry, "Le Cygne!" "Le Cygne!" as if in terror, and buried her face

in her pillow, sobbing. But I was entranced. Such music! It twittered and sang like a thousand nightingales. It rippled and rushed and whirled like an Alpine mountain stream—now laughter, now tears, now the splashing of silvery-tongued fountains. I had never heard such a maddening burst of melody and I was caught up in its beauty and fairly carried from the earth. Suddenly the brilliant movement stopped and the music struck into a weird minor passage like the rushing of a mighty wind through a forest of leafless trees. This, too, faded away as a breath, triumphantly. I turned to Laura—she was dead!

I rushed to Tasso's studio and tore open the crimson curtains, but upon the threshold I stopped transfixed by the wonder that lay before me. Never had the room, bathed in the moonlight, seemed so beautiful to me. The rich hangings, the marble statues, the velvet furniture, all were silvered in that flood of celestial radiance. But, beyond the golden candelabra, scintillating with a thousand prismic colors, a sight attracted me which I could not avoid, a sight so full of horror and terror that I could scarcely breathe. Some merciful power enabled me to turn away my eyes to the open balcony where I beheld two large white birds who, even as I gazed, unfolded their lovely wings and flew far from me, vanishing together in the evening sky.

So passed Tasso and Laura. Through that room, throbbing with the grand music of Tasso's swan song, a delicate perfume like the odor of ungathered violets stole, and I saw that spring had come even to Tasso.

"THUS DO SPARTANS DIE"

The sun-god, weary with his endless pursuit of the ever-fleeing darkness, was thrusting up a few last keen-edged shafts of light piercing and fraying the gathered clouds of night hanging low on the horizon, as a little boy of twelve came wearily up a secret footpath on a mountain side. He was slender, lithe and sinewy, with closely-cut hair, wearing only a tunic whose scant folds fell scarcely to his knees.

At every step little volcanic puffs of dust rose from between his toes settling into a saffron whirl after his passing. On either side of him were waving reaches of barley, where the poppies flurry their dust-dimmed splashes of red. Farther away between its reed-rimmed banks a little mountain stream slipped soapily over the stones, while phantom-like, the angular shoulders of the mountains reared against the sunset, were clothed in ragged scafs of rose-gray clouds. The whole landscape seemed wrapped in a slumberous haze.

The boy alone was alert and vigorous. With unabated speed he forged ahead, continually slipping his hand into a fold of his tunic as if to insure the safety of something he carried there. He stopped only when he reached the summit; there he turned and stood, motionless, as if dumbly conscious of the spendthrift hues scattered broadcast in the valley below and the wondrous beauty of the far-off mountains. He contemplated it all in silence for a moment, then with a swift rush of feeling he threw his arms, bare and brown, above his head and chanted in a musical monotone an extract from a Spartan song:

" Thus died Argilus on Tagetus' side,
His followers gone, his wound gaping wide;
Died blessing the enemy's sword in his breast:

The sword which had put him to the test,
And made him one of those who gave
Their very life-blood their country to save;
Died ——"

The impassioned chant died on his lips, for suddenly, from his right, a group of men appeared and advanced threateningly. The glow and fire of patriotism still burned within him, but outwardly he was calm and stoical.

"Come boy," said one of the men, "give us the message you carry. We know you have it, so give it or die."

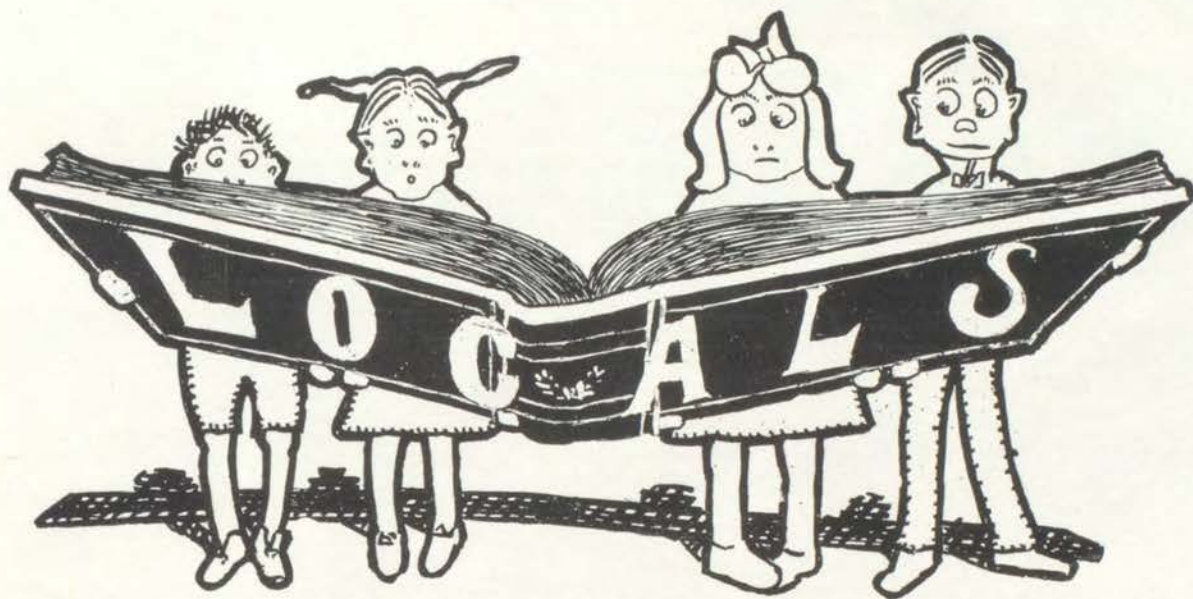
The boy's lean brown hand crept to the fold in his tunic, drew forth the precious roll and, twisting it convulsively for a moment, threw it away—down into the valley, hundreds of feet below, before the men could interfere.

Then, with a superb movement, he stepped back, faced his brutish foes and, calm and erect, without a tremor bared his breast, saying, "Thus do Spartans die!" The cruel blades hissed and seemed to cleave the air as they sought his wildly throbbing bosom. A dozen times they pierced him; then the fiendish men withdrew and left him.

The mangled form stirred. The boy, half raising himself looked to the West and gasped:

"Thus—died—Argilus—on Tagetus' side— His follow—ers—gone—' Ah, Sparta! Sparta!" Then all was still.

The rose-stained West faded to amber then, burning itself out, to a dull ashen-gray and darkness settled down like a pall. But from the enfolding dark came the low sad cry of a night bird like a throbbing heart of sound.



W.D. ROSE #

LAW CASES



I.

George Smith vs. George Rider. Each accuses the other of having stolen his first name.
Dismissed on account of lack of evidence.

II.

Humane Society, plaintiff, vs. E. Copley, defendant. Plaintiff claimed that the defendant allowed his cats to fall off his back porch.
Defendant fined 18c per cat.

III.

Ted Wood, plaintiff, vs. Jeff Dunlap, defendant. Defendant was accused of stealing and wearing plaintiff's dress suit.
Case brought to light many mysteries. During investigation, defendant was compelled to appear in the disputed apparel.

Court instructs plaintiff to first pay for the suit.

IV.

Dodge & Jones vs. Hayes & Sebree. Court decides that both are **BAD CASES**.

V.

Plaintiff, Kansas City Athletic Club, vs. Richard

Wiles, defendant. Attorney for plaintiff proves that defendant, while playing baseball, falls and knocks the diamond out of shape.

Plaintiff fined \$11.58 and costs.

VI.

F. N. Peters, plaintiff, vs. F. H. Barber, defendant. Defendant fined \$3.02 for drinking all the nitric acid in the store-room.

VII.

South Side Gardener, plaintiff, vs. Francis McShane, defendant. Charge, larceny.

Plaintiff accuses defendant of stealing tomatoes from his back fence.

Judgment in favor of plaintiff. Defendant compelled to eat a bushel of tomatoes, all colors.

VIII.

Earl E. Bowers, plaintiff, vs. Cary Griffin, defendant. Plaintiff charges defendant with assault with attempt to kill.

Court rules that defendant had a right to try to kill plaintiff.

APPROPRIATE ADS

I.

O. D. Rose.

A specialty in grafting.

Will take charge of any graft for only a small per cent of said graft.

Testimonial:—I recommend Mr. Rose to anyone who wishes to graft successfully. On a "dead cinch" deal of \$10,000, by his able management, I was able to clear \$137.93. He is rapid at figures and knows his business.

James Carat Diamond.

II.

Money talks—when placed in reliable hands.

Interest of 3 16-23 per cent paid on all deposits.

Checks cashed only on Saturdays.

Open every day except Saturdays.

McDonald Country Bank.

III.

To talk fluently and to

Understand what others say;

To be able to argue anyone

Out of house and home by a

Ready use of the English language—

SEE ME!

Will arrange a tour for anyone provided I am in on the travel.

Doctor Bowers, Bachelor of Everything.

IV.

Look, boys!

Will sell at auction all my personal property:

1 billiard cue.

2 pieces of green chalk.

Several spotted cubes of various sizes and composition.

"Ching" Hunt.

V.

Anything that has been lost this year can be recovered by a suitable reward and a call at my store-rooms. I also have most of the articles lost during the past three years.

Ralph Cedarbrook Knight.

VI.

Stop at Lewis Levins' place.

VII.

Lunch for High School pupils!

Ham onion bum sandwich.

Bum ham onion sandwich.

Onion bum ham sandwich.

Choice, 5c.

Basket branch, located just outside 11th. st., entrance.

12:40-1:00.

Arthur Kendall.



POINTERS



NAME.	DISTINGUISHING QUALITY.	OCCUPATION.	GREATEST JOY.	AIM IN LIFE.
George Smith.	Indifference.	Pleasing Miss Crowe.	Reciting poetry.	To have a case.
Marion Gage.	Her curls.	Trying to be grown up.	Her curls.	To be grown up.
Ted Wood.	Size.	Working to keep from working.	Vacation.	To get out of school.
Fay Harkless.	Her blushes.	Blushing.	Walking with George.	To blush no more.
Sam Sebree.	His grin.	Playing ball.	A ball game.	To be a professional baseball player.
Florine Leming.	NOT liking boys.	Sharing her knowledge.	Higher Arith.	Too wise to tell.
Hoyle Jones.	Devotion to Marie.	Loving Marie.	Marie.	To win Marie.
Lillian Shaw.	Pickleness.	Falling in love.	Pins.	To be a society belle.
Frank Parker.	Bashfulness.	Avoiding girls.	Not girls.	To live as a hermit.
Ella Topping.	Breaks.	Honesty.	College Math.	To be a Melba.
John Higley.	Dramatic ability.	Posing.	Himself.	To be somebody.
Nancy Scruggs.	Sympathy.	Listening to other people's woes.	Being good.	To be "gooder."
Horace Getman.	Pink cheeks.	Working Miss Buck.	None.	Too young to know.
Bessie Pague.	Talking.	Flirting.	Boys.	To know whom she loves.
Willard Hovey.	Good looks.	Trying to forget.	None now.	To forget.
Aletha Barr.	Her own personality.	Hunting a bull-dog and a monkey	Those trains.	To be a schoolmarm.
Will Perry.	Bigness.	Nothing.	Resting.	To die happy.
Martha Woods.	Eyes.	Using 'em.	Turning down the boys.	To find one she loves.
Wilford Quayle.	Hair.	Admiring it.	Combing it.	To have some more.
Joyce Welsh.	That bored air	"Expostulating."	Work (?).	To graduate.
Fred Freshman.	His speeches.	Saying, "When I was in Europe."	That trip to Europe.	Not to let you forget it.
Ruth Weeks.	Love of history.	Going to the theatre.	That night at the theatre.	To go again.
Walter B. Phillips.	His eyes.	Writing poetry to _____!	His own poems.	To be a poet.
Elizabeth Clay.	Dimples.	Smiling	A little of everything.	Don't think she has any.
Joe Cooper.	Fatherly air.	Preaching.	"Love and Duty."	To be a parson.

Central's



Kingdom

Declaration

When in the course of cranium development certain followers of learning become isolated from their fellows and, by their superior talents and culture, earn a place with the "cream of the earth"—in other words, to use the language of the common people, when they think they are "It"—a certain respect must be shown to those from whose ranks they have risen. So by decree of the House of Eminence, it is here set into print the rank and standards to which we, of the nobility, have ascended.

High Court

King Encyclo-dictionary—The Only—Earl Bowers.
Prince High-Snortum—Herbert Van Closter.
Earl High Altitude—E. C. White, Jr.
Lord Bump-on-a-Log—Earl Eberle.

Count de Crystal Knowledge—F. H. Barber.
Duck of Lubbershire—Cary Griffin.
Sir Awfully Big Knot—Pierce Kane.
Arc Light of Canterbury—Hugh Moore.
Incandescent—Francis Frawley.

Low Court—King's Household

Stringbustky, Court Musician—Boyd Fisher.
Alethian Poet—Walter B. Phillips.
Follomalinsky Petergarew, Magician—Jesse Snodgrass.
Court Fool—Homer Berger.
Stairway Candelabra—Drexel Haines.
Maid in Waiting (usually missing)—Eleanor Hall.
Butler—Edward Patterson.
Cooke-Lady—Besse McMurry.

CENTRAL & CO.'S WONDERFUL SHOWS

Circus

500—Brilliant Performers—500
1000—Wonderful Wild Animals—1000
4 Rings — 3 Platforms

Will Scarritt, Ring-Master

40—Acrobats—40	20—Equestrians—20
Perform Startling	Champion
Hair-raising Feats	Horseback Riders
Including the Famous	of the World
Bessie Pague	Ralph Ashbrook Knight
Renowned for Daring	and
Descent of Fire-escape	Martha E. Woods

Menagerie

Giraffes—Jeff Dunlap and Willard Hovey
Dromedaries—Five Campbells
Roaring Lion—Rufus Montgall
A Terror to his Keepers
Wonderful Singing Bird—Ella Topping

Side Shows

Marvelous and Mystical

Three Towering Giants
Ted Wood Minot Mulford Luther Welsh

300 lbs.—The Fat Man—300 lbs.
Warren Knight

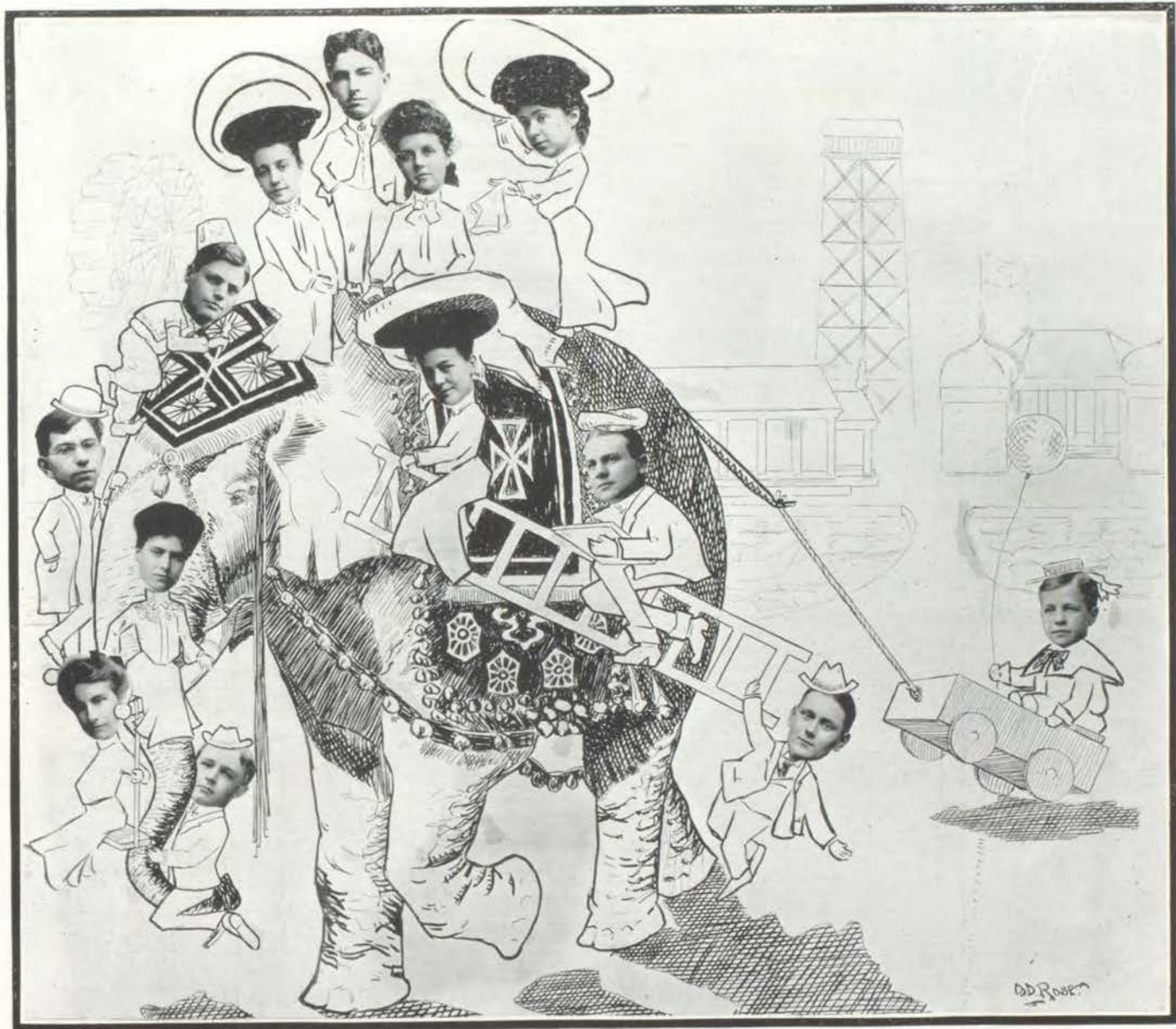
The Lean Lady
Charlotte Warfield

The Snake Charmer
Aletha Barr
Her Wonderful Power to Charm
Weirdest Thing of the Century

The \$10,000 Beauty
Mademoiselle Fay Harkless

The Ossified Man
John Higley

THE STAFF
EN ROUTE





DILINEATORS OF FASHION

Several readers have made requests that THE CENTRALIAN devote a certain amount of space to fashions. Their attempts are here recognized.

Dear Mr. Editor:—I would like to ask your advice before advertising a particular idea in young ladies' dress. Would it be in taste for young women to wear "spike-tailed" jackets? These might be made very handsome by ruffling the back with pink chiffon, filling in with white lace insertion and green baby ribbon. The front could be embroidered with tucks and the belt could be neatly crocheted in red. Please reply as soon as possible. It has been nearly three weeks since I have appeared in anything really stunning.

Blanche Rosencrans.

Dear Editor:—I think a fashion column would add greatly to our school paper, and in order to start such a department I suggest a few novelties. It would work marvels on a man's appearance if he would have oil

paintings on his negligees. He might also wear a sash for a necktie, having the ends come out in a bow at the ends of his coat sleeves which might be cut off at the elbows. This would add to comfort as well as style. As a final suggestion I would advise that men wear their mackintoshes with gutters around the bottom in order to save the rain water. Respectfully,

Willard Hovey.

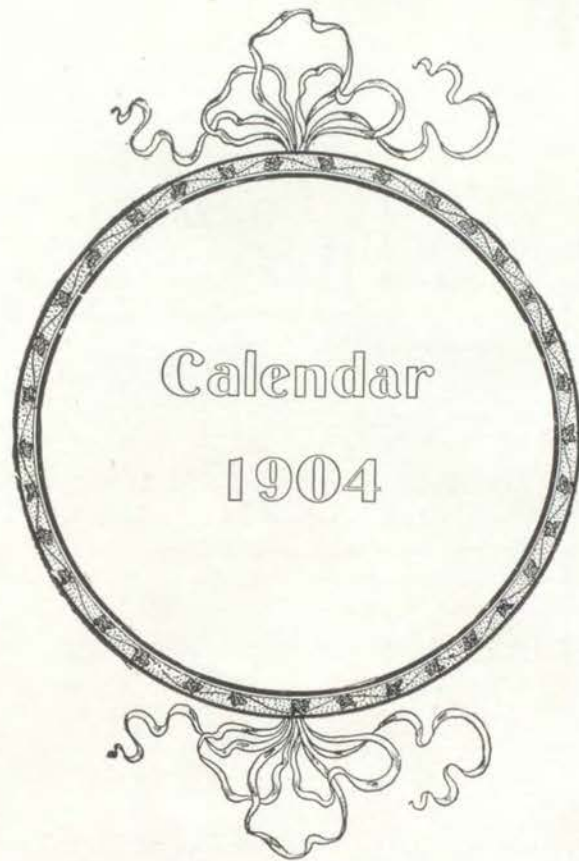
Sir:—Woud it be extremely propah for society chaps to weah extrah high hats in the evenings? They woud be very convenient, doncherknow, to carry midnight lunch in.

William Scarritt.

Dear Sir:—I have made several attempts in the East to introduce a new style of young men's clothing. Why would it not be a good scheme to have trousers made of the same material as sweaters? Please aid me in my work of making life easier and more comfortable.

Fred Freshman.

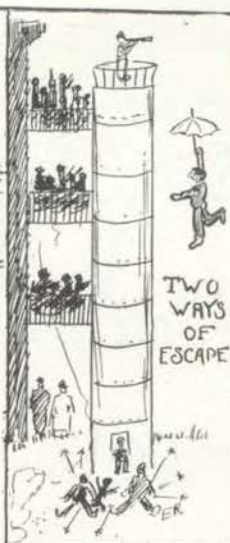
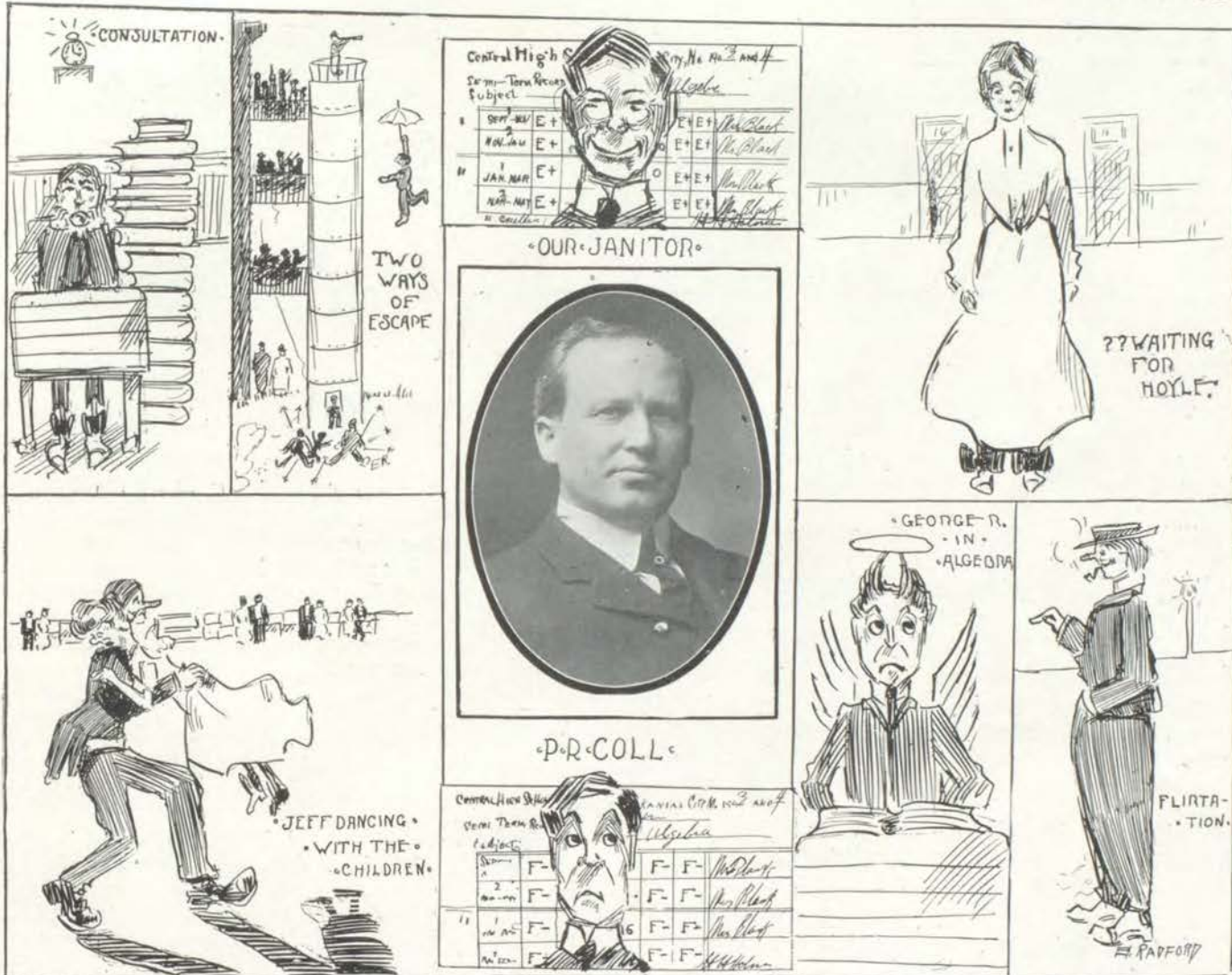
CALENDAR



- Sept. 14. School opens. Torture commences.
Sept. 19. Otto thinks.
Sept. 24. Aletha falls up the steps. Can't get married this year.
Sept. 30. Madelaine loses her heart, Richard his pin.
Oct. 10. Hoyle startles the Carnival ball with his Rough Rider costume.
Oct. 13. Mr. Holmes doesn't crack a single joke.
Oct. 22. Martha gets to school on time. Brass medal struck off in celebration thereof.
Nov. 1. Epidemic of Red Caps breaks out.
Nov. 12. Dorothy parts her hair.
Nov. 24. Richard gets an ad. Barber faints.
Nov. 30. Hallowe'en. Several Sophs caught.
Dec. 2. Era talks; unusual occurrence.
Dec. 7. Homer Reed blushes.
Dec. 9. Marguerite eats a bakery pie. Absent next day.
Dec. 12. John goes to Cuba. Lillian discusses, "Is Life Worth Living?"
Dec. 16. Ruth says, "I don't know."
Dec. 20. Barber buys a Xmas present for Margaret.
Dec. 24. Freshmen hang up stockings. Philos turn old-fashioned.
Dec. 25. Marie gets a stick of candy, an orange, and some nuts.
Jan. 3. George R. condescends to recite in algebra. Sick next day.
Jan. 10. Copley and Rose go to Gillis.
Jan. 11. Copley and Rose go to Orpheum.
Jan. 12. Copley and Rose go to Auditorium.

CALENDAR—Cont'd

- | | | | |
|-----------|--|-----------|---|
| Jan. 13. | Copley and Rose go to the Century. | April 13. | Day after fire-escape is tried. Will Perry wears new suit. Why? |
| Jan. 16. | George Smith tries to break up THE LUMINARY by not buying a copy. | April 14. | LUMINARY office is swept. |
| Jan. 29. | Copley washes clothes in concentrated nitric acid. | April 15. | C. W. C.'s orate. |
| Jan. 31. | LUMINARY meeting; thirteen scraps. | April 16. | Willard and Gertrude make up. Every one relieved. |
| Feb. 3. | Sam gets a derby. | April 22. | Girls' Issue out. Not enough room in bank for all the money. German play. It was the Dutch. |
| Feb. 4. | Seniors have election; show off their knowledge of parliamentary law. | April 25. | Mr. Gordon's engagement announced. Red eyes among the girls. Miss Yeager's engagement announced. Jeff looks downcast. |
| Feb. 9. | Richard brings fudge to school. Made it himself. His friends desert him. | April 27. | Rains. Two Freshmen drowned. |
| Feb. 18. | Ruth goes to see Hamlet with ————. | April 28. | Tourtellot goes to the Fair. Madge weeps. |
| Feb. 22. | A lie, a hatchet and a cherry tree. | April 29. | Bowers gets hair cut for Commencement. |
| Feb. 23. | Turner studies. Teachers collapse. | April 30. | Richard's tenth birthday. |
| Feb. 26. | Rose introduced to "89" game. | May 1. | Glee Club practice. Ceiling falls. Discussion as to whether first event is responsible for second. |
| Feb. 27. | Rose borrows money to become better acquainted with "89" game. | May 3. | Scarritt bets 70c on himself and loses. |
| March 1. | Ruth uses another new word. | May 6. | Glee Club program. Three killed, two hurt in effort to leave building. |
| March 4. | Junior election. McDonald runs for president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and gift-giver, and is elected sergeant-at-arms. | May 7. | Mr. Holmes cracks a joke. Repeated on May 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. |
| March 5. | Aristonians give lessons in ballet dancing. | May 13. | Seniors leave. |
| March 10. | Rainy. Blanche's hair comes out of curl. | May 15. | Aletha initiated into S. K. D.'s. |
| March 15. | Boys' Issue out. Copley and Rose skip with the enormous proceeds. | May 16. | Aletha initiated into Merry Milk Maids of America. |
| March 30. | George has an idea! | May 19. | Staff meeting. Decide on excursion to Harlem for May 20. |
| April 1. | Everyone gets fooled. S. L. H.'s Hall program. Central sees ghosts. | May 20. | Annual out! Class day! Amen! |
| April 5. | Wiles gets another add. | | |
| April 6. | Wiles loses his ad. | | |



Central High School
 Term: Term 1
 Subject: Algebra

1	SEP-NOV	E+	E+E+	No. Black
	NOV-DEC	E+	E+E+	No. Black
11	JAN-MAR	E+	E+E+	No. Black
	MAR-MAY	E+	E+E+	No. Black
	MAY-JUN	E+	E+E+	No. Black



P. R. COLL

Central High School
 Term: Term 1
 Subject: Algebra

1	SEP-NOV	F-	F-F	No. Black
	NOV-DEC	F-	F-F	No. Black
11	JAN-MAR	F-	F-F	No. Black
	MAR-MAY	F-	F-F	No. Black
	MAY-JUN	F-	F-F	No. Black



ADVICE TO BACHELORS



I.

Jeff D. You are consulting us about a most delicate matter. You say you love one older than yourself, and want to know what to do about it. We suggest that you buy her a new family Bible or a good ink-eraser for the old one.

II.

Willard Hovey. You desire a cure for a breaking heart. This recipe for such a balm is highly recommended by the eminent authority, Mr. W. C. Scarritt: "A big dance, a cosy corner, soft music, a pretty girl, a few words and —. If not effective repeat every two weeks."

III.

George Smith. You say that you are suffering from a breaking out of Websteritis, when reciting in English Literature. Treat it as the measles; also use common sense.

IV.

Ted McDonald. You say that your hand has an unconquerable desire to seek your pocket. Try putting it in somebody else's pocket. It may have more in it.

V.

Western Meriwether. You ask what you can do to prevent the ladies from showing you such ardent attention. We suggest that you break the habit of keeping refreshments in your locker.

VI.

Howard Hudson. You write that you have been

greatly embarrassed by numerous Leap Year proposals. We freely confess that we can suggest no method of warding them off, and we thoroughly approve of your plan of saying "Yes" to all the "dear girls."

VII.

Richard Wiles and Arthur Sanford. As you both wrote asking about the same thing we will answer you both in one letter to save repetition. As you say you are troubled with too great avoirdupois, we suggest that you try this: Rise at five; run around the block ten times; eat no meals nor between meals; indulge no longer in the habit of leisurely strolling the halls, but try running up and down the steps.

VIII.

Everett Copley. You wish to be a gentleman. We will give you Lord Chesterfield's rule: "A gentleman has ease without familiarity, is respectful without meanness, genteel without affectation, insinuating without seeming art."

IX.

Shannon Douglass. You want to know what good form requires a young man to do when a young lady holds his hand. We wish to state emphatically that that question should be decided entirely by the young man's inner conscience.

X.

Sam Sebree. You ask what you shall do when her "beloved" returns. Why not try being philosophical and saying, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

CENTRAL'S BOOK OF POETRY (?)

On Sunday afternoon or night,
Be it rainy, be it bright,
Just as sure as there were sages,
You'll find Sanford out at Gage's.

Just as sure as night and day,
Out at Toppings, by the way,
Whether hail or whether snow
You are sure of Tourtellot

Likewise there's a date,
Sunday night, sure as fate
And if Lulu can't be found
Sam is sure to be around.

Also at this time,
I will tell you in my rhyme
That if nights follow days
Then Riders' down at Fay's.

Taking Edna for our next
After sermon and the text
Just as sure as we're alive
We'll find Dodger at ten-o-five.

H. J., SENIOR.

One x one = one,
Read this just for fun.

Two x two = four,
Who loves Edith Moore?

Three x three = nine,
Aletha's trains are fine.

Four x four = sixteen,
Freshies look and act so green.

Five x five = twenty-five,
F means fail! Good sakes alive!

Six x six = thirty-six,
Then we're in a pretty fix.

Seven x seven = forty-nine,
Butler's gone, so Lulu'll pine.

Eight x eight = sixty-four,
Can you stand a little more?

Nine x nine = eighty-one;
One more rhyme and then I'm done.

Ten x ten = one hundred,
Now I'll quit before you're dead.

There's a pupil as meek as a lamb,
Who flunked in each single examb;
He said to his teacher,
Though you were a preacher,
My only remark would be "damb."

There was a young lady named Barr,
Called "Fluffy" because of her "harr";
She took to the stage
And became all the rage,
And every one called her a starr.

There was a fair maiden named Hayes,
Whose conduct quite merits our praise;
When her beau went to Yale,
She did not grow pale,
But said, "Sam will do a few days."

I suppose you all know Mr. Coll,
The man who has charge of the hall;
You might think he don't shirk,
For he's always at work,
Yet he really does nothing at all.

Lucius and Ethel, a cute little couple,
I once heard a big Senior say,
They sure have a case,
But that's no disgrace,
They remind one of George R. and Fay.

He pressed the kisses on her cheek,
So goes the pretty tale;
His quivering lips grew fiery red,
Her cheeks, in spots, grew pale.

W. B. P.

HALL PROGRAMS

JUST BEFORE THE GAME



LULU AND HOWARD RETURN



MANDOLIN CLUB GIVES PROGRAM



WEBSTERS GIVE A SCHOOL SCENE



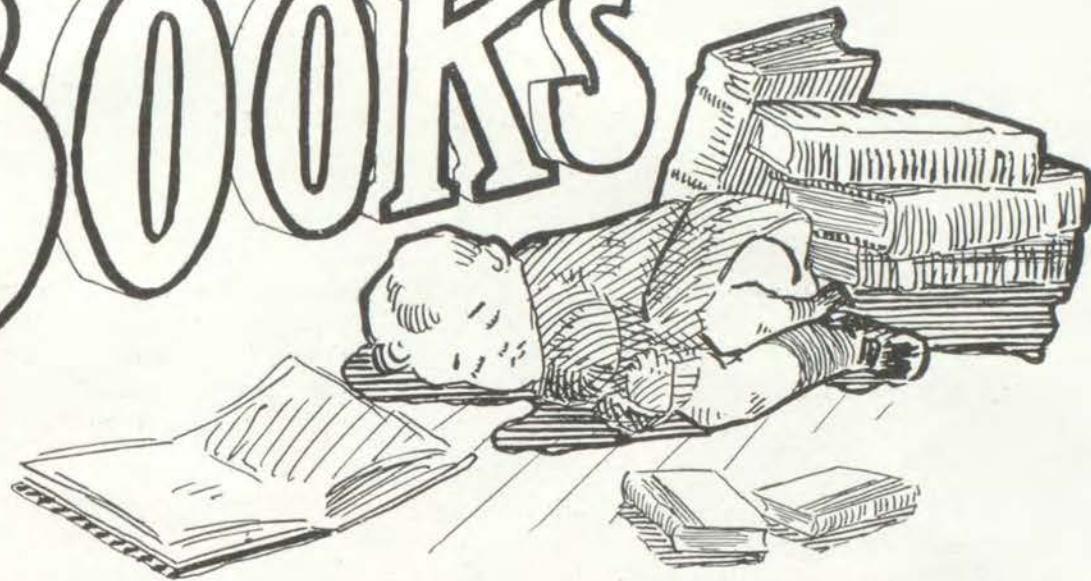
GLEE CLUB DOES A FEW STUNTS



S. I. H.'S WORK SOME WONDERS

E. RADFORD
1904

BOOKS



List of New Books Received by The Luminary

"How to Make One Case Last Four Years." [By George Tourtellot. Notes by Madge Topping. 250 pp. Net price, nickel with a hole in it.]

"Revised Edition of My Good Jokes." [By George Smith. 10 pp. Edition limited.]

"A Younger Brother's Portion." [Van Pugsley. 300 autograph copies, valued at 39c per on account of their illegibility.]

"First Principles in Racing." [Lucius McConnell. 149 pp. \$1.50.]

"My Successful Presidential Campaigns," [William Scarritt. 50 pp. Color pages in fourteen colors. Price, \$1.79.]

"Popularity and All It Brings With It." [Aletha Mary Barr. Edition de luxe.]

"His Proposal." [Gertrude Bell. Price, \$2.50.]

"The Life of Three Little Girls at School." Fay Harkless, Marie Dodge, Edna Callaway.

"His Love." [By Harriet Thornton.]

"Seventeen Miles Around a Billiard Table." By O.

D. Rose, supplemented by "A Half Hour's Chat With the Cushion-Makers," and a "Thrilling Story Telling His Own Experience"; or, "Eleven Balls in Twenty-Seven Shots."

"The Terrors of Third Base." [By George C. Smith. The author is a veteran infielder. One of his sentences is particularly striking: "That day thirteen grounders came into my territory and of these the left fielder gathered in only thirteen."]

"The Effects of Hot Fudge on the Flesh." By Fay Harkless.

"Three Derbies in Three Months"; or, "Rats Got the First, Street Car Used up the Second, and the Third Was Devoted to the Interests of Football." By Frank Ellis.

"The Adventures of Dare-Devil Dying Dan." By Sam Sebree. [Some more of those wonderful tales.]

"How to Dress the Hair." By Wilfred Quayle.

"How to 'Cut Out' Your Big Brother." By Frank H. Barber.

"Why My Head's As Big As a Bucket." By Fred Freshman.

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RULES

1. No member of this Union shall work over 30 minutes of each hour.
2. All members must be excused at request so that they can promenade the halls.
3. All Union men shall break their pencil points and leave their books in their lockers so that at least five minutes of each period shall be wasted.
4. Each member shall provide himself with a copy of "Numerous Questions," which he shall use at every opportunity in order to side-track the teachers.
5. A committee of three shall be appointed each day from the members of the Union to study and recite all lessons in order that the other members of the Union may sleep in safety.

6. All members of this Union must absolutely boycott all teachers who cannot be worked.

7. Each member of this Union shall be provided with complete editions of ponies in every subject.

8. Anyone causing a Union man to violate any of the above rules shall be called "*scab*" and other names.

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Chief Walking Delegate. Western Meriwether.
Ass't. Walking Delegate. Bessie Pague.

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Rufus Montgall.	John Crittenden.
Cecil Lovejoy.	Victor Speas.
Mary Woods.	Ruth Muchmore.
Marie Minor.	Herbert Sloan.
Ella Fancher.	Otto Trigg.

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS OF SENIORS



I.

I, Madge Topping, realizing that I am about to die, do hereby give and bequeath to Mattie Wingert my Red Middy Suit.

(Signed) Madge Topping.

Witnesses: W. S. Scarritt,
Bessie Pague.

II.

I, Walter B. Phillips, being possessed of my right mind and understanding that my end is near, do hereby leave to Wm. A. Lewis, teacher of history and political economy in Central High School, my hair tonic, hoping that it will prove as great a success with him as it has with me.

(Signed) W. B. Phillips.

Witnesses: Hugh Moore,
Hunter Nead.

III.

Knowing full well that death is near at hand, I, Chambers Hunt, do hereby bequeath to Ted Wood my

spectacles which have so much assisted me in my ardent search for knowledge.

Witnesses: Roger Davis, Chambers + Hunt.
Hoyle Jones. Mark.

IV.

I, Earl E. Bowers, being possessed of my usual right mind, do hereby give and bequeath my mirror, which I have found a great source of pleasure during my six years of high school life, to John Higley, hoping that he will derive from it the same enjoyment which I have.

(Signed) E. E. Bowers.

Witnesses: W. A. Lewis,
Mark Wilson.

V.

Realizing that in the future I will have no need of it, I, Sam Sebree, do hereby leave to Hugh Pinkerton my "gift of gab," hoping that it will serve him in as many ways and places as it has me.

Witnesses: George Tourtellot, Sam + Sebree.
Frank Ellis. Mark.

THE FIRE-ESCAPE



If you want to see something
That's right up to date,
Come with me and I'll show you
The new fire-escape.

Ye gods! 'Tis a masterpiece
Truly I say;
'Twas not built in a minute
Nor even a day!

It looms toward the sky
In a column so tall;
It rivals in majesty
Our own Mr. Coll.

Words fail me, I vow,
When I try to relate
How one feels when sliding
Down that fire-escape.

You start at the top,
With a brave, fearless heart;
But somehow you tremble
When downward you dart.

Slide, slip, slide!
'Tis darker than night;
Good land! Will you never
Again see the light?

And when you do land
You're as white as a sheet,
Tho' of course you declare,
"It sure was a treat!"

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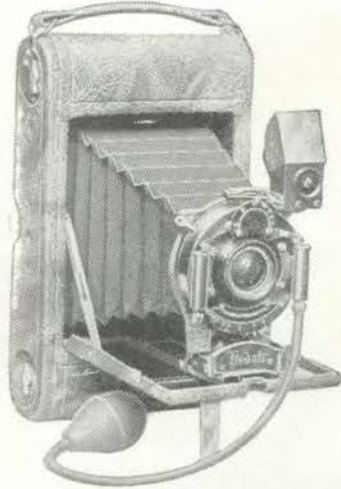
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He: "Did the tramp have a good time?"—*Ex.*

The census embraces seventeen million women. How would you like to be the *senses*?

Kate: "So her second husband is a tenor?"

Fred: "Yes, she says her first was a bass deceiver."

She: "I will never marry a man whose fortune has not at least five ciphers."

He: "Oh, darling! Then we will be married tomorrow—mine is all ciphers."

"I saw a seven-masted schooner last summer, and twelve men could handle her!"

"That's nothing. I have often seen a seven-inch schooner handled by one man." —*Ex.*


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Freshman—reading on the board in physiology:
"Amylopsin, trypsin, pepsin, stepsin." "What does that
mean?" "Amy lops in, trips in, peeps in, and steps in."

Mr. Ayers—discussing images—to Era Bridgeford:
"Now, you know when you look into the boy's eyes
you can see yourself. How do you look, larger or
smaller?"

Era: "Well, I'm afraid I look rather small in the
eyes of the boys."

Florine Lemming: "Is it a dry cold down at the bot-
tom of the sea, Mr. Graves?"

Beulah Corbett—translating "viribus mentis":
"Doesn't that mean 'men of mind'?"

Mr. White: "Beulah, you shouldn't see a man in
everything."

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9 IDEAS ARE HERE YOU'LL FIND NOWHERE ELSE 9

For Girl Graduates. So many bits of daintiness suggest themselves that it is difficult to know which to mention first.

The Gown. Possibly it's entitled to the first place. We have dozens of thin sheer dresses particularly suited for this event. There is a wealth of choosing, from the plainest to the most elaborate one, so that whatever your thought may be, it is almost a certainty that we can supply it.

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Lingerie, of course, must be given a thought. Garments made in America that one would hardly believe a domestic production, as well as elegant hand-made pieces from France are here in profusion.

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Corona, Chartreuse, Trefousse, Derby, Monarch and Clementina. You will be well gloved if your selection is made at Peck's.

Hose. On our buyer's recent trip she gave special heed to the wants of the graduate—Lacey effects, Embroidered styles or plain hose, all are here. The patterns never were handsomer.

In Footwear. High Shoes, Oxfords, Slippers, Ties, in a great variety of correct shapes and styles. Prices most reasonable.

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Policeman: "Here, Dutchy, why don't you water your horse?"

Willhelm: "Vat is der use? He vas a bay."
—Ex.

A Chinaman once met a Sioux;
From fright he scarce knioux what to dioux;
But in hopes of his life,
With a slash of his knife,
He presented the Sioux with his quionx.

—Ex.

A dunce stands on one leg, a scholar on two.

"Don't you get tired of doing nothing?" asked the lady.

"Lady," replied the tramp. "I get so tired of nothing that I can't do nothing else."

—Ex.

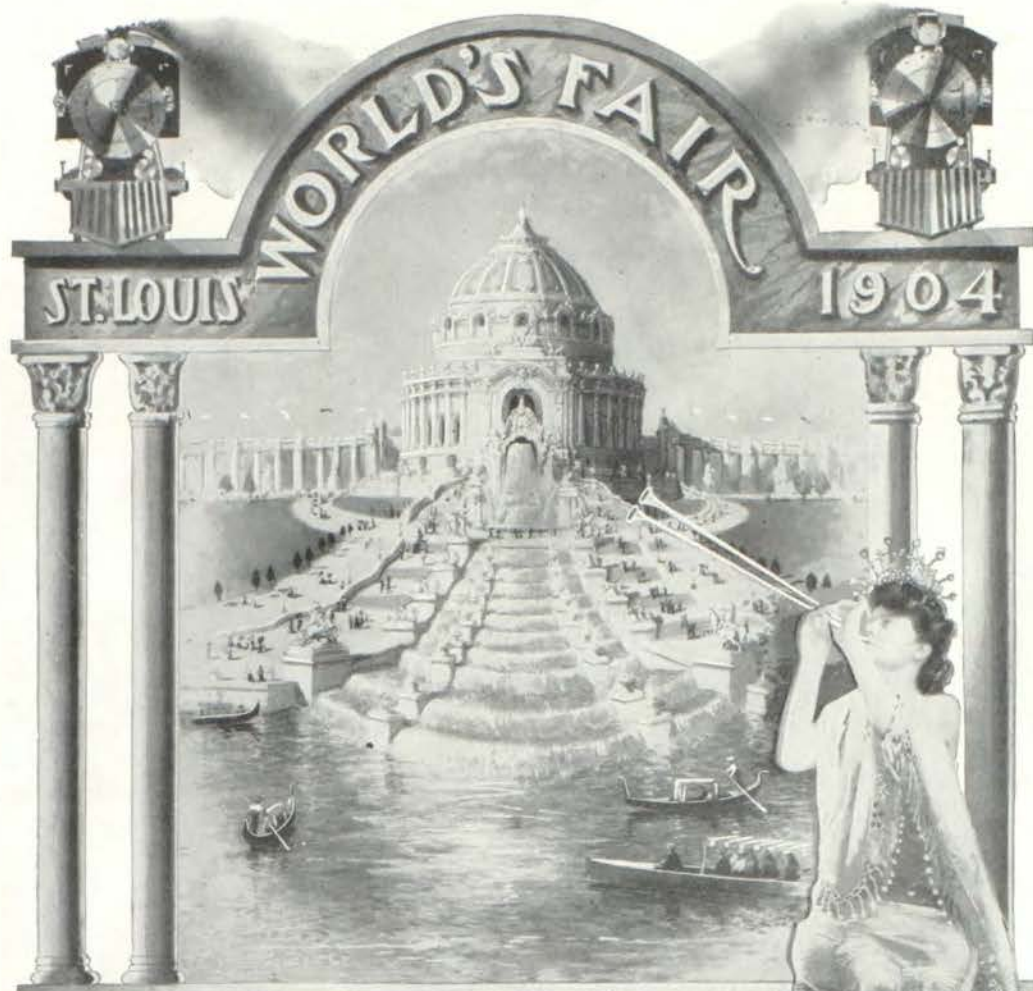
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—Ex.

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"There is something," he said, "that I have wanted to tell you for a long time, but——"

"Oh, Bertie," she said, blushing sweetly, "not here in the car before all these people. Wait! Come this evening."

"It's merely that you have a streak of soot down the middle of your nose."

—Ex.

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As pride increaseth, credit declineth.

Work thy teachers or they will work thee.

The things which hurt, instruct.

Deacon (severely): "Do you know where bad boys go who go fishing on Sunday?"

Tommy (eagerly): "Yes, sir. Up Jones' Creek."
—Ex.

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Mr. Smith: "Bunyan was a tinker. What is a tinker?"

George: "A man who puts tags on shoe-strings."

A translation: "His hair stood on end and his voice clang to his jaws."

Mr. Graves: "The moon is three thousand miles nearer the earth than it would be if the moon didn't exist."

The amount of attraction is inversely proportional to the square of the distance. Mr. Holmes says that is a mathematical way of saying, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder—fonder of the other fellow."

Description of Francis Frawley: Wears glasses with a pleasant expression.

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Mr. Graves explained that volcanoes fire bombs, not "bums." He says he usually fires the latter.

Weight decreases as you ascend. As Richard is worried about his weight we suggest that he try a balloon ascension.

Minot Mulford: "The son of my namesake owns an automobile—I mean my godfather does."

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Gad!
Robinson,
a veritable
creation!"*

—Beau Brummel to his valet



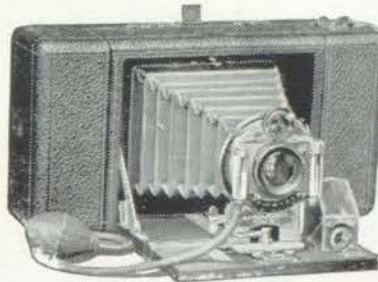
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Advice of Professor White: Don't try to knock
down the Assembly Hall doors—especially when there's
no one on the other side to catch you.

Lives of students all remind us
We should pay no heed to looks,
But on passing leave behind us
Interlinings in our books.

Interlinings which another,
Toiling hard midst grief and pain
Some forlorn and flunked out fellow,
Reading, ne'er shall flunk again.

—Ex.

Pupil (reciting): "Every time a slight shock oc-
curs, the earth trembles as though there was an earth-
quake."

M. Graves: "Then, when you walk, the earth pro-
duces the effect of an earth-quake."

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Nead evidently is quite fond of the Woods in the spring.

Mr. Rush (in civil government): "What's the rebuttal?"

Freshie: "That just means butting in again."

Found on a program at a recent dance: Snodgrass-hopper.

Mr. Lewis (asking Exam. questions): "Who are qualified to *sit on the floor* of the Lower House of the British Legislature?"

The fierce one: "I do wish the Lord had made me a man."

The gentle one: "Perhaps he has, but you haven't been able to find him yet."



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Keep thou from Assembly Hall and thou keepest
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The pigeon quailed.
What made the pigeon quail?
Was it a shot-gun?
No; it was the menu card.

—Ex.

Mr. Bonnifield (at Wentworth dinner table):
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TO thank everyone who has helped to make this Volume would be an endless task; to show proper appreciation would be an impossibility; to praise one more than another would be unjust, since the contributors obligingly worked on subjects that were assigned, not chosen. Therefore, let the gratitude be general and unlimited. Let the appreciation fall where it belongs. Then since all, even poor things, cannot last forever, let THE LUMINARY Staff, even as it ushered in the "shining light," declare

THE END





