

THE CENTRALIAN

VOLUME SEVEN

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EDITED BY

THE LUMINARY STAFF

OF NINETEEN HUNDRED FOUR AND FIVE



Greetings

The pictures and articles which compose this little volume are but pleasant memories of our good fellowship during the past year. Our only hope is that after reading these pages you will have found it a worthy representative of Old Central.



To
The Class
of
Naught Five



Central's Dear Book

PUBLISHED BY CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL
SINCE 1885



THE STAFF



W. H. Burdette
1841-1902



E. M. Allen
1847-1900



W. J. Allen
1841-1912



J. J. Burdette
1841-1878



E. M. Allen
1847-1900



W. J. Allen
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W. H. Burdette
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E. M. Allen
1847-1900



W. J. Allen
1841-1912



W. H. Burdette
1841-1902



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J. J. Burdette
1841-1878



J. J. Burdette
1841-1878



J. J. Burdette
1841-1878

BOARD OF EDUCATION
From 1847 to 1912
KANSAS CITY, MO.



J. J. Burdette
1841-1878



J. J. Burdette
1841-1878



J. J. Burdette
1841-1878



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COST OF THE LUMINARY

NOVEMBER

RECEIPTS:

Sales\$46.80
 Advertisements 67.25

Expenses \$87.80

Gain \$26.25

DECEMBER

RECEIPTS:

Sales\$47.20
 Advertisements 50.00

Expenses \$92.85

Gain \$ 4.35

JANUARY

RECEIPTS:

Sales\$43.15
 Advertisements 42.00

Expenses \$87.50

Loss \$ 2.35

FEBRUARY

RECEIPTS:

Sales\$41.50
 Advertisements 36.00

Expenses \$90.40

Loss \$12.90

MARCH

RECEIPTS:

Sales\$39.40
 Advertisements 64.00

Expenses \$91.00

Gain \$12.40

APRIL

RECEIPTS:

Sales\$39.10
 Advertisements 64.00

Expenses \$92.00

Gain \$11.10

Total Gain \$38.85

FROM THE EDITOR

*Schoolmates, Alumni, and Friends of
Central High School:*

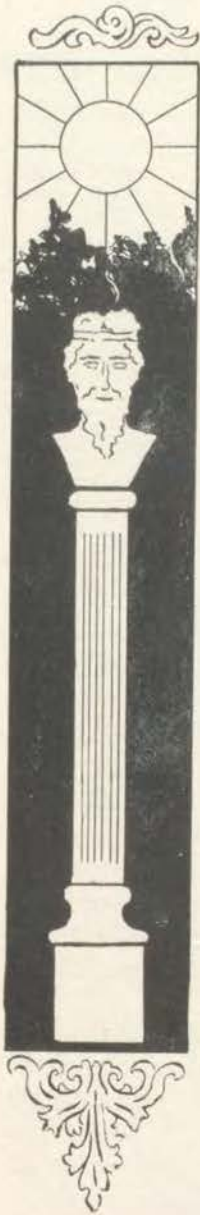
THE class of 1905 has gone; their connection with Old Central will soon be entirely severed, but in passing let us hope that they will always keep a warm spot in their hearts for their old *alma mater*.

The editors have done their best to make this a true representative of all in Old Central—from the mighty Senior to the smallest Freshman, and if they have accomplished this end, they will feel fully repaid for all their hard work. We pass no judgment on the book, hence make no apologies for its shortcomings. Yours is the task of judging, for it is your book to criticize or compliment as you please.

The past year has been a creditable one for Central in every field of her endeavors. September found our students at hard and conscientious work, which has become a characteristic of Central people. As has been said, time and again, even the Freshmen seemed less green and began their high school existence in a dignified and studious manner worthy even of a Sophomore. Society work was again continued with more than the ordinary zeal and seriousness. October brought with it the annual election of THE LUMINARY staff. Although some disappointments and

even hard feelings were occasioned by this election, the staff, green as it was, took up its work with enthusiasm. About this time the Central Societies welcomed into their midst two new organizations—the Central Shakespeare Club, a society composed of boys and girls, and the Delphians, whose roll call was responded to entirely by boys. With this addition to her society directory Central is now the proud possessor of five active and hardworking organizations which is a valuable asset in raising the literary standard of any school. A welcome hand was extended as December came, with the Christmas festivities—including a never-to-be-forgotten occasion, in the annals of Old Central, her Christmas play. This was the first of a series of public performances during the past year in which our students have so admirably taken part. This year's play, to use a slang expression, "was the best ever." Though it seemed ridiculous that Charley Byers, a member of the Anti-Cigarette League, could smoke a large black cigar and still remain intact, or that John Higley could drink so much watery looking wine, and be so strongly advocating religious principles, nevertheless the characters as a whole appeared truly realistic.

Every field of Central's stage ability has been well represented. The literary societies have given programs which



EDITORIAL—Continued

aroused our highest interest and were a credit to any high school. The Websters were our first entertainers. "Webster Day" was celebrated by a one-act farce which showed hard and conscientious study on the part of the actors. The school looked forward with much curiosity to the Ariston program, for 'twas heard in and about that "roasts" were to be numerous. They quite exceeded our expectations in every sense of the word, for there were roasts galore, strong and weak.

The S. L. H. surprised us next with their original ideas as to how John Kendrick Bangs' book, "The House Boat on the Styx," should be read to the best advantage. In this, the oldest society now in existence in Old Central nobly upheld the high standard of their society forefathers. Two weeks later found the Central Shakespeare Club making their initial appearance upon our stage. Through their teaching the school at large was permitted a view of the modern Hamlet, intermixed and interwoven with a revised version of Romeo and Juliet. Later in the year the Delphians and the Glee Club gave very interesting and creditable performances.

In Athletics, Central has fulfilled entirely the traditions of her past victorious record. On the gridiron her battles were lost and won, it is true; but even though the defeats had been in majority, the scales would have been balanced by her overwhelming victory over our friends "across the way."

Again in the indoor track meet at Convention Hall, Manual met defeat through the glorious victory of our team. When Central defeated Manual at basket ball, the victory was taken as a matter of course and was not given the praise which was due it. Constant success becomes monotonous; nevertheless the school is looking forward to the time when the base ball and track team trophies will be added to our collection of winning cups. To add school spirit and more interest to athletics, the faculty have allowed the organization of the different classes for the pur-

pose of inter-class meets. Through this privilege, our athletic instructors are enabled not only to provoke more interest in track and field work, but are greatly aided in choosing promising material for our next year's team, especially in the Sophomore and Freshman classes.

But though victorious time and again within our own school, *victory* would go without the true meaning if we were compelled to win only at home. If this be true, Central well knows the meaning, for not only in our own school but in outside fields, Central students have flaunted the flag of defeat in her opponents' faces. Honors in the Chicago declamation contest have become looked upon as common place, and perhaps, for this reason alone, it is well for Central to have taken only the one prize through Miss Beulah Robinson's reading instead of the usual two. Again, in the annual essay competition conducted by the Sons of the Revolution, Central stood well up in the rank of honor. To this we are indebted to Mr. Earle Bowers, who won the silver medal and Miss Elizabeth Moise, who received honorable mention.

The twentieth volume of THE LUMINARY can be said truthfully to have been equal if not a trifle better than its predecessors. Some eighty of the most prominent schools have been visited by our school paper each month, and during the year THE LUMINARY has been favorably commented upon in the exchange columns of nearly every one of these. No college or university, with the exception of the larger institutions of the East, can boast of a better school magazine than THE LUMINARY.

The Seniors have finished. Their high school career will be ended when the last of the school events comes—their Class Day and Commencement, which complete their course in secondary schools forever. School has ended and the Juniors are prepared for the ordeal of Seniorship. But "All's well that ends well;" so this year is well.

THE CENTRALIAN HISTORY



WHEN one reads this, the seventh volume of THE CENTRALIAN, he naturally wonders about the history of this book. When the first CENTRALIAN was published, in what form it was, who its former editors were, and by what steps it has developed.

The first CENTRALIAN was published in 1899. It was a thin little book, six by nine inches in size. The paper was not very good and the pictures would look exceedingly poor to us today. They were necessarily small because of the size of the book, but even then two pictures, such as the Senior and Junior officers, were often put on the same page. Yet the book well represented all the interests of the school, and is exceedingly interesting. James Gibson was the editor of this volume, and Buford Scruggs was his assistant.

The next two years THE CENTRALIAN retained almost the same form. In 1900 the editor and assistant were Chandler Warren Watson and Ray Merrill, and the following year Will Hogsett and Joe Ellis. In 1902, however, THE CENTRALIAN took a step forward. It was made larger, seven by nine inches, and so was able to give better pictures of the societies and different organizations. The editor and associate editor were Clifford Jones and Helen Mahr. Two years ago, however, was published a CENTRALIAN that showed how much room for improvement there had been. It was nine by twelve inches in size, the paper was of the best quality, the pictures were large and clear and in every way the book proved how excellent THE CENTRALIAN could be made. The editor and associate editor were Dell Dutton and Ruth Weeks and they will long be envied by THE CENTRALIAN editors, for it seems almost impossible to surpass their work. Last year, 1904, Hyden Eaton and Joyee Welsh were the editors and upheld the standard that had

been set the year before. The book was slightly different in shape, but in size, quality, material, etc., it differed very little from the preceding one.

When the old CENTRALIANs are examined we can see that there have been many changes in the methods of producing THE CENTRALIAN, but that the aim has always been the same—to publish a book that will be of interest to every pupil in Central. At first the staff was chosen by their predecessors. Then in 1902 they were nominated by the teachers and elected by the school, and a faculty adviser was added to the staff. That year, too, the editor-in-chief of THE LUMINARY was retained as editor of THE CENTRALIAN. This seemed wise, as the greatest experience is needed to publish the ANNUAL.

In studying the history of THE CENTRALIAN one studies also the history of Central. Every change that has taken place there is at least hinted at in THE CENTRALIAN.

In the 1900 book we find that open sessions have been forbidden and that strenuous efforts are being made to regain them. We see, too, organizations that have since disappeared—the Anti-Cigarette League, the Cadets, and the Girls College Club. This year we noticed the first appearance of the Aristonians and Websters. This CENTRALIAN seemed to show that Central was wide-awake, for that year the first glee and mandolin clubs were formed; THE CENTRALIAN had language and science departments for the first time; and the four literary societies gave their annual Christmas play. In 1903 we miss this feature and some of us are reminded of the struggle the old societies made against admitting the new ones. Last year we mourned the absence of the three oldest literary societies. When we study the history of THE CENTRALIAN and see in what close touch with the school life it has always been, we realize that THE CENTRALIAN has been what it ever hopes to be—a true representative of the life at Central.

LEE CAMPBELL, '05.



THE STAFF OFF DUTY



OUR COVERS

TRIALS

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF THE BUSINESS MANAGER



MEMBER of the business staff of a paper must have some wonderful traits. He must be an able "ad" writer, and explain fully the merits of the latest Parisian creation in hats if necessary. Yes, he has to learn to promise all kinds of things, whether he intends to do so or not. In fact, at the end of a year he ought to have promised to get half a dozen hats or so for each member of the family, a suit of clothes from every tailor in town, a couple of hundred books, and, incidentally, an automobile or so. Of course, he must have the ability to beat down prices like the rag-man, and at the same time have the persuasive voice of an agent selling complexion compounds. He must be a natural-born scrapper, and know how to get out of places before assistance becomes necessary, and acquire the art of landing right-side-up in case it is used. Then he ought to be able to smile under all circumstances, even when he knows people are passing counterfeit money on him, as he probably will have to do the same act in a few minutes. No, that doesn't hurt his conscience at all. In fact, he hasn't any. He has probably been telling the same "whack" so long that he believes it himself now, so there you are!

TRIALS OF A LITERARY EDITOR

School, alas, is nearly over! These few months in your service, fellow students, have taught us almost everything essential to making a good start in life. We have learned that disappointment must be borne with patience and fortitude—that it is wisdom to look for the best in everything. With a consciousness of duty done, we feel that time will bring us the sympathy we crave from future Literary Editors.

There is no possible form of proposing marriage, whether in the best parlor, under the flowering trees of spring, beside the babbling brook, in a quiet corner of the ball room, or out on the prairie after a terrible railroad wreck, which the love stories we have read do not set forth. Modes of acceptance are also very often suggested. Unfortunately we have not learned how to refuse, as they never do that in Central students love stories.

We have not space to mention how much knowledge of detective work we have acquired, or the thrilling tales of this order we have enjoyed.

So you may realize with how great regret we give up our keys, and with how great gratitude for so much aid and forbearance, we bid you "Good bye."

TRIALS OF A LOCAL EDITOR

First Girl: "Girls, do you know where Harry S. is?"

Helen E. and Mabelle N., (excitedly): "Yes, indeed, we do."

Long and hard did I gaze at the innocent little paper which bore the above hilarious joke. As it lay on my desk, staring, a wandering breeze filtered through a scant inch of open window, and the slip floated gently from my sight. I heard it flap harmlessly against the side of a certain wicker basket, and I knew that another local had found its last resting place—so far as I was concerned.

Yes, it is hard to believe it, but this contribution was intended for such, as it bore the single word "local" across its back in a large bold hand. Evidently the writer thought it was good. Evidently, I did not.

So I reached once more into the dusty depths of the LUMINARY box, and rescued a small but fat envelope. Of its contents, two squibs were finally selected for publication. I counted the words in the usual way, then backwards, sideways, and next by commencing in the middle and counting toward both ends.

Satisfied with their eligibility to the third, fourth and fifth lines from the bottom of page forty-six, I heaved a sigh and leaned back in the easy (?) chair. The afternoon was hot, the clutch of spring-fever was upon me and I was tired, so I began to close my eyes. Before I had finished, however, the chair stumbled and fell over backwards.

Not wishing to appear contrary, I did likewise.

With some deliberation I arose, and lest the table should kick at me, I hoisted myself—with equal deliberation—into the window sill. To say the least, I was intolerably drowsy. Moreover, I was going to satisfy that feeling. So I propped a bundle of exchanges under my head with intention of taking a nap.

And this is precisely what I did.



B. H. GUIGNON.
1905

THE FRESHMEN OF '04 AND '05



Last September there came into Central about six hundred of the most brilliant first-year pupils that ever entered under the name of "Freshmen." We have been a persecuted lot, it is true, but despite all the pitfalls laid for us not one has asked for the elevator—hackneyed joke—and very few have the ear marks of the ordinary green Freshman. To be sure we have been written up in THE LUMINARY, but we must consider that, that periodical is compiled by our *friends*, the *enemy*.

Surely our school-mates do not realize what a debt they owe to this year's Freshman class. Was it not in our very first year that the teachers were so delighted with us that they had the school board lengthen the term to ten months in order to have us with them longer? For our especial benefit, too, the Easter vacation was given.

Heretofore no one has cared whether the pupils were hungry or not, but when we entered, the interest in us was so great that the sandwich club was organized. Each day we are provided with nourishment in the form of a huge sandwich. By this means our fagged brains receive renewed energy.

With our class was inaugurated, for the Assembly Hall program, the giving of poems, orations and essays in foreign languages. Our class contributed two poems, one in French and the other in German. We can safely say that they were as well understood by the audience as the Latin and Greek essays which were read by the Juniors and Seniors. The subject of our hall program need not be

dwelt upon. If it was not the finest in the world; at least, it made a better showing even than that of the Seniors—and it was our first appearance, too!

In former years it has been the Freshmen who have made the mistakes, the Freshmen who deserved the rebukes; the Freshmen who wore out their shoes promenading the halls before school in the morning; the Freshmen who could never find rooms and who forgot locker numbers. Now, however, it is all changed and the Freshmen are the ones who teach dignity even to the Seniors.

Perhaps never before has there been a Freshman on the foot-ball team, but this year our class brought from its ranks a guard who was nearly a match for one of our best players, a Senior; and the enthusiasm shown at the various foot-ball games by the Freshmen was enough to put the other classes to shame.

Another example of Freshman vim and push, was the organization of a foot ball team which thought itself capable of competing with the first team. But we were underestimated and disregarded.

One of our classmates has thrown the hammer 115 feet. He is now a regular member of the track team.

Perhaps the crowning event of all was the inter-class track meet. With such a beginning as this what will be the end as Seniors? Never before have so many first-year pupils competed for places on the team, and never were such results attained. Although we did not win the meet—for experience counts a great deal in athletics—still we went ahead of the Sophomores by fifteen points, and won first place in the hammer throw.

No! we are not "It" but we are going to be,

CLASS OF NAUGHT SEVEN



Lucky number! Thrice lucky class! Never before in all the thirty-eight years of its existence has Old Central been blessed with so brilliant and progressive a class of ingenious boys and girls.

It has been said, and not without truth, that the "Sophs" are conceited, but I wish to state that this class is an exception to the general rule, being above conceit, which is no small virtue in a class so admired by the "Freshies" and praised and sought after by the Seniors.

When we entered as Freshmen the whole school seemed overjoyed by our coming, for we were greeted on all sides by broad grins, and the Sophomores paid particular attention to us. But still, we were not overpowered by our own importance, and this year has exemplified our virtues even more fully.

We are indeed the shining lights of Central; the magnet which draws the Freshmen on to renewed efforts and undying zeal, in their keen desire to be one day like us.

We know that we have "drunk long and deep" from the fountains of knowledge and so from the kindness of

our hearts and the depth of our wisdom, we wish to give some advise to the class of '08. Work! My dear "Freshies," work! And think, chiefly think, for the work will take care of itself! Strap your books, and don't forget to bring a cooky or a cracker to nibble during study hour, as it will strengthen and encourage you in your strenuous efforts to be like us. Above all never forget to bring your nickel when The Luminary is out, for next year you may find out that you need your nickel for other things.

All classes have their small troubles, and of course we have ours. Chief among them is the curtailing of our brilliant wit and eloquent flow of language into the small space of two page themes. Next year, however, will give us wider scope for our bright and ever increasing ideas. Although our themes must be short we console ourselves, the girls by lengthening their dresses and the boys by donning long trousers.

Much more could be said of the Sophomore class, but what is the use, when it can all be summed up in one short word. The Seniors and Juniors have been (?) the Freshmen hope to be, but the Sophomores are strictly "It."

FLORENCE FISHER, '07.

THIS PAGE IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED TO THE
CLASS OF NAUGHT SEVEN

THE JUNIOR OFFICERS

THE CLASS OF '06



The Juniors! Classmen, drink the toast proudly well-knowing how worthily our class merits tribute. Drink to our past, our present and our future. Think of the glory our former achievements have gained for us. Consider the position we hold in consequence of our present efforts. Then deny, if you possibly can, that the future will be compelled to yield us anything that we may ask. Pray, why should it not, when you remember that we are the class, the only class at Central? When we make this statement, we do not feel conceited in the least. Why should we? We feel that we have but modestly stated that which we believe to be our just place. Who is to deny our claims? The Seniors? Ah, no. Even if they did hold other views, they would not exert themselves sufficiently to deny our statement. Who ever heard of a haughty senior so far condescending as to even notice such a lowly creature as a Junior? However, our class has shown so much brilliancy and has obtained so much popularity, that it is only by putting forth the greatest effort that they are able to ignore us. 'Tis true, they still, by right of being the elder class, have the privilege of passing us in the halls with their glances of scorn and elevated noses. "By these signs you will know them." Hence we consider these to be but the outward manifestations of their great effort to pretend we are not in existance. Humble Juniors are we not able to bear with these big-headed individuals? Their time here is very short indeed. In fact they but linger with us yet a while. In a few weeks they, poor innocent children, will be cast out into the cold, cold world. How we do feel for them; but it is by this action and this alone, that we shall be enabled to take the position so long due us. Do you think the Sophomores would make the futile attempt to take from our glory? Far from it, the little dears look upon us with such admiration, pay us such devoted homage that we feel it to be actually pathetic. To them we appear to be persons of the greatest importance. As we swagger down the halls we are obliged to pass under the continual fire of the wondering glances of our little friends. However,

the favor is not on their side. They are learning from the most perfect of models what they will be expected to do next year. We feel that they are being well repaid by being allowed to copy such celebrities as ourselves. Despite the dignity we are obliged to maintain in order to uphold our high standard, still we are very fond of these wee lads and lassies who amuse us by their attempts at imitation. We feel a brotherly affection for these who are so soon to step into our place. They love us dearly also. In sooth, they have good cause for we possess all the virtues which are generally attributed to Seniors only. These traits added to our original ones make us a class of note. We have let the faults of the Seniors be. After living, as we have, for a whole year near these excited persons you may well say that we should profit by their somewhat unwholesome example and leave all their faults out of our list. We even go so far in our good fellowship, as to acknowledge that there is such a class of people as Freshmen in this school. We would not for one moment try to pretend that we do not know that they exist. Rumor tells us that there is a certain class of individuals who do; but we are not of them. We believe in letting the poor Freshie at least have a chance. Let him bring his slate and little lunch basket to school with him if he wants to. Let him carry around an enormous load of books unless you be a benevolent person (as we of the Junior class are) who offers to assist him. Let him wear spectacles; he needs something to make him look older; any way, they don't hurt your eyes and they may do his some good. We know his yellow curls look babyfied; still they lend to his face an angelic look which should do us so much good. Never mind, Freshie, you are alright. As a reward for your goodness we are just going to tell you a little verse which will help you over the hard places (provided you remember to suit your actions to the text). Having learned by experience its value, we now give it to you:

"Do just as little as you can
In all the studies you can
With all the teachers you can
Just as long as you possibly can,
But be careful you don't get canned."

LOUISE K. YOCUM, '06.



THE SENIOR OFFICERS

Elizabeth Moise, Prophet. Earle Insley, Treasurer. Ina Graham, Historian. Edwin White, Serg. Arms.
Lily Belle Neal, Secretary. Howard Mervine, President. Blanche Rosencrans, Vice President.
Beulah Robinson, Giftorian.

THE SENIORS



Behold the class of 1905 is at its apotheosis! A few short months ago, its members were unknown and unnoticed among the common throng. A few months hence they will be buried and forgotten in the oblivion to which former classes have been ruthlessly consigned. There is nothing deader than a dead class. While it may point with pride to a few prosperous soap manufacturers or successful alderman who return at intervals to tell from the platform, "The debt they can never pay their *alma mater*;" the great majority sink into that unremarked obscurity, where high-souled youths instead of "purifying politics," pursue the immortal dollar, and erstwhile maiden graduates, in obliterating those records which prove them full-fledged worlding away back in 'o-blank, forget that "woman's mission is to uplift the morals of the universe."

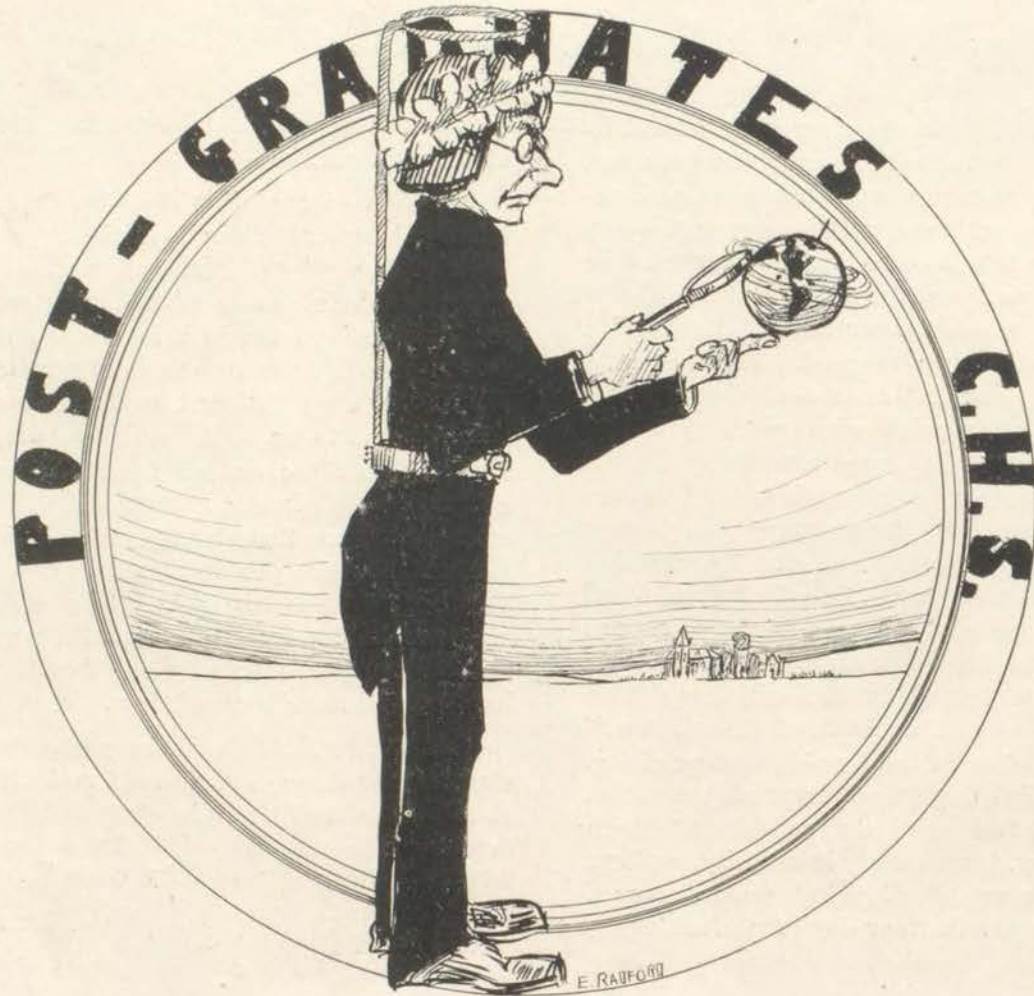
But to-day, we, standing in the lime-light of publicity, are somewhat self-conscious, highly embarrassed, but withal supremely important, and mightily puffed up with pride. Like the butterfly, from homely immobility, we have soared into the full view of admiring underclassmen. Like the butterfly we forget that our day of perfect happi-

ness will be brief, our splendor forgotten, with the advent of other butterflies.

It is a source of grief to us that instead of leaving "foot-prints on the sands of time," we will leave on the walls of Central a picture before which future classes will gape; wondering more at the monstrosities of hair-dressing and antique fashions in clothes, than moved by the record of our fame or the intellectuality of our bearing. We fear us much that curiosity, not admiration, will attract these classes to us. A quickly dismissed foreboding whispers that the size of the girls' pompadours not the conquest of scholarships or medals will focus their pitiless attention on us; that strangely shaped collars and stranger ties will be more potent than forgotten athletic laurels in drawing notice to the boys. Our one fond hope is that absorbed in the fascinations of the plumber, the ice man and the cook, we may bury our humiliation in thoughts of happier and more honored days.

At a time like this all the poetic sentiments of former classes filter through our minds, and with tears in our eyes at the thought of past pleasures and bills yet to come, we devoutly reiterate the motto of the class of '05: "If you can't get a dollar take fifty cents."

LILY BELLE NEAL.



"By these signs you will know them."



POST GRADUATES

Margaret Cusey,
 Florence Hackett,
 Elizabeth Piper,

Acklin Graham,
 Elsie Martin,
 Elinore Canny,

Mabel Ditzler,
 Grace Embry,
 Louise Norton,
 Annette Betz,

MEMBERS

Florence Bellemere,
 Myrtle Wolf,
 Doris Comstock,

Lena Ackerman,
 Agnes Sullivan,
 Helen Wadsworth,



POETRY

TO A JUNIOR

Thou art the essence of encumber'd
strength;
Thy tireless will is greater than thy
might,
Yet such results, with time of twice the
length,
Should give mere mortal honor as his
right.

Thy life is short, else would'st thou build
a world;
Thy size is to the school as star to sky,
Yet patiently thou wouldst with banners
furled
Still working on, e'en though fellows
die.

Could mortal man so bring events to pass,
Proportion governing both size and
time,
Our wandering, earthly mind kens not—
alas!
Such thoughts are written in the sands
in rhyme.

Thy greatness in thy smallness is so
great,
None but a Soph would try to imitate.

CHARLES C. BYERS.

I AM A F.

I am a Freshman—clever type—
Everything I see, I like.
Like to see the Seniors tall—
Have them push me in the hall.
Like to see a baseball game—
Like to see us win the same—
Like to see the speakers rant—
Like to see the poptop—trousers! (O?)
Like to see the maidens fair—
Like to see the clothes they wear—
Like to see the track team run—
Like to see the cups we've won—
Like to see the E's I win,
For the work I do in gym—
Like to see my teachers dear
See what I have written here.

Yours truly,

—L. C. M.

ADVICE TO SENIORS

Come now all ye Seniors at Central,
Come hither and list to my call;
Ye know ye are doomed soon forever,
So sit close now,—lest my words fall.

Ye know that your hours are passing;
Swift speeding on fugitive wing;
So hasten and list to my warning,
And later then you may all sing.

Soon will ye engage in the battle
With bankers and Lawson in Wall
street;
Now gather a little bit closer,
And you will never in lifetime be beat.

As I see ye all list'ning intently,
To catch my advice good and true,
The words which the wise Harum uttered:
"Do others before they do you."

—AMELIA KELLER, '05.

'07

Hail to the class of naughty seven,
The noblest of "Old Central's" children,
The wisest, too, it has been proven—
Hail, say I, to naughty seven.

In all achievements, they outdo
The others under White and Blue.
The faculty greatly deplors
The shortage of us Sophomores.

Freshmen, Juniors, Seniors, even
Lowly bend your heads in chagrin,
Confess your pride meets such a fall,
Because the Sophs outshine you all.

Now, 'tis well to make prediction,
In the following manner, listen!
Brethren, keep your eye-lids open,
Watch the doings of naughty-seven.

—GEORGE T. BINDBEUTEL.

THE SOCIETIES



SOCIETY OF LITERATURE AND HISTORY



About thirteen years ago a number of pupils of Central under the direction of Miss Gano, an English teacher, organized a society for the study of literature and history. This was the beginning of the oldest society now existing in Central, the Society of Literature and History.

Every year brought an improvement in the society, as its members accomplished their aim to carry the S. L. H. to the front. Among the names on its lists are those of two members of the faculty, Mr. Graves and Mr. Luby, and of many boys and girls who have won honors for themselves and their school in various events. Besides these, there is the name of Elizabeth Parkinson, who has lately charmed American and European audiences with her wonderful voice.

Last year the society obtained first place over its brothers and sisters by winning two out of a possible four prizes in the Inter-Society contest. This, the thirteenth year, might, indeed, have proved an unlucky one had not the members been determined that they would prove thirteen as lucky a number for them as it has often been for Central. It was their ambition, not only to maintain the high standing of the society, but, if possible, to raise that standard, thereby gaining the approval of former members and showing themselves worthy members of the S. L. H.

FRANCIS HICKEY, '07.

THE BIRTH OF THE VIOLET



A few years ago there lived a gray-haired gardener whose assistant was a woman of noble mind and pure heart; one who tenderly guarded the young plants entrusted to her. One day while sowing seed, she came upon a stony hill, so stony, indeed, that only in a few places was there any soil to be seen; but high up on the hill, Mount Parnassus it was called, there was a small plot of earth upon which some seed fell. The snows of winter had passed when the gray-haired gardener saw a tiny shoot growing there.

Great care was taken that no harm befall the strug-

THE



SOCIETIES

gling plant, but even love could not protect it from hail and the unfriendly elements. Slowly the flower grew. As the seven tiny leaves became strong and healthy, there was seen at the very root a bud developing. The bud lived through the severe winters: the heat of summer strengthened rather than weakened it. People saw and wondered.

Six years the flower flourished, but no one except the loving care-taker looked into its azure depths. Then a new life sprang up in the bud; gradually it unfolded its petals and lifted its dew-filled cup to greet the gardener. All who saw stopped, amazed at the beauty of the blossom and exclaimed: "Look, the violet!"

Another year passed and, when the warm spring came over the earth, the violet raised its face towards the light. Then there was seen, deep in its heart, its very breath—a drop of gold. The gardener looking over his beds of flowers, stopped beside the violet, and, gazing into the fragrant cup, murmured: "Aristonion."

HISTORY OF THE CENTRAL WEBSTER CLUB

The glorious dawn of the twentieth century marked nothing more momentous in the history of Central than the birth of the Central Webster Club. Twelve determined sons of Central banded together in that opportune time, to emulate and exemplify the mighty Webster. Twelve "embattled fathers stood" and stemmed the tide of ridicule and denunciation, and worthily typified that grand exemplar "who met and conquered everything in his path."

The organization of the Central Webster Club marked an era in the literary society annals of Central, for it marked the beginning of the organization of several new societies. The modern democratic spirit pervading the Central Webster Club appealed to the best talent of the school. Unsullied by false pretensions, the "Websters" have ever made *brains*, efficiency and character the requisites to their membership. Born of a spirit in aversion to formality, and always characterized by energy, progress and high resolve the legislation of '03 had no effect on the



club, but to strengthen it and add impetus to its good work.

Founded, as it is, upon the bed-rock of eternal principles, the Central Webster Club promises always to represent the best there is mentally, morally and physically in Old Central.

HUGH MOORE, '05.

CENTRAL SHAKESPEARE CLUB



Of course, we are young, but what of that? Just think how much we have accomplished during our short existence! We are now one of the largest societies in Central and are a set of bright boys and girls, unequaled anywhere.

The Central Shakespeare Club had an exceedingly novel beginning. One day last fall the Seniors were surprised to hear that a new club was going to be organized which would be entirely different from the other clubs in school. Only full-fledged Seniors could be members, and the meetings were to be held on Monday afternoons instead of on the accustomed Friday.

To enumerate the many drawbacks to this new plan would be a long task. It is sufficient to say that we finally gave up our former intentions and decided to become a regular school society.

No doubt our more experienced fellow-society members would have smiled could they have been present at our first few meetings. However, our blissful ignorance of such things as rules of order soon vanished, and now we can undergo the ordeals of parliamentary form with perfect ease.

It is no easy matter to put a new organization on its feet, but under the careful guidance of our adviser, Mr. Smith, we are now in running order.

We have many good reasons to be proud of the C. S. C., the society of the old rose and green.

VIRGINIA CORLEY, '05.

A HISTORY OF THE DELPHIANS



During April and May, of 1904, Mr. Earl Frank Insley, Mr. J. Pearce Kane and Mr. Jerome E. Dyer, members in other societies, conceived the plan of forming a new society, the Delphians, which they thought would improve upon certain conditions of these societies which they deplored. They

soon attracted to their purpose Mr. Edwin Patterson, and the last day of school, a meeting was held at which these original four were present.

During the summer Mr. Lucius McConnell became a member, and shortly before school began, Mr. Harry Minton, Mr. Dayton Langworthy, Mr. Howard Shafer and Mr. Frank Geary were united to the organization. All of these, like the originators, wished to get better conditions. Early in the fall Mr. Harry F. Cotton became a member. Later there were added Mr. George Neal and Mr. Dale Johnson. With these twelve members, a charter was applied for in November. Being required to have a membership of twenty before they could secure a charter, with painstaking discrimination the Delphians selected their members, and on January 13th, received their charter. Now, already prominent in school life, they move forward into the future, confident that the all-pervading object of the originators has been gained.

EDWIN W. PATTERSON, '06.

THE KELVIN CLUB

On the evening of March 16th, 1905, the organization of the Kelvin Club took place. This society was formed by a few students with the purpose of promoting interest in scientific studies, and also to investigate things that are of scientific interest and importance. The members are assigned various subjects to investigate and report upon to the club. Lectures are also given by eminent scientists in this vicinity which are always followed by general discussion and experiments.

The success which the club has had in the brief past insures a long and honorable life. The programs given up to the present date have been successes in the highest sense of the word. The lectures given by Mr. Peters, Dr. Wall and Dr. Parker, have been very satisfactory. The light which these investigations throw upon the small things in scientific studies will easily make itself felt in the department, and by doing this this club will fill a long felt want in the science department of the school.

A. S. BILDERBACK, '06.



**SOCIETY OF
LITERATURE AND HISTORY**

MEMBERS

Frances Canny,	Aimee James,	Roy McCubbin,	Frank Stickney,	Kath. King,	Harold McKibben,
Miss Strauchon,	Frances Hickey,	Fred Adams,	Helen Robinson,	Lyle Logan,	Lottie Monroe,
William Waddell,	Roy Westfall,	Nellie Monroe,	Victor Huckle,	Isabel Barton,	Alan Park,
	Margaret Ryan,	Sewell Austin,	Eva Walbridge,	Harold Stickney,	

**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

President	- - - -	ALAN PARK
Vice-President	- - - -	ISABEL BARTON
Secretary	- - - -	FRANCIS HICKEY
Treasurer	- - - -	SEWELL AUSTIN



Critic	- - - -	FRED ADAMS
Sergeant-at-Arms	- - - -	ROY McCUBBIN
Samuel Lucretius Historicus	- - - -	EVA WALBRIDGE
Faculty Adviser	- - - -	MISS STRAUCHON

THE SOCIETY OF LITERATURE AND HISTORY

The Society of Literature and History has instituted several changes this year which have transformed it from a mere social organization into a body of young people, seeking true culture.

Last fall the constitution was completely revised, special stress being laid upon the regular participation in the literary program given at each meeting. The nature of the material used in these programs was altered, too. The lighter work of other years was replaced by compulsory debates and orations. Without losing any of their literary value, they are as interesting and varied as the Orpheum circuit. Indeed, an extemporaneous speech is often given which would have astonished Demosthenes; and a debate in which no one would be convinced: *Resolved*, That if you sit on the banks of the Wabash, in the light of the moon, on Friday, the thirteenth of the month, from the hours 2 a. m. until 6 a. m., you will catch a fish instead of a crawdad, backing out."

Concerning their dramatic accomplishment, they have taken a book, composed of nothing but words, and have made it as full of action as the retreating Russians before the Japs. Although their play was not one which would immortalize the love of Romeo and Juliet, still it will be remembered for its fraternal spirit long after the Sweet Willies are growing over their graves.

Along with these improvements in the literary work of the society, new rules of conduct were advanced and enforced. In this work Robert's Rules were their best guide.

Now, at the close of the school year, the members of the Society of Literature and History feel repaid for every effort spent in bringing the organization out of a state of chaos into one of systematic culture. Their society spirit has accomplished much, but more than this, their attainment must be attributed to the indomitable will on the part of every one to become an individual success.

KATHERINE KING, '06.



ARISTONIANS

MEMBERS

Annie Shuck,	Mayme Roberts,	Miss Morgan,	Blanche Rosencrans,	Mary Leitch,	Mary Talbot,	Louise Martin,
Eleanor Hall,	Elizabeth Molse,	Gertrude Copley,	Mille Steacy,	Fanny Wilson,	Marion Fox,	
Hazel Harbour,	Virginia Robertson,	Judith Connelly,	Helen Marshall,	Miriam Scofield,	Iva Spaulding,	
Ola Jackson,	Amelia Frauens,	Marguerite Smith,	Mabel Nowlin,	Mildred Tavenner,	Jessie Steacy,	
		Charlotta Marshall,	Sada Campbell,			

**ARISTONIAN
LITERARY
SOCIETY**



COLORS: Purple and Lavender.

MOTTO: Non quis sed quid.

FLOWER: Violet.

YELL

Violet! Violet!
Rip! Ray! Rah!
Aristonian!
Sis! Boom! Bah!

OFFICERS

President	- - - -	FANNY WILSON
Vice-President	- - - -	GERTRUDE COPLEY
Secretary	- - - -	MARY TALBOT
Treasurer	- - - -	MARION FOX



Critic	- - - -	MILLIE STEACY
Sergeant-at-Arms	- - - -	MARY LEITCH
Phobeia	- - - -	HELEN MARSHALL
Adviser	- - - -	MISS MORGAN

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE ARISTONIANS

It is hardly necessary to go to any great length to tell you what we are, when we tell you who we are. We have been among you for five whole years, now, and we have done our part toward carrying on the affairs of this institution. You have heard our voice in the discussions which, from time to time, have come before us as a school, and we have never, in any way, striven to conceal our identity. On the contrary, we have labored ceaselessly to make a place for ourselves. In case there should be any one, however, who doesn't know us—we are a band of girls working together for mutual benefit, and Aristonian is our name.

We can truly say that we have worked honestly and earnestly in our society to attain that which our name signifies—the best. Our aim is a high grade of scholarship, and we have maintained our standard unflinchingly. The results you see. Our people are known throughout the school as students whose work and grades are a credit to them.

Now, you must know, it is the yearly custom of the

Aristonians to carry off all the honors that come their way. Nor is this year any exception. The merit of our people has been recognized along more lines than one. To go back just a little, the prize in declamation in the inter-society contest last year came to us—an honor of which we feel justly proud. This year three of our numbers participated in the Christmas play, two hold places on the LUMINARY staff, and one has brought honor to herself and her society in the Sons of the Revolution contest. Besides this, the society as a whole feels that it has maintained its standard of excellence in its Hall program, "Anachronisms," which was given on March 17. Thus we feel that this year has been a fruitful one.

We hope for many such years in the future, and we see no reason why they should not come. We are willing to work, and why should not honors come to us? Wherefore, may the purple and lavender long be honored at Central, and ever leave the imprint of its meaning, *the best*, on the hearts of her students.

JESSIE STEACY, '05.



THE WEBSTER CLUB

MEMBERS

McQuay, Campbell, Castle, Higley, Nowlin, Morley, Bowers, Randolph, Cook, Gentry,
 Wilson, Moise, Roseberry, Moore, Needles, Baum, Nutter, Evilsizer, Dietrick, Bilderback,
 McCoy, Fisher, Wilkinson, Stolbert, Robertson, Pinkerton, Markey.

**CENTRAL
WEBSTER
CLUB**



FLOWER: CARNATION.

YELL

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

COLORS: Red and White.

OFFICERS

President	- - -	HUGH MOORE	Critic	- - -	IRVING MORLEY
Vice-President	- - -	WALTER ROSEBERRY	Sergeant-at-Arms	- - -	ROY DIETRICH
Secretary	- - -	ENOCH NEEDLES	Adviser	- - -	MR. NOWLIN
Treasurer	- - -	ALEX BILDERBACK			

WORK OF THE C. W. C.

Why does the Webster Club hold such a conspicuous and honorable place in Central? The best reply to this question is an explanation of the work of the club.

First, it is a literary society, not merely because it is so called in its charter, but because it has won that name by earnest effort. For every meeting, a literary program is carefully worked out in advance, giving the members ample time for preparation. Characters and events of history, masterpieces of literature and art and wonders of science furnish material for orations, essays and even extemporaneous speeches. Social, political and economic questions are brought before us in debate, and dramatic selections are given by those who have had the advantage of special training in elocution. The language used by the members is improved by intelligent and helpful criticism. The faithful performance of these literary duties soon becomes a pleasure, but lest it should ever be irksome, a second critic adds life to the meetings by his correction of the members in spirited verse and pointed limericks.

Practice in the application of the principles of parliamentary law is also an important feature of our work. Accuracy and readiness in dealing with the questions which arise in a long and complicated discussion have only been acquired by constant study of Roberts' Revised—the guide, philosopher and friend of every Webster. It is also one of the principles of the club to encourage athletic exercise among its members. We admire physical as well as mental strength, and have contributed our full quota of Central's athletic forces.

From this brief mention of our purposes and the means by which they have been accomplished, it will be seen that we have won honors, not because we sought them more than others, but because we have received a thorough preparation which makes us more able to do what we set out to do.

All of our work has not been brilliant, but it has been so faithfully and regularly and unostentatiously kept up by all the members, that they can give a good account of themselves in any department of school activity.

EARLE BOWERS, '05.



**CENTRAL
SHAKESPEARE CLUB**

MEMBERS

Allie Maupin	Laura Campbell,	George MacCurdy	Mr. Smith,	Gerard Mas,	Victor Simonds.
Henrietta Bowman,	Margaret Green,	John Waller,	Moxie Fischer,	Ina Grahame,	Ruth Tuttle,
Frank Harper,	John Roberts,	Anna Thomas,	Ella Hansen,	Henry Gascoigne,	Claud Martin,
Eleanor Kleeman,	Norwin Vaughn,	Florence Campbell,	Annie Runnels,	Newland Deatherage,	Mae Fernald.
Amelia Kelfar,	Clyde Vrooman,	Eva Rue Clarke,	Iva Thomas,	Virginia Corley,	Irwin Cheney,
		Vernon Page,	Sadie Lowe,		

**CENTRAL
SHAKESPEARE
CLUB**



COLORS: Olive Green and Old Rose.

FLOWER: The Rose.

YELL

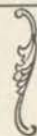
Zickey! Zickey! Zip! Zah! Zee!

Central Shakespeare!

Rip! Rah! Ree!

OFFICERS

President - - - - - INA GRAHAME
Vice-President - - - - ANNA THOMPSON
Secretary - - - - - VERNON PAGE
Adviser - - - - -



Treasurer - - - - - CLYDE VROOMAN
Critic - - - - - ELEANOR KLEEMAN
Sergeant-at-Arms - - - IRWIN CHENEY
Mr. SMITH

THE SHAKESPEARES

The work done by the Central Shakespeare Club is of the most interesting character. Whenever the club begins the study of one of Shakespeare's plays, the members of the club are assigned characters throughout the play, and the book is read at the regular meetings. By this means a fair knowledge of the whole drama is acquired. After the story has been read, the real study of the play begins. Carefully chosen questions are arranged and given to the society to study.

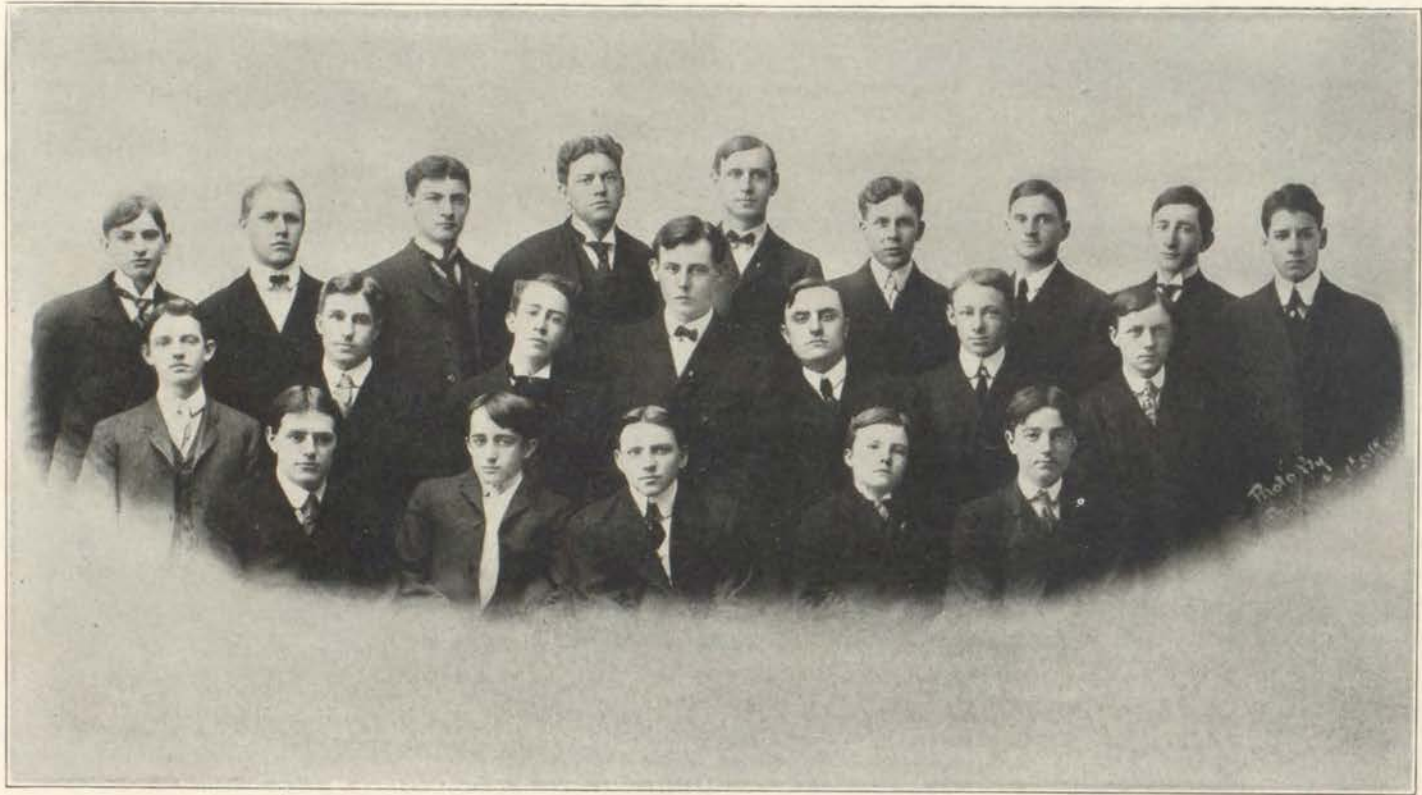
When the regular weekly program is rendered, each person who is selected to take part fulfills the task prescribed for him. His part of the program may be the explanation of some difficult speech or passage, or it may be the analysis of some character as portrayed by his speeches or actions.

After one has given his rendition of the part the subject is opened to discussion; and any one, whether he agrees with the opinion just expressed, or whether he has a different conception of it, is free to present his ideas. By this means interest is aroused, and much information concerning various disputed questions is obtained.

In this manner the club has studied and analyzed the comedy of "Twelfth Night" and the tragedy of "Hamlet."

Besides the regular Shakespeare studies the program is diversified by the presentation of other subjects, such as readings, essays, and musical selections.

GEORGE MACCUDY, '06.



THE DELPHIANS

MEMBERS

Mitchell,
Patterson,
Shaffer,

Bowen,
Johnson,
Mehoney,
Haglaga,

Dixon,
Simpson,
Cotton,
Goldman,

Insley,
Kane,
Neal,
Brown,

Langworthy
Richards,
Minton,

Bonnifield,
Geary,
Dyer,

**DELPHIAN
LITERARY
SOCIETY**

COLORS: Royal Blue and Gold.
FLOWER: Yellow Rose.

YELL

Nika Nika!
Well, I guess!
Nota Bene!
D. L. S.!

OFFICERS

President	-	-	-	EARL INSLEY	Treasurer	-	-	-	HARRY MINTON
Vice-President	-	-	-	JEROME E. DYER	Sphinx	-	-	-	VALE NANCE
Secretary	-	-	-	J. PEARCE KANE	Praetor	-	-	-	MR. BONNIFIELD

THE DELPHIANS

In this the initial year of its life, the Delphian Literary Society has already won grand victories and accomplished many noteworthy things. Beset from its beginning with obstacles and difficulties, it is at this early date one of the best societies in the school. Its influence is felt in all departments of school work.

In athletics the society has been especially well represented. Both in foot ball and basket ball the ability of its members has been recognized. The basket ball team which won such a glorious victory over Manual in the convention Hall contests, with the exception of one man, was composed entirely of the society's members. Again, it was honored in the selection of its men for members of the track team and by the election of one of them as captain. The line-up of the base ball team includes Delphian men. We are represented in two offices of the Athletic Association.

In other lines of a more literary character the society occupies a conspicuous place. In the Christmas play east

two members took prominent parts. The success of the play is the only recommendation necessary for the work of the members. The influence and spirit of the society were felt in the senior election, in which a Delphian was elected to one of the offices. Another was selected to represent Central in declamation at Manual. It also has representatives in the Glee Club, two of its members holding prominent offices. In fact, everything that the society has attempted has been characterized by a struggle to attain a high standard of excellence. Its efforts, we think, have been crowned with success. And yet, we are not surprised to find a society with a motto such as "We will," overcoming obstacles and achieving great things.

We have no past history, no long or distinguished *alma mater* about which to brag; suffice it to say that in future years the Delphian Literary Society shall hold the highest and most honored place among the literary societies of the school, and that the names of its members who pass out from the school shall be admired and esteemed as those who willed, and those who accomplished something.

H. LEE BOWEN, '05.



THE KELVIN CLUB

MEMBERS

Victor Whitney,	Dale Johnson,	John Waller,	F. N. Peters,	F. H. Ayres,
Victor Simonds,	Walter Haglege,	Edwin C. White,	Ward Cook,	Irving Morley,
Leslie Castle,	Ross Ream,	Sidney Levy,	Enoch Needles,	Alex. Bilderbeck,
Frank Wilkinson,	Warren Haynor,	Lyman Laughlin,	Roy Dietrich,	Sewall Austin,
Wm. A. Luby,	Alan Park,	Fred Bruckmiller,	Dewitt Pypes,	Clyde Vrooman,

KELVIN

CLUB

COLORS: Red and Black.

OFFICERS

President	- - -	LESLIE CASTLE	Treasurer	- - -	LYMAN LAUGHLIN
Vice-President	- - -	IRVING MORLEY	Sergeant-at-Arms	- - -	WARREN KAYNOR
Secretary	- - -	HARRY COTTON	Critic	- - -	MR. AYRES

THE WORK OF THE KELVIN CLUB.

The Kelvin Club is a science club, in the true sense of the word. Its sole aim, like that of its namesake, Lord Kelvin, is the advancement of science in all its branches. There is no question that it fills a long-felt want in the life of Central High School. We have had our special literary, musical and athletic societies for many years, while the science section of this school has been neglected to the detriment not only of the school as a whole, but also of those pupils who are scientifically inclined.

The object of the club is the taking up of experiments in physical and biological sciences which could not, through lack of time and complexity of nature, be demonstrated in the class room. As the meetings are once a week, the plan has been to have professors of science from nearby colleges and men of some scientific attainments living near or passing through the city, give the program every other meeting. Too much attention cannot be given to this part of the program. The hearing of a good, solid lecture on real scientific matter, discarding mere "popular science," cannot fail to leave a marked effect on a young man's mind. Everything is favorable to this sort of program. The audience is not so large but that each person in it feels that the speaker is talking to him. The room is not so large but that those in the farthest corner can see and hear everything that is going on—the lack of which accommodation is the greatest fault attending those lectures given in the great halls and auditoriums. The lectures them-

selves are interesting above the ordinary for practical demonstrations are used to reinforce all that the speaker says. For instance, in the lecture on bacteria, small colonies of germs in glass tubes were handed around to each one present. In the lecture on color perception, we actually had more than forty experiments on the mingling of colors, and the lecture on hypnotism demonstrated on a subject the physiological fact of hypnotic suggestion. But these programs are furnished by outside people and in order to give the actual members work to do they are assigned special topics by the program committee. On these they report every other Friday. These topics, such as the nature and workings of the air brake, and the manufacture of soap, are selected so that the member can report on them after visiting the factories and manufactories of our city. Such information, besides being vastly more interesting than the ordinary "book science," seems to be of a more personal interest to the pupil. Then, also, once every other week, an article on current scientific events is read to enable the club to keep in touch with the moving scientific world. As our critic seems determined to keep out "parliamentary scrapperiness," and as all political interests are rigorously debarred, there seems to be no reason why the Kelvin Club should not enroll its name as a lifelong society of the ever-growing Central High School.

FRANK C. WILKINSON, '06.

CENTRAL VS. LIBERTY DEBATE



ABOUT two months ago Central High School was honored with a challenge to a debate from its friend across the river, the Liberty High School. The subject named by Liberty was, "Resolved, That the United States senators should be elected by a direct vote of the people." As Central was challenged, it was allowed the choice of sides. The affirmative was chosen.

Every one in the school had the privilege of contesting, and on the night of the preliminaries there were six boys and two girls ready to do their best. Out of these, three were selected: Charlie Byers, Moxie Frischer and Alexander Bilderbeck. As the preliminaries were just one week before the debate, the three boys had a good, hard week's work to do. They were forced to obtain new material, make out new briefs, and divide their points. Mr. Rush, Mr. Smith and Mr. Wright ably assisted them, and by the time the train was ready to start the boys thought they might bring victory back with them, so well had they practiced and worked. They left Kansas City at five o'clock, April 29, and arrived in Liberty in time to take a fine drive through the town, with Mr. Hamilton as their host.

The debate took place in the opera house. The programme opened with an invocation, which was followed by a song by the Liberty High School Glee Club, with the

accompaniment of the high school orchestra. Mr. Byers of Central opened the debate with five strong arguments, well delivered, and very convincing. Mr. Bell of Liberty then spoke for the negative, refuting none of Mr. Byers' points. Mr. Frischer of Central followed with four more strong arguments. He was answered by Mr. Sewall of the negative. Mr. Bilderbeck then proved that the new method would be of advantage to the Senate, State Legislature, and to the people. Then Liberty's best man, Mr. Frohman, answered Mr. Bilderbeck. The time Liberty had for rebuttal was used in telling the judges how weak Central's arguments were, and that they were mere assertions, instead of arguments. Mr. Byers followed with rebuttal and an entire summary of Central's points—twelve in number.

The decision given was two votes for the negative and one for the affirmative. The debating team went home Sunday, sadder but wiser boys.

This is the first time Central has tried her hand at debating. The experience gained was well worth the effort. As this was her first effort at debating in public, she did very well to gain one vote of the judges. The three members of the team had never debated in public before as a team, whereas the Liberty team had been established for two years. They won a victory over Manual last year. By next year Central will have more experience, and then will have another trial at Liberty.

MOXIE FRISCHER,



FACULTY

*Department of
Fine Arts*



PRESTON K. DILLENBECK
Elocution



CARRIE FARWELL VOORHEES
Music



WILLIAM WEBER
Drawing



MIGNON CROWDER
Drawing

ART



SNature demands the fulfillment of her laws in every other way, so she makes no exception in deporting human beings into another world. When once laid to eternal rest, it is only a matter of time before the departed is forgotten. The artist, however, is an exception to this rule, for all his beautiful thoughts—in fact, the best part of his mortal self—are reproduced by him on canvas. And as Time is unable to efface a great painter from the memory of the public, so age cannot destroy his handiwork. On the contrary, every masterpiece increases in value with age.

Art being an accomplishment of such importance, it is greatly encouraged in schools of high standing. Central, for instance, at present, under the tuition of Miss Crowder, is giving instruction to one hundred forty art students, all of whom are exceedingly interested in the study, and are anxiously looking forward to the day when their strenuous efforts will have gained for them a place among the noted artists of the world. Undoubtedly not all of these ardent pupils will ascend the ladder of celebrity to its height. But should failure and disappointment prove

to be their lot, the trained eye, skillful hand and exact perception between discord and harmony would be the profits netted by even the least talented.

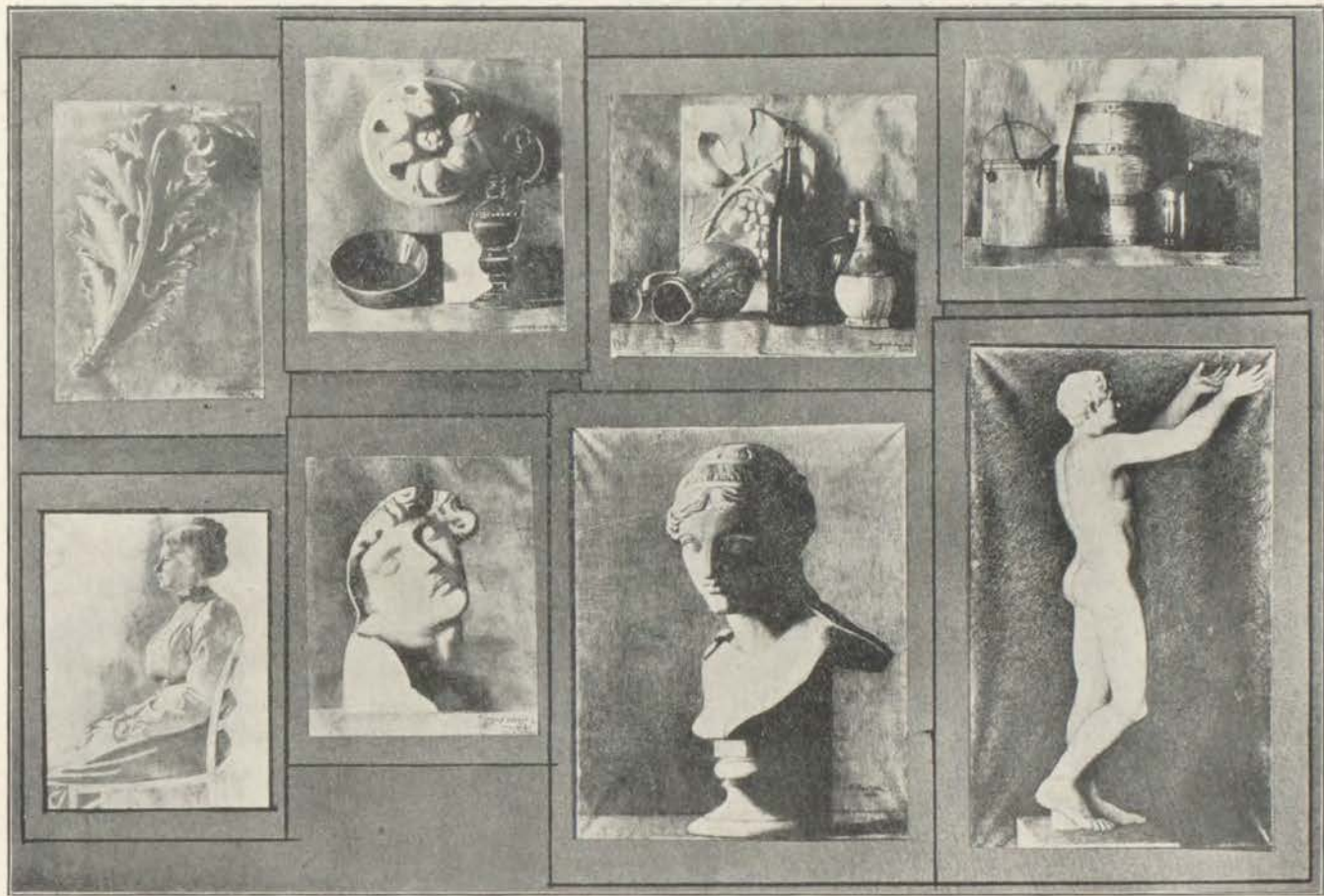
Even the novice feels a thrill of delight upon first entering the drawing room, for the models, ranging from a little plaster-cast goose to a life-sized statue, are a source of admiration as well as instruction. When the amateur begins drawing with charcoal or pencil, he little dreams that in a comparatively short time he will be competent to make a likeness of beautiful Diana or the young Augustus; later, to use water colors successfully, and finally to work with oil points. The credit for such rapid improvement is largely due to the diligence of the pupil; but it must be taken into consideration that the teacher, also, does her utmost to develop the talent of her students.

Nothing would be lacking in our art room had not recently a higher power bereaved us of our beloved and thoroughly artistic professor, Mr. Weber. This excellent artist seemed to have concentrated his whole mind on interesting the pupils and improving the facilities for art in the Central High School. Truly may we say of this well-esteemed man, "*Gone, but not forgotten.*"

BESSIE WOLF, '08.



OUR ART ROOM



*FROM OUR
ART DEPARTMENT*



HERE'S
TO YOU, OLD CENTRAL
HERE'S A TOAST TO YOU
MAY NO COLORS
TRY
AS THE YEARS
PASS BY
ABOVE
THE
White and Blue.

E. L. RAY
1905

MUSIC



O charm many with the grandeur or the sweet sympathy of a beautiful voice is the hard-earned reward of few aspirants for musical excellence. The years of study, although filled with the rich pleasure attendant upon conscientious labor, more often than not, culminate in disappointment and apparent failure. It is necessary that the person who enters upon the study of music should hold in mind certain vital principles. If he honestly lives up to these principles, then that study, while it may never accord fame, will, beyond a doubt, assure success—the success that is worth while, whose most essential attribute is satisfaction, untinged by disappointment or regret.

First of all, for the study of music, there must be a receptive mind, one that, though it does not, at first, appreciate Wagner or his "Parsifal," still is not unwilling to recognize the possibilities which are now beyond him and to follow even afar off an enthusiastic leader until those possibilities are within his grasp. The candidate for success, therefore, must cultivate a keen enjoyment of the best of music; he must determine that he will be satisfied with nothing but the best as he shall receive it from the testimony of cultured instructors. With this thought inspiring his efforts, he will ever persevere, earnestly applying his energies to grasping and assimilating the most beautiful and sublime in music, without despising, meanwhile, the labor necessary for perfect attainment.

But what is the most beautiful and sublime in music? Is it an educated understanding of harmony and thorough bass? Is it the power to execute, with the utmost precision,

the world's exquisite masterpieces? Is it the ability to sing a melody so that it shall satisfy all the requirements for accurate rendition? No. It should be a comfort, and it truly is, to the sincere lover of music to know that, even though he lacks the power of adequate expression of his emotions, there is, from the very fact of his love, a glorious prospect that he may yet achieve the highest in music. To perform the mental and physical gymnastics of music is, indeed, a rare accomplishment. Infinitely better, however, is that noble ability to attain and apply the vitalizing *spirit* of music, the spirit which cheers and comforts and sympathizes, which is able to discern the ever-present, though often undiscovered melodies of the universe—in the heart of a flower, in the busy market place, in the bosom of a friend. "Heart melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

The privilege of becoming masters of these masterful soul melodies is the common heritage of all mankind. Attainment and use in the every-day life, of this atmosphere (the truly important phase in music study) becomes, then, alike the aim and the reward of every conscientious musician.

In truth, the study of music is an essential factor in the development of character, not so much in music that enriches the powers of the occasional genius, as the accompanying spirit of music that generates within the hearts of all, a keener love of the good and beautiful in life. Then, if at last, no world-wide tribute rewards the struggle in pursuit of the former, the contented joy which proclaims the accomplishment of the latter is sufficient recompense for all the labor spent.

NELLIE MONROE, '06.



CENTRAL GLEE CLUB

MEMBERS

Peters,	Mills,	Wiles,	Montgall,	Campbell,	Riehl,	Simonds,	Bellemere,
White,	Reed,	Getman,	Insley,	Byers,	Dietrich,	Reynolds,	Evilsizer,
Fisher,	Patterson,	Gascoigne,	McCleary,	Bowen,	Martin,	McConnell,	Hucke,
			Stickney,	Livingston.			

THE CENTRAL GLEE CLUB



THROUGH the efforts of Mrs. Voorhees and a number of last year's members, the organization of this year's Glee Club was effected at an unusually early date, a first meeting being held Oct. 20, 1904. The consequent long practice, the steady power

of the old members, and the excellent quality of the new voices have conspired to produce a body more worthy to carry abroad the blue and white than any which has yet contributed to the musical reputation of Old Central.

Realizing its opportunity for extended practice, the Glee Club early decided on taking a radical step in preparing its Assembly Hall program. Many suggestions were made. At last something in the nature of a musical comedy was agreed upon, as combining the most desirable characteristics. From among those submitted, that of H. Earl Reed was, after careful deliberation, selected. To insure perfect justice the leading solos were thrown open to competition.

In deciding to give this form of entertainment the Glee Club fully appreciated the responsibility assumed. Nothing in the memory of the writer except "straight programs" have been given by preceding Glee Clubs. However, that of the present year felt that the school would



support it in any creditable advance. Developments of the morning of Friday, April 28, showed this expectation to be founded on fact.

The clever nature of the plot and developments of "The Hunt" do great credit to the author, Mr. Reed, while the natural adaptation with which he and Mr. Wiles, in the characters of two "gentlemen of the road," supported the leading roles gives their friends warm hopes of brilliant careers in their chosen profession.

Although the "Glee Club" has undoubtedly devoted its best energies to home entertainment, yet its outside work is of considerable interest. On the evening of March 11 it was entertained by the Au Fait Club, and gave a portion of the program of that body.

Thursday afternoon, April 13, it sang a double number in the Manual Training High School assembly. Thursday evening, May 4, it furnished part of an excellent entertainment at the Central Presbyterian church. The Glee Club expects to render its best single number at the Central High School graduation exercises.

That the Glee Club of 1904-05 has met with such remarkable success is due in largest degree to the patience, skill, and tireless work of Mrs. Voorhees.

CHAS. C. BYERS, JR., '06.



THE CHORAL CLUB

MEMBERS

Mrs. Voorhees,
 Isabel Barton,
 Julia Wischropp,
 Ora L. Davis,
 Zola Sweet,
 Laura Cambell,

Fay Anderson,
 Gladys Greever,
 Lotta Dahn,
 Irene Cozad,
 Edith Foster,
 Irene Mimms,

Mabel Bradbuty,
 Sadie Lowe,
 Ethel Darst,
 Helen Wadsworth,
 Bertha Smith,
 Mayme Roberts,

Mary Noble,
 Bun Humphrey,
 Lottie Monroe,
 Anna Burrus,
 Elenore Canny,
 Edna Clark,

CENTRAL CHORAL CLUB



FEW people realize and appreciate the work and time necessary to prepare an organization with anything creditable for production, particularly when the members have had little experience musically. After a careful examination of a large number of applicants, the Central Choral Club was organized with a membership of twenty-two, of which number eleven were in last year's club. We were not fully organized until after Christmas, but since then we have been working our best. This year, for the first time, it was not only from the music classes that the girls were chosen, but also from the school at large. In doing this, there were girls who knew very little of the art of singing or of the theory of music. Those, however, who are in the classes are deriving great benefit and pleasure from their work. In the first year ear-training, theory and sight-reading are pursued. The second year, breathing and tone-production are added to these, and some of the mysteries of harmony are solved. Being un-

able to have a piano player this year, we could not enjoy the study of musical history, biography, and the operas, as did the pupils last year. This is very much regretted by the students, but we hope to be able to take up the history course again next year. In singing we try to interpret our songs with a true, artistic finish, seeking always correct pitch, clear enunciation and good phrasing.

But, although pupils were taken from the whole school, we have had very good results, for we have been received with favor and applause in Assembly Hall as well as at Manual. We selected for our special program there "The Garden of Flowers," which was enthusiastically received by the school.

But we must not pass on without thanking Mrs. Voorhees for her deep interest in the Choral Club. We all fully appreciate the work she has done for us, and know that without her great enthusiasm and unceasing labor we could have accomplished nothing.

HELEN WADSWORTH, Post Graduate.

OFFICERS.

Mrs. Carrie Farwell Voorhees—
Director.
Miss Fay Anderson—Accompanist.
Isabel Barton—President.
Julia Wischropp—Secretary and
Treasurer.
Ora Davis—Librarian.

MEMBERS.

First Sopranos: Gladys Greever,
Zola Sweet, Lotta Dahn, Nellie
Monroe, Pauline Post.
Second Sopranos: Irene Cozad,
Mabel Bradbury, Edith Foster,
Laura Campbell, Sadie Lowe,

Irene Mimms, Ethel Darst, Isabel
Barton.

First Altos: Mayme Roberts, Bertha
Smith, Mary Noble, Bun
Humphrey, Ora Davis, Helen
Wadsworth.

Second Altos: Lottie Monroe,
Elenore Canny, Anna Burris,
Julia Wischropp, Edna Clark.



THE MANDOLIN CLUB

THE CENTRAL MANDOLIN CLUB



IN the year nineteen hundred and one, several Centralians formed a wire tickling aggregation which they called the Central Mandolin Club, but hardly anyone ever heard of it save themselves. Since then, several more clubs have been organized but without more than moderate success until the present most wonderful bunch of string tantalizers appeared above Central's horizon.

The first club was composed entirely of boys, but the next year this plan was not deemed advisable, so with the influence of what Kipling calls "a rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair" the interest in it deepened, and soon a small atom of musical ability made itself known. Under Mr. Graves' tend care and directorship, this was developed from year to year, until now there is certainly a genuine mandolin club and we are it.

After trying the effect of the club's tintinnabulations on the school a few times, and finding that no evil results followed, this truly wonderful organization of musicians

graciously allowed the public to hear some real music at the Christmas play, which, of course, could not have been presented without the club's generous assistance. The club's next appearance was at a Martha Washington social at the Central Presbyterian Church, where (after enjoying a delicious supper) the club gave those present such a musical treat as they had never before experienced. Then there was the school. Ah! Lucky school! Several times during the course of the year did the club condescend to play for the school's benefit, and on one memorable occasion the entire school, teachers, pupils, and visitors, sat entranced at the wonderful flow of melody for the entire assembly period. Mr. Coll finally succeeded in awakening everyone in time for the next recitation. On several other occasions the club has appeared in public, as at the Franklin school, with much credit to itself and our school. Once they even had the temerity to invade Manual's domain, and that they returned safely speaks well for the quality of the music.

FRANCES EASTWOOD, '05.

COMPOSITION OF THE CONGLOMERATE

First Mandolins: Frances Eastwood, Elizabeth Donaldson, Edna Clark, Mr. Graves, Director.

Second Mandolins: Walter Ragan, Howard Jamison.
Guitars: Alta Reed, Mary Butts, Mr. Bannister.

Violin: Mary Wheeler.
Drum: Victor Simonds.
Piano: Pauline Post.



*CENTRAL
ORCHESTRA*

THE ORCHESTRA



THE Central High School Orchestra was organized on the twenty-first of last November. It is another demonstration of the well-known fact that when the pupils of our school undertake anything, they make it a success. The work of the Orchestra has met the approbation of the faculty and students, as was proved by the very cordial reception given them upon their initial performance, on the twenty-fourth of March.

Particularly fortunate have we been in keeping the same personnel and instrumentation throughout the year. At present there are five first violins, five second violins, a cornet, clarinet, flute, and piano. Owing to the absence of a viola and 'cello, we have had the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett with those instruments. We have been handicapped by the want of the brass instruments and drum; but we live in the hope that next year's class may supply our needs. Under these circumstances it is only just to say of our able director, Mrs. Voorhees, that much time has been spent in the selection of music, because of the difficulties encountered in the small instrumentation of the Orchestra. She deserves much credit for her untir-

ing efforts, and the appreciation for music which she has instilled into each of us, and for this standard she has maintained,—“That it is never of any benefit to the player to study and perform poor music, and that we must never sacrifice in the quality of music chosen, or in the standard of the performance,” although we may lack instruments to make just the desired effect.

The personal benefit derived from belonging to an organization where high standards are maintained in every particular is of immense value. Mrs. Voorhees insists upon correct and uniform bowing and accurate pitch. The concentration of thought required for precision in attack, tonality, time, rhythmic flow and the observance of the dynamics, has broadened us musically beyond words. The instruction and practice to all playing orchestral instruments is recommended, as well as the mutual pleasure to be derived in improvement and progress.

“The soul of music slumbers in the shell
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.”

MYRTLE MOLLE, '07.



THE DRUM CORPS

MEMBERS

	W. H. Templin, Director.	Franklin Dannahower,	
Ben Hershfield,	Victor Simonds,	S. E. Austin,	George Goldman,
Elliot Love,	Paxton Winsborough,	Robert Bowles,	William Leitch,
John Punton,	Chas. Woodbury,	Lenn Dannahower,	Will McPherrin.
Harold Richards,	Benton Westfall,	Robert McMillan.	

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL DRUM CORPS



To tell the story of the Central High School Drum Corps is, "The same old story in the same old way." The Drum Corps was organized one year ago this spring. Its purpose was to arouse enthusiasm at the games. It brings larger crowds out and drums the boys on to victory; this it has never failed to do.

The Drum Corps did not succeed in getting uniforms or playing at any of the games last spring on account of its late organization, but last fall it appeared in its uniforms of white, at all the Central games held in the city, and also took part in the Megaphone Minstrel parade. For this it took considerable practice, due to the fact that a great number of the boys of last spring had graduated and new boys had to be taught to play.

Their next appearance was at the Liberty foot ball game. Before the game was called the Drum Corps

paraded the down town district advertising the game. It then marched to the field of battle, where the shriek of the fife and the rumble of the drum urged the boys on to victory. The same holds true of the St. Joseph game, for a St. Joseph boy attributed the defeat of their team to the noise that our drum corps made.

The Drum Corps next appeared on Central day in the Assembly Hall, playing, "Ain't it a shame" and "Poor Manual." The next morning (which was the Manual-Central day) the Drum Corps rode in a tally-ho through the down town streets playing and shouting the songs of Old Central.

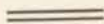
Our organization now has nine fifers, six drummers and one bass drummer. It did not play at any of the games this spring, but next fall it hopes to have a large membership and play out of town as well as at the games at home.

FRANKLIN DANNAHOWER, '06.

THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL DRUM CORPS

MANAGER—

W. H. Templin.



CAPTAIN—

F. R. Dannahower.

Fifers.

S. E. Austin,
Robert Bowles,
Linn Dannahower,
Franklin Dannahower,
Will Leitch,
Will McPherrin,
Lawrance Pike,
Harold Richards,
Benton Westfall.

Drummers.

John Bannister,
Ben Hershfield,
John Punton,
Victor Simonds,
Paxon Winsborough,
Chas. Woodbury.

Bass Drummer.

Robert McMillan.

ELOCUTION



YES, as I was saying, he can ruin any literature by his bad reading," said a lady several years ago.

"Why, mamma, dear, is he an elocutionist?" asked her little daughter.

Since this incident times have vastly changed. Nowadays, one hears the wonderful works of art interpreted by the reader as the virtuoso interprets the music of great composers. Nothing has brought about this change so much as elocution in the high schools of the country. There, pupils have been trained not only to appreciate good reading, but to do some expressive work themselves, and here, as in other things, Central has not failed in leadership. Many are the laurels she has won in the old fields, and this year finds her essaying a new venture—the "Public Speaking Class." As my readers are no doubt familiar with the other classes in the course, this paper will deal with this successful departure.

To begin, its object is to fit "Young America" for the part it must play hereafter in public life. How many men would be glad to have the ability to give ably their convictions before an audience! How greatly would this country be benefited if every man could do so, because then the public would not so often be led astray by the sophistries of a few who can speak well! This class then prepares young men and women to stand firmly on their feet before a gathering of any size and state their views in a logical manner, and, incidentally, helps them form their opinions.

With this aim in view, the work of the class has been divided into three sections: First, extemporaneous speeches; second, debates and third, orations. The extemporaneous speeches are a little different from what is generally thought concerning them. The matter is care-

fully prepared, but not memorized, and they are given no set phrasing. The speaker generally uses no notes. Sometimes, however, five-minute speeches are given on any subject suggested by the class, and these are often surprisingly good. In the choice of subjects the field is broad and the prepared extemporaneous talks are on anything from character sketches to gold mining, with real specimens. The debates are also very good, and the arguments wax quite heated. The rules of debating etiquette are observed and the debates are very helpful. Not only is the manner of speaking learned, but the matter. It is really surprising how much information the students gather; and they are not the only ones benefited, for the audience, too, acquire welcome knowledge. Many a pupil has thus learned that there are two sides to every question, and his whole outlook on life has been broadened.

The work of the orations is just commencing, and it is too soon (when this goes to press) to prophesy much concerning them; but if they attain the standard of the extemporaneous speeches and debates they will certainly be excellent.

Central has been the pioneer high school in this experiment. Colleges have them, but high schools have been afraid to try them heretofore. Central has demonstrated that it can be done successfully. Many teachers have noticed and spoken about the improvement in the recitations of pupils in the public speaking class, thus proving that it has an early practical value. So Central has had an excellent showing in its elocution department this year. But before we forget, let us not fail to mention the one necessary part of a class of this kind—a capable instructor. Under Mr. Dillenbeck's guidance we have been enabled to do "wonders." To him the class are indebted for their training, which we feel is certainly fortunate for the pupils of Central High School.

SELMA CROHN, Postgraduate.



THE CHRISTMAS PLAY CAST

MEMBERS

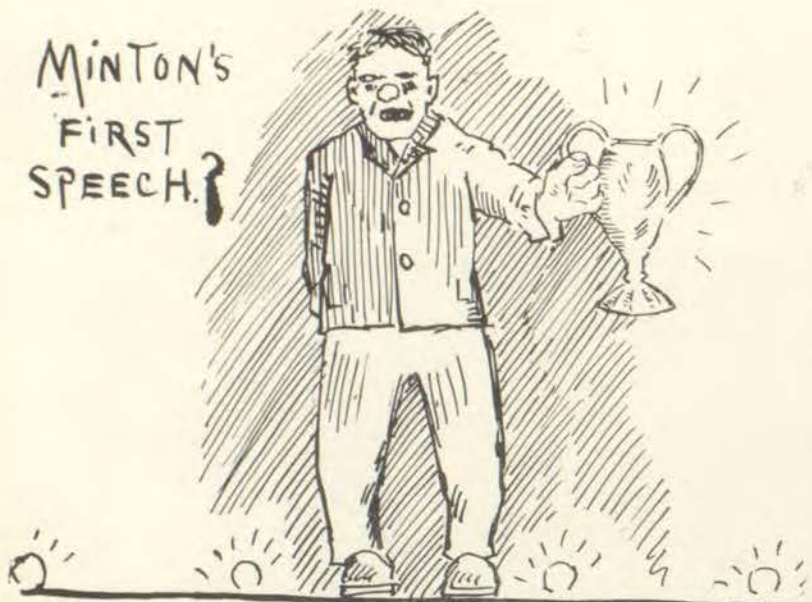
Harold McKibben,
Margaret Zimmerman,
Virginia Corley,
Newland Deatherage,

Gertrude Copley,
Iva Spaulding,
Isabel Barton,
Ina Grahame,

Frances Hickey,
Mark Wilson,
Hugh Moore,
Ed Patterson,

Pearce Kane,
George McCurdy,
Charles Byers,
John Higley,
Walter Ragan.

MINTON'S
FIRST
SPEECH?



REED AND THE FIRE GO OUT.

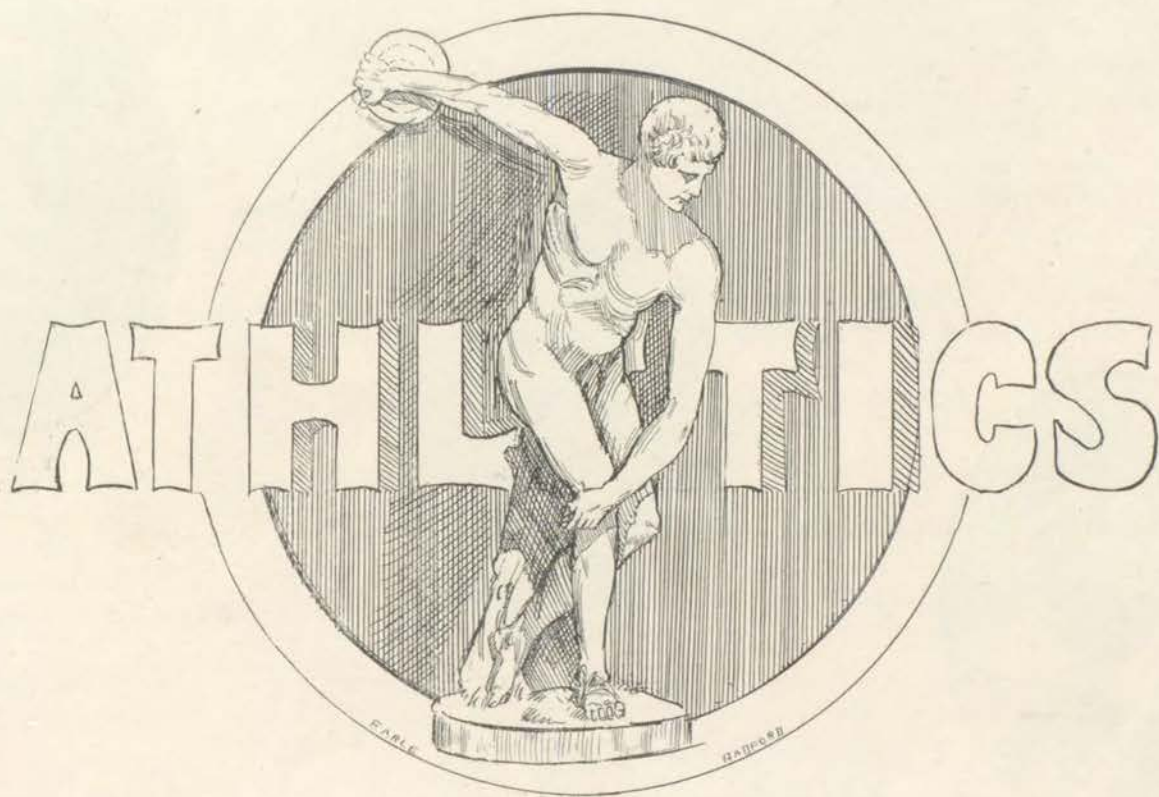


← HIGLEY
MAKES LOVE.



S.L.H.'S KIDDING

WAG
1913



MANAGERS
Department
of Athletics



MR. BONNIFIELD
Baseball



MR. HAMILTON
Track



MR. GRAVES
Football

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

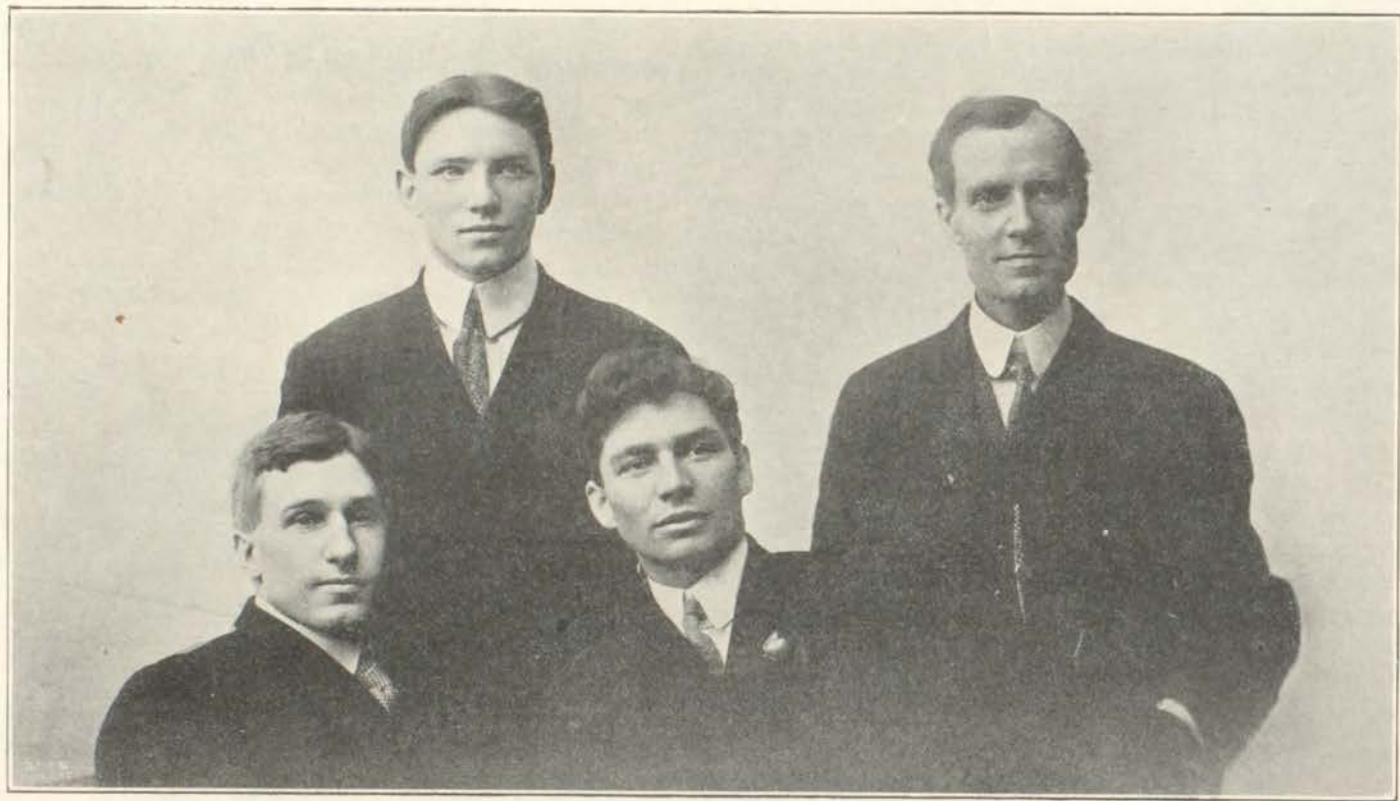
FOLLOWING the example of last year, the girls have adopted the plan of having regular monthly meetings. By this way we have not only heightened the interest in the association itself, but even those who are not members of the association have manifested a deep interest in the girls' teams. It certainly seems unfortunate that girls who are graduating, and especially those who intend entering college, do not take more interest in the athletic work. This is not due, we believe, to the association's lack of interest in its own affairs, but is prompted by the hesitancy which the members feel in appearing in public. If the girls who are contemplating higher education only realized what a handicap they incur in not becoming familiar with girls' sports, we are positive they would be among the first to join our ranks.

Unlike our brother association, thus far we have only promoted one athletic enterprise—that of basket ball.

While our victories have easily counterbalanced our defeats, nevertheless our course has not been the straightest during the past year. Kansas City, Kan., Manual, Westport and Miss Bigelow's have met defeat at our hands, and many other games which we are confident of winning have been arranged for our schedule. Although Miss Morgan, who has the direction of all the girls' athletics in Central, has been greatly handicapped by our inadequate gymnasium, we hope to be among those favored by the School Board in the distribution of the coming year's funds. Here we would like to speak a good word for all kinds of girls' athletics. While of course it would be foolish for us to advocate track work as a kind of girls' sport, nevertheless the larger Eastern institutions take up this kind of work with enthusiasm. It is healthful, very exciting and not so dangerous as many other sports, and for this reason alone it certainly seems that it ought to be strongly supported. In closing, let us all cheer for the G. A. A. and hope for a long and prosperous career.

D. O. O.





OFFICERS BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Cotton,

Minton,

Morley,

Mr. Peters,

BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



THE season of 1904-5 is, in many respects, the greatest in the history of the association. The cups and trophies won by the ever-victorious blue and white teams for the association has necessitated the building of a suitable trophy case. This case rests in the main hall, and is fast filling with pigskins, photographs and silverware.

The membership of the association has grown rapidly until it now numbers eighty. The season has been one of great financial success, as well as one of victory. The foot ball team retired this season, holding the championship of the Missouri Valley. The basket ball team, of course, did likewise. The base ball team has some excellent material, and if interest is kept up they intend to win another trophy. The track team has made an excellent start, and promises to clean up everything in the Missouri Valley.

The school at large has realized the fact that enthusiastic school spirit helps a team to a considerable degree in winning a game. Eight thousand people witnessed the Manual-Central foot ball



game on November 5. Nearly \$100 was netted in our games with the Manual basket ball team in Convention Hall. The association was not only the recipient of many trophies, but it has adopted a new constitution which will promote very materially the growth of the association. This was adopted on February 18, 1905.

The purpose of the Athletic Association is to promote culture and athletics; to foster and promote a strong school spirit; to strive for and maintain the glory of Old Central. In this we need the assistance of all the students. They have come forward on many occasions and helped us win the day; but we want all the boys in grand Old Central to enroll their names on the books of the association. Many of the members leave us at the close of this term, and we want new members to fill their places. It is not enough, however, to join the association; but all members should attend every meeting. It is in this way, only, that the association will achieve its worthy purpose.

W. IRVING MORLEY, '05,
Secretary.



ROSE &
GATFUNK

THE FOOTBALL SQUAD

MEMBERS

Mr. Bonnifield,	George Calvin,	Roscoe Myers,	Dave Olin,	Mr. Graves,
J. K. Lewis,	Fred Freshman,	Wilfred Quayle,	Frank Beck,	
Bert Lewis,	Harry Cotton,	Harold McKibben,	Bob Mehornay,	
Courtney Moore,	George Pike,	Irving Morley,	Tom Hagler,	

FOOT BALL



IN looking over the history of foot ball in Central, we find but one team that has equaled the record of the team of 1904. When school opened the outlook was not very favorable, particularly on account of the vacancy in the position of quarter-back. But we were rather fortunate in having an excellent coach in the person of Mr. Harry B. Allen, who soon developed some startling players. Among these were that wonderful little quarter-back, J. K. Lewis, and his equally spectacular brother, Bertless, the full-back. Much credit for the success of the team is due Captain Beck, who held the position of right end. He was ably assisted in running the team by Harry F. Cotton, the star half-back of the Missouri Valley.

When Central found the opponents' line almost impregnable, the quarter-back would always, as a last resort, call a signal for a play through left tackle, and the opportunity awaited the runner for a spectacular play and a sure gain. The man who was responsible for these holes was Harold McKibben, the captain of next year's team. Dave Olin, the left half-back, proved to be a foot ball player of remarkable ability. More than once he kept our record clean by his remarkable sprinting qualities. He was also responsible for many of our scores by his long runs.

The team this year lost one out of nine games played. This game was with Topeka. In that game five of the regulars, including the captain, were out on account of

injuries. The chances were, however, that Topeka would have suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of the Central team if the return game had been played. The victories over Lathrop and Liberty were decisive, notwithstanding the crippled condition of the team.

On October 29, however, the regulars "got in the game," and St. Joseph suffered defeat at our hands by the score of 11 to 0. But it was on November 5 that Central was to spring the greatest surprise of the season. Manual had been advertised, during the season, as having the greatest team in the history of that school, but when the Blue and White team, before the greatest high school band of rooters ever assembled in the West, marched poor Manual up and down the field to the tune of 28 to 0, Manual decided that Central is still in her prime.

The three remaining games of the season were won with ease, and the total score stands: Central, 131; opponents, 32.

Manager Graves proved to be thoroughly capable of filling his position, and it will be a great help to the team of 1905 if he is reappointed. Mr. Bonnifield assisted the coach very materially in making the team a successful one, and the team was indebted to him for some of their ground-gaining plays.

The Athletic Association showed its appreciation of the team by presenting each of the members with a beautiful white sweater marked with the association "C."

LINE UP

Frank Beck (captain), right end.
Fred Freshman, right tackle.
W. Irving Morley, right guard.
Wilfred Quayle, center.
Tom Hagler, left guard.

Harold McKibben, left tackle.
R. Meyers, left end.
J. K. Lewis, quarter-back.
H. F. Cotton, right half-back.

D. Olin, left half-back.
Bert Lewis, full-back.
Substitutes, Smith, Pike, Moore,
Calvin and Mehornay.



THE SECOND FOOTBALL SQUAD

MEMBERS

Mr. Hamilton, Wallace, Shafer,	Brown, Mr. Touton, Cooke, Haas,	McCubbin, Langworthy, White, Kaynor,	Martin, Saunders, Pike, Bungardt,	Deatherage, Nash, Waddell, Duvall.
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CENTRAL SECOND FOOT BALL TEAM.



THAT Central must win from Manual is a proposition that has never been doubted, so far, and never will. When a call was made for foot ball candidates, a large number put in an appearance. After the "weeding-out" process had been carried on for a time, enough men for two teams and substitutes still remained. Charge of the second team was given to Mr. Touton. Although coach of the second team, he is entitled to a share of the credit gained by the first team and their coach. Through his efforts the second team was kept together and the first team always had a plucky squad of second team men to go against in their daily practice. A great deal of credit is due the second team for coming out and taking the medicine administered to them.

Games for the second team with Argentine and Kansas City, Kan., High School teams were arranged by Mr. Hamilton. These games were played at times when they were not needed in practice. The first game with Argentine was played on the Paseo, but resulted in a victory for Argentine. The score was 6 to 0. This was due to the lack of a leader and team work. The boys were not satisfied with the results of this game, and two weeks later

they played Argentine on their own grounds and defeated them by the score of 6 to 0. The next game was very easily won by the boys from the Kansas City, Kan., team by the score of 16 to 0.

The backs on the second team were without a doubt up to the first team standard in every point but weight. Brown and Deatherage split honors at end runs and were always ground gainers. Langworthy played half until, through the non-appearance of the quarter, he was put in that position, which he filled the rest of the season. McCubbin, although small, showed plenty of nerve as full-back and always made his gains. The ends were exceptionally good. Tufts and Austin were fast and full of ginger. The tackles, Pike and Saunders, made good their places early in the season, while White showed up well later on. Kaynor and Haas filled the places at guard. Shafer was fine at center. Although it was his first year he handled the ball with a skill that put the quarter and backs at ease. Wallace, Martin, Cook, Waddel and Williams show up well on the line and were always ready when called upon. Mervine and Geary both did very good work at quarter.

As has been the custom, the second team was taken to St. Joe with the first. The boys expected to play, but no game could be arranged. DAYTON LANGWORTHY, '05.



THE BASKET BALL TEAM

Mr. Hamilton,

Brown,
Cotton,

MEMBERS

Culbertson,
Minton,

Morley,
Langworthy.

Shafer,

BASKET BALL



CENTRAL has another victorious team, and that is the basket ball team. The boys began work at the close of the foot ball season and practiced faithfully, working up to a high point of excellence, a system of team work that fairly baffled our opponents. This team work in a measure made up for the lack of experience in throwing high goals—the only place where the team had a weakness.

The first game was played at the Young Men's Christian Association court against the Y. M. C. A. Reserves. Central lost by one point. The next game was played at Lee's Summit against the strong B. O. C. team. Our team work fairly dazzled the Lee's Summit boys, and Central won by the score of 21 to 20.

The team on January 18 met defeat at the hands of the Independence A. C., but the boys redeemed themselves by defeating Westport on January 27 by the score of 24 to 14, and on February 10 by the score of 43 to 12. On February 17 the team carried off the scalp of the Y. M. C. A. Reserves by the score of 31 to 28.

We were delighted this year to hear that Manual was organizing a basket ball team. Our manager, Mr. Hamilton, immediately sent a challenge to Manual, and games were arranged for March 3 and March 24. Manual won both these games by the score of 31 to 30. In these games the Central boys excelled in the fine points of the game, but the lack of experience in throwing high baskets lost the games for us.

The Kansas City Athletic Club's basket ball team, on March 27, began a series of three games, in Convention Hall, for the championship of the world. Central and

Manual were invited to play for the championship of the Missouri Valley. Central won the first and third games by the scores of 24 to 16 and 29 to 28. Manual succeeded in taking the second game by their usual one point. Of course Central won the cup, which was presented to the school on March 31 by President Vineyard of the Kansas City Athletic Club. These games closed the season, Central having 298 points and her opponents 200.

Harry Cotton was easily the star of this year's team. He rarely missed a free throw and was an adept at dodging his man and making field goals. Howard Shafer is easily the best center of his class in this section. In every game he would invariably get the jump on his opponent, and there were but one or two games in which his opponent succeeded in scoring more points than he did. Harry Minton is rapidly developing into a forward of ability. His playing and goal throwing, at times, is spectacular. Langworthy, though handicapped in height, generally held his man to a goal or two. Morley played a good game at guard and was always at the right spot when most needed. Culbertson is as yet new to the game, but will some day make as good a center as Central ever developed. Brown rarely missed a field goal, when the ball fell into his hands. He was, also, "a sure shot" on free throws.

Much credit is due Mr. Hamilton for his patience and faithful work with the team, and a great deal of the success of the team is due to his coaching ability.

The Athletic Association has shown its appreciation of the team by presenting each member with a white jersey having a six-inch blue stripe, on which is placed the association "C."

THE TEAM

Center, Howard Shafer.
Forwards, Harry F. Cotton, Harry
Minton (captain).

Guards, Irving Morley, Dayton
Langworthy, Guy Brown.
Substitute, Keith Culbertson.



THE GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

MEMBERS

Louise Hendee, Elenore Canny, Mr. Hamilton, Lucy Dunn,
Vera Phillips, Edna McBride, (Capt.) Elsie McPherson.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM



HOW the girls basket ball team came into existence is not the object of this article and therefore it suffices to say that in the early fall of 1903, about twenty girls inaugurated the first of Central's girl teams. As was the custom last year, arrangements were again made to practice on Tuesdays and Fridays of each week. With almost three months of hard practice under the direction of Mr. Hamilton "to raise its courage to the sticking point," Central went forth to bring in victory for the Blue and White. Expectations were more than exceeded, the highest hope was raised even higher and under the skillful management of Miss Edna McBride as captain and the efficient playing of Misses Elsie McPherson, Vera Philips, Lucy Dunny, Louise Henry, Eleanor Canny and Caroline Lewis the team defeated every organization which dared to oppose it. Like our brother teams, it was with ease with which we defeated Manual in two games. Had we lost every other game we played during the year, this would have fairly evened mat-

ters, but it was not so; far from it. It may sound incredible to say it, but we have as yet to lose a game. Our schedule has been anything but easy, as games have been played with Kansas City, Kan., Lee's Summit, the "crack" team of Independence and Miss Biglow's school team, and every one has met defeat at our hands. It is very noticeable how so few Central girls take any interest in the athletic enterprises of their sex. Why this is the case, we have never been able to fathom, but many claim, and in all probability there is some essence of truth in it, that the lack of interest is wholly due to our inadequate gymnasium. We hope, however, if our new "gym" materializes in the coming year, to excite far more interest in girls' athletics than has ever been manifested before. Indeed, all kinds of girls' athletics were unknown as far west as Missouri a few years ago. But nevertheless, with the financial assistance of the school, the efficient coaching of Mr. Hamilton, and the kindly feeling of all, we hope to have a team which will equal if not excel any team in the Missouri valley for next year.

D. O. O.





THE BASEBALL TEAM.

MEMBERS

Ragan,	Brown,	Bonnifield,	Rowland,	Dillon,
Stofer,	Cotton,	Mervine,	Hale,	
Lewis, J. K.,	Strothers,	Lewis, Bert.		

CHAMPION HIGH SCHOOL NINE OF MISSOURI.

BASE BALL



THE base ball team has been fortunate this year in securing the use of parks for games and practice. Although the team contains several new and younger men, it promises well and, with good practice, should improve. Mr. Bonnifield holds the position of manager and coach, and has arranged a good schedule for the team.

Central played her first game April 1 with Wentworth Military Academy of Lexington, Mo., and was defeated in a fast game by a score of 6 to 3. It was in this game that Ragan received his nickname of "bat wielder," due to his long hit to center field. This trip to Wentworth has become an annual affair and is looked forward to with much pleasure, as the boys always have a good time and are well treated by the cadets.

The second game, on April 8, was with Westport, and Central lost this game also, the score being 10 to 9.

On April 15 Central won from Kansas City, Kan., in a



close game by a score of 9 to 8. Rowland, the new left fielder, did good work at the bat in this game.

On April 20 Central was beaten by Manual, the score being 9 to 4.

On May 15 Central will play Manual a second game and at this, one may expect to see some real scientific ball playing, for, in addition to the regular game, a game has been arranged between the faculties of the two schools.

Although the team started out badly, it is not to be supposed that it will continue in that way. There are four league games to be played yet, and Central has an excellent chance to add another cup to her new trophy case.

On May 6, at Columbia, Mo., before a crowd of 1,500 people, Central played Central High School, of St. Louis, and won by a score of 4 to 1. This was one of the best games of the season, as both teams were well matched and played good ball. Ragan's slide for home in the fifth inning broke the tie in favor of Central. Timely hits were made by Hale, Lewis, Cotton and Rowland.

HOWARD MERVINE.

THE TEAM

Lewis, catcher.
Dillon, catcher.
Mervine (captain), pitcher.
Stofer, first base.
Brown, second base.
Ragan, shortstop.

Cotton, third base.
Rowland, left field.
Westfall, center field.
Hale, right field.
Lewis, J. K., outfield.
Strothers, infield.



THE TRACK SQUAD

MEMBERS

Gerard,	Bindbeutel,	Lewis,	Douglass,	Shafer,	Kaynor,
Haas,	Culbertson,	Brown,	Freshman,	Mills,	White,
Waddell,	Moore,	Minton,	Lipscomb,	Mitchell,	Scott,
Austin,	Mehornay,	McCubbin,	Landis,	Mr. Gordon,	Mr. Hamilton,
Bungardt,	Getman,	McConnel,	Cotton,	Hendrickson,	Wallace,

TRACK TEAM



THE track team of 1905 proved to be one of the best in the history of the school. About forty candidates reported for practice on the first day. From this list was selected a team.

The team was greatly strengthened by the return to school of that "greatest athlete Central ever produced," Harry F. Cotton, captain of the victorious track team of 1903. The captain of this year's team, Harry Minton, is without doubt the greatest hurdler in high schools or colleges in this section of the country. There are many underclassmen, that promise to be track men of ability in the future, namely, Mitchell, a freshman, in the hammer throw; Kaynor, a junior, in the long-distance runs; Parker and Mehornay in the pole vault and high jump, and Douglass, a junior, in the sprints.

The first track event of the season was an invitation relay and dash event against Manual in Convention Hall on the night of March 17. Our boys won with ease, bringing one more trophy to help fill our case. The cup was presented to the school on March 24 by Harry Minton.

On April 19 the annual inter-class meet was held on the Parade. The seniors won with 61 points. The juniors made 55, sophomores 3 and the freshmen 7.

On April 22 our boys sallied down to Lexington, Mo., and defeated the cadets of the Wentworth Military Academy by the score of 77 to 40. The star of the day was Harry Minton, who won 21 of the 77 points. The track team on the following Friday, April 28, went up to Lawrence, Kan., to meet the Kansas high schools in a track meet. Central came out second in this meet, winning 25 points. Kansas City high schools, however, won 70 points of the possible 117, leaving 47 points for all the Kansas high schools.

May 6 the Central track team, accompanied by 300 rooters, went to Columbia, Mo., to compete in a track meet held under the auspices of the Missouri University. Central again won second place, making 23 points. The meet was a great success and the Missouri University authorities should be commended for the admirable way they handled the many high school excursionists that flocked there on May 6.

May 13 the track meet with Manual was postponed.

Mr. Hamilton, the manager of the team, deserves great credit for the schedule he has arranged for the track team. No track team of Central ever had the advantages of competing against such teams as the team of 1905. Mr. Gordon has been of great assistance to Mr. Hamilton in coaching the team.

TEAM

Lewis,
Mehornay,
Moore,

Minton,
McCubbin,
Geary,

Cotton,
Douglass,
Scott,

Freshman,
White,
Morley,

Parker,
Brown,
Myers,

McConnell,
Getman,
Shafer,

Mitchell,
Kaynor,
Bungardt.



THE TUMBLING TEAM

MEMBERS

Parker,	McCubbin,	Mitchell,	Mr. Hamilton,	Shafer,	McCoy,
Minton,	Hucke,	Robinson,	Bierwirth,	McConnell,	Langworthy,
Haas,	McPherrin,	Schlichter,	Crowley,	Flynn,	Nachman,
Weidman,	Pypes,	Livingston,	Waddell,	Kumpf,	Edwards,
Cotton,		Tyler,	Thomas,		Stephenson.

CENTRAL TUMBLING TEAM.



AFTER the foot ball season and before the weather permits of outdoor exercise, those interested in athletics join the tumbling team in the "gym." This year the team started with nearly all of last year's men, besides the new material. The members of last year's team have not been held back by the new members. Mr. Hamilton has had them branch out into the more difficult work of combining several "stunts" into one continuous movement. Some have even extended their work to the double bar.

This year brought out several small boys, which gives an advantage over last year's team in pyramid-building. In this line, also, several curious pyramids have been developed by Howard Shafer, which will be given in our hall programme. These consist of pyramids built upon one man.

One stunt that has not been tried for several years is the back air-set from the ground. This, Lucius McConnell has been working hard on and has accomplished. He has also been working on the back handspring. These have been tried by a few others with more or less success.

On the horizontal bar, Lawrence Pike has developed wonderfully and rivals Haas in his stunts. Waddel and Slickter have been working hard in perfecting some combination mat stunts.

Every meeting the boys are put through the stunts on the mats. All are required to try them, until they become able to do them. These consist of rolls, snaps, head and handsprings. After this they take up the specialties that they are trying to perfect.

DAYTON LANGWORTHY, '05.





THE RELAY TEAM

Mr. Gordon.
J. K. Lewis.

Harry Minton.
Lucius McConnel.

Mr. Hamilton.

Fred Freshman.

HISTORY



B. Guignon.

MANFRED OF SICILY



THE fair little island of Sicily had been enjoying a season of unusual quiet and freedom from strife. This was due in part, no doubt, to the personality of the reigning king, Frederic IV, who, at this time, late in the thirteenth century, was greatly beloved and trusted by his subjects. Frederic had two sons, Conrad and Manfred, who had from boyhood been devoted comrades. Being well matched, both in learning and in feats of skill, their tastes were alike, and so, during their youthful years, they were constantly together. When their many lessons were finished, they were accustomed to roam around the palace gardens, having Lanzia, the daughter of a Lombard earl, generally as companion. She was a bright, sunny child with dark hair and that clear, beautiful complexion peculiar to the Sicilian people.

Conrad at the age of seventeen was sent away to the Continent that he might better fit himself for the difficult position awaiting him as successor to his father, the emperor.

Three years later he returned unexpectedly. It was twilight and the sun was just setting in the West over the shimmering surface of the lake. Here and there graceful swans bent their slender necks toward the water. On a marble bench almost entirely surrounded by trees was seated a young girl, slender and beautiful, her white robe caught at the belt with a golden girdle, her dark hair entwined with strings of pearls. At her feet sat a youth, with his earnest dark eyes fixed upon his young companion.

The heir-apparent, Conrad, stopped amazed at the sight; then recognized the actors of this little drama, and for the first time felt a passionate jealousy toward his brother rise in his heart. From that day he loved Lanzia, from that day he strove to win her with all the force of his impetuous nature.

As his father became more powerful, Conrad increased in power and sent his young brother away into the farthest part of the kingdom. All the forces which he could bring to bear were used and finally the heartbroken girl succumbed to the inevitable, for she was led to believe that Manfred was lost forever.

Soon after the marriage of Conrad and Lanzia, Conrad was called away to settle a dispute between Italy and his native land, and the bridegroom, naturally fearful of consequences when Manfred should return to his father's court, took his young wife with him.

During their absence his aged father died, and Manfred was appointed regent during the absence of his elder brother. Pope Innocent IV was hostile to Manfred and instigated many nobles in Apulia to revolt. Manfred, although but poorly equipped with troops, headed them himself and led them to victory. And all this he was willing, nay, anxious to do for the brother who of late had served him but ill. A gloom settled upon him which was only raised when two years afterwards Lanzia, with her infant son, Conradin, returned to Sicily on the death of Conrad. She possessed now a more queenly beauty, enhanced as the years had passed.

Again Manfred was appointed regent until his infant nephew should come of age. Again did the pontiff interfere with large forces at Foggia. Again did the valiant and brilliant soldiery of Manfred lead them on to victory. This time no melancholy held him in its clutches. He saw before him a brilliant life filled with triumphs. His authority was soon established over the whole kingdom. In triumph he returned—not to a palace devoid of love—but to a palace whose mistress (for he had established Lanzia as queen of the court) would greet him with that true joy in his success for which he most longed.

He returned late that evening just as the moon rose high over the battlements, touching all the grounds with its silvery light. There among the fragrant roses Lanzia sat with her child in her arms. Here Manfred sought

her. Here he received his joyous welcome. Long they talked of the future while the child slept.

"Lanzia, I must tell you something which will grieve you, and me, for you must know that what brings sorrow to you must also pain me. It is no longer safe for Conradin to remain in Sicily."

The mother's arms clasped the child closer.

"The times are stormy. I have heard of a quiet place in Italy. There he can remain in safety under the care of his old nurse until he is of age."

More and more he persuaded her, and she, trusting in him implicitly, followed his judgment. But she and he had held the God of Love at bay too long. "Too long!" her heart cried that evening. "Too long!" was the responsive echo in his own! The avowal of his love for her was simple and straightforward, as were all his actions in life. Just as simply she returned his love. So the two were wedded, and that love which had suffered for years now burst into the perfect bloom of noonday—into that rich and beautiful love which outlives this world and looks only to completion in the next.

The only flaw in their perfect happiness was the absence of the boy, whose place in his mother's heart could not be filled by another. One day while seated in the salon surrounded by her maids, the door opened and her husband entered, pale and trembling.

"Dear Lanzia, he is dead!"

One shriek arose, and into that one cry went all a mother's grief. She fell to the floor seemingly lifeless. On her recovery she found that her husband had been crowned king, for he was beloved by all his countrymen.

The pontiff was at that time stopping near the same quiet place in Italy to which Conradin had been sent, when one day on his way to chapel he was encountered by an old woman who sought to speak to him, but was roughly pushed aside by the attendants. The pope then bade them

make way and the woman piteously besought him to listen: Then she told him of young Conradin, of whom she had had charge, who had been falsely reported dead to the regent—now king of Sicily. The pontiff's bright black eyes sparkled.

"This shall be attended to," and with a wave of his hand he dismissed her. The pontiff had long heard bad tales of Manfred, wrongly interpreted by the attendants at the Vatican. An embassy was sent to Sicily, telling Manfred that his nephew lived, and demanding that he relinquish the throne. This Manfred refused to do, as the times were too perilous, and he feared the loose government of the advisers, who would help direct the government. He yielded thus much, however—upon his death he promised to bequeath the crown to Conradin. The pope was angered at this response and gave the crown to Charles, Count of Anjou of France. Then the subjects of Sicily loyally followed Manfred, when he went to fight the forces of the pope. The decisive struggle occurred at Benevento. For weeks the king had carefully planned his tactics; his soldiers were carefully drilled, so he felt confident of success.

But when the battle took place the Apulians took to flight, overcome by the overpowering numbers of the Count of Anjou. Humiliated and despairing, rather than be captured, he valiantly plunged into the thickest of the conflict, only to be knocked from his horse, dying from many wounds. His followers hastily buried his body under a heap of stones, but the pope had the body placed on the frontier in unconsecrated ground.

There day after day the queen was seen weeping for her young husband (for at his death he was still in his thirties). Even her child, restored at last, could not entirely comfort her, and before many months her soul went forth on its last long journey to find rest.

MARIAN GAGE, '05.

THE GROWTH OF FEUDALISM



IN order to understand any movement towards the establishing of a new institution, we must consider two things—first, the condition of society which makes the new movement possible; and next, the customs and practices of society which determine the form the new institution is to assume.

At that time, in the history of Western Europe, when the name of a crowned emperor at Rome could no longer keep in allegiance his vast domains, there grew up a substitute called feudalism. It was "a form of social and civic government based on land tenure."

Among the prevailing customs of the society of that time, the two which naturally suggest themselves are the Precarium and the Patrocinium. The first is the case in which a land owner who could no longer protect himself went to a powerful noble and gave him the land in fee simple. The lord, in return, allowed the donor to live upon the land, but reserved the right to withdraw this privilege at any time. The second is the case in which a man with no land went to the lord and placed himself under the protection of the noble. In return for protection the free-man did such work as he was able; that is, he helped to keep the castle in repair, to till the fields, and to fight his lord's battles.

Although these forms suggest feudalism, yet the characteristic features of feudalism were lacking. In the first instance, it was land without service, and in the second it was service without land. The legal feature was also lacking. There was not only no bond, expressed or implied, between the state and the lords who practiced these customs, but the state had even declared them illegal.

Now let us look at the prevailing condition of the society of the time. All Europe was in a state of unrest. Rome was tottering to her fall. The barbarians were pouring over her northern borders in swarms. Bands of de-

serting soldiery, peasants in revolt and marauders of all sorts made the conditions still more unbearable. Now, since man must have protection at any price, it naturally followed that those who could not protect themselves joined themselves to the lord who could. Thousands did this, and in time the lord became an independent, semi-detached fragment of the state.

When the Franks entered Gaul they found these conditions existing there, as they did in all parts of the empire. As often happened, they did not abolish them, but after a few alterations adopted the institution as their own. Nothing shows this better than the fusion of the Roman ideas and the Comitatus, a purely German custom. The Comitatus was, to quote Adams, "a purely personal relationship between the chief and the young men in his tribe, of mutual service, protection and support voluntarily entered into on both sides." In the Comitatus the man who wished to enter the service of his chief came to him and, kneeling, vowed to be his lord's man. After this the chief raised him to his feet and embraced him as a sign that the compact was considered an honor on both sides alike.

The Franks' entrance into Gaul was the crisis of feudalism, for the absolute monarchies such as Charlemagne and many of the Frankish kings maintained was incompatible with feudalism. However, the kings legalized it and, with the exception that the state now recognized them, the practices remained much as they were under the empire.

But it was in the time of Charles Martel that feudalism took its great step forward. How it came about was something like this: The Saracens were overrunning Southern France and were advancing steadily northward. These Arabs, mounted on fast horses, would swoop down, killing, pillaging and burning everything before them in their raids, and then escape before the peasantry could arm and overtake them. It was necessary, therefore, that

the state have some kind of mounted soldiery. The expense of equipping and maintaining it was so great, however, that few peasants were able to afford it. The state was thus forced to help the people in arming themselves. This it could do only by grants of land. But the royal lands having all been given away under former kings, the only thing left for Charles Martel to do was to seize the church lands. These lands he gave to those who had been loyal to him and could with the help of the grant keep one or more mounted soldiers in the field. Thus the condition of service in return for land and land as a reward for service were united. In other words, Charles Martel united the *Patrocinium*, *Precarium* and the *Comitatus* into one system.

The next step was the formation of a feudal army under Charlemagne. With large wars constantly on hand, it became necessary to keep a large number of men constantly in the field. But the peasantry, on whom he relied for his recruits, could not afford to leave their crops for military duties. They deserted in such numbers that, although Charlemagne exempted two out of every three men from military duty, allowing the two at home to equip and maintain one in the field, the armies threatened to disappear. Then the king allowed the men to appear under the banner of their over-lord. The effect was immediate.

Each lord wished to appear at the head of as large a body of peasantry as possible, and so the king's army was very much enlarged. This order, however, took the direct command of the forces away from the king and made it a feudal army.

The third step in feudalism was the acquiring of the right to administer justice. In the larger fiefs this right was probably a usurpation, but in the smaller ones it took place in a different way. It probably started with immunities. These were permits or privileges which made the owner of the fief a state officer and which exempted the fief from the authority of all other state officers. In this way the fief was freed from all jurisdiction of the courts, the king alone having greater power than the owner of the fief.

I have tried in these few paragraphs to give those causes which effected the rise of the feudal system. It arose first in the private and illegal practices of the old empire. The lack of security and protection due to existing circumstances and failure of the authorities to overcome them caused the people of the time to adopt these measures and, with the help of time and experience, to change them into the most powerful political factor of mediaeval times.

CHAS. B. REYNOLDS, '05.



DEMOSTHENES AND THE ATHENIAN ARMY



IN the summer of 425 B. C., about the time of the corn's coming into ear, as Thucydides quaintly puts it, a fleet of Athenian ships was hastening northward along the western coast of Greece to attack a Spartan fleet already arrived at Coreyra. On board one of these ships, but not in command, was one of the ablest generals that Greece can boast of. This man was Demosthenes, not the orator of whom the world has heard so much, but the ill-fated general whose history is less known.

So eager were the Athenians to reach their destination that they refused to stop at Pylos and fortify it, as Demosthenes advised, though they had been authorized to do so if he should deem it expedient. Fortunately, a storm drove the fleet into that port. Again Demosthenes endeavored to persuade the generals to fortify the place, as stone and timber were abundant, and the place naturally a strong fort and unoccupied. It was also an excellent station for incursions into Sparta. But Demosthenes argued in vain; the generals could not be persuaded and he despaired of accomplishing his cherished plan. Fate favored him again, however, as continued inclement weather keeping the fleet in the harbor, the soldiers voluntarily set about fortifying the place. In six days the interior wall nearest the mainland was finished. Then the Athenians left Demosthenes with five ships to complete the work and protect it.

The Spartan army was at that time ravaging Attica, but, on hearing of the movements of Demosthenes, returned home and hastened to Pylos. Sixty Spartan ships from Coreyra, having escaped the Athenian fleet, also arrived at Pylos, but Demosthenes discovered the approach of the Spartans in time to send two of his ships to notify the commanders of the Athenian fleet to bring him aid.

The situation of Demosthenes was critical and seemed almost hopeless, but he drew up his three small triremes under the fortifications and enclosed them in a stockade. He successfully held his position for two days, when the arrival of an Athenian fleet, coming to his aid, not only resulted in the defeat of the Spartans, but also, eventually, in the capture of a Spartan force on the island of Spacteria. Thus was the bold undertaking of Demosthenes brilliantly and effectively accomplished and thus proved more advantageous to Athens than was expected even by Demosthenes himself. The whole exploit proved the genius of Demosthenes, his quickness in grasping a situation and his cleverness in carrying out his plans. But, after all, Cleon reaped the glory of the victory; the politician and demagogue plucked the laurel wreath from the soldier's brow.

The same keenness in discerning the possibilities of a situation was again demonstrated by this general when, in 413 B. C., he arrived at the great city of Syracuse with reinforcements from Athens. The Athenian army under Nicias had suffered two crushing defeats, one on land and one on sea. These misfortunes had discouraged and de-

moralized the Athenians so greatly that when Demosthenes arrived the army was no more than a shadow of its former



self. But with the intuitive decision of a great general, Demosthenes saw that Epipolae was the key to Syracuse, and that if he did not gain possession of it all hopes of victory would be lost. Accordingly he made a hurried night attack on the outworks at Epipolae. (See "C" on map.)

All went well with the Athenians until a brigade of Boeotian allies came down on them and with heavy slaughter easily drove them over the cliffs, which only a few hours before they had scaled full of hope and confident of victory. This defeat was the decisive event of the siege. The Athenians struggled afterwards only to protect themselves from the hands of the avenging Syracusans. A series of sea fights followed, in which the Athenian ships were totally destroyed or captured.

What were the Athenians to do? There was but one thing left—that was retreat! It was a heartrending scene indeed. Leaving behind them the dead, unburied; the sick and wounded, uncaared for; discouraged, despairing, they began the fatal retreat. The generals perceiving the depressed condition of the army, passed along the ranks and encouraged them as much as was possible under such

circumstances. They marched in the form of a hollow square; the division of Nicias taking the lead, while that of Demosthenes followed. After five days' fighting in vain to get away to Catana, the weary, starving Athenians, leaving their campfires burning, in the night, stole away towards the southwest, hoping to find shelter among the Greek cities. They reached the shore at daylight, but attacks on the rear-guard were so annoying that Demosthenes was forced to pause and fight. On the other hand, Nicias and his division pushed forward so that soon the two divisions were five miles apart. First the enemy, from protected positions, surrounded Demosthenes and his forces on all sides. After an all-day's struggle Demosthenes was forced to surrender, the Athenians giving up their arms and their resources on condition that they should not be put to death either by torture, imprisonment or starvation. Thus was shattered the fortune of Demosthenes, and thus sank forever the glory of Athenian prestige.

Two days later the army under Nicias was surrounded and captured practically without terms. Nicias and Demosthenes were put to death in cold blood by the cruel Syracusans.

The world has not forgotten the brilliant but unprincipled Alcibiades who planned and instigated the expedition, but much less should be forgotten the sorrowful fate of Demosthenes, the brilliant strategist, the sagacious general, and the true patriot, whose patience, energy and courage wrested from difficulties and dangers, victory and glory for Athens at Pylos, and whose genius was overwhelmed at Syracuse only by the mistakes and stupidity of his superior officers and by the demoralized spirit of the Athenian army. He was a victim to his countrymen's mistakes, and a martyr to Athenian democracy.

MAURINE MERCEDES DYER, '06.

THE GREEK AND THE ROMAN JUDICIAL SYSTEM



THE Greeks and the Romans were without doubt of the same race. Their ancestors sprang from that powerful branch of the Aryans which in prehistoric times came out of the East and overran Asia Minor, Greece, Italy and the other lands bordering on the Mediterranean. They were much alike in complexion and other physical characteristics. They both possessed a sturdy sense of independence, a strong love of liberty and a great genius for government.

Notwithstanding their common origin, their later development produced peoples of many radically different traits. In art, drama, philosophy and other lines the Greeks far surpassed the Romans. In perhaps no field is this divergence more pronounced than in the judicial systems which they devised. In the Greek state the people met and had a direct part in making and enforcing their laws. In Rome the gradual tendency was the other way. More and more all powers became centralized and the share of the individual in active administration grew less and less. Everything was "for the welfare of the Republic." This difference between the two peoples is shown both in their methods of making and in constructing their courts.

Since at Athens the Greek democracy and institutions attained their highest development, her laws and courts may properly be compared with those of Rome. Athenian law was a slow growth, continually aiming for justice and equality to the citizen. As with all other nations, the laws of the Greeks in their earliest beginnings were but unwritten customs, harsh and cruel for the most part, the knowledge of which was the exclusive property of the elders and Eupatrids. In course of time they were codified and softened to the needs of a democratic people. Indeed in Cleisthenes' constitution, 508 B. C., one of the principal features, furthering the democratic idea, granted citizenships to all free inhabitants of Attica. It also preserved

the provision, introduced by Solon, that a committee chosen by the Ecclesia, the great popular assembly of the citizens, might decree additional laws. Nevertheless, by 330 B. C., in the time of Demosthenes, the work of the select committee in framing new laws seems to have fallen into disuse; and laws were enacted directly by the Ecclesia. Such was the constant trend of purely democratic sentiment in Athens.

Rome likewise passed through the stage of custom and tradition and owed much to Servius Tullius and other law-givers. Many changes in the fundamental law were, however, simply adjustments of the regulations of other states. This was notably true of the twelve tables, which in a sense came from Greece, B. C. 452.

But the Greek system, while contributing to the Roman idea, was in no proper sense adopted. On account of the long struggle between the plebeians and patricians, political equality was granted to all Roman citizens; but the people never, as at Athens, took direct part in executing the laws. It is a striking contrast that at the very time when the constitution of Cleisthenes accorded the greatest amount of power to the people, the revolution which ended the reign of the kings at Rome and brought in the Republic, 509 B. C., did not greatly enlarge the powers of the people in making or directly enforcing their laws. At that time the Areopagus or Athenian Senate exercised only a nominal power in the enactment of laws, while the Roman Senate actually decided what was to come before the Comitia Curiata and nothing became law without its sanction. While the law-making power of the Greek Senate drifted more and more to the people, that of the Roman Senate became almost entirely lodged in the Emperor.

This difference between Greek and Roman was also shown in the trial of lawsuits. In Athens the people, acting as jurors, were always a part of the courts. The Romans seem never to have known a jury trial. When the

judicial power was taken from the consuls it was vested in the praetors. These praetors and all other judicial magistrates seldom tried a case themselves, but appointed one or more judges for the purpose. All the evidence was brought before the judge, and he, from his knowledge of the law and interpretation of the testimony, rendered his judgment. Civil and criminal cases were conducted alike, except that in the latter the praetor himself presided.

But how different it was in Athens! Here was an elaborately organized body of jurors, divided into ten sections, each consisting of five hundred jurors or dicasts. Adding to these one hundred chosen for each section as a reserve, the number of dicasts was, approximately, six thousand in all. To further show that each citizen regarded himself as the equal of his neighbor, they were each chosen from the body of Athenian citizens by lot. A number of the jurors varying from two hundred and one to the whole six thousand was appointed for each case. The celebrated trial of Socrates was before five hundred and fifty-seven jurors chosen in this way. When the dicasts were assembled in their court house some one of the magistrates laid the point at issue before them. Arguments pro and con, with evidence of the witnesses, which had previously been taken and reduced to writing for use at the trial, were introduced, the law touching the point was read, and a majority vote of this immense jury was decisive. There was no appeal. Such was the trial of civil suits and certain

classes of criminal cases. Murder and arson, however, were always brought before the Areopagus.

Little or nothing of this strikingly democratic system remains to us, while the work of the Romans has been surprisingly enduring. This came about through the spreading of Roman civilization by conquest, by commerce, and by actual racial amalgamation with their vanquished peoples. The value and stability of their system of jurisprudence, however, is proved by the fact that it has lived throughout the shifting fortunes of the later Roman Empire, and the constant political changes of the middle ages. Its enduring quality is no doubt due to its own excellence as well as to its preservation in the Code and Pandects of Justinian.

Thus it has come about that Roman justice is practiced in nearly every country of Continental Europe and is largely in force in Louisiana and the Spanish-speaking portions of this continent. The life of the Greek system, from its earliest prehistoric beginnings to the conquest of Greece, B. C. 146, was probably not over six hundred years. That of Rome, however, endured for thirteen hundred years to the time of Justinian. If we count its life until today, as is only proper, the Roman system of jurisprudence may be said to have endured for twenty-six centuries. Its influence has been more far-reaching than that of any other judicial system devised by man.

WARD H. COOK, '06.





SCIENCE

WHAT OUTSIDERS THINK OF CENTRAL'S SCIENCE WORK.



IN accordance with the nature of the subject, those who follow in a line of scientific work are, as a rule, little known to the world at large. Lawyers, musicians, singers, actors, and men prominent in commercial and political affairs, are more often in the public eye. In past years, Central has more than once been proud to do homage to members of these professions, and has unhesitatingly asserted that they, as former graduates, received impetus in their different directions through her influence. At the same time she has to a certain extent neglected those equally assured successes in the scientific world—this for several reasons. Briefly stated, they are these: the modesty and reserve usual in the man of science; the slow, steady, unexciting nature of his work; the narrow comprehension of its details by the general public. This neglect is to be regretted on three scores—that the field is large and open to fruitful research owing to the numbers worthy of mention; that more than any other line of work it had for those numbers, its foundation in Central; and most of all, that to those in the school it would furnish encouragement and impulse to half-defined interest, at present vacillating between desire for pursuance of the work and doubt as to the practicability of it.

For these reasons a record, necessarily incomplete, has been sought of those graduates who, receiving their start in the science departments of Central, have since met with varying degrees of success through the practical application of their knowledge to the scientific problems of today. Graduates of recent years have been chosen, both because they are better known among the student body today, and because on that account the quickness of their success will be more apparent.

Foremost among these is Dr. Frank A. Hall, class of '97, who received the degree of M. D. at the Kansas City Medical College, did graduate work in histology and bacteriology at Chicago University, and now lectures on these subjects at the Kansas City Medical College. In these respects Dr. Hall is the best-informed man in Kansas City, and is consulted by much older physicians for medical diagnosis.

Of the same class is Dr. Burkhardt, '97. Received degree of M. D. in 1900; now holds an important chair at the college as lecturer; has a large practice and is one of

the most progressive physicians in the city, applying modern scientific principles to all diagnosis.

Nellie Milan, 1900; taught science two years at the Methodist College in Palmyra, Mo.; since then instructor of chemistry and physics at the Macon High School.

Frank Liepsner, '00; assistant in chemistry M. S. U. Austin F. Rogers, '86; assistant professor of mineralogy at Columbia University, N. Y.

Alman Copley, class of '98; in the employment of the Westinghouse General Electric Co., Pittsburg.

Selby Haar, '00; entered Boston Tech.; employed by the General Electrical Company of Schenectady, New York. The two largest electrical companies in America are the Westinghouse of Pittsburg and the General Electrical of Schenectady, New York. They take from the technical schools the most promising of the students and teach them at their works the practical application of their knowledge. Hence it was no small honor that Mr. Copley and Mr. Haar were chosen by the respective houses.

Ed Braniff, '00; employed in the Forestry Department of the Government.

Frank Bannister, '03; attended M. S. U. one year; now assistant in physics, Central High School.

John Long, '99; attended Princeton; now with Waddell & Hedrick, bridge engineers.

Fred Shaw; attended Columbia, New York, then was made mining inspector of Western mines; now doing individual prospecting in Arizona.

Ira V. Renieh, '98; with the Anaconda Copper Company, Butte, Mont.

Ben Lubschez, '98; with Avon Bruidt, leading architect.

Dr. Fritz Moenninghof, medal winner at Kansas City Medical College.

John Sills, earnest, practical worker; now assistant civil engineer over seven hundred miles of Frisco road.

H. R. Gass, jr.; has been in the civil engineering business ever since he left Central; after hard work in surveying two years ago he was placed in charge of construction work with about ten miles of road to build, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year and all expenses paid.

A few of those who are now creditably pursuing science studies in the colleges and universities are Logan Clendening, John Starkie, Paul Neff, Lawrence Blodgett. There are many names which belong on this list omitted because the time was too short for any extensive compilation.

THE MATCH



It has often been said, and too often has the saying proved true, that the average specimen of mankind knows little of the things that touch him closest. Of course, a great deal of such knowledge is not absolutely necessary to existence, as, in fact, what knowledge is? It would hardly alter a man's career to know that the reason for scratching the head of a match is simply to generate heat, and not, as some suppose, to bring together in a mysterious way the chemicals which, in themselves, will cause a flame. But a knowledge of such things, aside from its intrinsic value, gives a man bearing among the men of the world, and helps to prove that old adage, "Knowledge is power."

Fifty years ago the tinder box was as indispensable to household life as is the well-filled match case of today. Since that day when the first clumsy, sputtering and ill-smelling match scattered the fire over the person and everything in his vicinity, dozens and dozens of mixtures have been tried for match heads and hundreds upon hundreds of inventions have been patented for converting the logs of wood into two and one-half inch splits. These machines have been so perfected that one firm alone now turns out forty-five billion matches annually, or about seven matches per day for every person in Missouri.

The wood, pine or aspen, comes chiefly from Canada. In great logs it goes in the factory at one door on trucks and comes out the other in the shape of matches, neatly packed in boxes. Like needles, matches are manufactured in pairs. After the heavier machines have barked, pared, cut and planed the wood into five-inch blocks, they are run through the splitting machine. By endless belts they are conveyed from there to the "dipper," a reversing de-

vice by which one end after another is dipped in paraffin, to make the wood absorptive, and in phosphorus and chlorate of potash, to make it firebearing. Machine after machine was invented, patented and tested for this part of the work in order to get just the right amount of the mixture on each match, and to give to that mixture a rounded shape. Almost every factory has a special invention of its own, which they keep secret and guarded.

As to the color of the mixture itself, the oddest thing is true. Each locality has its styles. The mining towns will accept nothing but black-headed matches. The French prefer the blue-helmeted warriors, while the Americans take the "red coat" as their style in the color of matches.

Like in all similar trades, there has sprung up special types and queer designs of matches—the Vesuvians, a hardwood match for smokers; the dainty little Vestas, like a miniature candle, and the safety match. The last-named variety, the kind that must be rubbed on its accompanying box to ignite, is only possible because match heads are composed of more than one chemical. Instead of these chemicals being mixed, as in the ordinary match, the phosphorus is on the match box, while the chlorate of potash is on the match. When these are rubbed together, and then only, will a flame be produced. The advantages of such a match are easily seen and were thought to be so great that Parliament passed a law making its use obligatory in all public buildings.

The match trade is but another of those great industries that have been built up within a few years, because of the demands of civilization—a demand that never fails to set all the mechanics, inventors and discoverers on the alert.

FRANK C. WILKINSON, '06.

PROTOPLASM



SUPERFICIALLY, animal and plant cells appear to differ so widely, as to form and content, that, at first sight, they seem to have so little in common as to make a comparison difficult. But, on closer examination these exceedingly different cells are seen to be similar in one respect, i. e.: in the possession of a very important peculiar mixture of substances, which, though appearing sometimes in large, and sometimes in small quantities, is never wholly lacking. This substance is protoplasm. In all unicellular organisms, protoplasm appears as a viscid substance, almost wholly colorless, and insoluble in water, in which medium it can be clearly distinguished. Minute granules, called microsomes, are always present in all protoplasm, and according to whether there are few or many of them, the protoplasm is more or less transparent. The granules are not regularly distributed, generally a more or less thin outer zone remaining free from them. This clear external layer is known as ectoplasm and the dark, more granular internal zone as the endoplasm.

As to the structure of protoplasm, no definite conclusion has yet been reached. At present there are at least four conflicting theories, known as the framework theory, foam or honeycomb theory, filament theory and granular theory.

The framework theory is advocated by Fromman. According to it, protoplasm consists of a fine network of threads, in the interstices of which the fluid is held. Roughly speaking, it is like a sponge. The microsomes are nothing but the points where the threads intersect,

Butschli is the chief advocate of the foam or honeycomb theory. He succeeded in producing a delicate emulsion by mixing olive oil and salt or cane-sugar. This consists of a groundwork of oil, containing many spaces, which are completely closed in and filled with watery liquid. These spaces resemble the cells of the honeycomb, and are separated from one another by the most delicate lamellae of oil, which refract the light more strongly than the watery fluid does. Butschli considers protoplasm to possess a similar structure, and he bases his opinion on experiments of living objects.

The filament theory was propounded by Flemming. While examining a number of living cells he observed in protoplasm some delicate threads which have a greater refractive power than the intervening substance. These threads varied in length and number, and it was impossible to distinguish whether they were all entirely separated.

Altman is the advocate of the granular theory. By special treatment he succeeded in rendering particles visible in a cell called granula. These vary in number and appear sometimes in masses and sometimes in rows. He also considered them as separate organisms, which he called bioblasts. From this he defines protoplasm "as a colony of bioblasts."

Our knowledge of the chemical nature of protoplasm is most unsatisfactory. It has been sometimes described as a living albumen, but such expressions may give rise to an incorrect conception of the nature of protoplasm. It is not a chemical but a morphological conception; it is not a single chemical substance, but a composition of many different chemical substances, wonderfully complex in struc-

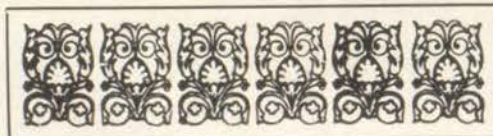
ture. Chemical substances exhibit similar properties under different circumstances, but protoplasm cannot be placed under different conditions without ceasing to be protoplasm for its essential properties, in which its life history manifests itself, depend upon a fixed organization. After this organization has been destroyed, a body of protoplasm is no longer protoplasm; we only examine the chemical ruins of the protoplasm when we treat the dead cells with re-agents.

It is also difficult to determine the chemical nature of the substances peculiar to living protoplasm. For, setting aside the fact that the bodies are so unstable, that the least interference alters their constitution, the difficulty in analyzing them is greatly increased by the presence of waste products of metabolism. Among these complex substances the proteids are of special importance. These are the most complex of all known organic substances, and till now little has been known as to their chemical structure. This structure depends upon the very remarkable chemical properties of carbon. In proteids carbon occurs combined with four elements—hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and sulphur.

Among various proteid bodies plastin alone seems peculiar to protoplasm. Plastin is insoluble in water, in a 10 per cent salt solution, and a 10 per cent solution of sulphate of magnesia; it is precipitated by weak acetic acid, while concentrated acid causes it to swell; it resists both pepsin and trypsin digestion. Globulins and albumins are present in smaller quantities.

All protoplasms exhibit certain characteristics, one of which is its excitability. By this is meant the readiness with which it reacts to stimuli. A weak force will change the relative position of the molecules, but a strong force destroys the life of the protoplasm. Another characteristic is its need for oxygen. It requires this to retain activity, and if kept too long without it, dies, but if withheld from it for a short time merely becomes dormant. In order that the life processes of protoplasm may go on actively, two things are necessary: (1) It must have water constantly; (2) the temperature should not fall below 4 degrees Centigrade, nor rise above 40 degrees Centigrade. If these things are lacking, protoplasm dies and is then called dead protoplasm.

FREDERICK BRUCKMILLER, '07.



FACULTY (In Part)
Department
of Mathematics



MISS MAGERLE



MR. WRIGHT

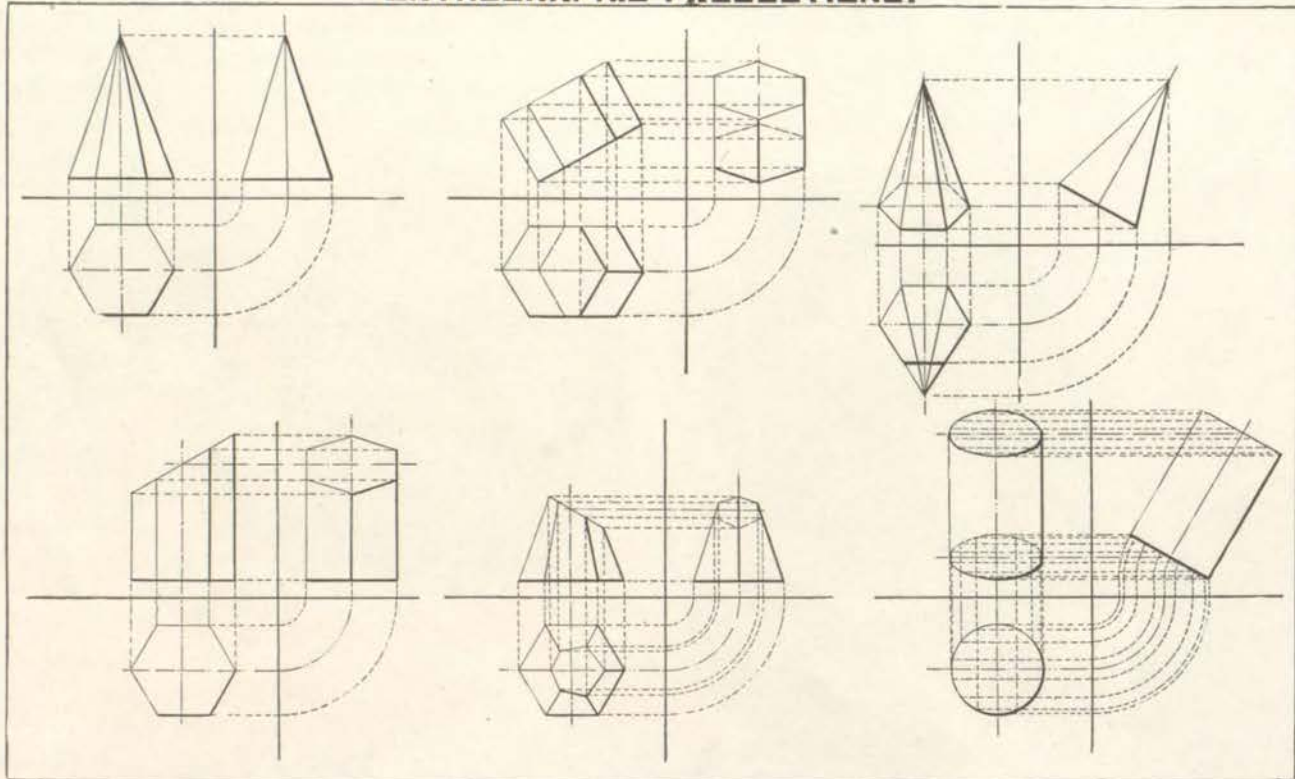


MR. HOLMES



MR. TOUTON

ORTHOGRAPHIC PROJECTIONS.



ORTHOGRAPHIC PROJECTIONS



ORTHOGRAPHIC comes from the word orthography, which means, in geometry, the delineation of an object by lines and angles corresponding to those of the object; an elevation, showing all the parts in their proper proportions.

The work in the above cut is the first plate of the second term, first year. The first term, orthographic projections deal with points and lines, while this work takes up many points and lines put together in a definite shape, to form solids. The first figure is that of a hexagonal pyramid. If we look at it in the vertical plane, we see four lines, or the four edges, terminating in the vertex. Looking down upon the pyramid, we see the base, or a regular hexagon. This is the projection upon the horizontal plane. In taking another side view, we see two edges upon the perpendicular plane. Thus we have three views, or, technically speaking, three projections of the pyramid. In figure 2, the three projections of a right hexagonal prism inclined 30 degrees to the horizontal plane are shown. Another hexagonal pyramid is shown in figure 3, the only difference lying in the fact that the pyramid is inclined 30 degrees to the hori-

zontal plane. Figures 4 and 5 show the three projections, respectively, of a frustum of a regular hexagonal prism, and a frustum of a regular hexagonal pyramid. Figure 6 shows the three projections of a cylinder inclined 30 degrees to the horizontal plane.

From the above, we can readily see the usefulness of orthographic projections to the architect and mechanical draughtsman, it being the underlying and fundamental principle of mechanical and architectural drawing. The architect, in planning a house, does the same work. He looks upon the horizontal plane for the plan view of his building; upon the vertical plane, he sees the front view; and on the perpendicular plane, the side view of the building is traced out. The mechanical draughtsman has the same principle to follow out in making machine details and other work.

Mechanical drawing is a great benefit to the boy or girl, as it disciplines the constructive imagination, and trains the eye and hand in the accurate and careful use of instruments. It is a practical, every-day subject, and some of the graduates of this department are holding positions as mechanical and architectural draughtsmen in our city.

W. IRVING MORLEY, '05.

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS OF TRIGONOMETRY



That class of people who are continually reminding us that many subjects studied in school are of little use in practical life, trigonometry should appeal, for one can hardly look at any public work now going on without seeing an application of the principles of trigonometry. As we all know, the triangle has six parts, three angles and three sides, which parts are called functions. The usefulness of this subject depends on the fact that, having three functions of a triangle given, providing one is a side, the other three may be found.

Architecture is an art, but it nevertheless depends upon lines and angles and their relation to each other. If in the planning of Convention Hall, the architect had attempted to plan eliminating the principles of trigonometry, he would have failed, for all the overhead work, the steel work, beams and supports of the roof depend upon the applications of this science.

These principles are also indispensable in surveying, enabling the surveyor to run a line through a swamp or building and to ascertain the distance between any two points without actually measuring them; for instance, the distance between points across a stream. Another important use is in finding the height of inaccessible points; one which appeals to Kansas City people is in the levelling of lots.

In passing from these local uses to government uses, I would say that the greatest is that made by the United States Geodetic and Coast Survey, whose business it is, among other things, to measure distances, to establish coast lines, and to make topographic maps. In the arid regions of the West, the lengths of the rivers need to be determined for purposes of irrigation. Just recently a line has been measured across the United States, between Old Point Comfort, Virginia, and Pasadena, California, on the

thirty-eighth parallel, which is said to be the longest line through any country with the exception of one through Siberia. Coast lines are determined by triangulation and plotting. The topography of this country has been so thoroughly studied that now there are detailed topographic maps of the whole United States, a very small contour interval being used in the mountainous districts. Our government has also had detailed charts of the ocean made, and employs ships which determine the location of dangerous shoals and reefs.

All the work in astronomy is based on trigonometry; for instance, the finding of the distance between the earth and the moon. This is done very easily by observing the moon from two points on the earth's surface and computing the result by means of the angles obtained. Again, knowing the distance of the moon from the earth, when it is nearest and when it is farthest away, and knowing that the path of the moon is an ellipse with the earth as one of its foci, the length of the moon's orbit can be computed. Just as easily the degree of oblateness of the earth's surface can be obtained by finding the curvature at any given latitude and comparing the result with what it would be if the earth were a perfect sphere.

But wonder of wonders, trigonometry enables us to tell the ignorant Chinaman when to prepare for his religious ceremonies, which occur when the terrible red dragon swallows up the sun! In common language, when a total eclipse of the sun occurs; for this is the cause to which the heathen long ago attributed that remarkable phenomenon.

Laying aside the fact that there are numerous other vast fields where the principles of trigonometry are applied, by these few suggestions as to its use the practicality of the subject should be insured.

MABEL DITZLER,
Post-Graduate.



THE CHRISTMAS PLAY



CENTRAL has had few occasions that aroused more enthusiasm and appreciation than this year's annual Christmas play, which was given on the evening of December 21. Many have said that it was the most interesting and enjoyable entertainment ever given by our students.

The play, "A Crazy Idea," was the strongest as well as the most difficult ever attempted by Central students. Eighteen boys and girls were in the cast, and this fact alone testifies to the general excellence of the occasion. No other Christmas play has ever been honored by so many participants.

Everything went as smoothly as it was possible for a play to go. The principals were admirably suited to their parts, and much credit is due them for the careful preparation which made possible so excellent a performance. The students of the school may justly feel proud of every member of the cast.

As to the individual players, many complimentary things may be said. Pearce Kane, as a young medical stu-

dent, was exceedingly good. He was at all times easy and composed. Charley Byers, as an old man, in love with all pretty girls, was remarkably good. He acted the part with great credit to himself. Ina Grahame made a fine "scolding wife." She rendered her lines with much clearness and displayed much ability. Margaret Zimmerman played the part of dashing little maid, with an affection of the heart, with considerable earnestness. Mark T. Wilson certainly gave a good impersonation of a hungry man, who couldn't pay his debts, while Hugh Moore gave a very clear idea of a rustic from the rural districts.

In our admiration for the members of the cast, we should not overlook the work of Mr. Dillenbeck, who shouldered the responsibility of training so many boys and girls. It was for him to bring order out of confusion, and he deserves much praise for the manner in which he succeeded. We should not forget Mr. Coll, either, for he did much to make the play a success. Without him we should indeed be the losers.

So, three cheers for "A Crazy Idea" and the cast that composed it!

JOHN H. HIGLEY, '05.



THE PRESENT ATTITUDE OF BUSINESS TOWARD CIGARETTES



THE growing tendency of the business man to reject an otherwise capable young man because of the fact that the applicant is addicted to the cigarette habit, is having a more potent influence in lessening this pernicious habit than has the formation of the various anti-cigarette leagues now flourishing. At least this seems to be the consensus of opinion as expressed by those writers who are in a position to present their views on the subject. Not but that the anti-cigarette league has its office to fill, and fills it to the great benefit of the public at large. It has long been conceded that experience far excels any amount of theorizing. Hence it is that while the young man may hear and not heed timely lectures on the evils of the cigarette habit, when brought face to face with the fact that if he is to succeed in any business pursuit he must, perforce, overcome the habit, he begins to understand that the lectures he has heard have not been the "pratlings of old women," but stern facts. Now, why is this? For answer to this question, let us turn not to the technical phraseology of medical works, but to the jails and asylums of all commonwealths.

To begin with, let us visit a session of the juvenile court. Before the learned judge are fifteen ragged, uncouth, illiterate, dirty boys, ranging in age from six to fifteen years. The first and second fingers on the left hand of each bear a sickly yellow stain. The pockets of each contain bits of discarded cigarettes picked up from the streets. The eyes of each are shifting and refuse to meet those of the judge on the bench. Of the fifteen, just that number are liars—they know it and the judge knows it.

But he also knows that some of that number—in fact probably ninety per cent of them—have been liars only since the cigarette habit obtained its real hold upon them.

"How long have you been smoking cigarettes?" the judge asks of the best appearing youth in the crowd.

"Three years," the boy answers timidly.

"How old are you?" the judge asks.

"Eleven years this month."

"Then you began to sneak away from home and meet bad boys in alleys and barns when you were eight years old. I know your parents, and they are good people," he continues. "Before you were nine you had become a thief. Perhaps you did not realize, when you were taking small change from your mother's purse with which to buy tobacco for cigarettes, that you were stealing. Nor did you realize that the path you took then, led directly to this court of justice. You are too young to join that colony of cigarette-smoking men in the county jail. I can not send you there, but I can send you to the home provided by the state for the criminal young. You will not be able to smoke cigarettes there, consequently the state is making a man of you by inflicting what may now seem to you to be a severe punishment. This is the third time you have been before me on a charge of theft," the judge concludes. "Twice you have promised to reform and to stop smoking cigarettes. Your mind is so drugged with cigarette poison that it is in reality no longer your own mind. You have my sympathy in your affliction, and I hope you will return to your home in after years an honor to our parents."

Managers of railroads and all other industrial establishments are students and attendants of the juvenile court

proceedings, and of life in general. They know that the cigarette-smoking boy is a moral degenerate, to a greater or less degree. They know that ninety-five per cent of the criminal population—men and women—smoke cigarettes. This does not affirm as a fact that ninety-five per cent of cigarette smokers belong to the criminal class, and it may be argued that there is no connection between cigarette-smoking and criminal instincts. But it would seem that such arguments would not be baseless. To prove which we need go no further than our insane asylums. There we will find patients, young and old, whose imbecility is directly traceable to cigarette smoking. The tissues of the brain become diseased, the sufferer is utterly devoid of will power and is a moral degenerate in every sense of the term. A comparison between the insane and the semi-sane cigarette smoker shows the same criminal instinct. Then again, students of nervous and mental diseases have demonstrated the fact that the confirmed cigarette fiend is an irresponsible, weak-willed,

unimpressive, unreliable person, not to be trusted with any more important tasks than cleaning windows and scrubbing floors. The successful business man has attained his success through his own alertness and that of his employees. It follows, therefore, that with the knowledge before him that the cigarette-smoking boy is neither alert, truthful, nor honest—that he would be jeopardizing his interests to intrust even the minute details of his establishment to the keeping of a cigarette befuddled brain.

As for the remedy to be applied in behalf of the cigarette-smoking youth, I have no comment to make. The anti-cigarette-smoking leagues, temperance societies, and kindred associations are working on the problem, night and day, with an intelligence that can but bear fruit in the end. In the meanwhile, for the reasons already set forth herein, the way of the cigarette-smoking youth, like the way of all other transgressors, is hard.

HELEN MARSHALL.



THE SECOND PRIZE ESSAY

(Silver Medal)

"FOREIGN SYMPATHY IN THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION."



IF I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop were landed on my shores, I would never lay down my arms! Never! Never! Never!" When William Pitt thus ended his last appeal to the House of Lords, his memorable words were unheeded. The petty statesmen of the hour rightly believed that America could not obtain by armed resistance the justice for which the Great Commoner was pleading. They could not foresee that the righteousness of the cause of the colonists would enlist the sympathy of aliens and foreigners till with their aid, independence was finally achieved. It is not strange that men only influenced by selfish or partisan motives should have failed to see anything attractive in the service of America.

Seldom in the history of nations, has a people's cause offered less to tempt the cupidity of mere adventurers. Stretched along the coast of the Atlantic, thinly populated, unaccustomed to concerted action, with nearly all their natural resources undiscovered or undeveloped, the colonies seemed ill prepared to defy the power of England. The government against which they rose in rebellion had restricted their commerce and rigorously suppressed their manufactures, thus seriously interfering with important sources of wealth. When the Continental Congress could not provide food, clothing, arms or ammunition for the American soldiers, it obviously was in no position to bargain for foreign assistance. Those who came from aboard, must volunteer with no expectation of personal gain, trusting that future generations of Americans would honor their motives and not forget their deeds. To describe the influence of foreign sympathy in the revolution, is to tell of the participation of foreigners in that momentous struggle. There were those who came with the vain expectation of bettering their personal fortunes. Such was the character of the conspirators concerned in the Conway Cabal. The baseness of a few, however, could not cast a shadow on the faithful service of the numerous foreign heroes who did so much to gain American Independence.

In many instances, these aliens were attracted by the principles that the people of America were fighting to establish. The truths enunciated in the stirring periods of the Declaration of Independence were not new to them the thoughts expressed were their own clothed in the language of the sages of the earth. A part of this foreign contingent came from Poland, where the people had learned the bitterness of tyranny, and suffered wrongs more grievous than America ever endured. Men of every age and manner of life were united beneath the banners of the American leaders.

France was generously represented in that gathering of foreign soldiers. Duponceau, Du Partail Dubryson and Duplessis were among those who endured the hardships of Valley Forge with the Continental army. We read that Colonel De Faneul enlisted "as a volunteer without pay or rations." Of all the French, however, Lafayette was most honored and best beloved. He first heard the Declaration of Independence at a dinner given in honor of the English king. His interest and sympathy were at once aroused. Headless of the remonstrances of the French sovereign, leaving wife and fortune behind, he sailed for America and offered his services to Congress. After that time, Lafayette was to be found wherever the danger was greatest or hardships were most severe. Long suffering Poland, too, gave of the noblest of her sons to insure American success. Pulaski became the commander of the cavalry, and rode to a heroic death at the head of his legion during the siege of Savannah. "What can you do?" asked Washington, when Kosciuszko came to him seeking employment. "Try me" was the reply. The trial proved successful; the Polish engineer afterward planned the fortifications behind which the American army at Bemis' Heights, gained a glorious victory in one of the most important battles of modern times. None of the soldiers of the Revolution performed more important services than the Prussian veterans, who created the discipline and "esprit de corps" of the army. Had wealth untold been in the empty treasury of the Confederation, it could have purchased no more faithful or efficient service than these officers freely gave. In the darkest hours our nation ever saw, when its only resource was the handful of freezing, starving men who shivered in their rude huts at Valley Forge, Baron Steuben was made Inspector of the Army. Almost immediately, confusion and disorder were banished from the camp. Dismounted, musket in hand, this courtier and general transformed an awkward squad into trained soldiers, that they might become the drillmasters of the army. Thanks to his days of patient labor and nights of careful planning, the raw recruits who went into camp at the beginning of that dreadful winter, marched away in the spring to win renown as the disciplined battalions of the Continental line. Prussian soldiers also demonstrated that when there was need, they could teach the army how to die. When the day was lost at Camden, DeKalb rallied the few Maryland regulars who still stood firm around him, and led them against the enemy till eleven wounds drained the lifeblood from his generous heart. Who of all the American leaders was more valiant in meeting danger or more patient in enduring hardships than were these foreigners, whose sympathy enlisted them in the battle for liberty?

It is well that we honor our forefathers of the Revolution,

and preserve with pride the memory of their achievements, yet in their own times, they were at least partially rewarded for the sacrifices they made and the dangers they passed through. The success of the war for independence not only established the principles for which they had been contending; it made life and liberty and property more safe. Henceforth, no government could tax them when they had no voice in regulating the proportions of taxation; no foreign power could destroy their commerce and manufactures by arbitrary legislation; no one could threaten them with transportation across the sea to stand trial for alleged offences. Secure in the enjoyment of these civil liberties, rewarded by the gratitude of the people, the citizen soldiers of the new Republic were not without compensation. With the foreigners, it was not so. Whatever wealth they had was left behind when they came to America. Their heroic self-sacrifice had profited them nothing. To return to their estates in other lands meant subjection to the despotism of a former age. On the other hand, to enjoy the liberty they had sacrificed so much to gain for others, they must begin life again among the impoverished people of an alien race. Should we not honor the unselfish devotion, that no prospect of danger or misfortune could turn from its high purpose, even more than the sturdy independence that clamored for its rights?

The individuals whose influence has been described, came from abroad in the first years of the war; even at that time, foreign nations had become involved in the diplomatic situation. Catherine of Russia and the Dutch States general refused to furnish mercenaries for the subjection of the Colonists. The people of Holland could not prove false to a liberty-loving ancestry. They saw in the conflict in the new world, a repetition of their own earlier history. The Prussian government did not leave the world in doubt as to its position. England's hirelings were refused a passage through its territory. Frederick the Great followed the campaigns of Washington with eager interest. It is said that he considered the operations around Trenton and Princeton the most brilliant in military history. France welcomed our minister at a later date, and "Goodman Richard" became the celebrity of the hour. French loans restored the failing credit of the United States, when all other resources were exhausted. The forces of DeGrasse and D'Estaing gave opportune assistance in important military operations, while the armies of Washington and Rochambeau marched side by side to the capture of the British redoubts at Yorktown. French recognition also gave the revolutionary government standing among the nations.

"But what of the sympathy on the other side?" one ignorant of history might well ask. "Surely England did not want for

friends in such a crisis?" Yet strange as it may seem, not only among all the nations justified Great Britain in the attempted subjection of its colonies. Even the English people were not united in approving the policy of the government. Burke declared in the House of Commons that "We do not seem to gain a paltry advantage over the Americans in debate without attacking some of those principles or deriding some of those feelings for which our ancestors have shed their blood." Lord Camden addressed his colleagues in even more emphatic words: "I end, my lords, as I began; you have no right to tax America! The natural rights of man, and the immutable laws of nature are all with that people!" The Duke of Richmond, also speaking before the House of Lords, exclaimed: "I wish from the bottom of my heart, that the Americans may resist, and get the better of the forces sent against them!" Statesmen were not alone in the expression of such sentiments. Many of the great body of the people clamored against continuing the war when they became more familiar with conditions in America. No truer sympathy for the revolutionary cause existed than that to be found among those subjects of the British crown. The attitude of the people was such that many transactions connected with the hiring of Hessian mercenaries were kept secret by government officials, to avoid the storm of protests that usually followed when similar dealings were reported to Parliament. The service of the Hessians in the Revolution brought nothing but misfortune to their employers; but it taught the world that mercenaries are dear at any price. Knowing the character of England's hirelings, the contrast inspires in us a deeper admiration for the sympathy and generous self-sacrifice of the foreigners who came without the expectation of reward, to fight the battles of America.

Without assistance, the Colonists could not have gained their independence. Foreign sympathy and aid turned the fortunes of war in their favor, and insured their final victory. Looking back to-day at the effect of the American Revolution upon the great nations of the world, we can see that all men are indebted to the aliens who saved the cause of liberty from defeat.

The influence of the foreigners of the Revolution was not confined to any time or place. In future ages, their names shall be synonyms for the true nobility of human nature. He whose soul scorns the baseness of the rabble around him, will read the story of their lives, and gain new courage for his work. Unto the final hour of its existence, the Nation that they brought forth from the "valley of the shadow" shall hold their memory sacred. Their blood was the most precious sacrifice ever offered on the altars of Liberty.

EARLE BOWERS, '05.

ANNUAL INTER-SOCIETY CONTEST



THOSE who were fortunate enough to attend the Society Contest on the evening of Friday, May the 19th, will comprehend that this account of it cannot but be inadequate. Those who were unable to be present can have little idea of the importance and enthusiasm of the occasion, and it is on their account that we regret our inability to publish a complete description with the space and prominence such an event requires. Hereafter it is to be hoped that the press of affairs will not necessitate its being held so late in the season as to render proper recognition in this volume impossible.

The contest is the big intellectual feature of the year, participated in by the recognized literary organizations with a zeal and enthusiasm that speaks much, not only for the scholarship, but for the spirit of Central.

The audience was large and appreciative. Mr. Frank Gordon was the presiding officer as well as one of the judges. All of the judges were capable men and women of unbiased opinions and they had the concurrence of the audience in their decisions. The Central Mandolin Club was rivaled only by the respective yells of the societies in the inspiration furnished both to contestants and to spectators.

Five societies were represented: The S. L. H.'s; the Aristonians; the Websters; the C. S. C.'s; and the Delphians. Undoubtedly all had put forth strong effort, thus success could mean no small thing to any of them.

When it was announced that the Shakespeare Club—an organization of one year's growth—had won the gold medal for the best essay, every member stood and the hall rang with the Shakespeare yell, generously participated in by the other societies. Miss Eleanor Kleeman was the successful contestant and her medal was presented by Miss Virginia Corelly, amid large applause.

The rest of the story centers about one society whose remarkable success will not soon be forgotten by any present. May 19th, '05, will, I fancy, long be celebrated as a red-letter day in the annals of the C. W. C.'s. Webster himself could have done no more. The medals for oration, debate and declamation were awarded to these, his emulators:

Mr. Earle Bowers, in his oration, "The New Americanism," displayed splendid presence and originality of subject matter.

The question for the debate was, "Resolved: That the United States Government Ought to Interfere to Protect the Southern Negro in the Exercise of the Franchise." Although Mr. Stickney of the S. L. H.'s proved conclusively that the negro should never have been enfranchised; Mr. Hugh Moore like the famous debater Daniel Webster on a subject closely related, convincingly affirmed that the negro had been enfranchised and ought to be protected. We trust that as the judges have shown their approval of Mr. Moore's statement, the government will please take notice of the matter. At any rate, we, the coming generation, should now be amply fitted to settle the affair when it is our turn.

The last medal to be presented was the one for Declamation. This was the most difficult event to decide; all of the numbers being exceptionally well rendered. Miss Barton's "Hagar," and Miss Spaulding's "Biner Rose," were especially well received, but not more so than "Captain Joe," delivered by Mr. Mark Wilson, to whom the palm was awarded.

At the invitation of the Websters, their medals were presented by Miss Lily Bell Neal.

The evening ended with a rousing good cheer for Old Central, and good feeling from everybody for everybody.

THE PARTING OF ANDROMACHE AND HECTOR



HECTOR hastened from the home by the same way again, throughout the well-built streets. When he, passing through the great city, came to the Scaean gates, where he was about to go forth through the plain, there his richly-dowered wife came running to meet him,—Andromache, the daughter of the great-souled Eetion. When she met him, the maid went along with her, holding in her arms the merry-hearted boy, the beloved child of Hector, a tender babe, resembling a beautiful star, he whom Hector had called Seamander, but the others Astyanax. Hector, looking toward his child, silently smiled. Andromache, who stood near him weeping, clinging to his hand, spoke to him and called him by name.

“My beloved husband, your might will destroy you, nor do you pity your helpless child, or me, your unhappy wife, who will quickly be a widow because of you. For soon all the Greeks, rushing upon you, will kill you. It would be a better fate for me, bereft of you, to be buried in the earth. For there will be no other pleasure, but only griefs, whenever you meet death. I have no father or good mother. For indeed the godlike Achilles killed my father when he sacked the high-walled city of the Cilicians, the lofty Thebes. My mother, who ruled at the foot of woody Placus, he led away together with the other booty, and in time he set her free, keeping the priceless ransom; but the Archeress Artemis killed her in the palace of my father. But you, O, Hector, are my father and good mother, too, and you are my noble husband. But pity me now, remain here upon the gate lest you make your child an orphan and your wife a widow.”

In turn the great, gleaming-crested Hector replied:

“My wife, all these things are indeed a care to me. For I know this thing well in my heart and mind. There will be a day when sacred Ilium and Priam, and the soldiery of Priam, the bearer of the ashen bow shall have perished. Hereafter not such a grief will come to me for the Trojans, nor Hecuba herself, nor mighty Priam, nor the brothers, who, though many and valiant, shall lie in the

dust, subdued by haughty men, as for you, when some of the bronze-clad Achaians shall lead you away in tears, and shall rob you of your day of freedom. Then perchance, some one seeing you weeping would say: ‘This is the wife of Hector who was the best of the Trojan knights in fighting, when they fought around Ilium.’

“Thus, then, some one would speak, and there would be a new grief to you because of the lack of a husband to ward off the evil day. But may the earth conceal me in my death before I learn of your cry and seizure.”

Thus speaking the glorious Hector held out his hands toward his son. Quickly the child, shrieking leaned back upon the bosom of the well-girt nurse, frightened at the sight of his father, and fearing the bronze and horsehair crest, as he perceived it nodding fearfully from the top of the helmet. His father and mother laughed. The glorious Hector seized the bright helmet from his head and placed it upon the ground. Then when he had kissed his child and had tossed him in his hands, he spoke praying to Zeus and the other gods.

“O, Zeus, and ye other gods, grant that my child may be thus, just as indeed I was, preeminent among the Trojans; give him noble might and allow him to rule with might over Troy. And then some one might say, ‘This one is much better than his father, as he returns from war. May he bring home bloody spoils, having killed an enemy, and may his mother rejoice in her heart.’”

Thus speaking he placed his child in the hands of his dear wife. She, laughing amidst her tears, received him on her fragrant bosom. Her husband perceiving it, took pity, caught her by the hand, and spoke to her by name:

“My dear wife, do not grieve too much for me in your heart; for no man shall send me to Hades before my time. But go to your home, take up your work, the loom and distaff and command the slave to go to work. War is the care for all men, but especially to me, who lives in Troy.”

Thus speaking the glorious Hector seized again his horse-crested helmet. But his dear wife, turning away, weeping much, went to her home.

ANNIE SHUCK, '05.

"EXEGI MONUMENTUM"



T Ciceronem virum ex eius orationibus iudicemus, nobis illam praestantem erga patriam amorem spectandum est. Summa civitatis salus ei semper erat maximae curae, quam quidem putavit in mentibus animisque oportere esse primam. Quae sententia, ut per orationes omnes possumus videre, eum ad bene administranda omnia, quae de re publica faceret, adducebat et incitabat. Sic orationibus in Lucium Catilinam habitis, qui eum suis sodalibus de rei publicae pernicie machinabatur, monstravit quantum periculum civitati tales homines essent, et statim omnes conspiratores tolli necesse esse. Calamitatem rei publicae impendere perspiciebat et esse sui eicere hunc hominem periculosum et im-

probissimum ex urbe sentiebat. Optimo deorum dono, ampla dicendi facultate, eam rem perfecit.

Cum Cicero ceteris non inviderit, puto tamen eum fuisse amantem sui, cupidum gloriae et virum non sine affectatione, qui perpetuo se adularetur. Sed mehercule quis homo apud antiquos haec idem non egit? Quod illa crudelis contumelia, qua semper vehementer utebatur, nemo, qui eum dicentem audiret, vis verborum oblivisceretur.

Cicero non erat improbus. Licet nobis existimare damnatione sociorum Catilinae, Ciceronem fuisse eivem egregia prudentia et nobilitate. Denique Cicero eques, consul, orator erat praeclarus et bonus vir. Cuius exemplum constantiae in officio agendo nos omnes debemus imitari.

ISABEL THOMES, '06.

LATIN TRANSLATION

(From the Carmina of Catullus.)

Though Jupiter himself should woo,
My sweetheart would to me be true.

So she says.

But the words of a maid to her eager lover,
Are written in wind and running water.

So I say.

(From De Amicitia.)

Friendship is nothing more than agreement with kindness and love in all things; and so, I am truly inclined to believe that, wisdom excepted, no better thing can be given a man by the immortal gods. Some prefer riches, others good luck, others power, still others honor, some even dissipation. The last is indeed characteristic of beasts; but those other uncertain and fleeting pleasures are based not so much upon our own plans as upon the fickleness of fortune. Those, however, who find the greatest pleasure in virtue, choose well; for virtue both begets and preserves

friendship, nor can friendship by any means endure without it.

Friendship not only contains in itself many great advantages but truly yields them to all, because it sheds the light of a good hope into the future and suffers not our hearts to falter or despair. For he who admires his friend considers him as a model. Therefore, though absent, they are present; though poor, they are rich; though sick, well, and, a thing more difficult to say, though dead, they live; such great honor, remembrance and longing follows them in their friends. For this reason, the death of the former seems happy, the life of the latter, most praiseworthy. If you should remove the harmony of love from nature, neither home nor city could stand, not even the culture of the fields would remain. If this fact is little appreciated, the great strength of friendship and concord may be perceived from dissension and discord; for what house is so strong, what state so solid, that it may not be utterly destroyed by hatred and wrangling. From this fact may be estimated how much good there is in friendship.

JUDITH CONNELLY, '06.

Himmern all seiner Kräfte freie, — dies war das Ideal, welches

Schillers sowohl wie Goethes Werte einflößte.

„Goethe war der größte Schriftsteller der Zeit zu seiner Zeit, aber ich glaube die Beschreibungen Schillers mit denen Goethes verglichen, machen ihn zum Musterbild aller Zeit.“ Schiller ist immer der Deutsche und schiller die deutsche Seele. So er am härtesten war, als Dramatiker, war er, wenn wir Goethes „Faust“ anschauen, Goethe gleich.

Goethes lyrische Gedichte gehören zu der besten Litteratur aller Völker; doch Schillers sind gehaltvoller und fügen einen bedeutenden Gedanken ein.

Goethe sagte, daß alles was er schrieb, Fragmente von einem großen Weltkenntniß wäre, und seine Werte zeigen dies mehr als Schillers. Beide schreiben von ihren Freuden, ihren Sorgen, der Natur und der Liebe. Goethe macht ein Gedicht aus allem, was ihn berührt. Beide schreiben so viel — Geschicht, Lebensbeschreibung, Bungen, Kritiken, Anekdoten, Erzählungen, Dramen, Romane, Epigramme, Gedichte, Anekdoten, u. s. w. daß kaum ein Fach nicht vertreten ist.

Goethe und Schiller sind beide groß; Goethe in seiner Lyrik; Schiller in seinen Dramen und Balladen. Die meisten Kritiker nennen Goethe den größeren. Dennoch ist Schiller der Lebendiger, bichter Deutschland und wird es immer sein.

Die Schwierigkeiten der deutschen Sprache.

nicht, haben mit sich zu thun, und setzen mit gebrauchten

sonst wird fünf von eurem Grammatiker abgenommen.

Jetzt kommt die Vorbereitung. In jedem verständigem

Geiste, muß man eine verständigere Vorbereitung gebrauchen. Der

lehre Teil des Antworten ist oft so recht in der unersichtbaren Ferne,

vor allem lernt das Geschlecht des Hauptwortes und schreibt die rechten Endungen der Eigenschaftswörter und Hauptwörter. Man soll sich so daran erinnern, daß ein Substantiv und ein

Schiller war in Armut geboren und in seiner Jugend kannte

er keinen Luxus; es war nicht so mit Goethe, der in seiner frühe-

ren Jugend in einer Gemüthswohnung wohnte, wo er alles hatte, was sein Herz begheeren konnte. Sie streben zu einander in einem Verhältniß von Kontrast und Harmonie, doch Beide haben wesentlich dieselbe für das letzte Menschenrecht getan. Goethe wie Schiller, sah das Leben als ein organisches Ganzes von natürlicher Ursache und Wirkung an und er glaubte, daß die Persönlichkeit in anderen zu betörern sei. Schiller aber sah wie Kant das Leben als ein fort-

währendes Streben nach Vollendung an und arbeitete für sittliche Freiheit.

Beide machten viele Fehler in ihren Werken. Ihre Dra-

men haben alle die Fehler der „Eunuchen und Drang“, Periode, und

mehr, denn die Verwirrung ist unauflöslich und macht seinen festen

und harmonischen Eindruck. Von diesen frühesten Werken der bei-

den Dichter hatten die meisten Schillers am meisten Einfluß, obgleich

Wann er die Welt sah, daß Goethes „Werther“, mehr Selbstmord

pernast hat als die schönste Frau es je getan. Schillers „Die

den sind was Goethes nicht sind — das Urbild äußerlicher Züchtigkeit.

Beide aber stellen den Mann in einem Kontrast zwischen dem Einn-

sichen und dem Geistigen vor; der Mann der viel Unrecht ist, doch

immer Herr über seinem Schicksal blieb, und der für ein Zusammen-

treten wider, wie haben sein, werden, wollen, können und dürfen,

und das wird ihm Zeit lassen, an etwas zu denken. Und vergißt

Zeitwörter, wie haben sein, werden, wollen, können und dürfen,



CHRISTMAS PLAY CAST

Moe Freedman,	Joseph Mitchell,	Gerard Mas,	Kathryn Castel,
Frank Lowe,	Erdmuth von Unwerth,	Julian Cahn,	
	Christine Stuber,	Gertrude Copley,	



THE GERMAN CLUB

MEMBERS

Elizabeth Donaldson,	Eleanor Kleeman,	Ella Hansen,	Kathryn Castel,	Erdmüthe von Unwerth,
Louise Hendee,	Mary Brennan,	John Roberts,	Hilda Hansen,	Annette Betz,
Celia Witschner,	Harold Barmon,	Bettina Frank,	Ica Mentch,	Grace Sulter,
Nelle Vinich,	Lena Ackerman,	Margaret Tegeler,	Mary Wheeler,	

"DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN."

IN November, 1903, a society was organized in Central High School under the name of "Der Deutsche Verein." Its purpose is to supplement the German course of this school, and to help the students in the conversation of German. Similar societies in other institutions have proved to be a great success, and

we hope that, with the support and the good-will of the school and the faculty, the work done by this society will be a credit to Central. Meetings are held regularly every Friday afternoon from one to two. In these meetings only German is spoken, thus enabling the members to learn to speak German more fluently.

OFFICERS.

President—Miss Ella Hansen.
Vice-President—Miss Mary Brennan.
Secretary—Miss Katheryn Castel.
Treasurer—Mr. John Roberts.
S.-at-A.—Miss Louise Hendee.

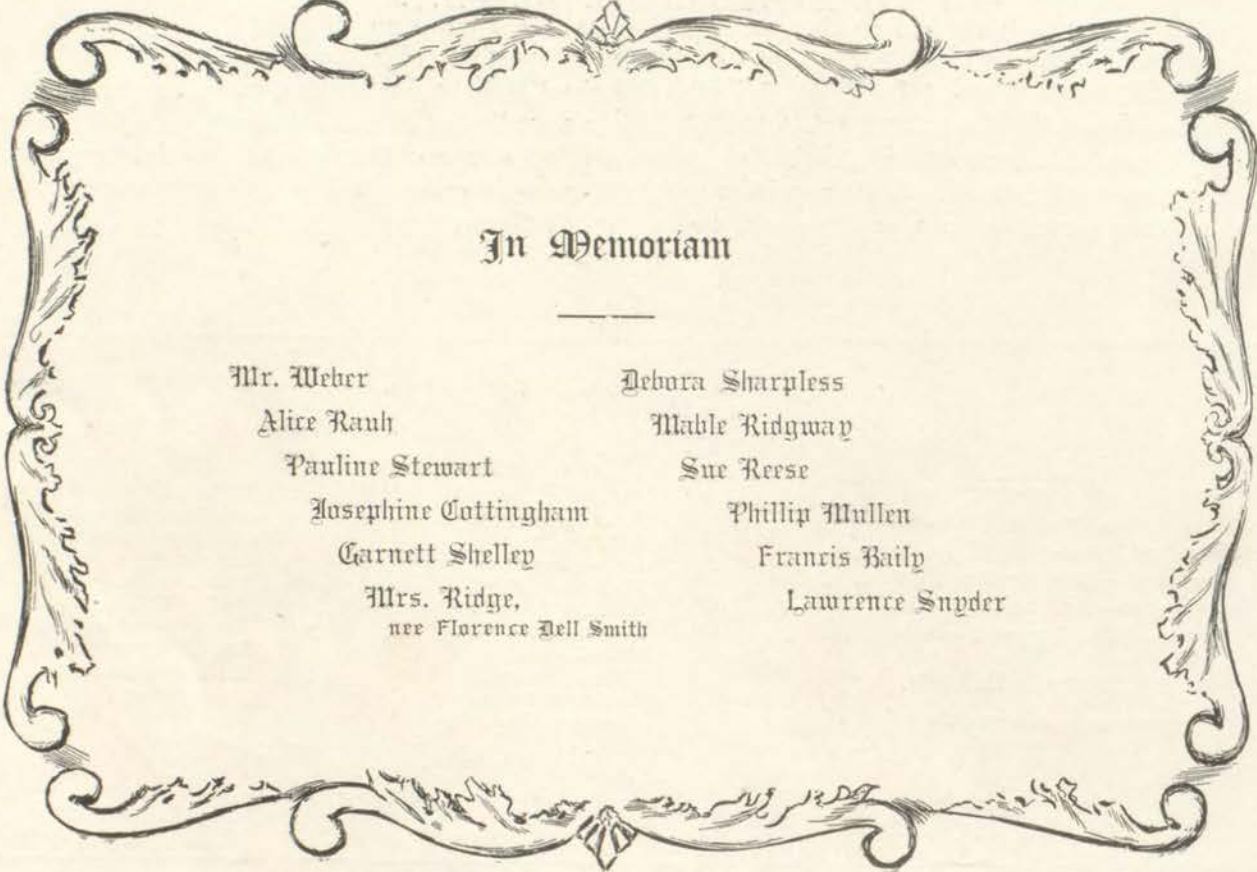
FACULTY ADVISER.

Miss Erdmuthe von Unwerth.

MEMBERS.

Lena Ackerman.
Annette Betz.
Mary Brennan.
Kathryn Castel.
Elizabeth Donaldson.
Bettina Franck.
Ella Hansen.
Hilda Hansen.
Louise Hendee.
Eleanor Kleeman.

Ica Mentch.
Christina Stuber.
Grace Suitor.
Margaret Tegeler.
Nellie Vinick.
Mary Wheeler.
Celia Witschner.
N. Harold Barmon.
John Roberts.



In Memoriam

Mr. Weber

Debra Sharpless

Alice Rauh

Mable Ridgway

Pauline Stewart

Sue Reese

Josephine Cottingham

Phillip Mullen

Carnett Shelley

Francis Bailly

Mrs. Ridge,
nee Florence Dell Smith

Lawrence Snyder



STORIES

AN UNKNOWN



WITH a slow even motion, the shot putter's arm went back until the weight almost touched his shoulder, lingered a moment while the steady blue eyes gauged the distance from the stop board to the last mark, and then like a flash shot out, and the leaden sphere went hurtling through the air.

The judges' assistants ran forward with the tape almost before the shot touched the earth. There was a moment's silence and then, "Forty-four feet," announced the small man in white sweater and nose-glasses.

A tremendous burst of applause came from the section of the grandstand that flaunted pennants with a red "C" on a yellow background. There were cries of "Good for Mack," "all right, old boy," and the man who had just made the throw walked back to the bench feeling very well satisfied with himself. He had just made the best put of the afternoon. It was a certain thing that his opponent could not come within two feet of his last mark, and therefore the Carlyle contingent must thank him for the additional five points that he would add to their score.

Back under the awning where the Westlake men were seated, the captain of the track team was chewing his finger nails very nervously. The score all afternoon had been a very close one. At the present moment, it stood thirty-six to thirty-five in their favor. There were but two more events in the meet, the shot put and the mile run. There was very little possibility that they could take first in the latter. Williams and Edwards were very good endurance men, but possessed of deplorably little speed at the finish. Relinquishing this event, then, to Carlyle, which they would probably have to do whether they desired to or not, the only thing that would save the day for them was the shot put. This also to the dismay of the Westlakeites, however, seemed to be going the wrong way. In Mack, Carlyle had produced "a phenom" that fairly

walked away from their man. The winning five points seemed to be lost to them beyond the shadow of a doubt, and as a result the Westlake captain chewed his finger ends.

As soon as the judge had given the result of the measurement, a tall, lean figure emerged from a drab colored dressing gown at the end of the Westlake bench, and walking out to the wooden half-circle, picked up the sphere. He was a little tired as the movement of his limbs indicated. He had made more throws than the Carlyle man in the effort to come up with him and the exertion was beginning to tell on him. Nevertheless there was no "quitting" blood in him, and he put just as much spirit into his next effort as he had in any previous. The weight dropped almost exactly in his last mark, just twenty-seven inches short of Mack's put.

Walker, the Westlake captain, had stopped chewing his nails for the moment, and leaned forward in the faint anticipation of some impossible thing, but as soon as the lead dropped, he turned away again with a hopeless sigh, and a look of resignation on his face.

As Hanson stepped back from the circle, someone touched him on the arm, and he heard a low voice behind him say:

"Step to one side a moment, will you? I'd like to have half a dozen words with you."

Hanson turned, a little surprised at the confidential tone assumed, and saw that the person who had spoken to him was apparently one of the crowd that had pressed in under the guide lines, and gathered around the pit where the shot event was going on.

The man was rather tall, dressed in cheap cheviot, and appeared to be about half way down in the forties. A second glance, however, convinced Hanson that he was a little erroneous in the last item. It was the tired, worn features that had given him this impression. The hollow cheeks, and the multitude of harsh heavily drawn lines in

his face, expressive of lots of experience—not always of the happiest kind—and numerous draughts from misfortune's cup, gave him an aged look; but he was really only about twenty-five or thirty.

The wide shoulders and wasted frame had once been powerful and of exceptional strength and physical beauty, but now where the hard muscular outlines should show through the cloth, the garments hung loose and awkwardly, the chest receded, and the whole figure stooped.

In answer to Hanson's "What do you want?" he introduced himself: "I'm a friend of Westlake. I want to see you make those necessary five points," he said, speaking rapidly, but in a very low tone. "It can be done. The whole thing hangs on you. Take just three words of advice from an unknown without credentials, or recommendation. When you put, you waste a considerable portion of your strength. When you lunge forward, advance your right foot six inches nearer the stop, draw your working arm just a little farther back, and spring higher into the air on reaching the end of your forward movement. Do this, and say to yourself that you will, and you can drop the shot four feet further than your last mark."

For a moment after the stranger had finished speaking Hanson was in a daze. A dozen questions were flying around in his mind, and each struggling for utterance. Was it possible? Could it be done? Who was this person who spoke so confidently of something that seemed utterly impossible of accomplishment. What did he know about shot-putting anyway? And yet in some unaccountable way he had inspired Hanson, and stirred him to the very soles of his spiked shoes as no one had ever done before. He felt, although he could not explain why, that there was truth in the few terse words that the man had uttered.

"But, who are you?" began Hanson, turning about to get a better look at the fellow, and then stopped short.

Where his adviser had stood a moment before, a large portly person with a copious wealth of white vest front stood surveying him curiously. Hanson stared. In that

one moment that he had paused to think, his unknown friend had disappeared. How he did it will forever remain a mystery. As soon as Hanson recovered from his astonishment, he dived among the spectators in a frantic search for his strange acquaintance, but it was like hunting for a needle in a haystack, perfectly useless.

When Hanson emerged from the crowd again, the Carlyle man had just made another throw, not increasing his last distance, however.

With the unknown's words still ringing in his ears, the boy with the blue "W" on his jersey walked to his place, and again picked up the shot.

He balanced himself on his right leg a little longer than usual this time, and when the judges picked up the tape they announced an increase of four inches. Walker's eyes had lighted up a little when he saw that the lead had gone a little further, but when told how scant was the advance he shook his head again mournfully.

"Commendable, old chap," he said to Hanson. "But not enoughable. I suppose we might as well pack up, fellows. I'm not naturally a 'let's quit' man, but when a thing is as clear as this, I'm willing to cave."

The audience was beginning to lose interest in the shot-put for it was evident to them that the thing was strongly Carlyle's event. Over on the other side of the field, the starters were beginning to line up the men for the mile run as Mack stepped to the mark for his last throw. He fell eight inches short of his best put; he was losing strength and could never hope to come up to his former mark again, but he felt supremely satisfied as he walked away, for he had made a record that he felt was as high out of Westlake's reach as the moon or some other remote planet.

Once more Hanson picked up the sphere, and balanced it in his hand. Those who felt enough interest in the event to watch him saw nothing more than the lanky and somewhat begrimed athlete that had been working so industriously all afternoon to beat his opponent, and with such poor results. And yet the light of a great resolve was in

his eyes, a determination such as comes to a man but once in a life time. For a moment he stood like a statue, and gazed fixedly at the dented turf a dozen paces away. A few of the spectators above him began to laugh.

"Look it in the eye, Hansy," cried a shrill voiced youngster.

"On your mark, ready, get set!" came the starter's voice faintly across the field.

Hanson's left hand extended before him pointing straight toward the dull red September sun that was going down in a burst of glory. Up went his right. Once, twice, then shot forward like a catapult. At the same moment he launched his body forth, springing high in the air, the sixteen pound lead ball went whistling through the air, and describing a graceful arc dropped to the earth.

As the dull thud reached the ears of the spectators, their eyes reverted for a moment from the lithe figures of the runners speeding around the track, to the battered, dust covered shot as it rolled a few inches, and then stopped. For one brief instant their senses were dazed and bewildered by what they saw. And then a perfect shriek came from the Westlake contingent. They rose to their feet as one man, and clambered up on each other's shoulders in order to see the better. Could it be possible? Yes, a miracle. The mile run was all forgotten now. They needed no accurate measurement by the perspiring men with the tape, no stereotyped announcement of the judges to tell them that the Westlake man had thrown the shot at least a good yard further than his opponents' best mark? It seems that at this point the audience threw aside all pretense of saneness, and man, woman and child went raving, howling mad. Never before had such a thing been done in the history of amateur athletics! At length, after some degree of quiet had been restored, the sharp voice of the

referee cut in with the announcement: "Forty-seven feet, five inches," and again pandemonium broke loose.

Over by the benches the Westlake team had surrounded their hero to a man. Walker fairly wept on his shoulders; little Crawford, the quarter-miler, with one arm about him blubbered delightedly, and Watkins was endeavoring to separate his hand from the limb to which that member was attached.

"Oh, you dear, 'darned' dumplin'!" cried little Crawford. "How did you do it?"

"I didn't," beamed Hanson, and then he told them the whole story.

Before he had finished, numerous members of the Westlake track team were engaged in a search for the person who had given Hanson the tip that had enabled him to win the meet. If they could have found him, it is quite likely that he would have been quickly hoisted on several pairs of stout shoulders, and paraded around the field. But, although they had been given a description of him by Hanson, they could find no trace of him, and were compelled to return unsuccessful.

"Well, I can tell you what we can do, fellows," said Walker. "We don't know who the chap was but we certainly are grateful and as we all have our voices with us I move we give one for the unknown. Now, altogether!"

Away over on the other side of the field, a tall man dressed in blue cheviot was gazing across to where the dozen or so lusty-lunged and happy boys were swelling their voices in a stirring cheer. Did he know what it meant? Perhaps. No one can tell. His eyes lit up a little as a faint smile crept over his face, and the hard corners of his mouth relaxed for a moment, and then he turned again just in time to see a laboring Westlake man finish a good second in the mile.

DART WALKER HIGGIN.

AN ANCIENT ROMANCE



IT was late in the afternoon in the Imperial City. Throngs of excited people crowded the streets. Among those who had come from the amphitheater, where the coronation games had been held, was a young man, who walked alone. He did not notice the angry murmurings of the crowd sweeping by him; did not seem to hear their discordant voices, wrangling over the interruption of the games, nor did he miss the gay companions, who generally accompanied him. The thoughts of the youthful Glaucus were in higher things. He was settling a great question, a question that had claimed his attention many times in the last year and was now fast reaching its solution.

One year ago he had been enjoying the life in Athens. At one of the festivals held there he had met the beautiful Hermione, whom he had wooed and won. They had often walked in the luxuriant gardens together, and Diana had smiled down at them from her lofty abode. Then it was that he had paid homage to the goddess of the moon and blessed her for sharing in his happiness.

But, the lovers had parted, and over no trivial cause. Hermione had but lately embraced the Christian faith and had become so imbued with the sweetness of its teachings that, with the steadfastness displayed by the early converts, nothing could force her to give it up. However, she had many temptations. Glaucus not only experienced a great contempt for the new religion, but also felt much sorrow upon seeing the world slowly withdrawing from the old worship. It had especially grieved him to see Hermione converted, and many times he had asked her to renounce her "fanatical views." One night he had begged her more firmly than ever; but although deeply moved by his pleadings, she could not and would not yield to him. Then with all patience lost, he left her, saying: "True as my love is, it shall never be given to a Christian." She was heart broken, but upheld by her new faith she prayed fervently that her lover might yet return to her. As for Glaucus, his restlessness led him away from the scene of his sorrow. Just a few minutes before he had stepped on board the ship that was to take him to Italy, he had wavered. "Why, this sacrifice? Could we not have lived

happily even if she were a Christian?" Then his strong will asserted itself, and replied, "Never!" With all this strife within him, he was sorrowful, and seeking comfort he glanced upwards. Diana was again smiling, but this time as if to taunt him in his depression. Then indeed did he feel alone.

Reaching Italy he plunged into the gay, reckless life of the metropolis, in a vain attempt to forget the past. This day had found him at the amphitheater. Two gladiators, about evenly matched, were engaged in deadly conflict. The combat had grown exceedingly interesting, when a Christian rushed between the fighters, trying to put a stop to the bloody encounter. Showers of stones and scraps of iron were hurled at the monk by the enraged people. He was instantly killed. However, that was the end of the sports for that day. The degenerate emperor himself had been moved by the self-sacrifice of the Christian and had commanded that the entertainment cease.

That noble act was the cause for this indignant throng of people; for Glaucus, it was the turning point in his career. He had been touched by the martyrdom of the Christian. "But," he thought, "what could have made anyone so strong as to have rushed into certain death just to stop one conflict? What could have made the monk so unselfish as to have given his life for one whom he had never seen before?" There was but one answer, Christianity. He thought he had investigated that religion thoroughly, he had seen the change made in the lives of some people, but never before had he witnessed such a remarkable exhibition of the fruits of Christianity. Surely, he thought, this must be the true religion! At that moment the attention of the people was drawn to the silent man in their midst. For some time he had stood still. Then with eager strides he walked, almost ran, away.

Again he stood on a vessel; and again he looked at the moon, now hidden behind a cloud. "Oh, Diana," he breathed. "Thou wert oft cold and heartless. Thou hast now no part in my joy. Hereafter, I am to be led by One, who is my Friend, my Comforter. Sharer alike in my joys and sorrows. I have found the true light. Fare thee well, oh, Diana; tomorrow I will see my faithful Hermione!"

G. C., '05.

HIS PRESENT



R. Harding had just landed in the city of Hong Kong, China, after an uneventful voyage on the steamer Columbia, from the United States. His first duty was to see after the machines which he had brought over to sell. They were owned at present by the Wayne Automobile Company, U. S. A. Then he desired to meet all the wealthy and educated merchants of the city, that he might show them some of the wonderful merits of the "Wayne." Very few Chinamen liked auto-cars, being afraid of them, so he knew that only an advanced countryman would agree to ride in one.

The second evening of his stay in Hong Kong he was lucky enough to meet Ching Leea, a well educated Chinese merchant. At once he took his man in hand, and before they parted had asked him to go auto-riding the next day. Mr. Harding was very much delighted with his prospects, hoping to relieve himself of at least one car.

Nothing could have been finer than the weather when the young American helped his old Chinaman friend into the auto. Perhaps from fear, the knees of the old man were shaking terribly. The sight of him was very amusing, indeed. During the ride Ching Leea seemed entranced and asked to be taken again. Mr. Harding, very much delighted, promised him another spin, thinking he had nearly sold the machine.

So it happened that Mr. Ching Leea was taken out quite often to enjoy the air, and incidentally to be shown the good qualities of "the best automobile in the land." In time the merchant promised to buy the machine. They were taking their last ride together when the Chinaman said in his very broken English:

"Well, Mr. Harding, you have really been too kind to me."

"O, no; I don't think so, remarked Harding in a careless tone.

"Few people would have treated a poor old Chinaman as you have, my kind friend," continued the merchant. "I think I will have to give you a nice present."

"Of course, I would be more than pleased to receive any gift that you would offer me," replied Harding, brightening up, and thinking, for some reason or other, of a crispy note.

"It shall be the nicest present you ever saw," said Ching Leea. "When we get home I will show it to you."

All the rest of the way the merchant was exclaiming

about the nice present which he intended to present to his friend "the American." Just as the two were going through the door of the luxurious home of Ching Leea, the old man said to his visitor:

"Ha, my good fellow, are you married?"

"O, no—but why?"

O, I was only thinking about how your wife, present or future, would enjoy my gift."

"I see," said Mr. Harding, following him into a dimly lighted room.

The Chinaman, after attending to the comforts of his guest, briskly left the room, promising to return very soon with the present. Mr. Harding entertained himself for the next few minutes dreaming over the unknown token of friendship, when the swish of silken skirts disturbed his quiet reverie.

"Ha, here she is, my fellow, the present, the present." and the merchant, much to the dismay and great astonishment of the young man, led his daughter into the room. Was ever a fellow in a worse predicament than now! Imagine, if you can, his feelings as well as hers. Thinking first of the automobile, and that its sale might fall through if he did not greet his gift properly, Mr. Harding rushed forward and took the girl's hand. He noticed that she was dressed in a white robe, the characteristic costume of her land, and had a long silken veil thrown over her head. The father commanded his guest to lift the veil. He obeyed and then led the girl to a chair.

"Ha, now, don't you think she is fine, indeed?" said the proud father. "Aren't you pleased with your present?"

"O, yes," said Mr. Harding, regarding the girl with great curiosity, "I am delighted with her."

"Well, I bid you good evening, my friend; take good care of her. My place is anywhere but here," and the merchant left the room.

Harding tried at first to talk to his newly bestowed possession, but, as she could not understand English, conversation lagged, somewhat. Becoming desperate at last, the young man grabbed his hat and hastily left the house, while his present sat demurely on the sofa watching his movements and blinking her eyes as though she were trying to go to sleep. The next day Mr. Harding left Hong Kong with his machines, but without his gift from Ching Leea. We wonder if he ever told his sweetheart at home this story.

LES INFANTS TERRIBLES



LAST summer I received a letter from Aunt Alice asking me to spend the month of June with her. In closing she had said, "and be sure to bring those darling little cousins of yours. I have not seen them since they were babies, and I am sure I should enjoy a visit from them." Take my twin cousins away from home to visit! I trembled even to think of it. Not that the twins were not well behaved, well brought up children, but that they were as full of mischief and fun as two children aged seven are apt to be. Their naughty pranks and plays were always bringing them to grief, and they were the terrors of the neighborhood in which they lived.

When Jack and Jeanette heard that they had been invited to spend a whole month with Aunt Alice, and that their beloved Cousin Mary was going to take them, they were wild with joy and excitement. I held two long consultations with their mother, who fondly believed that her darlings were the best children in the world, and she assured me that they would be perfect angels and not give me the least bit of trouble.

And so it happened that on the first day of June we stepped from the train on to the little Jonesville platform. The twins had behaved beautifully on the way. Jack had not once begged to ride with the engineer or stand on the outside platform, and Jeanette had neither fallen out of the window nor lost any of her belongings as she generally did. I heaved a sigh of relief at having arrived without any mishaps, and fervently hoped that good behavior on the part of my small charges would continue.

For a week all went smoothly. Aunt Alice was delighted with the children and did everything possible for them. Sunday evening of the second week, things began to go wrong. Aunt Alice had asked some young men, whom I had met the summer before, to call on me. We were having a delightful time when in walked Jack and Jeanette and seated themselves on the parlor sofa. They said little,

but I imagine they heard much. Finally one of the young men asked me to sing, and I obligingly went to the piano and was about to begin, when Jack's voice piped up: "Why, Cousin Mary, are you going to sing for that man?"

"Why shouldn't I, Jack?"

"Don't you know you said if that fool man ever asked you to sing again, you would—you would—"

"Jack," said I sternly, "leave this room. That is a wicked story. You know I didn't say anything of the kind."

"Yes, you did, too, Cousin Mary," put in Jeanette, who valiantly stood up for everything her twin said, be it false or true.

Although all laughed heartily, the situation was very embarrassing for me. The conversation lagged after this, and before long my company departed.

Monday began with a pouring rain which looked as if it would last all day. Aunt Alice would be away, and I would have nothing to do but read and amuse the children. The latter seemed to be amusing themselves, as they had disappeared immediately after breakfast and had not been seen since. Thinking that they were safe, I went to the library with a book and was soon lost in its pages. For a long time I heard nothing but the rain driving against the windows, but presently another sound rose above the wind and rain. Bump—bump—bump—bang, and then wild shrieks of laughter. I waited a minute; there it was again. Bump—bump—bump—bang, more laughing and shrieking. I decided that it was high time to see what my charges were about. They had been left to themselves all morning, and who knows what might have happened in that time? I proceeded in the direction of the noise. At the foot of the stairs I paused and gazed upward. At the top, seated in a large clothes basket and making ready for a speedy descent, were the "darling children."

For some reason, probably because I was looking at it, the clothes basket started wrong and descended rather more speedily than it had before. As it hit the bottom

stair, it bounced high in the air, and basket, twins and all landed with a grand crash at my feet. In the midst of the confusion which followed, the hall door opened, and in walked the laundress with a wrathful countenance.

"Ye little devils, ye, what are ye doin' wid me best clothes basket? It's meself as has been washin' all mornin' and ye have broken me basket and not a one of the clothes hangin' on the line yet. Sure an' the misthress will be after havin' us put out."

I sent for some one to clear away the remains of the clothes basket, and then took the twins up stairs and scolded them soundly. They both looked so penitent and promised so faithfully never to be bad any more, that I forgave them and played games and told stories the rest of the day.

Waking rather early one morning, I heard this conversation coming from the twins' room, which adjoined mine.

"Say, Jeanette, let's make mud pies today. I know a dandy place where the mud is just as soft and squashy, and then we can play store and I can sell cakes and pies to you."

No you can't, either, Jack Elliott; I'm going to make mud pies, too."

"Well, then, let's both make 'em and sell to make-believe people."

Good, I thought. Let them play in the mud all day. They will be happy and safe and besides, I have promised to go riding with Mr. Tudor this morning.

I had a delightful ride, and when we returned, Aunt Alice asked Mr. Tudor to stay to luncheon. He accepted the invitation and we strolled slowly up the walk to the porch.

"Where can the children be?" I said, as we ascended the steps. As if in answer to my question the twins themselves came tearing around the corner of the house. Two dirtier children could hardly be found. Their hands and

faces were covered with mud, their shoes and stockings and clothes were streaked with it.

"O, Cousin Mary, we've been having the best time," cried Jeanette, patting my face with her muddy little hands, and leaving muddy streaks all over my clean white dress. Meanwhile, Jack had espied Mr. Tudor seated comfortably on the front porch.

"O, I say, Mr. Tudor," he screamed, climbing up into that gentleman's lap and wiping his shoes on Mr. Tudor's coat, and his hands on his immaculate collar and shirt, "did you ever make mud pies?"

The look on Mr. Tudor's face and the remark he mumbled under his breath, evidently did not answer this question, for Jack looked up into his face and said solemnly, "O, you said a naughty, bad word."

Fearing to complicate matters by letting the children remain on the porch longer, I marched them up stairs. When once within my own room I dropped into a chair and laughed until I cried. Jack, coming in at this instant, demanded to know the cause of my mirth. I said that I could not help thinking how funny we all looked there on the porch; two sorrowful little children with tears making muddy tracks down their cheeks, Mr. Tudor with the mud thick on his clothes, and a big splotch of it on one side of his face, and his expression of disgust and chagrin, lastly of what a spectacle I myself must have been, my white dress spattered all over with mud, and muddy finger prints on each cheek where loving little hands had patted me, and how I had been struggling between a desire to laugh, cry and spank the incorrigible twins, all at the same time. Jack laughed with me at this, and I, thinking to impress him with the fact that I was rather tired of his pranks, remarked as he left the room, "What bores some people become after one has been bothered by them for so long." The little fellow turned as I said that and asked: "Do you really mean that?"

"Yes, Jack," I said, "I do."

Fifteen minutes later I descended to the front porch.

As I stopped in the hall to pick up Jack's cap, I heard that individual say to Mr. Tudor:

"Mr. Tudor, what is a bore?"

"A bore," replied the unsuspecting Tudor, "is generally a person who comes too often, talks too much, and stays too long. Why do you ask, Jack."

"O, nothin', only I don't see then, why Cousin Mary said you was such an awful bore."

I nearly fainted at this speech. O, that terrible child! How could he mistake my meaning so? Now, I simply could not face Mr. Tudor, and I knew that any excuse would sound weak and false. However, there was no need of my facing Mr. Tudor, for I heard him tell Jack to please tell Cousin Mary that he had been called away suddenly and could not stay to luncheon. But I thought I heard him murmur as he went down the walk: "I have heard that children and fools speak the truth."

The twenty-ninth of June! How glad I was! Tomorrow we would start for home. Of course, we had had a delightful visit, but nevertheless, I should be very glad to turn the "angel children" over to their fond mother. The care of them for one month was all I could possibly endure. In the evening several of my friends came to bid me good-by, among them the joyful Tudor, who had long ago forgiven and forgotten the mud pie episode. The children

had been put to bed early so that my last evening could be spent in peace and without interruption. At eleven o'clock Mr. Tudor, who was the last to leave, was standing at the foot of the stairs bidding me good-by. He was leaning against the balustrade talking and I was standing facing the stairway. Chancing to look up, whom should I see but my little Cousin Jack standing at the top of the stairs. I hoped and prayed that it would not enter his wicked little head to descend. As if reading my thoughts and, like the little imp that he was, resolving to do the very opposite, Jack went calmly to the balustrade, threw his leg over and came down like a streak of lightning, bump, right into poor Tudor's back. I will not repeat the consequences of that terrible act. Suffice it to say, that with no more than a cool "Good-by, Miss Mary," Tudor left the house.

Home at last and free! Could anything be more joyful?

"Did my babies have a good time?" asked the twins' mother.

"O, just dandy," they both answered in the same breath.

"Were you good, and did you mind Cousin Mary?"

"O, yes, we were perfect angels, weren't we?"

"Yes," I answered in a tone which plainly meant "no," "you were perfect angels."

HELEN D. CLARK, '06.



THE NECESSITY OF A TELEPHONE.



THE Proudfits lived in a West Side flat. There was nothing to distinguish them from any other "flat" couple in the neighborhood, except that Mr. Proudfit had a bald head and only one arm, while Mrs. Proudfit not only possessed the brightest red hair in the entire block, but was the owner of the most powerful voice ever heard in that part of town. In fact, her voice was the cause of much of the discontent that existed among her neighbors. She had a habit of calling to the grocery store, a quarter of a block away, at all times of day. This exhibition of elocution and oratory at last reached such alarming proportions that one old man was heard to say that "If that red-topped old woman didn't stop her yelling, he was going to swear out a warrant for her arrest on the charge of disturbing the peace."

This information, having been transmitted to the lady in question by little Moxey Pitcher, caused many violent exclamations. She stoutly maintained that she had the right to talk just as often and just as loud as she saw fit, and if any of her neighbors had anything to say to her, she would prefer to have them come to her in person instead of sending the message by the children. And, moreover, she announced that if there were any more insulting remarks to be made she guessed she could hold her own, as she had formerly lived in Arkansas, where people were noted for their proficiency in exchanging compliments.

This bold speech caused a lull on the part of the neighbors for awhile. They had heard that "A hint to the wise is sufficient," but in this case that statement did not hold good. Mrs. Proudfit was as good as her name. She held her head high and disdained to pay the slightest attention to any of her former friends, many of whom

were awestruck by the majestic appearance she made whenever she appeared on the street.

The yelling continued as before, and at last, after a consultation, a committee, consisting of Peter Simmons and wife, was appointed to see what could be done. Peter was almost sixty years old and a veteran of the Civil war. He had not been a soldier in the ranks, but a driver of a six mule team. At the present time, he was having a severe attack of rheumatism, which, he declared, had been brought on by being kicked by one of the lead mules of his team, while trying to escape from the enemy, at the battle of Bull Run. Peter spent many hours telling of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling experiences and it was but natural for his friends to believe him a brave man. Consequently he was selected for the present occasion. Nothing would have pleased him better than to have remained off the committee, but as it was imperative he was forced to submit.

It was with much timidity and many forebodings of evil that he at last nerved himself up to the ordeal. In company with his wife, he mounted the stairs to the second story of the flat and knocked timidly at Proudfit's door. Mrs. Proudfit had been waiting for the grocery boy for an hour and for that reason was not in a peaceable frame of mind. The minute she heard the knock, she rushed to the door and opened it, ready to express her sentiments upon the object of her wrath. To her surprise, there stood Peter with his cane in one hand while with the other he clung to the stair railing. Mrs. Simmons remained several steps in the rear.

"We have come," stammered Peter, "we have come, Mrs. —; ah! Mrs. —"

"Proudfit," snapped that lady, anxious to learn what was wanted of her by a person who had not spoken to her for two months.

Recovering himself, Peter continued: "Mrs. Proud—ah! fit—Proudfit we have come to tell you a committee has been appointed,—we are the committee."

"Well, what do I care?" was the next outburst.

"A committee," resumed Peter, almost in despair, "to tell you—to ask you—about your dis—disturbing—"

"Disturbing," shouted Mrs. Proudfit. "You come here to tell me I disturb you did ye? Well! I want to say. You'd both better get right out of here and right now, too," and as she spoke she advanced a step and flourished a large carving knife so fiercely that old Peter lost his balance and promptly rolled down stairs, carrying his wife with him as he descended.

Having brought the conversation to this happy conclusion, Mrs. Proudfit calmly closed the door and continued her work, leaving her callers, who beyond a few scratches were unhurt, to hobble home as best they could.

Undaunted by Peter's failure, David Flannigan volunteered to undertake the task of remonstrating with the offending person. He decided to disguise himself. A friend promised to lend him a policeman's uniform and with the regulation club, he felt sure of success. After due deliberation he concluded to make an evening call.

Now, it happened that several robberies had recently been committed in that vicinity and the Proudfits were in a fearful quandary for an effective burglar alarm. At last Mr. Proudfit, being of an ingenious nature, hit upon the plan of placing tinpans, pails and other kitchen utensils above the back porch door, so that in case of disturbance, a loud noise would ensue. This was supposed to frighten the robbers away.

All this, of course, was unknown to Flannigan. As he marched up to the door, with his club grasped firmly in his hand, he couldn't help feeling elated at the prospect of exerting a little authority. "If I could only meet a foot-pad," he muttered, "wouldn't I fix him though?" With this thought in mind, he opened the door and stepped briskly inside. He at once collided with a stepladder, which was leaning against the wall, and almost demolished it with a blow from his club before he realized what was the matter. At the same instant a dishpan fell heavily upon his head and knocked him over. Rising hastily to his feet, he attempted to make his way out, but before he could do so a frying pan fell upon him in such a way that he thought he was being stabbed by some assailant. "Spare me," he yelled. "Help! Murder! Police." He thought he was being assassinated. With a final effort he pulled himself together and succeeded in making his escape.

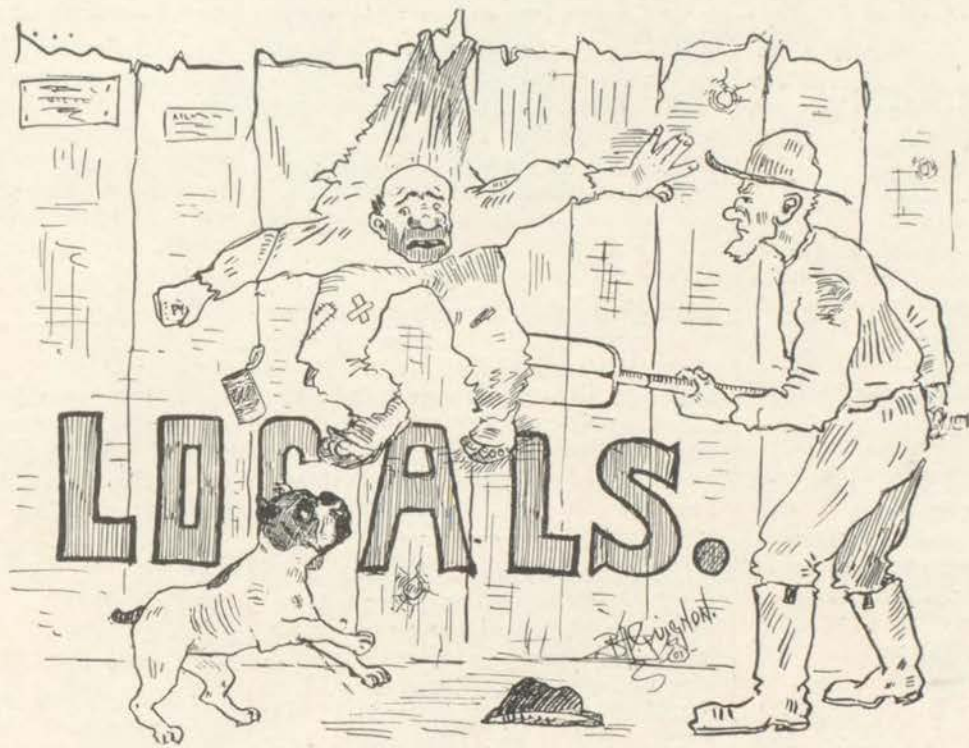
Needless to say, no other visits were made upon the Proudfits. Everyone seemed to feel that, "What can't be cured must be endured." Mrs. Proudfit continued to develop her powers as a public speaker without interruption. At last a day came which brought with it a cure for the existing evil. This was how it happened:

A telephone solicitor came around one day and it immediately dawned upon the neighbors of the Proudfits that the latter might be induced to take a telephone. A subscription was taken up and placed in the hands of the solicitor so that he could make a very reasonable rate for a year or two. The Proudfits fell into the trap and now there is no more yelling. Peace and quiet prevails, where there was once tumult and confusion, and it is all on account of a "Phone."

JOHN H. HIGLEY, SR.



THE SENIORS
[In Part]



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The deadlock in the Senior class remains unbroken after eighteen years. However, Mervfisher's chances for being elected president are much better.

Some one spilled a small 10-gallon can of odorless perfumery in the halls last night, and the new barrel of radium was greatly inflamed, lighting up the entire city and causing many people to think there was a fire.

Since last issue it has been decided to enlarge our paper again. The next number will contain 1,200 pages, but the price will remain the same—five cents per issue. The insistent demand of our advertisers for more space has prompted our action.

Many pupils are quarreling with the faculty because the school course is only twenty-five years in length. They think that the addition of five years (with three years of holiday) would enable them the better to understand Professor Holmes' puns.

Dr. Spojunkus Dunkus Pajamas, our instructor in physics, has succeeded at last in intercepting wireless money orders sent to the Zuzu of Al-expander, and he is deriving a comfortable income, besides bearing all the expenses of his entire family of 360 children.

Admiral Rojestvensky's Russian fleet was sighted off Missouri City early yesterday about sunset. It was unable to be seen, however, as he has the ships liberally covered with invisible powders. It is claimed that the Japanese will overtake the admiral at Leavenworth.

THE CENTRALIAN is in receipt of a new book on culinary maneuvers. It has no title, and the pages—6,438 in number—are printed with the regular invisible ink. The author, Miss Kurobutterickpattern, resides in Great Bend, Kan., and is but four hundred and eighteen years of age. It is remarkable in this day to find a writer in one so young.

A new instructor has been added to our faculty in the person of Dr.

Abou Belladona Cassicus, etc. He is highly recommended by the officials of the National University, where he recently graduated with a string of degrees which, when appended to his regular cognomen, make a name over five blocks in length. Dr. A. will teach advanced conversation.

In cleaning out the attic over Assembly Hall last week, a quantity of ancient scenery was discovered. It was defaced by many inscriptions, such as:

“Geo. McCurdy.”
“'05, '06.”
“S. L. H.”
“Christmas Play, '05.”
“Pearce Kane.”

The first and last of these appear to be some kind of name, but as they are too absurdly short to be those of humans, the belief is that they represent some kind of animal which lived a thousand years ago. If any one can throw any light on the matter, their knowledge will be gladly received by THE CENTRALIAN.

THE RACES

DOPE SHEET FOR PLAYING THE PONIES



Judges of Finish: I. I. Cam-
mack, H. H. Holmes, C. H.
Nowlin, J. W. White.

Starter: Henry Nixon.

Books will be kept during the
season by the following:
Willard Hovey, Madeline
Beamish, George Rider,
A. D. Bonnifield, Mary
Lackey, Porter Graves.

FIRST RACE. TROTTERS.

(Three Heats.)

2 Virgil—Lily Belle Neal. 12 Caesar—Johnny Crittenden.
421 Cicero—Fred Freshman.
Pointers: No. 2 hasn't trotted in good form this year. 421,
great bluffer. 12, plunge heavily; backed to win.

SECOND RACE. BLUFFERS.

Necessary qualifications:

1. All teachers must be easy to work.
2. Talk an hour without knowing anything about the sub-
ject.
3. Never let them know that you don't know anything.

18 Bessie Pague. 42 Frank Ellis.
20 Lee Campbell. 13 Earle Bowers.
10 Edna Callaway. 55 Boyde Fisher.

Pointers: Plunge on Ellis. Bessie Pague and Edna Calla-
way carry extra weight on account of experience; too much to
carry. Bowers and Fisher good for second and third place.
Both good mudders, having had experience in the Panama canal.

THIRD RACE. JOLLIERS.

Apprentice allowance for Marie Dodge, as this is her first
year on the track.

4 Marie Dodge. 26 Otto Trigg.
8 Florence Pague. 31 Chas. Byers.
9 Mary Lockeridge. 98 Courtney Moore.

No. 98 won every race of this character at Columbia, Mis-
souri, last month.

FOURTH RACE. BLUSHERS.

144 Fay Harkless.

As this entry has all other possible ones beaten to a stand-
still, it was not deemed advisable to contest this race. No. 144
will endeavor to break her record of last year.

FIFTH RACE. SELLING RACE.

Owners of these mounts are dissatisfied with their showing
and take this method for ridding their stables of the poor ones.
No entrance fee.

68 Ben Herschfield. 76 Mary Woods.
213 Moxey Frischer. 27 Pearce Kane.
03 Ruth Muchmore.

Tips on this will be furnished for 25c.

SIXTH RACE. FOUR-YEAR HANDICAP.

Qualifications:

1. Every mount must have proved his fidelity by having a
case for at least a year.
2. Seniors and Juniors are given a handicap of three and
two years, respectively.

The entry which lasts for four full years will be declared
the winner.

2 Lily Belle Neal. 71144 Whitney Rider.
55 Boyde Fisher. 8 Florence Pague.
14 Hortense Taylor. 47 Vaughn Bryant.

There is no known method of determining the winner.

Bargains -- Look 'em up

FRIENDS

Immediately after leaving school I shall open up a fine General Store on Eighteenth Street. I will carry a full line of Diamonds (on kredit), Sandpaper, Flypaper, Eye-Water, Mucilage, Furniture, Candy and Automobiles.

Try Me and I Will Do You Right.

FRED BELLEMERE

TEACHER

OF
VOCAL CULTURE AND
PUGILISM

Shortest Experience

Longest Legs

Strongest Prices

JASPER LIVINGSTON

There was an old maid from Adair.
She kept a big rat in her hair,
And when making her toilet
The rat tried to spoil it
By dancing a jig in the air.

However, this wouldn't have happened if she had worn one of our

**Klingtite Wigs
Any Shade
Any Grade**

ALLIE MAUPIN

CHAMPION

EQUESTRIENNE
OF HARLEM!

Open to Ring Engagements
in Any Part of the World.

Apply to

GLADYS GREEVER

"Whenever You're in Doubt—
Go Take a Bath"

—at—

WALLACE'S

TURKISH BATH PARLORS

Personal Attention and Expert Assistants.

**"SMILING
WILLIE"**
Manager.

LOOK HERE!

I Will Write Poetry About

Breakfast Foods
Sewing Machines
Chewing Gum
Soap
Furniture
Patent Medicine
Or Anything

Send stamp for particulars to

E. 71, CENTRALIAN

Correspondence SCHOOL

Formerly Manual Training High School.

Mark (X) in front of desired occupation.

MEN.	WOMEN.
Janitor	Wash Lady
Street Cleaner	Chocolate Dipper
Politician	Seamstress
Athlete	Nurse
Barber	Chorus Girl
Rag Picker	Butcher
Milkman	Wife
Yoodler	Editor
Musician	Pugilist

J. K. LEWIS, Principal.

When in Panama Stop at the

CANAL HOUSE

Mosquitoes Bad
Meals Worse
Beds Hard
Climate Awful

Fleas, Gad-Flies and Other Reptiles Furnished on Short Notice.

**Clypeastridous
Wattlebird's
Coagulation**

Promoters, Builders, Owners and Managers.

Bargains -- Look 'em up

FOOT BALL TEAMS

Desiring a Coach, Apply to
Me.

RATES REASONABLE

I am also an Expert Cook,
Waiter, Dog Catcher and
Wind Jammer.

COURTNEY MOORE,
Care County Jail.

ICE CREAM SODA

A La Mode, on Half Shell or
Table D'Hote.

57—Varieties—57

YET ALL ARE ALIKE
Price, According to Number
Bought.

VICTOR HUCHE

EXCURSION!

The Salvation Army will
conduct an Excursion to Kan-
sas City, Kas., soon. All who
do not come are invited.

Train leaves Union Depot
at 9 G. M. Saturday.

\$5—Round Trip—\$5

PORTER GRAVES

Porter and Conductor.

H. E. MERVINE

Agent for

Greeley's
Celebrated
Face Dope.

Guaranteed to cure Corns,
Warts, Bunions, Ingrowing
Nails, and Hives, with in-
jury to the parts affected.

Price.....85c Per Can

Western Agency,
OREGON - - - MO.

WANTED:-

First-Class Minister

Who will perform Marriage
Ceremony for the practice
derived therefrom.

Wedding to take place at
earliest possible convenience.
Send name and references
to

Clarence Stoneburner

—or—

Mary Halsted.

DANCE

—at—

HAAS' HALL

Tuesday Evening from 8:30

to

?

Admission:

Ladies, \$1.00 per Bunch.

Gentlemen, Free.

ALL COME

GROW TALL!

I am the Original Inventor of
the Celebrated

"Sernes' Method"

For Increasing the Height.

I have used this upon My-
self and know its Wonderful
Results.

Send Stamp (not Will
Stamp) for Particulars and
Book, "2 Feet in 2 Minutes."

HARRY SERNES

RAGAN'S CHOP HOUSE

OPEN JUNE 1st

Elegant Equipment

Splendid Service

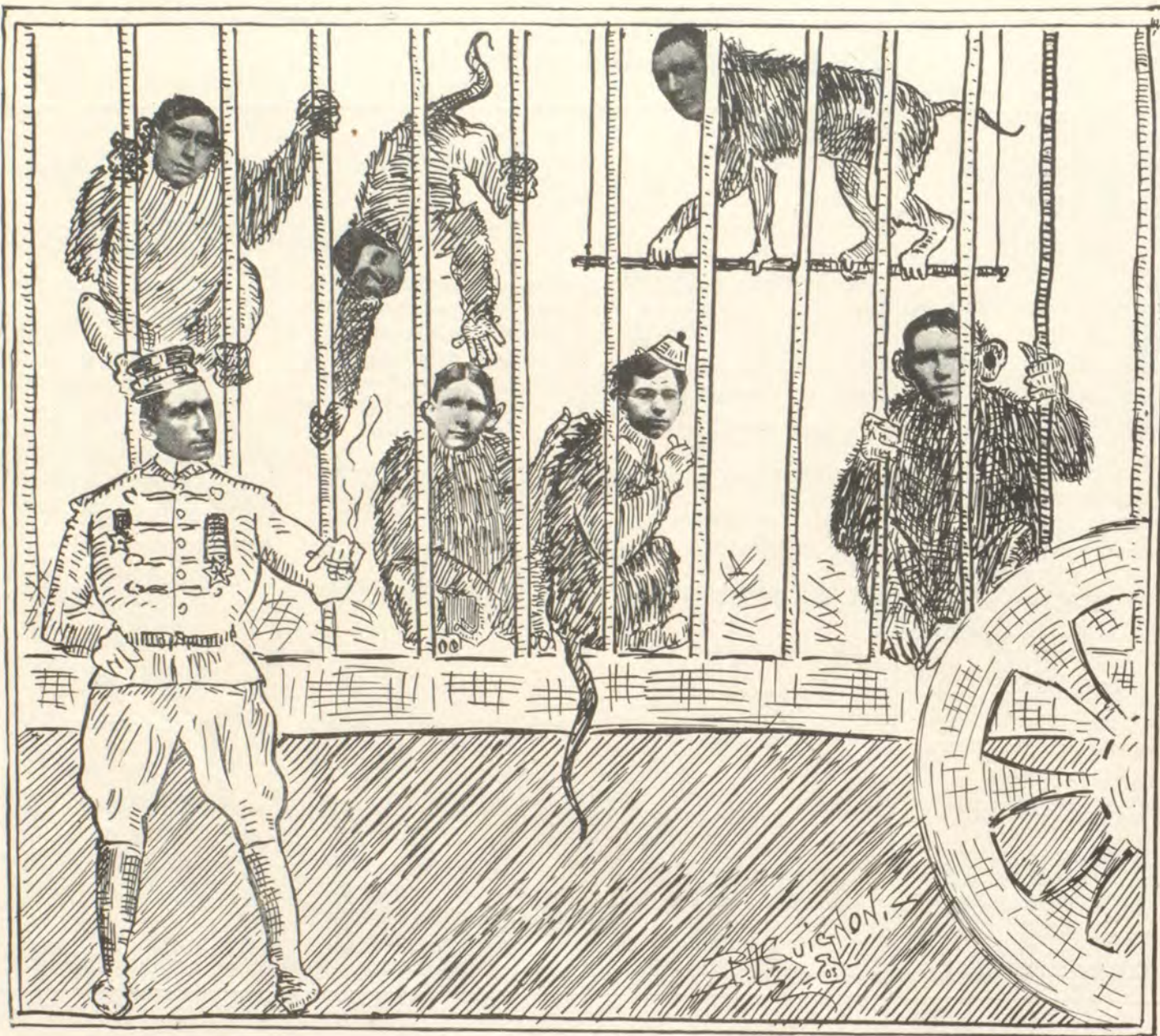
Willing Waiters

Also Food

1005 WALNUT

Remember—

Cuisine the Best.



THE CENTRAL —? CAGE

POPULAR SONGS

(Adapted)



In the Olden Tyme—The Senior's Freshman days.
Dream of Heaven—Coll's Sandwiches.
I'm On the Waterwagon Now—Willard Hovey.
Alexander—Bilderback.
Rustling Silks—Marie Minor.
I've Got a Feelin' for You—John to Florence.
Queen of Hearts—Fay Harkless.
I Can't Do this Sum—George Rider.
The Donkey Laugh—Burt Lewis.
Our Director—I. I. Cammack.
She's Just a Little Different—Your Favorite.
Always in the Way—Era Bridgeford.
Dance of the Gnomes—Minott Mulford, Ted Wood, Luther
Welsh and Edward Ball.
Shame on You—Roland and—on the return trip from
Columbia.
Message of the Violets—Spring-fever.
Office Boy—Harry Brown.
Yankee Girl—Irene Shepard.
Since I First Met You—Bessie.
Maybe You Think I'm Santa Claus—Frank Woodward.
Show the White O' Yo' Eye—Edwin White.
Jolly Me Along—Mary Lockridge.



THE POO-BAH KLUB

PASSWORD: Thrice Bah.

MOTTO: Three poo poos, and a bah bah.

YELL: Same as above.

KNOCK: No knockers allowed.

LORD HIGH SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT—Frank Hale Ellis.

FIRST BUM INTERPRETER TO THE KING—Herbert Sloan.

HIS ROYAL HIGHBALL—Raymond Riffée.

MEMBERS

FIRST DEGREE

M ARIE
INOT
ATIE

M INOR
ULFORD
AYNARD

SECOND DEGREE

E FFIE
RA
THEL

B AINTER
RIDGEFORD
ECK

KLUB FOOD—Grape Nuts on the half-shell.

HEBE, THE FOOD BEAHEH—Irving Morley.

WULES

- WULE I. No membah shall wemove his monocle between the houhs of five and ten p. m.
- WULE II. Every membah shall repoht at dwess pawade on Thoisdays and Satuhdays.
- WULE III. Each membah is requiahed to poichase and masticate one bowl of cold slaw each mohning foh breakfoist.
- WULE IV. Theah is no wule foah.



SOCIETY NOTES

Mr. Boyd Fisher, Central High School, gave a banquet last night for the disappointed office seekers. The table was artistically decorated with weeping willows and bleeding hearts. Among the guests were:

Mr. Earl Bowers, Esq.,	Mr. John Hale,
Guest of honor.	Miss Era Bridgeford,
Miss Lee Campbell,	Miss Gertrude Copley,
Miss Jean Mead,	Mr. Julian Cahn,
Mr. Harry Cotton,	Mr. Charles Reynolds.

The toasts given through the evening were exceedingly unique.

"Ninety-nine Reasons Why I Did Not Win," by Mr. Boyde Fisher.

"Well, How Can You Tell Till You Try?" Miss Era Bridgeford.

"Machines of Many Kinds," by Lee Cambell.

Mr. Fred Freshman will sail for Europe the 26th of each month, beginning with June.

The Sigmas Ate a Pie announce a luncheon to be given in Assembly Hall the morning of the 16th. The menu will

consist of the following courses: 1st. Apricot and apple; 2nd Peach; 3rd and last, Pumpkin pies. All guests will be requested to wipe their ears before retiring as you know pumpkin pie musses the ears so.

Miss Marion Gage wishes to announce the opening of a French class in the Hot Air Building. Pupils cordially received.

Mr. H. H. Holmes has gone to Washington, D. C., to take up the office of President of the United States. He was urged to accept this position several months ago, but as he felt that his work was needed in Central, he then refused, but during the recent visit of Admiral Dewey, he was then shown that his services were properly with his country.

Mrs. Voorhees, while singing last week with her hat on, met with a peculiar accident. At a certain high note, the music was forced through her veil, thereby straining her voice. No serious injury was done, however.

THAT TEACHER GAME



DID you ever notice that institutions, like folks, have their ways of doing things that distinguish them from the common herd? Well, they have, and "Old Central," has some of these ways and in this wise: She's a winner all along the line—she just can't help it, that's all there is to it. The winds of fortune may cut capers with her for a time, but in the final mix-up of the last inning you can depend on her to win! Did you ever know it to fail? And speaking of base ball—the faculty game, I mean—you know how it was. Our friends the Manual faculty, had a good team—of course, they did—only we had a better one, just at the right time, the time to win. You will never forget that magnificent battery of ours—Graves and Bonnifield. Far be it from me to suggest that Graves pitched at the bats of our friends, the enemy, or to insinuate that he had any criminal intent of foul play on their persons! All good slab artists have a puzzling delivery. Graves had that, so he must have been an artist. Bonnifield officiated behind the bat in his usual impressive style, beside acting as generalissimo-in-extraordinary and executioner-in-chief at the wind-up.

Of course you noticed our artist from the short grass country, who presided at first—our Wright. His work was that of a veteran. When the sizzlers came his way he just reached out and gathered them in without batting an eye-winker!

And the rest of our stars? Well, space will not permit an extended panegyric on their performances. Gordon, in spite of his domestic cares, did himself proud. Hamilton was in the game all the time. We can't exactly say that he played an errorless game—but really, we should not be too critical; the ball was very hard. The gardens were looked after in fine style by that matchless trio, Lewis, Touton and Holmes.

The game started off with a rush—the usual whirlwind affair that our friends find so hard to maintain and which leads one to suggest that they would find it a good idea to come into a closer knowledge of their own wind.

As I have already intimated, this whirlwind start made things look bilious for Central. Bannister had an off day at third. That's no crime for we all have them. We can't remember what ball it was that he caught—but, no matter. Things really went badly all round. There were some who thought that Manual would never get out. At the close of the next to the last inning the score stood 8 to 7 in favor of Manual. Ayres had his war togs on, chafing to get into the game. Matters looked badly, but right here was where Bonnifield showed the master hand. Ayres was put in left field—a safe proposition as nothing ever went that way—and Lewis took charge of the third sack. Two Manualites went out and another knocked a little fozzling pop-up which Lewis froze to.

Then came the last half of the last inning with the score 8 to 7 against us. Did the hearts of our husky Pa's fail them? Nay, nay, nay, son! What mattered it that two men were out and the score still 8 to 7? Old Central had two men on bases and Bonnifield coming to bat. Cotton and Lewis and the whole bunch of our really truly ball tossers pranced up and down the side-lines yelling to Bonnifield, "You've got to do it! You've got to do it!"

And did he do it? Well, I guess. He just brought the willow around into such intimate relation with the ball that it simply sailed out into space. The Manual fielders followed that ball like the small boy follows a balloon at a county fair—but what mattered it? The bases were cleared, the score stood 9 to 8, and Old Central won as she always does—just because its a way she has.

PO-ET-RE BY OUR BARDS

THAT TRIP

Excursions in the summer
Seem quite to be the thing;
But we really were delighted
With the one we had this spring.

Our ten cars were full of people
When we left K. C. at one;
And those hours were surely pleasant
Which we spent upon that run.

I say the cars were crowded—
And this I shall repeat.
We were jammed so close together
That we sat three in a seat.

To some this seems peculiar,
But I recollect with joy
That the girls sat in the middle,
And on each side sat a boy.

We raided Hasty Lunch joints
At Moberly, Missouri;
'Twas there we almost missed the train—
Oh, how we had to hurry!

At Centralia, for half an hour,
The brakeman said we'd stop.
So every one climbed off the train
And guzzled on soda-pop.

At last we reached Columbia,
A quarter after seven;
To lunch, then, Academic Hall—
We danced until eleven.

Oh, how we spent that Friday night,
The truth has ne'er been said;
It seems to me, at Fyfer's Hall
We slept five in a bed!

But we don't mind such things as that,
We were dreaming of the fun
Which happened the next morning
At the tune of four to one.

The track meet in the afternoon
Was also won by us;
But in the field and weight events
Was where they made us—sigh.

Another dance that evening
For the great Saint Louis bunch
Was well attended by K. C.,
For we'd received the "hunch."

Then back we piled into the cars—
Our yells were in the air.
Our lungs were still quite lusty, so
There was no slumber there.

The coaches were still packed full,
So for space economy
We crowded just a little, and
Made one seat serve for three.

Thus through the night we traveled
O'er that smooth and even(?) track,
It was early Sunday morning
When we finally got back.

Some of us ate breakfast,
And some went straight to bed,
Sleeping until nightfall,
Declaring they were "dead."

Now in pleasant retrospection
Of my happy schoolboy days,
This trip stands like a beacon,
Out of mem'ry's jumbled haze.

And if any one should ask me
If I'd like to go again,
I'd voice the common sentiment
And answer "Yes," Amen.

R. E. W., '06.

BROKE

He took her to a ball game—
He took her on a pass;
A gallant Webster fellow
Took an Aristonian lass.

And when the game was over
A quarrel did they make,
About their journey homeward,
Which car line they should take.

The maiden thought a moment,
Then giggled merrily;
'Let's have no words about it;
Let's simply 'flip' and see.'

The Webster blushed to purple
In grim embarrassment.
'I hope you won't insist,' he said—
'I haven't got a cent!'
(With apologies to the Jayhawker.)

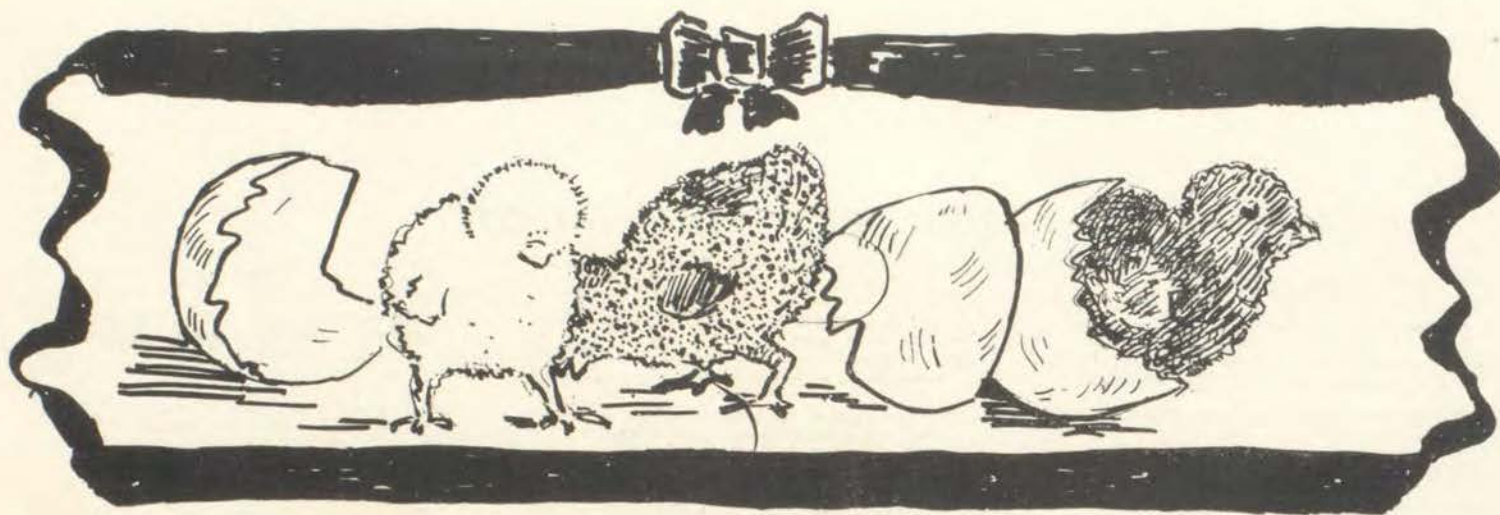
TO A SANDWICH

And art thou gone, my sandwich,
Victim to appetite's zest?
Of all the heavy buns I've gnawed,
I think thou wert the best.

O, would I had thee back once more,
Thou bread of rubber make,
Together with thy pickles sour,
And ham that gave an ache.

But thou art gone forever, now,
Away from all mankind,
And I will always hold my peace,
Though thou brokest a tooth of mine.

So now my lay is finished,
And I think thou wilt agree,
That an abstinence from sandwiches
Would have bettered thee and me.



RECENT PUBLICATIONS

Myself in a Looking-class; or What a Great Boy Am I. By Frank Ellis. 13 vols., 623 pages, \$0.13. In this work the author tells in a delightful manner all he has been (?) and ever intends to be, with variations and elaborations.

"Grape-Nuts" in Athletics; or How I Became an Athlete in My Old Age. Bound in fast colors. By Harry Cotton. Price, new, \$1.24. I absolutely guarantee that if my directions are specifically followed in the use of this cereal anyone will be able to enter all kinds of athletics on the same day without great fatigue. Testimonials by Lucius McConnel and Harry Minton.

How I Became a Grammarian; or My Experience in a Sophomore Election. By Miss Florence Pague. Pocket edition. Price, \$0.75. Contains the exciting experience of the author while trying to introduce a new mode of pronunciation for the word "eligible" by calling it "legible." Also what happened. Buy one.

My First Experience with Shakespeare in Columbia; or How I Played MacDuff to a Full House and a Peach Pie. By Willard Hovey. (A rocky edition.) Price, \$2.25. In this, the author says, "Are the strangest experiences of a man's life. A boat ride isn't in it." Also contains numerous songs of the author: "Lay on McDuff;" "Take that Light off Me," and "Won't I Ever Reach Those Gates?" Really, very interesting.

Monsters I Have Seen in the Kaw. By Ida Stevenson. 1 vol., with torn gilt-edged leaves, \$1.69. A very interesting book to one who is interested in the wild animals of the Western states. Full of pictures showing the writer in her many dangerous positions.

The Autobiography of a Whangdoodle, Supplemented by a Novelette, The Girl With the Goose Look. By Frank Wilkinson. Price, free if removed at once. This is a great thing. Handsomely bound and wrapped in fly paper. Contains all secrets of S. K. D.s and other similar organizations.

How I Killed the Bear, and Fifty Other Yarns. By Vale Nance. Leather binding. Price, \$16.50. In this book will be found all the thrilling adventures ever read, heard of or unheard of by the author, as well as one or two personal experiences.

My Jokes and Laughs. By Walter Haglage. Printed on thin paper so they may be easily seen through. Price, \$0.46. The book is a pleasure to read, from the fact of what might be the case if the author were really present.

A few others which space will not allow us to criticise: *The Rivals.* (In two parts. George Rider and —.) *Hair Dressing Modes for Automobile Riding.* (Bessie Pague).

How I Won the Senior Election. (Howard Mervine).

PERSONAL COLUMNS

Bessie, why don't you write? Will meet you in Sioux City whenever convenient.

FRANK W.

Am selling out my stock of Talcum Powder. Twelve cases to be disposed of shortly. Put in your order early.

ERA BRIDGEFORD.



I will open last week a new Clothing Store. Clothes and clotheslines for everybody. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated;—come here.

MAX KLEBANSKY.

My husband was a hard drinker for twenty years and I cured him. I have nothing to sell, but if you send me your name and \$1.00 I will tell you how I corrected the habit.

BEULAH R.

Boys—Send for my free book on "How Money Grows." This explains how to make good investments. Don't be fooled by imposters; I am the original. Co-operative-Investment-Realty-Building-Loan and Suckers' Trust Association. Drop me a quarter and name and I will send you this book Free! Also other valuable tips.

JOHN JAMES CRITTENDEN, Q. T.

Personal—The young lady who stepped on a moving Twelfth street car Saturday afternoon may secure names of witnesses by applying at soda fountain in drug store, where mud was scraped off dress.

D. VICTOR WHITNEY, ESQUAB.

Slenth—slenth—slenth!! I am the King of Detectives. I will get back stolen property. Phony jewelry and umbrellas also recovered in six years. Charges reasonable. Service prompt.

GEORGE BINDBEUTEL, JR.

U. S. Detective Stars for rent.

Clairvoyant—Mme. Coko de Tapioko-Jeanus-Meadus. Just arrived from Armourdale where she told fortunes of the High Aeolian of Cuticura. Upon receipt of your name, address and birthday she will tell your name, residence number and age. This wonderful power has not been explained by anyone! No correspondence will be opened that does not contain a two dollar bill. People in love and in other distress will be given any kind of advice for five dollars a line.



OUR JANITORS

Hugh Davidson,
Patrick R. Call,

Lenord F. Vandolah,
Frank Swarthout,

John Saunders,
Robert Snedgar.



B. Guignon. 85

CENTRAL'S BIG BARGAIN SALE

Only a few listed here. Many more equally as attractive will be found in all departments throughout Central.

PONIES

A great showing of ponies, all ages and kinds. Lately bought cheap from the Senior Co., and will be placed on sale tomorrow89c

READY TO USE EXCUSES

Large assortment of these ready to use excuses. Can fit everyone. Latest style, fancy trimmings, appear genuine. On sale tomorrow, only.....10c

WIRE PULLERS

A few left overs from the big Senior election. Strong, durable and may be used with effect on any well regulated "machine". To close out this small lot the price will be 30c

WONDERFUL RED AND WHITE COMPLEXION LOTION

Will produce beautiful red cheeks. We have testimonials for this marvelous lotion from the following:

Miss Vera Wright.
Miss Bessie Pague.
Mr. Willard Hovey.
Mr. Hauser Sloan.

LOVE LETTER COLLECTION

One of the largest in the world. Made by Florence Pague, Hortense Taylor and Co. Warranted to be genuine. Note the signature on each. Ranging in values from 1c to 69c. The value placed on the work of art of the collection.

NEW LOT OF JANITORS

We've just got them in and they're beauties. For sale cheap. We advise all Freshmen to buy, as they are suitable for many occasions and may be used to advantage throughout the High School course. Many different sizes, marked \$3.98

MANY SIZES OF BEAUX

If you have not yet made arrangements for next year, you are fortunate for these prices are unapproachable. For girls who have this year possessed Senior beaux this sale comes at an exceedingly opportune time. Colors: Blue, tan, red, green and white. The values are enormous. These items will show you how enormous:

Shannon Douglas variety, strong, durable, faithful..\$8.00

John Crittenden—Fresh, new goods,19c

Lucius McConnell—The most beautiful in the lot, very dear, slightly fragile, and must be handled with care. For sale tomorrow, only\$10
Come early for we expect a great rush.

Richard Wiles—Large size, warranted to last a season, good temper, strictly high class. Cheap at..\$10.98

Clifford Leonard—Finest grade, clean and fresh, plain, sensible finish; great bargain.....\$10.15

Otto Trigg—Bright, attractive design; slight imperfections, but a wonderful value at\$11.00

George Rider—First class material, style, etc; soft and pliable. This variety is exceedingly popular with the girls so come early and avoid the rush.
Sale price\$ 9.00

Victor Speas—Small, handsome, neat. This variety was bought from the Neff Co., who were forced to sell cheap on account of removal from Central and will be sold for\$ 8.98

JUNK SALE! We have lately purchased the entire junk stock of Bowers, Cotton and Minton. These medals will be placed on sale as soon as they can be cleaned up a little. Price, per pound12 1-2c

A CENTRAL PROPHECY

As Taken By Professor Garter Draves From the Heavens, Larger Stars and Planets

IN AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PROFESSOR HE SAYS:

In 1958.

Mr. Cammack has retired to the Teachers' Institution for the Aged.

John Higley "stumps" the state for Mervine as city dog catcher.

Marian Gage is a missionary in Harlem.

Richard Frank, a prosperous fisherman on the Kaw.

Pearce Kane is bodyguard for Robt. E. Lee in Virginia.

Era Bridgeford just married for sixth time.

Earl Bowers is a promising undertaker in the West Bottoms.

Katherine King is now the proprietress of a boarding house in Excelsior Springs.

In 1958.

Sarah Wingate is an agent for "Kinker's Hair Dye."

Charles Byers is a captain in the Salvation Army.

Mr. Coll is cooking instructor at Manual and also the manufacturer of Coll's impregnable sandwiches.

Mae Curdy—Nobody can tell.

Edwin Patterson is writing love stories for the "Black Cat."

The Websters have stopped kicking.

Bert Lewis, professional bum. (See picture.)

Barat Guignon has learned to draw(?).

Hortense Taylor and Eunice Sexton, old maids.

Earl Insley. Wild man with the Glee Clubs Amalgamated, Combined, World Renowned Famous Circuses.

The Seniors haven't the big-head.



CENTRAL'S CURIOSITY SHOP.

Vera's Complexion—We consider this our most valuable possession. It is one of the most beautiful works of art in the world.

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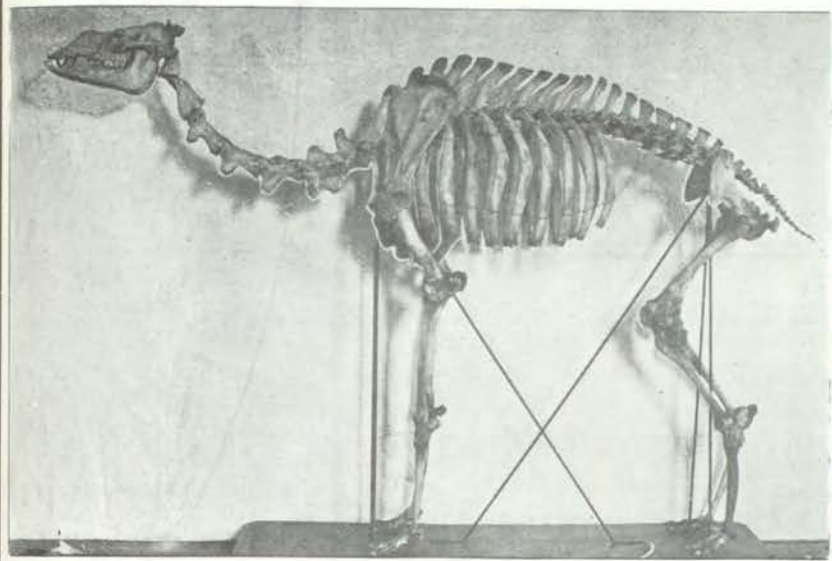
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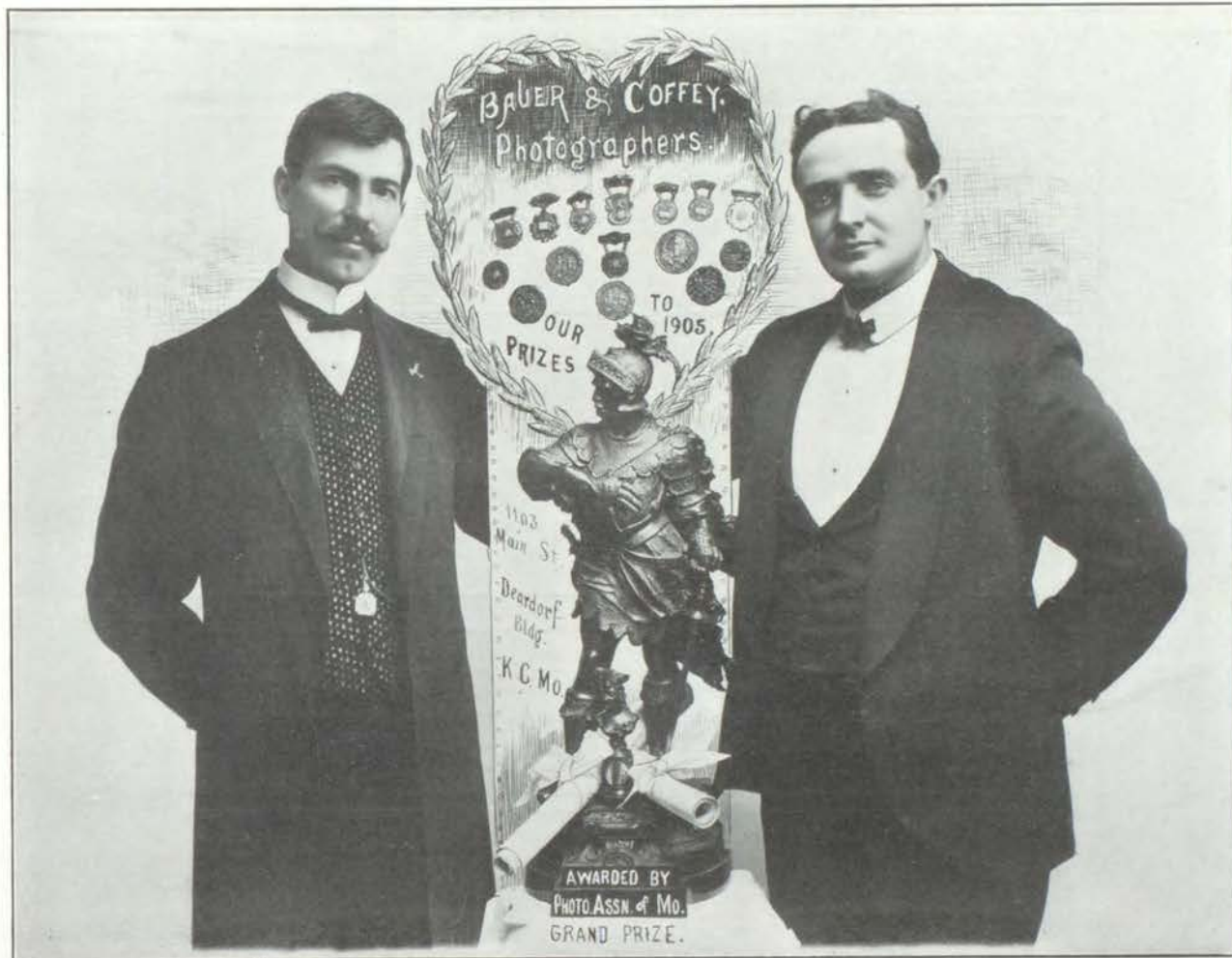
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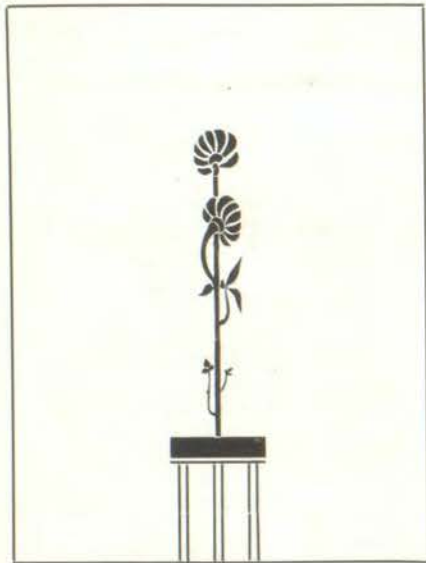
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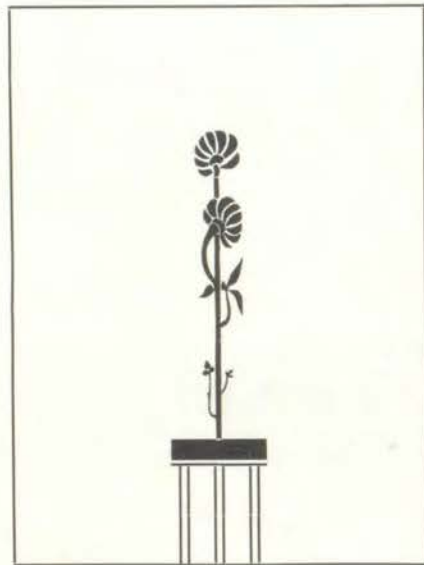


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- Clifford Leonard—Terrorized the Freshmen.
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- Earl Reed—Disclosed his true character in the Glee Club melodrama.
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