



THE CENTRALIAN

VOLUME VIII

EDITED BY

THE LUMINARY STAFF

OF NINETEEN HUNDRED FIVE AND SIX



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

KANSAS CITY, MO.

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Irene Shepard



Edgar Farney



Nellie Monroe



Harold McKibben



Frank Wilkinson



Edwin Patterson



Chas. Byers



Hugh Pickerton



Roy Dietrich



Harold Richards



Marion Fox



Homer Berger



Katherine King



John McCoy



Greetings



THE purpose in being with which the Staff has attempted to inspire this book is to serve every Central pupil into whose hands it may fall, as a mirror, wherein he may see imaged his own actions, in so far as they have formed a portion of the school life during the past year. Although decorum would require that we present the work to its critics without staff comment as to the likelihood of its possessing the luster of a looking-glass, we yet would fain believe it to partake of a magic versatility, in that some parts reflect the reader's likeness and achievements as conceived in his own mind, whereas certain other portions, especially the last department in the book, may perhaps approach that long-sought idealism enabling us all "to see ourselves as others see us."



To
The Class
of
Naught Six



THE CLASS OF NAUGHT SIX



I. I. CAMMACK, PRINCIPAL

"Moderate, resolute, whole in himself, a common good."

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EDITORIALS



IN compiling the present Annual, the staff has endeavored to follow out faithfully the accepted precept governing the preparation of such publications: to delineate with biographical interest and vividness that portion of the school's existence embraced by what we might call the "Birthday" of last September, and the "Confirmation" of this June. By conforming to this conventional plan, we have, of course, precluded all possibility of offering the school anything novel as regards fundamental setting. Nevertheless, we trust the generous and painstaking reader will find his kindly search rewarded by the discovery of numerous details new in Centralian pages. Beyond this, moreover, it is inevitable but that every Annual should differ radically from all its predecessors, for a realistic portrayal of school life during one year is certain either ingloriously to fall below or triumphantly to rise above all efforts enacted in the past, in such proportion as the school's achievements during the last ten months compare favorably or unfavorably with those of previous seasons.

In many ways Central this year has stridden far beyond her best records of earlier days. In the sea of intellectual contests, indeed, we breasted a tidal wave of victory, beyond which the voices of the judges were heard proclaiming with Solm-like justice that Central had within her walls the three best essay writers in the high schools of the State of Missouri. The unpretentious manner in which Messrs. Frank Wilkinson, and Roy Dietrich, and Miss Judith Connelly modestly appropriated the three medals offered in the contest, magnanimously leaving the "honorable mentions," furnishes an ideal illustration of "the survival of the fittest," tempered by an admirable generosity.

However, it is not in external militations alone that Central has really ac-

EDITORIAL—Continued

complished things during the year. Besides the very important fact that she has greatly enlarged the school library, an examination of her diary will discover to the interested researcher records of many entertainments and many class contests of various kinds which indubitably establish the fact that she has been up and doing in domestic life. While a considerable number of noted men have addressed our assemblies, the student body as a whole has probably been most pleasurably impressed by the various manifestations of home talent. Again, out of the large field covered by the efforts, histrionic and oratorical, of the representatives of the various societies and departments, we believe the school would select the Christmas play by acclamation as having been the most spirited entertainment of the year. Next to it, the society programs have been viewed with the greatest interest. Besides these, the school has enjoyed performances giving very complete representation to the foreign language departments.

Passing to athletics, we find Central to have passed through many experiences productive of an honest pride. She has won the foot ball championship of the State; her basket ball team can show a most creditable record; the girls' basket ball team has done good work; the track team has upheld its record well, both in the Convention Hall invitation meet and in the Lawrence meet. They captured nearly everything portable in the way of trophies. Certainly our new trophy case has been enabled to assume the proportions of a "treasure-chest" quite as much through the exertions of the athletes of 1905-06 as through those of the *maiores*.

But, as in literary debating work there have been many beneficial results obtained from the programs and contests within our home bounds, so in athletics we have had an inter-class meet of more than cursory importance. Such a meet is calculated to perform a function attempted by nothing else in Central's life, namely, the arousing of spirit in each class as

a unit. The existence of this interest of individual classes prevents any stagnation of school spirit, and keeps enthusiasm at such a tension that it is ready to manifest itself without the necessity of urging, at times when it will do the most good.

All in all, the year just lived through has been crowded with noteworthy events. Although it has seen the completion of some changes, it has yet been one of unified effort on the part of the students and faculty. This absence of any friction has enabled all to devote their undivided energies to the good of the school. The results have indeed been gratifying.

Further, in naming over all the good things we have enjoyed and admired, it is but fair to designate that portion of the school's population to whom the credit is due. We trust the Senior class is not too modest to receive with suitable composure a word of deserved praise, for it undoubtedly has done as much to contribute to the school's reputation without, and to enliven her life within, as any body of graduates she has yet produced. On the other hand, Central has been the pasture in which the Seniors have thus disported themselves. Thus there is every reason for the tenderest reciprocal sentiments to be held between the class of '06 and our grand old school.

Some would tell us that the affection we entertain towards this, our secondary school, will soon be supplanted by a more mature adoration, the zealous loyalty paid to a college *Alma Mater*. With those of '06 however, one fact has acquired so powerful a significance as to stand a truth as well-founded as the greatness of the school itself: no member of this class, it matters not to what heights his contemplation of any college may threaten to raise his tributes, will ever forget that an image of our Central, and of her alone, must ever respond to the callings of memory when he hears the words, "My first love."



STATEMENT

OF THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT OF THE LUMINARY



November

RECEIPTS:—Advertising	
Pinkerton	\$11.00
Dietrich	21.00
Patterson	24.00
Mr. Holmes	4.00
	<u>\$60.00</u>
Balance from Staff of 1904-05	12.13
Luminary Sales	49.15
Total	\$121.28
Expenditures:—Engraving, Printing, etc.	
Outstanding accounts	81.87
	10.00
Balance	<u>\$29.41</u>

December

RECEIPTS:—Advertising	
Dietrich	\$20.00
Patterson	18.00
Pinkerton	12.00
	<u>\$50.00</u>
Luminary Sales	52.70
Balance from November	29.41
Total	\$132.11
Expenditures—Printing, Engraving	
	91.92
Balance	<u>\$41.19</u>

January

RECEIPTS:—Advertising	
Patterson	\$25.50
Dietrich	18.00
Pinkerton	2.00
	<u>\$45.50</u>
Luminary Sales	43.90
Balance from December	41.19
Total	\$132.59
Expenditures—Engraving, Printing, etc.	
	81.67
Balance	<u>\$48.92</u>

February

RECEIPTS:—Advertising	
Dietrich	\$16.00
Pinkerton	7.00
Patterson	24.50
	<u>\$47.50</u>
Luminary Sales	43.45
Cash in Bank	48.92
Total	\$139.87
Expenditures—Printing, etc.	
	80.60
Balance	<u>\$59.27</u>

March

RECEIPTS:—Advertising	
Patterson	\$30.50
Dietrich	29.50
Pinkerton	10.00
	<u>\$70.00</u>
Balance from February	59.27
Luminary Sales	40.55
Total	\$169.82
Expenditures—Printing and Engraving	
	80.55
Balance	<u>\$89.27</u>

April

RECEIPTS:—Advertising	
Patterson	\$40.00
Dietrich	20.00
Pinkerton	14.00
	<u>\$76.00</u>
Luminary Sales	40.10
Balance from Last Month	89.27
Total	\$205.27
Expenditures—Printing, etc.	
	84.78
Balance for the year	<u>\$120.49</u>

THE SIMPLE LIFE

You awake with eyes just closed in sleep
A period of four hours or less;
Then seize your watch, and in it peep,
And see six minutes and a half to dress.

Now devour in gulps your breakfast hot,
With eyes glued to your English Lit,
Then chase the car with gloomy thought,
And open your book as down you sit—

You have this ride for the "children's hour,"
The only time you may reserve
For your child-like studies one and four;
Then hustle to school, and brace your nerve

To kneel before your teacher's kind
And beg their pictures for this book,
You feel they somehow have divined
Your wish to use instead—a look.

Then thumps the bell—you've plead in vain,
Your wish to "make the book complete;"
You sprint the hall with might and main,
Yet reach your room just twelve feet late.

Through all five hours you wildly scramble;
Between each two you work the 'phone.
So far this joyful, trance-like ramble
Depicts the morning's play alone.

They say Old Job was freighted with a whole box-car of care;
That the drug-stores kept no liniment, in patience did he
bear.

His wife she pressed for Easter hats, the girls had matinee
fads:

But Job can't fill a bob-tailed flush,
When it comes to gettin' "ads!"

There are seventeen stenographers, before the manager's door,
With fourteen sub-department clerks, and travelingmen a
score.

"Can't give you anything this month," with funeral visage sad,
He's turned you down! Then on your knees, you
Beg him for an "ad!"

Lunch, as a word, conveys no meaning,
Your duty is to "stand and wait"
Until you sort and count the gleaning
Of "stuff" that's come, although 'tis late.

The photographer's shop is visited now.
Then back to school with nineteen proofs;
The engraver is only a mile or so—
To go there now is what behooves.

Your calling list holds the printer's name;
So drop around, and ask results—
As the rest weren't ready—he's the same,
Unmoved by coaxing or insults.

School-ward wend your blithesome way,
And 'spite of noise you sit you down,
And get to work without delay;
But tall weeds grow where thoughts you've sown.

To home now soon you rush for supper;
A blessed respite from all gloom.
Then climb the stairs to regions upper,
And grind away within your room.

It may be one, it may be two,
When the Sand Man comes to close the strife,
And you to him in sleep construe
The beauties of the Simple Life.

C. C. B.

ADS AND FANCIES

"One thousand copies—space the cheapest—big high school."
you cry,

"Best homes in Kansas City reached—each pupil there does
buy!"

"We've cut out all of that this month," he says—he's lying
bad,

For in the *other fellow's* paper,
You have seen his dinky "ad!"

So Job, old boy, I've come along; I'm sorry to displace you.
You've four-flushed on us all so long, I hate now to disgrace
you.

But when it comes to patience, and never getting mad,
You're just a brush-league novice—why,

You never got an "ad!"


E. W. P.




THE STAFF ON A SEARCH FOR MATERIAL





ORIGINAL 2-ROOM BUILDING PURCHASED IN 1868




ENLARGED TO AN 8-ROOM BUILDING IN 1875, — RAZED IN 1892. —



SOUTH WING OF PRESENT BUILDING, FRACTED IN 1894.



PRESENT BUILDING COMPLETED IN 1892



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL



NO higher tribute can be paid to the nobility with which the people of Kansas City have responded to the demands which Central High School has made upon their resources, than the photographs on the opposite page, portraying the remarkable growth of that institution. The story which they tell is of an evolution so rapid as to be incredible in any section other than the great and growing West. And how has Central High School responded to this munificence on the part of Kansas City? It has sent forth some three thousand graduates, to become her best citizens. Moreover, owing to the lack of a higher institution fitted to give a broad general education, Central High School has grown to be the "people's college" of Kansas City.

Well does it merit that title. Few colleges proper (if we except the large universities) have a larger or better trained faculty, or more extensive institutional facilities. As for the first, it is well known that no teacher can hope to obtain an instructorship in Central until he has demonstrated his ability, and has gained considerable experience elsewhere. Furthermore, nearly every member of the faculty is a college graduate, and many can boast masters' degrees. All these qualifications furnish a teaching staff where effectiveness is devoted not alone to the daily grind in the present little sphere of education, but also to furnishing a deep inspiration for those who would drink longer and deeper from the Pierian spring.

But the most distinctive feature of Central is the completeness of her equipment. To begin with, the observatory, which affords practice for the classes in astronomy, gives an excellent view of the heavens in all directions, and is a better feature of its kind than that possessed by most of the colleges.

The trigonometry classes, too, enjoy the use of a set of surveying instruments, thus placing their work upon a more sound and practical basis. Nor must the library be overlooked. It is particularly to be noted that the recent addition of a large number of history books has greatly widened the scope of the outside reading done in that department. The feature most to be remarked upon, however, is the laboratories. Passing over the biological and physiographic laboratories, in themselves of no little merit, we come to the physics department. It is no matter of speculation to say that the testing instruments and demonstrative apparatus furnish to the student an opportunity for work but little below the university standard. The chemistry laboratory is fully as complete in its equipment. The fan system of this room, by which the irritating and offensive gases produced during experiments are constantly drawn off, is a very unusual thing in a high school.

Nor is this growth to cease with the past. According to plans already drawn up and approved, we are to have a new nine-room addition on the east. On the first floor will be a gymnasium with a twenty-foot ceiling; it will have, when completed, few equals among the high schools of the West. On the second floor will be established a large commercial department; the third floor will be devoted to the ever-increasing needs of the art department. The importance of this step cannot be over-estimated.

So, let us, who are about to graduate, hope that Central's pre-eminence may not cease with the present, but that, in the still further progress which the past suggests, she may continue in the van.

E. W. P.



E. C. WHITE, VICE-PRINCIPAL.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found
in the way of righteousness."



AN ODE

MILLIE STEACY, '06.

IN Central, now there is a man
Of great renown; beloved is he!
Its tow'ring spires from far and wide,
This wondrous school he first began
And nourished it, 'till now you see
And troops of youths in knowledge's path
Pour from its doors to every side.
Of this great town.

Full many years he labored long
And helped him up steep learning's way,
Who then was weak, but now is strong,
Who oft returns with joy to-day

To thank this one and loud proclaim
In our assembly hall, the love yet fear,
He once did find in the fond name
Of Doctor White.

But we who, late have learned how glad
He was his aid to lend,
Do wander through dark Vergil, sad,
Unguided by his able hand.
We hope that he will soon return
To lead us o'er the misty course
Of lost Aeneas, whose heart did burn
With Dido's love.



"THE RYDER'S TALE OF CENTRAL SCOLE"

(With Apologies.)
RICHARD E. WILES, '06.

The daye was old and dimme; the sun wer down
Behind the western slopes so sear and brown;
In azure skye upon a meltinge cloude it shonne
With ever shiftinge shades of purple tonne.
Full many a mile I'd passed since dawn that daye
And still I found myself upon my waye
When front, upon a monstrous rokke ther stooode,
A castle wondros greet and wondros goode.
Olde Domo's limbs wolde bear me ther, I knewe,
And so I urged him on without ado.
With haltinge steppe we drew up to the gate
Where stooode a warden bolde in armoured state—
"Goode wardene," I addressed him, "can you say
Where is a place that I this nighte coude stay?"
"If thou canst find no better lodge" quoth he,
"Thou'rt welcome to our castle for a wee'."
"Ah, thanks, brave manne," I said; "'tis goode as done."
So thrugh the gate we sauntered, one and one.
This wardene was a splendre colerik man
His berd was shave as ny as ever he can;
Ful longe was he of legges and ful lene,
In fact a taller man I ne'er have seene.
He called his name as "Bob"—he guarded hall—
The Wardene—chief, he said, was one Sir Coll.
Bobbe showed me to my lodginge for the nighte
Provided comforts, and was moste polite.
But of my reste,—'twas good, I woke afreshed,
The air was crispe, the daye was clear and bright;
Right early in the morne Bobbe cam to me
And tolde therto a bit of historie.
The castle, he explained, was crackked and olde,
But none the lesse for that 'twas still as bolde
As in the days of yore, when brave Sir White
Defended Centrale's colors, bye his might.
But nowe the Earl of Penneshire, Sir Cammack
Was ruler of the fortresse, and the crakke
Of musketrye no more was herd to falle
And echo thrugh the corridors and halle.
At eight o'clock the gates wer opened wyde
And thrugh these portals flowed a human tyde
Of squires and lancers bearing standardes blue
With many noble ladyes followinge too.
The minutes passed and stille the column came
Until a half an hour, when it did wane;
Then tinkling of bells,—I wolde swear by it
All suddenly the halls wer stille and quiet.
Sir Coll then kindly offered me to showe
The castle's each departmente, and I trowe
The five and fifty years thrugh life I've been,
Yet curiouser a sight I'd never seen,
Ful fifty Knights and ladyes did I fynde
Instructing others to a greeter mynde.
Of these, the first we sawe was good Sir White
Who talked and thot in Latin day and nyghte,
A manly man, to been an abbot able

Though many a pony had he in his stable.
Sir Blocker, too, was haply by his syde
For Knights likke he wer scarce, both far and wyde.
Sir Touton was ther next—of him bewarre
He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre,
At wrestling he wolde have alway the ram;
So quikke we hurried on, until we cam
Into a room adowne the mouldie halles
Which hadde curious fygures on the walles.
Sir Happie Holmes stood ther beside a borde
And on defenseless ears his jokes he pored.
Of German language now we tooke our fille
With Lady von Unwerth,—I reckon stille
How we wer entering another celle
When, from its depthes, ther rose a dreadful smelle.
This classe, sayed they, was one in chemistrye
The Master-Knight was trying thenne to see
If sheeps'-skin woldde burn in hydrogen—
Sir Peters was a sage amonge all men.
Of study tooke he moste care and moste heade
And no worde spakke he more than ther was neade;
Though he wer workinge, Lewis was awake
The Knight who helped him mighty smells to make;—
His handes wer ful of glasses drippinge wette,
And sleepilie he looked upon us yette.
We passed into another roomme stille
Wher sat one mor Sir Lewis, yclept "Bill."
Right wel he loved reverie and art;
He played the Knight's game of the lonelic herte.
So mournful looked he, we soute room eight
An' found Sir Smithe instructing a debate.
His beste efforts gave he to the younge
To make one's Englishe sweet upon his tongue.
Across the halle Sir Gordon dealte in Greeke;
They tolde me English he no mor wolde speake.
The Lady Steinberg next we wente to see
She wer quite parit, too, in algebrye:
Across the halle Sir Douglass dwelt aparte
God loved he beste with all his hole herte.
Discrette was he and of greet reverence;
All lov'd him wel, and gave him confidence;
To Lady Bain we wente,—suche heavie worke
Her classe wer doing—strugglinge withe Burke.
The next we sawe wer Lady Buck, and she
Thought much of birth, but more of courtesie;
In roomme thirteenth the Madame Clarke we fonde
Whose excellence in Frenche was far renoune
Awhile with Lady Adams we tooke stande
And then we wente to Lady Harriman.
This thinge we noticed: be ye sage or dunce
She spakke her thots and drov them home at once.
In pointe of place, we comme to Sir Rushe.
He was a man who likened notte to gushe;
A fewe termes hadde he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of some decree.

"THE RYDER'S TALE OF CENTRAL SCOLE"—Continued

Across the halle we herde a buzzinge noise,
 As merits of a peepe, yet notte annoys.
 Sir Ayers was fashioning a monstrous boate
 Swich either on the air or sea mighte floate.
 Sir Wright wer not righte fatte and undertake
 But looked som fragil like he mightie breake.
 Then passinge on, more workke to inspecte
 To Lady Rosenberger wente directe.
 The wimpel about her necke ful semely wer
 To lookke trim the muche she wolde prefer.
 And Lady Whipple, eyen greye as glas
 In neatness too was striving to surpasse.
 Next Lady Crowe, whose sympathies aous
 If that she sawe a creatur as a mous
 Caught inne a trappe, if it did kick or squirmme;
 In other roome ther was a Knichte preside
 Longe was his goune with sleeves moste short and wyde
 In yon great hand he bar a mightie rood
 'Twas brave Sir Nowline—on him never trod!
 Then Greeke we herde, with Lady Morey who
 Wor goune of blacke as did Sir Luby too;
 This Knight was studente well as epicure
 'Twixt cheese and chess his time divided wer.
 I' passing on, the Lady Foxe we mette
 Instructing to the use of epithet
 Then Lady Voorhees—teeching all by note
 Wel coude she singe and pleyen on a rote.
 From cross the halle beemed Lady Crowder's face
 And Sir de Mare, artist to His Grace;
 Nowhere so busy a man as he thernas,
 And yet he seemed busier than he was.
 About the sunne, an' moone, an' stars Sir Graves
 Coude satisfy what e'er that one mighte craye;
 Righte close he seemed with younge Sir Bonnilfelde;
 Withe drop of bloode ther friendship true wer sealed—
 The latter stronge was as a champioun;
 He knewe the tavernes wel in everie tounne
 Sir White was one whose speech wer wel to quote
 For everie statut coude he pleyn by rote.
 The Ladyes Wolfson, Magerle, and Ware,
 Fluhart, Morgan, Curtis—all wer ther.
 Much wolde they rather hav to looken through
 Ful twentie bookies clad in red or blu
 Of Aristotle and his philosophie
 Than robes rich or fithete or gaye sautrye.
 Sir Dillenbeck enthroned upon the floore
 Wer teechinge al that makes the orator.
 The public speakeres he developt there
 Shoude cause the worlde to stoppe a bit and stare.
 Ladye Steele hade latoun cross with stones
 And in a glas she hadde pigges bones.
 Sir Templin was a man of even lengthe
 And wonderly delivere and greet of strengthe.
 While Sir Bennett had not so tallen growe
 Though quik he was, and chirped as a sparowe.
 Sir Wallace borne him wel in little space
 In hope to standin' in his lady's grace.
 Sir Hernandez wer Knight of late appointe;

He was a lorde ful fat and in goode pointe.
 His eyen steppe and rollinge in his heede
 That stemed as a fourneys of a leed.
 Nexte Ladye Creager in a balconie
 Wer teachen French to classe of two or thre.
 In felowship wel coude she laugh and carpe;
 The Lady Burrill wer ther to as sharpe.
 For remedies of Love she knew perchance
 That she pleyed in that arte the olde daunce.
 Ladye Denny watched o'er squires asleep;
 Wel coude she carie a morsel and wel kepe;
 She let no morsel from her lippes falle—
 For ther was nought to speake in Study-halle.
 Next to Sir Hamilton in "gym" we strape;
 He made his manhoode mightier daye by daye.
 And by his syde wer Lady Blatchley place
 To teachen laydes younge to walk with grace.
 But now we nearen to our journie's ende
 And many flights of stair we hav descende.
 Into a mightier room our course we steer;
 The records of the castle wer kepe ther;
 A Ladye Shanklin hade this charge in hande;
 A better one was nowhere in the lande.
 Singinge she wer or flotinge al the daye;
 She wer as brighte as is the monthe of Maye.
 Ther also was a manly personage
 De Maurie Thurmond, acting as a page.
 While talkinge here of things which 'fore had gone
 Into the roome ther came the Lady Strauchon,
 Her manner charming and I founde that she
 Was brimminge with originalite.
 Before I left I met the Lady Wheeler,
 She wer a verray parfit praktisour;
 She knew the cause of everich maladye,
 Wer it of hoot, or cold, or moyste, or drye.
 With sun righte overheed, a bell wer run
 The castle's lessons for that daye wer done;
 Still lingeringe, I watched Sir Coll, a wee
 O mightie midst the meats and drinks was he!
 He fed them al with safety and despatch;
 For quickness I have never seen his match.
 In pointe of fact this schoole wer wondrous neet
 It never coude hav been the more compleet.
 With tyme curtailed I bade farewel to al
 And hastened Domo on beyonde their wall.
 The daye was old and dimme, the sun wer down
 Behind yon western slopes so sear and brown;
 Upon another meltinge cloude it shonne
 In ever shiftinge shades of crimson tonne.
 Old Domo bore me on as oft afore
 New wonders lay before us to explore;
 Tho out of sighte, yet never out of minde,
 The castle bolde lay many miles behinde,—
 And thus I shall recall it to the last
 With sweet old recollections of the past;
 The memory of days my youth have cost—
 Those days now gone forever, but not lost.

DURING THE YEAR

(For this information, we acknowledge our indebtedness to Miss Shanklin's Book: "A Fountain of Central Facts.")

Sept. 11, 1905. The school doors open, "and on their hinges grate harsh thunder."

Oct. 11. The Luminary Office opened and aired. Staff enters, bag and baggage, (principally hats).

Oct. 13. Senior class breaks down in Assembly Hall, shedding tears of joy, upon being informed the opportunity is theirs to acquire English culture during a series of sixth-hour sances.

Nov. 4. In swimming contest, Central and Manual each confiscate and secrete upon their persons five tons of Mother Nature. Owner of park claims his property. Culprits hotly pursued, escape with their "diggings."

Nov. 17. A green staff gets out a gray Luminary. Entire issue sold.

Nov. 29. *Gratiam habemus.* Thanksgiving vacation.

Dec. 15. Irene and Mark orate in Assembly Hall, proving conclusively their claim to first place at Chicago.

Dec. 19. Another gray Luminary gotten out by a ripening staff. Thirteen hundred copies. This record exceeded only by engraver's bill for the same month.

Dec. 21. The Christmas play cast gives Central a taste of dramatic art in the original.

Dec. 22. *Gratiam habemus.* Christmas holidays.

Jan. 26, 1906. Blue Luminary gotten out by a still ripening staff. Printer, by a tremendous effort succeeds in getting nearly all the last half of the issue to the school before the end of the fifth hour.

Feb. 13. Frank, Roy, and Judith mount the pedestal of medal fame.

Feb. 16. Central's Library Fund materially increased by the wit of Messrs. Jerome and Loomis. The Websters, *en masse*, demonstrate their ability as ushers.

Feb. 22. Frank, Roy, and Judith come down from their pedestals to attend the banquet. Assisted to climb back by the entire membership of the Sons of the Revolution.

Feb. 28. Another blue Luminary gotten out by ever-ripening staff.

March 12. Central modestly droops her eyes upon receiving a gold medal from the St. Louis exposition.

March 13. Central looks up in surprise upon the performance of the previous day being repeated.

March 16. Seniors, by a manful effort, succeeded in electing half a corps of officers.

March 23. After a week's rest, the Seniors finish their election.

March 29. Sear and yellow staff gets out yellow Luminary.

April 12. *Gratiam habemus.* Easter vacation.

April 20. Central journeys up to the Lawrence meet, and pockets 44 points, 2 cups, and 13 medals.

April 26. Black Luminary gotten out by gray and aged staff.

June. 8. Class Day. The Seniors hear what they have been, and learn what they will be. The Juniors "get what's coming to them."

June 15. Commencement. "Hearts and Flowers."





THE CLASSES



JOHN
MCCOY

THE POST-GRADUATES.

HELEN PEARL SHINNICK.



THE picture of last year's graduating class has now taken its place beside the pictures of other graduating classes. It is not yet doomed to the oblivion to which former classes have been consigned, for it still has its representatives at the school. Pupils while looking at this picture and commenting on the many athletic victories and on the winning of scholarships by its members, may notice the pictures of people who are in some of their rooms.

Although the post-graduates have received their diplomas, many of them returned to Central "in order that others seeing their good work" might profit by their example. The class also contains graduates from other schools. Though not as large in numbers as the others, it makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity.

All look up at them with awe and wonder. The Seniors gaze upon them with admiration and are inspired to know that they had such illustrious predecessors. Especially are the post-graduates wondered at by those Seniors who started

in with them; but who were persuaded by the love, which their fond teachers had for them, to remain another year before graduating.

The Freshmen seeing them, became dumb with amazement; while the Sophomores and Juniors, not hampered by fear of comparison, or by too deep a reverence, look at them with mingled pride and respect.

After leaving school this year, some of the post-graduates will never return to any school, judging from their experience this year, that further learning is unnecessary. Others will go to higher schools to join classmates who are already at these institutions; they will not be "green" like other Freshmen, but will make their presence felt there as it is now felt here.

This class, always the cynosure of all eyes, still maintains its place, and even after its departure, its influence will be felt. Others, although they may never be able to equal it, will do well to endeavor to follow in its foot-steps.





POST-GRADUATES

THE SENIOR

JUDITH CONNELLY.

IN the eyes of the Faculty, the Senior, like faith, is the substance of things hoped for. He came to them a low-minded mass of Philistine clay, and lo! they have moulded a creature of ideals and aspirations. No longer does he accept their *dicta* in awed silence; he has honest opinions and convictions of his own, though tactful enough to air them only on auspicious occasions. Life, he has learned to regard in a large way. Accepting the popular theory that schooling is but the preface to the real book, he gives as little attention to it as is usually devoted to a preface. He understands, also, that grades are not such vital matters—that the development of character is the true thing. For the purpose of better securing this end, he is often constrained to linger

an extra year in school. Though scarcely believable in one of his years, he has formulated his philosophy—carefully extracted it from the English poets. A few of the most satisfactory specimens have even discovered their purpose in life and it is indeed gratifying to observe that in almost every case, their end is humanitarian. No sordid plans for earning a livelihood trouble the Senior. He enters upon life with the aim of serving the world. Much of his time is spent in trying to put salt on the tails of his ideas. If he is so fortunate as to capture one, it is ardently cherished and developed, and finally embodied in his commencement oration, his donation to society. Yes, in the eyes of the Faculty, the Senior is the substance of things hoped for; in his own eyes, the Senior is a compromise, a mosaic of pet theories.





SENIOR OFFICERS

Harry D. Minton Sergt. at Arms. Clement Parker, Giver of Gift. Harold McKibben, Vice-President. Roy Dietrich, Prophet.
Moxie Frischer, Historian. Judith Connelly, Secretary. Vale L. Nance, President. Irene Shepard, Critic. Lucius McConnell, Treas.

WE JUNIORS!

BERTHA TEASDALE.



HOW often—how very often—have we heard that old, familiar adage, "Every little dog must have his day," applied to the Junior classes as, at each passing of the mighty Seniors, they have risen from three dreary years of enforced obscurity, to the long-coveted seat of honor—to the rank of "next year's Seniors." And how applicable has it been! For each respective class, from its entrance as wee "Freshies," has struggled up and up, valiantly overcoming obstacles in the "Rocky road," until, at the end of the third year, it has at last reached its goal, and, glorious in victory, brought itself before the school and demanded due notice.

Such has been the precedent; but *we* have come to change it all! No! No! We do not come now to demand your notice and your respect, for—and we are all unpretentious in saying it—we have, for almost three years, been the glad possessors of your esteem. It is true, we have had hard places to pass and obstacles to overcome, as have our predecessors, but it was the very strength, and skill, and determination that we evinced in these straights which caused Old Central to open her eyes to the fact that the future class of '07 was one which would bring honor to her name. So it has and will more than once again.

We are not too proud to deign to look back on the year

—now long past—when we were Freshmen; and we are happy to recall that, so soon did we learn that the wire cage was not an elevator, that we must not drink out of those mysterious red buckets, and that slate-rags and pencil-boxes were out of style, that the august local editors of "THE LUMINARY" were obliged to offer rewards for jokes on the "Freshies."

Our accomplishments in our studies were equally rapid, and by the middle of the year the entire faculty proclaimed us to be an exceptionally "all-around good class." Such was our beginning; in proportion has been our advance. As Sophomores, many of our class became members of literary societies and, in the worthy work of these organizations, added new honors to our rapidly increasing list.

Now that you know something of our past successes, you can very readily understand why, at the end of this, our third successful year, we are able to advise *you*, dear Freshies, to follow carefully our well-given examples; you, poor Sophomores, to cease your vain search for the royal road to knowledge; you, haughty Seniors, to acknowledge gracefully that you could have done better; and you, oh noble faculty, to prepare yourselves for honors innumerable and glory unbounded, which *we*, the members of the good old class of '07 shall, within the next year, bring to our grand Old Central High!





JUNIOR OFFICERS.

CLASS OF '08

DONALD W. HENDRICKSON.



WE blossom out in 1908, you know, as we're going to outsplendor any graduating class that ever went into silly raptures over little rolls of paper with blue ribbon around 'em. Ask anyone if we have not left a brilliant meteoric trail behind us even thus far in our intellectual flight, and hear the answer in a grand affirmative.

Only for a little trait of modesty which we happen to have ingrained in us, a quality which, by the way, seems to have been sadly lacking among the other classes for past periods, we might spout about last year's achievements when on many glorious occasions we caused the other three aggregations to tear their hair in dragon-green envy, and beg us, with wet tears streaming down their cheeks again ne'er to appear in the limelight of the Assembly stage, and so cruelly wrest their laurels away.

But we will leave this space in the year book for the present first year children to sound their horn and go off into wild flights of imagined excellence, for it cannot be other than imaginary, sad to relate.

Ah, the bare truth is out. No, the Freshmen have not come up to our standard and we feel confident that not until we have sideled through the arches of Old Central and perhaps even long afterward, will there come another first year class to fill our shoes satisfactorily.

Well, what have we done this year, you ask? We have had a great representation in the societies for one thing. We have given some numbers in the hall that have at least kept the audience awake and sometimes saved the principal the necessity of marring the mahogany with his gavel. And don't you try to deny it, pompous Juniors and Seniors, you have had to come to us for your styles; to see what color of band to wear on a "pancake" and whether a foot square

hair ribbon or a more modest display of silk looks better from behind.

And wait, we mustn't skip athletics. Perhaps we didn't furnish a little avoirdupois for the foot ball team! At any rate we got a first in the pole vault in the track meet, and a certain handsome youth came perilously close to nosing out the invincible Minton in the discus throw.

True, the Sophomores didn't win anything in the Sons of the Revolution or the Sons of Rest contest, but with our grand future before us, it is preposterous to believe that our wealth of ability will not some day bring us home a whole basket full of medals.

Confidence is our motto. With such a noble watchword we climb blissfully up the broad steps of school life, overcoming obstacles or jumping over them as the case may be. Long years after we have gone, the teachers shall look back and say, "Ah, there was a class once that would have stirred the very stones of Central to its acclamation and made the mortar sing its praises."

And now, Seniors, in the convulsion of feeling at parting, we forgive you all your faults and defects, and would that we might accompany you in the life to come, to be your aid and support over the difficulties and rough places; dear Juniors, who have tried to look down on us with such poor success, we cast aside all feelings and accept you as our equals; Sophomores, we shake hands with ourselves; Freshmen, we shall depart from the time honored custom of referring to you as immature cradle products, and but wish you well in all your efforts in the years to come.

Again, begging your attention to our distinctive trait of modesty and demureness, we are very respectfully,

THE SOPHOMORES OF 1908.

THE FRESHMEN

ROWENA CAMPBELL.



BURST of song sounded through the smoky air. A very small bird, perched on a window sill of Central High School was singing blithely. Suddenly his song ceased, as another bird came flying toward him.

"Hello there!" called the newcomer.

"Why, hello, pardner! Where'd you come from?" replied the little bird.

"Down South—just got here to-day, and the first thing I did was to come up here to see how things are getting along. When did you get here? You seem to be pretty well at home."

"Yes; the fact is, 'I've been here all winter. You see, last fall I was just getting ready to go South, when school commenced, and I got so interested in that Freshman class, that I simply couldn't leave. This isn't the first winter I've spent at Central, but pledge you my word, I've never seen as bright a first-year class as this one."

"Carried off all the prizes?"

"No; you see it's this way: They felt, as this is the Seniors' last year, and as the Juniors have only one more year, not to mention the unimportant Sophomores, that it would be pretty mean for the Freshmen to come in and take all the honors. So they decided among themselves, to be unselfish and give the Seniors a chance. When I first heard of their decision, I wasn't much in favor of their being so self-sacrificing, but I finally came to the conclusion that they were right, as they usually are."

"I'd like very much to see this unusual class," said the other bird.

"Very well. Come on," was the reply.

"Now," said the little bird, as the two perched outside a window of one of the halls, "you watch, while I point out

to you some of my friends. There! that little fellow over there. See? Coming down the hall, now."

"What! That child? I shouldn't suppose his head was big enough to hold very much brains."

"Ah, but that shows that you don't know," said the little bird, with superior wisdom. "He has an amount of knowledge that you'd think would burst a head twice the size of him, but he manages to carry it around some how or the other. But hark! there's a bell, and my proteges are hurrying to their rooms. Perhaps you'd like to hear them recite? Well, come on; we'll go around to some of their rooms."

"Here is the English class," he explained a moment later, as they stopped outside a window.

"Ah! There's the small boy with the large amount of knowledge," exclaimed the other.

"Yes. He's just going to give an oral theme. Now listen, and see if you don't agree with me."

"Well," said his companion, as the small boy finished, "I can't understand it. There's that little fellow who doesn't look to be over eleven, standing up there speaking like a man fifty years old. I see that it is a remarkably brilliant class."

"I knew you'd feel that way about it," said the small bird, delighted.

"Yes," he continued, after a moment's pause. "It's a fine class—a fine class! They're bound to come to the top sooner or later. The Seniors and Juniors may think they can make them lay low this year, but you just wait! Those Freshmen are the kind that are sure to do something worth while. They may be young now, but wait a year or two, and they'll be taking all the cups and medals and scholarships going. Wait till 1909, and they'll have a list of honors so long you can't count them. They're the kind that are bound to rise. 'You can't keep a good man down.'"

A LEGEND OF THE ORIGIN OF THE DEPARTMENTS

(Handed down as being the work of the grandson of the great Slossenbossen, who is generally held to have been the founder of departmental work in secondary schools.)

When teachers first began their work,
Division was to them unknown;
Yet none did from their duty shirk,
E'en though all taught in one large room.

English and History very well
Did work together, side by side,
'Till History failed—'tis sad to tell—
With English's rules to have complied.

The teachers were without, so now
These subjects toward each other flew,
And English muttered in the row
That cleft infinitives she knew

History to use in text-books poor!
Near always unity she lacked!
Still other things made English sore,
So that she up her raiment packed,

And said she'd have a school-room lone
Where her rules from all harm she'd keep.
With eyes of glass and heart of stone
She left poor History sad to weep.

For consolation History turned
To Science, standing cold near by;
But she the proffered friendship spurned—
She wanted History not so high;

Then seizing acid undilute,
She hurled it in poor History's eyes.

Miss Fine Arts now, with deft salute,
Declared their actions most unwise.

They turned on her—she of no use,
And both began to scratch her face.
Mathematics then heaved abuse
On all who pulled poor Science's lace.

Foreign Languages was now awake,
And over and above the din,
They heard and felt the air to quake—
Belligerents had maimed her shin!

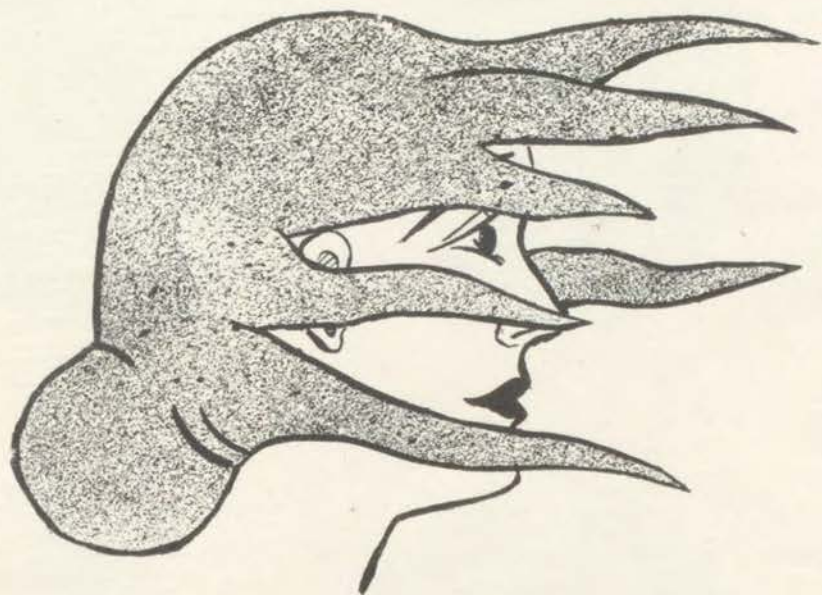
Foreign Languages had this one power:
Her expletives were numberless;
She could her peace of mind restore
With words; but here we do digress.

Athletics now did scent the sport—
And thought of a great foot ball game;
She roused herself, and with a snort
Dived in the fray, to win a name.

Athletics soon did mount the heap—
She had the others in exhaustion;
But shadow 'cross the sill did leap,
And 'fore them stood Herr Slossenbossen.

A diplomatist was the Herr;
With words of tact he pulled apart
Belligerent departments 'ere
To fight again they well could start.

He called back English from afar,
Then put them all in separate rooms;
So now the fierce departments are
Where each in her own glory looms.



JOHN
'07 MCCOY

ENGLISH

ENGLISH FACULTY



A. F. SMITH
ENGLISH

"Ancient founts of inspiration well through
all my fancy yet."



BERTHA BAIN
ENGLISH

"To her full height, her stately
stature draws."



ELLEN E. FOX
ENGLISH

"She could wel write and wel
endite."



ANNA E. WOLFSON
ENGLISH AND GERMAN

"Should I not call her wise who made
wise?"



E. MARGARET STRAUCHON
ENGLISH

"Whose bright eyes rain influence
and judge the prize."



A. DAY BONNIFIELD
ENGLISH

"His limbs were cast in manly mold
for hardy sports or contest bold."



ELIZABETH L. WARE
ENGLISH

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and
low an excellent thing in woman."



SOPHIA ROSENBERGER
ENGLISH

"And so much grace and power, bring
down from over her arched brows"

"THEY ALSO SERVE"

Prize Essay in M. S. U. Scholarship Contest.

NELLIE MONROE, '06.



WHAT do we mean when we speak of a man as one who serves? Looking at the question from the commonly accepted view point, we should probably say a server is one who does something, who shakes the common order of events by the solution of some problem which has puzzled mankind. We should say, too, that he who serves must be somewhat of a universalist in his endeavor. So wide is the world, and so diversely minded, that to gain recognition as a benefactor, one must have accomplished something which magnifies his field of usefulness.

But such a conception, though partly true, is not complete. Let us consider further who the true server is. Carlyle, in solving the problem of human happiness through human usefulness, cries out, "Produce! produce! Were it but the pitifullest, infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name. 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee! out with it then." He strikes the keynote of service here; it is not "accomplish" but "work." Honest work, great or small, is worthy; and the man who works conscientiously at something that needs to be done, serves humanity even as did Washington, the soldier, as did Luther, the religious reformer, as did Darwin, the scientist.

Of these noble workers let us notice a few types. First, there are those whom we may call the beautifiers. They are the men who infuse, into whatever work they undertake, the element of beauty, changing the straight lines to curves, giving the touches here and there that transform discord into harmony. Thomas Chatterton, the English poet, who is often called the first exponent of that beautiful type of poetry classed Romantic, died at the age of seventeen, worn out by poverty

and ill-health, and disappointed with life. He left to the world, however, a new and lovely conception of poetry in which a Blake and a Wordsworth were to find inspiration for some of the purest gems of English verse. Did not Chatterton serve?

Then there are the dreamers—men who spend hours, meditating over favorite schemes. Instead of condemning them as "mere theorists," should we not, realizing the value of ideas, commend their efforts? Sir Thomas Moore was a dreamer. His "Utopia," in which he set forth many of his peculiar beliefs concerning ideal government, was considered, during his lifetime, so fanciful and so impossible of realization that "utopian" came to express any impracticable theory. Yet, to-day, many of Moore's ideas are being utilized in both civic and social life. The man died, his gift to humanity as yet unappreciated. His dreams, however, lived to serve.

Again, there is the man who makes a life-long sacrifice of personal comfort or even of liberty for the sake of a principle or for loved ones. So did Jean Valjean when he stole the loaf of bread to save his sister's hungry children from starvation—an act for which he spent twenty of the best years of his life in the galleys and died at last disgraced. Men who, like Jean Valjean, live a life of sacrifice, cheered by no hope of earthly reward, serve pre-eminently. They stand as examples of heroic unselfishness.

Returning to that broad classification of servers as workers, we are confronted by the question: How many people must a man's work benefit that he may, in this grander sense, claim the title of server? The honest worker, laboring in a humble way and shedding his happy influence over a limited number of associates (provided that in so doing he is taxing his ability to the utmost) serves society as much in his way

"THEY ALSO SERVE"—Continued

as the genius whose great ability has won world-wide recognition.

What about the man, who, on account of environment or through lack of education or of means, does not invent a system of wireless telegraphy, or fails to discover the healing properties of certain rays of light? Because he can do no such spectacular things, is he necessarily barred from the ranks of the serving? Emphatically, no! For instance some men are working on a house next door to a woman whom I know. Every day at noon this woman sends out a pitcher of hot coffee for the men to drink while they eat their cold lunch. It is just a little act of kindness; but the woman is doing what she can in an unpretentious way. Would that all might realize that such faithfulness to the little things of life is as worthy, in the true count, as accomplishment of large undertakings.

That word "accomplishment" brings us to our last

thought. The men reviewed, Moore, Chatterton, and that fictitious though no less real character, Jean Valjean, did not, we have noticed, gain for themselves recognition as servers. Their efforts being either too commonplace for such a dignified title, or failing of immediate fruition, these men, say the world, failed to make a success of their lives. Yet, consider this: they have worked; and as givers of themselves, physically, intellectually, or artistically, they serve. They have fulfilled the Carlyle mandate; they have produced. The honest work they have put into the world cannot be unprofitable; it must live forever because it is good.

Then to the plaudits bestowed upon the universally-praised benefactors of the earth, shall we not add our tribute of commendation in behalf of all the honest, though unlauded, unrecognized workers, everywhere? "They also serve."



POEMS

THE OLD, OLD MAN IN THE MOON.

LOUISE YOCUM, '06.

Above the world of trouble and care,
In atmosphere so thin and rare,
There dwells a man whom you all know;
For every night you've seen him go
A sailing in his silver boat,
Through darkened skies he seems to float:
This old, old man in the moon.

For ages he's been patient there,
No matter if it were foul or fair,
He looks at the world in his wise old way;
But what he thinks, he does not say.
He smiles at its follies and winks at its sins,
But hurries away e'er the day begins;
This wise old man in the moon

He beams upon us one and all,
If we're great or if we're small
We look alike to the old, old moon
And dance to the very self-same tune,
While he looks on and sees us play
And smiles in his old, superior way;
The dear old man in the moon.

THE GRADUATES.

FLORENCE COYLE, '06.

In leaving now this school in which
So many days we've passed
Each pupil surely wonders what
Will be his fate at last.

Some with the knowledge they have gained
May make a fortune great,
And live in ease with pleasures rained
Upon them soon and late.

While others must too soon take up
The cares and toils of life,
And work for years yet have—not luck—
But one continual strife.

These last will turn with yearning looks
Back towards the days of youth,
When all their cares were merely books,
And "all is good" seemed truth.

The ones on whom good fortune falls,
Though many years may pass,
Will think of Central High School, too,
And not forget the class.

We feel in going from this school
As if we'd lost a friend.
We think, "Oh, will the world be cool
As through it we shall wend?"

The graduate must turn a page
Which can't again be turned.
We wonder if on this life's stage
Great fame he shall have earned?

One does not need to try to find
The evils that may fall;
But let one rather turn the mind
To hopes enjoyed by all.

TO THE WIVES OF GREAT MEN.

JUDITH CONNELLY, '06.

Ye tended them in sickness and in health,
Ye shared their lot of poverty or wealth,
The varying tempers, weak or stubborn ways
With which for genius every great man pays
Ye bore, nor gave one pitying sigh for self.

When others scoffed and scorned their work,
ye praised;
Ye comforted the weary, dreary days.
Ere yet their flower of fame was fully blown
And all their merit to the world made known;
Their fainting hearts, their fluttering hopes,
ye raised.

Ye did not covet glory, nor the fame
Which needs must come to her who bore his
name;
Your glory was the service ye might do;
Your boon, that none, in all the world, save
you
His dearest hopes might share, and loftiest
aim.

Oh, brave Cadijeh! gentle Josephine!
Sweet Wordsworth's wife and Carlyle's faith-
ful Jean!
Ye tender wives so strong in fortitude
Ye the foundations were, stable and good,
Whereon the mansion men call genius stood.

DISCOURAGEMENT.

FLAVEL ROBERTSON, '06.

Did you ever feel really discouraged,
When the world seemed so bleak and so bare?
Did you ever get really down-hearted,
When you felt there was nothing but care?

Maybe something had happened which caused
you,
To abandon your hopes of success;
You had waited with anticipation,
But your plans had proved vain ne'ertheless.

Maybe sickness had happened to bring you
To confinement and dreary delay;
Or a long hoped for wish had been thwarted,
And had left you most full of dismay.

If you ever had such an experience,
Of losing your hopes in this way,
You were only just one among many,
For to everyone comes such a day.

You must know that discouragement gives you
A chance for a trial and test.
Just remember that famous old maxim,
That "Everything works for the best."

And so when long lessons confront you,
Virgil just forty lines, more or less,
When French comes right up with declensions,
With geometry on for a test,—

When English would bid you be expert,
To turn critic on Pope and the rest;
Elocution would equally fit you,
For a Webster or Clay of the West,—

When all of this work is piled on you,
When Christmas is on with a zest,
Just cheer up and be philosophical,
For who would call lessons a pest?

If discouragement then is a trial,
This lesson you must not evade;
But show that your metal rings true,
And prove of what stuff you are made.

OUR FOREIGN COUSINS

JUDITH CONNELLY, '06.



CHARITY, we are told, begins at home. While Congress is discussing the immigration question, while magazines are describing the congestion of foreigners in our Eastern cities; most important of all, while every new day brings its thousands of immigrants to our shores, it behooves the people of Kansas City to study the quota of strangers within their own gates.

To the Irish and to the German, recent years have added the Russian Jew, the Italian, the Mongolian, and the Croation. Of these, numbers make the Russian Jew and Italian most deserving of study. The first have made the Maclure Flats on the south side their home; the second have given to the "North End" the name of "Little Italy." In the nature of their homes, their religious ideals, and their employment, these settlements are worthy of serious attention.

Dirty, dusty streets; crooked plank sidewalks, with boards missing at frequent intervals; dingy, rickety cottages, incongruously adorned with lace curtains; damp tenements; filthy alleys; innumerable clothes lines; and "spicy garlic smells"—this peopled with wrinkled old women, the gaudy bandana about their heads, and huge rings dangling from their ears, and swarthy men and imp after their kind—such is "Little Italy." Yet there is a pervading air that counteracts the squalor. Visit "Little Italy" when you will, sunshine is there regardless of the weather.

A different atmosphere surrounds the Maclure Flats. There the people are the poorest class of Russian Jews—persecuted exiles; and the gloom of their old life seems to have settled down upon the new.

As to the interior of these homes I can say only this: In the preservation of the sanctity and privacy of the family, they are models worthy of imitation. Their skeletons, if they have any, are invisible; the family relation is sacred; and neither Jew nor Italian appears in the divorce court.

Holier than the home, is the church and synagogue. A comparison of the strong religious fidelity of our foreign cousins, with the want of it among Americans of the same social basis, is not creditable to the latter. Among the Russian Jews the complicated requirements of the Mosaic law, and the solemn observance of the Sabbath, are strictly adhered to. At the age when the average American child scarcely knows "Now I lay me"—the Jewish boy reads in the ancient tongue: "Hear, O Israel, I am the Lord, thy God. Thou shalt not have strange gods before me." Great, however, as their religious fidelity is, it soothes our self-respect a little to observe that, like their ancestors, the Pharisees, and like some others less ancient, our Jewish friends cling closer to the "mint, the anise, and the thummin" than to the weightier things of the law.

If you would see the true Italian of Kansas City, visit his church of The Holy Rosary. At its door, all the concessions to Americanism, forced upon him in his commercial life, are discarded. Within its walls are observed the picturesque customs, the festivals, ceremonials, and processions of his native land. The church itself, which is very pretty, is the second the colony has built. It cost about \$25,000.

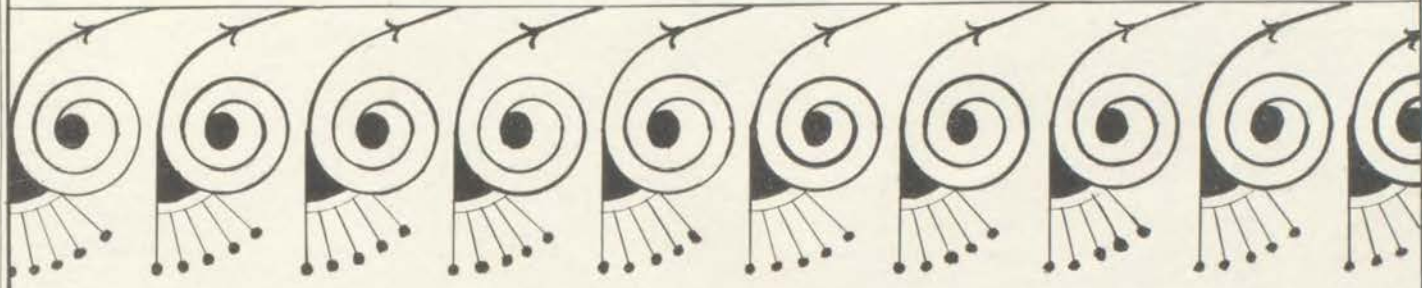
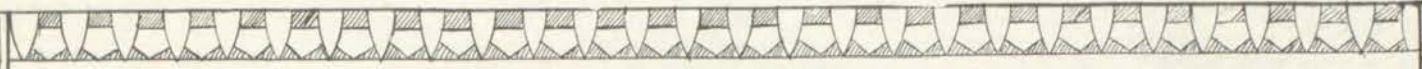
Our most frequent contact with the foreigner is in the world of commerce. Their voices have become familiar in the cry of "rags, bottles, old iron" on the one hand, and the omnipresent song of the fruit peddler on the other. With the accumulation of money, these pursuits expand. The Jew opens a junk yard, a small dry goods store, or a pawn shop; the Italian becomes a gardener or a commission merchant. You will find both classes in the factories, packing houses, and railroad yards, so that our commercial life is pretty thoroughly sprinkled with foreigners.

Politically, the foreigner is at a great disadvantage. His anarchistic ideas, his ignorance of American customs, and his sudden exaltation on election day, make him the easy victim of the politician. This is particularly true of the Italians. An example of this may be found in what took place just previous to the spring election. Then hundreds of Italians, many of whom could not speak English, were marshalled in by vote hunters to take out their naturalization papers. Before election, hundreds of them apply for naturalization papers under the direction of the vote hunters, and in some cases, answering questions they do not understand, say "Yes" when they should say "No" to the amusement of the crowd and to the disgust of the judge.


The importance of the foreign element in Kansas City is growing, as their numbers increase. In the Italian colony of about four thousand, the ratio of births to deaths for the year 1905 was two hundred and sixteen, to two. To this must be added the daily arrivals from Europe. These have become an endless chain, each newcomer taking it upon himself to send transportation for the rest of the family, until a whole neighborhood has migrated.

The Jewish population does not increase so fast, but they seem to Americanize faster. This is due to the fact that having no country distinctively their own, they must assimilate with every civilization. The Italians, on the other hand, are attached to their native land, its customs and traditions, and like the Germans, would reproduce in America the life they lead in Italy. Again, the Jewish children stay longer in the public schools, and do better work while there. As early as fifteen, the Italian girls quit school to marry, while among the boys few go higher than the sixth grade. A great many Jewish boys and girls finish the High School course. The prosperous class of Jews, moreover, take a very creditable interest in their poor. The Italians have no such help. Nevertheless, the fact that the Italian colony is growing, proves that a gradual assimilation is taking place.

Such is a partial and imperfect view of the conditions among the two most important classes of foreigners in Kansas City. Considering their fidelity to home and church, their industry and frugality, and the interest they manifest in commerce and politics, they are a people of vast possibilities. Self-interest no less than humanity should prompt a careful study of those possibilities for good or for evil, according as they are trained in the infancy of their citizenship.



Literary 

 Societies

DAYTON LANGWORTH & CO.



SOCIETY OF LITERATURE AND HISTORY

COLORS: Purple and White.



OFFICERS

President	Arthur H. Seddon
Vice-President	Eva Walbridge
Secretary	Elizabeth Jack
Treasurer,	Ivan Seigris

Sergt. at Arms,	Frances Camy
Samuel Lucretius Historicus,	Harold D. McKibben
Critic	F. N. Peters

YELL

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

THE SOCIETY OF LITERATURE AND HISTORY

KATHERINE SIERSDORFER, '07.

SOME of the girls and boys will ask what is meant by this call. We shall answer that it is the everlasting "yell" of the oldest and best society in Central High School, the Society of Literature and History.

As the history of the society is given every year, it should not be necessary for us to repeat it; yet we must remember the fact that there are certain young girls in short dresses and boys in "knickerbockers," who have not heard it. In other words, we mean the Freshmen.

In the month of February, in the year of 1893, a number of English students, under the advice of Miss Gano, organized the Society of Literature and History. Its purpose—to promote the study of literature and history, has been carried out in most successful ways and forms. The best material of the school has been drawn into our society. Looking over the Alumni of the S. L. H. Society, we find the names of two of our teachers: Mr. Graves and Mr. Luby. Elizabeth Park-

inson, who in the last few years, has become one of the famous American singers, and has charmed Europe as well as her native land with her voice, was also a member of our society.

Thus we have in a brief way traced the Society of Literature and History, until we come to the present year, 1906. This year we are represented in class elections, athletics, in musical clubs, and in every place where the talent of Central has been or is displayed. Two of our members hold offices on the Luminary staff.

We have the advantage over our brother and sister societies, first in age, and second in the fact that we have both girls and boys to make it the best society in school.

The Society of Literature and History has a glorious record behind it and a glorious future before it. It has grown; it is growing; and it shall grow and be to the other societies as the sun is to the earth.



SOCIETY OF LITERATURE AND HISTORY

MEMBERS

F. N. Peters	Alan Park	Harold McKibben	Arthur H. Seddon	Victor Hucke	Ivan Seigrist	Robert Ross	Barday Moore
Shirley Armstrong	Rossi Flynn	Eva Walbridge	Frances Canny	Kath King	Lena Bumbarger	Kath. Siersdorfer	Elizabeth Jack
May Walker	Mildred Taylor	Amis Nichoalds	Reba Armstrong	Anna Creager	Anna Trotter	Fleta Donaldson	Isabel Barton

**ARISTONIAN
LITERARY
SOCIETY**

COLORS: Purple and Lavendar.



MOTTO: Non quis sed quid.
FLOWER: Violet.

YELL

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

President, Judith Connelly
Vice-President, Helen Marshall
Secretary, Ola Jackson
Treasurer, Miriam Scofield

OFFICERS



Critic, Mary Leitich
Sergt. at Arms, Edna Bimmerman,
Phoebia, Ruth Van Doren
Adviser, Miss Morey

THE ARISTONIANS

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" Let 1900 be set down in the annals of Central as a red letter year.

"Why?" says the new comer.

Because during that year seven ambitious girls, catching the spirit of the twentieth century and desiring to do something outside the ordinary round of school work, formed a society under the name of "Aristonian"—the best. During the first year or two of its existence the ridicule and scorn were hard to bear, but by dint of perseverance, it worked its way inch by inch, until to-day it holds one of the highest positions in the school.

It was not in a boastful spirit that the Aristonians chose their name, for in their constitution they wrote, "High scholarship shall be the aim of this society." That was and is the secret of its success; for by restricting the membership to those who have the highest grades, it has been able to hold to this purpose.

For six years the purple and lavender have proudly waved on high together with another flag bearing our motto: "*Non*

Quis Sed Quid." In the future may they hold an equally prominent place, thus symbolizing the loyalty of the Aristonians.

At the beginning of this year, with a view to making the work more beneficial and interesting, a system of weekly programs was laid out, which in addition to declamations and debates, consisted of orations and essays on the five greatest men who have lived within the last quarter century. This was firmly adhered to during the first school term. Since then another plan of taking up the current topics of the day has been adopted. Other numbers, such as original stories, poems, and jokes were also added at times, in order to relieve the monotony, and to give some rest to the tired mind. We gave a sample of our programs in the Assembly Hall, February second, but our wit was too subtle and our wisdom too profound to be understood by a great part of our audience. However, when the public speaking class becomes more popular for girls, we hope to be more intelligible.

M. L. F.



**ARISTONIANS
MEMBERS**

Nell Anderson	Amelia Frauens	Marian Fox	Hazel Harbour	Ola Jackson	Helen Kaufman	Charlotta Marshall
Mabel Nowlin	Mayme Roberts	Virginia Robertson	Millie Steacy	Mary Talbot	Mildred Tavenner	
Adella Pepper	Arzelia Wilson	Catherine Elliott	Bonita Ferguson	Mogerie Murdock	Leonora Hentzen	Mildred Bell
	Gale G. Gossett	Beryl Blanchard		Janet Vandewater		

CENTRAL WEBSTER CLUB

COLORS: Red and White.



OFFICERS

President, Roy K. Dietrich

Vice-President, Alex. S. Bilderback

Secretary, Franch C. Nutter

Treasurer, William McPherrin

Sergt. at Arms, Dwight Muckley

Critic, Frank C. Wilkinson,

Scriptor, Clyde I. Blanchard

Adviser, Mr. C. H. Nowlin

Webster Motto—"In Vestigis Maximorum."

THE CENTRAL WEBSTER CLUB

ENOCH NEEDLES, '06.

What American statesman is pre-eminently the one toward whom all young men of to-day aspiring to excellence in public life turn? If we consider their achievements along the line of oratory and debate, the invariable answer is, Daniel Webster.

Thus it was, when, a few years ago, a body of democratic and earnest young men of Central High School wished to form a society for the study of those things in which this great man excelled, they named themselves the Central Webster Club. In a general way, this club stands for all those things which every young man should possess in order to be a true success in life-excellence, mental, moral and physical.

In order to determine how fruitful their efforts have proved, we have but to look over their record for the past year. Early in the year, all the students were startled one morning by a call for a special assembly. Here it was announced that in the Sons of the Revolution prize essay contest, open to contestants from all high schools in the State of Missouri, Central High School had won all three first places, the gold and silver medals being won by Mr. Frank Wilkinson and Mr. Roy Dietrich of the Webster Club. This was an event unprecedented in all the history of the contest.

In the election by the school for members of the Luminary

staff, Messrs. Dietrich, Wilkinson, and Pinkerton obtained places. This was a greater number of positions than was secured by any other society in Central. Of the Christmas play cast, each society was allowed but two members, the Webster being represented by Messrs. Wilkinson and Bilderback. They played their parts so well that the prestige of the club was increased all the more.

As to the Assembly Hall program given by the Websters, our modesty forbids us from saying more than that they acquitted themselves creditably indeed. Although the W. C. T. U. essay contest, and the Inter-Society contests have not been decided at this writing, one has every reason to believe that the Websters will prove as fortunate this year as they did last, when they tied for first place in the former contest, besides getting several honorable mentions; in the latter contest, the Websters won three out of a possible four gold medals.

The Webster Club is proud of its record. "If by their works ye shall know them," then indeed one may judge of what material the Websters are really built; what work they do on the regular society programs; and how worthy they have proven as followers of the immortal Daniel Webster.

FLOWER: Carnation

YELL

Rip! Rap!

Strip! Strap!

Sis! Boom! Bah!

Webster! Webster!

Rah! Rah! Rah!



**WEBSTER CLUB
MEMBERS**

Frank Adkins	Ward H. Cook	William McPherrin	Henry O'Brien
Howard Bayne	'Grant Dicky	William Mayberry	Clement Parker
Alex. S. Bilderback	Roy K. Dietrich	Dudley Monk	Hugh Pinkerton
Clyde I. Blanchard	Lester Holmes	Dwight Muckley	Oscar Randolph
Frederick Bruckmiller	Warren F. Kaynor	C. H. Nowlin	Flavel Robertson
Joseph E. Brown	Francis McCarty	Enoch Needles	Frank C. Wilkinson
Stanley Clausen	John McCoy	Frank C. Nutter	Meade Woodson

**CENTRAL
SHAKESPEARE
CLUB**

COLORS: Olive Green and Old Rose.



FLOWER: The Rose.

YELL

Zickey! Zickey! Zip! Zah! Zee!
Central Shakespeare!
Rip! Rah! Ree!

President, Moxie Frischer
Vice-President, Clyde L. Vrooman
Secretary, Hulda Hansen

OFFICERS



Treasurer, Alice Hendee
Sergt. at Arms, Frank Harper
Critic, Mary Collins
Adviser, Mr. Smith

SHAKESPEARE

Clyde Vrooman, '06.

In the Fall of nineteen hundred three
Befell a great event.
Some Seniors wise in this old school
On a new society were bent.

They met inside of old room eight,
And put their heads together,
And bound themselves they would endure
Through time and stress of weather.

They called themselves the Shakespeare Club
To honor England's poet.
The name they published far and wide
That all the school might know it.

Then in a fit of charity
(And for the new club's sake)
They let the Sophs and Juniors in
It honors to partake.

But some there were in Central
Who scoffed at this new venture.
Yet soon indeed did they find out
They had no grounds for censure.

Although we're not as old as some
('Tis little over a year.)
Not few are the honors we have won
Within our short career.

We hope that in the future
As has been in the past,
On the dizzy path of Glory
We never shall be last.

So here's long life and honor
To dear old C. S. C.,
That while the rest are running,
We still ahead may be.



THE CENTRAL SHAKESPEARE CLUB
MEMBERS

Mary Collins	Newland Deatherage	Moxie L. Frischer	Henry Gascoigne	Hilda Hansen	Frank Harper	Alice Hendee
Donald Hendrickson	Harold Hillgardener	Edna Oakley	Vernon C. Page	Lillian Phelps	Emma Pye	Frank Lowe
Kenneth Tapp	Iva Thomas	Norwin Vaughn	Clyde Vrooman	Florence Wingert	Irwin Cheney	Effie Timanus
Robert Lakenan	Margaret Harris	Mable Poston	Raymond Moore	Kendall Laughlin	Allie Tredway	Doris Marsh
Kathleen McNutt	Edward Ball	Fay Ingram	Regna Welsh	Maurine Starling	Ottie McNeal	
Rhoda Marquis	Wendell Fifield	Robert Bowles	Jeanette Latz	Mary Erwin		

THE DELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

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

President, Edwin W. Patterson
Vice-President, Robert L. Mehorney
Secretary, H. Dayton Langworthy
Treasurer, Edward Simpson



OFFICERS



Sphinx, Earl Goldman
Censor, Harry D. Minton
Praetor, Wm. O. Hamilton

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

THE DELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Delphians close the second year of their life, with as grand victories, and as great achievements as in their maiden year. There is not an event nor a department in school in which they have not been represented.

Again have we helped Central win athletic laurels in all branches. Several men were on the first foot ball team. Several times the entire back field was composed of Delphians. The second team had several of the society members upon it. The winter's basket ball games saw Delphians doing good work for Central. The Spring track practice saw them training to win laurels for Old Central. The Summer, also, will see them on the diamond carrying the emblem of Central on their breasts.

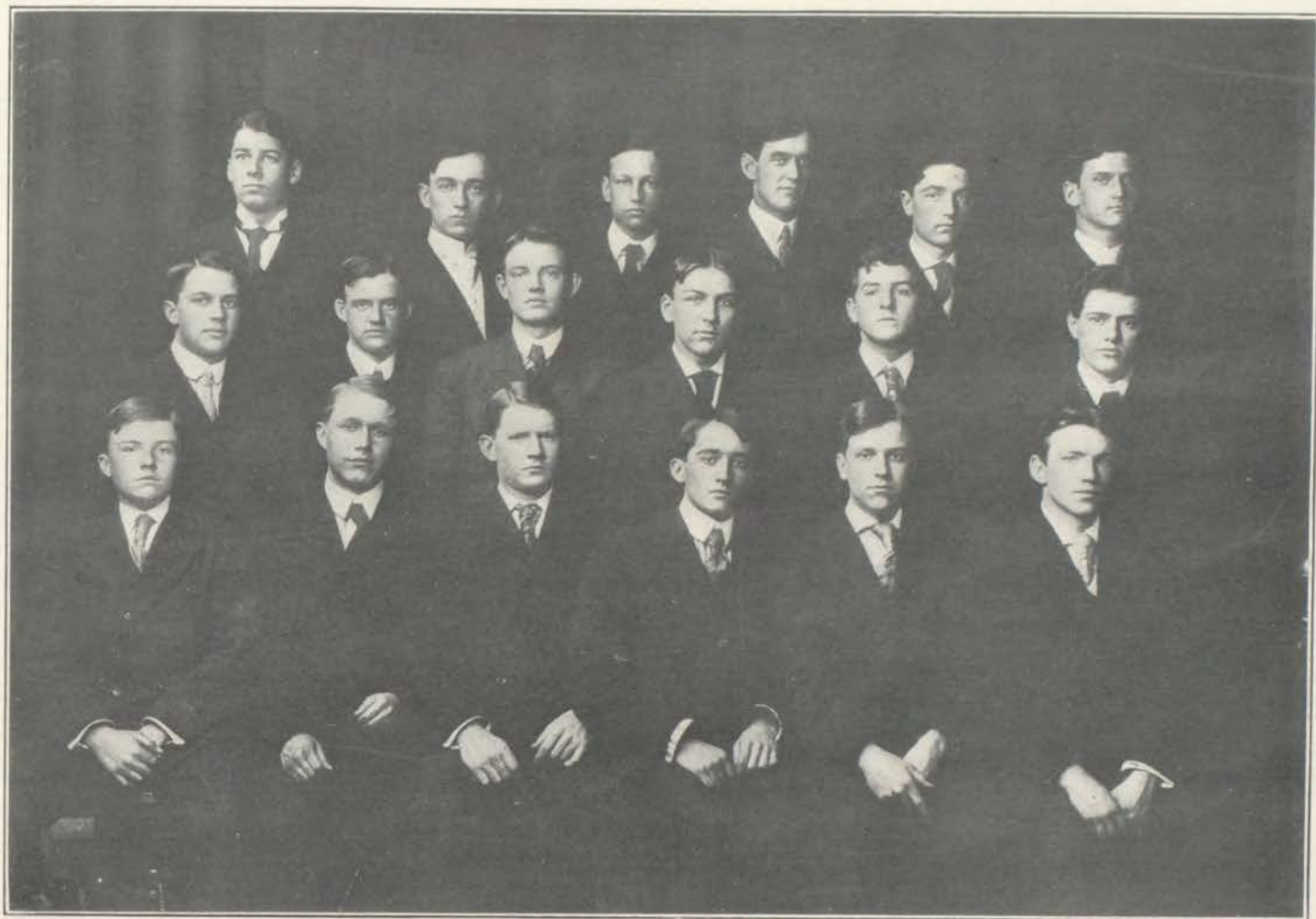
Athletics is, however, but a secondary thing with the Delphians, for they have remained true to their literary name. In the Christmas play, two of the society members occupied conspicuous places on the cast. Upon April the 9th, Central was again surprised and delighted by seeing the blue Delphian banner on the Assembly Hall stage, and by being given the second volume of the "Delphian Oracle." The program which followed, was claimed to be one of the best ever given by a literary society. Yet it is not only on special occasions good programs are given, but, also in the regular meetings held every Friday afternoon. There, in the debates, subjects of daily interest are discussed by the debators, and later the debate is thrown open to the whole society. Besides this, the regular program of orations, declamations, etc., is carried out.

The Seniors, in their election showed their esteem of the Delphians by giving two of them offices. The Society was given the presidency and the sargeant-at-arms.

The Delphians were represented this year on the Luminary Staff, by four of their members.

Through these events and causes, the Sphinx of the Delphian Literary Society, has become in Central, the symbolism of the same traits which were attached to it by the ancients. The Delphians have also remained true to their old Greek name, Delphian being synonomous to brotherly. We have remained brothers to one another, and may we continue to remain so until the name Delphian comes in Central, to stand for brotherhood. The Egyptian Sphinx, which is our emblem, symbolises silence, wisdom. As she was supposed to guard Egypt from the evil spirits, so the Delphians have tried to guard Central. The Delphians have tried to live up to these traditions. They have ever been silent as to their achievements, letting them speak for themselves. The Delphians, while not wise philosophers, learned mathematicians, nor great and famous writers have, at least, had as many of Central's good students as could be expected. They also stand guard over the good name of Central as the Sphinx guarded Egypt. Their motto, "We Will," has overcome all the obstacles which surrounded the society at its birth. So here is to the future Delphians. May they rally to the cry, "We Will;" may they duplicate the achievements of their founders.

H. E. R.



**DELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY
MEMBERS**

Homer Berger
 Harry Brown
 Will Crowley
 Will Dillon
 Carl Dixon

Earl Goldman
 William Hamilton
 Rex Hedrick
 Clarence Huckle
 Dayton Langworthy

Jacque McCleery
 Robert Mehornay
 Harry Minton
 Vale Nance
 Edwin Patterson

Floyd Palmer
 Harold E. Richards
 Edward Simpson
 Edwin Strother
 Howard Shafer

CENTRAL'S PRIMER

(Recommended to round out and complete the Freshman year's work.)

A

Age: The chief acquisition made by our Seniors during the year.

B

Bindbeutel: Aboriginal wielder of the "Trident."

C

Contest: The (inter) *society* event of the season. A cherubic carnival of color, clarion voices, and circumspect cogitation.

D

Disputations: Cultivated energetically by the public speaking class.

E

Enigma: Why some of the teachers won't give the Centralian their pictures.

F

Famine: Phantom of the fifth hour.

G

Guesswork: What frequently saves the day (or, more exactly, the year).

H

Harmony: Sometimes lacking in organization meetings, (particularly those of the Glee Club.)

I

Insulation: What the Junior physicists believe keeps the electricity from jumping out of the wire.

J

June: A dim Mecca for struggling Pilgrims. The road thither is marked by many bones, and much salt from tears.

K

"Klass Day:" The day on which craziness is paramount.

L

Liquid Air: Said to have gathered on the floor of the Luminary Office in puddles during those winter months.

M

McCleery: The De Wolf *Hopper* of Central.

N

Nance: Our dark horse who ran away with the Senior election.

O

Obsequies: A festive occasion upon which the Juniors mourn the deceased Seniors.

P

Pulchritude: A distinguishing quality of Central's girls, particularly those of the Senior class.

Q

Querists: Our teachers. All have attained equal perfection in extracting facts.

R

"Roast:" A thing which, if received scientifically, will act as a boomerang.

S

Sanctity: Edwin Patterson's distinguishing trait. All Freshmen will do well to study his latest book, "How Honesty Scoops Six Aces."

T

Turnverein: Thought to be a source of the mysterious sounds which apparently issue from the floor of Study Hall A.

U

Uttermost Parts of the Earth: Where the Seniors apparently expect to find themselves blown to by the spectacular eruption known as "Commencement."

V

Vocalists: The X quantity in the Glee Club.

W

World: The expected food of the Seniors.

X

Xanthic: A startling fact published for the first time, that this is the kind of cards on which our names are kept in the office.

Y

Yellow: The cards on which they were kept, formerly.

Z

Zenith: Present astronomical location of Seniors.

"THE ANGEL OF TONTO BASIN"

CLYDE BLANCHARD, '06



CHARLES BRADDON gazed discontentedly through the solitary window of the log cabin upon the quiet, frozen evening. A few stars—faint, trembling points of light—were visible in the clear heavens. The man indifferently watched the fast approaching dusk enshroud the drooping pines; sweep up to the closely-huddled Mormon cabins; and enter the bare room, mingling with the wavering light thrown out by a couple of crackling, pinon logs.

An overpowering feeling of loneliness oppressed him and drove him to seek the company of the cheerful, home-like fireplace. Drawing up an old puncheon bench, the only piece of furniture the cabin could boast, he placed a kettle of potatoes on his knees and began peeling them for his supper.

As potato after potato splashed into a pan of water at his side, he forgot his surroundings, and soon the room was filled by the soft melody of "Annie Laurie."

Suddenly, the clear tinkle of a bell interrupted the singer. He opened the door and saw the lead-mare of a pack-train ploughing through the two feet of snow towards the cabin. Behind her, floundered four others, urged on by the persuasive shouts and vigorous arms of two men. As they saw the door open, revealing a flood of cheerful warmth, they gave a joyful shout and hurried forward. After quickly tying their animals under a low shed behind the cabin, they gathered round the fire, "thawing out."

While the coffee pot noisily quarreled with itself, the three men squatted before the fire and broiled the steaks which Mr. Braddon had cut from a saddle of venison, hanging by the window. Soon all were on their knees around the puncheon bench, heartily eating a smoking supper.

"Well, I suppose that introductions are in order now that we are comfortable," said Braddon as he contentedly drained his tin cup. "My name is Charles Braddon, from Michigan. I'm a mining engineer sent out by the Calumet and Hecla Copper Company to inquire into a rich strike near Superstition Mountain."

"Glad to know you, sir," heartily exclaimed the other, extending a powerful hand. "My name's Raymer—"

"Not the owner of the Hashknife?" interrupted the other quickly.

"The same," said he modestly.

"Well, I'm more than delighted to know you, Colonel, for your fame and stories of your wealth have reached even to Michigan." With more than usual deference in his manner, Mr. Braddon shook the hand proffered him.

It was difficult indeed to believe that before him stood the richest man in Arizona, and a man known for his great bravery. Not a year before, the papers were full of his daring deed in standing off, single-handed, twenty-five Apaches until help arrived from Fort Wingate.

With a depreciatory wave of the hand, the cattleman changed the subject.

"Jack and I have come over from the Hashknife in Tonto Basin

to get a few supplies. You see, there's six tons of provisions here at Heber, which this blizzard has kept me from bringing over to the ranch. We thought we'd try to get a pack train through, but it was a narrow squeak, wasn't it, man?"

"You're right," said the cowboy with a shiver as if he still felt the cold wind whistling about his ears.

"But speaking of your trip," resumed the Colonel. "The only way into Tonto Basin and over to Superstition Mountain is by our trail. Now, you just come over with us tomorrow and be our guest until this bad weather is over." And the cattleman urged his invitation, which the other, seeing that he was really wanted, gladly accepted.

"We'd better turn in now, for we must start with the sun, tomorrow." So saying, Colonel Raymer untied his roll of blankets, the others following his example, and, in a few moments, the three men were sleeping soundly.

Before the sun had opened his eyes, the horses had been packed, and a breakfast quickly eaten. Pulling on their heavy fur overcoats, the party set out with the cowboy in the lead. All morning, they slowly made their way in three feet of snow through heavy timber.

Two thousand feet below them, and extending seventy-five miles to Superstition Mountain, stretched Tonto Basin. To the north, the great snow-enshrouded San Francisco peaks loomed up a hundred miles away.

What a contrast in the scenery! Up on the mesa the party shivered in three feet of snow; down below them, it was summer. Trees and vegetation of all kinds abounded. By their side the melted snows faltered for a moment, then dashed recklessly down the ragged precipice, forming the beautiful Canon Creek, which went tumbling over rocks, throwing high its sparkling spray.

Braddon's contemplation of this beautiful scenery was rudely interrupted by a warning from the cattleman:

"Here's a tough piece of trail, Braddon, but let the horse have his head; he will take you down all right." For the first time, he examined the face of the precipice and gave an exclamation of horror. The trail, if such it could be called, was almost straight up and down.

Throwing the reins over the saddle-horn, he held on as best he could, until he reached the bottom.

The big gate swung open as the party galloped up to the ranch house, and two men quickly led the horses to the great barn a few yards to the right. Mr. Raymer, followed by his guest, strode into the large ranch house, known as the Quarters, where lounged some ten or twelve cowboys, just in from riding the range.

"Fire up boys," he cried in his gruff, but friendly, way. "We are cold. Bill, go tell the cook to hurry up supper—and say Bill—tell her we have company."

When Braddon entered the low, spacious, dining room, he gave a gasp of surprise. And well he might, for, while the railroad was a hundred miles away, yet everything in profusion loaded that long table, until the boards creaked and groaned under the numberless dishes

"THE ANGEL OF TONTO BASIN"—Continued

among which were vegetables from the garden, wild honey from the caves in the rocks above them, speckled trout from Canon Creek, and venison from the nearby mountains. The host entertained as only a Western man can, and his jokes filled the room with hearty laughter.

Just as the jolly crowd gathered round the roaring fire, after supper, a man came in hurriedly.

"What's the trouble, Wessley?" said the Colonel, stopping him as he started for the kitchen.

"My wife is feeling much worse and is suffering now with a severe chill, and I ran down after some hot water," replied his superintendent.

"That's too bad. I hadn't mentioned to you before, Braddon, that our Angel has been slightly under the weather for a few days. If you will excuse me, I'll hurry right over and see her." With this remark, the Colonel stepped out into the darkness.

"How is she, Mr. Raymer?" several anxious voices cried out as he re-entered.

"She looks very sick, boys," said he worriedly.

"Wish I had my case with me, Colonel; maybe I could help her," spoke up Braddon.

"Are you a doctor?" Before he could answer, Lengthy Bill sprang from his seat:

"Air you Doc Braddon that crossed the Divide and saved old Dick Baine from mountain fever?" The Doctor smiled in the affirmative. "Well, Colonel, there sets the best doctor that ever cuffed a cowboy back to life."

"Please go and see her at once, Doctor, and perhaps you can do something for her. We think everything of that little woman. If she should—." Here the Colonel choked and looked out into the night.

Lengthy Bill led the way to the superintendent's house and into a large sitting room, where another log fire was quietly burning. In one corner, on a snow-white bed, lay the Angel. Mr. Braddon started as he beheld that picture of suffering. It haunted him till the end of his life. The face framed by a wavy mass of chestnut hair was drawn with pain; the serious, dark-brown eyes, through which her noble soul shone, had a strange, troubled look in them; the well-formed lips were tightly pressed together; and the delicate hands clenched the sides of the bed.

By the aid of his thermometer, he found that her temperature was a hundred and five. He noted the quick, bounding pulse; the hurried, anxious breathing; and that peculiar, agonizing look which shows that the patient is dying for lack of oxygen. Piercing, pleuritic pains made her clutch at her breast and cry aloud.

He left the room, beckoning her husband to come with him. When they were outside, he said hoarsely:

"It is best to tell you the truth. Your wife has a bad case of pneumonia, and she will die by morning if I can't get my case from Heber." The husband stood the shock bravely, and together they hastened to consult the Colonel.

A groan of despair, as if from one man, arose as this picture of death stared them in the face.

"Bill!" the Colonel's voice was imperative, "get the boys here quick.

Tell them 'She is dying,' and they'll hurry." He buried his face in his hands as the man shot out like a flash. In a moment the room was filled with forty subdued men.

"Boys," said Mr. Braddon, speaking rapidly, "the only way to save Mrs. Wessley's life is for one of you to ride to Heber and get my case and be back by seven tomorrow morning. Is there anyone here that will volunteer to go?"

To a man, the cowboys jumped to their feet with a "do or die" look on their faces. The eyes of Mr. Braddon grew strangely wet.

"Wall it pears to me we kain't all of us go." This from practical Bill. "It's not who's willin' to go; it's who kin go and get that medicine kit and git back fore mornin'. That's 80 miles to cross of the toughest trail in Arizona—close on to 4 feet of snow, and you all know that blizzard on the mountains has wiped out all signs of a trail. The old thermometer is playing round 20 below zero, and the only feller in this here bunch that kin do it is the kid thar. Jim kin go any place a dog kin."

So it was settled, and Jim, a tall, lean, but wiry, boy of seventeen started after his horse, proud of being chosen to save the Angel's life.

"You set right thar by the fire, Kid, and get warm. Me and my pards'll tend to gittin you ready." Lengthy Bill, hiding his feelings, roughly shoved the boy into a chair.

A moment later, one of the cowboys slouched shamefacedly up to Jim and handed the astonished boy a pair of new, warm arctics.

"Here Kid," he said with a queer choke in his voice, "you take these things. You ain't got none, and your feet'll freeze up there on the mesa."

"Jack's right," said another, coming in, "I thought of that too, and when I saw your coat was torn and full of holes, I just brought my big bear coat instead. It'll keep you warm an—it's all I can do for Her, you know Kid." The man sobbed aloud like a child. Some one brought in a pair of beaver mittens, muttering something about the Kid having to send his pay-check to his widowed mother, and he not having any mother to spend for.

In a few minutes, the horse was brought to the door, and, with a hearty slap on the back, and a "good-luck" from each one, Jim jumped into the saddle and was about to ride off when the Colonel, who had slipped away unnoticed, came up leading a saddle horse.

"Here Jim," and the great old man was sobbing as if his heart would break, "take Gypsie. If there's a piece of horse-flesh on the range, that can get you over the mountains, she can." The magnificent horse, which had never felt a hand touch her save that of her owner, whimpered understandingly. The men strained their eyes after the rider as he broke into a gallop and disappeared in the gloom.

By the bed-side of that poor woman, gasping for breath, Mr. Braddon realized how helpless he was in his struggle against the awful monster, Death. Not a moment had he left her bedside for over three hours. He stood there, giving of his vitality. Would it last?

The awful midnight hour, that time of terror when the vital forces run low, had passed in safety. Still the patient clung to life as she lay, barely conscious.

As the old fashioned clock over the fireplace softly struck two.

"THE ANGEL OF TONTO BASIN"—Continued

Braddon hurried to the kitchen for more ice. He could see from the window that the lights were still burning at the Quarters as if no one had retired. As he opened the door for a look out into the night, the roaring wind, sweeping off the mesa and down the Basin, sent a shudder through him. A voice at his elbow made him start.

"Doctor, the boys are anxious for a word about the Angel."

"What, are you all up at the Quarters?"

"Of course. No one could think of sleeping. We're hoping and waiting for morning. They're banking on you, Doctor. What can I tell them?"

"That she is still alive, fighting bravely. It must be a fearful night on the mountains. Do you think the boy can make it?"

"Sure as the sun," confidently replied the man, as he hurried back with the news.

Braddon shut the door and hurried to the bedside. What a bright halo to a sad picture! The noble, Christian mother dying, the poor, broken-hearted husband sitting by the bedside of his three, sleeping children, and forty strong men watching anxiously for the morning; another bravely struggling, high up in the mountains, against the fierce storm and cold.

"Pure, human love caused all this sacrifice. If human love could do so much, what might not Divine love do. Heaven loved this little mother, and these rough men. Why not take hope," and he breathed a prayer for Heaven's help.

As the hours dragged on, and hope grew despondent, the sufferer roused herself.

"I must live for my little ones," she murmured. The ebbing life-tide seemed to flow back again as mother-love held off Death's advance.

At the first flush of coming dawn, the Doctor looked out towards the Quarters. There stood the cowboys with their horses saddled, ready to mount, and the Colonel, searching the rim-rock with a spy glass. He hurried down to them. "Why are you all saddled? Where are you going?" he asked.

"After the Kid; he's dead by this time. We're going to bring in his body."

As they swung into the saddle, the Colonel cried: "Look!"

There stood Jim two thousand feet above them, just as the first rays of the morning sun gilded the crest of the rim-rock, turning its great drifts of snow into burnished gold. Below him, a mile of treacherous trail hung upon the side of that awful cliff like a narrow, winding stairway. The watching group stood with mute lips as they saw him push the gallant black—now white as the snow at his side—into a wild run. Down, down, they came like the onrush of some belated furies! Could flesh and blood survive? Only muscles of iron and

nerves of steel could endure such a fearful strain. They held their breath as the noble horse swept around the ragged point of the overhanging precipice. Surely, the rider would stop that wild race before he reached the short, double turn at Devil's Gorge! Had the boy lost control? The rein lay loose upon his horse's neck; but the pose of his body told that the heart of the steed and the heart of the rider beat as one. On they rushed like mad to the brink of the Gorge!

A groan of despair went up from the cowboys as each one felt that the horse and rider must surely plunge a thousand feet to certain death. But no—Jim tightened the reins with a shout of victory, and they vaulted as one into the air! With a long, flying leap, they cleared the awful chasm. Some unseen hand buoyed them up as they came rushing down over those rolling rocks on the very brink of destruction.

A moment more, and the great gate swung open before him, and he dashed into their midst, flinging the case into the Doctor's arms.

As the Doctor rushed into the house he met the husband, wringing his hands:

"It's too late; she's dead."

"She's not either," answered Braddon savagely as he hurried to the bedside.

He found the sufferer in the last convulsive throes of agony; the death dew upon her brow. "Don't give up—you're not going to die," he said, encouragingly. "You'll be well in twenty minutes."

Fifteen passed, and the face began to clear; the short gasps grew into deeper, more regular breathing. A minute later, the Angel opened her eyes and softly murmured:

"The sweetest words I ever heard were, 'You'll be well in twenty minutes.'"

That voice sent a thrill of hope through the breast of the despairing husband. In an instant he was on his knees at her side, crying like a child.

The Doctor silently withdrew and hurried to the Colonel, who still stood with the cowboys at the door of the Quarters, expecting the worst.

"She's saved."

Each rough, weather-beaten cheek was wet, as the men raised their eyes to Heaven and murmured a prayer of thanks to God for sparing their Angel.

After six long days of careful nursing, Mrs. Wessley was restored to health. What a beautiful picture she made on the morning of the seventh day, standing in the midst of forty cowboys, her arm around her husband, with her three children at her side, waving farewell to Mr. Braddon as he rode down the trail towards Superstition Mountain.



ANNUAL INTER-SOCIETY CONTEST

FRANK C. WILKINSON, '06.



ONCE upon a time, a long time ago, in fact, as far back as the oldest inhabitant can remember, there was an ancient series of Inter-Society contests. Time has not dealt very leniently with the dusty archives that chronicled these events. Like the fateful "Open Session," they have passed into the romance of oblivion. Those who attended the society contest of April 27, heard the third of the new line—the line that contains more competing societies than the other series, and the contest that had more events than ever before. As this program is the big intellectual feature of the year, and as so many people try for every event, it was decided by the Faculty to add five silver medals, for second places, to the customary first place, gold medals. This made it certain that the honors would be more evenly divided than last year.

The audience was attentive and appreciative throughout. Dr. McGurk, of the Grand Avenue Church, made an interesting presiding officer. It was certain that there was to be a close race for first honors in all events as preliminaries within the societies had picked the best available man for each particular event. All of the five societies—the S. L. H's, the Websters, the Aristonians, the C. S. C's, and the Delphians came out with plenty of enthusiasm and went back with at least one palm. When the winners of the story and the essay were found to be Donald Hendrickson and Clyde Vrooman, both Shakespeare's, it looked as if that society were preparing to sweep every thing before them. Their feelings on this subject were echoing through the hall and could not be daunted by the announcement that Flavel Robertson, with his "English Customs," and Clyde Blanchard had carried off second honors for the Websters in each of these events. Shakespeares

were leading, but the Websters made good their seconds.

The debate was very close. Preliminaries had decided that the question, "Resolved, that the Inter-State Commerce Commission be given the power to fix railroad rates," should rest between Arthur Seddon and Ward Cook. As this subject was non-partisan and as the judges were all fair-minded lawyers, each side fully realized that their success or failure rested with themselves. Mr. Seddon won and Mr. Cook was awarded the silver medal. No one can deny that Mr. Seddon's debate was clear and forceful. We trust, however, Congress will not accept this decision as final.

The Declamations, as usual, were even more difficult to decide on. This was probably the most interesting event on the program. Vale Nance, of the Delphians, was the winner through his interpretation of the condemned man in "The Boy Orator" of Zepata City. There should have been at least three silver medals for this event. None, however, were received better than was Robert Lakeman, with his selection, "The Battle of Splendid Silence." This made thirteen points for the Shakespeares.

The last medal to be awarded was for the oration. This was to decide the winning society. Dr. McGurk prefaced his announcement by saying there should be two gold medals for the event. Finally, he ended the announcement by giving the gold medal to a Webster, Frank Wilkinson, and the silver medal to Miss Judith Connelly, an Aristonian.

At the invitation of the Websters, their medals were awarded by Miss Eunice Sexton. Miss Oakly was also kept busy by the Shakespeares.

The audience left the hall under the rousing cheers of the societies for themselves and for their friends, the enemy—mostly for themselves.



HISTORY, CIVICS AND STUDY HALL FACULTY



C. E. WALLACE
HISTORY

"He dipt in all that treats of whatsoever is the state, the total chronicles of man, the mind."



WM. A. LEWIS
HISTORY AND CIVICS

"A better felawe shold me nocht fynde."



ELEANOR M. DENNY
STUDY HALL AND LIBRARY

"Yet she was kind, or if severe in aught the love she bore to learning was in fault."



EVELYN BURRILL
HISTORY AND CIV. GOV.

"Her smile, her speech with winning way, wiled the old Harper's mood away."



E. E. RUSH
COM. LAW AND CIV. GOV.

"He hath strange plans crammed with observation, the which he vents in mangled forms."



J. W. WHITE
HISTORY

"And who that knew him could for get the busy wrinkles round his eyes."

"THE TRUE GREATNESS OF WASHINGTON."

(Gold Medal Prize Essay.)

FRANK C. WILKINSON.

"He was a man, take him for all in all;
I shall not look upon his like again."



THAT was the noblest tribute ever given by man to man. It was Hamlet's tribute to his beloved father. It is our tribute to our Country's father. When the student of history is studying the characters of the world's great men, he pauses, after reading the life of Washington. He feels that this man is apart from the mere military genius, apart from a mere symbol of virtue. He sees here a man, not a quality; a concrete soul, not an abstraction.

No one maintains that Washington was a genius. Byron was a genius; Napoleon was a genius; but Washington had no one characteristic looming, mountain high, above all other attributes. Herein lies the beautiful symmetry of his character; that rare combination of mental powers that makes our Revolutionary hero greater than a genius. His patriotism alone is sufficient to make him a great man. But when to that patriotism is added his energy and will, his judgment, his morality, and his power to lead and to read men, then we have the marvelous combination that overtops genius itself. This is his true greatness.

History was repeated when Washington refused the crown; yet do not widely different motives often bring the same results? To the Roman, crafty ambition was the ruling passion; to the American, lofty patriotism. In one case the crown was refused because a wily leader thought the time was not ripe for its adoption; in the other case, because a thoughtful man knew how to govern ambition. The former encouraged the offer to be repeated; the latter repulsed it with so much scorn and sorrow that the very donors were overwhelmed with disgrace. And what was that Continental Congress that Washington was asked to overthrow? Were not the really great men of the colonies absent on foreign missions? Were they not serving with the army, or laboring in their own colonies, seeking to influence them to grant money and troops for the war? Therefore, at many times, the Congress was little more than a debating society, good for drafting resolutions, but powerless to secure a recruit, or raise a dollar for the army. This was the body that Washington was asked to overthrow, a body that was powerless to aid, but quite efficient to hinder him. His patriotism saved the invitation from becoming even a temptation.

Again, it does not require any great sacrifice for a beggar to risk all on the cast of a die. He has no property, no reputation, no social position to lose. But when England declared war, Washington was probably the richest man in the colonies. He was a man of standing; of social, political and financial standing. It required patriotism like Washington's, or an all-absorbing ambition like Napoleon's, for one of such eminence to take such a radical step. And look at the result!

He had refused pay for his services at the beginning of the war; when it closed, he was compelled to borrow six hundred pounds for his traveling expenses. But that was a minor matter compared with his mortgaging his vast estate to obtain money with which to induce his soldiers to re-enlist. How great was that patriotism that impelled him to risk putting under the hammer his ancestral home!

Information gleaned from admiring biographers is often unreliable. For then a man's character is mirrored by a mind disposed to exalt his virtues and condone his vices. We can, perhaps, gain no better idea of the versatility of Washington than by a study of his writings. He was the author of sixteen thousand different writings, now published, and of hundreds yet unpublished. The importance of this collection lies in the fact that it necessarily portrays all his moods, hopes, and aspirations. The inward grief and exalted patriotism that breathe in those letters, written while he was being criticised for inaction at Boston, portray a heroism of soul unsurpassed. The ceaseless energy required to write these letters that came from his pen, between the day that the Philadelphia convention adjourned and the day that the ninth State ratified the Constitution, is another illustration of his characteristics. He wrote to prominent men, persuading them to become members of the state conventions to which the Constitution was to be referred; he wrote to the Governors, proving to them that, although the Constitution might not be perfect, it was good, and undoubtedly the best obtainable; he wrote to his opponents, showing them that, by amendment, their principal objections might be removed. He brought his will to bear, not to force through the thing he desired, but to persuade others to carry it through. This quality is traceable throughout his whole life: first a young surveyor, then as a youthful Lieutenant-Governor, and finally, as a Commander-in-Chief. He was a man to whom failures were strengthening. It was in this school of disappointment from partial failures; from hopes deferred, because of the stupidity of Governor Dinwiddie; from chagrin, caused by being unable to relieve suffering people, that Washington received his training. Another factor which approached genius in this man is his judgment. This takes the place of the fanatical enthusiasm of a Cromwell, the intuitive statesmanship of a Pitt, and the financial talent of a Hamilton; yet his judgment is by no means the judgment of Bacon. The latter was pure intellect; the former, heart and intellect. It has been said that our Constitution owes little to the judgment of Washington; that he acted "by presence alone," in the Convention of 1787. Yet who doubts that the prologue of the Constitution—and the Maryland-Virginia Compact of 1785 can justly be termed thus—was originated and inspired by Washington? It was in that convention at Mount Vernon that he thoroughly imbued Madison and Randolph with his ideas, with his "Virginia Plan." Since Madison was the chief framer of the Constitution, is not here evidence of something more than

THE OLYMPIAN GAMES: ANCIENT AND MODERN

NORVIN VAUGHAN, '07.



IT IS a mistaken belief that he who knows not Ancient Greece as revealed in the immortal works of poetry, philosophy, and art, he who has not spent his life in the companionship of the Greek classics, he who cannot in his own soul realize the Greek of old, is not fitted to penetrate the dimness of remote antiquity. Greece has gifts for all in proportion to the mental capacities of the one who would solve her mysteries. Even upon him who, empty-handed, turns to her, she bestows an ample recompense—the power to appreciate and to enjoy her natural charm. She asks of the people of the present century not that they devote to her years of unceasing study, but only that they bring to her hearts rightly turned, eyes alive to form and color, souls in which dwell the love of loveliness.

The Olympian Games offer an alluring field for the researches of both scholar and archaeologist. These games exercised a great influence in producing that rare type of physical and intellectual beauty which we see reflected in Greek art and literature. They were the shrine whither artists and merchants brought their wares; they grew in time to be the high feast to which every Greek gathered, from the mountain fastnesses of Thessaly to the remotest colonies of Massalia and Naucratis. Indeed, they became a bond of union for all branches of the Doric race. It was a period in which the brain and body of the young man were developed harmoniously; for if there was ever encouragement for the intellectually great, there was corresponding glory for the physically superior. The Olympian Games periodically aroused the populace to frenzied enthusiasm, and in those great days, when the spirit of the citizens was nurtured by a system of education as much physical as mental, as much emotional as intellectual, a youth could hope to perform no more renowned feat than to win a prize at these contests. Happy indeed were the lives of these victors, for Pindar informs us: "That he who overcometh hath, because of the Games, a sweet tranquillity throughout his life forevermore."

The list of contests at Olympia was so large and diversified as to invest the celebration with a Panhellenic character. The popularity of the festival constantly tended to make Olympia the religious and social center of Peloponnesian life—indeed, in some sense, of the Hellenic world, and Olympia entered on a new phase of brilliant and secure existence as a recognized institution. The significance of the games was ever larger and higher than the political fortunes of the Greeks who met there. Even those who were least in sympathy with the spirit of the festival could still feel that it was representative and unique. While the details of the scene were the subjects of endless modifications and changes, Olympia always remained a central expression of the Greek idea that the body of a man has a glory as well as his spirit. Those were glorious days for Greece, those twelve long centuries during which two hundred ninety-three Olympiads succeeded each other.

The origin of the Games was invested by priestly legends with

a sacred memory. They are said to have been instituted by Heracles, to commemorate his victory over his four brothers in a foot race. According to a tradition, probably more authentic, they were established by Iphitus, king of Elis, in concert with the Spartan Lycurgus and Cleosthenes of Pisa. From this we may safely infer that the games were a primitive observance of the Eleians and Pisans, and first gained their renown through the powerful concurrence of Sparta. The valley of Olympia, "The fairest spot of all Greece," was at once spacious and definite. Nowhere could the Greek Zeus be more fitly honored by the display of human gifts, physical or mental; nowhere could the divided communities of Hellas find a more convenient place of peaceful reunion.

In 776 B. C., about twenty-three years before the founding of Rome, the Eleian, Coroebus, was the victor in a foot race. Thenceforward we have an almost unbroken list of victors in each succeeding Olympiad or fourth recurrent year. For the next fifty years, no names occur but those of Eleians or their next neighbors. After 720 B. C., we find Corinthians and Megareans, and still later Athenians. The principal contests were the foot race, wrestling, the long jump, boxing, and the chariot race. The old boxing gloves would cause a modern prize-fighter to turn pale with terror. They were of leather, studded with knobs and plates of metal. According to ancient tradition, one Milo was so strong in the wrist and hands that no one could bend or even move his little finger when he held it rigid. Another, Melancomas, stood during two entire days with arms outstretched. The jumpers increased their momentum by means of dumbbells, which they swung in the act of leaping. The leap of fifty-five feet with which Phayllus is credited is simply incredible. Polydamas could with one hand arrest the mad career of a four-horse chariot.

But these Pagan festivals were destined to be engulfed by the rising tide of Christianity, for in the fourth century, the Roman Emperor, Theodosius, thinking to crush Paganism by abolishing Pagan rites, decreed that no more games should be celebrated in honor of the old Greek gods. His mandate held good for fifteen centuries. During the long ages of slavery to Vandal, Venetian, Frank, or Turk, the Greeks forgot their ancient gods and their ancient games. The marble dieties and athletes slept amid the ruins until a recent yesterday, when they were brought to light through the efforts of foreign archaeologists.

Well may the world rejoice when at Athens in 1896, in the presence of a Christian multitude, a Christian monarch annulled the Imperial decree of fifteen centuries ago and inaugurated the first Olympiad of modern times. A generous millionaire restored the Stadium according to the ancient plans and when one hundred forty thousand people witnessed the games ten years ago, they truly "Sat in the seat of the ancients." Greece invited all nations to enter the games and almost every nation responded. All the languages of civilization might have been heard at Athens as well as one or two that were almost uncivilized. The first glimpse of the crowded Stadium is to be numbered

THE OLYMPIAN GAMES: ANCIENT AND MODERN—Continued

among the great sensations of a life time, for the sight is one the like of which has never before been witnessed in our modern age. No matter how much inborn enthusiasm one may have for clean athletics, he needs to see its expression in Greece to experience it in full tide. The finest thing about the games in '96 was the magnificent spirit with which the men and women of Greece invested the occasion. To understand what it meant to a patriotic Greek, one must realize that it was like a reincarnation, an invocation of the gods, a living over again of the days when his country led the world in all things the world held worthy. It was worth all his years of thought and sub-conscious reflection on the glory of things that were.

Only a limited number of Americans took part in the games, for it was difficult to impress our country with the importance of the revival. Hence, only one university, Princeton, was officially represented and only one athletic association, Boston, gave the scheme an athletic club indorsement. One lone entry, James Connolly, went of his own initiative.

From the viewpoint of modern athletics, the contest witnessed by the imposing audience ten years ago was not remarkable, save in one respect—the invincibility of our American team. No records were broken; in fact, our men were not called upon to equal their own previous work in their respective lines. The word "Amerikas" was on the lips of all those one hundred forty thousand spectators, for the Americans won the name of "American invincibles" by winning every event save the fifteen hundred meter race and the Marathon race. If "Viva!!" cried one group, "Vive!" roared another, "Hoch!" boomed the Germans, the good old American "Hooray!" was heard more than all other cheers. The winners in the contests felt satisfied that the heirs to all the ages were treading the air of the Stadium in spiked shoes.

The American contestants were Burke, Hoyt, Curtis, Clark, and Blake of Boston; Lane, Tyler, Jamieson, and Garrett of Princeton, and James Connolly. The first and most important event, the one hundred meter race, was won with ease. Connolly won the triple jump, as with a victorious hop, skip, and jump, he covered forty-five good feet of classic soil. For the discus throwing, the most truly Greek of all the contests, no American had originally been entered. However, but at the last moment, Robert Garrett, in accepting a chal-

lenge from the Greek champion, took up a discus for the first time in his life and stood before the thronging multitude to do his best to uphold the honor of the Stars and Stripes. His discus, although launched by an unpracticed hand, touched the earth just seven and one-half inches beyond that which the Greek so artistically threw. This athlete also won at putting the shot. Clark won the high jump; Curtis flew to victory over the hurdles; Hoyt and Tyler contested the prize for pole-vaulting with the bar one and one-half feet above where it had been abandoned by their Greek opponents. One Athenian daily paper explained the superiority of the Americans on the ground that they joined to the inherited athletic training of the Anglo-Saxon the wild impetuosity of the red-skinned Indian!

The thing of importance in the Olympian Games of 1896 was the Greek spirit of the occasion. It was a spirit that no other nation could have produced for an athletic festival. If that spirit is not born in us, let us absorb it, and if we are not equal to that, then at least let us learn to appreciate it. No country can find greater use for it than our own, which is standing now, awake and eager, where Greece of old once stood—on the threshold of the world's leadership.

It is well that the Olympic Deities should not know that the Greeks have totally forsaken them, and that their sleep shall last until the world, which has long scoffed at their ruined shrines, should have learned to worship that perfect art which was but the expression of Greek religious thought. Could the ancients have witnessed that celebration at Athens, could they have given expression to their thoughts, they would only have smiled derisively at the throng of moderns, and asked that those who dragged them from their hiding-places deep in the classic earth should bury them again that they might slumber on with the remains of that antiquity of which they form a part.

We are reduced to mute wonder and admiration for the magnificent creations of these old Greeks, which after two thousand years of the world's progress, are now nearest to perfection. The Greeks of classic times soared higher than our moderns in philosophy, in thought, in poetry, in the drama, in architecture, and in art. All that is best within us has been bequeathed to us by them. Let us, then, ere we are engulfed in the rush of this strenuous age, pause a moment and gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to Greece!





A
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T

FINE ARTS



CARRIE FARWELL VORHEES
MUSIC

"Her warbling voice a lyre of
widest range."



GEO. de MARE
DRAWING

"I can do with my pencil what I know,
what I see, what at bottom of my heart I
wish for."



PRESTON K. DILLENBECK
ELOCUTION
AND PUBLIC SPEAKING

"Well koude he rede a lessone
or a storie."

FACULTY



MIGNON CROWDER
DRAWING

"A queen with swarthy cheeks
and bold black eyes, brow-bound with
burning gold."

THE PUBLIC SPEAKING DEPARTMENT

WARREN F. KAYNOR, '06.

IT CAN be truly said of public speaking that this is the renaissance period of its history. To be able to go before any audience and to know what is the natural as well as the artistic way of expressing one's self, both by voice and gesture, is rapidly coming to be part of an educated man's equipment. This interest is seen and felt in our schools and colleges, and in political and social life. The interest taken is greater than any which has pertained to delivery since the days of Grecian and Roman oratory and acting. No public spirited man, however great may be his desire to promote something for the public good, will ever succeed in so doing, without a proper knowledge of how to express his ideas in a clear and forceful manner.

It is true that in the matter of public speaking, as in all other pursuits, some will excel, but culture in this, as in all branches of education, is helpful to everyone. There is not a student in high school who cannot be trained away from indistinct enunciation, faulty tones, or ungainly and awkward movements. Every one can acquire a pleasantly modulated voice, a distinct articulation, and ease and grace of bearing.

With these objects in view the plan of the year's work has been divided into three parts: extemporaneous speeches, debates and orations.

The extemporaneous speeches are not the work of a single day, but of weeks of careful preparation. An outline is formed and the points one wishes to bring out are placed in logical order. The speech

itself as given, is never memorized, although the speaker by having a well defined outline in his mind, and by the occasional use of his notes, generally secures a good flow of language. After this first trial at extemporaneous speech making, the use of notes is dispensed with.

In debating, liberal freedom of parliamentary debate is allowed and notes are of course also allowed in delivering the argument. It is in debates wherein the use of well defined outlines secures good results. In fact the winners owe their victory to the delivery of their argument in concise form. It is surprising how much one learns from these debates. Very often a debatable subject is discussed pro and con by the class at large after the debaters finish, and teachers of adjoining rooms can testify that they often "wax warm."

The orations delivered before the class as a rule are fit to be delivered before any high school assembly and oft times one comes forth with genuine merit. After an oration has been prepared, a typewritten copy is expected by Mr. Dillenbeck. If the oration itself or the delivery of the orator can stand much improvement, the oration must be given again in lengthened form. The training obtained by a few years' work in public speaking supplies to anyone that which the born orator possesses under all circumstances, but which few persons, even indicate the possession of, until they have been taught what their resources are and have acquired skill to use these in their own delivery.

Criticism is given the speaker by teacher and pupil alike; not a word or gesture escapes these high school students. It would be difficult to conceive of a more critical body. Broadly speaking, criticism is given on subject matter, on stage presence; on mispronunciations, and grammatical error.

"THO'TS FOR A YOUNG GIRL, LOOKING ON MUSIC AS A VOCATION"

AS VARIED and more compensating vocations come into prominence with developments in the scientific and in the business world, music as a genteel means of livelihood is gradually falling into disuse. For financially, mediocre music does not pay as well as in former years. As requirements for distinction are becoming more and more strenuous, the profession is being relieved of the incapable who follow it for the money alone.

This elimination is being carried on further within the very field of music itself. Physical conditions limit, to a great extent, the number of the musically excellent. Vocal study, it is true, is often recommended for people who have lung trouble, but, generally, the attendant strain on the nervous system is such as is compatible only with a strong, sound physique. Too, unfavorable home environments, the financial question, or even limitations in a good voice (in the vocalist), or a combination of these difficulties, cause many to drop out of the race for musical distinction.

After taking an honest survey of the external conditions, the girl looking on music as a vocation would do well to examine herself to see if she fulfils the two internal requirements, absolutely necessary for success: namely, the intellectual, and the artistic.

On the intellectual element of musical study, the young girl cannot place too high an estimate. She cannot learn too early that there is

no stability in mere talent or a good ear for music. Intelligent perseverance and honest work are important in the development of a successful musician; and on them is dependence chiefly to be placed. Intimate acquaintance with the works of the masters of music is an aid the girl with a keen appreciation of the value of intellect in music will not neglect. She will read of their lives, their purposes, their philosophies; she will hear good artists perform, even at personal sacrifice, because she realizes the spur such things are, both to the ambition and to the intellect.

The other requisite which the aspiring young girl must comply with, and that, innately, is artistic temperament. As voice without intellect is insufficient, so intellect without temperament is dead. Artistic susceptibility is indispensable to success. The songs that are loved most are the ones that some singer has brought into living reality by the power of a mighty and sympathetic soul. So lives that beautiful aria from St. Paul, "The Lord is Mindful of His Own," through Mme. Schumann-Heink's soulful interpretation of it.

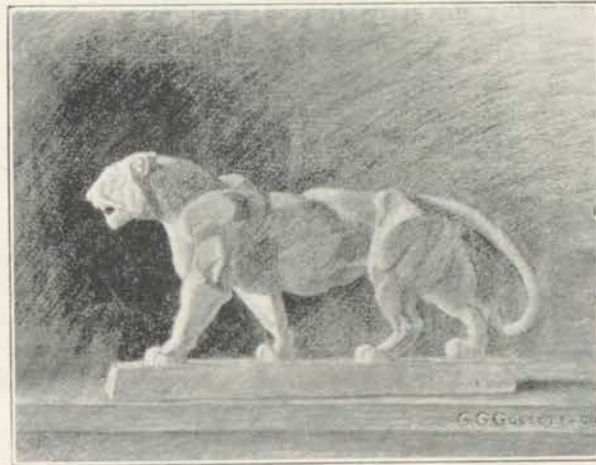
Then, if to all these essential attributes, both within and without herself, the girl will add sincerity, sincerity in her allegiance not to the public but to music, ever, bright things are in store for her, from the view-point of the world probably;—from her own view-point surely, in the conscious joy of being a laborer in a beautiful and elevating work.

N. M.

DRAWING



DRAWING



THE CHRISTMAS PLAY

VALE NANCE, '06.

CENTRAL'S Annual Christmas play is an event which solicits as strong a demonstration of school spirit as any other occasion receiving the support of the school. The importance of the play this year was shown by the large and appreciative audience which filled the auditorium of the school on Thursday evening, December 21.

"Twixt Love and Money," by Mr. John A. Frazer, a Central graduate, was the name of the play. Heretofore the annual productions have been mostly of the nature of a farce or comedy. The play this year was one which immediately took a firm hold on the sympathies of the audience. Nothing so strongly dramatic had ever been undertaken before.

As to the individual characters, there was scarcely a distinguishing difference. Vernon Page had a long and difficult part, and gave it well. His stage stride, however, would hard-

ly do on board a plunging yacht. Frank Wilkinson could lie for a full yard without stopping for breath, but he seemed to lack the essential points of love making. Mary Collins had a difficult emotional part, but she gave it very well. Lucius McConnell, as the blind veteran, displayed a strong power of impersonation. His eyes, however, seemed to be firmly fixed on a certain spot in the audience. Carl Dixon adopted the rôle of a villain quite admirably.

On the whole, the success of the play was due to the admirable impersonation which each member of the cast gave of his respective character. Despite the fact that Andrew Van Allen lost his whiskers, and that Hannah forgot that she was "nigh onto sixty," the play went smoothly and without a hitch. We are told that the ushers had considerable trouble to restrain a stampede when Martin shot himself.





THE CHRISTMAS PLAY CAST

CENTRAL MANDOLIN CLUB

MARY WHEELER, '06.

SEVERAL persons have asked why so little has been heard from the Mandolin Club this year. There might be two reasons for this: either the pupils of the school have not taken enough interest in school organizations, or else Central has produced no mandolin or guitar players lately, though it would seem strange that in a school the size of Central enough players could not be found to make up a good sized organization.

This year the Mandolin Club organized about the middle of October and for a time it looked as if it would continue the success of last year, but within a few months four of its members had dropped out of school, and although Mr. Graves searched unceasingly for mandolin and guitar players to take their places, he was unable to find anyone who could come into the club. However, in spite of all this, the club has been able to take part in two programs, one of which was pronounced the best the club had ever done, in the Assembly Hall, besides furnishing the music for the Christmas play and the Inter-Society contest. It has also

played in several outside programmes, such as the Christmas entertainment of the Franklin Institute, one of the monthly entertainments of the Franklin School, and a social at the Bales Avenue Baptist Church.

The club has always been willing to play when asked, no matter how short the notice and the fact that it gave an excellent programme one Friday though having been notified only four days before, goes to prove that the members of the club have worked diligently. What the music has lacked in quantity has been made up in quality. It is hoped that by next year Central will be able to produce enough new players to make not only a good but a large Mandolin Club.

The following is a list of this year's members.

Director—Mr. Porter Graves.

First Mandolins—Mr. Porter Graves, Florence Coyle, Edna Clark, Maude Clements.

Second Mandolins—Will Brown, Walter Ragan.

Guitar—Alta Reed.

Violin—Mary Wheeler.

Piano—Arvid Franck.





THE MANDOLIN CLUB

**CENTRAL
CHORAL
CLUB**



OFFICERS

President - - - Nellie Monroe
Secretary and Treasurer - Lottie Monroe
Librarian - - - Irene Mimms

Accompanist - Helen Wadsworth
Conductor - - Carrie Farwell Voorhees



THE CENTRAL CHORAL CLUB

CAROLINE LEWIS, '08.



THE Central Choral Club of nineteen hundred and six, has continued the excellent work done by the Club in preceeding years. The girls appreciate the fact that every person who is well educated should be versed in the knowledge of music, for even though one may not have a special talent for that art, he may become an appreciative listener and lover of music.

The Club has studied many difficult selections—choruses from operas, and miscellaneous songs, the texts of which have been written by the best authors. In this way they have become familiar with excellent music by the best composers. Considering the number of untrained voices and the short time for practice, one and one-half hours each week, the Central Choral Club has done extremely well.

The first selection given this year was in Assembly Hall, on November 24th. On January 12th, they gave with credit

a double number—Jerusalem (from Gallia) by Charles Gounod, and Nocturne, by L. Denza. On the morning of April 16th, at the Teachers' Institute, Central was represented by the Glee Club and Choral Club, who together sang a double number—"My Love Dwelt In a Northern Land," by Edgar and "The Bridal Chorus (from the Rose Maiden) by Cowen. The applause which followed showed that they were greatly appreciated. Aside from the numbers given in Assembly Hall, *The Bridal Chorus* was given again, this spring, at a private function.

The Central Choral Club is now working for the annual Hall Entertainment, May 11th. It is to be a concert of varied part song, interspersed with solos. The Club feels that it will be a credit to the department which they represent. As usual the Choral Club will sing at the commencement exercises.



**CENTRAL CHORAL CLUB
MEMBERS**

Ambie McMican Edith Wedge Genevieve Roff Katherine Siersdorfer Esther Hughes Jessie Briggs Grace Dahn Nellie Monroe
 Edith Foster Freda Dietrich Ethel Kagy Irene Mimms Myrtle Mollie Estelle Rubin Edith Barker Ethel Darst Carolyn Lewis
 Grace Suiter Hazel Brawner Lela Lancaster Lottie Monroe Nellie Caleb Hazell Chandler Lou Bell Wherritt Helen Wadsworth

THE GLEE CLUB

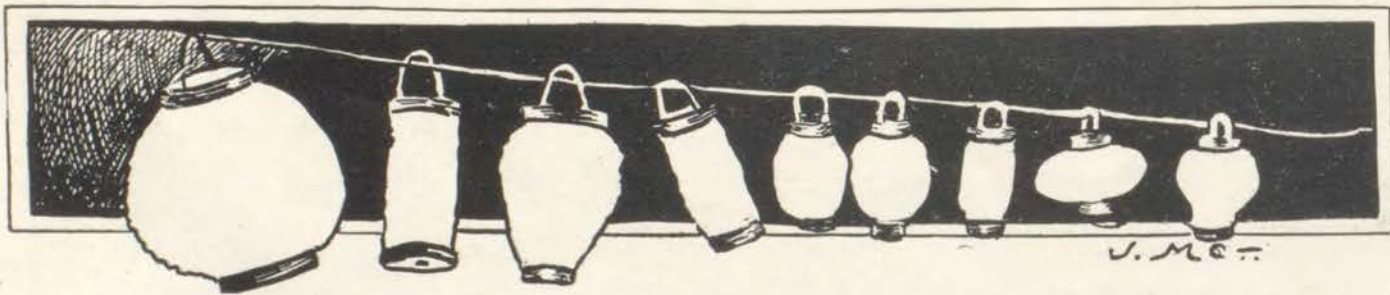
G. VICTOR HUCKE, '06.

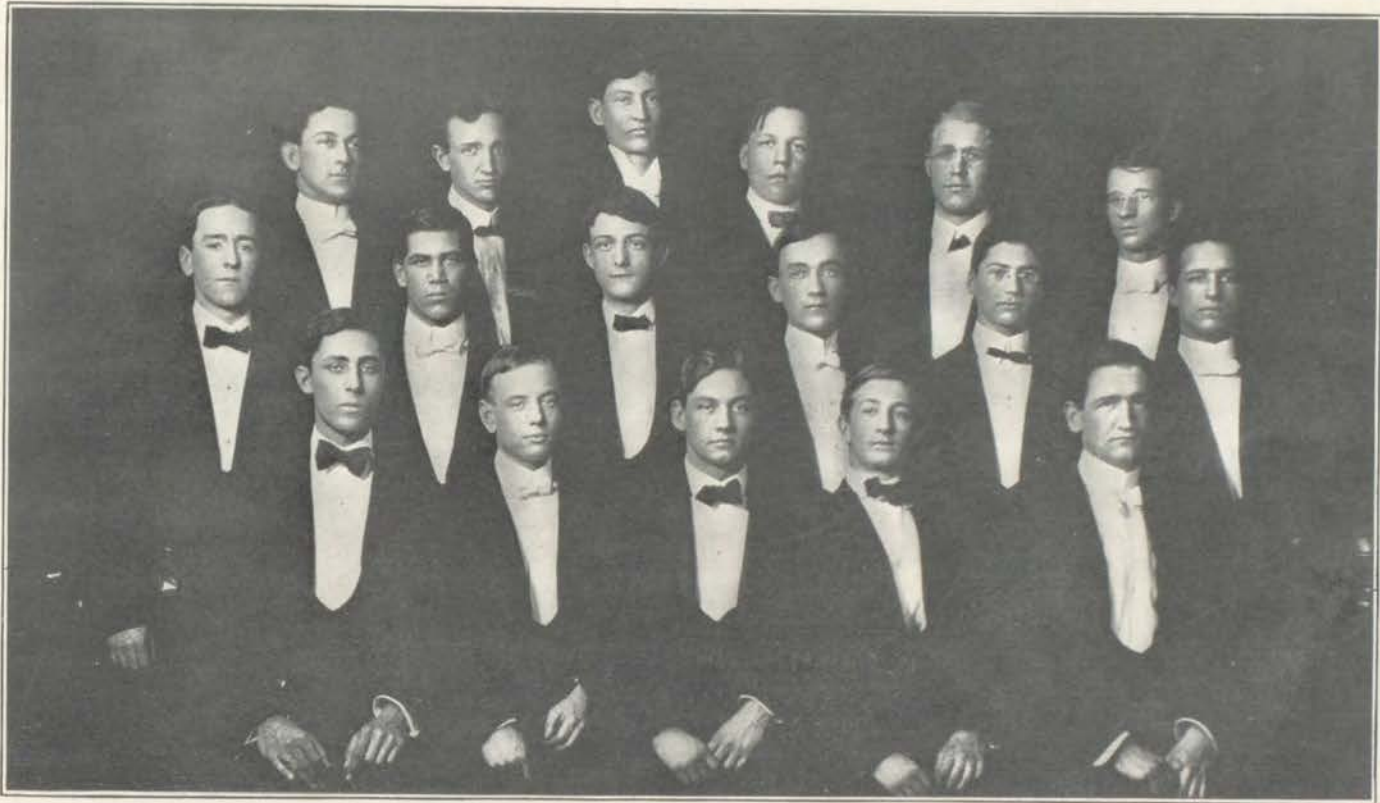
The Glee Club is the only organization in the school in which the boys are able to give way to their feelings in song and merriment. For this reason it is cherished by every student who is musically inclined. Because of a solid reputation built upon years of growth, and because the pupils of Central appreciate jolly songs and good music, it is always honored and welcomed by the student body at large.

Thoroughly believing that the "early bird catches the worm," the Central Glee Club organized early in the school year. By the first of November, the boys were hard at work, thinking only to give good programs wherever they should have the opportunity. Each member took it upon himself to make the Glee Club of '06 the best.

Early in the year the Club appeared in the Assembly Hall,

rendering two well-received selections. On the morning of April 6, they sang with applause in combination with the Choral Club, before the Teachers' Institute. On May 25th, they appeared before the school for their annual program. The date was made late, the club being undecided regarding the kind of entertainment they would give. Of course the boys considering this program very important, they always practice very hard for it; yet there is one engagement they consider almost equal, if not quite so to this—the graduation exercises. Here they sing absolutely nothing but music of the highest class. This is, of course, more difficult to them. Therefore, they begin early in the year to prepare for that great day when many of the members sing their last song with the Central Glee Club.





GLEE CLUB

ART

JACQUE LE ROY McCLEERY, '08.

ONE of the things most essential to a true and high culture is a general knowledge of and feeling for art. Not only does this knowledge and feeling develop aesthetic ideas, but it also cultivates an appreciation and love of the beautiful in nature.

Undoubtedly the greatest weakness of education in the past has been that it was too exclusively literary, so that often the most highly educated have been men for whom the art of design scarcely existed; men who, if they troubled themselves at all about such arts, entirely misunderstood them and misconstrued their purpose and methods. This is lamentable, and the natural result is the literary narrowness that has marked some of our most distinguished scholars, our profoundest thinkers, and even our highest poets. These have understood the poetry of Greece but not its sculpture; the history of the Middle Ages but not their architecture; the thoughts of the Renaissance but not its painting; and hence they have in each case failed to understand what is precisely the most characteristic manifestation of the race or of the age.

This greatest of languages cannot be taught by words alone; it requires actual practice in drawing. Nor can it be taught by a person without experience.

Our students are beginning to appreciate the splendid opportunities now offered them in this department for in the last year or two a tremendous impetus has been given to art. Every hour finds the capacity of the room taxed to its limit. It is to be hoped that the new quarters in the proposed addition will be of sufficient size to accommodate the ever increasing classes.

This year, the pupils have completed some very interesting work in charcoal. Never have the original compositions and the sketches from life been more highly satisfactory. Each Monday the students are drilled in "prospective," a study which they have found both interesting and instructive; on Friday of each week, they sketch from life, the subject generally being one of the class.

The aim in drawing is to teach one to look and to see. Many people go through life without really seeing, and the best proof of this is in the study of a famous painting. To these last, the picture is always the same; but to those who have studied, each succeeding visit is as a first one. The picture seems to change and to improve, for each time one sees beautiful lines and coloring that were overlooked before; so we find that having once known art, we always retain the faculty of enjoying what we see, which is one of the greatest pleasures of life.

Time devoted to drawing is well spent, for drawing is a language and a science. Every human being would be more efficient in any department of life if he had as much of that language and of that science as he was capable of mastering.





ATHLETICS



JOHN MCCOY

PHYSICAL CULTURE FACULTY



WM. O. HAMILTON
PHYSICAL CULTURE

"He was a verrey parfit gentil
Knyght."



CHARLOTTE A. BLATCHLY
PHYSICAL TRAINING

"Light as any wind that blows, so
fleetly did she stir."

THE GENTLE GAME OF FOOT BALL

GEO. BINDREUTEL, '07.

As revised by the International War Commission.

I.

THE TEAM.—Each team shall be composed of eleven players. Eleven understudies should also be provided to replace the regulars as soon as they are killed.

II.

THE PLAYERS.—Each player shall be selected for his refined and tender inclinations.

III.

APPAREL.—The following is a complete list of apparel necessary: A fleece-lined helmet having a wide brim (the sun is liable to tan one so during the foot ball season), and a pair of rubbers, to be worn as a preventive of colds when the field is damp.

Important Sub-Section.—It being best for good team work that the players go barefooted, some competent person should be employed to remove from the gridiron all sharp stones or rough clods such as might chafe against one's foot, or stub one's toe.

IV.

THE PLAY.—Upon the indication of the referee all the players shall kneel in a prayerful attitude in the regulation line-up. The referee will then offer up a few supplicatory remarks, which he will conclude with a blow on his whistle. Both teams will then quickly rise and run away from each other toward the goals. The team that touches its goal post first will be allowed a gain of five yards in the next down. At the close of 42½ minutes of play, the team having made the most gains will be allowed to kick the ball in front of the grand-stand for five minutes.

V.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The band should play a limited number of selections, to be specified by the faculty. The members of the band should be good musicians and the numbers selected should be choice and classic so as not to infuriate the players or to arouse their passions. Rest rooms should be provided for the exhausted players.

VI.

There is nothing much to be said here, but a good deal to be thought.

VII.

THE QUARTER-BACK.—In place of signals, the quarter-back shall spur on his men to greater effort in a low, well-modulated voice pitched to lower G in the minor scale. If any of the team are of different nationality than the quarter-back, interpreters must be provided.

VIII.

THE CAPTAIN.—The captain should be abolished.

IX.

THE MANAGER.—A manager is entirely superfluous unless there is reason to believe that the ticket-seller is dishonest, when it will become the manager's duty to remain in the ticket booth and watch the incoming money, the outgoing tickets, and the ticket-seller. If the manager acts suspiciously, an assistant manager should be appointed.

X.

THE COACH.—Each team should have two coaches—one to train the players and the other to carry them to the field. Ambulances should also be provided to remove the dead and mangled after each down.



FOOT BALL

HAROLD MCKIBBEN, '06.

SCHEDULE FOR 1905.

Sept. 30—Central vs. K. C. K.	10- 5
Oct. 7—Central vs. Liberty High School.	24- 0
Oct. 14—Central vs. Wentworth M. A.	0-18
Oct. 21—Central vs. Topeka High School.	11- 5
Oct. 28—Central vs. Westport.	18- 6
Nov. 4—Central vs. Manual.	5- 5
Nov. 11—Central vs. Central of St. Louis.	11- 6
Nov. 18—Central vs. Lawrence H. S.	0- 6
Nov. 25—Central vs. St. Joseph H. S.	Cancelled

The foot ball team of 1905 has passed into history. Other teams have won more games; other teams have lost more games; but no team has worked harder or more conscientiously to uphold the honor of Central upon the gridiron.

Though school began a week earlier than usual this year, the management felt that it was unnecessary to use this week for active practice. Mr. Graves, however, had secured a coach and practice grounds, and had practically completed the schedule, so that by the second week everything was in readiness. Four of last season's squad answered the call for candidates. With these as a nucleus, it now devolved upon Mr. Charley Washer to build up a team. He worked early and late to do this, not so much because he was paid, not so much for the credit it would be to himself, but because as a former student and foot ball player at Central, he had a desire to see the blue and white victorious.

The thing most insisted upon was team work. There being no individual stars, it was clear that team work was a necessity. It is doubtful whether any team that we met had a better offense than ours. Our defense, however, was weak.

The games that we feel the best over were those with Topeka High School and the Central High School of St. Louis. For several years Central has been unable to take the measure of the Topeka team, but this year Central won comparatively easily by the score of 11 to 5. The game with St. Louis at Columbia was the first ever played between the two schools. We were especially anxious to win, as that team has held the championship around St. Louis for a number of years. They had no thought of losing to us, but they just couldn't help it.

On account of an accident, Mr. Graves thought it best to cancel the game with St. Joseph at St. Joseph on Nov. 25.

As a reward for their services, seventeen men were presented with "C" sweaters.

Robert Mehornay has been chosen captain for the '06 team. Everyone hopes that next year, and in all years to come, Central will continue to hold the foot ball prestige.

LINE-UP OF 1905.

Calvin.	R. E.		
McKibben (capt.)	R. T.		
Shafer.	R. G.		
Sanders.	C.	Substitutes: {	
Eldred.	L. G.		Langworthy.
Cecil.	L. T.		Nance.
Mehornay.	L. E.		McClintock.
Deatherage.	Q.		Kaynor.
Smith.	R. H.		Douglas.
Minton.	L. H.		Pfof.
Pike.	F. B.		



THE FOOT BALL SQUAD

THE WORK OF THE SECOND FOOT BALL TEAM

NEAL SUTHERLAND, '07.



THE foot ball season of 1905 was the most successful Central's second team has ever known. The schedule for the second team contained nearly as many games as that arranged for the first team. The games were harder than are the games usually arranged for the second team, and because of this fact, the games were of much consequence to the players.

The season opened with about thirty men on the second squad. It is due to the heroic efforts of the boys whose work as a second team is so often unappreciated that the squad constantly numbered about twenty men. A schedule of seven games was arranged by Mr. Touton, who acted as coach and manager of the team.

The hardest fought game of the season was that played at Oak Grove. The Oak Grove boys were much older than

those on Central's second team and far outweighed them, yet the score was tied till the last twenty seconds of play. Other games were played with Olathe, Argentine and Independence first teams, and with Kansas City, Kansas, second team. In the seven games, the team scored 84 points to their opponents' 40.

Due to the fact that the schedule included two games out of the city, the boys did not feel the loss of the St. Joseph trip, which is usually the only incentive held out to them.

The second team of one year is generally the foundation of the first team of the following year. This is confirmed by the fact that seven of the players on Central's first team this year were members of last year's second team. It is very essential that Central always have a good second team. We believe that this year's second team has much good material to offer for next year's first team.





SECOND FOOT BALL TEAM

LANDIS, Captain

1. Brown.
2. Bungardt.
3. Goldman.
4. Simpson.

5. Woodbury.
6. Sutherland.
7. Garnett.
8. Hucke.

9. Stone.
10. Welsh.
11. Tapp.
12. Mr. Touton, Coach and Manager.

BASKET BALL

HOWARD SHAFER, '06.

THE basket ball team of '06 has had a very successful season both in schedule and victories. Twenty-one games were played with two trips, Topeka and St. Joseph, fourteen of which were victories; but while we lost seven games, the Western Dental College is the only team that has a clean record over us. We played them two games, one at the opening of our season, before the boys were playing together. The score of the next game, Dentals, 15; Central, 14, shows how hard the team fought for the game. We also played three invitation games with Manual in Convention Hall. Although we did not win the cup, which was offered, the scores,

Manual, 24; Central, 23;

Manual, 20; Central, 18;

Manual, 32; Central, 18;

show that it was not because we did not play for it. Later we played them a game which they won 21 to 16; in the last game of the season, however, we defeated them 31 to 24. In all five games Central scored 104 points to Manual's 121. Our total score was for the season 514 points to our opponents 357.

This year's team was probably the best balanced team Central has ever had, for although the team worked together well as a whole, those who were not so good at goal-throwing were especially good in team work. This is what counts more than anything else in basket ball. Minton always got a good number of points, but was most valuable in helping

in the team work, while G. Goldman had the knack of staying under our basket, and getting short, open shots which he usually made. McCubbin only played in five games, but did well in all of them. He promises to be one of the main stays of the team next year. Sutherland, at guard, always helped out in the team work, especially after receiving a "center buck." Langworthy's long suit was "laying back" and getting long passes from the other teams, but he also made a good many points by goals and free throws. Huston and E. Goldman also played well at guard.

The outlook for basket ball next year is very bright; only two of the regular players will leave school, and our second team this year only lost two games all season. The team will also have the assistance of Mr. Hamilton as coach again next year. It is to be hoped that Electric Hall can be had again.

The line up for this year follows:

Forwards.

Harry Minton. George Goldman.

Center.

Howard Shafer, Captain.

Guards.

Dayton Langworthy. Neil Sutherland.

Substitutes.

Clarence Huston, (G); Roy McCubbin,
(F); Earl Goldman, (G).





BASKET BALL TEAM

Top row, left to right—Hamilton, coach; G. Goldman, forward; E. Goldman, guard; Sutherland, guard.
Bottom row, left to right—Langworthy, guard; Minton, forward; Shafer, (capt.) center; Huston, guard.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.



THE girls basket ball team has finished its third season. Being the only branch of athletics open to the girls, basket ball has won a permanent place in their hearts. Under the training of Miss Blatchley, the girls team of 1905-6 has enjoyed a very successful season. Two afternoons a week have been reserved for practice. On Monday they practiced with the second team and on Friday with a team composed of the women teachers.

Six games have been played. Of these, four were won and two were lost. While six games seems like a small number for a team to play in one season, one should remember that the girls who composed the first team, also played on their class teams: thus if any more games had been played, it would

have worked a hardship upon these athletes.

The three games played with the Kansas City, Kansas, High School team were easily won, the last, by the overwhelming score of 80 to 2. The game with the Independence High School team was also an easy victory. This year we were unable to win either of the two games from Manual. However, instead of discouraging the girls this bread of defeat should make them play the harder next year.

The lineup follows:

Forwards: Elsie McPherson, Lucy Dunn.

Centers: Gretchen Hansen, Edna McBride (Capt.).

Guards: Eugenia Blake, Helen Vickers.

H. D. M.





GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

THE TUMBLING TEAM



AFTER the foot ball season was over, the boys who did not make the basket ball team, and those who wished to keep in training for the track team, were formed into a squad. Once or twice a week they were given some work by Mr. Hamilton in the "Gym." Mr. Hamilton has chosen a squad from the larger boys, and what is known as the "pony squad" from the smaller boys to give a Hall program. The boys are anxious to have him give an exhibition of fancy club swinging.

This year has brought forward many boys proficient in mat work, and some feats have been performed that have never been attempted before. Lucius McConnell has perfected the back air set to such an extent that now he is able to do the stunt from one foot. Harry Stickney, who is a close rival in this work, does the front air set. Along the line of bar work Lawrence Pike has made great progress in performing the different lever movements which require a great deal of strength, with long hard practice. Roy McCubbin is still with us and does his "stunts" with his usual form and ease.

Tumbling is not an easy accomplishment. It takes much strength and long and hard practice to get control of the muscles so as to make them perform the work required of them. While the "stunts" all look easy, different muscles

have to be trained for different tricks and it takes hard practice to do this work in any sort of form. The team is composed of the following boys:

William Flynn
Henry Kumpf
Winlock Miller
Lawrence Pike
Harold Stickney
Lucius McConnell
Harry Minton
Dayton Langworthy
Newland Deatherage
Will Stamp
Dudley Monk
Harry McFall
Neal Sutherland
Harry Pauchert

Geo. Edwards
Clarence Huston
Neal Woodson
Sidney Lindgrove
Will McPherin
Grover Tyler
Harry Schlitzler
Geo. Pineth
Howard Shafer
Harry Lockwood
Robert Lakenen
De Maurie Thurmond
Roy McCubbins
Raymond Watson

PONY TEAM.

N. Irving
Frank Arid
Harry Wood

Russel Wolf
Isador Hesse
Gay Stephenson

H. D. M.





THE TUMBLING SQUAD

TRACK TEAM.



FROM all indications it seems that Central has a track team that she can remember with pride. While some of the best men on last season's team have left school, others have risen to take their places. Three meets have been won, and one has been lost:

The first occasion was the indoor Missouri and Kansas Universities' invitation meet in Convention Hall, March 16. This invitation has become an annual affair. All of the possible points were taken by Central. McConnell and Douglass won the 50 yd. dash easily while the relay team felt that it was only getting warmed up when the finish came. By this meet two more cups were added to our collection.

The Kansas Interscholastic at Lawrence was won by a good margin of seven points April 20. First places were won by Douglass, Minton and Bungardt, the remaining points being won by Kaynor, Flynn, H. Woodbury, Catron, Sutherland, Mehornay, and Parker. Two more silver cups came home after this affair.

We were again successful in taking first honors from the Wentworth Military Academy at Lexington, Mo., April 28, by the score of 62 to 42. Though the cadets are usually

easy for our team, we deserve credit for winning this meet as several men were unable to take part. Only one cup was awarded; this we brought home.

At Columbia, May 5, we met our first and, it is to be hoped, only defeat of the season. Manual won; Central came next; several other teams were there. Twenty-nine points were our share.

Several more meets are looked forward to by the team and school alike. Among these are the Missouri Valley Interscholastic at St. Joseph, May 12; the dual meet between Manual and Central May 19; the inter-city High School meet with St. Louis here, May 26; and Mississippi Valley Interscholastic at Chicago, June 2.

These are the members of the team:

Douglass, (Capt.)	Flynn.
Minton.	Mehornay.
Bungardt.	H. Woodbury.
Kaynor.	C. Woodbury.
McConnell.	Parker.
Sutherland.	Catron.

H. D. M.





THE TRACK SQUAD

BASE BALL.

JOHN E. HALE, '06.



QWING to the graduation of most of last year's men, the base ball team this year is composed of many new players. When the call for candidates was given, a greater number responded than ever before. One of the parks was secured for practice and games.

The first game of the High School League season was played with the Kansas City, Kansas, high school on April 12th. This game resulted in a victory for Central by a score of 18 to 7. The batting of Monk and Strothers was the feature of the game. Gardner, the new pitcher, pitched a steady game; he promises to become one of the mainstays of the team.

On April 14th Central lost an eleven inning contest to Westport by a score of 7 to 5.

In the game with Manual on April 21, Central was defeated by a score of 11 to 3. Stofer's batting and playing were the features of this contest. Stofer is easily the best hitter and first baseman in the league.

Central's next beat Kansas City, Kansas, the score being 24 to 5. Central has two more league games to play, one with Manual, and one with Westport.

Mr. Bonnifield is coach and manager. The team follows:

Dillon, catcher.

Welch, catcher.

Gardner, pitcher.

Stofer, 1st base.

Goddard, 2nd base.

Strothers, Shortstop.

Stone, 3rd base.

Hale (captain), left field.

Monk, center field.

Stickney, right field.

Needles, right field.

Deatherage, infield.





BASE BALL TEAM



THE RELAY TEAM

THE LAST NIGHT

Gold Medal Prize Story.

DONALD HENDRICKSON, '08.



THE Theatre Royal is in Paris. Too vague say you; well then it is on the Rue Faubourg. But the Rue Faubourg stretches from the Palais to the docks. Press me not too closely, reader. This is a tale of fiction and fictitious places must not be located too exactly. Let us say that the little opera house was not far from the St. Dennis Square, wedged in closely between a money-lender's shop and a half franc restaurant which flourished nightly in trade of leathery frunkfurters, biting mosque-touques, and such indigestibles. The theatre had once seen flourishing days. It never wanted for an audience now, but its patrons bore not the mark of culture that characterized the audiences of two score years back. The few traces of dingy gilt on the blackened foyers and the faded plush hangings were a relic of those days.

The house had three floors. There was the orchestra with the disorderly arrangement of chairs and tables for wine-drinking; the balcony for those who came for the singing, rather than the clinking glasses; and lastly the gallery black and smoke-densed, high up against the roof, to which one climbed by uncertain flights of narrow sagging stairs, and fought for place to the risk of life and limb.

The music that swelled from the stage of the Theatre Royal was unpardonably bad, but the patrons could not discriminate. At intervals a mountebank tried the boards and was hissed off ere he could display his genius. Once in a while a prima-donna tripped down from one of the legitimate theatres, but as the higher flights of operatic composition could not be appreciated, she generally quit in disgust before the week had its end.

In fact, the numbers that the orchestra acquitted itself of were more popular than any. The orchestra of the Theatre Royal was indeed a motley organization. Beginning with the base-viol man they ranged upward in sizes like steps.

But though the orchestra was a remarkable lot, what would hold the attention longest of the passing visitor to the theatre was the old man on the right of the leader who drew his bow across an old black violin of curious design, and always gazed dreamily above his music-rack and the bars he knew by heart, at something far away in the distance.

There was something in the strange, yearning gaze of the second violinist when he let his eyes roam over the audience, something in the spare figure, the black coat ravelling at elbow and cuff, and the thin cheeks telling of not any too luxurious living, that made you feel an indefinable sympathy for the man. His white hair showed him to be well down the path of years, but could you have guessed that he had for nineteen years taken his seat in the pit of the Theatre Royal? Only think! And many of these inferior class violinists played every week in a different house. It was the never realized ambition to sit one day in the leader's chair that had held him there so long. For

this he had striven ever since the day he first appeared at the door of the Royal. In those days, life bloomed for Pierre Laurant. Then he had his Yolland, now under the murmuring lilacs in St. Albans with only little Frans to remind him of her sweet existence;—then his ambition soared and made the blood run riot in his veins. Misfortunes came like falling autumn leaves. It had been a mighty blow when Gayonne went to the Imperial, and the place he had expected so much, hoped for—was filled by a young American musician. Ah, how he had worked and played each night so conscientiously that the manager might notice him and give him the place; and then—was it his ability? Had he not at home a bronze medal presented to him years ago by a famous duke for "technique?" That was in his prime. Perhaps with old age coming on, his hand shook a little, making his faithful bow strike false notes. Or did he not sometimes let his thoughts wander until the player who looked on with him frowned and nudged him with his elbow?

Age and disappointment plotted successfully together to dull the musician's faculties, and to cause him to become careless and interest losing in his work, and brought on the last great blow to Pierre, who could not see his gradual decline. It was like lightning out of a clear sky, when one Saturday morn when the violinist came for his little brown envelope, he was told it was to be his last night.

It is to the child that disappointment is the most painful. Rising as the sun into the high zenith of life, the tenderness of youth is lost and sorrow has least effect on the heart; but dropping down the dull decline of years, we are in childhood again, and disappointment cuts even more keenly.

On the last night Pierre played listlessly as usual. He could not bring himself to realize that never again would he sit there and press on his little lamp, and turn his music, and strike into the overture with the others; that never again would he hear the good natural murmur of the audience, the clinking of the wine-glasses, and then the hissing, or burst of applause accordingly as the act pleased them. His mind was far away. In St. Albans with Yolland, roaming over green pastures and lilaced hillsides and mirrored brooks that reflected a sunlit sky. As he dreamed his soul wandered away to joyful happy things that once had been. Pierre was to play a number before the house tonight. It was a tribute by the young American leader to an old member leaving the Theatre forever. Pierre knew it was a forced compliment. Carter was modern and enthusiastic in all the latest compositions while Pierre believed religiously in the old school of music; and the two often violently conflicted, always to the defeat of the old Frenchman.

As the evening wore on, the glasses clinked louder and louder; the tobacco smoke hung in the Theatre like layers of fog. The acts were tiresome, and the audience true to its habits, was showing disapproval in scraping of feet and a deal of unnecessary coughing. At

THE LAST NIGHT—Continued

length the gaudy curtain, down for a time, Pierre rose to play. At once the spectators began to mutter and show signs of being bored. Then came a flash of fire into the old violinist's eyes, and he bit his lip to keep from crying out at them in rage and shame. So they too, like the rest, were tired of him, and wished to be well rid of him. Well they should see. These scoffers, wine-soaked brutes, rejoicing only in the vagaries of cheap, licentious song, should 'ere his bow had passed a score of times over the strings be struck into awe-struck speechlessness by his music; they should make reparation for their insults by their silence. The orchestra played the opening bars. Pierre prayed God to grant him again the fire and power of youth, that for one great supreme moment he might put all his soul into song; then he struck the first notes of the "Cavaleria Rusticana."

As the song rose, Pierre's fellow players began to turn their eyes toward him in surprise. There was a new note in his playing such as they had never heard before. The chords were full and strong and of indescribable sweetness. His hand was steady as a rock. He struck every note perfectly.

Gradually the noise in the depth of the theatre died out. They too saw that something far from ordinary was going on. The candy-boys, doubtful and uncertain, tiptoed to the back of the theatre. As the music swelled upward from the old black violin, the surprise deepened into amazement. Never had such playing been heard in the Theatre Royal. In the entire theatre was the silence of death. Through the smoke appeared the faces of the wine-drinkers, pale and wonder-struck in the light of the swinging lamps. In different positions, the magic of Pierre's playing held them. Some who had had glasses on the way to their lips, poised them half way between table and destination. Others sat with drooping jaw and neck thrust forward in extreme attention. In the gallery, listeners were leaning far out, with eyes riveted on the old fiddler,—scarcely daring to breathe.

And the music rose ever louder and fuller to the roof. Pierre's eyes wandered as he played to every part of the house. He saw not the people sitting like statues under his spell; he was taking a last farewell of every nook and corner of the old black theatre that had become almost a part of him, every rail and crevisse, every lamp and curtain that night after night had passed under his gaze, he was giving his farewell in song. As the grand piece approached its climax, the orchestra forgot to accompany him. Turning in their seats, they watched him in fascination, wondering if there could be a limit to his power. Let Mascagni himself be seated in the house, let him make his ear the most critical of a life-time and try with all his power to

discover the vestige of a false tone in the wonderful flow of melody, and let him fail. Every note came full and true. Never were time and rhythm more perfect. The American pale of face and shaking, seized the pianist by the arm.

"He has started too high. He can never make the last note." The pianist did not hear him.

Like the rumble and roll of a storm coming from the distance upon the ear, with full, strong, ever-increasing volume, surging and swaying, mounted the song, up to a final burst in one grand piercing note that every one who heard carried long years hence; in that last note Pierre closed his eyes and put all his inspired soul into the last farewell to his love, the Theatre Royal.

Then he was standing with his violin down from his shoulder, and bowing sedately in front of the little railing to the people.

And like the storm he had shown how to create came the applause of the audience. It rose swiftly like the birth of a hurricane, only fuller and more powerful; it came on with a vast roar filling every corner of the place and continued in one great swell of sound. When it threatened to diminish, ricocheted out again till the chandeliers shook on their fastenings.

Down there behind the brass railing a solitary wasted figure, in all this great tumult, still bowed to the audience.

Carter was down from his stool, and had found the old violinist's hand.

"Forgive me, can you ever 'Laurant?' he chocked. But Pierre's eyes still wore the dreamy, far-off expression.

They helped him down the stairs under the stage. Little Frans was waiting for him at the foot with his hat and cane.

"Oh, my father," he cried, throwing his arms around him. "It was so fine! And the clapping! How they were pleased that you played so fine! Oh, it was so grand, and I cried out for joy. Now they will want you many places, will they not father?"

The old man did not answer; he seemed in a daze and walked as the child led him. They found their way out through the little side door into the street. A sweep of cool night air brushed their faces, and drove away the fever of the closed theatre. Up the street the shopkeepers were closing in their shutters for the night.

"Come father," said the boy tugging at Pierre's garment. "It is late; we must go."

The old musician did not hear him. He was still looking upward—towards the stars. Might he not find his reward there?



Science

SCIENCE FACULTY.



J. C. WRIGHT

PHYSICS LABORATORY AND PHYSIOLOGY
 "Think it how well and wisely that
 he can governe himself that he no
 thing forgetteth."



MARY I. STEELE
 BIOLOGY

"She spoke of plants that hourly
 change their blossoms through a
 boundless range of intermingling
 lines."



PORTER GRAVES

PHYS. GEOG. AND GEOLOGY

"And certainly he was a good felowe."



F. N. PETERS

CHEMISTRY

"A smooth and steadfast mind, gentle
 thoughts, and calm desires."



C. H. NOWLIN

PHYSIOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY

"While words of learned length and
 thundering sound amazed the gazing
 rustics ranged around."



FRANKLIN H. AYRES

PHYSICS

"And still they gazed and still the
 wonder grew, that one small head
 could carry all he knew."



W. ALEXANDER LEWI
 CHEMISTRY LABORATORY

"A trewe swynkere and
 good was he."

MAXIMUM AND MINIMUM TEMPERATURE

OSCAR RANDOLPH, '06.



THE caloric theory which said that heat was a fluid which flowed from a body of higher temperature to one of lower temperature, was displaced by the Kinetic theory in 1799. This new theory tells us that heat is the energy of the molecules of a substance. In order to get energy one must have motion; therefore, it obviously follows, that heat is some kind of molecular motion, either translatory, vibratory, oscillatory, rotary, or some combination of these.

It is a well known physical fact that the pressure which a gas exerts on its containing vessel varies directly with its temperature on the centigrade scale plus two hundred seventy-three degrees. Now, with a very little bit of exceedingly easy mathematics, we can show that this pressure is equal to $\frac{1}{2} N \cdot M \cdot \bar{v}^2$. M in this case is equal to the mass of an individual molecule; N is equal to the number of molecules; and \bar{v} is equal to the square of the average velocity of all the molecules. Since the mass of an individual molecule and the number of molecules are the same whatever the temperature, we have the square of the average velocity as a measure of the temperature.

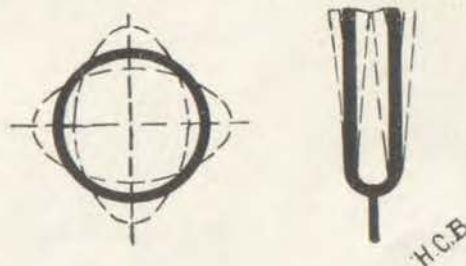
All molecules being elastic will vibrate when struck. The numerous collisions of the molecules, caused by their high speed and short distance of separation, therefore, causes all of the molecules to vibrate rapidly. By virtue of this impact, they continue to vibrate until the next collision, when they are supplied with more energy. Now, as all molecules of a particular gas are the same, each molecule will vibrate just as fast as any other one. An increased translatory motion would only tend to increase the amplitude of this vibration.

The spectrum of a gas shows us that the gas is giving off constant wave lengths whatever its temperature. As the rate of vibratory motion of the molecules is the only thing that is constant, then, these waves must be propagated by this motion. It can also be seen that the intensity of this radiant heat will depend upon the amplitude of the wave. Hence, we may say that the temperature of a substance depends upon the amplitude of the vibration of its molecules.

As stated above, it has been observed that a gas when heated one degree centigrade, expands one two hundred seventy-third of its volume at zero degrees centigrade. If it be cooled one degree, it will contract at the same rate. There-

fore, if we should continue to cool down our gas until we reached two hundred seventy-three degrees below zero, we would then have reached the point where the gas would exert no pressure on the walls of its containing vessel. The molecules would be still. As heat is motion, we have reached a place where it can be no colder—absolute zero. This is thought by some to be the temperature of interstellar space. At any rate, it is obvious that it can be no colder for this is our minimum limit.

Let us now consider the other extreme, maximum temperature. It has been estimated that the temperature of some



heavenly bodies is many million degrees. This, however, appears absurd if we remember that the temperature depends upon the amplitude of molecular vibration. The limit of vibration of a tuning fork is the point where the two prongs will touch. Of an atom, considering it a mathematical circle or sphere, it will be a straight line. Its greatest amplitude will be one-fourth of the circumference. Since the size of an atom is approximately one fifty-millionth of an inch, its greatest amplitude will be somewhat smaller than this.

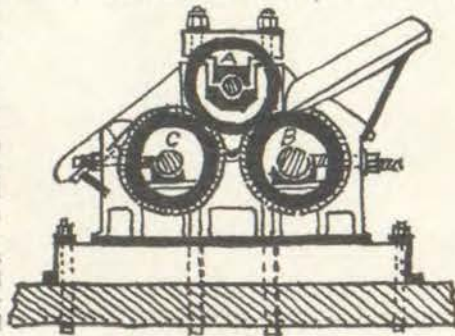
We can see from what has been said, that there is a maximum limit of temperature. To be sure, the heat energy may be much more, since it depends upon all the motions of the molecules. This, so far as we know, is unlimited. Yet there is one thing certain: however hot a substance may be, it is only able to radiate that heat away at a certain temperature. A good experimental proof of this is the sun. Although it has been shining perhaps millions of years, yet scientists for centuries have not been able to detect, even the slightest change in the amount of heat it gives us.

CANE SUGAR

ARTHUR SEDDON, '06.

CANE sugar is present in many plants, but because of its association with other substances, its extraction is very difficult. The most important sources of sugar are the sugar cane, which grows in a warm, moist climate, with intervals of dry, hot weather, and the sugar beet, which is best grown in a temperate climate. The Philippines, Sandwich Islands, West Indies, Java, Brazil, and Louisiana furnish most of the sugar cane supply. There are four steps in obtaining raw sugar from sugar cane: First, extraction of the juice; second, clarification; third, evaporation; and fourth, separation of the crystals.

After being stripped of its leaves in the field, the cane is taken to the mill, where it is crushed, and a large part of the juice pressed out. Unless this is done soon after cutting, fermentation will begin, wasting a large amount of sugar. The mills are composed of three horizontal rolls, about 60 inches in diameter, set with axes parallel. The cane first passes between A and B, and then between A and C, which are closer together, so that the cane is virtually crushed twice. Usually it is passed through two or three such mills, 70 percent of the juice being extracted. The crushed cane is then soaked in water, to which is added a little milk of lime, and is passed through the mill again. In this manner, the yield of juice is increased by about 2 percent. The juice is caught in a trough, and is run off. It is then ready for the second step, clarification.



Pieces of cane floating in the juice are removed by straining through wire screens. Contained in the juice are organic acid and nitrogenous bodies, which are susceptible of fermentation. To remove these, the juice is clarified, or defecated. It is heated and then passed into defecator tanks, which are heated by steam coils. Here enough milk of lime is added to almost neutralize the acids in the juice. The lime, assisted by the heat, coagulates the albumin and gummy matters. The juice is then heated to boiling, and the coagulated mass rises as a scum, about two inches thick. After standing an hour, the juice is drawn off. Defecation is the most important step in making sugar, because upon its success depends the quality and amount of the sugar produced.

The process of evaporation is very simple. In the modern plants, the juice is evaporated in vacuum pans, that is, pans from which the air has been partially removed. It is usually concentrated until the solution contains about 50 percent solids, and crystallization is about to

begin. Then it is transferred to a simple vacuum pan, where the evaporation is continued under a high vacuum.

When the grain has reached the desired size, the mixture of syrups and crystals is run into storage tanks, where it is cooled. From the tanks it is run into centrifugal machines, which separate the molasses from the sugar. This sugar is called "first sugar," and is packed for the market. First sugar is light colored and contains from 95 to 97 percent pure sugar.

In order to yield the pure white sugar, familiar to the consumer, this raw sugar must be refined. Sugar refining is theoretically a simpler process than the preparation of raw sugar; but it requires great care, much attention to details, and expensive machinery. It consists in dissolving the raw sugar, separating the impurities, and recrystallizing the sugar.

The melting tanks are on the ground floor of the refinery. In each tank about 16,000 pounds of sugar can be dissolved to form a syrup containing 55 per cent solids. These melters are heated by steam coils, contain efficient stirring apparatus, and have false bottoms, which retain coarse impurities as straw, pieces of cane, and sticks. The melter is filled one-third full of water at 170 degrees F.; the stirrer is put in motion, and the raw sugar dumped in; in fifteen minutes the sugar is dissolved, and the liquid, which varies in color from a light straw to a dark brown, is pumped to the "blow-ups."

These "blow-ups" are defecating tanks, which hold a melt, 16,000 pounds of sugar, heated by steam coils. Each one has a perforated coil, through which air is forced, thus agitating the liquid. The temperature is kept at 160 degrees F. for the better grades of sugar; the lower grades require more heat. Liquid blood is often used, four gallons being necessary. The coagulated blood rises as a scum, entangling the impurities. The mixture is agitated 20 minutes, and then neutralized with lime, a precipitate separating, carrying with it the gums. After adding the defecating material, the temperature is raised to 212 degrees F., and an air blast turned on for 20 minutes. When cracks appear in the scum, the liquid is drawn off.

The liquor next passes through the bag filters, which are long narrow bags of twilled cotton covered with strong netting, suspended in a room heated to 180 degrees F. It passes through these filters, until it runs clear, when it is run into the char filter.

The char filter is a cast iron cylinder filled with bone black, one pound of bone-black, being used for each pound of sugar to be filtered. The filtered liquid next goes to vacuum pans, where it is boiled until grains appear. More syrup is then added until the grains reach the desired size. The air is then admitted to the pan, a bottom valve opened, and the paste of sugar and syrup drops into coolers. The sugar and syrup is then separated in centrifugal machines, the former being carried to the granulator.

The granulator is a rotating cylinder of iron, set at an incline, and heated by steam. The sugar is dried in passing through the cylinder, the rotation preventing the grains from sticking together. It then passes through a series of sieve reels, which separate the grains into sizes, the commercial sizes being packed in barrels for the market.

INSECT PESTS

RAYMOND RYDER, '09.

IT HAS been estimated that about three hundred and fifty thousand species of insects have been named and described, but of these only a few hundred species are really harmful in any way. Among these, about fifty species are so destructive, as to attract special attention. In many instances, one species is preyed upon by another. In this way a number of our most harmful insects are largely held in check by their natural enemies.

When insects are imported from other countries, and thus removed from their natural enemies, they may multiply in sufficient numbers to become a pest. The Hessian fly, imported to this country during the Revolutionary War, spread rapidly and is becoming the most destructive and dreaded enemy of growing wheat.

Besides the insects injurious to the agricultural interests of this country, there are others more dreaded, because of the great numbers of disease germs which they carry. The most familiar and noxious of these are the malarial and yellow fever mosquitos, and the common house fly.

It is estimated that it costs more annually to feed the insects of the United States than to support the government, for the damage done by insects amounts to more than seven hundred and eighty-five millions of dollars yearly, while the cost of government support is less than seven hundred million dollars per annum. A few of the most familiar and injurious insects are the grasshopper, which does damage to the extent of fifty millions of dollars annually; the chinch bug, to the extent of sixty millions; the Hessian fly, to the extent of forty millions; the Codling moth, to the extent of twenty millions; the San Jose scale, to the extent of ten millions. Equally destructive and almost as familiar is the white, or cottony cushion scale, that once threatened the orange industry of California.

Perhaps the scale that is most destructive in the United States at the present time is the San Jose scale. The great damage done by this scale arises from the fact that its feeding habits are so general. It attacks almost every variety of deciduous fruit trees, being especially destructive to the pear and apple. The original home of this insect is an uncertainty, as its first appearance was made near San Jose, California, when trees were being imported from all parts of the world.

The San Jose scale is viviparous, that is, it brings forth living young instead of eggs. It passes the winter as a half or nearly full grown female, and about the middle of May, begins to give birth to young, continuing to do so for six weeks. After birth the larvae wander about until they reach a favorable spot, settle down, and within forty-eight hours, commence to secrete their scale. In two days the insect is completely covered, and in thirty days, the female is full grown. The males attain their growth in twenty-four days. In about forty days, the female begins to give birth to young and the life history is again repeated. This scale produces about five generations a year and consequently increases in enormous numbers.

The natural enemies of the San Jose scale are two species of the lady-bird beetle, the *Rizobius debiles* and the *Rizobius toowoomba*. Unfortunately these do not prey upon the scales to any great extent and for this reason, are not especially successful in holding the pest in check. Indeed, up to the present time, no really effective natural enemy has been found for this widespread orchard pest.

In contrast with the San Jose scale is the white scale, which a few years ago was the most dreaded of these insects and threatened speedy and complete destruction of the citrus industry in California, but which was almost completely exterminated in the course of a few years. It was found that the *bedelia cardinalis*, a species of lady-bird beetle, was the natural enemy of the white scale in its original home, Australia. By introducing the *bedelia cardinalis* into the orange orchards of California, the white scale was in a short time practically wiped out.

There are also artificial means of controlling these insects, though they are not so effective in the long run as the natural enemies. One of the best artificial methods is spraying. If a strong solution of the spray be applied in the winter, it will sometimes almost exterminate some species of scales. Another method is that of gassing, which is accomplished by drawing a large tent over the affected tree and filling this with a gas composed of water, sulphuric acid, and potassium cyanide. This is at times more effective than the former; but neither serve the purpose as effectually as natural enemies.

KELVIN KLUB



COLORS: Red and Black.

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Recorder	-	-	-	V. C. Page
Executive Committee	-	-	-	Roy Dietrich and Vernon Page

THE KELVIN KLUB

WARD COOK, '06.



ENTRAL is proud of her days of great achievements, when she has celebrated intellectual and athletic victories. These and certain other dates are remembered by her students as marking great events. Such a date is March 16, 1905. It was on that evening that the Kelvin Club came into being.

The Kelvin Club was organized to fill a place long needed in Central High School. Its organizers thought that not enough interest was being taken in our science department; that the greatest good was not being obtained from the study of the sciences; and that those who so desired were not given the opportunity and impetus to pursue the study of their favorite subjects beyond what they accomplished in the classroom. This place the club has filled; these defects it has remedied; in so doing it has had a successful career.

In order to do these things, the club gives regular programs every Friday evening. These programs are of two kinds: Those given by members and those given by outside scientists. At those given by members, a member is assigned a date a month or more in advance. He is at liberty to choose his own subject and to treat it just as he wishes. In this way the member becomes interested in some phase of science, and by his talk and by his accompanying experiments, arouses a like interest in his fellow members. The second sort of program consists of lectures given by our teachers or

by other outside gentlemen especially interested in some branch of science. These programs are always no less interesting than instructive. To afford opportunity for those not members to see what the club is doing, each member may invite a friend to attend the lecture.

To make its influence felt as widely as possible, and to keep itself at the highest point of efficiency, it is the constant endeavor of the club to bring into its organization the strongest members of the literary societies. Far from making it an exclusive association, this policy has made the Kelvin Club the most cosmopolitan body at Central.

The culmination of the club's efforts for the year was its Hall Program. It is said that mathematics and science are those astute subjects in which interest can not be aroused among everybody. Yet the Kelvin Club flatters itself that its efforts were well received and proved highly interesting to everyone.

In this brief recital of the work of the organization and of some of its achievements, a detailed history of the ups and downs and the tight places through which the club has passed would be out of place. Still, it has not been free from troubles. As in other young societies, there have been times when disaster seemed almost certain. Nevertheless the Kelvin Club has happily surmounted every rising difficulty. Let us hope for it a long and successful life, for the interest of its members, and for the advancement of Central.



THE KELVIN KLUB

HOW WE DO OUR FIELD WORK

ADELLA PEPPER, '06.

FIELD work is an important and interesting supplement to our class room work in Physical Geography. It serves to bring the students into closer touch with various natural forms, than would be possible through study of the text-book alone. After school opens in September, but a short time remains in which field work may be done, on account of approaching cold weather. Sometime in April of the next year, however, the trips are begun again, and they are continued until the end of the year. The course is planned so that at least six trips may be taken by each student during the school session.

Each class gives one afternoon each week to field work. As a rule, we allow a half hour for going and coming, and about an hour for research. Each pupil has his note-book, pencil, and list of typewritten questions, which he is supposed to answer carefully; he must also take down all details of his personal observation. It is also desirable that he make numerous sketches and cross-sections of the place. After a class recitation the next day from our notes, we write up the trip in our folios.

We have made three trips so far: The first to Penn Valley Park, the second to Brush Creek, and the third to the Agnes Avenue Canon. At Penn Valley Park, the condition illustrated and studied was a typical exposure, or outcrop. We found a cliff composed of three strata, first a gently sloping layer of soft shale, then a jointed, perpendicular layer of yellow limestone, and lastly, a narrow layer of white limestone, capped with mantle rock. At Station II we found the same condition, the cliff there having once been continuous with the first one. Going a short distance up the driveway, we came to Penn Valley Lake, which is about six hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide. At the head of the lake was a delta, covered by reedy vegetation, and also a good-sized pile of sediment, carried by the drainage from the street level. The lake, we found, is not its original size, as it is gradually being filled up by the sediment deposited by the stream, and by soil sliding down from the terraces.

A great deal was gained by our next excursion to Brush Creek. The principal feature illustrated there was a low, broad flood plain, the structure of which varied; in some places we found alternate layers of gravel and soil, in others, common clay down to bed rock.

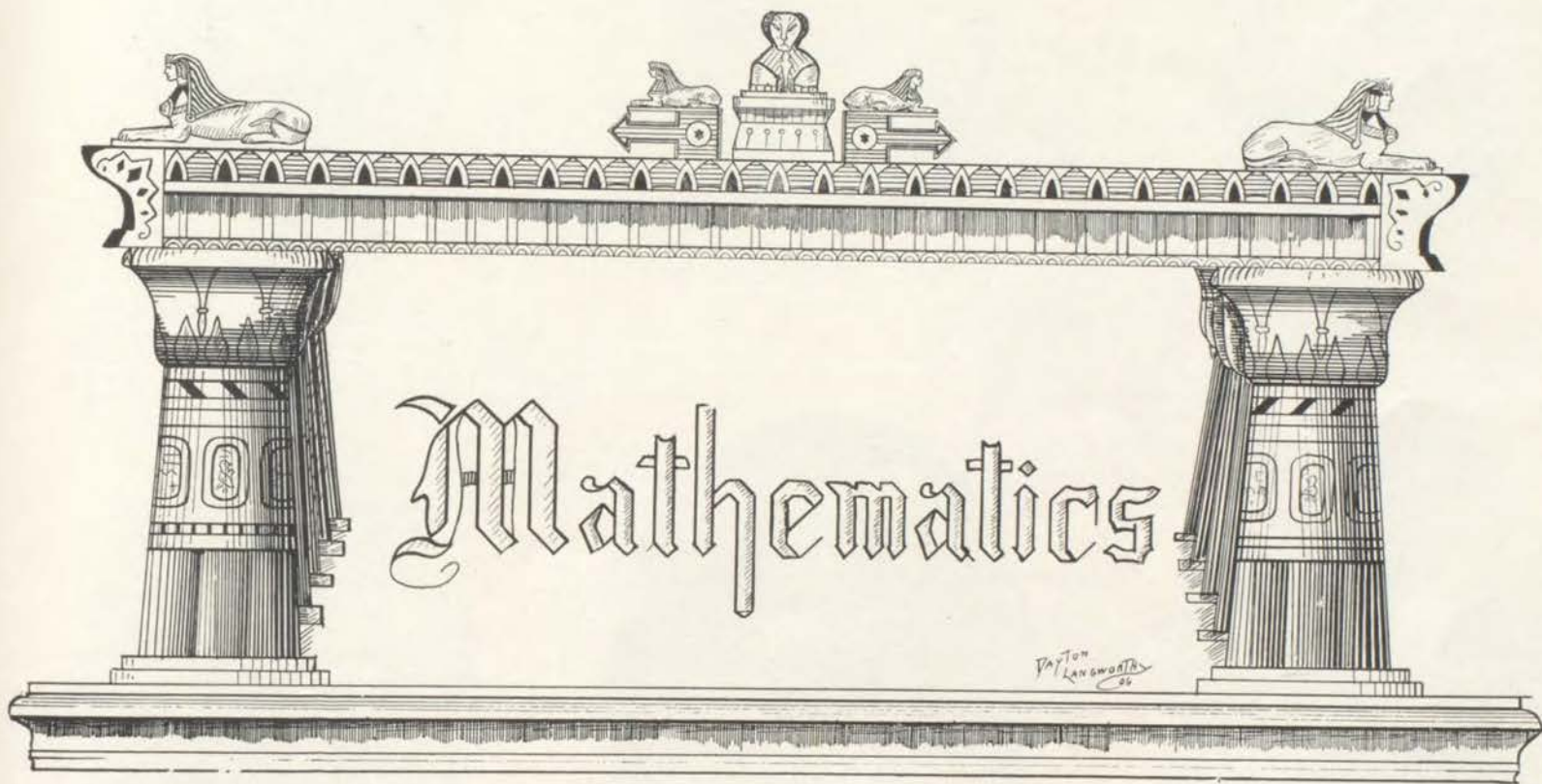
The small branch had an irregular course, and on the flat banks, heavy rains had brought large rock deposits. The steep banks always on the outside of the curves, are made of clay, and are gradually being undermined by the water action. The branch was dry when we studied it, but each heavy rain causes it to overflow its flood plain.

We found Brush Creek proper a narrow, shallow stream, with a gently sloping north bank. A limestone ledge comprises the south bank, below which are several feet of shale blocks, forming part of the stream bed, and often taking the shape of regular steps. The lines of stratification in the limestone ledge are wavy, and the ledge itself is in a good state of preservation, there being very few noticeable perpendicular crevices. At Station II, the ledge disappears, but crops out again at Station III. At this place the stream bed is limestone, the exposed edges of the rocks being downstream. The channel is wider than at Station I, and we found large cracks running northeast and southwest through the hard rock.

An interesting condition exists at the next bend in the creek. Joint falls have been formed, either from prolonged water-action or from a deviation in the stream's course. The falls are four or five steps of limestone, and were about five feet in height. The rock ledges run in the same direction as those we found before. Adjoining the falls proper are similar step formations called "old falls." About the falls are broad, flat stretches of limestone layers, full of depressions, sand deposits, and miniature caves.

The purpose of our third field trip through Agnes Avenue was to draw a contour map of the canon, from Independence Avenue to the railroad tracks. At that time, we were studying contours in the class room, by means of the text-book, topographic maps, and models; but we found the drawing of contours from natural outlines to be the most difficult thing we had thus far attempted. There is a steep slope per mile from one end of the canon to the other, so exact measurements and knowledge of distances were necessary for a correct reproduction of the existing conditions. We used a contour interval of twenty-five feet, and at each stopping place, we drew the contour from the east to the west bank. At the end of the trip, we had finished a drawing composed of about eight contours.

So far, this is what we have accomplished. As soon as possible, we shall take our next trip to North Terrace Park.



Mathematics

PAYTON LANGWORTHY '06

MATHEMATICS FACULTY.



H. H. HOLMES
MATHEMATICS.

"Full well they laughed with
counterfeited glee, at all his
jokes, for many a joke had he."



W. H. TEMPLIN
MATHEMATICS AND
MECHANICAL DRAWING.

"Lands he could measure, terms
and tides presage, and e'en the
story ran that he could gauge."



WM. A. LUBY
MATHEMATICS.

"Well had the boding tremblers
learned to trace the day's dis-
aster in his morning face."



A. S. BENNETT
MATHEMATICS.

"Yearning in desire,
To follow knowledge like a sinking star."



JOSEPHINE MAGERLE
MATHEMATICS

"A countenance in which did meet
sweet records,
Promises as sweet."



FRANK C. TOUTON
MATHEMATICS.

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
because my heart is pure."

THE APPLICATION OF MATHEMATICS TO SCIENCE

O. ALAN RANDOLPH, '06.

IT HAS been said that mathematics is the basis of all true sciences. If this is so, then we may take a more general view of the subject and say that a complete study of it comprises a study not only of what is generally called mathematics, but also of all the true sciences. Such a thing would be folly for the average person to attempt, but it is important that he have at least an ordinary course in high school mathematics. This, to be sure, is only a taste of the subject, but it is sometimes astonishing what even a little mathematics will do.

A person with a knowledge of algebra and geometry is able to study, intelligently, the more simple laws of physics and to make many parts of his work exceedingly original. He is even able to compute the average velocity of any gas molecule under any given condition, and to approximate the size of the individual molecule.

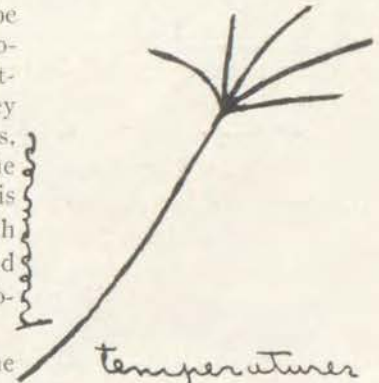
An ingenious application of graphics to physics is a method devised by two Frenchmen, Cailletet and Collardeau, for finding the critical temperature of a liquid. The critical temperature of a substance is that temperature above which a substance cannot exist in any other than the gaseous state, no matter under what conditions it is subjected. The method of procedure is, briefly, as follows. Different weights of the same liquid are placed in closed vessels of the same volume. Then the vessels are slowly heated and a record of the temperature and corresponding pressures are recorded at different short intervals of time. These results are then taken and plotted on accurately ruled co-ordinate paper.

The perpendicular distance is let to equal the pressure and the horizontal distance to equal the corresponding temperatures.

The result of the plots will be a series of curves which are coincident until they reach the critical temperature; then they branch off in different directions, as can be seen by the figure. The simple explanation of this is found in the physical law which says that the pressure exerted by a saturated vapor depends upon the temperature alone.

This serves to show just one of the many things which graphics, perhaps the most despised part of mathematics, will do if only given a chance. There are, in the course of the study of sciences, many, many other illustrations fully as pretty as this. The mathematics being but merely an application of the more easy principles is generally not very difficult.

If we add to our geometry and algebra, the knowledge of trigonometry, the field opened up is much more vast. One is now able to discuss most of the principles of most of the sciences to a rather extensive degree. Now, if one puts with this a knowledge of calculus, the field is again broadened. Things appear now in a different light—live in a higher plane, so to speak. One can now probe into the “whyness of things” deeply; but not till now. Such is one value of a mathematical education.



DESCARTES, THE FATHER OF ANALYTICS

MILDRED TAVENNER, '07.

ONLY those who have studied analytical geometry can appreciate the ease with which it solves some of the most intricate problems in Euclidian geometry. Problems that take considerable skill and labor to solve by ordinary geometrical methods, yield with readiness to an analytical solution.

Then naturally, indeed, we ask ourselves, who was the discoverer of analytics? Who was the inventor of such a science? He was no more, nor less than the small, black haired Frenchman, by name Descartes, born at La Haye, March 31, 1596, well educated, a soldier and a philosopher. This was the time of Richelieu, but Descartes, proud and independent in spirit, escaped his influence almost entirely.

Perhaps he first attracted the attention of the public in the year 1619. Then, while in the army, a placard, written in Dutch, fell into his hands, and as he was unable to read the language, he asked Beekman, the head of the Dutch college at Dont, to translate it. This Beekman did under the condition that Descartes would solve the problem which it stated,—a problem that was exciting considerable interest. In a few hours Descartes had a solution. Thus was begun the wonderful mathematical career, surpassed only by Newton.

On account of his poor health from boyhood up, he acquired the habit of remaining in bed in the mornings until a late hour; and it was his advice to all who desired to accomplish anything in the field of mathematics to allow nothing to interfere with this custom. Indeed, he would have told you that he invented analytical geometry while asleep, for he dated its invention from the night of November 10, 1619, when he had three remarkable dreams. The invention of the science itself was the result of his attempting to find the locus of a point, from which the product of the perpendicular on m

straight lines should be in a constant ratio to the product of the perpendicular on n other straight lines. However, we generally consider 1637 as the date for this great step.

It must be rememebred that analytics is "not merely the application of algebra to geometry," for this had been done by Archimedes and others. Descartes conceived the idea of locating a point in a plane by determining the distances from this point to two fixed straight lines at right angles to each other, in the same plane, giving positive and negative values to these distances, according to their location with respect to the two fixed straight lines. He also saw that every equation represents some curve: the first degree, a straight line; the second, a parabola; an ellipse, an hyperbola, or a circle.

He gave us a graphical meaning to the values of x and y which we find when solving two simultaneous equations,—the inter-section of their respective curves,—for it is evident, at these points and only these points, the curves have common values for x and y .

He redefined the tangent as the limiting value of a recant of a circle; and best of all, he simplified the method of solving loci, the most beautiful of geometrical problems. He fully realized that by means of certain stated geometrical properties, equations might be obtained, containing x and y , which would satisfy certain conditions; and by a further investigation he enabled us to tell more or less by inspection the different curves and their location, from the equation of the locus.

As these are only a few of the many new ideas that he study of analytics presents, so analytical geometry is but one of the many discoveries of Descartes. Indeed it has opened a new and extensive field. With the additions of later mathematicians, it is a most fascinating study, as well as the foundation of calculus and mechanics. Though Descartes was by no means a man to be admired personally, let us never forget this genius, this philosopher whose motto was "*cogito, ergo, rum.*"

THE WORK IN THE MECHANICAL DRAWING DEPARTMENT



THE Mechanical Drawing course probably covers the largest range of subjects of any course in Central. The work, while only taking three years to complete, covers the entire ground from plain lettering to the complete plans and drawings for engines and simple bridges, and architectural drawings.

The first year's course is the same for all. The first plate is "lettering." This plate seems a waste of time to a great many beginners as it takes a rather long time to complete and the results seem so small. Then there is nothing, however, which adds so much to the appearance of a drawing as good lettering, while at the same time the student is getting practice in handling drafting instruments. The second plate is "Geometrical Problems." This shows the solutions for the various problems met in the higher work. This plate begins to train the constructive imagination and to develop the reasoning faculty of the pupil. Following this comes the "Orthographic Projections of Points and Lines." These drawings show the top, side, and end views of lines at various angles with each other, and lead the way to the projections of solids. The "Orthographic Projection of Solids" lays the foundation for the future development of surfaces and machine drawings by showing all the necessary views of an object as they really are. "Sections and Development of Surfaces" is practically higher projections of prisms and cones. This is also a great help to the drawing of machine details as it shows the actual surfaces and views of the geometrical bodies when cut by different planes. The several plates on cones are also valuable as they show the properties of the various curves in graphics and Analytical Geometry. These plates generally finish the first year's work, but many students have been able to finish also the work of the first term of the second year.

The work of the second year opens with the plotting of curves such as the relation of weight and volume, law of gravity, law of inverse squares, etc., and also the curves of various equations. As this work is generally at the beginning of the Junior year, it comes useful in elementary mechanics of physics. Following these comes a "sheet of curves" which include the involute of a circle and a square, the methods of drawing an ellipse, hyperbola, and parabola, the helix or method of drawing screw threads, the cycloid, cycloid, and involute curves. These are all preparatory to the designing of gears in the third year. After these are finished, simple machine details are drawn.

The second term's work consist wholly in finished drawings, working from sketches and objects. These show how to make rough sketches of objects, what dimensions to take, and how to work these sketches up into complete working drawings. This training is absolutely necessary before the actual drawing of details of machines and complete machines can be designed by the pupil himself.

The first term of the last year consists principally in designing of different gear wheels. Here the student works out his own gears by the curves he has studied the year before and then designs them. After finishing them, he draws simpler parts of machines.

The last term's work consist of designing, tracing and blue printing. After completing the work of the first three terms, perspective, isometric, cabinet, and architectural drawing are introduced as may be permitted by the progress of the pupil. This year there are in the class several who are designing an engine, some doing architectural work, and two on bridge designing. Thus the Mechanical Drawing Department, besides giving practice in the use of drafting instruments, allows the student to develop his own faculties along any line he may desire.

H. E. R.

THE TRIGONOMETRY FIELD TRIPS



THE course in Trigonometry in Central combines theory and practice. After studying the text-book to Spherical Trigonometry, the class begins field exercises. The first field problem generally consists of finding the height of towers by several different methods. This gives practice in setting up the transit, each of the class taking turns at fixing the various adjustments and reading the various angles. Here the students learn to decipher the vernier, which is Greek to the uninitiated.

After these come several exercises in leveling, the first generally consisting in running a profile level of several blocks of a city street. This exercise gives practice in the delicate leveling of the level or transit, line ranging, and rod reading. These various exercises also give pupils experience in measuring lines with the chain and tape, a performance which seems very simple, but which requires a great deal of skill to do rapidly and correctly.

After having learned the use and adjustments of the compass, the level, and the transit by these simple tasks, the class

is taken into regular surveying work. A level line is run from the government "bench mark" on Scarritt's Point to a hill across the Agnes Avenue canon. The data through the precise leveling is made to correspond to within a small error of that given by the trigonometric leveling.

These problems complete the field work required of the class, but as a great many pupils wish as much of this work as they can get, several elective trips are taken. These have always been well attended, which shows the interest taken in this work. These trips include several large surveys at Swope Park and the point.

The data gained from these trips is worked up in the class rooms, thus supplying the adjunct of office work to field work. The levels and the surveys are plotted and the drafting graded the same as any other paper. While the trigonometry students do not claim to be full-fledged surveyors, they have at least become familiar with the different instruments and their uses.

H. E. R.



ONLY AN EVERY-DAY MAN

EDWIN W. PATTERSON, '06.



HE manager smoked in his private office. It was a pleasure that he allowed himself only when at leisure—when he felt that all his necessary work was done. As he gazed out into the little court upon the fine rain that was settling, rather than falling, through the thick smoke of the gray afternoon, he felt slightly depressed. It was not the court-yard—though that was dingy and grimy enough—for his artistic sense had too long ago been dulled to be affected by that. Nor was it the scarcely less dingy wall of the other part of the huge department store whose head he was. It was the rain; somehow rain always had depressed him. He was not ruminating, however, upon this theme; he was thinking of his business plans and ventures, and mentally rehearsing what he must do on the morrow.

As he was speculating thus, the door opened, and the advertising man of the largest newspaper entered.

"How do you do, Mr. Bond?" he said. "Went up to Mr. Bockman, and he told me to come to you—said you might want to see me about a big 'ad,' a sale of some sort."

"Yes," replied the other with deliberation, "I am thinking of a big dress goods sale for Saturday—day after tomorrow. I shall want two pages, as near the front as I can get 'em."

Thus he began making arrangements with the advertising agent, who, overjoyed to get so large an "ad" in a rather dull season, was all smiles and urbanity.

Charles Bond was not an old man; in fact, he was only well past thirty; yet the effort he had put forth in reaching so high a position at such an early age, had left its impress upon his face. It was a face, perhaps more strong than handsome, for it had little romantic beauty about it. The boyish lines had hardened into the inflexible, almost cold, lineaments of maturer age, without entirely obliterating the marks of youth. The blackness of the hair was rivalled only by the blackness of the deep-set, piercing eyes, and the broad, smooth forehead shone out between like ivory, and looked almost as cold. The nose was straight, and jutted out aggressively from the face. Only in the soft curve of the clean, smooth-shaven jaw could one detect any sign of weakness. It did not show lack of determination, but rather gave hope of some better and softer nature which was reserved from the gaze of the public. On the whole, one must respect him, and be formal with him; yet there was no more of hardness or coldness in his features than one might expect of a man who came in contact daily with the selfishness of life.

The arrangements for the advertising space completed, the agent arose to go.

"Conrads are getting an early start advertising that cloak sale of theirs for Saturday. You saw their 'ad' in this morning's paper, didn't you?"

As the manager sat there after he had left, a little quiver of thought shot through his brain. It was an idea so new yet so good that he could not dismiss it. After some moments of deliberation, he reached over, took the telephone, and called up Herlanger Bros., manufacturers of cloaks and suits.

"Is this James Herlanger?"

"Yes."

"Did you sell a consignment of cloaks to Conrad?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Yesterday."

"Are they delivered yet?"

"No."

"None of them?"

"No, none at all."

"How many were ordered?"

"Three hundred."

"How many have you besides them?"

"That is all."

"Well Mr. Herlanger, you know we have always given you all of our business—or all of it you would handle, outside of our foreign purchases—because you were close here; and we always understood that in consideration of this, you would try to supply us before selling to any other house, especially any one in town. You have virtually said so."

"Yes, I know. But aren't you supplied?"

"No. We need all you have, and that by Saturday. We must have them. You must countermand that sale to Conrad's."

"But I have promised them to Conrad's."

"Have you a written contract?"

"No, but—"

"Then it won't hold water. As for your word, you had previously told me that you would supply us. If you can't now, we will transfer our trade to some firm that can."

There was a pause. Herlanger could be heard talking with his brother.

"Well," he said slowly, "I guess you can have them."

Then the conversation closed. As Bond sat there afterward drumming with his fingers on the desk, a look of almost joyful pleasure, yet with a certain grimness in its satisfaction, overspread his features. He could almost chuckle when he thought of the consternation of old sleek-headed Conrad when he found that his principal, if not his only, consignment for his widely-advertised sale was beyond his reach. Conrad and Co. was a considerably smaller house, but one nevertheless worthy of his steel. If he, Bond, could not sell the cloaks to Conrad at a higher price, and thus make several hundred dollars, he could at least sell them at retail and prevent Conrad from having

ONLY AN EVERY-DAY MAN.—Continued.

the sale advertised. The latter would, consequently, lose the confidence of the public—a thing to be reckoned with. In a pleasant mood, he locked up his desk, snapped off the light, and issued out into the shivering crowd of home-goers.

As he approached his handsome residence, its bright lights sent warmth and peace into his heart. For years past it had been truly a home to him—a place so sacred in his eyes, that he had never brought into it the pettiness and care and selfishness of his business life. So far as he could, he left all the meanness of the commercial world upon its threshold; but on the other hand, he carried little of the holiness of his home life down to his office. The two remained as distinctly separate parts of his life: he did not try to reconcile them; he did not see the necessity. Which influence reigned paramount in his soul, had never been decided.

As he entered the hallway, his wife came forward to greet him, and to help take off his wraps. Her features were not striking, but they possessed a mild, placid beauty. Her hair was light brown, her eyes a clear blue. There was about her face a look of unusual, spotless purity, of devotion to high ideals and principles. She was kind and affectionate with her husband; he, for his part, regarded her with the gentle look of that love which never dies. The little home circle was completed by a little boy and his younger sister, who came running down to amuse their father with their talk.

In the course of the evening, as husband and wife sat by the library table reading, the latter exclaimed:

"What monsters these Standard Oil people must be! They seem to be men without the least shred of principle. I can't conceive how such men could be. Entirely unscrupulous, they resort to the most underhanded means to gain their ends. I see here where they used to make the railroad companies refuse to supply oil cars to the independent refiners, so they couldn't fill their contracts, and thus ruined them."

"Oh, yes. That Standard Oil would do anything."

The evening passed. Not once did Bond think of his deal with Herlanger's; it was, for the time, entirely forgotten.

As he left the next morning, he kissed his wife an affectionate good-bye, as he had always done. Then he became essentially the business man again. Once on board a car, he sat looking over the newspaper. Two men, whom he surmised to be poor, were sitting in the seat behind him. Soon he began to overhear their conversation.

"Yes," one began, "Old Gordon made a mistake of two dollars in my grocery bill—two dollars my way, of course."

"I suppose you pointed out his error and paid the correct amount, didn't you?"—this jestingly.

"Oh yes, of course —. But pshaw! Poor people can't afford to be honest. If I were rich or well-to-do or anything, I'd start in and be honest. Honesty for poor folk comes mighty high."

"You bet it does."

The rest was lost to Bond, but somehow at the same moment the Herlanger deal came into his mind. It certainly was a neat stroke, he reflected—a sharp way to take advantage of the business negligence of a rival. Then he remembered what his wife had said of Standard Oil. Suddenly a realization flashed upon his mind that placed things in a new light.

Was not he taking a mean advantage of a rival—one as unprincipled as that of the Standard Oil? His wife's remarks came upon him with redoubled force. He had always looked upon her as something almost to be worshipped. He loved her with a pure white love; he revered her high, noble ideals. He had excluded her from the rest of the world, as we are apt to do things we worship. Now there faced him, as never before, the incongruity of her principles and his dealings. He could see that the little deal he was contemplating was absolutely, morally wrong in her eyes—that she would condemn it.

He had felt that other business deals he had made would not meet her approval, but he had thought "Let me put aside these niceties of principle and win a fortune by my ability—then, when I am content, I shall observe carefully those principles. I can't afford to do it now."

"But would he ever?" he reflected. He had buried his conscience under the passion for success; for the first time he felt the sting of the moral reproach under which he was living. "If I were rich, I would be honest," he heard them say behind him. He supposed they might call him "rich;" if they were he, would they be honest? He saw that he could go on struggling without principle, to reach the heights of success for which he longed; once there, would he not find broader fields, and a new Satan to tempt his conscienceless passion for success?

These were questions that rose in his mind in startlingly new forms. They could not be banished. The love and purity had at last, inevitably, emerged from the sacred portals of his home to do battle with that passion which had hitherto ruled in his world of action.

He had not been many minutes at his office when the telephone bell rang.

"Hello! This is Henry Conrad," came a voice at the other end.

"Yes?"

"Herlanger tells me that you had previously contracted with his brother for those cloaks he has?"

"Well, yes."

"And I thought perhaps you would not need them. If so, we would like very much to take them off your hands. Cloak business is pretty dull in January, you know."

"Yes, well"—cough—"You may tell Mr. Herlanger that we have decided we don't need the—or rather I'll tell him. I wish you success with your sale."



JOHN
MCCOY

LANGUAGES

FOREIGN LANGUAGES FACULTY



E. C. WHITE
LATIN

"O blessings on his kindly voice
and on his silver hair."



KATE HARRIMAN
LATIN

"Her brows like bended bows do
stand, threatening with piercing frowns
to kill."



LAURA WHIPPLE
ENGLISH AND GERMAN

"Hir yelowe heer was broyded in a tresse
Bihynde hir bak, a yerde long I gesse "



C. A. BLOCKER
LATIN

"The slow wise smile that 'round
about his dusty forehead drily curled."



LOUISE MOREY
LATIN AND GREEK.

"The lips of the wise disperse
knowledge."



G. M. HERNANDEZ
SPANISH

"One that hath been a Courtier."

FOREIGN LANGUAGES FACULTY



R. JENNIE ADAMS

LATIN

"Sober, steadfast, and demure."



KATHRYN M. MORGAN
LATIN AND GREEK

"So buxom, blithe, and debonair".



ALEXANDER E. DOUGLASS

LATIN

"Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend."



W. C. GORDON
LATIN AND GREEK

"But sure he's proud and yet his pride
becomes him."



ERDMUTHE Von UNWERTH
GERMAN

"A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose home is innocent."

DEPARTMENT OF LATIN

DIDO ET AENEAS.

ISABEL THOMES, '06.

Fabula amoris Didonis et Aeneae, velut omnes, est plena mirabilium eventuum. Sic haec est. Aeneas, disiectus toto aequare et fluctibus magnis oppressus, venit ad Africae oras, domum Didonis forma pulcherrimae, quae erat regina Carthaginis. Statim Dido herois ardore amoris flagrascebat et consilio sororis causas morandorum Teucrorum innectebat. Quibus convivus superbis diu indulgebat. Aeneas, sic regale acceptus, illic moratus est et fascinatus sui incepti oblitus est. Mox autem, imperio omnipotentis Jovis, Africa furtim decesit et laetus ventis vela dedit. Aeneas comitesque, ad moenae infelicis Elissae respicientes, inflammas viderunt quibus intellexerunt illam furentem animi sibi aliquam iniuriam fecisse et fortasse in pyra mortuam esse.

Acta utriusque breviter animadvertite. Certe Aeneas dici non potest in Sidoniam Didonem honorifice et benigne se dux-

isse. Aeneas vero per mentis inconstantiam factus est in difficultatibus. Hinc iussa deorum, officium Ascanis et genti debitum; illinc anior et beneficia recepta a Didone confligebant. Cum regina inops animi saeviret, satis Anchisa multum turbatus est et viam misserimae libenter placasset, si potuisset. Heu quid agat? Fata hunc oras Italiae capessere iusserunt, quo erat amor et patria, et his imperiis igitur parendum erat. Dido autem Aeneae postulatum sine causa interposuit. Nimis sibi sed non fati deisque consulebat. Cum putaret Aeneae omnia sibi debere, Phoenissa oblita est Anchisiadam numquam simul-avisse iura coniugis confiteri. Extrema vita licet nobis videre coniunctionem viae, superbiae, furoris quae omnes indelebile Aeneae odium monstraverunt. Sed, quicquid fecerunt, nobis reminiscendum est utrosque fuisse administratos deorum, qui per hos, nationes constituebant.

DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH

LES BANDITS DE LA CORSE.

(D'après "Colomba.")

NATALIE HIMBERG, '06.

Quand on entend le mot "bandit," on pense peut-être aux hommes méchants comme les proscrits de notre pays. Mais les bandits de la Corse sont bien différents. Quand une personne tue une autre en Corse c'est presque toujours à cause d'injure—et la vengeance jusqu'à la mort est un point d'honneur chez eux. Le caractère des gens des pays du sud ne permet rien de caché ni de perfide. Ils demandent la justice et ils l'obtiennent en prenant la loi entre leurs propres mains.

Mérimée nous donne une bonne description de la vie et des idées d'honneur des bandits de la Corse. Il nous montre que ces hommes, malgré la vie qu'ils mènent, malgré l'extérieur brusque, ont bon coeur et ont la naïveté d'un enfant.

Les bandits vivent dans les maquis. Ils acceptent volontiers le pain et la munition qu'on leur donne, mais en général

ils n'acceptent pas d'or. Avec quelle indignation Brandellaccio dit à Orso quand celui-ci veut glisser quelques francs "Pas de bêtises, mon lieutenant. Est-ce que vous me prenez pour un mendiant? J'accepte le pain et la poudre, mais je ne veux rien autre chose." Ces hommes ne sont jamais sans leur fusil, qui est leur ami fidèle et qui leur fournit le moyen d'obtenir la justice. Les bandits ne connaissent d'autre maître que leur caprice. Ils sont les héros des femmes, comme l'étudiant en théologie dit: "Les femmes sont folles de nous."

"La belle vie que celle de bandit!" Peut-être est-ce vrai, mais je pense que les bandits, au fond du coeur, aiment, comme vous et moi, la vie de liberté sans la continuelle surveillance de l'ennemi, les gendarmes.

LA MADONNE AU MANTEAU d HERMINE

ADELINE HUNTER, P. G.

Au coeur des bois du Berry, tout près de la petite rivière, l'Inrde, on trouve un petit château plein d'intérêt pour les passants. Les bois qui l'entourent sont sombres et mélancoliques, les murs gris, et tout a l'air triste. Et pourquoi ce château, que nous a laissé la Renaissance, présage-t-il le mal? N'est-ce pas parceque l'histoire de la malheureuse Charlotte d'Albret qui y demeurait une fois attriste la place, que sa douleur y existe encore, et que la nature porte le deuil en sympathie? Car c'est ici que son mari, si perfide, la conduisit, la laissa pendant de longues années, et lui envoya les tapisseries funestes.

Le même jour que Louis XII., j'aime mieux l'appeler Louis d'Orléans, épousa Anne de Bretagne, il donna en mariage à César Borgia, Charlotte d'Albret, de la maison de Navarre, et dame d'honneur d'Anne de Bretagne. César était venu de Rome pour apporter de son père, le pape Alexandre VI, une lettre de divorce pour Louis XII. Celui-ci, pensant s'affermir avec le pape, arrangea ce mariage, qui devait apporter tant de malheur à la pauvre princesse. Elle n'était ni belle ni brillante d'esprit, et César ne l'aimait pas trop. A la tête d'une armée il partit, quelques mois après son mariage, pour l'Italie, laissant Charlotte dans le château de La Motte Feuilly. Le Borgia s'empara de ville après ville, par conquête ou par perfidie, et enfin voulut posséder Naples, ce qu'il pouvait faire en épousant la fille du prince de Naples. Mais il y avait un obstacle. César se souvint pour la première fois qu'il avait déjà une femme, et comme un divorce aurait montré au roi de France qu'il contemplait un nouveau mariage, il résolut que Charlotte devait mourir.

Pendant ces longues années d'absence, cette princesse, toujours fidèle, resta dans son château, espérant de jour en jour

que son mari reviendrait. Un jour il lui envoya de très belles tapisseries. Il y en avait plusieurs, et l'une portait Notre Dame resplendissante en or, avec broderie de fleur de lys. Son manteau et les ailes des anges étaient peints en blanc très épais, et comme on déroulait les plis, des flocons blancs s'en détachaient. César Borgia avait dit à sa femme, dans la lettre qui accompagnait ces tapisseries, de s'en servir pour son lit. Elle les a pendues autour du plus beau lit du château, mais elle ne l'a jamais occupé; elle attendait toujours le retour de son mari,

Mais César, après beaucoup de vicissitudes, mourut en Espagne en combattant pour la France. Cette mort honorable consola sa femme, et en mourant, elle-même, quelques années après, elle dit que, s'il ne pouvait venir à elle, elle pouvait aller à lui.

Anne de Bretagne vint assister aux obsèques de son ancienne amie, et quand elle apprit que Charlotte lui avait légué les tapisseries, elle commanda qu'on les mit autour de la pauvre morte.

Trois cents ans après, la Révolution éclata. On dépouilla les châteaux, on pilla les églises, et on ne respecta pas même les morts. Le tombeau de Charlotte d'Albret fut violé, mais quand on ouvrit les plis de la tapisserie voilà son corps, parfait comme pendant sa vie! On s'enfuit avec terreur du tombeau, mais des pieux renterrèrent le cercueil.

L'arsenic avec lequel César Borgia avait fait peindre le manteau et les ailes de la tapisserie, pour se débarrasser de sa femme, ne lui avait que préserver le corps. Si Charlotte pouvait voir du ciel ce qui se passa, on doit penser qu'elle regarda avec satisfaction, son corps, pas profané, ni mutilé, comme bien des autres pendant ce règne de terreur.

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MARY AGNES BRENNAN, '06.



IN November, 1903, the students in the German classes met and organized a society under the name of "*Der Deutsche Verein*." Miss Helen Krabel, now a student of Missouri University, was chosen as the first president, and Miss Annette Betz vice-president.

Instead of turning out a failure as some predicted, the *Verein* has steadily increased in strength each year until its members now number twenty-four. Another proof of the success of the society, is the founding of a similar society, "*Der Deutsche-Sprach Verein*," in the Manual Training High School.

The chief aim of the *Verein* is to enable the members

to become more proficient in German conversation. At the regular meetings held every week, only German is spoken. Literary programs are carried out, and then conversational games are played. In this way the pupil has the benefit of a practice which is impossible for each individual to have in the regular class.

The charter members of the *Verein* still in school are Hilda Hansen, Ica Mentch, Celia Witschner, Mary Brennan, and Harold Barmon. These members, all of whom leave school this year, hope that in the future the students will take as much pride and interest in the society work as they have in the last three years, and that the society will continue to hold the high standard it has reached.





MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN CLUB—'06

Harold Barmon	Eugenia Blake	Mary Brennan	Mae Friedman	Hilda Hansen	Hattie Kluex	Frank Lowe	Dwight Muckley
Joe Mitchell	Ica Meutch	Jeanette Latz	Adeline Neutwig	John Roberts	Hannah Segelbohm	Bessie Schwartz	
	Millie Stacy	Christine Steuber	Mary Wheeler	Elizabeth Wilson	Celia Witschner		
		Frederick Bruckmiller	Homer Love	Miss Von Unwerth.			

THE GERMAN PLAY

MOE FRIEDMAN, '07.

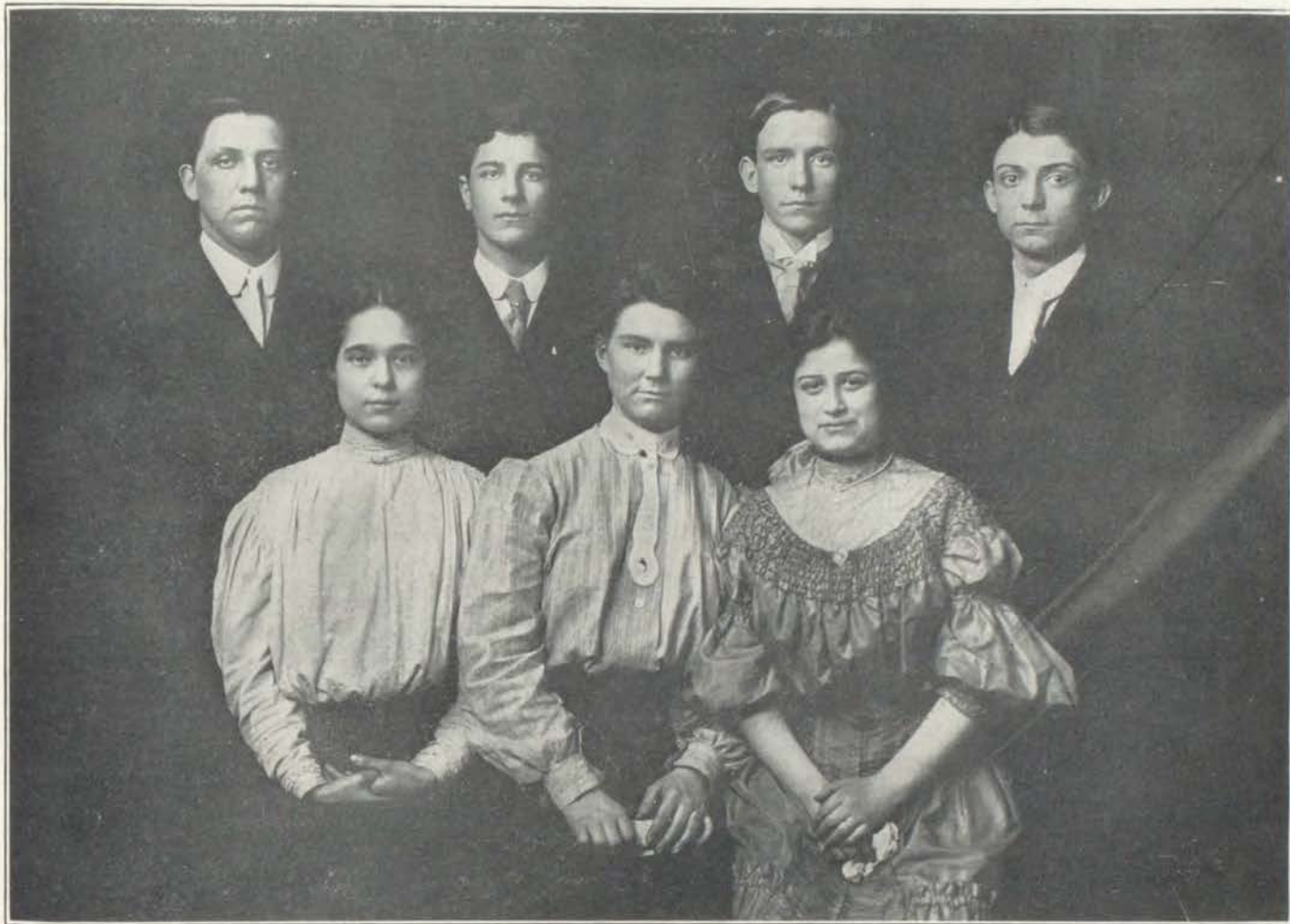


ON THE morning of February 22, the German Club gave the annual German entertainment to the school and many visitors. The program was divided into two parts. The first number was given by Miss Millie Steacy who sang well „Wanderers Nachtlied,” and „Was ist Silvia” The second number was a farce, entitled „Das Gänsschen von Buchenau” The frequent applause showed the great interest taken in the sketch by the audience, notwithstanding the fact that the greater part of them did not understand German.

The plot of the comedy was rather complex. Von Fink (Mr. Frederick Bruckmüller), a polished and elegant young gentleman, was sent by his uncle to Buchenau to win the hand of Agnes (Miss Christine Steuber), the grand-child of an old school friend, a Baron (Mr. Edgar Farney). Silberling (Mr. Homer Love), who himself wished to marry Agnes on account of her money, told Von Fink that the Baron and his family were silly, ill-bred country people, and called Agnes the “little goose of Buchenau.” This discouraged Von Fink who decided to act as an ill-bred lout so that he might be rejected. He soon succeeded in winning the ill-will of the Baron and the Baroness (Miss Hannah Segelbohm), by various annoying pranks, like shearing the pet dog of the Baroness. But Agnes, by her kindness and charming grace in trying to instruct him in good manners, awakened his love. He therefore abandoned his plan and resolved to win her.

In the meanwhile, Silberling, ignorant of Von Fink's presence, arrived as a suitor of Agnes. He was accepted, principally because a letter had fallen into the girl's hands written by Von Fink to a friend, in which he said that his uncle was forcing him to marry the “silly goose of Buchenau”, this he was resolved not to do. Von Fink was surprised and hurt, when he learned of Agnes' decision and prepared to leave immediately. As the carriage was leaving with him, he learned the cause of Agnes' sudden coolness towards him, and bribed the coachman to upset the carriage. He was carried into the castle, apparently seriously injured. Contriving to see Agnes, he explained all to her and confessed his love. Agnes accepted him, but as she must first free herself of Silberling, she decided to act the role of the silly country girl. This she did so well as to dupe Silberling completely, who thereupon jilted her, thus leaving her free to marry Von Fink.

The cast is to be congratulated on the able manner in which each one carried out his part. The leading roles were creditably taken by Miss Steuber and Mr. Bruckmüller. Miss Steuber, in the most difficult part, seemed really to be the character she represented. Mr. Dwight Muckley, as the servant, gave a very clever performance and provoked much laughter. Miss Segelbohm, Mr. Farney, and Mr. Love also acted their parts exceedingly well.



THE GERMAN PLAY CAST

THE FRENCH PLAY.

GALE GOSSETT, '06.



ON THE fourth of May, the French department presented its contribution to our Friday morning programs in the form of a delightful little comedy entitled, "C'est dans le Petit Journal."

The greatest success was undoubtedly scored by Miss Bertha Teasdale who, both through the ease of her manner and the clearness of her enunciation, gave an excellent interpretation of the rôle of Yvonne, the newly-hired maid of Mme. Ribert, a young widow. The girl, always keenly interested in the stories she reads in her "Petit Journal," is particularly impressed by one telling about a band of women thieves who gain admission to houses by pretending to be relatives of the family. During Mme. Ribert's absence, her aunt, Mme. Dormier comes for a visit, and her friend, Mme. de Nigean calls, as well as Mlle. Lisa from the milliner's. Yvonne, seeing in them a resemblance to the thieves described in the newspaper, and finding their actions suspicious, takes prompt action for the protection of her employer's property. Mme. Ribert returns to find her aunt incarcerated in the guest room, and Mlle. Lisa locked in a dark closet, while Mme. de Nigean has just been tied in a chair with a clothes-line. Horrified at the treatment her guests have received, she

turns indignantly upon Yvonne, but upon hearing the latter's explanation, her kind hearted victims intercede for her and she is forgiven. To add a touch of romance, Mme. Ribert, yielding to the persuasion of her friends, consents to end her short widowhood by accepting a proposal which she has just received by letter.

The part of Mme. Ribert was represented in a manner as dainty and vivacious as is in reality Miss Adaline Hunter. Miss Marie Dodge, as Mme. Dormier, acted with great spirit, while Miss Fay Harkless made a dignified and charming Mme. de Nigean; Miss Edna Callaway rendered precisely the offended and much injured air which we can imagine the fastidious Mlle. Lisa would assume under such trying circumstances. The program was brought to a graceful conclusion by two songs, "Sans Toi" from Victor Hugo, and "My Dream," well given by Miss Maurine Dyer, accompanied by Miss Marie Dodge.

We greatly regret that, for two years previously, no entertainment of this kind was given, but hope that in the future the school at large will have an annual opportunity to judge what creditable work is being done in the French classes.





FRENCH PLAY CAST

SYNOPSIS OF THE SPANISH PLAY

MARGUERITE SMITH, '07.



THE one-act Spanish play which was given on the eighteenth of May was entitled, "Despues de le Lluvia el Sol." (After the Rain, Sunshine.) The scene was the country home of Sra. De Alvarado (Matilde) located within a short distance of Seville. As the curtain rises, Matilde is discovered alone and brooding over the continued inclemency of the weather. This state of irritation grows upon her until, losing her temper, she throws the barometer violently to the floor and leaves the room.

Anselmo and Victorina, her servants, enter alarmed at the noise, and while picking up the pieces of the barometer, discuss the recent capture of the bandit, Vargas.

Matilde, re-entering the room, is informed by her servants of the capture of Vargas. She is still annoyed over the condition of the weather, especially as she is expecting a visit from her friends, Sr. and Sra. De Pena and their nephew, Carlos, with whom Sra. De Pena hoped to arrange a marriage with Matilde.

She is further angered by the failure of their train to arrive on time. However, in hopes of finding some means of amusement, she goes to the window to sketch a neighboring church, and while there, she discovers a man seeking shelter from the rain under a tree. Immediately calling Anselmo, she bids him bring the traveler into the house.

He enters but appears reluctant to remain there. Matilde learns that he is a soldier, whereupon she feigns interest in military tactics. The rain having ceased, the sun appears,—then it is evident that her interest in her guest has waned as she gives him numerous hints to depart. He now thinks otherwise for he perceives that she has been using his society as a means of pastime and longs for revenge.

He learns, during their conversation, that Matilde stands in mortal terror of the outlaw, Vargas, and at once he seizes this opportunity to carry out his plans. Whereupon, he announces himself as Vargas, locks the door, and demands Matilde's love. Matilde, thoroughly frightened, passes a note through the door to Anselmo who soon returns with an armed force to capture the supposed bandit.

Here her guest discloses his identity as Carlos Velasquez, the nephew of Sr. Dr. Pena and declares his love for Matilde, promising to renounce any intention of marrying Sra. De Alvarado. He instantly recalls this last statement when he finds that Matilde, whom he loves, is really Sra. De Alvarado, the widow.

The following people took part in the play: Kathleen Blanton, playing the rôle of Matilde, the widow; Clyde Blanchard, Carlos; Kathryn Bond, Victorina; and Clyde Vrooman, Anselmo.

When one considers that these persons have taken Spanish only one year, much praise is due them for their efforts toward making it a success. The usual supposition is that comparatively little can be accomplished in the study of a language in one year's school work, but those in the Spanish classes have acquired no little knowledge of the language, particularly in its practical study, in this length of time. Spanish is perhaps less difficult for English speaking people to learn than any other foreign language. It is quite noticeable that the students in the Spanish classes have been unusually enthusiastic this year in the pursuit of their work. It is hoped that their ardor will not be dampened during the next school year, and that the classes in this department will be larger and even stronger than in this past year.



THE SPANISH PLAY

DEPARTMENT OF SPANISH.

EL IDIOMA ESPAÑOL.

G. M. HERNANDEZ, '07.

EL español el nombre moderno para el Castellano es el resultado de las vicistudes y el triunfo final del latin, sobre los deferentes, dialectos y lenguas que se han hablado en la pininsula por las diferentes razas que se establecieron allí, modificando y combinando con la que prevaleció mas en un tiempo la lengua arabe. El idioma que se hablo en españa en los tiempos mas remotos fué el ébero, á vascuence. Los pocos fragmentos que existen de la literatura de esta raza solitaria, se consideran como de los mas importantes documentos de las epocas mas remotas.

Los iberos se esparcieron probablemente en un tiempo, por toda la pininsula y esto lo prueba el nombre de muchas cuidades, montañas y rios, los cuales evidentemente tienen nombre de origen vascuence.

España como se sabe, fue una importantisima colonia romana, que contribuyó mucho á la riqueza de España. El latin vino á ser el idioma general del pais, que produjo muchos de los escritores clasicos latinos. Despues, prencipio á coromperse esta lengua; y aunque durante el siglo segundo y tercero fué a predominante, el clero contribuyó mucho á su decadencia parte por su ignorancia, parte por hacerse comprender del pueblo, que solo hablaba la llamada "lengua rustica." Se olvidaron los clasicos, y para el siglo septimo, el

idioma de la pininsula no era mas que un esqueleto. Los godos lo aceptaron, pero aumentaron su confucion agregando muchos vacablos de su barbaro idioma. Los godos cambra-son las formas latinas siguiendo su sintaxis. Despues de algunos siglos vino la influencia del árabe. Entonces comenzo á prevaleces mucho lo armonioso y somoro de la lengua musulmana, tan de acuerdo con el clima y el espiritu de España; de tal manera que en muchos lugares se entendia mejor que el latin, y hasta la biblia tuvo que traducirse al árabe para ser comprendida. Monedas, decretos publicos, etc., hasta el siglo catorce corroboran este hecho, y hasta hoy ha venido esa infusion del idioma musulmana, siendo por lo menos una octava parte de la lengua española de origen árabe.

En el tiempo de la expulsion de los moros, puede decirse que se hablaba dos lenguas entre los cristianos la del norte, que era latin mez caldo con árabe. La combinacion ó mezcla de estas dos lenguas vino á producir al fin el castellano ó español (nombre moderno).

El Castellano cambio despues por la influencia de acontecimientos politicos. La época del refinamiento de la lengua pueda decirse que conenzó en el reinado de Felipe IV. Desde entonces es que vino á ser este el idioma oficial de España, y el que se habla hoy en la America Española.

DEPARTMENT OF GERMAN.

Lebewohl!

Elisa Jacobson, '06

Leb' wohl! du alte treue Central
Leb' wohl! mit deinen Freunden allen;
Du, die alltäglich einen Lichtstrahl
Denjenigen, die in deinen Hallen
Aus und eingegangen sind.
Gegeben hast,
Dir sag' ich: „Lebewohl!“

Lebt wohl! ihr guten treuen Lehrer,
Und Lehrerinnen in dieser Schule,
Lebt wohl! Ach, darf ich dann nicht mehr
Den alten Platz in jeder Stube
Hoffnungsvoll mit Freunden nehmen?
Ach nein, ich sage
Auch ihnen: „Lebe wohl!“

Leb' wohl! verehrter Direktor
und Führer dieser großen Anstalt,
Leb' wohl! Nicht nur dem Professor,
Sondern auch dem Bedell, der mir kalt
Und mitleidslos den Staub ins Aug'
Und Gesicht gesagt,
Dem sag' ich: „Lebe wohl!“

Lebt wohl! Ihr Kameraden alle,
Denen ich vielleicht nicht mehr begegne,
Lebt wohl! Laßt uns auf keinem Falle
Die Studien willig aufzugeben
Sein, von ihnen Abschied nehmen.
Keiner Studien nur,
Sage ich nicht: „Lebewohl!“

DEPARTMENT OF GERMAN—Continued.

Goethe.

Silba Hansen, '06.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe wurde in Frankfurt am Main 1749 geboren. Sein Vater war Doktor der Rechte und kaiserlicher Rat. Unter der sorgsamsten Obhut und Leitung seiner Eltern wuchs der Knabe auf. In den Versen.

„Vom Vater hab' ich die Statur,
Des Lebens ernstes Führen,
Von Mütterchen die Frohnatur
Und Lust zu sabuliren.“

hat er den Einfluß beider Eltern an seiner Entwicklung charakterisiert. Als Johann sechzehn war, zog er die Universität Leipzig. Der Aufenthalt hier war nicht ohne bedeutenden Gewinn für ihn. Das regsame Leben schärfte seinen praktischen Blick und erweckte seinen Humor. Durch Dezer wurde er auf ein ernstes Studium der Kunst und Kunstgeschichte geleitet. Während der letzten Zeit seines Aufenthaltes war er sehr krank. Nachdem er besser war, ging er heim und dann nach Straßburg, um das Gesetz zu studieren. Hier begegnete er Herder und wurde von ihm auf die Schönheit des Volksliedes aufmerksam gemacht. Jetzt hatte er auch seine erste wirkliche Liebe. Das Mädchen war Friederike Brion und sie regte ihn zu seinen besten Liedern an. Nach Beendigung seiner Studien ging er nach Frankfurt, wo er zum Advokaten eingeschwo-ren wurde.

Bald aber begab er sich zu seiner weiteren Ausbildung in der Rechtspraxis nach Weimar, dann ging er nach Frankfurt zurück und veröffentlichte das Drama „Götz von Berlichingen“ und auch „Die Leiden des jungen Werther.“ Beide sind frei und wild und gehören zu der Sturm und Drang Periode, doch machten sie ihn sehr berühmt, und viele bedeutende Männer besuchten ihn.

In 1775 rief ihn eine Einladung des Herzogs Karl August nach Weimar, wo er zuerst Geheimer Legationsrat und später Wirklicher Geheimerat wurde. Hier in Weimar lernte er Frau von Stein kennen, die seine Vertraute wurde und ihn immer wieder zum Schreiben ermutigte. Bald reiste er mit dem Herzog in strengstem Inkognito in die Schweiz. In 1782 wurde er Kammerpräsident und in den Adelsstand erhoben. Vier Jahre später ging er nach Italien, wo er zwei Jahre lang blieb. Dieses war ihm das ideale Land, wo er immer bleiben wollte. Hier schloß er einige feste Freundschaften, namentlich mit Wilhelm Tischbein und Johann Meyer. Auch förderte er seine Kunstbildung, vollendete seine „Iphigenie“, und „Egmont“ und entwarf „Tasso“. Nachdem er heimkam, konnte er sich in die deutschen Verhältnisse lange gar nicht einleben; auch den früheren Freunden fühlte er sich entfremdet.

Zu dieser Zeit waren in Weimar viele bedeutende Männer. Wieland, Schiller, Herder u. a. Schiller und Goethe wurden durch die „Horen“ befreundet. Von nun an entstand zwischen ihnen ein Freundschaftsbund, welcher bis zum Tode Schillers in 1805 dauerte. Während dieser Zeit

schrieb Goethe einige seiner besten Werke, nämlich „Wilhelm Meister“, „Faust“, „Hermann und Dorothea“ u. a. Von 1805 bis zu seinem Tode in 1832 lebte er sehr einsam nur durch die Studien der Natur und seine literarischen Arbeiten beglückt.

Wilhelm II., deutscher Kaiser.

Bettina Brand, '07

Wilhelm II., deutscher Kaiser und König von Preußen, ist der wenigst verstandene Herrscher, der je einen Thron bestieg. Dies ist wegen seines Strebens nach einem Ideal—der Macht Deutschlands. Seine ganze Energie und seine geistige Macht sind auf dieses einzige Ideal gerichtet. Er will, daß alle anderen Länder Deutschland hochachten und fürchten sollen. Und das will er nicht durch Eroberungen, sondern durch den Aufschwung der Industrie und des Handels durchsetzen.

Er ist ein gottesfürchtiger Mann und glaubt standhaft, daß er durch die Gnade Gottes König ist. Er betrachtet kein Scepter mehr als ein Symbol von Pflicht, als von Macht. Wie sehr er sein Volk liebt, kann man an seinen barmherzigen Taten sehen. Als der Tag seiner Silbernen Hochzeit sich näherte, kündigte er an, daß die Leute ihm keine Geschenke schicken sollten, aber daß er Geld annehmen würde, um Hospitäler zu bauen.

Nachdem sein Großvater und sein Vater beide gestorben waren und Wilhelm auf den Thron kam, zitterte die Welt vor Furcht. Jedermann wußte, daß er von seinem Großvater, der ein Soldat war, erzogen war, und Jedermann fürchtete, daß es bald noch einen großen Krieg geben werde. Sie warteten eifrig auf das erste Zeichen von Berlin, und als Wilhelm Bismarck, den Vorsichtigen, den Friedfertigen, wie man dann dachte, verabschiedete, sagte ganz Europa, daß ihre Mutmaßung erfüllt wäre, daß Bismarck Frieden wollte und Wilhelm Krieg. Aber jetzt wissen wir, daß beide zu gleichgesinnt waren und zusammen als Herr und Diener nicht leben konnten. Der Kaiser wußte auch, daß Bismarck Krieg machen wollte und er war dagegen, weil er wußte, was der Preis des Krieges ist. Er wollte auch sein eigener Herr sein, und von dem Tag an ist es Wilhelm der spricht, obgleich es die Stimme des Kanzlers sein mag.

Nie fand irgend jemand so viel Widerstand als Wilhelm, da er beschloß aus Deutschland eine Seemacht zu machen, und nie wurde solcher Widerstand so überwältigt. Der Kaiser machte einige Seefarten, um zu zeigen, wie Deutschland unter den anderen Ländern stand. Er disputierte mit den Reichstagsmitgliedern über die Notwendigkeit, daß Deutschland eine Seemacht sein müsse. Und der Kaiser gewann.

Dies ist Wilhelm II. Ich könnte viel mehr von ihm erzählen, aber ich denke, daß man hieraus sehen kann, daß der Kaiser kein schwacher eitler Mann ist. Ein eitler Mann ist ein närrischer Mann, und der Kaiser ist kein Narr. Die Welt wird später erfahren, daß, obgleich seine Vorfahren ihren Ruhm durch Krieg erworben, dieser jedoch berühmt sein wird als der große Friedensstifter Europas.

DEPARTMENT OF LATIN AND GREEK
THE VALUE OF GREEK AND LATIN IN TRAVELING ABROAD

HAZEL M. HARBOUR, '07.



AN ORDINARY tourist would smile if we should try to impress upon him the value of a study of Greek and Latin. He would think of these languages as valuable merely for the purpose of translating the many inscriptions found everywhere. In reality, the ability to translate is no great advantage. The Baedekers supply every want of this character. The most important office of Greek and Latin is, to enable one to understand clearly the many references made to Hellenic and Roman characters, historical and mythological. To this end, such study broadens one's understanding of the treasures found abroad.

Consider, for instance, the value of these languages in relation to art. Since Greece is the earliest home of the beautiful, art galleries will naturally take one back to that classic land. If a traveler knows to what every classical statue refers, he will thoroughly enjoy his travels. Every great artist has, at some time, produced an immortal representation of some Greek or Latin character. There is Cellini's famous group representing Perseus, victorious, holding up the serpent-covered head of Medusa. This loathsome head might be ascribed to the imagination of its creator, if one did not know its story. Or, if the tourist should be at the mercy of a loquacious, but imaginative, guide, he might receive any interpretation occurring to the former. The unreliability of guides, moreover, is well illustrated by this incident. A guide was conducting some Americans through the Vatican, when he came to the statue Apoxyomenas. The pose shows a Greek athlete scraping from his body sand accumulated in the race. His right arm is outstretched, while his left, which holds the iron scraper, is removing the sand from beneath the right. When the left hand, which was lost, was restored, a small cube was placed between the fingers. The cicerone interpreted:

"Now you see that thing under this arm? That's iron. See that cube in his right hand? Well, pretty soon the hand with the iron thing will *shoot* out, push the cube out, and send

it a long distance. That's a game they played those days."

The absurdity of this is evident; but to the Americans, who had seen so many wonders that wonders ceased to be wonderful, this was logical. On account of this explanation, the strength displayed in the athlete's frame, the absolute control of muscles shown in his attitude, and the nobility of expression revealed in his face, were lost upon them. They saw a figure playing a silly game, and received no impression from that magnificent piece of marble. Had the tourists known that Apoxyomenas was Greek for "scraper," and that, since oil was rubbed on the athlete before exercising, he was necessarily obliged to scrape off the sand before taking a bath, the guide's fabrication would have been recognized.

Again, a knowledge of Greek and Latin is valuable when one is visiting historical places. At Naples, there is the hill Posilipio. This differs from the famous Ninth Street hill of Kansas City only in that its view of the surroundings is grander. When one knows, however, that upon this slope once stood the homes of Virgil and Cicero, and that upon its summit now stands Virgil's tomb, the hill instantly acquires meaning. Then how grand it is to tread the shores of Pozznoli, which was such an important seaport that Cicero called it a "miniature Rome." Not far from Pozznoli is the island of Nisida, so small that it might escape notice, were it not for its associations. Because it was here that Brutus retired after Caesar's murder, here that Cicero came for consultation with him, the island is important to the scholar. Farther on are the ruins of Baiae. To one not acquainted with Roman literature and history, the ruins mean nothing. When one reflects, however, that Caesar, Pompey, Caligula, Nero, and Hadrian had beautiful villas here, he can not wonder that Horace said:

"No bay in the world surpasses that of beautiful Baiae."

On the strength of these examples, one may draw his own conclusions as to the relative value of Greek and Latin in traveling abroad. No thoughtful traveler will hesitate to admit the practical benefit derived from a study of Greek and Latin. If the latter has found the true value of such study, why should we hesitate to profit by his experience?

PATRICK R. COLL

Patrick R. Coll was born May 23, 1857, in West Virginia. He died in Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 15th, 1905. He was early thrown upon his own resources, which prevented a naturally active mind from acquiring that schooling he so much desired. Yet he became a man of wide reading and his association with men and women of culture and schooling, made a lasting impression upon him. His early life brought him into contact with many classes of people, from whom he acquired a splendid knowledge of men.

In 1884, he became janitor of the old Benton School. In 1886, he was promoted to the Garfield School, from which he came to Central in 1891.

Mr. Coll's duties were many and diverse, but he was always true to his work and performed duties assigned him even better than was expected. He was more than a janitor, and in all things exalted his place. There was a thoroughness and precision about his way of doing things that commanded respect. He was devoted to his labors. No task was too small to be well done.

Mr. Coll was loyal to his friends, loyal to his superior officers, loyal to Central. Loyalty was one of his most pronounced traits.

He was of such a kindly, genial disposition that he had a host of friends. Even those who were resentful because he refused to permit disorder wherever seen, admired and respected him.

He died in the performance of duty. A live wire in the alley back of Central was dangerous, and he was sent to remove it. No one saw the tragedy. It is supposed he slipped and fell against the wire, for he was too well acquainted with electric energy to touch the wire intentionally.

In his death the school lost an efficient servant whose place will be hard to fill; the teachers, a friend whom they mourn as they would one of their own members; the pupils, a loyal worker who was always ready to help and glad to please.

—H. H. H.



PATRICK R. COLL

"Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

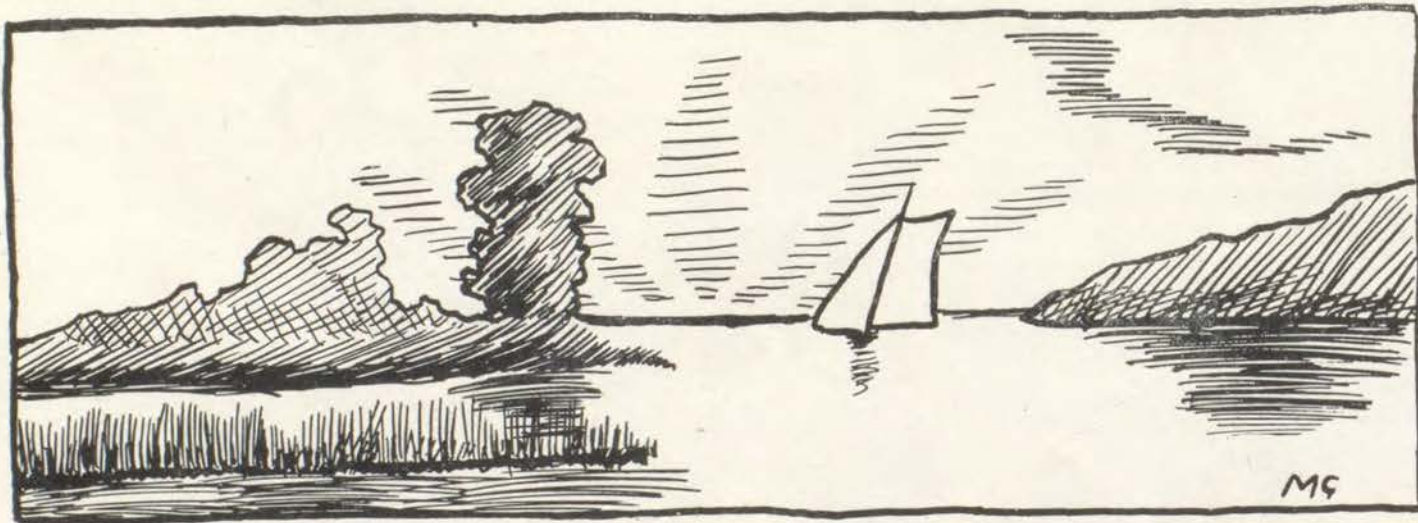
FAREWELL TO CENTRAL

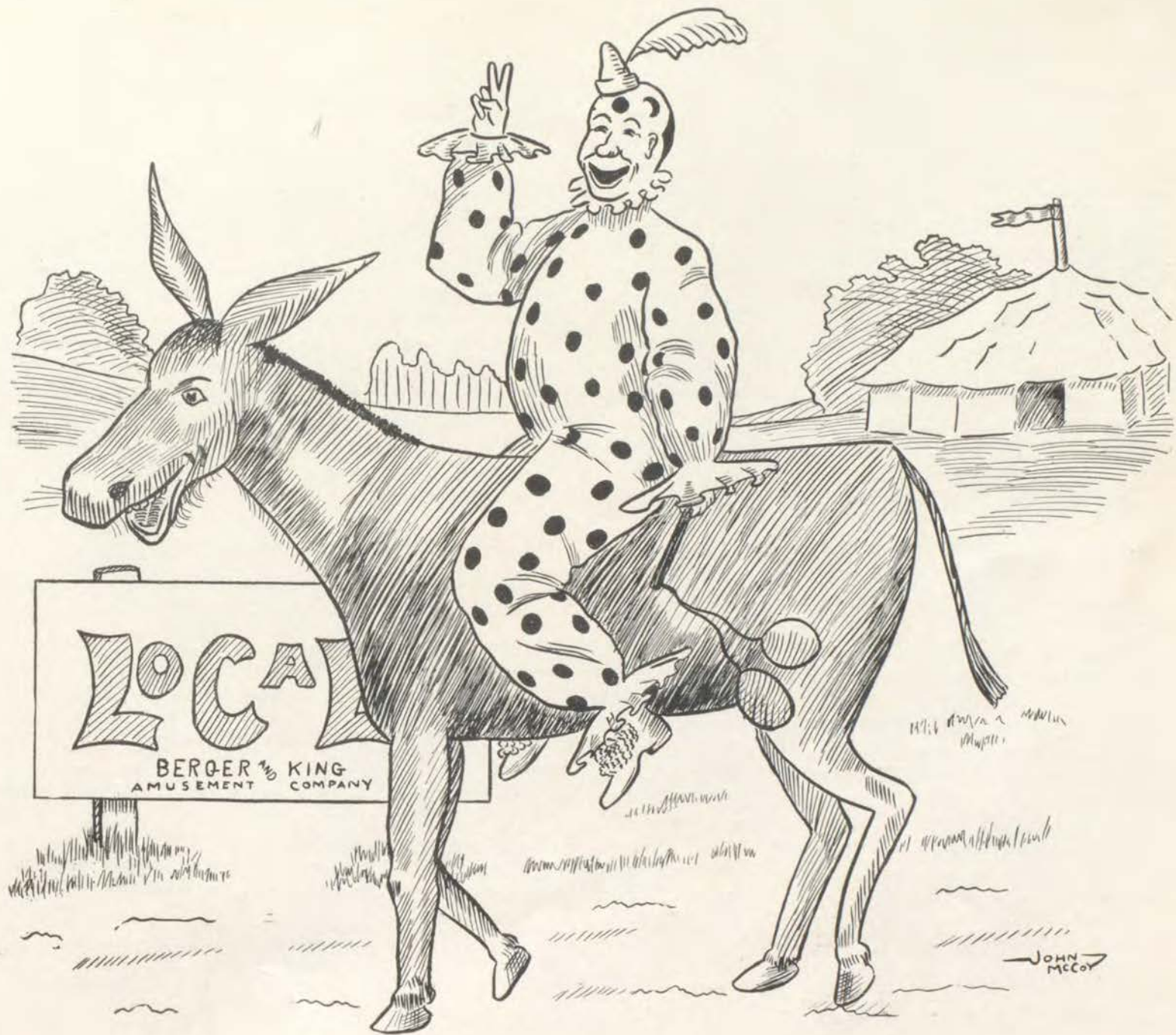
JULIUS SENNINGER, '06.

RARE thee well, beloved Central!
All the joys you've shown to me!
Now at last we two must sever
On the shores of lifes' broad sea.
Now old friendships must be broken;

Time hath ruled that we must part;
Yet though zones stretch far between us
Still a bond will link each heart
Some may toil in raging tempests;
Some may ride a calm blue sea;
But howe'er the sky is painted,
None will cease to think of thee.
Thou hast made our hearts courageous;
Taught our minds to guide the hand;
Nourished love and work and patience;
All that's noble, all that's grand.
And when far upon the waters,
If our lot should be the gale,

In the splendor of thy memories
Naught against us can prevail.
Should no golden treasure islands
Rise to greet us from the sea,
Still we'll have a rarest treasure,—
Central, we can think of thee.
Oft we've seen thy streaming colors
Grace the top of Glory's height;
Oft we've seen thy dauntless heroes
Struggle 'neath the blue and white;
Oft we've cheered them to their victories;
Let their victories now cheer us!
May all those who follow after,
Ever bear that banner thus!
We can ne'er forget its glories,
Voices joined as one agree;
May the blue and white forever,
Central, bind our hearts to thee!





LOCAL

BERGER & KING
AMUSEMENT COMPANY

JOHN MCCOY

HOT AIR CLUB



THIS club was formed May 42, 1919, for the ostensible and elaborate design of instructing some of Central's pupils in a few Rules of Etiquette. A committee of no-one was appointed to look up several questions of some-one and answer them. The following are diametrically, ostentatiously and religiously vouchsafed for by the members, Warren Kaynor and Walter Haglage.

Cards: Each guest should leave a pack of cards on the table in the hall.

Color: Pink teas are not so much in favor as formerly. A green or oolong is preferred.

Punch: Take care of the punch and the tea will take care of itself.

Soup: Soup should be seen, not heard.

Tips: No, Mr. Byers, it is not proper to tip the butler as soon as he appears. This seems to suggest a fear that there may not be food enough to go 'round. Do not fail, however, to give him his fee before leaving the table. If you keep too many tips, you'll get tipsy.

Pits: You certainly was wrong there, Richard; peach or plum pits should not be removed from the mouth, but should be unostentatiously swallowed.

Street Cars: As this question frequently arises, we would like to settle it for all time, Lucius. When alighting from a street car, it is equally correct to leave either by the front or rear end. Both ends usually stop.

Claret: You certainly are a very nervous boy, Frank. However, in an emergency, this will come handy.

Flowers: If the table is small enough to make general conversation possible, a huge mound of flowers should be erected in the center to prevent the guests from seeing one another. This piques curiosity as to one's interlocutor.

Automobiles: If you are run over by an auto, do not speak to the occupants of the machine unless you have previously been properly introduced. Nothing is more vulgar than thus to scrape acquaintance with any chance passer-by.

Nell: As the young man seriously objects to calling on you, I think I should not force him to do it.

Frances: You are right in paying your own carfare. It is too much for your escort to accompany you and pay your transportation, too.

Edith: No, don't insist upon his proposing as long as his offense is no more than making eyes.

A FEW DEFINITIONS FOUND IN ALEXANDER'S BOOK.

Biography—Posterity's revenge.

Jealousy—A tribute to man's vanity that a wise woman pays.

Cosy Corner—Any corner that does not contain a chaperone.

Suspicion—testing the engagement ring on window-glass.

Joshing—Promising to be a sister.

Should you upset claret on the tablecloth, throw a little salt on it; should you upset salt, throw a little claret on it; should you upset the table, leave the room.



IMPORTED FROM MISSOURI.

Sure Thing - No Drug Store
Queeness - - Fay Harkless
Princess- - Bertha Teasdale
Duchess - - Marie Dodge
Countess - - Maurine Dyer
Peeress - - Adeline Hunter
Faultless - - Edna Callaway
Matchless - Katherine Gray
Spotless - Ruby Maynard
Muchless - Ruth Muchmore
More or Less - - -


Frank Courtney Wilkinson (effeminate)

Admission free. Exhibited in Central's Assembly Hall, to rubber necks, each day.

Backed by Robert Mehornay, Charles Byers, John Patterson, Clyde Dodge, Mayme Roberts, George McCurdy, and everybody.

See Poster, page 120. Come one, come all. Welcome!



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NOTE: The necessary furnishings for Commencement, Dress or Vacation are Ready

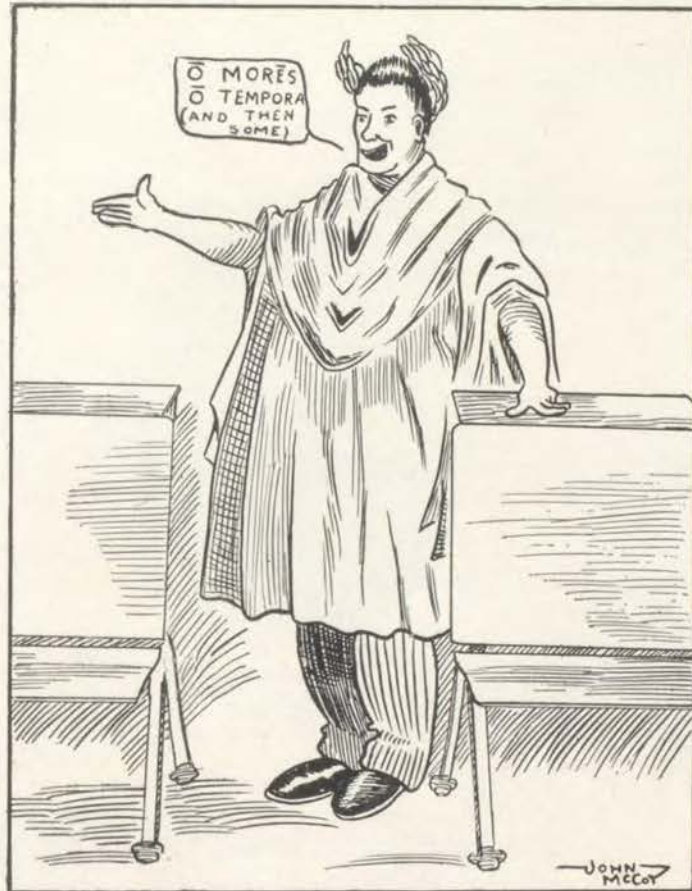
SUITS, \$12.00 to \$30.00

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WALNUT ST.

GORDON & KOPPEL
CLOTHING COMPANY.

Kansas City, Mo.

“MINUTES OF ROMAN SENATE.”



The several divisions of the Roman Senate were called together by Consul Hauser Sloan in the Rostrum.

Every member was present, owing to the fact it was a good day for “horse” back riding.

Representatives were received and admitted from Provinces 1, 15, 16. These were the representative trick riders of these Provinces.

The following programme was rendered very creditably:

1. A Three-Word Translation (taking fifteen minutes)
..... Vernon C. Page
2. A Latin Oration of Fifteen Thousand Lines. . . John McCoy
3. My Experience in Riding My Dobbin Over a Thirty
Line Steeple Chase. Minot Mulford
4. A Five-Minute Interlinear Translation. Robert Mehorany
5. “Going Forty Weeks Without a Lesson”..... John Hale
6. How to Study Ovid After Losing Your Pony.....
..... Lloyd Spencer
7. General Discussion of “Byer’s New Interlinear Trans-
lation of Vergil.”

Moved and seconded that the school board be required to furnish a study-room for all Latin students, which should be filled with interlinears of all sorts. This was passed by the following vote: Ayes—Byers, McConnell, Page, Hale, McCoy, Mulford, Mehornay, Lux, Brown, Sloan, Spencer. Nays—Mayberry, Berger.

Moved and seconded that a vacation from lessons be declared for at least the rest of the school term. Carried by an overwhelming vote.

Moved and seconded to adjourn so as to study other lessons. Carried? ? ?



UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI

COLUMBIA AND ROLLA

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Graduate School
Missouri Military School
Missouri Teachers College
School of Medicine
Missouri Experiment Station
Agricultural College
Law Department
School of Engineering
School of Mines

"Is the equal of the best and outranks all other state Universities with the possible exception of Michigan, California and Wisconsin. It has developed mainly in the the past ten years and is still rapidly improving."

TOTAL ENROLLMENT, - 1901, 1481; 1906, 2073
FROM KANSAS CITY, - 1901, 65; 1906, 219

BUILDINGS

The University of Missouri occupies thirty buildings—the departments at Columbia twenty-three and the School of Mines at Rolla, seven. The buildings, grounds, books and other property are valued at \$3,000,000.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND OTHER INFORMATION TO THE

UNIVERSITY PUBLISHER,

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI.



MRS. G. B. WHEELER
OUR MATRON

"Who God doth late and early pray
more of his grace than gifts to lend"

TRACK MEET.

First Event—100 dash: Edith Cammack, Frances Canny, Judith Connelly. First prize to Judith Connelly, brass soap dish; second prize to Frances Canny, tin horn.

Second Event—High hurdle: Mayme Roberts, Helen Marshall, Eva Walbridge, Gertrude Scott. First prize to Eva Walbridge, pair of artificial curls; second prize to Helen Marshall, one large lump of rock candy.

Third Event—Mile run, last ones: Maisie Monser, Amby Michaelson, Mrs. Voorhees, Millie Stacy. First prize to Millie Stacy, large-sized jumping-jack; second prize to Maisie Monser, package of anti-fat.

Fourth Event—Broad jump; only broad ones allowed: Marian Scofield, Ella Brown, Elsa McPherson. First prize to Elsa—one Wm. Dillon; second prize to Marian—promise of Dillon.





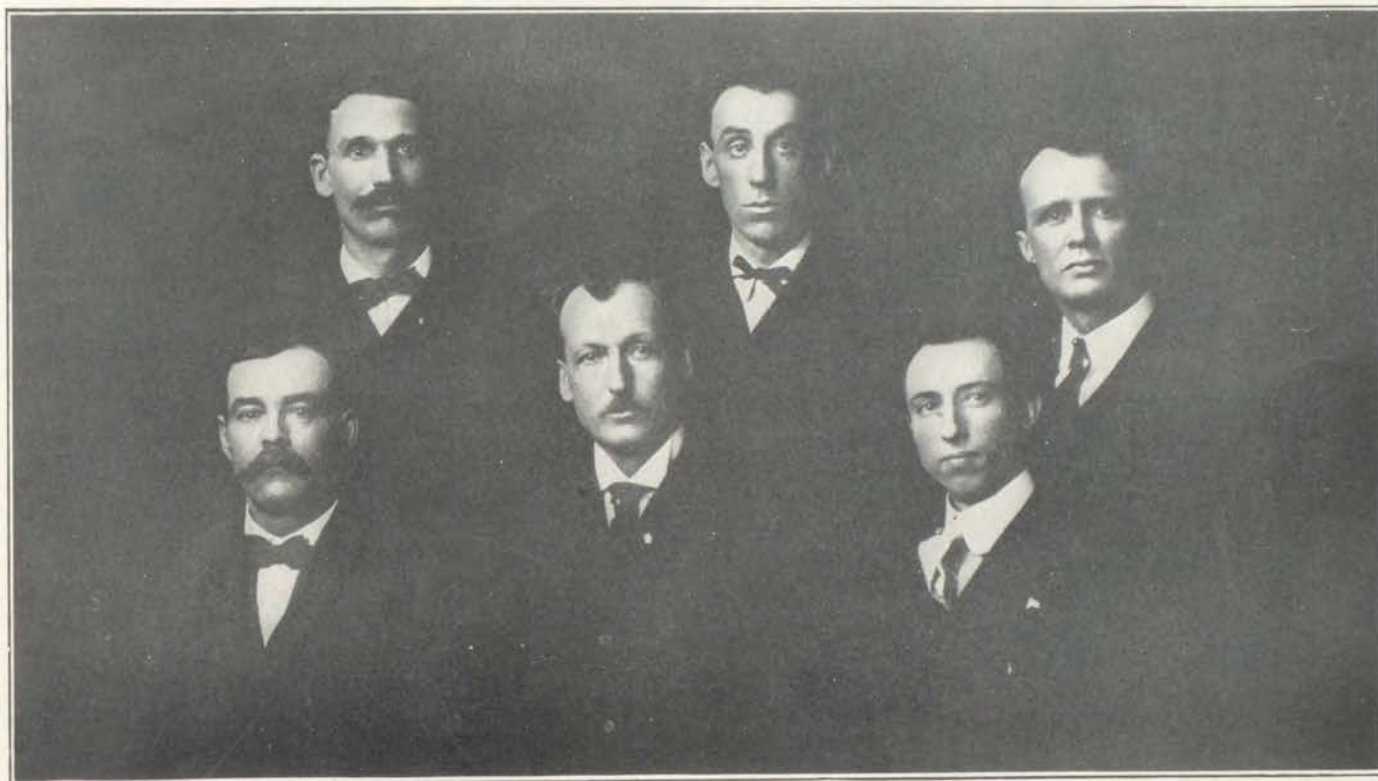
Photographs



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all more or less elaborately trimmed with fine laces, embroideries, etc., all very moderately priced, considering their beauty. If you prefer to have your graduating dress made, choosing is an easy matter from the large variety of

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 Wit.Mr. Holmes

Debaters.

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 Mr. Peters, Mr. W. Alexander Lewis,
 Mr. W. A. Lewis, Mr. Wallace,
 Judge, I. I. Cammack.

BY-LAWS.

Location: Room 20. Time: 1 o'clock every day. Re-
 quirement: Bring lunch. Eligible: All those teachers that can
 tell stories like Mr. Holmes, that can cook coffee like Mr.
 Nowlin, and that can remember funny incidents of the day.
 Review by pupils every Friday. All come!

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DO-LITTLE ELECTIONEERING CLUB.

Motto: Buttonhole everybody.

Yell: Rah! Rah! Rah! Buttonhole! Buttonhole! Buttonhole!

Knock: Knock on everyone.

OFFICERS.

King Get Left.....Shannon Douglass
 Lord Black Horse.....Vale Nance
 Wire-Stretcher.Earl Radford
 Big "Blower."Roy Dietrich
 Hair-Brained Candidate.Frank Wilkinson
 Gifty-Gab.Alexander Bilderback

Candidates: Bernice Taylor, Bernice Radford, Judith Connelly, Helen Eaton, Clyde Blanchard, Mayme Roberts, Richard Wiles, et cetera.

Signa: A large button-hole.



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ROSE & GATES

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MORE MONUMENTS IN OUR HALL OF FAME.



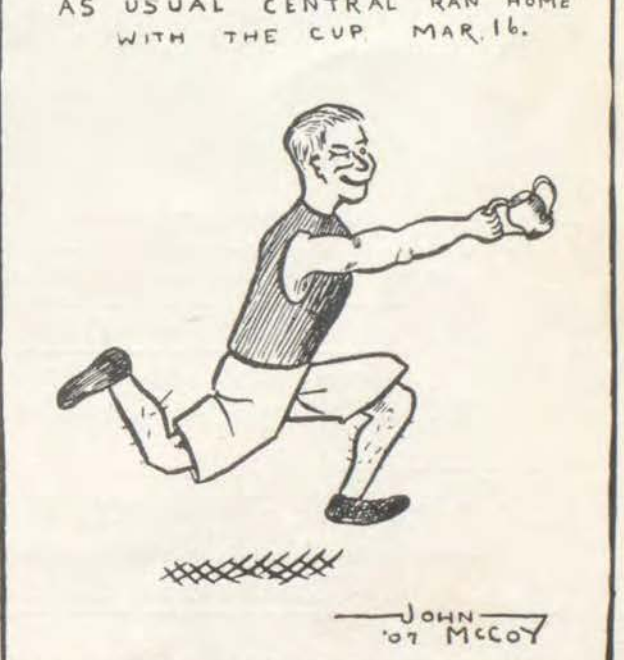
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RUFUS SHEDS HIS BEARD.



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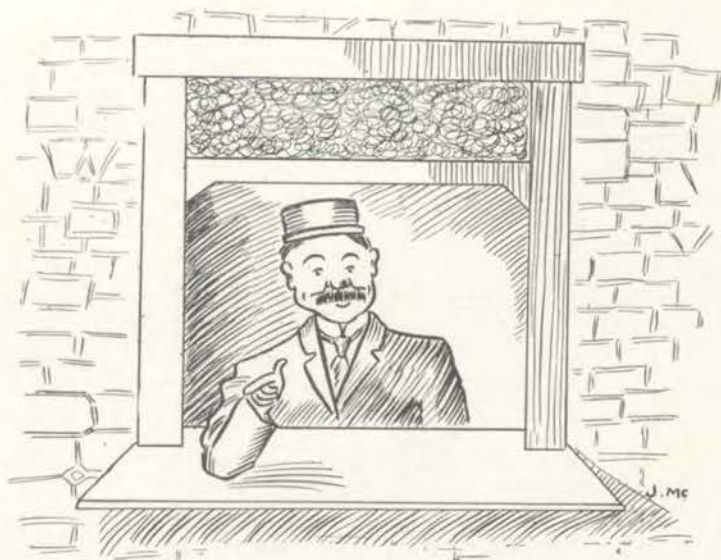
John Kelly

Dorothy Dodd

Harry H. Gray

OVIATT
SHOE CO.
1105 MAIN STREET

BUREAU OF INFORMATION.



Katherine King: Yes, you are right in your usage of the veranda. A veranda means an open air enclosure often used as a spoon-holder.

E. N. S.: Appendicitis is a modern pain, costing about \$200 more than the old fashioned stomach-ache.

Clyde Blanchard: For your convenience we publish the following:

Aristonians, pretty things,
Decked with ribbons, bows, and rings;
Light their thoughts and actions, too,
As they live their vain lives through.

Rufus Montgall: We are unable to answer your question. Can any one else? If a plaid-clad caddy laddies daddy had a fad for adding, would he plaid-clad caddy laddies daddy be an adder? And if the plaid-clad caddy laddie added daddy in his adding, would the plaid-clad caddy laddies daddy make the plaid-clad caddy laddie sadder?

Adeline Hunter: We at last found the name for hair-pins of which you spoke. We found it in the new abridged dictionary on "Women's Habits," Sr. Hernandaz. The name was switch tender.

James Redmond: Yes, we think that the Central Choral Club are hunting more Ediths and Ethels; they only have five. Do you know of any more?

Judith Connelly: The following is all we could find to substantiate your spelling of suicide:

If an S and an I and an O and a U, and an X at the end
spell Su,

And an E and a Y and an E spell i;
Pray what is a speller to do?

Then if also an S and an I and a G, and an H E D spell
cide ;

There is nothing left for a speller to do,
But to go to commit Sioux-eye-sighed.

Everybody: No, we have not received the announcement of the marriage of Katherine Siersdorfer. We expect it every day, though.

Miss Curtis: Yes, a hug is a roundabout way of expressing affection.

Ward Cook: Certainly, your definition was right; a mosquito is a small insect designed by God to make us think better of flies.



JOHN TITUS



TITUS'
PATENT EYEGLASS

Optician



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Our New Street
Wear "PUMPS"
They're for young
men with modish
Ideas about Foot-
gear ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

The Smartest
Thing in Klogs

ROBINSON'S

"CENTRAL'S SHOE SHOP"

1016-1018 MAIN

DAILY CENTRAL BAG OF WIND

FEBRUARY 31, 1906.

LOST—An S. L. H. pin some time in April. Will finder please return it; he can have his love back.
FRANCES CANNY.

WANTED—A new girl's society pin. S. L. H. need not send in application.
NEAL SUTHERLAND.

A self governing class organization to punish cheating. Apply to grand secretary.
CLYDE DODGE.

FOUND in Study B the following parsing lessons:

John Patterson is a noun, a quiet person, singular number, and gone case after Katherine Gray.

Murray Davis is a preposition and shows relation between Florence Pague and Mary Lackey.

Smallest is a descriptive adjective, superlative degree and describes Prison.

Love (noun) is a transitive verb, third person, singular number, and agrees with Fay Harkless.

He is a definite pronoun, singular number, and is used as a subject of conversation by Gladys Trigg.

WANTED—To know the author of the following:

He laughs best who laughs at Miss Fox's jokes.

Miss Magerle (to Nadine Hearn in geometry)—"Stand the other side of your work, Nadine, so we can see your figure."

At 4:00 a. m. Sunday morning, Newland was discovered singing: "Everyone is in slumberland but you and me." (To who, Newland?)

Waldo Twitchell (in barber shop)—"I should like to have my mustache dyed."

Barber—"Certainly. Did you bring it with you?"

"Pat," said his young wife, "I wish you wouldn't put your knife in your mouth when you eat."

"And where would you have me put it, in me eye?" returned Pat in astonishment.

Teacher—"Johnny, what happened on July 4, 130 years ago?"

Johnny—"I dunno, ma'am; I ain't but ten."

WANTED—A quiet place to play pool on Sunday evening by the "Central Select." Ed Patterson refuses to make a summer resort of his home.

WANTED—By local editor, a "Sherlock Holmes" to rediscover fifteen cents lost in Lum. office. We hate to incriminate anyone, but the editor-in-chief is suspected.

WANTED—By "Pat," an upholster repairer to mend three slats in the sofa.

WANTED—By Barnum's Circus, a pair of Siamese twins (We would suggest that Richard Wiles and Rufus Montgall apply).

WANTED—By Prof. Bonnifield, a private return car the next time he goes to Columbia.

WANTED—Information from local Editor how to sit erect and slumber. For further information ask the Editor-in-chief.

WANTED—More Central girls to dance with the Websters at Columbia (Roy and Frank—cotillion leaders).

WANTED—By Geo. Bindbeutel, a name for his new melodrama. We would suggest, "Under the Blanket" (On a Wabash chair car).

WANTED—At Columbia, A night's lodging in "Layer-cake fashion."
WARREN KAYNOR, ROY McCUBBIN & Co.

WANTED—For a phonographic record, Lucius' monologue when he learned that he couldn't go to Columbia.

WANTED—Information as to how Vale Nance got into the "Museum of Inebriates." Surely it wasn't Macaulay's "inebriating effect of popular applause."



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CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL
AND
**THE UNIVERSITY OF
KANSAS**

FOR several years a large number of graduates from the Central High School have been entering the University of Kansas each year, and they have taken, without exception, high rank in their university classes. The university authorities are pleased when a Central student presents himself for admission to the University. The thoroughness of the preparation of a Central student is never questioned when credentials signed by the principal are presented.

AUCTION OF HORSES.

Hear ye! Hear ye!

May it be known to the presence of all human mankind, that on June fifteenth, in the year nineteen hundred and six, of Our Lord, that the following firms offer for sale their string of valuable horses, trots, and ponies:

BYERS & McCONNEL.

Dealers in all classes of fast horses.

No.	Name.	Value.
13.	Latin—Yearling.	13½ cents
478.	Caesar Interlinear (striped read)—Antique...\$	125
1313.	United States History (results guaranteed)...	200
18. }	Social Manners.	\$25,000
23. }		

All the above are warranted to give good results. We have used all of them over four years, over and over again, and have always received satisfactory results.—CHARLEY & LUCIUS.

SLOAN, HALE, HAMILTON, & Co.

Trotters.

No..	Name.	Value
3.	Algebra—Manual.	3c
67.	Conversational English—Sloan.	\$5,000,000
58.	My Exam. Papers—H: e.	\$0.00
94.	Vergil—Literal.	\$.013
166.	Vergil—Interlinear.	\$0.05

Numbers 67 and 58 are said to be very good. Think of the merits of the authors.

WILKINSON & ROBERTS.

No..	Name.	Value.
1.	My Brains in Oratory—Wilkinson.	\$.15
03.	My Love in Life—Roberts.	\$5,000

This firm is going to sell out and begin anew, as one. Both offerings are good ones.

Terms: Five per cent cash; rest on monthly payments at 150 per cent interest, compounded a la Holmes.

HENRY F. COLL, Auctioneer.



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Young Men's

The Fashion

11th and Walnut



Straw Hats.

Theo. Lieben

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**For Catalogue call at or Address Kansas City
Veterinary College, 1330-1336 East
15th St., Kansas City, Mo.**



"COMEDY OF ERRORS"

Time: About 1906 A. D. Place: Room 8.

Dramatis Personae:

Mr. Smith Teacher.
Mary Collins A Student.
Vale Nance A Student.

Class in Literature.

Overture by Central Mandolin Club. Curtain ascends.

Nance discovered in attitude of marked attention with a dare-devil smile of mischief on his phize as he gazes into the eyes of Mr. Smith. Mary occupying seat directly back of Vale, with her head bent forward on the desk. Small noise is heard—something between a scratch, a hiss, and a croak, interrupted every now and then by regular periodic

eruption (not volcanic) like the puff of a baby steam engine.

Mr. Smith (looking intently at hero, Nance)—“What is that queer noise, Mr. Nance?” (Silence, attitude the same.)

“Mr. Nance, will you answer my question?” (Situation dramatic; class giggles as if tickled under the chin with feather.)

“Mr. Nance! ! !” (Noise continuing now like the scraping of a dull case knife drawn across the strings of a new piano; now like the voice of the wind as it lurks around the corner at midnight, when all else is still.)

(Aside.) “This seems a case of open disobedience.”

“Mr. Nance! come forward.”

Mary (rising).—“Please Mr. Smith, he’s not to be blamed. It was I sneezing.”

Hero and heroine embrace as usual. Curtain descends.

Finale by Glee Club, Choral Club, and Delphian Chorus.





The Southwest Limited

was the first train to give first-class service between Kansas City and Chicago. In service and equipment it has no equal. Your patronage is solicited on these two facts. If you doubt the first fact compare the service of today with that before the Southwest Limited entered the field. If you doubt the second fact a trial trip to Chicago via the

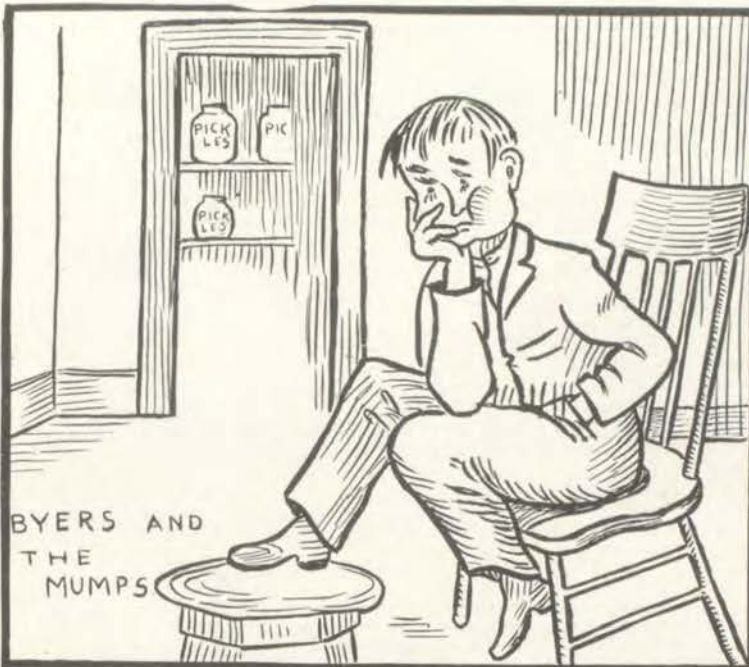
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway

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THE
MUMPS



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GAS"

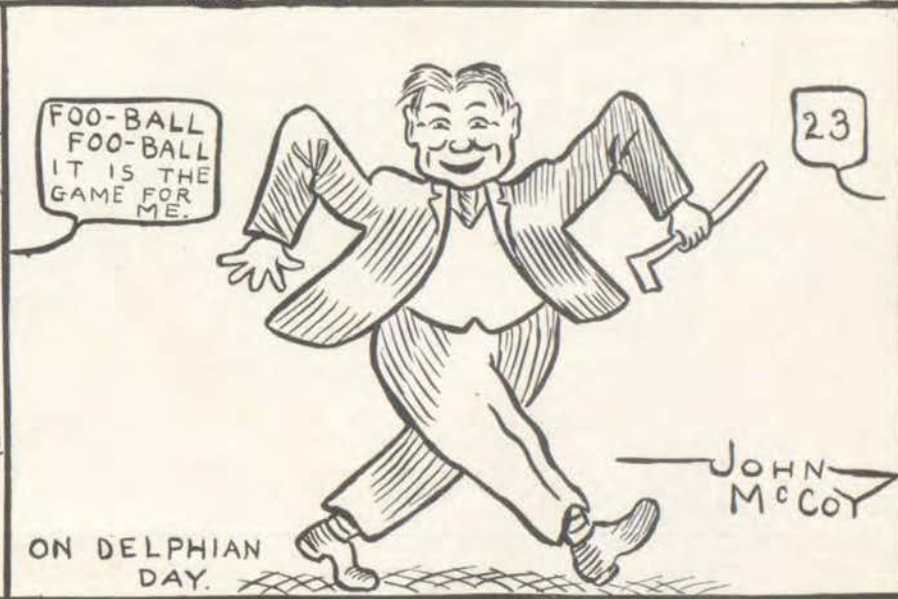


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PRESCRIPTION
DRUG STORES**

Home Telephone Main 67
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Quick Service
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For his chocolate queen in the jungle-o
Ga zu-zu, the chief, built a cute bungalow.
The bamboo bride thought the thing quite swell
Till she noted it lacked the companionable "BELL."
The result was threatening—a shattered dream.
Ga-zu-zu called MAIN ONE and peace reigned; upreme

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BELL TELEPHONE. The rates are low.
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AN AFTERNOON AT CENTRAL

After Tennyson ("A Long Way After").
FLORENCE COYLE, '06.



Sweep! sweep! sweep!
In each of the halls, I see—
But my tongue I dare not let utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the pupils who've gone
To their homes. They are happy I trust.
But alas! for the pupil who stays
And must face in the halls, the dust.

And the sweeping still goes on
One must stand it just like a pill,
Yet sigh for the touch of a person's hand
That is able to hold the brooms still.

Sweep! sweep! sweep!
At the foot of the stairs next 'twill be;
And where'ere I go in the school, high or low,
Dust, thick dust, is all I see.

Day comes—noon comes—
Study hours slip by.
Toil ends—noon ends—
Why may not I?

Equations to solve! equations to solve.
O, the wily teachers!
Values of X and Y and Z!
Why torture us poor creatures?

The minutes go by; the hours lengthen out
Odds bobs! What botheration!
Why do the teachers revel so
In this sixth hour, consultation?

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The Cash Store for Men. 1003 Walnut St.
Gives money back on each purchase of 25c
and over. Hats, Men's Furnishings.

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BOYS Get the kind that fits you for graduation
FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

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New Chase Piano.....	\$10.00 cash\$ 6.00 per Month.
New Adam Schaaf Piano.....	\$25.00 cash\$ 8.00 per Month.
New Davenport & Treacy.....	\$25.00 cash\$ 8.00 per Month.
New Starr Pianos.....	\$50.00 cash\$15.00 per Month.

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3 Per Cent Paid on Savings Accounts. A Nice Metal Savings

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IDEAL LOCALS



First Senior—"Patterson says his poems are to be translated into five foreign languages." Second Senior—"Indeed! Couldn't some one induce him to translate them into English?"

Following the second act of the Christmas play, the audience began to howl. "What does the public want, anyway?" queried Mr. Dillenbeck, redolent with sarcasm. "In this particular instance," replied Mr. Holmes, "it seems to want its money back."

"I am working on an invention," said Bilderback in the K. K., "and if it proves a success, it will enable me to grasp fame and fortune by the back of the neck." "What is the na-

ture of it?" asked the visitor "A noiseless drum," answered B.

Katherine (preparing for a ride)—"Do you think I ought to wear my veil?" "Sure, otherwise your complexion might be blown off."

Gladys—"Jack declares he loves me for all he is worth." Ruth—"Yes, and for all your father is worth, I imagine."

Mother (sternly)—"As I passed the parlor last night, I actually saw that young man kiss you. I was rendered speechless." Daughter—"So was I, ma. I couldn't do anything but sigh."

He who calls and goes away (at 10:30)
May live to call another day.

If you want to be wise, put on a pair of green spectacles, and all the rest will be green to you.

Miss Bain (in I term English)—"What is the longest sentence?" Raymond—"Imprisonment for life."

"What is a standing invitation?" "It's the look in a girl's eye when she comes into a crowded car and gazes at the boys who occupy seats."

A TERRIBLE NIGHT FOR DREAMS.

The Sophomores dreamed they had an election. Jacque McC. that he was starring with Melba. Vernon P. dreamed that he was leading man at the Gillis. Aileen that she was a missionary in China. (She woke up again.)

Mary L. that she was dissecting a big kissing bug. Florence dreamed that she didn't have such a *bad case*.

Fay dreamed she was popular. Otto dreamed he couldn't dream.

Carl. that he was a poet.

Rufus and Richard didn't dream at all, but slept quietly (?) the sleep of the just.

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SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS

Name.	Characteristics.	Occupation.	Aim in Life.
Homer Berger.	Sedateness.	Blushing.	To be a Bachelor.
Dayton Langworthy.	His Blushes.	Being Sedate.	To quit blushing.
Clyde Blanchard.	Story Telling.	Telling Stories.	To be a Writer.
Harold Richards.	His Walk.	Walking with Hazel.	To have Hazel.
Ed Patterson.	His Voice.	Avoiding Girls.	To be a Minstrel.
Chas. Byers.	His Eyes.	Flirting.	To be a Sport.
Mayme Roberts	Her Size.	Walking with (?).	To be an Old Maid.
Katherine Siersdorfer.	Her Complexion.	Touching it Up.	To be Beautiful.
George Bindbeutel.	Baby-like Expression.	Writing Melodramas.	To play at the Gillis.
Alex Bilderback.	His Face.	Stopping Clocks.	To be Handsome.
Alan Park.	His Hands.	Looking at Them.	Hoosier Schoolmaster.
Lucius McConnell.	His Feverish Desire to Sing.	Singing.	To be a Senior.
Shannon Douglass.	His Running	Attempting Sprinting.	To be a Sprinter.
Senor Hernandez.	His Hair.	Brushing it.	To be a Preacher.

CENTRAL'S SEVEN WONDERS

- Junior class spirit.
- Choral Club's programme.
- Pat's eyeglasses.
- Vernon's grins.
- Clyde Vrooman's trousers.
- Lucius' pronunciation.
- How Deatherage and Douglass remain such good friends.



MAKERS OF THE FOLLOWING PINS

AT CENTRAL

C. H. S. '02
C. H. S. '03
C. H. S. '04

C. H. S. '05
C. H. S. '06
C. H. S. '07

ARISTONIAN
KELVIN
C. W. C.

P. L. S.
C. S. C.
C. C. C.
S. L. H.



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EXPERT DIAMOND SETTERS AND ENGRAVERS

A REVIEW OF PROVERBS

Minot—"My son, if 'frats' entice thee, consent thou not."

Ed. Patterson—"Boast not thyself of today, for tomorrow someone may beat thy time."

Edgar F.—"Hell and destruction are never full; so the eyes of the 'kids' are never satisfied."

Nell McC.—"Devise not evil against thy neighbor, for she may lash thee with her tongue." "Be sure to gird thy loins with purple and (imitation) fine linen."

Homer—"Be not wise in thine own eyes—for thine own eyes may be color blind."

Wm. Lewis—"He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers."

Katherine—"So keep thee from the evil men, from the flattery of the Luminary staff."

West—"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep, she'll wake you at noon-time."

Lucius—"Hear the instructions of thy father. Forget not my law, but let the girls' hearts keep their commandments whether thou keepest thine or no."

E. M. Strauchon—"For she hath cast down many wounded; yea, even Homer is slain in the neck."

Clyde—"Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant (if you get any)."

Enoch—"He that winketh with the eye, causeth sorrow."

Will D.—"Go from the presence of a foolish man, when thou perceivest not in him the power of persuasion."

TO A SANDWICH.

O, thou remover of wrinkled care!
To seize thee, in the last depths of despair—
To munch thee, before I do repair
Unto my sixth-hour visitation.

But to embalm thee with gentle care
Beneath my "slats," so thin and bare
Where, heretofore, was all thin air,
And fill the excavation.

If finding the ham in the sandwich rare,
Don't be alarmed if you find pickles there
Mixed with the mustard here and there—
Don't expect an explanation.

Sometime—somehow—somewhere
I ate one—now children, beware!
I felt, and maybe looked like a bear,
As I went to my next recitation.

It gave them all such a scare
As tho' a cyclone rent the air
My complexion vanished, I turned fair—
And howled for my own salvation.

A vision appeared—as a lily fair
And I gazed upon sandwiches—everywhere.
When just as I entered the home over there,
I beheld the revelation!



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Miss Morey	Miss Adams
Miss Denney	Miss Strauchon
Miss Rosenberger	Miss Harriman

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Eight East Eleventh Street



SLIDING DOWN THE BIG RED CAN

Tune—"Yankee Doodle."

ELSA JACOBSON, '06.

I.

Oh, have you tried the big red can,
That stands in our old school-yard,
And e'er affords the young Freshman
More fun than any school-card.

CHORUS.

Merrily, merrily, down they go!
Merrily, merrily, sliding!
Some alight upon their toe,
While some are backward gliding.

II.

And down there comes Miss Sophomore
So gayly sliding after,
And pushes out the fire 'scape door,
While Freshy shakes with laughter.

CHORUS.

III.

Then she is followed by her beau,
The proud and wise old Junior,
Who thinks that he is all the show;
Yet none falls down the sooner.

CHORUS.

IV.

And last, out of this labyrinth,
There shoots the Senior master,
Which makes all of the others wink,
For books and specs come after.

CHORUS.

SOWING WILD OATS

is what they say of the young who fail to heed.

Atlas Oats

are of a different kind—made to eat.
As a bracer these mornings they can't be beat
You should try them.



OUR "LIEUTENANT"
RICHARDS IN HIS GLORY

MODEL FIZIX LESSONS

COMPOUNDED BY A STAFF OF EXCELLENT PUPILS.

FIZIX.

Fiz-ix is a ter-ri-ble in-terest-ing sub-ject. It is a doin's that tell you all a-bout the dif-fer-ent trucks of nature. It tells you all a-bout in-er-ti-a or rest. It did say some-thing a-bout only the parts of any body mov-ing. In the lab-ra-tory you re-al-ly do work. Here you me-a-su-re things in all the dif-fer-ent ways your pa-pas ever heard of. Af-ter you do all this work you write all a-bout it on a lit-tle square of white paper. And on this said pa-per you do at-tempt to draw the ap-pra-tus. These are grad-ed with red ink.

ELECTRICITY

This is one of the sub-jects that you are learnt all a-bout. They say it is a kind of a ju-ice which runs thru a small tube. The juice it comes out of a small tank call-ed a bat-ter-y. Our in-struc-tor said it flows thru the wire

in a cur-rant. I guess it must run in small round drops, may be red like cur-rants. I did hear him say once that there was pres-sure in the wire. I don't know what this is, but I guess it is sugar to make the cur-rants sweet. It is also used to kill peo-ple by drown-ding them in the juice I guess.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

This is a do-ings. I heard them, that does catch the ticks that flew thru the air. These ticks are thrown out to car-ry mes-sages. To catch these ticks they put wires on the top of the building. Be-fore you can do this Mr. Ayres has to fall thru Mr. Bon-ni-field's ceil-ing and make a great big hole. Al-so you must have Mr. Wright play Jul-i-et in the tour. When you have done this and have caught all the ticks com-ing your way, you have a wire-less tel-e-gra-ph in-stru-ment. All you have to do now is to read the mes-sage.



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A LAST LOOK AT CENTRAL.

THE-END



