

THE CENTRALIAN

VOLUME X.

EDITED BY

THE LUMINARY STAFF

OF NINETEEN HUNDRED SEVEN AND EIGHT



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

KANSAS CITY, MO.

THE CENTRALIAN STAFF.



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GREETINGS

To the pupils, teachers, and friends of our school who have so loyally and ably supported us during the year, this volume, Central's year-book of nineteen hundred and eight is dedicated. May its pages afford something interesting and beneficial to a who shall read them. May this Centralian be an honor to Central High School.



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THE SENIORS.

Name.	Characteristic.	Chief Joy.	Aim in Life.
Laura Chesney.....	Roller skating.....	Joyfulness.....	
Dewey Chesney.....	Studying.....	His knowledge.....	
Wendell Fifield.....	Disagreeing.....	Perversity.....	
Ruby Mapes.....	Spiders.....	Big hats.....	
Ethel Wengert.....	Dreaming.....	Wistfulness.....	
Willard Rush.....	Hands in pockets.....	Doing nothing.....	
Arthur Eldred.....	Tiny.....	Fast walking.....	
Rosewell Maveety.....	His grin.....	"Descrip.".....	
T. K. Whipple.....	His forelock.....	To find locals.....	
Nina Tucker.....	Her mouth.....	Teasing.....	
Owen Krueger.....	His buckles.....	Public speaking.....	
Edward Taylor.....	His pocketbook.....	The girls.....	To rival Leisler.
Ruth Mervine.....	Honesty.....	Criticising Milton.....	To be considered wiser.
Harold Hillgardner.....	His knowledge.....	To be considered wise.....	Champion of the South.
Frank Adkins.....	His dignity.....	His knowledge.....	English teacher.
Mary Milan.....	Her vocabulary.....	Displaying same.....	Stump orator.
Meade Woodson.....	His yellow curls.....	Arguing.....	To catch a Count.
Fay Ingram.....	Puffs-Puffs-Puffs.....	Her coiffure.....	To have a tall beau.
Nina Cushing.....	Willowy walks.....	The matinee.....	Unknown.
Edith Case.....	Lost at sea.....	Emerson.....	To grow a mustache!
Earl Grant.....	Powder.....	Paint.....	To grow a mustache!!
Marshall Neal.....	Fancy shoes.....	Eating.....	To grow a mustache!!!
John Patterson.....	His brain.....	Manhood.....	To be janitor.
Dudley Hoffman.....	Disappeared in 1904.....	Dozing.....	To be an Aristonian.
Catherine Gray.....	Niftiness.....	Bread.....	M. M. M. M. M.
Marshall Thwing.....	Taking her in the auto.....	"Her".....	



THE SENIORS.

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Name.	Characteristic.	Chief Joy.	Aim in Life.
Blanche Roehm.....	Giggling	Height	To be less bashful.
Grace Ward.....	Physics Lab.....	Questioning Mr. Wright....	To know an ohm at sight.
Millie Mann.....	Studying	Her memory.....	To be a physicist.
Adeline Nentwig.....	Sauciness	"Waltz Me Around Again, Willie"	To play in concert.
Jack Reefer.....	Baby curls.....	Reading Mattie's German..	To keep a restaurant and fudge shop.
Alma Welch.....	Serenity	Silence	To keep quiet.
Dulcie Williams.....	Her calmness.....	Sitting still.....	To be a housekeeper.
Elaine Salmon.....	Activity	Motion	To be a suffragette.
George Bierwith.....	Silence	German	To get rich.
Julius Brydge.....	His glasses.....	Looking stern	Fire insurance.
Nellie Chandler.....	Her grades.....	Wearing a Lab. apron.....	That's a secret.
Luscher Rodman.....	Her merry widow size.....	Waiting at the church.....	To be a florist.
Mildred MacConnell.....	Dignity	Her own affairs.....	Undecided.
Gertrude Hibbard.....	Nonchalance	Talking to Earl.....	Actress.
William Crowley.....	"Good kid".....	H ₂ S	To 'tend a bar.
Sam Goodman.....	Curls	His "stock!".....	To be a Senator.
Jennie Harvey.....	Rosy cheeks.....	Powder	To wed.
Chas. King.....	Speed	Analytics	To graduate.
Wm. Nentwig.....	Talkativeness	Don't know.....	Undiscovered.
Jno. Cooper.....	His voice.....	Singing	To be a great musician.
Verna Jenkins.....	Overworked expression	Popularity	To "Meet Him at the Church."
Glesna Rouse.....	Talking	Spanish	To be an actress.

THE SENIORS.

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Name.	Characteristic.	Chief Joy.	Aim in Life.
Nelle Palmer.....	Her height.....	Being good-looking.....	To cook for a nice man.
Harriet Hosier.....	To be stylish.....	Her clothes.....	To be "swell."
Elizabeth Klebansky.....	Washing dishes.....	Blue eyes.....	To be tall.
John Slichter.....	The girls.....	Blushing.....	Teach Sunday school.
Berenice Boarman.....	Oral themes.....	Her size.....	To get fat.
Florence Day.....	Keeping still.....	Keeping still.....	Keeping still.
Ben Terte.....	Throwing goals.....	His soulful eyes.....	The basket.
Ruby Maynard.....	Reading love stories.....	Romantic.....	Have a sensational elopement.
Elsie McPherson.....	Dressing up.....	Good looking.....	To be a belle.
Elsie Flory.....	"Goo-goo" eyes.....	Neal Munson.....	Marriage.
Rose Terte.....	Powder.....	More powder.....	Go to China.
Howard Bayne.....	Bashfulness.....	To walk with Florence.....	Most powder.
Amber Anderson.....	Big feet.....	Smiling.....	Unannounced.
Harry Grovier.....	"I don't know".....	Miss Bain.....	To know.
Hannah Segelbohm.....	Rosy cheeks.....	Walking.....	To be introduced to them all.
Gertrude Mickadeit.....	Her hair.....	Doing up her hair.....	To speak ten languages.
Leonne Scott.....	Indifference.....	Writing chemistry notes.....	To fathom the future.
Mary Cunningham.....	Her walk.....	—H ₂ SO ₄ —.....	To be a spinster.
Mable Poston.....	Her gleaming eyes.....	Using her eyes.....	To be young.
James Reber.....	His front hair.....	Roller skating.....	To be "somebody."
Nell McDonald.....	Her propensity for wearing red and white.....	To take care of Francis.....	Francis.
Rex Hedrick.....	Kingliness.....	Convention Hall.....	To be a guard.
Norvin Vaughan.....	Broad shoulders.....	Spanish Club.....	To rival the discobolus.
Rosalie Flacy.....	Her hair.....	Chemistry.....	Hasn't any.
Ruth Jewell.....	Her face.....	The Choral Club.....	Grand opera.
Mary Webster.....	Reserve.....	12:40.....	Commencement.
Hood Heitman.....	Foolishness.....	Striving to appear bored.....	Hobo.
Leona Walton.....	Curls.....	Chemistry.....	To be an actress.
Harold Woodbury.....	His Lion, lying, Lyon.....	French play.....	To jump over the moon.
Beulah Adams.....	Star-gazing.....	Dancing.....	To be a florist's wife.
Eva Thayer.....	Ruby locks.....	English.....	To vote.
Anna Trotter.....	Studiousness.....	Studying.....	To be a scholar.
Helen Hainkle.....	Her curls.....	Mice.....	To breast the Marcel waves.
Mable Cochran.....	Stateliness.....	Assembly.....	To be a Greek student.

THE SENIORS.

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Name.	Characteristic.	Chief Joy.	Aim in Life.
Benjamin Leventhal.....	Being polite.....	Politeness.....	To be a poet.
Eleanor Hain.....	"Parleying".....	Sparkling eyes.....	To go to Africa.
Kenneth Tapp.....	Himself.....	Pompadour.....	To become famous.
Jeanette Ryland.....	"Grant"-ing favors.....	Fancy skating.....	To go abroad.
Will McPherrin.....	Midnight walking with(?)..	Smiling at young ladies....	To beat somebody's time.
Gertrude McKee.....	Her good looks.....	Coquettishness.....	Beat Wendell Fifield in debate.
Luthera Priestley.....	Her beauty.....	Entertaining young (?)....	To get married.
Gladys Hiatt.....	Hilarity.....	Books.....	To go to Lawrence.
Carolyn Lewis.....	Sparkling eyes.....	Absence.....	To be tall.
Florence Bentrup.....	Quietness.....	Taffy.....	To be thin.
Mae Fleming.....	Length.....	Talking to Mr. Smith.....	Munson.
Jennie Somers.....	Making dresses.....	Shubert.....	Thomas King Whipple.
Bertha Hockaday.....	Heat.....	Getting too hot to read Vergil.....	To be cool.
Eveleen Loser.....	Coiffure.....	Talking to Mr. Touton.....	Not to study.
Mattie Dumbeck.....	Height.....	Being tall.....	To grow taller.
Roy Teter.....	His hair.....	Boiling water.....	To be a scientist.
Beulah Murphy.....	That broad smile.....	The Shakespeares.....	To live in Kansas.
Patti Page.....	Fluffy-Ruffles.....	She has not said.....	To marry a count.
Harry Southard.....	His scholarly air.....	Yelling at basket ball games	
Meda Moore.....	Her dimples.....	Making dimples.....	To make more dimples.
Ottie McNeal.....	Bashfulness.....	Traveling.....	To be a writer.
Myrtle Molle.....	Music roll.....	To play (?) nine.....	It's being thought on.
Grace Bradsher.....	her dimutiveness.....	Physics Lab.....	To grow up.
Delphine McKenzie.....	Her speed.....	Basket ball.....	To be a professional.
Nina Waller.....	Style.....	Sunbonnet babies.....	Paris.
Joseph Brown.....	Uttering his profound truth.	Holding "Sis".....	To make his "profound truths" believed.
Lloyd Charlesworth.....	His cap.....	To beat the Shakespeares...	To keep on beating the Shakespeares.
Dwight Muckley.....	His face.....	The Majestic.....	Pawn shop.
Sarah Sellon.....	Brown eyes.....	Girls.....	To be loved.
Roscoe Conkling.....	Smallness.....	Shooting "Pool".....	To beat (the) Bill.
Mildred Strother.....	Her bows.....	Walking.....	To edit a magazine.
Nina King.....	Bleeding heart.....	Dwight.....	Muckley.
Harriet Thwing.....	Holding hands.....	Holding Will's hands.....	To hold McPherrin's hand. some more.
Harriet Tomlinson.....	Laughing.....	Queenliness.....	To live in the city.
Elizabeth Heim.....	Polkadots.....	"The Doctor's Son".....	To have some violets.
Francis McCarty.....	"Ladies' man".....	Nell.....	To be a minister.
William Barton.....	Long neck.....	Cubebs.....	To get a shave.
Miriam Lyon.....	Jumping.....	Pole-vaulting.....	Hurdling.
Florence Wingert.....	Laughing.....	Books.....	To be a history teacher.

THE SENIORS.

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Name.	Characteristic.	Chief Joy.	Aim in Life.
Clyde Shockley.....	Persistence	Vera	To be a physics teacher.
Montie Storie.....	"Red" Brown.....	Talking to "Red".....	Not to leave "Red."
Gladys Comstock.....	Writing	Shrewdness	To be a poet.
Amos Nichalds.....	The S. L. H.'s.....	Daintiness	To be a musician.
John Musselman.....	"Wild Irish" smile.....	To Dutch roll with Mildred.....	To raise curs.
Reba Armstrong.....	Foolishness	Chatting with Roscoe.....	To live in "Monkeyland."
Berthier Byers.....	Height	Solving Quads.....	To be a Math. teacher.
Harry Ghormley.....	Length	Speech-making	To be a lecturer.
Ted Sullivan.....	Smile	Dancing	To be a good rooter.
Fay Scroggen.....	Timidity	Match-making	To be nervy.
Walter Swartz.....	Fine exams.....	Logarithms	To know everything.
Jeanette Tavenner.....	Multum in parvo.....	To be wee.....	To discover something difficult.
Stanley Clausen.....	Giving excuses.....	Vergil	None: She turned him down.
Hazel Harbour.....	Her dimples.....	Beaming	A cottage.
Lowrie McClure.....	His dashing air.....	Miss Buck.....	To win that Manual girl.
	Her voice.....	Singing	To become a singer.
Kathleen McNutt.....	Her hands.....	Senior theme	To wear a Hood.
Delaware Slater.....	Her size.....	A clear slate.....	To change her state.
Barclay Moore.....	His socks.....	His pockets.....	Nothin' in particular.
Hattie Kluex.....	Coquettishness	Teasing Jack.....	The limelight.
Iva Messinger.....	Charm	French	To be happy.
Grovey Tyler.....	His curls.....	His curls.....	Twenty-one feet.
Gertrude Graffey.....	Her trimness.....	Looking "nice".....	To look nicer.
Orpha Robinson.....	Grecian beauty	Living	To cook for an ice man.
Louis Doering.....	Grinning	Socks !!!	To be a sport.
Joe Brown.....	Size	Explaining mathematical problems	To be a church sexton.
Jennie Bayzman.....	Her pins	English literature.....	To be a jeweler.
Mary Erwin.....	Talking	The same.....	To be listened to.
Florence Fleming.....	Heart disease.....	Boys	To teach Latin.

THE SENIORS.

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Name.	Characteristic.	Chief Joy.	Aim in Life.
Mable Moreman.....	Won't tell	Picture books.....	To have a red rose.
Mildred Bell.....	"Hershey" and pickles.....	Multum in Parvo.....	To be police matron.
Fleeta Donaldson.....	The stronger sex.....	Long braid.....	To be bright.
Alice Fox.....	"A Marmalite".....	Silence	To get her diploma.
Catherine Elliot.....	Gardening	Pink cheeks.....	To marry a farmer.
Elsie Fischer.....	Virgil	Fear of boys.....	To become an old maid.
Loretto Glenn.....	Herpicide	Her braids.....	More braids.
Elizabeth Morgan.....	Hiding boys' books.....	Eating fudge.....	To learn American History.
Isabel Thomas.....	Miss Bain.....	Originality	To grow tall.
Mabel Nowlin.....	Her family resemblance.....	Talking	To be not introduced as "her father's daughter."
Alene Schwarz.....	Her voice.....	Discussing prizefighters....	To get married.
Miriam Scofield.....	Her intellectuality.....	Pumping Mr. Touton.....	To change her name.
Bertha Teasdale.....	Her eyebrows.....	Taking care of the overflow from Mo. and Kansas....	To go to Mo. (?)
Elizabeth Willson.....	Her willowy walk.....	Teasing Miss Von Unworth.	To fall in love with some one.
Adella Pepper.....	Thomas K.	Thomas King.....	To be heard.
Edmund Field.....	His pompadour.....	Teaching Bonny to make chili	To talk to the girls without blushing.
Nell Reid.....	Chic style.....	O. Henry.....	To have a romance.
Vera Wignall.....	Demureness	Physics	To take nine studies at once.
Addie Halsey.....	Accent	The South.....	To go to Dixie again.
Ruth Van Doren.....	Her eyes.....	Bewitching with same....	To be a kindergarten teacher
Nelie Begey.....	Studiosness		To study forever.
Nellie Caleb.....	Her face.....	The baseball team.....	To sing.
Jeanette Latz.....	Her laugh	"Furor Loquendi".....	Elias Garnett, Chas. Barbee.
Lorene Whitmore.....	Her frown.....	Frowning	To be handsome.
Amelia Frauens.....	Her winning way.....	Everything	To succeed.
Gale Gossett.....	Beauty of face and deed....	Being coy.....	To meet Prince Charming.
Frank Lowe.....	His face.....	To be taken for a man.....	To impress more people.
Ivan Siegrist.....	His size.....	Taking Katherine to basket- ball games.....	To keep on taking her.
Arzelia Wilson.....	Lustiness	Orating	To love Vergil.
Louie Corse.....	Her giggle.....	That oration.....	To be a nurse.
Hetty Francis.....	Her smile.....	Reporting to Miss Bain....	To finish her fiction-reading.
Charlotta Marshall.....	Modesty	History	To blush no more.
Beryl Blanchard.....	Her demureness.....	Talking about Clyde.....	To follow in Clyde's foot- steps.
Bonita Ferguson.....	Her giggle (laugh).....	To be called dignified.....	To do some great good.
Cornelia Corse.....	Silence	Books	To look like her sister.
Gretchen Hansen.....	Athletics	Basket ball.....	To go to Parkville.

SENIOR OFFICERS.

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Will McPherrin, Prophet. Roscoe Conkling, Sergeant.
Jeanette Latz, Critic. Meda M. Moore, Gift Giver. Ruth Van Doren, Historian.
Gale G. Gossett, V-Pres. Joseph E. Brown, Pres. Amelia Frauens Treas. Francis McCarty, Secy.

A CHAPTER ON THE SENIORS.

AND it cometh to pass, that, after much labor and toils; and they walk with much dignity and haughtiness through the halls; and great multitudes follow them, but they scorn them all.

The teachers also come unto them saying, "Is it lawful for a Senior to put aside his lessons for any cause?" And the Seniors say unto them, "Have ye not read that he is a fool who worketh when there is no need?"

And said, "We have studied and have spent much time but it profited us not."

But the masters were not content with such sayings, and there was much controversy upon the subject, but without avail. For the Seniors are like unto a man full of wisdom and strong in argument, and no one is more wonderful than they.

Unto ye all I speak.

That whatsoever they bid you, that observe and do; for they say, and thus do they do.

When they are given heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, they place them not upon other men's shoulders, but they themselves do lift them by their own efforts.

But all their works they do to be seen of the students; they make broad their wisdom, and help one another.

And they love to be uppermost in the thoughts of all, and to be called of teachers, O Sapientes, O Sapientes.

May ye, O Juniors and Sophomores and Freshmen, become like unto these, for it hath been said of them for future days:

Wonderful shall be the scientific, for theirs is the glory of invention.

Honored shall be the historians, for theirs is the reward of archaeology.

Understood shall be the linguists, for theirs is the pleasure of speaking.

Mighty shall be the athletic, for theirs is the power of strength.

Happy shall be the unknowing ones, for theirs is the bliss of ignorance.

At length there cometh a great day for the Seniors, called Commencement Day, toward which there has been much longing because of the honor. Likewise there is weeping and wailing for on that day will there be an end to the life of Seniorsdom.

One year has their greatness endured, but this day is the summit of their glory. For many months before there is great excitement and preparation, and a drawing of lots to see who shall be first before the faces of the people.

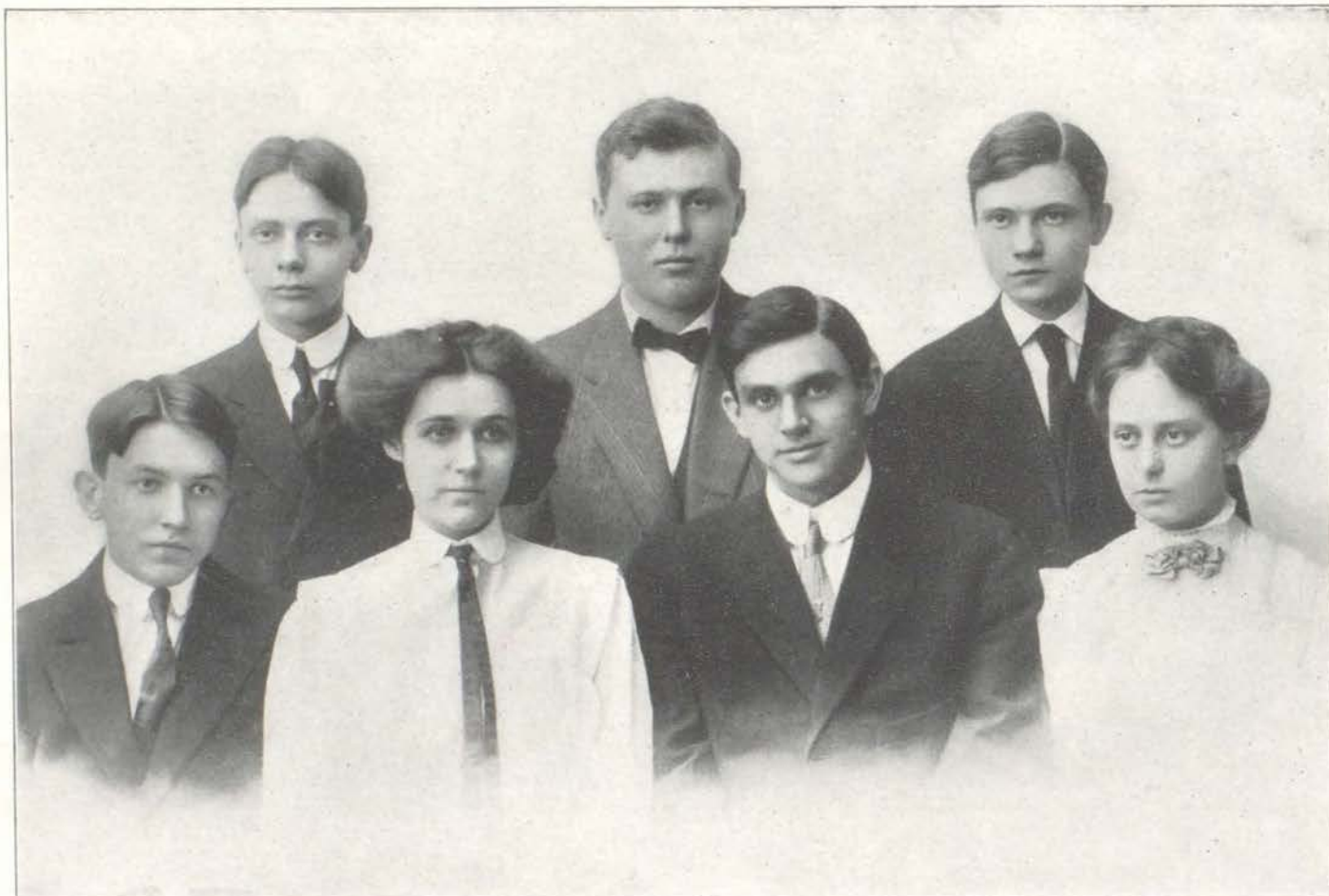
But for some there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, as they see themselves thrust out from the joy of that day; for is it not written, The way of the boastful Seniors is disappointment, but the way of the wise is graduation? And when all the people are assembled together on that last day, there is great rejoicing and much speaking. The Seniors are beautifully arrayed; the maidens are clad in white garments and the young men in black broadcloth. And there is singing and great clapping of hands. And soon every name is called and each receives a long, white roll, called a diploma, tied with beautiful blue and white ribbons.

Then doth it all end; and those who were called the Seniors pass on into the Kingdom of Life.

HARRIET THWING.

JUNIOR OFFICERS.

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David Hawkins, V-Pres. Ralph Bower, Sergeant. Charles Wilhelm, Treas.
Arvid Frank, Gift Receiver. Rowena Campbell, Critic. Chas. Woodbury, Treas. Marea Newby, Sec'y.

A TALE OF THE JUNIORS.

CONTENTS.

Book I. Time, 1905-6.

CHAPTER I.

Class of '09 are introduced into Central life in September, 1905. They all look like promising lads and lasses. In fact, they exceed all students in mind, body and soul.

CHAPTER II.

They encounter the elevator, the "big red can," and the sandwiches. Enough said.

CHAPTER III.

All teachers marvel at their wisdom and brilliant ways. All foresee that they are to be "The Class of Central's Pride."

CHAPTER IV.

Athletics.—Mr. Hamilton bestows numerous medals upon them as a reward for their valiant courage in fighting Old Central's battles.

Book II. Time, 1906-7.

CHAPTER I.

The class of '09 returns to school laden with deep thoughts and brilliant hopes for the future. They look even wiser than before, if such a thing could be.

CHAPTER II.

They bestow valuable and timely warnings upon the Freshmen, who sorely need such warnings and advice. They are respected, yea, even idolized by the poor vernal little class of '10, as well as by the Juniors and Seniors of this time.

CHAPTER III.

They become candidates for societies. A mad rush for "The Class" ensues. Many Juniors and Seniors of this age sadly defeated by members of the '09 bunch. A few societies are fortunate enough to secure members.

Book III. Time' 1907-8.

CHAPTER I.

Again this famous class returns with bright and cheering faces, ready to bear their burdens through the year. They are continually looked up to for examples of good deeds in brain and brawn, on account of their former experiences.

CHAPTER II.

They win in contests of every kind and gain so many rewards that every other class begs their help in their own little minor contests. Seniors are, of course, defeated by Juniors in all struggles between the two classes.

CHAPTER III.

Athletics.—So many trophies are won by the Class of '09 that especial meetings of Assembly Hall have to be called every week to present them to the school. Plans for a new trophy case are now being made to hold further cups, etc.

CHAPTER IV.

Forecast for the next year: More wonderful class in every way than the present or any other Senior class. Great things are expected of the Juniors and are sure to be fulfilled.

List of Illustrations.

1. "As the Class of '09 were enrolling for the first time they were surrounded by a throng of admiring Seniors" Book I
2. "The Big Sophomore was leading two small vernals through the great mysterious recesses of the Assembly Hall" Book II
3. "The Coach of the basket ball team was proudly pinning three medals for bavery on the coat lapel of each gay Junior" Book III

ELIZA KIMBALL, '09.

Sophomore Report to King of the City of Brass.

24 I WAS sitting alone, when suddenly a brilliant light streamed across the room. The ray trembled as it fell across my face, and caused my eyes to raise themselves to the sun. At first I was dazzled by the force of the light, and I saw nothing but the ball of fire, but presently my vision cleared and that which I heretofore had known as a sunbeam became a flight of stairs. They were the color of gold, but so polished that they shone like diamonds. Great was my surprise, but yet there was more to come. Ascending these stairs of light, was a herald in brass tinted dress. A handsome brass colored plume was in his hat and cloak of the same shade was over his shoulders. His appearance was charming, yet commanding, as he doffed his soft hat and stood ready to speak.

"May I inquire if you are of the Class of '10 whose wisdom shines forth in Central High School?" came in a clear voice.

"I am," I replied, rather proudly.

With a pleased smile and more confidential manner he began: "I suppose I had better explain why I am here before I ask more questions. Well, you see all bright things receive their brilliancy from a source. This being true, you may the more readily see why it is that the Sophomores of Central are in a measure related to the sun. We account them in the palace records as a sunbeam, whose duty it is to illuminate Central. Of course, you know green things, like Freshmen, must have sunshine to grow. Therefore the Sophomores exist. The Juniors and Seniors have both passed through this stage, otherwise they would be no better than the Freshmen. Now of course the King of the City of Brass, which is the capital of the sun, keeps an account of the standard of the Sophomores, and the amount of good they are doing. I have been sent by this same king to hear the report for 1908, so, if you can tell me some few facts, I will be pleased to inform his majesty."

"I— I hardly know where to begin," I faltered; realizing that it was a big proposition to tell of the greatness of my class.

"Well," he answered, "I have a few questions which I generally like to have answered. How is your class looked upon by the Seniors?"

"Ah, it is with compassion, sympathy, and condescending interest. Little do they realize how strong is our light, for they are too busy thinking about themselves. It is true, however, that, though the Senior intellectual bulb swells at contest time, it seems to be full of air when the head-light, the Sophomores, looms in sight."

"So the Juniors seem still to be out of the game?" came next.

"Well, the facts of the case are that the Juniors are so sure that they are almost Seniors, and yet so ignorant, that the Sophomores are still in existence, that they are not worth mentioning," I replied truthfully.

"How about the Freshmen, are they doing nicely?"

"To be sure," I nodded encouragingly, "they are growing so well in our sunshine that by next year they will be blooming Sophomores, an honor to their class."

"Then I gather from what you have said that the 1910's are the brightest, strongest and most remarkable pupils in school," he remarked, thoughtfully. "Yes, I can easily understand how that can be, considering the utter stupidity in the rest of the classes." His grave face broke into smiles as he continued. "Your answers will please his majesty, the king, for they most certainly show that the Sophomores are a fit relation of the sun."

With a gallant adieu, he suddenly turned and started up the steps, but, as I watched, the light faded as quickly as it had come, and again I stood alone. Now, however, I was prouder than ever of the wonderful class of Sophomores.

KATHRYN GENTRY.

FRESHMEN--CLASS OF '11.

THE class of '11 is composed of what is known this year as "Freshies" but when next year comes and we are "safe, safe in the Sophomore field," then it will be the 12's that are the "Freshies" of old Central. At present we take algebra, physiology and all of the other first year subjects, but one consolation is that we are not the only ones that are taking algebra, at least, for there are some people who have been going two and three times as long as we have and who are still taking algebra I.

It is true that at first we had some little difficulty in going around the halls with an unconcerned look upon our faces. But now that we are becoming used to the dignified ways of the Seniors, the cool hauteur of the Juniors, and the artless chatter of the Sophomores, we feel that we are to be congratulated on having none of these characteristics.

A few things about Central are natural wonders to us; for instance, the janitors. Seemingly their use is only to bother the "fussers" and to cry "shift" to the "loafers." Another is the fire-escape, which we have observed is more often dusted by Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors and teachers than by any of our number.

We used to have a Freshman class organization, but as some of those who did not get an office felt so hurt, we have decided to let the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors have the only class organizations.

Some wise Sophomore has said that only ten per cent of the Freshmen are able to escape the penitentiary or the asylum for the weak minded. We know, however, that the

Sophomores are not honored with their class name in the locals as often as we are. These people will also notice that we did not call the Luminary office an elevator, or get lost as often as they did last year. This fact proves that we are the best Freshman class that has ever lighted up the halls of Central with their youthful brilliancy. We still have a few green ones among us though, for it is a known fact that a small girl in Study Hall held up her hand and broke the silence by calling out "Teacher" several times.

However, some of us have never made a worse mistake than to make a wrong turn in the halls, since the new annex has begun to darken them, and it is whispered around school that even the Seniors only avoid collisions by letting their superior knowledge light up the way.

We have noticed that some of the Seniors are going to leave us. Is it because they think they could not run the school so easily with our class as Sophomores? We are not quite conceited enough to think this. We look up to the Seniors, as a matter of custom, not duty. But we will congratulate them on the fine examples they have set for us younger ones.

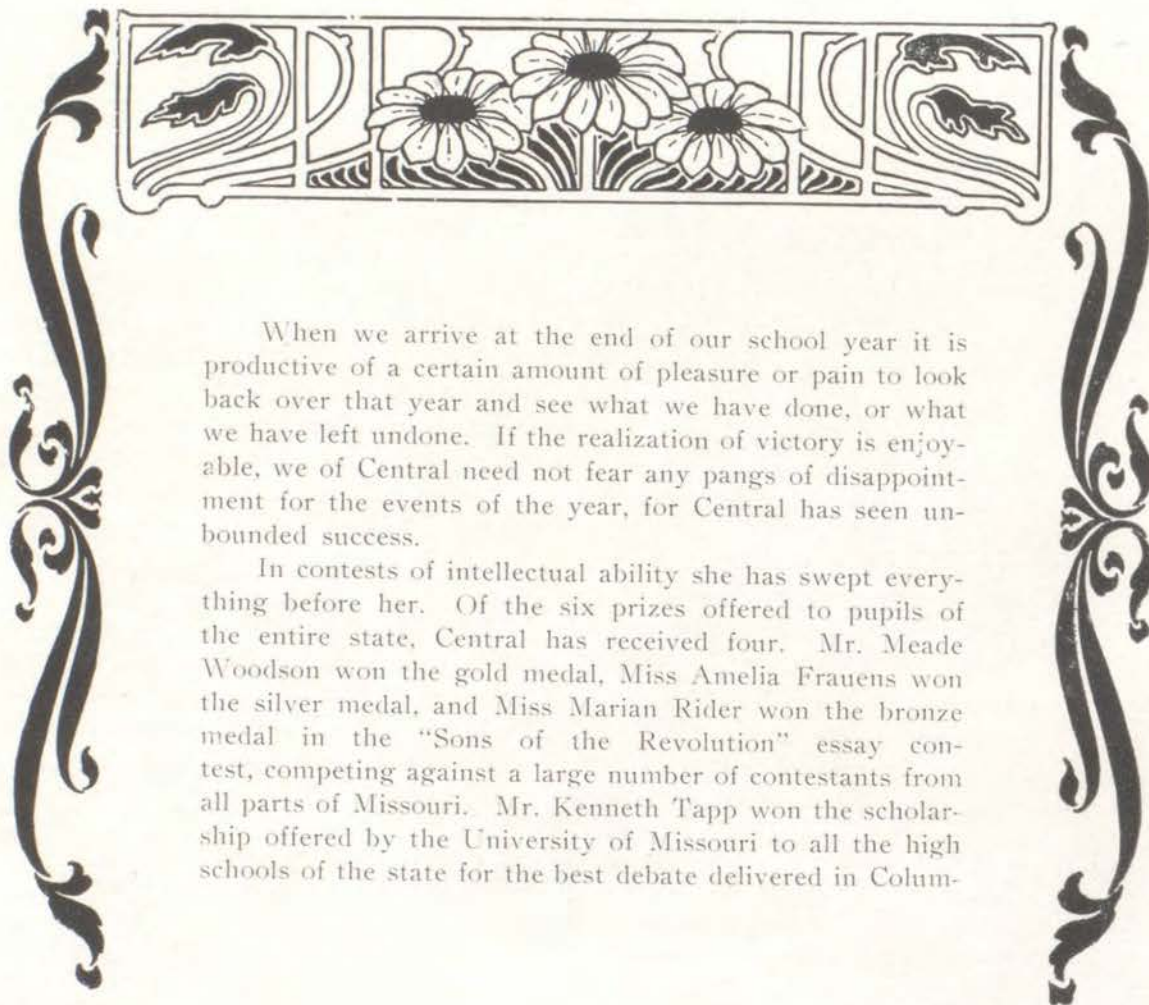
The chief ambition of most of the Freshmen is to become more high and mighty than the seniors, more self-important than the Juniors and worse "bluffers" than the Sophomores.

LYLE HAYES.

N. B. This year we have been watching and waiting but watch out for us next year.

EDITORIAL

26



When we arrive at the end of our school year it is productive of a certain amount of pleasure or pain to look back over that year and see what we have done, or what we have left undone. If the realization of victory is enjoyable, we of Central need not fear any pangs of disappointment for the events of the year, for Central has seen unbounded success.

In contests of intellectual ability she has swept everything before her. Of the six prizes offered to pupils of the entire state, Central has received four. Mr. Meade Woodson won the gold medal, Miss Amelia Frauens won the silver medal, and Miss Marian Rider won the bronze medal in the "Sons of the Revolution" essay contest, competing against a large number of contestants from all parts of Missouri. Mr. Kenneth Tapp won the scholarship offered by the University of Missouri to all the high schools of the state for the best debate delivered in Colum-

bia on "High School Day." Mr. Henry O'Brien, against all the high schools of the West, took the University of Chicago scholarship for the best examination in mathematics.

So much for state contests. In this city there were three prizes offered for the best essays on the art exhibit held here recently. Of these, Miss Ethel Wengert received first prize, and Mr. George Hayward third prize, both pupils of Central.

But Central students have been active within the school also. The prize offered by the "Daughters of the Revolution" for the best essay on "The Santa Fe Trail" was won by Miss Amelia Frauens. The Christmas play was produced by Central pupils under the direction of Messrs. Dillenbeck and Gordon. Throughout the year students have in a large measure supplied the weekly assembly programs. The various society and club entertainments and the miscellaneous programs have been instructive, as well as enjoyable. The inter-society contest, the culmination of the society work was a great success, both as to enthusiasm and as to intellectual merit.

However, not only in the intellectual field has Central been successful. She has surpassed other schools in athletics, also. She won the basket-ball championship, and the

track championship over her sister schools. We may be justly proud to have been members of Central during the past year. May she continue to surpass is our greatest desire.

The time has come when a large body of pupils is to leave high school, never to return as a body of students. We cannot prophesy the future events of their lives. We cannot say whether they will be successes or failures. We cannot know. We do know, however, that if failure shall be their portion, they shall have no one but themselves to blame. We know, also, that they will have to bear that failure for themselves. College is a place for men and women; the business world is a place for men and women; and whether these seniors become college students, or whether they go into the commercial world immediately, they must be men and women. They must be ready to encounter and solve much harder problems than they have encountered in school. They must be ready to bear greater glory than they have borne in school, and to bear greater defeat than they have borne here. We feel sure, however, that this class will breast the tide, and will come out victorious, as it has over the trials during this last year.

A Statement of The Finances of The Luminary.

28

November.	RECEIPTS.	
Sales		\$ 55.35
Advertising		76.00
Total		\$131.35

EXPENDITURES.		
Printing		\$ 80.50
Engraving		7.98
Miscellaneous Expenses		4.75
Total		\$ 93.23

December.	RECEIPTS.	
Sales		\$ 55.75
Advertising		91.50
Total		\$147.25

EXPENDITURES.		
Printing		\$ 98.45
Engraving		9.80
Miscellaneous Expenses		10.60
Total		\$118.85

January.	RECEIPTS.	
Sales		\$ 51.00
Advertising		79.50
Total		\$130.50

EXPENDITURES.		
Printing		\$ 95.35
Engraving		10.85
Miscellaneous Expenditures		6.90
Total		\$113.10

February.	RECEIPTS.	
Sales		\$ 49.35
Advertising		58.50
Total		\$107.85

EXPENDITURES.		
Printing		\$ 82.80
Engraving		18.25
Miscellaneous Expenses		5.30
Total		\$106.35

March.	RECEIPTS.	
Sales		\$ 46.75
Advertising		109.50
Total		\$156.25

EXPENDITURES.		
Printing		\$ 90.00
Engraving		18.72
Miscellaneous Expenditures		5.20
Total		\$113.92

April.	RECEIPTS.	
Advertising		\$ 73.50

EXPENDITURES.		
Printing		\$141.62
Engraving		22.52
Miscellaneous		12.50
Total		\$176.64
Total balance for year.....		24.61

SOCIETIES.



BACON
BACON.

THE SOCIETY OF LITERATURE AND HISTORY.



Ralph Bowers
 Florence Benthrop
 Cecile Burton
 Robert Campbell
 Margaret Cameron
 Newell Charde
 Gladys Comstock
 Grace Comstock
 Lewen Donaldson
 Mary Derby

MEMBERS.
 Neal Harper
 Fleeta Donaldson
 Nelson Hill
 Alma Fernald
 Harriet Hawley
 Ruth Hofflander
 Gertrude Mickadeit
 Nora Millard
 Harry Jacobs
 Charles King

Nyda Miller
 Price Patterson
 Lillian Monahan
 Frank Slezak
 Ned Steel
 Marea Newby
 Ethel Paul
 Eva Thayer
 Norwin Vaughn
 Gertrude McKee

OFFICERS.

Lillian Monohan	President
Harry Jacobs	Vice-President
Cecile Burton	Secretary
Norwin Vaughan	Treasurer
Eva Thayer	Critic
Florence Eentrup	Samuel Lucrecius Historicus.
Newell Charde	Sergeant-at-Arms
W. W. Douglass	Advisor



Yell:

Boom-a-laca, Boom-a-laca,
Sis-boom-bah,
S. L. H., S. L. H.,
Rah, rah, rah.

Colors—Purple and White.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

THAT cloudless afternoon the air seemed charged with intense excitement. Groups of men talking eagerly, stood about the streets. Their subject was their countryman, Herodotus, the "Father of History," famed throughout Persia, Asia Minor and all Greece.

The people moved toward the bema, for Herodotus was to speak. Long before the orator came the stand was surrounded by an eager throng, as all Athens wished to hear the story-teller.

Slowly, appealing to his listeners' pride, their conceit, Herodotus pictured to them the past. He saw their eyes flash as he told them of the escape from the tyrants. He watched their muscles tighten as he repeated the story of the victory of Salamis. Then he began to speak of the present, but at once the interest lessened. These people realized their own greatness; they felt their importance. The desired to hear of some new achievement. Perceiving their restlessness, he told them of a future Golden age, in which an intellectual, moral and social standard would be established by the Greeks for all nations. Again, the crowd grew quiet, for they had not known this.

The speaker paused for a moment. Then he told them more of the vision of the future which had come to him. He saw, far down the centuries, in an immense city, a school

composed of pupils, neither Greek nor Persian. He could not tell of what nationality they were. In this great school, in 1893, a date he could not understand, he saw a chosen few standing apart from the rest. These passed into one of the school rooms, where they organized a society for the study of literature and history. As he watched the new society progress, he saw it become a power among the other societies of the school. Now and then the others would disband, and new ones would spring up to take their places, but still this one society lived on, growing in membership and strength. Each year more members were added.

Next, Herodotus noticed that in this far, off time, even beyond another date he dimly saw, 1908, this society would study Greek literature; would study Greek history. All were listening intently now. Could a surer proof of their greatness be offered than that, after years of which they knew nothing such an organization as this "Society of Literature and History" should study them?

Herodotus had finished. He had shown these people their greatness in the past, present and future. Slowly they left the bema amid cries of "Herodotus" and "long live the 'Society of Literature and History!'"

MAREA NEWBY, '09.

THE ARISTONIAN SOCIETY.

32



MEMBERS.

Inez Andrus
Lillian Ball
Beryl Blanchard
Lucia Bowen
Edmund Burke
Stella Case
Freda Dietrich
Catherine Elliot
Bonita Ferguson
Florence Fleming
Amelia Frauens
Kathryn Gentry
Gale Gossett
Hazel Harbour

Genevieve Herrick
Louise Jenkins
Dorothy Kitchen
Bessie Marshall
Charlotta Marshall
Katherine Martin
Edith McDonald
Margaret McElroy
Margaret Middlecoff
Imogene Murdock
Genevieve Nowlin
Mabel Nowlin

Adella Pepper
Lillie Runyan
Harriet Scofield
Miriam Scofield
Bertha Teasdale
Isabel Thomes
Janet Vandewater
Ruth Van Doren
Marie Webster
Martha Whittemore
Arzella Willson
Elizabeth Willson
Cecile Woods
Miss Morgan

OFFICERS.

Gale Gossett	President
Ruth Van Doren	Vice-President
Mabel Nowlin	Secretary
Imogene Murdock	Treasurer
Beryl Blanchard	Phobeia
Stella Case	Sergeant-at-Arms
Adella Pepper	Critic
Miss Morgan	Chaperon



Yell:

Yangstikiang, kiang, kiang,
Allagobang, gobang, gobang,
Hullabalet! Hullabalet!
Aristonian, Violet!

Motto: Non quis sed quid.

Flower: Violet.

THE ARISTONIANS

In a knightly hall in days long past
A minstrel sang his song of war;
But the ladies, weary of legends drear,
Sighed for a lay of peace and rest.
So with wandering hands the harp he struck,
And this is the song he sang:

"The violet's a dainty flower,
It grows in lowly places;
And he alone discovers it
Who through the glade slow paces.

It bows its modest head so low
Beneath its curling leaves,
We must bend low that we may catch
The fragrance which it breathes.

For with that perfume, rare and sweet,
Come thoughts of a high, pure life.
One spent, perhaps, in some distant place
For others lightening strife.

Like to this flower should women be,
In all things sweet and pure,
That by their deeds of thoughtfulness
All sorrow they may cure.

The violet's a dainty flower,
With fragrant face of blue.
And with its sprightly cheerfulness,
It gives us hope anew."

The singer ceased, and all were still,
When a lady spoke, in thoughtful tone:
As the echo died with a low, sweet sound,
"Let us always wear this little flower,
Embodiment of hope and love;
Star of the earth, which typifies
The blue of royalty in the skies."
With one accord, each lady there
For her favorite flower did the violet wear.
So now our Aristonian flower
Is a source of inspiration high.
From it we learn that what we do
Is more important than what we are.
By deeds alone we strive to show
That our aim is ever for the best,
And that if toward the best we look,
Our lives will ever onward go.

As years pass by o'er Central's halls
And new souls seek her knowledge-store,
May the little flower of minstrel-lore
Be a power for good in Central's walls.

CATHERINE ELLIOTT, '08.

CENTRAL WEBSTER CLUB.

34



MEMBERS.

Joseph E. Brown
Meade Woodson
Edmund Field
William McPherrin
Francis McCarty
Harry Ghormiey
Harry Owen
John C. Musselman
Arvid Frank

Charles Wilhelm
Mr. C. H. Nowlin
Mr. E. E. Rush
Clarence Milton
Stanley Clausen
Lloyd Charlesworth
Russell Colton
Hale Cook

George H. Edwards
Clarence Mooney
Theodore Misselwitz
Henry R. O'Brien
Frank Siegrist
Clarence Timanus
Roscoe Wallis
Horace Mitchell
Earl Moore

OFFICERS.

Meade Woodson	President
Charles F. Wilhelm	Vice-President
Clarence Connor	Secretary
Roscoe D. Wallis	Treasurer
Horace Mitchell	Sereant-at-Arms
Francis McCarty	Critic
Charles F. Wilhelm	Scriptor
Mr. C. H. Nowlin	Advisor



Yell:

Rip rap,
Strip strap,
Sis! Boom! Ah!
Webster! Webster!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Colors: Red and White.

Flower: Carnation.

Motto: "In Vestigiis Maximorum."

THE WEBSTERS.

"In Vestigiis Maximorum."

THIS is the motto under which the Central Webster Club was organized, and surely there has never in Central been a club which has more consistently and faithfully lived up to its motto. As long as the Club has been known to the students of Old Central, just that long have its members done more than their share toward bringing honor to the school. This is true not only in a literary way, but also in all the branches of school life. To satisfy yourself as to the truth of this statement, turn your attention to any of the school activities and find there is not one in which the Club is not represented.

When the results of the Luminary election became known last fall, it was found that the Editor-in-Chief, the Mathematics Editor and one of the business managers were Websters. When the selection of the Christmas play cast was made, five Websters secured places, three of these being important. Is it to be wondered that the Christmas play was such a success, in spite of the fact that the cast had only three weeks' preparation? Another habit members of this Club have acquired is that they always manage to get the highest honor that comes Central's way in the Son's of the Revolution contest. Three years ago Central won the silver meday—that is, a Webster won it. Two years ago Websters captured the gold and silver

medals. Last year a bronze came to a Webster, and this year we got the gold medal through the efforts of Mr. Woodson. When Mr. Cammack made the statement that Central's share was usually all, he might have said, by way of explanation, that to a large extent this meant the Webster's share was usually all. The Club also has a better representation in the class elections and in the athletic interests of the school than any other of the societies.

The question that now arises is: What is the reason for these successes; why is it the Websters are always at the top in everything? As an answer it might be said that it is due mainly to the training received, to the spirit of enthusiasm and co-operation that exists amongst the members. At the meetings, programs carefully planned and prepared, are given on the great masterpieces of literature and art. Questions of the day are discussed in oration and debate. Coupled with this is a spirit of brotherhood and determination whose force few obstacles resist.

These, then, are the reasons why the Central Webster Club has accomplished so much, and why it has set such a pace that the other societies have fallen far behind. Truly, they, too, are likewise following

"In the footsteps of the Great."

WILL L. McPHERRIN, '08.

CENTRAL SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

36



MEMBERS.

Marie Brown
Charles Davis
Wendell Fifield
Charles Garnett
Hugh Guy
Ethel Haldeman
Gretchen Hansen
David Hawkins
Harold Hillgardner
Nora Jack
Mary Jennings
Jeannette Latz

Ottie McNeal
Frances Meservey
Raymond Moore
Beulah Murphy
Edna Oakley
Patti Page
Mabel Poston
Elizabeth Sellon
Ross Slaughter
Effie Timanus
Lenora Warneson

Florence Wingert
Scott Young
John Linger
Ewing Boone
Margaret Needles
Bessie Vance
Lois Gresham
Oka Thomas
Elias Barbee
Donald Allison
Helen Fairlamb

OFFICERS.	
Harold Hillgardner	President
Gretchen Hansen	Vice-President
Marie Brown	Secretary
John Linger	Treasurer
Patti Page	Critic
Elias Barbee	Sergeant-at-Arms
L. Wendell Fifield	Didaskalos



Yell:
 Brek-kek-kek-kek-koax-koax.
 Brek-kek-kek-kek-koax-koax.
 Oop-Oop-Parabaloo!
 Shakespeare!
 Flower: Rose.
 Colors: Old Rose and Olive Green.
 Motto: "Learn of the Wise and Perpend."

A FULFILLED PROPHECY.

(Apologies to "Bill Nye.")

IT had been a day of celebration in London. Queen Elizabeth had just recovered from her monthly attack of gout, and a holiday had been decreed by a loyal and grateful parliament. An extra evening performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" had been put on the boards at the Globe Theatre (open under new management, with an all-star cast, at popular prices.)

But now, the scene of merriment was changed. The beautiful twilight of a summer's eve had slowly faded. The last loiterer had retired from the free-lunch counter, and was slowly wending his way homeward, occasionally embracing that friend in need, the lamp-post. Every few moments the song of a London tom-cat broke the stillness of the night and died away like the wail of some departed spirit.

In the green room of the Globe Theatre, however, the scene was different. The all-star cast lounged about, listening to Pyramus and Thisbe "arguing" over which was the best actor. At the end of the second round, Shakespeare "butted in" and called time.

"There is no need of arguing the point any further, gentlemen. Three hundred years from now you'll both be back-numbers, both in the gentle art of prize-fighting and that of acting," said the immortal one.

"Why so?" said Pyramus.

Shakespeare gazed around the room for a few moments as if he were afraid that Ann Hathaway was lying in wait

for him behind one of the doors, and then replied: "Well, you know that Professor Foonoosky, the great Hindu astrologer, dropped around to the performance this evening and, after the show was over, foretold a few things in return for a couple of comps. One thing he told was that I was immortal. I've known that, though, ever since I lived through that wiener-wurst sandwich of Mrs. Coll's."

After taking another observation of the corners of the room, the immortal one proceeded. "An important thing which he told was about a club, named after me, in a high school in a country not yet in existence. He says it'll be far in advance of all the rest, in 1908. Why, in that year, they're going to play a part of this same 'Midsummer Night's Dream' so well that our little performance of this evening would look amateurish compared with it. And that won't be the only time they show their abilities as actors, either. They'll have four members in the Christmas Play cast. Then, think of the six gold medals they'll win in the inter-society contest. And—"

But just then, Ann Hathaway appeared in the doorway with a broom stick in her hand. At this the immortal poet, with a sheepish grin, said, "Just getting ready to come home, my dear," and beat a hasty retreat through the only other door.

DAVID HAWKINS, '09.

MINERVA LITERARY SOCIETY.

38



MEMBERS.

Clara Walker
Helen Vickers
Gladys Mankin
Dena Schliefschne
Winifred McMillan
Mae Belle Bacon
Beulah McMillan
Beulah Addison
Eva Williams
Elsie Fischer

Jennie Bayzman
Lelah Hulse
Cleo Abshire
Blanche Richardson
Ida Joffe
Mary Levite
Bertha Moore
Gertrude Woods
Olive Corby
Fay Prigmore

Dorothy Van Deusen
Elizabeth Cox
Helen Carpenter
Sarah Mitchell
Gladys Corning
Elizabeth Lavery
Edith Grassley
Sylvia McCarthy
Helen Meriweather
Lois Brooks

OFFICERS.	
Bertha Moore	President
May Belle Bacon	Vice-President
Helen Vickers	Secretary
Jennie Baynman	Treasurer
Beula Addison	Critic
Elsie Fisher	Pedagog
Helen Carpenter	Sergeant-at-Arms



Yell:

Are we nerry?
Well I guess!
M-i-n-e-r-v-a-s!

Flower: White Rose.
Colors: White and Green.

Motto: We must work if we would win.

THE MINERVAS.

Hear ye! Hear ye! Be it known that on the twenty-eighth day of the month of November in the year of our Lord 1906, there gathered together in Central High school a group of sober, solemn, studious girls, who, seeking for a name most appropriate, chose that of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. True to its god-mother, this precocious society, when only six months old, started its career by winning the gold medal for declamation in the inter-society contest.

Then in their second year they doubled their membership. To live up to their name for wisdom, considering the quickest way to their goal, the members sagely took up the study of fiction in the literature of their own country. With a pedagog to direct them, chosen from among the members,

the society is weekly becoming wiser in a knowledge of American fiction by an acquaintance with Poe, Holmes and Hawthorne.

On account of their youth, having nothing to which they can look back the Minervas have optimistically adopted the motto of "Look Forward, Not Backward." Already in the first foothold, they are preparing not only to follow the older societies, but also some day to carve their name higher than any of the others. They have made a good start by their assembly hall programs and hope by diligent society work to make their position firm. With a bright future before them, they intend yet to make themselves a society to which old Central can point with pride.

EVA WILLIAMS '09.

INTER-SOCIETY CONTEST WINNERS.



Mabel Nowlin, '08.
Mildred M. Bell, '08.
Florence Wingert, '08.

Gale G. Gossett, '08.
Raymond I. Moore, '09.
Jeanette Latz, '08.

Amelia Frauens, '08.
Edna B. Oakley, '09.
Wendell Fifield, '08.

Miriam Scofield, '08.
Edmund Field, '08.
Ottie McNeal, '08.

INTER-SOCIETY CONTEST.

Central very closely approaches a college in the educational line. The most "college" spirit shown throughout the year is at the Inter-Society Contest. As the banners, yells, ribbons and songs come floating into the hall those assembled burst into a spontaneous applause, for they know that these people are going to fight for their societies. The reputation of their societies' work is at stake.

The attendance and attention were both splendid this year. The attention, however, was impelled for the physical contest of "out-yelling the others" was frantically maintained until the chairman, Dr. Hewett, called order for the intellectual contest. Every contestant did so well that the task of the judges was more difficult than at any previous inter-society contest.

The orations, which covered a broad field of study, were all very interesting. Then, after an intermission for yelling, we were shown the pros and cons of the labor union question. The declamations took us from the modern "Pettison Swings" and the "Thousand Quilt," to "Toussaint L'Ouverture" and the time of "King John" and the "Lady of Shalot." The contest in essay, story and original verse had been decided previously.

The northeast corner of the hall was rent with screams when the gold medal in oration was awarded to Jeanette

Latz; then the joy spread to the other corner when the silver medal was given to Miriam Scofield. This process was repeated, with greatly increased vim, when the gold medal for debate was given to Wendell Fifield; again the Aristonians rejoiced with the silver medal for Mildred Bell.

The Shakespeares began playing "Jumping Jack" when Edna Oakley received the gold medal in declamation; the Aristonians arose with one glad scream when Mable Nowlin received the silver medal. The other societies were expectantly sighing for their turn, when the essay of Florence Wingert was awarded first medal, and Amelia Frauen second. By this time the Shakespeares and Aristonians were supposedly supremely happy. But when the story of Ottie McNeal was given the gold medal their joy knew no bounds. The Websters indulged in sonorous yelling when Edmund Field was presented with the silver medal.

All were struck with wonder when the sixth gold medal was given to the Shakespeares. Raymond Moore won the gold medal in original verse, and Gale Gossett the silver.

One of the greatest values of the inter-societies contest to the school is the good-natured rivalry which it encourages.

Long live this spirit at Central!

MEDA M. MOORE.

CHRISTMAS PLAY CAST.

42



	Dwight H. Muckley.	Francis McCarty.	Joseph E. Brown.	
Harry Owen.	Will McPherrin.	Wendell Fifield.	Chas. Garrett.	
Mildred M. Bell.	Jeanette Latz.	Kenneth Trapp.	Ruth Van Doren.	Marea Newby.

THE CHRISTMAS PLAY.

(According to a Letter Written by a Senior.)

Oh, yes; I promised to tell you about the Christmas play of naught seven, and of the fourteen people who called themselves the 'all-star' cast of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' Oliver Goldsmith's delightful comedy. The unforeseen difficulties attending the rehearsals of the play made it doubly hard for the participants, who rehearsed twice a day. The school showed its appreciation of their effort by filling the house for the two nights it was presented.

"It was the best play I have ever seen given by amateurs. But now really, they were not amateurs. There is Joseph Brown, who put into the part of Mr. Hardcastle the charming hospitality and geniality which is so natural to him. Although Mr. Hardcastle may have bored his guests, who mistook his home for a public inn, with stories of the Duke of Wellington, Joe in no way bored the audience, who were intensely amused at his actions.

"The important part of Tony Lumpkin, a riotous squire who is the darling of his mother, as well as of the village tavern, was sustained by Kenneth Tapp, whom none will deny admirably suited to portray this enjoyable character. He seemed thoroughly at ease, and his voice was splendid. The way in which he drawled out 'Now mamma,' will always be remembered by those who saw the play.

"Then, again, how about Meade Woodson's being an amateur? If you had seen the keen appreciation of the character of young Marlowe, lover of Miss Hardcastle, which he showed in his acting, you would have said, 'Behold, a second Sothorn.' His voice was suited to the part, and his bashfulness and audacity as a suitor were both delightful.

"The character of Hastings, lover of Miss Neville and friend of Marlowe, as portrayed by John Rafferty, exceeded our fondest hopes. He looked handsomer than ever in his white satin costume, and succeeded in overcoming his ac-

customed reverse. Charles Garnett, as Diggory, the Hardcastle man-servant, showed his cleverness for that kind of a role. He did not overdo the part, but made it very amusing. Harry Owen, as Sir Charles Marlowe, had a splendid voice, and lent the right amount of dignity to his impersonation.

"The scene which caused the most laughter among the audience was the riotous scene at the 'Three Pigeons,' which was participated in by Francis McCarthy, who as the portly in-keeper, was hardly recognizable; Will McPherrin, Dwight Muckley and Wendell Fifield and Harry Owen. The toasting song of Tony was exceedingly well given.

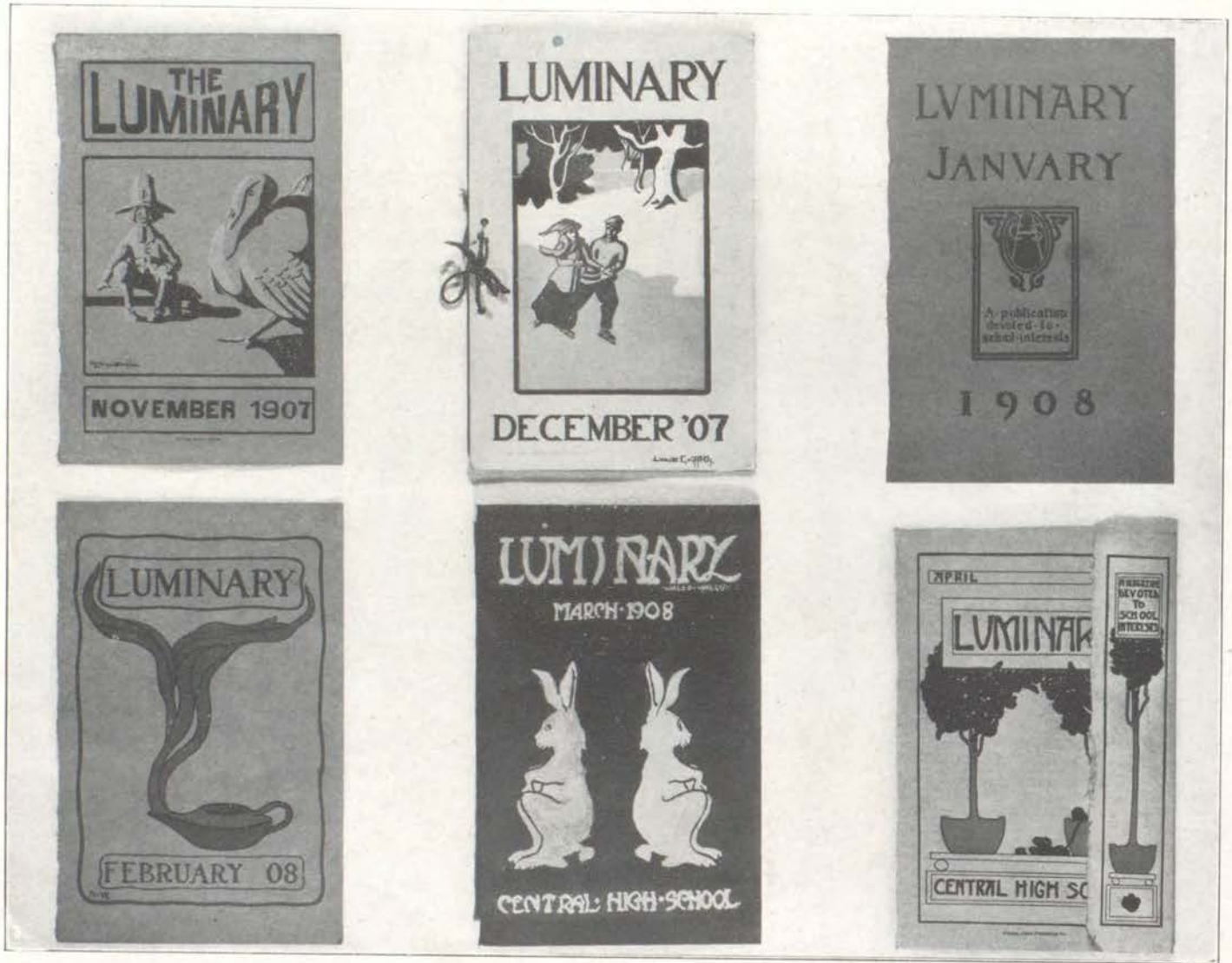
"The 'eternal feminine' in this play was taken by Jeanette Latz, Ruth Van Doren, Mildred Bell and Maria Newby. The difficult character of the elderly Mrs. Hardcastle, who wants her way in all things, was exceedingly well interpreted by Jeanette Latz, who looked the part in her makeup. Despite the fact that she was just recovering from a severe illness, her acting was splendid, and the tone of her voice very clear.

"The heroine, Miss Hardcastle, was portrayed by Ruth Van Doren, who, both as barmaid and lady, was irresistible. She made the most of the scenes with Marlowe, as the dignified daughter of the house, fairly glorying in his bashfulness. After planning to disguise herself as barmaid, Miss Hardcastle is made all that Goldsmith intended her to be, bewitching and tantalizing.

"That of the demure, coquettish Miss Neville was taken by Mildred Bell, whose playful coaxing air around her cousin, Tony, were altogether pleasing. It was very amusing to see her trip behind Tony Lumpkin. Maria Newby was very charming as the maid of the Hardcastle household. So much for the Christmas play of '07, the like of which I shall never look upon again." I. T.

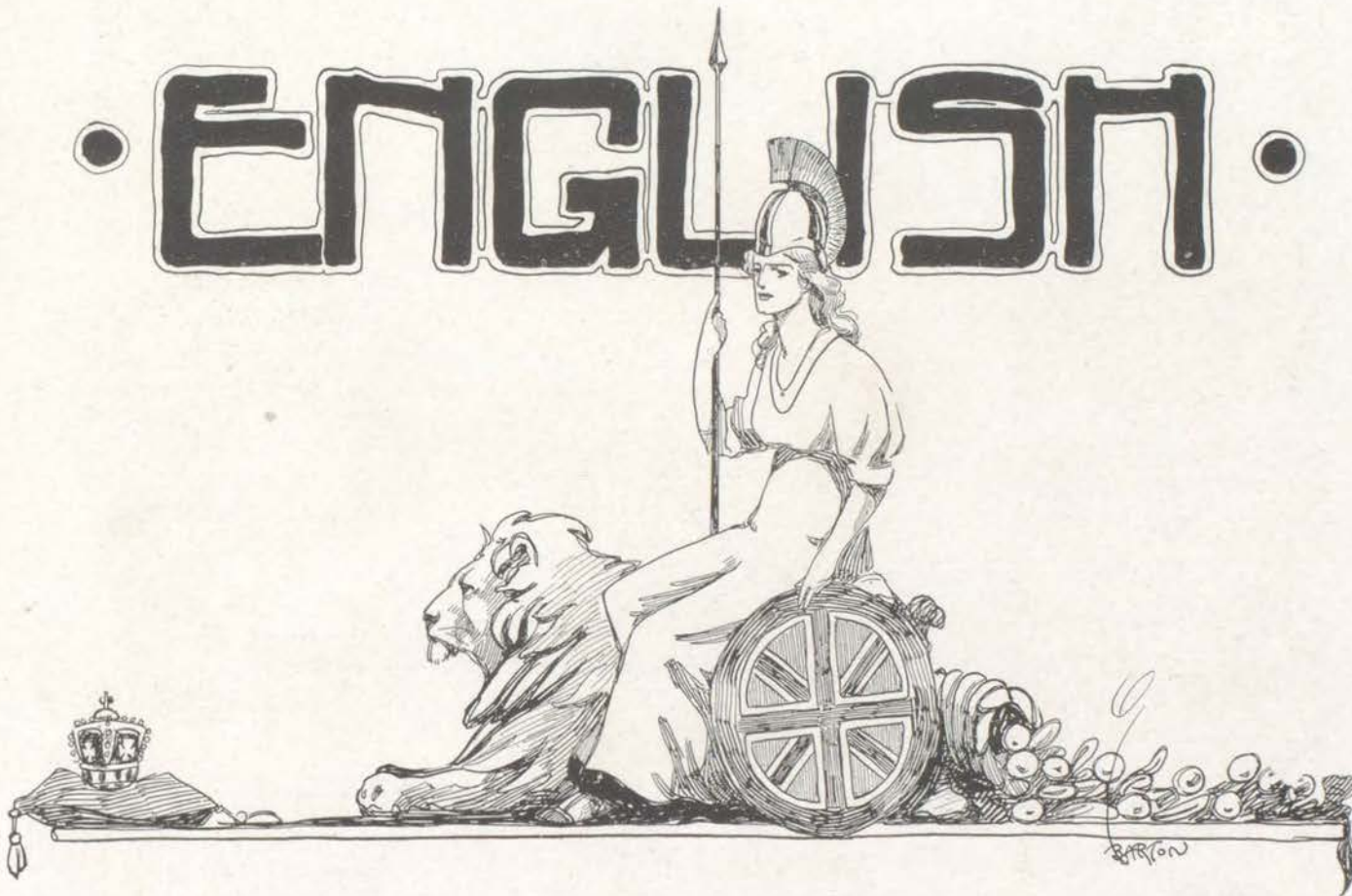
OUR LUMINARY COVERS.

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• ENGLISH •

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ENGLISH FACULTY.

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MR. A. F. SMITH.



MISS SOPHIA ROSENBERGER.



MISS ANNA WOLFSON.



MISS BERTHA BAIN.



MR. W. W. DOUGLAS.



MISS NORA GENTRY.



MISS ELLEN E. FOX.

THE PASSING OF A VOICE.

FRESH flowers! Six sous a bunch!"

As the sweet, young voice rose above the cries of the French venders on the crowded avenue, Madame Cordelle turned inquiringly. "You are English?" she asked, addressing the owner of the voice, a small, fair-haired boy in one of the booths.

"English and French, Madame. I speak both tongues; but here on the avenue, where so many English and American tourists walk, I speak their language."

"Ah, I see," replied Madame, thoughtfully, "but your voice, I am interested in that. Do you ever sing?"

The soft blue eyes grew moist as he answered, "Sometimes for mother. She has been ill a long time. When I sing to her she says she does not feel the pain." His pale lips trembled, and with almost a sob, he murmured: "Did Madame wish some flowers?"

Madame did wish the flowers. She also wished to know more about this sensitive child, so fair and delicate, who sold flowers on the streets of Paris, and who had the sweetest voice she had ever heard. Madame, herself, was a prima donna, and an excellent judge of voices. She asked where he lived, that she might call to see the sick mother, and also to hear him sing.

The next day she found them in one of the cheapest districts, up six flights of stairs, the little mother slowly dying of consumption, and the boy hovering lovingly round her bed. The invalid gladly welcomed the visitor, saying that Pierre had told her about the grand lady who had promised to come to see them. She was worse today, she explained, and the child begged to stay at home with her.

Between spells of spasmodic coughing she told Madame Cordelle her sad story. She had been an English orphan, dependent upon the charity of her guardian. When she was nineteen years old he sent her to Paris to study music.

Here she met and fell in love with a poor French painter, Darency by name, and finally married him, against her guardian's wishes. For five years there was a fierce struggle against poverty, and then, wearily laying aside his brush forever, the husband left his young wife with her three-year-old son to labor alone in the wide world. That had been seven years before. It was even worse now. Bowed down as she was with disease, she could no longer do the plain sewing that had been her only maintenance. The few sous earned by Pierre with his flowers on the avenue barely paid the rent and kept them from starving.

The mention of Pierre brought tears to the mother's eyes, and laying her hand on his soft curls, she said: "Ah, Madame Cordelle, I pray to God each day that I may live until my boy is older. He is so young to leave alone in this world. But the heavenly Father does all things for the best, and I cheerfully submit to His will."

"Mother," whispered the child, distressed by her tears, "rest a little now, and let me sing for the lady."

Then Pierre sang. When he had finished, the prima donna took his mother's hand in her own and said: "Madame Darency, you have cause to be proud of such a son. He has the most wonderful voice that I have ever heard. Oftentimes have I sung that same song in my concerts, but I shall never attempt it again. Such talent is remarkable for a child of his age. With your permission, I should like to place him under an old instructor here in Paris. I promise you that it will be worth while."

Madame Cordelle had her way. At her own expense Pierre began work under the Master Schermein, and the little mother was placed in a comfortable home for invalids. Here the consumptive received some relief through medical aid, but the doctors told Madame that the end was only a question of twelve or eighteen months.

As the mother grew slowly but gradually worse, the prima donna noted with alarm that a great change was taking place in Pierre. He was nervous and melancholy by turns. When left to himself, he would impatiently walk the floor, or in a gloomy state of mind, would sit for an hour without speaking. He was never happy when not with his mother, and his mind seemed to be strangely interwoven with that of her own. One day while singing for the master one of his mother's favorite songs, the little lullaby that she had so often crooned over her babe, and that he had as often sung to her in recent years, he suddenly stopped, and stretching forth his hands, cried piteously, "Mother!" Then he fell into such a nervous fit of moaning and sobbing that Madame Cordelle, who chanced to be present, became frightened and called in a doctor. Nothing, however, seemed physically wrong with the child. Madame proposed that the lessons should cease for a time, and that he take a rest; but Pierre rebelled. He was not sick, he declared, and he wanted to sing. Indeed, his voice was the one thing about Pierre that did not change. His progress with Schermein was surpassing even what Madame had expected.

A year passed, and Pierre's night had come. The theater Opera was filled even to standing room. Madame Cordelle's protege, the child singer, had drawn an audience that might have been the envy of Madame Cordelle herself. The overture ended. In the silence that followed little Pierre came forward, clad in a black velvet suit, his golden curls brushed back from his pale face. Somewhere a faint interlude began. Then a voice took up the dying note, a voice far in the distance, soft and pure. Nearer and nearer it came, until it rounded into a rich, low melody. The crowd sat breathless. Little Pierre was singing. Higher and higher the sweet voice mounted, pouring forth such joyous notes that one of Nature's fair songsters would

have hushed his own gay warbling to hear that glorious music. The song went on. The sweet voice never faltered, now rising, now falling, ever changing its harmonious path, and at last slowly dying away.

It was over. For a moment there was not a sound. Then a thundering storm of applause burst forth that shook the very walls. Flowers rained over the footlights in profusion. No prima donna had ever touched the heart of Paris as had little Pierre. He recognized the wild enthusiasm with a timid bow, and then smiled half tremulously at Madame Cordelle and the master, who were sitting in a lower box. The latter looked very much pleased and proud, and Madame, exulting over her darling's success, threw him an airy kiss. Cries of encore rang throughout the house, and again Pierre waited for the interlude.

It was the old lullaby, and the first familiar words called to mind touching memories. The scene changed. No longer was he striving to please the master, Madame Cordelle or her brilliant friends; no longer was he singing for the grand nobility of Paris; no longer was he fighting some unknown power. A thin, pale face, marked by deep lines of suffering, rose before him. The patient look from those dear eyes were more to little Pierre than all the applaus of Paris. He sang—sang as he had never sung before.

"While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps."

It was the voice of an angel. The sweet, low strains were full of pity, strains so sorrowful that the little heart seemed breaking. Shaking with emotion, the awe-inspiring voice kept on. The audience was in tears. The master had covered his face with his hands, and Madame's form shook with stifled sobs.

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast——"

The voice broke. Raising his hands beseechingly toward the mystic face, and putting his whole soul into that one beloved word, he cried "Mother!" and fell fainting to the floor.

From an upper story of Place Vendome Madame Cordelle had thrown back the hinged windows, that the first thing Pierre might see on waking would be the garden of the Tuileries, green with its new spring foliage. The boy lay on a couch, drawn close to the window. The pale face on the pillow was thinner than it had ever been before, and the hand on the coverlet was so very frail and small. At last, the eyelids quivered and the soft blue eyes looked around inquiringly.

"Am I still sick, Madame?" Then not waiting for a reply, he rose on his elbow, and gazed long and intently through the open window. Then pointing with one tiny finger, he said: "Over there is the avenue. I used to sell flowers there. Fresh flowers," he muttered absently; "six sous a bunch. I saw you there one day, Madame, and you asked if I sang. How long has it been since I did sing, Madame?"

"Only a month, Pierre," she answered, silently brushing away a tear.

"O, yes; I remember, now." A pained expression came over the little face. "It was that night at the Opera—the night that mother died." For several moments there was silence. Then, passing his hand over his forehead in a dazed manner, he asked: "What was it she said, Madame, just before she died? I can't remember what you told me."

"The nurse said that your mother suddenly exclaimed: 'Hush! I hear music. It is Pierre. He is singing the lullaby.'"

"The lullaby," repeated Pierre slowly, as his mind began to wander. "The lullaby." Then sitting upright, with his eyes staring into space, he began to sing:

"While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest—rest—

"Mother!" With a convulsed sob, the little form fell back lifeless upon the pillow. God had sent the angel mother as His messenger. The voice was forever hushed.

A Moonlight Trip Up Long's Peak.

MARSHALL NEAL, '08.

IT was eleven o'clock at night—time for us to start. Those who were to ride horses did not leave until a half hour later, but my cousin and I were going to walk the seven miles to the top of Long's Peak; so we left before the others. We each carried two heavy sweaters and a bag of luncheon, consisting of two roast beef sandwiches, some oranges, some raisins, some raw peanuts, and a cake of milk chocolate. This seemed a meagre supply for a fourteen mile trip up into perpetual snow, but if one eats

more, or takes any more drink than the oranges afford, his wind gives out, and he is not likely to reach the top.

The first mile was along an ordinary dirt road, which rose gently. We made quick time along this stretch, soon coming to the end at an abandoned prospect hole. Here we struck an exceedingly steep trail, barely discernible as it wound over rough pointed rocks. We took a slow, steady pace, just fast enough to keep from becoming completely exhausted. This is necessary in mountain climbing, for if one goes fast for awhile, resting often, he will

undoubtedly wear himself out. Our trail ran along through the dense pine woods, by a gushing mountain torrent, icy cold and clear. After following this for about two miles, we came to the first patch of snow, lying deep down in a valley. Mountain flowers and grasses grew to the very edge of the snow, offering, side by side, the unique contrast of winter and summer. We passed on, up, always up.

The path began to grow much rockier, and the trees showed signs of great strife with the wind and cold. The whole mountain was a picture of hardship. The trees were horribly knotted and twisted and intertangled, with trunks a foot in diameter and four or five feet high. In evidence of its struggle, the mountain itself is known as Battle Mountain.

Suddenly we emerged into the open. Not a tree was to be seen, except those below. This was the timber line, where all tree life ends. We were heartily glad to get away from the coyotes and the impenetrable darkness of the woods. Here it was almost as bright as day. The moon was superb. Never have I seen it so bright. We could easily read the print in a note book.

As the altitude increased, our pace decreased. Still the horses had not caught up with us, and we were determined they should not, until we reached the place where they intended to stop. Up we went, snow patches all round us, and nothing else but rocks, everywhere rocks. This was the dulllest part of the trip, and we were glad when, after a stiff pull, we reached what is known as the Boulder Field. It is a huge expanse of broken rocks, thrown pell-mell in every direction. Some of these were as large as an ordinary room. The field is almost level, lying between two mountains, but it is very hard to cross because of its great roughness. Here we took the long looked for rest, while waiting for the others. It was now twelve forty-five,

and five of the seven miles had been traveled, yet we knew it to be the easiest part.

The trip across the boulder field was very tiresome. We were forced to take the part of mountain sheep in making long leaps. At the further side came the first climb on Long's Peak proper,—and it was a steep one too. Straight up, it led us to the Key Hole. At this point there is a long, narrow ridge, running between Long's Peak and another. On our side was the Boulder Field, on the other a canyon, at least fifteen hundred feet deep. The Hole itself is a rough break in this spine, the exact shape of an ordinary key-hole. On coming up to this, one gasps with astonishment. Three steps further on, and one would drop countless feet to stone and ice. The dim roar of hundreds of waterfalls is heard and long glaciers and frozen lakes are seen. This is truly called the Key Hole. It is absolutely the only way to get to the top of the peak, and it form a natural frame to the broad panorama of mountains stretching for miles to the Pacific Coast.

From here we dropped by a faint trail to a lower level, and continued along this to the Trough, a natural gash in the side of the mountain. It is partly filled with ice. This is known as the next to the hardest climb of the trip. At an angle of sixty degrees it terminates in the clouds. It is about a thousand feet long with a rise of at least six hundred feet. We could barely crawl up this place. We were very tired, and the air was continually growing lighter, making it hard on the lungs. After an hour or so of hard work, we reached the top. Here we found another ridge almost exactly like the former. Again a beautiful sight met our eyes. Below us was another deep canyon. Our side was almost smooth and perpendicular.

Once more we dropped down, this time on a narrow ledge, not more than two feet wide. On one side rose a straight wall of granite, and on the other a sheer drop of

a thousand feet. This was the most dangerous part of the ascent. At places we had to proceed on our hands and knees to keep our hold. Towards the end of this ledge was a huge boulder, lodged directly in our path. This was where the courage of two of the party failed. To get round this obstacle, we had to reach up to a small crevice in the rock, and, with this scanty support, swing outward, over nothing, to the other side. Everyone hesitated, shaking with fear, but this was no time to turn back, so we took the chance, and were well repaid. A few rods ahead the trail came abruptly to a long flat slope at right angles with it. This is the Home Stretch. It is very steep, and its ascent is only made possible by hobnailed shoes and little gullies which offer footholds.

Four o'clock and the summit! What a surprise. Instead of being round, as it looked from below, it is perfectly flat, covering four acres. At every side, except the one on which we came up, the walls drop perpendicularly to a depth, in some places, of three thousand feet.

To the west, the north, and the south lay range after range of snow-capped mountains. A silvery haze floated

over them all. To the east lay, flat as a piece of paper, the great plains, still but dimly outlined. Far out on them, probably sixty miles away, we could see the light of an engine. To the southeast, one hundred miles away, the lights of Denver twinkled.



By this time the east had begun to grow lighter, although it was only four thirty o'clock. The clouds took on every imaginable, and everything began to assume a different hue. Soon the sun rose and every lake, thousands of them, at once reflected its golden rays. Back of us the snow became a rosy pink and the mist cleared. Once, while the clouds lifted in front of Pike's Peak, we caught a glimpse of it, nearly two hundred and fifty miles distant. Soon the plains had become light, and we could see great patches, all of different colors, where cultivation was going on.

By this time, as it was only four degrees above zero, we were very cold, so we rather regretfully began the descent. There was nothing exciting in our return. At ten-thirty o'clock we arrived at the hotel, a rather forlorn looking party.

Thomas Carlyle---His Ability and Influence.

WITH the closing of the eighteenth century, came the mighty social upheaval of the French Revolution. A spirit of change was in the air which showed itself in many ways. In England it expressed itself in the positive reaction against the artificial in life and in literature. One expression was in the works of the great

prose writer, Thomas Carlyle, who fiercely denounced all "shams," arose to lament over the age like a prophet of Israel, and preached that men "should stand upon things, not the shows of things."

Thomas Carlyle was born December 4, 1795, at Ecclefechan, a small Scottish market town. His father, James

Carlyle, was a frugal, prudent, and prosperous stone mason; his mother was a pious, just and wise woman. Before Carlyle was fifteen, he could read Latin and speak French fluently. He had learned a great deal of mathematics and a little Greek. He early realized that he could not be a minister, that law was distasteful. And while he gave up all ambition to be a teacher, he says: "It is the usefulest and fruitfulest, and gave more scope for the grandest endowments of all professions." As a result, he took up literature, which, he says, "is the worst profession, and only advisable under the penalty of death." He was incapable of conscious unkindness; he never wrote a line he did not believe, nor ever swerved from his noble purposes.

His great works include "Sartor Resartus," an attack on all social shams and mechanisms, and "Heroes and Hero-Worship," a paean of praise for those who join sincerity with power. He also wrote the history of the "French Revolution," an example of his "stereoscopic imagination," as Emerson calls it. Moral indignation against whatever is mechanical and false; moral enthusiasm for all that is sin-

cere and great, underlie all of his work. With Byron, he is against convention; as Wordsworth and Shelly, an advocate of freedom of thought, and a lover of nature. He was a conscientious and tireless writer. In spite of the vein of harshness, his was a rare nature in his strength, earnestness, sincerity and profound sympathy. He stood his own test for a great man, "Is he sincere?"

He made men see the divine in commonplace things by his "prose poems." His influence is clearly shown in the works of Charles Kingsley, Ruskin, Emerson, Dickens and even in those of Thackeray. As a writer Carlyle is placed alone by his inimitable style. One of the later critics says, "that for good, Carlyle exerted through his literature a greater influence for ethical, religious and political beliefs, than any of his contemporaries; as a humorist, he has no superior, combining in himself what was best in Burns, Swift and Dunbar; as a master of the graphic in style, he has no equal in grasping and presenting in appropriate phraseology, the salient points of personal character."

LUCIA BOWEN.

MARK TWAIN.

FLORENCE M. WINGERT, '08.

LET us take ourselves back to a time when steamboats had not yet been superseded by railways, when the rivers had not yet ceased to be dotted with steamboats, rafts, and flat-boats. Let us take ourselves to a rude little pioneer village, famous at that time only for its quaint picturesqueness. The broad winding river, not far distant, with its delightful little islands, the cliffs, the glens, the caves, even the very rocks, made it a "joy forever." It was one of Nature's beautiful creations.

In this beautiful little place lived a crowd of harum-scarum boys, imbued with the spirit of adventure. Their favorite haunts, before school, after school, and even during school were sources of great pleasure to them. Their faces would light up with animations at the mention of the town tanyard or stone quarry. Their eyes would sparkle when talking of Soap Hollow with its traditional ghosts and uncanny night travelers. Their hearts would thrill at the suggestion of a trip to Tom Sawyer's Island down the

river, the river which presented to them the fascinating pilot's career, or to the cave, their cave, with all its mysteries. It was this same adventuresome gang of boys that has since brought fame to the little and heretofore obscure town, with its natural beauty, and with its deeply pervading restless spirit.

We, however, are interested in the leader of this venturesome gang, the insignificant-looking youngster with startling red hair, and a face covered with numerous large, red freckles. Still there was one pleasing feature about the boy's appearance, his dazzling bright eyes, which continually gleamed with fun and mischief. He held the enviable position of storyteller among the crowd, for it was he, and he only, who could tell an interesting story in an interesting way. His remarkable ability to interpret stories in the drollest and cleverest way possible, made him a veritable hero with the boys.

A few years hence, the frowsy-headed, freckled-faced leader, with his drawing words and inimitable mimicry, had attained his ambition to become a steamboat pilot. He struggled on until he had become familiar with every bend, point, and landing, in mist and fog, by day and by night, in the long winding course of the broad Mississippi. Then the black clouds of the Civil War began to darken the sky. River commerce began to dwindle. The young pilot, forced to give up his career as a river navigator, turned westward. He roughed it on the wild western

plains and mountains. He became a real factor in the life of that faraway sparsely settled country. Then began the career of this young man as a writer. There for the first time did people have the opportunity of reading and truly enjoying "genuine American humor, in all of its daring, extravagant, and capriciousness." The young writer then

conceived of a great scheme, a plan whereby he might write a book which would later reflect upon himself great praise and glory. Accordingly he went on that memorable "Quaker City" excursion to the Holy Land, the accounts and descriptions of which he has developed into that wonderful book, "Innocents Abroad," a book which has since made famous the name of its author, Mark Twain.

Since then literature has been enriched, not only in America, but in other countries as well, by the productions of this great author. His writings usually comprise scenes and incidents of his own life. It was his early years that produced the material for the background of his works. It is his later years that have developed the material of the early years into master works of literature. It is true that his mind is no less susceptible to the figures and scenes of later life. However, it is the early figures and scenes that stand out conspicuously in his works.

He has dwelt upon the scenes of his childhood "as fond recollections presents them to view." "Tom Sawyer," the book which has never failed to please its readers, is repre-



sentative of this period. It teems with incidents relating to the author's own life. It delights the young readers because of the thrilling adventures of the boys of Tom Sawyer's gang, of which Mark Twain's own boy-hood gang was the prototype. It delights the old readers because of the happy reminiscences related therein, which afford the opportunity of pleasant retrospection.

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With this delightful book is classed another, as equally popular with all ages, "Huckleberry Finn." It tells of the adventures of Huckleberry Finn and his negro companion, Jim, as they glide down the Mississippi, the one escaped from an unpleasant home, the other escaped from slavery. This simple narrative is an innovation among novels. It involves no purpose, no moral, no plot. Yet the book ranks as one of the most powerful novels of the English language.

Nor have the experiences of the author, when as a youth he piloted ships on the Mississippi, been forgotten. He has told in his "Life on the Mississippi" of the river as he remembered it in those pioneer times; he has told of the river as he saw it when cruising on it half a century later. He has set forth the villages and towns, scattered along its banks, as he observed them when serving as a young steamboat pilot. He has described the same towns and villages, increased in size and importance, at a time when river commerce had been supplanted by railway traffic. It is a strange coincidence that the top of an Empire, the Kaiser of Germany, and the bottom of an Empire, the "portier" of the house in which Mark Twain was living, should declare on the very same evening that "Life on the Mississippi" was the best book the author had ever written. Mark Twain attaches great importance to these

two criticisms. He himself has said, "This is a coincidence which outcoincidences and coincidence which I could have imagined with such powers of imagination as I have been favored with."

A still different type of book is "Roughing It," a book treating of wild western life. Jacquin Miller has given us a vivid description in verse of the grandeur of the western mountains. Bret Harte has told us of the riotous California mining camps as he studied them. But Mark Twain has depicted for us the genuine pioneer life of which he himself was an actual part. We are presented with a distinct pen-picture of the prairie schooners as they slowly advanced over the vast plains. We obtain a most vivid idea of the country over which the desperadoes daringly held sway. We gain a graphic account of those hapless gold-hunters, as they dug, and dug in vain, for the much desired gold. Intermingled with the adventures are the resplendent descriptions of the sublime mountains, the grand rivers and canyons, the boundless plains.

We as Missourians should be proud of the Missourian who has enrolled his name among those of the great men of letters of the world. We as Americans should be proud of the American who has become the one great humorist of the age. It has been said, and truthfully said, that the career of Mark Twain would have been impossible in any country other than America. His works also would have been impossible at any time other than the one in which he lived. Indeed, the world is satisfied with what Mark Twain has already done. Yet we do hope that the useful and pleasing career of this famous man may not soon end.

FLORENCE M. WINGERT, '08.



ART DEPARTMENT FACULTY.



MRS. LENORE D. COOKE.
Art.



MISS CHARLOTTE BLATCHLEY.
Physical Culture.



MR. PRESTON K. DILLENBECK.
Elocution.



MISS MIGNON CROWDER.
Art.



MR. GWILYM THOMAS.
Music.



MR. W. O. HAMILTON.
Physical Culture.

Department of Fine Arts and Design.
 KATHLEEN McNUFF, '08.

THE modern movement in every branch of art today is to make that branch of practical value in every day life. That is, to teach art in such a way that it develops good taste and good judgment, not only as pictures and works of art, but also to the ordinary things by which one is surrounded. We find the courses of all progressive schools arranged with this aim in view. This has been the aim of our art department.

Many means have been used to gain this end. Beyond doubt, however, design is the most beneficial and successful course in this direction. Beginning with the scientific color theory the underlying principles of color harmony are taught. After this, come the principles of design based on the Greek Relationship. These principles are first worked out in straight line designs, then on curved lines, using plants, insects, and animals as motifs. In coloring these designs the knowledge of the laws of color harmony is necessary. The pupils who began at the middle of the year have made some novel and very charming designs. These designs have been carried out in block printing or stenciling as was best suited to the design. This work leads directly to leather toothing and metal work. However, on account of a lack of time, space, and tools, comparatively little has been accomplished in this line. In order to profit by and succeed in this work one does not need an artistic tempera-



This year the art students have done most of the art work for the Luminary. This gave excellent opportunity to pupils especially interested along these lines, and was also a great help to the Luminary.

Next year the Art Department will have rooms in the new addition. Special attention has been paid to fitting up a room with tools and apparatus for arts and crafts work. Since so much has been accomplished under the limited conditions we may reasonably expect to accomplish much more next year.

Charcoal work, cartooning and oil painting have received some attention. Since it is impossible to obtain a model, cast work is the only serious way in which to study form. The department was fortunate in getting some very interesting new casts.

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W. H. H. H.



Sarah Mitchell
Apr. 23, 1898



W. H. H. H.



W. H. H. H.

THE GLEE CLUB.

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MEMBERS.

Ralph Bower.
Harry Board.
Donald D. Allison.
Ralph Adams.

Samuel Tilden.

Dawson Campbell.
Clarence Conner.
John P. Cooper.
Henry C. Frischer.

Norvin Vaughan.

Edmund Glessner.
Abe Goldman.
John Musselman.
Earl Maloney.

James Walker.

Harry Owens.
Harry Stewart.
Stewart Hanks
Harold Woodbury

John Cooper President
Harold Woodbury Vice-President
Donald Allison Secretary
Frank Welsh Treasurer



Dawson Campbell Sergeant-at-Arms
Earl Young Librarian
Katherine Payne Accompanist
Gwelym Thomas Director

CENTRAL GLEE CLUB.

Come, weary stranger to old Central's halls!
Enter and hesitate upon your way,
No longer, when sweet strains of music sound,
Through silence deep, unto your wears ears,
Remain, and listen to harmonious sounds,
And leave all cares and troubles sore behind,
Like Orpheus' train who heard his lyre's sweet strains.

Gay voices echo through the silent halls,
Leaving no spot within for music lacking;
Even the nearby streets are filled with sound;
Even the children pause and stay to listen.

Classic the songs they sing; and yet
Light music too rings out upon the air,
Until the singing ends.—Then go in peace,
But keep old Central's music fixed in mem'ry.

DONALD ALLISON, '09.

THE CHORAL CLUB.

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OFFICERS.

Sallie Bryan President
Grace Dahn Vice-President
Hazel Chanler Secretary



Zetta Lewis Treasurer
Rosalie Flacy Librarian
Katherine Payne Accompanist

MEMBERS.

Hattie Audlauer.
Mabel Moreman.
Sallie Bryan.
Mildred Rogers.
Hazell Chandler.
Olive Cosby.
Flossie Tweedale.
Grace Dahn.
Zetta Lewis.
Rosalie Flacy.

Nellie Caleb.
Maybelle Mayberry.

Ola Trundle.
Henrietta Jackson.
Alice Blackman.
Montie Storie.
Orpha Robinson.
Helen Glass.
Mary Marmouth.
Frances Bodington.
Ana Stevenson.
Helen Rowe.



MUSIC.

MYRTLE MOLE.

THIS year in Central we have had something new in a musical way. This has been singing in Assembly by the music classes, and by the choral and glee

clubs.

The primary object has been to raise the artistic taste of the pupils and the public. The need of this is evident, for to every good song there are fifty popular songs sold. Does it not appear important that something be done to bring good music before the schools? When pupils are taught to know and to appreciate good writing, good books, and good painting, is it not just as necessary that a taste for good music, which enters so much into the every day life of even the least of us, should be cultivated? So it is encouraging to see a group of young people united in the purpose of putting forth the aesthetic in music.

An equally important aim has been to teach the National songs in order to arouse patriotism. Have you, my reader, ever been asked to sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee," when you did not know, probably, the third verse? If the enthusiastic words of our National hymns helped to push our forefathers on to win a freer and a nobler life, is it not possible that these same words can arouse within the breasts of men and women today the same inspiration to stand up for a conviction, for a principle?

More than this, the school becomes acquainted with the National songs of other countries. If one goes to Canada, he ought to know that when the band begins playing the tune of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," it is the air for the English hymn also, "God Save the King." To speak of the French hymn, "The Marseillaise," who is there, be he English, German, French or American, who has not felt the de-

sire to be "up and doing" when the strains of that song—a song for all peoples—have burst forth upon the air. Furthermore, singing is good recreation. For pupils to do the best work, it is necessary that they have physical exercise. This exercise should be of a character to prevent the lungs from becoming pinched up, an effect resulting from leaning over desk and books. In New York City, not long ago, five hundred doctors asked that all in the schools be taught to sing in order to further the public health. This plan has been adopted in almost all the large cities of the country.

There are other advantages. The plan helps to discover those who have voices but who do not know it. It brings out the persons musically capable just as the course in English work does those who have literary abilities.

(Sometimes athletics is a means of setting boys to work in school. They find that they can do something in physical exercise and they become encouraged to do better in their intellectual studies. Likewise, a consciousness of one's ability in other directions is an encouragement to do good work in all that one undertakes. The school is the place for a pupil to find himself, to discover what he is the most capable of doing. It is there that he should have the opportunity to determine what he is best fitted for so that he may go out into the world ready to perform his task. So let us hope that singing in the school will be encouraged. It is a duty to give every child every possible opportunity. It is a duty to instill into the hearts of boys and girls a spirit of loyalty and love for country, nature, and one's fellowman, a spirit of earnestness to do and to accomplish the most worthy in life.

OUR INHERITANCE.

JEANETTE H. LATZ, '08.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

THIS is my land, your land, our land; a land dedicated for us; a land of freedom which our forefathers fought for, and died for, and which has come down to us glowing with victory, with pride, with strength. Do we love that land with all the might of Patriotism? Would we fight for her? Would we die for her? There should be but one answer. One thought, which put into words, would signify strength, would liberate a people, would make mighty each one in whom this word was the sum total of love, defiance, reverence and defense for country,—the word Patriotism.

Look back the many years to the time of our forefathers, when they, following a standard of liberty, facing perils and hardships, sacrificing all to obtain independence, received that bounty from God's own hands, the Constitution of our country. They had no luxuries then, few pleasures and enjoyments, but who can deny that the love of country, the patriotism swelling in each heart, kept alive that weak people, and brought to an end the struggle for liberty? Have we, in these days of wealth, prosperity and happiness, that reverence for our country that we ought to have? Have we the patriotism that loves our country's national properties, her national flag, her national songs?

Further, would we be willing to go to the front at a call to arms by our country? I answer, we would respond to keep our country alive, in defense of her land, but would the most of us go for love of country? No! and why not? Because the problems of today have overshadowed, have cast aside the thoughts of patriotism. We would fight for

her, and would be willing in time of war to die for her. Why not let that overpowering feeling take possession of our souls in time of peace, let it grow, widen, develop and encompass our entire being, our social, economic and national life? If patriotism again should become the fundamental principle of church, of state, of school, would not the country be benefited? Would not the feeling of brotherhood be furthered? Would not political disputes be more easily settled by deciding for the love and welfare of our country's prosperity, and not by party platforms and alliances? If patriotism were incorporated in the every day lessons of school life, if a mention of the deeds of Washington, the father of our country, of Lincoln, the freer of the slaves, of Lee, the statesman of the south, and of Grant, the leader of the north, would bring to us the love we ought to have in our country's history, would not this broaden our minds, and develop our strength, intellectually and physically? It surely would. For "Liberty is strength," Patriotism is power.

Again, when we behold that flag, originated by a girl, by a patriot, by a lover of her country, as it slowly unfurls and is caught up by the wind, we gaze at it indifferently as a combination of colors blended together. When we see it floating above our heads, why do we not think of the red for bravery, the white for purity, the blue for loyalty, and the whole signifying the patriotic emblem of our country. When our forefathers passed by one of those emblems, there was a feeling of awe, of reverence, and a majestic salute invariably accompanied that look. Now we merely give a casual glance at the flag of the ree. Is it because we are ashamed to acknowledge that love which I know sits enthroned in every true American heart? We are apt to

scorn the person whom we see saluting his flag, and laugh at him as if he was a fanatic, but are we not who act thus hypocrits? Are we not afraid of being laughed at if we do the same? Yet, deep down in our hearts, we admire and love him who loves his country's flag, and has the courage to show it. The mere sight of that glorious banner should lift our thoughts to a broader and higher scope. If our forefathers did not succeed in instilling into us the just love of that, let each of us try to remedy it, and give to those younger than we, the love of that most precious gift, that emblem of peace and happiness, of liberty and union.

After our flag come our songs. Our forefathers did not create those hymns only to be sung as a daily popular air. They wrote them under the ecstasy of feeling. Do you think for one moment that Francis Key in writing "The Star Spangled Banner," penned those words to pass away time; those words, "Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed in the twilight's last gleaming?" Did he not feel the rousing, boiling tumult of those anguished words? As he wrote, "In God is our trust," do you think it was an idle, passing phrase, or was it not rather an inspiration, a saying, a motto to lead a peo-

ple to victory, to glory, to prosperity? Was it not patriotism that prompted it? Why do we not love those songs? Why, when we hear their mighty tones, do we sit idly by, listening but not feeling? It rather should rouse us from inactivity and cause us simultaneously to stand upright, firm, and defiant. When we sing them we should let the tones come straight from the heart, come as if we felt and believed those glowing words, as if "Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue," made us feel like cheering and crying out for joy. I say again, let them ring in clear, sweet, melodious sounds out upon the air.

Let us show by our words, and by our actions that the deeds of our forefathers, the trials and tribulations our country has triumphantly passed through, are as legacies of fortune and happiness. Our flag and our songs are as talismen of liberty and life, and that the love of them will promote and further patriotism and loyalty, needed to support every good endeavor. Let these inheritances strengthen our land, encourage our development, and bring the bounties of God, and His blessing to "the land of the free and the home of the brave."



LANGUAGES



FOREIGN LANGUAGE FACULTY.

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MISS KATHERINE MORGAN.



MISS JANE ADAMS.



MR. A. T. CHAPIN.



MISS JESSIE HAYS.



MR. A. E. DOUGLASS.



MISS KATE HARRIMAN.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE FACULTY (Continued).



MISS M. VON UNWERTH,



MISS CLEMENTINE CREAGER



MR. G. M. HERNANDEZ,

THE CLASSICS CLUB.

70



Mildred Bell.
Elias Barbee.
Ewing Boone.
Lucia Bowen.
Clarence Connor.
Charles Davis.
Fleeta Donaldson.
Helen Fairlamb.
Bonita Ferguson.
Wendell Fifield.
Florence Fleming.

Charles Garnett.
Kathryn Gentry.
Hazel Halborn.
Kate Harriman.
David Hawkins.
Jeanette Latz.
Kendall Laughlin.
Francis McCarty.
Nelle McDonald.
Margaret McElroy.
Ottie McNeal.

MEMBERS.
William McPherrin.
Katherine Martin.
Frances Meservey.
Horace Mitchell.
Earl Moore.
Meda Moore.
Raymond I. Moore.
Miss Morgan.
Dwight Muckley.
Marea Newby.

Adella Pepper.
Luthera Priestley.
Mariam Rider.
Miriam Scofield.
Harry Southard.
Montie Storey.
Harriet Tomlinson.
Roscoe Wallis.
Thomas King Whipple.
Charles Wilhelm.
Florence Wingert.

Herbert Wright.
Ruth Van Doren.
Joseph E. Brown.
Dwight Muckley.
Edna B. Oakley.
Henry R. O'Brien.
Miss Hays.
Miss Fluhart.
Miss Burrill.
Mr. Douglass.
Mr. Chapin.

THE CLASSICS CLUB.

OFFICERS.

Ruth Van Doren Consul Major
 Will McPherrin Consul Minor
 Bonita Ferguson Scriba



Clarence Connor Aerarli Praefectus
 T. K. Whipple Censor
 Earl Moore Licitor

IN January of 1907 it was decided to accumulate some of the eternally bubbling enthusiasm for the classics, and boil it down to a solid, purposeful organization. The enterprise succeeded, as the eventful and prosperous history of the Central Classics Club for the past year plainly shows.

The weekly programs of the Club were planned with the intention of dealing with as many phases of classic life as possible, and, at the same time, with some degree of thoroughness. For example, a series of meetings was spent in studying famous works in sculpture, such as the Laocoon Group, the Winged Victory of Samothrace, the Venus de Milo, and others. Another time we had a comprehensive review of ancient mythology, based on Gayle's "Classic Myths." Separate programs were devoted to such subjects as ancient coins, modern excavations, and the literary works of classic poets and prose writers. On one occasion the Club was honored by an address from Professor Wilcox, of Kansas University. He illustrated his lecture on "Ancient and Modern Architecture," by a fine variety of stereopticon views.

The impetus for our work at present, the study of the dramas of Aeschylus, was given by one of our "Monitors," who saw a performance of "Agamemnon" given by the pupils of the Emporia, Kansas, High school. So far we have touched upon "Agamemnon" and "Cheopherae," two of the Greek poet's most famous tragedies. "Orestes," the third in the great trilogy, will be the next. Each program consists of a review of the play, a characteristic reading

from some part of it, and a sketch of the principal character. The work is intensely interesting,—anything but dull or tedious as might appear to one unfamiliar with the classics.

We are looking out for "posterity" by establishing a club library, the nucleus of which already exists in the form of several good books. With the additions that will be made from year to year, the club will one day have a really valuable collection.

The initial Classics Club program in Assembly Hall, given on the third day before the Ides of March, was a representation of the last scene in Stephen Phillip's drama, "Ulysses." It was a prodigious undertaking, if for no other reason than the extremely short time for preparation. Moreover, the work of staging even one scene from such a drama meant a great deal. The parts were difficult, the lines beautiful, but hard to read, and much depended upon the audience. It proved to be a success, however, and, at the same time, established an enviable hall program prestige, something unusual for the first year of a club's existence.

The second edition of "Sibylline Leaves," which appeared on March 13, also was compiled in part by the Classics Club. The marked improvement in every respect over the first venture of last year, was ample evidence of the flourishing condition of the classics in Central High school. The aim of the Classics Club is to help maintain this condition, by means of its organized strength, and to afford opportunity to more and more pupils for beneficial classical research.

ADELLA M. PEPPER, '08.

THE GERMAN CLUB.

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MEMBERS.

Beryl Blanchard.
Amelia Frauens.
Reuben Fulton.
Gretchen Hansen.
Hazel Harbour.
Jeanette Jacobs.

Hattie Kluex.
Sarah Leach.
Olive McDonald.
Gertrude Mickadeit.
John Musselman.
Adeline Nentwig.

Mabel Nowlin.
Henry O'Brien.
Adella Pepper.
Nathan Saper.
Janet Vandewater.
Ruth Van Doren.

Roscoe Wallis.
Eltzabeth Wilson.
Isadore Hessel.
Erdmuthe von Unwerth.
Margarathe von Unwerth.

DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN.

OFFICERS.

John Musselman Praesident
Elizabeth Wilson Vice-Praesident
Olive McDonald Sekretaerin
Henry R. O'Brien Schatzmeister



Fraulein M. von Unwerth . . . Kritikerin
Gertrude Mickedite Strafmeisterin
Roscoe D. Wallis Tuersteher
Fraulein M. von Unwerth Leiterin

IN December of 1903 the German Club was formed, with a large and enthusiastic membership. At first, no literary program was attempted, the aim being to become acquainted with the colloquial German of every day use. So conversational games were played. As the club grew and its members became more fluent, literary numbers were sprinkled in with the games, until within the past few years, when a standard literary program was adopted, with games only as a recreation.

Now the German authors are studied in a systematic manner. An idea of the man is given in essays, of his works in essays, readings and debates. The dramatists are known by scenes from their dramas. At different times an entire play has been read and studied in connection with

which there have been critical essays. During the reading questions upon the text were permitted, so that the production might be understood very clearly. Then there was a summary of the play and its author's purpose, to give a lasting impression of the play as a whole. In every way an attempt has been made to get the greatest possible good from the work.

In connection with the work of the German Club, mention should be made of the annual German play. From being an afternoon entertainment for those who cared to come, it has developed into an annual Assembly Hall program. In this way the school at large may become familiar with a German production and German life as it is pictured on the stage.

HAZEL M. HARBOUR, '08.



THE SPANISH CLUB.

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MEMBERS.

Florence Bentrup.
Kathleen Blanton.
Fleeta Donaldson.
Newell Charde.
Hulda Hanson.
Dwight Harbaugh.

Verna Jenkins.
Laura Johnson.
Bessie Marshall.
Gertrude Mickadiet.
Grace Moran.
Gladys Myers.

Mary Ruth Pash.
Frances Pizar.
Willard Rush.
Harry Stewart.
Louis Swartzel.
Lula Swartzel.

Norvin Vaughn.
Harriet Sabastian.
Margaret Lach.
Sr. G. M. Hernandez.

OFFICERS.

Fleeta Donaldson Presidente
Bessie Marshall Counciller
Gertrude Mickadeit Tesoraro



Florence Bentrup Critica
Dwight Harbaugh Sergento de armas
J. M. Hernandez Consejero

History of the Spanish Club.

BARELY a year and a half has passed since the organization of the Circulo Literario Espanol, yet in that time, in consideration of the many difficulties which have beset us, we have accomplished a great deal. The beginning of the present school year found us with few members, for the majority had graduated the previous year. Therefore, the first thing to do was to select others to take the places left vacant. We succeeded and secured, not only those people who were especially good students of Spanish, but those who were blessed in addition with energy, pluck, and enthusiasm. These are three important assets that help to make a valuable club member.

We no sooner increased our membership than we turned our attention to the vital affairs of the club. We found room for great improvement. Consequently the year has been one of reconstruction and reorganization. We have tried to make it easy for those who are to come after us, in order that they may more fully direct their energies along the line of making the Circulo Literario Espanol the best language club in the school.

As to our purpose, it has been to speak and write the language of Cervantes as he himself did. We have accomplished this task in part. The proof is that we have not only been able to carry on debates, write essays and original stories, give orations and extemporaneous speeches, conduct the business in Spanish, but (O wonderful thing to relate) to indulge in one of those perplexing parliamentary wrangles. All in Spanish mind you.

In our zeal for study we have not neglected the social side, for "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Instead we have combined the two many times. It was only a short time ago, on April 14, we celebrated with festival and mirth the birthday of Alfonso XIII, the present ruler of Spain. Few national feast days of Spain are passed over without some kind of celebration, for in this way we come into closer relation and sympathy with this foreign country.

We hope to go on prospering from year to year with the motto "Adelanto y amistad," and with the good old cry of "Viva, viva, viva el Circulo Literario Espanol."



MEMBERS.

Ruth Anderson.
Beulah Addison.
Mildred Bell.
Georgia Cotter.
Edith Crandall.
Lola Eaton.
Almarie Everett.
Bonita Ferguson.
Hazel Friedman.

Julia Gleason.
Gale Gossett.
Gertrude Grafftey.
Catherine Gray.
Eleanor C. Hain.
Addie Halsey.
Linnie Hopkins.
Louise Jenkins.
Martha Wallace Jones.

Eliza Kimball.
Nina King.
Gertrude Lehman.
Carolyn Love.
Miriam Lyon.
Louise Maltby.
Charlotte Marshall.
Nelle McDonald.
Iva Messinger.

Eugenia Miller.
Luthera Priestley.
Miriam Rider.
Jeannette Ryland.
Helen Schenck.
Miriam Scofield.
Willie Shaw.
Mildred Strother.
Bertha Teasdale.

Isabel Thomes.
Harriet Thwing.
Nina Waller.
Vera Wignall.
Eva Williams.
Lillian Wolf.
Ruth Bowling.
Madame Clarke.
Mademoiselle Craeger.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS.

OFFICERS.

Luthera Priestley Presidente
Eleanor C. Hain Vice-Présidente
Nina Waller Secrétaire



Miriam Scofield Trésorier
Mildren Strother Critique
Isabel Thomes Sergent-d'Armes

"Nous ne pouvons être sage que de notre propre sagesse."

NOVEMBER 14, 1907, saw the dawn of a new club at Central. Girls flew in and out of Room 13, flaunting ribbons of pale blue and gold. Now the dainty fleur de lis of gold and blue enamel is the badge of membership in the Cercle Français. Although boys of the second, third and fourth year French classes are eligible to membership, the French club thus far is composed only of girls. This is probably owing to the fact that so few boys, we regret to say, study French, and hence these few are utterly vanquished at the idea of becoming a weak minority in a club in which such a vast majority is composed of the opposite sex.

The aim of the Cercle Français is to improve conversation in French, only that language being spoken in the club, and to awaken among the pupils a greater interest in the study of French. At first, the French spoken, and the programs given, were of the simplest. Now, the club members have so improved in their ability to speak and to comprehend readily, that the programs need not be so simple as in the beginning.

In the club programs, given every Thursday afternoon from one till two o'clock, French current topics have been

discussed, interesting and excellent papers, written by members, on historical and literary personages have been read, and, for the sake of variety, droll little monologues and dialogues have been enacted. These programs have been well arranged and varied; never once have they been dull. Then, to relax tired brains, a chorus, the French "choeur," was organized, which has sung at various times amusing little French ditties, nursery songs and national airs, to the enjoyment and edification of the club, which is not too critical; nay, even tolerant, in musical matters.

On the 24th of April, 1908, the cercle took its place on the Assembly Hall stage, and there was enacted by eight girls a French comedy, entitled "Une Petite Rigolade." People have been so kind as to say that it was one of the cleverest and smoothest plays ever given in Central. Certainly, the actors were a credit to the French club, and to the school.

Under the kind and able direction of Mrs. Clarke and Miss Creager, the club has been very successful during this its first year. This auspicious beginning may well make us hope for still better things for the Cercle Français in the years to come.

LUTHERA PRIESTLEY.

"L'AIGLON."

La charmante piece de "L'Aiglon," par Edmond Rostand, rendue celebre par Sarah Bernhardt, est divisee en six actes, ou vraiment parties. La premiere est intitulee "Les ailes qui poussent," la deuxieme, "Les ailes qui battent," la troisieme, "Les ailes qui s'ouvrent," la quatrieme, "Les ailes meurtries," la cinquieme, "Les ailes brisees," et la sixieme, "Les ailes fermees." C'est l'histoire du duc de Reichstadt, fils de Napoleon I^{er} et de Marie-Louise. Il avait les titres de Roi de Rome et de Prince de Parme avant l'abdication de son pere.

Au premier acte on voit le jeune duc vivant presque en prisonnier, supprime par sa famille autrichienne, et surtout par le prince de Metternich, ministre de l'empereur Francois-Joseph.

Metternich, grand homme d'Etat, comme il l'est, croit bien faire pour l'Autriche en restreignant le pauvre enfant. Il ne lui permet que quelques livres et ne lui permet de rien lire sur son pere. Cependant, le duc commence a se degager, et a s'interessier dans les faits celebres de son illustre pere. Il a l'ame francaise et n'aime pas l'Autriche. Par les efforts et l'influence de sa tante, l'archiduchesse, il obtient des livres et des souvenirs de Napoleon.

Sa mere, qui est encore veuve, le visite toutes les annees, mais ne le lui permet pas de parler de son pere. Elle se jette dans les plaisirs de la cour et de sa villa a Baden. On voit la nature egoiste et le caractere faible de Marie-Louise, duchesse de Parme. Franz, manquant la sympathie d'une mere se tourne vers une belle jeune fille, Therese, qui lit souvent avec lui et qui l'aime beaucoup.

Les Bonapartistes, dont la principale est la comtesse Camerata, cousine du duc, lui envoient des agents secrets, qui essaient de l'influencer. Celui-ci a l'ame trop grande pour son corps faible, et il devient inspire d'un desir de regner sur la France comme avait regne son pere. Il apprend par coeur les recits des evenements de la carriere de Napoleon que lui raconte une danseuse, Fanny Elssler.

Acte II nous montre la force du caractere du duc de Reichstadt, et son grand desir pour la liberte. Il doit combattre bien des difficultes, mais il a l'appui de beaucoup d'amis. On aime la douce Therese et le brave Flambeau, ancien grenadier de la garde de Napoleon, qui lui sont toujours si fideles.

Au troisieme acte le duc gagne le consentement de son grand-pere, l'empereur, de marcher sur la France et devenir empereur.

Mais ce plan est renverse par Metternich, qui les tourne l'un contre l'autre et brise l'ame et l'esprit du pauvre Franz.

D'abord au quatrieme acte le duc n'a ni interet ni plaisir dans la vie. A la fete des masques a laquelle il assiste, il decouvre l'amour de Marie-Louise pour son chambellan Bombelles. C'est pour lui un outrage a la memoire de son pere. A ce bal aussi se trouvent des amis, parmi lesquels sont Prokesch, son ami intime, et Flambeau, qui arrangent tout pour la fuite du duc en France. La comtesse Camerata se deguise en uniforme blanc, comme le duc, et elle prend sa place chez lui pendant qu'il se sauve, et va au rendezvous des conspirateurs.

Au cinquieme acte ils sont tous prêts pour la fuite quand le duc apprend que la comtesse, qui a risque tout pour lui, est en danger. Il refuse de partir, et pendant que ses amis le print de ne pas attendre, la comtesse, blessée et furieuse, arrive, les suppliant de s'enfuir. Trop tard! Au moment du depart ils sont arretes par la police autrichienne.

Plutot que d'etre saisi, Flambeau se poignarde. Les autres se sauvent, et par son commandement le duc reste seul sur le champ de bataille ou son pere se battit autrefois. Le malheureux jeune homme, enfin vaincu, a une vision qui fait du champ un vrai champ de bataille. Son regiment autrichien l'y trouve.

Au sixieme acte on le voit dans sa chambre de malade. Ses cheveux blonds, que l'on ne coupe plus, le font plus enfantin, plus triste. L'archiduchesse vient l'amener a la messe celebree dans la salle voisine. Toute la famille imperiale et tous ses amis viennent le regarder selon l'usage mais il ne le sait pas. On le regarde par la porte entr'ouverte, quand Therese, dont le coeur se brise, laisse echapper un sanglot.

La scene de mort est tres emouvante. Marie-Louise reste avec son fils jusqu'a la fin, et c'est cette amour d'une mere qu'elle montre pour son fils qui lui fait pardonner toutes ses fautes. Par le desir du duc on lui lit le conte rendu de la ceremonie de son bapteme. Les seuls bruits qui se font entendre sont la voix du vieux general Hartman qui lit, et les sanglots de la mere affligee.

Le duc, ouvrant les yeux, dit "Napoleon"! et ainsi meurt l'Aiglon.

LUTHERA PRIESTLEY.

„Die Größe von Goethe und Schiller.“

Man hat sehr viel über die Größe von Schiller und Goethe geschrieben, ohne festzusetzen, wer von ihnen der größere ist. In diesem Artikel will ich dreierlei betrachten: den Wert der Werke, die Persönlichkeit und das Leben der Männer, und den Einfluß beider. Ich werde versuchen, nur die Tatsachen in betreff der zwei Dichter zu besprechen, die sich auf diese drei Punkte beziehen.

Alle Kritiker stimmen überein, daß Goethe größer als Dichter ist. Doch das Volk, das nur zum Vergnügen u. d. Nutzen liest, findet gerade so viel in Schillers Werken. Sie bestaunen und bewundern Goethes Dichtkunst, aber sie genießen und lieben Schillers. Für die meisten ist Faust ein versiegeltes Buch, sie können nicht begreifen, wie ein Mensch solch eine Geschichte des riesigen Kampfes zwischen Recht und Unrecht habe schreiben können. Sie verstehen aber, lieben, und finden rechtes Vergnügen in „Wallenstein“ oder „Wilhelm Tell.“ Ueberall sind Schillers Dramen beliebter unter dem Volk als Goethes. Im ganzen aber sind die lyrischen Gedichte des letzteren einfacher und volkstümlicher. Anderseits, was kann sich mit dem „Lied von der Glocke“ vergleichen, das ohne Zweifel das schönste, tiefste Gedicht in der deutschen Literatur ist, und das so viele wahre Sympathie für die Freuden und Leiden des Menschen zeigt?

Es wird fast immer anerkannt, daß Schiller Goethe in der Persönlichkeit übertrifft, und darum auch im Leben, das den Charakter zeigt und hervorruft. Schiller war nicht ein Kind des Glücks wie Goethe. Dieser war in einer reichen Patrizierfamilie geboren und hatte jede Gelegenheit zu einer guten Erziehung. Schillers Umgebung war ganz das Gegenteil: er war arm geboren und erhielt nur eine mittelmäßige Bildung. Auch war er immer kränklich. Nie aber verlor er die Hoffnung und den Glauben an sich. Goethe war von gesunder, kräftiger Natur und nur selten krank. Er zeigte immer einen starken, optimistischen Drang zum Leben, mit Ausnahme von einer Periode in Weimar, als er entmutigt und lebensunlustig war, dann mußten äußerliche Kräfte ihn neu beleben.

Goethe war auch von der Natur begabt: er sah schön und anziehend aus, wußte sich in Gesellschaft zu benehmen, und

wurde drum der Abgott seiner Mitmenschen. All dieses fehlte Schiller, der auch unglücklicherweise so jung starb, schon in seinem sechsundvierzigsten Jahr, beinahe ganz ungewürdigt. Goethe lebte dreiundachtzig Jahre, hatte viel Zeit, worin er schaffen konnte, und wurde überall anerkannt und geehrt. Gerade wegen dieser großen Hindernisse, die er so schwer zu überwinden kämpfte, wurde Schiller ein lieblicher, beinahe idealer Mensch. Und trotz der Schwierigkeiten, die die Natur ihm in den Weg gestellt hatte, vollbrachte er fast so viel in seinem kurzen Leben als Goethe in dem langen.

Die größte Ehre sollte Schiller gegeben werden, weil er solch einen Einfluß auf Goethe hatte. Dieser sagt selbst, daß sein Freund ihn überredet habe, am „Faust“ weiterzuarbeiten, und dieses Meisterstück und viele andere zu vollenden. Ohne diesen unschätzbaren Freund wären viele seiner besten Werke nie geschrieben worden.

Diese großen Männer waren beide nicht nur Dichter: Goethe war auch ein guter Naturforscher, Schiller ein wahrer Philosoph und berühmter Geschichtsforscher.

In einer Hinsicht können diese zwei nicht verglichen werden, d. h. in ihren Gefühlen für das Vaterland. Goethe war niemals was wir einen Patrioten nennen. Unverzeihlich betrachten viele seine Handlungen als er Napoleon lobte, und sich vor dem Sieger und Zerstörer seines Landes beugte. Aber er war solch ein Universalmentch, ein Weltbürger, daß er die Liebe zum Vaterland nicht vom höchsten Werth für die Menschheit betrachtete. Schillers Werke haben einen großen, guten Einfluß auf das deutsche Volk gehabt. Sie haben es mit einem lebendigen, wirkungsvollen Gefühl zur Freiheit und Einigkeit begeistert. Dieser Einfluß ist in Zeiten der Prüfung, 1813, '15, '48, und '70 am größten gewesen. Dann entstand solch eine Vaterlandsliebe wie die Deutschen nicht seit Jahrhunderten gefühlt hatten. Schiller hat viel zu den rühmlichen Siegen und zur Vereinigung des Vaterlandes beigetragen.

So sehen wir daß diese zwei größten Dichter Deutschlands beide edel und segensreich waren, und daß jeder seine Pflicht, wie er sie verstand, erfüllte, so weit wie es in seiner Macht stand. Wir müssen nicht vergessen, daß beide ganz menschlich waren, und sie für all ihre Größe ehren.

Pasgos de la Vida del Immortal Cervantes.

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IL immortal Cervantes fue nacido mas o menos en la epoca de Shakespeare. La Vida de Don Miguel SAVEDRA Cervantes fue una continua lucha y privacion. Fue nacido en el ano de mil quinientos cuarenta y siete en Alcala de Henares cerca de veinte millas de Madrid. Sus padres heran de familias nobles, pero pobres. De su juventud poco se sabe con la excepcion que goraba mucho de las representaciones teatrales de hope de Vega, escribis versos cuando era joven y leyo todo lo que pudo obtener. Completo su educacion en Salamanca y cuando tuvo veinte y tres anos, fue con el Cardinal Equavvia a Roma, como camarero.

En el ano de mil quinientos setenta y uno, fue a Roma, y entro al ejercito papal para servir contra los turcos. Estuvo presente en el combate de Lepanto, el siete de octubre del mismo ano. Estirvo en lo mas duro del combate y recibio dos heridas, una le privo del uso de su mano y brazo izquierdo, durante el resto de su vida.

En el ano de mil quinientos setenta y seis recibio el man de un regimiento destinado a paises bajos pero en su viaje por mar fue capturado por un escandron Algerine y fue llevado a Algiers, donde fue vendido, como esclavo. Sirvio a dos anos cruels un griego y el otro, venenciano. Formo muchos planes para escaparse y fue castigado severamente cuando fue descubrierto. Cuatro veces fue sentenciado a muerte y una vez con la sogee al cuello. Despues de cinco anos de cruel esclavitud los piratos pidieron quinientos ducados por su libratud cuyo dinero fue reunido por sus amigos y purientes en Espano.

Sin denero, Cervantes volvio a la milicia y servio en tres expediciones contra los Azores. En el ano de mil quinientos ochenta y cuatro, a la edad de treinta y siete

anos, se caso con una Senorita de buenas familias. Pora ganar la vida comenzo a escribir para el teatro y escribio treinta dramas, las cuales fueron recibidas con considerable gusto. Se cree que no le two cueta el teatro, porque, en el ano de mil quinientos ochenta y ocho estaba en Seville. Aqui la hizo de agente y colector de dinero, pero no tuvo exits. De Seville salio para Valladolid y segun dice la tradicion fue puesto en prision por deuda y mientras estaba preso principio a escribir su immortal obra titulado Don Quixote de la Mancha. Se dice que mientras estaba probe en Valladolid, la primera parte del immortal romance fue escrito y publicado en Madrid en el ano de mil seiscientos cinco.

El libro atrajo inmediatamente la atencion del publico pero no le ayudo en sus circunstancias. Continuo escribiendo y produjo un gran numero de cuentos, titulados Novelas Exemplures, Unu Viaje a Parnasses una satira de poetas malos de su ecopa, la cual despues del Don Quixote se considera ser una de las mejores producciones.

Algunos anos antes de este tiempo, se hizo miembro de la hermandad del Santo Sacramento, inmediatamente recibiendo el traje de Franciscano y tes semanas antes de su muerte entro formalmente a la sagrada orden. En abril veinte y tres de mil seiscientos deiz y seis murio y fue enterado enel convento de las monjas de la Trinidad en Madrid. Hace pocos anos, este convento fue quenrad y nadie sabe que suicidio de sus senizas.

Aunque Cervantes fue pobre, no fue egoista y siempre estuvo contento con su vida. Fue tratado cruelmente pero en cano trataremos buscar una frase amarga o triste escrita por su pluma.

HARRIET SEBASTIAN, '09.

ILIA D.

BOOK IV, LINES 275-285.

As a herd on a high, lofty cliff turns his gaze
To a storm-gathering cloud rising up from the deep,
Driven on by the force of the blustering west wind;
And the cloud to the far-distant herdsman doth seem
To be blacker than pitch, when it comes rom the sea;
And he shudders to look at the terrible cloud,
And drives orward the flock to a sheltering cave:

So a band of fine, vigorous Zens-nourished youths,
All arrayed in deep phalanxes it for the fray,
All bristling with lances and also with shields,
Now advance to destructive and ravaging war:
And the great Agamemnon, the wide-ruling king,
Unto them, winged words doth rejoicingly speak.

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A BIT OF O. W. HOLMES' PHILOSOPHY.

ὁ Μάθων - ἐκ τίνος, εἶπες, δακρύουσιν ἐκεῖναι αἱ γυναῖκες;

ὁ Σοφός - διὸ ἐκεῖνος ὁ νεανίας τούτων ἀδελφός ἐστιν. φοβοῦσιν μὴ οὐ δύνηται τρέχειν
τὴν πᾶσαν ὁδὸν, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἔχει πολὺ κράτος.

ὁ Μάθων - τί ποιήσουσιν οἱ νεανίαὶ μετὰ δέκα ἔτη;

ὁ Σοφός - οἱ μὲν δραμοῦνται τάχιστα, οἱ δὲ πορεύσουσι βραδέως· ὀλίγοι πεπαύσονται
ἰέναι.

ὁ Μάθων - τίνες δραμοῦνται μετὰ εἴκοσιν ἔτη;

ὁ Σοφός - οὐκ ἔσονται αὐτοῦ πάντες· οἱ δὲ σχήσουσι πολλὰ πράγματα. ὁ βραδὺς ἀνὴρ
δραμεῖται οὐ ταχιστα, ἀλλὰ καλῶς.

ὁ Μάθων - τίς φθανεῖ τρέχων;

ὁ Σοφός - ὁ βραδὺς ἀνὴρ· ἀλλὰ πᾶν ἔσται ἀγαθὸν, εἰ πάντες πεποιήκασιν ὡς
κράτιστα

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

Margaret B. McElroy, '10.

Beautiful thoughts are the ones that come to me
When I am quietly thinking of other days,
Of a lovely world that has made me see
God's wisdom and love in a thousand ways.

A picture that recalls memories of happy days,
Truthful in its portrayal of these so dear,
Of mother, of father, our blessed friends always,
Who taught us the beauty of things ever near.

Beautiful thoughts are the ones that come to me
When the glorious sunset fills my heart with love,
Its colors blue and purple like the sea,
This too, I know full well, was made by Him above.

To ocean, the mighty and boundless deep,
Where I have drifted far and wide upon its waves,
Sometimes tempestuous, sometimes in tranquil sleep,
The thoughts it creates with me abide.

The stars, God's beacon lights—these too I love,
Planted in their garden of heavenly blue;
Sweet Lyra that wakes her harp for those above,
Orion the mighty warrior, grand and true.

The mountains with their grandeur of snow-capped tops,
Teach us new things of God and His endless love,
Their glory and ever-changing lights rehearse
A never-ending chant of gratitude to Him above.

The thoughts of flowers,—how sweet they are,
In freshness and fragrance like angels fair,
The pink apple blossom, the dogwood's snowy star
Bloom in a cloistered place, painted by April air.

And so at eventide, these beautiful thoughts
Come thronging thro' my mind with golden light,
Their depth and wisdom is—that God has wrought
All things for our good, to make life bright.

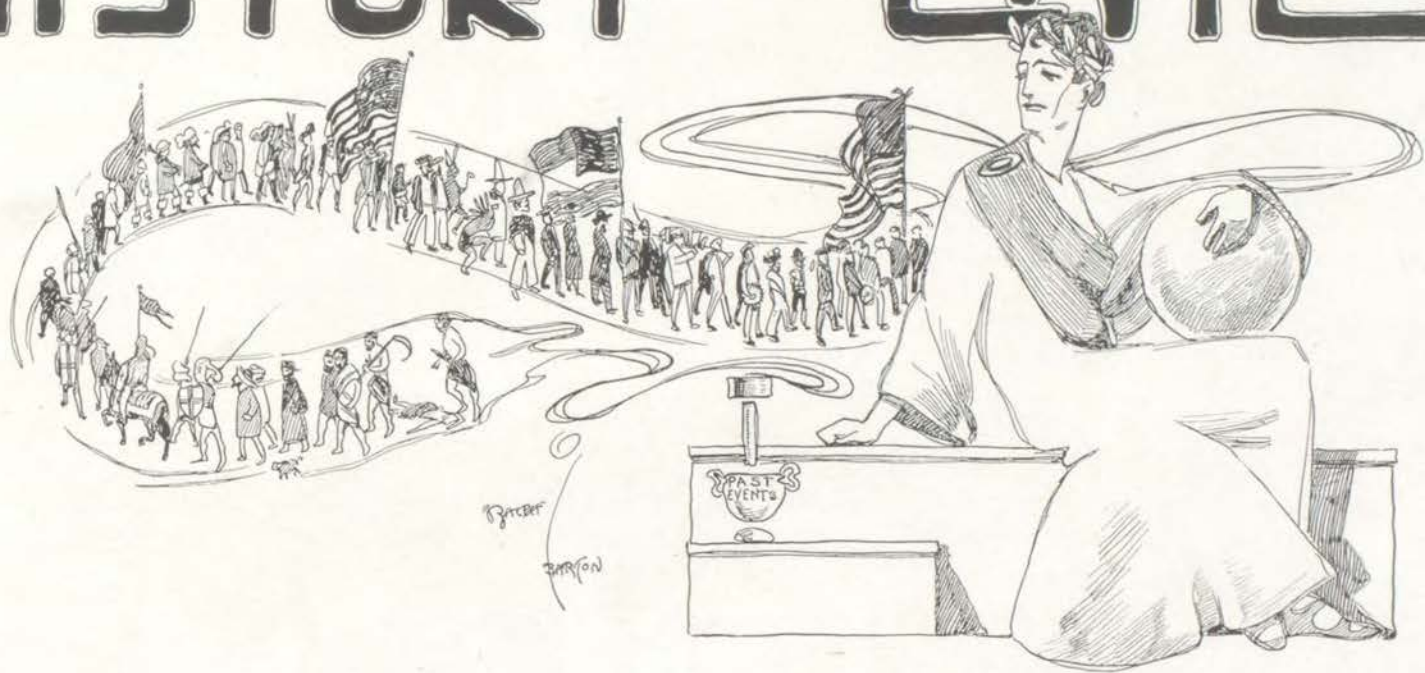
THE REASON WHY?

Why take the musty volumes from the shelves of long ago?
Why search their yellow pages with eye and cheek aglow?
Or, till the stars of evening pale before the coming morn,
Read of History's heroes great, whose deeds the leaves
adorn?

Why follow out with patient care their plans of law or war?
Or thrill with deeds of valor, found in books of ancient lore?
The laws and wars have now been proved impelled by
motives vile,
Those valiant deeds if done today would only cause a smile.

Then why spend years in study of dates and deeds of the
past?
Our life is just in the present,—each day may be the last:
'Tis this that marks the difference twixt the peasant and his
king,—
The one learned naught from History's page, the other
everything.

HISTORY AND CIVICS



HISTORY AND CIVICS FACULTY.

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Mr. Elmer Rush. Miss Clarabel Denton. Miss Anna Wolfrom. Mr. Austin Andrews. Mr. William Lewis.
Miss Evelyn Burrill.

"The Declaration of Independence."

MEADE WOODSON.

AT the request of Thomas Jefferson, there is carved in the granite obelisk at his grave the words: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence." The confirmation of his belief that the writing of that document was a glorious work comes from a mighty empire. It is well that we thus honor him for his was a Herculean task. It is well that we reverence as we do nothing else on earth those illustrious statesmen who so wisely moulded and directed the current of public opinion at the most critical period of our history. Let us not, however, in the light of these truly grand achievements, lose sight of the fact that the Continental Congress, as it adopted the resolution of independence, merely acted upon the instructions of the people; that Thomas Jefferson, as he announced to the world in proper form the birth of the new nation, merely expressed their sentiments at that time; revealed their mind when, in their utter forgetfulness of the stupendous magnitude of the means in the glory of the end, they combined with noble patriotism and high morality a statesmanship unequalled in the history of man.

The Declaration of Independence is divided into three parts: the preamble, wherein is proclaimed the right of the people to overthrow any government when it becomes destructive of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—the ends, by virtue of the equal creation of all men for which government is declared instituted; the indictment of George III, whereby the case of America is applied to these universal principles; and the conclusion, in which the colonies are declared "totally absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown" and, "as free and independent states," possessed of full powers of such states.

That the time was ripe for them to "have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish com-

merce, and do all others acts and things which independent states may of right do," is shown by the part which the Declaration played in hastening as well as making possible the invaluable French alliance. Bancroft tersely says: "The Declaration of Independence gave more earnestness to the advice of Vergennes." Its effect upon the Americans themselves was even more decisive and beneficial. All hope of conciliation being gone, they had clearly before them a single purpose—and what an inspiring purpose it was! Enjoying since the New England Confederation a steady though imperceptible growth in the embryo, the sentiment of nationality, in the past twelve years, had developed in the public mind with marvelous rapidity; now it was transformed into a glorious fact. Patriots in every farm-house, as they heard the glad news, thrilled with consciousness that henceforth they would fight for country; for "a fatherland," in the words of Frothingham, "for which the language has no term, but a love for which Providence has planted deep in the human heart. Its spirit breathes in national song. Its power is symbolized in the national flag. Americans felt the full force of the inspiration." Thus did the Declaration of Independence stand the first test of a great state paper. It met the immediate ends for which it was written; it supplied the most crying needs of the American cause.

Undoubtedly, much of this new born enthusiasm came as a result of the vividness with which the Americans were made to see the justness of their act; convincing proof of the oft times repeated assertion of the patriots that the birth of the new nation was natural and inevitable is found in the Declaration's heart-stirring words which show that independence grew out of a necessity which sprang from a people's love of justice. That the people have a moral right to "overthrow a government long established" in order to experiment with

theories, is a debatable question. That the people have a moral right to institute new government whenever the form to which they are accustomed becomes destructive of the logical ends of government, is eternal justice. The Declaration of Independence accepts as its foundation the known rather than the unknown; the past rather than the future. Existing forms of government were not declared against; a republic came, for the people being fitted to take the reigns of government, that was the form "most likely to effect their safety and happiness;" most consonant with the great principles laid down. The English government was arraigned, not because it was a monarchy, but because it was destructive of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." George III was pronounced "unfit to be the ruler of a free people," not because he was a king, but because he was "a tyrant." A tyrant he was proclaimed, not because he stood in the way of innovation, but because he attempted to innovate; in none of the twenty-nine instances cited to prove him a despotic ruler is mention made of anything save acts which menaced the liberties held by the colonies under the English Constitution. Shall we not conclude, then, that the object of our fathers in resisting the oppressive measures of the English government was simply to hand down to their posterity inviolate the liberties they had gained and that independence was declared only when the attainment of that object seemed to require such a step?

Granting that this was the case, we naturally ask: Was the vision of our fathers clear as their morals were sound? Did the acts complained of evince "a design to reduce them under absolute despotism?" If so, was George chiefly responsible for such a condition of affairs? The answer comes from a source from which there is no appeal. From such historians as Sir Erskine May, John Richard Green, and Lecky, we gather the information that "the shame of the darkest hour of English history lies wholly at his door;" we find that the text-books of the English school children without exception speak of the men who looked from behind the breastworks at Bunker Hill as the true champions of England;

and we hear "the grand old man, as in his own beautiful conservatism he pronounces on evolution a "conservative" revolution.

Considered in the light of the universal rejoicing with which the Declaration was hailed, how apt is the word! A most careful study of the preamble of that document will fail to disclose a single principle which cannot be applied to any race of men, at any time, under any conditions; the Declaration speaks for Americans; its speaks for Englishmen; but in a larger sense, it speaks for men—and it speaks words for which men, perhaps unknowingly, thirsted. Two great forces wrestled for supremacy in the political world: The Christian idea and the Pagan idea of man as he stood related to the body politic. The former regarded the state as made for man; the latter, man as made for the state. The one, despite seventeen centuries of Christian thought—including the powerful abstract theories of such men as Locke and Milton—had as yet failed to overcome the other. Despotism reigned, in varying degrees, in all the countries of Europe. When "the ascendant people of that time," upon whom the eyes of the world were turned, rose to vindicate their inherent liberties in the name of mankind, they concretely retaught the lesson of the fundamental equality of the race. This great primal truth, flashing upon the slumbering peoples of Europe as if it were a revelation, sent emotions surging through their veins which materially raised the political standard of that continent. Bancroft tells us: "The Declaration of Independence involved the reform of the British Parliament, the emancipation of Ireland, the disenthralment of the people of France, the awakening of the nations of Europe. Even Hungary stretched forward to hear from the distance the gladsome sound; the Italians recalled their days of unity and might."

As the United States, as a nation, has sent out the beacon light to guide the new movement in politics which thus begun, the Declaration of Independence has tended the fires of the young republic. It has had a most potent influence in determining both our political and ethical ideals. Being read

in public all over the country at least once a year, and studied by individuals, from the schoolboy to that massive brained statesman, Webster, "it has served to keep before us with almost religious sanctity" those majestic assertions of the grandeur of man simply as man, not as abstractions, but as concrete truths by virtue of which we secured the incalculable benefits of this fatherland. That the service rendered by the Declaration in this capacity, was of an almost inestimable value at a time when the moral welfare of the nation was at stake, is attested to by the iron logic of Calhoun. That statesman, when his monumental plan to establish the country on a slavery basis failed, said that the preamble of the Declaration of Independence was responsible for the attitude of the Americans toward slavery. But greater than its part in determining our method of dealing with public problems is its influence upon our everyday life. Bringing forcibly to the individual the rights of man, it teaches him the duties of man. John Morley tells us, speaking of the preamble, that "there is an implied corollary which is the cornerstone of the highest morality possible;" in other words, that the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" being a universal right, I must not only refrain from hindering but aid in securing the enjoyment of that right to each and every man alike, be he king or fool. This ethical message has been heeded as well as heard, for how else can we account for the phenomenal growth of the United States as a world power? It embodies the sentiments which lead to universal peace and universal happiness—the remote ends for which the Declaration of Independence was written.

Such, too, shall be the final outcome of that document, God willing; for its founders breathed into it that which gives everlasting life. The history of the race reveals no other such expression of political faith. The first sentence discloses the fact that the keynote of the colonists' action was a Christian conception of the Supreme Being; it is "Nature's God" which entitles them to "a separate and equal station among the powers of the earth." They acknowledge one Creator and

Him as the source of all good. They appeal only "to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions." What a beautiful recognition of the Infinite Mind! And lastly, realizing that with their conclusion "that these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states," came the gigantic task of maintaining that independence, they manifest their assurance of the final triumph of righteousness in these final significant words: "And for the support of this Declaration, and with a firm reliance on the Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Withal, how Christ-like is its spirit! How devout its reverence for things holy! How boundless, how almost blind, its faith in God! This recognition of faith in God as the keystone of all enduring political creation is the strongest claim of the Declaration to immortality.

Is it, then, unfitting to say that when our fathers, in taking the step essential to the success of their cause, by that same act vindicated independence, instigated a new movement in politics, secured to their posterity a precedent of immense practical value and grasped the true relation of the Divine to the Human? Indeed, when we remember that the closest rival of the Declaration of Independence for first honors, the Magna Charta, is sadly lacking in at least two of these particulars, it is not halting praise to say that then they evinced a statesmanship unequalled in the history of man? John Adams' prophecy that Independence Day would become the most memorable epoch in American history has been fulfilled; but the prophet, though he bend down as Elisha did, "praying that his eyes may be made to see," cannot foretell the place which the Declaration of Independence shall finally hold in the hearts of men; its fame, undying as that of the heroic patriots who conceived it, must ever grow with the growth of man.

This essay won first prize in the "Sons of the Revolution" contest.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL.

THE Daughters of the American Revolution are now doing a most praiseworthy work. They are marking the route of that once great highway over which marched the forces which conquered the boundless plains, the great West, and carried American trade and institutions to the Pacific ocean and far into Mexico. Within our own city, twenty-five markers have been provided for; these will be placed along the route from the river front to the junction of Wornall road and the city limits. The work of marking the trail in Kansas has been completed, and is now being carried forward in Colorado. The Society in the former state has erected ninety-five monuments, on each of which is the inscription: "Santa Fe Trail, marked by the Daughters of the American Revolution and the state of Kansas, 1906." When finished this work will be a fitting commemoration of the great Trail, which has had so much to do with the opening up and development of Western America.

It is a much disputed question, just when this route was first used. It is a fact the world over that the physical features of a country determine the highways of travel, and this is particularly true of this instance. Even the aborigines recognized that nature had made this a way to be used by man, and armies of savages had marched over this road hundreds of years before Columbus' discovery.

Of the early journeys after 1492, we are certain that Cabeca de Vaca during his wanderings, 1527-36, crossed the Trail where it intersects the Arkansas river, from mounds lately discovered that Moscoso, with a portion of De Soto's band, followed that river into Kansas, and that Coronado's expedition, 1540-2, camped somewhere near Wichita. The next recorded journey was in 1716 from Santa Fe east by a caravan of 15,000 Spaniards, all of whom, excepting the priest, perished.

We can give to the nineteenth century traffic over the

Santa Fe trail no definite origin. We know of at least two men who journeyed to Santa Fe prior to 1805 and of a Kentuckian in that city the same year, from Captain Z. M. Pike, whose published account of this expedition was the primary cause of the later trade. Several unprofitable and disastrous trips, particularly that of McKnight in 1812, prevented further ventures for ten years. According to all authorities, the virtual commencement of the great traffic was in 1822. Two years later a party of eighty traders introduced wheeled vehicles, and experienced fewer obstacles than expected. In 1829 an escort of troops was necessary because of the hostile Indians, and Fort Leavenworth was established for the protection of the caravans. As the trade increased other ports were sought, and as early as 1828 cargoes were carried to Chihuahua, and later to other north Mexican towns. Many merchants transported their goods in wagons other than their own; this developed a large class of competitive freighters, whose only business was the safe transportation of their cargoes. In spite of great obstacles and opposition, the traffic to all points increased wonderfully during the next twenty years.

In 1846 the Army of the West, under General Stephen W. Kearney, including Colonel Doniphan's First Regiment of Missouri cavalry, marched from Leavenworth over the Trail into New Mexico. After the glorious conquest of that region the trade assumed immense proportions, due to the American possession and the discovery of gold in California. An overland mail was begun in 1849, when monthly stages started from each end at the same time. They later left once, twice, and three times a week, until in the sixties daily stages were started, which were used until the coming of the railroad.

Franklin, Howard County, and Lexington, Missouri, were the first outfitting points of the great traffic. These

From Council Grove they traveled into Marion County to Lost Springs, struck Cottonwood Creek at Durham, proceeded through McPherson to Little River in Rice, past the numerous tributaries of Cow Creek, due west to the Arkansas, which they reached at a place known as Camp Osage or Fort Zarah, the present town of Ellinwood, Barton County. Great Bend was four miles beyond that. Thirteen miles further was Pawnee Rock, the region around which was for ages the fighting ground of hostile tribes. This old rock was well situated to provide an ambushade for the savages, from which to dash down on the passing traders. In its very shadow the Old Trail wound its way, where the road-bed of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad now lies. It is, however, no longer a landmark; its material has been torn away by settlers and railroad gangs.

The Trail followed the Arkansas river to Cimarron Crossing, where it divided, one branch continuing west, the other going directly southwest. Over the former, after passing all the dangerous points and through Port Aubrey, the caravans at last reached the foot-hills and Bent's Fort, now Las Animas. This historic landmark was one of the most important posts, the rendezvous of trappers, scouts, and Indians. It was built about six hundred and fifty miles west of Fort Leavenworth by the Bent brothers in 1829, and destroyed in '52 by Wm. Bent, who built the new fort thirty-five miles further down. The ruins of this may be seen today from La Junta.

The Trail then crossed the river and went southwestward, through Trinidad and Raton Pass, where may be seen the old, abandoned, sun-dried brick house, where for years the veteran Dick Wooton, collected toll from every stage, caravan, emigrant schooner and soldier cavalcade which entered the Southwest. The route then wound its way through the mountains, the ravines and the canyons, passed through Las Vegas, Ojo de Vernal, Apache Canon, and at last reached Santa Fe. When the great freight

were soon supplanted by Independence, this in turn by Westport. The goods were purchased in St. Louis, and usually shipped by river to these western stations. The journey to Council Grove was an individual matter, there the caravans were organized. A pack-mule train consisted of about three hundred mules, firmly saddled and heavily loaded, controlled and led by the drivers and their trusted leader, the "bell-mare." On an average each animal carried about 250 pounds. Thousands of wagons traveled the trail annually. These, of the old Conestoga pattern, with sail-cloth covers stretched on bows, were manufactured in Pittsburg, had a capacity of about 7,500 pounds, and were drawn by from eight to twelve mules or oxen. Every parcel in them was carefully labeled and tightly closed; every man in the party was heavily armed and always on the alert.

The caravans never started until the grass had grown enough to furnish subsistence for the teams. They traveled on an average of from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, and required about a year to make the round trip to Santa Fe. It is interesting to follow the route. From Independence they crossed the Big Blue, went over the state line into Kansas, and followed the Kaw river to Lawrence. Thirty miles from Westport the road forked; the Oregon trail to Columbia going northwest, and the Santa Fe west into Douglas County. From there they went nine miles to Black Jack, through Hickory Point or Willow Springs, and, after crossing the 110-Mile Creek, due west to Burlingame, Osage County. After passing through Lyon into Morris, they reached Council Grove, so called since 1825, when some United States commissioners treated there with the Osages. This was the half-way station between Missouri and the great bend of the Arkansas, whence all expeditions proceeded with military order and discipline. Camps were selected in advance; guards set up and relieved; cooks, hunters and scouts provided; and every precaution taken to guarantee the safety of the caravan.

wagons, with the weary dust-begrimed mules and teamsters, rolled into the drowsy old town, great shouts of "Los Carros" and "Los Americanos" arose, and great crowds turned out to see them. Before the American acquisition of this province, the merchants were obliged to pay \$500.00 for every wagon load, great or small, of salt or silk. With Yankee ingenuity, however, they most frequently foiled the officers.

A trip over the Trail in one of the coaches was most dangerous and exciting, yet fascinating to many. The fare, \$250.00, included transportation and board, which consisted of biscuits, coffee, other common staple articles, and any fresh meat obtained. The journey required two weeks, traveling day and night, and changes in teams were made at stations from ten to fifty miles apart. The Government furnished an escort of soldiers over the most dangerous parts, but every one was expected to be on guard.

A journey across the plains possessed almost inconceivable dangers and hardships. The lack of water caused the greatest physical suffering. The story of the Trail is one of plots, robberies, murders, the most horrible atrocities, by both Indians and whites. The "red devils" always knew, through their spies and runners, just when a caravan would pass a certain point, and, when so disposed, were always ready to carry out their cowardly, bloody deeds. The white men, however, were not always innocent; they often acted as savages because they dealt with savages. There was also great danger from raids and stampedes of buffalo, thousands of which were often in one herd. Great peril was also caused by Mexicans, American so-called road-agents, and masked robbers. Particularly after the mines of New Mexico were opened did these operate; they were after the strong-box of the express company and the valuables of the passengers, for whose lives they cared nothing. Besides the thrilling, horrible, blood-curdling stories, there are those of many humorous incidents on

these journeys. For example, that of a hunt, scramble, and fight, in which a whole expedition took part, after a half plug of tobacco. This article was considered the most important portion of their food supply.

The briefest sketch of the Santa Fe Trail is not complete without the mention of some famous men, who spent their lives enduring its hardships and making it all that it became. Christopher Carson, commonly known as "Kit," is no doubt the greatest frontiersman, trapper, scout, guide, Indian counsellor and fighter which America has produced. From the time of his first trip in 1826 he interwove with the story of the Trail that of his own life and exploits. A few others may be worth mentioning here: James Bridger is famous for the discovery of Bridger's Pass; "Uncle" John Smith was one of the earliest, also the most eccentric character; Jim Baker, James Beckwourth, and Dick Wooton were especially known for their bravery and prowess. Wm. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," is, however, perhaps the most famous of all those who traveled over the Trail. Colonel Inman says: "The mantle of Kit Carson fits more perfectly the shoulders of Cody than those of any other of the great frontiersman's successors, and he has had some experiences that surpassed anything which fell to their lot." One of the most interesting, picturesque and romantic stories is that of Maxwell's Ranch. This was a very valuable tract of two million acres, owned and operated by Lucien B. Maxwell, who maintained, especially during the Civil War, a feudal, almost independent rule.

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, now one of the greatest, most interesting and beautiful systems, follows almost exactly the Old Trail from Great Bend to Santa Fe. It entered the valley of the Upper Arkansas in 1872, and eight years later the first train pulled into Santa Fe, closing forever the Old Trail as a highway of commerce. Its route, however, will be used as long as the East communicates with the West.



THE SCIENCE FACULTY.

92



MR. F. N. PETERS,
Chemistry.



MR. EARL C. HALLAR,
Chemistry Laboratory.



MR. J. C. WRIGHT,
Physics Laboratory.



MR. F. H. AYRES,
Physics.



MR. JNO. E. CAMERON,
Zoology and Botany.

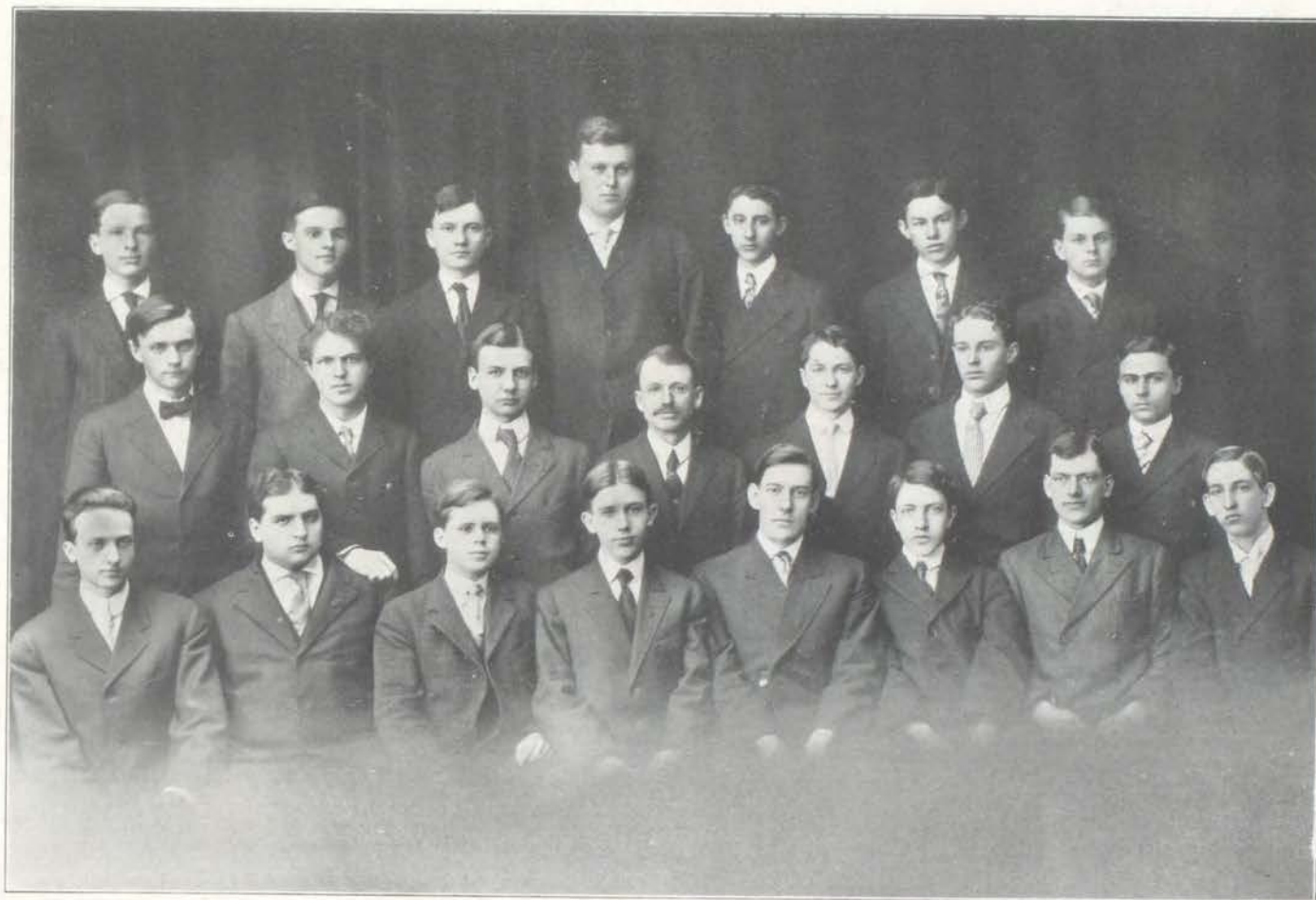


MR. PORTER GRAVES,
Astronomy.



MR. C. H. NOWLIN,
Physiology and Psychology.

THE KELVIN CLUB.



93

Mr. F. H. Ayres.
Joseph Brown.
Ralph Bower.
Stanley Clausen.
Evan Connell.

Hale Cook.
Jno. Cooper.
Merle Dancy.
Charles Davis.
Frank Dayton.

Arthur Eldred.
Edmund Field.
Adkins Frohman.
Harry Ghormley.
Lowrie McClure.

Joe McKinnon.
Raymond Moore.
Evan Seigrist.
Frank Seigrist.
Clyde Shockley.

Edward Taylor.
Grove Tyler.
Charles Wilhelm.
Earl Young.
Ralph Peer.

Stanley Clausen	President
Ivan Seigris	Vice-President
Lowrie McClure	Secretary
Clyde Shockley	Treasurer

OFFICERS.



Harry K. Ghormley	Librarian
Arthur Eldred	Sergeant-at-Arms
F. H. Ayres	Critic

ON THE evening of March 16, 1905, a band of students called into being the Central Kelvin Club. The purpose of the organization, then as now, was to give to such boys as display a special aptitude in science an opportunity for more thorough study than is afforded in the class-room. In token of this purpose, they gave to the club the name it now bears, in honor of the greatest scientist of the age, William Thompson, Lord Kelvin.

The larger part of our programs are the work of our own members. The program committee assigns a certain meeting to a member, who is responsible for the program for that night. He may prepare a paper on some scientific subject that interests him; he may tell of new scientific discoveries and inventions; he may have his program consist wholly or in part of actual experimentation. In any case, the only limitation on the choice of the subject is that it shall be calculated to advance the scientific knowledge of the speaker and his hearers. All members who present a program endeavor to answer any question that may be asked, and the general discussion resulting is sometimes more illuminating than the talk itself. Some of our programs consist entirely of a general discussion of current events of scientific interest.

From time to time we have programs contributed by persons not members of the club, men whose profession are such that they have a message for us. The constitu-

tion provides that to these "open meetings" members may invite friends, and those outside our number are thus made acquainted with our work.

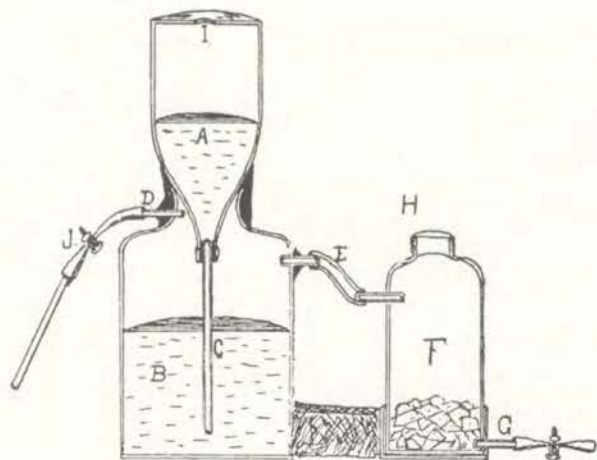
Ever since its beginning the Kelvin Club has striven worthily to fulfill in the highest degree the purpose for which it was founded, and the school year just ended has been one of exceptional accomplishment. We have done work within the club of which we are proud; we presented an assembly hall program which met the difficult condition of being both entertaining and instructive, and which we trust did not cause the venerable Sir Isaac to turn in his grave more than once; and we inaugurated the custom of having a special session for girls who are interested in science. We believe there is a larger interest in science at Central than there would be without the club, and that is reason enough for its existence.

We have imparted a little additional scientific knowledge to our fellow students; we have built a nucleus for science work at Central; our members have advanced in scientific and technical knowledge; and we have given to those scientifically inclined a "fellowship of kindred minds" that is a source of strength and inspiration. If we have done these things, and we believe we have, the Central Kelvin Club has proved its right to be.

JOAN SIEGRIST, '08.

A NEW GAS GENERATOR.

Donald W. Ross, '09.



IT often happens that while we are looking away from home for matters of note, great things take place in our very midst to which our eyes are blind. The following excerpt from the April number of *School Science and Mathematics*, Chicago, may therefore be news to many of us:

"Everyone who has occasion to use a Kipp generator knows of the difficulties and annoyances which are experienced whenever it is allowed to stand for some time. The acid in contact with the iron sulphide, or whatever the material may be, becomes spent and that in the reservoir above, which is unused, must be thrown out with the other. The apparatus is seldom ready when you want it unless it has been recently charged.

Many attempts have been made to obviate these difficulties, and various modifications of the Kipp have been proposed, but most of them are open to some objections.

At the holiday meeting in December of the State Association of Science Teachers of Missouri, the model of a new form, designed by Mr. Earl C. Hallar, of the department of chemistry of Central High school, Kansas City, was presented which seems to be satisfactory in every way. From the accompanying figure its construction may be readily understood. B is a bottle of about one liter capacity, having a wide mouth; A is another bottle of about 500CC capacity, with tapering neck, which fits into B. A hole is bored thru the bottom of this at I by means of a file moistened with turpentine; a tube C extends nearly to the bottom of B. F is a bottle for holding the ferrous sulphide, marble, zinc, etc., and is connected with B by a rather large (about three-eighths inch) rubber tubing, upon which a screw clamp, not shown in figure, is placed to regulate the flow of the liquid, which differs for different gases. F rests loosely in another bottle cut off short, which is fastened by wax to B securely. H is a ground glass stopper, which, if not gas tight, is readily made so from a few drops of wax from a candle. This is easily removed when necessary for recharging, which need not be often. To use the apparatus acid is poured into A at I from which it runs into B and from there into F. The tube E must be large enough to permit the passage of acid and at the same time the gas generated in F. For generating hydrogen sulphide small quantities of acid are all that is necessary, while for carbon dioxide more is needed. This quantity is readily controlled by the screw clamp at E. When the material in F, becoming covered with spent acid, it may be easily drawn off at G without interfering in any way with the working of the apparatus. If it is desired to prepare hydrogen instead of hydrogen sulphide, all one has to do is to disconnect at E,

substitute F a similar bottle with zinc, and proceed; likewise for carbon dioxide, a bottle of marble.

Another advantage the apparatus has is that if the supply of material in F runs low while it is desired to continue the use of the gas, an amount of acid sufficient to generate enough gas nearly to fill the reservoir, B may be allowed to pass over into F, and while the student or instructor is drawing this off thru J, the clamp at E may be closed and the bottle F recharged."

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The principle of Mr. Hallar's generator is the same as Kipp's; the flow of acid from B to F is regulated, after the screw clamp at E—not present in Kipp's—has been set right, automatically by the gas pressure. The gas generated in F passes thru E into B where it forces some of the acid back into A, thus lowering the level in B. When

this gas is drawn off at J, the pressure is removed and the acid descends from A into B by its own weight and rises in B until it again passes thru E and generates more gas. This process is repeated continually.

The generator now used in our laboratory is only "home-made," but it will be put on the market next fall by one of the large supply houses. In the student-made generator the chief difficulty was finding an acid-proof wax that would not work loose. Recently, however, one has been discovered which is fairly satisfactory. A new form is now being made with two tubes at E, one for the acid to pass into F; the other for the gas to pass into B. It is believed that this generator, because of its convenience and the saving of acid, will in time replace the Kipp in school laboratories.



THE STONY WAY OF LIFE.

WITH measured tread a dusty pilgrim trudged
The dusty road, which far to westward stretch'd
Until its further end the golden gate
Of Day's great golden monarch, Sol, did find.
The way with monstrous stones and sharp was filled;
Nor could the pilgrim see his way ahead,
Such were the many windings of the road.
Tall hedges, sharp and green, the pathway lined,
Which when the wind bestirred and blew with force
Upon them, swayed and seemed to creep with stealth,
Like some green monster or great dragon told
About in fable or in rhyme.

Anon,

The weary pilgrim slack'd his weary pace,
Which early morn had seen him gladly set,
And, later, even saw him sadly check.
As some poor doe, when closely press'd by foe,
Does drop from pure exhaustion, so
The weary pilgrim with fatigue sank down,
Yet rose and, stumbling on, did find
A rock beside the road and sat himself
Upon it to repose his clouded brain.
As in the west the fiery sun did sink
Below the level stretch of cloudless sky
And changed the twilight into darkness grim,
So in his heart his haughty hopes did sink
Almost beyond the state of hopefulness
And left the weary pilgrim in distress.

Great agony of mind or soul requires
Great fortitude to overcome, but hope
Tho' small, is often great. Huge obstacles
Doth it surmount when fair success but smiles,
And when success ful beams on it, there is

No limit to its scope; it grows and swells,
And rapidly expands to all four points.
O, Pilgrim, weary of thine heavy load,
Were there but just a single day to rout,
To scatter thy discouragement, thy face
That apathetic frown would not now bear.

A dying ray sped from the sinking sun
And spent its golden life to kindle life
Anew within the pilgrim's heaving breast.
He knelt beside the rock and prayed to God:
"My heart is heavy, Lord, the road is rough,
Revealing ragged ruts and rearing rocks.
Huge enemies and dire have always lined
My path. I've battled bravely as I could,
O, Lord, but have as yet no recompense.
The stately ships sail o'er the salty sea
With holds e'er creaking with their weight of wealth;
Slow-footed camels, ships on seas of sand,
Bear spices, silks of price, and precious gold.
Yet I, a bark on life's rough waters, drift
About with only worthless burdens heavy.
Must I plod on, O God, without reward?
Help me, O Lord, help me, a suffering soul."
He sank upon the rock, his careworn face
Half-hidden with his hands, his form half-bent.

From far off came a tender, still, small voice,
A whisper, sweeter than the sweetest tones
Of music,—softer than the softest breeze
That ever kissed his cheek: "O weary one,
Let not thine heart be troubled: I will give
The rest and comfort; listen unto me:
O Pilgrim, life is not all glory; life
Is not all honor, pride, or fame. Reward,

However sweet it seems to mortal men,
 Is not life's aim, to which all noble thoughts,
 All noble purposes must e'er subserve in serfdom.
 To him who strives for honor's sake alone,
 The world may give its precious gifts; to him
 Who, in the name of glory, delves, the men
 Of earth in awe may foolishly bow down;
 Grim death with heavy, ruthless hand alike
 Smites each. O pilgrim, ne'er again believe
 That mere reward is life's true aim. Take heart,
 Arise, and, trusting in thy God, spur on
 Again. Live for the betterment of all
 Thy fellowmen,—those pale and gaunt,
 Those sorrow-stricken suffering ones. Mark thou:
 The life that heaven honors is the life
 Of love and service."

Soft and sweet and low,
 Like feathery flakes of virgin snow, the voice
 Was wafted to the pilgrim's ears.

With firm determination on his brow,
 And in his heart true courage, he arose
 Before his God and vowed that henceforth he
 Would battle for the good of all mankind.
 The gleaming armor of Integrity
 He donned without delay; upon his arm
 He placed the shining shield of God, well fashioned,
 Well forged. Into his burnished belt he thrust
 The two-edged, double-handed sword of Truth.

Equipped with these, he journeyed toward his goal.
 The road's sharp turns seemed straighter than before,
 The rocks less rough, the enemies less dire
 Tall sentinels the hedges told,—not grim
 Machines of torture. Nature was revealed
 To him in splendor far more beautiful
 Than he had dreamed, for now he strove to make
 The stony way of life a path of love.

RAYMOND I. MOORE, '09.

MY MOTHER! MY ROSIPHELL!

No sound, no face of joy to welcome us!—Remorse.
 SHORTLY after I had come to legal maturity my
 father died. His entire fortune, by no means ordi-
 nary, was left to me. A great fortune is rarely a
 blessing to one who did not earn it. I cannot say that this
 inheritance effected me; it merely guaranteed to me the life
 of reading and thinking I had already determined upon.
 My youth had been short; always intellectual. In child-
 hood I had been lulled to sleep by the rhythm of "Night
 Thought," by the cadence of "Utopia," and by the music
 of Ossian. My pastime had been reading; my punishment,
 a chair in the corner. I grew as I was bent. So, when this
 fortune and my mother fell into my care, I had no intention
 other than to continue in general my previous plan of life.

It was not long, however, until I had married. Rosi-

phell, the last of a family older than rich, was my choice.
 Never had I cause to regret that union, nor had my mother.
 Rosiphell, fair and young, accustomed herself to our mood,
 and indeed soon became the great part of our lives. She
 attended, in truth, our work with great assiduity. When
 I came down from my study earlier than usual one even-
 ing, I found the fairy Rosiphell pouring diligently over a
 voluminous treatise on the reality of matter, which I had
 commended some time previously as a worthy volume.
 Thereafter, on the strength of such a show of industry, I
 took my wife to my study every night.

It was partly for her sake, she so much wanted "some-
 thing with life in it," that we took up the subject of mes-
 merism. We approached the question in no light manner,
 however. The works of Marcus Niphaeus and Aemilius

Scaurus were taken as a basis for our procedure, and through their many references to other contemporary writers, both Latin and Greek, we soon became familiar with all the ancient knowledge of the relation between will and will. As our work became more animated, my mother was forced to leave her study and to join ours.

Here we spent many congenial hours. I read from the original Latin the work we were considering; Rosiphell found and read the references—indeed, on some evenings she read the most of the time; and my mother kept a brief of the sense of both. We continued our study some months, progressing slowly through the pristine to the modern philosophers, including Mesmer, Braid, and Dr. Heidenhain of Breslau, before we felt able to pass to the experimental stage. Again we advanced systematically. My mother was always the mesmeric agent; Rosiphell was her assistant; and I, an acute observer, kept the most detailed accounts of our proceedings. This practical research was not as pleasant as the reading had been. Necessarily, our subjects were of the lowest class of people; people so low, indeed, that it made the proud Rosiphell wince to think that she and they had a soul in common.

The results of our inquiry are now in the hands of the wisest men of the time; but one result is yet to be recorded. In the second year of our ardent labor, Rosiphell, who had been the spirit, if not the body, of our work, faded into a morbid sickness. For weeks my mother and I watched her continuously as the disease carried off her liveliness, her color, her roundness, her bloom. Attention she received in abundance, yet death was imminent.

Night is universally a stimulant for meditation; Death is ever a subject. Blessed is the man who needs must watch through the night the corpse of a friend; but far more blessed was he who was present the night before, as for quarters of hours the soul—the friend—hung about the passive body, and at last broke away as a rich perfume, rising in glory to its first and royal home. Yes, truly, the heart of the wise is in the house of mourning.

But this philosophy was little comfort to me, as with my mother, I kept the customary watch. On this night, which I felt to be the last, misery was my part; misery painful from restraint. What but misery could be near that silent form? Was this Rosiphell? the happy Rosiphell? the poor little Rosiphell without a father or mother, a sister or brother? No, no; she passed away long ago. This is sad Rosiphell; emaciated, worn Rosiphell, with a sinner for a husband and his mother for her mother. With a sinner for a husband—yes, a sinner; but a sinner whose whole frame shakes as his heart beats for her. His mother is as her mother; a better she could not have.

On previous nights we had sometimes thought Rosiphell dying when she was but peacefully sleeping; but now that she was dying, we did not think her sleeping. No, we were far from thinking that; the very air was pregnant with the departing soul. To allay somewhat the pains of time, I took up the work of the medieval Aristarchus. The thumb-worn pages opened in my hands, and I read aloud:

“Yes, return to the Temple of Bramah;
Return, thou soul, to the Source;
Return, thou part, to the Whole;
For, truly, nought can save you,
Naught save the Will of another.”

“Naught save the Will of another,” I repeated. “Save the Will of another.” I closed the book and dropped my head into my arms on the table. “Naught save the Will of another.” Rest was a welcome respite; for a second I dozed. A murmuring, clear, definite, determined, roused me. I raised my face. Before me, in the pictured attitude of the teacher, Mesmer, stood my mother, serene and queenly, commanding the vacillating soul to raise up the body of Rosiphell. Behold! Wonderful is the power of one over another! Rosiphell arose!

Would that I might here inscribe my passions! Rosiphell arose! Rosiphell, emaciated and worn, stood upright! Rosiphell, the embodiment of my affections, came to me! Rosiphell!! My arms embraced her wavering form; she

gave a weak cry of joy. Rapture after rapture reanimated my shaken form. The joy of life, the worth of living, for the first time I valued highly.

But pleasure is ever the herald of sorrow. Yea, our peals of laughter echo in our fast following tears. Indeed, my dear mother in reviving Rosiphell had herself experienced a corresponding weakening. Alas, when I looked up from embracing, I saw my mother lying on the couch quiet, death-like, with her arms crossed on her bosom, as if prepared for burial. I released my wife; and she, seeing my mother, sank lifelessly into a chair by the couch. "Behold," I cried in misery and surprise, "she was living merely by the strength of my mother! Seeing the source of her life going, she, too, goes. Both die!" My cries did no good, nor did they evil. I threw myself on my knees between them, grasping the hand of each. Together their blood pulsed weakly; together their bosoms raised. On one side was my mother, on the other my wife.

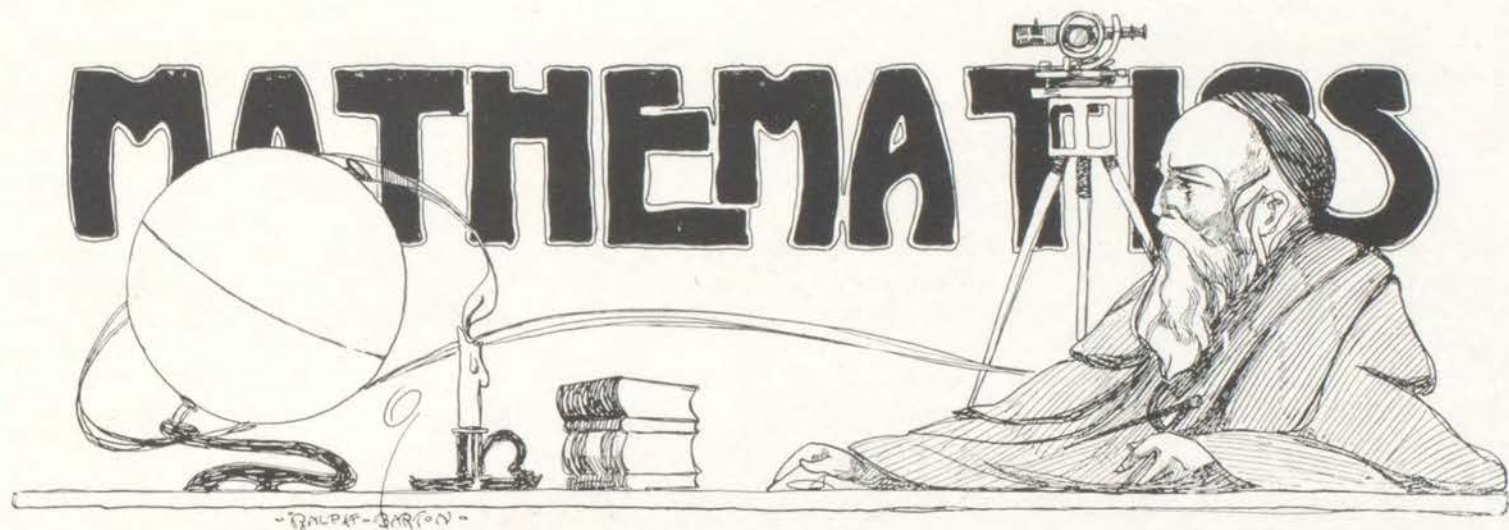
Never a tear left me, yet I knew that death was near to both. My body trembled in the intensity of my sorrow. My limbs were contorted in paroxysms of fear. Quickly in my mind I ran through the list of powerful remedies I had collected in my work; I had none all-powerful. Mesmer cemaes before me; seemed there in very body. I started to my feet. The image was gone, but it left a determination to us his science. Standing before my wife and my mother, with returning courage, I pronounced slowly the words we had found most effective: "Thy body is mine. Thy spirit is mine. Arise! Arise at the will of thy bidder." Over and over again this fell on the air with all the rhythm I could weight it. Again: a slight tremor spreads over the bodies. Again: a like sign of revivification. Once more: a struggle by both to move—and a sob. The sob cut into my heart. The pain I knew I was causing them unnerved me. The horridness of working with those lifeless bodies I will not attempt to describe. How selfish I was! But I collected myself, and brutally repeated my words. "Arise":

quiet. "Arise": nota tremor. "Arise": nothing. Each time I increased my voice. "Arise", I cried. "Arise", I shrieked. "Arise"; but not a move was made.

"Arise"; my wrought mind could scarcely think. In anger and despair I raised my hands above my head, and in a frenzied voice, I shouted, "O, thou false will, why have I neglected thee? Wilt thou not just this once revive, and exert thy power on these? Alas, why did not I, also, practice thy powers? I have not the strength to cause even these two to raise!" I stopped. In a lower tone I considered, "These two? If not two, perhaps one!

"WHICH? My Rosiphell, my Rosiphell, I must take you. You were merry, happy. I cannot part with you. Every golden curl has its charm; every curve of your once round face, its quality; every move, its meaning; every word, its music. . . . But come, decide: . . . It shall be Rosiphell!" I rechanted the first few words . . . like an avalanche came the thought that my mother would die. My mother, who had reared me; she, who had soothed me to sleep with hymns and proverbs rather than lullabies, who first had taught me to read, who had encouraged the love of reflection, would die. How often I needed her advice! How sacred were her high temples, over which her raven tresses parted and fell to her shoulders! I could not lose my mother. I must have my mother. I turned from my wife. Anew, I started those words I had already spoken so often. But thought of Rosiphell, to whom I was wedded, restrained me. I hesitated, turning to one, then to the other.

The pain of my soul increased my acuteness. Every detail caught my eye. A crease in the carpet, a cut in the covering of the couch, the arms on my ring were each considered minutely. Outside, silence was total. The eternal ringing of the dark night was unbroken. I was wrong! The wail of a fox-hound floated in on the breeze. My brain! it was the death wail! It was OUR hound! My mother, my Rosiphell were dead!



MATHEMATICS FACULTY.

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MR. F. C. TOUTON.



MR. WM. A. LUBY.



MISS JOSEPHINE MAGERLE.



MISS THOMAS.



MR. TEMPLIN.



MISS BRIDGES.

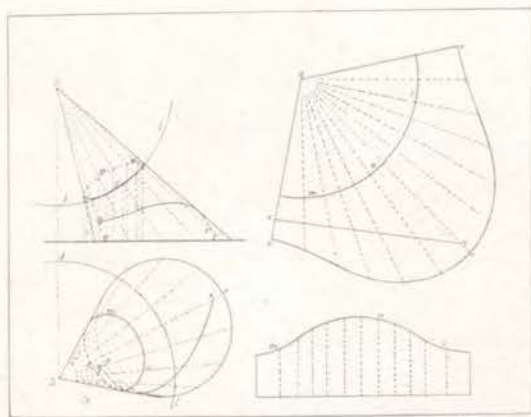


MR. C. A. BLOCHER.

DESCRIPTIVE GEOMETRY.

VERY few pupils of Central High school know that among the many interesting and instructive mathematical studies taken up here, descriptive geometry is, in spite of the fact that few students ever take it up, one of the most fascinating and pleasant. It is unique in that it, more than any other subject, gives the student at the conclusion of every problem a keen sense of mastery and an assurance of something accomplished.

For the benefit of those who do not know it might be well to say that descriptive geometry is a study of projections



and that its object and aim is the solving of the problem, "How many solids, having three dimensions, be represented accurately upon a plane, having only two." Just how this problem is solved, it would not do for one to try to explain for most of the readers would find such an explanation wearisome in the extreme but in order to illustrate some of the more simple of the operations of the subject it might be well to work out one problem to give one an idea of what the study is like.

Let us take then for consideration the development of the oblique cone and the finding of the shortest distance between any two points on its surface. This is a problem which is quite beyond the scope of mechanical drawing but is well within that of descriptive geometry.

The development of an object is the result of unrolling or unfolding the surface of the object upon a tangent plane, without any compression, extension, or distortion of any kind affecting the shape or relative position of any of the parts of the surface. All the students who have taken solid geometry remember how they took the developed surface of the icosahedron and by suitable cutting, folding and pasting built it up into the regular solid with which we are all more or less familiar.

In order to do this in the case of the oblique cone we must first intersect the cone with a sphere whose center is at the apex of the cone. The cone, sphere, and curve of intersection are shown in projection in the figure as $S' K' L'$, and $M' N' O'$.

It is evident that when the cone is developed this curve of intersection will appear as a circle, with its center at the apex of the cone and whose radius is equal to that of the sphere, since all the points of the curve of intersection are on both surfaces and therefore at equal distances from the apex.

It is also evident from the figure that the surface is divided symmetrically by $S' R'$ and $S' E'$, the longest and shortest elements of the surface. With this in mind we lay off $S E$ equal in length to the shortest element of the cone.

It is now necessary to develop the curve of intersection in order to know the distance apart of any two of the elements that we wish to use in the development. This is done by developing the horizontal cylinder of projection of the curve. And when developed it appears as $M N O$. We now with a pair of bow dividers, whose points have been set

sufficiently close so that the arc and chord do not differ materially, step off the distance between any two elements desired and then we lay off the same distance on the circle which is likewise the development of the curve. We then draw through the point thus determined and the apex the element and lay off its true length on the line. Continuing in this manner we can determine any number of elements desired and by drawing a smooth curve through their extremities obtain the required surface.

It now remains to find the shortest distance between any two points of the surface as X'' and Y'' . These points appear in the development as X and Y . Since the development of a surface represents the actual surface without any distortion or strain, it is evident that the shortest distance between two points will in the development appear as a right line since the shortest distance between two points in a plane is a right line. We therefore connect X and Y with a right line and then

by counter development find the curve that it assumes on the cone itself. When this is done we see the shortest distance to be the curve $X Y$.

The above problem well illustrates the methods and operations of descriptive geometry. And these are of great importance to the draughtsman and engineer. For example, before a large ship can be made, the size and shape of every truss, plate, girder and beam must be definitely known and their exact dimensions must be ascertained before a single plate can be rolled or a single beam can be cut. These things can be definitely obtained by the use of descriptive geometry.

And so the mathematics which it contains together with the fact that one can keep all the drawings that one makes and so have them to compare and review in the future, and also the fact that the subject is eminently practical, make descriptive geometry a most interesting study.

ROSWELL H. MAVEETY.

A Graph of Our Grades in Mathematics.

Who get the best mathematics grades, boys or girls? Perhaps this question has been asked by every student in Central, and yet no one has ever been able to answer it. It is for the

purpose of showing the relative grades of boys and girls that we have drawn the following graph. The statistics used were those of our own school for the past five years.

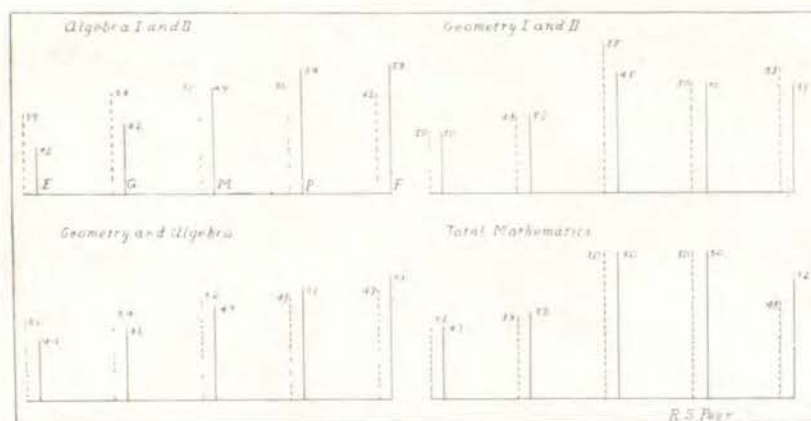
It can be seen by the first figure that the girls do decidedly better work their first year than the boys. But in geometry the boys do much better work than in Algebra. It is also noted in geometry that while the girls get the greatest number of Es, they also get the most Fs.

The third figure is merely a composite of the Freshman and Sophomore grades.

In the last figure, where all the four years' work has been averaged, we see that the number of Fs, among both boys and girls, has been greatly diminished. This necessarily means that we get our best grades in our last two years.

On the whole, the girls get by far the best mathematics grades. Dotted lines represent girls; solid line, boys.

STANLEY J. CLAUSEN, '08.



An Interesting Geometrical Problem.

Walter Swartz, '08.

Take a square 8 inches on a side, and cut it into four pieces, as shown in Fig. 1. Arrange these pieces as shown in Fig. 2, and you will have a rectangle, 5x13 inches, area 65 square inches, while the original figure contained only 64 square inches. Where has the other square inch come from?

Fig. 1 shows the 8-inch square and how it was cut into two equal triangles each 8x3 inches, and two equal trapezoids. Fig. 2 shows the new arrangement of pieces, and apparent change of area. However, if one cuts out the figure in paper, he will at once see, if it has been carefully dissected, that there is a narrow opening along the diagonal of the rectangle. If one looks into the matter more closely, he will see that the diagonal XN (Fig. 3) is not a straight line, but a broken line consisting of XK, a straight line, and XN a straight line, but that these two are not one and the same straight line. This is easily proved. Proof:

Let M be the point at which XK produced intersects NZ. Now the triangles XKY and XMZ are obviously similar.

Therefore we may write the proportion

$$XZ : XY :: MZ : KY.$$

And substituting known values,

$$13 : 8 :: MZ : 3.$$

$$8 MZ = 39$$

$$MZ = 4.875$$

But $NZ = 5$.

In a similar manner it can be proved that XHN is a broken line.

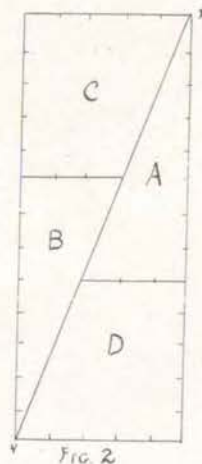
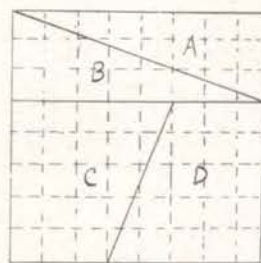
A trigonometric solution of the problem discloses the fault at once. In forming the new figure it is assumed that the sum of angles OXH and KXY is equal to 90° . This is not true as we shall prove.

$$\tan KXY = \frac{3}{8}$$

$$\log \tan KXY = .4771213$$

$$.9030900$$

$$= .95740313 - 10$$



$$\begin{aligned} \text{And } KXY &= 20^\circ 33' 21.5'' \\ \text{Also } \tan OXH &= 5-2 \\ \log \tan OXH &= .6989700 \\ & .3010300 \end{aligned}$$

$$\begin{aligned} & \text{---} \\ & = .3979400 \\ \text{Thus } OXH &= 68^\circ 11' 55.13'' \end{aligned}$$

106

There $KXY + OXH = 88^\circ 45' 16.63''$, while the whole angle at $X = 90^\circ$. Thus between the lines XH and XK there is a gap whose angular measurement is $1^\circ 14' 43.37''$.

Now let us find the area of this open space. We see at once that it is a parallelogram. By the Pythagorean theorem, we find that the two pairs of equal sides are 8.544 and 5.385125, respectively. Then we draw the shorter diagonal, thus dividing the figure into two equal triangles, and find the area of one of these triangles. We have given:

$$XK = 8.544$$

$$XH = 5.385125$$

$$\text{Angle } HXK = 1^\circ 14' 43.37''$$

Therefore area $\triangle HXK = \frac{1}{2} XH \cdot XK \cdot \sin LHXK$.

$$\text{Log area } \triangle HXK = .9316612$$

$$.7311958$$

$$8.3371439 - 10$$

$$9.6989700 - 10$$

$$\text{Log area } \triangle HXK = 19.6989709 - 20$$

$$\text{Since area } XHNK = 2 \triangle HXK,$$

$$\text{Area } XHNK = 1.000206.$$

Thus the total area of the figure is equal to area of rectangle $OXZN$ —area parallelogram $XHNK = 65 - 1 = 64$ square inches, the area of the original 8-inch square.

*This inaccuracy is due to approximate calculations by means of tables.

The Message of the Hyacinths.

R. V. D., '08.

I wandered down a lonely road
That toiled about through hedge-rows bare,
Returning Springtime, touching Earth,
Had not yet left her traces there;
When on a knoll, in dismal plight,
A ruined house gleamed on my sight.

Amid the wreckage, drearily
One smoky chimney reared its frame
To mourn above the toppling walls,
Charred by the tongues of greedy flame;
There sunken, too, the threshold blest
That used to greet the welcome guest.

Abandoned treasures strewed the ground—
A blackened clock that chimed no more,
A marble Pluto, eagle crowned,
Persephone, now shattered, bore;
In sawdust gore lay welt'ring there
A doll, by headless Venus fair.

Then sudden as a glancing thought,
Or ray of swiftly flashing light,
I saw a bed of Hyacinths.
The first of Spring, full-blooming, white;
Above the pure bell-blossoms fair
Breathed fragrance, like a child's first prayer.

Like sentinels of hope unchecked
They sprang amidst that dreariness;
Like symbols of a faith divine
They told undying happiness;
With flower language, still, yet clear,
Their message drifted to my ear:

"Your sorrow sinks into your heart
That endless gladness may not cloy,
But desolation always yields
The pure, white flower of a joy;
The hyacinths God's promise bear,
Tho' sadness comes, peace shall be there."



BASE BALL.

108



First row—Robertson, Tilden, Burns, Woods, Bayne, Barlow.
Second row—Lindgrove, Brokaw, Deichman, Stengle (Capt.). Carson, Welsh, Graves (Mgr.)

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

109



Nora Talley (Capt.), Center.
Erma Waltner, Forward.

Delphine McKenzie, Center.
Jennie Simpson, Guard.

Helen Bradley, Guard.

Gertrude Harter, Forward.
Miss Blatchley.

THE BASKET BALL TEAM.

110



Winners of the High School Championship.

First row—Watson, Edwards, Hamilton (Coach), Munson.

Second row—Brown, F.; McPherrin, G.; Conkling, C. (Capt.); Hedrick, G.; Terte, F.

BASKET BALL

NEVER before in the annals of Central's athletics has there been a more remarkable basket ball season than that of '08. Other teams may have won more games out of the number played, but none has had as severe a schedule and as many difficulties under which to start, as this year's team.

When the season opened, Mr. Hamilton had not one old player to fall back upon and about whom to build his team. All the material available was two of last year's subs, a few "green" men, and his own skill and perseverance. Perhaps it is due to these conditions that such an evenly balanced team was developed instead of a team with its one star upon whose playing victory or defeat depended.

After some weeks tryout, the following men were chosen to defend the Blue and White: Ben Terte and "Red" Brown, forwards; Roscoe Conkling, center and captain; Rex Hedrick and Will McPherrin, guards; as subs, George Edwards, Raymond Watson and Neal Munsen. With a center who was seldom out-jumped and two fast, accurate forwards, it was possible to develop a system of signals and team play that made beating most teams an easy matter. In some of the games the work done by these forwards was phenomenal. As a fast, crappy goal shooter Terte cannot be equaled. Brown's style of play was more open and scientific, he at times making with ease shots that seemed an impossibility. "Red," too, was invaluable on account of his free-throwing ability. At center, Conkling was never out-jumped. His only fault was at times a trifle rough. Roscoe must have been fierce at St. Joe when the umpire had to call fouls on him for looking at the ball. As a guard, Hedrick, while not playing a conspicuous game, always played consistently and well. His long suit was laying back under an opponent's goal and always covering his man at the right time.

The schedule consisted of twenty games, seven of which were played in Convention Hall, the others being played out of town. Of these twenty games, Central won thirteen and lost seven. Only two of these defeats, however, were received

at the hands of high school teams, these being games at Jasper and Topeka. We lost to the State Normals and to Haskell (second) each by one point. The other games lost were to teams of intercollegiate class.

There could not have been a more fitting end to a season than occurred in Convention Hall April 1, 2 and 3. In this series Central beat Manual three straight games, each by a larger score than the preceding. Three straight victories from Manual—something no other Central team can boast of. This is all the more remarkable when it is considered that Manual's was a veteran team and Central's consisted entirely of new players.

In appreciation of their work, the athletic association presented each of the five regulars with a gold button in the shape of a basket ball, bearing the letters "C. H. S." and "1908."

Following is the season's schedule:

- November 11—Central 43, Osteopaths 19.
- November 14—Central 93, Spaldings 8.
- November 19—Central 12, William Jewell (second) 27.
- December 5—Central 43, Schmelzer 38.
- December 12—Central 31, Union Club 40.
- January 11—Central 29, Haskell (second) 42.
- January 18—Central 58, Lathrop 10.
- January 31—Central 21, Warrensburg 22.
- February 3—Central 32, Haskell (second) 33.
- February 7—Central 65, Marshall 19.
- February 14—Central 67, St. Joe 23.
- February 20—Central 25, Topeka 19.
- February 28—Central 47, Webb City 37.
- February 29—Central 26, Jasper 31.
- March 7—Central 55, St. Joe 17.
- March 18—Central 39, William Jewell (second) 23.
- March 28—Central 36, Topeka 42.
- April 1—Central 26, Manual 23.
- April 2—Central 33, Manual 25.
- April 3—Central 36—Manual 23. WM. McPHERRIN, '08.

SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM.

112



Winners of Inter-Class Series.

First row—Watson, Hedrick, Kreuger.
Second row—McPherrin, Terte, Conkling.

The Inter-Class Basket Ball Series.

GREAT interest was shown this year in the inter-class basket ball series which was held in the old Turner Hall at 1208½ East Ninth street. Before the series opened all the classes had teams practicing at scheduled hours. All the lower class teams were determined if possible to defeat the Senior team. Each team played every other team two games and all were excellent exhibitions of basket ball.

The Seniors had the strongest team, four of the players being regulars on the first school team, and they made a run-away race and captured first place by winning every game. The Sophomores had a strong team and were led by our brilliant little forward, "Red" Brown. The Juniors were fairly strong considering the material from which they were compelled to choose and they were able to defeat the Sophomores in one game of the horse-shoe variety, the latter later retaliated by humbling the Juniors to the tune of 51 to 19. The freshmen chose to abide by precedent and lost all six games.

Plainly the star of the series was the captain of Senior team, Ben Terte, who made a remarkable record of throwing no less than ten goals from the field during each game. The inter-class games "brought out" a few "finds," and when placed on the regular squad where they received the benefits of the coaching of Mr. Hamilton, turned out to be "shark" basket ball players. They will certainly be heard from in the future. Each member of the "Champion Senior team" was given a silver button in the shape of a basket ball with the inscription "Inter-class Champions, 1907."

Below is the standing of the teams at the close of the series:

Team.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Senior	6	0	1.000
Snior	3	3	.500
Sophomore	3	3	.500
Freshmen	0	6	.000

ROSCOE CONKLING, '08.



CENTRAL RELAY TEAM.

114



First row—C. Patrick, Hamilton (Coach), C. Woodbury.
Second row—C. Daniel, F. Catron.

INTER-CLASS TRACK WINNERS.



115

First row—Mr. Hamilton, C. Woodbury, F. Catron, R. Watson.
Second row—E. Love, N. Vaughan, H. Woodbury, G. Tyler.

SENIOR CLASS TRACK TEAM.

116



First row—N. Vaughn, E. Love, L. Doering, O. Kreuger.
Second row—R. Watson, F. Catron, H. Woodbury, G. Tyler.

INTERCLASS TRACK AND FIELD MEET

CHAS. WOODBURY, '09.

THE inter-class meet held each year for the past four years has proved a valuable feature of school athletics. Besides creating a healthy class rivalry and general school spirit, this meet offers two opportunities for important discoveries. First, it enables the regular track men to test themselves in events other than those in which they are accustomed to compete; and in the second place, it brings out new men each year who, through timidity or other causes, have refrained from track work until spurred on by the class spirit.

The meet this year was pulled off at Fiftenth and Paseo on April 24; and was by far the closest and most hotly contested one yet held. The Seniors and the Juniors tied for first place by a score of 44 each; the Sophomores took third with 29 points to their credit; and the Freshmen captured the remaining points.

Three banners were awarded—one for the class winning the highest number of points, one for the relay race, and one for the highest individual score. As indicated above, the class banner is the joint property of the Seniors and the Juniors. The Sophomore relay team won that race and carried off the second banner; while the individual banner was won by Harold Woodbury with a score of 23.

The success of this and previous inter-class meets has led Mr. Hamilton to decide to hold monthly inter-class contests in the new gymnasium next year.

The following is a summary of the meet:

INTER-CLASS MEET.

High Hurdles (6 hurdles)—H. Woodbury (Sr.), first; C. Woodbury (Jr.), second; Tyler (Sr.), third. Time 11 2-5.

100-Yard Dash—Catron (Sr.), first; H. Woodbury (Sr.), second; Garner (Soph.), third. Time 10 2-5.

Mile Run—Avery (Jr.), first; Watson (Sr.), second; Pypes (Jr.), third. Time 5:15 4-5.

440-Yard Run—Gardner (Soph.), first; Patrick (Soph.), second; Daniels (Soph.), third. Time 57 3-5.

Low Hurdles (6 hurdles)—C. Woodbury (Jr.) and H. W. Woodbury (Sr.), first; C. Daniels (Soph.), third. Time 0:13 4-5.

220-Yard Dash—Catron (Sr.), first; Gardner (Soph.), second; Daniels (Soph.), third. Time 24 2-5.

Half Mile—Patrick (Soph.), first; Gould (Jr.), second; Scheuler (Jr.), third. Time 2:21.

Shot Put—Bowers (Jr.), first; Gardner (Soph.), second; Robertson (Soph.), third. Distance 35 feet 7 inches.

High Jump—C. Woodbury (Jr.), first; H. Woodbury (Sr.), second; E. Love (Sr.), third. Height 5-2.

Pole Vault—C. Woodbury (Jr.), first; H. Woodbury (Sr.), second; E. Love (Sr.), third. Height 10-8.

Broad Jump—H. Woodbury (Sr.), first; C. Woodbury (Jr.), second; Tyler (Sr.), third. Distance 19-10.

Discuss—Bowers (Jr.), first; Vaughn (Sr.), second; Robertson (Soph.), third. Distance 101 feet.

Hammer Throw—Bowers (Jr.), first; Vaughn (Sr.), second; Gardner (Soph.), third. Distance 160 feet.

JUNIOR CLASS TRACK TEAM.

112



Tied for First Place in Inter-Class Meet.
First row—McGinness, Sadler, Bridges, Bourbon, Saper.
Second row—Pypes, Gould, C. Woodbury (Capt.), King, Avery.

SOPHOMORE CLASS TRACK TEAM.



119

First row—Frauens, Eaum, Mooney, Patrick, Schueler, Howell, Mr. Blocker (Coach).
Second row—Harper, Tinanus, Adams, Daniels, Moffett, Dobel.

FRESHMAN CLASS TRACK TEAM.

120



First row—Wright, Lesser, Austin, Cheek.
Second row—G. O'Brien, Hurst, Campbell (Capt.), Lane, Fulton.

CENTRAL TRACK TEAM. POINT WINNERS.



121

First row—C. Woodbury, G. Tyler, Hamilton (Coach), C. Patrick, C. Davis.
Second row—H. Woodbury, C. Daniel, F. Catron (Capt.), R. Bower, R. Watson.

CENTRAL TRACK SQUAD.

122



First row—Pypes, Warrick, Tumaines, Moffett, Eaum, Kreuger, Campbell.
Second row—Mr. Blocker, Schueler, Gould, Tyler, Bower, Davis, Love, Vaughan.
Third row—C. Woodbury, H. Woodbury, Daniels, Catron (Capt.), Watson, Patrick, Hamilton, (Coach).

THE TRACK TEAM.

FRANK CATRON, '08.

EACH year in the past as members of the track team have been graduated, the question has arisen, "What shall we do next year?" However, the next year has always proved all right, because enough new men have been found to take the places of those leaving the team; and the records left behind by the old members have inspired the new ones to greater deeds.

The track team of this year has been no exception to the above. Beginning with the playgrounds meet last September, Central has taken part in five meets, and has come out first in all but one. Several new men have been found whose work not only compares well with the work done in former years, but in not a few instances breaks the records of the past.

In the playgrounds meet, Central's team composed of Catron, Daniels, Gardner and Patrick won the mile relay race over Manual and secured a handsome trophy cup. In the 100-yard dash, Central took first and second place, Baumberger winning the gold medal and Gardner the silver.

In the Missouri-Kansas indoor meet held in Convention Hall in March, Central's team again won over Manual in one of the prettiest relay races ever witnessed, while Catron secured first place in the 100-yard dash; and thus two more cups were added to our trophy case.

The dual meet with Wentworth Military Academy was held in Lexington April 18, and was a close contest from the very start. Bower, Catron, Daniels, Patrick, Tyler, Watson and the Woodbury brothers each won points and did credit to the school; but the score was so close that it took the final

event, the broad jump, to win the meet for central with a score of ??

On May 2, the eighth annual dual meet between Central and Manual was held at Elm Ridge. This was two weeks before; and again thus the result of the final event necessary to decide the meet. At the beginning of the broad jump, the score stood 57 to 51 in favor of Manual; but Harold and Charles Woodbury and Grovey Tyler again came to the rescue, and secured all three places in this event making the final score to stand Central 60, Manual 57. This gave us the Spalding cup awarded to the winner of the meet; and also possession of the Schmelzer cup which was offered last year to the school winning two meets out of three, and which had been at Manual for the past year.

One week later in the M. V. I. A. A. meet at Elm Ridge, Central was less fortunate. Manual secured first place by a score of 44, West Des Moines second with 40 points and Central third with 39. While the school did not win the meet, excellent work was done, and our track men carried off five gold, seven silver and six bronze medals.

Patrick ran the half mile in 2 minutes and 5 seconds, thus breaking the record in that event as did also Harold Woodbury in the high hurdles. Catron won the hundred yards and Charles Woodbury made the pole vault at 10 feet and 9 inches.

One of the best meets of the year, at Lawrence, May 16 is yet to be held. While the contest there will be a hot one it is safe to predict that the Central boys will come home with their share of honor and medals.

OUR ARTISTS.

124



RALPH BARTON.



RAY VAN BUREN.



"We Took a Trip."



125

THE LUMINARY STAFF.

STUDY HALL AND MISCELLANEOUS FACULTY.

126



MISS DENNY,
Study Hall.



MISS NELSON,
Clerk.



MRS. WHEELER,
Matron.

LOCALS AND EXCHANGES



R. K. WREN

NOVITATIS CAUSA.

When first th' illustrious Pompadour of France,
Distressed and worried by her plain coiffure,
Put wits to work her beauty to enhance.
She set the fashion of the pompadour.

It raged like wild fire over al the land—
In scarce a week each woman, dark or fair,
Caught up the craze, and with experienced hand,
Began to smooth and roll and puff her hair.

What once was ours, alas! we have no more!
See yonder boy of wild and staring mien,
His short hair coaxed into a pompadour?
He does not know how strange he looks, I ween.

To what extremes cannot Dame Fashion go?
And why? Just for the sake of something new.

ADELLA M. PEPPER, '08.

JOKELOGUES FROM VIRGIL.

When away from the fair queen, called Dido,
Aeneas departed, she cried so,
She jumped on a pyre
In an awful hot fire,
And alas for poor Dido, she dido.

Said the proud, haughty warrior, Aeneas,
"I guess no one wishes to be us,
For those horrid, rude Greeks,
Have tried for steen weeks
To take all our playthings and tree us."

An old Trojan person, King Priam,
Remarked, when they murdered him, "I am
Glad now I'm done
That I'm only just one.
And not the two twins out of Siam."

There once was a maiden named Harriette
In Central's old hall she doth tarriette,
Whence came all her beaux,
Alas, no one kneaux
She must rope them in with a lariette.

Mr. Graves: Now consider a frustrated cone.

THE MERRY WIDOW.



MY BONNET SPREADS OVER THE OCEAN,
MY BONNET SPREADS OVER THE SEA
TO SPREAD MERELY OVER THE
SIDEWALK,
IS NOT ENOUGH BONNET FOR
ME.

Mr. Justwed: Shall I order anything for the house on my way to the office this morning, my dear?

Mrs. Justwed—Yes, love. Stop at the grocery store and tell them to send up a five-pound bag of salt right away. And, George, tell them to be sure to see that it is fresh.—Judge.



George: "Oh, Gwendolyn, will you be mine? You are the well from which I draw all my inspiration!"

Gwendolyn: "George, dear, I'm afraid I can't—but then I'll be a cistern to you."



Young Man: "I am feeling miserable, doctor. I can't get my mind on my business, my appetite is gone and I can't sleep. What would you advise me to do?"

Doctor: "Marry the girl. Two dollars, please."



Farmer (just arrived in N. Y.). "Say, young feller, I wan to go to Central Park."

Young "Feller" (after a pause—thoughtfully): "Well—I guess you may go, just this once, if you'll promise never, never to ask me again."

ALICE IN CENTRAL-LAND

ALICE had been going to high school for five weeks, when, one Friday in assembly, she found herself unusually drowsy. The noises about her became more and more indistinct until finally she drifted off into slumber..

It seemed to be the first day of school. In despair Alice looked at her five little white slips.

"Now, what shall I do with these?" she sighed.

"What's the difference between a Freshie?" the one marked "Room 23" asked in a scornful tone.

"The greener the pickle in the sandwich," shouted the card with "Study B" on it. "And the moral of that is, 'If you don't study, you'll flunk.'"

"Unless you're a Senior," added the one which indicated Room 16. "But ask something hard. What's the use of the Junior officers?"

At this all the others thought so hard that they got purple in the face. Alice wondered why she wasn't surprised to see a piece of cardboard get purple in the face, but it seemed perfectly natural. She put them hurriedly in her bag and set off down the hall.

Soon she came to a strange region where innumerable little aisles ran off to the side between tall, narrow boxes.

"I wonder what those boxes are," she thought to herself.

"Lockers!" came the answer in a tremendous chorus.

"Of what use are you?" she inquired. The result was instantaneous silence. Finally one of them ventured meekly:

"We help the padlock trade," and another:

"Our recesses make good places for the pupils to meet after school and in the afternoon. Besides, it's not our fault that we're so small, nohow."

"Contrariness," thundered the chorus.

Soon Alice went into a room and sat down. The teacher looked so very much like a question mark that she was not surprised when he announced that they were to study "Why-

ology." The pupils' recitation consisted in asking the teacher questions.

"This," she thought, "is better even than taking music."

About the room various bottles and tanks were placed to arouse and develop curiosity. Upon inquiry Alice found that the crawling, slimy things in one jar were ohms, and that they thrived upon sulphate of chewing gums. In another was a plant called the gerundive, upon which were feeding supines, boneless worms known as "the former" or "the latter" according to whether their heads were at the front or back end. On top of the water were spinning and circling round black little bugs, gerunds.

"Have some divinity, dears?" Alice sweetly offered them a piece just as she was leaving the room.

"Not if its Kathryn Gentry's," they growled sullenly. "You get hers smeared all over yourself and then have to lick it off. Ivan and Roscoe may eat it if they want to, but we won't."

After such rudeness, she hastened away and was soon in front of a little door, which she opened. She saw a hole, "for all the world," as she thought to herself, "like a corkscrew." As she was evidently expected to go down, she seated herself and bravely started. Round and round she whirled as she softly hummed:

"I feel like a ship on an ocean of joy,

I just want to holler out loud 'Ship Ahoy!'

Oh! Around—Around

Waltz—Around—Willie

Me around again.

She seem to see hundreds of organ grinders dancing round with their monkeys, when—bang! She thought she had struck the closed door at the bottom.

But upon rubbing her eyes and sitting up straight, she found it was only the gavel sending the pupils from assembly.

THE SWEEPERS OF THE HALLS.

(A Warning to the Class of '11.)

He of the class of '11 took his books from his locker, where they had lain unmolested (save for a few plundering rats) since the close of study hall the afternoon before. His face was burdened with an air of determination, which seemed entirely out of place in the midst of so much "verdancy." After tossing his hair so that it hung in "beautiful ringlets" over his shoulder, and repeating to himself all the parental instructions he had received at home that morning, he started for his first hour room. As he awkwardly steered his uncertain path through the over-crowded locker district, he boasted to himself, "I'll establish a record for the class of '11—I'll make no blunders today!"



Alas, the rash vows of youth! Ere his first room was reached, the brilliant bubble that he had blown round himself burst, and he was left there a much discomfited freshman. For bearing down upon him was one of those hallwide, inextricably intertwined groups of girls. Like the sensation caused by his first shoot down the "can," like the utter lack of comprehension he "enjoyed" when he received an F on his final term card, was this feeling that overpowered him now as he, transfixed, looked in bewilderment on these "sweepers of the halls."

What a dilemma! He turned in dismay only to meet another planx coming from the other direction. Escape seemed

impossible. His eyes started from their sockets in a vain endeavor to find him a way of flight.

Anon the "sweepers" came on unconscious of the storm they had created in the breast of our hero (?). At last, in desperation, he pressed himself flat against the wall, that in this way he might escape the slow, yet apparently irresistible advance. Would they never reach him? It seemed like ages standing there flattened against the wall like a lizard. All his vows were now forgot; all those dear, loving words he had heard but this morning were no longer ringing in his ears. His heart began to race dangerously fast; his hands worked spasmodically with his bookstrap; he discovered his knees had no strength in them; thousands of eyes were piercing him through and through; he closed his own to shut out the horror of it all.



Summoning all his strength, he nerved himself for the crash. It surely must be near. Why didn't it come? In a sort of vague astonishment, he opened his eyes and saw—a few stragglers in the hall!

Not ten feet away was a door, mutely explaining it all.

And thus it happened that the "verdant" one was left there, pale and shaken, looking like one restored from the dead. And breathing a silent prayer for his deliverance, he staggered on his way, while he—blew another bubble.

CHARLES H. DAVIS, '10.

THE RATS' CLUB OF CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL.

A late translation from modern Ratin.

Mr. Chairman—"Will the Central Rats' Club please come to order. Will the secretary please call the roll?"

Secretary—"Mr. Rat 16."

Rat 16—"Ad sum."

Chairman—"Will Mr. Rat 16 please speak Ratin. I see that his meal off Miss Harriman's Caesar has affected his affected his mind."

Secretary—"Mr. Greedy."

Mr. Greedy—"Eat some."

Chairman—"I see that it will be necessary to ask the greedy rat to move his house from No. 16. His association with the Classics Club is not good for him."

Secretary—"Mr. Chairman, I think it unnecessary to call the roll, for I think that the representatives of all the wards of the school are here."

Chairman—"Will the secretary then read the minutes of the last meeting?"

Secretary—"The meeting was called to order by the president, minutes were read and approved. The following program was given:

"A Rebate—Resolved that new passages, more fire escapes and fire drills should be adopted by the Central High school to aid the escape, in case of fire, of the multitude of rats who dwell therein. The question was decided in favor of the affirmative.

"An original Poem—'A Romantic Sandwich,' by Mr. Rat of the basement region, one who knows.

"An Essay—'How to build a modern house out of pieces of hats, coats and other wearing apparel.'

"The report of the luncheon committee was heard. The following business was transacted:

"It was moved that the Rats' Club refrain from giving a



program in assembly hall, as the pupils of Central feel that they have all they can stand.

"It was moved that seventy-five cents be appropriated for flowers to be sent to Mr. Inquisitive, who got his back sprained by being kicked out of Miss Morgan's room by Henry O'Brien.

"It was moved that the meeting adjourn."

Chairman—"Will the sergeant-at-arms please answer the door?"

Secretary—"Mr. Chairman, as we have coming back to us today an old member, I move that we copy the Websters and have a feast."

Mr. Greedy—"I second the motion."

Storms of Applause.

Chairman—"All those in favor respond by saying 'Aye.' Why is it, Mr. Timid, that you are the only one who does not favor a feast?"

Mr. Timid—"Well, I have taken so many lunches lately that I fear to take another."

Chairman—"Oh, do not let that worry you, the pupils are getting used to our forages by now. I will appoint Mr. Second Floor Locker Dweller, Mr. First Floor Locker Dweller and the rat of the boys' locker region to take this duty upon themselves. Please secure one of those dill pickles from Ruth aVn Doren's lunch, and don't forget the peanuts in Miss Harriman's book-case."

Mr. Timid—"Hark, hark, the bell is ringing. Fly, fly, we are undone! We must not be seen or all the girls will scream so that the vibration with electric light wires will set the building on fire.

Mr. Rat 16—"We cannot afford a fire yet, for the paint isn't dry in the tin slide."

Silence reigns among the lockers as the dainty keys click along the hall until Isabel (with heart-rending cry): "Girls, girls, my lunch is gone again!"

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Mr. Nowlin's definition for lingerie: Somethings that looks pretty.

Mr. Dillenbeck (seeing that Grace was absent): We'll have no Grace today.

Tommy: Pop, a man's wife is his better half, isn't she?

Tommy's Pop: So we are told, my son.

Tommy: Then if a man marries twice there's nothing left of him, is there?—Ex.

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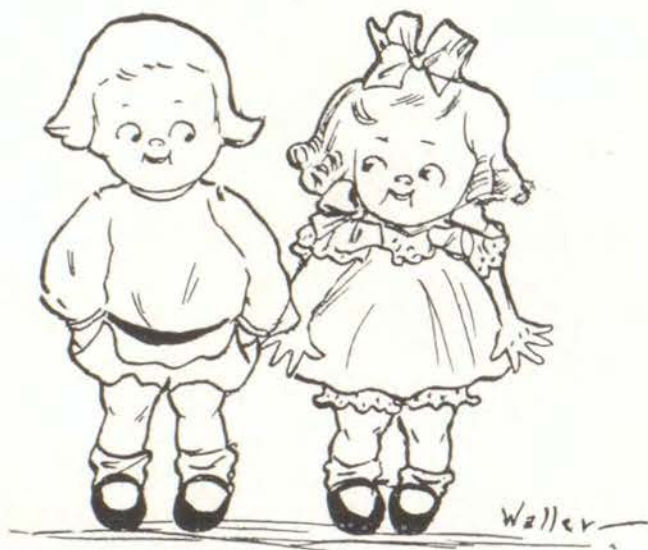
In days of yore, when many score
Of knights rode ponies brown,
They rode them well, and strange to tell,
They never tumbled down.

But in our school, when a poor fool
A pony fine would ride,
He learneth naught, is quickly caught,
And he wishes he had died.

L. W. F.



Freshman during fire drill.



He: "Oh, why don't the ocean run over the land?"
She: "Why, because it's tide."

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Sis, she's goin' to graduate,
Oh my! but there's a stir,
There's cuttin' and bastin' and cuttin and bastin'
And sewing machines just whir.

There's goods and patterns all over the house,
And fittings from early till late,
There's no rest for me any more
'Cause Sis is goin' to graduate.

I've almost starved for 'bout two weeks,
But it's no use to complain,
Pa says just wait till Sis graduates
Then we can eat again.

Everything's covered with Sis's togs,
There's not even a place to sit.
Whenever I start to take a chair
Sis yells I can't have it.

I can't make out what it's all about,
This fuss from early till late.
And when I ask they only say
Your sister's going to graduate.

If this keeps up much longer,
I think I'll have to keep
Some chloroform upon my head
So I can go to sleep.

And even then I'd be afraid
Some demon would me aggravate,
By coming in my dreams to say
Your sister's going to graduate.



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 C's any Charley, they're all Cute and Clever;
 D's Docile Dwight, the most Demure ever;
 E's Edmund Field, a favorite in Elections;
 F's Fair Florence Fleming, who Feeds on confections;
 G's for Gale Gossett, a Girl Good as Gold;
 H means Hazel Harbour, ever Hopeful, we're told;
 I's Innocent Ivan, Ingenuous always;
 J's Jolly Jeanette, who laughs in the hall-ways;
 K stands for Kathryn, Known by all as so Kind;
 L is Luthera, whom Laughing you'll find;
 M stands for Meade, Meda Moore, and still More,
 And if that's not enough there are More Moores galore.
 N is for Nelle, who'll Ne'er be a Nun;
 O stands for O'Brien, the Omniscient One;
 P's for Miss Pepper, Penetrating of mind;
 Q's for Question and Quiz, to pass which we grind;
 R's Roistering Rob Thomas, to Resting inclined;
 S is Senior Soph, for Saint and for Sinner;
 T's for Tapp, as Tony most Truly a winner;
 U is the Unloved, Ubiquitous rat;
 V's Variable Van Doren, Voluble in chat;
 W's Whittimore, Who meets oft, I Ween,
 X, the unknown (?), whom with her we have seen;
 Y's Youth Scott Young, so sober in school;
 Z is for Zang, a poor harmless fool,
 And as for this last, I'm sure you'll agree,
 It could none but the Local Editors be.



A Centralian.

THE SKATING RINKS ON PARNASSUS.

Discussed by Several Poets.

By Omar Kayyam.

Oh, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too upon the Floor descend;
Giddy upon the reeling Floor to lie,
Sans Skates, sans Breath, sans Rescue, and sans Friend!

And we, that now make merry in the Room,
With Spring Hats, "Merry Widows," in new bloom—
Ourselves must we upon the Couch of others
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round and round, until with waving arms
And strangest motions we are ourselves laid low.

By Longfellow.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Skating is an empty dream!
'Tis man who walks that slumbers,
For he's out of fashion's stream.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to skate, on each tomorrow,
Longer than we did today.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing
Till we learn to roller skate.

Chaucer.

Bifel that in a sesoun on a day,
Whan Jack and comly Jill would go and play,
The goode wyf had many cares to tenden.
"O herte deres," cried she, "ye moten wenden,
To holpen your moder, to yon fair welle."
The way was stepe, but sooner than I telle
Yow of this, hir boket was yfilled.

By Wm. Shakespeare.

Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast to cast one's eyes about!
The youths and maids that skim the midway floor
Move scarce so slow as swallows: half way 'cross
Goes one that's skating backward, dreadful sport!
Methinks he will alight soon on his head:
The skaters there that sit about the wall
Appear half-dead; and yonder woman stout
Mortally afraid; her support, a boy
Almost too small for sight. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

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By Tennyson.

Skate, skate, skate,
On thy hard, smooth floor, O Rink!
But I hope that my tongue won't utter
The awful things that I think.

O well for the one that knows how,
That he laughs, as he passes, in glee!
O well for the maid on his arm
That she leans on him trustingly!
For the skaters just go on,
Round and round the hall;
But O for a touch of a helping hand
To catch me as I fall!

JACK AND JILL FROM FIRST TO LAST.

Than, verray sure no drope would be spilled,
Like payre briddes in the month of May
They songen hand in hand a merrie lay
Ad no more cautioun had they, I gesse,
Than any beste in the wilderness—
Til that the wight, and after hi mthe mayde
Al sudeynly at foot of bente layde.

To alle menne may this tale be
A lessoun and a grete moralitee,
And only pity hem whose densitye
Wol not leet hi mthe goode therein see.

II.

Shakespeare.

Act I (tragic keynote is struck)

Scene, A Valley. Enter two rustics.

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Porcio—Dost see yon fair and faintly glistening thatch
That riseth midst the sun-tipped pillars of
Yon grove, and like some saintly ansor pours
Unceasingly its insense toward the sky?
Cynicus—To me 'tis rather a low-crouching beast
That snorts out deadly fumes (aside). Aye, an' what on it?
Porcio—Resideth there a maid, the beauteous, Jill,
Who goeth forth this day to scale yon dizzy
Height. To see her many folk will come.
Cynicus—Curses and maids had best remain at home.

Act II (rising action.)

Scene—Hillside. Enter Jill at left toiling up steep path, at
the same time Jack at right. The paths meet. Also Jack and
Jill.

Jack—Fair Jill, thy lily form was never framed
To bend beneath the heavy gust of toil
To this strong arm entrust thy pail.
Jill—Thy gallant aid, milord, I gladly hail!

Act III (climax or turning point.)

Scene, hill. Jack and Jill at well on top. Grouped artistically
at foot, villagers, rustics and clowns.

Scene 1.

1st Clown. How many gills dost think will make a pail.
2d Clown. Methinks, thou braggart, that not forty
make the pale.

Scene 2.

Jack and Jill (poised on the crest of the hill)—
Hey nonny nonny, our bucket is full
And it is not worth the hill's weary pull?
Come, chaplet of laurels, or ye
Eaglet of victory,
Perch on our brow,
The deed's finished now.

Act IV. (falling action.)

[This being an expurgated edition, the reader may not know
the horrible details of how Jack, losing his balance dragged
Jill down the steep after him.]

Act V (catastrophe.)

Jill (still tumbling) Help, help, milord, th' ungrateful
Me ringlet, I do fear pail hath drenched
Jack (ditto) And I, dear one,
Do see before me rise a fate as hard,
A bristling stump. Farewell, sweet life, fond hopes,
my Jill,
The least of us must taste life's bitter pill.

III.

MACAULEY.

WE deny that a lady is exempt from literary criticism
because of her sex. Yet we deny that a lady should
be subjected to severe criticism. Our readers shall
have inferred by now that we are disappointed in Old Mother
Goose. We will be lenient; we will be forebearing, as it be-
hooves one to be lenient and forebearing toward the weak.
But we owe it to truth; we owe it to justice; we owe it to human-
ity to lay bare the rotten foundation of her "Jack and Jill."
Old Mother Goose affirms that Jack went up the hill to fetch
a pail of water (accompanied by Jill). Good! Thus far, the
acuteness of O. M. G. has gained for her an immunity other
than the immunity of sex. She has observed that in initiative,
in industry and in progress, man's supremacy is undeniable.
But her acuteness is equalled only by her obtuseness. "Jack,"
she continues, "fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came
tumbling after!" Search the annals of England; search the
annals of Europe; search the annals of the world. Milton will
tell you, Moses will tell you, Shaw will tell you that woman
precedes in downfall. Therefore, Old Mother Goose's version
is preposterous. This is our verdict. Let him deny it who
dares.

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"Every lassie has her laddie,
None have I at all,
Yet all the boys, they smile at me,
When comin' thru the hall!"

Lost—One ball-bearing out of my roller skates. Finder will please return same and receive reward of one smile and two skates with me.

Wanted—A very popular address very far north on Olive street. Any information will be welcomed by Earle Moore.

The Mistress: What, Suzanne, going to leave me? Going to get married? This is most unexpected.

The French Maid: Oui, madame, but eet ees not my fault. Eet was only last night zat your son propose to me.

A party of traveling men in a Chicago hotel were one day boasting of the business done by their respective firms, when one of the drummers said:

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"Baby carriages!" shouted the drummer, as he fled from the room.—Success Magazine.

Found—A new recipe for divinity which requires neither milk, sugar nor butter. Information given by David Hawkins.

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Bonita F: It makes no difference whether your dates were stuffed with talcum powder or borax, do not repeat the experiment. Not all boys have Will's fortitude and endurance.

Wanted—The Record in the broad jump which was broken when Lady Daniels made her exit by the bungalow window the night of the track meet.

The word "altar" occurred in the Scripture selection. "What is an altar?" said the teacher. "A place to burn insects," was the answer.

"Who were the foolish virgins?" brought forth the reply from a little girl, "Them as didn't get married."—Ex.

A cautious look around he stole;
His bags of chink he chunk;
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.



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"Shure, mum, I don't be expecting anybody to call on me. It must be somebody to see yoursif."—Ex.

HEARD IN THE MUSIC ROOM.

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Miss Apple: No, but anyone that has dough can get me.

Mr. Nowlin: What nerve is affected when you have toothache?

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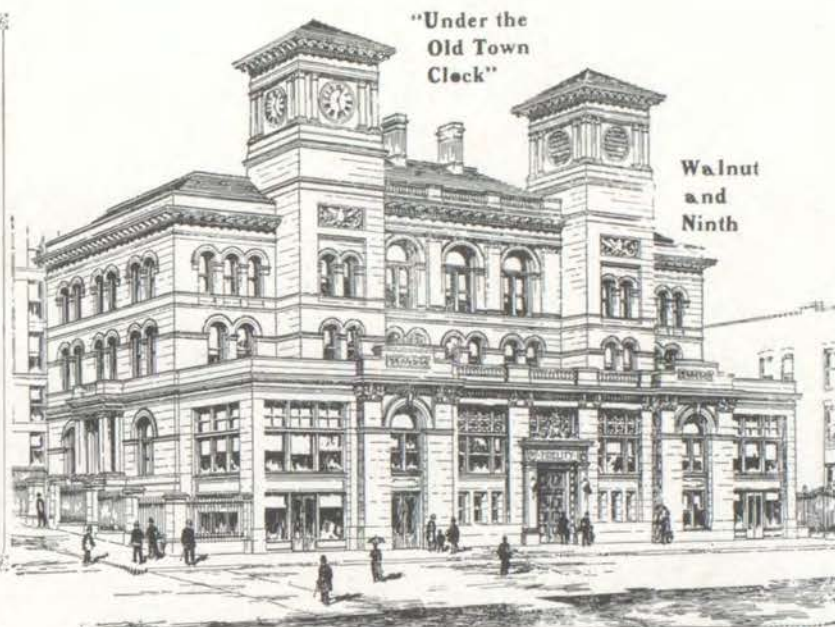
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