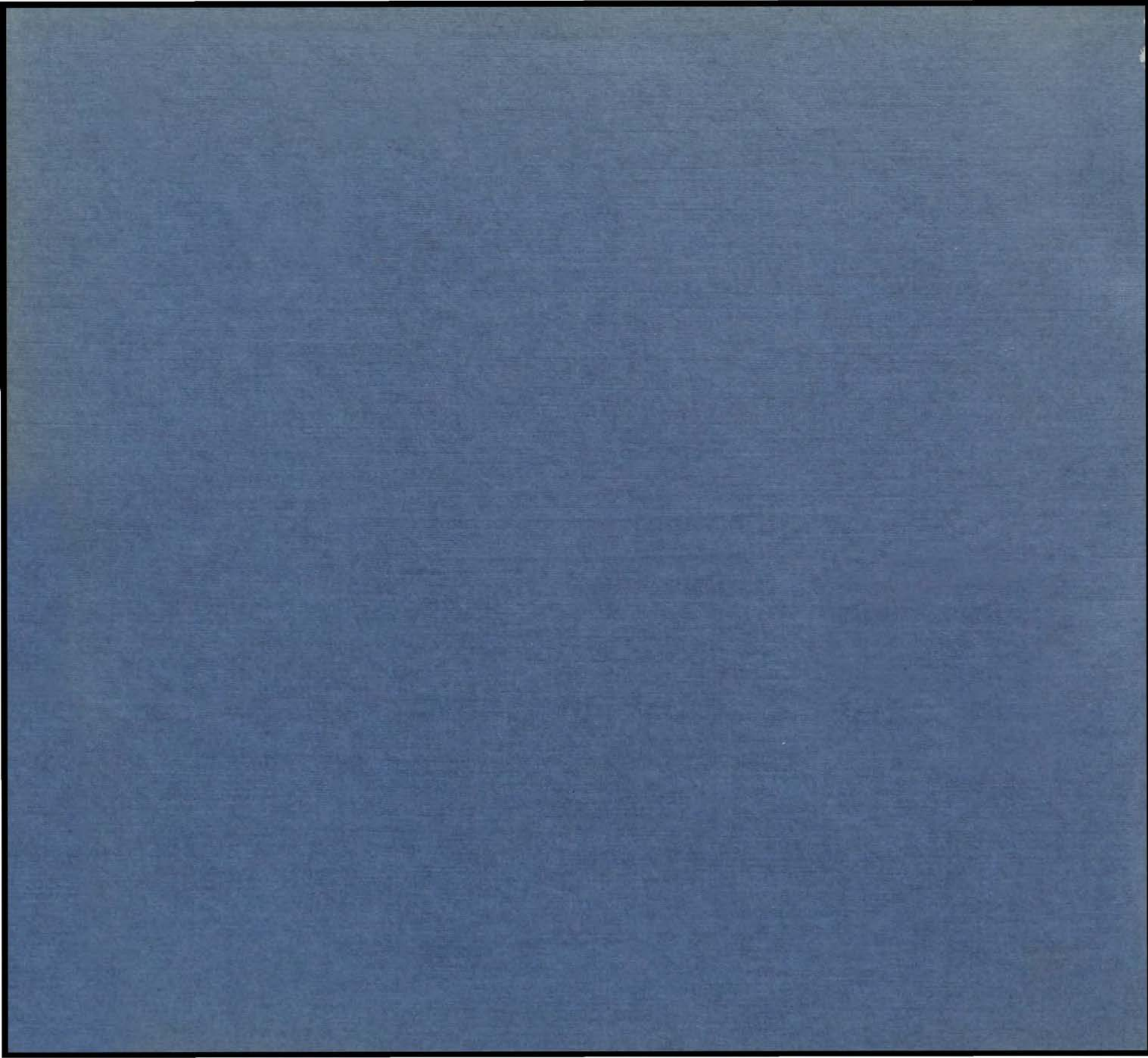
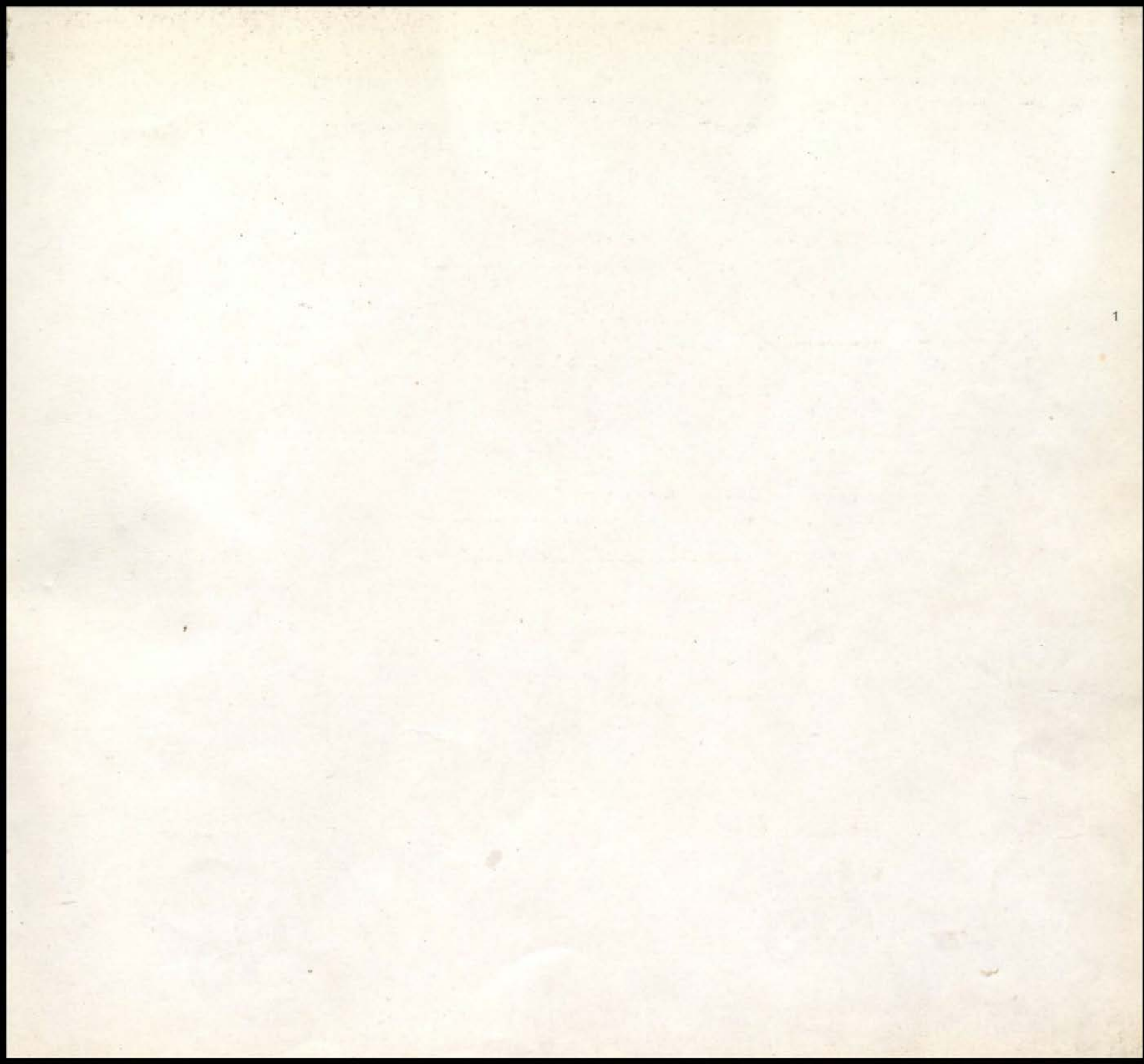


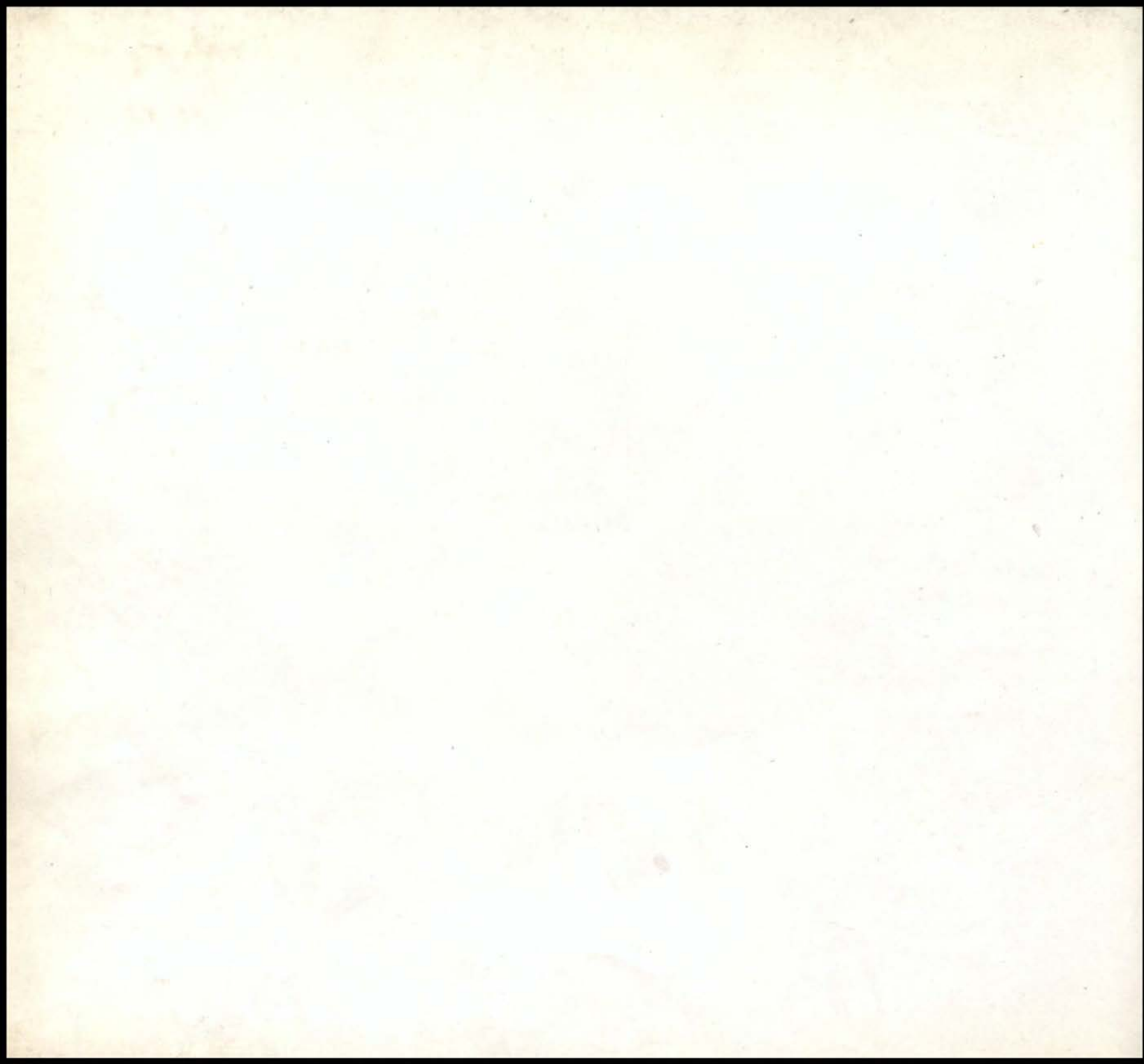
THE
CENTRALIAN
1909

The title 'THE CENTRALIAN' is rendered in a large, ornate, blackletter-style font with elaborate flourishes extending from the letters. Below it, the year '1909' is set within a decorative banner that also features intricate scrollwork. The entire design is printed in a light, metallic color on a dark blue background.

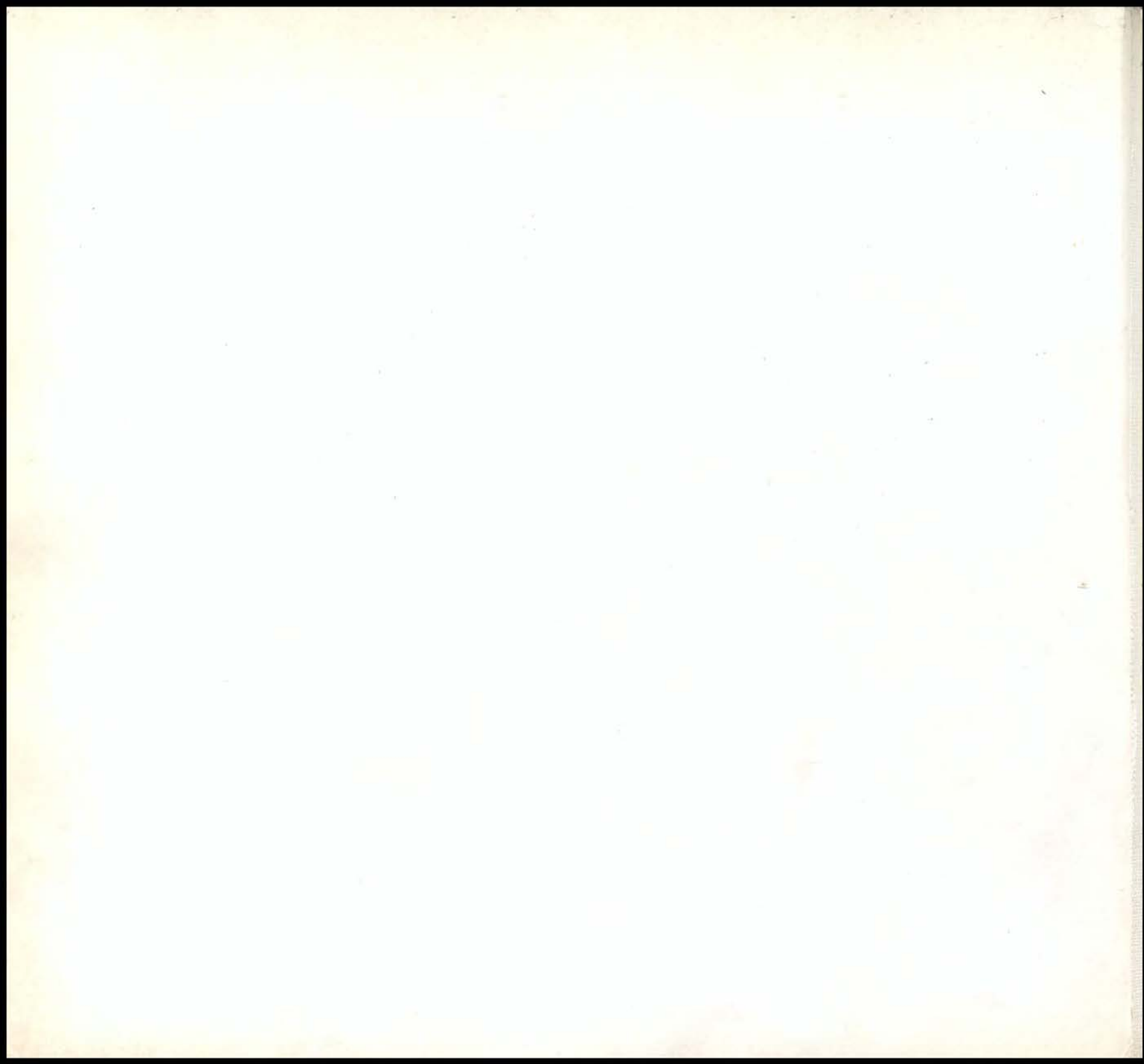
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FUE
1821



THE CENTRALIAN

VOLUME XI

EDITED BY

THE LUMINARY STAFF

OF NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHT AND NINE



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

KANSAS CITY, MO.



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GREETINGS

With this, the eleventh annual issue of The Centralian, The Luminary staff of 1908-9 lays down its work. It hopes that it has produced a book through which in after years it will be a pleasure to look, a volume which by its pictures and its articles will in the future recall the pleasant days of high school life. If in this respect the hopes of the staff are realized, it feels that its work has not been unsuccessful.

Financial Statement of the Central Luminary for Year 1908-9

8

November	RECEIPTS	
Sales		\$ 45.90
Advertising		<u>97.50</u>

	EXPENDITURES	
Printing		74.65
Engraving		12.32
Miscellaneous		<u>4.30</u>

	EXPENDITURES	
Printing		78.00
Engraving		11.82
Miscellaneous		<u>6.10</u>

February	RECEIPTS	
Sales		30.25
Advertising		<u>54.50</u>

December	RECEIPTS	
Sales		32.00
Advertising		<u>72.50</u>

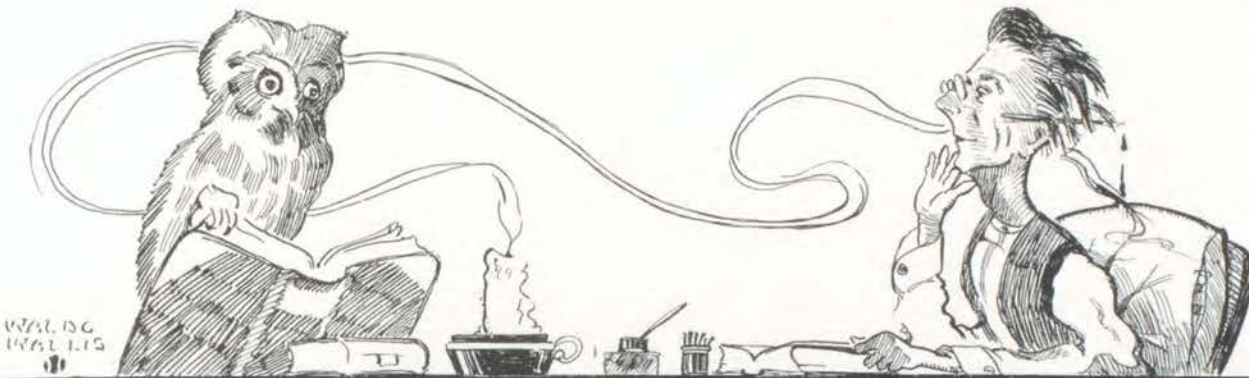
	EXPENDITURES	
Printing		74.10
Engraving		15.72
Miscellaneous		<u>3.10</u>

	EXPENDITURES	
Printing		71.50
Engraving		11.44
Miscellaneous		<u>5.85</u>

March	RECEIPTS	
Sales		36.10
Advertising		<u>71.50</u>

January	RECEIPTS	
Sales		30.05
Advertising		<u>77.50</u>

	EXPENDITURES	
Printing		72.60
Engraving		13.40
Miscellaneous		6.40
Balance for year		<u>86.50</u>



ENCYCLOPEDIA SENIORITICA

Being the true and authentic account, including personal descriptions and anecdotes never heretofore revealed, of those most modest, meek, dignified, egotistical, sophisticated, and lethargic personages who intend, expect, and hope to graduate from Central High School, Anno Domini 1909.

Compiled, arranged, authenticated, edited, and revised up to date by Professor Hezekiah Ezekial Nicodemus Cheesbobbins, P. D. Q., O. K., C. O. D.

Addison, Beulah. Born 1870. Very proud of her intermediary cognomen, Dundee. Will soon die of sunstroke (the son's name is Joseph). Is very anxious to become the heroine of "Married at the Altar."

Allison, Donald Dewey. Born Dec. 23, 1905. Substitute on football team. Famous for his sickly grin and his ability to do the wrong thing at the right time. His ambition, to become famous, will never be fulfilled for he will die of heart failure caused by the shock of receiving his diploma in June, 1909.

Ashlock, Ethel. Born 1910. Protests that she will not change her name to Ethylle, for she wants to be original. Is distinguished by her nose, which is very clean cut, due probably to the sweeping glances issuing from the eyes just above. Doesn't know when she'll die, and neither do we.

Aylward, May Elizabeth (if you please). Called Lizzie for short. Her age cannot be given, for it varies constantly with the time and place. However, there's but one date for her death, for she intends to die but once, August 15, 1925.

Bacon, Mae Belle. Before becoming a sophomore she spelled her name May Bell. Declines to inform the encyclopedists as to her date of entrance into this world of misery. Our guess would be that she's about nine years old.

Barbee, Elias Emmet. Born 3:39:51 a. m., June 6, 1904. A very playful little youngster, notwithstanding his superabundance of brass and nerve. He has two places of residence, spending his evenings and early mornings at Thirty-first and Garfield. Will die in the near future from eating too much ice cream in the lunch room.



Barnard, Bessie. Born July 4, 1866. This accounts for her hot temper, for she hasn't had a chance to say, as yet, "Oh, this is so sudden." However, she'll bury her spare caloric January 14, 1945, in the cold lap of mother earth.

Barrell, Merritt. He doesn't know when he was born and declares that he will never die, for he has found the secret. He is intellectual, good looking, clever; in other words, he's Merritt itself.

Bennett, Ela. Born 1885. Has a great taste for books, especially pocket and trading stamp, when they're full. She'll be a financier (in a home) and will die a slow death in 1950.

Bourbon, Rollo Preston. Born February 18, 1876. Is scientifically inclined and somewhat of a chemist. He's not bottled in bond, however, even if he is thirty-three years old and came from Kentucky. Some thirsty fellow will "kill him," July 4, 1826.

Bower, Ralph S. The S stands for Shorty and Skinny, for he holds the record of being the youngest and smallest member of the class of which he's chief chalk collector. His little toys are the shot, the hammer, and the discus, with which he performs very creditably for one so young.

Bowling, Ruth. We have her age, but out of respect for her feelings we'll not publish the secret. She looks highly intellectual, but it's not her fault. Ruth will die of eating too many woodberries in the near future.

Brenner, Sara. Born October 26, 1903. Is a great student of Prof. Bob Burns's poems. She aspires to be a college widow. Will die of a complication of diseases, measles, mumps, and chicken pox being the complicated ones, on December 16, 1923.

Brightwell, Berniece. Obtained her luminous qualities from her stellariferous handle. Will not tell her age, and we

really do not care to risk our reputation in trying to guess so great an uncertainty. We don't care to know, anyway.

Brown, Louise. She's a person of the past in some respects. No one knows the date of her birth, the size of her shoe, or how many inches her waist measures. She's well known, however, in some things, especially in regard to the fact that she'll pass away in two years.

Brown, Marie. Born July 6, 1871. She's full of joy when she's supreme, and consequently is joyful most of the time. She lunches very often at the chaperonless paradise and will die buying lunch checks there, September 12, 1909.

Bufton, Hilary A. The A is wrong. There should be two initials after Hilary, U. S. When nobody is around, Bufton cuts up very much. However, as he is in such a state but a very small part of his waking moments, he keeps still and studies.

Burrough, Phyllis. She's very popular, for during lunch hour all the fellows call out her first name. She stands the popularity gracefully for a young lady of sixteen summers. She'll wither and die after enduring the rigors of eighteen more winters.

Burton, Cecile. Born 1875, on April first, but she has overcome her natural disadvantage with credit to herself. She won't die on an April 1st, which should be a consolation to her. She'll go to sleep on February 30, 1916.

Bushman, Andrew Kidd. He's a terrible man when on a rampage, which probably explains his middle name. He'll die with his shoes on (for he doesn't wear boots) on January 1, 1940, after having resolved to begin the new year right.

Butler, Kate. (1898-1930). Katherine is the proud possessor of a set of real auburn capillary appendages. She



wants to be famous, and she has succeeded, for she's the only real, genuine, dyed-in-the-wool originator of the smile that won't come off.

Cameron, Margaret Elizabeth. Born July 28, 1905. She objects to being called Peg, Lizzie, Eliza, Beth, or anything except that with which she began her high school career, Miss Cameron. We'll please her, for she'll not be with us long.

Carraher, Nell. She appears to be about seventeen, but appearances are deceiving. She says she's only fifteen, but she won't let us see the records, so we're inclined to doubt her word. Everybody agrees, however, that she'll not die for a long time, as she has a tenacity of purpose which will not always permit her to do that which is best.

Catron, Frank. Phidippides the Second. He's Central's star sprinter, was captain of last year's track team. He'd like to be a Greek teacher, and consequently will not. He's thinking of taking the position of vice-president of the United States, thus moving up from the office of chief scribe of the Senior Class.

Chandler, Frank Kieth. Born August 8, 1862. One of the heavy weights. He tips the scale at an even hundred. He's a long distance runner; and will take the longest run he's ever had when he passes in English literature.

Chandler, Hazel Kirk. Exceedingly young, having been born in 1905. She likes frank-ness, and the chafing dish where she is continually making Welsh rarebit. Will die at the ending of the happy school days.

Cohen, Max G. Another heavy weight, noisy and pugnacious. He'd like to have as big feet as some of his classmates possess. Rather absent minded. For this reason we cannot predict his death, for he'd probably forget to die at the proper moment.

Clark, Imogene. Born January 31, 1901. Exceedingly juvenile in all respects. She's often mistaken for a freshman, which fact so mortifies her that she's dying a slow and lingering death.

Collins, Lee. She's proud of her speaking ability, her high grade of physics work, her puffs, her curls, and her looking glass, the extent of which is greater than that of any other in school. She'll die on her fortieth birthday, May 23, 1941.

Connell, Evan Shelby. A scientist of the first water. A quiet and unassuming little lad, who can always be told by his modest and demure gaze. Owing to this trait he asked that his age be not published, and we comply with his request. He was born in 1865 and will quit eating in 1920.

Corse, Cornelia Howland (1870-). She has always had the erroneous idea that one should study while in school. Her only recreation is fashion plates. She'd like to be like her sister in everything except in the matter of dying. She can't choose between the two alternatives.

Corse, Louie Margaret. Older than Cornelia, but wishes she were a twin. She sees no use in studying, but is exceedingly fond of play. She intends to be a gym teacher, so she can teach young playful ones how to do aesthetic dancing.

Cotter, Georgia. Born 1895, and won't die because when she gets hold of something she won't let go. She'll hold on to her breath forever. For this reason we predict that she'll be rich some day, for she'll hold on to her millionaire until the proper time.

Dahn, Grace Gertrude. Born June 3, 1867. Her ambition is to discover the Fountain of Youth, for she needs it soon. Meanwhile she drinks Fountain of Youth dis-



tilled water at 15c per gallon. She died from the effects of the latter.

Darby, Leighton. Born 3:43 p. m., November 9, 1884. A mathematics shark. He's very noticeable because of the loud noise which his mouth and clothes combined make. He will die a death suitable for a dignified Ichabod when mumps shall claim him for her own, January 17, 1913.

Davis, Helen. Born 1876. She talks little and says less. She's a slang expert, for which reason she'd like to be an English teacher. Her obituary will be written, August 31, 1916.

Dayton, Frank. Born May 24, 1886. Ever since his entrance to the high school he has been a most serious student, in fact, a regular grind. The rest that he takes while shooting paper wads, fooling with his ink well, and playing with his knife is not sufficient for his strenuous labors, so he will die of over work and a broken heart at not being able to live.

Deane, Martha Ruth. Born 1882, and has lived up to her name ever since. She's a hard worker and has a bunch of grades that would stagger a co-ed in a university. She died from paralysis of the brain, caused by studying too hard.

Deichman, Fred. Another hard working student. A member of last year's base ball and this year's foot ball team. He likes to travel, and just before making his last journey from which he'll never return, he'll spend all the money he ever earned on a grand tour of Olathe, Paola, and Bonner Springs.

Denebeim, Leah. Six feet two and one-half inches tall. She was born in 1901 and wishes to become old quickly, so that she can conquer the world, and one inhabitant of it especially, before the time set for her escape, 1915.

Dimmitt, Luther Mason. Born February 1, 1901. Forward on basket ball team. Is a true sport and makes a hit with the girls. Mason is overseer of the mazuma and guardian of the spondulix box for the Seniors. He will bid his last farewell when the colic calls him in 1956.

Dobel, Marie. She says she's twenty-three, which we know is not the case. However, as we don't care to have a suspicion roused against our veracity in the minds of our readers, we won't publish her true age. Notwithstanding her age she likes candy, and for it she's going to die.

Dresbach, Lillian May. Lillian was born in 1903 and is not mature enough to appreciate the architectural beauty of the building, the kindness of her teachers, and the good qualities of the Freshmen. Consequently, she's been at school but four years and has resisted all entreaties for her return. She'll relent before she goes to the land of chicken pox, however, and she'll wish she had.

Edwards, George R. Born June 3, 1899. A star member of the football and basket ball teams. He also shines round the feminines. Locomotive attaxed him, and he succumbed.

Entrekin, Roscoe Moore. Entered July 6, 1872, into this world. Played on foot ball team and after attempting to break an opponent's thigh with his shoulder, he had the privilege of carrying his collar and tie supporter to the doctor. For a strong man his death will be satisfactory; he will succumb to whooping cough.

Eubank, Ruby Elizabeth. Born 1880. Died 1975. Married at the age of 30. These are the three main events of her long, uneventful life. She's a jewel.

Fairlamb, Helen G. Born 1889. Won the bronze medal in the Revolutionary contest. Is a shark in history. She



just can't make her eyes behave. Is a fine singer, fine because we've never heard her. This is not true of her speaking ability, however.

Fairweather, Maurine I. Notice the middle initial. Sad to relate, the compilers of this encyclopedia are not well enough acquainted with higher mathematics to compute her advanced age. She died in 1969, still remaining in the sweet and undisputed state of celibacy which she had enjoyed throughout her life.

Feike, Wilhelmina. She carries her name very gracefully. Has the \$10,000 beauty beaten a country block. Is noted for all those qualities which go to make up a classy student.

Flaughter, Anna. Flaughter is an appropriate name, for its owner likes to use flour. She likes to make preserves, plant gardens, mend clothes, and pursue other occupations, the nature of which makes us think that she is intended to make someone happy.

Frazier, James Coleman. Born October 19, 1903. He likes to read deep books, such as "The Philosophy of Style," and play delightful, harmless games such as tiddle-dy-winks. Famous as a spieler and an actor. Starred in that famous play, "Our Boys." Died of toothache, May 3, 1915.

Frank, Arvid. A quiet, modest little lad, aged five. Editor of Luminary, and member of Christmas play cast. Noted as a philosopher, a statesman, a pulpit orator. Died in 1940 from overeating.

Friedman, Hazel. Born in 1860 and has been extending her boundaries ever since. She has an aversion to circuses and probably will not become attached to one. Is a studious girl, but with no aversion to society. Will probably be a hairdresser when she gets big.

Froman, Adkins I. Born December 29, 1869. Not much of a student, but one of those "rah-rah" boys. Is a true sport and will bet anything from one to ten cents. He's noted among the members of the fair sex as a small talker. Was transferred from this earth, January 31, 1909.

Fulton, Reuben Mitchell. (1893-1913). Achieved greatness as a German scholar (i. e., devourer of wienerwurst and pumpernickel) early in life. Is a favorite among women and will probably marry.

Gallagher, Grace. She'd like to hear some new slang. "Soul-mate" and "O, you kid" are so tame! Her greatest ambition is to sing, "Come across wid de cash" in "The Boy Exclamation" at the Grand.

Garnett, Charles Vactor. Was never born, but simply talked his way into the world. The original Victor (his middle name was mutilated in the rush) human phonograph and living wind bag. Died of strained vocal corditis, February 17, 1911.

Gould, Arthur. (1895-1946). Guard on the foot ball team and a member of the basket ball "Reserves" (French for "scrubs"). Athletic editor of Luminary. He stumbled over a toothpick, broke a finger, and died of dyspepsia, May 14, 1946.

Haldeman, Ethel. Born 1830. Decided early in life that she'd like to be a milkmaid at five dollars per. She's likely to be disappointed, for milkmen don't pay their wives that much. However, she'll live next to nature and be a simple child of the fields.

Halsey, Howard Gove. Famous for his enormous intellect. His brain weighs 33 ounces, and he's only three years old. (Take two squints at his second name.) He's a shark student and heavy weight wrestler.



Hanna, Clark B. The Senator is a blower. He's the best blower on the clarinet in the school. He never blows his money. He will probably blow his way through life and be blown into the next. If he comes round tell him to "blow."

Harness, Opale. Notwithstanding her name, she's not going to hitch up with any youngster now on this earth, for none of them are good enough. She's going to be a leather jewel all her life. The twenty years that she has spent here alone have satisfied her perfectly.

Hawley, Harriet Julia. Julia was born in 1901. She intends to play opposite the hero in a domestic sketch composed for two, and incidentally this sketch will play about thirty-five years at the same house before the partnership is dissolved.

Hazel, Cora B. Her name was intended for her looks. Her eyes are hazel, so is her name. Her hair is chestnut. Draw your own conclusions.

Hendrickson, Donald W. Star member of track team. Historian and prophet of the class. A poet and a short story writer. He will simply depart from this life, August 10, 1933.

Henson, Hubert Roy. Roy was born in 1890 and has spent most of his life at home, at school, and on the way between the two. He's a lover of books, Diamond Dick and St. Elmo being his favorites. He'll be a draftsman when he grows up. He likes to open and shut doors.

Hessel, Isador A. Born October 34, 1873. Won third prize in Nelson contest and represented Central at Columbia. A frivolous pupil and fastidious fellow. He'll be a dealer in fancy socks until quitting time, August 14, 1928.

Hickey, Sarah. (1894-1950). Sarah revels in science, particularly that of eating and sleeping. She is of a lovable

nature, especially loving the two things mentioned above. Fifty-four years after her arrival, she'll throw open the throttle and pull out.

Hicks, Flora E. Born as a Christmas present, December 25, 1876. Would like to receive the attentions of Romeo as Juliet, but on account of her inability to keep quiet, will always be in the audience.

Hoerning, Julia Maygretha. How did that sound—pretty classy, eh? Is anxious to make an attempt to escape from boarding school by means of her long, beautiful tresses. She'll probably have full consent of the faculty when the thrilling adventure is staged. Will die in 1930.

Hofflander, Ruth A. J. Two, if you please. She doesn't care for the stage, looking glasses, powder puffs, or rats. She's good enough without them. Her twenty-two years of life have reconciled her to school work, so she'll die happy when she gets her diploma.

Hopkins, Virlinda. You didn't recognize ten-year-old Linnie? When she came to school, she resolved to become known. She is, as a frivolous, light and airy goddess of fun. She'll feel funny when the mumps catch her. She'll settle down then to domestic bliss until she dies of heartburn.

Hudson, Thomas S. G. A giant in stature and intellect. One of the most remarkable men of his generation. Like his friend, the poet, however, the world will never know it.

Hulse, Lelah F. Born February 29, 1900. Unfortunate, wasn't it. Exceedingly young and bird-like. Just like a magpie, always talking; just like a blue jay, so dignified. She'll die on her tenth birthday of whooping cough.



- Jack, Nora V.** Born 1898 and still growing. Red cheeks (her own), and a do-it-now expression on her face, which explains why it's never done, are her chief characteristics.
- Jacobs, Harry Louis.** Born May 13, 1901. A renowned debater, psychologist, and orange eater. A student who "eats 'em alive." A crank of correct models of walking and combing the hair.
- Jacobs, Jeanette M.** (1875-1943). A celebrated French scholar, noted for her pronunciation of "au revoir." She wants to stand behind the counter, while it is counting up the day's dollars. Will live to ripe old age.
- Jenkins, Louise.** A musician. Knows how to play the mouth organ and the Jew's harp. Is a shark in gymnastic work. She's hunting for a prince, so the encyclopedists are considering organizing to aid her. She'll get one, all right.
- Jennings, Mary.** (1900-1961.) Has used her ability to tell stories, exhibited throughout her school course in her treatment of her teachers, in the Inter-Society contest. Has great ambitions to be the wife of the President, but is willing to sell her chance for an ice cream soda.
- Johnson, Gladys.** Born May 31, 1885. Looks forward to a career of upbuilding woman's position. Agrees that the best way to do this is to marry some Mr. Enbeck. She'll succeed.
- Johnson, Hjalmar N.** The N stands for "now" in "Do it now," but he has it twisted into "Do it not." This light weight in both thought and action is as quick as lightning. He is noted for his ability in mounting stairs of brass. He's the original of the famous Ladies' Home Journal yawning baby.
- Jones, Louise.** She'd like to be a lawyer and consequently wishes to become acquainted with Blackstone and Trigg. We recommend as a supplementary course that she learn as much as possible of cats, parrots, nose-glasses, and curling irons.
- Josephson, Samuel N.** Sam was born in 1892, and when he was one week old he picked up a violin and played "Baby Mine." Two weeks later he posed for the Browning-King dry goods store ad, "I Want Browning's Clothes." All omens showed that he would be a prodigy. He is; and will die a prodigy-ous death in 1961, when colic calls him away.
- Kaufholz, May.** Born March 29, 1864. She is of a very self-assertive and positive disposition. Her ambition is to graduate.
- Kellogg, Gladstone B.** A hard and serious student, aged eight. Famous for his grinding propensities. Lied of whooping cough, May 8, 1910.
- King, Myron A.** A big talker; always making a noise. His vocal organs vibrate faster than his brain cells. He's the only original human geyser (hot air used instead of hot water.)
- King, Thomas W.** Another grind. Noted for his hard studying. Nothing frivolous about your uncle Tommie. He bade a fond farewell to this world of sin and misery on March 26, 1911.
- Kumpf, Helen.** Born February 29, 1903. A fair damsel, admired by all. Died March 19, 1926, of old age.
- Lambader, May.** A small and diminutive specimen of humanity of eight years. Her ambition is to grow as large as Leah Denebeim.
- Langley, Edna J.** Born August 3, 1899. As she was born under the propitious star of Apollo, she considers herself a genius in poetry. But cheer up, she'll die in 1916.

Lavery, Elizabeth. Born 3:00 p. m., January 23, 1907. Her chief joy is in reading mushy poetry, and she hopes to become a writer of odes and sonnets.

Lindgrove, M. Sidney. Born July 33, 1901. Member of the base ball team and basket ball reserves. His happiness consists in rewriting senior themes; and he is kept happy all the time, too.

Luce, Elmyra. There is much dispute as to her age. However, we will guarantee her to be not over four years old. She died of heart failure caused by surprise when the Senior girls defeated the Freshmen in basket ball.

Lyle, Gladys. A quiet, demure little girl noted for noise. Departed this life, August 13, 1926.

McDonald, Olive. Born 4:31 2-3 p. m., January 32, 1873. She is justly famed for her beautiful curls. She is the possessor of a noble intellect (by this we mean that she can wrinkle her forehead and fool people into believing that she is thinking).

McEntire, Alice. Born April 31, 1903. She is a very intelligent looking specimen of humanity. However, let it be remembered that appearances deceive.

McMillan, William H. An ornament and adornment to his class. He was born May 32, 1891, and passed away in a calm and tranquil state of mind on November 25, 1913.

McMillen, Beulah. A rosy checked youngster aged four. Next year she will depart this life, conducted to the next world by our friend, the mumps.

Maltby, Louise Humphreys. Born on July 23, 1900. She passed an uneventful life, which sad to relate was ended by the measles on July 23, 1910.

Martin, Katherine. A young lady of a positive and self-assertive temperament. Like Caesar, she came, she saw

—but instead of conquering she was conquered. Whooping cough was the lucky victor.

Medes, Florence Virginia. Born April 34, 1873. An extremely young and beautiful lady. Her epitaph will be inscribed by a sorrow-stricken world on May 23, 1916.

Middelcoff, Margaret. Famous as a poet, an actor, a philosopher, a statesman, a philanthropist, and an eater of sandwiches. She mounted the golden stairs, March 33, 1915.

Miller, Eugenie. She is exceedingly strong minded. She hopes some day to hold down a job in a candy kitchen. She will probably die of working too hard.

Miller, Nyda P. Born May 32, 1853. She has determined to become a teacher and wear glasses. The shock of passing the exams will cause an early death.

Misselwitz, Theodore. Born April 10, 1902. A noisy, always-evident youngster. Noted for his modesty and silence. On March 28, 1910, whooping cough claimed him for her own.

Mitchell, Morace W. Famous as a social lion, a lover of Aristonians, and a despiser of bangs. He is now only six years old, but has all the rest of his life in which to grow.

Monahan, Lilian E. Born April 26, 1899. A dignified and serious-minded Senior class officer. Her obituary was written, June 13, 1925.

Moore, Raymond I. Born March 3, 1901. Science editor of the Luminary. Famous as a writer of poems and essays. Died of overexertion, June, 1920.

Moran, Grace. Born July 26, 1897. A famous author, whose greatest work is entitled, "How to Cram for a Physics Exam." Brain fever ended her eventful career, August 3, 1909.

- Morrison, Sarah.** Born August 33, 1848. A bright and capable student (by this we mean that she is almost as good a bluffer as Chas. Garnett). She left this world on December 24, 1923.
- Munson, Chester Neal.** Born May 21, 1876. A substitute on the basket ball team. Very frivolous and fast; but maybe will settle down later in life.
- Murdock, Ellen Imogene.** A profound student of every kind of learning. Died December 21, 1920, from over-studying metaphysical therapeutics.
- Neumiller, Beatrice.** Born November 16, 1886. She takes pride in manufacturing fudge. This little habit will probably cause her to depart from this world.
- Newby, Marea Lee.** She is an exceedingly juvenile infant. She attained the dizzy heights of fame by becoming English editor of the *Luminary* and vice-president of the Senior class.
- O'Brien, Henry** (commonly known as "Hank"). On account of his artistic temperament and appearance he makes an excellent art editor of the *Luminary*. He is very frivolous and needs to settle down to work. He died from resting too much, April 31, 1911.
- Oakley, Edna Bascom.** Very loquacious. She is noted for her bangs. Famous as a declaimer. She will not die, but will simply talk herself out of the world.
- Paul, Ethel.** By special request we will not divulge the secret of her age. She is an industrious, studious little infant of whom we expect great things in the future.
- Peer, Ralph S.** A hard student; veritably a regular grind. He is a regular attendant at school, not having missed one day in five years. Judging by his past record we can safely say that he will be on hand promptly when the roll is called up yonder.
- Pelofsky, Julius.** Born 4:30 a. m., May 33, 1862. Of a calm and unruffled temperament. Brilliant as the sun ray which flashes in the peroxide blond's capillary appendages.
- Rider, Marian** (commonly known as Mary Ann). Born May 3, 1906. Precocious juvenile. High-monkey-monk of Senior girls' basket ball team. Won bronze Revolutionary medal in 1908. Died of heart failure caused by unexpected shock of receiving diploma, June, 1909.
- Roseberry, Anna Ruth.** A social lioness, one who makes a hit with the fellows. Her ambition is to receive the prize for beauty at the county fair.
- Ross, Donald W.** Born August 16, 1899. A very noisy sport. Famous for his socks and other furnishings. Will die of paralysis of the brain, caused by non-use, May 20, 1923.
- Ross, Olga.** Born June 31, 1905. She hopes to become a kindergarten teacher, but will probably die before she passes the kindergarten age herself.
- Ross, Olive.** Born September 31, 1898. Her ambition is to dress like her sister, but to be entirely different. The spark of life left her handsome temple on May 16, 1964.
- Rundquist, Albena.** A very noisy and loud specimen of the eternal feminine. She died of breath failure in September, 1936.
- Runyan, Lillie Stuart.** Born May 35, 1903. She gets the medal for the tallest and heaviest girl in the class. She will buy a through ticket for the next world on June 31, 1924.
- Saper, Nathan.** Born March 35, 1901. Famous as a debater, an extemporaneous speaker, and a student of English literature. Ascended the starry path, January 6, 1968.
- Scarritt, Frances Margaret.** Born August 19, 1872. She intends to become an old maid and a suffragette. We

- doubt if she will achieve success in either laudable ambition.
- Schenk, Helen E.** Born July 14, 1905. Her chief characteristic is trying to appear older than she really is. She will grow up some day and then won't have to pretend.
- Scott, Gertrude Irene.** Born 1888. She is a hard, serious student, and will probably depart this life due to overwork as a suffragette.
- Sealy, Marie Patience.** Born April 23, 1900. Of a hasty, uncertain, frivolous temperament. She is noted for her beautiful capillary appendages and classic features.
- Segelbohm, Jane Helena.** Exceedingly ancient. A devoted follower of Burke. Noted for her profound fundamental learning. Due to the strain on her overworked brain cells she will die, December 25, 1968.
- Shields, Lorna.** Born May 1, 1897. Her sole ambition is to be behind the counter of a soda fountain in an official capacity.
- Simpson, Jane Marie.** A very noisy, positive individual. Famous for her curly locks. Mumps called her to the other world, June 3, 1915.
- Simpson, Lenore M. H.** It would be an unwarranted cruelty to reveal her age. At exactly 4:13 a. m., Saturday, June 4, 1910, she will die because her diaphragm will refuse to act.
- Simpson, Naomi Corere.** Just place your peepers on her given names. Words fail us to express our sentiments. Consequently, "nuf sed."
- Sleichter, Harry.** Born September 31, 1864. Famous as a gymnast, a tumbler, and a "candy kid." Died March 16, 1910, of old age.
- Sparks, Lela.** A very beautiful young lady who loves to masticate, devour, eat, munch, chew, and otherwise dispose of peanuts.
- Spencer, Marjorie Elizabeth.** Born on May 31, 1905. A very precocious infant of a sweet and amiable disposition. She probably will not die, but will do what most people do and live happy ever after.
- Staats, Mary de Moth.** Born 4:31½ a. m., March 35, 1900. She delights in mirrors and modern novels. She will die in some very romantic manner, such as on account of indigestion.
- Starling, Clara Maurine.** She is noted for two qualities—extreme youth and her hair. We will not reveal the secret of either.
- Steel, Edward.** Born August 18, 1900. His chief joy is dancing and attending elaborate social functions. He is very popular with the feminines.
- Sullivan, Marguerite.** Born in 1900. She makes a hit with the teachers (by this we mean that she is a good bluffer).
- Tallman, Thorn.** Born May 19, 1908. He is a bright student for one so young. Died of overexerting his brain, September 14, 1910.
- Taylor, Dorothy.** Born September 31, 1901. Her chief joy is the skating rink, where she sits down most of the time. She will die at the rink from straining her optic nerves too much in counting the stars.
- Terrill, Bessie Elizabeth.** Born August 3, 1864. She stoutly denies this fact. However, one glimpse of her will convince you that we are right.
- Tilden, Samuel.** Member of the base ball team. A veritable shark at studying, especially Algebra III. He liked it so well that he took it three times.
- Timanus, Effie.** Born May 29, 1881. Honorable mention in Revolutionary contest. She is exceedingly intelligent-looking. However, don't believe everything you see.

Turfler, Ruth May. Born November 21, 1901. She is of a philosophical trend of mind, and, consequently is overloaded with profound truths.

Van Velsor, Louise. Born March 33, 1899. She is of an amiable and bellicose disposition. She met her end on May 15, 1926.

Valbracht, Leta. Born March 19, 1864. She achieved a reputation for great wisdom by adopting the motto: "Mum's the word."

Vandewater, Janet M. Born December 17, 1885. Characteristics: smiles, intelligence, poetry, and fudge. She left us for the next world, May 32, 1934.

Vickers, Helen. Helen was born 11:39 p. m., January 3, 1894, and ever since that time has thought that she was cut out for the heroine in some vital problem play such as "The Girl Question." She says that she'll be satisfied, however, if she may spend her remaining days on this earth teaching young hopefuls that 2 and 2 are 4. Probably she'll be satisfied.

Walker, Clara. Born September 3, 1899. Very infantile. She's always eating chili in the lunch room. Died of sudden shock caused by seeing a mouse unexpectedly.

Wasson, Aileen. Born January 1, 1898. She likes to make people believe her hair is curly. Died 4:13 a. m., March 29, 1986.

Webster, Marie. Born March 23, 1836. She is a very loquacious kid. Died of eating her own brand of divinity, May 20, 1911.

Waring, Robert G. Born May 21, 1900. A husky athlete. Holds the world's record for a long distance talk.

Whitney, Mary. Born September 13, 1900. Her ambition is to hold a concert of her own. She calmly passed away, March 3, 1913.

Whittemore, Martha. Born January 1, 1823. She is famous for her beauty and classic features.

Wilhelm, Charles F. A hard student; a grind in Vergil and algebra. Last year distinguished himself as an aeronaut. Passed into eternity, December 3, 1925.

Wilkinson, Norman Lee. Won second prize in the Nelson contest and first in the W. C. T. U. Famous as an author of essays and stories. Died May 3, 1934, of over exertion of the pedal extremities.

Wilson, Ethel. Born August 19, 1838. A fair damsel, in sooth. She left cares behind and hopped out of life on January 6, 1956.

Womack, Hazel H. Born April 3, 1891. An unknown author who will astonish the world by her beautiful love sonnets. Will die of hay fever, May 4, 1956.

Wood, Frances. Born December 27, 1904. Her ambition is to be a society belle. She will giggle her way through life to a joyous end.

Wood, Kathryn L. Born January 17, 1887. She is justly famed for her curls, puffs, and giggles. She will die from straining her intellect trying to crack a joke.

Woodard, Amy E. She loves ruffles, curls, and books. She will expire at the mature age of six.

Woodbury, Charles Putnam. Captain and star member of the foot ball team. Also captain and star member of the track team. Also member of the basket ball team. Also president of the Senior class. Also most popular fellow in school.

Woodson, Barbara. Born April 26, 1906. A most quiet, modest, and demure little damsel. She will die of over-eating, May 19, 1926.

Wooton, Earle C. Born May 27, 1903. A noisy, sporty, "candy kid." Noted for his loud voice, his socks, and his neckties.



AULD ACQUAINTANCES.



THE time has come when we Seniors realize fully our feelings toward our high school. The chances are that before now we have not thought seriously on the subject. When in former years we heard the pupils who were leaving school tell of the sorrow of parting, we put it down that they were talking for effect. We could not conceive of any feeling other than that of joy which could possess a Senior who had performed his duties with enough credit to enable him to be graduated. However, we realize now that those old ideas were a mistake. We now comprehend the feelings of our predecessors. To some comes the realization that they are now ready to enter the final course in their education; to others the understanding that for them school doors are forever closed, that whatever education comes to them from now on shall be under those strict teachers, Adversity and Experience. We can have but one sentiment for one another, for the old school at which we have spent so much of our time, and for the teachers who have so faithfully taught us—a combined thankfulness for having known each other and sorrow at having to part.

The year 1908-9 has been an exceedingly live one for Central. Several contests, both athletic and intellectual, have taken place and have aroused great excitement. The inter-class athletic programs have served to bring out many aspirants and have awakened an unusual interest in the whole school. In the D. A. R. and the W. C. T. U. essay competitions many pupils tried, and the successful contestants won by narrow margins. The inter-society contest was unprecedented in the matter of close scores, one society winning by one point over two tied for second place. In all contests held in foreign fields this school has had its share of honor. The return of football, and successful teams in basket ball, track and baseball have served to keep excitement over athletics at an intense pitch. Scarcely ever before has the school supported so many winners during the same year. The story of the unusual successes must be to the present pupils an ever pleasant tale to relate. From the intellectual point of view the school has also held its own. Central, as was undoubtedly every other school in the state, was exceedingly surprised when news came that out of the

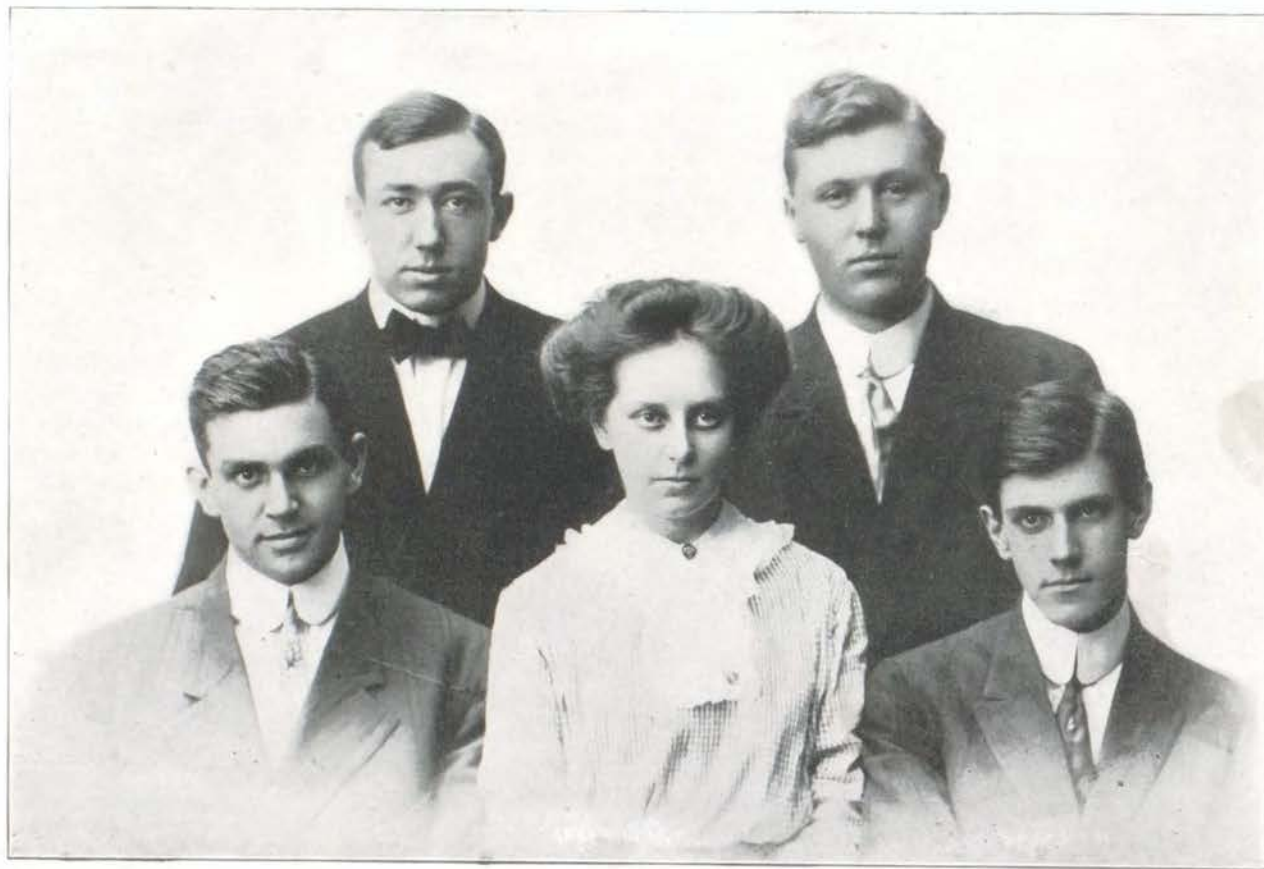
three prizes offered by the Sons of the Revolution to high schools of the state, she had carried off the gold and bronze medals, and the three honorable mentions. To Mr. Henry R. O'Brien, Miss Helen Fairlamb, Miss Marea Newby, Miss Effie Timanus, and Miss Lillian Vaught are we indebted for this conquest, the most complete in the history of the society offering the prizes. This surprise was capped by the announcement that of the six rewards and four honorable mentions given by W. R. Nelson to the high schools of Greater Kansas City, Central, represented by Mr. Norman

Wilkinson, Mr. Isadore Hessel, Mr. Donald Allison, Mr. Ross Slaughter, Miss Nora Millard, Miss Marea Newby, Miss Margaret Middelcoff, and Miss Mary Jennings, had carried off all but the first of the prizes and three of the honorable mentions. These successes have shown Central to be a well poised and balanced school. She has tasted of both defeat and victory and, having decided that the latter was much the sweeter of the two, is now acting in accordance with her convictions. In everything she excels, and she may well be proud of her achievements.





THE CLASSES



FRANK CATRON, Secretary.
CHARLES WOODBURY, Pres.

SENIOR OFFICERS

MAREA NEWBY V-Pres.

RALPH BOWER, Sergeant-at-Arms.
LUTHER DIMMITT, Treas.

The Seniors

Frances Marjory Wood, '09.

31

HARK! The year of 1909 has come and with it the gracious, ever smiling Seniors, conscious of duty well done, filled to over-flowing with knowledge, and extremely anxious to take up, and settle for all time, the great problems at issue in the world today.

To reach this pinnacle of importance in learning, and look down upon the universe with the eye of thoroughly trained critics, we have labored in "Freshland", "Sophomorty", and "Junioropolis", arriving at last at the glorious capital of "Seniordom". Be it known, that we as a class have left "foot-prints" as we passed in the forms of scholarships, medals, and cups, but the pure essence of a knowledge that "passeth all understanding", we take with us.

The class of 1909 is a most illustrious one; it has left so many and so large "foot-prints" that we doubt if it will be possible for our followers even to make a visible imprint in the wake of our triumphant march. The girls of this class, unlike their predecessors, who are remembered by their "high pompadours" and large sleeves, will be remembered by their "low coiffeurs", tight sleeves, "Dutch" collars, as girls having remarkable ability in standing up for woman's rights, and as embodying the great principle that woman's mission is to uplift the morals of the universe. The boys will be remembered, not by their "gay" ties and

"high" trousers, but by the athletic laurels they have won.

It seems but yesterday that we were earnest, hard working students, pushing to the front the best that was in us. We grasped with a miserly clutch every atom of the sciences, ate with famished hunger every crumb of English, and drank with a feverish thirst all that flowed from the great "fountain," Dear Old Central. To-day we are in the lime-light and glare of the public eye—are we embarrassed? Well, yes, somewhat. We instantly remember, however, that we are Seniors, and immediately regain the modest dignity that is ours by inherent right. We step forward to receive the well earned "parchment" with the firm conviction that we have finished a work well done. In making our exit we wave back to those who will follow, "Be to our virtues very kind, and to our faults a little blind"—but we doubt if you can find any faults.

Hark again! Tomorrow we step out on another stage and before a severe audience—we stop, hesitate, and look again, we must be mistaken—but no, it is true. We suddenly awake to the stern reality of every day affairs where "theory" is an empty dream, and we must now continue our school course with the difference only that the world is the "professor", and practical experience the only "study".

Pro Gloria Juniores

Gertrude Harter, '10.

SENIORS, Sophomores, Freshmen, lend me your ears;
 I come to praise the Juniors, not defend them.
 The evil that men do lives after them;
 The good is oft interred with their bones;
 So must it not be with the Juniors. The noble Seniors
 Have told you the Juniors are conceited;
 If it is so, it is a grievous fault,
 And grievously will the Juniors answer it.
 Here, under leave of the Seniors and the rest,—
 For the Seniors are an honorable class,
 So are they all, all honorable classes,—
 Come I to speak in the Juniors' behalf.
 They are my comrades, faithful and just to me:
 But the Seniors say they are conceited;
 And the Seniors are an honorable class.
 They have brought many honors home to Central,
 Whose trophies do the corridors adorn:

Does this in the Juniors seem conceited?
 When that the Freshmen wailed, the Juniors wept:
 Conceit should sure be made of sterner stuff:
 Yet the Seniors say they are conceited;
 And the Seniors are an honorable class.
 You all did see that in Assembly Hall
 The Juniors offered you a handsome cup,
 Which you did not refuse: Was this conceit?
 Yet the Seniors say they are conceited;
 And, sure, they are an honorable class.
 I speak not to disprove what Seniors speak,
 But here I am, to speak what I do know.
 You all did love them once—when they were Freshmen;
 What cause withholds you, then, to rejoice for them?—
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And Seniors have their reason lost!—Bear with me;
 My heart is with the Juniors there,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

Sophomore "Gas"

William Powell, '11.

JUST at the beginning of the school year in September, '07, the owners of numerous new faces were seen at old Central. Their manners, their speech, and their general appearance were remarkable, considering their youth. As a matter of custom, they were called Freshmen, but their conduct betrayed so little greenness that the name was hardly ever applied to them. Anyone who has been at all awake of late will readily recognize in these people no others than those forming that superb, awe-inspiring organization, the Class of 1911.

Here we have a class that in its freshman year has not strutted through the halls with a "near-wise" look on its countenance and a burdened-with-thought frown upon its brow, and all the while sublimely ignorant of the fact that no one regards a freshman as capable of thought. Here we have a class that has not attempted to assume the lofty airs of the Seniors, nor to crowd itself into upper classmen's conversations. Instead, we have a class that has been wise in itself, quiet, and unobtrusive,—an embodiment of individuality, prudence, and tactfulness. By the end of its first year, it had succeeded in attracting the attention of the Seniors, an achievement which no previous freshman class had ever even attempted.

With this solid foundation, the Class of 1911 made its sophomore debut. In its freshman year it was "watching and waiting," but now we see it suddenly spring forward with a rush and push its way through every obstacle to a superiority and fame such as have never been seen or heard of in a second year class. Never was a sophomore class so well represented on the Assembly Hall platform,

in literary productions, and in general department work as the Class of 1911. It would not be entirely unbelievable to assert that some older classes in face of these facts are shaking in their boots.

Many have expressed the fear that this year's freshman class is even more alarmingly stupid than first year classes usually are. As a matter of fact, this 1912 "aggregation" is not any more benighted than most of the previous bands of infants that have mused up Central's halls. What places it in so bad a light, though, is the unusually strong contrast brought into play by the brilliancy of the sophomore class.

While speaking of the Freshmen, perhaps it would be only just to mention that they have at least one redeeming feature, and that is, they are good to look upon. Now any oculist will tell you that anything green is very beneficial and soothing to the eyes, so — but I presume that is sufficient. Any oculist will also tell you that anything bright or brilliant tends to strain the eyes. Perhaps this explains the reason for many looking upon the Sophomores with strained expression.

However, while we may banter on the keenness of the Seniors, the meanness of the Juniors, the greenness of the Freshmen, and of the superiority of the Sophomores over all, let it be said that the Class of 1911 is out to win; to place itself on a pedestal of fame to be viewed with envy by all other classes; to maintain, or even to raise, the already high standard of excellence in Central High School; and to form a central pillar of support for the greatest, grandest, and most glorious school on earth.

The Freshmen

Mary Seawell, '12.

34

Dig and delve, dig and delve,
Central, Freshman!
Nineteen twelve!

IN this peaceful time before the closing of the doors of my mind wanders back to last September when I joined the beloved classroom, because of an enforced vacation, the ranks of the patient and long-suffering, "the recipients of all ante-diluvian jokes, the unspared objects for jests and jibes, the so-called milk-drinking, candy-eating, sand-pile-playing Freshmen." Then my existence began, and somehow with the donning of the green, much of the docility, simplicity, timidity, stupidity, and youthful inexperience of its former wearers seemed to be transmitted to me.

Oh, the terrors of that first morning! At every corner was a haughty Junior or a dignified Senior, and between the corners, if you did not happen to meet a wise-looking Sophomore, you were frozen stiff by the icy gaze from the portraits of the ex-Seniors which adorn the walls.

Those halls, rooms, stairs, curves, and swerves! The maze of Henry VIII sinks into insignificance in comparison. The height of bewilderment, embarrassment, and wild despair was reached by the wearers of the green that morning when, exhausted by wanderings and withered by the scorching glances from the proud possessors of the wisdom of enlightened age, they paused in a classroom to rest. Like the fallen gladiators of old, they were spurred on by the red hot iron of the assignment of lessons. Five algebra problems, the definition of rhetoric, two lines of the Constitu-

tion, the declension of "porta"! Our last, last hope of retiring before eight o'clock was forever petrified by the unmerciful instruction to memorize exactly the first stanza of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee".

Of late the fevered strivings of the modest Freshmen "to get through the first year without flunking" has somewhat abated for he has learned that

"For a cap and gown our lives we pay,
Books we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis only 'zeros' are given away,
'Tis only 'grades' may be had for the asking:
No price is set on a studious summer;
F's may be had by the poorest comer."

Now time has removed the paralyzing influence of the studious Juniors, the sneers and raillery of the ignorant Seniors, and others of unmentionable insignificance have lost their force when directed at the unsophisticated "freshies". Instead, those little simpletons so congealed the mighty Juniors, frivolous Seniors, and artless Sophomores, that they were forced to take a back seat and see the "children" walk off with the laurels in the last indoor meet. Then did we not yell for the class of 1912?

Harken, ye seers! Just wait until Mister Freshman drops the hated name, for then, as a blooming Sophomore, he will move the universe

SOCIETIES



SOCIETY OF LITERATURE AND HISTORY.

Mr. Andrews
Louise Black
Ralph Bower
Beth Browning
William Campbell
DeArcy Cozad
Lewin Donaldson
Mr. Douglass
Alice Emmert
Coleman Frazier
Miss Gentry

Arthur Gould
Neal Harper
Harriette Hawley
Isador Hessel
Ruth Hofflander
Harry Jacobs
Ouida Kelly
Zora Kennedy
Mr. Lewis
Nelrose Lytle
Earl Maloney

Landis McDowell
Nora Millard
Nyda Miller
Lillian Monahan
Marea Newby
Kate Redmond
Lorna Shields
Josephine Simpson
Frank Slezak
Ned Steel
Marguerite Sullivan

Dorothy Taylor
Nannie B. Tracy
Vera Weatherhogg
Blaine Dome
Ulysses McVey
Elmo Hall
Lillian Davis
Edward Steel
Ethel Goodman
Will Sadler

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Dorothy Taylor President
Arthur Gould Vice-President
Nannie B. Tracy Secretary



Neal Harper Critic
Marguerite Sullivan Historian
Ned Steel Sergeant-at-Arms
W. A. Lewis Adviser
Isador Hessel Treasurer

Afterwards

THE last few mounds of earth had been cleared aside. The throb of the engines and the creak of the derricks has stopped. Wilton Darkel, the great scientist of the seventieth century, could now complete his task. When a boy, he had become interested in the supposition that in the ruins of an old city of the United States, an ancient country, vast wealth was buried. A great weight of gold was hidden in the debris which had swept down a nearby river and destroyed the city. Gradually the dust of centuries had covered the ruins, and as gradually the wonderful tale had grown. Yet Wilton Darkel was the only man willing to risk his wealth in the hope of recovering the gold. He had explored the buildings and entered the streets but found no reward. Wandering about, he came upon a huge curved iron surface near an immense heap of earth. Muttering, "Some barbaric device," he ordered his men to dig it out, and to see what it could be. He found a great, circular, iron object, apparently lying where it had fallen. In many places the iron was rusted through and disclosed a winding slide. He shook his head in perplexity as he

pried open the door. Inside, upon the floor, was a small iron box.

"Someone hearing the waters has thrown this box, presumably his most precious possession, in here," he said as he opened it. In there, covered with mold, but still legible, were documents written in English, a dead language, and fast disappearing. Luckily he could read that language, and, picking up the first paper, he read:

"For days the rain has fallen, and I fear for our safety. Knowing the importance of our society as an ideal toward which others should strive, I am hiding our records in hopes that some day they may be recovered. This year, 1909, the sixteenth since our organization, we have thirty-seven members, all striving to do the best work of which we are capable in our studies and in our society."

The reader finished, then turned away.

"I have not found the gold, but something far superior, the records of the Society of Literature and History."

Thus was the S. L. H. preserved through all time.

MAREA LEE NEWBY, '09.



ARISTONIAN SOCIETY.

Inez Andrus
Lillian Ball
Edmonda Burke
Stella Case
Frieda Dietrich
Kathryn Gentry
Louise Jenkins
Dorothy Kitchen

Edith McDonald
Margaret McElroy
Katherine Martin
Margaret Middlecoff
Imogene Murdock
Genevieve Nowlin
Lillie Runyan
Harriet Scofield

Janet Vandewater
Marie Webster
Martha Whittemore
Cecile Woods
Elizabeth DeBord
Ida Perry
Edna Randall
Jennie Renvick

Gertrude Claypool
Mary Pash
Nell Craig
Nathel Patterson
Margaret McCarty
Miss Hays
Miss Morgan

OFFICERS

Miss Imogene Murdock . . .	President
Miss Margaret Middlecoff . . .	Vice-President
Miss Louise Jenkins . . .	Secretary



Miss Marie Webster . . .	Treasurer
Miss Frieda Dietrich . . .	Phoebia
Miss Janet Vandewater . . .	Critic
Miss Margaret McElroy . . .	Sergeant

Was it a Vision or a Waking Dream?

39

I was in the evening of a lovely spring day. I sat at my window as twilight lowered over the earth, gorgeous in its springtime beauty. As I sat thus, allowing my mind to wander whither it would, I heard a faint musical voice speak to me. I looked up and beheld a little creature robed in filmy, flowing garments varying in color from the most pleasing shade of purple to the softest, daintiest tints of lavender. She stood there on the window ledge looking out into the deepening darkness and presented a perfect picture of peace and quiet. I wanted to touch her, for she instantly brought to my mind a vision dearer to me than anything else I knew. However, I was withheld by a motion of her delicate finger and the sound of that same tuneful voice.

"Do you see them?" she said. "Oh, I love them, every one!"

I looked out and lo! I saw a picture only too precious to myself as well as to my fairylike visitor.

There in a woody nook, arched over by verdant foliage, I saw a cluster of girls. I recognized them as my own society sisters and even saw myself among them. They stooped now and then to pluck tiny purple blossoms which I could see were violets, all the while talking and laughing in the most sincere and thorough pleasure. My heart swelled as I watched and rejoiced. Above them I saw, outlined in the evening mist in the same soft shades as those of my little visitor's garments, the word "Aristonian," carrying with it so much of significance. Far beyond, through

the dim mist, towering high toward the heaven, I could discern a large building of somewhat smoked red brick, protecting, as it were, this group of its innocent children. As I gazed, the silvery voice again spoke.

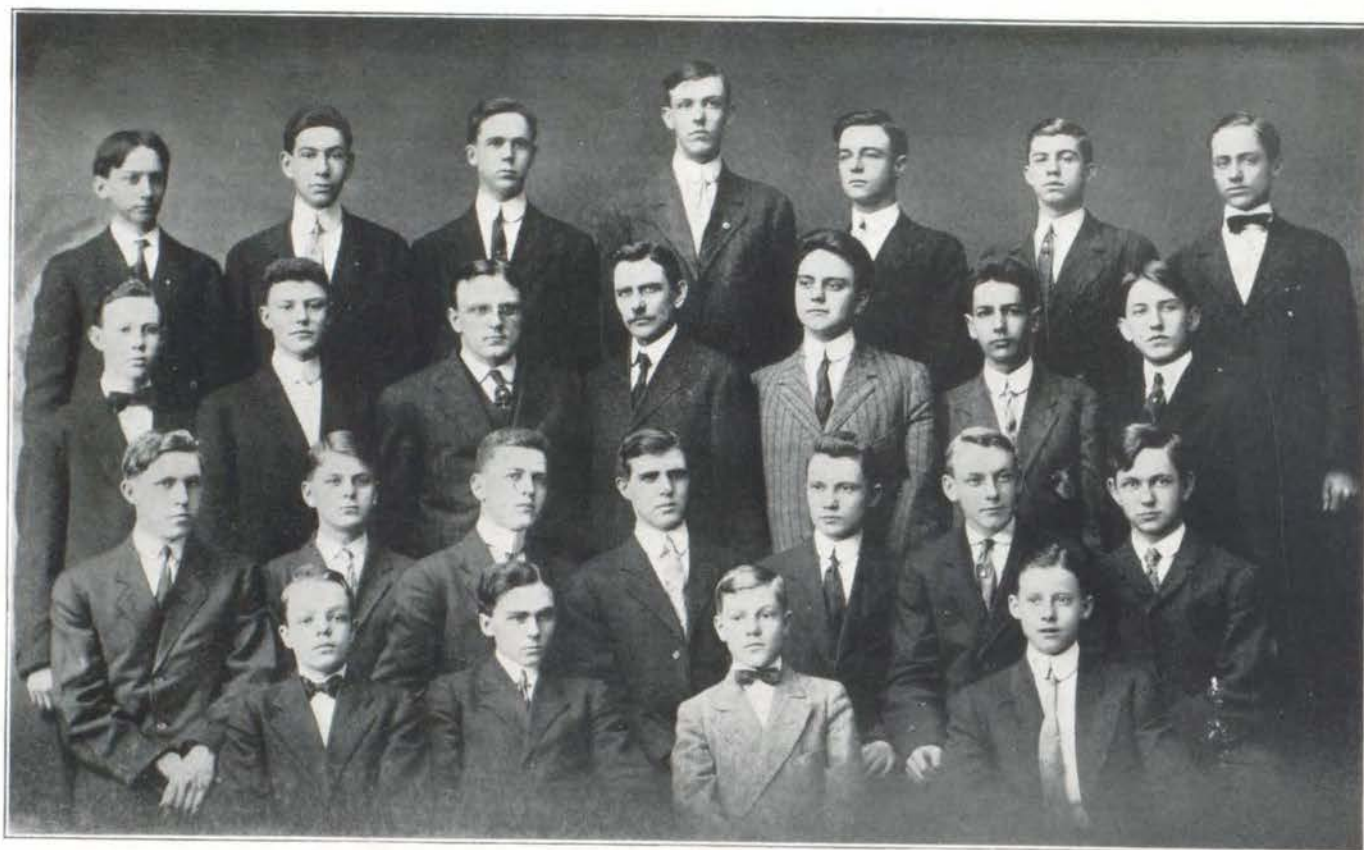
"'Not who, but what,' they say. To be noble, good, and true is their aim. Surely they are worthy of my care and protection. May the king bless them and keep them ever as they now are, loyal to their colors, steadfast for their motto, tender toward their flower, and loving toward each other."

I listened silently as my little guest whispered this quiet prayer, and felt my heart echoing each word with deep earnestness. I still watched her, but as I looked, she arose lightly from the sill and floated away on the dew-burdened air of the fragrant evening. Slowly she went, gradually disappearing until I found myself gazing at a star far up in the vaulted dome of night.

As I was thinking, I turned to view my picture again, but its people were gone. Only the now darkened nook and the faint scent of violets to betray their presence remained.

I have always retained the memory of my vision or waking dream, and my sincere wish is that I might draw aside the curtain and show to every reader the Aristonians as they always have been, are, and ever shall be. "Non quis, sed quid" written upon their standard and the modest purity and sweetness of the violet mirrored in their faces.

JANET M. VANDEWATER, '09.



CENTRAL WEBSTER CLUB.

C. H. Nowlin
 F. C. Touton
 Henry O'Brien
 Roscoe Wallis
 Chas. Wilhelm
 Arvid Frank
 Clarence Connor
 Hale Cook
 Russell Colton

Clarence Mooney
 Frank Siegrist
 Geo. Edwards
 Harry Owens
 Horace Mitchell
 Irving Meinrath
 Clarence Milton
 Clarence Timanus
 Theodore Misselwitz

Earle Moore
 Sanford Brown
 Waldo Wallis
 Dale Schilling
 Hurley Begun
 Allen Griffen
 James Swofford
 Norman Wilkinson
 Dwight Harbaugh

OFFICERS

Charles Wilhelm President
Theodore Misselwitz Vice-President
Clarence Mooney Secretary



Earle More Treasurer
Clarence Timanus Sergeant-at-Arms
Horace Mitchell Critic
F. C. Touton Adviser
Clarence Connor Scriptor

The Central Webster Club.

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OWING to his superior intellect and argumentative power, and to the "grand and effective" manner in which he delivered his convictions, Daniel Webster, during his long public career of thirty years, was pre-eminently "the first lawyer and the first statesman" of the United States. Although he never became the leader of the common people, as is shown by the fact that he was never elected President, nevertheless, during his entire political life, he was the undisputed leader of the leaders.

It was with the knowledge of these facts that the small band of ambitious and talented young men who organized themselves into a literary society in December, 1901, chose for their name the Central Webster Club. Well does the body deserve the name it bears, for just as was that statesman the first and foremost orator and debater of his period, so is the Central Webster Club first and foremost in all activities in the Central High School today. In order that it may be seen that this statement is not an idle assumption, let us glance at the conquests and victories of the club in the past year.

When the outcome of the Luminary election was announced last fall, it was discovered that the editor-in-chief, the two business managers, and the art editor, were all Websters. In the Christmas play the club was equally successful, as three of its representatives were in the cast. In the Sons of the Revolution contest, it was also a member of the Webster Club that won the gold medal.

When we stop to realize that every high school in the state may compete for this prize, and that the Webster Club has taken all of the gold medals, two of the three silver medals, and one of the four bronze medals that have come to Central in the last five years, it must be admitted that this society has developed some exceptionally brilliant material. The highest place that was awarded to Central in the Nelson contest was also held by a Webster.

In the Inter-Society contest, which was, as the chairman of the evening stated, the true test to decide which society had made the greatest intellectual progress, the Webster Club proved conclusively that that honor is theirs. It was simply an old story repeated, for the Websters have held the first place four years out of six. With these facts in mind, can it be doubted which literary society is the most prominent in the Central High School?

Such is the history of the club in the past year; such has been the history of the club every year, for each has been an ever victorious one. Judging, therefore, by the number of honors which the society has brought to Central, and judging by the programs, consisting of orations, debates, essays, and other productions, which are rendered each Friday, before the society, it can be truthfully stated that the Central Webster Club has sincerely and faithfully lived up to its motto, and has followed "In Vestigis Maximorum."

HORACE W. MITCHELL, '09.



CENTRAL SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Donald Allison
 Elias E. Barbee
 Marie Brown
 Mary Burrus
 Floyd Coleman
 Charles Davis
 C. Edward DeWitt
 Lola E. Eaton
 Helen G. Fairlamb

Charles V. Garnett
 Evans Gilkeson
 Lois W. Gresham
 Ethel Haldeman
 Lucile Hands
 David R. Hawkins
 Don. Hendrickson
 Helen Hurst
 Norah V. Jack

Mr. Smith

Mary Jennings
 Ruth Knappenberger
 John Linger
 Carl McIntyre
 Raymond I. Moore
 Ollie Neal
 Hugh C. Guy
 Edna B. Oakley
 Elizabeth Sellon

Ross Slaughter
 Oka Thomas
 Effie Timanus
 Besse Vance
 Lenora Warneson
 Florence M. Wingert
 Mr. Ayres
 Miss Burrill
 Mr. Lewis

OFFICERS		
Marie Brown	Pres'dent	
Elias Barbee	Vice-President	
Mary Jennings	Secretary	
Hugh Guy	Treasurer	



Norah Jack	Critic
Helen Fairlamb	Didaskaloas
Floyd Coleman	Sergeant-at-Arms
Mr. Ayres	Adviser
Miss Burrill	Assistant Adviser

My Pony! My Pony!!

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I studied weak
and weary
O'er the fleeting lines of Vergil and my pony rid-
den sore,

While I nodded, bookward glancing, suddenly the steed
'gan prancing

Like some crazy girl barn-dancing, dancing o'er my study
floor

"'Tis that blamed root beer," I muttered, "working on my
senses sore,

Merely that—and nothing more."

But the pony pranced and clattered, till the bric-a-brac was
shattered

And my weary weakened eyes refused to watch his antics
drear:

"Fiend!" I shrieked, "my chum hath lent thee, but I would
he had not sent thee

If thus thou wilt persist in prancing o'er my study here.

Tell me what strange power compels thee to perform these
antics drear?"

Neighed the bronco, "Bill Shakespeare."

"Oh!" I cried, "then thou canst tell me of this club they
call C. S. C.,

Of the club that leads the rest when they contest in Central
dear.

Tell me how this marvel started, how it ever upward darted,
Till it now is quite the wonder and the marvel of the year—

Tell me of this club, Shakespeare."

Straightway was the silence broken by the answer plainly
spoken

And the homely, bony pony spake this message of good
cheer:

"Once some birds of Senior feather, drawn by occult arts
together,

Formed a flock of willing workers for the study of Shake-
speare.

Formed a club to study closely from the works to scholars
dear,

And they called the club Shakespeare.

Presently the club grew stronger; hesitating then no longer
Sophs and Juniors wise it took within its circle of good
cheer.

Place they took in all school working, never fearing, never
shirking,

Till their name is heard by other clubs with wonder and
with fear.

Heard and spoken by the other clubs with wonder and with
fear—

The name Shakespeare.

And the Shakespeares never shirking, still are working,
still are working,

And their name has spread by magic till they're known from
shore to shore.

And they press on, never dreaming, tasks too hard because
of seeming,

And their faces brightly beaming, still are pressing to the
fore.

And the club from out the lead that they're increasing more
and more

Shall be driven—nevermore.

ELIAS BARBEE, '09.



MINERVA LITERARY SOCIETY.

Beula Addison
 Mayme Burke
 May Belle Bacon
 Lois Brooks
 Olive Cosby
 Alma Falk
 Edith Grassley
 Barbara Hess

Georgia Hooker
 Lelah Hulse
 Lena Hansen
 Grace Jenkins
 Ida Joffe
 Mary Levite
 Edna Langley
 Helen Merriwether

Bertha Moore
 Gladys Mankin
 Winifred Marfording
 Blanche Richardson
 Rue Stevenson
 Bernalillo Sage
 Eva Williams
 Gertrude Woods

Lena Waite
 Helen Vickers
 Miss Ellen E. Fox
 Elsie Fisher
 Clara Walker
 Dena Schliefsstein
 Cleopatra Abshire

OFFICERS

Helen Vickers President
 Rua Stevenson Vice-President
 Beula Addison Secretary

Mayme Burke Treasurer
 Gertrude Woods Critic
 Bertha Moore Pedagog
 Blanche Richardson Sergeant-at-Arms

The Origin of the Minerva Literary Society

Have you read in the legends of old,
 In the legends the Romans have told,
 Of the wonderful gods of Rome?
 Have you read it—the marvelous story
 Of Minerva, the goddess of glory,
 Minerva, the daughter of Jove?

How she sprang from the head of great Jove
 All fully armored, 'tis told,
 With a shield and a spear of gold.
 How—

WHAT! you have read it countless times, and you do not care to hear it again, and besides you do not see what that has to do with the Minerva Literary Society! Ah, you do not care for poetry; you do not care for beautiful old tales. I fear you would not appreciate the fine comparison between the springing of Minerva, fully armored, from the head of the great Jupiter, and the springing of the Minerva Literary Society, fully panoplied, from the brain of Central High School.

Therefore, as you do not appreciate thoughts decked in beauteous, poetic words, perhaps I had better tell my story of the origin of the Minerva Literary Society in prose.

Minerva was the goddess of wisdom, law, and home. She traveled about her father's kingdom, urging men to be loyal, brave, and true, helping hapless lovers, and guiding great voyages and journeys. She was loved by all the other divinities and was devoutly worshipped by the earth peoples.

Minerva's father was so pleased with her that he decided to reward her with something which would perpetuate her name. At last he hit upon a great scheme. Not long after, he sought her out one day as she reclined on a soft opal-tinted cloud, and gave her a large, crystal ball, telling her, as he did so, to look into its heart.

At first, she could see nothing except a soft, shimmer-

ing glow of color. Gradually the shades grew steadier and more intense until they converged into one single point of brilliant light. Then she saw a school building, a large, imposing edifice. It was the Central High School as it would appear in the twentieth century. As she looked, there arose a great commotion. Students scampered wildly out upon the street from every possible means of exit. Minerva frowned at this display of childishness, but soon her heart was gladdened, for she noticed about thirty-five students who behaved decorously. Upon her asking what the pupils were doing, Jove informed her that they were having a fire drill.

Minerva watched the serious-minded students day after day. Finally she saw them meet in a room and solemnly agree to form a new society, which should be named after her. They pledged to stand together always, and to study such things as would elevate their minds.

"O, most wise father," cried Minerva joyfully, "such honor is too great for me."

"Nay, daughter," Jove replied, "for the honor thou hast long to wait. Much patience must thou exercise ere this infant band attain thy ideal. However, if thou wilt use thy wonted tact, at the dawn of the twentieth century, these daughters of thine will be imbued with so large a share of thy wisdom that thou canst entrust to them all thy earthly work."

I have it on good authority that the goddess undertook the training of the young society and that she is already selecting electric fixtures for her apartment on Mount Olympus, where she intends to live in retirement, leaving all her earthly cares to the management of the Minerva Literary Society.

LELAH HULSE, '09.



THE INTER-SOCIETY CONTEST WINNERS.

Earle Moore	Donald Hendrickson	Norman Wilkinson	Clarence Connor
Mamie Burke	Harriet Scofield	Arvid Frank	Dorothy Kitchen
Mary Jennings		David Hawkins	Eva Williams
			Janet Vandewater

The Inter-Society Contest

The key-note of Central's success is keen, healthy, spirited competition. The intense class rivalry culminating in the inter-class games, is responsible for our lion's share of cups and trophies in athletics, and our very gratifying harvest of scholarships and medals in essays and debates is in a large measure the result of experience gained in the annual contest between the literary societies. Friday evening, April 23, witnessed the sixth annual inter-society contest. Excitement ran high, for the race promised to be closer than ever before. Preliminaries in the clubs had determined the representative of each society in the various events, and every "prelim" had been hotly contested.

Judge John G. Park was a pleasant presiding officer, and won the heartfelt thanks of his audience—especially the club members—by announcing the decisions "right off the bat." The orators followed the opening address of the chairman, and although they represented a very wide range of study, all appealed in some way to man's better nature in a manner appreciated by the entire audience. In the debate, preliminaries had decided that the question, "Resolved, that in use at present in Kansas City," should be between Mr. David Hawkins and Miss Harriet Scofield. Both contestants deserve praise for their clear, logical speeches and fair-minded treatment of the subject.

The declamations, to the audience the most pleasing part of the entertainment, perhaps, followed the orations. Usually the hearers have a favorite in events like these. But that might no one would venture an opinion as to who should have the gold medal, so close was the race.

Then the contest changed from an intellectual to a physical joust. The clubs tried to relieve the strain by seeing who could make the most noise. The combined effort may have been gratifying to the yell-leaders, but it was appalling to the more elderly part of the audience. Then came the announcement of the winners. The strain of that moment

almost drove a boy crazy. I don't see how the girls stand it at all. (No slam intended.) The gold medal in oration goes to Eva Williams, Minerva. Shrieks of joy from the green patch in the audience are faintly heard by the audience. Arvid Frank, Webster, gets the silver. A very bedlam of voices and cow bells breaks loose. A Minerva is heard to murmur afterwards, that she "wondered how that cow-slip-ed in among the carnations." (O, horrors!) The debate goes to the affirmative, and the C. S. C.'s are heard from accordingly. The Aristonians get the second amid cheers for "Harric" from the Websters and Shakespeares. The story is won by Mary Jennings, C. S. C., giving them the lead. The noise they made before was merely a whisper to that which rises now. Norman Wilkinson, C. W. C., gets the second. More vocal noise from the red corner, but no tinkle of bells, greets the announcement. Janet Vandewater and Donald Hendrickson are successful in the poem. To Earl Moore goes the gold medal in the essay. Even cow bells could not be heard above the Webster noise now. The yelling continues two octaves higher when Miss Mamie Burke is awarded the silver. The declamation remains. Excitement is intense. Who has won? Dorothy Kitchen! A roar of applause greets the announcement, for Miss Kitchen, with her pleasant story and easy, unassuming style, has completely won the hearts of her audience. Clarence Connor wins the second through his fine interpretation of the convict's letter in "The Fiddle Told."

The contest is over—the closest contest of the six, for the winning club, the Websters, have only one point the advantage with fourteen points to their credit, while the Aristonians and the Shakespeares are tied for second with thirteen points each. The others have done well and are bearing defeat better—and that is the true test of a sportsman. Perhaps next year—but anything might happen next year—quien sabe?

ROSCOE D. WALLIS, '10.

Henrik Ibsen

Earle Moore, '10.

OUT of the cold North, out of the land of snow, of ice, of night, there came, in the past century, the greatest dramatist of the period, and one of the greatest of all periods. The world is not often blessed with a man of such ability, perseverance, and genius as this man—Henrik Ibsen.

48

From the very beginning, Ibsen's life was marked by unusual things. Though he was born on Norwegian soil, and became one of Norway's few world famed representatives, he had little, if any, Norwegian blood in his veins. He was Scotch and Danish, from good, true, sturdy, fighting ancestors.

His childhood life was uneventful. He was born in 1826, in the little lumber town of Skien. Until the age of fifteen, he was kept in school. As the child, and as the youth, we see the first signs of the peculiar morose nature which he displayed later in life; for he was retiring to a degree, loving solitude, shunning companionship. We see, too, the first promise of the splendid creative mind to come later. We are told by his sister that his favorite occupation was building. This childish amusement had undoubtedly a great effect upon the inventive ability of his mind.

At the age of fifteen, he was taken from school; and for a year led a desultory, aimless life around his home. At sixteen he was apprenticed to an apothecary at Grimstad, where he remained until his twenty-first year.

At this period, his moroseness became more marked. He was friendly to none, civil to few. He was poor, so poor that he was able to allow himself only the most meager necessities of life. However, he spent every available moment in study, and was at this very time engaged on his first drama—"Catilina."

"Catilina" was of little literary value. It dealt with the Catilinarian conspiracy, and was more a history than a drama. It was the output of a brain indeed feeble in comparison to the master mind into which it grew.

In 1850, Ibsen went to Christiania. Here he was a complete failure, for he was able to get no returns whatever from his literary efforts. When he was offered the position of "dramatic author" in the National Theater at Bergen in 1851, he eagerly grasped at the opportunity. The training which he received here was of infinite value to him, his literary merit improving wonderfully through close study and practice. Some critics have said that without Bergen, no "Doll's House" or "Hedda Gabler" would have resulted.

After five years of Bergen, he returned to Christiania, determined to succeed. He did. In six years he wrote six plays, all of which, of course, showed the hand of the novice, and did not approach in value his later plays; but nevertheless, they displayed genuine merit and real promise.

In 1864 he made an extraordinary move—he left Norway at the time when the public was just awakening to the force of his great mind. He went to Rome. The change seems to have stimulated him wonderfully. It was in the peaceful quiet and pleasant surroundings of Rome that, in the summer of 1865, he completed the piece which placed him in a single bound at the side of the most eminent poets and dramatists in Europe.

The piece was "Brand". It was not written with the idea of having it produced. It carried a message to the people; a message that Ibsen wished to strike home to their hearts. It succeeded. Symbolic, mystic, complex as it is, "Brand" immediately won the hearts of the Norwegians. To their minds, no pen has ever written its equal.

With but a year's interval, Ibsen's great mind produced a second masterpiece—"Peer Gynt". This play is, as he himself says, essentially a poem; but unfortunately the Norwegians read it as a satire, and criticisms as to its worth were consequently divided. It has never been so popular as "Brand."

In the years following, he wrote drama after drama.

master achievements all. His themes were different, but they emphasized mainly the faults and weaknesses of Norwegian society and politics. In this group come plays which we all know: "Ghosts", "A Doll's House", "Rosmersholm", "Hedda Gabler", and "The Master Builder". Undoubtedly no greater depictions of modern life have ever been written. There is a difference, yet a similarity, among them. Each has a distinctively original plot, although each is characterized by the same common interest, the intense feeling, the remarkable insight into human nature.

Too much cannot be said on this last topic. It is one of Ibsen's greatest gifts. It is the element which makes his plays great. Perhaps it is there because his plots were always built from real life; sometimes from a mere episode, constructed, reconstructed, and amplified to suit his taste; sometimes from a whole plot; always, though, real. The characters were taken from life; people he had met, knew personally, his best friends, his relatives, even. It is the "realness" of his plays that draws the audience to them. One feels that the characters are real. They talk, act, and think like people of the world. One feels that he knows them. He can understand them, their emotions—he can feel with them. They are life, life itself.

The comparison of any of these plays with the earlier "Brand" or "Peer Gynt" is an interesting one. In the one, the language is simple, plain prose; in the other, it is exquisitely-phrased, nicely-rhymed, flowing poetry. In the one, the thought is plain and can be easily understood; in the other difficult symbolisms are the nucleus of the thought. One appeals directly to the people in their own way—in fact, it is the people; the other appeals to them too, but in a more roundabout, symbolic, cryptic manner.

The American people have only lately accorded Ibsen the appreciation he deserves. Only a short time ago, his plays were spoken of as "wicked problem plays, which no decent person should see". Problem plays they may be; indeed, each one presents a problem of intense and ever present interest; but they are not the **common** problem plays. They are not plays of the Bernard Shaw type, not plays from which we should turn in horror; but plays of the greatest interest, plays which are real, plays which are **life**. They have been termed "horrible", "terrible". Terrible perhaps they are; but terrible even to sublimity. Nothing can be more terrible than the climax of the last act of "Ghosts", when Oswald Alving goes mad; but nothing **could** be more impressive. "Hedda Gabler", too, has a climax which draws forth the adjective "terrible"; but it, also, is sublime even in its very horror. The entire last act of "A Doll's House" is terrible; but what **could** be more vivid, more intense, more real?

Ibsen was a man of indomitable will and unconquerable spirit. He was arrogant, proud, headstrong. He was a man whose whole life was governed by a fixed purpose—"My chief life task is to depict human characters, human emotions, and human destinies"—and who suffered nothing to deter him from its fulfillment. He was the first dramatist to perfect any such plan; and he truly made a wonderful success. It can be said of him in his own words:

"What I can do, that can no man else".

And "no man else" has so succeeded in life portrayal. Recognition of the superior merit of his plays is now universal. They will live forever; and with them will live the memory of the greatest dramatist of two continents—Henrik Ibsen.

NOTE.—This essay won the gold medal in the Inter-Society Contest.

Abdul Hamid's Reward

Bernalillo Sage, '11.

50

THE torrid sun in all his mighty strength
Beat down on parched Nefeod's sandy way
Which sent the fierce rays bounding back again.
The white sand gleamed throughout the day's hot length,
And cruel night seemed no more kind than day.

The level, dreary waste stretched miles away
On every side, unbroken by a tree,
Or mount or e'en a rock. But, here and there
A pile of parched bones uncovered lay,
To mark how some had solved Death's mystery.

Across the desert marched a caravan,
The camels laden with a precious store
Of fragrant spices, silks, and ivory rare.
The beasts held low their heads, and every man
Drooped tired head, too, but ever looked before.

Among the motley crowd, in dull array,
An old man journeyed. Flowing was his beard,
His eyes once gleaming, now, were dimmed with age;
His camel, lamed, had, since the break of day,
Toiled bravely on by hopeful, kind words cheered.

But as the great, red sun slipped slowly down
The western sky, and then dropped out of sight
Beneath the bright horizon, leaving there
His trail of gold, to light the shadows brown,
The weary beast lay down. The shades of night

Closed on the man and beast. A cooling wind
Sprang up and fanned the old man's weary brow,
As low he drooped his head and faced the west,
To pray to Allah that he, too, might find
The way into the city. Silent now

The deeper night came on; yet e'er the moon
Had risen, backward o'er the unlighted way
Came Abdul Hamid from the caravan.
"I did but miss thee," cried he. "It is soon
Enough to catch them by the break of day

If thou wilt hasten. Take my beast, and I
Will try my fortune in another year;
For thou art old, a year means much to thee,
And many years must pass ere I shall die.
So take my beast, and Allah give thee cheer."

As thus he talked, he gladly took the load
From his own camel, and the other's pack
Had soon replaced it. Thanks the old man gave
To Allah and his friend; then, on the road
To Mecca started; yet he oft looked back

To wish good luck and cheer to his young friend.
Young Abdul coaxed the camel to his feet
And started backward o'er the desert wild.
For days he wandered, yet his journey's end
Seemed still as distant. Oft the desert heat

Would seem to parch him; still he struggled on;
The camel bravely limping o'er the sand
Until at length, both man and camel fell;
Yet rose again and started; for the dawn
Of a fair day seemed signaled o'er the land.

For lo, a bee had chanced to cross their way,
And with new hope, the man and beast arose
And hastened after it with all their speed,
And overtook it at the close of day;
And lo! a garden fair before them rose.

The gate swung open at the youth's light touch,
And in they softly walked. Before them lay
A tiny like; around it clustered trees,
And fairy flowers. Much he wondered, much
He marveled at the miracle. Away

Beyond him fragrant roses sprang and grew
To such tall heights he wondered at their size.
But as the days and months and years passed on,
He came to love them. Often when the dew
Lay on them he would go and feast his eyes

On their rich beauty, till he came to know
That in their depths a wondrous perfume lay.
Worth many times its weight in precious gold.
And as he watched the flowers round him grow
And reach perfection, early in the day,

He learned to use the fragrance which they gave
So freely; and the rich, rare odor grew
To be a princely gift, fit for all kings.
And as he labored, o'er his face a grave,
Sweet, kind expression gathered. As the dew

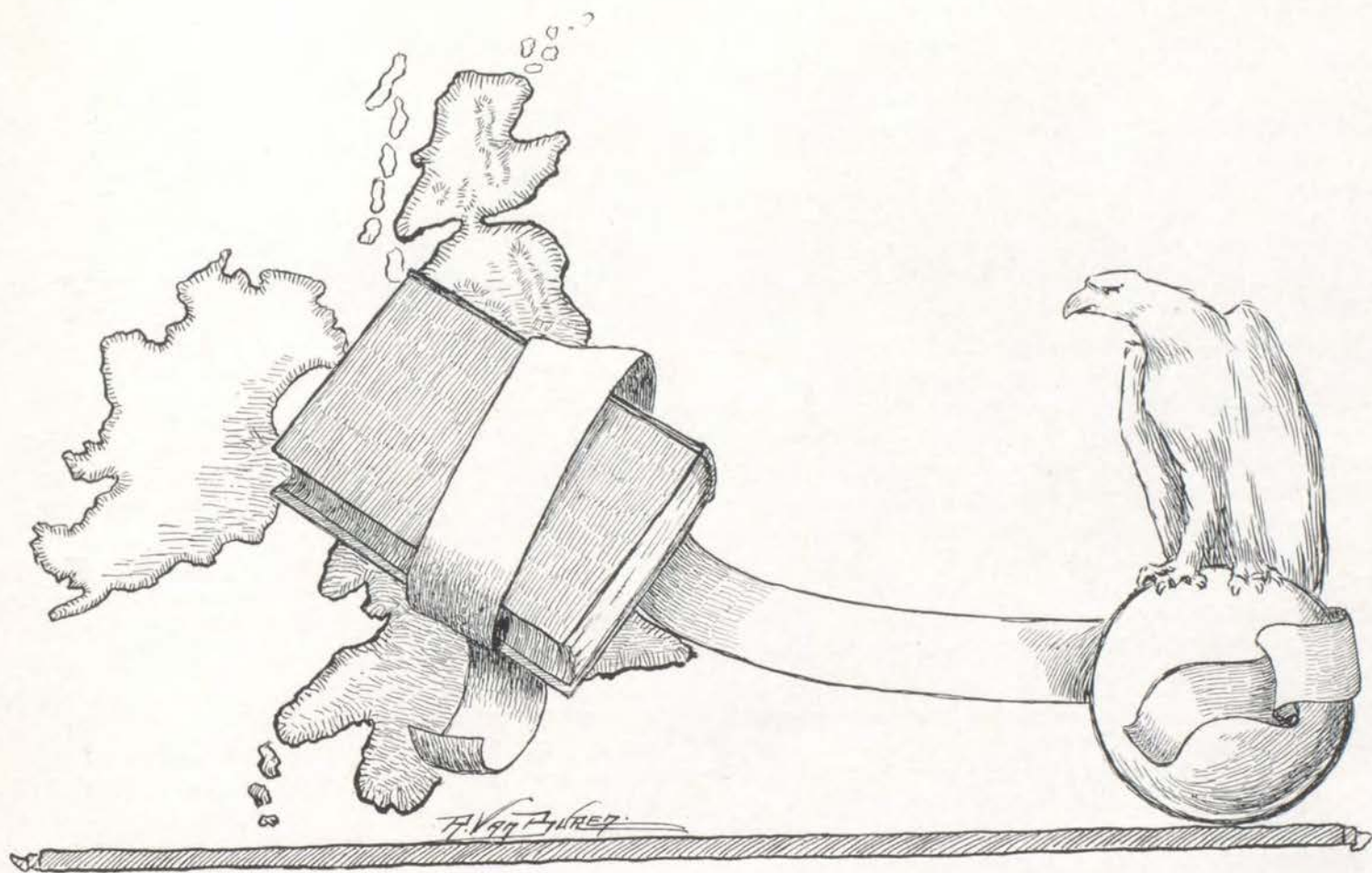
Of life's short evening settled on his brow,
He oft grew thoughtful. Would that secret sweet
Reach mankind with its soothing, healing power,
Of would it still be hidden? Longed he now
For all the vigor of life's noonday heat.

As death drew near, his thoughts rose far above
His worldly sorrows to the fair abode
Of Allah. Till at length a gentle voice,
A voice of sweet and reassuring love,
Came down to him, "On life's unpleasant road

Ye struggled for the right. Your help ye gave to
Rich and poor alike, to young and old,
Nor did ye seek reward. Now is the time
When Allah blesses. No dark and noisome grave
Shall Abdul-Hamid in its depths enfold,

For ye shall ever bloom like your own flowers
Transplanted by an angel from above.
And mankind shall rise up and your name bless."
The angel carried him from earthly bowers
To realms of light, eternal life, and love.

ENGLISH



Edgar Allen Poe

Georgia Cotter, '09.

54

EDGAR Allan Poe was a gentleman, sensitive, shy, and sad. Battered by fortune, secluded voluntarily from all companionship, alone in the realms of his melancholy, he was quiet, reserved, and gentle. His misfortunes weakened his health, but did not break his purpose; his friendlessness left him without help or encouragement, but did not make him bitter; his sadness was born in him, a trait without which Poe would not be Poe, the gentle, gloomy dreamer.

He was a rare and fascinating genius. His was a unique realm, unentered by any other; his, a haunting melody, lingering in the mind forever; his, a sadness that touches and thrills every nerve of a sensitive body. In Europe, he stands alone as the genius of the American literature. In America, the judgment of his character has hastily been mistaken for that of his works, for as yet many dispute their worth.

When one considers Poe as a critic, one feels certain that here does not lie the foundation of his greatness. It is true, nevertheless, that it was as such that he was best known to the public of his day. He is said to have truly inaugurated the new age in American criticism. He is also credited with having predicted the greatness of such men as the then obscure Hawthorne and Longfellow. The greater part of his critical work is useless, however, for he was distinctly influenced by personal feeling. He was a worthy critic because he had keen insight and a high ideal.

Although poetry was not Poe's greatest art, his poems will live as long as his name. They are music of the most beautiful kind. They are the very embodiment of beauty, melody, and despair.

"For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

One feels the beauty of such lines, the wonderful tones of them, the mighty grief because she is gone. He considered the death of a beautiful maiden the saddest theme in the world, and sadness the greatest beauty of poetry. His poetry did not result from this opinion, but rather from the fact the poetry was a passion with Poe, not to be restrained or directed.

Poe's greatest work is in the short story. In analytic tales, he shows himself a master. It was his greatest delight to take an almost impossible problem and solve it in a skillful manner. Some say that it was easy enough, for it was he who made the problem. It would surprise them perhaps as much as it did Dickens to know that after reading one magazine issue of "Barnaby Rudge," he was able to tell the whole plot.

It is in prose-romances, however, that one finds him in his most natural and striking mood. Here he shows his great power of imagination, for he is alone, unrestrained, in his own world of weird, impassioned gloom. It is the unreality, the sensuousness, the very passion of his despair that moves one.

The author who stands alone as the link connecting the English and American literatures, who stands alone in his shyness, alone in his sadness, alone in his genius, is Edgar Allan Poe.

Bret Harte

Katherine Martin, '09.

IN the early days of the feverish gold excitement in California, the literary world received its first true pictures of the stirring camp and mine life of that region from the hands of Bret Harte, the "poet of the red-shirted diggers."

This man, who was destined to become the most popular writer of his time, was born in Albany, New York, August 25, 1839. Being a delicate child, he was allowed to attend school only for four or five years, a period during which he obtained but a scanty education. When only fifteen years old, his father having died, Bret Harte set out with his mother to try his fortunes in the newly-opened West.

After various unsuccessful attempts to earn a livelihood, he finally began to write articles for "The Golden Era" and "The Californian," two of the leading periodicals in San Francisco. Shortly afterward he became the editor of "The Overland Monthly," and thus took the first decisive step from journalism to literature. In the second number of this paper appeared "The Luck of the Roaring Camp," the first and most famous of his short stories. Encouraged by its immediate and far-spread success, he soon afterward wrote "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Miggles," and several other character sketches delineating his boyhood companions.

With his fame secure in this particular branch of literature, he turned his energies in another direction—towards the field of poetry. The result was his "Plain Language

from Truthful James," better known as "The Heathen Chinee," a poem which gained even greater popularity than his short stories.

At this time the East, which had bestowed the loudest praise on his work, clamored for a sight of its idol. Accordingly in the spring of the year 1870, Bret Harte left the "Golden West" for the city of New York. Here being introduced at once to the most fashionable society, he soon gave up writing entirely, and wasted both time and money on the extravagant follies of the day until his death in the year 1902.

Bret Harte wrote his stories in a singularly individual and characteristic style. He used his art not to form well-planned outlines and beautiful phrases, but to draw in his own way scenes of the rough picturesque Californian life as he himself saw it. With wonderful adaptability for conveying his impressions to others, he painted in vivid colors with crisp sharp outline the rough uneducated men whose remarkable vitality and strength of character stamp them indelibly on the memory.

Although his style lacks all refinement and his diction is exceedingly coarse, yet these facts only serve to bring out with greater force and distinctness the real nature of the characters with whom he dealt. Truly may we say that Bret Harte stands without a rival in his masterful sketches of early Californian life, and deserves a place among our greatest American men of literature.

A Freshman's Soliloquy

AND what is so rare as an E in June?
Then, as usual, come awful grades:
Then our parents try us if we be in tune
And over us roughly, their warm hands lay.
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear lips murmur and see tears glisten.
Every clod feels a stir of fright,
An instinct within us that shivers and fears
And grasping blindly around it for might
Clings to a wild hope, as the term's end nears.

Now is the card time of the year
And whatever of life is in us yet
Goes ebbing away with a gurgle of fear.
Now the brain is so full that a drop overfills it.
We are Freshies yet because our grades willed it;
No matter how pleasant the past may have been
It is enough for us now that we still must be green.
We sit around and feel quite ill.
How the tears creep up and our eyelids swell.

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing,
That our grades are F, and that home we are going.
The breeze comes whispering in our ears
That trees for switches are growing near;
That parents are waiting, tears are flowing.
And, should the breeze keep the bad news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
For hark! how clear, young brothers dear;
Inspired by our last grades of the year,
Tell all in their lusty yelling.

Grief comes, joy goes, we know not how;
Everything is gloomy now.
Who knows whither our joys have fled?
In the lowering heavens, they leave no wake,
And the eyes think of the tears they have shed;
The heart remembers its sorrow and ache.
What wonder if we Freshies, now
Forget the keeping of our vow.
WALTER S. BROWN, '12.

Regret for Wasted Moments

THE lonely, rueful musing I deplore
The while I gave to needless idleness,
Or worse; I long for days I claim no more,
That now are gone in barren wastefulness.

To God, who hath endowed me with full power
Of arm and mind, I, shamed, confess the crime
Of every waking, unproductive hour.
I own the theft I do in taskless time

By cheating Him and His of what that force
Of hand and head, exerted, could obtain.
Yet why this vain and profitless remorse?
Life's opportunity I still retain,—

The present and the future I never lose—
The time that Youth or Age may ever use.

CLARENCE R. MOONEY, '10.

HISTORY
& CIVICS.
DEPARTMENT.



The Literature of the Revolution

Henry R. O'Brien, '09.

ON a February afternoon in 1761 James Otis declared to a world that had forgotten, the eternal truths—the foundation stones of free society—that all governments exist only for the service of the governed, that when any government ceases to serve their interests, it is the inalienable right of any people to alter or to abolish that government for another that shall serve them. With that declaration the American Revolution began. "The child of American independence was then and there born." Fifteen years later came the inevitable result of such principles in the Declaration of Independence. It was more than a coincidence; it was an indication of the important part literature was to assume in the coming struggle, that with the first steps of the Revolution its literary history also began. From the day of Otis's speech to the day when Washington took his place as head of a new nation among the peoples of the earth, every step and phase of the intervening struggle was mirrored in the writings of the times. The stupendous importance of the result of the Revolution so impressed itself upon our forefathers that for thirty years they gave to it all their thoughts and energies. And what a people! Behind them were the precedents of centuries of English freedom. Theirs was the wisdom of the Old World and the boundless energy of the New. They were a generation of clear view, noble purpose, and heroic determination. The result was the greatest Revolutionary literature in the history of thinking man.

This literature falls naturally into three classes separated by differences of origin, of audience, and of effect. Of these divisions, the State Papers of the Revolution constitute the first. They consist of the large number of writings, such as the "Suffolk Resolutions," the "Virginia Bill of

Rights," and the "Declaration of Independence" itself, in which the legislative bodies asserted their principles and appealed to mankind for support. Of their ability, Daniel Webster, who knew and loved the Revolution, said: "In no age or country has the public cause been maintained with more force of argument, more power of illustration, or more of that persuasion which excited feeling and elevated principle can alone bestow, than the Revolutionary State Papers exhibit." These papers made the cause of the colonists known to Europe. They were printed in the Continental newspapers, and, Daresté tells us, were everywhere eagerly discussed. The new and strange principles they contained, stirred the Old World as it had not been stirred since the time of Cromwell and of Milton. Their theories of the Rights of Man appealed alike to the idealistic philosophy of the aristocrat and to the vague unrest of the daily toiler. It is true that the European governments gave their aid from motives far less noble, but back of the governments was that aroused public sentiment without which aid had been ineffectual. At home, the work of the State papers was even more decisive and beneficial. They marked the progress in political education of the people, representing the steps by which the revolutionists advanced. These formal steps could never be retraced; once taken they stood as barriers to retreat and incentives to advance. Recession was possible for the colonists, even after Lexington and Bunker Hill, but never could an Anglo-Saxon people have retreated after the Declaration of Independence.

The more popular note of the contest was sounded by the songs, ballads, and satires, by which the ordinary, every day man was reached and stirred and cheered. It must be

remembered that, of the colonists, many from various reasons opposed the Revolution; many others were willing enough to enjoy the fruits of liberty, but unwilling to exert themselves to secure those fruits. Moreover, even to the heroic patriots, who believed most strongly in the righteousness and ultimate triumph of their cause, there came many a weary hour when their efforts seemed doomed to failure. Here, then, was the work of the popular writers. Others had appealed to the reason; it was theirs to sway the emotions and win where argument could not. While their results were not great literature, their work was important, and they did it well. Freneau swept the Loyalist lines with stinging satire; Trumbull with his "McFingal" sent the hesitant, laughing, into the Colonial armies; Paine, in his wonderful "Crisis," put new life into the discouraged soldiery; while a score of others stirred the newly aroused patriotism by ringing songs and ballads, crude enough, but expressing a spirit of defiant freedom, a deep, exultant joy at having, at last, a Fatherland to strive for.

The great part, however, in guiding and aiding the movements of the Revolution, was taken by the argumentative literature of the period, produced by an army of essayists and orators. We have seen that Otis's speech marked the beginning of the struggle. Three years later, when the designs of George III had become more apparent, he reasserted the rights of the Colonists in a remarkable essay, in which he based his arguments upon the broad foundation of Magna Charta. This essay, as long as the Americans remained colonists, was followed by a host of others, defending, with varying ability, the American position. Most of these papers have been long forgotten, but they reveal a power of argument, a perception of the issues at stake, that was indeed valuable to the American cause. Meanwhile the people were being stirred, their patriotism aroused by the more passionate means of oratory. In the North, Otis,

"the flame of fire, bore all before him." In the South was the most eloquent speaker of his time, the greatest of Revolutionary orators, Patrick Henry. After these came John Adams, Josiah Quincy, Richard Henry Lee, and others, whose talents and patriotism would have made them more prominent, had they not been overshadowed by mightier genius. Gone are their voices and personalities, yet no one can today read the words of these Revolutionary orators without being thrilled to the depths with the spirit of the men to whom death itself was preferable to loss of liberty.

Such a spirit could not but result in separation from England. The break at last came, and with it the Declaration which is at once the final summing up of Revolutionary principles and the crowning paper of Revolutionary literature. The way, however, for this step had been prepared shortly before by Thomas Paine. In his simple, but unanswerable "Common Sense," he had removed all doubt of the wisdom and necessity of independence, "winning," says Frothingham, "thousands to the cause." When at last independence came, there still remained the problem of building a nation. Once more the inspired genius of the Revolutionary statesmen was taxed, now to produce the Constitution, pronounced by Gladstone "the greatest work ever struck off at one time by the mind and purpose of man." Pre-eminent in the great debate that followed the submission of the Constitution were the "Federalist Papers" of Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, not only "the most profound and suggestive treatise on government ever written," but also "a group of writings reflecting the spirit of liberty controlled by the highest law." Their cause was successful, and in 1789 the new nation was formally ushered in. With the inauguration of Washington closed alike the American Revolution and the great literature it had provoked.

The spirit of the men of the period, as represented in their writings, was a truly wonderful thing; but of its varied

traits the most striking is a certain mental and moral big-ness. There is, on the one hand, a deep recognition of the fundamental principles of human liberty; on the other, a saneness that controlled the application of those principles. The one brought on the struggle, with its tremendous effect upon the world; the other prevented excesses which would have rendered the Revolution valueless. It is when we consider the French Revolution, where every wild theory held frightful sway, that we appreciate the marvelous combination of caution and idealism, which is the glory of the Revolutionary statesmen. How apt those words of Gladstone, "A conservative Revolution."

In the preamble of the Declaration of Independence are the words, "All men are created equal." Those words were not new with the Declaration; they were the belief, repeatedly asserted, of the time. In fact, on that proposition, the Revolutionists based their right to revolt. Yet, half unwittingly, in those words, the founders of the nation asserted the principle which, in its logical conclusions, is the main spring of society. The first suggestion of mankind as equal or related came from the New Testament—and the world ignored it in the other teachings of Christ. Magna Charta hinted it, Milton proclaimed it, but the principle of the Inequality of Man was still predominant, in a greater or less degree, throughout the world, when a new people asserted the absolute Equality of Man as a fundamental principle of government. That this principle, though not yet fully understood, has immensely raised the standard of the world cannot be doubted by one who considers the great strides human freedom has taken since that time. But this principle has a private application, which is the highest morality possible. Since it is evident that the right of "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" is a corollary to the right of freedom, it follows that, as every slave is a denial of my freedom, every infringement on my fellow man's rights is a de-

denial of my rights, a danger to me and to society, which it is my duty to remove. In other words, to rise myself, I must aid my fellow man to rise. This is the Christ ideal of social service. This principle our forefathers asserted, though but half seeing its effect, and along these lines has the patriotism of the world since moved.

In yet another way have the founders of the nation imbued their words with that which shall make them endure forever. It was a characteristic of our forefathers, influencing deeply their lives, that to them the Supreme Being was a beloved Reality. Even passionate Patrick Henry, scorching the fears of his fellow Colonists, pauses to remind them of the presence of "a just God, presiding over the destinies of nations." Whatever rights the Americans enjoy, they have received them from "Nature's God." When they would entrust their frail bark to a danger strewn sea, it is with "a firm reliance on the Divine Providence." When at last all is well again, we hear Washington reverently declaring the part the Great Author of all good has taken in the conflict. How beautiful, how simple a trust in the All-Father! They laid therein the foundation of an enduring nation.

Such is the literature of the men of the Revolution. With it they founded a nation; in it they inaugurated a new movement and grasped the eternal relation of the Divine to the Human. Their words have won the admiration of the gentlest of Conservatives and the fiercest of Radicals. Their measures have stood all the tests of a century and a quarter. The historian, then, may well believe that as long as the love of liberty dwells in the human heart, so long will this literature endure as the living representative of that tremendous epoch of modern history, the American Revolution.

Note.—This essay won the gold medal in the Missouri Sons of the Revolution contest.

An Appreciation—Alexander Hamilton

Nathan Saper, '09.

62

THE soul of a nation is contained in its great men. Their ideals are its ideals, and each name stands for certain individual merits. In the United States these men are found in two definite classes, Washington and Lincoln ranking in the first, because of their superior services. In the second division are many world-famed standard bearers, none of whom ranks higher than Alexander Hamilton, who showed the true way to perfection of national destiny in no less degree than Washington or Lincoln. His devotion to national ideals was just as determined as theirs.

Hamilton's true greatness was due to his zeal and wonderful intellect. In the former were combined an undaunted spirit and an iron energy of purpose. Everything that he undertook he entered into with a spirit of boyish and vigorous self-confidence that admitted of no defeat. Once decided, he fought for his ideals with unhesitating decision, and he overcame obstacles with tireless energy.

When the struggle between the King and the Colonies broke out, he felt that the latter were right, and though he was born on foreign soil under the English flag, he espoused their cause. Having decided on his course, he proceeded to work in his zealous, self-confident enthusiasm. Before the actual conflict he did the best his young years could accomplish in the way of speeches and writings. In the latter, especially, he succeeded, for he possessed great literary talents. When a youngster he had written many scraps and poems, and now, in these revolutionary documents, he gave range to his youthful aspirations. Later he accomplished wonderful literary success in his letters, written while he was on Washington's staff, in the *Federalist*, in

which he so ably defended the Constitution and in which are combined models of logical philosophy and conviction, and in Camillus, and able defense of Jay's treaty. For deep feeling and tenderness of nature, the letters written to Miss Schuyler, his future wife, concerning Arnold and Andre, are unexcelled.

When the war broke out, Hamilton, then a young man of nineteen, enlisted in the army, where he also enjoyed success. He proved himself a soldier of courage, dash, and coolness, and immediately rose in rank. His field services were limited, however, for Washington, recognizing his abilities, appointed him on his staff. What might have become of his military career if this had not occurred can be easily inferred. He had proved himself a worthy soldier, and with his abilities to lead and to command, he would have become, although not so great a general as Washington or Greene, an able one.

American History has produced no superior mind. Alexander Hamilton was the incarnation of mental abilities. He possessed a brain of amazing scope, and a mind rich with wisdom. Profound penetration, deep sagacity, powerful foresight, wonderful acuteness, and remarkable power of analysis are only the greatest traits of his logical mind. Through their successful products he proved that his mental processes were accurate. This is easily shown in his record as Secretary of the Treasury.

Hamilton was in every way fitted for the Treasury portfolio, for he had already shown great financial abilities. In 1780 he had written a remarkable letter to Robert Morris on the currency question; after the war he was Receiver of Taxes for New York, where he introduced a splendid sys-

tem of taxation; and he was one of the founders of the New York state bank. The country was fortunate in securing the services of such a man. The national debt was heavy, public credit was worthless, and straightened circumstances existed everywhere. Robert Morris himself had given up in disgust the enormous task of meeting the financial conditions. Hamilton, however, with his tireless energy, entered into the contest with unhesitating decision. What he accomplished is well-known history. His financial policy, a remarkably well-balanced scheme that has not been equalled, laid the foundation for the material prosperity of the United States. It was the work of a master-mind. During his six years in the cabinet he accomplished more for the vigorous development of a national spirit than any other man in the same length of time. On Hamilton's financial policy was built the Federalist party, which was led by its originator, who was in every way qualified as a party leader.

Though short of stature, he was handsome and attractive in personal appearance. He possessed great charm of manners, address, and conversation, and gained the affec-

tionate devotion of the men with whom he came into contact. His firmness and frankness of character carried conviction. It was not, however, in personal appearance alone that he held the respect of his party. He was a gifted orator, one of the best of his time, and his clear ringing voice captured many an audience. The "Little Lion," as he was called, with only one great defect, the possession of a passionate temper, led his party ably, and though he often erred, his prestige was never lessened. His enemies feared and respected him, and in their minds the Federalist party was Hamilton.

Hamilton's tragic death, bringing out fully his generosity and open-heartedness, cast gloom over the country. With his death rang out the knell of his party. Yet it is perhaps better for his character and reputation that he died at this time, for he was slowly declining in ability, his passions gradually mastering him and leading him into disreputable deeds, such as the Finckney-Adams election affair. The country would gladly remember Alexander Hamilton in his true character of a brave soldier, able writer, finished orator, active politician, and accomplished statesman.

Mother, Poet, Queen

Eva Williams, '10.

64 **I**F I were to ask you who is queen of England, you would answer without hesitation—Queen Alexandra. Why do you know of her? Because she is queen of one of the greatest countries of Europe. Who is Empress of Germany? Augusta Victoria. Because her husband is Kaiser Wilhelm, you know of her. Do you know who is queen of Italy? Yes, it is Helena, who helped and cared so nobly for the earthquake sufferers. Who is queen of Roumania? Only few of you know of her. The gentlest mother, the most womanly woman, the greatest and most talented queen of today—only few of you know or have heard of her. And why? Because instead of building palaces, instead of making her court a center of fashion and extravagance with her money, she uses it to benefit, with schools and hospitals, her people, her peasants. Is she not so well known as other queens because her husband is not ruler over so great a country? This queen, instead of sitting with idle hands, instead of leaving all to her husband, shares all his cares. By her tact, wisdom, and benevolence, she is raising Roumania to a higher standard than she has ever reached before. You praised the queen, who, when a great disaster occurred, went herself to help the sufferers, thus risking her life for them. It was a noble deed. But this queen all her life has worked for others—all her life, from a child on her father's estate giving up all to entertain a suffering brother—until now—Queen of Roumania, she sacrifices herself to help and benefit her people. She has always worked for others, and she is almost unknown in our country. Surely, if other queens deserve homage, she at least deserves to be better known.

"What kind of woman is she? you ask. Go to those

near and dear to her. Ask her mother what kind of daughter she is, and she will tell you that she was child, companion, friend; that she was her right arm in all her cares, her solace during her years of sickness; that her patience was all-enduring. Then ask King Charles whether as wife she is helpmate or ornament, and he will tell you that she shares with him all his troubles and his trials; that she is doing as much as he to make Roumania what it is; that she is in every sense of the word his better self. Ask the soldiers what kind of nurse she makes, and in emphatic language they will answer you that she deserves her name, "Mother of the wounded."

Last of all, merely mention her name to the Roumanians, and they who love her so will tell you that she is not only queen, but something greater—that she is mother to them all; that in her motherly love, she herself visits the cabins of the sick and needy, comforting and helping them. With eyes shining with love and enthusiasm, they will say no land has such a queen as their "little mother."

We think that it is easy to do good when one is queen. Is it easy to do good when one is suffering, laden down with many cares? Passing her early childhood in watching over and pitying the anguish of a crippled brother, at his death caring for a sick mother, married to the king of an unstable throne, knowing the joys of motherhood for four short years, only to lose her child—this has been her life. Is it the easy existence one would wish? From all these fires, how has she come forth? Old and cross? Sweeter, more sympathetic with misfortune, understanding better than ever the sorrows of others. It has taught her to say, "Do not complain of suffering. It teaches you to succor

others." She has time to write poems that cheer the hearts of all who read them, that raise them to higher ideals, through which her own kind, warm, loving spirit shines to bless all. Has she not proved herself a true queen?

In years to come, when we who are now present have passed away, when others read our history, whom do you think will then be better known? Those renowned merely

through the name of queen, renowned merely through marriage with the ruler of a great nation, or she who is known by all her countrymen, as an obedient daughter, thoughtful sister, loving, helpful wife, a noble, blessed queen and above all—a true woman? It will be she who is the "Little Mother" of her people—Eliazbeth, known as Carmen Sylva, poet, composer, queen.

To a Wild Violet

QUAINT little dew-eyed messenger of good,
That doth so shyly peep from 'mongst the weeds
And sterner growth of earth's vast, darksome wood,
What magic touch gave life to thy brown seeds?

What hand hath pictured in thy drooping face
The emblems of a life so true and pure?
What artist mingled in thy charming grace
The air of queen with modesty demure?

What breath imbued in thee that dainty scent,
Which lightly wafts us upward on its wings?
What fingers thy slight form so lovely bent,
And hid thee here alike from maids and kings?

Thus questioned did the flower only nod
And beckon with her head to whisper—God!

JANET M. VANDERWATER, '09.

Note.—This poem won the gold medal in the Inter-Society contest.



Mr. A. F. Smith,
English.



Mr. F. H. Ayres,
Physics.



Mr. I. I. CAMMACK, PRINCIPAL.



Mr. W. O. Hamilton,
Physical Culture.



Miss Jane Adams,
Language.



Miss Bertha Bain,
English.



MR. H. H. HOLMES, VICE-PRINCIPAL.



Mrs. Lenore D. Cooke,
Art.



Mr. A. T. Chapin,
—Language.



Miss Mignon Crowder,
Art.



HISTORY AND CIVICS

Miss Evelyn Burrill
Mr. A. C. Andrews

Mr. E. E. Rush

Miss Anna Wolfrom
Mr. W. A. Lewis



Miss Grace Dalton,
Language.



Mr. W. W. Douglass,
English.



Mr. P. K. Dillenbeck,
Elocution.



Miss Ellen E. Fox,
English.



Miss Nora Gentry,
English.



Miss H. M. Huff,
Shorthand.



Miss Jessie Hays,
Language.



Mr. Porter Graves,
Physical Geography.



Mr. W. A. Luby,
Mathematics.



Mr. F. J. Kirker,
Bookkeeping and Penman-
ship.



Mr. C. H. Nowlin,
Physiology and Psychology.



Miss Katherine Morgan,
Language.



Mr. F. N. Peters,
Chemistry.



Mr. W. H. Templin,
Mathematics.



Miss E. A. Thomas,
Mathematics.



Mr. Gwilym Thomas,
Music.



Mr. L. Touton,
Mathematics.



Miss Stella Nelson,
Clerk.



Mr. F. C. Touton,
Mathematics.



Miss E. von Unwerth,
Language.



Mrs. G. B. Wheeler,
Matron.



Miss M. von Unwerth,
Language.



Miss Eleanor Denny,
Study Hall.



Miss Charlotte Blatchley,
Physical Culture.



Miss Clementine Creager,
Language.



Miss Anna Wolfson,
English.



Miss Sophia Rosenberger,
English.



Mr. G. M. Hernandez,
Language.



Mr. J. E. Cameron,
Zoology and Botany.



Mr. J. C. Wright,
Physics Laboratory.



Mr. Earle C. Hallar,
Chemical Laboratory.

Theresa's Week-End

Norman Wilkinson, '09.

MISS CULDON was wildly enthusiastic over the beautiful girls. The large, black tender eyes lifted to her over seven rows of polished desks, the curly black hair, the olive complexion through which the red blood showed, raised in her the subtle thrill of admiration. It was worth something to be a teacher in the Italian settlement, in the Horace Greeley school, three blocks from the City Market.

"Their rags don't make them less lovable," she said to the ward school principal in a fashionable district. "It makes their clothes seem a part of them. I can't imagine my children dressed in the stiff little suits that yours wear. No wonder they seem more graceful, freer of movement, and more poetic. I have a class of Raphael studies!"

This was the first week. The next, the new teacher was shocked, not by the little girls' looks, no, for they grew more beautiful with each day, but by the way they lived. She learned from the upper grade teachers that as soon as a child could be profitable to its parents, it was withdrawn from school.

"And the time that they do get to play," Miss Culdon remarked, "is spent in the streets with the horses and the dogs. What they need is kind attention from us to overcome home environment."

Yes, Theresa was her opportunity. Theresa Anamatella, the queen of the class; the girl that had the highest department grade; the girl that possessed the dark-fringed, limpid eyes, and the glowing complexion. How those eyes shone when "teacher" asked her over Saturday and Sunday to her home in that wonderland—the suburbs.

"Right away?" eagerly.

"No, dear, I must first ask your mother."

In tow of Theresa Miss Culdon went to the City Market. Mrs. Anamatella was planted, short, fat, and greasy, a typical Italian mother, behind a formidable array of fruit. Ten words limited her English understanding and six her vocabulary. After Miss Culdon's preliminary remarks, Mrs. Anamatella talked and gesticulated in a violent manner to overcome the American's supposed objections to the quality of her fruit.

"Good fruit, very good fruit," she repeated, until Theresa said a few hurried words in Italian.

The mother's whole manner changed but for the worse. Somehow, some way, the idea that the American wished to buy her darling caught in her brain and things began to happen. Screaming, swearing, Mrs. Anamatella started over the counter. The pyramids of shining fruit rolled to the gutter. "No, no, no," she shrieked, and the crowds rushed to see the excitement. Poor Miss Culdon, a brand new, inexperienced school teacher; it looked as if she were to be devoured.

But an all-wise city department had experienced similar outbursts, and the first of four blue coats was through the crowd with the Italian woman by the collar before her belligerent activities had begun. He was no respecter of persons and Miss Culdon was again in tow, this time behind an officer with the station house in view.

The officers were Americans. Miss Culdon delivered up thanks and her explanation. Both women were released, and the coveted acceptance was obtained. The Italian mother consented to the outing but still looked doubtful, as a fat Italian woman can look, at the propriety of it all.

The next morning was Friday, and the news of the proposed visit was spread broadcast. The effect upon the entire school was immediate and distinct. The girls of the different rooms stood round in groups and talked in jealous tones about Theresa; how she had become "stuck up" since morning; how she would not play with girls of her own age. At noon she was late and came back to school smelling strongly of yellow soap, with the telltale high water mark at neck and wrist. As the lines were passing out at four o'clock, she proudly remained in her seat, the most envied girl in school.

At 4:30 Miss Culdon with Theresa in charge boarded a car for home. She carried her money in a small handbag. The conductor came through the car, and she automatically reached into her lap for her bag. With a violent start came the realization that the pocket book was gone. A full sense of her predicament burst upon her when the conductor again requested, "Madam, fare please."

"I am sure that I had my pocket book with me when I boarded the car. Now it's gone; may I not ride free?"

The hardhearted conductor only laughed a skeptical, derisive laugh. "Madam, my first six months on this line I was taken in fifteen times. I haven't been stung since. Pay or walk."

The altercation between a woman and the conductor had attracted the attention of the entire car and in the expression of the eyes of the people near her Miss Culdon could read: "Another dead beat, throw her off." Miss Culdon's cheeks were now flying the danger signal. The experience of yesterday had been tame compared with the humiliation of today, and she had then declared: "I would rather die than go through that Market scene again."

A young "rah-rah" boy, after remarking, "She doesn't look so bad to me," offered to pay her fare. In another situation Miss Culdon would have annihilated him with a

glance; now it was profuse thanks and an acceptance of his offer. All the rest of the journey she sat **very** erect, looking straight before her and feeling as if every eye in the car were burning a hole in her back.

Little Theresa was sitting huddled in a frightened heap in her corner of the seat. Although Miss Culdon thought that the entertainment of Theresa had cost her more in dignity than she would ever be willing to spend, she felt sorry for her. She was so small and frightened. Her large eyes were expanded to the greatest extent, her hands clutched nervously a doll she carried, and she was as still as if petrified. It was with the greatest imaginable relief that Miss Culdon left the car with her charge.

After reaching her home there was quiet until supper time, Theresa sitting in a corner with a very subdued air. The people and surroundings seemed to over-awe her.

Supper was announced. Theresa was given a place next to Miss Culdon; she being thus situated the family hoped that nothing alarming would happen. It just chanced that spaghetti was served, but the family being unacquainted with Italian manners were unprepared for what happened. Theresa, calmly, put her hand in her plate, took a handful of spaghetti; tilted back her head, and began to follow up the strings as they hung from her fingers. When this handful was finished she took another, all the while perfectly unconscious of the amazed looks that were cast her way. As this seemed to be the custom of the Italians in eating spaghetti, Miss Culdon decided to let it pass, as she could not hope to reform Theresa in two days.

When it came bed time, Miss Culdon conducted Theresa to the spare bedroom. This room was the pride of Miss Culdon's heart. It was all in white and gold. The brass bedstead with the snow-white cover, the dainty gold and white wall paper, the delicate gold and white rugs; all gave the impression of the utmost purity and cleanliness.

For the first time Theresa seemed impressed. She ran from one object to another, exclaiming, humming, chattering. She stood long before a copy of the Sistine Madonna and seemed to be in an ecstasy of delight. When Miss Culdon finally persuaded her to undress, she summed up her opinion of the room in one blissful sentence, "Oh! it's just grand; I wish I lived in a place like this."

Shoes kicked off, Theresa started to climb into bed. Miss Culdon objected. Theresa could not understand why any further undressing was necessary. She had always slept that way, and moreover she was "sewed up for the winter." Miss Culdon could not understand this phrase until she made an examination. Theresa was actually "sewed up," as she had expressed it, her clothes being made on her, she being expected to wear them thus the entire winter. Yes, little Italian girls' clothes did look "a part of them."

After more protesting on Theresa's part and more expostulating on Miss Culdon's, the dress was removed, and, shame on little Raphael, down dropped the lost pocket book. Immediately there were sounds of scuffling in the gold and white room. At the end of a short minute Theresa was crying violently, and Miss Culdon had the glitter in her eye and the glow in her cheeks that come from relieving one's feelings by violent exercise.

In a quarter of an hour Miss Culdon had sufficiently conquered her feelings to allow her to finish putting Theresa to bed. By this time Theresa's curiosity had become aroused by a door in the room.

"Where does that lead to?" she asked.

She was told that Miss Culdon's father slept in there. At once she swelled with indignation, remarking haughtily, "Fathers don't sleep at home; fathers sleep at saloons."

A new field of thought was opened to Miss Culdon. Here was partial explanation of Theresa's conduct: a drunk-

en father; and a demoralizing home influence. Miss Culdon now had a broader understanding.

As usual, the next morning, Mrs. Anamatella rose at five. It was a fine day, there was not a cloud in the sky, the sun was rising gloriously, but something was wrong. Everything seemed to have lost its flavor for her. She had to eat her breakfast alone; when she lost her temper, there was no one to scold and at whom to throw the cooking pans; there was no one to mind the youngest twins. By noon her longing had turned into alarm, something had happened to Theresa. She was right in the first place. The American had bought her jewel, and never again would she see her Theresa. By five o'clock in the afternoon the neighboring women had been called in to quiet her, for she was hysterical; by six she had reached a desperate resolve. She would venture out of "Little Italy," find the address that had been given her, and rescue her daughter. At six-thirty the residents of South Adams street were amused by a crowd of dirty, fat, greasy, shawled and excited women going from house to house, inquiring for, "Miss Culdon, who bought Mrs. Anamatella's Theresa." Suddenly Mrs. Anamatella gave a shriek of joy, burst from her comforters, rushed across the street, and clasped Theresa in her arms.

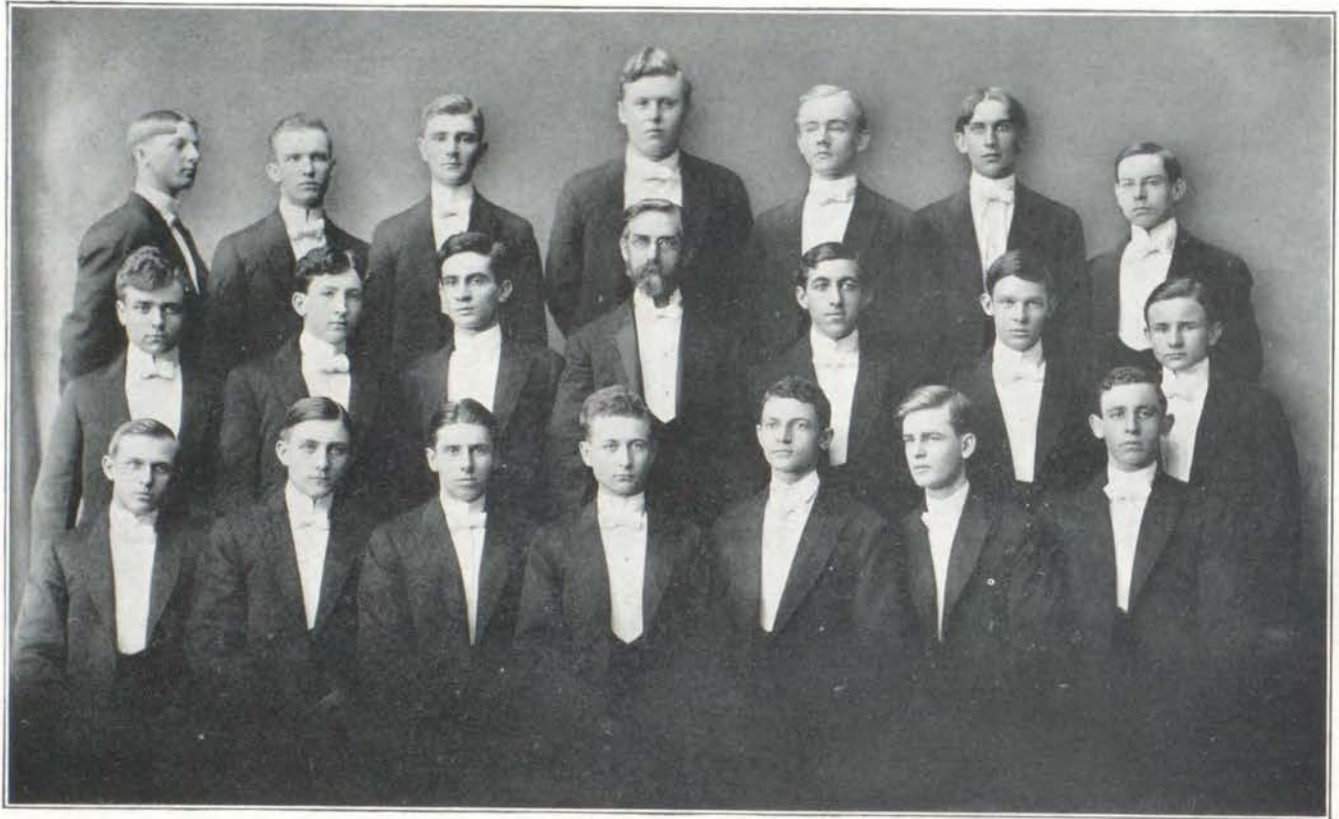
For the next ten minutes there was hugging and kissing such as had not been seen in that block in all its existence. Mrs. Anamatella wept for joy, Theresa wept because of the tight embrace, and all the other women wept out of sympathy.

"Can't you let Theresa stay until Monday? Please do," begged Miss Culdon in tones that lacked the ring of sincerity. But no, Mrs. Anamatella had finally recovered her daughter, and never more would she let her go out of "Little Italy."

DEPARTMENT
OF ART

BOWER.





Sidney Lindgrove
 James Walker
 Walter Wood
 Ralph Bower
 Arthur Gould
 Harry Board
 August Smallfield
 Roscoe Entrekin

THE CENTRAL GLEE CLUB.

Kennard Hawkins
 Dawson Campbell
 Elias Barrell
 Evermont McGinnes
 Frank Chandler
 Garrett Nearing

Fred Moses
 Abe Goldman
 Coleman Fraizer
 Ralph Campbell
 William Beggs
 Frank Welsh
 Sam Tilden
 Robert Carson

J. Coleman Fraizer President
 Sam J. Tilden Vice-President
 Harry B. Boand Secretary
 Ralph L. Adams Treasurer



Abe M. Goldman Librarian
 M. Sydney Lindgrove Sergeant-at-Arms
 Prof. Gwilym Thomas Director
 J. Coleman Fraizer Manager

The Central Glee Club

THE Central Glee Club was originally organized for the same purpose as are the musical societies of the large universities; that is, the club had for its object the advertising of Central High School. Experience proved, however, that this was impracticable, because sufficient time for practice and concerts was unavailable. The members of the club, finding that their school duties would not permit them to pursue the proposed plan, decided nevertheless to maintain the club for its social and educational benefits. In accordance with this plan the Glee Club of '09 has devoted its efforts towards perfecting the musical education of its members and furnishing the music for the graduation exercises.

This year's club is an unusually large one and is fortunate in possessing some of the best voices in the school. It is also exceedingly fortunate in having Mr. Thomas for its director, and it is due to his interest and efforts that our repertoire embraces such classic selections as "Hail Bright

Abode" from Wagner's "Tannhauser," and "Faithful and True" from Wagner's "Lohengrin."

Although the Glee Club does not attempt to fill a great many engagements, it has found time to give concerts for the "Athanaetm", the "Daughters of the American Revolution", and several other societies and audiences. The social side of the club has also been very pleasant this year. The members of the Choral Club have shown themselves to be delightful hostesses in twice royally entertaining the club. The entertainments provided for it by the girls' musical society will long be remembered as occasions of thorough enjoyment.

The Glee Club of '09 has been very successful, not only in promoting the musical education of its members, but also in establishing a thorough understanding and good fellowship within itself. It is with deep regret that the Central Glee Club disbands for the summer.

J. C. FRAIZER, '09.



CENTRAL CHORAL CLUB.

Ruth Bello
 Ela Bennet
 Rosa Lee Bryan
 Nellie Caleb
 Hazell Chandler
 Olive Cosby
 Grace Dahn
 Nell Edwards
 May Ellenger

Helen Higley
 Lelah Hulse
 Daisy Hummer
 Gladys Johnson
 Pauline Jones
 Mary Leach
 Minnie Macey
 Jessie Mann

Blanche Noble
 Ethel Page
 Olga Ross
 Olive Ross
 Olivia Small
 Marjorie Stuart
 Mattie Lee Tharp
 Mable Trundle
 Ola Trundle

Olive Cosby	President
Ruth Bello	Vice-President
Mattilee Tharp	Secretary
Marjorie Stuart	Treasurer

OFFICERS



Grace Dahn	Sergeant-at-Arms
Hazel Chandler	Librarian
Minnie Macey	Accompanist
Gwilym Thomas	Director

Central Choral Club

THERE are very few people who realize and appreciate the amount of time and hard work it takes for a musical organization to prepare a number of selections suitable for production, especially when the members are young and have had little musical experience, as have the girls of our Choral Club. When we take into consideration the number of untrained voices and the short time each week for practice, the Central Choral Club has done exceptionally good work. In order to obtain the very best results at our rehearsals, we give particular attention to clear enunciation, good phrasing, correct intonation, and artistic finish.

The selections which we have undertaken this year are

extremely difficult and are by the very best composers. Among these selections are "The Gipsies," by R. Schumann, "My Lady Chlo," a negro love song, by H. Clough Leighter, "Minnehaha," an Indian serenade, by Paul Loring, "The Nightingale" by Alfred R. Gaul, and "Doris" by Ethelbert Nevin. Besides these the Glee and Choral Clubs combined have been doing some very good work on "Hail, Bright Abode" from Wagner's "Tannhauser," and "Faithful and True" from Wagner's "Lohengrin." We may truthfully say that the Choral Club of 1908-9 has continued the excellent work done by the club in preceding years.

GRACE DAHN, '09.



Central Mandolin Club

THE Mandolin Club of 1909 is the largest organization of its kind that has ever represented Central. Of the quality of its music, the members are too timid to speak; but the numerous recitals, held at churches and schools in and about Kansas City, show that the strains offered have at least been enduring. Mr. Graves, the leader and adviser, is a finished musician, and the other members are all accomplished players.

The benefit derived by the members in their four months of practice together is shown by the intricate pieces which they are able to play. In order to please the audiences the club usually plays the simpler and more catchy num-

bers from the late operas. On the whole the Central Mandolin Club has accomplished what any college club might be proud of.

FIRST MANDOLINS:

Mr. Graves,
Rollo Bourbon,
Clarence Connor,
Harold Hurd,
Elizabeth Morgan,
Frances Pizar.

SECOND MANDOLINS:

Luscher Rodman,
Bessie Terrill,
George Edwards,
Neal Harper.

GUITAR:

Elizabeth Green.

PIANO:

Arvid Frank.

GEO. H. EDWARDS, '10.



CHRISTMAS PLAY CAST

Edna Oakley	Lola Eaton	Lelah Hulse	
Arvid Frank	Clarence Connor	Earle Moore	Coleman Fraizer
Ned Steel	Marea Newby	Charles Davis	

The Christmas Play

(From the Diary of a Senior Girl.)

DECEMBER 18, '08: Well, I've seen the Christmas Play at last, after living in a state of expectancy for weeks. Ever since Mr. Dillenbeck announced in Assembly who were the members of the cast, and told us the plot, I've been "awaitin" and "a-wonderin" just how it would all come out. The news of the strenuous rehearsals only increased the feeling.

"Our Boys" was assuredly successful. The participants so entered into the spirit of the play that it was a joy to watch and listen. There were plenty of opportunities for good acting, and such advantage was taken of them that we all agreed that it was the best play ever put on at Central.

Coleman Fraizer and Arvid Frank sustained the parts of the fathers of the "boys." The former as Sir Geoffrey Champneys was an aristocratic, self-important, testy old Englishman true to life. The way he looked and walked and talked was beyond criticism. Grandfather said so, too, and he ought to know, for he's partly an Englishman himself. Arvid Frank, as old Mr. Middlewick, who had made all his money in pork, was excellent, I thought. He looked his part, too. He put just the right amount of feeling into all his speeches with his son, and though he did not disguise his voice, it seemed to suit the part. They both acted the "fond parent" in a way that was highly amusing to the audience.

Charles Davis and Clarence Connor played "The Boys," Charles Davis as Talbot Champney, the pampered, supercilious young Englishman, and Clarence Connor as Charles Middlewick, the well educated son of old Mr. Middlewick. Charles, with a monocle and an English drawl, and Clarence with a fierce black wig and mustache, interpreted the characters admirably. Their acting grew steadily better as the play progressed.

Earle Moore and Ned Steel were the butlers, respectively, of the two old gentlemen, and they sustained their parts very well indeed. Their make-ups were especially good, and no one would have thought they were not the real stiff-backed, well-fed upper servants they were supposed to be.

This completes the masculine element; now for the girls. Lola Eaton and Edna Oakley were the two heroines. Edna was the rich, pretty Violet Melrose and Lola, her poor but gifted cousin, Mary Melrose. Both girls were charming and played their parts with naturalness. Lola, despite all her assertions to the contrary, fainted very gracefully, "Just as if she were used to it," Mary said.

Clarissa Champneys, Sir Geoffrey's old maid sister, was delightfully portrayed by Lelah Hulse. She was a picture with her curls and old-fashioned gowns. When she found her nephew and his chum in their London garret, she bustled round with true housewifely zeal to prepare them a good dinner, thereby giving a great deal of trouble to the boys and much amusement to the audience.

The character of Belinda, the "slavey" of the London lodging house, was sustained by Marea Newby in a manner that a professional might have envied. In her calico dress and apron and with her hair braided tightly, she was a typical little servant of such a place. She shined the shoes of her "young masters" and built the fire carefully with the precious coal, in a way that couldn't be equalled. Her shrewd comments on the boys and their visitors added much to the interest and comic element of the play.

All in all, it was the best Christmas play I've seen in my four years at school, and I don't believe I'm exaggerating. So many tickets were sold that the performance is to be repeated tonight.

L. M.

The Old Daguerreotype

Donald Hendrickson, '09.

88

A WONDERFUL place is my grandfather's house,
All shrouded in myst'ry and gloom,
Where old-fashioned spirits inhabit the halls
And linger in each stately room,
Where long polished panels repicture to me
Reflections of days long ago,
And whispering ghosts troop silently past
In the dream-shadowed twilight's faint glow.

A coquettish belle in each high backed chair
With a courtier on satin clad knee,
In a soft minuet the gay company tread
And bow their queer curtsies to me.
They people again a dim picture book time
When the wig and the snuff box held sway,
And revel and dance through my grandfather's house
Till the lamp-light has blown them away.

But quaintest of all 'neath the deep sloping roof
Of the nooks that my errant steps find
Is the one at the end of the long winding stairs
When I've left all the great house behind.
It's hidden high up in this castle of gloom,
Deep showered in the bright autumn leaves,
The old dusty attic, my best treasure trove,
Close nestling right under the eaves.

I open the door; what a protest bursts forth
From the cobwebs and dust all about,
Whose reign in the long forgot vista of years
I have scattered and driven to rout.
From dark musty corners strange objects uprear,
And dart in the shadows at me,
Old chairs and brass kettles, gourds, spinning-wheels,
Like indignant dragons I see.

A single small window lets in a dim light,
Short lived in the late afternoon;
A cherry tree rustles and scrapes on the pane
And sighs in a soft summer tune.
In the slow fading rays that carpet the floor,
Fast aging in deepening dust,
Sits the chest that enfolds in its age-scented depths
My dearest relics in trust.

Then brushing a place where my frock will not soil
I am down on my knees on the floor,
And delving up laces and satins, and then,
With no further worlds to explore,
Deep down in the chest with some trinkets entwined
A small leather box comes to light,
And pressing a spring in the tarnished red case
An old daguerreotype breaks on my sight.

The colors are fading behind the dull glass
Where time is fast spreading a film
Of destruction over the picture beneath.
But the ravage of age and the whim
Of the years could ne'er fade the sweetness still there
Nor banish the smile from the face
Of the roguishly beautiful girl that looked forth
From the depths of the red leather case.

In the dancing wide eyes with their soft silken shade
All the mischief of girlhood abode,
From a forehead of wonderful ivory white
The glorious hair circled and flowed,
And twining amidst the dark wealth of the curls
A trembling red rose hung its head,
For its beauty had died in envying that
Of this princess who reigned in its stead.

And what do I think as I sit here alone
In the dusk of the low silent room,
While the thickening shadows stealthily creep
And gather from out of the gloom:
Of this beautiful old-time aunt of mine
Whose hist'ry I scarce ever hear,
Whose name my grandfather never repeats
From livelong year end to year?

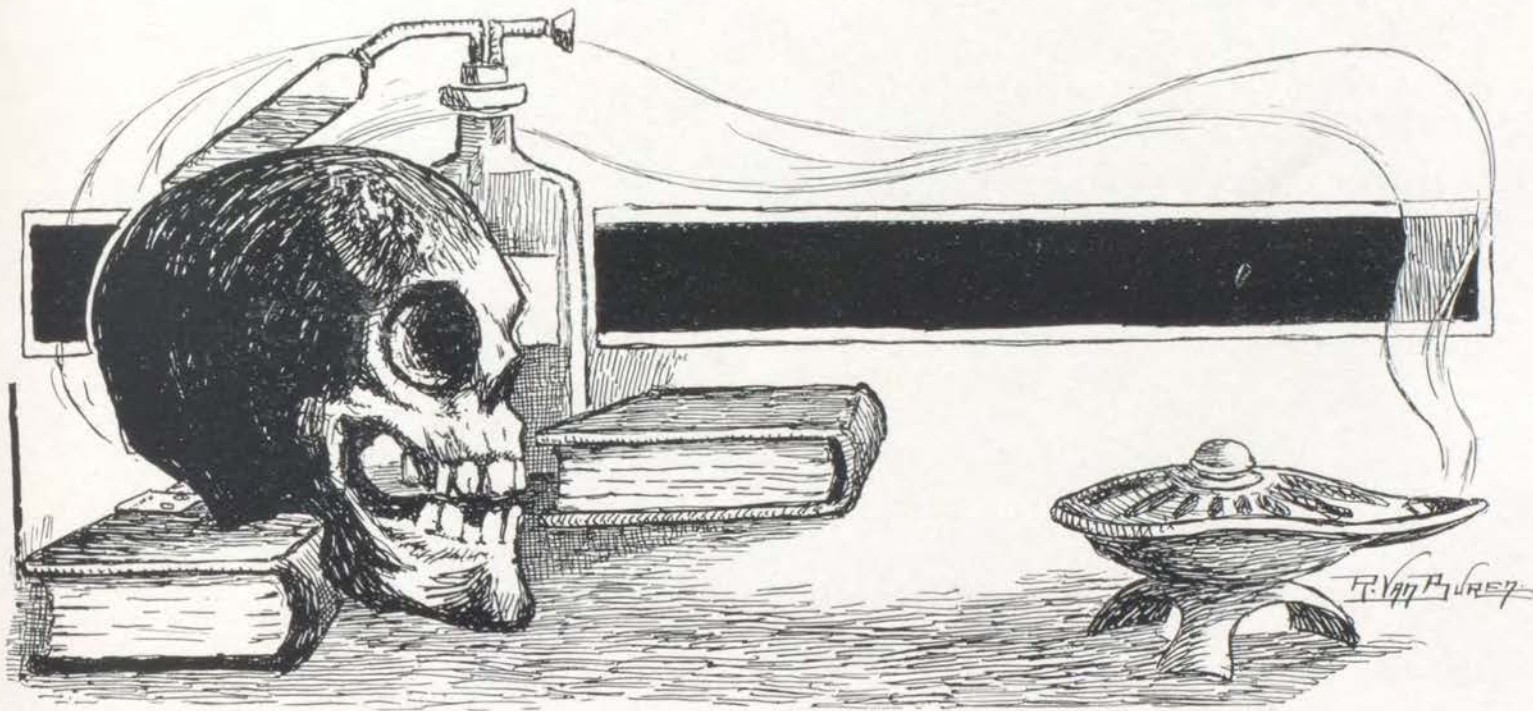
So I whisper good-bye from the long winding stairs
And leave them in twilight alone,
Then the shadows and dust in my grandfather's house,
And the silence, have won back their own.

From surmise and rumor I shape a brief tale
Of romance in battle-scarred days,
A spirit that loved and wandered away
In the lowering war-time haze;
A proud heart that bowed to a Southern man
And ventured to waken the wrath
Of a parent who silenced the dear love he owed
When she fled down willfulness' path.

I picture again a last trysting time,
Brief stolen beneath midnight stars,
When she took tearful leave of her soldier-boy love
And he vanished away to the wars.
Then the endless years rolled on their pitiless way
The while her empty arms yearned
Till the passionate spirit had faded in dust
For the lover who never returned.

The light has gone out in the low vaulted room
Of fanciful memories blest,
And the rising night wind that moans in the eaves
Is bearing the day to its rest.
Yet how sweet to think as I leave the dim face,
In the dark now a fast dying blur,
That the wind is returning on swift phantom wings
The lost soldier sweetheart to her.

SCIENCE





THE KELVIN KLUB

Herbert Wright

Leighton Darby

Carl Lawson

Mr. F. H. Ayres

Donald Ross

Ralph Bower

Rollo Bourbon

Frank Butler

Earnest Lawson

Frank Siegrist

Dwight Harbaugh

Edw. DeWit

Mr. E. C. Hallar

Adkins Froman

Raymond Moore

John Linger

Robert Phipps

Hale Cook

Clarence Milton

Berthier Byers

Mr. F. N. Peters

Ulysses McVey

The Reichsanstalt of Germany

Oka Thomas, '11.

THE Reichsanstalt, the greatest scientific institution of the world, is situated in Charlottenburg, Germany.

This Imperial Physical and Technical Institution consists of a splendid establishment of buildings, placed in spacious grounds, an institution of its kind perhaps without parallel anywhere in the world. The faculty consists of ninety-five professors, scientific assistants, expert mechanics and other helpers, a staff larger than that of many an American university, and yet without a single student or any provisions for students, and seldom admitting visitors. The purpose of this institution is the investigation of obscure scientific problems, problems involving heat, light, electricity, and magnetism. Thus the institution is laying a deep and solid foundation for future discoveries.

The most perfect instruments in the world for measuring heat and cold, for finding the pressure of the atmosphere, for determining the strength of electric currents, and for measuring light are set up in the Reichsanstalt. The purest platinum, thorium, iridium, gold, and silver are kept here; also, the purest water in the world, the finest glass, and the most accurate weighing machines are found in this institution. Here can be produced and measured every temperature from that of liquid helium or hydrogen to that of the hottest electric arc. Most of the standard thermometers and barometers of Germany are tested in the Reichsanstalt.

The Reichsanstalt has been in existence twelve years. It was founded by two great Germans, von Siemens and von Helmholtz. Both these men were great scientists and inventors, but Siemens in reality established the great institution. He presented the Imperial government of Germany with a plot of land worth \$125,000, in Charlottenburg, which touches Berlin on the west. The government added to this plot extensively by purchases and within three years

erected nine buildings. The original cost of buildings alone was over \$1,000,000. For delicate experiments in physics great firmness of construction was necessary. Therefore the two main buildings were set on foundations sunk deep into the earth. The walls were built thick so that an even temperature can be maintained. The plan of construction in the basement of the Physics building is as follows: "an outer wall eighteen inches thick, pierced with tight fitting double windows, then an air space, reaching from floor to ceiling, then an inner wall of solid masonry two and one-half feet thick, also having tight double windows and doors. Still inside this are rooms enclosed in masonry walls, having thick glass floors and ceilings, glass being the best known heat insulator." However, all the buildings of this most wonderful institution are covered with a thick layer of soil, now thoroughly set in turf. This was done so that the roof may not absorb heat. In like manner great care has been exercised in order to procure perfect conditions for all manner of experiments.

The German government has also furnished the scientists great aid, for in Germany, science is next to royalty. Although the street railways of Berlin are operated by electricity, the street railways were ordered not to place any trolley wires within a kilometer (five-eighths of a mile) of the Reichsanstalt. Asphalt pavement also has replaced the old cobblestones in the streets around it, so as to prevent any jar of trucks from affecting the delicate instruments in the buildings.

In establishing and maintaining the Reichsanstalt, not only has the German government aided the scientific progress of Germany and the world at large, but each individual connected with the institution has given all in his power to the aid of this most wonderful study.

What We Owe to the Birds

Waldo Wallis, '11.

94

IN the recent great manifestation of interest in nature, the birds have come in for a large share of attention. Even this is much less than is due them, for of all the animal kingdom they have been the last to be understood. Originally men charged the birds with atrocities of which they were not only innocent, but were even instruments of prevention. Men passed laws offering rewards for bird heads, and at other times imposed a fine upon the person who did not kill his allotted number each year.

For an age this systematic slaughter was carried on, resulting in the complete extinction of some of our most beautiful feathered songsters. Men are now awakening to that fact, books have been written on the subject, public opinion has been aroused, Congress and state legislatures are passing laws restricting the destruction, and people are at last dimly realizing the gravity of their mistake.

The birds do more to check the ravages of the insects than any other agency, natural or artificial. It has been estimated that in ten years, were it not for the birds, the insects would devour every living green thing on the earth. Moreover, the work of extermination is done systematically. Dame Nature has so arranged the migration schedule that whenever any insect pest makes its appearance in any part of the land, some bird is there to discourage it. All birds belong to an enormous union, where each has a certain work to do. In all cases the bird is peculiarly adapted for his duty—the woodpecker, whose mission is to search the bark for wood boring pests, has a long chisel beak and a stiffened tail to brace him against his dead elm. The woodcock, which probes round in the mud for worms, has big feet to

keep him from sinking, and eyes set far up on his head so as not to be covered with mud when his bill is rammed into the ground in search of wriggling earth worms.

The swallows and martins dart about feeding on the small pests such as mosquitoes and gnats. The whip-poor-wills and night hawks crave the same diet, and as they fly with their mouths open, they need not pause for refreshments. The eggs and larvae round the tender new leaves and twigs are the prey of the tiny warblers and vireos, which devour countless millions of them in one migration.

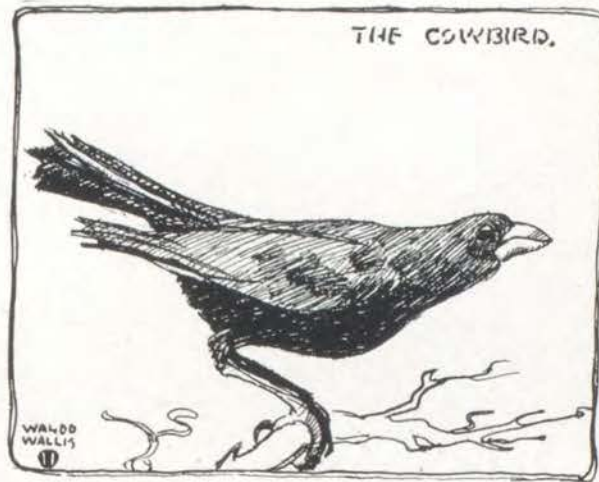
Kingbirds, pewees and flycatchers, whose dusky color harmonizes with the fence rails, posts, and roofs where they sit, snap up the unwary insects of the air. Robber flies, the pest of the bee hives, noxious flies and beetles, and a few drone bees, constitute their diet. Even the great crested flycatcher, which John Burroughs calls "the wild Irishman," because he coils snake skins round his nest for protection, or uses onion skins when the genuine article cannot be found, does his share in the good work.

When people have a little better knowledge of bird habits, they will find that many birds now held in contempt, more than make up for their bad habits by killing injurious bugs and beetles. That gorgeous, dashing rascal, the blue jay, charged with sucking song bird eggs, pays for his depredations by the maple worms he kills. Last summer, even the expensive spraying apparatus furnished by the city, hardly surpassed the blue jays in keeping down these pests. The much abused crow is found to kill enough injurious beetles to pay for what corn he eats. Even the cowbird, held in contempt for her despicable habit of laying eggs in

other birds' nests, thereby escaping the task of hatching them out, has proved valuable to the farmer by alighting on the backs of cows, in order to exterminate the parasitic insects.

The next place in the great division of labor is held by the hawks and owls, which kill the larger enemies of the farmer, the rabbits and gophers. Some members of the family, sad to say, are not so virtuous as they might be, for the cooper's hawk and the great horned owl disgrace the rest by killing chickens.

Then come the woodpeckers, which search the trees for larvae and cocoons. The codling moth, the worst enemy of the apple grower, which annually renders millions of apples unfit for the market, has been more effectually checked by the woodpeckers than by any human device yet invented. In its pupa, or sleeping stage, this moth hides just underneath the apple bark, where it is spied by the sharp eyes of the woodpecker and is killed before it can do any more destructive work. The sapsucker, which belongs to the woodpecker



tribe, after drilling holes in the bark, does not drink the sap, as his name indicates; but eats the insects which are attracted by it.

The goatsuckers, like the sapsuckers, have also been stigmatized by an erroneous name. Some careless observer, seeing some member of the "goat-sucker" (whip-poor-will) family flying among a flock of goats, imagined he was actually trying to drink the milk!

The buzzards and vultures, while they are not very cleanly in their habits, deserve great praise for their work as scavengers. Relying on the good deeds of the buzzard, the careless farmer lets his dead pig or horse lie where it dropped, knowing that they will settle down upon it and speedily pick its bones clean. It never uses its powerful beak and claws for defense, but resorts to the disgusting trick of emptying the contents of its stomach upon the intruder. Out in Swope Park a zealous student of nature was conducting the investigation of a nest of young ones when the mother bird suddenly shot down from heights above

—and the nature student was forced to take a bath in the Blue.

The service these vultures render on land, the gulls continue on the water. Any day in New York harbor, one may see a flock of snow white gulls pursuing the garbage scows, fighting for the refuse cast from them. In the wake of an ocean liner, thousands of miles from the land, gulls pick up the refuse thrown over from the ship's kitchen. In the daytime they fly on, and when darkness steals over them, they settle down on the water where they sleep as comfortably as on a bed of down. After a rest they rise again, fly in the direction of the ship, overtake it with apparent ease in time to pick up the scraps from breakfast. Sailors say that these birds follow the same ship clear across the Atlantic.

Yet great numbers of these useful birds of the sea have lately been killed that their bodies might rest on the heads of frivolous women. If the ladies had professed a love for the cowbird's plumage, or that of the great horned owl, it would not be so bad—but to murder by the score these beautiful and beneficial birds is a more horrible deed than the slaying of the albatross.

Snowy white egrets, which once made the swamps of Florida places of beauty, have been killed by the thousands to satisfy the demands of fashion. Not only is this true, but they are slaughtered in the breeding season (the plumage is brighter then) and, when the valuable feathers are plucked out, the birds are thrown upon the ground to die, while their starving young ones in the nests

above make the swamps ring with their pitiful cries for food.

What woman would wear aigrettes on her hat who knew what an awful price of life and blood was paid for them? Not a woman in America would wear gulls on her hat—those snowy white birds of the sea—if she knew of what immense value they were to humanity. It is a bit of barbarity that cannot be stopped by law. Until the people as a whole know more about the true value of the birds their victims, through a careful study of their habits and customs, this cruel slaughter will continue.

Yet there was never a time in which a thorough knowledge of the study of bird life could be so easily obtained as now. One needs only to read a few good books, books by Long, Roberts and Seton, to get the proper inspiration, and then begin the outdoor study by himself. And there is no more interesting and useful recreation on earth!

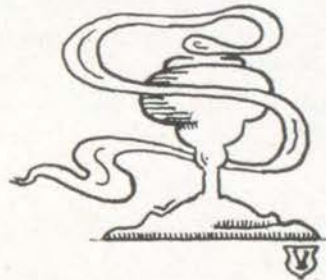
With God's great green out-of-doors for a text book one may study all day long and never grow tired. It gives the enthusiastic student of nature huge delight to discover for himself some little characteristic call-note or action, especially if it is to confirm something he has read in a book. It is a great pleasure to him to see for himself the nest of a tiny yellow warbler, where she has built a second story to outwit the cowbird—willingly covering up her own treasures with straw that the heat of her body may not warm into life the egg of the intruder—or to see a field mouse or sparrow hanging



to a thorn and be able to recognize it as the handiwork of the shrike, or butcher bird, who hangs up his victims on hooks to preserve them for a "rainy day." Many people have a dim idea that they must travel a long distance and endure the discomforts of a wild land, in order to see anything of nature. But there is not a bird mentioned here (except the gull) that cannot be seen in the vicinity of Kansas

City; and such sights as have been just described, I have seen not over a half a mile from the city limits.

There are many students enrolled in the great school of nature; the movement is becoming more and more widespread every year. The woman with the bird on her hat will become a thing of the past, and the small boy who kills blue jays for the fun of it is sinking into the minority.





THOSE who are interested in chemistry to the extent of learning more than is necessary to acquire a grade, will be interested in the accompanying photographs. I received a great deal of assistance from Mr. Merle Dancy, a former student of this school, who has had a home laboratory for several years. We established our laboratory a short time before the beginning of school this year, and through it I had a working knowledge of the names of the apparatus and chemicals, which is a great advantage, as the beginner in this study is usually nonplussed by the seemingly difficult names and formulae.

One of the illustrations shows our work table with two shelves of reagent bottles above. On the table are three bunsen burners, a sand bath, a test tube holder, a filtering stand, and a balance for ordinary work. The table is five and one-half feet long and three feet wide, affording ample room for any kind of work. The second illustration shows the greater part of our chemicals, some of the apparatus, and also a cupboard containing most of the glassware. It also shows a Babcock milk tester with which we keep a check on our milkman. We made all our shelves and tables; cut, threaded, and fitted our gas piping, painted the room (a former coal bin) and cemented the floor.

A Home Laboratory

Clara Walker, '09.



The idea of doing this work at home has appealed to more than one of the students in chemistry, and there are several more or less successful amateur laboratories in the city. Berthier Byer's work shop is probably the most efficient, more useful in physics, however, than in chemistry. Mr. Byers has been spending his spare moments in his work shop for several years and is doing some very creditable work. A great many other laboratories and work shops have been started but left incomplete because the novelty wore off.

Among the many useful and interesting experiments carried on at home by the pupils was one by Miss Frances Wood, who made a hydrochloric acid cake by substituting the acid for baking powder. Miss Georgia Cotter made some biscuits by the same process. We also made artificial gas from bituminous coal, not enough, however, to compete with the Kansas field.

Most people think of a chemical laboratory as a place of great danger, ranking with powder mills in that respect, but I have found it to be a very profitable place in which to spend my spare time, and not dangerous if ordinary care is exercised.

Her Return

Mary Jennings, '09.

IN the east the sun was lazily rolling out from between his blankets of mist and fog; in the west the moon was hastily taking her departure, as if fleeing from an avenger. The fleecy lamb-like clouds, rosy with excitement at the race, cast a faint glow over the country. Amid the familiar sounds of the barnyard and the twittering of the early awakened birds, the sharp, piercing whistle of the morning train could be heard. On the platform of the tiny station stood a young English peasant and beside him a slight gray-haired woman, who clutched at his arm nervously as the train roared into the station. The boy spoke to the woman re-assuringly and gently lifted her aboard. This done, he snatched their meagre baggage from the platform, and swung himself up, barely in time to avoid having the carriage door slammed in his face by the ill-natured guard.

The village from which this simple couple, Arthur Somerson and his widowed mother, had just departed was one inhabited chiefly by the tenants and laborers on the estate of the Duke of ———. Arthur and his mother had both spent their entire lives on the ducal estate. They had always received good treatment from their master and his overseers, but they felt that their lives lacked something. At first they did not know what, but at last they realized that what they wanted was freedom, freedom from the monotonous labor which they had always endured. After much trepidation they decided that they would go to America. It was on that journey that they were starting this beautiful spring morning.

In due time the lad and his mother reached Liverpool, and there embarked for America. Like most people of their station in life they took passage in the steerage, but they only associated with the more refined of their companions.

After an uneventful voyage they arrived in the great city of New York, towering far above the sea with her many dusky sky-scrapers. They hesitated at first as to whether they should remain in the city, or go on and seek work in the country. At last they decided that the city life would please them better, because it would be so different from that which they had led in their old home. Accordingly after diligent search they found two small, dingy rooms in a tenement in the humbler district of the city. There they made their home.

Owing both to his ability to speak English and his prepossessing appearance, Arthur found employment much easily than most foreigners. His wages were not large, but they seemed a small fortune to him and to his mother in comparison with the pittance he had received in England. Thus the simple pair lived on contentedly, each happy in the companionship of the other.

One morning Mrs. Somerson seemed gayer and happier than usual. She softly hummed an old song she had been accustomed to sing in England. Her son was glad to note the change, for of late she had been morose and sad. This morning she flitted about, here and there giving a daintier touch to the bare rooms. After their simple breakfast was over, the son kissed his mother and left for his work, more light of heart than he had been for weeks.

The day passed quickly to Arthur. He kept thinking of how sweet and pleasant his mother's face had been that morning. When evening came, he turned towards home with a sigh of happiness. He mounted the rickety stairs with a light, joyous step, opened the door, and looked about him. His mother was nowhere to be seen. He thought she had stepped out for a few moments and would soon be back. He waited one hour; he waited two. Then he was

fully aroused. He inquired about her from the neighbors, the grocer, the policeman, all in vain. None knew aught of her whereabouts. He searched the whole night without reward. He searched the next day, the next, and still found no trace of her. At last he gave up in dull despair and thought of her as dead.

As the months and weeks passed, Arthur became thin and pale. His sorrow weighed on him only the heavier as time passed. If she had only died, he would not have grieved so much, but the mystery of it all pained and puzzled him more than mere death. He still lived in the dark, dingy rooms. His meals he got as he could; sometimes he had none. He worked even harder than he had worked before, in order that he might forget his trouble as much as possible. At last he felt that he must leave the city. The very breathing of the city air stifled him. He wanted something freer. The thought of leaving grieved him, but he knew that to remain longer would be suicide. During the year he had been in New York he had heard much about the different parts of the country and had formed a clear opinion of each state. The one which, in his fancy, was the most pleasing to him was the sunny state of Kansas. There he decided to go.

The day on which Arthur was to start he went to the station in a much happier frame of mind than he had been in since he had lost his mother. He seemed somehow to feel more hopeful.

When the ticket agent asked him to what part of Kansas he wished to go, he answered that he did not know, he only wanted to go to the best part. The agent mentioned a few places; Arthur selected one at random, having no reason for his choice than that the name sounded propitious to him.

After a journey of several days, the train drew up at the small town of N——. It was a beautiful little place. The station stood on the very edge of the town, and in the

distance, the wheat fields were golden with their well-ripened grain.

On the station platform was a number of farmers, who were looking for harvest hands. One of these, a sturdy, gray-haired, keen-eyed old man, took Arthur by the shoulders and said gruffly, "Hey there, lad; want some work?"

Arthur, unused to western ways, was startled at first, but after a moment answered in the affirmative.

"Well then, come with me."

Before he knew it, he was hustled into a rickety old farm wagon, and was being jolted slowly along the dusty road. After a short drive, they turned in in front of a big, rambling, old-fashioned house.

"Come on in, my boy," the old man called more kindly than before. "We're just in time for supper."

Arthur gladly accepted the invitation and fared most luxuriously on the good old-fashioned meal set before him.

The next day he was set to work in the broad, far-reaching wheat field. There he seemed to be perfectly happy, perfectly contented, as he pitched the heavy bundles of grain. The Kansas sun beat down upon him until he seemed to glow and grow in health, even as it shone.

The harvest time passed, and autumn came. Arthur had been so obedient, so subservient to his master that he was kept as the permanent "hired hand." The old farmer learned to trust him, so that he became almost one of the family.

It was the custom in the old farm-house for all the "men-folks" to sit around the table after supper and read. One evening the rain was falling in torrents, the streaks of lightning were flashing through the sky, as they were sitting around the table thus, the old man, his sons, and Arthur.

As they sat there, the telephone rang. The farmer answered it. In a few moments he turned and said, "Boys, the housekeeper over at Bradford's is very ill. The doctor

is ten miles out in the country at Elliot's, and they can't get him by phone. All the men at Bradford's are working up on the creek farm now. There is no one there but the women. Which of you will go?"

His sons hesitated, looked out at the torrents of rain, and did not speak. Arthur did not wait a minute, but spoke up instantly, "I'll go, sir."

"All right, my boy. Take Nance; she's the best horse, and God be with you in this storm."

The Bradford's were farmer Ferris's nearest neighbors. They were very wealthy. Mrs. Bradford and her daughter had but recently returned from abroad. From New York they had brought an old woman to serve as their housekeeper. It was she who was ill.

Scarcely awaiting to hear the old man's words, Arthur had rushed out, saddled the horse, and was gone quicker than thought. The storm, in stead of abating, increased. Before he had gone a mile, he was wet to the skin. After a considerable time, he reached the Elliot farm, and told the message to the doctor. The doctor bade him leave his tired horse in the barn and return with him in his automobile. He did so without a demur, and they were soon speeding along in the darkness.

It was not long before they drew up at the Bradford home. The doctor motioned Arthur to follow him. "You come in and wait; I'll take you home when I'm through."

Arthur obeyed silently. The door was opened by Mrs. Bradford's daughter. She directed the doctor up stairs, and then turned to Arthur. "Sit down and rest while you are waiting for the doctor, Mr. Somerson. We're very thankful to you for going after him. Mr. Ferris called up and said you'd gone. We're all so fond of our housekeeper. She is so gentle, and then —— we found her in such a strange manner.

"When we were in New York, we were out motoring with a friend. As the day had been rainy, the streets were

wet, and the machine skidded about in an almost uncontrollable manner. Just as we were turning a corner, we saw a pleasant looking old woman crossing the street. We tried to turn out, but it was too late. She was slightly injured in the head. We took her to our friend's house. When she began to recover, we tried to find out something concerning her identity, but she seemed to remember nothing. At times she would whisper something about England, and about her son, but that was all."

During her speech Arthur's face had grown pale, but he said nothing.

Not noticing his emotion, the girl continued. "Even when she was entirely well, she could tell us nothing. Her memory seemed to be gone. Thus we brought her here, and she has been our housekeeper for nearly a year."

Arthur could restrain himself no longer. "I must see her," he burst out. "In New York —— my mother —— I lost her!" he stammered incoherently.

Without further explanation he rushed up the stairs. As he reached the door he felt a quiet peace, a sense of infinite relief, stealing over him.

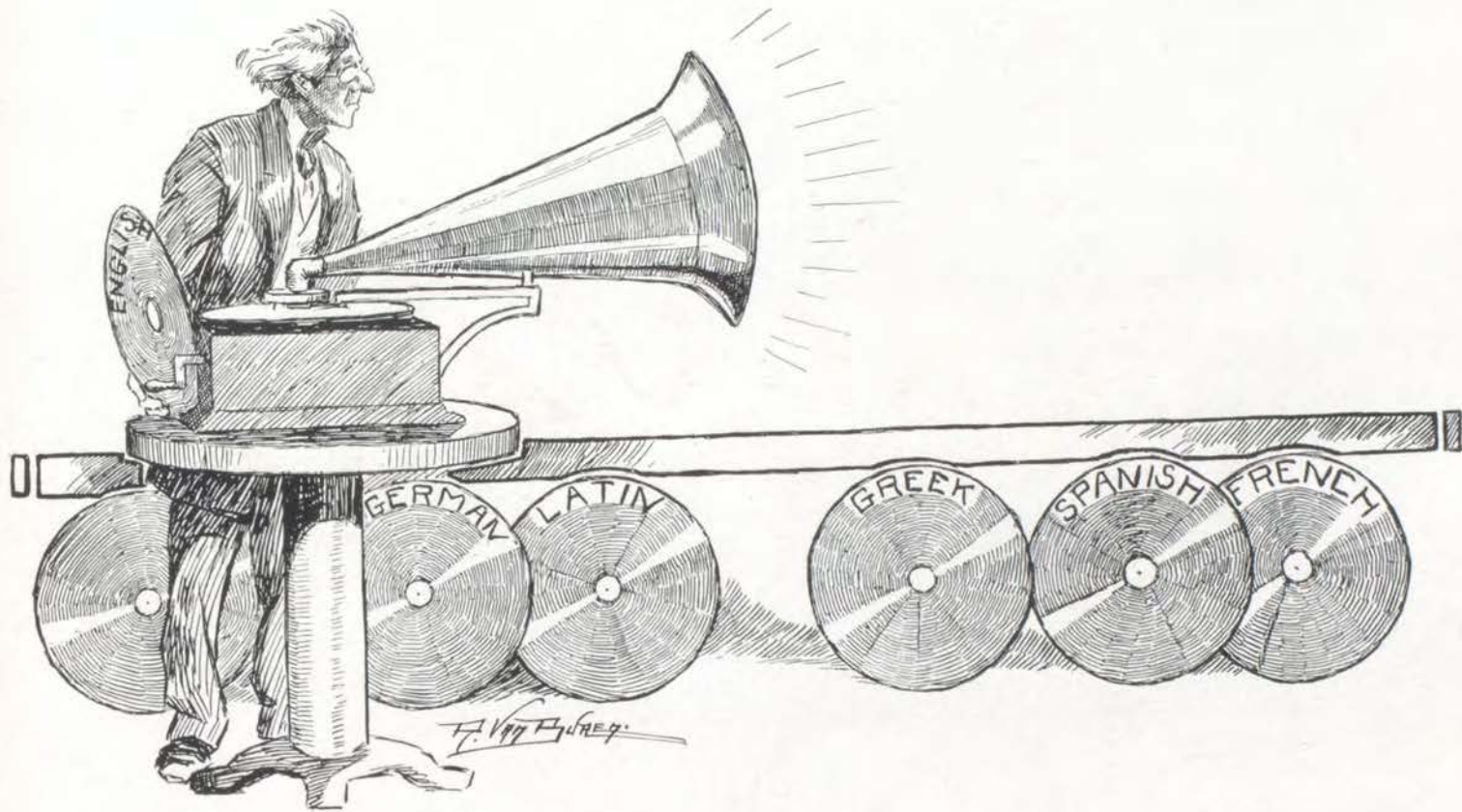
He listened, and heard the doctor whisper, "I'm afraid it's all over with her, madam. If she could only see the son that she has been calling for, but even then ——."

Arthur pushed the door open gently. The white head on the pillow stirred at the sound. A faint flush spread over the pale face, as she saw her —— yes, her son. "Arthur," she whispered, "Arthur, I'm going back to old England now, I'm ——."

The heavy eyelids closed drearily. The lad stood dully staring into space. Then he realized what had happened. The suspense was over.

"All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow, All the aching of the heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing, All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience."

LANGUAGE





CENTRALIS CIVITAS CLASSICA

SENATORES

Miss Kate Harriman . . . Kansas City
 Prof. Wilcox . . . Lawrence, Kas.

CLIENTES

Charles Garnett
 David Hawkins

Herbert Wright
 Cecile Woods
 James Swofford
 Harriet Scofield

Henry O'Brien
 Marian Rider
 Genevieve Nowlin

EQUITES
 Henry Nagel
 Miss Morgan
 Raymond Moore
 Margaret Middlecoff

Katherine Martin
 Margaret McElroy
 Nelson Hill

Miss Hays
 Allen Griffin
 Elizabeth DeBord
 Lucia Bowen

OFFICERS

Raymond Moore	Consul Major
Margaret B. McElroy	Consul Minor
Luella M. Bowen	Censor
Henry R. O'Brien	Pontifex Maximus

Cecile M. Woods	Scriba
James Swofford	Quaestor
Herbert Wright	Lictor
Miss Morgan, Miss Hays	Monitores

Centralis Civitas Classica

105

ONE bright afternoon of the spring of 1909, great excitement prevailed in the Athenean council-chamber, in which a large assemblage of Greeks and Romans had gathered. The cause for the excitement was the fact that today ten men who, for the past two years, had been studying the classical organizations in various countries, were to give their reports before this body of men known as the Society of Classical Research and Study.

As soon as the chairman called the meeting to order, the hum of voices instantly ceased, and all eyes were turned towards the ten men who sat on the platform. After a few words on the object of the gathering, the presiding officer announced:

"Memocles, commissioned to report on the United States, will be the first speaker."

A tall, dignified Greek rose and came forward slowly.

"In that country of remarkable progress and achievement," he began, "I have noted countless clubs and organizations for the study and advancement of the classics. However, I wish to speak of but one carried on not by men and women, but by boys and girls. Over two years ago a number of enthusiastic students of the Central High School met to discuss the formation of a club for the purpose of gaining a broader knowledge of the classics than can be obtained in the classroom. This meeting was the beginning of the Central Classics Club, now known as Centralis Civitas Classica, an organization which, by concentrated work and effort, has done much to increase the interest for Greek and Latin among the pupils of Central.

"The weekly programs, consisting of essays, talks, and readings on various classical subjects, are exceedingly enjoyable as well as instructive. One afternoon, for example, the members listened to three talks given on the respective merits of Caesar, Cicero, and Vergil. At another time the numbers were confined to the subject of Roman art and artists.

During the present term the club has undertaken a new line of work—the study of Herodotus's History. Several volumes were purchased in order that some time in each week every member might study the lesson given out by the Pontifex Maximus. Later one of the programs will be devoted to a complete review of the first book, followed by a general discussion in which all members will be expected to take part.

"On March twelfth the club presented before the pupils of Central a Greek comedy by Aristophanes entitled 'The Clouds.' The preparation for this play took a good deal of valuable time and hard work; but the members responded well and performed their parts very creditably.

"I might relate many more interesting things concerning the work of this club, but as I do not wish to overrun my time, I shall close with a request that all members who pledge their friendship for this club and their hearty co-operation with it shall rise."

Instantly the whole body rose as one person, and thus assured the future success and prosperity of Centralis Civitas Classica.

KATHERINE MARTIN, '09.



LE CERCLE FRANCAIS.

Ruth Anderson
 Beulah Addison
 Georgette Cotter
 Lola Eaton
 Almarie Everett

Hazel Friedman
 Linnie Hopkins
 Louise Jenkins
 Louise Maltby
 Eugenie Miller

Marian Rider
 Miriam Scofield
 Eva Williams
 Ruth Bowling
 Madame Clarke
 Mademoiselle Creager

Katherine Martin
 Stella Finkelstine
 Nelrose Lytle
 Helene Meriwether
 Dorothy Van Deusen

Gladys Johnson
 Margaret Cameron
 Naomi Simpson
 Helene Armstrong
 Elsie Fischer

OFFICERS

Miriam Scofield Presidente
Almarie Everett Vice-Présidente
Katherine Martin Secrétaire



Beulah Addison Critique
Louise Jenkins Trésorière
Nelrose Lytle Sergeant-d'Armes

Le Cercle Français

THE French Club has been the center of interest for many of the pupils this year, as is shown by the number that belong. There were not very many old members; but a considerable number entered this year, and now about twenty-six attend regularly. These are all girls. As a matter of fact, the boys of the upper classes are eligible, but as yet none have joined. We are sorry for this, for boys are useful, you know, for such parts as sergeant-at-arms or the man in the drama. So far, we have had to be content with girls for lovers, or with gazing longingly at someone undiscernible (?) beyond.

These little dramas have been very interesting, however, for the monologues and dialogues have been very clever and amusing. It has not been all play, though, for we have had many instructive articles on the writers and important historical characters in France, also on current topics.

While learning things about France, we have also been learning the language, for not a word of English is allowed to be spoken. Moreover, we have conceived a plan, whereby all members must say something. At roll-call, each must answer with quotation or something of interest and must

talk at least two minutes. In this way, not only those of the higher classes get practice, but also the new members who have a tendency to be "afraid" to talk.

The members have felt, however, that all this was in preparation of something. They have eagerly anticipated the French play. Everyone was a tip-toe during the "try-out," and when the cast was chosen, satisfaction was manifest throughout the club. "Le Testament de Madame Patural" was given in the Assembly Hall on May 7. Clever and entertaining, it afforded pleasure and amusement to all. Each member did her part so well that the club was proud and justly so of all the cast.

The members who leave the Cercle this year will do so with a remembrance of the pleasure and benefit afforded by it. For a great part of this, we are indebted to our most excellent advisers, Madame Clark and Mademoiselle Creager, who have done more than their share in promoting its welfare. We sincerely hope that the Cercle Français will continue its success and be as much help to the pupils who come as it has been to us.

GEORGIA COTTER, '09.



DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN

MITGLIEDER

Isadore Hessel
 Jeanette Jacobs
 Olive MacDonald
 August Smallfield
 Reuben Fulton

Nelson Hill
 Laura Nagel
 Hjalmar Johnson
 Edith MacDonald
 Nathal Patterson

Lenora Warneson
 Arthur Board
 Earl Maloney
 Marie Sealy
 Mary Levite
 Donald Allison

John Trembly
 Maurice Weinberger
 Dixie Hicklin
 Lena Hansen
 Ruth Roseberry

Mae Belle Bacon
 Elizabeth Sellon
 Faye Burton
 Miss E. von Unwerth
 Janet Vandewater

BEAMTE

Reuben Fulton Praesident
 Donald Allison Vize-Praesident
 Isadore Hessel Sekretaer
 Laura Nagel Schatzmeisterin



Nathal Patterson Strafmeisterin
 Lenora Warnesson Kritikerin
 August Smallfield Tuersteher
 Miss E. von Umverth Leiterin

Der Deutsche Verein

THE German Club, or more properly Der Deutsche Verein, has this year shown a decided increase in both quantity and quality of members. The Assembly Hall program has, perhaps, shown better than anything else, to the school as a whole, that the year has certainly been the banner year of the club. A keener interest has been taken than is usually found in unchartered clubs. Perhaps this is due to the better programs which we have had. Besides the customary essays on historical or literary subjects, the debates, the original stories and poems, the scenes from great dramas, the serial stories, and the recitations, we have added a magazine. Although the editor-in-chief is chosen to serve for a school term, different members write for each issue of the magazine. The contents include editorials, locals, essays, stories, and advertisements. The magazine is the program once a month, and all the members agree that it is a pleasure.

In order to become more proficient in parliamentary order, we have had much of Robert's "Rules of Order"

translated into German. We had a contest in German parliamentary terms. As a result we have been enabled to discuss all rules of order in German.

The study of the German folk songs has also been pursued to a great extent. If in nothing else, Germany certainly excels in worth and number of these simple, tender melodies. All the passions of the human race are given in the simple dialects of the people, making them at once individual and universal; individual, in that they are peculiar to Germany, and universal, in that they give voice to sentiments common to all peoples. We make a practice of singing at least one of these songs at each meeting.

We have, also, the club song which so well expresses the spirit this year and the hope of succeeding years in the German Club.

Hoch soll er leben!
 Dreimal hoch!

OLIVE MacDONALD, '09.



CIRCULO LITERARIO ESPANOL

Inez Andrus
 Pauline Baird
 Kate Butler
 Emma Casper
 Gladys Corning
 Nellie Craig
 Lillian Deatherage

Leah Denebiem
 Tillie Denebiem
 Margaret Fisher
 Marian Grafftey
 Hulda Hanson
 Georgia Huckett
 Lelah Hulse

Jeanette Jacobs
 Laura Johnson
 Mabel Lawrence
 Lillian Monahan
 Grace Moran
 Mary Ruth Pash
 Edna Randall
 Hannah Simon

Ruth Shepherd
 Esther Stockton
 Dorothy Taylor
 Howard Bagnall
 Leo Brown
 Lewin Donaldson
 Dwight Harbaugh

Gerald Hughes
 Grover Le Velle
 Venary Martin
 Landis McDowell
 Neal Munson
 Thomas Mullaney
 Allan Robinowitz

OFFICERS

Lillian Monahan Presidente
 Dwight Harbaugh Vice-Presidente
 Laura Johnson Secretaria
 Grover La Velle Tesarero

Thomas Mullaney Critico
 Venay Martin Sargento de Armas
 Clementina Creager } Consejeros
 G. M. Hernandez. }

Circulo Literario Espanol

NEVER before has the Circulo Literario Espanol accomplished so profitable a year's work as in 1909.

In the first place, the club was reorganized with the largest membership it has ever had, composed of ambitious, industrious pupils bent on learning the Spanish language. So helpful and entertaining has the Spanish club proved to them that even the busiest members never regret the time taken up by it, but feel grateful that so much benefit can be derived from the one afternoon a week spent together, in the study of so useful and fascinating a language.

The object of the club is so to teach Spanish that it will be of value when school days are over. With this end in view, the programs are made as practical as possible; instead of spending time on the study of ancient Spanish literature, the club is kept busy learning plain, conversational Spanish. For instance, original talks, dialogues, and subjects for debate are discussed with such life and ease that they never grow tiresome. From such practice, the students of Spanish gradually acquire a knowledge which

enables them to make a use of the language that more than pays for the hard study it requires.

Besides its active student members, the Circulo Literario Espanol can be proud of its honorary members, men who naturally take a deep interest in Spanish, since they have made so much use of their thorough knowledge of it. These members are: Hon. D. J. Hall, general attorney for the United States and Mexican Trust Company; Hon. McD. Trimble, general attorney for the Kansas City, Mexico, and Orient Railway, and Hon. P. Whitsett, ex-judge of the Island of Bolo of the Philippines. They occasionally attend the meetings and deliver an appreciated address in Spanish.

The members of this enterprising society are known by a small, red Maltese cross, considered one of the most attractive and unique pins in the school. Long may they be seen at Central, emblems of a strong, ambitious Circulo Literario Espanol.

MARY RUTH PASH, '10.

To the Wine Cask

Translated from Horace.

112

O GOODLY cask of sweeter wine
Than fills the cup of God divine!
As brewed you on that ancient day
Forquatus held the civil sway.

O now, thou richest cask of mine,
Descend, to serve thy Massic wine!
For you are worthy of the hour
That brings Messala to my bower.

If frenzied loves or strife severe
Have e'er betwixt us caused a tear,
Then steep your mirth in yellow wine,
When once again our arms entwine.

Not he, though taught by Socrates,
Will shun the gifts to man that please
A better God than Mars to me,
Thou son of gracious Semele.

Old Cato, if report be true
Well knew the virtue of the brew

And more than once his valor warmed,
With nectar in the presses formed.

Thou sprite of the enchanting vine,
Reveal'st the cares of all mankind;
With mirthsome Bacchus as an aid
Our deep designs are not well laid.

The hope and strength of anxious minds
Are oft obtained by ruddy wines;
Your horns of plenty for the poor
Cause them to fear dire want no more.

O, Bacchus and thou Goddess born
Upon the swelling sea, adorn
Thy shining face with mirth,
Becoming to thy nymph-like birth.

And seen by all the lights that shine,
Our brimming cask of merry wine
Shall hold the spellbound Graces tight
Till Phoebus puts the stars to flight.

FRANK CATRON, '09.

Goethes „Der Fischer.“

Goethe hat viele wundervolle Gedichte geschrieben. In allen sieht man den großen tief fühlenden Dichter. Er schreibt vom Herzen und in seinen Werken spiegelt sich sein inneres Leben wieder. Immer können wir etwas von Goethe lesen und uns erfreuen. Wenn wir froh sind, können wir heitere Gedichte finden und wenn wir betrübt sind, können wir traurige finden. Viel von Goethes Kraft zeigt sich in seinem kleinen Gedicht dem „Fischer“. Es gibt uns Bilder, Gefühle und Warnungen.

„Das Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll.“

In dieser Zeile hören wir, durch die Worte, das Geräusch der anschlagenden Wellen, das Zischen des Schaumes, und wir können die Kühle des Wassers gleich in der ersten Zeile fühlen. Und dann sehen wir den Fischer da sitzen in sanfter Ruhe und Zufriedenheit. Und als er da sitzt, kommt vom Wasser ein feuchtes Weib.

„Sie sang zu ihm, sie sprach zu ihm“,

und wir können begreifen, warum er zuhörte. Er kann nicht anders; er muß bleiben, während das Weib spricht. Zuerst

macht sie ihm Vorwürfe, daß er ihre Kinder ins heiße Sonnenlicht hinauslockt. Dann beginnt sie ihm die Schönheiten des Meeres zu zeigen, und in sehr schönen Worten und Ausdrücken tut Goethe das. Was ist schöner als:

„Lockt Dich der tiefe Himmel nicht,
Das feuchverklärte Blau?
Lockt Dich Dein eigen Angesicht
Nicht her in ewigen Tau?“

Dann allmählich, aber sicher, gewinnt sie ihn, „Das Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll“ wie zuvor und der Fischer saß noch mehr bezaubert. Er sehnte sich nach dem Wasser und wollte hinein. Das feuchte Weib „Sprach zu ihm und sang zu ihm“ und dann hatte sie ihren Wunsch:

„Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin,
Und ward nicht mehr gesehen.“

So endet das kleine Gedicht von dem Fische. Aber es ist eine Perle so edel und zart wie ein Tropfen des Wassers, dessen Zauber der Dichter beschreibt.

J a n e t W. W a n d e w a t e r, '09

113

Mein Traum.

Niemals vorher hatte ich solch eine wunderschöne Nacht gesehen. Der müde Tag nahm langsam seinen Abschied und die Nacht schlich leise herein. Das von Tau bedeckte Gras funkelt wie lauter Diamanten und die Blumen gossen ihre Seelen in tausend verschiedenen Düften aus. Dann und wann sah ich einige Vögel von Baum zu Baum hüpfen und sie sangen und trillerten vergnügt, während bunte Schmetterlinge in der milden Luft herumflogen. Der Himmel war ganz blau und über meinem Kopf waren einige weiße Wölkchen. Wenn die Natur je ein mitfühlendes Herz fand, so fand sie eins in mir an diesem Abend. Ich saß und betrachtete sorgfältig Gottes Wunder.

Bald aber schlief ich vor Wonne fest ein und ich hatte einen wunderschönen Traum. Ich verirrte mich in einem

fremden Land, einem Land von lauter Blumen, Deutschland — einem zweiten Paradies-Garten. In diesem wunderschönen Garten stand ein großer rauher Felsen, worauf ein bildschönes Mädchen ruhte. Als sie so in der Dämmerung in ihrem schneeweißen Kleide saß, sah sie wie eine bescheidene weiße Rose aus. Ihre Hände lagen ganz ruhig in ihrem Schoß und sie sang Goethes „Wanderers Nachtlied.“ Ich hörte den vollen melodischen Tönen voller Entzückung zu. Dies war doch der „Himmel auf Erden.“ Ich ging schnell auf sie zu und sagte: „Sage mir, bitte, wer Du bist und woher Du kommst?“ Und sie gab mir die Antwort: „Ich bin die Göttin Geduld.“ Mit diesen Worten war der Zauber zerfließen. Ich erwachte und ging langsam und verträumt ins Haus.
I d a F o f f e e, '10.

Que le Sort est Cruel!

Lui, était d'un côté d'un mûr bas, elle, de l'autre. C'était un beau soir d'été au mois de juillet, et bien qu'il se fût bien tard, tous les deux avaient les yeux grands ouverts et brillants, ce qui annonçait qu'ils étaient très fâchés. Bientôt il s'approcha, très près d'elle. Il murmura quelques mots qu'eux seuls entendaient et comprenaient.

Sa voix à elle était très mélodieuse quand elle lui dit, "Monsieur, je suis très fâchée contre vous; vous m'avez trompée quand vous avez visité mademoiselle qui demeure-là," lui montrant une grande belle maison blanche. "Je ne l'ai pas visitée du tout, ma chère," lui répondit-il, "je suis allé voir monsieur, simplement pour des affaires." "Pour des affaires? Quelles affaires avez-vous, monsieur, qui sont si importantes et pressantes, qui vous obligent de m'oublier—d'ailleurs, je pensais toujours que vous étiez un monsieur de loisir." "Vous connaissez très bien, mademoiselle, ma profession, vous savez bien qui je suis un chasseur, et je suis allé voir monsieur seulement à propos des lois de chasse qu'on a faites dernièrement." "Oh vous pouvez dire tout ce que vous voulez,

je ne suis pas si sotté; vous savez que vous êtes très beau et débonnaire, et je ne suis pas assez belle pour vous; mademoiselle est beaucoup plus jolie que moi, elle a les yeux très grands et beaux. Ses mains sont beaucoup plus blanches que les miennes, et ses cheveux sont plus doux et soyeux, et aussi elle a le don des belles phrases. Mais bienque je ne sois pas si belle qu'elle, j'essaye toujours d'être bonne et fidèle; mais vous ne vivrez pas pour gagner cette jolie maîtresse et la trahir, elle aussi, comme vous avez fait avec moi. Un de ces jours vous trouverez une autre maîtresse que vous penserez plus jolie encore que mademoiselle." Avec cela, elle se lança sur lui, le saisit par la gorge et l'étrangla. Alors folle de colère et de chagrin, elle disparut avec la rapidité de l'éclair.

Le lendemain matin, on trouva sous un arbre, le cadavre d'un gros beau chat, et tout le monde se demandait, comment il avait attrapé la mort; quant à Mademoiselle Tabitha, elle ne revint jamais.

E. L. FISCHER.

Pensées Sur le Pêcheur D'Islande de Pierre Loti

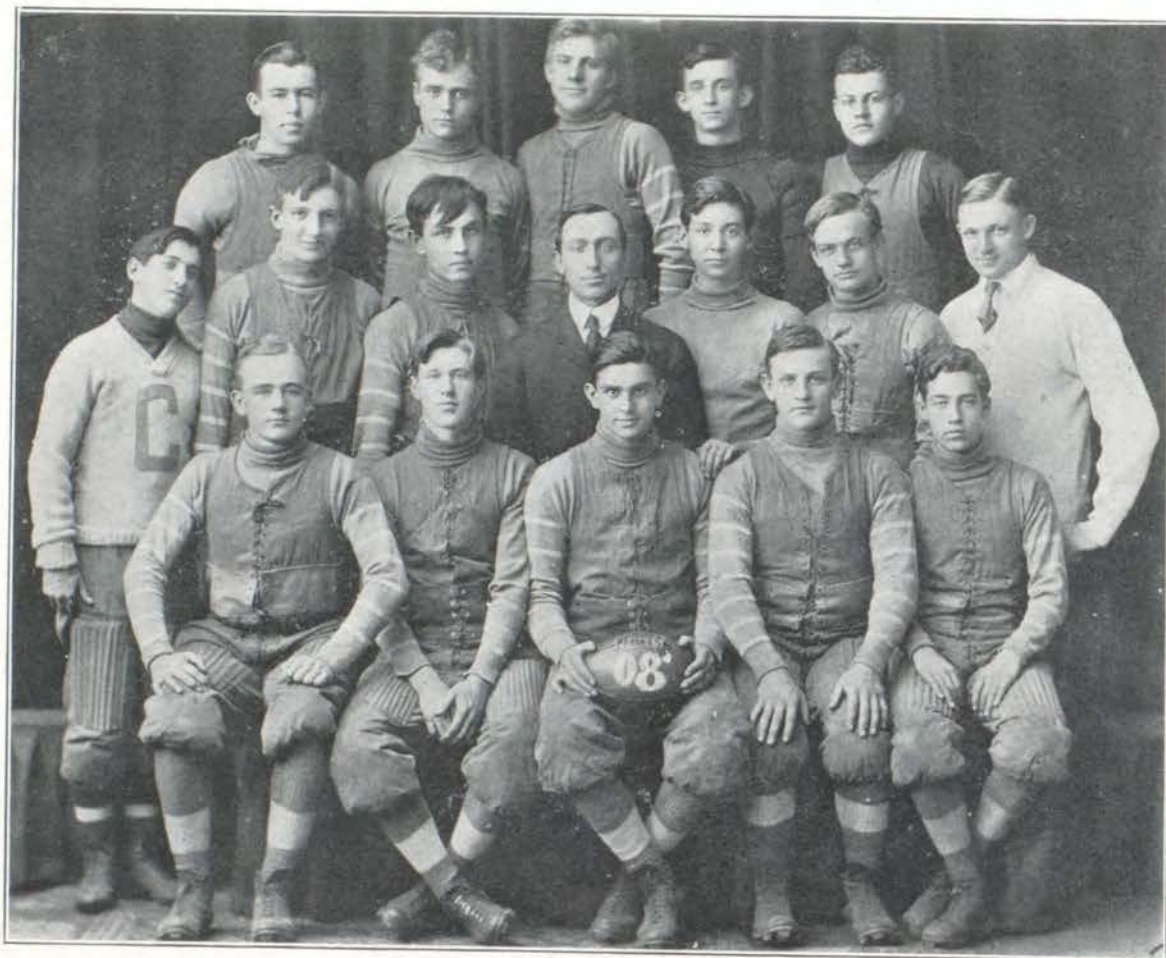
Pierre Loti nous a donné dans son livre, "Le Pêcheur d'Islande," un modèle de descriptions vives et frappantes. Les critiques l'appellent un maître sans égal dans cet art. Dans peu de mots il décrit ses personnages, leurs mines, leurs caractères, leurs pensées. Son interprétation du caractère d'une jeune fille est merveilleuse pour un homme. Il semble sentir tous ses sentiments et il sympathise avec ses humeurs. Mais c'est dans le domaine de la nature que Loti surpasse. Selon un critique il sent "la personnalité et l'impersonalité de la nature." Il entoure ses descriptions de la terre et de

la mer d'un atmosphère qui nous impose et qui nous fait voir ce qu'il représente. Son image de la mer boréale est ensevelie d'une tristesse impossible à dissiper. Nous sentons l'effet accablant, rendu encore plus triste par le jour éternel, "la lumière pâle, pâle, qui ne ressemblait à rien." Enfin nous sentons tout ce que Loti a senti quand il a vu la grande mer grise sur laquelle un soleil étrange présidait "qui semblait plutôt quelque planète jaune, mourante, qui se serait arrêtée là indecise, au milieu d'un chaos."

LOLA EARLE EATON, '10.



F. Van Buren
THE GAME OF DEFEAT
QUITE AN EXPERT
(EH WOT)



FOOTBALL TEAM.

Deichman	Austin	Entrekin	Moffet	Slaughter	Douglass		
	Allison	Maiden	Graves (Manager)	Lawson	Armour		Touton (Coach)
	Gould	Edwards	Woodbury	Stengel	Wolfe		

Football

AT Coach Touton's call for football men, about forty candidates responded.

After cross-questioning this squad Coach Touton found that it was up to him to turn out a team from practically raw material, as only four men had had any real experience. With that bulldog determination and dauntless spirit that thrives on disappointments and unlooked for obstacles, he set to work in his own quiet way. He drilled them in punting, catching, and passing the ball. As soon as he found that they could hold the ball, he began whipping the men into condition for the first game. From three o'clock until six every day his melodious voice could be heard directing the plays. The result of his untiring efforts was shown in the final Kansas City, Kansas game when the team defeated the Kansans by the score of 22-4. Under his careful coaching the team made great progress in team work, and in the use of the forward pass. These



CHAS. WOODBURY
Captain

were absolute necessities as there were no individual stars.

Although Central lost three out of seven games played this season, the boys do not feel bad at the showing made.

The first defeat, at the hands of Topeka, was simply the result of their experience versus Central's inexperience. The second defeat, at St. Joseph, was in fact a victory for Central, as Central scored a touchdown which was not allowed. The third defeat, by Wentworth, was due to the general disability of our team; in the first five minutes of the second half two of our best players were forced to leave the game; three of the boys were injured in the first half, but continued to play until the end of the second.

"Dutch" Stengel has been elected captain of the team for next year. Here's hoping that Coach Touton will turn out a better and more victorious team than that of 1908-9.

Schedule for 1908.

Oct. 10, Central vs. Carrolton..... 0- 0
 Oct. 17, Central vs. Topeka 11-23
 Oct. 28, Central vs. K. C. K. 0- 0
 Oct. 31, Central vs. St. Joe 0- 2

Nov. 7, Central vs. Leavenworth 6- 5
 Nov. 14, Central vs. Wentworth 0-30
 Nov. 21, Central vs. K. C. K. 22- 4

CHARLES PUTNAM WOODBURY, '09.



BASKET BALL TEAM

Woodbury
Edwards

Mr. Hamilton (Coach)
Stengel Brown (Capt.)

Dimmit
Bidwell

Basket Ball

CENTRAL's basket ball team of 1909 has been most successful. At the beginning of the season, Coach Hamilton had to rely mainly on fresh material, there being but one veteran player left. After several weeks of trying out, Loren Brown (captain), Luther Dimmit, Ira Bidwell, George Edwards and Charles Stengel were chosen. In the middle of the season, Charles Woodbury joined the squad.

Of seventeen games played, Central won thirteen and lost four. One of these defeats came from Topeka High school, whom we had previously beaten. Another came from Manual, whom we defeated in two straight games. The other two came from the Kansas University Freshmen, who are out of the high school class. Accordingly, no high school or academy has yet shown itself our superior, and but one has shown itself our equal in basket ball.

The climax of the season was reached on the night of March 11, when we played the first game of the series with Manual. We lost to the knell of 27-26. However, on the next night our team turned the tables and won to the merry tune of 26-15. They repeated the performance on the following evening by the score of 28-27. This gave to Central the championship of the city and, consequently, the high school championship of the state.

The games with Manual may be taken as a fair illustration of the work of our team. The Manual team was neither the poorest nor the best against which we played. First in our list of players comes Dimmit, a forward, a heady, relia-



LOREN BROWN
Captain

ble man, who made no grandstand plays, but who was more steady than any other man on both teams. He easily scored against his guard during each game. Second is Bidwell, our star center. Though, owing to his lack of height, he could not out-jump the Manual center, he played three hundred per cent better in all other departments of the game. "Biddy" threw three goals during the series to his opponent's one. In other words, he prevented Manual's giant captain from scoring at all during two of the games. Woodbury, Bidwell's understudy, easily out-jumped even the crimson center. "Tod" also played a better game than his opponent. Edwards, our peerless fort holder, held Manual's "demon forward" to no goals on one of the three nights, and allowed him to score only five times during the series. Finally, Stengel, our other guard, certainly out-

played the other crimson forward. "Dutch" scored more goals from his position at guard than his opponent, who played forward. This is an exceedingly unusual happening in a basket ball game. Manual's team work was excellent—in the middle of the field where no goals could be made. It looked very pretty to see three or four men toss the ball gently back and forth. But this child's play didn't affect the score, for as soon as the ball was taken near the basket their team work became an unknown quantity. In other words, Edwards or Stengel was always on hand to break it up and send the ball into another part of the court.

This analysis of the individual work of the team is re-

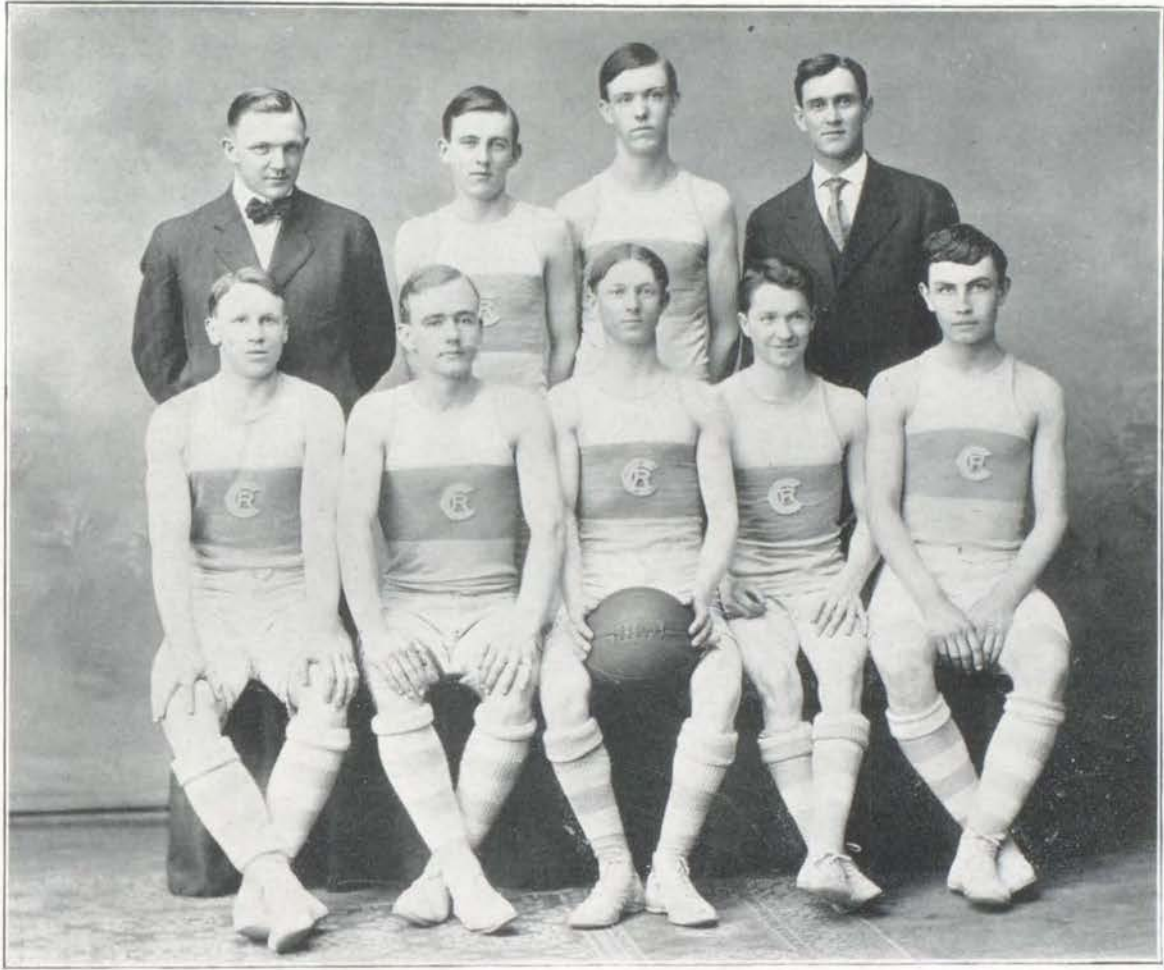
corded here in order that we may correct an erroneous statement made in the Easter "Nautilus" which says that Central, who had not even a mediocre team, won the victory through the individual starring of one man, Captain Brown. It would be most unfair to our very modest and unassuming rival, who, in the previously mentioned article, shows all the qualities of true sportsmanship, for us to allow the public to receive the impression that one Central man (without any support from his own team, according to the "Nautilus") was superior to five Manual men, worthy heroes well drilled in team work, in fact (if we can believe the crimson's magazine), the best trained and most scientific squad that ever wore the red.

The following is the individual record of the team:

Player.	Games Played.	Free			Oppo-	Oppo-
		Goals.	Throws.	Fouls.	nent's	nent's
		Goals.	Throws.	Fouls.	Goals.	Fouls.
Brown, F. . . .	17	107	171	67	13	81
Dimmit, F. . .	15	25	0	14	15	33
Bidwell, C. . .	17	32	2	69	19	58
Edwards, G. . .	17	12	0	48	33	47
Stengel, G. . .	17	22	0	57	41	35
Woodbury, C..	5	8	0	8	5	7
Totals	—	—	—	—	—	—
		206	173	263	126	261

LOREN BROWN, '10.





CENTRAL RESERVES

Mr. Tonton	Dobel	Wilkinson	Mr. Hamilton
Reber	Gould	Lindgrove (Capt.)	Davis
			Maiden



SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM

Gould

Lindgrove

Wilkinson
BrownEdwards
Dimmitt



JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM
INTER-CLASS CHAMPIONS.

Dobel

Maiden

Bidwell

Stengel

Davis

Austin



SOPHOMORE BASKET BALL

Campbell	Leach	Fifield	Clayton
Cohlmeier	Reber	Woodbury.	



FRESHMAN BASKET BALL TEAM.

	Morley	Bidwell (mascot)	Maiden	Cheek
Lesser	Norton	Levy	Todd	Walker



BASEBALL TEAM.

Touton (Coach)	Brown	Shank	Morley	Entrekin	Tilden	Graves (Manager)
	Jones	Stengel	Welch	Carson	Bidwell	
Lindgrove				Brokaw		

The Baseball Season of '09

CENTRAL is just completing a baseball season that she can look back on with pardonable pride. Seven fast games were won by her before she tasted of the bitter pill of defeat. This record entitles her to the pennant of the High School League, a beautiful trophy cup presented by the Eliot Athletic Supply Company, and the championship of the State of Missouri.

The team this year was strong in almost every point. While the batting, base-running, and fielding showed up well, the feature of every game was the twirling of "Dutch" Stengel and the classy catching of Captain Welch.

All the games were good exhibitions of the national pastime, but the game with Joplin, played at Columbia for the state championship, was easily the best from the point of view of both spectators and players. The Joplinites were great husky fellows who looked like minor leaguers to our boys, but we looked like big leaguers to them by the close of the fifteenth inning. The day, as all gala days are in the spring of the year, was biting cold, but the players, aided by their own exertions and the excitement of the game, soon warmed up to their work and went in to win. Every man played up to the standard and a little bit more. Our versatile Dutchman sustained his reputation by shoving the pellet as never before, and Welch received it in equally good style. Brokaw held down the first sack, Carson covered



FRANK WELSH,
Captain.

the keystone plate, Lundgrove covered short and Morley guarded the third turn. Jones roamed over the sun garden with Bidwell and Tilden in center and right respectively. "Red" Brown and Roscoe Entrekin adorned the bench as utility men and Claypool watched the tally for us. With this lineup, the boys in Blue and White, after a hard fought game of fifteen innings, pulled in the championship of Missouri with a final count of seven to six.

The prospects for a duplication of this year's performance next year are highly favorable. Our strong battery will still be with us, and with the exception of Sidney Lundgrove and Samuel Tilden, we shall have this year's pennant winning team intact. Before planning anything for next season, however, let us give three rousing cheers for the team that has done so nobly this year.

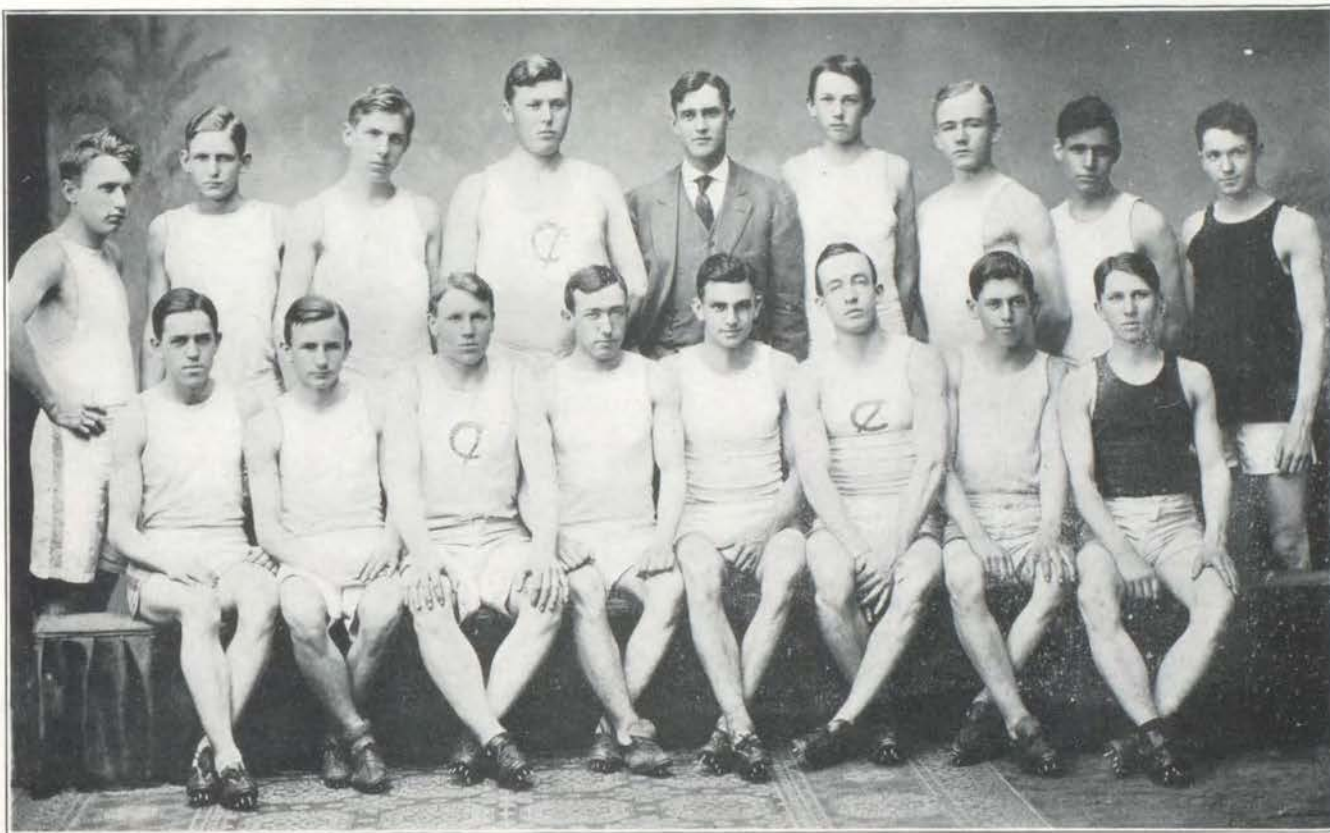
Summary of Games.

- Central 8, Leavenworth 7; at Smith's Park.
- Central 6, K. C. K. 4; at K. C. K.
- Central 6, Manual 1; at Smith's Park.
- Central 4, Westport 3; at K. C. A. C. Park.
- Central 8, Leavenworth 0; at Leavenworth.
- Central 7, K. C. K. 4; at Smith's Park.
- Central 7, Joplin 6; at Columbia.
- Central 0, Manual 4; at Smith's Park.

ROBERT CARSON, '10.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAMS.



TRACK SQUAD

Todd	Hamilton	Moffett	Bower	Mr. Hamilton	Wilson	Gould	Pypes	Davis
	Levy	Chandler	Reber	Catron	Woodbury	Hendrickson	Morse	Norton



TRACK TEAM POINT WINNERS.

Todd		Gould	Bower	Reber		Mr. Hamilton
	Moffett		Woodbury	Hendrickson	Davis	
	Morse					Avery

The Track Team

THE track team of 1909 has been successful for the most part and has succeeded in placing a number of trophies in our case. In the Kansas-Missouri indoor meet, Central, as usual, won the 50-yard dash and mile relay, and thereby added two cups to our large collection. Catron again ran away from the "Manualites" in the former race, while Reber, Catron, Hendrickson, and Woodbury "half-lapped" "our friends, the enemy," in the latter. Some weeks later, in the K. C. A. C. indoor games, the same team duplicated the "trick."

In fact, relay racing seems to have been our hobby, for at Columbia, May 1, our team, composed of Todd, Hendrickson, Woodbury, and Catron won the relay after a thrilling finish with Wentworth, thus bringing home another handsome trophy. In the other events, however, we were less successful, losing the meet by the narrow margin of three points. Woodbury was the hero of the day. He won four gold medals and helped materially in the relay. Hendrickson also did excellent work, winning the broad jump, getting second in the low hurdles, and running in the relay. Bowers, Catron, Moffet and Morse also won medals.

Woodbury and Hendrickson likewise distinguished themselves in the M. V. I. A. A. meet one week later. "Charlie," besides getting third in the high hurdles and broad jump, and second in the high jump, won the low hurdles and pole-vault. He not only won them, but also broke the M. V. I. A. A. records in these events, putting the



CHARLES WOODBURY,
Captain.

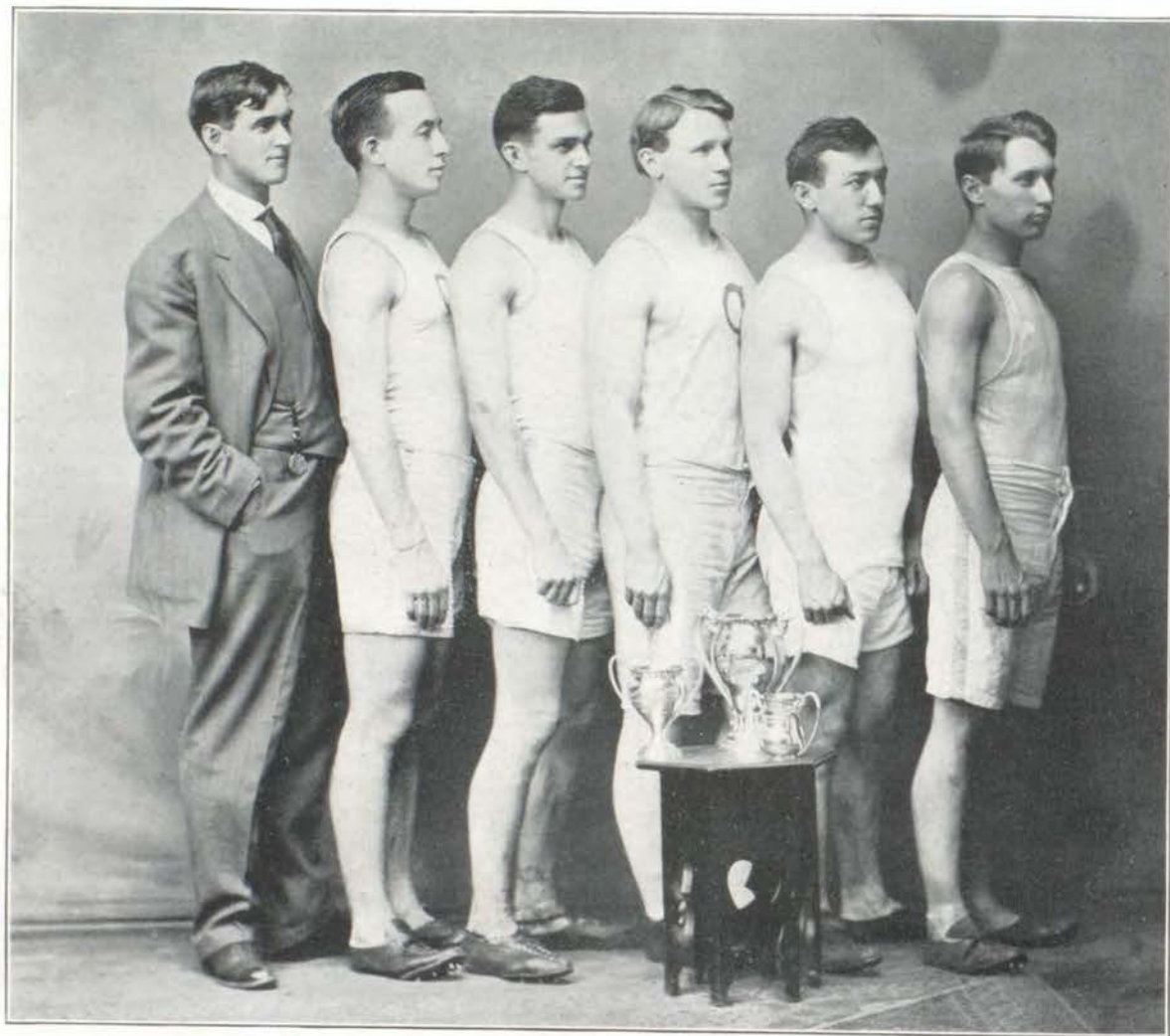
mark in the vault up to 10 feet 10 1-2 inches and lowering the time in the hurdles from 27 to 25 3-5 seconds—within 3-5 seconds of the interscholastic record. Hendrickson won the high hurdles in 16 1-5 seconds, or only two-thirds of a second slower than the interscholastic record in this race, and got second in the low hurdles. When one considers the muddy condition of the track, the time made in these events was remarkable and had the track been in good shape, the records would have probably been shattered. Although Morse and Reber also scored points, we still had not enough to win and again had the misfortune to lose.

However, the track and field championship of the two schools will be definitely decided May 13 in the Manual-Central dual meet. The contest will undoubtedly be close, for, although Manual has a few men good enough to win a meet like the M. V. I. A. A., in which over ten teams compete, Central has more men not quite so good, yet fast enough to win points in a dual meet.

The Kansas University High School meet follows one week after the Manual-Central. Here also the competition between the two schools will be interesting, as it will be little more than a dual contest between the two schools.

Both of these meets the track team expects to win, and it is safe to say that even if it does not succeed, it will acquit itself with honor to itself and credit to the school, and bring back its share of the medals.

HAROLD MOFFET, '10.



RELAY TEAM

Mr. Hamilton Hendrickson Woodbury Reber Catron Todd



SENIOR TRACK TEAM

Mr. Hamilton
Chandler

Slaughter
Gould

Bower
Woodbury

Wilkinson
Hendrickson

Allison
Bourbon

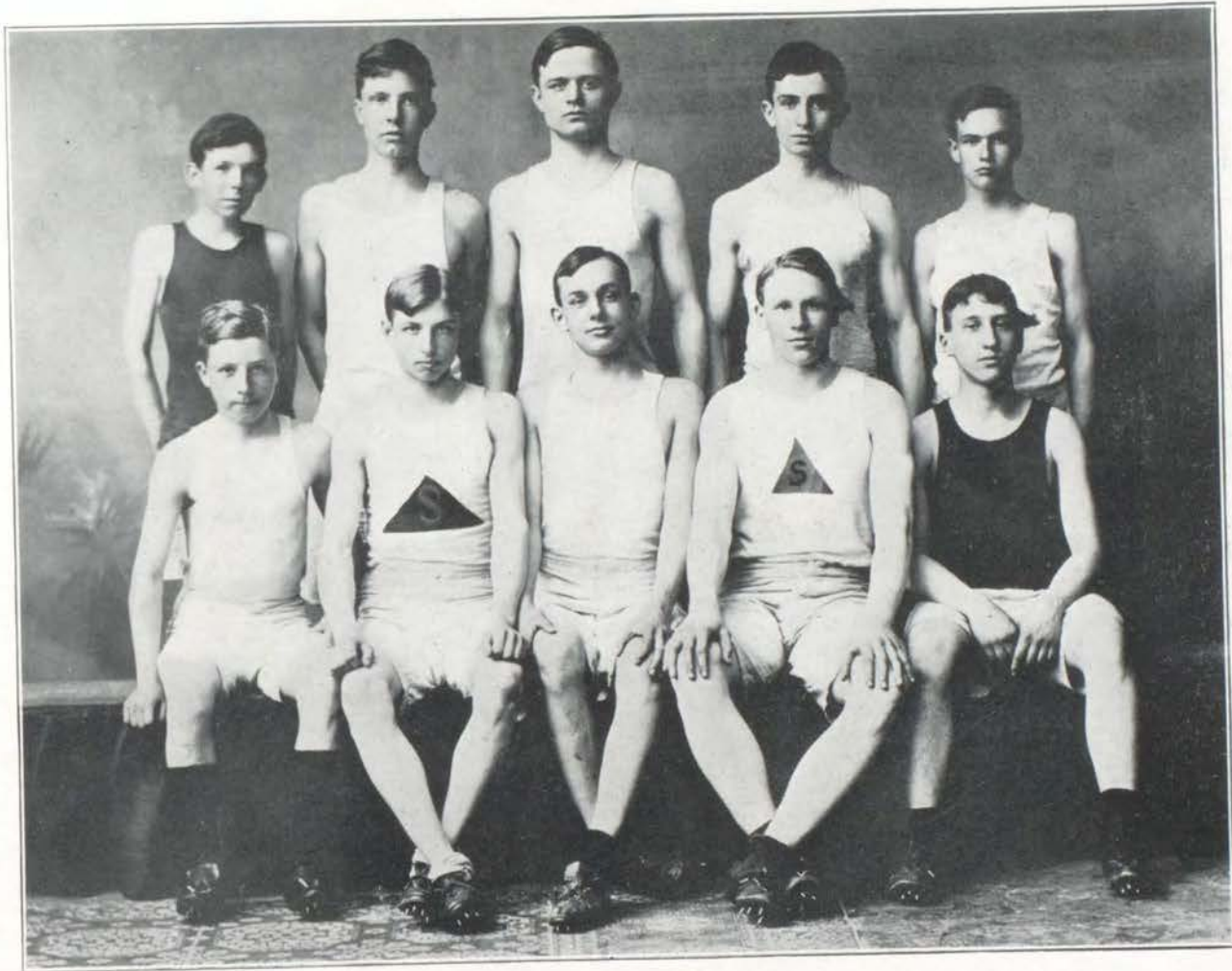
Edwards
O'Brien

Pelofsky
Halsey



JUNIOR TRACK TEAM

Stengel	Evans	Zwort	Goldman	Wilson	Maloney	Hirsch	Cook
Bidwell	Armour	Knight	Davis	Austin	Pypes	Trembly	



SOPHOMORE TRACK TEAM

Reynolds
Martin

Lane
Hurst

Leach
Clayton

Campbell
Reber

Witherspoon
Weinberger



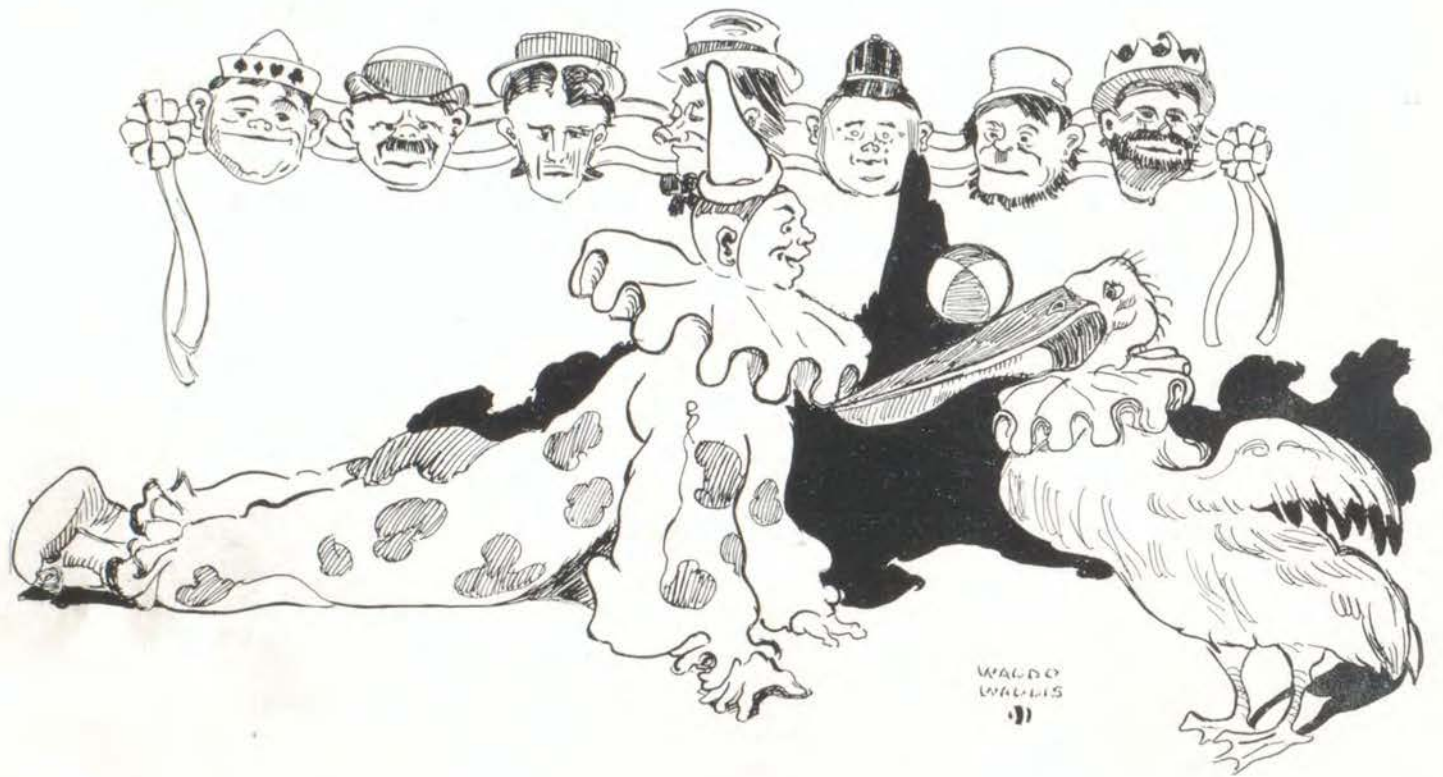
FRESHMAN TRACK TEAM

Menze	Lawless	Farrell	Reardon	Barrett	Erwin	Watkins	Watterman	Dietrich	Ira
Webster	Bagby	Norton	Levy	Morse	Malden	Lesser	Cauverin	Knappenberger	Entrekin

LOCALS



EXCHANGES



The Perils of the Time.

"Chug-chug!"

"Br-r-r! br-r-r!"

"Honk-honk!"

"Gilligillug-gilligillug!"

The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy cross streets.

He looked about. An automobile was rushing at him from one direction, a motor-cycle from another, an auto truck was coming from behind and a taxicab was speedily approaching.

"Zip-zip! Zing-glug!"

He looked up and saw directly above him a runaway airship in rapid descent.

There was but one chance. He was standing upon a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it, he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole, just in time to be run over by a sub-train.—Ex.

Mr. Dillenbeck: "Now here comes the apparition."
Enter the janitor.

Teacher: "When was Richard III most like an American boy?"

Lyle Hayes: "When he would have given his kingdom for a 'pony.'"



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School Sessions, Summer Months, 8 a. m. to 12 m.

A School-Room Incident.

The boy strolled slowly to his seat ;
 His face with joy was beaming ;
 He slowly sank into his seat,
 And on the desk was leaning.
 The boy rose quickly from his seat,
 His face with pain was drawn ;
 He took from off the seat a pin ;
 The look of joy was gone!

—Georgia I. Hooker.



FIGURE OF SPEECH—A MERE DROP IN THE BUCKET.



A LIGHT DIET

Mr. Ayes (while turning a wheel): "You see this wheel is being turned by a crank."

Bright Student in history: "The Gauls are descendants of the Alps mountains."

Miss Morgan: "What is the word for twenty?"

Bright Student: "Vicissem (we kiss 'em)."

Earle Moore: "You bet we do."

Herbert Wright (in German): "He coolly stretched his beard." Well, we've heard of rubber necks, but beards!!

Mr. Lewis (on March 17th): "This is not 'blue Monday.'"

Our illuminous editor-in-chief: "No, but it's green Wednesday."

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Lowest Price "*Sampeck*";
no skimping in workmanship be-
cause you pay less. The Inimitable
Fitability and Becomingness is
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SOME EVENTS OF THE SCHOOL YEAR.

RIP VAN WINKLE RETURNED.



CENTRAL SHOOK DOWN SOME JUICY ONES

IN THE MUNICIPAL CONTEST.

WALDO WALKS



WE WERE CHEERED BY THE FREQUENT APPEARANCE OF THESE.



THE ... TWO ... CHAMPS ...



WHAZZAMATTER WITH MOORE, WILKINSON, CONNOR AND FRANK!!!



THE CHRISTMAS PLAY BROUGHT CROWDED HOUSES



HENRY AND HELEN GO TO SAINT LOUIS.



THE TRACK MEN BREAK SOME RECORDS

The Value of a Business Education in Dollars and Sense

Investment.

Tuition, unlimited scholarship in both the commercial and stonographic branches, with privilege of review at any time, including Bookkeeping, Corporation Bookkeeping, Banking, Commercial Law, Shorthand.....\$100.00
Books and stationery, Typewriting, Penmanship, Commercial Arithmetic, Spelling and Business Correspondence...\$15.00

Profit.

By taking the above course you can increase your earnings all the way from \$10.00 to \$100.00 per month, which is equivalent to interest on different amounts as follows:

Increased earnings at \$10 per month for one year is..\$	120.00
\$120 is equivalent to 6% annual interest on.....	2,000.00
Increased earnings at \$20 per month for one year is..	240.00
\$240 is equivalent to 6% annual interest on.....	4,000.00
Increased earnings at \$50 per month for one year is..	600.00
\$600 is equivalent to 6% annual interest on.....	10,000.00
Increased earnings at \$100 per month for one year is..	1,200.00
\$1,200 is equivalent to 6% annual interest on.....	20,000.00

Do you know of any investment that will equal this?

A practical business education is invaluable to any one from any view point, for it not only enables one to earn more money but to keep it as well. It is different from any other commodity, because you can buy most anything, any time in your life, if you have the money to buy it with, but if you do not get an education when you are young, comparatively speaking, you never will get it. Then, again, it lasts while life and reason exist. It cannot be taken away from you. The more you use it, the more you learn and the more you make out of it. It gives you self-respect and confidence, as well as the

respect of every class of persons, both rich and poor.

If you will give this matter one hour's calm, reflective and intelligent consideration you will be convinced that you are losing every month from \$10.00 to \$100.00, which you will see is equivalent to the interest on the above investment, simply for the lack of a small investment, a little time and a reasonable amount of energy. Can you afford to do this?

Thousands of positions for competent stenographers and bookkeepers are being offered in Kansas City, one of the most progressive, up-to-date commercial centers in the United States. The United States Government also offers thousands of positions to those passing the Civil Service examinations with steady employment, sure pay and opportunities for advancement.

If you are not earning a good salary or are not in line for promotion it is certainly your own fault. If you desire to prepare for a good paying situation you should make a start at once, even though you cannot arrange to enter school right away. If you are employed you can secure a scholarship and pay for it on easy terms and take either penmanship, shorthand or bookkeeping by correspondence, free of charge, until you enter school. In this way you can be earning and learning at the same time, and it will likely save you from 2 to 4 months' time in school, which is equivalent to whatever salary you would receive at the other end of your course.

There is only one way to get anything worth while, and that is to get it. There are two classes of people who never amount to anything. The first class is those who never get started and the second class is those who start and quit. Yesterday is past, tomorrow never comes, therefore write us today fully in regard to the way you are situated concerning attending college, and we will be pleased to work together with you to the end that you may get the very best in the way of a practical education and at the earliest date possible; also in a way that will suit your convenience.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE,

18th YEAR

1312-14 GRAND AVE., K. C. MO.



COMING TO THE POINT.



Budding Poet: "Why did you give me two dollars more for this poem than for the last?"

Full-blown Editor: "Because it's two stanzas shorter."

Chestarfeld

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--Has Character

--Fits Perfectly

--Is Stylish

These assets make "Chestarfeld" the best Clothing on the market today.

If it is fit which has been hard for you to get—"Chestarfeld" is the Clothing to remedy that.

If it is poor material or patterns which has been your trouble—"Chestarfeld" is the Clothing to help you out of that difficulty.

If it is the mediocre style and careless workmanship which has incensed you against ready-made Suits—"Chestarfeld" is the Clothing to put them back into your good graces.

Right now we are making our most complete showing. "Chestarfeld" Suits are priced from \$25.00 to \$45.00.

Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Scene—Central Lunch Room.

Time—12:45 p. m.

(On the left of the stage is a counter upon which are sitting kettles of bean soup. A large crowd is surging toward it, on the outskirts of which is Clarence Connor).

Clarence:

“Is this some bean soup which I see before me,
With crackers and real beans? Come, let me seize thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, dearest bean soup, better far
For tasting than for sight? or art thou only
Bean soup of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from my heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form more delicious
Than I have ever seen.
Thou seem'st to me a nectar of the gods;
And such a beverage I'd gladly have.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And towards thy steaming surface scores of hands
Stretched forward as before. There's no such thing:
It is my heart's desire which informs
Thus to mine eyes”——

Mentor: “Here, young man, stop that raving and wait your turn. You'll get your bean soup soon enough.”

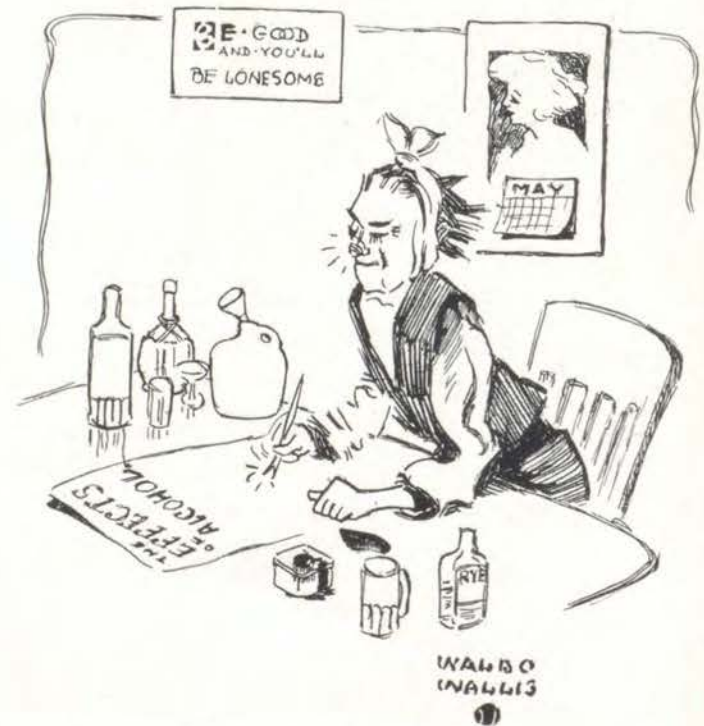
Janet Vanderwater: “Well, when a person is in love, a sort of poetical feeling comes over him.”

Why, Janet! Does this account for that gold medal in the Inter-Society contest?

Donald Allison had just delivered his oration on “Success.”

“It's object,” said Mr. Dillenbeck, “is to move.”

“It certainly succeeded in moving us to tears,” said Margaret McElroy, aside.



FIGURES OF SPEECH—FULL OF HIS SUBJECT.



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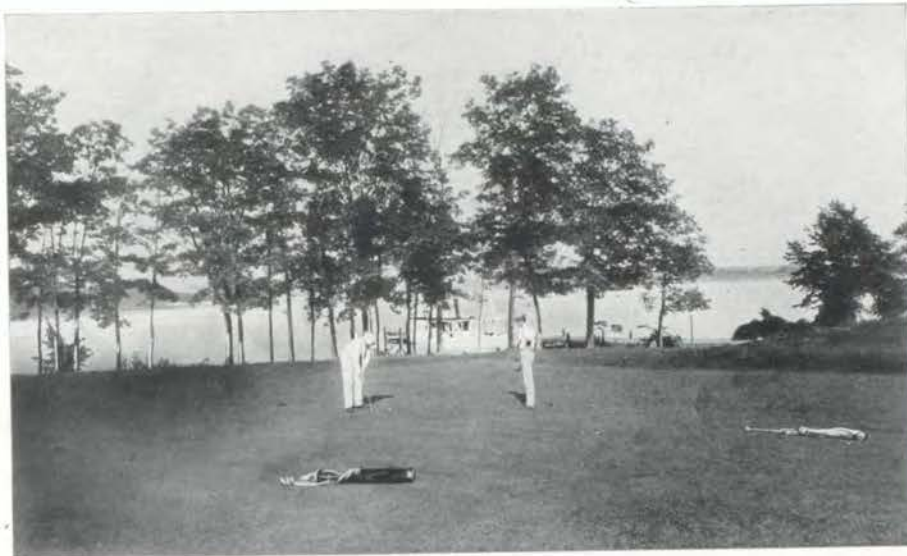
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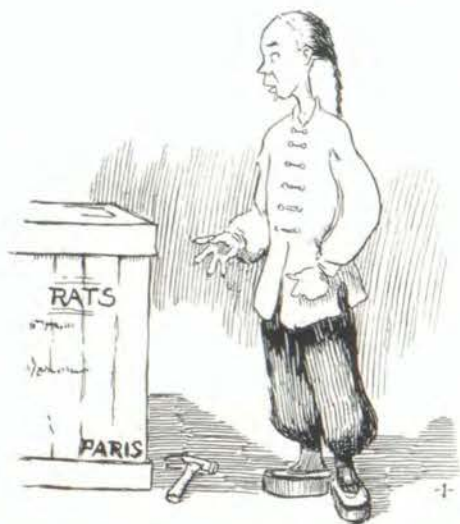
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The Gods and Goddesses and Their Understudies.

Juno (goddess of jealousy), Marian Rider.

Minerva (goddess of wisdom), Charles Garnett in disguise.

Venus (goddess of love). So many claim this that we have not decided yet.

Diana (goddess of the chase), Lyle Hayes.

Vesta (the old maid goddess), Helen Vickers.

Mars (god of fight), Charles Stengel.

Vulcan (god of fire), "Red."

Pan (god of the pipe), Clark Hanna.

Pluto (king of Hades), Horace Mitchell.

Apollo (god of music), Donald Allison.

Mercury (the winged messenger), Lowell Rush.

Neptune (god of the sea [C.]), Frank Welsh.

Bacchus (god of wine), Frank Catron.

Proserpine (queen of Hades), Lucia Bowen.

Thor (The god of thunder), Meredith Knappenberger.

The Seven Wonders of Central.

1. The Liliputian, Ralph Bower.
2. The world's greenest thing, James Swofford.
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4. Allan Griffin's modest socks.
5. The world's greatest athlete, "Tod" Woodbury.
6. Charles Garnett's free hot air.
7. Alice Donaldson's grin.

Teacher (to a girl in Soph. English): "Describe Lord Crawford in 'Quentin Durward.'"

Girl: "Lord Crawford was a respectable, polished, and upright man."

Brilliant Soph. (to one across the aisle): "That sounds like a piano to me."

Junior (who is enthusiastic over "Paradise Lost"): "However, I did not become absorbed 'till I got to hell."

Miss Rosenberger: "Have you a Longman-Green's edition of 'Quentin Durward,' Henry?"

Henry H.: "Yes'm."

Miss R.: "How do you know?"

Henry: "Well, it's a long green book."

Plays at Central.

The Music Master.....Austin
Buster Brown.....Sanford
The Time }Seventh hour
The Place.. }Near "Luminary" office
The Girl ... }Majorie S.
Our Boys.....The Basket Ball Team
The Gingerbread Man.....Ray Van Buren
A Lover's Complaint.....Too much lunch for 5c
The Chorus Lady.....Marian Rider
Classmates.....Roscoe and Clarence
Carrots.....Loren Brown
Girls Will Be Girls.....Dorothy and Kathryn
The Lion and the Mouse.....Tod and Lyle
Cupid at (Vassar) Central.....Ralph Bower
The Girl of the Golden West.....Marea Lee Newby
Drifting Apart.....Martha and Donald
Lend Me Five (shillings) Cents.....Coleman Fraizer

Mary Levite (in elocution): "He stretched forth his eyes to meet her's." Will wonders never cease!

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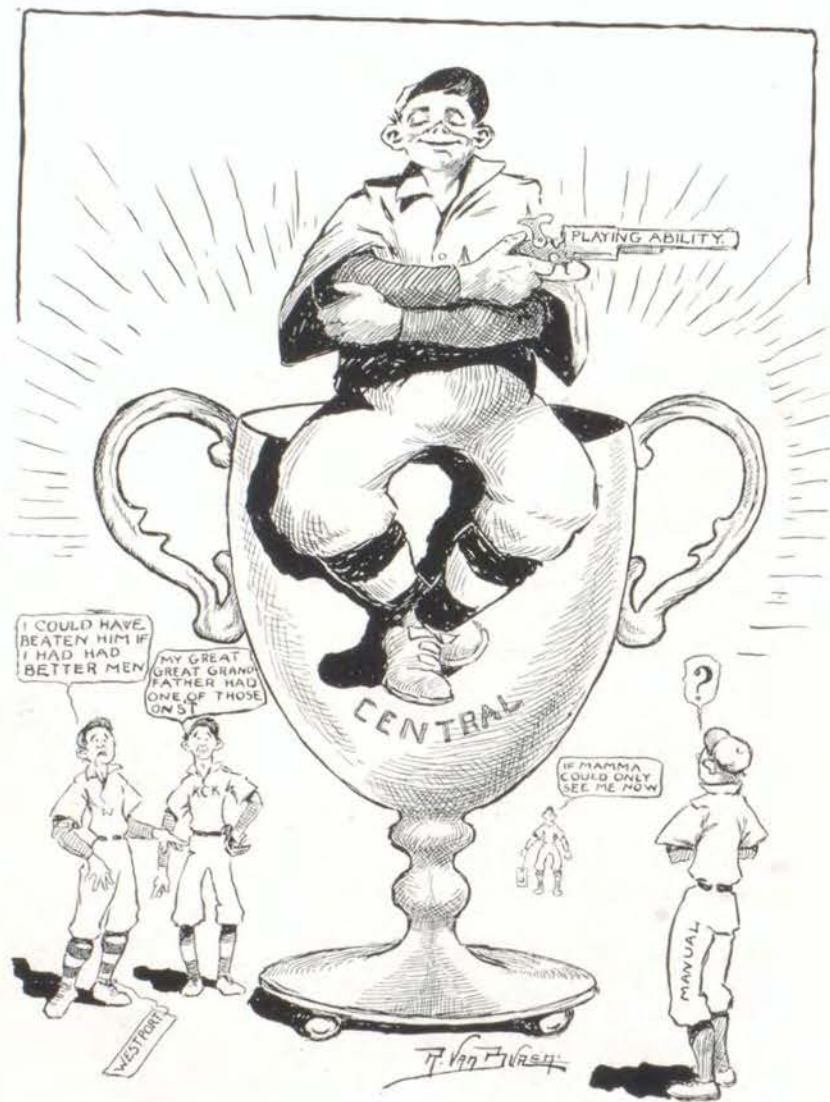
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P.: "But the distance is only a mile and one-half."

D.: "Usually, sir, but we skidded."—Ex.

He: "Fifty miles an hour! Are you brave?"

She (swallowing another pint of dust): "Yes, dear; I'm full of grit."—Ex.

"What did Jones do when he found that they were going to arrest the owners of motors, and not the chauffeurs, in all cases of exceeding the speed limit?"

"He put every car he owns in his wife's name."—Ex.

Wise: "He is planning to build very low priced automobiles."

Browne: "That is a great business undertaking."

Wise: "It also means a great undertaking business."—
—Ex.

"Oily to bed, and oily to rise,

Is the fate of a man when an auto he buys."—Ex.

"I must confess," growled the automobile tourist, "that I can't see why so many people want to come here. No scenery, no amusements, no good things to eat—absolutely no attractions."

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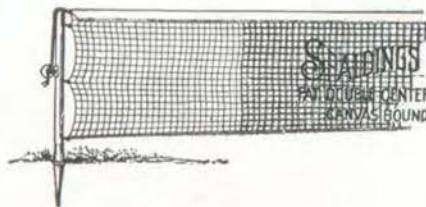
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