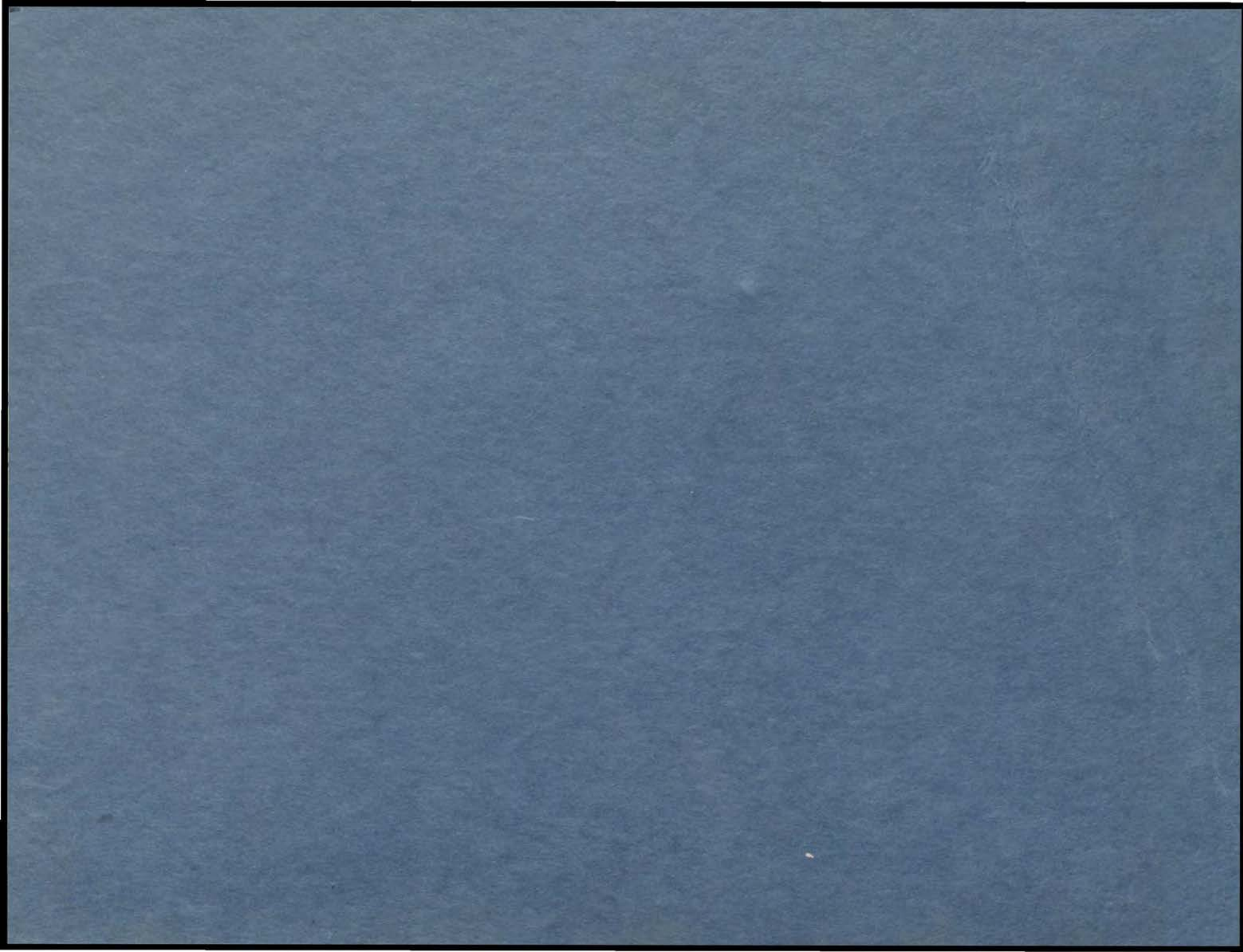
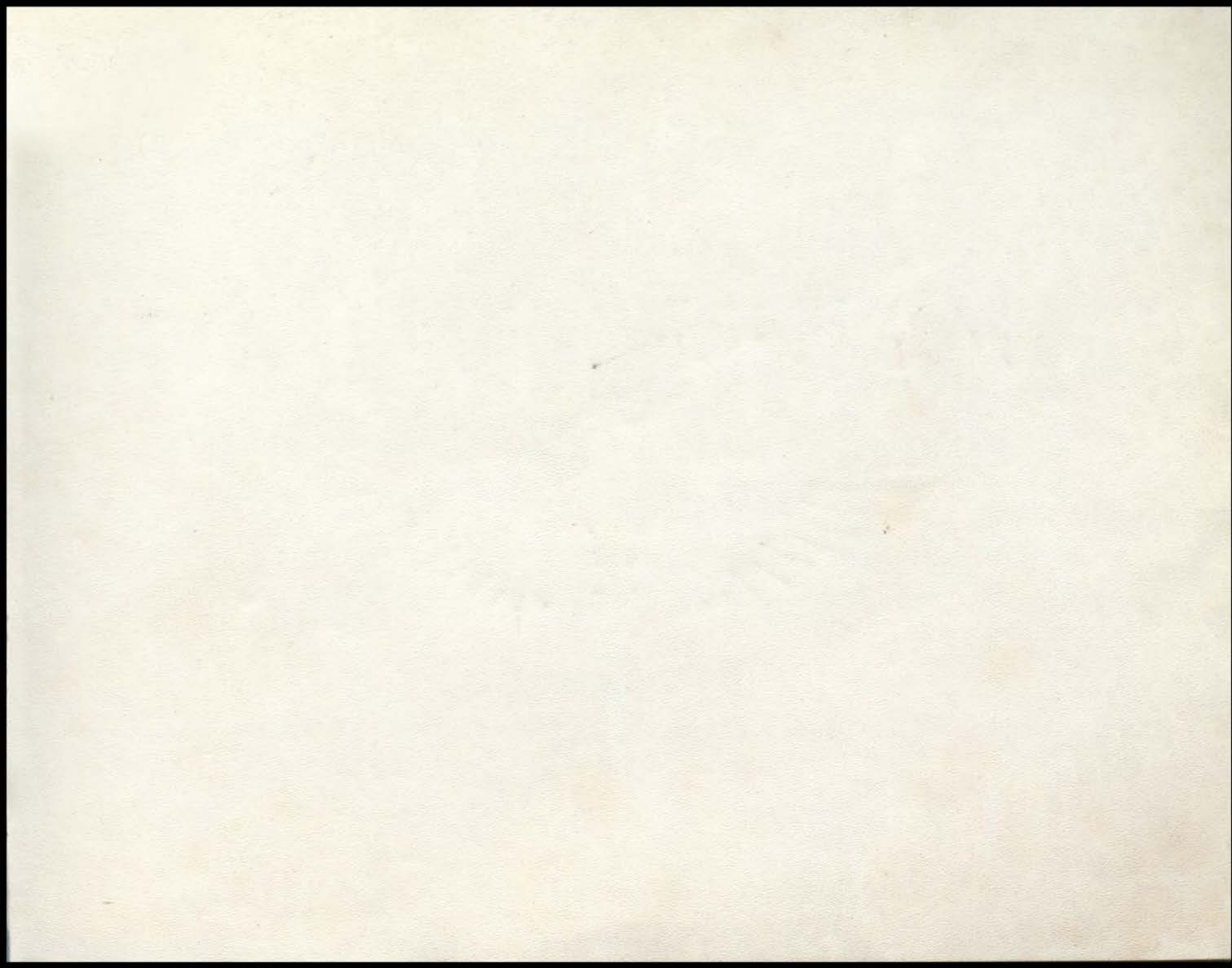


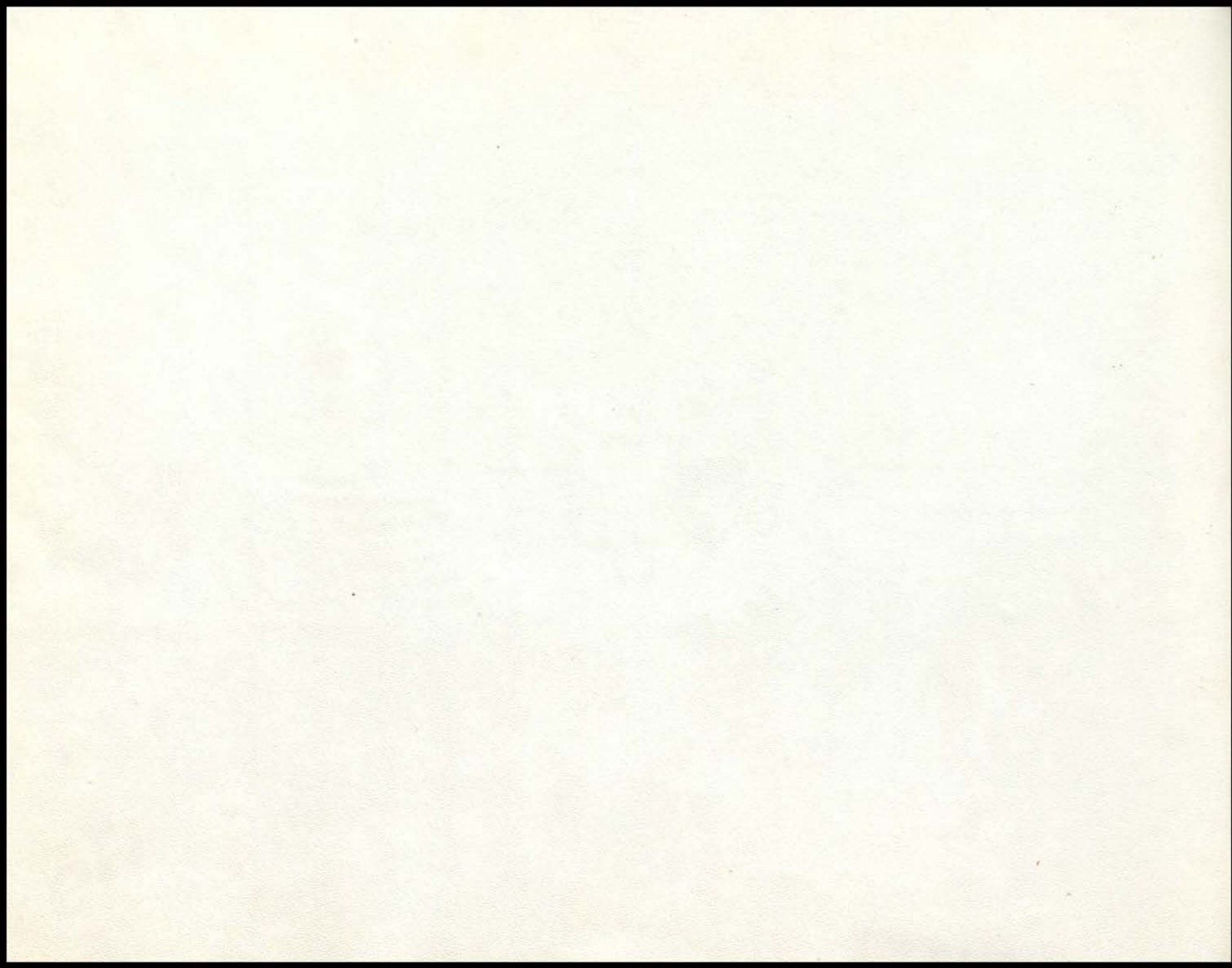
THE
CENTRALIAN



1914







The Centralian

1914

PUBLISHED BY

THE LUMINARY STAFF

OF 1913-14

C. H. S.

VOLUME SIXTEEN



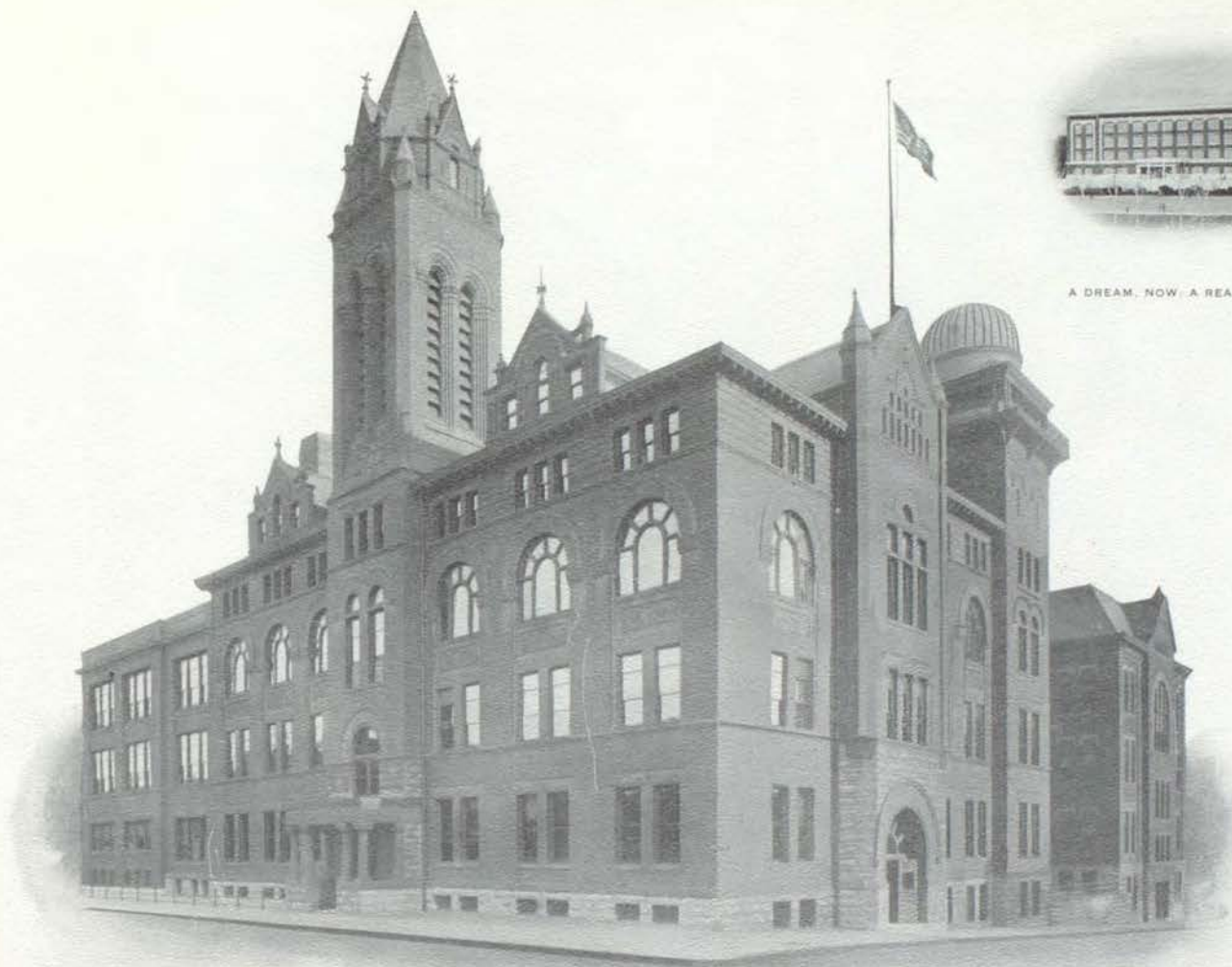
Affectionately dedicated

to

Old Central

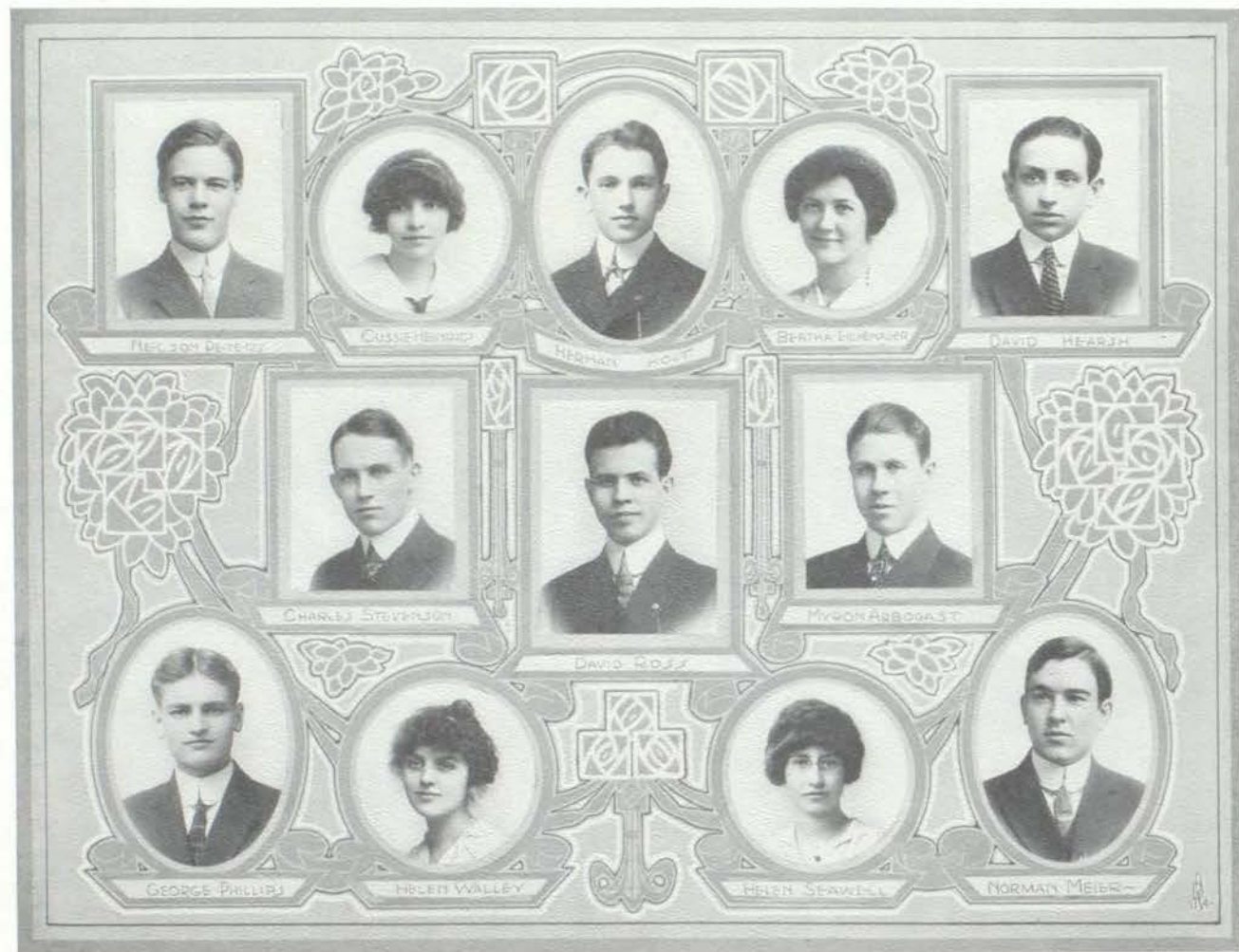
from whose halls have come those
who, ever keeping in mind the
ideals of their alma mater,
have been powers
in the world's
progress.





A DREAM. NOW, A REALITY, 1915

Central High School



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The Luminary Staff

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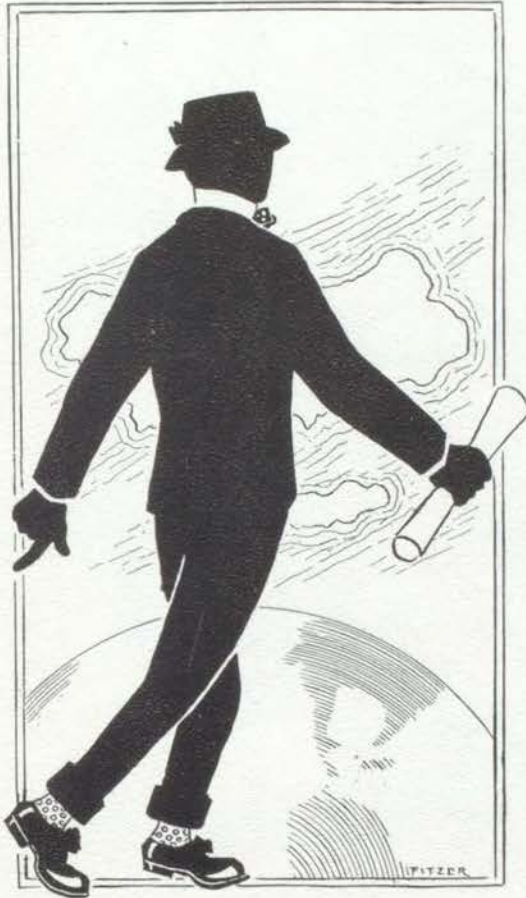
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English



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Physical Culture



The Classes

The Seniors

When each senior class acclaims itself the greatest in history, no one either disputes or believes the statement, for there is usually about as much sincerity in it as in a history book report, and as much originality. The custom is a time-honored one that we accept along with our parents and our religion.

If you asked the greatest achievement of the class, I should state it as the sum of our successes, of which this book is the memoir. We have maintained the most vigorous intellectual, social, and moral life that has ever existed in any Kansas City school. This is a record of which we are proud, but it is not the achievement we will remember long. We shall always think of the boys and girls who have made this possible by their glorious spirit of youth and fellowship. So, in the far, dim future when the autumnal years have borne their harvest and the spring is but a memory, not only will we remember our record with pride, but the members of the class of nineteen fourteen will recall with a mist of tears in their eyes and a flood of love in their hearts the splendid group of young men and women that went forth in that year from the traditional portals of Central to battle for the right and to conquer.

Senior Class Organization

President DAVID ROSS
Vice-President MARY CASEY
Secretary NORRIS RIDER
Treasurer DONALD MCGINNIS
Sergeant-at-Arms LLOYD VINCENT
Giftoorian ROSS RAINSBURG

Senior Committees

Class Day Committee	Invitation Committee	Gift Committee
Leonora Showalter, Chairman	Norman Meier, Chairman	Ross Rainsburg, Chairman
Helen Seawell	Nelson Peters	Meryl Leavel
Helen Estes	Leona Schoenmaker	Frank Strieby
Frank Clements	William Malone	
Charles Stevenson	Gussie Heinrici	

Class Day Exercises

Program

1. Address of Class President David Ross
2. Sketch Roberta Cuddy, Himey White, Frank Clements
3. Dance of Spring Senior Girls
4. Pianologue Myron Arbogast and Charles Stevenson
5. Presentation of Class Gift Ross D. Rainsburg
6. Acceptance of Class Gift Fred Suddarth
7. "To Central" School

The Senior Officers



David Newman Ross

Senior President, '14
 Editor-in-Chief Luminary, '14
 Capt. Affirmative Debate Team, '14
 Debate Team, '13, '14
 Gold Medal, Literary Contest, Verse, '13
 Silver Medal, Literary Contest, Debate, '14
 Second, Luminary Story Contest, '12
 Award W. C. T. U., '13
 President S. L. H., '14
 Senior Ballot: Man who has done most for Central

Is a very busy man of affairs, but quite human withal.

William Norris Rider

Senior Secretary, '14
 School Baseball Team, '13, '14
 "C" Man, Baseball, '13, '14
 Class Baseball Team, '13
 School Track, '12, '13, '14
 "C" Man Track, '13, '14
 Class Track, '12, '13, '14
 Track Captain, '14
 Relay Team, '14
 Class Baseball, '14
 Webster Club
 Senior Ballot: Central's foremost athlete.

"P. A."—Papa's Angel!

Lloyd James Vincent

Senior Sergeant-at-Arms, '14
 School Baseball Team, '14
 "C" Man Baseball, '14
 Baseball Squad, '13
 Class Track, '11
 Shakespeare Club
 Kelvin Klub

Is a Sunday School teacher.

Mary Casey

Senior Vice-President, '14
 First, Essay, W. C. T. U., '13
 Silver Medal, Literary Contest, Essay, '12
 Honorable Mention Luminary Story Contest, '14
 President Shakespeare, '13

Loves to wear green. Refuses to be called Kelley, however.

Donald McGinnis

Senior Treasurer, '14
 Junior Treasurer, '13
 Junior Prom. Committee, '13
 President S. L. H.
 Journalistic Club
 German Club
 Senior Ballot: Most popular boy.

Almost as nice as his sister. Makes no enemies. Blushes beautifully.

Ross Dorrance Rainsburg

Senior Gift Giver, '14
 Junior Gift Receiver, '13
 Debate Team, '13
 President Websters, '13
 President Journalistic Club

Cannot fall in love—has to be pushed in and held under. (Several folks objected to this, but ice put it in anyway.)



The Class of 1914



Irene Adams

An object of interest to a certain young man on account of the fancied resemblance to a certain young lady of Westport.

Myron W. Arbogast

Luminary Staff, '14
Class Track, '10
President Spanish Club, '13
Webster Club

Talks German dialect, but makes a humorous hero even in such a serious thing as a case.

Katharine Margaret Allen

Silver Medal Literary Contest,
Verse, '13
Silver Medal Literary Contest,
Verse, '14
Christmas Play, '12
Shakespeare Club
Journalistic Club
German Club
Choral Club

*Official Central poetess.
Teases beautifully.*

Mary Arnold

So quiet that she might almost be mistaken for an underclassman.

Fred Baxter

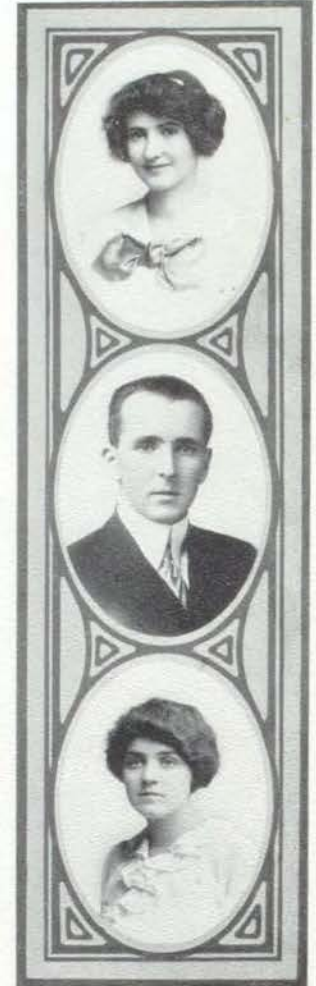
Kelvin Klub

Has the profile of a matinee idol.

Annie Austin

S. L. H.
Choral Club

Objects to being made the Southern authority on the slavery question.



The Class of 1914—Continued



Sadie Bardin

The mirror of all courtesy.

Will Brown

*Holds aloof from the vulgar
mob.
Far be it from us to criticise
such an illustrious being.*

Lucille Beck

*Someone says she is the sweet-
est girl that ever lived.*

Edith Bennett

*Shall I not take mine ease
in mine schoolroom?*

Paul Erskine Bindley

Glee Club
*Entertains Mr. Smith with
tardy excuses.
Official sleeper in Room 36.*

Eula Bennett

*Titian haired. Her cheeks
are as red as roses—and they
are natural, too.*



The Class of 1914—Continued .



Elizabeth Bersuch

A little girl with a pleasing manner.

Earl Bryson

Baseball Squad, '12
Class Baseball, '10, '11, '12
Class Track, '10, '11

As good-natured as he ought to be.

Anna Best

"Seeking the bubble reputation" in the wrong direction.

Eva Boterf

The smile that won't come off.

Bruce Childs

Wears a check suit and corise tie. Nuff said.

Marie Estelle Buchanan

Shakespeare Club
Journalistic Club
Spanish Club
Choral Club
Senior Ballot: Jolly good girl.

"She's beautiful and therefore to be wooed." Delightfully piquant.



The Class of 1914—Continued



Lucy Burre

*"Beyond the mark of others."
"Fair as a star when only
one is shining in the sky."*

Frank Bannister Clements

Debate Team, '14
Christmas Play, '12
President C. S. C., '14
Kelvin Klub
Senior Ballot: Worse grafter.
*Would have made Demos-
thenes dumb with envy.*

Geneva Burrus

Class B. B., '11, '12
Choral Club
*An innocent expression is
certainly a boon to a mischiev-
ous child.*

Gladys Campbell

Again the invincible Psyche.

Ray Cosby

*"He hath not fed of the
dainties of the book."*

Virginia Carey

*She of the dark, romantic
type.*





Thelma Cash

"Our revels now are ended."

Ray Cubine

Skinny's Satellite.

Gertrude Gladys Chorn

Gold Medal, Literary Contest,
Declamation, '14
Christmas Play, '13
S. L. H.

*Expects to play the part of
heroine in real life.*

Margaret Catherine Chorn

Journalistic Club

*Has been faithful despite his
previous exit and the many re-
maining opportunities.*

Forrest Dellinger

*Would have made an excel-
lent mediaeval knight with
such a name.*

Mamie Croft

Spanish Club

*Would probably collapse if
she ever made a noise.*





Roberta Cuddy

Minerva

*The latest. Far from an
"old maid!"*

Harold Fenton

Has beautiful brown eyes.

Edythe Wyotta Cutler

Shakespeare Club
Journalistic Club
Choral Club

Senior Ballot: Worst boy fus-
ser.

*"Delicia"—One of the origin-
al triangle, later expanded to
a rectangle.*

Gladys Dissinger

*The Amazons were wonder-
ful women,*

Ralph A. Goodman

Spanish Club

Makes a good treasurer.

Catherine Dougherty

Girls' Track Team, '13
President German Club, '14
S. L. H.

*Quality, not quantity. Wears
an aureole of intensified sun-
shine.*



The Class of 1914—Continued



Margaret Duncan

*Not so meek and gentle as
Macbeth's first victim.*

Clinton Guy

*Is as quiet as quiet can be.
Has ministerial temperament.*

Bertha Eichenauer

Luminary Staff, '14
Shakespeare Club

*The human enigma—leaves a
puzzled expression on everyone
who meets her.*

Dorothy Louise Elder

Aristonian Society
Journalistic Club
Spanish Club

*"Napoleon" — Small, viva-
cious, and altogether all right.*

Hugh P. Haynes

Kelvin Klub

*Will be a science teacher
yet.*

Helen Ellsworth

President Minervas

*The charming, flaxen-haired,
blue-eyed type.*





Helen Estes

Aristonian Society
Journalistic Club
Senior Ballot: Girl Beau
Brummel.

*Has blossomed forth this
year under the influence of a
"case."*

David Hearsh

Luminary Staff, '14
Junior Sergeant-at-Arms, '13
Capt. Negative Debate, '14
Debate Team, '13, '14
Gold Medal, Literary Contest,
Debate, '14
Webster Club

*His long pants still embar-
rass him.*

Ethel Falk

Minerva
*Ought to wear pansies for
thoughts.*

Madeline Farley

S. L. H.
Choral Club

*Always has a smile with her.
A good "opera singer."*

Harry Horovitz

*Wouldn't harm a flea if it
bit him.*

Florence Feely

*"In her brain she hath
strange places crammed with
observation."*



The Class of 1914—Continued



Carrie Flicker

A real student.

Bernard Jackson

Needs an interpreter.

Rose Gerson

Choral Club

Noted for her angelic disposition.

Amy Gilliland

Just a visitor at Central for awhile.

Ben Jacobson

Almost "A" debater.

Ruth Gilwee

Orchestra.

Is irrepresible. An excellent companion for a rainy day.



The Class of 1914—Continued



Ruth Graham

She actually dares to disagree with her teachers.

Archie Josephson

As bad as his name—if not worse.

Eleanor Griffes

Aristonian Club
Dresses for the part of a "boy fusser," but never "fusses."

Gladys A. Harries

Choral Club
Strong on the ethereal, aesthetic dancing.

Edward Kruse

Central Shakespeare Club
Kelvin Klub
Champion "Casino" player of the C. S. C.

Gussie Catharine Heinrici

Luminary Staff, '14
President S. L. H., '13
Journalistic Club
Choral Club
Senior Ballot: Worst politician.
Well known as the "Motor Maid." Her smile just can't be forgotten.



The Class of 1914—Continued



Lydia Hellwig

Class B. B., '14
Girls' Track Team, '13

*No one would ever suspect
her athletic tendencies.*

Eugene Lindsay

Is too serious to be wicked.

Mary Holbrook

German Club
Choral Club

*Does not often look like her
picture.*

Mary Holsinger

*Looks as if she could be
trusted.*

Henry Lueth

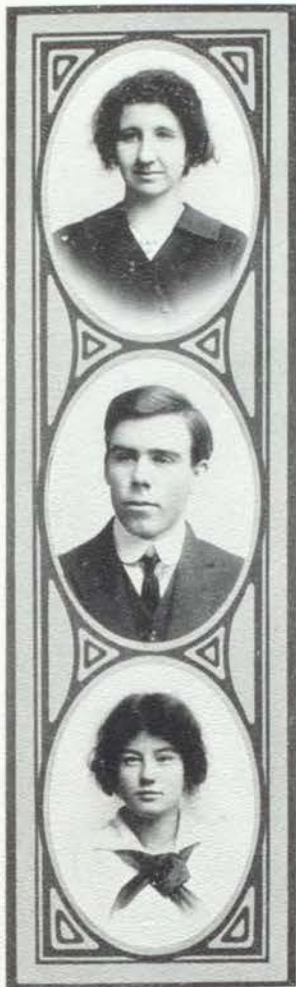
*Here for a sure enough edu-
cation.*

Mabel Hyatt

*Gets scared if a teacher looks
at her too hard.*



The Class of 1914—Continued



Ruth Jenkins

Refuses to behave according to family precedents.

Frank Maggard

Class Baseball, '14
German Club
Kelvin Klub

Is undecided whether to.

Constance Kelley

Minerva

*Wittiest Irisher in Central—
some toastmistress.*

Mamie Kerns

Choral Club

Says "Ae" in amazement every time Mr. Smith makes a remark.

William Malone

Silver Medal, Literary Contest,
Essay, '14
Webster Club

Prospective sailor lad. Passed the stiffest exam ever given in Central.

Jo Grace Kinnear

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."



The Class of 1914—Continued *



Bessie Klebansky

Has been faithful to Tillie during four years.

Harold W. Martin

Bets on everything, even Burton.

Beatrice Klein

Class B. B., '10, '11, '13, '14
President Choral Club

A familiar landmark for several years.

Frances Kreeger

President Aristonians, '14

Universally known as Phoebe—the girl with the sunny hair. A devotee of the Webster pin.

Lawrence Martz

Webster Club
Kelvin Klub

A bashful Webster!

Laura Meryl Leavel

Third Prize, Luminary Story, '14

Honorary Mention, Luminary Story, '13, '14

Junior Prom. Committee, '13

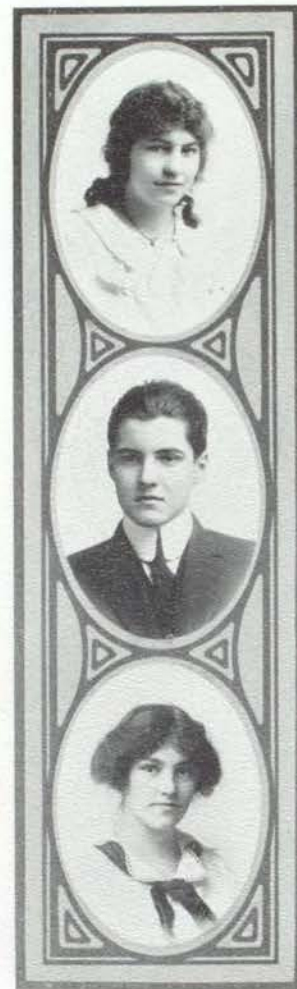
Girls' Tennis Champion, '12

President Journalistic Club

Shakespeare Club

Spanish Club

She it is that might rightly say "Veni, vidi, vici"—especially in the tennis line.



The Class of 1914—Continued



Mamie Levine

Her "ear-muffs" are not usually so pronounced. Says she knows nothing, but talks on.

Richard McGoon

Track Team, '13, '14
"C" Man Track
Relay Team, '14
Class Baseball, '14

Will be handsome some day when he gets plump.

Anna Lindeman

"Beshrew me, but she hath a quick wit."

Jannett Mackenzie

She wears the Highland plaid.

Norman Charles Meier

Luminary Staff, '14
Honorary Mention, Luminary Story, '13
Award W. C. T. U., '13
Class Track, '11
President Webster Club, '14
President Kelvin Klub, '13

Despite his good looks he is still modest, businesslike, and retiring.

Lois Marsh

Always appears to have something of utmost importance to do every minute.



The Class of 1914—Continued .



Grace Marshall

Has managed to pass through Central four years without being slammed. We won't begin now.

John R. Moberly

C. S. C.
Takes after his little brother.

Marie McChan

Modest stillness and mystery.

Hattie McConnell

President Spanish Club
Minerva

Wonderful, wonderful, most wonderful.

Ralph Lewis Morse

Capt. B. B. Team, '14
"C" Man B. B., '11, '13, '14
B. B. Squad, '10
Class B. B., '10, '11, '13
"C" Man Track, '10, '11, '13, '14
Class Track, '10, '11
Relay Team, '13, '14

Has a cherubic expression, but oh!—

Elizabeth McCuiston

"Oh, you great big blue-eyed doll."



The Class of 1914—Continued



Belle McDonald

Class B. B. Team, '12, '13, '14
 Class Track, '11, '12, '13
 President Minervas, '14
 Choral Club
 Senior Ballot: Best girl athlete.

*Once she had a black eye.
 For further details inquire of
 C. S. P. S.*

Robert Muckley

*Takes refuge in silence. (Sh!
 his father is a preacher.)*

Dorothy McGinnis

President S. L. H., '14
 President German Club, '14

*Really labors on committees.
 Is delightful, nevertheless.*

Catherine McIntyre

*The only titian-haired female
 without a temper.*

Loren G. Peck

Webster Club
*A small boy surrounding a
 big voice.*

Virginia Mihelic

*"She hath immortal longings
 in her."*



The Class of 1914—Continued



Ruth Miller

Minerva
German Club
Choral Club
Reasons with life.

Fredus Nelson Peters, Jr.

Junior Secretary, '13
Luminary Staff, '13, '14
Debate Team, '13, '14
German Club
Kelvin Klub
Is as obliging as his father.

Josephine Morse

Choral Club
*Of course you've heard about
the birthday present.*

Dorothy Mosely

Minerva
*"She was ever precise in
promise-keeping."*

Howard A. Yost

*Not noted for pies. Extreme-
ly voluble.*

Gertrude Imogene Northrup

Aristonian Society
Journalistic Club
*"Ignatz"—Loves her nick-
name. Meek and soft-voiced.*



The Class of 1914—Continued



Emma Oppenheimer

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy." Perhaps this explains her.

Kenneth Wright

Spanish Club
Thinks literary clubs too hard work.

Vivien Chapman Ott

Gold Medal, Literary Contest, Story, '14
S. L. H.
An admirer of Virgil. Poor girl!

Townsley Roby

Mr. Smith's pride and joy.

Mary Louise Park

President Shakespeare Club, '14
Journalistic Club
Spanish Club
Choral Club
An untiring worker. Great on tracing up unexpected relatives.

Arnold Rupe

Nice looking infant.



The Class of 1914—Continued •



Mary Pugh

Shakespeare Club
Journalistic Club
German Club

Made the mumps fashionable.

Clifford Ryan

Is it love or coercion?

Helen Reed

Generally in need of a nap.

Arthur Scarritt

*Would not even talk to Gus-
sie.*

Ruby Reich

German Club
A delicate twin.

Henry Schneiderman

*A shark in geographical lo-
cations.*



The Class of 1914—Continued



Ruth Reich

President German Club
The other one—quite undistinguishable to many.

Frank Schockey

(We won't print our real thoughts. We'd be sued for libel.) An angel in disguise.

Austria Ross

Class B. B. Team, '13
Track Team, '13
No relation to the masculine one.

Glenn Sharon

A stubborn soul.

Essie Ruckman

Scrupulously industrious.

Jack Sherwood

S. L. H.
Orchestra
Loves to be called John. A fat, round-faced cynic.



The Class of 1914—Continued.



Anna Rummell

President Aristonian Club
Journalistic Club
German Club

*A truly handsome girl with
a regal figure.*

John Snoddy

*His voice does not match his
pompadour.*

Esther Saller

C. S. C.

*She is my friend, faithful
and just to me.*

Charles Stewart Stevenson

Junior President, '13
Junior Treasurer, '12
Junior Prom. Committee, Chair-
man, '13
Luminary Staff, '13, '14
School B. B. Team, '13, '14
C^o Man B. B., '14
Class B. B., '10, '11, '13
School Track, '11, '14
Class Track, '10, '11, '14
Class Baseball, '14
President Webster Club
Glee Club
Senior Ballot: Jolly good fel-
low.

The soul of modesty

Leona Schoenmaker

President Minervas, '14
Choral Club
Senior Ballot: Most popular
girl.

*Smart, young, pretty, witty.
"A perfect picture."*

Charles Steventon

*"Pete" thinks it a crime to
get to school on time.*



The Class of 1914—Continued



Louise Schutte

Quite chummy with Mr. Smith.

Frank Strieby

"C" man, Track, '13, '14
Track, '13, '14
Class B. B., '11, '12
S. L. H.
Spanish Club
An unsung hero.

Corinne Scroggin

An unknown athletic miss who always does her duty.

Cecil Sydenstricker

His would be a good name for a soda fountain.

Helen Frances Seawell

Second S. A. R. Essay, '14
Luminary Staff, '13, '14
Class B. B. Team, '11, '12, '13
Girls' Track Team, '13
President C. S. C.
Journalistic Club
Spanish Club.

"I am nothing if not critical."

Warren J. Taylor

Would make a discreet private secretary.



The Class of 1914—Continued



Juanita Sharon

Delightfully romantic name.

Lynn I. Thompson

Track Team, '12, '13, '14
Class Track, '12, '13, '14
Shakespeare Club
Kelvin Klub
Glee Club

Admits that he is some athlete.

Leonora Kathryn Showalter

Representative M. U. Essay, '14
Third S. A. R. Essay, '13, '14
First Prize Luminary Story Contest, '13, '14
Gold Medal, Literary Contest, Verse, '12
Gold Medal, Literary Contest, Story, '13
Gold Medal, Literary Contest, Essay, '14
First Honorable Mention Drama League, Essay, '14
President S. L. H., '14
Senior Ballot: Girl Who Has Done Most for Central
A pure unadulterated genius.

Virgil Garnett Thomson

Honorable Mention Luminary Story, '14
Christmas Play, '12
S. L. H.
Glee Club
Senior Ballot: Worst Girl Fuser

O shades of Oscar Wilde, Millet, and Padereuski.

Florence Smith

Minerva
Senior Ballot: Worst Grind

Hides her light beneath a bushel basket of modesty.

Paul Amos Vickers

Webster Club
Glee Club

He of the melancholy gaze.



The Class of 1914—Continued



Tillie Steinzig

A good linguist with a becoming lisp.

John Wahlstedt

Class B. B., '12, '13
Glee Club

Ought to annihilate his barber.

Frances Stewart

"Is she not apt?"

Fayette Strader

So secretive that few know of her amorous adventure.

Richard Olney Walker

School B. B., '13, '14
"C" Man B. B., '13, '14
Class B. B., '11, '12, '13
School Track, '12, '13, '14
"C" Man Track, '13, '14
Class Track, '11, '12, '13, '14
Class Baseball, '14
Webster Club
Senior Ballot: Beau Brummel

Tried to enlist in the army but was too short.

Berenice Strickler

German Club
Choral Club

The official pianist of the Choral Club.



The Class of 1914—Continued.



Ermine Taylor

Rich and modest as her name.

Charles Wasson

Class B. B., '10
Class Track, '10
Finals, Tennis Doubles, '13

Blushes beautifully. Is a good fellow.

Mildred Le Clare Thomas

Class B. B., '12, '13, '14
S. L. H.

Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair.

Helen Catherine Walley

Luminary Staff, '14
Aristonian Society
Spanish Club
Choral Club

The presiding Venus at all developing "cases."

Arthur Watson

Christmas Play, '12
Track Team, '11
Orchestra
Glee Club
S. L. H.
Journalistic Club
Spanish Club
Kelvin Klub

Actor, musician, declaimer—enough!

Margaret Welch

S. L. H.

Blessed will be the man o'er whose mansion she presides.



The Class of 1914—Continued



Virginia Wheeler

Aristonian Club
Journalistic Club
Spanish Club
Choral Club

*Would make a dandy center
for a basket ball game.*

Harry S. White

Himey's brother.

Cleo Williams

*The time has come, she has
to go—*

Himey White

Christmas Play, '13
C. S. C.

*Lacking a Christmas Play, his
star has scened.*

Lucinda Elizabeth Wilson

S. L. H.

The Southern coquette.

Edna Yost

*Wears a ribbon to appear
youthful.*



The Class of 1914—Continued



Marion L. Woodward

*Most noticeable thing about
her is her curl.*

Simpson Yeomans

Webster Club
*"Simp." What's in a name?
Everything!*

Gladys Wright

*"Passing through nature to
eternity."*

Daisy Marita Bishop

*Has an illiterative saint-like
name.*

Stewart Van de Veer Campbell

Junior Vice-Pres., 1913
School B. B. Team, 1912, '13
Class B. B. Team, 1912, '13
School Track Team, 1913
Class Track Team, 1913

*Deserted athletics for—well,
we won't say just who.*

Genevieve Reynolds

Never speaks unless spoken to.



The Class of 1914—Concluded

Lee Plattenburg

Glee Club

*Blushes beautifully on prin-
ciple, but talks to the girls any-
way.*



Leon Crowl

Spanish Club

C. S. C.

Debate, '14

Class B. B., '11

C. J. C.

*Took the mumps to get out of
an English Lit test.*

Everett E. Kithcart

*An apostle of Bernarr Mc-
Fadden.*

Flora Lee Bell

Walks with decision.

Junior Officers and Organization



Herman Holt
President

Harry Viner
Vice-President

Marie Smallfield
Secretary

Walter Ehrnman
Treasurer

Virginia Oldham
Sergeant-at-Arms

Fred Suddarth
Gift Receiver

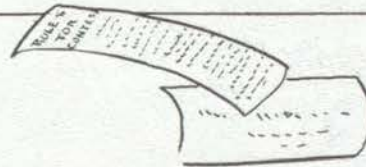
Junior Reception Committee
VIRGINIA TREADWELL, CHAIRMAN
HOMER BAIK
JOHN DIETRICH
CHESTER NORTH
EUGENE SOLOW



Organizations



HELEN WALLEY



Society of Literature and History
Aristonian Society
Central Webster Club
Central Shakespeare Club

Minerva Literary Society
Kelvin Klub
Der Deutsche Verein
Sociedad Moderna Espanola
Central Choral Club

Central Journalistic Club
Central Music Club
Glee Club
Orchestra



Society of Literature and History

Thomson	Welch	Heinrich	Strleby	Lovelace	Farley
Sherwood	Major	N. Davis	Hill	Thomas	M. Watson
Wilson	Berry	Dougherty	C. Davis	D. McGinnis	Talbot
Pauly	Austin	Mr. H. L. Simpson	Ross	Showalter	McGinnis
				Grumich	
				Solow	



Society of Literature and History

ORGANIZED FEBRUARY, 1892

Motto: "Vestigia nulla retrarsum"

Colors: Royal Purple and White

Flower: Purple Hyacinth

ADVISER: MR. H. L. SIMPSON

Officers

	FIRST SEMI-TERM	SECOND SEMI-TERM	THIRD SEMI-TERM	FOURTH SEMI-TERM
President	David Ross	Leonora Showalter	Donald McGinnis	Dorothy McGinnis
Vice-President	Leonora Showalter	Margaret Welch	Dorothy McGinnis	Jack Sherwood
Secretary	Annie Austin	Elizabeth Wilson	Vivien Ott	Catherine Dougherty
Treasurer	Donald McGinnis	Eugene Solow	Arthur Watson	Frank Strieby
Critic	Gussie Heinrici	Virgil Thomson	Annie Austin	Donald McGinnis
Sam'l Lucretious Historicus	Vivien Ott	Jack Sherwood	Margaret Welch	Madeline Farley
Sergeant-at-Arms	Eugene Solow	Reginald Lovelace	Orin Mann	Virgil Thomson

Members

1914

David N. Ross	Arthur Watson	Frank Strieby	Madeline Farley
Leonora K. Showalter	Dorothy McGinnis	Virgil Thomson	Catherine Dougherty
Donald McGinnis	Elizabeth Wilson	Gladys Chorn	Vivien Ott
Annie Austin	Jack Sherwood	Ray Cubine	Margaret Welch
	Gussie Heinrici	Mildred Thomas	

1915

Eugene Solow	Charles Davis	Orin Mann	Lowell Berry
Richard Connell	Nadine Davis	Ralph Miester	Althea Talbot

1916

Mary Lee Major	Edward Grumich	Karl Fitzer	Fred Pauly
Julia Hill	Virginia Swain	Marion Welch	Mable Watson



The Aristonian Society

	Boyer	Wheeler	Casner	Elder	Pennington	Casper	McKenzie	Altergott	Tuohy
M. Havighurst	Graham	Easton	Northrop	Miss Sullivan	D. Havighurst	Hendricks	Treadwell		
Griffes	Walley	Rummell	Kreeger	Estes	Earnett	Oldham			



The Aristonian Society

ORGANIZED OCTOBER, 1901

Motto: "Non quis sed quid"

Colors: Purple and Lavender

Flower: Violet

CHAPERON: MISS EVA JANE SULLIVAN

Officers

	FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM	THIRD TERM
President	Anna Rummell	Helen Estes	Frances Kreeger
Vice-President	Frances Kreeger	Virginia Oldham	Helen Walley
Secretary	Helen Estes	Virginia Treadwell	Loraine Barnett
Treasurer	Helen Walley	Effie Hendricks	Eleanor Griffes
Critic	Gertrude Northrop	Eleanor Griffes	Virginia Oldham
Phoebia	Virginia Oldham	Irene Boyer	Dorothy Elder
Sergeant-at-Arms	Suzanne Tuohy	Ella Altergott	Margaret Graham

Members

	1914	1915	1916
Dorothy Elder	Eleanor Griffes	Gertrude Northrop	Helen Walley
Helen Estes	Frances Kreeger	Anna Rummell	Virginia Wheeler
Loraine Barnett	Helen Casper	Gladys Pennington	Izabelle McKenzie
Mary Baxter	Effie Hendricks	Virginia Treadwell	Virginia Oldham
Ella Altergott	Irene Boyer	Suzanne Tuohy	Mildred Havighurst
	Carol Casner	Margaret Graham	
		Dorothy Havighurst	



Central Webster Club

Thomas	Kirby	Dietrich	Holt	Rainsburg	Yeomans	Dreyfus
Stevenson	Martz	Peck	Alan	Viner	Rider	
Venn	Carmean	Miss Morgan	Vickers	Mr. Henderson	Walker	Austin
North	Phillips	Arbogast	Meler	Malone	Suddarth	Hearsh
Gordon	Wanger	Pierce	Jones	McCown	Meridith	Levy



Central Webster Club

ORGANIZED NOVEMBER, 1901

Motto: "In vestigiis maximorum"

Colors: Red and White

Flower: Carnation

ADVISER: MR. W. A. HENDERSON

ASSISTANT-ADVISER: MISS KATHARINE M. MORGAN

Officers

	FIRST SEMI-TERM	SECOND SEMI-TERM	THIRD SEMI-TERM	FOURTH SEMI-TERM
President	Charles S. Stevenson	Ross D. Rainsburg	Norman C. Meier	Herman W. Holt
Vice-President	Ross D. Rainsburg	Norman Meier	Myron Arbogast	David Hearsh
Secretary	Simpson Yeomans	Wm. Norris Rider	George Phillips	Fred R. Suddarth
Treasurer	Paul Vickers	Myron A. Arbogast	Fred R. Suddarth	Chester H. North
Critic	Norman Meier	David Hearsh	William Malone	George Phillips
Scriptor	William Malone	William Malone	William Malone	William Malone
Sergeant-at-Arms	Herman Holt	Fred R. Suddarth	Chester H. North	Morris Dreyfus

Members

1914			
Norris Rider	Paul Vickers	Richard Walker	David Hearsh
Charles Stevenson	Norman Meier	Myron Arbogast	William Malone
Ross Rainsburg	Simpson Yeomans	Loren Peck	Lawrence Martz
1915			
Chester North	Herman Holt	Fred Suddarth	John Dietrich
George Phillips	Dale Allen	Russell Jones	James Carmean
1916			
Morris Dreyfus	Wellington Pierce	Hayward Austin	Halvard Wanger
Eugene McCown	Clayton Gordon	Leonard Thomas	Kenneth Meridith
Stewart Venn	Herbert Levy	Dewey Kirby	



Central Shakespeare Club

Score	Vincent	Mr. Vance	Bernstein	Smith	Erowne	Hagget
Moberly	Miller	Vaughn	Cruse	Allen	Pugh	Sallar
White	Massey	Ruder	Eichenauer	Thompson	King	Comstock
Crowl	Casey	Seawell	Clements	Parks	Buchanan	Springer
King	Cutler	Bair	Leavel			Walters



Central Shakespeare Club

ORGANIZED NOVEMBER, 1904

Motto: "Learn of the wise and perpend"

Colors: Black and Gold

Flower: Yellow Rose

ADVISER: MR. C. E. VANCE

Officers

	FIRST SEMI-TERM	SECOND SEMI-TERM	THIRD SEMI-TERM	FOURTH SEMI-TERM
President	Mary Casey	Helen Seawell	Frank Clements	Louise Park
Vice-President	Margaret Allen	Homer Bair	Louise Park	Marie Buchanan
Secretary	Meryl Leavel	Marie Buchanan	Dale Thompson	Himey White
Treasurer	Lynn Thompson	Cecil Browne	Leon Crowl	Edward Kruse
Didaskalos	Frank Clements	Edythe Cutler	Bertha Eichenauer	Meryl Leavel
Critic	Walter Ehrnman	Frank Clements	John Moberly	Mary Pugh
Sergeant-at-Arms	Homer Bair	William Miller	Philip Score	Andrew Ruder

Members

1914

Margaret Allen	Bertha Eichenauer	Esther Saller	Himey White
Marie Buchanan	Meryl Leavel	Helen Seawell	Edward Kruse
Edythe Cutler	Louise Park	Frank Clements	Lloyd Vincent
Mary Casey	Mary Pugh	John Moberly	

1915

Gweneth Vaughn	Maude Smith	Harry Comstock	Samuel Bernstein
Jeannette King	Cecil Browne	Leon Crowl	Andrew Ruder
Ruth Massey	Homer Bair	Dale Thompson	Harry Hoggatt

1916

Virginia Springer	William Miller	Philip Score	Ray Walters
		Mason King	



Minerva Literary Society

	Skaggs	Pate	Benton	McClintock			
Smith	McCracken	Persells	Rigsby	McConnell	Falk	Enright	Joffe
Tann	Cuddy	Ellsworth	Schoenmaker	Miss Kirk	Miller	Mosely	Horn
		Kelley			Smallfield		



Minerva Literary Society

ORGANIZED NOVEMBER, 1906

Motto: "We must work if we would win"

Colors: Hunter's Green and White

Flower: White Rose

ADVISER: MISS ELSIE KIRK

Officers

	FIRST SEMI-TERM	SECOND SEMI-TERM	THIRD SEMI-TERM	FOURTH SEMI-TERM
President	Leona Schoenmaker	Belle McDonald	Constance Kelley	Helen Ellsworth
Vice-President	Constance Kelley	Hattie McConnell	Helen Ellsworth	Ruth Miller
Secretary	Ethel Falk	Florence Smith	Roberta Cuddy	Helen Benton
Treasurer	Marie Smallfield	Helen Benton	Dorothy Moseley	Lucile Rigsby
Critic	Roberta Cuddy	Helen Ellsworth	Helen Tann	Eva Joffee
Pedagog	Belle McDonald	Lucile Rigsby	Marie Smallfield	Hattie McConnell
Sergeant-at-Arms	Dorothy Moseley	Nancy McClintock	Inez Horn	Josephine Persells

Members

1914

Roberta Cuddy	Ethel Falk	Belle McDonald	Leona Schoenmaker
Helen Ellsworth	Constance Kelley	Ruth Miller	Florence Smith
	Hattie McConnell	Dorothy Moseley	

1915

Eva Joffee	Lucile Rigsby	Marie Smallfield
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1916

Helen Benton	Inez Horn	Josephine McCracken	Edith Skaggs
Irene Enright	Pauline James	Sybil Pate	Helen Tann
	Nancy McClintock	Josephine Persells	



Kelvin Klub

	Grumlich	Baxter	Vincent	Lowenstein	Cosby	Dunn	
Kirby	Thomas	Haynes	Kruse	Mooney	Epstein	Hoggatt	
Lovlace	Ferguson	Martz	Wright	Holt	Clements	Walters	Jones
Meier	Carmean	Maggard	Mr. Laughlin	Mr. Lewis	Suddarth	Dietrich	Allen
	Bair		Biel	Wanger	Davies	Moberly	



Kelvin Klub

ORGANIZED MARCH, 1905

Colors: Red and Black

ADVISERS: MR. J. L. LAUGHLIN AND MR. WM. A. LEWIS

Officers

FIRST TERM

President	Norman Meier
Vice-President	Henry Lowenstein
Secretary	John Dietrich
Treasurer	Fred Suddarth
Instructor	Fred Baxter
Sergeant-at-Arms	Herman Holt
Lecturer	Frank Maggard

SECOND TERM

Fred Suddarth
John Dietrich
Dale Allen
James Carmean
Frank Maggard
Russell Jones
Norman Meier, Acting

Members

1913

Henry Polk Lowenstein, Jr.	Fay Walters
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1914

Norman Meier	Ray Cosby	Hugh Haynes	Kenneth Wright
Fred Baxter	Frank Clements	Lloyd Vincent	Lynn Thompson
Frank Maggard	Edward Kruse	Lawrence Martz	

1915

John Dietrich	Russell Jones	Homer Bair	Clarence Meister
Herman Holt	James Carmean	Homer Ferguson	Harry Hoggatt
Fred Suddarth	Samuel Epstein	Reginald Lovelace	Ray Walters
Dale Allen	Charles Davis	Weldon Mooney	

1916

Leonard Thomas	Dewey Kirby	William Moberly	John Dunn
Halvard Wanger	Edward Grumich	Herbert Bleil	Harold Ragan



Der Deutsche Verein

ORGANIZED NOVEMBER, 1903

Motto: "Was gelten soll, musz wirken und musz dienen"

Colors: Black, White and Red

LEITERIN: MISS E. VON UNWERTH

Officers

	FIRST SEMI-TERM	SECOND SEMI-TERM	THIRD SEMI-TERM	FOURTH SEMI-TERM
Praesidentin	Herman Holt	Dorothy McGinnis	Catherine Dougherty	Ruth Reich
Vize-Praesidentin	Ruth Reich	Ruby Reich	Frank Maggard	Eugene Solow
Sekretarin	Gladys Harries	Bernice Strickler	Mildred Havighurst	Dorothy Havighurst
Schatzmeisterin	Ruby Reich	Nelson Peters	Eugene Solow	Donald McGinnis
Kritikerin	Alfrieda Birsak	Herman Holt	Dorothy McGinnis	Catherine Dougherty
Strafmeisterin	Anna Rummell	Eugene Solow	Mary Holbrook	Marie Smallfield
Tuersteherin	Frank Maggard	Wellington Pierce	Erwin Sternberg	Coburn Hull

Members

1914			
Margaret Allen	Ruth Miller	Anna Rummell	Frank Maggard
Catherine Dougherty	Ruby Reich	Bernice Strickler	Donald McGinnis
Mary Holbrook	Ruth Reich	Cleo Williams	Nelson Peters
Dorothy McGinnis	Gladys Harries	Mary Pugh	Coburn Hull
1915			
Alfrieda Birsak	Marie Smallfield	Dorothy Allison	Herman Holt
Esther Nachman	Cilian Sougin	James Gabbert	Moses Reicher
Eugene Solow			
1916			
Dorothy Havighurst	Mildred Havighurst	Martin Friedman	Erwin Sternberg
	Adelaide Hellwig	Wellington Pierce	



Sociedad Moderna Espanola

Sr. Hernandez		Goodman		Strieby		McConnell		Elder
Croft	Parks	Ferguson	Johnson	Buchanan	Score	Wright		
Seawell		Leavel	Mullancy	Crowl		Walley		Wheeler

Sociedad Moderna Española

ORGANIZED SEPTEMBER, 1911

CONSEJEROS GABRIEL MADRID HERNANDEZ

Oficiales

	FIRST SEMI-TERM	SECOND SEMI-TERM	THIRD SEMI-TERM	FOURTH SEMI-TERM
Presidente	Will Brown	Hattie McConnell	Marie Mullaney	Hattie McConnell
Vice-Presidente	Marie Mullaney	Gladys Pennington	Frank Strieby	Meryl Leavel
Secretario y Tesorera	Myron Arbogast	Gladys Pennington	Frank Strieby	Marie Mullaney
Crítica y Sarjente de Armas	Hattie McConnell	Will Brown	Hattie McConnell	Gladys Pennington

Miembros

1913

Georgia Shearer

1914

Marie Buchanan
Mamie Croft
Leon Crowl

Dorothy Elder
Ralph Goodman
Meryl Leavel

Hattie McConnell
Louise Park
Helen Seawell

Frank Strieby
Helen Walley
Virginia Wheeler

Kenneth Wright

1915

Homer Ferguson

Ray Walters

Marie Mullaney

1916

Erma Johnson

Gladys Pennington

Philip Score

Stewart Venn



Central Choral Club

				Holbrook		Vaugh				
	Heinrici	Cutler		Wheeler	Sturges	Scrivener		Moffet		
McCracken	Sutherland	Strickler	Allen		Persells	Austin	Skaggs	Miller		
Kerns	McDonald	Schoenmaker	Rigsby		Miss Whitney	Springer	McKee	Tuohy		
	Harries	Gerson	Burrus		Klein	Buchanan	Farley	Park	Walley	

Central Choral Club

ORGANIZED MARCH, 1910

Colors: Navy Blue and Gold

Flower: Wild Rose

DIRECTOR: MISS M. F. WHITNEY

Officers

President	Beatrice Klein
Vice-President	Marie Buchanan
Secretary	Madeline Farley
Treasurer	Geneva Burrus
Business Manager	Louise Park
Sergeant-at-Arms	Rose Gerson

Members

FIRST SOPRANO

Geneva Burrus, '14	Rose Gerson, '14	Mamie Kerns, '14	Lucile Rigsby, '15
Madeline Farley, '14	Mary Holbrook, '14	Josephine Persells, '16	Suzanne Tuohy, '15

SECOND SOPRANO

Annie Austin, '14	Helen Connelly, '13	Gladys Harries, '14	Edith Skaggs, '16
Marie Buchanan, '14	Edythe Cutler, '14	Marion McKee, '15	Marian Sutherlin, '15

FIRST ALTO

Margaret Allen, '14	Gussie Heinrici, '14	Lenore Moffet, '15	Shirley Scrivener, '15
Cecil Ewing, '16	Josephine McCracken, '16	Louise Park, '14	Gladys Sturges, '15

SECOND ALTO

Beatrice Klein, '14	Ruth Miller, '14	Leona Schoenmaker, '14	Helen Walley, '14
Belle McDonald, '14	Josephine Morse, '14	Virginia Springer, '16	

PIANISTS

Lucile Rigsby, '15	Berenice Strickler, '14
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Journalistic Club

	Henrikel	Crowl	Buehanan	Bair	Phillips	Dietrich		Seawell
McCown		Rummell	Corn	Miss Dalton	Holt	Elder	Parks	Cutler
		Rainsburg	Estes	Northrup		Pugh	Allen	Stevenson
						North	Leavel	

Central Journalistic Club

ORGANIZED OCTOBER, 1913

Flower: Jonquil

Color: Yellow

ADVISER: MISS DALTON

Officers

	FIRST SEMI-TERM	SECOND SEMI-TERM	THIRD SEMI-TERM	FOURTH SEMI-TERM
President	Ross Rainsburg	Maurice Stevenson	Chester North	Meryl Leavel
Vice-President	Anna Rummell	Chester North	Meryl Leavel	Eugene McCown
Secretary	Marie Buchanan	Margaret Allen	Louise Park	Edythe Cutler
Treasurer	Chester North	Meryl Leavel	Gertrude Northrop	Herman Holt
Critic	Margaret Allen	Louise Park	Dorothy Elder	Margaret Chorn
Sergeant-at-Arms	Simpson Yeomans	Edythe Cutler	Paul Vickers	Gertrude Northrop
Press Agent	Homer Bair	Homer Bair	Margaret Allen	Mary Pugh

Members

1914

Ross Rainsburg
Gussie Heinrici
Marie Buchanan

Dorothy Elder
Louise Park
Edythe Cutler
Helen Seawell

Margaret Allen
Meryl Leavel
Mary Pugh
Margaret Chorn

Anna Rummell
Helen Estes
Gertrude Northrop

1915

Chester North
Herman Holt

Gueneth Vaughn
Homer Bair

Leon Crowl
John Dietrich

George Phillips

1916

Eugene McCown



Central Music Club

Crewson

Ruth

Adams

Ginsberg

Poffenberg

Biresak

Potzner

Rosenberg

McCune

Farley

Fox

Miss Harrison
Whitney

Stone
Berry

Central Music Club

ORGANIZED 1913

DIRECTOR AND ADVISER: MISS M. F. WHITNEY

Officers

President	Mabel Ruth
Vice-President	Delilah Fox
Secretary and Treasurer	Dorothy Jane Berry
Sergeant-at-Arms	Vera Poffenberg

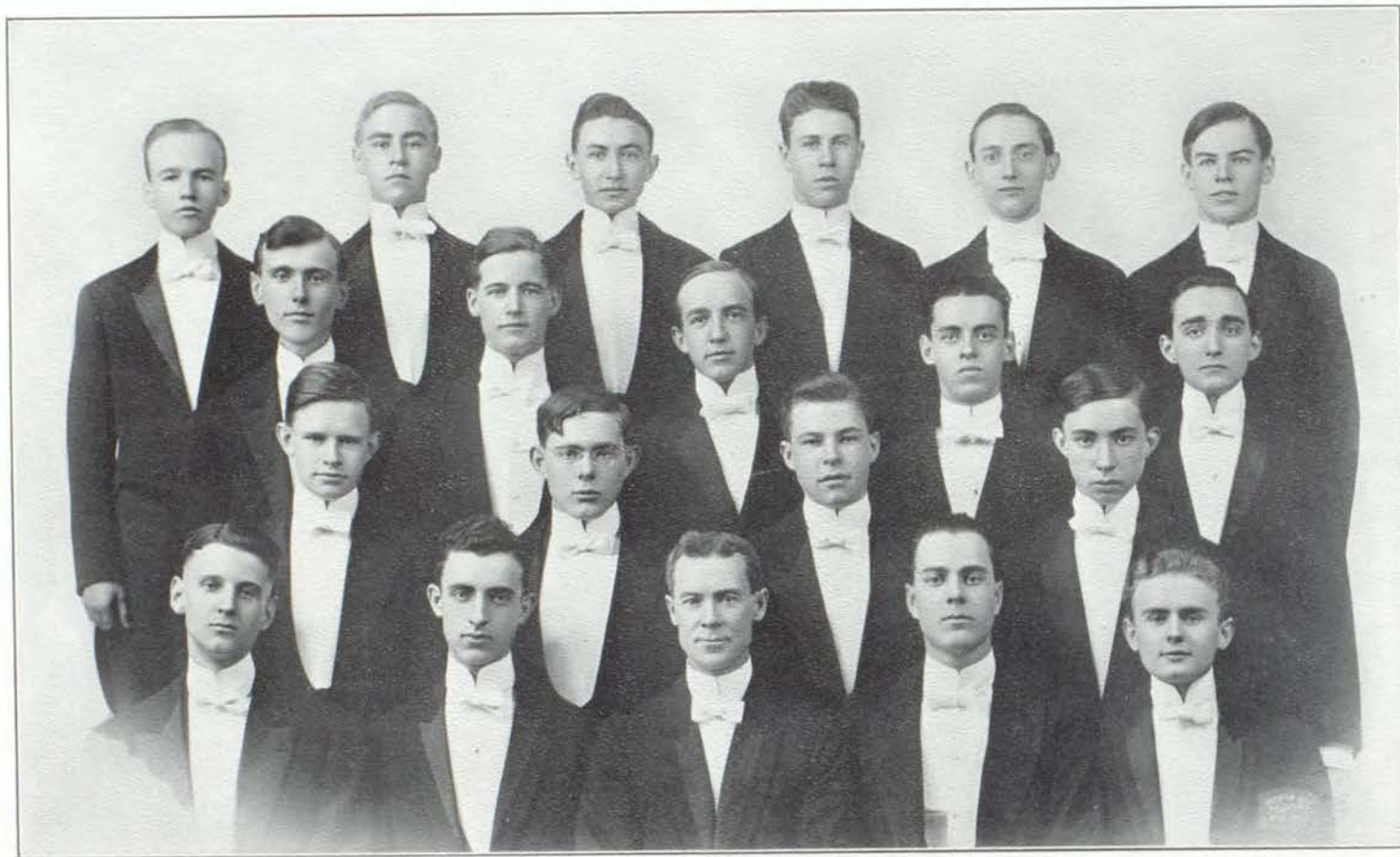
Members '16, '17

Vera Stone
Vera Poffenberg
Emmajean McCune
Mabel Ruth

Delilah Fox
Thusnelda Bircsak
Dorothy Jane Berry
Cynthia Adams

Opal Harrison
Fanny Fern Farley
Bessie Crewson
Helen Rosenberg

Annetta Kolb
Fannie Gynsberg
Adeline Gynsberg



The Glee Club

Hulen	Wahlstedt	Ehrnman	Arbogast	Denni	Stevenson
Fitzer	North	Dietrich	Thompson	Bindley	Johnson
Lawrence	Vickers	Mooney	Mr. Talmadge	Plattenburg	Shockey
				Fischer	Watson

Glee Club

ORGANIZED NOVEMBER, 1898

DIRECTOR: MISS M. F. WHITNEY

ADVISER: MR. T. E. TALMADGE

Officers

President	Walter Ehrnman
Vice-President	Paul Vickers
Secretary	Karl Fitzer
Treasurer	Paul Bindley
Sergeant-at-Arms	Weldon Mooney
Business Manager	Chester North

Members

FIRST TENOR

Weldon Mooney, '15	Walter Ehrnman, '15	Lloyd Blew, '16	Virgil Thomson, '14
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SECOND TENOR

Curtis Johnson, '14	Lynn Thompson, '14	Fay Walters, '14	Myron Arbogast, '14
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FIRST BASS

John Dietrich, '15	Chester North, '15	Charles Stevenson, '14	Arthur Watson, '14
	Paul Bindley, '14	John Wahlstedt, '14	

SECOND BASS

Karl Fitzer, '16	Harold Fisher, '15	Paul Vickers, '14
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Pictorial Review of the Glee Club Trip

Review of the Glee Club Season

THE 1913-1914 season of the Glee Club closed with a rush which can only indicate a successful career. There were only six fellows back from last year, but by their persistent work and by the selections made by Miss Whitney the present club of eighteen was organized. The individual voices are somewhat above the average for the last few years and the different parts are better balanced.

As in former years, the club had a very successful season in Kansas City, giving twelve concerts in the churches of the city and one at Hickman's Mills. On the 9th of April the club started on its Easter trip, and every fellow was ready to uphold the former high reputation of the Central Glee Club.

At the Harrisonville Opera House, where the club sang on the first day out, it gave one of its best concerts and was received with appreciation by a large audience. The fellows were all lodged in the same hotel, and since you can imagine what twenty fellows when out for a good time can do, it is not necessary to go into the details. Mr. Holmes, Mr. Talmadge, and Miss Whitney were with us, and nothing of a serious nature happened. However, you might ask Blew what electric light globes cost, and any of the fellows can tell an interesting story of the ball game which was nearly called off—but not on account of rain. On Friday morning the club rendered a short program at the Harrisonville High School, which was followed by an address by Mr. Holmes.

At Rich Hill the club gave the best concert of the season. Probably some of the enthusiasm on the part of the fellows was due to appreciation of the chicken suppers. The club left Rich Hill for home Saturday morning after having many interesting encounters. Ask Stevenson the score of the ball game, or Detrich what he thinks of the Rich Hill milk-shakes. Ask Arbogast why he ran three-fourths of a mile in three minutes, or North about the one-a-cat game.

The specialty numbers are all especially good this year. The quartet is the best the club has had for years. The octette has some good humorous songs and receives much applause. The solos by Bindley and Ehrnman are both fine and always draw encores. The chalk talk by Fitzer is a new line of "variation," but certainly makes a hit. The character sketch by Arbogast and Fitzer is a head-liner and they put on a good line of jokes and songs which all enjoy. The piano solo by Thompson and the violin solo by Miss Whitney are both classical and classy and lend weight to the program, and Walter's cornet solo is a leading number.

All in all, it certainly has been a banner year for the club. Financially it has proved a great success, and the club is planning another trip. As for upholding the reputation of Old Central, the club has not had a near rival from the former years. Everywhere the song "To Central" and the yells meet with rounds of applause and everyone is satisfied that the club of 1913-1914 is the "best yet."

However good the club may be, it must and does attribute its success financially to Mr. Talmadge and North, the business manager, and musically to Miss Whitney.

Orchestra

CONDUCTOR: MISS M. F. WHITNEY

Members

Violin

Arthur Watson, '14

Mable Watson, '16
Jack Sherwood, '14

Joe Hurst, '17
Helen Tann, '16

Ruth Gilwee, '14

Cello

Lucien DeTar, '17

Flute

Vernon Laffoon, '14

Cornet

Karl Fitzer, '16

Fay Walters, '13

Leo Frye, '17

Claude Mellick, '17

Trombone

Dean Fitzer, '17

Drums

Harold Price, '17

Piano

Philip Score, '16

Literary



Amid the glory and praise of our athletic heroes, we sometimes forget those who burn the "midnight oil" in pursuit of literary honor. In spite of the fact that our school is small, that some of our teachers were transferred to a rival school, and the belief by some that literary work is worse than dull, Central has had more contestants in this part of the school activities than in previous years. The Luminary stories were unusually good, and from this smaller contest arose the encouragement to try out for larger prizes.

The name of our school does not imply all that we are. "Central," and yet not only central, for are we not known even unto the Atlantic Coast by the young men we send to Annapolis and West Point? In fact, by our representation in the Drama League of America contest, and by our efforts to win the prize for the Mural Decoration Essay offered by the Daughters of the American Revolution, we are making the name of Central contestants a thing with which to be reckoned nationally as well as locally.

However, there are always plenty of our students who are careful not to allow the rival high schools of Kansas City to carry off the honors in such events as the Missouri University Scholarship, Temperance Essay, S. A. R. Contest, or Law School Scholarship.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." We don't know which one of these makes Central so fortunate. You may take your choice.

Review of Assembly Hall Plays



"THE play's the thing," old Bill Shakespeare once exclaimed, and Central has been unusually fortunate in the sketches presented this year. From the "Return of Deborah" to "Such Is Life" the season was one of pleasant surprises for everybody. Every program was good.

The first play was "The Return of Deborah," given by the Minervas on the 10th of November. The plot hinged around the attempt of the beautiful Margaret, aided by her charming chum, to persuade her old maid aunts to let her live like other modern girls. Leona Schoenmaker as Blossom, the chum, had a part which seemed especially made for her. Belle McDonald did well as the niece, while Helen Ellsworth and Roberta Cuddy played the parts of old maids so well that no one could imagine they would ever be anything else.

The Shakespeares always select a treat on their day, and this year served up an appropriate portion of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The story is how the Merry Wives get revenge on Falstaff, a conceited old fool, who tries to make love to them. Helen Seawell and Louise Park were the Merry Wives, but the whole play centered about the actions of the wily Falstaff. This difficult part was ably carried by Himey White, Central's foremost comedian. It was largely due to his wandering mustache that the play turned out as well as it did.

The S. L. H.'s have always been known for their "dramatic" productions, and this year "Lend Me Five Shillings" was a worthy successor of the famous "Hector." Arthur Watson, as the redoubtable Mr. Golightly, held the lead, and brought many a laugh through his ludicrous efforts to borrow five shillings with which to take his fair lady home. Madeline Farley was an unqualified success in the latter part, while Mary Lee Major did well as the beautiful Mrs. Phobbs.

A great big smile and a happy, pleasant voice aided Irene Boyer in chalking up a decided victory in the Aristonian play. The "Trouble at Satterlees" was a story of girlish pranks in an academy, and turned out to be one of the best sketches the Aristonians have produced in years. Irene, although only a Sophomore, showed herself to be one of Central's leading actresses. Gertrude Northrup had the Irish part, and acted her part very well.

Last but not least. The Websters ended the season with a sparkling, true to life comedy written by Simpson Yeomans and Myron Arbogast. The parts were especially appropriate, and "Simp" gained eternal fame by his actions as Reuben Green from Cornfossle, Arkansas. Myron Arbogast as "Spooks," the colored gentleman, looked and talked his part to perfection. These two boys were well supported by a dozen other members of the club.

No year in Central's history has ever witnessed such a successful group of sketches as this year. May the good work long continue!

Twenty-Eighth Annual Literary Contest

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL
KANSAS CITY, MO., APRIL 24TH, 1914.

Society of Literature and History
Aristonian Society
Central Webster Club

Central Shakespeare Club
Minerva Literary Society
School at Large

I. Oration

1. "The Awakening of a New Heroism" . . . Norman Meier
2. "The Cry of the Child" Leona Schoenmaker
3. "Roger Williams" Eugene Solow
4. "The Call of the Tenement" Irene Boyer
5. "The American Democracy" Homer C. Bair

JUDGES

Mr. Harris, Mr. Harman, Mr. Spitler.

II. Debate

Resolved, That the Monroe Doctrine should be abandoned so far as it prevents foreign countries intervening in the Western Hemisphere.

- Affirmative David Hearsh
Negative David Ross

JUDGES

Mr. Harris, Mr. Harman, Mr. Spitler.

III. Declamation

1. "Twelve" Frances Kreeger
2. "The Price of a Man" Eugene McCown
3. "When Elizabeth Went Home" Roberta Cuddy
4. "Glory" Gladys Chorn
5. "Jean Valjean" Hubert Kelly
6. "The Soul of the Violin" Samuel Bernstein

JUDGES

Mr. Harris, Mr. Harman, Mr. Spitler.

IV. Essay

1. "A Modern Joan of Arc" Mildred Havighurst
2. "National Greatness" Wm. Malone
3. "The Significance of Easter" Hattie McConnell
4. "The Storm Strengthened" Leonora Showalter
5. "The Child of the Mill" Helen Seawell
6. "Wist Ye not that I Must be About My Father's Business" Margaret Chorn

JUDGES

Mr. A. H. Smith, Miss Minnie A. Perkins, Mrs. A. C. Peek.

V. Verse

1. "The Voice of the Wind" Margaret Allen
2. "Heaven on Earth" Dorothy Havighurst
3. "Where Deepest Loves Abound" Chester North
4. "Leaves" Virgil G. Thomson
5. "Autumn" Inez Horn

JUDGES

Mr. A. H. Smith, Miss Minnie A. Perkins, Mrs. A. C. Peek.

VI. Story

1. "Grandpa Burr's Gift" Virginia Carey
2. "The Judge of Newberry Gap" Bertha Eichenauer
3. "Bobbie" Virginia Oldham
4. "The Din of Battle" Morris Dreyfus
5. "Go, Thou, and Sin No More" Vivien Ott
6. "The Legend of the Altar" Lucile Rigby

JUDGES

Mr. Ralph Campbell, Mrs. I. I. Cammack, Mr. Purd B. Wright.

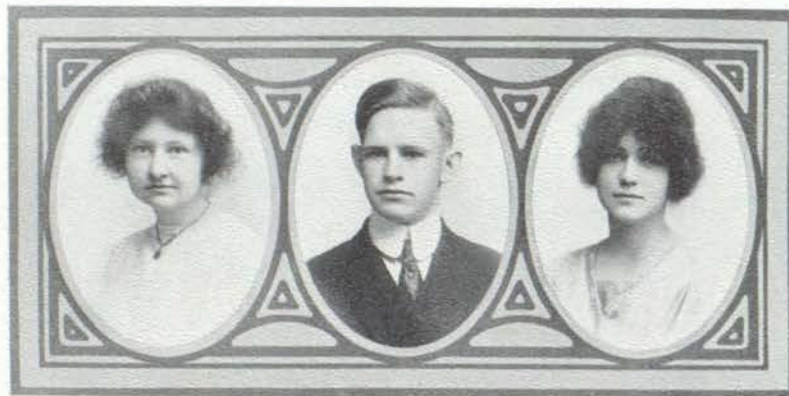
Literary Contest
Gold Medal Winners



Homer Bair
Oration

Gladys Chorn
Declamation

David Hearsh
Debate



Vivien Ott
Story

Chester North
Poem

Leonora Showalter
Essay



William Malone
Essay

Lucile Rigsby
Story

David Ross
Debate

Literary Contest
Silver Medal Winners



Eugene McCown
Declamation

Margaret Allen
Poem

Eugene Solow
Oration

“Go, Thou, and Sin No More”

By Vivien C. Ott, '14

Note—This story won the Gold Medal in the School Literary Contest

THE moonlight came in through the open window, where the boy had nervously entered. It made almost light enough in the room for him to see without the use of the dark lantern in his hand. He moved about noiselessly, stopping at every few steps to listen. To him the sound of his fast beating heart was like the report of a gun, and his short, nervous breathing like the quick, heavy panting of a hunted animal.

The valuable possessions of the room that the boy intended to take away with him were gathered in a heap on the library table. He knelt down by it, and was about to put them all into a cloth, when suddenly a flood of light filled the room. The boy involuntarily looked toward the doorway. A middle-aged man stood in it, with a revolver in his hand. He had his hat and overcoat on, and had evidently just come in.

“The owner has returned,” flashed through the boy’s mind.

The man paused in the doorway regarding the boy intently as he knelt by the table. He put his revolver into his pocket, and advanced into the room.

“Why,” he exclaimed, “it’s only a boy!”

The boy rose and faced the man, and commanding all of his courage, he answered, “Yes, only a boy burglar. I suppose you will call the police.”

The older man sat down on the arm of a chair. He seemed to forget the boy entirely in his own thoughts. Then he smiled; a smile that almost put hope into the heart of the anxiously waiting boy.

“No, son,” he answered slowly, “not just yet. I should like to talk with you first. You are young, very young. You are young enough to be my son, perhaps my grandson. You have a good face, an honest face. Why do you do things like this?”

The hot blood rushed to the boy’s face; all fear of punishment now was gone. Only his hurt pride remained.

“Sir! You speak as if I was in the habit of breaking into people’s houses when I was told they were away for the night. I tell you this is the first time I have ever done this. I don’t care if they all do say that. It is true. This *is* my first time. And, oh, won’t you believe me, sir, when I came in here I meant it to be my last? I have been without work for four weeks—four weeks, twenty-eight days. I have spent every one of those

"Go, Thou, and Sin No More"—Continued

twenty-eight days answering the help wanted ads in our city papers. Do you know, sir, what it means to look day after day for work without finding it? Do you know how it feels not to have had a square meal for almost three weeks? Do you know what it is to stretch your credit until if you stretched it another bit it would break? Can you, I ask, understand all of these things? Oh, of course, you cannot. You cannot possibly understand! You have probably never in your life wanted for anything."

The boy paused a minute to get his breath. The man clenched his fists until the nails dug into the palms of his hands. He opened his mouth and seemed about to speak, but it was the boy that continued.

"Why, I—I had no thought of doing such a thing as this until I heard someone say this evening that the owner of these rooms had gone away and would not be back until tomorrow.

"Then the temptation came. Sir," the blue eyes of the boy flashed defiantly into those of the man's, "you have no right to judge me. Do you know the struggle I had with myself before I came in at that window? The world never knows how many times one says 'no' to himself when he is tempted. It only knows the one time that he says 'yes.'

"I have not a cent left, not a one. The rent was up on my room two weeks ago. I thought—I thought I could get enough to keep me until I could find work. It would mean so much to me. And to you that are rich, why, you would scarcely miss it.

"Truly, I meant to stop here. Oh, won't you believe me? Won't you believe that I did mean this to be my only time?"

The older man did not answer at once. He got up from the chair where he had been sitting, and went over to the table by the side of the boy. He put his hand on his shoulder and answered:

"Yes, boy, I do believe you. I believe that you did *mean* to stop here. But the question is, 'Will you; can you?' Now, wait, let me finish first. After the money you get from this is spent, you will need more. This came easy, you will be tempted again to get some more easy. After you have yielded to temptation once, it is easier to yield the second time. The self-struggle between right and wrong is not so great.

"My boy, remember this: there is no compromise between right and wrong. A thing is either right, or it is wrong."

He paused, and let his hand fall from the boy's shoulder.

"You have a mother, boy. Have you thought of her?"

"My mother," softly said the boy, "is dead."

There was another silence for a few minutes. The man gazed dreamily ahead. The eyes of the boy were fixed on the floor. As usual, it was the older man that spoke first.

"Go, Thou, and Sin No More"—Concluded

"Some day, boy, you will love a woman, a good woman, and a good woman is the finest thing God ever placed upon this earth. Would you want anything in your past to come between you and your love for her? Look at me, boy!"

There were tears in the eyes that met the older man's. The color had all died out of the face now, leaving it a pallid white.

The man continued: "I am going to let you go. I am going to give you the chance. But first, I want you to put your hand into mine and swear by your dead mother's name that your path from now on will be straight, that no matter how great your temptations are you will not yield."

The boy put his hand trustingly into the one that was held out to him, he looked straight into the other's eyes, "I thank you, oh, I thank you more than I can possibly ever tell you. I give you the word of a boy—no, I swear to you in the name of my angel mother that my life from now on will be the life of a boy that is worthy to be her son."

"I believe you, my boy! I believe you," fervently said the man.

He took his pocketbook out of his pocket, and counted out five twenty-dollar bills, and handed them to the boy.

"I want you to take this. It will put you on your feet again, and keep you until you can find some work to do. No! you must not refuse. If you wish to please me, if you wish to make me happy, take it and say nothing about paying it back."

The boy took it, and grasped the other's hand. The hot tears rolled down his cheeks, now; he moistened his lips and tried to speak, but no sound came.

"That's all right, old fellow. Don't try to talk. I understand. You have already thanked me enough. Now go!"

He pressed his hand, then watched him turn and go slowly out of the open window.

He went over to the window, closed and locked it, then turned and looked silently, with unseeing eyes, at the heap of treasures the boy had gathered and left on the table. He brushed a tear away from his eye.

"The owner of the room did go away for the night," he said to himself.

He moved toward the table. "If I were as young as the boy, no—but it is meat and drink to me now—meat and drink to fool some of the cleverest police in Kansas City. No! I am too old to start life over, now; I am too old to sponge the slate off clean."

Then he took a bag out of his pocket, put the heap of valuables on the table into it, went into the next room, and climbed out of the open window there.

The Storm-Strengthened

By Leonora K. Showalter, '14

Note—This essay won the Gold Medal in the School Literary Contest

ON the bottom of certain still pools along the sea coast may be found smooth, shining pebbles, which, as they lie embedded there in the softness of the white sand, seem exquisite marvels of shape and polish. So they are; yet the marvel, in truth, is not so much the perfection they now possess, as in the manner in which that perfection was achieved. For not in the stillness of those sand-bottomed pools did they lose their sharp crudeness of angle, their rough unloveliness of surface. Rather, in the turmoil and warfare of running waters, they were jostled, and crushed and smoothed; in the storm-dashing of the waves, they were tossed and broken and polished, until, at last, from out of that chaos of nature, they were thrown forth upon the sands—and the world, realizing their perfection, calls them beautiful.

So, as with the pebbles, it is with all mankind. The most perfect characters the world has ever known, those who have suffered and endured and even perished for the sake of some great principle, are not those whose lives have been lived in the still pools of luxury and contentment, but those who, facing the storm blast of adversity, and knowing bitterness and discouragement, have yet remained undaunted, until, like the spear shaft of the young Arthurian knight, they became at last of that enduring "grain storm-strengthened" by the very forces that opposed them. Theirs is the clear vision of the sufferer; the dauntless ambition which plants new gardens on the rich soil of unrealized hopes, that future generations may be enriched by the heritage of the harvest.

Few men whom the world has called great lived to see the completion of their achievements, for no truly great achievement reaches fulfillment in one short life-span. Yet if that one span, essential even in its incompleteness, weakens and falls before the fury of adverse elements, just so much a part of what might have become a perfect whole is lost. Hence it is that those who are truly great, whose lives and whose works go to make up an all-important span in the bridge of human achievements, are those who, in the face of criticism and opposition, stand unwavering and unyielding, firm in the strength born of struggle.

The Storm-Strengthened—Continued

Thus Galileo, groping amid the darkness and superstition of his age toward the light of new truths of science, knew not only the discouragement that comes of the world's mockery, but endured as well the physical torture which was the punishment of those who sought for clearer understanding. Yet, unafraid, he persevered in his beliefs, and today the ideas of Galileo, perfected by generations that followed the trail he blazed, stand as the everlasting monument to a man "storm-strengthened" to endure.

Bunyan, too, possessed that strength which finds life in conflict. Springing, as he did from the despised, uncultured and illiterate class of England, his existence might well have been monotonous, undisturbed and unachieving, had not his soul become the battlefield of a fierce struggle against doubt and temptation, and when, from this fight for spiritual conquest he came forth victorious, he yet was forced to remain for eleven years in prison, because, in opposition to the laws of England, he dared to declare to the world the truths which were revealed to him through suffering. No man could have had strength to endure so much for the sake of a principle who had not known the bitterness and achieved the victory of that soul-struggle.

To know through his mind-creations the inner heart and self of the literary genius is to realize the strength which is *his* through conflict, whether that conflict be with his own soul or with an antagonistic world about him. Shelley, dreamer in a world of realities, knew well the bitterness of that world's misunderstanding, yet that very bitterness gave strength to his genius, for it forced him to produce work which was above criticism. Byron, colossally egotistical, everlastingly dissatisfied, portrayed in those solitary, joyless and misanthropic heroes so characteristic of his work, his own solitude and soul strife. Swift, scornful of and rebellious against man's petty controversies and shams, vented his antagonism in the bitterest yet most vigorous satires ever produced, while Ruskin, the idealist, "fighting the battle of his time against avarice, vulgar materialism, and unbelief," found strength in that struggle to produce those masterly essays which express so vividly his love of beauty and his unfaltering zeal for righteousness.

In conclusion, as the very personification of a life developed and consummated in the perfection of storm-given strength, stands Abraham Lincoln, the ablest President and one of the most magnificent figures in all the history of the world. Although Washington stands coordinate with him in name, Washington, with all his greatness, knew but a few times the bitterness of opposition and calumny, felt but in scant measure the strength that is born of conflict. To Lincoln, Destiny gave but two gifts—a good mother and a yearning for achievement, and with the memory of one and the inspiration of the other, he breasted, unfalteringly, the storm waves of adversity.

Even from his birth circumstance seemed to have placed bars to his advancement. His people were the lowliest of the lowly; his father ignorant, shiftless and lazy; his home a miserable hut, where culture, educa-

The Storm-Strengthened—Concluded

tion and the refinements of civilization were unknown. He himself was awkward, uncouth and ungainly, with high-pitched voice and unprepossessing manner. Moreover, he came forth from the very depths of obscurity to face men great of power and reputation, men who were everything that he was not. Yet this man, in less than a score of years, stepped into the foremost rank of that generation of orators, took place not only beside but above the most gifted statesmen of that day and, greatest of all, stood at the helm of a nation's destiny and guided that nation safely through the chaos of civil war and disunion.

One historian, summarizing the character of Lincoln, says: "No one attempts to explain the origin of the genius of Lincoln * * * trained in the merciless schools of adversity and penury, he rose in public life and became the leading American of his time." Perhaps it is true that the *origin* of that genius has no explanation, but on its development and consummation the historian has himself unknowingly thrown the light of revelation by those words "trained in the merciless schools of adversity and penury." For thence it was that there came to him that enduring, all-achieving strength that is the gift of strife, of suffering, and of storm, and thence, out of just such suffering and storm, does all man's life and work, like the pebbles made beautiful by the tumultuous waves, acquire new strength, new inspiration, new perfection.



The American Democracy

By Homer Bair, '15

Note—This oration won the Gold Medal in the School Literary Contest

DEMOCRACY has been an ideal; in America it is becoming a reality. The earth is held in its orbit by a balancing of two opposite forces; the suspension of the one would crush all life to the center of the earth; the suspension of the other would hurl our civilization into infinite space. Yet these two forces are so balanced that we tread about daily without being disturbed.

In the realm of man these forces are represented by institutions and individuals. The institution would draw the individual into its fold, destroying his initiative; the individual would lose himself in the wilderness, where his initiative would be useless. Progress and civilization depend upon a mutual relationship of the two; Democracy depends upon a balancing of the two.

At no stage in the world's history have these two forces been balanced. In Rome it was the Patrician against the Plebeian; in France, the Aristocrat against the Peasant; in England, the Puritan against the Cavalier. The radical difference or the lack of harmony between the Puritan and the Cavalier resulted in the banishment of individual outcasts to the bleak and barren New England coast. From this band of exiles a nation has grown which outshines the Athens of Pericles, the Rome of the Caesars, the England of Elizabeth, and the France of Louis XIV.

That individualistic spirit which inspired the colonization of New England promoted the conquest of the continent. When that spirit found itself hemmed in on the East and West by the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, on the North by Canada, on the South by Mexico and its gulf, it turned in its path and beheld an intrenched plutocracy.

There were no more forests or wilds to be explored, no more uninhabited countries to be settled, so the individual has had to stop and try to readjust himself to the great organizations of business. Thus a foundation was established on which to build a democracy. To destroy the financial organisms would be a calamity. The growth of machinery, the expediency of transportation have made great enterprises a necessity for both national and international importance. The trouble with America is not too much democracy, but there is not enough. Our government has a democratic tendency, while great corporations of business reign with a despotic

The American Democracy—Concluded

hand among a people permeated with democratic principles. Neros in the guise of industrial monopolies; Caesars clad in the raiment of privileges; Medicines of capital that sail ships on the waters of every sea; railroads that have woven a network of steel rails over this entire country; industrial corporations that send products into every nook and corner of the world. These are the tyrants of America; not tyrants of industry only, but tyrants of both industry and government, whose mighty influence creeps into every political, social, and economic problem. Tyrants whose avarice and greed would crush the people into destitution, and place a yoke on their shoulders heavier than the bonds of ancient feudalism. Pharaohs of capital that are building glittering pyramids of capital with the gold carried from the desert of toil by the people. But who will break this spell of industrial despotism—the people. “The salt of the earth”; the toilers of society, whose blood, since the dawn of history, has boiled at the martyr’s stake and flowed onto the ground for the sacred rights and privileges afforded by the brotherhood of man. God’s people, whose deeds are made immortal by the march of the six hundred to Versailles and the anthems which rose heavenward from the multitude following the standards of Oliver Cromwell. The American democracy rests upon the shoulders of the people; if it is a failure it will be a failure of the people. The citizens of this country must instill democracy into the institutions of capital, purge them of plutocracy, and strike a balance between them and individuals. “Man was not made for the institution, but the institution for man.”

Democracy can be accomplished only through the efforts of those profiting by its existence. Did not the Dutch citizens drive the tyrannical Spanish from the soil of the Netherlands? Did not the American patriots, few in numbers and undisciplined, rid this country of the tyrant George III? Did not the peasants, oppressed and trodden into the very dust of the earth, break the spell of French aristocracy? Does it not follow, then, that our democracy rests with the people, “God’s people,” who toil in the factories, work in the shops, guide the plow through the furrow, and fell the trees in the forest? The people who have turned the American forest, desolate and unexplored, into a powerful nation; the trackless wilds into beautiful cities; brought forth from the dark abyss of the earth rich minerals; cultivated the vast and fertile expanses of land into waving meadows. The people who have heaped upon this commonwealth all its glories and riches and have piloted this nation into the foremost ranks of international powers. The people who have sacrificed their lives, their property, and broken the bonds of love amid the carnage of the battlefield that this nation might live. America is its people; its people is its democracy.

Where Deepest Loves Abound

By Chester H. North, '15

Note—This verse won the Gold Medal in the School Literary Contest

My life has been the sweet enjoyment of
The kiss which falls from lips ne'er insincere ;
And, knowing that it comes from one so dear,
The thrill of burning, everlasting love,
As inspiration sent from Him above,
Bursts on my soul ; and always then the fear
Of failure flees and confidence draws near.
The pow'r to right it brings ; just as the Dove
Of Peace, it comes to me when troubled sore
To smooth the path with ardent sympathy.
Such comfort in another can't be found,
No other kiss can e'er unlock that door
Of secrets, bright and sad, whose only key
Is mother's kiss—where deepest loves abound.

Sons of the Revolution Contest, 1914



Helen Seawell

Leonora K. Showalter

In the essay contest conducted by the local chapter of the S. A. R., Helen Seawell won second place and Leonora K. Showalter third place.

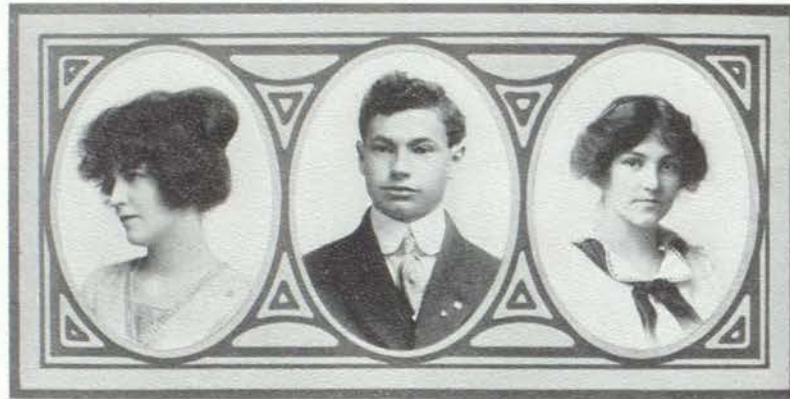
M. S. A. Essay Contest, 1914



Leonora K. Showalter

Winner of the local preliminary contest and Central representative at Columbia.

Luminary Story Contest, 1914



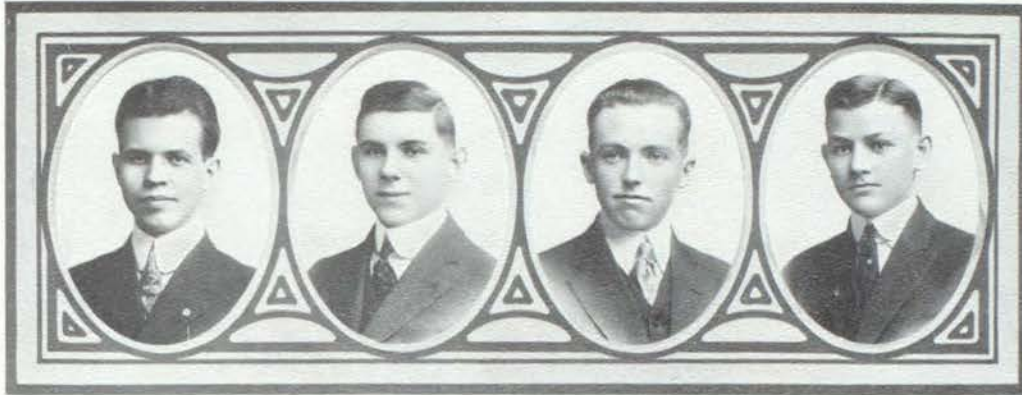
Leonora Showalter
First Prize

Morris Dreyfus
Second Prize

Meryl Leavel
Third Prize

Honorable mention was awarded Mary Casey, Virgil Thomson, Meryl Leavel, Andrew Ruder, Cecil Brown and Wellington Pierce.

Debate



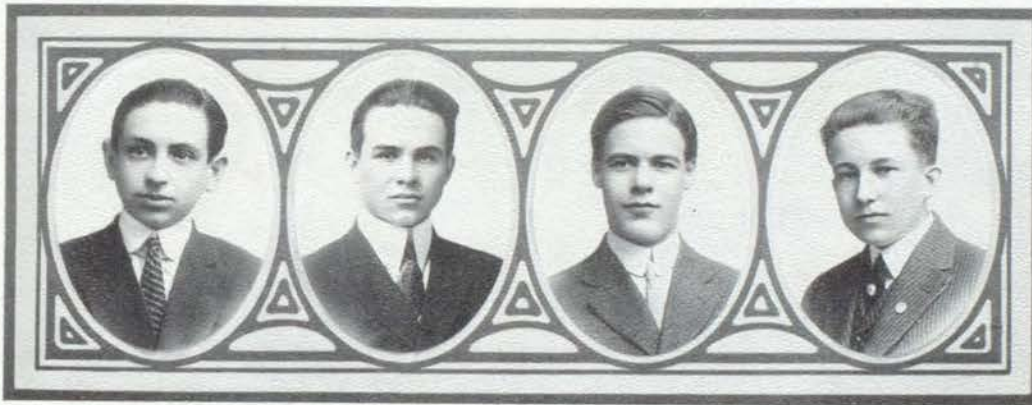
Affirmative Team

David Ross, Captain

Leon Crowl

Frank Clements

Fred Suddarth, Alternate



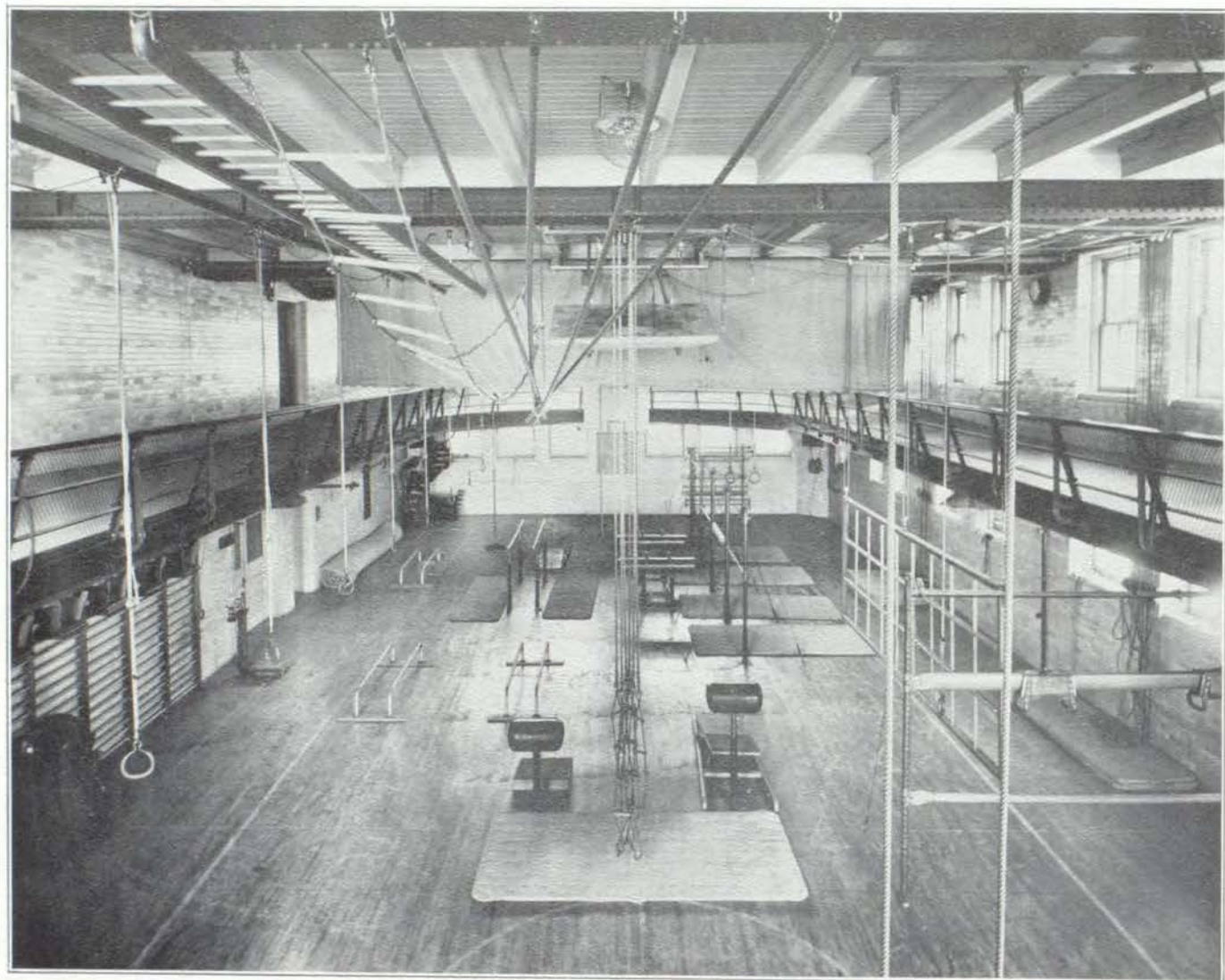
Negative Team

David Hearsh, Captain

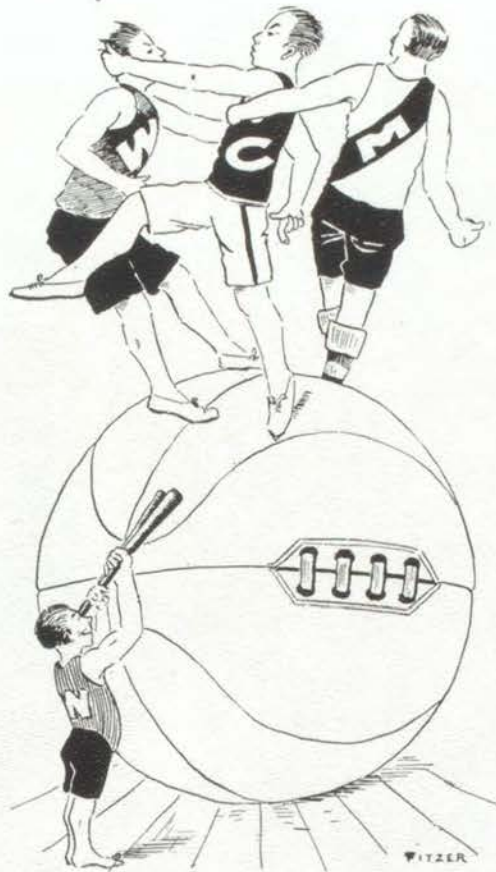
Homer Bair

Nelson Peters

Dale Thompson, Alternate



The Gymnasium



Wearers of the "C"

CAMPBELL, STUART, *Basket Ball*
EHRNMAN, WALTER, *Track*
LAWRENCE, BOLTON, *Track*
MCGOON, RICHARD, *Track*
MORSE, RALPH, *Basket Ball, Track*
RIDER, NORRIS, *Basket Ball, Track*
STEVENSON, CHARLES, *Basket Ball*
STRIEBY, FRANK, *Track*
VINCENT, LLOYD, *Basket Ball*
VINER, HARRY, *Basket Ball*
WALKER, RICHARD, *Basket Ball, Track*

Review of the Basket Ball Season

THE outcome of the basket ball season of 1914 was somewhat unusual and a little less glorious than that of last year. Year before last we occupied first place with Westport; were undisputed champions last year, but this year we must share first with both Manual and Westport.

The training season opened with Central in about the same predicament that Manual has been in for some years—no gymnasium. This fact worked a double hardship in that we could not play the usual interclass games, which are great material developers. Notwithstanding, our fellows started out with grim determination in a little two by twice church gymnasium. As a further encouragement, Captain Skinney got stepped on and was out some time with a sprained ankle. To cap it all, three promising players flunked out.

The schedule promised to be one of the most exciting ever played, and no one was disappointed except in the outcome.

Our warriors first went after Westport on her own ground and proceeded to get walloped to the tune of 38 to 27. But to quote a well known authority, "we only expected to win eight of the nine games scheduled." In



Morse—Center



Rider—Guard

the next game we saw a chance for revenge. Northeast was the victim. Score 24 to 20, Central. That game was not exactly the walk-away we had intended to make it. The Northeast team adopted the slogan, "Beat Central," and came very near living up to it. Next on the program was a landslide from Manual, 46 to 37. Then, with unbounded pleasure and joy unconcealed, we defeated Westport 32 to 23. To all appearances, Manual was out of the championship race and so, of course, was Northeast, hence it was for Central and Westport to argue. The next game was a hair-raiser to the Central rooters. Northeast, at whom we smiled, rolled up a score of 20 to our 21, the game being won only by Vincent's free throw in the last few seconds of the game. We again succeeded in defeating Manual, but on the following date Westport took the big end of a 31 to 28 score. While we were defeating Northeast for the third time, the Manual team took their second from Westport. Manual now had won two games from Westport, the latter two from Central and Central two games from Manual. All depended on the last game with the Crimson team. Score, Manual 36, Central 28. Result: Central, Manual, and Westport tied for first, Northeast second, the latter having lost only nine games. This state of affairs is very unsatisfactory, but the season ended so late that it was thought best not to play off the tie.

Vincent proved to be chief point collector of the team, having to his credit 143 points, over half the total score.



Vincent—Forward



Walker—Forward

Review of the Basket Ball Season—Concluded

Morse succeeded in making more fouls than anyone else, totaling 60. Walker from the other forward position scored three more goals than his last year record. Rider and Viner did splendid work as guards, Rider having dropped 4 goals through the basket, the first time in his career. Viner scored 10, which is unusual for a guard. Rider was chosen as one guard on the All-Star team. "Coach" Young's first basket ball team is one to be proud of. The individual scores are:



Viner—Guard

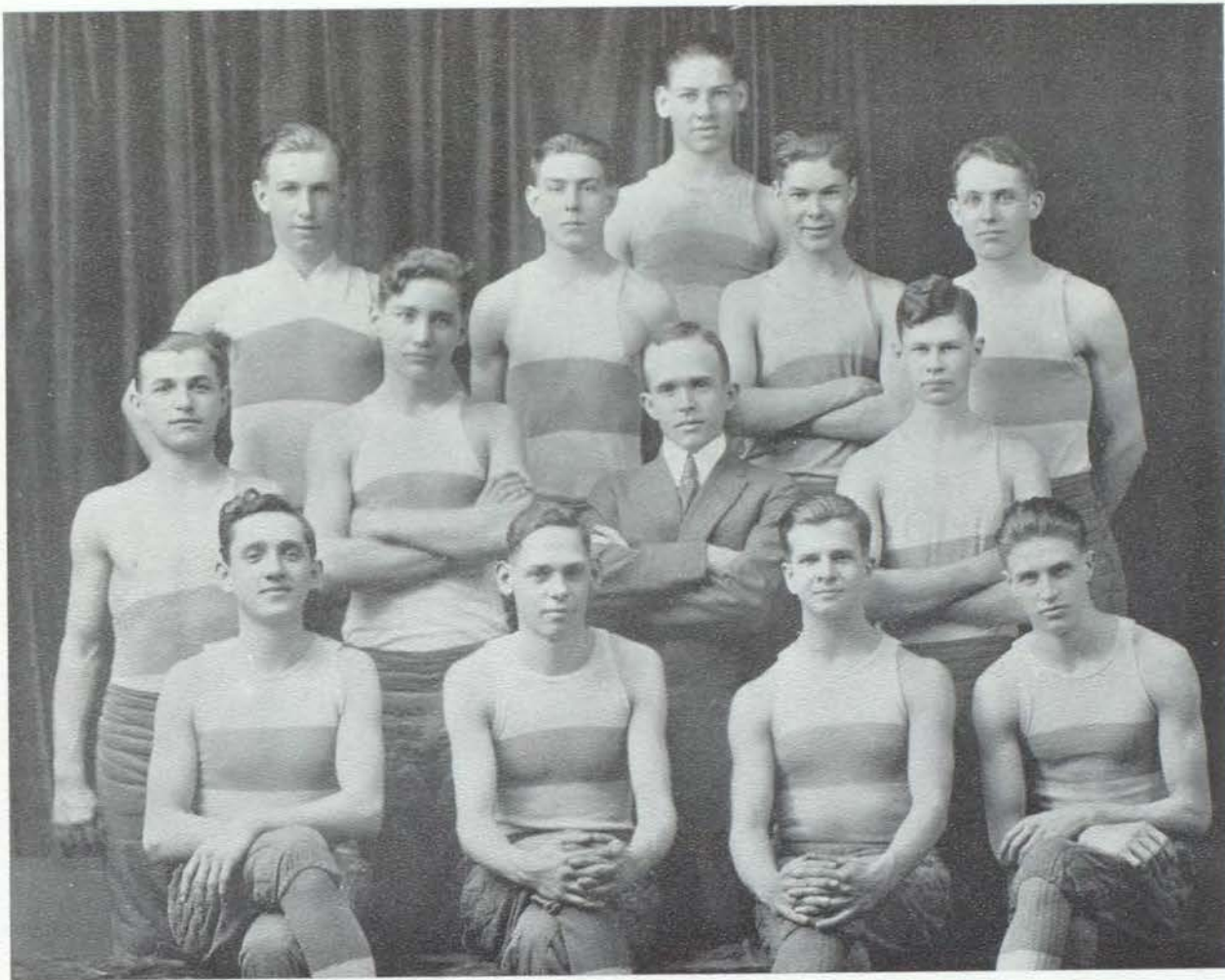


Stevenson

CENTRAL.			OPPONENTS.		
	G.	F.T. F.		G.	F.T. F.
Walker.	26	2 37	Right Forward.	14	96 27
Vincent.	29	85 15	Left Forward..	11	42 32
Morse.	11	0 60	Center.	19	0 32
Viner.	10	0 44	Right Guard...	4	0 31
Rider.	4	0 31	Left Guard....	4	0 37
Stevenson.	3	0 14			
		— — —			— — —
Total.	83	87 201	Total.	52	138 159

Points awarded, 7.

Points awarded, 7.



Basket Ball Squad

	Meyer		North	Viner	Keifer	Stevenson
Fox	Vincent	Morley	Morse	Mr. Young	Rider	Van Boskirk
						R. Walker



Relay Team

Lawrence	Mr. Young	McGoon
Rider		Morse

Relay Team

Members

Bolton Lawrence, '15	Ralph Morse, '14
Richard McGoon, '14	Norris Rider, '14
Charles Stevenson, '14, Alternate	

Record

March 7—K. C. A. C. Meet.
Central defeated Manual and Westport.

March—K. U.-M. A. Meet.
Manual defeated Central.



"Coach"

Review of the Track Season, 1914

WITH only four letter men back and prospects very dim, Central High School, for the first time, looked forward to a poor track season. But contrary to expectations, the showing made by the track squad was excellent. The first meet of the year was very inauspicious for Central athletes. None of the following entries won places: Lawrence and Stevenson, 50-yard dash; Flotho and Goessy in the 880-yard run; W. Willson in the high jump, but our relay team, composed of Lawrence, McGoon, Rider, and Morse easily defeated Manual and Westport.

The K. U.-M. U. annual meet was also a stumbling block, the same sprinters, with the addition of Walker, being defeated, while the same relay team lost a close and exciting race to Manual.

The next event was the annual interclass meet. A different plan was used this year, so that all persons would have a chance. Instead of counting only four places, eight were counted, first place being given ten points; second, seven; third, five, and on down. Under this arrangement, the Seniors won, with a score of 141, to 109 for the Juniors, 32 for the Sophomores and 25 for the Freshmen. Lawrence, of the Juniors, was the individual star, annexing 49 points; Rider, with 45, and Walker, with 30, were strong for the Seniors; Byam was the point winner for the Sophomores.

With a team of only five men, Coach Young entered the High School Day meet at Columbia, Missouri, for the first time in five years, and by getting 18½ points secured fifth place. The following were the events the Blue and White placed in:

100-yard dash—Lawrence won in 10:1/5, breaking the Central record of 10:2/5, formerly held by Page, '03.

220-yard dash—Lawrence won.

440-yard dash—Rider got third place.

880-yard run—Rider got second in the first race, and McGoon third in the second race.

High jump—Walker tied for third at 5 ft. 8 in., equaling the Central record made by McIntire, '11.

Strieby did not place in the weights.

The Missouri Valley meet was won by Manual for the second consecutive year. Central, by getting 19½ points, annexed fifth place. The Central results:

100-yard dash—Lawrence, second; Walker, third.

One mile—McGoon, fourth.

440-yard run—Rider, second.

880-yard run—Rider, first.

High jump—Walker tied for third.

Shot put—Strieby, fourth.

The Quadrangular meet will be held on May 16, and will be run the same as last year, in classes, according to the average of the age, height and weight. The K. U. Invitation meet will be held this year on May 23, to which Central will send eleven or twelve athletes. These meets are held too late for reviews in the Centralian.

Track Records at Central

EVENT	HOLDER	MO. VALLEY RECORD	CENTRAL RECORD
100 Yard Dash	B. Lawrence, '15	:10	:10 1/5
220 Yard Dash	Gardner, '08	:22 1/5	:23
440 Yard Run	Patrick, '08	:51 3/5	:51
880 Yard Run	Patrick, '08	2:04	2:05
Mile Run	R. Morse, '12	4:33 3/5	4:37
High Hurdles	K. Hamilton, '11	:15 4/5	:15 4/5
Low Hurdles	C. Woodbury, '09	:25 3/5	:25 3/5
High Jump	{ C. McIntire, '11 } { R. Walker, '14 }	5 feet 10 1/2 inches	5 feet 8 inches
Broad Jump	D. Hendrickson, '09	22 feet	21 feet 7 1/2 inches
Pole Vault	C. Woodbury, '09	11 feet 2 1/2 inches	11 feet 2 1/2 inches
Shot Put	J. Reber, '12	48 feet 5 1/2 inches	47 feet 10 inches
Hammer Throw	R. Bowers, '09	172 feet 3 inches	167 feet 7 inches
Discus Throw	J. Reber, '12	124 feet 4 inches	110 feet 8 inches

Note—The Central record for the 100 yard dash was lowered from :10 2/5 to :10 1/5 by Bolton Lawrence, '15. The former record stood for eleven years and was held by Page, '03. R. Walker equalled the Central record of 5 feet 8 inches in the high jump and is now a co-holder of the record with McIntire, '11. Both records were made on May 2 at High School Day in Columbia, Mo. The Missouri Valley meet saw the shattering of one record—the pole vault. From where it formerly stood at 11 feet, L. Winn, of Manual, raised it 2 1/2 inches. All these are recorded in the above compilation.

Quadrangular Track Meet

MAY 16, 1914

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL ENTRIES.

EVENTS.	CLASS A.	CLASS B.	CLASS C.	CLASS D.
100-Yard Dash.	Lawrence, B. Walker, R. Stevenson, C.	Lovelace, R. Fox, N.	Thomas, L. Browne, C. Heimovitch, G.	Sayles, E. Wolfe, C. Gerson, B.
220-Yard Dash.	Walker, R. Viner, H. Lawrence, B.	Lovelace, R. Rice, C. White, H.	Browne, C. Thomas, L. Brock, W.	Sayles, E. O'Leary, T. Wetzel, E.
440-Yard Dash.	McGoon, R. Viner, H. Rider, N.	Goodman, R. Thompson, L. White, H.		
880-Yard Run.	Rider, N. McGoon, R. Flotho, C.	Mooney, W. Thompson, L.		
120 Hurdles.	Walker, R.	Walhstead, J. Wilson, W. White, H.	Shepard, V. Gerson, L. Meyers, E.	Stevenson, C. Chapline, R. Hill, H.
220 Hurdles.	Maggard, F. Striely, F. Stevenson, C.	Fox, N. Walhstead, J. Huling, F.		
High Jump.	Walker, R. Lawrence, B.	Wilson, W. Watson, A. White, H.	Becker, G. Walker, L. Thomas, L.	McGinley, W. Ely, W. Wetzel, E.
Broad Jump.	Rider, N. Lawrence, B. McGoon, R.	North, C. Watson, A. Goodman, R. Rice, C.	Thomas, L. Meyers, E. Conn, M.	Gerson, B. Anderson, J. Sayles, E. O'Leary, T.
Shot Put.	Striely, F. Bryson, E. Morley, B.	Fox, N. Soden, H. North, C.	Shepard, V. Brock, W.	Anderson, J. Chapline, R.
Pole Vault.		Lovelace, R. North, C.	Duvall, G. Walker, L.	Wetzel, E. McGinley, W.
Relay.	Rider, N. McGoon, R. Viner, H. Lawrence, B. Stevenson, C.	Goodman, R. White, H. Mooney, W. Rice, C. Thompson, L.	Meyers, E. Thomas, L. Shepard, V. Brock, W. Heimovitch, G.	Sayles, E. O'Leary, T. Hill, H. McGinley, W. Wetzel, E.



M. Arbogast

H. Lowenstein

C. North

Cheer Leaders

Now all together!

Brackety, yackety, yackety, yack!

Brackety, yackety, yackety, yack!

Hullabaloo, Hullabaloo!

How do you do, How do you do,

Central!

Retrospect

September

CONFUSION; loud greetings; frightened freshmen; sophisticated sophomores; juniors; serene seniors; heat and ice-cream cones; rushing parties; summer reminiscences; unstudious students; frantic teachers; heat and ice-cream cones; gossip; more cones; new books; assemblies that no one cares anything about; hooky; tennis; more heat; more cones—such is September. Like some wild dream, it is all noise and hurly-burly. 'Tis here; 'tis gone before we realize it. It is a scene as old as Central and as new as this morning's sunrise.

School begins on the ninth, a date greeted with different feelings by the various pupils. Those whom the school bell wakens from a pleasant snooze in the shade of the old apple tree return reluctantly; while those who have been following the plow or indulging in some similar form of light exercise, welcome the coming nine months of rest and recreation with joy. Club members, however, soon forget the good old summer time in the mad whirl of the rushing season. Hopeful sophomores who have gotten a new hair cut and have remembered to wash behind the ears for the occasion are solemnly introduced to their appraising superiors. These sophomores are fearful lest they should not come up to the rules and specifications, but they needn't be. Heaven knows the clubs are eager enough to get them, though the members appear to be entirely willing to leave the roll as it is. They go on the theory that it is not good to swell the youthful brain with thoughts of vanity. Sophomores



Retrospect—Continued

are given much strange information preceded by a discreet, "Now, far be it from me to run down another club, but"— etc. Presently the poor innocents are elected, pledged, and initiated, after which come sighs of relief and a peaceful lull. The nation is saved. Northeast is with us. We are told that they will leave very soon. The boys are rather sorry, for Northeast has some rather pretty girls. Our girls keep their opinion to themselves. On account of Northeast, the clubs have to meet in the far, unheard of corners, the S. L. H. in room one, the Shakespeares wherever they can, the Aristonians in Mr. Holmes's office so he can keep his eye on them, the Minervas up under the roof, the Websters down in the lunch room, which is all very fitting perhaps. Before we are hardly settled the month is over. Northeast not out yet.

October

We are getting used to it. The freshmen are rapidly learning that a teacher who wears trousers is not a wicked ogre who bites little boys. Our shiny, new books that smelled so good are already filled with pictures and notes. It is still hot, but while there are ice-cream cones there is hope. Mr. Holmes amuses himself with an impromptu assembly which keeps the audience in the agonizing fear that it soon won't be audience. Out of kindness, the names of the victims are not published. On the ninth come the music club tryouts. We weep for Miss Whitney, a martyr to a grate(ing) cause. At the next assembly, a man tells us about a book called "Thinking Black." He makes it very interesting and suggests that we read it and we, being of a very trusting nature, go to the library to get it. We take one look and exit with haste. "Thinking Black" would be fine to stand on while hanging pictures. Four days later, Mr. Holmes amuses himself again by having the candidates for election to the Luminary staff make campaign speeches in Assembly Hall. The school feels that it is imposed upon and gets revenge by sentencing the twelve worst speakers to seven months of hard labor in the Luminary office. Immediately the defeated ones form the Central Journalistic Club. Mr. Rainsburg is made president. He is asked what the purpose of the club is and has to confess that he does not know. Great club that! The Luminary staff meets for the first time and has some difficulty in choosing the place, every one wanting a position full of glory and no work. Soon, however, all differences are patched up and the editors weep on the business managers' necks. Twentieth, musical program. A week later a man from Cambridge gives a talk on "Habit" in the most approved Harvard accent. We reflect that the worst habit is the habit of lecturing on habit. Add a Harvard accent to this and it becomes a crime. *Northeast not out yet.*

November

The Sophomores begin wearing long pants and the Aristonians begin wondering why the Shakespeare girls give so many parties. On the tenth the Minervas start the club programs with the "Return of Deborah." The two old maids wore clothes that were frightfully out of style. The play lacked virility for obvious reasons. Next came the Shakespeares in "Merry Wives of Windsor" with Mr. Himey White of the loose whiskers, looking like a goose destined to become *pati de foi grasse*. We get our cards and once more try to explain to our stubborn parents that these semi-term grades do not really count. Stubborn parents reply that we are to quit running round at night till we bring up those grades. We answer "Yes" very meekly and decide that the three greatest nuisances of modern life are parents, report cards, and sweet girl graduate books. These last are enough to make a man lose all faith in woman-kind and drive him into eternal celibacy. A Missouri University program is sandwiched in before the S. L. H. play, "Lend Me Five Shillings." Mr. Lovelace looks very handsome. The day before Thanksgiving the Luminaries come out. Many are bought and more are desired. We are given two school days and Saturday and Sunday in which to partake of the traditional turkey. Northeast not out yet.

December

The Aristonians give a college play containing full instructions for proposing. The boys pay close attention and take notes. Miss Walley looks like a poker slipped into a stick of macaroni. The following Monday the Websters end the club programs with a musical comedy that has no heroine! We suggest that next year the Websters give a show entitled "The High School Girls," a Study in Youth, Beauty and Folly; seventy-five per cent girls; a stage door pass given with every orchestra ticket. Mr. Virgil Thomson gives a musical program on the fifteenth. Then comes Christmas eve and another Luminary. We have a musical program consisting mostly of orchestra. William A. Lewis, Jr., is brought to hear it. He is known as Bill to distinguish him from his father, who, being a dignified teacher, must be called William by all his pupils. Bill, who is very fat and good natured, sat on his doting parent's lap. D. P. looked very red, very proud, and very happy, while Bill tried to eat a gold watch. Wonder if "dippy" is derived from D. P.? Bill disapproved of the latter part of the program and expressed a desire to leave, which desire was quickly gratified. We all go home glad for once that we are Christians and can forget school for two weeks. Northeast not out yet.

January

The fifth—school again. We return with fear and trembling. Three weeks till exams! We feel right smart gloomy, so carefully listen to the exhortations of the Reverend Mr. Abernathy. It does us a lot of good, for on the following day the Intersociety Representatives have a secret interview with Mr. Holmes and desecrate his private office by playing wink-'em therein. What else they accomplish is unknown. On the ninth the basket ball season is officially opened with a scrimmage between Westport and Central. The conceit is completely knocked out of us by our defeat, 38 to 26. But the next Monday our attention is turned to the bewildering costume of a certain vocalist who performs. The fourteenth sees the boys again wrought into a high pitch of excitement over the preliminary debate tryout. Some folks are happy afterwards, anyway. The fifteenth brings forth another basket ball game, this time with Northeast, our step-brothers, as it were; and we have the pleasure of walloping them 24 to 20. The twentieth produces the annual award of the first prize Luminary Story Contest to Miss Leonora Showalter. The sub-winners are completely overshadowed. But the next day brings all students upon the same level of struggling through the examinations. Suffice it to say that we somehow exist during the next few days. Friday night our natural exuberance again rises to the top under the influence of a complete and unarguable victory over Manual. Again, however, the fatal day of semi-term cards comes around and we—well, let each one think for himself. The thirtieth brings a somewhat diverting assembly consisting of equal parts of announcements and yells. The S. A. R. winners are announced, but are not at all shocked, as they have heard the news previously. The one prize that strays off to Northeast knows better than to leave the building at any rate. (Of course, you realize that our dear friends are still with us.) We express our general good feeling toward the world that evening by tripping up the winning Westporters and giving them a few tips on how to carry off a glorious victory. **Northeast not out yet.**

February

As our friend Mr. Clements would say, "This glorious month of awakening spring when the happy little birds begin to wend their instinctive pathway northward is fittingly ushered in by the blazing forth upon the industrious student-body of the most excellent school publication ever issued from the press." In plain United States, the Luminary comes out. The ninth issues forth an Iconoclast who brazenly presents Shakespeare as a salesman,

Retrospect—Continued

selling perfumed soap and pink and white wrappers by the simple process of exercising his scientific brain. The next day we are almost prostrated by hearing the "Lord, how the wind blows" story. These being the days of woman's usurpation of man's rights, the seventeenth finds the girls lurching at the Y. W. C. A. and forming a High School Club. Moreover, they have not yet "busted up" over somebody's hairdress. Were it not for our sense of justice we would fain neglect to mention the B. B. game with Westport on the twentieth when we are defeated, 31 to 28. Nuff said. The twenty-third finds the center spot of our assembly platform occupied by our own diminutive Miss Whitney, whose energetic performance upon the violin is much appreciated. With our winning over Northeast again, and good luck in the games the same night, we are momentarily cast into first place. Goodness!

Northeast not out yet.

March

This frisky month blows in with a double header for the assembly, something as yet unheard of, consisting of a speech by Dan Crawford and the Intersociety Play. We fear, however, that the latter completely counteracted all the big and noble thoughts developed by the former. Sixth—B. B. game with Manual—score 36-28, favor of Manual—triple championship. (Note the brevity of this. 'Tis a painful subject.) We are awakened from our dull stupor of sorrow by the fact that Earl Smith puts one over on "Pop." We are glad to know somebody can. The fifteenth we listen to Mr. Dillenbeck's School of Oratory and wonder why we could not do likewise. Then we are aroused almost to applaud each speaker as the Central and Westport debating teams build their little stories one upon another in the figure of our talented Mr. Holmes. But oh! the night of the twentieth—ignominy! *Two* defeats in debate simultaneously! A thunderbolt from a clear sky. We won't say what we think of the judges for—oh rats! ach himmel! carramba! los diables! ad infinitum! !!**??!! The twenty-third proves to be another practical joke perpetrated upon the victims in the extemporaneous assembly. Alack! Alack! Alack! It is almost as nerve wracking as having one's picture taken, especially in a club. We pity the photographer, but cannot refrain from pushing our neighbor off the back board or putting our hands on the shoulders of the person in front. The twenty-fifth is the first real good step of the girls toward athletics when the Seniors go down to the Y. W. C. A. to tryout. Right here I cannot refrain from digressing long enough to mention a frightful catastrophe which occurred on the way. Scene: Corner of Eleventh and McGee. Time: High noon at one o'clock. Audience:

Retrospect—Concluded

Many Northeasters, dental students, and basket ball players (masculine). Enter two girls with a six-foot escort carrying a diminutive suit case. First girl, "Well, we leave you here." Takes suitcase, swings it blithely in the air. Snap! The handle breaks, the thing flies open, and oh! blushes and shame! Feminine gymnasium apparel is strewn far and wide in the middle of the street. Second girl squeals, burns clear up 'neath her o'erhanging pompadour, and begins to laugh. So does the audience. First girl gets mad, claws things hastily together and both exit on the run. An epidemic of mumps sweeps over our most dignified Seniors. Alas! How are the mighty humbled.

Northeast not out yet.

April

Leonora, as usual, gets the essay for the Missouri Scholarship. In fact, she does not think that sufficient and will go to Columbia for the finals. As they say April showers bring May flowers, I reckon the flowers appear the sixth in the Choral Club Program. (Yes, we have studied Chesterfield.) Some octette, beyond a doubt. We recommend that they go out on a world tour to Hickman's Mills. The societies, literary, are soon in the throes of choosing representatives for the contest. How many youthful aspirants crushed to earth! 'Tis cruel without question. The Easter holidays prove a brief respite from the turmoil, but upon our return, everything is settled and dope sheets appear. Upon the fourteenth, however, everything is forgotten in the thrills of a Senior election. Who would have thought such self-respecting people as attend Central High would stoop to such graft! "It is horrible, horrible, most horrible!" Nevertheless, our honorable editor-in-chief breaks the spell, or creates a precedent by getting elected to the presidency. The eighteenth introduces the orchestra to the student-body and we are very glad to meet it. The next day is the perilous moment of the Senior ballot. We refuse to comment upon the appropriateness of the elected ones to their high and mighty offices for fear of our lives. The twenty-fourth of April will forever be as great a date for some Centralites as the seventh of January was for Caesar. Upon this day their reputation is made or lost; most of them lose, for each was picked to be a winner by somebody, if no other than their doting parents, but only twelve could win. However, we may content ourselves with the thought that at least we are not as freaky as the geniuses who won. The next Monday there is a still briefer meeting of the right honorable and aged Seniors in which the giftorian goes almost unanimously to Mr. Ross Rainsburg. Thus ends the chronicles of this our Senior year, in the year of our Lord, 1914.

Northeast not out yet.

P. S. Northeast—Gone!

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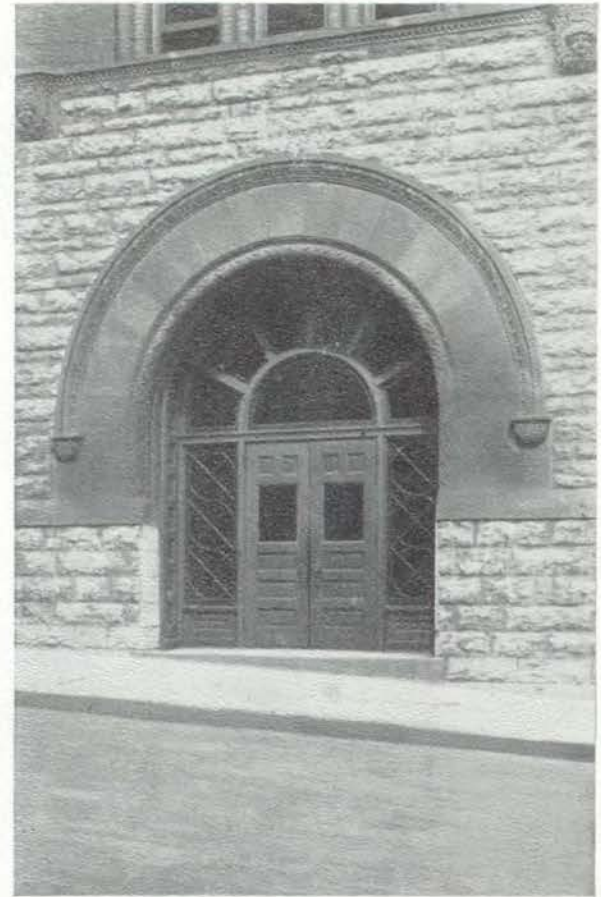
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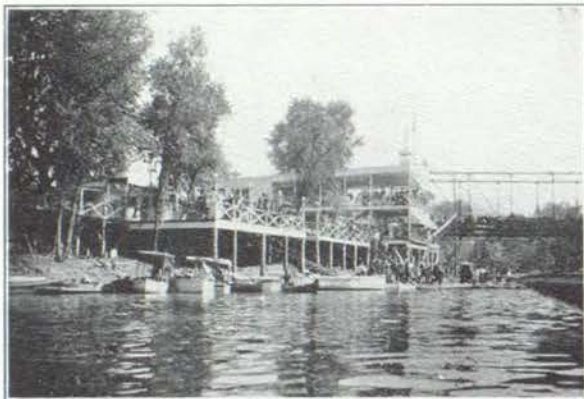
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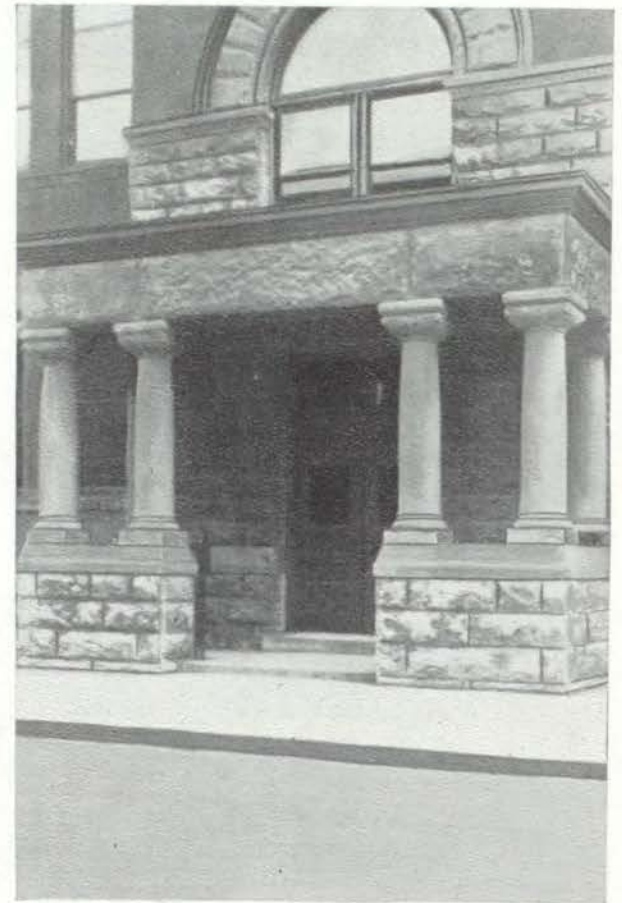
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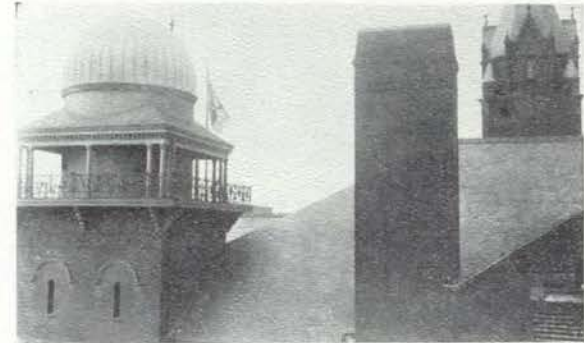
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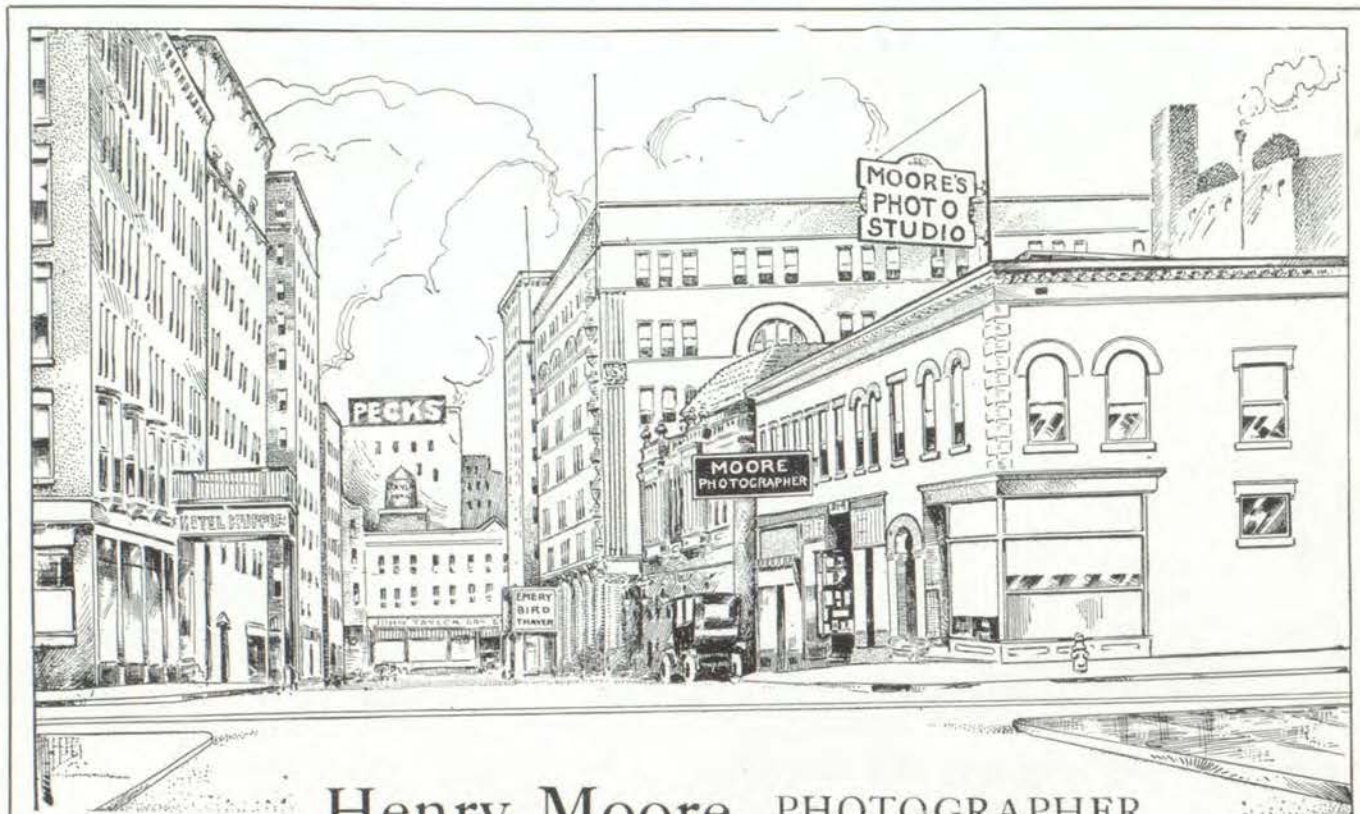
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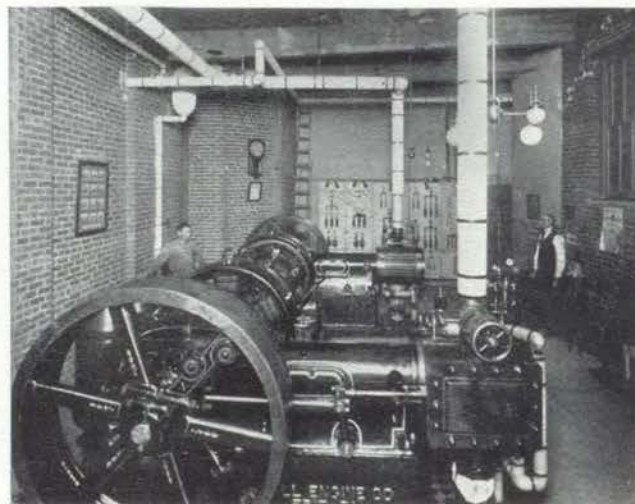
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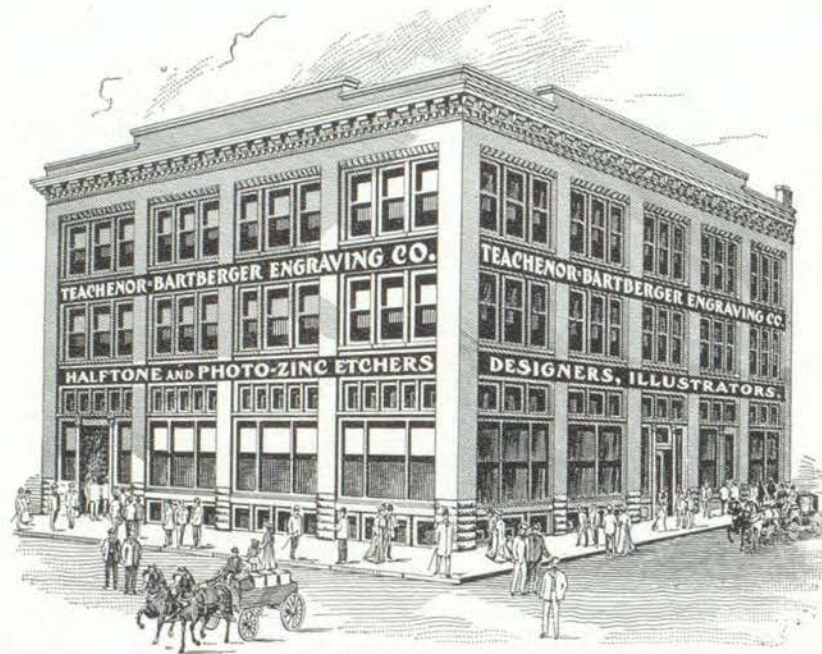
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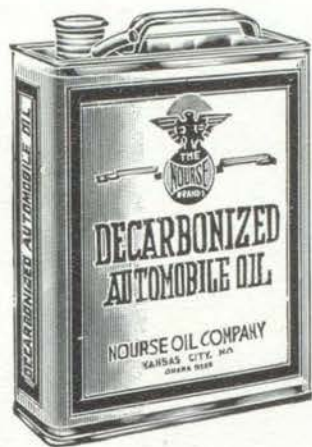
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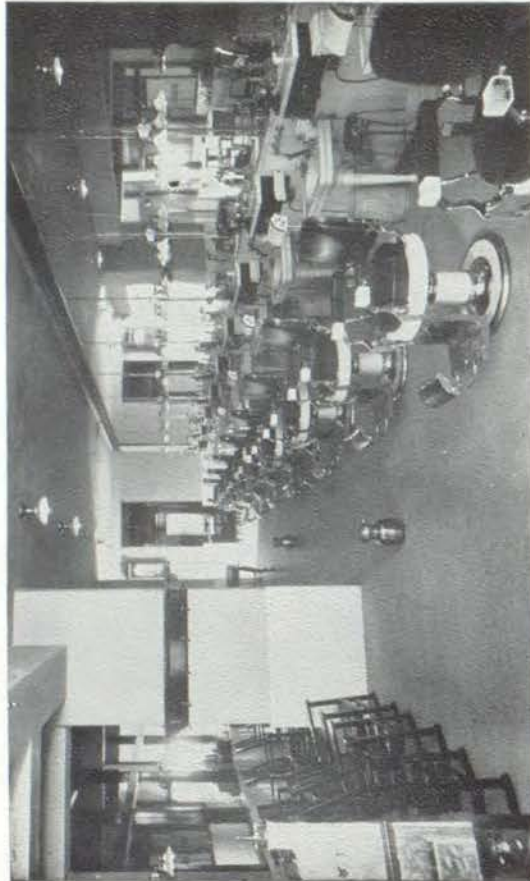
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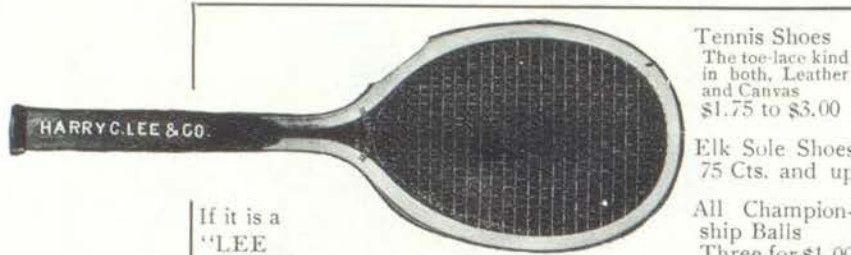
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