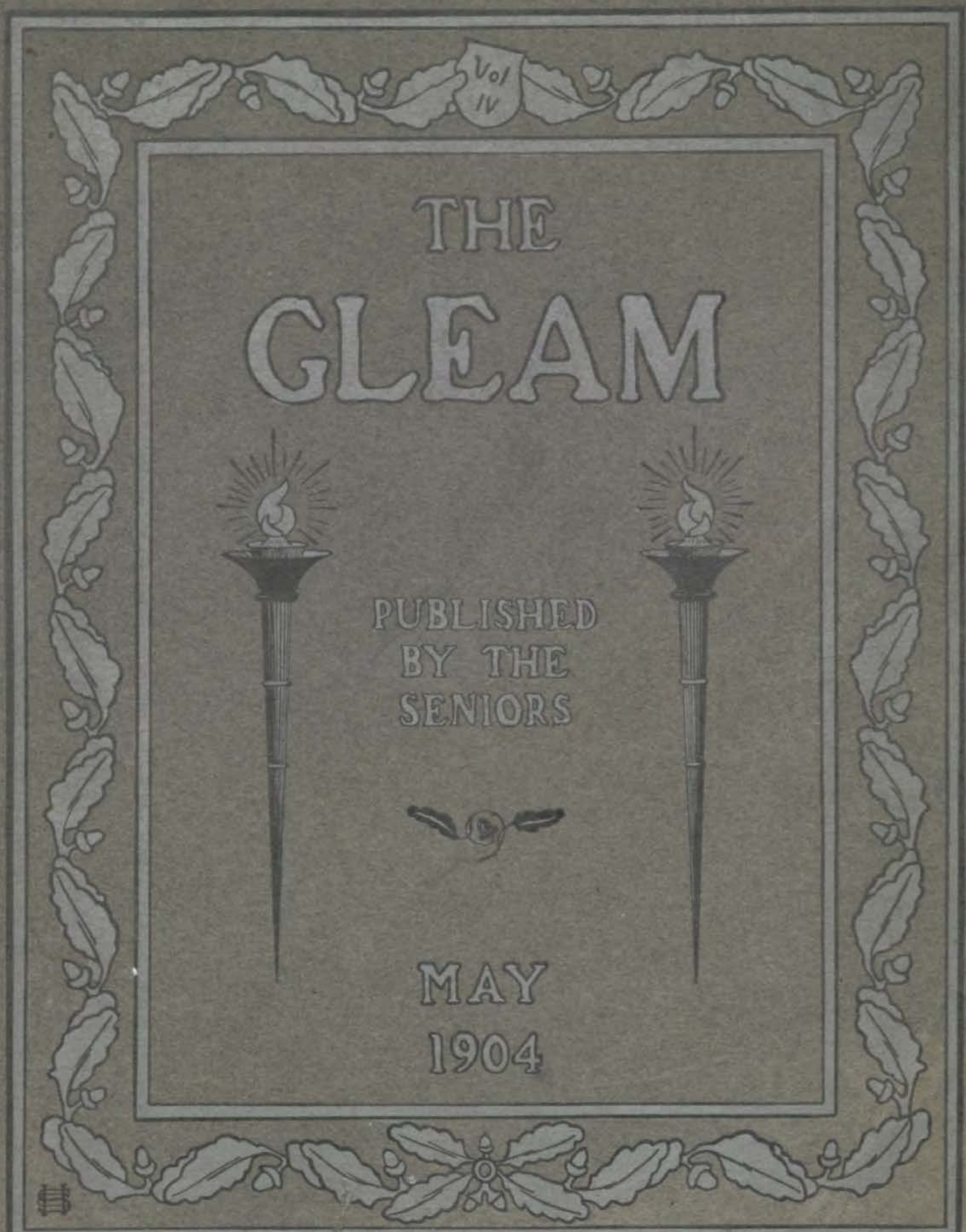
Vol IV
THE
GLEAM
PUBLISHED
BY THE
SENIORS
MAY
1904

Sixteenth Annual Commencement,

Independence High School,

Thursday, May 26, 1904.

MARCH.

INVOCATION ..... L. J. Marshall.

"Foundation Stones" ..... Agnes O'Brien.

"The Study of Poetry" ..... Frances Clements.

INST. SOLO.—Papillon's Roses ..... Francis Thome.

Minnie Clements.

"Modern Chivalry" ..... William Bostian

"Our Country—1804" ..... Goodman Bell.

"Our Country—1904" ..... Roderick Riddle.

INST. SOLO—La Sontaine ..... Lysberg.

Lewise McCoy.

"An Era of Progress" ..... Louise Nagel.

Valedictory ..... John Kelley.

INST. SOLO—La Morena ..... C. Chaminade.

Helen Bryant.

Presentation of Pictures ..... Tessie Smith.

Presentation of Bronzes ..... Maud Compton.

DUET ..... Jessie Adams and Mary Hinde.

Delivery of Diplomas and Medals .....

..... Mr. John A. Sea, Pres. Board of Education.

Delivery of McCoy Medals .....

Honors.

Louise Nagel ..... First in Scholarship.

Goodman Bell, Roderick Riddle ..... Second in Scholarship.

William Bostian ..... Third in Scholarship.

Frances Clements ..... First English Prize Essay.

Agnes O'Brien ..... Second English Prize Essay.

John Kelley ..... Elected Valedictorian.

STATUES PRESENTED BY CLASS '04.

"Les Marguerites." "Les Mures,"

Vol. IV. May, 1904.

THE GLEAM

Published by
The Senior Class
of the
Independence High School.

Price 15 Cents

Dedication.

TO our dear teachers, who have done so much for us, we dedicate this book, as an expression of our gratitude.

Preface.

THE abilities of the class must heretofore necessarily have had their boundaries within the school walls. But now that we are going out of those walls, we feel that, as we go, the eyes of the world are curiously turned upon us and are questioning our capabilities. We mean THE GLEAM to be the answer, and therefore it is the result of our most strenuous efforts—it is the *best* of which we are capable. Nor is this its only aim. It is to be a memoir of our school days in later years, and is only another reason why it should represent our best efforts. Also, THE GLEAM is not without its ambitious motives. It has been our aim to make this paper show a decided step upward. We believe this should be the aim of all succeeding GLEAMS. And we reluctantly admit that we have left room for many such steps. Just how well we have succeeded in this aim—just how many steps we have left unclimbed, we leave the reader to decide.

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HIGH SCHOOL
LIBRARY AND READING ROOM

THE GLEAM

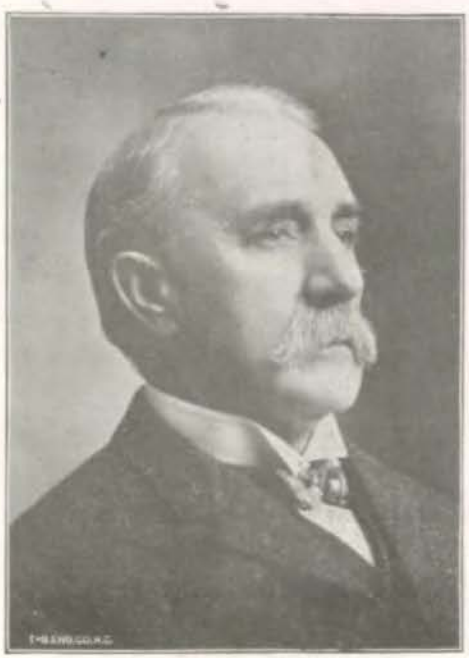
MAY, 1904.

Not of the sun light,
Not of the moon light,
Not of the star light!
O Young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
O'er the margin
After it, follow it,
Follow The Gleam.

—Tennyson.

Class of 1904.

NOTHER milestone is passed, and the journey is hardly begun. A summit is reached, but it discovers peaks immensely higher and more difficult of attainment. However long the way may have seemed, that which is ahead stretches out to infinity, and there is a voice which does not heed our weariness, but says "Go on! Go on!" Life means movement, and not only movement, but that in a forward and upward direction. Culmination is a sure predecessor of retrogression; and retrogression is the beginning of death. Life moves from the organization of the cell to that of the body; from that of the body to the building of thought; from thought to systems, and does not stop until it reposes at the feet of Him who made it and who crowns it. If one is living, he forms part of this grand life-procession, and not



GEORGE S. BRYANT.
*Principal of High School.

only does he know no rest, but the flavor of living is so sweet, that he becomes jealous of each moment which does not bring a new revelation. When he sees men who have attained the hundredth degree of genius, who have been caught up into the seventh heaven of earth's glories and have reported glimpses

of things ineffable, he does not ask for rest, but supplicates for a longer life in which to work and grow. In whatever realms one moves, he sees names ahead beckoning him forward. The enthusiasm of work is intensified by the heroes that have lifted history out of the valley of the Nile and the plains of Babylon and replanted it on the mountains and rivers of America. It is stimulated by those artists that have transfigured mounds and massive temples into Parthenon and cathedral. The names of Angelo, Raphael, Beethoven, Fry and Nightingale admit of no repose to a living soul. For, what a man has been, a man can be; yea, more; what all men have been, one man can be. The living, burning desire of the soul to be all comprehensive, keeps the world's brain in everlasting motion. Living and working were wedded in the Garden of Eden. They cannot be divorced. If one must work in order to live, then what is one's best equipment? Into whatever kind of world your lot may fall, if it is in any sense God's world, there are some things that should not fail to count in favor of their possessors. If the heart is welded to truth, justice, right and duty, these rich properties should be the means of high living and sweet enjoyments. Some things are necessary to manhood and womanhood. Loyalty to God, loyalty to man, loyalty to self, receive their inspiration from on high. These are essentials. A human character built on less cannot stand, and will fall beneath the measure of its own true greatness. These are coins which have the stamp of heaven on them and will pass current in any world, just so it is God's world. The key-words to success are honesty, bravery, simplicity, truthfulness and patience. Let these be in you and abound, and the class of 1904 will have something which the world needs, and which it cannot afford to do without, and may it at last receive the crown that belong to faithful souls.

GEO. S. BRYANT.

How to be Beautiful in Old Age.

THERE are two kinds of beauty, both beginning in youth. The first and highest beauty is that of character; when young, if one is kind and dutiful, that beauty will stay with him always, and if practiced it will bring the soft and beautiful expression, which will stay with one not only unto death, but be remembered ever afterward. The second, or lower beauty is the beauty of form, as in the first part of Sellas' life; though beautiful in form, she was selfish and did not have the expression that a noble character produces.

If you wish to keep the beauty of youth in old age, you must do things for others. This is also illustrated in Sellas' character. She spent her youth in selfishness, but after the loss of her magic slippers and her mother, she spent one night in solemn prayer, after which she awakened to a new life of generosity and love. By doing things for others she kept her beauty in old age.

BABY OWL.

Diarys

MONDAY, APRIL 6TH.—This has been an eventful day for me. It has been the first for several weeks that I have not been "proscribed" in the history class. "Proscribed" is a word that can be understood in this connection only by the weak brethren and sisters of our English history class, and since that does not include many others than myself, I shall explain. First imagine the class going to the recitation room with that same resigned look that Christians are said to have had when going to persecution. Then, imagine seated before them, a being whose brain is the never exhausted source of a fountain of history that pours forth its contents from the eyes and mouth, but never very long from the latter without being shaped into the form of a question. It is while this question is being moulded that a strange look of horror settles down on a great many faces in the class. It is then, for the first time since the opening of the recitation, that a familiar looking little green backed note book is noticed, as this historical being sits and chews its corner. But who will be the victim of that question? What! Yes, she has said, "Minnie." The inevitable "I don't know" follows, as does also the "W-e l-l, - - Agnes" from the front part of the room. Agnes is the Achilles of our class, but we are jealously hoping that some day an arrow will strike the heel. Meanwhile the little green note book has been taken down and something written in it. I suspect if you should send a little elf up to examine this little book he would come back with a report that the book had a death smell and that the name "Minnie" was written there with a good sized period (whose face was not black) placed after it. Yes, THIS is proscription, for she has murdered, or at least stunted the growth of, a poor helpless little grade. Since our grades are such a large part of us I say that I have been proscribed. But what is that melodious sound I hear? Is it Beethoven's "The Moonlight Sonata?" Is it one of Chopin's dreamy little airs? No, it is just the bell. MINNIE OWL.

This afternoon I was thinking about my trip out West, and my thoughts went to the mountains—especially the one I climbed. I remember that I stood near the base of the mountain, and thought how stupendous it was and felt how insignificant I was. But how changed was this feeling when I had reached the summit of the mountain. I looked down upon the great valley below, and because my position was elevated, and because I had, at one glance, a great stretch of scenery before me—I felt bigger, now that I was not on a level with it, but so very much higher that it could scarcely see me. While I was in the reminiscent mood, other thoughts were suggested to me. I pictured

this old mountain as the difficulties near which we are always standing. How small and weak we feel before we try to master these difficulties; but when we have surmounted them how much stronger we feel than when we are standing near by contemplating their strength! I think if we realized what it meant to reach the summit of this sort of mountain, we should never pass one by without climbing to its top.

FRANCES OWL.

As I sit here this afternoon and think of the lessons to prepare for tomorrow, the ghosts of Judge Pyncheon and Napoleon seem to attract my attention, and the variables, constants and limits are all in a heap, until I hardly know whether Napoleon is sitting in the fatal chair in the Pyncheon parlor or Judge Pyncheon fighting at Waterloo. For fear of getting the man whose greatness is said to have been like that of a universe confused with the man sitting in the arm chair, I shall close this and proceed to study.

MAMMA OWL.

FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1903.—I felt a relief this morning when I thought that this was Friday, but when Miss McDonald announced a test for Monday, I wished it were Tuesday. How I do dread tests! I know I shall dream of this one. I went home after school and got my "prose" for Monday. Then I went to the parlor to practice, for tomorrow is my lesson day. The first exercise was not so hard, but before I finished the second I felt that Heller would rather have died without fame than to have his beautiful "Impromptu" so miserably rendered. I am sure that Frances never leaves her most difficult piece to be practiced the day before her lesson. The third I played very well and I decided to play it first for my teacher and perhaps he would not ask for the others. I emerged from the parlor feeling that a walk would refresh me, and now since I have written my diary for to-day, I will call my little brother to walk with me.

LEWISE OWL.

This afternoon I was at home alone for a short time. I had locked all the doors, and had just gone up stairs, when I heard some one trying to play on the piano. For a moment I was so frightened that I hardly knew what to do, but soon decided to sneak down stairs and take a glance into the sitting room. I was greatly astonished to find my cat walking up and down on the piano keys, seemingly enjoying the music. The cat always likes to be in the house near someone. I suppose he was lonesome, and thinking that no one was at home, thought he would entertain himself by playing a selection on the piano.

LOUISE OWL.

Development of the Colonies.

PRINCIPLES, like ultimate particles of matter, and the laws of God, are eternal, indestructable and unchangeable. They have existed in the moral realm of our world since the advent of man, and devious as may be their manifestations, according to circumstances, they remain the same, inherently, and always exhibit the same tendencies. When God gave to man an intelligent soul, and invested him with the prerogatives of moral free agency, then was born that instinctive love of liberty, which through all past time, has manifested itself in individuals and in societies: and in every age, the consciences of men have boldly and indignantly asked in presence of oppression,

"If I'm design'd. yon Lordling's slave
By Nature's laws designed.
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty and scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellows mourn?"

Each colony got much of its form of colonial government from England. The Americans got their natural love of Liberty from England, and also their determination to tax themselves through their representatives. They contended for the same principles of government that the people of England contended for from 1215, when they forced King John to sign the Magna Charta, to the Revolution of 1688 when the liberty of England was firmly established. It has been said, God sifted the whole English nation to send the best into the wilderness of New England. These people, like the people of Virginia, were firm opposers of England's tyranny.

The colonies always looked at England as their mother country, until she acted so arbitarily toward them. As Washington said:

"Arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty abused to licentiousness."

Before the French and Indian War, the colonies were treated fairly well by England, because the French were back of the English settlements, and naturally a sense of danger bound the colonies closer together towards England for help. For this reason England did not strictly enforce the Navigation Acts. But as soon as the French had lost their territory in America, the English began to enforce the Navigation Acts, and to make other laws regarding commerce. In the town-meetings, and the meetings on county-court days in the different colonies, the people began to express their sentiments about the arbitrary rule of England. During the French and Indian War, the Americans had

learned that their troops could fight as well as the British troops. This gave the Americans new confidence in their power to resist tyranny. We may compare colonial and British goverments by an outline.

1. Executive
   - England — King
   - America — Governor
2. Legislative
   - England, 2 houses
     - House of Lords
     - House of Commons
   - America, 2 bodies
     - Council
     - House of Deputies
3. Judicial, both had the same
   - Superior Courts
   - Lower Courts

The colonial officials obtained their positions in different ways. The governors in Connecticut and Rhode Island were elected by the people; but in Maryland and Pennsylvania, they were appointed by the proprietors, and in the rest of the colonies they were appointed by the king. The council in the American colonial assemblies was appointed, and the House of Deputies was elected. In both England and America the judges received their offices by appointment; in England, they held office for life or during good behavior, but in America the king or governor could put them out of office at any time.

The people of England did not gain their liberty at any particular time. It grew slowly but surely. The first great event in the history of English freedom was the Magna Charta in 1215, by which three rights dear to every Englishman, were obtained; those of the trial by jury, no taxation without representation, free and unrestricted justice. The next step toward freer and better government was the House of Commons in 1265. This was the first time in the history of England that all classes were represented in the national council. Great advancement was made in the reign of Edward III. Parliament was then divided into two bodies and the petitions of the commons became laws as soon as signed by the king. Parliament also gained the right to impeach king's officers, and in this way made the king responsible to Parliament, or the people. The English Reformation paved the way for freedom of thought and rise of Puritanism. The Petition of Rights was the outgrowth of this influence. This petition provided: no troops should be quartered on people in time of peace; that there should be no arbitrary taxation or arbitrary imprisonment. Liberty was assured the people of England in the Bill of Rights, which was brought about by the English Revolution. The leading principles of the Bill of Rights are: no quartering of troops in time of peace; no suspension of the writ of

Habeas Corpus; Parliament was made supreme; free elections; that the executive should not interfere with the election of the members of House of Commons; no arbitrary imprisonment; no arbitrary taxation; and that the judges were made independent of the king, by letting them hold office for life or during good behavior. The king was violating these principles when he kept the judges under his control, and quartered the troops here and taxed the colonies.

We will now turn to the growth of independence among the colonies. The colonies were a great distance from Europe. England could not rule the colonies as she could a territory nearer England. The people in England did not know the laws that the Americans needed, nor could they enforce the laws they made. This country was large in extent, and the people were spread out along the Atlantic coast. The people led free and independent lives: they were used to depending on themselves against the wild animals, Indians and the French. These circumstances led the people to be spirited and then, too, had been allowed by England to be a self-governing people. The people of the colonies were mostly descended from English, and they claimed the rights of Englishmen, as laid down in the English constitution. I beg you to consider whether the Americans were right or wrong in rebellion against England. Local government had much to do with the growth of that independent spirit. There were three different forms of local government in the colonies. In New England there was the township government, and there the people was the power. They met once a year to discuss questions concerning welfare of colonies, to levy taxes, and elect their town officers. Thus every person had a voice in the government. Thomas Jefferson said: "The townships in New England are the vital principles of their government and have proved themselves the wisest invention ever devised by the wit of man for the perfect exercise of self-government and for its preservation." In the southern states, and especially in Virginia was the country system. The counties were governed by a county court consisting of eight members, appointed at first by the governor, but made a close co-operation by being allowed to fill their vacancies. On county court days, when the courts would meet, the people all over the county would gather in to transact business and to discuss political questions. These meetings took the place of the township meetings as political training schools. In the middle colonies was the mixed government, which was on the county form, but the towns sent representatives to the county court.

Although there were Dutch, Scotch, Irish, Swedes and French in the colonies, by far the majority of the colonists were English. From the colwhere most were English, was where the most open resistence to the political measures that England was trying to fasten on America. The oppressive royal governors led the different colonies to draw nearer together. The two colonies that can give their expressions concerning oppressive governors are Massachusetts and Virginia. Also the commercial policy of England led to a

union between the colonies.

We have seen from 1215 to 1689 that the people of England struggled for their rights to levy their taxes by their own representatives and to govern themselves. Then why should not the Americans, as Englishmen, have these rights? We should not blame the English people, but George III. America had no better friends than were some of the English statesmen, among whom were Pitt, Burke, Fox and Barre. I have tried to show the political developement of the colonies: their government; political developement of the people. By the English constitution, the Americans claimed the rights of Englishmen, thus they had these rights; the events that led to the growth of independence, and the circumstances tending to unite the colonies. Now let the people of all times hail our fathers, who lived through these trials and laid the foundation of the greatest nation on the earth. Also let history give them the honor that is due them.

RODERICK E. OWL.

In days of yore there was a Teacher by ye name of Phelps. Now ye Teacher was a very good Teacher, but She made those who sate in Her classes study very Hard, which was a Drawback. Now this Teacher excelled in ye study of History and she desired ye pupils to Also excel therein. Now one day ye Teacher said: "We will now talk about ye colony of Delaware," and She asked a pupil who was ignorant of ye subject (because He did not study) "who settled ye colony of Delaware?" Now ye pupil knew not, and he also knew not that he could not Bluff Her. So he tried to Bluff Her, and he said "ye Lord De la Ware discovered It and settled It. Thereupon ye Teacher grew wroth with righteous Anger, but She said nothing that Day. But ye next day She said something and it was about BLUFFERS, and ye pupil has not yet recovered, for I was ye Boy!

EARLE OWL.

What Next?

THE annual recurrence of commencement never fails to command its following. Last years pupil's with their closest friends, feel anxious to have a moment to breathe, and are inclined to say "How we were worrying and scurrying around last year." The graduates of years past are beginning to notice "that these graduating exercises are very much alike." The prospective graduates of next or the following year have their ambition stirred and their "anticipated pleasures" raised several degrees as they witess the preparations for the eventful evening. The participant—what of him or her? Describe the feelings? No! It is only sentiment which will not add much assistance afterward.

W. H. JOHNSON.
SUPT. JACKSON COUNTY SCHOOLS.

One pupil has looked forward for several years to the accomplishment of this undertaking. For what purpose? To be better equipped to utilize your environment? May be merely as a goal within itself. If the latter, little strength has been gained. The sweet satisfaction and keenly anticipated pleasures are bitterly disappointing. How could the promise have been so deceptive?

May be the training is only the means by which greater attainments are to be reached. Each day successive tasks bave been met intelligently and earnestly. Efforts continually renewed have added strength. Experience has yielded wisdom. Fidelity to a worthy purpose has brought character, stable and true.

Upon the two roads will be found the successes and failures of any year. Bright, cheerful, ambitious, hopeful on this day each future will stand or fall on what has been built.

W. H. JOHNSON.

PRINCIPAL & TEACHERS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

Our Teachers.

THE Eighth Wonder of the World—our History Teacher. She is what you might call a living library; in which such histories as, Montgomery, McMaster, Ridpath, and above all Fiske and Green stand. Oh! how we missed her familiar voice when she was sick, and we especially missed her saying in her own peculiar way, "This is a very important point," and "You may take this," or "Take this topic and do not wander away from the point." Aren't you happy when you are expecting to get the next hard question, to have some one to say something very laughable, for our History Teacher can laugh a good old hearty laugh, although she sometimes looks, when we do not know our lesson, as if she never had laughed and never expected to. Though we have had to worry ourselves nearly to death on account of History debates, essays and tests, we now really do know that Alfred the Great was the first English King; that Cromwell was a Puritan; and that George Washington was commander-in-chief in the American Revolution, and that he chopped down his father's cherry tree, and we give Miss Phelps all the credit of our extraordinary knowledge.

The time passes quickly in the Latin room. Our meetings are not always of the Quaker kind. Perhaps this is caused by the singing class recently organized from the old senior Latin class with Professor Bryant as instructor and director. We practice every day and some are getting on "Just fine," while others are merely getting on. We are singing Virgil's "Æneid;" occasionally we have sore throats. But Prof. Bryant does not worry so much about the singing—sometimes called—"scanning the Latin lesson" or "reading it with the Caesura pause" as he does about other things. Prof. Bryant's love for verbs and his anxiety for the derivation of all words keep the class in a rather alarmed condition. We often become very weak and suddenly find ourselves unable to rise from our chairs. But we never go in Prof. Bryant's room in a really exhausted condition. We walk firm and steady, for Prof. Bryant is our friend. He does not give us tests. We think he has abolished that old time method and if he has, he is about the most progressive teacher in our building, for we do not know another who is able to appreciate the value of this very new system. Then the question "Is the world growing better?" does not need our answer IF Prof. Bryant can get the other teachers to see the real worth of the system he is advancing.

What Senior is there who does not remember how he always awaited with pleasure the coming of the fourth period? Why should he be so eager for it to come? Because that was the time when he went to room No. 9 to recite geometry. Everything in that room savored of mathematics and Miss

McDonald, the teacher, reminded all of geometry. She stood perpendicular to the floor. Her chatelaine, a parallelogram, hung vertically from her belt, the chains forming an eqilateral triangle. If she happened to wear a bunch of flowers, she always had the geometrical effect in their arrangement, and they were pinned at an angle of forty-five degrees with her chin. She has been called "original" but in her room we meet with other originals—the ones to be proved. Altogether the time spent in her room is very enjoyable, especially on every third Thursday—THE TEST DAY.

Who thinks of our High School and not of Miss Brown? Who has passed through our High School and has not been under her influence? We say very few. Who can take her place? It seems as though no one can, for we remember well our holiday during her sickness. Of course we were glad to be with her again, but accompaning her was Milton and his poems. We welcomed her with poorly prepared lessons, but everyone knows how difficult it is to settle down to work after a few days of rest. Miss Brown understood thoroughly; for we (her Shakspearian students) acknowledge that had she and Shakespeare lived at the same time, they no doubt would have been rivals in the reading of human nature. Nevertheless we can count at least one of her mistakes. In our study of "Comus" we came across the expression "duck and nod." She asked Meta what was meant. Meta made no reply. Miss Brown then said she would ask someone who understood more of dancing. She then turned to Helen. Of course Helen knew, but being too surprised to think, she answered, "I do not know." It seemed that no one understood the terms of dancing just then, so it fell upon Miss Brown to explain. She did so with great fullness and ease, much to the surprise of some of us who knew her wide reputation as an excellent Sunday School teacher.

If there is any sound which the Seniors like to hear more than the tinkleing of the electric bell at the end of 45 minutes in Miss Phelps' room it is the summons "You may take paper and pencil for a few questions on the lesson." This summons has various effects on the different members of the class. Some who are fortunate enough to be able to explain and understand the theories of Mr. Gage, look pleased. Others, whose delight is to ask questions, look scared, while others grow deathly pale. This is but one of Miss Manser's delights. Another one is to make us study very hard in anticipation of a written lesson, and then with a smile of triumph on her face announce: "You may take the same lesson we were to have for today." All the pupils begin to exchange hurried words and glances as to the meaning of this. But alas! we have not long to wait for the next summons: "Those who are in the habit of changing their seats for tests may do so," reveals everything. We are to have a test, and one covering the very subject of which we know nothing. The rest of the story is short. A period drags by, and at the end of the period a group of worried looking individuals file out one by one, and deliver up papers at the door,

papers which contain, not vast stores of knowledge, but in contrast to this, little or no knowledge, arranged in such a manner as to deceive an unknowing individual into thinking that we were required to write an "outline."

An Anecdote.

In days of yore there was a Teacher by ye name of Manser. Now under Her voice sate a band of mortals bearing ye Divine appellation of Seniors. They grew acquainted with ye principles of Physics, which consists of diverse Formulas and obscure conceptions of ye Business world of Nature. Now ye Teacher was a very good Teacher, but She was fond of that branch of literature known as TESTS (of which Her pupils were not fond) and She insisted on giving them. Now ye Seniors were a Bright set and could get ye Science of Nature without studying, or thought they could which was the same thing so far as they were concerned. Now one day ye Teacher said, "We will have a test," whereat ye Pupils smiled scornfully. But erelong ye smile faded for ye test was a very Difficult test. And what ye Seniors didn't know they either made up or left out, and ye grades obtained were very Poor, which teaches ye future Seniors not to try to "work" ye teacher by ye name of Manser.

EARLE OWL.

The Freshman.

WE are the Freshmen. When we started to school last year we did not fully realize this important fact, but we did not remain long in ignorance. The haughty manner of the Seniors and Juniors soon showed us that we did not "trot in their class," as horseman say. They even went so far as to collect in rooms by themselves, not admitting anyone, not even the Sophomores. This hurt the Sophomores, I think, for they then organized and proceeded to imitate the Seniors as closely as possible. But we do not care. We know that we are superior to them all. We do not tell everyone, however, so only a few people know this.

There are many points of superiority, but I will not name them all as that would take too long. We outnumber any other class, for our class numbers over a hundred, while the Seniors have only twenty or thirty and the Juniors and Sophs. between forty and fifty apiece. Also we are more polite than the Seniors. If a Freshman speaks to a Senior, the Senior will not notice the salutation. (This cannot be on account of our size, for some of us are not at all small). If the case is reversed, however, the Freshman will not only answer in a very friendly manner, but will even go several blocks out of his way in order to give the Senior the pleasure of his company. This is also true of the Sophmores and Juniors when the Senior happens to be a girl. But I will leave it to my readers to judge which shows a more friendly spirit.

The Sophomores are very condescending towards us, but we will not become intimate with them. Their minds are very much occupied; when they are not trying to give a play or minstrel show or something of the kind, they are busily engaged in quarreling among themselves. This is probably very interesting for them, but rather hard on the "by-standers a-standin' by." When they become Juniors, we hope they will drop these childish ways.

However, we can at least learn from them what we should NOT do next year. We may possibly learn something from the Juniors and Seniors also. The last named class is perfect in every respect. If you do not believe me, ask them, and they will tell you all about it. We, however, will not stoop so low as to praise ourselves, and we have already complimented the other classes until, I fear, our reputation for confessing other people's faults is almost ruined. And now a painful duty is ours. We must bid our readers farewell forever, for, when next you hear from us, we will be Sophomors!

CHARLES SEXTON.

TO ALL LOVERS OF STRUGGLING GENIUS.

Send your sympathy to the unfortunate author of the Freshman article. He has been obliged to take to the woods on account of his health and it is feared he may yet fall into the hands of his grateful (?) fellow students.

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.

A Treatise on the Sophomore.

Many Sophs. of many schools.
Many Sophs., that is, wise fools.

Yes, you will doubtless ha, ha, and say "Yes it fits 'em" but all must remember, even the classes of '04 and '05, that they were once Sophomores, and remembering, it is to be hoped, that they will desist of making such merriment of it as to cause the bashful masculine Sophs. to drop their eyes in shame, or the Sophs. of the fair sex to glare forth in righteous anger. (It being leap year, and the eve of the new woman, no doubt you will readily find sufficient reason for the antitheses of emotions).

But leaving this, we wish that all may know that ours is the best class ever within the walls of the I. H. S. (This is the private opinion of the class, we could not vouch for it elsewhere). For one thing, it is the most original, for show me the class that ever organized in it's Sophomore year; and one that has held two meetings without the questions of pins and colors ever coming up. The class showed itself decidedly original in a debate upon "Was Cromwell Justified?" The negatives won by proving one point instead of many, and after the decision the spirit of originality became so confused with eulogies of Cromwell that the consequences were that harmony was not restored until long after.

We regretfully think that the greatest thing in our history is the meeting in which we organized. The scene was truly an inspiring one. The one timid gentleman who could be persuaded to preside was in constant danger of his life from the greater portion of the class, while cries of "second the motion," "order there," "Mr. Chiles has the floor," made the confusion more laughable. But toward the close, order came out of chaos, and officers were soon elected. Close contests marked all the choices. The Alexander of this class, known sometimes by the appelation "Aleck" otherwise going under the nom de plume "Zeke" was elected president, and truly they could not have chosen a better one, since he always holds the class in thrall by the magic of his eloquence. The humble scribbler of this article gained second choice and his sister was chosen custodian of the secretary's book. Margaret, who expresses such decided opinions on "Evangeline," is assistant secretary. Annie is treasurer of our moneys, which I believe amount to the astonishing sum of nothing, and Spurgeon as sergeant-at-arms is the only pretense of order we have, since he is able to control only himself, much less our noisy class. Of course we are not without defects. Who ever was? One thing that threatens the welfare of our class is the jealous and envious feeling which has existed the whole year and was lately at its height. But by wise and vigorous measures we hope to overcome it.

In talent our class is distinguished. From the realm of art and music, we are represented all the way from the lover of the stage to the maniac on poetry. But one thing that causes great regret on our part is the fact that we have no Mathew Paxton. The G. D. S. gives promise of turning out one, so will not despond. Such is our class.

If you wish to know more of it, you must not trust to the veracity of its members, but to get a true impression you must ask the teachers, who will say that we are the jolliest, noiseist, most reasoning but withal the best class they ever had.

KIRBY CASEBOLT.

The Naughty Five.

President, H. Bundschu; Vice President, Lulu Winn; Treasurer, Eleanor Minor. Secretary, R. McCarroll; Assistant Secretary, Eva Dickinson.

IF you have been watching the Juniors, as of course you have, you know that we are fast moving towards the king row, and must ere long be crowned; even now we can see the gleam of the glory that will soon be ours—that of receiving our "sheep skins," and let me assure you, we fully appreciate the magnitude of that approaching glory. This, and the consciousness of the benefit our record will be to the advancement of the standards of the Independence High School, are what make us such a remarkable body of students.

On September 15, 1903, the whole town was astir, for the happy and animated Juniors were swarming in at both doors of the high school, and already we were feeling our importance, as we were intending to drink deeply of the river of learning; for we found we had many things to learn.

We are many in numbers, but goodly to look upon and full of inherent greatness. Our entering the high school marks a new era great and glorious. They say history repeats itself, but when will you be able to see the history of the '05's repeated? Thursday afternoon, October sixteenth, we assembled for our first convocation. The school "Had gathered then her beauty and her chivalry." We found our class to be a delightful mixture—big, little, old and young; long, short, thick and thin; but you know it takes all sorts of people to make up a world. Some of the boys have won great renown as debaters and athletes, and judging from the palateable boxes of fudge produced by the girls, they have already developed quite a fondness for cooking.

It was at this first meeting, a "dark haired brave" was chosen to be chief, and under his administration we passed safely through our formative period. Thanks to the strenuous "knockings" of the faculty, and the hectoring of the Seniors above us, the green layers were pealed off, and behold the Junior in a halo of his own glory, glittering and splendid. We are now half way to

the top and are still climbing, albeit true we have got up far enough for people to see us shine. We have first rank in all things; we are first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of our teachers. This is due to our extreme brightness. When a teacher asks why the blossoms of the willow are called "pussy willows," who ever heard of such a scientific answer as, "Why because they are catkins."

We have gained universal fame as debaters since we have proved that the Plantagenet period means more to the world than the Tudor period. This being a distinction no other class has been able to claim. We have been lauded far and near for this extraordinary achievement.

We are a most original class—green and gold for our colors—think of it! and a Maltese cat for our mascot; we are wearing pins designed by one of our own members; why, when we wrote our essays entitled "If I Were a Senior," we even went so far as to imagine ourselves the haughty Seniors. Whom have you seen lately that compares with the Juniors? We shall vouch it safe to say, no one.

Sometimes I think it is too bad we cannot always live in the silly seasons of life, for the season of wisdom is fraught with innumerable cares and responsibilities. But thus the class will grow until our time comes to pass under the wire. Some will win out handily; some will have to "sprint" before the last hundred yards are over. Some few may never reach the goal at all. But when the great race is closed no one will but rejoice that he has entered.

Suggestions to Juniors.

WHENEVER we begin to advise other people what to do, we feel a sort of inward dread lest they say to us "Practice what you preach." However as we shall soon be out of reach of any epithets or reproaches from the advised we seize the auspicious moment to give some advice to the—"Juniors." If you take "Science" get plenty of paper and pencils—you'll need them. Also get a goodly store of dates for use in History for our teacher is especially fond of them. Always carry a restorative with you for if you should happen to faint in the Science room, as a result of an unexpected test being announced, you must almost instantly recover yourself for no mercy is shown to the sick or wounded. Get a monopoly on inspirations before "Prize Essay" day, and you will not be sorry. Try to finish your work each day in the competitive examination before seven p. m., as the teachers like to go home early on these days. If you find yourself locked in the school house some evening do not try to "exit" though a window; it isn't safe. Don't try to present a play to the public regardless of weather or you may receive your first lesson in talking to an empty house. Always prepare your geometry unless you wish to find out the meaning of the expression "extra session." And now Juniors, having given you this advice let me advise you to live up to this standard and you will go out of the High School with this expression ringing in your ears. "That is almost an ideal pupil."

JOHNNY OWL.

Opportunity the Heritage of Youth.

THIS is THE centennial year for Missouri. Not the centenary of her statehood, but greater than that. One hundred years ago her boundaries were as vast as the Louisana Purchase. She with her sisters, then unnamed, held an undivided interest in that vast territory; and her limits, as theirs also, were undefined. Seventeen years elapsed from the time of the peaceful acquisition of that great domain, to the recognition of Missouri as a part of the great fed-

W. L. C. PALMER.
SUPERINTENDENT OF CITY SCHOOLS.

eration of states. In the remaining eighty-three years of the century, with giant strides she has won her way to the proud distinction of being recognized as fifth of all the states of this great union in resources and material wealth.

This, with her sisters of the Lousiana Purchase, and all the states, and the civilized world, is a year of rejoicing. A splendid heritage awaits the young man or woman graduating from the public schools, fostered and supported by the fond and generous mother whose name is Missouri. Her broad acres of rich soil, her great mineral resources as yet undeveloped, her factories,

— High School —
Assembly of Pupils in Auditorium
1904.

her commerce, will all furnish ample fields for the honorable ambition and laudable endeavor of all her youth. Success in the future, however, will depend more than ever on intelligent effort. Brawn must be directed by brains. She builded wisely when she laid the foundations of an intelligent citizenship by the establishment of her splendid system of free public education. And this mother, a century—yea, centuries old—is yet young. She is proud of her vast resources, her teeming industries, the products of her soil, the output of her factories and her mines; and today her chief city is the gathering place, not only of her own people, but of the nations of the earth, who may there behold the fruits of her industries, and the handiwork of her artisians and her artists. But more than in all else she rejoices today in the honesty and intelligence of her people, who unite in placing the seal of their disapproval on fraud and corruption in the body politic—a people who demand honesty as well as business capacity, and a high order of statesmanship in the administration of public affairs. Her hope and her pride are in the young men and young women who constitute the finished product of her public schools. If they have imbibed honesty and patriotism as they have stood before the fountains of learning, the future of this great state will he greater than her past.

Of the vast army graduating this year from the public schools of Missouri, the Independence High School furnishes a valiant band—twenty-two in number—to enlist in the ranks of intelligent citizenship. Independence is proud of them. May each and every one of them so act in the future that the great commonwealth of Missouri shall also feel proud of them. Let each of them inscribe on his banner, "Look toward the light," and let them realize that they are no longer the makers of tomorrow, but the makers of today.

The future abounds in opportunities for the achievement of glorious victories for this strong army of youth. Let each soldier of them feel it his supreme duty to stand for righteousness and truth, and for the honor of his state. Properly equipped and organized, and with a steadfast faith in the great Jehovah, this army must conquer in its struggle for the betterment of man.

W. L. C. P.

Tessie likes Lynette, because her nose is "tip tilted like the petal of a flower."

John squints his eyes, because he dares not let us look therein and see all the mischief he is capable of.

Helen gets nervous during the fourth period, not because it is time for geometry, but because it is almost dinner time.

The Seniors stop laughing when they leave the physics class to go to geometry, because——?

Portia and Desdemona.

PURITY and intellectuality cannot be combined. What a pitiable state of affairs this fact presents! A woman must be intellectual for her protection, but at the same time she cannot be intellectual without seeing the vice of the world, and if she does see it, then she is not, in the strictest sense, wholly pure. Desdemona was the personification of purity; her soul seems to have been made for a higher place of inhabitance than earth. Yet how we pity her for her lack of knowledge of human character. Portia, on the other hand, was an intellectual woman; her head ruled her heart; she put Bassanio's fidelity to the test. We justify her in all this, but at the same time she seems to sacrifice some of the natural timidity and purity that gives the feminine sex its beauty. So God's first woman was the only one who had a chance to be wholly pure, and alas—

As daughters, the two women act differently from what we would expect under the conditions just related: Desdemona is naturally submissive, yet she is even "headstrong," as Hazlitt says, in her vindication of herself from her father's opposition to her marriage. This is true, notwithstanding the fact that she had no will of her own. Portia, who is naturally willful, says to her suitors: "You know my father's will." She furthermore shows the submissiveness of her strong will when she says, "So is the will of the living daughter curbed by the will of the dead father." Desdemona has no will of her own to contend against, yet is headstrong; Portia has a strong will, yet is obedient to father.

We get a better picture of the two women as wives. Desdemona is so submissive that her own strength is all lost in her submissiveness. The idea that Othello could be untrue to, or jealous of her, seems to her to be an impossibility. She says, "The sun where he lived drew all such things out of him." Portia, although she loves Bassanio passionately, is wise enough to see the possibility of his infidelity, and she puts him to the test. So pure and sweet is the love of Desdemona and Portia, that we think of them as two little flowers in a garden. Portia, the rich thoughtful little pansy, who would have for her life protector, a tall velvet attired gallant of her own species, to whom she bows submissively, but at whom she occasionally casts up sly sideway glances; Desdemona, the modest pure little wind flower, who has been wooed to love the tall, rough dark complexioned sunflower by his stories of his battles with the wind, and how the hailstones—nature's bullets—have whizzed past

his head. All these things delight the little wind flower and she chooses him as her protector. Alas, she does not know that all plants are not flowers. The weed instinct crept into the noble sunflower and got such control over him that, true to the instinct, he smothered out the little wind flower. So between Portia and Bassanio, there was absolute congeniality; between Desdemona and Othello there seems to have been a broad gulf—they did not understand each other. Therefore let us not mourn Desdemona's death. She seems to have been too pure and delicate for this world, anyway. Portia belongs more properly to earth. Surely there will be a time sometime, and a place somewhere, where purity and intellectuality may be combined.

MINNIE OWL.

An Anecdote.

In days of yore there was a Teacher by the name of Brown. Now this Teacher gave Instruction to ye struggling youth in ye Study of Literature. She taught of what men wrote. Now this Teacher was an Admirer of a man by ye name of Shakespeare, and She taught Her pupils to be admirers of Him. Some of Her pupils grew to be quite familiar with some of this Shakespeare's characters and even called them by ye first Names. Now I would have ye know of one character by ye Cognomen of Desdemona. She was a sweet person, and oft ye pupils would meditate upon her in their Bosoms. Now one pupil meditated upon her more than ye Rest, and longed for her Photograph to wear in his Coat Pocket, and he called her by Loving Names. Now one day ye Teacher said, "Who can tell me ye name of ye heroine in ye play of ye man Shakespeare called 'Othello?'" And this pupil caressingly responded "Desdy" whereat ye class laughed right merrily.

EARLE OWL.

Excelsior Debating Society.

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!"

"At the break of day as heaven-ward
The pious Monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the 'oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air.
Excelsior."

WITHIN the last few years the Independence High School has gradually risen to a position of prominence among the many high schools of the state. This advancement in prominence has stirred up an enthusiastic spirit of school patriotism, which has found its growth in class and society organization. As the school increased in numbers it was seen that there were some natural orators among the boys, and they, wishing to give these orators all possible chance to develop their powers, organized the Excelsior Debating Society. The purpose and aim of the society is for mutual improvement, skill in debate and composition, the diffusion of knowledge and the cultivation of the best social qualities.

The society has all the officers and committees necessary to any society of similar nature, namely: president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, attorney-general and sargeant-at-arms; the committees are the lookout, program and reception committees. In the election of officers a different set is elected each time. This prepares each member for leading any kind of meeting (should he be called upon to do so) that he may attend. The success of the society is due to the fact that the programs must be ready two weeks before they are to be given, thus affording the respective sides sufficient time to prepare for a good debate. Each subject must be original. The two "captains" each choose one judge, and these two judges, in turn, appoint the third. The judges are usually chosen from members of the society, as it is just as important to be able to tell when a point is made as it is to make one.

The society enjoys the distinction of being the oldest in the history of the school, having been organized November 27, 1901. The membership has been gradually increasing until we now have twenty-five members who attend regularly. The membership will never be much larger, as several of the best members are lost each year, some of them finishing school, and others stopping for various reasons.

The past history of the society is very short, and very interesting. When the society organized three years ago it had twelve charter members, only

two of which now remain. Still the society keeps progressing in the debating world, for the younger members put much life into their work. Two years ago the Junior Society united with the Excelsior, and thus both societies were greatly benefited. It also served to create a new and stronger interest in debating. The greatest debate in the history of the society is the one it had with the Lexington high school. The question was "Resolved that Napoleon Bonaparte was a Promoter of Constitutional Liberty." Lexington had the choice of sides and chose the negative. The three boys representing the society were Henry Bundschu, "leader," William Bostian and Goodman Bell. They won the debate, and with it honor for the school. The society naturally feels very proud of them. The society has given several other debates in the school Auditorium on such questions as "Womans' Suffrage" and "Capital Punishment" for the entertainment of the school, and have always had good and interesting debates.

The closing year has been a very successful one for the society. It has given two entertainments, the first being a debate. The subject was, "Resolved That Man is Intellectually Superior to Woman." The negative won the debate, but before the debate was finished, the boys on the affirmative side had resolved that the negative speakers were trying to win the ladies also. The second entertainment was, "The Country Justice," a mock trial presented by the members of the society.

The society has received two challenges this year, the first being from the Brookfield high school. It could not accept the challenge, because of the great distance. The second was from the Gamma Delta Sigma, which the society very gladly accepted. After a great deal of discussion as to what the question should be, the girls withdrew their challenge. Each society may claim a diplomatic victory, yet neither won any honor for itself. The Excelsior regrets very much that the debate was declared off, and hopes to arrange for another some time in the future.

One or two of the members have distinguished themselves this year. Mr. Roderick Riddle is noted for his famous speech on "Woman And Her Hats," in which he stated that a woman should have a new hat at least once every six years. Mr. Paxton is a second Demosthenes. He is also an excellent chairman for the reception committee, for he has such a charming way of receiving the numerous visitors of the society. There are many other members just as interesting as those mentioned, but it happens that their interests run in a different course. A good example of this kind of a member we find in Earle Eubank.

The Excelsior Debating Society wishes to thank the Gamma Delta Sigma for the delightful manner in which they entertained them. It also wishes to thank Miss Wilson's music class, and all parties who have assisted them in any way, during the past year, in entertainments. The society has but one

regret this year, and that is in the loss of five of its best members, Mr. Bostian, Mr. Bell, Mr. Riddle, Mr. Eubank and Mr. Kelley, all of whom graduate this year. The society hopes that they will nevertheless continue to have an interest in it, and be frequent visitors to the society in coming years. Wishing them all a happy life and good luck, we bid them farewell.

There have been many things over which the Excelsior Debating Society has rejoiced in the past, yet there is nothing that it takes greater pleasure in than knowing it has a sister society, the Gamma Delta Sigma. Let us hope that these two societies will grow and be help-mates to each other in any debate that either may undertake with other schools.

The Excelsior Debating Society has accomplished, and is still accomplishing its purpose and aim, for its members are greatly improving in delivery of thought, expression, and self-possession while speaking. The society is growing, and let us hope it will continue to grow as long as Independence has a high school.

R. H. McCarroll.
(Vice President.)

Proverbial Roll Call.

Agnes O'Brien:—"No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature."
Frances Clements:—"The path of duty is the way to glory."
Minnie Clements:—"Have more than thou showest;
Speak less than thou knowest."
Helen Bryant:—"It ain't never no use of a puttin' up your umbrell' till it rains."
Nellie Collins:—"True worth is in being, not seeming."
Louise Nagel:—"Not to the strong is the battle
Not to the swift is the race."
Lewise McCoy:—"To try and fail is better than never to have tried."
Carrie Bedford:—"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."
Lizzie Bedford:—"With all thy getting, get understanding."
Maud Compton:—"All that glitters is not gold."
Meta Graham:—"Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry."
Eunice Caldwell:—"Necessity is the mother of invention."
Jessie Adams:—"A stitch in time saves nine."
Gertrude Rhodes:—"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."
Mary Hinde:—"Hear instruction and be wise and refuse it not."
Tessie Smith:—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard,
Consider her ways and be wise."
William Bostian:—"Two heads are better than one."
Roderick Riddle:—"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again."
Goodman Bell:—"Life is what we make it."
Harry Smith:—"Where there's a will, there's a way."
John Kelley:—"It is a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive."
Earle Eubank:—"It is not rank, nor birth, nor state,
But "Git-up-and-git" that makes men great."

The Gamma Delta Sigma.

THE GAMMA DELTA SIGMA is the second debating society organized in the Independence High School, and the first for girls. We take pride in acknowledging our membership of and the interest we take in it. Though we have achieved nothing great, still each cannot but say that she has improved in some way; that she has gained some knowledge of the ways of great men of our nation, as well as questions regarding it, and other countries. We were organized in October, 1903, with twelve charter members. Since then our membership has been increased to thirty, and as the work grows, so will the membership. Each girl considers that she is far better able to express her ideas in a more concise manner, since she joined our society. Every grade in school is represented, and each has a fair chance to take part.

As years go by, and some of us have left dear old High School, we hope the younger members to come, will keep up the club spirit, and make the room ring with inspiring debates. The person who can make any discussion interesting and intelligible, is a fine conversationalist, and where can this be learned better, than in a debating society?

We owe Professor Bryant, Professor Palmer, and our teachers, many thanks for their kind encouragement. They have had no chance to be proud of us yet, but when we are a little older, we will show our mettle.

We find much in our motto, "Think and Then Dare." There is an old saying, "Think twice before you speak." If you do not, something unpleasant may unintentionally be said. Sometimes people are afraid to express their own opinions, because of the opinions of others. In our society we try to think twice before we speak, and then dare to say it. In our debates, the same way. We consequently have some very interesting discussions. The motto suggests a certain independency of spirit. It means to us, our right to express our opinions and ideas, and show an independence of thought and feeling. There is no fear or quaking in the one who is resolved to live up to his ideals. Such is our ambition; to climb higher, and gain an understanding of many questions, through our debates.

This motto, combined with the prettiest of colors, blue and white, and the sweetest of flowers, the blue violet, surely ought to give us our inspiration.

JESSIE CASEBOLT.

Salmagundi.

To any one looking through this copy of the GLEAM it would seem that we, as a class, are all perfection. Of course this is as nearly so as is possible for mortals to get in these corrupt days of boodling and faith cures, but there are naturally some few little weaknesses and eccentricities that we keep, so to speak, "in the family." And it is necessary, in order to offset the otherwise idealized picture, to place before the public eye a few

FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

John Kelley—Has kissed the Blarney Stone. His one regret, that he was not born in Doublin. Favorite songs, "Hot Cross Buns" and "Kilkenny Kats." Has a mind too large for his body—(you may, therefore, have some idea of how small he is). His age—like his temper—is very uncertain.

Jessie Adams—Has misplaced her family tree, and so is unable to trace her pedigree to our universal ancestor farther back than to "Jesse, father of David;" hopes to find it next week, however, and then she will show it to you.

Carrie Bedford—Is obliged to admit that she knows nothing of Bedford jail, and therefore can give nothing definite regarding the composition of "Pilgrim's Progress." Belonged originally to a Scottish aristocracy.

Lizzie Bedford—Sister to Carrie, and a Senior; very proud of both, but a "leetle" prouder of the last, because she can't help the first. Very good—when asleep.

Harry Smith—Of a shrinking disposition. Has a vast misconception of ye study of science. A direct descendant of Capt. John Smith, but can't vouch for the story of Pocahontas.

Tessie Smith—Spells her name with an "i" and not with a "y" and "e." No relation to Smith, Smith, & Co. The most important moment of her life was when she became a sister to Harry.

Mary Hinde—Has a special affinity for Latin construction. She declares she does know who wrote the "Hinde and the Panther." Denies having ever been a possessor of "a little lamb whose fleece is white as snow," and also knows nothing about "Mistress Mary, quite contrary." Will let you know later if her denials in this matter are confirmed.

Gertrude Rhodes—Eldest grand-daughter of Colossus Rhoades and Gertrude Wyoming. Do not know whether she has had the mumps or not—it is of no importance anyway. Cecil Rhoades was her favorite uncle and—But let us not put in too much domestic life!

Roderick Riddle—A living conundrum and a pillar of the Excelsior. Objects to spelling his first name with an "h." Dreams of Patrick Henry and desires to become a second Roderick Dhu. (This is confidential, so please do not repeat.)

Lewise McCoy—Has a naturally joyous disposition. Says she never studies, but this is generally doubted. She must have a temper, for we never saw her lose it.

Nellie Collins—Admits she has not a poetic soul. Is very intelligent. Is very firm, and positively will not flirt; we can prove this by—but why go into detail? No kin to Wilkie Collins; but that's not her fault.

Goodman Bell—Son of Liberty Bell (which was cracked. This explains some things). Is a philosopher, but decidedly not a humorist. Has never drawn a very large salary, but will some day. Thinks of taking a post-graduate (we very nearly said POST-MORTEM) course in philanthropy. He believes that haste makes waste," and we can safely assure you that he never wastes anything. More could be said, but "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Maud Compton—Believes "All the world's a stage where every man must play a part—and mine a sad one." Resides at home, but denies being the inspiration of Tennyson's exquisite poem, "Maud." If Tennyson were here we could ask him, but, unfortunately, he is away this week, so we must take her word for it.

Eunice Caldwell—Has a "voice of linked sweetness," but it is usually "long drawn out." Has a general knowledge of history, but is yet rather vague on some points.

Meta Graham—Believes that "nothing succeeds like success." Is an optomist. Wears glasses—also a good-natured expression. Very fond of graham bread.

Louise Nagel—Has a "pleasant smile and winning way," a soft voice and eye-glasses. Her ambition is to be a president's or millionaire's wife. (This explains why the ambition of every boy in the class is to be either a president or millionaire.)

William Bostian (Jr.)—Always spells "Catherine" with a "K." Believes in application of the modern Golden Rule, viz., "All things, therefore, that men are about to do unto you, do ye even so unto them—BUT DO IT FIRST." Would rather dance than eat—(after supper). Plays well on the Jews harp.

Minnie Clements—Is conspicuous for her quietness (the only conspicuous thing, by the way, about her). Has a pencil tablet, three pencils and a sense of humor, to which she owes her job as editor-in-chief.

Francis Clements—Very quiet; could be easily tamed. Her chief occupation is to translate Virgil and to generate profound thought. Minnie and Keats her greatest chums. Believes that "Life is what we make it."

Earle Eubank—A nondescript. Has principles coincident with the "Know-Nothing" party. (We can prove this by Miss Manser.) Has a burning desire to be great, but very little else. Lives in mortal fear of meeting his death "on a bluff." But "charity covers a multitude of sins;" let us therefore be charitable and say no more.

Agnes O'Brien—Did you ever debate against her? Were you ever caught in a Kansas cyclone? The effect is similar. A pillar of the Gamma Delta Sigma. Her only regret, that she was not born on St. Patrick's Day.

Helen Bryant—Will eat anything. Very fond of dogs. She thinks "dog," writes "dog," and, when angry, says "doggone." Has only a speaking acquaintance with William Cullen, but is an ardent admirer of William Jennings.

Have we said enough to spoil the idealized effect? If not it will have to go, for already we have visions of angry Seniors bent on wrecking vengeance on our hapless forms for what is already said. But what is said, is said. Let it stay said, for we must go home to dinner. The complaint bureau will be busy tomorrow.

EARLE OWL.

Minnie always seems asleep during the history recitation—because we have history the first thing in the morning and Minnie is not an early riser.

Agnes does not wear a hair ribbon, because she likes to hear the children whisper after she goes by, "She has lost her hair ribbon."

Harry, Roderick and Earle like to talk in the Physics, because Miss Manser blushes.

Willie likes April, because rainy days make his hair more curly.

Lizzie Bedford. Carrie Bedford. Minnie Clements. Nellie Collins. Maud Compton.
Agnes O'Brien. Meta Graham. John Kelley. Louise Nagel. Helen Bryant. Earle Eubank. Lewise McCoy. Harry Smith.
Goodman Bell. Roderick Riddle. Frances Clements Tessie Smith. Eunice Caldwell. Jessie Adams. Mary Hinde. Gertrude Rhodes. William Bostian.

The Ideal Senior.

Stately, like Mary H.
Artistic, like Tessie.
Practical, like Roderick.
Serious, like Lizzie.
Poetical, like Gertrude.
Dignified, like Eunice.
Obliging, like Harry.
Honest, like Louise.
Constant, like Maud.
Thoughtful, like Frances.
Eloquent, like Carle.
Happy, like Helen.
Neat, like Jessie.
Studious, like Lewise.
Interesting, like Willie.
Persevering, like Carrie.
Modest, like Meta.
Sweet, like John.
Original, like Minnie.
Good-natured, like Nellie.
Sincere, like Agnes.
Just, like Goodman.

The Real Senior.

Sensitive, like Nellie.
Laughing, like Meta.
Slow, like Eunice.
Pessimistic, like Roderick.
Critical, like Tessie.
Dependent, like Minnie.
Hungry, like Helen.
Shy, like John.
Retiring, like Frances.
Cold, like Lewise.
Proud, like Mary. H.
High-tempered, like Goodman.
Peculiar, like Jessie.
Bossy, like Agnes.
Egotistical, like Earle.
Timid, like Carrie.
Curious, like Louise.
Sarcastic, like Maud.
Yielding, like Harry.
Nervous, like Gertrude.
Not Enthusiastic, like Lizzie.
Stubborn, like Willie.

Character Sketches.

"Frailty thy name is Woman!" What do you think Shakespeare means by this line? Read this paragraph, and see if you interpret him as I do. In our class there is a girl who is, beyond doubt, frail. Although I say she is frail, she is not the personification of frailty or imperfection. She is not perfect, because sometimes she seems too cold and distant. But have you ever felt the pressure of her hand, or received a smile from her, or one of those warm words that enrich the heart? If you have, you will not object to her being cold and distant at times. Even if you have not experienced the pleasure she, because of her sincerity, can give, you should not find fault. Emerson says, "No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature;" and if by the law of her nature she is not always as we would have her, we cannot and should not try to interfere. The law of her nature is as sacred to her as Emerson's was to him, or as yours is to you. If she in any way personifies frailty or imperfection, it is by her frail or imperfect physical strength. Within her frail body there is an undaunted will, a wonderful mental capacity, and a beautiful moral character. She is what I think Shakespeare means by the woman whose name he gives to Frailty.

Among the number of pupils in our Senior class, is one girl who has always appealed to me as being particularly interesting. She has a mild, pleasing face, large blue eyes that bespeak thoughtfulness and happiness. This girl will be remembered by her class-mates as one who never answered a question at random, but one who always thought before she answered. Those who were in her geometry class will always remember that she never failed to come to class without preparing her lesson, even the longest theorem. But it is not this that placed her nearest the hearts of her class-mates. It was her unassuming way, and the fact that through all the long years of our high school course, we never found her in any but the best of spirits. She always seemed to scatter sunshine and brightness about her to illuminate the paths of her class-mates.

One of our girls is a type representing that large class of persons whose main characteristic is taciturnity and impressibility. As this taciturnity is such a deeply rooted trait, what is its source? I should say that this trait at

its incipient stage was lack of self-confidence. Evidently, this girl for so long a time has lacked self-confidence, and been afraid to advance her own opinions, that now she allows other people to do her thinking for her. That is, she has always had such little respect for her own thoughts, that now she is afraid to form an opinion, much less to advance one before other persons. And the consequence of all this is the girl's inability to say anything. What a deficiency this lack of self-confidence is, for the girl cannot trust her own opinions, she cannot hope to accomplish great things, is not ambitious. And if a girl is not ambitious, in the highest sense of the word, she does not have high ideals and a definite purpose. And a person without purpose acts only on impulse. But, as to the original characteristic, is not lack of enthusiasm a natural accompaniment of taciturnity? So it is with this girl I have been discussing. She does not have her mind made up one way or the other, does not discuss any question that may interest her classmates, and is entirely void of that very essential thing—enthusiasm. She perseveres and works diligently, but what can she, or any one else, accomplish if she is not enthusiastic. The second characteristic mentioned was impressibility. To me this seems only a natural result of some of the traits above mentioned. The girl that does really no thinking for herself must depend upon others for her ideas and opinions; and as everybody does not think alike, she is influenced first by one opinion, then another. But, is she not being controlled by external forces—summarily, is she not losing personality? So it is with the subject of this sketch; she has almost no personality. The girl has many admirable traits of character, yet she is controlled too much by external force, and has not enough strength of her own to make a strong personality. Thus has the development of two features given us a picture of one girl's character—taciturnity, lack of self-confidence, no ambition, no enthusiasm, impressibility, weak personality.

One of our boys has an independent spirit which I admire very much. He relies on himself to do many things, and is nearly always successful, because he is determined and not afraid to try. At times he is humorous, and I am sure he delights in teasing, though he does not relish the idea of being teased. He is excitable to a certain degree, and often when being told what is expected of him, says, unconsciously, "Why, thunderation! how can we do that—that's too much." But interest in whatever he does characterizes him, and he attempts the end and never stands to doubt. Promptness, too, is one his characteristics, especially when he is in the recitation room. He is enthusiastic, and his enthusiasm appears more strongly when contrasted with the dejected countenance he has, after finding that he had a wrong conception of the subject being discussed. The downcast look soon disappears, however, and he is eager to be called on again. Enthusiasm is an admirable quality at

any time, but more so, I think, when it is shown in seeking to broaden one's mind.

One boy stands out from the rest in his command over the English language. His choice of words comes, I believe, naturally. It might be, however, that he has tried to use the word that fits the occasion best, when either writing or talking, and I think that if he has done this, it has helped him. He always supports one side of a question. He likes fun, and nonsense suits him for a pastime. He has the power of illustrating what he has to say. He is a great admirer of Shakespeare, and can find in his works that which the poet wanted us to see. He shows his appreciation of the writings of a thoughtful author, by using to advantage the precious thoughts the works contain. He is quick to take a hint, and able to profit by it. He does not attempt to conceal the fact that he has "bluffed" a few times in one of his studies, but laughingly says that he has, of necessity, reformed. From this we would infer that he has an open nature. Don't think him serious, for he often makes a laughing stock of himself for the amusement of all.

Some persons, who do not leave upon your mind the impress of some one strong trait, afford you a general idea of their character in the combination of characteristics that they represent. So it is with a girl I know. From her voice and manner at times, it is evident that she is of a warm temperament, one that is like fine, dry kindling wood—it blazes as soon as one tiny match strikes it. Yet, this kind of fuel makes only a blaze, a little heat, and then dies away. So, the temperament of the girl; she is of an irascible disposition. At the least provocation, she will become slightly angered and sullen, thus entering one of her moods, which, however, do not last long. As she is easily provoked, so she is easily discouraged. Sometimes she looks as if she had forgotten that effort is wholesome, and seems to count anything short of success failure. Together with these characteristics, is noticeable a lack of seriousness, a quality that may be possessed by even a jolly person. I say that this lack of seriousness is noticeable. I do not mean that the girl is giddy, but that she seems to be defficient in that current of the serious which underlies all strong characters. The girl is studious, diligent in her work, and seems affectionate—has nothing of the bad in her makeup—yet she lacks a strength that comes from concentration of energies and purpose. This evidence of no aim in life explains in part why she loses self control, and is daunted by petty obstacles; for the girl who has determination and sets for herself a goal that is to be reached by means of that determination, is apt to trample little things under her feet.

One of the girls in our class has an especially kind and pleasing disposition. She has a mild temper and is not easily provoked. She is kind to her classmates and to those she meets. She always has a smile and a pleasant word for her friends. She passes all troubles off with a laugh. She is not giddy and frivolous, but is just simply good natured and mirthful. She is always helpful to those who need her assistance. She does not try to impress others with her superior knowledge, and is not easily offended. Hers is a nature to be desired.

She is the type of person we commonly hear termed "a sweet girl," although she is not one of those painfully nice sort of people that we must "handle with gloves." Her low, easy tones sometimes make us wonder if our voice was not pitched too loud the last time we spoke. She has the same quiet manner about everything she does. She walks as if she were afraid she would make a noise; likewise, she makes no noise about what she can do. She is always telling us in her quiet, easy way, that she doesn't know anything, and is always proving by her actions that she knows much—a happy combination that we seldom find. So she is more than merely "a sweet girl."

She is a tall girl, and when she walks she digs her heels into the floor, as she would dig at a geometry problem. Although she is one of the brightest girls in the class, it takes her quite a while to see through some things, but she sticks to it until she does it, and then she does not forget it soon. She has little self confidence, and she is always saying: "I don't know anything about the lesson;" I shall not get anything on that test;" but she is usually able to answer all of the questions in the lesson, and gets somewhere between ninety and one-hundred in most of the tests. When she gets up to recite, she must have a book or tablet in her hands, and makes it dance all over her desk. If she were as good about keeping resolutions as she is in making them, (they are always made with good intentions), she would be the most studious girl in the class of 1904. But she likes pleasure too well to shut herself up in her room, spend more time than is absolutely necessary in which to prepare her lessons. For this reason one may see her having a pleasant time in the afternoon, and then, consequently, sitting up until eleven or twelve at night studying her lessons. And occasionally on the next day, she gets rather sleepy in the study hall and often dozes.

First, take the girl who walked by with that heavy, determined step—almost a stride. How much one's feet tell about his character! The science of "Pedology" tells as much about the character as does Psychology of the

mind. That step bespoke determination, strength of will, and purpose. These cannot exist without self confidence, and in the composition of self confidence there is a certain amount of egotism. Here, then, we have exteriorly, a figure almost haughty; a figure lacking in the delicacy and tenderness of an effeminate nature. But that step bespoke more of magnanimity than this. We look deeper and find under all this, a sweet, responsive nature. There is nothing made up or put on about her. She seems to say, "Clear the way, I am coming!" Therefore, let us move on and let her pass.

The second one passed with a light, tripping step. Immeidately, we see that she is of the "happy-go-lucky" type. What a relief she is—so refreshing! She does not allow her companions to get seriously thoughtful. Indeed, one would not dare be philosophical around where she is. She tells us of some "grand" acting she has seen lately at the theatre, and the next minute she tells us of what "grand muffins mamma had for lunch." The world would lose so much of brightness without her. She never ceases to be entertaining, but, at the same time, as we have said, she never sounds the depths of anything. She skims off the cream of life. She, like the other two, has a nature quick and responsive. In her work she is not ambitious, but does the best she is capable of, and it seems to cost her no effort. She trips by, and we feel as if a cool, refreshing breeze had passed.

While reading an article on Joseph Chamberlain, I ran across a sentence which, if it can be applied in all cases, our Senior class has a boy who will one day be a great political leader. I do not know the exact words of the sentence, but know what part I want to use here. It spoke about the focus that we should give to public men. They are not to be viewed at a close range; we cannot comprehend their greatness if too close to them. One of our boys has always seemed to me to be out of place in a room. His step is too long to look well there, but on the street he does not seem to be overstepping his rights. He takes a long, free stride and covers ground very quickly. When we are having a class meeting, he can go down to the library very quickly and get Reed or Roberts to help his cause. He is quite a student of parliamentary rules, and seems to be preparing himself for a public career. By the rules he is learning the delicate art of delaying legislation. He is the mathematician of our class, and when the Seniors are up against a few hard originals, they are not sorry that he is called on during the first part of the period. He recognizes the importance of the position, and tries to stay in power as long as he can. Along with all his other qualities, good or bad, he seems to be very generous, and has his share of enthusiasm. He has a great deal of class spirit, but, I am sorry to say, he does not like the Juniors. All great leaders can be

helped a great deal if able to debate for themselves. In this our future great man is rapidly becoming excellent; and we, one and all, take off our hats and bow as this modern Patrick Henry marches by us on the road to Fame.

This girl's hair hangs in ringlets down her back. She is very amiable in disposition and good natured. She is sympathetic, kind and generous. Gentleness is one of her characteristics. "Gentle at home and gentle to her friends" is her motto. This girl is especially good in geometry, which seems to be her favorite study. She is a genius in art. She is satisfied if she has her drawing instruments and easel before her.

Another girl attracts us on account of her neatness. She has long, back hair, and dark brown eyes shine out from under her long, black lashes. She is always calm, self-possessed, dignified and charming. She is a lovely companion and seems to me to be a good representation of the pansy.

There is one in our class, who, besides being a student, is a natural born business man. This is shown by his great punctuality in being at his place of employment and the fact that he bears the title of "Business Manager." His great ability has shown itself in the way in which he attends to his duties, and it has always been a question whether or not the good spirit of the class had something to do in directing our choice. This person has almost proved himself capable of doing anything he undertakes, especially along the line of business. This last characteristic is almost indispensible to a business man, and according to my opinion, should this be the only characteristic of the person, his life would be far from a failure. I think that in this boy is the foundation of a good business man, and one any community would welcome as a benefactor and helper.

We rarely find perfect friendship existing between brothers and sisters. It has often been said that the man who has a true friend in a sister, is the happiest man living. I think that the girl or woman who has a true friend in a brother, is the most fortunate girl living. In our Senior class we have an example of this friendship. One of our boys seems to think of his sister in very much the same way that most boys think of some other boy's sister. From his close friendship with his sister, he has obtained many qualities that a man cannot very well do without, and that can be got only by association with women. With these traits acquired through his brotherly love, he has his own traits. He is often stubborn, and if he takes a notion to tease there is little peace with him. He does not exert all his energies while studying his physics, but little

fault can be found with his manner of getting the hardest originals of the geometry. Moreover, he is rapidly becoming a famous artist, and we should not be surprised if his most famous piece of art would not be a painting of the sister with the nose that is "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

The bee, one of the smallest insects, is a great worker. So is one of the small girls in our class. You would scarcely expect much hard work from her, but then she is a good illustration of the old proverb, "Precious stones are tied up in small packages." So it is with her; you cannot tell at first sight what she is. But take a little exploring tour into her disposition and you will find her much more valuable than you would suppose. Our bee, as she may be called, is always buzzing through one job, ready to commence another. Taking her all in all, she is a first-class hand for all kinds of work, and about the busiest bee one will meet with anywhere.

Another of our girls is known for her punctuality. If she were tardy she would feel that a great calamity had befallen her. Anyone who meets her on his way to school may never fear being late, for she is as good as a time-piece. She is there in plenty of time to get her thoughts collected before the recitation begins. She is prompt in all of her duties, and if the old saying, "The early bird catches the worm," be true, she will certainly catch it. A person who is prompt in everything he undertakes is certain to succeed. So we predict for her a future crowned with success.

This boy is a friend of justice, or at least that is what he seems to me. Why he does, I cannot say. Outside of our school life we know nothing of him; but, from his little actions and his expressed ideas, I have learned to think of him as a friend of justice. From his looks I know that he has nothing little or mean in him, and each day takes him a step higher. He shows by his face that his thoughts are mostly of a serious turn. But when he laughs, he laughs. From his quickness to smile, one must think that although he is inclined to be very serious, he can appreciate and enjoy a good joke. His dignified bearing always reminds me of the old-time knights. To think of there being anything ignoble in him, seems next to impossible. I admire him for the reserved and respectful manner he seems to have when with girls. He is not shy, but he does not come a step too close to any girl. His treatment of girls, and his simple little kindnesses for his sister, and his old-time courtesies make him more like what I imagine the gallant old knights to have been. Then, to look into his face, to meet that clear, straight look from his honest, blue eyes, only makes him more like Bulwer's Earl of Warwick. If he is a knight he must have his colors and his standard. Because of his clear, blue eyes, let's

imagine his color is blue. From his bearing, his actions, and his character, let us say that his standard is Truth. When I think of this old-fashioned boy, I somehow think of the most beautiful yet slighted flower—the flower to which the poet of the Emerald Isle paid so high a compliment—the sunflower—the flower of independence, beauty and constancy.

Then comes a girl, traveling the way of life as though it were all trials and no pleasures. She is a very nervous little girl, and she knows it too well for her own good. Such exclamations as, "Oh, don't! you will scare me to death;" or, "O! I can't stand it, I am so nervous," are quite familiar to her schoolmates. Although she is very sober and serious at times, especially when she is asked to answer a question in history which she does not know, she does get tickled at times. In fact, so much so, that it reminds us of the lines of Milton, "And laughter holding both his sides." But she does not seem to enjoy it very much, for when she gets through she takes some quite long breaths, and sighs a great deal. She is very affectionate, and if she loves anybody, she loves him with her whole heart.

When we see a certain girl in our class studying conscientiously and showing great determination in all her actions, is it not difficult to belive that a few years ago it was impossible for the same girl to be reckless, disobedient, and that one day she delighted in tormenting the teacher, by wearing rims of spectacles on the end of her nose. During the last year several of her teachers have said that she has improved more than any other pupil in the class. If she happens to get a test grade that is somewhat lower than she usually gets, she generally says, "O, it makes me tired. I am glad that there is one thing (geometry) in which I can get fairly decent grades." When most of us are up against an original in geometry, and, as usually she is able to prove it, she walks to the board with such an air of determination, that all the rest of the class gaze about with awe. But oh, if she happens to get stuck—none of us dare to hold up our hands. Finally, if she is not able to patch her recitation up some way, she says in a sulky way, "I can't prove this thing," and hurries to her seat at an unusually rapid rate, and pouts the rest of the period. She does not hesitate to tell her friends, if they happen to say or do something, that according to her own opinion is not exactly proper. "Take paper and pencil" is a daily occurrence in the physics class. She seems to be especially fond of written lessons in physics, for one day when she had a written lesson, she said in an authoritative manner: "How long is this going to last?" After we have had a history test containing fifty questions, and some of us are trying to count up the questions that we think we got wrong, she comes along with a solemn look and says, "I left out three of the questions and

missed forty of the others." If her estimates of missed questions were always exact, see would certainly deserve more pity than anyone else in the class. When she gets her grades she always looks brighter. She is very obliging and kind to everyone. She is original in all her tastes, and in many ways is quite peculiar. She is leaving a record that she need not be ashamed of.

She is neatly dressed, yet we all know that she is not the kind of girl who spends much time worrying about dress or such frivolous matters. She sees the funny side of a story, and knows how to enjoy a good laugh. On the other hand she can be serious; in fact, very serious, and her countenance bears a grave, solemn look that leads us to think that she is pondering over some of the great questions of humanity. This girl has one very peculiar characteristic called "indifference" by one of our teachers. Stubbornness might be too strong a term for it, yet it is something very much like it. If she is called on during recitation when she doesn't want to recite, she can sit as though she were carved in stone, and say nothing. But when she does answer a question, the answer expresses so much that it shows how carefully and thoughtfully she can study. Out of school she has a bright, happy disposition and is a lovely companion in every respect.

The Poet's Exchange.

'A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

If you cross a stick across a stick,
Or stick a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a stick,
Or cross a cross across a stick,
Or cross a cross across a cross,
Or cross a stick across a cross,
Or stick a stick across a cross,
Or stick a cross across a cross,
Would that be an acrostic?

—Our Young People.

When you're fooling in the library
And having lots of fun,
A laughing and a gibberin'
As if your time had come,

You'd better watch your corners
And keep kind o' looking out,
Or the librarian'll get you
Ef you
don't
watch
out!

A soldier of the Russians
Lay Japanned at Tschwitzvkivitch,
There was lack of woman's nursing
And other comforts which
Might add to his last moments
And smooth the final way:
But a comrade stood beside him
To heed what he might say;
The Japanned Russian faltered
As he took his comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see
My own, my native land.
Take a message and a token
To some distant friends of mine,
For I was born in Sminlzyzklqrxgki,
Fair Smnrskigqzki on the Irzikztryvzxrtuski-
ryony."

—Hoyt Sentinel.

The Seven Lies of Man.

Behold the seven lies of man
  And tell his age by that;
As soon as he can lisp, he says:
  "It must have been the cat!"

Next, when the base ball team begins
  To make its thrilling score,
His well-loved grandmamma falls dead
  A dozen times or more.

Third, like a furnace does he sigh;
  Of course we know the gist.
He tells the maiden fair she is
  The first he ever kissed.

Fourth age, he comes home in the morn,
  And gladness fills his cup—
The good Samaritan has been
  With sick friends sitting up.

Fifth, to the woodshed he repairs
  His heir to interview,
And says: "My son—kerswat! kerswish!—
  This hurts me more than you!"

He next has leisure on his hands
  And fills his jug with bait;
He hooks a minnow, then he swears
  Ten pounds to be its weight.

Last age, when lean and slippered grown,
  He finds his greatest joy
In telling what perfection ruled
  The days he was a boy.

McLandburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

We leaned across the friendly stile,
  The gentle moonbeams lit her face;
The secret influence of her smile
  Annihilated time and space.

Quoth I: "The breezes kiss your cheek;
  O, happy, happy breezes they!"
Sighed she, this maiden so petite,
  "Who gave them a monopoly?"

—Radius.

How much wood would a woodchuck chuck,
  If a woodchuck would chuck wood?
If a woodchuck would chuck wood he would chuck
  As much wood as a woodchuck could chuck wood.

A Country Summer Pastoral.

I would flee from the city's rule and law,
From its fashion and form cut loose,
And go where the strawberry grows on its straw,
And the gooseberry on its goose;
Where the catnip tree is climbed by the cat
As she crouches for her prey—
The guileless and unsuspecting rat
On the rattan bush at play.

I will watch at ease for the saffron cow
And the cowlet in their glee,
As they leap in joy from bough to bough
On the top of the cowslip tree;
Where the musical partridge drums on his drum,
And the woodchuck chucks his wood,
And the dog devours the dog-wood plum
In the primitive solitude.

Oh, let me drink from the moss-grown pump
That was hewn from the pumpkin tree,
Eat mush and milk from the mushroom vine,
And milk from the milk-weed sweet,
With luscious pineapple from the pine—
Such food as the gods might eat!

And then to the whitewashed dairy I'll turn,
Where the dairymaid hastening hies,
Her ruddy and golden-haired butter to churn
From the milk of her butterflies.
And I'll rise at morn with the early bird,
To the fragrant farm-yard pass,
When the farmer turns his beautiful herd
Of grasshoppers out to grass.

—Selection.

There was a rich maid from Dubuque,
Who wanted to marry a duke:
So she sailed o'er the ocean,
Where the ship's rocking motion
At once made her frightfully—throw up.

—Radius.

The (un) Divine Comedy.

PARADISIO.

A shaded room,
  An open fire:
A cozy nook,
  And your heart's desire.

PURGATORIO.

The self-same room,
  With lights a few,
The self-same nook,
  But ma there, too.

INFERNO.

The room, the shade,
  The nook, the fire,
The blessed chance,
  And enter sire.

—*Smart Set.*

Miss Daisy.

Miss Daisy shook out her new bonnet of white
And fastened it on with a sigh of delight;
Then turning her face to the good natured sun,
She nodded, "I am ready for frolic and fun."

The wind kissed her gently and murmured, "How sweet."
The grass waved a welcome, and clung to her feet;
While to her heart of gold Miss Honeybee
Presented her bill for an afternoon tea.

When night came, the dewdrops crept down to her face
And nestled so softly each in its own place;
And fireflies with lanterns and star maidens bright,
Watched over Miss Daisy all through the dark night.

Longfellow (on the Senior):

"Week in, week out, from morn till night,
  You can hear his bellows blow:

The Parting Word.

(MAY 26-'04)

Hail! jolly fellow-school mates:
Thrice hail and once again!
Hail! coming generation
Of women and of men!
Hail! world of future action
Which soon we are to greet!
And hail! to every body
That we may chance to meet!

For months we've worked my comrades,
To reach staid wisdom's dome:
We've reached it now together—
The longed for time has come,
We're on the breezy summit;
The air is pure and sweet:
Turn now and look around you,—
The world is at our feet!

The scenes we know are passing
And others come to view,
And we must be preparing
To hold us staunch and true,
Tonight the world seems glorious
With never gloom or care:
But, comrades, this remember—
On earth each has his share:—

Some part to you is portioned,
And somewhat falls to me;
But bear our burdens lightly,
Sing brightly, blythe and free!
The world can hold no sorrow
For which there is no cure,
So ever upward, comrades,
Be resolute——ENDURE!

The world thro' which we're passing
Is made and shaped for them
Who gladly meet it half way,
To him is given the gem
Who seeks the earth to find it:
To whom its worth is known—
To him who knows its value
Its priceless color shown.

So ever onward, comrades,
Rise up and greet the morn!
And never be disheartened,
For throbbing HOPE is borne
Today within our bosoms.
Then fade all doubts and care—
The world's before us, comrades,
Then UP and DO and DARE!

EARLE OWL.

The Struggle for a Principle.

IN every country, liberty adhers in some principle, which must be attained, before the life, liberty, and happiness of the people are safe. Taxation by a legislative body, was the principle struggled for in England as early as 1215, and was also the principle struggled for by the Americans during the Revolutionary War. In a debate in Parliament, Burke said, "England is a nation, which still I hope, respects, and formerly adored her freedom." England's freedom was established in 1689. The American ideas of government, which were based on the ideas of Puritanism, were somewhat modified by the democratic ideas of the Quakers. At the time of George III, a re-action was taking place in England. After the struggle in 1689, when the Whigs had secured the Protestant succession and many of the other cherished rights, political advancement seemed to be at a standstill. The system of representation was unjust, which made it impossible for the people to have their rights. In America, things were different. The Americans were constantly advancing in ideas of government. The Americans claimed, that their legislative assemblies were the only powers that could tax them justly. Parliament claimed the right to tax the Americans, for they were said to be represented by merchants, who were interested in American trade. The Americans claimed that representation should be according to population, and that the representatives should live in the district which they represented. The aim of George III was to break down the growing power of cabinet government. If he should yield to the American principle, then he would have to consent to the re-districting of England, which would make him king only in name. The Americans were descendants of the English, and English colonies were always ready to fight for their rights, when they were infringed upon. England infringed upon the rights of the Americans in various ways, and refused to consider their petitions. These circumstances brought out the patriotic spirit and lofty sentiments of the Americans, and showed that they were willing to sacrifice their lives for a great principle.

When the Stamp Act was repealed, the Declaratory Act was passed, which gave England the right to govern in all cases whatsoever. Lord Townsend was very unfriendly toward the American colonies, and wanted them to be deprived of self-government, be united in one province, and the power to govern them given to England. When Parliament was debating about the repeal of the Stamp Act, Pitt, a friend to the American cause, said: "It is impossible for a free people to govern a dependent people despotically, without endangering their own freedom." He said that the Stamp Act was founded on an erroneous "principle, and should therefore be repealed." In 1767, a year

after the Stamp act was repealed, Townsend proposed the Townsend Acts. He did not understand the spirit of the Americans, and thought that this would be a good way to gain favor with George III, and to help pay the war debt. Townsend succeeded in getting this act passed, as it was thought to be a good way to carry out the Declaratory Act. The Townsend Acts were: (a) A tax was to be placed on lead, glass, paper, paints, etc. (b) Revenue was to be used to pay the governors and judges. (c) Those who refused to obey the acts were to be tried in Admirality Courts. (d) A special writ of assistance was declared legal. Massachusetts sent a circular letter to all of the colonies, opposing these measures. Non-importation societies were formed, in which the colonists agreed to depend on their own resources, not to import any goods, and in this way injure English trade. The Americans would not obey the Townsend Act, and the merchants of England were complaining that their trade was being ruined, so the Townsend Act was repealed.

George III was determined not give up his principle, so in 1770 a bill was passed, ordering a tax on tea. Parliament thought that the Americans were penurious, and were considering the question of money alone. At this time, the English East India Company was in a severe financial condition, owing to the wars it was compelled to wage in India, and to the heavy payments it was obliged to make to its shareholders and to the English government. The Dutch East India company was able to undersell its rival, and the most of the tea consumed in the colonies was smuggled in from the Netherlands. The English wanted to catch the Americans in their principle, so they lowered the taxes of the East India company to such an extent that they could furnish tea to them with the tax, cheaper than the Americans could get it from the Dutch East India company. Cargoes of tea were immediately sent to the different American ports. Boston and Charleston were the only places where the tea ships were allowed to come into the harbors. In Charleston the tea was stored in damp cellars. The people of Boston would not pay the duty on the tea, but petitioned the governor to give the commander of the ships clearance papers, so that he could take the tea back to England. The home laws were such at the time that a cargo must be landed in twenty days after it arrives in the port and the duties paid, or the cargo was then landed by force. The Americans were determined that the tea should not be landed, and used every possible means to prevent it from being landed, before they decided to destroy it. On the 19th day of the twenty days, Samuel Adams, at the head of a party of patriots, went into the country to ask the governor to send the ships away, but he refused. The people now held a meeting at the old South church to find out what measures could be taken to prevent the tea from being landed. Someone in the audience said: "Who knows how tea will mix with salt water?" This helped them to decide as to what action should be taken, and soon after, a few of the most patriotic men went to the harbor and dumped the

tea into the sea. The crowd that followed was so orderly and quiet, that the click of the hatchets could be distinctly heard. This action showed the extreme patience of the Americans. They showed that they were not the turbulent, riotous people that they were thought to be. The Americans tried every possible means to defend their principle according to law, and as a last resort, destroyed the tea. Fiske says that the action was a supreme assertion of political freedom.

When George heard about the action that Boston had taken regarding the tea, he became enraged, and resolved to punish the people of Boston severely. The Boston Port Bill was immediately passed. (a) It took away the Massachusetts charter. This caused all of the colonies to think that their charters were in danger also. (b) Closed the port of Boston. The other towns opened their ports to the merchants of Boston, and helped them in every way they could. (c) Criminals were to be taken to England for trial. This was aimed at Hancock and Adams, for England knew that it would be of no use to try these men in America. (d) Town meetings were to be done away with. Burke says, "that governments in which everyone has a share, naturally stir a lofty sentiment into men's minds, and make them have a strong regard for liberty." The Quebec Act was also passed. This Act annexed the territory of the Ohio valley to Canada. This was an attempt of England's to hinder the expansion of the colonies. The people who settled this territory were to have no town meetings. The colonies had fought to protect their territory, and were not willing to sacrifice it. The colonies all felt that the cause of Massachusetts was their own, which accounts for the united action which they took. Gage, an English commander, was sent to Boston with an army. The assembly formed themselves into a Provincial Congress, and governed the country about Boston. The quartering of soldiers in time of peace, was not according to English law, and therefore ended in a skirmish at Concord and Lexington. The way in which the colonists responded to the call for an army, shows the patriotic spirit of the people.

In 1774 a new election for Parliament took place. The new members were in favor of oppressing the Americans. Acts were immediately passed which cut the New England colonies off from all trade, except with Great Britain, Ireland, West Indies, and the continental colonies of New York, South Carolina, and Georgia. Massachusetts was declared to be in a state of rebellion, and orders were given to put it down. Lord North suggested that, if the Americans would tax themselves to the satisfaction of Parliament, why not let them tax themselves. Burke said that this was offering "the grievance for the remedy." The way in which the colonists were treated, soon culminated into the war, which secured for them their independence.

The way in which the Americans dealt with these different acts of oppression, shows that it was the principle, not the amount of money, they

were struggling for. The ideas of government, which Patrick Henry and John Otis advanced, showed that the colonists realized their rights. The problem of the relation of England, in England, to the crown and Parliament, had been solved; but the relation of England, in America, to Crown and Parliament, was practically a new problem. Had the English Constitution been placed in skillful hands, it would have been elastic enough to supply the demands, but as it was handled by people who knew nothing of the needs of the Americans, a war ensued. The Declaration of Independence represents the ideas of the different patriots, and shows that they were struggling for the one great principle. The united action on the part of all the colonists during the war, brought out their real patriotism, and made them victorious in their great struggle for a principle.

LOUISE OWL.

Stage Efforts.

IT is an old saying, that, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so we, the Seniors, decided to give a play, lest we should become dull. Of course, we realize the fact that we were not a class of geniouses, but we imagined that we were about as smart as the average. We thought that we must select something for our play which had a classical sound, in order to make a good impression upon the people; so we selected "The Shakespeare Watercure," never dreaming that the high sounding title of our play would ever be connected with anything so common as an ordinary sanitarium; but, imagine our chagrin, when a small boy stepped up to one of the members of our company and asked, "*Do you give sample bottles?*" After having suffered this humiliation in the beginning, we were made to realize that we could not establish our reputation on Shakespeare's name. We chose different ones to take the several parts, and also chose Miss Abrams to instruct us in the mysteries of personating, posing, etc. So well did she perform her part, that by the time she was through with us, one would think that Agnes was a real Portia, and Roderick a real Shylock. But the fun began when we went to prepare the stage for the performance of the play. But, by dint of much "scheming and contriving, hole boring and nail driving," finally all things were ready, that eventful night was past, and the proceeds were put in the bank.

The success of our first play was so great that we decided to give another. This time we thought we would lay aside the classical subjects and choose one which the public would understand and enjoy, and we had fun with it all the way through—so much, that at the last, one would think it was all

fun and no work, if they could hear the teachers scolding us about our lessons. The play that we selected this time was "David Garrick," and since the principal character was such a "genius in tragedy and comedy," we selected the boy in our class who was best fitted, as we thought, to take the part. We had noticed how natural it had been for Willie to act the part of Hamlet in the other play; so we decided on him. This time we secured the services of Mr. Walter Gentry, the professional scenic artist, to prepare our stage, so we had no trouble with it this time. Not having enough men in our class to represent the different characters in the play, we prevailed upon Mr. Henry Bundschu to take the part of Chivy, and he established a reputation as an actor in this part. There then came a time of anxiety, when Roderick resigned his position as Mr. Jones, and our old position Mr. Lon Gentry, consented to take the part of the unfortunate stutteror. Our practicing went off as well as could be expected, but we learned that play acting was not all fun, for, when the eventful day came it brought a snow storm with it, and when our company tried to get the stage properties from the depot to the school, you would have laughed to have seen some of our principal characters riding up the street with their feet dangling out of the back of a spring wagon and their heads ducked to keep the snow out of their eyes. You would never have thought them to be the same characters when you saw them that night, all dressed up in their brilliant costumes. And when the audience sat enjoying the play, little did they think about the many trials and tribulations we had gone through to prepare them such a delightful entertainment. But our trials are all over now, and we have the money, and with it we intend to get something to place in the High School, which will stand as a memorial to our perseverance and energy as long as that school-house stands.

TESSIE OWL.

Class Prophesy.

ALL day and far into the evening my brain had been racked with geometrical problems, epochs of history, biographies and works of great lights of Literature, for the close of school approaches and tests are the order of the day. Whether awake or dreaming, it matters little, but the future of the members of the famous class of 1904 passes before me as a panorama.

I see our dignified Maud C., after many years of preparation in the school of music, winning honor and fame in the royal Conservatory at Berlin. But the fates were against Maud. She practiced so hard and constantly that she paralyzed one of her wrists, necessitating her return home. After winning such renown in musical circles, she naturally is not content to settle down at home. She therefore starts again, but in a different atmosphere. She is now playing the role of Lady Macbeth, becoming more famous each day. I now see that on account of her love for her own town, where she has just carried that role as a school girl, she kindly consents to play one week at the High School Auditorium, twenty-five cents a seat, and 5 cents reserve at Sturges'.

Now, Louise Nagel passes, tripping along gaily, but, alas! with a crusty fellow by her side. We ask, Who is that man (if he could be called such) walking by our dainty Louise? The response is, that on her twenty-first birthday she married this multi-millionaire who is now in his seventies and warranted not to live long. Just one year passed when her "adored" left this bright earth and his millions to Louise. She now is a dashing young widow with scores of admirers and every wish gratified.

What grand personage is that who is walking the streets of Washington, D. C., so majestically, wearing a silk hat, and carrying a cane? No other than Honorable Roderick Riddle, who was elected not long since to be our representative to Congress. There certainly was no one better prepared to fill this position from this state, for did not he know parliamentary rules off by heart when a school boy?

I now see a picture of a farm, indeed an ideal one, for everything is as neat as possible, children playing in the fields and dogs barking at the gates. But the crowning feature of this farm, or country home, is Meta, the mother of these children, and the wife, who cheerfully welcomes home her husband, tired and weary after his hard day's work. Here Meta rules supreme.

There goes Lizzie walking down the street with several little girls and boys about her, offering gifts on her altar. Lo! she is a school teacher, but what causes that happy smile that plays about her face? It looks as if she were dreaming of some other occurrence than the present one. Now a very

nice young man approaches, who takes the place of the children, and who are awe-struck by this new personage.

Lizzie's thoughts have turned to earth once again, It seems strange, but all the little folks have a holiday. Nor do they seem happy; indeed, most of them are crying. I now see the cause. Lizzie and her young man friend are boarding the train, on their way to Happiness.

Alas! there is Eunice wearing glasses. She is studying hard among a great number of students. This school is one in which young women are taught to be trained nurses. Eunice now graduates with highest honors, and has secured a very high position in one of the finest hospitals (for cats) in Chicago.

That dainty young lady walking the streets of London, treading her way toward one or London's best theatens, is Tessie, that is Mademoiselle Smith. She is still holding her own as "Ada Ingot," in "David Garrick." London society goes to see her every night and she is quite a favorite with the box-holders. She has now changed her role to that of Portia in "The Merchant of Venice." She brings out all the traits of that character, which Miss Brown taught us so thoroughly, in a most delightful way.

In St. Louis John holds his own against Strauss as a photographer. He has an up-to-date photographer's studio, and oh! the money that he earns. But it is not so much on account of the fine finish of the picture, but the expression he brings to the girls' (for all of his customers are girls) faces. All John must do is to look at the young lady before him and roll those wonderful eyes, ank lo! she has an expression which her mother is proud of—one almost angelic, but all on account of the charm of John's eyes. Never does he need to say, "Look pleasant, please."

Now passes before my eyes a picture of a Paris salon, where Gertrude R. is being introduced by a famous artist to his friends. She has just unveiled a wonderful painting, on which she worked two years, and it is one that has caused more comment than any painted before. Gertrude receives all this praise in a very modest way and now she is respected and honored as one of the most famous artists of the day.

Carrie is the mistress of an elegant country home. She married a wealthy farmer and now lives in perfect luxury on her chicken farm out West, unmindful of her wealth. She is another "Dolly Winthrope," always ready to lend her services to her neighbor in need.

I am now shown into the interior of a dancing hall. Whole flocks of little girls and boys arriving, and then Mary H. calls out, "Choose your partners." She is the dancing teacher, to whom all the nicest society people of Kansas City send their children. She teaches them fancy dances with the utmost grace. She has reached the top of the ladder in her vocation, for all such dances as the Priest of Pallas ballets are now under her direction.

That young man walking down the avenues of St. Louis with that quick, short step, speaking to all the girls and ladies, surely is no other than Earle. He now joins a lady friend and they are very interested. He is society reporter for one of St. Louis' largest papers. We are not surprised to hear such a prophesy, for in our school days he certainly showed remarkable talent in those "School Notes" which he so often gave the "Sentinel."

There stands one of the handsomest mansions on Fifth Avenue; It is is not only a beautiful home in appearance but is ruled over by one who is both beautiful in appearance and disposition. No other than Lewese McCoy, our schoolmate. She is the queen of a very happy family and the wife of a devoted husband. She is also leader in the most select circles of New York society.

I met with one of our classmates whose ambition in school days was to be a fine musician. This is Frances, who has now become a wonderful concert player in New York City. She holds her audiences spell-bound and receives praise from all places in the world. She is now bowing to the audience in that modest way she had as a school girl. They will not allow her to leave the stage, for this is her farewell to the public. She now has retired to her attractive home in California.

Jessie is pictured as having settled down at home, with one ambition—that is, to make home happy. She also patronizes all home talent shows, such as Band concerts. Senior class plays, etc. She is to be congratulated on having remained so loyal to our dear Independence.

This picture shows me the unveiling of a statute, wondrous in its beauty. The applaud of the crowd sounds as thunder, and they are shouting for the sculptor. He steps out hesitatingly before the crowd and who could it be but Harry Smith. He is borne about on the shoulders of men, that all the world may see who performed the wonderful work of art. He is now engaged in executing a groupe, which he will present to our beloved High school.

There goes a lady with four—no five—dogs trotting after her. Her favorite seems to be a fox terrier, with one black and one brown eye, but she seems to love them all. Who could this be but Helen. In her school days her two ambitions were to sing and have a dog farm, and from this picture it leads me to believe that she has adopted the latter. She lives in the suburb of New York City, and her sympathies go out to all lame and mistreated canines.

"All the world is a stage and all the men and women merely players." Nellie must have grown very attached to the part she played in David Garrick. That part was the old maid and ever since she has scorned all man kind, when they wished to be anything other than friends. She has many of these, and straightens out the tangles of many another's love affairs, but will have none of it herself.

This picture shows me a very handsome building, in fact the post-office

of one of our largest cities. In it I see many types of character, but one person stands above the others. He has such a dignified bearing. I see a slight resemblance to Willie B. Now it grows more decided, in fact I am sure it is no one else. He is Post-Master General and must make a good one, judging from the reverence with which all his inferiors look up to him.

That picture has passed. Another shows me a crowd of excited girls at Emery-Birds, clamoring for a book which seems to be all the rage. The book is entitled "The Mysteries of Clarabel's First Love Affair," written by Minnie Clements. Who would have thought that demure Minnie of school days had been revolving such ideas as these in her secret soul.

There always was a mischievious twinkle in Minnie's eyes and her thoughts are now disclosed to public view. The book, of course, is on sale at all book stores. The Mysteries of the class of 1904 are now about to be solved.

In the first few years after his high school course I see Goodman working hard to become a lawyer, the result is the same as in school days. He is successful; but Goodman has higher ambitions. After many years of success as a lawyer, winning renown and fame, and also respect and love of the people he is nominated candidate for President and is elected by a large majority. Who would have thought that Goodman, who always understood the qualifications of President so well, would one day hold that office himself.

Now Agnes is pictured to us, standing on a platform, facing and immense crowd of ladies. I find that this is the meeting of the Federation of the Woman's Club of U. S. and of course Agnes is no other than President. She is mistress of the situation, as she always was in school duties, and is loved by all. She now has a position in which she can use her executive ability, and the law education she possessed as "Portia"— Alas! the pictures have ceased, but were they not the prophecy of the future of the class of '04?

I have come back to earthly matters once again and find the class nothing but school girls and boys, but ready to begin these journeys which have just been disclosed to my view.

HELEN OWL.

Life.

Third Year Essay.

IN every path we meet dark mysteries, unsolvable problems. No man travels long ere he passes caves with labyrinths, whose darkness even his penetrating eyes cannot pierce; mountains, whose height he can never reach; waters whose depths he will never sound. Even in the heavens above and in the earth below there are enigmas too complex for man's brain to simplify. But of the many mysteries that are associated with this world, there is one that confronts all men: of the perplexities, the most intricate; of problems, the most complex, and that is life itself. What is life, and how to live it is the pre-eminent question.

Men take different attitudes toward this awful, self-repeating question. To some it is a somniferous potion, and the oftener they drink, the more they slumber. These, upon thinking seriously, realize the might of the procession in which they move, and recognizing their own weakness, feel powerless. They forget that they have as much innate strength as their fellow-man; that each has his place in the rank and file; that each must stand upright, else he will be borne forward by the immense throng until all is engulfed by the unfathomable sea of time. These beings merely exist. They are overwhelmed by the world without, trust not to the soul within, and hence, are inert, powerless. For these there is no aim, no purpose, no goal; therefore, no enthusiasm, no ambition, no activity, but instead, a dreamy drowsiness, that ends in a fatal sleep. Such persons, insensible to the meaning of life, deaf to the call of battle, blind to the glory of heights they might attain, listless to the warning of an everlasting futurity, drift, drift, drift, ever with a secret longing for their bark to be shattered. Such are those who hate life—life that to them is merely existence.

There are those who have a different attitude toward life. To them, life is a mixture of pleasure and sorrow, wealth and poverty, success and defeat,—merely a matter of loss and gain; and they exert themselves to extricate a large part of the best of which this mixture is constituted. So, the activity of this class is prompted by selfish ambition, and such activity is excited by an unwholesome purpose. In short, these love life, because it means to them an opportunity for the acquiring of wealth, the gratifying of passions, the prolongation of pleasure. Their greatest joy is a whirl-pool of intoxicating pleasures that is potent enough to make them oblivious to the awful reality of things. And these intoxicants, when indulged in, have the power to arouse the lower passions, thus subordinating the higher. And those, whose happi-

ness is founded upon such frailties, are themselves frail; for persistent frivolities are consistent only with shallow natures, and light foundations bear only light structures. Such are they that love their life; they deaden the soul of their higher being, and live in the fluctuating passions of the lower, ever reveling in the feast that worldly pleasures afford.

Away with such erroneous ideas of life! "Nor love thy life nor hate, but what thou liv'st, live well, how long or short permit to Heaven." Not merely exist, but breathe the spirit of enthusiasm, determination, purpose,—purpose high, unswerving, and you breathe indeed! Such a spirit will invigorate and sustain you even in the darkest hour. Enthusiasm, the most potent of elixirs, creates the desire to act; determination, the will to act; and purpose, the guide that directs and sustains the act. What obstacle can withstand these three cooperated? Then have them for your weapons; you will need them in the battle of life. And never sheathe such swords, but use them in the strife. "Procrastination is the thief of time," and it will steal on you unawares, and find your weapons rusty,—you, inert. Inert! never!

"In the world's broad field of battle
In the bivouac of Life
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!"

Trust not the Future, how'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living Present."

Each moment is a priceless opportunity that will never present itself again. Then live! Live every moment of your life! Time must not devour us ere the attainable is attained, ere the heights are reached, the purpose achieved, the battle won! "Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate;" wave thy banner, grasp with an *iron* hand thy pilgrim's staff, and speed to reach the heights, ere the setting sun. "On, on across the plains and feel no dread! Where not the boldest hath trod down a path, which thou mayest safely tread. Make for thyself a path!! And be not discouraged, for "we must go alone." But where'er the path, what'er the aim, live truly, for

"Thou must be true to thyself
If thou the truth would'st teach.
Thy soul must over flow, if thou
Another soul would'st reach.
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed.
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed.
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

What other injunction can there be? Every thought reverts to my theme—*live!*. I would that I could "loudly sweep the string," but I can say no more than LIVE!! But this sufficeth. That one word has untold meaning; to the soul it thunders, speaks volumes; 'tis the greatest of battle cries, the highest standard of noble hearts—the motto of every true Christion soul.

"But what thou livest live well; how long or short permit to Heaven." He that lives truly has no fear of death; who does his best in the allotted time, can do no more. Then, conscious of the awful speed of time, and realizing that one tense struggle must be made, listen to the myriad-choir that urges thee on, rise true soul in all thy strength, and—live! live!—

> So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan, which moves
> To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night;
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust approach thy grave,
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

FRANCES CLEMENTS.

The Alumni.

ALTHOUGH we have, most of us, forgotten it and none of us are worrying appreciably about it now, the late Boxer troubles in China were laid by a great many at the doors of the foreign missionaries; and there was a great deal of argument for and against such action. While these arguments raged there was one class, however, among the American people which would have none of them, and that class was composed of the college and university men. With them it was a personal matter, for out of their ranks the missionaries had been recruited. Each remembered Harry or Ned, as the case may be, who pulled stroke on '78 or sang on the glee club in '80, and as to their having incited rebellion—well, the supposition was absurd on the face of it—they dismissed it indignantly. And their allegiance fell to their old comrades rather than to any abstractions not simply because they were comrades, but because they were such at the same school. Their loyrlty to their *alma mater* was mixed in the matter and they chose immediately and unquestionably.

That choice was but one manifestation of a force that is very powerful in our country—more powerful than a casual glance would lead us to imagine—the loyalty of a graduate to a school, the loyalty of a body of alumni to each other, and the desire to keep unsullied the ideals formed in the past for each member of that alumni.

Notwithstauding the much preached of subservience of the ends of life to utility, sentiment arising from that force enters into and decides a great many more questions in the world than those on the outside might imagine. And since the schools of the land are the places of all others where the highest and most disinterested ideals of life prevail, it follows that anything which promotes those ideals and keeps them fresh, is necessarily worthy of energetic support.

In addition to this, nothing adds more to the life and vigor of a school itself than does a well organized and faithful body of alumni. Likewise nothing is more important to that school than the organization and giving of a working being to the alumni.

The class of '03 at the Independence High School took a step toward such organization—beyond the loyalty of separate classes, for that tie has always been more or less operative—when it invited the graduates of all former classes to meet with it during commencement week. Although no definite measures were adopted to found a closer union, the mere meeting and talking over of the old times necessarily did something toward strengthening the loyalty of the alumni, and the calling of a meeting of a like nature should not be omitted in the future. Even though no active working body should ever come of it, there are a number of possibilities wrapped up in the meeting itself. Energetically managed, it might come to be an occasion looked forward to by many former students hungering for a taste of the old times and their attendant joys, and these in the end might turn it to a number of uses.

As to the moulding of a high school alumni into a shape to do things, that is usually a difficult matter. Officers may be elected, but they tend to grow into mere figure-heads, and their fellows do not render them a support that is any too vigorous. The elements in the modern high school are so diverse that they do not always blend harmoniously in after life, and the years spent in it come at such a stage that the enthusiasms formed therein are likely to be completely buried by the thousand conflicting pursuits and desires of the succeeding years.

Nevertheless, there is always a possibility of a successful organization when steps are carefully taken, and especially so when some definite aim is pointed out and set before the body for accomplishment. And there can be no doubt but that the alumni of the Independence High School would do well to take action leading toward active organization, let the definite aim come when it will. The class of '04 will doubtless follow in the footsteps of its predecessor in requesting all former students to meet with it, and there such action could have a beginning. One thing goes without saying, and that is, that all old graduates do a great deal of looking forward to those meetings as a means of at least awakening old and refreshing memories.

CHARLES CAPELLE.

The Class of 1904.

I sing of the Class of 1904.
Who would not sing its praises!
At the wit and breadth of mind displayed—
The world in wonder gazes.

These sixteen maids and six brave lads,
At lessons never dozed.
Boldly they knocked at knowledge's gate
And did not find it closed.

Lewise can, with greatest ease,
Answer the hardest questions.
Earl always has on hand a stock
Of valuable suggestions.

Harry and Tessie put to shame
Old artists famed in story.
Willie, as an orator
Will win a lasting glory.

Geometry to Carrie B.
Is nothing more than play.
She helps less favored sisters
O'er the rough and stony way.

Meta with her many woes
Has rippling curls of brown.
Roderick in a warm debate
Turns all opponents down.

Mary H. and Jessie A.
Are comrads tried and true.
And Maud so sage and sensible
To her much praise is due.

Nellie full of life and fun
Seldom has a worry.
Lizzie quiet is and mum
Never in a hurry.

Frances thoughtful and demure
Never speaks to censure,
Minnie never is "quite sure"
But always makes a venture.

Helen slender is and fair
A maid of moods so varied.
Louise with many virtues rare
O'er duty never tarried.

There's Agnes with the golden hair,
A girl so firm and steady.
There's Goodman studious and grave.
And Johnny bright and ready.

Last but not least our friend Eunice
A senior not half bad
Brings the poem to a close
No doubt you all are glad.

And Gertrude, poet of the class
This humble tribute lays
At each ones feet and hopes that each
In peace may end his days.

—GERTRUDE OWL.

Editorial Department.

MINNIE CLEMENTS, Editor-in-Chief.
JOHN KELLEY, Assistant Editor.

Earle Eubank, Agnes O'Brien, Roderick Riddle — Associate Editors.

Maud Compton, Local Editor.

William Bostian, Business Manager

Harry Smith, Tessie Smith — Illustrators.

Louise Nagel, Lewise McCoy — Proof Readers

Our Staff.

SINCE the publishing of THE GLEAM is the most important work done by the Senior class, we can surely afford to stop and look at the different members of the class elected to do this work.

First, into the staff room goes dreamy eyed Minnie. She is our Editor-in-Chief, and if she would only let her thoughts dwell more on the common things of this life—we should not mind having her around.

After her comes little John, with his head thrown to one side, and his wonderous eyes squinted up, in order to keep us from looking into their depths. Very witty is our "Sawny" and we all know that he is "just the man for the place." He is the Associate Editor.

Right behind him is the Local Editor—Maud. This is the girl who decides to do a thing, then goes ahead and does it. We all know that she will not spare any of us in her department of "Knocks."

Next in line is Roderick, the boy that cannot find enough to do in the present, but must look on into the distant future for something to do.

With a quick and heavy step comes Agnes,—the girl that has never found any sacrifice to hard to make for the class.

After her comes early Earle—Early, because his suggestions are often so modern that we cannot grasp them.

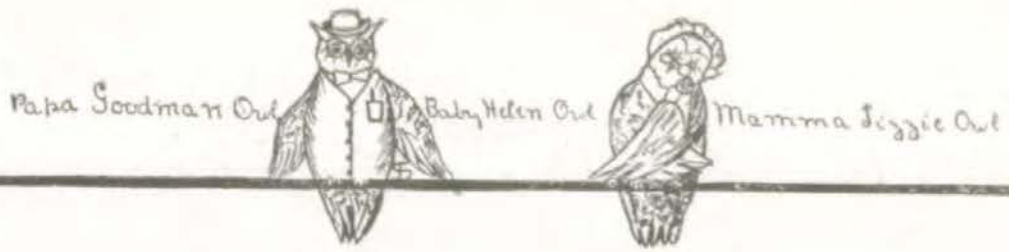
After all the Editors are in place, in walk our two proof readers—the two Louises, just alike only very different, for one is Louise and the other is Lewise. They are the proof readers, because they stand among the most skilled in Rhetoric.

Next the Artists—Harry and Tessie. Their skill is such that they are able, with only a pen, to give you a picture fit for any book.

Next comes Willie, our Business Manager, who makes it his business to keep us all busy.

BY AN OWL.

Harry Smith. Louise Nagel. Roderick Riddle. Agnes O'Brien. Earle Eubank.
Lewise McCoy. Willie Bostian. Minnie Clements. John Kelley Maud Compton. Tessie Smith.



How the Seniors Became Owls.

LONG AGO, sometime near the year 1900, there was found, in a newly made nest, a brood of twenty-four young, helpless, orphan birds, their mouths ever open waiting for the accustomed morsel to be dropped in. No bird recognized in the featherless brood a member of his family. The owl, that piece of feathered wisdom, looked down upon them contemptuously. Still that pitiable gaping went on unsatisfied.

At last there appeared on the dark horizon, a small white speck. It floated nearer and nearer, and as it drew closer its bird-like form could be discerned. Finally it alighted—on the nest of the orphans! But what is this mysterious beautiful thing? From where did it come? What could be its mission? The questions could not have been answered then, but since, the white, downy creature has proved its identity. The bird is known as "Sleep," sent by some unseen power to be the guardian angel of the orphans. Under his protecting power the orphans feathered, grew and slept—slept till the year 1903, when one morning they were aroused by whisperings in the air. Everything was saying, "Juniors, wake up!" They asked themselves what could it all mean? Who were the Juniors? At last they realized that it was they who were meant, and they also learned what the trouble was about. Wisdom, it seems, since the growth of this brood had come to envy Sleep his power and rule over it. There was to be a contest between the two. Wisdom sat on his high perch and meditated how he should vanquish his foe. Finally he hit upon a plan. He put it in the minds of two of his task-makers, by the names of Phelps and Brown, to give these birds some kind of food that would make them utterly miserable and wretched, for, said he,

"Sleep, like the world,
His ready visits pay
Where fortune smiles,
The wretched he forsakes,
Swift on his downy pinions
He flies from woe
And lights on lids
Unsullied with a tear."

These two servants of Wisdom were not long in deciding what the diet should be. They selected debate, and unmercifully forced this unpalatable food on the helpless birds, who swallowed it without resistance. Sleep arrived upon the scene about this time, and was not long in noting what had happened. He gave a long, sad look at the wretched little creatures and then floated away as noiselessly as he had come. The miserable birds raised their heads and looked longingly at the disappearing figure, and then submissively bowed them again to their new task-master. The tasks he assigned them seemed, at first, almost unbearable, but later, as they plodded on there came to be a certain fascination about the work. The feeling grew until finally it developed into a deep love for Wisdom and his tasks; and then Wisdom adopted them, and now they wear his profound name—Owl.

MINNIE OWL.

Our Teachers.

SINCE the "GLEAM" is a memoir of our school days, it would, by no means, be complete unless it mentioned our teachers. because our school days would be absolutely nothing without them.

Every one of our teachers seems to realize what a high calling is his—how much of responsibility is placed upon him—how many lives he is influencing, directing and moulding. What they do, does not savor of "work," but it seems to be a part of them.

We go first to Miss Phelps. She has such broad and great ideas of history. We all remember how, when we had finished our study of English history, we felt as if we had studied a history of the whole globe.

Next, to Prof. Bryant. The great teacher is the simple one. Prof. B. has all his knowledge ground down to simplicity, and also has it "pigeonholed," so that on the slightest provocation he can give one yard of knowledge condensed to inches. And so one never comes out of his Latin class feeling that he has gained nothing but the translation of his lesson.

Miss Manser's low, sweet voice tells of the patient, gentle disposition beneath it. She also has enthusiasm combined with her patience.

Miss McDonald, being the mathematics teacher, has less opportunity than any of the others to influence us; but, nevertheless, by her very strength she has won a place in our hearts. She is always equal to the occasion. Although in the class-room she has a mathematical bearing, outside, she is as congenial as one could wish.

Lastly, we go to Miss Brown. She has traversed again and again the great, broad field of literature and knows all its beautiful spots. She has taken us by the hand and led us through that field, showing us by the way every beautiful flower, every stream, every green knoll, every majestic hill and wood, and has given us a desire to familiarize ourselves with them. All her teaching leads to the one high aim—inspiration to higher ideals of living.

We feel that we have had in our teachers opportunities not afforded to many other boys and girls.

The Juniors.

HERETOFORE it has been the custom of the Seniors to tell of the "brotherly love" existing between the Juniors and Seniors. But we are going to be really honest and admit that the classes have been a little "huffy." There seems to be an innate idea in all Junior classes (we speak from experience) that the Seniors are "stuck up," and no matter what the Seniors do, the action

seems to them to fit right on this idea. The Junior's ideal Senior is nothing more or less than the negative of the real Senior. By the way, there are some of those ideals on record, and the Junior thought he had a great opportunity for wrecking vengeance in the recording of these ideals, but we wonder if he remembered that he was making a standard by which he was to be judged. We are so glad that we were not given such an opportunity. But we feel that a kindly spirit is growing and that there will be a happy reconciliation)when we leave).

Acknowledgements.

WHILE studying English History in our Junior year, we learned much about the power of the merchant class. In our Senior year, we are again impress by the power of this class—and in this case the impression comes from a nearer source than from history. If the Senior did not feel that this merchant class of Independence was willing to help them, they would never attempt anything in which money is involved. And if nothing was attempted, look at what a loss of developement there would be in the Senior class. If we did not have the merchant class to back us, after the buying of our class pins, etc., all class association would have to stop. Many of us owe our greatest development to the fact that we *can* give plays, we *can* publish THE GLEAM, we *can* leave something in our school building as a sort of monument. And why *can* we? We *can*, because we know that the business men of this town are willing to help us. We also know that we owe our High School building to these men, but we shall not try to thank them for that which we know we are not able to fully appreciate. In this instance, we, as Seniors, wish to thank them for the many favors shown to us this year.

Another kind of thanks we feel we owe to our teachers, the Juniors and the Sophomores who have tried, and who have succeeded in making our last year a pleasant one.

The Senior Class and Literature.

WHILE exploring the great field of Literature we are prone to wonder where the different authors ever got the material for so many different characters. For those that know the members of our Senior class, we do not need to say anything about what our class has given to the world of Literature; but for those who do not know us, we make and publish the following list.—(Editor's note).

Jessica, modeled after Jessie Adams.
Othello, modeled after Goodman Bell.

Nancy Lammeter, modeled after Lizzie Bedford.
Priscilla Lammeter, modeled after Carrie Bedford.
Hamlet, modeled after William Bostian.
Juliet, modeled after Helen Bryant.
Lucy Manette, modeled aftar Frances Clements.
Elaine, modeled after Minnie Clements.
Lady Macbeth, modeled after Maud Compton.
Phoebe, modeled after Nellie Collins.
Romeo, modeled after Earle Eubanks.
Dolly Winthrop, modeled after Meta Graham.
Evangeline, modeled after Mary Hinde.
Macbeth, modeled after John Kelley.
Hepzibah, modeled after Eunice Caldwell.
Enid, modeled after Lewise McCoy.
Mrs. Wiggs, modeled after Louise Nagel.
Portia, modeled after Agnes O'Brien.
Shylock, modeled after Roderick Riddle.
Ophelia, modeled after Tessie Smith.
Laertes, modeled after Harry Smith.
Asia Wiggs, modeled after Gertrude Rhodes.

"The eyes of the owl are fixed immovably in their sockets, so that the bird cannot move them about as we do. He is obliged to turn his head toward the object he wants to see; but this he can easily do, as the points of his neck are so flexible that he can turn his head right around without moving his body.

C. NEWS.

Locals

Miss Manser (showing a battery):—Last year a pupil was knocked down by a current from this.

Harry:—Humph! must have been a girl.

Miss Phelps:—When was the first protective tariff levied in the United States?

Roderick:—In 1660.

Miss Brown:—You don't know much about dancing, do you Minnie? I'll ask someone that does. Helen you may answer.

William:—A ten-pound horse engine is—but here he was stopped by the audible smiles of the class.

Miss Manser:—Agnes, give the second law of motion.

Agnes (waking from a reverie):—I had that last time, Miss Manser.

"How does William remind you of Hamlet?"

Theo. Lieben (of K. C.):—"That udder Hamlet was grazy, too!"

Miss McDonald:—Next Thursday we will have a test.

Class:—Oooo—oh—oh!

Miss Brown had urged the class to attend Mr. Matthew's lecture. Not long after John was talking to a Junior: "It is going to be on Lovers and Fools—you come Harry!"

Query: Did the Junior come?

We heard that a girl in the Virgil class dreamed that she was Neptune less than two weeks after beginning the Aeneid. Who longer doubts Mr. Bryant's ability to impress his class with the reality of what they read?

Goodman thinks meridians "ain't natural things, any way."

John gives promise to be a merchant since he is always trying to "sell' some one.

Miss Manser:—What is used in connection with the resistance box?

Pupil:—The whetstone bridge.

We suppose that if Goodman were asked to name his favorite Shakespearian character he would not hesitate to answer, "Desdy."

Why is it that Earle holds any death preferable to falling over a "bluff?"

We all think Nellie would like to live where "wine grows."

Miss Phelps:—What are some of the greatest American inventions?
John (thinking of his trip to K. C.):—Punching bags.

Small boy (to a boy handing him a "Shakespeare Water Cure" bill):—Do they give away sample bottles?

As we enter the laboratory, "My, but its nice an' cold this mornin'! The thermometer's done fell up to zero."

What bothers William when he is giving an original in geometry? 'Pears to me like he's got nervous sensation."

Why does Roderick take German?
He is the only boy in his division.

Miss Brown:—What are the English most proud of?
Goodman:—The Chalk Cliffs.

Miss Brown:—What privilege should we give the writer of an elegy?
Meta:—The right to express his feelings.

Nellie:—Have you your Bible?
Francis:—No, but I have Keats.

Some one has defined Roderick as an original.

Miss McDonald has great influence over her pupils. For example, Portia and Shylock have been sitting under a branch of mistletoe all year, yet nothing has happened. Thanks to Miss McDonald.

Tessie has splendid eyesight; she can see wild flowers a mile away.

Because Agnes wore a green ribbon on St. Patrick's day, Miss Henry moved all the Seniors away from her.

Some old stories: Miss Manser—"Take paper and pencil." Miss McDonald—Wait, just one minute." Miss Brown—"Win shall I not, but do my best to win." Miss Phelps—"Well, Agnes, take it." Mr. Bryant—"Don't all speak at once."

We hope the Physics class of '05 will have a "Harry," to make their apparatus for them.

Louise is exceedingly bright the fourth period, but when the reaction takes place, she sleeps during the fifth period.

Miss Phelps:—What noted patriot left the plow to go to the Battle of Bunker Hill?

Agnes:—George Washington.

Miss Phelps:—What constitutes a quorum?

Meta:—They are elected.

Miss Brown:—What, or who, or where was Lucifer?

Jessie:—It was a mountain.

Miss Phelps:—How do vacancies occur in the senate?

Lewise:—Sometimes people die.

Why has Agnes no more hair?

Tessie wears it out trying to curl it.

Miss Brown:—Who was the first Shepherd?

Minnie:—Christ.

Miss Phelps:—What does the constitution say about counterfeiting?

Minnie (frightened at the unexpected question):—That congress shall have the power to punish counterfeits.

Miss Manser:—Why is it that the motormen sometimes open the motor-box?

Harry:—They want to grease the axle.

Inquiring boy (to a Senior, putting up a "David Garrick" bill):—Say, mister, ain't that an election notice?

Agnes (studying geometry):—Who does not know that all loons are are equal?

How did it happen that Miss Phelps came to school with a black eye the day after the election?

Roderick:—I object to James II being chased out of England.

Miss Phelps:—How did the invention of the cotton gin start the growth of manufactures?

Eunice:—Because they wanted to manufacture cotton into wool.

Miss Brown:—The remarkable thing about Browning's poems is that everyone of his heroines are women.

Miss Manser:—What is the name of the canal leading from the outer ear to the throat?

William:—Ali-mentry canal.

Miss Manser:—Why is a globe placed around the incandescent light?

Roderick:—To keep anyone from blowing it out.

Miss Manser:—Where is the magnetic north pole?

Goodman:—Just west of the north geographical pole?

John (describing a storage battery):—You must have two lead plates and be sure to paint them red.

Roderick (explaining Browning's "My Last Duchess"):—I think the old duke was figuring on another.

Miss Brown:—Who was Milton's favorite poet?

Goodman:—Epiduras.

We thought the class were the only ones authorized to call class meetings, but Miss Manser, Miss Phelps and Miss McDonald seem to think they have that power.—at least they exercise it.

Why is it that so many seniors take Physics?

"Misery loves company."

Roderick thinks the coloring of the sky would change if he were to go upon a mountain.

POINTERS IN PHYSICS CLASS.

Roderick:—The incandescent light is made of bamboo and a socket.

Nellie—What is bamboo?

John (knowingly):—Why—er—it grows tall and has joints.

Class:—Bring water, quick!

POINTERS IN HISTORY CLASS.

Miss Phelps:—Carrie, in what year was the Louisiana Purchase made?

Carrie:—1801.

Miss Phelps:—How much did it cost, John?

John:—$15,000.

Miss Pehlps:—I think this class would do well to attend the Exposition this summer.

POINTERS IN ENGLISH CLASS.

Miss Brown:—Who can tell me something about Tennyson?

Maud:—Why, the Tennyson household was a family by itself.

Miss Brown—What about his poetry?

William:—Well, he wrote a terrible lot of poetry.

Miss Brown:—What kind of poetry?

Goodman:—Tennyson used up the idyll.

John:—And he was born in 1809.

Miss Brown:—Almost everyone that ever amounted to anything was born in 1809.

POINTERS IN LATIN CLASS.

Mr. Bryant:—William, what part of speech is *et*?

William:—I am not sure, but I think it is a conjunction.

Mr. Bryant:—What is it, Goodman?

Goodman:—I ain't sure what kind of a word it is, but I think it's a com pound.

Mr. Bryant:—Helen, What?

Helen (interrupting):—Now, papa, stop!

John was standing the torments of the class splendidly (the afternoon the staff had their pictures taken), until Mr. Grinter brought a "Year Book of the Department of Agriculture," and asked John to sit on it. John declared the world was against him.

The Juniors, much to the displeasure of Miss McDonald, insist on taking the terms "incommensurable" and "incomprehensible" as being synonymous.

Miss Manser (to Harry, failing to answer a question in physical geography)—Is that an inflection on my teaching or your memory?

Harry:—Both.

Miss Phelps:—Show that Lincoln's proclamation was a war measure—now, I want you to confine yourself strictly to that answer)—Earle, you may take it.

Miss Phelps:—What was the Merrimac?

Maud:—It was a ship.

Miss Manser:—Let me see—yes, class, I was wrong. The area of a circle *does* equal $\overline{\Pi}\, R^2$.

New pupil (from the West):—The ap-pa-rat-us.

Miss Manser (graciously):—Say ap-pa-ra-tus.

New pupil (from the West):—Yes'm.

Advice.

Being a man (?) myself, intensely practical I offer the following advice.

Flirts, do not wait for the leap years, make every year tell!

Those who don't study should stop buying school books thereby reducing the price.

If they would do this they might win fame, at least, by becoming school book "bears" on Wall Street.

We should commence to have great intellectual lights in future graduates since there are now so many brain foods. If you do not know which one is best try a small amount of each every day. The results can be seen immediately—that is according to what advertisements say.

The subject of bribery cannot be beat for one about which Mo. dreamers may dream.

The ambitious may now be able to soar high, (in one of Santos Dumont's airships.)

The style in England, now, is to have white hair. People with very black hair should look out for white ones.

Those with red hair should try David Harum's treatment for changing the color of horses. The experimenter with red hair should try it. It may possibly lead to discoveries.

People with no hair might try a hair restorer. Not one though, that grows hair "over night."

People with wigs have suffered much at the hands of humorists. It seems that the people who never wear wigs should trust no longer to inventors but bring about their own salvation.

PAPA OWL.

The Study of Poetry.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.

What is higher beyond thought than thee?
Fresher than berries of a mountain tree?
More strange, more beautiful, more smooth, more regal,
Than wings of swans, than doves, than dim-seen eagle?
What is it, and to what shall I compare it?
It has a glory, and naught else can share it;
The thought thereof is awful, sweet and holy,
Chasing away all worldliness and folly;
Coming sometimes like fearful claps of thunder,
Or the low rumblings earth's regions under;
And sometimes like a gentle whispering
Of all the secrets of some wondrous thing
That breathes about us in the vacant air:
So that we look around with prying stare,
Perhaps to see shapes of light, aerial limning,
And catch soft floatings from a faint-heard hymning;
To see the laurel wreath on high suspended,
That is to crown our name when life is ended.
Sometimes it gives a glory to the voice,
And from the heart upsprings, rejoice! rejoice!
Sounds which will reach the Framer of all things,
And die away in ardent mutterings."

"No one who once the glorious sun has seen,
And all the clouds, and felt his bosom clean
For his great Maker's presence, but must know
What 'tis I mean and feel his being glow:
Therefore no insult will I give his spirit,
By telling what he sees from native merit."

Poesy! Poesy, the first of the arts. This seems a broad statement, when one considers that great world of fine arts. But let this verdict of a scholarly jury stand: for poetry proves worthy of the position assigned it by the world-critics. Then, poetry is the first of the arts; first, because of its infinitude. Its depth is beyond the comprehension of finite minds, a consequence natural enough, for "every poem is a soul-birth," and no man knows the inmost soul of another. A soul-birth, inspiration from heaven itself, product of holy thoughts, the breath of God in man, then, truly infinite is a poem. And this infinitude and sacredness men realize when they say "Milton almost requires a service of solemn music to be played before you enter upon him." And such is the feeling of the student toward all real poetry; there must be a preparation of mind and heart before he attempts to reach the poet's

thought. Hence, because of its depth and its holy birth, the student considers poetry infinite.

Then, poetry combines other arts; the poet is musician and artist. The poet, as the musician, composes, preludes, fantasias, hymnals, and uses phrasing, accents, pauses, staccatos, together with all the innumerable devices that constitute music. His theme is a soul-theme; his motto and music, the soul's accompaniment to holy thoughts. So, poetry, sweet in sound, harmonious in depth and feeling, grand, though inspiring, becomes to the student part of the world's best music.

The poet is also artist; "every great poem is a gallery of pictures." The poet paints with words; and by his scheme of word-coloring, impresses upon the mind the pictures that no artist could portray or canvas. What the poet can paint to the imagination in one word,—for that, the painter must use dozens of shades and tints. And the great poet's pictures are real, perfect,—portraying to us nature in her natural colors. "Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world." What seemed commonplace, to the poet's touch becomes beautiful; even bare trees and desert wastes have in themselves a peculiar charm. And what for us has always had charm, the poet makes more charming. Through the poet, always a seer, we see nature more clearly; the world of nature becomes a greater world than we had ever thought. Thus, the poet becomes a great artist, whose work of art, when impressed upon the minds of the world's students, becomes a masterpiece that will exist after fine paintings and statues have crumbled in the dust.

"Every great poem is a fountain forever flowing with the waters of wisdom and delight." The poet sees into the inmost heart of man and of nature; so, by reading his poetry, we gain a wisdom, in which, otherwise, we would be deficient,—a wisdom that removes prejudice, narrowness, nearsightedness, and places us upon the mountain tops, where we view the world in all its immensity, reality—the world as it is. The more of this wisdom we drink, the more fully we realize what nature is, what man is, what life is; and we learn to live. Thus, poetry achieves its greatest purpose—uplift, moral and spiritual.

"And here the singer for his Art,
Not all in vain may plead;
The song that nerves a nation's heart
Is in itself a deed."

Poems have influenced nations; thrilled multitudes of souls. Think of the lives that owe themselves to poets; the great world-truth, graven upon the heart by a poet's sweet and thrilling song becomes a motto, and the life founded upon that motto is the outgrowth of the poet's influence. In this manner, ages and nations have been swayed by the world's poetry; thousands have responded to the songs of Milton, Tennyson, Keats,—and our own Longfellow and Whittier responded—not merely by thrills of delight and voices of praise,

but by thinking, feeling, living. Thus, the inspired poet becomes a powerful agent for the good, the beautiful, the true,—a message for God himself. Then, every great poem has a message that we should hold sacred; and the more we study each poem, the more clearly we see and interpret the message. Further investigation and study will awaken us to the fact that true poems contain many messages, many sermons, many mottos, and all these are guide-posts and foundations for true living. So, poetry to the student becomes the first of the arts; it is music and art in their highest forms; the offspring of genius; the embodiment of the beautiful and the true; the voice of God in man.

All this, and more, is poetry. To study it is to have the mind filled with earth's sweetest songs and loveliest of pictures; to know nature in all her glory; to love all that is good; to become a soul reaching out in all its strength toward the pure, and all the while feeling the presence of "that power that floats, though unseen, amongst us."

FRANCES OWL.


William L. C. Palmer
Carrie Wallace

Foundation Stones.

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY.

WHEN a man is getting ready to build a house, the first thing that he looks after is the foundation. If he wants a good strong building he knows that he must have a firm foundation to begin with. He is careful about the kind of stones he uses, and he is sure that the mason that he has hired is a good one. In your own building you are your own mason, so you have all your time for the selection of the stones. You have no building? If you say that you have another name for that which I call your building. No matter how poor or humble you are, you have a building to build; no matter how helpless you think yourself, you have to build your own building. Your whole life is given to the building of it, but like many, you do not know that you are really building, therefore you are to be pitied for the blind way in which you select the stones that will have to stay just where you put them, forever.

One of the faults that can be found with many buildings, is that the foundation is not firm. The placing as well as the selection of the stones, plays a very important part in the strength of the foundation. Every one is not able to lay stones so they will stay in place, no matter what goes on around them. Yesterday while driving, my attention was called to a stone wall that had been built, with its foundation on the ground and not in it, before the war. My friend told me that many thought that the wall would not stand long because of its construction. Yet, the wall is still standing, and for most parts it looks as firm as if it was just built. It is evident that the man who built the wall understood his art; he realized that he was building, and as he was building he built more for strength and durability than for beauty. The stones that he used are ordinary stones, and he made an uncommon wall out of common material.

We have another instance of what can be built out of common material. It is the Constitution of the United States. The foundation stones of this magnificent piece of work are thoughts, advanced by Englishmen years ago, and thoughts that have been used by these Englishmen for years.

You have to admit that the foundation of the constitution is firm, even if the material is very ordinary. Our Constitution is the foundation of our government and if you realize how firm our government is, you must see that the foundation of its foundatian, although common thoughts, must be unusually firm.

So, in building your foundation, do not waste any time in looking around for uncommon stones. Take the common stones that have been used

by many and that have been known from the beginning of time. The stones on which you build should be stones that have been tested by experts; stones that have been used for years, yet are ever ready for use. Constant dripping may wear away stone, but you will have a firm foundation if you take the oldest known stones to build with.

Among the oldest, and, beyond a doubt, one of the best stones that you can use, is Truth.

This stone has been handled by many, but few have been able to have it in the end. It is not hard to say that you are going to have it, but when it comes to putting it in place you may find it too heavy for you. It has never seemed a small stone, but when you try to get it you find that it does not, cannot, look as big as it really is. Many buildings are without this stone because much of the building is done by the young builder and he is not always able to lift this huge stone, and he does not realize its value enough to work to get it. If in later years the builder is given a chance to remodel his foundation, he is not willing to let it go again without Truth.

Another stone that fits right close to truth, and a stone that you must have, is Sincerity. Why Sincerity if you have Truth? You need them both. Without Sincerity Truth might lean a little, but with Sincerity close to Truth, Truth cannot lean and Sincerity cannot lean. Each needs the other, and while they are very much alike, they are very different. The true man is sincere, but a true man needs more than Truth and Sincerity to make him a true man. I believe you will find it harder to be sincere than to be truthful. If you take the stone Truth in its rudest form, it may be made to contain Sincerity, which seems much like a chip of Truth.

Yet, to be a knight of Truth does not have to mean that you are a knight of Sincerity. To be sincere in every action, every thought for every minute of your life is harder than to be truthful all the time. You may ask again if you can be truthful and yet insincere? You can, if you take the stones in their rude cuttings; but, even then, one seems to lean on the other, so that you cannot be one and not the other. They are dependent on each other, and if you have the one and not the other, your building will not be as firm as you will need it.

You have two stones placed, now why not put one of the most beautiful stones on top of these two—that is put Friendship on Truth and Sincerity? As you build you must study the neighborhood in which you put every stone, and where is there a better place for Friendship than on Truth and Sincerity? In all instances Friendship must have these two qualities. Emerson says that Friendship is made up of Truth and Tenderness. But you do not have to build according to Emerson, and as you have Truth and Sincerity down you can put Friendship on them, then place Tenderness near Friendship. You must put Tenderness in because Emerson has the right idea about it—Tender-

ness is a very important element of Friendship. As you are going to have Tenderness somewhere in the foundation, why not put it near Friendship? Friendship needs Tenderness and Tenderness needs Friendship. No man can be a true friend if he does not have tenderdess in his building.

No more is he able to perform many good deeds, or use his good influences where tenderness alone can be used, if tenderness is not in his foundation. If you have ever met a person who has no tenderness in his structure, you would not hesitate about putting it in with the stones of your foundation.

Along in this neighborhood you should put Loyalty. You must place it close to Friendship, just to uphold Friendship if it were inclined to fall.

Let us build up a little around the first stones placed. To stand at all you must have Independence and Self-reliance in your foundation. No man is as independent or self-reliant as he should be. These two are necessary for the strength and durability of your building. Put them where there will be a constant pressure on them. They are the best able to bear all the trouble, and as they can they should be given their share. If they can not do so much alone, help them by putting Determination and Will near by them. All of these stones should be where they can be in constant use. The more they are used the better it is for them and for the foundation. These stones are beautiful as well as very strong, and they will not spoil the looks of your building if they are seen—but they are better hidden. They work just as well in the dark as in the light. Put them where they will not be seen, thus leaving space for the stones that add to beauty, but are not able to bear much pressure.

These and many more stones of the same kind do you need for your foundation. And after you have picked the best and most common stones for your foundation, put them in place so skillfully as did the man who built the wall before the Civil War; or as skillfully as did the men who framed our Constitution after the great War of this country. Put them so if a few do fall out of place the others will not be hurt by the fall, and your foundation will be as firm as the old wall that has lost a few of its stones. With your foundation completed you are thinking of your corner stone. What shall it be? Why not make it of the stones of Faith, Hope, and Charity or Love?

AGNES OWL.

In Memoriam.

To Our Staff Room.

WE have been together only one short year. But oh, how dear thou hast grown to us in that time! How much thou hast taught us! But now the time has come when we must bid thee an everlasting farewell. Thine was a great and good soul and thou didst ever have that greatness. Thou didst seem small, but thou hadst a door that opened out into the great spacious auditorium. This fact made us ask ourselves, "Has our soul a great spacious outlet, or is it the narrow thing it seems?" Thy beautiful stained glass window must change all light to a soft, mellow and beautiful tint before thou wouldst let it enter. Again we must ask ourselves, "Do we change all outward influences to beauty before we allow them to enter our souls?" On thy wall is the great fire hose to protect thee against the all consuming flames. Once more we ask, "Are our souls so protected—secure against an everlasting flame?" Thy nature was so tender that at times our loud tones became unendurable to thee. Thou didst not tattle and gossip about it (as *small* souls do) but thou didst quietly carry those tones along the walls to the ears of Prof. Bryant and thus cause him to put an end to our racket. We hated thee for it then, for we misunderstood thy purpose; (so many great souls are misunderstood!) but now we love thee for it, for we see that thou didst do it for our good. We must say farewell to *thee*, but thy *influence* will remain with us forever. The time is at hand when we must part. Must we say the awful word? Never! We will part in silence "too deep for words."

To Our Studio.

Fare thee well, O studio! The final moment has arrived when the members of the Senior class must bid thee au revoir. Many are the happy moments we have passed within thy white gleaming walls.

Many a time have we emerged from thy enclosures, grimy with charcoal, to wipe away the stains of labor. Many a cake of Miss Henry's Ivory soap have we washed up in a vain endeavor to remove the charcoal. No more shall we enter thy walls sanctified by the presence of our beloved art teacher. No more shall we be greeted by her beaming smile.

O, ye powers! What inspiration to sit back in one of those comfortable studio chairs and, with pencil poised in air, gaze into the sculptured faces of such men as Christopher Columbus, or Julius Caeser. Perseverence and determination such as these men posessed, is just what the young aspiring artist needs. What a boon to have these moral lessons constantly before one. But alas! no more will we be stared out of countenance by busts of men who

are dead and gone. No more shall we march confidently into the studio and seat ourselves before the spider-legged easles. No; that is a thing of the past. But shall we be remembered? *Can* we be forgotten! A man may die, but his good work lives after him. So it is with us. No doubt we will serve as models to the following generation in promptness, accuracy and general behavior. O ye refractory pupils of the lower classes, who throw things at one another and spill charcoal dust on the spotless floor! Take heed of the noble example set you by the Senior Class of 1904, and mend your ways.

The time is drawing to a close, so once more, farewell old studio. We leave you to the mercy of those who come after us. 'Twas here we took our first steps along the thorny road of art! (Perhaps the place may be of interest to the future generation on that account). We part from thee with regret. We will always remember thee with tender reverence and will think of thee with pleasure.

GERTRUDE OWL.

To the Auditorium.

Many hours, oh Auditorium, have we spent beneath thy vaulted ceiling in weary contemplation and lonely observation of thy unpapered walls; many hours, oh Hall of Study, have we sat in rattling seats and passed away the golden moments in hurling missles, composed of tablet paper in various stages of mastication; many hours, oh Temple of Education, have we here pondered how to evade the ever watchful eyes, or the swift but noiseless footstep of Mrs. Schaefer or Miss Henry, the two who here rule supreme, swaying within thy domain the sceptre of authority, from which there is no appeal. Now thou art cold, lifeless, unresponsive, and seemst buried in thy thoughts,—thou hast even now for us no word of cheer or happy greeting! Yet in years to come we fancy it will be with an inward smile of satisfaction that thou rejoicest when thou seest thy present offspring in lofty places thro' out the world. Comfort thyself now, oh Room Impassive, with the thought of the six future presidents, and sixteen future president's wives, who are today issuing from thy arms! But we must cease—thou hearest us not, and grievest not at our departure, thou will shed no tears when we are gone! Let us look upon thee once again, and then we will turn away; again, and yet once more, and we are gone, but thy memory will linger with us thro' out all time to come! Generations will pass over thy head, and a thousand echoing foot steps cross thy threshold every year. Forget them if thou will, and everything about them; but keep a corner of thy bosom sacred, and shielded from all vulgar eyes, and inshrine therein, and keep therein forever a thought of the class of 1904!

Wit and Wisdom.

Miss Finch:—Why, Mr. Moss, you've eaten all the bird-seed.
Mr. Moss:—Bless me! I thought it was a new breakfast food.

"There doesn't seem to be much warmth to voice."
"No; they said it had such a good range, too."

He:—Will you have a little lobster?
She:—Oh, John! this is so sudden!

Exercise is hard work that you don't have to do.

Monkey:—You say your appetite is poor?
Elephant:—Very poor. I don't think I have eaten a ton of food in two days.

Van Dabble;—That is my latest picture. I sold it yesterday.
Visitor:—Indeed? You are a genius!

"I noticed you hoeing your garden yesterday—what were you raising?"
"Blisters, mostly."

Old lady:—Oh, Officer! I feel so funny!
Officer:—Have you vertigo, ma'am?
Old lady:—Yes; about a mile.

Mr. Westside:—Is Biggs still paying attention to your sister?
Mr. Eastside—Naw, they've been married this two months!

Wells:—Did Christian Science cure you of rheumatism?
Sickly:—No; but rheumatism cured me of Christian Science.

Teacher:—Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?
Dot:—On the table.

The finish:—"I see you have a new automobile. Were you ever in a race?" "Yes." "How did you come out?" "On crutches, a month later."

Voltaire spoke highly of Haller, whereupon he was told that Haller had spoken ill of him. "Perhaps," said Voltaire, "we have both been mistaken."

"Are you civilized?" asked a lady of an Indian girl at Hampton college. "No," was the reply, "are you?"

Stubb:—There goes a man who is full of mystery.
Penn:—You don't say!
Stubb:—Yes; he just ate some hash.

Bobby:—Mamma, am I a lad?
Mamma:—Yes, Bobby.
Bobby:—And is my new father my step-father?
Mamma:—Yes.
Bobby:—Tnen, am I his step-ladder?

A patient in a hospital had to be fed on a daily diet of eggs and port-wine. His physician asked him how he liked it. "It would be all right, doctor," he said, "if the egg was as new as the port, and the port as old as the egg."

Toper:—What shall I take to remove the redness from my nose?
Doctor:—Take nothing.

WANTED—In every household in the land, a willing, sunshiny daughter who will not fret when asked to wash dishes, or sigh when asked to take care of the baby; a daughter whose chief delight is to smooth her mother's wrinkles, and who is quite as willing to lighten her father's cares as his pockets; a girl who thinks her own brother quite as nice a fellow as some other girl's brother. Constant love, high esteem, and a more honored place in the home guaranteed. Employment assured to all qualified applicants. Address Mother, at home.—*Ex.*

Bolivar Brown on "The Wule."

"The mule are a uneke animile with long ears whot looks sleepy, but sometimes ain't. He are part jack-rabbit, part politishun an' the rest dineamite. Don't never try to shake han's with the mule onless you are lonesome an' ready to quitt the world an' go to yer reward. Don't never, also, go upp behin' the mule onless he is ded an' then you better wate tell he's berried. The mule are two faced. He will look gentle at you with his eyes an' kick yer religion out with his hin' hands. This pickuliar animile kin be used fer ridin' an' drivin' ef he's willin'. He haz one other use. Ef you want to go somewhere an' kain't ketch no car, turn yer mule in the opposite direchshun to the one you are goin' an then tickel the animile on the heel. You'll never use street cars after thet. How the mule come to be so dern handy with his back legs ain't knowed fer sure, but Uncle Pete says he are thet away bekause the mule come original from Kickapoo, Kas.

Class of 1904.

Class Flower:—Daisy.

Class Motto:—"Trust Thyself."

Class Yell.

"Hi rickety whoop la roar
What's the matter old '04?
Nothing at all
If the truth be told
Then give three cheers
For the white and gold
Hi rickety whoop la roar."

Colors:—White and Yellow.

Trust Thyself.

TRUST is a fundamental element of the universe. It is the foundation which upon all great relations in life depend; the magnet that attracts man to man, friend to friend, and soul to God. If man trusted not man what estrangement there would be in the social and commercial worlds. In this great universe where few meet but as strangers, men should exercise confidence with discretion, but they must trust the good in each other, else all trustworthiness in men would be destroyed. Friends must have confidence in friends, else all friendship would be false. "The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it." And to have this ability men must, of a necessity, trust their friends. For souls to reach toward God, for this world to believe in another, there must be trust; and that trust is the uplift of the world's best men and women. Then, trust is the means that makes all men kin, though they be strangers; the essence of friendship; the strength of religion; the hope of immortality.

But, in trusting outside forces, men are prone to neglect the self within. Hence, the fact is fast impressing itself that men are living what may be termed artificial lives; lives, not natural and resulting from spontaneous action, but contrived to meet the approval of custom and society. So, men allow themselves to be ruled by fads and popular opinions, and become a part of what is the world-sanctioned. Herein is some of the world's worse cowardice; men? no, creatures afraid to think, afraid to speak, afraid to act; yes, afraid to obey the promptings of the true self—the soul within. Thus man becomes like an automatum run by the machinery of self-distrust and world-love; his reason, soul, and conscience submit their seals to custom; and life is lost in the fluctuating waters of a world-sea.

But these fluctuating waters are not a part of the ocean of progress. Thought, reason, non-conformity and genius characterize an age of progress; and self-reliance is essential to the development of these qualities in the individuals of such an age. Great thinkers—scientists, philosophers and reformers, take nature as it is, study it as revealed to themselves, and, regardless of the thought of past ages, draw their own conclusions. Thus and thus only do new truths become new worlds discovered; new eras opened, through the dint and daring of some of the world's bravest men—its thinkers, who have thought and dared to reveal new philosophy, new science, new religious opinion. In the world of art geniuses have appeared; men who through the recognition of their ability and talent, have trusted the soul to control their faculties, and thus become worthy of the name genius. So all great men, mainly through self-reliance and natural ability have attained their heights. This is nature: men come into the world with hidden strength, undeveloped

genius, worth that the world sees not, that they feel rather than know; and this worth must be proved, else they pass as ordinary men. Then, little wonder that great men exercise much self-confidence; they go to prove the power possessed by their faculties, to prove the truth as revealed to their souls. So self-trust becomes essential to an age of achievement and progress; without it none can become part of the category of greatness.

Self-trust is an element essential to the constitution of strength, for "self-trust is the essence of heroism." We hear of men that perform heroic deeds in time of danger and disaster. These men at the hazard of peril have obeyed the impulse that urged them to face danger for the sake of doing good. Such men are heroic, for they display great courage in obeying the directions of an inner nature that they must trust, or they fail. But true heroism is the source of that strength displayed day after day in the lives of those who are the unnamed great. The men and women who persist in speaking truth and doing good because the soul sends the message "act." Their heroism is true heroism for it is a response in deeds to the voice of One that breathes through their souls; a response in deeds that requires the greatest courage—moral courage—deeds that have only their own reward—virtue. Self-trust is the essence of such heroism; for, it is the power that gives men strength to obey the secret voice of their higher nature—strength that is steady, unswerving, indomitable, and resulting in the noblest deeds.

But the highest truth on this subject is that self-perservation is the first law of living, as of life. I do not mean preservation that calls forth a base, over confidence, but a necessary preservation of the true self which contains the germ of good. "A man is the facade of a temple in which all wisdom and all good abide. What we commonly call man, the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not as we know, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect, but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his actions, would make our knees bend." Under these words of the essayist lies the reason why a man should develop the power of self-reliance. To live well, he must strive toward what his Maker intended him to be, and that he knows only through the disclosure God makes to his soul. Then, how necessary that men should develop the true self,—the self that is naturally the organ of the soul,—where spontaneous action springs from the impulse of a higher nature. When man realizes this necessity he begins to see aright, to look within; and know that "he is his own star." Then man trusts himself to follow the gleam of a divine light, regardless of the world without. With this trust comes indomnitable strength and courage that make success possible. So self-trust, in its highest sense, is the first law of true living, and therefore a law that every man should understand and obey.

And may each of us, who have adopted this motto, try to understand its deeper meaning, and through this endeavor become earnest and sincere men and women, elevated to a high conception of life. FRANCES OWL.

Last Will and Testament.

We the class of 1904, of the Independence High School, being of lawful age and of sound mind and memory in relation to anything not pertaining to school work, do hereby make, publish and declare this our last will and testament. If anyone have any reason why this should not be done, let him speak now or henceforth keep silent forever and three days afterward.

This is a sad and solemn duty, but we owe it to the world lest, after our departure from this sphere of school life, strife and dissentions should arise concerning the disposition of our worldly goods. As vouchers for our good intentions in this matter we are able to point you to Alladin, Baron Munchausen or Gulliver, all good men and true. If you doubt us hold a consultation with one of them.

If any one shall attempt to break this will—and it will break easily for you can see now that it is already somewhat cracked—he shall be obliged to change thirty lines of Virgil into English poetry, to give a written proof of Axiom I., to undergo one of Miss Manser's tests, to prepare a debate on each side of the race question and to write an essay on "Individuality." Our idea in requesting this is (from experience) that whoever meets these requirements will find himself in a condition unable to reap the benefit of breaking it.

ITEM.

We give and bequeath to the Freshmen, 1. Our experience (which, if made use of, will doubtless benefit them greatly.) 2. All the unsold tickets to "David Garrick (which will not.) 3. Our credit at the dry goods stores (likewise of no value), and 4. Our tenderest pity and deepest sympathy which is theirs by right for we've been Freshmen ourselves.

ITEM.

We give and bequeath to the Sophmores. 1. Some kind of thing which the Sentinel called "historic talent" (we think its some kind of ability, but we are not sure. But if it has any reference to history, we are sure that it *doesn't* mean ability.) 2. Our presence of mind upon every occasion

(especially in Physics class) and 3. Any foot prints left behind us in the sand of time (providing they profit by them.)

ITEM.

We give and bequeath to the Juniors. 1. Our staff room (left to us by our "illustratious predecessors.") 2. Twenty two cents ($.22) in cash (to be used for anything but endowing a college or starting a peanut factory.) 3. Every bit of spare paper they can get (they will need it all in the science room) 4. The freedom of the upper and lower halls during the noon hour (which we have ourselves secured with greatest difficulty) 5. Our business ability (should we have any left) and 6. The right to the title of the greatest, the smartest and the most noted class (always excepting, of course, the class of 1904) that ever passed from this temple of learning. We bequeath to them all the aspirations we have failed to make use of, and a few of Miss Brown's ideas. We would have more of these ideas if it had not been that we had destroyed all but a few of them during the past year. We have then the study of McCaulay's essay on Milton, in which there is just about as much nourishment as there is in a package of breakfast food. Finally, we leave them all the main points in American History; they are in good conditions and we have got very few of them, as Miss Phelps will testify.

ITEM.

We give and bequeath to our teachers, 1. Any inspiration they may have derived from presence and association. 2. Our high moral standard. (We never cheat unless it is absolutely necessary; never tell a lie without some occasion—or at least an inclination; are honest with every one so long as it does not interfere with ourselves, and we "look the whole world in the face, for we owe not any man")—3. We bequeath our winning way and the gracefulness which is the charm of youth, and 4. The tender memory for us that must of necessity linger with them through life and comfort their declining days.

For ourselves, we keep our ambitions and our hopes, and strive to keep our reputation, our honor and our good looks; likewise what little knowledge we have accidently retained from our High School course. Our debts we pay, this it hurts us to do, and we leave behind us a record which is not for us, but for future history to note in full. And last, there will ever linger with us a fond recollection of our High School days.

With a purpose of having carried out, this, our last will and testament, we hereby appoint as executors (do not confound this word with executioners,) J. G. Paxton, J. A. Sea, Dr. Twyman and Dr. Wood, requesting that they be

required to enter into and act under bond to the sum of three cents ($.03) each.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we set our hand and affix our seal.

SEAL

THE CLASS OF '04.

Frances L Clements

Minnie Clements. Helen Vaughn Bryant.

Nellie M Collins. Agnes O. Brien.

Mary Teresa Smith. John W. Kelly.

Meta Loraine Graham. William B. Bostian.

Caroline Rebecca Bedford Goodman Bell.

Mary Eleanor Hinde. Maud Compton.

Gertrude Etchison Rhodes. Louise Nagel.

Eunice F Caldwell. Earle Eubanks.

Jessie Anna Adams. Harry L. Smith

Elizabeth Livesay Bedford. Roderick G. Riddle.

Louise McCoy.

The original copy of this will may be found upon application to any drug store in town. Insist upon the genuine. Beware of imitations.

Signed by the aforesaid class of '04 in our presence on this 26th day of May, 1904, and declared by the aforesaid class to be its last will and testament. PROF. HAMILTON, WALTER RIDER, JOHN W. CLEMENTS.

Gifts of Previous Classes.

1901.

Picture of Poets.

1902.

Busts of Mann, Franklin, Shakespeare.

1903.

Statue:—"La Fauvette."

1904.

Two Pictures,

"O'er Snow Clad Pastures"
"Stormy Evening."

Two Statues,

"Les Marguerites"
"Les Mures."

High School Graduates.

CLASS OF 1889.

Crump, Josie
Glennon, Annie
Harris, Bessie
Leas, Minnie
Wolverton, Ella
O'Brien, Mary
Patton, Laura

CLASS OF 1890.

Baldwin, Mae
Glennon, Bridgie.

CLASS OF 1891.

Caldwell, Ruth
Duncan, Damon
Ewin, Sadie
French, Mary
Gossett, Walker
Gregg, Josie
Laws, Pearl
Masters, Stella
Smith, Josiah
Ward, John
Ward, Minnie
Wilson, Wm. T.

CLASS OF 1892.

Carpenter, Lizzie E.
Connelly, Ida
Dick, Mary
Foster, Florence
Gentry, Lizzie
Goodman, Mary
Hilliard, Maud
Hyatt, Ida
Hyatt, Myrtle
Kirk, Bertha
McCann, Margaret
Masters, Evalee
Masters, Nellie
Meader, Ollie
Wright, Earl.
Mills, Bertha
Mortland, Florence
Nichols, Annie
Patton, Rebecca
Peterson, Richard
Strode, Gypsa
Wood, Ernest

CLASS OF 1893.

Beaham, Gordon
Benjamin, John C.
Briner, Robert
Brisky, Anna L.
Dysart, Anna T.
Farrell, Fred
Gilliam, Newton C.
Hayden, Beauford
Hayden, Jacob
Helmig, Ada
Humphrey, Emma E.
Langhorn, Anna M.
Stewart, Pauline
Lehmberg Olivia S.
Lewis, Lillie B.
McDonald, Pearl
Mills, Nealie W.
Rosewald Anna M.
Schley, Fred L.
Woods, Nannie B.

CLASS OF 1894.

Atwell, Nannie L.
Clay, Hattie P.
Clayton, Georgia L.
Findley, Howard
Hope, Mabel E.
Marshall, Pearle K.
Southern, Allen.
Mills, Frank
Owsley, Catherine M.
Rogers, Homer L. B.

CLASS OF 1895.

Clay, Mabel,
Davis, Gertrude H.
Dunne, Tillie
Fountain, Julia M.
Gossett, H. Stone
Hardin, Wm. H.
Hockaday, Jennie
Hughes, Mary
McAlister, Henrietta
McDonald, Leroy W.
Swearengen, Mary
McGuire Nita
Perrin, Susan
Pittman, Ethyl
Sapp, Leona E.
Spooner, Grace.

CLASS OF 1896.

Bryant, Belle
Chiles, Susan C.
Curtis, James F.
Drukemiller, F. H.
Ehle, Grace M.
Grinter, John H.
Jones, Lotta V.
Jump, Bertha A.
Lea, Thomas C. Jr.
Lee, Zona
Yale, Charles
Peffer, Mary F.
Sowell, E. Claudine
Spooner, Kathryn
Wood, Mary
Wood, Susan

CLASS OF 1897.

Breaker, Emma H.
Briner, Jessie M.
Bullard, Mary E.
Casper, Nellie F.
Clayton, Nellie
Ehle, Lena Ward
Ford, Ethel D.
Gossett, Willey J.
McCurdy, John R.
Mills, Frances E.
Moore, Laura F.
Murray, Nellie E.
Nolamd, Nellie T.
Paxson Etha E.
Robinson, Ruth A.
Sitlington, Emma J.
Thompson, Harry P.
Wirt, Edith E.

CLASS OF 1898.

Capelle, Charles D.
Coakley, Roy
Crenshaw, Mary
DeLong, LeRoy
Dunkin, Dwight M
Hughes, Louella
Lobb, Lelah
McCarroll, Guy C.
Masters, Mary
Salmon, J. McClure
Smith, Ethel
Wilcox F. Ernest

CLASS OF 1899.

Allen, Rosa Bell
Cheney, Mabel
Cissna, Georgia
Dickinson, Cedric
Farrow, Agnes Viola
Griffin, Rosamond
Kelley, Elizabeth
Knapp, Merle Coe
Moore, Mary Virginia
Mercer, Katherine Lee
Mott, Sabirt Henry
Popplewell, Minnie O.
Potter, Lulu Belle
Prewitt, Mary T.
St. Clair, Mattie E. L.

CLASS OF 1900.

Adair, Marcus Thurston
Allen, Harry Burnaise
Atkinson, Elizabeth Louise
Atkinson, Paul Levi
Berry, Ina May
Best, Faye Olevia Campbell
Clayton, Mary Catherine
Farrell, Nellie Marie
Gould, Lottie Belle
Graham, Myrtle Madelene
Graham, Una Alma Gertrude
Griffin, Willa Pearl
Hall, Nora
Hidy, Nellie May
Hill, Emina C.
Hobbs, Bessie Overton
Hughes, Lawrence Lee
Jones, Pearl Leona
Kelley, Kerney Lee
Lane, Annie Elizabeth
Lowen, Creath Helene
McClure, John David
McCurdy, Nannie May
Noland, Mary Ethel
Page, Walter Foley
Roberts, Sara Jean
Schaefer, Anna Emilie
Sherman, George Edward
White, James Edward
Wilson, Carrie

CLASS OF 1901.

Anderson, Mary B.
Atkinson, Itaska B.
Brown, James Terrell
Buchanan, Etta Lee
Knapp, Ruth De Verre
Long, Willie B.
Meador, Louretta
Reynor, Gertrude

Caldwell, Nellie Edith
Carpenter, Minnie R.
Chiles, Henry P.
Compton, J. Crawford
Chinn, Mary Blackwell
Crandall, Grace M.
Cronkhite, Myrtle M. C.
Devin, Earl L.
Dixon, Celesta Gertrude
Ford, Laura Eunice
Gossett, Elizabeth
Garrett William Lloyd
Hill, Mary
Hill, Ross E.
Kingsbury, Laura M.
Krey, Katie Pearl
Rice, Julia Maude
Roberts, Agnes L.
Roberts, Bertha M.
Robinson, Minnie Josephine
Ross, Charles Griffith
Short, Cordie C.
Slichter, Faith G.
Taylor, Tasker P.
Twyman, Gilbert Oscar
Truman, Harry S.
Twyman, Elmer Davis
Taylor, Mary C.
Wallace, Bessie V.
Walters, Eva Leura
Wherritt, Velma
Witschie, Emily A.
Womack, Mary Bonneau

CLASS OF 1902.

Allen, Nellie B.
Baumeister, Lulu M.
Bryant, Pearl Ferguson
Cunningham, Lelah Belle
Crichton, Leslie N.
Erwin, Gladys
Gentry, Nellie Lee
Gregg, Stanley E.
Griffin, Bessie Anna
Harris, Edgar Parker
Hinde, Mildred
Houchens, Fielding Blair
Harra, Frederic C.
Hare, Charles F.
Hall, Edith
Hall, Cleveland
Kelley, Grace
Loar, Grace A.
Lewis, Lillian Leora
Moore, Rosalie J.
McKinney, Sara Evelyn
O'Brien, Nellie Elizabeth
Oburn, William Howard
Potter, Nellie Lee
Spencer, Stella Catron
Walker, Nina Beryl
Wheaton, Bessie Lee
Wood, Beulah
Wood, John F.
Winn, Beatrix M.

CLASS OF 1903.

Bratton, Grace
Coakley, Floy
Cox, Carrie Edwards
Dickinson, Rebecca Anna
Davis, Jessie Patteson
Elmore, Lilliam M.
Farlow, Bettie
Hill, J. Howard
Kirk, Hazel
Roberts, Eva Adell
Shipley, Dot Isabelle
Smith, Olive May Belle
Walters, Celeste Cameron

CLASS OF 1904.

Bedford, Lizzie
Clements, Minnie
Compton, Maud
Graham, Meta
Bedford, Carrie
Collins, Nellie
O'Brien ,Agnes
Kelley, John

Nagel, Louise
Eubank, Earle
Smith, Harry
Riddle, Roderick
Smith, Tessie
Adams, Jessie
Rhodes, Gertrude

Byrant, Helen
McCoy, Lewise
Bell, Goodman
Clements, Frances
Caldwell, Eunice
Hinde, Mary
Bostian, William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