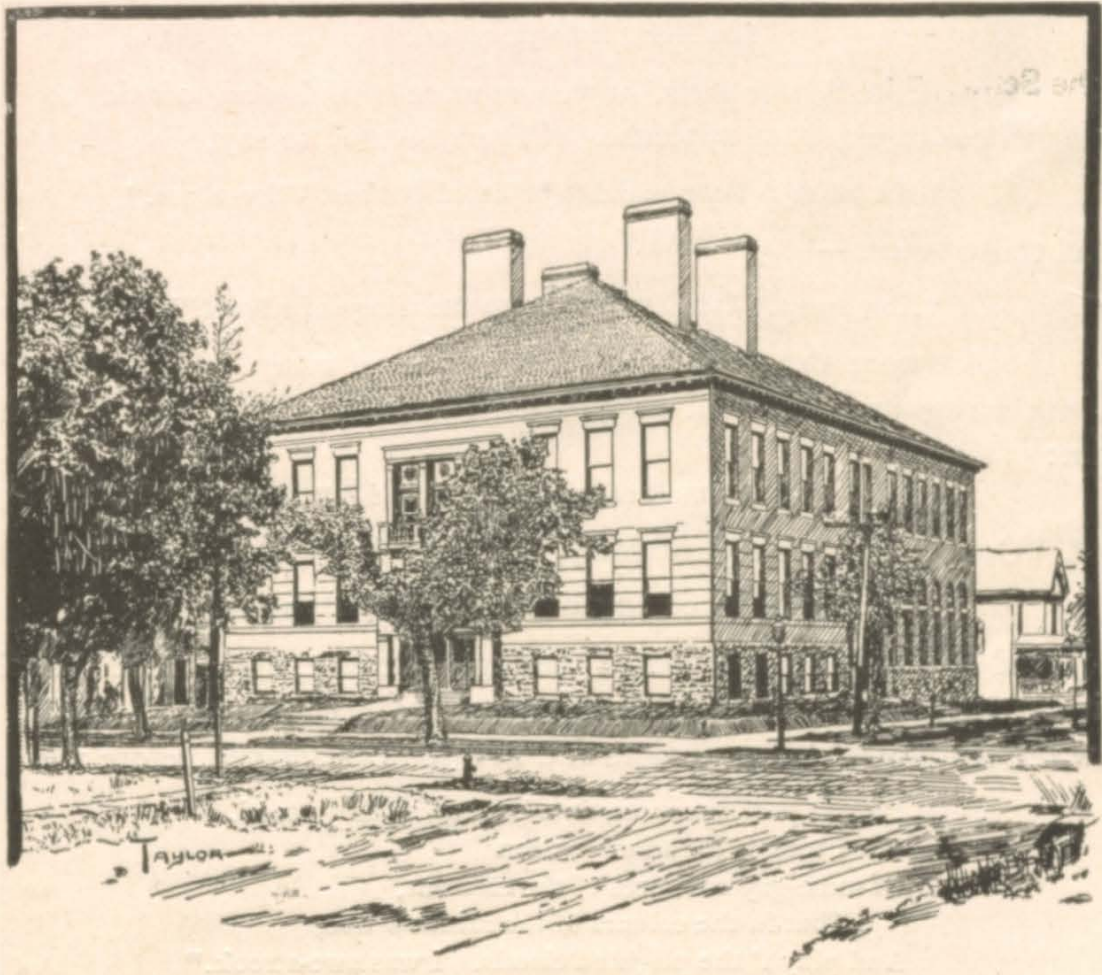
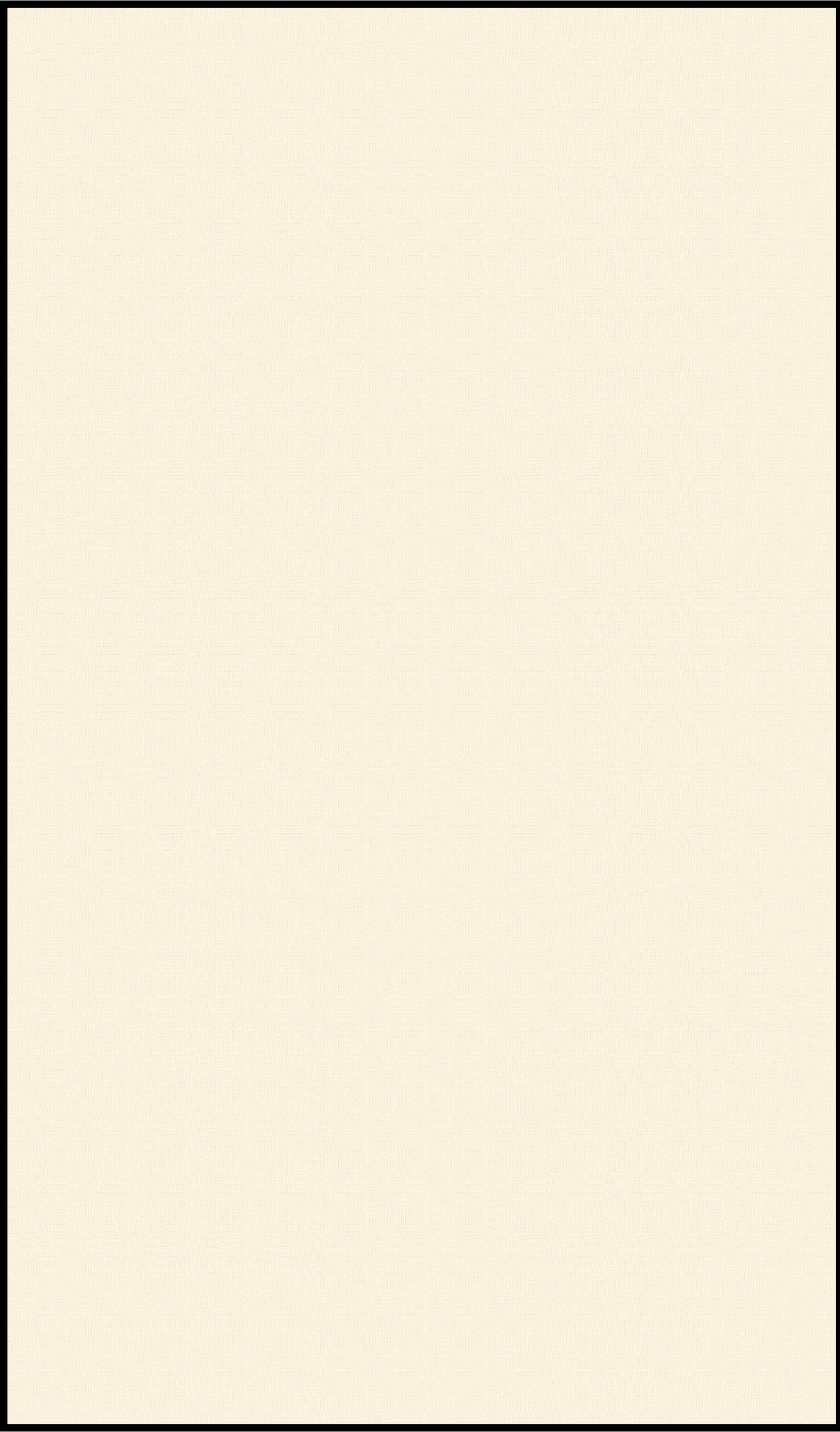


THE GLEAM

1905





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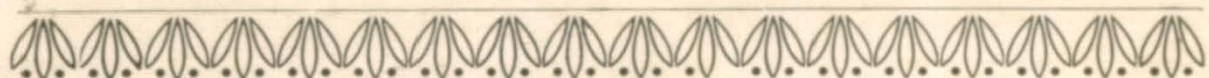
The Gleam.

MAY, 1905.



Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
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.



❁ Senior Class. ❁

"In these numbers be expressed,
Meaning deep, 'neath every jest."



WILLIE ADAMS.

Opinion of Others: I hear a hollow
sound; who knocked his skull?

Opinion of Himself: Very comforting.
Chums with Harry S.



HUBERT ALLEN.

Favorite Expression. "Yah! Yah! Dear
boy."

O. H. A ladies' man.

O. O. The soul of this man (?) is in
his clothes.



MAUD BROMAN.

F. E. "Well, I guess not."

O. H. A jolly good soul.

O. O. An early riser.



MABEL COAKLEY.

-
- F. E. "Oh my!"
 O. H. As good as could be expected.
 O. O. So-So.



LOLA DUNCAN.

-
- O. H. I'm all right.
 O. O. Can't catch on.
 Chums with a neighbor boy.



WILLIE GALLAGHER.

-
- O. H. I'm mightily abused.
 O. O. Is woman no more than this?
 Chums with Maud.



HATTIE HUGHES.

O. H. Look me up in the pedigree book.

O. O. Oh, those coquettish glances.

P. V. Likes the boys.



MAUD KERR.

O. H. Nothing in a name.

O. O. Her bark is worse than her bite.

P. V. Very modest.



ELEANOR MINOR.

F. E. "I was born under a lucky star."

O. H. Guess.

O. O. Couldn't if we'd try.



MAUD PEAK.

- O. H. Good.
 O. O. Don't agree.
 P. F. Too fond of "young men."



ESSIE PREWITT.

- F. E. "O-o-o!"
 O. H. A second Paderewski.
 O. O. In love with her piano.



JEANNE RHODES.

- O. H. Not bad.
 O. O. The march of the human mind
 is slow.
 P. V. The less said the better.



ALLIE MAY ROBINSON

- O. H. Undecided.
 O. O. Shy.
 P. F. Easily excited.



ANNA ROBERTS.

- F. E. "Oh, ye immortal gods!"
 P. F. Too gentle of speech.
 O. O. Absent in body—present in spirit.



HARRY SERMON.

- O. H. A baseball player.
 O. O. There can be no kernel in this little nut.
 Chums with Mary H.



JOSEPHINE SLACK.

O. H. I have a fetching way.
 O. O. Let her have men about her.
 Chums with who ever is near her.



MARY STEELE.

O. H. I'm good natured.
 O. O. Fixed is her look and stern her
 air.
 P. F. Talks too much (????)



FRANCES WRAY.

F. E. "Let me see now."
 O. O. Thinks too much.
 Chums with herself.



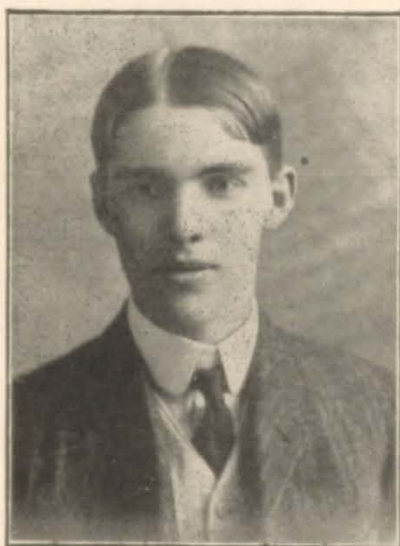
BESSIE YALE.

- F. E. "I don't know."
 O. H. Silence is golden.
 O. O. Does not believe in a good joke.



EVA DICKINSON,
 EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

- F. E. "Hurry up."
 O. O. She's moody.
 P. F. Too fond of Sweet William(s).



RICHARD H. MCCARROLL,
 BUSINESS MANAGER.

- F. E. "Amen."
 O. H. Not much of anything.
 O. O. Only in the world to fill up
 space.



LULU MAY WINN,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

F. E. "O dear!"

O. H. "'Tis folly to be wise."

O. O. Has a voice soft and sweet.



KIRBY CASEBOLT,
LITERARY EDITOR.

O. H. I'm the balance of power.

O. O. No better than he should be.

Chums with one of the Graces.



MATTIE McCOY,
LITERARY EDITOR.

F. E. "Great Scotts."

P. V. Doesn't study on Sunday.

P. F. Busy all the time.



HARRY G. HUNTER,
LOCAL EDITOR.

O. H. Quite a man.

O. O. Ordained to be the victim of an early marriage.

P. F. Asks too many questions.

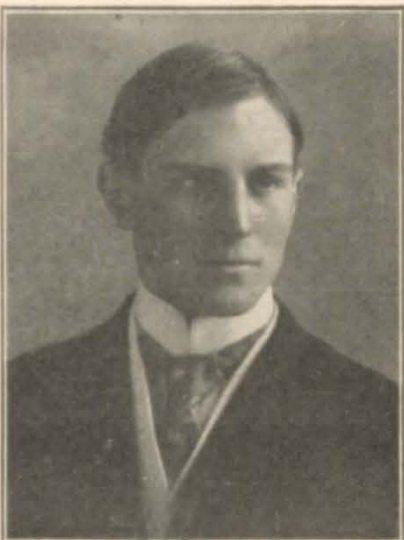


MATTIE HARDIN,
LITERARY EDITOR.

O. H. Very accommodating.

O. O. She is all right.

P. V. Always in a good humor.

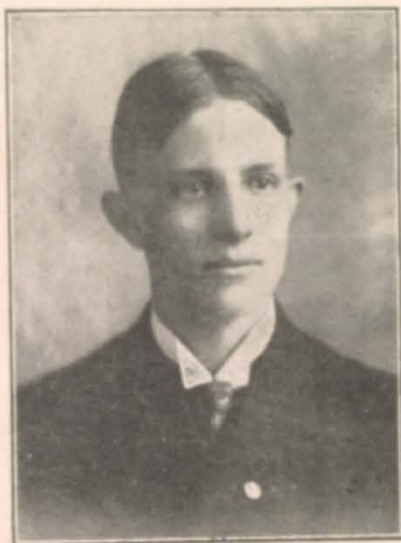


HENRY BUNDSCHU,
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER.

F. E. "Well, now isn't that fine."

O. H. A student.

O. O. An adept in the art of bluffing.



GEORGE THOMAS TWYMAN, JR.,
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER.

O. H. I'm it.

O. O. Talks all the time but says nothing.

P. V. Plays basket ball.

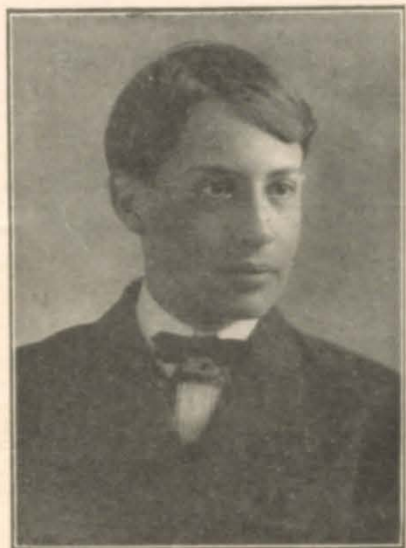


AILEEN LONG,
PROOF READER.

O. H. Of a peaceful disposition.

O. O. The same.

P. F. Haven't been able to find out.



PAUL RIDER,
STAFF ILLUSTRATOR.

F. E. "Or something to that effect."

O. H. Very dutiful.

O. O. Too slow.



ELLA ROSS,
PROOF READER.

-
- F. E. "For love of pity."
O. H. Nothing for publication.
O. O. Reasonable.



WILLIAM McCOY,
STAFF ILLUSTRATOR.

-
- F. E. "Oh Gee."
O. H. An artist of ability.
O. O. A bum logician.



JESSIE FISHER,
LOCAL EDITOR.

-
- F. E. "Never."
O. H. "'Jes porely."
O. O. Hotspur.



Class of 1905.



Chi Bima, Chi Bina,
 Chi Bim, Boom Bah,
 '05, '05,
 Rah! Rah! Rah!



Colors—Old Gold and Green.
 flower—Ivy.
 Motto—Ne Vile fano.
 Mascot—Black Cat.



CLASS OFFICERS.

HENRY BUNDSCHU—President.
 EVA V. DICKINSON—Vice President.
 PAUL RIDER—Secretary.
 MATTIE HARDIN—Corresponding Secretary.
 ELEANOR MINOR—Treasurer.
 LOLA DUNCAN—Sergeant-at-Arms.

ROLL.

ADAMS, WILLIAM
 ALLEN, HUBERT
 BROMAN, MAUD
 BUNDSCHU, HENRY
 COAKLEY, MABLE
 CASEBOLT, KIRBY
 DUNCAN, LOLA

DICKINSON, EVA
FISHER, JESSIE
GALLAGHER, WILLIE
HUNTER, HARRY G.
HUGHES, HATTIE
HARDIN, MATTIE
KERR, MAUD
LONG, AILEEN
MINOR, ELEANOR
McCARROLL, RICHARD
McCOY, MATTIE
McCOY, WILLIAM
PEAK, MAUD
PREWITT, ESSIE
ROSS, ELLA
RIDER, PAUL
ROBINSON, ALLIE MAY
ROBERTS, ANNA
RHODES, JEANNE
STEELE, MARY
SLACK, JOSEPHINE
SERMON, HARRY
TWYMAN, GEORGE THOMAS JR.
WRAY, FRANCES
WINN, LULU MAY
YALE, BESSIE



The Senior's Lament.

We're leaving, old Central, we're leaving,
No longer we'll haunt thy halls,
And make them echo with laughter,
And ring with our gay class calls.

We're leaving, old Central, we're leaving,
No longer we'll smilingly greet
The friends whom we've been accustomed,
Daily for four years to meet.

We're leaving, old Central, we're leaving,
With many a tear and sigh;
We grasp the hand of a classmate
And reluctantly say, "Good-bye."



In 1920.



WILLIE ADAMS.

What will you do my little man,
When you grow tall and strong?
"I'll feed my family as best I can,
Just beat my way along."

HENRY BUNDSCHU.

Henry runs a dancing school,
He's training for down below;
The devil soon will make him
"Trip the light fantastic toe."

WILLIE GALLAGHER.

I have a little finger,
I have a little toe;
When I get a little older,
I'll have a little beau.

HATTIE HUGHES.

This maiden's wishes are but three:
To handsome grow, to have a beau,
And to the bridal altar go.

MAUD KERR.

Maud Kerr, so fortune's seer doth tell,
Will on a farm in the future dwell;
She will help her husband hoe cabbage and corn,
And early will rise in the balmy morn.

ELEANOR MINOR.

Eleanor M., a duchess now,
She got the duke, I wonder how!
From the Class of 1905 she came,
To it she owes her growing fame.

MAUD PEAK.

She'll be immortalized in poetry,
For she I now will laud;
She has a pretty head and features,
Sooth! and her name is Maud.

ALLIE MAY ROBINSON.

A musician now is Allie May,
For she has again learned to play;
She is about to outstrip all the class,
This dark haired, dark eyed little lass.

ESSIE PREWITT.

I went to church on Sabbath day,
Where many hundreds met to pray;
The great pipe organ's music grand
Betokened none but a master's hand.
The player's face when I could view it,
I found to be of Essie Prewitt.

ANNA ROBERTS.

Come, pensive Anna, with bread and manna,
And eyes astream, then all serene,
And in meditation, think of salvation
For Mattie, Ella and Aileen, Lulu, Lola
And laughing Jeanne.

JEANNE RHODES.

Jeanne R., our jolly school mate,
Sometimes famous in debate;
Her pictures they do now applaud,
For she has studied art abroad.

MARY STEELE.

Our dignified Mary, who is called a great thinker,
A school marm I think she will be;
Teaching school far out West,
She'll be one of the best,
I'm sure you all will agree.

JOSEPHINE SLACK.

Let us picture our Josephine,
When she is far past her teens;
She will not belong to the "Joint Crashers,"
But she'll belong to the club "Heart Smashers."

FRANCES WRAY.

Now Frances I see—,
A teacher she'll be
In the Golden State far away;
And her scholars, they'll think
She's a veritable pink,
That's what will become of Miss Wray.

EVA DICKINSON.

Evangeline! Evangeline!
What will your future be?
But lo! a Prima Donna
On the platform now I see.
She intends to live in spinsterhood,
And the cup of fame to drink;
Oh! yes, she and we believe it—I don't think.

MATTIE HARDIN.

Here we have Mattie going through life,
Of a famous Evangelist, the happy wife.

AILEEN LONG.

Aileen will immortalize,
The humble name of Long;
She'll improve on Patrick's grammar,
And show where 'Pat' is wrong;
Oh, the wrath of helpless pupils
Against her will be strong.

WILLIAM McCOY.

King William was King James' son,
And after him the "gals" do run;
Though he still now is in his teens,
He draws for all the magazines.

MATTIE McCOY.

A highland maiden all serene,
Mattie M. is earning checks;
Writing essays by the ream,
Teaching theorems by the peck.

ELLA ROSS.

Her book, her lifelong work is come,
Alas! little money does she reap;
I fear that I myself will be
The first that it doth put to sleep.

RICHARD McCARROLL.

The pews are packed with people tight,
The surging throng outside must stand;
"Tell us sexton, what's up tonight?"
"McCarroll preaches, he's first in the land."

THOMAS TWYMAN.

Tom, Tom, the doctor's son,
Stole a diploma and away he run;
From his looks he's in for fun,
From his pockets he's out of mun.

LULU MAY WINN.

Of all '05's there's Lulu May,
Who once was forcibly carried away;
By Farmer Green on his farm to stay,
Where she makes butter every day.

LOLA DUNCAN.

Now we see Lola, our bachelor girl,
With her hair parted, and all in a curl;
She stands by day for woman's rights,
And dreams of lovers during the nights.

HUBERT ALLEN.

He has broken heads and hearts galore,
Love and athletics are his only arts;
Of heart disease we know he'll die,
For quoth the prof., "dudes have no hearts."

MABLE COAKLEY.

Mabelle she now doth spell her name;
Of old she sang of love platonic,
But this of course grew quite tame;
And now she stars in operas comic.

HARRY SERMON.

Watch the motion of his feet,
As with his head they almost meet;
When the programs closed are,
Harry Sermon is the star.

HARRY HUNTER.

H. G. Hunter he calls himself,
But we do call him Harry;
For from present indications,
We know he soon will marry.

KIRBY CASEBOLT.

Our Kirby will go to New York some day,
A man of letters is he,
He'll rake in a mess
Of gold from the press,
And he'll shout with frolicsome glee.

JESSIE FISHER.

Miss Jessie wants to be a maid,
Old and venerable and staid;
With no young suitor on her "string",
To pose for her, as lord and king.

MAUD BROMAN.

In the nursery sits Maud B.,
 (For now a nursery maid is she;)
 With a cherub on each knee,
 Singing with the greatest glee.

BESSIE YALE.

And there is Bessie Y.
 Always meek and shy,
 Circumspect and wary,
 Now a foreign missionary.

PAUL RIDER.

Paul Rider is now a dude,
 Bespangled all with pearls;
 And when he isn't mincing,
 He's flirting with the girls.



To The Ivy.

HENRY BUNDSCHU.

We look to thee, O green and clasping vine,
 Forever Heavenward is thy lonely way;
 A weather-vane to eyes of those astray,
 Always pointing toward the higher clime.
 The oaks and abbeys old, thou dost enshrine
 To keep their strength and history from decay,
 To beautify the old, the sad make gay.
 Thou hast no stings like twisted eglantine;
 Nor posies, emblems gay of vanity,
 To mock and to beguile thy simple look.
 Whether in castle yard or forest nook.
 'Mongst rich and poor, thou seemest e'er the same;
 Lessons in simple truth and honesty
 Are mentioned always, Ivy, with thy name

• The Juniors. •

The Juniors are a saucy set,
They are always making trouble;
Some day they'll meet their Waterloo,
And blow up like a bubble.

We know their heads are large and round,
Their foreheads most expansive.
They know their lessons like a book,
Their book lore is extensive.

They quote from Caesar as they please,
And have all kinds of knowledge,
But then we may, some future day,
Send them to Harvard College.

Next year we will make room for them,
And let them rise in splendor;
To watch and guard this dear old school,
Ye, Graces, all defend her!

—Hubert Allen.

Juniors.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Rah! Rah! Rix,
 What's the matter with old '06!
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah Ray,
 Old '06 is all O. K.!

Colors: Old Rose and Gold.

Flower: Pink Rose.

Motto: *Esse quam videri.*

OFFICERS:

Jessie Casebolt—President.

Alexander McCoy—Vice-President.

Morton Chiles—Treasurer.

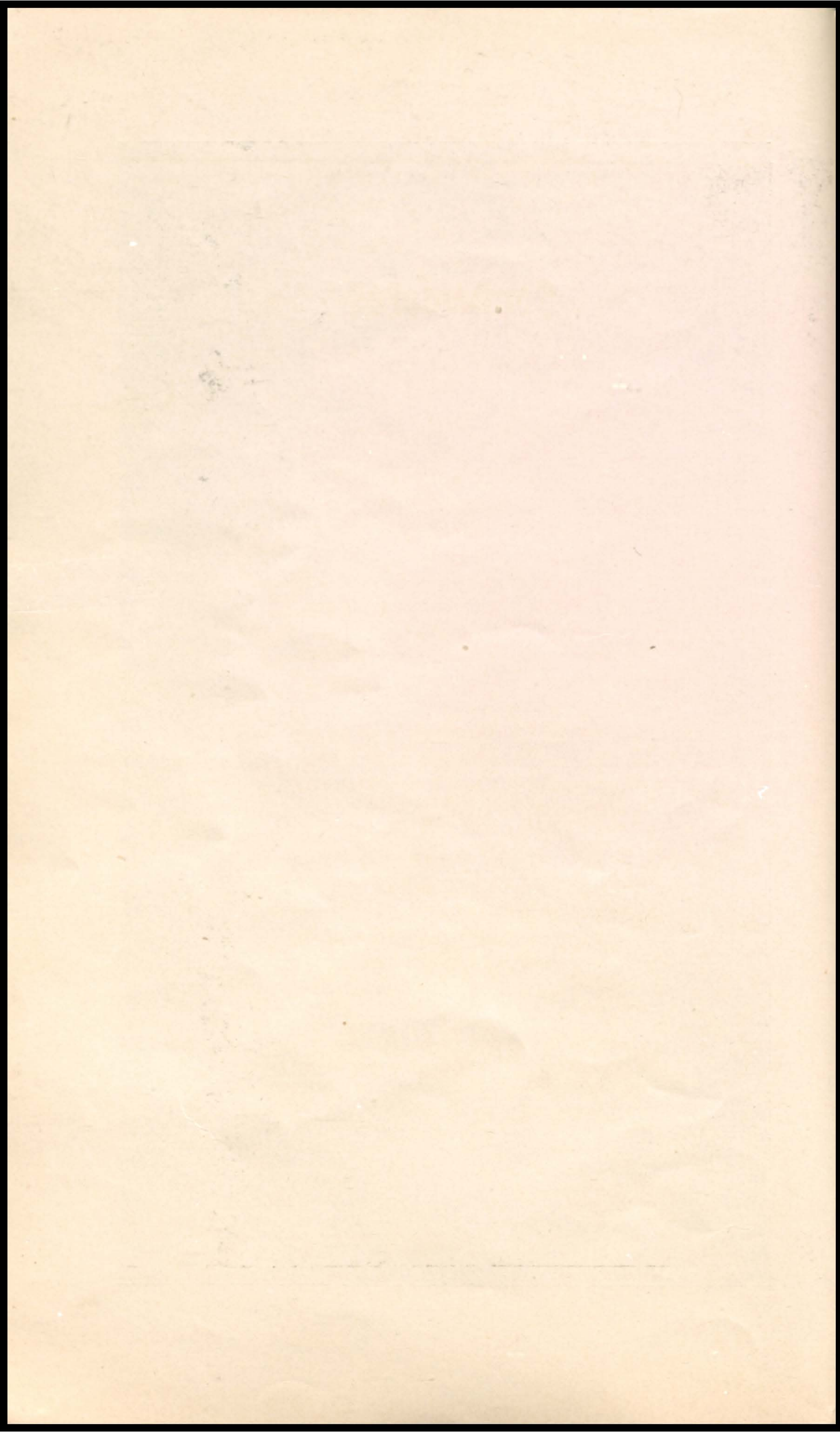
Vida Hansen—Secretary.

Spurgeon Campbell—Sergeant at Arms.

ROLL:

Anderson, Edna	Green, William
Albertson, Myrtle	Hardin, Allie
Baskins, Annie	Head, Eva
Bell, Adelyn	Hickerson, Lucile
Beatty, Pansy	Hansen, Vida
Burns, Maude	Milton, Bessie
Belcher, Ethel	McCoy, Alexander
Chiles, Morton	McDougle, Ethel
Chiles, Margaret	Modie, Lorena
Campbell, Spurgeon	Rugg, Julia
Casebolt, Jessie	Steel, Bertha
Dickinson, Lucy	Schmid, Otto
Erwin, Georga	Watson, May
Frazer, Grace	Yankee, Edith





• Sophomores. •

A jolly good lad is the Sophomore,
And with him there's none to compare;
Only the latest style tie he sports,
In the middle he parts his hair.

His class grades are I's (double ones by mistake),
To the point he answers each quiz;
The Senior salutes him when e'er he goes by,
For the Soph, he knows means biz.

The Junior uncovers his gourd and bows,
The Freshie kneels low at his feet;
All honor, all praise him and ask his advice,
In judgment he's wise and discreet.

The size of his hat is seven and a half,
And a well balanced head it contains;
Not quantity only makes him wise,
But the quality of his brains.

Then here's to the jovial Sophomore,
With many a virtue, but not a vice;
May he prosper in life and escape in the end,
That place where they don't put up ice.

—A Soph.

The Sophomores.

Rah! Ri! Ri!
 Who are we?
 1907.
 Don't you see?
 Sis! Bum! Bi!
 Sis! Bum! Bah!
 1907
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Colors: Pink and gray.
 Flower: Pink Carnation.

OFFICERS:

Proctor Thompson—President.
 Helen Ross—Vice-President.
 C. C. Bundschu—Treasurer.
 Mary Pritchett—Secretary.
 James Dickinson—Sergeant at Arms.
 Edith Kelly—Attorney General.

ROLL!

Bundschu, C. C.	Huston, Nellie
Brown, Claude	Hoffman, Clara
Becker, Mary	Jeffreys, Lola
Buraett, Muriel	Johnson, Rosy
Brackenbury, Wesley	Kelly, Edith
Bennett, Sam	Kelly, Clarence
Buchanan, Alfred	Pritchett, Marv
Carr, Myra	Paxton, Matthew
Carpenter, Birdie	Pointer, Florence
Dickinson, James	Ross, Helen
Dalton, Ethel	Ragan, Esteile
Davis, Rowena	Sturges, Mary
Ewin, Nita	Thompson, Proctor
Fraker, Loretta	Tudor, Fred
Flournoy, Mary	Turner, Mamie
Griffith, Margaret	Watson, Ethel
Hickerson, Minnie	Woods, Archie
Hughes, Scott	

The Gamma Delta Sigma

And this is the tale of the G. D. S.,
 (A club of debaters, too!);
You needn't depend on my word for this,
 For everyone knows 'tis true.

A thought once entered a maiden's mind,
 Which I will now relate;
That if ever we wished to compete with the boys,
 We should have to learn how to debate.

The bright idea took root and grew,
 And the girls held a consultation;
Why not organize a debating club
 To improve articulation?

It was in September brown and sere,
 When first this club did meet;
Just twelve was numbered in its ranks,
 Of maidens trim and neat.

And some were long, and some were slim,
 And some were chunky too;
And some were full of life and vim,
 And some were looking blue.

But every girl within her soul,
 Did vow that not a stigma,
Should e'er be cast by her upon
 The Gamma Delta Sigma.

The first debate, to say the least,
 Was just a trifle "bum;"
But "Rome was not built in one day,"
 True eloquence will come.

Since then more ease has been acquired,
 In voicing our opinion;
And much improvement has been made
 Within our small dominion.

Oh! woman's rights and woman's wrongs,
 Have often been debated,
But some day, we will right our wrongs,
 Or else we're underrated.

Long may our banners float the breeze,
 May the G. D. S. ne'er finish;
Long may its members staunch and true,
 Live to succeed and flourish.

—GERTRUDE E. RHODES.

The Sophomores.

Rah! Ri! Ri!
Who are we?
1907.

Don't you see?
Sis! Bum! Bi!
Sis! Bum! Bah!
1907
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Colors: Pink and gray.
Flower: Pink Carnation.

OFFICERS:

Proctor Thompson—President.
Helen Ross—Vice-President.
C. C. Bundschu—Treasurer.
Mary Pritchett—Secretary.
James Dickinson—Sergeant at Arms.
Edith Kelly—Attorney General.

ROLL!

Bundschu, C. C.	Huston, Nellie
Brown, Claude	Hoffman, Clara
Becker, Mary	Jeffreys, Lola
Burnett, Muriel	Johnson, Rosy
Brackenbury, Wesley	Kelly, Edith
Bennett, Sam	Kelly, Clarence
Buchanan, Alfred	Pritchett, Marv
Carr, Myra	Paxton, Matthew
Carpenter, Birdie	Pointer, Florence
Dickinson, James	Ross, Helen
Dalton, Ethel	Ragan, Estelle
Davis, Rowena	Sturges, Mary
Ewin, Nita	Thompson, Proctor
Fraker, Loretta	Tudor, Fred
Flournoy, Mary	Turner, Mamie
Griffith, Margaret	Watson, Ethel
Hickerson, Minnie	Woods, Archie
Hughes, Scott	

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The Gamma Delta Sigma

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And some were looking blue.

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But some day, we will right our wrongs,
Or else we're underrated.

Long may our banners float the breeze,
May the G. D. S. ne'er finish;
Long may its members staunch and true,
Live to succeed and flourish.

—GERTRUDE E. RHODES.

Gamma Delta Sigma

Rah! Rah! Rah! Zip! Zum
 Zigma,
 Live forever, die never,
 Gamma Delta Sigma

Colors: Blue and white
 Flower: Blue Violet.
 Motto: Think and then dare

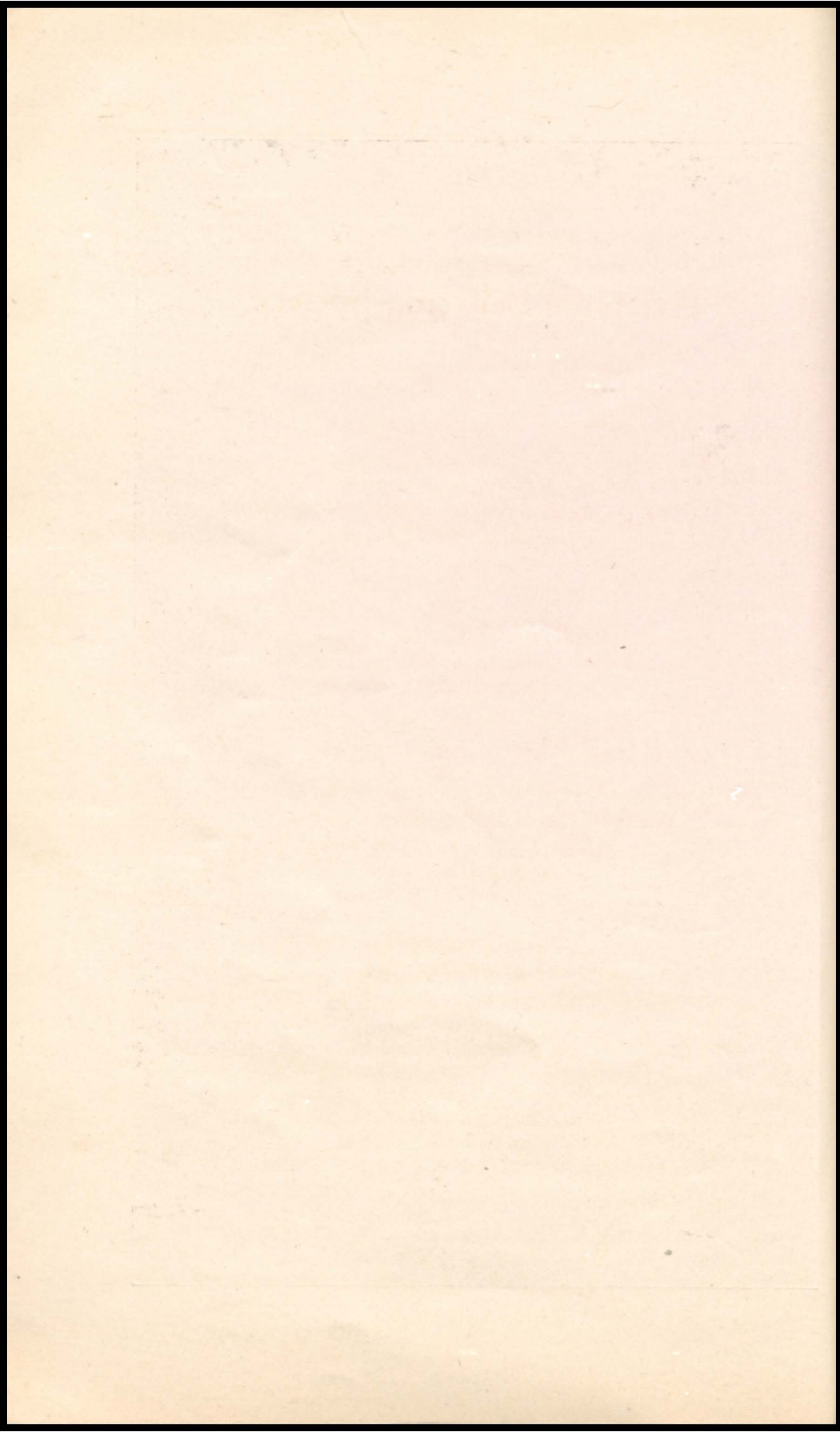
OFFICERS:

Eva Dickinson—President.
 Lucy Dickinson—Vice-President.
 Jeanne Rhodes—Secretary.
 Allie Hardin—Treasurer.
 Bertha Steele—Attorney General.

ROLL:

Anderson, Edna	Hardin, Allie
Baskin, Anna	Hansen, Vida
Belcher, Ethel	Head, Eva
Bell, Adelyn	Johnson, Irene
Casebolt, Jessie	Milton, Bessie
Dickinson, Eva	Ragan, Estelle
Dickinson, Lucy	Rhodes, Gertrude
Duncan, Lola	Rhodes, Jeanne
Frazer, Grace	Ross, Helen
Hoffman, Clara	Sturges, Mary





Excelsior Debating Society.

We bear a standard in our hand,
For we have worked, and we have planned,
That challenges we may withstand.

Excelsior!

Our own debates may be uncouth;
But in our band the dew of youth,
Puts on our lips the smile of truth.

Excelsior!

Of our just honors, proud we feel,
For victories all defeats will heal,
E'en as the day the night doth seal.

Excelsior!

May our proud glories spread afar,
And may our motto, like a star
Shine for e'er with naught to mar.

Excelsior!

—Thomas Twyman.

The Excelsior Debating Society.

Hobble, Gobble, Fight and Squabble!
 Sis Boom Bah!
 Excelsior, Excelsior!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Colors: Old Gold and Black
 Motto: Excelsior.

OFFICERS:

Proctor Kerr—President.
 Proctor Thompson—Vice President.
 Archie D. Woods—Secretary.
 Lambert Hermelink—Treasurer.
 C. C. Bundschu—Sergeant-at-Arms.
 Matthew Paxton—Attorney General.

ROLL:

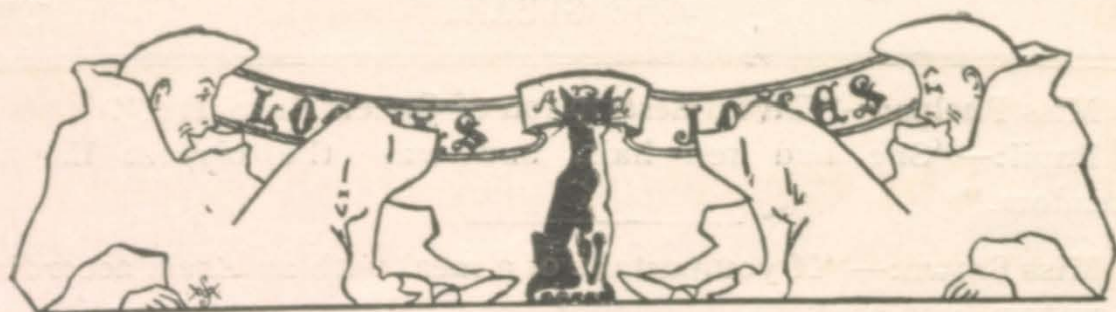
Bundschu, C. C.	Johnston, Matthew
Bundschu, Henry	Kerr, Proctor
Casebolt, Kirby	Mallinson, George
Casebolt, Bernard	Martin, Moses
Cushwa, Claude	McCarrol Richard
Duncan, Edward	Paxton, Matthew
Davis, Henry	Rider, Paul
Dickinson, James	Ragan, Charles
Duffendack, Ora	Rhodes, Howherd
Foster, George	Schmidt, Otto
Hunter, Harry G.	Twyman, Thomas
Hunter, Hubert	Thompson, Proctor
Hermelink, Lambert	Woods, Archie

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“Quips and Cranks.”

Says Smith, “Roast Jones;” Says Jones “Roast Smith;”
Say the Freshmen, “Roast the Sophs;”
The Juniors wish the Seniors scored,
And all say, “Roast the Profs.”
We cannot heed requests for roasts,
From all our friends who call;
Go to the devil, dearest friends,
For he will roast us all.

If you see a Senior walking around with Bunker Hill on his back, don't imagine that he has become hump-backed from hard study, but from *trying* so hard to study in the Auditorium without tablet arms.

Miss Phelps:—“Here are some very fine points.”

Harry:—“Trouble of it is, they are so fine I can't see them.”

Miss Brown:—“The Thane of Cawdor was a self-confessed traitor. He begged for forgiveness, but—”

Maud B.:—“But he didn't get it.”

Miss Phelps:—“What was the fundamental principle of Erasmus's doctrine?”

Pupil, (looking up innocently):—“Am I a sinner?”

Miss Brown:—“What is generally true of the world's most famous women?”

Paul (holding up a ruler):—“Large as a rule.”

Miss Phelps:—“If the Stamp Act had been recognized by lawyers there could have been no business contracts in America; no marriage licenses or —”

Harry:—“Did they have divorces then?”

Miss Manser was passing the staff room with a branch of mistletoe, when the boys called out—“Miss Manser, let us hang that mistletoe up here,” and Tom added, “Yes, Miss Manser, we'll let you stand under it.”

Miss Phelps:—"Give a description of Queen Elizabeth."

Pupil:—"She had red hair, and was the biggest liar in Christendom."

Miss Brown:—"If you partake of a meal with an Arab, according to his custom, you are safe, how long?"

Paul:—"Till time for the next meal."

Miss Phelps:—"What does predestination mean?"

Eva:—"That some people are destined to go to Heaven, and some are destined to—well—"

Miss Phelps:—"That'll do, Eva."

We heard some of the Juniors say, "Those Seniors are so silly." No wonder, when the teachers, in trying to develop our brains, have really worn them out.

Miss Brown:—"What is a 'haut-boy'?"

Jessie:—"A page or valet."

Paul:—"A musical instrument."

Jessie:—"Well, sometimes a page is musical."

Henry:—"When the new king, Charles II, came to the 'phone (throne)—"

Jessie (after a lesson in scanning Virgil):—"Is this what is called singing Virgil?"

Prof. Bryant:—"Yes."

Jessie:—"I don't see the music."

Henry (at our picnic):—

"Bless the bread and bless the meat,

Pick up your plates and begin to eat."

Miss Brown:—"Why, Henry, aren't you going to bless the chicken?"

Hubert (after the introduction of a new pupil into the Virgil class):—"She broke up our family circle."

Miss Phelps (decidedly):—"I do not think Macbeth was anything like Washington."

Paul:—"Possibly Booker T."

Miss Wilson:—"How many girls are there on your list?"

Richard:—"Only one."

Miss Phelps:—"What kind of character did Wolfe have?"

Henry:—"I don't know, Miss Maggie, but I know what he said when he died."

Miss Manser:—"What is force?"

Kirby:—"A new breakfast food."

Miss Phelps:—"Who is the nearest approach to a Madison today?"

Jeanne:—"Folk."

Prof. Bryant (in Virgil class):—"Read, Anna."

Anna:—"O, Ye Immortal Gods."

Miss Phelps (during a recent revival):—"I intended to give you a written lesson today, but you have had enough written work."

Lola:—"Did you go to church last night?"

Miss Phelps:—"No."

Tom:—"Some one must have prayed for her."

Miss Brown:—"What picture does the line, 'and the milkmaid singeth blithe,' bring to your mind?"

Henry:—"The milkmaid in the house that Jack built?"

Miss Phelps:—"Why was Jackson called 'Old Hickory'?"

Lola:—"Because he slept in a hollow hickory tree one night."

Harry:—"Because he kept his men in order with his hickory stick."

A Senior (looking up from the immortal Green's History):—"Henry VIII used the Court of the Star Chamber as an instrument of tyranny, and Miss Phelps uses 'Green' in the same way."

Miss Phelps:—"Where did the British go when they left Boston?"

Harry S.:—"To Halifax."

Miss Stone:—"Which are the warmest, tight or loose fitting clothes?"

Eva:—"It depends upon when you want to wear them."

Miss Brown (to Senior class):—"I do not want you to spend the whole year in debating about husbands and wives, although it is an important question."

Miss Manser:—"What are poor conductors?"

Harry:—"Those who don't collect all the fare."

Miss Manser:—"Tell us something about the conducting powers of different wires."

Harry:—"Well, the book says they vary inversely as their cross sections, but I don't believe it, because the two best conductors I know are of altogether different cross areas."

Miss Brown:—"Did you ever hear Dr. Willett lecture? What do you think of him?"

Young Lady (rapturously):—"Oh! he had the most beautiful eyes!"

Miss Phelps:—"He is my ideal man."

Miss Henry:—"Those pupils whose parents are opposed to having school hours changed please stand."

Frances (standing):—"This is as bad as church."

Miss Phelps:—"Why wasn't Hamilton nominated for President?"

Henry:—"I don't know whether he was shot yet or not."

Miss Manser:—"What do you do when you read text and do not understand it?"

Eleanor:—"Go to bed."

Hubert (translating Virgil);—"Three times I strove to cast my arms around her neck and—' that's as far as I got, professor."

Prof. Bryant:—"Well, Mr. Allen, I think that was quite far enough."

Miss Phelps:—"Do you know anything about William Pitt?"

Harry:—"He was like Folk."

Henry:—"He was a poor cripple, Miss Maggie."

Miss Brown:—"Do you know anything about Hades?"

Pupil:—"No, but I hope to some day."

Miss Phelps:—"I distinctly heard some one tell that answer."

Pupil:—"Yes'm. Perhaps it was history repeating itself."

Henry:—"I haven't any use for a historian. Miss Maggie, I hope you are not writing a history, are you?"

Miss Phelps:—"Yes."

Henry:—"I am very sorry, (bowing his head), let us pray."

Everybody knows that Henry will go to Heaven on the principle that all "Hot Air" rises.

Miss Brown:—"The judges have decided in favor of the affirmative by a few points."

Richard (heartily):—"Amen!"

A Typical American History Lesson.

Miss Phelps:—Who was in command of the British troops at Boston?

Tom:—Lord Hoe (Howe).

Miss Phelps:—How were the Americans equipped?

Lulu May:—With pitch forks.

Miss Phelps:—Why did the British go to Concord?

Richard:—To capture the traitors, Adams and Hancock.

Miss Phelps:—Yes, and the punishment for a traitor was simply awful.

Harry:—Was it death?

Mary:—The British went to Concord for powder and shot.

Miss Phelps:—Did they get it, Hubert?

Hubert:—Yes'm, in the back.

Miss Phelps:—Who commanded the troops at Lexington?

Jeanne:—Parker.

Miss Phelps:—What did the British do at Concord?

Kirby:—Well-a-well, they-well-oh well-they-well, I don't know.

Eva:—Why they-a-they won a battle.

Henry:—They destroyed a few barrels of flour and tore down some bells.

Miss Phelps:—What did Franklin say of the retreat?

Lola:—He said the British ran twenty miles in three hours. They went so fast that the Americans could hardly keep up with them.

Josephine:—When they got there, their tongues were hanging out of their mouths.

Miss Phelps:—What did the British do when they met reinforcements?

Frances:—They were given food.

Miss Phelps:—I don't think they stopped long enough for that.

Kirby:—They all turned round and trotted back.

Miss Phelps:—Now we've got to get to work.

Want Column.

WANTED—A cure for Harry's heart disease.

WANTED—To know what Kirby's hair cut cost him after "All the Comforts of Home."

WANTED—To Know why Henry, Harry and Tom "bluff."

WANTED—A new supply of jokes for Prof. Bryant.

WANTED—To know where Macbeth wrote that letter to his wife. Miss Brown doesn't care, but some of the inquisitive Seniors would like to know.

WANTED—Some one to tell Kirby how many "Wells" it takes to make a river.

WANTED—Something for Maud Broman to laugh about.

WANTED—To know why Eva is so fond of Sweet William(s).

Teachers' Mottoes.

MISS McDONALD:—'Taint no use doin' nothin' for nobody what don't do nothin' for you.

MISS PHELPS:—I just love to see pupils study—study hard and all the time.

MISS MANSER:—I delight in giving surprise parties to the Seniors.

MISS BROWN:—I am not going to MAKE you study, but you'll have to take the consequences if you don't.

MISS HENRY:—Silence is golden.

PROF. BRYANT:—I believe in learning a little of everything.

Pupils' Motto.

"Six days and nights shalt thou study, and on the seventh shalt thou do likewise."

Advice to Juniors.

Don't accuse Miss McDonald of partiality.

Don't talk in Miss Phelp's room, and don't try to be funny.

Keep your hands clean next year, or Miss Brown will tell the Juniors how she hates dirty hands.

Don't faint when Miss Manser announces an unexpected test.

Don't kick against debates, or the teachers will give you all the more.

Don't keep parrots or monkeys! For reasons, ask Miss Brown.

Think twice before you speak. And even then, nine times out of ten, the world won't lose anything if you keep still.

"BE ENTHUSIASTIC!"

Department of Standard Quotations.

We Seniors have accumulated, from various sources, a valuable (?) collection of quotations, which we leave for the use of future generations.

"He's a nigger if he does, and he's a nigger if he don't." MISS BROWN.

"Virgil is beautiful! beautiful! Do you see it, or does the Latin obscure the beauty?" PROF. BRYANT.

"If there's a word in the English language that I despise, it's that word 'aint.'" MISS BROWN.

"I have seen my ideal man." MISS PHELPS.

"All is fair in love and war." H. G. HUNTER.

"Get thee behind me, Satan." MISS EWIN.

"Oh, Yes. You can get along any way, even on a broken back horse." TOM TWYMAN.

"Practice what you preach." HENRY BUNDSCHU.

"Your own opinion don't amount to anything; if you make a statement, you've got to prove it." MISS PHELPS.

"Please don't talk quite so loud, because some day you may want to lower your voice to talk very softly, and then you can't." PROF. BRYANT.

"I do love tests, they are so easy." KIRBY CASEBOLT.

"Now children—Oh! I beg your pardon, Seniors." MISS PHELPS.

"My opponent shot a few bullets at me, and now I am going to shoot back." H. G. HUNTER.

"I don't expect miracles, even of Seniors." MISS BROWN.

"Howe liked to eat and drink like all other men." MISS PHELPS.

"Prove it." MISS McDONALD.



Where Are We?

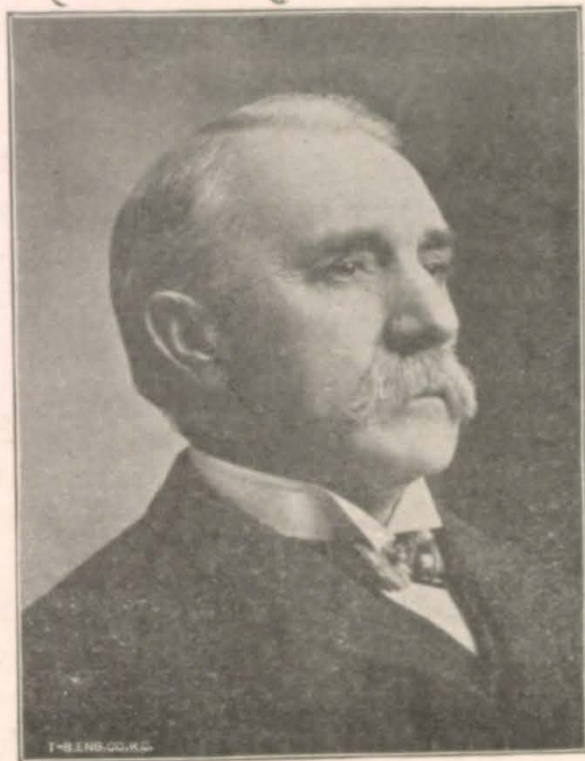
GEO. S. BRYANT.

There was once a French abbe who had exhausted his physical energies in the regular performance of his duties. He became a very sick man—so much so, that his physician had given up all hope. One day he fainted and thought himself already in the arms of the Good Spirit. He fancied one of the angels came to him and asked, "How did you like the beautiful world you have just left?" When consciousness returned to him the vision came along with it. He could not rid himself of it. It occurred to him that while he had been preaching all his life about Heaven, he had seen but little of the earth in which he lived; that this old earth contained a new earth, which might be Heaven; that he needed euphrasy to purge his eyes, for he had much to see. Such abbés are not all dead, neither do they all live under that name. No one sees all the beauty of a picture, no one hears all the harmony in any piece of music. The mystery is, that so much of it is lost; for the whole earth is a fairyland—its truth not comprehended, its beauty but half seen, its good but partially realized. Those who know it best are least inclined to exchange it for other worlds. Have you not read of souls that are homesick in Heaven—souls of that upper clime that wait—

"To catch, perchance, some flashing glimpse of green,
Or breathe some wild-wood fragrance, wafted through
The opening gates of pearl, that fold between
The blinding splendors and the changeless blue."

—souls that cannot adjust the new songs to their "quivering lips," their lyres to the new rhapsodies. Looked at aright, the earth and all that it contains, is but one of God's thoughts, and he who knows it stands already in the presence of its Maker. Matter, mind, soul—what a *mixture* they make! What *beauty*, when one dissolves into the other in the ascending scale! I imagine that the greatest revelation that will ever come to an immortal spirit, after its vision has been

clarified by death, will be the vision of the beauties in the midst of which it passed its mortal life. It will reveal the harmonies of this mighty organ, the stately tread of this sublime epic, the solemn grandeur of this God-built temple. If earth were understood, Heaven never could be new. Class of 1905! Suppose now some good angel should ask you, "How did you like the beautiful world you have just left?", meaning thereby the days, the hours, the moments you have just



GEO. S. BRYANT.
Principal of High School.

lived, for each point of time is a little world in itself. What could you answer? Have you been moving onward and upward through earth's grand trilogy of matter, mind, and soul? Or have you but reached a *sensation* of light, see darkly as through a veil, see "men as trees"? Where are you in the scale of being? Judge of this by what you see, for you see only what you have power to see. What do you aspire to be? For

"What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me."

May I hope that your soul is looking out through its skylights and opening out toward God. Remember the value of a day.

"So here hath been dawning another blue day,
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away.
Out of eternity, this new day is born;
Into eternity, at night, will return.
Behold it aforesaid no eye ever did:
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.
Here hath been dawning another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away."

Some Famous Places in Independence.

(Third Year Essay.)

MATTIE J. McCOY.

Most towns have a local history, but few have as great a one as Independence, the history of which begins before Missouri became a state. From the time that the Lewis and Clark Expedition passed through this town, it has played an important part in history at different periods. Twenty years ago, it was known as the "Orchard City," because of its beautiful fruit trees, and was nothing more than an historical old-fashioned town. But since The Boom it has become modern.

We all love a modern city, but it seems a pity to remodel the buildings that are as old as the town. Independence has many landmarks: One of the most noted of these is the Clinton Block, which used to be the "Noland House," famed throughout this region for its elegant hospitality; and almost as noted was the old "Jones House," which is now the Metropolitan Hotel. These have both been remodeled. Another landmark is the old Presbyterian church, on the corner of Lexington and Osage streets, which was one of the first buildings erected here. Another is the old bank building, which they are now rebuilding. These are the landmarks interesting only to Independence people.

But there are others that are historical; like the old Santa Fe Trail which is the continuance of Pleasant street; and which takes us back in memory to the old pioneer days, until we can almost see the covered wagons that bore the builders of a mighty nation westward. And there is an old house on Lexington street where Governor Boggs of Missouri lived; and in which an attempt at assassination was made on account of his stand against the Mormons. Independence was the center of the border warfare during the Civil War, and out on the Blue Springs road, there is a house, in front of which a battle was fought between the Guerillas and the Federals. There is another place in town, that has played almost as important a part as these, and that is much more noted than either one, for the old Waggoner homestead, before it was remodeled, was once the residence of Judge Henry, one of the Supreme Judges of Missouri, and afterwards it was the home of General Bingham, who painted several celebrated pictures—among them, "County Election" and "Order No. 11."

The Independence people should be proud to live in a town with so great a history, and should try to preserve these landmarks, instead of destroying and remodeling them.

The Influence of Nature.

ANNA ROBERTS.

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landskip round it measures."

Nature has influenced man ever since his creation. God created Nature first and man afterwards. Before Adam and Eve sinned, their home, the Garden of Eden, was a perfect paradise. There nothing was made by man; Nature reigned supreme. Since then, all through the ages of history up to the present time, Nature has been one of the chief influences of human lives.

When man is weary of the cares of this world, where can he find the deepest sympathy and surest consolation? Bryant bids him,

"Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings."

Here God seems nearer, and man forgets his cares and thinks only of the beauty and grandeur of Nature, and the power and glory of God. Bryant says,

"To him who in love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware!"

How many, many poets, musicians and artists have been inspired by Nature! Indeed, the "rosy-fingered" morn, the glorious sunset, the trees, the flowers, the birds, the clouds, the rivers, and the mighty ocean make poets. Homer was the first great nature poet. His inspiration come from nature. Then coming to English poetry, we have such great nature poets as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and Tennyson; in American Literature, Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier. Milton has given us the most expressive and vivid natural descriptions ever written. Bryant's *Thanatopsis*—one of the finest poems in American Literature—was wholly inspired by Nature.

Nature seemed so divine to the ancient Greeks and Romans, that they believed nymphs inhabited every tree, river and mountain. We believe that one God animates them all. Nature is God's own work. Through her, He reveals His great love for us in making such a beautiful world for us to live in. When man is brought into such close contact with God through Nature, can he possibly lead a life which is not pure, noble and holy? Thus we see how great an influence Nature has on human lives. She comforts and inspires man and leads him to higher things.

The "Flawpicker" and the "Prevaricator."

(Third Year Essay.)

EVA V. DICKINSON.

Some years ago, almost anyone would have regarded the little city of Independence as a very quiet, peaceable town where everyone lived quite happy, and well contented with himself, if not with his neighbor. There were several good papers edited and published in the town, and everyone who could not get a copy, usually obtained the most important news from Dame Gossip, a very popular and busy character of Independence.

It was not long, however, before the tranquillity of the newspaper world was ruffled by the advent of the "Flawpicker," which appeared rather suddenly, and at once was a source of curiosity to all. Its voice was first mingled with the clicks of a telegraph office, but finally it attained the dignity of an upstairs room, all to itself. At first, other publications looked upon it with scorn, even envy, and predicted only a very short life for the new comer; but they were very much disappointed here. The "Flawpicker" thrived; it gathered strength by its original and pithy paragraphs. It took up the little affairs of the town, and, with its boldness and force, gradually moved to the front, and another thing—it was free, its valuable editorials were distributed indiscriminately to all. The "Flawpicker" had very definite ideas and opinions, and if you could not form your own, you were welcome to accept those found in its columns; and thus you could not only elevate yourself, but increase the growing army, fighting for the principles of "public ownership."

The path that the "Flawpicker" was traveling was a very smooth one with very few obstacles until one day the "Prevaricator" stepped in to walk along side by side with the "Flawpicker," which regarded it as an intruder. Then the tug of war began. They were too much alike to get along harmoniously—each could find the other's mistakes. It is the chief aim of one to outwit the other—a source of amusement to their readers.

The sailing at present is rather fair, and it is to be taken for granted that all of you are well acquainted with the character of each. And of course we all wish the "Flawpicker" and the "Prevaricator" prosperity and much happiness.



Last Sermon of the Revival.

MATTIE HARDIN.

The closing sermon of the Union Revival services was preached Sunday evening, February 5, 1905, at the First Presbyterian church, by Dr. Lincoln McConnell, of Georgia, who had been conducting the meetings for several days. All his sermons were very fine, indeed, and showed the remarkable deep thought power of the man; however, we do not hesitate to say that this last sermon was the best, in that, although there were many great thoughts and truths expressed, they were expressed in such a way that even the small children understood them.

Doctor McConnell used for his text those words, recorded by Amos, which the Lord God spoke to the Israelites, "Prepare to Meet Thy God." He opened the sermon by a discussion of the question, Why should we prepare to meet God? First, because there is a God. To those who read and believe the Bible, this fact is proved; but to the more unfortunate ones, it must be proved in some other way. One way is to show them that some one with superhuman strength, intellect, and power created this world of ours, and that this one still rules over it. Who could it be but God? In many ways he showed that there is a God. Since there is a God, we must prepare to meet Him, as he next showed that we must meet Him.

He showed that we all had to meet God, whether we willed it or not. No criminal is sent to the gallows without a fair trial before a just judge; neither is a supposed criminal acquitted and freed without a just trial. In the same way no lost soul is sent into Hell, without a trial at the judgment bar of God; and no soul enters inside the pearly gates without the trial. He gave a vivid picture of the trial before the Great Judge. Those who are prepared to meet their God will stand upon His right hand; the unprepared on His left. Then shalt he say to those on His right hand, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Unto those on His left hand he shall say, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels." "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." In a few moments Dr. McConnell had convinced nearly everyone present that eternity depends on preparation.

The next question discussed was, Since we must meet God, how shall we prepare? By studying His word, and keeping His Commandments; by trusting and obeying. "Let the wicked forsake his way and

the unrighteous his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him."

The last question discussed was, When shall we prepare? Right now. "Be ye always ready, for at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." We should prepare right now, so that when the "master of the house cometh, even at midnight, we shall be found waiting with our torches lighted." With an earnest prayer that each one present should be prepared, when he should meet his God, the sermon was ended.

Dr. McConnell has a most marvelous gift of illustration. Very seldom, indeed, do we meet a man who has had so many experiences of his own, and is so well acquainted with the experience of others. He uses these illustrations, just in the right place, to clinch his statements. His fine illustrations and vivid descriptions made his sermon so clear and impressive that it will linger forever in the minds of those who heard it.

After finishing his sermon, the doctor, whom all had learned to love, stood upon the platform waving his handkerchief and smiling a good-bye to all. As the congregation sang that sweet old song, there was a prayer in a great many hearts that the God, whom ne had told us to prepare to meet would be with him "till we meet again."



The Senior's Mail.

Would I were a Freshman,
Would I were a "Soph,"
Would I were a Prof.,
Or e'en a "flunker" gay,
Would I were most anything
Could I only stay.

A Literary Treat.

MATTIE J. McCOY.

Early in February, Independence joyfully received the news that Dr. Willett of the Chicago University intended giving a series of lectures, at the Christian Church, on "The Beginnings of Christianity." The first of these lectures was to be given Sunday night, February 5th, and the others on the five following nights. Sunday he surpassed even the highest expectations of everyone. He was a brilliant thinker and a finished orator. His command of words was wonderful; they seemed to flow from his lips, with so little effort did they come. His voice was so musical that it held his audience in a trance, from which they were loath to be waked.

The subject of this first lecture was, "The Preparation of the World for Christianity." He introduced the subject by saying, that Christ was the "bridge which spans the chasm between the old world and new; the center of all history." He showed how previous history was a preparation for Christ, and how subsequent history was a realization of his purpose and spirit. Then he discussed the "fullness of time," or why it was the right moment for Christ to come. There were three great elementary forces, he said, that entered into this question—the Roman, the Greek and the Hebrew. He gave a very rapid sketch of the Roman Empire at that time; he showed the wonderful peace which invaded the earth, since the whole world was laid tranquil at the feet of Rome, and the gates of the Temple of Janus were closed. He spoke of the union of the Empire by the great highways—how easy it was to spread Christianity. Then he showed the wonderful safety for Roman citizens, and as an example, he gave a beautiful picture of the rescue of Paul in the court of the Temple. Quickly he turned to the influence of Greek life; how Alexander's great conquest brought the world under Greek sway, and scattered Greek civilization abroad. And here the lecture became almost a poem, as he described the Greek language—"the finest language the world has ever produced; the language of orator, poet, and philosopher; the language of culture and power." He reminded us that it was one time in all history in which a language was universally used; then he asked, "Was it not something to give such a universal instrument to the church?" He told how Greek philosophy had led to skepticism, how all classes of the Greeks were seeking some voice concerning the life to come. He pictured the awful condition of society; the regard in which women and children were held, and thus proved that it was "time for the voice of the Galilean." From the Greek he turned to the Hebrew. He explained how the Jew, on account of the dispersion, was living in

every city in the Roman Empire. Then he brought out the pathos in the fact that the Jews might have done so much had they received Christ who came unto them. In conclusion, he said that the three great nations which met at the cross of Christ, represent the attributes of the full orb'd Christian. The Greek represents intellect; the Hebrew, emotion; and the Roman, will. He said that the full orb'd Christian must partake of these three qualities, and that he only is complete, who combines them all. Then he closed with a beautiful prayer that we might be full orb'd Christians, and partake of all three qualities equally.



Opportunity.

“Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt and hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not, and I return no more.”

—J. J. INGALLS.

“All The Comforts Of Home.”

LULU MAY WINN.

To do justice to a task which involves writing a report for that famous play, “All the Comforts of Home,” requires more space than can be given to it in the “Gleam.” Besides having made a fortune and a name for ourselves, we have created a new epoch in high school play giving. If this short article will keep the memory of this and of '05 green in our memories, we shall feel that it is justified.

As Seniors, of course, everyone knows “We are the brightest class alive”—we do everything we go about with a vim and push that makes it successful. Therefore, when we announced with beautiful art posters, that we would entertain our friends on December 12, 1904, everyone knew there would be “something doing.” A logical consequence of this was that we had no difficulty in disposing of our tickets, and therefore had a crowded house the night our play was presented.

Our actors were not the wishy-washy, trembling young people usually seen in high-school entertainments; instead, their perfectly self-possessed tone and manner soon relieved the doubts of their friends concerning the success of the play. Every minute of the two hours and a half taken up with the play, was thoroughly enjoyed. Roars of laughter and bursts of applause often compelled the actors to wait until they could again be heard, and when finally, the curtain fell on the last act of this amusing comedy, and everyone began to file out of the Auditorium, no one was heard to express anything but satisfaction with the entertainment; nor did anyone leave with an unpleasant recollection of the play. Indeed, as one man expressed it, “I gets far more than half of what I expected.”

Along with the numerous joys and pleasures of this entertainment, there was mixed much trouble and worry for those connected with it; such for instance as “roasts” from the teachers and considerable falling of temperature in our grades. When, however, we think of that goodly sum of money stored away to buy something for our High school, we think not of the trials of the past; instead we give ourselves over to the joys of the future. Of the future, I say, because years from now we expect to come back to school and look with pride on the tokens we leave behind us. As you know:

“Lives of great classes all remind us,
We can make our class sublime;
And departing leave behind us
Such mementos as shall shine.”

“What Became of Parker?”

JEANNE R. RHODES.

Just what became of Parker, no one knows, but that the play given by the Senior Class on Monday, March 6, 1905 was a grand and glorious success—is a fact acknowledged by all who were fortunate enough to be present on that memorable eve. I am sure they will look back upon it as one of the most enjoyable occasions of their lives. The person who was not delighted with that play, must indeed be hard to please; for every imaginable characteristic was portrayed with a naturalness bound to please and amaze. The “actors” surpassed even our “fondest hopes.” (So did the crowd). Words fail to describe. It would be almost sacriligious to cloud the picture painted on the minds of the audience by any rude description which we might give. But, for those who did not see the play, we (like Milton) merely mean to suggest, and leave the rest to the imagination of the reader.

This was the second time our class had made its bow before the public. It was the second time the applauding public looked upon us, and “wondered that those so young could act a part so well.” It was the last time we made our bow as Seniors, for, when next the public sees us, it will be as graduates and not as Seniors. But surely we will be thought of again. How could we be forgotten? Will we not be looked upon, in after years, as the pride and joy of the Independence High School? In a few years, perhaps some great star may be able to trace his or her dramatic career to the plays given by the Senior Class of 1905.

If you should wish to bring a smile of pleased remembrance to the face of some one who attended the play—just ask him, “What Became of Parker?”

O, Migh!

He heaved a hugh sigh,
 And a tear fell from his igh,
 For he had taken a bite of pigh,
 Begged from a boarding house nigh,
 Then he bought a bottle of old righ,
 And then a policeman came bigh
 Who locked him in a prison cell high and drigh,
 And left him there in sorrow to digh.

P. S.—This is a ligh.

Footlights.

KIRBY Q. CASEBOLT.

The footlights! O, yes! Those wonderful footlights! Most magnificent and marvelous conception of art and science; the only one of the infinite number of Senior air castles and pipe-dreams that assumed definite shape through our own efforts.

It was one of the problems of the stage manager of "All The Comforts of Home," as to how, during the progress of the play, the attention of the audience might be called to our feet, which, we assure you, vary greatly in size and shape. Footlights were the only solution that would throw any light on the subject; headlights being thrown out because, as some said, they did not answer the purpose. But I tell you confidentially that these same persons all wore hats with elastic hat bands which were sadly stretched. Headlights would have also necessitated green goggles which we could not afford.

So four busy spirits said to themselves and to each other, "We will ourselves plan and engineer this praise-worthy undertaking, and having done so, take all the credit gained by it; also the commission we might make from advertising numerous brands of shoes through the medium of light."

Harry and Tom harangued the school board and secured the necessary funds. Then, the principal difficulty being overcome, much time was consumed in discussing the advisability of throwing the light a few inches behind the actors' feet for a background; or to look the special warranted Blucher cut military heel, warranted for two weeks brand of shoe leather, straight in the eyelet. After consulting Prof. Bryant and Miss Manser, we chose the latter, and everything went smoothly for a while. . . . !! Dick, head-boss and saw-pusher, sawed through his shoe into his foot—great sorrow for Dick. His foot will mend, but unfortunately his shoe will not. . . . Intermission during which Dick cobbles his shoe. . . . A joyous time during which geometrical processes and formulas are discussed with fullness and ease that would delight a (Miss McDonald.) These were applied to chords of circles and music, though there is nothing circular about Tom, or anything musical about his conversation, "Heaven knows." . . . Everything progresses beautifully. Harry looks decidedly angelic; perhaps he has dreamed that Professor Bryant took him by the shoulder, and told him that at last there were some evidences of genius sprouting out from the fifth consultation, and that he was glad of it. . . .

We work on Saturdays now, and already have had a couple of delightful luncheons consisting of cut tacks fried, served with a salad of wire and strings; some railroad spikes stewed very tender, together

with cheese, bananas, and other indigestibles.

One evening as they were putting on the finishing touches, and enjoying the witty puns of the Flying Dutchman when, suddenly there rang through the hall a cry which caused him to pause and shudder and blanch with fear. "O my!" he lisped, "'It said come to supper.'" Well he fainted. I suppose it was concussion of the brain or something of the sort. The youthful Doctor Twyman, having left his diploma at home, could not diagnose the case, but when we put some petrified Limberger cheese under his nose, he revived very expeditiously, and started right on in the middle of a sentence in which it seems he had addressed the Spectre that had frightened him, Gradually his courage returned, and we managed to prop him up with a couple of scantlings so that he could address an invocation to the evil one in the balcony. This brought tears to the eyes of all present. The evil spirit left, partly out of compliment to the ode addressed to it, partly because it was chased out by those who had no faith in the burst of lyric poetry spouted by the Dutchman. I almost forget to mention that the Balance of Power got marooned in the gallery, and, in his terror, jumped into the pit (not the bottomless pit, however). After this we all escaped.



The Junior on The Junior.*

The Juniors are a pesky lot:
 Their feet are big, their heads are hot;
 In Geometry, they know it all;
 In History, they are sure to fall;
 In English, they go down ker-splash;
 In Latin, they are O, so rash!
 They are the greenest set alive,
 So many drones within a hive.
 No use for them to dig and cram,—
 Their heads are harder than a ram;
 Their heads are hard, their brains are soft,
 Because—they've pigeons in their loft.

*EDITORS' NOTE:—One day a meek little Junior walked up and handed us a slip of paper on which we found a few verses which were meant to be poetry. The second word in the first line, we could not quite make out. It either began Sen— or Jun—, and after much study, we discovered it to be an article on the Junior himself. At least we thought it made better sense with the word Junior inserted than any other.

Ne Vile fano.

ELLA ROSS.

Man has long been called a builder and his character a structure. The figure is an old, old one, but not less full of meaning for all that; for beautiful thoughts are like beautiful songs—the oftener they are sung and the older they grow, the more they mean to us. And what more beautiful thought than that we are raising a structure, aye, a temple, rearing it for eternity? It is a theme of which poets never tire, because it expresses the real meaning—it is so true. And it lies with us, the builders, what kind of temple we raise; whether it shall be “beautiful, entire, and clean.” This indeed is the ideal structure, this to “bring nothing base to the temple.” And remembering, that, as Carlyle says, “in reducing ideals to practice, great latitude of tolerance is needful,” still we may say that the man who has not this for his motto, this expressed in some way, is a character—not worthy of mention.

And how are we to direct our lives that we may live up to this ideal? First we must think pure thoughts. For every thought has its place in this temple building of ours. If we fill our memories with elevating thoughts, if we enrich our minds with noble sentiments, how can our temples but be glorified thereby? And nothing will enable us to do this, as will the association with Nature and with pure Literature. How wonderfully rich are they in all that is elevating and inspiring! When we have reached that height that we have trained our souls to see and to feel the beauty that lies in these, and to make them a part of our lives, there will be no room left in our temples for the little, the ugly. A mind crowded full of beautiful, ennobling thoughts will not hold the ugly. An ugly thought there has no harmony and will not exist. And if our minds are not full of these beautiful thoughts, if we are ever inclined to harbor an impure thought, let us remember that “All impressions made upon the mind are essentially indelible and imperishable,”—that whatever we allow to stay there for a moment, is there in its influence for all time. Then let us labor with this in view,—to fill our minds with the best the world contains, to the glorification of the temples we are rearing—for eternity.

And besides filling our minds with pure thoughts, we must fill our lives with lovely acts. However beautiful pure thoughts may be, lovely acts are more so. And in this structure we are raising, lovely acts are essential if we would have a noble temple. Well may a man be judged by his acts. If we say of a man, “he went about doing good,” we have paid him as high a compliment as man can wish for. And every little act of our goes, if ugly, to degrade, if noble to glorify these temples we are rearing. Then shall we not fill our lives with lovely acts? Shall

we not elevate our temples with beautiful deeds? Our temples will reveal how every day of our lives has been spent for

“Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.”

Then too as we build, let us remember for whose eye we are building; that it is a structure not for the eyes of man, but for the eye of God.

And may each of us, who has adopted this as a motto, truly and earnestly strive to “bring nothing base to the temple.” May we each be ennobled and elevated by our endeavors to live up to this ideal. In after years may we remember the motto we adopted for ours as boys and girls, and may one of the sweetest memories of our last year of High School life be linked with those three words: “Ne vile fano.”

A Word to the Juniors.

Now, dear Juniors, rash and hasty,
Here's a gentle word for you;
You are not the only folks who
Bite off more than you can chew.

Chew the cud of deep reflection,
Keeping out of every fight,
Till you learn to masticate more
Than you'll ever have to bite.

Soon your foolish ways will vanish,
You will be as other men;
Some day you'll shake hands with reason,
But you'll not be Juniors then.



Report of Debates.

“Wheels in heads, whirling with great velocity
 An hour's indulgence in much verbosity,
 Swinging their arms, sixty-thousand times a minute,
 Making a speech without a thing in it.”

History.

NOVEMBER 23, 1904.—Resolved: That Massachusetts was a better type
 of colony than Virginia.

LEADERS:—Affirmative, Eva Dickinson.
 Negative, Richard McCarroll.
 The affirmative won.

JANUARY 8, 1905.—Resolved: “That these United Colonies are, and of
 a right ought to be free and independent states.”

LEADERS:—Affirmative, Henry Bundschu.
 Negative, Harry G. Hunter.
 The affirmative won.

JANUARY 22, 1905.—Resolved: That America could have won her
 independence without the aid of France.

LEADERS:—Affirmative, Tom Twyman.
 Negative, Kirby Casebolt.
 The affirmative won.

English.

NOVEMBER 30, 1904.—Resolved: That Antonio would have made a
 more suitable husband for Portia, than Bassanio.

LEADERS:—Affirmative, Lulu Winn.
 Negative, Henry Bundschu.
 The affirmative won.

NOVEMBER 31, 1904.—Resolved: That Shylock and not Antonio, is the
 hero of the play “Merchant of Venice.”

LEADERS:—Affirmative, Harry G. Hunter.
 Negative, Eva Dickinson.
 The negative won.

JANUARY 25, 1905.—Resolved: That Macbeth's instigation to crime
 came from without rather than from within.

LEADERS:—Affirmative, Tom Twyman.
 Negative, Ella Ross.
 The affirmative won.

Americans and Nature.

KIRBY Q. CASEBOLT.

In pastoral times, that is when the world was some few thousand years younger than now, the peoples came closest to Nature. Then every man was either shepherd, farmer or fisherman, and, in his daily life, met constantly with Nature in her different guises and forms. With the growth of the world came its annals and legends, which are preserved for us in the tales of the early Nature poets. And as the world grew still more, empires rose and fell and centers of population changed; and man, who before had been satisfied with a few simple occupations, became engaged in a great number, multiplying as his wants became more numerous. Until, in this modern day, the only link between the average man and Nature is the thoughts of our Nature Poets. Although the modern individual may study Nature in a way, he does not interpret her in an original manner: he follows in the path of him whose interpretation pleases him most.

The nations of Europe, especially the French, Italians, Swiss and Hungarians, are poetical, intensely so, as one would expect from their long association with a pastoral and romantic life, and the teachings of their world-famous poets. They naturally bear Nature a stronger love and a better appreciation, than the people of a hustling, bustling, business nation like the United States. They are generally of a dreamy, contemplative nature and we, of the matter of fact, business like disposition, which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon the world over. So it is natural that the tie of Nature should influence them more than us, but it is not natural, no, it is a crime that we should, for the sake of the "almighty dollar," allow the destruction of the purest and most beautiful gifts of Nature to us.

About four years ago, it took a mighty and strenuous effort on the part of a few Nature lovers, to save the magnificent Palisades along the Hudson from the clutches of an army of avaricious contractors, who had secured a monopoly on their granite formations. For a few hundred thousand dollars, these so called men would have destroyed the beauty of perhaps the most beautiful river we have, aptly called the "Rhine of America." The effort of these worthy few called the whole East to their support and they won their battle.

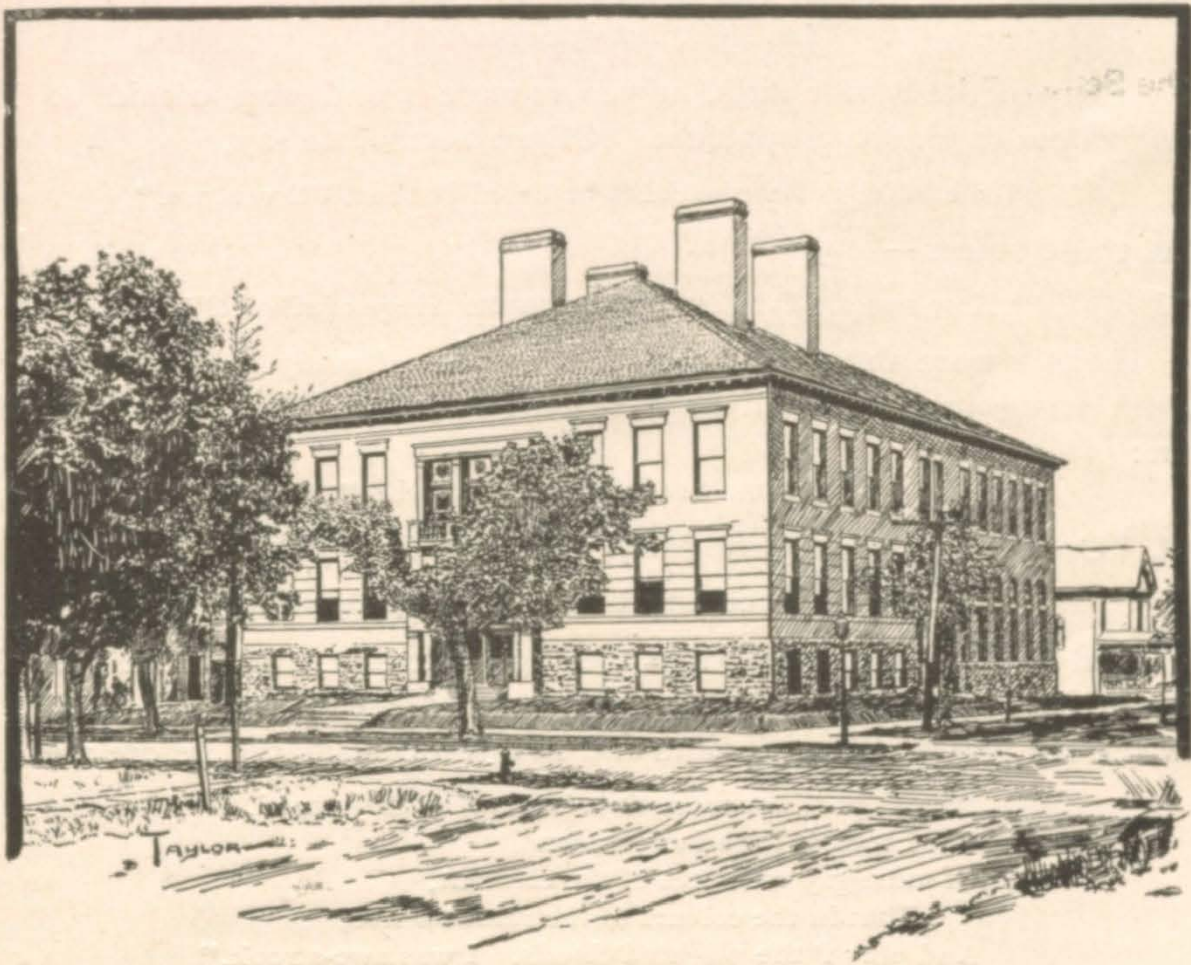
Lately the newspapers were agitating the question, whether the Government could interfere with the felling of the "Giant Redwoods" of California. A lumber corporation had got control of a great number of these trees and they coolly determined to saw them into lumber. Trees that probably saw the building of the pyramids, the overturning of Rome, the destruction of Babylon! The matter received the President's

attention and, since it is in his hands, we may assure ourselves that the matter is safe.

Still nearer to the feelings of the people of Independence lies the ruin and destruction of our own "Idlewild" or Macaulay Park, as it was once named. A few years ago there probably was not, in all Jackson county, a tract of more beautiful forest land, a nobler grove of magnificent trees. It was truly a "Titanic" grove. And now, a waste of charred and rotten stumps greets our eyes. A corn patch here, another there, a half dozen shanties scattered about, add to its desecrated look. The story is the same: ruthless contractors hewed and sawed the magnificent lords of the forest into posts and planks and pocketed their ill-gotten gains.

And this is not only a poetic, but also an economic question, for if the destruction of our forests goes on with no replenishing, we shall soon be without wood for even decorating purposes. We might well learn a lesson from the German Emperor who allows no tree to be cut down, unless another is planted.

Still, it is for all Americans to hope that the tendency, even among hard-headed business men, will change. Perhaps it is because our country is not yet ripe in age, that our feelings are not in their highest development. Yet of all the nations of the earth, ours, made the patriots efforts, should hold Nature to her heart, as one of her best and dearest possessions.



INDEPENDENCE HIGH SCHOOL.

"Pacing Toward the Other Goal."

JEANNE R. RHODES.

As the Senior Class and the High School in general have been talking and thinking only of basket ball for the last few weeks, everything I read or hear naturally seems to suggest that topic. As I was studying "Comus" and came across that line "Pacing toward the other goal," I naturally thought of the Juniors; of how their ball was pacing toward the other (the Senior) goal. As I had to select from the poem a "latter day" essay subject which applied to the Senior Class, I naturally decided to take this one.

Two times have the Seniors and Juniors and anyone else who cared to do so—gathered at that famous, dilapidated hall where the games are played. The Seniors range themselves along one side, the Juniors along the other.

"Rigour now is gone to bed;
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age and sour Severity
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
We (the Seniors) that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry Quire,

Come, knit hands and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round."

Many of the Senior girls, however, were timid and afraid to lift their voices in vigorous applause. Others seemed to say,

"Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest I'll venture."

And those voices—

"How sweetly did they float upon the wings of silence?"

If there were any timid Juniors, they stayed away. Each Junior's mouth was going like a bell clapper; each hand and foot was keeping time:

"The tumult of loud mirth was rife."

But, "O, poor hapless nightingales," thought I,

"How sweetly you sing, how near the deadly snare."

And as I mused the "wonted roar" grew louder, and "filled the air with barbarous dissonance." Looking toward the end of the hall, I saw the ten players—five Seniors and five Juniors arrayed before me.

"Their port was more than human, as they stood.
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-strook."

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That basket ball team was something for the High School to feel proud of, as they stood there in their ball costumes. But they were not inactive long. They ranged themselves on opposite sides, and then the excitement commenced. That "pig skin" danced around "swift as the sparkle of a glancing star." It was wonderful—the way in which those Senior boys seemed to be in a half dozen places at once. That ball seemed literally to glide away from the Juniors. It plainly showed its preference for the Seniors; it stuck with them throughout the games.

The Senior boys won, of course, both games by an overwhelming majority, and covered themselves with glory. The Juniors "of small regard to see, yet well skilled had but a moderate and beseeming share."

Poor Juniors! Slowly they wended their way homeward

"Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed."

As I looked at them—

"Silence, speechless as the grave,
Was all the sound I heard."

Our victories in basket ball merely serve to illustrate the fact that our class,

"May be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust foes, but not enthralled."

Lines to Grimalkin.

When hopes be downcast, and the mind hath its mood,
And demons sway the soul, then, nocturnal beast,
Thy loathed cry doth appeal to me,
For I do mock the world, as thou dost too.

From inky darkness, thy own habitations—
Where luming dire 'gainst the tenebrious shade,
Shaggy cliffs and charred stumps commerce
With smoky sky—thy fierce wail doth ensue.

At midnight, beneath Orion's trembling gaze,
When fallen hath Diana, and on cypress bow,
The hoot owl drones his sorrowful whoo,
Then, doth thou sing old Hecate's praise anew.

O brindle skinned destroyer of harmonies,
Disturber of night's peaceful love melodies,
Devil gifted, harsh voice of discord,
Whine on, O louder, than thou ere didst mean.

—"Bunch."

Athletics.

R. H. McCARROLL.

Rip! Row! Ree!
 Rip! Row! Ree!
 Independence High School
 Yes! Sir! Ree!

Another year is passed and still the hope and dream of every boy student at the High School is not yet realized; nor does it appear to be any nearer realization than it was ten years ago. What is this hope that has been, and is still, the dream of every high school boy's heart? It is that the school would soon have an Athletic Department added to its already splendid course of study. How long this hope is to remain a mere dream, depends very largely, upon the student body itself. The Independence High School ranks exceedingly well with the other high schools of the state, as an educational institution, and there is no reason why it should not have a high place in the athletic world. There has been a stronger athletic spirit manifested at the school this year than ever before, and it is to be hoped that this spirit will continue to grow until the students shall have realized their dream.

In what way has this spirit been manifested, and what are the results of the manifestation? It was in the organization of three class basket ball teams, the Senior, Junior and Sophomore. Neither of these teams played any other schools, but they played each other several hard games, all of which were well played. The Seniors proved themselves to be the champions by winning all the games they played. They took the Juniors into camp twice, the first score being 34 to 16, and the second, 34 to 14. The Juniors had defeated the Sophomores, and for this reason the Seniors did not play them. The Seniors also defeated a team picked from the whole school by a score of 22 to 16 and thus established their claim to the championship of the school. Hubert Allen was the star of the Senior team, and the good record of the team is largely due to his playing ability. Twyman and Adams also played a very fast game for the Seniors. For the Juniors, Morton Chiles and Alexander McCoy were the stars, and for the Sophomores, well,—they were all stars (shooting stars). At all of the games the classes gave their respective teams hearty support. This was most especially true of the Junior girls, as they would not stop yelling—

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Rix!
 What's the matter with old '06,
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Ra!
 Old '06 is all O. K.

even when their team was being defeated. The Seniors gave their team

excellent support in a manner similar to this;

Chi Bima! Chi Bina!
Chi Bim! Bom! Bah!
'05 Seniors
Rah! Rah! Rah!

The result of these games was to arouse a strong class spirit, and at the same time, a friendly school spirit. It is one of those kind that always bring about results and time will show what this one will do for the High School.

There is no reason why the High School cannot have an athletic department. It is a reflection upon the school that it does not have one. Of course there are some disadvantages in having such a department in a high school, but the advantages far exceed the disadvantages. The main argument against High School athletics, is that it takes the student's time and mind away from his books too much, but this statement is refuted by the fact that in a well regulated department, a student must have a certain average in his studies, before he can take part in the athletics. There are a great many arguments in favor of it; but the best one is that a healthy body makes a strong mind. It also creates a strong school spirit. It makes the students feel proud of their school and take pride in going to school there.

The basis of all good athletic departments is an Athletic Board. This is what the High School needs, and it needs such a one as will take an interest in the work. Then there ought to be a well equipped gymnasium and an athletic field. A good physical instructor should then be placed in charge of the gymnasium. The total cost of such a department would not exceed \$2,000 per year, and possibly after the first year, the expenses could be cut down to less than one thousand per year. The city of Independence could well afford to support such a department as this, and it is a disgrace that it does not do so. Nothing the Board of Education could do would be more appreciated than would the establishment of such a department; nor would it be long before the students would show the public the advantage of it.

The school has received several letters from other high schools this year, wishing to arrange for base ball games, but it cannot accept them. It is not from the lack of material, because there is always a large number of athletes at school; it is because the boys do not receive any encouragement. If they had a little, it would bring about great results. Not such encouragement, however, as is given by some of our most enterprising citizens. They think it is encouragement to greet the boys with an expression something to this effect; "Get off my ground, you are killing my grass, get off or I'll have you pulled." Or perhaps they will send the man who wears the blue coat and brass buttons out to see how fast the boys can run. It would sound so different, yet so fine, to hear a crowd of boys telling how the last game of foot ball was won or lost. We might hear such an expression as this, "That Allen boy certainly played a hard game Saturday," or perhaps on Saturday,

we should hear something like this: "Independence's ball, second down and three yards to gain," a pause and then "eight, seven, three," and then another pause which would be followed by,

Rip! Row! Ree!
Rip! Row! Ree!
Independence High School
Yes! Sir! Ree!

Will the High School ever have an athletic department? Yes sir, ree! But for the present it must remain a mere dream; however, let us hope that it will soon be a reality.

Our Study of Fiction.

LULU MAY WINN.

At the present day, an author who has a lesson to teach, or a reform to promote, or a truth or a principle to establish, does not hope to do it through a book, unless he can make it entertaining enough to be popular. In the fact that the novel has been siezed upon, the world over, to fill numerous offices, is shown how naturally it is adapted to the needs of the age.

In the seventeenth century Samuel Richardson wrote the first novel of domestic life. "Every noble life," Ruskin says, "leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the works of the world." So when the idea had been grasped of depicting men and women, as men and women, and not as impossible dreams, it seemed so simple, so applicable to all phases of life, that the amazing rapidity with which it spread should cause little wonder.

History records a primitive love for the story. It is to fiction that the races turn, in their childhood, by a seemingly united instinct. The barbarian personifies every rock and stone; mythology explains every star, every flower and leaf; it has a history for every stream and for every season. The little Egyptian girl or boy was never naughty when promised the story of "Jack, the Giant Killer," or "Cinderella." The war-like Greeks were urged on to greater effort by the heroic examples given them in the "Iliad" and the "Odyessy," when the immortal gods championed their cause. Even the grim Englishman, on his barren moors, who waged a violent and unending war with the forces of men and nature, had, with all his animal ferocity and brutal energy, a naturally poetic instinct. This is shown by a glimpse into their banquet halls. The gleemen stood in a place apart—the forerunners of our literature. But the gleemen were not the only singers at the banquet: the king, or thane, or old warrior, told the stories of his youth; it is

here that we find the beginning of the English novel. The "Beowulf" is the forerunner of the novel; indeed, all the great mass of myths and fairy tales have their influence on the later novel.

The medieval romances—the early form of the novel—came into England with the Norman conquest; but generally the romance stories were untrue to life; they were false and exaggerated. However, step by step, the novel has advanced until at the present day, "It is the medium through which mind speaks to minds upon matters ranging from the greatest to the least moment."

The historical perspective diminishes. The figures approach more closely. They no longer loom in the mists of antiquity, grand, imposing, tremendous; we are transported to our own circle of modern fiction writers. To our English Scott, Thackeray, Dickens and Eliot; to our American Irving, Cooper, Poe and Hawthorne.

These authors' works are immeasurably superior to all writers who preceded them. The earlier writings gave exaggerated pictures of life; and thus bestowed but little benefit upon the reader. The great central development of the novel has been upon the line of character study. English readers can see this best in George Eliot, in whose books we see the characters of common-place men and women. We begin to sympathize with the human race—to understand and study them.

It is the great writers and their great books that we study in our English course. Some people have the peculiar belief that our English study of fiction is the mere reading of books; that we can receive no possible benefit from the study of fiction, but much harm. These persons have shut their eyes to the beauty in fiction, and are thus deprived of great pleasures. For we study fiction, realizing that "the most influential books and the truest in their influence are works of fiction." That to study fiction is to study life; that the character study is the greater part of a novel; and that through it we shall become acquainted with our human kind. Realizing this we begin our study of the best authors of English literature.

We learn to know Scott, who, in his historical novel, brings all times before us, from the Crusades to the Stuarts. We could never have our intensely vivid pictures of Queen Elizabeth, of Queen Mary, or of the enthusiastic sentiments of our ancestors, if it were not for Scott's wonderful Waverley novels—the treasures of every library. We go to Dickens who shows us through his books the life of the poor; and he makes us sympathize with every little bootblack and chimneysweep in England. In his "Tale of Two Cities," he brings home the horrors of the French revolution to his readers; while at the same time he makes them pity and justify the French Revolutionists, and feel compassion for the people they are murdering. We learn to know George Eliot who acknowledged that her mission was to show the possibilities of moral greatness on the part of every commonplace man or woman. We see the souls of these people and after her characterization

of them, we then can answer her question, "What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult for each other?" In our Irving study, we learn of the scenery of our beautiful Hudson. We find that our country is as rich in picturesque scenery and queer old legends as any European country; and we feel, after reading his short stories, that "It is always good to know, if only in passing, charming human beings. It refreshes one like flowers, and woods and clear brooks." With Cooper we learn to admire the red men; with him we find much to admire in the primeval ruler of the forest; and from Cooper we get a striking picture of the trapper and the pioneer. With Poe our imaginations are developed and without this we could never enjoy our study of poetry. Poe's tales are wonderful works of beauty and art. With him we experience all moods from wild, passionate joy to passive despairing grief. From him we learn the art of description in its minutest detail. We learn from Hawthorne to study the inner, spiritual life of man. We learn much about our New England kinsmen—of the witchcraft persecutions and of their early moral struggles. We see that the lesson is that, "Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."

Is it of much moment then to question the benefit we receive from fiction? This one reason would be enough: to one who loves books, it deepens the love; to one who does not care for books, it begins the desire. But there are also other benefits bestowed. Our best way to study characters is to put ourselves in their places; to fight with them their battles, and conquer with them their temptations. The poorest student realizes by their study the conflicts that take place in a human soul. Our authors teach us lessons which, however reluctant we may be to learn, are impressed upon us as we grow older. With our study we learn to love human nature, to pity its follies and respect its good qualities. Fiction brings to us the study of beautiful characters, an ideal for our own lives which we must "cherish as the traveler cherishes the north star, and keep the guiding light pure and bright and high above the horizon."

And so, realizing this, we go on without fear of harm into that beautiful country of fiction land, "which if it were not that the skies are bluer, the good people better, and the bad people worse, one might mistake for our own world. Long ago is now, tomorrow comes today, and it is but a step from pole to equator. The people, too, never turn one from the door." Go on, students, and explore this land to your heart's content; explore its valleys and mountains, its towns and cities, and may you bring back from your journey lessons both ideal and practical. Go, and a pleasant time to you.



The Awarding of Prizes.

EVA DICKINSON.

"Yet there be some that by due steps aspire"

As I read this line of Milton's "Comus," I thought of the awarding of prizes in schools, and the accompanying evils of such customs. I thought how many a student's sole aspiration is to gain the prize, awarded in some contest, that will never do him any practical good, or help him after the halo has dimmed and at last ceased to shine.

The word "prize" comes from the French, and originally meant something captured by force, stratagem, or superior power. Now it stands for an honor or reward, striven for in a competitive contest, or something won by chance. I really think that the word at the present day, has more in it of the old meaning than of the new, because of the dishonesty often occasioned by the determination to win. Those interested will resort to any means to attain the reward either for themselves or their friend. The awarding of prizes instigates cheating which otherwise the contestants would not think of. I do not maintain that this applies to everyone who enters a contest or to everyone who conducts one, for "some there be that by due steps aspire" to win a prize.

There are more important reasons than the above, why prizes should not be awarded in schools. Think of the heart burnings and disappointments that always go hand in hand with the awarding of a prize! For instance once upon a time, after weeks and months of study and hours of writing, a girl was notified that she stood at the head, and had reached the goal for which she had been striving. But alas! the papers were called in again; some mistake had been made in grading, and by a difference of one fourth, the honor was laid at the feet of another. I dare say this girl has never forgotten the injustice done her.

The rivalry that takes place during a contest tears asunder many ties of friendship, and substitutes envy and jealousy, where comradeship had once reigned supreme. The main argument I have against the awarding of prizes is, that it changes the end or ideal of study, which should be to know rather than to win.

I should be heartily in favor of giving the student, with the highest average grade for his four years' course, a reward of merit. Then there would be a general, additional, and continual interest shown by every pupil, devoid of all fraud; and a larger number of graduates would take their places at commencement with the invaluable good health, which nature had bestowed on them. The real object of schooling is to teach us how to study, and we shall never be able to appreciate the reward until we have traveled the path and learned all we could. Then it is time to look for the reward, which is to be true enjoyment and

pleasure in knowing, rather than a little piece of gold, with an inscription that, perhaps, does not coincide with the means by which it was won.

Some may say that it kindles the sluggish to exertion and encourages them to study; but in nine cases out of ten this is not so. Those who will not work of their own will are too indolent to do so because of some trifling prize. Then perhaps the one who is most worthy of the honor is disqualified by excitement and nervousness. I am sure if we could hear some of the experiences of those who have entered competitive contests, we should say—

“I'll never wrestle for prize more.”

Looking Backward.

HARRY G. HUNTER.

A man climbs to the summit of a great hill; a position for which he has labored long and earnestly. Once on the summit, he stops to survey the valley below him. He sees there the path that he has traveled, as it winds round rocks and through hollows, and ascends the hillside to his present position. He records, as accurately as possible, the incidents of the journey as they are suggested by the turns and twists of the path; what he writes becomes history. Then he resumes his journey into the unknown region that lies before him. So with the class of 1905; it has labored for four years to occupy the heights upon which it is now encamped, but which it must too soon abandon to enter into the struggle with the future. It is hoped that these few lines will, in after years, bring happy remembrances of our high school work.

Every state in our nation has had its colonial or formative period, during which time the inhabitants were directly under the supervision of a greater power—the Federal Government. When the colony, or territory as it is now termed, fulfilled certain requirements, it was admitted into the Union as a self-governing state; thus making the inhabitants indirectly responsible to the Federal Government. So with the new “state” in our Central High School, “’05.” For two years, September 15, 1901 to October 19, 1903, it was a “territory” with “settlers” directly acted upon by the “Federal Government,” (the school officials and faculty) but when their “Commonwealth” fulfilled the required conditions, it was admitted as a “state,” and now has its own Legislative and Executive bodies, with the “people” indirectly under the control of “Congress.”

The “colonial” history of this “state” is so interwoven with the records and annals of “Congress” that it is impossible to get any clear view of the ideas and feelings of the “people;” save, as tradition tells us, they stood off in groups and wondered if the “territory” could ever

become a "state."

After becoming a "state" on October 19, 1903, new problems faced the members of the new "Commonwealth of '05;" problems that, at times, promised to prevent any harmony from existing among the "people" who were, at various times, on the verge of civil strife when momentous questions were to be decided. For instance, some one would say that Antonio would have made a better husband for Portia than Bassanio, or that Shylock, rather than Antonio, is the hero of "The Merchant of Venice." Such statements as these, some people upheld while others opposed. The result was, of course, work for the "lawyers" and "debaters" of the "state;" the decisions were rendered by judges or the "Legislature." Although these questions seem rather personal, they were the means of "'05" getting some of the finest speeches in "The Congressional Records."

The "state" has not passed through these two years without having several "critical periods." The first of these occurred on November 2, 1903, when the people decided, by popular vote, that they must have "state" colors. So after much discussion, the "populace," declared for the "green and gold"—those famous colors under which the "state" has gained its position.

The next business of great and general importance was the choice of an emblem by which the "citizens" would be known in "foreign" countries. Many of the great "merchants" of the world sent in designs; also an ex-member of the "Legislature" sent in one of his own construction. The last mentioned was accepted, and the state had the distinction of being the first in the "Union" to design its own "seal." The motto, *Ne Vile Fano* was chosen by popular vote on February 14, 1905, after much heated discussion.

On October 26, 1903, the first "state" election was held and Mr. Henry Bundschu was elected to the highest office in the gift of the people. Mr. Bundschu's administration proved satisfactory, consequently he was re-elected at the second "state" election on September 22, 1904. (For other officers see class roll). On November 11, 1904 a special election was held to choose a staff for the "official state paper"—THE GLEAM. Miss Eva Dickinson was chosen, Editor-in-Chief. (For her assistants see roll).

During the period of "state-hood," '05 has entertained several times. On May 20, 1903, it entertained its "sister state;" '04, in the Central High School Auditorium. The event was a success and inspired the "state" to undertake entertainments for the "supporters of the Federal Government." These entertainments were, "All the Comforts of Home," given December 12, 1904 and "What Became of Parker," given March 6, 1905. Friday, October 11, 1904, was declared a "legal holiday" by the "Federal Government," consequently the "state" called a "mass meeting" at Fairmount Park. After the business was all discharged, the "citizens" enjoyed an afternoon of frolic and fun. Although these "state functions" had been successful socially, their

result politically, was greater. They drew the people into a closer bond of union and breathed into them a "public spirit" which is the secret of the rise of "'05" to its high position among the older "Commonwealths."

As the "state" looks forward, it faces that great problem—the future. It can occupy its present position only a little while longer; then it must dissolve and move forward, not as a "state" but as individuals—each "citizen" for himself. In the future, each one must fight his own battle. He cannot depend upon the "community" to help him execute his motto, but must do it himself. When eventually, each person takes "his chamber in the silent halls of Death," let it be said of him, "He brought nothing base to the temple."



Ode To The Exams.

O! In the days of yore,
The Seniors jammed, their heads they crammed
With books of ancient lore;
Tired their heads, tired their hands,
Fell prostrate on the floor.

Then into the Room of 4
The Seniors met, then did they fret
Miss Brown's question o'er;
Algebra yet, now Geo-met-
Ry is such an awful bore.

Option, so like a finch
In a hole very deep, Oh my! so steep;
"I'd like to have a winch"
Saith our Henry, "Oh my! quoth he
This is no leadpipe cinch."

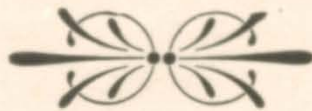


Senior Class Meeting: 2:30 Sharp.

IMPORTANT.

Of course it was important—everything we do is important, and we look important even when we are not so in the slightest degree. No attention was paid to the "sharp" however, and it was fully 3 p. m., before all the kinds of people that make up a Senior Class had meandered into one of our many class rooms. What was to be our mascot? Truly a momentous question.

With a great deal of solemnity, Tom nominated a little coon who frequents Maple Ave. Harry followed with Mrs. Schaefer. A hot discussion ensued. Some agreed that the "Pickaninny" would be cute all right but too homely; others, that Mrs. Schaefer would be beautiful, but could be cute—nevermore. Finally, as a compromise, we decided on a little black kitten, for it would not only be beautiful but always playful. Kirby was appointed custodian and trainer of the mascot, since he has a passion for all cats in general, and Poe's "Black Cat" in particular. He seems to have acquitted himself very well, for next day a few Seniors, passing the Staff Room door, heard something like this: "Pore, itti bitsi kitti cat, tum one hurt its itti bitti paw, leta Kirby bind ti up in him itti handkerchief—" and the eavesdroppers fainted.



Speed on wherever God's angel may guide thee;
No fancy can dream, and no language can tell,
What faith and what blessings walk ever beside thee,
In the depth of our love, as we bid thee farewell.

Study of Literature--Its Value.

(First Prize Essay).

MATTIE J. McCOY.

“Wondrous and awful were thy silent halls,
O kingdom of the Past!
There lay the bygone ages in their palls,
Guarded by shadows vast.”

Yes, until the Muse, tired by the long spell of darkness, spoke; ‘sweep away the shadow and let there be light.’ Immediately there sprang up the Beings who obey her voice, and they created Literature, Literature—the mightiest revealer; the strongest reflector of the lives and thoughts of a people that the world has ever seen; a mirror, in which we may, throughout our lives, watch the nations one by one, pass, as a long caravan offering us their choicest treasures;—treasures, guarded for centuries by the hands of their poets and authors. In fact all Literature is a gorgeous casket, in which are preserved the wondrous and lofty halls of the Kingdom of the Past, so life like and in such beautiful forms that we never tire of gazing, and, only pausing now and then to take a deeper look, we pass on with pleasure and wonder.

The oldest of these halls, in the Kingdom of the Past, would naturally be described in that form of literature known as poetry. For “poetry is the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination; the art of doing, by the means of words what the painter does by the means of color.” As the imagination is strongest in children, so in the childhood of a nation the imagination of its people is at its highest development; they are superstitious and readily believe in witchcraft, sorcery and supernatural power. Thus their writers were poets and poetry would most appeal to these people,—a people who, as Macauley says, felt that they must act out every piece they read.

These early poets were inspired by Nature. How could it have been otherwise? Inspiration comes from a higher power and Nature was their god. In Persia the chief deity was the sun; the Chaldeans worshipped the moon and the stars; and the Greeks believed all nature was animated by a spirit, some god or goddess. Therefore these writings inspired by nature, would be uplifting; they would give us beautiful thoughts, and would teach a deep love and appreciation of the beauty in God’s world. Who can read Homer without feeling that he is in a mighty temple; who does not feel the grandeur thrill his very soul? Who can read Aeschylus without his imagination being stirred,

without feelings that he is in another world? And the mighty Virgil! does he not carry his reader with him, cannot the student almost see Neptune rising from the sea and shaking his trident in his awful wrath? Yes, all this and more, is depicted by the earlier poets and gives the value to their work.

Yet even greater is the value of the poetry inspired by humanity. The poet of this class shows us what man is, can, and ought to be. In Milton's poetry we have pictured the ideal life of a man and the beautiful solemnity of our lives. He also shows us the beauty of words, so that we realize as never before, that we as the possessors of the English language are wealthy beyond all count. In the dramas of Shakespeare we see life as it truly is, all its tragedy, all its comedy, all its beauty. "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "King Lear" fire our imagination and cause us to consider some of the greatest moral subjects. We begin to question as Hamlet in that wonderful soliloquy

"To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them?"

The "Midsummer Night's Dream" puts us into fairy land and we sit and dream, until called back to earth and its realities by the love of a friend like Antonio, the beauty and intellect of a maid like Portia, or the awful cruelty of a Shylock.

Thus we see that poetry has a wonderful influence; that without it we would be narrow; that we would never see the beauties and wonders of the world, and that the most beautiful and majestic halls in the Kingdom of the Past would remain shrouded in shadows for us, and we could not say "Beauty is its own excuse for being" because we could not think so.

As civilization advances this Kingdom of the Past expands, other halls are added on. And as these other things grow, Literature must grow also—it must find new forms by which to tell of these mighty halls. The thoughts of the people have been poetic, now they become prosaic: Now the essayist, the biographer, the historian, the writer of books of travel and the novelist are come into their own, now is their appointed time.

The essayist, how beautiful yet how weighty is his work, when he voices his thought in a scientific, an historical or a critical essay, he seems to know just what to say in order to please mankind. As the world progresses, and 'rushes into light,' as civilization marches on, and as it becomes 'daybreak everywhere,' knowledge accumulates and it is easy for a man to gather together all the truth concerning a scientific or philosophical subject and give them to the world in a treatise which shall make him famous. And as the beacon lights of history and literature became numerous, many critical essays are written. Then it was that Macaulay wrote his great essays;

that Ruskin gave us "Sesame and Lillies;" Carlyle, "Heroes and Hero-Worship;" and that Emerson produced "Representative Men." The finest biographers, Boswell, Lockhart and Holmes, wrote during this period, each concerning the life of him he loved best. Macaulay, Fiske and Green were the great historians. It is by reading them that we gain a familiarity with people and times which we can get in no other way.

Without these, books of travel would never had been written; for it is history that makes places famous. Who would care about the little village of Stratford-on-Avon, if Shakespeare had not lived there? Then likewise knowing that it was once the home of Shakespeare, who would not care to visit it? We long to see the views of ancient Greece and Rome, we grow hungry for one glance at the Pyramids; we would give anything to see just one corner of Westminster Abbey. And as we count over all the historical places we should like to see, we think of the homes of our favorite characters of fiction, and we feel that we must find them though we know not where to look.

Lovely and extensive is that wonderful region of fiction land. Here we see men of high degree as Bulwer's pictures pass before us. Then as we open George Eliot's works, we see the great middle class—the common people. She shows us the comedy and the tragedy, the beauty and the pathos, which dwell even in the humblest life. Who can persuade himself that there is no village of Raveloe? Indeed we almost expect to find Dolly Winthrop, Godfrey Cass and Silas Marner there to welcome us. Then Dicken's stories rise up before us, picturing the slums and a most peculiar class of people. We see the sign "Dombey & Son," we hear Mr. Squeers instructing his boys, and we feel as if we could find Old Curiosity shop even in the dark. And so through the long list of fiction writers; how valuable is their work; they have illuminated all the bygone ages, they have given us pictures of the people of all times, they have shown us, and truly, what life is and has always been.

When the Greeks sent the news of the fall of Troy to Maecenas, they built a fire on the nearest hill, the guard on the next hill built another and so on until it could be seen at Agememnon's home. Just so from mountain top to mountain top, the world's great Literature has been carried on; from mountain top to mountain top, the fire has been kept burning, until all the bygone ages are lighted up, and nothing lies in darkness. May the mountain range never cease, may there never be a time when there is no great man, poet or author, towering above his race like a mountain peak to carry the wonderful revelation on; and above all may our age not be the one that lacks a poet, an essayist, a biographer, an historian or an author to keep her memory green forever.

Problems For Government.

(Second Prize Essay.)

RICHARD H. McCARROLL.

Every era of history has brought forth some new and great problems of government. That these problems have been solved, history bears witness. Some have been solved by compromise, some by the ballot, and others have been solved upon the battle-field. That the present period of American history is no exception to the rule, is proved by the number of great governmental questions, which confront the American public of to-day—questions that must be solved. To attempt to prophesy the manner in which these great problems will be solved would be useless; but to state how they should be solved would be comparatively easy. It is to be hoped, however, that the days of Civil warfare are passed, and that a less costly and more humane solution may be found. Never, since the Rebellion, has the government of the United States been confronted with so many great political questions as it is at the present time, and, as the years go by and the country grows in wealth and importance, the number increases; the questions themselves expand and become more and more complex, until they almost defy solution. Several have lately assumed an aspect so grave as to threaten the very foundation of the government, and the American public is rightfully demanding an immediate solution of these problems.

What are the great political evils that are aiming to destroy the two most sacred principles of American government, liberty and justice? For an answer to this question we must give the political evils that are proving most dangerous to the general welfare of our great commonwealth. There are many such problems demanding solution, but there are four that stand out more prominently than the rest, namely, the trusts, the protective tariff system, corruption in politics, or boodle, and foreign immigration.

The first of these, the trust evil, is now before the bar of public opinion. Society has returned its verdict. The trusts have been found guilty of the most flagrant violations of the laws of God and man. The sentence is yet to be passed upon them. What shall it be? The greatest evil that grows out of the trusts is the combination of capital, for money is power. The great corporations of the country have united their interests until they have secured monopolies on the necessities of life, such as coal, meat, sugar and wool, which the masses are compelled by necessity to purchase at the trust's own price, and thus great wealth has been concentrated within the control of comparatively few men, and when this is done much power is also placed in their hands and this prevents that equality of man for which our government is

pledged. It makes it possible for a few men to control the great industries of the world, and thereby prevents honest competition. The Standard Oil trust is the best example of what a power trusts become. This great trust not only controls the oil industry, but it holds the controlling interest in many other large corporations in the United States. The steel trust is also a good example of the power the trusts wield when left undisturbed. They can control the prices on all articles manufactured or produced by the various branches of the trusts, and if an independent firm opens up a business, the trusts will either merge its business or force it out altogether. They do not give the smaller companies a chance to make an honest living by honest means, because they can undersell them on all articles they produce or handle. The trusts have become the money power of the United States. They now control, or attempt to control, legislation whenever their interests are involved, and if a bill is brought up that is not favorable to them, it usually gets no farther than the committee room. The employees of these trusts are virtually slaves. They are forced to buy their food and clothing from the company's stores at the company's price. They are also required to vote as the company directs if they expect to remain in their employ. The trusts' greed for gain is insatiable and ever now and then, they attempt to swell their profits by a reduction in the price of wages. A reduction, since labor has organized to secure better wages and shorter hours, is usually followed by a great strike with the usual destruction of life and property. In the great Pullman strike of 1894, we see the proof of this statement. Another proof is the great strike at Coal Creek, Tenn., in 1892. This struggle between capital and labor has increased to such an extent lately, that we have strikes almost every year. The trusts bring up that old question that has been before the world for the past thousand years,—is it right for a few men to be allowed to dictate to thousands of others what they shall do? The answer the American people are giving to this question is, "No," for is not our government based upon the broad principals of democracy? Is not this a government of the people, for the people, by the people? The trust evil, if not destroyed, threatens to make this country an aristocracy or an oligarchy. It threatens to destroy the liberty that our forefathers won for us in the Revolutionary War, and which has been so carefully fostered ever since by the great statesmen of our country.

Another old yet great problem is the protective tariff system. This question has been before the public ever since 1789, or since the the passing of the first tariff law. The first tariff law was passed for the purpose of raising revenue for the support of the government. The large war debt that had accumulated during the Revolutionary War, and the government's needs, made it necessary for such a law to be passed. In 1816 another tariff law, brought about by the War of 1812, was passed, which was intended to protect the "infant industries" of the United States against the competition of European manufactories,

and, strange to say, not considering the marvelous growth of the American manufacturing industry since that time, the tariff is still protecting the "infant industries" of the United States. The first tariff law was necessary, as the manufacturing industries were weak and needed protection, but they have since grown until, now, they can defy all competition, and, therefore they no longer need protection. The tariff of 1828 fastened the institution of "protection" upon the American people, and it has been a source of trouble ever since, for it is a notable fact that it is next to impossible to abolish a tariff once imposed upon an article.

The American manufacturers claim that, but for the protective tariff, foreign countries could undersell them. They give as their principal reason for this, the cheap labor to be had in Europe, but this statement is refuted by the fact that the large manufactories employ great numbers of these foreigners, at virtually the same wages as the European manufactories pay them. Another proof that protection is no longer needed, is that the Americans are underselling the English manufactories in their own country and elsewhere. For example, an American made sewing machine can be bought in England for about two-thirds of the price that the same machine would cost in America. Another proof of this statement is the comparative prices charged in America and Europe for steelrails and many other articles manufactured by the great steel trust.

We can find many other examples in proof of the statement, and they show us that we Americans are having to pay higher prices for the necessities of life just because there is no foreign competition. Is there any justice in a tariff law like the McKinley tariff bill of 1890, which placed higher duties upon many of the chief necessities of life such as blankets, cotton-cloth, cutlery, eggs, wool-cloth and other articles used by the poor? A tariff like this inflicts a terrible hardship upon the working class of people, as the tax is on the things they need and must have, thus increasing the cost of living without a corresponding increase in wages. The tariff laws would advance proportionally, but wages do not advance, and this makes it next to impossible for the working man to pay his honest debts. The tariff laws favor a few at the expense of the many; they destroy legislative independence, they establish a favored class, and therefore, they are unjust and should be repealed.

There is still another problem that is almost as hard to solve as the tariff question. The question is: How to prevent corruption in politics, or in other words, how to stop boodling? What is boodle? Webster terms it a bribe, or money given for a political purpose, but some of the American legislators have seen fit to define it "getting-rich-quick," or the placing of personal gain above public trust and honor. In some sections of the country, the boodle evil has become so great that no law is passed unless the legislators are paid a large price or passing it. Such work prevents just legislation, and, therefore,

jeopardizes our liberty and it places large corporations in control of the legislatures. It leads to that dangerous evil of "machine politics" that began in Jackson's administration, and thus places great political power in the hands of a few unscrupulous men. When money gets control of legislation, just and equal laws can no longer be enacted and it is here where the evil becomes most dangerous, and will, if not stopped, destroy the corner stone of our government,—justice. Does not the history of Rome show us the danger arising from corrupt politics? Did not the corruption of that historical old body, the Roman Senate, lead, in the end, to the fall of great the Rome Republic? What boodle can do in one period of history, it can and surely will do in another. Do we Americans want history to record the fact that the Republic of United States fell through the instrument of boodle? Every true and patriotic American is bound to answer "No," and to stand up to denounce and fight against this evil until it be destroyed.

Foreign immigration presents another formidable question. There is a class of people immigrating to this country that is very undesirable. They bring with them the principles of anarchy. That they are a dangerous element was proved by the assassination of President McKinley by one of this class of immigrants. These people are unused to the liberty we enjoy and after being here a while, they become restless and refuse to be bound even by our just and equitable laws. A great many of the strikes are caused by just such people as these immigrants. They will work for less wages than an American can afford to work for, and in this way, they reduce the price of wages. The Government should pass more stringent immigration laws at once, to keep these foreigners out of the country, for if they continue to come here, there will be no end to the trouble they will cause.

After having seen some of the great problems of government that have to be solved, we naturally ask,—How are they to be solved? The best and surest way is by means of the ballot, the Americans' best weapon with which to oppose the forces of fraud and tyranny. The ballot is the American citizen's safe guard of liberty, and if the voters of the land will only use the power that is already in their hands, the settlement of these great questions of government will be satisfactory to all, and the great evils that threaten the government will be destroyed forever.



To The Class of 1905:

WM. L. C. PALMER.

Success in life must not be measured by accumulations of material wealth nor by the plaudits of the crowd. Every man has not the same resources nor the same opportunities. Our responsibilities exist only to the extent of our proper use of natural endowments. Daily new questions arise, and we are confronted by new issues which call for the highest exercise of discrimination and judgment.



W. L. C. PALMER,
Superintendent City Schools.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

When we recall these lines of the great poet, we long for the gift of vision which will enable us to recognize the tide when it comes, confident that youth and hope will give us courage and strength to press forward to the goal.

The members of the class of 1905 are about to launch their separate barques upon an untried sea. In spite of a strong arm at the oar and a

firm hand at the rudder, wind and wave will often-times divert each youthful mariner from his course. But the light of intelligence will enable him to read his chart aright, and if he is willing to be guided by the pilots, Patience, Perseverance, and Virtue, he will ride safely and triumphantly into harbor.

The man who never comes in contact with the world's hard knocks is like the hot-house plant suddenly exposed to the noon-day sun. Opposition is often the greatest stimulus to healthful growth. We acquire strength by meeting and over-coming resistance. We should feel encouraged, therefore, on account of temporary defeats and reverses of fortune. These seem necessary to the highest development of character.

If we would win what is worthy of our highest effort, we must have the courage to face unpopularity and abuse when we stand on the platform of right. He who is no more than a reed shaken by the wind, is not worthy of the victor's crown. Emerson says, "I know no such unquestionable badge and ensign of a sovereign mind as that tenacity of purpose which, through all change of companions, or parties, or fortunes, changes never, bates no jot of heart or hope, but wearies out opposition and arrives at its port." Such tenacity of purpose animated and guided by wisdom and virtue and truth, let me hope will constitute the arms and the armor of each one of you as you go forth to fight life's battles. As metal is rendered pure by contact with fire, may each conflict with bitter experience and disappointment leave each one of you better and stronger. We sometimes struggle to behold that which can be revealed to us only through suffering. Sir Launfal wandered through many lands, encountering many hardships and privations, only to find the Holy Grail at last inside his castle gate. Do not spend the best years of your life in deciding upon your mission. Waste no time in idle dreaming. The world is yours with its vast opportunities for service to God and man confronting you at every step. Go forth now and claim your inheritance.





Robert D. Mize, Treas



John A. Sea, President,



John W. Davis, Secretary,



B. Zick

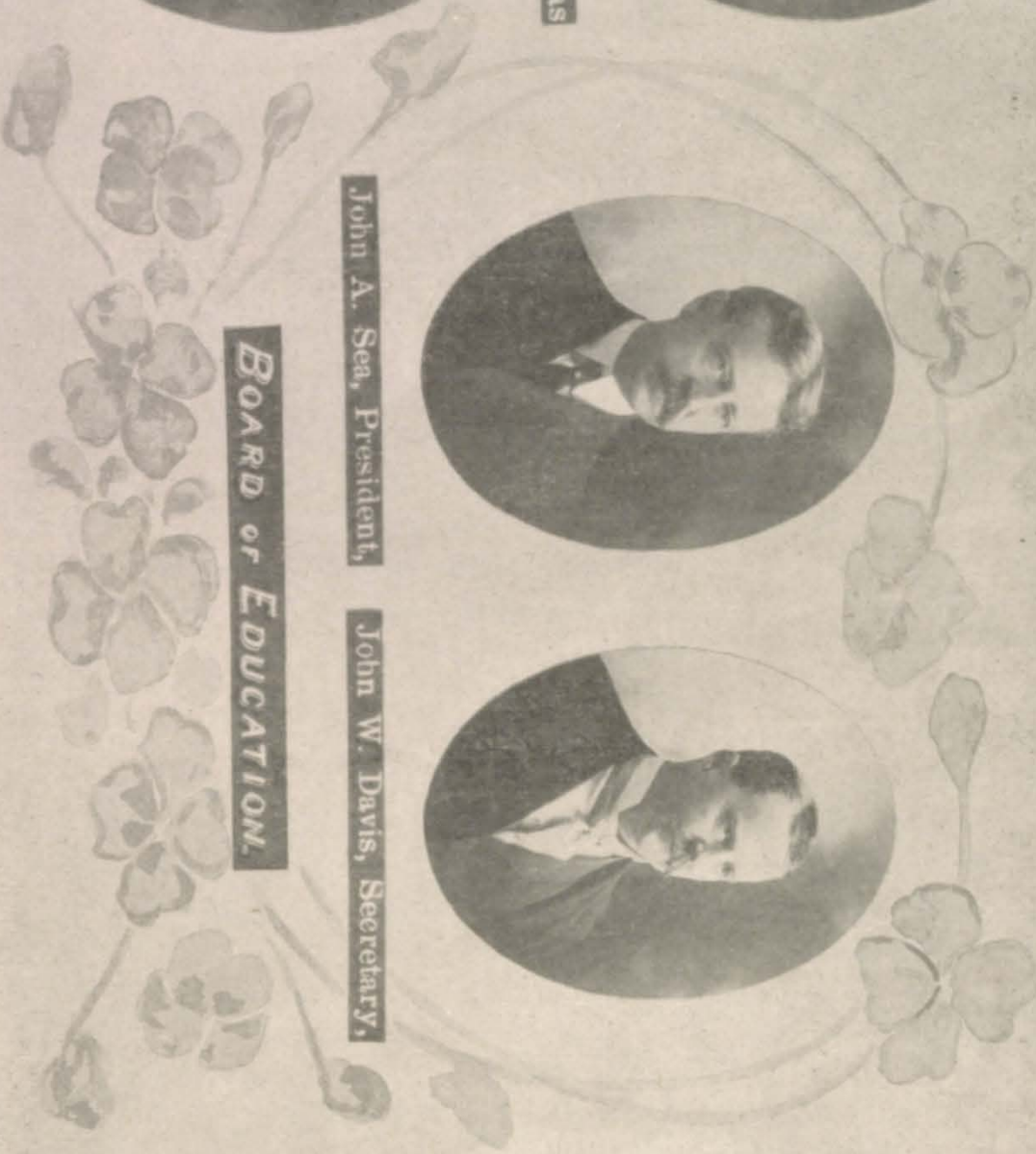


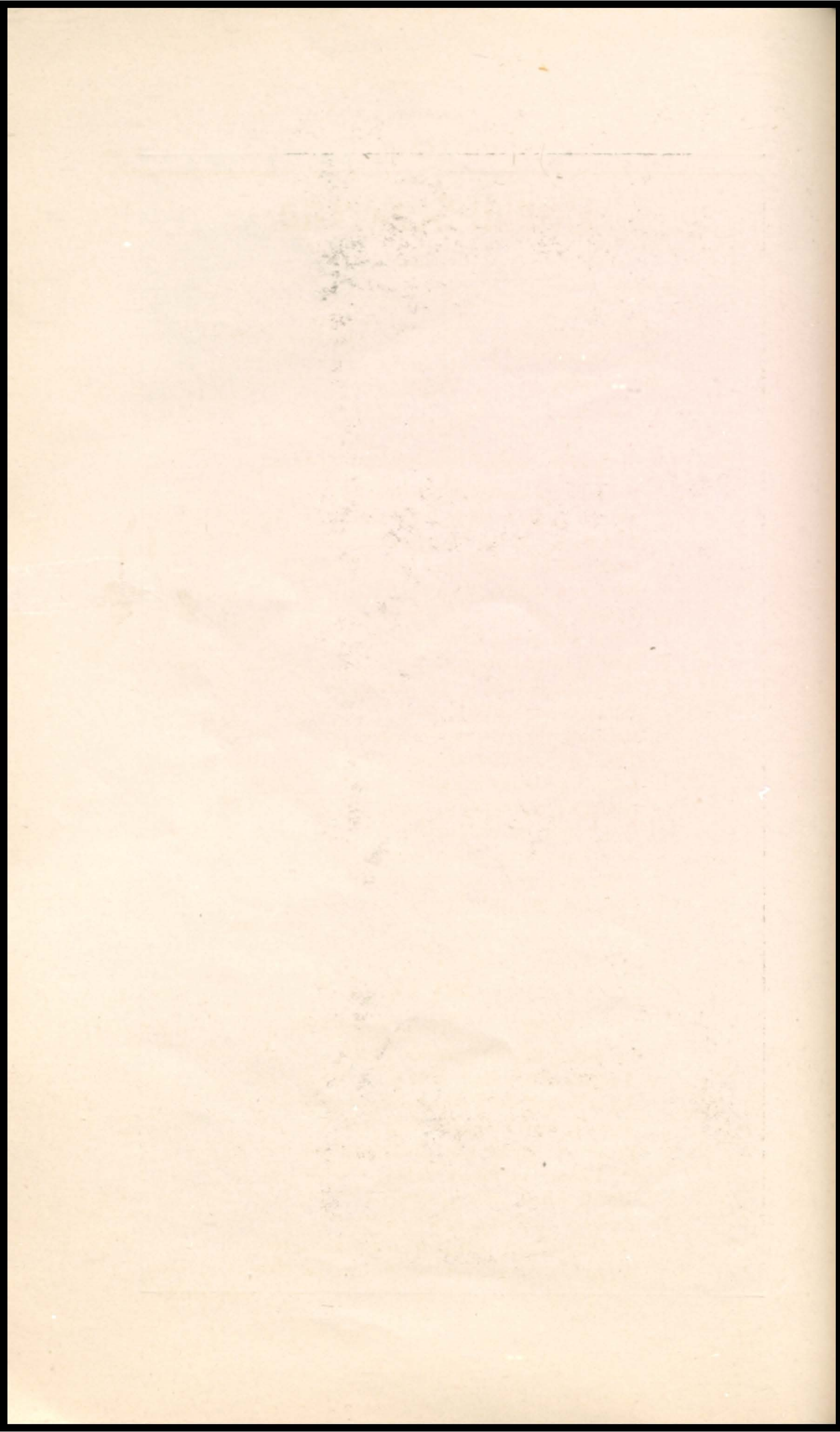
John L. Lobb,



Harrison H. Wait,

BOARD OF EDUCATION.





Comidi-Senioretta.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Professor Bryant.	Miss McDonald.
Miss Brown.	Miss Manser.
Miss Phelps.	Miss Henry.

Act I.

Scene: Grand Inquisitorial Chamber.

In walketh the Chief Inquisitor;
 The victims are all in their seats.
 The Basket Ballers let off their yell,
 And now groaneth that lot of freaks.
 Now you, Harry, may take it;
 "Don't want to, Miss Phelps."
 "Gee whiffles! I smell onions,"
 And Willie hollers, for help.
 "Enough of this," "It" sternly says,
 "I never saw such a class;"
 But now Henry's eyes are in
 The depths of his looking glass.
 Lulu May hopes for the bell,
 And Paulie shuffles his feet;
 K. Q. hath welled a well,
 And Tom turns off the heat.
 Woe, woe, woe, her ire, ire, is our
 Foe, foe, foe: it is fire, fire, fire.

—Exeunt.

Act II.

Scene: A Classic Schoolroom.

Professor Bryant openeth Virgil,
 And Ella beginneth to read;
 Anna talketh in a mouse-like voice,
 And Hubert, on paper doth feed.
 Professor Bryant now doth expound
 On Homer's Grecian Folks;
 Mattie wipes away a tear
 And the Professor cracks a joke.
 With lore, lore, about freaks, freaks, freaks;
 And gore, gore, gore, on his Greeks, Greeks, Greeks.

—Exeunt.

Act III.

Scene: An Alchemist's Mystery Room.

Quoth Harry, "O Kirby, I say"
 Upon a fair September's day,
 "What is the distance to the moon?
 For there I'll go this afternoon."
 Of the distance, it is the square
 From the moonman to Georgia fair.
 About the bare and gloomy room,
 Miss Manser goes a tripping;
 The "light fantastic" for her, is easy.
 And our sides are almost splitting,
 Henry now, he wants to know,
 For a nickel in the slot,
 Whence came we, why are we here,
 And wherefore we take this tommy rot.
 Joules, Grams, Volts are our pains, pains, pains.
 Fools, Yaps, Dolts are our names, names, names.
 —Exeunt.

Act IV.

Scene: A Hollow Rectangular Parallelopiped.

Tomorrow's lesson is now defined:
 And right few are the moans;
 Todays theorems are now assigned,
 And many are the groans.
 Now to the board we are sent,
 Harry puts up a figure rough;
 Frances flunks on an easy one,
 And Henry falls over a bluff.
 Now in an involved argument,
 Harry and Lola do mouth it;
 And Lola does say, in her masterful way,
 "Harry knows nothing about it."
 Now Miss McDonald doth speak:
 "I will ask you a great boon,—
 If you will attend my reception
 In here this afternoon."
 With a roar, roar, roar, go our yawns, yawns, yawns,
 O'er the floor, floor, floor, we are gone, gone, gone.
 —Exeunt.

Act V.

Scene: A Field of English Literature.

Before the tinkle of the bell,

Pandemonium is let loose;
 Miss Brown rates us strongly on,
 How we our Seniorship abuse.
 "Fair is foul, and foul is fair,"
 Is Henry's speaking nightmare;
 "Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
 Baseball and girls," is Hubert's glee.
 But now the lesson hath begun:
 We talk of Shylock's hoarded mun;
 How bad Macbeth did kill the king,
 And how the witches danced in a ring.
 Till at length comes a welcome sound,
 Forth from some woody dell;
 It relieves her jaded listeners,
 For it is just the bell.
 Oh glee, glee, glee, we are free, free, free,
 And we'll flee, flee, flee, with the keys, keys, keys;
 And we'll lock, lock, lock, the portals, portals, portals,
 And we'll mock, mock, mock, all mortals, mortals, mortals.
 —Exeunt.

Act VI.

Scene: A Hideous Cavern with Various Instruments of Torture,
 Racks, Opera chairs, etc.

Chorus.

All things come to him who waits,
 We've been tortured for five periods;
 And now we'll all get ticket rates,
 And flock from here in myriads.
 This is retribution day.
 We clap and shout in glee,
 Leaving our weary torturers
 By the school's unresting sea.

—Exeunt.

Philosophy of one who flunked in Geometry:

Six periods shalt thou absorb learning,
 And the seventh, shalt thou do likewise.

—KIRBY CASEBOLT.

The Moon-Man's Trip To The Earth.

KIRBY Q. CASEBOLT.

The Man in the Moon sighed and with good reason. For long years had he sought among the fair demoiselles of the universe for a bride, but alas, they would none of him. So he grew to know less and less of woman's charms and woman's ways. In short, he turned to intellectual pursuits and soon acquired all the 'ologies, 'isms and 'graphies known to mankind. But telepathy became his passion. As he grew proficient in that art, he established a method which he named, "hypnotic-suggestionism."

It chanced one day that he received, by his new method, a message which put him in paroxysms of delight, for it told of a galaxy of marriageable creatures that lived in a benighted region of country, which, for the sake of clearness, I shall call Blue Township. Decking himself in the bridal raiments he had long ago-laid by, and giving the moon a twist to starboard, he descended the "opalescent spiral" of the moonbeam much after the manner of the Archimedes screw. He turned around so many times coming down that he became dizzy, or what is technically known as intoxicated.

Arriving at the corner of Maple Avenue and Pleasant Streets about ten o'clock, he got mixed up with the arc lamp, mistaking it for the moon, which had gone behind a cloud. He received a 500 volt shock and was thrown into the laboratory of the adjacent school building where, on recovering, he imbibed a battery solution which bore the unmistakable sign of Miss Manser's manufacture, and remarked that it was the purest water he every drank. As he was still dizzy, you may take his word for it or not, just as you please. He then lay down to sleep. About three o'clock a. m. Pluto, the '05 mascot, sniffed an intruder and poked his nose into Room 12. He then proceeded to wail a panegyric upon some lately deceased mice. After receiving several encores from the terrified moonman who, strange to say, had never before seen a cat, he retired. It was now dawn. Perceiving the nature of his last night's domicile, and knowing the habit of all school-rooms in general and none in particular, he immediately vacated and in his rambling about the hall passed by one room that bore the name History and the number 8. He wished to ascertain whether there were any records of times in which the "Moonman" had found a wife. With this purpose in view he requisitioned Bunny's seat and waited patiently for the fair and intellectual exponent of history to appear.

About 8:30 when the vision swept through the door, the Moonman started. Quoth he, "I may perchance not learn of epochs in which the Moonman found a bride, but I'll do better: I've found one! now

to win her."

Miss Phelps was somewhat surprised, but having a natural liking toward anything wearing whiskers, (especially cats), she quickly regained her debonair manner and composure. The Moonman for once knew enough of courtship to keep silent. He radiated smiles and glances of admiration at her, but upon her they had no effect. She scorned superficiality to intellectuality; none of his manner would she have. But he was unabashed and began:

"Ah, Ma'mzelle, will you not receive me into your heart? Repeatedly during my sojourn here, in my peregrinations about this temple, have I been frightened. I am a poor lonely man. I have been barked at, hooted at, howled at, and scorned by all. As a last resort, I came here. If you spurn me, I will die."

Then she inquired, "Can you recite Daniel Webster's reply to Hayne? the Constitution? the Bill of Rights? the Declaration of ——" "I can recite a declaration of love, but of the rest, alas, I know nothing." Miss Phelps, in disgust, "Take 'it,' Mary."

And the poor Moonman fled. He would go to the moon and would turn the moon's light forever from the ungrateful earth. He had resolved. The way he had come, he must go. Bursting through the laboratory door, he came face to face with Miss Manser, who regarded him at first questioningly, then sternly. "Then it was you that imbibed my storage battery solution? Confess vagrant, that it was you."

"Most humbly I do so, fair and diminutive madam. But—" he began

"I will never forgive you," she cut in, "O my priceless battery solution! You my go to—Prof. Bryant."

But again was he smitten; again had he succumbed to Cupid's darts. He began:

"Fair one! what would you say if I were to tell you that for your sake, to win you, I would verify all the guesses of your scientists concerning the moon; that the attraction of love and other platonic affections vary inversely as the square of the distance from here to my place of residence."

"Oh," said she, graciously, "you know something about the moon. Perhaps you can inform me of the transportation facilities on the way. I am going to organize a monopoly for the sale of the moon cheese. I have just perfected an ethereal transportation system to bring it to the earth."

"Ma'am," he rejoined, sorrowfully, "I'm sorry to tell you that there is no such thing as ether, and that the moon is not made of green cheese." With this he left, sobs and wails following in his wake.

Room 9 offered escape, entering, he greeted a beautiful demoiselle attired after the manner of a Highland maiden and she blushed (she always does) and lowered her eyes.

He began, "Ah, mademoiselle of the Miltonic azure eyes! for your

sake, I would dig perpendicular to a tangent upon the earth's surface clear to the boundaries of Elysium. Once there, I would search and search through the lanes and avenues forming an angle with the river Lethe. Along its banks I would search for Euclid's own solution of squaring the circle. Having it, I would fly again to this mortal realm and lay it at thy feet. Oh, most symmetrical and geometrical vision! Canst thou not believe me?"

She answers tersely yet blushing: "Prove it!"

But alas, he could not do it there and was dismissed. Sorrowfully he passed Room 5. Hearing the words, "husbands and wives" in an animated discussion within, he stopped and awaited developments. When the debaters within used the terms, "love" and "marriage," he cast aside all restraint and flung himself on his knees before the Minerva enshrined behind a polished top desk. He said:

"Beautiful exponent of human nature and English Literature! To your broad sympathy I appeal! No Hamlet ever had more troubles than I. No Iago was more utterly forsaken of man than I. The peregrinations of the "Wandering Jew" and Jules Verne were nothing compared with mine. No country clown is more utterly forsaken of womankind than I!"

"Do you believe in intellectual marriage? That is, congeniality," she queried.

"Yes! I will believe in anything you wish me to," he answered fervently, taking a new mode of procedure."

"Then," she replied, decisively, "I regret to say that you would never do for me. A husband should never be so much under the will of his wife. You may go." He went.

Still the moonman sighs and listens to the odes of stage struck cats, and invokes the tragic Muse, for his heart is broken.



Editorial Department.

EVA DICKINSON, Editor-in-Chief.
LULU MAY WINN, Associate Editor.

Mattie Hardin,
Mattie McCoy,
Kirby Casebolt. } Literary Editors.

Jessie Fisher,
H. G. Hunter, } Local Editors.

R. H. McCARROLL, Business Manager.

G. T. Twyman, Jr.,
Henry Bundschu. } Assistant Business Mgrs.

Ella Ross,
Aileen Long. } Proof Readers.

Wm. McCoy,
Paul Rider. } Staff Illustrators.

The Staff.

The '05 Staff has worked hard to give the public the best Gleam that has ever been published. How far we have succeeded along this line, we shall leave you to judge. Along with our work, there has been some play. Nevertheless we have done our best by every one who has been concerned in the slightest way with the Gleam Staff. We have read over and over every article that has been submitted; and have found good material in every piece. It would have been impossible for us to publish all the papers we have asked to be written. Therefore, we have, to the best of our ability, selected those numbers that we thought would do our paper most credit. This year's Staff is unusually large, and every one on the Board of Editors has done all in his or her power to make the Gleam what it is.

Criticisms.

In publishing an annual, a class is bound to submit itself to more or less criticism. Generally this criticism is flung about on the winds, and does not reach the ears of the Staff until it is too late. We are not opposed to straightforward, honest criticism, but on the contrary, we invite it. "Our best friends are those who tell us our faults and help us to correct them." We wish the 1905 Gleam to be a representative of the Independence High School. If you have seen any way in which we might have improved our paper, we should have appreciated it if you had come to us and given your suggestions. We wish our paper to be interesting not only to the high school student, but also

to anyone who should chance to pick it up. If you are one of the chance readers of the Gleam, we shall speak for the '06 Class, and say that they will welcome you with open arms, if you will come to them and give your heartfelt criticism.

Acknowledgments.

As we, the Seniors of 1905, depart from our High School, we feel the deep debt of gratitude that we owe to our many kind friends and helpers. We wish to thank the general public for the deep interest they have shown in us and the hearty support they have given us in all our undertakings. It was by their attendance at our two plays that we are enabled to place a class memorial in the "Hall of Fame" at the High School. We also wish to thank the business men of Independence and Kansas City, who have made the success of the Gleam possible.

We wish to thank the Board of Education for the many kind favors they have shown us during our four years at the High School, and we hope some day to show our appreciation of these favors.

The teachers—oh, how can we ever show our appreciation of what they have done for us! We would thank them for the many favors shown us, and we hope that our friendship may be as that of Antonio. And too, we would thank our Librarian for her kindness toward us, and we hope to visit her often after we leave school.

Again we wish to thank all who have in any way aided us, all who have in any way helped to make our last year of high school life a pleasant one.

Apologies.

At our first meeting four of the woe-be-gone, so called literary members of our number, were appointed to write stories. Detective stories, love stories, any kind in fact, that would either add to or detract from our little volume. One belated individual, after great effort, entered what he designated as a triumph in the detective story line. He announced that it had a tremendous and thrilling climax. (And I believe he really thought it too). So at our next meeting, he read it to the Staff. After much stuttering and halting he finally arrived at the climax. *Tremendous* and *thrilling* were not the adjectives to apply to the climax. It was something *awful*. It was with difficulty that Harry restrained himself from throwing the unfortunate author out of the window, while a few of the girls wept tears of pity for the benefit

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of the seemingly insane writer. Dick had fallen asleep during the reading and when he awoke was greatly surprised, but on learning the facts joined in the general sympathy.

The author withdrew in a shaken and palsied mood. He sent his story to the Sentinel as they are less exacting in their requirements than the Gleam.

This was the reply: Please call to-morrow with a dray and remove your rubbish before the health authorities get hold of it.

Our Windows.

For several years it has been the custom of the different classes to leave, at their graduation, something to beautify the High School Building and at the same time, help keep the memory of the class fresh in the minds of succeeding pupils. The classes before this year have left statuary, both marble and bronze, and pictures.

This year the Class of 1905 decided to introduce something new in the way of decoration: consequently it has left two "windows richly dight."

One of these windows is placed in Room 2, and the other in the Reading Room. They contain the class pin and the class motto. In one is the portrait of Thomas Jefferson, in the other that of Henry W. Longfellow. These men were chosen from the History and the Literature courses, as representatives of the most popular characters of each.

The Gleam Staff regrets very much that it is unable to publish representations of these windows in this volume, but the condition of the subjects at the time of publication, would not enable us to have a "cut" made from them.

The Class of 1905 hereby extends a cordial invitation to all people, who wish to see these windows, to come to the High School Building whenever it is open and view these works of art.

The '05 Class Pin.

In looking over the Gleam anyone will notice what a prominent place we have given to our class pin. It is perhaps one of the most original and artistic pins selected during the history of the High School. It was designed by Mr. Lon Gentry who, we regret to say, left us at the close of our Junior year. This, and the real beauty of the pin have endeared it to us. We all join in giving three cheers for Mr. Gentry, and bid you farewell saying, "Long live the Green and the Gold."

Declaration of Independence.

Since we, the pupils of the Senior Class, Independence High School, must dissolve the educational bonds which have held pupil and teacher together for the last four years, a decent respect to our friends requires that we should declare the causes which impel us to the separation. We are not driven to this separation by any one teacher, but each has done his or her part towards causing it and hastening its culmination. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:

In the morning, when we first reach school, our fresh and shining countenances are met by fierce, piercing glances that cause us to melt like icicles under a tropical sun.

For accidental tardiness, we are shut up in a barren, bleak, desolate room, in custody of a stern warder, to be kept in solitary confinement for the space of forty-five minutes.

In History we are continually annoyed by daily quizzes, which however nice and agreeable to the Inquisitor, are most unpleasant for the victims.

In Latin, we are taken to Rome so often that we are getting used to sea-sickness.

In Physics, we are treated most inhumanely, being compelled to eat "Force" and "to take paper and pencil," at the same time.

In Geometry, we are made to indulge in the toy-manufacturing, wall-papering, carpentering, and kindling-splitting business.

For flunking in one geometrical theorem, we are compelled to attend the reception, held daily at 2:30 in Room 9.

In English, we are required to talk, when spring fever makes yawning much more comfortable.

In the Auditorium, tablet arms were taken away from us, after which all pupils were constrained to write on their knees,—thereby accounting for the number of pupils supporting "Bunker Hills" on their backs.

Our requests for milder treatment and shorter hours have been rejected with disdain.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury.

We therefore, the members of the Senior Class, Independence High School, do solemnly declare ourselves free and independent from the authority and jurisdiction of any and all teachers in the above said High School. May those who have caused this woeful dissolution profit by our examples, and may the world judge us rightly.

THE CLASS OF '05.

The Alumni: A Natural Brotherhood.

EARLE EUBANK.

We all know the feelings that attend a visit, after a long absence, to some spot which has, in past times, been in some way associated with our experiences. We remember how reverently we walk about, pointing out this place and that, where such and such an event occurred, and how an indefinable atmosphere of sacredness seems to hover over all, and bid us lay on nothing a defiling hand. But this feeling of reverence, in almost its highest form, is reserved to the graduates—the alumni—of any school, when, after a lapse of time they re-enter the old halls.

The alumni are the most important part of a school, for upon them its reputation depends. You cannot judge wholly of the school's character by the students enrolled, as you cannot tell while the apples are green, whether the tree will bear sweet fruit or bitter; you must wait until the harvest before you can judge of its merits. The greater the force which constitutes this body, the greater will be the school's reputation. But if the alumni are a vital, working, forcible force, it must be a healthy, wholesouled, unanimous body in which is the spirit of the "old school," and a high regard for her name and best interests.

Such a force we wish and intend that the alumni of the Independence High School shall be. The class of '03 began the work of organization by having a reunion of all the former graduates; the class of '04 carried the mechanical part of the organization to a conclusion, in an enrollment of the graduates and an election of officers. But still the spirit of the organization, the quickening life blood, which is necessary if we would be a force, is not yet at its highest point. What this is to be in the future is dependent upon the attitude shown by succeeding classes, but what it is to be now is dependent upon those of us who have already gone forth. Do not let your interests in this movement flag for an instant. It makes no difference whether we graduated fifteen years or one year ago, we are still a band of brethren. In this particular case—however diverse our paths in other lines—our interests are the same; our memories bear us back to a place in common, and round our old school is built up a sacred brotherhood.

Each year adds to our numbers,—it should add in sacredness to this natural body; yet we are scarcely acquainted with each other. Shall we not, as many of us as can, assemble at least once a year to further cement this bond of fellowship? We should know each other and, as far as we are able, work in harmony to make our school more widely known. When we are great, she should profit by it; when success is ours, she should glory in it. We should make for her a name,

in making one for ourselves, until she shall bear such a name as future classes will call with pride. Let us be loyal to her and faithful to each other, for these are the requisites for true alumni fellowship. Thus only can we attain our highest ideals; thus only can we establish a name that is worthy of her; thus only can we realize the dignity of our brotherhood. Will we do it?

A few Short Letters from Old Students.

TO THE GLEAM:

The trials of a Freshman at college are numerous and varied, but there is always one trial which each particular student finds hardest. The trial which I shall always remember is known among the upper classmen as "Guarding the Campus." The second, third and fourth year men, and especially those in the battalion, have a lurking suspicion that the Campus will run off on Halloween night if it is not watched. To prevent this, some of the first year men are detailed to act as guards. Sad to relate, I fell a victim to this prank. The day before Halloween, a Soph said to me, "You live on Sixth street, don't you?" "No," I replied, "I live on Matthews, 400." Of course this was a ruse to find out my address, but I didn't know this till later. Halloween night came and with it a corps of cadets whose officer informed me that I was one of the chosen. I went with them, but discovered the trick before we got to the campus. I was angry and refused to obey orders. I was put in the guard house and I suppose I should be there yet, but for the Commandant. As soon as I got out, I made tracks for home, an angry but wiser Freshman. And now, is it any wonder that I remember Halloween, 1904, above all the other days of my Freshman year?

JOHN KELLEY, '04.



TO THE GLEAM:

It gives me great pleasure to describe one of my experiences at Missouri University. It is not only the Freshmen who are persecuted, as I learned at our Sophomore feast. I was warned that my escort would be kidnapped; but I waited patiently, and finally, when hope was about gone, he rushed in. We started for the University and were soon surrounded by a hooting mob. But remembering that we were not timid Freshmen, we walked proudly through it. The steps were reached, then the door and safety—but no; heavy hands were laid on my escort's shoulders, and a mocking voice said, "Let me take you, Miss." But no Missouri girl would desert her escort thus, so I watched while he jiggled and sang. When release came, how we enjoyed that party! I

hope that the '05 Seniors will soon be enjoying such merry making at our dear 'varsity.

BEATRIX WINN, '02.



TO THE GLEAM:

On first leaving school, one misses the strenuous life, and in looking around for something to fill this emptiness, I hit upon the idea of learning to play Mendelsshon, a purpose, by the way, large enough to fill the biggest kind of vacancy.

One evening while I was working laboriously at my task, suddenly everything vanished but the keyboard, and behold! It was covered with blood. My eyes were taken from this scene to behold another; there stood transfixed the terrible ghost of the Great Mendelsshon, his eyes on me, his finger pointing to the awful keyboard. He stood for an instant and then uttered the hideous word "murder!" and vanished. What could it mean? Then the revelation—I realized that I had been butchering the great Master's music, and he, who had been resting quietly in his grave these many years, not being able to witness the horrible "execution" any longer, had come forth in defense.

Lister! Henceforth I am doomed to play an instrument that yields no melody; that is played with the fingers alone, without the soul; one learns to play it by hitting a key every half hour and maybe then the wrong one—namely, it is the typewriter. One word of warning: Ye followers of "GLEAMS" be careful about following Mendelsshonic aspirations.

MINNIE CLEMENTS, '04.



TO THE GLEAM:

Here is a bit of advice for anyone who intends to become a Freshman at the University,—and I think that this will apply not only to Missouri University but to all the rest. When you are introduced to a person, unless you already happen to know the magic class numerals that he is privileged to tack on to his name, don't ask him, or her, "Are you a Freshman?" Say rather, "Are you a Senior?" and proceed thence downward till you reach the grade of Freshman. In some cases, as where the person in question is burdened with an excess of eyebrows and a Phi Beta Kappa key, it will be found wise to begin at the title "Professor" and proceed through the grades of Assistant Professor, Acting Assistant Professor, Instructor Assistant, and Student Assistant. By following this simple advice, you will be sure not to wound the tender feelings of a Sophomore or insult the dignity of a member of the faculty. A Freshman will not feel hurt if you address him as a Senior, but a Senior might organize a "Chi-chi" party if you call him a Freshman. This advice is sound and based on experience. A few days after I had entered up here in my Freshman year, I went

to a Y. M. C. A. reception. There I was introduced to a small, meek and altogether harmless looking person, and not knowing anything better to say, I innocently inquired if he were a Freshman. The person swelled up and took on the aspect of a personage. I learned afterwards that he was an Assistant Professor of Mathematics. He has not spoken to me since, nor have I made further advances.

CHAS. G. ROSS, '01.



TO THE GLEAM:

"Woe is me, woe is me!" Four years ago I left my alma mater with a sprouting ambition to reform the world, and now I would fain creep back within its fold, endowed with a full fledged purpose to reform myself.

Those soul-harrowing ambitions of schoolhood—did you, too, not have them? It was near the close of my senior year, and, as I would have expressed it then, my spirit was at war within me. Standing on the threshold of life, I saw through the barred door, many dim paths of duty leading to but one goal, success, and realized that from all those ways, I might choose but one.

So I mused; I had a hankering after a literary life,—not the life of a dilettante, but of a genius. I knew I must one day be famous, but after what school of thought I could not decide. My mind was wavering between a desire to be a second George Eliot, and the amazing plan of combining the glories of Shakespeare, the passions of Byron and the elegancies of Pope in an epic, which, by the perfection of its metre and the originality of its construction, would at once proclaim itself the world's masterpiece!

But alas! I burned my incense before a double shrine! I could not reconcile myself to a life of letters, which must involve the sacrifice of my art. My reasoning was unselfish; would it be right to the world to bury my talent, to allow it to lose so much of beauty and perfection?

Besides, I was long on art, and I calculated that my placing of a Gibson-Whistler-Burns-Jones effect on immortal canvas, must undoubtedly raise the universal standard of beauty to all its pristine glory!

Schoolmates, beware of vacillation! It proved my ruin. Never more may the world expect perfection in the fine arts, for I will never write a book or paint a picture. Behold, I am now a book-keeper and all my literary genius must be expended in compelling some poor unfortunate to "dig up" the missing cash; all my art, in drawing checks.

Thus it is with all of us—budding humanity must always soar. It is well that each generation brings forth its crop of coming celebrities, for if it refused we should have no common-place, energetic actualities.

Hope on, my comrades, hope on, ye are green but growing, and "it does not yet appear what ye shall be!"

FAITH SLICHTER, '01.

Honors.

HARRY G. HUNTER,	- - - - -	First in Scholarship.
ELLA ROSS,	- - - - -	Second in Scholarship.
MATTIE McCOY,	- - - - -	Third in Scholarship.
MATTIE McCOY,	- - - - -	First English Prize Essay.
RICHARD H. McCARROLL,	- - - - -	Second English Prize Essay.
LULU MAY WINN,	- - - - -	Elected Valedictorian.

Gifts of Previous Classes

Class of 1899.

Picture of Poets.

Class of 1900.

Contributed to Drop-Curtain Fund.

Class of 1902.

Busts of Mann, Franklin, and Shakespeare.

Picture: "The Deer Pass."

Class of 1903.

Statue: "La Fauvette."

Class of 1904.

Statues: "Les Marguerites."

"Les Mures."

Pictures: "O'er Snow Clad Pastures."

"Stormy Evening."

Gifts of Class of 1905.

Two Memorial Windows:

One containing portrait of Jefferson; the other, of Longfellow.

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, Ollio
Wright, Earl

Mills, Betha
Mortland, Florence
Nichols, Annie
Patton, Rebecca
Peterson, Richard
Strode, Gypsa
Wood, Ernest

CLASS OF 1893.

Beaham, Gordon
Benjamin, Johu 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.

Lehmberg, Olivia S.
Lewis, Lillie B.
McDonald, Pearl
Mills, Nealie W.
Rosewald, Anna M.
Schley, Fred L.

Stewart, Pauline

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.
Gosset, Wiley J.
McCurdy, John R.
Mills, Frances E.
Moore, Laura F.
Murray, Nellie E.

Noland, Nellic 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
Wiicox, 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 Burnaisé
Atkinson, Paul Levi
Berry, Ina May
Clayton, Mary Catherine
Farrell, Nellie Marie
Gould, Lottie Belle
Graham, Myrtle Madelene
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

Atkinson, Elizabeth Louise
Best, Faye Olevia Campbell
Graham, Una Alma Gertrude
Noland, Mary Ethel
Page, Walter Foley
Roberts, Sara Jean
Schaeffer, Anna Emilie
Sherman, George Edward
White, James Edward
Wilson, Carrie

CLASS OF 1901.

Anderson, Mary B.	Buchanan, Etta Lee	Meador, Louretta
Atkinson, Itaska B.	Knapp, Ruth De Verre	Reynor, Gertrude
Brown, James Terrell	Long, Willie B.	Caldwell, Nellie Edith
Carpenter, Minnie R.	Gosset, Elizabeth	Slichter, Faith G.
Chiles, Henry P.	Hill, Mary	Taylor, Tasker P.
Compton, J. Crawford	Hill, Ross E.	Twyman, Gilbert Oscar
Chinn, Mary Blackwell	Kingsbury, Laura M	Truman, Harry S.
Crandall, Grace M.	Krey, Katie Pearl	Twyman, Elmer Davis
Cronkhite, Myrtle M. C	Rice, Julia Maude	Taylor, Mary C.
Devin, Earl L.	Roberts, Agnes L.	Wallace, Bessie V.
Garret, William Lloyd	Roberts, Bertha M.	Walters, Eva Leura
Dixon, Celesta Gertrude	Ross, Charles Griffith	Wherritt, Velma
Ford, Laura Eunice	Short, Cordie C.	Witschie, Emily A.
Robinson, Minnie Josephine		Womack, Mary Bonneau

CLASS OF 1902.

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

CLASS OF 1903.

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

CLASS OF 1904.

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

CLASS OF 1905.

Adam, William
Allen, Hubert
Broman, Maud
Bundschu Henry
Coakley, Mable
Casebolt, Kirby
Duncan, Lola
Dickinson, Eva
Fisher, Jessie
Gallagher, Willie
Hunter, Harry G.

Hughes Hattie
Hardin, Mattie
Kerr, Maud
Long, Aileen
Minor, Eleanor
McCarroll, Richard
McCoy, Mattie
McCoy, William
Peak, Maud
Prewitt, Essie
Ross, Ella

Rider, Paul
Robinson, Allie May
Roberts, Anna
Rhodes, Jeanne
Steele, Mary
Slack, Josephine
Sermon, Harry
Twyman, George Thomas jr.
Wray, Frances
Winn, Lulu May
Yale, Bessie



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All kinds of Coal you will find there,
With Full Weight to the person who buys.

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He was a tall mosquito,
And the bridge was the bridge of my nose.—The Bell.



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"Now," said the cooking school teacher, "can any young lady tell me what the pieplant is?"

"I suppose that's just another name for pumpkin," said the bright girl.—Ex.

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And the victim's courage fled.
"You can't, it is a Freshman,
Just hit him on the head."—Soph.



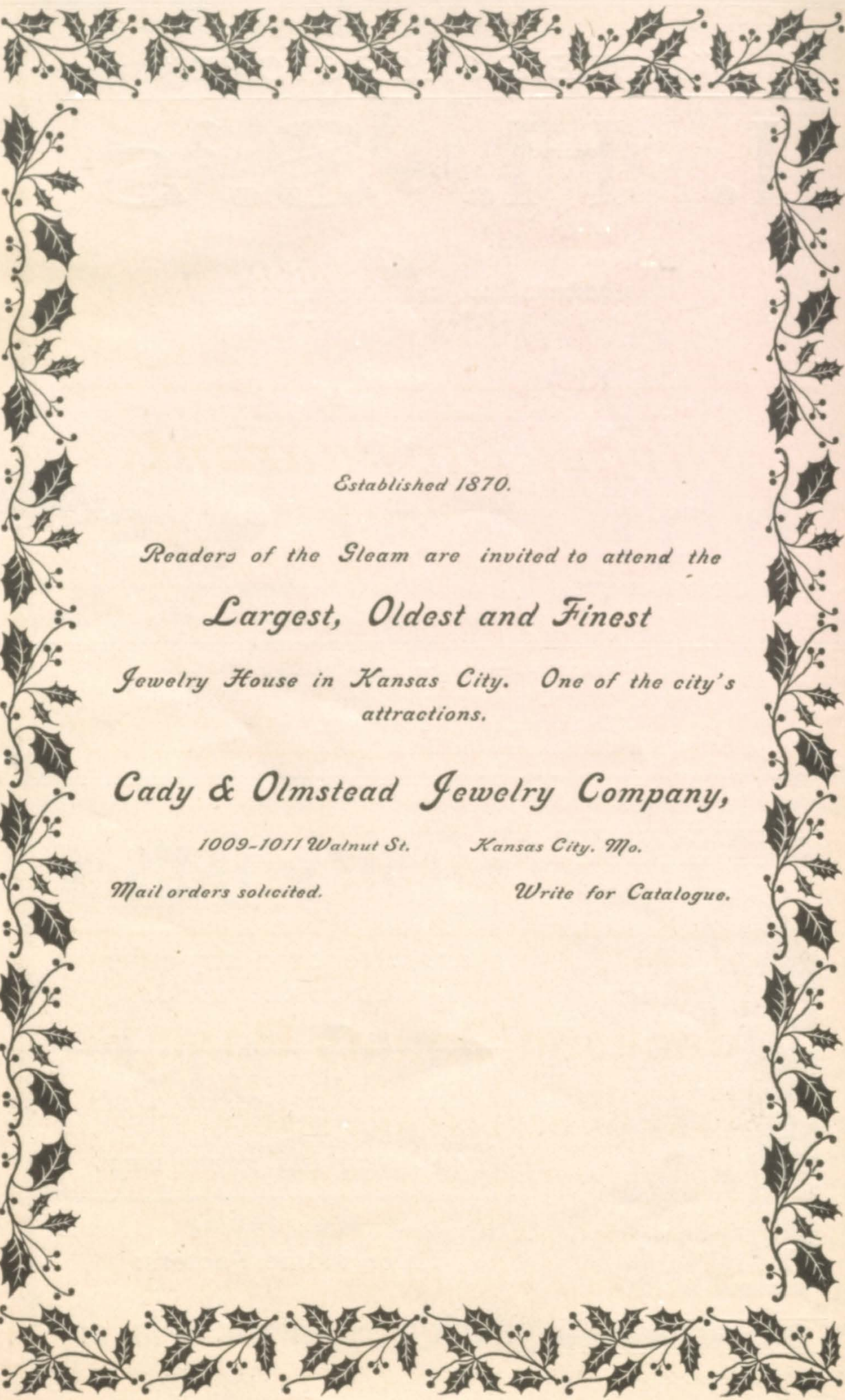
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SOUTHERN & SOUTHERN,

Lawyers.

Room 3 Chrisman Sawyer Bank Bldg.

Home Phone 56.

JOHN H. HARDIN,

Attorney at Law.

Notary Public

Chrisman Sawyer Bank Building

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A rather plain lady asked the opinion of her minister—
"Is it a sin to feel a trifle of vanity when I am called
handsome by a gentleman?"

"Not a sin for you, my child, but an awful responsibility
hangs upon the gentleman."—Ex.

i

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Over First National Bank.

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Attorney at Law.

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JACK: "That's a fine dog you have, Jim. Do you want to sell him?"

JIM: "I'll sell him for fifty dollars."

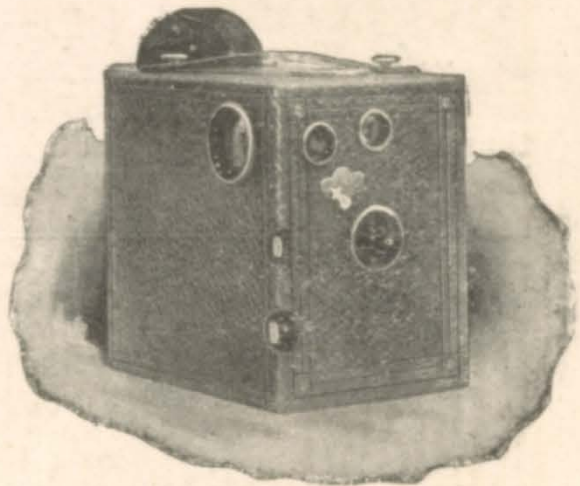
JACK: "Is he intelligent?"

JIM (with emphasis): "Intelligent? Why, that dog knows as much as I do."

JACK: "You don't say so? Well, I'll give you fifty cents for him, Jim."—Ex.

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"Wall," replied the boy, "he's down way at the end of the field thar with the hogs. You'll know father 'cause he's got a hat on."—
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Wishing you success in life we are yours to please,

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"Dad," said little Reginald, "what is a bucket shop?"

"A bucket shop, my son," said the father feelingly—"a bucket shop is a modern coöperation establishment to which a man takes a barrel and brings back the bung-hole."—Ex.

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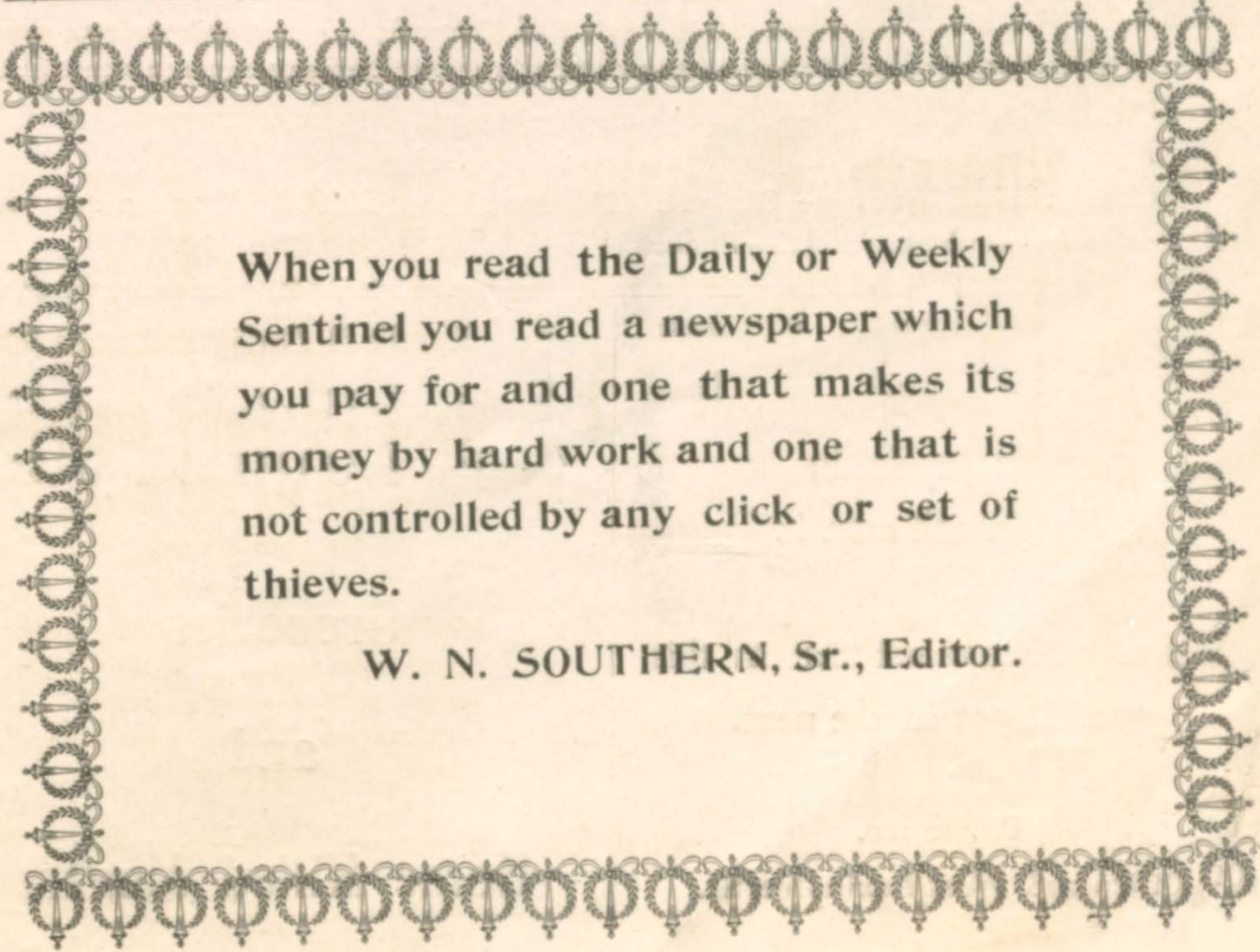
Home Phone 3312

Willie: "Pa, can't I have some—"

Pa: "See here. You've got a plateful of food before you."

Willie: "Yes, sir—"

Pa: "Well, keep your mouth shut and eat it."—Ex.



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Mrs. Winrow—Yes, do you want anything else?

Chesterfield Chauncey—Oh, yes. I'd like about \$50,000,000 and a seat in
the senate—but dat kin wait!—Puck.

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