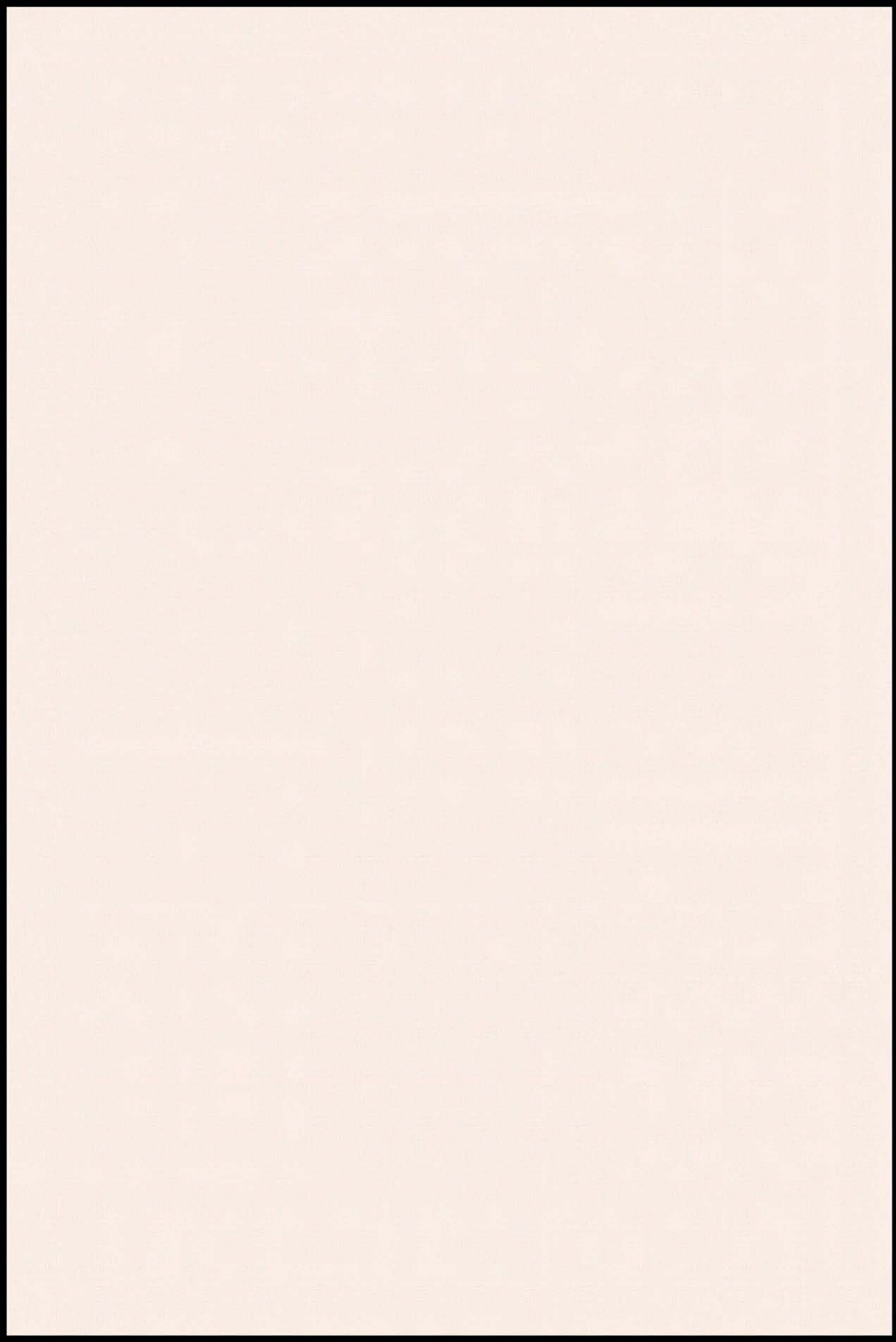
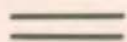


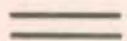
**THE  
GLEAM  
1908**



**HAVE YOU?**



BEEN IN TO SEE US?  
DON'T FORGET THE  
BIG STORE ON SOUTH  
MAIN STREET.



**MIZE HARDWARE CO.**

1908 GRADUATES

—GO TO—

**WALTER RIDER  
REAL ESTATE CO.,**

For Homes on Easy Payments,  
Loans, Rents, Insurance, Ab-  
stracts, Bonds and Notary. We  
have conducted business here for  
22 years and know how to please  
graduates.

BOTH PHONES 15.

Amazed at the brevity of little 4-year-old Gracie's nap, her mother asked her why she awakened so soon.

"Why," replied Gracie, looking up in childish amazement, "I slept all the sleep I had."  
—Ex.

**T. J. WALKER,**

\*\*\*\*

**DRUGGIST**

\*\*\*\*

Both Phones 53. S. E. Cor. Sq.  
INDEPENDENCE, MO.

TO THE GRADUATING  
**CLASS OF 1908.**

Graduation means commencement, just the beginning, you are just beginning life. You have been trading with us during the past year and we appreciate and thank you for it. May this too be just the beginning, we hope to continue in your good graces for years to come.

**STURGES & DUFFENDACK,**

**JEWELERS.**

**OPTICIANS & STATIONERS.**



## CLEVELAND'S

Post Office News Stand. 220 W. Maple Ave.  
Subscriptions received for all leading News-  
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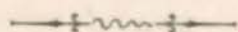
PHONES HOME 175.

**UNDERTAKERS,** Family Mov-  
ing and Transferring.

BELL 158.

INDEPENDENCE, MO.

*PAXTON & ROSE,*



*Attorneys at Law.*

*JOHN C. CUSHWA,*

*CONTRACTOR OF*

House and Sign Painting,  
Decorator and Sign Painter.

Tel. 379 Bell. Independence, Mo.

"What's your time?" asked the old farmer of the brisk salesman.

"Twenty minutes after five. What can I do for you?"

"I want them pants," said the old farmer, pointing to a ticket on a pair  
of pants, marked, "Given away at 5.10." —Ex.

FOR ALL KINDS  
OF HEADACHES OR COUGHS  
USE

**P. & G. HEADACHE TABLETS.**

**OR UNIVERSAL COUGH SYRUP.**

**Pendleton & Gentry.**

BATHS.

HEDRICK BUILDING.

**BRADLEY'S BARBER SHOP,**

221 WEST LEX. ST. INDEPENDENCE, MO.

POPULAR WITH MEN WHO  
WANT GOOD WORK.

211 W. Lexington St. Bell 370.

**INDEPENDENCE FURNITURE CO.,**

DEALERS IN

New and Second-hand Household  
Goods.

Complete line of House Furnishings, Stoves,  
etc. Goods bought, sold exchanged.

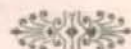
INDEPENDENCE, MO.



**A FULL LINE**



OF MEN'S AND LADIES'  
SHOES AND OXFORDS IN  
ALL LEATHERS AT



**Rummell & Reick.**

FOR THE  
**LATEST THING IN**

**GENT'S FURNISHING  
GOODS AND HATS**

TRY

**MAJOR & HUMPHREY**

South Side Square.

Patience: "I see dainty Indian muslins are made from fibres of the banana tree."

Patrice: "They ought to be easy to slip on."

—Ex.

**McElroy Bros.,**

THE GROCERS  
THAT HANDLE

**HIGH GRADE GOODS**

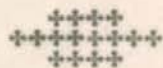
AT REASON-  
ABLE PRICES.

Both Phones.      W. Side Sq.

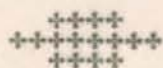
*EAT*  
**FOSTER'S**  
*ICE*  
**CREAM.**

## HINDE BROS.,

GROCERS.



"The Best of  
Everything to Eat."



Tel. Home 384. Bell 292.  
S. SIDE SQUARE.

"The Hat Store on the Corner."

Call in Boys and look them over.  
You want the proper shape in a

## STRAW HAT

We Have them

\$1.50 TO \$5.00.

LEWIS  
*Fashion*  
S.E. COR.  
11TH &  
WALNUT  
1101-1103 WALNUT ST.  
KANSAS CITY, MO.

"Sir, I am looking for a little succor."

"Do I look like one?"

—Ex.

A RAY OF SUNSHINE,  
A GLEAM OF HOPE,

VERY LOW PRICES

AND THAT'S THE DOPE

—AT—

Peters' Racket Store,

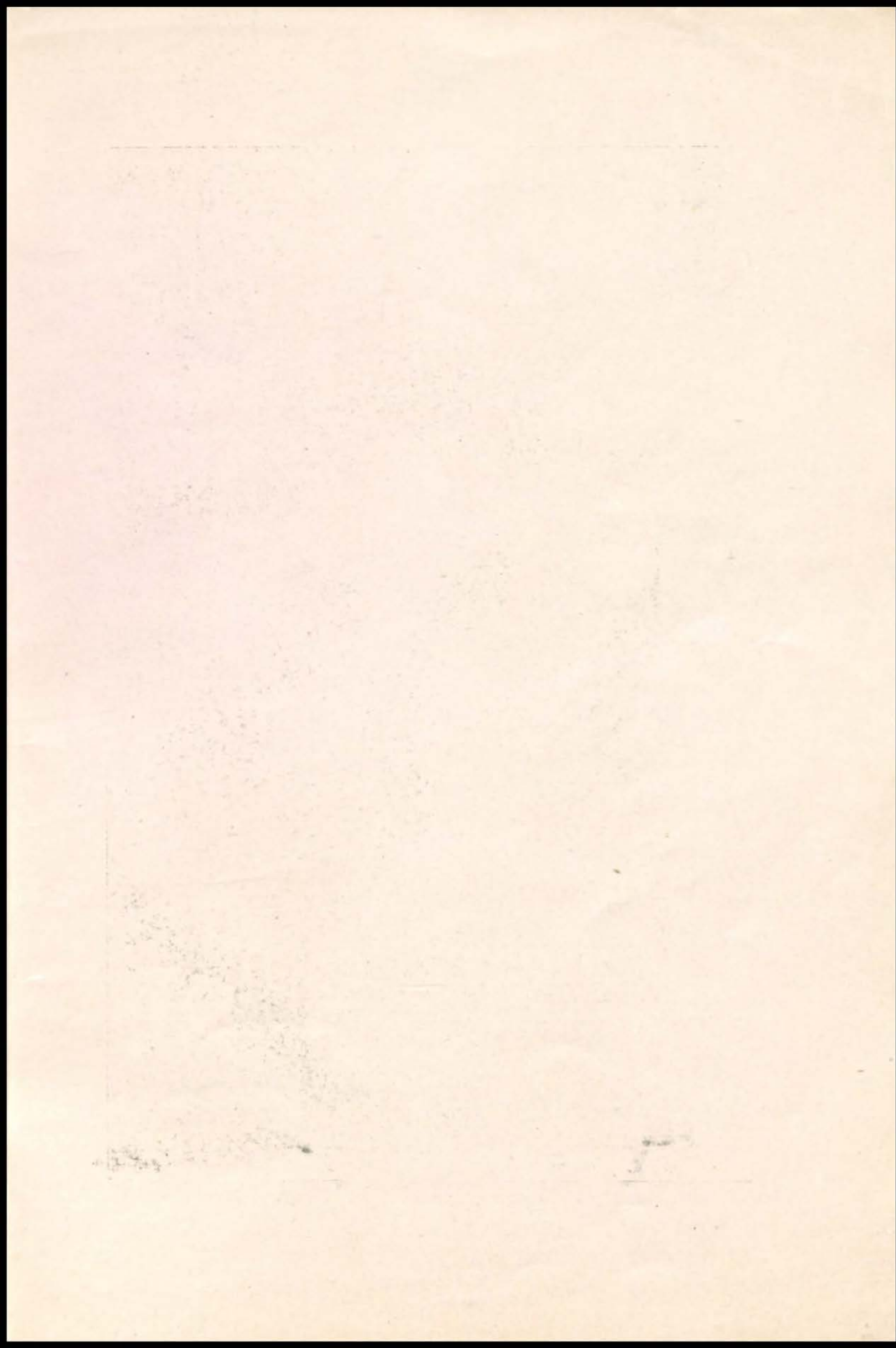
117 S. Main St., Bell Phone 114 Main.

## SMITH BROS.,

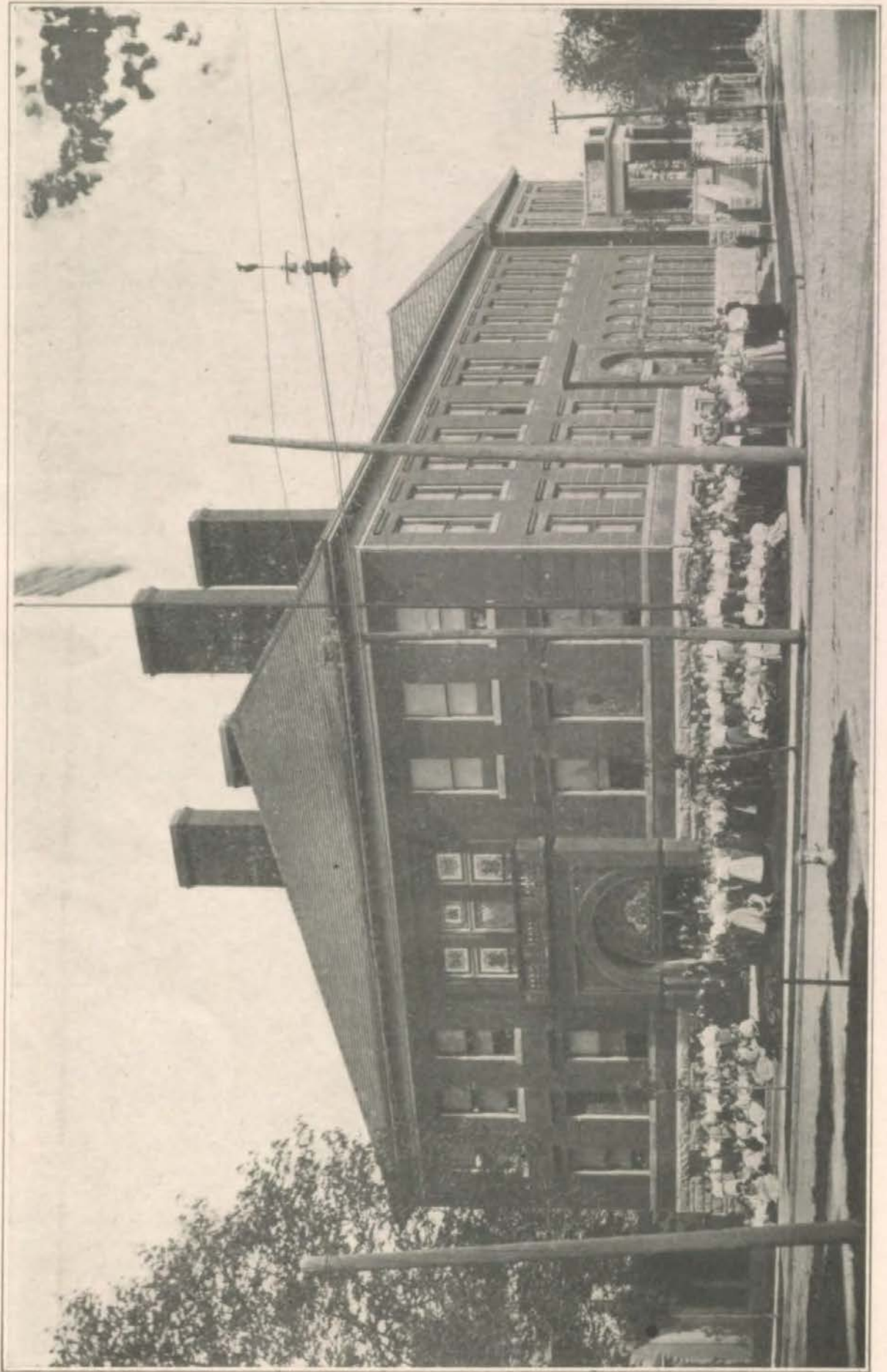
Machine and  
Repair Shop.

Lawn Mower and all kinds of  
edge tools sharpened. Bicycle  
supplies. Gasoline stoves and  
furniture repaired.

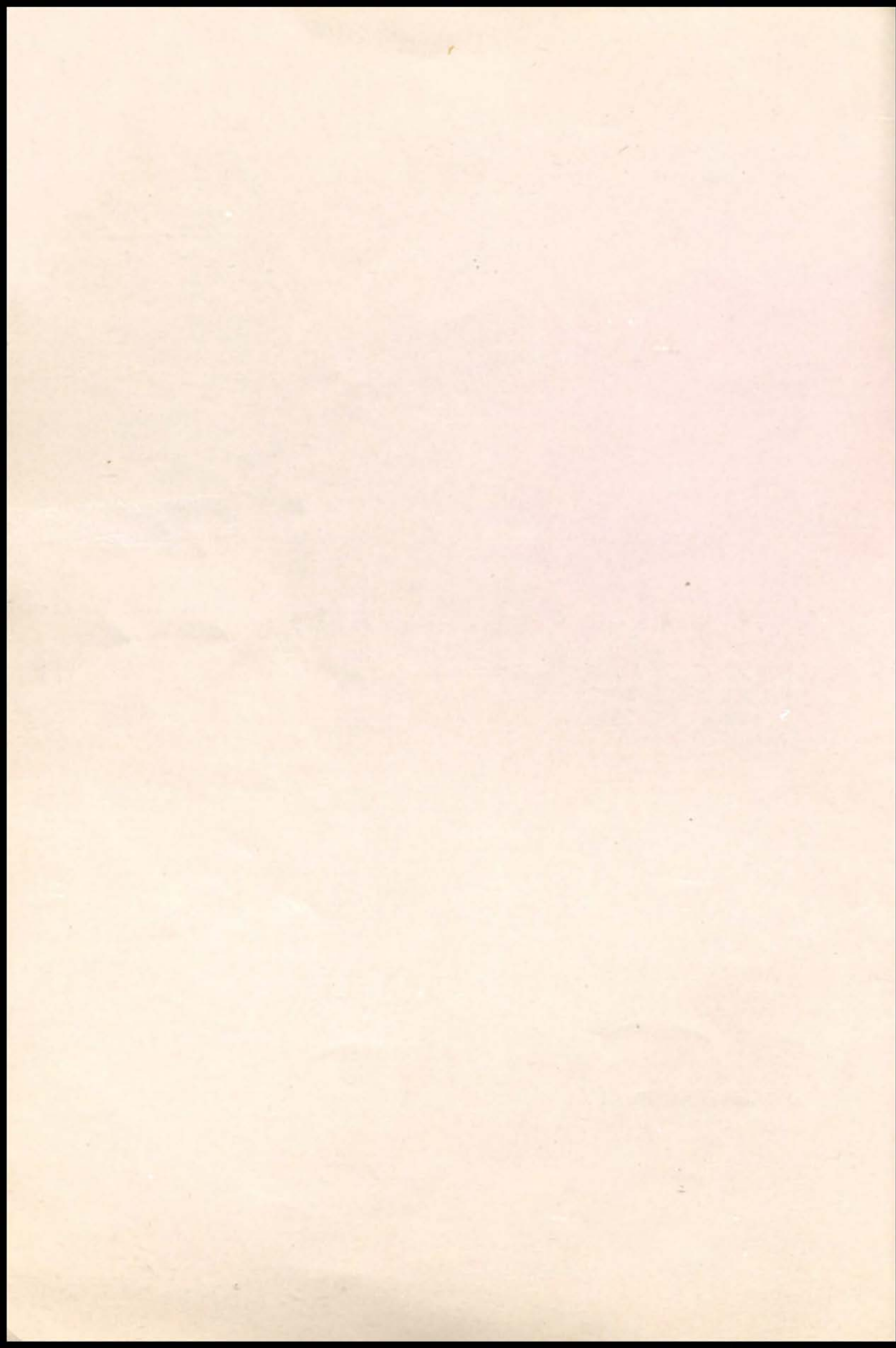
209 West Maple Ave. Phone 140.







# THE GLEAM





## “Dedication.”

---

There is a word spelled out in learning's light,  
The beacon-torch of youth, its promise bright  
Has made the world a place where all may climb  
Toward heights by great men reached, those heights sublime  
Where poets sleep, where statesmen rest in peace ;  
Where warriors bold have sought and found surcease  
From battles won, and scenes of bloody war.  
The height is Fame ; the word that goes before,  
And forms the stepping-stones that reach Fame's door,  
Is Opportunity, the shield in strife,  
The armor of the youth through all his life.  
To thee, thou magic word, thou star of Hope,  
That givest us the power to strongly cope  
With dragons and with chimeras that rise  
And belch their fiery thunders to the skies ;  
To thee, who never hast mankind forsook  
And never will, we dedicate this book.

W. S. P., '08.

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.

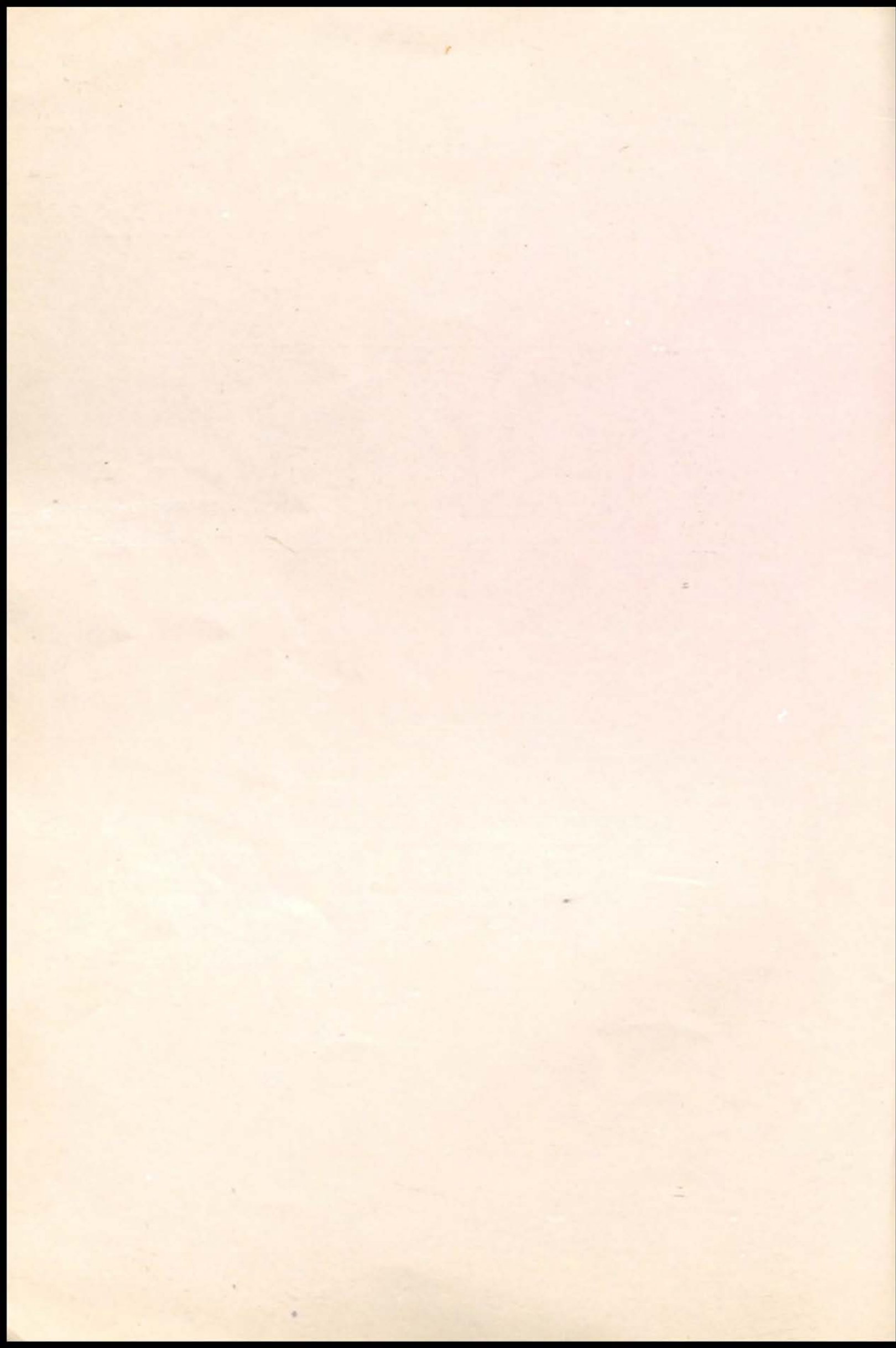
—Tennyson.



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# SENIOR

## YELL.

"Rake 'em up,  
Shake 'em up,  
Keep 'em up late,  
Hurrah! for the class of 1908."

Motto—Prove now thy truth.  
Mascot—Burro.

Colors—Red and Cream.  
Flower—Red and Cream Roses.

## CLASS OFFICERS.

Procter Kerr.....President  
 Pearl Jolley.....Vice-President  
 Ruby De Witt.....Secretary  
 Roger Sermon.....Treasurer  
 Imo Jones.....Sergeant-at-Arms.  
 La Vergne Bryson.....Attorney General

Adams, Helen  
 Bryson, La Vergne  
 Burnett, Muriel  
 Cushwa, Claude  
 De Witt, Ruby  
 Duncan, Edward  
 Fox, Margaret  
 Hill, Carrie  
 Jolley, Pearl  
 Jones, Imo  
 Kerr, Procter  
 Kerr, Marguerite  
 Kelley, Stanley  
 Layland, Maude  
 Leas, Bessie  
 Mauk, Ina

Mills, Mabel  
 Norfleet, Ermie Lee  
 Ott, Natalie  
 Pointer, Florence  
 Palmer, Helen  
 Palmer, William  
 Pointer, Maude  
 Sea, Helen  
 Sermon, Roger  
 Staples, Ethelyn  
 Taylor, Georgia  
 Robinson, E. C.  
 Rogers, Myrtle  
 Watson, Tessie  
 Whitford, William  
 Weatherford, May



**HELEN ADAMS—"Dutch:"**

"All things. I thought I knew, but now confess, the more I know I know, I know the less."

Characteristics—Hasn't any.

Destiny—The Lord only knows.

**LA VERGNE BRYSON:**

"The world knows only two—that's Rome and I."

Ambition—To be a second Shakespeare.

Destiny—Farmer.







**MURIEL BURNETT:**

"We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo."

Ambition—"Risky."

Destiny—House wife.



**CLAUDE CASHWA—"Chunck":**

Age, tender; appearance, sawed-off.

Ambition—Has none.

Destiny—Bachelor.



RUBY DE WITT—"Sweet 'old' girl:"

"If I am not worth the wooing, I am surely not worth the winning."

Lamentation—Why do bachelors drink ice tea?

Destiny—House keeper for a business man.

EDWARD DUNCAN:

"It's a shame to make the lazy work."

Peculiarities—Too numerous to mention.

Destiny—Manager of a chewing gum factory.





**MARGARET FOX—"Judy:"**  
"Eloquent, poetic and michievous."  
Ambition—To play tennis.  
Destiny—Unknown.

**CARRIE HILL:**

"Beauty took vacation at the time  
of my creation."

Age, quite young; appearance, well  
enough.

Possessions: A pocket mirror.

Destiny—Fatal.







**PEARL JOLLEY**—"Pearlie:"

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

Characteristic—"Often seen but seldom heard."

Destiny—Geometry teacher.

**IMO JONES**—"Ikey:"

"Of sweet and gentle grace and unassuming mien."

Characteristic—Stubbornness.

Destiny—"Deestric skool marm."





**PROCTER KERR:**

"I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none." —  
Matrimonial prospects—Tip top.  
Destiny—Preacher.



**MARGUERITE KERR:**

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."  
Characteristic—Knocking.  
Destiny—Missionary.



**STANLEY KELLEY—"Stan:"**

"A wit with dunces and a dunce with wits." (?)

Characteristic—Slowness.

Destiny—Will make his living by chasing snails.

**MAUDE LAYLAND:**

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed your sustenance and birthright are."

Characteristic—Tells all she knows.

Destiny—Postmistress.







**BESSIE LEAS—"Bess:"**

"Always merry, blithe and gay,  
Happy all the livelong day."

Individuality—"An expert manufacturer of fudge."

Destiny—Not yet determined.

**INA MAUK:**

"Brunette—handsome and heartless  
—that organ having been given away."

Individuality—Personal magnetism.

Destiny—Prima donna.





**MABEL MILLS—"Wiggins":**

"A merry heart doeth good like soap-suds."

Ambition—"Where there's sport and where there's fun; where there's frolic, I make one."

Destiny—To succeed Miss Henry as art teacher.

**ERMIE LEE NORFLEET:**

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart, more loving, or more loyal, never beat within a human breast."

Characteristic—A good thinker.

Destiny—Cartoonist on Puck.





**NATALIE OTT**—"Snat:"

"Oh! so cute."

Characteristic—Silence, sometimes.

Ambition—To own a stable of fine horses.



**HELEN PALMER**—"Midge:"

"Little but—Oh, my!"

Ambition—Housewife.

Destiny—Old maid.



**WILLIAM PALMER:**

"Comb down his hair, look! look! it stands upright."

Peculiarity—Stays with the girls—always.

Destiny—To be married young.

**MAUD POINTER:**

"To know her is to love her."

Peculiarity—Chums with her sister.

Destiny—Num.





**FLORENCE POINTER:**

"Music hath its charms to soothe the savage, split a rock or "bust" a cabbage."

Ambition—To be a musician.

Destiny—Woman suffragist.



**E. C. ROBINSON—"Bus:":**

"A very merry, dancing, drinking, laughing, quaffing, and unthinking man."

Height, medium; appearance, one vast substantial grin; possession, the heart of every girl; occupation, too lazy to have any.



**MYRTLE ROGERS:**

"If silence is gold, then this girl is 24 karat."

Peculiarity—Keeps all she knows to herself.

Destiny— Dress maker.

**HELEN SEA—"Hiene":**

"I care for nobody—no, not I,

If no one cares for me."

Peculiarity—Attractive, but exclusive.

Destiny—Society belle.







**ROGER SERMON—"Rog:"**

"Strange to the world he wore a bashful look."

Ambition—Basket ball champion.  
Destiny—Lawyer.

**ETHELYN STAPLES:**

"Eternal sunshine settles on thy head."

Age, (?); disposition, fierce; possessions, curling iron; future prospects, the very best.

Ideal—Attached to a star.





**GEORGIA TAYLOR:**

"A six years' darling of a pygmy size."

Peculiarity—You'll have to ask "ma-ma."

Lamentation—"I am destined to be an old maid."

**TESSIE WATSON—"Tess:"**

"Man delights not me—nor women either."

Peculiarity—Bears acquaintance.

Destiny—To always live with "papa."



**MAY WEATHERFORD**—"Tab:"  
"Marriage is a desperate thing."  
Peculiarity—Proud of her brothers.  
Destiny—Photographer.



**WILLIAM WHITFORD**—"Bill:"  
"A hard man to roast in this world."  
Peculiarity—Always hungry.  
Destiny—Owner of a sunflower farm.

## Class Poem

---

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,  
 Over Latin verbs and English, and o'er history notes galore,  
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
 As of some one faintly rapping, rapping at my fancy's door.  
 "Tis some foolish dream," I muttered, "Only that and nothing more."  
 But before I formed decision, there was placed before my vision,  
 A quaint and tiny fairy; such, I never saw before;  
 And I gazed upon her fearing, little dreaming she was nearing,  
 When she spoke in fairy accents, of the message which she bore;  
 'Twas a message for the Seniors, this it is, and nothing more.  
 "Seniors, soon you will be leaving, and your hearts will then be  
 grieving,  
 At the parting with your school-mates; that your high-school  
 are o'er,  
 Pleasant memories you'll take with you; memories that will never  
 leave you,  
 Of the knowledge and the lessons, gained within those  
 walls of lore,  
 To '08 you will be loyal, loyal now and evermore.  
 But your path lies stretched before you; choose it rightly I implore you,  
 "Prove thy truth" place as a banner, to be followed on your ways.  
 Let this motto be a token, which will ever be unbroken,  
 Of the past, the happy bygone memories of the dear schooldays,  
 Think then, of the noble lessons taught you in the old schooldays.  
 Through all darkness, bravely onward; let each step be ever upward,  
 'Til you reach the highest pinnacle that honor lifts you to.  
 Seek for high and noble beauties; render faithfully the duties,  
 Which confront you. Let your motto hold you steadfast, firm  
 and true,  
 Push on bravely to the goal then, to the goal, the good and true."  
 Scarcely had she finished speaking, in a soft and gentle pleading  
 When she glided from my presence, I beheld her form no more,  
 She had gone from sight forever and in vain was my endeavor  
 To recall her and discover all her legendary store,  
 So I made a vow to cherish, her sweet message evermore.

—M. M. '08.



## History of the Class of 1908

---

We, the Senior Class of the Independence High School, do solemnly affirm to all readers of this article, that upon this page, is set forth a true but abbreviated history of the Class of 1908.

When we entered the High School as Freshmen, we were, as Freshmen always are, very "young and tender and green." Of course, we weren't aware of this fact at first, but the upper classes deemed it a sin to allow us to wander around through the Independence High School in such a state of blissful ignorance, so (as all you who have been Freshmen can readily understand) our illusions as to our greatness were soon dispelled. That is, they were dispelled as far as the other classes were concerned, but we—well, we always did have rather a good opinion of the class of '08. In spite of our Freshmen trials and tribulations our first year in the High School passed quickly by, and the next September we "children" became known to our friends as "the Sophomores."

In our Sophomore year we naturally felt much more important, especially after we became a properly organized class. After gaining the right to be called, in the most formal sense of the word, "the Class of 1908," we looked about for some other great deed to perform. However, there was nothing for us to distinguish ourselves in except our studies, but in these, as in all else, we readily displayed our brilliant powers. Indeed, we succeeded to the extent that the teachers were all led into sagely predicting great (?) things for us.

As Sophs, we had **thought** we were important, but as Juniors, we **knew** ourselves to be so. Therefore being blessed with a certain amount of optimism, we managed to remain pretty well satisfied with ourselves in spite of the few contrary opinions occasionally given voice to by the other classes. The two great events of our Junior year were our class picnic, and the reception which we gave in honor of the Seniors. Each was voted a grand success, and both will long be remembered as two of the very brightest spots in our High School life.

At the beginning of this year, our class once more assembled in the halls of the High School building and this time assumed as ours the title of Seniors. It hardly seemed possible at first that we had really reached the dignified station which as Freshmen we had been in awe of, as Sophs we had admired, and as Juniors we had longed for. We confess that so much dignity weighs rather heavily on our shoulders at times, but at least we have always tried to look learned and wise when occasion demanded it.

The end of our happy years spent in our beloved High School is at hand, but we know that we will ever remember these years with pleasure and that we will always be proud to be known as a member of the class of '08.

—P. J. '08.

## “Our Mascot”

---

“What shall we choose for a mascot?” This is a question which sooner or later confronts the members of every organization.

A mascot, in the general sense of the word, is a thing, animate or inanimate, which is supposed to bring good luck or fortune to its possessor. But we, the class of '08, in choosing our mascot, stepped aside from the beaten path, and selected what we considered would typify the main characteristics of the class as a whole.

At the first meeting, called for that purpose, it seemed as though the enthusiastic members had selected a whole menagerie of birds and animals. Some thought we should choose the magpie, as suggestive of our noisy conversations; others, the dove, as typical of our quiet, gentle natures; others, the eagle, since we are such an all-important organization and are feared, yet respected by all other similar bodies. Again, some wanted the “Teddy-bear;” others the “baby-elephant,”—for “stepped-on;” and still another member suggested the bee,—for “stung.” After considering these and many other birds and animals, the class, by its “united action,” was unable to decide upon any one thing; and so it was moved that we should have a longer time to consider so grave a matter, and the class adjourned.

After having spent a number of days in reconsidering the matter, a second class meeting was called. At this meeting the members sat for a long time silent, as though waiting for some spirit to move them; when at length someone suggested that we choose the parrot, since we, like the parrot, talk when we should be silent and are silent when we ought to talk. This set the ball rolling, and, after many heated discussions, the Burro was chosen by a very un-unanimous vote.

We chose this little animal because it is not only suggestive of very hard, diligent work, but, when imposed upon too much, it kicks; likewise do we, but our kicking is of no avail, except that it often brings us more work.

We fear we may be censured by the Juniors for robbing them of their mascot, given them by Prof. Bryant in their Freshman year; but, in choosing the Burro for ours, we endeavored to carry out that unselfish principle, “First come, first served.”

—T. W. '08







# JUNIOR



## YELL.

Razzle-dazzle, razzle-dazzle,  
 Sis bum bine,  
 All the classes step behind  
 The class of old '09.

Colors—Black and Old Gold.  
 Flower—Daffodil

Motto—Carpe Diem.  
 Mascot—Donkey.

## CLASS OFFICERS.

Cammie Johnston .....	President
Hubert Hunter.....	Vice-President
Nell Gallagher.....	Secretary
Knox Alexander.....	Treasurer
Adelaide Casper.....	Attorney-General
Nathan Pickles.....	Sergeant-at-Arms

## JUNIOR ROLL.

Alexander, Knox	Johnston, Cammie	Schroeder, Otto
Bostian, Madeline	Kelley, Agnes	Stewart, Mattie
Casper, Adelaide	Livesay, Frank	Swift, Heman
Compton, Georgia	Martin, Ethel	Tate, Madeline
Crichton, Majorie	Messenger, Edward	Tate, Marjorie
Davis, Ruth	McAfee, Isabelle	Tatum, Walter
Fisher, Nell	North, Genevieve	Victor, Alice
Foster, George	Pickels, Nathan	Ward, George
Gallagher, Nell	Pritchett, Louise	Williamson, Ruth
Griffin, Grace	Ragan, Eleanor	Wood, Noel
Haupt, Lillian	Roberts, Alice	Woodward, Frankie
Houchens, Lilian	Ross, Louise	Yale, Elvia.
Hunter, Hubert	Sheppard, Grace	



## History of the Class of '09.

This phenomenal class of ours has this year attained the distinctive (?) and enviable (!) position of Juniors, and at this juncture is just coming to a faint realization of its vast and unquestionably essential importance to the "dear old school."

### Epoch I:—

And, as we glance back through the "dim ages" of our "checkered career," when in the roles of Freshmen and Sophomores (stages of development really necessary to the perfection of the youth), we fain would smile; it all seems amusing now. How can we imagine that those "blooming h'infants" of "ye bygone days" were our present glorious selves?

*It was* a laughable class; one of the many occasions it took to exhibit this sterling quality was when, at the competition for the reading medal, it "did itself proud" by permitting those precocious sub-Freshmen (a totally ignored and unthought-of source of danger) to calmly bear off the prize. All this to our immense discomfiture and chagrin.

Thus endeth the first chapter of our High School career.

(Oh yes! I forgot to add, in connection with our Freshman life, that we organized in the early part of the year, this being a heretofore unprecedented departure—a Freshman class organizing!)

### Epoch II:—

And an inexciting one. But little can be said of our doings as Sophomores; the history-making propensities of the class at large seems to have lain dormant, or else to have been at a very low ebb. For time slid tamely by, and we slid as tamely, or possibly a little more so, to that distant, hazy goal—a Junior existence.

However, one *can* say that, in this year and the previous year as well, our class held a memorable and highly enjoyable picnic—this, after the close of school.

Cometh thus to an uneventful close, etc., etc.

### Epoch III:—

"Oh! Oh! can it be possible?" "Surely I am dreaming!"—these and similar ejaculations, in delightedly awed whispers, from the late Sophomores (us) upon their accession to the throne of comparative greatness and discretion (i. e., "comparative" with reference to the Seniors,)—viz., to-wit, Juniorhood. Unconsciously, then, they imbibed a blissful sense of power and assumed the "grand swagger," both of which they were long in recovering from.

Ah! what an eventful year opens. First in the innumerable train of electrifying occurrences was "the raising of the Flag" by the Juniors, (their own flag,) on the pole outside. Scarce recovered from this, and engaged in blindly following the example, were the other classes, when lo! one morning

in the clear autumn air blazed forth from the chimneys above, in snow-white characters, the significant inscription—'09. But, alas! not long did our elation last, for one afternoon, subsequent to calling a meeting of the Juniors, Prof. Bryant confidentially told us that they (the letters) *must* come down. Ah! dear reader, down they did come!

Things progressed tamely again then, for an interminably weary interval, until into our fertile brains stole another idea of ideas—viz., class pins. As a direct result, we held a meeting; members were becoming slightly (?) boisterous, as the discussion grew more and more heated, when—enter Prof. Bryant: "You must be quieter, or I shall have to deny you the privilege of holding any meetings whatever," was his memorable verdict. So finally, in conformity with the requirement for less noise, we decided upon our emblem. We have the pins now, and "on the dead" they're prime.

Nothing further, we believe, remains of the "pathetic tale" to be recorded. And now, gentle and indulgent reader, we would ask of you, in mutual confidence, can you not see what a class full of promise ours is? Its record is one of continual and unbroken rise, is it not? Yes. Well then, we say, look forward a little,—wait, just wait, oh wait, till we are Seniors!

—G. E. W., '09.

---

"He who knows not and knows not that he knows not is a fool—shun him.  
He who knows and knows not that he knows is asleep—wake him.  
He who knows not and knows that he knows not is simple—teach him.  
He who knows and knows that he knows is wise—follow him."









# SOPHS

## YELL.

Kabima, Kabima,  
La-la-la!  
Sophomores, Sophomores,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Flower—White Carnation.

Colors—Blue and White.

## OFFICERS.

Webster McDonald.....President  
Elizabeth Barton.....Vice-President  
Pauline Hickerson.....Secretary  
Nelson Rider.....Ass't Secretary  
Ruby Short.....Treasurer  
Mamie Evans.....Attorney-General  
Fleming Pendleton.....Sergeant-at-Arms

Alexander, Mary  
Allen, Kate  
Baumeister, George  
Baker, Alma  
Blakemore, Susan  
Barton, Elizabeth  
Belcher, Beulah  
Carpenter, Maggie  
Clements, Virginia  
Cushwa, Clay  
Combs, Mable  
Cook, Eric  
Crump, Mary Louise  
Collins, Fannie  
Collins, Eva  
Crump, Mary Pauline  
Duke, Mary  
Donaldson, Fern  
Evans, Mamie

Frick, Bertha  
Flanagan, Grover  
Hickerson, Pauline  
Hudson, Alexander  
Goodman, Margaret  
Henderson, Lavinia  
Hughes, Louise  
Halleran, Ella  
Hill, Lorena  
Hoyt, Lyle  
Jones, Florence  
Lamon, Leola  
Latimer, Jessie  
Lowe, Marguerite  
McBride, Florence  
McDonald, Webster  
McCarroll, Frank  
McCoy, Carrie  
Meador, Ethel

Minor, Grace  
Matt, Grace  
Matt, Katherine  
Mosley, Lily  
Mundy, Claudine  
Mize, Katherine  
Miller, James Anthony  
Pendleton, Fleming  
Pendleton, Margaret  
Phillips, Earle  
Reynor, Maude  
Rule, Ruth  
Rider, Martha  
Rider, Nelson  
Roberts, Lee  
Sands, Louise  
Stone, Amy

Scott, Minnie  
Short, Ruby  
Street, Ida  
Sherman, Delphine  
Turoff, Ben  
Twyman, Willie  
Tatum, Birdie  
Withers, Armond  
Walters, Herman  
Wellington, Lettie  
Whitney, J. B.  
Woody, Gladys  
Woody, Ruth  
Yankee, Maude  
Yingling, Ruth  
Zeigler, Mary

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## History of the Class of 1910.

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In January, 1906, a small, black, threatening cloud appeared above the horizon of the heretofore peaceful domain of the Independence High School. It approached with relentless rapidity, with all the force of a whirlwind, giving the alarmed and distracted pupils no time for flight.

Arriving at the school, it rushed up the front steps till it reached the first floor; there it stopped, suddenly losing its velocity, and assumed the demureness of a kitten. The pupils gathered eagerly around to learn the cause of the terrible catastrophe which had arrived in their midst—then it was that they discovered the Subs.

Yes, we the Subs had come on them unexpectedly, but nevertheless were met with the most wonderful advances on the part of all. We were called the endearing terms of Subs, Dubs, Stubs, and even Scrubs. We were assigned to sit in front of the post. We could never discern the reason of this, No?

However, it was but the work of a few days ere we had mustered our forces and were progressing with the ease and activity of life-long residents. Our diplomacy was shown in approaching our teachers, but, of all, Mr. Bryant. To us was first allowed the privilege of organizing while we still were Freshmen. As our colors, we chose Yale blue and white, and for our flower, the white carnation. Likewise we rendered programs every Tuesday morning to the peevish and criticising public, but were soon overwhelmed by their applause. (The public is so appreciative.)

Thus our triumphs continued in quick succession throughout the half year and into our Freshman year, till we received the blow from which we have never recovered. With little pomp and ceremony, it was announced to us that our half year had counted nothing. Our feelings were not considered in the slightest. We would not be allowed to split the term. We do not know who was to blame for the miscalculation which sent us over here in the middle of the term, but each one, down deep in the bottom of his heart, still has a sneaky little feeling that he has not been treated exactly square.

But time is a great physician, and we hope that maybe, in the near future, we will recover from the wrong thrust upon us, and make our exit with as happy and easy a manner as when we first entered.

P. H. '10.

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“There’s no beginning and no end. As in the ages gone,  
The greatest joy of joys shall be the joy of going on.”





# Freshmen



## YELL.

'Hoop it up! Keep it up! Seven times seven!  
Hurrah! for the class for 1911!'

Class Colors—Black and White.

Class Flower—Black-eyed Daisy.

Mascot—Little White Pig.

## FRESHMAN OFFICERS.

Mildred Fox.....President  
George Wallace.....Secretary  
Kenneth Bostian.....Treasurer  
Thomas Charleton....Sergeant-at-Arms

Alexander, Armstead  
Allen, Amos  
Allen, Pauline  
Arrington, Pearl  
Arthur, Paul  
Baldwin, Paschol  
Barto, Eathel  
Blakemore, Hortense  
Bostian, Kenneth  
Boone, John  
Bowdle, Ruth  
Branham, Beulah  
Broughton, Margaret  
Bryant, Mildred  
Burckett, Mary  
Burhardt, Charles  
Casebolt, Carleton  
Chrisman, Nellie  
Clasby, Bessie

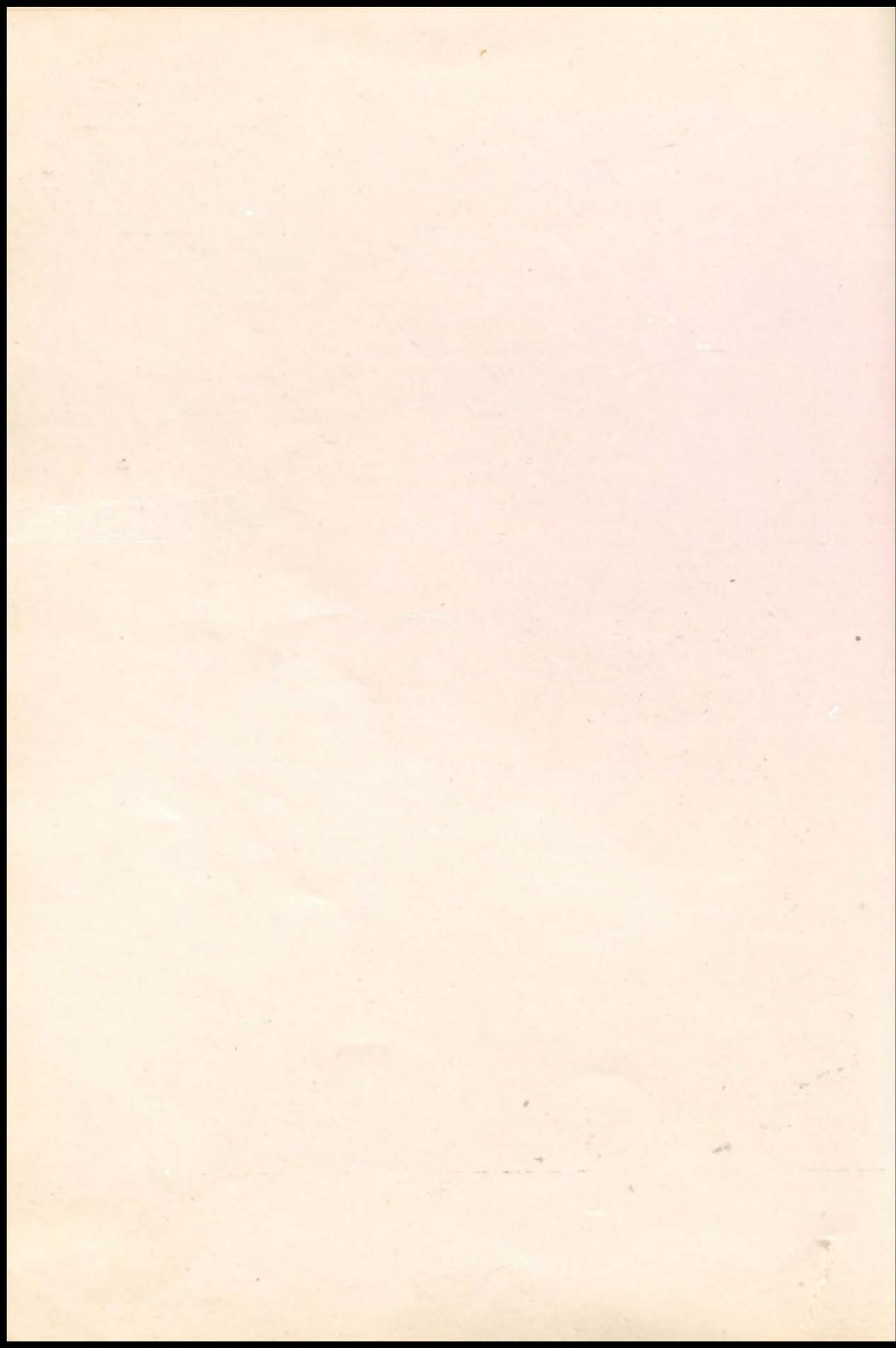
Clow, Harold  
Cogswell, Elizabeth  
Cook, Gela  
Craddock, Ada  
Crenshaw, Ralph  
Crichton, Ross  
Criley, Clifford  
Davis, Eugene  
Davis, Carrie  
Delafield, Ralph  
Dunn, Olga  
Dunn, Rea  
Echardt, Marguerite  
Etzenhauser, Earl  
Etzenhauser, Vena  
Etzenhauser, Wallace  
Faust, Lula  
Farrow, Donnie  
Farrow, Teddie



- |                       |                        |                     |
|-----------------------|------------------------|---------------------|
| Flanders, Roland      | Oldham, Thomas         |                     |
| Ford, Anna            | Paxton, Edward         |                     |
| Fox, Mildred          | Peak, Fern             |                     |
| Fuchs, Helena         | Pendleton, Roland      |                     |
| Gallagher, Kate       | Porter, Thelma         |                     |
| Gaines, James         | Prewitt, Lola          |                     |
| Gentry, Mary          | Pryor, Ivan            |                     |
| Gibson, Thomas        | Ramsey, Mahala         |                     |
| Gibson, Bertha        | Radmall, Myrtle        |                     |
| Granhan, Joe          | Reynolds, May          |                     |
| Graves, Louise        | Rice, Xarrissa         |                     |
| Griffin, Jessie       | Rieck, Irma            |                     |
| Greenwood, James      | Roberts, Rosalind      |                     |
| Guinand, Irene        | Roberts, Ruby          |                     |
| Hare, Ida             | Rogers, Glenn          |                     |
| Hattin, Lucile        | Rogers, Marion         |                     |
| Hickman, Chloe        | Saddler, Ethel         |                     |
| Hill, Richard         | Rufner, Ruby           |                     |
| Hume, Fred            | Sands, Edward          |                     |
| Hughes, Harold        | Siddons, Fern          |                     |
| Johnson, Ruby         | Smith, Helen           |                     |
| Kelly, Emlin          | Speaker, Roy           |                     |
| Kelly, Terrence       | Southern, Caroline     |                     |
| Kerr, Kathleen        | Southern, Mary Francis |                     |
| Kruger, Bertha        | Soaps, Fred            |                     |
| Lerche, Anna Rhac     | Staples, Fay           |                     |
| Lewis, Mary           | Starlin, Gladys        |                     |
| Lewis, Charles        | Stayton, Charles       |                     |
| Lewright, Harold      | Stede, Frank           |                     |
| Livesay, Mary         | Sterrett, Sill         |                     |
| Lowdell, Cordelia     | Sterrett, Ida          |                     |
| Matt, John            | Stewart, Alice         |                     |
| Matt, Lucy            | Sterrett, Wallace      |                     |
| Martin, Margaret      | Teed, Eugene           |                     |
| Messenger, Druscillia | Totty, Nellie          |                     |
| Metzger, Arthur       | Truitt, Pearl          |                     |
| McCarroll, Lyle       | Valentine, Grace       |                     |
| Miles, Ralph          | Waldon, Ruby           |                     |
| Millard, George       | Waggoner, Harry        |                     |
| Mize, Charles         | Wallace, George        |                     |
| Moritz, Emmanuel      | Walters, Kathrine,     | Whitney, Ruth Ellen |
| Murphy, Robert        | Ward, Esther           | Winton, Louise      |
| Necessary, Hugh       | Whaley, Rachel         | Weeks, Lyle         |
| Norfleet, Wilbur      | White, Dorthy          | Yetter, Russel      |









# Arts and Science.

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## The Value of a Linguistic Education.

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Although some of the studies of the High School course are compulsory, the study of such languages as are taught here—Latin and German—is elective; consequently, each year there is much discussion among the enrolling Freshmen as to whether they shall or shall not take Latin or German. And it seems that each year the number of students taking these courses grows smaller. Why this is, it is hard to understand, but it must be that they do not comprehend the value of these studies.

But the fact of the case is that a knowledge of these languages is a magic key which admits the bearer into the realms of the most interesting, highest and best in the world. Of course, the old theory was that "readin' 'ritin' and 'rithmetic" should comprise an education, but why should we merely learn to read what is in our language—and some of us do that none too well—when there are other things in the realm of Literature just as beautiful, and when a way is offered us to be able, with little effort, to enjoy it.

Many pupils do not object seriously to studying the German language because it is easy and in common use, while Latin has the reputation of being hard and it is considered useless, since it is a dead language.

In whatever way Latin gained this reputation, the idea that it is hard, is a grossly erroneous one. Latin is simple. All that is necessary to enable one to read the Latin classics in the original is a course in grammar such as is furnished in every first year Latin course. With this foundation the rest follows easily, naturally.

Even if the first year of Latin were hard, who would miss all the advantages that follow the mastery of Latin grammar, just for a little extra work one year? Who would sacrifice the accuracy, the skill in grammatical structure, the knowledge of the etymology of words and the added retentive powers of the mind? More, who would sacrifice the privilege of burrowing about in Latin classics for beauties unknown in English? What hero-worshiper is there whose soul is not thrilled at hearing the accounts Caesar gives of his many exploits? Who is so dull as not to be stirred by Cicero's thrilling, burning orations? Or who would miss the story of the Trojan war, the Fall of Troy, the subsequent wandering of Aeneas, his trips to Hades, and his final establishment of Rome, as it is so delightfully told in Vergil's "Aeneid"?

It is to be sincerely hoped that in the near future every pupil will begin in his freshman year and take the full course in Latin. And, more, that soon we will have a course in Italian, the language of the Sunny South, and Spanish—which is said to be the most musical and beautiful language in the world.

I. I. J. '08.



### Art in Our Schools.

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"He is the greatest artist, then,  
 Whether of pencil or of pen,  
 Who follows Nature, never Man,  
 As artist or as artisan,  
 Pursuing his own fantasies  
 Can touch the human heart or please  
 Or satisfy our nobler needs."

—Longfellow.

The study of art is a necessary factor in everyone's education. It is not only beneficial to an artist, but to an architect, a mechanic, and to a designer. It enables everyone who studies it to appreciate real art, and it gives one an artistic taste and culture, which always is noticeable in their personality.

This department of the Independence High School consists of a large, well-lighted studio, which is conveniently equipped for the work, and an excellent instructor has been provided by the Board of Education. The average number of pupils who take the art course is about one-fifth, and the studio can very easily accommodate more. It is strange that the boys are in the minority in this department. They should not allow this to be true, but should take up this work, for it will be of great advantage to them in whatever profession they enter. The world's greatest artists have been men, not women.

The course in the High School is a good foundation on which to build. In the different departments of the school medals are awarded to the one ranking highest. Mr. Benjamin Sturges has offered a medal for the best collection of art work. It is always appreciated by the one who wins it.

The pupils of this school may well be proud of their studio, which is equal to any in the High Schools of our country. They should all grasp this great opportunity offered them, and next year enter the new studio resolved to do their very best.

C. E. H., '08.

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"Just be glad,  
 For we know, not every morrow can be sad;  
 So, forgetting all the sorrow we have had,  
 Let us fold away our fears and put by our foolish tears,  
 And through all the coming years  
 Just be glad."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

### Mathematics.

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In our High School course the three fundamental studies are literature, mathematics and history. It has been recognized by nearly all High Schools that literature is the chief study and the study to which most attention and time should be given. Next in order and importance stands mathematics, which in one sense is a more beneficial study than literature.

Mathematics is not a culture study, as literature is, but, on the other hand, literature is not a mind-developing and practical study as mathematics has proved itself to be. You can scarcely name an article that is not in some way connected with mathematics: from bread-making in the kitchen, in which you have to measure each ingredient in proportion to the others, to the complicated architectural work of planning and constructing immense buildings. It is a recognized fact throughout the world that the greatest and most far-reaching result of a mathematical study is the acuteness and accuracy of the mind.

This is, of course, caused by two particular facts: mathematics in any form is really the repetition of the theory of numbers, letters or lines, commonly called arithmetic, algebra or geometry, which may be given in values of 10, 20, 50; or  $x$ ,  $y$ ,  $z$ , or sign, tangent and secant, and because all mathematical conceptions are abstract. By repetition the mind is made more accurate; by dealing with an abstract subject the mind becomes more acute. It is to these conceptions of the mind that we owe all of our gratitude for our many beneficial inventions.

Most students find mathematics a difficult study to master, because it seems as if they are given so little to work with and are required to find so much, but it is this particular phase of mathematics that makes it such a beneficial study. It is not the simple problems, but the long, complicated constructions which you have to ponder upon and master for yourself that are of unbounded value to you. Why? Because, as I said before, it develops the mind and makes it more capable of grasping quickly and firmly all problems which are placed before it in future life.

For these reasons and for many others, which I have neither time nor space to give, mathematics will always prove itself valuable and worthy of a prominent position in schools, colleges and universities.

B. L., '08.

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"Strew gladness on the paths of men. You will not pass this way again;"



### Science.

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One of the most beneficial subjects taught in the High School is science. It is beneficial because it is practical and gives the student a knowledge which he can apply in every-day life. This study creates within the pupil an investigative spirit, and he has a desire to look into the laws of nature and learn more of her mysterious workings. One also is inflamed with the desire to ascertain the truths previously established and in doing so impresses the laws upon the mind, besides. But it is not necessary to discuss why science is taught, as that is well known to all. The reader would doubtless be more interested in how it is taught in our High School.

The course in science is not an extensive one, yet it includes most of the branches taught in any High School: physiology, physical geography, zoology, biology and physics. These subjects are thoroughly mastered under the direction of a competent instructor, and they form a most excellent foundation for the more advanced work in the line of science.

Physics is the highest branch taught, and belongs in the course for the senior year. There are three class recitations of one period each a week. The class is divided into two sections for laboratory work, each section having one double period and one single period a week. The laboratory is a large room, strongly lighted and well equipped for experimental work. The work is done on large tables, which are fitted with electrical and gas connections. The apparatus is kept in a large storeroom, opening off the laboratory. Over \$200 worth of apparatus was added to the supply this year, making the total value at present about \$700.

In the experimental work the pupil follows the direction of the manual, the experiments being assigned by the instructor so as to include those necessary for the State University requirement; thus an ample opportunity is offered to all those desiring an elementary knowledge of science.

E. S., '08.

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### Manual Training.

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One of the most interesting departments of our High School is the Manual Training, which consists of instruction in mechanical drawing and woodwork.

The pupils are required to make an accurate drawing of the models they make in the workshop. The first models made were the bench hook and the ruler, which were used as tools during the year. The remainder of the first half of the year was spent in doing joinery work. Among the models were the halved cornered, the Tee-joint, the halved cross and the glue-joint, made into a bread cutting board. This knowledge of joints was applied during the remainder of the year in the construction of such models as the picture frame, the book rack, which is an application of the through mortise tenon joint, and the tabouret with the blind mortise tenon.

When this course was completed, the pupils were allowed to choose their next model, which was an application of their knowledge gained from their former work.

The inlaying work was also attempted this year, which resulted in remarkable work for first year High School students, as this is seldom attempted in a course below the University.

This is only the second year that the High School has had the Manual Training Department, but it has proved so interesting, as well as practical, that it will be carried on in the future on a more extensive scale.

The department is to be moved from the main building of the High School to the basement of the Annex, which is now under construction. The new work shop will be about twice the size of the present one, besides being entirely modern. It will be equipped with electricity, by which the necessary machinery will be run for doing lathe work, which will comprise the second year High School course.

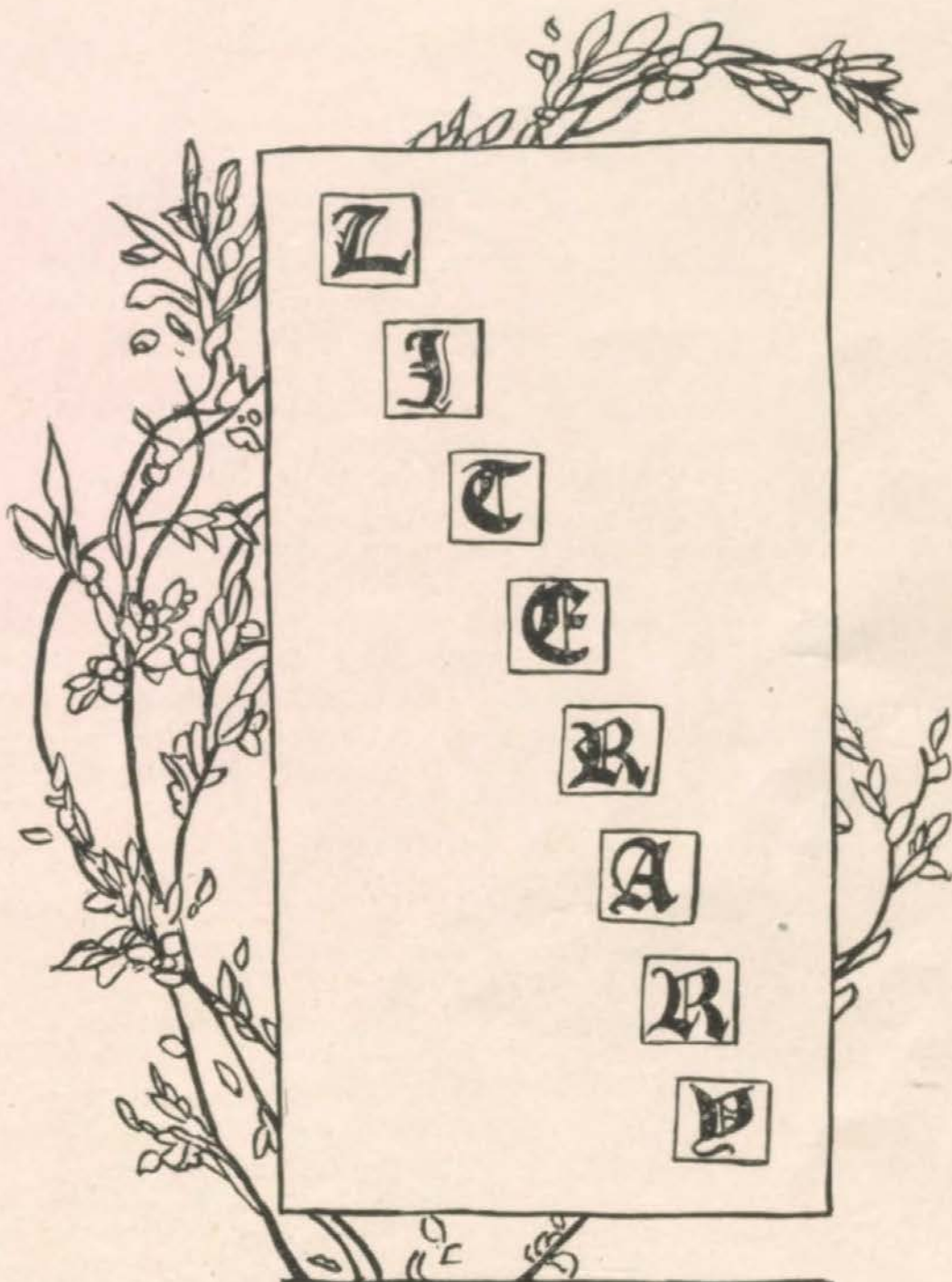
The work done in the Manual Training Department is planned in such a way as to correlate with the drawing, and the elementary lessons in geometric forms, which are studied in arithmetic. It tends to make the pupils accurate, to show them the application of many lessons which they have learned: the value of correct drawing on one hand, and of manual work that is exact and adheres closely to the drawing on the other.

The delight of the pupils in this work is spontaneous and sincere, and such interest in the best labor of one's hands is bound to be of high educational value. As a preparation for active life, technical, professional or mercantile, the manual training cannot fail to be of very great educational value.

E. S., '08.







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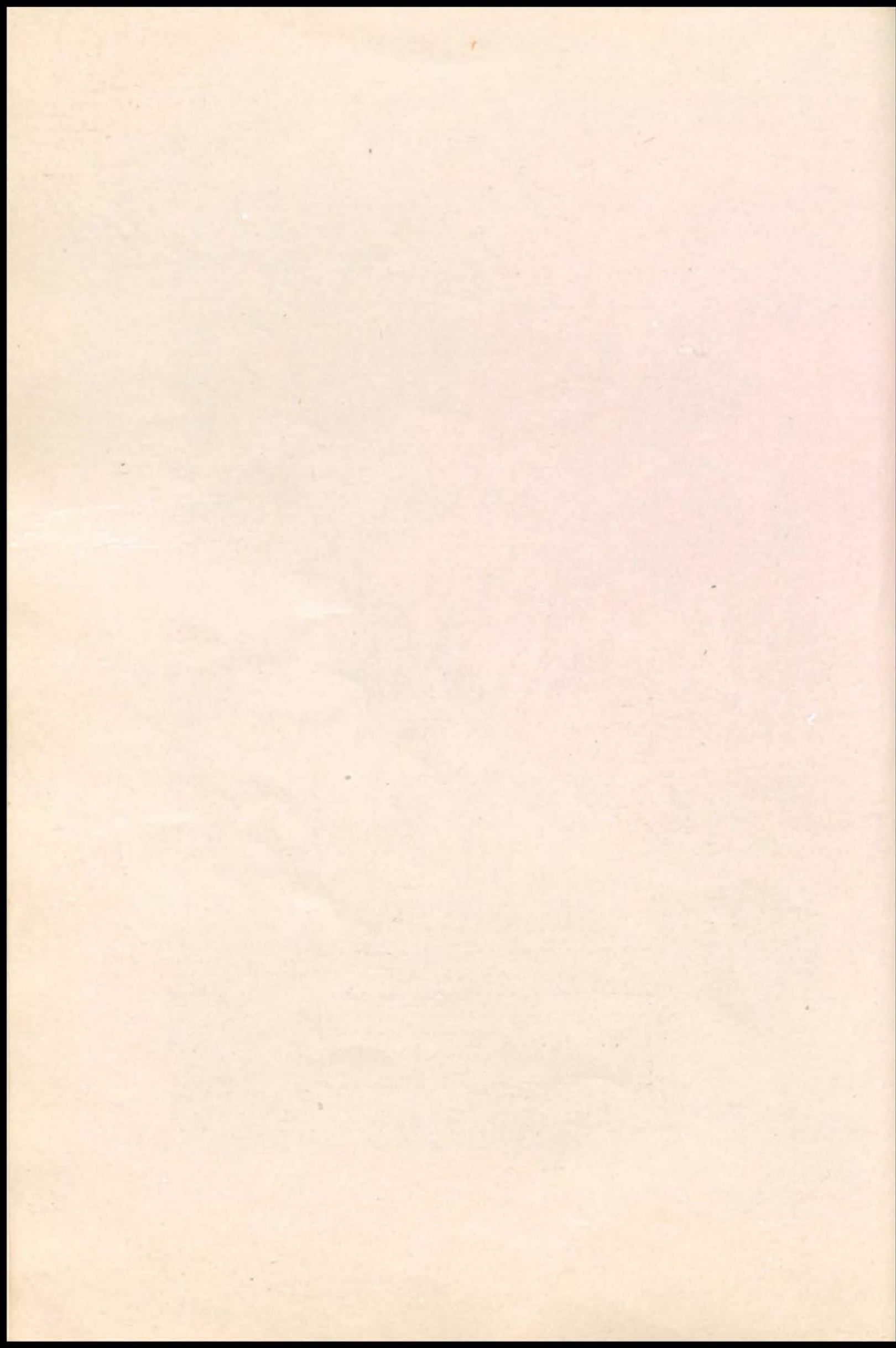
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PROVE NOW THY TRUTH.

Mabel Mills.





## A Fancy of the Moonlight.

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The stars sank out of sight  
In the beauty of the night,  
And the moon rose in its splendor, \*  
    Tinting everything with glory and with light.  
And I saw the wood nymphs playing,  
And their elf-like forms were swaying,  
    To the rythm of their airy, fairy dance.  
And the wind sighed through the branches of the trees,  
And with light-blown kiss, the warm, sweet midnight breeze  
Met the moonbeams as they shimmered on the waters of the lake.  
    And I heard the tree-tops whispering,  
    And their murmuring voices lispig  
Of the beauty of the moonbeams in the stillness of the night.

Ah! how oft' the moonlight ling'ring  
On these dark, cold walls, comes bringing  
Ghosts of by-gone days, which I would fain have given to the past:  
Ghosts of water-fairies, bringing  
Sounds of mingled voices singing  
Of the lake, the crystal moonbeams, and the stillness of the night.

W. S. P., '08.

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Do all the good you can;  
By all the means you can;  
In all the ways you can;  
At all the times you can;  
To all the people you can;  
As long as ever you can.

—John Wesley.

## Prove Now Thy Truth.

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In selecting a motto for our class, we endeavored to choose something worthy of the name—a motto, in the highest sense of the word. A class motto is supposed to be an expression of an ideal—that at which the class would aim—that which it would attain. With this view, we chose as our motto Lowell's inspiring words, "Prove now thy truth."

Character and ideals are the two important factors in the proving of one's truth. With the development of this idea, will come the realization that there is great necessity for placing high the standard of these two factors in the early years of life. The reason for this is that while yet the world appears "rose-tinted," character begins "to assume its permanent shape and color, and the young are wont to take their course for time and for eternity." The higher the ideals, the nobler the character.

The world is filled with idealists and is made beautiful through ideals. Christ was the Idealist Beautiful and all lovers of, and strivers for the true, the beautiful, and the good, look to Him as the supreme ideal, embodying in Himself all noble ideals. All true poets, composers, painters, and sculptors, are idealists, for they cherish in their hearts true and beautiful things, the expression of which is given in their works.

Man is known by his works—by that which he accomplishes—so it is important for him to live up to the highest of ideals, thus proving his truth in all things. If mistakes are used as "stepping stones to higher things," the ideal and the actual world may be brought very close together. Emerson's "Hitch your wagon to a star," is only another way of saying that high ideals should be aimed at and kept.

Remembering these things, we have chosen, "Prove now thy truth," as a motto which we can keep ever with us and which will help us in attaining all that is best and noblest in life.

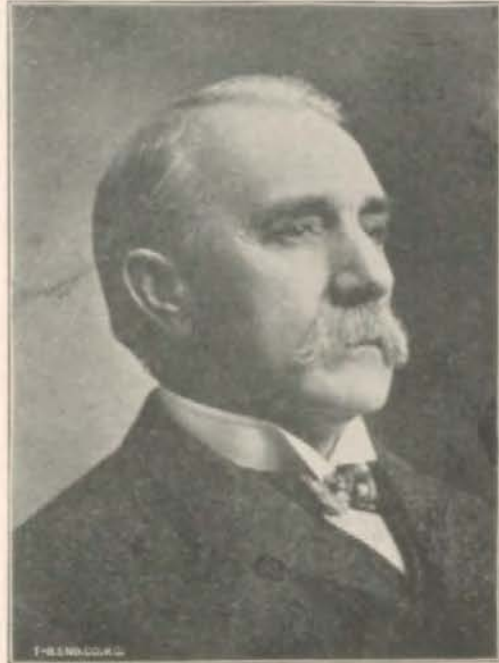
P. M. J., '08.

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"Pleasures are like poppies spread,  
 You sieze the flower, the bloom is shed;  
 Or, like the snow falls on the river,  
 A moment white then melts forever:  
 Or like the borealis race  
 That flits e'er you can point the place;  
 Or like the shadows lovely form  
 Vanishing amid the storm."—Robert Burns.



## Echoes.



Life is a mystery. The millions that have lived have not solved it. We gather a little light here and there, and try to focus it. At times the intensity becomes so great, that the focused spot becomes blinding and leaves only a dark spot in the vision. We know something of the experiences of those that have preceded us by their maxims, proverbs, and short-sayings. These are the echoes of the past. May I give you some of these echoes? It may be difficult for youth to read into them all they contain, but passing days will lend an interpreting ear.

Echo No. 1.—“**The consciousness of duty performed gives us music at midnight.**”

This is the experience of those who have tried it, and so many have tried it with uniform results, that it is worth taking at its face value. The adjustment of life to such a principle cannot fail to add joy to those hours when conscience is most active. Try it.

Echo No. 2.—“**In Today already walks Tomorrow.**”

If we could but believe it and act upon it, how it would change not only our todays but also our tomorrows. The future is ever a new ship coming in to be freighted with our thought, feeling, and action. Should it pass without receiving its cargo, some one will be disappointed when age steps in to enjoy the freightage of its youth.

“Procrastination is the thief of time ;  
Year after year it steals till all are fled.”  
Beware.

Echo No. 3.—“The best way for a man to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it.”

Aim high. Take something within range first. Use your energy and adaptability as range finders. It is well to try your guns before the real battle. Target practice will eventually sink the hostile battle-ship. Keep your eyes on the opportunity just above you and ahead of you, and be ready when the door opens. Be ready.

Echo No. 4.—“There are but three classes; the retro-grade, the stationary, and the progressive.”

I leave this without suggestion or question, only to say that some people have already been classified, and others await classification. Who are they?

Echo No. 5.—“The most difficult thing in life is to keep the heights which the soul has reached.”

To do so one must be ever active. Our inspiration should come from that which is above us and beyond us. A finished soul is God's highest product. Keep the eye ever open to the true, the beautiful, and the good, and life's problems become easier and life itself happier.

GEO. S. BRYANT.





## Stimulus of Opposition.



Throughout the organic world we find a continual warfare. Cell contends with cell; individual with individual; tribe with tribe; nation with nation. The ceaseless struggle for supremacy is in accord with nature's plan, and the result of the contest must be "the survival of the fittest." Either assimilation or destruction awaits the vanquished.

While we realize that this law of contention, first for existence, next for supremacy, is universal, it is of more general interest, perhaps, as illustrated in the higher forms of life. Man is born to endeavor. As he was driven forth from Eden the fiat of Jehovah spoke his condemnation, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Heat and cold, rain and tempest, drouth and famine, disease and death, have opposed his effort only to reveal in him increased power and intelligence as a result of opposition on the part of these natural forces. When we regard the magnitude of human achievement and the heights to which man has climbed in his struggle to subdue and divert to his purposes the forces residing in matter, we are impressed that a spark of divinity must have been permitted to follow and reside with him when ejected from the Garden in the anger of God.

The physical growth attained without encounter with opposing forces, is not sound. To be strong and hardy, the plant or animal must come in contact with the enemies to its development and life. In no other way can its power of resistance be cultivated so as to render it capable of self-protection and self-support. Muscle hardens and grows strong only by repeated exercise against opposing force. The athlete attains the maximum of power and endurance only after long and severe training and repeated trials of skill. Among savage nations he is chief who has established his claim to leadership by proving his supremacy in every contest with his tribesmen.

The field of discovery and invention affords remarkable examples of successful combats of human endeavor and courage against ignorance, prejudice and scholastic bigotry. Galileo, Columbus, Newton, Franklin, stand forth conspicuously among the exponents of world-progress, and as great leaders in the struggle of man for the subjugation of natural forces. Superstition and dogma are continuing to retreat before the power of reason and enlightenment.



The knights of old won their spurs, in part, by feats of strength and valor for which they were fitted by the severest tests of discipline and courage. But the guerdon of knighthood required of the acolyte a greater conquest than that over external forces. It was necessary that he bring under the subjection of his will all the passions of the soul before he was deemed capable of performing his knightly vows. Self-conquest was the price demanded for the high honors and the grave responsibilities of knighthood.

That discipline which will secure for you the full control of your own powers, my young friends of the class of 1908, is the weapon you will need to encounter successfully the opposition of external forces. It is my earnest wish that each of you may be a winner in life's contest. That my wish may be realized it is necessary that you appreciate the value of opposition as an inspiration to your highest effort. He who wins in any contest without opposition has achieved little, and temporary defeat should serve to develop the power which will lead to ultimate victory. The flare of lights, the sound of music, the sweet odor of flowers, the intoxicating influence of an applauding crowd, the award of diplomas and prizes in recognition of your successful years of school life, will soon pass away. In a little while you are to face the world, in which you must win your way alone. Then will begin the real struggle. May you realize early that the law of resistance is a means of developing and awakening the latent powers of man. Equip yourselves with the armor of self-control. Youth, attended by faith and hope, is your glorious heritage. With these as your weapons, may you go forth to high achievement.

Wm. L. C. Palmer.

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"Thought is the property of him who can entertain it and adequately place it."—Emerson.



## Quality not Quantity.

"It's perfectly ridiculous," said Polly Pard, coming into Julia Parris' room and dropping her books on the table and herself in the most comfortable chair. "Who ever heard of the like?" cried Helen, "It's just like 'Stubby' to do such a thing!"

These and various other comments followed, as the rest of the girls disposed themselves on chairs, beds, boxes, and any available thing.

"Will some one please tell me what all this chattering means?" asked Julia from the couch, where she had been reading when the girls came in.

"It's positively absurd. No one but 'Stubby' could do such a thing. Little Nancy Batterton's the most stupid girl in class," cried "Billy" Curris, the clever one.

"Here! here! Please enlighten me. What *are* you talking about?"

"Why, it's just this," Nathalie perched herself on the window-sill and emphasized each word with a vigorous kick. "'Stubby' Waring selected little Nancy Batterton for forward on our basket-ball team, for the big game next Wednesday with the Terris Hill girls."

"She's so small, and everybody knows Terris Hill has the strongest team in years. Why couldn't she have been a sub? She'd be good there." Margaret helped herself to the fudge crumbs left from last night, as she ended. The bell for mathematics rang and the girls scattered in very direction.

Things went on as usual, except that basket-ball practice was harder as Wednesday drew nearer. An occasional comment was heard as "Stubby" and Nancy came into the gym. It would be judged from the name "Stubby" that she was small; but she was tall, gloriously tall—a magnificent basket-ball player.

At last the great day arrived. The teams trotted to their places. "Stubby" grasped both of Nancy's hands in a grip like iron and whispered fiercely, "Don't luse your head. Play yer best. Think what it means to ourn."

Nancy's small chin stiffened and her big, brown eyes sought "Stubby's." They seemed to say, "For your sake I'll do my best."

The ball was in action. The Terris Hill centre sent it to her forward. The forward very coolly tossed the ball over the head of her guard, into the basket. Two to nothing,—the ball in school court. Little Nancy Batterton threw the ball to the basket. It rolled around the rim and then, and then—dropped into the arms of the Hill guard. A long-drawn "Oh" went round the gym while the Hill girls screamed delightedly.

Time was called and the first half was over, with the score two to nothing.

At the end of ten minutes, time was called and the game was on; this time in earnest.

The ball in school court. "Line foul on Terris Hill," called the referee.

Nancy took the ball and stepped into position, grasped it firmly and delib-



erately threw it into the basket. "Play faster! Oh, play!" cried the home girls.

The Hill forward has the ball. A goal! Four to one in favor of Terris Hill.

"Four minutes more," cried the referee.

Nancy caught the ball as it came through the basket. She threw it high in the air. It rolled around the rim and fell in just as the whistle blew. Four to five. "She can play," whispered Nathalie to "Stubby," as they rushed in to where Nancy stood, surrounded by a crowd of adoring girls.

"Come on," whispered "Stubby" to Helen; and, with one long sweep, little Nancy was borne to their shoulders and carried out amidst a cheering crowd.

N. O., '08.

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SPECIMEN TRANSLATION FROM THE "ÆNEID."

The tired Aeneadae now made haste to seek  
 The nearest land, and turned to Libyan shores.  
 In a long inlet there is a spot: an island  
 With its protecting side defends the port,  
 For by it all swells from the deep are broken,  
 And, dividing, recede along the beach.  
 On either hand huge cliffs tower to the skies,  
 And twin peaks, under whose crests a broad lake  
 Lies silent; then a brightly-wooded background,—  
 And above, shaggy, evergreens o'erhang the glade.  
 Under the cliff, between the lofty crags,  
 There is a cavern well supplied within  
 With sweet waters, and seats in living rock,  
 The home of nymphs. Here no binding chains  
 Need hold the weary ships, nor biting anchor  
 Confine with curved fluke. Here Aeneas came  
 With all the assembled ships, seven in number,  
 And the disembarking Trojans, hungering  
 For welcome land, gained the beach and laid  
 Their sea-foam, dripping limbs upon the sand.

Lib. I, ll. 157-173

—L. B.





## Hero Worship.

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A man sees his God and worships him. Appreciative of great things and high ideals, he will not only recognize greatness, but will even worship it. Just so, he will see it in other men who are considered great, and worship the same in them. He will worship the hero, the world wide hero, one who has not only made himself great, but whom fame has made immortal; or he will worship an individual hero, a man who is a hero for him alone, whose heroism is not of the whole world but of an individual world. But just what is this hero worship? Carlyle says it is "heartfelt, prostrate admiration, submission burning boundless for the noblest God-like form of man." It cannot be expressed better.

Thus we see that the admiration of a hero worshiper for his hero is not only deep and sincere but humble and submissive; his submission, not only absolute but complete in ardent feeling. If he admires a man at all, it is not worth while unless he does so with sincerity; if he subjugates himself to him at all, it is done nobly, in complete submission.

How then did it come to be? Where and of what was it born? That we cannot say. We only know that "hero-worship exists, has existed and shall forever exist universally among mankind." In Paganism, where things material and visible were worshiped, they worshiped their leaders, their heroes. This is about as near as they ever came to anything like the "Invisible Goodness." Among the ancient Greeks, too, was hero-worship particularly noted. They placed their heroes among the Gods and worshiped them. In truth, their Gods were merely unseen heroes.

Again, we find hero worship among themselves. "Alexander the Great" worshiped Achilles as his hero. Caesar was a hero to Brutus, or Brutus would not have deemed him powerfully great enough to be killed. Perhaps we have even greater examples than those,—the general and his army. How have Cromwell, Napoleon and Washington been idolized and worshiped by their men! How they have been trusted by those brave followers who go with their leaders—their heroes—to victory or death!

So, as hero worship *has* existed, it exists today in as great and as inestimable a number. With such a vast multitude of heroes of the past, added to those of the present, hero worship is unavoidable. Only a blind man would fail to see and recognize a hero; only a deaf man would fail to hear of his greatness, power and sublimity. Heroes are still worshiped. Is not the twenty-second of February annually celebrated by a great nation? Have the heroes of Valley Forge and Gettysburg been forgotten? But not only does a nation worship; the individual man has an equal share. We cannot look into the heart of every one and see who is hero there; but we know one is, or ought to be, there. Every man should have something towards which to build; a goal to reach; he should have an aim in life. A worshiped hero sets an

example, points out a goal, makes the aim more definite. He helps to create an ideal, or he is the ideal.

It should, therefore, mean much to a man to worship a hero. Not only has he a star to guide, but a possibility is shown him not only what he himself can be, but what all mankind might be. It will broaden him to be able to conceive the greatness of others. His character will develop, his soul will expand, for he is spurred on by his hero. Though submissive to the greater genius, he will strive "to be a hero in the strife."

H. M. S. '08.

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### THE PARK COLLEGE CONCERT.

"Mary had a little lamb," and an Independence audience had a little music—on April 13; but if you want the cause of this audience's disappointment, you'll find it in that word "little." Whether that sober-visaged, solemn-mannered director, who so royally stung us by announcing a pseudo-serious soloist, wanted to get his sheep under cover by ten o'clock (doesn't this speak well for the home life of us Seniors? I think it does), or whether he wished to get snugly tucked in bed with the applause still ringing in his ears, he surely succeeded in rushing the evening to a close which precluded all possibility of popular boredom.

Have you noticed how a sinfully colored language has lately not perhaps been encouraged, but certainly winked at by the audiences? Mr. Gresham climaxed his initiation stage-fright with something bad—I musn't say what—and, beyond a few girls' crimsonings, not a single mother's son or daughter batted an eye. Surely this was incidental disproof that the world's growing better!

Amateur comedians ought to take note of the effect of a sedately grave mien in enhancing the value of humor. When Prof. Magers announced a sad selection, there was no cue whatever to tell us he wouldn't send us away weeping; and when the pathetic solo came,—oh, don't let's repeat that old chestnut of how we were sold. Let it suffice to advise those aspiring Junior humorists to abandon their worn-out, sleek-fat-jocund-saloon-keeper mannerisms and affect long faces and drooping mouths, if only for a speedier attainment of their ambitions.

The soothing-syrup panegyric made a paroxysmal hit on the palate as well as on the sense of humor, if it called forth any reminiscences of infancy; and the pantomime made use of in its rendering was not of a kind to detract from its charming ridiculousness. The whole concert, in fact, was splendidly handled; and it is to be hoped that Independence will soon need the repeated services of this club of ably comical entertainers.

L. B., '08.

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## Precept and Example.

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Subjects for discussion and great moral truths may be derived from every great piece of literature. The literature artist is the one who imbeds these thoughts deep in his work. They are not self-evident; the reader must discover them for himself. Hawthorne recognized this fact. He said that to make a moral truth self-evident was to stiffen the effect of the whole, just as, when a butterfly is impaled on a pin, its beauty is marred. Lowell also practised the same principle. But Shakespeare may be especially mentioned here. His plays are, as a rule, based on one principal truth, but countless others may be gained by study. This is noticeably true in his "Merchant of Venice"; it is one of its chief charms. And one subject chosen from the many in this play might be that of "precept and example."

First, to define these two words exactly.—Precept is an order, command, or statement for guidance and obedience. A minister uses precept when he advocates certain religious principles. This becomes example when the man himself lives up to them. Example may then be defined as the acting upon or putting to practice of a promulgated theory or truth. It is the establishing of a precedent or pattern. Jesus taught principles of which He Himself was the very personification; he lived what he advocated. Examples of Christianity to-day are lamentably few. Men do not make their lives conform to their principles. The difference in the two then is: that precept is the stating, and example the carrying out, of a principle or principles. But—why distinguish? Let us consider for a moment the influence of the two, for here the real test lies.

Precept glows; example warms. The camp-fire on an artist's canvas may glow, but the real wood fire gives forth heat; so with precept and example. One effective illustration of the lack of real force in a precept is to be found in the causes of the Revolution. England laid down requirements or restrictions for America that were directly opposed to the principles of English liberty. England was a free country, but had not yet learned that "the tyranny of a free people is of all tyrannies, the least to be endured." But America knew this, and rebelled; here precept failed. And yet—coming back to our subject—man's mind is finite; it inheres to something sensible. Which leaves the deeper impression, the statement of a truth, or its enactment?—the latter, of course. The monks of the early Roman church believed this; and in order to impress abstract truths on the minds of their people, they originated what we call the "moralities,"—plays in which the abstract became the concrete; they used example. Or,—using more common illustrations,—in the courts of different nations, is not the tone of that court determined by the example of the ruler? Or, why did Caesar have such power over his soldiers? Because he was an example. He ordered, but lived his orders. To his men, he was the ideal



soldier. Why is Washington the standard whereby to measure great generals? All through his career, and especially during that awful winter at Valley Forge, Washington not only preached cheerfulness, courage, endurance, and patriotism, but he was cheerful, courageous, enduring, and patriotic.

The great teacher, the great general, the great statesman, or the great character, is the one who practices and puts to sensible use the principles he advances. "Example is stronger than precept."

M. F. '08.

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"WE'RE LOATHE TO LEAVE THEE, CENTRAL, DEAR." ..

Our High School days, those happy days, are o'er;  
 We're standing at Commencement's untried door.  
     Beyond us lie life's courses showing clear  
     But ah! we're loath to leave thee, Central dear.

Within these walls, where we have worked so long,  
 Where we have laughed together, joined in song,  
     Though clouds there were, the sun broke through them clear  
     And oh! we're loath to leave thee, Central dear!

We're thinking now of time forever past  
 And opportunities, too good to last;  
     We're thankful for the lessons taught us here  
     And we are loathe to leave thee, Central dear.

The hopes of future days now bright have grown;  
 When we can measure with the world's our own.  
     Life's songs of victory are drawing near  
     And yet, we're loath to leave thee, Central dear!

In years to come, when age has claimed his own  
 Our eyes are dim, and mayhap we're alone,  
     A vision will remain that naught could blear  
     When we were loath to leave thee, Central dear!

W. S. P. '08.

## The Influence of Friendship.

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The elements exerting a segregating influence on humanity do not emanate from the soul; there are lust and jealousy, which are purely animal, and which make men loathed; and there are hypocrisy and ambition, which are purely intellectual, and which make men feared. But on the other hand, there are love and friendship, which bind together the human race with a golden chain; these are purely psychological. Indeed, love is the very food of the soul; and friendship is only a broad synonym for love.

Sympathy is at once progenitor and offspring of friendship; the one, because it is sympathy that forms friendships from common perils, common destinies, common ideals, or common idiosyncracies; the other, for he who does not sympathize with his friends will soon have none. No one devoid of sympathy will make friends. Your cold, calculating genius may become politically, religiously or scientifically a hero; but socially he stands and always will stand aloof, one who, like an oil-painting, is best criticised from a distance, or like the sun, which must be examined through smoked glass. He has flatterers whom he calls friends, and enemies whom he calls admirers. Generosity, being akin to sympathy, is also missing, and the gifts that he rains upon his sycophantic satellites are given with a mercenary motive, and they know it. The only bond here possible is the desire and ambition of the man, and the greed and avarice of his "friends." So it is seen that sympathy and his twin-brother generosity are the pioneers whose duty it is to blaze a trail for the smooth progress of Friendship; for Friendship can make no headway through a jungle of petty passions and narrow, selfish ideals.

An appreciation of the company of a friend is necessary, in order to enjoy it; and to properly appreciate it, it is essential to exchange thoughts, ideas, and emotions with him, to recognize and value his aspirations and ideals; for he is not a friend with whom one may simply discuss the probabilities of rain, or the aids to a good complexion. And just as sympathetic and generous natures quickly make friends, so also are those friends in the most marked degree the most intimate and inseparable.

This must not be construed into meaning that similar natures are the most loving ones, for they are not. There is usually a much firmer weld between characters which can be contrasted than between comparable ones;—for in the latter case, one sees in his friends his own image, and sometimes he is gladdened, but oftener he is displeased; whereas in the former case he worships in his friend that which he has not. Knowing that he has it not, he recognizes in its absence a defect; and, in hopes of a remedy, he strives to imitate all the little and most noticeable peculiarities of his friend. This intentional imitation often brings good results; but it induces unconscious imitation, which is not so well; for one who is involuntarily imitative usually



adopts as his own not only the most trivial, but even the most unenviable idiosyncracies. If one's friend deems it manly to smoke a cigar, one must also smoke one, and preferably the same brand. If your chum wears a blase and weary sneer in church, that is the proper thing for you to do. Thus powerful is the influence of a friend.

On the other hand, there is the subtler interchanging of ideals which is the inevitable outcome of close friendships, and this is the real character-moulding influence. Just as the great laws of physics determine the orbits and speed of the planets, so do the ideals and aspirations of a friend change and fix our own; and just as when two different metals are placed in contact, and heat is applied, fusion and the intermingling of atoms ensues, so do two souls fuse together, their opposing features balancing, their common peculiarities uniting, until they are one as far as all the nobler, deeper, worthier attributes are concerned.

L. B. '08.

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A Freshman small was dreaming, upon his nurse's lap  
That the pins fell out of all the stars, and the stars fell into his cap.  
So when the dream was o'er, what did the Freshman do?  
Why he went and looked inside his cap and found it wasn't true.





## Self Confidence.

Without self-confidence, no person, on his own efforts, can attain the highest success in any walk of life. However, this term must be understood as confidence in self, and not confused with self-conceit. It is not seldom that he who reads character interprets self-confidence as conceit, and vice versa. But the two terms are, in reality, widely different. A bigot may possess no grain whatever of confidence in himself, and on the other hand, the most self-confident person is not necessarily conceited. The chief difference is that the self-confident person knows himself and his powers, while the conceited one does not. Sometimes, it is true, conceit has its beginning in self-confidence, but it becomes conceit only when exaggerated, and attains an abnormal growth.

Then let us consider this attribute as being that factor in the makeup of the human mind which holds all the powers of body and mind enlisted. Not overestimated, but just as they actually are. The person possessing self-confidence knows just what possibilities be within himself, and all his faculties are in his command so that he may put them into play any moment without doubt that they will bring about the desired result.

A man may be strong in mind or body, or both, and may see before him wonderful possibilities, yet he is powerless without confidence in himself. His strength profits him nothing. He is of infinitely less value to himself or to mankind than the man who has less or equal strength than he, yet who knows just how much he has and is ready to use it without fear. When America sought independence, there were many strong and brave generals who loved the cause well enough, and saw the need, but there was but one George Washington. He had the power and strength to save his country, and he had confidence in it, which fact won the confidence of the people and saved the cause. Portia had many suitors whom "the four winds blew in from every coast." Yet all but one of these drew from the caskets with various misgivings and with faint hearts. Bassanio knew his position. He wooed Portia with the utmost confidence in his ability to win, and he did win.

And thus self-confidence often leads men to take successful steps forward. It is equally as beneficial in checking rash moves. When a man knows his own resources, he is not likely to venture beyond prudence. And this is precisely the place where the conceited person mistakes. His imagined powers lead him to take upon himself tasks which he is not capable of performing. But not so with self-confidence. The one who possesses the latter is also the possessor of prudence. He attempts those things which he knows are within his power to accomplish, and in so doing prepares himself for higher and more difficult undertakings. Thus and only thus may a person ascend the ladder of success. He must first place his foot upon the lowest round, and when he is **sure** that it will hold, place his whole weight upon it. Then he must in the same way attain the next round, and the next, for no man will attain added abilities till he is sure of what he already possesses. P. H. K. '08.

## Sonny.

Of all mischievous, rascally, ingenious, little negro boys, Jefferson Lee Swinney was king. He was a bunch of mischief from the turned up tips of his tattered shoes, when he wore them, to the crown of his wooly black head. It sparkled in his big black eyes and showed in the dimples that played around his roguish mouth. Whenever anything unusual happened in the way of devilment, it would be traced directly or indirectly to Mammy Swinney's "Sonny." And oh! what a trial he was to that good old mammy, who had tried everything from the use of her stout slipper to an original method of punishment—that of tying Sonny's hands and feet together for days at a time. But Sonny was incorrigible; even this stringent method did no good—it gave him a fine opportunity for devising some new way for making mischief.

And Sonny was in disgrace on that day. What day? Why the day that Samantha Matilda Caroline Jones was to be married to Jake Marshall. And Sonny's mammy, bending over a tub in the shade of a tree not far away, looked back now and then at the ridiculous little culprit, who had wriggled from the cabin door and was seated on the lower step with eyes down-cast, deep in thought. A queer picture indeed he presented, bound hand and foot with straps securely fastened at his neck, little bare toes squirming in the dust—now and then the eyes opened and shot quick glances at his unrelenting custodian.

"'Bout time I'se quittin', guess, Mandy done promised to come by and tell me how they'se gittin' 'long at de chu'ch." Mammy's voice rose and fell in a mournful hymn as she wrung out the last tub full of clothes. "We'se all sinners bound to die-ee." "Evenen', Mr. Holiday, how's things comin' up to de chu'ch?" "Well, Sister Swinney, they's progressin' porely—seems lak dis here weddin's fated—it showly am de hand ob de Lawd bein' showed in punishment of de wicked."

"Yes, Lawd, we all gits our just deserts. But does seem pow'rful hard Samanthy's weddin' should be unpleasant jes 'cause o' Jake's under-deeds. An' does seem to me Jake's 'bout paid his price. Dey says now how as'n he sees haints and sech."

"'Deed they does, Jake hisself say he wouldn't walk after nine o'clock at night by hisself fer nuthin'." Brother Israel Holiday shook his head knowingly.

"Yes, and its more an' Jake what's saw haints lately—'Itwasn't more an' two nights ago that brother Daniel Simms," here mammy's voice sank to an awed whisper, "was a crossing the tracks down by the grave yard and he heard the spirits shriekin' fiten to take the kink outin any nigger's hair. Fu'thermore, he done swore he seen 'em walkin' over the grave yard in their grave clothes. It certainly am strange! Land!- look yonder, here comes Mandy all tuckered out!"



As Mandy, a tall, slim, sad-faced negro woman, approached holding up her hands in mysterious manner, both mammy and Israel were silent. "Don' stop me! Don' stop me! Oh! my lawd de signs am bad! de signs am bad!"

"Wait a minute! What for you goin' on like as you done that time in the meetin' when de sinners was bein' los' for want o' moe hay? You'se so com-motional, Mandy. Is't somethin' 'bout the weddin? questioned mammy.

Mandy continued to moan and wave her hands during mammy's speech. "Oh my Lawd. De weddin' ring's done been los'; a bird dropped dead at S'manthy's feet; and everybody's been dreamin' awful things 'bout that there weddin'. And worst of all—Jake seen a haint prowlin' 'round the church las' night and a ravin' and groanin'. It went clear up to de door and made a disappearance inside. Don' ask me no more; I got to go clear up S'manthy," and in her former method she proceeded on her way down the hill.

Mammy gathered up her basket and waddled toward the cabin. Sonny, who had been listening intently to the past conversation with downcast eyes, looked up at his mother's approach and dared to address her with, "Mammy, ain't you goin' a tak me to see that weddin'?"

"Tek you? you good-for-nothin' young 'un," mammy blazed forth indig-nantly, "You? when only yesterday you done stuck a bean up little Miss Majorie's nose and let all Mai's Williams' fine chickens out'en de coop, and milked preacher Dawson's cow 'fore you got home and drunk up de milk? Hump! You must think I done los' my mind or else you done los' what little you got! No, sir; bad boys lak you don' never git to go to weddin's"! Mammy threw an ugly glance over her shoulder and disappeared into the cabin.

Sonny was strangely silent; he sat perfectly still, brows drawn together in perplexing little wrinkles, until mammy came out to call him to his supper. She surveyed him critically from the door. "Well, Jefferson Lee, guess I let you go loose, anyhow—you been so peaceful-like all day. Get a move on you—I mus' be gettin' ready fo' de weddin'."

Sonny, freed from his straps, followed mammy in and ate his supper, watching with intent while she arrayed herself in more resplendent attire than the Queen of Sheba ever dreamed of. And as mammy sallied forth in her finery, I think the sun itself must surely have lingered to smile at the picture. Of all spectacular visions, mammy was the most startling. A bright pink waist, covered with cheap white lace, represented a whole week's earnings and was fittingly set off by a handsome glass brooch, a wedding gift of her "dear departed," whose photograph, miniature she called it, was suspended about her neck, by a chain of pearls as big as hen's eggs. A spotless white lawn skirt and a vivid yellow sash completed the costume—oh yes, her gloves—they were some white cotton affairs that one of the pall-bearers at her husband's funeral had lent her. Mammy started across the fields, for she had a long way to go, holding her skirts well up off the ground and shouting in-junctions back to Sonny, who listened but heeded not.



It was dark when Mammy reached the church, and nearly time for the wedding. What weird shadows the moon threw across the churchyard! She involuntarily shuddered as she with several others entered the stuffy little frame church and were ushered in great pomp to front seats by little boys with great white bows in their shoes. Oh, yes; Samantha Jones was going to have things "stylish." She hadn't been working in "Smith's Junction" among the quality for nothing. She had "idees." The service was to be an episcopal form. Uncle Daniel had objected seriously to wearing a "wrapper," because preacher Thompson had presented him with a discarded Prince Albert but was finally persuaded into wearing what might have been called, by some, a dean's robe—a long, queer looking thing concocted from a sheet and some black stuff. Nevertheless he looked very imposing to the strange assembly as he led the way to the candle lighted "alter," followed by a unique train of boys carrying little vases of different sizes and descriptions, filled with an evil-smelling powder which filled the church so full of smoke that the door had to be left open.

Next came Frances Catherine Louise Jones, the bride's sister, strewing at every sixth step, a paper rose in the way of the bride who followed. What glances of pity, admiration, scorn, and envy were centered on S'manthy as she "swept" down the aisle, eyes fixed on her goal, hands stiffly stretched in front of her, grasping a huge bouquet of white and red garden roses from which streamed an enormous pink cheese cloth bow flowing to the hem of her miraculous dress! But glances of admiration turned to those of fear and suspicion as they fell on Jake—the mysterious bridegroom over whom the wrath of God seemed to be impending. Yet it was this figure their eyes followed to where the candles at the pulpit flickered. But sch! The ceremony had commenced.

Uncle Daniel's voice rose and fell—a silence had fallen on the audience—an unaccountable feeling of mystery filled the house. Perhaps it was because the lights were so dim—but wait! a sudden gust of wind from an opened door at the rear, whistled through the room, extinguished all lights save that of a candle or two. What was that? A tall white apparition slowly and waveringly advanced toward the altar! 'Twas then Samantha forgot her dignity, forgot her dress, forgot her flowers and sank limply to the floor. 'Twas then Jake forgot his bride and ran frantically to the open window and disappeared. 'Twas then panic broke loose and those who had strength enough, fled. Others sat spellbound. Among the latter was Mammy. 'Twas then Uncle Daniel fell to his knees at the foot of the apparition, and at that same time something struck the edge of the altar and Uncle Daniel, candle and ghost fell in a heap. 'Twas then a burning sheet was torn from a little black body on stilts. 'Twas then Sonny fainted away, calling for his mammy.

Long years afterward when Sonny was grown, he pointed to the scar left by the fire and told his story to bad little boys.

Is there a moral? Yes; find it.

M. F. '08.

## High School Ethics.

In every proper, well-governed, and truly model High School, there are always certain rules of conduct by which the various classes are governed. And after closely observing our class, I can authentically state that from the humble Freshies even to the doughty Seniors, we have not neglected to conscientiously carry out our share of forming these rules. And to prove that we are in no way tagging behind other High Schools, I shall try to give the code of manners belonging to each of our classes.

I think I may safely start with those ambitious little people, commonly known as the class of '11. Their first brilliant achievement of the year was to plant their beautiful banner of blue and white above the insignificant flag of our nation on the flag-pole. They also considerately greased the pole to protect it from rust. On assembly mornings, the Freshmen girls have a habit of sitting—fourteen of them on seven seats. Needless to say, Prof. B. heartily approves this economical plan. I have also noticed that the Freshmen boys are adepts both at shooting paper wads and composing poetry. This practice is generally carried on during fifth and sixth study hours. The members of this class are also very much in the social swim, as quite a number of them regularly attend the afternoon teas given by the charming hostesses—Misses Henry, Stone, and McDonald. Altogether, this body of infants conducts itself in a very excellent and praiseworthy manner.

The Sophomores are fully aware of the fact that they are "wise fools." So they accordingly exert themselves to the utmost to live up to the sobriquet. They show their wisdom in many ways, but I have only time and space to give a few of their habits. In the auditorium, they annoy those who earnestly desire to study, by memorizing such poems as—"The Yellow Violet," "Thanatopsis," etc., aloud. And sometimes they even dare to scan aloud. They damage their intellectual powers by constant use of the Caesar "pony." Another of their wise customs is to monopolize the conversation on assembly mornings, so that Prof. B. may not strain his voice talking to us undeserving mortals. These Sophs are certainly interesting, but the Juniors, I am proud to say, are even more so.

The class of 1909 is far-famed for its meek and quiet conduct. In their class-meetings, this quietude is exceedingly noticeable. They have also distinguished themselves by their choice of expensive, dainty, and inelaborate class-pins. This class is very much infatuated with Geometry, for many of its members may be seen poring over their problems on the way to recitation—and of course, this is not a last minute sort of preparation, either. As a whole, this is a well-behaved, docile sort of a class—warranted absolutely knock-proof.

I wish I could say as much for the Seniors. The class of 1908 has good intentions, but often, they fail in these intentions. The boys are so gallant in



this class, that they might appropriately be called—modern Chesterfields. The Senior girls have one habit which is quite useful in training their memories—namely, writing the meaning of each word in their Aeneids. The Senior girls are not very partial toward the Senior boy(s), because this partiality might tend to make the masculine member(s) conceited. However, the main characteristics of the Senior class are its force and unity. This is particularly noticeable in the united stand they take on all questions—the boys and girls even siding together.

I have tried to give the manners or general characteristics of each of the classes of I. H. S. and I hope my readers will be satisfied that each class has its peculiarities—whether these peculiarities improve it or not—let us not say.

H. L. 'P. '08.

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“There’s so much good in the worst of us; and there’s so much bad in the  
best of us  
That it doesn’t become any of us to talk about the rest of us.”







## A Modern Portia.



I neither want to inflict on my readers any usually-considered necessary but none the less inanely amateurish "rhetorical flights" by swamping them for truly a "weary time" in an equally truly "rotting sea" of truisms that only a mossback town would tolerate, nor do I propose to plead guilty of any sloppily silly sarcasms comparing our players with De Wolfe Hopper, Maude Adams, and Henrietta Crosman. The former of these two crimes would necessitate, as an opening salutation, that hateful old saw beginning, "The fondest hopes of the Senior class were realized," etc., etc.; and the latter imposes a vile slur on the class by its sarcasm, a reprehensible take-off on those three great artists because of its silliness, and a "left-handed compliment" on the writer himself by virtue of its sloppiness. Afterthought,—no, I am sure I shall not indulge.

Perhaps the leading of all features calculated to appeal to whatever aestheticism the audience brought to the show with it, was the title role of Portia. Certainly the endowment of Oenone with half the beauty and grace displayed in the reproduction of this character, must have made her desertion by Paris a grand annihilation of all the poetic justice of Greek mythology. Such a characterization demands much: a dutiful daughter's obedience, a patrician heiress' pride, a faithful innamorata's pliancy, and an incognito lawyer's foresight and perspicuity; and deliberate study on the part of our star joined forces with her natural charms to illusionize semblance into reality.

Procter Kerr as *Antonio* acted well, spoke expressively, and worked with zeal generally; in fact, he was the prime mover of the enterprise; and he really did survive, though under protest and in the face of his fears to the contrary, a daring non-use of cosmetics. But however corpulent Shakespeare may have desired his *Antonio* to be represented, the consequentially obese embodiment could never have afforded a pound of his flesh more readily than Procter could dispense with a pound of the "shaggy locks" that appealed so emotionally to the balcony. And it was quite superfluous for the learnedly scientific savant attached to that euphoniously elongated appellation,—Prof. Sweigen-hangen-blumen-heimer, together with its appendages,—to resort to X-ray photography; he might more easily have hied himself to Cell No. 9, and besought that same Miss McDonald, whom *Antonio* so cleverly disparages in the first act, for a glimpse of *Antonio's* report cards. They would have revealed any cerebral vacuum just as well.

We were fortunate in having a declaimer peculiarly adapted to this chiefly Shakespearean—thanks to the semi-meritously artistic subject matter—though partly Cohanesque—owing to its wholly-meretriciously travestied treatment,—role of *Basanio*. Although, in the spell-binding climax of the ill-timed letter that sheds daylight on his "spasmodic attachment," he introduces a real

innovation in the use of polysyllabic bombast for the expression of pseudo-poetic erotics, this does not disprove him sufficiently conservative to rescue his friend from modernly Jewish tonsorial vengeance, nor does it cast the shadow of a doubt over his ability to make love successfully, nor does it cause us to wonder that, among so many other deeds of discretion and thrift, he can let fall his spirits and pick up a pony in lieu thereof. But seriously, whether or not he is the "poor but proud" possessor of a predilection for histrionism, not his assurance of bearing merely, but also his enunciatory deliberation and clearness will undoubtedly prove to be valuable assets in making all the days of his actor life *palmy* ones.

Undeniably, Antonio had said "I'll be darned," with creditable unction; but don't you believe it was without a tussle. Certain of the players objected to this truly sinful expletive as being too coarse, and even decidedly profane, and they displayed their disapproval by casting a consequential vote to substitute the childishly innocuous "I'll be switched." But one of the others was "wicked," and, as she seemed to have espoused Satan's cause with a will, the forces of evil were duly triumphant, and poor Antonio had to say a swear. Such is life!—the existence of a virtuous man is replete with the nagging and pestering of sin. Oh dear reader, let us be prudes and hypocrites as long as we live!

This production goes the Shakespeare comedy one better—or shall I say one worse?—in that it contains four love affairs instead of three. Whether this was an improvement or not is not for me to discuss, for this is leap year, and I might get myself into trouble; but it was readily accomplished by making *Jessica* the ward, instead of the daughter, of *Shylock*. To detail how Ralph Frush, as the unconventionally picturesque Israelite, enthusiastically justified himself and energetically vilified the gridiron in general and *Antonio* in particular, as well as to describe the (to him) disdainful Jewess, possessed of an athletic masculine ideal, and to portray the ingenuous unaffectedness of *Gratiano*,—all this needs volumes, and there are only a few short pages allotted to me; so they must content themselves with this bare mention. As *Nerissa* was placed on an equal social footing with *Portia*, and as miladi the heroine must needs have a maid, a *Polly* was introduced, and was appropriately embodied by a diminutive damsel whose voice and person were equally unobtrusive.

And so we come to *Launcelot Gobbo*, with an ability to teach Socrates lessons in dialectics by means of his conscience-versus-fiend soliloquy, and in a not less apparent position to give Apicius pointers on gastronomical epicureanism, when we hungrily watch him destroying pies in *Jessica's* window. But his last act horseplay was protracted enough and blatant enough to have made the famous slapstick of George Ade's "Zoroaster and Zendavesta" show off with much the same degree of conspicuity as the tintinnabulations of grand opera in Convention Hall; and horseplay is to be preferred to Ibsenism only in the most cheaply farcical of dramatic comicalities, where it brings in bigger gate receipts.



Puzzle: why does this mention of grand opera remind me of our orchestra? The fact remains, that it does, and candor compels the confession that this collection of musical geniuses at least amused the audience, even presupposing the failure to entertain it. But only think of the incidental advantage of a conclusive proof that there is no such thing as perfect operatic success without orchestral cacophony, and of the impetus such a proof will give to the success of Strauss' new operas!

A class-of-'08 enthusiast can't possibly feel a shade of regret that there are no girls, among the Seniors, gifted with the necessary colossal proportions, brutally brusque mannerisms and voice, and tobacco-consuming proclivities to make a terrifyingly realistic Hibernian suds-slinger; and Miss Ina Mauk, being almost as many removes from the given requirements as anyone else, unconsciously advertised the class as a collection of artists and aesthetes. Let some future Praxiteles or Cellini take his cue from this; and he will find in the cast of "A Modern Portia" subjects far more worthy of his genius than any Apollo or Aphrodite invented by classic poets.

L. B. '08.





## Symposium of Assembly Reports

AS SEEN BY A FRESHMAN.

Vague rumors had been floating around the school. There was a physiognomist in town and he had told all the teachers their especial gifts and accomplishments. He told Miss Brown her talent was English classics, of course Miss Barnett had great talent in music, Miss Henry was a fine disciplinarian, Mr. Haupt was a German, through and through. He informed Miss Phelps she was fine in history, and showed her how to tell who were history students, much to our secret dismay. He told Miss Coah Henry she would be another Rembrandt some day, and bugs and worms were Miss Stoner's specialty. Mr. Hifner would win fame with saw and chisel, while Miss Chiles would be known far and wide as, "Mathematics, a specialty." Miss McDonald's talent was hidden behind polygons, octagons, etc., and Miss Clark and Miss Stone's good points were too numerous to mention. He said Professor Bryant was an excellent teacher but would have made a fine preacher, and Mr. Palmer was a great diplomat. You would naturally suppose we were anxious to see him and when he came upon the stage three hundred pairs of eyes examined him closely while three hundred pairs of hands clapped expectantly.

He was of average height with light brown hair and a blonde mustache and beard, but when he began to talk we forgot all about his appearance. He told us about his travel in Europe and how the girls and boys went to school there, and what they learned. He said there were no children in America. Everybody was so independent. He said the boys and girls here are not as polite as they are in Europe. He gave us a picture of Holland and we saw its canals and quaint looking houses and the brightly dressed children playing tag on the ice, while the older people skated soberly to town, perhaps with market basket on shoulder. It didn't seem more than a minute until Prof. Bryant looked at his watch and then turned around with an amazed smile. It was ten minutes to ten! We clapped and clapped until our hands were blistered, and at Prof. Des Champs's request gave our class yells. I think you could have heard them a mile away. Then we took up our interrupted lessons, but I am afraid physiognomy and Professor Des Champs were discussed more than "readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic," that morning.

—C. S., '11.



"AS SEEN BY A SOPHOMORE."

Not long ago, we became acquainted with a new world, if possible more interesting than any of the others. There came to us one assembly morning, in early spring, as gentle as the first warm breezes of the season, a faint yet decided whiff of foreign atmosphere. It came unexpectedly, though none the less welcome, in the person of Professor Des Champs, a celebrated French physiognomist and mind reader. He was introduced to us by our worthy professor, as a Frenchman Americanized by time and travel; but, much to our surprise on his very opening sentences, Professor Des Champs said that he didn't wish to be called American. He said that although he loved and admired America greatly, for no country would he exchange his own beautiful, sunny France.

He was not so Americanized that he lost all traces of alienity. We caught the breezy, businesslike manners of noisy, clamorous Paris in the way he frequently struck his hands together in talking, as though he were striking a good bargain with even our alert, active Americans. His entire person, his slight yet noticeable accent, the peculiar but effective gestures in his general manner of expression, bore the stamp of an unmistakable Frenchman, though somewhat conformed to our ideas by travel. The quizzical, half-questioning look from out his kindly eyes, and the half-smile that played about his mouth all the while he was talking, led us to believe there was a kindly, sympathetic spirit back of the outward life, "something in reserve, not in his show-window" for everyone's inspection.

It was quite a surprise for us to learn that this small man before us was representative of all the old, historical places where he afterwards told us he had been. Nevertheless, we listened attentively to what he told us concerning his travels and what he had learned of physiognomy while traveling. In his charming manner he soon had us laughing and peering into each others' faces to see what characteristics we might possess, as he told us what each feature indicated. Some of us were accused of being untruthful because our eyes were not shaped just exactly alike; and because our eyebrows were not curved symmetrically, we were charged with being fickle and inconstant in our affections. Others had to admit because of their slightly upturned noses that they had a sarcastic vein in their natures. And in addition, that, on account of protruding ears, some were to be endowed with an undesirable failing, degeneracy.

As someone afterwards said, it was a morning of inspection; but it was so thoroughly enjoyed by both speaker and hearer, that we were sincerely sorry when the period ended. Professor Des Champs must have been sorry too, for the very next week, at his request, Professor Bryant called an assembly at which he spoke, much to our delight, further concerning his travels.

—C. M., '10



"AS SEEN BY A JUNIOR."

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Among those who have talked to us in our morning assemblies, one who was exceedingly interesting, both because of whom he was and what he had to say, was Prof. Des Champs. From his name we can readily see that he is a Frenchman and indeed he is a typical one in every respect.

His appearance is of a man of medium size, whose head, rather oval in shape, might be considered a little large for the rest of his body. His auburn and slightly curly hair is several shades darker than his vandyke beard, which is so light as to be almost a bright red. These characteristics, together with his neat and immaculate clothes, made him appear a very intellectual and dignified man, and it was with the greatest of interest that we assembled in the auditorium to hear him talk.

Imagine our surprise, when Mr. Bryant announced that Prof. Des Champs was a physiognomist, another and even more interesting characteristic of this foreigner. Our whole interest was indeed centered around him, especially when he began telling us the meaning of each of the many varieties of features, and the way to remove those imprints which did not speak of beautiful and noble characteristics. Before he had finished, each one was scrutinizing his neighbor's face, at the same time passing judgments upon it. So, when the bell rang, with what seemed an unusual noise, meaning for us to pass to our rooms, we would not cease applauding until he promised to give us another lecture.

Consequently, on the following morning, another assembly was called, and he again talked to us not on the same subject, however, but upon one which gave us an insight into the general character of some of the cities, schools, universities, and also an idea of what the French think of the Americans. He told us about the points of interest in the cities through which he had traveled, dwelling only a short time upon these, however, and directing our attention more particularly to the schools. He showed us how much stricter the French schools were than our American ones, and told us that the French considered our schools altogether too void of the very hardest and most needed mental development. He gave the reason for this, as all do who censure the Americans, to our continual hurry—our desire to burst forth in the world when we should be in school.

Nevertheless, from both of these good talks, we gathered much new knowledge. He gave us an advantageous idea of how to read human character, and how to make our faces an index that we would not be ashamed for anyone to read. He makes us appreciate the system of our schools, and hope that the strict rule of the French schools will never be introduced into our American ones.

M. B., '09.



"AS SEEN BY A SENIOR."

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On Friday morning, March 19, the assembly was called to listen to a very interesting talk by Professor Des Champs, a physiognomist. Our interest was at first aroused on being told by Prof. Bryant that the speaker could tell the character of each one of us by merely looking at us. At this, the Freshmen opened their *capacious* mouths, for they knew not even the wisest Seniors could do that. He talked to us about the face as a revelation of character. He told us that the eyes especially indicated character; by their expression, one can quickly form an idea of the disposition of a person. The eyebrows, if even and well formed, indicate a kind heart and polite nature. If the upper eyelids are the same curve as the lower ones, it is indicative of a very truthful character. He gave us only a few of his ways of reading character; but he showed us that it was possible for our faces to change just as our character developed. He ended his talk to us by an appeal to so cultivate and develop our characters that any stranger, coming into our midst, would know that our characters were pure and chaste.

On the following Tuesday morning, he addressed us again on some of his travels in Europe. We were much interested in his experiences, especially in Holland and the customs of the country. The school rules, he said, are much stricter in Europe than in America. After having been expelled from one European college, it is a very difficult matter to gain entrance to another one. Another strict rule is that the student must first get the consent of his parents and then of the head professor before he can attend the theater. Most of us decided that we had rather go to school in America under our present rules and especially those of the Independence High School. We all enjoyed Prof. Des Champs' talks and were the more interested, in hearing it told by one who had seen the places and had the experience. He gave us an idea of what foreigners think of the American girl and boy. His criticism of the American girl was that she was too independent, while he considered the boy too irreverent. It would do well for us to consider these faults and profit by what he told us.

—M. K., '08.





DIRECTOR.....W. H. HAUPT  
 President. . . . . Ina A. Mauk  
 Vice-President.....Mabel Mills  
 Secretary . . . . . Ruby De Witt  
 Treasurer.....Imo Iona Jones  
 Pianist. . . . . Cammie Johnston

MEMBERS.

Helen Adams	Cordelia Lowdell
Eathel Barto	Anna Rhae Lerche
Madeline Bostian	Ina Mauk
Majorie Crichton	Ethel Martin
Eva Collins	Mabel Mills
Ruby De Witt	Carrie Nunnalley
Margaret Goodman	Ermie Lee Norfleet
Carrie Hill	Florence Pointer
Imo Jones	Maud Pointer
Pearl Jolley	Helen Palmer
Cammie Johnston	May Tudor
Marguerite Kerr	Odelia Tudor
Leola Lamon	Jeanette Teed
Besse Leas	Tessie Watson

## Euterpean Chorus.

There has always been a society in the I. H. S. for girls. In 1904 the debating society was organized. Last year the girls formed a Glee Club. As both of these societies are now extinct, the girls saw fit to establish a chorus, named after the mythical goddess, not only in order to keep pace with the honorable brother society, but also to form a society which, with the united efforts of the members, would prove beneficial as well as entertaining.

So the chorus was organized with a membership of fifty. They have met every Friday evening and, with the help of their competent instructor, Mr. Haupt, have over-stepped the bounds of any of their expectations.

Appearing in public for the first time, the chorus, assisted by some of the male voices, gave a very enjoyable entertainment on the Friday morning preceding Washington's birthday. A purely patriotic programme was rendered, and, aided by this encouragement, the girls have striven to make their meetings enjoyable recreations for both members and instructor.

In the spring, some of the members thought it expedient that a constitution be drawn up and voted upon by the society in order to perfect the organization. This constitution proved satisfactory to all members and has never been violated during its entire duration.

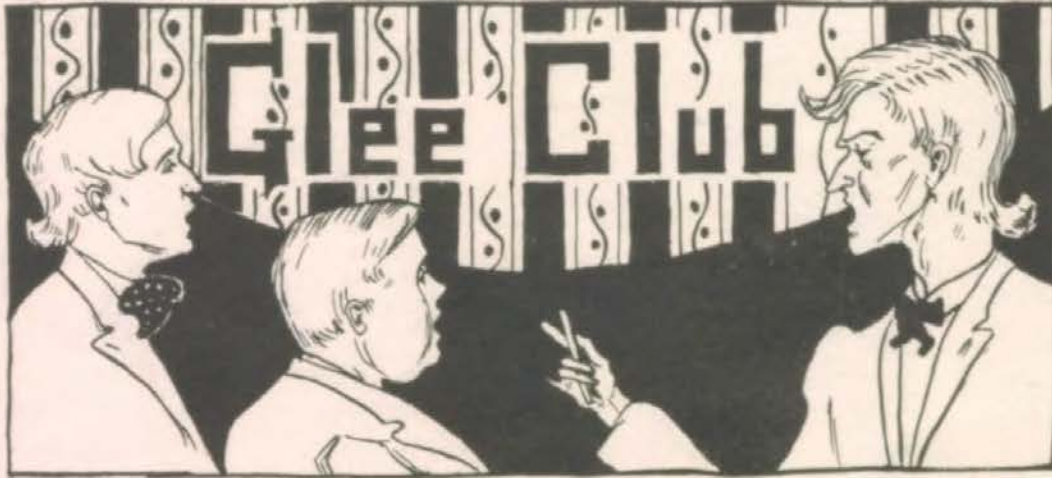
Such is the history of a young society. In vain does Mr. Bryant ask, "Where are the cadets?"—in vain do the uninformed ask for the Gamma Delta Sigma; but the charter members of this organization think that there will be no cause for any questions concerning the Euterpean Chorus, but that they have formed a society which will be invaluable to the future of the Independence High School.

—Cammie Johnson, '09.









Mr. Haupt. . . . . Instructor  
 Wm. Palmer. . . . . President  
 Mark Godman. . . . . Secy. and Treas.

**ROLL OF MEMBERS.**

- |                     |                   |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| Cook, Eric          | Messenger, Edward |
| Criley, Clifford    | Miller, James     |
| Davis, Eugene       | Miles, Ralph      |
| Etzenhauser, Virgil | Metzger, Arthur   |
| Flanders, Roland    | Newkirk, Ernest   |
| Godman, Mark        | Necessary, Hugh   |
| Hudson, Alexander   | Palmer, William   |
| Hunter, Hubert      | Pryor, Ivan       |
| Kelley, Terence     | Ward, George      |
| Kerr, Procter       | Weeks, Lyle       |

There have been various attempts from time to time, to form a Glee Club in our High School, but until the present year, these attempts have ended in failure. Through the efforts of Mr. Haupt, a male chorus was formed about the middle of the term, and thanks to his voluntary instruction, the I. H. S. Glee Club is making itself an important factor in our school life.

We feel that thanks are due to the public for the interest that has been shown in us at different times. It has been a source of no little encouragement and pleasure to know that our efforts, however faulty, are appreciated by the citizens of Independence.

And now let me plead for the continuance of this organization. When our instructor is willing to give us his time and services, and the public has aided us in any way possible, we shall make a mistake if this club does not grow in members and ability and make for itself a name "in the land."

—W. S. P. '08.







## Excelsior Debating Society.

### YELL.

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

Colors—Black and Gold.

Motto—Excelsior.

### OFFICERS.

Procter H. Kerr.....	President
Mark Godman.....	Vice-President
Eugene Davis.....	Secretary
Virgil Etzenhauser.....	Treasurer
Arthur Metzger.....	Asst. Secretary
Walter Tatum.....	Attorney-General
Eric Cook.....	Sergeant-at-Arms

### ROLL OF MEMBERS.

Eric Cook	John Greene
Clifford Criley	Procter H. Kerr
Eugene Davis	Arthur Metzger
Earl Etzenhauser	Ralph Miles
Wallace Etzenhauser	James Miller
Virgil Etzenhauser	Wm. S. Palmer
Roland Flanders	Ivan Prior
Thomas Gibson, Jr.	Walter Tatum
Mark Godman	

The Excelsior Debating Society was organized January 10, 1902, by some of the progressive, wide-awake boys of the High School, under the advice and direction of Prof. Bryant, for the purpose of mutual improvement, entertainment, and general good-fellowship. In thus meeting together and discussing, pro and con, various topics, in observing parliamentary rules and usages, many advantages result to those participating in these excellent exercises. Here the faculties and perceptions are to see and take advantage of a point quickly, to stand before an audience and give an address, in a clear and concise manner with ease and confidence, thereby laying the foundation for useful citizenship. This practice will enable the members to intelligently consider a subject from all view-points; thus, they will not only form an impartial opinion, but will also be capable of presenting their ideas to others, in that clear, forceful manner which will make of them, influential men.

The society was first known as the Excelsior Debating Club and continued under that name until about May 15, 1903, when it was changed to Excelsior Debating Society. The meetings were held every two weeks, until April 11,

1902, when it was decided by a vote of the club, to hold them every Friday afternoon.

The program usually consisted of a debate, between chosen members of the club, one or two declamations and readings, and sometimes speeches, on current topics. The questions for debate were assigned by the Program Committee, two weeks before the rendering of the program; this gave the disputants a chance to study the question. Later, everything was dropped except the debate and an occasional speech.

About July 28, 1902, the members began to lose interest and the society continued to go down, until November 28, 1902 it ceased to hold meetings. February 10, 1903 it was reorganized and quite an interest worked up again. During the time between which the society started on the decline, and the time it was reorganized, there seems to have been some trouble, which caused a division, and two organizations were formed. One retaining the old name and the other calling itself the W. H. L. Club. What W. H. L. stood for has not been recorded in the "Excelsior" books. When the Excelsiors reorganized, they sent the other faction an invitation to join them, and on February 27, 1903, they were reunited under one head. About nine months later the society again lost interest and from December 11, 1903 until February 3, 1904, there were no meetings.

The evening of April 24, 1903, there was a formal debate, between three members of the Lexington High School and three members of the Excelsior, which was open to the public, a small admission fee being charged. After all expenses had been paid, there remained \$7.50, with which Prof. Bryant and three of the society purchased and presented to the school, a picture entitled, "The Stag at Bay."

The Excelsior has been doing fine work lately and although the membership is not as large as it might be, all feel encouraged and hope next year to do better than ever. The society will miss its graduating members, Procter Kerr and William Palmer, especially Procter, who has given faithful service ever since he joined the society about four years ago.

—E. A. D., '11.









## BASKET BALL SCHEDULE.

Independence High School.	Opponents.
Independence High School..... 37	Manual Training H. S..... 38
Independence High School..... 41	Spauldings College..... 30
Independence High School..... 72	Wyandotte A. C..... 26
Independence High School..... 37	Baraca A. C..... 33
Independence High School..... 32	Pleasant Hill High School..... 25
Independence High School..... 59	Buckner High School..... 15
Independence High School..... 30	Baraca A. C..... 43
Independence High School..... 42	Kansas City, Kans. H. S..... 23
Independence High School..... 36	Y. M. C. A. Indians..... 27
Independence High School..... 46	Pleasant Hill High School..... 22
Independence High School..... 25	Buckner High School..... 16
Independence High School..... 38	Schmelzers..... 46
Independence High School..... 49	Y. M. C. A. Indians..... 46
Total . . . . . 544	Total . . . . . 390

Points made by each player during the season.

E. C. Robinson, Forward,.....160	I. H. Smith, Guard.....235
C. McCoy, Forward,..... 98	R. Sermon, Guard..... 32
J. Dickinson, Center..... 16	
L. Roberts, Sub. A. Humes, Sub.	

The basket ball team this season has been very successful. Out of thirteen games played, they have won ten—a percentage of 77. The total of scores made by this team is 544 to a total of 390 made by its opponents.

Our team has not made this record against poor teams. We have played very strong teams for the most part;---Kansas City, Kans., Manual, Kansas City, the Baracca Club of Wyandotte, and we even played a team composed of regulars and substitutes of the well known Schmelzer team.

The only games which we did not win were the Manual and Raytown games. We feel that we have reason to be justly proud of our basket ball team—it has won a name for itself wherever it has gone and fair-dealing has been its pride. Here's to the next team! May it do as well!







### BASE BALL.

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Lyle McCarroll, Catcher  
 E. C. Robinson, First base  
 Roger Sermon, Second base  
 Clay Cushwa, Right field  
 Lyle Hoyt, Center field

John Smith, Pitcher  
 Stanley Kelley, Short stop—Captain,  
 Ray Sermon, Left field  
 Claude Cushwa, Third base—Manager,  
 Wm. Whitford, Substitute.

The base ball team of this year is the best the school has put out in years. The in-field is very strong; the outfield, although composed of small men, is exceedingly fast, and Smith, our pitcher, is very effective—he just fools the opposers into missing the ball.

In the games already played, we have won one out of three. In the game with Argentine, the score was 5 to 2 in the seventh inning, but the Argentine men had to leave early and the rally that our team was making was of no avail. In the game played at Lees Summit, some of the players were members of the B. O. Club—a team that plays a good game against the Kansas City Athletic Club, so we considered that a score of 3 to 6, against such players was not at all discouraging. We easily defeated the University Medical College of Kansas City, by a score of 11 to 5.

We want to thank Prof. Bryant for what he has done for us this year. In some mysterious way, he fitted the team with suits and shoes.

Hurrah! for Mr. Bryant.

#### To the Rooter:

If you do not help the school team as a player, do not get angry with the world and sulk—go out and support your team—yell, shout and throw up your hat—unless it's a "merry widow." If there is anything that will make a team play well, it is the knowledge that it is playing for the school—which assurance you can give to the players by enthusiastic appreciation of good plays and sympathy for unfortunate errors. Girls, you are what is most wanted. Go out, the boys will follow. Do not think that the team is content with your clapping on assembly mornings. That is pleasant, but they want something more. Get out and Root!—Root! and root some more, and by all means, girls and boys, do not forget to applaud the other team. Yell for them and then for the team that says this:

Are we it? Well, I guess!

Independence High School, Yes! Yes! Yes!



# Alumni.

## "THE ALUMNI—ITS RESPONSIBILITY."

Ethelyn S. Staples.

From one standpoint, the Alumni is the most important factor of a school, for upon it, to a great extent, does the reputation of a school depend. No educational institution can be correctly judged by the number of pupils enrolled, or by the number of graduates it turns out each year; but rather by what those graduated are accomplishing in the world. We do not form our opinion of a piece of machinery while it is being constructed, but after it has been put into operation; and we judge it by the work it accomplishes. Likewise do we look to the Alumni to find the results of our school. We are very proud of our old "alma mater" and remembering that we, the members of the Alumni, make for our school its name, should to the best of our ability, use all our power to make for it an honorable one. Such a name, that not only we will be proud of, but one that the citizens of our community will respect and will point back to through the years to come, and will speak with pride of the record made by all those who have had their life influenced by old I. H. S.

This responsibility resting upon the Alumni, each member of every class must do his part; and we the class of '08 hope to do our best toward maintaining the excellent reputation established by the previous classes and heartily join with them in further advancing and uplifting the character of our dear old High School.

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### CLASS GIFTS TO HIGH SCHOOL.

Class of 1899.

Picture of Poets.

Class of 1900.

Contributed to Drop-Curtain fund.

Class of 1902.

Busts of Shakespeare, Franklin, Mann. Picture—"The Deer Pass."

Class of 1903.

Statute—"La Fauvette."

## Class of 1904.

Statues:—"Les Marquerites," and "Les Mures."

Pictures:—"O'er Snow Clad Pastures," and "Stormy Evening."

## Class of 1905.

Two Memorial Windows.

## Class of 1906.

Bronze Statute—"Fanluse."

## Class of 1907.

Flag and Flag-pole.

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## Associate Editors.

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Faith F. Slichter

Laura M. Kingsbury

Mary B. Womac

Tasker P. Taylor.....Business Manager

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 Staff of 1902.

BESSIE L. WHEATON.....Editor-in-Chief

Grace M. Kelley.....Asst. Editor-in-Chief

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 Associate Editors.

Lelah B. Cunningham

Beatrice Winn

Mildred Hinde

Lillian L. Lewis

Chas. W. Hare

Fielding B. Houchens.....Business Manager

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 STAFF OF 1903.

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Jessie Davis.....Business Manager

Celeste Walters.....Associate Editor

Belle Smith.....Literary Editor

## Assistant Editors.

Grace Bratton

Carrie Cox

Lillian Elmore

## Proof Readers.

Hazel Kirk

Isabelle Shipley

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 John Kelley.....Assistant Editor

**Associate Editors.**

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 Agnes O'Brien  
 Maud Compton.....Local Editor  
 William Bostian.....Business Manager

**Proof Readers.**

**Illustrators.**

Louise Nagel  
 Lewise McCoy  
 Harry Smith  
 Tessie Smith

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EVA DICKINSON.....Editor-in-Chief  
 Lulu May Winn.....Associate Editor

**Literary Editors.**

Mattie Hardin  
 Mattie McCoy  
 Kirby Casebolt

**Business Manager.**

R. H. McCarroll

**Assistant Business Managers.**

G. T. Twyman, Jr.  
 Henry Bundschu

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 H. G. Hunter

**Proof Readers.**

Ella Ross  
 Aileen Long

**Staff Illustrators.**

Wm. McCoy  
 Paul Rider

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 Bertha Steele..... Associate Editor

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 Bessie Milton  
 Chiles, Margaret

**Business Managers.**

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 William Green

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 Myrtle Albertson

**Local.**

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 Athletics.  
 Exchange.  
 Alumni.  
 Annie Baskin  
 Otto Schmid  
 Georgia Erwin.  
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**Proof Readers.**

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 Minnie Hickerson. . . . . Associate Editor

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## Art Editors.

Rowena Davis  
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Procter Thomson

## Business Managers.

Procter Thomson  
 Claude Brown

C. C. Bundschu

## Local Editors.

Elizabeth Woodson  
 Exchange Editor.  
 Athletic Editor.  
 Alumni Editor

Archie Woods  
 Edith Kelley  
 James Dickinson  
 Claude Brown.



## A Message from the Alumni

---

Darling '08s:-

This brief missive from one of those "dear departed" ones must be considered in the light of a communication from an entity (I do not say as regards mind or soul) now grown worldly and sordid, to that embodiment of all exaltation and confidence—Seniors in High School.

The dream in which ye have so pleasantly ensconced yourselves for the past twelve-month is of doubtful duration and hazardous hopefulness, so pause ye one moment ere ye overstep and, tripping, fall from your phantasma of fancy and idealism. I ope' my lips not to herald the approach of disenchantment, but to school you to be not surprised at its coming. No! gentle reader, neither am I a pessimist or an alarmist. I am now at the conclusion of a process which saw me an innocuous idealist during a term at High School, a lethargic pessimist through the year's immediately following awakening, and since arrived at an epoch of happily inane yet marvelously satisfying egoism. All ye Seniors who dread even a near repetition of such an ordeal will do well to wishfully and providently remember my office number and calling hours.

Enough of this "bubble and squeak!"

As a message from those whom I but attempt to represent, I say unto you that, at last accounts, none wearing the symbol of "'05" has yet been selected as ambassador to the court of St. James, neither had any of them done any kind of time-known outside of a watch tower; tho' report has been made of two that were married alive.

The rest have been content to plod along in the way ordained by fate for the usual tyep of mooningly mush-and-milk mediocre mortals, flaunting our whilom slogan "No Wedding Bells for us" impudently in the face of the ever and anon insistent cupid; with whom, however, some of us have been sore beset; but "sh-sh, don't say I said so"—and the rest.

But let it pass.—Perhaps, in future ages, the failure—mindful Gleam editors will cease to request the Alumni to assume a pen rusty from disuse for the obviously onerous unburdening of themselves of quantities of self-considered "good advice," and trite and wearisome exhortations to the one about to "enter upon life's voyage," thus abolishing the feebly prevalent feeling of fraud experienced by every over-hasty Gleam purchaser after scanning the Alumni Department.

La-La-La.

—K. Q. C., '05.

## Alumni Roll

### CLASS OF 1889.

Crump, Josie  
Glennon, Annie  
Harris, Bessie  
Leas, Minnie

O'Brien Mary  
Patton, Laura  
Wolverton, Ella

### 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, Nellie  
Meader, Ollie  
Wright, Earl  
Mills, Bertha  
Nortland, Florence  
Nichols, Annie  
Patton, Rebecca  
Peterson, Richard  
Strode, Gypsa  
Wood, Ernest

### CLASS OF 1893.

Beaham, Gordon  
Benjamin, John C.  
Briner, Robert  
Brisky, Anna  
Dysart, Anna  
Farrell, Fred  
Gilliam, Newton  
Hayden, Beauford  
Hayden, Jacob  
Helmig, Ada

Humphrey, Emma  
Langhorn, Anna  
Lehmberg, Oliva  
Lewis, Lillie  
McDonald, Pearl  
Mills, Nealie  
Rosewald, Anna  
Schley, Fred  
Stewart, Pauline  
Woods, Nannie



**CLASS OF 1894.**

Atwell, Nannie	Marshall, Pearl
Clay, Hattie	Mills, Frank
Clayton, Georgia	Owsley, Catherine
Findley, Howard	Rogers, Homer
Hope, Mabel	Southern, Allen

**CLASS OF 1895.**

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

**CLASS OF 1896.**

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

**CLASS OF 1897.**

Breaker, Emma	Mills, Frances
Briner, Jessie	Moore, Laura
Bullard, Mary	Murray, Nellie
Casper, Nellie	Noland, Nellie
Clayton, Nellie	Paxson, Etha
Ehle, Lena Ward	Robinson, Ruth
Ford, Ethel	Sitlington, Emma
Gossett, Wiley	Thompson, Harry
McCurdy, John	Wirt, Edith

**CLASS OF 1898.**

Capelle, Charles	Lobb, Lelah
Coakley, Roy	McCarroll, Guy
✓ Crenshaw, Mary	Masters, Mary
De Long, Le Roy	Salmon, McClure
Dunkin, Dwight	Smith, Ethel
✓ Hughes, Louella	Wilcox, Ernest

## CLASS OF 1899.

Allen, Rosa Belle  
 Cheney, Mabel  
 Cissna, Georgia  
 Dickinson, Cedrick  
 Farrow, Agnes  
 Griffin, Rosamond  
 Kelley, Elizabeth  
 Knapp, Merle Coe

Moore, Mary V.  
 Mercer, Katherine  
 Mott, S. Henry  
 Popplewell, Minnie  
 Potter, Lulu Belle  
 Prewitt, Mary  
 St. Clair, Mattie

## CLASS OF 1900.

Adair M. Thurston  
 Allen, Harry  
 Atkinson, Paul Levi  
 Berry, Ina May  
 Clayton, Mary C.  
 Farrell, Nellie  
 Gould, Lotta  
 Graham, Myrtle  
 Grixn, Willa P.  
 Hall, Nora  
 Hidy, Nellie Mae  
 Hill, Emina  
 Hobbs, Bessie  
 Hughes, Lawrence  
 Jones, Pearle L.

Kelley, Kerney Lee  
 Lane, Anna E.  
 Lowen, Creath  
 McClure, John D.  
 McCurdy, Nanna May  
 Atkinson, Elizabeth L.  
 Best, Faye Campbell  
 Graham, Una Alma  
 Noland, Mary Ethel  
 Page, Walter Foley  
 Roberts, Sara Jean  
 Schaeffer, Anna  
 Sherman, George Edward  
 White, James E.  
 Wilson, Carrie

## CLASS OF 1901.

Anderson, Mary B.  
 Atkinson, Itaska B.  
 Brown, James T.  
 Carpenter, Minnie  
 Chiles, Henry P.  
 Compton, J. Crawford  
 Chinn, Mary Blackwell  
 Crandall, Grace M.  
 Cronkhite, Myrtle M.  
 Devin, Earle L.  
 Garret, Wm. Lloyd  
 Dixon, Celesta Gertrude  
 Ford, Laura Eunice  
 Buchanan, Etta Lee  
 Knapp, Ruth De Verre

Rice, Julia M.  
 Roberts, Agnes  
 Roberts, Bertha  
 Ross, Charles G.  
 Short, Cordie  
 Meador, Louretta  
 Reynor, Gertrude  
 Cadwell, Nellie Edyth  
 Slichter, Faith G.  
 Taylor, Tasker P.  
 Twyman, Gilbert O.  
 Truman, Harry S.  
 Twyman, Elmer D.  
 Taylor, Mary C.  
 Wallace, Bessie V.

Long, Willie B.  
 Gosset, Elizabeth  
 Hill, Mary  
 Hill, Ross E.  
 Kingsbury, Laura  
 Krey, Mattie Pearl

Walkers, Eva L.  
 Wherritt, Velma  
 Witschie, Emlie  
 Robinson, Minnie J.  
 Womach, Mary B.

---

**CLASS OF 1902.**

Allen, Nellie B.  
 Baumeister, Lula M.  
 Bryant, Pearl Ferguson  
 Cunningham, Lelah Belle  
 Crichton, Leslie N.  
 Erwin, Gladys  
 Gentry, Nellie Lee  
 Gregg, Stanley  
 Griffin, Bessie A.  
 Harris, Edgar Parker  
 Hinde, Mildred  
 Houchens, Fielding B.  
 Harra, Frederic  
 Hare, Charles F.  
 Hall, Edith

Hall, Cleveland  
 Kelley, Grace  
 Loar, Grace  
 Lewis, Lillian L.  
 Moore, Rosalie J.  
 McKinney, Sara Evelyn  
 O'Brien, Nellie E.  
 Oburn, William Howard  
 Potter, Nellie Lee  
 Spencer, Stella C.  
 Walker, Nina Beryl  
 Wheaton, Bessie Lee  
 Wood, Beulah  
 Wood, John F.  
 Winn, Beatrix M.

---

**CLASS OF 1903.**

Bratton, Grace  
 Coakley, Floy  
 Cox, Carrie Edwards  
 Dickinson, Rebecca Anna  
 Davis, Jesse Patterson  
 Elmore, Lillian

Farlow, Bettie  
 Hill, J. Howard  
 Kirk, Hazel  
 Roberts, Eva Adell  
 Shirpley, Dot Isabell  
 Smith, Olive May

---

**CLASS OF 1904.**

Adams, Jessie  
 Bedford, Carrie  
 Bedford, Lizzie  
 Rhodes, Gertrude  
 Bryant, Helen  
 Bell, Goodman  
 Bostian, William  
 Caldwell, Eunice  
 Clements, Frances  
 Clements, Minnie  
 Compton, Maud

Collins, Nellie  
 Eubank, Earle  
 Graham, Meta  
 Hinde, Mary  
 Kelley, John  
 McCoy, Louise  
 Nagel, Louise  
 O'Brien, Agnes  
 Riddle, Roderick  
 Smith, Tessie  
 Smith, Harry



**CLASS OF 1905.**

Adams, William  
 Allen, Hubert  
 Broman, Maud  
 Bundschu, Henri  
 Coakley, Mabel  
 Casebolt, Kirby  
 Duncan, Lola  
 Dickinson, Eva  
 Fisher, Jesse  
 Gallagher, Willie  
 Hunter, Harry G.  
 Hughes, Hattie  
 Hardin, Mattie  
 Kerr, Maude  
 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, Thoman  
 Wray, Frances  
 Winn, Lulu Mae  
 Yale, Bessie

**CLASS OF 1906.**

Anderson, Edna  
 Albertson, Myrtle  
 Baskins, Anna  
 Bell, Adelyn  
 Butts, Katherine  
 Childs, Margaret  
 Chiles, Morton  
 Campbell, Spurgeon  
 Milton, Bessie  
 McCoy, Alexander  
 Rugg, Julia  
 Steele, Bertha

Schmid, Otto  
 Sewell, Sybil  
 Stewart, Nellie  
 Watson, May  
 Casebolt, Jessie  
 Dickinson, Lucy  
 Erwin, Georgia  
 Frazer, Grace  
 Green, William  
 Hardin, Allie  
 Head, Eva  
 Hansen, Vida

**CLASS OF 1907.**

Belcher, Ethel  
 Bennet, Sam  
 Brown, Claude  
 Bundschu, C. C.  
 Davis, Rowena  
 Dickinson, James  
 Gallagher, Bertha  
 Hickerson, Minnie  
 Haines, Della  
 Jeffrey, Lola  
 Johnson, Roy

Kelley, Clarence  
 Kelley, Edith  
 Ross, Helen  
 Sturges, Mary  
 Thompson, Procter  
 Watson, Ethel  
 Woodson, Margaret  
 Woodson, Elizabeth  
 Woods, Archie  
 Wilkerson, Virginia  
 Ragan, Estelle

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### THE GLEAM.

The first edition of the "Gleam" was edited by the Class of 1901. A few attempts had been made previous to this, but failed through lack of advertising. To the Class of 1901 can be given the credit of starting an I. H. S. Annual known as the "Gleam." Their hope that "the idea of a High School Annual may not die" in the first year, has been fully realized the past seven years. It has been made, as they wished, "a regular institution of the High School." And we, the Class of 1908, wish, hope and are sure that it will continue to be so.

The success of a paper lies in its material and advertising. Those who have contributed material for the Gleam, we thank, not only for their endeavor, but for their success in giving something good. And we also wish to thank those firms who have given us "ads"; for advertising, as has been seen in past years, is the prime factor in the success of a paper.

We hope that the following classes may attain the success we hope we have attained; and we wish them "good luck in editing the best Gleam ever published."



**"OUR MORNING ASSEMBLIES."**

Now, kind readers, a few good words for our morning assemblies. There goes the five-minute bell! It brings a cheerful sensation with its cheery ring, and from all parts of the building, happy, laughing, care-free pupils rush toward the auditorium. Polygons and circles vanish as if by magic; Burke pores alone over his conciliation in the distant history room, and Shakespeare sits in mournful silence in deserted No. 3.

Very different, however, is the assembly room. A busy hum comes from all parts of the auditorium, with now and then a squeal by way of variation. Everybody is merry; everybody is in a good humor; and everybody is wondering what our treat is to be.

The bell rings for nine o'clock. Professor Bryant raises his hand and the busy hum dies out. The exercises have begun.

What exercises we have had in that old assembly-room. How many an excellent talk from our beloved Professor, leaving a desire to do better and be more! Then the songs—solos, quartettes, choruses—and sometimes the whole school sang until one might not have been surprised to see the roof slowly rise and sail off into space, or even to see those intellectual giants—Luther, Webster, Shakespeare, Mann—solemnly presiding, open their sculptured eyes in sheer astonishment.


Yes, these have been happy times, these hours in the old assembly-room! We have heard speakers there; we have heard singers there; we have heard musicians there; and a physiognomist once told us what our faces said; and last, but not least, we have heard a white-haired pioneer who plead for the Oregon Trail, that battle-ground that he loves.

These assemblies are over for those who are leaving, but let us hope that they will be continued and enlarged for those who are left. In years to come, when the responsibilities of life press hard, and the school-day frolics are no more, as we open the book of Time and turn back the leaves of the Past, none will afford us greater pleasure than the pages which tell of our good old times "one with another" and "all together," in dear old I. H. S.

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**"OUR CADETS."**

"Where are our Cadets?" asked Mr. Bryant one morning in Assembly. He might have asked it again and there would have been the same blank silence. Yes! Where are they? Where are those soldierly looking personages who used to mingle among the pupils, and who were distinguished by their uniforms of blue and black? Where is that bugle call, summoning them to drills in which they were displayed at their best—drums beating; marching in perfect (?) time; their country's flag floating over their lines. Where are they? Gone! we are sorry to say, but we hope some day to return. They gradually disappeared; we know not why or how. Let us hope that it was not lack of strength that prevented their maintainance, but only lack of



numbers. They are gone and we should be sorry for it; for a cadet corps is a credit to any school. Nearly all good schools in the United States have one. Why shouldn't we? It interests the public in the schools and strengthens school spirit. Let us hope that it will not be long before I. H. S. will see another cadet corps, and that, when Mr. Bryant again asks "Where are our cadets?" there will be a ringing response.

---

### "IN MEMORIAM."

---

Have you ever considered the deep significance of these two words—"in memoriam?" Have you ever thought how many of our life-actions are controlled by them—how many things we do and should do in memoriam? "And He took bread, and gave thanks, and break it, and gave unto them, saying, 'This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of Me.'" And we do it in memory of Him. This is the "Great in Memoriam."

All along life's journey, memories of the past glide in and point out the way. I am persuaded that many a man has put evil aside "in memoriam" of the mother who prayed for him, lived for him, worked for him always, asking nothing in return but that his life would be nobly spent. Who that has gone astray is not tortured by "in memoriams" of the past—the innocent past? Who that has fought for the right is not encouraged and made glad of heart by the "in memoriams" of the long ago? Our helpful "in memoriams": old incentives, old ambitions, old lessons, old opportunities, old friends—we should not forget them.

While we are speaking a word for "in memoriams," let us speak for one of our High School days. Why, the pupil who has gone through our I. H. S., should be able to conquer "Victory" herself "in memoriam" of it; the pupil who has taken mathematics under Miss MacDonald should be able to write a geometry "in memoriam" of it. (?) But we have learned other lessons: moral lessons and good ones, too—we must not forget them. Let us remember it all: school, school-mates, teachers, lessons; let us keep our paths clear so that these memories will not be sharp needles of remorse, but cheerful incentives for still greater attainment and higher steps "in memorium" of the past and in hopes of the future.

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### THE ANNEX.

---

Among the many evidences of growth of the Independence School system—and the one attracting our latest attention—is the large and handsome annex to our High School. The need for better accommodations has been decidedly apparent in the last year or two. The enrollment list has been



greatly increasing—which is more than can be said of the graduation list—and the main building has not been able to supply the needs—principally **for more room**. The reading-room has been turned into a recitation-room; the laboratory, once used only for laboratory work, has necessarily been made a physics recitation room; and Mr. Bryant has succumbed to the inconvenience of hearing his Virgil class in the lower end of the upper hall. The manual training department has lately been added, requiring still more additional space. Therefore, it has been necessary to seek relief in a new building. The "annex" very amply supplies the demands. The library and reading room will cover the entire first floor; the studio, laboratory, and recitation rooms will occupy the second; in the basement will be the manual training departments, which, by the way, is considered one of the best in the State.

When this building has been completed and fully equipped with its proper appliances, the work of the pupils will be greatly facilitated and they will have advantages and conveniences hitherto unknown. We trust that the "annex," and the advantages it affords, will enable the students of I. H. S. to give forth work of increased excellence, and thereby raise the standard of the Independence High School even higher than it is now.

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#### "THE GLORY THAT SHOULD NOT FADE AWAY."

---

Early in April of 1908, there arrived in Independence a strange equipage—a relic of the days gone by. Mr. Meeker, riding in an old-fashioned wagon drawn by oxen, stopped in Independence on his journey over the Oregon Trail. It is doubtless unnecessary to dwell upon him and his work, which are both well-known. Be it said, however, that this has come to us like a ghost of the Past. In the midst of modern materialism and in an Independence almost modern, has risen this spirit of pioneer days. Many of the intrepid heroes who held the standard of civilization and fought their way through seas of blood, billows of fire, and rivers of water to the tides of the great Pacific, are sleeping peacefully beneath the sod they baptized with their blood—and few are left to tell the tales; many of the quaint old frontier homes in which our great-grand-fathers lived have given place to mansions modern in structure and equipment—and the rest are fast crumbling in decay; many of the trails that the white men followed to the West are covered by fields of grain or by city walks and parks—and the rest lie buried in waving grass, with only a depression in the ground to tell of the forgotten way; yet here, amidst modern environment, modern activity, and modern thought, these landmarks of the early days, almost buried in the sepulchre of Time, come back with us with renewed force, resurrected into life by this messenger of times gone by, the old ox team and the pioneer driver.

Yes, it has been brought more forcibly to our minds than ever before that Independence has a Past—a glorious past, an interesting past, an ad-



venturous past, and, shall I say it—a dying past? No, let it be a dying past recalled to life. It must not die. Why, bless you, Independence stands shoulder-to-shoulder with the St. Augustines, the Santa Fes—yes, and the Damascuses—of history. She was the gateway to the unexplored West, the starting-point of traders Westward bound, the centre from which all things pioneer received life. Do you not know that in an early map of the West, Independence is the “Centropolis,” the point from which all things radiate, as the planets of a system revolve around the sun?

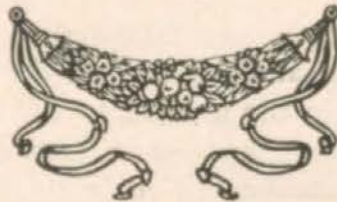
Independence should not forget these things—they entitle her to a place in history, to a distinction which not even in Kansas City, nor yet a hundred Kansas Cities, can take away. The men who know these things, who lived them, are very few. Let us hope that Independence will gather each scrap of her history, each memory of the Past, and collect them into an imperishable history of the time when she was the center of attraction and Kansas City was a river landing.

---

#### OUR WILL.

We, the Staff of '08, do bequeath and assign unto those “who in the love of Gleam-books, hold communion with their invisible forms,” as our last will and testament, the following:

1. Profuse apologies for anything that may be amiss in these pages.
2. Our heart-felt thanks to those who have aided us in any way whatsoever; may they “live happily ever afterward.”
3. Best wishes and sincere sympathy for the Staff’s “to be.”
4. And a last farewell to our High School days and to all who have met us there.



# A Dash of HUMOR

and

# a Spice of WIT

EXCHANGES.

"Little dusts of powder  
Little daubs of paint,  
Make the homely woman  
Look like what she ain't."

—Ex.

Intoxicated—"Can you tell me where the other side of the street is?"

Stranger (pointing across the street)—"Why, right over there, of course."

Intoxicated—"Well, I've just been over there, and a man said it was over here." Ex.

Teacher (giving lecture on architecture)—"Can anyone tell me what a 'buttress' is?"

"I know," shouted Tommy Smart: "A nanny goat."—Ex.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, 'stung again'."

—Ex.

Stranger—"Do you know a man around here with one leg, named Jones?"

Smart Freshie—"What's the name of the other leg?"—Ex.

Lady—"Conductor, which end of the car shall I get off at?"

Conductor—"Either end, madam. Both ends stop."—Ex.

Stout lady (giving measurements of a perfect (?) lady)—"Twice around my thumb, once around my wrist; twice around my wrist, once around my neck; twice around my neck, once around my waist——"

Small boy—"Twice around your waist, once around the room."



"The sun never sets on England's possessions," said the Englishman, proudly.

"No," replied the Irishman, "the Lord is afraid to trust her in the dark."

Teacher—"What tense do I use when I say, 'I am beautiful'?"

Pupil—"Remote past."—Ex.

Hallie—"Generally speaking, women are——"

Robert—"Yes, they are."

Hallie—"Are what?"

Robert—"Generally speaking."—Luminary.

The small boy who went early to the pantry did not do it to avoid the jam.—Ex.

#### The Hottentot Tot.

"If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot

To tot 'ere the tot could totter,

Ought the Hottentot tot

to be taught to say "aught"

Or "naught," or what ought to be taught her?

Or—

If to toot and hoot, a Hottentot tot

Be taught by a Hottentot tutor;

Should the tutor get hot if the Hottentot tot

Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?"

—The Mirror.

Guest—"Ah, Mrs. Blank, I seldom get as good a dinner as this."

Little Johnny—"Neither do we."

"Dan Cupid is a marksman poor,

Despite his love and kisses;

For, although he always hits the mark,

He's always making 'Mrs.'"

—Ex.

Tramp—"Help me, lady, please. For three years I worked for the cause of Temperance."

Lady—"Were you a temperance orator?"

Tramp—"No, madam, I was the horrible example."—Ex.

One day two small boys were playing on a country road. A stout lady approached them.

"Little boys," said she, "can you tell me if I can get through this gate to the pike?"

Boys—"Yes'm, I think so. A load of hay went through there five minutes ago."—Ex.

---

"Caesar sis dicat sin de cur egressi lictum."

Freshman's translation: "Caesar sicked the cat on the dog. I guess he licked him."—Ex.

---

"Solemnly, one by one,  
In the little notebooks of the teachers,  
Blossomed the lovely zeroes,  
The forget-me-nots of the Seniors." —Ex.

"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Briggs?"

"Oh, n-no; everybody has his little peculiarity. Stammering is m-mine. What is yours?"

"Well, really, I am not aware that I have any."

"D-do you stir your tea with your right hand?"

"Why, yes; of course."

"W-well, that is y-your peculiarity; most people use a t-teaspoon."

---

Mamma—"Why, Mary, aren't you ashamed of telling Auntie she is stupid? Go and tell her you are sorry."

Little Mary—"Auntie, I am awful sorry you are so stupid."

---

The wife of one of our gentlemen friends makes him wear necks in his night gown trimmed with pink ribbon, so that the baby won't know the difference when he walks the floor with it at night.—Ex.

---

A large manufacturing firm in the East recently received the following postal, sent from a little country town in the South:

"Dear Sir—Please sen me yore caterlog of electrical battreys.

Yores turely,

"P. S.—You need not sen it. I have change my mind."—Ex.

---

Teacher—"Now then, Tommy, you have no good excuse for staying away from school yesterday."

Tommy—"Well, it ain't my fault."

Teacher—"It isn't? Why?"

Tommy—" 'Cause I done my best to think up a good one."—Ex.

---

He—"They say a man has seven ages."

She—"Women are more stable. They have one age and stick to it."—Ex.



Wife—"I want to do some shopping today, dear, if the weather is favorable. What is the forecast?"

Husband (consulting the paper)—"Rain, hail, thunder and lightning."—  
Ex.

---

Never ask a woman her age. Ask some other woman.—Ex.

---

Elderly Aunt—"I suppose you wondered, dear little Hans, why I left you so abruptly in the lane. I saw a man, and oh, how I ran."

Hans—"Did you get him?"—Ex.

---

Teacher—"What is a synonym, James?"

"It's a word you can use when you don't know how to spell the one you thought of first."

---

Young Lady—"So he praised my singing, did he?"

Brother—"Yes, he said it was heavenly."

Young Lady—"Did he really say that?"

Brother—"Well, not exactly; but he probably meant that. He said it was unearthly."—Ex.

---

Mrs. Bunham—"What are you going to do with that hair restorer?"

Bunham—"I am going to use some on my head and the rest on that hair mattress of yours."—Ex.

---

Wife—"Do come over to Barker's with me, John. She'll make you feel just as if you were at home."

Husband—"Then what's the use of going?"

---

Fortune no longer knocks at your door. She presses the electric button.—Ex.

---

"The evidence shows, Mrs. Mulcohey, that you threw a stone at Policeman Casey."

"It shows more than that, yer Honer, it shows that Oi hit him."

---

Kiss is a noun, though generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined. It is more common than proper. It is not very singular and is generally used in the plural and agrees with "me."—Ex.

---

Teacher—"What are pauses, Jonny?"

---

Pupil—"The things wot grow on dogs and cats."

Mamma—"What would you like for dinner, Johnny?"

Johnny—"Anything but company. I don't get anything then."—Ex.

---

George—"Rather than remain single would you marry the biggest fool on earth if he asked you?"

Clara—"Oh, George, this is so sudden."—Ex.

---

A friend in need is a friend to steer shy of.—Ex.

---

"Now Pat," said a magistrate to an old offender, "what brought you here

"Two policemen, sor," was the laconic reply.

"Drunk, I suppose?" queried the magistrate?

"Yis, sor," said Pat, "both of thim."—Ex.

---

Theater Manager—"I can't use your play, sir. It's too long for the stage."

L. B.—"But I say-aw-look here-aw! Can't your lengthen the stage, you know?"

---

"What have you got in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked the customer of the grocery clerk.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am."

---

Absent Minded—"Is your wife entertaining this winter?"

"No, not very."

---

"Look pleasant, please," said the photographer to his fair (?) sitter.  
Click! Click!

"It's all over ma'am. You may resume your natural expression."

---

Miss Flannagan—"I will give yez my answer in a month, Pat."

Pat—"That's right me darlint, tek plenty of time to think about it. But tell me one thing—will it be yes or no?"

---

Mr. Stoplate—"That song always moves me."

Miss Fersleep—"If I'd known that, I'd have sung it an hour ago."

---

"Hubby dear, I can't wait to tell you what I'm going to buy you."

"Darling wife, what is it?"

"Well, I am going to get a silver card tray, a bronze Hercules for the mantelpiece, and a new Persian rug to put in front of my dressing table. What are you going to do for me?"

"I have been thinking, Jane, and have made up my mind to get you a new shaving brush."



Warden-(just before the execution)—“Would you like the services of a minister?”

Convict-(shuddering)—“Heavens, no! De judge didn't sentence me to be married, did he?”

---

“What are you crying about?”

“Because Marcel slapped me.”

“Why didn't you slap him back?”

“Because then it would only be his turn again.”

---

W'en my Pop talks of Standard Oil,  
It makes my heart beat faster  
Fur fear I'll git some, 'cause I know  
The Standard Oil is castor.”—Ex.

---

“You probably don't remember me,” began the self-made man proudly, “but twenty years ago, when I was a poor humble boy, you gave me a message to carry—”

“Yes, yes,” cried the busy man, “where is the answer?”

---

Bill had a billboard; Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold the billboard to pay his board bill. So after Bill sold his billboard to pay the board bill, the board bill no longer bored Bill.

---

Husband—“Why can't you make bread like mother used to make?”

Wife—“Why can't you make “dough” like father used to make?”—Ex.

---

#### THIS IS WHAT THEY SAY.

Prof. Bryant—“Well, I don't charge anything for that.”

Miss Phelps—“Well, you take it.”

Miss Brown—“And therefore—what?—well, and therefore—what?—alright and therefore—what?”

Miss Henry—“Stand not upon the order of going, but go at once.”

Miss Coah Henry—“Alright, girlie.”

Miss Chiles—“Well,—have you forgotten that?”

Miss McDonald—“W - h - h - y ? ! !

Miss Stone—“To be sure.”

Miss Clark—“You are the limit.”

Miss Stoner—“Now, what do you know about that?”

Miss Barnett—“Well-a-so much for that.”

Mr. Haupt—“Get your *tablets* and study. No talking aloud (allowed).

## WANT AND LOSSES.

- Wanted—Patience—Miss Phelps.  
 Wanted—A hair cut—Procter Kerr.  
 Wanted—One barrel of powder—Carrie Hill.  
 Wanted—A larger vocabulary.—Wm. Whitford.  
 Wanted—A remedy for slowness.—Stanley Kelley.  
 Wanted—To teach the world its value.—La Vergne Bryson.  
 Wanted—To grow.—Helen Palmer.  
 Wanted—A five pound box of chewing gum.—Edward Duncan.  
 Wanted—A new compliment on our class pins—"It looks like a bug" is getting monotonous.—Seniors.  
 Lost—All ambition.—Seniors.  
 Lost—My inclination to study.—E. C.  
 Lost—My geometry—finder may keep same.—Pearl.  
 Lost—The art of cracking jokes.—Prof. B.  
 Lost—Several hairpins—wire and rubber.—Wm. P.  
 Lost—My head—it always was loose.—Bessie.

## QUESTION BOX.

- Q. Why do the Sophs always write 19010? A. Consider the name and be satisfied.  
 Q. Why do I. H. S. teachers wear a diamond ring on the third finger of the left hand? A. We haven't any proof, but, for the benefit of the oncoming pupils, we hope it means—well, you know.  
 Q. Why do the Senior girls uphold bachelors? A. Perhaps they have an interest at stake.  
 Q. Why do the Senior boys ask the advice of the Senior girls concerning foot-ball matters? A. Because they think their judgment is infallible.  
 Q. Why does Maud get Alfred's physics problems? A. Ask her.  
 Q. Why do English teachers insist upon the Seniors falling in love with dead men? A. Because dead men are not capable of resisting their attacks as living ones do.  
 Q. What kind of starch does Tessie use, and where does she get it? A. Watson secret.  
 Q. Why did the Juniors have a horse shoe on their class pin? A. They knew that was the only show for them to have good luck in next year's ordeal.  
 Q. What lecture did Procter attend February 4th? A. Ask Ruby.

## FREE! FREE! FREE!

SLAMS—Any kind or shape may be secured from Miss Barnett for the asking. Often times without the asking.



## SENIORS.

Miss Brown—"This is where Portia and Bassanio meet and become one. 'Two souls with but a single thought.' " Why did Helen and William blush so?"

---

Miss Phelps—"Oh, can't you put two and two together and make one?"  
Stanley-(undertone)—"No, it always makes four."

---

Miss Phelps-(Discussing Braddock's defeat)—"The baggage train was several miles long—"

Margaret Fox—"They must have taken their dress suits in order to have a war dance."

---

Miss Brown—"Helen, give a quotation on this subject."

Helen—"Aw-er, I am promised forth."

---

Miss Phelps—"Who was the most important character at the dance in 'Christmas Carol'?"

Mabel—"Fuzzywig."

---

Ethelyn—"Spenser was buried in Westminster Abbey."

Prof. Bryant—"And what part of Ireland was that?"

---

Marguerite—"Prof. Bryant, may we bring another chair up here to sit in?"

Prof. Bryant—"Why—yes, what else could you bring it up here for?"

---

Miss Phelps—"Florence, how much territory did Spain own at that time?"

Florence—"Why, the larger half."

---

Ina-(Discussing Junior class picnic)—"We ought to have Miss Phelps anyhow, for she is an 'ornary member of the class."

---

Miss Phelps—"Roger, what ecclesiastical court was established in Elizabeth's reign?"

Roger—"The court of the North Star."

---

Miss Phelps—"What was the awful responsibility that the Puritans took upon themselves?"

Helen Sea—"Why, they ran the risk of being persecuted."

---

Miss Phelps (speaking of Penn's colony)—"George, what is meant by the Golden Rule?"

George—"Aw-er, I don't believe I know."

Miss Barnett—"Will, give the principal parts of a 'possum'."  
 William—"Head, feet and tail."

---

Miss Phelps-(Reading a Senior's note-book)—"1. Effects of gunpowder.  
 (a) Makes all men the same size."

---

Carrie—"Won't you come over to my house?"  
 Ralph—"Will if I want to." (Why didn't he go?)

---

Miss Phelps—"I do not think Burke was capable of taking bribes—"  
 Stanley—"Oh, what judgment."

---

Miss McDonald-(After Charles had finished his proof)—"Well, Stanley,  
 criticise Charles' proof."  
 Stanley—"Why, when he got through he had not proved anything."

---

Miss Phelps—"Do you think it is true that obedience makes government?"  
 E. C.—"You betchu."

---

Miss Phelps—"George, where was the battle of Bunker Hill fought?"  
 George—"Why, on Bunker Hill."

---

Mr. Bryant-(To his Senior Latin class)—"I want you to read Aeneas's  
 trip to the lower regions—it will be extremely interesting to you—it may be  
 of use later."

---

Stanley Kelley in Latin—" 'Iungere dextra' means he married her."  
 Prof. Bryant—"How can you get that when he is talking to his mother?  
 You must have marry on the brain."

---

Prof. Bryant—"If I should take away the touch, the color and taste of the  
 apple, what have I left?"  
 Stanley—"The core."

---

Miss Stoner—"George, what is the most stimulating food?"  
 George F.—"We feed our baby onions to make him strong."

---

Miss Stoner—"Where did that lady-bug go?"  
 George—"I thought I spider (spied her)."

---

Miss Phelps—"What was the date of the battle of Bunker Hill?"  
 Mabel—"June 17th, 1775."  
 Miss Phelps—"Why was it so difficult for the British to fight?"  
 Mabel—"Because it was such a cold day."



Procter-(On Junior class picnic)—"Oh! I'd like to lay here all day."

Miss Phelps—"To lay, Procter?"

Procter—"Well, I never did like to lie."

---

Miss Ewin—"Who were the humanists?"

Bright Pupil (then a Soph)—"They were men who studied human nature."

---

Miss Phelps (discussing the extravagance of the Tudor rulers—"Queen Elizabeth had three thousand dresses—now what would you call that?"

Helen S.—"A hyperbole."

---

Ina (talking of English)—"Well, *I* wish *I* were smart instead of good looking—maybe I would get a better grade."

---

Bess—"Girls what do think is the character of the Puritans?"

Carrie (joining the crowd and holding out several pieces of fudge in her hand)—"They're good but they've got cream-a-tartar in 'em."

---

Miss Phelps—"At this time there were not more than ten white men—and they were all green."

---

#### A Geometry Lesson.

Miss McDonald—"What are parallel lines?"

Bright pupil—"Parallel lines are lines that can never meet until they come together."

Miss McDonald—"Very good. What is a circle?"

Answer—"A round straight line with a hole in the center."

Miss McDonald—"Very good, give the first axiom."

Brilliant answer—"Things equal to each other are equal to anything else."

Miss McDonald—"Good, now"—(but here the bell rings.)

---

We have tried to get a joke on every member of the class with the exception of Pearl, and she is so "Jolley" that we thought it best to leave her alone.

---

Will W.—"Miss McDonald, we can't see point E. from here."

Miss McDonald—"How do you know that it is E?"

---

"A miserable man makes more enemies than friends."—Carlyle.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune has denied it.

Seek not to please the world, but your own conscience.

A good example is the best sermon.

No one is a fool always, everyone sometimes.

---

 JUNIOR.
 

---

Miss Phelps—"What was Charles's greatest ambition?"

Mattie—"To become the greatest figure head in Europe."

---

Miss Barnett—"Apollo, in the morning of his birth, killed a turtle and, in the afternoon when he was hungry, what did he eat?"

Nathan—"Turtle soup, I suppose."

---

Miss Barnett—"I generally get what I want; some day I may get a husband."

---

Miss Phelps—"What did Henry VIII have to have—"

Heman—"A wife."

---

Miss Phelps—"What caused the English Reformation?"

May—"The failure of Henry VIII to secure a divorce from the pope."

---

Miss Phelps—"What important thing was connected with King John's death?"

Hubert—"He ate peaches and cream that had not been examined by the pure food inspectors."

---

Miss Brown—"What was one of Scott's chief characteristics?"

Mattie—"He was a natural born story-teller."

---

Miss Phelps—"What caused the death of Thomas A. Becket?"

Cammie J.—"Why, he was killed?"

---



---

 SOPHOMORE.
 

---

Mr. Haupt—"You are not having good lessons of late—what is the cause?"

Sophomore—"I have just been thinking of Miss Stone's reception this afternoon in which I am the central figure."

---

Mary Duke—"I tried to go home and could not do it."

Prof. Bryant—"Why, who caught you?"

---

Miss Clark—"Where did the Plantagenets get their name?"

Virgil E.—"From pie plant."

---

We were surprised that the Sophomores handed in so few locals this year but upon looking up the meaning of their name our doubts were settled and we are glad to know they have only one (?) year to be in that class.



---

**FRESHMAN.**


---

Miss Stoner—"Earl, define the nose."

Earl E.—"The nose is a projection on the face, half way between the chin and the eyes, and extending back to the lungs."

---

Miss Phelps—"What do you know about Greece?"

Frank S.—"That's where the first doughnuts were fried."

---

Miss Chiles—"What was Ichabod's sole desire?"

Thomas O.—"To eat and get married."

---

Some definitions our freshman can give you:

"The blood in the body is taken by means of tubes to the heart, and there detained."

"If the earth did not revolt, we would have equal and days and nights."

"An abstract noun is the name of something that has no existence, as goodness."

"A blizzard is the inside of a fowl."

---

Mr. Haupt—"Translate 'Schicke das zu mir'."

Bright Pupil—"Give that chicken to me."

---

Miss Phelps—"How does Chinese schooling differ from that of America?"

Bright Pupil—"They learn."

---

Freshman (while gazing ignorantly at a magazine)—"That book must be about physiology."

Miss Wallace—"Why?"

Freshman—"Well, it is called 'Literary Digest'."

---

Miss Barnett—"Never use a preposition to end a sentence with."

---



---

**NOON PASTIME.**


---

Miss Barnett and Miss Brown "praise?" the students.

Miss Stoner and Miss Clark prepare a lunch or two in the laboratory with the help of a chaffing dish and coffee pot.

Prof. Bryant strides through the halls preparing a brilliant speech for the sixth hour Latin class.

Senior Girls gather on the stage and gossip.

Carrie powders and primps in the basement.

William Palmer talks to any girl who will listen.

Myrtle plays solitaire.

Miss Phelps invents striking questions for her fifth hour history class.

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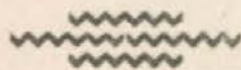
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Real Estate	10,520.00
Cash	45,495.92
Sight Ex.	155,021.32
	<hr/> 583,028.13
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	125,000.00
Surplus Fund	25,000.00
Undivided Profits	58,758.69
Cashier's Checks	100.00
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The Seabright is an Exclusive Benjamin Model.

Made in New York City by the best tailors and sold here exclusively. Come in and see yourself in a Benjamin suit, then you will appreciate what it means. \$20.00 to \$30.00 a suit.

## SPRING and SUMMER MERCHANDISE

White Fabrics for mid-summer  
Dresses 10c and 50c yard  
Colored Batistes pretty patterns  
10c and 12½c yard  
Ginghams at 5c to 50c yard—every color  
Ladies' Lace Collars 15c each  
Ladies' Embroidered Collars 10c each.

Men's Ladies' and Children's  
Oxfords and Shoes—Only the  
Warranted Kind Sold Here.  
WE CAN PLEASE YOU.

**A. J. BUNDSCHU,**  
East Side Square. INDEPENDENCE, MO.



## Debenham Bakery

N. Side Square.

FOR POTATO, UNISOLACE  
AND SALT RISING BREAD.  
BIG LINE OF CAKES,  
TRY ONCE.

F. A. YETTER BELL PHONE 988 MAIN

### YETTER STUDIO

EVERYTHING IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

West Side Square. Independence, Mo.

## W. T. FRAZER, COAL and FEED.

BOTH PHONES 455.

212 S. Liberty St.  
INDEPENDENCE, MO.

## JOHN A. SEA,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Over Bank of Independence.

Independence, Mo.

Gold is an idol worshipped in all climates, without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite.

A good fame is better than a good face.

A man of words and not of deeds is like a garden full of weeds.

## C. M. Ely, Jr.,

FIRSTCLASS

CARRIAGE PAINTING.

PRICES REASONABLE.

With J. G. McCurdy.



THE SHOE THAT LOOKS ITS WORTH is that shoe only which is a rare combination of grace and beauty, durability and comfort. In other words, the shoe that's perfect in every point. This desirable acquisition can be had only in our new spring styles. A pair of oxfords is what you need and is a good kind to convince you of our assertion. We have them in all colors and leathers. **GERKEY.** South side Square.



### Look Before You Leap

INVESTIGATE

### Brown's Business College

1114-16-18 GRAND AVE.

Before you decide what school to attend.

### Special Summer Rates.

3 MOS. ANY DEPARTMENT \$15.00

Day and Night School all Summer

## Mrs. J. H. Hammontree

## FINE MILLINERY.

211 WEST MAPLE AVE.,

UPSTAIRS

ONCE A PATRON  
ALWAYS A PATRON.



*Examiner Printing Co.,*  
*Independence, Mo.*


PUBLISHERS OF

*The Jackson Examiner.*  
*The Independence Examiner*

The advertisement is framed by a decorative border. At the top corners, there are two flags with the initials 'TB' on them. The border is composed of a thick, stylized line with decorative flourishes. In the center, there is a large, ornate torch with a flame, positioned vertically. The background of the border features a landscape with a sun or moon and clouds on the left side.

# TEACHENOR-BARTBERGER ENGRAVING COMPANY

We make a  
specialty of  
illustrating  
College,  
University  
and High School  
ANNUALS

A decorative flourish consisting of two symmetrical, leaf-like shapes extending outwards from a central point.

DESIGNERS  
ILLUSTRATORS  
HALFTONE  
AND PHOTO-  
ZINC ETCHERS

S. E. CORNER  
SEVENTH and CENTRAL STS..

KANSAS CITY, Mo.





