



THE
GLEAM
1909



1911

MAR 11

1911

THE vim of Youth,
the Sparkle of Boy-
ishness--every "Sampeck"
Suit expresses something
of these things! The or-
dinary Suit lacks pride in
workmanship and Perfec-
tion of finish, BUT—
there's nothing "skimpy"
about a Sampeck.

\$15 to \$35.

Gordon & Koppel

Clothing Co. 1005-7 Walnut

KANSAS CITY



MAKING GOOD.

There's only one reason why our store is such a popular resort with High School Boys who desire snappy footwear, viz:

WALK-OVER SHOES

make good all our claims for shoe superiority and every purchaser is glad to recommend them to his friends.

\$3.50 - \$4.00 - \$5.00

Walk-Over Boot Shop

HUBBARD BROS.,

1005 Main St.,

KANSAS CITY.

The Value of a Business Education in Dollars and Sense.

INVESTMENT.

Tuition, unlimited scholarship in both the commercial and stenographic branches, with privilege of review at any time.....	\$100.00
Books and Stationery.....	15.00
	<hr/>
	\$115.00

PROFIT.

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

Increased earnings at \$10.00 per month for one year is.....	\$ 120.00
\$120.00 is equivalent to 6 per cent annual interest on.....	2,000.00
Increased earnings at \$20.00 per month for one year is.....	240.00
\$240.00 is equivalent to 6 per cent annual interest on.....	4,000.00
Increased earnings at \$50.00 per month for one year is.....	600.00
\$600.00 is equivalent to 6 per cent annual interest on.....	10,000.00
Increased earnings at \$100.00 per month for one year is.....	1,200.00
\$1,200.00 is equivalent to 6 per cent annual interest on.....	20,000.00

Do you know of any investment that will equal this?

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

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

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

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

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

We solicit your immediate correspondence.

Central Business College

18th Year.

1312-14 Grand Ave., K. C., Mo.

44TH ANNUAL

SUMMER SCHOOL

9.00 A. M. to 3.00 P. M.

Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-Keeping,
Telegraphy, English Branches.

COURSES of STUDY

are the same as at other Terms in the Year,
and the classes are conducted by our regular
FACULTY of experienced Teachers.

COOL ROOMS

Our Rooms were planned and arranged especially for school purposes, being well lighted and ventilated by large windows on FOUR SIDES of our new Building.

SPALDING'S

COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
(INCORPORATED.)

Tenth and Oak Sts.,

KANSAS CITY, MO.

TELS. { HOME, 1119 Main.
BELL, 1174 Main.

J. F. SPALDING, A. M., President.

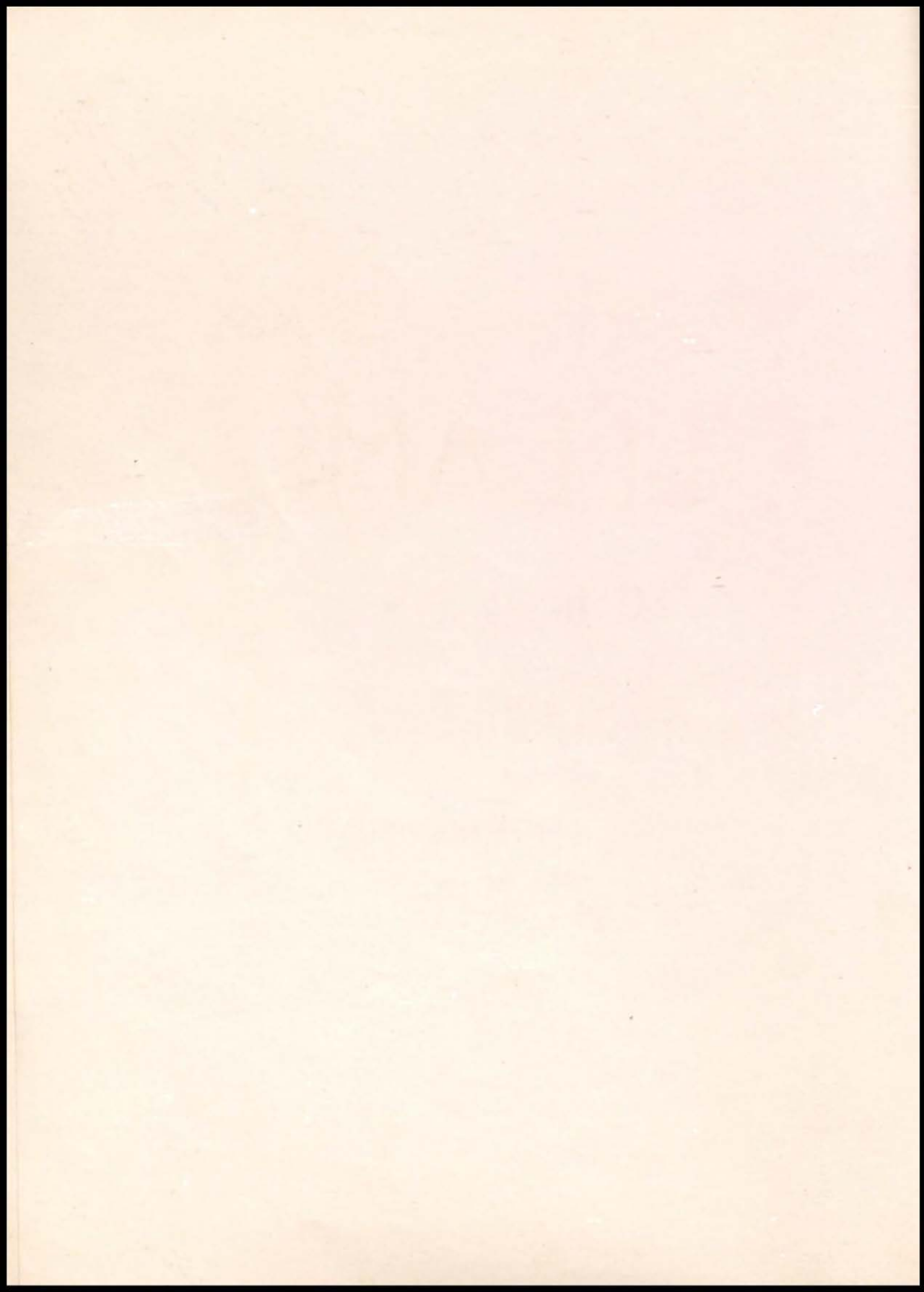
THE GLEAM

“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.

Dedication

To the City of Independence, who
has co-operated with us in all our
efforts.





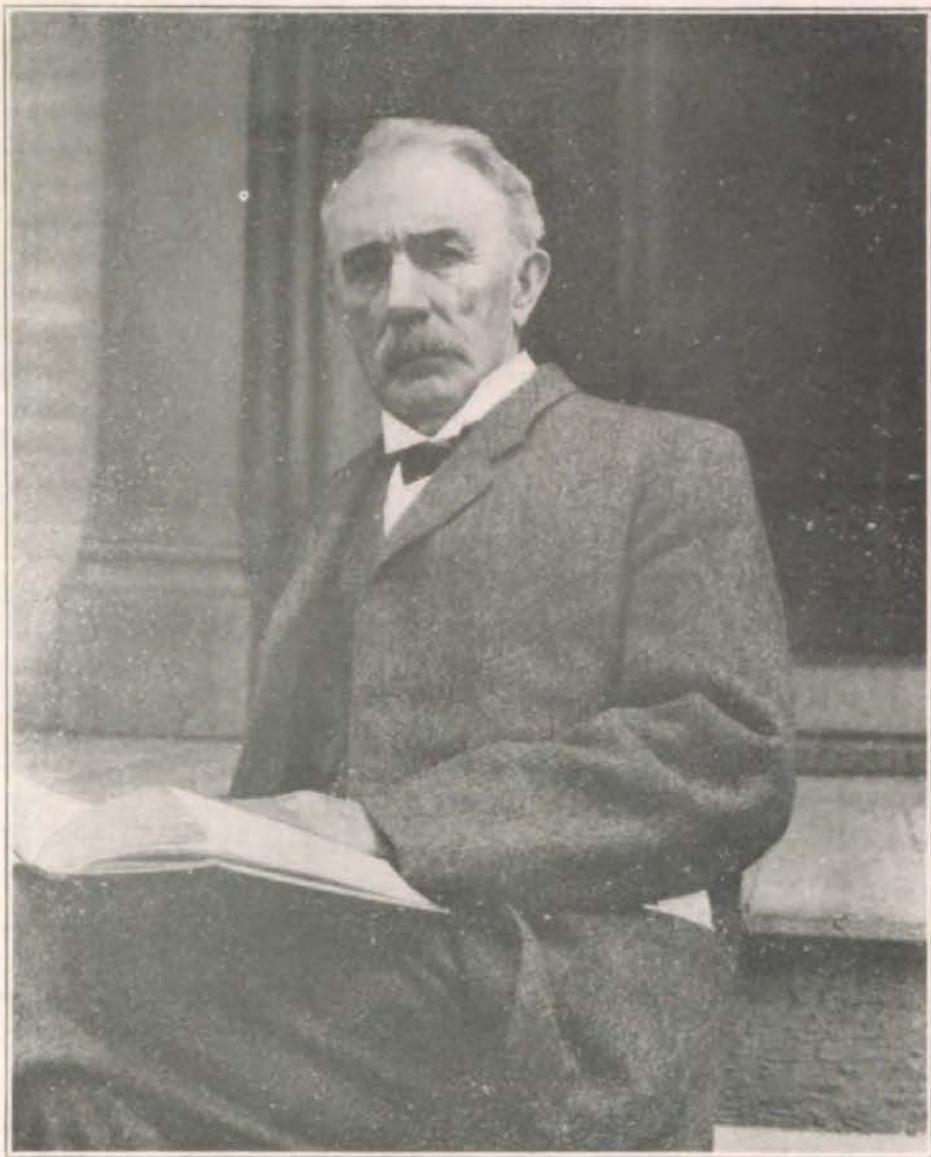
GLEAM

EDITED BY

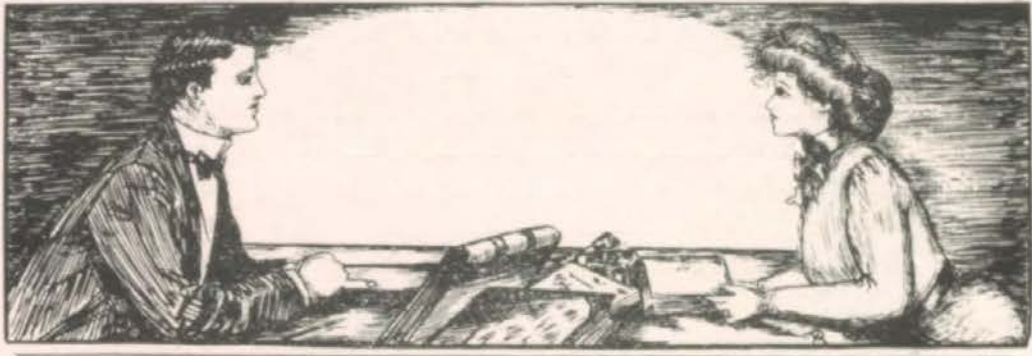
SENIORS

OF INDEPENDENCE HIGH SCHOOL

1909



PROF. GEO. S. BRYANT.



R. P. WITZENS

CLASS OFFICERS.

Knox Alexander.....	President
Louise Ross.....	Vice-President
Cammie Johnston.....	Secretary
Nathan Pickles.....	Treasurer
Frank Livesay.....	Sergeant-at-Arms

Motto—Carpe Diem.
Colors—Black and Gold.

Mascot—Donkey.
Flower—Black-Eyed-Susan.

YELL.

RAZZLE DAZZLE, RAZZLE DAZZLE,
SIS, BOOM, BINE,
ALL THE CLASSES STAND BEHIND
THE CLASS OF OLD '09.

KNOX ALEXANDER
MABEL ANDERSON
MADELINE BOSTIAN
ADELAIDE CASPER
GEORGIA COMPTON
MARJORIE CRICHTON
RUTH DAVIS
NELL FISHER
NELL GALLAGHER
GRACE GRIFFIN
LILIAN HOUCHEMS
LILLIAN HAUPT
CAMMIE JOHNSTON
FRANK LIVESAY
EDMUND MESSENGER

GENEVIEVE NORTH
NATHAN PICKLES
LOUISE PRITCHETT
ELEANOR RAGAN
ALICE ROBERTS
LOUISE ROSS
MATTIE STEWART
OTTO SHROEDER
HEMAN SWIFT
GRACE SHEPPARD
WALTER TATUM
MADELINE TATE
MARJORIE TATE
RUTH WILLIAMSON
ELVIA YALE



ADELAIDE CASPER:

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

NATHAN PICKLES:

"Knows something about everything—unless he has been supposed to study it."



NELL GALLAGHER:

"When you will, I won't, and when you won't, I will."

MADLINE BOSTIAN:

"The less she knows about the subject, the more fluent she is in class."



HEMAN SWIFT:

"Wise from the top of his head up."



CAMMIE JOHNSTON:
A gun—A Shark—What not!



LOUISE PRITCHETT:
"Humility, that low, sweet root
From which all heavenly virtues shoot."



KNOX ALEXANDER:
"If slowness is one of the requirements, he will
surely get to Heaven."



LILIAN HOUCHENS:
"Generous with her supply of knowledge."



LOUISE ROSS:
"An example of how Wisdom and Folly
Meet, mix, and unite."

RUTH DAVIS:

"Silence is her one great art of conversation."



EDMUND MESSENGER:
"The less said the better."

RUTH WILLIAMSON:

"Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a springe to snare them all."



FRANK LIVESAY:

"He was a farmer on whom I built an absolute trust."

MARJORIE CRICHTON:

"Sing? Why, she could fairly warble."



**GEORGIA COMPTON:**

"I swear her color's natural
I've seen it come and go."

**MABEL ANDERSON:**

"Talking all the time, but says nothing."

**ELEANOR RAGAN:**

"She lived as lived a peaceful dove."

**MATTIE STEWART:**

"Oh, my! Did you ever hear her talk?"

**ALICE ROBERTS:**

"Has a wonderful brain and runs it herself."

NELL FISHER:

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."



LILLIAN HAUPT:

"Never done nobody no harm."

WALTER TATUM:

"The ratio of longitudinal to lateral extensibility is very large."



GENEVIEVE NORTH:

"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

GRACE GRIFFIN:

"No better than she should be."



**MADELINE TATE:**

"Her sister's wise. If you don't believe it, she'll prove it to you."

MARJORIE TATE:

"The helpless look of blooming infancy—the pride of her sister's heart."

**GRACE SHEPPARD:**

"Fain, would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

**OTTO SHROEDER:**

"A firm foundation, three stories, and a cupola."

**ELVIA YALE:**

"She hears merry tales and smiles not."



A LEGEND OF '09.

'Twas at a council of the Gods,
That first they spoke a word
About our class, on Olympus.
Before, there ne'er was heard
A single word about our class
Except down here below,
But now our name had spread to heaven,
So now our worth you know.
'Twas Venus who was speaking then,
'Twas Mars she told it to.
How our class all the rest surpassed.
She vowed that it was true,
And, just to clinch her arguments,
She said she'd give a proof.
Told how the boys of 1909
Got up upon the roof,
And put the figures of '09
Upon the chimneys two.
All this she told the god of War
To show that this was true.
'Twas thus she spoke to Mars the god,
About that story, true,
And I, who happened to be there,
Just wrote it down for you.

The Legend.

"It was when they were Juniors, that
This great event occurred.
And, really, it's the greatest deed
Of which the earth has heard.
The Seniors thought they were so smart,
The Sophomores thought so, too,
But it remained for old '09,
To show what it could do.
The Seniors put their pennant up,
Upon the flagpole high,
The Juniors dragged it down again,
While no one else was nigh.
They also greased that flag-pole, new,
With axle-grease, you know,
So no one else could put his flag
Upon the pole. That's so!

But, somehow, it was taken down,
And so they thought, and thought,
To find some other way, by which
A vict'ry might be wrought.
But yet their thinking was no use
'Til I went down one day,
And whispered in a Junior's ear,
"I know a dandy way.
It never has been done before,
And so, of course it's new,
Just climb upon the roof and write,
In figures all may view,
The year in which the greatest class
Will from this school depart,
'09, the greatest of the great,
Enshrined in every heart."
This Junior boy at once went back
And summoned all his mates,
And said to them, all summoned there,
"We're sure helped by the fates.
A goddess just now told to me
How we a name might leave
Down here at dear old I. H. S.
And honors, too, receive.
Herewith, he told the Junior class
The plan that I had made.
And so they put the figures up
In paint that would not fade.
Behold, next morning, down at school
The admiring glances cast
Because the class of 1909,
A victory'd won at last.
But ah, alas, that self-same week,
Their pride, it had a fall,
Because Professor Bryant, he
A classmeeting did call,
And told that saddened Junior class
That '09' must come down,
If not, the Juniors would be fined,
Dismissed them with a frown.
And so those poor, sad, Junior boys
Once more that tile roof scaled,
And, by the scoffing Sophomers,
With shouts of joy were hailed.

But yet, in silence dignified,
They gravely set to work,
For members of that grand old class
Were never known to shirk.
With water, soap, and scrubbing brush,
They made the chimney shine,
Until, at length, no one could find
A trace of that '09.
But yet the memory of that deed
Will live through years to come.
No other class can hope to gain
Such prestige as they won."

Here Venus ended, with a sigh
Because that tale was done,
And said, "If I had time, I'd tell
More honors that they've won.
Then Mars with deep drawn sighs, that shook
The very castle walls,
Said, "I would give my kingdom, to
Transport them to these halls.
If we could have such folks as they
Upon this mountain tall,
Well might we then deserve the praise,
That we, all, know it all.
For, just to judge from this brave act,
This class of 1909
Is just composed of members, who
Should really be divine.
If you could just think of some way
To make them all come here,
To me, oh Goddess Beautiful,
You would be then most dear."

I left them plotting in this way,
And came back here to you,
That you might know how
Mars will praise
All great things that you do.
So study hard, you Seniors dear
That you may earn the praise
Of gods, and on Olympus, high,
May spend your future days,

L. E. H., '09.

A REVIEW OF PROGRAMS.

One of the most enjoyable, if not the most beneficial portions of the course in English this year, has been the series of programs given—one each week, for six weeks,—on the lives and works of the six most prominent poets, who formed the links in the literary chain from Shakespeare to Tennyson.

The first program, directed by Miss Lillian Haupt, dealt with Milton's works, and, as this was the first of the series, it could not be expected to equal in quality the later programmes, the supervisors of which had the advantage of the criticisms made on previous entertainments. However, this programme had the advantage in originality and selection of material. The programme on Coleridge, given by Miss Louise Pritchett, contained two distinctive features—one, a talk on the "Causes of Coleridge's Small Output," by Mr. Heman Swift; the other, the reading from the "Ancient Mariner," by Miss Nell Gallagher. This whole programme was indeed different from the preceding one. Then, Miss Adelaide Casper's programme on Wordsworth, carried out still further the idea of the reading of famous lines from the poet in question, by including a recitation of the "Ode to Duty," by Miss Ruth Williamson. The essays which were read were also especially fine. In the programme on Burns, under the supervision of Miss Marjorie Tate, a new idea was introduced in the giving of estimates by each participant. The very subject itself, lent a varied atmosphere to these numbers; and the reading of "Cotter's Saturday Night," by Miss Nell Fisher, was exceedingly different, and, indeed, very interesting, in that Miss Fisher interpreted the dialect so creditably. The fifth programme, led by Miss Marjorie Crichton, and devoted to Keats, contained a variation in having the paper on the "Personal Appearance of Keats," read by Miss Ruth Davis. It also carried out the idea of memorized work in the "Ode to a Nightingale," recited by Miss Mattie Stewart. Probably the most novel feature of this programme was the dainty little programmes made by the leader and her helpers. The last programme—the one on Shelley, conducted by Miss Madeline Bostian, was especially notable for its originality. Two essays, which gave us an adequate idea of his life and art, were supplemented by a recitation of one of Shelley's most beautiful poems, the Cloud. Miss Johnston's reading of several "Sketches from Shelley's Love Affairs," was also an entirely new and interesting feature.

Altogether the whole series of programs has reached a very high standard; and the knowledge which each pupil has acquired in this delightful manner, is very likely to remain ever with him.

MEMORIES.

Alice Kenyon and I had met when we were both attending the Oberlin conservatory of music five years ago; and during our three years study there, had become very dear friends. It was now two years since I had seen her, and although our delightful friendship continued as before, and our regular correspondence provided a substitute to seeing each other every day, my greatest desire was to visit her. At last the long sought for opportunity was presented, and Alice invited me, and eight of her other girl friends to a house party at her new summer home in the Ozarks. The house party was to be given the fifteenth of June, and last two weeks, and of course, I was very much excited about going, not so much, however, as when I was actually on the train and very near my destination, then I could hardly wait until my journey would reach its end. I imagined how Alice had changed in two years, and thought of the grand time I was going to have, but most of all I wondered who were the other eight girls. She had said that there would be ten of us, including herself, but as she did not mention or in any other way allude to the other eight, my curiosity was deeply aroused.

I reached the termination of my trip about three o'clock in the afternoon, and as I was the first one to arrive, Alice alone met me at the train. The ride to her home, which was several miles from the station was delightful. In the first place, it was an ideal June afternoon. The wild, beautiful country lay wrapped in the warm rays of the June sun; various kinds of wild flowers could be seen in every direction and the melodious notes of birds came from the numerous fir trees. In addition, the delight of really being with Alice again, who was burdening me with questions about every thing I had done in the last two years, made me feel supremely happy. After we arrived at her home, and I had met her father and mother, Alice suggested that I lie down and rest if only for a short time, then, if I wanted to, we would both go to meet the girls who were coming on later trains. Although I did not feel extremely tired, I complied with her wishes, and was soon enjoying a pleasant sleep which lasted until Alice awakened me with the news that all the girls had come, except one whom she did not expect until after dinner, and she wanted us to be down stairs in half an hour. In about that time, I was ready, and meeting Alice in the hall went down stairs with her. As soon as we came in view of the parlor, where all the girls had assembled, I was immediately attracted to two girls who were standing looking out one of the large windows, a little apart from the others, and enjoying a very animated conversation. Alice would not tell me who they were, but before I reached the room, they turned around, and there before me stood Adelaide Casper and Ruth Williamson. For a few moments we remained amazed and silent, then with joyous exclamations, rushed at each other. I was completely surprised, more so than the other two, as they had experienced a previous surprise in

finding each other on the same local train which ran to this place. "Why, Madeline, I can hardly believe it is really you," immediately began Ruth. "Oh, you can't imagine how glad I am to see you. Isn't it grand that we are here together, and won't we have some fine times talking over those dear old school days?" continued Adelaide. "I should say, and it certainly seems ages and ages since we worked together on the Gleam. But, girls, I can't realize it. Are you really here, or am I dreaming? I can't believe it's true," I answered. "Now, I understand why you acted the way you did when I persistently asked who were the other girls you had invited," interposed Adelaide, addressing Alice, whom we had forgotten about in our excitement. "Well, each one of you had always talked about the other so much that I was delighted with myself when I thought of this jolly plan. But there goes the dinner bell, and Madeline, you haven't met these other girls and you must this minute. After dinner, there is another surprise in store for you," laughingly remarked Alice as she led me across the room to the other girls, who were enjoying the joke as much as ourselves.

In the middle of dinner, Mr. Kenyon interrupted our lively conversation with the news that the other guest had arrived. Of course, Alice hurriedly ran out to meet her, and amid the questions, "Who is she?" "Do you know her?" Alice came in, bringing—Louise Ross. This last surprise brought an end to the dinner, as the remainder of the time was spent in asking questions rather than in eating. What a scene of merriment it must have been! Ten girls seated around the table, and, since each one of us knew two or three of the girls, every one was receiving and asking a dozen questions in one breath.

After dinner this scene was transferred to the veranda, and Louise who, if she didn't know personally every girl, had heard of her through a friend or relative, became the center of attraction. However, her three classmates had an advantage over the others, and succeeded in luring her off to an attractive corner where we could have a few minutes all to ourselves. "My, but it certainly is fine to see anyone from Independence, and you above all others," I commenced, "and I am so glad you are the same jolly Louise who used to keep us laughing for hours," added Adelaide. "But, oh Louise, don't tell me that you have forgotten how to make that delicious marshmallow fudge which won friends for you in the art of cooking," anxiously inquired Ruth. "Oh, yes, I still make the famous marshmallow fudge, and that's about all I can do," was the characteristic reply. "But, how have you been, all of you? What have you been doing with yourselves? There's so many questions I want to ask you that I don't know which to ask first. Still, it's enough just to know that we are here together, and I'm satisfied if we don't say or do anything sensible this evening; yet I have stacks to tell you about Independence; but we have plenty of time in the future for all that, "Oh, I have a splendid idea. We can take an early morning stroll tomorrow; start about six and find a picturesque spot, and then talk over all the grand times of our

school days, and Louise can tell us about what has happened to the people in the class," suggested Adelaide. "Oh, yes, that's exactly what we can do. Madeline can be the class historian as she was on class day, and Louise can be the class prophet or rather the class news bearer," enthusiastically commented Ruth." And we shall all be class historians and recall those dear, happy days, and Louise, as you have suggested, shall tell us all the interesting gossip," I answered.

So early the next morning the four of us slipped softly downstairs, and out of the house to take our delightful walk, and such a morning for a walk. It was clear and bright; the sun had just begun to peep over the horizon; the mountains, although not so very large, stood out majestically, awaking a feeling of awe and reverence in all of us; in addition, the air so enlivened our spirits that we gave vent to our emotions in all kinds of exclamations and ejaculations. Finally we reached a ledge of immense rocks over-looking a very attractive river which flowed over a number of rocky mounds forming many beautiful cataracts. For a while we remained silent, breathing in the pure early morning air, and enjoying this ideal of the wild country; then the spell was broken by Ruth saying, "Doesn't it seem ages and ages since we first entered High School? Why, I believe I've forgotten what we did in our Freshman year." "Oh, my, I certainly haven't forgotten. I can remember how from the very first, we became such a prominent part of the school. You know we were the first class to organize in our Freshman year; and furthermore, I think we were the first class to organize that year. Indeed, we were a progressive class of a hundred and fifty," I related:—"Yes, and don't you remember we had assembly every morning that year, and on one morning, Mr. Bryant asked for the class yells, and when we gave ours, he said it sounded like we had been saying 'muleback, muleback.' From that time on, we were universally known as mulebacks and chose the mule for our mascot," continued Adelaide. "More important than all of this, in my mind," interrupted Louise, "is the game we won in basket ball. I certainly do remember about it. The fight for championship was between the Juniors and Freshmen most particularly; and how those Juniors did try to win, but they didn't. Oh, it was exciting. We played two games and we won one and the Juniors the other; then we played the third and won with a very close score." "And don't you remember the Senior's in their class history that year claimed the championship?", I interposed. "I certainly do, and we were very much worked up over it; why, they didn't have any chance at all, seems to me, to win the championship," answered Louise." Now that you have recalled all these interesting events, I remember all about them," concluded Ruth, "also I remember the gift the Seniors gave us that year on class day—the picture of a mule, which we gave to our president, Elizabeth Paxton." "But there is still an other honor which we received in our Freshman year," I added. "Probably, you do not remember that the Independence High School that year was represented in the interscholastic meet at Columbia, Missouri; and the Smith

boys, Otto and Hershel, members of our class, won honors in the meet. One of them received a bronze medal, and I can remember with what praise he was received when he returned." "Oh, we were an unusual class, and our individuality and greatness were disclosed from our first entrance into High School," observed Adelaide.

"What did we do in our Sophomore year? Nothing very exciting, did we?" asked Louise. "As far as I know I believe the only notable event was our Sophomore picnic which we had at Fairmount, and Miss Coah Henry chaperoned us," responded Ruth. "Our Sophomore year was rather a period of preparation for the grand climax to come in the two succeeding years. It's just like the Middle Ages in the History of the world in which the world, although in a state of lethargy, was at the same time preparing for the grand awakening," philosophically commented Adelaide. "Well, the awakening certainly came in our Junior year in the Junior reception. That is one event that I shall never forget. Didn't we have fun planning what animals and what freaks in our circus should represent the different Seniors? If Miss Stoner had not helped us I don't know what we would have done," I remarked. "Yes, and for some of the members there were several animals that could represent them, and for others, there were neither animals nor freaks that would resemble them in any of their characteristics. But, didn't we have the best time the day of the reception, building the tent, cages for the animals and booths for the freaks," said Louise. Indeed, we remembered these things and now we seemed to be living them all over again. "Then, the Junior picnic made a fit conclusion to this striving year," began Adelaide, "and oh, Louise, your grand chocolate cake; I shall never forget how we all enjoyed it, most especially Miss Brown. Of course, you all remember that that she was our chaperon, and didn't she make a fine one? That picnic was a grand success as everything else we did that year was."

"Nevertheless, just think, girls," put in Ruth, "of all the wonderful things we did in our Senior year—the play for instance. Then it was we established our fame in the Independence High School. I enjoyed the play more than anything else that happened, and I shall never, never forget it." "Oh, the play? Wasn't it fine? I certainly think none of us shall forget that memorable event. The mere mentioning of it is sufficient to recall all the delightful times we had in preparing for it," I added. "I remember all these phases of the play," interrupted Louise, "but I also remember that I didn't care for my part, and it was so much harder for me than the others were for you. Nevertheless, weren't there several very humorous situations in it, and at times, wasn't it almost impossible for us to keep from laughing? We didn't laugh the night it was presented, and that was what really counted." "Oh, I could talk forever about the play," went on Ruth. "Yes, but some other important things happened, too," argued Adelaide. "The publication of the Gleam, the distribution of the honors, and preparation for class day and commencement. In fact, the year was one continued rush of events."

"My, the work we did put on the Gleam," I replied. "However, everyone liked it so much, and it was such a success that none of us thought of the work. Oh, the fun we three literary editors had working together on it. Louise, what were you on the staff? Local editor, of course. How stupid of me to forget." "Then came the winning of the honors and Cammie, I wonder what she is doing now?" "I'll tell you all about her later," answered Louise—"Well, anyway, she won prize essay and scholarship. That is one thing I shall never forget," commented Adelaide. "Neither shall I," "or I," "or I," we all said at once. "For my part, I was most proud of our Class Day exercises," responded Louise. "Everything was so original and attractive and they were considered the best that had ever been given." "Class Day was exciting," put in Ruth, "and we probably reached the climax of our greatness then, but commencement night—will you ever forget how you felt when you received your diplomas. To think that we had graduated, and were leaving dear I. H. S. forever." "Oh, my, I never realized what it meant to graduate until then," sadly observed Adelaide. "After you leave school, everyone goes his and her way and makes other friends; why, even we four haven't seen each other for three years; still I am sure the remembrance of our school days have never grown dim and never shall." "Now, girls, there is one important event that we've forgotten about; and that is the Junior reception, one of the most enjoyable affairs ever held in the High School," "I remarked. "How did we happen to forget that? Don't you remember the way we used to worry and beg the Juniors to tell us about how they were going to honor us," exclaimed Ruth. "Indeed, we do," we replied. "But, girls, I'm hungry," began Louise. "Hungry! Now that you have suggested the idea, I realize that I am almost starved. Let's hurry so we can get back in time for breakfast. What will they think when they find us gone," anxiously inquired Adelaide. "I told Alice we were coming, but before we go, let's ask Louise to tell us tomorrow morning at the same time and in the same place everything she knows or has heard concerning the other members of the class of old '09." "Will you Louise? Do say yes. It will be so grand to hear about them," ejaculated the others. "I certainly will; at the same time and in the same place," answered Louise.

M. B., '09.





Ruby Short, President.
 Webster McDonald, Vice President.
 Mary Crump, Secretary.

Clay Cushwa, Treasurer.
 Alec Hudson, Atty. General.
 Eric Cook, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Flower—Chrysanthemum.

Yell—

Hokey pokey,
 Sis Boom Bah!
 Rickety, Rickety,
 Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Razzle Dazzle,
 Zen, Zen Zen!
 Rah for the class of 1910!

JUNIOR ROLL.

Allen, Kate
 Anderson, Bertha
 Baumeister, George
 Brady, Marie
 Clements, Virginia
 Collins, Frances
 Cook, Eric
 Crawford, Corinne
 Crump, Mary L.
 Cushwa, Clay
 Donaldson, Fern
 Evans, Mamie
 Frick, Bertha
 Halleran, Ella
 Godman, Mark
 Hudson, Alexander

Hudson, Mary Alice
 Jones, Florence
 Kelley, Agnes
 Lamon, Leola
 Lowe, Marguerite
 Matt, Lucy
 McCarroll, Frank
 McCoy, Carrie
 McDonald, Webster
 Meador, Ethel
 Millard, Alden
 Mize, Katharine
 Miller, James
 Minor, Grace
 Moore, Susanne
 Moseley, Lily
 Mundy, Claudine

Pendleton, Fleming
 Phelps, Sarah
 Pryor, Ivan
 Reyner, Maude
 Rider, Martha
 Rider, Nelson
 Rule, Ruth
 Sands, Louise
 Scott, Minnie
 Sherman, Delphine
 Short, Ruby
 Shroud, Thos.
 Street, Ida
 Twyman, Willie
 Whitney, J. B.
 Woodward, Frankie



THE LITTLE PRINCE OF THE KINGDOM OF LOVE.

Many, many years ago, far back into the dreamy ages of the past, there was a king who ruled over a land as beautiful, as prosperous, as happy as was ever known. He was a good king, faithful, kind and true, and loved his subjects and his country better than his life. It has been said that the character of a people is a reflection of the character of their ruler. This was certainly true here, for the loyalty and devotion with which they gathered around their sovereign was as strong and changeless as that of the truest of the true who formed a part of the memorable Round Table of King Arthur. The trust and confidence he placed in them was fully returned by the adoration and honor with which they regarded him. He was beloved by one and all, and in times of danger and trouble they flocked to his standard in a united, powerful force. The perfect harmony of their lives, the wonderful way in which they worked together for the same cause, rendered them far above all neighboring kingdoms. They prospered in wealth, their power increasing, until they became, in time, superior to all other lands. There had never been any dissension or quarreling among them, for they lived in peace and happiness. They shared each other's lives; the grief of one was the sorrow of the other. King and subjects, alike, stood strong and firm together. Through the despair of winter, through the joy of summer, they shared with each other their sorrows and pleasures.

But there came a time when each true heart was caused deep and lasting sorrow. The wife of their noble king, their most beloved queen, died. She had loved and been loved by her subjects with a devotion even as great as the affection existing between them and their king. Her death was a source of keenest grief to them, which was atoned for only by the fact that she had left with them a son, the pride and joy of the kingdom. On him was lavished the love and adoration of a nation. He was their future ruler, their hope, in whom they were ready to trust.

But the death of the queen well-nigh broke the heart of their ruler. Not even the mighty devotion of his people could atone for his loss. At length, he settled into a melancholy unable to be broken even by the presence of his son, the little prince, two years old. In spite of the earnest endeavors of everyone, the good king sank lower and lower, until finally his life slowly ebbed out, and left the Kingdom of Love without the rule of the wise monarch. The grief and anguish of the loyal subjects could not well be expressed. Sincere sorrow rent every heart with great pain, and it was some time before they remembered the little prince left to them.

Alas! Now, for the first time, in the Kingdom of Love there arose an evil. It took the shape of the late king's brother, who now developed into a base, designing man, yet so cunning and scheming was he that the good, honest people of the good king believed him not false, but true and faithful as them-

selves. Although they were horrified and completely struck down with anguish when he told them of the secret, mysterious abduction of their little prince, yet in their blind fate, they never doubted him. Of course, extensive search was made everywhere, one and all joining in the hunt. No one could have been more sympathetic and kind than the brother to them. But this was almost too much for them. Out of the sad, weary hearts arose the cry—"Why are we so stricken down? For what are we being punished? Oh, merciful God! aid us in our distress!"

But among all these people, in only one mind did any suspicion take root. This was a page in the court of the late king. A favorite, he had always been allowed to be with the king at any time. Thus he knew very much about the royal life. At the death of the king, he had remained with those who came to take charge of the government. This brother was the main factor in it now for a time. Even amidst the country's sorrow, he noticed the actions of the little prince's uncle. He was first attracted to him by his low, close conversations with a certain few men in court. He did not think so much of that until he began to notice that the man's manner was so restless, so nervous. Sometimes he could almost catch a few words from the hurried, suppressed conversations of these men. Also he noticed that the brother was changing the court life. The people were so entirely enveloped in their sorrow that these things passed them unnoticed, but daily changes were being made. Different men were installed in office, different orders were being instituted, and the lad wondered why.

One day, passing through a hall, he heard through a slightly-opened door, the low, suppressed voice of the king's brother as if in some sort of explanation. Something indefinable impelled the boy to stop. Just then a step from the other end of the hall warned him to be careful lest he should be caught there. A half-smothered explanation from the brother reached the boy as he hurried away. The words "hermit of the black—" were all he could distinguish. But firmly convinced that they must have some important significance, he resolved to wait for further development. So, when the awful news of the abduction of the young king was proclaimed, he was perfectly sure that what he had heard had some vital connection with this terrible calamity which had fallen upon the people. All during the search, he watched the brother closely, and did not fail to note the satisfied gleam in his eye when he at last became king of the Kingdom of Love.

Now he thought it was surely time to act. He was greatly perplexed about the words he had overheard; so, to obtain information concerning them, he confided all his suspicions to his father, a devoted follower of the late king. As he was employed in the royal park, the son could see him constantly and talk with him. The father could give no aid, but told him to continue to watch for development.

One day, the son went to his father. The father seemed full of suppressed excitement, and soon hurried his son into his own little house to talk. He

told him that while cutting the shrubbery in the park that morning, the new king and a noble were walking there, and conversing very lowly and earnestly. He resolved to hear what there was to hear. So crouching down amid the thick bushes, he heard the king say in plain, distinct words, "There he is safe. Dead to the world, I may fear no evil from him." They passed on, and the listener, horrified, began to grasp the meaning of the two phrases heard. Here was the solution of it all. To gain the throne for himself, the brother had plotted and planned to get rid of the baby prince. The father soon conjectured that the present king had had the prince secretly stolen away and taken to the hermit of the black forest to be kept in seclusion forever. To investigate and prove this supposition, was the next move of these loyal people.

Under the pretense of a journey, the page's father went far into the country. He went to the hermit of the black forest and after much delay, spoke with him. The hermit said that a child had been brought to him as the son of a poor wood-cutter, to lead a hermit's life. He was exceedingly angry when the loyal subject told him the child's real history. After much persuasion, he consented to keep the little prince, to give him his wise counsel and instruction, and to grow up the ruler of the strong people who love him so. Thus, through many years he stayed until he grew to be a man. The sage taught him nature, the stars, the elements, the wonders and beauties of creation. Until at last, a great, vast love of humanity enveloped his soul and heart, strengthening and broadening his mind. And he knew he was a king, and that sometime not far off, he would rule the people the hermit had taught him to love.

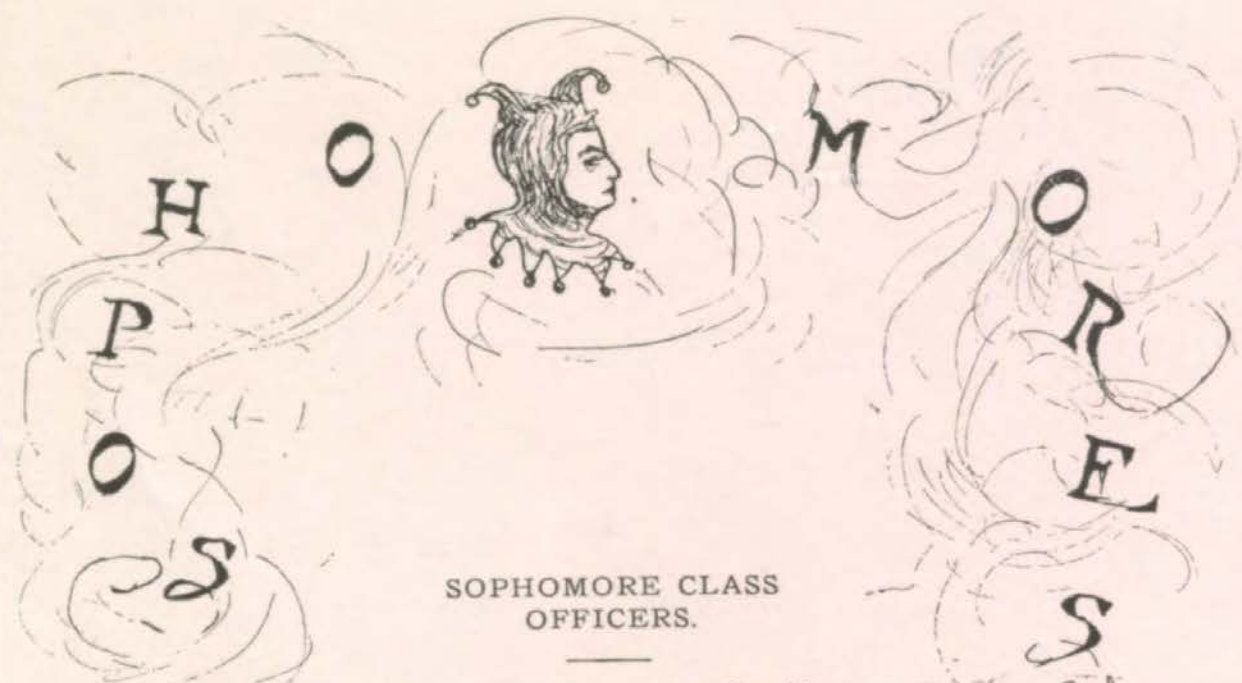
Back into the kingdom, the page's father had returned, but not to the life and happiness of former years. The mask of the present ruler was cast aside; his worse nature showed up. It was no more the Kingdom of Love; rather tyranny and strife now reigned there. The people crushed by the oppressive hand of a cruel master, ceased to take interest any more. As has been said before, they became as their ruler. Vice and evil corrupted the places where peace and love used to dwell. Distrust and disfavor looked upon the king where devotion and loyalty used to be found. Weakness and inferiority to other countries existed where power and strength formerly held sway. So has the land been over-run and down-trodden by the relentless hand of a foreign master. Yet the one sweet, redeeming feature of it all is the sort of intangible, indefinable, yet confident hope of better times. The people, down beneath their shallow surface, seemed to be only waiting.

A general belief, originated no one knew where, had taken possession of the people, and now even the king sort of grasped it, that it will not be long ere their own fair prince, once thought to have been stolen and perhaps killed, will return. That once more they shall have a Kingdom of Love, a reign of Love will return. That once more they shall have a kingdom of Love, a reign of peace and happiness. At length, the rumor became a certainty. He was on

his way to reach the people who loved him so well. They have heard his story, and that of the page and his father. They were so happy that the great human love that was once so strong within them, surged back with doubled force. In the anticipation of such future joy, they freely forgave the destroyer of their happiness for twenty long years. His life had been so intense that he had simply been broken by it, and he passes from the history of that world forever. The gratitude of the people to the page and his father could be expressed in no easy manner; but together they wait with passionate love and longing for the arrival of the one who will give them back again their old Kingdom of Love.

C. M., '10.





SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS.

Eugene Davis.....President
 Mary Gentry.....Vice President
 Edward Carnes.....Secretary
 Caroline Southern.....Treasurer
 Amos Allen....Attorney General
 Ralph Miles.....S'g't.-at-Arms

Class Colors—Lavender and Gold.
 Class Flower—Yellow Rose.
 Class Mascot—Little White Pig.
 Class Motto—Rowing, not drifting.

CLASS YELL.

Very brilliant Sophs are we,
 The light of the I. H. S. you see,
 Whenever **We** begin to yell
 All the others must keep still.



SOPHOMORE ROLL.

Alexander, Armstead	Fisher, Ruth	Miles, Ralph
Allen, Amos	Ford, Anna	Miles, Vera
Arthur, Paul	Fuchs, Helena	Millard, George
Baldwin, Dwight	Gaines, James	Murphy, Robert
Blake, Laura	Gallagher, Kate	Newkirk, Ernest
Bostian, Kenneth	Gentry, Mary	Oldham, Thos.
Bowdle, Ruth	Gibson, Bertha	Porter, Thelma
Branham, Beulah	Gibson, Thos.	Prewitt, Lola
Broughton, Margaret	Graves, Louise	Reick, Erma
Bryant, Mildred	Green, Geo. W.	Roberts, Rosalyn
Burkett, Mary	Greenwood, James	Ruffner, Ruby
Carnes, Edward	Griffin, Jessie	Sadler, Ethel
Casebolt, Carlton	Grumke, Amanda	Sands, Edward
Chrisman, Nellie	Guinand, Irene	Sheppard, Edith
Clow, Nellie	Hall, Myrtle	Smurr, Roy
Clow, Harold	Halleran, Edna	Southern, Caroline
Cogswell, Elizabeth	Hatten, Lucile	Southern, Mary
Collins, Eva	Hickman, Chloe	Staples, Fay
Cook, Gela	Hume, Fred	Stewart, Milton
Crawford, Sydney	Johnson, Josephine	Tuckfield, Irma
Crenshaw, Ralph	Johnson, Ruby	Tudor, May
Crichton, Ross	Kelley, Emlin	Tudor, Odelia
Criley, Clifford	Kelley, Terrence	Valentine, Grace
Davis, Carrie	Kerr, Kathleen	Walden, Ruby
Davis, Eugene	Lemley, Lenore	Wallace, George
Dunn, Olga	Lerche, Anna Rhae	Whaley, Rachel
Dunn, W. C.	Livesay, Mary	White, Dorothy
Echardt, Margaret	Maiden, Rochester	Whitney, Ruth Ellen
Etzenhouser, Earl	McCarrol, Lyle	Winton, Louise
Etzenhouser, Vena	McCoy, Elizabeth	Woodson, Gladys
Etzenhouser, Virgil	McKinn, Arthur	Woody, Gladys
Etzenhouser, Wallace	Metzger, Arthur	Zeigler, Mary
Farrow, Donnie		



AW SID, CHOP WUNG, A CHERRY BLOSSOM, AND A LILY.

Those lilies were the pride and joy of old Wah Sing's heart. There were none like them in the little village of Hang Lu, and, for all Wah Sing knew, in the world. They bloomed only, just at dusk, and their perfume was marvelously sweet.

Now you must know that Wah Sing was the most influential man in the village, and he fully realized the fact. For Wah Sing was the high priest of the great Confucius, and where was a higher position to be found?

Aw Sid and Chop Wung were two little Chinese school boys, but as different as the day and night. Aw Sid was the great grandson of the great grandson of the brother of the mighty Confucius himself, while Chop Wung was merely a merchant's son. True he had more money than all Aw Sid's family put together, but what is money compared to being the great grandson of the great grandson of the brother of the mighty Confucius? These boys plodded daily along to the only school of which the little village boasted, and learned the lore of their grandfathers' from the same book, but outside of school they were the bitterest of enemies. There was only one more element that entered into this feud between Aw Sid and Chop Wung, and that was the pretty rosy-cheeked daughter of the great high priest of Confucius. Cherry Blossom was the very embodiment of her lovely name, and when she minced daintily down the flower bordered paths of her father's great estate, she was the prettiest thing alive, at least that is what Aw Sid thought and alas! Chop Wung thought the same. Now Chop Wung's money, though despised, could buy bright, bird kites and strange confections, which were very fascinating to little girls, and Aw Sid's ancestral name could not do that.

The weekly confession-day came around and all the boys filed up to the high priest's house. Aw Sid's turn came last, and, after he had confessed his sins and been forgiven, Wah Sing asked the reason for his unhappiness and finally the whole story came out.

"Who did you say opposes you?" asked Wah Sing.

"Chop Wung, the merchant's son, your honor," answered Aw Sid.

Wah Sing's brow grew stern, and he sighed sadly. "Alas, my son, I cannot help you,; the merchant is too valuable to offend. He—" Here he was interrupted by a great clamor in the garden, and a servant came running up the path, dragging Chop Wung along. Chop Wung held, tightly clasped in one hand, a beautiful white lily, of which there was only one kind in the whole village. One of Wah Sing's lilies. Behind the procession, Aw Sid caught sight of Cherry Blossom, with a white, frightened face, looking down at the broken stalk of the beautiful flower. The wrath of Wah Sing was terrible to see, and finally the whole story came out. How Cherry Blossom had longed for a lily of her very own and Chop Wung had boasted that he

would get her one, and all the terrible consequences of his act. When the recital was over, a grim smile twitched at the corners of Wah Sing's mouth for an instant.

"This," he said impressively to the trembling boy before him, "shall be your punishment."

"Hand the lily to Aw Sid."

Chop Wung mutely obeyed.

"Now go bring my daughter."

She was at his side in an instant.

"Now," turning to Aw Sid, "you hand her the lily with these words, 'Thus doth the house of the great Confucius triumph over all others, as in the days of yore, so it is now and forevermore.'"

C. S., '11.

AN OLD MISSOURI HOMESTEAD.

It was a day unusually warm, bright, and clear, for November. The soft, mellow, tints of an autumnal sun fell with subdued beauty upon a fine, old homestead, known throughout Independence as the old McCoy place.

Upon this day the place looked unusually sleepy yet dignified, when suddenly the stillness was broken by the ringing shouts of school children.

"Oh, this is just the best place in the world to see it," cried Helena gayly.

"I get a perfectly lovely view nere," chimed in May.

It seemed from the scraps of conversation, that floated around in mid air that the bevy of boys and girls were going to describe the old homestead. And indeed it looked as if it would like to be described. It was certainly in its holiday attire. The old plain brick house, painted a dark reddish brown, rested comfortably among the forest trees that were scattered plentifully over the big yard. Some of them were standing erect as if to face the world, while others bent slightly as though in grief for the loss of their

leaves. In one corner of the yard, stood an evergreen tree, its dark green foliage gently swaying in the breeze, while in another corner, its mate proudly lifted its head to the sun. The house, among these naked trees, had a lonesome, almost dismal look. The dark, homely color was relieved by the porticoes, which opened upon a prim, narrow walk leading down to an old fashioned gate. At the back of the house were two or three old sheds and in the background, the bare branches of the trees almost mingled with the clouds.

"There," said Mary, "I'm through."

"Oh," cried Caroline, "I'm not near—" but she was quenched by the authoritative voice of Miss Brown, saying, "Time's up."

"Oh dear," sighed Elizabeth, "I could just stay out here all day."

"So could I," echoed a chorus of voices.

Margaret Echardt.



A SOPH.

F
r
e
s
h
m
e
n

Class
of
1912



FRESHMEN OFFICERS.

Fred Pitt.....	President
John Thompson.....	Vice-President
Elizabeth Bell.....	Secretary and Treasurer
Joseph Chrisman.....	Sergeant-at-Arms

Colors—Pink and Gray.

YELL.

Rakachika, Rakashika, sis boom bah,
Freshmen, Freshmen, 'rah 'rah' rah.

FRESHMAN ROLL.

Atkins, Dottie	Hill, Richard	Pendleton, Roland
Allen, Pauline	Hughes, Harold	Pitt, Fred
Anderson, Doris	Hughes, Maurice	Prewitt, Theodore
Baker, Frances	Henderson, Ruby	Rake, Dorothy
Baldwin, Paschal	Henderson, Sue	Ramsey, Mahala
Barto, Eathel	Irwin, Meade	Rice, Xarissa
Barto, Harry	James, Harry	Roberts, Ernest
Bell, Elizabeth	Jarrard Leah Isabelle	Sauer, Ruth
Boone, John	Johnson, Ray	Schowengerdt, Sam.
Bryan, Paul	Kelley, Anna	Sermon, Ray
Carlyle, Jesse	Kelley, Wallace	Smith, Helen
Carter, Leona	Knight, Rufus	Soapes, Fred
Casey, Rosa	Lewright, Harold	Speaker, Roy
Cash, Fern	Lieberman, Sylvia	Sterritt, Ida
Chapman, Pierce	Long, Esther	Thompson, John
Chrisman, Joseph	Long, Inez	Totty, Nellie
Cockerton, Ina	Loveland, Mary	Tway, Hazel
Cook, Powell	Lowdell, Cordelia	Waggoner, Harry
Craddock, Ada	Maiden, Sam'l.	Walston, Riley
Cross, Virginia	Maness, Elmer	Warren, Iola
	Martin, Margarect	Wellington, Julia
Cushwa, Anna Belle	Matt, John	Westwood, Nora
Delafield, Floyd	McMullen, Ruth	Wherritt, Alan
Farrow, Floyd	Milliken, Guy	Wickstrum, Arthur
Fountain, Ellis	Milliken, Pearl	Williamson, Ruby
Fraher, Hesther	Milton, Ethel	Wiltfong, Hubert
Gunsally, Arthur	Moseley, Wilma	Witthar, Carrie
Hager, Margaret	Myers, Ora	Witthar, Lizzie
Hamilton, Myrtle	Norfleet, Wilbur	Woodford, Winifred
Haupt, William	North, Edward	Yetter, Russel
Hibler, Ruth	Necessary, Hugh	
Hickerson, Sanford	Oldham, Alberta	



Excelsior Debating Society.

Officers.

Walter Tatum	President
George Millard	Vice President
Eugene Davis	Secretary
Arthur Metzger	Treasurer
Lee Douthitt	Ass't. Secretary
Eric Cook	Attorney-General
Lyle McCarroll	Sgt.-at-Arms

Yell.

Hobble, Gobble, Fight and Squabble, Sis Boom Bah!
 Excelsior, Excelsior, Rah, Rah, Rah!
 Colors—Black and Gold.
 Motto—Excelsior.

Roll of Members.

Amos Allen	Arthur Metzger
Paul Arthur	Lyle McCarroll
Paul Bryan	George Millard
Eric Cook	Ernest Newkirk
Joseph Chrisman	Edward North
Ross Crichton	Fred Pitt
Eugene Davis	Walter Tatum
Lee Douthitt	John Thompson
Virgil Etzenhouser	Alan Wherritt
William Haupt	Roland Flanders
Terence Kelley	

NOTES.

Vergil Etzenhouser does not like his speeches in a debate limited, but this has to be done, to give the others a chance.

John Thompson, like Vergil Etzenhouser, can fill all the time allotted to him—and more too.

Paul Bryan, like the great Bryan of Democracy, is destined to become a great orator.

Messrs. Eric Cook, Arthur Metzger and Walter Tatum of our society, distinguished themselves by speaking before the assembly on different occasions.



 THE EXCELSIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

Our society is made of the best of the classes.
 We are bright, shining stars, shedding light on the masses
 On our roll is the honorable Eric P. Cook,
 Who knows all, that there is to be learned from a book,
 And, of Lee Douthitt, George Millard and Alan Wherritt,
 We are pleased to say that they speak with great merit.
 Lyle McCarroll, Paul Arthur and Ernest Newkirk,
 Have never been known, their duty to shirk,
 Amos Allen, Roland Flanders and little Paul Bryan,
 Have reached quite a height and yet are still tryin',
 Arthur Metzgar, Vergil Etzenhouser and Hubert Wiltfong,
 Have a fine habit of making their points strong,
 Walter Tatum, Terrence Kelley and Eugene Davis,
 Will ever be remembered for the help that they gave us.
 These orators also in our assemblies sit,
 William Haupt, Ross Crichton, Ed North and Fred Pitt,
 And last are John Thompson and little Joe Chrisman,
 They're an honor to us, although they are Freshmen.
 And now, no one on our roll has been missed,
 But next year, we would like to have more on our list.

A. E. A.

 "THE EXCELSIOR DEBATING SOCIETY."

All the world enjoys good speaking. This, like all other arts, requires constant study and practice. Access to these requirements is not afforded everyone, but the boys of the High School have an unusually good opportunity, in the Excelsior Debating Society.

The purpose of the Society is best stated in the preamble which asserts: "From the fact that mutual improvements, skill in debate, and composition, the diffusion of knowledge and the cultivation of social qualities are obtained by constant practice, we, the pupils of the Independence High School, organize this society."

The benefits obtained from such a society are inestimable. To be able to stand on one's feet and to have and give clear, definite, and eloquent expression to thought is an art, and it is an evidence of the power to concentrate thought, the power to attack promptly and defend readily. Good speakers are always in demand. If a boy has any aspiration along this line, why does he not begin to train himself at the right place? The society affords the opportunity. Another benefit obtained is the widening of the mental horizon.

Historical questions abound in rich material for development of mind and character. Current questions keep one in touch with what is going on in the world. The preparation of any question for debate necessitates a thorough knowledge of the subject so that one can see it from every point of view. So, unconsciously the members of the society acquire the habit of looking at a question in its broadest meaning. The society is a benefit in that it enables the boys to measure themselves—their minds, their ability, their power of expression—one with another. Altogether the society is laying the foundation for citizenship in its truest and noblest meaning.

The boys who organized this society had an ideal; the boys who are at present members of the society have the same ideal—a society whose influence will reach and affect every boy in school, a society which will best represent the school and win honors, and a society to which we can point and proudly say, "I was an Excelsior." To reach this ideal the society must have help. The Excelsior is a benefit not only to the boys who are members, but the school at large. With a little help the society would be able to make a name for the school, and therefore we make our necessities known. We need a course of Public Speaking or Elocution as a part of our High School work. This would create a literary spirit and an enthusiasm which is an absent but a very necessary quality. Then, too, the encouragement and co-operation of the teachers and school are essential. These we have received more this year than before and only ask that they be continued. We also need more members. When the school helps to create the atmosphere the boys will come and until then the society will work at a disadvantage.

Despite these detriments the society has had an unusually beneficial and pleasant year. The success has been the effect of a united membership, and interesting and well rendered programs. Let us help the Excelsior to make next year still better, by our help and encouragement.

W. T., '09.

THE ROYAL ROAD.



National and state highways are absorbing public interest. Boulevard and park systems are claiming the attention of cities and towns. Beauty and utility are considered the important factors in construction. Smooth surface, gentle slopes, perfect drainage, beautiful parkways lined with grass, flowers, and avenues of graceful trees whose foliage may furnish abundant shade, enter into the plans of the highway engineer and modern road builder. Everything to enhance the pleasure of the traveler, whether pedestrian, equestrian, or passenger in a high class motor touring car, calls for a place in the construction of the roads of the future. In England, the public road has, from time immemorial, been known as the king's highway. In our own country, the present spirit of road building would not stop short of a highway worthy of a king's journeyings.

The tendency to seek the goal by the shortest way, the easiest and smoothest road, is natural to human endeavor. Progress is always hastened by the removal of obstructions. The student of mathematics, of physics, of sociology, of metaphysics, seeks the solution of his problem by the shortest methods. The manufacturer seeks for simplicity and economy in the construction of machinery best suited to increase the quantity, and improve the quality of his product. The merchant, or farmer, or professional man, takes advantage of inventions and discoveries which better facilitate rapidity and convenience in the satisfactory disposition of all business. The soft snap, the short cut, is the order of the day. The lock system rather than the ocean level plan has been applied in the construction of the Panama canal. Why? To save millions of money and years of time. The tendency to follow the line of least resistance is a prevailing principle pervading animate as well as inanimate nature.

In the material world, in the struggle for wealth or fame or power, it is natural to aim at the maximum in results, with the minimum in expenditure of time and energy. Such aim is legitimate and commendable as long as it is consistent with integrity and honor. In traveling the highway one must observe its rules. He must always turn to the right in passing those whom he meets. He must observe and keep within the speed limits. One condition upon which he may use the highway, is that he regard the rights of his fellow travelers. These things and much more are required of him who would travel the royal road.

Traveling for pleasure is generally regarded as a luxurious privilege reserved only for those who are possessed of wealth and leisure. Choice of routes, with convenience and comfort in the mode of travel, belongs to the few. There is one journey, however, which all must make. None can escape or evade the journey of life. It is the heritage of existence. Large choice may be exercised in the selection of routes, for there are many. The route chosen depends upon the goal. A great English poet has said, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." If we examine into men's actions to discover the inspiring motive of their lives we are often led to believe that this motive is only temporal. Most of the roads chosen terminate with the end of life. Few are attracted by the royal road, and it is sometimes abandoned by those who select it for a way less difficult and more inviting.

In some respects the royal road does not seem in keeping with its name. It is long and arduous. It sometimes narrows to a path in the wilderness through which it passes. It often leads through deserts and up steep mountain slopes. It is full of obstructions which the foot-sore and weary traveler must surmount or remove. The rules of the royal road require that those who travel therein shall keep a sharp lookout for the faint and weary who fall by the way, bind up their wounds, and sustain their tottering steps. In following such rules the traveler not only renders service to the weak, but gains strength for the future pursuit of his journey. Often-times the path is uncertain and difficult to find. That the traveler may not be lost or diverted from the way, he must never tire, never grow cold. He must be patient, sympathetic, tender. He must look for the budding flower and the opening heart. Service must be his watchword always. Strong in hope eternal and in love divine he will gather strength to conquer. Passing through Gethsemane and to Calvary's summit he may see the goal—immortality—and, just beyond, a fit ending to the royal road, the palace of the King of kings.

Wm. L. C. Palmer.

CALENDAR OF ENTERTAINMENTS.

In December Dr. Wood, of this city, gave us a short talk on tuberculosis, beginning with the germ, its origin and presence in the atmosphere; the disease itself, and how it may be cured. This talk on this national disease was very interesting as well as helpful. It showed the necessity for sanitary conditions in the public schools and at home. It condemned the use of the public drinking cup, the cleaning of streets by the method now used, and the habit, now used by the butchers and grocers, of placing produce in front of the stores and out into the open air; thus giving free access to them by the various harmful germs.

This speech, by Dr. Wood, was undoubtedly one of the best that the High school has enjoyed.

January 15th and 20th.

January the fifteenth and twentieth mark two days which afforded each member of the school great enjoyment. Prof. Reynolds, the singer at the union meetings then being held in Independence, came over to entertain us for a short twenty minutes, and encourage us in our work. We all enjoyed his songs, together with the friendly and happy spirit with which they were rendered; and the walls of the dear, old auditorium fairly rang with the chorus of the "Glory Song," sung in unison. Indeed, we enjoyed the short program so much that we invited him back with a hearty applause, which applause, we know was appreciated, by the fact that he returned the next Wednesday, and among other selections, favored us with that beautiful and ever-new song, "The Holy City." There was not a stir among the listeners, every face was turned in eager expectation to the singer; and when he had finished, they gave him deserved applause. Though he told us at first that he was like the little boy who got up to say his speech and told the audience that he was not "skeered" but he just felt a little strange, by the time he had received all of the applause and smiles from the sea of faces before him, he felt entirely at his ease. I am sure that we are all glad that we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Reynolds and getting acquainted with a person who is really interested in the High school and its work, and I know that he has left many pleasant memories to the pupils of I. H. S., and made a very bright spot in the routine of our work.

January 25th.

On the morning of January the twenty-fifth, every pupil was much surprised to find written upon the Bulletin board in large letters—"Don't fail to hear the Whistler in the auditorium at 11:40 this morning." In fact, we could not understand what such an announcement could mean, unless it was one of Prof. Bryant's jokes, calling our attention to some obstreperous freshman who wished to become especially known and heard among all classes.

But much to our surprise and joy, we were called into the auditorium, and there we met and enjoyed a most wonderfully accomplished young man, Mr. Farr, the Whistler of Kansas City, who gave us an extremely interesting program. First, he imitated every kind of bird, impressing every listener with his clear musical tones. Then we listened to the rendering of a number of popular pieces, accompanied by the graphophone. When the entertainment was over, Mr. Farr was greeted by a storm of applause from the appreciative and enthusiastic pupils. It even had its effect upon our professor, for when he arose to make a final speech, he informed us of the wonderful phenomenon—he could think of nothing to say. The general effect of the short programme was to cause us to feel as if upon this day in mid-winter, we had suddenly happened into some southern meadow full of the beauty and freshness of spring and heard the beautiful harmony of nature's songsters, which stirred us from a lethargy into the realization and joy of life and happiness around us.

February 2nd.

Among the most entertaining of the entertainments which the school has had the privilege of enjoying for a long time, was the one given on the morning of February the second by Miss M. Vera La Quay, a violinist, accompanied by Miss Margaret McCann, of our own city. There is nothing more inspiring and elevating than good violin music, and this short program was undoubtedly a manifestation of the art in the first degree of excellence. The programme consisted first of the "Wild Rose," by MacDowell, one of those dreamy, woodland sketches which cannot but charm the most uneducated ear. Next was given a number called "Perpetual Motion," which is indeed worthy of its name, and which exhibited and tested the artists' skill to the uttermost. Then we enjoyed listening to the "Cavalliera Rusticana," that beautiful and appealing intermezzo by Mascagni; and last came the charming piece "The Bee," by Shubert. The Seniors, especially, sat simply spell-bound while listening, first to the dull humming of a nest of the little insects, then to the sound of their sudden awakening from the stupor with which the piece opens, and then to the great noise and clamor of the bees, busy at their endless work. At last came the finis of this work with the two brisk and snappy chords as the day's work ends. What a commonplace subject out of which to build such a grand theme! The sentiments of the whole school were expressed when Prof. Bryant told the violinist that when he went to heaven he wanted her to be there playing her little violin so that he would not perceive the change from earth to heaven. Every person in the auditorium enjoyed the entertainment thoroughly, and I am sure the writer was much benefited by hearing it.

MARCH 5th.

On March the fifth, the Juniors entertained the High School with a program rendered entirely by outside talent.

Mr. Heath Cobb, recited for us "Hamlet's Soliloquy," and followed with a

dramatic epilogue relating the adventures of Hans, a German emigrant, in Kansas City. Perhaps we are jealous of the rendering of the works of the great Shakespeare, whom so many famous actors have impersonated, and are hence harder to satisfy, but it was the general opinion that if the "Hamlet Soliloquy" had been omitted, and one of Shakespeare's humorous passages substituted, Mr Cobb would have shown to better advantage the talent which he possesses. His real talent was shown in the humorous impersonation of "Hans." Every one enjoyed this, and with hearty applause invited him to come again.

Miss Fitch, accompanied by Mrs. Fuchs, rendered several selections in the way of songs, which were heartily enjoyed.

We always appreciate the interest of outsiders in our school, and wish to thank these two for giving us a pleasant entertainment.

The Lincoln Memorial.



Alas, poor February, robbed of sunshine and of her rightful days, what a plight would have been hers, had not genius compassionately presented her with the priceless gift of men! But, with this gift, what month is more fortunate? February is especially dear to the hearts of Americans because it treasures among its most valued jewels the anniversaries of Washington, the founder of the nation, and Lincoln, its preserver. As the February of nineteen hundred nine, in addition to this, marks the Lincoln centennial, the Senior class thought it eminently fitting to join in the general commemoration of the day by rendering, in the High school auditorium, a suitable program for the benefit of the school children and townspeople alike. Acting upon Professor Bryant's suggestion, we unanimously decided to present the school at the same time, with a handsome bronze tablet bearing the beautiful Gettysburg address. So, under the direction of Miss Phelps, the program was

arranged and the stage and auditorium were decorated suitably with flags, bunting, and flowers, with a picture of the martyred president occupying the position of honor.

Each Senior had memorized the famous Gettysburg address as a "perfect tribute" to Lincoln's memory, and the recitation of this beautiful speech in our English class, filled our hearts with the true spirit of the occasion. On the afternoon of the memorable day, the Seniors entered the well-filled auditorium to the strains of a stirring march and took their places upon the lighted stage. After the invocation by Rev. Mr. McGinley, the class, still standing, sang with true patriotic fervor, the beautiful and appropriate "Star Spangled Banner." Then each member, in order, gave a tribute which embodied his favorite phase of the president's character, thereby giving us an adequate idea of Lincoln's greatness as a foundation for the succeeding numbers. Miss Bostian, with her usual charm and finish, played a patriotic medley which was highly appreciated by the audience. The life of Lincoln was almost exhaustively treated. He was discussed as a statesman by Miss Johnston, who successfully repudiated the charges made against him; as a humorist, by Miss Williamson, who told in a very charming manner, several of his choicest anecdotes; and as a man, by Miss Casper. Miss Crichton contributed a pleasing patriotic song to the musical part of the program. Mr. Swift skillfully condensed and memorized the "Perfect Tribute," and delivered his oration very effectively, giving as a climax the immortal Gettysburg speech. The Seniors' part of the program closed with the presentation of the memorial tablet by Mr. Pickles, in behalf of the class.

The Seniors then took their places among the audience in order to hear more easily the speaker of the afternoon, Judge McCune, of Kansas City. He, like Lincoln, did not strive for brilliant oratorical effect, but talked to his audience in a simple, heart-to-heart style that deeply interested and impressed his hearers. His firm, quiet voice and compelling personality, held the attention of all, and the audience was carried by the magic of his words, from cabin to White house, and was shown the inmost character of the president by this sympathetic man,—ever admiring, never idealizing. Judge McCune closed his simple and direct discourse with these beautiful and characteristic words of Lincoln, which left us with the truest picture of the martyred hero: "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widows and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." A. C., '09.

February 26th.

Assembly was called again on the morning of Friday, February the twenty-sixth. As usual every pupil was curious to know what was going to compose the entertainment, and presently Mr. Bryant announced that, although we had gotten a whistler from Kansas City to come and entertain us once

before, there would be no more need for doing so, for we had a whistler right in our number. He then told us that James Miller, a Junior, had consented to imitate the different birds. We all enjoyed the little entertainment he gave us very much, and we think that there are great possibilities ahead of James. Mr. Bryant next announced that Miss Dems, a pianist, would give us some instrumental music. She played three selections, each of which was greatly enjoyed. After this Mr. Bryant announced that he was anxious for a Glee club to be formed among the boys, and probably among the girls, of the High School, and a meeting was called for that afternoon to discuss the matter. Altogether, the short program was greatly appreciated.

The Lee Program.

Perhaps one of the best entertainments we have had the privilege to enjoy was held the afternoon of April the sixteenth, when the Daughters of the Confederacy presented to the pupils of the Independence High school a magnificent picture of General Robert E. Lee. The auditorium was almost filled with the pupils and strangers who had come to enjoy the splendid program. After an invocation by the Rev. A. E. Higgason, the first number was announced by Mrs. Wood to be a violin solo by Miss Dorothy Hatch. The audience showed their appreciation by calling her back again, at which time she rendered the beautiful Schumann "Traumerei." Next came the recitation of an Ode to the Blues and the Grays, by Mrs. Palmer—a piece especially fitting the few survivors of the war who were present. Then we had a vocal solo, "My Old Kentucky Home," by Miss Campbell, of Lexington, followed by "Dixie Land," during the singing of which the whole audience arose. Next was the address of the afternoon by Mr. John G. Paxton. Every member of the audience was impressed with the honor and the love of duty in the life of the great general, as portrayed by the speaker. It was undoubtedly a very profitable talk, besides being very interesting, in that Mr. Paxton related several personal instances in connection with the life of Lee. After presenting the beautiful picture to the school, Prof. Bryant, as representative of the school, read an exceedingly fine paper emphasizing the appropriateness of having the picture of so noble a man ever present before the developing minds of the pupils. At last, after a "Medley of National Airs" was played by Miss Myrtle Graves, "America" was sung by the entire audience, and the program closed leaving with us an appreciation of the Daughters' kindness, and a deep impression of the grand character of Robert E. Lee.

The Shakespearian Program.

On Friday, April the twenty-third, the Senior class gave another of its several good assembly programs. This was the occasion of Shakespeare's birthday, and so the morning was devoted to a program on Shakespeare. Just at this time, there were so many things demanding attention that, at times,

it seemed utterly impossible to prepare a program. However, after we had several class meetings and arranged and re-arranged numbers, we managed to present something that was truly to the credit of the class. Miss Lilian Houchens opened the program with an excellent paper on "Shakespeare, the Man." This was followed by an essay, "The Universality of Shakespeare," by Miss Louise Pritchett. This represented Miss Pritchett's usual smooth, musical and poetical style. The third number was an instrumental solo, "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Miss Cammie Johnston. The beauty of the piece and the excellent rendition of it was fully appreciated by the school. Then we had another excellent essay entitled, "Shakespeare in the Seventeenth and Twentieth Centuries," by Miss Adlaide Casper. This was one of the very best things that has been read in Assembly. It showed thorough knowledge of the subject and artistic presentation. Miss Madeline Bostian then gave us a piano solo. It was, as is all of Miss Bostian's musical numbers, exceedingly fine. Then Miss Mattie Stewart recited Longfellow's "Sonnet to Shakespeare." It best expresses the true Shakespeare.

Now, this was to have closed our program. But imagine our surprise when Prof. Bryant announced another number. It was a scene from Richard III. When he said "a scene," the heart of every Senior jumped, for we had thought at first of giving some scene, but owing to lack of time, had dispensed with the idea. We thought perhaps Prof. Bryant had misunderstood us, but our anxiety was relieved and our wonder enhanced when Prof. Bryant added, "by Miss Faris and Mrs. Palmer." Now, Miss Brown had been so kind as to procure the services of these ladies, and it was, indeed, an agreeable surprise. Although the first part of our program had been a success, it would have fallen far short had it not been for this dramatic sketch. Indeed, we as a class, felt highly complimented to have been so favored. This, together with the excellent numbers preceding it, make the Shakespeare program a well-remembered affair in the calendar of assembly events. R. W., '09.





GEN. ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

The picture of this remarkable man was presented to the High School, April 16, by the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the Independence Chapter. Below is the response of the school by its principal.

"Homer spent his life
In contemplation of two mighty men:
And Alexander in the Elysian fields
Doth Homer and Achilles haste to seek."

With pleasure and with pride, we now accept the lordly face of him, whom you and we and all the world delight to love—the pictured features of the man whose worth was past the comprehension of his time, tho' that was great and deep. Time always lifts obscuring veils. No cloud that ever gathered can keep the sun from piercing it. Its rays will find the earth and lead the seeds of life therein contained to light. Great souls will break prison bars, whate'er they be, and stand to bless a wondering world. Proudly and with affection strong do we give place and room in these, our halls, to him whose gentle words and mighty deeds inspired to worlds of patriotism, self-sacrifice, and love. To Lee, we give this place, for he was great. In life or death he never fell below the highest point which makes and constitutes a man. What type or model could be better for the coming man than that which has been quick to stand the storm and stress of life and yet prove true? What vision could be better for the youth than the ever-present sight of him who in life-long struggle was victor over self, and ever strained to reach the true and good, not only in himself, but in all around? Hereby you daughters of the past hand on the spirits of its greatness to future lives. Hereby this spirit is ever memorized in the growth of youth to high estate of man. What higher fields of usefulness could there be? What better work can fall to anyone than thus to keep alive ideal good and pass it on in lives of those to come. Here is the place where children come to meet the spirits of the best of all the ages. What more appropriate than to meet the daily welcome of such a man as Lee, when entering here to fit themselves for life? Millions come and millions go, but no Lee was found 'mong those of woman born, but you have found a way to grow immortal ones like him. You feed us daily on the sight of him—you daily grow him into rising minds and hearts. What wiser plan among the thoughts of men could be devised to grow the youthful heart into the full stature of a man.

"He who in youth acquires life's noblest gifts
Learns early to esteem their priceless worth
He who in youth enjoys, resigneth not
Without reluctance what he once possessed."

Behold the man! Honor and serene nobility doth sit upon that brow—that eye commands the present and the future both. Behold the man! If you do honor him, more beautiful is that which he doth leave with you than what

you give to him. If you do love him, your love of that which is pure and high returns itself a thousand-fold. Of greater value far that noble face—than any words of praise that we may utter here today.

Behold the man! The love of right doth sit majestic on that brow, and conscience rules his head and heart. To do the high behest of right, fame goes for nought. To do the high behest of right, self-interest dies away with all its brood. The still small voice of Him who reigns above was heard above the roar of guns. In peace, in war, the conscience sat supreme. "Here I stand, I can no farther go," were the words he heard from Luther's time. Behold the man! and watch the crown descending from above to rest upon that brow. Listen for the words, "Well Done," by Him who knows the secrets of our lives.

Let the child look upon him day by day, and like to Ernest of the Great Stone Face, he grows to be the thing his soul doth feed upon. The child will live

"In pulses stirred by generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self
In thoughts sublime, that pierce the night like stars"
Behold the man!

"Vanquished

He was yet a victor
To honor virtue is to honor him:
To reverence wisdom is to do him reverence:
In life he was a model for all who live:
In death

He left a heritage to all."

One such example is worth more to earth than the strained triumph of a thousand Caesars. Behold the man! Be strong in life. Behold the man and fight for right 'till Appomattox day of life shall come. Again I say, Behold the man. In ancient days when spirits yet alive on earth descended to the realms below, they sought to see the shades that had glorified themselves in life, before the fates had cut that chord. The others passed unnumbered and unnoticed round. It was to see the best that they would make the dangerous trip to worlds below. To see and know the best is divine in us and must be satisfied. When now we go to England's famous Abbey, well known the world around, it is to see the dust of those renowned ones that benefited mankind at large. English, American, German lie buried there. We go to feel the power of those that have been honored by places sacred to the cause of God and man. Where is the place and race that does not honor such type of manhood as we this day behold and receive with love from generous hearts. Escurials and Vahallas many claim those that died heroic lives and died the simple death with faith in God. Today we seek no Abbey for that noble form—no halls that shelter only kings. We gather round him

with the phalanx of our hearts and build for him a sacred place in which he will forever live.

You leave to us the commanding spirit of the heroic days, the like of which the world will never see again. Let us place again his spirit in command to-day that he may stand a wall between our souls and everything that would attack the sacred citadel of all our rights and loves.

Love brings this offering here today. In pure white love do we receive it at your hands, and thank you for the richness of your gift. You leave us one of God's great epic poems. May we today learn how to read and know it well. Thank you for that princely head and more than princely life. Thank you for that princely head and more than princely life. speak a "Peace, be still" into passion's storm tossed ocean—and it did come to rest as calmly and as sweetly, as lies today his recumbent form in that dear old home of his. Thank you now and evermore.

Flags are powers; wreaths are symbols. Both valueless without men.

Long may his memory live to be the joy of all true manhood. Long may his memory live that womanhood may not appeal in vain. Long may his memory live, that in the end truth, honor, and all the virtues may be crowned. Thank you now and evermore. Long live the memory of Robt. Edward Lee.
Geo. S. Bryant.

Echoes From Another World.

Jean Paul Richter.

O music! thou that bringest the past and future with their fluttering flames so near to our wounds, art thou the evening zephyr of this life or the morning breeze of the life to come? Yes, thy notes are the echoes which angels catch from the joyous tones of another world, in order to drop into our mute heart and our desolate night the exhaled vernal harmonies of the heavens that fly far from us.



THE BLACK-EYED SUSAN

I.

"O circle of golden light
 With heart of ebon bright,
 Like some sunbeam gone astray
 You bloom beside the dusty way.

II.

"Like sunshine your petals seem
 Like shadow the heart that lies between,
 In sunshine or shadow, you bloom today
 A lesson of life by the dusty way.

III.

"Gold are your petals, not miserly mean
 But like the ideal, dimly gleam
 Black is your heart, but clear and bold
 Stencilled in encircling gold.

IV.

"Afar we catch the gleam
Of your petals which brighter seem
In the glare of summer's day,
As the golden sunbeams on you play.

V.

"Staunch and serene you hold your place,
Lifting to the heavens a face,
Undaunted by the heat whereby
More stately flowers droop and die.

VI.

"To come what would or come what might,
We chose you as our symbol bright.
What in your simple life you mean,
We will translate and "follow your gleam."

VII

"We love you now as our flower dear,
In memory we'll love you for many a year.
We would like our flower be,
Loyal and leal, bold and free.

VIII.

"You are one dear tie to bind
More closely the class of nineteen nine,
This is the one great reason,
That we love you—Black eyed Susan."

L. B. P., '09.

"CARPE DIEM."

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

Emerson has said that America and Opportunity are synonymous; therefore, applying the same principle, the "Class of '09" and "Carpe Diem" may

be regarded as interchangeable, for we have certainly taken advantage of every opportunity offered us. If we were not too modest to boast of our exploits, we might mention various little affairs which we undertook during the past year, such as placing our flag upon the flagpole and blazoning "09" upon the chimneys.

But all this is the work of the past. Now, on the eve of Commencement, on the threshold of the entrance to the real, workaday world, it is the future which interests us most. We "go to prove our way;" we must remember that if an opportunity once escapes us, we cannot regain our hold upon it. It is because of this idea that the ancient Greeks picture the god "Opportunity" as bald-headed; when once he is allowed to slip through the hands, he can not be snatched back.

Be always on the alert; grasp every opportunity, though it be ever so small. Every particle goes to make a finished whole; every chance, taken goes to make the perfect character. Perfection is what we should all aim for; we may not attain it, for perfection, no human has ever attained, but to accomplish anything in life, we must have always before us an ideal, as the guiding star of our career.

Let the motto we have chosen for our school days, be the motto of our lives. Let us keep it forever before us, and let us put it into practice.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done,"

and let our lives speak for us, showing that we have followed, as our standard
"Carpe Diem."
M. T., '09.

SPRINGTIME.

March is Spring's trusty Warrior. He comes first and, in fierce battle, drives King Winter from the land. April is Spring's Peacemaker. May is Queen of the season.

The Warrior.

March, the Warrior, had battled against King Winter for days and weeks. The wild winds had raved, bold and tempestuous, but not as the winter winds. Even in their wild abandon, they seemed to bear the breath of Spring. They broke the icy bondage of winter; they set free the ice-bound rivulets; they whispered to the trees and grasses and little flowers "Awake from your winter's rest;" they sang to the birds—"Springtime is here—come now from your Southern home to this farther land." At last King Winter retreated, and March rejoiced in a day of peaceful quiet.

The day was clear, calm, and beautiful. The air, the very world, seemed pulsating with voices of spring. Passing along the roadside, the branches seemed to beckon to me with a joyful greeting and the tender buds to peep at me shyly. Here, I noted a meadow where the damp hill slope showed a dusky green through the last year's grasses. From the barnyard, beyond, I could hear the tender, caressing "ba-a" of the mother sheep answered by the

feeble bleat of the first spring lambs. I passed an orchard where some bee hives stood. The bees, awakened from their winter's rest, filled the air with a sleepy buzz. Scattered calls of birds and far-away answering cries were heard from the wayside pastures, and when I reached a wooded portion of the road, a glad spring song greeted my ears. A meadow lark, swaying on a branch over a rippling brooklet, poured forth his liquid melody while all nature seemed hushed to listen to its promise of sweet spring days to come.

The Peacemaker.

March passed and peaceful April came. She rained her gentle showers upon the awakening earth and wooed the flowers forth with gentle promises.

I awoke one Sabbath morning after a night of showers. The sun shone upon a freshened world. The grass looked greener than ever before, the air seemed softer, the breeze gentler, the sky bluer. The lure of the outer world drew me from indoors. While the leaves and flowers were still glittering and moist from their last night's bath, I ventured forth. I entered the pasture and descended into a woody and secluded hollow, where I seemed shut in from the outside world. When I reached the level of the stream, on glancing upward I could see only patches of the sky for the network of budding branches. In the shadowy hollow, with the sunshine in golden patches sifting through the interlaced branches above, upon the glistening herbs and flowers and the grass, soft and green, it seemed a spot of Spring incarnate. The rocks looked grayer, the clinging moss greener from the last night's showers. On a rocky ledge, where the moss formed a carpet, the delicate pink of a clump of bleeding heart gleamed fresh and lovely. The birds came out of their sheltered nooks and vied with each other to lend music to the air. It seemed as if the notes of every bird were joined in a carol of thanks and I felt as if in some mighty cathedral listening to the soaring music—as, indeed, I was in Nature's cathedral listening to a paean of the glad Springtime.

The Queen.

Peaceful April passed into riper May. Again I passed along the roadside while all around me spread a magnificent panorama of Spring. I glanced in upon the apple orchard where the gnarled old trees were then a bower of pink and white loveliness—above was the buzz of many bees, below the drifting perfumed petals. Through a vista, I caught a glimpse of the woodland beyond, the gray rocks and leaves of every shade of green, intermingled with the pink of May, lent to the wild retreat by the red bud and wild crab. There is color, color everywhere in this blossom time of the year. Here a wild rose blushes by the roadside, here a peach orchard lends its coral tint to the landscape. I passed by an ideal pastoral. Over the green hill-slope, sloping to a hollow, edged with feathery willows and great old oaks, I heard a mingled confusion of sounds. A tinkle of a bell and the scamper of many hoofs and a flock of snowy sheep swept over the hilltop to possess the meadow. Wildly down the hill-slope swept the train of lambs, flinging high their heels, jumping and gamboling in a game of follow the leader. In the rear, more sedately,

pausing to crop the fresh grass as they moved onward, the mother sheep followed with now and then a warning call to her lamb, lest it stray too far. I passed onward, the birds sung, bees buzzed, lambs bleated. Each spring note touched a responsive chord in my heart for it was May time.

"Then sing ye birds, sing a joyful song!

And let the young lambs bound as to the tabors' sound!

We in thought will join your throng.

Ye that pipe and ye that play

Ye that through your heart today

Feel the gladness of the May."

L. B. P., '09

"AN INCIDENT OF OLD INDEPENDENCE."

It is not very probable that the majority of the people of the vicinity of Independence are aware of some of the exciting and romantic episodes which have transpired in or around that now peaceable and thriving city; but almost any one, who drifted here in the earlier pioneer days, and who was old enough to appreciate the events during the Civil War, could tell stories of slaughter and pillaging which would thrill the blood in your veins. From such a settler, who has a remarkable memory and who loves to recall the thrilling events of his boyhood days, has the following tale been gathered, which I will not swear to repeat word for word, however. But, as well as I remember it, his story was to this effect:

In those days, the country around was ravaged by both the Union and Confederate troops, and also by the bush-whackers, who allied themselves with neither side, but took advantage of the troubled state of affairs to murder and maraud, and ravage at their will. As all the men were away from home, having joined the army, and as there was no one to guard the cattle belonging to his father and a neighbor, he and another boy about his age were sent out to the pasture, situated where the fair grounds are now, to take care of the cattle. 'Twas a fine summer afternoon—deep blue—a silvery cloud here and there, and no sound but the occasional tinkle of a bell and the steady droning of the bees.

The boys lounged lazily in the inviting grass, playing a leisurely game of mumble-the-peg, and keeping one eye on the cattle. Lying there, they gradually became aware of the sound of hoof-beats, and as they became louder and nearer they looked up and saw a horseman bearing swiftly over the ridge of the hill. They sat up and saw that it was an officer of the blue coats, who seemed to be very much excited about something. His mount was flecked with foam, and he seemed to be on the outlook for someone. On noticing the boys he waved his sword at them, and told them to get under cover, as there was going to be a battle on the very spot, if his guess was right.

The boys did not put much trust in his warning and continued their game where it had been broken off. But suddenly they heard the thunder of hundreds of hoofs over the turf and then a bullet whined over their heads,

and then another. They were now thoroughly aroused, and looked around in dismay for a place to hide. Seeing a ravine containing a little branch, a few rods farther down the slope, the boys, although they felt rather weak in the knees, scampered down the hill, and literally tumbled over the edge of the bank in their fear. They then prostrated themselves in the brush on the edge of the small stream, every moment imagining every twig that brushed them was a bullet, and every stump a soldier.

They lay quiet for a minute, which seemed an eternity, then raised their heads, and could hear the roar of the artillery and the sharp crack of the rifles, and occasionally the cheers or groans of the men. It seemed that the conflict was over their very heads, and at any moment they might expect a wounded horse to roll over on them. Gaining a little more courage and feeling, protected by the bank, they peeped over the edge of the ravine and beheld a sight which they could never erase from their memory. On the placid slope which had been the picture of peace before, the men wearing the blue and the gray were engaged in a pitched battle. Already the green grass was dyed crimson in places, and here and there over its verdant bosom they saw forms of man or beast, prostrate, or writhing in the sharp toils of pain. Over this the men, some on horse and some on foot, grappled, strength to strength, or bayonet to bayonet, until one should fall.

A horse was writhing in vain attempt to rise, within almost hand's reach of the boys, and they, sickened by the unnatural sight, slipped back down the bank and covered their faces in horror.

As they lay prostrate, horrified, and expecting to be found and killed at any moment, one of the boys, feeling the presence of some being, raised his eyes and looked an enormous black-snake fair in the face. The snake did not move. The boy did not move. The boy could have touched the beast with his hand, and he felt a cold chill pass through his body. He felt that he was between the devil and the deep sea. He heaved a tremendously grateful sigh when the reptile turned slowly, and the long form glided stealthily out of sight.

That danger being over, his attention was attracted back to the turmoil on the hill-side. The sight was still sickening to his youthful mind, and he turned to see if his companion was still near him. Their eyes met in mutual horror, and they both wished themselves home in bed.

While they were thus regarding each other, they heard the crash and thud of a falling body; looking around they discerned the apparently lifeless body of a soldier, sliding down the bank about ten paces from their hiding place. The form reached the edge of the creek, and lay motionless, but they could hear a faint groan now and then.

Crouching on the side of the bank, the boys were watching breathlessly the form of the soldier to see any movement which might bring harm to them, but he lay perfectly motionless, giving only a slight groan now and then. There seemed to be something appealing in the sounds, and it was conveyed

to the boys that he was calling for water, although they could not distinguish the word. With the purpose of answering this inarticulate and pitiful appeal, the boys looked for something with which to dip the welcome fluid out of the creek, which is so near, yet so far, to the soldier.

A short distance further up the bank they inadvertently noticed a little hollow, which suggested a spring; and running to the spot, they found a little fountain of the clearest and coldest water. Nothing else being at hand, and having profited from former experience, one of them dipped up the water in his old straw hat, and ran to the soldier before it could all drip out. A cold drop splattered on the powder-grimed face, and his eyes opened in a dumb appeal for a taste of it. One of the lads raised his head and the other gave him all of the coveted liquid he would take. Having done all that was in their power for the poor man in the way of bodily aid, they scrambled up the bank with the purpose of getting away from the place, and getting aid for him.

Not till then did they notice that the battle had shifted away from the spot. The dead of man and beast still remained, but the fighting could be heard in the distance. Seeing that the coast was clear and thanking their lucky stars that they were still alive to tell the story, the boys slipped back to their homes in Independence.

They told the people at home about their adventure, and begged them to go at once and care for the wounded soldier, but for some reason or other the expedition of relief was delayed until the next morning, and when they found him he had fought his last battle, and was beyond the reach of human aid.

K. A., '09.

In Memory of
Our Schoolmates,
Elizabeth Barton
and
Edith Sheppard.



THE NEW LIBRARY.

One of the most interesting requisites of a school is a well-equipped library. It is beneficial both to the pupils and the public in that the parents by visiting the library are brought in touch with the school. The Independence High School possesses this essential. The library which was first at the Ott school, then serving as a High School, then in a portion of the old building, now occupies the entire first floor of the new addition.

The library is divided into three rooms,—the library proper, the reference room, and the reading room. The library proper contains the choice works of all the authors, many magazines and papers, books for the children, and books for the grown-ups.

Closely connected with this part of the library is the reference room where all the wisdom anyone could wish may be found for you by our ever-obliging librarian, Miss Carrie Wallace.

The reading room is a pleasant place to visit. Study here is almost a pleasure. This reading room and that of last year are strikingly contrasted. The room is exceedingly well lighted and well ventilated. It is far removed—though not so far as to be inconvenient—from the daily routine of school life. The floor is covered with rubber matting which deadens the slightest footfall. The room contains many comfortable chairs and the two large, massive oak tables presented to the school by the class of 1908.

As I have before mentioned, the new library is a great improvement over the old but there are yet many opportunities for further improvements. Let us wish prosperity and success to the library and may it yet become a public benefactor.

E. M. T., '09.

THE VALUE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE TO A LIFE.



(Prize Temperance Essay).

We are told by the great Teacher that a "man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth," but that the "real life is the one that is rich toward God and fellowman." It should be our constant aim and endeavor to use every means that will help us to live this true life. This life means the employment of head, heart and body in performing well the task that has been given us to do—our own work—the work that none can do just as well as we. We shall now consider what total abstinence means in the preparation for the life work of the head, heart and hand, or in other words, the mind, soul, and body.

Intemperance may be slow at first to show its effects upon the mind, but when these effects do appear, as they are sure to do, they are not easy to erase. It is needless to go into detail here concerning the effects of even small amounts of alcohol on the mind, for they may be found in any book on health. The use of alcohol to health is entirely superfluous, and even when used in small amounts it has no beneficial effect. The belief of its necessity is a delusion and a snare—a snare into which many millions have been taken. True, it may stimulate the mind for the time being, but what is the result? The mind is confused, and is delighted with the confusion, but the confused muscles tremble and halt. The brain can no longer be depended upon to perform its ordinary functions, for it has been paralyzed.

The habitual drunkard is never the man with the clear mind or quick intellect, but he, who is the abstainer, the total abstainer, is the possessor of these admirable qualities. As to character and usefulness, the only ones who ever profit by the use of liquors are the rowdy and the politician.

Another side about which too much can never be said is the moral phase. With the first glass of beer, in creeps the subtle lowering of ideals, evil thoughts and the hardening of conscience. But some one may ask: "What is the harm in **one** glass of beer?" The **one** glass does not satisfy

the thirst; it grows upon one; it fastens itself upon his appetite so that this one glass grows until, at last, it may become an every day occurrence. This change does not take place in a day, a week or even a year.

Aside from the effects of the real liquor itself are those that are just as demoralizing, coming from the visit to the bar-room. It is true that the visit there may only be an occasional one, but there is something in that air that leaves a deep scar on the memory, and the seeds thus planted grow and flourish.

Again he who visits the saloon is often tempted to remain there for just a friendly game of cards, or to make some acquaintances until at last this hole becomes his social center. Acquaintances made under such circumstances are certainly not very desirable. The old adage that a man is judged by his friends often proves only too true. It is rather an expensive thing to endanger one's good reputation in such a way. And in the end what does a man gain? What has he to show for it? The total abstainer is never subjected to these temptations, and yet he gains so much.

It is a cause of much thankfulness that women are so free from the use of intoxicating liquors. This we can attribute to the Christian religion. What would become of our homes if some of those who have them in charge were given to drink? Nothing of all that is now so pure and beautiful could survive; neglect, disorder, and contention would prevail there. Yet, does not the responsibility of the father almost equal that of the mother? True, total abstinence does not exist among some women in fashionable life and moral degradation. This is a deplorable fact to think that any woman would debase her sex to such a depth. What man knowingly would choose for his wife a woman who was even an occasional drinker? So again, I think that the only safe and sane position to take, whether it be the case of a man or woman, is total abstinence.

"Although life is more than breath and the quick round of blood," the thinking and the feeling and the acting are largely dependent upon the physical development. Man needs a strong body. The command: "Do not drink wine nor strong drink lest ye die" has still its moral coercive force although this penalty is not directly imposed.

We are living today under laws that require the study of the nature and effects of stimulants upon the human system. The time has already come when the school boy who has not been taught the dangerous effect of these, who has not made that instruction an unalterable part of his character has but small chance of any place in the activities of the business world. What are the probabilities of his obtaining employment with any railroad? The New York Central has the rule that they will retain in their employ only total abstainers. Indeed, ninety per cent of the railroads of the country demand total abstinence on the part of their employees; because men keen in business affairs have learned that alcohol even in moderate quantities lessens the functions of the senses.

Therefore total abstinence is right, if only considered from an economic standpoint. The use of liquors paralyzes the arm of the working man, shortens the life, excludes him from many lucrative callings, and decreases his powers as a producer. Between two men otherwise the same, the one being an occasional drinker, the other a total abstainer, which would an employer choose? The total abstainer every time.

Total abstinence should become a part of one's religion. His self-control will acquire a power it has never had before. He is a new man in his convictions, in his character, in his habits; within and without; what the eye of man sees, and what the eye of God sees. The total abstainer honors himself, saves himself, and will be honored by the prudent and thoughtful wherever they are. There is no other safety assured and certain but in total abstinence.

Ruth Rule, 1910.

OUR MASCOT.

Boom—a—lac—a Boom—a—lac—a
 Bow—wow—wow.
 Ching—a—lac—a Ching—a—lac—a
 Chow—chow—chow
 Boom—a—lac—a Ching—a—lac—a
 Who are we?
 We are the Freshmen. Don't you see?

Now, really, when you read this yell, can you hear a sound that resembles "muleback"? Well, I can't. And yet, it was this very yell that won for us the distinction of "mules." It is rather far-fetched, but I think I can give an explanation. When we were Freshmen (really, we once occupied that insignificant position) we organized our class and, of course, selected a yell. The one I have given was the result of our excellent taste. In the first assembly afterwards, we, following the example of the higher classes, gave our yell. Indeed, the way it was given was highly amusing. There were a few weaklings in the class who did not have the courage to start on the first words. However, after a few words had been given, they all joined in, sounding like a great earthquake, and then all faded away on the last. I am not surprised that this would call forth a joke from Prof. Bryant. Notwithstanding our failure, apparent to everyone else, we considered ourselves successful. But our supreme satisfaction received a blow when Prof. Bryant said: "Pupils, you did well, but I fail to see the significance of the word 'muleback.'" This provoked a burst of laughter from the school. We took it good-humoredly, and cheerfully accepted the title of "mules" given us by the higher classes. Consequently, at our next class meeting, we unanimously voted for the mule as our mascot. Probably Prof. Bryant has never realized of what a great task he relieved us. Most classes are subject to general class "fights" on the occasion of selecting a mascot

and it generally ends in much dissatisfaction. Just by Prof. Bryant's failing to understand what we were trying to say in our yell, we avoided all dissension.

So it was. Mules, we were christened in our infancy and mules we still remain. Although the selection of our mascot was the result of accident, there is a peculiar appropriateness in our class's having it. Several of the characteristics of the mule are in common with ours. For instance, the mule stands for endurance; he never wears out. Neither does the Senior class. Again, the mule is the very embodiment of determination. So are we. If you don't believe it, look at our record. When we came to High School, we set out to be the best class "ever" and who doubts that we are? And, really, I think, the mule has often been the inspiration for our success. We stand by it loyally now, and my one hope is that hereafter, when school days are all but forgotten, every member of our class of old '09 will remember the mule and with it as an inspiration, strive as earnestly for success as we do today.

R. W., '09.

OUR NATURAL RESOURCES.

In the line of natural resources the United States is the recipient of more blessings from the bountiful hand of nature than is any other nation or people, and yet the people have failed to show their appreciation of these by allowing them to be needlessly destroyed. The most important of the resources are—the immeasurable coal fields, the largest and best of all those known to man; the oil and gas fields where enough products are wasted to heat and light all of the great cities of the world; the iron deposits which are almost inexhaustible; the great inland waterways which are envied by all Europe, but little used by the Americans; and the vast forests which cover the eastern, north-central, and western parts of the country, acting as the storage places and regulators of the water supply.

The natural resources have been a great factor in the upbuilding of this great nation of ours, and it is equally true that their destruction would be just as great a force in the weakening of the national power and wealth. Nevertheless, the resources are being shamefully wasted and ruined, some rapidly, as the forests, others more slowly, but which, if not materially checked very soon, will ultimately result in their complete exhaustion, probably in the course of another generation or two. This should never take place because they were granted from the hand of God and by no means should they be made light of.

Generally speaking, the people do not appreciate the importance the natural resources have upon the general welfare of the nation, therefore, they are not enough interested to encourage those broad-minded and farseeing men who have come to the realization of the facts and are pushing forward the conservation movements. To deal justly with this great movement, it

requires a national interest and a spirit of patriotism and unselfishness upon the part of the prime movers.

Thus it is clear that the fundamental requirement is that the people should be educated to the point where they can realize that their prosperity depends upon the energy and intelligence with which the natural resources are used.

The chief purpose of the conservation movement is to check the wholesale destruction and waste and to substitute therefor a just use—a use that will supply reasonable want and, at the same time, keep up the supply. Cardinal Gibbons, in his speech on conservation before one of the conferences which have been held in Washington, has struck the keynote in the following: "It is our duty as American citizens to regard these resources as sacred trusts, to preserve them, and to use them wisely and with moderation, that we may, as far as possible, provide against the days of want that are surely approaching; and that when these days are at hand they may not come as a crushing retribution, but as a wholesome discipline by which we shall be taught the lessons of thrift and foresight."

Frank Livesay, 1909.



"A ROSE O' PLYMOUTH TOWN."

Dear Seniors of Other Schools:—

I promised in my last letter that I would tell you all about our class play. It took place on December twenty-second, and it was such a success that we repeated it on the night of December thirtieth.

It simply was a dandy play, as you may judge by its name—"A Rose o' Plymouth Town." Now don't you think that sounds interesting, and can't you imagine all sorts of nice things happening in it?

It was a Puritan play, and the actors certainly looked typical Puritans, the men dressed in tall hats, knee-breeches, and shoes with buckles on them, and the women in dainty Puritan dresses and caps, with their hair combed back in a severely Puritan style. The little cabin they lived in was also typically Puritan. It was made of logs, and had a large, open fire-place at one side. There were a few portraits hung upon the walls, one of which I presume was Rose.

Oh, but I must tell you about the actors. I will begin with the men, as it is always better to leave the best things for the last.

In the first place, the role of Garrett Foster, the hero, was taken by Knox Alexander. Every one in the audience admired Knox because of his manliness, and all felt sorry for him on account of the complications in his love affairs.

Opposed to him was the villain, John Margeson. This part was played very well by Edmund Messenger. This was a hard part to play, I think, because the sympathy of the audience was always against him, for he didn't care for the girl who was so much in love with him. So of course we were all of us rather glad that Rose did not return his love.

Then there was Phillip DeLa Noye, a brother to Rose, represented by Nathan Pickles (who was very much in love with the girl who loved John Margeson). He was extremely bashful, and actually asked Garrett Foster how he might best make love.

Frank Livesay played the part of Captain Miles Standish, at whose home, Rose was staying. This was where all merry-makings took place. We all liked him because he was so brave in time or danger. But he was helped to be brave by his wife. I really must tell you about her. Her real name is Adelaide Casper (perhaps you have heard of her). She always seemed to help her husband so much when he was in doubt. And she had such strength of character that she set a good example for all the young girls in her charge.

Well, I guess by this time you are anxious for a description of Rose. According to her own words, she could "spin faster, weave better, and dance longer than any maid in New Plymouth." This part was taken by Ruth Williamson, who now is known in all dramatic circles. We were all of us interested in her, and in her love for Garrett Foster.

Miriam Chillingsly, was another of the parts which was hard to play. It was played very creditably, though, by Madeline Bostian. This is a kind of girl who is afraid of every little thing. She was just in direct contrast with Barbara Standish. She was in love with John Marguson, and was the girl with whom Philip De La Noye was in love.

The last of all these characters, and the one which we liked almost the best was Aunt Resolute Story. I think she was the most humorous one in the play, and, as Louise Ross, who played the part, is naturally comical, there was no forced humor. We all admired her, too, in sympathy with Garrett Foster, and Rose. At the end of the play we all knew that she had found "one last, new sensation."

Well, I must stop writing about the play, but I will add just one more word, and that is that nearly every one says that this is the best of all plays given by any of the other Senior classes.

L. E. H.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

"I'm getting so ner-r-r-rvous," giggled Miriam, hiding her lemon behind the clock.

"Don't talk to me, don't look at me! If you laugh, I'll expire," cried Barbara, as she frantically jammed a loaf of bread, the Captain's powder horn, a pistol and Aunt Resolute's knitting into the already overflowing cupboard.

"Oh, this horrible porridge!" shrieked Rose, vainly trying to stir the sticky mass of oatmeal which Garret had so laboriously prepared, "I thought we were going to have divinity or ice-cream."

But Miss Faris suddenly intervened with, "People, get your places, don't talk behind the scenes, be sure to speak distinctly, don't laugh, don't turn your backs to the audience, and, above all, don't appear amateurish."

At this intense moment the music ceased, the curtain rose, and then—

As the actors gazed upon the vast and silent sea of eager faces before them, the tensivity of the situation spurred them to their greatest effort. With the audience so highly amused at Rose's heroic attempts to defend the unfortunate Garret, those seated around the table would have found it difficult to restrain their mirth had not Miss Faris frantically appealed to them from the wings. However, the generous and hearty applause of the sympathetic audience removed every trace of self-consciousness and the act progressed without mishap to a triumphant close.

"Oh, Miss Faris, did we do all right, were there any mistakes, do you think the audience is enjoying it?" exclaimed the whole cast at once.

"What a fright I look," said Aunt Resolute, glancing into a mirror. "I must fasten this hair on better or it will come off right on the stage. Then I will make a hit."

"You've already made one. You're a regular whim, a whang, a corker," interrupted Phillippe, knitting a round for his less fortunate sister, Rose.

"Gee, wish I had a mustache," grumbled Garret.

"You might persuade the Captain to lend you his," said John.

"Indeed you won't wear one, Garret Foster, I won't have a thing to do with you if you do," protested Rose.

"It's time for the curtain. People, are you ready?" interrupted Miss Faris.

"Ready! I should say not. Where in the wide world is that Plymouth Rock and the skillet and my knitting," cried Miriam, rushing about excitedly.

"What of that, I've forgotten my song. Oh, Miss Faris, please, please sing it again. Why don't that orchestra stop, then maybe I could think of it," pleaded Barbara, frantically.

Suddenly all sounds of confusion ceased and the second act began. This scene had always been intensely interesting to the actors, and the interest was now doubled because of the enthusiasm of the audience. Oh, how bravely John and Garret engaged in the duel! How much like professionals the cast felt when the Captain pronounced the sentence of banishment upon Garret, and a deathlike stillness swept over the house and the audience was moved to tears! On this highly dramatic situation the curtain descended.

"Oh, I feel as though I could play all night, the audience is so inspiring," began Miriam.

"Well, you wouldn't be so joyful if you had to go through all the slush I do," wailed Rose.

"Indeed, my part is twice as trying as yours," answered Miriam, arranging the lighted candles on the mantle.

"But think of having to read that horrid old letter as if I had never read a letter before. Oh! where is that letter? Rose! Miriam! Phillippe!"

"Indeed, I haven't seen that letter, Mistress Standish. I gave it to you at last rehearsal," argued Phillippe.

"Oh, you big sillies, there it is right in Phillippe's pocket. Mercy, but I'm glad I don't have such cares!" remarked Aunt Resolute.

"Be still. The audience will hear you all fussing, and Otto is going to raise the curtain now. Hurry up and get ready," ordered Garret.

Much to our surprise, the third act, which had always been unpopular with the actors, appealed to the audience greatly. Humor, pathos, sentiment and tragedy were intermingled in a series of episodes that found a thrilling climax in the parole of Garret Foster.

"Oh, Captain Standish, you certainly are a professional. Didn't you feel flattered when you were applauded so generously?" inquired Rose.

"Flattered? I was afraid I'd forget my lines or lose my wig or something," replied Miles.

"Oh, Miriam, if we laugh in this act, we will be disgraced forever; but Aunt Resolute is so perfectly ridiculous," wailed Barbara.

"Well, if we don't look at each other, we will get through all right," cautioned Miriam.

"For me, this act is the hardest of all. If only I didn't have to look so horrid, and act so silly and cry," complained Aunt Resolute.

"Oh, to think it's almost over, and we won't have any more rehearsals," sighed Rose, applying the black powder to her face and hands.

"Worse than that, we won't get any more of Aunt Resolute's dandy fudge," put in Garret.

"I'm going to miss getting excused from sixth period every day," said John Morgeson.

"Those impromptu lunches we have been having appeal to me most," returned Phillippe, wearing a broad, reminiscent smile.

But at this moment Miss Faris appeared with these final instructions: "Now, all of you listen closely. This is the big act. You must make it the climax, if you don't the whole play is ruined. However, I have perfect confidence in you. Live your parts, do your best and the play will be a grand success."

So, with renewed energy, the actors made their final preparations for the fourth act.

The high dramatic quality of this act was intensified by the contrast between the prevailing confusion and disorder and the heretofore quiet peacefulness of this Puritan home. Dramatic from beginning to end, except for relief scenes of humor, this act seemed to hold the audience spellbound. How thrilling the moment when the two occupants of the simple little home breathlessly awaited the attack of the Indians! How happy was Miriam when she found the supposed savages to be no other than her lover, Phillippe! How calmly and nobly Mistress Standish comforted the frightened and the wounded! How supremely joyful were all, when the last complication was solved and Rose kissed the "Better Man!"

By Rose (R. W.), Miriam (M. B.), and Barbara (A. C).

THE DREAM THAT MADE JIM A BETTER BOY.

(Prize Story.)

Jim was a mean boy. Meanness seemed to be in his blood. He was all mean. His hair was mean, his freckles were mean; his big chapped hands were mean. And he was always mean. He was mean to his pets; he was meaner to small boys; and he was mean as he dared to be to his equals in size.

But this morning in particular he was feeling meaner than ever. He longed for revenge, every time he thought of little Tom's beautiful top and ball. It made him so angry for being whipped and sent to bed without any supper the night before, because he had tried to take them from Tom, that he at last decided that he would get them, even if it did cost him another whipping. He stormed and slammed around till the medical student, who rented the rooms next to him, rushed in alarm to Jim's room, but being greeted with a volley of combs, brushes, books, pillows and everything that could be thrown, quickly retreated to the shelter of his own room again.

It was hardly possible to believe that it was the same boy in school that morning, who smilingly asked Tom, with a crowd of boys, to come play circus in his barn that afternoon after school. But, after school, the crowd of boys Jim said were coming had not put in their appearance, so Tom and Jim went on, to get ready, as Jim said the other boys would be there later. The two boys went to the barn and soon Jim came out and ran into the house, and when he emerged from there, he carried a large bundle of white, from which the bones of an arm and hand protruded, and he entered the barn again. When the two boys at last came out of the barn, a large boy, with a beautiful top and ball in one hand, and the white bundle in the other, told a small terrified boy to run home as fast as he could trot, and "Remember," he said, "if I find out that you have told about this, I'll send my partner," nodding to the bundle in his arms, "to call on you again."

That night Jim went to sleep in quite a different state of mind, than of the night before. But, was wakened suddenly by being roughly jerked out of bed. When he opened his eyes, he saw to his terror an immense skeleton all wrapped in white sheets, and looking at him sternly.

"I" came a hollow voice, seemingly from the skeleton, "am the Spirit of Revenge. The King of Good Spirits is angry with you for your evil deed this afternoon, and so I am sent by him to bring you to him. Come on," he said; but Jim gathering courage remonstrated against him, but he had said but a few words, when he was struck sharply across the mouth, and his ear was seized by the Spirit and Jim was jerked roughly out of the window and through the darkness. After they had traveled a while, Jim was suddenly dropped down in a group of Spirits, and when he had picked himself up, and looking around, he found that he was standing in front of a beautiful throne,

on which sat the King of Good Spirits, who looked at Jim for a few minutes, then said:

"Boy, every good and bad deed is taken note of here, and the person's life is governed here by the good or bad deeds, he, through his life on earth, has done for his fellows. Your evil deed this afternoon has gone as far as it should be allowed to go, so I have had you brought here to be punished, hoping that this punishment, slight as it will be, compared to any in the future if you are called here again, will cause you to remedy your actions." With this he waved his hand and Jim was immediately grabbed up and bound till he was as round as a ball. Then he was carried by a group to a piece of ground to play base-ball. Jim was the ball, and he was whizzed through the air, batted, pounded, squeezed and twisted till it seemed as if every bone in his body was broken. As quickly as the game had started, it stopped, then he was grabbed by another group and tied in the shape of a top, and taken to a large table. Then a large wooden cap was fitted over his head, which nearly smothered him to death and twisted his head around to wind him up. After he was wound, the cap was jerked off and Jim went spinning around till it seemed as if his head would fly off. At last he could spin no more and toppled over in a heap, but only to be wound up and set to spinning again. Finally, they grew tired and wound Jim up so much, he knew if he was wound up a bit more his head would twist off. This time the Spirits set him to spinning nearer the edge of the table, then everything disappeared except the table, which seemed just to be floating in the clouds. Slowly but surely, Jim was spinning to the edge of the table. He screamed, cried, squirmed and did all in his power to stop, but all of no avail. Now, he was almost on the edge, now, yes, he was falling, falling through space. He had a dull thought of wonder where or when he would fall to, when suddenly he struck something hard, and opened his eyes to find himself on the floor in a heap, beside the bed. He felt of his neck to see if it was twisted, and found to his joy that it was as solid as ever. He was so glad he almost could shout, and went down stairs that morning looking so good, that it almost frightened his mother.

That afternoon a big boy, who had resolved never to be called to the land of the Good Spirits again, was teaching a happy-faced little boy some new tricks to play with his top and ball.

Ruth Bowdle, '11.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A LITERATURE.

(Prize Essay).

The development of a nation's literature is but a chapter in its history. As the people make the history, and the history is the foundation for a literature, so no literature can rise above the progressiveness of a nation or above the views and morals of a people. A literature furnishes a means by which ideas may be rapidly interchanged between man and man; therefore if the ideas are incoherent and elementary, the literature will savor of this poverty of resource; but if the ideas are lofty and soul-inspiring, there will come forth a literature grand and stately in its majesty. So, in tracing the development of the written thoughts and aspirations of a people, we must begin with the rude, uncouth utterances of a barbarian age, and proceed amidst the dim forms winding in and out through the dawn of civilized history, until we reach the pinnacle of perfection in a Homer, a Dante, or a Shakespeare.

Previous to the introduction of Christianity, the nations worshipped nature in its powerful grandeur, its awe-inspiring yet unpretentious simplicity. The literature of this period consisted in a few songs and oracles, but nothing more; it was exactly in touch with the religion and elementary intellectuality of the people. These songs, inscribed to their chief deities, were sung throughout the realm of nations to each generation in its turn, until they were imbedded in the minds of each individual as firmly as our most famous essays are remembered by students of today. They knew their literature, they lived it, yet a great change was destined to come, which would lift these mortals from their prison of ignorance and blind satisfaction, to the lofty plains of an everlasting hope. This change was the coming of Christ, that great revolutionizing force, which carried men into the regions of love and purity.

And with this religion of Christ, came an intellectual awakening. It set men to thinking; it awakened them from the lethargy into which they had fallen; and opened their eyes to the beauty, the goodness, and the unbounded love, which existed around them and for them. It revealed to them the fact that there was a divine power, very unlike the awful deities of the past, who watched over them, and had created for them everything true, beautiful, and good. This was inevitably an incentive to an outbreak of praise and happiness among the people—an incentive to the introduction of the minstrels, the bards, the gleemen, to whom it is that every nation owes so much for the uplifting and refining influence which they spread over the country through which they roamed. Music, an ever inspiring art, combined with the songs of love and duty, lent to their wandering an educative air which permeated the entire region of their travels.

Then came the Roman missionaries into the central part of Europe, bringing with them intellectual culture, and bringing with them also, the desire and purpose of founding monasteries, in which to teach the life of Christ and practice its teachings. All this and more, did the introduction of

Christianity do for literature; but we pass on to perceive other changes which materially developed the literature of all nations.

The nations, hitherto constantly subjected under turmoil and strife with each other and each among itself, now ceased, to a degree, this terrible check to progress, and began to centralize their power and increase the prestige of each nation within itself. As soon as a somewhat stable government was formed, and the amalgamation of all races comprising the nation took place, a common language was instituted; and so we see the slow progress which Time allows his subjects to undergo. With the common language, sprung a spirit tending toward unity; in time a national spirit arose, and this, coupled with that old love of independence, was a great impulse to all literary production. However, this spirit of nationality lay dormant through the Dark Ages—that period through which men existed, but accomplished nothing toward the development of the faculties—and as it is said that we are either progressing or degenerating, the whole world fell back into a state of ignorance and decay. But these reverses were necessary, for how glorious was the awakening when it did come! How powerful and far-reaching in its results was the Renaissance—that stirring reaction which affected every literature and every people on the earth!

With this awakening came the longing for knowledge, the delight in the study of buried and forgotten manuscripts, and the thirsting of the mind after everything noble, elevating, and good. During this period came the great Crusades, probably one of the greatest forces in the world's history to enlighten the people, and intermingle the ideas and customs of one nation with those of another—thus causing each to profit by the others' example. Then, too, was the time of the formation of local governments, the formation of national governments, and the formation of many national literatures. Then it was that this spirit, which was slightly manifested before the Dark Ages, burst into its full bloom of perfection; and we had the establishment of all the great powers of Europe, which exist today. They then perfected a great change in state, church, and social conditions; the princes and potentates accepted this new learning; and even the mass of common people began to grasp the meaning of that enormous word, knowledge. But probably the greatest event in this whole period, was the invention of the printing press. This invention increased the number of readers one hundred fold. It scattered throughout a nation in five years, more literature than the monks, with their manuscripts, could have done in twenty. The growth was marvelous, and it was undoubtedly evident that literature of all kinds was taking rapid strides in progress.

And so, on and on, we see the development of man. Through an era of Reformation—that era when men were stirred to institute radical changes in the universal church; and the succeeding era of Revolution,—which brought forth such revision of affairs of state: each had its mighty influence on the life and literature of every nation; each led the nations forward one great step; each brought forth its ideal poets,—its Goethe, its Milton, its Shakespeare—its

ideal tone-painters, its Rembrandt, its Wagner, its Beethoven, until today we, that live and enjoy the culture and intelligence of this twentieth century, can only look back over the dim ages of the ancient past, the shadowy period of medieval times, and the magnificence of the sun of literature, glowing in its radiance today, and wonder in silence as to the future of literature, the mighty sceptre of man.

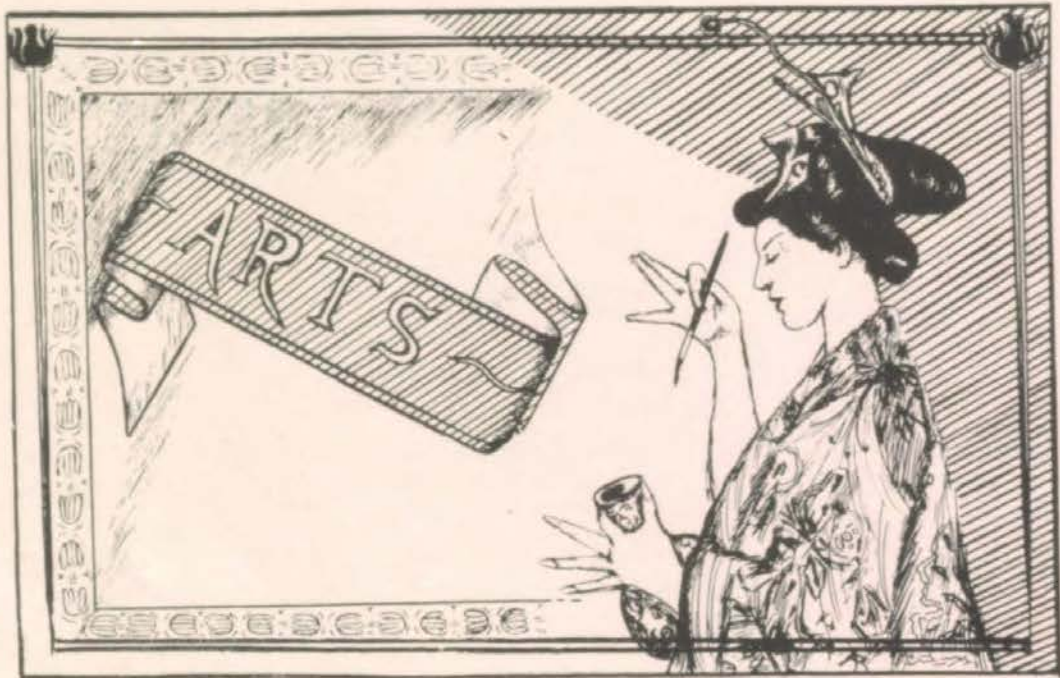
C. J., '09.

WORK WITH THE HANDS.

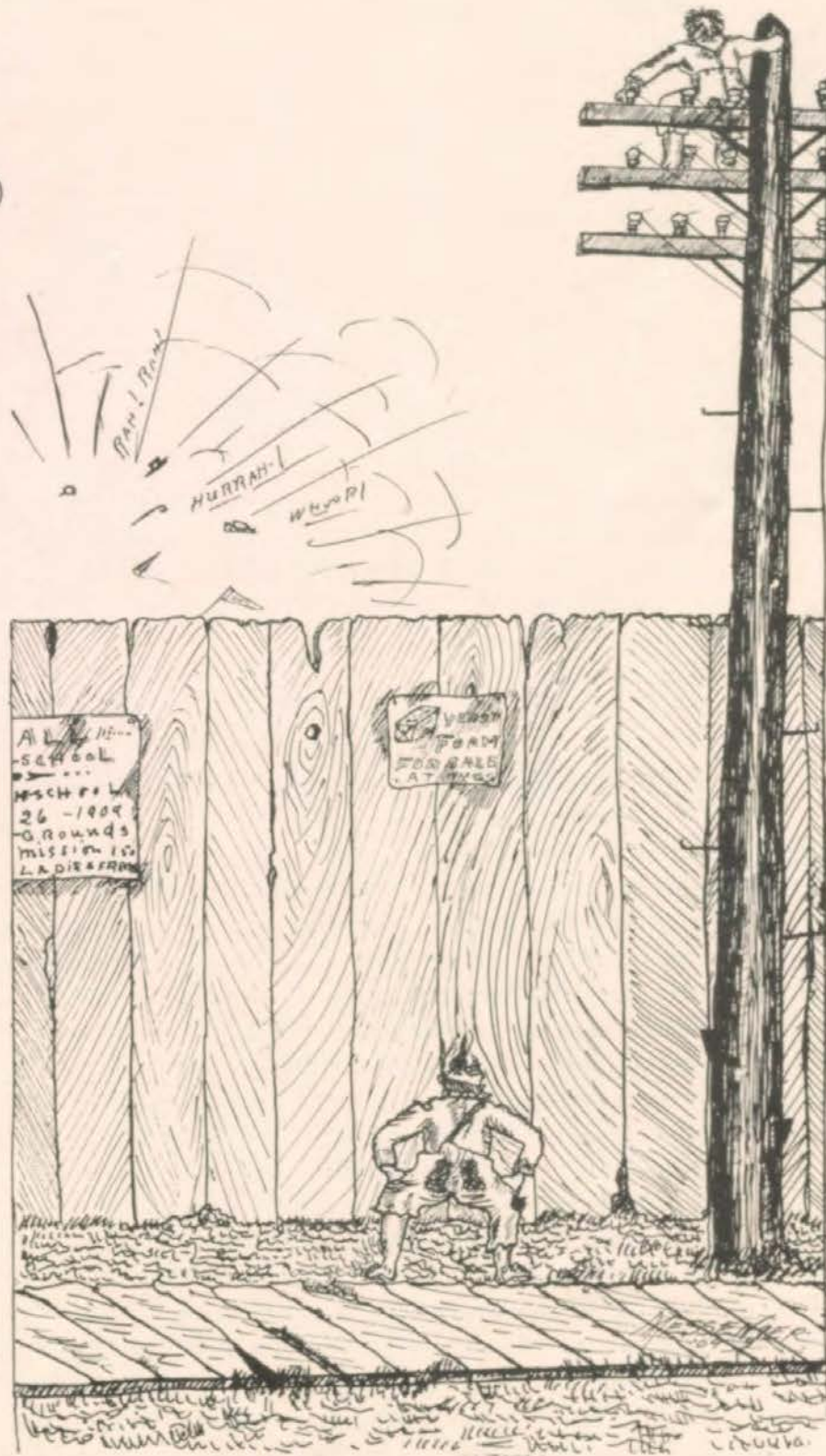
Work with the hands! Let others toil
 With magic pen and mighty brain,
 But you and I let's till the soil
 And plant bright roses on the plain.
 Let genius dwell on peak in cloud,
 But in the sunlit lower lands
 Tasks wait for us that call aloud:
 Work with the hands!

Let's rise at dawn; then morn is young—
 Let's do that thing that we should do.
 Out of each task is triumph wrung,
 Out of pain is the soul made new.
 Let's use our common tools with pride;
 Let's join the strong heroic bands
 That answer to the summons wide—
 Work with the hands!

Sweet peace shall light our days with cheer.
 And gladness crown us like a sun.
 We shall have conquest of our fear
 From sorrow and from travail won.
 As Christ of Nazareth toiled with art
 Obeying all the Lord's commands,
 So shall we give Him with rapt heart
 Work with the hands!
 —Edward Wilbur Mason.



ART JERK-USS



FOOT BALL SCHEDULE OF I. H. S. '08.

Oct. 9t, at Lee's Summit—L. S. H. S., 5; I H. S., 0.
 Oct. 16, at Independence—I. H. S., 10; Lee's Summit H. S., 0.
 Oct. 31, at Independence—I. H. S. 2d team, 5; Buckner 2nd, 5
 Nov. 7, at Independence—I. H. S., 0; Liberty H. S., 16.
 Nov. 21, at Independence—I. H. S., 0; Webster Society of C. H. S., 0.
 Nov. 24, at Independence—I. H. S., 0; Second Central K. C., 0.

First Team Foot Ball Line-up for Season of '08.

Center—R. Snyder; G. Wallace.
 Quarterback—T. Kelley; E. Kelley.
 Fullback—A. Hudson; F. McCarrol, (captain).
 Left Halfback—T. Kelley; K. Alexander.
 Right Halfback—W. McDonald (manager).
 Right End—J. Miller.
 Right Tackle—F. McCarrol; K. Alexander.
 Right Guard—A. Hudson; R. Sermon.
 Left Guard—W. Kelley.
 Left Tackle—E. Messenger.
 Left End—L. McCarrol.
 Substitutes—Collier, A. Alexander, Whitmore, Bostian, Criley; Sermon.

SUMMARY OF THE FOOT-BALL SEASON.

The Independence High School can justly boast of having been represented by a fast and persevering team of foot-ball "braves." The 1908, eleven, taken all in all, was a success. Although we didn't win every game or pile up large scores, on our opponents; yet, considering the light weight and lack of practice and support by the school, our showing was most excellent. One other thing that deserves mention is the gentlemanly way in which the boys conducted themselves. There was, of course, some provocation, but as a whole they acquitted themselves creditably.

It was at Lee's Summit that we first felt the pangs of defeat, but not until the tackles, Hudson and Messenger, and F. McCarroll at F. back, had bruised the line of the enemy. Victory was not destined to shine upon our first victors forever, for when they next faced "our warriors" the visitors were trounced to the tune of 10 to 0. In this game we should not overlook the splendid guarding of W. Kelley, and end running of Miller.

The third game was with the swift Liberty "Huskeys," who won the game after a hard and stubborn fight, by a score of 16 to 0. In this game we were out-weighted and out-lucked, but despite all this our athletes were game to the last. The game was marked by brilliant playing on both sides, those who especially starred for the home boys were L. McCarroll, at end, and L. Kelley, at quarter.

We carried off the laurels of victory in the first game with Central 2nd (?) through good team work and consistent line plunging. Here Sermon and McDonald deserve special credit.

The last two games were with the Webster Society and return game with Central 2nds. The first ended in a tie score, as did the second game. The last game was in many respects the best of the season. In this game we played like veterans, and only gave where weight forced us. The main features of this stubbornly contested game was the 45-yard run by Messenger and the stiff bucking of Alexander and F. McCarroll.

This school has good material for foot-ball, but before this can be shown to its fullest extent, there must be some athletic ginger ejected into the school. The support of the 1908 team was not becoming to a school of our standing and estimation in the eyes of Missouri schools, and not until the school gives better support to athletics, both by voice and purse, can we expect very great honors on the field of athletics.

M. G., '10.

I. H. S. BASKET BALL LINE-UP '08-'09.

Center—Roberts.

Left Forward—K. Bostian.

Right Forward—R. Sermon.

Right Guard—C. Cushwa (manager).

Left Guard—W. McDonald (captain).

Substitutes—W. C. Dunn; A. Alexander and R. Maiden.

In behalf of the school players and "fans," I wish to thank the Independence Fair association for the use of the Independence fair grounds, as an Athletic field. The Fair association very kindly consented to our using the ground for the above purpose, provided, we in turn saw that everything was kept "ship shape." It was a very liberal proposition, and the boys have not abused the privilege. Owing to the inability of finding a suitable field other than the fair grounds, they were very thankfully received. The whole school joins in a hearty "thanks" to anybody who tries to boost the "local institution of learning" as have the Independence Fair Association.

Ed. M., '09.

Basket Ball Schedule for Season of '08-'09.

November 21, '08—At Mt. Washington—

Mt. Washington Highs, 14.....Independence Highs, 20.

December 18, '08—At Independence—

Mt. Washington, 27.....Independence, 40.

January 12, '09—At Independence—

K. C. H. S. Club, 19.....Independence Highs, 38

February 1, '09—At Independence—

Independence A. C., 30.....Independence High School, 36.

February 3, '09—At Independence—	
Raytown A. C., 20.....	Independence Highs, 19.
February 12, '09—At Independence—	
Webster Club of Cent. H. S., K. C., 35.....	Independence Highs, 31.
March 5, '09—At Central, Kansas City—	
Second Central, 58.....	Independence, 19.
March 6, '09—At Manual High, Kansas City—	
Manual, 49.....	Independence H. S., 28.

Line-up:

Center.....	Roberts
Right forward.....	Bostian
Left forward.....	Sermon
Left guard.....	McDonald
Right guard.....	Cushwa

It is very seldom that any team of foot-ball, basket-ball or baseball can win a game in Lee's Summit from a Lee's Summit team. Is there any reason for this, beside the invariable "not good enough?" Those who know will say yes.

But, did any one ever notice how docile they are, when they play in Independence?

Coach Tenton of Central High, K. C., is a fine athlete and a good fellow, but believes in the doctrine of "Survival of the Best Bluffee (fittest)."

Ray Sermon's "sprinting in the foot-ball game at Association Park, K. C., with Second Central, was great, and earned for him a compliment from one of Central's "Big Herkimers."

By the way, I. H. S. made a good showing that day for a team of "Subs."

The last foot-ball game with Second Central was finished in darkness. The school's spirit was again in evidence; they didn't furnish lanterns for the "home team."

Everybody that saw it, says that the game between Buckner 2nd Town Team and I. H. S. 2nds, was the hardest fought of the season. The score was 5 to 5.

F. McCarroll's tackling was a feature in every game. As was the "end runs" of McDonald. The latter was especially noticeable in the game at Association Park.

The Liberty Highs were entirely too much for us, although we played

a steady game throughout. But we don't mind losing so much, if they earned all the points they received, which was the case in this game.

The Liberty boys went home feeling jubilant. They had a good team and were well coached. They also remarked before leaving town, that they received the best treatment in Independence that they had received anywhere that season.

The score of one of the "tie" games might have been turned in our favor had it not been for the slow "mud-traveling" qualities displayed by Messenger.

Em. Kelley's 70-yard sprint at Association Park was a sight well worth seeing. Especially so, with F. McCarroll and a Central warrior running close behind holding each other by the hair.

The basket-ball team, this year, was a winning team. And the school turn-out was a disgrace to any first-rate high school, and discouraging to any team.

Cushwa's "basket," made on Central High's "court", during one of the games there, was one of the longest "baskets" ever made on that "court."

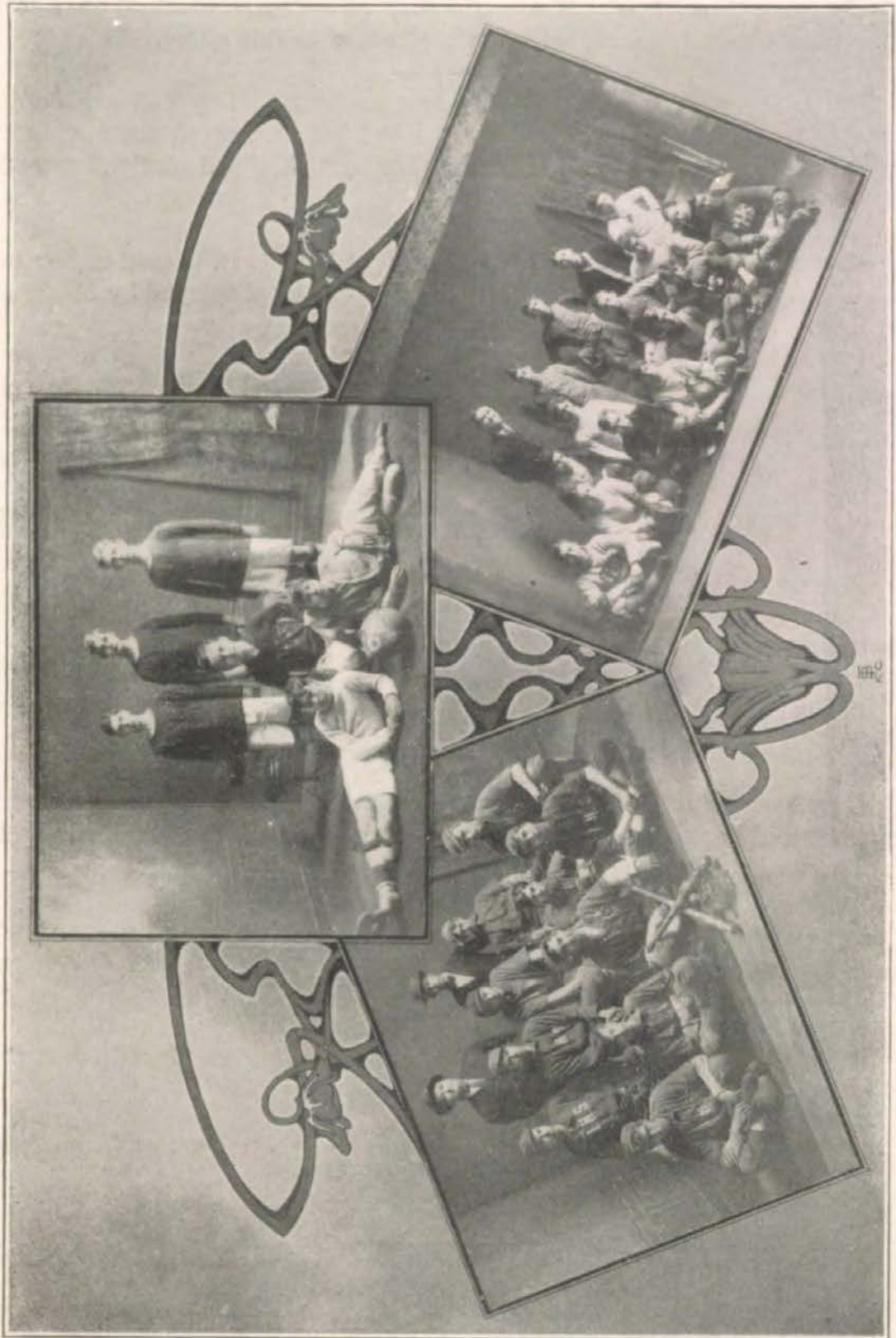
In every basket-ball game of the '08-'09 season, Ray Sermon and McDonald's "basket shooting" were features.

There was some dispute over the final score in the first game with Raytown. One of the "baskets" made by Independence was not "tallied" and so the game went to Rawtown, 20-19.

The basket-ball team this year was somewhat handicapped for want of an indoor court. They had to get games just whenever they could get a court, and this was not very often.

So far this season only four baseball games have been played. But those that have been played have all been "tight" games.

The first baseball game of the season, played with "K. C. Unknowns," was a decided success for the "home team."



THE NEED OF A GYMNASIUM.

From a Girl's Standpoint.

In the life of a school, there is no power which arouses so much enthusiasm and school spirit as athletics do; and without them, a school lacks one of its first and most important sustentances. Therefore, this aspect of school life should be encouraged and supported, and the establishment of a gymnasium, the greatest source of physical training necessary to the life of athletics, is the first essential step towards this end.

The inestimable value of a gymnasium is shown especially when two schools compete in some athletic sport, the one having the advantage of a training received in a gymnasium and under the supervision of a coach; the other not having this advantage and receiving only a little outside training. The latter school is placed at such a disadvantage that the former wins almost invariably; then the unfortunate school, after meeting several such defeats, gradually gives up the hope of ever accomplishing anything in athletics, so athletics and the spirit which accompanies it, dies.

The Independence High school, I believe, is an excellent example of the latter school, for, although athletics have not entirely ceased to exist in our school, it is certain that they amount to very little. A few of the boys in school, who, indeed, possess great determinations, exert their utmost efforts in keeping alive the spirit of athletics. But, what can the few achieve when the many do not enhearten or assist? Announcements of the games are always made, yet it is very unusual if there are more than a dozen who go to see any one game. What is the cause of this? Is it lack of enthusiasm and school spirit? Partly, however, I believe, the prime reason can be traced to the fact that everyone knows that there is no one coaching the teams, and consequently think them incapable of winning. Still, remarkable as it may seem, several times we have rejoiced in defeating some fine High School teams. As to the girls, it has been three years since we have made any attempts to take part in athletics, and when we did, it was under the most adverse circumstances. So, after one year of trial, we came to the conclusion that, considering the benefits gained and the work and worry caused, athletics should be dropped from our school life until a gymnasium would be built.

Thus, the subject of a gymnasium has been of paramount importance in our school for the last four years, and it will continue to be so until our desire is gratified. However, I believe the Board of Education and the people of Independence realize this necessity, and if we but wait patiently, it will not be long before the Independence High School will receive this new and most valuable addition to its life.

M. B., '09.

WANTED—A GYMNASIUM.

By a Boy.

The Independence High School is one of the best equipped schools in the state; but to make it best, we shall have to add a gymnasium. The result would do an untold good.

First, if there were a gymnasium in this school, a new spirit would be developed. We need more class spirit, more athletic spirit, more spirit of push and energy. There should be some beauty in life beside dreaming of coming opportunities. Wake Up!! So as to be able to grasp your opportunity when it comes. We should have a gymnasium to keep us awake to the fact that we are the future citizens of the United States, if for nothing else.

Second, there would result an increase in attendance, there would be an extra enjoyment in school life, something to go to school for instead of work and drill. That was a wise old saying which said, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The dropping off after the first year of High School is about 30 per cent. We should have something in the High School to magnetize those droppers, something to draw them to the High School and keep them there. And that something must be a gymnasium. It seems wrong that for a few hundred dollars so many lives are wronged; that so many boys, instead of going to school and receiving a good education, with the chance of becoming honored citizens, should be left to go down, down to dissipation and vices of all kinds. If there had been the magnetizing force of a gymnasium at the High School, many boys would now be enjoying a good education; and having that opportunity, that comes but once in one's life.

Third, the best and greatest result would be better school work, and much more energy in getting it. It is reasonable that if a boy's blood is quickened by athletic sports, his work would be better. There would not be that dissatisfied spirit that is so often shown in the classroom. It would be indeed a pleasure for the teachers to teach such a class of students and workers who had that athletic spirit.

We honor an athlete among our numbers; but is he treated fairly by the citizens of our city? Other cities are giving the undeveloped boy training and strength, so that he may be a man among men, in his later life; but the citizens of Independence put a detaining hand on a boy's physical development. The citizen, instead of spending all his time on inanimate things, such as public highways and street railways, should put some of his time and help on that student who is fast becoming a citizen and member of his community. We need men to fight our wars, to protect our property and lives, to rule our country; but yet the broad-minded citizens of Independence have absolutely forgotten that the student is the one that makes the man, to fight, to protect and to rule our country, and that student is receiving no physical development or training. The noted traveler, Frank G. Carpenter, says: "Every Japanese school has a gymnasium, and the boys and girls go through all sorts of

exercises to make them strong and enable them to work and fight for the Emperor." It seems that this should be sufficient reason for our citizens demanding a gymnasium for the younger generation. If our neighbors across the sea, our poor Mongolian neighbors, can see far enough ahead for the betterment of their people, why cannot the citizens of Independence have a gymnasium for the betterment of their students?

Listen! you that read this article, do you not think, when a boy works long and hard to reach High School, that the citizens of his city should prepare physically as well as mentally, for the journey on the hard roads of life?

A. M., '11.

I. H. S. BASE BALL SCHEDULE OF '09.

April 3, at Independence: K. C. Unknowns, —; Independence H. S. —.
 April 8, at Lee's Summit: Lee's Summit H. S., —; I. H. S., —.
 April 15, at Independence: Bristol, —; I. H. S., 2nd team, —.
 April 24, at Argentine: Argentine H. S., —; I. H. S., —.

I. H. S. Base Ball Line-up for '09.

Catcher, L. McCarrol, (captain). Short Stop—C. Cushwa.
 Pitchers—F. McCarroll; J. Greenwood. Left Field—W. Kelley.
 First Base—G. Wallace. Center Field—Schroeder; F. Hume.
 Second Base—W. McDonald, (mgr.). Substitute—Godman.
 Third Base—R. Sermon.



Alumni.

THE ALUMNI.

As we, the Senior class of 1909, approach the completion of our High School life, it is with a sense of regret. First, because our association with both teachers and students has been most pleasant and certainly very profitable. Secondly, because we are soon to come face to face with the world and its conflicts.

We expect, while in school, to meet with a few worries and some disappointments, and certainly they appear large to us at the time, but when compared with those great worries and disappointments which we shall meet after we leave school, we feel as though our school troubles were nothing.

As we, have intermingled with our fellow schoolmates, we have been enabled to understand something of human nature, but it is not until we are thrown out into the world on our own responsibility and have come in contact with scores of personalities, that we may say we really know human nature.

To live is a daily, and one might say, hourly struggle; a constant battle with the outside world, and it is for this reason especially that we regret our departure from our dear old "Alma Mater."

The Alumni is one of the most important factors of any school, because we judge a person, not so much by what he accomplishes while in school, but by what he accomplishes after leaving it. There are so many graduates, however, of whom we never hear; they seem to have become dead to the world. But, as we, the class of '09, leave this grand old High School, step out into the world and become a part of the Alumni, we are going to endeavor to make the most of our lives, and to be forever a credit to old I. H. S. which we love so well.

FORMER STAFFS.

STAFF OF 1901.

CHAS. G. ROSS..... Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editors.

Mary C. Taylor

Laura M. Kingsbury

Faith F. Slichter

Mary B. Womack

Tasker P. Taylor..... Business Manager

STAFF OF 1902.

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

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

Associate Editors.

Lelah B. Cunningham	Chas. W. Hare
Mildred Hinde	Beatrix Winn
Lillian L. Lewis	
Fielding B. Houchens.....	Business Manager

STAFF OF 1903.

REBECCA DICKINSON.....	Editor-in-Chief
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
------------	------------------

STAFF OF 1904.

MINNIE CLEMENTS	Editor-in-Chief,
John Kelley	Assistant Editor

Associate Editors.

Earle Eubank	Roderick Riddle
Agnes O'Brien	
Maud Compton	Local Editor
William Bostian	Business Manager

Proof Readers.

Louise Nagel	Lewis McCoy
--------------	-------------

Illustrators.

Harry Smith	Tessie Smith
-------------	--------------

STAFF OF 1905.

EVA DICKINSON	Editor-in-Chief
Lula May Winn	Associate Editor

Literary Editors.

Mattie Hardin	Kirby Casebolt
---------------	----------------

Mattie McCoy	
Richard McCarroll	Business Manager
G. T. Twyman, Jr.,	Henry Bundschu, Asst. Bus. M'grs.

Local Editors.

Jessie Fisher	Harry G. Hunter
---------------	-----------------

Proof Readers.

Ella Ross	Aileen Long
-----------	-------------

Staff Illustrators.

Wm. McCoy	Paul Rider
-----------	------------

STAFF OF 1906.

LUCY DICKINSON Editor-in-Chief

Bertha Steele Associate Editor

Literary Editors.

Allie Hardin

Bessie Milton

Margaret Chiles

Business Managers.

Morton Chiles

Jessie Casebolt

William Green

Illustrators.

Edna Anderson

Anna Baskin

Otto Schmid, Athletic Editor

Georgia Erwin, Exchange Editor

Adelyn Bell, Alumni Editor

Proof Readers.

Nellie Stuart

Julia Rugg

STAFF OF 1907.

HELEN ROSS Editor-in-Chief

Minnie Hickerson Associate Editor

Literary Editors.

Margaret Woodson

Mary Sturges

Della-Haines

Proof Readers.

Ethel Watson

Roy Johnson

Art Editors.

Rowena Davis

Minnie Hickerson

Proctor Thompson

Business Managers.

Proctor Thompson

Claude Brown

C. C. Bundschu

Local Editors.

Elizabeth Woodson

Archie Woods

Edith Kelley, Exchange Editor.

James Dickinson, Athletic Editor

Claude Brown, Alumni Editor

STAFF OF 1908.

WILLIAM PALMER Editor-in-Chief

Helen Sea Associate Editor

Local Editors.

Bessie Leas

Ina Mauk

Literary Editors.

La Vergne Bryson

Margaret Fox

Pearl Jolley

Business Managers.

William Whitford

E. C. Robinson

Roger Sermon

Proof Readers.

Imo Jones

Helen Adams

Art Editors.

Mabel Mills

Ruby DeWitt

Erma Lee Norfleet

Exchange Editors.

Margeurite Kerr

Carrie Hill

Claude Cushwa, Athletic Editor

Ethelyn Staples, Alumni Editor

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
Mills, Bertha

Nortland, Florence
Nichols, Annie
Patton, Rebecca
Peterson, Richard
Strode, Gypsa
Wood, Ernest
Wright, Earl

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
Clay, Hattie
Clayton, Georgia

Findley, Howard
Hope, Mabel
Marshall, Pearl
Mills, Frank

Owsley, Catherine
Rogers, Homer
Southern, Allen

CLASS OF 1895.

Clay, Mabelle
Davis, Gertrude
Dunne, Tillie
Fountain, Julia
Gossett, Stone

Hardin, Wm. H.
Hockaday, Jennie
Hughes, Mary
McAlister, Henrietta
McDonald, Leroy
McGuire, Nita

Perrin, Susan
Pittman, Ethyl
Sapp, Leona
Spooner, Grace
Swearengen, Mary

CLASS OF 1896.

Bryant, Belle
Chiles, Susan
Curtis, James
Drukemiller, E. H.
Ehle, Grace

Grinter, John
Jones, Lotta
Jump, Bertha
Lea, Thomas
Lee, Zona
Peffer, Mary F.

Sowell, Claudine
Spooner, Kathryn
Wood, Mary
Wood, Susan
Yale, Charles

CLASS OF 1897.

Breaker, Emma
Briner, Jessie
Bullard, Mary
Casper, Nellie
Clayton, Nellie
Ehle, Lena Ward

Ford, Ethel
Gossett, Wiley
McCurdy, John
Mills, Frances
Moore, Laura
Murray, Nellie

Noland, Nellie
Paxson, Etha
Robinson, Ruth
Sitlington, Emma
Thompson, Harry
Wirt, Edith

CLASS OF 1898.

Capelle, Charles
Coakley, Roy
Crenshaw, Mary
DeLong, LeRoy

Dunkin, Dwight
Hughes, Louella
Lobb, Lelah
McCarrol, Guy

Masters, Mary
Salmon, McClure
Smith, Ethel
Wilcox, Ernest

CLASS OF 1899.

Allen, Rosa Belle
Cheney, Mabel
Cissna, Georgia
Dickinson, Cedrick
Farrow, Agnes

Griffin, Rosamond
Kelley, Elizabeth
Knapp, Merle Coe
Mercer, Katherine
Moore, Mary V.

Mott, S. Henry
Popplewell, Minnie
Potter, Lulu Belle
Prewitt, Mary
St. Clair, Mattie

CLASS OF 1900.

Adair, M. Thurston
Allen, Harry
Atkinson, Elizabeth L.
Atkinson, Paul Levi
Berry, Ina May
Best, Faye Campbell
Clayton, Mary C.
Farrell, Nellie
Gould, Lotta
Graham, Myrtle

Graham, Una Alma
Griffin, Willa P.
Hall, Nora
Hill, Emina
Hidy, Nellie Mae
Hobbs, Bessie
Hughes, Lawrence
Jones, Pearle L.
Kelley, Kerney Lee
Lane, Anna E.

Lowen, Creath
McClure, John D.
McCurdy, Nannie May
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.
Buchanan, Etta Lee

Garret, Wm. Lloyd
Gosset, Elizabeth
Hill, Mary
Hill, Ross E.

Ross, Charles G.
Short, Cordie
Slichter, Faith G.
Taylor, Mary C.

Cadwell, Nellie Edyth	Kingsbury, Laura	Taylor, Tasker P.
Carpenter, Minnie	Knapp, Ruth DeVerre	Truman, Harry S.
Chiles, Henry P.	Krey, Mattie Pearl	Twyman, Gilbert O.
Chinn, Mary Blackwell	Long, Willie B.	Twyman, Elmer D.
Compton, Crawford	Meador, Louretta	Wallace, Bessie V.
Crandall, Grace M.	Reynor, Gertrude	Walkers, Eva L.
Cronkhite, Myrtle M.	Rice, Julia M.	Wherritt, Velma
Devin, Earle L.	Roberts, Agnes	Witschie, Emlie
Dixon, Celesta Gertrude	Roberts, Bertha	Womack, Mary B.
Ford, Laura Eunice	Robinson, Minnie J.	

CLASS OF 1902.

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

CLASS OF 1903.

Bratton, Grace	Dickinson, Rebecca Anna	Kirk, Hazel
Coakley, Floy	Elmore, Lillian	Roberts, Eva Adell
Cox, Carrie Edwards	Farlow, Bettie	ShIPLEY, Isabell
Davis, Jesse Patterson	Hill, J. Howard	Smith, Olive May

CLASS OF 1904.

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

CLASS OF 1905.

Adams, William	Hughes, Hattie	Rider, Paul
Allen, Hubert	Hunter, Harry G.	Rhodes, Jeanne
Broman, Maud	Kerr, Maude	Roberts, Anna
Bundshcu, Henry	Long, Aileen	Robinson, Allie May
Casebolt, Kirby	Minor, Eleanor	Sermon, Harry

Coakley, Mabel
 Dickinson, Eva
 Duncan, Lola
 Fisher, Jessie
 Gallagher, Willa
 Hardin, Mattie

Anderson, Edna
 Albertson, Myrtle
 Baskin, Anna
 Bell, Adelyn
 Butts, Kathleen
 Campbell, Spurgeon
 Chiles, Margaret
 Chiles, Morton

Belcher, Ethel
 Bennet, Sam.
 Brown, Claude
 Bundschu, C. C.
 Davis, Rowena
 Dickinson, James
 Gallagher, Bertha

Adams, Helen
 Bryson, La Vergne
 Burnett, Muriel
 Cushwa, Claude
 DeWitt, Ruby
 Duncan, Edward
 Fox, Margaret
 Hill, Carrie
 Jolley, Pearl
 Jones, Imo
 Kerr, Procter

McCarrol, Richard
 McCoy, Mattie
 McCoy, William
 Peak, Maud
 Prewitt, Essie
 Ross, Ella

CLASS OF 1906.

Casebolt, Jessie
 Dickinson, Lucy
 Erwin, Georgia
 Frazer, Grace
 Green, Williams
 Hardin, Allie
 Head, Eva
 Hansen, Vida

CLASS OF 1907.

Haines, Della
 Hickerson, Minnie
 Jeffrey, Lola
 Johnson, Roy
 Kelley, Clarence
 Kelley, Edith
 Ragan, Estelle
 Ross, Helen

CLASS OF 1908.

Kelley, Stanley
 Kerr, Margurite
 Layland, Maude
 Leas, Bessie
 Mauk, Ina
 Mills, Mabel
 Norfleet, Ernie Lee
 Ott, Natalie
 Palmer, Helen
 Palmer, William
 Pointer, Florence

Slack, Josephine
 Steele, Mary
 Twyman, Thomas
 Winn, Lulu May
 Wray, Frances
 Yale, Bessie

Milton, Bessie
 McCoy, Alexander
 Rugg, Julia
 Schmid, Otto
 Sewell, Sybil
 Steele, Bertha
 Stewart, Nellie
 Watson, May

Sturges, Mary
 Thompson, Proctor
 Watson, Ethel
 Woods, Archie
 Woodson, Margaret
 Woodson, Elizabeth
 Wilkinson, Virginia

Pointer, Maude
 Sea, Helen
 Sermon, Roger
 Staples, Ethelyn
 Taylor, Georgia
 Robinson, E. C.
 Rogers, Myrtle
 Watson, Tessie
 Weatherford, May
 Whitford, William



THE STAFF.

CAMMIE JOHNSTON Editor-in-Chief
 HEMAN SWIFT Associate Editor

Literary Editors.

Adelaide Casper
 Madeline Bostian
 Ruth Williamson

Proof Readers.

Louise Pritchett
 Lillian Haupt
 Marjorie Tate

Art Editors.

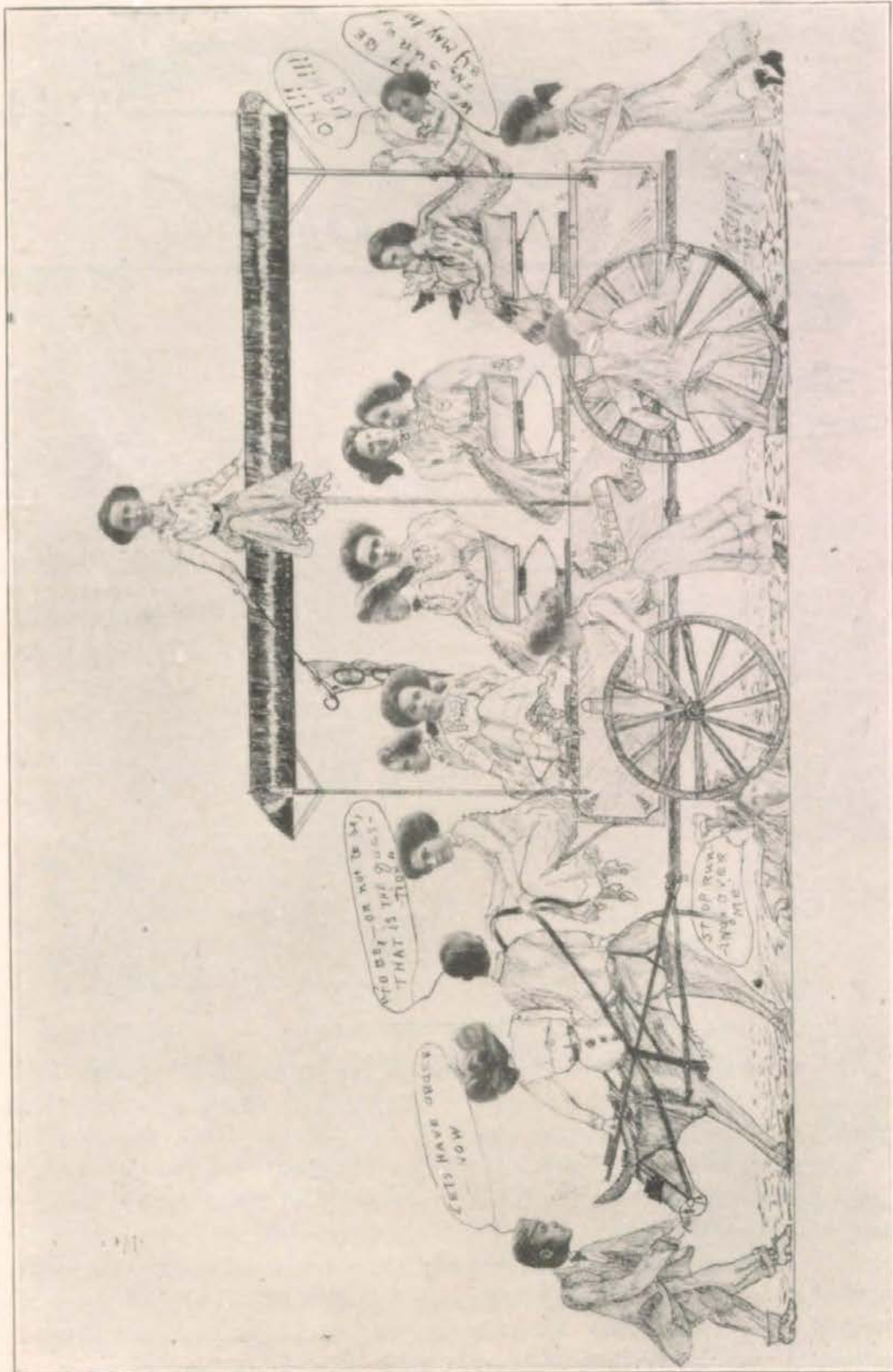
Alice Roberts
 Marjorie Crichton
 Edmund Messenger

Business Managers.

Nathan Pickles, Chairman
 Nell Gallagher
 Knox Alexander

Louise Ross Local Editor
 Grace Griffin Exchange Editor
 Lillian Houchens Alumni Editor
 Edmund Messenger Athletic Editor

The Gleam this year represents the united efforts of the Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors. The Staff has tried, in every way, to interest every member of the school in this, the school paper,—we have offered a prize for the best story written by any High School student; we have given each class, and the Excelsion Debating Society, a portion of the Gleam in which to put their representative work. We know that some of the work which was presented for publication has been rejected; but we wish to express our appreciation of the manner in which each department has taken hold of the work; the spirit of unity which they have shown; and we want to thank them for the additional popularity and interest which their work has given to the "Gleam."



It would be useless to ask the question, "How many pupils and other readers of our paper, 'The Gleam,' know the origin and history of this, the last work of the Senior class? I am afraid very few would be the answers; but it is altogether fitting that at least every High School student should know this history.

The first Gleam was published in 1901 by the Seniors, after a long and careful study of Tennyson and his immortal pictures in verse. During this study they got the inspiration and enthusiasm to build up a school paper, and especially was this idea due to the study of the little poem, "Merlin and the Gleam." Now some may ask, "What is the Gleam?" In answer, Stopford Brooke says, "It is the undying longing and search after the ideal light, the mother passion of all the supreme artists of the world." Tennyson says, "I am Merlin, who follow the Gleam." In this poem he represents his life, a long ocean voyage, in all of its stages—the successes, the failures, and disappointments; but ever before him—sometimes skimming, sometimes gliding, sometimes floating, goes the gleam, this light of perfection to which he ever tried to attain. But now "he speaks to all poetic hearts in England; he tells them of his coming death." He is still following the gleam, he has not reached it, and suddenly it almost vanishes from his sight. Then it is that he calls to the young poets of England in that memorable stanza, which is the motto of this book—

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, e'er it vanishes,
O'er the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.

We, the Seniors, are leaving the high school. We have completed our happy school life here together; we have finished our work; but we know that as we stand on the summit and look back over the four years we have been together, that we have fallen far short of the great ideal. Now we call to you, the future Seniors of this dear old school, to take up our work where we have left it. Improve upon it, complete it, perfect it; and make The Gleam, in truth, an ideal.

We, the editors of The Gleam, wish to extend our most humble thanks to Miss Sehart for the work she has done in the way of establishing a chemistry laboratory in the Independence High School. Indeed no school is complete

without that higher branch of science, chemistry. Miss Sehart, seeing the necessity of such a laboratory, after a hard struggle, succeeded in securing one for our school. Thanks must also be extended to the board for the chemicals and apparatus that have been appropriated to the school, for use in this new enterprise.

Too much cannot be said as to the need of such a study to any high school. The Seniors that studied chemistry this year, found it to be of great use in helping them with the other sciences, in enlarging the vocabulary and in strengthening the gray matter. The study of chemistry seems to be the foundation to the whole Science course, also a summing up of all that is contained in all other branches. Therefore the pupils' work is not complete in Science unless he has finished with the study of Chemistry.

Chemistry is not a study that should be shunned because it is hard. Any student that will study, but thirty minutes a day on the subject, may pass with honors, (providing, of course, that he or she keep on good terms with the instructor.) All the fears of Physics melt away if Chemistry is studied in conjunction with it. Chemistry has, at last solved the eternal question, "How to pass in Physics?"—the question asked by every Senior that has flunked in the subject.

Perhaps something should be said as to the extent the board has gone in providing for a chemical laboratory. The school has seen the need of such a necessity for a long time; but not until this year has anything been done to push the thing along. Now we are equipped with two large tables with full attachments, such as sinks and Bunsen burners, a case with full assortment of chemicals and apparatus consisting of ring-stands, test-tubes and other sundry articles. This is only a starter, the board has promised new tables, new apparatus and new chemicals to meet the demand for the coming year. We, the Seniors, urge, that all that wish to learn, not to lose this opportunity to study one of the most beneficial studies in all high school.

We, the staff, as a last word, again extend our thanks to all that in any way were instrumental in helping to secure the new laboratory for the school.

In looking over the annuals of other schools, we find pictures and reading matter of many clubs and societies. Clubs are the very things that the Independence High School lack, and something that is very sorely lacks. Every school is advertised by its clubs and societies. If a school has no societies, then the school is very little known. The year of '09 has surpassed '08 in this line by at least two societies. Last year we had a Glee Club, but it turned out to be a failure. This year a new one has been organized and we all wish it success. The different societies that we have this year are: The E. D. S., The Glee Club, The Walking Club and the "R. A. R.'s." A word may be said about each of these.

The Excelsior Debating Society is probably the best example of a per-

manent society. This club of young men has been in existence for a number of years, and although the flame has flickered several times, it has never gone out. The society should be given all the support possible and should grow from year to year. And do not stay at home, no honor can be gained that way. Let the people of other schools know that there is an E. D. S. by making a schedule with other schools. Although we have had an excellent society this year, let us hope we will have a better, next year.

The Glee Club, is a club newly organized, the success of which depends upon the start this year and the support it wins next year. No amount of words can express the good that such a club would do for the I. H. S. Suffice it to say, that we sincerely hope that the society will gain good support in the next year.

Perhaps few have heard of the Walking Club, but nevertheless it has been organized and been in good working order during the year. Fresh air is the food of the brain. Why, a charter member of this club was considered hopeless in Geometry, but after a trip or two with the club, he managed to pass third quarter. Indeed some of us would utterly expire if not for this outdoor tonic.

And last of all comes the "R. A. R.," a society that few know very much about and some know too much about. Some of the ignorant students of the school, have dared to slander it; but "the noble four" that belong to it, think it the finest club ever organized in I. H. S. This society is purely a senior creation and therefore cannot be continued next year. But, Juniors, profit by good example and organize another society that shall be a brother to the corresponding one we have this year.

Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, all—support the clubs.



SENIOR SOCIETIES.

Eta Beta Pi.

Purpose—To waste nothing.

Eta Beta Pi.

Color—Orange and Salmon.

Flour—"Queen of the Pantry."

Song—No Time for Music.

Emblem—Anything bitable.

President, Adelaide Strawberry Casper.

Vice President, Heman Banana Swift.

Members.

Ruth Pudding Williamson
Edmund Peanut Messenger
Louise Fudge Ross
Cammie Cake Johnston
Knox Gelatine Alexander

Madeline Kisses Bostain
Ruth Marshmallow Davis
Nathan Dill Pickles
Mattie Peters Stuart
Madeline Biscuit Tate

Pledges.

Lillian Pure Food Haupt

Mable Starved Anderson

These will betaken in when they are capable of all we, of this club, require.

COUNTRY CLUB.

Purpose—To get citified.

Motto—Speak only when you're spoken to, and learn to do like others do.

Flower—Dandelion,

Color—Greenish green.

MEMBERS.

Frank Wheat Livesay.
Louise Buttermilk Pritchett.
Walter Beanpole Tatum.

Eleanor Cabbage Ragan.
Otto Potato Shroeder.
Ruth Gooseberry Williamson.

LOCALS

JUST A FEW RED LETTER DAYS.

Dec. 1, 1908—"Hope we didn't feel bad!"

Dec. 23, 1908—Everybody knows that this was the day of "The Rose O' Plymouth Town."

Jan. 19, 1909—Knox was not late at school!

Feb. 12, 1909—Yes, that was Lincoln's birthday, and we Seniors gave a program in the auditorium.

Feb. 16, 1909—Fire drill! Got out of building in $69\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.

March 2, 1909—Cammie failed in history.

March 3, 1909—Miss Barnett started a reform in her Latin class; kept about a dozen in,—even Seniors!

March 15, 1909—Miss Janie Chiles came to school with her (?) hair all puffed. Will wonders never cease?

March 22, 1909—Acrobatic stunt in fifth-hour English class. Louise R. took the principal part.

March 30, 1909—Physics class was donated a deep-sea sponge, a real stuffed owl, two make-believe little birds, and a handsome loon.

April 1, 1909—Juniors bit hard (?)

April 2, 1909—Mr. Bryant was one year older today than he was a year ago.

April 5, 1909—A new mirror was hung in the girl's cloak room by some charitable being; but from the "bangs" lately we fear 'twill not last long.

April 7, 1909—Please don't ask what happened this day, for it concerns only Mr. Bryant, the clock and us.

April 27, 1909—The "Gleam" goes to press and the weary staff is relieved of its burden.



Madeline B. (speaking of Bacon's Rebellion)—"The people were all for the side of Bacon."

Physics Pupil—"Miss Stoner, I need a meter-stick."

Miss Stoner—"What for?"

Pupil—"Why, to measure the height of the barometer."

Mr. Bryant—"Grace, give me an example of an extractor."

Grace S.—"A dentist." (She surely had the toothache).

Nell G.—"Well, I guess oysters are plants—Haven't you ever heard of oyster beds?"

Miss Phelps—"Louise, give the preamble of the Constitution."

Louise—"Miss Phelps, I can't preamble this morning."

Miss Phelps—"Tell me the effect of the Diet of Worms."

Soph.—"I have never eaten any."

Miss Stoner—"Where are the wings of that Beetle?"

Rachel W.—"Why, they are hitched on it."

Distracted Soph. (looking through Longfellow's poems)—"O, dear, where is 'My Lost Youth?'"

Miss Chiles—"Why do you put that (—) sign before the fraction?"

Wallace E.—"To get the answer in the book."

Miss Mitchell—"Give a good question on Alexander's reign."

Ethel M.—"What was Alexander's character after his death?"

Miss Phelps is still on the same old familiar terms with King "Jim" of England.

Freshman—"Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?"

Professor—"You can come pretty near to it, my son, when you take the conceit out of a Freshman."

Teacher—"Give me the date of the Declaration of Independence."

Brilliant Senior—"I don't remember, but if you want to know, I'll find out and tell you tomorrow."

Miss Barnett—"Grace, you know about the lower regions. Tell us about the caves."

Grace—"Well, really, I don't seem to remember."

The Junior Geometry pupils insist upon bisecting lines at their middle points.

Miss Brown—"Pauline, how did Ivanhoe reach Templestowe?"

Pauline—"Why—er, on this here mule!"

(A Junior giving reasons for the renewing of the Hundred Years' War with France, by Henry V)—"He wanted control of the English channel, and a voice in European affairs, and plunder, and a wife, and—oh, well, lots of other little things like that."

Miss Phelps—"Fleming, what effect did the first sight of the Spanish Armada have on the English people?"

Fleming—"Well, I don't know exactly, but they lit the 'bacon' fires along the shores to tell everyone it was coming."

Miss Barnett—"What was Caesar doing in France?"

Kate—"Oh, he was over there conjugating the Gauls."

Miss Phelps—"Why was the Reformation a dual movement?"

Soph.—"Because the Pope and the King were fighting each other."

(Seniors were reciting in History class by numbers)

Miss Phelps—"Give the powers of Congress, No. 13."

Ruth W.—"Now, that's not fair; I was always unlucky."

Miss Brown—"Why did not Shakespeare write 'Macbeth' in the Scotch dialect?"

Mable A.—"He was afraid **we** couldn't understand it."

Miss Stoner (in Physics class)—"How many of you know how a little lazy dog is like a piece of ruled writing paper?"

(No response).

Miss Stoner—"Well, ruled paper is an ink-lined plane, (inclined plane), and an inclined plane is a slope up (slow pup)."

Teacher—"What is a Doctor of Divinity?"

Freshie—"A horse doctor."

Miss Phelps—"Heman, what tribe of Indians inhabited the Mississippi Valley?"

Heman—"Sox and a-patch-e."

Virgil E. (translating from "Wilhelm Tell")—"Do-you-wish-me-to-rush-into-the-mouth-of-hell?"

Miss Sehrt—Yes—go on (with translation).

Miss Sehrt—"Eugene, write this sentence on the board in German—'Go to the table.'"

Eugene wrote—"Geh zu der Teufel," (go to the devil).

Miss Phelps—"During the reign of the 'Black Death' in Europe, the crops rotted in the fields and there was a great famine. Can you see why?"

Miss Brown—"Some people are natural born wits; they would make some witty remark if they were dying. Can you give some examples?"

Pupil—"Some Englishman told the executer to wait until he pulled his beard away, that, as it had been the pride of his life, he wanted to protect it."

Miss Brown—"Good! Nell can you give another example?"

Nell G.—"Why, Miss Brown, Anne Boleyn did the same thing."

Miss Phelps—"And all the while Paul Revere was standing on the opposite side of the river, all saddled and bridled, ready to start."

(But why did the dignified Seniors laugh?)

A Senior's new division of "The Canterbury Tales."—Prologue—Interlogue and Epilogue.

A Senior: (Speaking of Longfellow's sonnet on Chaucer.) "The lodge must have been a picture gallery."

(Seniors were all "deep" in "Macbeth"). Miss Brown reads—"for it is the knell, That summons thee to heaven or to hell."

Fire Alarm!!! It was such a shock!

Miss Henry says that Heman is the "class beau" but Miss Sehrt says he is the teacher's beau. Poor Heman!

Some Juniors were looking at an extremely old Bible brought to school by one of the pupils. One simpering, affected girl said when she found that it was published in 1660,—“Oh that was before the war—I reckon, 'way before the war.” (Wonder which war.)

Miss Phelps—"How did the free delivery system begin in this country?"

Walter T.—"Why Benjamin Franklin was the first postman. He carried the mail in his hat."

Miss Sehart (in Physiology)—"What is diffusion, Julia?"

Julia W.—"It's when you put hydrogen in one bottle and oxygen in another and knock them together real hard."

Miss Brown—"What were the Gorgons?"

Eleanor R.—"The Gorgons were people, who when you looked at them your eyesight was turned to stone."

Miss Phelps—"Why did not the framers of the Constitution establish the salary of Congressmen?"

Louise R.—"So they could raise 'em every now and then."

John Thompson—(frantically waving his hand)—"Miss Chiles, may I please go down and get my coat pocket?"

Seniors discussing the right to impair obligation of contracts—

Miss Phelps—"What is a contract?"

Senior—"An agreement between individuals to do or not to do a certain thing."

Mr. Bryant—"Could you make a contract, Knox?"

Knox—"Not alone, but if I had someone to make one with, I could, alright."

Miss Phelps—"Name some familiar contracts."

Senior—"Well, marriages come first, and divorces second."

Mr. Bryant—(Speaking to Miss Barnett)—"How do you pronounce your name—Miss Bar'nett or Miss Barnett?"

Miss Barnett—"O, it don't make any difference, for it is going to be changed anyway."

Miss Phelps—"For what is Macheavelle noted in History?"

Caroline—"He had a wife and seven children."

Mr. Bryant (in economics)—"Will a man remain single rather than marry and lower his standard of living?"

Edmund M.—"It depends entirely on the affection."

Otto S.—"I have nothing to say on the subject."

Frank—"Yes, he will marry, for that's the natural thing to do."

Knox kept his views to himself.

Miss Barnett—"I remember when I was eight years old my father brought home our first rolled meal."

Dwight B.—"How long have they been using rolled meal?"

Miss Barnett—"Let me see, about—O, well Dwight, some people are **wise** and some are **otherwise**. Now isn't that cute; I must see that that goes in the Gleam."

Miss Stone (giving a lecture)—"**Stone**"—that's my name and I'm just like it." And nobody said this wasn't true.

Knox (presiding at class meeting.)—"Now let's have order—this is awful—why, even when we were Sophs we did better. People then said—"Mr. President' and addressed the 'floor.'"

(Chaperon.)

Dear Champerone: Will you kindly give me your opinion on "bangs"?
Junior Yellow Hair.

"Bangs, my dear, must be worn by all means, but be sure they lie flat, and match your hair. It is entirely proper to carry a small looking-glass to consult in case of accident."

Dear Chaprhone: I am in need of advice, for I always want to do the thing most becoming to a "Junior." The keeper of study hall seems to think that I have to do as the rest, and allows me no special privileges whatever. Now what am I to do?
Lily Bud.

Lily Bud, you are right in thinking you are mistreated. The best thing to do under these circumstances, is to go quietly to the keeper of the study hall, and tell her that you are a "Junior." She no doubt has overlooked this fact, and will be very grateful to you for reminding her.

Dear Advisor: I am decidedly the most popular young man in the Senior class, and all the girls are in love with me. I am so worried I can't study, so please answer quickly and tell me what to do.
Fast.

My dear young man, be not so "Swift" in drawing conclusions. You certainly have a vivid imagination.

My Dear Choprone: Our stage at school while not perfect, makes a dandy floor for the barn dance. Now do you consider it perfectly proper for a few of us girls to use it for this purpose at noon?

Yes, indeed, I think this an excellent and original plan, but for fear the head of your school might not be able to appreciate the finer arts, I advise you to keep an eye on the door and learn the "skip."

Miss Phelps—"Only consecrated people felt the 'inner light' advocated by the Quakers, so of course people like Hubert could never see it."

Kind Friend: I am very fond of the Senior girls, but no amount of persuasion will induce them to take my line of work, which has to do with hammer and nails. Can you devise another means of my meeting them?

Man in Trouble.

I fear I cannot suggest an original way, but if ever you get the girls into your shop, keep them there as long as possible, by showing them all your models, no matter how often they have seen them before. I wish you better luck with next year's Seniors.

Dear Chap.: I have a most awful habit of speaking automatically and have been christened "The Chorus" by my favorite instructor. Is there any cure for this sad affliction?

A (h). H (a).

Yes, indeed, there is a cure, and I am happy to give it to you. Put cotton in your ears, and you will find that by hearing nothing you lose the desire to speak.

Dear Champarone: We are a crowd of very affectionate girls and love to walk in the halls at school together arm-in-arm, you know, and part with an embrace at the class-room door. The teachers misjudge us and do not seem to understand our deep love and devotion for one another. Please help us.

Slushy Mushie Club.

My dear young ladies: It is seldom one sees such friendship, and it ought to be encouraged by all means. Do not blame the teachers though, for remember that in the early days when they were young, that "crushes" were unheard of, so naturally they cannot understand.

Dear Shaperone:—I have heard the theory that the mind has power over matter, and I would like to know if such a thing has ever been proven.

Yes, indeed, the mind has power over matter, and it was proved in April, 1909, at the Independence High School, when the pendulum of a large clock that hangs on the wall, ceased to move, being in harmony with the brains of the class. For further information inquire of Prof. G. S. Bryant, of that school. He has the details of this phenomenon.

(A Rare Treat.)

On February 8, 1909, we were all called to the auditorium, and O, may we never forget it. The Whistler and his Partner were there, all in costume. Those of us who were capable of appreciating really great things were held spellbound, after the performance began; but I must not even attempt to describe this unusual and rare entertainment, but will only say that this performance would have cost each and every one of us a silver dime elsewhere.

(Notice.)

We, the girls of the Independence High School, in order to form a more perfect toilet, establish pompadours, insure color in our cheeks, provide for the necessary ornaments, promote the general appearance, and secure the blessings of beauty to ourselves and our friends, do beg and implore some one—to return our cracked mirror.

(What Another Mama Has Fount Out).

One Mama—"I'll be so glad when school is out, for my son nearly wears me out writing excuses to Miss Henry."

Another Mama—"So it was with my son, during his Freshman year, but since then I've learned a new way. On rainy days when it is impossible to go calling, I just sit down and write **excuses** all day, and then sonny has enough to last all week without further trouble."

(Warning to Junior Girl.)

Girls, do not shirk your geometry for there is a use for it, though it took me two years to discover it. Now listen! This morning I made a perfectly gorgeous circular ruffle—all on geometrical principles. Maybe you don't believe it, but I can prove it to you.

Member of '07.

Timely Notes.

Clara Van Billion, the millionaire's daughter, swept up Broadway. Wasn't that a delightful occupation for a millionaire's daughter?

Doris was gowned in soft clinging material which fell over her like Niagara falls. Wouldn't that dampen the ardor of any devoted admirer?

He was as tired as a wagon wheel, nevertheless, he was able to make the rounds.

He took up his typewriter and wrote to her. Wasn't that up-to-date?

Marian, who had been taught to report her misdeeds promptly, came to her mother one day, sobbing penitently.

Mother, I—I—broke a brick in the fire-place."

"Well, that is not very hard to remedy. But how on earth did you do it, child?"

"I pounded it with father's watch."

Showing His Mettle.

A man with a bronze complexion went up to a girl, with a silvery voice and had the brass to attempt to kiss her. She resisted and, giving him a steely glance, called loudly for a copper. "One of the finest" quickly arrived on the scene and, with irony in his voice, made the man his prisoner. "Alas!" cried the unfortunate, "My happiness is ore!"—Exchange.



Notes Sent to Teacher.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean gives the following batch of genuine excuses and protests sent in by parents of Chicago pupils:

Teacher: What shall I do mit Charley? Me and my man can't nothing make of him. When we want to lick der little imp he gets the bed under, where we can't reach for him and must put a hook on der bedroom door to hold him for his licking. Please soak him in school shust as often as you got time.
Mrs. Snedivelt.

Teacher: If Louis is bad please lick him until his eyes are blue. He is very stubborn. He has a good deal of the mule in him. He takes after his father.
Mrs. P.

Teacher: I dink you are a fool. You want my boy to read when he don't no no alferbits. Please teach him some. —

Miss Brown: You must stop teach my Lizzie fiscal torture; she needs yet reading and figors mit sums more as that. If I want her to do jumpin' I can make her jump.
Mrs. Canavowski.

Dear Teacher: Please excuse Fritz for staying home; he had der measles to oblige his father.
J. B.

Miss: My boy tells me when I trink beer der overcoat from my stum-mack gets to thik. Plesé be kind and intervere in my family affairs.
Mrs. C.

Teacher: You must excuse my girl for not coming to school; she was sick and lade in a common dose state for three days.

A fellow from Detroit wants to know the scientific name for snoring.
"Sheet music," John.

Circumlocution.

"Grandpa, if you were a little boy and your ma had promised you a penny if you got your lessons right, what would you think was the best way to spell cat?"

Will They, Now?

Johnnie—"Grandpa, will you make a noise like a frog?"

Grandpa—"What for, my boy?"

Johnnie—"Why, pa says we'll get ten thousand when you croak."

In Leap Year.

After a brief two weeks' acquaintanceship he invited her to go to the ball game with him.

"There's Jarvis! He's a good one. He's a pitcher for your life. And that's Johnson over there. He's going to be our best man in a few weeks."

"Oh, Walter! He'll do, all right," she lisped hurriedly, "but it is so sudden, dear."

"Fired again?"

"No, I resigned this time."

"What for?"

"Because the old man wouldn't take back what he said."

"What did he say?"

"Said I was discharged."

F-ierce lessons.

L-ate hours.

U-nexpected company.

N-othing prepared.

K-nocked standing.—Ex.

A young lady who had been ill wrote to her fiance in a distant city:

"Dear One:—Your birdie has been very, very sick. It was some sort of nervous trouble, and the doctor said I must think of nothing, absolutely nothing. Dear one, how I missed you! I thought only of you, and now I am well again."

Already Convinced.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the man who resents all superstition.

"No, suh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "An' all I's hopin' is dat dem ghos'es will lemme stay dat way 'stid of coming aroun' tryin' to convince me."

"I wish to complain," said the Easter Bride, haughtily, "about that flour you sold me. It was tough."

"Tough, ma'am?" stammered the grocer.

"Yes, tough. I made a pie with it and my husband 'could hardly cut it."

The Sunday school superintendent was reviewing the lesson. "Who led the children of Israel out of Egypt?" he asked. There was no answer.

Pointing to a little boy at the end of the seat, he demanded a little crossly, "Little boy, who led the children of Israel out of Egypt?" The little boy was ready to cry as he piped out with a quivering voice, "Please, sir, it wasn't me. We just moved here last week. We're from Missouri."—Ex.

A Leading Question.

A well-known artist was walking with a friend one day, when his companion suddenly discovered he had a tooth in bad condition. As the pair were passing a drug store the man with the throbbing molar asked the other:

"What would you advise for the toothache?"

"Why," innocently replied the other, "the last time I had a toothache I went home and my wife kissed it away."

The friend paused a moment and then asked, "Is your wife at home now?"—Ex.

Not as Intended.

Judge—"Have you been arrested before?"

Prisoner—"No, sir."

Judge—"Have you been in this court before?"

Prisoner—"No, sir."

Judge—"Are you certain?"

Prisoner—"I am, sir."

Judge—"Your face looks decidedly familiar. Where have I seen it before?"

Prisoner—"I'm the bartender in the saloon across the way, sir."

The suffix "ous" meaning "full of" was being discussed in the spelling class. Mountainous, full of mountains; dangerous, full of danger; porous, full of pores; courageous, full of courage, and joyous, full of joy, had been glibly recited.

"Who is ready to give us another example?" asked the teacher in a confident tone.

A sedate-looking boy on a back seat promptly responded, "Pious."—Ex.

The four-year-old daughter of a clergyman was ailing one night and was put to bed early. As her mother was about to leave her she called her back.

"Mamma," she said, "I want to see my papa."

"No, dear," her mother replied, "your papa is busy and must not be disturbed."

"But, mamma," the child persisted, "I want to see my papa."

As before the mother replied: "No, your papa must not be disturbed."

But the little one came back with a clincher:

"Mamma," she declared solemnly, "I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister."—Ex.

"Well, little chap," said the stranger in the family, picking up one of the children, "What are you going to be when you're a man?"

"Nuffin'," said the child.

"Nothing? Why so?" asked the stranger.

"Because," said the child, "I'm a little girl."

I used to go and call on Grayce
I oft took Alyss flowers;
I fancied Edyth's pretty face,
With Mayme spent pleasant hours.

I went to balls with Emilie,
Indulged in golf with Carrye;
Sweet Daisye quite attracted me,
With Kathryn oft I tarry.

But when I found a girl who spelled
Her name in fashion plain,
She firm my errant fancy held—
I married Mary Jane.—Ex.

A teacher in a small Oregon school was giving a lesson on the circulation of the blood. Trying to make it clearer, he said: "Now, children, if I stood on my head, the blood, you know, would run into it, and I should turn red in the face."

"Yes, sir," said they.

"Now, Arthur," continued the teacher, addressing a small boy, "what I want to know is this: How is it that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position, the blood doesn't run into my feet and turn them red?"

"Why, sir," answered Arthur, "because yer feet ain't empty."

I rose with great alacrity
To offer her my seat;
'Twas a question whether she or I
Should stand upon my feet.—Ex.

A week before the Christmas holidays, a Princeton undergraduate who lived in Chicago wished to start home, thus gaining a week's vacation on the other students. He had, however, used up all the absences from recitation which are allowed, and any more without good excuse would have meant suspension. In a quandry, he hit upon this solution: He telegraphed his father the following message:

"Shall I come home by the B. & O., or straight home?"

The answer he received read: "Come straight home."

An exhibition of the telegram to the faculty was sufficient.—Ex.

Mrs. M.'s patience was much tried by a servant who had a habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon the table, her mouth was open, as usual, and her mistress, giving her a severe look, said:

"Mary, your mouth is open."

"Yessum," replied Mary, "I opened it."—Ex.

Color Was Fast.

Mother (viciously scrubbing her small boy's face with soap and water): "Johnny, didn't I tell you never to blacken your face with burnt cork again? Here I have been scrubbing half an hour and it won't come off."

Boy (between gulps): "I—ouch!—ain't your little boy—ouch! I'se Mose, de colored lady's boy."

The comedian and the leading lady stood in the observation car admiring the scenery.

"What a beautiful sunset," said the leading lady dreamily.

"Yes," laughed the comedian; "It reminds me of your exquisite complexion."

"Ah, how kind! Because it is such a beautiful pink and white?"

"No; because it is swiftly fading."

Here are some samples of a modern advertisement for new musical compositions:

"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" (with illuminated cover).

"Trust Her Not" (for 50c).

"I Would Not Live Always" (without accompaniment).

"See the Conquering Hero Comes" (with full orchestra).

"When the Sun Shall Set No More" (in C).

"The Tale of the Swordfish" (with many scales).

"After the Ball" (for second bass).

"Home, Sweet Home" (in A flat).—Exchange.

Into a general merchandise store in North Carolina went a mountaineer with his little son, who had never been in town before. Many wondrous things that boy looked upon, and when the proprietor saw his eyes sparkle at sight of the open hogshead of brown sugar, he placed a high chair beside the hogshead and told the lad to help himself, to eat all he wanted.

The boy entered upon this exquisite delight with indescribable avidity. He ate and ate, rested, and ate again. Presently the proprietor saw his guest had stopped eating, while he looked regretfully into the great depth of sweetness.

"What's the matter, sonny—have you got enough?"

"No, sir," with a deep sigh, "I ain't got enough, but I've got down to where it ain't good no more."—Ex.

Brudder Slewfoot—"I must be losin' mah mind."

Deacon Kersoot—"Mussy sakes, man, what makes you prognosticate dat-a-way?"

Brudder Slewfoot—"Well, sah, I done dreamed last night dat I was puttin' out a fire by throwin' watahmillions at it!"

For the first time the old lady was about to make a railway journey, and when she arrived at the station she did not know what to do.

"Young man," she said to a porter, "can you tell me where to get my ticket?"

"Why, mum," he replied, "you git it at the booking station through the pigeon-hole."

Being very stout, she looked at the hole in amazement; then burst out in a rage.

"Go away with you. How could I get through there? I ain't no pigeon."

A country clergyman on his round of visits interviewed a youngster as to his acquaintance with Bible stories.

"My lad," he said, "you have, of course, heard of the parables?"

"Yes, sir," shyly answered the boy, whose mother had inducted him in sacred history, "Yes, sir."

"Good!" said the clergyman, "Now, which of them do you like the best of all?"

The boy squirmed, but at last, heeding his mother's frowns, he replied:

"I guess I like that one where somebody loaf's and fishes."

Hard to Please.

She thinks the men are horrid things,
 So very bold, you know;
 For when she goes upon the street,
 They stare right at her so.
 It makes her very "mad" of course,
 Their glances thus to get;
 But when they look the other way,
 It makes her madder yet.—Ex.

Not the Only One.

Detective—"I never saw your husband, you know, madam. Has he any peculiar features or marks about him?"

Deserted Wife—"Yes, sir; just above his right ear I think you will find a mark shaped like the corner of a flatiron."

Mike (looking up from paper)—"Oi say, Pat, phwat's a vampire?"

Pat—"Faith, an' it's mesilf thot de be ashamed av your ignorance. A vampire, me boy, is th' felly thot gives th' home team th' short end av it, b'gorry."—Ex.

The lady was feeling forlorn;
 'Twas the first time her shoes had been worn.
 Her feet were so sore
 She wanted to roar,
 But she wouldn't acknowledge the corn.

A Hem!

The seamstress leads a life of simple duty,
 And from her honest toil comes honest cheer.
 While others thread the paths of wealth and beauty,
 Life seems just sew—sew in her hemmy sphere.

Not Always Well to Butt In.

"After the crash," imparted the first hospital surgeon to the second, "I ran over to where it lay on the pavement; and when I raised it up I saw at once that its ribs were smashed, while a gaping hole was torn in its—"

"Pardon me, doctor," broke in the medical student, who had caught these words as he was about to pass by into the consumptive ward; "but if you don't mind, I'd like to take a few notes on that accident case."

He pulled his note-book from his pocket. "Was the case a child?"

"No," the surgeon informed him, to his embarrassment, "I was speaking of my umbrella."

A Philosopher's Woes.

Diogenes dropped into the corner store. "Gimme a new candle for my lantern," he said "And charge it," he added at the psychological moment

"Now see here, Di," protested the proprietor, "that blamed old lantern of your'n is on my books yet. Say, when yeh find yer honest man I hope he'll convert yeh."

Oliver Herford once entered a doubtful-looking restaurant in a small New York town and ordered a lamb chop. After a long delay the waiter returned, bearing a plate on which reposed a dab of mashed potatoes and a much overdone chop of microscopical proportions with a remarkably long and slender rib attached. This the waiter set down before him and then hurried away.

"See here," said Herford, "I ordered a chop."

"Yes, sir," replied the man, "there it is."

"Ah, so it is," replied Herford, peering at it closely. "I thought it was a crack in the plate."—Ex.

Indeed and I was true to Flo,
 I loved her, and I was her beau.
 But ah, her vows she soon forgot;
 So now, you see, I'm her beau-not.

Knicker—Whom does the baby resemble?

Bocker—Its yell takes after its father's college.

"Will you please open this gate for me?" said a youngster to a gentleman who was passing along a street in a suburb of London.

The gentleman did so. Then he said kindly: "Why, my boy, couldn't you open the gate for yourself?"

"Because," said the youngster, "the paint's not dry yet. Look at your hands."

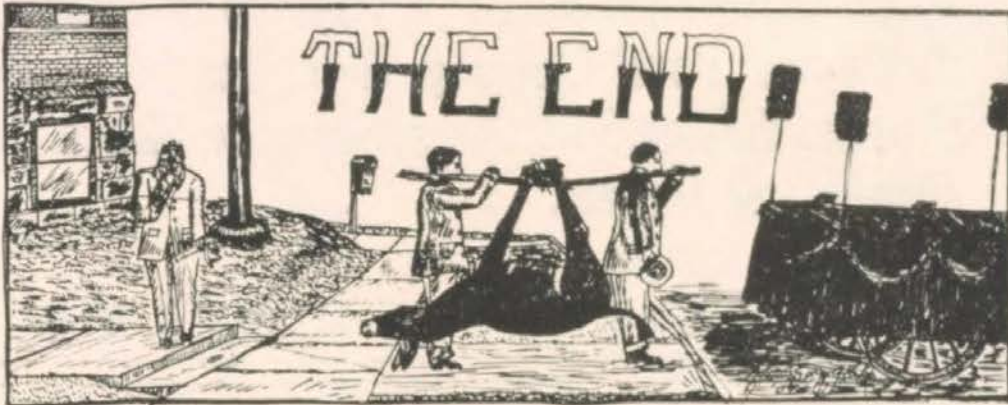
"Come here, little boy," said the settlement worker in Darkest London, "have you no father and mother?"

"Got a muvver," replied the urchin, "but Hi 'eyn't got no father, now."

"Ah! Your father has gone to heaven?"

"Hi don't think so; leastwise that eyn't where muvver told 'im to go to."

—Ex.



We Can Supply Your Wants

Dress Goods, Silks, Dress Findings, Dress Linings, Dress Trimmings, Wash Dress Goods, Gingham, Ducks, Percales, Madras Cloth, Silk Gingham, Lawns, Batistes, Silk and Mercerized Wash Goods, Hamburgs, Laces, Knit Underwear, Muslin Underwear, Corsets, Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, Belts, Buttons, Jewelry, Wrist Bags, Purses, Men's Furnishings, Shoes, Table Linens, Napkins, Towels, Art and Waist Linens, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Mattings, Window Shades, Men's and Boys' Clothing, Hats, and Caps, Trunks, Valises, Suit Cases, Separate Skirts, Cloaks and Jackets.

YOUR EVERY WANT CAN BE SUPPLIED HERE.

A. J. BUNDSCHU

EAST SIDE SQUARE,

Independence, Mo.

He meets her—
That's his business.

She loves him—
That's her business.

They get married—
That's their business.

**We sell
GROCERIES—
That's our business.
Hinde Bros.**

Walker's Drug Store

HEADQUARTERS FOR TOILET
ARTICLES, SUNDRIES, ETC.

Best Ice Cream Soda in Town

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

Southeast Cor. Square.

A young captain, who was drilling the awkward squad, commanded thus: "Now, my men, listen to me. When I say 'Halt!' put the foot that's on the ground beside the one that's in the air, and remain motionless."

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

at Winter's Place.

Chili and other Western Lunches,
Cakes and Pies baked daily.

**W. H. WINTERS,
Western Cook.**

H. W. RUMMEL,

Dealer in and Manufacturer of

HARNESS, COLLARS, BRIDLES,
WHIPS, SPURS and TURF GOODS,
SADDLES, LAP ROBES, LAP DUST-
ERS, HORSE BLANKETS.

All Kinds of Repairing.

NORTH SIDE SQUARE,

Bell Phone 685. Independence, Mo.

Pendleton & Gentry

DRUGGISTS

—

WEST SIDE SQUARE.

Independence, Mo.

1909 GRADUATES.


—Go To—

**WALTER RIDER
REAL ESTATE CO.**

For Homes on Easy Payments,
Loans, Rents, Insurance, Abstracts,
Bonds and Notary. We have con-
ducted business here for 23 years and
know how to please graduates.

BOTH 'PHONES 15.


Good Man—Do you know where little boys go who smoke cigarettes?
Mack—Yep, de goes out to the woodshed.



Eat

Foster's

Ice Cream!



TO THE GRADUATING

CLASS OF 1909

Graduation means commencement,
just the beginning. You are just be-
ginning 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.

E. L. CONRAD,
Dentist,
 Has removed from Kansas City
 to Clinton Building,
INDEPENDENCE.

SOUTHERN & SOUTHERN
Attorneys-at-Law,
CHRISMAN - SAWYER BLDG.

Rummell & Reick.

DEALERS IN

Boots and Shoes

100 NORTH LIBERTY ST.

"Father, can you tell me who Shylock was?"
 "What," exclaimed the father, "you ask me who Shylock was? Shame on you, boy, get your Bible and find out at once."—Ex.

FOR THE 

 **Latest
 Thing
 in**

**GENTS' FURNISHING
 GOODS AND HATS**

 **Major &**
 TRY **Humphrey**


South Side Square.

Don't Forget

The Big Store
 on South Main St.

Mize Hardware Co.

PHONE 7.

BULLARD & GRAY,

P. U. GROCERY CO.

Dealers in

FANCY GROCERIES, FRESH
AND SALT MEATS,
Flour, Feed and Queensware.
Independence, Mo.



The Richelieu brand of canned goods is one of the best on the market. We are exclusive agents for Independence, Mo.

Bullard & Gray P. U. Grocery Co.

Northeast Corner Maple and Liberty.

Phones | Home 128
| Bell 426

Hotel Metropolitan

G. W. ASHER,
PROPRIETOR.

Office North Liberty Street.

Independence, Mo.

"O wife, these look like the biscuits mother baked 20 years ago."

Wife (greatly delighted)—"I'm so glad."

Husband (biting one)—"And, by George, I believe they are the same ones."—Ex.

Just Try

the

P L A Z A

Barber Shop for first-class and neat work. 109 South Liberty street. Orville Mosier and Walter Gibler, assistants.

Burgess Halsey,
PROPRIETOR.

To children under fourteen, with each hair cut, a free ticket to Lyric.

BOB HOUSEMAN,
Cleaning and Pressing.

211 WEST MAPLE AVE.

ALBERT M. OTT, President.
 J. R. COGSWELL, Vice President.
 T. C. SAWYER, 2nd Vice President.
 J. MOSS HUNTON, Secretary.
 I. N. ROGERS, Cashier.

**Chrisman-Sawyer
 Banking Company.**

CAPITAL \$100,000.00
 SURPLUS 100,000.00

Independence, Mo.

Richard B. Trowbridge,

205 West Lexington St.

INDEPENDENCE, MO.

See me for Real Estate, Abstracts,
 Loans, Surety Bonds, and
 Insurance.

INDEPENDENCE REALTY CO.

Phones, BELL 101.
 Residence 126.

Laugh and the teacher laughs with you,
 Laugh and you laugh alone;
 The first, when joke is the teacher's,
 The second, when the joke is your own.—Ex.

Kansas City Scenic Co.

2331-33-35-37 Grand Avenue,
 KANSAS CITY, MO.

Scenery for Theatres, Opera Houses
 and High School Auditoriums. Cor-
 respondence solicited.

WAGGONER-GATES
MILLING CO.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED



WINTER

WHEAT

ROLLER

PROCESS

FANCY
48

PATENT
LBS

QUEEN

OF THE
PANTRY
FLOUR

INDEPENDENCE, MO.

BEMIS BROS. BAG CO. ST LOUIS

WAGGONER GATES MILLING CO.

QUEEN OF THE PANTRY

McElroy Bros.,

THE GROCERS
THAT HANDLE

HIGH GRADE GOODS

AT REASON-
ABLE PRICES.

Both Phones. West Side Sq.



COPYRIGHT.

LITTLE PRICES

and high qualities and the latest styles of
up-to-date footwear, you will find at

GERKEY'S.

As he walked with the baby,
He had to confess,
That marriage with him
Was a howling success.

Correct Clothing for Young Men.

Have your graduation apparel em-
body all the exterior graces of good
taste.

WOOLF BROTHERS,

the home of BENJAMIN CLOTHES.

Main and Tenth.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

EVERYTHING THE BEST, LATEST,
LOWEST

—AT—

Martin-Parker Hdw. Co.

South Side Square,

Implements and Builders' Supplies.

We Don't Play. We Sell!

DO YOU WANT TO BUY. INVESTI-
GATE OUR BARGAINS.

**Jackson County
Realty Company**

Hedrick Building,
223 W. Lexington Street.

PAXTON & ROSE,
Attorneys - at - Law.
1st NATIONAL BANK BLDG.

**4 Years
Good Baking**

Has Built DeBenham's Bakery.

North Side Square.

WE ALWAYS MAKE THE BEST

You be the judge.

TRY U.S.

Mother (reprovingly)—“Don't you know that you should never let a man kiss you?”

Daughter—“But, mamma, it seems so forward for a girl to do the kissing.”

First National Bank

Independence, Mo.

Capital Stock - \$100,000.00

Surplus and Profits 40,000.00

Individual Liability 100,000.00

Total Responsibility \$240,000.00

**Robert Keith
Furniture AND
Carpet Co.**

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Furniture

Carpets

Rugs

Curtains

The Oldest and Best

11th and Grand

Examiner Printing Co.
Independence Mo.

PUBLISHERS OF

The Jackson Examiner.
The Independence Examiner

GOOD POSITIONS

JOHN F. DRAUGHON gives contracts, backed by a chain of **THIRTY-ONE** Colleges, \$300,000.00 capital and **TWENTY** years' success, to secure **POSITIONS** under reasonable conditions or **REFUND TUITION**.

SHORTHAND About 75 per cent of the United States Court Reporters write the System of Shorthand Draughon's Colleges teach, because they know it is **THE BEST**.

BOOKKEEPING Draughon's Copyrighted System, **DOUBLE ENTRY MADE EASY**, saves 25 to 50 per cent, time and labor, and is more easily learned than any other. Experts use and recommend it.

TELEGRAPHY Fully equipped department in charge of Railroad man who has had twenty-eight years' experience as operator and despatcher. Two main Line Wires. Union Pacific Ry. Official Training School.

TYPEWRITING and English Branches taught **FREE** with each of the above Courses.

NIGHT SCHOOL Free to the day students. Catalogue, full and complete information, for the asking.

DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL BUSINESS **COLLEGE,**

912 GRAND AVENUE, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

*A. B. Teachenor
E. J. Bartberger
Roger Cunningham*

BOTH PHONES 2793 MAIN.

Teachenor-Bartberger Engraving Co.
Designers.

Halftone and Photo-Zinc Etchers.

S. E. COR. 7th & CENTRAL.

Kansas City, Mo.

JACCARD'S

KANSAS CITY



STATIONER TO SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. THE MAKERS OF FINE ENGRAVED STATIONERY FOR CORRESPONDENCE, COMMENCEMENT, RECITAL AND FRATERNITY INVITATIONS

Samples sent upon request

JACCARD JEWELRY CO.

1017-1019 Walnut St.



Books Make the Most Attractive Graduation Gifts.

We give as follows a list of special values which you will undoubtedly find interesting:

THE GIRL GRADUATE—HER OWN BOOK, \$1.25.

Designed and illustrated by Louise Perrett and Sarah K. Smith, arranged for keeping a complete record of the class colors, class yell, the class prophecy, press notices, jokes, frolics, etc. Covered with a beautiful light binding; boxed, special \$1.25.

Same as above in full leather binding, special, \$2.50

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN" by Noah Brooks. Published at \$3.00. Our Special 89c

This is the Centennial edition; in this book the author presents such a picture of Lincoln and his time as shall leave upon the mind of the reader a definite and authoritative likeness of the man whose name is now enrolled highest among the types of our national ideals. Large 800 cloth—published by Putnam Sons at \$3.00, our special price 89c.

BOOKS--FORMER PRICE \$1.08. SALE PRICE 49c.

When Patty went to College by Jean Webster.
 Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come by John Fox, Jr.
 Freckles by Gene Stratton Porter.
 Making of an American by Jacob Riis.
 The Crossings by Winston Churchill.
 Lavender and Old Lace by Myrtle Reed.
 Emmy Lou, Her Book and Heart by Geo. Madden
 Martin.

Special
 49c
 Each.

GEO. D.
PECK
 DRY GOODS CO.

Class Mottoes and Colors, College Yells and Commencement Exercises challenge the admiration of young men in self.

A Bank Account represents financial and social standing accredited to industrious and frugal habits and challenge the admiration of the community in youths so complimented.

JACKSON COUNTY BANK
allows interest on deposits.
J. D. BRIGGS, Cashier.

ELBERT McDONALD

Dealer in

LUMBER, LIME and CEMENT.

Telephone No. 5, Home or Bell

Yards on South Liberty Street

One Block South of Square

Effie was giving a birthday party, and during the merry games the child's mother asked her if she were happy.

"Oh, I've never been so happy in all my life," replied Effie joyfully. "I really couldn't be any happier 'less I was bigger."—Ex.

C. W. BRADY

Groceries and Feed,

Now Located at

108 East Lexington St.

Square Deal.

JOHN CAPELLE

LIVERY and

BOARDING STABLE

NORTH LIBERTY ST.

PHONE 14.

SCHWEERS BROS.

KANDY KITCHEN


MANUFACTURERS OF

Pure

**Ice Cream
and Candy**

**Fancy Ice Cream
a Specialty . . .**

Both Phones 412.

Compliments of 

H. J. OTT & CO.,

111 North Main St.

PHONES 185.

"And does your mamma always call you 'Angel'?" asked the lady who was making the formal call.

"Oh, no," replied the sweet child, "only when we've got company. I wish we had comp'ny always, 'cause I like 'Angel' so much better than 'Brat.'"



The height of Perfection
in any Athletic Article
must bear the Spalding
Trade-Mark.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,

1111 Walnut St.,

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Get our free Catalogue.

Spalding's

Sporting

Goods

Balls and Lawn Tennis

HEADQUARTERS AT

H. R. Mills & Son's

SOMETHING FOR KANSAS
CITY TO BE PROUD OF



THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE
ATHLETIC and SPORTING
GOODS HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

Everything for
HEALTHY RECREATION AND SPORT

Schmelzer Arms Co.

R. D. MIZE, DRUGGIST,

SOUTH SIDE SQUARE.

Independence, Mo.

W. E. MOORE,

Coal, Feed, Building Material,
Sewer and Drain Tiling.

210 NORTH OSAGE.

Independence, Mo.

PHONE 214.

Teacher—"What are the three most common words in High School?"

Pupil—"I don't know."

Teacher—"You guessed it exactly."—Ex.

Loans. Both Telephones, 2701 Main.
Real Estate.
Rentals.

**HARWOOD, CHILD & FOWLER,
INSURANCE**

In All Its Branches.

610-611 American Bank Building.
Eighth and Delaware Streets.
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

W. A. CUNNINGHAM,

Dealers in

Coal, Feed, Chop Etc. Also Handle
Poultry Food.

Both Phones 193,
223 West Maple Ave.

J. DeCOURCY,

204 West Maple Avenue.

Coal, Corn, Wheat, Oats, Hay, Bran,
Chops, Meal, Straw, Flour
and Grit.

GRAIN SACKS FOR RENT.

PHONES—Home No. 1. Bell No. 1.

JOHN A. SEA,

Attorney - at - Law.

Over Bank of Independence,

Independence, Mo.

The Big Shoe Store

Both Kansas Cities

ROBINSON'S

"Gleam"-ing Footwear

For I. H. S. Boys and Girls

Get Them at "The Big Shoe Store"

It's Just a Dime From Independence Town.

1016-1018
MAIN ST.
K. C. MO.

ROBINSON SHOE CO.

550
MINN. AVE.
K. C. Ks.

Mabel—"How did Martin Luther die?"

Uncle Jim—"Die? Oh, in the ordinary way, I suppose."

Mabel—"Oh, Uncle! You really don't know anything. He was ex-communicated by a Bull."—Ex.

JOHNSON & COMPANY

Leading Dealers in

Monumental Work

Largest Stock, Best Values,

222 West Maple Avenue

Independence, Mo.

Bell Phone Office 279.

Bell Phone Res. 409.

In this book you read the knowledge,
Of the important Senior who's going to
college.
On its back pages are ads galore
Especially the one of Peters' Racket
Store.

Now in this store many things you'll
find
From a box of tacks to a window blind.
Tin, granite, and china ware,
The prices of which are more than fair.

The young and old I'm glad to greet,
So hurry to 117 South Main Street,
Or call Bell 'phone 114,
If you do these once, you will some
More.

LLEWELLYN JONES,
Attorney-at-Law.

JOHN STROTHER,
Attorney-at-Law.

Over Chrisman-Sawyer's.

Freshman—Irresponsible.
Sophomore—Irrepressible.
Junior—Irresistible.
Senior—Irreproachable.

W. T. FRAZER
Coal and Feed.

212 South Liberty Street.
Both 'phones 455
Independence, Mo.



Artist.

Try
GRIFFIN'S LAUNDRY

For
First Class Work. Both 'phones.

Take Your Work to
D. C. HALLERAN'S
Carrige and Shoeing Shop.

All Kinds of Repairing, Painting and
Trimming Done on Short Notice.

116 E. Maple Avenue.
Both 'phones.

Ask Your Grocer For

Pickwick Canned Goods

A High Class Line of Fruits and Vegetables are
Packed Under This Brand.

Kansas City Wholesale Grocery Co.

Distributers.

"No," snapped the sharp-faced woman at the door, "I ain't got no food fur you, an' I ain't got no old clo'es. Now git!"

"Lady," replied Harvard Hasben, "I could repay you well. Give me a square meal and I'll give you a few lessons in grammar."

MRS. J. H. HAMMONTREE

Fine Millinery

Now over Casper & Shimfessels.

Bradley's Barber Shop

Hedrick Building.

McDonough & Co.,

Exclusive Millinery

North Side Square,
Independence, - Missouri.

USE
THE
BEST

FAULTLESS
STARCH

FOR
LAUNDRY
WORK

FOR SHIRTS COLLARS CUFFS AND FINE LINEN

Julius Baer
OPTICIAN

Theo Lieben,

Manufacturer of all Kinds of
Theatrical, Carnival, Masquerade
and Lodge Costumes, Wigs,
Beards and all kinds of Hair Goods
807 Main St. Kansas City, Mo.

GUERNSEY & MURRAY

Grocers and Wine Merchants

Agents for

Curtis Bros., New York

State Canned Fruits,

Vegetables, Etc.

Orders will be solicited as usual
this summer for fall delivery.

1121 Main St.

Both Phones. Kansas City.

GREEN JEWELRY CO.

Makers and Repairers of everything in

JEWELRY

Original Designs for Class and
College Pins.

Graduation Gifts and Presentation
Medals.

We made the I. H. S. Pin, let us
make yours.

1118 Walnut St.

K. C., Mo.

Graduation Presents.

WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY GIFTS—CLUB PRIZES.

Diamonds and Precious Stones.

UNIQUE GOLD AND STERLING JEWELRY.

Cut Glass.

BETTER GOODS FOR THE SAME MONEY, THE SAME FOR
LESS MONEY.

YOU CAN BUY HERE FOR LESS
SO WHY PAY MORE?

C. S. CRAVEN, Jeweler 101-102 Bryant Bldg.,
11th and Grand Ave. Kansas City, Mo.

Pat—"How d'ye spell puppy, Dinnis?"

Dennis—"That's aisy. P-u-p, pup; p-y, py."

Pat—"Don't try to be funny. Pwipy endade! There's no sich letter in
the book as wipy."



J. R. MERCER,
Jeweler.
KANSAS CITY.



Established 1870.

Incorporated 1901

CADY & OLMSTEAD **JEWELRY CO.**

JEWELRY AND FINE
STATIONERY.

1009-1011 Walnut Street,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

BROWN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

1114-16-18 Grand Avenue.

The Recognized Leader.

SUMMER DISCOUNT RATES.

3 Mos. Shorthand or Bookkeeping.....	\$15.00
3 Mos. Telegraphy or Penmanship.....	5.00

SPECIAL.

6 Mos. Gregg Shorthand Scholarship.....	\$20.00
---	---------

School Sessions Summer Months 8 to 12.

"I hear yer frien' Tamason's married again."

"Aye, so he is. He's been a dear frien' tae me. He's cost me three waddin's presents an' twa wreaths."

Kansas City Business College.

Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship, Telegraphy and all English and Commercial Branches Thoroughly Taught by Experienced Teachers.

Centrally Located,, Highest Endorsements,

Employs twice as many experienced teachers of Shorthand as any other School in the city. Dement, Pitman, Graham and Gregg Systems.

FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Containing full information and list showing hundreds of pupils in positions, address

C. T. SMITH, Principal,

N. E. Corner 10th and Walnut Streets,

KANSAS CITY, MO.

“Chestarfeld” Men’s Clothing

Has Character
Fits Perfectly
Is Stylish

These assets make “Chestarfeld” the best Clothing on the market today.

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

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

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

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

Emery, Bird, Thayer & Co

KANSAS CITY.

PICTURES

IN

GLEAM

BY

YETTER

STUDIO.

Hill & Martin

Dealers in

**Hardware, Stoves, Tin
and Graniteware,**

Pumps, Slate Roofing, Galvanized
Iron Cornice and Gutters.

Furnace Work a Specialty.

Northeast Corner Square.

Mistress—"Bridget, it always seems to me that the crankiest mistress gets the best cooks."

Cook—"Ah, go on wid yer blarney."

The Best Costs More But Is Worth More.

Casper & Shimfessel

Quality is the first consideration with us in selecting our stock of
**Dress Goods and Furnishings, for Women and
Children; Men's Furnishings, Shoes
and Hats.**

TRY OUR MADE TO MEASURE SUITS.

CASPER & SHIMFESSEL,

Northeast Corner Square.

Independence, Mo.

