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FOR  
**YOUNG MEN**

Nothing in all America more finished in style, conception and newness. Our models are for the live, ambitious, up-to-date young American who turns his back upon flashy apparel or shoddy store clothes. And mind you---these "Sampeck" Clothes are not one whit higher in price.

**Gordon & Koppel**  
Clothing Company  
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WE INVITE YOU  
TO MAKE THIS STORE YOUR SHOPPING  
HEADQUARTERS.

This store is at your service. You can spend an entire day here profitably and pleasantly. Make use of the free Check Room, the United States Post Office, the Parlor Floor with the Reception Room, Women's Lavatory, Writing Room, Telephone Room with its free service, and the Rest Room; Lunch in the Tea Room, unexcelled service there. Visit the handsome Grand Avenue Floor with the rich mahogany fixtures and fine merchandise. See the Mahogany Linen Room and the Evening Silk and Robe Room, with their elegant goods from foreign lands. The commodious Shoe Department deserves some of your time.

We are constantly studying and planning to give you the best in everything; high quality and best of value, unexcelled shopping facilities, a superior grade of Good Store Service. One of the prevailing policies of this store is shown in the desire that our customers be entirely satisfied with the purchases made here. For if you are in any way disappointed with your purchase after getting it home, return it at once, in salable condition, with duplicate check, and have your money returned.

*Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.*

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

# PIANOS

Right here in Independence  
you can save \$100.00 on a  
good piano. Why not call  
and see for yourself. Pianos  
sold for cash or easiest terms.

## Russell & Co.

Masonic Bldg., Independence.

A GLEAM REVEALS

AT

**Debenham's  
Bakery**

The Choicest Bakery  
Products Without  
Fail or Favor.

Yours for the good  
and distinctly appetiz-  
ing orders.

Phone or Person.

**M. E. Debenham.**

A SIMPLE RHEUMATIC PROBLEM

One cripple plus one bottle of

**Rexall**

**Rheumatic Remedy**

equals one strong, well person.

If this answer is not correct  
bring back the empty bottle  
and we will refund your money.

**J. H. CLINTON'S PHARMACY**

Clinton Building

INDEPENDENCE, MO.

45TH ANNUAL

# SUMMER SCHOOL

9 A. M. TO 3 P. M.

---

SHORTHAND

TYPEWRITING

BOOKKEEPING

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.

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# SPALDING'S

## COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

INCORPORATED

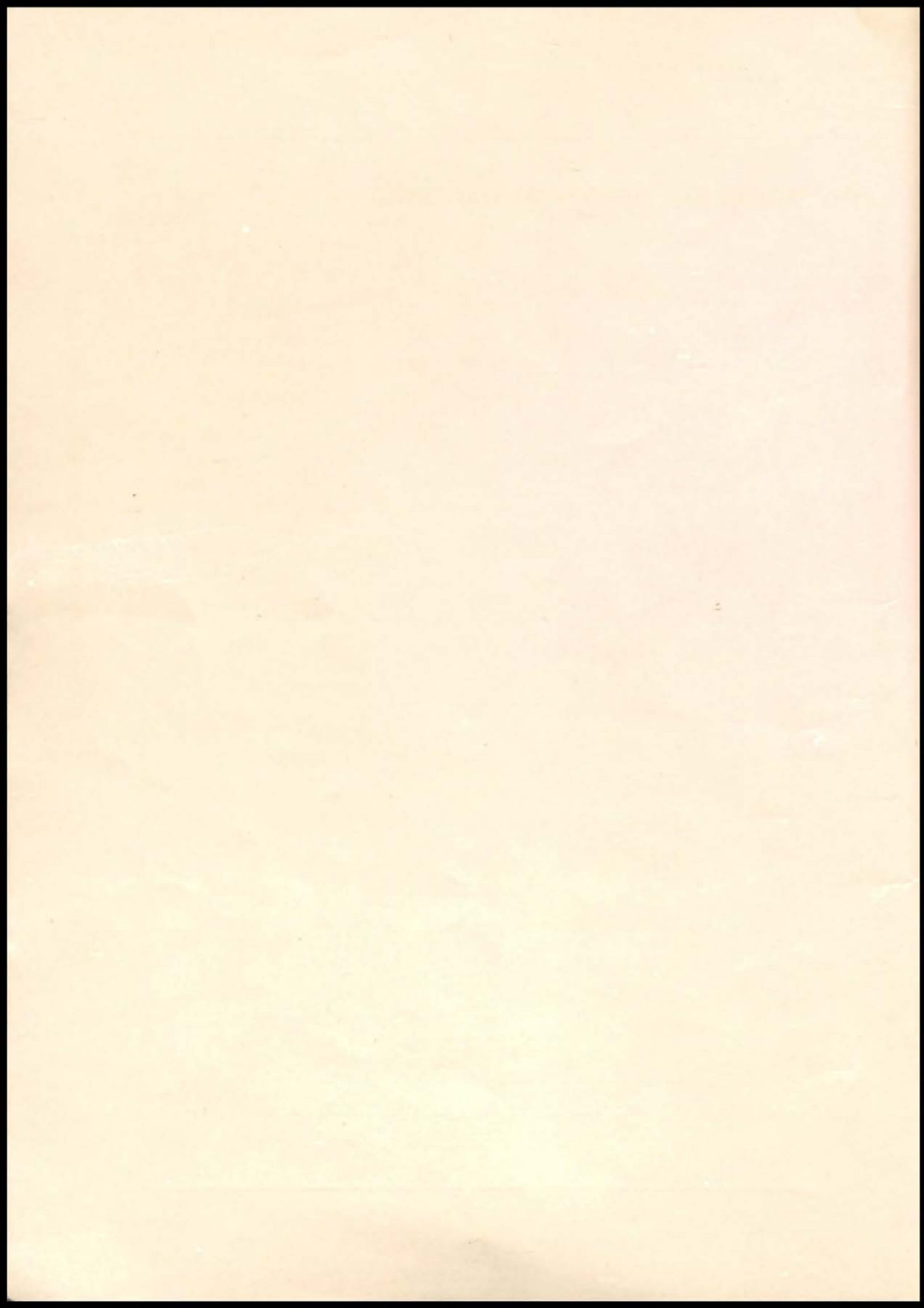
Tenth and Oak Streets

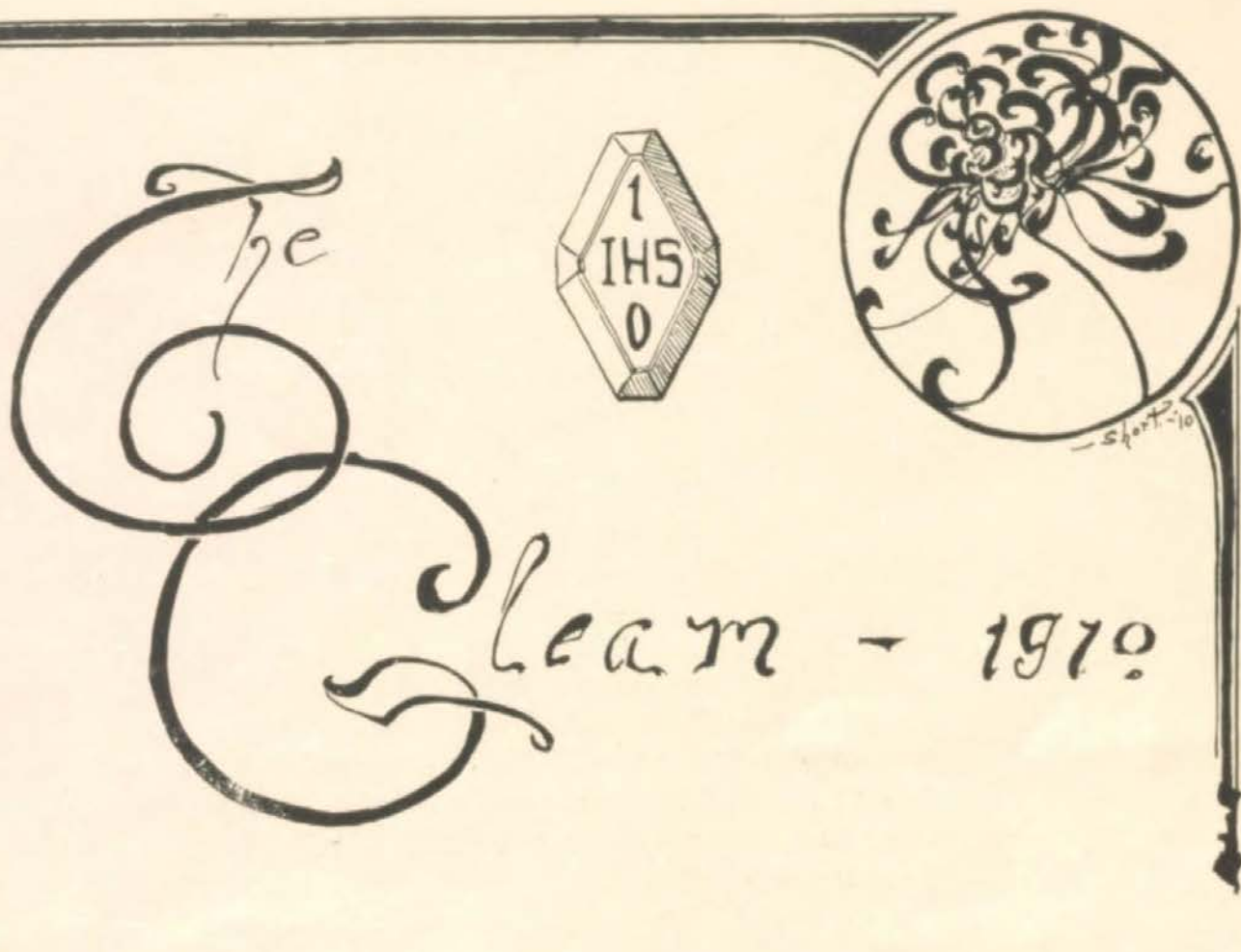
Kansas City, Mo.

Telephones: Home 1196 Main; Bell 1174 Main.

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





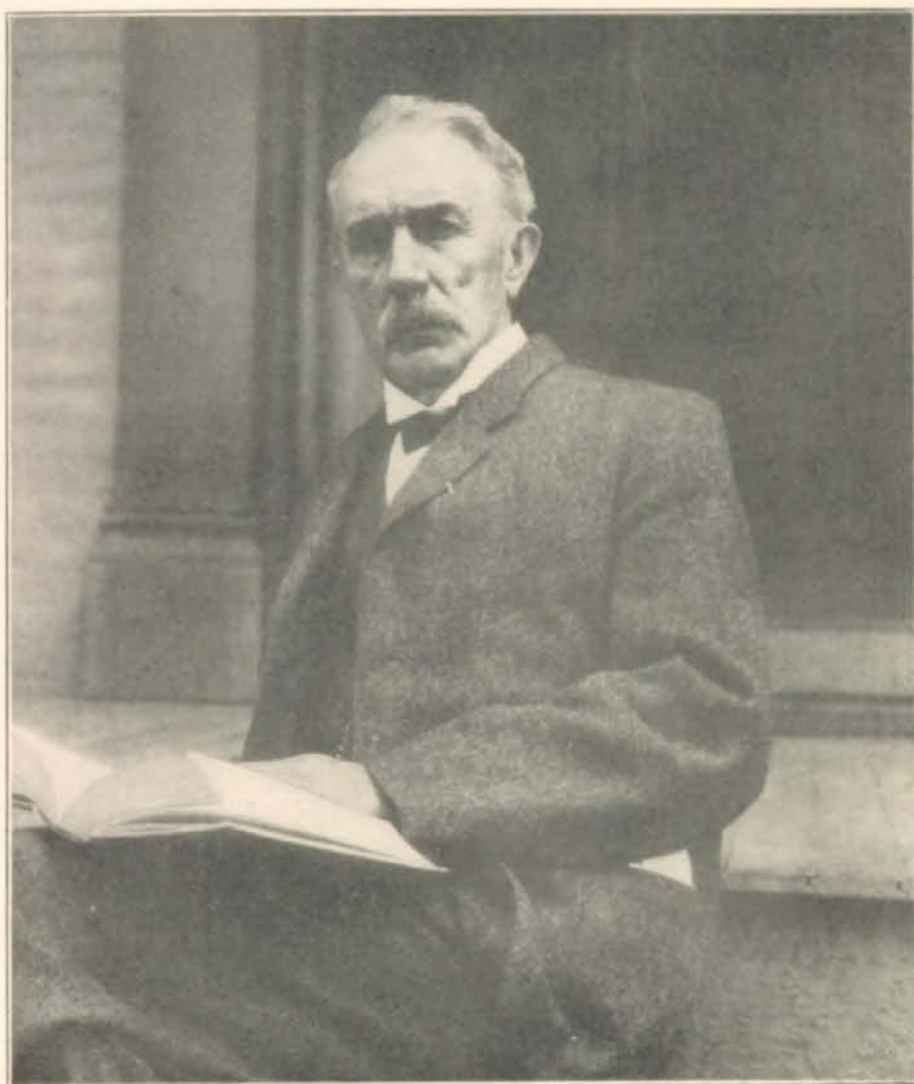


"Not of the sunlight,  
Not of the moonlight,  
Not of the starlight,  
O, young mariner,  
Down to the haven,  
Call your companions,  
Launch your vessel,  
And crowd your canvas,  
And, ere it vanishes,  
O'er the margin  
After it, follow it,  
Follow the Gleam."

—Tennyson.

¶ To Professor George S. Bryant who has always been loved and revered as the true friend of every student of I. H. S., and who has ever been a guide, teacher, and leading spirit in our happy school-life, we dedicate this tenth volume of The Gleam.





**GEO. S. BRYANT—**  
Principal of Independence High  
School.

"He above the rest  
In shape and nature proudly eminent  
Stood like a tower."

# Salutation.

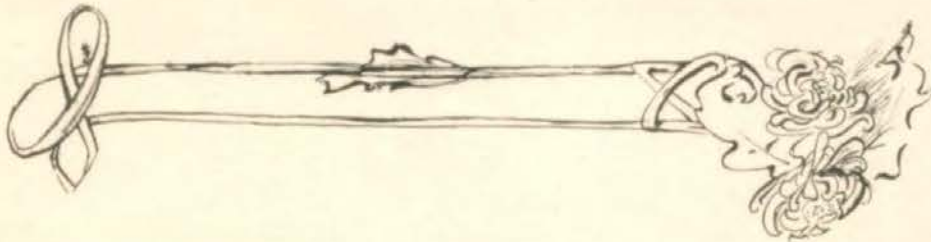
Ψ Ψ Ψ

We, the Seniors, '10, by way of the "Gleam," salute you, dear High School and students. With deepest love and respect we address you, oh walls of learning, wherein were fostered our first longings and aspirations. In profound reverence, we consecrate the memory of our pleasant association with you, beloved Professor and Faculty—you to whom we are indebted for cherishing our ideals and preserving the better and purer ambitions of youth.

We greet you, dear Seniors of tomorrow, to whom we half gladly, half reluctantly surrender our scepter of leadership. It is yours to sustain and lift higher the honor of our school—to keep its standard ever floating in the heights. It is for you now to do what those in the past and present have failed to accomplish.

We envy you your pleasant duties; we sympathize with you in your hard ones—but we place strong trust in you. Use that trust well, and wear worthily the crown of success and victory.

C. M. '10.





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# FACULTY



W. L. C. PALMER—

Superintendent of City Schools.

"He adorned whatever subject he ever spoke or wrote with most splendid eloquence."





**MATILDA D. BROWN.**  
Rhetoric,  
English Literature.  
"I would as my horse had  
the speed of your tongue,  
and so good a continuer."



**J. M. SEXTON.**  
Algebra,  
Plane Geometry,  
Supervisor Athletics  
and Boys' Glee Club.  
"Swans sing before they  
die: 'twere no bad thing  
should certain persons die  
before they sing."



**COAH S. HENRY.**  
Supervisor of Art in  
City Schools.  
"She can laugh, she can  
talk, she can sing, she can  
paint; the perfect woman."



**CALLIE B. MITCHELL.**  
Ancient, Modern and  
Mediaeval History.  
"What, my dear Lady  
Disdain, are you living  
yet?"





**JOSEPHINE B. STONE.**  
Composition,  
American Literature.  
"Why desire beauty?  
Beauty is only skin deep."



**JANIE CHILES.**  
Solid Geometry,  
Higher Arithmetic.  
"A kind overflow of  
kindness."



**W. D. HIFNER.**  
Supervisor of  
Manual Training.  
"Really, girls, I never  
used an oath, or tobacco,  
never been intoxicated or  
engaged."



**MARGARET L. PHELPS.**  
English and  
American History,  
Civics, Economics.  
"No one knows what he  
can do till he tries."







**D. C. ELLIOTT,**  
Laboratory Science.  
"Magnificent spectacle of  
human happiness."



**CARRIE L. HENRY,**  
Supervisor of  
Study-Hall.  
"Order is Heaven's first  
law."



**MARY J. BARNETT,**  
Latin.  
"Folly as it grows in  
years  
The more extravagant  
appears."



**OSLA U. SEHRT,**  
German.  
Chemistry.  
"It required a surgical  
operation to get a joke  
well into a German under-  
standing."



## THE GLEAM

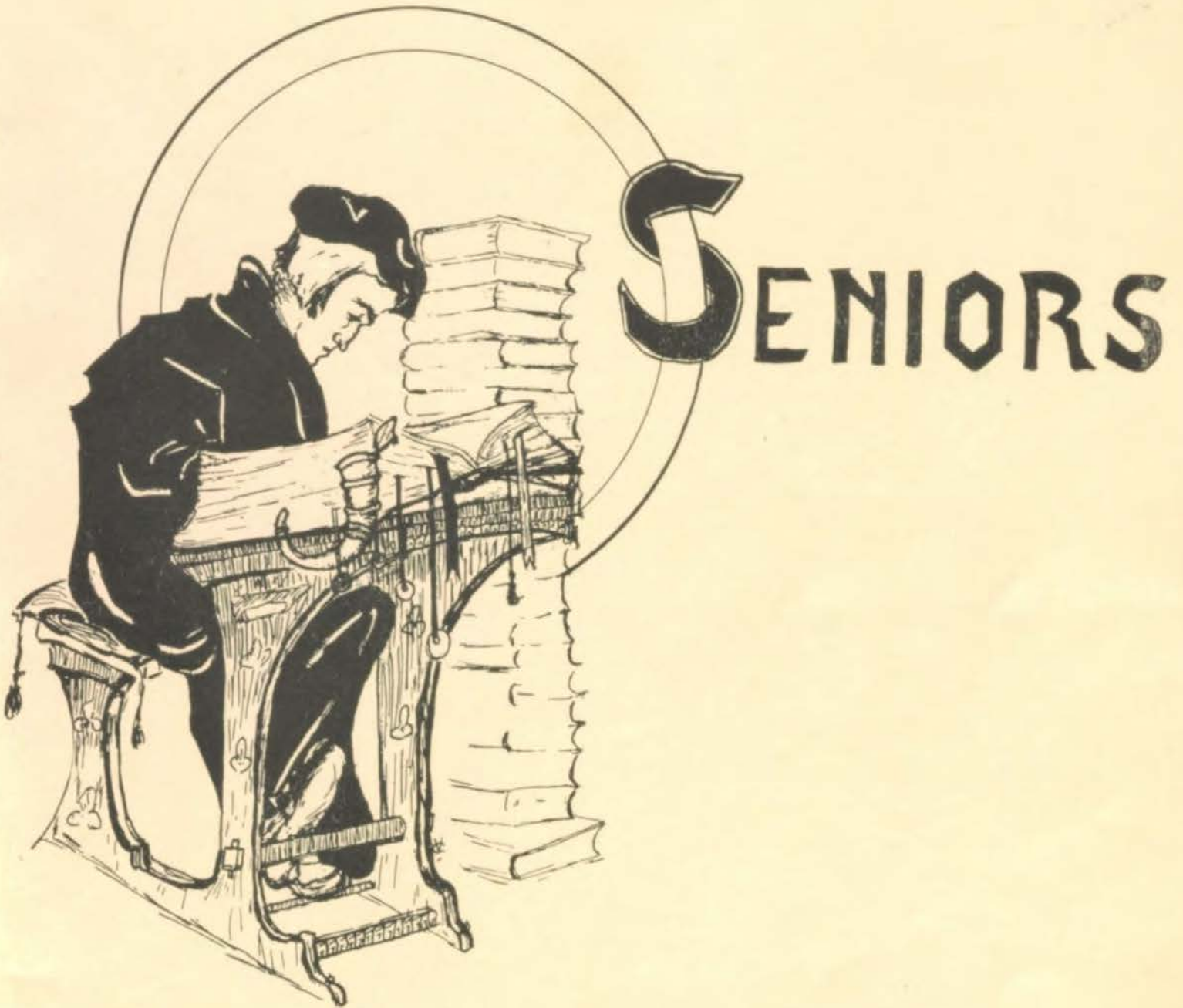


**GAIL WILSON,**  
 Supervisor of Music in  
 City Schools.  
 "The golden hair that Galla  
 wears  
 Is hers: who would have  
 tho't it?  
 She swears 'tis hers, and  
 true she swears,  
 For I know where she  
 bought it."



**CARRIE WALLACE,**  
 Librarian.  
 "A more obliging one I've  
 never met with."





OFFICERS.

Webster McDonald .....	President.
Bertha Anderson ..	Vice-President.
Fleming Pendleton .....	Secretary.
Eric Cook .....	Treasurer.
Frank Carroll .....	Attorney General.
Mark Godman .....	Sergeant-at-Arms.

Motto—"Deeds not Words."  
 Colors—Two Shades of Yellow.

Emblem—Dragon.  
 Flower—Yellow Chrysanthemum.



**MARY ALICE HUDSON:**

Her Greatest Achievement—"Miss Lola Brown."  
 Future—"Maids that whistle and hens that crow,  
 Will make their way wherever they go."

"Of an excellent and almost unmatched wit and judgment."

**MARTHA RIDER:**

What We Call Her—One Gold Dust Twin.  
 An Especial Tribute to Her—Mark says she has a particularly dear little voice.

"Of sweet and gentle grace and unassuming name."

**FLEMING PENDLETON:**

Accomplishment—Studying "Moore" than anything else.  
 Peculiarity—A dangerous fondness for onions.

"Lawyers are made in a day—  
 Perhaps we can make him a lawyer."





**RUBY SHORT:**

Pastime—Making fun of the rest of us.  
Weakness—Fondness for a pair of grey eyes—Junior eyes.

"A merrier one.  
Within the limit of becoming mirth  
I never spent an hour's talk with."



**LEOLA LAMON—**

Her Proudest Possession—Her new hair.  
Her Greatest Achievement—Temperance essay.

"I know you by the wag-  
gling of your head."



**BERTHA ANDERSON:**

Failing—Mark and Nelson.  
Constant Companion—A man.

"Beauty itself doth of  
itself persuade  
The eyes of men without  
an orator."

**MARY CRUMP:**

Ambition—To meet some new boys who will let her quote Shakespeare and talk Astronomy.

Her Failing—Admiration for a "sweet" little Freshie.

"I love men whether men  
love me or no."

**GEORGE BAUMEISTER:**

What Others Say—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

His Proudest Possession—Oh, that lavender suit.

"Have not to do with him;  
Beware of him!  
His eyes are dangerous."

**MARY HELEN EVANS:**

Ambition—To be different.

Future—Great inventive genius.

"My name's Mary Helen.  
I just hate nicknames!  
Don't tell him my name is  
Mamie, Please!!"



**PAULINE SHEPERD:**

What We Call Her—The "Julia Marlowe" of the Class of '10.

Her Proudest Possession—A hair-ribbon and a "curl?"

"Let the world slide, let  
the world go;  
A fig for care, a fig for  
woe!  
If I can't pay, why I can  
owe."



**MINNIE SCOTT:**

Accomplishment—The ideal student.

Failing—A passionate love for her Latin teacher.

"Constant in spirit, mod-  
est in exception, resolved  
in purpose."



**WEBSTER McDONALD:**

Accomplishment—Playing "intoxicated."

Constant Companion—And her name was Maude.

"Conclude he is in love—  
nay, but I know who loves  
him."

**FRANKIE WOODWARD:**

Accomplishment—Entertaining.  
Principal Occupation—Attending luncheons and card-parties.

"She cannot love  
Nor take no shape or pro-  
ject of affection—  
She is so self-endearred."

**FERN DONALDSON:**

Accomplishment—Originating new styles of hair-dressing.  
Peculiarity—A head full of ideas.

"What! Give you a rea-  
son on compulsion? If rea-  
sons were as plentiful as  
blackberries, I would give  
no man a reason upon  
compulsion, I?"

**HAZEL RODGER:**

Her Proudest Possession—Four "real" puffs.  
Future—A kindergarten teacher.

"She came among our gath-  
ered band,  
A maiden meek, without  
pretense."





**ELLA HALLERAN:**

Chief Characteristic—A cheerful, sunny nature.  
Her Principal Occupation—Saying things to create fun and laughter.

"I cannot choose but laugh."



**CLAY CUSHWA:**

Accomplishment—Smiling.  
Chief Characteristic—Keeping his own counsel.

"He had a smile, so sweet and true—  
Celestial rosy red, love's own hue."



**GRACE MINOR:**

Accomplishment—1910's Stump Speaker.  
Her Proudest Possession—Her musical, well-modulated voice.

"She never was in love  
O wearisome condition of humanity."

**SUSANNE MOORE:**

Accomplishment—The best "cook" in the Senior Class.  
Her Greatest Achievement—Complete mastery of Bacon.

"Her air, her manners, all  
who saw admired;  
Interesting, though coy,  
brilliant, through re-  
tired."

**FRANK McCARROLL:**

Accomplishment—Using his dreamy eyes.  
His Greatest Need—A course in feminology.

"He that will not when he  
may,  
When he would shall have  
nay."

**BERTHA FRICK:**

Her Greatest Achievement — When she played  
"Pyramus."  
Her Chief Characteristic—A strong, brave, dauntless  
heart.

"I value science—none  
can prize it more."



**RUTH RULE:**

Accomplishment—Combing her golden tresses.  
Ambition—To do something out of the ordinary.

"If the class of '10 ever produces a suffragette or an advocate of 'Woman's Rights,' it is she."



**VIRGINIA CLEMENTS:**

What we call Her—Other Gold Dust Twin.  
Pastime—Growing tall.

"Incapable of hischlef."



**SARAH PHELPS:**

What We Call Her—Our Little Rebel.  
Constant Companions—Grace the Silent, Mary Alice the Great.

"Such war of red and white within her cheeks."



**KATHARINE MIZE:**

Ambition—To wear a "train and willow-plumes."  
 Her One Possession—More dignity than generally  
 conceded to her.

"Then she will talk—ye  
 gods, how she will talk."

**CLAUDINE MUNDY:**

Accomplishment—Diplomacy.  
 Ambition—"To kill a bear."

"She hath borne herself  
 beyond the promise of her  
 age, doing in the figure of  
 a lamb, the feats of a lion."

**MARK GODMAN:**

Chief Characteristic—A stock of curiosity and an  
 amount of inquisitiveness unparalleled by any member of  
 the opposite sex.

What He Calls Himself—The hope of the Class of  
 '10.

"Who shall preserve  
 thee, beautiful child, and  
 keep thee as thou art  
 now."



**NELSON RIDER:**

Chief Characteristic—Contrariness.  
Accomplishment—Doing the "Bear Walk."

"Thou disputest like an infant; go teach thyself the art of real debate."



**KATE ALLEN:**

Accomplishment—Certainly not Shakespeare.  
Pastime—Following her own sweet will.

"Made to coerce; not to command."



**CARRIE McCOY:**

Accomplishment—I've heard it is "juggling." (Why?)  
Her Greatest Achievement—Her dignified, graceful walk (Juno-like).

"The worst fault you have is being in love."

**MAUDE REYNER:**

Chief Characteristic—A very strong aversion to snakes and worms, especially snakes.

Pastime—Chatting confidentially about her numerous lovers.

"He sits with her, talks with her, walks with her I tell you, by her own appointments."

**ERIC COOK:**

Accomplishment—Master slinger of argument and Roberts' Rules.

Ambition—To show I. H. S. that he is a **real** orator.

"Wisely and slowly, they stumble that run fast."

## Class Yell—

Hokey! Pokey!  
 Sis Boom Bah!  
 Rickety, Rickety,  
 Rah! Rah! Rah!  
 Razzle Dazzle,  
 Zen, Zen Zen!  
 Rah for the Class of 1910.



## Class History

Ψ Ψ Ψ

**T**HE Class of 1910 has a most unique beginning, in that it is composed of what were two separate and distinct classes. On January, 1906, a class was sent to the High School, so as to make room in the grade schools, and because of their great intellectual advancement it was thought that they should have more appropriate surroundings. As our coming had been heralded, a space had been provided for us in the assembly hall, and we were quite the center of attraction on the morning of our arrival. No name having been provided for a fifth class, we were, at first, nicknamed "Scrubs," but afterwards assumed the more dignified title of Sub Freshmen. We felt somewhat looked down upon this year; but managed to give a program once a week in assembly which was expected from each class. All looked forward to the next year, when our class would be above the Freshmen Class which would come at that time.

☞ As school began again the following September the Subs showed up with full ranks and there also came the usual class of Freshies. This was the year for organization, and at first it was reported that the former Sub Freshmen and the Freshmen would be united, but this was met with such strong opposition on our part, that we were allowed to form a separate class. We organized our class and were known as Advanced Freshmen, while the others were just plain Freshies. About the first and only unanimous agreement the class had, was to keep away from the Freshmen in Assembly. We went through this year with heads up and colors flying, but about the end of the term the crash came when it was very unceremoniously announced to us that our extra half year would count for nothing. As fate would have it, we had to join the ranks of the Freshmen, but as they were an exceptionally good class, we were really glad of it.

☞ With combined forces we started into the Sophomore year about seventy strong. All the class now thought we were making some progress toward the end and also had a very good opinion of ourselves. As this year had been reported to be the most difficult, all studied very hard and made a brilliant record in the class room, consequently we had little time to make ourselves very widely known.

☞ The next term having begun, we found ourselves to be under the title of Juniors, and therefore thought ourselves to be about as important as any one in school. In this year came the brightest events in our history so far; also the unhappiest occurrence in the experiences of the class. One morning on our arrival at school we were told of the sudden death of one of our

classmates. This was made all the more impressive on account of the fact that it was entirely unexpected. From the beginning of the year we had looked forward to the Junior reception. This is noted for being decidedly the best ever given according to the opinion of others. We spent much work on it but were amply repaid by its great success.

☐ Now comes the crowning work, at last we were Seniors. It was a title truly gained, for in the struggle we had lost nearly half our number. School had no more than convened when the Class Play was the subject of every Senior's conversation. One day good fortune passed our way and we heard of Mr. Jones. After a few interviews with him we decided he should direct our play. "School," in the meanwhile, having been chosen as our play, all immediately set to work upon it. After much training, we gave what has been pronounced by all to be the best. Another feature of the year was the giving of the Shakespearean programs in the English Class. These were both interesting as well as profitable to all. We now set to work upon our "Gleam" which we hope will be a grand success and a fitting climax to the record of so brilliant a Class.

F. P. '10.

---

## Senior Creed

Ψ Ψ Ψ

We, the Seniors of 1910, believe in the disgrace of ignorance, and in the efficacy of schools, colleges, and universities. We believe in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head; in beauty of thought, of daily life, of nature, and of the home. We believe in well-prepared lessons, in laughter, in play, in work, in faith, and in love. We believe in our teachers, in our class orators, scientists, mathematicians, musicians, artists, and writers; in the present and its opportunities, and in the promises for the brilliant future of our Class.

B. A.





## Characteristics of The Seniors

Ψ Ψ Ψ

**E**VERY Senior class in the history of the High School has been and will never cease to be remembered by those things which are characteristic of it and distinguish it as a class. 1910 will, then, be remembered by certain of its peculiarities, and the question may arise as to what these are. In answering this question, first I should say argument. This monarch holds complete sway in class meetings and a prominent place in class recitations, and it might seem that we were living many centuries back in the world's history, when argument was popular not for the sake of obtaining satisfactory conclusions, but simply for the sake of argument, itself.

☞ Music, too, has its place in our class, and we are all very fond of it. Most of the young ladies are musicians; some, perhaps, will in the future be as noted as the skillful performers of our own day. Besides there are several who possess beautiful voices, and even the boys are great singers. This talent was unknown to the school until we took part in the Franklin program by singing the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle." But we showed our greatest ability in the line of music at our Junior Reception, when much to the surprise of all we gave a musical comedy, and our great success in this achievement shows very clearly our ability as musicians and vocalists.

☞ We as a class have arrived at the place where we view school from the right standpoint. We do not look upon it as an unpleasant place or as one of confinement, but as one of preparations for the problems of the future. We think of our teachers not as enemies to our pleasure, for we have learned that what they ask us to do is for the best and our own good. This especially is our attitude toward Professor Bryant, and never was there a class that so thoroughly appreciated his value and services to the High School as has 1910.

☞ Originality is a goal toward which we are all striving. We may have failed to reach this goal, but it is only after strenuous efforts. We choose to fail in attempting something new rather than to succeed by following in beaten paths. We have tried in all of our entertainments such as the Junior Reception, Senior Play, Shakespeare and History Programs to present something different—something new to the School.

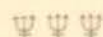
☞ One thing which we have not as yet developed, and, which is generally so highly developed in Senior Classes, is jealousy. We do not envy our classmates the praise due them, nor delight in their misfortunes, but rejoice with them in their development and successes. If we are able to maintain this spirit of unselfishness for the remaining few weeks of school we may be pleased to say that we are one of the very few classes leaving the High School unmarred by this littleness of disposition.

W. Mc. '10.



**The Ideal Senior Should Be**

Pretty like Carrie  
 Entertaining like Susanne  
 Cheerful like Ella  
 Sweet like Virginia  
 Charming like Sarah  
 Quiet like Grace  
 Reserved like Clay  
 Dignified like Bertha A.  
 Independent like Ruth  
 Businesslike like Eric  
 Studious like Bertha F.  
 Determined like Fern  
 Manly like Webster  
 Loyal like Kate A.  
 Obedient like Frankie  
 Sensible like Frank  
 Agreeable like Leola  
 Willing like Pauline  
 Earnest like Minnie  
 Wise like Fleming  
 Witty like Ruby  
 Resourceful like Katie  
 Fluent like Mark  
 Affable like Martha  
 Good-humored like Maude  
 Original like Mamie  
 Tactful like Claudine  
 Chivalrous like Nelson  
 Generous like George  
 Sincere like Mary Alice  
 Mild like Hazel  
 Lovable like Mary Crump.

**The Real Senior Is**

Fat like Mary Alice  
 Figurative like George  
 Willowy like Virginia  
 Blushing like Sarah  
 Coquettish like Claudine  
 Unemotional like Grace  
 Frank like Mary Crump  
 Stage-struck like Pauline  
 Boy-struck like Maude  
 Information bureau like Mamie  
 Irritable like Susanne  
 Sarcastic like Nelson  
 Flighty like Katie  
 Love-sick like Carrie  
 Sleepy like Frank  
 Glum like Clay  
 Stumbling like Leola  
 Precise like Eric  
 Unconcerned like Kate  
 Squeaky like Hazel  
 Critical like Ruby  
 Conceited like Mark  
 Simpering like Bertha A.  
 Self-conscious like Fleming  
 Bashful like Bertha F.  
 Stubborn like Fern  
 Excitable like Minnie  
 Giggling like Martha  
 Unsophisticated like Frankie  
 Fond of "little things" like Ella  
 Timid like Virginia  
 A Republican like Ruth

K. A. '10.



OFFICERS.

Helena Fuchs .. .	President
Alden Millard.. .	Vice-President
Lee Douthitt.. .	Secretary
Arthur Metzger.. .	Treasurer
James Miller.. .	Sergeant-at-Arms
Mascot—Scarab.	
Class Colors—Red and Black.	Class Motto—"Prospeci."
Flowers—Black-eyed Poppy.	

CLASS YELL—

Hey!  
 What?  
 That's what!  
 What's what?  
 That's what they all say.  
 What's what they all say?  
 Juniors! Juniors! Ra! Ra! Ra!

## Class Roll



Amos Allen.  
 Paul Arthur.  
 Marie Brady.  
 Mildred Bryant.  
 Marguerite Broughton.  
 Ruth Bowdle.  
 Beulah Branham.  
 Gela Cook.  
 Nellie Chrisman.  
 Elizabeth Cogswell.  
 Clifford Criley.  
 Ross Creighton.  
 Ralph Crenshaw.  
 Lee Douthitt.  
 Carrie Davis.  
 Olga Dunn.  
 Marguerite Echardt.  
 Vena Etzenhouser.  
 Virgil Etzenhouser.  
 Helena Fuchs.  
 Roland Flanders.

Ruth Fisher.  
 Mary Gentry.  
 Bertha Gibson.  
 Thomas Gibson.  
 Jessie Griffin.  
 Louise Graves.  
 Kate Gallagher.  
 Irene Guinand.  
 Lucile Hatten.  
 Chloe Hickman.  
 Edna Halleran.  
 Ruby Johnson.  
 Florence Jones.  
 Edward Karnes.  
 Emlin Kelley.  
 Terrence Kelley.  
 Anna Rhae Lerche.  
 Mary Livesy.  
 Dru Messenger.  
 Lyle McCarroll.  
 Arthur McKim.

James Miller.  
 Arthur Metzger.  
 George Millard.  
 Alden Millard.  
 Elizabeth McCoy.  
 Vera Miles.  
 Ralph Miles.  
 Ethel Meador.  
 Marian Smith.  
 Gerald Smith.  
 Caroline Southern.  
 Mary Southern.  
 Fay Staples.  
 Thomas Shrout.  
 Irma Tuckfield.  
 Dorothy White.  
 J. B. Whitney.  
 Louise Winton.  
 Ruth Yingling.









OFFICERS.

John Thompson.. . . .	President
Esther Long.. . . .	Vice-President
Leah Jarrard.. . . .	Secretary
Fred Pitt.. . . .	Treasurer
Joe Chrisman.. . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms
Allan Wherritt.. . . .	Attorney General
Mascot—Eagle.	Colors—Violet and White.
Motto—“Vitae Non Schalae.”	Flower—Violets.

CLASS YELL—

“Whang a doodle,  
 Whang a doodle,  
 Whang a doodle dee!  
 Sophomores! Sophomores!  
 Good enough for me.”



## Class Roll

Ψ Ψ Ψ

Pauline Allen.	Sue Henderson.	Erma Reick.
Doris Anderson.	Ruth Hibler.	Rosalyn Roberts.
Harry Barto.	Leah Jarrard.	Howard Shepherd.
Kenneth Bostian.	Kathleen Kerr.	Ruth Sauer.
Elizabeth Bell.	Inez Long.	Jerome Schoff.
Paul Bryan.	Sylvia Lieberman.	Milton Steward.
Edith Blankenship.	Esther Long.	Ethel Sadler.
Mary Burkett.	Robert Murphy.	Edward Sands.
Dwight Baldwin.	Charles Mize.	John Thompson.
Joseph Chrisman.	Wilma Moseley.	Hazel Tway.
Vera Crees.	Ethel Milton.	Odeha Tudor.
Ada Craddock.	Wilbur Norfleet.	Winifred Woodford.
Virginia Cross.	Hugh Necessary.	Lizzie Withar.
Fern Cash.	Thomas Oldham.	Carrie Withar.
Harold Cloe.	Alberta Oldham.	Ruth Ellen Whitney.
Earl Etzenhouser.	Roland Pendleton.	Katherine Walter.
Hester Fraher.	Fred Pitt.	Julia Wellington.
Donnie Farrow.	Lola Prewitt.	Iola Warren.
Margaret Goodman.	Thelma Porter.	Arthur Wickerstram.
James Greenwood.	Dorothy Rahe.	George Wallace.
James Gaines.	Ruby Ruffner.	Ruby Williamson.
Richard Hill.	Mahala Ramsey.	Ruby Walden.









# FRESHMAN



## OFFICERS.

Harry Sturges.. . . .	President
Edwin McCarroll.. . . .	Vice-President
Dorothy Georgen .. . . .	Secretary.
Guy Rudd .. . . .	Treasurer.
Roger DeWitt .. . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms.
Charles Foster .. . . .	Yell Master.
Class Colors—Red and White.	Mascot—Billiken.
Class Flowers—Carnation.	

## CLASS YELL—

"Boomer—Racker—Boomer—Racker,  
 Boomer—Racker—Roo!  
 Sis Boom—Fire Cracker,  
 Phil est moi!  
 Hip—Zoo—Rah—Zoo,  
 Zip—Rah—Boom!  
 We're the Freshmen,  
 Give us the room!"



### Class Roll

Ψ Ψ Ψ

George Bartholomew.	Royal Gessley.	Rice Pendleton.
Flora Bishoff.	Arnold Gorsuch.	Theodore Prewitt.
John Boone.	Ola Gunsolley.	Myrtle Radmall.
Lorenne Booth.	Margaret Hager.	Watson Ramsey.
Vivian Brackenbury.	Anna Hall.	Glenn Riddle.
Helen Broughton.	Bess Hatch.	Ernest Roberts.
Lola Brown.	Dorothy Hatty.	Lillian Roberts.
Louise Buchanan.	Wilber Henderson.	Lucile Robinson.
Louise Bundschu.	Earle Hibler.	Guy Rudd.
Edwin Carroll.	Kenneth Hoit.	Harry Rudd.
Mable Chambers.	Lucy Hudnall.	Wesley Schowengerdt.
Pierce Chapman.	Fred Hume.	Ray Sermon.
Elizabeth Childs.	Lawreads Howard.	Leila Shaver.
Mattie Clark.	Rexford Jones.	Mary Temple Shaw.
Julia Clum.	Rolly Johnson.	Nellie Slaughter.
Nancy Lee Cogswell.	Ruth Kelley.	Grace Slover.
Pauline Compton.	Wallace Kelley.	Clara Smith.
Roxy Cook.	Grace Lewis.	Estella Smith.
Grace Courtway.	Harold Lewright.	Fred Soapes.
Vena Crenshaw.	Mary Loveland.	Susie Sterritt.
Helen Criley.	Emmy Lund.	Harry Sturges.
Anna Bell Cushwa.	Sam Maiden.	Arline Tate.
Doyle Davidson.	Mary McCarroll.	Hazel Tatum.
Floyd Delafield.	Mary McClements.	Dillard Tucker.
Roger DeWitt.	Eva McCormack.	Carrie VanArtsdalen.
Berniece Dougherty.	Fanny Lew McCoy.	Anna Walden.
Loving Dryden.	Ruth McMullin.	George Walker.
Merritt Ehle.	Marion McRae.	Lula Walker.
Mary Fitzpatrick.	Clara Maulsby.	Piley Walston.
Meryl Fletcher.	Frances Mayer.	Julia Wellington.
Ben Eubank.	Ruth Moberly.	Lee Williams.
Fannie Fogle.	Vera Morgan.	Selma Wilson.
Anna Ford.	Ora Meyers.	Elvin Withar.
Charles Foster.	Millikin Neil.	Russell Yetter.
Ellis Fountain.	Minnettie Newton.	Dickey Young.
Marietta Franklin.	Edward North.	Ruth Bobier.
Dorothy Gorgen.	Fay Pendleton.	Grace Turnour.





## The Morning Assemblies



**O**N the thirteenth of September we entered High School with downcast faces, thinking of the fun we were missing at the grade schools. And the trials we had that first week! It seemed that every time we turned around, we entered the wrong class room, or bumped into someone, or had to stand staring at the number over the doors to tell which was the room we wanted. Then when we accidentally got into the right room, the teachers seemed like ogres. Then our first assembly, we were strangers in a strange place. We were acquainted with only a few persons and it was with difficulty that we settled down to our places. During that first week we were miserable. Did we have to stand this all the rest of the year? Our question remained unanswered.

But the second week it was answered in an entirely different way from what we expected. For then began the regular morning assemblies,—the joy of our coming school days. In them we saw only pleasure awaiting us; it was a helpful pleasure,—a pleasure in which we should become acquainted with the favorite pupils of different classes. Then as the year went by we learned to love Mr. Bryant as all the classes before us had done. The different sections of the English classes gave programs which we always enjoyed to their fullest extent and went away from, helped as well as entertained. But the Glee Clubs, how we did enjoy hearing them sing! We could have listened to them all day.

After the Christmas holidays we felt thoroughly at home in our new surroundings, and began more fully to enjoy High School life. The climax of a pleasant year was reached when the Seniors gave their programs. First the Franklin program which made us think more of Franklin than we ever had before. Then the Washington program, when we all fell in love with their president, after he had given Washington's parting address. Next the Shakespearian programs which were "just great," and best of all the program they gave for Mr. Bryant on the morning of April 1st.

All through the year the programs each morning have been an unending source of enjoyment to us. We feel as if we had gained information in many ways from them and shall never regret coming to the High School this year to partake in all its pleasures. Now that the Juniors and Seniors have set us such an excellent example, we feel as if next year we will be able to help in the entertainments.

F. L. Mc. '13.





**D** ID you hear that? Assembly every morning. I can hardly believe my ears. I wonder if Professor Bryant really means it."

"Why, certainly," replied a Senior to the Soph who had just spoken. "If you little Sophomores will just keep quiet."

Well, we have; and how we have enjoyed the first twenty minutes of each morning. At first we were only glad because we would have five minutes off of each recitation; but now—no, now we are glad because of the pleasure and information we receive from them.

How we have enjoyed Professor Bryant's short talks. What could give more pleasure to a boy or girl of the present than to hear of the Santa Fe trail and of the mode in which it was traveled, or of the school life in the "Fifties," or even of Halley's comet? Some of us became so interested in this last subject that we actually arose at four-thirty one morning,—all in vain, however.

The music, also, has brought enthusiasm into our life. Who could be unhappy after having sung from our "Red Book" under the directorship of Professor Sexton!

He who wishes to be a winner in life's contest must have self-confidence. How is this to be obtained, if not germinated in youth? The boy who stands before an assembly of three hundred pupils and a number of teachers, when a Freshman or Sophomore, and speaks without being frightened "half out of his wits," will, by the time he reaches the last round of the ladder of his high school career, be able to place his whole weight upon it, in full preparation for the ladder to success.

"In today already walks tomorrow."

"Soph."

**A** LL year it has been the custom of the school to witness some program in the assembly hall the first thing in the morning before getting down to the regular "grind" of the day. This has proved to be a very successful experiment upon the school, because the pupils think that they are getting something for nothing, which, of course, puts them in a very pleasant working mood, and, besides, a large amount of beneficial knowledge has been picked up from the various programs, given by the Juniors and Seniors.

**C** Speaking generally, the programs this year were first given in the class room, then, if no fatalities occurred, they were given before the whole school. It is astonishing to know what a large scope these morning exercises have, for it can be truthfully said that they have included everything from home-made plays and original poetry to orations upon the North Pole, besides several Shakespeare programs, given by the Seniors. Owing to the numerous useful facts, imbibed by the Juniors in their research for program material this year, I could only answer, if anyone were to ask me for the definition of an

**C** But the most entertaining phase of our sessions has been the display of the



encyclopaedia, that "An encyclopaedia is a human volume, containing many useful and fundamental facts. It usually associates with others of its kind, dwelling in, and in the neighborhood of the Independence High School. In some localities, those belonging to this species are known as Jun (ior) bugs, because they have a habit of fluttering around the library, like moths around a candle flame."

☞ Naturally the Seniors helped out in these morning entertainments by giving the most interesting parts of several of Shakespeare's plays. Of course, these were very interesting, besides being beneficial both to the Seniors, who memorized them, and to the school at large. These plays were usually accompanied by music, which closely resembled some of Dr. Ayer's soothing syrup transformed into melody, while pupils personifying knights and lords, prelates and kings, were busily engaged slandering each other in a most lordly and Shakespearian manner in the foreground. The school was greatly alarmed upon seeing those persons, that they had heretofore considered as perfectly harmless, assuming such pugnacious attitudes. Surely, the different performers put so much zeal into their parts, that, if dear old Shakespeare himself had been present, standing in the wings of the stage, he would have scratched his head in a most perplexed and puzzled manner and said, "Surely I didn't write that."

☞ Considering the programs as a whole, they have proved to be a blessing in disguise, because we have learned something in getting them up, and in listening to those in which we had no part. They were an inspiration to the school and to Prof. Bryant, so he claimed, and even caused the members of the Faculty to disrobe themselves of their careworn expressions and to look upon life with an optimistic eye, for at least twenty minutes every day.

E. K. '11.

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**T**HAT our morning assemblies have been a thing of joy to us poor laborers after an education no one of us will deny.

Our assemblies have, with few exceptions, been ushered in with the pouring forth of our patriotism in the singing of "America," encored, perhaps, by another familiar lay that takes us roaming along the briery banks of Scotta's sweet flowing Afton. To the classic rendition of these morning songs we should pay especial praise to the musically enthralled arms of our leader, Mr. Sexton.

☞ I have sat in speechless silence as melodies from our Glee Clubs—carrolers of harmony and beauty—played in my enchanted ears.

☞ A second form of entertainment that has afforded much pleasure has been the portrayal of Shakespearian scenes by the undauntable Senior Class. I can find no better expression that will picture my feelings, as before my eyes scenes of horror, intrigue, love, hate and all the other passions that torment the human family were played, than to say it "filled me, thrilled me with fantastic terrors, never mortal felt before."

hidden stream of oratory that flows in the brain and soul of many of our number. Those with Ciceronian ambitions should be very grateful to our morning assemblies, for they have been the means of appeasing this noble ambition. The manner in which the audience received the jeweled words that fell from the silvered esophagus of the orator has been enough of praise and applause.

☪ It was with great interest that we listened to Prof. Bryant as he related the scenes and events of the misty past from the orbit or astride the tail of Halley's wanderer. Again every pupil should be grateful for the lessons that our Professor extracted from the stories and incidents relating to his eventful past. His is a life that has beheld both the sweet and sour of life, but to us he gives only the sweet.

☪ These are not the only fields of intellectual development that we have been allowed to visit. Future Titians of the bar have matched their legal wits and powers; bashful maidens have timidly sung songs of love or read papers of worth to a listening and admiring audience—usually the latter feeling was more apparent in one than the others.

☪ Our assemblies have brought forth the school's worth; they kindled varied ambitions and pointed out the pathway that genius and talent might most easily. They have added courage to timidity, confidence to desire, and enthusiasm to expectation.

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#### JANUARY 31st.

When was there ever such a coincidence in the history of the Independence High School? A teacher got married!!! Imagine!! Yes, Professor Sexton and Cupid struck up an alliance, and his marriage to Miss Austin, January 24, 1910, was the outcome.

On the following Wednesday morning I. H. S. was certainly stirred up. "Oh, had you heard about Professor Sex—?"

"Yes, isn't that the limit? He certainly has the proper grit to do such a thing in the middle of the term in I. H. S."

"Well, I guess it is just a case where love conquered."

Such was the talk until the following Monday, January 31, when the Professor returned from his honeymoon.

Everybody was going around with the semi-conscious air, that always forbodes evil, when the assembly bell rang.

The Juniors took their usual place in the balcony, and when all were quiet, they arose and sang, "Here Comes the Groom," an impromptu song composed by Olga Dunn and Margaret Ehardt.

"Here comes the groom, kids, rise up each one,

He has just returned from his honeymoon.

Ring out the chorus, we'll sing our song once again,

And give three cheers for this happy man.

Rah! Rah! Rah!



## THE GLEAM

In his old seat he is sitting once more,  
 Ribbons afloat and rice on the floor,  
     Which we all threw,  
     The teachers, too,  
 Forthey're rejoicing in his pleasure, one and all.  
 Then stick to it, kids, throw the rice, everyone,  
 Throw it to a finish now that you have begun,  
     While we congratulate,  
     While we congratulate,  
 While we congratulate the bride and groom forever."

Following this the faint notes of Mendelssohn's wedding march floated out from behind the curtain. And, then—coming down the left aisle were Alden Millard and Edward Karnes. Alden was the groom and looked the part from his agitated face to his white gloves. Edward was the best man.

Coming down the right aisle was George Wallace, acting as a father, and leaning touchingly on his arm was his fair daughter. George was indeed looking depressed at the thought of losing this damsel in wedlock. The maiden's countenance could not be discerned as a mosquito bar coquettishly covered her head. This was a fortunate thing, as her facial expression would probably have denoted anything except dignity and solemnity. The bride was clad in a white dress, of the most becoming style, and in all respects she was truly attractive.

The four met upon the stage. When the ring had been placed on the maiden's finger, and she and the groom had been considered as united, the intense feeling of the community was indeed awakened. Everywhere you looked damp handkerchiefs were wiping away briny tears.

But alas, the bride proved fickle. Immediately after her descent from the stage, she sat down by Professor Sexton, and Professor Setxon had a wife of his own too. Through it all she showed a generous nature and bestowed upon him her bouquet.

When the laughter had subsided, the curtain was raised. Dangling from it were shoes of all descriptions: big shoes, little shoes, new shoes and old shoes, and such an array of hearts and wooden spoons with touching words thereon. Then Webster McDonald, the president of the Athletic Association, stepped forth and presented to Professor Sexton a leather chair, in behalf of the Association. When he acknowledged our gift, he astounded us all by saying: "I have resolved never to get married again."

Our time was nearing its close, and at the first tap of the bell, the bride dashed out of the door with a stride of a boy, and we for the first time recognized our classmate, Lee Douthitt.

We all enjoyed ourselves that morning, and here's hoping some more of the teachers get affected by Cupid.

M. G. '11.



## APRIL 1st.

**ONE** cannot account for it exactly; where it began we do not know. Perhaps the first tiny spark was inbibed within us during that awful, trying term as Subs. It grew upon us as Freshmen; as Sophomores we felt its quickening influence; it came upon us with redoubled force in our Junior year; and as Seniors it has been so great a factor in our lives that we chose to express as much one morning in assembly.

It was April Fool's day and everyone naturally expected a corresponding program. They were "fooled," however, for, as was given in the introduction, we had met from time to time to honor and revere our heroes in History and Literature, and this morning's program was in honor of the birthday of our own beloved principal whose inspiring influence and untiring efforts in our behalf have endeared him to the heart of every true-minded High School student.

The purpose of the program was to portray the various stages of life. It was well conceived and developed accordingly. The soft, tender strains of a simple little "cradle song" introduced it. The mother's sweet song did not o'ershadow the gentle motion of the cradle. They were both there, and through them we beheld the simple picture in our mind's eye.

The child grew as days passed on and the mother charmed him to sleep with her lullaby. But he outgrew this happy stage, and next we saw him at his play and heard his short, detached account of the making of his first squirt-gun.

Our imagination bridged over his school life (rather, his own previous account of it did) and then we beheld him as a youth singing from the depths of his young heart, "Love Me, and the World Is Mine." We are forced to stop and think a moment—so much here all at once—and yet, time moves on; and as it progressed he listened to "Love's Old Sweet Song;" and then, lived again these "Departed Days." With mind thus occupied in happy, yet serious reflection, he breathed aloud his inward thought, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie,"—and revealed therein the true and noble character we love so well.

With hearts overflowing with deep feeling and emotion we felt, rather than heard, the presentation of our gift. In a like manner we received the short talks from Prof. Palmer and Miss Brown. Then came Prof. Bryant's response, and we knew that our whole-souled effort had been truly received and appreciated.

The history of our morning assemblies is a pleasant one—it shall remain a living memento of our High School life—and foremost among its memorable dates is that of April 1st.

M. S. '10.

## To Our Principal

Ψ Ψ Ψ

In the morning in assembly,  
In that grand belov'd assembly,  
Stands our dear Professor Bryant,  
That resplendent man of learning.  
Stands he there before the High School,  
Just in front of us, the Seniors;  
Brings the sunshine in our faces  
Like the fire god brings the morning;  
Brings new life into our beings,  
Breathes again the love he bears us  
With his smiles and words of kindness.  
Says he loves our happy faces,  
Tells us how he hates to scold us;  
Now he tells us to live upright,  
Make a name that all will honor,  
Shows us that to live is sweeter  
Than before we'd ever thought it.  
There he stands belov'd and honored  
By the school that now surrounds him.  
Ah, this man will live forever  
In the hearts of us, his children.

S. M. '10.







It has been thought best not to make a distinct division for the English department, although it is one of the strongest courses of the High School and one of which we are justly proud. The entire Gleam is as fine a representation of our English course as any detailed discussion of that study would be.

## My First School

Ψ Ψ Ψ

**I**T was in my old Kentucky home and during the last century. If you think of it, that is not so long ago—a decade perhaps will land you there.

I will not tell you what year, for then you might make some other calculations entirely unnecessary in this connection. Suffice it to say, all school days have their beginning and I suppose mine did too. They did, for I remember the event. The day was bright, the hour was early. Parenthetically let it be inserted that in those times school days were long—longer than ours. A day began at sun-rise and closed with sun-down. Benighted times!

**I** I was about eight years old. The school house was not very distant, just across a quarter, but my legs were short, and I still struggled with the hills thrown up by the ordinary plow and with the valleys scooped out by their shares. In my imagination I still see that long lane and the gradual turn in the road that brought into view that intellectual palace of the woods. I wish I could walk it again, and gather almost into one step that mighty way down by the blackberry patch and the sugar tree orchard. How time contracts the visions of the child! How time expands the visions of the man!



To me that way was long, and the wind, at times, was cold, but my little toddling steps finally reached the small log cabin or the house, if it can be so dignified, set high on the banks of Hickman Creek, as noted to me as Rubicon to Caesar.

☞ I entered its door. It always stood open. Evidently it was a summer school. There was but one window and that was made by cutting out eight or ten feet of log and supplying its place with glass. The seats were made of old fashioned slabs. The legs were set in them obliquely at various angles and forgot to stop at the upper surface. Their backs were never ordered. The only things in the room that had backs were the children, the teacher, and the teacher's desk-chair. The legs of the smaller boys dangled and those of the larger made acute angles in proportion to the height of the pupil. Thus postured the pupils spent their time from early morn to dewy eve. Extending the full length of the window and just under it to get full advantage of the light was an inclined writing board. It seemed very high to me. I was too small to use it. These were all the furnishings in the room except that flat ferule in the hands of the master and an occasional hickory switch intended solely for external application. The theory of those early Kentucky days was "Spare the rod and spoil the child." The doctrine of original sin caused many a little heart and body to ache by reason of punishment administered to drive it out. Not many children of that time can boast of any neglect of the teacher in this particular.

☞ I do not recall any of the games of the larger boys of that first school. Being small I was not counted only to be teased. In the country robbing nests of "bumble bees" was a favorite amusement, and there were heroes and heroes upon those hard fought battle fields. You could mark them by their swollen eyes and stoical indifference to pain. These onslaughts led them far out into the woods and it took a strong voice to reach them in recalling them to "books." When they did come, they came as stragglers gathering in from the mightier conflicts of human war and passion. Waterloo and Yorktown had naught to compare with such heroism. Another thing which makes the whole picture as of yesterday was the cry of "school-butter." What older person, of southern clime, does not know the meaning of "school-butter" cried defiantly into the ears of a body of pupils ever ready for a scrimmage and to defend its honor. Can you not see them rise as one man and pursue in hot haste with stones and other weapons the enemy of their peace? It took a fleet horse to save the scalp of the defiant intruder and woe be to him if overtaken. If he escaped, days did not make the young tribe forgetful of him who had thus dared to cross the boundaries of its honor. What a pleasure it would be to me today to look down that road and listen for the clattering of the horse's hoofs bearing that mischief maker to a place of safety.

"Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,

We love the play-place of our early days;

The scene is touching, and the heart is stone  
 That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.  
 The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,  
 Playing our games, and on the very spot;  
 As happy as we once, to kneel and draw  
 The chalky ring, and knuckle down to taw;  
 To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,  
 Or drive it devious with a dextrous pat;  
 The pleasing spectacle at once excites  
 Such recollection of our own delights,  
 That viewing it, we seem almost t' obtain  
 Our innocent sweet simple years again.  
 This fond attachment to the well-known place,  
 Whence first we started into life's long race  
 Maintains to hold with such unfailing sway,  
 We feel it even in age, and at our latest day."

☐ When play-time was over—it lasted for one hour—no bell rang the boys in. The teacher stood at the door and called in loud stentorian tones "books!" Then with faces streaked with perspiration and moistened dust—in some cases amounting almost to mud—all would come in and be seated probably, for you must look out for that crooked pin on your seat, placed there by some mischievous friend of yours to see you jump. He is sitting just across from you, watching from behind his book, sniggering. There! you jump! Then the ferule! Between the ferule and the pin the life of the timid ones was lived between the upper and the nether mill-stone. They suffered and dreaded during the day and dreamed terrible things at night, which midnight fancies turned before the waking hour into the teacher himself.

☐ What books did I study? I do not remember to have studied at all. I must have had a Webster's Spelling Book. Yes, I remember it by the curling of the leaves at the corners, and by the worn place where the thumb held the book open and a thumb-paper attached by a thread from the top. I remember a—b, ab and b—a, ba. I had to work hard to reach b-a-k-e-r, ba-ker. It was one of the great mile-stones of intellectual progress. The boy that could spell it had rights. He had reached his majority. It was as great an event as change of voice or putting on long trousers. That Blue Back Speller! There are few better books today and fewer still that have opened up wider opportunities to struggling mortals. It had its Hall of Fame and pointed ever to it. Armed with its words, its short pithy sentences, its suggestive illustrations many a soul has marched to victory. What successes, what forceful lives have been forged in its factory. All hail to the Blue Back Spellers and the little log school houses on the hill! All hail to the little rills that go to make the mighty current of the twentieth century.

Geo. S. Bryant.



## The Red Carnation—A Memorial Tribute



He has passed on, who planted in our hearts  
A crimson flower;  
The little children on the streets  
Best knew his magic power.

From out the sunshine of his heart and smile  
We all took toll;  
He gave himself to us and let us see  
A rare, sweet soul.

—Mary Paxton.

**O**NLY a few short months ago there moved in and out among us a man—of youth and age the comrade—whose like we shall not see again. Always the friend and patron of *The Gleam*, it is most fitting that his memory be perpetuated in its pages. The children, from the first primary to the high school senior, have felt the gentle, wholesome influence of his life. His smile, symbolized in the brilliant hues of the cheer-bearing flower he loved and wore, like a gleam of sunshine was a constant benediction. Such a life as his cannot perish from the earth. Like a sweet incense it is disseminated into the lives of those who knew and loved him.

**Q**uently as the breezes of a summer morn James Moss Hunton brought the cheer and gladness of a loving heart to the community in which he lived, and moved, and scattered kindness, giving birth to happiness everywhere in the radiant sunshine of his smile. Self-abnegation was the spirit of his being. Truly was his life a continuous contribution to the needs and happiness of his fellows. In him was beautifully exemplified the love that Jesus taught. Measured by years his life was not a long one, but its richness and generous fullness are deeply felt in the circle where he dispensed happiness and joy. Without ostentation his deeds were wrought. The sorrowing and destitute he turned not away. Ever lifting burdens from weary shoulders, he seemed to bear none himself. As the dew is dispelled by the morning sun, tears and sadness were scattered by his presence. No knight of old was more gentle, more chivalrous. His magnanimous heart ever beat in response to distress and suffering of the weak and lowly. The relief that he offered always took such form as to make an expression of gratitude difficult or impossible. The rich and the poor, the young and the old, alike loved and honored him.

**Q**uient and gentle as was his coming into our lives, equally so was his de-



parture. There was no farewell. There were no adieus.

“With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,  
He has wandered into an unknown land.”

¶ The gentle giver, the genial gentleman, the courteous knight—our friend—we shall see no more. The glow of the red carnation has faded into the gloom of the cypress shade. The joyous smile, the cordial hand-clasp, the words of kindly greeting, linger with us still in the treasure-house of memory. Let us hope that the beautiful life he lived may serve to inspire the many to whom he endeared himself with a desire to emulate his virtues. In this way we may see him again, as the impress of his character may appear in the lives of all the youth who were bound to him by bonds of love. In this way virtue imparts immortality to life, and to divinity, a smile of joy.

Wm. L. C. Palmer.



## The Development of Freedom

(Prize Essay.)

Ψ Ψ Ψ

**E**VERY individual who has ever placed himself in the ranks of representative men, has come through a process of development which has freed him from the littleness of life. Every nation that has fulfilled its mission of enriching the stores of earth, has climbed laboriously a gamut of struggle. The history of the entire world is a succession of conflicts for nationality for rights of man, as to his liberty of person and opinions. Its most interesting chapters show progressions of religion, of culture, and of government—three forces in the great intellectual revolutions.

☞ Men have been great in proportion to their mastery over selfishness and error, and to the services they have rendered their fellows. Any man who severs a single enthralling chain from his brother, has not lived in vain; we are failures only as we are useless. The scroll of issues past is beautifully illuminated with noble and far-reaching acts of men—men who have been masters of themselves, and helps in freeing the souls of others. Back to the olden times when man, to be a man, must be a warrior—we remember such names as Cyrus, for delivering the children of Israel from the Babylonish captivity—the long line of Greek patriots in the Persian war, especially Leonidas—daring and picturesque—who will ever remain a hero to lovers of freedom.

☞ But peace has offered higher lists of manhood, loftier types of heroism, more marked advances of freedom than battle ever knew. Soldiers have laid the foundation for free civilization upon which great thinkers have builded. Joshua and the warrior kings did not raise the Jewish nation to its height, but by keeping the people from servitude, this development was made possible. Socrates, advancing new methods of philosophy and morals, was as great an exponent of freedom as was Miltiades.

☞ During the classic age were placed exalted standards of perfection in all that is cultured—standards that could only have been set by nations free from conquerors without, and from tyrants within. But excess became a basic vice, and reaction ever dogs the footsteps to excess. Thus came effeminacy, invasion, ruin at the hand of a vastly inferior people. Then, for Europe came those ages when mind groped helplessly through the gloom of ignorance and superstition; and not until the dawn of a new era do great names again appear. Dante and Petrarch disentangled the fetters of creed and custom, rousing man to a sense of the inestimable value of the recovery of Graeco-Roman antiquity. Wycliffe—the “morning-star” of this darkest



hour—gave England the Bible—a decided step in her release from blind subjection to the church. The Renaissance and Reformation can be better understood as unit movements toward the emancipation of mind, than as the work of individuals. Of course the Three Oxford Reformers, Luther, Calvin and such men ever will and should be associated with tearing down the scaffold of scholasticism—of adding sane and logical reasoning to “free-thinking.” After Europe was once aroused to the fact that her sons were not base underlings—individuals stand out prominently, opening new highways for every walk of life. Copernicus, Galileo, Henry the Navigator, Caxton and Gutenberg elevated mankind into higher fields of ideas. Those who do this, deserve honor in the same class with them that preserve a nation.

¶ True, the glamour of heroism is not them that reflects upon such glorious emancipators as Frederick the Great, William of Orange, and our own grand Washington. In these we see the exalted spirit of unsullied patriotism working through men as truly great in peace as in war.

¶ Again we look even higher than this in the scale of liberty advocates, and find the illustrious parliamentarians who sacrificed estate, cast, friends, and even life to answer the sacred calls of conscience in behalf of their country. Hampden, Pym and Eliot stand at the top of a people who subverted the “divine right” theory and proclaimed anew the ancient inalienable right. Burke and Pitt ably defended the same broad toleration—their just foresight granting such principles as fundamental even in the colonial governments across the seas.

¶ And in this “land of the free” we point with honest pride to the vast array of those who have aided in furthering the cause of freedom. The firm phalanx of colonial patriots, the ages’ greatest inventors, the army of stern, uncompromising abolitionists, have all led in raising the masses to a full understanding and enjoyment of true liberty. Perhaps the one character most deserving honor after the Father of his Country, is Abraham Lincoln, who not only freed the negroes from slavery, but a whole nation from a system that stood a contradiction to their constitution, a menace to their moral uplift and political union.

¶ The entire course of freedom cannot be traced by the doings of individuals. The evolution of ages has shown nations fulfilling their mission all for the general uplift. The Hebrews gave the world a fresh, pure religion that made it possible for us to be loosed from absurd myth theories, with their indefinite or abrupt beginnings. The Greeks added to Truth—Beauty—no longer were the arts bound by an unyielding chain of form. Rome preserved and added to the classic stores of Greece, but the barbarians came and this learning was obscured. Then, indeed, did the age seem dark, but the manifest work of this rude people was as definite and far-reaching as any that ever dwelt upon European soil. A fierce love of freedom was impregnated in their beings; the basest term of abuse they could fling at an



enemy was—slave. What wonder then that England, the battle-ground of all conquering Tueton and unconquerable Celt should take such decided strides toward the climax of all that is free. "They must be free—or die—who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, the faith and morals hold which Milton held."

☞ But the very "height—the crest—the crest unto the crest" of vigorous and self-sustaining independence, we find—at home. What a pride thrills within us when we look at our own country—a huge and splendid monument of progress, peace and liberty! What security to feel that our institutions were established by men who loved their neighbors as themselves, and their country more than themselves.

☞ There comes a keen sensation of pride touching our highest instincts when we see the Stars and Stripes—when we hear the voices of our countrymen singing:

"Land where my fathers died!  
Land of the pilgrim's pride!  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!"

R. S. '10



## When the Gallant Knight Came Riding

(Prize Story.)

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**I**T was in the afternoon of one of those hot, sultry September days, when the village housewives take their naps, and the merchants, tired and bored by the slack in trade, loll over the counters in a dreamy, languid attitude; only the children, as they romp and play on the way home from school, the boys at shinney or leap frog, and the girls gathered about hopscotch squares, make the world appear to be inhabited.

This afternoon, shinney seemed especially popular, all along the road the youngsters manifested great eagerness for the game.

"Shinny me one hole," yelled a half dozen at once.

"Oh, you're it, Bob!"

"Bang" went the can—the game is off.

The clatter and commotion proceeded until the continuous "biffs" and "bangs" were interrupted by a slight variation.

"Oh, my toe, my toe, my toe!" screamed Jim, "Gully, the blood's a-goin'," he added excitedly.

Hitting people's feet occurred often in this game, but for the blood to come proved something extra, and all rushed toward the unfortunate one, expecting to see his foot bathed in a deluge of redness.

"Gee, I wouldn't bawl about such a little scratch," exclaimed the bully of the crowd, disappointed that the excitement was no greater.

"Cry baby," chimed in several others.

"Hey, Jim! There goes that pink-headed girl of your'n. Better dry up, she's a lookin' at you," proclaimed one, exultingly.

The little figure at the side of the road, indignant at the remarks which the ugly boys made about her to Jimmie, straightened up, drew her pink sunbonnet more closely over her head, so as to hide the auburn hair, and with a decided arrogant tread, passed the group in haughty spirits.

Jimmie had forgotten his wounded toe, under the strength of a new grief. Furious, he burst forth in a fit of passion—

"Yes, she is my girl, and she's my sweetheart, too, and if you dare to call her pink-headed again I'll knock you down."

The next day at school a little girl, in front of James Brown, wrote something on her slate, and then held it up that the person behind might read.

"Did the can hurt you, yesterday? I hate those awful boys.—Your lovin' friend Sarah."



Pride rose within him, and he answered, "No," with a big mannish voice. "I just cried for fun."

Sarah, too timid to speak to her little friend, continued her part of the conversation on the much beloved slate.

"I've got somethin' to tell you,—it's awful. I'm goin' 'way, away, to school."

This was answered by a message in writing, too precious to be trusted to the air.

"If you lov me as I lov you, no nife can cut our lov in to."

That the plea might seem more sincere, he passed her the pretty red apple which he had brought for his lunch.

But the conquest was lost, the catastrophe must come. On Sunday afternoon the old 'bus lumbered up to the McMurtry house, and Sarah, accompanied by her parents and a huge carpetbag, stepped in bravely. The little girl looked her very prettiest, in a pink gingham, starched to the utmost, and a snow-white sunbonnet, pulled carefully over the curls and tied on by dainty strings in a bow-knot under her chin. When all were safely tucked in for the journey to the station and the driver had lodged himself in his high box, he cracked the long whip, the horses gave a lunge and the 'bus responded with a jerk,—and Sarah started off to school.

At the first turn of the road, the fair princess and her retinue were joined by a gallant knight, in purple jeans and a straw helmet, seated upon a fiery, noble steed, with all the dignity of a crusader. Encouraged by the coquettish glance, from behind the sunbonnet, he rode as close as possible to his lady love, never speaking a word, however. When she seemed to forget about him, he spurred his old nag until he answered the pricks with alternate balks and prancing steps. If this did not prove sufficient to arrest the attention of the young lady within, he exhibited other feats of horsemanship. When they reached the station Jim bid "farewell, a long farewell" with but a glance into the roguish brown eyes.

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Twelve years have passed, and it is time for the Annual June Hop in — College. The ball room has never been thrown open to such a large number of friends before, and everything is radiant with splendor, as a result. The palms and flowers and beautiful light, form a background against which the dancing figures are carved in relief.

A tall, handsome young man has entered the hall and stands dazzled by the beauty of the picture before him.

"Well, Doctor Brown, I'm afraid you're late for this festivity," said one of the Faculty as she advanced to the rescue.

"Yes, Miss Farris, I believe I am, but you must remember that this is only my first year on the Board of Curators, so I'm somewhat ignorant. I hope you will excuse me tonight."

"Yes, yes, certainly. Doctor, I have a friend visiting me, whom I



would be glad for you to meet. She is not dancing now; come, let me introduce her to you."

"Sarah,—I want you to know my friend, Doctor Brown, Miss McMurtry."

"Delighted, I assure you."

"This, indeed, gives me great pleasure."

"I shall leave you, to your dancing now," added Miss Farris, and retreated.

After the introduction, both looked perplexed, and then their eyes met, and flashed an understanding glance.

"By Jove, it is the same little Sarah."

"And it's the same Jim, too," she echoed.

"Let's go out on the gallery and talk over old times,—dancing has no attraction now."

That number was a long, dreamy waltz, and two encores followed, so when the dancers finally retired to the open air, they found themselves intruders on a couple, deep in the mysteries of love, and in the darkness they heard a voice murmuring—

"No knife can cut our love in two."



## The Hero of the Valley of Virginia

(U. D. C. Prize Essay.)

Ψ Ψ Ψ

**T**HE time has come when we can do justice to the brave heroes of the South and North, who have long gone to the grave. The warriors who once rode to battle at the head of hostile armies are now in the realm of glory where all enmity is buried forever. A great war can never be forgotten but a civil war has a still more tragic interest, as it is a war between brothers, fathers and sons. There is a bitterness between them, yet all the while, deep down in their hearts there is a tenderness, that takes other times and scenes to awaken. When we, the children and grandchildren of old Confederate soldiers, gaze back upon the period of civil war which occurred in the great annals of our history, we cannot realize the struggles, the hardships, the trials, that they had to undergo for their cause.

☪ When the great figures of Lee and Jackson pass before us on the canvas of history we recognize them as actors in a time that is forever past. We claim them as belonging to us, and their illustrious names will always remain a watchword to the noble sons and daughters of the Southland. The central figure of our civil war was beyond all question, that of Robert E. Lee. His calm, broad military intellect reduced the chaos after Donelson, to order. But Jackson, the hero of the Shenandoah Valley, was the motive power that executed, with the rapidity of lightning, all that Lee could plan. Lee was the exponent of the Southern power of command, Jackson the expression of its faith in God and in itself, its terrible energy, its enthusiasm and daring, its unconquerable will, its capacity to smite, as with bolts of thunder, the cruel foe that would trample under foot its liberty.

☪ Jackson was the most picturesque figure in the war. Not so high in command as General Lee, or General Grant, but neither had a personality so unique. In Jackson there were two men in one—military genius of the highest order, with a religious fervor that bordered on fanaticism; a union of the soldier and the saint for which we must go back to the time of Cromwell to find. A character in which such traits are combined is one of the most fascinating studies to be found in history.

☪ This brilliant soldier was first heard of in our war with Mexico. Here the young Virginian, in a brief space of time, attracted the attention of his generals and became one of the most promising young officers of the army. Soon after returning from Mexico, Jackson obtained a Professorship in the Virginia Military Institute, and continued in the performance of the important duties of this position until the breaking out of the civil war in



the spring of 1861. Then the time for the full display of the great faculties of his soul came. Peace might have left forever hidden the profound genius of the man, but the bloody hand of war was laid upon the country, and the quiet professor was to shape and mold the great events of a mighty period in the history of the world. Cromwell might have remained a merchant—Jackson an unknown professor; but for both of these iron souls, Providence had decreed their work.

¶ The year 1861 opened, big with portents. The air seemed to be filled with that mysterious atmosphere which goes before revolution and battle. Great events were happening and the minds of men were aroused and excited; all hearts beat with the ardor of the time. From the moment Fort Sumter was surrendered to General Beauregard, the issue was clearly joined, and all intelligent minds perceived that it meant civil war. The Confederate States accepted it,—organized their forces for the general defense and entered upon the great struggle with grave and serious hearts. The galaxy of the Confederate States yet wanted one of its brightest luminaries. Virginia, the soul of revolution in the past, the proud, defiant, chivalric sovereignty which had before been the first to resist oppression—Virginia, the mother of the bravest warriors and statesmen, remained inactive. It was not until the foe came in direct contact with her that she awoke to the danger, and raised in arms.

¶ At this point, again appears upon the scene the young soldier who had so greatly distinguished himself in the Mexican war. He was immediately appointed Colonel, and placed at the head of the little "Army of the Valley." Jackson promptly set to work to mold his troops into that impenetrable phalanx which stood stern and unbroken afterwards, amid scenes of the most frightful carnage, and whose battle-bag, pierced with buttets, never went down before the foe. There in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, he organized and gave its character to that brigade which afterwards took his own name of "Stonewall," and, as the "Stonewall Brigade" it is known and admired today for its unshrinking courage and unsurpassed efficiency throughout the world. It embraced the flower of the young men of the Valley of Virginia—the best and bravest youths of all the land, with the noblest type of the mighty Anglo-Saxon race as their leader.

"The knightliest of the knightly race,  
Who, since the days of old,  
Have kept the lamp of chivalry  
Alight in hearts of gold.  
The kindest of the kindly band,  
Who, rarely hating ease,  
Yet rode with Spotswood 'round the land,  
And Raleigh around the seas.



"Who climbed the blue Virginia hills  
 Against embattled foes,  
 And planted there in valleys fair,  
 The lily and the rose—  
 Whose fragrance lives in many lands,  
 Whose beauty stars the earth,  
 And lights the hearts of many homes  
 With loveliness and worth."

¶ At the first battle of Manassas, Jackson displayed in their fullest extent those heroic qualities of stubborn courage and dauntless resolution which characterized him; here he won the name of "Stonewall," which will cling to him forever. He aroused that enthusiasm which in the latter months of his life rendered him the idol of the popular heart. Jackson was everywhere in the thickest of the fight, cheering on his noble brigade and holding it steady under the fire which mowed down whole ranks of brave soldiers. When the heroic Bee exclaimed, "There is Jackson standing like a stone-wall; let us determine to die here, and we will conquer," he unconsciously employed a term which ever afterwards clung to Jackson more closely than his baptismal name. Jackson had secured that immortal name which will forever characterize him, but the arena had been too limited for the full display of his splendid faculties, and few suspected the existence of those inexhaustible resources of strategy which lay hid beneath the calm exterior of the silent Southerner.

¶ Later the time came when he was surrounded with a halo of almost dazzling splendor, and the deeds of Stonewall Jackson rung throughout the civilized world, making his very enemies bear tribute to the matchless genius which overwhelmed them. He had little of the fiery dash of Rupert, at the head of his cavaliers—but the iron nerve of Cromwell—sworn to conquer or die. He was a born soldier. This he showed in all that he undertook, more especially in that brief but decisive campaign of the Valley. Nothing but the possession of incomparable military genius could have made this campaign the magnificent success which it proved; it is doubtful if any other general on the continent could have conducted it through obstacles apparently so overwhelming, to an issue so triumphant.

¶ The campaign of the Valley and the march to Manassas were the crowning glories of Jackson's career; and they display a genius for war which will rank Jackson with the greatest generals of history. He was possessed by nature of the distinguishing characteristics of the leader of men—of Alexander, of Caesar, of Napoleon. He overcame his enemies as Caesar and Napoleon did, by inexhaustible resources both of brain and nerve, and by that superiority which God had given him. Jackson was always Jackson,—in small things as in great,—in the skirmish as in the great battle. The same eagle eye which chose the ground at Falling Waters, Groveton, Kerns-

town, Winchester and Port Republic, ran along the noble lines at Manassas. After the hard fought battle of Manassas, the stern soul of Jackson, the soldier, rejoiced within him but the childlike heart, the humble Christian, was full of pity for his brave soldiers, who wore the gray, and of prayer to God for their success. At this point the star of Jackson mounted toward the zenith—it was the star of victory.

Jackson, was an intense man—concentrating all his faculties upon the object in view, and striking heavy blows when once the combat began. To go on striking with all his force—to advance, to be the aggressor, to fight to the end, was his philosophy of war. All of his designs had a grand simplicity about them—"Advance and fight," seemed to be his motto. His will was enormous, his strength of purpose invincible. The unconquerable will of the man seemed to defy all opposing forces, and to wring victory from the very doors of Fate. Under the calm exterior the sweet, almost angelic smile, there was a tenacity of purpose so unbending—a resolution so stern and obdurate, a will so gigantic, that he seemed to possess the power of overwhelming all human opposition.

¶ Jackson was a man of earnestness and singleness of purpose. He did not throw away his strength upon small objects, or unimportant things. He had the faculty which has characterized the great judicial minds of the statesmen and lawyers of England,—the power of discerning the main obstacle in his path, and of so disposing his forces as to assail it to the best advantage. Like the painter, who, when criticized for his multitudinous touches, replied, "These may seem trifles, but they secure perfection, and perfection is no trifle"—he never rested until he had seen in person that all things were attended to, down to the minutest details; rightly thinking that the grand result was worth any amount of trouble. Jackson's tenacity of purpose was invincible. Never has a soul of more stubborn nerve been born into the world. He refused to recognize the possibility of defeat, and never knew when he was whipped. He struck boldly, but formed his plans in secret. Mystery with Jackson was the herald of victory. He talked little, and measured his words when speaking of military affairs.

¶ Sincerity, purity, truthfulness in thought, word and deed, lit up the path upon which he walked and made him beautiful in the eyes of the brave men and women of Dixieland. The people, generally, admired him for his military successes; but the character of the individual was the passport to that truly extraordinary love and admiration which saluted him wherever he moved. Few men have ever been purer or more guileless. He had the simplicity of a child; and the renown, which ever increased as his great services were more fully recognized, seemed only to make him more retiring. All the ends he aimed at were his country's; and that profound affection and respect which all the world had for him at that time, will last forever in the hearts of all true Americans. It is unnecessary to say Jackson was a pure and humble Christian. Piety was the absorbing and controlling sentiment of



his being. He seemed to look to God in all that he did and thought and uttered.

☪ When we speak of Stonewall Jackson we delight to dwell upon the toiling, marching, thinking, and fighting of those months in the Valley of Virginia. Tradition clusters around the least detail connected with him; and the great soldier is inseparably associated, in every heart, with the beautiful region which he loved so well. Jackson's fame is renowned throughout the world today but the people of the Southland first saw and hailed him, as if he were a rising sun. All lovers of purity and goodness now look to him as a noble type of earnest, truthful manhood; but the dwellers on the banks of the Shenandoah cherish his memory with a deeper affection—as that of one whose life, and heart, and arm, were dedicated to their defense. One of Jackson's dearest friends wrote the following tribute to the great general: "General Jackson is one of the purest men I ever knew. He is far above all political or personal considerations. He is a Christian patriot, deeply impressed with the cause in which he has unsheathed his sword and, depending upon the aid of a just God, determined to win the freedom of his country, or perish in the holy effort."

☪ Jackson was no accidental manifestation of the powers of faith and courage. He came not by chance in that day and generation. He was born for a purpose and that purpose he fulfilled to his dying day. We now come to the most sorrowful part of the brave General's career—that of his last days and hours. When Jackson entered the fields at Chancellorsville on May 2, 1863, he little dreamed that the death angel was awaiting him on that field. After the battle and while the wound of the famous soldier attracted to him the warmest sympathy and drew forth the earnest prayers of many thousands for his recovery, some few realized that death was near at hand. It was not the loss of the leader only, that men mourned; it was the friend, the benefactor, the father that the people feared would be taken from them. General Lee, who knew his incomparable value more than all other men, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "He is better off than I am. He lost his left arm but I lost my right!" During the last moments of life he sent messages to all his friends, the generals, and murmured in a low voice his wish to be buried in "Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia." "Lexington!" That town had witnessed the peaceful labors of the professor; the calm researches of the quiet student; the serene enjoyments of the noble husband and friend. From here he had departed to enter upon the career which made his name a famous one forever, in the annals of a mighty nation—to crown him with glory and honor as the right arm and chief hope of the people. From Lexington where he had been so happy, he went upon that path of danger and trial which rendered him so famous. He murmured, "Lexington! Lexington!" as the German exiles are said to murmur, "the Rhine! the Rhine!"

☪ "The Valley of Virginia!" Those words, too, had doubtless a magical



influence upon the stern and unimaginative soul of the celebrated leader. They brought up visions of his chief glories won upon that old familiar, long-loved soil. He had delivered that lovely land from all its foes; and, lying powerless there near Fredericksburg, his heart turned fondly to the scene of his happiness and his fame. In that earth which he had redeemed—the soil of the Valley of Virginia—he desired his ashes to repose. Thus fought and fell the great hero who had attracted to himself so much of the affection, the respect, the admiration of his countrymen—thus passed before the eyes of the world, and into the shadow, the lofty figure which will live forever in the memories of the Southern people, as in every heart.



## “Value of Total Abstinence to a Life”

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### Alcohol and Tobacco.

**W**E all know alcohol is a fermentation, and tobacco is a weed. Liquors are made by distilling fermented fruit or grain, and known as gin, whiskey, rum, or brandy, according to the substance used in the beginning. But they all contain about the same amount of narcotic poison. Tobacco is a native plant of America, used for smoking, chewing and snuffing. Its leaves are prepared by being dried and manufactured. It has a strong, peculiar smell, and an acrid taste. The nicotine from it is rank poison. Both alcohol and tobacco can be taken in such quantities as to paralyze the great nerve centers. There have been cases where whiskey has been taken thus.

☞ A taste for alcohol may be acquired by eating pies, puddings, sauces, or jellies, flavored with wine, rum or brandy. I would think very little of a woman who would use such in her cooking. Many think it right to treat their friends to beer or wine, but it is only asking them to injure their health. Such treating is to be classed as impudence rather than courtesy or friendship, and can only be rightfully considered by one who fully understands the true nature of such substance. People who furnish wines or liquors at a party, dinner or any entertainment, are virtually offering poisonous drinks, and it can never be called a true act of intelligence or hospitality. It is the placing of temptation, too strong to be resisted, in the way of an inherited or acquired appetite.

☞ Alcohol taken into the stomach is bound to irritate the lining. It is a medical fact that alcohol, applied to a fresh cut or very delicate skin, will burn fiercely. Then how much worse will it burn the delicate lining of the stomach, and the other digestive organs. In its passage it is absorbed and carried to all parts of the body with the food. It is a false though popular notion, that wines are helpful to digestion; for they all contain a large per cent of alcohol.

☞ Roberts shows that alcohol, even in small doses, diminishes the activity of the several structures of the body, and especially in young people, an arrest in the secretion of pepsin, which is very necessary to digestion. Wolff shows that the habitual use of alcohol produces a disorder of the stomach to such a degree as to render it incapable of responding to the digestion of a normal amount of food.

☞ So you see the study of all these scientists come to the same conclusion, namely that alcohol is more of a poison than a food.



☞ The use of tobacco either in smoking or chewing affects the mouth and stomach, while the alcohol effects mostly the stomach. Tobacco causes the glands of the mouth to secrete an unnatural amount of saliva; this of course weakens the glands and causes a dryness of the throat which leads to drinking. Many have been the cases of dyspepsia caused by the use of tobacco, but rarely can the person be convinced that tobacco is the cause of the trouble. Under such influences the movements of the heart are irregular, feeble and fluttering. From a special case I know of a severe pain about the heart and often dizziness is caused, with gasping and sometimes an extreme pallor and fainting.

☞ Alcoholic liquors tend to retard growth of the cells, bone cells included and prevent proper development. If bones are defrauded of their proper food because the blood sent to nourish their calls is loaded with narcotic, they will be undersized and weakened. Smoking also prevents a healthy nutrition of the several structures of the body, and especially in young people, an arrest of growth. Evidence of nerve exhaustion and irritability have again and again impressed a lesson of abstinence which has hitherto been far too little regarded. A lack of control is shown in the speech, each word requires an extra exertion of the muscles of the mouth, tongue, palate and throat. The reins are slackened, words are cut short, left out, or misplaced. The muscles of the eye are not harmonious. This is one reason a drunken man sees double or is said to see snakes.

☞ Cigarettes can not be too severely condemned, for they do a great deal of harm to muscles as well as the other parts of the body. A boy that uses cigarettts can generally be picked out. He smells bad—to begin with, but that is not the worst part of it. You can tell from the way he acts that there is something wrong with his mind and body. They are generally a year or more behind the other boys. The fact that fewer boys graduate than girls might be a conclusion from the use of tobacco and liquor. You can easily tell the work of a boy that has used cigarettes. I have noticed boys act cleepy and lazy as they come into the schoolroom, and in tracing the cause we found it to be the use of cigarettes. We girls find they do not make enjoyable company, and the thoughtless boys who cannot take a warning go on and on in the old stupid way.

☞ The armies of great nations are often called upon to take at short notice long campaigns in almost every climate of the world. Most modern armies are therefore handled upon a strictly scientific plan. Experiments have been made with a test of a daily ration of alcoholic liquor to men exposed to tropical climates, and forced to endure every variety of hardships. These results from the British in the Boer campaign in South Africa show that the soldiers could endure longer marches with no strong liquor than they could when it was allowed them. Some of England's ablest generals who handle armies, have strictly forbidden the supply of alcoholic liquor to any troops under their command. They took this step from experience; first that the physical

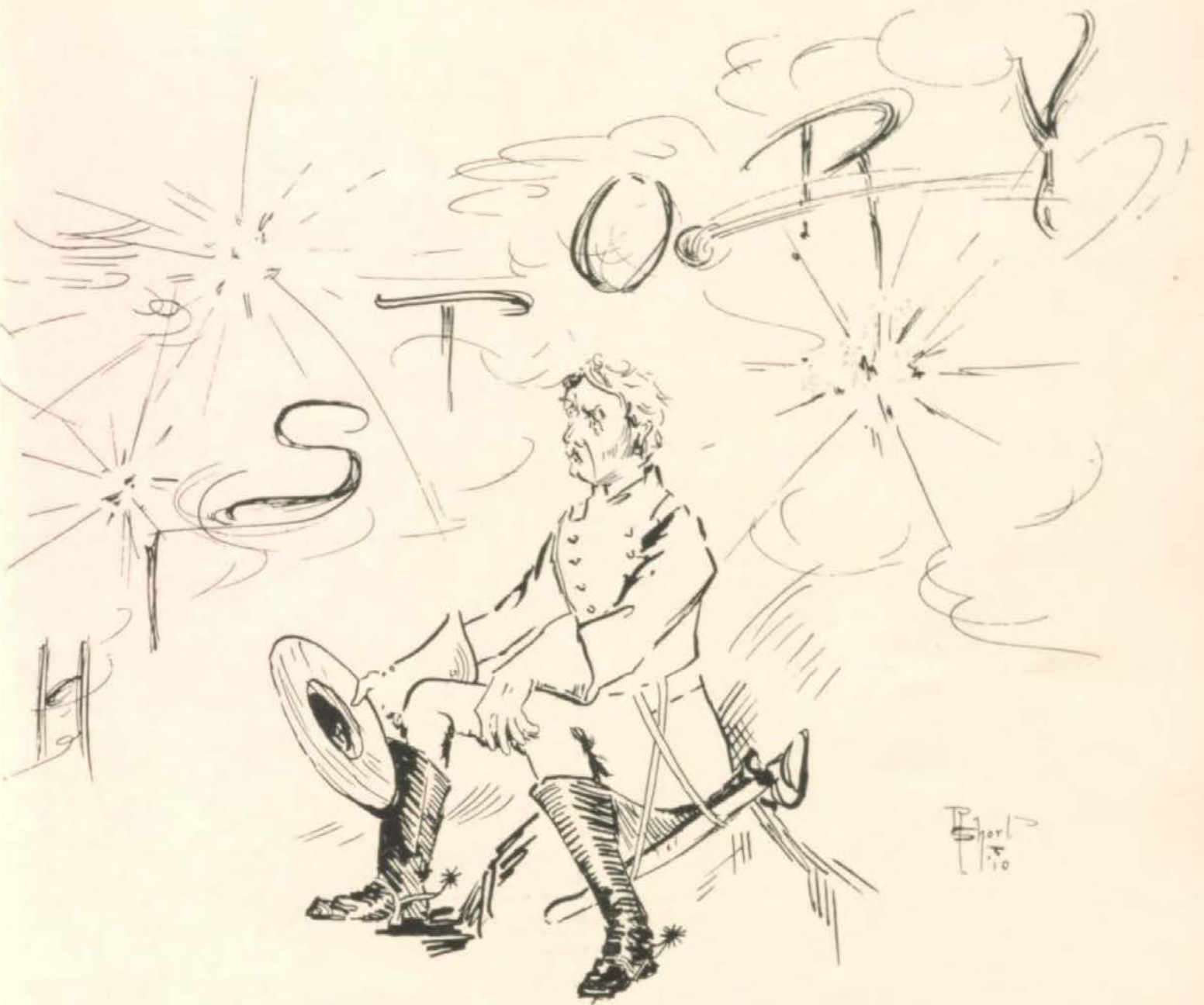


condition of troops would be enormously improved and the men would have much greater staying powers while their determination and steadiness would also be increased. Second, the mental and moral stamina of the troops would be preserved in a far greater degree than could possibly be the case if alcohol were served them. The result of this has been that the health, spirits and conduct of the troops have been the admiration of all who have had dealings with them. So this experiment on a large scale has been unqualified success.

☐ Experiments also prove that men were able to do an increased amount of work for a short time under the influence of alcohol, but they could not stand sustained labor or exposure. The men of some of the regiments who were allowed liquor began their marching well, but after a short time it was found that they lagged and were surpassed in the end by the soldier who had not been allowed the liquor. Also such men as athletes, base ball and foot ball trainers, and all others who take part in severe physical contests understand that alcohol and tobacco will put to naught the most elaborate and costly system of physical training.

☐ The demand of modern life calls for a sound body. He who indulges in alcoholic drinks or tobacco runs a great risk of having a weak body instead of a sound one. Total abstinence from alcohol and tobacco is the only sure goal to mental and physical strength.

☐ The tobacco habit is not only injurious to health but is a drawback on scholarship and character, for it weakens the will, diminishes the power of application and lowers the tone of thought and feeling. The power of self control which is the most difficult of the human faculties to acquire, and the last to be fully attained, is the first to be weakened by alcohol or tobacco. For example, some men intend to take only one drink, or one smoke, but that one indulgence may so weaken the mastery of themselves that they must have another, and often another and another. This is the history of practically every drunkard, while the example of those who drink, but do not become drunkards, leads astray thousands of others whose nervous systems are more quickly injured. The once active will power of the man who has become the victim of alcohol is a thing of the past. He can no longer resist the feeblest impulse to temptation. The grand faculty of self control is lost and as a result the baser instincts of his lower nature are now uppermost; greed and appetite are often unrestrained. The moral power of such a man is also dragged down to the lowest ebb. The finer sensibilities of character are deadened; pride of personal appearance, self respect and proper regard for the good opinion of others is gone and at last even decency disappears. Conviction of right and wrong now finds little place in his nature, conscience is silenced and dishonesty prevails.



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**H**ISTORY is one of the most important subjects in our school. The essential purpose of the entire history course is to give the student a complete and thorough training, in the most beneficial method of study and to help him read the present by the past. To accomplish this in the best possible method, our history course has been contecutively arranged in four main branches—those of Ancient, Mediaeval and Modern, English and American History.

☐ During the last year the Faculty decided that the subject of American History and Civics should be taught as separate and extended courses; there-



fors Civics and Economics were introduced into the year's study apart from the general subject History, composing one year's study for the two subjects. Although great interest had been shown on the part of the pupils in this important course of study, no especial attention was given to it by outsiders, but this year the public seemed to recognize the real value and importance of such a course in our school, as shown by the prize of \$25 in gold offered by the Bank of Independence, to the student making the highest average in American History. History gives the pupil a greater breadth of view, possibly, more than any other subject, for one is continually called upon to use historical facts he has learned. He sees history is a chain in which link is a fact and by the time American History is studied he is able to see the continuity, the unity, of it all. In order to make good citizens one must understand fully the origin and the operation of our government. By studying the lives of our forefathers who fought so faithfully and earnestly for the liberties which we enjoy today, our ideals are raised, and we can better appreciate the liberties they have won for us.

☐ The economic and political progress of our country today, shows that here labor-saving inventions have reached the highest perfection; here steam was first used for purposes of transportation, and electricity first employed to transmit intelligence. Our progress on higher planes is still more evident. In our country, free public schools and free public libraries have been established on a higher scale; manhood suffrage has become the rule; entire religious tolerance granted to all men. Within the lifetime of a generation our government grew stronger, and within the same time slavery was abolished forever. The Union has had a truer, nobler, and stronger birth in the hearts of the people.

S. B. P. '10.

### WASHINGTON A HERO.

ψ ψ ψ

**W**ASHINGTON is one of whom it might well be said, "The elements were so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man." We see him a hero as general, a hero as statesman, a hero in perseverance and greatest of all, a hero in character—the champion of truthfulness and purity. Then may we not say that he is four heroes in one? The average man that we would call "hero" is one who shoots off at tangents, as it were, and by some brave deed wins renown; but here we see the well rounded whole, marked by his morality, his valor, his tolerance, his truthfulness, his victorious strength and greatness. Carlyle says, "All sorts of heroes are intrinsically of the same material; that given a great soul, open to the Divine significance of Life, then there is given a man fit to speak of this, to sing of this, to fight and work for this in a great, victorious and enduring manner—there is a hero, the outward shape of whom will depend upon the time and environment he finds himself in."



☞ Washington was not a sensational hero, about whom nations rave for the moment and then forget, nor can we say that he won fame by any single act. The heroism of this great man was innate, taking on the various forms that the times and circumstances demanded. If ever there was in the world's history, a critical period, it was the Revolutionary period of this country. A time that tried men's souls, a time that required a strong hand to steer the colonies through the turbulent waters. That strong hand was Washington's, that great soul, open to the Divine Significance of Life and a man fit to fight and work for this in a great, victorious and enduring manner. We connect with his the names of Caesar, Hannibal, Cromwell and Napoleon, but who, save he, has ever been called "The Father of His Country?"

☞ In the production of Washington it does really appear as if nature were endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the hero of the new.

"How shall I place thee upon glory's page,  
Thou more than a soldier, just less than sage?  
All thou hast done reflects less fame on thee,  
For less than all thou hast forborne to be."

S. M. '10.

### THE GROWTH OF NATIONALISM.

ψ ψ ψ

**T**HE states are encouraging and accepting greater national jurisdiction, all the time. Consciously or unconsciously, since the civil war, the assertion of states' rights has grown weaker and government control has grown stronger. This tendency is inevitable; the best statesmen and the highest courts recognize the fact. It is the natural outcome of the nationalizing of business. No matter what its resources and developments may be, no matter how strong a government it may have, no state can be sufficient unto itself.

☞ With this coming together of the states into the national character, the purpose and scheme of the national government has become so consistent and essentially beneficial, that questions that once would have developed into problems of states' rights, are now dismissed as idle talk.

☞ Following the awakening of state interests in national affairs, and as a result of the necessary and constant increase in federal supervision, it would be impossible for a crooked administration to ever again go unchallenged by the people. That there should ever again be such a lapse of public conscience or indifference, as to allow Congress to pass laws for the benefit of the few, without a remonstrance from the people is inconceivable.

☞ This centralization is necessary to good government, but it is in no way a menace to the importance of the individual states.

M. A. H. '10.



## Latin

Ψ Ψ Ψ

### Via Linguae Latinae.

Prima.—The Freshmen are taught the forms, the ceremonies and the fundamental principles.

Secunda.—The Sophomores for the first time learn that "All Gaul is divided into three parts;" also, that when Caesar crossed the Rhine he proposed to Bridget (bridge it).

Tertia.—The Juniors are filled with a desire to seek the heights of oratory by their beloved Cicero in his invectives against the bold, arrogant, haughty, rebellious Cataline, a robber, cut-throat and scoundrel.

Quarta.—The Seniors are initiated into the delights of courtship by the classic Aeneas and Dido, and have many discussions on the subject of second marriages. Some object seriously while others are loyal and stand up for Infelix Dido.

M. R.

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Besides this varied information, we want some further inspiration. One cannot get the most out of this extensive subject without some form of illustration, such as maps, pictures or even statuary. This fact has been impressed upon us just recently, through the thoughtfulness of Dr. Charles W. Moore of Kansas City who made us a present of Turner's sketch of "Caligula's Palace and Bridge." Together with this, the famous Parthenon has been added. Thus, having accomplished a beginning, the quotation, "All comes to him who waits," gives hope to the anxious Latinists.

V. C.



## A FEW IMPRESSIONS OF THE ETERNAL CITY.

Ψ Ψ Ψ

"From the very soil of silent Rome

You shall be wise and live again."—Symonds.

**J**AS majestic monuments, its magnificent museums and art galleries, the splendid ruins of its ancient architecture, its wonderful cathedrals and churches, the princely palaces and villas of its nobility, the peculiar power and strange traditions of its early history, the lasting influence of its gifted artists, poets and musicians, the mighty achievements of its illustrious emperors and statesmen; all these noble reminders of "the splendor that was Rome," blended as they are with modern Roman thought and progress demand the talent and knowledge of Baedeker to do the subject justice. During my short residence in Rome it has been impossible to do very much systematic sight-seeing. The study of the Italian language and adapting myself to a different life in a foreign country, in addition to my ordinary home duties, about finish the absorption of my time. However, there are so many interesting and historic things which I see constantly going about in my everyday life, that have become familiar to me, and of these I shall write a few impressions as I have seen them.

☪ In going to and from lessons in Italian it is my daily privilege to pass through the Piazza del Popolo and the Porta del Popolo. In the centre of the Piazza is the splendid Egyptian obelisk which the Emperor Augustus erected in the Circus Maximus to commemorate the conquest of Egypt. The hieroglyphics are said to record the names of Seti I and Ramses II. The repairs near the base show where it once fell and remained buried until Pope Sixtus V removed it to this piazza. From here one has a fine view of the enchanting walks and drives leading up to the Pincian Gardens. The Porta del Popolo stands almost opposite the obelisk on the site of the old Porta Flaminia. On the occasion of her visit, Christiana, Queen of Sweden, entered the city by this gate, as did most travelers before the construction of railroads.

☪ Not far from the column of Marcus Aurelius is the Pantheon, that majestic structure which has withstood the wear and tear of ages, and is still in a remarkable state of preservation. The massive portico supported by eight gigantic pillars, still bears the name of Agrippa, who built the original Pantheon. Archaeologists claim that the present building is that of Hadrian, and that Agrippa's name was left as a mark of respect to him as a builder. The interior is a marvel of beauty and exquisite workmanship. Many artists are buried here, the greatest of all being Raphael. The Pantheon is now used as the mausoleum for the graves of the Italian kings. The bronze

sarcophagus on the right facing the high altar contains the remains of Victor Emmanuel II, and on the opposite side is the tomb of Humbert I, near that of Raphael. Many times in going to and from our Italian Baptist church, I have lingered a moment in front of this stately building, and have thought, "What must it have been in the splendor of its white marble and dome of shining gilt bronze!"

☞ The Colosseum stands very near to the Arch of Constantine, and is said to be the most wonderful ruin in the world. This amphitheatre of Imperial Rome covered six acres of ground and could accommodate eighty thousand spectators' seats on tiers all around. The exterior of the building consists of four stories of arches supported by half-engaged pillars, the style of architecture changing at each tier. Unfortunately a great many of the lower arches have disappeared. The interior is a noble wreck, showing the subterranean passages and the steps leading to them, from which the wild beasts entered the arena. It is interesting to climb the crumbling steps leading to different parts of the building, even to the upper galleries, which were occupied by the common people. What pages of history this slaughterhouse of Ancient Rome recalls! This and the Mamertine Prison are perhaps among the most notable monuments to the martyrdom of the early Christians. It was a significant fact that the Sunday school convention which met in this city a few years ago held one of its sessions in this same arena in which so many of the early Christians were sacrificed to wild beasts.

☞ On the banks of the historic Tiber which divides Rome into two unequal parts, is Hadrian's Tomb or Castel Sant'-Angelo as it is now called. Hadrian built it as a mausoleum for himself and his successors. At different times in its history, it has been used for various purposes; lately it has been a military prison, but the present plan is to convert it into a museum of war-implements and machinery. From the top one gets a magnificent view of Rome. Very near to it is the new Palace of Justice, said to be the finest Law Court of any yet erected.

☞ I shall never forget my visit to the English Cemetery. The car runs along the Tiber, passes the Temple of Vesta and the historical Tiberine Island, near which stood the celebrated wooden bridge which Horatius Cocles and his companions defended against the Etruscan army under Lars Porsenna. The Cemetery is just inside the city walls, in sight of the Pyramid of Caius Cestus, which stands by the Porta S. Paolo. Many English and Americans are buried here, far from home, in the land of the Caesars. Shelley declared that "the possibility of being buried in so sweet a place was enough to make one in love with death." He was drowned, and his body, having been washed ashore at Viareggio, was cremated, according to his will, in the presence of Lord Byron. Only his heart is buried here. The tombstone bears a Latin inscription, with a quotation from Shakespeare:

"Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change, Into something rich and strange."



¶ The body of John Keats also rests here, and on the marble slab above the grave are these pathetic lines: "This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart, at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be written on his tombstone: 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.' Feb. 27, 1824." On the wall nearby is this inscription:

"Keats, if thy cherished name 'Be writ in water,'  
 Each drop has fallen from some mourner's cheek,  
 A sacred tribute such as heroes seek,  
 Though oft in vain, for dazzling deeds of slaughter.  
 Sleep on, not honored less for epitaph so meek."

Keat's house is in Piazza di Spagua, to the right of the Spanish stairs. Admirers of Keats and Shelley intend to turn this house into a library to contain the books of the two poets in different tongues.

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## G e r m a n

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There are many reasons why the German language should be studied. First, because it is so practical—that is, it is useful in everyday life, as one meets so many Germans in America, especially in the business world. Also, besides being practical, German is one of the most beautiful of the languages. The Germans express themselves far more eloquently than either the English or Americans do. The most familiar stories of the German are those which gather about the Erl King, Lorelei, Barbarossa and Wilhelm Tell. These legends make the study of the language very interesting.

Our course in German consists of only three years at present, but we hope sometime in the near future to add a fourth year and thus have a more complete course.

M. R.

## NORSE MYTHOLOGY.

Ψ Ψ Ψ

"In early times, No earth was found, Nor heaven above;  
One chaos all, And nowhere grass."

Thus speaks the Edda. When chaos had settled into cosmos and settled order had come out of the confusions of beginnings, a state of things resulted partially illustrated by the opposite page. In this settled order, as in all mythologies, there are places for gods, man, devils, departed spirits and all other beings supernal or infernal. It is difficult to crowd all this into one view without some confusion. The following explanation may aid the eye. It is only a partial explanation:

The spheres of existence are separated by planes. The illustration does not show all the planes, only the more important. The good influences are all above that occupied by man; the evil below. Heaven of Fire is the extreme height; the Hell of Cold, the lowest depths. Between are found the various orders from Supreme God to the Dragon of Devils.

Midgard is the abode of man, situated in the middle of the universe, bordered by mountains, surrounded by the great sea; on the other side of this sea is Utgard, the abode of the giants, the enemies of gods and men.

Midgard is defended by Asgard, the abode of the gods, which Olympic-like is conceived as rising above the earth. Thus the earth and mankind are represented as a stronghold besieged by the powers of evil (giants) from without and defended by the gods from above and within.

Bifrost is the bridge of the gods—from earth to heaven—the way over which they travel to Urdar Fountain where they daily assemble in council. Gladsheim is the residence of the twelve greater gods. Here are Odin's throne and Valhal the hall of heroes. Fensal is the residence of Odin's wife Frigg. Ygdrasil is the tree of existence. It sends its roots deep down into all kingdoms of life and spreads its boughs over the whole universe. Near the foot of it is Urdar Fountain. There sit the Three Fates—Past, Present, Future—watering its roots from the Sacred well. In Utgard is Mimer's Fountain of Wit and Wisdom. One root of Ygdrasil extends to it. A third goes deep down to the Fountain Hvergehner, where is the Dragon Nidhug. In the top of this tree is the eagle that sees all things. Running up and down is the squirrel Ratatosk—the Tell-tale. He keeps the Dragon posted in regard to what the eagle sees and tries to cause strife between the eagle and the serpent. "Ygdrasil is one of the noblest conceptions that ever entered into any scheme of Cosmogony."



Heaven

Muspelheim

Fire-World

Asaheim

Home of gods

Ratatosk

Byggvi

Gjafnir

Fensal

World of

Light Elves

Utgard

Yggdrasil  
Tree of  
Fruitfulness

Home  
of Giants

Asgard

Midgard

Utgard Mountain  
of the World, Nifheim

The World of

Root To  
Nifheim

Dark

Elves

Kingdom

of

Hel or Helheim

Nifheim

or

Realm of Cold and Darkness

Home of  
Fountain of



Dragon Nidhug  
Hvergelmer

Hell



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# MATHEMATICS.

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Ψ Ψ Ψ

I think no one has ever over-estimated the value of Mathematics in the High School, and few have realized its importance. Although the general public look upon English and History as the main branches of High School work, Mathematics has been found to be of as great use to the student as English, and greater than History. The good pupil in Mathematics will always be found to be the best student in Science, the quickest to see a point in History, and the keenest in Civics and Economics. The study of English, or any other language, trains the pupil's memory, teaches him to better express his thoughts, and makes him familiar with, and appreciative of the finer things in life; but it is Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, and the higher branches of Mathematics that reach into the inmost cells of his mind, and awaken and develop his reasoning powers, his power to delve to the very bottom of things and find the truth. It is Mathematics that prepares him for the greater and harder struggle of life.

Although not so great as in some schools, Mathematics plays a very important part in our own High School. In the regular course, the Freshman and the Sophomore take Algebra, the Junior studies Plane Geometry, and the Senior turns his attention to Solid Geometry and Higher Arithmetic.

A great many important and interesting incidents have taken place in the Mathematics department this year. First we learned at the beginning of the term that Miss McDonald would not return this year. This news, although pleasing to lazy Mathematicians, was a disappointment to those who had studied and appreciated her ability, for they realized that this meant a great loss to this department. However, with the coming of Prof. Sexton with his enthusiastic spirit, a new interest was put into the work.

As most of you know the most important and interesting thing of the year in Mathematics is the prize of twenty-five dollars offered by the Chris-

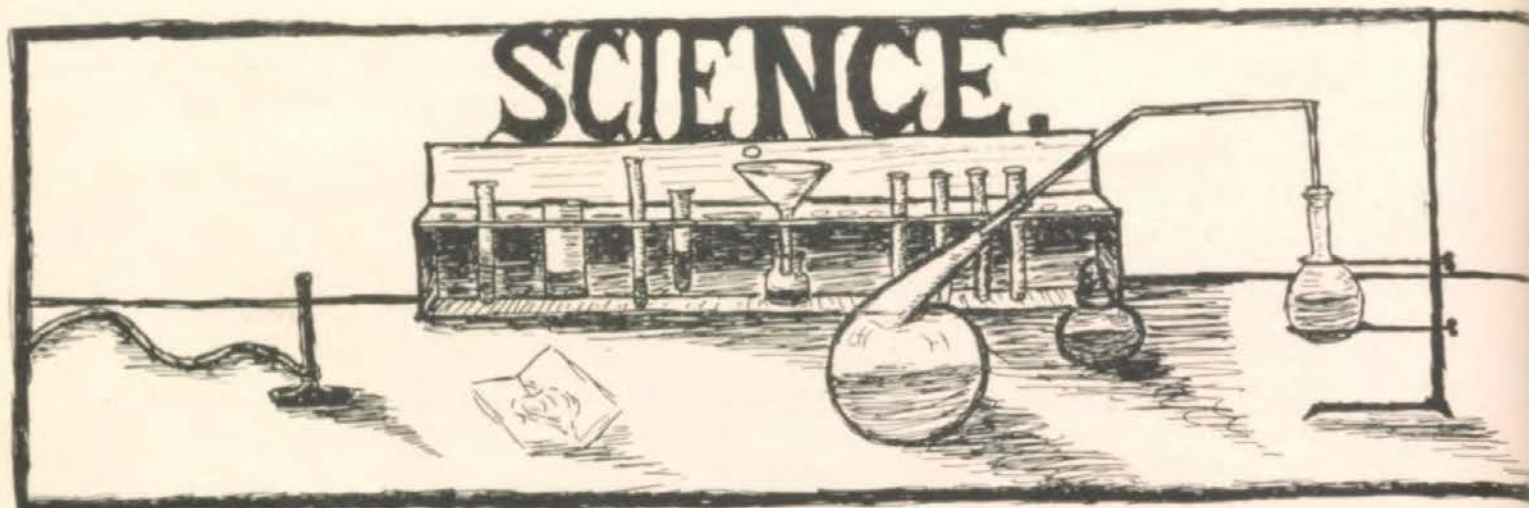


man-Sawyer Bank, for the highest grade made on the examination to be taken May 3. "Who will get the prize?" is the question everyone is asking everyone else, until the papers are returned and the truth is known. There are usually pretty good guesses made as to who will be the lucky one, but this year, more than ever before, there are doubts concerning the winner. Miss Chiles expressed the sentiment of all concerned when she said, "I have no idea who will get it."

There was only one hardship imposed upon the Senior Mathematics class this year. We were deprived of the pleasure of studying Psychology and Astronomy under the direction of Prof. Bryant since our Mathematics class reported at the same hour. However, he somewhat consoled us by saying, "You will gain more from Mathematics every time."

M. R.





Science is taking a very important part in the course of our school this year. We believe it should do this, for the man who understands the fundamental principles of the world about him is a better servant of society. To make himself useful in the world, he must know the practical ways in which his knowledge can be used. Therefore, we emphasize this practical side in all branches of Science. But the theoretical part cannot be neglected, for it is through theories that men and broad fields of thought are opened up to us. Many of our modern inventions were brought forth by the observation of known facts and attempts to explain these facts by theories and experiments.

Another important fact in connection with the study of Science is accuracy. We learn, after many disappointing experiences, that carelessness is the broad way leading to destruction. It matters not how many times we have to work an experiment to obtain the desired results, because we really feel repaid when the correct result is found, and we see that the laws involved in it are true ones.

And Science is not the dry, prosaic thing so many imagine it to be. To learn why things are as they are; what the common things about us are made up of; how the world and the universe came into existence; the laws that govern the motions of the heavenly bodies; and in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, to study their growth and evolution through the ages is more than interesting—it is fascinating!

These studies are all taken up in our Science course in Physiology, Biology, Physical Geography and Physics under the instruction of Professor Elilot, who has taken Miss Stoner's place, and in Chemistry taught by Miss Sehrt.

In Physics, two days of the week are taken up with experiments, and regular text-book work occupies the other three days. The students seem to take quite an interest in this work, and the large number of pupils taking Chemistry has made it necessary to add two new tables and equipment, be-



sides the other apparatus and chemicals. We wish to express our thanks to the Board for thus making our laboratory so convenient and pleasant to work in.

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FUN IN SCIENCE CLASSES.

Ψ Ψ Ψ

Mary Helen—Miss Sehrt, can you use chlorine for bleaching anything else?

Miss Sehrt—Well, I think hydrogen peroxide will be better.

Ruth F. and Frankie W. have a very novel way of making an argument forcible, and Frankie thinks that damp sodium is a somewhat dangerous weapon.

Mr. Elliot—Oh, it is very small, shall I say immensely small?

Nelson R.—Miss Sehrt, may I have some nanegree dioxide? (manganese dioxide).

Miss Sehrt—Some people just rave over black diamonds, but for myself, I always prefer the white ones.

Mr. Elliot—Yes, all cases of attraction are mutual.

Miss Sehrt—How are matches made?

Lee D.—I know how to make one kind.



THE DAY THAT LAUGHING GAS WAS GENERATED .

# MANUAL TRAINING



"BENCH WORK"

The Manual Training department of our High School has grown to be a real joy and pleasure to us; and with double pride we look upon it, after the State School Inspector complimented us in saying we had "the finest shop in the State." Although it has been instituted only four years in the High School, it has almost all of the modern equipment; just this year two new machines have been installed, a five-horse power cross cut and rip saw, and a two-horse power band saw. These machines are exceedingly useful, for getting out stock, not only for the High School but the ward Schools also. There has been no accident of any kind in the shop this year, although the machines are dangerous. We are enabled to do about twice the work with these labor-saving devices as before.

The lathe work is also a remarkable feature of the shop, with ten wood turning lathes each equipped with a one-half horse power. In the course of a year we are able to turn out quite a variety of models. The work on these machines is very fascinating but it takes an accurate and steady hand to excel in this work. This year we turned out dumb bells, rolling pins, base ball bats, goblets, puff boxes, picture frames, napkin rings, jewel trays and many other models. Before we can take lathe work, we must have a year of bench work.

Bench work is the basis of woodcraft, since the knowledge and use of tools has to be learned. From the very first our instructor insisted upon "instruction before construction," therefore first, mechanical drawing is taught. The shop is well lighted and on dark days the electric drop lights are used.

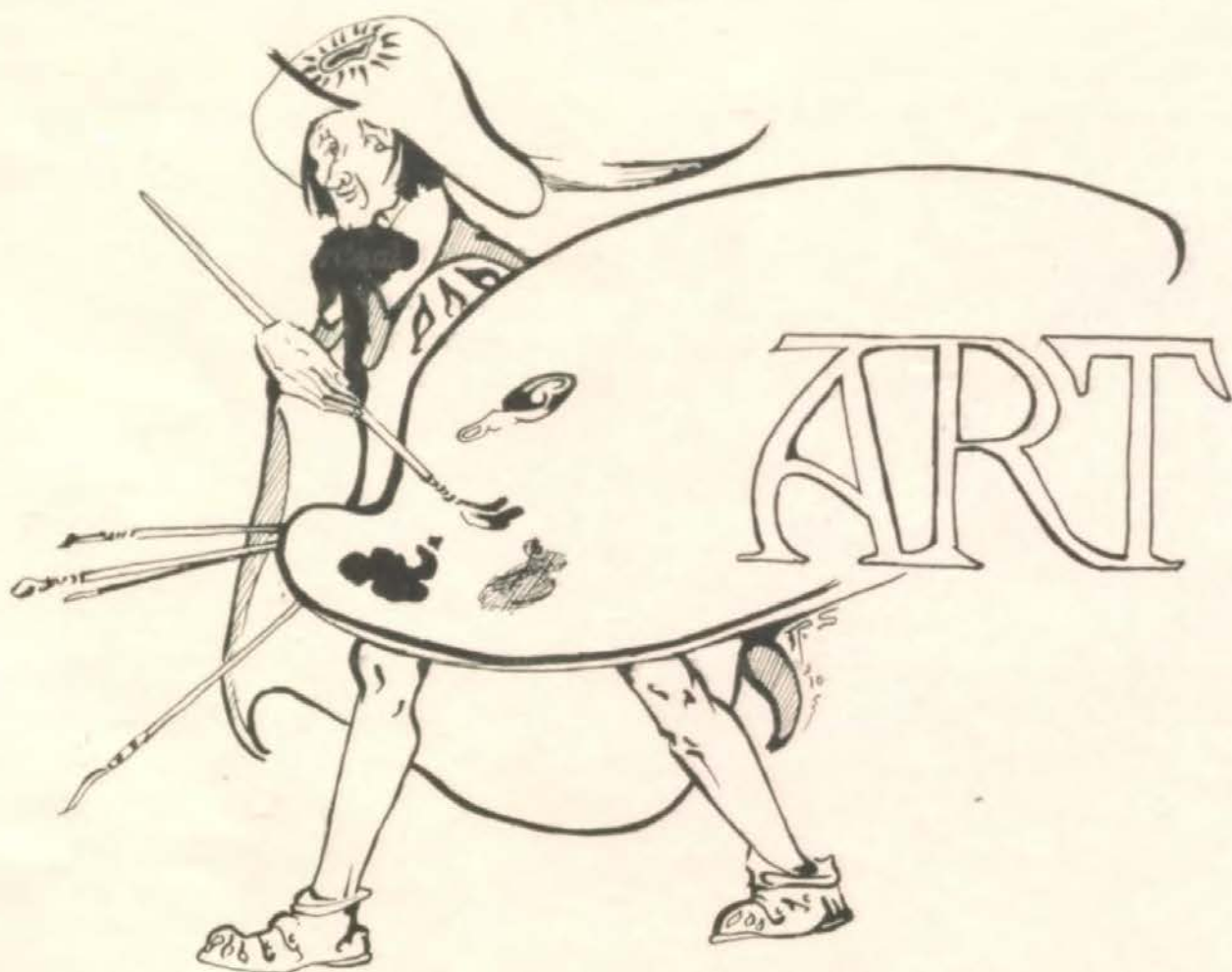
Our first exercises consisted of several joints; next we constructed our



first piece of furniture which was an upholstered stool in leather. After that we were allowed to choose and piece of furniture that we wished to make. Many models were selected by the pupils such as clocks, writing desks, fern stands, umbrella racks, tabourettes, hall racks, hall seats, library tables, shaving stands, Morris chairs, and buffets. We look upon these pieces of art and wonder that so much can be accomplished in a year. We owe a large proportion of ur success to our kind and helpful instructor. Our Manual Trainig department aids us in many ways, it not only teaches us the secret of wood craft, but it gives us strength of mind and body, that aids us in other studies. It is our gymnasium. We are proud of our Manual Training department.

K. G. '11.





Before the new building was added to our school, there was an old studio in the back half of what is now the study hall. Its walls were sooty—its rickety, creaky old easels crashed over if one wiggled them even a tiny bit—and, worst of all, there were casts—casts—casts, dangling from every available hook, like the unfortunates in Bluebeard's chamber. Understand, this was not for decorative purposes, but because there was no room for them elsewhere. This array of casts always did succeed in making me nervous. Venus and her set would look down on me, a mere mortal—a "Freshie"—with an air of fine disdain. The Marble Faun leered at me with the same set grin for a whole forty-five minutes, and Socrates did always look so terribly, awfully wise.

But our new studio is light, and bright, and clean, and the heavy, firm-based easels can be adjusted any height, or even changed into little oak-topped tables. Best of all, there is a "mummy chest" in another room, where all but the really decorative casts reside when they are not in use. The classic aristocracy looks much more at home in the new studio. I remember I hardly recognized Socrates at first, partly because he had been white-washed, and then, somehow, I imagined he looked more cheerful—like he had just remembered to be thankful we had no likeness of Xantippe.

Anyway it seems to me like our very work has been better the last two



years. This year we have worked mostly in black and white—not so many “pretty pictures” as good hard-tone studies. Nothing can be better in helping one in the several branches of Art than this study of values. A pupil would not naturally paint a green vase red, but she might miss the massing of light and shade that rounds the thing into standing out like the real object. The effects of this study of the relation of high light and shadows, are shown in this year’s excellent test work. The medal pieces are almost all beautifully done, even if the girls are all Juniors.

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As to my own work as a “has been star,” one of the proudest moments of my High School life was when I stood on the stage of 1909 and received my little red velvet box. I was so frightened I nearly stumbled off the stage and my beautiful new medal had the wrong name engraved on it—but what did that matter—were not the “Ten-ors” fairly shouting “Hokey Pokey!” Yes, of course, I have future schemes of rose-colored dreams, but they are inharmoniously mixed with “blues” because they take me away off from home.

R. S.

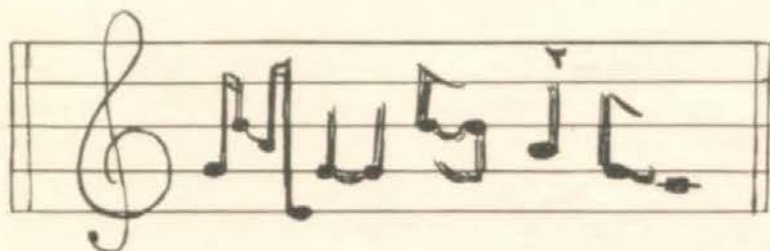
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Just think! Has it really been two whole years since we, the Class of '08, were preparing for the publishers the “very best” Gleam that had ever been published in the history of the Independence High School? Little did I think then that I should some day attend the Warrensburg State Normal. Fortunately, that is where I am now. As I cannot tell you about the whole school, I shall try to tell you something about the Art department.

The studio consists of three large, well-lighted rooms, splendidly equipped and, to my mind, the most attractive rooms in the building.

The work here differs from the work in most schools in that it is principally for the training of teachers. However, there are advanced classes, as well as method classes, which do some very fine work in perspective, pencil, charcoal, and color. The work under Miss Shannon, who is one of the best in her line, is a constant source of enjoyment to every art student. Every day she has something new and of interest to present to her classes in her own delightful way. I only wish every art student among you could be here and take a part in the work.

Now, every department of the Norman is fully as good as the Art department and the only way to find out about them is to come down here and see for yourself.



The musical life of the High School this year has centered around the Glee Clubs and music classes. Entrance into either the Boys' Glee Club or Girl's Glee Club is dependent upon the musical qualification of the applicant. We have endeavored to search out and enroll in the Glee Clubs the best voices of the school.

The regular music classes meet Tuesday and Friday mornings of each week. Entrance into the classes is elective and one year's work is credited one point.

It is not the purpose of the music classes to turn out full fledged artists, but rather to foster and promote the highest ideals of good music; to broaden the musical knowledge of the school through a study of good choruses; to stimulate the interest in music through a study of the folk music of different countries, the lives of the great composers and through a knowledge of the orchestral instruments; to quicken the ear through the ability to recognize different combinations of tones; to help and encourage the individual voice through well chosen exercises and vocal drill.

In doing these things we assume that the pupil coming from the grade school is already able to read music by note, that he knows the construction of the major and minor scales and is able to recognize and represent intervals which he hears.

We need an orchestra. So far we have not been able to find material for one. There are several violins coming from the eighth grade next year, but we must have some wind instruments. You boys and girls who have a cornet, trombone, clarinet or flute at home, get to work this summer and learn to play. We need you. Surely someone in school has a drum. We need you.



Music is a wonderful thing. Did you ever stop to think of it? Did you ever stop to think what you are missing when you leave it out of your life, when you do not take it into your own self, make it a part of yourself?

There is a great big, fine world opened to music lovers, and for them pleasures wherever they may be.

There's music in the sighing of a reed,  
 There's music in the gushing of a rill,  
 There's music in all things, if men had ears;  
 Their music is but an echo of the spheres.

—*Bryon.*

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### ASSEMBLY MUSIC.

Ψ Ψ Ψ

'Tis said we can all advance and so it is with us—with our High School in the advancement made this year. And what is this great step? you may ask, and I will say, The introduction of music, not only as a subject, but a pleasure; so thus you see we're always progressing in work or pleasure as it may be.

The music of our Morning Assemblies is certainly the first great step in this line, for not only does it reach those that have joined the music classes, but all who sing for the pleasure of singing, and those who know and enjoy the old melodies.

With this soul thrilling atmosphere about us of a morning—the time that will start our day aright—all are filled with a sense of joy in duty and a greater enjoyment of the day's work.

Professor Sexton, the staunch supporter of all good things, is leader of this morning music, and with such a one, who could help but sing!

This portion of the school day varies, indeed; some times one thing and then another—a familiar hymn or patriotic song that always thrills all young and old Americans, and I think Independence students can sing, "The Watch on the Rhine" as devotedly as a number of young Germans. Then, too, some times it is the old home melodies that all can sing and enjoy.

Yes, we sing, and sing enthusiastically until Professor Bryant casually nods his head, and then we hush and listen for something as enjoyable as the music has been. And thus our day begins.

F. D. '10.

## GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

ALTO.

Olga Dunn  
 Minnie Scott  
 Jessie Griffin  
 Selma Wilson  
 Chloe Hickman  
 Helena Fuchs  
 Mary Gentry  
 Lola Prewitt  
 Ethel Sadler  
 Louise Winton  
 Mary Southern  
 Fern Donaldson  
 Ola Gunsolley

SOPRANO.

Grace Courtway  
 Minnetta Newton  
 Caroline Southern  
 Margaret Echardt  
 Elizabeth McCoy  
 Anna Rhae Lerche  
 Kate Galligher  
 Mary Alexander  
 Pauline Shepherd  
 Doris Anderson  
 Kathleen Kerr  
 Lucile Hatten  
 Roxy Cook  
 Ruth Bowdle  
 Mildred Bryant  
 Marie Brady  
 Margaret Goodman

Claudine Mundy, Pianist.





## BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

Ψ Ψ Ψ

1st TENOR.

Kenneth Bostian  
Virgil Etzenhouser  
Ralph Miles  
James Miller  
Terrence Kelly  
Roland Flanders

2nd TENOR.

Clay Cushwa  
Webster McDonald  
Geo. Millard  
Ernest Roberts  
Alden Millard

1st BASS.

Emline Kelly  
Edward Sands  
Armstead Alexander  
Mark Godman

2nd BASS.

Geo. Green  
Clifford Criley  
Jerome Seehof





THE GLEAM  
THE GLEE CLUB CONCERT.



The Independence High School rang out with its sweetest music on the evening of April the first, when the two Glee Clubs united and gave a concert for the benefit of the Athletic department of the school. Its tones were rich and full, as it proclaimed the delight and love for the beautiful, which music has brought into our school. As Plato says, "Rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul graceful of him who is rightly educated."

On entering the auditorium one was put into the spirit of music by the delightful atmosphere created by the fragrance of the cherry blossoms, apple blossoms, and lilacs, which so artistically decorated the stage. The heavy intoxicating odor from the flowers made one forget the busy world outside, and he found himself buried in a world of fancy, which only those who have souls for music can enjoy.

We had only been seated long enough to glance over the programs, when the sweet strains from Faust poured forth and filled the auditorium with their melody. This number was a piano quartet played by Miss Wilson and Miss Mundy, first piano; Miss Scott and Mr. Green, second piano. As they played on, there was not a sound in the house; one imagined himself hearing the real opera, the selections were rendered so beautifully.

In perfect harmony there followed the "Soldiers' Chorus," from Faust, sung by the Boys' Glee Club. Our boys never looked so handsome, so distinguished or sung half so well as they did in this opening song. Someone whispered, "What a good-looking set of boys, and what good voices." This is true. Everyone thought so, and when our boys lined up to sing, Mr. Bryant was seen to straighten up in his seat, filled with pride and admiration for these boys of his school. And then the boys appeared throughout the evening in their various songs. As one writer has expressed it, "There is nothing so deeply emotional, or so awe-inspiring as the rich, mellow tones of the male voices."

A number which promised much was a duet, "Calm as the Night," by Miss Wilson and Mr. Sexton, the directors of music; our expectations knew no bounds. How proud our school was of its leaders, could best be shown by the expression of pride on the faces of the student body as their voices blended in this beautiful song, which they rendered so perfectly.

The last half of the evening was given up to a cantata, "Garden of Flowers," by the Girls' Glee Club. When all the girls were seated among the blossoms on the stage, in their pure white dresses, it truly looked like a "Garden of Flowers." And when their voices rang out in the opening chorus, with its words, "Rise up! Rise up!" using Tolstoi's words, such music "makes one fancy he experiences that which he does not feel, that he



understands that which he does not comprehend, and that he is able to do that which is completely beyond his power."

The cantata ended the evening of music. The exquisite beauty of each song, and the excellence of the other numbers, which have not been mentioned, deserve equally as much credit for contributing to the success of the evening, in making a program so harmonious and such a unit throughout.

Mary Helen Evans.





IN adding a department of Dramatics to the "Gleam," this year, we are introducing an entirely new feature that may or may not prove a success. We cannot tell whether the same idea will be continued by the annuals that are to follow, and we do not know whether our introduction of the idea will be forcible or important enough to insure this department a permanent place in the following issues. But this year, we cannot feel otherwise than interested in Dramatic Art, as a study and benefit as well as a pleasure. We feel that we have attempted and attained more along this line than any class before us. And is it not that which interests us, that which has done much to influence our school-life, that which brings us before the school and the public and best shows our spirit and class-work that should have a place in our year-book and be represented in our "Gleam?"

☐ Perhaps, we first felt a touch of this idea in our Junior Reception last year. It was our beginning in the line of Dramatics, and the universal success of "The Mikado" fully demonstrated the fact that it was a most remarkable beginning. Our interest in Dramatic Art was re-awakened in our Senior year with our first awkward attempt at scenes from Shakespeare in the English work. Our abilities and tastes along this line were fostered by the very remarkable development of our dramatic qualities in presenting Shakespearian art. Our growth was notable enough that, as the climatic point in our "stage career," we produced "School," the almost "ideal" High School play, the best ever presented at I. H. S. Truly, from our most noteworthy successes, it has been said we have surpassed all classes thus far. No Juniors ever gave such a Reception as we. No Seniors ever devoted time, study, and ability to the presentation of Shakespeare as the Class of '10. And finally, has there (?) ever been in the history of I. H. S. such a display of Dramatic Art as in "School?"

☐ Perchance, we have had advantages above other classes. But, as some critic said, let the following Juniors and Seniors profit from and follow the



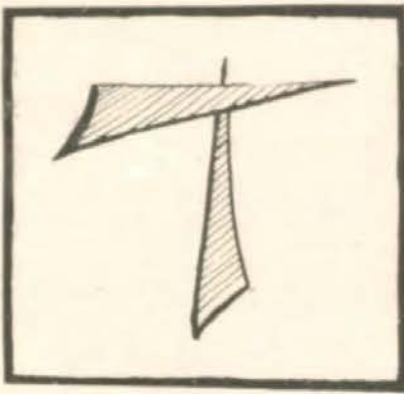
ideas introduced this year. So far, though, there has been nothing in our school conducive or suggestive of such a line of work among the students except the annual Senior Play. Every High School has a course in Elocution, Expression, or Dramatics, and why should we not? But let us hope that in a year or more, when the Dramatic Department is prepared for the "Gleam," it will be in regular, well-arranged form as all our other departments, as a course of study, as one of the most interesting and beneficial things in the life of the students of the Independence High School.

Ψ Ψ Ψ

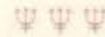
On the eve of May twenty-first, nineteen hundred and nine, we, the Junior Class of that year, established ourselves as a class worth more than shooting, as we had not been considered before said date, by most of the Faculty, as well as the august Senior Class of 1909. We being a conservative body, naturally considered a display of our brightness, before this date, to be out of the question. But as the saying is "there is a time appointed for everything," of course it was bound to come. The cause of the event being that the Senior Class having decided to graduate it was our duty, as several members of the Faculty informed us, to give them a reception.

Ex-President Hickerson rose to the occasion, and straightway appointed a committee, which proved itself to be one of the most wonderful and capable ever chosen to engineer any affair in the Independence High School. Not only should this wise deed be laid at her door, but also that of appointing a sponser whose praises we will never cease to sing. It is needless to call her name, but for the sake of those who do not take the daily papers, and did not hear about her, in behalf of my class, in all love and gratitude I mention the name of Miss Edith Stoner. From the time that she was appointed, until the evening of our debut, as a class, she worked with us. No professional could have taken more pains with his masterpiece by which he hoped to make himself famous, than Miss Stoner took in instructing us. Thus by her help we gave one of the most wonderful productions (unless it was the Senior class play of 1910), ever presented to an audience.

Mary Helen Evans.



## The Junior's Reception



The closing weeks of a High School Senior's school-life witness the culmination of his many interests, with the addition of those obligations, too numerous to mention, which only a student on the eve of graduation can truly comprehend. Almost the only entertainment offered this over-worked and weary class during the last days of its stay within the High School walls is the Junior Reception.

This reception, generally given upon the Friday before the commencement exercises, has become quite an institution in the social life of the school, taking its place with the Senior play and the class day exercises, in point of interest. It is hard to tell who look forward to this event with more interest—the Juniors or Seniors. For, while there is infinite satisfaction in being host at a particularly well-planned and successful reception, there is also great pleasure in considering the fact that one is the guest of honor for whom so much forethought has been taken.

We Seniors of 1909 felt perfectly justified in expecting a unique and original entertainment, and with the arrival of the invitations this impression was deepened. These invitations were daintily decorated with pale yellow chrysanthemums, which, together with the quaint phraseology, conveyed to the more alert minds a hint of the nature of our entertainment.

Of course the Juniors always strive to keep their plans for the reception strictly se-





cret; but vague rumors, coupled with distant and familiar strains of music, floating up from the auditorium to our ears as we were hurried, protesting, from the building every afternoon for weeks before the "event" served to strengthen our growing suspicions as to the character of our surprise.

On the appointed Friday night we Seniors arrived at the High School to find it completely transformed. The halls had been made quite attractive with decorations and pennants. In one end of the lower hall stood a flower-laden table, holding a huge block of ice, from which delicious punch was served.

The time passed quickly in chatting with our classmates and instructors until we suddenly noticed that all the Juniors had disappeared, and presently the guests were invited to the auditorium. After all were seated, the curtain went up amidst a chorus of admiration, for there before us was a perfect bower of green and white, the latticed background being completely hidden by a profusion of snowballs and locust blossoms. When the pianist had finished playing the overture, a bevy of artistically clad Japanese maidens made their entrance and sang the opening chorus. From the rising to the falling of the curtain, the audience was kept in a turmoil of laughter over the witty sayings and amusing situations. "The Mikado" had been adapted to depict in its different roles, certain members of our class, and the idiosyncrasies of each Senior were relentlessly exposed. This was all so well done that for sheer cleverness and originality the entire performance cannot easily be surpassed.

In the midst of the usual clamor of congratulations, we were again invited upstairs, where another surprise awaited us. The sliding doors between Professor Bryant's study and Miss Brown's class room had been thrown open and the two rooms transformed beyond all semblance to the original school rooms. The chairs and superfluous furniture had been removed and the floors covered with soft rugs. Small tabourets and numerous pillows were placed throughout the rooms. Japanese parasols and lanterns depended from the ceilings; Japanese tapestries and screens concealed the unsightly blackboards and bare corners; while vases of Japanese pottery filled with delicate flowers completed the charming and artistic ensemble. The refreshments served here by girls in Japanese costumes, were quite in accord with the Oriental atmosphere.

So, taking the reception as a whole, I think all my classmates will join me in pronouncing it an unprecedented success, and in congratulating the Juniors and their able assistant, Miss Stoner, upon originating such an entirely delightful entertainment.

A. C. '09



## The Shakespeare Programs

Ψ Ψ Ψ

"Certainly it is glorious fever, this desire to know," says Bulwer, and it was with this idea that most of the members of the Senior Class entered into the study of English Literature this year. Shakespeare, that man who "bestrides the literary world like a colossus," has always figured largely in this last year's work, but the Class of 1910 feels that it has had something of an advantage over former classes in that it has taken the work in a much more interesting and helpful manner.

This change has been brought about by a division of the class into what is generally known as sections which in turn have presented Shakespeare programs comprised largely of scenes from the various dramas. In these entertainments our object in view has not been the display of any histrionic talents, but simply to give our interpretation of the very fine lines that abound in the plays of this, the world's most famous dramatist. -

Perhaps, some of our readers will think that we have been somewhat presumptuous to attempt even a very meagre dramatization of Shakespeare but still is it not true that "our only greatness is that we aspire"? We ourselves, have often marveled at the ability and skill which some of our number have developed, and which needed only this opportunity to bring them out.

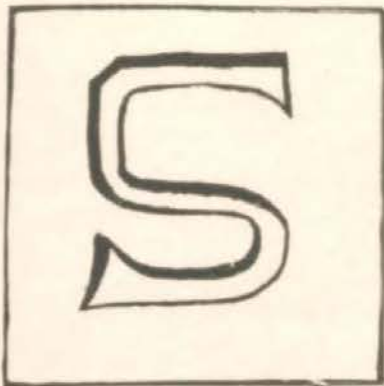
The morning assemblies, which have this year become such an important feature of our school life, have, indeed, reaped a bountiful harvest from the training we have received from these programs, for who was there a year ago when asked to appear upon the stage would not have been so afflicted with stage fright as to wish to sink suddenly into oblivion?

While this new and enthusiastic school and class spirit of which we are all so proud is due a great deal to an added interest in Athletics, may we not attribute a share of it to the organization of these sections? In our meetings and practices we have come to know each other better and in them we have found a common tie to bind us more closely together.

In still another light we feel that the training we have gained in the presentation of these scenes has been and will continue to prove to be of inestimable value to us. It has given to us a glimpse into that realm of literature of which we before knew so little. Moreover it has created a desire for that which is really good, and thus, I hope, has planted seeds that will grow and flourish.

R. B. R. '10.





## Senior Play



"School" was the exceedingly modest title of the very brilliant drama, produced by the Class of '10 in the auditorium of the High School, on December second and third. The play was magnificently staged, the impersonations wonderfully realistic and the lines perfectly rendered. But why not this perfect rendition when the cast was simply a galaxy of stars, surrounded and supported by a veritable rosebud garden of school girls, each one of whom might be truly called the queen rose.

The play itself was admirably adapted to High School work. Its moral tone was wholesome and uplifting and its plot interesting in the extreme. It kept the audience in a happy state of expectancy, from the rising of the curtain to the happy denouement. Each one of the eight principal characters, was so perfectly portrayed that it would indeed be difficult to decide who was the greatest artist.

Now just one word for the individual members of this most excellent cast. At the head of the English school, where the scenes of this interesting drama were supposed to have taken place were "Dr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe," viz., Eric Cook and Maud Reyner. These were very interesting characters, and the audience was greatly amused by the fervent devotion and apparent jealousy of "Mrs. Sutcliffe."

Connected with School, was the villainous "Mr. Krux," who truly deserves the epithet, "A Veritable Uriah Heep." The audience could scarcely imagine that it was the president of

the class himself, Webster McDonald, who was enacting this part so skillfully.

In direct contrast to "Mr. Krux," was the fastidious old English gentleman, "Beau Farintosh" (Nelson Rider). His taking of the part, was thoroughly realistic, and especially good was his work in the last act.

Next come the vivacious "Naomi" and her sweetheart "Jack," viz., Katherine Mize and Clay Cushwa, who kept the audience convulsed with laughter by their audacious love-making.

Anyone knowing Mark Godman would have immediately recognized his lordly air and proud demeanor in the role of "Lord Beaufoy;" but the best friends of Pauline Shepherd, would scarcely have known her as the shy, demure little orphan, "Bella." Sweet, indeed, was the thread of romance running through these two lives, and the one word, **charming**, may be truthfully applied to both.

Taken as a whole, the cast displayed wonderful dramatic ability, and the class of 1910 may rest assured that this play was par excellence—the Queen of all our High School plays.

#### A REHEARSAL.

Ψ Ψ Ψ

Once on a stilly night, about two blocks from the red brick school house on the corner, my ear caught the voices of the nineteen-ten-ors singing something like—

Hokey, Pokey,  
Rah for '10!

And then before there had been time for a breathing spell, Mr. Mikado melodies came rushing down street at full speed. It was truly heart-rending, yet possessing a sort of wierd fascination to see how many could aim at the same "vase a-n-d jar" and hit it so differently.

It seemed as if we had been locked out, besides Seniors are ever apt to make their presence known. But soon our ever faithful Webster appeared with the key, and into the hall we poured in high spirits.

"Mr. Jones missed his train, Mr. Jones missed his train," ran through the throng, "He won't be here 'til 9:30, what shall we do?"

Immediately all were seized with a wild desire to throw off the atmosphere around us, as this was prayer-meeting night.

"Dance, a dance!" came several voices at once, but this was speedily vetoed by the more proper and sedate members of our party, so we were forced to content ourselves with Mr. Mikado and the like.

At last 9:30 came and with it, Mr. Jones.

"Places, folks, times flies," were his first words.

"But Lord Beaufoy is not here," wailed Bella.

Soon Mark came loitering in.

"Late as usual, Mark. Do you realize that you are keeping us waiting? Have you no interest in this thing?"

Mark only answered with a grin which plainly said, "Your words have



no effect on me."

"Now, where are the rest of the girls?" queried Mr. Jones.

Immediately girls fell into their places, their cheeks well-filled with cream puffs, ginger snaps, and stale popcorn, saying nothing of the custard dripping off a chin here and there.

"Girls, girls, get some expression, you look like dough-faces," shrieked Mr. Jones.

"Ask Mamie if she has any more fudge," mumbled Ruby as she stuffed the last half of a cream puff into her already overflowing mouth.

"Girls, why don't you behave? We never will get in a practice," said Naomi, suddenly growing dignified.

"Behave yourself," exclaimed eight-year-old Hetty, indignant at being called down, "You'd be out in the hall barn-dancing now if you had a chance, and you know it, Miss Naomi Lige."

"Girls, do I have to beg and plead with you to play up? We have but one more practice. Why, folks, you ought to take this up that quick," cried the distracted Mr. Jones.

"Mr. Jones, how must I get over to Knox," wailed Bella.

"Call a cab," replied Mr. Jones, somewhat quieted.

"Oh, Frank, did you bring in some eats? we're 'bout starved," come from the gallery. "Milly, I want some of those peanuts, don't eat them all up," shrieked Betty.

"Girls, you all come down from there, Mr. Jones is having a fit," cried Laura from below.

"Here, stuff up your mouth with this peanut," answered Milly, tossing her one of those delicious articles and barely missing the bald spot on Mr. Jones' head.

"Places for the third act," cried Mr. Jones.

"Oh, the kids have all gone up town," exclaimed Tilly. "Mr. Jones will just die. George hike up town and get those kids back in a jiffy, hurry—run."

"If they don't come pretty soon Mr. Jones will notice it. Here they come, thank goodness. Go around to the back door, kids, and hurry, we're waiting on you."

Again the practicing was resumed after much pleading from Mr. Jones, and promises of red-stick candy if we'd "play up." Now and then a seemingly lost girl was dug out of the trash box in the corner, where Fleming acted as chief entertainer. The rehearsal came to a close all too soon, for the newly-made actors and actresses, and, humming the tune, "Come, Come, Let Us Away, Soft Winds," etc., we went to our respective homes to exist 'til another opportunity should come for us "to live" our parts.

R. S. and S. M. '10.



### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Ψ Ψ Ψ

#### OFFICERS.

Webster McDonald .....	President.
Arthur Metzger.. ..	Vice-President
Mary Gentry .....	Secretary.
Alden Millard .....	Treasurer.
J. M. Sexton, Gen. Manager.	Arthur Metzger, Yell Master.

Ψ Ψ Ψ

#### ORGANIZATION OF ASSOCIATION.

With the opening of the Fall term at the Independence High School, there came quite a boom to athletics. This was mostly due to the efforts of Prof. Sexton, the newly arrived mathematics teacher, whose coming aroused a wholly new and joyous enthusiasm in athletics, such as never before had been known throughout the history of the school. This was just exactly what was needed, for the school spirit and support were sleeping. They were still alive however, and needed only to be stirred into fire and life. Mr. Sexton came with experience in such matters and his ideas awoke the sleeping spirit. His plan was this; that an association should be organized to encourage and finance the teams on their trips; so one morning about the first of October he announced in assembly that a meeting would be held in the auditorium that afternoon, for all interested in athletics. More than half the entire school attended. Mr. Sexton was chosen chairman and officers were quickly elected. By vote it was decided that each one who wished to join should be charged an admission fee and thereby be entitled to take part in all athletic events throughout the year, either as a member of the teams or as a supporter. Thus was a precedent established that should be kept up as long as the Independence High School stands.



## Track Meet at Fair Grounds.

Ψ Ψ Ψ

Track athletics have never been very popular at Independence High School, but this year they received quite a boost. On October 22d, a track meet was held at the fair grounds for the benefit of the different schools in town. This came as a great surprise to everyone, being the first one ever held here. It was given under the directions of Forest Allen, a booster of athletics in Independence, and owing to his success in this meet, it has been decided that it should be an annual affair. First honors were taken by the Noland School. In connection with the one held for the ward schools was one held for the benefit of the different classes of the High School. In this no records were broken, but there were many good events well worth seeing, and everybody agreed that if Independence High School had a gymnasium and a trainer that it had material for one of the best track teams in the state. The meet was won by the Seniors as is seen by the following list of events and winners:

100 yard dash—won by Webster McDonald, Senior.

220 yard dash—won by James Greenwood, Soph.

Half-mile run—won by Thomas Shrout, Junior.

Mile run—won by Thomas Shrout, Junior.

Shot put—won by Mark Godman, Senior.

Running high jump—won by Clay Cushwa, Senior.

Running broad jump—won by Clay Cushwa, Senior.

Clay Cushwa, Athletic Editor.

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WallaCe  
 CusHwa  
 BostiAn  
 SerMon.  
 Pendleton  
 CrIley  
 ROberts  
 McDoNald

McCormic  
 SHepherd  
 SAur  
 SMith  
 Pitt  
 HIckman  
 ROberts  
 HeNderon

## FOOT BALL.

Foot ball has long been one of the leading school sports. With the coming of the crisp October days every young American becomes possessed with the desire to don foot ball togs and get out to kick and chase the pigskin. The rough and tumble of foot ball is just what is needed to toughen up the skin and muscles for the cold of winter. In late years there has been much talk, either of banishing foot ball from the schools and colleges of America, or of moderating it to a tamer game, but it is not likely to be banished entirely, for what would a school be without foot ball? True, it is rough, but this world is full of cuffs and bluffs, and foot ball teaches us how to receive them. The 1909 season of foot ball at Independence High School has been a red letter year. We have won every game but one, which was a tie, and have only been scored against once, while on the other hand, we have run up large scores on the opposing teams. The first call for volunteers was answered by about thirty or forty willing players, out of which Mr. Sexton picked one of the fastest teams that the school has ever had. Our first game was with Columbia Business College, whom we drubbed soundly. This one-sided victory aroused great interest in the team throughout the whole town, and at our next game, which took place at Liberty, we were escorted by a large crowd of rooters. This game ended in a tie, nothing to nothing, and was one of our hardest battles. Our next game was also hard fought. Spaulding's Business College was the opposition and they out-weighted us ten pounds to the man. In the first half Spaulding's secured a touch down on a fluke, but failed to kick goal. But grit and determination win and we came back in the second half by scoring a touch down and kicking goal. This gave us the victory, for after this neither side was able to score. Throughout the season each game was marked by brilliant plays; the line-running of Frank McCarrol, our full-back and captain; the cool-headedness of quarterbacks, Kelly and Sermon; the kicking of halfback Kelley; the tackling of our ends, Lyle McCarrol and Cushwa; and above all, the strength and grit of the whole line. Following is the line-up and scores for the season:

Frank McCarrol.. .. .	Fullback
Terrence Kelley.. .. .	Right halfback
James Miller.. .. .	Left halfback
Emlin Kelley, Ray Sermon.....	Quarterbacks
George Wallace.. .. .	Center
Wallace Kelly.. .. .	Right guard
Armstead Alexander.. .. .	Left guard
Edwin Messenger.. .. .	Right tackle
Clifford Criley, Webster McDonald .....	Left tackles
Lyle McCarrol.. .. .	Left end
Clay Cushwa.. .. .	Right end
Earl Etzenhouser, Gerald Smith .....	Subs.
J. M. Sexton, Manager and Coach.	





## THE GLEAM BASKET BALL.

Ψ Ψ Ψ

Basket ball has, in the last few years, come to be the most popular of winter school sports. Independence High School has always had a fast team, and this year's has kept up the record. Both the school and the town have always shown great interest in the game, and this year with the coming of Mr. Sexton, the interest has been greater than ever. The first call for players was heartily welcomed. The picking of the team was not difficult, for all the players on last year's team had returned, and there was also some new material, which later developed into good players. Class teams were organized, and a series of games were played, which resulted in a tie between the Seniors and Sophomores. Thus a very fast first team was developed. A midget team and also a girls' team were organized, the first for about four years. The whole schedule of the school team has been almost a complete line of victories. Out of fifteen games, we have won twelve, and those lost have all been by close scores. The Midgets have done as well if not better than this, having won every game, although they have not played so many. At every game throughout the season, large crowds have turned out in spite of the cold building in which the games were played. And let us not forget to mention the support and good will of the townspeople, whose attitude toward us was shown by Sturges & Duffendack, who presented us with an official basket ball, which was used throughout the season. The success of the teams this year shows everyone the need of a place in which to practice and play our games. A gymnasium is needed here very badly, and in a year or two we shall undoubtedly have one. Following are the line-ups and scores of each team:

♣ ♣ ♣

### FIRST TEAM LINE-UP.

Ray Sermon.. ..	Right forward
Clay Cushwa, captain.. ..	Left forward
George Wallace.. ..	Center
Ernest Roberts.. ..	Right guard
Webster McDonald.. ..	Left guard
Emlin Kelly, Kenneth Bostian .. ..	Subs
J. M. Sexton, Manager and Coach.	

Ψ Ψ Ψ

### MIDGET'S LINE-UP.

Harry Sturges.. ..	Right forward
Sam Frank Maiden.. ..	Left forward
Charlie Foster, Ray Sermon .. ..	Centers
Edwin Carroll.. ..	Right guard
Guy Rudd.. ..	Left guard
J. M. Sexton, Manager and Coach.	





THE GLEAM  
SCHEDULE.

Date.		Place.
Nov. 19, 1909—	Indep. H. S., 37 vs. Raytown, 23	Indep.
Nov. 20, 1909—	Indep. H. S., 11 vs. Mt. Washington H. S., 10	Indep.
Nov. 30, 1909—	Indep. H. S., 51 vs. Buckner H. S., 22	Indep.
Dec. 4, 1909—	Indep. H. S., 35 vs. Wentworth M. A., 41	Lexington
Dec. 10, 1909—	Indep. H. S., 26 vs. Liberty H. S., 23	Indep.
Dec. 15, 1909—	Indep. H. S., 35 vs. Wentworth M. A., 31	Indep.
Dec. 22, 1909—	Indep. H. S., 47 vs. Lee's Summit H. S., 25	Indep.
Jan. 7, 1910—	Indep. H. S., 30 vs. Lathrop H. S., 28	Lathrop
Jan. 8, 1910—	Indep. H. S., 23 vs. Liberty H. S., 25	Liberty
Jan. 15, 1910—	Indep. H. S., 18 vs. Kans. City, Kans., H. S., 22	Indep.
Jan. 22, 1910—	Indep. H. S., 42 vs. Kans. City Vet. Coll., 17	Indep.
Feb. 5, 1910—	Indep. H. S., 37 vs. Olathe H. S., 11	Indep.
Feb. 7, 1910—	Indep. H. S., 44 vs. Spaulding's Bus. Coll., 6	Indep.
Feb. 12, 1910—	Indep. H. S., 58 vs. Indep. Stars, 19	Indep.
Feb. 18, 1910—	Indep. H. S., 31 vs. Olathe H. S., 29	Olathe
Total, 515—332		

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SCHEDULE.

Indep. High School Midgets, 26 vs. Ott School.	13
Indep. High School Midgets, 19 vs. Noland School.	2
Indep. High School Midgets, 26 vs. Benton School.	14
Indep. High School Midgets, 34 vs. Benton School.	28
Indep. High School Midgets, 32 vs. Hyde Park School, K. C.	28
Indep. High School Midgets, 34 vs. Central Midgets, K. C.	26

Ψ Ψ Ψ

GIRLS' LINE-UP.

Rose Roberts, Ruth Sauer.	Forwards
Sue Henderson, Chloe Hickman.	Guards
Clara Smith, Jessie Griffin, Mildred Pitt, captain.	Centers
Irma Tuckfield, Ruth Hibler, Pauline Shepard	Subs

Ψ Ψ Ψ

SCHEDULE.

Indep. High School, 9	Buckner High School, 14	Indep.
Indep. High School, 6	Buckner High School, 4	Indep.
Indep. High School, 12	Hyde Park School, K. C., 13	Indep.









OFFICERS.

Eric Cook.. .. .	President
Mark Godman.. .. .	Vice-President
J. B. Whitney.. .. .	Treasurer
Lee Douthitt.. .. .	Secretary
Milliken Neil.. .. .	Assistant Secretary
Arthur Metzgar.. .. .	Attorney-General
Loving Dryden.. .. .	Sergeant-at-Arms

ROLL

Amos Allen	Terrence Kelley
Paul Arthur	Arthur Metzgar
George Bartholemew	Lyle McCarrol
Harold Clow	George Millard
Eric Cook	James Miller
Ross Crichton	Charles Mize
Rodger DeWitt	Robert Murphy
Lee Douthitt	Milliken Neil
Loving Dryden	Watson Ramsey
Virgil Etzenhouser	Glenn Riddle
Wallace Etzenhouser	Guy Rudd
Ben Eubank	Thomas Shrout
Roland Flanders	John Thompson
Thomas Gibson	George Walker
Mark Godman	Alan Wherritt
Wilbur Henderson	Arthur Wickstrum
Richard Hill	J. B. Whitney
Rolley Johnson	Dickey Young





## THE EXCELSIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.



**T**HE art of public speaking, though so sadly neglected by most people, is one of the best accomplishments that we may have. And though there is no strong incentive along that line now, as there was in the days when the glory of the Athenian orators reflected upon the whole world, yet good speakers are always in demand. Almost every judge or lawyer will say, "If I had my life to live over, I would devote ten times as much work to the study of oratory."

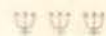
☪ Every boy in the High School should profit by the experience of others and grasp the excellent opportunity which is afforded in the Excelsior Debating Society. He should not only belong to the society, but he should be a worker. Of course it can do no one good simply to have his name on the roll, but if he puts earnest effort into his work, returns to him will be of inestimable value. By practicing before a small audience, he will soon be able to speak before large ones, with ease; and he will gain the power of concentration of thought and of quick continuous thought. This power is indeed rare; but the great need of the society is boys who will work and put this kind of effort into their work.

☪ For several years a few boys have tried to keep up the interest in the organization, but for the most part with indifferent success. However, the strenuous efforts of the boys, last year and this, have greatly increased the membership of the society, but still but a small per cent of the boys of the school are interested.

☪ The Excelsiors, this year, have distinguished themselves by holding debates with other High Schools. If we would attract the attention and interest of people outside the school, we must attempt things that meet their approval. And what is there that will create school spirit and outside interest better than a contest, whether it be a foot ball game or a debate?

☪ Though feeling that we have attained a considerable measure of success, we look forward to next year for a greater prosperity and hope that then we may convince every boy in the school that he is missing a golden opportunity when he refuses to join the Excelsior Debating Society. E. T. K. '11.

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 THE DEBATE.


**O**N February 25, 1910, the Rosedale Debating Society and the Excelsiors met at the High School of the former upon the question, "Resolved, That Boards of Arbitration With Compulsory Powers Should Be Established to Settle Disputes Between Employers and Employees." Independence championed the cause of the affirmative, represented by Messrs. Eric Cook and Virgil Etzenhouser, while opposing them were Messrs. Forest Huntington and James Cannon.



☞ Their auditorium was smaller than ours but just as smoke-stained and dirty, scattered over with impossible flowers, and a fountain joyfully spouting in the foreground.

☞ The chairman was a little, bald-headed roly-poly man who sweated and smiled through it all. The first we experienced was some terrible vocal music, tortured beyond description, and which made us ready to accept anything.

☞ Mr. Eric Cook arose after an introduction by the chairman and spoke very vehemently on the subject of strikes and the misery they cause. Also, he mentioned the success of the New Zealand plan and the experiment of the arbitration board. Mr. Forest Huntington then proceeded to emphasize every other word by boring holes in the atmosphere with his pencil. He rapped Mr. Cook's statement on New Zealand by newspaper articles of great antiquity which showed the failure of the board of arbitration. Mr. Etzenhouser, the next speaker, with his usual vehemence and arguments reinforced Mr. Cook's quotations. Our death-knell was sounded when Mr. Cannon (not Uncle Joe) arose and in short, terse, forcibly-delivered sentences stated the rights of man, and of labor and capital. Our fortifications of argument crumbled like earth before this bombardment, in fact—

"Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them,

Volley'd and thunder'd."

☞ Then came the rebuttal; after which we endured several very suggestive vocal numbers, such as, "I'm a Weary Pilgrim," and "Home, Sweet Home." Then the decision—it was against us!

☞ A return debate was held the next Friday in the Independence High School auditorium. The subject was, "Resolved, That the Protective Tariff System Has Been More of a Benefit than a Detriment to the United States." Rosedale affirmed the subject, upheld by Messrs. Frank Lankhard and Clarence Williamson, while our side was upheld by Messrs. Mark Godman and Lee Douthitt.

☞ The Glee Club sang and "Tony" Miller whistled, after which the chairman, Mr. Southern, announced the debate.

☞ Mr. Lankhard, more of an evangelist than a debater, rushed forward and gave us the opening years of the tariff and its relation to American manufactures, but it all collapsed after Mr. Godman arose and delivered his oration which has never been equalled in the history of the school. He will some day become as great in demand for debating as Mark Antony was for delivering funeral orations. Mr. Williamson, a little fellow, attempted a rebuttal, but it bore the relation of a candle to an arc light. Mr. Lee Douthitt put the finishing touches on the social and economic side of the question. After another song from the Girls' Glee Club and a piano selection, Mr. Prewitt, one of the judges, gave a short complimentary talk at the close of which he announced the decision. It was in our favor.



**T**HE Class of 1910 is about to be buried in the High School graveyard. We have lived our life of four short years and now we wish to take our place with the Alumni—that great, broad, interesting, instructive, inspiring association which the Independence High School has not. And there is no reason why we should not have such an organization, one that would in some manner keep every graduate in touch with the school and school life. If such an association could be formed, it would lead to higher things, the city would become interested and then, perhaps, we would have our gymnasium.

It would be great and broad, for the High School graduates are, without doubt, numerous. It would be interesting, for what varied plans for school enjoyment could we not discuss and carry out. It would be instructive, for what wonderful things are our fertile brains not able to create that would increase our knowledge. It would be inspiring, for who dares to admit that such a body would not be inspired, and therefore be able to cast abroad their inspirations.

Since the Class of 1910 has not been able to accomplish this deed, we leave it to following classes to form the Alumni Association.



## Messages From Previous Classes.

Ψ Ψ Ψ

1901.

Perhaps you would like to know something about the foundation of The Gleam. It was away back in 1901 that a little group of the Senior Class decided that I. H. S. should have an annual to represent the student body of the school, and particularly the Seniors. The idea was helped along by Professor Bryant and the other teachers, and indeed much of the credit for that first issue—if credit it can be called—belongs to them. We had only a vague notion of what such a magazine should be. At first there was not even a title around which to shape our plans. That question of a title vexed the staff of editors for days, and then it was solved by one of the class that had been studying Tennyson.

It was easier sailing after that, but still there were many troubles. It was a thin little book compared to the volume that you publish nowadays—set up in type and printed at Howard Morrison's shop in his home on Maple Avenue. Small as the book was, we had a hard time getting it all into type. Howard's shop was limited in its equipment. Some of the editors—I believe we were quite proud of the title—worked in his plant at night, helping, or perhaps hindering, in setting the type. It was our first experience, both as printers and publishers.

With the memory of that first issue of The Gleam, comes always the memory of one who was chiefly responsible for its success. The life of Tasker Taylor is indeed a pleasant memory to those who knew him. He "followed the Gleam."

The Gleam is ten years old now, and I don't believe I know of a huskier youngster in the field of High School journalism. It is a welcome visitor each year to the Alumni.

Sincerely yours,

Chas. G. Ross.

—†—

1903.

To The Gleam:—

It gives me much pleasure to again be drawn closer to my alma mater through the request of a letter for "The Gleam."

The memory of my High School days has been placed among the treasures in my "casket of jewels," which contains all the good, pure and beautiful things that have come into my life.

My thoughts often wander back to a day in the English Class when Miss Brown said that youth looked at the world through a rose colored glass, and as the years passed and life's battles were experienced, the rosy hue gradually wore away, and the glass became clear. Almost seven years—how time flies—have passed since I bade good by to my school days, and walked for the last time as a pupil down the steps of that dear old school,

out into the world. The rosy hue has all worn off and my glass is clear. The world—life—is a grim reality. Although I go to my "casket" and take out the priceless treasure of my school days, bringing back those pleasant days of association with my classmates and teachers, those hours spent in the study of English, Cicero, Geometry and Civics, when I was being equipped for the after years, those hours of debates, class meetings, work on "The Gleam," gatherings in the library where we sometimes became too noisy and heard Miss Wallace's "Hush," preparations for graduation, and live again those days of rosy hue, I would not have my glass retouched. Life holds so much. As each day brings me in contact with men, women, and events, I can see my path broadening and my way more clearly to follow the "Gleam."

Last Sunday I was reading one of my favorite passages in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and the beauty and truth in his works appealed to me more than ever before. As one grows in experience, he has a deeper insight and learns to appreciate not only the pleasures of life, but also its beauties, depth, extensiveness and opportunities.

When I get out of the office where I am employed I throw back my shoulders and breath deep draughts of God's pure, fresh air and am glad that I am living.

My dear Seniors of 1910, keep the rosy hue on your glasses as long as you can, hold it always if only in memory, and each day grow stronger that as your glasses become clear you may be ready and not afraid to follow the "Gleam ere it vanishes."

With the spirit of the Class of 1903, I wish each one of you success in your paths of life and may the spirit in which you accept your degrees as graduates of the High School never fail you as you follow the "Gleam."



1905.

Every school must justify its being by its fruits.

The standards of judgment are three, two in prospect and the third and most important in retrospect.

The faculty and their offering of courses must be good, but most important is the product of character and efficiency in the person of its graduates.

The Class of '05 chose the high motto, "Bring nothing base to the temple," and now that we are ourselves in retrospect, we feel proud to claim that we did not and have not; but come this year offering to our alma mater our showing—nothing base, but the just return of her investment in us of the best efforts of her admirable teaching force.

Does it pay? '05 thinks so.

We know our failures and have reserved our best efforts for them, but we do point to the more than ordinary progress of our classmates as examples of the great advantages we have had from the Independence High School.



1907.

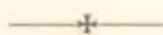
Dear Gleam Staff of 1910:—

It has been three years now since I was working on the Gleam and I understand and appreciate the trials you are possibly having. Every Gleam staff has them, I believe, but don't feel discouraged—the Gleam is always successful, and it would mean much to you to see it completed, the fruits of much labor. The Gleam is an expression of yourselves, and therefore of course it will be interesting and individual. It will be liked because it is a part of you. It will be read by many people, by some carelessly, perhaps, because they do not know or love the High School; by others because it is a product of a school, and is interesting as an educational feature, but there are many who will read it lovingly because of the pleasant memories associated with its name—memories of days of staff meetings and their consequent discussions, days of proof reading, days of collecting advertising, and days of watching and waiting for answers from Gleam correspondents. But they are not all gloomy memories, for we had good times at the meetings despite the sometimes overheated arguments; we learned each other and ourselves, and we worked our loyalty into our book. You will be proud of your book, too. Creditable work is sure to be the outcome of any class who has for its watchword "Follow the Gleam."

I speak for all of my class—1907—in wishing for you, 1910, success in all things.

Loyally,

Helen Ross, 1907.



1909.

To the Seniors:—

And now the class of 1910 is on the eve of bidding farewell to the Independence High School. What varied, welcome thoughts come to my mind as I think of the experiences of my school days, the school days of my class, that long vista overhung with the clinging vines of sweetest memories. How arduous, how studious was the Class of 1909 as Freshmen—how important and self-esteeming as Sophomores—how thoughtful though hilarious as Juniors—and how accomplished as Seniors. What responsibilities we felt in that last year—how overwhelming was a defeat, how thrilling a victory! Each successive duty was undertaken with the one thought of success, even to the publishers of our "Gleam," which of course, we considered t-h-e best,

But after commencement what a change! We, who had enjoyed the close comradeship of four years in the High School, are now—at the close of one short year—so widely separated. Each has embarked upon the great wide sea; some to enjoy successes, others, perhaps, failures. But each one of us, it is hoped, together with each member of the Class of 1910, will prove faithful to our motto—

A Member of '09.



**T**HE year books edited by different schools, colleges and universities show the character of each institution's school-life, the work being done in the school. In this way, these educational institutions may measure their intellectual powers with that of other schools. Each successive year tries to bring forth a volume excelling all those preceding it, each class wishes to improve upon all others that have been thus far produced. As it should be, each edition strives to attain that which goes to make up the ideal annual; each year's editors fix their desires and aspirations upon a perfect magazine, and then bend all their concentrated energies to reach the goal they have placed before them. Of course, each staff of editors looks with especial pride at the paper they have produced, and feels that theirs has points of excellent belonging to none other. As each volume appears yearly in the history of the school, each staff feels that it has come a little nearer the end toward which they are ever working—the perfect magazine. Each board of editors claims the distinction of having introduced new ideas, worked out original plans, and made the book most representative of the class and school that edits it.

☐ This year, we 1910 Seniors of Independence High School, have striven as Seniors before us have striven, have reached to grasp the idea of what our school paper means to us as doubtless all others have reached, have aspired to the production of the ideal magazine with ambitions and hopes as great as



those of any others, to lay at the feet of our critical little world what we have tried by honest and earnest endeavor to make the best publication in the history of our school, the tenth volume of the "Gleam." Perhaps we may have had especial advantages in that we happen to be the Class of '10. For has not this been a particularly progressive year for the High School in general? Has there not been added great stimulus to the zest and spirit of our school-life? Is this not a most fitting and appropriate time for celebrating the tenth anniversary of our school magazine by making ours the best "Gleam" ever published.

¶ First of all, the staff has tried to stimulate the interest in the "Gleam" among the student-body by offering, in addition to the prize for the best short story as suggested last year, a prize for the best report on the Senior Play, and by asking for representative work from each class. We want the school to edit the paper, and want each separate portion of the magazine to represent what he or she, among the Seniors, has contributed towards making our edition near to the ideal "Gleam." We feel that we **have** neared the perfect year book more than any other staff in that every Senior feels that he has done something towards making the paper a success, and in that each and every one can point out with pride some thing or things and say—"This is what I have done towards publishing the 'Gleam.'"

¶ We want it to be **about** our school, things that relate to our school-days, and our pleasant association together—things that will mean something to us in after years. Each article, each illustration, the tiniest local, will call to our minds pleasant memories of what we did in High School. From title-page to the last hard-earned advertisement, the pages will remind us of how we toiled and labored over heavy manuscripts, how our sturdy business managers stuck stubbornly to their work and never struck colors until every ad. was filled up and every dollar turned in. We often sighed over our troubles then, and grew distracted at the heaps of work piled upon us. But now that it is all over, we wish for these days to be returned, when we never were idle, and almost shouldered in the swallowing gulf of business and hurrying work.

¶ We half reluctantly surrender the togas of our happy experiences to the Senior Class that shall follow us; we half envy them the pleasantries and joys of editing their paper—but we join with everyone in our best wishes that some Senior Class shall edit the ideal "Gleam," and the fortunate time will be not far off.



I think, if there is any one thing to which our remarkable growth at I. H. S. in the past year is owed, it is the Morning Assemblies. They have been the one connecting link, the one common interest of both Faculty and the different classes. The interest of every student has been compelled by them, new avenues of learning unlike the ordinary grind of school work have been opened to all of us. And last, but most conducive to making school pleasant and interesting, we have looked forward to the programs each day, and each week; we have been anxious to compare the abilities of each class with the others; we have gratefully perceived and enjoyed the interest outsiders are taking in our school. I think we Seniors may voice the sentiments of the whole school in saying that our little entertainments every morning have been one of the most enjoyable, the most interesting features of our school days of 1909-'10 in I. H. S.



As the Class of 1901 brought in nearly all the good things, the Gleam is particular, we concluded that it was they who introduced into the High School that marvelous little beast known as School Spirit. The succeeding classes were very good to him and he was a well-fed, sleek little creature, that is, until 1904 came along. They considered themselves as owls, the most important feature in the school, and entirely neglected what had the name of "school" connected with it for "class." They set this poor example and the following classes fed Class Spirit instead of School Spirit and then Sectional Spirit rather than Class Spirit. All this went on until 1910 came to be Seniors.

The girls it was who discovered down in the basement a poor little starved animal and seeing in him the hopes of something larger, asked Mr. Sexton to look after him and feed him. They had heard that Mr. Sexton if anyone would know how to awaken and strengthen School Spirit.

He did, and the "wee little timorous beastie" grew into a huge animal. He grew fat on organizations of the Athletic Association, of the Glee Clubs, of ball teams and all that sort of thing. The thing he likes particularly was the music in the assemblies.

Now, all the credit is not due to Mr. Sexton, for as soon as his charge began to be decent-looking, he led him down to assembly, by a chain, of course. Everyone approved. It aroused the school and each class tried to treat him better than the rest. Even the teachers were proud of him and Mr. Bryant says he is the finest specimen he has ever seen.

And now—well, now he is the prevailing influence in the school. No chains can hold him, but he behaves nicely, just the same. It was his excellence that caused Mr. Bryant to allow us the assemblies all year, that made us in return show the finest record in the school, the least number of failures and the best attendance. And the Seniors want to commend him to the Juniors after they are gone. He is the best thing in the school. Yes, High School Spirit is what has made us this year.



## The Tenth Anniversary of the Gleam

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I was seated in my study, pondering over the varied plans devised for formulating "The Gleam" of 1910, when my mind was drawn into the future, and I began to dream of the vast possibilities ahead of the coming staffs—of the unlimited field for development that lies before them. What will have been the vision of their finished work, and what the results of their dreams and ideals?

And then—I suddenly awakened to the thought that the first staff must have experienced similar thoughts and feelings, and that we who stand at the first great mile stone—the tenth anniversary—should embody their dreams, materialized, in our work!

And have we accomplished this work, this duty thrust upon us for bearing the name of 1910? Oh, no! At least, not alone. Ours is but the last step in the ten years of hard, conscientious labor that has made the present possible. Why, the first staff itself began the realization of its own dreams, for it not only placed the ladder, but began the ascent, and in so doing established a very high standard—one to which the following staff could look with pride and exclaim, "This was our inspiration, and we have striven to excel it!"

This was the spirit that prompted the editors of each succeeding issue, and there could be but one result. Our annual outgrew its first main motive—"to contain something of the work of the Senior Class"—and became a school paper with its department of locals and representative articles from each class. As High School spirit increased, and debating societies were formed, and athletics became a feature in the year's events, "The Gleam" found new sources for material and provided the necessary departments.

But the greatest step was that of making the paper a representative one. The thought was advanced by 1909, and we have endeavored to enlarge upon it. Strange, new departments appear in our work and we can truly say it is all the result of the "united efforts of the class." Every member has been made to feel himself responsible for the success of this number, and has worked accordingly.

So, step by step, has the standard been raised, and we, through strong, concerted action, have striven to make this anniversary of our beloved High School annual worthy to be termed the tenth.

M. S. '10.



# Staff

Ψ Ψ Ψ

CLAUDINE MUNDY.....Editor-in-Chief

KATHARINE MIZE.....Associate Editor

**Literary Editors.**

Minnie Scott  
Ruth Rule  
Mark Godman

**Local and Exchange Editors.**

Mary Crump  
Mary Alice Hudson  
Susanne Moore

**Business Managers.**

Webster McDonald  
Nelson Rider  
George Baumeister  
Frank McCarrol

**Proof Readers.**

Bertha Anderson  
Carrie McCoy  
Leola Lamon  
Sarah Phelps

Clay Cushwa .....Athletic Editor

Ruby Short.....Art Editor

Grace Minor.....Alumni Editor





### September, 1909.

- Aug. 31—Again we meet, after the summer, but as Seniors this time.  
 Sept. 14—Mr. Sexton passed safely through the girls' examination.  
 Sept. 17—We have our first Assembly.  
 Sept. 23—Senior Class organizes.  
 Sept. 25—Announcement—"All those who wish to take binch work, report to the shop."—Hifner.  
 Sept. 29—Athletic Association organized.

### FOOT BAWL.

### October, 1909.

- Oct. 15—Will we ever forgive Lee's Summit for injuring Emlin? No, never.  
 Oct. 25—Mark played with an onion in the English class today.  
 Oct. 30—A regular meeting of parliament. "Jones—not Jones."  
 Oct. 31—Boys organize a Glee Club.

### November, 1909.

- Nov. 2—"James Wharton Jones"—enough said.  
 Nov. 4—Affinity club organized.  
 Nov. 10—First rehearsal. Naomi and Jack meet and (?)  
 Nov. 15—Mr. Jones asked Maude if she lived in the Bowery.  
 Nov. 26—Maude changed her seat so she might sit by Webster.  
 Nov. 30—Ruth's rat did not show.

## December, 1909.

- Dec. 2—Senior play. The first performance.  
 Dec. 3—Senior play. The last performance. Oh! **must** we leave?  
 Dec. 7—Play gone over at noon, broken up by Mr. Bryant.  
 Dec. 14—Oh! those dandy boys, to give us a sleigh ride.  
 Dec. 22—Overcoats lost—strayed—stolen.  
 Dec. 24—Christmas Holidays.

## January, 1910.

- Jan. 2—Mr. Bryant, "Well, I havn't seen you all since last year?"  
 Jan. 4—First staff meeting.  
 Jan. 11—Absences on account of notebooks.  
 Jan. 12—Maude really was on time.  
 Jan. 18—Juniors order class pins.  
 Jan. 28—Katharine informed us that she could not talk. Does anyone believe it?  
 Jan. 30—Fleming ate onions for dinner, because Susie told me so.  
 Jan. 31—Mr. Sexton resolved never to get married again.

## February, 1910.

- Feb. 1—Miss Brown was absent today; but we went on with the lesson just the same.  
 Feb. 2—Mark had thirty cents. We know because he showed us.

## March, 1910.

- Mar. 3—Rumors of the Junior reception.  
 Mar. 9—Maude did not get to sit by Webster. Why?  
 Mar. 14—Mark won the Declamatory medal.  
 Mar. 15—Well, I wish you would look at Miss Chiles' hair,—a turban rat, I believe!  
 Mar. 23—The Senior boys acted very chivalrously by seizing the girls' accustomed Assembly chairs.  
 Mar. 30—Heated discussion in staff meeting—"Jones or not Jones."  
 Mar. 31—Lights went out while the Girls' Glee Club was practicing, and we heard "Bones" rattling.

## April, 1910.

- Apr. 1—Most eventful day—Mr. B's program; Glee Club concert; Maude's party.  
 Apr. 4—How to make something out of nothing—exhibited by Susie on Ruth's hair.  
 Apr. 7—Mr. Hifner and Miss Shouse went to the theatre.  
 Apr. 11—Eric and Vergil ran a race.  
 Apr. 13—Miss Brown cast pearls before swine (Mark in the roll of swine.)  
 Apr. 14—Mr. Elliot got another hair cut.  
 had to get a new hat, as his old one was too small.)  
 Apr. 19—The Gleam goes to print.



## AROUND ABOUT



## THE SCHOOL

## HIGH SCHOOL CLUBS.



## Bluffers' Club.

Purpose—To get a grade.

Motto—It is as good to seem to know as to know.

Flower—Daisy.

Club Room—Number 5.

Participants:

Rambling Rule—Chief Bluffer.

Girl Adored Baumiester—Secondary Bluffer.

Man Hating Evans—Aspiring Bluffer.

Brave Attempts:

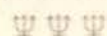
Never Winsome Rider.

Sugar Coated Mize.

Mamma's Sweetheart Godman.

Much Loving Reyner.

THE GLEAM  
MUM'S CLUB.



Established 449 B. C.

Purpose—To sit still, look sweet, but say nothing.

Motto—"Silence is Golden."

Charter Members:

Chef Mum—Grave Minor.

Bashful Frick.

Crabby Cushwa.

Energetic Cook.

Later Editions:

Silent Phelps.

Hasty Rogers.

Modest Rider.

Venial Clements.

THE AFFINITY CLUB.

Organized about the time of Senior Play.

Purpose—To make a crush on a seeming impossibility.

Motto—We strive to capture.

Flower—Tulips.

Executioners:

High Mogul—Molly Alexander.

Exalted Hi Gi—Kissie Mize.

Grand Scribbler—Sweetie Moore.

Distributor of Finances—Can't-decide Mundy.

Mushie Reyner.

Man Loving Crump.

Casey McCoy.

Rose Blossom Rule.

Questions and Answers Found in Junior Test Papers.

Q. What happened as a result of the destruction of the monasteries?

Ans. The monks were thrown out of a job.

Q. After Mary Stuart had married Darnley's murderer, what did she have on her hands?

Ans. Another man.

Q. What do you associate with Bacon?

Ans. Eggs.

Q. Why did France come into the American Revolution?

Ans. To get a blow at England.

Q. Give a character sketch of George III.

Ans. He had attacks of mental disarrangement.



# Senior Mirror

NAME.	NICKNAME.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.	LONG SITT.	AIR CASTLE.
Bertha Anderson...	Bob.....	"Oh nonsense".....	Themes.....	To be a wife to a Go(o)dman.
Kate Allen.....	Pete.....	"Gee Whiz".....	Strikes.....	A labor union leader.
George Baumelster..	Baumelster..	"Why, the idea".....	A Graceful Walk.....	Chicken raiser.
Virginia Clements..	Jinx.....	"I think, I mean".....	Whistling.....	Missionary.
Mary Crump.....	Crump.....	"Plague take it".....	Quoting Shakespeare.....	To live till she dies.
Eric Cook.....	Grandpa.....	"The rules say".....	Parliamentary rules.....	Lawyer.
Clay Cushman.....	"Annie".....	"Jenny".....	Chewing his fingers.....	To be rich and own a yacht.
Fern Donaldson.....	Deen.....	"I'm not sure, but".....	New Ideas.....	To be a Prima Donna.
Mary Helen Evans..	Mamie.....	"For the land's sake".....	Doing odd jobs for a Grade.	To get fat and be young always.
Bertha Frick.....	Betta.....	"Pshaw".....	Science.....	To succeed Miss Seft.
Mark Godman.....	Babyboy.....	"Oh girls".....	Politics.....	Villian in a nickle show.
Mary Alice Hudson..	Sweet Alice..	"Do tell".....	Discussing Politics.....	To Write a novel.
Leola Lamson.....	Lee.....	"Well I should say".....	What Papa said.....	Listen to a Bugle.
Grace Minor.....	Gracious.....	"For pity's sake".....	Being on Section Programs.....	To live and be happy.
Katharine Mize.....	Katie.....	"Oh Lord".....	Basket Ball games.....	Varies with her moods.
Garrle McCoy.....	Kitten.....	"Well kid".....	Falling in love.....	To have a "steady" from the "yards."
Susanne Moore.....	Sue.....	"Oh! Woman".....	Flirting.....	To Cook and bake on—(Bacon).
Claudine Mundy.....	Harry.....	"Oh! My".....	The Glean.....	To be an honest man.
Webster McDonald..	Web.....	"Don't get on a toot about it"	President of the class.....	To go back to Virginia.
Sarah Phelps.....	Honey.....	"Oh! My".....	Talking about back home.....	To systematize the world.
Minnie Scott.....	Baby.....	"Stupidly immense".....	Spelling.....	To have a girl all his own.
Frank McCarroll.....	Minky.....	"Oh! My".....	Foot Ball.....	(Too young to have one).
Fleming Pendleton..	Myle.....	"You betcha".....	Nickle show.....	To be a bachelor.
Hazel Rogers.....	Myrtle.....	"Really I don't know"	Keeping Mum.....	To become great.
Nelson Rider.....	Crook.....	"Let's see".....	Chewing the rag.....	To increase her voice.
Maud Reynor.....	Hilken.....	"Oh! Gee".....	Bluffing.....	Matrimony.
Ruth Rule.....	Rufus.....	"It's just this way".....	Being Sweet.....	To become great.
Martha Rider.....	Mart.....	"Great Guns".....	Astronomy.....	To know.
Ruby Short.....	Sandy.....	"How Romantic".....	Little things.....	An artist.
Pauline Shepherd..	Polly.....	"Say Girls".....	Balls and card parties.....	Minister's wife.
Ella Halleran.....	John.....	"Well, I think".....		A Dressmaker.
Frankie Woodward..	Frank.....	"Is that so—Oh-a".....		A National Park student.

## SHAKESPEARE CONVERSATION IN ENGLISH CLASS.

ψ ψ ψ

Ruby—"I'd rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad."

Katharine—"She hath more hair than wit, and not much hair."

Ruby—"A silly answer and fitting well a sheep."

Katharine—"Take the fool away."

△ △ △

To the Seniors—"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers."

After thought—"Mercy on us—We split, we split!"

△ △ △

To a junior—"Here is too small a pasture for such a store of muttons."

△ △ △

Bertha A.—"I'll drink no more than is good for me."

Mary Alice—"A woman's thought comes before her actions."

△ △ △

Ruby—"She can milk, look you, a sweet virtue for a maid with clean hands."

Mary Helen—"I'll bite thee on the ear for that jest."

Ruby—"Bite not, goodgoose."

△ △ △

Mark—"Kindness in woman, not her beauteous looks, shall win my love."

Carrie—"Reason and love keeps little company together nowadays."

---

Mr. Jones (director of the Senior play to Mamie)—"How long have you been out of short dresses?"

Mamie—"Really, Mr. Jones, that is a very embarrassing question!"

□ □ □

Geneoa sailed down the Black Sea, where she met the Turks.

□ □ □

Miss Schrt—"Armstead, what is red liquor?"

Armstead—"Why—er—I don't know."

□ □ □

Mr. Sexton—(in Freshman Algebra class)—"Now, I want you to tell me this morning what you like best about this subject."

Freshman Girl—"My teacher."

□ □ □

Miss Chiles—(in Senior Arithmetic class)—"Have you all a piece of paper to take these problems on?"

George—"Web's got a whole tablet."

□ □ □

Miss Phelps—(in Sophomore class, about the Dutch Revolution)—"Why, children, you should note that, it is one of the most wonderful struggles I ever saw."



Junior class meeting, April 10.

Purpose to select mascot.

Discussion on—Cupid and a scarab.

A standing vote was taken and the following love-sick Juniors stood for "Cupid:" Lee, Lucile, Mary S., Chloe, Fay, Virgil, Terrence, Olga, Thelma, Margeurite, Marion S., Ralph C. (I wonder why Dorothy W. did'nt stand?) didn't stand?)

□ □ □

In a Class Meeting: Katie—"Well, Webster, I want to tell you—"  
Webster (gruffly)—"Tell the class."

Katie—"Well, don't I have to address the floor?"

□ □ □

Miss Brown—"Mark, with all due deference to you, I think Webster can get more from my reading from Dr. Van Dyke, than to listen to you."

□ □ □

Carrie—(looking at some pictures)—"This looks like Doris Anderson."  
Nelson (becoming quite excited)—"Who—where—"

□ □ □

Miss Chiles—(in Geometry, with her hair in the new dome fashion)—  
"How do you prove anything by, 'Reduction ad absurdum' method?"

Pupil—"You've been trying it, evidently."

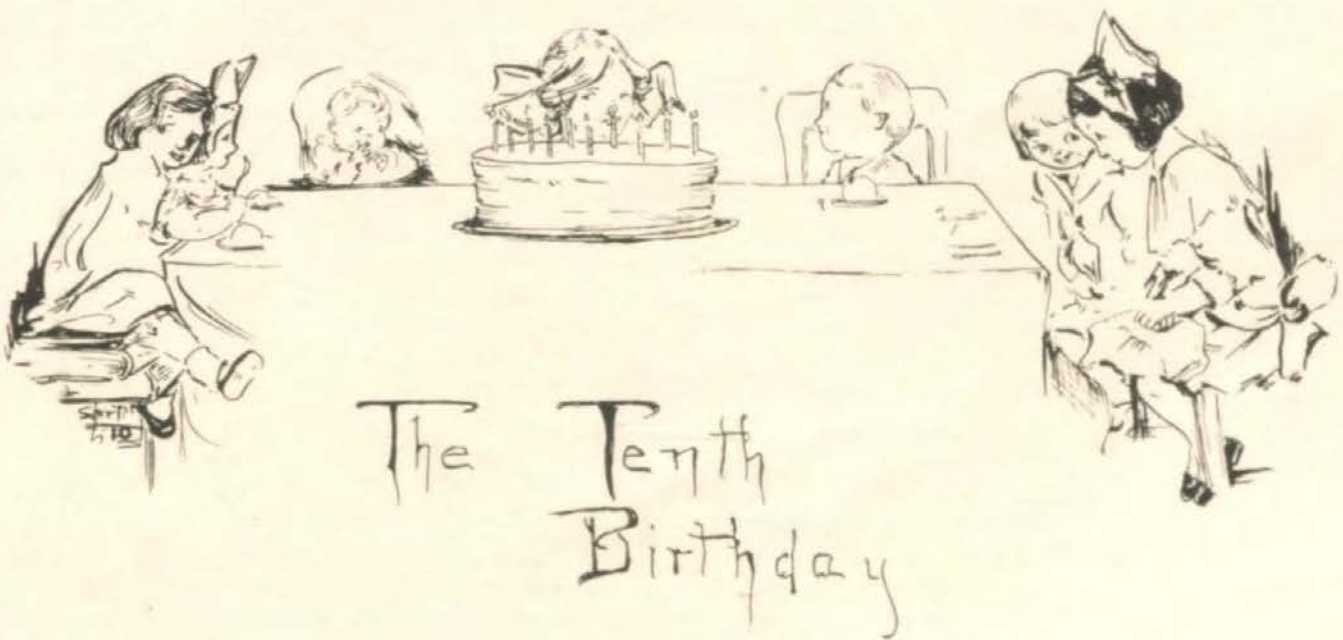
□ □ □

Maude R.—"We can't get started practicing in an hour."

Miss Brown—"No, as Mr. Bryant says, it takes some people twenty-four hours to turn around."

□ □ □

Miss Phelps—(explaining trade-marks)—"You know 'Unecda Biscuit?'"  
Mark—"Yes, ma'm."



The Tenth  
Birthday

## STURGES & DUFFENDACK

JEWELERS, OPTICIANS

AND STATIONERS

INDEPENDENCE,

MISSOURI.

Miss Phelps—"Virgil, will give us an account of the tariff of 1816."  
 Virgil—"Why—er—this is so sudden!"

□ □ □

"What is the shape of a kiss?" E-lips-tickle (eliptical).

## LYRIC THEATRE

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JOSEPH MILNER GOLDBLATT, Mgr.

We cordially invite Ladies and Children to  
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Alfred Benjamin  
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1200 Grand Ave. K. C. Mo.

Mary C.—“Mr. Elliott, is that rule of the inverse square of the distance, true about all distances?”

Ruby—“No, absence makes the heart grow fonder.”

Carrie—“No, it doesn't.”

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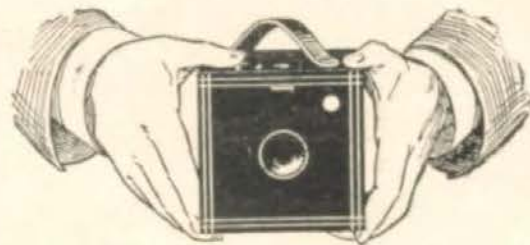
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the  
I. H. S. Man!!

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Main St.  
K. C. Mo.

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550  
Minn. Ave.  
K. C. K.

Miss Phelps—"What make of rifles do they use in the army now?"  
Mark—"The Independence cadet corps used the 'Springfield rifle.'"

□ □ □

Miss Brown (talking to the Sophomores)—"Pupils, we will take the life  
of Bryant tomorrow, come prepared."

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Clothing

"Society Brand" and other good Suits,  
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and Fraternity Invitations



Samples sent upon request

**JACCARD JEWELRY CO.**  
1017 1019 Walnut St.

Naomi—"Why do they call the moon her?"

Red Headed Girl—"Because she has a son (sun.)"

□ □ □

Amos A. (explaining a problem in Geometry)—"Now, we have two similar polygons, one Y. M. C. A, the other W. C. T. U."

**ROBERT KEITH**  
**Furniture AND**  
**Carpet Co.**

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Rugs  
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SCARRITT BUILDING.

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Mr. Elliott—"Whenever there is an attraction for anything it is mutual."

Katharine—"I don't believe that."

Mr. Elliott—"Do not doubt until you have reasons, Miss Katharine."

Katharine—"Oh! but I **have** reasons."

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**& GENTRY**

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SCWHEELERS BROS.

## KANDY KITCHEN

MANUFACTURERS OF

PURE

Ice Cream

AND

Candy

Fancy Ice Cream a Specialty

Both Phones 412.

Miss Phelps—"Why would you say that Burr murdered Hamilton?"  
 Ruby—"Because Burr fired before the referee called time."

□ □ □

Miss Brown—"What is a Tragic Opera?"

Mark—"A play where they kill and sing at the same time."

## HILL & MARTIN

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Hardware, Stoves, Tin  
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Pumps, Slate Roofing, Galvanized  
 Iron Cornice and Gutters.

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117 S. Liberty, Independence, Mo.

Teacher—"Who is Mr. Ballinger?"

Kate A.—"He is the Secretary of the Interior, who has been getting away with the forest lands."



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**E. F. Grinter, A. Cashier**

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at the disposal of its customers  
the facilities gained during  
twenty-three years of continu-  
ous service and growth.

Freshman—"Mr. Elliott has a cinch; he hasn't any hair to brush."

Senior—"Yes, but he has that much more face to wash."

□ □ □

Maude R—(in Economics)—"Farm instruments are now beginning to  
have a marginal utility."

1910 1910

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Prof. Bryant (announcing in Assembly)—“Mr. Sexton is married. Do you suppose he got frightened when I said that all bachelors in Korea had to wear skirts?”

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a neighbor's friendship and a community's  
respect. Try that once.

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Miss Phelps—"During the Revolution, who went as a pioneer to the  
Northwest territory?"

Mark—"Daniel Boone."

□ □ □

Richard Hill—"The Sorghums (Saracens) were very intelligent people."

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AND  
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**Tin Work and Furnaces**

116 S. Main,      **IMDEPENDENCE**

Miss Phelps (in Economics)—“Ella, when does commerce begin?”

Ella—“Why, when people begin to make little things and exchange.”

Miss P.—“Be more definite.”

Ella—“Do you want me to tell what little things are?”

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NOT QUANTITY!

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Miss Phelps (explaining the effect time has on utility in Economics)—  
"Can't you mention some article that six years ago was desired by all men  
and now is not desired?"

Mary C.—"Canes."

George B.—"Snuff."

Frank—"Teddy Bears."

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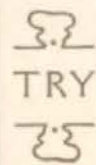
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SOUTH SIDE SQUARE

Mary C. (in American History)—“In Jay's treaty England would not give up suppressing the American seamen.”

□ □ □

Katharine M. (in History class)—“Hamilton should have looked with contempt upon a challenge from that little old Burr.”

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Miss Phelps (in Economics class)—“The fourth of man's desires is 'personal adornment.'”

Ruth—“Why, that is animal.”

Mary—“Aw, no, that is savage.”

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The two best cars on the market  
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**Kerr's  
Garage**



208 NORTH LIBERTY STREET.

She told him her name was Mary Helen,  
We then to him went and was tellin'  
Him "Mamie" to say  
Thus we laughed and made gay,  
While we filled up the halls with our yellin.'

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There was a young lady named Barnett,  
Who didn't object to a d—t,  
She tried to be prim,  
But her chances were slim,  
For her slang was innate and we larned it.

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England climbed out of a hole by means of a Walpole, but soon fell into a Pitt of war.



Teacher—"Which is the logical way of reaching a conclusion?"

Pupil—"Take a train of thought."

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**Lumber**  
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All Kinds of Building Material

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Independence, Missouri.

A Definition:

A haughty mein, indifferent air,  
Expression of, "Oh, I don't care—"  
A wildly pompadoured hair.  
Who's that? A Junior.

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All the Latest Music.

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Music For All Occasions.

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Independence, Mo.

*John W. Clements*

ATTORNEY AT LAW

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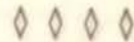
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A pupil explaining a Geometry theorem: "It is similar and the poly-  
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LOST—A front door key. Finder please return. S. M.

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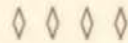
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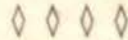
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