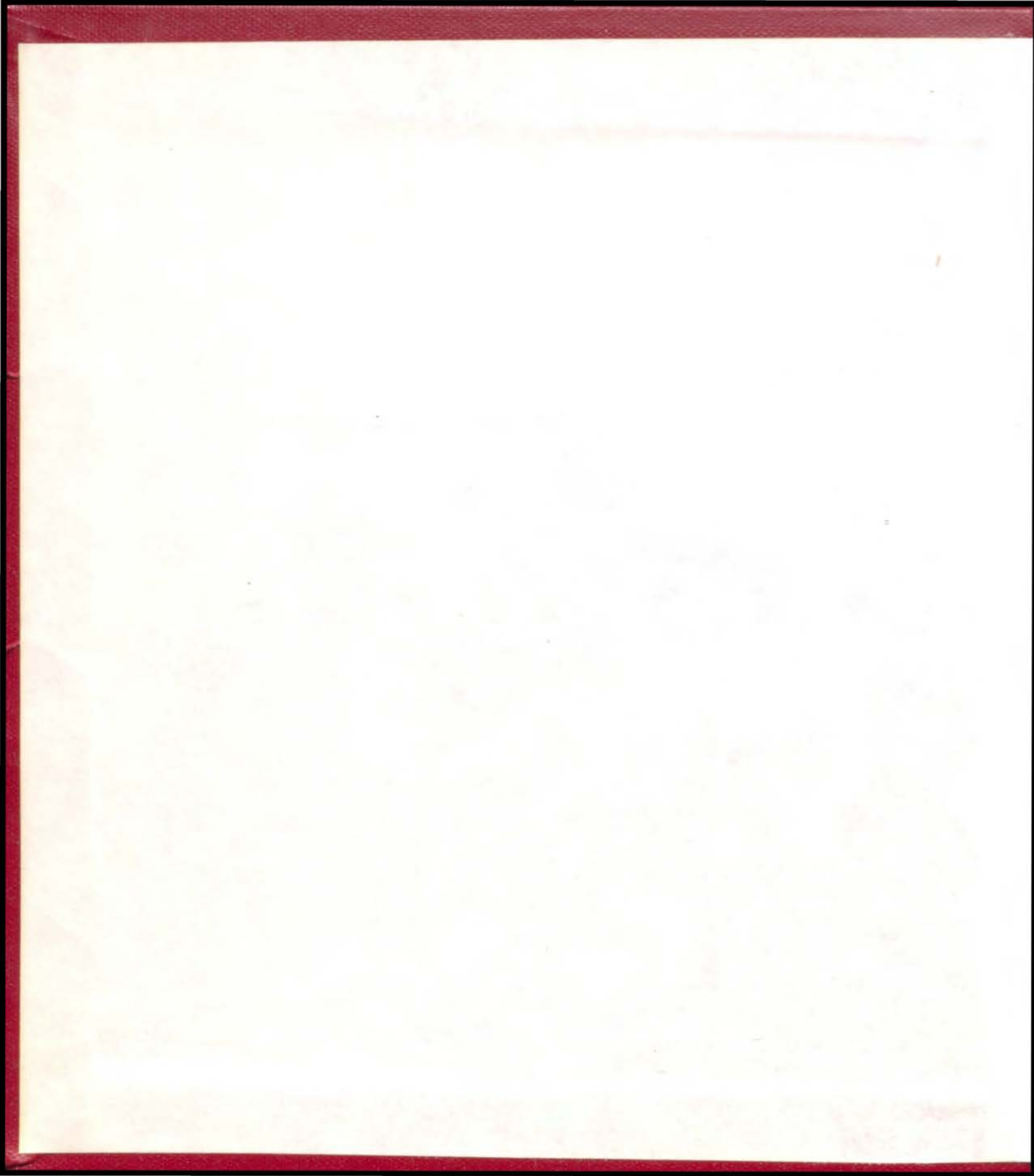
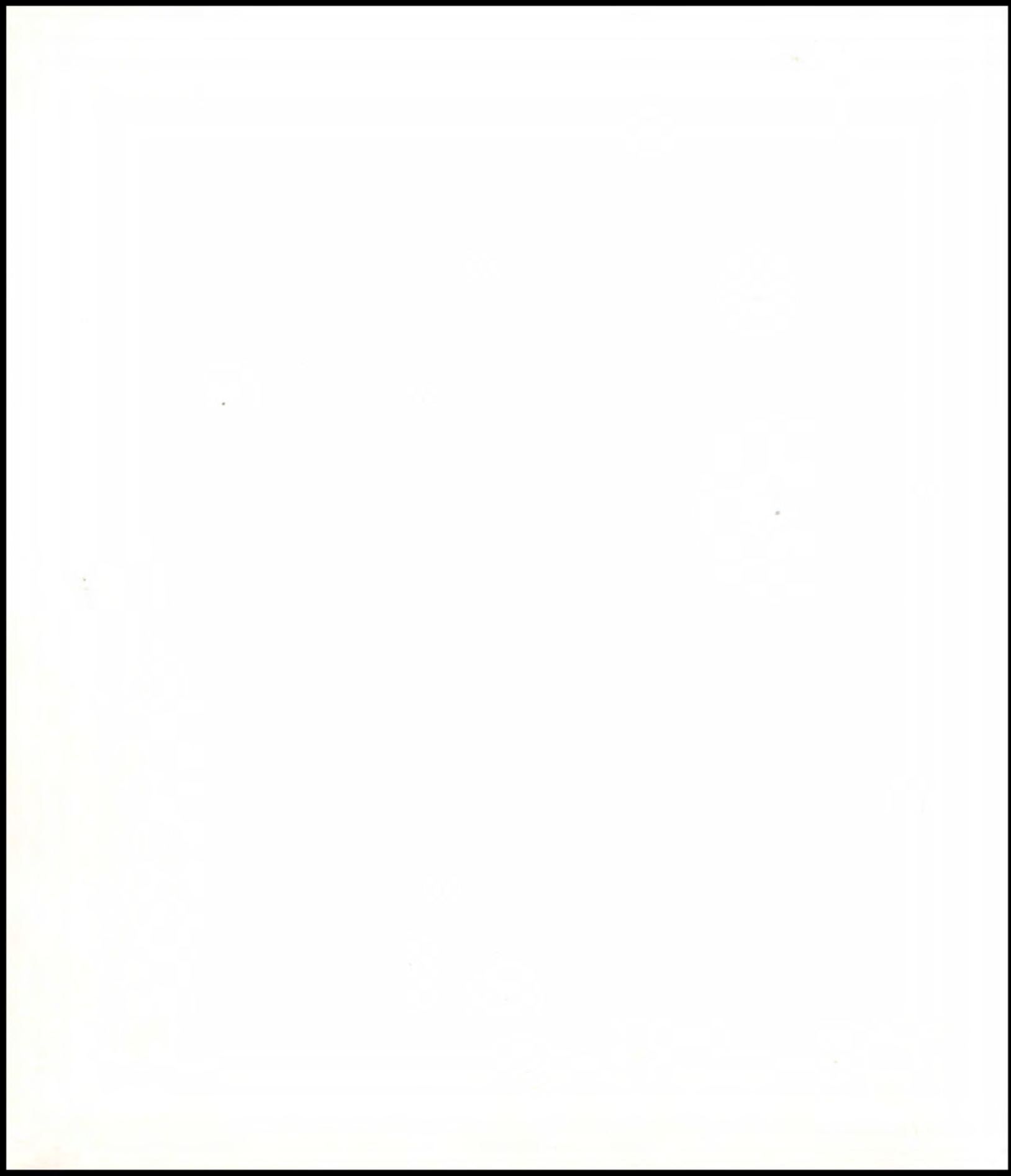


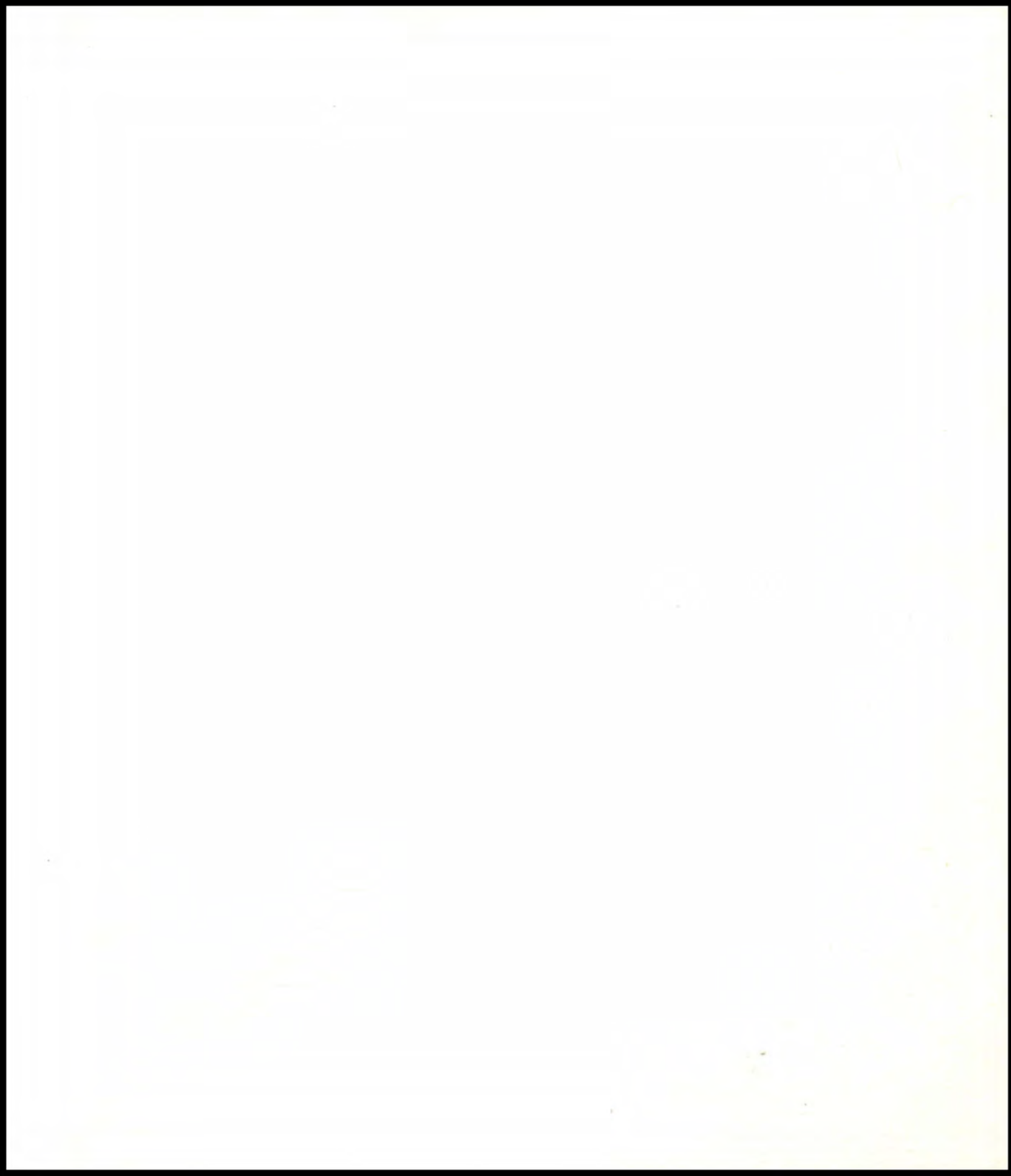
THE GLEAM

1911











PAGE

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PAGE

MISSING

WHETHER it be a Young Man's \$15.00 Suit or One of \$35.00 Value, we are as careful to Have that suit right--the Style, the material, the tailoring.

We are featuring this Season a Young Man's Blue Serge Suit. A "Sampeck," Model, 87, Price \$15.00.

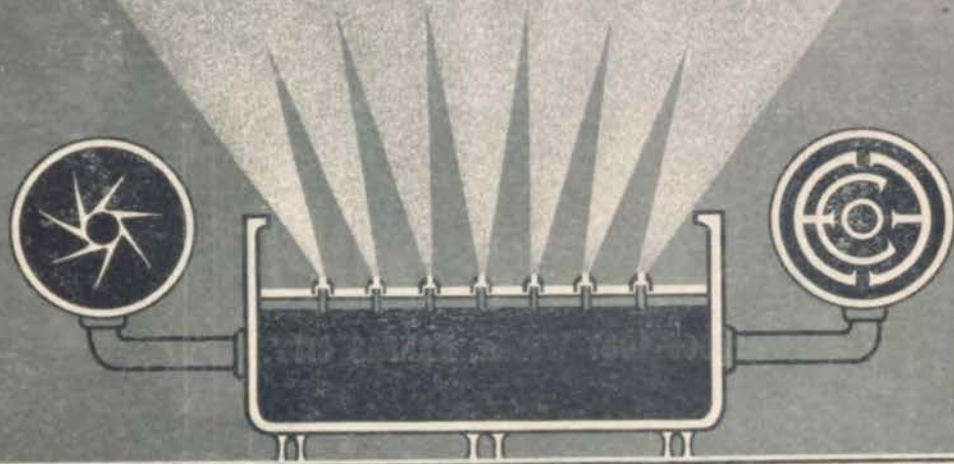
Have us acquaint you with that new "Lon'-oner." The suit with English propensities.

GORDON & KOPPEL

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Athletic and Sporting Goods in Our
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Eiser Engraving Co.
Artists · Designers · Engravers

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HOME PHONE
3116 MAIN
BELL PHONE
1380 MAIN

ACID BLAST PROCESS of
HALF TONE ZINC & COLOR PLATE
— E T C H I N G —

BOSTON BLDG.
& WYANDOTTE
KANSAS CITY, MO.



The above picture is a photo taken of the mill and elevator of HIMES & FRISBEY. A firm that started in business here several years ago on a small scale. And whose methods of fair treatment to all its patrons have won them a large patronage.

They have today four teams employed in the delivery of Coal, Hay, Corn Oats and mill feed. They also handle a full line of Poultry food and supplies. You will find everything this firm handles the best the market affords. Try them with your next order.

Both Phones 137.



Cement Work

We have helped you through your school days somewhat by selling you school books and school supplies, and now that you are starting out in real life and will soon be building homes, let us help you again by building the foundation for your house, your cellar floor, porch and walks.

Yours truly,

Bratton & Sturges.

PENDLETON & GENTRY

DRUGGISTS

Dealers in Patent Medicines and Toilet Articles, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Etc.

West Side Square

Telephone 98



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We Will Make you our
\$8.00 Work for \$4.00

STUDEBAKER

PHOTOGRPHER.



1911 WASH DRESS GOODS

Silk Finished Poplins, Mercerized Dimities, Mercerized Pongees, Foulards, Soisettes, Batistes, Voiles, Imported Satin stripe Marquettes, Persian stripes and Figured Marquettes, Lawns, Imported Gingham, White and Colored Linens, every color and combination 5 c yard up.

Punjab 36 inch Percales Light and Dark colors 12 1-2c yd.

White Embroidered Robes 40 and 45 inches 59c up.

Colored Robe Patterns in Pink, Light Blue, Helito, Champagne \$7.50 each.

Colored Silk Mulls, all colors.....25c yd.

White Dress Goods.....yd. 5c up

Persian Lawn 32 and 46 inches wide.....yd. 10c up

French Lawns 45 and 50 inches wide yd 25c, 35c, and 50c

Batistes 40 and 46 inches.....yd. 20c up

India Linons.....yd. 8 1-3c up

Men's Pure spun silk 1-2 hose all colors 35c pr. 3 for \$1.00

Ladies' Silk Hose, Black and colors50c pr.

Ladies Embroidered Silk Hose, Black, White and colors

pair.....\$1.00

Young Men's and Boys' Clothing, Every new 1911 color and style.

Medium prices in Men's Suits made by Herman Wile & Co., Buffalo, New York, no better for price, \$12.00 to \$18.00 suit.

Extra stylish Men's Suits made by Alfred Benjamin & Co., New York.

The Best of all ready to wear clothes \$20.00 to \$30.00 suit. Young Men's and Boys' stylish up to date suite made by Sam Peck & Co., New York. Popular prices.

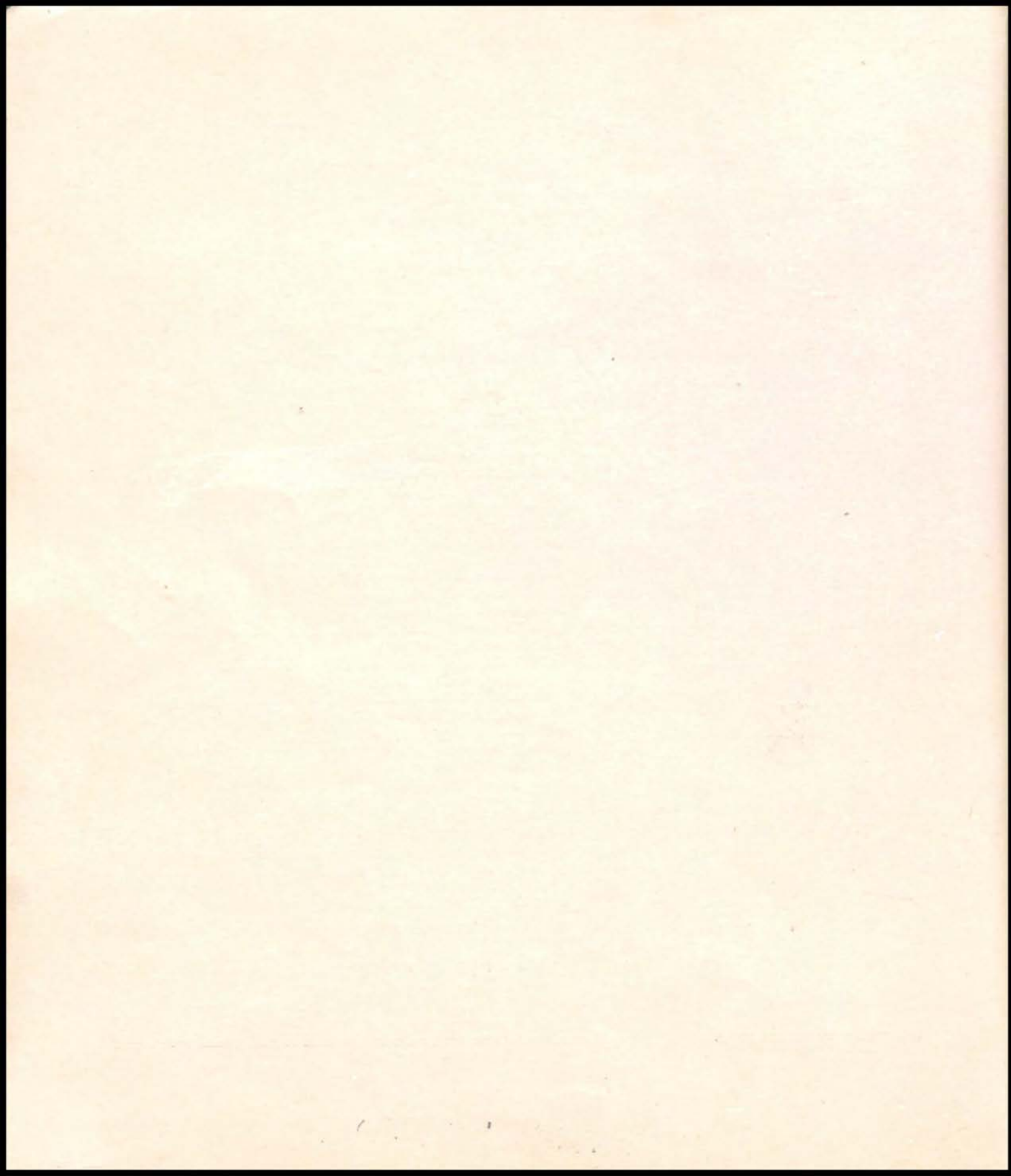
Boys' Knee Pants Suits H. Kuhn & Co., makers and the Wear Better line \$2.50 to \$5.00 suit; nobby and serviceable.

SEE WHAT WE ARE SHOWING.

A. J. BUNDSCHU,

EAST SIDE SQUARE

INDEPENDENCE, MO.





THE

GLEAM

~ 1911.



"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
All Who "Follow the Gleam."



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THE GLEAM

Faculty

Superintendent of City Schools W. L. C. Palmer.
LibrarianCarrie Wallace
Principal and Professor of Astronomy.....
.....George S. Bryant.
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature
.....Matilda D. Brown.
Professor of Composition and American Liter-
ature.....Josephine B. Stone.
Professor of History, Civics and
Political EconomyMargaret L. Phelps.
Professor of History.....Callie B. Mitchell.
Professor of Latin.....Edith Maltby.
Professor of German and Chemistry.....
.....Osla U. Sehrt.
Professor of Mathematics.....Janie Chiles.
Professor of Mathematics.....J. M. Sexton
Associate Professor of English and History
.....Mattie McCoy.
Professor of Laboratory Science.....D. C. Elliot.
Director of Manual Training.....W. D. Hifner.
Supervisor of ArtSarah L. Masterson.
Supervisor of Study Hall.....Carrie Henry.



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Vice-President	Mary Gentry
Secretary	Amos Allen
Treasurer	Arthur Metzger
Attorney General.....	Vergil Etzenhouser
Sergeant-atArms	James Miller

COLORS

Red and Black

EMBLEM

Scarab

MOTTO

"I go to prove my soul."

FLOWER

Poppy.

YELL

By Grit, Never Run,
Seniors, Seniors, Double One.

THE GLEAM



MARIE BRADY
"Queen Esther."

AMOS ALLEN
Sec'y of Class
E. D. S.
Mathematics Prize.

MILDRED BRYANT
"Queen Esther"
Gleam Staff.



BEULAH BRANHAM
Gleam Staff.

ARMSTEAD ALEXANDER
"Man of the Hour"
"Queen Esther"
Foot ball.

RUTH BOWDLE.

THE GLEAM



MARGARET BROUGHTON

PAUL ARTHUR
"Man of the Hour"
"Queen Esther"
E. D. S.

EVA CARSTENSEN.

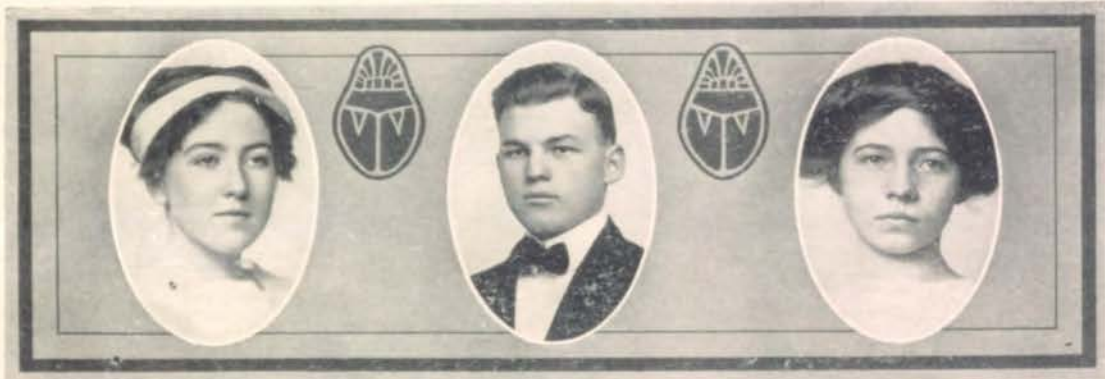


GELA COOK

ROSS CRICHTON

NELLIE CHRISMAN

THE GLEAM



ELIZABETH COGSWELL
"Queen Esther"
Second U. D. C. Prize.

CLIFFORD CRILEY
"Man of the Hour"
"Queen Esther"
Foot ball.

OLGA DUNN
"Queen Esther."



CARRIE DAVIS

RALPH CRENSHAW

VENA ETZENHAUSER

THE GLEAM



MARGARET ECHARDT
 "Man of the Hour"
 "Queen Esther"
 English Essay Prize.

LEE DOUTHITT
 "Man of the Hour"
 Pres. of Class
 E. D. S.
 Sec'y of A. A.

HELENA FUCHS
 "Man of the Hour"
 "Queen Esther"
 Associate Editor of Gleam.
 Vice Pres. of A. A.



RUTH FISHER

VIRGIL ETZENHOUSER
 E. D. S.

JESSIE GRIFFIN
 "Queen Esther."

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BERTHA GIBSON

ROLAND FLANDERS
E. D. S.

KATE GALLAGHER
"Queen Esther."



LOUISE GRAVES

THOMAS GIBSON
"Man of the Hour"
E. D. S.
Vice Pres. of E. D. S.

MARY GENTRY
"Man of the Hour"
"Queen Esther"
Gleam Staff
Vice Pres. of Class.

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RUTH YINGLING

GEORGE GREEN
Gleam Staff

IRENE GUINAND



EDNA HALLERAN

RICHARD HILL
E. D. S.

LUCILE HATTEN
"Man of the Hour"
"Queen Esther."

THE GLEAM



FLORENCE JONES

NOEL JENNINGS
Base ball
E. D. S.

MARY LIVESAY
Gleam Staff
Science Prize.



ANNA RHAELER

EMLIN KELLEY
Foot ball
Basket ball
"Queen Esther"
Athletic Editor of Gleam.

VERA MILES

THE GLEAM



ETHEL MEADOR

TERRENCE KELLEY
 "Man of the Hour"
 "Queen Esther"
 Foot ball
 E. D. S.

DRU MESSENGER
 Art Editor of Gleam.



ELIZABETH McCOY
 "Queen Esther"
 Local Editor of Gleam.

JAMES MILLER
 "Man of the Hour"
 "Queen Esther"
 Gleam Staff
 Foot ball
 E. D. S.

THELMA PORTER

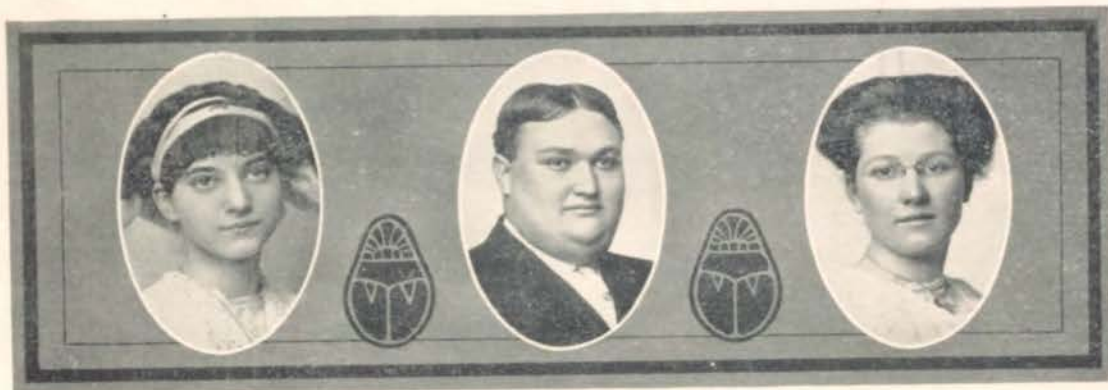
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ERMA REICK

RALPH MILES
E. D. S.

ROSALYN ROBERTS
"Queen Esther."



FAYE STAPLES

ARTHUR METZGER
"Man of the Hour"
Gleam Staff
Treas. of Class
Pres. of A. A.
Pres. of E. D. S.

IDA STREET

THE GLEAM



NELLIE PORT SOLLARS

ARTHUR McKIM
Literary Editor of Gleam
U. D. C., Prize Essay
W. C. T. U., Prize Essay.

MARIAN SMITH
"Queen Esther."



CAROLINE SOUTHERN
"Queen Esther"
Gleam Staff
Scholarship.

ALDEN MILLARD
"Man of the Hour"
"Queen Esther"
Business M'gr. of Gleam
Student M'gr. of A. A.
Foot ball.

MARY SOUTHERN
"Queen Esther"
Editor in Chief of Gleam.

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GEORGE MILLARD
"Queen Esther"
Gleam Staff.

IRMA TUCKFIELD



ESTHER WARD
Gleam Staff.

ROBERT MURPHY

LOUISE WINTON
"Queen Esther"
Gleam Staff.

THE GLEAM



WILBUR NORFLEET

DOROTHY WHITE

THOMAS SHROUL
Treasurer E. D. S.



J. B. WHITNEY
"Man of The Hour."

RUTH ELLEN WHITNEY

WARREN SHELEY
"Man of the Hour."

THE GLEAM
Presidents of the Class of 1911



MILDRED FOX.
Freshman Year.



EUGENE DAVIS.
Sophomore Year.



HELENA FUCHS.
Junior Year.



G. LEE DOUTHITT.
Senior Year.

THE GLEAM

Class History

It is a sunny afternoon,
I wish that it were night;
For I'm required ere set of sun,
A history to write.
Not that the history bothers me,
Oh no! not for a minute,
But let the cause of worry be
Just what I shall put in it.
I hate to rival Mr. Fiske,
Or Green—the Juniors' joy;
But then I'll have to take the risk
Those gentles to annoy.

The class which I shall write about
Is numbered ten times seven,
It is, perhaps you may have guessed,
The class of nineteen 'leven!
The Freshman year is treated first
According to my scheme,
Where we worked and played and got
Our pictures in the Gleam.
And on October thirty-first,
Such daring ones were we,
We really organized our class—

THE GLEAM

Oh, wondrous thing to come to pass!
And class-day closed our mad career
With bottle for the babies dear.

But lo! next year behold a change!
And greet the Sophomore;
His eyes upon his lessons bent—
His childish days are o'er.
He searches madly for a book,
On Edgar Allen Poe;
Not mentioning dear Cooper,
Whittier and Longfellow.
With Caesar "Mulum bellum gessit"
No, that's not right, you just erase it!
In Myers M and M history
He gains a great and added glory.
But wait! one merry escapade
Lights up this tragic scene—
The picnic given out upon
Paul Arthur's bowling green!
And no mischance of rain and weather
Could mar our jolly time together.

And Juniors—ah! that happy time
May never come again;
But dry those briny tears or we'll
Have quite a heavy rain!
With joy and bliss—and fusses too,
The year was crowded so—
It flew away to yesterday—
We did not see it go.
Among the list of wondrous joys

THE GLEAM

Our class pins have a place;
Those sporty little emblems were
The cause of many a race.
To sections next we turn our eyes—
Of all the year the great surprise!
From Section A, in "Raggles' Corner,"
To Section C, that mighty scorner,
Who "stooped to conquer" with such art,
They found a place in every heart.
And now! here comes our chief delight,
Upon a beautiful May night;
Absolutely without exception
The grandest ever—Our Reception!
And then to end our Junior year—
Now wipe away that salty tear;
Imagine you are once more back
Upon that bumpy old hay rack!
Within the barn—out in the rain—
Then starting back toward home again.

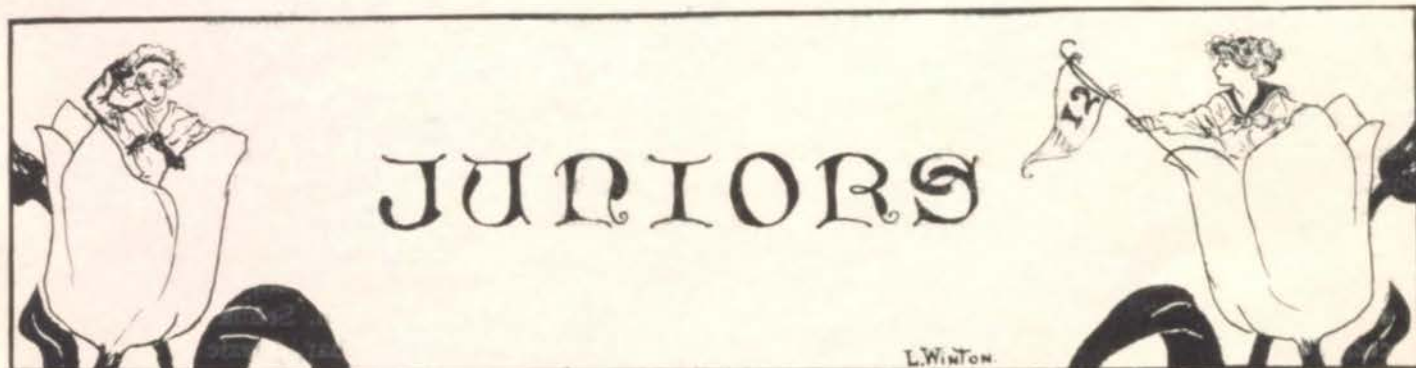
Oh! what a change! For nigh a month
After the grind began once more,
We simply couldn't realize
Our grand and lovely summer o'er!
The teachers all, with furrowed brows
And restless step, did pace the floor!
And lessons—well, what was the use—
Compared to parties—what a bore!
And scarcely were we on the track,
With all our harness fitted back—
When Mr. Jones!—the Senior play!—
Were simply talked of night and day.

THE GLEAM

Then Christmas—then our half term grades—
Have mercy on us mighty shades
Of Solomon and such as he—
And model Seniors we will be.
The Gleam staff now possess the land,
From every Senior's trembling hand
They levy tribute—this excuse
Will serve to end my poor attempt,
For from their grasp I'm not exempt.



THE GLEAM



OFFICERS.

President.....Sue Henderson
Vice-President.....Joseph Chrisman
Secretary.....Wallace Chiles
Treasurer.....Allen Wherritt
Attorney General.....Paul Bryan
Sergeant-at-Arms.....Charles Mize

COLORS.

Green and Gold.

MOTTO.

Vitae non Scholae

MASCOT.

Eagle.

YELL.

Rah—Rah—Rick
Rah Hah Relve
Juniors—Juniors 1912.

THE GLEAM

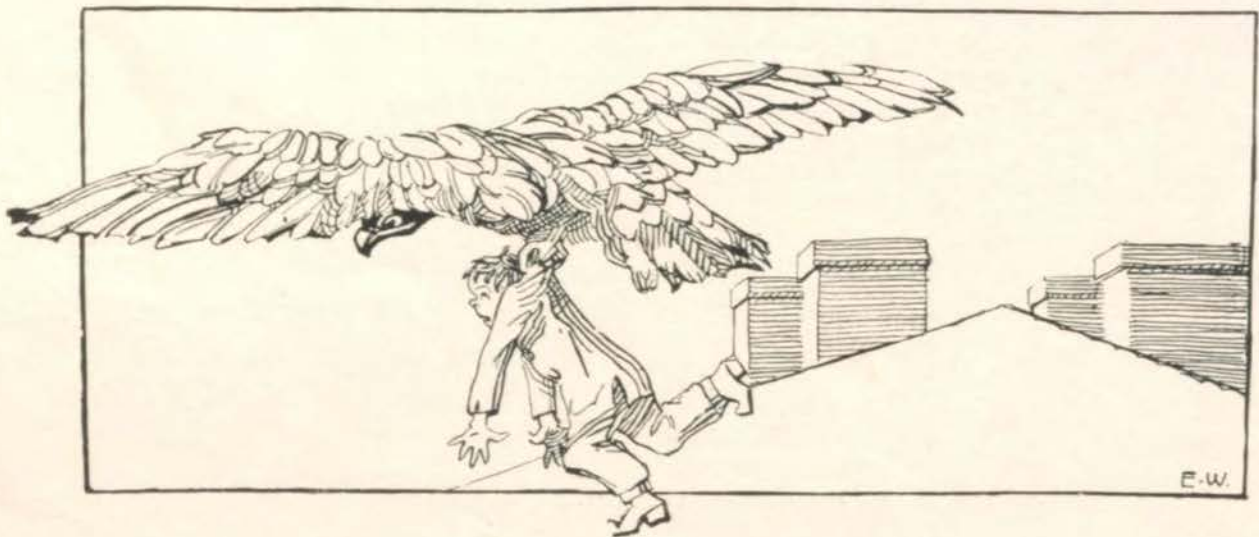
CLASS ROLL

Allen, Pauline
Anderson, Doris
Barto, Harry
Bell, Elizabeth
Blankenship, Edith
Bostian, Kenneth
Bryan, Paul
Chiles, Wallace
Chrisman, Joseph
Craddock, Ada
Crees, Vera
Cross, Virginia
Farrow, Virginia
Fraker, Hester

Greenwood, James
Henderson, Sue
Hume, Fred
Jarrard, Leah
Johnson, Ruby
Kerr, Kathleen
Lieberman, Sylvia
Long, Inez
Long, Esther
McCarroll, Lyle
Milton, Ethel
Mize, Charles
Montague, Procter

Mosely, Wilma
North, Edward
Oldham, Alberta
Pitt, Fred
Prewitt, Lola
Rahe, Dorothy
Ramsey, Mahala
Ruffner, Ruby
Saddler, Ethel
Sermon, Ray
Seehof, Jerome
Shepard, Howard
Slaughter, Nellie

Stewart, Milton
Thompson, John
Tudor, Odelia
Wallace, George
Warren, Iola
Wellington, Julia
Wherritt, Allen
Wickstrum, Arthur
Williamson, Ruby
Wilson, Selma
Witthar, Lizzie
Weeks, Lyle
Woodford, Winnifred



THE GLEAM



THE GLEAM



OFFICERS.

President.....Fanny Lew McCoy
Vice-President.....Nancy Lee Cogswell
Secretary.....Louise Bundschu
Treasurer.....Delma Webb
Sergeant-at-Arms.....Harry Sturges

COLORS.

Red and White.

FLOWERS.

Red and White Roses.

YELL.

Boomer-Racken, Boomer-Racken,
Boomer-Racken Roi,
Sis Boom, Firecracker
Phil-est-ma!
Hip-Zoo! Rah-Zoo!
Zip—Rah—Boom!
We're the Sophomores—
Give us the Room!

THE GLEAM



THE GLEAM

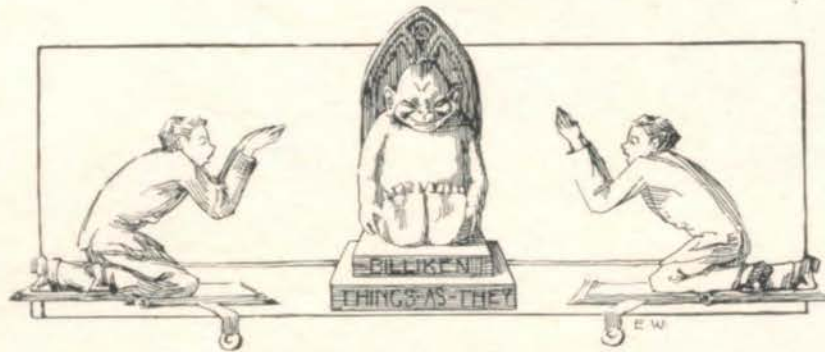
CLASS ROLL

Bartholomew, George
Bishoff, Flora
Booth, Lorene
Brackenbury, Vivian
Broughton, Helen
Buchanan, Louise
Bundschu, Louise
Carroll, Edwin
Chambers, Mable
Child, Elizabeth
Clark, Mattie
Clum, Julia
Cogswell, Nancy Lee
Compton, Pauline
Cook, Roxy
Crenshaw, Vera
Criley, Helen
Cushwa, Anna Belle
De Witt, Roger
Dryden, Loving

Eubank, Ben
Fletcher, Meryl
Foster, Charles
Fountain, Ellis
Franklin, Marietta
Georgen, Dorothy
Gibson, Antionette
Gorsuch, Arnold
Hager, Margaret
Hall, Anna
Hatch, Bess
Henderson, Wilmer
Hibler, Earle
Hudnall, Lucy
Hudnall, Olive
Johnson, Rolly
Jones, Rexford
Kelly, Ruth
Kelly, Wallace

Lewis, Grace
Loveland, Mary
McCarroll, Mary
McClement, Mary
McCoy, Fanny Lew
McRay, Marion
Myers, Ora
Neil, Milliken
Pate, Florence
Pendleton, Fay
Pendleton, Rice
Pendleton, Roland
Pitt, Mildred
Pryor, Vera
Radmal, Myrtle
Ramsey, Watson
Riddle, Glen
Roberts, Ernest
Robinson, Lucile

Rudd, Harry
Rudd, Guy
Schauengerdt, Wesley
Shaw, Mary
Smith, Clara
Smith, Estelle
Sturges, Harry
Tate, Arline
Tatum, Hazel
Taylor, J. Gradon
Tucker, Dillard
Turnour, Grace
Tway, Hazel
Van Artsdatem, Carrie
Walden, Anna
Walker, George
Walker, Lula
Webb, Delma
Williams, Lee



THE GLEAM



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Vice-President	Frances Munson
Secretary	Joe Davis
Treasurer	Frances Brady
Sergeant-at-Arms	Frank Searcy
Attorney General	Roy Searcy

COLORS.

Blue and White

FLOWER.

White Chrysanthemum.

MOTTO

Kitamoor.

MASCOT.

Owl.

Wa—Who—ba—Zoo
Hi—Ixs—ixs,
Hica, Pica, Doma Nica
Hong—Pong—Viba—tica
Halleca, Balleca—ba
Freshmen, Freshmen,
Hah—Rah—Rah.

THE GLEAM

CLASS ROLL

Alexander, Anna
Anderson, Ruth
Bridges, Helen
Braddy, Ralph
Boone, Daniel
Bruner, Roland
Budworth, Carrie
Parwick, Faith
Brady, Frances
Brackenbury, Hazel
Bell, Emeline.
Conger, Earl B.
Cook, Izola
Campbell, Henriette
Compton, Hansel
Chamberlain, Ida Hoyt
Cogswell, Melvie
Carstensen, Esther
Campbell, Russell

Christie, Israel
Criley, Reginald
Cook, Cora May
Camden, Loedia
Collins, Margaret
Davis, Joseph
Doutt, William
Dougherty, Bernice
Duncan, Edith
Davidson, Doyle
Doutt, Thos
Ehle, Merrett
Forbes, Ethel
Goebel, Julius
Green, Roy
Hager, Julia
Halleran, Norman
Hickman, Anna E.
Hartman, Louise

Hilburn, Roscoe
Hifner, Gilbert
Hitchcock, Philip
Hobart, Katherine
Livesay, Mildred
Lamon, Ruth
Leas, Mary
Latham, Wilbur
McCormack, Eva
Mayer, Frances
Munson, Frances
Mann, Geo. A.
Mosier, Knoefel
McCullough, Elizabeth
Martin, Ethel
Mauk, Odessa
McCarroll, Mary
Newton, Minnette
Paxton, Burton

Porter, Marie
Perry, Dexter
Rummel, Emma May
Reynolds, Hannah
Sander, Jeanette
Sollars, Eugene
Shoup, Pauline
Skinner, Roger
Searcy, Frank
Searcy, Roy
Short, Ellis
Shaw, Gerhardt
Smith, Glande
Slover, Edith
Tuller, Dale
Weed, Helen
Wray, Florence
Williamson, Errol



THE GLEAM





LIBRARY.

THE GLEAM

A Senior's Wail

Ah, Junior, Junior, you
Know not what you're coming to,
It makes me feel so very blue,
To think that on's't I was like you!
Gone, gone, stol'n and gone
To the Juniors, them alone,
To the Juniors, gay and free
All which once belonged to me!
So wail and groan, and groan and wail
Cast eyes upon the Senior pale,
And list unto his horrid tale!

Ah, Junior, Junior, Junior, you
Are having fun, that's very true,
And shall I tell what I've been through
Since I had fun the same as you?
Gone, gone, stol'n and gone
All the praise which we once won;

But the work has still kept on,
From dewey eve 'till misty dawn,
So give nine groans and one long wail,
A shriek which echoes thro' the vale,
And shudder at a Senior's tale!

Ah, Junior, Junior, Junior, you
Shall never know what you'll go thro',
For if I told, 'tis sad but true,
I'd live my lonely words to rue,
Gone, gone, stol'n and gone,
Would be the charm with which you own
Ah, yes, in years which number one
The High School journey we'll have done,
So heed you not this lonely wail,
Made by a Senior wan and pale,
In after years record the tale
Of this poor Senior!



CLASSES.



THE GLEAM

SENIORS

To tell what Seniors are, is to say nothing; but to tell what they think they are—well, that is a very different matter.

What a world of significance is attached to that little word. Seniors are wise, Seniors are foolish; they are sensible, they are stupid; they are affable, they are contrary; they are dignified, they are boisterous; they are mild, they are severe; they are gentle, they are harsh; they are flighty, they are earnest; they are lenient, they are critical; they are everything, they are nothing.

Seniors are self-important. Why not? Are they not high? Are they not the envy of Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen? Then let them shrug their shoulders, bearing the enormous burden of knowledge, gleaned from their four years' experience, and look wise; give advice most bountifully; scorn to accept counsel from anyone; flatter themselves that they are the center of their universe—small as it is; let them go on dreaming that the world is waiting for them to display their brilliant talent and dazzle it with brightness greater than the sun's. What harm can it do? Let them dream. Let us hope their awakening be not sudden nor violent.

To be Seniors and have the admiration of the Freshies, even, to say nothing of the Sophs and Juniors is glorious, is it not? After hearing

the Freshmen with great concern and agitation, ask doubtfully if they will ever be able to accomplish such marvelous feats, that the Seniors with perfect ease do so excellently, who can blame them for their conceit and egotism? They have profited by the mistakes of former Seniors, and so excel in almost every particular. Of course they are exultant beyond measure. Can they be expected to look ahead and see how others may surpass them? No! Certainly not.

Seniors have reached a goal. Their advance has been as the mighty rolling of a vast ocean; the billows that ever ebb and flood, with a continual going and coming. Oh, the grandeur of their progress; what mighty storms and tossings amidst the pitchy blackness of the night; then what calms and festal scenes when gay, white sails dotted the tranquil bay and everywhere was peace and quietude! And now with mingled feelings of gladness and regret, they stand upon the crest of the highest wave, and with unobstructed view, peer into the future and survey the past. Ah! It is a magnificent sight. They look back. The hardships have mellowed into the background and thrown the pleasure into sharp relief. With a sigh they turn their gaze to the future—and see? No. They do not see; they imagine, and where is the limit to imagination?

THE GLEAM

JUNIORS

To know what a real, live Junior is, it is first necessary to have been one, and then from the heights above to look back regretfully on that happy state. When a Freshman, the main object of life is to save it, and to some day blossom into a Senior—or a Junior. When a Sophomore interest centers upon the further degradation of the class just below. But when a Junior—!!

Well, take an average young person, between fifteen and seventeen years of age; sprinkle with fun; add a dash of burning ambition; give him plenty of time, a Senior class to spur him on, a glimpse of a far-away "scholarship," and an earnest thirst for pleasure. The result is remarkable! It is a finished and well equipped Junior.

A reputation, and a good one, is something that any Junior, and the class in general, must have. If it does not exist at the advent, it must be forthcoming. So, morning after morning these dual natured folk entertain the rest of the school. Deep philosophy, music, classic and ragtime, and plays of multifarious character, are at their command. All day they rush about clutching frantically at scraps of knowledge, even while their intermittent giggles burst forth hilariously. Such scrambles for reference books after the last bell! Truly Juniors are veritable paragons of learning!

But after school—; their high-flown intellectuality melts, disappears, dissolves, "Come go—,"

"Yes," "Fosters," "Isn't it great?" "Lyric," "tonight," and such broken phrases rend the air. Oh! not all the time. Goodness no! Not school nights! That is, not until all lessons are disposed of. But the jollifications and jubilees that are faintly heard of, are enough to make one's head swim. Oh! surely those Juniors are very frivolous people.

Then comes the first triumph, the pins. But only after hours, days, and weeks of discussion (rather heated discussions, too) and much persuasion, and friendly advice, is the final decision made. And of course those pins, surpass any ever made. After a period of admiration there is a lull, a hush—they are working. You have almost forgotten them, when wild cries break upon your ears. Pathetic appeals, groans of despair, wails, determined arguments, are blended in a dreadful medley. What dire mystery is taking place? Junior class meetings every day; Juniors in twos and threes. Wild-eyed Juniors, calm, cool Juniors; frantic Juniors; disgusted Juniors, everywhere you see new types.

The Freshmen and Sophomores are genuinely alarmed for the well being of their schoolmates; but the Seniors stand aloof and enjoy cruelly the perils that have beset this unfortunate clan. But why their unsympathetic attitude, and what is the matter? "Oh! we've been through it all,"

THE GLEAM

they say, "it will come out all right. It always does." But they know what's the matter. They know the Juniors are trying to settle on a plan for their annual reception to the Seniors, which must be original, brilliant, amusing, and, in fact, all good things rolled into one; something befitting their exalted position. For if this function does not gain or heighten the aforesaid reputation, nothing will.

The Seniors were right, as usual. The tangle is straightened, the snare unwound, and peace reigns once more, though the whole school buzzes with the voices of the laboring ones. How they hustle out the Seniors! How they are envied when excused from classes. But have patience, Freshies and Sophs, that's all a part of Juniorhood; you'll be there some day. And then the "Reception" is given. "Grand, lovely, how origi-

nal," and "did you think it was as good as ours?" say the Seniors. They are crowned with—reputation, and a red star marks the day.

And that's not all. Perhaps some day late in May they go on a picnic, and wind up the year together. They hate to go, at last, for they realize that their best year is over; they can never be Juniors again.

Now, isn't it glorious to be a Junior? Isn't it? To be intellectual, bright, entertaining and happy all at once? To be cast to the depths of misery, and raised to a heaven of delight, by the woes and triumphs of your class? To dash from one mood to another, and from class room and studies to practicing some "grand, new plan" with a quickness which keeps you in an exciting whirl from daylight to dark; from September to June? How could it fail to delight and satisfy?



THE GLEAM

SOPHOMORES

Between the timorous Freshman and frivolous Junior and at a safe distance from the august Senior, stands the Sophomore—the mischievous, the bright, the witty, the daring, the resourceful, the utterly irresponsible, the will-o'-the-wisp. The fear of the Freshman—torment of the Junior—the mimic of the Senior—alternating with charming uncertainty between the ill-will and favor of the Faculty.

The Sophomore is wise—he is foolish.

He is in every way the embodiment of his contradictory name. Wisdom? Ah! Who is he and where is he, that can boast of so much wisdom? He is perfectly informed on all subjects, his replies are positively brilliant. Approach him where you will, when you will, and how you will—he is ready, he is at ease, he is sanguine. He knows he cannot be downed, there is no one that dares attempt it. The Freshman shrinks at the very thought of defense against his implacable foe; the Junior is far too busy to quell the flippant upstart and it is beneath the dignity of the Senior

to give more than a passing thought to the youthful disturber of the peace; and the Faculty, amused and provoked, fume inwardly—and hold their peace.

The Sophomore is always at leisure. He wears the alluring garb of ease and rest, to the envy of the upperclassmen. No one has more time for merry-making and frolic, yet no one has more brilliant recitations. No one can bluff so gracefully, yet no one can give so successfully the impression of earnest thorough preparation.

He is versatile, he is contradictory, he is inconsistent. He gives—but he does not receive. He creates his own atmosphere. He remains absolutely untouched by the scenes around him. He influences his associates and remains unchanged. He is sympathetic, he is interested, he is inquisitive. He is a friend to every one—he is the enemy to all. He is energetic. He is petulant, he is impatient, he is changeful. He is lovable, he is interesting, he is charming, he is fascinating, he is mysterious—he is wonderful!



THE GLEAM

FRESHMEN

Freshmen are but Freshmen. They can be nothing else. Add, conjoin and give to their qualities as you please, or subtract, separate, and take at will, and still you have that indivisible, unalterable, infinitesimal something, known as Freshmen. They are always and eternally alike and the same. There can be no change. Time only can evolutionize.

Neither can they be defined in concrete terms. They stand as in a great abyss, over which broods the darkness of an Egypt. It is the great period of transition from babyhood to youth; from ignorance to knowledge; and from all that was, to all that is to be.

Beauty they have, but it is not the beauty of mind or of body. It is the beauty of simplicity. A Freshman is no Freshman, if not simple. Trusting—pathetically trusting—wandering through the dark valley of their first year, snubbed, ridiculed and buffeted by all, they still pursue their course, happily ignorant, and serenely unconscious of all but self and self's attractions. The

birds may not sing, nor the sun shine, but they are affected not the least, they can titter for themselves and 'tis joy to bask in the warmth of their own radiant glory as Freshmen.

Life, to these chattering folk, is one big joke. Nothing is expected of them and no one is disappointed. Should a daring Freshie study his lesson, the teacher makes no outcry, but attributes this radical departure from established forms to the eccentricities of the type. But these glorious, joyful days must pass.

Time aforementioned works its change and evolution rolls his course. The youth emerges from the lethargy of the abyss and assumes unwonted activity. The transformation is complete.

The little head, all ears and tongue, becomes a large, cavernous receptacle, in which is crammed the accumulated lore of ages, and the Freshman no longer a phantasmagoria, becomes a reality and takes his humble position among the celebrities of high school life.



THE GLEAM



Our Yell Masters

These three are jolly good fellows,
They're constructed with lungs—real bellows,
Their trade is to yell,
And they do it full well.
To witness: the echoes of screams that do swell
From our halls, when there's victory to tell.
There's Clifflie, a short chubby lad,
Though quite tame himself, thinks he's bad,
And Metzger, a chap full as fat as he's bold,
On a question of size, not the half has been told,
And Green, George the tall, though, it's writ to his woe,
Is eight feet and more, from his crown to his toe.
'Tis strange, but they care not a snap about grades;
Stranger still, ne'er a glance do they give to the maids,
So, long may they live and yell in peace!
Shrill and still shriller, their glad screams increase!
Ne'er let their clamour and wild echoes cease!
These—these noble three!

THE GLEAM

The Indignation Meeting



“OO bad, too bad,” muttered the distressed shade of Vergil, as he gloomily paced the further shore of the Styx. “I never thought it would come to this. Something must be done. It’s enough to make us turn in our graves to see the way things are going on in the world. My lines are mistranslated and misinterpreted. Shakespeare is doubted to be himself and his works are butchered. I do believe I’ll call a meeting for discontented shades;” and fully determined, he marched away.

Before many hours had elapsed, a neat pile of invitations lay on Vergil’s desk, and turning in his swivel chair, he mopped his brow vigorously with a fold of his toga. “Such hard work—those addresses,” he gasped. “East and North Heaven, Southwest Hades, Purgatory, and all but ‘Mirabile Dictu,’ they’re done at last. Now for the mail.” That evening the shades, ghosts, etc., of various great ones now departed, were much astonished on receiving invitations to an indig-

nation meeting, to be held on the Ides of March at the Independence High School, as typical of many offending school houses. Much gossiping and prophesying went on in the “great unknown” for the next two weeks, as to the nature of the convention. George Washington was opposed to it but consented to go along, if the rest of the company went. He said he had no complaints to offer, as his memory was very well treated. The day, or rather night, approached and after Queen Elizabeth had finally decided which of her dresses to wear, they started.

If any one was disturbed that night by vague rustlings and uncanny waves of air, it must surely have been the aerial journey of spectral forms come back to earth. After the last discontented phantom had arrived Vergil announced that he would conduct a tour of inspection about the temple of learning in which they were assembled. The sad and dejected air of the spirits did them credit, and one could see that the abuse of their various arts weighed heavily upon their souls. Shakespeare gazed into the English room, while

THE GLEAM

George Eliot peered over his shoulder. "Here," began Vergil pompously, "here is where your art, your immortal masterpieces are—" but Shakespeare was blowing his nose violently to hide his agitation, and a shadow tear trickled down the bridge of George Eliot's shadow nose. Vergil was offended at being interrupted and now stood looking in on his own shrine with bitter cynicism. "And they doubt that Aeneas was brave," he murmured pathetically. As the history room was approached Burke and Fisk were seen to glare maliciously at each other, but Dido made peace, and they passed on down the hall, grieved afresh at each place where such outrages were daily committed.

When they reached the library, the appointed meeting place, George Washington and Euclid were both missing and Sir Isaac Newton volunteered to hunt for them. He came upon Washington standing in the upper hall with his eyes riveted on the stained glass window before him. Newton at last tore himself away from the chromo of himself and together they persuaded Euclid to leave a choice bit he had been working out on Miss Chiles's blackboard.

Vergil rapped sharply on the desk (Miss Wallace's desk) and demanded, "Shakespeare, do you think you could persuade Queen Esther and William Tell to come out of that corner and join the meeting?" His voice was fast acquiring a sharp edge; he did not approve in the least of the way his idea for improvement was being received. Shakespeare trudged away lovingly fin-

gering the "Dutch collar" he had seen modeled so well, when he passed through the auditorium. The *tete-a-tete* behind the book shelves was broken up and the reluctant participants slowly joined the others. The Roman One was now exceeding wroth, but controlling himself he arose and faced his rude guests. "Friends and fellow-phantoms," he began, "in this very building—" "Hear, hear," from the corner. "Surely we're nowhere else," from a very impertinent and thoroughly modernized spirit. The angry speaker gave a withering glance in the direction of the two voices; he hesitated, grew red in the face; that is, of course, as red as a ghost could, stuttered, and stopped. Then he regained composure, and started or tried to speak. "Hm—I said—ah—by Hercules, where was I?" "Oh! never mind," yawned Dido, daintily (she didn't like the straight, hard chairs); "go on, it's late anyway isn't it?" "A quarter of twelve," grumbled Galileo, "and no one's said a word but Vergil!" at which speech that gentleman sat down in a huff and refused to finish his speech.

William Shakespeare rose nervously and began to talk. "I am very timid and retiring," he said, "and I hate to complain, but fellow-sufferers, as great as your wrongs are, who can help but sympathize with me? Those miserable sections! They are a wonderful thing, but the meetings are so haltingly and sparsely attended that I see I am not thoroughly appreciated. And the way they interpret and pronounce! Why, even Miss Brown said 'hobos' for 'hautboys,' the other day.

THE GLEAM

And half of them think I am Bacon. Marry! Marry!" and forsooth the poor poet sank down and wept into his pocket handkerchief.

"From the length of time it takes them to understand a theorem or a logarithm, you would think they are wooden headed," announced Euclid, suddenly startling the group about him. Then ensued a dialogue between Fisk and Burke. "You know you are out of the regular course, Burke. They spend too much time on you," said Fisk. "Yes, too much time misjudging me. There are not more than half a dozen who have answered a question correctly," growled the other. "Anyway, you can't say you're in the course, can you?" "Certainly I am. They are studying United States History. That's what I wrote until I died. And only the other day I heard someone remark that he was glad Fisk was dead so he couldn't do any more damage." "Cheering, wasn't it?" snapped Fisk. "Well," said Burke fairly, "if any one has cause for complaint it's McLaughlin, and he isn't dead yet."

Well, the facts of the case are that a resolution was passed, such that if matters did not mend soon, or if anything particularly atrocious happened, the insulted shade should appear in the class room and inflict upon the offender a dire but mysterious punishment, so "Beware." After the resolutions, more speeches were called for and cries of "George, George," came from the assembly, and George Washington, George III and George Eliot arose, but Washington sat down again hastily when he saw the others. "I am determined," said George III. "Who could think Silas Marner—" said George Eliot, and then the two turned and glared malevolently at each other.

At this inopportune moment "Central" rang the wrong number, and at the nerve-racking "whir-r-r buz-z-jingle" of the phone, the meeting rose as one man, or ghost, and in panic-stricken fright, scattered itself to the four winds, or thereabouts, in less time than it takes to tell it. Perhaps they held another meeting. Perhaps they do often. Who can tell?



THE GLEAM

To George S. Bryant

(On His Sixty-ninth Birthday.)

Once on a time (for so all tales begin
Of wonder, and the deeds of mighty men)
When Winter had released the frozen ground,
 From its long sleep,
And dainty Spring, again, with magic powers,
Transformed the grim old earth into a bower
Of wakening green; and many a shy spring flower
 Gave added charm,
When April, second daughter of the Spring,
Had thrown her mystic spell o'er everything
 For just one day,
The second morning of her changeful reign,
A follower was added to her train,
And, ushered in by one sweet heavenly strain,
 A soul was born.

The days flew by (for so all tales proceed)
The soul expanded, as the tiny seed
Grows day by day, and from its out-grown shell
 Seeks worlds unknown.
From childhood into youth we see him climb;
We see him journey from his childhood home,
 Here to reside.
How can I tell the long and varied life

THE GLEAM

With manifold and useful works so rife?
From youth to manhood, soon the stripling grew,
 As striplings will.
As wise and learned pedagogue he's known,
Under his guidance many a man has grown
 More wise and good.
For more than forty years he's labored here,
And labored not in vain, for 'twould appear,
To young and old alike, he is more dear
 Than other men.

And in our school (for so all tales should end),
He's been the dear and much beloved friend
 Of everyone.
In this our High School, he has ever taught,
And many good and lasting works has wrought,
(But for his teachings it would now be naught)
 Since it began.
You've been just everything to every class,
And, all that you have been to us! alas!
We can't express in fit and proper words
 What we would say.
Perhaps if sometime you have known a man,
Whose knowing opened unto you a span
Of light, which first your better thought began
 To lead and guide,
Oh, then, perhaps you'll know and understand
The many words which we cannot command;
And in your thought of such a friend shall stand
 Our thought of you.

THE GLEAM

Whar Society Lands Ye.

"Good morning, Miss, I come to see if ye got about a dollar an' fo' bits laying around de house handy dat ye could advance me on nex' week's washing?"

"I shorely do hate to borrow, for dere is nothin' in dis wide world dat makes me as mad as to work for money dat I have already spent. Hit shore am lak buying things on de installment plan, which is powerful hard on yo' nerves. I nearly had nervous prosperity befo' I got through payin' for dat ole mellojum dat Ike bought dat way.

"Ain't I ever told ye about dat, Honey? Well, one day a wagon stopped in front of my door an' a little ole man began pulling something out of hit, which looked lak a bureau, an' still it were more lak a piany. An' when he saw me says he, 'I have a mellojum to sell ye.'

"'What in de name of goodness do I want wid dat thin'?' I 'spon's.

"'Why, ye can entertain yo' friends an' yo' fam'ly shore will enjoy ownin' one,' says he.

"'De skillet an' de cook-stove is de only instruments dis ole nigger can perform on, an' dat music suits my fam'ly,' says I.

"But Ike, without saying turkey foot or tail to me, let dat ole man unload hit in our parlor an' I's been workin' hard to pay fer dat, but thank de Lord I have, an' ole biggity Liza Jones can not say dat I ain't able to support a po' little measly, wheezy mellojum. Yessum, dat buying on de installment plan suits Ike, an' I bet dis day he would buy one of dem automos ef ye give him to Christmas to pay for hit. He's jest dat kind of folks what buy anythin' dat dey don't have to plank down de money for.

"Ef my husband an' chillen was jest plain ordinary niggers hit would be easy to keep out of debt, but what do ye think! Ike's Lodge presented him a lovin' cup, an' Thomas Jefferson Abra'm Lincoln was elected de captain of the Black an' Tan Base Ball Club, an' Maria Topeka Leavenworth Kansas was app'inted de queen of de May at de Sunday school blow-out; an' I tell ye after all we are about de swellest niggers on Hungry Hill. But I ain't goin' to say nothin' now becaze I an' Ike have been in de holy bonds of matrimony fer thirty years an' ain't had any words.

"Yessum, we are all gettin' famous at our

THE GLEAM

house, an' hit shorely do cost a lot. I always wondered why dem folks, what got their pictures an' statutes up in de parks, got such a lean an' hongry look, but I knows hits becaze dey have nothin' but compliments to eat, which, though mighty sweet an' tasty, are lak dried apples—jest all air.

"After I got through entertainin' de Lodge, I had to spend de money I had saved to buy me a red calico dress, an' to get up a chicken dinner, to sho' de club how proud I was my boy got

elected de captain an' now I am busted again.

"An will ye jest let me have de wash money in advance so I can get right to makin' Maria Topoka Leavenworth Kansas' white frock? Hits goin' to be awful pretty, jest all covered wid spangles an' insertin'; so when de odder gals see her leading de procession they will be green wid envy, becaze ef I don't have hit powerful pretty dere won't be no fun in bein' de queen.

"An' I tell ye dat society lands ye in de po' house, dats what hit do."



Kwasind the Strong!

"Dear unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals



Idle in his youth was Kwasind
Very listless, dull, and dreamy.
Never played with other children.

He the mightiest among many
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied to goodness



Never fished, and never hunted.
But they saw, that much he fasted,
Much implored his guardian
spirit.



"Lazy Kwasind," said his mother
"In the summer you are roaming
Idly, in the fields and forests



Dripping, freezing, with the water,
Go and wring them, Yenzidize,
Go and dry them in the sunshine!"
Slowly from the ashes Kwasind rose
From the lodge went forth in silence,
Took the nets that hung together,
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,
Like a wisp of straw he broke them—
Could not wring them without breaking



In the winter you are cowering
Over the fire-brands in the wigwam.
I must break the ice for fishing.
At the door, my nets are hanging,



"Lazy Kwasind," said his father,
"In the hunt you never help me,
Every bow you touch, is broken;
Yet, come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward!"
Down a narrow pass they wandered
Where a brooklet led them onward
Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud, on the margin,



Till they found all further passage
 shut against them, barred securely,
 By the trunks of trees uprooted,
 Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise.
 "We must go back," said the old man,
 "Not a squirrel could get o'er them!"



And straightway, his pipe he lighted
 And sat down to smoke and ponder
 But before his pipe was finished
 Lo! the path was cleared before him;
 All the trunks had Kwasing lifted,
 To the right hand, to the left hand
 Shot the pine trees' swift as arrows



Hurled the cedars light as lances!
 "Lazy-Kwasing!" said the young men
 "Why stand idly looking at us
 Leaning on the rock behind you?"



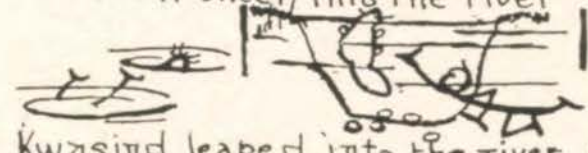
Come and wrestle with the others
 Let us pitch the goit-together!"
 Lazy Kwasing made no answer
 Only rose, and slowly turning
 Seized the huge rock in his fingers



Tore it from its deep foundation
 Poised it in the air a moment
 Pitched it sheer into the river



Once as down that foaming river,
 Kwasing sailed with his companions
 In the stream he saw a beaver
 Without pausing, without speaking



Kwasing leaped into the river
 Plunged beneath the bubbling surface
 Thro the whirlpools chased the beaver
 Followed him among the islands
 Stayed so long beneath the water
 That his terrified companions
 Cried: "Alas! Good bye to Kwasing!"



We shall never more see Kwasing!"
 But he reappeared triumphant,
 And upon his shining shoulders
 Brought the beaver, dead, dripping,
 Brought the King of all the Beavers.

Esther W. - '11

THE GLEAM

The Secret.

Prize Short Story.
Mary McClement

"What passion cannot music raise and quell! it exalts each joy, allays each grief."
—Browning.



UDWIG was a beautiful child. Woodfield people who stayed at home thought so; and Uncle Jasen, an old bachelor who had roamed abroad, thought so; and the Rev. James Wells, who saw and tried to show others the beautiful, thought so too. The child, besides being beautiful, had a voice that would charm a saint; "and as the sculptor dreams his statue before he begins to carve; and as the poet dreams his poems," so did the soul of this little child dream its mournful, heart-rending appeal for sympathy.

He was a slight lad with sloping shoulders, slim, brown neck and on this his head was set with every grace of childish innocence. His hair, cut straight across his brow, and falling over his ears after some fashion of Miss Martha Jones, the minister's housekeeper, was a glossy

black, while the skin of his face and hands was like ivory. His dark eyes were large and beautifully tinted; and his features were like that of a cameo.

Woodfield mothers said he was delicate and had long foretold that the minister would never raise him; but old Uncle Jasen tugged at his grizzled beard and often smiled when he heard such forebodings.

On this particular afternoon, old Uncle Jasen seemed to be thinking, as usual, of something far away. But today he was neither looking at the earth nor sky; but was staring at the black, dusty rafters of his little cabin from which hung strings of onions, bunches of herbs, a gun and fishing tackle. As he sat there thinking, his face was that of a man who beheld visions of heavenly beauty and awful pain, for he was thinking of what he might have been and—of what he was.

THE GLEAM

When he saw Ludwig Von Hutten playing his old violin, the awful joy of dreaming that he was young again with unspoiled life before him, was so great and impelling that it almost counter-balanced the terrible truth of the dishonored old age in which he had thrown away the wealth of his soul in ways where wisdom and truth lift not their voices.

Little Ludwig was standing opposite him before an untidy stove in which the noon fire had died down into pallid, scattered ashes. Under his chin he held Uncle Jasen's old brown, battered violin and his eyes too were fastened on the ceiling as he likewise saw things not lawful to be uttered in any language, save that of music, and of all music only given forth by the anguished, enraptured soul of a violin. Yet this Ludwig was little more than twelve years old and his face was that of a child who knew nothing of sorrow or sin, of failure or remorse; and only in his large, grey-black eyes was there something, not of a child, something that spoke of an inheritance from many hearts, dead now, that had grieved and joyed and had struggled and failed and at last had succeeded. The inarticulate longings had passed into the child's soul and he, in turn, embodied them in his music.

Some thought Uncle Jasen was crazy; but who could live so many, many years the scheduled life he had and not be peculiar? They had ceased to ask what old Jasen meant, though to be sure, there was no harm in a violin, and maybe the minister was a bit too strict with Ludwig, yet

who could wonder at it? There was his father, you see, and he was a musician too.

Little Ludwig finally lowered the violin and came back to old Jasen's cabin with a long sigh.

The old man smiled wearily at him—a smile a man has when in the hands of his tormentors.

"It's awful the way you play—awful," he said, "I never heerd nothing like it, you that aint had no teachin' since you was eight years old, and not much practice 'cept what ye have stole here on my old violin, and to think you make it up as you go along! I suppose your uncle wouldn't never hear to ye studyin' music, would he?"

Ludwig shook his head: "I know he wouldn't. He wants me to be a minister, and ministers are awful good things to be, but I'm terrible 'fraid I couldn't be one."

"Not a pulpit minister. There's different kinds o' ministers, and each speaks to the world in his own language," said Uncle Jasen, meditatively. "Your language is music and that's clear; and it's strange yer grandfather can't see that, and him sech a broad-minded man, and he loves ye like the apple o' his eye 'cause I've heerd him say so lots o' times."

"And I love him!" said Ludwig, warmly. "I love him so much I'll even try to be a minister for him though I don't want to be one."

"What do ye want to be?"

"A great violinist," answered the child, his ivory-hued face suddenly turning a faint rose color. "I want to play to thousands and see their eyes look like yours do when I play. If I

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had father's violin, I could do better. I remember once that he said it had a soul that was full of sorrow to overflowing, an' it seemed to me that his violin was alive."

"Well, ye allers got this yer old 'ne of mine to come to w'en ever ye want ter."

"Yes, I know, but I want one all the time an'—an'—well, I only come here when the hunger gets too big to bear; an' I feel like I oughtn't to come even then."

"Wall, mebbly the minister's got a secret and mebbly it'll tell itself someday."

"I don't understand you," said Ludwig frowning.

"Never mind, come play again, something heavenly now, that last was heavenly, but oh, so sad, an' heaven's awful close to hell an' ye almost tipped me in. There's sompin' in ye that makes ye understand things or ye couldn't put it all into yer music. How do ye do it?"

"I don't somehow know. I play different to some people. When I play here to you I play one way and when I go home I feel all another way, not so happy but more thoughtful and sad an' lonely. An' when poor Maud Adams was here the other day, I wanted to laugh and the violin seemed to laugh also. I love to play for her for it seems to bring back happy memories to her, mebbly of some one she once loved, and then and only then she smiles, and such a smile! Did my mother ever smile like that, Jasen?"

A strange light filled the old man's eyes as he murmured, "God! I believe the cherub can git

inter people's souls and play what's there also."

"What?" said Ludwig, petting the violin fondly, "What did you say, Jasen?"

"Nothin', go on, sompin' happy now, and don't oh don't play that awful tune again. It goes straight to my heart."

"Well, I'll play the way I feel on bright, sunshiny mornings when I forget I have to be a minister."

Suddenly a heavenly gurgling strain floated out on the still autumn air. The Rev. Dr. Wells heard it as he walked along the little path and the Rev. Dr. Wells smiled. He loved all music, as he loved everything beautiful, for he himself was handsome.

He had a face like a woman's, so gentle, so loving, and so kind, but he couldn't bear to hear Ludwig play. It sounded so like his dead sweetheart's appealing voice that he almost hated the sound of a violin and forbade Ludwig to play any more. Old Jasen and Maud Adams, the supposedly crazy woman, alone encouraged him.

One bright autumn day, word came to preacher Wells that poor, crazy Maud Adams was dying and wanted him to come. That night he went and there, on a bed in a shabby little room, lay the dying woman. When she saw him she began to cry and asked, "Where is that boy and his violin? I feel so wicked and sinful, oh, where is he? I can't die 'till I hear that voice again!"

The minister's face was a puzzle. He must send for Ludwig, and how could he bear the super-human voice of that awful violin! He de-

THE GLEAM

parted and went for the wonderful boy and, laying his rough hand on his shoulder, he said, "Come! you must come and play for poor Maud Adams and chase away the evil ones that are tormenting her."

Little Ludwig, half dazed, departed with him but stopped at old Jasen's cabin to get his violin. The old man went with him to the home of the sick woman and as they walked along the little moonlit path Ludwig turned his sweet, childish face toward the old man's grizzled, haggard countenance and said, "Oh! if this was only father's violin it would talk to her and tell her all he suffered and struggled with and she would understand."

Old Jasen's eyes filled with tears, and his lips quivered, for he could hardly keep from telling the secret that lay at the pit of his old heart like a lump of lead. But he dared not betray the trust of one who had loved him and who had died long ago.

Silently they entered the little cabin. The sick woman's eyes recognized Ludwig as he took his place beside her bed and the haunted expression on her pallid face changed immediately to one of supreme happiness.

Suddenly the sweetest, most peaceful and soul-thrilling melody floated forth from the violin that the Rev. Dr. Wells could stand it no longer and

slowly stepped out into the little latticed porch where the fond rays of the young moon, the kind guardian of the valley, touched his thin faded yellow hair. But Ludwig played on. Heaven and earth could not stop him now for he was pouring out his childish soul in sympathy for the poor dying woman.

Maud Adams' soul was "slowly transported from earth to heaven on the swelling tide of harmony," but Ludwig noticed not the change and played on. When he did stop, the old man could keep the secret no longer, but broke forth in a flood of tears, crying:

"Oh, Ludwig! can you ever forgive me for being so cruel? I love it beyond telling, this old violin, and I want you to know it's secret. I never dared to tell any one else. "This," he said, holding up his brown, battered fiddle, "this was your father's violin and it has a soul!"

Ludwig's face was a study as he stood there, the moonlight streaming over him, kissing and patting the almost human violin.

"O! I almost knew it was father's voice the other night, it sounded so like him."

Little Ludwig was not the only one who had thought so, for the so-called crazy Maud Adams had heard it also, and had believed it was the voice of him who had once loved her, and whom she could never forget.

THE GLEAM



THE GRIND

His thoughts on lesons always bent,
Pacing the floor with look intent,
As though life was for study meant,
Behold the grind!

His head is large, his massive brains,
The sole part of him which he trains,
Soon it will be all that remains
Of that poor grind!

Search on, within your musty lore,
Soon earthly paths you'll tread no more,
Soon you will reach the other shore,
O'er there to grind for evermore—

THE GLEAM

Oration to Freshmen.

(An oration delivered in Assembly Sept 17, 1910, to the Freshmen Class on entering High School.—Editors.)

Honorable Freshmen, Faculty and Classmates:

It does me honor to be able to ascend the rostrum this morning and speak a few words of counsel and cheer to the new arrivals. These novices, the Freshmen, are the unthreshed grain that every year is poured into the mighty hopper, the school; and the process lasts four years, after which they emerge as Seniors—the sifted and finished product, ready for the mills of the world's commerce. Foolish Freshmen, not yet have your Midas ears been concealed from the public, nor the sprig of greenness been blighted by rough handling, but it will come, it is inevitable, therefore, in all the spirit of brotherly love I want to prepare you for the successive processes of refining the crude to the finished student.

Honorable Freshmen, this congregation in which you are now assembled, is the great pan-Hellenic council of classes and meets every morning. Beware lest you disturb the wonted peace by misdemeanor.

The annual haycrop of Freshmen is a pitiful sight. The sheep and the goats are herded promiscuously together, there is no bell-wether to follow, and the poor, dumb Freshmen vainly disturb the echoes of our classic halls in an endeavor to locate their class rooms. Perhaps the marvelous mind of man will yet find a process by which we may place the Freshmen class in cold storage until we can find the good from the spoiled fruit.

The good Freshmen have the disposition of a hobby-horse; they say "Good morning," when they meet a Senior (doesn't necessarily have to be a girl), have a profound reverence for the Sophs, tip toe through the halls, sit rigid and endeavor to look intelligent in Assembly, and when they recite, their voices actually blush when they use them.

The spoiled Freshmen, which by the sad testimony from the obituaries of history are in the majority, are those who imagine they possess a

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skyscraper brow, diplomacy, pugnacity and psychological sense; but in reality they possess a greatly distended cranium, a phenomenal flow of knowledge, and a nose that prys into everything. They go cavorting through the halls like a bunch of bronchoes on a picnic. Truthfully, to get these to understand their place is as bad as trying to herd a flock of whales into a fishpond.

Now one little word of advice to class organization. Preserve order though it may make you as popular as the director of a drinking water trust. Freshmen class meetings are worse than a suffragette tea-party in the House of Parliament. Verily Cushing would turn in his grave if he knew of the parliamentary atrocities practised in your councils.

The class is one big garden, the faculty is the farmer. Did you ever see a farmer attack weeds in a garden patch? You know how unhealthy it was for the weeds. Well, there is very little danger that the tares and weeds will choke out the good grain if the faculty is as omnipotent as it has been.

Today, you are in the antediluvian age of school, where your one transcendent delight is to hop from lesson to lesson, crack cocoanuts and

chatter indistinguishable jargon. In this age you are in the Elysian Fields of your life where you may browse along the flowery path of knowledge and perhaps in passing, a little wisdom may by chance wander in and stick to your head. Guard that little plant of wisdom, water it with Latin every day, place it in the sunshine of History, cultivate it with mathematics and shield it from the frosts with English, and it may outgrow its tiny pot, and then you are ready to transplant the hardy product of your labors into the world's broad field, and gather the fruits it will bear.

But, Oh, Freshmen! Knowledge is like the will-o'-wisp. It dances, flickers, waves, ever eluding your eager grasp. There on a mountain, now in a valley. Hardships are as plentiful as paupers, work scattered throughout like caraway seeds in a loaf of rye bread. You must pile Ossa upon Pelion, scale precipices, bridge chasms, be bumped and knocked about and stumble many times into the Slough of Despond. But wade out of your difficulties, scale the dizzy heights, for Fortune favors the bold; trudge on as merrily as Mark Tapley and keep ever in sight of the Gleam.

THE GLEAM

The Song of the Pans

(The Kitchen Shower.)

See the glimmer from the pans,
 Beauteous pans;
Ready for the music to be made by spoons and hands,
How they dangle, dangle, dangle,
 On the walls about the stage,
While the "victim" soon they wrangle,
And his voice and feet they tangle
 Till he "nigh" approaches rage,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of savage rhyme
 To the tintinabulation that so viciously spans,
From the pans, pans, pans, pans,
 Pans, pans, pans,
From the clinking and the clanging of the pans.

Hear the jangling, clanging pans,
 Cooking pans,
An appetizing kitchen full of pies and cakes it plans,
And a mouth all set for "eats,"
Opens wide and itself treats
 To a lovely "angel cake."
 And oh, such joy;
Such a pleasant taste it'll make
That the sternness of the cook he'll soon shake,

THE GLEAM

The maiden coy,
Then from out the kitchen door,
With another piece of cake your plate she will restore,
 How it smells
 How it dwells!
 On the future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels,
To the danging and the banging
 Of the pans, pans, pans,
 Of the pans, pans, pans, pans,
 Pans, pans, pans,
To the hammering and the clamoring of the pans.
But the victim to the pans—
 Joyous pans,
With a shriek of terror on the rostrum took his stand;
 In the eyes of all the kids,
 A true comedy he bids
 Too much horrified to speak,
 He could only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune.
Then he made with two tin pans,
Such an awful, awful noise,
That he nearly scared the bravest lad of all the little boys;
 Singing louder, louder, louder,
With the accompaniment of his toys,
 And a resolute endeavor,
 Now—now to sing or never,
So there he stood and with a spoon
 Beat the pans, pans, pans,
 That he held between his trembling hands,
 Oh, for shame.
The reason for this foolish shower,

THE GLEAM

A year ago at this same hour,
This noble "victim" a married man became.
Thus in honor of this day,
By the banging and the clanging,
We assume the joys we may,
With the pans, pans, pans, pans,
Pans, pans, pans,
With the clamor and the clangor of the pans.
(Apologies to Edgar A. Poe.)



THE GLEAM



Major-Sergeant Schoof



It is seldom in this day and age, in this up-to-date, unromantic America that one comes across one of those dashing, adventurous, soldiers-of-fortune, those dazzling heroes, who, in some strange, unaccountable manner, seem to be left over from the middle ages. Historians tell us that John Smith was the last gentleman of fortune, the last professional knight-errant that the world has known, but the pupils of I. H. S., living today in this unconventional twentieth century, have had the joy and distinction of beholding a brave, daring adventurer, and listening for hours to the magic "valor of his tongue," as he described in glowing colors, his miraculous

adventures with man and beast, and his hair-breadth escapes.

Ah! It was a proud day for old I. H. S. that twenty-third of February when across the dignified platform, endeared to us by the various scenes enacted thereon, strode the American Cowboy, the dignified British Officer of the Boer War, the Mounted Police of the Canadian borderland—the honorable "Major-Sergeant" Schoof. Tall, commanding, military in his bearing, and resplendent in his scarlet uniform and burnished sword, he sent a thrill to every heart. With what breathless interest did that large audience hang on his every word! He carried them to the wild

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and woolly west of our own country; there in the role of a cowboy he had known and met "Sitting Bull," and ridden for hours by the side of "Rain-in-the-Face." By the power of his magic he conveyed them bodily into the heart of Africa, where in the deep and awful jungle he had slain python and tiger, antelope and zebra. And more wonderful still to relate, he would fain have them see the mad rush of the savages, in all the hideousness of their barbaric nature. So vividly did he picture these terrible scenes, and so fierce did he become in his eloquence that some of the more youthful members of the audience shook from very fear. And then the excellent Major exhibited his choicest relics and explained each, un-

til it seemed that the Auditorium had been literally converted into the jungle. And by way of change he arrayed some of the boys in costumes worn by African tribes, that were terrible to behold.

Poor deluded historians, that they should for one instant doubt the existence of the medieval courage and chivalry in man today. Could they but have listened to this stirring recital of a hero's deeds, they would cease to wonder, and conclude beyond a doubt that the spirit of the Elizabethan age had not only been preserved but greatly augmented in this heroic "Major-Sergeant" Schoof.



THE GLEAM

A Freshie's Sweetheart



IT'S a funny feelin' to be in love. I never was that way before, till I come to high school. Its awful strange how I got that way anyhow. I never could stand girls; they was always so gigglin' and sissified. But since I joined the Freshman class I found out some girls are O. K. and can treat a fellow right.

School-life wasn't no fun for me, 'cept for Susan; but all my hard trouble was worth just knowin' her. I had an awful time the first day. I went early to school, and when I got to the door I couldn't find my card; but the fellow there didn't say nothin', so I sneaked on in. There wasn't nobody much in sight, so I thought I'd look around until I saw what some other people were goin' to do. There wasn't much to see, but I kept walkin' round, and the boys and girls kept comin', and comin', till the old school was just filled with kids, every body talkin' and laughin' and havin' a good time—but me. All at once a bell rung and every one run for the stairs. I thought maybe it was a fire and run too. It wasn't a fire though, and we all went into the big theatre. My, but its a fine place! And its got a

great big curtain what rolls up and down, and around the wall is great big white heads of Washington and a lot of more generals.

I set down with a lot of other boys, and was just beginin' to enjoy myself, when they all started to yell: "Boom Cow, Boom Cow" and then some one punched me in the ribs awful hard an' said: "What are you doin' here, you little shrimp of a Freshman, don't you know we're Juniors?" That scared me like everything, but when the per-fesser broke up the meetin' by wavin' his hand, I scooted up stairs with the rest. I had an awful time then, but after gettin' in a room where about 80 kids was, that laughed at me—the teacher said they was her "Star American History Class"—I found the room where Miss Mitchell stays. We was there about an hour an' a half gettin' our names on the teacher's book and when the bell rung I pulled on my old cap and hiked for home. I knew it was dinner time 'cause I was awful hungry.

I didn't go back no more that day; I was pretty tired, and then I wanted to finish makin' a trap; but after that I went regular. I soon got ust to things at the old school; and it wasn't long till I was lovin' Susan.

THE GLEAM

It's funny how we got to know each other. I was a-takin' four studies and got along with every one of my teachers but Miss Chiles and Miss Stone and Mr. Elliot. These few had a spite on me and took it out every day. On this particular day Elliot was sore at the world. Some of the Seniors had swiped his pencil and he was layin' for us. He fired the first question at me. I don't remember what it was. Anyway I didn't know it and was gettin' pretty red and he was startin' in on one of his sarcastic speeches, when I happened to look down, and there the girl in front of me was holdin' her tablet back of her chair with the answer on it. That was almost as much as a boy would do for a fellow, and comin' from a girl, I never forgot it. That girl was Susan.

I watched her lots now and say, she was handsome! She wore great big hair ribbons and she was short and had a little dimple right in her left cheek, when she laughed! I wasn't such a bad looker myself, and when I got my hair wet enough to stick and put on my red tie—the one with little green dots in it—I didn't stand back for no one.

She didn't have nothin' to say to me for a long time, but I didn't get mad over that. I heard a fellow had to be careful makin' love. I was awful busy now, anyhow. I got so I knew most all the important people at school, too. "Slim" Metzger, he's a Senior, can yell so loud he makes the teachers sore, and when he totes his big horn

around they don't dare leave their rooms; and then there's Lee Douthitt, a tall red-headed fellow, but he's chairman of the Senior class and say, but he can dee-bate; and Sexton; the man that bosses the foot-ball team, can sing, gee—mon—ee, but he can sing; when he opens his mouth real awful wide, the music just pours out. There's lots of other big guys up there too, but they don't push themselves forward so plain.

Me and Susan got more acquainted after a while and I lent her my knife ever day. Onct she hid a note down under the blade and after that we wrote regular that way. She was an awful pretty writer too, but after Miss Henry caught George Wallace—he's the tall skinny center what plays so well,—writin' notes, we was scared out.

One day Elliot was feelin' good and he let us take hold of hands and get a jolt of electricity from a machine the Seniors was usin'. I had a hold of her hand—Susan's—and maybe I didn't have some fun! She was so scared she was goin' to get killed that every time a voltage would come, she would jump. I told her not to get scared, I'd keep her from gettin' hurt and besides it would kill me too. After that she didn't jump so hard.

She was the most gracefulest person in school and Bill, he thinks he's a Sophmore, was always hangin' 'round tryin' to talk to her, but she wouldn't have anything to do with him, 'cept when she was mad at me. He always got so

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swelled up when she did, that I had to lick him; once I slipped and he got me in the eye, but I got even.

When the big game with Warrensburg was, we had it fixed up for a fine time. Her folks was away and she was a stayin' at Mary's—Mary was her chum. Me and another fellow was to take her and Mary to the game. I sneaked away from my sister, who was bound to go with me, and met the other fellow up town. After buying a package of gum and some peanuts, we went to get the girls. They was waitin' for us down the street, already. We kids hated to go in the hall where the other kids was but we did, and they wasn't very many laughed.

It was a awful hard game and when I wasn't explaining to Sue—I called her Sue and Susie now—I was yellin'. But we lost and then Mary and her fellow got away from us and we started home alone. When we got up town I bought a sack of pop corn; she said she liked pop corn and then I had lots of money with me—ma had just paid me forty cents for carryin' milk. After we had ate the corn all up— we was walkin' slow—we talked about the game.

I says: "A in't 'Ugly' Sermon a fine player?"

And she said: "He ain't ugly; I think he's

handsome and he's so big and strong and pushes the men over so easy. You couldn't do that, could you, Jimmie?"

That made me mad all over. She needn't talk so smart when I'd took her to the game, and I said: "I wasn't talkin' about him bein' handsome, but I guess if a robber would jump out from behind that tree, you'd see what I could do."

She screamed a little and grabbed me by the arm. "They won't any robber jump out, will they, Jimmie?" she whispered.

"Course not," I said—but I was gettin' kind of scared myself—"I was just sayin' if they did."

It was dark as thunder along that street and we didn't say nothin' but thought we'd run to keep warm.

When we got to the house, I stopped at the steps; I was feelin' pretty bad, and I said: "I'm awful sorry, Susan, that just cause I don't play on the basket-ball team, you don't like me no more and so I guess I better not ask you to go with me no more."

"Don't say that, Jimmie," she said, "You'r the handsomest of any of the Freshman's," and then—but what's the use? Anyway, we ain't mad no more.

THE GLEAM

The Athlete

Hoppitater, hoppitater, half past alligator,
Ram, bam, bolliator, chick-a-waw, saw,
Here comes the athlete rah—rah—rah,
Hey— What? That's what—What's what?

ATHLETE.

Gong, gong guay, tis-a-luma zay,

Lum-a-zu, lum-a-zow,

And all together now,

Tis-a-walla, solla-walla,

Take-away, take-away,

Coke-way, Coke-way,

'Rah for the athlete;

Gong, gong, guay;

I—N—D—E—

Who—can—this—be?

Rah, rah, rah,—ATHLETE;

By grit, never run,

And whose the fault if games are won?

I roar, you roar, all roar,

SENIOR.



THE GLEAM

Death--Almost

I was one summer camping in Old Mexico, in a section where there were quite a number of Indians and revolutionists. These people have a generous contempt for the Americans, and the unfortunate wretch who should happen to fall into their hands, would pass his time in no very agreeable manner.

I had for my companion a man who had traveled very extensively, but this was his first trip to Mexico. In this country the roads are precipices in the mountains, and our horses advanced with the greatest difficulty. My comrade, going first, a track which appeared to him more practicable and shorter than the regular path, led us astray. We tried to grope our way out of the wood before darkness overtook us, but the more we looked for it, the farther we were away from it.

It was very dark when we came upon a small house in which there was a light. With much suspicion we entered. Inside we found a group of Mexicans at a table. They invited us to join them. My friend did not stand on ceremony. In a minute or two we were eating and drinking in right earnest—he at least. I could not help gancing about at the place and the people.

Our hosts, indeed, looked like peaceable men;

but the house! You would have taken it for an arsenal. There was nothing to be seen but rifles, pistols, sabers, knives and cutlasses. Everything disturbed me, but my companion on the contrary was soon one of the family. He laughed and chatted with them and told them where we came from and where we were going, and that we were Americans.

Think of our situation! Here we were among our mortal enemies—alone, benighted, and far from home and all assistance. That nothing might be lacking that could lead us into peril, he played the rich man, and promised to pay them well for their hospitality. He told them the knapsack contained valuables, earnestly beseeching them to take care of it; and put it at the head of his bed, for he wanted no other pillow.

Supper ended and our hosts, after showing us our bed, went to the lower part of the house. Our bed was on a sort of platform, seven or eight feet above the floor, to which we were to mount by a ladder. We entered this nest by climbing over boxes filled with provisions. My comrade took the bed above, and was soon fast asleep, with his head on the precious knapsack.

I was determined to keep awake, so I passed

THE GLEAM

the time away by smoking a number of cigars given to me by the host. About day-break, I heard our host and one of the men talking and disputing below me. By listening very closely I made out these words of one of the men. "Well, well, let's see. Must we kill just one of them or both?"

To which the host replied, "Yes!"

How can I tell you the rest? I could scarcely breathe. My whole body was as cold as marble. We two were almost without arms. Against us, were about twelve men who had a good supply of weapons. To make things worse my companion was overwhelmed with sleep, and I did not dare call him or make any noise. To escape alone was an impossibility. The window was not very high, but under it were two great dogs, howling like wolves. In about fifteen minutes, which seemed to me like an age, I heard some one on the stair-steps, and through the chink of the door I saw an old man with a lamp in one hand and one of the great knives in the other.

The crisis had come. He slowly came in and

his companion followed him. I was behind the door. He opened the door; but before he entered he put down the lamp, which his partner took up. Then he crept in with his bare feet. His companion who was behind him said in a low voice, "Gently; go gently."

On reaching the ladder the old man mounted it, putting the knife between his teeth. He went to the head of the bed where my poor companion lay with his throat uncovered. With one hand the intruder took the knife, and with the other he seized—a ham which hung from the roof. From this he cut a slice and stealthily retired as he had come in.

When day dawned, we were awakened as we desired. They brought us plenty to eat. Two chickens formed part of the meal, and the host said: "You must eat one and carry away the other."

When I saw the chickens, there flashed upon me the meaning of those ghostly words, "Must we kill just one of them or both?"

THE GLEAM



The Orator

Behold the vicious orator upon the groaning stage,
He beats the table with his hand and utters say-
ing sage,
And loudly calls on Heaven to prove that he's not
in a rage.
Oh, no, he is a man of peace—"peace is his propo-
sition,"
But all the same he's not the man whom I would
take a-fishin'.
Although he loudly argues that he's above sus-
picion,
Alas! Alack! Proud orator, your way may be
the best,
But in my nest, secure I'll rest; no more your
haunts will I infest.

THE GLEAM

ESSAYS

THE GLEAM

The Mission of England in the World's History

Prize English Essay.
Margaret Echardt.



HERE is a romance in the world's history. A fair, beautiful romance. It is the story of human emotions, human conflicts; far more beautiful, more strange, more fascinating, than any verse that ever poet penned; and more than that, it is the romance of nations, their triumphs, their defeats, their glories, their heartaches. And greater far than romance, it is a drama; the grandest, most sublime drama ever enacted. The sky, the sea, the grandeur of nature, is its setting; the lapse of years since the beginning, is its duration of time; the nations of earth, is its cast; and God is its Celestial Playwright.

The drama is a strange, yet harmonious mingling of comedy and tragedy. Each actor takes the stage, and for a time he holds it. Some play the leading role for years, and others exit baffled and beaten. The eyes of the world for centuries,

had watched the mighty struggles, the applause, the defeats, until at last there came upon that broad, majestic stage, one whom it seemed forever would stand. Surely the great hero for whom they had long waited was at hand. Surely this last arrival would not fall before the very footlights, as so many another had done. Surely Rome could never die! And for a time it seemed so true. The Great Author seemed to be collecting all his mighty forces, to grace the appearance of His newest favorite. The great master-stroke of His immortal efforts fell while Rome held the stage. Ah, Rome! Fair Rome! She lifted the fallen, she restored those less fortunate, she beautified the grand old world, which had been the scene of so much strife and bloodshed. Everything blossomed under her touch; religion bloomed anew, wisdom put forth its young, green leaves, and civilization at last, seemed to have burst into full flower. And yet, like a bolt out of a clear sky, the blow came; she fell. Rome

THE GLEAM

fell! After all, she was like all others. She could not last forever.

But the Immortal Poet was not done. He had not yet finished His sublime masterpiece. Through all the years; through all the ages; from time immemorial, He had prepared for the coming of the one, who would fulfill the grand mission of the earth; who would lift the fallen ones, who had played their parts so tragically, and would reveal unto the world the very thought and soul of the Divine Creator. And so she came; England came! Like the early breath of morning o'er the devastated plain, she came upon the scene of strife and misery; so softly, so silently, that her presence was scarcely felt. The Poet had prepared her entrance; all things were ripe for her coming. And now it was her duty to respond to the wonderful, beautiful influences that surrounded her; to lift her head to the sun of her ambition, as naturally, as spontaneously, as a flower to the morning light, and stand pre-eminent among the nations.

And yet, all things were ripe for her coming. All that had lived, all that triumphed before, was at an end. Countless civilizations had risen proudly, gloriously, and had fallen, one by one. From the standpoint of Rome, the world was old; it was dead. From the standpoint of England, it was young; it was living. Countless ages stretched fair and alluring before the perspective of the young nation. There was but one thing to lift Rome above all others; she cherished one thing that drew her near her Maker; and that

she gave to England; to the whole world. The last great act of the once star player, was her gift of Christianity to the nations. And England with the eagerness of youth, grasped the sacred message, just as she grasped all else of good that came in her way. And she started on her career, with the most perfect equipment ever known. A race that stands supreme throughout the earth; a race complete and set apart from all others that had come before; the new, the true, the divine religion of the most High God, within her heart; and in her bosom, love of freedom, hatred of restraint, keenness of perception, adaptability, the inborn knowledge of a nation's art; this was her heritage.

But despite the fact that such things were hers, there was no blare of trumpets, no blaze of lights, no sound of martial music as she came upon the scene. She fought, she struggled, and only by the mightiest efforts did she gain the heights to which she aspired. She had her failures, she had her momentary defeats. It was hard to gain a place among these old aristocrats of earth, who, having served their day, looked with condescending disapproval upon the attempts of the young and struggling power, who so persistently, so stubbornly, so impudently, rose in power, in the very face of opposition.

The people of this new nation were of a quality, a texture, which the world at large could scarcely understand or appreciate. Never before had been seen such indomitable spirit; such fierce and passionate love of liberty. They re-

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belled at the very thought of the degrading servitude with which the people of neighboring kingdoms bowed to their rulers. They could not, they would not be blinded to the conditions about them. The people of the earth were in darkness. They were bowed by chains too heavy for their resistance to oppose. Politically, intellectually, morally, spiritually, the world was bound in chains. All that had ever lived in the hearts of the human race, of liberty and freedom seemed to be crushed, almost dead. The beautiful classics of the ancients, the masterpieces of old world glory had fallen, unobserved in that wild rush that followed the death of Rome; and men's minds had grown sordid and dull and narrow. But sadder and far more appalling, the flower of the new religion, which Rome in her dying moment flung to the world, had been so cramped, so dulled by the sins of man, so changed from its purity, so diluted with vice, that it had almost lost its beauty, its truth, its holy purpose; it seemed rather to fill the heart with superstitious fears, ill-founded beliefs, and dull wonders.

Such were the chains that bound mankind. Who was to break the fetters and release the world from its prison house of ignorance? Who was fit for such a task, who was prepared for such a mission—except England? She had the thing they needed, the thing for which their souls were crying, and she gave it gladly, generously; for it was not for her alone, but for those less fortunate, too. She gave to the world the most

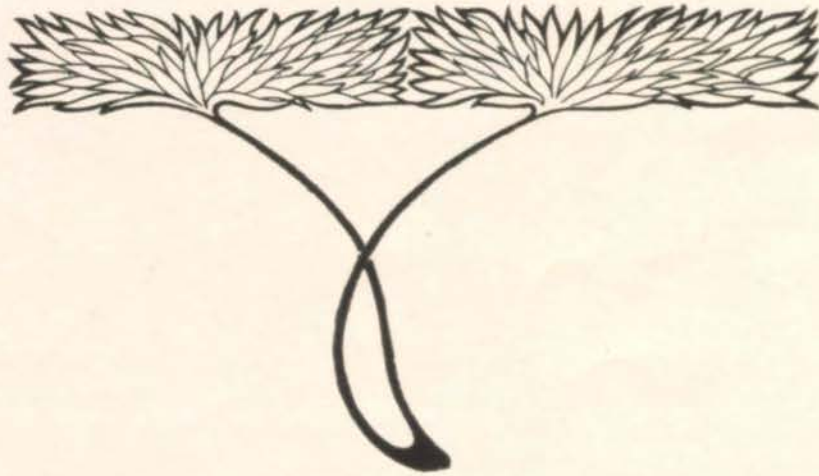
perfect, the most sublime doctrine of government ever conceived; a government so interwoven with intellectual and moral enlightenment, that it proved the salvation of the world. It broke the bonds that confined religion; it opened the avenues of learning; it charged the world with a spirit as of new life. It did not spring into being in a moment like a flower from the moist earth; it came through weary, patient endeavor; tried and worn by the heartache and defeat; refined in the furnace of civil war and bloodshed; the thought that lived in the hearts of the people, the vital principle of their lives.

And what then is England's mission? What could be the mission of a nation with such a patrimony? She has brought into the world, into the glowing conquests of human life a people, without whom the world would seem a desert country; a people who have been the salvation of the countries which exist today, and who are to be the salvation of countries yet to come. She has preserved the beautiful gifts of those who have gone before, and crystalized the glorious thought that came so near destruction. She has proved herself without a doubt, to be the one for whom the world has so long waited. She has played long and gloriously upon this grand old stage and still the applause is great; still she stands. Will there ever come a time, in ages now remote, when she must bow before the conqueror, when she must retreat, must fall? It is hard to believe; it seems impossible. Though the island which bears that name be washed away,

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and seen no more, the vital thoughts, the divine hopes can never die. She has left a living monument in the young nation, bearing England's choicest elements; the rebellious child of an indulgent mother who awoke too late from her neglect, to find the son too large, to be held longer by the mother arms; so she sent him forth into the world to live as she had taught him and with her, to prove her worthiness.

And she kneels today before the footlights of that vast and glorious stage, flushed with triumph still young, still glorious. Her usefulness is not ended; her further mission is not fulfilled; but she has reached the pinnacle, where all may see her glory; where all may acknowledge her rank. She is the masterpiece of the Divine Poet's art.



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Memorial Homes of the South

U. D. C. Prize Essay
Arthur McKim.



THE Southland is a land of sentiment. Her people are tender with the memories of the past; her every state is hallowed by glorious deeds; the pages of her history are the annals of noble lives.

No people are truer to their sentiments, than are those of the South. Impulsive, generous, and intensely martial, their hearts quickly respond to great lives and heroic deeds. Mingled with the innate tendency of "hero-worship," is a deep devotion to country and ideals, only intensified by the history of past suffering. The soul to dare, and the heart to cherish great deeds, make the South a land of heroes and hero-lovers.

And well may she thus be! What nation can equal her roll of illustrious names, or what country rival her deeds of valor? The spell of history is over land and people; nothing can break the

indissoluble ties that bind them to the past.

Patriotism does not always imply the thrill of battle. No nobler work is carried on, no greater devotion is required than the great struggle against indifference. We owe a great debt of gratitude to the unselfish women of our land, who keep alive our nobler sentiments, and who cherish our country's greatness. In the time of great public stress, when feeling runs high and all is a glamour of excitement, men are easily strung to high tension, and urged to deeds of incredible valor; but when the excitement has died and dull routine comes once more, then it devolves upon the mothers and daughters to preserve the fragments of memory. It is the memorial associations that have preserved for us and for future generations the most refreshing incidents of our country's nobleness. The value of their labor is not to be estimated in land or money.

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Heroes are as necessary for our development as fresh air and education. The youth from time immemorial have clamored for hero-stories, hero-pictures, and hero-songs; the inborn tendency is for warrior-heroes, but as the years are added, the hero keep pace with his worshiper, and the man—while no less insistent for ideals—looks now for moral stamina. What is more satisfying to our ever-reaching aspiration, than the towering nobleness of Washington; the premier statesmanship of Jefferson, the incarnate Democrat; or the consummate military and moral grandeur of Lee? Our lives are bound up with the past; our hopes yet remain unfolded in the future.

It is in the grand, old Dominion state—Virginia, the mother of states and presidents—that Mount Vernon—around which clusters the memories of our Washington—nestles on the banks of the broad Potomac. It is here that many thousands go each year, as on a pilgrimage to a holy shrine, and gaze with mingled feelings upon the scenes that once greeted the eyes of the great American. They tread the halls where he walked; ponder in the study where he wrote; or roam the paths he was wont to stroll with his young bride.

All is not now as it was in those quaint, colonial days. It is a sad fact, that with Washington's death, piece by piece, the great Mount Vernon estate was broken up and sold; and many of those furnishings of the mansion, every article of which bore a charmed history, were ruth-

lessly torn away. Nature, herself, laid on a vandal grasp—roofs swayed, and the distinguishing white columns weakened with decay. Unkept lawns and over-grown walks completed the picture of dejection painted over the once beautiful Mount Vernon.

But not for always were the home and tenderest memories of Washington to be left forsaken and unnoticed. Miss Pamela Cunningham, of South Carolina, touched and aroused by the deplorable remissness of American gratitude, resolved with all the fiery earnestness of her race, that such should not remain true. To think was to act. Soon the women of our nation were aroused; an association was formed; money was subscribed; and a final assurance was given, that never more would the delightful home where our great national hero spent so many happy years, be left to ruin and neglect. All that loving hands could restore, was replaced, and, as nearly as possible, everything returned to its original beauty. Mount Vernon had again come into its own.

"The sun shines not upon a lovelier land than midland Virginia. Great rivers roll seaward through rich woodlands, and laughing cornfields, and fair meadow lands. Afar off the misty lines of blue hills, shine faintly against the deeper blue of the sky. The atmosphere is singularly clear and the air wholesome and refreshing." Mount Vernon, in the midst of this beauty, is ideal. Nature cannot provide more beautiful environment. All her gifts conspire to make the

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out-of-doors here a prolonged delight. "There is no beauty of heart, that would not be fostered by the surroundings."

The gleaming white mansion, Southern in every line and angle, stands on the crest of a swelling height, which slopes gently downward to the beautiful waters of the Potomac. It has all the aristocratic dignity, yet wonderful enchantment of the Southern architecture. It is eloquent of its time and history; cut in stone-imitation blocks of wood, clear white, and relieved only by the dark green of many shutters; three stories of height are reached: the third—the attic—low and surmounted by a broad, sloping roof. Extensive wings sweep back from either side, and extending the length of the front is the inviting veranda, its balconied roof supported by a long, high colonnade.

From here, the view opens out on beautiful grounds, platted in old English style. This is the work of Washington himself, as is the planning of the house. Shrubbery, walks and lawn, while arranged on an extensive scale, show all the art of landscape gardening. Close in the foreground, the broad Potomac, nearly two miles breadth of reflecting water, winds slowly around the base of the height, while on across its surface, the bright hills of Belvoir show distinct and inviting. This was the haven of Washington's repose; his desire extended no further.

The house remains much as it was in those days. From the main hall, extending from front to back, open the principal rooms on the ground

floor. Grouped on each side are the living rooms of the family, every nook and corner of which has its separate history. In one wing, the great banquet hall, rich in memories of distinguished guests and many bright hours of entertainment, appeals to every visitor; but it is to the library, in the opposite wing of the house, that the greatest charm is attached, and the stranger is most irresistibly drawn. It is here, among his books and papers and surrounded by his favorite paintings, one most nearly approaches the past.

From the roomy hall, one ascends the stately stairs to the second floor. Washington's room—the room where he breathed his last—may here be seen, furnished as the day he died. Here also is the famous guest-chamber, where Lafayette, the guest of a grateful nation, lodged. The most tragic interest centers in the little room in the attic, just above that of Washington's, for 'tis said that here Martha Washington confined herself for the few months that remained to her after his death. From the window may be seen the old family tomb—their bodies now rest in a great, rock-hewn mausoleum, in the new tomb—and an extended view of the surrounding estate.

The extensive, fertile acres of the Mt. Vernon estate were but part of the land, obtained by the noble Fairfax, while the country was yet a wilderness. It came into the Washington family through Lawrence's marriage. In admiration of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served in the West Indies, Lawrence named his new home

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Mt. Vernon. From Lawrence, after his tragic death, the estate descended to George, ever a favorite with his elder brother.

Under the careful management of our Washington, the estate expanded from 900 to 2500 acres; the house grew from a plain frame of eight rooms, to its present generous size; and everything assumed new prosperity. Washington loved farming; the rural life was his ideal of existence. The few years spared him by his country, were actively employed in home affairs. Every acre tilled bore its maximum, and the work of the shops was so thorough that anything produced by the Mount Vernon estate was accepted free from inspection, even in the Indies and far-off England. The big house and its dependencies formed a well defined community.

Much of the land remained unbroken and was covered with woods and thick grass. From Mount Vernon to Belvoir—the home of the Fairfaxes, the intimate friends of the Washingtons—was one stretch of woods and hills, only broken by little streams and promontories, and quiet dells where the lurking fox found refuge. It was a noble hunting ground, and many a gay cavalcade went careening over these hills. The men in their bright sportsman colors, and the fair ladies, dressed in bewitching style, framed a bright picture, for the chase was not only a sport, but a social event as well. Washington had a passion for hunting, and delighted in the chase. When a youth he had hunted many times through these woods, and no wonder in after years, his

mind reverted to them with incessant longing. Every Virginian is a lover of horses, and his stables contain the best blood to be obtained. Washington's horses were the pride of his heart.

Those were aristocratic days in Virginia. The estates of the planters were little empires. The house and finer furnishings were English. Ships brought to their doors all the luxuries of the old world. The home life was of the pleasantest. The houses were large, spacious and fitted to cope with the free-handed hospitality of their owners. Society was in its flower. Hospitality, with the Virginian, as with all Southerners, amounted to a passion. No house would willingly remain long without a guest. Washington was a true Virginian, his every taste and inclination were of his people.

For nearly fifty years, Mount Vernon sheltered our first president. It was here that he first brought his young wife, and from here, after a long, noble life of service, he was borne to his tomb.

How little might we have known of this great figure of history, had the crisis not arrived that required his mastering hand. Yet how little might we still have known, had we but seen him on the battle-field or in the gilded halls of state. Men's lives are two-fold. The Washington of glorious fame is equalled by the beautiful simplicity and nobleness of the Washington at home.

The names, Mount Vernon and Washington, are inseparably linked together. "No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the

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morning and evening beams, but the love and gratitude of united Americans settle upon it in one eternal sunshine. From beneath that humble roof went forth the intrepid, unselfish warrior; the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good; to that he returned, happiest when his work was done. There he lived in noble simplicity; there he died in glory and peace. While it stands, the grateful children of America will make their pilgrimage to it as to a shrine; and when it falls, if fall it must, the memory and name of Washington will shed an eternal glory on the spot."

When on the soil of Virginia it is difficult to make a choice of heroes. Here greatness jostles with its kind, and 'tis but a step from one memory-consecrated hall and homestead to that of another. Virginia's page of illustrious names is well near that of the nation's. But every final decision and every well-considered inclination, would point to the two men chosen by Virginia, herself, when called upon to make the choice. In the Hall of Fame, today, Virginia is represented by her two most favorite sons, George Washington and Robert E. Lee.

These two great names are bound together by many natural ties. Their birth, their life, their ideals run in close parallel. As Washington, with his noble manhood, stood for the ideal American, so Lee with his calm, great, soul, towered in mighty grandeur among those of his time and history.

The history of Arlington, the beautiful home of Lee, is sad and touches the most distressing incidents of the great Civil War. Its history is contemporaneous with that of Mt. Vernon. Geo. Washington Custis, the step-son of Washington, built the mansion in 1802, and for years occupied it in honored distinction. As a social center it rivaled Mt. Vernon, and many were the distinguished guests there entertained. Lafayette, a hero of the nation, delighted in its hospitality and beautiful surroundings. Arlington place descended to Mary Custis, the granddaughter of Martha Washington, and the beautiful wife of Robert E. Lee, whom she had married some years before.

A few years they lived here in absolute peace and contentment, and amidst the beauty of their home life was indeed a joy; but as the war clouds rose on the horizon, and grew blacker and blacker, times changed forever. When the storm broke, and Lee, casting his honor with his state's, took command of the armies of the South, there to win immortal fame, he, with his family, left the home they so dearly loved, to return no more.

Within the year, ruthless armies trampled through its peaceful groves and bivouaced on its green, spreading lawns. Federal troops took possession, and sad to relate, the many relics of Washington there stored, and the furnishings of the place, were scattered and carried far away. Grim war knows few friends.

The beautiful grounds were soon converted

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into graves and thousands of soldiers were buried on the grassy slopes of the estate. It is now a national cemetery, and its fields are dotted with long rows of marble stones. The mansion is now occupied by the superintendent.

It cut Lee to the heart to give up his treasured home, and see it wantonly broken and pillaged, but he bore it with the same fortitude that he bore all his crushing sorrows—with the true nobleness of the man he was. It is sad that Arlington, like Mt. Vernon, could not have remained a shrine, sacred only to the name of him who loved it best.

Arlington is within the shadow of the great capital city, Washington. It stands on the Virginia heights just opposite the city and commands a view of Washington, Georgetown, a wide extent of country around, and a long stretch of the Potomac, with a wooded background of hills. The Arlington mansion is beautifully situated, half surrounded by a grove of stately oaks

and fronting broad lawns that slope gracefully downward, toward the river.

The house itself, of Doric style with an extensive portico and great white columns, extends broad and plain. Within, the visitor is shown the hall and the library sacred to Lee's memory; asked to register, and ushered out.

Little is now as it was in the hospitable days of the Lees. The landscape gardener has turned all into symmetrical beauty, and the mansion is scrupulously preserved; but the refreshing incidents of the memory of General Lee, so longed for, are not there.

But after all it is not in homes or lands or pictures that great lives exist, but in the hearts of a grateful people, and as long as the South stands the symbol of honor, her people, the people of the great, reunited America and the whole world, will cherish—as the flower of American manhood—the names, George Washington and Robert E. Lee.



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The Value of Total Abstinence to a Life

Prize Temperance Essay.
Arthur McKim.



THE history of the human race is the history of combat. It is the story of long, relentless struggle; of warfare against the elements; against fellow-tribes; against superstition, and against sin; one consequence trammeling up another; one problem solved only to give place to a more difficult one. But interwoven with all, and more vital than the contests of nations—indeed the only determining factor in deciding what a race shall do and be—is man's struggle for mastery of himself. It is the contest to decide whether direction shall belong to soul and mind, or desire and rebellious inborn tendencies of baser self. This combat, relentless as it is world wide, embraces every field of a man's development. Civilization is but a tramping upward, over the ruins of a conquered past.

Every thing that would shackle a man's mind, every force that would blunt and destroy the sensibilities, or cause a life to lose any of its power

and beauty, is contrary to nature, and should be destroyed. This explains the uncompromising war against liquor and its attendant evils. Without a vestige of right or useful good as its own, it stands allied with moneyed purpose and uncontrollable craving, pitted against purity and manhood. The vital issue of life, depends upon the slender turning of a will.

Alcohol, like every other product of a bountiful nature is for a good and wise purpose; but the very qualities that make for its value in a proper use, produce the most harmful effects, when prostituted to sheer appetite. Those chemical qualities which cut paints and preserve specimens, as nothing else can, sap the very lifeblood of the tissues of the body, and entail endless suffering upon the hapless victim who imbibes their treacherous draughts.

Tobacco, healing in its medical sphere, and that in external application, drugs its habitual user with its deadly fumes. Added to the violence it does to the body, is the reaction upon

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mind and will. Safety lies only in total abstinence.

The body and mind of man was the crowning work of God's creation. Its symmetrical beauty and power, and wonderful adaption to the wants of a soul, that reaches out to infinity, are the gift of a boundless Providence. The gift being perfect was hedged about by fixed laws as inexorable as just.

The value of self-control, and the abstinence from that which would harm such a body and mind and soul, must be fraught with deep and lasting benefits. The violation of the laws of this same unalterable Nature, are equally freighted with vital consequences. A man is either his own master, or the servant of animal appetite.

Alcohol's injury to the human body is the first in its long train of disasters. Nature's economy is so complete that her forces in the body can be employed as servants to supply food; as workmen to repair injury; or as soldiers for defense. The interior cavities of the body and all surface openings are covered by a very thin and delicate lining called the mucous membrane. This sensitive membrane, aside from protection, secretes the digestive fluids. When alcohol, in any of its varied forms, is taken into the mouth and swallowed, nature, as with all poisons, makes violent efforts to quickly rid itself of the harmful substance. The irritated lining is diluted with a soothing secretion and the poison is quickly hemmed in or destroyed. This may all be well enough, but the process is exhausting, and long

continued drink destroys the power of resistance. Once in the stomach, the digestive fluids already wasted, and their sources overtaxed, digestion is impaired, and the cells robbed of food. From this vital center it radiates in all its harmful power. The more extensive the use, the more violent the results; but moderate and continued indulgence, recoil none the less surely upon the man, because they work slowly.

True, it stimulates for a time, but it forces the blood with resistless surging through the brain, and tingles to the surface, only to react with a shock and a relapse into sluggish stupidity, when the unnatural effects are gone. One wild stimulation calls for another; the appetite demands more insistently each time; and the periods of reaction are more and more painful. With each indulgence, the will loses power, and too often the end is complete abandonment to slavish habit.

Alcohol weakens and disturbs the action of the brain cells, beginning with those most highly developed. Slowly the intellect is blunted, and one by one the faculties obscured and clouded. Manhood comes to wait upon baseness. The nobleness of a man becomes the sensuality of an animal.

Narcotics, the poisons of tobacco and like drugs, produce the directly opposite effects of the stimulants of alcohol. They soothe and deaden while the other excites. It is natural that the use of the two should be closely allied.

Perhaps the insidious harm of tobacco, is

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greater than that of liquor. Certain it is, that its use is more extensive, and it strikes younger. The boy with his cigarette or disgusting pipe, is not even given the chance to develop, but is stunted physically and mentally. There is no choice of evils; chewing and smoking are equally harmful and wrong. Tobacco acts more directly upon the brain than does liquor. It poisons and lulls at the same time. The heart, the center of the body's life, suffers greatly from its ravages. It is a matter worth reflection, that two or three drops of nicotine, the essence of tobacco, are sufficient to kill a man.

The use of tobacco, alcohol and all stimulants and opiates, is condemned by moral and scientific reasoning.

A strong, healthy body is a priceless heritage. "That which is good is creative," and is ever upbuilding and developing. In consequence, that

which tends to destroy and tear down is wrong and evil.

The long history of sorrow; of blighted lives; of broken families; and of crime, traceable to liquor and its effects, is too well known to need repetition. An unqualified and entire refusal to partake of any harmful narcotic or beverage, is the only safe ground that may be taken. It will not do to toy or tamper with that which has caused the wrecking of so many lives. Every compromise with one's self, leaves its imprint upon the character. Every concession to base thought, appetite, or deed, intensifies the next onslaught of temptation. **The value of Total Abstinence to a Life, is measured only in the possibilities of a human soul.** The man, master of himself, is greater than the conqueror of states and nations.



THE GLEAM

January 19, 1807

Given by George S. Bryant Before the U. D. C.
Jan. 19, 1911.



WE meet again in memory of Robt. E. Lee. Scarcely a day passes that I do not in some way silently worship at his shrine. Scarcely a day passes that I do not bow in spirit before the majesty of duty addressing me from the benevolent lips of that great hero. Scarcely a day passes that I do not recognize the wisdom of keeping ever before the eyes of our youth the face, the form, the features, the character of him whose life was an incarnation of self-sacrifice for a conviction, born of the high conception of what is right. And not only do I recognize such wisdom, but I congratulate the young that there are such bands, as Daughters of the Confederacy, who are so devoted to these high ideals of life, that their love and devotion are ever finding open expression in constantly memorizing to them this splendid illustration of noble manhood.

I can conceive of no higher compliment than

to be asked to talk of R. E. Lee by those who love him. They assign me the noblest character in their catalogue of heroes. They assign me a character built upon the Rock of Ages—written all around the pedestal thereof is found this inscription: "There is a true glory and a true honor, the glory of duty done, the honor of integrity of principle. That is all the pleasure, all the comfort, all the glory we can enjoy in this world." Such men can be interpreted only from above, but thousands approach and read the inscription and go away modified for life.

I hesitate to do this pleasant service a second time, but haste to acknowledge the honor you confer.

A man cannot stand on the shore and drop a plummet out into the deep sea. A man of books cannot sound the fathoms of him who made the history. Such characters—such heroes—like great cathedral windows, are to be read and enjoyed from within. Those without may catch

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faint suggestions, but only those who are within and receive the sifted light, can understand. Such favored points of observation and enjoyment are filled to overflowing by those who followed Lee to the cannon's mouth; by mothers, daughters, sisters, who suffered with him; by that vast multitude that trusted in his skill and wisdom—and yet again are there reserved seats in that sacred chamber for all those that heard his voice as it went forth from hall and home in Lexington, Va., pronouncing his benediction upon the rising generation. These can understand.

We of the unheroic type who attempt to piece together these large continents of God's imparted spirit are like children playing upon the floor with disintegrated maps which make a whole, but of which we are ignorant. Would you be patient then with me, while I hesitatingly deal with only one small section of this heroic life, that section which tells of the struggle Lee had with himself. Life is a continuous battle for us all. Sometimes the opposing forces approach us from without. They can be met, for we know their numbers and their tactics; but the mightiest struggles are when the issues are made within the soul and the conclusions are to be reached in God's awful silence. Conscience, with God behind it, sits as arbiter.

Did you ever think what it means to have a ceaseless furnace in the soul? Did you ever consider what a fearful, dreadful thing it is to have a real live conscience? If a nation has it, it be-

comes at once a peculiar people. If an individual has it, it is sure to write an epic in the life of him who possesses it. If one of God's heroes has it, whether he meet with victory or defeat, his name belongs to the deathless ages. Lee had a hero's conscience with God behind it. It did not have the storm-beat, but had the silent resistless flow of the ocean.

It was no truth of Euclid that fretted him; nor was it the kind of truth that Plato sought that jarred his soul, but it was the truth of life. With him God was the first great truth, and he was ever measuring his life by that high standard.

"Great truths are portions of the Soul of Man,
Great souls are portions of eternity;
Each drop of blood that e'er thro' true heart ran
With lofty message, ran for thee and me.
For God's law since the starry song began
Hath been, and still forevermore must be,
That every deed which shall outlast Time's span
Must spur the soul to be erect and free."

Such inner struggle was the character of his first battle. The sky and the ocean mingle, but Robt. E. Lee "kept his soul erect and free." It became God's temple for wingless victory. Let us see. There stands our hero, filled with Saxon-Teuton-American-Virginian blood—filled with the spirit of Herman, Hampden and of Washington.

There he stands. Those men that approach him are authorized by the President to confer

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with him. They offer him in the name of the chief executive the command of the army of the United States. Every argument was used to persuade him to remain in the Union. Fame whispered sweet and pleasant things into his unwilling ear. But to all this pleading he returned but one answer, that his sense of duty was stronger with him than any prospect of advancement, and replied to the appeal not to resign (his commission in U. S. army) in the following words: "I am compelled to; I cannot consult my own feelings in the matter."

"He kept his soul erect and free."

Again after the great struggle was over, the siren voices of wealth crowded around him to commercialize his name. These he declined, heeding rather the demands which the education of the Virginia youth made upon his patriotic spirit.

"He kept his soul erect and free."

A brief period had passed after the surrender of Appomattox, when offers of homes began to be pressed upon him. His family was originally English and he had many relatives among titled people in the old country who insisted on his coming and sharing for a time the ease and luxury of their homes. But he positively declined to expatriate himself: "No, I will never forsake my people in their extremity; what they endure, I will endure, and I am ready to break my last crust with them." He refused to leave Virginia. Born in Virginia, he lived for Virginia; he died in Virginia.

"He kept his soul erect and free."

He looked upon both sides and came to decisive conclusions. A recent writer in the Atlantic says: "There is no trace of irresolution in him, no faltering, no looking back. We have, indirectly, from Mrs. Lee, her account of the way in which the first decision was made. 'The night his letter of resignation was to be written, he asked to be left alone for a time, and while he paced the chamber above, and was heard frequently to fall upon his knees and engage in prayer for divine guidance, she waited and watched and prayed below. At last he came down calm, collected, almost cheerful and said. 'Well, Mary, the question is settled. Here is my letter of resignation and a letter I have written to Gen. Scott.' The question was indeed settled."

"He kept his soul erect and free."

He never blames his choice or regrets his decision. On the contrary he says: "I did only what my duty demanded. I could have taken no other course without dishonor. And if it were all to be done over again, and if the event had been manifest to the whole world beforehand I should act precisely in the same manner."

"He kept his soul erect and free."

His whole life is but a running comment upon a text of his own wording:

"Duty is the sublimest word in the language." Speak no more then of a "lost cause." In God's dictionary there are no such words. All things are kept in perfect balance. The heat of sum-

THE GLEAM

mer balances the cold of winter; the light of the beautiful cosmos balances the darkness of a primal chaos; for every loss there is a gain.

"The wings of time are black and white
Pied with morning and with night;
Mountains tall and oceans deep
Trembling balance duly keep."

"For everything you have missed, you have gained something else."

Fires roar from the hottest furnace. Out of the ore comes the gold nugget—which is turned into coin, and this again into schools, churches, hospitals, homes. So human passions roar at the cannon's mouth. There is a carnival of death. Written in blood red letters across it all is love! of home and country. Yet out of this confusion, out of this chaos of human activities—when the smoke of battle has cleared away, out of it all

comes Robt. E. Lee, God's great compensation for all apparent losses. There has been great suffering, but great characters have been formed—and none greater than the man child born Jan. 19, 1807. He does not belong to you or to me. He is the property of all. Today his Daughters gather about him and hang the laurel wreath of lasting fame upon his brows. Today his Daughters renew their love and devotion. Today the nation confesses to his greatness. Today that capitol, which trembled before his military genius, honors him with a place beside Washington, Adams, Webster, Benton. Today while he lies recumbent in Lexington, peacefully sleeping upon Virginia soil, he stands erect and free in Washington in the National Statuary Hall. All glory be to the man who could thus win recognition from those who opposed as well as from those who followed him!



THE GLEAM

A Graduate's Soliloquy

Found in the Superintendent's Office.



GRADUATION represents somebody's measure of proficiency. I wonder if error ever enters into such measurement. Whether my measure be true or false, I wonder if it will be an important factor of a successful career. For some years

I have looked forward to the glad time, but as it draws near, it becomes a sad time. It means good-bye to classmates and friends, and the beginning of work in a new field. I wonder if my graduation will help me to solve the new problems I am about to encounter. I believe the solution of these problems depends more upon whether I have learned to do some things well, whether I have formed habits of industrious effort and patient endeavor. I begin to realize that my graduation means less to me than what I have grown to be.

Sometimes I have felt that my course in school was designed to increase my power of earning a livelihood, to enable me with greater ease to acquire material wealth, to secure for me intel-

lectual or professional standing. I am beginning to believe that unless my education helps me to benefit my fellow-man as well as myself it fails in true and lofty purpose.

A professor in the University of Chicago told his pupils that he should consider them educated in the best sense of the word when they could say yes to the following questions:

Has education given me sympathy with all good causes and made me espouse them?

Has it made me public spirited?

Has it made me a brother to the weak?

Have I learned how to make friends and keep them?

Do I know what it is to be a friend myself?

Can I look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye?

Do I see anything to love in a little child?

Will a lonely dog follow me in the street?

Can I be high-minded and happy in the meanest drudgeries of life?

Do I think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano

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playing or golf?

Am I good for anything to myself?

Can I be happy alone?

Can I look out on the world and see anything except dollars and cents?

Can I look into a mud-puddle by the wayside and see the clear sky?

Can I see anything in the puddle but mud?

Can I look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars?

If the world owes me a living, I owe the world the greatest and the best service I am able to render. If I pay the world what I owe it, my resources, instead of being diminished thereby, are increased and strengthened. I am building myself when I contribute to the happiness of

others. "What can I get?" is the question most men are asking. Instead of this, the question of greatest concern should be, "How may I serve?" If I devote my life and energies to the accumulation of material wealth, I confer no real benefit. If I give myself to service, whether that service be humble or distinguished, and whether or not that service be rewarded, my responsibility ends with its performance.

"All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last or first."



THE GLEAM



ATHLETICS

THE GLEAM

Officers of the Athletic Association

President.....	Arthur Metzger
Vice-President.....	Helena Fuchs
Secretary.....	Lee Douthitt
Treasurer and Assistant Manager.....	Alden Millard
Yell Master.....	George Green
General Manager and Coach.....	Prof. J. M. Sexton

"Our Gym."

To have a gymnasium has been the dream of every athletic enthusiast since the beginning of "High School times." Every class has felt that some "good luck" would in some mysterious way plant a gymnasium on the school premises. But, alas, 'twas all in vain, until finally, at the beginning of this year, the Board decided that the brains of the High School pupils were rapidly outgrowing their bodies, and that if such were to continue, the consequences might prove disastrous.

Thus a gymnasium was suggested.

The idea was debated upon for weeks. Finally the "athletic members" of the Board won out.

Thus we got our Gym.

"Our Gym!" What pride we take in saying it. Although it is the old Christian church, converted

into a spacious big gymnasium, we love every corner and crevice of it. Every place where the plaster is knocked off recalls some hard-fought basket ball game. The big faded spots on the ceiling make us think of the time when we rooted under umbrellas for our ever victorious boys. The bleachers, those high, nervous bleachers that made us move so carefully, bring to mind many thrilling experiences. Every inch of the Gym. has been an inspiration to the team and a joy to the rooters. This uncomely structure has played a great part in the victories of this year, and it will always hold a huge place among the best times of 1910-11.

"The world will little note or long remember what we say here, but it will never forget what they (team) did here."
M. G., '11.



FOOT BALL LINE-UP.

Wallace Kelley.....	R. T.
Terrence Kelley.....	F. B.
George Wallace.....	Center.
Alden Millard.....	R. G.
Emlin Kelley.....	R. H.
James Miller.....	L. H.
Ray Sermon.....	Q. B.
Thomas Shrout.....	L. G.
Kenneth Bostian.....	L. T.
Lyle McCarroll.....	L. E.
Gerald Smith.....	R. E.
Armstead Alexander.....	R. T. (Sub.)
Clifford Criley.....	Half (Sub.)
Ernest Roberts.....	End (Sub.)
Jerome Seehof.....	Half (Sub.)

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With the opening of the 1910 school year, there came a far greater manifestation of foot ball spirit than had ever before been experienced in the Independence High School.

This spirit was due probably to the fact that during the previous year, by the aid of a coach, great things had been accomplished in the way of athletics; and, as the greater part of that year's foot ball team was still in school it was a natural expectation that this would be a "banner" year for that sport.

On Monday, the first day of school, it was announced by Professor Sexton that the following Wednesday would be the opening day for practice. Accordingly, Wednesday at 3 o'clock there was assembled on the practice field from 35 to 40 boys who had donned their old clothes and who had hopes of "making the team," and there they got their first "work out."

As the days went on, and the work became harder, the number gradually dwindled away, so that at the end of two weeks there were only eighteen faithful survivors who had shown enough ability to be considered eligible for the "squad."

I. H. S. 19—ALL STARS 0.

It was felt necessary to try out the foot ball team before the expected struggle with Wentworth, October 1. The result of which was a challenge to "The Independence All Stars" for a game on September 19.

The All Stars was a team made up of athletes,

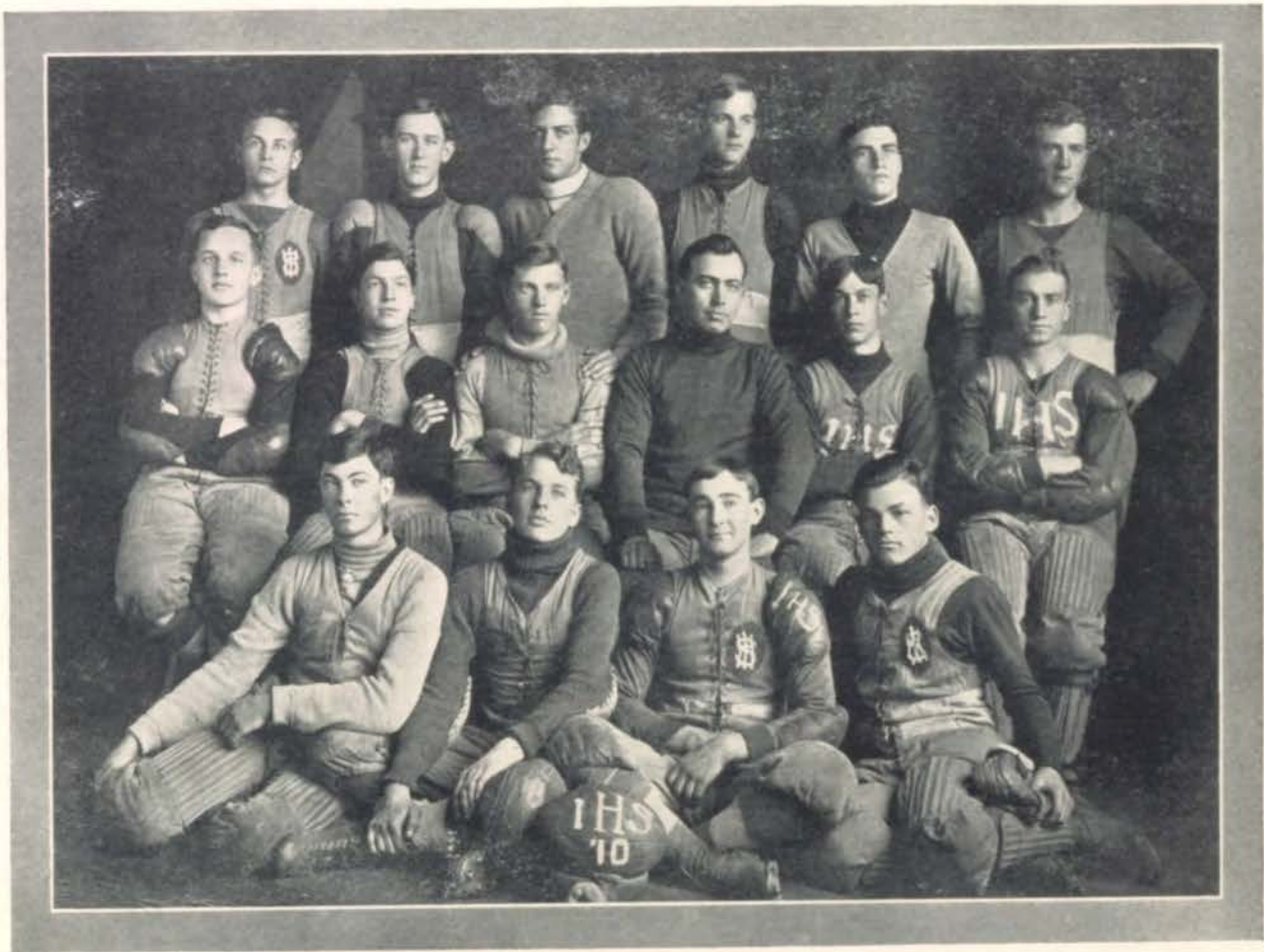
most of whom had played on the Independence and other teams and who had had quite an experience in foot ball. Their purpose as they expressed it was "to take the High School team down a notch." They evidently thought we were becoming "swell head." The game that followed is told by the score, High School 19; All Stars 0. Although the All Stars were individual stars they lacked the team work which put the High School across their line for three touch downs and a field goal.

Touch downs: Roberts, W. Kelley, E. Keiley. Goal from touch down, Sermon. Field goal, Smith.

I. H. S. 22—W. M. A. 0.

The Wentworth Military Academy sent what they called their High School team to meet the Independence boys on the home field October 1. The Cadets had a good record and the Independence boys were in fine condition. The day was ideal and a good crowd turned out to see the game. It was a great one. From a spectacular viewpoint many excellent plays were made by each team. Sermon and E. Kelley each made two touch downs and T. Kelley kicked two goals from touch down. The Wentworth boys played a good game and several times were near their goal, but the Independence team, forming an impassible barrier again carried the ball to the centre of the field and succeeded in playing the greater part of the game on their side of the center line. The final score was 22 to 0.

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I. H. S. 28—LIBERTY H. S. 0.

For a number of years the I. H. S. foot ball team has been struggling to gain a victory from their old foot ball rival, Liberty, and now Mr. Sexton promised us that on Saturday, October 8, we would have the opportunity of witnessing the long hoped for game. Saturday came. The Liberty team with confident hopes and bold aspect stepped out on the field with the intention of showing Independence that once more they would administer chastisement. But our boys were out to win. By their excellent individual playing and fast team work, they outclassed the visitors throughout the game.

The I. H. S. star quarter-back, Ray Sermon, kicked the ball to Liberty's five-yard line at the beginning of the game. Here Independence gained the ball and Captain Lyle McCarroll, having received it on a forward pass, made the first touch down of the game. From that time the game was ours. Liberty could do absolutely nothing. Three touch downs followed by use of the forward pass, worked by Sermon, McCarroll, and E. Kelley. In the third quarter, Ray had to leave the game on account of an injured knee. However, nothing daunted by the loss of one of their best players, the Independence boys played on and swept Liberty to a crushing and disastrous defeat, the final score being 28 to 0. Thus was I. H. S. avenged by the gallant foot ball team of 1910.

G. L. D., '11.

I. H. S. 6—EXCELSIOR SPRINGS 5.

Early on the morning of October 15, Coach Sexton gathered his husky athletes together and with a few faithful fans started for Excelsior Springs, the city of health and pretty girls. After sundry adventures they arrived in town and at 2 o'clock were on the field ready to show the enthusiastic crowd, containing many of the afore-said fair ones, how the good old game of foot ball should be played. Suffice it to say this task proved to be one of the hardest they ever undertook.

Independence kicked off, and then for two long quarters the teams struggled without a score. Excelsior Springs had a heavy line and a fast heady back-field, and only by the frequent repetition of the forward pass was the ball kept in Excelsior Springs' territory. Several times the ball was within their five yard line but Independence was never able to carry it over for a touch down.

In the third quarter "Sticks" Bostian, at left end, received a long forward pass from "Em" Kelley, quarter, and by the narrowest dodging got away for our first and only touch down. T. Kelly kicked a "pretty goal" and this ended our score. In the last quarter, Excelsior Springs came back with a rush and by successive plays carried the ball through our line for a touch down. Things looked black for a moment, but on the kick for goal the ball skimmed a few inches outside the post, and the game was won.



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After the luxuries of soap, water and supper at the hotel, the boys donned their best and sauntered forth. Here a connected narrative must stop. It is said however, "That all the boys drank copiously of the far-famed mineral water and that four of our boys led by two of those girls made a raid on all the ice cream emporiums in town."

Strange to relate, none of the boys missed the train for home but it was a reluctant bunch. As the train pulled out and the last bit of white faded from view they sighed, then burst into that rollicking little ditty, "We All," quickly followed by "Kentucky Babe," and with its soothing tones "Ye Scribe Slumbered."

A. Mc., '11.

I. H. S. 6—L. H. S. 13.

Liberty, and especially the William Jewell campus, fairly resounded with clamor and uproar as the big crowd surged toward the scene of combat.

The Independence team, exulting in many previous victories, were confident that they could again defeat the team which had always been their bitterest enemy, but fortune failed them. The Liberty boys, smarting under the severe sting of defeat suffered at the hands of the Independence squad a few weeks before, were determined to win at all costs, even if it took the college to help them. A star William Jewell man was placed in the back field, and that, with a William Jewell man for referee, proved too strong a combination. Their recruit from the

college made a touch down and a field goal. Another touch down was added, making thirteen points for Liberty while Independence collected only six, that is, the referee credited six. He tried hard to think of some excuse to bring E. Kelley back after he, by a long run had placed the ball between the posts, but "Em" had gone too far. Even the William Jewell rooters were now yelling for Independence. This chronicle of defeat, the only one placed among the many victories of two seasons, is indeed a "sad, sad story."

E. T. K., '11.

I. H. S. 16—OLATHE 0.

The afternoon was bright, cool and invigorating, and the spectators and players seemed to feel the influence of such ideal foot ball weather for the big crowd cheered enthusiastically as the Independence team rushed upon the field and lined up to meet the squad from Olathe. Then came the bunch of big, husky Kansans, resplendent in their red stockings and dark blue sweaters. But our team of fast light weights, supplied with a plentiful store of grit and endurance, proved themselves more than equal to their opponents and made it very evident that bright uniforms and beefy players do not always make a winning team. Still it was a hard fought battle. Both teams frequently resorted to punting and the use of the forward pass. Quarterback Sermon decidedly outpunted the Olathe "booter" and worked the forward pass very successfully. The

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first quarter ended with the score 0 to 0, but Independence had the ball on the Olathe 10 yard line. Hardly had the ball been put into play when Bostian received a forward pass from Sermon and carried the oval behind the goal posts for the first touch down. In the same quarter Criley blocked the ball in an attempted forward pass by Olathe and McCarroll scooping up the elusive, bounding pig-skin, made a beautiful fifty yards run to a touch down. In the third quarter Criley carried the ball over the line after a short end run. Sermon kicked one goal from touch down, making the score 16 to 0 when the final whistle blew, and one more victory was added to the long string which the All Star team of 1910 had to its credit.

E. T. K., '11.

I. H. S. 14—EXCELSIOR SPRINGS 0.

With the last foot ball game of the season, November 5, came the second fall of Excelsior Springs, who confidently expected to defeat Independence. From the time I. H. S. defeated them

at Excelsior Springs, they looked forward to the return game with the greatest confidence and boasted what they would do on the Independence gridiron. But the Excelsior team paid the penalty. Moral: never boast. With pennants flying, they entered the field to retrieve their lost fortunes. During the first two quarters while the Independence team was "warming up," Excelsior made no advance toward her object. But in the third quarter Independence began to make tracks all over the Excelsior team. "Tony" got away with a touch down, and "Ugly" followed with another. Thus the third quarter closed with Excelsior Springs looking mighty blue and the score standing 11 to 0. To complete the discomfiture of Excelsior, in the fourth quarter "Gyp" Smith made a field goal. With this the game closed, score 14 to 0. Excelsior Springs had fallen and their pennants, as they left the field, were dragging in the dust. To put the finishing touch to Independence work, the Excelsior Spring coach said to his team in extreme disgust, "Say, you fellows can't play worth a—."

G. L. D., '11.

SCHEDULE.

Sept. 28	I. H. S.	19	Indep All Stars	0
Oct. 1	I. H. S.	22	Wentworth M. A.	0
Oct. 8	I. H. S.	28	Liberty H. S.	0
Oct. 15	I. H. S.	6	Excelsior Spgs. H. S.	5
Oct. 21	I. H. S.	16	Olathe H. S.	0
*Oct. 28	I. H. S.	6	Liberty H. S.	13
Nov. 5	I. H. S.	14	Excelsior Spgs. H. S.	0



LINE-UP.

Ray Sermon.....	R. F.
Kenneth Bostian.....	L. F.
George Wallace.....	C.
Ernest Roberts.....	L. G.
Emlin Kelley.....	R. G.
Gerald Smith.....	Sub. G.
Jerome Seehof.....	Sub. F.

THE GLEAM

Basket Ball

I. H. S. 25—Wentworth Military Academy 29.

When Coach Sexton chose his basket ball team for the season of '10 and '11, he evidently had a good opinion of his material, for on his schedule were games with Wentworth and Warrensburg, which were classed among the best teams in the State and which very few high schools think it wise to play. But the opinion prevailed that it would be better to compare our strength with the best teams than to lay us a long list of victories with the smaller school and club teams, as had always been the custom.

The first game of the season took place at Lexington with W. M. A. At 5 o'clock p. m. on December 10, Coach Sexton, Captain Sermon, G. Wallace, K. Bostian, E. Roberts, E. Kelley and G. Smith gathered at the Lexington street depot to impatiently wait the coming of that train, which was never known to be on time. Strange to say it was on time.

On our arrival in Lexington, we were met by a pair of husky cadets and were ushered up a long and narrow street to the Military School, where we immediately partook of a military meal, after which we were shown to our rooms, con-

sisting, for the best part, of three double-decked cots.

As we entered the "gym," we were greeted by the Cadet band, and consequently when the referee started the game we were on the jump. Sermon threw a goal in the first four seconds of play. This was quickly followed by two field goals by Wallace and a free throw by "Ugly" making us 7 points before the Cadets scored. Then they began to wake up and soon evened the score. But again we forged ahead, ending the first half 16 to 12 in our favor. In the second half they were determined to win or die. Their superior weight and roughing began to tell, and the score was even the greater part of this half. In the last few minutes of play, they threw two lucky goals and then the whistle blew leaving W. M. A. 29, I. H. S. 25. After the game their coach said to Mr. Sexton, "You certainly have the gamest high school team I ever saw," and many other remarks were made by the Wentworth men, of the surprising strength and team work displayed by the small Independence boys.

Did any one ever see "Ugly" Sermon blush? He did once in his life. That was when Coach

THE GLEAM

Curnutt of Wentworth said to Coach Sexton in our dressing room, "You have one player on your team who can beat any man we have."

Although the score declared defeat we regarded such a close game as a victory and knew that we would give them a rub on our own court. A long and interesting novel might be written of the happenings in rooms of the Barracks during the remainder of the night. But on account of length, and other reasons, it can not be printed here.

The next morning after an early breakfast with the cadets, we hurried to our train, leaving a warmer and firmer friendship existing between the two schools.

I. H. S. 35—WARRENSBURG NORMALS 37.

On January 6, came the big basket ball trip of our season. On that date we went to Warrensburg for a game with the State Normal. The Normal players were men ranging from 22 to 26 and weighing from 150 to 175 pounds. It is no wonder that the Warrensburg fans smiled when they saw our team, four of them boys of 17 and one of 19. As we entered the "gym," packed with rooters and the Normal band, it was a little embarrassing to hear "Are those the Independence boys? They're too small to play basket ball." Many other comments were heard while we were warming up. When the game started, as at Wentworth, we began a rush of quick passes, and before the Normals knew it we had scored five points. Then by a series of fouls on our side

they evened up the score and from then on, it was a race to the end of the first half, which closed 19 to 19. In the second half both teams scored frequently and this half was made exciting by rough playing on their side and quick, accurate team work on ours. About three minutes before time was called the score stood W. S. N. 37, I. H. S. 29. Then came our rally and in that three minutes we made three field goals and were hopeful of tying the score when time was called ending the game 37 to 35. After the game, the team and the boys accompanying them were given a reception in one of the school fraternity houses by a number of the Normal girls and in the good time that followed, everyone forgot the defeat, and the next morning the crowd that boarded the train left behind a good reputation for the High School at Independence.

I. H. S. 40—W. M. A. 32.

Oh, you Cadets! It sure is funny how cadets will draw a crowd. I guess their uniforms have something to do with it. Anyway the gym was crowded and such an array of "fems." Wentworth had beaten us upon their own court and here was our only chance for revenge. The boys went into the fight with a determination to win and they won. The score was close all the way through. Roberts and Sermon put to use their slick playing and "flustrated" the cadets. There was lots of good yelling and the walls were lined with the green and white pennants, not to mention the side glances coquettishly cast from be-

THE GLEAM



THE GLEAM

hind them. Oh, Maidens Fair, for shame!

It must not be forgotten that this was not any scrub team from W. M. A. but their first team.

the one that has a reputation throughout the State, and we beat 'em.

BASKET BALL.

Dec. 10—I. H. S.....	25	Wentworth M. A...	29
Dec. 17—I. H. S.....	26	Y. M. C. A. Tigers	16
Dec. 23—I. H. S.....	43	C. M. B. Club.....	8
Jan. 6—I. H. S.....	35	Warrensburg S. N.	37
Jan. 11—I. H. S.....	40	Wentworth M. A...	32
Jan. 24—I. H. S.....	35	Westport H. S.....	38
Jan. 28—I. H. S.....	24	Warrensburg S. N.	28
Feb. 3—I. H. S.....	30	Olathe H. S.....	29
Feb. 4—I. H. S.....	37	B. O. Club.....	20
Feb. 11—I. H. S.....	36	Wabash A. C.....	16
Feb. 18—I. H. S.....	63	Olathe H. S.....	20
Feb. 25—I. H. S.....	50	Leavenworth H. S.	21
Total....		Total....	
444		294	



THE GLEAM



BASE BALL TEAM.

Lyle McCarrol.....	Catcher
G. Wallace.....	First Base
W. Kelley (captain).....	Second Base
J. Seehof.....	Third Base
F. Hume.....	Left Field
K. Bostian.....	Center Field
E. Roberts.....	Right Field
R. Sermon.....	Short Stop
J. Greenwood.....	Pitcher

Roy Searcy, Tony Miller, and Noel Jennings headed the "Bench."

Base Ball Saturday.

The Independence High school base ball team will play the Rosedale High school team at the Fair grounds Saturday afternoon at 2:30. Admission 15c. 4-28-1td

NOW IT IS BASE BALL.

I. H. S. Has a Team Which Promises to be a Winner—Defeated K. C. Commercial College.

The I. H. S. base ball team opened the season yesterday afternoon by defeating the Kansas City Commercial College team.

The first and sixth innings were had ones for the visitors, 17 of the 32 scores of the high school team being made in those two innings.

The high school boys played exceptionally well. By their showing in yesterday's game they promise the best team in the history of Independence High school.

Greenwood pitched the first five innings for the home team and during that time no man succeeded in getting past second base. Sermon pitched the remainder of the game.

Ernest Roberts and Geo. Wallace were the stars with the stick. The high school team will go to Lexington Saturday to play the strong military academy team.

The Boys Behind the Bat.

The Independence High School base ball team expects a record breaking season. The next game is with the W. M. A. at Lexington, Mo. The team is composed as follows:

James Greenwood, p.
Lyle McCarroll, c.
George Wallace, 1st base.
Wallace Kelley, 2nd base and captain.

Ray Sermon, s.s.
Jerome Schoff, 3rd base.
Ernie Roberts, r.f.
Kenneth Boston, c. f.
Earl Hibbler, l.f.
Tony Miller and Roy Searcy

WAS A GOOD GAME.

But the High School Base Ball Team Was Defeated Saturday by the W.M.A.

The Wentworth Military Academy base ball team defeated the Independence high school team at Lexington Saturday by a score of 8 to 3. It was a good game and was lost in one inning when a home run was scored by a Wentworth slugger with two men on bases. Wallace Kelley of the Independence team also scored a home run.

James Greenwood pitched the game for Independence and was well supported throughout.

The Wentworth team will play a return game on the Independence grounds April 27.

Wentworth Won the Game.

The baseball game at the fair grounds Thursday afternoon between the Independence high school and the Wentworth Military academy team from Lexington, Mo., resulted in a victory for the visitors. The score was 6 to 2 in their favor. The playing was had on account of the slippery grounds.

Base Ball.

The Wentworth Military Academy will play the Independence High school ball team at the Fair Grounds Thursday afternoon at 3 p. m.

4-26-1td

SENIORS AND FACULTY.

High School Boys Challenge Instructors to Play Base Ball Game Friday.

The base ball fans of Independence will have an opportunity to witness a fast game next Friday afternoon.

The faculty accepted the challenge of the Seniors and are rounding into shape.

Several members of the school board will play, also the principals of the ward schools will assist the high school faculty.

The game will be played at Fair grounds, Friday, May 12th, at 2:30 p. m. The most skilled officials of Independence will be used in this game.

THE GLEAM



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Shakespeare on Baseball

I will go root.—“Richard III.”
Now you strike like the blind man.—
“Much ado about nothing.”
Out, I say.—“Macbeth.”
I will be short.—“Hamlet.”
Thou can'st not hit it, hit it! hit it!—
“Loves Labor's Lost.”
He knows the game.—“Henry VI.”
O, hateful error.—“Julius Caesar.”
A hit, a hit, a very palpable hit!—
He will steal, sir!—“All's Well that Ends Well.”
Whom right and wrong have chosen as umpire.—
“Loves Labor's Lost.”
Let the world slide.—“Taming of the Shrew.”
He has killed a fly.—“Titus Andronicus.”
The play as I remember, pleased not the million.—
“Hamlet.”
What an arm he has!—“Coriolanus.”
He cannot sit at ease on the old bench.—“Romeo
and Juliet.”
Upon such, sacrifices the Gods, themselves, threw
incense.—“King Lear.”

THE GLEAM

Jim Sexton

We're glad to chornicle your name,
Jim Sexton.
You're just the kind we like to claim,
Jim Sexton.
You struck us right when first you came,
Since then you've won our school much fame.
The smile you wore remains the same,
Jim Sexton.

Of pedagogues, you're known as one,
Jim Sexton.
Your teaching skill is highly sung,
Jim Sexton.
You quell your bad boys with a pun,
And when the day of cramping's done,
You forthwith them in quest of fun,
Jim Sexton.

O'er books to pore, you're not the man,
Jim Sexton.
You're built upon a different plan,
Jim Sexton.
Yet work is piled on more and more,
'Twould seem your life was not a bore,
And still your face beams bright as yore,
Jim Sexton.

THE GLEAM

You're full of spice and fire and life,
Jim Sexton.
Of striking plans your head's most rife,
Jim Sexton.
Of course, we oftentimes raise your ire,
And then we face a time most dire,
But thanks, of anger you soon tire,
Jim Sexton.

But more there is, and last is best,
Jim Sexton.
We know you well, Time's been the test,
Jim Sexton.
A man your are, a sport clear through,
You're of a class, they're all too few,
We like you best—you are true blue,
Jim Sexton.

Then here's to you, good luck and all,
Jim Sexton.
Good times and plenty you befall,
Jim Sexton.
Long may your face reflect glad smiles,
Curses the boy your temper riles,
Long may your frown the Freshman fear,
Strong stay your hand to twist his ear,
Long may you to our school bring fame;
Long we'll remember with pleasure
The name—
Jim Sexton.

Onerous
Descriptions,
Dissertations,
Invectives,
Orades,
Idioms,
Eulogies and
Sermons.

THE GLEAM

Dealing In Generalities

The year of all years in our school life is fast drawing to a close; one which has brought to us more pleasure, and has been the fullest and most inciting in our educational course—our Senior year.

As we drift into the outer world, and advance into the wider fields of knowledge, memories of our last year in Independence High School will recall to our minds the great things which stand out prominently and which seem to have embodied within them the substance of this year's school life.

In our contemplations, our thoughts naturally turn, first, to the morning assemblies. We looked forward to these social gatherings with great pleasure, for they served as a bond of union between us; a place where we learned to know each other; and a place where we might enjoy the accomplishments of our fellow-students, especially along the lines of music and dramatic art.

The twenty minutes spent each morning in assembly was, indeed, a school of development. The power of concentration of thought which we

gained, the rapid soul development in learning to appreciate the beautiful; the unfolding of the knowledge of the universe about us, all tended toward the rapid acquirement of a greater degree of culture and refinement.

Mr. Bryant was the "star" of our inspirations, illumining our little bands with rays of inestimable wisdom and advice; and bringing to us, each morning, through his boundless soul, joy and gladness in a measure unexcelled.

Various programs, throughout the year, held our attention very closely. Representatives of each class contributed to them; and while the school in general was reaping great benefits, the greatest advantage was with the participants. It was with fear and trembling, that each one made the first attempt at standing before teachers and pupils and delivering his first talk. All have lived through it, however, and I think if any debt of gratitude is due for service rendered on these occasions, in helping students to stand on their feet and talk, the "pedestal," which so many time has been the anchorage of "shaking knees and a dazed brain," should receive the reward.

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Besides the programs given by the students, we were favored many times by interesting and beneficial addresses, rendered by our visitors. We were proud of our High School, and it was with great appreciation that we witnessed any outside interest and pride in our work and advancement.

In History, "Burke" and "Fiske," not considering such men as Channing, Hart, Andrews, Adams, James and Sanford and numerous others, had almost become as familiar to us as Miss Phelps; while in English; Shakespeare was with us from morning until night, and a great many times was the subject of our dreams. In our section work, or the giving of Shakesperian programs, we found a great delight. It was easy to learn the lines of this great dramatist, compared with delving into the vaults of history in order to answer long lists of "Burke questions." After these were answered, however, we felt very much rewarded and "Burke" did not seem nearly so hard.

Then, there were our glee clubs. "Ye Gods!" how they did sing! It was an inspiration to hear them as their merry peals rang through the halls of I. H. S. What a dreary place it would have been without their music! The "Queen Esther" concert, under the leadership of Mr. Sexton was their great achievement. They have given us many interesting programs during the year, but this production was the climax to their musical ability.

The "Excelsior Debating Society," and the "Athletic Association" contributed their part in creating a school atmosphere and helping to assure our greatness as a High School. As patriotism is the foundation of our national greatness, so is it necessary in binding a school together in a bond of common interest. Take these two societies away, and what is left of a school spirit? Almost nothing.

The Senior play, "The Man of the Hour!" It had proved a great success and was it not heard that people were making such remarks as, "It is the hit of the season; the best play ever given by any Senior class?" Yes, of course it was. We had tried to make it so, and had succeeded.

Now, the next subject of our thoughts was the "Gleam." As it is the ambition of every Senior class to have the best "Gleam," so the eager desire of the class of 1911 was to have their "Gleam" excel. The knowledge of each Senior was of necessity tuned up to the finest point and every effort put forth to bring about the wished-for result.

With this accomplished, our attentions were turned toward Commencement, the climax and reward for all our efforts; and the happiest time of our lives.

These and many other fond remembrances would bring back to us our High School days in 1911.

THE GLEAM

The Day Before The Holidays

WHAT can the Seniors do to be different?" was a question much discussed just before the holidays. We were tired of the same old everyday program that is always given at Christmas, but what could we do? Little groups of threes and fours could be seen standing in the halls earnestly conversing, which, upon the approach of an under classman, became strangely silent. The result of all this was—well, something decidedly different.

About eight-thirty on the morning of the twenty-second, the Seniors went hurrying toward the High School, laughing and chatting, the girls vainly trying to cover ribbons in their hair and looking sheepishly at their short dresses. Some were carrying bundles which looked suspiciously like dolls. But what could a Senior be doing with a doll? To all questions the answer was merely, "Wait and see."

Eight forty-five came, and not a Senior in sight in the upper halls, but from below came shouts of laughter and mirth. At last assembly bell rang, and such a hurry to get to the Auditorium! The Senior seats were all vacant! Slowly the

curtain was raised and such a sight as met the astonished gaze of every one!

In the center of the stage stood a brilliantly lighted little tree. Around it, in a semi-circle on the floor sat the Seniors. But such a transformation! Girls with ribbons and pigtails; girls with curls and bobbed hair; girls with short dresses, and dolls; boys with knee breeches and gaudy ties; bashful boys and forward boys; and what was there not?

After the shouts of laughter which greeted this spectacle had subsided, a fitting little program was rendered, which ended with the appearance of Santa Claus. He was greeted with the familiar song, "Good, Jolly Old St. Nick." Upon his back he carried an enormous pack, from which he extracted the most wonderful looking bundles. One for each Senior, which after unwrapping, proved in every case to be a stick of candy. Of course this was immediately consumed by the recipient. To cap the climax, Santa even had a present of a large candy cane for each of the faculty!

Of course, after this no one could settle down to study, and the result was, no work in classes.

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When we came back at noon, prepared to spend the rest of the day in study, we were greeted in our several class rooms with, "We will go to the Auditorium this period."

The whole afternoon was given up to an impromptu program. Different members of the classes were called upon to contribute, and no

one refused. Even the faculty forgot they were the faculty, and to our great delight did not refuse to do their part.

At last, after an enjoyable afternoon, we were dismissed for the holidays, and every one bid every one else good-bye, wishing each other a "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."



THE GLEAM

March 17, 1911

St. Patrick's Day was not forgotten at I. H. S. The Seniors saved the day by presenting a very enjoyable Irish program at the usual morning assembly.

Clifford Criley won renown in the Senior play by his remarkably fine rendition of the Irish dialect, and on March 17, he appeared in a typical selection which literally brought down the house.

Kathleen Kerr next sang, in her inimitable way, that beautiful old song, "Come Back to Erin." I think this statement speaks for itself, for those who have heard Kathleen sing, can very easily imagine what this was, and those who have never heard her, do not know what they have missed.

The third number on the program was a surprise to most of us. By some unusual good for-

ture, we had succeeded in persuading Mr. Floyd to favor us with two selections. He gave us that humorous old reading, beginning:

"Miss Flora McFlimsy,
Of Madison Square,
Was always complaining,
She'd nothing to wear,"

and in response to our hearty applause, a little ballad, entitled, "Jenny, Jenny, Jenny."

George Greene closed the exercise with a beautiful instrumental solo, a medley of Irish airs, that sent us to our class room with merry hearts and faces, and humming under our breath, "The Wearin' o' the Green."



THE GLEAM

Junior Reception

For several weeks before the greatest social event in the history of '1910,' the Juniors had been acting strangely, indeed. They had gone about the halls muttering and mumbling abstractedly, and often when Junior met Junior, he would sidestep—bow low—and pass on humming one-two-three-four, and looking tremendously wise. But they would have been no safer had they been wrapped in the cloak of invisibility—for the Seniors saw nothing.

For several weeks the strains of a certain piece of music, that simply made one's feet do fancy steps, was wafted up from the Auditorium. Certain numbers of the Class of '11, whose voices were not ever "soft, gentle and low" found it necessary to discuss plans in the halls. Still they would have been no safer, had they been as mute as the school's grey walls—for the Seniors heard nothing.

When the Friday before Commencement arrived—the Board, Faculty and upper classes assembled at what, on the evening before, had been our common, everyday schoolhouse. Tonight—the walls, the floors—but it is impolite to be gazing about before shaking hands down the receiv-

ing line, which was composed of the class officers in order of their greatness. Others of the 'host' class saw to our general comfort, but still there was such a quiet calmness about, that we could not help missing some of the said "certain number whose voices"—etc.

The decoration of the reception rooms was simple but highly effective and artistic. They were colonial parlors furnished in all the easy dignity of two hundred years ago. Antique chairs and settees with mission pieces from our own workshop, pictures, rugs, and the softness of lights through drapings of smilax—all put such a delightful charm to our English and Latin rooms, that we almost forgot we were in the dominion of "stern-faced pedagogues."

After thoroughly enjoying this change for some time, invitation came for all to assemble in the Auditorium, where ushers were handing out dainty programs announcing "A Fair Traitor"—with an All-Star Cast and "Big Beauty Chorus." The play was cleverly arranged so as to include a grand colonial ball, with more than a stage full of dancers—each one as picturesque—from powdered wig to French heeled slippers, as a bit

THE GLEAM

of Dresden china; and their slow, stately movement in the minuet made each pose as graceful as a separate tableau. It was over all too soon, like a beautiful dream. Still the awakening was not so sordid, as everybody was left in such a jolly good humor. We were beginning to get sentimental about having this school life, and all the good times it meant.

Presently Juniors were asking—"Have you been served?"—and if not "just to follow the great migration toward the broad stair landing, where there were plenty of sweet, cool things—(beside the girls). No wonder we were becoming sentimental about having this school of ours!

It was behaving very strangely—there was delicious punch where the only thirst-quencher heretofore had been Missouri River water. The old clock—with its reputation for poking—seemed celebrating by jibbing in the other extreme—but—as it really was an honorable clock—we accepted its decision and bid a dignified (?) "good night"—intermingled with such words as 'grand,' "glorious," and even "gorgeous," good time.

Out in the darkness, we almost conceded that it had been even more successful than—but perhaps Junior Receptions are just getting better year by year.



THE GLEAM



THE GLEAM

A Rehearsal

The scene is laid at Paul Arthur's house one cold morning about nine o'clock during the Christmas holidays. Perry is reading the paper about, "The class has appointed under-studies and will continue preparation for the play. The scarlet fever patients are doing nicely," etc.

(The door bell rings.) "Come in, Lee. You're always first; the girls are everlastingly second; and then Arthur, 'Tony,' Alden Terrence, Criley and the rest come straggling in."

Lee: "Whew! It's cold! Only sixteen below!"

"Oh! That's not bad."

(The door bell claims attention. 'Mary G,' Helena and Lucile are admitted.

Lee: "Hm—a—a—er—a—speaking of angels."

Girls: "What! Were you all talking about us?"

Lee: (Playing his part admirably) "Certainly. We can't help it. Of course we—a—a"

The door bell saves the day. Arthur, entering, exclaimed distractedly, "Well, I saw it!" (more distractedly) "Oh! take a look at that scen-er-y!"

Chorus: "Did you see it? The Music Hall scenery? How is it? Isn't it any good?"

Arthur: "Take your time; plenty more left. I don't know where they got all the barn paint for it, but—Oh! take a look at the scen-er-y!" (Helplessly.)

Helena: "Did they paint over the little cupids—give 'em new sashes and hair ribbons?"

(Here Armstead enters, so the subject is changed.)

Chorus: (Again) "Well, 'Armpy,' what's the matter now? How is that ear?"

'Armp': "Aw, I had to go to the city to have it treated again."

Alden: (Seemingly very industrious) "Let's start, since everybody is here. I say, practice the third act. What about it?"

'Mary G.': "No, I want to have the second. It's—"

Paul: "I wish we could go over the first act because—aw! what are you laughing at, Dallas? It's my hardest; there at the first—my 'opening scene'—you know—a—"

Everybody laughs knowingly.

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Mr. Jones: "Now listen, folks; we have only one week more. We must have less noise and get down to work. We shall start with the first act. Get your places.

After some scurrying around, the act starts.—"Thompson, you're looking badly. Do I work you too hard?"

* * * * *

Everything passes off very smoothly until "Perry's" first entrance. Oh, how many, many times poor, weary "Perry" has to go over that fatal "opening scene." Today he gets about as far as "Oh! Good mornin'!" when our ever present director breaks in upon the romantic scene with, "No, no! Too stiff! Don't be afraid! Why, you're only school children! Goodness 'Perry,' I'd hate to have you for my loving brother! Now, try it again, and keep on running; don't stop 'till you grab her; just remember she's your sister."

The center of attraction (sulkily): "Well, I never had a sister, I can't do it. I wish we could leave this out."

Dallas (Encouragingly): "You'll get it all right this time; don't be discouraged."

And so he tried it again, and then again, and after that another time, and so on. This is the usual routine for every rehearsal.

* * * * *

Mr. Jones finally gets the 'company' through the first act—struggling against excessive noise, forgotten cues, interesting games of checkers, and a number of other calamities, causing delay.

While the 'stage' is being arranged for the second act, Arthur storms around in quest of a book, "Say, where did I leave that thing at?"

Alden (Laconic): "It would be better if you left it, just before the 'at.'" (Pausing to take note of the effect) "Hump! Joke, Metzger!"

"Er—ur—ur—r—??—!! If anybody says that again to me, woe be unto 'em!"

Before he could go any further in his soliloquy, Alden had escaped and Mr. Jones called, "Places for second act. Alright Cynthia,—'ready?'"

* * * * *

When we have finished the second act, it is noon.

Mr Jones, having an engagement, leaves, to be back at two. The rest, never stopping at lunch time these busy days, stay and continue the rehearsal (?)

It has been noticed that Terrence and Alden have been gone for quite a while. Now they come in laden with a peck sack full of "something," plus some long willow switches.

"Gracious! Who's guilty?" exclaim some of the players rushing to shield themselves behind some good strong chair.

Terrence calmly replies: "Mr. Jones isn't going to be the only one to get a lunch today—everybody grab a hat pin or a switch—somebody turn over the coals in the fireplace, and we'll see what we can do to these marshmallows."

Alderman Phelan chimes in here: "I think

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I'm beginning to get a line on you, sonny—and like you 'purty' well."

All settle down now in a cozy little group around the fireplace, for the marshmallow toast. Stale jokes and hearty laughter fill in the time until two o'clock when Mr. Jones arrives—almost before we know it.

"Well, I feel fine. How about you all? Did you have a good practice?"

Players: "You bet we did." "Excellent." "We got that third act down slick." "Just great!"

Several coughed desperately and scurried off to get—well, most any place so Mr. Jones would not see them laugh.

The Director (ready to begin work in earnest): "Let's start on the fourth act. Now people we're going to do it fine, aren't we? I tell you

we'll make this the best play ever pulled off in Independence."

"Sure, sure we will," breaks in Horrigan.

The "tragedy" of it all makes the cast calm down, and everybody tries his very best, and strange to say, everybody does his best. The scene between Alwyn and his mother is pathetically carried; Gibbs is discovered in his treachery; and Thompson reveals himself. Armstead does his part nobly and we are proud of him, "Yes, very, very proud of him."

At last, we are all "into the play;" and at the end Mr. Jones tenders his reward:

"Well, you all have done so heroically this afternoon, that I'm going to excuse you early. Go home and rest, and be on time in the morning."

Thus is a rehearsal.



THE GLEAM

Senior Play

Prize Report, Doris Anderson.

ON Friday and Saturday nights, the 6th and 7th of January, the Senior Class gave their play, entitled, "The Man of the Hour." Their training and drilling had been under the charge of Mr. James Wharton Jones, who has proved to be a very capable man at the business.

The action of the play was snappy, the characters unusually well chosen, and for the most part, the lines well learned and happily delivered.

Alden Millard as Alwyn Bennett, the hero, "The Man of the Hour," carried himself throughout very consistently with the part. A few lapses of memory were almost covered up by his presence of mind, and he arose to really splendid heights of dramatic fervor several times where he took firm stands for truth and nobility against the onslaughts of trickery and temptation. These passages were really better given than were his love-making scenes, which seemed rather stiff.

Terrence Kelly, as Charles Wainwright, the scheming financier, deserves congratulations. His eagerness for money, his willingness to consort with base people that his wishes might be carried out, and the manner in which he whitened and collapsed at the last when his duplicity was exposed was fine.

The part of Richard Horrigan, the political boss, was well taken by Arthur Metzger, whose physical proportions and great thunderous voice were well adapted to the part. Mr. Metzger, though his memory failed him a time or two, covered his errors well, with by-play of bluster; in the end he lived the scoundrel, the bully, and yet showed after all that he recognized truth when he saw it, and despised a whiner.

Clifford Criley, as James G. Phelan, alderman of the eighth district, was a favorite with the audience. His individuality was completely lost in the personality of the part he played, and his Irish wit, his snappy jokes, arms akimbo, head perched on one side, and cane raised in the air, were all well planned and excellently delivered.

Scott Gibbs, the villain broker, who was after the fortune of Dallas Wainwright, was cleverly represented by Lee Douthitt. Always sneaking and scheming and yet always whining, a cowardly loser, he was disgusting to the last.

Armstead Alexander as Thompson, the secretary, apparently the trusty servant of Wainwright but secretly a revengeful son of a wronged father, was always listening and waiting and hoping for the time to strike. The scene in which he disclosed

THE GLEAM

his secret, accusing old Wainwright and vowing his vengeance, was tense with interest, and Mr. Alexander's collapse into babbling insanity was very admirable.

Paul Arthur made a most decided hit with his part as Perry Wainwright, Dallis's handsome young brother. He made a charming lover, the openness of his pursuit and the youthful fervor

his headlong courtship of the fair Cynthia, his love of fair play, his disgust for the schemer, Gibbs, and his admiration and sympathy for the young mayor, were all so cleverly brought out that he had the audience with him from the first.

J. B. Whitney and Thomas Gibson accredited themselves well in the minor parts they played, especially good being the part of the doubtful alderman torn between honesty and the desire to please his boss.

James Miller got a laugh every time he came on the stage as the little Judge Newman, anxious to keep his position on the bench, anxious also to please the man whose favor kept him there, and more than all, anxious to please that ambitious wife of his and his four lovely daughters whose puppet he was.

The part of Dallis Wainwright, the heiress, was charmingly played by Lucile Hatten. Though at times a bit conscious of her audience, she seemed to throw herself heartily into her part. She was inspiring, scornful, teasing, tender, haughty and loving by turns and proved to be a woman well worth working for. The closing

scene in which Dallis and Bennett came to an understanding, their doubts having all been cleared away and the knowledge of their mutual love which came to them, was peculiarly charming because of its simplicity. No prolonged love-making, no roundabout methods of discovery, no questions or answers, just the simple lifting of her arms about his neck and the kiss of understanding and mutual pledging, which made the passage unusually pleasing.

Helena Fuchs, as Bennett's mother, rose to the height in the scene in Bennett's bed-room where she nerves him to do the honest thing no matter at what cost to her, or to the honor of her departed and hitherto respected husband.

Cynthia Garrison, the stenographer—the girl of reduced fortunes but courageous heart, was well represented by Mary Gentry. Her love passages with Perry showed the proper shyness mixed with tyranny, appreciation and surrender.

Taking all into consideration, the play was a rousing success; it was highly appreciated by the audience if one could judge by the response in laughter and enthusiastic applause or appreciative silence. The music by Chaquette's Orchestra was popular and well rendered, the audience showing its appreciation by humming and smiling, by nodding and tapping the feet on the floor.

And thus the Senior Play of 1911 becomes history—a bright, wholesome picture hangs in the corridors of memory.

THE GLEAM



Excelsior Debating Society.

OFFICERS:

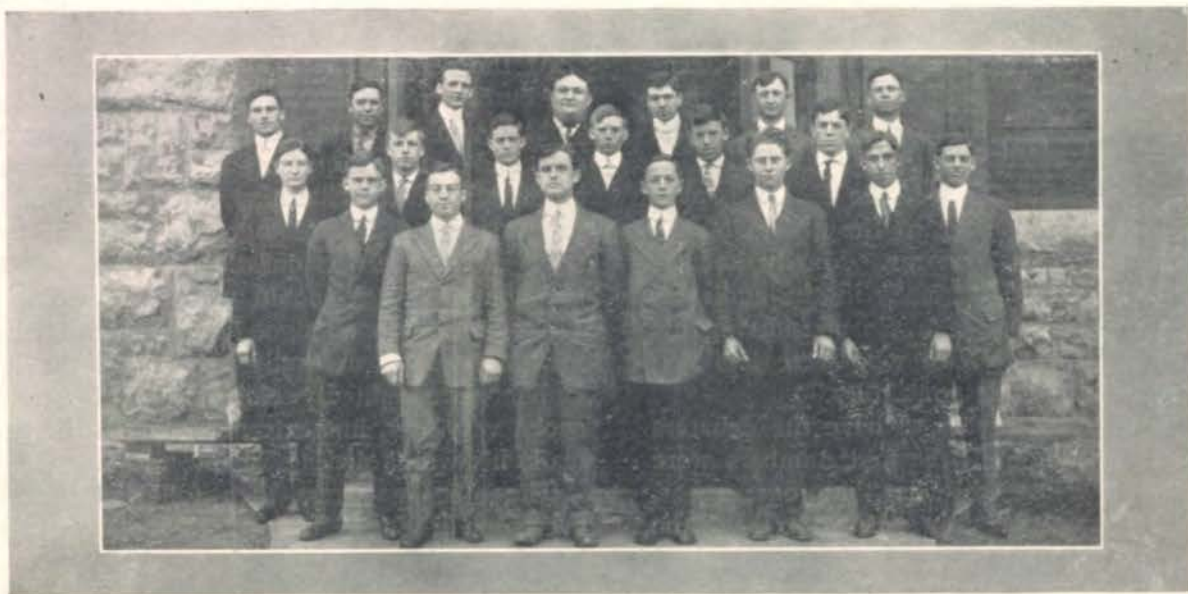
President.....	Arthur Metzger	Corresponding Secretary.....	Alan Wherritt
Vice-President.....	Thomas Gibson	Treasurer.....	Thomas Shrout
Recording Secretary.....	John Thompson	Attorney General.....	Amos Allen
		Sergeant-at-Arms.....	George Mann

THE GLEAM

E. D. S. Roll

Allen, Amos	Jennings, Noel
Arthur, Paul	Kelley, Terrence
Bryan, Paul	Miller, Jas.
Chrisman, Joe	Miles, Ralph
Christie, Israel	Metzger, Arthur
Conger, Earl	Mason, George
Douthitt, Lee	Norfleet, Wilbur
Dryden, Loving	Pitt, Fred
Davis, Joe	Shrout, Thomas
Etzenhouser, Virgil	Sheley, Warren
Gibson, Thomas	Thompson, John
Hill, Richard	Taylor, Gradon
Hilburn, Roscoe	Wichsturm, Arthur
Hifner, Gilbert	Wherritt, Allen

THE GLEAM



THE GLEAM
1911-12
1912-13
1913-14
1914-15
1915-16

THE GLEAM

Olathe vs. Independence

Friday, March 17th, was a day looked forward to with great interest by the Excelsior Debating Society, and by the whole school, for V. B. Etzenhouser and Arthur Metzger were to pit their forensic ability against two boys from Olathe High School.

Lee Douthitt, president of the E. D. S., was supposed to be in charge of the affairs of the evening, but failed to appear. Finally he was discovered seated with friends in the audience, evidently enjoying himself. So considering his faithlessness justifiable, we who were less fortunate assumed the responsibility.

The arrangements were to have the debaters behind the curtain until the first numbers were over, but upon being told what the program was, the Olathe boys said they wished to hear the worst, so took seats in the audience and remained there while Prof. Bryant delivered a very appropriate address.

Miss Margaret Echardt gave a very fine reading and then Miss Claudine Mundy rendered a selection on the piano, after which the Olathe boys quietly slipped out, paced up and down the

hall several times, and then took their places on the stage.

At the conclusion of Miss Mundy's selection, the curtain rolled up, exposing to view Messrs. Robt. Woolery and Verner Hollbrook on one side, and Arthur Metzger and V. B. Etzenhouser on the other. The chairman, Mr. W. N. Southern, Jr., announced Mr. Metzger to open the argument in favor of the question: "Resolved, that the United States should withdraw from the Philippines as soon as good order is established." Mr. Metzger is naturally timid, and the large audience undoubtedly embarrassed him, for he spoke very low, but extreme quiet in the house made his words distinguishable to all.

The other speakers then followed in order, every one driving home his arguments and clinching them with great gusto!

Arthur Metzger's rebuttal was a matter of surprise, but the outcome was not long in doubt. The judges made their decision after a short—a woefully short—conference, and after a piano solo by Terrence Kelly and a vocal selection by Miss Kathleen Kerr, they announced the fatal words: "Olathe wins."

THE GLEAM

EDS
A



THE GLEAM

Girl's Glee Club

Soprano.

Doris Anderson
Caroline Southern
Wilma Mosely
Jessie Griffin
Chloe Hickman
Helen Bridges
Kathleen Kerr
Minette Newton
Ida Hoyt Chamberlain
Marian Smith
Lucile Hatten
Kate Gallagher

Mildred Pitt
Vena Crenshaw
Pauline Shoup
Dorothy Georgen
Esther Carstensen
Sylva Lieberman

Alto

Olga Dunn
Selma Wilson
Mary Southern
Helena Fuchs
Louise Winton

Mary Gentry
Elizabeth McCoy
Elizabeth Cogswell
Rosalyn Roberts
Frances Munson
Margaret Echardt
Mildred Bryant
Marie Brady
Ruth Bowdle
Roxy Cook
Ethel Saddler
Mary Temple Shaw

Boy's Glee Club

Tenor

James Miller
Terrence Kelley
Kenneth Bostian
Virgil Etzenhouser
Alden Millard
Ernest Roberts
George Millard
Gerald Smith
Procter Montague

Bass

George Green
Emlin Kelley
Armstead Alexander
Paul Arthur
Roland Flanders
Jerome Seehof
Clifford Criley
Milliken Neil
George Wallace
Lyle Weeks
Edward North

THE GLEAM



Queen Esther

"Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for moments gaze into that."

—Carlyle.

For the last two years the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs have longed to give something by which they might show the public what they had accomplished in their work in music. Their longings were finally realized, when, at Professor Sexton's suggestion, the two clubs joined, and after much discussion decided to give the sacred cantata, "Esther." As usual, Professor Bryant immediately took a deep interest in the success of the cantata, and prepared the school for a full appreciation of it, by reading the Book of Esther in the morning assemblies.

That the boys and girls of the clubs were also sincerely interested in its success, was shown by the enthusiastic spirit with which they entered into the rehearsals.

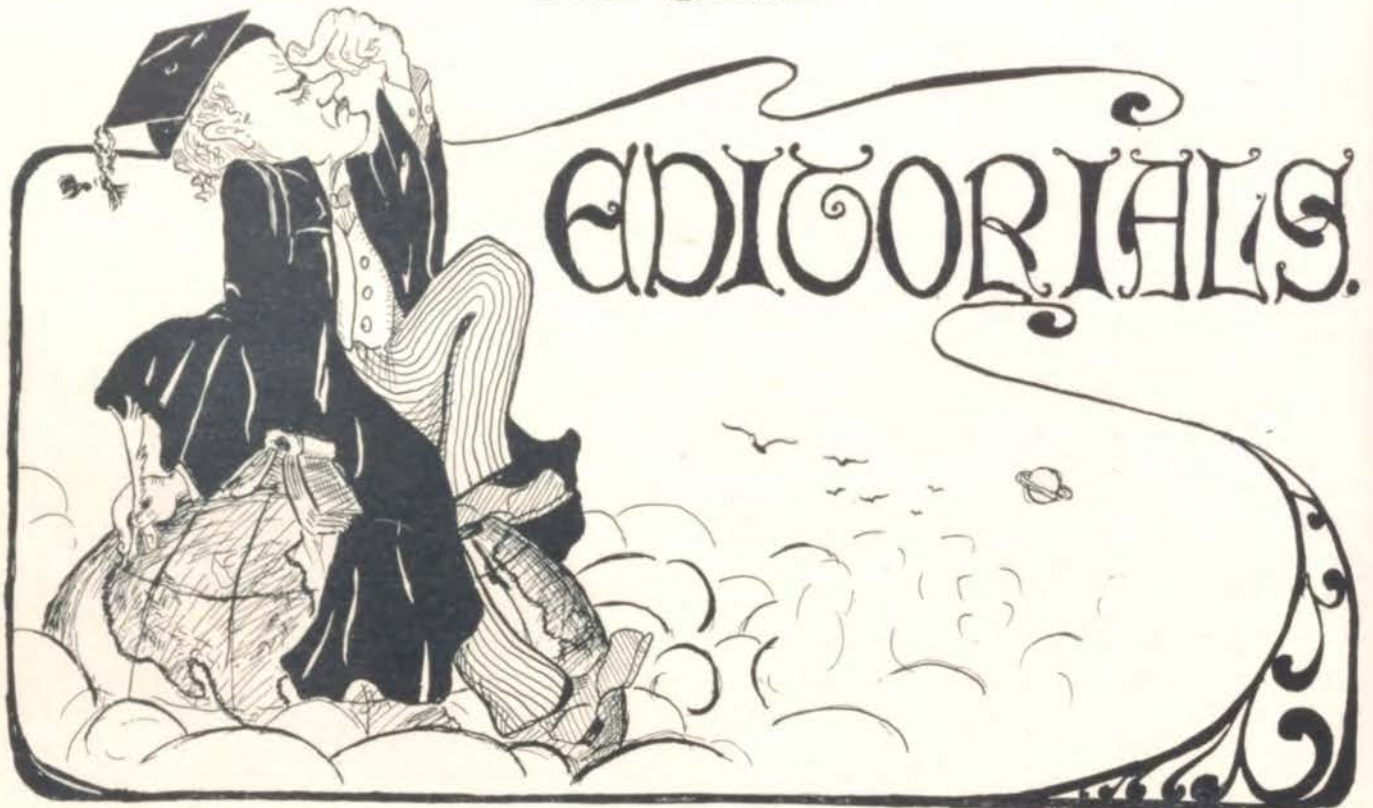
The cantata was given two nights, the seventh

and eighth of April. The public showed its appreciation of the attempts of the glee clubs, by the large audiences which greeted them both nights.

As the curtain rose upon the first act, a murmur of surprise and admiration ran through the audience. Special attention had been paid to every detail of stage arrangement, and this, with the varied colorings of the costumes, made the effect most pleasing. The second act was especially popular with the audience. This was one of the most tragic acts, and the harmony of the choruses, and the fine acting by the leading characters was greeted with much applause. The audience watched with breathless interest as the plot was unfolded, and at the end fully rejoiced with the victorious Jews, but felt a deep pity for the defeated Persians.

Thus ended one of the most successful and charming performances ever presented upon the stage of the Independence High School.

THE GLEAM



D. Messenger '11.

We have tried very hard to make our "Gleam" the best paper any Senior class has ever published. We do not know how far we have succeeded in this difficult matter. In getting up our Gleam, we did not think it necessary to arrange it just like the preceding ones, especially in the "departments." We have endeavored to represent all the departments in the school, all the phases of our school life.

The Class of 1911 is especially proud of its membership. It is the largest class that has ever graduated from the High School. In some ways this is an advantage, in others a detriment.

It is an honor to be the "biggest class." An honor or prize has a far greater meaning when there are so many contestants all of whom are of such merit. Our classes for recitation necessarily were divided. In this way we did not get the

THE GLEAM

companionship of all our schoolmates; particularly in English and History. Each class is the "best." We also think that 1911 is the "best class ever." We hope we have set a high mark in many things for our successors and we cannot help wishing that it will be many years before it is excelled.

□ □ □

Now we want to add a few words in the way of gratitude to those who have meant more to us in our school life than any department, any work, or any pleasure—the teachers. You have been our fellow toilers, and we thank you for it; every hour and every day that you have served and labored with us, we appreciate. We have lost and gained in many ways; we have tried and failed to try; we have worked and played,—but through it all you have been faithful to your task; you have tried to show us what was right and what was wrong, even if at times you met indifference. We were a "hard set," we will admit, but don't forget us. Think of us through the coming year, not to the exclusion of the other classes, but just as we deserve; and may each day's thought hold some remembrance for the Class of 1911.

□ □ □

School spirit is an essential feature of school life. It has only been aroused in the Independence High School in recent years. When Mr.

Sexton came to teach here, he brought with him an atmosphere. He has created a new interest in athletics, in music, in original entertainments for the students. He has been a constant help to the school. He has been with us two years and in that time we have made rapid strides in the development of a school spirit and a far greater interest in all things pertaining to our school life.

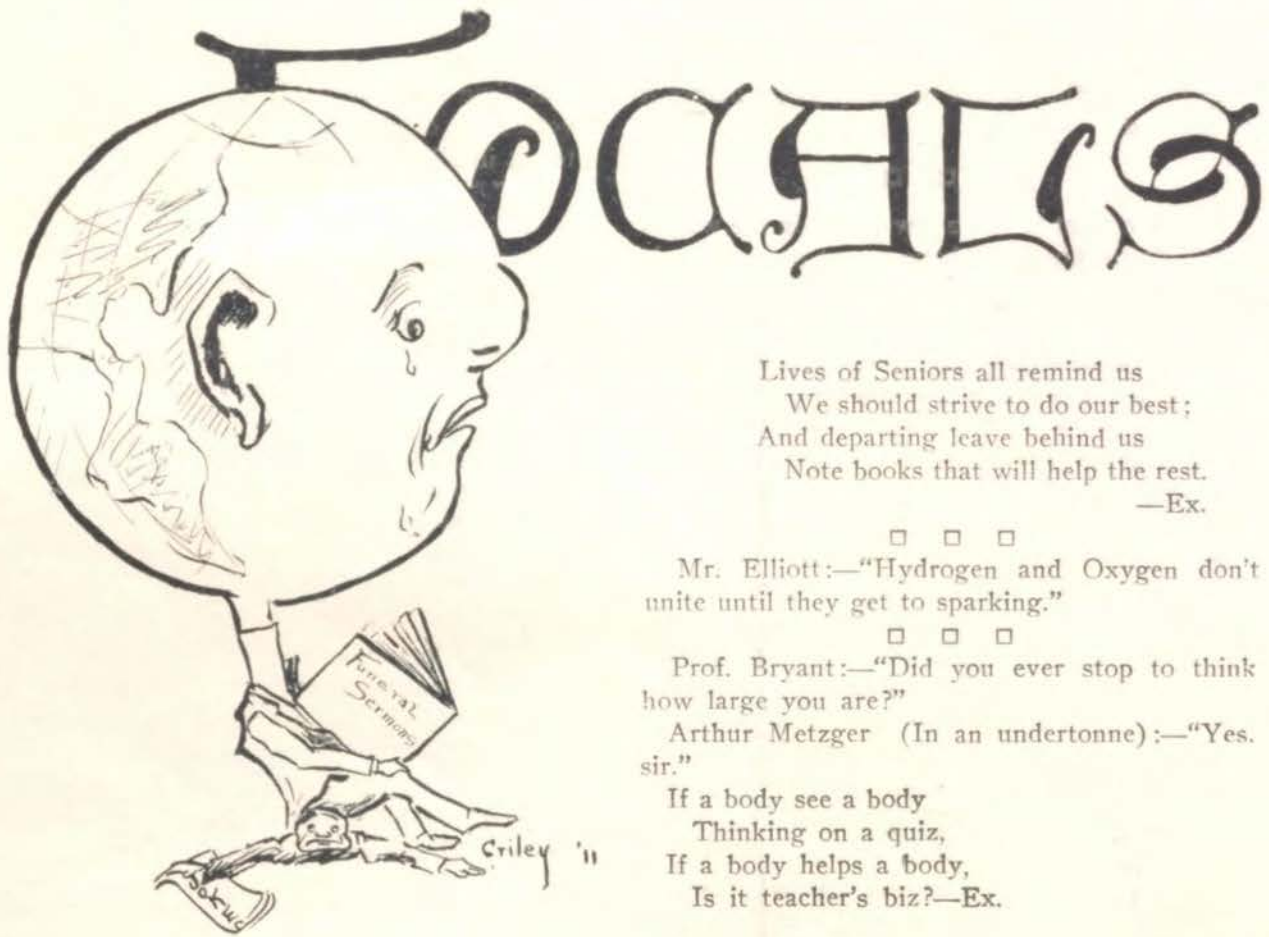
□ □ □

Our morning assemblies are a very important and enjoyable feature of our school life. This year we have had many interesting and helpful talks or programs from persons who had no connection with the school except their interest in it and desire to help it. We are very grateful to these persons who have so willingly come before us in this way and trust that they will continue these manifestations of interest in our school.

□ □ □

During the year of 1910-11, the High School has had many entertainments. We feel that we have asked a great deal of outsiders in expecting them to patronize all of our attempts. We appreciate those who have helped us in this way, whether in actual attendance or in advertising in our programs. The co-operation of the town people and business men is something a successful school cannot do without.

THE GLEAM



FOODS

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We should strive to do our best;
And departing leave behind us
Note books that will help the rest.
—Ex.

□ □ □

Mr. Elliott:—"Hydrogen and Oxygen don't unite until they get to sparking."

□ □ □

Prof. Bryant:—"Did you ever stop to think how large you are?"

Arthur Metzger (In an undertone):—"Yes, sir."

If a body see a body
Thinking on a quiz,
If a body helps a body,
Is it teacher's biz?—Ex.

THE GLEAM

Dorothy W.:—"Why, in the English army they feed the men chocolates to make them strong."

Terrence:—"Hump; me for the English army."

□ □ □

Mary S.—(Reading Richard III):—"Because my name is George."

□ □ □

Wanted.—A wheelbarrow to carry my books—
Anna Rhae Lerche.

□ □ □

Prof Sexton—(In glee club practice):—"Now you Sopranos 'with eyes so blue.'"

□ □ □

Miss Phelps:—"What did Vasco De Gamma do?"

Arthur—(Judging others by himself):—"Surrounded the Cape of Good Hope."



How Dick and Cliff conduct the Armstead class!

Prof. Sexton:—"What is it Armstead?"

Armstead:—"What are you going to do if the center isn't in the middle?"

□ □ □

Freshman:—"Prof. Bryant I have forgotten where the refreshment class is to meet."



Ruth Fisher, Carrie Davis, Dick Hill,
Who Can Go The Fastest?

Found in Temperance essay: "Of course the doctor did not tell her for he new these was know use for she already new."

□ □ □

Does reflex action account for the fact that one of the "thoroughbreds" in English wrote in his note book "And flights of angles sing thee to thy rest?"

□ □ □

Miss Brown:—"Can you remember anything that La Beau said?"

Paul A.:—"I cannot speak, my lord."

□ □ □

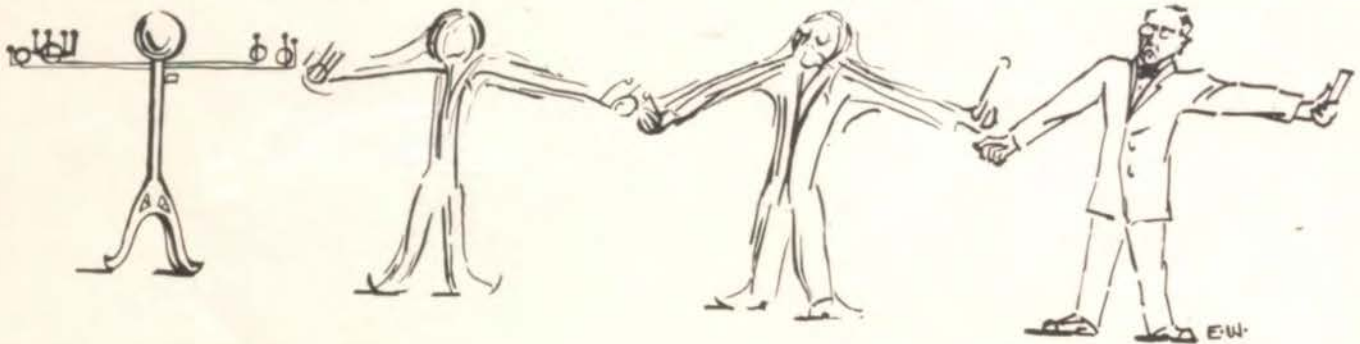
"My son, you'll find it takes tact and ingenuity to get along with the girls." "Yes, dad, and lots of money; could let me have a five?"—Ex.

□ □ □

Wanted:—Some one to listen to Mary G's and Lib Mc's songs.

THE GLEAM

What Mr. Darwin might have said about our Professor and his solar system!



All Ye 1910 Seniors Take Notice:—

You 1910 Seniors always were especially fond of Mr. Bryant, and the best part about it you never lost an opportunity of showing your affection. That is perhaps why you dedicated your Gleam to him, and why you put that poem under his picture. But do you happen to know where those lines came from? (No doubt you found them in the "Quotation Book.") They came from Milton's "Paradise Lost"—his description of the devil.

□ □ □

Oct. 31. The Juniors enter the rank of social stars. "Drop the Handkerchief," "Puss Wants a Corner," "Post Office," and "Hide the Thimble" were features of the occasion.

□ □ □

Prof. Sexton:—"Armstead, give me an example of a one-sided affair."

Lée (Reading from Shakespeare):—"I am a villain, yet I lie; I am not."



Miss Daltby,
(in a discussion on Dido)
"Well, I s'pose you've all had
experiences in love!"

THE GLEAM

Miss Brown:—"What is a sheep-cote?"

Senior:—"I suppose that it is the wool on a sheep's back."

"Oft in my dreams I have seen something round; What is it?" Ah! a hand is raised and a voice is heard to say, "The Sun is a Star."

A Picture Puzzle.



Can you tell what time of day, from the expression of the person seated, & the business in hand?

Senior (In class meeting):—"I rise on a point of order."

Pres.:—"Well, sit down on that point."

Nov. 2. We were introduced to the "Missouri Brewer." Miss Chiles fell out of her chair. (A bad combination.)

THE GLEAM

Answers Found in Senior Test Papers.

The compass and astrolate established the idea of adventure. The Renaissance expanded men's minds in all directions including discoveries.

Basis of French claims was the explorations of Champayne. The Crusaders came down through Italy on their way to the Holy Land.

□ □ □

Guess Who!

"My heart is wasted with my woe
There is no rest for me below."

"Oppressed with grief, oppressed with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh."

□ □ □

Miss Phelps:—"What is the Golden Rule, Nellie?"

Nellie Port:—"Do unto others as they do unto you."

□ □ □

Paul A. (In geometry):—"That is not right."
Dru:—"Paul, your motion is out of order."

□ □ □

Found:—A silk bag, containing a knife and powder rag, a pair of dice, and some pickles and some car fare and some fudge, and a handkerchief, and a looking glass, a comb and brush, a pair of slippers, a turkish towel, a novel, a note, a hard boiled egg, a paper of pins, a watch, a pair of hair pins and a file and a horse-shoe nail and a rabbit foot. If the owner needs all these things, please call at the Gleam office.

Miss Phelps:—"Who was Burke?"

Richard H.:—"An Irishman."

Miss Phelps:—"Where was he born?"

Ruth Ellen:—"In Ireland."

Miss Phelps:—"That is the most ready answer I have had today."



THE GLEAM

Miss Maltby: "Miss Ehardt, you may read first."

Marguerite, not used to the dignity of the term, sat calmly by, perfectly disinterested. Finally it dawned upon her that she was the person addressed. She jumped and exclaimed excitedly: "Oh! me?"

□ □ □

If Mr. Sexton should write a story about "The Missing Cue" it would be a Chinese tale.

□ □ □

Nov. 29. Prof. Bryant had a dream—something about five couples in the school. He could see them "just as plainly as if it had been real, standing in the upper hall, waiting for the parson."

"The Freshman grins,
The Sophomore blows,
The Junior growls,
The Senior knows."—Ex.

□ □ □

Miss Phelps: "How did the colonists receive the Stamp-Act?"

Robert M.: "They went wild and built bonfires."

□ □ □

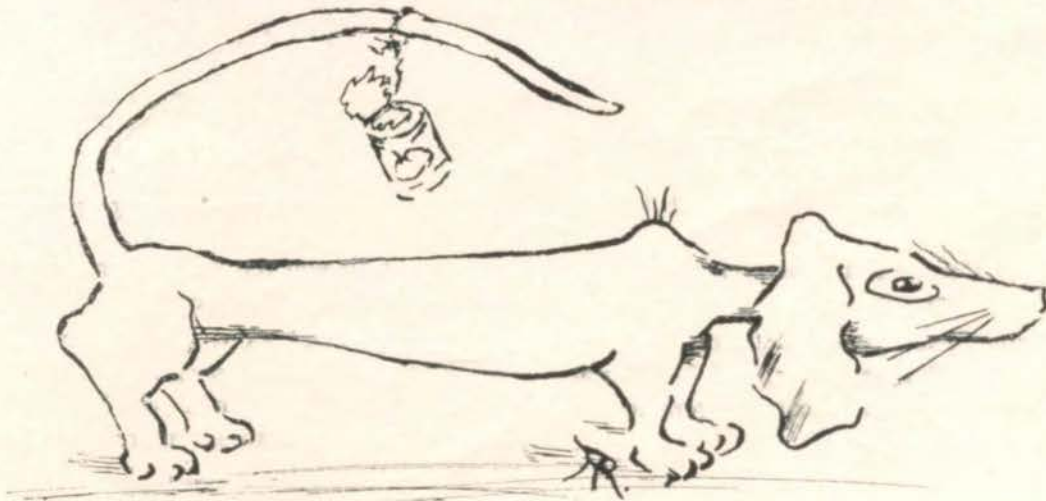
Why did the salt shaker?

Because it saw the spoon holder.—Ex.

□ □ □

Miss Phelps:—"Here is a picture of the men drawing up the Mayflower compact."

Clifford C.:—"O! I remember that."



Like Our Class Meetings,—Long Drawn Out.

THE GLEAM

At Senior Class Meeting.

"Mr. President, You're illegal."

"Who says that first ballot counts?"

"You're out of order; shut up."

"What do we care what the teachers want; we're running this class."

"Let's vote over again—it's fun."

"Mr. President, that bunch over there is too noisy."

"Let's adjourn."

□ □ □

Margaret E.:—(reading Virgil, "Oh you Tyrians.")

□ □ □

Prof. Elliott: "Richard go to that jug."

Richard—"What is in the jug?"

□ □ □

Pa heard him give a college yell,

For joy he could not speak—

He murmured, "Mother, listen

To our Willie talking Greek."—Ex.

□ □ □

Miss Phelps:—"How can the government levy an income tax on a rich man and not on you?"

(Correct answer, pass an amendment to the Constitution.)

Arthur M.:—"Put me in the penitentiary."

□ □ □

Paul (Giving Shakespeare quotations in English class):—(1): "I have her, but I will not keep her long." (2): "I'll speak daggers to her but I'll use none."

High School From Shakespeare.

Freshman Year.—"A Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore Year.—"Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior Year.—"As You Like It."

Senior Year.—"All's Well That Ends Well."

□ □ □

Mr. Sexton:—"Dwight, what is a rhombus?"

Dwight B.:—"A square with two right angles."



A FRESHMAN'S INQUIRY.

Can you tell me how many curls Fay S. has on the back of her head?

Answer—They vary. Some days it's twelve, some ten, and I have seen days when they went as high as fifteen. When your lessons are rather dry and you want amusement, you might count.

THE GLEAM

Do You Know Her?

Heavy dabs of powder
Ample wads of hair
Serves to set off beauty
When it isn't there.

The Latin Student's soliloquy:—"A horse! A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

The Teacher's reply:—"Ne credite equum."
(Put no faith in the horse).



"JERUSALEM CRICKETS."

Kate G.:—"The French thought that the English forces were only a scouting party, so they just brought a few light pieces of warfare. The English completely rooted them."

□ □ □

Prof. Elliott:—"Cold is the absence of heat."

Thomas G.:—"Is heat the absence of cold "

□ □ □

(Heard in Geometry)—"The line O. G.—(Oh, Gee!)"

Whatever trouble Adam had
No man could make him sore—
By saying when he told a joke,
Oh, I've heard that before.—Ex.

□ □ □

Wanted:—An old maid to chaperon Paul A., and Marian S.

□ □ □

Wanted:—A plain ring to keep my diamond company.—Miss Maltby.

THE GLEAM

Found in Junior's Reports on the Senior Play.

The next scene was played in the ante-chamber of the ball-room, with men in full dress evening suits and rich evening gowns, floating here and there airily supported by dainty little slippers.

Now we follow our hero in sorrow to his own darkened bedroom, where he mournfully sets in a large arm chair with his lounging robe on, his face in his hands, tempted, alone, dejected.

Here the trail of his life was worked out by his mother, who was dressed in a rich bath-room with long flowing hair.

She:—Why do they always cheer when a fellow is hurt?"

He:—"So you girls can't hear what he is saying."

□ □ □

Vergil E. (Discussing the Bath Tub Trust, in Economics): "There is no need of luxuries like bath-tubs and such as that."

Miss Phelps: "Don't you think bath-tubs are a necessary commodity?"

Vergil: "Why shaw, you can use a good, old, zinc tub."



THE GLEAM

To The Readers of The Gleam

Our motto is "Support the Advertiser that Supports the Gleam."

The advertisements in most books pay the printer's bill. They paid for this.—Therefore, The Gleam asks you as a reader of our annual, to patronize the advertiser who makes and supports this book.

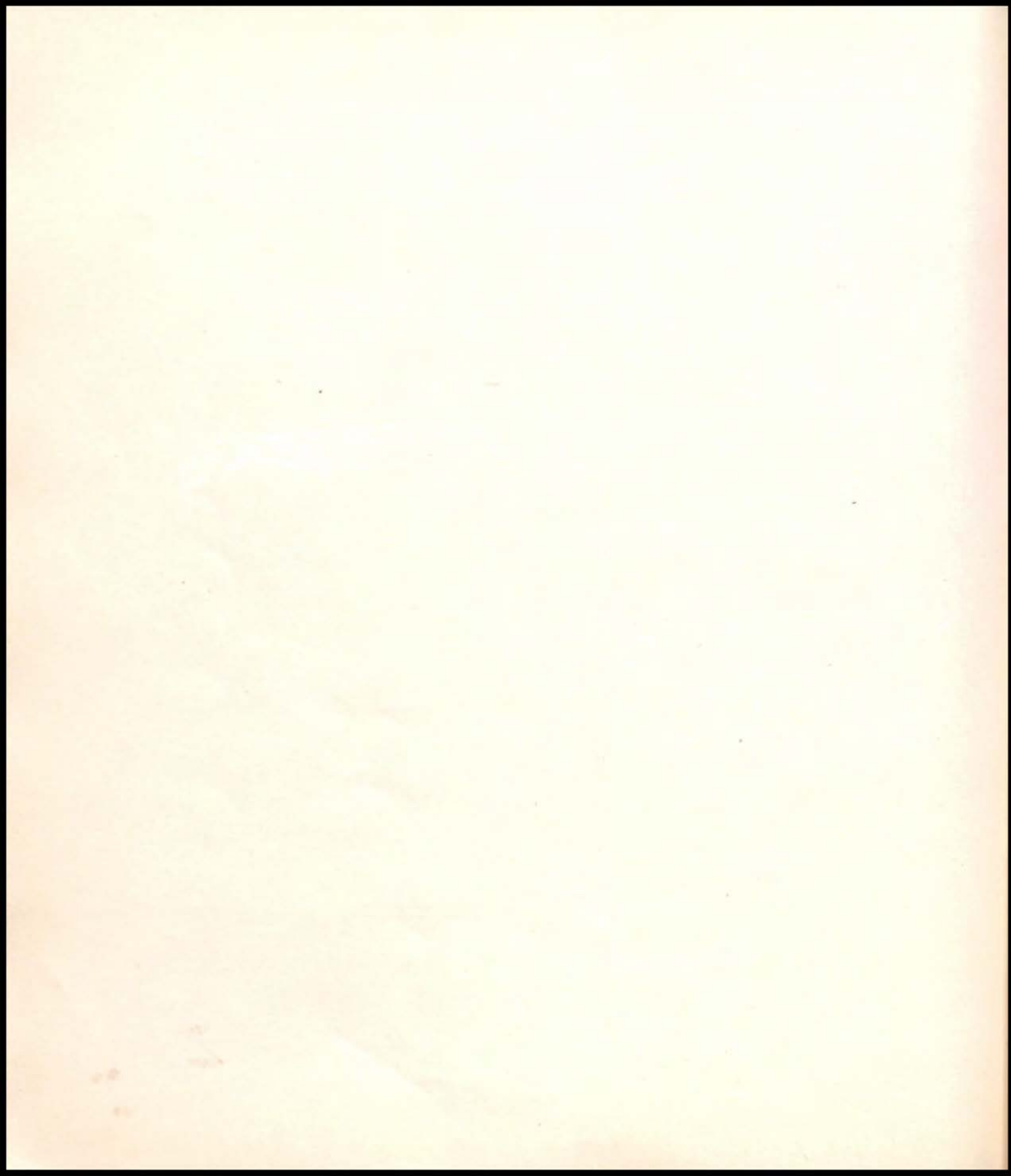
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We sincerely thank you for making the eleventh issue of The Gleam possible. If in any way we may repay you beside boosting for you in The Gleam, you may rely upon the individual members of the Class of 1911, to do so.

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Ida S. (In English): " 'I wish I were a fool.' "

Rose: " 'Peace, peace, thou are a fool.' "

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(In the Course of a Lecture.)

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Kate Gallagher (Translating the following):
"Agnosco reteris vestigia flammae."—I recognize
the footprints of my old flame."

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Terrence (Reading in Latin):—"Three times
I stretched forth my arms to take her—er—a—
um— well, that's as far as I got, Miss Maltby."

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Fred Bergschneider, Treas.

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