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presents

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*The Independence Examiner*



# THE GLEAM

NOT OF THE SUNLIGHT.  
NOT OF THE MOONLIGHT  
NOT OF THE STARLIGHT;  
O, YOUNG MARINER, . . .  
DOWN TO THE HAVEN, . .  
CALL YOUR COMPANIONS,  
LAUNCH YOUR VESSEL,  
AND CROWD YOUR CANVAS  
AND ERE IT VANISHES,  
O'ER THE MARGIN . . .  
AFTER IT; FOLLOW IT,  
FOLLOW THE GLEAM.

Anderson.

12.

— TENNYSON.



DEDICATION.

—□—

To Miss Matilda D. Brown, this volume is respectfully  
dedicated as a token of our regard and esteem.



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*Lang.*

# Faculty



W. L. C. Palmer.....	Superintendent of City Schools
Carrie Wallace .....	Librarian
George S. Bryant.....	Principal of the High School
Matilda D. Brown.....	Rhetoric and Literature
Mattie McCoy .....	Composition and Literature
Helen Ross.....	English and Latin
Margaret L. Phelps.....	History, Civics and Economics
Callie B. Mitchell .....	History
Edith Maltby .....	Latin
Osla U. Schrt.....	German and Chemistry
Janie Chiles .....	Mathematics
J. M. Sexton.....	Mathematics
D. C. Elliot.....	Laboratory Science
W. D. Hifner.....	Manual Training
Sarah L. Masterson .....	Art
Carrie L. Henry.....	Study Hall
Margaret Chiles .....	Domestic Science



DERIS ANDERSON.



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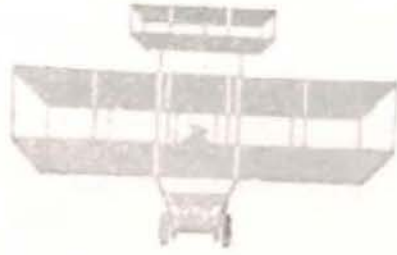


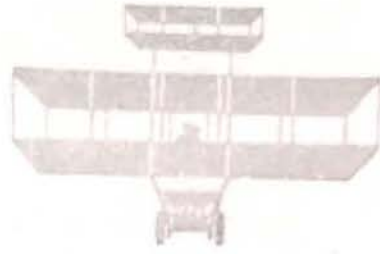


A decorative yearbook page for the IHS class of 1912. It features four oval portraits of students: Doris Anderson (top left), Fred Pitt (top center), Esther Long (top right), and Selma Wilson (bottom center). The portraits are arranged around a central banner that reads "IHS" on the left and "1912" on the right. The names of the students are written on banners below their respective portraits. The entire design is framed by ornate, Art Deco-style scrollwork.



























THE GLEAM.





## CLASS HISTORY.

The first thing that happened to us, the class of '12, was that we happened to be Freshmen. How could we be other than "Green Freshies," when most of us hadn't been in I. H. S. since the Annex had been built? How could we find the studio, or the laboratory without first getting into two or three wrong rooms and how on earth could we tell that those blanks on our enrollment cards meant the study hall?

We managed to get through the first few weeks of school, with neither loss of life nor injuries to anything except to our feelings, and soon felt as much at home in I. H. S. as if we'd been there all our lives. Then we organized our class. The ideal Freshman president must be very imposing, taller than the Sophomore's and as tall as the Senior's, therefore we elected Fred Pitt for our president. Before we realized it, the last day of school was at hand, with our cards telling us that we were no longer Freshmen.

"Isn't it glorious to be a Sophomore!" we all thought when we came back to I. H. S. It took longer to get the Freshmen out of our assembly seats than it did to find out what everyone thought of the Sophs. Just imagine us having to listen to a forty minute lecture on the "Great Junior Class," or worst of all knowing that orations on those awful Sophs were being delivered in a certain Freshman Class, not by the Freshies, of course not, but by the illustrious dame who taught that class.

All this only made us work the harder and aroused our slumbering class spirit until we even dared to yell in assembly one morning. But we had a good reason to yell, for hadn't we defeated the Junior's at Basket Ball? Our picnic out at Elizabeth Bell's with the customary Sophomore rain, closed our second year in I. H. S.

We returned to school with the intention of impressing everyone that we were a class of great importance. We had always had plenty of class spirit, but for some reason or other, we couldn't make anyone believe it. Soon we made the Sophs and Freshies very envious of us, for anyone who did not attend our Hallowe'en party, should never mention to us the good times they have had in I. H. S. It would take all the pages in the Gleam and more too, if we tried to tell everything about that party, but we simply must tell of one incident.

In the midst of a very exciting game of drop the handkerchief, in which Prof. Bryant and Prof. Palmer were taking prominent parts, the door noiselessly opened, a ghost came in, then another and another, then we lost count, and a silent procession of ghosts was soon marching around the room. At first we were too dazed for words or action, then we heard Prof. Sexton yell, "Come on Junior's" and come we did, as we're certain any of the



ghosts will testify, for will wonders never cease, and as sure as we're the class of '12, those supposedly supernatural beings turned out to be the real live, flesh and blood, dignified Senior's of '11.

What shall we tell about next or shall we tell anything at all? O, shall we ever forget that day on which we were informed that we could give no Junior Reception! We got over our disappointment sufficiently to enjoy the last weeks of school, and a jollier, happier crowd than we, could not have been found, the day we went to Horseshoe Lake, for our picnic. After all "it's not the fact that you're hurt that counts, but only how did you take it."

Now we are Seniors. Just look how high we hold our heads. In our own estimation, we are the only class in school. We had always thought that Seniors had an easy time, but the teachers soon got that idea out of our heads. Some of us study day and night, we are those who are going to get the honors. Others of us study only when we feel like it, or when compelled to, we are those who are told daily that we may not get to graduate. We are the best Seniors, for we are trying to live up to our motto: "For Life, not School."

On the day before Thanksgiving, a great disturbance broke out in our class. Our poorest historians seemed to know just as much about "No Taxation without Representation," as those who were counted among the best. It does not matter what the uproar was about, for it was generally settled by a compromise, but the outcome, the constitution of the class of '12, must certainly be chronicled as a great event in our history, and, we are proud to say, the father of this constitution is our own Paul Bryan.

Soon came our Senior Play. Who could have imagined that Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and all the rest were members of our class? Of course we consider it the most successful performance that has ever been, or ever will be given. Though we thought we had to work hard at the first of the year, we have had to work ten times harder since the Senior play, but we do not mind it now, for we can count the days until we must leave dear old I. H. S., forever. Already we are preparing for class-day, and for commencement, which will deprive I. H. S. of one of the best classes that ever existed within her classic walls.

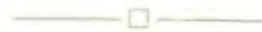
DOROTHY RAHE.—'12.





YELL.

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



JUNIORS.

CLASS OFFICERS.

ELLIS FOUNTAIN, President.

Marvin Johnson, Vice President.

Ruth Weeks, Treasurer.

Elizabeth Child, Secretary.

Roger DeWitt, Attorney-General.

Charles Foster, Yell Master.



## CLASS ROLL.

Bischoff, Flora	Kelley, Anna
Boone, John	Kelley, Ruth
Booth, Lorene	Lewis, Effie
Brackenbury, Vivian	Lewis, Grace
Broughton, Helen	Loveland, Mary
Buchanan, Louise	McCarroll, Mary
Bundschu, Louise	McClement, Mary
Carroll, Edwin	McCoy, Fanny Lew
Chambers, Mabel	McRae, Marion
Child, Elizabeth	Myers, Ora
Clum, Julia	Pate, Florence
Cogswell, Nancy Lee	Pendleton, Rice
Colly, Florence	Pitt, Mildred
Compton, Pauline	Pryor, Vera
Cook, Roxy	Radnall, Myrtle
Crenshaw, Vena	Ramsey, Watson
Criley, Helen	Riddle, Glen
Cushwa, Anna Belle	Roberts, Ernest
DeWitt, Roger	Robinson, Lucile
Eubank, Ben	Rudd, Guy
Fletcher, Meryl	Rudd, Harry
Foster, Charles	Schowengerdt, Wesley
Fountain, Ellis	Shaw, Mary Temple
Franklin, Marietta	Smith, Delsie
Georgen, Dorothy	Smith, Elma
Gibson, Antoinette	Smith, Estelle
Gorsuch, Arnold	Sturges, Harry
Gregory, Mark	Tate, Arline
Hager, Margaret	Tatum, Hazel
Hatch, Bess	Taylor, Graydon
Henderson, Wilmer	Tucker, Dillard
Hudnall, Lucy	Walden, Anna
Hudnall, Olive	Walker, Lula
Johnson, Marvin	Webb, Delma
Johnson, Rolly	Weeks, Ruth
Jones, Rexford	Williams, Lee

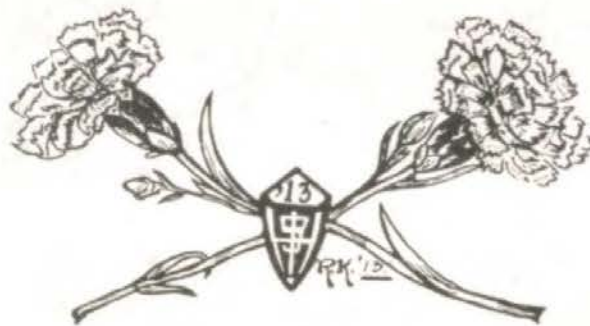


### JUNIORS.

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What does the word Junior suggest to most minds? That class by which a school is judged and the class which least realizes its responsibility. A Junior is usually the lively spirit behind every social event, and little diversions from the routine of school work. To a Junior, history prize, essay, scholarship; seem a long way off, and therefore what is the use of worrying about them? "Wait till we're Seniors, then we'll have to study, so we might as well have a good time now." Such is a Junior's philosophy, and they usually practice it with success.

ESTHER LONG.—'12.





## AN INCIDENT IN GEOMETRY.

One day Roger came to the Geometry room chewing some gum. Mr. Sexton said, "Roger, have you enough to pass around?"

Roger replied, "No, Sir."

"Then," Mr. Sexton said, "If you haven't enough for everyone, don't chew at all. You'd better bring some more tomorrow."

So next day at the sixth period, Roger came into the room with a great load of chewing gum; and gravely gave some to each pupil. Everyone went to chewing even Mr. Sexton, and they chewed, and they chewed, and they chewed. Mr. Sexton giving such commands as, "Estelle, chew a little faster. Guy, you mustn't make so much noise while you are chewing, it doesn't sound refined. Marietta you are not chewing. Get to chewing right now and show that you appreciate it. People we all owe this nice chew to Roger."

For ten minutes we did nothing but chew, at the end of that time we took up our Geometry, but we also kept chewing till class was over.

OLIVE HUDNALL.—'13.

## THE JUNIOR MASCOT.

Imagine yourself confronted by a whole menagerie of birds and animals attempting to select one for a class mascot. Something to characterize the class or bring for them good fortune.

Would you choose the donkey because of your stubborn nature, or the peacock for your proud and haughty manner?

At the beginning of our Freshman year, we went about in silence; brows drawn together forming perplexing little wrinkles, and searching our minds, we worked diligently on.

In spite of our troubles and headaches, we did not become pessimists, we only laughed and said, "It might have been worse."

Finally we seized the idea of choosing as our mascot the "Billiken," and that we did.

The Billiken, "the God of things as they ought to be," we think is a fitting choice of the class for its mascot is always a reminder to look for the cheerful side of the events that seem not to be what they should, and encourage us to reach for higher aims and ideals in our work.

The people in other lands than ours have realized the inspiration in the presence of this grinning little image, and to them, also, it has carried its message of good cheer, as we Juniors expect it to bring for us in the coming year.

DILLARD TUCKER.—'13.

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF '13.

---

It is said that "History repeats itself," and this is true, particularly in High Schools, for each Freshman class comes in as "green" and uninitiated as the last, and goes on through the entire course with little variation from the general rule.

In a way, we the class of lucky "Thirteen," were no exception to the rule. We were as awe inspired by the teachers and upper class-men, as any Freshmen have ever been.

How well we all remember with what fear and trembling, together with great anticipation we went to our first class meeting. Most of us were too timid to say anything, but after moments of great anxiety, our first president, Harry Sturges, was elected. We also selected our colors and mascot, the former which were red and white, and the latter a Billiken. We were so pleased with these, that we kept them the next year, and we even kept the same mascot this year. We never have been "strong" on yells, and still have for our old standby, "Boomer Racker." It did not take long for the newness to wear off, and we swelled with pride at the praises of the teachers. We have since learned that they were only flattering us for encouragement, as they have done every Freshmen class since "it is a great temptation to beguile the innocent."

Our next year was uneventful save for two things. We then elected Fanny Lew McCoy as our first girl president, and since then many of us have been won to the cause of Woman's Suffrage, so well did she fill the place.

Next we won every honor of the short story prize. What rejoicing there was to think the "Old" Juniors had not even got one honorable mention!

We have now reached that blissful stage ourselves, and do not wonder that we were so fortunate, for with note books and various other things, there is no time for short stories. (We have a boy for President again this year), Ellis Fountain, and no one of us will deny that he has won the "blue ribbon."

The one thing every High School pupil looks forward to, is the time when he gets his class pin. We have just received ours, and every Junior's breast swells with pride at the dainty bits of black and gold, our class colors, with thirteen on them. We have at last reached one of the highest hills of triumph in this, our red letter year.

Some say thirteen is unlucky, but not for us. We only wish there were thirteen months in the year, and that we might graduate on Friday, the thirteenth day of the thirteenth month of the year, 1913. Then would we be truly lucky.

BESS HATCH.—'13.





# SOPHOMORES.

YELL.

---

Wa—Who—ba—Zoo  
Hi—Ixs—Ixs,  
Hica, Pica, Doma Nica  
Hong—Pong—Viba—Tica  
Halleca, Balleca—ba  
Sophomores, Sophomores,  
Rah—Rah—Rah.

---

□

CLASS OFFICERS.

PHILIP HITCHCOCK, President.

Cora Mae Cook, Vice President.

Roy Searcy, Secretary.

Glaude Smith, Treasurer.

Frank Searcy, Sergeant-at-Arms.

## CLASS ROLL.

Alexander, Anna Laura  
 Anderson, Ruth  
 Bartholemew, George  
 Bell, Emeline  
 Brackenbury, Hazel  
 Brady, Frances  
 Bridges, Helen  
 Bruner, Roland  
 Campbell, Henrietta  
 Carstensen, Esther  
 Cheatham, Dixie  
 Christie, Israel  
 Collins, Margaret  
 Compton, Hansel  
 Cook, Cora Mae  
 Cook, Izola  
 Criley, Reginald  
 Davidson, Doyle  
 Davis, Joe  
 Dougherty, Bernice  
 Douth, Thomas  
 Douth, Willie  
 Duncan, Edith  
 Ehle, Merritt  
 Forbes, Ethel  
 Hager, Julia  
 Hitchcock, Philip

Leas, Mary  
 Livesay, Mildred  
 Martin, Ethel  
 Mauk, Odessa  
 Mayer, Frances  
 McCormack, Eva  
 McCullough, Elizabeth  
 Munson, Frances  
 Pendleton, Roland  
 Porter, Marie  
 Roberts, Lillian  
 Rummel, Emma May  
 Searcy, Frank  
 Searcy, Roy  
 Shaw, Gerhardt  
 Shoup, Pauline  
 Skinner, Roger  
 Slover, Edith  
 Smith, Glaude  
 Sullivan, Lucile  
 Tuller, Dale  
 Walston, Riley  
 Williamson, Errol  
 Wray, Florence  
 Garvin, Otho  
 Van Artsdalen, Carrie







THE GLEAM.  
SOPHOMORES.

---

Why define what a Sophomore is? The name is a full explanation. A Sophomore Class is always the wisest class in school, also, the most foolish; it is the most studious, also the laziest; it is the best and the worst.

The usual Sophomore class is all this, and more, but this year's class is different. Usually the Sophomore class is that class which is extremely important, according to a Sophomore's point of view; and is provokingly unimportant, according to anyone else's point of view.

But our Sophomore class this year is important, in the eyes of everyone. They are important not because they are such very good students, and always do what they are told to; but they are important because they have so much class spirit.

They furnish yells, and noise, and racket for the whole school; they are always bubbling over with mirth and spirit.

That is why the school is so proud of it's Sophomore class this year. That is why we Seniors like them, and hope they will meet with success all through the High School course.

ADA CRADDOCK.—'12.

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□

CLASS SPIRIT OF THE SOPHOMORE.

---

Rif-Rang, Rif-Rang,  
Boomer—Rang—Aha,  
Sopomore, Sophomore,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Many are the times that we have yelled our little "Awakening song" to show just what our class thought about "spirit." Spirit why that is what our class is based upon. Never have we let an opportunity pass, when the smallest chance is given of showing off our spirit.

The poor, meek, mild, "Freshies" often wonder if they will ever reach the standard of spirit such as our class has shown.

"How do they (Sophs) know just when it is time to administer a little spirit?" the tired and over worked Junior is heard to have remarked.

The dignified Seniors are raging mad with envy. One was heard to say to a Junior, "I just don't see how they can do it, all four years at school, we have been very limited in our supply of class spirit."

The advice to all incoming classes from the class of '14, if you will accept it, is to be sure to make a firm foundation of "spirit," when organizing your class.

FRANCES MUNSON.—'14



## OUR MASCOT.

The Owl is a bird of prey, characterized by its rather dignified movements which give it an appearance of great wisdom.

In choosing our mascot, we, the Sophomore Class, decided to choose something which we considered characteristic of the class. When confronted with the question, "What shall we have for our mascot," judging from our former record, we could find nothing which illustrated more clearly the distinguished quality of the class than the owl, which for centuries has been a very wise old bird.

Not that we claim to be as wise as the learned owl, but we hope by perseverance to soon attain that more noble height.

CORA MAE COOK.—'14.



We Sophomores often hear the remark, "Say, you kids have it easy." If our lives are easy, may Heaven pity those who have hard ones. We only take twenty algebra problems a day, and try to prove that eight men can do the work of sixteen in one half the time. For English we memorize about four-hundred and forty lines a day, and if when saying it, we make a mistake, we have to start all over. And, in Physical Geography, if we laugh when some one says that the Great Plains are in Louisiana, we get sent to the office. In history we take only thirty pages a day, learn all the dates since Adam, and be able at any time to give the causes for any war. Oh! yes we have a very easy time. Very, very easy.

P. S. (Some pupils take six studies, may they live through it. Let us hope and pray to that end.)

PHILLIP HITCHCOCK.—'14.



## GRAND OPERA.

On March 7, 1912, the assembly of the Independence High School was pleasantly surprised by a program entirely different from anything ever given before.

The heavy Grand Opera season had just opened in Kansas City, so it was very appropriate to give sketches of some of the best known operas in the morning assemblies.

The first of this delightful series was "Il Trovatore," and on the following mornings "Carmen," "Rigoletto," "Lucia de Lammermoor," and "Martha," were given in story form by some of the most talented pupils of the school. One of the main charms of the programs was the music, which was played in connection with the operas, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The sketches enabled every one to recall the beautiful scenes, and gave to all the non-opera-goers a faint idea of the performances, which have given pleasure to thousands, and will long continue to charm all true lovers.

ELIZABETH McCULLOUGH.—'14.



### CLASS HISTORY.

---

What a courageous, daring throng entered the school last September. Who would have recognized us as the timorous Freshmen of the previous year? We are self-important this term, and think we have cause to be, for have we not the admiration and respect of the Freshies?

We can now look back and see our serious blunders of last year, and who knows but what we may have profited by them.

Our first class meeting as Sophomores was certainly a success over that of our first Freshmen meeting. We met together the fifth week of school, and it was voted that we keep our old emblems. As all were in favor of the plan, we retained blue and white as our colors, the white chrysanthemum for our flower, the owl as our mascot, and Kitamoor for our motto. The following yell was adopted by the class:

Brek-eke-kex, Koax, Koax-o-op, o-op!

Parabalar.

Sophomore, Sophomore, Roar, Roar, Roar.

Without a doubt last year's work was easy compared to this. Nevertheless, we have passed through, unharmed, save for a few slight wounds inflicted by Miss Maltby's pen, the agonizing wars of Caesar. In mathematics, the scene is no brighter; Algebra is but a jumble of signs and letters, invented for bothering young folk.

But that reminds me, we do like literature, for most of us are book worms, and so on—finding out that we couldn't study a novel in class, we reluctantly consented to pursue such insignificant productions as those of Franklin, Irving, Bryant or Poe.

Aside from our two years of hardships in the educational line, what fun we have had. (What do we care if some such persons as Charlemagne, of Gustavus Adolphus, did say something about "Improving every moment of our lives.")

We have misbehaved together, studied together, failed together and invented together remarkable excuses for those same failures.

Last, but not least, we can fairly say that we have passed through two years of our High School life with a maximum spirit of kindness toward one another, a spirit that is worth far more than all other honors put together.

And so we repeat with all possible enthusiasm, Hurrah! for the Sophomore class of nineteen twelve, and the teachers who have made us what we are.

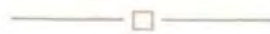
PAULINE SHOUP.—'14.





YELL.

Ker-Yi! Ker-Yi! Ker Flipity Bim!  
 Come Out of the Woods, Sandpaper Your Chin!  
 Freshmen! Freshmen! Rah, Rah, Rah.  
 We're Wild, We're Wooly, We're Notched like a saw!



CLASS OFFICERS.

VIRGINIA ROSS, President.

Harry Roberts, Vice President.

Elmer Steward, Treasurer.

Julia McDonald, Secretary.

Charles Brady, Sergeant-at-Arms.

David Winton, Yell Master.

## CLASS ROLL.

Adams, Ruth  
 Albin, Hettie  
 Allen, Lily Belle  
 Anderson, Margaret  
 Atkinson, Jennie  
 Ayers, Leo  
 Baldus, Clara  
 Bogard, Eugene  
 Boone, Daniel  
 Bostian, Joseph  
 Brady, Helen  
 Braddy, Ralph  
 Brady, Charles  
 Bratton, Beulah  
 Bridges, Lucile  
 Brown, Emma  
 Brown, Frances  
 Brown, Raymond  
 Bruess, Gertrude  
 Bullard, Cecile  
 Burges, Charles  
 Burton, Carrie  
 Chrisman, Gladys  
 Closson, Claurice  
 Colly, Myrtle  
 Coleman, Olive  
 Conger, Earle  
 Craddock, Lucy  
 Craft, Nell  
 Crees, Hazel  
 Crumpler, Leata  
 Custed, Jack  
 Davis, Tutsie

Delafield, Clifford  
 Deyo, Alice  
 Deyo, George  
 Donaldson, Carl  
 Duff, Nelson  
 Duncan, Ralph  
 Etzenhauser, Iva  
 Evans, Etta  
 Fitzmorris, Ellene  
 Flanders, Douglas  
 Fleishman, Theodore  
 Florance, John  
 Flowers, Dorothy  
 Fraher, Charles  
 Freemyer, Ollie  
 Frick, Helen  
 Gillespie, Clarence  
 Graves, Marie  
 Hendry, Dorothy  
 Henson, Carl  
 Hogan, Agnes  
 Holloway, Fay  
 Jones, Caroline  
 Kelley, Madeline  
 Kelley, Mary  
 Kirby, Maude  
 Kramer, Marguerite  
 Lamon, Martha  
 Leatherock, Kenneth  
 Lerche, John  
 Littlejohn, Alice  
 Littlejohn, Nellie  
 Lund, Hilmer

Mann, George  
 Mayhan, Laura  
 McDonald, Julia  
 McGinley, Ruth  
 Merrill, Edna  
 Millard, Cecil  
 Monroe, Lillabelle  
 Murphy, Minnie  
 Newton, Gladys  
 Payne, Gertrude  
 Perry, Dexter  
 Pryor, Ora Jane  
 Rannie, Paul  
 Reynolds, Hannah  
 Roberts, Harry  
 Ross, Virginia  
 Short, Ellis  
 Skinner, Carl  
 Smith, Arthur  
 Smith, Ray  
 Sollars, Eugene  
 Sterritt, Blaine  
 Stewart, Elmer  
 Taylor, Grace  
 Tharp, Alma  
 Thompson, Richard  
 Waggoner, Arch  
 Walden, Dollie  
 Warnock, Martha  
 Warnock, Mary  
 Weeks, Jay  
 Winton, David  
 Young, Nina







### FRESHMEN.

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In all High Schools and colleges, the Freshmen are the object of much sport and fun for the upper classmen. Their lives are spent in a very narrow sphere, which will enlarge only with evolution. It is a very pathetic sight to view their utter dependence upon the Seniors, Juniors and even the Sophomores. In return for this simple dependence, they are made to pass through many trying ordeals. A Freshy has only one ray of light, being, that he will pass out of this stage of extreme simplicity at the duration of a year, and then will be able to avenge himself, as only a Sophomore can, upon the coming buds of hope.

LYSLE WEEKS.—'12.

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### THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

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The fact that all upper classmen were once Freshmen, makes them all interested in that class. Some never emerge from this stage but we expect to.

We started out in the fall, about one hundred and fifteen strong. Since then about twenty have dropped out, but we are still the largest class in school and considered by the teachers the most energetic.

Our fine athletic talent was shown in the track meet last fall. Before we leave school, we hope this will develop into something, which will show what more we can do.

One of our class received honorable mention in short story writing. We are particularly proud of this, because none of the Sophomores did so well. We have entertained the school a number of times in assembly, once with a musical program and several times with interesting talks.

We trust we have not disappointed the other classes in furnishing them the amusement Freshmen generally afford, because we had not tried to appear wiser than we are. We are all boosters for our class and hope we may all return next fall, each doing his part to make the class a good one.

VIRGINIA ROSS.—'15.



### "LITTLE JOHNNIE FRESHMAN AND HIS BILLY GOAT."

Little Johnnie and his goat lived in the town of Independence, in the year of 1912. It was his first experience at High School, and with "Big Seniors."

Little Johnnie had a devoted friend and companion in Billy Goat. "Billy" was always getting into, or helping Johnnie out of difficulties. Above all things, Billy hated were "Big Seniors." He always delighted in chasing after or butting them over.

The first day Johnnie went to High School, Billy followed him. Johnnie didn't know what to do with him, but when the bell rang, he went on in and left Billy peacefully eating grass near the door. The "Big Seniors" laughed at Johnnie's dirty face and hands, his uncombed hair and rusty shoes, his awkwardness and patched pants. Johnnie wished that he was back on the farm under the big tree or in swimming; but soon the bell rang and he went out to find Billy still eating grass and waiting for him.

As the goat and Johnnie were walking home together, they passed some "Big Seniors" who said mean things about Johnnie and his goat, and even threw rocks at them. That was too much for the Billy Goat, so off he went, straight for the "Seniors." My, but how those Seniors did scatter! Billy soon came back, after chasing one Senior up a tree, another into a nearby house; butting another one over into a flower bed, and scaring the wits out of a half dozen others. When Billy reached Johnnie again he found Johnnie laughing heartily at their triumph over the Seniors. The "Big Seniors" never laughed at Johnnie or his goat again, and the "Billy Goat" became the mascot of the Freshman class of 1912, to which Johnnie belonged.

DAVID WINTON.—'15.

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### AESOPS FABLES.

One of the most important things the Freshman class has done this year was to give a series of Aesops Fables in the assembly.

At the request of Mr. Bryant, members of the class were selected to do this; and, on the morning of April 3rd, a number of fables were given. These were so good, and the school was so highly entertained, that they were asked to continue the program. This they did the following week.

During the programs, no one distinguished himself quiet so much as Jack Custead. He acted perfectly the part of a discontented old man, who longed for death, making his story very lively.

Although such stories as, "The Donkey and the Salt," and the "Fox and the Grapes," could not have been acted as Jack's was, they were given in a clear voice, that could easily be heard through the auditorium, and were appreciated quiet as much.

LUCY CRADDOCK.—'15.

CLASS HISTORY.

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Ker Yi! Ker Yi! Ker Flippity bim!  
Come out o'the woods! Sandpaper your chin!  
We're wild! We're wooly! We're notched like a saw!  
Freshmen! Freshmen! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

This, when yelled from one hundred or more lusty throats, embodies the buoyant, unconquerable spirit of this year's Freshman class. The same spirit is further typified by our mascot, the self-assertive Billy-goat; although, when the momentous question of mascot was before the class, one young gentleman nominated Earl Conger as such.

After the first few weeks of "Running the Gauntlet," of all the upper-class-men's jests, we began our regular school life. The first important event, after we had settled down to the routine of lessons, was our first class meeting. It was regarded by all as a solemn duty to attend, and, one hundred strong, we assembled to choose our officers.

We have not yet selected a motto, but we shall later, when we become more proficient Latin students; for it now seems customary to select some profound Latin sentence, which the unlearned public cannot understand.

After considering every color in the rainbow, and every possible and impossible combination, lavender and gold were chosen as our class colors.

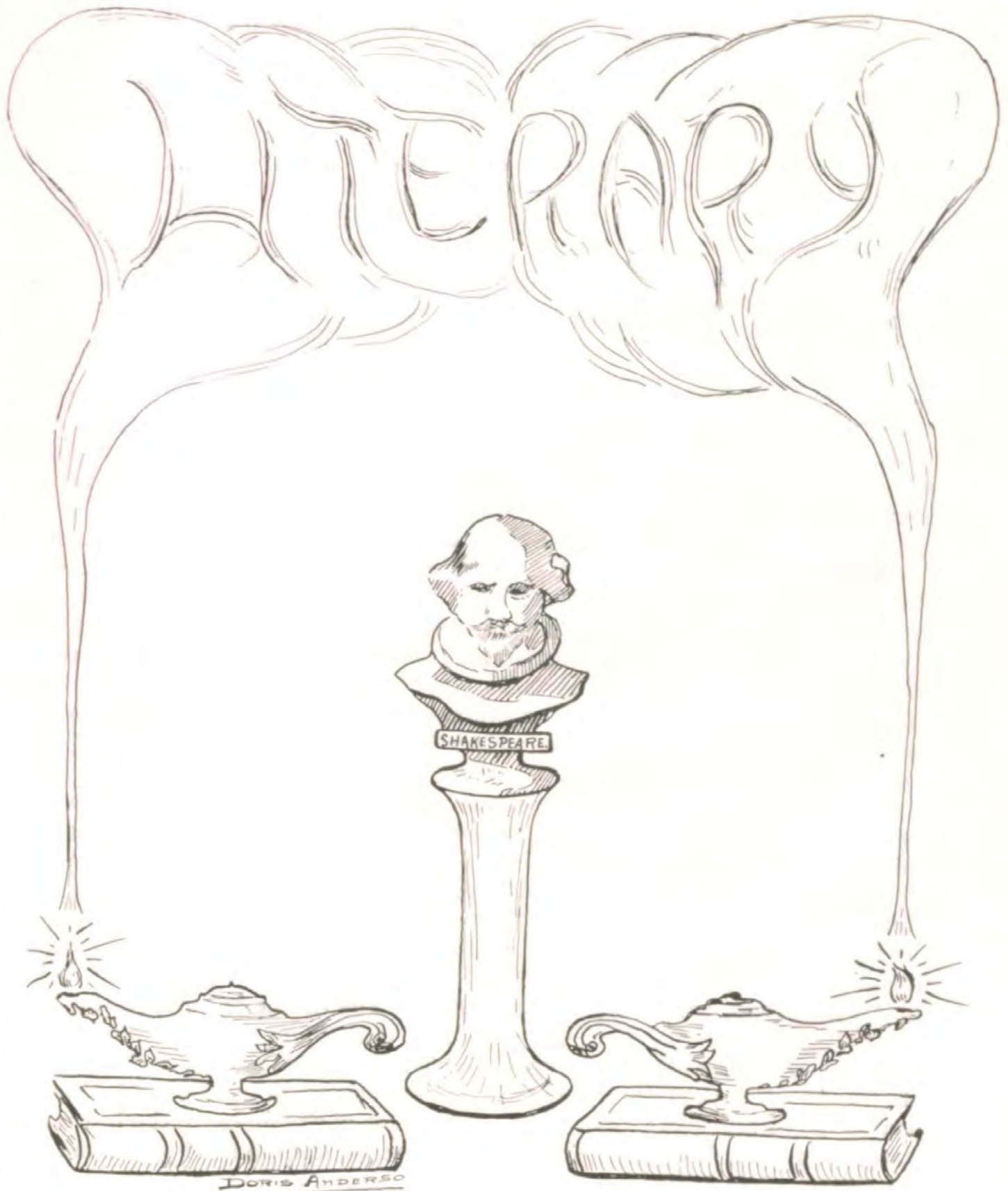
While many flowers are more beautiful than the thistle, we followed the example of that sturdy and steadfast people, the Scotch, and adopted it as our flower.

The eventfulness of school life increases with each year; and so far, in our class, few epoch-making events have occurred. One of the most important, after our organization, was the giving of a musical program in assembly. While not so pretentious, perhaps, as programs by the upper classes, it reflected credit upon all the participants, and revealed the capabilities of the class as a whole.

Although, in our brief career, it has been our lot more than once to be sent from the assembly, and several times from down stairs to the gallery and back, we have survived, and hope to become next year, a more important factor in High School life.

JULIA McDONALD.—'15.





DORIS ANDERSON

## Events of the School Year.

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### THE PURITANS.

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No wide-awake school will let a National holiday go by without observing it in some manner. Therefore as the Thanksgiving holidays of 1911 were not far off the Seniors began planning for an unusual program. Work soon began in earnest. It was decided that the program should be of two parts, the first, musical. Of course Kathleen would sing, the program would not be complete without her. Beautiful music was obtained, telling the story and describing the sentiment of the Puritans as they prepared to leave England to come to America. Wilma would sing a solo and the Senior male quartette would be on the program. This part of the program was soon arranged and prepared.

Then came the second part. A dramatization of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Who should play Priscilla? Without a moments hesitation everyone said "Barbara is most like my idea of Priscilla." And so it was decided that Barbara should play Priscilla, George, John Alden and Alan should be Miles Standish, the captain of Plymouth, who that took part will ever forget the preparations for this play? Especially those last few days. Hurried trips to the city to get costumes, and such costumes! Stolen trips uptown to get something to eat; supper in the Auditorium, rehearsal (?) on North Delaware; one moment cast into the depths of despair. "We can't give it we'll give up right now. The next moment, "We won't give up now, we will give it. Everybody get to work and you people back there keep quiet."

And so it was given to a large audience of High School pupils and town people. The curtain rose; Miles Standish sends John Allen on his errand, the meeting between John Alden and Priscilla, those words that have become proverbial; "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" were spoken, and the drama progresses to the wedding scene. The dramatic entrance of Miles Standish, a few words of explanation, and everything ended happily. The curtain was rung down on a very satisfied crowd of actors and actresses. The audience showed their appreciation and approval, and as this Puritan hurried to the dressing room to get rid of a part of the makeup, the last words heard were "You Puritan Maids are just peaches, everyone of you," and yes, you all did all right, it was fine."

ESTHER LONG.—'12.



**BISHOP PARTRIDGE.**

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"Say, are you sure we won't have any 6th period?" said a Freshman on Thursday afternoon.

"Perfectly sure," was the Seniors reply.

"Oh good, no Algebra," was the jubilant exclamation that followed.

But when Bishop Partridge arrived and began his talk, everybody was glad that he had come, whether they got to miss any lessons or not, because his talk was so very interesting and instructive.

Mr. Partridge opened his talk with a long Chinese salutation, which was very amusing to us.

Then he told many interesting and amusing things about the "Children of Bravery;" things that made us laugh, and yet feel sorry that they really knew so little. Who would not feel sorry for a people that thought the earth was a large rectangle, resting on a turtle's back, the turtle in turn, swimming in an ocean of milk and water; the ocean floating in clouds, and so on, indefinitely?

The Bishop told us about the Chinese schools, and their examinations; about their social life, which consists mainly of weddings and funerals; and about the awful condition of the poor in the "Flowery Country."

He also showed us how the Chinese wrote, by drawing some funny little figures on the board. He concluded his talk with the parting speech which they always use in the "Celestial Empire," which he translated thus:

"May you be as happy as the Eastern Ocean, and all of you live as long as the Southern Mountains."

ADA CRADDOCK.—'12.

**DR. MILLER.**

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On the morning of February 8, at our usual Assembly hour, we were reminded of the well known proverb, "Talk of Angels and they are sure to appear." Prof. Bryant was expressing his desire to hear Dr. Miller, a very learned and widely experienced Latin Professor of Missouri University, give an address that evening, when, to the glad surprise of us all, Dr. Miller appeared in the Auditorium door.

Prof. Bryant, expressing the desire of us all, asked him to talk to us and he kindly responded by giving us one of the most beautiful short addresses that we have had this year, on "The Necessity of Training to Young Minds."

Some of his beautiful thoughts, presented, will always remain with us.

There are five great steps towards perfection in life,—first, the physical step, then, the mental, scientific and literary steps, and finally, the religious step. The University is simply a means of the furtherance of these steps, it is not an end. A college education is not in every case, essential to greatness, but records prove that one self-made man has a chance for fame against two hundred and fifty who have obtained a "higher education." The day of the self-made man is swiftly passing away and he is now sending his sons to college because they will have more educated men to compete with than he has had. "Education is to learn what is to be learned and to learn how to learn it."

But as a climax to all of these educational steps comes the religious element. Happiness is not an end in itself, it is sought in power, in wealth, in fame and in the flesh, but without religion and morality true happiness is impossible. The end of man is not perfection but in growing into perfection into which we are called. But, by making the best of our opportunities in education and spirituality, and by working to this end, perfection, we may reach as near to the goal as God intended that we should. Dr. Miller concluded his talk with the following poem.

"When Earth's last picture is painted  
 And the tubes are twisted and dried,  
 When the oldest colors have faded,  
 And the youngest critic has died,  
 We shall rest—and faith, we shall need it—  
 Lie down for an aeon or two  
 Till the Master of all good workmen  
 Shall set us to work anew!  
 And those who were good shall be happy;  
 They shall sit in a golden chair,  
 They shall splash at a ten league canvas  
 With brushes of comet's hair,  
 They shall find real saints to draw from—  
 Magdelene, Peter and Paul:  
 They shall work for an age at a sitting  
 And never get tired at all!  
 And only the Master shall praise us,  
 And only the Master shall blame;  
 And no one shall work for money,  
 And no one shall work for fame;  
 But each for the joy of the working,  
 And each to his separate star  
 Shall draw the Thing as he sees It  
 For the God of Things as they are."

ETHEL MILTON.—'12.



“AS YOU LIKE IT.”

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Section A, Dec. 11, 1911.

Uncle Billy and Aunt Eliza had settled down for the evening. He was reading his newspaper, and she was crocheting. Suddenly Uncle Billy threw down his paper and said, “Ma, I bet you can’t guess what I’ve been doin’ today, while you wus at Polly’s.”

“There’s no tellin’,” Aunt Eliza answered. When Uncle Billy used that tone, she always knew there was a prospect of a story, so she said to him, “Go ahead.”

“Well as I was goin’ up to town this mornin’, I met Jim, brother Jake’s boy. He sed, “Uncle Billy can’t you come down to I. H. S. about 11 o’clock, we’re going to have a program.” I sed I’d see about it.

Well, I did see about it, an’ long towards 11 o’clock, I strolled down to the school. Jim sed that it would be in the auditorium, you know that’s where we went last year when Susan graduated. There wus about twenty boys an’ girls settin’ on the front seats. I took a seat an’ Jim come an’ set down by me. He sed somethin’ about their class bein’ split up into sections, an’ that Section A, wus a goin’ to give this program from the first act of “As You Like It,” a book writ by a man of the name of Shakespeare. I told Jim I didn’t know much about sich things, but I always liked to see what the children wus doin’ at school. Just then the curtain went up.

An important lookin’ feller wearin’ spectacles come on the stage with another feller who wore his hair pompadorer, an’ looked like he wanted to laugh. The first one wus called Orlando, an’ wus complainin’ to the other, who wus his servant, about a brother who had cheated him. After a while that brother of his come in. But he wus a girl. Jiminy, she looked like she could eat the others up! She sassed Orlando an’ called the servant a dog. I wish you could a heard her, ma. Jim sed she wus the best reader of Shakespeare in their class.

Then in another scene, as Jim called it, two girls done most of the talkin’. They wus supposed to be cousins. The black haired girl wus called Rosalind, an’ the light haired one wus called Celia. The boy with the Pompadore wus a clown, he made a good one too, an’ that sassy girl took some other man’s part. I soon found out that Rosalind wus kind of struck on Orlando. In one scene the first feller I tol’ you about took the part of Rosalind’s uncle. He made her cry by given’ her a ten days notice to git out of his house. After they got through with the dialogue, a lady got up an’ sed that ever last one of them had talked too fast.

I tol’ Jim I thought this wus a dandy entertainment, an’ that I hadn’t enjoyed nothin’ so much since we’d moved to town. He asked me to come again tomorrow to hear Section B, whatever that is, give some more of this play, an’ I’m certainly a goin’ to go ma.”



Section B, Dec. 12, 1911.

Uncle Billy kept his word, and the next night entertained Aunt Eliza with an account of Section B's program.

"It's funny now, ma, how many persons one person can imitate. That's what them children done at school today."

"You can tell me about that program," put in Aunt Eliza, "but for heaven's sake don't expect me to answer any of your foolish questions. I've had to unravel this belt three times now on your account. Men folks don't know what it is to get ready for Christmas."

"Well a girl wus Orlando an' Rosalind both, an' she done just fine. Another girl wus Celia, she done nearly as good as the clown. O, ma, I never laughed so much before in all my life as I did at that clown. A girl wus the clown, an' she sed all kinds of funny things, an' played with a ball all the time. Say, ma, didn't Polly's baby say he wanted Santy Claus to bring him a ball? Then that same girl wus Orlando's servant, an' the way she acted I thought she wus a goin' to die. I know you'd a cried if you had a been there, ma. There wus a tall girl who wus a shepherd in some scenes, an' a lord in others. She got awful pale, but she done mighty well, anyhow. There wus a red haired girl too who wus a shepherd an' lord both. She didn't talk perticulary loud, but I heard most what she sed, an' she worked her face alright.

In one of the scenes they had a table set with lots of good things to eat on it, an' some of them had jist started to eat when that Orlando run in an' tol' them to quit until he brought his starvin' servant there.

The boy that run the curtain let it fall on the pianer ever blessed time he let it down. I bet the teacher gives him a lickin' fer it. Say, ma, do you remember the time when I let the curtain down in the middle of that dialogue, where Tom Adams had to make love to you. I come to school the next day, but I couldn't come again fer a month.

Well, as I tol' Jim, I never seen such a grand program since the one they had last Christmas in the little red school house."

Section D, Dec. 19, 1911.

"Them youngsters at I. H. S. have more to do than anybody else I know of. Jim sed on account of so many meetings last week, Section D, couldn't give their program until today," said Uncle Billy to Aunt Eliza on the night after Section D's program had been given.

"That's so," replied Aunt Eliza, still as busy as ever. "Jim has been sittin' up so late ever night, that he had to get a pair of spectacles."

"Well," went on Uncle Billy resuming his narrative, "Celia wus a awful good lookin' girl today. She done her part jist great. Oliver, that Orlando's brother wus there this time. He wus changed terrible since the time when that sassy girl took his part, an' he sed that his brother had saved him from bein' killed by a snake, an' et by a lion. He didn't look like he had enough



gitup in him to kill a fly anymore. A girl wus Oliver, an' she done middlin' good.

The boy who wus Orlando, looked like he didn't know much about makin' love, an' stood pretty stiff. The other boy that wus a shepherd did a little better than this one. I couldn't understand everything what that girl who wus Rosalind sed. She didn't seem very embarassed in takin' the part she did, an' I bet you a nickle she's used to it. In one scene Rosalind and Orlando practiced how to git married. Then in another place in the dialogue, Oliver brought in a napkin he sed wus dipped in the blood of Orlando, who had been wounded. When Rosalind seen this she fainted, but Celia caught her before she fell clean down. Ma, I know you'd a screamed right out loud, if you'd a saw her.

Well that is all they're goin' to give from "As You Like It." They didn't give the last act, so Jim give me this book so I could finish the story. Want me to read out loud?"

"Yes, pa, I've been interested in what you've been tellin. I suppose all the children will rest easy tonight, since their programs are over, and I'm glad they have only two more days to go to school before the Christmas holidays."

DOROTHY RAHE.—'12.



### ALUMNI RECEPTION.

Friday night, April 12, the Senior class at the High School, gave a most delightful reception for the Alumni of that school. One of the most commendable features of the reception being that all the alumni of the school were invited. Heretofore the number of classes invited was limited.

The walls of the main hall and two large reception rooms were hung with college pennants. Numerous palms, potted plants and foliage, were artistically arranged about the rooms. These served as a background for the tulips and jonquils, all yellow, forming the colors, green and yellow, of the Senior class. Vases of these flowers were also arranged on tables about the rooms. In the auditorium, where the program was given, the stage scenery and palms were used.

The numbers on the program were announced by Mr. Milton Stewart, president of the Senior class. Mr. Joseph Chrisman, representing the Class of 1912, made a fitting address of welcome. Miss Jessie Casebolt, Class of 1906, rendered an instrumental solo. The Rev. Jon A. Ward, pastor of the

Liberty St. Presbyterian Church, one of the old I. H. S. graduates, gave a fine reminiscence talk on his own experience when he was a "Freshie." His little speech was most thoroughly enjoyed, for all present lived over his or her High School days with Mr. Ward as he related the incidents that go to make up the average school life. Miss Mary Crump then sang a solo, "My Dear Soul." This was followed by a reading by Miss Lucille Hatten, who always so charmingly entertains her audiences. An instrumental solo by Miss Bertha Anderson, and a vocal solo by Mrs. Jesse Quorollo, accompanied by Miss Madeline Bostain on the piano, closed the program.

After the program was concluded, white cards with green and yellow pencils attached were given to each guest and all were requested to write down the titles of the airs played by Miss Barbara Wyman on the piano. Miss Claudine Mundy received the favor, a panel picture of six noted musicians, for the most correct answers to the songs played.

One of the most interesting features of the evening, were the "Class Memories." A cord was stretched across the stage on which the colors and mascot of each class, beginning with 1902, was drawn to the center of the platform. When the colors appeared the class to which they belonged gave their class yell or sang their class cong. The Class of 1911 had more members present than any other class, and displayed more enthusiasm than any of the others. They gave three long, lusty yells, sang their class song and were represented in speech making by Mr. Arthur McKim. Mr. McKim closed his splendid talk by saying that the Class of 1911, were especially lucky and considered themselves well treated by the world for there were none of their class dead, and only three married. Speeches were also made by Mr. Henry Bundschu and Mr. William Bostain.

When the exercises were concluded, refreshments were served and all enjoyed talking with their old class mates and teachers. This reception is one long to be remembered by all of those who have gone into the wide world from the portals of our I. H. S.

EDNA ANDERSON.—'06.  
(An Alumnus)





## "ESMERALDA."

Since the Christmas holidays the thoughts of the entire school had been turned toward the one great event of the year—the Senior play. The class of last year gave such an excellent play, and the class of this year was so far below it—in numbers—that such expressions as these were frequently heard: "Oh, I know it won't be anything like so good as last year! They just haven't the actors." Nevertheless the very words, "Senior Play," had a power to thrill us, which nothing else had, and everyone wanted a ticket. Well, the eventful week came at last. But such a week as it was. It seemed that all the powers of nature held enmity toward that class and had combined forces against it. When Thursday, January 12, 1912, the long awaited day, came the thermometer registered twenty degrees below, and a strong northwestern blizzard was sweeping over Independence, but nothing daunted, the class worked on and it was a success.

The play presented was "Esmeralda," a love scene which had its setting in North Carolina. It was not a deep play, but a little, simple one, with strong touches of both pathos and humor.

The Cast was as follows:

Mr. Elbert Rogers .....	Mr. Kenneth Bostian
Mrs. Lydia Rogers .....	Miss Wilma Moseley
Miss Esmeralda Rogers .....	Miss Kathleen Kerr
Mr. Dave Hardy .....	Mr. George Wallace
Mr. Estabrook .....	Mr. Jerome Seehof
Mr. Jack Desmond .....	Mr. Arthur Wickstrum
Miss Nora Desmond .....	Miss Doris Anderson
Miss Kate Desmond .....	Miss Selma Wilson
"Marguis de Montessin" .....	Mr. Paul Bryan
Mr. George Drew .....	Mr. Fred Pitt

The first scene of the play was at the Rogers' home in North Carolina. George Drew, a speculator who had discovered ore on Mr. Rogers' farm, made an offer for the farm which was accepted by Mrs. Rogers. Mrs. Rogers seeing a vision of the wealth which would soon be theirs, and with which they would be able to see more of the world, at once became haughty and declared that Esmeralda should not marry Dave Hardy, the young farmer to whom she was engaged. It was in vain that Mr. Rogers and Esmeralda pleaded to remain at the old home, for Mrs. Rogers was determined to travel. Estabrook, the companion of George Drew, promised Mr. Rogers that he would save the old house, although he could not save the farm.

The second scene was the interior of Jack Desmond's studio, in Paris. Mr. Estabrook called at the home of his old friend, Mr. Desmond, and met the young Misses Desmond, Kate and Nora, and was immediately charmed

THE GLEAM.





with the latter. The Desmonds had become acquainted with the Rogers family in a business way, and were very much interested in them. Mr. Estabrook had travelled to Paris in search of the Rogers' with the news that the ore was on Dave Hardy's place instead of on theirs. Mr. Rogers called and met Mr. Estabrook again. When Jack entered he announced that he had met Dave and had invited him to call, pretending that he wished to have him pose, but in reality he wished him to get something to eat. Dave called and the Desmonds gave the full history of the Roger's life in Paris, and of the unhappiness of Esmeralda and her father.

The scene now shifted to the Rogers' Paris home, on the night of the ball and Jack heard from Kate of the interest which Estabrook and Nora had shown toward each other. The two in question entered and Kate made her exit, and Jack soon followed; at a very embarrassing moment, Mr. Rogers entered and seeing their position, exclaimed, "Oh, don't mind me!" Nora and Estabrook soon made their exit and Mr. Rogers had an interview with the "Marquis," whom Mrs. Rogers had selected for Esmeralda's husband. Mr. Rogers tried to persuade him to give up Esmeralda, as he assured him she loved another, but the "Marquis" refused, and left. Mrs. Rogers entered soon followed by Esmeralda, and the "Marquis." Esmeralda declared her hatred for the "Marquis," and her love for Dave, whom as she had learned, had followed her to Paris. Her mother gave her a tongue lashing and Esmeralda exhausted, fainted.

The fourth scene brought us again to the Desmond home. Dave was present. The exit of Kate, Jack and Dave was followed by the soliloquy of Nora, and the entrance of Estabrook. Again Mr. Rogers interrupted at a very embarrassing moment, and exclaimed: "Oh, don't mind me!" Mrs. Rogers and Esmeralda entered. Esmeralda and Dave met again after their long separation, and Mrs. Rogers on hearing the faithlessness of the "Marquis," the good fortune of Dave, which meant misfortune to her, became very furious with all who were present, as she realized she was defeated and they had won.

A great deal of the real success of a play depends on the scenery, and this was certainly not overlooked. The scenery in the first scene at the home of Mr. Rogers, was especially picturesque, and the studio of Jack Desmond was very homelike in its arrangement.

The play was intensely interesting from beginning to end. Each person holding his share of attention, and throwing himself so well into the part, that the natural self almost disappeared.

When George Drew entered, we felt ourselves in the presence of a villain, his sly, easy manners, and sneering smile, caused us to dislike, and yet to admire him. Mr. Estabrook drew our attention at once with his good natured, straightforwardness. When in company with Nora Desmond he was very natural, and attractive. Could stooped Mr. Rogers really be Mr.

Bostian, the handsome Senior? Yes it was. But we could see no resemblance, either in appearance or in manner. Mrs. Rogers completely overawed us, as she evidently did Mr. Rogers. The jolly Miss Moseley, was not there, it was the stern Mrs. Rogers. Esmerala the little, sweet, shy heroine, was lovable; our sympathy was always with her and her lover, Dave. The acting in these parts was difficult, but was well done. The Desmond family was very attractive. It was hard to recognize in Jack, the brother, our friend, Mr. Wickstrum. He was especially interesting when in the hands of the little coquette, Nora, who was so innocent, yet so skillful in directing love affairs. She charmed us with her sweet, childlike ways, her desire to aid everyone, and her very evident love for Mr. Estabrook. Kate Desmond was completely under the influence of her sister. Last, but not least, in importance, was the "Marquis." We could scarcely realize it was Mr. Bryan.

All the parts were well played; each character drawing and holding our attention. It was evident to all that although the class did not have the actors of last year, they had some good ones of their own. The play in itself was attractive. There was "an atmosphere of simplicity about it," which charmed us.

DELMA WEBB.—'13.



## PINAFORE.

### Behind the Scenes.

Independence High School was in a state of great excitement. Everyone was running around in the halls greasing his face, so they could be painted for the role they were to play in Pinafore.

"I think it is abominable making us come here at four-thirty, to be painted, then wait around till time to begin," Mildred pouted, "and that isn't all, at six o'clock I'm going to eat, red lips or not."

"Oh, well, we can have lots of fun waiting," Doris replied, as a consolation.

"Here comes a crowd of chorus people," Mildred called to Doris.

"Come right in folks and begin putting the grease on your face," Mr. Jones, the dramatic trainer ordered, "then get in line and I will paint you."



There now, you are finished and you look good enough to eat." The latter being said to Mildred.

One by one the girls and boys congregated on the stage to inspect each other.

"Let's have some music and a dance," George suggested. So Ruby after having been begged and teased, began playing "Alexander's Ragtime Band," while the boys, who had got their partners, whirled round on the stage, some dancing the schottische, while others did the "Come to me Kid."

Everyone was gracefully dancing back and forth on the stage, when someone called out in a loud voice, "Five minutes for lunch."

"Well, I do say I think it's time we should have something to nibble," Ernest remarked.

The dance was forgotten and all of them hurried into the halls to eat whatever offered itself in the way of food.

"I might have known if I would eat, all the paint would come off my lips." Vena lamented.

"Oh cheer up," Clifford comforted as he heard her passing remark, "the worst is yet to come."

After some of the people had arrived, the boys and girls rushed to their respective dressing rooms, while Mr. Jones "made up" the principals.

One standing outside either one of the dressing rooms would think from what they heard, that it was worse than the confusion of the languages at the building of the Tower of Babel.

Going over by the girls dressing room, such remarks could be distinguished above the din of laughter and talk, as—

"Do hurry up and get through using that looking glass. You are the worst primp in town."

"Is my hat on straight? Oh thank you, but I don't look a bit better than you."

"Where's the shoe-buttoner?" "Use your hairpin" was the reply.

And again going over by the boys' dressing room, such statements could be heard, as—

"I'm mighty good and glad I'm not a sailor, for I couldn't survive a week in one of these things they call a middy."

"Middy, middy, where art thou?"

"Waw, say that's my tie."

Emerging from their rooms the choruses were met by "dear little Buttercup," who had grown fat in a single night.

"Who would ever recognize you Helen Bridges!" Ruth exclaimed, as she passed, "but I can't say your makeup is altogether flattering."

Captain Corcoran and Sir Joseph Porter were duly admired, then to clap the climax, Dick Deadeye came strolling out into the halls after having been painted the role of an able seaman.

"You horrible creature," Kathleen cried, "you are worse than any of the pictures used in the funny papers, yet you certainly will make a hit with the audience."

"What's all that noise about?" one of the boys asked the other. "Oh, nothing, but the audience applauding to show how they appreciate our beginning on time."

"Now don't get sarcastic, it's only eight-thirty-five, and there is only Josephine to be painted."

"Ready," called Mr. Jones. The men's chorus had taken their place on the stage, and the pianist was ready to begin playing for the curtain to rise.

Wild and hurried instructions from everyone were given to the principals. As the curtain went up a hush came over the audience, and those not partaking in this scene were conversing in stage whispers.

"I hanen't felt a bit scared till now, but now I feel so shaky, and my heart beats unreasonably fast." Lola whispered to her chums.

"Time for the chorus girls," Mr. Jones said, waving his hand frantically for the girls to get in line.

"I belong behind you," "Yes, and I belong behind Vena. Oh, where is she? Here she comes. My, I was nearly scared to death, I would have to lead the chorus onto the stage."

"Now Mary, when I nod my head, we will begin going up the steps to the upper deck, remember."

With such directions given among themselves, the girls' chorus danced onto the stage, amid a round of applause.

"More breathing room," Buttercup whispered to her neighbor as now nearly everyone was on the stage.

After the first act the players had just five minutes in which to get ready for the second act. At the end of the allotted time, everyone was back in the halls.

"Sh-sh-s-s," warned Mr. Jones, as the curtain went up on the second act, finding Captain Corcoran and Buttercup on deck where they were to do their best performing.

Everyone had now gone on deck and was entering into their parts with such zeal, that it made a smile of satisfaction come over Mr. Jones' face, that now he was getting the results he had striven so hard to produce.

The curtain lowered on the last act with everyone singing, "For He is an Englishman." "Wait just a minute," Mr. Jones requested, "I want to tell you what a rousing success this play has been; be here prompt tomorrow afternoon to be painted."

The audience was evidently pleased, for they went home smiling, and saying they didn't know the school possessed so much talent. Thus ended the first night of "Pinafore," at the Independence High School.

EMMA MAY RUMMEL.—'14.



### CHRISTMAS PROGRAM.

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On the morning of the day before the Christmas holidays, the pupils and teachers of the High School entered the auditorium filled with the usual Christmas spirit, and with the expectation of hearing an excellent program. We were not to be disappointed. The Sophomores, the pride of the school, ever ready to respond to the call of duty, had prepared an especially good program, consisting of music, both instrumental and vocal, and several readings.

The Juniors, not to be outdone by the Sophomores, had prepared a program for the afternoon. This program was opened with music and Christmas readings. This was followed by a little play, "The Bride's Christmas Tree." The Junior Class has some very good actors, which will be an advantage to them next year in the Shakespeare programs; and above all else, in the Senior Play.

After the curtain fell, we thought the program was ended, but we soon found we were mistaken. The curtain was again raised and all those who had taken part in the program were sitting or standing about on the stage. One young man who had been chosen to present the little gifts to the presidents of the other classes and to the members of the faculty, stepped forward and performed the duty with all the grace of a Junior. The gifts which were perhaps the most appreciated by the recipients were two pictures—a grocery store and the City Hall. To whom were they given? Guess.

The two classes deserve much credit for their well arranged and well rendered programs.

May the true Christmas spirit dwell in the hearts of men forever.

NELLIE SLAUGHTER.—'12.



### TE W. S. BATTIS LECTURE.

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On November 25, in the High School Auditorium, William Sterling Battis, gave an impersonation of Dickens' characters.

The excellence of the portrayal of the various characters, showed Mr. Battis had a thorough knowledge and appreciation for Dicken's works. He also proved his ability as an artist by the way in which he held the attention of his audience, many leaning forward in their seats so as not to miss a word.

Mr. Battis' "Make up," the characters he presented in view of the audience. As he spread the powder and paint with a lavish hand, and changed

wigs and coats, he entertained the audience by giving the setting of the character he was about to impersonate, and also by adding some of his best philosophy.

After he had given the setting, he gave a short reading, using the words Dickens had supplied for that character.

The first number was an impersonation of Dickens, and it was very lifelike, that is, if the pictures we see of Dickens are like him.

Mr. Perksniff then favored us with some of his philosophy. He did some attitudinizing that made the audience roar.

Captain Cuttle then put in his appearance. The captain finally got up courage to change his boarding place, and then his former landlady, Mrs. Macstringer, of whom he seemed to be very much afraid, appeared and induced the captain to return to his former lodging.

Uriah Heep, was portrayed very true to life, but this did not raise anyone's estimation of him.

If we have failed heretofore to visualize Mr. Wilkins Micawber, surely we will always do so since Mr. Battis' portrayal of him.

Bill Sykes, appeared villainous indeed, equal to any crime, while the characterization of the fellow who visited the school, was one of the most clever of all.

Little Nell's Grandfather, was very lifelike, and the lecture was fittingly ended by Sidney Carton; who laid down his life for his friend.

Doubtless many will appreciate these characters more fully for having seen Mr. Battis' clever impersonation of them.

ADA CRADDOCK.—'12.

### APPRECIATION.

Each morning when we are in the midst of our studies, a bell rings, to summon us into the presence of the "Great Teacher," who strives to create within each child a goal, to which he may climb and give the world the best he has. In doing this, he gives us the lessons of experienced years, together with other beneficial topics.

It was on a certain morning in April, when we were assembled in his presence, that he gave two of the most interesting and valuable talks, which have impressed me more than any he has, as yet, given. They were, "The Flight of the Eagle," and "The Bulb."

The Eagle, King of the birds, usually builds its home on the side of a



high cliff. We are all probably acquainted with the story of how the "Eagle Became King." It was in this contest when the birds decided after many debates, that the one that flew the highest, should be king over them. In the race the chickens got only above the fences of their homes, while other birds flew only a short distance above the trees. The Eagle, who had flown the highest, now descended to take his reward. In life many get only above the fence. Should we not all try to be eagles, and let our ambitions loose to win the race of life?

Following this story was that of the "Bulb." Once a man planted a bulb, and in a few weeks returned to find it had grown into a beautiful tulip. The remarkable lesson of this was: That before we start on our life career, we hold a bulb in our hands. Shall we make this bulb into a beautiful tulip and decorate the roadside of life with happiness, or let it droop and wither in the hot rays of sin?

He concluded by saying that our friendship to him made up his life; that he had a place hidden secretly in his heart which was ever tender and overflowing with kindness for the pupils who each day made his life happier. Should we not all appreciate this wonderful "Teacher," his kindness and his teachings; who has given up all, to teach the boys and girls of the High School? For what could be a nobler act than teaching and training youths to become that which our country most needs; good fellow-citizens? Is he not a second Socrates in his place; always ready to aid and encourage? We can only show our appreciation by living up to that standard, to which he is striving so hard to lead us, so that when his work is completed, he may look upon the harvest with a sigh of satisfaction.

RUTH ADAMS.—15.



#### WITH APOLOGIES TO POE.

Once upon a schoolday dreary, while we pondered weak and weary,  
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
 While we nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping  
 As of someone loudly rapping, rapping at our class room door.  
 "‘Tis the wicked old bell," we muttered, "tapping at our class room door."  
 —Only this and nothing more.

Yes, distinctly we remember ’twas the month after December.  
 And each pupil went agrumbling to the auditorium floor.

There they first gave an announcement, that the Seniors had allowance sent  
 Them to give pronouncement to a theme ne'er said before.  
 Thus, so called: Prof. Sexton's happy union years, just two before.  
 —This it was and nothing more. \*

Presently our souls grew stronger for they, hesitating (no) longer,  
 (Cause they feared our melancholy would advance just as before)  
 Said this prosperous young master, when a merciful disaster  
 Followed fast and followed faster, told, his thoughts one burden bore:  
 "I've been married, married, married for these two years now or more.  
 —Question is now—am I sore?"

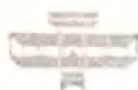
Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censor,  
 As the goodly, worthy, Seniors answered blithly, "Nevermore."  
 So upon this rare occasion, they did give commemoration  
 For this full of bliss relation, by a program not a bore.  
 —This I say, and e'en lots more.

While the program was beguiling, all our fancies into smiling,  
 Straight we twisted rubber necks to view the victim, whom 'twas for.  
 With his head far from reclining, he perhaps sat there divining  
 On the seat's hard wooden lining, (and his eyes upon the floor)  
 That his wifey, dearest wifey, for her absence would be sore.  
 —(Low) Quoth the Senior's, "Nevermore."

So at length before our parting, "Let me speak," he called upstarting,  
 "Let me tell you how I thank you for the cabinet and more,  
 For you've left me as a token of that friendship that's not broken,  
 Such a blessedness unspoken, for to think of o'er and o'er.  
 —This he said and nothing more.

While we others, never flitting, still were sitting, still were sitting,  
 Thinking of that marriage, marriage; all the cause of this uproar;  
 While the Senior's had the seeming, that they blissfully were dreaming,  
 For the compliments were streaming on their program, full galore;  
 All at once Professor Bryant made a motion t'ward the door.  
 --We departed; nothing more.

RUTH WEEKS.—'13.







JUNIOR PICNIC, MAY 26, 1911.

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"Unchow, unchow; unchidalouchow  
Boomalacka, boomalacka, 1912."

"Hy! slide over a bit, you girls. Isn't there room for me? Say, Harry, what 're you sitting on the cake for? Get off of it."

"That ain't cake, it's deviled eggs."

"Deviled eggs! Great Scott! Worse and more of it. Well, get off the deviled eggs then. School's out, thank Heaven, and no more cramming. Up in front, is everybody happy?"

Accompanied by this sort of chorus, a wagon-load of thirty-five had-been-Juniors, three gallons of Chiles' ice cream, a few cases of pop, several cakes, dozens of boiled eggs, lots of salad, sandwiches, etc., set out to spend the last day of school together at "Horseshoe" Lake. Misses Janie and Osla were also along to add to the dignity of the gathering. Outside of these honorable two, Kathleen and Ernest made the least noise during the whole trip.

Rah, rah, rah!  
Rah, rah, rah!  
Rah, rah, rah!  
Seniors!

That was because we passed a street car and wanted to let them know the good news. We couldn't keep it to ourselves.

A watch-dog saw us coming and started barking. The crowd "rah, rahed" and he immediately stopped and sat down evidently in admiration. Later, a pig did the same thing, that is, stopped squealing and also sat down. Never was such a day for a picnic. Every person and thing felt like doing his or its best at everything. The whole world seemed to realize that this happened to be the last day of school. The little birds buzzed up in the branches, the bees trilled joyfully on their nests and the snakes hopped gaily across the road.

Presently, Mitt, who had been sitting on his foot said, "Aw, for the love of Mike, boys scooch over there a little and let me awake my pedal extremity. Sitting on one foot ain't what it's cracked up to be."

"Well, you don't have to rub it up and down my back to make it open its eyes, do you?"

"Get your back out of the way."

"Suppose you shove that left foot over board and make room for three or four of us. Is that a number 11 shoe?" By the way, Mitt is extremely fond of small feet and is continually shoving them before us (the girls included), for inspection.

"No, you infinitesimal microbe, that's nearly a number 6. Great day!



Look what the short boy has fished up! Barbara, Alberta, squeeze in behind this guy here and let's——." The rest was lost in a whisper as the group of four or five gathered about a center of interest. At last there was comparative silence about this corner of the wagon. The chaperones chatted gaily and watched the road ahead, for they were marvelous chaperones, and happiness prevailed by the double handful. Very little noise was heard from Jim's and Selma's section and Ernest's section followed suit. An occasional remark was heard to pass between Joe and Esther, but that was all except the monotone chatter from the rest of the rabble. Intense interest seemed to be located in the circle where Alan, Alberta, Barbara, he of the small feet and a few others sat. Others stood on their knees and peered over shoulders. Tragic whispers proceeded from this group such as these: "Pass," "Two," "Three," "That's good," "Hold on there, that's mine," "Two in," and many others.

In the meantime, the wagon which had no springs, bumped along and the dust and silence arose in quiet clouds. The ice cream, slashed up in front, melted peacefully and the eggs, packed in baskets under somebody, mashed together in warm content. The eggs weren't all that were crowded. Why, eggs and sardines weren't in it. Everybody, including the two preservers of dignity, could have easily utilized more space. But keep in mind that everybody was bright and happy. The air was still, when suddenly a strong breeze made the horses prick up their ears and the girls clutch their hats. Everybody was startled by Mitt's yelling: "Stop! Stop! There goes that eight of clubs." The whole load was shocked. He realized his mistake and gave the sign of distress. I noticed and said, "Did you drop that egg on the hubs?" Then aside, "that was a fifty cent deck, you boob."

"Shut up and stash the deck."

"Watch the place. You crawl out after it on the way back."

After this little accident the back end of the carry-all was somewhat quieter. However, even this could not keep down the spirits long. Human spirits, of course. We had only pop to drink. The whole journey was a record of tribulation. Those who sat in the center of the wagon had to sit on dreaming feet while those who sat on the edge, hung on by their eyebrows and teeth. When we arrived, arms were tired and teeth were worn down considerably.

Immediately there was a rush for the boats and like foolish people three boys paid out cold cash for the hire of the boats and then shared with some girls. Think of it!

The day was warm, as before mentioned, and the pop tasted good, even though it was hot. It served to work up our appetites. Fun? Never was so much fun. Some horrid boys had to splash water, dirty too, over some girls. Too much happened to tell. It would make a book. Camera fiends were along and all got their pictures taken. After lunch, and there never

was such a lunch, the chaperones went and sat in the wagon and, this is on good authority, went to sleep. However, they weren't good sleepers, for they awoke early and—but we didn't go home just yet. As said before, after lunch, cries of help were heard in feminine tones and everyone, rushing to the bank, saw Inez, Leah, Ethel and Ruby rowing frantically round and round in a circle. It was evident they were trying to get somewhere but couldn't. Miss Osla, who had come at the cries, commanded, "Girls, come here."

"We can't," in agonized tones.

"Why can't you?"

"The boat won't go."

"Boys, can't some of you save those girls?"

"Don't jump up and down and get excited, Miss Sehrt, it's bad for the heart and you might fall down."

At this point Miss Janie, appeared on the scene.

"Boys, get a boat and save those girls," in matter of fact tones, so a boat was launched and the derelect towed to short. Quietness was restored and the chaperones again went to sleep. Everyone "settled down" for the afternoon. Loving somebody came and took Mahala off, Mitt and Barbara, Joe and Esther and one or two others found pleasure elsewhere. I found pleasure at the ice cream freezer.

"Nice day," said I, slipping a hunk of ice down Leah's back.

"Lovely," she returned and looked uncomfortable.

Thereafter, I was in danger of my life.

Things went happily, even hilariously, on land and water. The boats were in use all the time and the number without blistered hands was very small. Even our timid little Sylvia ventured on the briny, or rather muddy, deep. And those in the wagon slept on. Presently Joe and Esther straggled in and a little later, Alan, Alberta, Mitt and Barbara.

"Been taking pictures," was all they said.

At this time the two, and there never was such a pair of Chaperones, jumped from the wagon and sweetly called, "Children, children, time to go home."

"What?" in chorus.

"Yes, it is time to go."

"What, with the sun still high? Let's go home in the moonlight." This from conspicuous couples.

"We have to go right away. Miss Sehrt has a date for 7:30 o'clock. She blushed at that.

So the round of the lake was made and after a couple of hours time, the class was gathered at the wagon and all jumped for good seats. Nothing of note occurred on the return except that some one found a soft boiled egg



or two and playfully tossed it without aiming. It flattened on Joe's nose and smeared in one eye; also Mitt recovered the lost card.

As we came into town the passengers dropped off one by one till the once crowded wagon was empty. It was one of the best days the class ever spent together and will probably only be equalled in fun, when the class goes on its last picnic together in 1912. We hope all the classes have as good times on their picnics as we had on ours and we recommend as chaperones, Misses Osla and Janie.

FRED PITT.—'12.



### LINCOLN PROGRAM.

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Although February is the shortest month in the year, it is the most famous in the historic calendar. Among the great men that this month has produced stands the celebrated name of Abraham Lincoln. In honor of his birthday, February 12, 1912, the Senior class arranged a program for assembly.

To create a loyal and patriotic spirit, the Seniors stood and sang, "Tenting on the Old Camp Grounds." Inseparably linked with the name of Lincoln, is the "Gettysburg address;" if he had done nothing more, he would always be remembered for this.

Prof. Bryant told how the address was written, after which it was delivered by Joseph Chrisman, with patriotic fervor. Then came the most interesting talk by Reverend Pendleton, telling us of Lincoln's life and accomplishments, to which everyone listened eagerly, and finally leaving with us three ideas, that Lincoln was great as a writer, as a man of action, and as a man of character. After this the entire school stood and patriotically sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

As a conclusion, Prof. Bryant gave a most instructive and interesting talk about the Lincoln memorial.

IOLA WARREN.—'12.



## Short Stories.

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### THE "ONLYS" REFORM MOVEMENT.

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"Madam President."

"Miss Parker."

"Madam President, I tell you it is a disgrace to any respectable town! If the men won't take any action on it, and the women won't, why then it is time we girls did! I, for one, approve of the strongest measures. What must strangers, coming to our town, think we are! Pigs? or other low animals? to have such a dirty, nasty, filthy old grocery store! We will just have to begin at the beginning as Prof. Cutler said, if we ever wish to accomplish anything. I say again I approve of the strongest measures!"

This conversation took place in the club room of the club of the "Onlys." It was composed of every girl in the Elkhorne High School, who was the only child in the family. They were girls that had been forced to club together in order that they might be able to face the attacks of the teachers and other pupils in the High School, who thought that to be the 'only' child, meant to be the worst petted and spoiled child in town. As there were seven girls they decided to band together and show the people of Elkhorne what they could do; but, so far, they had done nothing, absolutely nothing to arouse interest and envy which was their greatest ambition. But today they were aroused! The fighting blood was up at last! Prof. Cutler had done the deed! He it was, that had aroused these girls by his talk in the assembly on "Pure Food." He it was that had opened their eyes to the sad and awful condition of their one dirty grocery store. He it was that had set them to thinking of a means whereby to rid themselves of it. He had worked miracles, or rather he was going to work them, through these girls.

"Good! Good!" exclaimed several voices as Mary sat down.

"I am with you Mary," exclaimed Grace as she rose to her feet. "I just tell you girls, if we ever expect to be anything and to show several people in this town that 'Only' can be as good as anybody, why it is high time we were doing it! Ah! "She concluded, 'tis our Rubicon; will we cross it or not?"

With these speeches to start them, the girls talked on and on, until the sun warned them that supper time was near at hand. They had decided upon something very definite and mysterious, before they parted; for as each girl



passed out the door, she placed her finger upon her lip, nodded knowingly and went home giggling.

It was an ideal Saturday, or rather an ideal day. One which we hate to think of as a Saturday, since on Saturday we must work! work! and not play a minute. This day, just fairly called you from the house to the beautiful world without. More than one person sighed for the beautiful woods, as they arose that morning; but seven girls arose with beaming faces, and light, happy hearts, for it did feel so good to be on the point of doing a great service for your own home town. Their parents feared that their lives were in danger, for when had it ever before happened that Mary, Alice, Jane or Nancy, ever got up on Saturday morning before nine or ten o'clock, and here they were up with the birds and with the brightest faces imaginable.

"Mother I won't be home for lunch, the club is going on a 'toot,' so don't expect me, or worry about me; will be home in time for dinner, so goodbye." With such a farewell to their mothers the "Onlys" set forth into the world of reform.

About seven o'clock they had arrived at the club room and were discussing the plan of attack.

"My!" exclaimed Nancy with a shiver, "I certainly appreciate Luther's nerves when he tacked those 'Theses upon the gate of that old monastery!"

"So do I, and all the rest of those 'critters' who ever tried to do anything for the betterment of their country or town."

"Say girls, do you really believe we can do it?" Alice had already begun to doubt their powers at reforming.

"Doubting Thomas!" teased the girls.

"Why sure we can do it if we all stand together and never for one moment doubt our powers. Are you ready, my followers?" asked Ruth the president.

"Aye! Aye! Sir!"

"Well then not one word, remember, all hearts strong. Forward, march. We are off."

And off they were, if you had seen them, you would have thought they were 'off in the upper story," for of all the implements to go about reform movements, these were most remarkable. Ruth the president, headed the line, in one hand she carried a tin tub, in the other a mop and slung over one arm were rags innumerable; Grace the secretary came next with a washboiler and a large scrub brush, then came Nancy and Jane struggling with a stepladder; and Mary brought up the rear with bars of soap in one hand and a suitcase holding the girls longsleeved aprons in the other.

What a brigade! Was such another ever seen? No army ever went forth to battle with greater spirits than these girls went forth to battle with the dirt of old Jeremiah's grocery store—the dirtiest place in town, and the one making the most money—for that was their destination. Seven girls were undertaking what many a band of strong men had failed to do—to get the

dirt, filth and grime out of old Uncle Jerry's store.

The girls went by back streets so as not to arouse comment or suspicion. They wended their way cheerfully to the back door of Jeremiah's store, and here paused, while Ruth stepped up to the slightly open door and stood peeping in. Uncle Jerry was moving around getting his store read for the big orders that were bound to come on Saturday. The sugar barrel was empty so he went into the store room to roll out another. No sooner had his back disappeared into this dark little room, than the girls were in the store. Ruth crept up, snatched the keys from the hook and locked the door on poor old uncle Jerry. As the key clicked, the girls doubled up with laughter, to think that old Jerry, the greatest rascal in the town had just walked into their trap.

"I just bet his face is a picture to behold," laughed Grace. "My I haven't had such a laugh for a long time, not since Abe fell into the pond, anyway. Don't you remember girls?" and off they went again at the mere suggestion of that fateful occasion.

"Come, Grace, where is that paper we drew up?"

"Here it is," said Grace, "all fixed ready for the old Uncle."

Ruth took the paper and slipped it under the door of the store room, calling, "Here Uncle Jerry, this will explain to you this amazing affair, and if you aren't the first to laugh over it, I will never buy any more pickles from you take to the ball games."

Uncle Jerry had been taken entirely by surprise and to see a note slipped under the door was amazing indeed. But he was the sort that usually takes what comes as a matter of course, and so he went over and picked up the note and read it. At first he was angry, to think of such a thing as their taking his store into their hands to clean, like he wasn't able to clean it himself if he wanted to! He read on to where the girls stated they would turn the store over to him at five-thirty o'clock, all nice and clean; and if he would tell them how much he usually cleared on Saturday, they would save their allowances and pay him. So they wished him to content himself with the store room for a day, while they tended the shop. More and more as he read he saw the ridiculous situation, and when he finished the last sentence, he fairly shook with delight.

"Wal, Kingdom come and glory be! If that don't beat the Dutch. I always did think those girls had more to 'em then people give 'em credit fer. Wanted to know how much I cleared on a Saturday, did they? Wal, Wal! I hope ye have a nice time cleaning up old Jerry's dirt, which he done be too lazy to clean up hisself." Chuckling to himself he reached his hand into his pocket and drew forth a key and walking the length of the room, fitted the key in the lock and let himself out into the alley.

"Ha, Ha! Them gals didn't think of this here door. But I'll let 'em alone and just see what they will do." So chuckling to himself he passed on



down the alley and betook himself to a day of pleasure.

Meanwhile the girls had worked wonders in the front part of the store. The floor as far back as the old stove had been scrubbed clean and they were at work upon the counters and shelves. Having locked the door, they pulled the shades down over the windows and the door, and put a big sign in the window, stating that the store was closed for the day, but would be open that night and forever more.

Grace upon a stepladder had tried her best to clean the gas globe, but it was too much for her. "Girls for heavens sake, tell me something that will take the dirt and dust off this old thing."

"Soap and water" piped Jane, in a most exasperating voice.

"I could choke you, if it wasn't for the fact that I would have to climb down this ladder, and 'Good Granny,' I had hard enough time getting up."

"Being as I am in soap suds up to the elbow, I thought I would tell you, since you didn't seem to know."

Thus teasing each other as only girls can, they worked until noon. Then they stepped back to view their work, and found it to their complete satisfaction. At one o'clock they were back at work again with spirits still high. As the hours passed their chatter died slowly down until at three they had not said a word for half an hour, and each girl looked with longing eyes at the back wall, which was creeping nearer and nearer, until at last, Hurrah! it was finished. Or at least, the hardest part was done, for the walls and ceiling had all been wiped down, and the floor and wood work scrubbed, and only the stove was to be blacked and the back windows washed.

"Have mercy on my bones!" sighed Grace, as she lay down on the floor. "How I do hate to work, and look at my hands. My, I surely will have to take Dutch Cleanser to them to get all this grime out." She looked up expecting some response, but all the girls were working away with set faces, two were at each window, and two at the stove and none had even heard her remark. She pulled herself together and went back to the front of the store and arranged the fruit and vegetables in the front windows.

"Well girls," said Ruth "I reckon we are through. I don't see anything more to do, do you?"

"No, and what's more, I am not going to look around for anymore; we have done enough for one day. I move we adjourn." Mary was tired out.

"It does look awfully nice and clean, doesn't it? My, I am glad it is through with. I wonder what Uncle Jerry will think of it."

"Uncle Jerry," exclaimed Grace, "Why, I had not even thought of him, and here we are almost on the point of leaving without unlocking the store room door. Poor old man, think of being locked up in that dark room all day. Come on girls, I am going to let him out."

"Grace went over to the door and turned the key, which had been left in

the door, "Uncle Jerry, come forth and view the grand transformation." No response. "Uncle Jerry, come forth." this time louder, but still no response. "Uncle Jerry, don't you hear me, it seems to me if I had been locked up all day, I would come out in a jiffy. Girls he isn't here." Fright and surprise were mingled in Grace's voice. "Oh! What has become of him? What has become of him?"

All the tiredness had left the girls by this time. They went into the store room and searched in every corner, half expecting to find Uncle Jerry hidden there. Ruth was standing with her back all unknowingly to the door by which Uncle Jerry had escaped into the alley, when the lock clicked and the door pushed open. The late afternoon sunlight, exposed to the man in the door the consternation in the faces of the seven girls.

"Uncle Jerry!" they exclaimed in one voice. "Where did you come from? How did you get here?"

"Ha! Ha!" Uncle Jerry laughed good-naturedly. "Did ye get through?"

"Oh! come and see!" They led him into the store and then stood watching him.

"Wal! Kingdom come and glory be! How did ye do it? How did ye do it?" He looked around at the perfect order and cleanliness of the store.

The girls laughed happily, for Uncle Jerry had taken it alright and his simple question was underlaid with gratitude, surprise, and wonder.

Their laugh penetrated to the crowds that all day had been speculating as to what was the matter with Uncle Jerry. A young boy stepped up to the door and rattled it.

"Oh, Me! Oh, My!" exclaimed Nancy. "We can't be caught here looking this way. Let's flee, while Uncle Jerry is still dazed." With that she led the way to the back door, through which they passed with light happy hearts, not withstanding their dragging feet.

Uncle Jerry walked to the front door after repeated rattlings, and let in the crowd. The story was told and exclaimed over, by all the citizens of Elkhorn.

The "Onlys" had at last reached the goal of their ambition. They had aroused envy and interest in themselves.

FANNY LEW McCOY.—'13.





## A PROFESSOR FROM MARS.

## PRIZE STORY.

I had not been in the study hall very long before I began to feel a very peculiar dizziness creeping over me. The room soon began to whirl and buzz; the books on the shelves about the wall seemed possessed with the spirit, and were soon off in a mad whirl, twisting and turning here and there, and forming into many grotesque shapes and figures, that made my eyes heavy from following them. I closed my eyelids, thinking to keep out the view, but it seemed only to increase their motion; and upon opening them, I found my old English History fluttering about in a very undignified manner, and not to be forgotten, the Squares, Trapezoids and Triangles rose from my Geometry and rushed about my head in a weird whirl. I again closed my eyes, this time from utter exhaustion. Was this a dream? Certainly I was not ill, for I never felt better in my life with the exception of a slight dizziness, and surely it was not a dream, for there was my friend the timekeeper, who's leisure moments were spent in informing the lazy pupils of the time. Yes, and there was my teacher, but who is that old man in the corner? It must be one of the many shapes the books have taken, or am I losing mental control, in fact I began to doubt my strength of mind. I had seen books and papers flying like mad, yet, no one else seemed troubled. There was only one way to settle this argument, so I decided to ask for the time; and if I was answered, I could not be dreaming. This was almost accomplished, when I was seized from behind, and looking over my shoulder, I saw the weazened face of the queer old gentleman, whom I had a few moments before noticed in the corner. To me it seemed very rude, and I could not keep from staring in his face. And would you believe it, his eyeballs were revolving in their sockets; his long white beard was twisting like an angle worm on which your foot has pressed. My arm was in a vicelike grip, and, though it pained me terribly, I was only able to ask if he would please release me.

"Rise," muttered my persecutor in my ear, "I want you to guide me about the school."

"Sir," I cried, "I would indeed like to do as you request, but I must gain permission from my teacher, and, Sir, I am sure you will be able to find a far better guide than I would be." At this answer he seemed much offended.

"Vandal! Heathen!" He thundered. "How dare you tamper with my commands? Are not the commands of Prof. Blyde Muddersnook law? Am I not the same distinguished gentleman who discovered perpetual motion? Have I not been awarded a Radium medal for my many inventions, all of which have been effective in making Mars second only to Heaven? And now I come to this backward country; and hardly before I place my foot on this



worthless soil, I am accosted and waylaid by a young cub like you."

"Sir," I exclaimed, somewhat startled, "I will do my best, but I can hardly believe you came from Mars, which is at this time 48,600,000 miles from this earth, and, Sir, you speak English as though you were acquainted with the language."

"Ah!" said the Prof., "you doubt my word, but come, I did not make this trip to parley with you; and I have but two hours to view this school."

There was nothing else to do but to follow, so closing my book I passed out of the study room unheeded, as was my companion, into the hall.

"Now," said the Prof., "I would enjoy seeing your History department if your school is provided with one." This last statement with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Sir," said I, with a great deal of pride, "we have a number of rooms which one would you like to visit?"

"Oh, one is as good as another, for I will be able to find the same methods in all," and with these words we advanced into the English History room. I remained at the door while the Prof. passed among the pupils, looking at their books and jotting down notes, gazing into their faces; and throughout this performance, the class remained in seeming ignorance of his presence. I had a good chance to view the farfamed Muddersnook. My, but he was queer, with his revolving eyes, his wiggling beard and his queer cut clothes, all which were in keeping with his name. I also noticed, for the first time, that the Prof. carried a grip, that bulged out like a newly stuffed pillow. He was now engaged in scanning over the grade book, so I glided up to look over his shoulder, to read the grades; but just as I reached him he closed the book and picked up an English History instead, and was soon running over the index. After reading through a number of times, he finally stopped, puckered up his thin lips, exclaimed:

"Boy, I fail to find my name, and how can it be that the name of Dr. Tite Opkins is missing?"

"Opkins?" said I, "why I never heard of such a man."

"No doubt you never did, but he is a great man just the same. Did you ever hear of his great works? Well I will tell you—It was at the time of our last battle against the water, we, as you must know, were engaged in building a canal from Pole to Pole, to obtain water for drinking and commercial purposes."

One night, under the cover of darkness, a small boy tampered with the valve that held the water, and before we could reach the scene of action, millions of tons of water were sweeping down the partly finished canal toward our great city of Suthuk. We called for Opkins, who now saw a chance to put in use his "Heversal of Gravity," and before long the water was reversed and turned up the path which it had worn when it had gained its freedom. It was not long before we had the baffled monster under our power, and to



cut the story short, Opkins was given the degree of P. D. S. R., by the President of Auckland, and as we—, but here I interrupted,

“Sir do you mean to tell me that Opkins caused the water to run up hill? Why that is impossible, sir!”

“Impossible you say? Well, for your disrespect, you shall carry my grip,” said the Professor, as he handed me the grip,” he added. “we will enter the English room.”

In the English room, the Professor was at sea, and his wrinkled face was a picture of dismay.

“Boy,” said he, “what are these creatures talking about? I can not make head or tail of it.

“Creatures!” I cried, my anger rising, “why those are the pick of the school. They are Seniors. That is their President now talking.”

“Oh, I see, said the Professor, “That boy is the President or Chief of that tribe or clan, will you oblige me with their names?”

“Good Sir. “They are not Indians. They do not live in clans. They are the Class of '12.”

“Class of '12,” responded the Professor. “Why I see at least twenty myself, but let it drop. I presume it is the way you savages have of counting and as for me I would rather enter a room which I can understand.”

“Then Sir, you do not understand Shakespeare?”

“Shakespeare? Why I never heard of such a man. Was he the boy who didn't know his lesson?”

“Shakespeare, a boy Sir! Why Sir, I am shocked.”

“Well boy,” said Muddersnook, rather confused. “If you wish to rest here and watch my grip until I return you may, but mind you must not meddle with it.”

I consented and sat down upon a chair and began to gaze at the grip. The more I looked the more I was tempted to see inside, especially to see if the grip contained the method of reaching Mars. If it did my fortune was made. Why I could even hear the newsboys calling, ‘The Discovers Route to Mars.’ or ‘Perry and Amusden, have been eclipsed,’ then the admiration my schoolmates would show for me.

This last thought was enough; I ripped open the grip. The nature of the act swept over me. I was violating his confidence. I shook myself. Opportunity had beckoned, would I answer? It was now or never, so without a moment of delay, I thrust my hand into the grip; it touched something cold; I drew it forth, it was a very small package, neatly tied, and across the front in bold letters was printed:

“MUDDERSNOOK'S METHOD.”

Then this was the formula; I hastily tore off the cover. This disclosed a very old cask, with a tiny lid, this I flung open and before I could close it, dark, fragrant fumes rose and were wafted through the rooms. “There is

something inside." thought I, so I again thrust in my hand, this time I drew forth a blank card, and looking closely, I readily made out the word Determination. Then determination was his method.

But here I started, the Professor was striding down the hall, his Radium medal flashing with unusual brilliancy; it's very rays blinded me. I trembled, but could not move. I knew what was coming. His very eyes showed his wrath.

"Boy," he said "I must go."

"But Sir," I managed to mutter, "I am very, very, much-ashamed, but-but I-I-entered your—"

"Tut, tut, I knew you would open it," he said cheerfully, it is human nature, it was my will, for the fumes you have released are the fumes of knowledge. They have penetrated every corner. The card you have now in your possession, was the cause of the fumes. I reached this world on determination. I will return on its effect. I now must go. "But remember, said he, as he passed out the door," remember this, and pointing to the inscription above the door, read in a soft voice, "Juventus spes mundi." "The Youth the Hope of the World."

He was soon swallowed up by the gathering fog. It was with a great deal of effort that I was able to arouse myself from this stupor, and pass out. But to this day I believe Muddersnook was real. Now what do you think?

EDWIN CARROLL.'13.



### IN SEARCH OF A MAGIC STONE.

Elton and a disagreeable looking old gentleman were the only passengers on the aeroplane. Elton glanced at the old gentleman, but he looked as if he would like to be left severely alone; so she looked at the nice looking fellow, who had taken her fare, as she had entered the aeroplane. "How far is it?" she asked. Be it known that Elton was very talkative.

"Oh, it's millions of miles," was the pleasant reply, "but it doesn't take long to get there, because the car doesn't stop on the way, at all."

"Do you have many passengers?" questioned Elton, in order to keep up the conversation.

"Not very many. You see it is such a long dangerous trip, that not many people come, unless for something very important."

"Well," said Elton, "My business is very important. I am going up to hunt for one of those little stones, that makes people able to answer any



question that is asked, in history. I suppose you know all about them, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I know what you mean," said the handsome aviator. "It will be hard to get, but I wish you success."

"I used to be kinda good in history," Elton's voice was reflective, "But here lately I'm not at all good, so I just thought I'd go up and try to get one of those magic stones."

"Well, I wish you good luck," but the young man smiled knowingly, and Elton fell to wondering why.

After a while she asked him some more questions, and the conversation was carried on by fits and starts for a long time. Finally the aeroplane stopped, and, "Mars!" shouted the aviator. "Change cars for Venus!"

Elton got off and was met by a nice looking man, who inquired her business, and finding that she came to search for the magic stone, called a guide and told him to take charge of the young lady.

Elton was anxious to start on her search immediately, so no time was lost. The guide spoke English well, altho' he knew only simple words.

"How do you happen to know our language so well?" asked the inquisitive young lady.

Smiling, Elton noticed that every one smiled up at Mars, he said, "We have some very learned professors up here, and I was fortunate enough to have one of them for my English teacher. I studied as hard as I could, and now I am able to speak English very well."

"I should say you do," exclaimed Elton admiringly. "How many years did you study English?"

"Only three."

"Only three! My goodness, I've taken Latin four years and the only words I know are 'amo' and 'infelix.'"

"Maybe Latin is harder than English," said her guide consolingly.

"I don't know about that," replied Elton, "I expect it's just because I'm so 'dumb.'" All this time they were walking over a very rough road.

"Did any other girl ever come up here and get a history stone?" inquired Elton.

"No one ever did, I think."

"Now be sure—there is a girl in our class that knows absolutely everything about history, and I think she surely must have a History Stone."

"No," the guide said, but noting the disappointed look of his little friend's face continued, "But once a boy dropped a stone down, and she might have got that."

"I'll bet anything she did, because she knows positively everything there is about history. Mercy! What's this?"

They had come to the mouth of a huge deep tunnel. "We must go

through this cave now; you won't get hurt,"—seeing her look of consternation.

"Yes, but there may be bears in it."

He laughed, "Oh, no, nothing is in there but lions."

"Lions! worse than ever!"

"I don't know what a lion is, but these little lions won't hurt you."

He spoke convincingly, so with fear and trembling, Elton followed him into the cave. They passed through easily, but Elton clung to the guide's hand, fearing that a huge lion would be upon them at any minute. Soon they reached the open air. "There weren't any lions at home today were there?" said the little girl.

"Why, didn't you see them?" said the guide, "there were lots of them in there."

"You mean those little gray animals?"

"Yes, didn't you see them?"

Elton laughed outright, "why those are nothing but rabbits." But seeing the guide's look of injured dignity, she hastily added, "at least that's what we call them at home."

They advanced for quite a distance when they came to another tunnel, to go through. Elton marched in boldly, for who's afraid of rabbits? But alas, when they got to the end of the tunnel, there stood a bear. The little girl, who had entered so confidently, screamed aloud in fright, but the man spoke to the bear in the language of Mars, at which the bear drew back and let them pass; and as Elton shivered past him, he actually winked at her.

"My, your animals must be awfully friendly up here," she said, when they were once more outside the tunnel.

"Yes, we are good to them, never allow them to be killed or mistreated, and, so they are not afraid of us. I have read that the little boys down on earth actually kill little birds."

Elton wisely said nothing, because she knew he was speaking the truth.

The guide suddenly stopped, and pointing to a steep descent said, "We now have to go down this hill, through another big black cave, up another hill, and then we're there."

Elton was thoughtful for a minute, "I don't believe I'll go."

"Well, of course, if you don't go, you won't get your stone."

"Yes, I'll go; 'cause I hate to come all this way for nothing."

Silently they went down the steep hill, and started along the narrow path.

"Let me walk beside you, please, I'm afraid something will get me if I stay behind," said the scared little searcher for knowledge.

"There isn't room beside me. Don't you hear that water on the left



side? And there's a steep precipice on the right side. This path is only two feet wide."

Elton shivered and crept on, thinking every minute that she would either fall into the sea or over the precipice. She wished she had never tried to get any old History Stone, because she would rather fail in history every day, than to go through this awful place.

But finally the cave was traversed, the hill climbed, and they stood again in the open air. They walked on a little piece and came to a hill of glass about fifteen feet high.

"See that little white sprout at the top of the hill," asked the guide.

"Yes, I see it."

"You must crawl up this hill to that sprout, take hold of it and reach down and get the magic stone."

"May I get some for my friends?"

"No, you may have only one."

"Well, I can give it to my sister when I get through with it, can't I?"

"Yes, but if it goes out of the family it isn't any good. You had better go now and get it."

Slowly Elton climbed the steep glass hill, slowly and laboriously, and finally reached the white sprout and grasped it. She looked over the edge of the hill, and there, just down a little way lay many smooth white stones. Elton's eyes glistened. "Won't Miss Phelps think I'm smart though! she said.

"Don't put too much weight on that sprout," called the guide, "it will break."

But Elton didn't hear. She grasped the sprout with all her strength and leaned over—way over. Her little fingers were almost touching the magic stone when 'crash' went the little white sprout, and 'thud' went Elton on the—floor.

Isn't it a shame, an eternal, everlasting, never to be forgotten shame for a Senior—a dignified Senior—to dream such a little old eighth grade dream? Just think of a Senior, wasting time dreaming such dreams as that, when she could have dreamed "Hamlet" or "Aeneas," with much more profit; but we're not responsible for what we dream, and we had all better read Mercutio's "Queen Mab" speech in "Romeo and Juliet," before we make fun of Elton's dream.

ADA CRADDOCK.—'12.



UNCLE TED AT "ESMERALDA."

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ESMERALDA, COME AND SEE IT, JAN. 11 and 12, 1912.

A beautiful play of the love story of a North Carolina girl. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and their daughter Esmeralda, live in the mountains of North Carolina. Dave Hardy is in love with Esmeralda and she with him, but just at the time when they think of marriage, a prospector discovers ore on the Rogers' land. He and Mrs. Rogers operate the farm on half shares. This makes Mrs. Rogers very wealthy and she determines to go abroad and marry her daughter to a SOMEBODY. She goes and the rest you must come and see. It is sure to be fine, because it is directed by JAMES W. JONES.

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This poster was the cause of it all, and if it had not by some queer fate been thrown into the yard of a farmhouse about two miles from Independence, this account of the Senior Play, would never have been written.

"OH, Ted! I can hardly wait for that curtain to go up," said Mrs. Stanford to her husband, commonly known as Uncle Ted. "I wonder what kind of a play it will be and how they will all do, and what they will look like. OH, Oh! I do wish the curtain would go up."

"Well, Well! Now I just wish I hadn't brought you, if you are going to be so silly about it. I might have known it was no use to bring you tonight in all this snow and cold, but somehow I wanted to see how the kids would do it."

"You can rest easy, for it will be worth the ride to town to see it."

The orchestra struck up "Alexander's Hagtime Band." "Isn't that beautiful," breathed Uncle Ted, "my it just makes my feet go, I wish we were young again."

"Oh! stop your foolishness. I do wish that curtain would go up."

"There it goes," jokingly said Uncle Ted. But sure enough it did go. Uncle Ted was so taken back that he almost shouted, "Well I swan!"

"Hush! Hush!" cried his wife, taking him by the arm. "Don't you see you are making a show of yourself."

"Well, that's a real pretty landscape, but you never saw them kind of flowers on a fence and porch, in ye life."

"If you don't stop I will get up and go out of here. Those flowers are perfectly beautiful, and I just know some woman took a lot of pains training them."

"Why they are artificial!"

Well; if he ain't the beatenest," as Mr. Drew made his appearance. "He looks like some of these dudes you see on Fifth Avenue," with a very pompous air.

"When did you ever see anybody from Fifth Avenue, or much less see it?" demanded his wife. "Oh! he is too dear, for words," speaking of Mr.



Estabrook. "I wish I had seen him before I saw you," and Mrs. Standford turned teasingly from her husband.

"Well, I wish you had too," was his joking reply.

By this time they had really become interested in the play. The stage setting and the excellent acting of the characters before them held their attention, and they forgot everything in the play. As the plot progressed, Uncle Ted leaned forward in his seat and gazed with bright eyes at Mrs. Rogers. It was not however, that he was in love with her, only that her acting was so very good, that he could not take his eyes from her.

But his wife wasn't going to let him get ahead of her and she gazed with an equally enraptured expression, at Mr. Rogers, for it was he who was playing the star part. Mrs. Standford couldn't keep the tears from collecting in her eyes, at the hard heartedness of Mrs. Rogers, separating the lovers Esmeralda and Dave. It was such good rendering of the parts that one forgot that it was not a scene from real life, enacted before them. As the curtain went down on the first act, the house burst into applause.

"My, aren't you glad we saw that poster, and decided to come, no matter if it was snowing and powerful cold?"

"They certainly are doing well and wasn't Mrs. Rogers splendid, and Mr. Rogers was a dear, and Esmeralda, poor thing, wasn't she beautiful?"

As the curtain went up on the second act, the house became quiet, for everyone was given up to the admiration of the good acting. Nora, Jack and Kate Desmond, in their attractive studio, for a while controlled the interest of everyone, until Mr. Rogers appeared to remind the audience of better things in store for them. How difficult it was for Uncle Ted to tell which was doing the best, until he heard that Esmeralda was getting pale and sick over the separation from her lover, then he knew which was doing best. And Dave, was that Dave? Could it be Dave, the lover from North Carolina? Yes it was and from the moment he sank into the chair, Uncle Ted never raised his eyes from him. He was seeing life played before his eyes, why shouldn't he set up and take notice? And as the curtain went down on the second act, he made no comment, for he considered that they had done too well to be criticised. And pray, what was there to criticise? Nothing. Uncle Ted felt fully the power of the acting. Mrs. Standford also forgot about talking to her husband. Her thoughts were far away in an imaginary Paris, with a girl, pining away for her lover and not knowing that he was in the same city with her.

Before the spell of the second act was broken, the curtain rose on the third act. Uncle Ted vowed he had never seen two people as cute as Nora and Mr. Estabrook, and he declared that Estabrook was a "jolly good fellow." When Esmeralda came in, in the glory of her ball gown, pale, but determined, he could have gotten up and shouted for joy, to think that at last Esmeralda was coming into her own. Uncle Ted was seized with



convulsions when the "Marquis" appeared; he was the dandiest little fellow you ever did see. He could not keep the tears from his eyes when Esmeralda fainted, and he murmured "Poor girl," before he thought.

The last act was the climax of the play and as all the tangled threads became straight again, and the actors reached the height of their acting, a great gladness filled Uncle Ted's heart to see Dave at last win over Mrs. Rogers. He believed firmly in the old saying "All things come around to him who will but wait."

On the ride home that night many things were said between that couple, who were neither too old, nor too young to appreciate the play, and in appreciating it become more thoughtful of others.

And so, Oh! Seniors, you know not how many burdens you have helped to lighten, and how many lives you have helped to brighten by your play, beautiful in sentiment and wonderful in execution.

FANNY LEW McCOY.—'13.



### DETECTIVE DUB.

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As Dub Reynolds awoke from a long and unbroken night's sleep, he yawned, stretched out his arms and lay contentedly back upon the bed. Gazing upward, he could see the early morning sunshine streaming through the roof of his tent and hear the chatter of birds as they gathered around the bushes where crumbs had been thrown the night before.

It was indeed a most unusual turn of luck, as his chum, Fatty Stewart called it, that they with their friend Billy Lawrence, should have the opportunity of acting as guide. A party of Easterners had come down the White river on a camping expedition, and finding that they were not so familiar with the country as they had at first supposed, had stopped at the little town of Carney, that stood upon the eastern bank of the river, in search of guides. The three boys who were almost of an age, at once volunteered their services, and after a little consideration on the part of the campers, were chosen to fill the place.

In the midst of his pleasant meditations, Dub was rudely aroused by a truly aimed missile in the shape of Fatty's shoe, and the excited voice of Billy Lawrence as he told in a hurried manner, of the escape of one of the five boats that belonged to the party.

Dub turned over, picked up the shoe and was making ready to send it



back with equal force, when he caught the drift of Billy's conversation.

"What's that, one of the boats gone?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, and it looks mighty like somebody has cut the line that held her," returned Billy. "But I say, you lazy, good-for-nothing sleepy head, dig out and join a searching party, will you? If every one of us was as lazy as you two are, the bloomin' old boat would be clear down to the falls long before this."

"O well, don't get in a hurry, Fatty and me will do more good in five minutes when we do get there than you'd do all day."

"O Shut up," replied Billy, as he hurriedly left the tent and made his way over where the rest of the party were putting out in pursuit of the runaway boat.

By the time Fatty and Dub reached the river bank, there was not a boat to be seen, so remembering that they had not had any breakfast, they made their way quickly back to camp. After a most refreshing breakfast of coffee, potatoes, bacon and eggs, Fatty retired to his hammock to enjoy an hour or so with a good book. Dub, who liked to hunt better than read any book, picked up his gun and slowly wended his way through the timber, promising not to return without either some nice young squirrels or rabbits.

In the meantime, the searching party had covered many miles, but no trace had been found of the missing boat, and so about two o'clock in the afternoon all were once more back at the landing.

Billy at once set out to find his friends, and at last found Fatty enjoying a nap under a large oak tree that furnished plenty of nice cool shade.

Seeing that he was asleep, Billy approached cautiously and seizing the unsuspecting slumberer unceremoniously dumped him out of the hammock onto the ground, and then proceeded to give him a good, allround wallop. When he was out of breath, he backed away and said:

"Well of all the good for nothing, insignificant pieces of humanity, you beat 'em all. The idea of you lounging around up here dreaming of the merry spring time, while all the rest of us were working our heads off and making blisters on our hands trying to find that boat."

"Did you find it?" calmly asked Fatty, dreamily gazing up at him.

"No we didn't find it," answered his irate companion, "and I see you and Dub didn't even wash the dishes, and I'll bet you swiped the last of that coffee."

While Billy was yet exercising his unlimited vocabulary on Fatty, Dub Reynolds put in his appearance, his rifle over his shoulder and five or six young rabbits swinging from his belt.

"Hello, Billy, find anything of the old tub?" was his greeting, and upon receiving a negative answer, he replied jeeringly, "I told you Fatty and me



could do more good in five minutes than you could do in a day, only you didn't give us a chance."

"You got plenty of chance now, if you think you're so grand, I'd like to see you try," returned Billy, who was tenderly examining a large blister on his right hand.

"You give Fattness and me till the end of this week and I'll bet we have the boat or the fellow that stole it," said Dub.

"Alright, this is Tuesday, and I'll give you most honorable self-asserting gentlemen, till Saturday to give the information," sarcastically replied Billy.

The bet was made and that evening Fatty and Dub retired early into their tent to discuss a plan which Dub had thought out while hunting that morning. When they were comfortably seated, Dub began: "You know when Bill was here this morning, he said that maybe someone had swiped our boat and so I went down to the landing and took a look at the rope that had been cut as some of the others thought, maybe the boat had worn it out on the rocks, but I got a hunch that it was swiped and so I made a plan to capture the thief if he ever comes back. But the only thing that stops me is, that I hav'nt any batteries; I have plenty of wire and a bell, but no batteries."

He stopped for a moment and Fatty said, "say, I know where you could get some batteries, and it isn't so far from here either."

"Where's that?" asked Dub, eagerly.

"You know those fellows that's camping up on Roger's Bend?. Well they got a couple of gas launches and maybe we could get their batteries."

"Yes, but they say they are a grouchy bunch, and if that's so, we wouldn't stand any show of getting them."

"Why if they are so terrible bad, we needn't bother them, but just go and take um some dark night, and just call it borrowing. Sure we could take'm back when we're done with 'em."

"Well if that's arranged, go ahead with your plans," grunted Fatty.

"You see I could put the bell up here and run a wire down to the landing and across the river to the island and then back on the other side of the landing so's to make a regular pen only have the wire three or four feet under water, so the boats could go over it."

"Where's the capture coming in, if the boats can get out of the pen that easy?" asked Fatt.

"You keep still, I'm doing this" answered Dub, "Then I'll fasten a wire to each boat and hang a drag from the back end so that when the boat is taken over the crosswire, the drag wire will touch it and from a connection and ring the bell, (see?)"

"Eh 'huh, I guess I see" said Fatty, "but I'm going to bed."



"Go on, who cares? but remember that we're going after those batteries tomorrow night."

The next morning both boys were up bright and early, even in time to drag Billy "the early one" out of bed. They worked busily all forenoon installing the bell and running the circuit wires to the island and back to camp.

As the afternoon wore away the boys became impatient and finally about six o'clock, they drifted gently away from the landing and started on their mission.

By the time they had come to within a hundred yards of the Rogers Bend landing, it had grown quite dark. The frogs began to croak all along the bank. Somewhere, away out in the woods, the whippoorwill sent out its long lonesome cry; and a little hoot owl that sat in the topmost branches of a tree that overhung the bank answered. The shadows grew deeper and deeper as night settled down.

As the boys sat silently, screened by the deeper shadows of the bank, the faint notes of a banjo and guitar floated down to them.

Fatty leaned forward and whispered "Gee, this is a great night for our adventure, they're celebrating."

"Yes" replied Dub "but keep still, a whisper carries awful well on the water and there might be some one hanging around."

Just as he finished his answer, both boys listened intently. From far down the river came the faint chug of a motor. It came nearer and nearer, but at last came to a halt at the landing.

After what seemed sufficient time for the men to get the camp, the boys silently dipped oars and drifted down to the landing. Yes, there were the motor boats. The row boat slid longside and came to a stop. Dub climbed stealthily over into the launch, found the battery box by the aid of his search light, quickly severed connections, picked it up and crawled back to his own boat.

The return to camp was made quickly and without mishap. Reaching the landing they securely fastened their boat, adjusted the drag, connected it with the circuit and hurried to camp.

After connecting the batteries with the current wires they retired, but left their clothes handy to jump into in case of alarm.

About midnight while both boys were sleeping soundly, first came a sputter, then a crashing alarm as the eight inch bell came into action.

Both boys were on their feet in a moment. They jerked on their clothes in the most hurried fashion and picking up their rifles broke for the landing on the dead run. As they jumped aboard one of the boats and severed the electrical connection, they could hear the hasty dip of oars and they could see in the pale moonlight, a dim figure shoot into the channel, some fifty feet ahead.

The alarm was general and everyone was out to help in the capture.



They rowed as they had never rowed before, and were rewarded by the knowledge that they were gaining. When they had come to within about twenty or twenty-five feet, Dub raised his rifle and sent a bullet so near the head of the offender, that he immediately laid down his oars and cried

"Don shoot Mista, Don shoot dis yer ol' nigger, he's don stopped."

Dub laid down his oars in a kind of disgusted manner, "Well I'll be— if it ain't a nigger" then to Fatt, "we'll have some fun anyhow."

He brought the hammer of his rifle back with an ominous click and hollowed,

"Hey you nigger, just let yourself drift back and if you bat an eye I'll put a bullet through you."

This brought new appeals from the frightened negro.

"Don shoot dis yer ol' nigger, he's a coming jest as fast as dis yer ol' boat'll bring him."

Upon the arrival of the rest of the pursuers, Billy was full of questions, but the only answer that he got was,

"I told you Fattness and me could do more good in five minutes than you could in a week."

CARL DONALDSON.—'15.



### "HER INTENDED DESTINY."

If you are sure that it will never get back to Miss Maltby, I shall explain to you how Ada happened to make this rash statement.

Until about six weeks before our High School life was over, we always had an hour for lunch, which I shall agree with Miss Brown, seemed to be a waste of time. But during our Senior year, the Latin class, which had to translate twenty-five lines of Virgil, every sixth period, conceived the idea that this hour would be a good time to read our lesson together, or rather to listen to Nellie and Iola read, and for the rest to copy. We, in this bunch, called ourselves "The Latin Committee," and "Corn-Stalk" served in the place of "Robert's Rules." We always occupied the northeastern corner of the study hall, each day, from about 12:15 until, well, until Miss Henry rapped on her desk.

But Latin was'nt always the only subject under discussion; it ranged from Miss Phelps' parting words, which usually were: "I have the names of



fifteen people from this class who made zero today," even to our future destiny. Neither were the people who were interested in Latin, the only ones who congregated here, for Milton often came back to school early, and he always "beat it" for our corner, not being interested in Latin, however, and when he came we always lost Esther's attention for the rest of that hour.

Nevertheless, one day before Milton had arrived, the discussion came up as is natural to a crowd of Seniors, as to what we intended to do after our school days. Alberta, who was not a regular member of the "Committee," but a very important one when she was there, cast a smiling glance at Alan and said, "For my part, I intend to get married as soon as I am eighteen."

This struck Ada forcibly, and she immediately spoke up, "Well, I would'nt get married if my life depended on it. I think it is one of the silliest things a girl can do. My ambition is to be a school teacher, just like Miss Phelps or Miss Brown."

Esther, who always has thoughtful opinions, said, "I think that it is everybody's intended destiny to be married."

"I shall certainly miss my destiny then," answered Ada, "for I just despise every boy I ever saw, almost."

Julia punched me and whispered, "It's a good thing James Staten is'nt here, or else Ada might miss seeing "Romeo and Juliet" tomorrow night, unless he would be conceited enough to think he is the 'almost.'"

Shortly after this, we began getting out at 12:50. This meant that every one had to study Latin, instead of just Nellie and Iola, (and a few others who studied whenever they felt like it); and it also put an end to our discussions. The close of school soon came and our Alumni and Junior receptions afforded us our last and best pleasure together.

After commencement, we all separated, and each went his own way. Ada spent her vacation in the Ozark district, keenly enjoying the freedom of the mountains after her close confinement to her books.

While she was here, she met with some rough, uncouth, little mountaineer children, and seeing their need of enlightenmmt, was fired by a philanthropic desire to help them, due probably to Miss Brown's excellent teaching of Shakespeare; and, accordingly she applied for a position as school teacher in one of the most remote districts in the mountains.

The following September found her duly installed as teacher at the school known everywhere as "Crackerneck." Her first trouble was in finding a boarding place. The houses were so scattered that it was very difficult to find a place within walking distance of the school, but, finally, Mr. and Mrs. Hoss, agreed to keep her, and they lived two miles from the school house.

Ada was not at all overjoyed with her boarding place, and at night she was more dissatisfied than ever. Intending to be very hospitable to the new school marm, Mr. Hoss gave her the front room, "for hers," and



Mr. and Mrs. Hoss slept upstairs.

The "front room" was the joy of the owner's heart. It was big and empty, and had four big windows without either curtains or shades, and worst of all, the outside door was without a lock. Ada spent two or three nights in untold terror. To keep from hearing the bay of the wolf and the shriek of the panther, she "scrouched" under the cover and began repeating "Macbeth's soliloquy" as fast as possible, and seeing even worse than "daggers before her."

Finally she asked Mr. Hoss if there was any danger, and he comforted her by saying, "law no, you needn't be a partikle oneasy without that ole' dorg Sharp, begins ter barkin,' but if ever he gits ter' barkin' there's shore some-thun' up."

Whether "Ole Sharp" did it on purpose or not, every night after this about midnight, he began howling and barking loud enough to scare anyone, except Mr. and Mrs. Hoss, and they were both deaf. After several more nights of untold agony, the school-marm, raising her voice to its highest pitch, said, "Mrs. Mule, I mean Mrs. Hoss, I shall have to have another room or board somewhere else, for I am absolutely afraid to sleep in that "front room."

After repeating this statement several times, Mrs. "Mule," finally understood, and promised to let Ada sleep upstairs, and she and Mr. Hoss would sleep below. The next night, when Mrs. Hoss piloted Ada up the rickety ladder to the attic chamber, which was perfectly bare except for the bed and two large carpet bags under the rafters, she proudly explained 'that nothing could ever get into that room, because it was where they kept Cousin Mary Plunket when she was crazy, and this was the very window where she jumped out and killed herself.' This explanation gave the same sort of comfort that Mr. Hoss' consolation concerning "Sharp" and the other room had given.

Not able to endure the loneliness of the room and the awfulness of her dreams, and imaginations, she decided to get another boarding place, nearer school, if possible. At length she secured an "almost ideal" boarding place, with Mrs. Ryner, whose house consisted of two rooms, a kitchen and bed room. They came near not making an agreement for Mrs. Ryner insisted on sleeping between blankets, while Ada preferred sheets; but Mrs. Ryner compromised the matter by agreeing to put blankets on her side and sheets on the other side, for the "stylish school-marm."

This arrangement was not very good, for many wild tangles of cover ensued, but, for all that, it was very satisfactory to Ada because her roommate was in the habit of getting up in the middle of the night to replenish the fire; and on such occasions she went in her bare feet and returned to bed with an ample supply of chips and splinters clinging to her feet.

During all of these "trials and tribulations" Ada still clung to the hope



of uplifting the community; so she decided to organize a literary society and to teach Shakespeare to the mountaineers. Accordingly, she announced to the children that there would be a literary meeting at the schoolhouse on the following Saturday night, and told them to urge their parents to come. On the appointed evening Ada and her landlady made their way thro' the drizzly rain to the school house. They anxiously entered, but found to Ada's discouragement, a room full of rough men; many were drunk and all were spitting on the clean floor which she and the pupils had laboriously scrubbed. Seeing the impossibility of her project she stole out of the door and left the 'Literary Society' to work out its own destiny.

Amid such discouragements the winter passed away. The ignorance and increasing indifference of the pupils, completely discouraged Ada and spring found her longing intensely to be at home again and see some of her friends and class-mates who would understand her state of affairs and know how to sympathize with her in these trying difficulties.

After the trees began to whiten with their blossoms and the fragrant odors from the wild flowers began to fill the air, she felt like she couldn't stand to finish her other month of school without seeing some of her friends.

At this juncture, a buggy stopped before the school house and she recognized the driver to be her old friend, James Staten whom she had not heard from since commencement. In her joy to see some one from home she gave him such a hearty welcome that he entirely forgot the cool treatment which he had received, or rather imagined he had received, from her on our eventful "Commencement Day."

At noon the teacher and her friend took a long walk, really so long that she forgot to return by one o'clock; and he explained to her that the officials of "The Commercial National Bank" in Kansas City had sent him down to these parts as cashier in their branch department in a neighboring town.

When they returned to the school they found the house a mass of flowers, and "KONGHATULASHIONS" was written all over the board. Each child wore a broad grin on his face, but the teacher didn't take the joke so goodnatureedly. She made them erase the board and intended to have the flowers all taken out, especially the arch over the doorway, but, when she saw how good natureedly James took the affair, she decided it was funny after all, and she continued the afternoon with a much better disposition towards her pupils than usual.

School was dismissed early that afternoon, and Ada gladly accepted her visitors invitation to take a short drive, because spending the long afternoons at her undesirable boarding place was a very tedious task.

As they drove along the shady road she felt like she was at home again and unconsciously began repeating,

"Can any pleasure in life compare,

To a charming drive in the balmy air?"

She really felt happy, for the first time in eight long months which had seemed to her like eight years.

The conversation began with reminiscences, for Ada always enjoyed feasting on past pleasures when there were no present ones in sight for her. Then came the dark side when she began relating her difficulties, discouragements and loneliness, since she had begun her undesirable work in the mountains; and declaring that if school teaching was at all like that experience had been, she wouldn't teach another term if her life depended on it.

James at once took up this statement and diligently tried to persuade her that teaching was all the same way, to an extent at least, and, anyhow, it always made "lonesome old maids out of jolly girls. This word "lonesome" struck very forcibly at exactly the right spot, for she had certainly had a seige of that since her arrival in the Ozarks; and eventually, would you believe it, our '12 Senior who but one year previous had "despised every boy she ever saw, almost" and who "would never get married if her life depended on it," was listening and replying to some very favorable proposition for the future.

ETHEL MILTON.—'12.





## Essays.

### RICHMOND THE HISTORIC CAPITAL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

U. D. C. Prize Essay.

The civilization of the Southland combined three great civilizations, which since the dawn of history have enlightened the world. It possessed the philosophic tone of the Grecian, the dominant spirit of the Roman, and the guardfulness of the individual rights of the Anglo-Saxon. Over all brooded a softness beauty and allurements, the joint product of chivalry and Christianity. Individuality began with the first permanent Anglo-Saxon settlement. For two hundred and fifty years its tendency was towards exclusiveness and conservatism. Virginia came with the consent of the crown, the blessing of the church, and under the guardianship of men of high standing in England. The cause with the ceremonials of an elaborate civil government. It was Virginia who planned the first cooperation of the colonies, then their consolation, and finally their establishment as free and independent states. It was Virginia who held the first legislative assembly, and the first trial by jury in America. It was Virginia who first emblazoned on her standard the emblem of her principle, "Virginia for Constitutional Liberty." A Virginian wrote the Declaration of Independence. This act created the revolution, and a Virginian led the armies to victory. When England surrendered, a Virginia intellect stimulated with Southern patriotism, created the Federal Government. From the beginning the light of liberty flamed like a beacon. The vista of years stretching back into the sixteenth century presents an imposing avenue of events and deeds. Some momentous occurrences, borne up as we era markers in the country's progress are spectacularly brilliant.

Virginia was the soil—its flower was Richmond.

Nature has dealt bounteously with Richmond. The climate is a beneficent one. Great trees shade and flowers beautify quaint homes. At the end of broad, level streets the James river glistens, as it flows around verdant, wooded isles and rushes over craggy rocks to the sea. "It is the merriest place and the most picturesque I have seen in America," wrote Thackeray. It is in a land of balm and bloom, of bird song, of the warm hand and open door.—A land of languorous peace; yet over no other section have the war-clouds rolled so heavily. Richmond the historic. Richmond the "Capital of the Lost Cause." Richmond the center of that luridly and vividly tragic drama, the civil war. Through the ages as such it will ever be invested with pathetic interest. As the tourist passes through its streets, the clank of cavalry still echoes through the decades, and his eyes rest on beautiful hills,



that still bear the scar of musketry, and the gaping wounds of the dread artillery. Every avenue leads to a battleground. The air whispers a story of long sustained sieges, and heroic defenses. The sensitive nerve of association forever winces at the thought of this city of supreme holocaust, the final massacres, the flame, the blood, the tears—

"O, Richmond, Richmond,  
Upon thy seven hills,  
Like one of old we wot of well,  
They fame the wide world fills."

On the north bank of the river Cold Harbor he's sleeping in the sunshine, yet it witnessed one of the most terrible encounters of the world's wars. There alone Grant's army lost five thousand men in an hour. The page of history tells us thirty thousand Americans were killed within a radius of thirty miles of Richmond. In the immediate environs of this city of patriotism and culture, were fought fifteen pitched battles and twenty-five sharp engagements. Around the city are five battlegrounds, on which the most terrible carnage of the Civil War occurred. How many stones over the unknown graves of gallant heroes, who gave their lives at Seven Pines and Fair Oaks! Here in the swamps the great warriors Lee, McClellan and Johnston struggled through the long, sultry summer days a half century ago. Before Richmond Lee foiled the troops of McClellan. The gallant Capitol; after four years filled with high hopes, reckless gayety and solemn mourning, surrendered when the noble, undaunted Lee had but a few starving veterans to oppose the splendid, puissant host of Grant. Never has such an army existed, as that, which march stained and battle-scarred, stood with Lee and Jackson like a wall of fire between McClellan and Richmond. It was not discipline; it was not traditional renown; it was not generalship alone which sustained. It was personal, individual courage and devotion to principles which created a force, which welded it together; and made it invincible, until it was almost extirpated. The army was worn away as a blade is worn by constant use. It retained it's temper, while but a fragment existed. The mills of battle and grim starvation ground the heroic Richmond Blues into dust. Yet there remained a valor, which might well have inspired as famous legends as those of the early Christians.

The stress of battle and siege was not conducive to authorship. The South was not making poets and historians. It was enriching history with heroes and statesmen. Harpers lay dead and dying on every field. No one called for the song. Years afterward, charming, talented southern women, struck the cord of memory in the hearts of their companions, who were in the Capitol of the Confederacy, during the four years of the war. They have given us a vision of how charming this historic city looked, when the Confederate Congress was established there, in the autumn of eighteen-sixty-one. The flower of southern manhood was there. The proudest and might-



iest of the young Republic was there. Never had there been greater activity, military, political and social. Hopes were high, for the army had won glorious victories against remarkable odds. Great men had fallen, as occasion demanded. New heroes sprang to fill the void. An enthusiastic spirit pervaded the atmosphere. The boom of guns was not a distant sound, and the solemn carrying in of the wounded and dying, became unceasingly frequent. But none gave way to apprehension and doubt. Women putting aside the wounds they had dressed in the morning, smiled and devised entertainment to lift the burdens, for a time, from the minds and hearts of leaders, legislative and military. Unmeasured hospitality was the order of the day. It had become a race characteristic. It was universal. It was spontaneous. It was easy, generous and refined. Women went daily to the Senate to hear angry debates. When belles met they no longer discussed furbelows and flounces; but talked of forts and fusilades. In the besieged city was a people enriching the annals of the human race—a people whose fortitude in defeat was more splendid than their valor in war. It made men noble, gentle, brave. It made women tender, pure, true.

When the victors invaded the smouldering city, their's was a barren trophy. Very few typical buildings remain standing. The ivory palaces were destroyed, but myrrh and aloes still breathe among dismantled ruins.

Perhaps the most noted remains of departed glory is the Capitol. Here were debated and adopted the famous Resolutions of seventeen-hundred-ninety-eight. Here sat a convention with Marshall, Madison and Monroe. Here sat the Congress of the Confederate States. Here lay in state generals of the Confederate army; Jackson, Hill, Stuart. Here Lincoln came in pitying triumph. In the rotunda is the most valuable marble in America, Houdon's Washington taken from life.

Another relic of anti-bellum days is the Old Bell House, which though erected years previously, is vitally interesting for its association with the Civil War. When its well known peal rang out three quick taps, old men and young rushed with common impulse with heart and hand, ready for a defense of the city.

The White House of the Confederacy, the home of Jefferson Davis, is rich in historic interest. The various rooms, representing the Southern States, are filled with relics of sacred value. For this collection and their presentation, we are indebted to that band of devoted loyal women, The Confederate Memorial Society. Old men in gray stand, with tear-dimmed eyes and bowed heads, before an old, faded document, a ragged flag and the pictures of their beloved commanders. In these quaint rooms how oft the South gathered all her beauty and her chivalry. One seems to hear the laughter of the Davis children at play in the garden.

Monuments everywhere mark the veneration and love of a people for their heroes. The statue of Lee, seated on "Travler," is the most noted—a



perfect representation of the foremost soldier, the knightliest gentleman and the noblest citizen of his race.

A great pyramidal monument of granite, covered with Virginia creeper, marks the grave of the Confederate dead. A few miles away, in a National cemetery, sleep the Federal soldiers, who fell in an attempt to capture the city. Peace as last had come to the war worn Richmond. She took up the burden of her traditions, of culture, hospitality and loyalty. Clinging to her old, faith, her old wrecked churches, her old homes, and sweet gardens, the generations come and go.

Out of this atmosphere of devotion, the first Memorial Day was inaugurated. In the little church where Patrick Herny had fired the colonists, a weary remnant gathered and walked to Oakwood cemetery. The youth of the city marched armed with picks and spades and numbering in their long line veterans moving with the swing of regulars whose deeds had made shining marks on many battlefields. No soldier's uniform did they wear. No glittering muskets did they shoulder. No stars and Bars of the Young Republic floated over them. In homely citizen's garb bearing the peaceful implements of agriculture they were journeying to a shrine of departed valor. It was symbolic. Young and old negroes faithful to the memory of old masters were busy in love's labor. Carloads of flowers poured into Richmond. Every corner of the South sent offerings. Maids and matrons were there to weave emblems, flags and their beloved Southern cross. In the great city of the dead scattered like forget-me-nots over many mounds was the blue badge in ribbon and blossom of the Richmond Blue. A simple word marked the place where Stuart lay. His grave was a mound of flowers. No hero was forgotten.

What a story of broken hearts. Here a Texas ranger ended his march, here a lad from the land of flowers. Little Joe Davis' grave was a shrine on which children heaped love and flowers, as they marched past in a procession, until one must thrust aside the garlands to read the inscription that made that tiny tomb a milestone in American history. The hearts beat tenderly for little Joe's father who was then a prisoner in Fortress Monroe.

When President Roosevelt and Congress sent Dixie's captured battle flags home the southern heart was fired anew. Great though the need of praise which is due Richmond for the soldierly valor her sons displayed during the four year's war, even greater praise is due for what her people have accomplished during forty years of peace. They have made a heroic struggle. Now the teeming riches of field and factory attest her prosperity stronger because of the trials and struggles through which that prosperity has come. In the words of Mr. Roosevelt in a speech at the Capitol in Richmond, "You stand loyally to your traditions and memories; you stand loyally for our great common country, of today, and for our common flag."

DOROTHY GEORGEN.—'13.



## THE VALUE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE TO A LIFE.

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W. C. T. U. Prize Essay.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Viewed from a philological, a financial, and a moral standpoint, total abstinence is absolutely necessary to the welfare of a human life. To more fully appreciate the real value of a temperate life, we must first see the evils of intemperance.

Of course, as every one knows, there are many harmful narcotics. But in the brief space we will devote our time to pointing out the bad effects of alcohol alone.

When a man first takes a small quantity of alcohol in any form into his system, he thinks he is doing himself no harm. This first drink may produce very little visible effect, but its apparent immunity is a gateway through which all immoderate drinking steadily creeps. This immunity is only apparent, each recovery from the poisonous effects, leaving the nervous system with less ability to resist the next. An irreparable harm has been done by the drinker before he is aware of his condition, and though he thought when he took that first drink, that he was doing himself no harm, he soon finds himself a victim to the most horrible and deadly monster that ever held a human being in the clutch of its bony fingers of death.

The first noticeable effect of an alcoholic drink is an apparent stimulation of the nerve-centres to greater activity, which leads many to believe that they can write better and think more brilliantly than without such a stimulus, but the alcohol really produces a condition of excitement in the brain, which may properly be compared to the introduction of a poisonous serpent into the midst of a company of people in an inclosure from which they can find no escape. There would, no doubt, be great excitement and intense activity in the company, but the motive in all their efforts would be that of self-preservation.

This increased activity would not be likely to result in any worthy accomplishment, and, in all probability, when the serpent is removed, each member of the company would find himself in a state of fatigue, which would prevent any, even natural effort until after a period of rest. Thus it is, when the cause of the unusual mental activity is removed, the brain must have a complete rest before it can be trusted to do any appreciable amount of work.

Sir Benjamin Richardson in speaking of the ill effects of alcohol on brain-workers, of whom Poe is an excellent example, said, "Of all men, brain workers are the least able to bear up under the ravages of alcohol, this traitor who enters the most precious treasury, the citadel of the mind."

Dr. Sims Woodhead of the Cambridge University says, "A man under



the influence of small quantities of alcohol has no right to believe his own senses. He cannot trust them to give him correct facts, and he cannot rely upon his judgment for the interpretation of facts."

Alcohol seems to be a physical as well as a mental stimulus.

The muscles seem to be strengthened and the drinker is able to do a little more work than before; but just as the brain needs rest after the effects of the alcohol are removed, so do the muscles, and after a brief period, the amount of labor done is decreased rather than increased.

Another common use of alcohol is to give heat to the body. This property of alcohol may be illustrated thus: It is well known that when Sulphuric Acid and water are mixed, in about equal parts, much heat is liberated. The acid will also corrode and eat up iron. Now, suppose an engineer should adopt the plan of mixing Sulphuric Acid and water when he wants to get up steam. Wouldn't this be a splendid plan? The water would be rapidly heated. But examine the engine; it is being rapidly destroyed by the strong acid and the engineer will soon find that he must either discontinue this method of getting up steam, or would take the engine to the repair shop. Thus, the oxidation of the alcohol has a strong affinity for oxygen and when mixed with the blood, robs the corpuscles of the Oxygen which should go to the tissues.

Of all children who most deserve pity and compassion are those who receive from their parents a hereditary desire for strong drink. This appetite, which is first cultivated in the home, steadily grows upon the child until it becomes a most evil and soul-destroying habit. Thus it is, that one who persists in drinking alcoholic liquors, endangers not only the welfare of his own body and soul, but also of all who are dependent upon him while he lives, and in this manner the evil of his own course may be transmitted to generations that follow.

A drunkard soon robs himself and family of what money he may have, and leaves his family to suffer.

Railroad men and men of other responsible positions in the business world have at last begun to realize that they must have strong, able-minded, and bodied men in their service, and thus a man who is intemperate in his habits is barred from these paying positions, and in most cases he is forced to accept a position in which his wages are hardly large enough to keep the wolf from the door at the best, but, instead of spending the money in such a way as to keep himself and family from want, he rushes to the saloon as soon as the meager earnings are in his hand and buys the liquor that is cursing his own immortal soul, while it laughs at and mocks his hungry wife and children at home.

Besides the evil effects alcohol produces physiologically, and finan-



cially, it effects also the moral development of the one who indulges in its use.

Alcohol blights the moral nature because it perverts the physical from its moral health. "No man can be righteous and do right when his nerves are shattered, his brain all muddled, his intelligence confused and darkened, his will paralyzed by continued indulgence in alcoholic drinks."

Dr. A. Forel of the University of Zurich, tells how alcohol effects the academic youth of Germany. "To be convinced of the moral effect of beer drinking, one only need study in Germany the beer jokes, the beer conversation and the beer literature. Among the academic youth of Germany the drinking of beer has truly killed their ideals and the ethics and has produced an indescribable vulgarity."

It is therefore a moral, if not a religious duty of youth deliberately to seek to maintain a social mind by maintaining a sound body.

In conclusion, as Honorable Richmond P. Hobson said in one of his recent speeches: "In the light of the truth that every drink endangers health, the terrible truth that alcohol destroys and degenerates, there can be from the standpoint of the individual, but one rational course of life, with regard to this deadly poison and that is a life of absolute total abstinence."

NELLIE SLAUGHTER.—'12.



### HIDDEN FORCES.—REVEALED AND UNREVEALED.

Second Prize Essay.

"Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee."

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Our life is surrounded with mystery, our very world is a speck out in boundless space; and not only the period of our own individual life, but that of the whole human race is, as it were, but a moment in the eternity of time. We, who have had our minds opened to the fountains of knowledge, and have been taught in a tolerable degree to exercise our faculties, will find sources of inexhaustible interest in all that surrounds us.

We are but beginning to realize the wonderful range and complexity of nature. We do not know what gives its loveliness of form to the lily, its depth of color to the violet; its fragrance to the rose; we know not in what consists the venom of the viper anymore than we can imitate the cheer-



ful movements of the dove. Earth, air, fire and water are all mysteries to us. As we stretch out our hand we do not touch anything, the properties of which we have mastered while all nature is inviting us to talk earnestly with her, understand her, subdue her and be blest by her.

How vividly we realize the great hidden forces in the beautiful sky pictures, when the whole heaven from "Zenith to horizon" becomes one molten sea of color and fire; every cloud turns into a mass of gold, every wave into an unstained crimson, purple and scarlet colors, which have no words in language, no ideas in the mind-things which can only be conceived while they are visible; the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all, showing by the filmy, formless body of the transparent vapor the marvelous spectacle of the rainbow—"God's bow in the clouds." So unlike anything else is the heavenly messenger that it scarcely seems to belong to this world. It seems color itself, but how we perceive color is not yet understood.

If we could, as living atoms, with sight and sense, plunge down under the water, what a world of forces and wonders would we then inhabit! We should see a fairy kingdom, with the very strangest of creatures. We should see something that looked like a filmy heart's-ease. Its four outspread petals would be incircled by a curious wheelwork and network of threads, making their way about the flower. They would soon disappear, but where, would be unknown; for around the stem is raised a tube of golden brown bulbs, all regularly piled on each other. But see! some creature passes by and the flower vanishes as a flash, within its tube. We stand appalled, unable to solve the mystery of the great hidden forces involved in these complex organisms.

Let us rise from these subterranean depths and see the exquisite possibilities science reveals. The mud we tread under our feet in the street is a grimy mixture of sand, soot, clay and water. Separate the sand—"let the atoms arrange themselves in peace according to their nature," and we have the opal. Separate and purify the clay and it becomes a sapphire. Take the soot, and if properly treated, it will become a diamond. Lastly, water purified and distilled, will become a dew drop, "crystallize into a lovely star." Again, you may see as you will in any shallow pool either the mud lying at the bottom, or the image of the heavens above.

It is almost impossible to explain any natural phenomenon fully and completely without a union of several, perhaps of all the sciences. The most important forces of nature are often hidden away in unexpected places. Take the fruit of a tree, and break it open; small seeds are revealed. Break one of these open and where seemingly you see nothing, there dwells a mighty tree. It is the functions of science not to deprive this universe of its mystery and wonder, but to reveal the mystery and wonders of common things. Those fern-like forms, which overspread your window pane on a forsy



morning, illustrate a wonderful display of force. Breathe upon this pane, and reduce the solid crystalline film to the liquid condition, then watch its appearance for a time. After having ceased breathing, the film abandoned to the action of its own forces for an instant, appears alive. Lines of motion run through it; molecule unites with molecule until finally the whole film passes from the state of liquidity through this state of motion to its final crystalline repose.

Hardly less wonderful is the play of force by which molecules of water build themselves into sheets of crystal, which every winter roof ponds and lakes. We are apt to overlook the wonderful when it becomes common. The beauty of the actual progress of molecular architecture is delightful and astonishing. The molecules of a piece of ice may be taken asunder. Send a beam of light through a plate of ice, a portion is absorbed; the intercepted heat melts the ice internally. The delicate silent action of this beam within the ice forms beautiful stars, with six rays, resembling flowers with six petals, over the white surface, expanding in size as the action of the beam continues. Invisible in an amorphous solution, invisible in every drop of water, lies the marvel of crystalline force, which only requires the withdrawal of opposing forces to bring it into action.

That discoveries innumerable, marvelous and fruitful, await the successful explorers of nature no one can doubt. Science has revealed to us boundless space, crowded with worlds innumerable; infinite time, populated by countless existences, interminable organisms, hitherto invisible, but full of delicate and iridescent loveliness. She has been a great "Arch-angel of Mercy," in her devotion to the service of man. She has trampled on disease; she has shown the miner how to work in the very presence of the dreaded fire-damp; she has enlisted the sunbeam to produce for us beyond criticism, with absolute fealty, the faces of friends we love, and yet what we know is as nothing compared to what we do not know; "the great ocean of truth lies undiscovered before us." Who can say on the verge of what discoveries we are perhaps even now standing? It is extraordinary how slight a barrier may stand for years between man and important unrevealed forces. We feel that we are on the way to higher mental powers, that problems which now seem to us beyond the range of human thought will receive their solutions and open the way to still further advance.

"To what then may we not look forward, when a spirit of scientific inquiry shall spread through those vast regions in which the progress of civilization, its sure precursor, is actually commenced and in active progress! And what may we not expect from the exertions of powerful minds called into action under circumstances totally different from any which have yet existed in the world, and over an extent of territory far surpassing that which has hitherto produced the whole harvest of human intellect."

LIZZIE WITTHAR.—'12.



## UNIVERSAL DISARMAMENT.

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English Prize Essay.

"Peace is the happy, natural state of man, war his corruption, his disgrace."

"A peace is of the nature of a conquest; for then both parties nobly are subdued, and neither party loser."

War, horrible war, spilling the precious blood of man. War, defiling and disgracing humanity. Is the whole fabric of modern national life built on a superstition? Why should war exist today—the Twentieth Century?

It is true that in Roman times the conquest of a territory meant an advantage to that state and its citizens. It often meant the enslavement of the conquered people and the acquisition of wealth in the form of slaves. In mediæval times, a war of conquest meant booty in the shape of movable property and land parcelled out among the chiefs of the conquering nation.

At a later period, conquest involved an advantage to the reigning house of the conquering nation; it was mainly the squabbles of rival sovereigns for prestige and power. At a still later period, civilization gained by the conquest of savage peoples, in that order was substituted for disorder. In the period of colonization of newly discovered land the preemption of such territory gave the overflowing population homes where social or political conditions were better than those imposed by alien nations.

But we are not considering any of these conditions. We are concerned with fully civilized rival nations in fully occupied territory. And neither "domination" nor "predominance of armament," nor the "command of the sea" can do anything for commerce and labor.

Again, in days gone by no gentleman could submit to the courts a question which affected his honor. He must fight. If another made an insulting remark about a member of a man's family, that man must challenge the insulter to a duel. The day of the duel is passed. Men have learned that might does not make right. They have learned that men who believe that they have been insulted or wronged are not the best judges of the facts. Then if men have advanced that far, nations should learn the same lesson. If there can be no decision between nations other than the arbitrament of war, and it is the duty of every nation to maintain a military establishment sufficient to revenge every insult, there will never be an end.

It is commonly believed that the power, prosperity and happiness of a nation depend on the military and naval strength. It is a common belief that national existence must be defended by arms. But this is not so. For if the wealth and prosperity of a nation depended upon its political power the prosperity of small nations would be less than that of great nations. This is not the case. The trade per capita of the small nations is in excess of the trade per capita of the large nations. The English talk as though their carry-



ing trade was in some special sense the result of their navy. Yet Norway has a carrying trade which, relative to its population, is nearly three times greater than England's.

And armies and navies are not necessary to protect the wealth of a country against aggressions of its powerful neighbors. We see the proof of this, in that capitalist of Europe conclude the investment of powerless Holland and Sweden are from ten to twenty per cent safer than those defended by gigantic armaments, because modern wealth requires no defense; it cannot be confiscated.

Enlightened public opinion has come to appreciate the inhumanity of war. But public opinion, far from restraining preparations for war, is pushing them further.

In Europe today hundreds of thousands of men devote their entire time training for a possible war. They are not producers and add nothing to the wealth of the country. Millions of dollars are devoted to the maintenance of navies, each nation striving to out do the other. If this money were used for other purposes, what good it would do. The cost of one battleship and its "twenty years' upkeep" would build 1,400 churches, or buy 7,000 farms or give a college education to 14,000 men or women or build 40 mammoth Y. M. C. A. buildings.

There is no doubt that the public sentiment in favor of peace is steadily gaining headway in the world—such headway as is bound to have an effect on the governing classes. The working classes of the world are awakening. Their enthusiasm for war grows less and less. Look at the time of the Manchurian war when the Russian peasants were driven at the point of the bayonet into the ranks. To the revolt in Barcelona when the King of Spain tried to send an army into Northern Africa. To the peaceable gathering a short time ago in Berlin of 200,000 Socialists who denounced the attitude of their government toward France, and resolved not to take up arms against their comrades in that country. They are alive to the awfulness of war, for it is their young men that go to fight, often times never to return.

One hundred and fifty years ago a man prophesied that we could not hope for universal peace, until all the world became politically organized, and that such an event was not possible until the majority of the nations had acquired a representative form of government. If that man's vision was true, then have the conditions of a world peace come amazingly near being realized today, despite the big armaments in Europe and Asia.

A world peace! Disarmament! What does it mean? It means the abandonment of the policy of withdrawing from the productive forces of the nation, of vast amounts of human energy and acquired capital for no other purpose than to get ready for a possible war.

The causes of the change,—the cause for nations to think of universal peace is due mainly to complex financial inter dependence of the capitals of



the world. New York is dependent on Paris, Paris on Berlin, Berlin on London, and a disturbance in one country causes it in another. If a German general should invade Great Britain he would have to carefully guard the bank of England, or the English people would draw so heavily on the bank, and the bank of England so heavily on Berlin that the general's own bank account would be ruined.

The great obstacle in the way of disarmament is the unevenness of nations. They are not on the same plane of advancement, nor are the circumstances of possible action the same. Take Germany. She occupies the central portion of the great plain of Northern Europe. On every side her frontiers are level, and a military spirit prevails there that is not found elsewhere. This is not all. The union of Germany in a new national bond in 1871 was followed by a birth of commercial and colonial ambition impossible before. It is highly commendable that Germany desired to take her place among the first ranks in the world after her long struggle. But it is different with England, France and the United States. Their bonds of union have been established much longer, they have had time to develop in all lines, and a military spirit is not so prevalent in these countries as in Germany.

But there has been proposed one good plan for universal disarmament, the "National Court of Arbitration." If the peace of the world is to be permanently maintained, there must be masters of economic knowledge at work with the same "preparedness" that the masters of warships and armies show.

The establishment of a permanent court of arbitration would probably prove a successful operation. There is now a good prospect that three nations—England, France, and Japan—will agree to a treaty of complete arbitration with the United States. Of course there will be no disarmament, only an agreement to leave all disputes among these nations to arbitration, and with such an understanding between these nations war would not be likely to occur.

Or if another step were taken, and an agreement were made by each of the four nations with all the others, to prevent war among other countries, Italy, Spain, and minor European powers would probably join the alliance. Then it would not be long before the main countries were walled in; the most reluctant coming in because of self-accusation.

All really civilized communities should have effective arbitration treaties among themselves. These treaties can cover almost all questions liable to arise between such nations, if each contracting party will respect the others territory, and its absolute sovereignty within that territory; and let all other possible subjects of controversy be submitted to arbitration. And, granted sincerity of purpose, the great powers of the world should find no insurmountable difficulty in reaching an agreement which would put an end to



the present costly and growing extravagance of expenditure on naval armaments.

Are we, in blind obedience to primitive instinct and old prejudices, enslaved by that indolence which makes the reversal of old ideas unpleasant, to remain under domination of this curious superstition? Shall we continue spilling oceans of blood, wasting money to accomplish something which will avail us nothing?

LEAH JARRARD.—'12.



## Miscellaneous.

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### THE "FAMILY REUNION."

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Yes, we certainly worked that day, worked hard too.

You should have seen Alan with his collar off and his sleeves rolled up, waving a dish towel in the air and doing his best to keep up with Odelia's fast dish-washing; or Lysle, his height much increased by a step-ladder, tacking pennants to the walls, while Harry handed them to him and Howard stood across the room and criticized. Chaos certainly reigned that afternoon. Ferns were in the way, chairs blockaded the doors, piles of rugs were lying promiscuously, ready to cause the downfall of any one except a few of the calm ones like Iola, who quietly turned aside and went around them. Wild hunts were started for palms and roses and more rugs and a mirror and a dozen and one other things. Most of us were working without having had anything to eat since morning; once a sack of cookies wandered in some way but they lasted only a few minutes, and we were soon exhausted with the fast pace we held. What's all this about? Oh, I thought you understood. Why this was the preparation for that crowning social event of the Class of '12—the Alumni Reception. Yes, and we certainly enjoyed it too. I tell you when everyone works his best and no one thinks he is doing enough, it is a real pleasure.

Oh, if you could only have seen Miss Brown's room! The way we had



it decorated made it look exceptionally beautiful for a plain and simple school room. Of course the black boards were still there, but after looking at the beautiful rugs and settees and flowers and ferns, one forgot all about them. When we got through up-stairs, we went down to the auditorium to see Milton's "pennant machine." Milton certainly is a genius when it comes to making anything to use on that stage. Didn't you hear what that "pennant machine" was? Well, it was just a little device for running the pennants and mascot of each class across the stage. It was very simple, but it took a master mind to think of it. In the meantime Odelia and Alan had finished the dishes and had them all set on the table, ready for use and our busy afternoon was almost over. We sang a few songs in the auditorium and folded napkins at the same time. After inspecting every room and seeing that everything was in readiness for the great event we went home to reassemble at 8:30.

Well, we got back, most of us on time, and put the finishing touches to everything. The guests began to arrive and the receiving people finally got into position with much difficulty and no little discussion as to who should stand where and what was to be done. I feel that a treatise should be written on that subject, but I shall leave it now for something else.

When all the guests had arrived, they were asked to go to the auditorium to hear the program. It was opened with a short address of welcome by Joseph Chrisman. Ahe Rev. Jon Ward spoke, and his was followed by a musical selection. The rest of the program was also by members of the alumni. I am sure it was enjoyed by all, both alumni and seniors.

Miss Wyman, one of our Seniors played several well known selections; each member of the alumni had been presented with a card and a pencil which he now used to write down the names of the selections played by Miss Wyman. While the cards were being collected, the Seniors quietly slipped out and went back of the stage. Then we set the "pennant machine" going. It worked well too and aroused much class spirit among the Alumni. Short (?) talks were given by Mr. Henry Bundschu, '04, Mr. William Bostian, '05, and Mr. Arthur McKim, '11, and all the classes yelled and sang their class songs. After 1911, came the green and gold and the aeroplane, which had been brought from Mr. Elliott's room a minute or two before, and we all went onto the stage and sang and yelled. Milton announced that refreshments were ready upstairs and that is when the serving committee got real busy. My! how they rush around. I am sure every one enjoyed the refreshments for I heard more favorable comments about them than anything else. Our serving committee, with Odelia and Ada in charge certainly deserves a good share of the praise. Soon, after all had been served they began to leave and in a little while we were left to ourselves once more, with another event to record in our history.

JOSEPH CHRISMAN.—'12.



THE INITIATIVE, REFERENDUM AND RECALL.

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'Twas many and many a year ago,  
Our forefathers made the Constitution, you know.  
Altho' these men were high upon the steeple,  
They didn't want to give too much power to the people.

They thought the people wern't very wise then,  
And for offices wouldn't choose the right kind of men.  
So their President and Senators they couldn't elect,  
And the laws they didn't want they couldn't reject.

Things went along alright for a while,  
The people went around with a blissful smile.  
For "Ignorance is Bliss," you know,  
That's the reason the people acted so.

After a while things changed, as of course they would;  
If they didn't, what then would be the good  
Of having our dear old government made to encourage development?  
But things didn't change all together for good; and, by all means, we  
know they should.

And according to my belief  
The bad brings good into sharp relief.  
Riches, trusts, and corporations grew  
Till the government is run by just these few.

Scoundrels get into office with scarcely a rub, the Senate has become a mil-  
lionaire's club;  
Prices have become so very high, that some folks think its cheaper to die  
Than try to live with things in such state,  
As they've managed to get into of late.

And now what are you going to do,  
To mend things people—Its up to you.  
I think the very best thing to do. Is to let the women vote, don't you?  
And the women—"Let us vote," they cry, "What have men done? Now  
let us try."

Out in the Western States we'er told  
The women always go to the poles,

So that's the reason you'll plainly see  
 Why the western states are so up in "G."

California brought in last fall, the Initiative, Referendum and Recall.  
 The initiative is a positive force, and defies interference from any source.  
 By this, if the people are wise enough,  
 They can make such laws as they know are just.

Let's look at the referendum now and you will remember exactly how,  
 When a law is passed favoring a corporation which doesn't meet with  
 much approbation,  
 The people, by working a little bit,  
 Can easily make an end of it.

The referendum is force of a negative kind  
 And the legislators must bear in mind  
 If the laws they pass aren't up to dot,  
 The people will repeal them on the spot.

And now we come to the last of all  
 The thing we need the most—the recall.  
 By it, if an officer doesn't do right,  
 We'll haul him out almost before night.

Then there wouldn't be so much graft, and not so much corruption by half.  
 Corruption is what we must surely smother,  
 Either by this means, or some other—  
 So let me tell you, right this fall, let's all of us vote for the recall.

ADA CHADDOCK.—'12.

### WHAT IS A PROPHECY?

When the first High School was built, the Senior class did many things which to this day have not been changed in any way. Thereby showing the originality of the future classes. It has always been the custom for every Senior class to write themselves a prophecy by which their names might last. Many of these have been prophecies indeed, for they have stood the test. They say that some will be rich and others poor, some will laugh and some will cry, some will live and others die; that some will wed and some will write, some will work while others shirk, and some will rise



to rule perhaps. But alas! this is no prophecy, these things must come to all of mortal kind. These four years that are just o'er, are but one short scene in this great "act" of life, and we the players but pass and are forgotten, save for those who acted in the scene; to them it is an everlasting happiness to think upon those days gone by. The next scene comes on with lightning-like rapidity and gives no chance for us to be remembered, save as a connecting link in an endless chain. Our name lives still in our monument, but the individual is no more, he is gone, he is forgotten. Also, so it is in life, we live, we laugh—we cry—we die to be forgotten.

MILTON W. STEWART.—'12.



## THE SENIOR'S EXCUSE.

You ask one little yell so free  
 And urge us to essay it;  
 We plead our inability,  
 Unwilling to display it,  
 Tho you go on insistently  
 Indulgent to excuse us  
 We still do say persistently  
 "You really must excuse us."

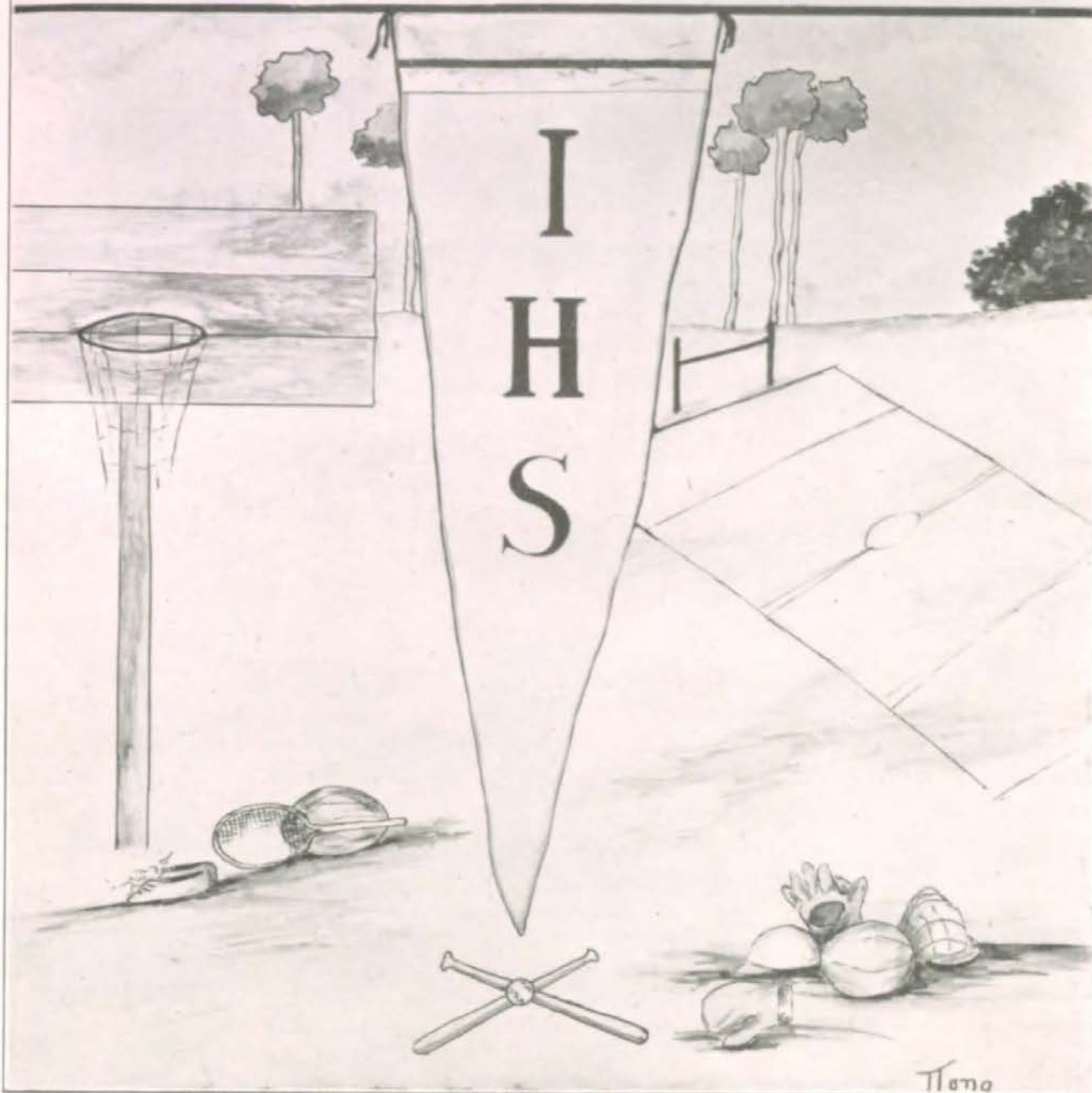
If you had asked a grave discourse  
 On politics or letters  
 Our voice might then have sounded forth—  
 In freedom from all fetters:  
 Some Shakespeare play then we would read,  
 For that would but amuse us,  
 But as for yelling—no indeed!  
 You really must excuse us.

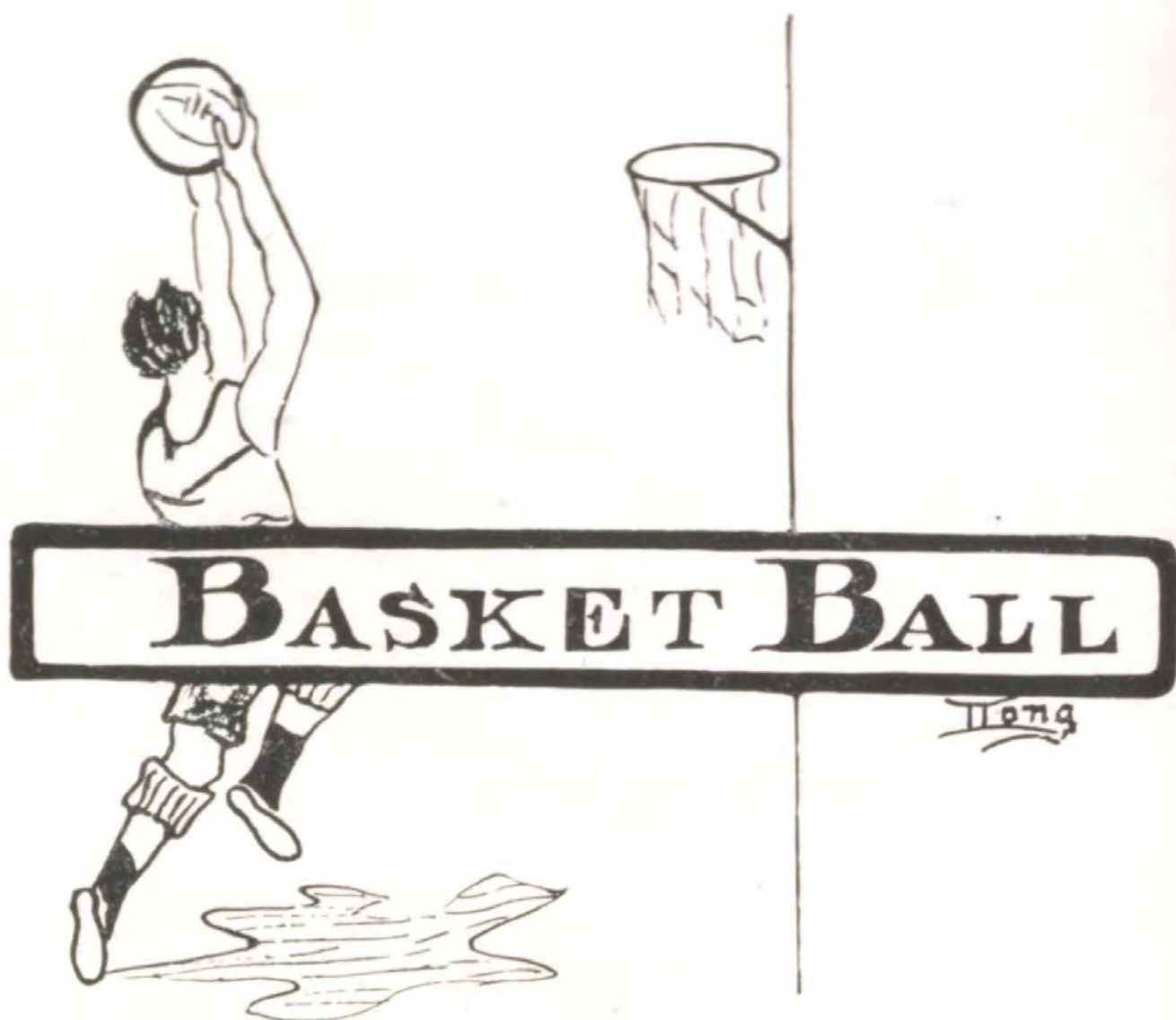
"They can't recall one single yell,  
 Their memory is not trusty,  
 Their brains with other things do swell  
 Their voices are too rusty."  
 Yes 'tis a trifling thing to grant,  
 Why should it so confine us?  
 But with such reasons why we can't,  
 The teachers do abuse us.  
 So now we really shan't, we shant  
 You really must excuse us!

A SENIOR.



# ATHLETICS





Ray Sermon, Capt.....	Center
Ernest Roberts .....	Guard
Roy Searcy .....	Guard
Hansel Compton .....	Guard
George Wallace .....	Forward
Charles Foster .....	Forward
Guy Rudd .....	Forward





### BASKET BALL ON HOME GROUNDS.

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This season of Basket Ball, as of old, was a very successful undertaking by the Independence High School. At the beginning of the year, Mr. Sexton, our ever ready coach, seemed to think we would be a weak team, because we lost many of our stars last year. But no, that was not so, for many came to practice, who apparently had not taken much interest. On account of so many new and quick players, Mr. Sexton was never able to pick a set team. To see the team work and the goal playing, one would think we had made basket ball our practice; but you could see the same kind of playing in all other athletic lines.

Our first game was with the Ivanhoe Indians. We had seen this team play before, so that made us feel weak. Nevertheless, the game started and Guy Rudd and Charles Foster held up the pride of I. H. S. by their keen eye at the basket. We can not attribute all the success to the forwards, because we would have been handicapped if not for our guards. All through the game there was great excitement, for the Indians, because they were being badly beaten. When the game closed, we had won by a score of 58 to 17.

Next team we played was one of our old enemies, Lee's Summit High School. When we saw their big strong players and then looked at our boys, we felt like not playing at all. At the opening of the game Lee's Summit had scored six points before we had made anything. Naturally this stirred our boys up and they began to play with all their might and power. Before long we had things going our way, and soon left Lee's Summit behind us. Frank Searcy and Charles Foster scored 37 points for us. When the whistle blew at the end of the last half, the score was 40 to 16 in our favor.

January 12, Wentworth, with her fast team, came to lose the game at our feet. This is a team we always work hard against, for one time we would win and on the return game they would win. This time we were to win. Ernest Roberts and Earl Etzenhouser played guards for us, and soon had Wentworth bound. At the end of the first half, the score was 9 to 8 in our favor. This made things interesting and exciting. When the second half started, it seemed as though Guy and Charles would not let Wentworth have the ball. With this good playing, we easily won the game by a score of 30 to 15.

January 22, we had a game scheduled with K. C. Central Baptist Church. They played only until the close of the first half. Their score was 13 and ours was 16, so they decided they did not like our playing, and they packed their suitcases, forfeiting the game to us.

Our next game was with Marion, Kansas. This was our first game with this team, so we watched with eagerness. Here George Wallace and Roy Searcy, starred for I. H. S. The game was very close at first; when they



scored, we would also score. This was kept up, till the second half. Here we gradually left them, and kept on scoring until we reached 37, while they were only 20. We soon saw we had not met with "Sampson" and were willing to play a return.

This was not the only game that night, for we also played K. C. Presbyterian Church. Ray Sermon and Joe Bostian were our stars in this game. Ray scored 17 points and Joe 12. In as much as we had just played a game, things were not so exciting as they might have been. Nevertheless we were not so tired as to let our opponents win the game, for when it closed the score was 51 to 21 in our favor.

March 6 we played Chelsea A. A. We heard that this was a powerful team, so we put in our best men, Ray Sermon, George Wallace, Ernest Roberts, Charles Foster, Kenneth Bostian and Hansel Compton. When the game started we soon saw what we were to play; we had now come upon a victor. In spite of this difficulty we struggled on and on, until we gained a footing. We reconciled ourselves, by saying if we had put in the men of the town to play against men, we would have won. The game closed with a score of 33-19 in their favor. This being the end of the season, we had sad faces, until we recalled all of our other victories.

ALBERTA OLDHAM.—'12.



### SCHEDULE.

December 8, 1911—Independence—	
Independence H. S., 58.....	Ivanhoe Indians, 17
December 14, 1911—Independence—	
Independence H. S., 40.....	Lees' Summit H. S., 16
January 12, 1912—Independence—	
Independence H. S., 30.....	Wentworth, 15
January 22, 1912—Independence—	
Independence H. S., 16.....	K. C. Central Baptist Church, 13
February 2, 1912—Independence—	
Independence H. S., 37.....	Marion, Kansas, 20
February 2, 1912—Independence—	
Independence H. S., 51.....	Presbyterian Church, 21
March 6, 1912—Independence—	
Independence H. S., 19.....	Chelsea Athletic A, 33
Total 251—135.	





## CHARACTERISTICS OF BASKET BALL PLAYERS.

KENNETH BOSTIAN—Knows when to speak—for many times it brings danger, to give the best advice to kings.

RAY SERMON—Anger's my meat, I sup upon myself, and so shall starve with feeding.

GEORGE WALLACE—Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth! Then with a passion would I shake the world.

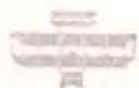
HANSEL COMPTON—None but himself can be his parallel.

ROY SEARCY—Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.

EARNEST ROBERTS—Awkard, embarrassed, stiff without the skill of moving gracefully, or standing still.

GUY RUDD—We rise in glory, as we sink in pride; where boasting ends, there dignity begins.

CHARLES FOSTER—The rising blushes, which his cheeks o'er spread, are opening roses in the lily's bed.



## FOOT BALL PLAYERS AMBITIONS.

George Wallace—"To marry a Southern girl."

Wallace Chiles—"To be a preacher at Buckner."

Kennith Bostain—"To become a mail man."

Wallace Kelley—"Has'nt any."

Ernest Roberts—"To become Senior."

Jerome Seehoff—"To travel with a side-show."

Lysle Weeks—"To become a congressman."

Earl Etzenhouser—"To become the 'white hope.' "

Ora Myers—"Not clear as yet."

Marion McHae—"To remain single."

Marvin Johnson—"To be the girl's favorite."

Roy Searcy—"To kiss all his teachers."

Procter Montague—"To be a football player."



#### THE TEAM.

Left End .....	Earnest Roberts
Left tackle .....	Wallace Kelley
Left guard .....	Marion McRay
Center .....	Earl Etzenhouser
Right guard .....	Wallace Chiles
Right tackle .....	Marvin Johnson
Right end .....	Kenneth Bostian
Quarter .....	Ray Sermon
Left halfback .....	Roy Searcy
Full back .....	George Wallace
Right half-back .....	Lysle Weeks

Substitutes—Ora Myers, Jerome Seehoff, Procter Montague, Lysle McCarroll.

—□—

#### THE SCHEDULE.

Sept. 30.—I. H. S., 13; Wabash A. C., 11.  
 Oct. 7.—I. H. S., 73; Argentine H. S., 0.  
 Oct. 14.—I. H. S., 8; William Jewell, 5.  
 Oct. 20.—I. H. S., 35; Olathe H. S., 3.  
 Nov. 4.—I. H. S., 3; William Jewell, 5.  
 Nov. 25.—I. H. S., 0; Columbia H. S., 0.





### A REVIEW OF THE FOOT-BALL SEASON OF 1911.

In reviewing the season it may be safely said that this year's foot-ball season was the most successful in the history of I. H. S. Then Sexton began to round the boys into shape. The material our coach had to deal with was certainly raw. Only five players of the 1910 team reported for practice. The first week's practice was very discouraging for the large part of the squad had to be drilled with the first principles of foot-ball. It took several weeks of practice to get the team in shape for the first game.

The first game of the season was played with the Wabash Athletic Club of Kansas City. The Independence boys started with a rush and swept their opponents off their feet. Sermon made a touchdown in the first quarter and Weeks repeated in the second. Sermon failed in each case to kick goal but made a field goal about a minute before the close of the first half. The next half our opponents settled down and the situation was reversed. They gave the green material in our line their first real insight of foot-ball. We played a defensive game in this half and the game ended 13-11 in favor of I. H. S.

The next game of the season was a walk-away for the Independence boys. They defeated the Argentine High School 73-0. The Argentine boys were no doubt so excited with the sights in our city—for it is certain some of them were never in town before—that they forgot all the foot-ball they ever knew, if it is possible to credit them with ever having known any.

On the morning of October 14, the team went to Liberty, Mo., under the charge of Prof. Sexton and Pete Allen. That afternoon we played William Jewell Academy. The William Jewell team in comparison to the Independence boys were giants. It looked as if all those "big fellows" would have to do would be to grab the Independence boys by the neck and carry them over the goal line. Although our boys were small they were all there, that is, what there was of them. This, our opponents soon found out when they came in close touch with us. During the first quarter the game was played in neutral territory. In the second quarter Roberts got away with a forward pass, giving Independence their only touchdown. Sermon kicked goal. Our boys scored a safety in the third quarter. During this quarter and the last Independence played a kicking game. In this half William Jewell scored a touchdown but failed to kick goal. The feature of the game was Sermon's punting coupled with his speed in running back punts. The game closed 8-5 in favor of I. H. S. This was the first time an I. H. S. team ever won a game in Liberty.

Olathe came here October 28, with the intention of wiping out the defeats she had received in previous years. But this intention was not backed up by the right sort of "stuff." They were defeated 35-3.

November 4, William Jewell Academy team came here with a firm de-



termination to even matters up with our boys. Unlike Olathe, they had the material to back up their determination. They had on their team several men in the "white hope" class. The game started off with a rush and it looked as though William Jewell would score, but our boys soon settled down to their usual stride and fought their opponents to a stand still the first half. The third quarter our team played their heavier opponents off their feet. In this quarter Sermon kicked a field goal. The fourth quarter began with the ball in our territory in William Jewell's possession. They opened by punting the oval into their own territory. The ball made a bad bound away from Searcy, who was playing back, and one of their men recovered it on their fifteen yard line. They then made a few line plunges which our light line was unable to withstand, giving them the only touchdown of the game. They ended 5-3 in William Jewell's favor. This was the first and only defeat our team suffered this year.

After the William Jewell game the boys were worked out every evening by Prof. Sexton, assisted by Pete Allen, preparatory to the game with Columbia High School played at Columbia Nov. 25. The trip to Columbia was the finest ever made by an I. H. S. foot-ball team. The team left Independence Friday morning, November 24, and arrived at Columbia in the evening. They were met there by several Independence boys and girls who are attending the Univeristy this year. They played the Columbia Highs Saturday morning on the University practice gridiron. The game was slow owing to the heavy field. Our boys were unable to work their forward pass or fast fake plays. The trip seemed to have also taken all the foot-ball out of our boys. The game ended 0-0. There was very little excitement in th game, and neither team had a chance to score, the game being played a large part of the time in the middle of the field. That afternoon we were entertained by the Missouri Tigers and the Kansas Jawhawkers.

LYSLE WEEKS.—'12.





## MUSIC CLUB ROLL.

---

Louise Bundschu .....	Pianist.
Mr. J. M. Sexton .....	Director.
Kathleen Kerr .....	President
Jerome Seehof .....	Vice-President.
Joseph Chrisman .....	Secretary-Treasurer.

---

Anderson, Doris  
 Bridges, Helen  
 Bundschu, Louise  
 Bridges, Lucile  
 Bostian, Kenneth  
 Chrisman, Joseph  
 Child, Elizabeth  
 Crenshaw, Vena  
 Johnson, Ruby  
 Kirby, Maud  
 Kerr, Kathleen

Kelley, Ruth  
 Lease, Mary  
 Mosely, Wilma  
 Munson, Frances  
 McDonald, Julia  
 Pitt, Mildred  
 Prewitt, Lola  
 Roberts, Ernest  
 Rummel, Emma May  
 Seehof, Jerome  
 Wilson, Selma  
 Sexton, J. M.





## MUSIC.

"Music, the fiercest grief can charm,  
And fate's severest rage disarm.  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness please.  
Our joys below, it can improve  
And antedate the bliss above."

What is it that can express the internal conflicts and passions as music can? Herbert Spencer says: "Music ranks as the highest of fine arts, and more than any other, ministers to human welfare." Music is the combination of sounds pleasing to the ear, as harmony or melody. To some, music is no more than a certain jingle of sounds that satisfies their desire for sound. These people do not appreciate real music. They do not see why it is that music expresses any internal conflicts. Was music meant to be just simply pleasing to the ear? The more a person learns and understands about music, the more he finds that the purpose is not to create a pleasing jingle, but to express the deepest and noblest passions of the heart and soul. "The power of the world's greatest composer's, lies in the interpretation of man's soul." Could any one think that Beethoven, the "Great Lover of Nature," composed his beautiful Sonata's just simply for sound, without any meaning behind it? It is the combination of the beautiful sound, and the noble, grand ideas underneath the sound that make the great masterpieces of music. "There is music in all things if men but had ears to hear." But all men haven't ears to hear, for different reasons. Some have not the appreciation of the beautiful in anything; some have an ear for music, but have not nobleness of character enough to appreciate the depth of music. Some people have the power of producing beautiful tones, but there is not that requirement in the heart fulfilled, that produces real music. In other words:—"You can never sing beautifully in one key, while your heart or soul is playing the accompaniment in another."

It is true that all cannot excel in music, but every one can learn to appreciate "good music," instead of ragtime trash. Every student, who aims at a high standard of education, should in a measure, have a knowledge of music. Hail to the day that has come and is now here, when music is no longer considered a mere pleasure for pastime; but as a mental development and character study!

For the purpose of furthering the interest and appreciation of the best music, the Euterpean Music Club was organized in January. The present organization has done good work this year, and it is hoped that this will continue next year.

KATHLEEN KERR.—'12.





## EXCELSIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

---

Lysle Weeks, President.  
 Ellis Fountain, Vice President.  
 Joseph Chrisman, Recording Secretary.  
 Alan Wherritt, Corresponding Secretary.  
 Arthur Wickstrum, Attorney General.  
 Charles Brady, Sergeant at Arms.  
 Paul Bryan, Treasurer.

Bryan, Paul  
 Barto, Harry  
 Custead, Jack  
 Chrisman, Joseph  
 Duncan, Ralph  
 Fountain, Ellis  
 Florence, John  
 Flanders, Douglas  
 Henson, Earl

Lund, Hilmer  
 Mann, George  
 Mershon, Vance  
 Millard, Cecil  
 Sterritt, Blaine  
 Short, Ellis  
 Taylor, Graydon  
 Wherritt, Alan  
 Wickstrum, Arthur  
 Weeks, Lysle

## CHARACTERISTICS OF THE DEBATERS.

Paul Bryan—"Is this motion constitutional."

Harry Barto—Be right, then go ahead.

Charles Brady—"Don't argue, let's begin with the program."

George Bartholemew—Quiet, though with a decided opinion.

Jack Custead—Can tell a story, and enjoy it.

Joseph Chrisman—"Let's settle this peaceably."

Ralph Duncan—Abides by the decision of the majority.

Ellis Fountain—"We sure like to debate."

John Florence—"I move we adjourn."

Douglas Flanders—Material for good debater.

Carl Henson—On hand when needed.

George Mann—"I enjoy a good laugh."

Vance Mershon—Dignified, and very precise.

Blaine Sterritt—A good talker.

Ellis Short, Jr.—A very good listener.

Gradon Taylor—"Let's investigate this matter."

Alan F. Wherritt—

Arthur Wickstrum—"An opinion once found, keep it."

Lysle Weeks—Argues for argument sake.



## E. D. S.

At the beginning of the term 1911-12, the E. D. S. started with a large membership. The greater part of the membership was from the Freshman and Sophomore classes, and it required all the skill of the older members to mold the material into a successful working body.

In the Junior and Senior classes there has seemed to be a lack of interest in this society for which no satisfactory reason has been given. The E. D. S. exerts a great deal of influence over a boy, who comes into the High School for the first time. It thrills him with pride; it raises his ideals, and ambition takes possession of him. He strives to do better; a new tone enters into his recitations and he exults in his concise, well worked answers.

During the year there have been several excellent debates which have aroused some degree of interest. But throughout the year the old spirit of the E. D. S. was not present.

In March when we began to have only one session of school, the regular meetings of the society were discontinued for a short time. It looked as if the E. D. S. was to be no longer a factor in our school life. But by the aid of Prof. Byrant, we were enabled to continue our meetings every Monday. The meetings are now held during school hours, under a system of rotation.

The E. D. S. now has brighter prospects than it has had for years. The debating society has been reorganized by the faculty as a thing worth preserving.

ALAN F. WHERRITT.—'12.





# EDITORIAL



KATHLEEN KERR, Editor-in-Chief.  
FRED PITT, Assistant Editor.  
Alan Wherritt, Business Manager.  
George Wallace, Adv. Manager.

Charles Mize,  
Joseph Chrisman,  
Arthur Wickstrum. } Adv. Assistants.

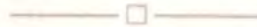
Ada Craddock,  
Esther Long,  
Frances Anderson. } Literary Editors.

Doris Anderson,  
Inez Long,  
Dorothy Rahe. } Art Editors.

Wilma Moseley,  
Mahala Ramsey,  
Joseph Chrisman. } Local Editors.

Lysle Weeks,  
Alberta Oldham,  
Sue Henderson. } Athletic Editors.

Howard Shepherd,  
Leah Jarrard,  
Nellie Slaughtor,  
Iola Warren. } Proof Readers.



As the "Gleam" is the annual of the Independence High School, it has been the primary purpose to present the history of the school along different lines for the year. It is the desire of the Gleam Staff of 1912 to represent all the members of I. H. S. in some way, from the smartest and most lofty senior to the greenest and most lowly freshman. The primary success of this Gleam will depend upon the fulfillment of this desire. With the publication of this paper the work of the present staff ends. While it has required a great amount of work, and of a kind not at all easy, at the same time it has meant a great deal to those who have earnestly worked.

The growth and improvement of the school this year along many lines has been very satisfactory. The money expended in the decoration and improvement of the building was very well spent. The cleanliness and beauty of the surroundings have aroused a new sense of pride and interest in the school among the students.

At the beginning of this school year, last September, it was found that the enrollment was steadily increasing. However, numbers, or quantity does not always constitute greatness,—quality is the prime factor. So what of



the quality of the student body? After listening to one of the sketches of an opera, given in assembly one morning, Professor Bryant made the remark, "Well, what is it that this school cannot do when they try?" So we can boast of quality as well as quantity.

Along literary lines the school does not in any way fall short,—in fact, the Independence High School has the best English instructors to be secured. Although we have no literary organizations thus far, where is there more enthusiasm and love for the best literature aroused than in the Shakespeare classes?

On the stage, the High School has been very well represented considering the fact that dramatic art is not taught in the school. The annual senior play was again a great success, being well attended in spite of the zero weather.

Musically, we are still striving to move upward to success. Complete success along this line will be impossible until a regular music course is included in the course of study. High School music should not be simply to sing songs, but there should be some knowledge of how and why music exists. For the purpose of a greater appreciation and knowledge of good music the Euturpean Club was organized this year. It is hoped that out of this small beginning will come great success for this music club.

The Excelsior Debating Society has passed a critical stage and is again on the road to success. It is hoped that the good work of this year will continue and next year find them "rowing, not drifting."

"The greatest good to the greatest number" is the principle on which our morning assemblies are based. Instead of taking up the twenty minutes in recitations in separate class rooms, this time is devoted to varied exercises, conducted either by the pupils or Professor Bryant, and sometimes by visitors of note who chance to be in town. What could have been more educative and enjoyable than the opera sketches given by members of the various classes? Or what more of a mental relief after hard study than the singing of our favorite songs every Tuesday morning? And what is more pleasant than occasionally listening to the readings and anecdotes of some of our ministers, or hearing some of our town musicians play and sing? And is it possible for us ever to forget the great moral lessons we have gained by Professor Bryant's talks?

Now what of the athletic department? There is no need to say anything about it. The many victories won in basketball and foot-ball this year speak loud enough to be heard all around the country. When the I. H. S. athletics go into any kind of contest, they are there to win, which they surely do. That is the reputation to have. Baseball is just in season now, and we cannot say just how many victories will be won, for the number of games is not determined, but victory is sure—win we must! We are proud of our athletic department.



A modern school is not complete without some social features. This was found out last year when the Junior reception was denied us. We hereby declare that such features are necessary to arouse class spirit and enthusiasm. To obtain proof of this statement, apply to the Senior Class of 1912. This year a social feature of great interest was started,—the alumni reception. This was a great success in the eyes of the faculty, seniors and alumni. Next comes the "hoped for" Junior reception.

Last, but not least, comes the class-day and commencement exercises. With these events end the work in the school of the Class of 1912, but we go forth praising dear old I. H. S.

KATHLEEN KERR.—'12.



### GLEAM REFLECTIONS.

"They gotta quit kicking our dawg aroun'!" Of course we haven't made the earth shake with our prancing steps, but have accomplished one thing, or at least it has happened during our Senior year, which amounts to the same thing. The pleasure of Senior History Note Books has been dropped. The precedent has been set. Aren't you grateful, future Seniors?

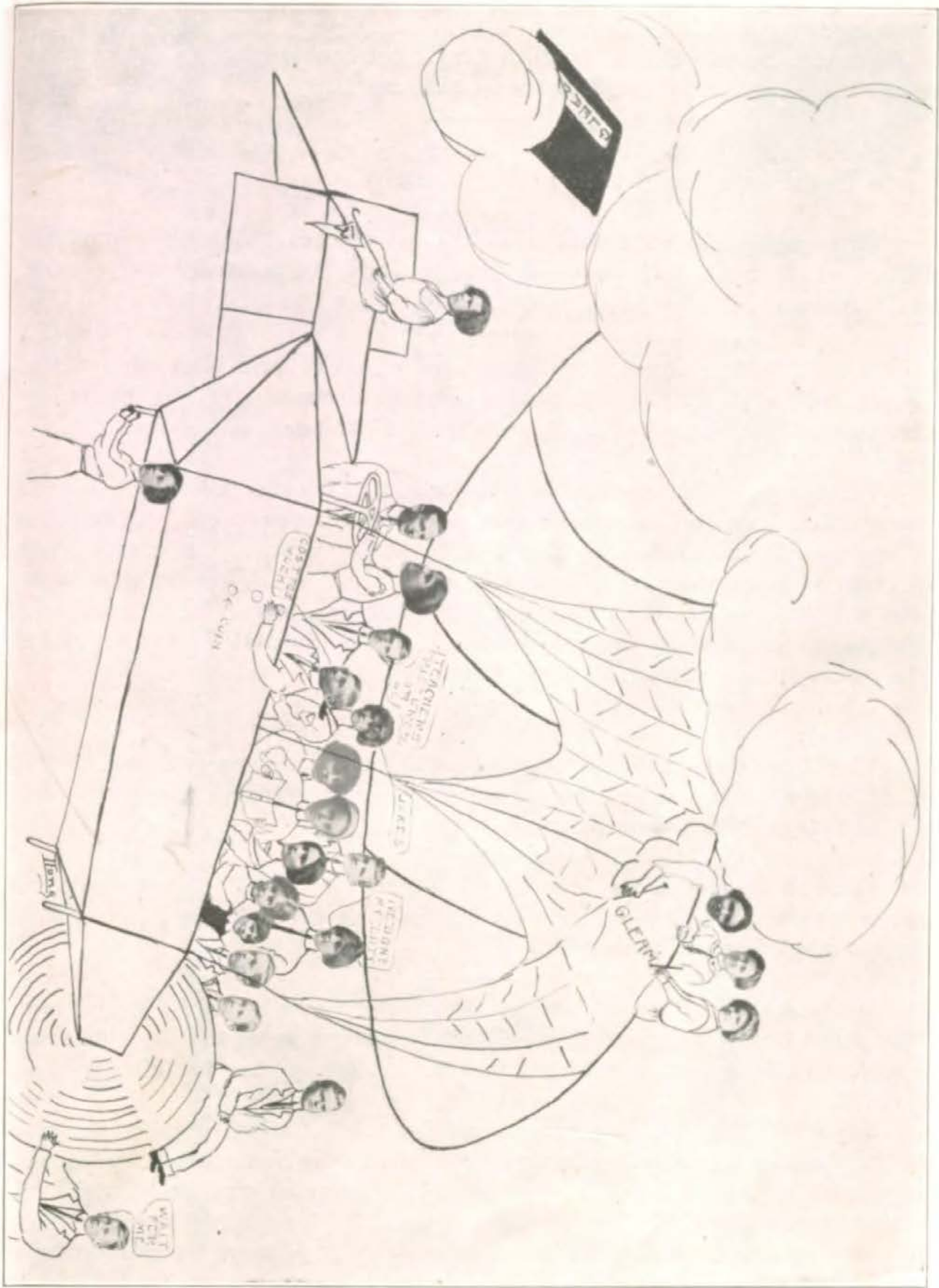
The class of 1912 is a good example of what all work and no play does for a body of students. One part of the brain is abnormally developed. Wisdom seems everything. In a retrospective mood, we ask, "Is wisdom everything?" Spending time altogether in acquiring "text-book" knowledge through life is selfish. Pleasure is just as important. Not selfish pleasure, but pleasure given to others. One cannot but admire "those God-inspired characters whose lives prove that they make the happiness of others the basis upon which they build for their own happiness."

Many thanks are offered to Mr. Hifner in behalf of Prof. Sexton and the Senior Class for the assistance given to Professor Sexton in lowering the window-shade April 19, before Professor Bryant's second "Candle Talk;" and also for all other timely aid given during the assembly period throughout the year.

There are certainly some very aggressive, if not erratic, Seniors. Think of rousing a peacable citizen from his bed at 11:30 P. M. to look over the wares in his store. Girls, too!

Professor Bryant's talks on a candle were enjoyed thoroughly, but one could not help being nervous to see the reckless way with which the Professor held his fingers so close to the flame.





**Warning:**

The expression, "Costs too much," must not be addressed to any member of the "Gleam" staff,—the Editor-in-Chief especially.

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Even that little dog that sat on the stage May 3, would serve as a good lesson to those Junior girls in paying attention.

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That pupil who said that Miss Phelps teaches "World's" American history to the Seniors spoke the truth, for which we are truly sorry—some of us, at least.

---

Mr. Elliot has announced a platform of strict principles of grading. "Pupils will not pass without note-books," he declares. We hardly recognize in this iron-hearted creature our beloved professor of "Physics."

---

Three boys we know of deserve to pass in Physics, if what they claim is true. Their love for knowledge was so great that on a cold night, after sitting up till 12 o'clock, they sallied forth, arm in arm, to the school house to experiment on the pendulum of the clock. No telling where this enterprise might have ended had not one who was supporting another under a window, fallen, and in this way, thrown dismay into the prostrate ranks. They beat a hasty retreat.

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**Disbanded:**

The "Cornstalk Latin Society," founded for the common aid and benefit of all Senior Latin students, has been forced to discontinue its meetings, due to the change in recitation hours.

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With all due respect to Miss Brown's truly wonderful power to talk, we advise the pupil who did not keep awake, to drink strong coffee before entering his English class, after this.

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We hear that a cat or something ate a history note book of a Senior boy. Poor nourishment, even for a cat. The boy further states that he didn't say a word to the cat either, which forces us to assume that he felt very bad about it.

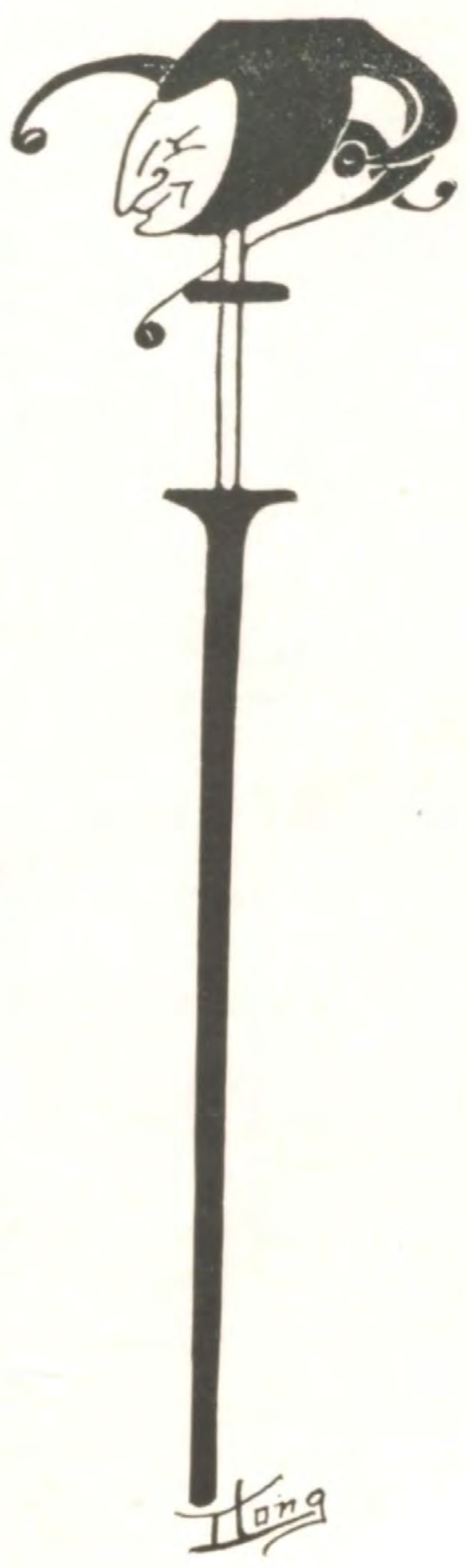
Shyly blushing, we wish to acknowledge the flattering compliments paid to the class by a Junior boy in an apostrophe to the Seniors, but we cannot be so vain as to publish it, even though it is from an under-classman. Of course we are one of the best classes ever, and have set a high mark and all that sort of thing. We admit it. But modesty forbids us to mention how much more than that we are, and have done.

FRED PITT.—'12.





GOODS



"Smile  
 awhile  
 And while you smile  
     Another smile,  
 And soon there's miles  
     And miles  
         Of smiles  
 And life's worth while  
     Because you smile."

---

Fred Pitt—"I think the section did well for picking Mahala for that part."

Miss Brown—"I have often heard of picked birds, but I hardly think that can be applied to Mahala."

---

Miss Phelps—"Did Lord Baltimore come to Maryland?"

Fred S.—"No, he didn't—he wanted to, but had to stay in England"  
 (loud laughter).

Miss Phelps—"Barbara, why didn't he come?"

Barbara—"He was dead."

---

Miss Brown—"Joseph, tell me all you know about the wife of Shakespeare."

Joseph C.—"Well, at the time of his marriage, she was eight years older than he."

---

Fred (much interested in the subject of dessicated eggs, after the pure food talk of Feb. 13)—"Say, Mitt, ever hear the story of the three eggs?"

Milton—"Nope."

Fred—"Too (two) bad."

Milton (after a slight pause)—"Haw. Very, very good"—a little later to Kathleen—"Ever hear the story of the three eggs?"

Kathleen—"No, but won't you tell it?"

Milton—"Too (two) rotten Ha! Ha!"

Kathleen—"I suppose you think that is cute."

(Later to a group of girls).

Kathleen—"Did you ever hear the story of the three eggs?"

Chorus—"No! tell us."

Kathleen—"Two were dessicated."

But no one saw the point.

---

Miss Phelps—"Where there is so much fire there must be some smoke."





Barbara—"Oh! Miss Phelps, I've lost my hearts (Harts) foundation."

Miss Sehart—"Oh! that's just like a man, never means what he says."

Inez—"She must have had experience."

Miss Brown—"If I should hear a drum I couldn't sit still."

### THE TROUBLESOME TWO.

"There was a school, in which rule  
 Was quite in line with the needs of time;  
 Wilma, how often will I have to say  
 If you don't keep out of these halls  
 Some day you and Barbara will get a rest?"  
 So I think though you need one 'tis best.  
 For you to obey,  
 The maidens then replied with a terrible look and a heart rending sigh,  
 'All right we'll go to the study hall right away,  
 And you'll not see us this year in the hall another day,"  
 Into the study hall they would go,  
 These poor creatures so full of woe.  
 For if Barbara or Wilma should happen to sneeze,  
 Miss Henry, with a depressing frown, would say,  
 "Now if you two girls want to die,  
 Just keep up the way you have started to shirk,  
 Now I want you both to get right down to work."  
 Thus through the day these poor girls would wander,  
 And over their troubles at night they would ponder  
 And when they were gone the teachers did mourn,  
 For these troublesome two whom everyone knew."

B. W.—'12.

On most any question Alan can quickly make his reply which is:—  
 "Oh! that costs too much."

Question—Why does Miss Mitchell suggest that cartoons of the teachers  
 be put in the Gleam?

Prof. Jewel Sexton—"Mary, I wish you would look this way."

Mary—"Well, Mr. Sexton, I don't like to look at nothing."

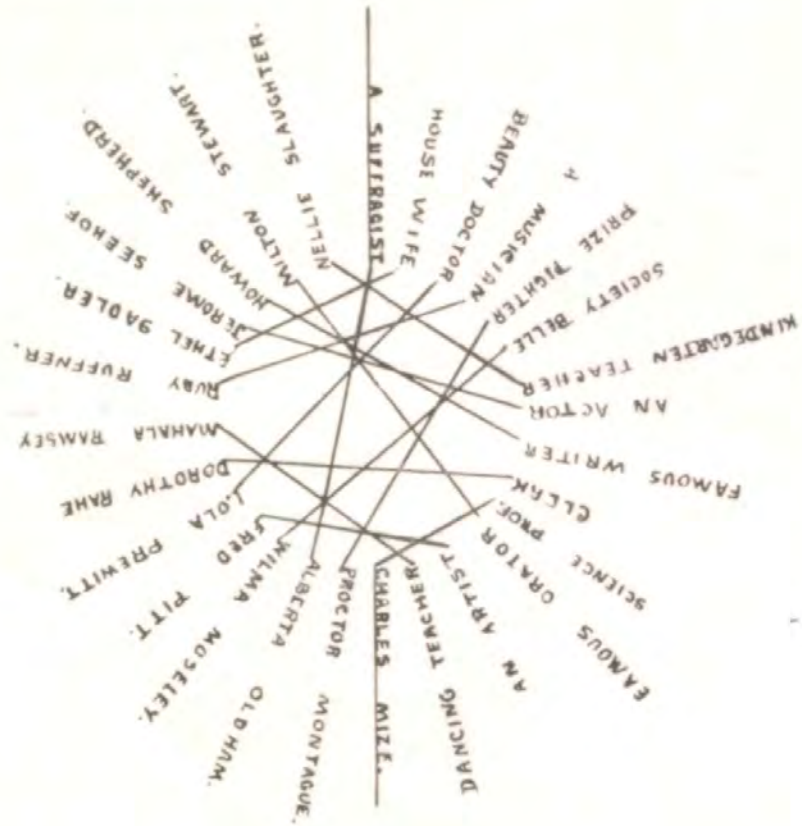
Mr. Elliot—"Watt got ahead of it and what did he do?"

Milton S. (reading)—"Paul came in and forgot his feet."



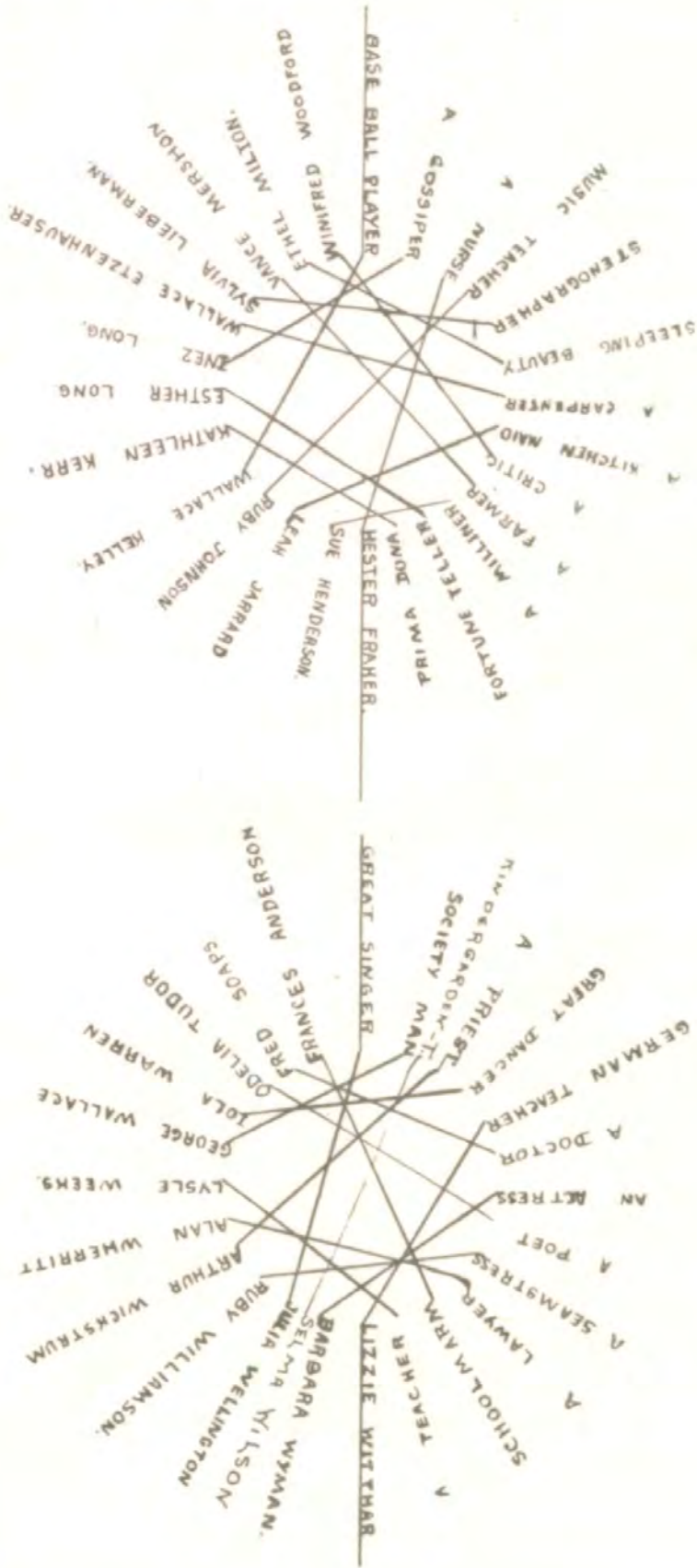


What will our Seniors be?





What will our Seniors be?



## Rules and By-laws of I. H. S.

## SECTION I.

1. The pupils may begin to gather on the lawn and in the halls at eight-thirty A. M.
2. A group of more than ten persons are requested not to stand over the register in the lower hall. If they have something of importance to discuss they may step either into Prof. Bryant's office or into Miss Brown's room, across the hall.
3. Nobody is allowed to enter the study hall until Miss Henry arrives with the "key."
4. Anybody not caring to attend assembly is requested to remain in the basement until the exercises are over.
5. Any girl caught flirting will be censured the remainder of the day in Miss Brown's English classes.

## SECTION II.

1. Miss Henry is supervisor of the study hall and it is her business to see that there is no talking "aloud."
2. Those having their lessons, may endorse their names on a slip of paper and then take any reference book they wish, provided no one else has the same book.
3. The above slip of paper is examined every evening by the teachers in order that they may see who had their lessons that day.
4. Anybody wishing to have a reference book reserved for a certain evening, will do well to call Miss Henry, at her home by phone, the morning before, between the hours of six and eight A. M.

## SECTION III.

1. The Library is the place provided to spend a quiet day looking at picture books and reading books and magazines.
2. There shall be no committee meetings held in this room.
3. Those wishing to smoke may retire to the boy's basement.
4. Any body keeping a book out over two weeks will be fined not less than one cent a day or more than seven cents a week.

—□—

Miss Brown—"What is a puny lie?"

Sylvia—"One that is not a well one."

Miss Ross—"What made Queen Louise's face so beautiful?"

Eugene B.—"The organs."

Prof. Sexton—"What is a commensurable?"

Ruth W.—"It is something that has a root which will not come out."



"Kenneth—you and Ernest and Arthur, go down stairs while I throw these wires out of the window, we will put up a telephone line," said Mr. Elliott. The boys did so and in a short time the line was up—Ernest began to talk.

"Hello! who's this speaking?"

"It's Doris," answered Kenneth.

"Hello, honey! Do you love me?" said Ernest. Mr. Elliott then took the wire and Ernest raved on.

Alas! this loving Ernest turned purple in the face, when he recognized his teacher's voice.

When Doris heard the joke, she begged Ernest to say it again.

"No more of that in mine," he said.

---

Alan was shaking a chair to disturb Kathleen and she nervously screamed, "Alan, if you don't quit that, I'll come over there and hold your hands." Alan—"Oh! that punishment is so severe."

- 
1. If Alberta bought a necktie, would Alan Wher-rit?
  2. If Miss Brown should walk down the street, would a negro chaser? No, but James Greenwood.
  3. Did Kathleen learn English from a German instructor or did Vance have a Tudor?
  4. If Doris does the bear, can Kenneth Bostian?
  5. If some one was serenading Frances Anderson, would it be a real live (Chris)-man?
  6. If Ruby is short, is Esther Long?
  7. If Wallace Chiles had some chickens, would Nellie Slaughter them?
  8. If Wallace Kelley can eat two pounds of meat, how much can Louise Bund-schu?
  9. If Tom lost a child would Charles Foster it?
  10. If some people were married at the church would Sexton ring the Bell?
  11. If the United States saw Austria Hungary would she Russia some Chile?
  12. If Queen Esther was for the Athletic Association, what was Pina-for-(e)?

---

**Wanted:—**

1. "To know Miss Phelps's theory of putting two and two together to make one."—A Junior.
2. "Some oil for Arline Tate's shoes."
3. "A girl so perfect in looks, manners, dress, walking, standing, and speaking that Milton Stewart can't criticise her."





THE SEVEN WONDERS OF I. H. S.

---

1. Mr. Elliot came to school with a new black suit on—March 1.
2. Both Howard and Lysle got hair cuts—Dec. 5.
3. Wilma was on time every day of the week beginning—March 18.
4. Alan stayed awake all fifth study period—April 5.
5. Miss Phelps is on the betting list.
6. Prof. Bryant forgot his tie—April 13.
7. Miss Mitchell is sporting a diamond on her left hand—April 15.

Mr. Elliot—"Now if a bird should light on just one wire it would not hurt it, but if it should light with one foot on one wire and one on another, it would kill it."

George Wallace—"That makes me think of a story. Once there were two roosters that roosted on wires, one on one wire and one on the other. One night one of the roosters reached over and pecked the other, and it killed them both."

Julia W. (translating Latin)—"And Pyramus advancing seriously, saw the foot prints of the beast in the dust, and grew pale in his entire mouth."

CAN YOU GUESS?

---

1. What kind of meat Alan likes? (Old-ham).
2. What kind of gloves does Kathleen wear? (Mitt's).
3. Where Marvin often calls? (In Loveland).
4. What Ernest is always singing? ("Has anybody here seen Kelley?")
5. What does Procter need? (A Tudor).
6. What does Mildred like to be near? (A Fountain).
7. What Mary Temple's favorite expression is? (Oh! Pshaw).
8. What always comes to your mind when Selma is mentioned? (A Greenwood).

CONCEIT.

---

Alan (in the Lines of Miles Standish)—"Go to the damsel, Priscilla, The loveliest maiden of Plymouth."

Miss Phelps—"No, Alan, put more emphasis on 'Loveliest.'"

Alberta—"Think of me, Alan and I'm sure you will get it all right."

A second year German pupil—"What was the matter with Procter, he translated so well, and didn't bluff."

A Second One—"O shucks! no wonder, his page was perfectly black with pencil marks."

## In a Junior talk:—

Anna W.—“The ant queen is like a human primitive princess, she washes her childrens faces with her tongue.”

Miss Phelps—“Where does the president get his platform? Does he go out in the back yard and make it?”

Discussion on suffrage for women:

Alberta—“I think the place for a woman is at home sweeping and cooking.”

Miss Maltby—“Ten years from now, maybe, you will think otherwise.”

Miss Phelps—“Charles, why don't the people of today get on their house tops and watch battles when they are going on?”

Chas. M.—“They might get hit.”

Mr. Jones—“Jack is as good looking and wears as many clothes as ever.”

Miss Phelps—“How did William the Conqueror get his crown lands?”  
Mary Temple Shaw—“Confiscated them.”





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Miss Phelps—"Did the Danes come into England in clans or as a nation, or how did they come?"

Vera C.—"They came in boats."

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Ernest R.—"I haven't found the button yet."

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Charles F.—"One that is not affected."

Miss McCoy—"Give one of Franklin's maxims."  
Reginald—"Keep thy shape and thy shape will keep thee."

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Mr. Sexton—“Oh! pshaw.”

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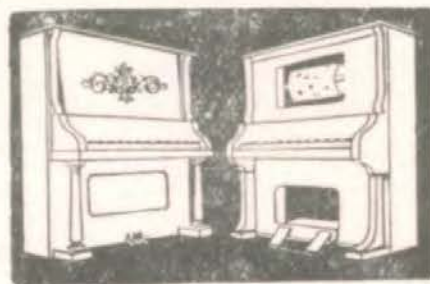
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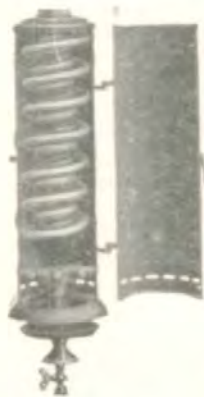
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Alan—"Mist is pulverized rain drops."

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Wilma—"Shakespeare's father's wife."

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