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**T**HE feeling of assurance that you are getting the proper thing is half the satisfaction--getting it the other half.

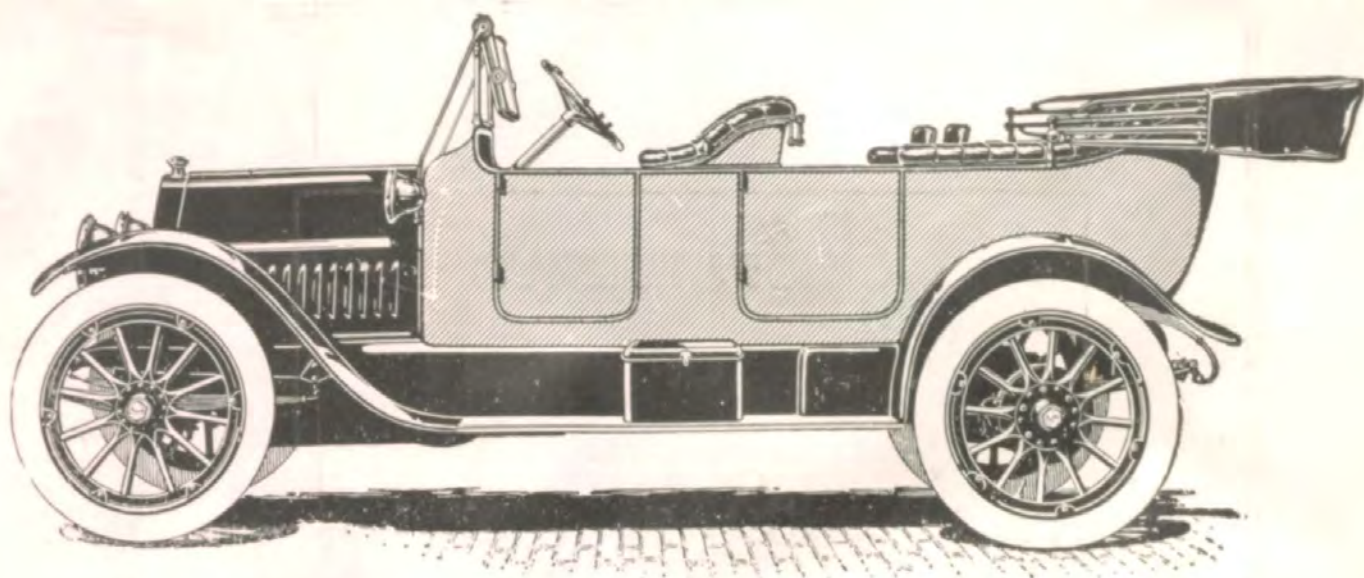
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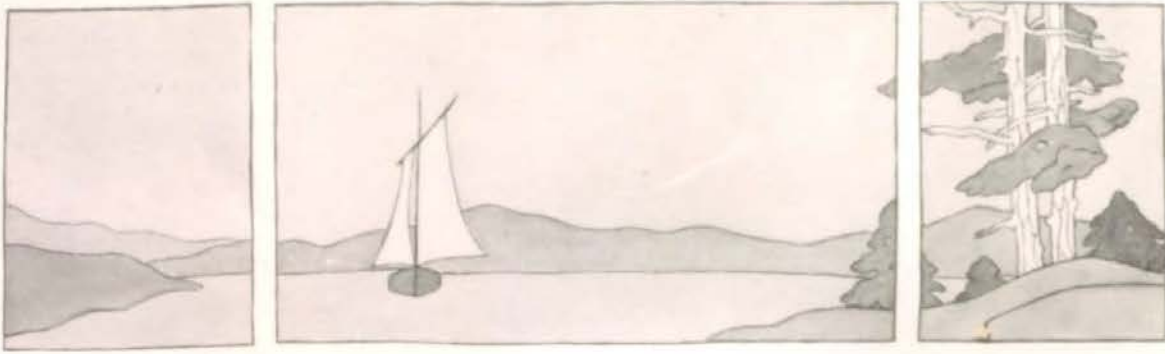
hit the bull's eye on quality, though they're priced within reason.

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# THE GLEAM

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

—Tennyson.

1913

## DEDICATION.

---

To Mr. Sexton, whose untiring efforts have made our school days bright and jolly, we, the Class of '13, dedicate this volume.



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## Faculty.

---

W. L. C. Palmer .....	Superintendent of City Schools.
George S. Bryant .....	Principal of High School.
Irene Waugh .....	Literature and History.
Mattie McCoy .....	Composition and Literature.
Helen Ross .....	English and Latin.
Dorothy Thomson .....	English.
Margaret Phelps .....	History, Civics, and Economics.
Maud Compton .....	History.
Edith Maltby .....	Latin.
Osla V. Sehrt .....	German and Chemistry.
Janie Chiles .....	Mathematics.
J. M. Sexton .....	Mathematics.
D. C. Elliott .....	Science.
W. D. Hifner .....	Manual Training.
Ruby Short .....	Art.
Carrie L. Henry .....	Study Hall.
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Carrie Wallace .....	Librarian.



# SENIORS

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---



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Delma Webb .....Vice-President.  
Nancy Lee Cogswell .....Secretary.  
Harry Sturges .....Treasurer.  
Guy Rudd .....Attorney-General.  
John Hudson .....Sergeant-at-Arms.

---

Mascot:—Billiken.  
Colors:—Black and Gold.

---

### YELL.

Mahe, Mahi, Maho  
A Rum, stick a bum-a-nickle.  
Nit cat; Soap fat.  
Nineteen Thirteen.  
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!





**LULA WALKER.**  
"Barbara."

**REXFORD JONES.**

**NANCY LEE COGSWELL.**  
"Barbara."  
Secretary of Class.  
Gleam Staff.



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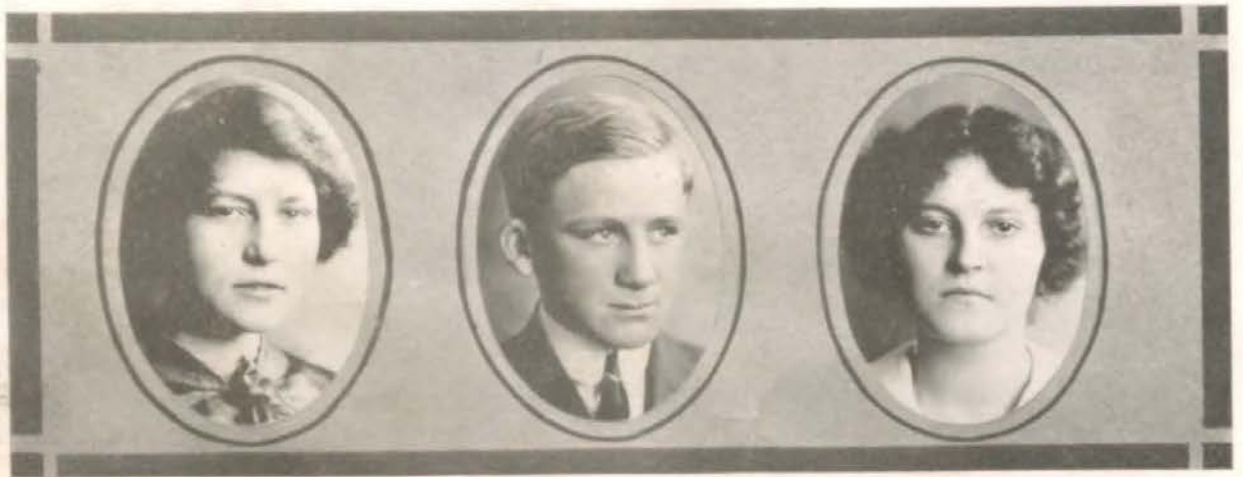
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"Barbara."  
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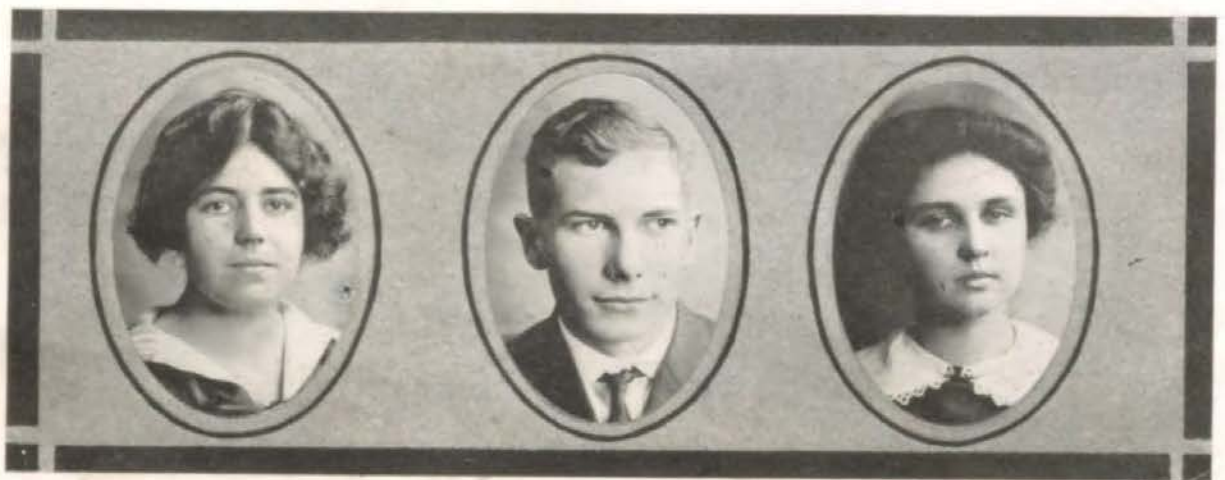
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U. D. C. Prize.



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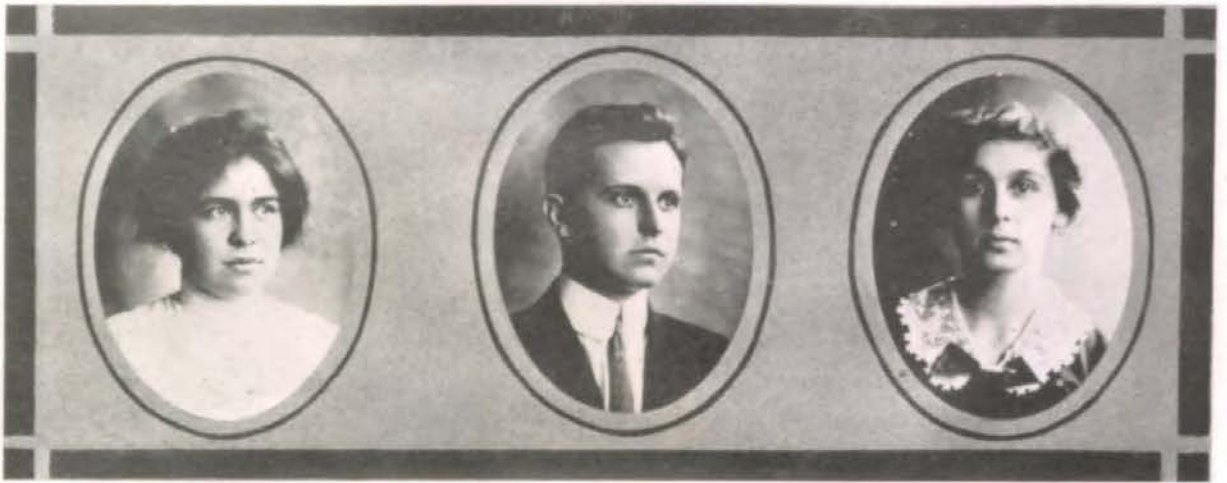
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LUCILE ROBINSON.

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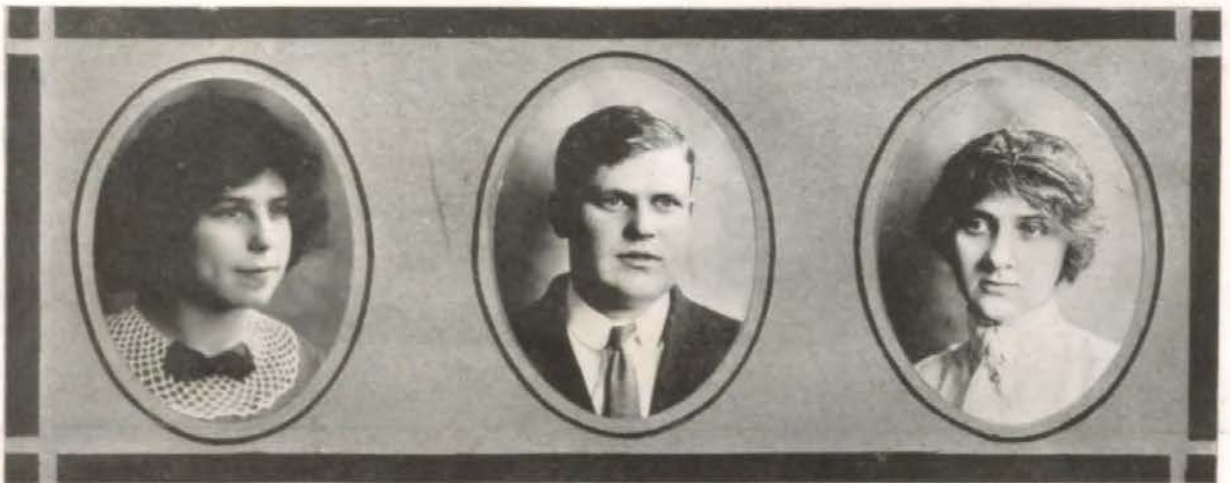
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BESS HATCH.  
Local Editor of Gleam.



HELEN CRILEY.

GLEN RIDDLE.

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Gleam Staff.  
English Prize Essay.

**GUY RUDD.**  
Foot Ball. Basket Ball.  
Att.-Gen. of Class.  
Gleam Staff.

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"A Nautical Knot."



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**HARRY RUDD.**  
Gleam Staff.

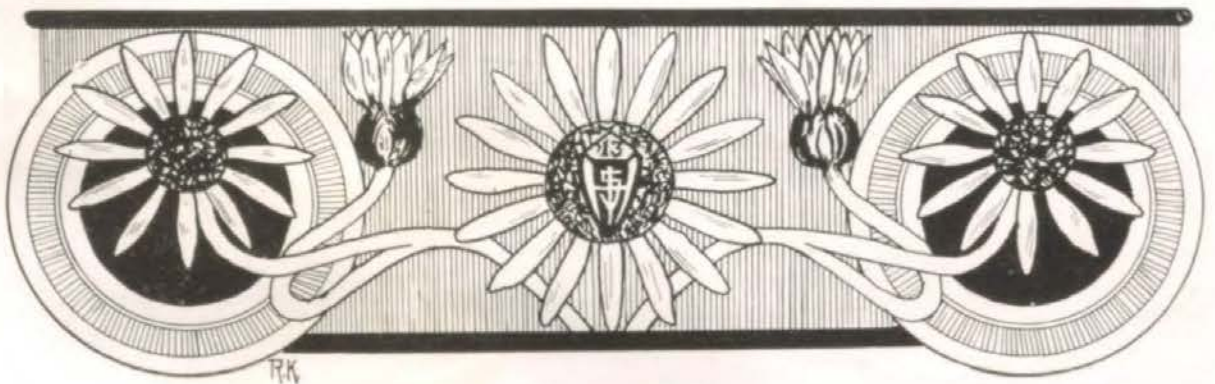
**MARY LOVELAND.**



OLIVE HUDNALL.

PAULINE COMPTON.

ANTOINETTE GIBSON.



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1913.

---

To every class that passes through I. H. S., there comes a time when it must give to the school its history. Often the history is uninteresting and unimportant. A thing to be read rapidly by fond parents and forgotten. But to the class itself, the history is all important. Looking back, each little trivial event assumes immense proportions. So today we have reached the stage when the school demands of us a history.

Looking down from the lofty height of a Senior, we see ourselves as we entered I. H. S.—frightened and forlorn. The whole world seemed our enemy as we blundered into the wrong class-room, or waited patiently beside a certain spot in the wall, while we were told an elevator would soon appear to take us to the first floor. Many were our trials that first year. But after we had organized, and had a president, we felt much more important and more able to hold our own.

The year passed, as all things will, and we found ourselves Sophomores. We had advanced one round up the ladder of our ambition. With acknowledged rights we taunted the "Freshies," as we ourselves had never been taunted. The teachers had called us the best Freshmen class and we set about proving to them that we were the best Sophomore class that had ever been registered in our High School. We organized with a flourish, and plunged headlong into our brilliant career with a class picnic in the fall. Horseshoe Lake never knew a merrier crowd than gathered about its waters that beautiful fall day. And the memory of it remained bright throughout the year.

Our labors were rewarded by the glories we gained in the Short Story contest. First, second, and third places, were awarded us, and our faces beamed with pride to have surpassed the Juniors.

Then we were Sophs no longer; we were Juniors. How we had longed to be Juniors. Everything is possible to a Junior; he feels no cares and knows no defeats. Gaily the days flew by. We organized our class and then such a time we had selecting our pins. How hard it was to know what we wanted, and, oh, the long three weeks before they came. How anxiously we waited for them. With what delighted hearts we fastened them on. How thrilled we were when we showed the other classmen our little black and gold emblems.

As the year passed, we gained many honors, and on a perfect night in May, we gave our never-to-be-forgotten reception to the Seniors. The difficulties and labors we had to undergo to give it, were fully repaid by the wonderful success we scored. It will live ever in our memory as one of the brightest spots of our High School life.

And now we stand at the height of the ladder. We have successfully

climbed to the top-most round. Our last year has been the brightest year of all. Our Senior Play, the Alumni Reception, and Our Gleam, have been the grandest achievements of this year. We have striven to be a worthy example for the under classmen, and we hope as we leave the school that they will remember and honor our attempts to make school brighter and happier.

FANNY LEW McCOY.—'13.



"THE TALE OF THE GLEAM."

I have had quite a time to get here complete  
 For the Staff's rather slow, I'll admit.  
 But now that I'm done, prepare for the fun  
 For I am bound I will make quite a "hit."

I am young, it is true, and fresh on the stump,  
 As I think that my "get up" will show—  
 But I'm there just the same with the "goods" of old High,  
 So of course the whole town should know.

So now on with your "specs" and out with your dough  
 Saturate in a fat, jolly smile—  
 Then commence with my head and read through  
     to my feet,  
 And I'm sure I will be worth your while.

RUTH WEEKS.—'13.

# JUNIORS



## JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS.

ROGER SKINNER, President.  
 Pauline Shoup, Vice-President.  
 Philip Hitchcock, Treasurer.

Glaude Smith, Secretary.  
 Roland Brunner, Attorney-General.  
 Reginald Criley, Yell Master.

### YELL.

Wa—Who—ba—Zoo  
 Hi—Ixs—Ixs,  
 Hica, Pica, Doma Nica  
 Hong—Pong—Viba—Tica  
 Halleca, Balleca—ba  
 Juniors, Juniors,  
 Rah—Rah—Hah!

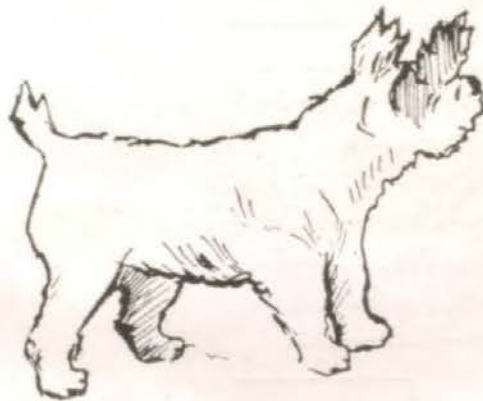
Flower—Chrysanthemum.

Mascot—The Intellectual Pup.

JUNIOR ROLL.

---

Bell, Emeline	Hager, Julia
Bartholomew, George	Hitchcock, Philip
Bostian, Margaret	Lease, Mary
Brackenbury, Hazel	Livesay, Mildred
Brady, Frances	McCullough, Elizabeth
Bridges, Helen	Montague, Jessie Leon
Brunner, Roland	Roberts, Lillian
Carstensen, Esther	Rummel, Emma May
Christie, Israel	Searcy, Frank
Compton, Hansel	Shaw, Gerhardt
Cook, Cora May	Shoup, Pauline
Cook, Izola	Skinner, Roger
Criley, Reginald	Slover, Edith
Davidson, Doyle	Smith, Glaude
Davis, Joe	Sullivan, Lucile
Doutt, Thomas	Fuller, Dale
Doutt, Willie	Wray, Florence
Duncan, Edith	Williamson, Errol
Fletcher, Meryl	Quinlan, Marion
Franklin, Marietta	





"COMIN' THRU THE HIGH."

---

If a Freshie meet a Freshie  
Comin' down the hall,  
And that Freshie spark that Freshie,  
Need Prof. Bryant call?

If some Sophies call class meetings  
For good times to find,  
And Prof. Bryant stop those meetings,  
Should the Sophies mind?

If the Juniors get their grade-cards,  
'nd "nineties" are left out,  
Need the Juniors with those grade-cards  
To their teachers pout?

If a Senior and a Senior  
'pon the "Staff" are placed,  
Could a split-up 'tween those Seniors  
Be, I ask, erased?

RUTH WEEKS.—'13.





## SOPHOMORES



### CLASS OFFICERS.

DAVID WINTON, President.

Harry Roberts, Vice-President.

Elmer Stewart, Treasurer.

Julia McDonald, Secretary.

Ralph Duncan, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Chas. Brady, Yell Master.

---

### YELL.

Zippy—Zappy—Zee,  
Zippy—Zappy—Zam,  
Sophomores, Sophomores—  
Beat us if you can.

---

Mascot—Billy Goat.

Colors—Red and Blue.

Flower—Thistle.

CLASS ROLL.

---

Adams, Ruth	Jones, Caroline
Allen, Lilly Belle	Kelley, Madeline
Anderson, Margaret	Kelley, Mary
Baldus, Clara	Kirby, Maude
Berkley, Mary Jane	Lamon, Martha
Boone, Daniel	Lund, Hilmer
Brady, Charles	Mauk, Odessa
Brown, Raymond	McDonald, Julia
Bruess, Gertrude	McGinley, Ruth
Burgess, Charles	Millard, Cecil
Closson, Claurice	Monroe, Lillabelle
Collins, Margaret	Murphy, Minnie
Craddock, Lucy	Newton, Gladys
Craft, Nell	Perry, Dexter
Crees, Hazel	Powell, Catherine
Crumpler, Leota	Powell, Mabel
Custead, Jack	Pryor, Ora Jane
Davey, Roscoe	Rannie, Paul
Delafield, Clifford	Roberts, Harry
Denham, Angela	Ross, Virginia
Deyo, Alice	Skinner, Carl
Deyo, George	Smith, Arthur
Donaldson, Carl	Smith, Mary Ferguson
Duncan, Ralph	Sollars, Eugene
Etzenhouser, Iva	Sterrett, Blaine
Evans, Etta	Stewart, Elmer
Fitzmorris, Ellene	Taylor, Grace
Flanders, Douglas	Tharp, Alma
Florance, John Dunn	Thompson, Richard
Flowers, Dorothy	Waggoner, Archie
Fraher, Charles	Walden, Dollie
Freemeyer, Ollie	Warnock, Martha
Frick, Helen	Winton, David
Holloway, Fay	Young, Nina



---

 SOPHOMORE WAIL.
 

---

 (Apologies to Bryant.)
 

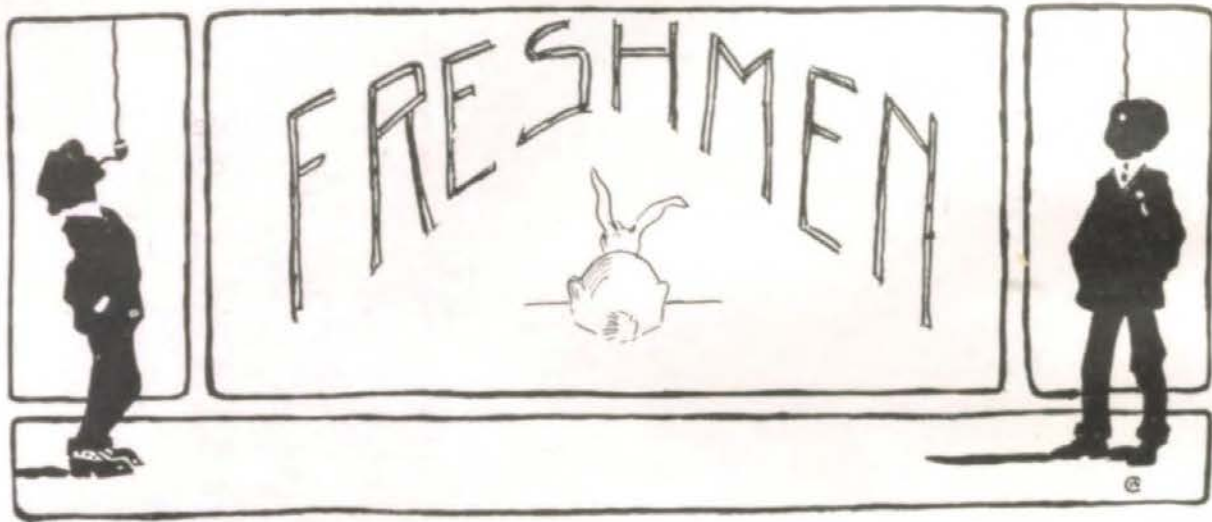
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To him who in the class of Sophs, holds  
 Communion with her visible works, she has  
 A various program; for his holidays  
 She has a store of note-books and a theme  
 And eloquence of rules, and she glides  
 Into his week-days, with such heaps  
 O' work that steals away  
 His brightness, ere he is aware, when thoughts  
 Of the next quarters work, come like a blight  
 Over thy spirit, and sad images  
 Of the stern agony, and work, and toil,  
 And cheerless library and sleepless nights  
 Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,  
 Go forth, under the starry sky, and take  
 A sleigh-ride, while from all around—  
 The peaceful earth, and snow and ice—  
 Comes a still voice—Yet a few years, and then  
 The Sophomore class shall see no more,  
 In all its course, nor yet in the dark library  
 Where thy pale form was tortured many hours,  
 Nor yet in the study hall, shall exist  
 Thy image. School that nourished thee  
 Shall claim thy growth, to be resolved to  
 school again.

And lost each earthly joy, surrendering up  
 Thine individual being, shall thou go  
 To mix forever with the school teachers,  
 To be a terror to the innocent youth  
 And to the luckless girl, whom the rude laws  
 Make to go to school, and be a martyr.

A SOPH.





**CLASS OFFICERS.**

- MARY CHILD, President.  
Elizabeth Shelton, Vice-President.  
Ben Sturges, Treasurer.  
Dorothy Clark, Secretary.  
Harry Quier, Sergeant-at-Arms.  
John McCoy, Attorney-General.  
Calvin Atkins, Yell Master.

---

Flower—Poppy.

Mascot—Rabbit.

## FRESHMEN ROLL.

---

Adams, Neta	Gabriel, Charnelcie
Allen, Ruby	Gabriel, Frances
Allen, Carroll	Gaines, Temperance
Anderson, Evangeline	Gallagher, Pauline
Atkins, Calvin	Gault, Edom
Baldwin, Ernestine	George, Hollis
Berry, Sarah Cooke	Gibson, Marie
Blue, Hobart	Gilliespie, Clarence
Booth, Miriam	Givan, Louise
Bowlin, Lenora	Hagler, Louise
Brady, William	Halleran, Hazel
Bridges, Ford	Henderson, Edwin
Bridges, Lucile	Hickman, Blanche
Browning, Georgia	Higdon, Margaret
Bryant, John	Howell, Mamie
Bryson, Phyllis	Hudnall, Maurice
Bullard, Dorothy	Huff, Lulu
Bundschu, Pauline	Hughes, Frank
Cahill, Mary	Houston, Logan
Caldwell, Thomas	Jacobs, Alonzo
Casper, Myra	James, Pauline
Chandler, Eula	Jones, Renick
Child, Mary	Kaler, Elmer
Christman, Glenna	Kennedy, Roger
Christy, Lutetia	King, Pearl
Clark, Dorothy	Krahl, David
Clements, Lorine	Kreeger, Arminta
Clements, Margaret	Lauder, Gertrude
Cogswell, Margaret	Linson, Mabel
Colby, Elsie	Livesay, Strother
Crenshaw, Herbert	Mackey, Edith
Crick, Madeline	Mann, Edgar
Crumm, Ruth	McBride, Kenneth
David, Lorene	McCoy, Eleanor
Doutt, Lois	McCoy, John
Etzenhouser, Ester	McCullough, George
Etzenhouser, Russell	McKee, Helen
Flournoy, Eleanor	Modie, Nellie
Ford, Tirey	Montague, Ralph

Morrow, Glen  
Moxon, Pearl  
Orrick, Edith  
Ott, Julia  
Owens, Virgil  
Payne, Gertrude  
Pennell, Grace  
Phipps, Read  
Pierce, Ray  
Prewitt, Anna  
Pryor, Wallace  
Quier, Harry  
Reese, David  
Richards, Vivian  
Robinson, Martha  
Rummell, William  
Sands, Irving  
Shelton, Elizabeth  
Shepherd, Flossie  
Shimfessel, Augusta  
Shirk, Andrew  
Shore, Ray  
Shoup, Edith  
Simms, Jessie  
Smith, Alice  
Smith, Dale  
Smith, Inez

Smith, Marcine  
Smith, Richard  
Soapes, Gladys  
Spangler, Lottie  
Speaker, Helen  
Sterrett, Bessie  
Stewart, Byron  
Stout, Lee  
Sturges, Ben  
Swain, Pearl  
Tallman, Theresa  
Thomson, Burdette  
Tomlinson, Maud  
Turner, Mary  
Twente, Esther  
Vaughn, Leona  
Walker, Leo  
Watson, Gomer  
Weed, Vivian  
Westward, Bessie  
Westwood, Howard  
White, Helen  
Wood, Helen  
Woodward, Ewing  
Yale, Floyd  
Zick, Mercer







FRESHMEN.  

---

- (O) I. H. S. is full of troubles  
Such as teachers, lessons, tests ;  
But of all the bitter bubbles  
Freshmen are the greatest pests.
- (And) They are made of air and wiggles,  
Egotism, fibs, and puffs.  
Apron-strings and springs and giggles,  
Pranks and tricks and winks and bluffs.
- (But) So important are these mixtures,  
Though by "Grads" called molecules,  
That if even one were cutting  
Class, the "Board" would add more rules.
- (So) It doesn't matter what we call 'em,  
It doesn't matter what one knows,  
A Freshy is a Freshy,  
Though he sports Professor's clothes.

THE OLD NOTE BOOK.

---

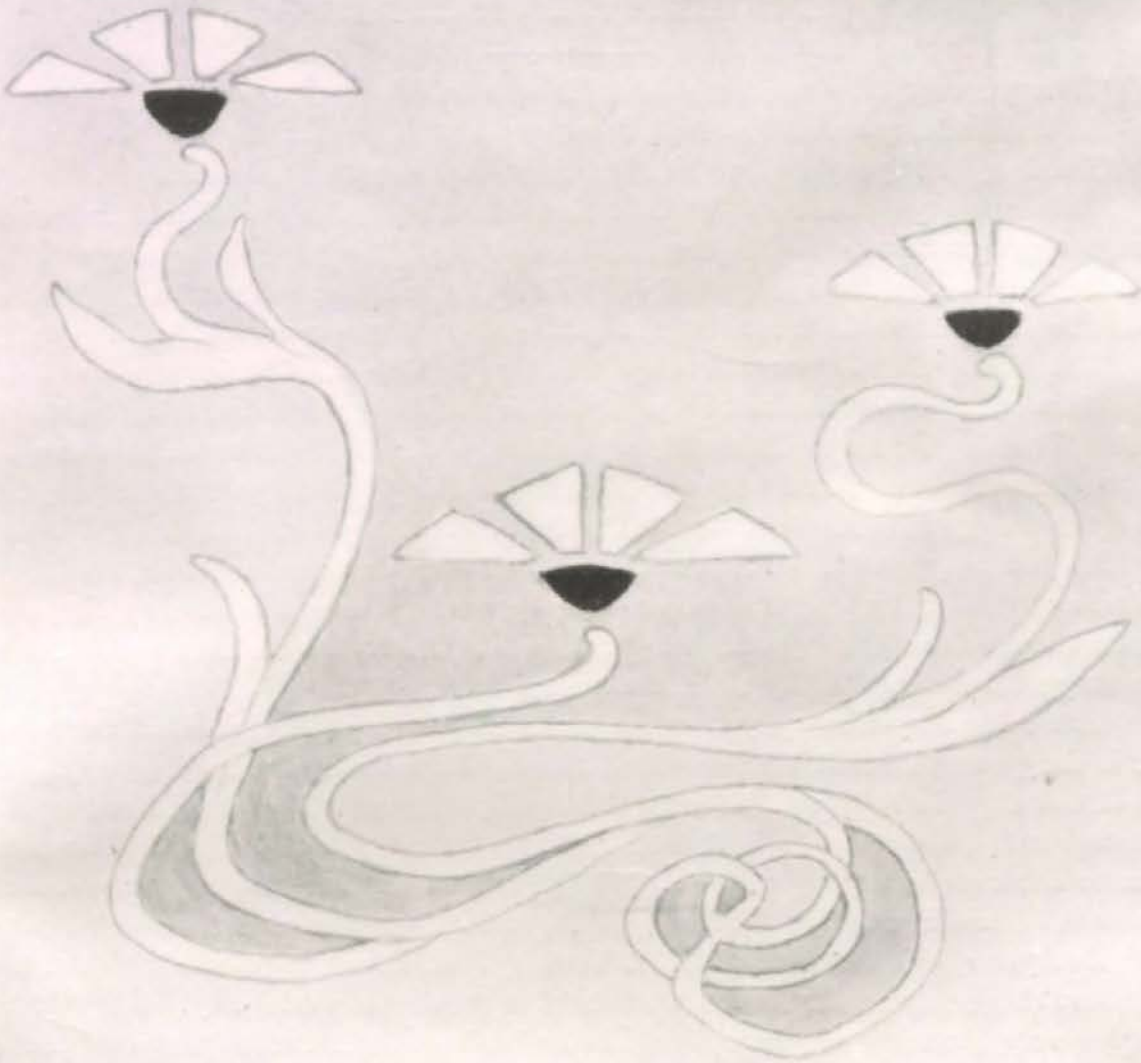
I take it from the bookcase shelf,  
Where it so long had lain,  
And bring its dusty pages forth  
Into the light again.  
The pages have yellow turned,  
The ink is faded too,  
But what a happy time I had,  
When this old book was new.

How well I remember the time  
The night I wrote it first,  
I recollect that it was hot,  
I thought my head would burst,  
I danced with glee when it was done,  
How well it looked in blue,  
But that was many years ago  
For now I am eighty-two.

The classes will come and go  
And their note books away will fling,  
But, I shall keep this treasure close,  
For the memories it will bring.  
There's plenty in this book to make  
A history for the school.  
But what's the use anyhow  
As I am eighty-two?

EDWIN CARROLL.—'13.

LIBRARY



G. LEWIS '13.

### OUR MORNING ASSEMBLIES.

---

"All work and no play makes Johnny a bad boy," is an expression as "old as the hills," but never-the-less it is true. The play-time of our High School life is our morning assembly. Every morning for twenty minutes the pupils gather in the auditorium. It is a period when we all get together and become better acquainted; a time when we show forth the best work we have done in our classes, and a period in which we gain much helpful advice from Mr. Bryant's talks. This year, many persons outside the schools have lectured to us, and we have endeavored to show our appreciation by this section in our Gleam.



### THANKSGIVING PROGRAM.

---

"The poorest service is repaid with thanks."

At last the day arrived, when Tommy was to go with his big "sis" to hear the Thanksgiving program, which her class was to give in assembly.

He was very anxious to hear it because, he had heard his sister remark, that the program was to be just a little different this year from any that had ever been given in the school before. The charitable spirit of the Seniors had shone forth in their desire to do something to make someone else happy.

The other classes were hearty co-operators in the Senior's plan, which was, that each person in the school should contribute some eatable toward the poor's Thanksgiving. These things were to be brought to school the day before Thanksgiving, and to be used in decorating the stage for the program, then the things were to be taken to the homes of the poor.

As you may know, the Seniors used their usual artistic taste in the decorations, and the scene was indeed a pretty one. The pumpkins, apples, nuts, canned fruits, and other good things, which were scattered here and there on the stage, almost made one's mouth water.

Little Tommy was very much excited over everything, and asked his sister if they served refreshments in all the schools on Thanksgiving day. She could not explain fully to him, just there, why the "eats" were on the stage, so consequently, his appetite bothered him considerably, and he paid little attention to the excellent program. This consisted of several readings, a vocal and piano solo, and a word of thanks by the president of the class.

Everyone, but the disappointed Tommy, left the auditorium with the feeling that this program had been a success in more than one way. For "Life is not for mere passing pleasure, but for the highest unfoldment that one can attain to, the noblest character one can grow, and for the greatest service that one can render to all mankind."

PAULINE SHOUP.—'14.

### PROFESSOR HILL'S VISIT.

---

On the morning of November 22, we were given an unusual treat. Professor Hill, the President of our University, made us a visit while on his way to Kansas City to attend the big annual Missouri-Kansas foot ball game.

Professor Hill said he would spend the hour telling us about the University, as he wished to interest us in it. He told us of his work, and the educational, social and athletic departments of the school, adding that it provided for the study of any branch of work which one might care to take up. While mentioning the many social organizations and their advantages, he especially complimented the orchestra and band, declaring that even if the "Jay Hawk-ers" should defeat us in foot ball, they could not in music.

Lastly, after setting forth the great advantages of the school, Professor Hill made one great plea for the loyalty of Missouri people to their own university.

We all greatly enjoyed the hour, and heartily invited the Professor back. Each of us felt not only a deeper interest in our university, but a greater love and respect for its president.

DELMA WEBB.—'13.



### THE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM.

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No enterprising school would allow any holidays (or, in fact, any day of note to pass by without some sort of a program. So, as Christmas approached, the Seniors laid out plans for an all morning program, in which all underclassmen were invited to participate. By custom, it was the right of the Seniors to give the Christmas program, but owing to the fact that arrangements for the Senior Play were taking most of their time, they turned it over to the Juniors, who had asked them for it.

When we had entered the Auditorium, and had taken our places, on the Wednesday preceding Christmas, we were first favored by a musical, and two recitations by the Juniors. Then in a short speech Mr. Philip Hitchcock gave the synopsis of a play to be presented by the Juniors, entitled, "Jack and Jills' Christmas." This was followed by the play itself, which was up to our expectations, considering the time in which they had to prepare it.

Of course Santa Claus came to take the presents off of the beautiful Christmas tree, which the Juniors had prepared. After his appearance, the faculty was invited to take seats on the front row, and the giving out of present proceeded. After the usual responses were made, Professor Bryant gladdened our hearts by saying that we were excused from the rest of the periods. Everyone rushed out of the Auditorium with a smiling face, as the thoughts of that next two week's vacation came.

BEN EUBANK.—'13.

### "PAVING THE WAY."

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Little do we realize the great part our education plays in our later life; or, I should say, little did we realize it; because all who were fortunate enough to hear Dr. Dobyms' talk on "Paving the Way," on January 17, must surely know that we cannot progress very far without an education.

He compared our school life to a road which is being built. We were shown that it was really upon our ward school work that our education depends, as a road depends upon its foundation. Then he showed us how our high school studies add layer after layer to our road until it stands ready to be used. Still, however, it is rough and not very easy to travel on; yet it can be used, and in many cases is.

What then does our college course do for us, if high school prepares the road for use? It smoothes over the rough edges just as the last layer of the road makes it smooth. And, as the road is easier to travel over with this layer on, so our life is made easier to travel with a college education.

Then, Dr. Dobyms told us, there is one thing more. What would happen to a road without a curbing? It would soon wear away and fall out of place. As the curbing acts as a check upon the road, so a good moral character acts upon men and women. All of the education in the world would be of little benefit without it.

I am sure that we all owe Dr. Dobyms a great debt of gratitude, and, although we may not fully realize all that he said now, the seeds sown that morning, January 17, 1913, may yield us ten fold in the years to come.

MARY LOVELAND.—'13.



### MR. M'COY'S VISIT.

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During the Assembly hour, on January 28, 1913, we the pupils of the Independence High School, were entertained by a short talk from Rev. McCoy. He had recently returned from Japan, where he had been engaged in educational work for several years. He gave us a very entertaining talk on the Japanese language, and on their educational system. Other interesting features of his address were some Japanese customs, such as a peculiar way they have of wrapping and carrying bundles, and, at the last, he describes the marriage ceremony.

In connection with this talk, Mr. McCoy showed us a cloth for wrapping bundles, a Japanese pipe, and a copy of our Lord's prayer in Japanese.

His whole speech was intensely interesting, and will be remembered as one of the most helpful and instructive talks from outside people which we received during this year.

ROXY COOK.—'13.

## PROGRAM ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Every year the pupils of the Independence High School have an oversoul sensation when the Senior Class gives a Washington's Birthday celebration.

Our class is proud of the legacy we left, the memory of a fine program, and the gift of a beautiful flag. We who enjoy the blessings of education, of religion, and of peace, cannot understand the depth of patriotism which national issues awaken in the pioneer or soldier.



Several years ago, a vast assembly witnessed the Pageant of Nations in the great stadium of Tacoma. Yonder in the harbor the great battleship "West Virginia" was seen. What was her part? The bands were playing national airs, and thousands of people sat expectant. The strain of "Star Spangled Banner" was heard. A great searchlight from the ship rested at the foot of the flagpole. Slowly it rose until it touched the stars

and stripes, where it shone steadfastly throughout that great spectacle. Every heart was thrilled.

We did not possess such magnificent staging, but new patriotism was awakened in our hearts as we heard the story that never grows old. When John Hudson and Roxy Cook gave eulogies on Washington, and Ruth Kelley gave a reading on the American flag. As Ada Ruhlman played the national air, the spirit of '76 burned with new fervor while we reverently arose. The attractive presentation of the flag by Ellis Fountain, and the enthusiasm which greeted it, reached its climax in a burst of song—"The Star Spangled Banner."

May the inspirations of all the traditions of that old banner lead us, the Class of 1913, to new achievements in the acts of peace, which shall crown us all with a greater glory than was ever the reward of a victor on a battle field.

DOROTHY GEORGIN.—'13.

### THE JUNIOR RECEPTION.

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Of course the Seniors were overjoyed to think they were to be guests of honor at a reception—a Junior reception, which was to be given on the Friday before their "Commencement Morn."

The Juniors had been busy until a late hour transforming our class rooms into something akin to a college banquet hall. The walls were hung with pennants, and over the bare floors rugs were spread, and in place of stiff school-room chairs, were comfortable chairs and sofas. Ferns were artistically arranged in the corners of the rooms, while hanging baskets of Black-eyed-susans, the flower of the entertaining class, were used throughout the rooms, and vases of these flowers were in the windows. Indeed, the Spirit of Nature seemed to be everywhere.

In order to give formality to the occasion, a receiving line, composed of the class officers, was stationed in the hall to welcome their guests.

In the reception room, everyone was busy talking with classmates and faculty members, while a group of classmates would be seen gathered around a table drinking a delicious beverage which seemed almost to rival the "Nectar of the Gods." But we were not permitted to remain here long, for soon we found ourselves ushered into the Assembly Hall. After all were seated, Mr. Harry Sturges announced that our next entertainment would be a play—"Between Two Foes." A story which would take us back to the days of the Civil war.

We hardly recognized our entertainers, so completely did they enter into the spirit of the characters which they were impersonating. The performers exhibited so much ease on the stage, and those who took the comedy parts did so well, that we were kept in a constant state of hilarity.

We had hardly time to compliment the actors on their delightful performance, before we were escorted back to the reception rooms, where we were served with refreshments, which appropriately carried out our colors of green and gold.

The hour for departure drew near all too soon, and as those who left first, expressed to our Junior entertainers so completely our enjoyment of their delightful reception, others upon leaving seemed to find nothing to add which seemed as suitable as, "That's just what I was going to say."

ELIZABETH BELL.—'12.





MRS. JOSEPH WAYNE MERCER.

Laura Green Mercer accompanied her husband to St. Louis, in Oct. 1889, in order to attend the first meeting held for the purpose of creating an interest in building a "Home" in the State of Missouri, for homeless Confederate soldiers. On returning to Independence, Mrs. Mercer enthusiastically began the work of organizing a chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, which was the first organization of that kind in Western Missouri. Independence Chapter, No. 710, U. D. C., has acknowledged its indebtedness to Mrs. Mercer, by electing her honorary president for life, and has instituted in the High School an annual essay contest—the award for which is known at the Laura Mercer Prize.

## Historic Arlington.

(U. D. C. Prize Essay.)

"Forgotten? No, we never do forget;  
We let the years go; wash them clean with tears,  
Leave them to bleach out in the open day,  
Or lock them careful by, like dead friend's clothes,  
Till we shall dare unfold them without pain—  
But we forget not, never can forget."

Ever since the dawn of our history, men have held the South as a land of allurements—a land of romance and charm. Whenever the name has been pronounced, brilliant pictures of chivalry, nobility and purity have risen before them. Hearts, south of the "Mason and Dixon line," swell with pride and tender memories, and the Northern hearts glow with appreciation, wherever "Dixie" or its sons or daughters, is praised. The strength of character of that gracious people, their bravery and fortitude in defeat, and their lofty aims and ideals which brought them success, all combine to make the South, the land of romance and the land of heroes.

Virginia, the "Mother of States and Statesmen," has always been looked upon as the very embodiment of all the South stands for, as a state which has always taken the lead, as the state of the most glorious past and of the dearest memories. The very soil of the "Old Dominion State" radiates the honor and glory, her sons have gained throughout the years of America's life. The brilliant blue of the sky smiles cheerfully down upon the homesteads, consecrated to the memory of some of the greatest men of our nation. Nowhere is nature so entrancingly beautiful, to the true Southerner as at the estate of Arlington, Lee's mansion, upon the Potomac. Nowhere does the wind like better to sport and play, than among the grand old oaks or on the lawn before the house of the Hero of the Confederacy. To the hero-worshipping Southland, this is indeed "holy ground." The true Southerner reverences it because Robert E. Lee was once master there, and, with a generous spirit learned from Lee, grieves over the dead lying there, even though they were the very ones who fought against him. For Arlington, by some curious trick of fate has become a National cemetery.

The situation is magnificent. The mansion, is half surrounded by a grove of stately oaks, and fronts a beautifully terraced lawn, which slopes gently and gracefully downward to the broad Potomac. From the portico one can gaze off for a radius of twenty miles over a wonderful panorama of nature's

handiwork, including the one thousand one hundred sixty acres of the estate itself. Far off toward the northeast, may be seen the buildings of Washington and the fields of the more distant country. Behind the house are the remains of what was, during the early days of the Republic, a mighty forest. Through a portion of this, runs a winding avenue leading up to the mansion. Extensive gardens border the drive, not such as in the time of Lee, beautified the lawn, but gardens that were designed before a seed was planted.

The peace of the dead reigns supreme. The gentle stillness is unbroken save for the occasional chatter of one squirrel housewife to another, as they spring from bough to bough or prepare their simple meal. It is the city of the dead indeed. No suggestion or shadow of the gay life and good-cheer of the times before the war, is to be seen, about the well kept lawns or about the silent, majestic house. As one gazes out across the lawn dotted with the graves of the "Boys in Blue" his thoughts revert back to the history of the magnificent estate, the present fades away and the past becomes a living picture.

The home, when only a frame manor house, was purchased by Mr. John Custis, a wealthy planter, from Edwin Scarborough, surveyor-general of Virginia, in the early colonial period. The estate descended to Mr. Daniel Custis, who married the "bell and beauty of Williamsburg," Martha Dandridge. It was during this period that the house became such a social centre. The beautiful and accomplished Martha Custis, entertained lavishly—house parties, dances, and general good times were found here. The governor was many times asked to come and spend the week-end. After a few years of happy married life, Mr. Custis died and left Martha a widow, with two children. She was by far the wealthiest and most attractive woman in Virginia. Men from all parts of the state came to pay her homage, and it was not long before the halls of Arlington rang again with happiness and good-cheer. In seventeen fifty nine, she married George Washington, who was then a colonel in the Virginia militia. They lived for a while at the White House (as Arlington Manor was called at that time) and then went to live at Mt. Vernon.

The Arlington estate descended to Martha Custis' only son, G. W. P. Custis, and he it was, who built the handsome building, standing today, preserved in, at least, a part of its old glory. The building was considered before the war to be the finest piece of architecture in the South. It was planned after a temple near Naples—the Doric type of architecture predominating, the eight immense columns forming the attractive portico. On either side of the main building, were wings relieving the height of the house. It was a majestic edifice—great strength and dignity characterized its every feature. Nobly it stood forth a monarch of all around and a ruler of everything, but the beau-

tiful Potomac clinging to its base, making the days shorter by its silvery song and rippling laughter.

The interior of the house was equally as beautiful as the exterior. From the central entrance a wide, handsome hall extended back through the house. On either side were the beautiful well arranged rooms. Two handsome archways, one at the foot of the stairs and the other at the rear door, made the hall quaint and attractive. The long massive drawing room—with its high ceiling and shadowed nooks and its magnificent fire place, lighted by mellow candles, supported by beautifully carved sticks, was the front room on the south. The big cheerful room in the south wing was used as the guest room, and was the most beautiful bed-room in the mansion. Across the hall in the northern wing, were smaller rooms, used as music and dining rooms. All the rooms in the house were tastefully arranged and retain to this day some of their ancient glory although only two are open to the public. They are but the ghost of their former beauty, and the fine old central hall echoes a protest to the intruders foot steps.

The servants quarters were just back of the house, hidden from view among the trees, and were charming in grace and symmetry. The buildings were low and built on the same plan as the house, stucco over brick, being the material used. They were as artistic and appropriate series of out buildings as could have been imagined.

Many were the happy scenes that the grand old oaks witnessed as the small Lee came to play under their shade with his little neighbor, the daughter of the house. They watched the little playmates as they romped and played and as they grew to manhood and womanhood. They felt the absence of the little fellow when as a young man he entered West Point. They thrilled with joy when in eighteen hundred thirty one the two comrades became man and wife in the beautiful drawing room of the Arlington house. Proudly they raised their branches on high as the coaches bearing the "first families of Virginia" passed, under their over-hanging branches, up the avenue and on to the brilliantly lighted home.

From this time on until the Civil War, Arlington was Lee's home. His soldiers' life during the Mexican war drew him away from home for years at a time, but his family lived there, and, although far away, his touch and presence prevailed every room. During these years, Arlington was the centre of the social life of Northern Virginia. The best Virginia families came and went under the roof and ever found it a place of genial welcome and cheerful hospitality. Brave, handsome, courtly men; pure, dainty, lovely, high-minded women, danced and laughed away the time as they did in ancient fairy tales. "For all its faults, it was, I believe, the purest, sweetest life ever lived," says Mr. Page. Lee was constantly brought in contact with the opulence and gayety of that old Virginia aristocracy, which was so winning that its faults

seemed virtues. He played the part of a host as he played the part of a general—with a master hand.

The saddest memory of Arlington was the leave taking. When Virginia joined her forces with the Seceding States and joined hands in the cause they upheld. Her sons went with her. Lee as an officer in the United States army, was offered the command of the Union troops, but he refused the honor and cast his lot, his fortune and his life with his own state, which has never betrayed the trust. The struggle it cost him was the struggle of a strong man to find the clear path of duty. He found it and nothing could keep him from following to death, where duty led.

He removed his family to Richmond, and the beautiful home, rich in memories of the old, happy days, was closed never again to be the shelter of its most distinguished son, Lee, who had already found his way into the hearts of the Southern people. Sad as the leave taking was, the family did not realize that never again were they to wander about the magnificent, familiar rooms. Eyes could not have been more appealing, nor lips more eloquent than the familiar objects in their mute farewell. Happy family that they could not realize this parting!

Very early in the contest, Union soldiers were brought to Arlington for burial, and often-times the home of the great Confederate general, was used as the headquarters of the Union troops, against whom he fought daily. As the years passed the number of graves grew larger and larger until at the end of the war, when the deathblow had been struck, and the Confederacy had surrendered, when her homes were only a mass of ruins, and her young life gone, the estate of Lee was little more than a burial ground. Congress had passed a law, which provided that taxes on certain real estate must be paid by the owner in person. The object was the confiscation of rebel property. Mrs. Lee held the title to Arlington Heights, and she was at the time in Richmond and unable to pass through the lines to Washington in person. She sent her agent, who was refused, and the plantation was sold for taxes. The government bought it and the noble heights became a National cemetery.

After Mrs. Lee's death, the property descended to her son, Custis Lee, who, unwilling to see the estate pass out of the family, brought suit against the United States. The Supreme Court decided in favor of Lee and he found himself in possession of a graveyard. He had become owner of the ground where thousands and thousands of Union soldiers lay buried. The old family home, the fields, the graves, the lawns and the garden had been turned into a charnel house. Strange fate it was that the son of the great rebel chief should sue the government for possession of the graveyard where were interred the remains of thousands of soldiers slain by his countrymen. It seemed so to him, and so

he sold his interest to the government and left the soldiers lie in peace on Arlington Heights.

Years later some devoted Southern women went to Arlington Heights to cover the graves of the Confederate soldiers buried there with flowers. The keepers seeing the women on the grounds found out their mission and removed the flowers to the graves of the Union soldiers. During the night a fearful storm arose and in the morning the flowers were upon the graves of the Confederate soldiers. The wind had blown them back where they belonged, and left the other graves bare. Thus we see that even the wind throbbed with pity to see the lawns and gardens of the great general converted into the graveyard of those who had fought against him.

Tourists travel to the "Old Country" to visit the places which have become renowned from the association of some world-famed man or woman. They take long and difficult journeys just to be able to say they have seen such and such a place, their hearts, in most cases are not touched, only their aesthetic nature is appealed to. But to the American man or woman, who, feeling a stirring within them of that something that makes them true Americans, visits the home of the renowned general of the Southern Confederacy, there comes a response that such a visit calls forth. It is not difficult to see the "Heavenly vision," when standing on the soil made sacred by the association of Lee. Where Lee dreamed his dreams, fought his battles and finally conquered himself and fought nearer the goal of his ambition, when he left all for sake of State, it is easy to become inspired.

FANNY LEW McCOY.—'13.



## Jeems Jinkinson.

(Prize Story.)

"Well, Si, I 'spose we might jist as well decide to let Jeems go to that there High School, seein' as how he's dead set on gittin' an education," sighed Mrs. Jinkinson.

"Oh, I reckon it won't do no harm; but, it seems to me if my recollection don't fail me, that I heard they don't have no lickin' up thare. Now I aint sayin' that our Jeems is any dumber than any other folk's young-uns, but I do say that there ain't none o' them young whipper-snappers around these days that studies jist cause they wants to. I read tother day in the paper, that Ben Franklin or Thomas Jefferson or some o' them poets said 'No lickin', no larnin', an' I agrees with him whoever he is. It takes a little taste of good stout hickory now and agin to make 'em preciate the whole value o' books. But I reckon if Jone'ses boy gits along thare, why ourn can too."

So it happened that bright and early the following Monday morning, an "outfit" came up the street leading to the school building, that brought a smile to the lips of more than one passerby, and an outright laugh from many a care-free school boy and girl. A scrawny, lame, crooked-legged horse with very conspicuous bones, holding its head continually to one side that it might see ahead with its one good eye, was hitched to a vehicle whose wheels extended up at the sides of the seat like two great floppy wings. In the gig, sat a very studious and intellectual looking country boy, wearing a wide brimmed straw hat, a high, stiff, white collar, which extended half way up his thin neck, a green and red stripped tie, and a faded greenish brown suit.

Fifteen minutes later a titter went around the English class, when a boy at least six feet tall, who looked seven, with his exceedingly long and bony legs and his like-wise long and bony arms, came into the room. Squeaking shoes drew attention to his feet, and if "great feet support a great character," Jeems Jinkinson's character must certainly have been one of his strongest points. He took a back seat and his pointed knees protruded to a most alarming height.

The school year wore on and Jeems in the mean-while, was nick-named "Daddy-long-legs." It was nearing the time of the athletic meet between the high schools of Kansas City and the surrounding vicinity, including the Independence High School. The boys were all practicing for the high and long jumps, these being the feats for which they had no especially good entries. Jeems was left out of every thing. He had many times been on the verge

of giving up school and was only saved by an opportune question from his father or mother of: "Well Jeems, how ere you makin' it up at that thar school, without any good old hickory to help you over the tall places?" or, "is you gittin' lots o' book larnin' from them fine feathered teachers, Jeems?" And although he did not stand at the head of his class, neither was he at the foot, so he could always truthfully answer that he was doing "tollably well," and start out with renewed determination not to mind the taunts of the boys, or the giggles of the girls; but finish what he had undertaken.

So, knowing all the time that he could easily out-do the best jumper, he continued to stand to one side and watch the others. But one evening when no one was around, the temptation was too great. With an easy leap, he cleared the highest bar. Then with the aid of a short run his heels hit square on the ground some two feet beyond the mark of the best long jumpers. Unseen by Jeems, little Tony Simms had witnessed the performance, and without uttering a word, he ran to tell the boys assembled in the school building.

"Say fellers," he yelled, "Yudorter seen 'Daddy.' He jumped over the high bar jest as easy as a great big grasshopper, an his feet jis lit as solid as a gob o' mud."

So Jeems was, without further argument chosen as a jump entry.

The day of the meet arrived at last. The grandstand was packed until it seemed a seething mass of colors. Si and Mirandy Jinkinson were there, dressed in their Sunday best. Pride shone from their faces, and their eyes never left a tall and lank form with bony hands dangling from the sleeves of a coat long since outgrown.

The afternoon went on amid cheering and rooting on every side. The athletic coach of the Independence boys passed near Si and Mirandy, with a worried wrinkle in his forehead. "Yes it all depends on the jumps," he was saying. "If we win them, we've got the day; but if we don't—," his expression told the rest.

The contestants for the jumps, trotted out on the field, Jeems' red-brown head towering high above the rest. A smile swept the faces of some; Si and Mirandy, sweetly unconscious, proudly watched that head. Jeems easily won the high jump, while cheer after cheer came from the crowd. When Jeems' turn came in the long jump, his smile flashed toward Si and Mirandy; then, seemingly without any conscious effort, he lifted those spacious feet from the ground and planted them squarely in the soft earth fully two and a half feet beyond the best mark of the other boys. Try as they might, no one came within a foot and a half of his line.

As in a dream, Jeems felt the crowd surge around him. Cheers of "Independence" and "Daddy" echoed around as he was hoisted on many willing



shoulders. Si and Mirandy made an effort to reach him, but they soon gave up the attempt and sat down.

"Its our boy," said Mirandy, as she looked into the shining face of her husband. "Its our boy."

Yes, you jist bet it is!" returned Si." Trust a Jinkinson to make good ivery time."

In the distance the old couple heard an enthusiastic crowd fairly splitting its sides in a "three cheers and a tiger for 'Daddy' Jinkinson."

HELEN FRICK.—'15.



## A Students Utopia.

(Second Prize Story.)

One fine May morning, as Dub Reynolds awakened from another one of his long and unbroken nights' sleep, he stretched out his arms, kicked loose the covers, and turning over on his side, gave the small electric button at the head of the bed a vigorous push. Directly above him in the servants rooms, he heard the bell tinkle, and a moment later a dull thud, as Old Rastus rolled out of bed and came thumping down the stairs in his bare feet.

"Good lawdy, Mars Dub," exclaimed Rastus, sticking his wooly head in at the door, "you-all mus' be in a powahful hurry dis mawnin, to be ringin' dat bell dis airly."

Now, as a general thing Dub was not very particular about what the servants said or how they said it, but he was trying hard to break Rastus of using the Almighty's name in his swearing.

"Aw say, cut out the use of the Lord Almighty's name in that cussing of yours, won't you? Havn't I been telling you he'd send some disease like St. Vitas dance or something a sight worse if you don't quit?"

Old Rastus began to look scared and then wailed, "Oh Lawd, Mars Dub, I jus' been woke up so sudden like dat I done forgot myself and what you tole me, but Mars Dub, won't you be a-tellin' de deah Lawd dat I'se gwine ter 'member de nex' time and ax 'im ter please don' send dat turrible dance?"

"Na-aw-w," yawned Dub as he again drew the cover about him, "you can do your own talking. But say, Rastus, hurry up and get me my new green socks out of the top cabinet drawers, and mix up one drop of that brown stuff

labeled "History," with half a glass of water, and bring it here. We're going to have a big Medieval and Modern History review today, and I plum forgot it last night."

Rastus had the drink ready shortly and Dub gulped it hastily down. It was worse than quinine, and took an extra glass of water to relieve his mouth of the taste. It could hardly have helped being bitter, for it was a mixture of Medieval and Modern History books, and a chemical preparation which the chemistry teacher had compounded in the laboratory.

"Say Rastus," commented Dub a little later as he wrestled vainly with his stubborn necktie, "lets invent something like that stuff and make some easy money. You think it up and I'll make it."

Rastus thought for a moment scratched his head, and then exclaimed, "Ise got it now, Mars Dub, I shoah has. We kin invent a mixtur' to keep off dat dance, what yo-all was tellin' me about."

"Oh that's simple," answered Dub, "just get religion, say your prayers, and give your last cent to the poor."

Old Rastus was plainly bothered.

"But Mars Dub, I cain't get de religion if I don't know whar hits at, and I don-no no prayahs, an I hain't got no last cent, caise I done spent it fo' de makins."

Here their conversation was interrupted by the breakfast bell, and Dub, accompanied by Rastus, descended in the elevator to the dinning room, where his breakfast was waiting. Here also were servants ready to bring what-so-ever he might call for, but this was not so very much for Dub's breakfast merely consisted of a large dish of puffed wheat, a dish of ice cream, and a box of candy.

After breakfast, Dub retired to the library to read the morning news, and was at once surrounded by servants, whose duty it was to see that Mars Dub was ready for school by eight o'clock. Old Rastus polished his shoes, Bridget manicured his nails, and Rastus Lincoln, Jr., went scampering around to find his books.

Rising to go, as the municipal truck for high school pupils came into view, Dub noticed his old English note-book piled up with his others, and turning to Abraham Rastus Lincoln, Jr., said, "Rastus, what are you always bringing that blooming old English note-book out for? Didn't I tell you that all note-books had been abolished at Independence High School, because it was too hard on the brain to keep them up? I sure was glad they cut them out before I got there, but say, where's that case of little bottles and tablets like those up-stairs? I couldn't get along without them at all. Why just think, all a fellow has to do is to take a dose of a special one for whatever study he wants to know, and he can remember anything that he has ever read about it, that is, if he has used the stuff labeled "Study Period" while he was studying.

That's one of the best compounds of ail: just take a pill at the beginning of a study period and you can remember anything you read during the whole period. I'll soon have to be getting some more. This school business on a scientific basis is sure expensive, but, so-long, tell the Mater I'm gone, and be sure and fix up the tennis court before I get back."

With this Dub clapped his hat on his head, rushed out of the house, down the walk and aboard the truck, where he happened to get a seat beside,—Oh, well, just some one he liked to sit by.

As the truck came to a stop in the subway basement, from which the moving stairs kept up a continual rotation, Dub jumped off, and in a couple of seconds was up the gliding stairs. His first period was Algebra, so he hurried down the hall to room ten.

Talk about comfort! This room was comfort personified. Big easy chairs with massive deep cushions were scattered throughout the room, while in one corner was an up-to-date soda fountain. The scientist of the day had at last come to the wise conclusion that in order to get the best results from the mind, one must first satisfy every appetite—and Dub was not one bit bashful about taking advantage of such conveniences. With his appetite for ice cream soda entirely appeased, and with the help of one of the little pink pills for people of pale grades, it was no wonder that Dub was a "star" that morning in Quadratics.

With the school run on these appetising plans, the periods were all too short, and Dub would have been heartily sorry when after a period of twenty minutes the bell rang, had not the next period been English and they were to have a skenescope lecture on "The Lives of Great Authors."

The machine lecture in English is fine, and well appreciated by the students, and would have wound up in a grand final, if it had not been that just as the Prima Donna, accompanied by an immense orchestra, was reaching an extremely high note, the current gave out and the song ended in a long drawn, and hopelessly lonesome sounding wail. Just at this juncture the second period intermission bell rang and the class came filing out of the darkness of the lecture room batting and squinting their eyes, as they came into the glare of the enormous arcs.

The next period of twenty minutes was devoted entirely to pleasure. The whole school was at liberty to choose between the Domestic Science Department, where hot chilli and ice cream were served, and the amusement parlors, where all kinds of ragtime music was played.

As for Dub, he chose both. Hot chilli and ragtime was an exactly suitable combination for him. He enjoyed the chilli immensely, but would have enjoyed it more if some pestiferous fellow-student had not annointed his dish with sugar and soda. But as it was, he gulped it down and hurried for the parlor, where all the instruments from the pipe organ to the mechanical orches-

tra were playing different selections. Finding a vacant pianola, he inserted the record "Everybody's Two-step," and was just getting it off fine, when the bell again interrupted.

The next period for Dub was study period. He always made a practice of translating his German this period and so again gulping down a tablet, a green one, with an extremely bad taste, he settled himself for study. For five solid minutes he sat there trying to decipher the unintelligible hieroglyphics before him, but to no avail. This was the first time a green pill had ever failed to do its duty. As a last resort, Dub repeated the operation of forcing one down his throat, which still burned from his previous one. Soon after, he made the alarming discovery that the last tablet was for Algebra instead of German.

The mixture had almost instant effect. Dub made a brave start on the first lines of Melchthal's speech, page fifty-six, of William Tell, but after finishing the first two verses his translation ran thus:

"Thru the terrible mountains of Purenneu,  
Upon the  $X^2+2mx=1$ — icefields,  
Where only the  $9(X+a)4-3+8b^4=0$ , croaks," etc.

Dub was surely in bad. For once he had gotten a little more of that magic compound than he cared for. But period bells don't take pity on anybody's unprepared lesson, so Dub was hurried off to German class with but a very scant and somewhat mixed knowledge of the text.

During the next period Dub escaped a rather disconcerting lecture by getting the teacher started on the subject of liquid air.

The German period ended, Dub's "solids," and at the sound of the bell he hurried down to the manual training shops, where he had been engaged at smoothing lumber for a foot-stool. Today was his day at the big box-like machine, that stood in the far corner of the room. Things were very much changed from what they used to be. Instead of the old "binch work" apparatus, there was now only the giant saws and planes and the big stool-machine to be seen. At this time grades were given on the speed instead of proficiency of work, so thus we find Dub feeding his lumber into the jaws of the gigantic machine, which after a lapse of five minutes, turned out a full grown foot-stool, stained, enameled, and upholstered.

The last period was to be taken up by an entertainment in the Auditorium by the Dramatic Art students of the school. The entertainment was to be a reproduction of portions of the play "The Littlest Rebel." But at the end of the third act the place was so full of smoke, caused from the battle, that the rest of the play was postponed until the following day. Even though the air was impregnated with liquid air and rosewater, Dub was glad to make his escape to the outer air once more.

Such is a glimpse into the hoped-for future of old I. H. S.

CARL DONALDSON.—'15.

## "EVEN AS YOU AND I."

"Why is it," exclaimed Deacon Stubbs, "that Christmas, George Washington's birthday and Easter come a long just about the same time? Why I hain't paid for all of my wife's Christmas gifts, not speaking of a half dozen tickets to George Washington's birthday celebration at the church. Now my wife made a special trip to the city just to price Easter hats."

"Oh, all women are that way," replied Jones the grocer, as he skillfully moved his choice prunes from under the Deacon's elbow, for the Deacon dearly loved prunes.

"Why Mrs. Jones was up here yesterday looking up an old fashioned catalogue just to get a line on an Easter hat she had in mind."

"Well, my wife is going to get her hat through me or none at all," ventured farmer Hobbs.

"Talk is cheap. That ain't to go, I know. Mrs. Jones would not let me buy her hat."

"That's right," broke in Deacon Stubbs.

"Huh," responded Hobbs. "It goes this time for I have already got the hat. I bought it at a fire sale in the city for thirty-eight cents, but they said the hat cost three dollars before they had the sale. Why don't you fellers wake up and do the same. I have the name of the firm in my pocket here. Do you want to see it?"

"Let's see it," croaked the Deacon; "of course I ain't going to buy my wife a snippy old thirty-eight cent hat; but I will just look for curiosity that's all."

And they did look.

Are you going my way Hobbs? said Stubbs, and they parted, while Jones behind the counter, began to count the prunes the Deacon had consumed and added the cost to the Deacon's bill. He then called up Mrs. Jones, a very huge lady by whose voice you could easily have imagined her size, twice the real one.

"What do you want?" bellowed the huge Mrs. Jones.

"Well, I wanted to tell you that I am going to the city to buy you an Easter hat, so you need not buy any."

"Thomas, are you crazy! Buy me an Easter hat! Well I guess not! Why this is outrageous!"

"Well, I am, so there!" responded Jones as he strutted out the door.

In the meanwhile, the Deacon had landed in the city and straightway to the fire sale, he went; and after turning over the snippy thirty-eight cent hats, he purchased one just as the tricky Jones entered the door.

"Why, Deacon, are you buying a hat?"

No. "What is it to you? not one," bellowed the confused Deacon, and out

the door he flew closely followed by foxy Jones, and in his claw hung another thirty-eight cent hat.

At last the fated day arrived. In other words Easter Sunday. Mrs. Jones decided she would arrive late at church so the members might see her in as Jones called it, "the Three-dollar hat," but the more she gazed upon that hat, the more she thought it looked rather cheap. But she would wear it just to please Thomas.

Mrs. Hobbs was there early, and from her head arose a huge flower bed, bordered with gay streamers, that floated here and there in the morning breezes and also here and there shot up sprays of alfalfa that would have made a cow's mouth water.

Mrs. Stubbs on the arm of the gallant Deacon, entered as the services began, and from her head floated a large number of streamers. She took her seat by the side of Mrs. Hobbs, who, with one glance saw that her hat had been copied. But the worst was yet to come, for in pranced Mrs. Jones, bedecked with her three-dollar hat, and took her place in the same pew. Horrors! they all noticed that their hats were alike! Vengeance shone in every eye, and when that long, weary service was over no one remained to chat.

"Yes! Take this hat," shrieked Mrs. Jones, to the cook.

"Burn this hat," said Mrs. Stubbs, to her washerwoman.

"Throw this hat away," cried Mrs. Hobbs to Bridget.

But as I said before, this was a fated day for the cook, the washerwoman, and Bridget, wore their mistress' hats and they met.

That night three servants were confined in the lock-up and the Famous Three Dollar Hats were torn to atoms.

But as to Stubbs, Jones and Hobbs, well as Jones hobbled to his store the next morning, his attention was arrested by an ambulance which was afterwards known to contain Hobbs. A few weeks later Stubbs made his appearance with bandages over his eyes, and to the many questions put to him concerning his eyes, he replied, "I fell down the cellar steps, and I guess Hobbs did to."

## The Senior Play of 1913

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On Thursday and Friday nights, the nineteenth and twentieth of December, the Senior Class of 1913, presented their play, entitled "Barbara, The Sweetest Girl in Dixie." The training and drilling of the characters was under the supervision of Mr. Addison D. Madeira, and the success of the presentation and excellence of the work of each character was a great compliment to his ability as a director.

The action of the play was excellent; the characters were unusually well chosen, and, with very few exceptions, the parts were well learned and very successfully delivered. The scene of the play was laid in the South and represented the life of an old colonel during Reconstruction Days.

Miss Lulu Walker, as Barbara Howard, very charmingly played the part of "The Sweetest Girl in Dixie." Her proud and haughty manner was a true portrayal of a Southern girl. In her pathetic passages, and her willingness to sacrifice herself for her father's sake in an effort to keep the family name clear, she again displayed some of the marked characteristics of a "daughter of the South." These passages were really better than her love scenes, which seemed rather stiff. Love and respect for her father were brought out in scenes that were well played by Miss Walker.

Charles Foster, as Howard Emery, a Northern cousin, made a "hit" with the audience, more because of the part he played, than because of his acting, although no great criticisms can be given against it. His lovemaking scenes were pretty good, and he made a fairly good suitor. His bashfulness in telling Barbara of his love for her, his disgust at Aunt Caroline's interruptions of his talks with Barbara at a very crucial moment, and, at last, true love's victory, were all so cleverly brought out, that the sympathy of the audience was with him from the first.

Ellis Fountain, in the role of Colonel Howard, carried out very consistently his part as a hospitable old Southern gentleman. One or two lapses of memory were satisfactorily covered up by his presence of mind. At times he climbed to the heights of dramatic ardor, as, for instance, when he produced that near coat-splitting laugh, and again when he was so jubilant over some sort of joke, which he himself cracked, that in his exultation, he collided with Aunt Caroline, causing the breaking of a plate and the spilling of the biscuits. He also showed some of the proud and haughty spirit of a Southern gentleman, when he gave Matthew Martin a good thrashing for making some insolent remarks about his affairs, and for interfering with his daughter and his private business.

Matthew Martin, a very grouchy old Northern mill owner, was cleverly





represented by Edwin Carroll. His efforts to secure the hand of "Babbie" in marriage, and afterwards, his deceitful way of forcing himself upon her through threats, and finally, when, through the efforts of Aunt Caroline, his plan was made known to the Colonel, the way in which he tried to get revenge, but was beaten at his own game, were parts that were simply excellent. Although his was the unpopular part of the villain, he accredited himself well in the eyes of an impartial critic.

Matilda Martin the proud and haughty sister of Matthew Martin was very ably represented by Miss Ruth Weeks. Her selfishness and eagerness to secure the Howard silverware, her talks with Colonel Howard about the marriage of Matthew and Barbara, and finally, her denunciation of the Howards, when, to the very great surprise of Matthew and his sister, the old Colonel handed Martin a check—payment in full for mortgage and interest, were parts that were exceptionally well acted, and do credit to Miss Weeks as a would-be spinster.

Elizabeth Child got a laugh every time she came on the stage as Aunt Caroline, the old colored servant who had been in the family since long before the war. Her mastery of the negro dialect was exceptionally good. Her continual quarrel and harassment of old Uncle George, her motherly attentions and interest in Barbara, and the way in which she showed her hatred toward Matthew Martin, were parts that were excellent. All through the performance she held the interest and sympathy of the audience, but more especially when she shielded Barbara from the onslaughts of the silver tongued Matthew, and when through her "lettergram" to Howard Emery, she saved the old family mansion and prevented disgrace from falling upon the venerable head of Colonel Howard. On the whole, Miss Child certainly deserves great credit for the very successful delivery of her part.

Harry Sturges, in the person of old George, the husband of Aunt Caroline, made a most decided "hit" with the audience. He certainly did make a good "nigger." His hard work to keep from working, his interest in funny papers, his diplomacy in securing "two-bits" from Howard Emery, and his perpetual "nivousness," were parts almost perfectly carried out. His illustration of riding a "bike," his marathron run around the table followed by Aunt Caroline, his draining of the wine glasses, and his speech and actions when he came in and found the room empty, were bits of humor that were very suggestively delivered, and certainly well enjoyed by the audience. The threatening attitude of Uncle George and Aunt Caroline in defense of Barbara, were passages that caused a great deal of laughter and sympathy.

Nancy Lee Cogswell accredited herself well in playing the minor part of Mrs. Biggs, "Po' White Trash." Her visit to Colonel Howard's to secure butter, and her tale of woe was well received, when accompanied by the snuffing and the sweeps of a sleeve across her nose, which habit was very characteristic

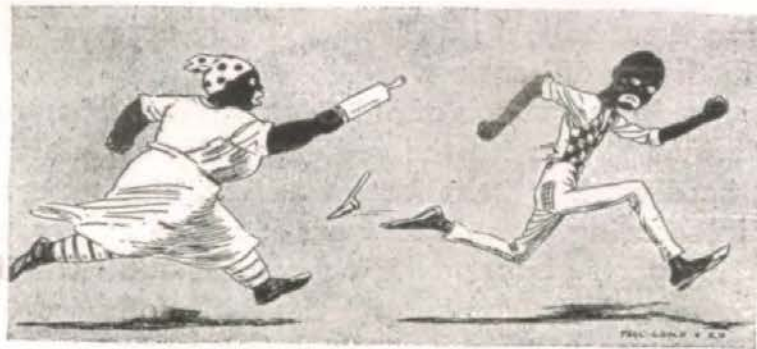
of the person she so ably portrayed. The manner and tone in which she talked were also good.

The parts of Uncle George and Aunt Caroline seemed to be the main thing that kept up the interest and humor of the story. Without them the play would have been at a loss to have made a success.

Looking at it from a general standpoint, the play was a roaring success, and it was greatly appreciated by the audience if one might judge by the laughter and applause, or by the appreciative stillness when it was time for it. Frederick's orchestra gave a popular and well rendered program.

Thus the Senior Play of 1913, passes before us, henceforth to become only a bright and cheery picture hanging in the halls of memory.

ROGER SKINNER.—'14.



**"A NAUTICAL KNOT."**

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"A Nautical Knot" or the "Belle of Barnstapole," given by the High School Glee Clubs, April the 11th and 12th, was certainly a triumph in every way. The music was splendid, the acting was good and the whole performance was almost above criticism.

The opera deals with the life of the sea, but both acts take place upon the land. "Julia the Belle of Barnstapole" is devotedly loved by all the gallant sailor lads, whom she scorns to notice, and gives her heart into the keeping of Barnabas Lee, a wandering artist. Then, through a blunder of old Bill Salt, a knot in the chain of events occurs, which in the end is untied and the play closes with the promise of happy weddings in the near future.

Mary Child, as Julia, was certainly a credit to herself, and to the whole school. Both as the haughty scornful Belle, and as the broken-hearted girl deserted by her lover, she played her part exceedingly well. Her clear high soprano was the wonder and admiration of all.

It is always a delight to hear Ernest Roberts sing, and as Barnabas Lee, it was an added pleasure. His solo was beautiful and his duets were just as good.

The part of Nance was beautifully rendered by Helen Bridges. Her low, sweet voice seemed to suit exactly her songs.

The parts of the sisters, Daisy, Dora and Delia, were well taken by Mary Kelley, Mary Leas and Lucile Bridges.

Williard Shale as Bill Salt was indeed a comic opera in himself. His part was a good one, and he certainly made it very realistic. He has a splendid voice, which he used to the best advantage.

Joe Stout was the handsome, dashing Captain of the "Bounding Billow." This part was taken by Edward Brackenbury. He looked very fine in his gorgeous uniform, and sang his part well.

The choruses, too, were unusually good. The sailor costumes were very striking, adding greatly to the effect of the play. The dances were especially good, each person keeping perfect time and every movement was graceful. The notes rose higher and higher in triumph after all troubles had been settled. "And now it was winding up in full jubilee—it was rising from the earth to heaven; the very soul seemed rapt away, and floated upwards on the swelling tide of harmony."

The opera was staged by Mrs. Georgia Brown of Kansas City, and her talent for effect was shown by the choruses. The music was under the direction of Miss Wilson and Mr. Sexton. The whole affair was certainly a success and we can only hope for something just as good next year.



# Crystals.

(English Prize Essay.)

Nature works unceasingly for our perpetual pleasure, painting picture after picture, glory after glory. The harmony is exquisite. The principle is constant. The fierce manifestations of elemental energy are heard by the multitude, but only the mind of an Agassiz, the listening ear of a Ruskin or the simple soul of a Wordsworth, enter into the subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty. They hear and see the deep, the calm, the perpetual. They stand on the mountain peaks and unfold to the world a vision of the Divine plan.

When I sought to learn of crystals, I found an old-new volume. It is the Universe—the vast symbol of God. I found it written in celestial hieroglyphics of which even prophets are happy when they can read here and there a line. Just as unfathomable as the life of the Galilean is the crystal. Without this humble messiah of nature there is no life, there is no resurrection. Earth could not exist and we would not dream of Heaven. This evangel preaches by act and word. Not an act but what embodies a thought. It is visible and invisible. It is real—it is symbolic.

If I were a scientist, I could tell the wonderful story of atoms so minute that millions of them stand upon a needle's point. I could reveal the meaning of the architecture of a crystal snowflake. It unfolds a glory as fully as the mighty glacier that sits like a crown jewel on the mountain's glittering crest. We would stand in awed silence before the mystery of the angles of the amethyst. Our souls would respond to the divinity of nature if we understood the law which makes the atoms of clay change by magic of rest and fire into the blue rays of the sapphire. The sand becomes an emblem of mystery. It rests, and out of its elemental life arises the many-rayed opal crystal. Resurrection, the wonder story is told. Soot rises through flame, and in a king's diadem glows the restless heart of a diamond, the hardest, vividest crystal that earth gives to man.

If I were a Ruskin I would have the power of wisdom and grace of language to endow crystal jewels and star snowflakes with human characteristics. These atoms are like the many forms of struggling humanity. They love and wed, they quarrel and hate—all must rest.

Man is the last term of the myriad organisms, who, through countless ages has been evolving under law. The truth and invariability of this law is demonstrated by the ages through which it has triumphed. It is universal. It holds good in the life of the meanest individual. Human clay trampled and

despised, animated by the light of the mind, fused by the heart and soul, into the crowning crystal—man, an individual, an atom in the crystallization of nations! The formation of nations through the centuries has passed into crystalline beauty under harmonies of law in which every individual had an influence. One element purified the anarchy of the mass, another rent atom from atom. Some infused strength. Each assisted in the cohesion. Through human cruelty and iniquity, through centuries of disintegration and transition, man has ever been groping toward the light, toward a structure of aspiration and prayer which is eternal truth. After truth had been deluged by the slime of the centuries, a lumbent flame warmed the earth—a flame so wondrously pure and clarifying that the earth was animated by the first elements of strength, mercy and justice. Love was building on the dust of men the crystal of co-operation.

Physical circumstances control crystals. They make the soot, the topaz, the ruby, the diamond. They picture the world with the black, the yellow, the red and the white races of mankind. They are the primary cause of his civilization. Has the sand of the shadeless desert nothing to do with the nomad tribes who pitch their tents beside the oasis? Has the fertile valley no link with the songs of pastoral life—the mountain fastnesses with the courage that defends them—the sea with adventure? When there is no tendency to crystallization, the nation is as mud, its men, as atoms, sleep beside a murmuring, luring sea, yet never dream a sail. Where there are many kinds of climates, many clarifying influences, there are many kinds of men. The masterminds of history tell us that this is the explanation of the energy of European life, and the development of its civilization. We find two ideals contending: The Oriental and the Saxon. The one sees only the cheerless doctrine of Buddhism, likening the life of the individual to the burning of a lamp and death to its extinction. The other with better philosophy and higher science asserts a personal God.

What forces made the lustrous crystallization of today?

A land of mystery, with its opalescent hues brought the fascination of antiquity; brought its marvelous public works, its philosophy, hieroglyphic literature and peculiar agriculture—a civilization whose rays reflected for three thousand years.

Beside the sapphire sea a people contemplated the emerald plain, the turquoise sky. A new beauty—power force came into life. One gave commercial supremacy. She gave the simply beautiful in art, the most exquisite in literature, the deepest learning of the sages—a Parthenon—An Iliad—A Plato. The other gave statesmanship and power—the Caesars.

On the shore across the sea, the waves touched an influence—the heart-throbs of a people with a One-God ideal. Through the centuries since the beginning of time, this thread of purest gold has blended in and controlled the

nations. The mystic hand absorbed it and buried its kings in the Red Sea. Hanging gardens and banquet halls refused it, and they crumbled into dust. It overcame the land of gods of earth and sky, of beauty and power and all the passions of men. At the zenith of licentiousness and crime, there arose out of this, One-God land, a cosmic man. He was elemental. He introduced into human life and human action the fibres of perennial endurance.

For centuries the earth crystal grew ruby-red with human blood, until the slime of sin deluged and finally buried it. Out from the darkness a prophetic light gleamed at intervals. Sin cursed, pleasure-mad Florence heard a Savonarola. In a frenzy of remorse, a flame kindled by the vanities of men, penetrated the darkness. Here and there in sheltered monasteries, monks were sustaining the life of learning. They kept its symmetry, its infallible luster. Through revulsion and renewal they kept it in beauty, in order and in permanence.

The spirit of progress saw the dawning and put on garments of life. A purifying light poured into the fissures of feudalism. Atom was rent from atom, rock from rock. In weakness was found the principle of a new supremacy. Out of the anarchy of the mass there was the promise of the individual. A Dante moulded a new language. Artists revelled in an ecstasy of color. Genius rose supreme in the masterpieces of architecture, literature and art.

As man's arts and industries attain perfectness, they go toward beauty. Carry the soot up to beauty. It becomes a diamond. Carry the face of a savage up to beauty, we stand before a Sistine Madonna. Carry a stone altar of sacrifice up to beauty, we have a Cologne Cathedral. The crystal beautiful becomes the touchstone of human progress. Lend charms and meaning to column and canvas, to marble and masterpiece, then beauty moves on into the mind and heart. From the beautiful, man passed to the spiritual. A Luther, conscience-clear, stood before a world which was bargaining in men's souls. No picture ever painted, no poem ever perfected, is comparable to a full orbed soul. Light was suffused in every land, and out of force of heart and steadiness of purpose, out of an unconquerable purity of vital power and strength of spirit, all the dead substance was cast aside and Freedom of Conscience sent the light of personal liberty. Every atom of the crystal was bright with coherent energy. The free spirit expressed itself in the invention of the compass, gun powder, printing—three wonder working instruments, revolutionizing old systems. The age of discovery, the age of conquest, the age of enlightenment! New continents and islands of the sea and our position in the solar system were discovered. The earth was illumined by that light which is power and that life which is light. All the lambent forces crystallized in the heart of the Puritan.

The crystallization of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries asserted and secured individual rights. The nineteenth secured the rights of

society. Will the crystal of the twentieth century harmoniously blend all the rays of the centuries into the many radiant colors of the brotherhood of man? Will individualism and socialism blend so that liberty will be ruled by law, and law suffused with liberty—individuality regulated by union and union animated by the individual? Then the crystal of national life formed will become transformed out of national independence to international interdependence. And on this formation will rest the universal government of the world empire, a kingdom of Heaven among men. It has been dreamed of by poets. Prophets have foretold that peace of justice will exist which secures for man a fair field and a square deal.

The inspiration of the twentieth century is a universal man. In him we see no boundaries of nationality, no limitations of race. We see the Arabian camel-driver in a Mahomet, an Asiatic child of shining skies in a Buddha, a slant-eyed Chinese in a Confucius. The golden thread of faith, which has passed toward perfection, finds itself fused into the heart of mankind by the Cosmic Man. On the brow of the ages He has cut His name. The Greeks failed when they tried to date time from the Olympiads. The Romans failed when they could not date time from the founding of their immortal city: Justinian failed.—La Place failed.—The French Revolutionist failed.

He has cut His name not only on the calendar, but on the world. He has thrown the rays of light clarifying pure into our political economies. He has cast the rays of truth upon our statues. His light shines in our literature, our art, our music, our philanthropies. His light shines everywhere—in the stars, in the brain and heart and conscience of man. All the deathless, imperishable things, all the golden things that come from the sky, come from the inspiration of the Crystal Christ.

DOROTHY GEORGEN.—'13.





## Found in Reports on the Class Play.

His sincere love for his beloved are certainly with commendation.



Her enthusiasm, together with her immense love for the part, fit Miss Walker, for all that is required for her sentimental part.



Colonel Howard had to laugh a grate to play sad and comical roles throughout.



Miss Weeks acted the part of a fist to the point.



But all this time the fairy god-mother, as Charles Foster, was at work.



He told her that they and their clothing would be turned out.



Colonel Howard was sad; Barbara was sad, and Aunt Caroline was sad—and mad.



He was invited in the back by the Colonel.



The Colonel was always ready with a story or a very high sence of honor.



One would be surprised that such clever actors in this play could be such pupils.




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**THE HAY RIDE.**

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The Straw ride now is just the thing;  
 Along the road you bump.  
 And wince when gay mosquitoes sting,  
 And call yourself a chump.

You sneeze and snuffle as you ride,  
 Take dust into your craw;  
 And almost perforate your hide  
 On ragged bits of straw.

You jolt along eight miles from town  
 And try to think its bliss.  
 And maybe, as the moon goes down—  
 You get a hasty kiss.—Author Unknown."



## Calendar of the Year.

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- Sept. 16.—To school! To work! To prison! Again!
- Sept. 17.—“Say, have you seen the new teachers?” “Fierce, ain’t they!”
- Sept. 26.—Miss Sehrt wore a three carat twinkler, which blistered our eyes by its shine, and gazed off into infinite space. (Miss Sehrt and the ring.)
- Sept. 27.—Swung back into the starched and dried routine of school.
- Oct. 1.—Senior Electioneering!!
- Oct. 4.—First foot ball game.
- Oct. 14.—Senior Election.
- Nov. 5.—Mr. Maderia arrives! All Seniors strive to create a type!
- Nov. 11.—Lula exhibits a type made by brass.
- Nov. 22.—First Gleam Staff meeting.
- Dec. 8.—Seniors rode their ponies,  
 Into the Study Hall;  
 Henry looked for ponies,  
 So Seniors got a fall.
- Dec. 19.—“The play’s the thing!”  
 Lula: “Here I stand on two little chips,  
 Who will come and kiss my pure little lips?”  
 Chas. to your duty!
- Dec. 20.—The cast too tame for a midnight blow-out.
- Jan. 2.—Humdrum Days again.
- Jan. 5.—Reports came in \*! “Nough said.”
- Jan. 21.—Harry Rudd came to the conclusion that it is an infringement, on some one else’s rights, not to wear a tie.
- Jan. 25.—Olatha Basket Ball team sees stars.
- Jan. 29.—Professor Bryant’s warning to I. H. S. boys. “The Freshmen girls have big, blue eyes and big hearts, and they want to take you into both.”
- Feb. 4.—The Sophomore sleigh-ride.
- Feb. 10.—Great rejoicing among the lazy mutts. A few teachers have “La Grippe,” that’s all!
- Feb. 14.—Mr. Bryant gives advice concerning the purchase of valentines. “Be sure and get two kissing doves.”
- Feb. 18.—Guy Rudd becomes the eighth wonder of the I. H. S. Three goals in three fourths of a minute!!!
- Feb. 21.—Seniors wake up, yawn, please Miss Phelps and Assembly by presenting a program and a flag and then lapse back into slumbers.
- Feb. 23.—“O! Those red neckties!”

- Feb. 24.—Miss Phelps: "Pupils, always remember to get back far enough to be able to take a perspective of the whole."
- Feb. 25.—Miss Phelps: "As I always emphasize, pupils, a passion for details is the true test of a History Student. So you see, with what nicety, we have to trim our sails, over night."
- Mch. 1.—Spring has come, the teacher's Christmas jewelry has turned green.
- Mch. 3.—School laughs over a death-bed.
- Mch. 6.—Mr. Carter illustrates sound waves, to the amusement of the Physics class.
- Mch. 8.—Miss Phelps appoints a committee for a program to be given on Lee's birthday, March 19.
- Mch. 19.—Miss Phelps forced to call off program, because Lee was born in January.
- Mch. 19.—Mr. Sexton: "Juniors, you haven't even good horse sense!"
- Mch. 21.—Watson cuts Latin class—by request.
- Mch. 25.—Preparations under way for an Alumni Reception.
- Mch. 28.—Vena runs a sunshine parlor all her own.
- Apr. 1.—Calendar must go to print.



### I. H. S. School Garden.

The I. H. S. school garden is one of the most attractive features of the school. It contains varieties of plants which differ in every conceivable way, making exact classification difficult. For this reason only a few chosen at random, have as yet been analyzed and assigned to their respective families. They are as follows:

1. *Bryanteria Principilusis*.—The most important plant in the garden. It is vigorous and wide spreading; its roots can be found in any part of the garden, and are especially effective in crowding out obnoxious weeds.
2. *Robertsia Gymnophila*.—A hardy out-of-doors plant, very popular in large fields as well as in gardens, and secluded places.
3. *Fountainia Argumentisa*.—A plant that causes much debate, although its value and effectiveness are unquestioned.
4. *Hudsonia Betia*.—A very promising flower, which attains great height, but never pays.
5. *Flunkia*.—One of the hardiest plants; grown in any soil from cuttings. A plant of rapid growth.
6. *Nicotiana Experimentalis*.—Mostly derived by Freshmen.
7. *Night Blooming Serious*.—Our digs.
8. *American Beauties*.—I. H. S. girls.



THE SENIOR BOOK CASE.

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- "Vanity Fair."—Vena Crenshaw.  
 "The Iron Woman."—Lucile Robinson.  
 "The Right to Weigh."—Anna Belle Cushwa.  
 "The Genial Idiot."—Marvin Johnson.  
 "The Lady of the Decoration."—Louise Buchanan.  
 "An Old Fashioned Girl."—Lorenne Booth.  
 "Century Book of Facts."—Ben Eubank.  
 "Lovey Mary."—Mary McClements.  
 "My Friend the Chauffeur."—Harry Rudd.  
 "When Woman Proposes."—Lula Walker.  
 "The Youth's Companion."—Louise Bundschu.  
 "Hunting a Deer."—Helen Criley.  
 "To Have and to Hold."—Edwin Carroll.  
 "Rip Van Winkle."—Ernest Roberts.  
 "A Weaver of Dreams."—Nancy Lee Cogswell.  
 "The Tell Tale."—Rice Pendleton.  
 "Paid in Full."—Harry Sturges.  
 "The Smile of the Sphinx."—Arline Tate.  
 "Round About Rambles."—Hazel Tatum.  
 "Tam O'Shanter."—Mary Loveland.  
 "The Heart Breakers."—Messers. Gorsuch and Carter.  
 "Unknown to History."—Delsie Smith.  
 "Black Beauty."—Elizabeth Child.  
 "She Stoops to Conquer."—Ruth Kelley.  
 "A Victim of Conscience."—Lucy Hudnall.  
 "My Quaker Maid."—Grace Lewis.  
 "The Other Wise Man."—Ellis Fountain.  
 "A Silent Barrier."—Antionette Gibson.  
 "Il Penseroso."—Ada Ruhlman.  
 "The Mystery."—Glen Riddle.  
 "Sandy."—Dorothy Georgen.  
 "Following the Star."—Fanny Lew McCoy.  
 "Madame Butterfly."—Olive Hudnall.  
 "Much Ado About Nothing."—Gradon Taylor.  
 "Innocents Abroad."—Mary Sue Chiles.  
 "The Bachelor Maid."—Ruth Weeks.  
 "Pilgrim's Progress."—Wilmer Henderson.  
 "The Rosary."—Flora Bischoff.  
 "Sense and Sensibility."—Delma Webb.  
 "The Wise Woman."—Mary Temple Shaw.

- "One of the Heavenly Twins."—John Hudson.  
 "Driving a Mercedes."—Guy Rudd.  
 "The Wheel of Fortune."—Charles Foster.  
 "The Marble Faun."—Rex Jones.  
 "Great Men and Famous Women."—Remainder of  
 the Senior Class.  
 "The Choir Invisible."—The Boys' Glee Club that  
 intended to sing for us once a week.  
 "Fact and Policy."—Literary Editors.  
 "Lord of High Decision."—Editor in Chief.  
 "The Spenders."—The Senior Class.  
 "The Port of Missing Men."—The Independence  
 High School.



#### Familiar Lines.

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
 His fleece was white as snow,  
 He stuck a feather in his hat,  
 John Anderson, my Jo!  
 Come back, come back! "he cried in grief  
 From India's coral strands,  
 The frost is on the pumpkin,  
 And the village smithy stands,  
 Ye banks and braes of Bonny Doon,  
 Across the sands of Dee,  
 Can you forget that night in June?  
 My Country 'tis of Thee!—Ex.



THE CHECKER FIENDS.\*

When shall these two meet again,  
 In thunder, lightning or in rain?  
 When the teacher's had their say,  
 When the class has passed away,  
 That will be near the end of May.

In the K. K. they will meet,  
 In thunder, lightning or in sleet.  
 There with chili on their chin.  
 The chess and checkers will begin  
 And last to half past "tin."

In old age again they'll meet,  
 The same place, time and street,  
 And in place of chili thin,  
 There will be whiskers on their chin,  
 And they'll play to immortal end.  
 Checkers.

\*"To the memory of those, who's timely advice, lost many a game."

EDWIN CARROLL.—'13.



ART



### ART.

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One of the most important departments in our school is the art department. This has been, perhaps, the most successful year in the history of this department, as more of the pupils are interested in art now than ever before. Especially is this true among the Freshmen and Sophomores.

There is also a greater variety of work being done this year than in previous years. A great variety of work, from free hand sketches and crayon-work, to water color studies and applied problems in stencil and block print designs, are done. Especial attention is given to water color and charcoal work, however. Design work has been made a great specialty this year, and some very attractive posters and book covers have been made. That we have an able instructor is easily proved by the class of work done.

We have a splendid studio. It is large, light and well equipped, and those who take art will recall the time spent in it as some of the most pleasant hours at I. H. S.

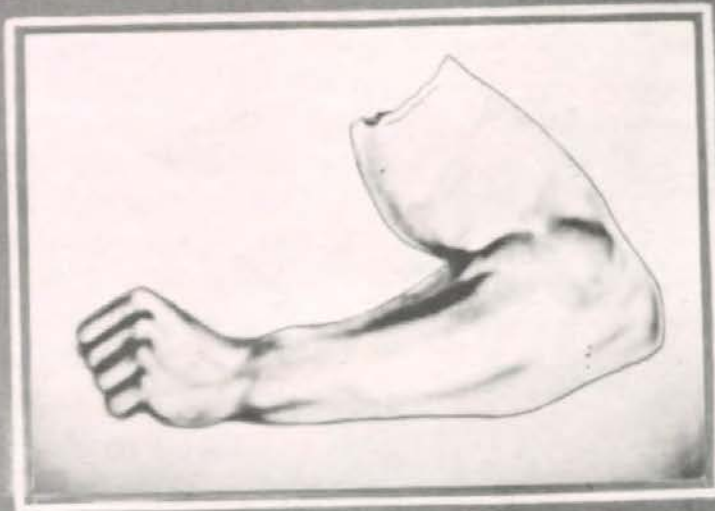
The study of art is certainly one of the most practical, as well as one of the most refining studies in our school. It enables one to see and appreciate more, the really beautiful things in life; to distinguish the worthy from the worthless. The time spent in the study of it is not wasted, even if the pupil does not become a Rosa Bonheur or a Michael Angelo.

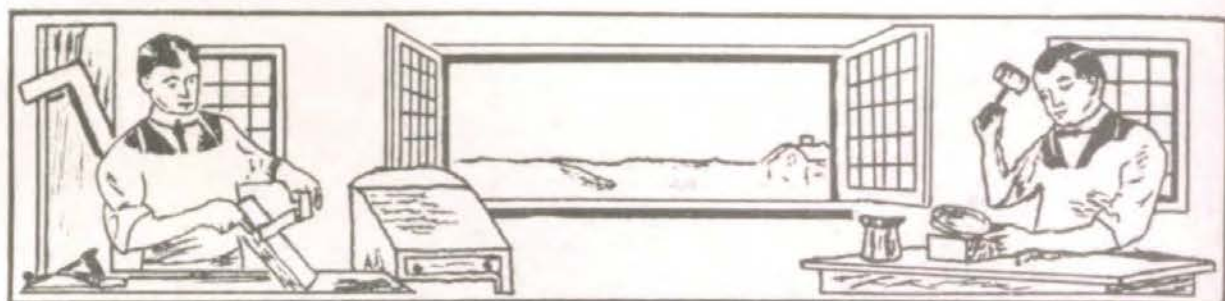
It is a deplorable fact that but few of the boys of our school are interested in the study. Those who have taken it up have been very successful. Boys, it is really worth your while, why not try it?

The competition for the art medal is the big thing at the end of the year, for advanced pupils. In this contest we see pupils patient labor culminate into most beautiful specimens of art.

Judging from the great interest taken in this subject, and the quality of the work done, we predict for this department a much greater future.

DELMA WEBB.—'13.





## MANUAL TRAINING

People little understand, or comprehend, the value of the Manual Training section of school education. But to many it means much more than the mere planing of a board, or the boring of a hole, it means a living. It is the practical side of school life. We have seen this to some extent in our own town, for we have one of the best equipped shops east of St. Louis. It is admitted by skilled teachers that the work is second to none in the state.

In 1902, Mr. Hifner principal of the Columbian School, received permission to establish a Manual Training shop there. Then the school board seeing the immediate need of one in the High School, established one with Mr. Hifner as the head. Thus we have the beginning of a most interesting feature of education.

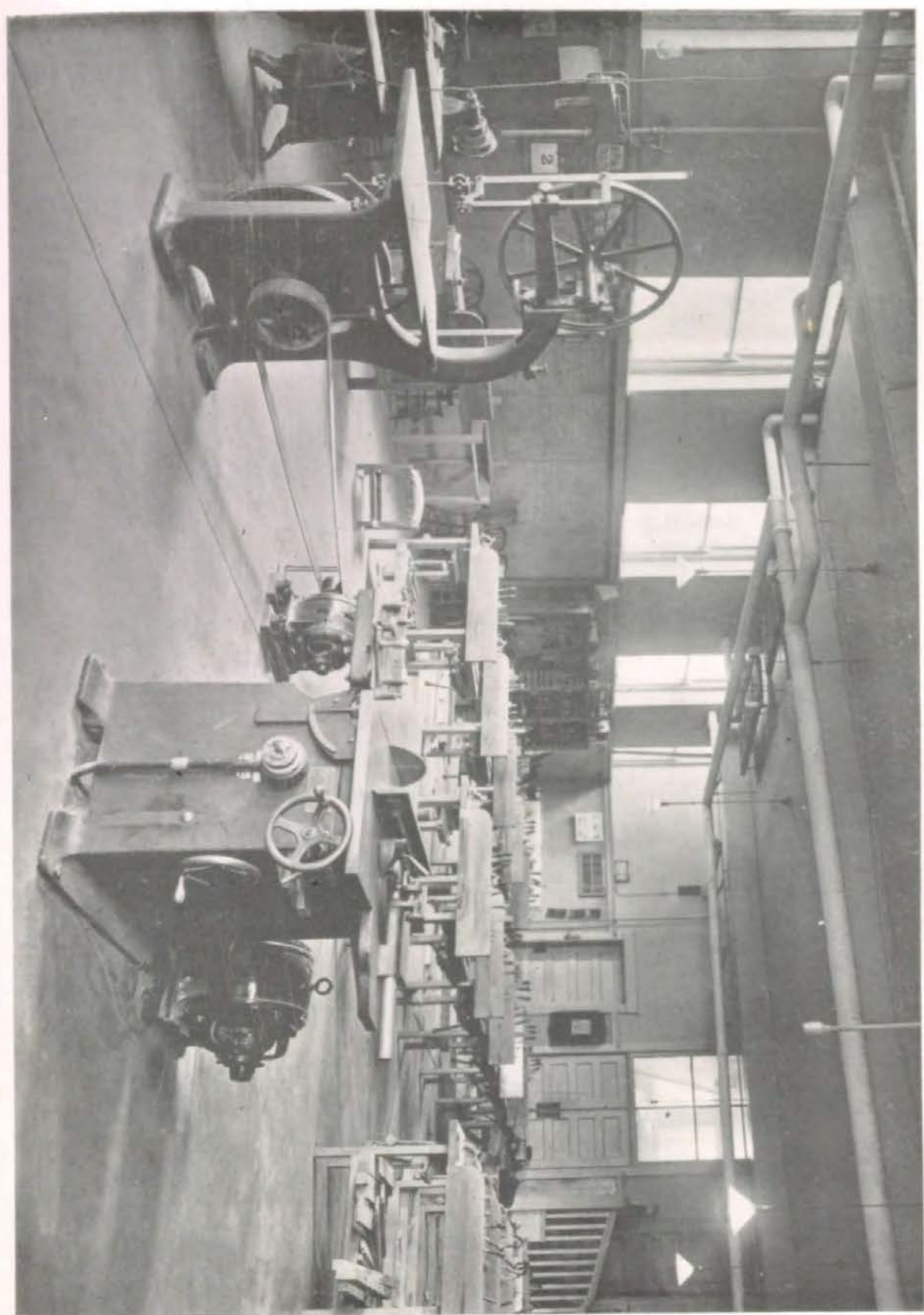
In the first year of High School work, there is the furniture making, or, "bench work." Much high-grade furniture is turned out, and some of it surpassing that which you buy.

In the second year there are the lathe turning classes. Here is where true workmanship and skill is demanded. After many hard and trying lessons, the pupil turns what he likes, such as boxes, jewel stands, and beautiful inlaid oddities.

The third year is one spent in the metal work, which demands skill, patience, and a good teacher. The High School is fortunate in possessing all. This work is optional, and includes many of the teachers of the other departments.

As a whole, the Manual Training system is a great success, and improves each year. Much credit is due to Mr. Hifner, upon whose shoulders the work and direction falls.

GRADON TAYLOR.—'13.







G. LEWIS.

To The Gleam:—

Your letter requesting a few alumni notes for The Gleam, has been received, and I take great pleasure in answering it.

I should like very much to write a little summary on the experiences of each member of my class, but unfortunately I am not familiar with the individual details. So I can only speak for myself with authority:

"The last two years I have been doing research work for the University of Missouri. The problem I am working on now, is to investigate and determine the condition of underground waters in Missouri. This is of great importance to prospectors, mines, railroads and towns not adjoining suitable rivers. A period of ten or more years should be devoted to this work for a complete report, but I shall finish a short outline by the first of next June.

With the kindest regards to all the 1913 Class of the Independence High School, I remain,

Yours very truly,

ALEX WM. McCoy.—06.



To The Gleam:—

I want to say that, while I have now been away from our High School eight years—four years at the University, and several years teaching—the love for my High School is very warm in my heart; and one of my dearest ambitions is to be able, in the near future, to attend an Alumni reception and cry:

"Chi Bima! Chi Bima!  
Chi Bima! Bom! Bah!  
'05 Seniors, Rah! Rah! Rah!"

with my class-mates once more.

Some of the happiest memories of High School days are of the Staff meetings of the 1905 "Gleam." We had many discussions, as perhaps you are having now, over just what should be said about each member of the class, and over what literary matter should be accepted or rejected. Sometimes we felt that the faculty did not half appreciate our efforts in behalf of the biggest and best "Gleam" ever published; but when the book came from the press, what a glow of pride we felt when we saw our very own words in printed form!

How strange it is then, that of all the books, the very first words:

"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."

are the only ones that stay with me today.

May they mean much to all of you, too!

Sincerely yours,

LULU MAY WINN.—'05.



### THE ALUMNI RECEPTION.

Every senior considers the Alumni Reception a great event of the year; and, when, on Friday evening, April 18th, two hundred and fifty guests filled the halls and class rooms of the Independence High School, the class of 1913 watched with pleasure the meeting of old school friends to review the trials and triumphs of their almost-forgotten school days.

The rooms were decorated in the colors of the preceding classes; and with ferns and flowers, they were made so attractive that it was scarcely possible to recognize ones English or Latin class-room. In the hall under a huge black and gold "'13," the guests were received by Miss Louise Bundschu, Miss Fanny Lew McCoy, Miss Elizabeth Child, Miss Bess Hatch, Miss Ruth Kelley, Mr. Rice Pendleton, Mr. Marvin Johnson and Mr. Charles Foster. In the two principal reception rooms punch was served by Miss Ruth Weeks and Miss Dorothy Georgen.

It was about nine thirty when Mr. John Hudson, who gracefully filled the role of Master of Ceremony, invited the Alumni to the Auditorium where a program was rendered.

The first number was a violin solo by Miss Alice Roberts, accompanied by Miss Claudine Mundy, after which Mr. Henry Bundschu made a few well



chosen remarks. Miss Lucile Hatten and Miss Thelma Porter gave very charming readings, and a delightful vocal solo was rendered by Miss Mary Crump. Professor Bryant was on the program for a speech, but having mysteriously disappeared, (probably to investigate a peculiar banging on the doors) a quotation contest was entered into with great interest and competition by all. Miss Louise McCoy was awarded the prize, a volume of famous quotations.

Refreshments were served after the program and about eleven o'clock the guests took their departure, leaving a tired, but happy group of Seniors, discussing the incidents of the evening and looking forward to that time when they could participate in the reception, not as seniors—but as Alumni of the Independence High School.

LOUISE BUNDSCHU.—'13.



#### MARCH 4TH.

For the first time in the history of our High School, an inauguration program was given in Assembly. The program was timed so that when Mr. Wilson was taking the oath of office in Washington, the school would be listening to the program given in his honor.

The program was given by Miss Phelps's civics class and consisted of an explanation of the presidential election and inaugural festivities, Jefferson's inaugural address, and an account of the life of Wilson. It was but natural that the whole school should be enthusiastic over the inauguration, since the campaign and election had aroused such universal interest, and the spirited delivery of the speeches, added much to the interest of the program.

FANNY LEW M'COY.—'13.



## E. D. S. OFFICERS.

President.—Charles Brady.  
Vice-President.—Blaine Sterritt.  
Recording-Secretary.—Carl Skinner.  
Corresponding-Secretary.—Tirey Ford.  
Treasurer.—Philip Hitchcock.  
Attorney-General.—Douglas Flanders.  
Sergeant-at-Arms.—John McCoy.

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## E. D. S. ROLL.

Brady, Charles  
Burgess, Charles  
Deyo, George  
Fountain, Ellis  
Ford, Tirey  
Hitchcock, Philip  
Krahl, David  
Montague, Ralph  
McCoy, John  
Millard, Cecil  
Quier, Harry  
Sands, Irving

Skinner, Carl  
Skinner, Roger  
Sturges, Ben  
Roberts, Harry  
Sterritt, Blaine  
Stewart, Byron  
Smith, Arthur  
Williamson, Errol  
Duncan, Ralph  
Lund, Hilmer  
Zick, Mercer

### EXCELSIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

At the beginning of the school term of 1912-13, the E. D. S. started out with a large membership of ambitious young men that had the words "Determination" and "Success" always before them.

The E. D. S. has a great influence on the incoming student. It thrills him with pride; ambition takes possession of him. His recitations in the class room have the tone of the educational advantage of being a member of the E. D. S.

During the year there have been several excellent debates, a few of which were given in the Assembly.

The question is often asked, "Can the art of debate be cultured?" To this question, we reply—It certainly can.

The ability to debate a question skillfully and forcibly is of great value. "It is a desirable accomplishment and has often been the passport to wealth and fame." In the conflict of opinion prevailing in every department of life, it is desirable to maintain our own side in the face of all opposition.

The E. D. S. has now the brightest prospect that it has had for a number of years, and with the combination of the faculty, the E. D. S. has been a grand success.

CHARLES BRADY.—'15.



### AMBITIONS OF THE DEBATERS.

- 1 Charles Burgess.—To be an Alderman.
- 2 Mercer Zick.—To be a tall man in a Circus.
- 3 Harry Quier.—To be an English style debater.
- 4 Harry Roberts.—To be a critic.
- 5 Ben Sturges.—To be able to give the definition of all words at all times.
- 6 David Krahl.—To grow a Pompadour.
- 7 Ellis Fountain.—To start an argument.
- 8 Charles Brady.—To make a greater E. D. S.
- 9 Richard Thompson.—To debate "well."
- 10 Byron Stewart.—To be a train announcer.
- 11 Blaine Sterrett.—"To give England a black eye."
- 12 Philip Hitchcock.—To be a Humorist.
- 13 Cecil Millard.—To wear a dress-suit.
- 14 Irving Sands.—To be the best dressed debater.
- 15 Tirey Ford.—To overcome his thoughts.
- 16 George Deyo.—To know when to address the chair.
- 17 Errol Williamson.—To defend himself.



## FAMILIAR FACES IN THE CULTURE FACTORY.

The Peroxide Blonde was sending notes across the aisle to the Village Limit. The Chemical Coquette was trying to flirt with the grind, a pure, white soul, who makes sonnets by hand, and was at the moment embroidering a canto. Those slurs of the eyelashes! Those melting smiles which would make a heart of stone mellow to the consistency of a baked apple—all wasted on the desert air. For he had locked his heart up in a safe and had forgotten the combination.

The Walking Argument had, for once, a pressing engagement with the Ablative Absolute. Of the 90 lbs. the Intellectual Pallor carried, about 45 were gray matter. He had mental merchandise to burn, but was brushing up for the final History Examination. Ah! the morrow was a day to be awaited with dread, endured with courage, and forgotten with haste, for during one of the Presiding Genius exams, a friend who is very near and dear, is as useless as a relative.

Suddenly the atmosphere of academic calm was penetrated by a paper wad, which bore evidence of expert workmanship. The Recording Angel put aside the Judgment Book and focused her Starry-Opticians upon the Unquenchable American, who puckered up his face like a relief map of the Appalachian Mountains, and began to talk with his tongue down his throat. Forbidden things are so much nicer than unforbidden, he just "natchally" loves to do them until they're done. But if overcoming difficulties makes character, then he will have as many characters as the Chinese Alphabet.

The Fish Scientist was busy mapping out a Bluff; for, give him one bone and he can tell you all the rest. The Senior Soubrette, who had never in all her life concentrated on anything more difficult than ice cream soda water, was running a little Sunshine Factory all her own. By tampering with the negative, the Successful Photographer was rearranging the maiden's misfit features into a work of art. It was even rumored he had put the Big Financier, who had developed a gloom which surrounded him like a morning fog, before the Bull's Eye, and had told him to think of money, which had made the Big Financier smile so broadly that he had to hold his ears back to keep them from falling in. The Economic Student had decided that, although every man is the architect of his fortune, his wife usually superintends the construction.

Nature intended the Eiffel Tower for the United States Senate, but failed to stock the brain cavity. However, as he spent about four-thirds of his time waiting for the Muse to keep her appointment, and, in the meantime could ladle out the soothing syrup and never spill a drop, nothing but a Post Mortem Examination would have shown him up in his true light. The Darling of Gods, Divinely Fair, was in wireless communication with the Privileged Character, but the message was intercepted by the Chesterfieldian Youth, who

rived a worn out porous plaster in application. As the Recording Angel looked at the trio with reproachful woe, taps were sounded for Nineteen Thirteen.

Moral: Study Hall Reveries do not make Hero Worshipers.



Honorable Judges, Professor Bryant, Teachers, Fellow Debaters and Students. Before I enter into this debate, I will define that little word wrong. The little word wrong means not right. (Applause). Now Peter Stuyvesant was a wonderful man, he gave the "Injuns" guns, now that ain't right, that was wrong. Now Columbus was a wonderful man, but that is a different thing. Honorable Judges I hope you will give us the decision for as Andrew Jackson said, "Indians may come and Indians may go, but the Niggers are with us forever."

(Extract from B. Sturges' address on  
"The Oppressment of our Red Brethren.")



SUPERVISORS.

Boys—J. M. Sexton.

Girls—Grace V. Wilson.



### THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

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Music plays a part, more or less, in almost everyone's life; but one does not need to be a great musician to appreciate music.

An effort has been made to increase this appreciation by means of the Glee Clubs. The Girl's Glee Club have organized, and under Miss Wilson's direction, they have accomplished much, besides enjoying themselves, for "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." They have sung in public twice, once in the morning assembly and again at the Teachers Institute.

The two Glee Clubs, Girl's and Boys', have now combined their forces in one effort to present a light operetta, The "Nautical Knot," under the direction of Miss Wilson and Mr. Sexton. Besides this, they are carrying on their usual practice each Thursday.

The Glee Club does not expect to turn out great prima donnas, but it does much to promote the interest of those, especially, who have exceptional talent. The song is a branch of music which peculiarly sweet, and its effect is more lasting than almost any other art.

"If music be the food of love, play on,  
Give me excess of it, that surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die;—  
That strain again, it had a dying fall;  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing, and giving odor."

VIVIAN BRACKENBURY.—'13.

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### THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

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The number of boys that answered Professor Sexton's call for recruits was very large, but sad to relate, only a few were able to qualify. To begin with the Basses were very timid, the Tenors shrill, and the singing rather poor, yet all Glee Clubs start badly. Perhaps there was too much glee in the club, or was the quantity exceeding the quality; whatever it may of been, it is easier to call it "greenness," as it was simply due to the lack of experience. The Club's short comings are only mentioned, in order that we can compare the past with the present, and to reveal to the school, hard earned success of Prof. Sexton.

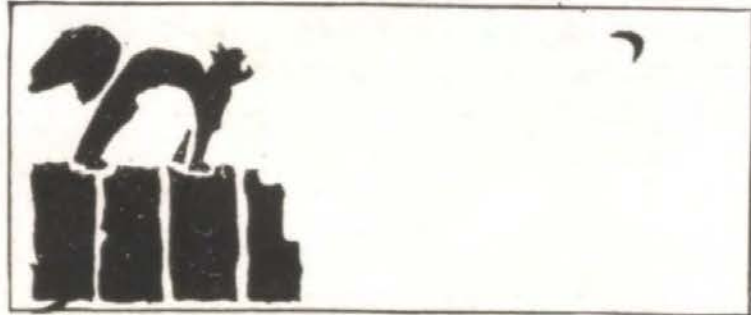
The members worked earnestly and Prof. Sexton did his share. In two weeks a truly good, Glee Club was formed.

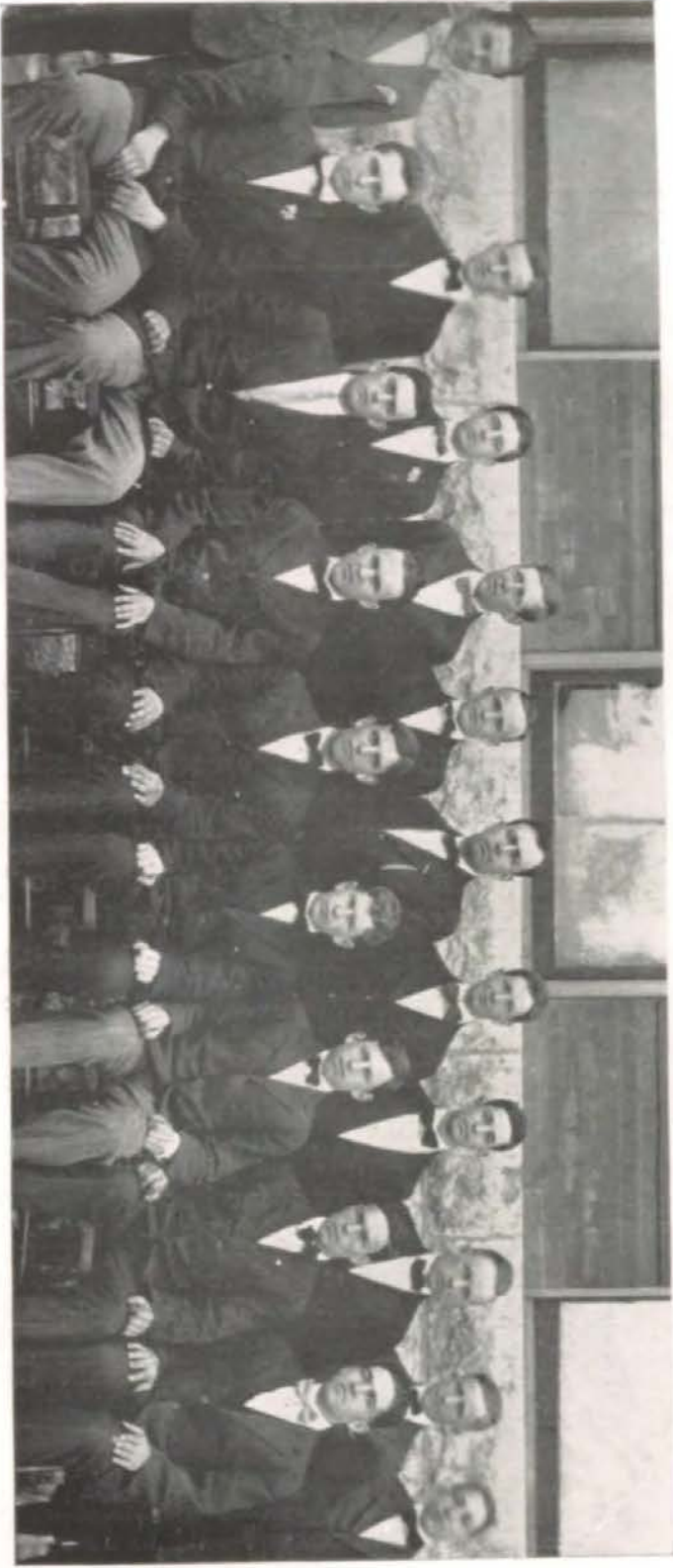
It was Thursday the boys gave us their treat. It was great. Not the

ties, but the singing. The whole school was proud. The girls were proud, yes, and the boys themselves expanded two or three inches. They sang some touching Southern melodies and a few humorous ones, drove away all signs of care. Even the gloomy "Grind" let a faint smile flicker across his drawn features.

"The Nautical Knot," was a fitting end, and we still are jubilant over its glorious success.

EDWIN CARROLL.—'13.





"THE TALE OF THE NIGHT RIDERS."



On a train one dark night,  
 Harry climbed with his pal "Pike."  
 This same train, it is a fact  
 Was ascended by "Sol" and Pack.  
 Now on this train so nice and clean  
 Sat J. M. Sexton and all his team.  
 Says Jim to the team, Says team to "Jim"  
 "It sure is a fix those boys are in."  
 Now the land is level, but my O'lack  
 You can't say the same for that darn track.  
 The train bumped on as it always did,  
 And came into Lexington with all still hid.  
 The boys were covered from head to foot,  
 By smoke and dirt, cinders and soot.  
 Says Jim to the boys, Said the boys to "Jim"  
 "Look what a place you put me in."  
 The game was soon over and all were dressed,  
 And they scampered to town in their very best.  
 Now the town that night they painted red,  
 And at one, went to sleep, with five in a bed.  
 On a morning train so nice and clean  
 Crawled in Jim and all his team.  
 Not in front but very far back,  
 Sat Harry and Pike and Sol and Pack.  
 As Sol expressed it and he was right  
 It sure was a ride on that windy night.

EDWIN CARROLL.—'13.

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H.A.S. - 13



J. M. Sexton.



G. LEWIS, '13

### THE FOOTBALL TEAM AND A REVIEW OF 1913 SEASON.

The football material that came out to practice this fall was composed of, for the most part, new men to the game who had to be taken as raw recruits and trained into football players. At the first of the season the team had not been half organized and the prospects for a good football team for this season looked pretty bad.

It was under those conditions that we played our first and second game, both of which were with the Beaver Club of Kansas City. We were defeated both games with a score of 0 to 16 and 0 to 13, respectively. These two games, although we were badly defeated in both, afforded our team excellent practice, and did much to round our boys into what might be termed a football team at least.

Our third game in which we defeated a team composed of former high school stars of I. H. S., by a score of 6 to 0, showed the benefit we had derived from the Beaver games. Next followed a game with the second William Jewell College team, in which our boys, "shot to pieces." This was probably due to the fact that our regular quarter, Ernest Roberts, was not allowed to play the entire game on account of sickness. We were defeated by the score of 0 to 27. Four first team men of William Jewell assisted in this massacre, however, but even at that we held them scoreless in the first and third quarters.

In these games we had been improving all the time and the team was in fine condition when we played the Liberty Highs, Nov. 8, defeating them with a score of 23 to 7. The score was 7 to 0 against us in the first half, and we scored 23 points in the last two quarters.

G. K. R.

## I. H. S. VS. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL.

The game with Liberty was the best and most interesting one for us of the season. Although our boys did not seem to warm up in the first half and allowed the Liberty team to score a touch down. They were then successful in kicking goal. This made the score 7 to 0 at the end of the first half. As it proved to be, our team had not yet opened up, and were confident and hopeful of winning in the last two quarters, or 30 minutes of play, despite the advantage of the opposing team.

Elmer Stewart was the star of the game. He carried the ball over the goal line twice on the perfected split play, scoring over half of the points. Compton and Roberts also played a brilliant game, Compton scoring one touchdown and Roberts kicking the oval from the thirty-five yard line.

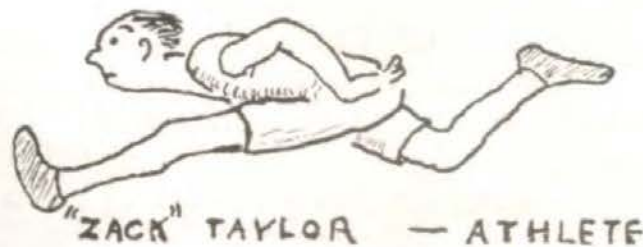
The game started out as if both teams were determined to win and the boys from across the river carried the ball by steady gains from one end of the field to near the other; our boys yielded, step by step, to the ten yard line and held. The little whistle saved them. The inevitable came in the last of the first half, Liberty scored.

At the beginning of the second half our team started into the game with a fresh vigor and determination, which soon brought results. Big Hudson was moved up to the position of tackle, where Liberty had been making her good gains. Liberty soon found that no more gains could be made in that direction. They then tried the other side of the line with little better success, Gorsuch was there. Roberts began to use the split play and the scoring began much to the chagrin of the opposing team. Stewart under the sheltering arm of Roberts crossed the goal line, also Compton staggered across—this put us in the lead six points.

Soon Roberts, our crack quarter gave the grandstand a pretty exhibition of kicking and the pigskin flew across the crossbar from the 35-yard line. "Rabbit" Stewart also took up the cause and chalked up another touchdown.

This last game was satisfying, for out of a bunch of green farmer boys, a real, live, winning team was molded.

GUY RUDD.—'13.









**ORA MYERS, (Capt.)**  
"Cap."  
Right Half.—'13.



**CHARLES BRADY,**  
"Judge."  
Right Guard.—'15.



**ARNOLD GORSUCH,**  
"Benedict."  
Left Guard.—'13.



**PHILIP HITCHCOCK,**  
"Seed."  
Center.—'14.



**HANSEL COMPTON,**  
"Crump."  
Right Tackle.—'14.



**HOLLIS GEORGE,**  
"Holly."  
Left Guard.—'15.



**ELMER STEWART.**  
(Capt.-Elect.)  
"Smiley."  
Left Half.—'15.



**EDWIN HENDERSON.**  
"Eddie."  
Right End.—'16.



**JOHN HUDSON.**  
"Hud."  
Fullback.—'13.



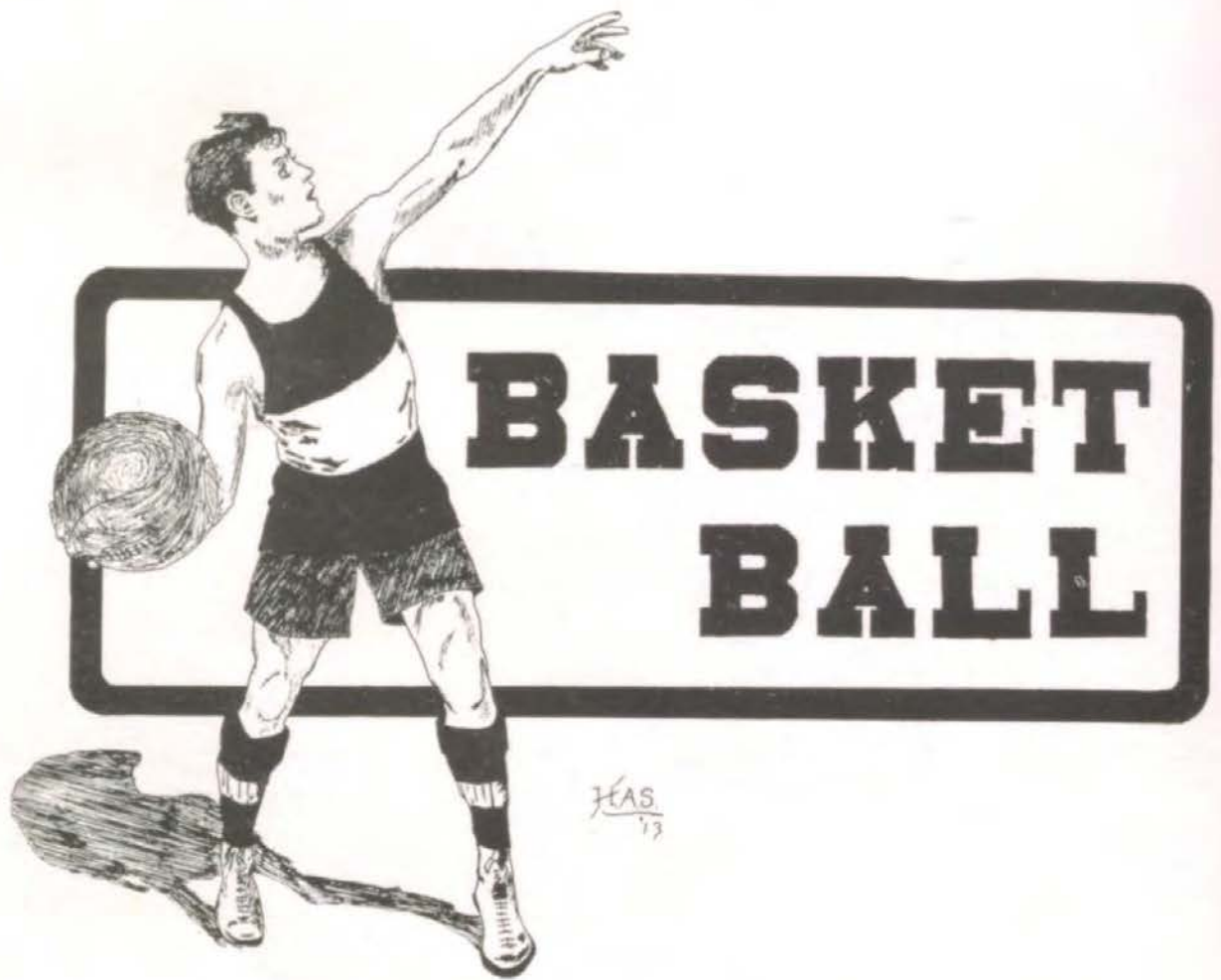
**ERNEST ROBERTS.**  
"Brube."  
Quarterback.—'13.



**GUY RUDD.**  
"Fat."  
Left End.—'13.



**EUGENE SOLLARS.**  
"Sol."  
—'15.



### BASKET BALL.

The Basket Ball season opened up with a boom and great prospects were expected, since the class-games furnished men who were in condition, to try out for the regular team. After several days of hard practice, Coach Sexton selected the following men:

Edwin Carroll . . . . .	Forward.
Guy Rudd . . . . .	Forward.
Edwin Henderson . . . . .	Forward.
Charles Foster . . . . .	Center.
Hansel Compton . . . . .	Guard.
Ernest Roberts, (Capt.) . . . . .	Guard.

The team began its winning season by defeating Lee's Summit High School. Good form was exhibited by the whole team in this game, which gave us the assurance of a championship team for the coming year.

As the season advanced some of the best teams in the State went down to

defeat amid the excited and enthused whoops and hurrahs of the fans, which fairly shook the walls of the old "Gym." Several times our opponents threatened to win, but always a new spirit was put into the home boys by the enthusiastic rooters; and at the crucial moment in some marvelous manner we forged ahead.

The season closed, leaving remembrances of the best team the High School has ever had. Not a one-mans team, but a team composed of six stars, which made a record of not being defeated by any High School team in the State, and we can rightly call them the champions of the State.

ERNEST ROBERTS.—'13.



### I. H. S. VS. WILLIAM JEWELL.

Ask anyone if they remember February 14. If they hesitate, just say, "The William Jewell Game," and see how quickly you will get their willing answer. On that night, there occurred on the "old Gym floor," one of the greatest games of basket ball that was ever played in Independence.

The team had been playing all season and winning successively, as Independence always has done, but that night, we were not only going to play out of our class, as usual, but most extremely so.

The "Gym" was crowded as it never was crowded before, and as the William Jewell team came upon the floor, at that instant, their was but one thought in everyone's mind—that was that we, surely, would be beaten tonight. Their team was composed of large, heavy set men, who, on account of their continuous and efficient training, were, as the saying goes, "simply neat" at shooting baskets. Our team had generally, been playing with smiles upon their faces, but, now, everything was all seriousness. The first half closed with nothing intensely exciting, but we were surprised to find that we were in the lead with the score 13 to 5.

The second half started and before it had advanced many minutes, the better training of the William Jewell team began to show itself. From that time on they seemed to forge ahead and pile up the score at will. This half seemed, awfully long and in the meantime, we had made a few spectacular plays—such as keeping the ball away from William Jewell for almost two minutes.

The people felt sure that the time was just about up, when just then William Jewell made a goal which made the score 19 to 16 in their favor. The timekeeper shouted from the side lines, that there was but 3-4 of a minute to play, and you should have seen everybody standing on the seats, yelling with all their might for Independence to "come on." It was in these last few sec-

onds that Guy Rudd distinguished himself by shooting three goals from the middle of the floor in 3-4 of a minute. It seemed as though the crowd was all over the floor in this hair-raising finish, before the timekeeper could blow his whistle.

Capt. Roberts was not feeling well that night or we would have beaten them by a larger score than 22 to 19. It was as Mr. Sexton said in assembly, that he could not give the credit to anyone person because the whole team played most wonderfully well. But yet, we can not keep from thinking of those last three goals.

HARRY STURGES.—'13.



### RESULTS OF THE 1912-13 SEASON.

I. H. S.—41.....	Lee's Summit .....	11, at Independence.
I. H. S.—18.....	Marriam, Kansas,.....	12, at Independence.
I. H. S.—33.....	Park College .....	26, at Independence.
I. H. S.—69.....	Y. M. C. A. ....	12, at Independence.
I. H. S.—21.....	Liberty H. S. ....	15, at Liberty.
I. H. S.—26.....	Company F. ....	32, at Independence.
I. H. S.—20.....	W. M. A. ....	40, at Lexington.
I. H. S.—46.....	K. C. Presbyterian .....	31, at Independence.
I. H. S.—20.....	Warrensburg H. S. ....	19, at Warrensburg.
I. H. S.—36.....	K. C. Central H. S. ....	15, at Independence.
I. H. S.—30.....	Olathe .....	18, at Independence.
I. H. S.—35.....	K. C. White Stars .....	21, at Independence.
I. H. S.—20.....	Bales Baptist .....	10, at Independence.
I. H. S.—34.....	K. C. Terminals .....	26, at Independence.
I. H. S.—27.....	Rosedale H. S. ....	15, at Independence.
I. H. S.—22.....	William Jewell .....	19, at Independence.
I. H. S.—22.....	K. C. K., Stars .....	19, at Independence.
—————		—————
520		341

## THE TEAM.



ERNEST ROBERTS.

Ernest Roberts, or "Brube," as he is generally known, has, now, played four years for I. H. S. He was chosen captain of this year's team, both, because of being the oldest man, and because of his knowledge of the game. There are very few players who can take a standing shot off of "Brube."



### HANSEL COMPTON.

Hansel Compton, has distinguished himself as being anything but an individual player. Always, has he played a steady game and never before has I. H. S. had a man who was more willing to play "team work."



### CHARLES FOSTER.

We again find Charles Foster as our old standby, at center. He still, remains a good man in the opponents territory, and is recognized as being a sure shot, under and near the basket.







### EDWIN CARROLL.

---

A new player has come to the front this year, and in Edwin Carroll there has been discovered a very valuable man. He has long deserved a place on the basket ball team, because of being an earnest player, and very unselfish. Mr. Sexton chose him as Capt. Roberts' running mate, and the two made an excellent pair of guards.

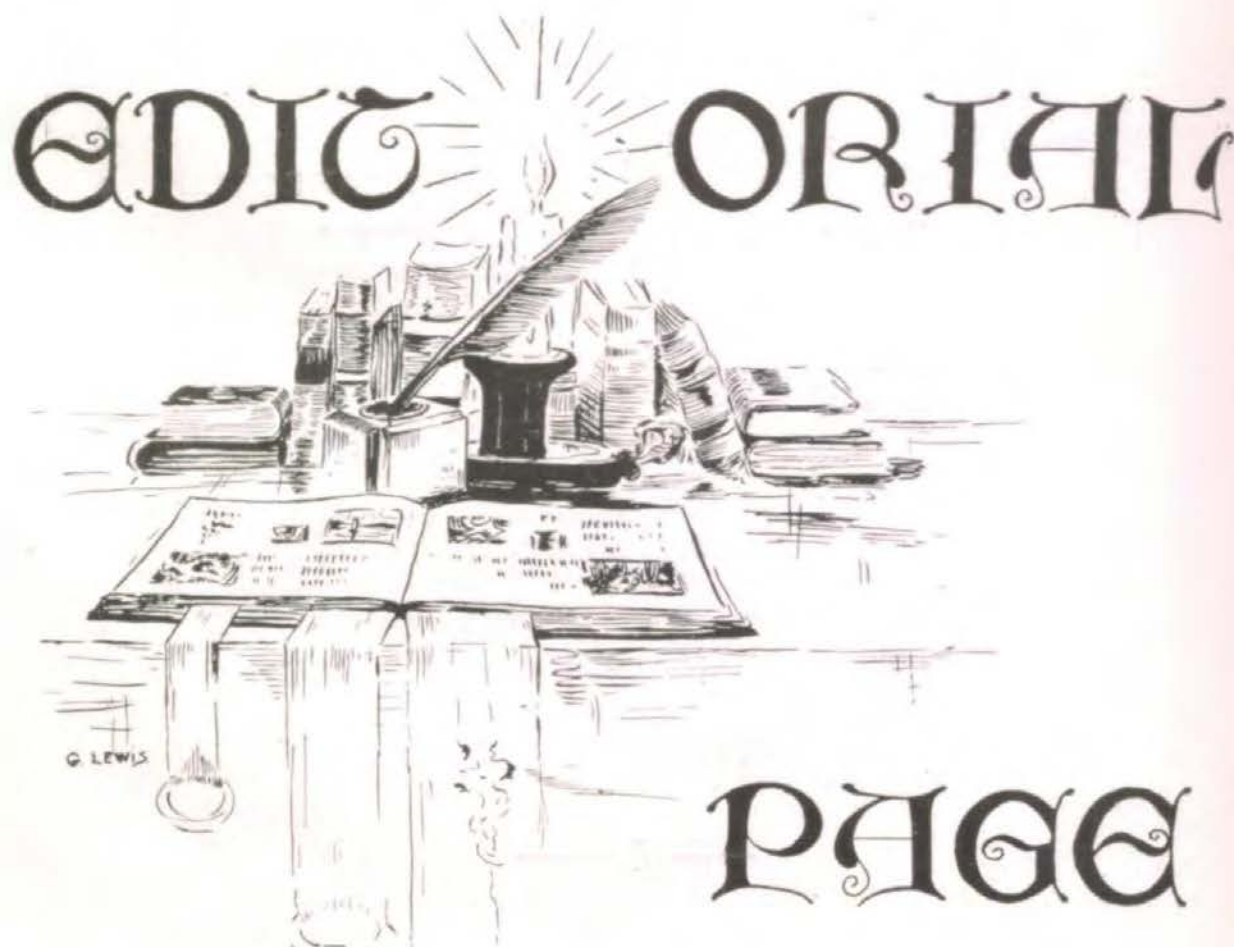


### GUY RUDD.

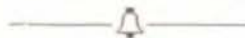
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A favorite of the crowd, was Guy Rudd. He gave his best efforts to the team, and the school profited by his continuous practicing. He was a good shot at the basket, and as Pete Allen said, he was the fastest "floor man" in the High School circuit.





The "Gleam of 1913" stands as a final monument to the outgoing class. It is true that many Annuals are in a large measure forgotten by all but the members of the class, but there is an occasional one, that stands out and above the others. It has been our cherished hope that our's might be one of these. The publication of this book marks the beginning of the end, for each student must work his own way, we cannot go "arm and arm," as in the past years, but we can carry a way the "Gleam" as a remembrance of our former association.



The price of the "Gleam" has been increased this year owing to the lack of funds to produce a book worthy of the School. The "Gleam" first was published on a small scale, and was strictly a Senior publication. But with each issue it was increased, in volume and beauty, and it is now equal to any school annual in the west. Although the size of the Gleam has increased by leaps and bounds, the price has remained the same. It is not a question of price, but a feeling of loyalty that should be uttermost in the heart of the student, and those who are in any way connected with the High School. We therefore feel the increase in price has in no way injured the circulation of our book.

This year the "Gleam Staff" has undertaken to make this a book of the school, rather than a Senior publication, and we have tried in some way to interest each and every student. We have added a page of freak pictures, and for those who might wrongly construe them, we say that we intended these pictures not as "slams" or personal jokes, but a mean's to bring forth a good hearty laugh.



It is fitting that we should mention in some way the progress and development, of the Independence Public Schools, and especially the Central High School, which is sacred to all I. H. S. students.

The school system of Independence, had it's beginning September 4th, 1866, but it was not until the year of 1898, that bonds were voted and the High School erected. From that date to the present, the High School has expanded, materially and intellectually. In 1907, an additional building was constructed, and was devoted to classrooms; and a large Public Library. At the present greater plans are under consideration for an extended and better High School, which will advance all phases of school life.

Every student deems it a personal privilege to be able to call some school his own, and perhaps in later years, he will return to "his" school, and again live (in memory) the glorious life of a student.



The Staff is greatly indebted to Harry Rudd, who's clear and attractive pictures are found scattered throughout these pages.



### GLEAMLETS.

It was a wise "Stude," who said, "The best part of a great many compositions are that they cannot be read."



We don't agree with the boy, who said, "A desert is a place where nothing will grow." And we feel Prof. Bryant and Elliott are of the same opinion.



Marvin Johnson said, discussing athletics, "We should obtain a strong arm for the future. Our advice to him is a little more exercise with the Bible, it is a great 'fire escape.'"



In one of Senior reports—"Charles Foster was a little stiff in his love-making, this was probably due to his lack of experience." It is needless to say Charles took the hint.

Did you ever ride on top of a Pullman Harry? Well, it sure is (queer).

—△—  
 "A kiss is nothing divided by two."

—△—  
 A Freshman wanted to know if Shakespeare wrote "Shakey Eyes." We don't believe he did, but you might ask Milton Stewart.

—△—  
 Feb. 19. Charles Foster obtained his usual seat after walking over four corns and three laps.

—△—  
 The Seniors have adopted, "Oh, where, Oh, where has my little Grade gone," as their class song.

—△—  
 Mr. Hudson said the order at Bunker Hill was to shoot the English in the thigh. We agree with Mr. Hudson, that it would be easier to run a one-legged Englisher to death.

—△—  
 Mr. Prewitt in his talk said nothing is impossible. "We might slip him that river and the current problem."

—△—  
**A Good Subject for E. D. S.**

Resolved: "That a leaky mouth is a greater nuisance than a leaky roof."

—△—  
 Some people laugh so much it would be refreshing to hear one good, long-drawn-out cry.—R. B. '14.

—△—  
 Mr. Engene Sollars, or better known as "Sol," gives us this sentence. He says you can take it as you please. "I don't (half) to study, I can flunk."

—△—  
 Mr. Sturges, the class treasurer, was given a Bill shower the first of May. Mr. Dollar Bill was not present.

—△—  
 May 20. Mr. Reggie Criley, is still wearing his crimson sweater, it is rumored he sleeps in it.

—△—  
 Those who have been in the High School for five or six years, should remember it took Noah 600 years to build the Ark. Keep a digging.

—△—  
**Well Did You Ever!**

Mr. Taylor said in Economics that he believed the High Cost of Living, was due to the fact that people did not have cows, and, were not able to have

fresh eggs. Now we must confess we never heard of a cow laying eggs, yet somewhere in our history, it did mention a "Sitting Bull."



The laughs some people obtain through their smart sayings, are small in comparison to the laugh they'll get when they go out into the world.



The assertion that this is a cold, cold world, caused Elmer Stewart to buy a fur coat and a pair of ear flaps.



(Mr. Taylor in his speech on Liberty). "The Americans were intoxicated with Liberty." Well probably they did have a little too much at the battle of Brady-wine.

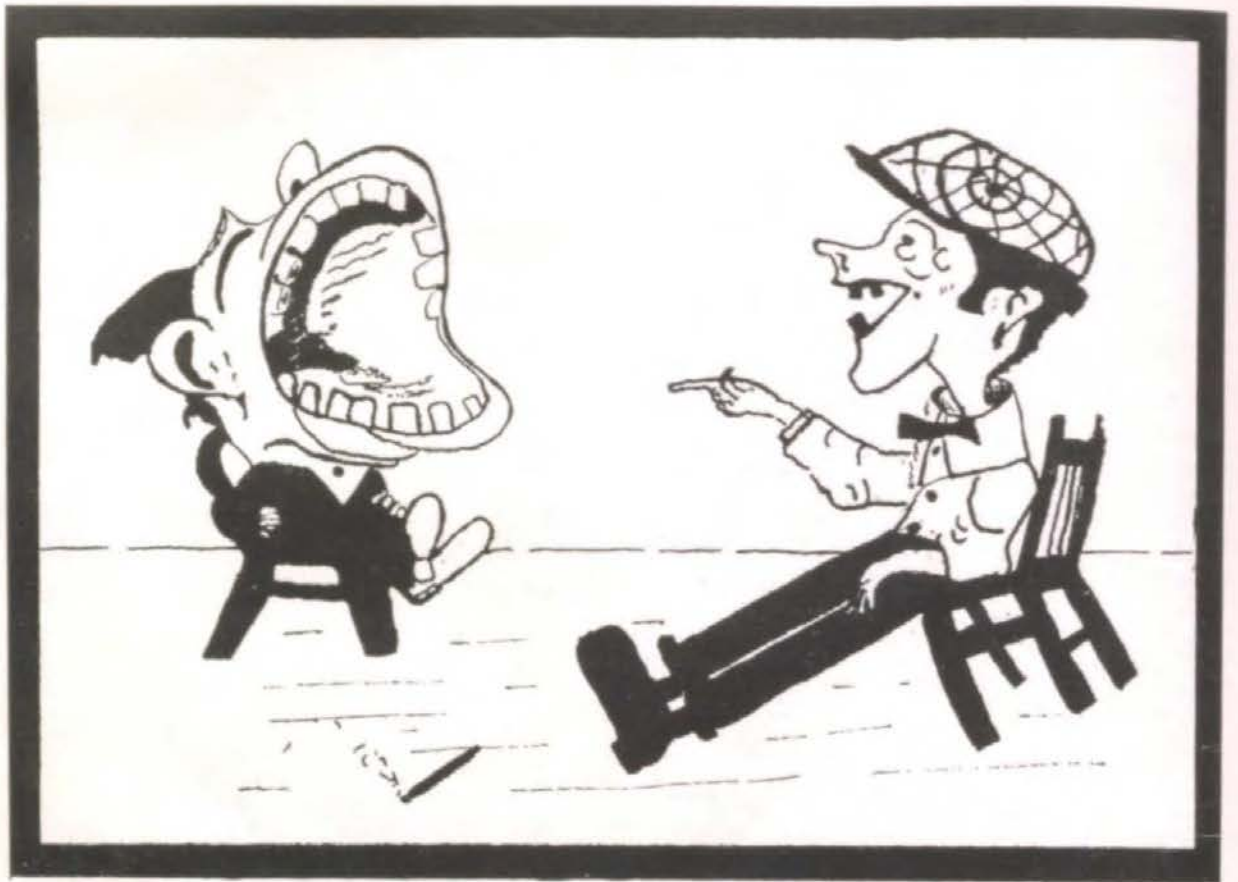


April 16th. Mercer Zick while cutting his finger nails, fainted in the "Manual Training room." The doctors diagnosed his case as heart trouble. M. Johnson is held on the charge of alienation. Case to be tried in the summer session of the court. It is hoped a final verdict will be given.



It takes a year of brainstorming;  
 It takes some weeks of grind,  
 And Eddie spiels and Harry squeals,  
 And chips from Fanny's mind;  
 It takes a bunch of hot air,  
 When copy can't be found.  
 The staff it yells, "Its work like—well—  
 That makes the "Gleam" come round.





# LOCALS

Miss Phelps—"Eugene, what did Drake do?"

Eugene S.—"Why, he circulated the globe."

—△—

Miss Phelps—"Do you know what kind of a case Webster had at the time of his great debate?"

Ben E. (aside)—"I presume it was a beer case."

—△—

Seniors '13—"Why do you study Latin when it's a dead language?"

Freshmen '15—"Why do you study English when it's been murdered so often?"

Calvin Atkins—"Miss Thompson it is cold in here."

Miss Thompson—"Well you can go where it is warmer."



John Hudson in English—"It is a beautiful sight to hear the Milk Maids going to milk."



Miss Waugh—"Tomorrow we will have a report on John's Bunyan (bunion)." And supposing he ain't got any?



Farmer—"Have you seen an old man, with one leg named Grey?"

Kid—"What is the other leg named?"



Ma—"What are you doing, Johnny?"

Johnny—"My foot's gone to sleep, and I'm trying to wake it up."



Guy Rudd (in History)—"Desoto went over to Europe for supplies, but when he returned he couldn't find the mouth of the Mississippi."



#### Our Teacher.

We part—no matter how we part,  
There are some thoughts we utter not,  
Deep treasured in our inmost heart  
Never revealed, and n'er forgot.



#### How Certain Minds Run.

Elizabeth C. (Reading in English)—"And the name of Jonson has always stood for style."



#### Does this apply to the Freshmen?

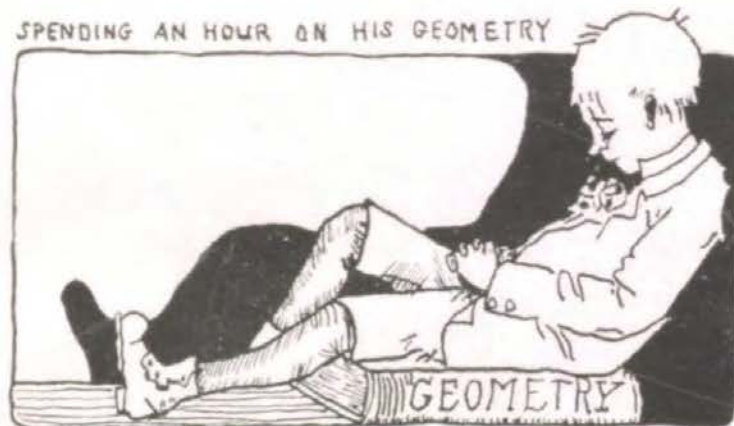
He—"I have a cold or something in my head."

His Friend—"It must be a cold, old chap."

"Oh, the meanness of a Junior,  
 When he is mean;  
 Oh, the leanness of a Senior,  
 When he is lean;  
 But the meanness of the meanest and the  
 leanness of the leanest,  
 Are not in it with the greenness of a Freshman  
 when he's green.



SPENDING AN HOUR ON HIS GEOMETRY



K. C. STAR



Miss Waugh—"Marvin, why is athletics a good thing for a High school?"  
 Marvin—"Because it prepares one for the after life."



Who thinks, "Alass! Alass! My kingdom for a lass."



Miss McCoy—"What is your favorite illustrated paper, John?"  
 John—"The Ten Dollar Bill."



It's sort of queer that April can't March, but June May, isn't it?



#### The Workings of a Freshman Mind.

M. Z.—"I suppose if Socrates was thinking about something, he would be so busy thinking about it that he couldn't think about anything but what he was thinking about."



"Absence makes the marks grow rounder."



Miss Waugh—"Jack, what inventions have done most to help man up in the world?"

Jack—"The elevator and the alarm clock."



"Silently, one by one, in the infinite books of the teachers, blossom the neat little zeros, the forget-me-nots of the students."



Miss Maltby's Idea of a Motto for the Senior Latin Class.

"Beware of the horse."



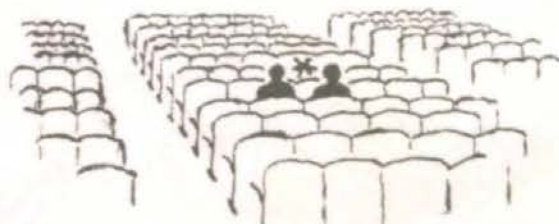
Found in a Junior Test Paper.

"Henry was the only hair to the throne."



CHAS. and RICE

30 SECONDS AFTER ASSEMBLY BELL RINGS



\* LOUISE'S SEAT



Darius Green—  
Bought a flying machine.  
And Gasoline.  
Now his grave is green.

Ichabod Head—  
Bought a motor car red.  
"Oh, joy!" he said.  
He's dead; quite dead.

Artemus Blim—  
Bought a motor boat slim.  
But he could not swim.  
Let us weep for him.

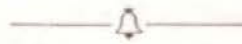
Wise Xerxus Bash—  
Did nothing rash.  
Choked to death on hash.  
"Dust to dust; ash to ash."—Ex.



Birds-eye view of Prof. Elliot.



Miss Average Freshman.

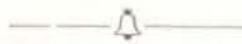


Mary S.—“Quicklime resembles a mud hole, and persons getting in the mire of quicklime, walk to death.”



Miss Phelps—“Jefferson was a sage. What is a sage?”

Glen R.—“A seasoning.”



Pauline S.—“Iron sulphate is gravel, that you feed the chickens.”



Miss Schrt—“Prove that brass is an alloy of copper.”

Philip H.—“Take a piece of brass and beat it into a powder, and then dissolve it and test for copper.”



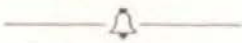
Ellis Fountain (in Economics)—“A child 19 years old is stunted by overwork in the factory.”

How about J. H.?



Ellis Fountain (in History)—“why I have known men to work 60 hours a day.”

And yet the clock only shows 24.



Mr. Bryant in Assembly—“I am over you, and the “Board is over me.”  
We feel sorry for you Professor.

There was a young "stude" named Zack,  
 Who aspired to run on the track,  
 But his clothing was thin,  
 And so was his wind,  
 Let us weep for him.



Charles Foster (American History)—"I think Maj. Sehoff was the first white man to use the Santa Fe trail."



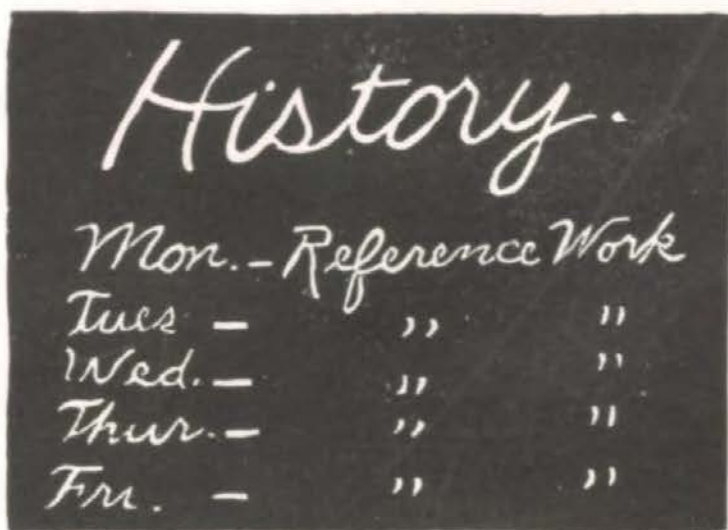
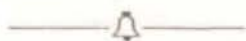
Charles Foster (in History)—"Gen. Burgundy was defeated by the alleys."



April 24th—Miss Phelps installs a looking glass in order to watch the Seniors, when her back is turned.



Wanted—Someone to convince John Hudson that he is still here. Apply to the Physic room.

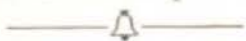


#### It Happened in Rome.

Brutus (Looking at the Oyster plate)—"How many oysters have you eaten Caesar?" Caesar (with tears in his eyes)—"Et Tu Brute."



Miss Phelps—"Dexter, who fanned the flame of Protestantism?"  
 Dexter—"Why, er-er Napoleon Bonaparte."



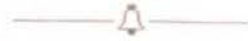
Guy Rudd (Reading in English)—"In the morning they found themselves corpses."

## Translate This.

Flucko, Flukere, Facultie Firem.



John Hudson who was getting ads for the Gleam, stopped in Ott's Furniture store. Seeing only one man in the store at that time, he presumed he was the proprietor. John at once began his long and convincing talk, after 15 minutes, John reached for his blank book and started to sign him up, as he made no answer. But at this moment some of the boys appeared in the store and hustled John off. It developed that John had been talking to a deaf and dumb customer. This is vouched for by John himself.



Teacher—"What Roman Emperor set fire to the City of Rome?"

John McCoy—"Why I think it was Nemo."



John McCoy—"Rome wanted Carthage as a coaling station."



Jan. - 24

I.H.S. PLAYED RAYTOWN



PENDLETON'S FUTURE  
PHYSICIST



Roland B.—"Good morning Prof. Elliott. Its pretty cold this morning."

Prof. Elliott—"Yes, it's pretty hard on green things."



Miss Phelps—"When did Patrick Henry say, 'Give me liberty, or give me death?'"

John H.—"After he was married."



He—"I love you."

She—"Then say something soft."

He—"Mush."

" 'Tis wrong for any maid to be  
Aboard at night alone,  
A chaperon she needs, till she  
Can call some chap-er-own."

John Hudson—"They laid an exise tax on whiskers."

Which class is the best of the lot?  
All teachers say the Sopomores are not.  
Freshmen talk in study hall,  
Juniors think they know it all;  
Put them to the final test  
You'll find the Seniors are the best.

#### Types of H. S. Students.

Freshmen—Short pants, green looks.  
Sophomores—Flashy socks, no books.  
Juniors—Red neckties, all crooks.  
Seniors—Work no more, lofty looks.

She—"Don't hug me in public."

He—"Why the law allows freedom of press."—Ex.

The reason that these lines appear,  
Is just because there was a fear,  
That without their hidden plot,  
This would be an empty spot.

A tutor who tooted a flute,  
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.  
Said the two to the tutor,  
"Is it harder to toot,  
Or to tutor two tooters to toot?"

He—"If I were to throw you a kiss, what would you say?"

She—"I'd say you were the laziest boy I ever knew."

Gertrude Payne—"She had seen sixteen summers."

Harry Quier—"I wonder how many years she was blind."

Teacher—"John tell what you know of the Mongolian race?"

John—"I wasn't there, I went to the foot ball game."



AND THEY SAY  
HUDSON CAME  
FROM BUCKNER

A Pair of races—Two Latin ponies.  
 A pair of slippers—Two bananas.  
 A pair of gloves—Two kids.  
 A pair of eyes—Two ayes.



M—ry L—v—l—d:—

To be tardy seemed always her fate,  
 The teachers were growing irate.  
 But she said, "Every puff  
 Takes ten minutes to fluff,  
 So how could I help being late?"



Miss Phelps—"Gradon, what were the Puritan ideals?"

Gradon T.—"Every man has a right to be created equal."



History teacher—"What are the children of the Czar called?"

Pupil—"Czardines."



There was a young Chemistry bluff,  
 Who was mixing some confounded stuff,  
 Dropped a match in the vial,  
 And after awhile,  
 They picked up his front teeth and a cuff.



In the Latin Class—All the Gauls have three parts.



Miss Waugh—"Why was Goldsmith a "hack" writer?"

Guy Rudd—"Because he wrote most of his poetry, while on a Hack."



J. Hudson—"Don't use spiritual liquors."



Young man (applying for a position)—"Have you an opening for me sir?"  
 Old gentleman—"Yes, there's one behind you. Shut it as you go out."



Zoo Keeper—"Did you see my blackfaced antelope?"

Visitor—"No, with whom did your blackfaced aunt-elope?"



Prof. Elliott—"What is a scale?"

Ford B.—"Feathers on a fishes back."



Prof. Elliott—"Why must an axe be kept wet while it is being ground?"  
 Chas. F.—"It will lose it's temper if it isn't."

Miss Ross—"Tell of a certain Spartan lad to illustrate the endurance of the Spartans."

Russell E.—"Why he stole a fox and hid under his coat, and rather than be found out, he let it eat and eat, until it ate all of his victuals out."



Miss Phelps—"A great many of the moneyed families of New York today, trace their ancestry back to these nations: Ancient Dutch settlers, such as the Van Cortlands and Van Renasselars."

Ellis F.—"Also the Van loons."



The Junior saw something green, 'tis true,  
They thought it the Freshmen class;  
But when they closer to it drew,  
They found it was a looking glass.



Teacher—"Who was it that supported the world on his shoulders?"

Pupil—"Atlas."

Teacher—"Who supported Atlas?"

Pupil—"The book didn't say, but I expect his wife did."



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

PUBLISHERS OF

*The Jackson Examiner.*  
*The Independence Examiner*





## Entertain Your Guests, Don't Ask Them To Entertain You

*In many a house a piano is kept so that there may be music when friends call. That piano should be exchanged for a*

## STARR PLAYERPIANO

**T**HE pleasures of music might as well be yours at any time, for with the aid of this instrument you can play what and when you wish. The playerpiano is no longer a risky investment, modern methods of manufacture have eliminated every quality which formerly might have been criticized. We want to demonstrate the superiority of the STARR-MADE PLAYERPIANOS and for that reason ask you to call.

For Sale By

**The Watkins Music Co.**

215 West Maple Ave.

Independence, Mo.

**Elbert McDonald**

**Lumber  
and Lime**

Yard on South Liberty Street,  
One Block South of Square.

Telephone No. 5, Home or Bell

**Ayres Company**

**Growers and  
Importers**



S. B. Ayres, Prop.

"Louise, do you remember Jan. 1, about 12:45 a. m.?"

**H. W. Rummel**

Harness, Saddles,  
Bridles

Whips, Spurs, Collars, Lap  
Robes and Turf  
Goods.

Lap Dusters, Gloves.

All kinds of Repairing

Bell Phone 665 North Side Sq.

At The

**◁Rexall Store▷**

When you have that achey feeling  
In each muscle, in each bone,  
When your back seems full of  
shivers,

And you're never left alone,  
By old Rheumatism growling,  
"I am coming more and more,"  
You can stop him by a visit to the  
Rexall Store.

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

Phones 234

Clinton Bldg.

## AN OPPORTUNITY

Is all we ask, to convince you that we can serve you well in high class Merchandise, Dry Goods, Women's Ready To Wear, Furnishings, Shoes, Hats and Men's Furnishings.

Let Us Demonstrate This To You.

### Casper & Shimfessel

Harry Sturges got this advertisement from the Chinese Laundry: \*-O-!X.

And likewise this one from Sam Turoff: \*-0X-!-?X-O\*O.

### M. E. HALL

DEALER IN

## Fresh and Cured Meats

HOME MADE LARD AND SAUSAGES

WEST MAPLE AVE.

BELL PHONES 47 AND 31  
HOME PHONE 47



### BROWN DRUG COMPANY

The Quality Store

East Side Sq. Both Phones 609

Prompt delivery service free to any part of the city.



Parcel Post Delivery Outside City Limits

Prescriptions and Sick Room Supplies  
Our Specialty



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Kodak Supplies  
Films, Paper  
Developers, Chemicals.

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**H. R. MILLS & SON**  
North Side of Square.

**BADGER  
LUMBER CO.**

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**ALL KINDS  
OF  
BUILDING MATERIAL**

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H. E. BRUBAKER, MANAGER  
Independence, Mo.

Miss Waugh (Reading from Shakespeare).—My God! My God!!—  
Let's don't have so much talking boys.

**HILL & MARTIN**  
DEALERS IN  
**HARDWARE**  
Stoves, Tin and Graniteware.  
Pumps, Slate Roofing, Galvan-  
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Furnace Work a Specialty.  
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*T. J. Walker's  
South Side Grocery*  
*Is the place to buy good  
things to eat.*  
*We make a specialty of  
the Ferndell line.*  
*There is none better,*

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*Call us.*  
*Bell Phone 292      Home Phone 384*

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*Herman Wile & Co.'s Men's and Youths' Suits at \$12.00 to \$20.00 suit.*

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**Friendship Folders**  
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*are just the thing to give*  
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**\$1.75 and \$2.00**  
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<hr style="width: 20%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="width: 60%;">Capital . . . . .</td> <td style="text-align: right;">\$125,000.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Surplus Fund . . . . .</td> <td style="text-align: right;">25,000.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Undivided Profits, Net</td> <td style="text-align: right;">89,478.12</td> </tr> </table> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 0 auto;"/>		Capital . . . . .	\$125,000.00	Surplus Fund . . . . .	25,000.00	Undivided Profits, Net	89,478.12
Capital . . . . .	\$125,000.00						
Surplus Fund . . . . .	25,000.00						
Undivided Profits, Net	89,478.12						
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 "These pleasures 'melancholy' give,  
 And I with thee will choose to live."

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**Successor to**  
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Bank.*

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In early days, people came from Kansas into Missouri for gold quartz.  
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See Foster before you buy  
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Delma.—"General Grant."

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HATS \$2.00

CAPS 50c to \$1.50.

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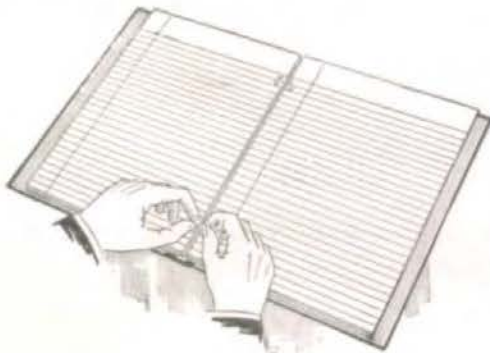
They have today four teams employed in the delivery of Coal, Hay, Corn, Oats and Mill Feed. They also handle a full line of Poultry Food and Supplies. You will find everything this firm handles the best the market affords. Try them with your next order.

BOTH PHONES 137

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*3 per cent on Time Deposits.*

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*Capital . . . . . \$100,000.00*  
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Visit our fountain for cool drinks

Miss Phelps.—“John name the Indian tribe that Jackson fought against?”

John.—Why-I think it was the semi-colon.

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*Save the Labels and get beautiful Blue and White Tulip Graniteware for them.*

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