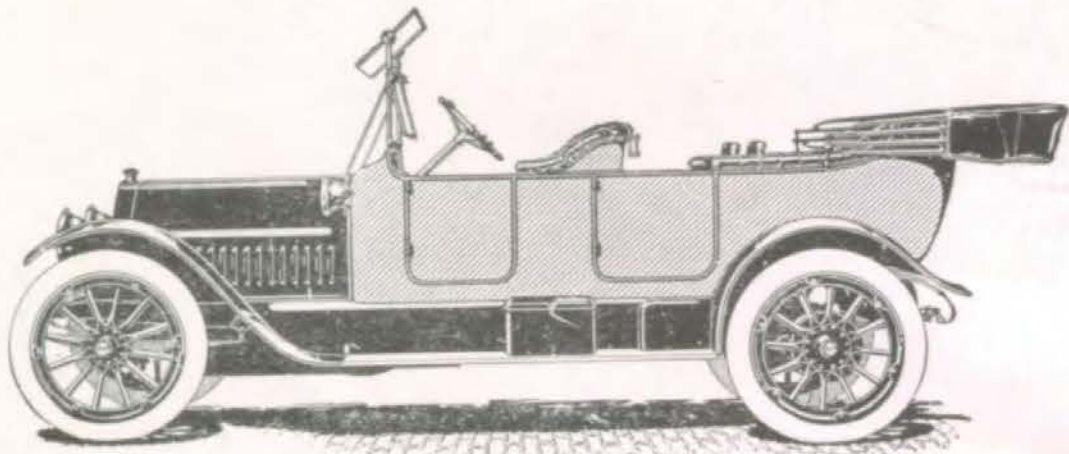


**THE
GLEAM**

1914



1914



STUDEBAKER SIX AND FOUR

ALLEN MOTOR CAR CO.

Agents for the Famous Line of

Studebaker's

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Reedwells

Stutz

Of Special Interest.....

*Electric Starters, Electric Lights,
Durability, Full Floating Rear Axles,
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To think of this store as a quality store, a store where the finest of Men's Clothes are sold; where the price they pay gets 20 per cent more value than it could possibly get in any other store in the city.

That's the kind of a store this is. No Men's Clothes are too good or too fine for us. We carry the best.

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GREATER VALUES

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Men & Young Men

Who are considering the Clothes Question will find the answer here.

We guarantee you a positive saving of \$3.00 to \$5.00 on your Spring Suit or Top Coat.

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**A. J.
Bundschu**

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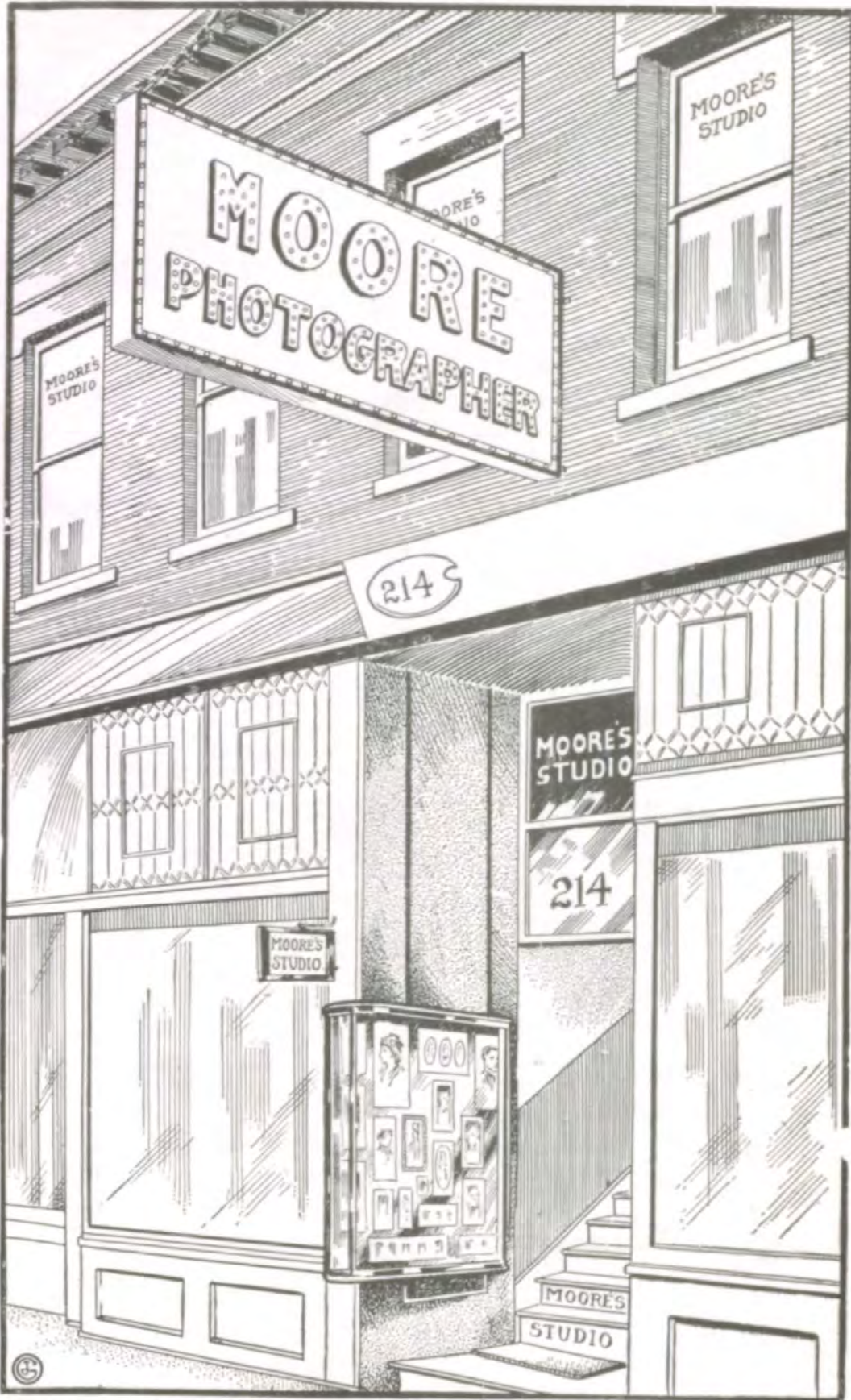
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Diamond Importers
Society Stationers

*Commencement Invitations and Class Pins
and Rings executed in exclusive
and artistic designs.*

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MILLING CO.
TRADE MARK REGISTERED



QUEEN
OF THE PANTRY
INDEPENDENCE, MO.
BEMIS KANSAS CITY.

WAGGONER GATES MILLING CO.
QUEEN OF THE PANTRY



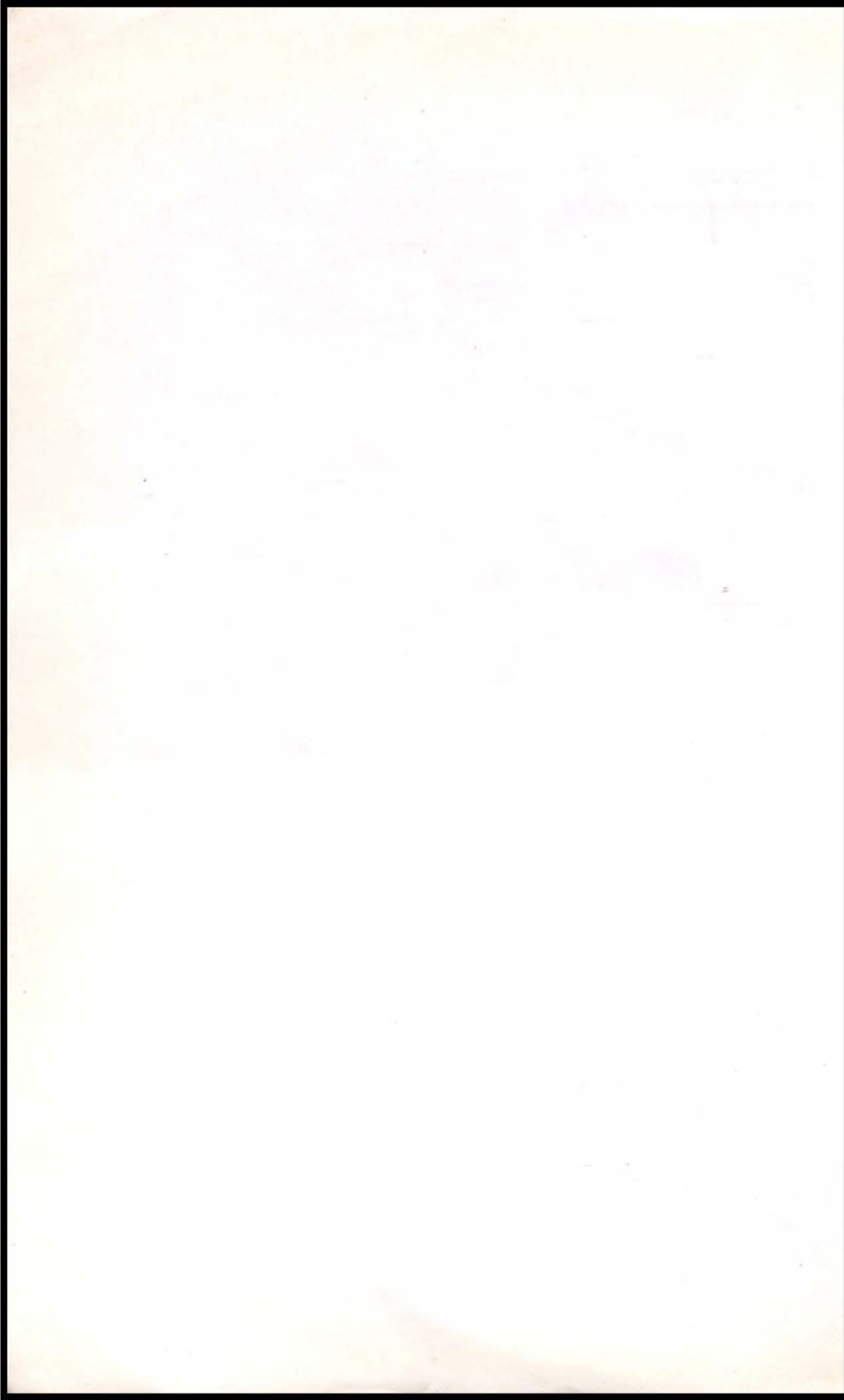
If you are not a customer of

Himes & Frisbey

You have never known
their excellent service.

Give them your order for
coal for the coming winter and
learn what real satisfaction in
coal means to you.

BOTH PHONES 137
208 E. WALNUT

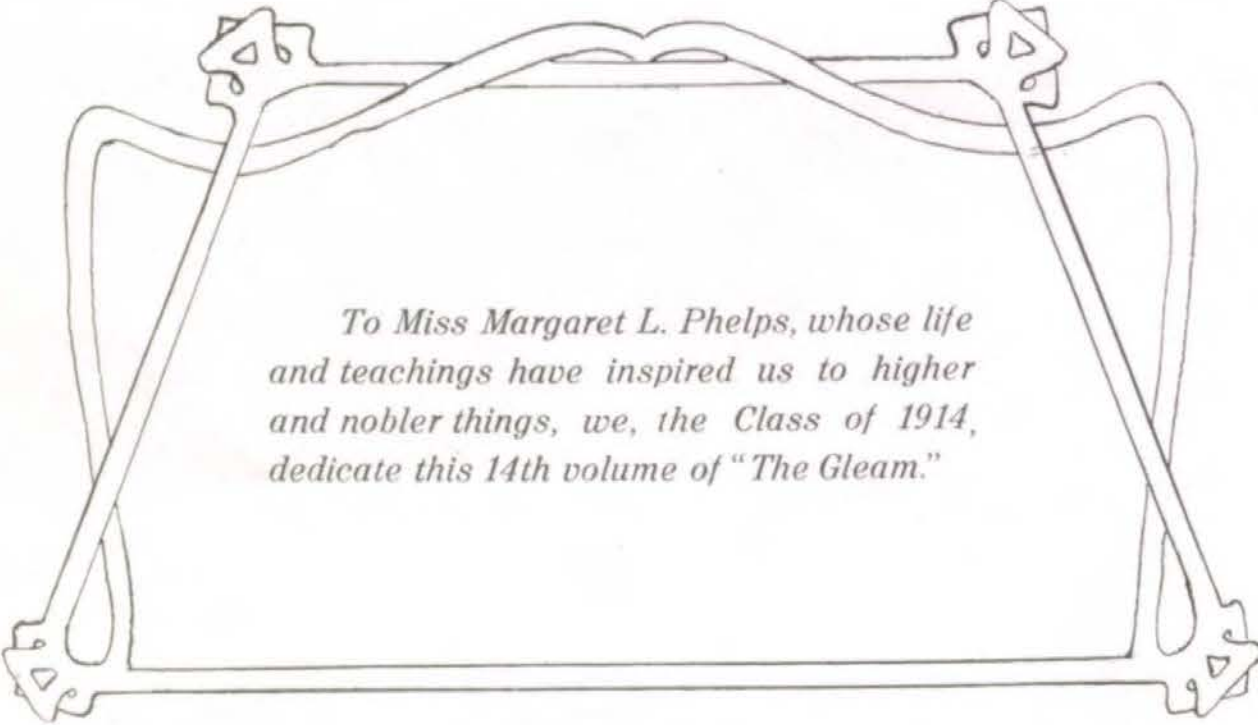




“Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight,
O, young mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes,
O'er the margin
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.”

—Tennyson.

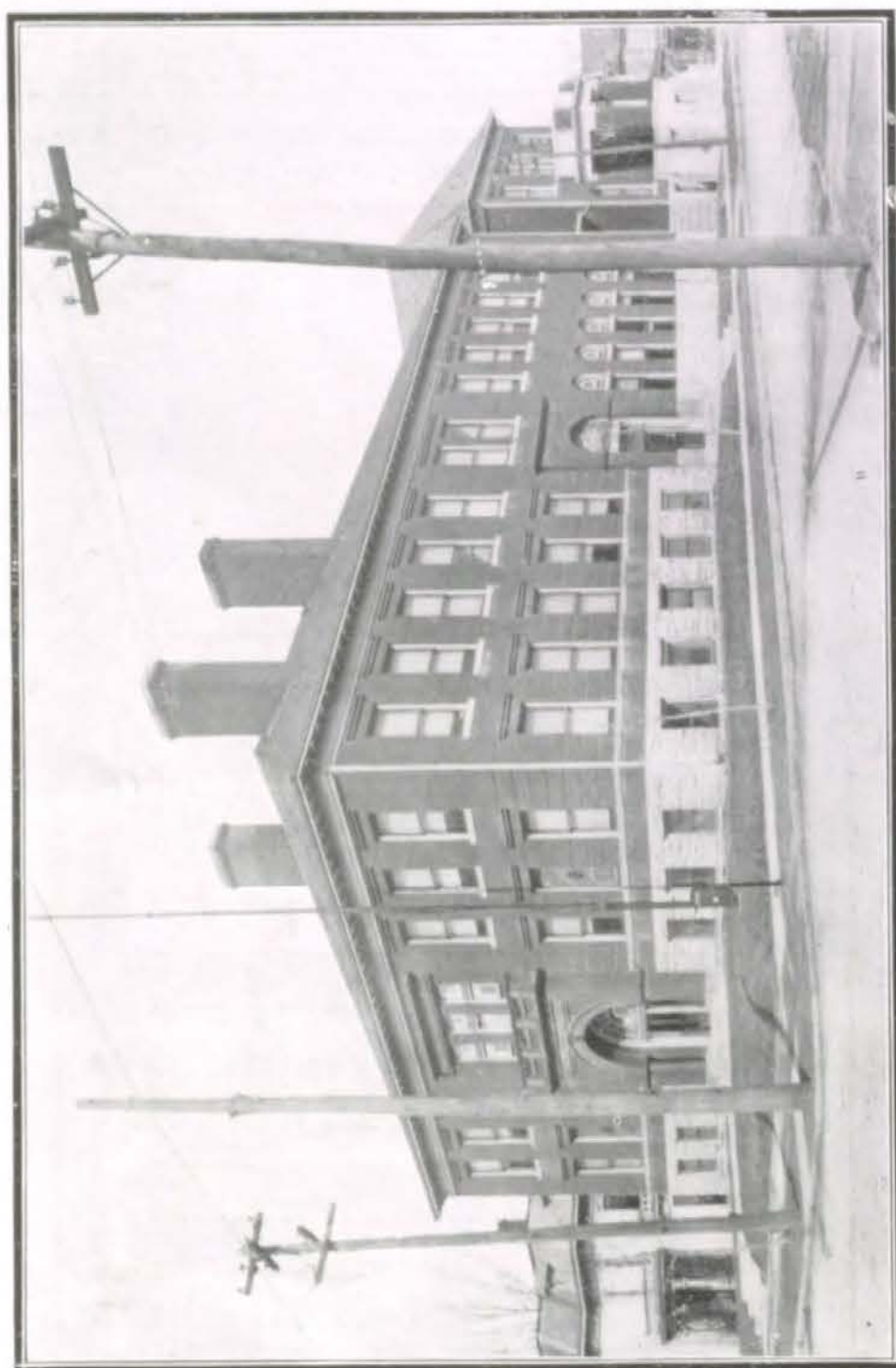




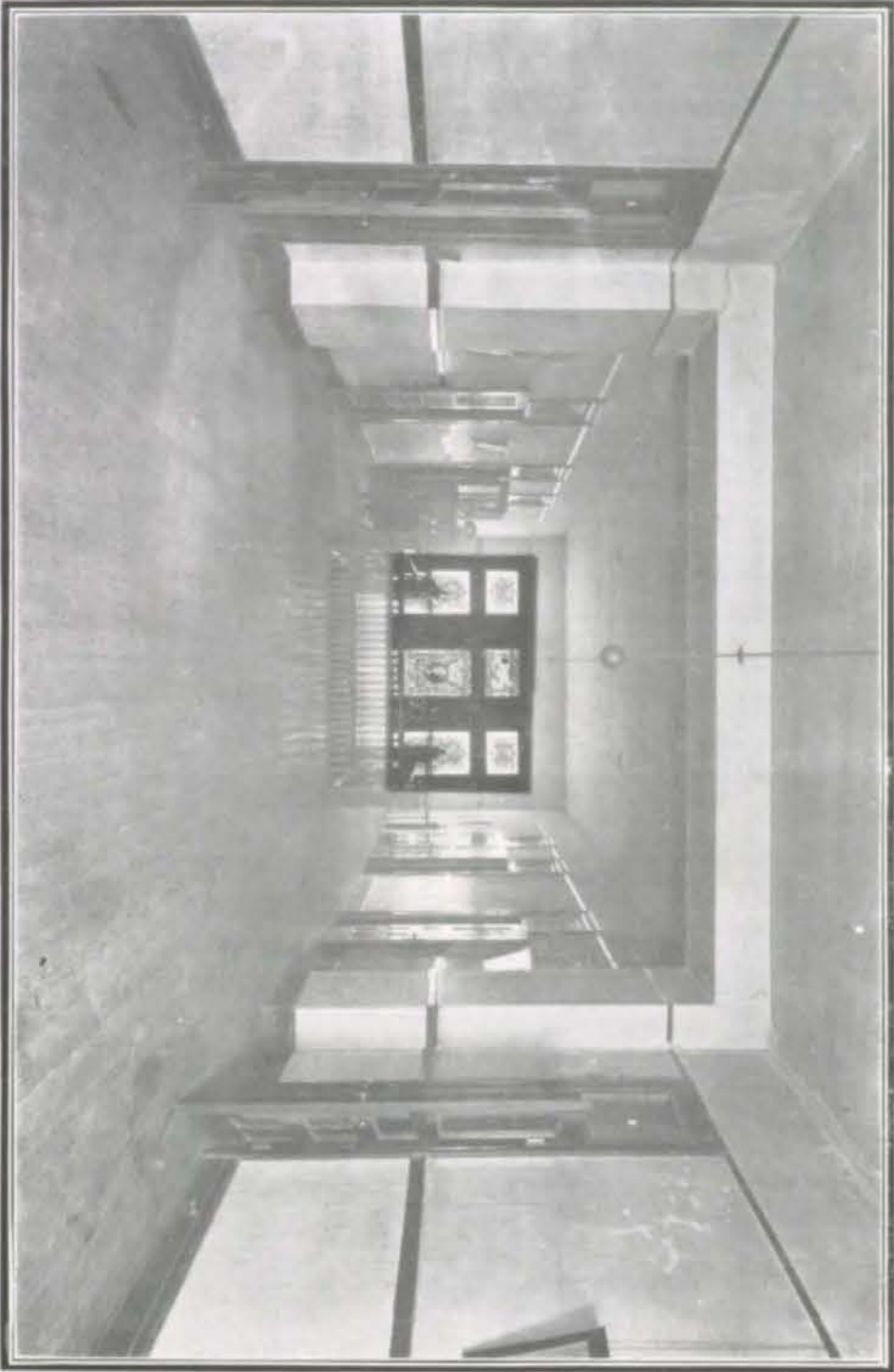
*To Miss Margaret L. Phelps, whose life
and teachings have inspired us to higher
and nobler things, we, the Class of 1914,
dedicate this 14th volume of "The Gleam."*

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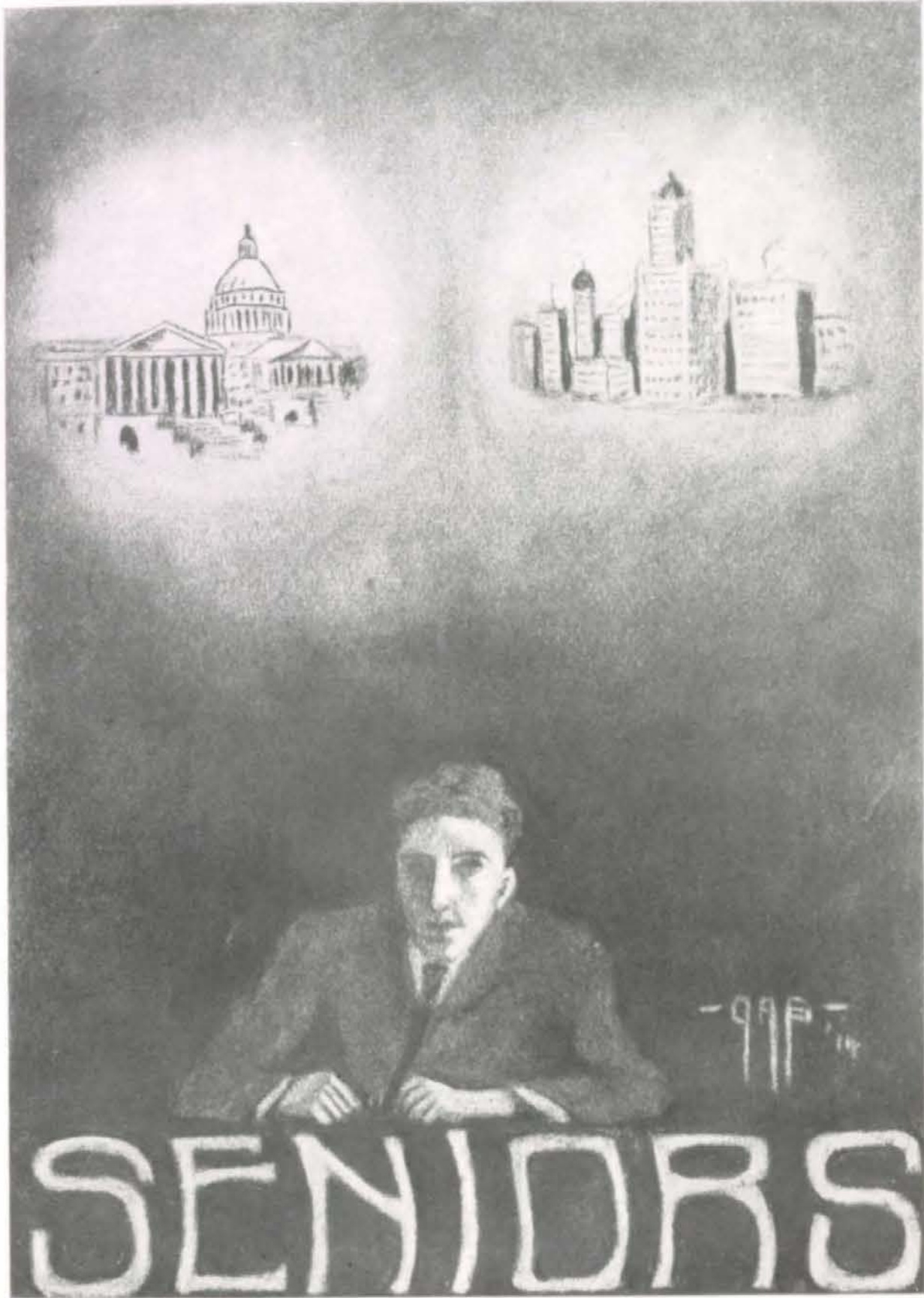
INDEPENDENCE HIGH SCHOOL



MAIN CORRIDOR, HIGH SCHOOL.

Faculty.

| | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| W. L. C. Palmer | Superintendent of City Schools. |
| George S. Bryant | Principal of High School. |
| Matilda D. Brown | Rhetoric and Literature. |
| Mattie McCoy | Composition and Literature. |
| Helen Ross | History 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. |
| Margaret Chiles | Domestic Science. |
| Carrie Wallace | Librarian. |



Senior Officers.



FRANK SEARCYPresident.
Hazel BrackenburyVice-President.
Glaud SmithSecretary.
Reginald CrileyTreasurer.
Roger De WittAttorney-General.
Joe DavisSergeant-at-Arms.

Mascot:—Intellectual Pup.
Colors:—Purple and Gold.

+

YELL.

Brek-e-kee, Kex Koax, Koax,
Brek-e-kee, Kex Koax, Koax,
O-op, O-op, Parabalore
Senior, Seniors, Roar! Roar! Roar!



EMELINE BELL—

Favorite Quotation—"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merits."
Deeds:—"Gleam" staff.

ROLAND BRUNER—

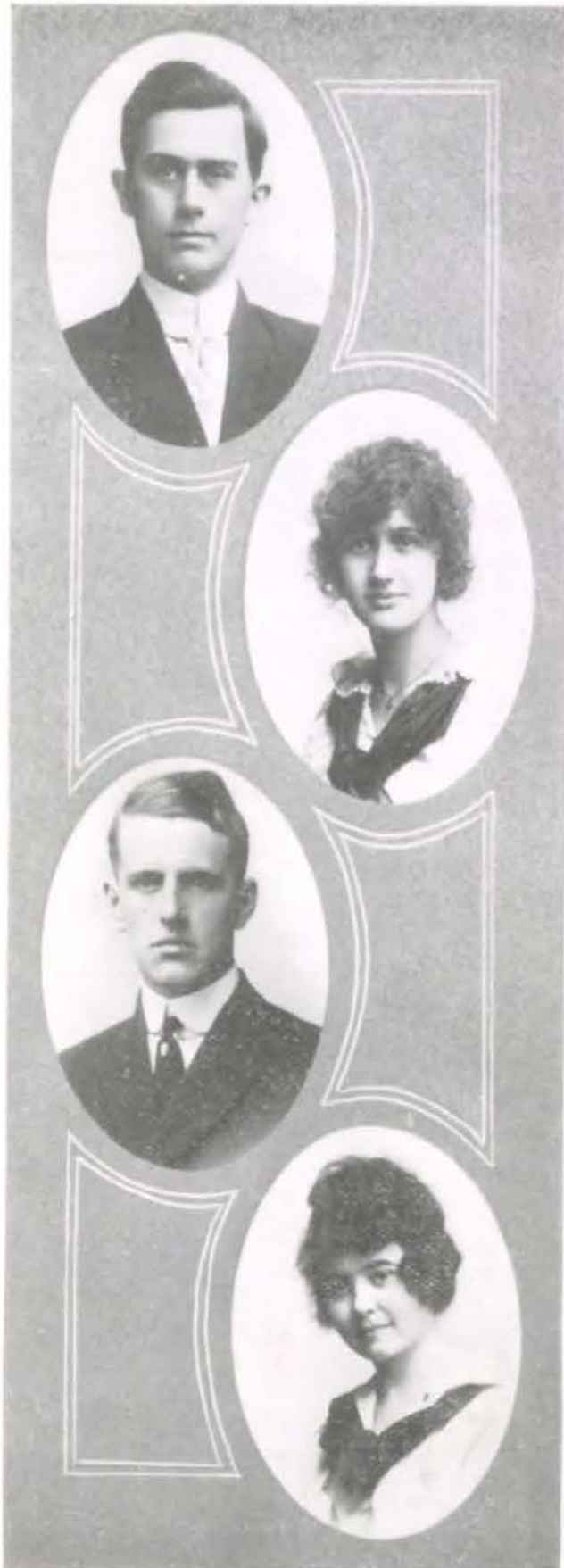
Apt Quotation—"When a lady's in the case, you know all other things give place."
Deeds:—"Home of Forgetfulness," "Pinafore."
Local editor of "Gleam."

HAZEL BRACKENBURY—

Favorite Quotation—"A dimpled smile for every man."
Deeds:—Vice-President of Class, "In India," "Gleam" staff.

GEORGE BARTHOLOMEW—

Favorite Quotation—"A man of varied interests, yet who has time for love."
Deeds:—Art editor of "Gleam," "Home of Forgetfulness," Football.



JOE DAVIS—

Favorite Quotation—"A prudent man concealeth knowledge."

Deeds:—Athletic editor of "Gleam."
Football.

Sergeant-at-arms of Class.

EMMA MAY RUMMEL—

Favorite Quotation—"I chatter, chatter, chatter as I go."

Deeds:—"Home of Forgetfulness."
"Pinafore."

PHILIP HITCHCOCK—

Favorite Quotation—"You Senior has a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much."

Deeds:—"Home of Forgetfulness."
"Gleam" staff.

Football.

President Sophomore Class, 1912.

PAULINE SHOUP—

Favorite Quotation—"Her eyes she disciplined precisely right,

Both when to wink and how to turn the white."

Deeds:—Home of Forgetfulness.
"Gleam Staff."



LUCILLE SULLIVAN—

Favorite Quotation—"An open-hearted maiden, pure and simple."

Deeds:—"Gleam Staff."

REGINALD CRILEY—

Favorite Quotation—"The observed of all observers."

Deeds:—Treasurer of Class.
"Gleam" staff.

ESTHER CARSTENSON—

Favorite Quotation—"The joy of youth and health her cheeks display."

Deeds:—"Home of Forgetfulness."
"Pinafore."

ROGER SKINNER—

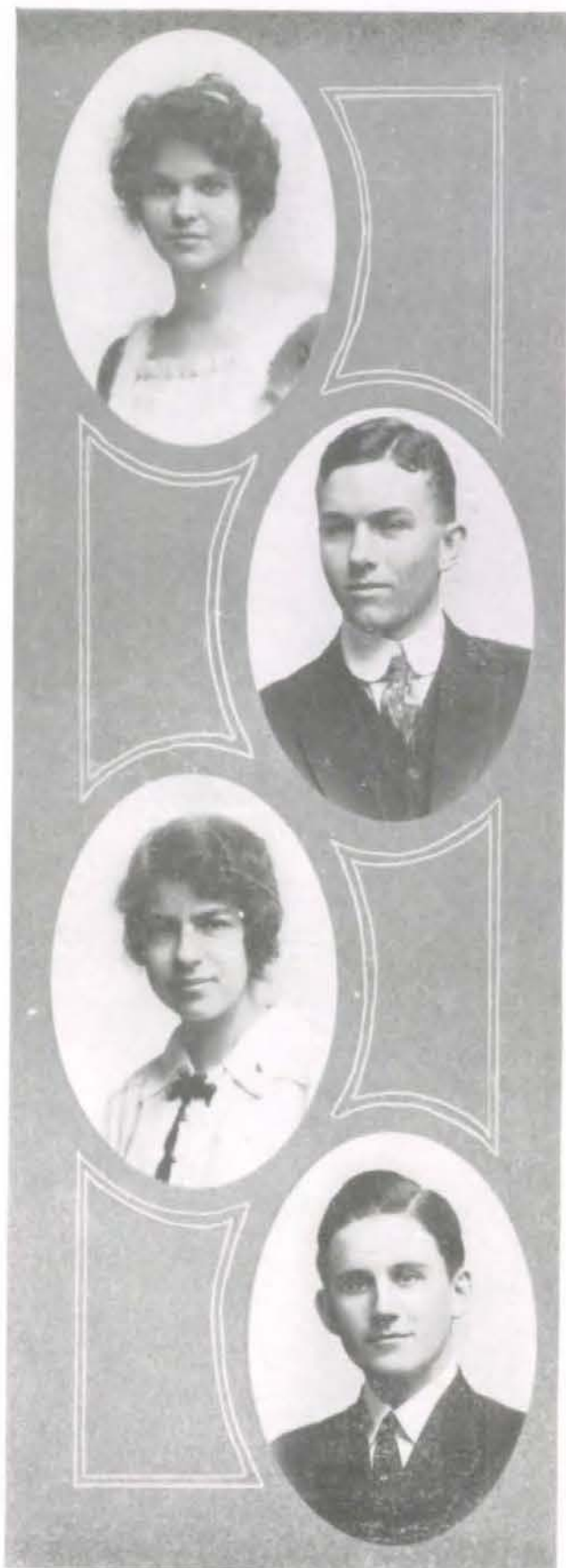
Apt Quotation—"He that complies against his will, is of the same opinion still."

Deeds:—Editor-in-chief of "Gleam."
"Home of Forgetfulness."

Football.

Basketball.

President Junior Class, 1913.



CORA MAY COOK—

Favorite Quotation— "Exceeding wise, fair spoken and coquettish."

Deeds:—Associate ed. of "Gleam."
"Home of Forgetfulness."

GLAUD SMITH—

Favorite Quotation—"Let me be what I am and seek not to alter me."

Deeds:—Business mgr. of "Gleam."
Secretary of Class.

MARGARET BOSTIAN—

Favorite Quotation—"A quiet dignity is hers."

Deed:—Literary editor of "Gleam."
English Essay prize.

ROGER DEWITT—

Favorite Quotation—"As headstrong as an 'Allegory on the banks of the Nile.'"

Deeds:—Home of Forgetfulness."
Attorney-General of Class.



EDITH DUNCAN—

Favorite Quotation—"A soul above trifls."

Deed:—"Gleam" staff.

WILLIE DOUTT—

Apt Quotation—"Oh, wearisome condition of womankind."

JULIA HAGER —

Favorite Quotation—"Eternal sunshine settles on her head."

Deeds:—"Gleam" staff."

DALE TULLER—

Favorite Quotation—"Be silent always, when you doubt your sense and speak though sure with seeming diffidence."

Deed:—"Home of Forgetfulness."



FRANCES BRADY—

Favorite Quotation—"He was her care, her hope and her delight

Most in her thought and ever in her sight."

Deed:—"In India."

ERROL WILLIAMSON—

Favorite Quotation—"He that has red hair will have it till he dyes."

Deed:—Property man of Senior entertainments.

EDITH SLOVER—

Favorite Quotation—"If to her share some female errors fall,

Look at her face and you'll forget them all."

Deed:—"Gleam" staff.

FLORENCE WRAY—

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

Deeds:—"In India."



ELIZABETH M'CULLOUGH—

Favorite Quotation—"As merry as the day is long."

Deeds:—"Pinafore;"

"Gleam Staff."

Second U. D. C. prize.

GERHARDT SHAW—

Favorite Quotation—"Behold a giant am I."

MILDRED LIVESAY—

Favorite Quotation—"A countenance sweet to gaze upon."

DOYLE DAVIDSON—

Favorite Quotation:—"Solemn as sphinx is he."



IZOLA COOK—

Favorite Quotation—"All her paths are peace."

MARGARET COLLINS—

Favorite Quotation—"Small—but Oh, My."

HISTORY OF THE CLASS,

Or

The Struggles and Victories of '14.

The goal has at last been reached! We are the "Is-ers" of the Independence High School! Yet it will not be long until our place will be most graciously surrendered to the clamoring "Will-bes" of the Junior Class, and we shall be obliged to join the great throng of I. H. S. "Has-beens." But nevertheless, we realize that, although we are going into a new and untried field, it is only a partial separation from "Old I. H. S.," for after all, "memory is sorrow's consolation and she will always smile if we will let her." Therefore, on looking o'er "the pages of the past hours" spent in I. H. S. we find many little incidents treasured up.

We were Freshies indeed, and it is certainly an event worth recording. However, long before the year was over, we had forgiven our tormentors and had forgotten that the Seniors had the nerve to laugh at a Freshman. Nevertheless, we were unusual Freshmen, as every one soon found out, for didn't we give our famous (?) Hannibal-Alexander and Caesar-Brutus debates and, in other words, study enough to last us for four years. But this was because we hadn't as yet learned the art of graceful bluffing, which comes, of course, only after years of patient practice and experience.

What happened our Sophomore year? Were we really stars? At any rate, we led in the yelling and we were given the privilege of singing the last verse of the "rounds" in assembly. We also had the honor of sitting in the balcony two years. We didn't study all the time, however, even though we struggled through countless tangles. That year everything was treated as a joke, except algebra, but let us forget about it, as in reality we have. At Christmas we gave part of the program and finally closed the year in triumph.

The Junior year followed, crowded full of events. It was like two years rolled into one. How we did study! Mr. Sexton's old maxim: "Never allow your lessons to interfere with your pleasure," was almost disregarded. Oh, yes; we kept note books galore; all kinds, shapes and sizes. In fact, our high-water mark, in the note book line, was made that year. A chemistry manuel was the cause of one of our number burning midnight oil until 2:30 in the morning. Indeed, we took time to select our class pins, which were certainly beauties. We also won the first prize on the Senior play report and had more representatives in the "Nautical Knot" than any other class. But Fun followed Mr. Toil and it was with flying colors that we gave the Junior Reception and finally closed the year with a gala day at Horseshoe Lake.

How proud we were when we entered the portals of "Old I. H. S." as

THE GLEAM 1914

the Senior Class. At times it seems like ages since we began our High School career, then again it seems only yesterday. However, in the struggle, half our number have dropped out. Therefore we have a right to feel wise and dignified, although there is no end of work for the Senior Class. With our Gleam, we are the busiest of busy; mention our play, we are the proudest of the proud; suggest our class meetings, we are the most peaceable of peaceable—except sometimes, then it is a maelstrom—a tornado—a conflagration.

But now, it is indeed true that soon we will be closing our crowning year and will be leaving both teachers and classmates; therefore, we are now taking the opportunity to "intermix these idle weeds with withering flowers and offer it as a bouquet to any whom it may please."

EDITH DUNCAN.—'14.



THE GLEAMERS.

There was a guy named Skinner,
Who acted not like a beginner.
He ran The Gleam, so it seems,
That the Staff all called him a sinner.

There was a guy named Smith
Who had brains to think with.
He used them they say
And hip, hip, hurray
Showed his head wasn't pith.

There was a guy named "Seed."
He would eat all there was till his head would buzz,
Who was always full of greed.
Then he thought he had done a great deed.

There was a guy name Criley
Who always was bright and smiley.
His head was shaved and like a maniac he behaved
And they said he is unwiley.

PHILIP HITCHCOCK.—'14.

CLASS SONG.

1 May has at last brought its blossoms,
Comrades, the long course is done,
Schooling this happy day closes,
Life with its joys has begun;
Yet all that glitters before us
Hides not our past years from view.
No matter what sky's above us
Still to our school we'll be true.

Chorus:—

Loyal through storm and through sadness,
Loyal through dull days or dark,
Loyal in victory and gladness,
True to our dear old school class.
Nothing our union can sever
Nought shake our friendship serene
Firmly united forever,
Comrades of nineteen fourteen.

2 Sweetly the joy bells are ringing
Telling our labors are past
Birds of the summer are singing,
Roses and rest come at last.
Still in our bliss lurks a pain
Days o'er our memory thronging,
Days that come never again.



THE GLEAM 1914



CHARLES BRADY, JR.
President Juniors.



WINTHROP WILLIAMS.
President Freshmen.



EDDIE HENDERSON.
President Sophomores.



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS.

CHARLES BRADY, President.
Helen Frick, Vice-President.
Iva Etzenhouser, Secretary.
Paul Rannie, Treasurer.
Yell Masters:
Harry Roberts and Richard Thompson,

YELL.

Rick-a-chic-a-boom,
Rick-a-chic-a-boom,
Rack-a-chick-a, Rack-a-chic-a-boom,
Boom—Boom—Boom.
Rip-rah-rah, Rip-rah-ree
Juniors, Juniors, Yes siree!
Mascot—Billy Goat.
Motto—"Semper Paratus."
Colors—Gold and Lavender.

JUNIOR ROLL.

| | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Adams, Ruth | Deyo, Alice | Newton, Gladys |
| Allen, Lily Belle | Donaldson, Carl | Perry, Dexter |
| Anderson, Margaret | Duncan, Ralph | Powell, Mabel |
| Berkley, Mary Jane | Etzenhouser, Iva | Pryor, Ora Jane |
| Boone, Daniel | Evans, Henrietta | Rannie, Paul |
| Brady, Charles | Fitzmorris, Ellene | Roberts, Harry |
| Brown, Raymond | Flanders, Douglas | Ross, Virginia |
| Bruess, Gertrude | Florence, John Dunn | Shook, Hoover |
| Burgess, Charles | Flowers, Dorothy | Smith, Arthur |
| Closson, Clairice | Frick, Helen | Stewart, Elmer |
| Craddock, Lucy | Jones, Caroline | Tharp, Alma |
| Crees, Hazel | Kelley, Mary | Thompson, Richard |
| Crumpler, Leota | Lamon, Martha | Walden, Dollie |
| Custead, Jack | McDonald, Julia | Warnock, Martha |
| Davey, Roscoe | Mc Ginley, Ruth | Wisdom, Lillie |
| Denham, Angela | Martin, Irene | Young, Nina |
| Deyo, George | Murphy, Minnie | |



THE GLEAM 1914



A REFRAIN.

Listen my children and you shall here,
 Not of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
 But of the Junior Class so brave and bold,
 Who did many daring deeds, so I am told.

"Grades" to them were an awful joke,
 The teachers; they often did provoke,
 But what care they; so gay and free,
 While they were "flunking" merrily.

At giving shows they did excel,
 But at yelling they never did very well.
 Why once when Judge, and Ike and Dick—
 Started a yell, the whole class acted like they were sick.

In the Round Table drama they won their fame,
 (Before the classes head was lowered in shame)—
 The acting was good, the costumes swell,
 But Oh! that snow scene was plain — well.

The reception they gave why it was divine.
 The show—Oh! say it was sure fine.
 Robin Hood and his merry men
 Made us laugh—again—and again.

Juniors learn to yell and yell,
 The "School Spirit," please propel—
 Try with all your might and main,
 So for another year it can stand the strain.

But all and all they were a fine class,
 And to them our burdens we will gladly pass.
 We liked you Juniors, we liked you fine,
 And hope to meet you again sometime.

PHILIP HITCHCOCK.—'14.

THE GLEAM 1914



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS.

EDWIN HENDERSON, President.

Julia Ott, Vice-President.

John McCoy, Secretary.

Bennie Sturges, Treasurer.

Mercer Zick, Attorney-General.

Ralph Montague, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Motto—"Vestigila nulla retrorsum."

Mascot—Owl.

Flower—Poppy.

Colors—Red and Black.



 SOPHOMORE ROLL.

| | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Adams, Neta | Gallagher, Pauline | Pennell, Grace |
| Allen, Carroll | Gault, Edom | Phipps, Read |
| Anderson, Evangeline | Guibert, Gladys | Prewitt, Anna |
| Atkins, Calvin | George, Hollis | Pryor, Bruce |
| Baldwin, Ernestine | Gillespie, Clarence | Richards, Vivian |
| Berry, Sarah Cook | Givan, Louise | Robinson, Martha |
| Booth, Miriam | Hagler, Louise | Rummel, William |
| Brady, William | Hall, Pauline | Shelton, Elizabeth |
| Brown, Bessie | Halleran, Hazel | Shepherd, Flossie |
| Browning, Georgia | Henderson, Edwin | Shimfessel, Augusta |
| Bryant, John | Henson, Zora | Shore, Ray |
| Bryson, Phyllis | Hickman, Blanche | Shoup, Edith |
| Bundschi, Pauline | Higdon, Margaret | Simms, Jessie |
| Cahill, Mary | Howell, Marie | Smith, Ray |
| Caldwell, Thomas | Huff, Lula | Smith, Dale |
| Casper, Myra | Hughes, Frank | Smith, Inez |
| Child, Mary | Hueston, Logan | Smith, Richard C. |
| Christman, Glenna | Jacobs, Alonzo | Smith, Marcine |
| Christie, Latetia | Jones, James Renick | Soapes, Gladys |
| Clark, Dorothy | Kaler, Elmer | Sterrett, Bessie |
| Clements, Lorine | Kelly, Madeline | Stewart, Byron Arthur |
| Clements, Margaret | Kennedy, Roger | Strayer, Ruth |
| Coffin, Jean | King, Pearl | Sturges, Ben Enoch |
| Cogswell, Margaret | Krahl, David | Swain, Pearl |
| Colby, Elsie | Lauder, Gertrude | Talhman, Theresa |
| Corder, Pauline | Langton, Alice | Thomason, Burdette |
| Crick, Madeline | Livesay, Strother | Twente, Esther |
| Crum, Ruth | Lovejoy, Burt | Vaughn, Leona |
| David, Lorene | Mann, Hazel | Walker, Leopold |
| Duncan, Doughlass | McCoy, John Porter | Watson, Gomer |
| Eisenhart, Naomi | McKee, Helen | Weed, Vivian |
| Etzenhouser, Lester | McBride, Kenneth | Westwood, Howard |
| Etzenhouser, Russell | McCoy, Eleanor | White, Helen |
| Flournoy, Eleanor | Modie, Nell | Whitney, Dorsey |
| Ford, Tirey | Montague, Ralph | Wood, Helen |
| Ford, Milton | Orrick, Edith | Woodward, Ewing |
| Gabriel, Charnelcie | Ott, Julia | Yale, Floyd |
| Gabriel, Frances | Owens, Virgil | Young, Jessie |
| Gaines, Temperance | Payne, Gertrude | Zick, J. Mercer |

THE GLEAM 1914



WITH APOLOGIES TO POE.

So I am told a Sophomore bold
 In sunshine and in shade
 Had journeyed long,
 Singing a song
 In search of an English grade.

But he grew old,
 This Sophomore bold,
 And o'er his heart a shade
 Fell as he found
 No where around
 The trace of an English grade.

So I am told
 This Sophomore bold
 In sunshine or in shade
 Will never pass from the Sophomore class
 Because of a flunking grade.

—By One Who Knows.



FRESHMEN CLASS OFFICERS.

WINTHROP WILLIAMS, President.

Jake Waggoner, Vice-President.

Francis Ross, Secretary.

Mae Bowdle, Treasurer.

Sara J. Cushwa, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Louis Compton, Attorney-General.

Galen Dykes, Yell Master.

Colors—Purple and Gold.

Flower—Daisy.

Mascot—Black Cat.



FRESHMEN ROLL.

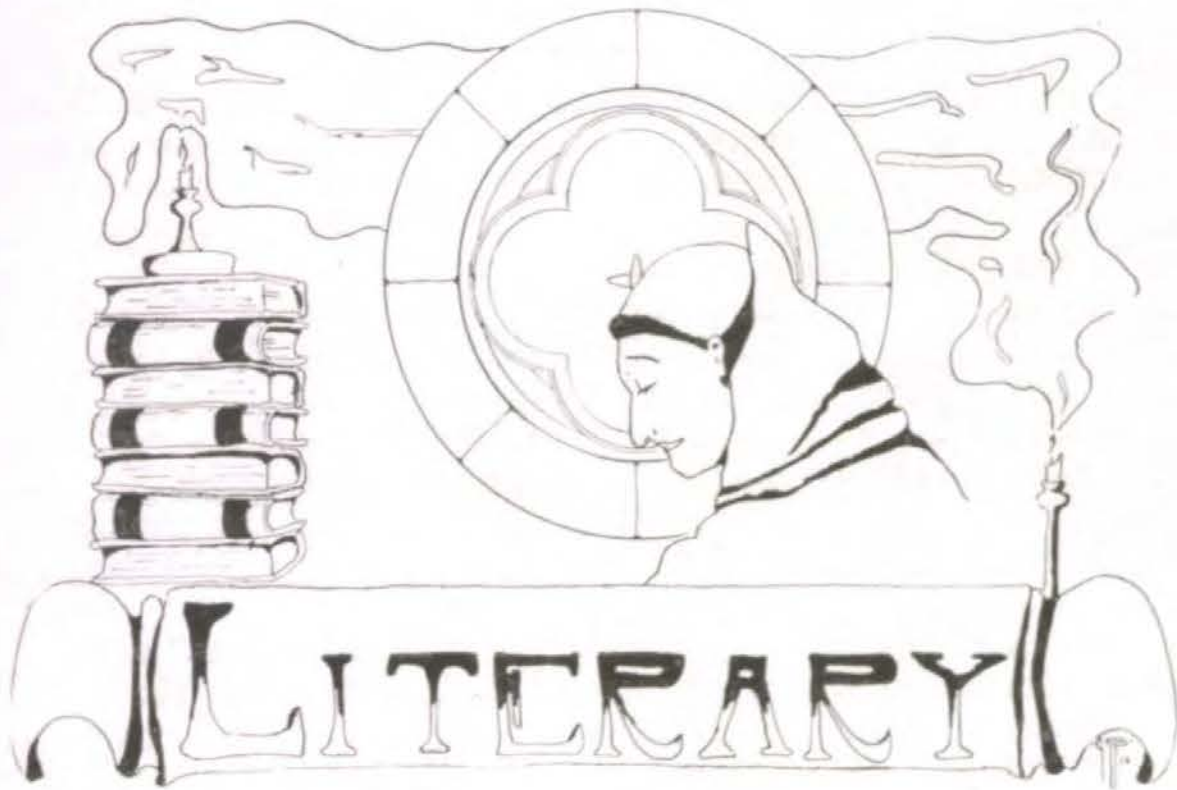
| | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| Baker, Nettie | Fields, Esther | Murphy, Harold |
| Bartholomew, Pauline | Fitzmorris, Margaret | Noland, Julia |
| Boone, Beulah | Fontain, Florence | Pendleton, Wiley |
| Borgman, Eugenia | Ford, Margaret | Porter, Anna Bell |
| Bostian, Lawrence | Forbes, Harry | Porter, Julia |
| Bowdle, Mae | Hall, Bryan | Powell, William |
| Booker, Ella Lee | Halleran, Fern | Powell, Russell |
| Booth, Emerson | Hands, Floris | Purcell, Nellie |
| Brown, Irene | Hands, Arthur | Ragland, Charline |
| Brown, Roberta | Hands, Raymond | Ragland, Jack |
| Bunyar, Eleanor | Hedges, Mary | Rice, Beva |
| Chandler, Frank | Hentzen, Stella | Rider, Nellie |
| Charlton, Estelle | Huff, Grover | Robinson, Joseph |
| Christopher, Lucille | Hunt, Russell | Ross, Frances |
| Closson, Gladys | Johnson, Jeannette | Sheldon, Alice |
| Coffin, George | Jones, Roy | Skinner, Erma |
| Cogshall, Elmer | Jones, Estelle | Sollars, Ashton |
| Compton, Louis | Jones, Pauline | Smith, Elsie |
| Cook, Anna | Jones, Mary | Stewart, Mary |
| Cook, Lee | Kelley, Ruth | Stout, Lee |
| Curtis, Orville | Kerr, Lucille | Taylor, Paul |
| Cushwa, Sara Jane | Knoepker, Melvin | Tidswell, Bernice |
| Daniels, Margaret | Krueger, Meta | Trimble, Faye |
| Denham, Edna | Lovejoy, Frederick | Waggoner, John |
| Deyo, Florence | Luff, Agness | Weeks, Frances |
| Dougherty, Mary Frances | McBride, Bessie | Werner, Gladys |
| Dunne, Charles | McCullough, Eleanor | Williams, Winthrop |
| Dykes, Galen | Morgan, Willie | Worthington, Bessie |
| Elliott, Gladys | Morgan, Joe | Yankee, Compton |
| Faust, Christian | Murer, Augusta | |
| Ferguson, Caroline | Murphy, Helen | |

THE GLEAM 1914



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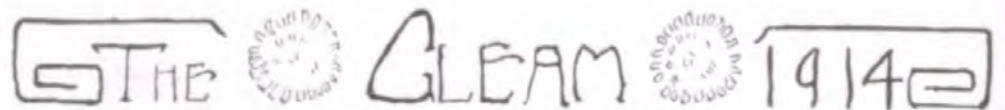
CHRISTMAS PROGRAM.

One of the best programs that has been given this year in the High School Auditorium was the Christmas program, given by the Junior class. Before the curtain arose, we were delightfully favored by an instrumental duet, a reading and a vocal solo. Then in a short speech Mr. Charles Brady, President of the Junior class, gave us an insight into the remaining part of the entertainment entitled, "A Case of Suspension."

This was followed by the little comedy itself, a one-act one-hour-play, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. It was different in character from any of the Christmas programs given heretofore. It was, in a way, connected with school life. We did not have a Santa Claus to distribute the presents, but instead a committee brought in the clothes basket that was used in the play and generously gave from it appropriate little gifts to the faculty and different members of the school.

These gifts, as well as the play, created much laughter. Indeed, the whole program was a great success.

HENRIETTA EVANS.—'15.



PROF. BRYANT IN ASSEMBLY.

The High School students have been very much entertained during our assembly period each morning by the instructive exercises of our professor.

One of the unique entertainments of the year was the quotation contests of Prof. Bryant against the different classes. First he challenged the Senior and Junior classes and at another time withstood the "wordy onslaughts" of the Sophomores, the largest class in school in point of numbers. It seemed simply marvelous that the professor was capable of giving quotation after quotation, and could tell the author, the occasion and sometimes add a word or two of introduction to make the quotation clearer. His quotations were all high and lofty in tone, and for the most part they were selected from classic literature. The pupils all conceded that Prof. Bryant could hold his own against the student body when it came to matching quotations.

In February, Victor Hugo's masterpiece, "Les Miserables," one of the greatest novels ever written, was shown at the Lewis Theatre. The students' interest was kindled in the work, so Prof. Bryant started relating to us the story of this great work. Naturally, those that saw the pictures were very much interested and appreciated it all the more. Since that time the professor has related it to us, step by step, giving a part each day, and every one is greatly interested as shown by the fact that the pupils want him to continue each time.

As a whole, the talks of Professor Bryant in assembly have been very instructive, entertaining and beneficial to us, and we will long remember the bright hours we spent there.

ROGER SKINNER.—'14.



THE CONTEST OF ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS.

The students of the high school decided to have a contest of assembly programs. Each class was to give a program on a certain day of the week for four weeks. The first four days of each week were given respectively to the Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshmen classes, while Friday was offered to a group of boys from various classes who have organized themselves under the name of X. Y. Z.

The Seniors opened the contest with a Robert E. Lee exercise, commemorating the anniversary of his birth. This first exercise established a precedent for the class and in their following programs they attempted to keep up

the high standard which they had set. Their selections of "Amateur Acrobatic Feats," "A Bachelor's Reverie" and the "Rock of Ages" pantomime gave both amusement and dignity to their series of programs.

The Junior programs, in direct contrast to the majority of other classes, appealed to the lighter and more humorous nature of the school. In their "At the Movies" and "Realistic Reading," this was brought about by presenting the ridiculous. Their musical program, however, was deeper than its predecessors, and their last exercise, a sketch entitled "This Paper for Sale" was praiseworthy from the standpoint of plot, staging and acting. The colored editor with his characteristic wit was thoroughly enjoyed.

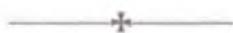
The Sophomores gave programs highly commendable in character. The choice of such amusements as their flower drill, tableaux, and scene from "The Bluebird" cannot be mistaken. The Sophomores only lacked enough ambition and practice to have carried out their ideals perfectly!

The Freshmen class grasped the opportunity to present themselves before the school in their real light, and they indeed opened the eyes of the school with their musical talent. Three of their exercises consisted largely of music. The last one in particular, given in pantomime and tableaux form, in honor of St. Valentine's day was a fitting climax for the series of programs. "My Wild Irish Rose," the closing number, was beautifully rendered and was encored with much enthusiasm.

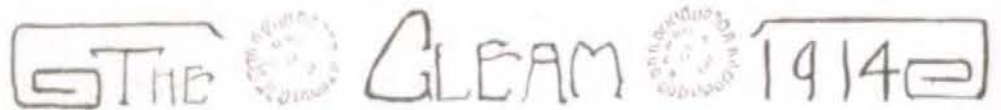
The X. Y. Z. Club started in their original sketches, especially in "By the Eye that Never Sleeps." Everyone was aroused by the tragic element and the spectacular effect of their performances.

When the programs had all been given the members of the faculty, who had been chosen as judges of the contest, had some little trouble in deciding who had won. One of the rules of the contest had been that no class was to receive outside help, but the judges found that each of the classes had received more or less help and that consequently there had been no contest but merely a series of programs. All of the classes, however, felt that they had furnished much amusement and pleasure for the school, as well as promoting the class and school spirit.

LUCILLE SULLIVAN.—'14.



"Be strong; we are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift."



MR. IKENBERRY'S VISIT.

On the morning of March 4th the pupils of the High School were entertained in assembly by a talk from Mr. A. E. Ikenberry, the Farm Adviser of this county. This was the first appearance of Mr. Ikenberry before the High School Assembly and was especially appreciated on account of the increased interest that is being taken in the agricultural movement and its study in our school.

Mr. Ikenberry, in his talk, urged a broader education and insisted upon each and every pupil obtaining such an education as would fit him for a particular vocation in life.

His talk was very interesting and was much enjoyed by all. The school gave him a special vote of thanks and a cordial invitation to talk to us again.

LUCILLE SULLIVAN.—'14.

GLEAM BENEFIT.

On Friday evening, April 3, 1914, the Gleam Benefit, a very delightful vaudeville entertainment, was given in the High School Auditorium by the members of the different classes, under the auspices of the business managers of The Gleam. It was to supplement the revenues of The Gleam.

Many days before the entertainment the unique advertising attracted the attention and aroused the curiosity of everyone. They came, they saw, they laughed, and if one may judge by the applause, they were captivated.

By this entertainment the High School showed that it contained a great many good actors, good singers, graceful dancers, and expert tumblers and trapeze performers. All that was needed was a chance to show their ability.

It sure was a great success from all points of view. Everything was pulled off "perfectly." The audience showed great enthusiasm and interest in the work of the amateurs, which in many respects would have passed for that of professionals.

MARGARET BOSTIAN.—'14.

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime.—
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

—Lowell.

"SCHOOL SPIRIT" ALIVE.

The "School Spirit" of the Independence High School, which was "dead," and just about to be buried, was revived and given a new lease of life in an extraordinary manner at the assembly October 10, 1913. A number of rollicking, noisy boys did this in a sketch entitled, "The School Spirit Awakening."

The assembly period was turned over by Prof. Bryant to the Athletic Association. It opened with the playing of rag time in a very slow and solemn manner on the piano by Roland Bruner.

Suddenly the door at the rear of the hall opened, and a strange procession filed in. Down the aisle marched "Prof. Slivers" in the person of Philip Hitchcock, and his escort, "Squill," who was recognized as Frank Searcy. Prof. Slivers carried an open Bible in his hand, and Squill trundled a wheelbarrow in which was a corpse. Although the dead one was almost completely covered by megaphones and pennants instead of the customary flowers, he was recognized as Reginald Criley, who typified the "School Spirit" as being dead or nearly so.

Wheeling the dead one upon the stage, Prof. Slivers began a eulogy which was interrupted at intervals by the sobbing of Squill. Then a noisy crowd of boys burst into the door, laughing and yelling in a very unbecoming manner. The professor rebuked them, telling them this was too solemn an occasion to cut up that way, as the "School Spirit" was about to be buried.

"We can revive it; we will show you!" yelled the boys. They hastily summoned Dr. Cy Fitznoodle, whom we recognized as Roger Skinner, up on the stage. The doctor diagnosed the trouble as a case of "superblumflunacius of the goozlerbox." "A little ginger will help him," the doctor remarked, and proceeded to administer some. He also left a bottle labeled "Pep," advising frequent doses, and after undergoing a few massages, the corpse began to revive.

This was greeted with shouts of joy by the school, and the effect upon the corpse seemed electric. After a few outbursts of enthusiasm he revived completely.

Prof. Sexton then made a talk on football, asking everyone to tell everyone to come to the first game of the season this afternoon, between the I. H. S. and the Olathe, Kas., H. S. The affair ended with a yell:

"We can, we can; we know we can;
 We know we can; we must;
 We know we can beat Olathe;
 Beat Olathe or bust!"

ROGER SKINNER.—'14.

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PROFESSOR BRYANT'S BIRTHDAY.

"We know him now ;
 How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
 With what solemn repression of himself,
 And in what limits, and how tenderly ;
 But thro' all this tract of years
 Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."
 —Tennyson.

Thus, in this beautiful and fitting quotation, heading the Junior's program on April the 2nd, may be embodied all the great and pure characteristics of the noble man, whom we have known and loved during our pleasant high school days.

As everyone, having any connection with the High School knows, it has been the annual custom for one of the classes of the school to remember, in some way, this day on which Professor Bryant was born, so naturally the established precedent was followed this year—by the ever-ready and willing Juniors.

We rather expected something unusual from them (because they are and always have been a startling class) and then too, they had been working quite diligently for sometime, and had postively refused to tell anyone the nature of their undertaking. Consequently when assembly was called, every person was in a high state of curiosity, and even Professor Bryant himself, seemed to be a little bit nervous (because he knew absolutely no more about it than did we). And this spirit seemed to be quelled only a degree by the programs which were distributed and which indicated that the entertainment was to consist of selected scenes from the "Idylls of the King."

The opening scene or the wedding scene from the "Coming of Arthur" was enough to assure us that the entire program would be one of excellence. Following this, came the garden scene from "Launcelot and Elaine," next the Abby scene from "Guinevere" and finally the scene from the "Passing of Arthur." The skill and originality displayed in the arrangement of the scenery truly indicated that the most minute detail had been thoughtfully planned.

Perhaps the wedding scene best illustrated the ability of the Juniors as a whole. For in this the atmosphere had to be almost wholly created by the grace, calmness and dignity of those taking part. Moreover, each character appeared to be thoroughly into his role, performing it without the least hesitation. Then the stately dance following the ceremony did a great deal to-

wards setting off their merits, as well as giving an opportunity for displaying the apparel of the Knights and Ladies.

These magnificent, old fashioned costumes successfully accomplished their purpose in the scenes, because they not only made the sketches more attractive and real, but they pictured the characters to a better advantage. But undoubtedly, the point most noticeable about the dress was the way in which it harmonized with the color schemes of the surrounding scenes. So again, this goes to prove how very thoughtful the Junior's must have been in their preparation. This last point was especially noticeable in the Abbey scene, where everything was either black or of a somber hue, thereby creating the effect which was required for this scene.

Besides these more important points many smaller details had been worked out to their fullest extent; for the trumpets and candles were just as effective as many of the other things. In the last scene, we saw even the barge, in which the King was placed and tranquilly drawn away. For this, they should be given special credit, as it was all devised by themselves, and as the atmosphere here was much more difficult to produce.

As the curtain fell on this scene, the same idea respecting this entertainment of the Junior Class must have coursed through the mind of everyone present, for they had indeed won a place for themselves, for the reason that their program having been selected from a great piece of imperishable literature, would always live in the memory of those who had witnessed it.

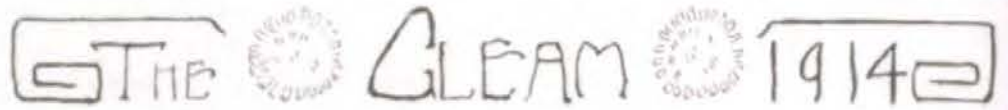
The program was indeed a beautiful ceremonial in itself and performance, which involved emotion, speech and action. But surely, these things are trivial in comparison to the more beautiful spirit which must have prompted it, and which brought credit to them, to the school and to Independence.

Following the entertainment, the teachers and the classes expressed their sentiments to Mr. Bryant by the flowers which they presented to him through Professor Palmer.

Then in a delightful response to the expressions of regard from his friends, Mr. Bryant said, "That yearly there came to him remembrances from those, who always thought of him with the spring's sweet return." He compared the morning's program to a large pink sea-shell, which instead of echoing the sound of the sea, reverberated with the love of those pupils who had passed from the school out into the world.

We were dismissed after he had given us the secret of his goodness which was: "I love you all, I love you." That love which he distributes and in return receives is the largest blessing life holds for him; so may the love of his pupils whom he has steered through four years of life, always surround him, even when all that is of the earth shall have perished and passed away.

PAULINE SHOUP.—'14.



THE JUNIOR RECEPTION.

The Junior Reception! The very words themselves are interesting. To those who have not yet joined the ranks of the Alumni they sound with a thrill of expectation, but to those of us who have graduated, they bring back pleasant memories of very happy occasions.

Of course, when we were Juniors we gave a reception, and it was a great deal of fun and hard work. But the crowning event of our school life was the night when we were the guests of honor at a reception given to us by the Junior Class.

We waited very impatiently for the time to come; and when the night did finally arrive, we felt that we had suddenly been transported to a fairy land of flowers. We found our familiar class-rooms bowers of beauty, decorated in the green and gold of the Juniors. The walls were hung with college pennants, soft rugs covered the floors and the air was as fragrant as spring blossoms.

We were formally greeted and made welcome by a receiving line, representing the Juniors. At first it seemed quite an ordeal to pass down this long line, but they made us feel that they were glad to see us, so we soon felt quite at home.

It was very pleasant to be all together for this social time before we left behind our high school days. This was the very last time that our class was to be all together before we said good-bye on commencement evening. Then each must go his way out in the busy world, perhaps never to see his fellow school-mates again. It was a sad time and yet a very happy one, for youth is gay, and the pleasant occasion completely overshadowed any regrets.

Soon we were invited to go to the auditorium where we were entertained with a most enjoyable program, consisting of music, dancing, acrobatic "stunts" and a very amusing sketch.

Again we found ourselves in the receiving rooms being served with dainty and delicious refreshments. All too soon for us, the faithful old clock in the hall told us it was time to go, so very reluctantly we departed, with expressions of appreciation to the Junior's for our delightful evening.

We certainly did have a good time, and we fully appreciated the honor paid us. There have been other receptions, but none like this one, for of course, the last is always the best.

NANCY LEE COGSWELL.—'13.

THANKSGIVING PROGRAM.

The Thanksgiving program of November 26, 1913, was presented by the Seniors, and was very unique and interesting. The stage setting was very appropriate, it being decorated by the gifts and contributions of pupils of all four of the ward schools and the High School.

Before this time contributions had been asked of the High School pupils only. These many good and useful things were turned over to the Provident Charities Association.

The program was opened by Professor Sexton presenting twelve of the football boys with a big "Black I" on a red felt background. These showed up very beautifully on the sweaters and the boys were very proud of these letters, which they earned during the football season.

The next number was an instrumental solo by Margaret Bostain. Philip Hitchcock recited "Wilson's Proclamation" as a Thanksgiving sermon. Next was a vocal solo by Helen Bridges. Following this was an original talk on "Thanksgiving" by Roger Skinner, which was very fitting to the occasion.

But the unusual feature of the program, which held our keenest interest, was a pie-eating contest. One from each class participated. They were: Philip Hitchcock, Harry Roberts, Terey Ford and Charles Dunne. The Judges were Professors Sexton and Hifner, who decided that Harry Roberts was the victor.

This exciting contest completed the day's program and we were dismissed for the rest of the day.

RUTH ADAMS.—'15.



"Those who live on the mountain have a longer day than those who live in the valley. Sometimes all we need to brighten our day is to rise a little higher."

Southern Womanhood.

U. D. C. Prize Essay.

“O woman! Lovely woman! Nature made thee
 To temper man, we had been brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair, to look like you.
 There's in you all that we believe in Heaven,
 Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love.”

Among the great world questions of to-day, among the problems of universal interest and the subjects of investigation of all great reformers, educators and statesmen, the question of womanhood stands foremost. How many of the masterpieces of our great writers have been written on this subject! What a large number of lines written by our poets tell of women's ideals, their faults, virtues and charms! Women embody all our morals, our faith and true social life. And what women are truer, braver, and more persevering than the women of our Southland? Where could we find women of higher ideals or of nobler thought? They have shown their true spirit in every age, but have brought it out most clearly in that heart-rending struggle in which our nation fought against itself. The women of that time may truly say of themselves, “No Roman matron, no Spartan mother ever thrilled more to the task of supporting her warriors than did we women of the Southland.”

In Mrs. Clay-Clopton, of Alabama, we have one of the finest types of the Southern woman in this period of our history. There is no other woman of her time who has filled so powerful a place politically, whose belleship has been so long sustained, or whose personal magnetism has swayed others so completely, and so universally, as those of Mrs. Clay. In the unrestful days at the capitol which preceded the civil war, her winning personality was such as to cause even those who claimed to be enemies of her section, to be covetous of her smiles. Her unique courage, her beautiful optimism, and her inspiring faith caused her to be admired by all. When her husband was in prison, held on a charge of having taken a part in the assassination of Lincoln, Mrs. Clay was ever ready to aid him, to plead with the authorities at Washington in his behalf, and to declare his innocence to the national officials. Being strong and brave, and trying to keep up both his

and her own spirits, she waited patiently until the time of his release, and then welcomed him with happiness of heart. And yet, Mrs. Clay was not a self-centered woman. She saw good in those outside her family circle, and outside her "section." Any self-control or courtesy shown by others always made her thrill with admiration for them. Even at the ripe age of almost eighty years, Mrs. Clay entered into the work of aiding humanity, with a heart as light as a girl's, and a sustained energy and enthusiasm that have been as remarkable as they are unparalleled. Mrs. Clay is just a type of the Southern woman of that period, for there were hundreds of women all over the South with as great a courage and as noble a heart as she had.

To what must we attribute the wonderful display of industry and patient endurance of the greatest earthly trials by multitudes of Southern women during the war? How must we account for the marvelous rebound of ambition and energy that, in the years since the close of the war, have virtually placed the younger womanhood in all of these States in control of the new order of Southern society? The reasons for this condition must be sought in the environment of the woman's lot, during the generations before this. To the women who lived in the South long before the civil war we must give credit for having exerted the influence which was so clearly brought out later.

Take Miss Evelyn Byrd, America's greatest Colonial belle, the fair and innocent girl who met and loved Charles Mordaunt, as an example of the Southern woman before the war. Mr. Mordaunt had been a dear friend of Evelyn's father, but when something passed between them to change him into his bitterest enemy, Mr. Byrd refused to sanction the love affair, and brought his daughter away from London, and back to his old home in Virginia, regardless of the triumphs she was leaving. Accustomed to obeying her father in every way, the sad girl made no remonstrance, but accepted the fate which robbed her of her life. Her beauty, if changed at all, was made greater by the suffering heart which it hid. As her father never withdrew his tyranny, though he saw her life slipping away, day by day, neither did Evelyn ever falter in her love for Charles Mordaunt; and, after a few pitiful years, the light of the Byrd home went out all too soon, and Evelyn was but a memory.

The days that she knew belonged to a unique and beautiful period, which produced minds and masters, belles and beauties, in whom vanity was blended with bravery with such wonderful results that American women are what they are to-day.

Every Southern woman of the present generation has listened many times during her life to the stories of women and girls, who were themselves parts of a civilization never surpassed in the history of the Anglo-Saxon

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race. A civilization whose grace, charm and fineness have been the theme for many stories told to little Southern girls.

The blended traits of gentle dignity, kindness of heart, love of humanity, wide charity, and zeal for good works found full development in hundreds of Southern women at the time of the civil war. During these terrible years they came to the front as never before, and, like American womanhood in every great emergency, revealed qualities not only of endurance but also of great executive ability. Hundreds of delicate women, reared in the lap of luxury, made their own homespun dresses, sewed heavy woolen goods for soldiers and made every sacrifice that was possible to aid their people.

Women have often inspired heroism and knightly deeds, but have had small share in actual conflicts. It has been their portion to suffer in silence at home, to mourn the dead, to hear of sufferings which they could not alleviate and to grieve or rejoice over results to which they had contributed only sympathy and prayers. But the story of the civil war will never be fully or fairly written if the achievements of women in it are untold. They organized great charities, pushed on sanitary enterprises and were angels of mercy in a thousand terrible situations. Every one, thoughtful and true, must admire the pride, loyalty and strength of character shown by them throughout these years.

How painful and embarrassing to the wife of a Southern soldier were the questions which arose. If she remained at home, there was the constant suspense, the ceaseless anxiety, the apprehension of evil tidings, which might reach her any minute. These filled her waking hours and even in her sleep her dreams were haunted with visions of terror and coming sorrow. If she accompanied her husband, she had to share all the hardships of camp life, and her delicacy and refinement for a time had to be laid aside. Her husband returned from the war, if indeed, he returned, broken-hearted and old, to live, if he lived, amid the ruin and desolation of a land once so proud and so rich. She lost much, the Southern woman of that day, but she also retained much. Impoverished as she became, she left to her children and grand-children as their inheritance the brave form and the bright mind, and the great heart, all that the world calls "rank."

The Southern woman of yesterday did much to bring about this better condition of things which we now enjoy. The Southern woman of to-day is endeavoring, as Southern women traditionally have endeavored, to bear herself bravely, to do her part. She is both proud and loyal and the woman voiced the sentiment of all the South who cried: "It is not loyalty which makes us proud; it is pride which makes us loyal!" And who could help being proud to belong to a State which could claim as its own such families as made the South what it was and whose women have borne themselves

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always, even amid the downfall of their country, as conquerors, not as conquered?

Women living in the South to-day are taking the initiative in helping their States to forget the war, and in urging the whole South to look, not backward into the past, but forward, toward the future. They are great promoters of education and the temperate, calm, earnest demeanor of women, both in the schools and in university life, have awakened admiration and respect for all. The new education movement brought into existence a vast number of women, as well educated as men, hard-working, persevering and capable, who could hold their ground where a sound education was the foundation of success. They now have an ample scope for gratifying their ambition and energy, as members of school boards, factory inspectors and sanitary inspectors. They also form an important section of the teaching profession in the State schools, and play an increasingly valuable part in all research work.

Such is the Southern woman of to-day, an honest, loyal American citizen. And yet, however loyal she may have grown to the American flag, the Confederate flag cannot lose its honored place in her heart and in her home. She is an American woman—an American woman of the South.

The beautiful old civilization has vanished, and in its stead is rising up the new civilization with its promise of a greater and nobler beauty. If the former charm is lost, a truer loveliness is being found, for the women of the South are slowly gaining in public spirit and extending their love and their loyalty beyond one native State to the whole United States. They are becoming, not less Southern, but more American.

CAROLINE JONES.—'15.



"'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined."

—Pope.

How The School Got a Gym.

Prize Story.

It was the night of the meeting of the Mystic Cabal, and the twelve boys, high school boys, of which the club was composed, were assembled in the club-rooms. Their president, Tom Kinzel, broke the silence by throwing a pillow at one of the boys and saying, "Say, what's a high school without a 'gym.' I want to know?"

Bob Hendrix dodged the pillow and replied: "What's the matter with you, boy? Haven't we got a nice, dear little football and baseball field, that we only have to walk a mile and half to get to? What else could you expect from the 'Board?' Better thank your lucky stars that we've got that. What I am worrying about is why 'Burl' don't put in his appearance?"

"Ye who have tears, prepare to shed them now," spoke a sepulchral voice from the doorway, and there stood Burleigh Mason, the hero in athletics, the lover of Shakespeare, and the spoiled and petted darling of the whole school. He entered and flung himself down in a chair, with one hand on his heart, and the other gesticulating wildly. "A gym or not a gym, that is the question,—"

But he was stopped by impatient exclamations of, "Aw, cut that Shakespeare and tell us the news!" and "Tom was just raving about that gym that non est!"

"Well," said Burleigh, deliberately smoothing back his pompadour, "we are going to have a gymnasium."

The effect was electrical. He was bombarded with questions,—“How?” “When?” “Who's going to do it?”

Again Burleigh imparted amazing knowledge, "My Uncle Richard is going to give us the funds if we win that game with the Charleston 'Blues.'"

The boys looked at one another in silence. Burleigh's Uncle Richard was a well known miser of the town, who, in spite of the fact that he was the uncle of the irreproachable Burleigh, was disliked by everyone, and had the reputation of being an extremely stingy and eccentric old man.

Finally Tom found voice to say: "Not Old Man—I mean Mr. Sudduth! What has the game to do with our getting a gym?"

Burleigh enjoyed keeping people in suspense, and now he was in his element. "The quality of mercy is not strained," and such a thing as money for a gym is surely a merciful act. You know Uncle Richard is rather

decent to me, and he said if we won the big game he would turn money enough for the gym over to me, then you know where it'll land."

"Hurray!" whooped the members of the Mystic Cabal. "You're some kid, Burl!" One of the boys said, "But what if we don't win? You know they're—" his speech was interrupted by howls of "Choke him!" "Pitch him out the window!" and the offender was unceremoniously silenced.

"Boys," said Burleigh, rising, "we've got two weeks to practice for that game, and we've got to win. As captain of the Hillton High School Football Team, I vow by my cherished author, Shakespeare, that we will get it. Come, let's adjourn and snooze over our new gym."

The next two weeks were spent in preparation for the big annual game. Charleston was an old rival of Hillton, and both teams were equally well matched. Every afternoon the Hillton boys were out on the gridiron, working faithfully. Among them was Burleigh, the left half-back, who felt responsible for the actions of the whole team in this game.

Time flew, and at last the great day came. Spite of the fact that the field was more than a mile from town, everyone interested in the new gym or athletics—or both—was there. Word had spread around concerning Mr. Sudduth's gift to his nephew if the game was won. But there were many doubts in the hearts of some of the enthusiasts, as Charleston was a strong adversary, and the battle between the two teams would be a hard-fought one.

Burleigh Mason, wrapped in an immense red blanket with a black "H" on the back, was walking around, talking to his men, who were sitting in a group at one end of the field. Aside from all the rest, a well-dressed, elderly gentleman stood, nervously handling a gold-headed cane, and waiting for the game to begin.

The cheering had begun, starting at one end the slogan sped, growing in volume as it went, causing the crimson and blue pennants to dance in the sunlight. Then the cry of "Here they come!" traveled along the field, and the blue-clad warriors entered the arena. The east stand went delirious.

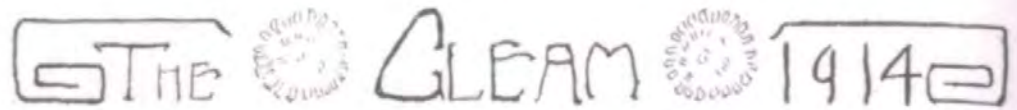
"Rah—Rah—Rah, Rah—Rah—Rah, Rah—Rah—Rah, Charleston!"

And almost simultaneously the west end rose, and its voice ascended to the sky in frenzied shouts of:

"Hilton, Hillton, Hillton, Rah—Rah—Rah, Hillton, Hillton, Hillton!"

Over the field the two elevens sped, while cheer after cheer met in mid-field. The officials appeared and gathered the opposing captains to them. A coin flashed upward in the sunlight and descended, "Heads!" cried Moore, the Charleston captain. "Heads it is!" announced the referee.

The "subs" retreated unwillingly to the side line, the cheering ceased,


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the whistle blew, the ball soared aloft on its arching flight, and the game of the year was on.

Down settled the soaring ball into the arms of King, the Hillton right half-back, who tucked it under his arm and started toward the distant goal. But eight yards was all he gained before a Charleston man crashed down upon him. Then came a quick line-up on Charleston's forty yards, and first Mason, then Kinzel, then King, was put through the line with only a few yards to gain. It was the third down with five yards lacking. Back went the ball for a kick, and a minute later it was Charleston's on her thirty yard line, and again the teams were lining up. Down came the Charleston full-back, the ball safe in the crook of his elbow. Three yards were his. Another line-up, again the full-back gained. The gains were anywhere and everywhere, it seemed.

Hillton appeared to be outclassed, so far as her rush line was concerned. She made a desperate rally on her twenty yard line. The ball was thrown to Kinzel, who kicked, but not soon enough to get it out of the way of the opposing men, who broke through as the ball went up. It struck against a Charleston guard and bounded toward the crimson's goal. The Charleston left half fell on it, crashed down to the goal line, and went through, at last, for a touch down. The goal was an easy one; the Charleston rooters went wild. So the game went on, and the half was soon over. Hillton had come up on the opposing side, and the score at the end was 6 to 6.

In the dressing room, all was confusion. Everybody was explaining everything, and the coaches were hurrying from man to man, instructing, reminding and scolding. "Time's up!" cried the head coach suddenly, and the confusion redoubled. Lost shin-guards and nose masks were frantically sought, and the men again entered the gridiron.

What a burst of cheering greeted them! The west stand shook from end to end. Thousands of feet "tramp-tramped" keeping time against the stands. The blue and the crimson fluttered, the sun sank lower towards the western horizon, and the shadows crept along the ground.

"There will be just one more score," predicted the knowing ones as they buttoned their overcoats up at the throat and crouched along the side lines like toads. "But who will make it is the question."

Then Hillton lined up along the fifty-yard line, with the ball in their possession, and the Charllestons scattered down the field in front. The kick-off came into Kinzel's ready arms, interference formed quickly and the full-back sped down the field. Burleigh felt Kinzel's hand laid on his shoulder, and ran on as though life itself depended upon getting that ball over the third line. But the Charleston ends were upon him, and the runner came to earth on the twenty-three yard line.

"Line up, fellows!" called Alexander, the quarter-back. The players

jumped to their places. At the end of the play, the ball lay on Charleston's fifty-three yard line. The high Charleston center took the ball. Burleigh crept up behind the line.

"26—57—38—19!" The opposing left started across, the ball in his possession, and then—why, then Burleigh was at the bottom of some seven hundred pounds of writhing humanity, trying to get his breath and wondering where the ball was.

"Second down. Three and one-half yards to gain!" called the referee.

For the next quarter of an hour the ball hovered about Charleston's danger line. Twice it was placed within the ten-yard line, and twice by the most desperate resistance, it was lost on downs and sent hurling back to nearly the middle of the field. Hillton's greatest ground gaining plays now were the two sequences from regular formation and full-back forward.

Mason was hard worked. There were six more minutes to play, and the men were tiring fast; something must be done; it would never do to play a tied game.

"7—1—2!" cried the quarter.

Here was Burleigh's chance to do something. It (the signal) was the left half's ball on a double pass for a run around right end.

"7—1—!" began the quarter.

The ball was snapped. Burleigh seized the ball from the full-back's outstretched hands and sped toward the right end of the line. The only danger was in being forced over the touch line, but the play worked well. Dodging, slipping and wriggling, Burleigh struggled on, and one after another the nearly obliterated lines passed under his feet. His head was swimming and his lungs seemed bursting. His wandering faculties rushed back as he felt a light touch on his shoulder. He increased his speed. Nearer and nearer came the pursuing full-back, and with three dizzy strides Mason gained the goal and thrust the ball at arms length.

"The ball is over!" announced the referee.

Hillton rose as a mass; the new gym was won; Burleigh was lifted aloft, while cries of:

"Rah—Rah—Rah, Rah—Rah—Rah, Rah—Rah—Rah, Mason, Mason!" rent the air.

Smiling, Burleigh proposed nine "RaHS" for his uncle, who was fluttering about in a great state of excitement.

"Rah—Rah—Rah, Rah—Rah—Rah, Rah—Rah—Rah, Sudduth. Sudduth, Sudduth!"

PHYLLIS BRYSON.—'16.

The Senior Play of 1914.

The Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen presented their annual play, on the nights of the 19th and 20th of December. The ability of the class was well represented by a few members in the presentation of "The Home of Forgetfulness," directed by Mrs. Mary Abrams Munson.

"The Home of Forgetfulness" is a three-act, present day English play. The scenes are laid in London, in the chambers of a dissipated but kind-hearted barrister, Richard Phenyl, more commonly known as "Dick."

The story opens that Clement Hale, the adopted son of Mr. Wedderburn, a London banker, has recently taken up his residence and shared rooms with "Dick." Clement is in love with the housekeeper's daughter, Lucy Rolt, a very simple, pretty and charming girl. From boyhood, Clement has been betrothed to Mrs. Giffillian's daughter, Minnie, a very attractive and comely girl. They, unknown to Clement, have just arrived from Paris, accompanied by his father and an uninvited young American, Horace Bream, who has fallen in love with Minnie.

Mr. Wedderburn, upon hearing of Clement's love for the housekeeper's daughter, discontinues his allowance, and censures him for loving a girl so simple.

"Dick" and Dr. Delaney, the household friend and physician, solve many perplexing problems concerning them, but through their mistakes Lucy and Clement became more fond of each other. Ruth Rolt realizes that Clement is above Lucy's station in life, and thinking they could never be happy together sends her to a school in the country, as Dr. Delaney advised. But Lucy does not stay long here.

Minnie and her mother call on Clement, thinking he still loves Minnie, but through his actions, Minnie discovers that there is "another." So one evening, slipping out without her mother's knowledge, she calls on Clement. Finding that he no longer loves her, she will not try and patch his love for her, but will be frank and tell him all. For she is now becoming very much interested in the American, who tells her of his love for her.

Mr. Maw, a solicitor, calls on "Dick" and informs him that his uncle has died, leaving him his entire fortune. "Dick" is not particularly elated, however, as he has no craving for wealth.

The bank in which Mr. Wedderburn has his interests fails suddenly and Mr. Wedderburn, upon hearing the news, becomes very ill. His physician, Dr. Delaney, insists on him employing a nurse. Mrs. Rolt, having become a nurse, accepts the position. Mr. Wedderburn, upon seeing her enter the

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room, recognizes her as his former wife, whom he had not seen in years on account of a separation between them. He then realizes that Lucy is his daughter, and that removes all obstacles between the young couple. Mr. Wedderburn's wealth is again restored by "Dick" placing his uncle's money in Mr. Wedderburn's bank. Minnie is now convinced of her love for Horace and the conclusion is reached with every promise of happiness for all.

Miss Cora May Cook enacted the role of housekeeper very well. In the pathetic scenes she was excellent, and during all showed her knowledge of the part she was playing. Her acting consistently depicted the strong love she bore her daughter. Cora May did not make the most of what might have been a strong scene in the meeting between herself and her husband.

Mr. Dale Tuller, in the minor role of hair dresser and wigmaker, had little opportunity to show his ability as an actor. His character make-up was excellent, and his enunciation pretty clear.

Mr. Philip Hitchcock, as "Dick" Phenyl, the old barrister, was splendid in his acting and make-up. The intoxication scene he cleverly made more ludicrous than offensive. His reading of the telegram announcing his newly acquired wealth was cleverly acted. He made much of the role assigned him.

Mr. Roger Skinner, as Clement Hale, adopted son of Mr. Wedderburn, carried himself throughout very consistently with the part. As a character lacking in experience and worldly wisdom, he found his youth a great advantage. There was a happy combination of bravado and timidity that endeared him to his hearers, and he illustrated well the truth of the old adage, "All the world loves a lover."

Mr. Frank Searcy, as Dr. Delaney, the family physician, wore a good make-up. His professional role was acted so cleverly that the somewhat professional character became very real to the audience.

Miss Esther Carstensen, in the role of Lucy, Mrs. Rolt's daughter, was the simple, unaffected girl demanded of the part. She acted the unsophisticated, sweet nature of Lucy excellently, and we can easily understand how it was easy for Clement to forget other ties and fall in love with her. In the emotional scenes she was very fine, and her costuming was adequate and correct of her station in life.

Mr. Roland Bruner, in the role of Horace Bream, the American, was breezy, good natured and perfectly at ease. There were no symptoms of stage fright in his entrances. He showed his ability as a comedian, creating in the audience much amusement. He was a manly, sincere, lover and altogether made much of his part.

Miss Emma May Rummel, as Mrs. Gilfillian, Minnie's mother, made a "hit" from the moment of her entrance. Her manner as the aristocratic En-

English woman was without fault. She handled her lorgnette in quite the approved fashion. In the role of an insincere, fashionable woman, a stickler for etiquette, she was excellent. She was thoroughly convinced of the correctness of her opinions and trained her daughter to follow her example, until Minnie's eyes were opened to her mother's mistakes through her love for Clement.

Mr. George Bartholomew, as Mr. Maw, the solicitor, had the professional manner to a nicety, his enunciation was pleasant to hear and he made the most of the part allotted to him.

Miss Pauline Shoup, as Minnie, was very pretty and well costumed. She acted the submissive daughter, living in fear of her mother, very well. She was clever in her rejections of Horace, the persistent lover.

Roger De Witt, as Geoffrey Wedderburn, was made up well to represent an old man, but acted in too cold a manner. He could have made the closing scene much stronger had he acted with more feeling.

Altogether the play was very excellently rendered. Hammontree's orchestra furnished some splendid music before and after the acts. In general it was very much appreciated by the audience, if this can be judged by the attention they gave the actors. And so passes the play of the Senior Class of 1914, and another bright link is added to the chain of Senior plays.

GERTRUDE BRUESS.—'15.

*

THE MASQUERS.

The Masquers of the Dillenbeck School of Oratory were at the High School March 11th. The program, given under the auspices of the Senior Class, consisted of readings, vocal, violin and piano solos, and scenes from Shakespeare.

The scenes, which were from "The School for Scandal," "Twelfth Night" and "Merchant of Venice," were thoughtfully selected and staged. They were made more realistic by the excellent rendition of the lines, the beautiful costumes and the effects produced by the lighting. During the several intermissions, readings and solos were given. Of these probably the best, if there is any distinction to be made, was a violin selection by Miss Eaton.

The entire program was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated and the Seniors received hearty thanks for having secured such a superior entertainment. It was one of the best programs of its kind that has been given.

LUCY CRADDOCK.—'15.

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"H. M. S. PINAFORE."

On Friday and Saturday nights, February 19th and 20th, 1914, the young people of this city, comprising many High School students, and assisted by several persons from Warrensburg, gave the opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore." The performance was greatly enjoyed by the audience which encored the singing quite generously.

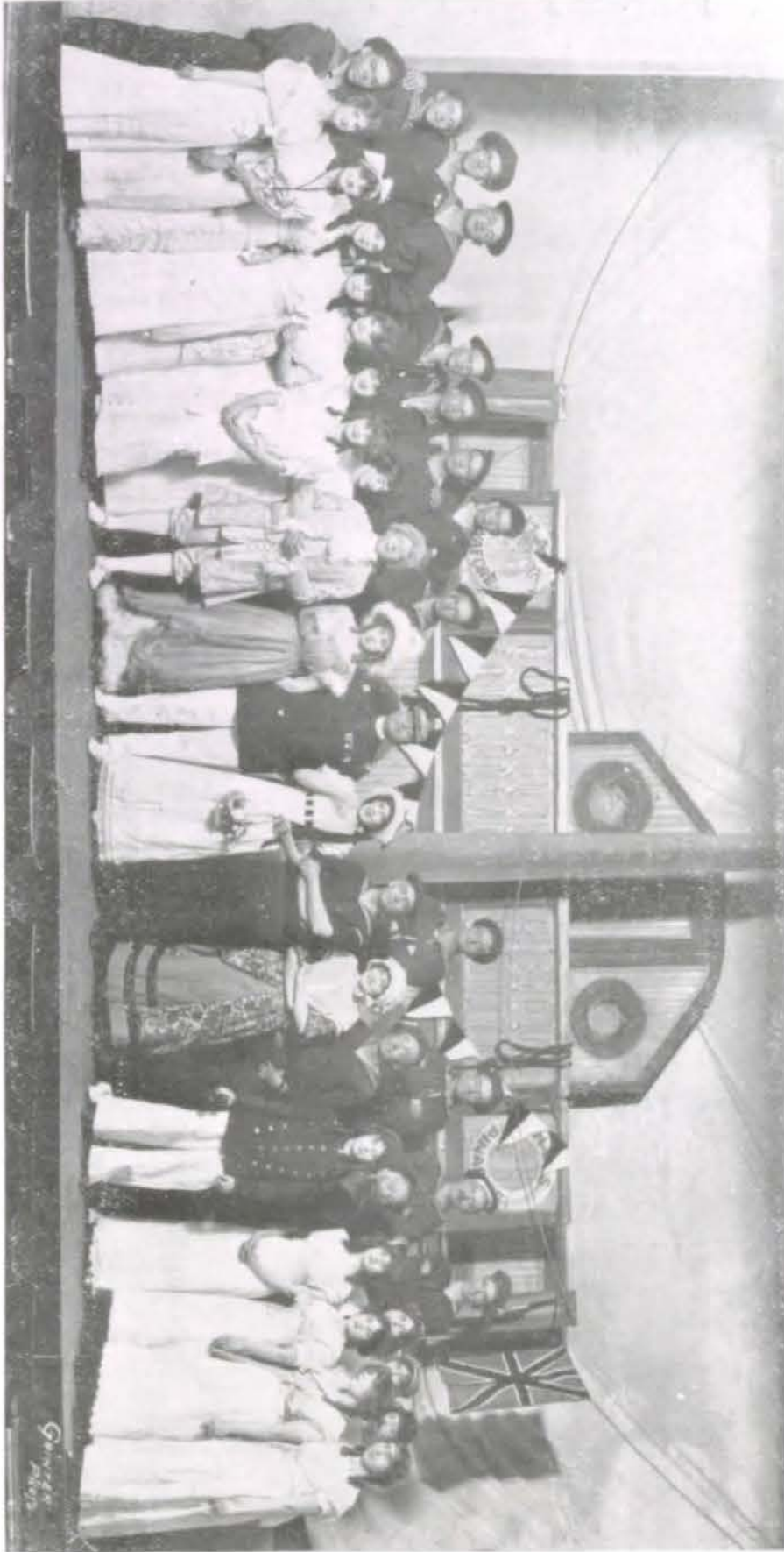
This beautiful old comic opera appears to lose none of its popularity, and it was charmingly rendered last night. A majority of the singers took similar parts in two performances which were given at the High School a number of years ago. Now, as before, the performances were under the management of James M. Sexton, of the High School, who, in addition to his burdensome and responsible duties as manager, played well the part of Captain Corcoran, commander of the vessel. His daughter, Josephine, was represented by Miss Mary Hickman, of Warrensburg, who showed much ability as a singer and also in acting. Lee Roberts maintained the high position he won two years ago in the role of the stately Sir Joseph, "Ruler of the Queen's Nave!" Miss Helen Bridges, who has been studying dramatic art in the meantime, did even better than before as Little Buttercup. Dick Deadeye, with his funny capers and "different" ways, was well represented by Willard Shale. Llewellyn Jones as Ralph Rackstraw, the real captain of the vessel made a most creditable performance. Dr. Frank Criley as Bill Bobstay did well in all parts of the performance, especially in his beautiful solo, "For He is an Englishman." Mrs. Minnetta Newton-Isaacs was quite interesting as Cousin Hebe.

A pretty little diversion in the performance of the opera was the dancing of the sailors' hornpipe by Miss Margaret Elizabeth Benton, who was enthusiastically encored.

The sisters and cousins and aunts of Sir Joseph consisted of the following young ladies: Miss Dorris Anderson, Miss Vena Crenshaw, Miss Edith Shoup, Miss Helen McKee, Miss Esther Carstensen, Miss Hazel Brackenbury, Miss Helen Criley, Miss Emma May Rummel, Miss Elanor McCoy, Miss Dorothy Flowers, Miss Pauline Hall, Miss Julia McDonald, Miss Gertrude Bruess and Miss Elizabeth McCullough. The ship's crew consisted of the following: Joe Noel, W. D. Miller, Ernest Roberts, Roland Bruner, Edward Brackenbury, Kenneth Bostian, Hudson Ely, Karl Sanford, J. D. Hammontree, Armstead Alexander, Frank Searcy, Jack Custead, Calvin Atkins and Kit Sapp.

Much of the success of the performance was due to the playing of the

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score by Professor R. E. Waddell, of Warrensburg, one of the best known pianists in Central Missouri.

Never has there been a merrier crew, prettier music, or livelier dancing, and never has a bonnier vessel sailed from the port than "Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore," which has sailed for half a century and to-day is as popular as it was at the beginning.

ROGER SKINNER.—'14.



AH ME! AND WHAT WAS THAT.
SILENCE BE! IT WAS THE CAT.
(H. M. S. PINAFORE.)

Swords Into Ploughshares.

English Prize Essay.

"When men shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

To accomplish this ideal is the glorious task of the Twentieth Century. This movement is one of the most noble and vital movements of modern times; and is an outgrowth of the wonderful prosperity and moral development of nations. It shows that "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness," in securing peace within the nation, will also secure peace among nations. International arbitration has already awakened the dormant sentiments of the people, has overcome skepticism and is now in the period of crystallization.

The history of this movement practically begins with the Jay treaty, although for centuries the spirit and object of it has been in the minds of the world's greatest men. More than three thousand years ago the commandment given was: "Thou shalt not kill." Then later Homer tells us that "Religious, social and domestic ties alike, he violates who willingly would court the honors of international strife." Thus, we see, even in the ancient times, the evils and injustice of strife were realized. After the birth of Christ, the affairs of man slowly began to change for the better. The first great influencing event was the establishment of education, which sowed the seeds for the general learning and the moral uplift of man. The second event was the Renaissance, followed by the Reformation. These brought forth for the first time the spirit of liberty and brotherhood among men—a broader human sympathy.

During the Sixteenth Century Henry of Navarre formed a beautiful plan for the United States of Europe. His idea was to bring harmony and good-feeling among the nations by uniting their armies and navies into one army and navy. Unfortunately, he was assassinated and with him fell his great design. However, soon after this the first book on the "Rights of War and Peace" was published. This idea was taken up and promoted by George Fox, who founded a society dedicated to good-will, and brotherhood among men, the Society of Friends, or Quakers. William Penn, who belonged to this society, planted the idea of universal peace in the New World, and here we find its greatest advocates.

The thirteen colonies were the first to form a union of States for liberty, peace and justice. This was the beginning of a great end. They put the

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Union first and the States second; so is the tendency now, to put the nations first and the individual nation second. They agreed to have all controversies arising between them submitted to a Supreme Court. This is remarkable for the fact that it gives us the example of establishing a court to which all the difficulties arising between nations should be submitted. This was the wish and hope of Washington and of Franklin. The latter says concerning it: "We make daily great natural improvements, there is one I wish to see in moral philosophy—the discovery of a plan that would induce and oblige nations to settle their disputes without first cutting each others' throats." His wish was granted in the Jay treaty—the first arbitration between two great nations—Great Britain and the United States.

When Clio, the muse of history, recorded this event, she saw that it was the substitution of "reason and right for violence and might." Nations think that in war they assert their right, or they bring about peace, but they only assert their strength and make the feeling of enmity between them stronger than before. It is true that war develops the manly virtues of courage and strength, but it means untold suffering both to those at home and those defending their country's honor. Property is destroyed, business and industries are crippled almost to their extinction, and the necessities of life become rare and expensive luxuries. There is only one way by which we may destroy this evil and that is by universal disarmament.

The great peacemakers of the age say the United States is the country to suggest disarmament. Its internal resources, its wealth, its intelligent, energetic people, with its advantageous position, render it capable of performing this great deed. Think of the glory of our country, that it can bring universal peace!

Mr. Roosevelt, speaking on this subject, says: "Let us make right, not might, our motto; let us make justice, and not victory on sea or land our aim; let us make arbitration, not armaments, our method; and let us seek as our leader toward the goal of international peace, not the god of battles, but the Prince of Peace."

The influencing powers embodied in peace are manifold. Christianity, literature, economic internationalism, public opinion and diplomacy, are some of the agencies utilized. Christianity is one of the most important peace powers. It has abolished slavery from all civilized nations; idealized popular governments; brought about universal education, and raised the dignity of labor. "Peace on earth," which was sung by the angels when Christ was born, has become the song of humanity. Literature has given man the ideals for peace in revealing to him the barbarism and sufferings of war, and in giving him the opportunity of knowing the thoughts and ideas of the great peacemakers of the world.

Economic internationalism, which binds the world more closely together

with its commerce, foreign exchange and loans, and means of intercommunication, is at all times influencing the world for peace. Public opinion, one of the greatest powers behind the American government, strongly advocates peace, in that it has spread the ideas and motives of arbitration until they have become international opinions. No government can form plans which are not affected by public opinion. Diplomacy is also a great power for peace. It is in reality the first move toward arbitration. Many difficulties have been settled and wars deferred through the diplomacy of a government's representative; and of late years through The Hague Tribunal.

The Hague Tribunal is the Supreme Court of Arbitration for all nations. Its mission is the peaceful adjustment of international differences, and it is under the control of the ministers of the nations at the Netherlands. Thus we have represented all the nations in one room. There is nothing compulsory about The Hague. A nation has perfect freedom in deciding what questions it will submit to its jurisdiction. But it does not decide differences concerning "independence, integrity or vital interest of any country." Arbitration is an appeal to the reason and conscience of man, and like international law, its success depends upon the merits of its ministers. It is the union of law and justice, insuring "Peace and good will among men."

When all the swords shall be turned into ploughshares, the earth will be one glorious country. Then armaments shall be no more, and we shall have realized a true brotherhood among men. The Hague Tribunal will stand as an enduring monument to the termination of warfare and the establishment of eternal peace. It will proclaim to the world that it has settled all questions of the day and will settle all questions of the future. Good will, happiness, and contentment will have planted the seed of brotherly love, which will grow into international unity. Our country, with the world, will enjoy the blessings of universal peace forevermore.

"Peace, blessed peace, no more shall nations strive for conquests or domain,
 No more shall field be drenched with blood for laud's or rulers' gain.
 Let the bell of arbitration toll the knell of warring strife.
 Let the flag of human love proclaim to earth a peaceful life."

MARGARET BOSTIAN.—'14.



"Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
 Draws its value from its use alone."

—Dr. Johnson.

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"AFTER US—WHAT THEN?"

It was Louis XV., as he saw the lowering clouds of the French Revolution, exclaimed: "After me—the deluge." Evidently it was easy for him to prophesy what the future held in store for France.

We have no way of judging the future save by the past. If it is possible for this country to develop as fast in the next hundred years as it has in the last it will indeed be truly wonderful. The world must go either forward or backward; it cannot stand still. Let us hope it will ever advance.

I like to indulge in flights of fancy, and try to imagine what will really exist in the year 2014. I see the boundaries of the United States extended over the entire Western Hemisphere, while the flag will be more honored in every land. Corruption in politics will have vanished and commission form of government will be seen in local, state and national politics.

I imagine great changes in the home life. Women, being so interested in public affairs, will let machinery perform their domestic duties. They can by pressing a button sweep the floor with a vacuum cleaner. A machine will wash the dishes, make up beds and do the laundry, while cooking will be a lost art, as capsules and other forms of condensed food, containing enough sustenance for a meal may be supplied without work.

There will be undreamed of methods of rapid transportation. Aeromobiles will be common and very popular, as there will be no "tire" expense. A man in that day wishing some ozone will put on his wings, turn a button and fly merrily away. Man having learned to overcome space may eat his breakfast in New York, his dinner in St. Louis and his supper (I should say "dinner") in San Francisco, traveling the distance through pneumatic tubes.

Among the curious inventions of the Twenty-first Century will be a "Think-o-Graph." A man wishing to write a letter will attach this instrument to his head, think what he wishes to say and the letter will be automatically stamped, typewritten and mailed without further effort on his part. Pneumatic tubes will be used in the delivery of mail and packages. Telephones will bring before one the face of the person at the other end of the 'phone.

What a joy it will be that day not to have funaces to fire or ice boxes to ice. Heat will be supplied by a pipe line from the center of the earth, while cooling pipes will be run from the north and south poles.

In fancy I could dream on and on, and see all the time stranger and more wonderful works of man, but in my wildest flights of fancy I am unable to picture women's costumes in that age. I am at a loss to conjecture whether they will be more over-dressed or under-dressed. The whole question of the future is and will ever be open to discussion, and people will always inquire, "After us—what then?"

PHILIP HITCHCOCK.—'14.

The Senior's Mirror.

| NAME. | IDENTIFICATION. | HOW THEY PASS TIME. | WHAT THEY WILL DO LATER |
|----------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Elizabeth McCullough | "Beckie." | Having a good time. | Marry for love. |
| Roger Skinner | "Buz." | Whistling | Recuperate from effects of Gleam. |
| Cora May Cook | "Cookie." | Doing odd jobs for a grade | Be a starbeam. |
| Roland Bruner | Unruly locks | Making rhymes | Be a second Caruso. |
| Esther Carstensen | Far-away gaze | Giggling | Become a toe-dancer. |
| Willie Douth | "That grin" | Talking prize fights | Be a pugilist. |
| Emma May Rummel | Tall and talking | Keeping "Mum?" | Write a Novel. |
| Dale Tuller | "Slow as Christmas" | Laughing at his own jokes. | Be a policeman. |
| Edith Duncan | Quietness | Studying ancient lore | Become a scholar. |
| Gerhardt Shaw | Angelic look | Starting to grow | Hen-pecked. |
| Hazel Brackenbury | Dimples | Singing grand opera | Still a question. |
| Frank Searcy | Dutch | Landscape gardening | Live in Deutschland. |
| Edith Slover | Staid and solemn | Holding her dignity | Be a school-ma'am. |
| Philip Hitchcock | "Seed" | Trying to be an actor | Almost anything. |
| Mildred Livesay | Sweet disposition | Seeking the wants of others | Wish I knew? |
| Reginald Criley | Foolish questions | Trying not to be crazy | Be a circus clown. |
| Emeline Bell | Always smiling | Minding mother | A foreign missionary. |
| Glaud Smith | Fashion plate | Being a snort | Dreaming of "happy" 'Gleam' work. |
| Frances Brady | Always late | "Lolling" | Motion picture queen. |
| Errol Williamson | Handy man | Riding a bicycle | Stage manager. |
| Izola Cook | Hasn't any | Studying Latin | Just smile on. |
| George Bartholomew | Shining light | Drawing cartoons | Be an artist. |
| Florence Wray | Padded locks | Expostulations | American "Mrs. Pankhurst." |
| Joe Davis | Languid movements | Getting admits | Be late at his own funeral. |
| Pauline Shoup | Psyche knot | Worrying over her lessons | A trained nurse. |
| Doyle Davidson | Deliberate | Athletics | Professional ball player. |
| Margaret Bostian | Always on time | "Bluffing" the teacher | "Startle" the world. |
| Julia Hager | "I'll study tomorrow" | Worrying before 'exams' | Something wonderful. |
| Lucile Sullivan | Obliging | Cooking | Domestic Science teacher. |
| Roger DeWitt | Knowing-air | Putting up "bluffs" | Be a farmer. |

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SCENARIO.

"On the Square at Midday."

A Written Motion Picture.

On the Square.
At
Midday.

Characters.

- 1—Merchant.
- 2—Customers.
- 3—Suspicious Men.

Scene 1.—(Inside a store.)

The merchant is selling goods to a customer. All is peace, happiness and business.

Scene 2.—(Outside this same store.)

Three suspicious characters appear. They have a mysterious look. Look through window. Consult; plan; enter store.

Scene 3.—(Inside this store.)

Merchant still busy. Three characters approach the merchant. He sees them. Tries to run. He is stopped. Gets on his knees for mercy. No mercy shown. He finally says "Yes." Three characters go out.

Scene 4.—(Outside the store again.)

Three characters come out; all smiles and happiness. Very much elated.

Result.

The Three Business
Managers
Have Gotten
Another "ad."

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Passed by
The National
Board of
Censorship.

Next Show,
Next Year.

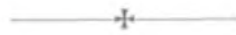


Found in Senior Play Reports.

"We can readily understand how it was so easy for Roger to forget other ties and fall in love with her."

"Mr. Frank Searcy, as a professional physician, wore a good face in his 'make-up.'"

"In the last scene, Roland showed a much stronger grasp of the situation."
(? What was the "Situation?")



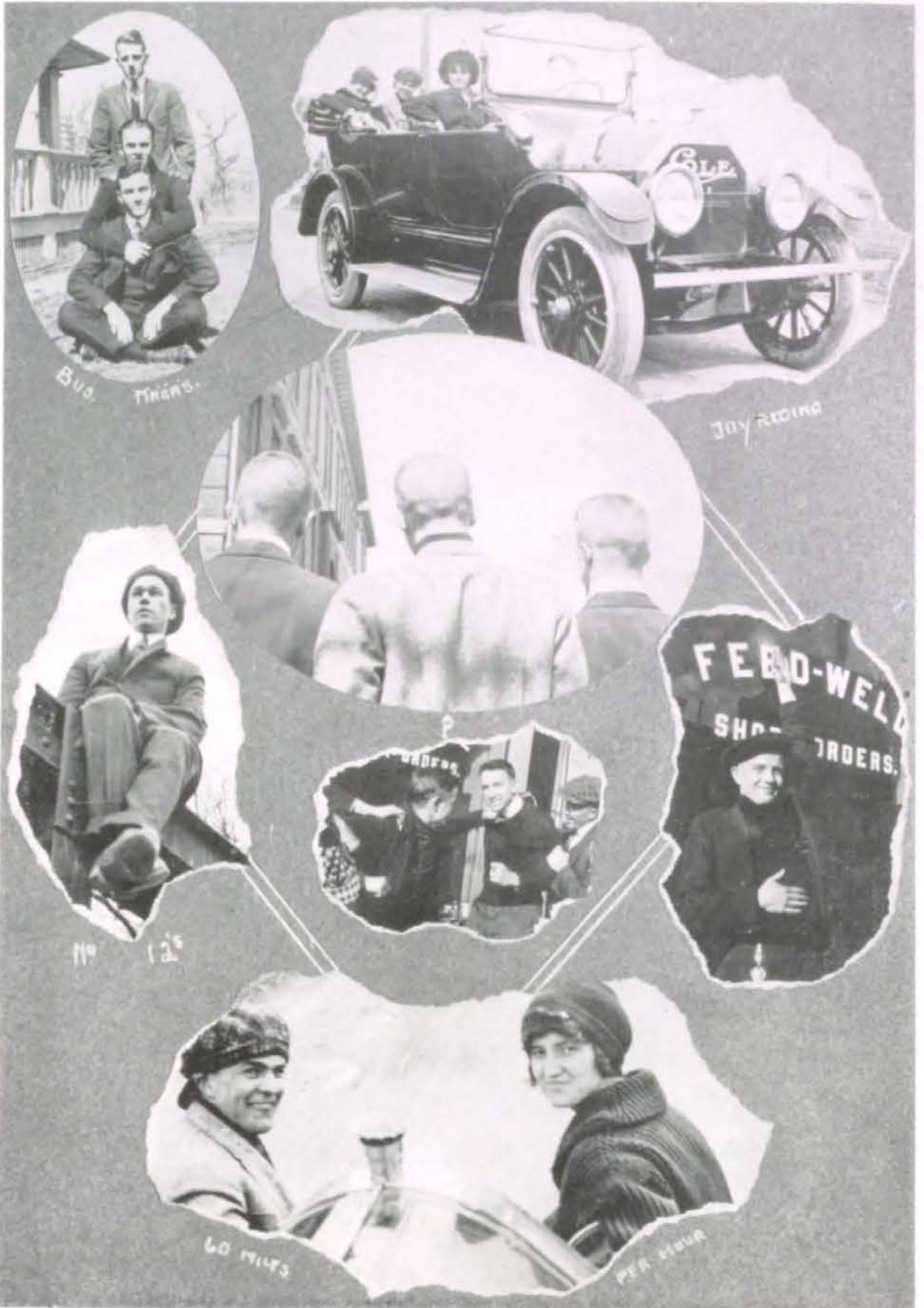
Calendar.

- Sept. 11.—School once again. The toil and turmoil of books.
- Sept. 15.—Freshmen were lost. Seniors helped to find them.
- Sept. 22.—Presentation of loving cup to Freshmen track team.
- Sept. 30.—Initiation of Freshmen began.
- Oct. 7.—Frank, do you remember about 11 o'clock? City Hall. Boom!
- Oct. 10.—"School Spirit" buried—almost. Couldn't make "Reg." lie still.
- Nov. 12.—X. Y. Z.'s first performance. Moving pictures.
- Nov. 14.—Freshmen challenge any class to curtain-raiser at basket ball.
- Nov. 21.—Grade cards. Freshies elated. Juniors and Sophs. look indifferent.
- Nov. 24.—Great disturbance in upper hall. Girls spy a mouse leaving Study Hall. It's a pity a mouse can't go to school to learn without causing a disturbance.
- Nov. 25.—"Reg." thankful for his green sweater.
- Dec. 4.—A regular meeting of parliament in room 6. "Maderia or not Madeira."
- Dec. 15.—This suspense is awful—who's on the Senior Class play.
- Dec. 18.—Holidays approaching. Hurrah!
- Jan. 5.—"Becky" forgot her usual smile to-day. Cheer up, "Becky," the worst is yet to come."
- Jan. 14.—Hurrah! The girls of the west end cloak room have purchased a new mirror. Vanity will have its way.
- Jan. 19.—When it was announced that the Senior Quartette wouldn't sing, there was great applause.
- Jan. 23.—Some bright Junior asked Miss Sehrt if a negro had more carbon in him than a white man had.
- Jan. 24.—X. Y. Z.'s third performance. Worse yet.
- Jan. 29.—Freshmen Minstrel Show.
- Feb. 2.—Prof. Elliott got a hair cut.
- Feb. 5.—Will the Sophs ever learn when to applaud?
- Feb. 5.—Freshmen program delayed until they learned how to work curtain.
- Feb. 8.—Claude lunches on chewing gum in history.
- Feb. 12.—Juniors made a complete fizzle of yelling.
- Feb. 13.—Prof. Sexton conducted seventh period geometry class.
- Feb. 14.—"Cookie" and "Becky" tried to compose some poetry. Result, can't tell.
- Feb. 18.—Miss Phelps prepares Seniors for Washington Day program.
- Feb. 22.—Seniors forgot to give it.

- Feb. 26.—Seniors glad. Miss Phelps sorry.
- Feb. 28.—Margaret refused to attend class meeting because freedom of speech was prohibited.
- March 4.—Mr. Ikenberry gave agricultural address.
- March 9.—Prof. Elliott had his tie on crooked.
- March 10.—Prof. Schutt played violin. Heap fine music. Apply to Florence W. for description.
- March 11.—“Dutch” and “Reg.” have tussle, mussing up pompadours.
- March 17.—Seniors had party. Polly forgets this isn't leap year—and—well—it wasn't Claude that she proposed to.
- March 23.—Roger D. shows such extensive knowledge in history. Advised to stay out till class catches up.
- March 26.—Three days later. Dale T. signed up with the White Sox.
- March 31.—Quotation contest—Prof. Bryant versus the Sophs. Verdict—Prof. Bryant victorious.
- April 1.—April fool's day.
- April 4.—Polly is advised to take longer intervals between naps in history and not jump out of slumberland so quickly.
- April 13.—“Reggie” cut physics class by request.
- April 20.—Polly bought a tablet. Five minutes later Polly has no tablet. No one injured in the rush.
- April 24.—Good-bye. Will see you again next year. Calendar must go to printer.



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THE TANK THESPIANS.

PRESENT

Shaw-Wray, in a splendid pastoral drama.
"TAMING OF THE SHREW."

Cook and De Witt,
in

"THE SWEETHEARTS."
Have you seen them?

"KISMET."

Featuring Reginald Criley as the Beggar.
(Being Class Treasurer he can easily play this part.)

"DRIVEN TO DRINK."

With that star actor Roger X. Skinner, our Editor, in the leading role.
Some Show.

Don't Miss This.

The X. Y. Z. Company
in

"FOOLS THERE WERE."

Featuring Judge, Hock, Dick, Ike and Seed.
"Gone but not forgotten."

Frank Q. Searcy.

Singing

"I LOVE HER! OH!—OH!—OH!"
Who is the her?

Scrooge in the

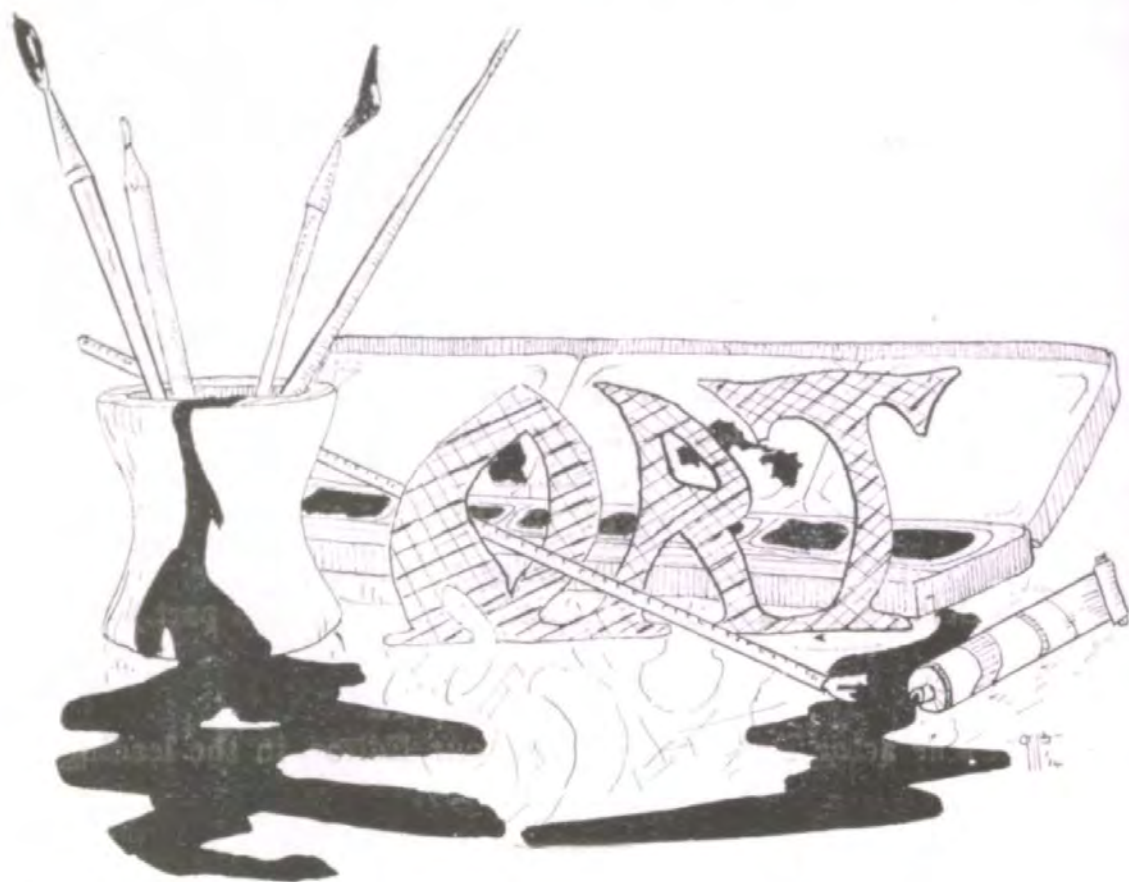
"CHRISTMAS CAROL,"

Acted by that cute, eminent (to say nothing of his hair cut) Actor,
GLAUD ANDREW SMITH.

"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1914,"

Featuring the Seniors
in

"THE PLEASURE SEEKERS."



ART DEPARTMENT.

Our art work this year, as it was in all the preceding years, is a pleasing success. At the beginning of this year our studio was reduced to just one-half its original size, but this did not affect our work materially in any way. All the under classes, realizing their part, worked together and with their combined strength we have not lost but have gained ground in this department in the last year. We still have Miss Short, who has been teaching here for two successive years, and with a competent teacher and with one year's experience we have gone on with a rush. The outlook for next year is still larger than was the outlook at the beginning of this year. With this incentive, our Art Department will advance next term with a rush on the road to success.

The Art Department in every school has always been of interest to the school and to the town people. Any one may get a general idea as to what we have accomplished by attending our annual spring exhibit.

GEORGE BARTHOLOMEW.—'14.

MANUAL TRAINING



It is understood by many people that manual training in the school is a mere by-subject, and is of little value in the educational line. This is a wrong conception and a great mistake. Manual training has connected with it as much science and skill as any other subject.

As our school has one of the best equipped shops west of the Mississippi a brief description of each year's work in such an efficient shop will be of great interest.

The first year is given exclusively to furniture making, of which a neat little upholstered stool is the first model. In this year, the pupil learns to plane, saw, chisel, upholster and fit various joints which takes some skill.

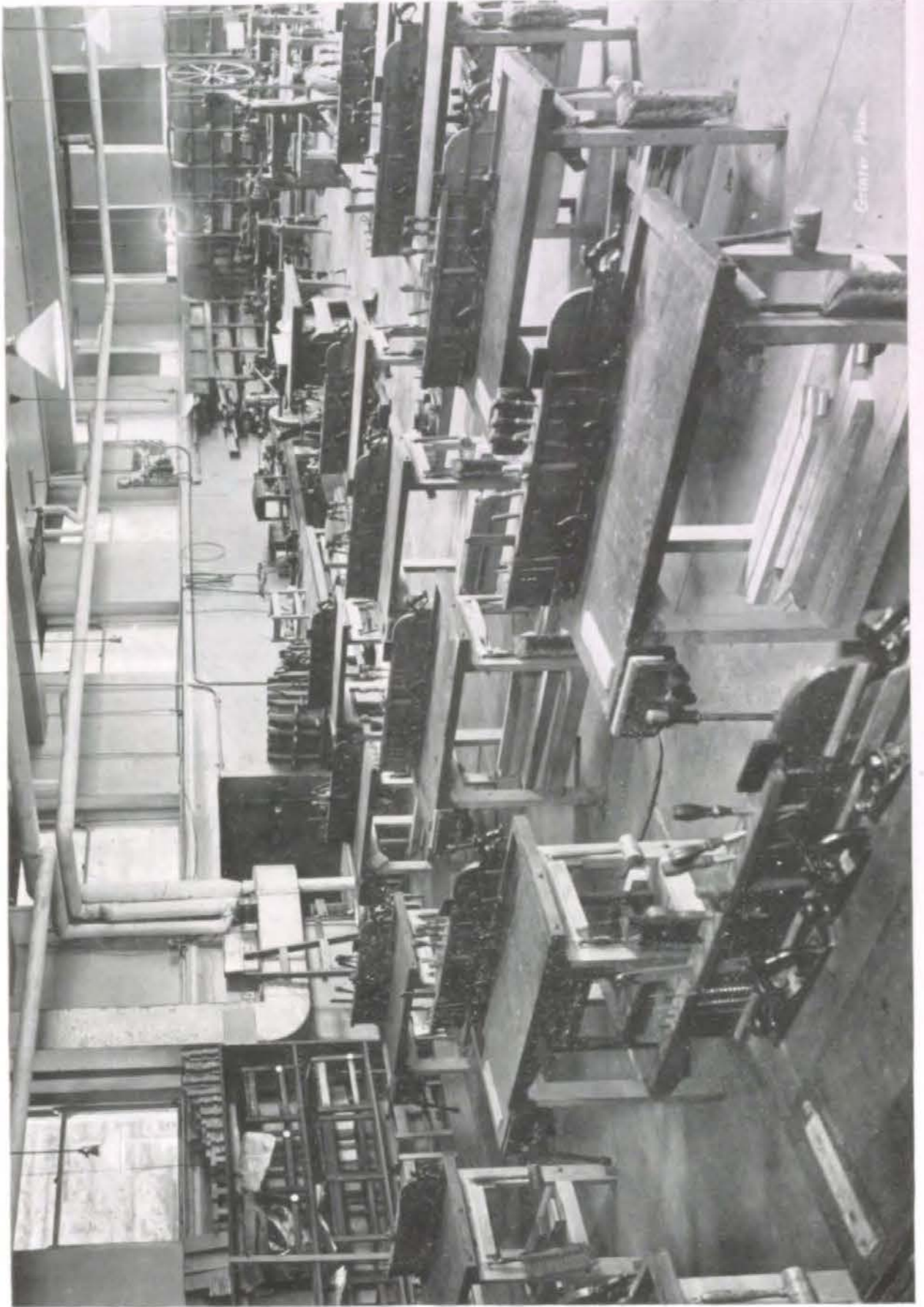
The next year is spent in lathe work, and this is the year that accuracy, science and skill play the largest part. The student has to measure, glue-up and turn with utmost care and patience. By gluing and inlaying, the models are made extremely beautiful and attractive. The pupil of this term has about twenty-six different kinds of wood to work with.

The third and last year is devoted to art metal work, which calls for much patience and care. During this term many attractive models are made, such as stick-pins, watch-fobs, hat-pins and library lamps.

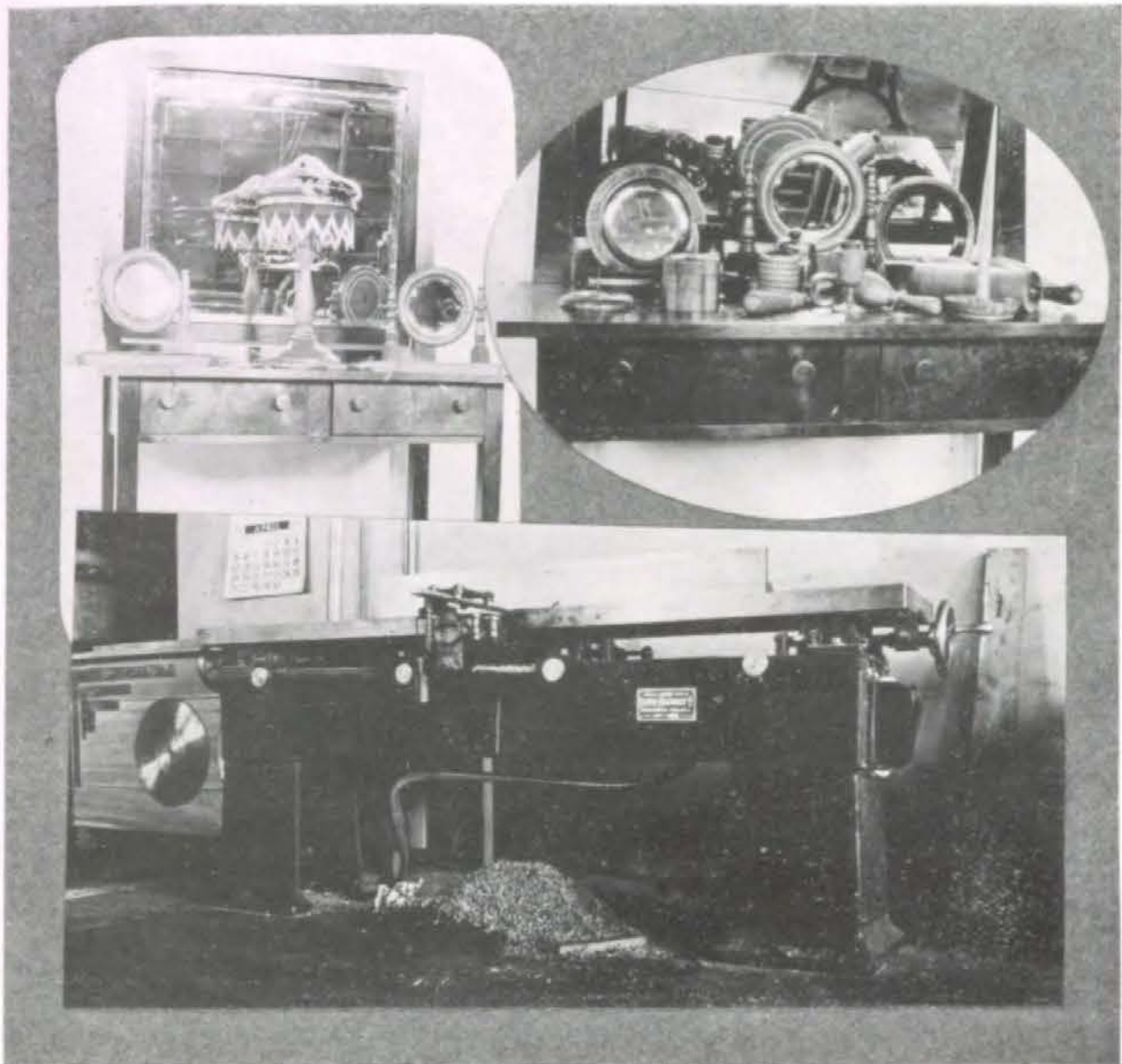
So through these three years' work the pupil gets a broad insight into the field of manufacture; and if he chooses not to follow manual training work, this experience will be of great pleasure and benefit to him after his school days are ended. He will always think of the time spent in the manual training shop as past hours of enjoyment which were very well spent and very beneficial.

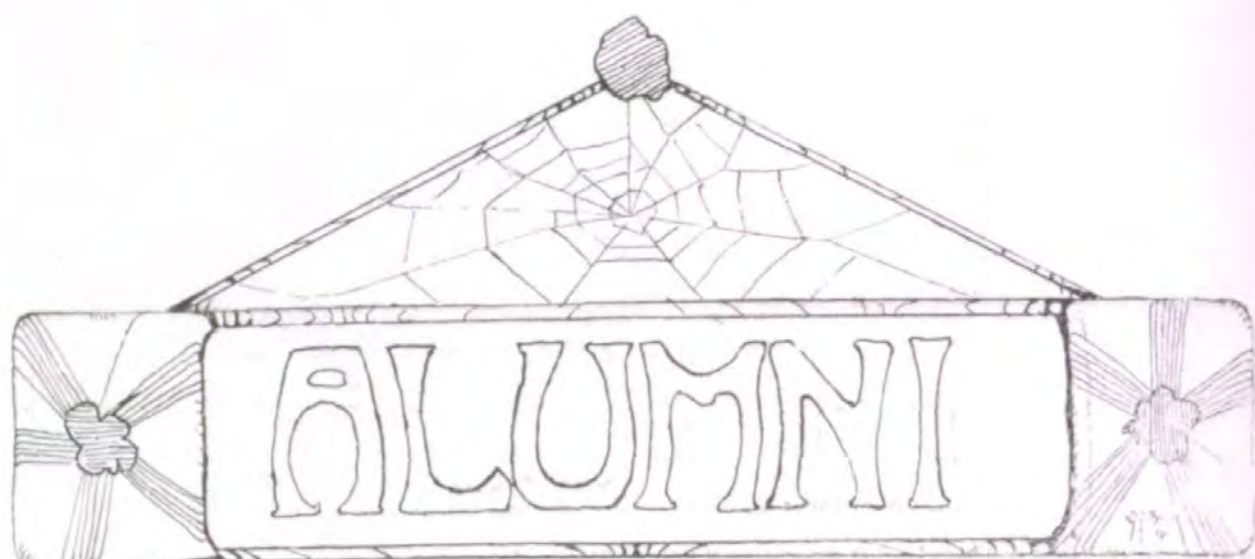
WILLIE DOUTT.—'14.

THE GLEAM 1914



THE GLEAM 1914





To The Gleam of 1914:—

When I was asked to give you a message from our class, I felt somewhat abashed. It hardly seems possible that seven years have slipped by since the "skiddoo" class reigned supreme in the exalted position you now hold as Seniors.

That little word "Senior" holds scores of happy memories, for we were a most congenial class and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves on all occasions. Never was there a play like "Henrietta" (in '07 minds), or picnics or cadets, and our Gleam, we were so proud of them and I for one still am.

However, it wasn't all play that made life entertaining, for the foundations laid in I. H. S. helped speed many of our members on to success and prepared them for the responsible positions they now hold.

A little passage from our Gleam I recall:

"To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be contented with your possessions, but not satisfied with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manner; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and spirit, in God's out of doors. These are little guide posts on the footpath to peace."—Henry Van Dyke.

MARY STURGES.—'07.

To The Gleam:—

Each spring, as commencement days approach, I begin to anticipate with great pleasure the publication of The Gleam. Among all the achievements of the High School Seniors The Gleam is the final and greatest, for it lives on long after the members of the class separate, each to follow his chosen career. Well do I remember the interest and excitement attending the publication of our annual, which must be the "best of all." And of course it was, so we thought, just as every one before and since has been "the finest ever published."

For the progress of The Gleam has been quite remarkable. From a most excellent beginning it has improved steadily until the annual now compares most favorably with those of schools many times larger.

And so, dear Seniors, I am sure The Gleam of 1914 will be a most excellent volume which I shall be proud to add to my collection, and I wish for each and every one of you the highest success in following your own particular Gleam through life.

ADELAIDE CASPER.—'09.



Dear Class of 1914.—

Ours was a small class, making up in spirit what we lacked in numbers, we were more like a large family than a class of strangers—toferant with the faults of each other, and proud of the admirable traits of character. Those 10 years have brought many and diverse things to each of us. No one of us has yet achieved fame, but each one has his sails rigged and each is set out on his definite way for his definite end. In due course of time we expect to have our share of attention for our various abilities. Some of us have married—most of us have not. Only one of us has gone on ahead. As the fairest bloom is often the first to be destroyed, so was our worthiest classmate the first of us to leave here. Goodman Bell holds in each heart of the 1904 class a distinct and special place of honor. Why he should leave in the heyday of his youth and charm we know not—unless it was wished that he should ever live in our memory as he was in his young manhood. A memory truly worth cherishing.

Your experiences in the practical world will soon prove to you that many of your H. S. ideas are subject to change, yet I hope you will be slow to let go your present ideals; cling to them as you would to your life, for, in reality, they are your life—and ever and always "follow the Gleam."

AGNES O'BRIEN.—'04.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

Glee Club work has become the enlivening spirit of every school and college in our country; promoting as it does, higher class study, appreciation of good music, and encouraging harmony of the most wonderful organ, the voice.

In September of 1913, the Girl's Glee Club of the Independence High School was organized for specific study under the direction of Miss Grace Wilson, the supervisor of music in our system of public schools. We met every Thursday afternoon to study some song which was to be selected. We also had our regular Glee Club work along with these new selections.

Several of our members distinguished themselves in the vaudeville entertainment given by the Seniors, and their work was very creditable to their Glee Club experience.

Although no public appearance was made early in the season, we had the honor of furnishing a good many of the singers of the "Pinafore" presentation, and later gave the operetta "In India."

Taken as a whole, the operatta was given very successfully. The girls of the Glee Club feel right proud of their work this year, and think that the "In India" production was a fitting climax.

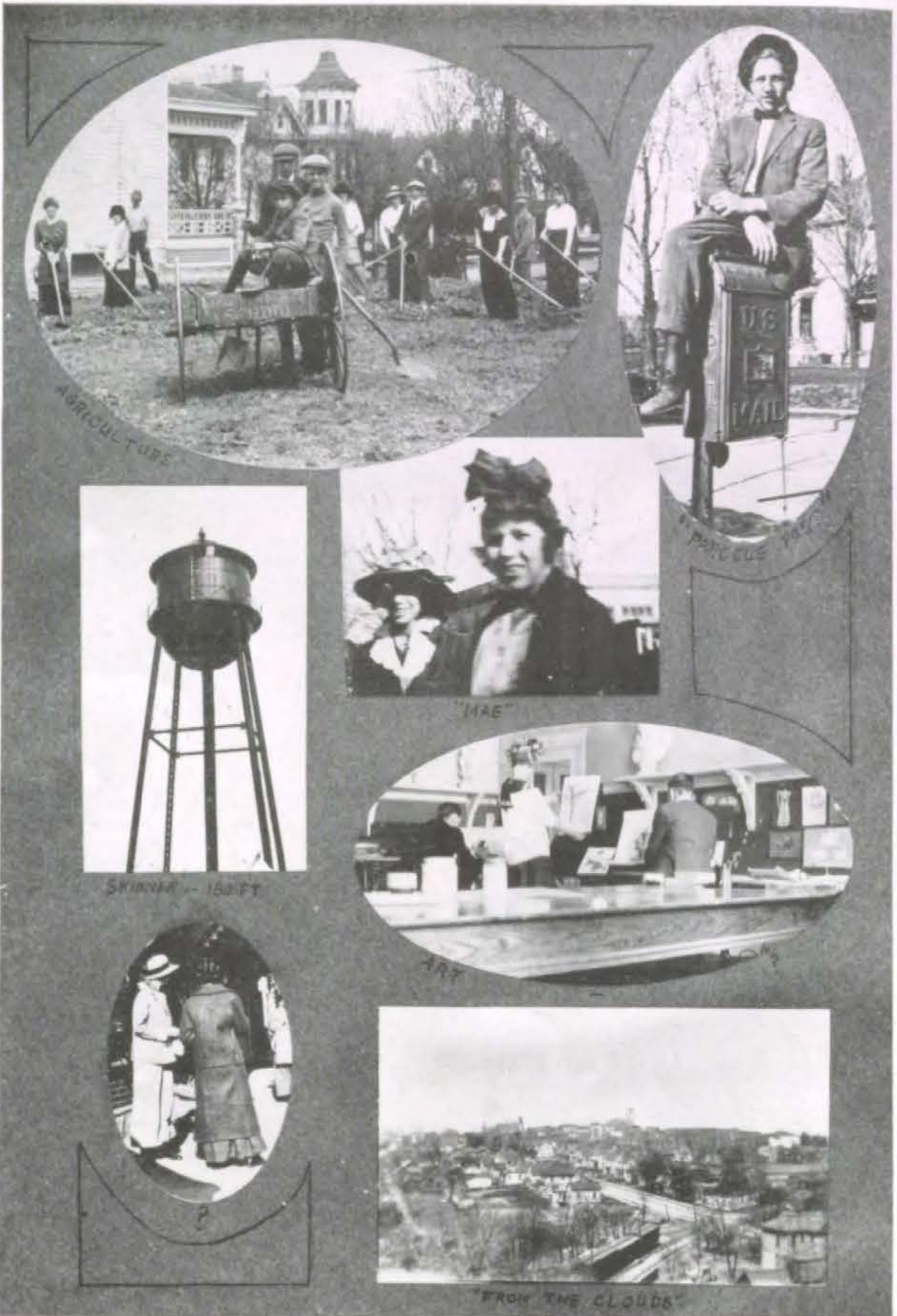
FLORENCE WRAY.—'14.

THE GLEAM 1914



Quinn

THE GLEAM 1914



AGRICULTURE



FRANCIS



SKINNER - 150 FT



"MAE"



ART



?



"FROM THE CLOUDS"

ATHLETICS





"OUR OLD GYM."

Your days are past, your duty's done,
 Yet we will always think of you.
 In days that are past, and those to come
 Memories will linger fond and true,
 Of you, old Gym, of you.

When first we heard that you must go,
 Our hearts were filled with fear;
 For to us you'd always been a friend, never once a foe.
 So all of us shed many a tear
 For you, old Gym, for you. SHR

And though now we must bid adieu
 To you, old Gym, to you,
 Remember that we all love you
 And memories will last, our whole lives through
 For you, old Gym, for you.

PHILIP HITCHCOCK.

FOOTBALL

MAN **T**AGUE
HENDERSON
 GEORGE **E**



SK **I**MWER
 SKIN **N**ER
 DAV **I**S
 H **I**TCHCOCK
 THOMPSON **N**
 M^c **C**OY
 COFF **I**N
 JACO **B**S
 BARTHO **L**OMEW
 STURGE **S**
STEWART
 ROBERTS
 YALE
 BOONE



Geo. J. Bartholomew

THE GLEAM 1914

FOOTBALL.

If you are getting on in years—say to the time when the young fellows begin to caution you that it is imprudent to run upstairs—it is a good thing to go out to a football game and renew your youth. A perfectly silly thing, a football game, you think as you see the struggling, swaying mass in the middle of the field. And the cheer leader! Did you ever see anything more ridiculous than the utter seriousness of his manner as he solemnly calls for "nine 'rahs" for So-and-So?

But as the game progresses and you see some thrilling runs around the end, and some reckless tackling, and some nery line bucking, all for the honor of the team and the college—well, you begin to warm up. Before the last quarter is over you have picked your team, if you hadn't one to start with, and are pulling frantically for it to get the ball across that staunchly defended goal line.

After all, youth is a great thing. The well fought college football game, with its fine abandon and its compelling enthusiasms and its fervid admonitions from the rooters to "Hoid—that—line!" makes the blood flow faster through the veins of the most sedate person of middle age.

"The fastest, cleanest and most aggressive High School team I have ever seen," is the way Mr. Groves, of the K. C. A. C. describes this year's team. Coming from Mr. Groves, who is an official of wide repute, we feel highly honored. Coach Sexton deserves the greatest amount of credit, as it was through his efforts and exertions that we had a winning team. Only four men of last year's team were in school this year, so Coach Sexton had to make up the team out of "green" material.

How well he succeeded is shown by the record of the team. This was an all-victorious team, not a defeat being registered against it. Yet we played teams that out-weighed ours from 30 to 50 pounds to the man. We were only scored on once during the season.

The team deserves commendation for their willingness to work and put their best efforts in all the games. The team played consistent ball all the year and the main point of success was that the boys played "team-work."

On Friday, October 31, Mr. Sexton, accompanied by fourteen players and a few rooters, invaded Olathe, Kas. Every boy was in great spirits. Yells

and songs were the principal events on the "Old Strang Line" on our way out.

We arrived at 2:30, and were taken to their High School, which was occupied by blacks and whites. The game was called at 3 o'clock and the field had about 1 inch of mud covering. Olathe kicked off, but on account of the mud we were unable to carry the ball very far. The Olathe team had been strengthened since their first game and were confident that they would win. But I. H. S. had to be considered for they could play football. Olathe was unable to make gains so their referee began to call fouls on I. H. S. and by doing so enabled Olathe to score their first and only touchdown. They failed on the kick for goal. I. H. S. was unable to score this quarter.

The second quarter I. H. S. was able to place the pigskin between the bars but were unable to kick goal. This quarter ended with the score of 6 to 6.

The second half opened with Smiley back in his old place and then we began to gain ground. Mr. Sexton refereed this half of the game and this was the only time of the year that he did so.

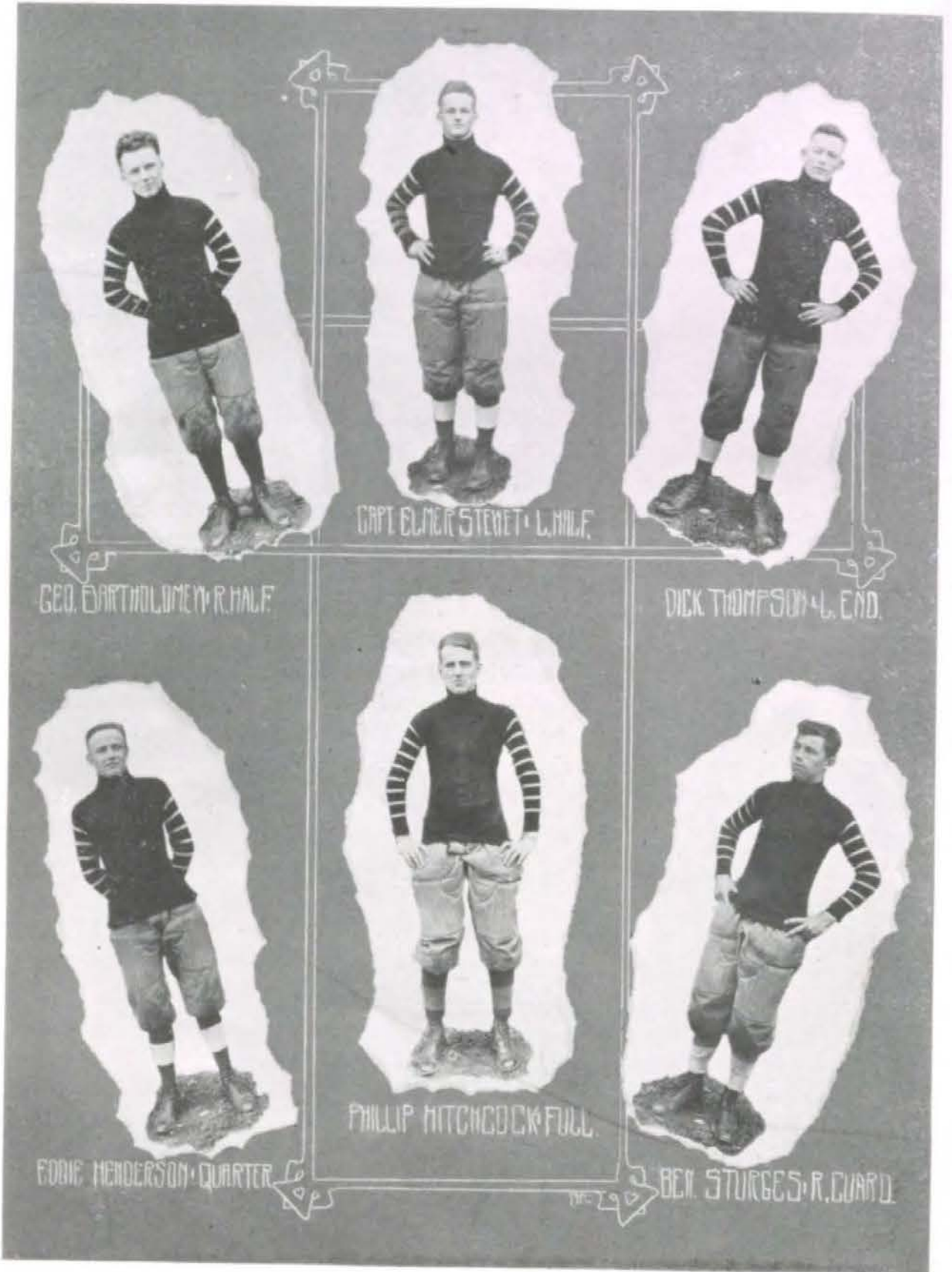
Olathe began to play old-fashioned football, but Skinner our left tackle, was equal to the occasion and soon stopped that. Neither team was able to score this quarter.

The fourth quarter opened with I. H. S. determined to score and by a series of end runs and a fake play Smiley was able to cross the line. Seed kicked goal. Olathe then tried to score but was unable for our end and half-backs always blocked the way. Henderson with his back field was always ready with a new play. So I. H. S. walked off the field victors of O. H. S., their referee and the town. The score: I. H. S., 13; O. H. S., 6.

J. E. D.—'14.



THE GLEAM 1914



Richard Thompson.

End "Dick" was generally a favorite with the crowd because he always played a consistent game. "Dick" weighs 140 pounds and is 5 feet 8 inches tall. He had more "pep" than any other man and always led the offensive work. He is a Junior.



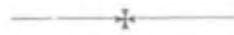
Elmer Stewart.

Captain "Smiley" was considered the fastest of our backfield men. He weighed 127 pounds and was 5 feet 7 inches tall. He was a brilliant worker and in an open field run could hardly be caught. He played with a determination to win. He is a Junior.



George Bartholomew.

Our scrappy little half-back who was very silent, but always there with all the fight that was in him. George weighed 139 pounds and was 5 feet 7 inches tall. He was a good runner and was always good for several yards gain when given the ball. This was his last year in school.



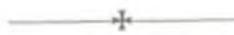
Ben Sturges.

At guard, he played a steady and consistent game. "Enoch" weighed 150 pounds and was 5 feet 9 inches tall. He tried nothing of the spectacular element but always was a good reliable man. He was cool at all times and was a strong defensive man. "Enoch" is a Sophomore.



Philip Hitchcock.

Played his last year for the High School last season. "Seed" weighs 160 pounds, is 5 feet 11¾ inches tall. He worked as full-back all last season, while the season before he played center. He played every minute of any game this season. He played very consistent football. This was his last year at school.



Edwin Henderson.

Captain-elect "Eddie," our gallant little quarter, was a very valuable man to our team. He called the signals with quickness and precision and was always full of "pep," fighting away to land the game in our victory column. He weighed 125 pounds and was 5 feet 7½ inches tall. He is a Sophomore.

THE GLEAM 1914



ALONZO JACOBS, R-EMD

RALPH MONTAGUE, CENTER

HARRY ROBERTS, L-TACKLE

JOE DAVIS, L-GUARD

ROGER SKINNER, P-TACKLE

HOLDS GEORGE, TACKLE

Harry Roberts.

Right Tackle. "Ike" weighs 148 pounds and is 5 feet 2 inches tall. He was a very fine man on the team, always ready and willing to work. His strong determination to play the game for all there was in it made him a valuable player. He is a Junior.



Ralph Montague.

Center. This was "Monty's" first season out and he made the team. He weighs 170 pounds and is 6 feet 1½ inches tall. He played a fast game always and was a willing worker. As a defensive man, he was one of our best. "Monty" has a bright future as a player. He is a Sophomore.



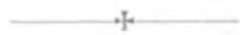
Alonzo Jacobs.

End. "Jake" played in nearly all the games and was a good player always. He weighed 148 pounds and was 5 feet 9 inches tall. His specialty was catching forward passes. Being a swift runner, he carried the ball for large gains at all times. He is a Sophomore.



Hollis George.

End. This was Hollis' second year at I. H. S. and he has proven himself a valuable man. As an end and tackle, he played the game well, and fought stubbornly each contest he entered. He weighs 150 pounds and is 5 feet 9 inches tall. He is a Sophomore.



Roger Skinner.

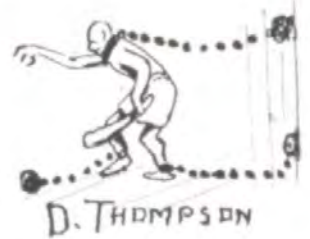
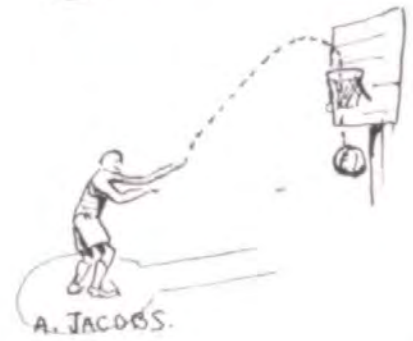
Tackle, "Rog." played a very consistent game at tackle. "Rog." always got his "man" and broke up the interference time and again. He weighed 158 pounds and was 5 feet 8 inches tall. "Rog." was a hard and fierce tackler and showed no mercy in slamming them to the ground. This was his last year in school.



Joe Davis.

Guard. This is his first year on the regular team. Joe weighs 145 pounds and is 5 feet 9½ inches tall. He was always a stone wall on the rushes of the opposition. He was an all-around good guard. He is a Senior.

BASKET BALL



- GEO. A. PARTHLOMEW -
114

BASKET BALL.

To say that the basket ball season has been successful would be putting it mildly. It was one grand march from beginning to end. We started out with a rush and kept going at top speed the entire season. Teams like Wentworth and Park College fell before us, to say nothing of the dozen other High School teams. The team played team work. They played together. They played basket ball as it ought to be played. They were all willing to sacrifice personal honor for the gain. Consequently we had some team.



BEN STURGES, Captain.

Benjamin Sturges, or "Enoch," was unanimously elected captain of this year's team. It was his first year on the team. He was out of two games owing to a sprained knee. In the other games he played in a fast, clean, and "peppery" style. He always kept the team going and it was largely due to his efforts that the team was such a success.

THE GLEAM 1914



HARRY ROBERTS

JOHN MCCOY

DICK THOMPSON

ELMER STEWART

EDDIE HENDERSON

ALVIN JACOBS

INDEPENDENCE HIGH SCHOOL VS. WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY.

Our little band of warriors wearing the green and yellow, entered the battlefield of Lexington to meet our old Wentworth rivals. They were at this time men of great strength and ability and having been drilled in shooting goals had a very excellent battallion. Capt. Sturges was wounded in our last battle and Lieut. Henderson commanded the squad which drew up in splendid array before the enemy.

The enemy charged and recharged our band, which seemed to be pushed down to their feet, but they kept up their reputation by fighting gallantly, so that after twenty minutes of hard grilling we found ourselves three points in the lead, but our company was beginning to show the effects of the enemy's strength and valor. The Wentworth soldiers retreated for a rest, but when the battle once more began they were greatly strengthened by new forces and commenced to renew their charge. We were held in check for a great while, but Stewart, the boy with a smile, came to the rescue by making a few accurate shots and Eagle-eye Thompson held down his post to perfection, while Roberts, McCoy and Jacobs rushed the ball over the field in such a style that made them fight together as one man. We now put the enemy to flight, captured the spoils and marched off to the tune of 16 to 11.

BEN STURGES.—'16.

BASKET BALL GAMES PLAYED.

| | | | |
|-------------------------|-----|----------|-----|
| De La Salle Academy | 25 | I. H. S. | 43 |
| K. C. Presbyterian | 9 | I. H. S. | 50 |
| Park College | 23 | I. H. S. | 33 |
| Excelsior Springs H. S. | 14 | I. H. S. | 28 |
| Machine Gun Team | 26 | I. H. S. | 41 |
| Central Sophs. of K. C. | 22 | I. H. S. | 44 |
| Odessa H. S. | 28 | I. H. S. | 35 |
| Independence Stars | 23 | I. H. S. | 34 |
| Independence Ave. M. E. | 13 | I. H. S. | 49 |
| 5 W's | 10 | I. H. S. | 47 |
| K. C. University | 10 | I. H. S. | 47 |
| Olathe Mutes | 20 | I. H. S. | 22 |
| K. C., K. H. S. | 53 | I. H. S. | 28 |
| Iris Specials | 22 | I. H. S. | 27 |
| Total | 298 | | 528 |



This annual, "The Gleam of 1914," which was edited by the Senior Class, is intended to set forth the character of the school life of the institution, and show something of the work that is being done. Through this medium, the various institutions are enabled to measure their intellectual and athletic powers with those of other schools. Quite naturally, each year's editors fix their desires and aspirations upon an ideal "Gleam," and then every effort is put forth to climb to that pinnacle of idealism. "The Gleam of 1914" stands, as it were, at the zenith of the many successful efforts put forth by this departing class. With the publication of this book, we near the inevitable end; where each shall choose his path in the fields of the tumultuous world of business; where we are afterwards held together by the Alumni. Heretofore it has been the custom for the Seniors to give the Alumni Reception, but this year the Alumni have decided to take the responsibilities. We, the class of 1914, certainly appreciate such kindness of the Alumni. What this school really has needed for some time was an organized Alumni Association.

Such an organization would be great and broad, for the High School graduates are, without doubt, numerous. It would be interesting, for what varied plans for school enjoyment could we not discuss and carry out. It would be instructive, for what wonderful things are our fertile brains not able to create

THE GLEAM 1914

that would increase our knowledge. It would be inspiring, for who dares to admit such a body would not be inspired.

It has been our aim to bring this annual as near as possible up to the standard of university annuals.

The Staff is greatly indebted to George Bartholomew, whose very fine cartoons and drawings are found interspersed throughout these pages. Our class has been very fortunate in having such a natural and gifted artist in our midst.

The class of 1914 is on the eve of bidding farewell to the Independence High School. With what regrets we leave—not yet fully realizing the responsibilities we will each and every one enter upon. Now, at the close of four years of comradeship, to be so widely separated, each embarking upon the great sea; some to enjoy success, others perhaps failures. Yet each year to be drawn by the yoke of our High School life. And now, to old I. H. S. and to its dearly beloved students, we bid farewell as we reluctantly hurry away, carrying with us only this cherished volume as a memento of our former companionship with thee.

This year the editors have striven more than ever to make this a book of the school rather than merely a Senior publication, and we have put forth our best efforts to make it interesting to each and every student as well as to those not connected with the High School. We have added several pages of "snaps" which we think will more clearly and more interestingly picture "in and around the school" better than words can tell.

We, the Seniors of 1914, think that we must claim the honor for having brought about a formally organized Alumni Association. Yet that has been the aim of each class before, so this movement seems to have culminated in the class of 1914.

ROGER SKINNER.—'14.

When we accomplish all we attempt it is certain proof that we have not attempted enough.

Whatever of excellence is wrought into thought belongs to both worlds.
—Daniel Webster.

THE GLEAM 1914

GLEAMLETS.

He who laughs last may be merely slow of comprehension. Please excuse the Freshies.

One may sometimes guess how a young man will turn out by noting the time he turns in.

See how a line looks without spaces.

Wa—ta—gu—si—am. (Read fast.)

In the Lee's Summit football game "Smiley" was purposely "roughed up" by one of the players. He bristled up to "Smiley," but when "Smike" looked at him he stopped. Someone said, "Smiley's look stopped him." We must agree that at times Elmer does look very ferocious.

Many a student expects his own conscience to "jolly him along."

There's a streak of study and a streak of "bluff" in almost every student. If you don't believe it, ask some of the Seniors.

Don't trust to luck. The fellow who does the guessing and waiting always has the percentage against him. Hurry up, Joe.

90's never met anybody going backward. Open your throttle—oh!—I mean your book, and go right ahead. This is to Juniors.

(Behind the scenes in "In India.")—"I don't want that old brown paint on me. It makes me look simply horrid."

"Quite nat-ur-al," was the echo which reverberated from the farther wall.

What is a "Gleam editor?"

A "Gleam" editor is a reformed High School student with a rubber conscience and a lifelong membership in the Annanias Club.

What is a business manager?

The hopeful person who smiles when he don't mean to and racks his brain trying to make 10 pages of "ads" equal to 15.

Why aren't more "Gleams" successful?

Because the editors either surround a nickel's worth of literature with eleven dollars' worth of art work and hope to get by, or reverse the process and get scratched at the post.

When in after years we've parted
And your school days seem as a dream
You can recall all their faces
By just leafing o'er your "Gleam."

R. E. B.—'14.

Be true, be kind, keep out of debt, do thy best and leave the rest.

Nothing of character is really permanent but virtue and personal worth.
—Daniel Webster.



THE GLEAM 1914

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME GLEAM.

(A Talking Moving Picture.)

Scene:—A Class Room.

Editor (with assumed dignity)—“The meeting will now come to order.”
(Raps vigorously with gavel—silence at last prevails.)

Little Margy—(arising with a determined look in her eye.) “Now look here Roger, if you don’t announce that short story—I (Boys begin to snicker—laugh—say in stage whisper—“Sit down.’”)

Margy sits down but as she sits Hazel Brackenbury takes her place with a screech—“If I were you Reginald Criley I wouldn’t talk. Why, you haven’t read a treasurer’s report to the class this year. How do we know what you do with all our money? Why—”

Mr. Smith now arises and in a low, melodious, sweet, passive voice remarks: “Miss Brackenbury, Mr. Criley is a perfect gentleman, and a man of unimpeachable honesty and integrity; and, in proof of my aforesaid statement, I hold written reports of Mr. Criley’s accounting for each and every cent expended. (His voice acting like oil on troubled waters, Miss Brackenbury, soothed and pacified, resumes her seat). Peace reigns supreme.

Mr. Criley in a Napoleonic attitude, slowly rises and in a voice at which even the gods tremble, proceeds: “Now look here, if we don’t have all the copy by tomorrow we can’t have any ‘Gleam.’”

Voice from girls, “Sit down, you’re rockin’ the boat.”

Criley—“Look here, Polly Shoup, if you don’t keep quiet I won’t take you skatin’ this afternoon.”

Miss Hager, “The Titian Doll”—“Mr. Editor, he’s out of order.”

The Editor, who has been hiding under the desk for protection, crawls out and meekly asks Mr. Criley to resume his seat.

Cora Mae Cook, our valiant, ever-striving-upward, demure, Associate Editor, now takes the floor. “I want to know what color the cover of the ‘Gleam’ is going to be this year?”

Criley—“Green and Gold!”

Seed—“Purple and Gold!”

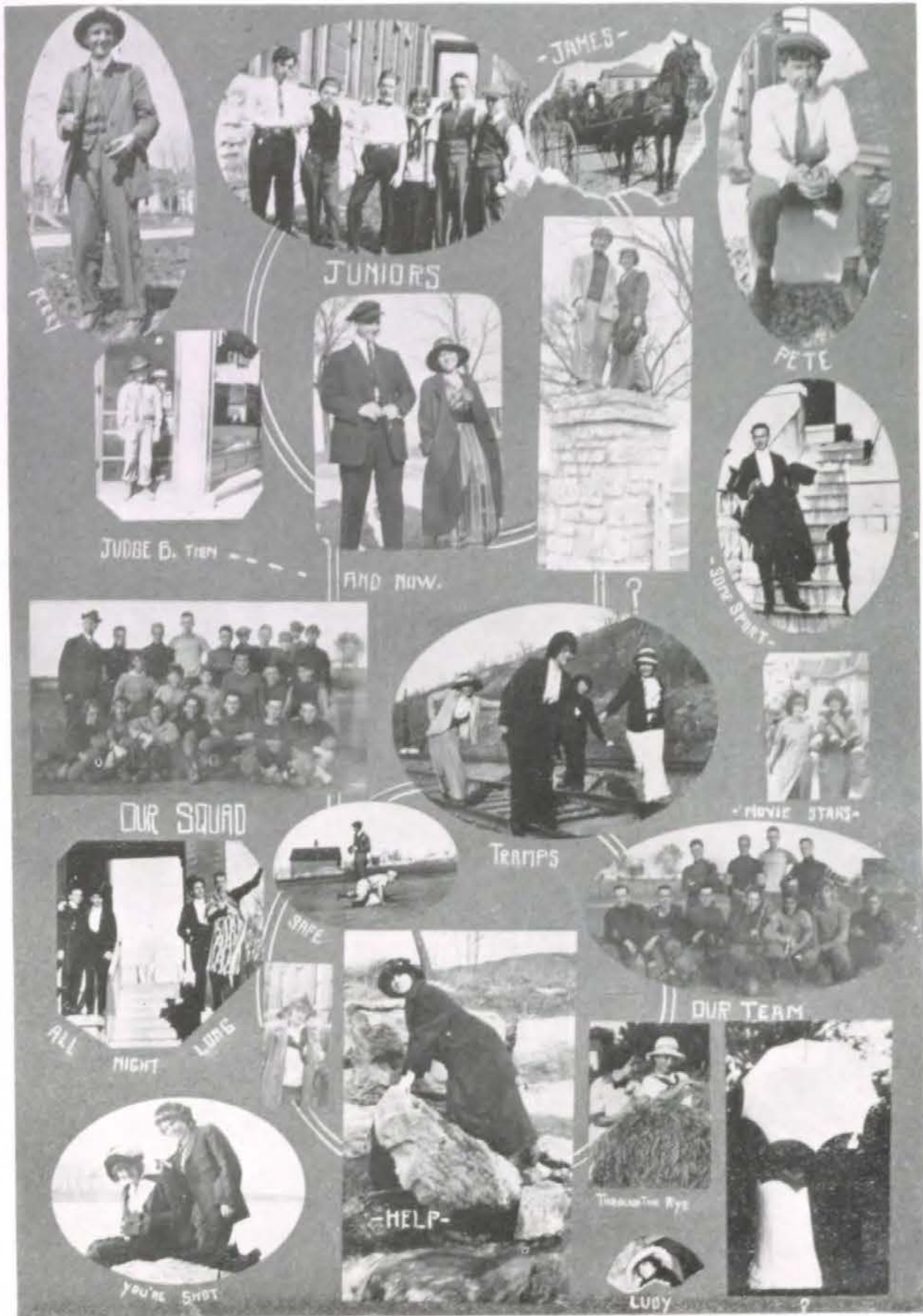
Smith—“Black and Gold!”

After this the Business Managers confer and finally announce the color to be “Purple and Gold.”

The conversation then turns to everything that doesn’t pertain to the “Gleam,” and soon general peace is established. A motion is made to adjourn and the staff, arm in arm, go down the hall singing.—

PHILIP HITCHCOCK.—’14.

THE GLEAM 1914





Miss Compton.—“Why did Cromwell call this his fortunate day?”
R. C. Smith.—“Because he died then.”

Miss Compton.—“What day did the Roundheads stop celebrating?”
John Bryant.—“Fourth of July.”

She.—“What is the difference between a sigh, an automobile and a goose?”

He.—“Can't guess.”

She.—“A sigh is “O, dear,” an auto is “too dear” and a goose is “you dear.”

A GRACEFUL WISH.

She.—“I am very tired. I wish I could find a big rock to sit on.”

He.—“I wouldn't mind being a little boulder if I wasn't afraid of being sat on.”

Miss Compton.—“On what ground was the king executed?”

Alonzo Jacobs (half asleep)—“Why-er—I think it was coffee grounds.”

A certain Senior was heard to remark: “After a girl has cried over the hardships of the hero of the play she takes the sweetest delight in giving pain to the young man who is paying for her dinner.”



MISS PHELPS EXPLAINING
SOLID GEOMETRY.

ONE THEORY.

If at first you're not believed,
Lie, lie again.

Boys.—Rog. Skinner certainly is ambitious.

Rog.—Yes, boys, watch me climb, if it doesn't stretch your neck.

Miss Phelps.—About what victory of the Americans are we now studying?

Philip.—The excavation of Boston.

AUTOMOBILE LOVE.

Come "Dorris," let's away in my "Oldsmobile," while the "White Moon" shines in the sky. The "Arrows" of Cupid "Pierce" my heart.

To my "Empire" we'll fly, where I'll share my "Regal" power with thee. The "Imperial" "Paige" awaits our coming. Speeding through "Woods," we will "Brush" by "Ramblers;" and the "Little" "Jack Rabbits" will run in flight from our "Chaise." Come, now, my "Dorris," with your "Warrea." Far up the "Hudson" my Peerless" love will live forever.



JUDGE BRADY AND HIS E.D.S.

FEMININE CURIOSITY.

We're looking back to see if they are looking back to see if we are looking back to see if they are looking back at us.

Many people get their only rise in life through the assistance of an elevator.

Mr. Sexton.—Every time I pass in front of Calvin's desk I am reminded of a zoo.

Miss Compton.—“Why are the Middle Ages known as the Dark Ages?”
Wise Sophie.—“Because there were so many knights.”

History Teacher.—“Who were the infantry?”
Freshman.—“Oh! They were the children of the army.”

“High School bred” is a four years' loaf.

WANTED.

A girl. Just plain girl. Should not be addicted to the harem skirt habit; rats and puffs not required. She need know nothing about bridge, whist or social scandal. Inability to decipher a French bill of fare will not count against her. Need not have done and been done by foreign countries. If she can sing and play a bit, sew and cook a trifle, so much the better. It is desirable that she have a little kindness of heart. Need not be versed in church creed, but should believe in decency. In a word, I want just a wholesome, lovable, good, old-fashioned girl. No need to apply. Will come after you.

“REG.”

OTTO'S AUTO.

Otto thought he ought to auto,
 So he bought an automoto,
 In his auto, Otto thought
 He ought to see the auto show.
 So he went as Otto aught to,
 But his auto wouldn't go,
 There are things about an auto
 Even Otto aught to know.



A problem for the solid geometry class:
 If, during Senior play practice, Polly goes upon the stage, why is it that
 Roger De Witt always follows?
 The proof is left to the student.

The latest book, "Bluffing in History Class," by Cora May and Margaret,
 Ph. D.'s, is now on sale at all school supply houses. No student supposed to
 be studying history should be without the book.

Miss Compton.—"What were the discoveries of pre-historic man?"
 Charnelcie G.—"Fire and electricity."

Miss McCoy.—"What is a Cremona fiddle?"
 Pauline Hall.—"It's a fiddle with a pedigree."

Russell Etzenhouser (in English).—"A stanza of two lines is a doublet
 (couplet)."

Calvin Atkins.—"The plowman homeward plods his weary way, and
 leaves the world to darkness and to 'Mae'—and me."

"IN INDIA"



Tramp—"Have you any odd jobs I can do?"

Lady—"Yes; whistle a tune and paint it green."

+

Miss McCoy.—"What was sent at dusk for the 'Children of Israel' to eat?"

Pauline Hall.—"A raven."

+

Miss Thompson.—"Paul, what are pigmies?"

Paul.—"Small pigs."

"SEED'S" FUTURE
AS SEEN BY MISS BROWN





CARRYING THEM BY THEIR STEMS

Little Johnny being very proud of his little kittens, went to get them to show to a gentleman friend who came to visit them.

Coming back through the halls, his mother could hear the kittens squealing very loudly.

"Don't hurt them," his mother called.

"I'm not, I'm carrying them by the stems."

Dale's socks—Dynamite explosion = A thunderstorm.

Green sweater + Reg + a few observers + 1 slam ÷ 1000 unslams = Puffed-out chest.

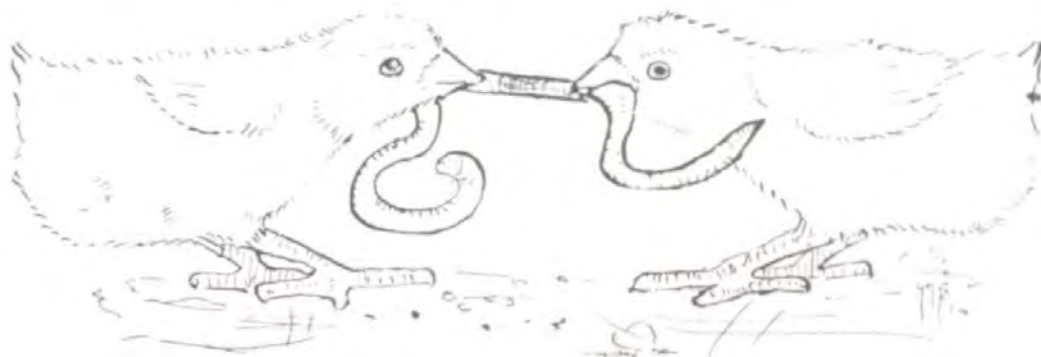
6 ft. man ÷ 2 + √ knowledge? = Gerhardt Shaw.

Emma May + subject = All day's talk.

Elizabeth Mc + boy + seriousness + 3 humor = Becky at her best.

Seed + No subject + sympathetic audience = O.

Roland Bruner—A certain lassie = Heartache.




-FINIS-

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The Independence Examiner

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Prof. Sexton.—“What is a projection?”

Harry Roberts.—“A stick out.”

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and
Ice Cream Parlor** 

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Meals
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Prompt Delivery Service Free to Any
Part of the City.

Parcel Post Delivery Outside
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Prescriptions and Sick Room Sup-
plies our specialty.

Errol stood on the weighing machine
Across the street from Jay's,
Then a counterfeit penny he dropped in the slot,
And silently stole a-weigh.

When You Eat...

IT PAYS THE BEST
TO GET THE BEST

WE HAVE IT

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Independence Hardware Co.

Phones 7

116 South Main Street

Teacher (roughly shaking pupil)—“I believe the devil has hold of you!”

Pupil (panting)—“I believe he has.”

M. E. HALL

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Only place able to fill plainest or daintiest bakery goods known.

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Miss Ross.—“Asthon, what is an optimist?”
Asthon S.—“An eye doctor.”

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Private Bath.

Geo. W. Asher, Proprietor.

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Home Phone 128

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Have you ever heard of gnats? Yes, Ignatz.

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We are right in your way
with the best

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to be had. No substitu-
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with quality and prescrip-
tion accuracy.

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Cleaner*

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Work called for and delivered

WE are headquarters for everything usually found in a first class drug store. We solicit your business and guarantee fair treatment and honest prices, as low as the lowest. Come to

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South Side Square

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BROS.
KANDY
KITCHEN**

**PURE ICE CREAM
AND CANDY**

BOTH PHONES 412

Miss Phelps.—“Reginald, what was the ‘Sherman act?’ ”

Reginald.—“Er—Marching through Georgia.”

Peiser Bros.

**CAFE FOR
GENTLEMEN**

**FULL LINE OF
DELICATESSEN GOODS**

BOTH PHONES 48

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PHONES 347

Semi Anthracite Coal

See Foster before you buy
your winter coal.

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Phones 95

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Frank. C. Wyatt, Vice-Pres.
E. F. Grinter, Ass't. Cashier.

Established 1887

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*Capital and Surplus
\$230,000.00*

*3 per cent Interest paid on
Time Deposits.*

Independence, Mo.

Telehones 156

What is a business manager?

The hopeful person who smiles when he don't mean to and racks his brain trying to make 10 pages of "ads" equal to 15.

The Independence Fair

The city's best advertisement.
The county's best asset.
The girl's best time.
The boy's best chance.
5—The year's best days—5

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PHONES 185

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to Eat."*

*Candies, Fruits, Etc.,
a Specialty.*

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Reg.—Fortune knocks only once at your door.

Philip.—It would be just my luck to be down in the cellar fixing the furnace.

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Will build Home to suit you.

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of
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One Block South of Square.

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Miss Phelps.—“What is the chief product of Virginia?”

Emeline B.—“Tobacco.”

Miss Phelps.—“Why chief produce?”

Emeline B.—“It was the only thing they had to eat.”

Home Phone 20
Bell Phone 92 and 20

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**FEED MILL—
WHOLESALE**

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and Flour**

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the strictest and most conservative
lines and embraces all the depart-
ments of a progressive institution.

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SAFE--ARE FIRE PROOF.

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COMMON--VITRIFIED--FACING

PLANT, SPRING BRANCH ROAD
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"Played a good joke on my fiancee."
"How was that, old top?"
"Had my chum meet her in the dark hall and he got the kiss intended for me. Good joke, eh what?"

*Constant study will make
you proficient.*

*Constant deposits in our
bank will made you rich.*

*Make Our Bank Your
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*We pay 4% on TIME DE-
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Jackson County Bank

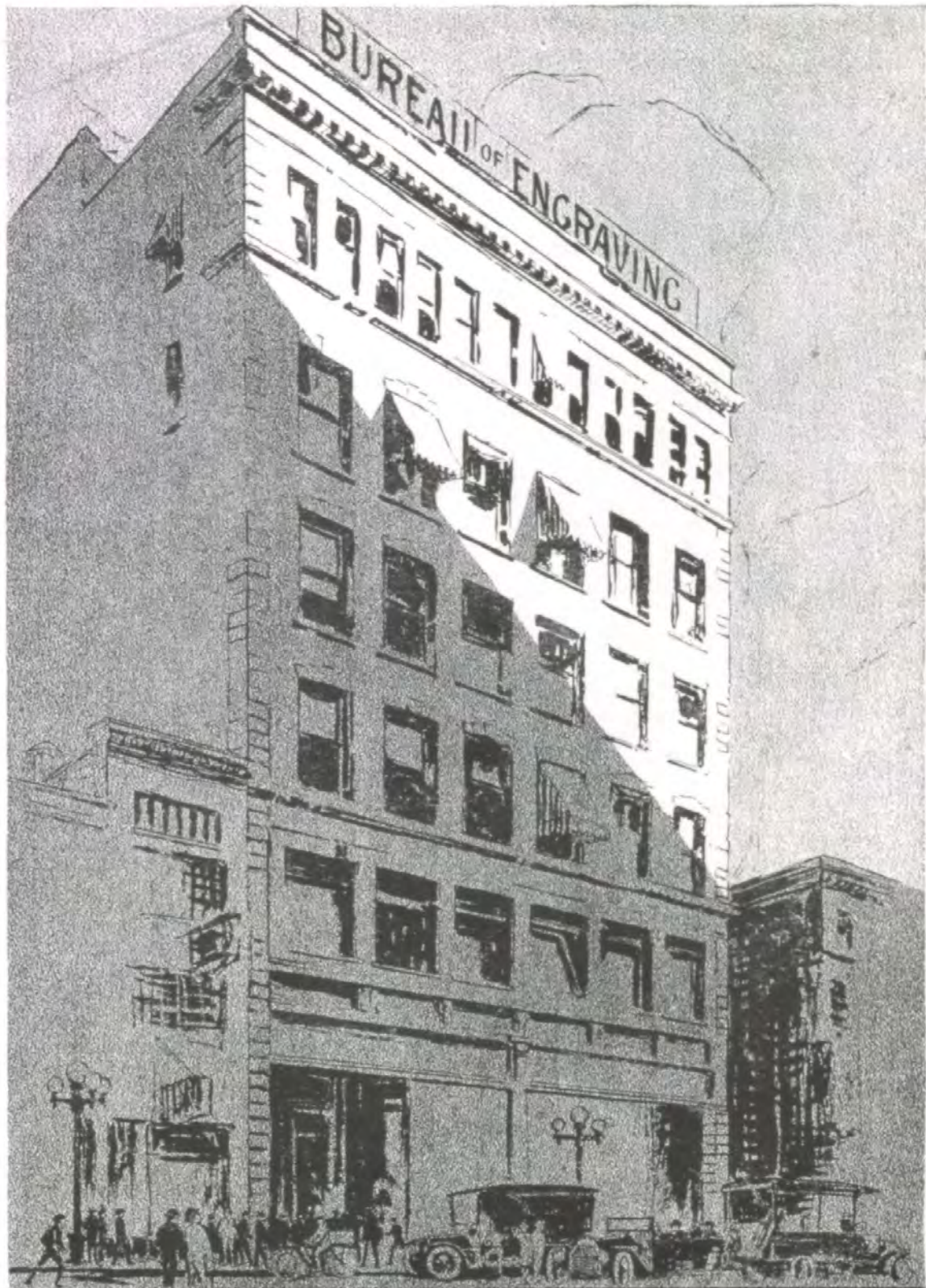
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measures.

Phones 90



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The teacher had been telling the class about the rhinoceros family. "Now, name some things," said she, "that are very dangerous to get near to, and that have horns."

"Motor cars!" replied little Jennie.

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Our Prices are Right

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store in town.*

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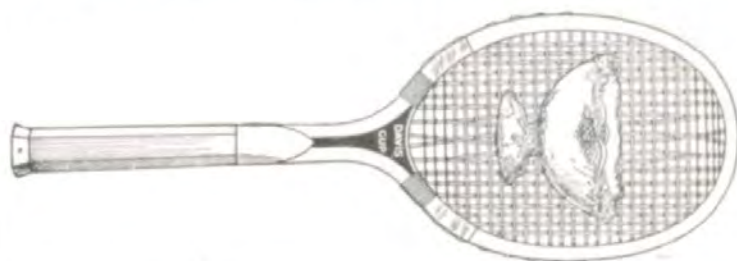
Freshman.—“I got zero in algebra.”

Senior.—“That’s nothing.”

Freshman.—“What’s nothing?”

Senior.—“Zero.”

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Tall Senior.—“Don't know exactly, but she comes about to my shoulder.”

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Quick Work

All kinds of
Repairing

We do all work with latest machinery.

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"My dear, my luck is not in baking good cakes, but in finding a baker who can supply me with better bread, pies and cakes than I can bake myself."

"You mean to say this is bakery goods?"

"That's just what I mean and they came from the

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