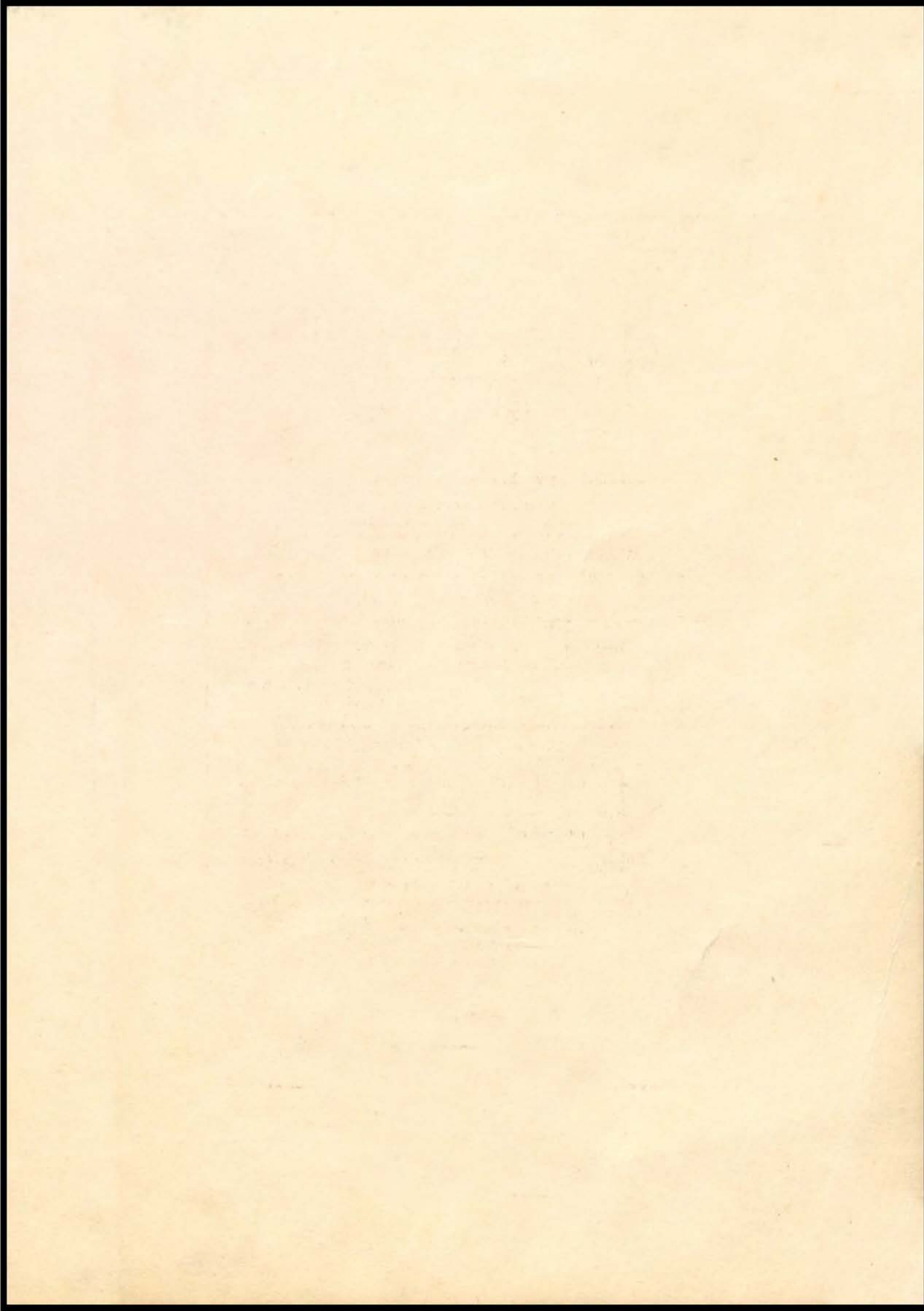


THE TEAM



1917



Examiner Printing Co.,

Independence, Mo.

PUBLISHERS OF

The Jackson Examiner.

The Independence Examiner.

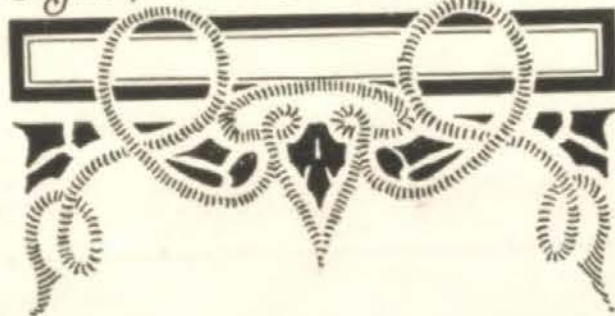
ORIGINAL
SCHOOL ANNUAL
DESIGNS



BURGER

ENGRAVING COMPANY

Wyandotte at 8th. St. K.C.M.



The Gleam

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

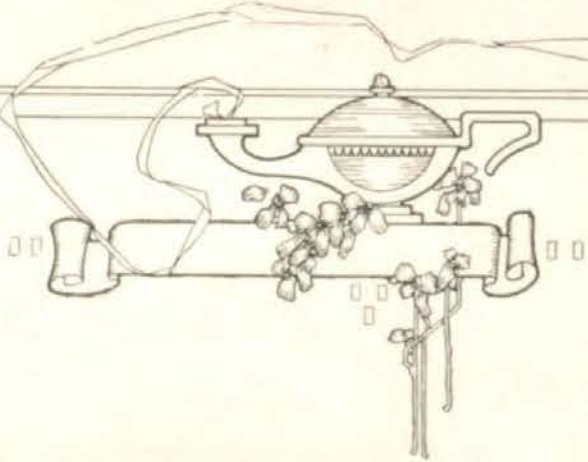
—Tennyson.

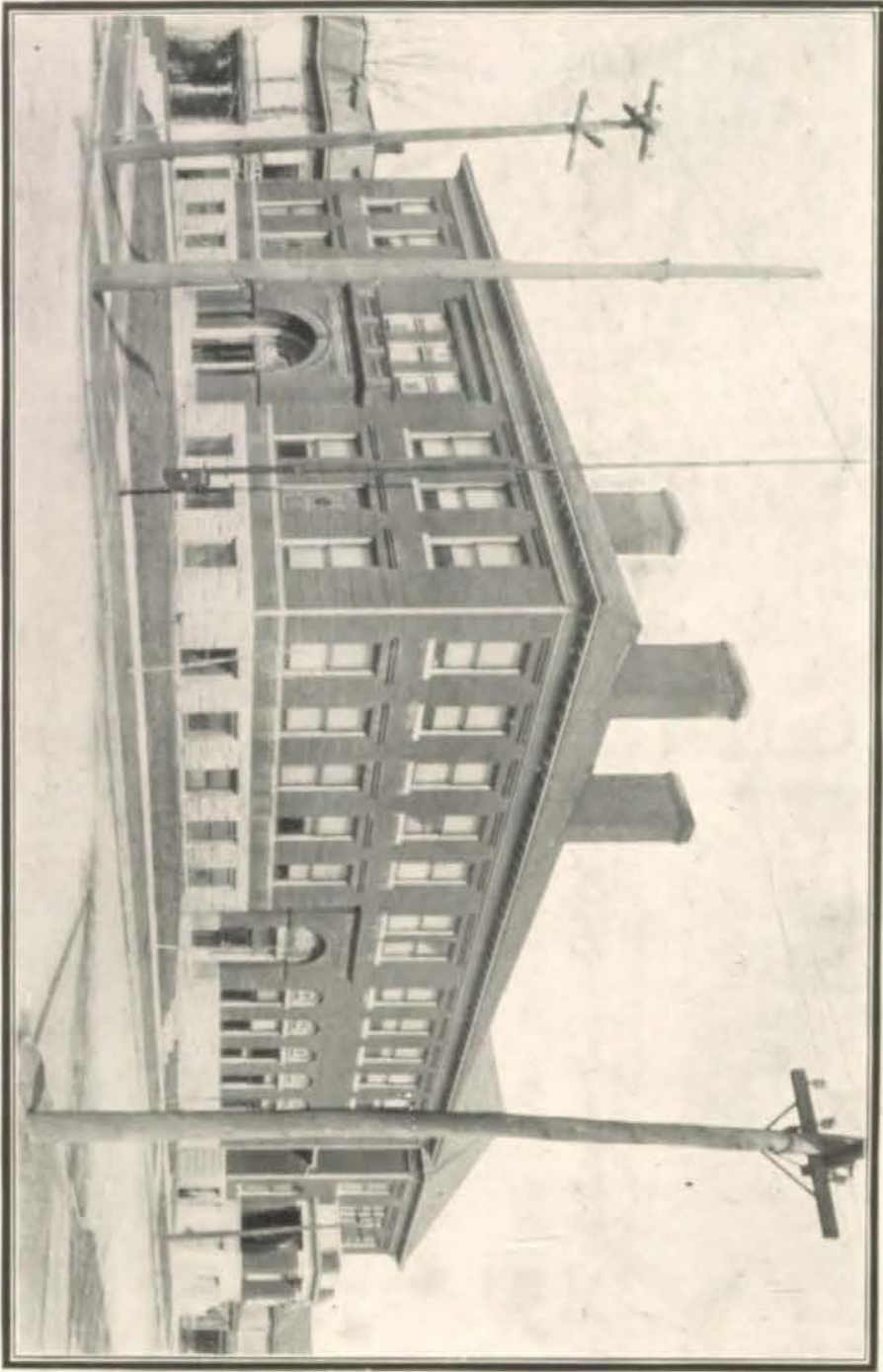


Foreword



We offer this, the 1917 Gleam, the result of our efforts to set forth the history of a school year. It is our sincere hope that we may thus furnish each member of the class a pleasant and valued memorial of four happy and helpful school years.







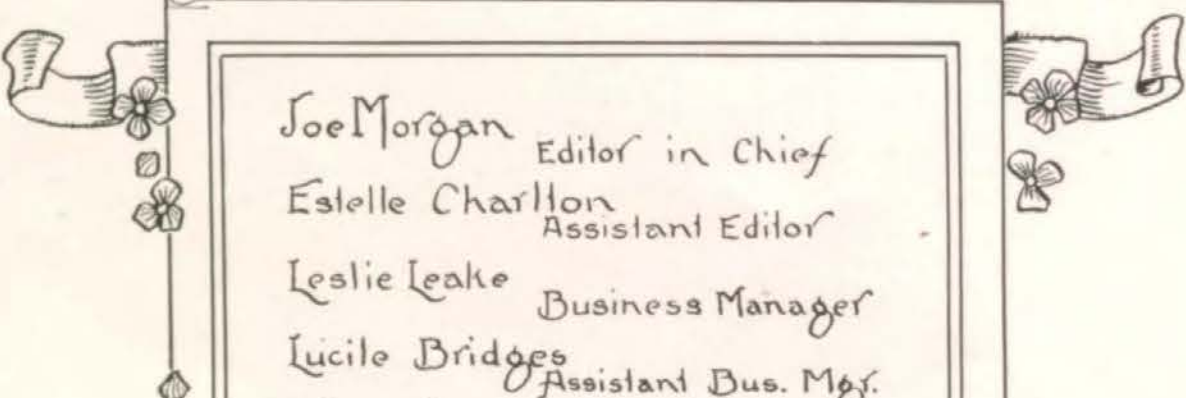
MRS. MARGARET SWOPE.

Dedication

In appreciation
of the generous
gifts of Mrs.
Margaret Swope,
making possible
our beautiful new
High School building,
the Seniors
gratefully ded-
icate the 1917
Gleam.



The Staff



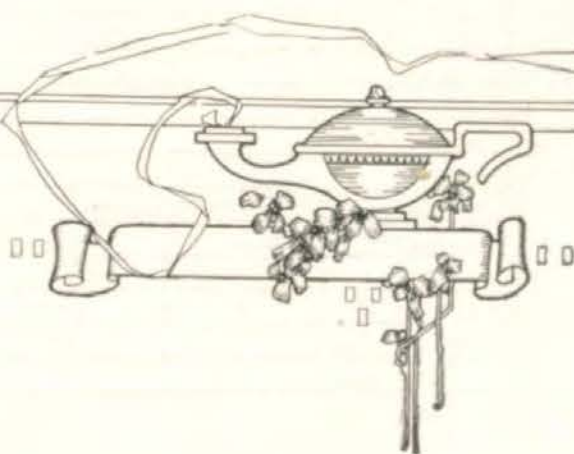
Joe Morgan	Editor in Chief
Estelle Charlton	Assistant Editor
Leslie Leake	Business Manager
Lucile Bridges	Assistant Bus. Mgr.
Mary Jones	Literary Editor
Mary Bryan	Local Editor
Gladys Elliott	Alumni Editor
Bernice Tidswell	Art Editor
Arthur Henry	Athletic Editor
Bryan Hall	Advertising Editor
Violet Simpson	Proof Reader



Order of Books



	Page
FACULTY ..	10
SENIORS ..	11
CLASSES ..	24
LITERARY ..	33
ART ..	81
MUSIC ..	82
MANUAL TR. ..	84
ATHLETICS ..	85
SOCIETY ..	100
LOCALS ..	102
ALUMNI ..	109





SLB.

FACULTY



MEMBERS OF FACULTY.

Eugene B. Street, Prin.

Mrs. Geo. H. Barnett	History, Algebra
Nelle Begey	Caesar, Eng.
Matilda D. Brown	English
Margaret Browne	Ag., Phys., Geog., Biol.
Janie Chiles	Geometry, Algebra
Margaret Chiles	Domestic Art
Maud F. Compton	History
D. C. Elliott	Science
Carrie L. Henry	Study Hall
L. H. Hibbits	Physics, Chem.
W. D. Hifner	Manual Training
Mattie McCoy	English
Kathleen McNutt	Drawing
Edith Maltby	Latin
L. E. Morris	Man. Tr., Mech. Dr.
Margaret L. Phelps	History, Civics
Marie Sealy	Algebra, Eng.
Osla Sehrt	German, Chemistry
J. M. Sexton	Geom., Alg.
Grace V. Wilson	Music

SENIORS



BRIDGES



PRESIDENT	LESLIE LEAKE	LESLIE LEAKE
Vice-President	Sarah Jane Cushwa	Estelle Jones
Sec'y.-Treas.	Agnes Luff	Charline Ragland
Att'y.-General	Russell Hunt	Lawrence Bostian
Yell Leader	Clifford Kelley	
Class Historian	Russell Hunt	

Colors—Pink and White
 Mascot—White Mule
 Flower—Apple Blossom
 Motto—"Semper Fidelus"

YELL

Yea! Seniors! Yea! Seniors!
 S-E-N-I-O-R-S
 Yea Seniors.



Gomer Watson

Grace Truitt

Anna Cook

Gladys Brady

Melvin Knoepker



Charline Ragland

Anna Belle Porter

Russell Hunt

Lucille Christopher

Lucille Bridges



Mae Bowdle

Jessie Ruth Johnson

Joe Morgan

Estelle Jones

Agnes Luff



Frances Weeks

Esther Fields

Grover Huff

Frances Fournoy

Mary Bryan



Violet Simpson

Fern Halleran

Lawrence Bostian

Lucille Kerr

Gladys Elliott



Ashton Sollars

Jeanette Johnson

Pauline Bartholomew

Bryan Hall

Mary Jones



Jack Ragland

Julia Porter

Ruth Kelley

Julia Noland

Burdette Thomason



Virginia Bridges

Arthur Henry

Pauline Jones

Margaret Fitzmorris

Estelle Charlton



Carolyn Ferguson
Eleanor Bunyar

Lee Cook
Alma Funkhouser

Berenice Tidswell



Wiley Pendleton

Helen Murphy

Florence Fontaine

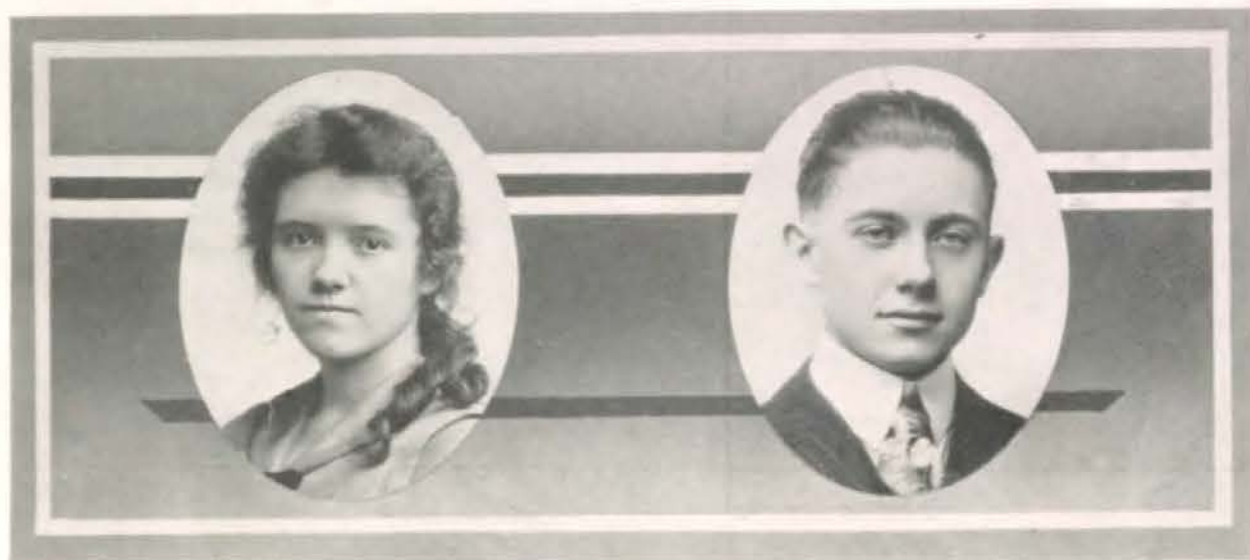
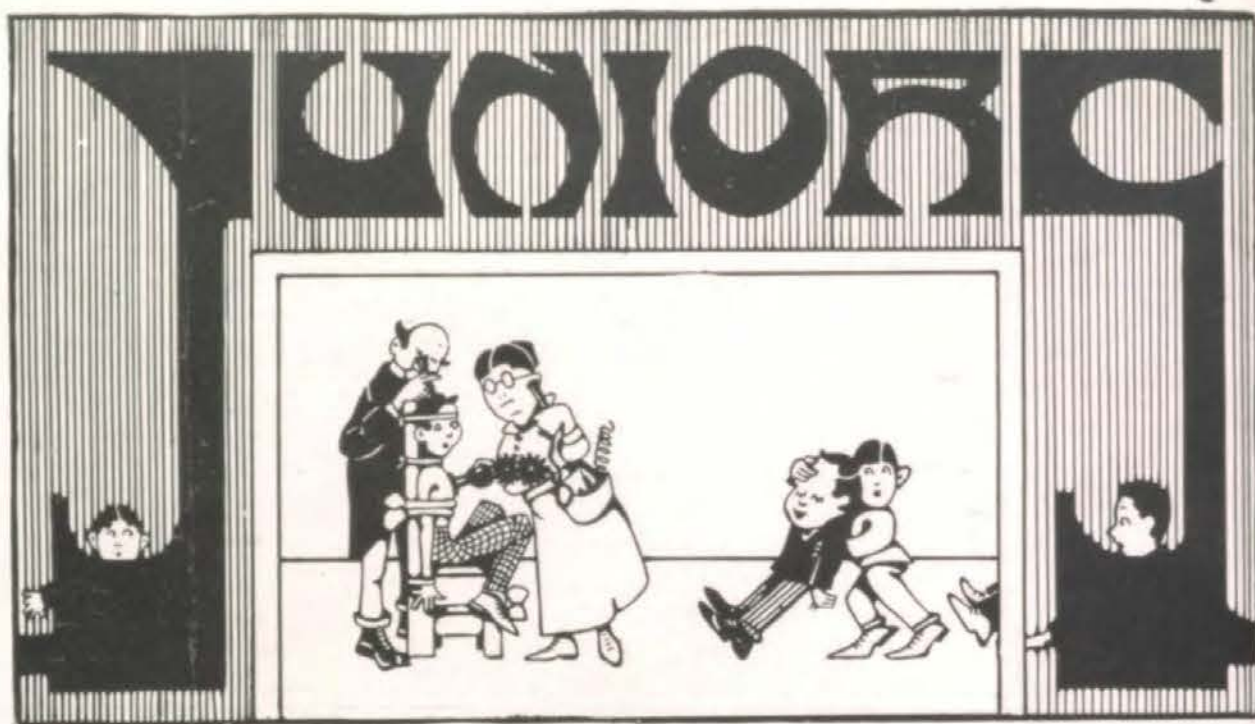
Mary Stewart

Bourke Powell



Beulah Boone

Sarah Jane Cushwa



JUNIOR OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	CUYLER MCGINLEY	ARDIS RAGLAND
Vice-President .. .	Fernell Briggs	Spencer Turner
Secretary	Gladys Ramsey	Glenna Kennedy
Treasurer	Lawrence Gregg	Fernell Briggs
Att'y.-General .. .	Ralph Dryden	Rufus Burrus
Yell Leader	Allan Bullock	Allan Bullock

Colors—Pink and White
 Mascot—Kewpie
 Flower—Crabapple Blossom
 Motto—"Facto non Verba"

YELL

Hep! Hep! Hep!
 Yep! Pey! Yep!
 Pep! Pep! Pep!
 Juniors! Juniors!



Quintana

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL.

Adams, Carroll
 Allen, Cloyd
 Allison, Olive
 Atkins, Constance
 Atkins, Theron
 Aylor, Irene
 Barnett, Marguerite
 Beets, Ila
 Beets, Mona
 Birnbaumer, Francis
 Brady, Bernadette
 Briggs, Fernell
 Brown, Roberta
 Browning, Gladys
 Bullock, Allan
 Burgess, Blanche
 Burrus, Rufus
 Cassell, Leonard
 Charlton, Luvenia
 Christopher, Herschel
 Crick, Helen
 Davidson, Dean
 Davis, Nina
 Dryden, Ralph
 Dykes, Galen
 Evans, Richard
 Ferguson, Gertrude
 Fisher, Prewitt
 Flanagan, J. C.
 Fox, James
 Georgen, Ella Hughes

Gibson, Donald
 Gibson, Marie
 Givan, Dorothea
 Gore, Doc
 Greene, Gertrude
 Gregg, Lawrence
 Hoyer, Ruth
 Hubbard, Arthur
 Hudson, William
 Hufferd, Ruth
 Hulse, Stewart
 Jones, Elizabeth
 Jones, Lawrence
 Kaler, Edna
 Kelley, William
 Kennedy, Glenna
 Kirby, Lena Rue
 Krueger, Meta
 Langton, Susannah
 Latimer, Jessie Belle
 Lewis, Porter
 Loar, Hazel
 Long, Paul
 Mann, Thomas
 Martin, Lake
 Mather, Mildred
 McBride, Erma
 McElroy, Virgil
 McGinley, Cuyler
 McVay, Ruby
 Moberly, Florence

Miller, Leon
 Montgomery, Frances
 Pitcher, Elizabeth
 Powell, Vanetta
 Powell, William
 Pryor, Roger
 Radmall, George
 Ragland, Ardis
 Ramsey, Gladys
 Reed, Ethel
 Rider, Alfred
 Rogers, George
 Rogers, Mae
 Schofield, Josephine
 Sitlington, Margaret
 Skinner, Irma
 Skinner, Velma
 Snow, Cecil
 Soapes, Lloyd
 Steele, Thelma
 Stewart, Eva
 Truitt, Willie
 Turner, Spencer
 Wallace, Frederic
 Watson, Vida
 Williams, Palmer
 Womacks, Lorene
 Wray, Fern
 Wyatt, Frank
 Young, Arthur
 Young, Beatrice



SOPHOMORE -OFFICERS

PRESIDENTWILLIAM SERMON	CAROLYN TWYMAN
Vice-PresidentMargaret Rogers	Mary Belle Mundy
SecretaryBurdette Cogswell	Rebekah Evans
TreasurerCarolyn Twyman	Frances Cook
Att'y.-GeneralShannon Child	Homer Allen
Yell LeaderAlbert Bundschu	

Colors—Gold and Royal Purple

Flower—Purple Iris

Motto—"First for the School
and then for the Class"

YELL

Rah! Sis! Boom!
Sophomores!



SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL.

Abbott, Thomas	Fitzmorris, Thomas	Mundy, Mary Belle
Ahman, Elmer	Flanders, Elwin	Munz, Martha
Alexander, Gertrude	Fleishman, Garnet	Noland, Francis
Allen, Alva	Flournoy, Farrar	Parsons, Wauneta
Allen, Homer	Fraher, Herbert	Peacock, Marjorie
Allen, William	Gerkey, Lewis	Peak, Audentia
Asher, Joe	Giffin, Lela	Pendleton, Tom
Atkins, Roy	Giffin, Ruth	Pennell, George
Atwell, Viola	Giha, Roger	Perry, Parker
Barham, Don	Gilchrist, Nellie	Phillips, Joe
Bartholomew, Isobel	Givan, Vernon	Ramsey, Lucille
Bartholomew, Lawrence	Gorton, Lee	Reed, Harold
Bennett, Earl	Haden, Juanita	Rogers, Corrine
Bessmer, Oscar	Harper, Vida	Rogers, Helen
Bostian, Louise	Harris, Eller	Rogers, Lela
Brackenbury, Lester	Hansam, Alpha	Rogers, Margaret
Brady, Joe	Hellums, Murrel	Rogers, Mildred
Brenizer, Jessie	Helms, James	Royster, Frances
Briggs, Valour	Henley, Tindall	Ruhlman, Jessie
Brokaw, Velma	Henry, Myrtle	Ruhlman, Laura
Bundschi, Albert	Hifner, Henry	Rummell, Barbara
Burnett, Evelyn	Hinde, Virginia	Russell, Lee
Burnham, Ethel	Hobart, Helen	Schowengerdt, Theodore
Carson, Minnie	Hoos, Herbert	Sermon, William
Chambers, Patrick	Howell, Helen	Shelton, James
Chambers, Rose	Hudspeth, Henrietta	Shepherd, Eliza
Child, Shannon	Hunt, Arlo	Shirk, Tillie
Childers, Alma	Johnson, Rex	Shore, Etta
Clark, Paul	Jones, Joyce	Shore, Reed
Clements, Helen	Julian, Beatrice	Smith, Alma
Cogswell, Burdette	Kaler, Asa	Smith, Wallace
Cogswell, John	Kehoe, Martin	Snider, Clyde
Colby, Harold	Kelley, Margaret	Stayton, Edward
Cook, Frances	Knoepker, Carl	Steinhauser, Wilbur
Cottingham, Noah	Krahl, Frances	Stewart, Allene
Cox, Ruth	Latimer, Mildred	Stith, Rollo
Craddock, Gladys	Latimer, Woodson	Sturges, Mildred
Crews, Marion	Lewis, Homer	Tallman, Pauline
Crow, Russell	Lindsey, Helen	Tate, Dorothy
Curtis, Mary	Livesav, Elizabeth	Thompson, Edward
Cushwa, Caroline	Logeman, Cynthia	Thompson, Leona
Davis, Clarence	Luff, Elvin	Trowbridge, Myron
Davis, Hugh	Lund, Henry	Tuckfield, Etha
Dean, Harold	Maddox, Irene	Twyman, Carolyn
Echard, Richard	McBride, Martha	Vantine, Margaret
Elliott, Oneda	McClary, Gladys	Waggoner, John
Etzenhouser, D. E.	McClendon, Elmer	Werner, Orpha
Evans, Rebekah	McNees, Edward	White, Jason
Faunce, Evalena	McRae, Regina	Winget, Helen
Ferguson, George	Miller, James	Wartz, Ober
Filson, Naomi	Montgomery, Thomas	Wyatt, Elmer



FRESHMEN OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	MAYNARD HUNT	CECIL SOLDAN ELS
Vice-President	G. W. Bradley	Vera Adams
Sec'y.-Treas.	Elizabeth Palmer	Sarah Mae Brown
Yell Leader	Louis Aker	G. W. Bradley
Sergeant-at-Arms	Harvey Burrus	

Motto—"Strive to Excel"

Flower—Pansy

Mascot—Owl

Colors—Old Rose and Silver

YELL

Loop the Loop!

Leap the Gap!

The Freshmen are Coming,

Get off the Map!

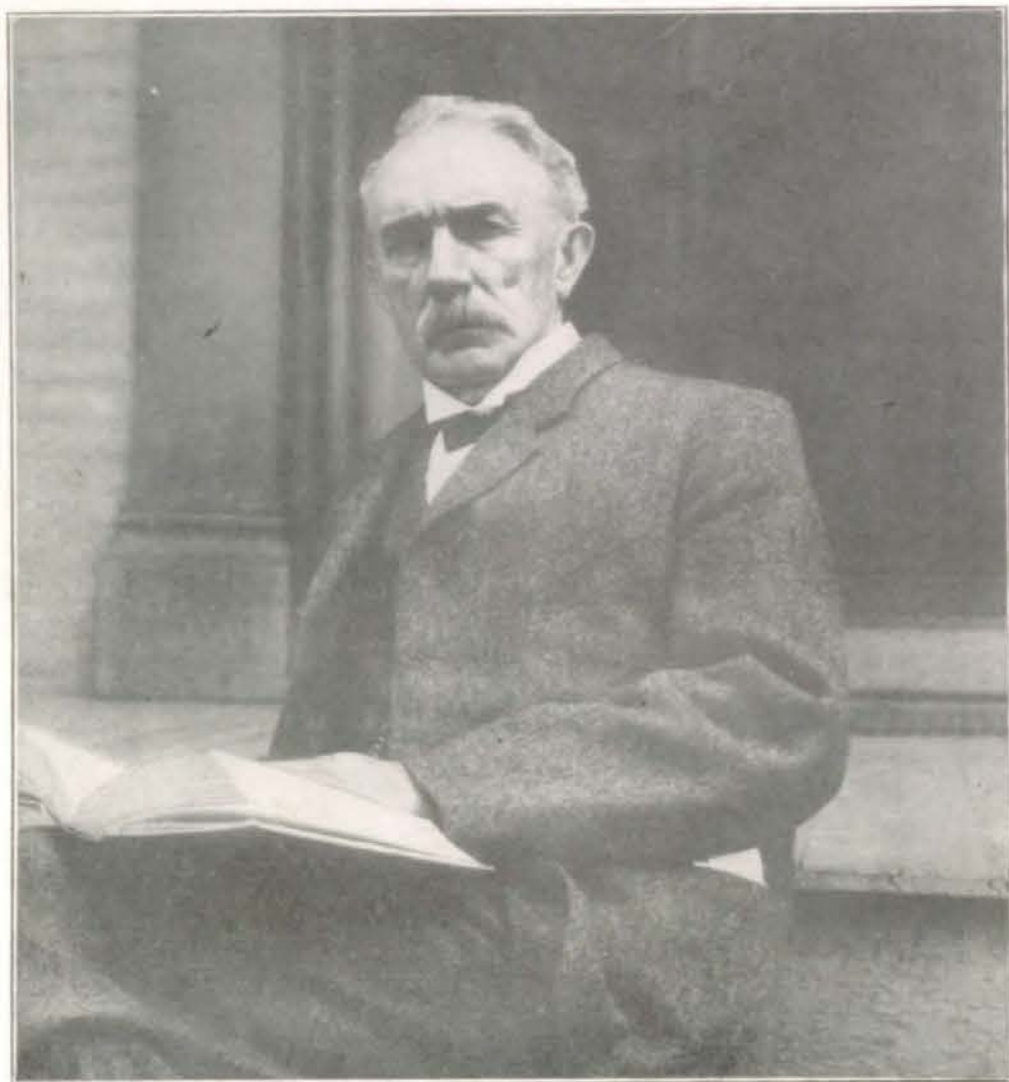


GRANTEN
— POWER

FRESHMEN CLASS ROLL.

Adams, Harry	Fitzpatrick, Henry	Mize, Robert
Adams, Keith	Ford, Mildred	Morford, Kenneth
Adams, Vera	Fraher, Alida	Moseley, W. J.
Alexander, Rees	Fry, Evan	Nelson, Myra
Allen, Annabell	Gaines, Gertrude	Newton, Louise
Baird, John	Gallagher, Mary	Noland, Edward
Barker, Stella	Gentry, Josephine	Owens, Doris
Baldus, Frank	Glines, Aubrey	Owens, L. E.
Barlow, Wilbur	Goan, Marie	Page, Alberta
Beazley, Alleene	Goode, Opal	Palmer, Elizabeth
Bennion, Burvidge	Graves, Clifford	Phipps, George
Black, Nelda	Gregg, Edward	Plank, George
Boone, George	Gregg, Ruth	Pruyn, Minott
Bradley, G. W.	Hall, Helen	Raglan, Ruth
Brasfield, Bertha	Harding, Roy	Reed, Charles
Brasfield, Mary	Harris, Ople	Reed, Herbert
Bray, DeForest	Hathey, Ina	Resch, Lucille
Bridges, Kathryn	Henning, Florence	Rider, Elizabeth
Briggs, Glenn	Higgins, Ruth	Roberts, Roy
Brown, Sarah Mae	Howard, Jack	Rogers, Wallace
Bryan, Esther	Hufferd, Catherine	Schowengerdt, Carl
Bullard, Margaret	Hunt, Maynard	Shafer, Lester
Bunyar, Allen	Ireland, Helen	Shearer, Bessie
Burnham, Mamie	Jones, Keith	Shimfessel, Marguerite
Burrus, Harvey	Julian, Clinton	Shore, Belle
Butler, Seible	Julian, Vergil	Shoup, Ralph
Campbell, Ruth	Kerr, Howard	Shower, Loren
Carl, Elmer	Kerr, Lucio	Slaughter, Alma
Carson, Clarence	Kessinger, Ruth	Small, Frances
Clark, Harry	Ketchum, Isaac	Smith, Paul
Claypool, Ruth	Kiley, Leona	Smith, Wayne
Colby, Raymond	Koehler, Hazel	Smith, Zella
Cole, Julia	Leake, Dorothy	Snow, Rebecca
Cottingham, Darcy	Leftwich, Flossie	Soldan Els, Cecil
Couser, William	Lewis, Roxie	Teeter, Alma
Crick, Margaret	Lieberman, Ruth	Thomas, Johanna
Danielsen, George	Lowe, Sea	Turner, Lionel
Davis, Blevins	Magin, Celeste	Vardeman, Fred
Dooley, Frank	Mann, Leone	Ward, Clarence
Dryden, Barbara	Marqua, Mabel	Westwood, Mary
Duncan, Gertrude	Martin, Marshall	Wheaton, Ruth
Eastwood, Vance	McBride, Helen	White, Paul
Elliott, Paul	McCown, Bessie	Wilson, Ruth
Etzenhouser, Leonard	McCown, Mary	Woolums, Edna
Filson, Susie	Mikel, Mabel	Wyatt, Eva
Felter, William	Miles, Paul	Wyatt, Maude





GEORGE S. BRYANT
1841-1916

IN MEMORIAM.

1841—George S. Bryant.—1916.

At a memorial meeting of the teachers of the Independence public schools held Thursday, Dec. 14th, at the High School, a committee of teachers presented the following tribute to the life and character of the late Prof. George S. Bryant, which was unanimously endorsed by all the teachers:

It is a rare privilege to have studied and taught in the schools of Independence within the years of Professor Bryant's connection with them. We, the teachers of the public schools—many of us in other years students under his direction—consider it a pleasure to express once again something of the love and admiration we bore him.

Except for doing ourselves the honor, it is hardly fitting that we should speak. His life was an open book wherein all might read. The town people, from the oldest citizen to the smallest child, were his friends and know all we can say of his kindness, his gentleness, his sympathy, his greatness of soul; but we, the teachers, feel that in a very special sense, we were his friends and beneficiaries. Through years we have sat at his feet, been aided by his counsel and uplifted by association with him in our daily work—his chosen work. He inspired us with something of his power—the power there is in the enthusiastic adherence to an ideal. We are better teachers and better men and women because he helped to make us so.

From the heights where he dwelt, far above the lower planes and life's darker shades, he gave to us the clearness of the stainless skies, the strength of the Alpine peaks, and the ideals of the world of light around him. He believed and held us to the belief—that "there is something grander than the mountain: it is the sea. There is something grander than the sea; it is the sky. There is something grander than the sky; it is the human soul." And his great teaching was done in the light of that great truth. He showed us ever the beautiful, the true, and the good and taught us by precept and example to consider only "what's brave, what's noble and to do it after the high Roman fashion." Looking at life through his guidance we saw with him that

"Nothing is small!

No lily-muffled hum of a summer bee,
But finds some coupling with the spinning stars;
No pebble at your feet, but proves a sphere;
No chaffinch, but implies a cherubim;
Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God."

He never ceased to do us good, because he never ceased to love us. And so he lived among us in these later years, breathing the rare incense from the hearts of many friends, seeing sweet faces everywhere as he glanced back

over the pathway he had trod, and finding in his memories places where his soul had rest. He lived to enjoy the quiet and peace of the sunset of life—to meditate upon the truths life had taught him, and to bind the experiences of his life into sweet songs of comfort for himself and inspiration for his friends.

“So to live is heaven :

To make undying music in the world.”

People say he is gone! It cannot be. He is with us. He was one of the true makers. Generations will pass before the teaching ideals he set for himself cease to mold and influence the schools of Independence. He has joined the “choir invisible of those immortal dead who live again in lives made better by their presence.” “No work begun shall ever pause for death”, and his passing has left us to carry on his unfinished task. It calls to the noblest that is in us all—

“Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it!”



A TRIBUTE TO PROF. GEORGE S. BRYANT.



Lo! here he stands with knowledge crowned,
A man of years and large experience.
One wisely great, and also greatly wise.
No “Paracelsus”, rushing toward the goal
With speed that failed ere yet the goal be gained;
Nor yet like him who saw not, “Carcassonne”,
The village which lay near and close at hand.
This sage sped straight way to the mark, nor paused
And seized the nearby good beside the way.
None heard him say, as forth he journeyed on
“Because ’twas near I’ve not seen ‘Carcassonne’ ”.

The near, and far! The good beside the way,
And that which up the toilsome mount he gained
All blent in him, and lo, Parnassus was
A “mount of blessing” to this traveler here.
He gained its highest peaks, and still he yearns
And learns beyond the summit, seeking still
The vaster fields of learning to be trod.
Or like Ulysses, he would travel o’er
Rough seas. Though late he fares, ’tis not for him
To “rust in use.” With sinews taut he goes
To conquer Time; and he will conquer, too,

And meet, among the champions of strength,
Achilles,—Great "Achilles whom he knew."

He, of his hoard of learning, largesse gave.
To youth, he taught the secrets of his mind.
Broadcast the seeds of knowledge largely strewed
Through decades, children's children of his pupils shared
The wisdom he, himself, had made his own.
The more he gave, the more his store increased.
With youth, he spent his life—(An envied lot).
For youth gives back with reflex glow, its charm.
He gave to youth, religion, "soul and sense"
Nor lost a jot, but gained full recompense.

His purpose was, to know for knowing's sake,
Not to become "A star to men forever".—(which he
was and will be).

Once in social crowd he read—
**"I go to prove my soul. I see my way
As birds their trackless way. I shall arrive."*
And leaning with hushed breath to catch the strain,
I thought "God guides him, as He guides the bird."
And in my spirit's rapt communion then,
I saw his life-work, full of usefulness.
Glorious with visions of a full success.

—Mrs. W. L. WEBB.

*Browning's Paracelsus.

◆◆◆

GEORGE S. BRYANT.

◆

By the death of George S. Bryant, the Public Schools of the State of Missouri lost one of their ablest men. For 15 years I have known him intimately and I can truly say of him that he was the humblest, kindest and most helpful man I ever met. I have often wondered what his aim in life might be as he walked upon the earth and labored among men. It seems to me that the prayer of his heart must have been, "With increasing years, grant me wisdom with humility, strength with gentleness, force with loving kindness, justice with sympathy, youthfulness with age, that my life may be in every way attractive and helpful to mankind." He lived among the mountain peaks of knowledge, yet his hand could reach out to gently guide and lead the simplest

child. A thousand hearts, some old, some middle aged, and some young, throb with the light and the life he has opened up to them.

Of him, never could it be said that he labored for a selfish purpose, that he built his house with embattlements great and strong, that he locked his doors and became learned, surrounded with mystery and alone. Power and wealth were thrust aside, in order to make the life of the passer-by a little bigger, a little happier.

"He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road".

God was good to this man. He lived a long time and during a historic time. He was born in Kentucky, April 2, 1841. He taught school in a little red brick school house near South Main street in this city nearly fifty years ago. My father was a pupil of his then, and thirty-five years afterward, Prof. Bryant worked and labored to teach me in this high school at Independence.

He lived here during the Civil War and witnessed the battles of border warfare tear this town to pieces. He saw this city grow from a country village on the frontier, to the beautiful place it is today. He saw the wounds made by our own Civil War, that tore this nation asunder, heal and be forgotten. He saw us reunited in body and spirit, stand out as the great beacon light of liberty in 1898. He saw his own pupils grow into manhood and with courage and conviction lay down their lives for the principles he had taught them. He lived to see the beginning of the greatest history making period the world has ever known and passed away with the knowledge that his own country still upheld the peace and liberty of the world, unsullied. He had lived so long and his experience was so vast that, unaided by books, he could instill principles in children that they could obtain in no other way. This man was a teacher, he believed and felt that his profession was big enough for him, and he performed his task nobly. He read the classics understandingly, but he never was so completely absorbed by them that he forgot the political and economic problems of modern life. Ever and foremost he endeavored to make strong, thinking citizens of the young men and women who came into his life.

Those of us who came under his instruction in his later life, will cherish a fond recollection of this gray headed veteran in the class-room, giving out lessons of experience and wisdom, in a language as plain and simple as a child. We were benefited and he rejoiced in our growth.

And yet, my friends, he is gone from us. We do not miss most men when they die, they drop from the ranks and there is confusion for a moment but the ranks close up and we move on just the same. But it is not so with men like Professor Bryant. Those who knew him and have been with him so long, will miss him. We will think of him. There is none to take his place in the educational circles of this city. His memory will live when we are gone and forgotten.

—From Henry A. Bundschu's address at the High School, Dec. 4, 1916.

A TRIBUTE TO THE FLAG.

A greater sense of respect and appreciation for the American flag was infused into the being of every high-school student when Major E. M. Stayton, commander of the Missouri Battalion, Field Artillery, N. G. M., which includes Battery C and two other batteries in the state, addressed the assembly on Monday morning, April 2nd.

The speaker was introduced by Prof. W. L. C. Palmer, superintendent of schools, who made a few brief and appropriate remarks. At his suggestion, the flag was displayed from the stage, whereupon the students rose and gave the salute.

"There is only one form for saluting the flag," said Major Stayton, "and it should be done by everybody whenever they see a flag officially displayed on some public building or camp. As you pass, look straight towards the flag, and a few paces before you come to it, raise your right hand to your forehead, in the usual military style, and keep it there till after you have passed the flag—then lower it. It is not practicable or necessary to do this with every flag you see, but you should do it in all cases where flags are officially displayed.

"I wish that I could see a flag on every house in town. The flag stands for all that Americans hold dear—for their heritage of freedom, for the opportunities open to them for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"Respect for the flag, however, means more than a doffed hat when the parade goes by, or lusty cheers when the band strikes up the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' It is on no such cheap and easy terms that one may make proof of his patriotism. Honor to the flag means not sentiment or braggadocio, but a solemn and reasoned loyalty to certain principles that Old Glory symbolizes. The red stands for sacrifice, the white means purity, and the blue is the symbol of truth. It is the exhibition of these noble qualities in his private life and in his civic relations that one really honors the flag."

◆◆◆

The other night
 I went to the theatre
 With a lowbrow friend.
 And the orchestra played—
 "Little Brown Jug,"
 And he thought
 It was the national anthem—
 And stood up!
 (And I did, too.)
 Darn him!

—Ex.

OUR JOLLY SAILOR BOYS.

—♦—
 Lee Cook and William Allen Join U. S. N.—Leave for Chicago to Enter
 Training School.
 —♦—

Have you, at any time of recent date, been approached by a base, contemptible creature who grossly insinuated that the average high school is a breeding place of "slackers?" We beg of you—to doubt vehemently any such false, deluding statement; for we are ready to convince you that it is an unjust and mistaken representation.

Now, we of this patriotic village, point with no inconsiderable pride and pleasure to the two students of our High School who so readily answered the call for volunteers: Lee Cook, son of Doctor and Mrs. F. L. Cook, 1220 North Liberty Street; and William R. Allen, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Allen, North Delaware Street. These are the valiant young men (who now, perhaps, are better known as "Loyal Lee" and "Willing William") who have quitted lessons and books and all relative intellectual pursuits in their old home town for "higher life on the high seas." Yes, they're gone to help muzzle the mad dogs of war, and we feel sure that their "Ye Ho, Lads, Ho!" will ring out with as much patriotic fervor as the voice of the merriest old Jack Tar, who in fairest or foul weather, ever trod the deck a-singin' lustily.

—♦♦♦—

WHAT IS THE GREATEST GAME?

—♦—
 Dr. Henry Marcotte of Kansas City Discusses the Question in Assembly.
 —♦—

"How many think that base ball is the greatest of all games?"

The speaker, Dr. Henry Marcotte of Kansas City, surveyed with mild surprise the few hands that were waved aloft in response to his question that was addressed to the student body of L. H. S. in assembly Wednesday morning, April 18th.

"Well, how many vote for football?"

O, ho! the wind sits in that corner, does it? At least, the overwhelming majority of uplifted hands was conclusive proof of the same. But, though Dr. Marcotte evinced no great surprise upon being confronted by so many avowed football fans, he began at once to effect a conversion in the mind (and maybe heart) of—— well we believe that even our last year's quarter-back was finally led to share the views of the speaker: (i. e.) Football is not the greatest game; there is a greater.

Nor, is it war; though war, indeed, provides an opportunity to play the game with stouter hearts and steadier nerves. The following remarks, ad

dressed to the enlisted men of the national guard, by Captain Stacey, may serve to better illustrate certain fundamental principles of the war game:

"The first duty of a soldier is loyal, unhesitating obedience. Without this quality an army is no better than a mob. The value of an organization lies in the fact that a thousand men submit their wills to one man and are moved as one man. One hundred disciplined men are always superior to a thousand undisciplined men.

"Respect your officers. Your lives are in their hands in action, and they know more of the game than you do. They frequently know what cards the other fellow has, which you do not, so you cannot tell what cards should be played. It may be necessary that you be sacrificed in order that the fight may be won. Don't be a quitter; **play the game**. Remember, in war you are only part of a machine, one checker on the board. It may be necessary to lose you in order to win the game.

"Remember, you sat in on this **game** of your own free will and accord. Play it right. Don't be a quitter. Put the same spirit into unpleasant duties that you do into pleasant ones. War is not a pleasant game or one for ladies. It takes strong men to play it right. Most of your duties are not always pleasant, but they are necessary, just the same. A nation that has difficulty in getting strong men for soldiers is a decadent one and does not deserve liberty or self government.

"Remember, the defense of your state and nation is in your hands; it is the work of strong men with red blood in their veins. Be careful to do every thing to raise the reputation of your organization, and nothing that will injure it. It is an honor to wear the uniform of a soldier of the United States."

"But, the war game, the money game, the game of track and field—all have their defects and deficiencies. The **one game**, that which provides adversities and set-backs (few full-backs) but which holds a future which may be carved to our liking, is—the game of **LIFE**. It is the man who plays this game without the perpetual desire to be a "star",—who seems to play, by his instincts and activity, a certain part that even tells on the general face of the earth: drains swamps, leads rivers into dry countries for their irrigation, perforates forests and stony mountain chains with roads, hinders the inroads of the sea on the continent, as if dressing the globe for happier purposes."



Mr. Hope who had been looking over the town asked—"What is the best street in Independence?"

Student body—"We don't know."

Mr. Hope—"Well, it is Professor Street."

SHALL WE BE FOREVER DUMB?

—♦—
(Let's Sing.)
—♦—

A popular newspaper speaks of the musical unpreparedness of a nation. "On the eve of war," it says, "the United States soldier has no popular song like 'There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night' of the Spanish-American war to rouse his spirits or to stir the military ardor of the populace."

Even so. There remains to be written, in this impending conflict, a tune and verses that will harmonize with the psychology of the moment and sweep over the country with the swiftness of "A Hot Time in '98", or even as "Tipperary" invaded this alien soil two years ago.

But, recognizing, in a larger sense, our country's musical unpreparedness, we, as students, have been inclined to regard, with more apprehension, the woeful state of affairs that exist in the I. H. S. At this crucial **hour**, we deplore the fact that the universe suffers from musical unpreparedness, but, at this critical **moment**, we lament the fact that a high-school song is, with us, a lost art.

Lack of contributions from which the students might choose a school-song, is the direct cause of the loss we have sustained by our neglect of singing. In plain words, we want more composers and contributors; two proposed I. H. S. songs, written by Marguerite Barnett and Frances Cook—representing the Junior and Sophomore Classes, respectively—are printed herewith.

So, while it is quite certain that the greater development of our school will not be hindered by this musical unpreparedness, yet it behooves our songsters to leap to their writing pens, and give to the students a ballad worthy of the highest and noblest interests of the school.

—♦♦♦—

"OUR I. H. S."

—♦—
(To the Tune, "Maryland, My Maryland.")
—♦—

Oh, I. H. S., dear I. H. S.,
If we our views could now express—
We'd prove that you to us mean most
Of any thing of which we boast.

Oh, I. H. S., dear I. H. S.,
'Tis always you that we love best;
Oh, I. H. S., dear I. H. S.,
With you we'll always stand the test.*

Oh, I. H. S., dear I. H. S.,
'Tis strength you need, we must confess;
So with our might and main we'll strive
To help you to the heights arrive.

Oh, I. H. S., dear I. H. S.,
We close our books and go to rest;
But in our sleep sweet dreams come nigh
Of thee in whom our hopes do lie.

—F. Cook.—'19.

* Editor's Note: Typographical error—should be, stand the TESTS.(?)

◆◆◆
"OUR I. H. S."

◆
(Tune, "Living and Loyal.")
◆

I. H. S., I. H. S., long may you stand
Dearest and greatest in all this fair land,
Loved and adored by all of our band,

Chorus:

Loyal to I. H. S., loyal and true,
Faithful, devoted forever to you.

We are all proud of our old I. H. S.,
Thro' all the years has she well stood the test;
And, in the future she will be the best.

Chorus:

Loyal to I. H. S., loyal and true,
Faithful, devoted forever to you.

—M. Barnett.—'18.

◆◆◆
JUNIOR SONG.
◆

Oh, we are the Juniors
Who sing this so well
We swore that our secrets
We never would tell.
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la
We swore that our secrets
We never would tell.



Our motto is Latin
 Facta non verba
 By interpretation
 It's deeds, not words.
 Tra la la la la la
 Tra la la la la la
 By interpretation
 It's deeds, not words.

The moral of this little
 Song that we sing
 Will show that our class is
 The genuine thing.
 Tra la la la la la
 Tra la la la la la
 Will show that our class is
 The genuine thing.

◆◆◆
 FRESHMAN SONG.

◆
 (Tune: "The Glory Song.")
 ◆

Oh, we are a class of Freshies so green,
 "Not to be heard, but just to be seen;"
 Yet this is our song, and we sing it quite well—
 For this our motto: we strive to excel.

Chorus:

Strive to excel, strive to excel,
 What e'er we do—write, cipher or spell;
 From Freshman to Senior, we do it quite well,
 For this is our motto: we strive to excel.

When Sophies or Seniors ask if we have "pep,"
 We stiffen our backbones, and answer up, "yep!"
 Our teachers and sponsors we each try to please,
 We all get their smiles—but we're after their Es.

Chorus:

When all our labors and sorrows are o'er,
 And we are Seniors, and suffer no more,
 Then out in the world our foes we will quell—
 For this is our motto: we strive to excel.



THE CLASS OF SEVENTEEN.

—♦—
A Play in Four Acts.—♦—
Dramatis Personae.

Principal of High School.
First Citizen.
Second Citizen.
Third Citizen.
Fourth Citizen.
Members of School Board.
President of Sophomore Class.
President of Junior Class.
First Guest.
Second Guest.
Senior Class.
Junior Class.
Sophomore Class.
Freshman Class.
Football Squad.
Musicians, May Queens,
Floral Attendants,
Dancers, Players,
Toastmasters,
Townspople.

Scene—Independence High School and vicinity.

ACT I.

Scene 1.—Auditorium in High School. (Great confusion, classes hastening to their sections, except a few, who slip into first vacant seats. Rahs are heard from Senior and Junior Classes. Enter Principal; upon raising his hand, uproar ceases.)

Prin.—Good morning to you.

Classes—Good morning.

Prin.—Pupils, I am truly glad to be with you again, and I hope you are glad to be back for another nine months of steady work and association. (Pause.) Juniors of last year, you are now the Seniors, remember the responsibility that rests upon you. You have reached the top step of your flight in High School life, and must soon start on a much longer one.

Sophomores of last year, you are now Juniors, and are only one step below them.

Freshmen of last year, do not forget that you are Sophomores. (Pause.)

Do not forget that tormentors are not free from torment.

Freshman—(Aside)—I hardly know where to turn. Prin.—You are the class most essential for the growth of the school. Do not make mistakes, as to your class-rooms. Seniors, I appoint you their care-takers, for a few days. You are excused.

Seniors—

Rah, Rah, Rah

Rah, Rah, Rah

Rah, Rah, Rah

Freshmen, Freshmen, &—

Scene 2—A Hall in the Same.

Enter two Freshmen, talking. Sophomore.

First Fresh.—Where is room 6?

Sec. Fresh.—I don't know. Where is room 8?

Sophomore—(Obligingly). Across the hall from 5 and 7.

Enter Senior.

Senior—"He that in his course is so disrespectful oft sells his reputation at cheap market. * * * * Nor should his sail be bigger than his boat."

(To Freshmen). "Peace, peace and give experience tongue."

ACT II.

One year later.

Scene I.—The Study Hall in Same. Sophomore Class meeting.

Pres.—Do I hear a motion in favor of dramatizing "The Last of the Mohicans?"

First Soph.—Mr. President.

Pres.—You have the floor.

First Soph.—I move that we present "The Last of the Mohicans" in assembly, at our earliest convenience.

Class—(In undertone). I second the motion.

Pres.—Are there any remarks? If not, we'll proceed to vote. All those in favor of motion, let it be known by saying aye.

Class—Aye, aye, sir.

Pres.—Those opposed, by same sign—motion is carried.

Scene 2. Fair grounds. Crowd seemingly impatient, some seated; others walking about; others standing in groups talking.

First Cit.—Wasn't the pageant to start at two-thirty?

Sec. Cit.—Yes, it was announced for that time. I think this such a beautiful idea not only in having all of the girls celebrating and enjoying one day together, but also in restoring the old English custom,—causing it to have a picturesque and juvenal atmosphere for the citizens as well.

Third Cit.—Yes, it is interesting for everyone.

First Cit.—See, here comes the herald—the pageant has started.

Third Cit.—And Mother Goose following—

Sec. Cit.—Mother Goose and her rhymes.

Third Cit.—And “Little Bo-Peep” has surely lost her sheep, she is running about so frantically. “Jack Sprat” and his wife—

First Cit.—I see they have licked the platter clean. “Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,—”

Third Cit.—“Jack jumped over the candle-stick.”

Sec. Cit.—Here is “Little Boy Blue” blowing his horn,—and “Little Jack Horner.”

Third Cit.—“Big A, little a, Bouncing B, the cat’s in the cupboard, and can’t see me.”

First Cit.—Oh! See the May Queen further down and her floral attendants?

Sec. Cit.—The colors blend so beautifully.

First Cit.—And the May Pole Dancers.

Fourth Citizen joins group.

Fourth Cit.—Weren’t “Mother Goose” and her rhymes humorous? The Sophomore Class, presented them,—by the way, did you see “The Last of the Mochicans” they gave a few weeks ago in assembly?

Sec.-Third Cit.—No.

First Cit.—Well, it went off beautifully,—in fact, the Class seems to meet with success in every attempt.

ACT III.

One year later.

Scene I. Class room in same. Teacher seated at desk. Enter Junior. (Pause).

Teacher—We have reached a climax in English History. What were the assertions the Commons made as to the rights of an Englishman? You may answer.

First Jun.—Well, they drew up what was known as the- a- “Petition of Rights.”

Teach.— (sarcastically) Had there been one or more attempts to have written rights, or were they in the habit of having their Kings and Queens grant their wishes—off-hand?

First Jun.—No, the Commons had been a- trying a- -at different times to have their rights put into a written form-a-ever since the “Magna Carta,” in a-1215.

Teach.—You may give a definite statement of the rights.

Sec. Jun.—First, “No tax, loan or aid can be levied except by consent of

Parliament. Sec, No man to be thrown in prison, to be deprived of life, liberty or property without trial by his peers."

Teach.—Can't you give the others? Those are the most important,—alright.

Third Jun.—"Freedom of speech. No billeting of soldiers in times of peace. A- No trial by martial law except for soldiers."

Teach.—Alright.

Fourth Jun.—"King's ministers must be held responsible to Parliament. Justice cannot be bought, sold, denied or delayed, or no writ of Habeas Corpus can be suspended."

Teach.—Each one of you should have been able to give those statements without hesitation; instead it has taken three recitations to make one. This was written on the board yesterday, and copied in your notebooks, so there is no excuse, for anyone. Pupils, you do not organize your material. You get data here and data there, mix it into one conglomeration, and then expect to remember it. You should get one fact which stands in the foreground, and hinge all the minor ones about it. Then you are able at an instant's notice to look back over your history and trace the different developments, step by step. Pupils, you need not expect to get grades, on such recitations as you have made today. (Bell rings.)

First Jun.—(To Third Jun.) Are you going to stay for class meeting?

Third Jun.—No, I think I had better go home and study history.

Scene 2. The Study Hall.

Enter Juniors.

Pres.—The House will please come to order.

Class—(In undertone). Certainly.

Pres.—It's time we were ordering our pins if we intend to wear them this year. Here are some designs, (Scatters pins on table) from which to select.

First Jun.—Let's not have that kind, it's so common.

Second Jun.—This one is just like our eighth grade pins.

Fourth Jun.—Why not design our own pins; a new plate will have to be made anyway?

First Jun.—That's a fine idea, let's have the word Independence on them.

Fourth Jun.—Yes, Independence across the top, H. S. on the sides and '17 in the center.

Fifth Jun.—That will be entirely new.

Sixth Jun.—Yes, the pins would be new if they were made from last year's plate.

Pres.—(To Fourth Jun.)—Will you draw the design on the board?

Fourth Jun.—(Drawing)—Well something like this—

Pres.—Everyone seems to like this design,—shall we order it?

Sixth Jun.—Where are you going to send the order?

Fifth Jun.—Wake up—(A few Juniors sing):

“Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up!—

Don't be impatient, please—”

We decided that last meeting.

Pres.—The company will make ten or fourteen carat pins, which ever you want.

Seventh Jun.—What's the difference?

Pres.—Four carats. (Laughter).

Those in favor of ordering this design, say aye—

Class.—Aye, aye.

Pres.—Those opposed.—Is there any further business?

Sec. Jun.—I think we should have a class picnic, so as to get acquainted with one another outside of these sublime walls.

Fifth Jun.—We can have it at Compton's lake.

Pres.—Who said so?

Fifth Jun.—The owner.

Pres.—How many think it best to have it before the reception?

Class.—Yes, yes, etc—

Pres.—When is the earliest time we can set for it?

Sixth Jun.—I move we have it a week from today; start about six o'clock and take our supper; it's only about two miles so we can walk.

Seventh Jun.—I second the motion.

Pres.—All those in favor of the motion, raise their right hand—those opposed—motion is carried. A lunch committee will be appointed. Is there any more business?—if not the house is adjourned.

Scene 3. Street.

Enter Juniors, carrying boxes and papersacks.

Ninth Jun.—How do you go out there?

Sixth Jun.—“Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly, to—Compton's Lake.”

Scene 4. Compton's Lake, twilight falling.

First Jun.—My arm is mighty tired carrying this bundle of foodstuffs, I move that we eat right away.

(All fill plates and sit in groups.)

Sixth Jun.—(Rising). Me for that big rock.

Seventh Jun.—“Large ships may venture more, but little boats should stay near shore.”

Fifth Jun.—(Ironically). Isn't that inspiring? The Son sitting on the lake.

Third Jun.—Let's make a fire and tell jokes.

Fourth Jun.—Alright. I know one. Pat got into serious trouble one day,

and was compelled to go to law. Mike, had to act as a witness; not knowing what to do, he asked a lawyer.

Lawyer—(To Mike.) "When the judge asks you a question just look around over the audience and say, Tra, la la la la la."

When Mike appeared on the witness stand, he did as he was told. The following day he met the lawyer.

Lawyer—"Well you did fine, yesterday; you owe me one-hundred dollars."

Mike—(Unconcernedly)—"Tra, la la la la la la."

Sec. Jun.—(Jumping up excitedly) Well leaves and sticks have been falling on me for the last half hour; clubs will be coming down after a while, I suppose.

Sixth Jun.—(Looking up) Don't be alarmed, a biped has only effected your agitation by manual labor.

Sec. Jun.—I think it is about time we were going.

Sixth Jun.—Better be sure the fire is out.

Scene 5. Rooms in H. S.

(Rooms decorated in green and gold, easy chairs set invitingly about; orchestra banked in palms; people standing in groups; others moving about; voices blend with music and soft tinkling of Japanese bells).

First Guest—Aren't the decorations pretty?

Sec. Guest—Yes, the wicker chairs and palms give such a summer-like effect.

Sec. Guest.—Had you noticed how many of the Members of the School Board are here? They seem to be enjoying everything.

(Junior going from one group to another.)

First Guest.—We have just been admiring your beautiful decorations. We admit they are as good as ours; perhaps better.

Jun.—Oh yes, you see we are the Juniors, that explains it. You'll be entertained in the Auditorium now.

Scene 6—Hall in same.

Long hall, with center tables supporting large bouquets, and chairs grouped about. Guests enter; Juniors see that all are seated and served.

First Guest.—I think the Auditorium decorations were complete.

Sec. Guest.—So do I; decorating with the lattice work and crabapple blossoms was such a novel idea. Oh, everything was beautiful!

Member of School Board.—Their little play presented such a beautiful fairy idea. The fairy like atmosphere was created at the beginning, and heightened by the appearance of the elfish figures from mysterious looking boxes. It alone would have been an evening's entertainment.

Sec. Guest.—Oh! they are giving favors. It's their mascot "the White Mule". Everyone will have a remembrance of tonight.

ACT IV.

One year later.

Scene 1. Auditorium in H. S. Stage decorated in green and white; football suspended over center of table.

Enter Sen. and Football Squad.

First Sen.—And the next game is with Lexington?

Member of Squad—Yes, there has been a tie so long we must win this game.

Toastmaster—I propose that we drink to the success of those concerned. (In the meantime everyone having been served, rises.)

Toastmaster—

“Here’s to Sexton,
Here’s to Street,
Here’s to those, who changed our defeat.”

Sec. Sen.—

“Here’s to the boys who are in for fun,
Here’s to the boys who like to run,
We know they’ll win, from Lexington!”

Scene 2. Auditorium in H. S. Irish songs are being played.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit.—I suppose this is a very important event in every Senior’s life. I’m sure each class thinks their play is the best.

Sec. Cit.—The play this year is so connotative of High School ability, and the Irish songs go hand in hand with “Kathleen Mavourneen.”

(Interval between scenes 1 and 2 of Act 4.)

First Cit.—I have thoroughly enjoyed the play so far and I haven’t missed a word because of poor enunciation.

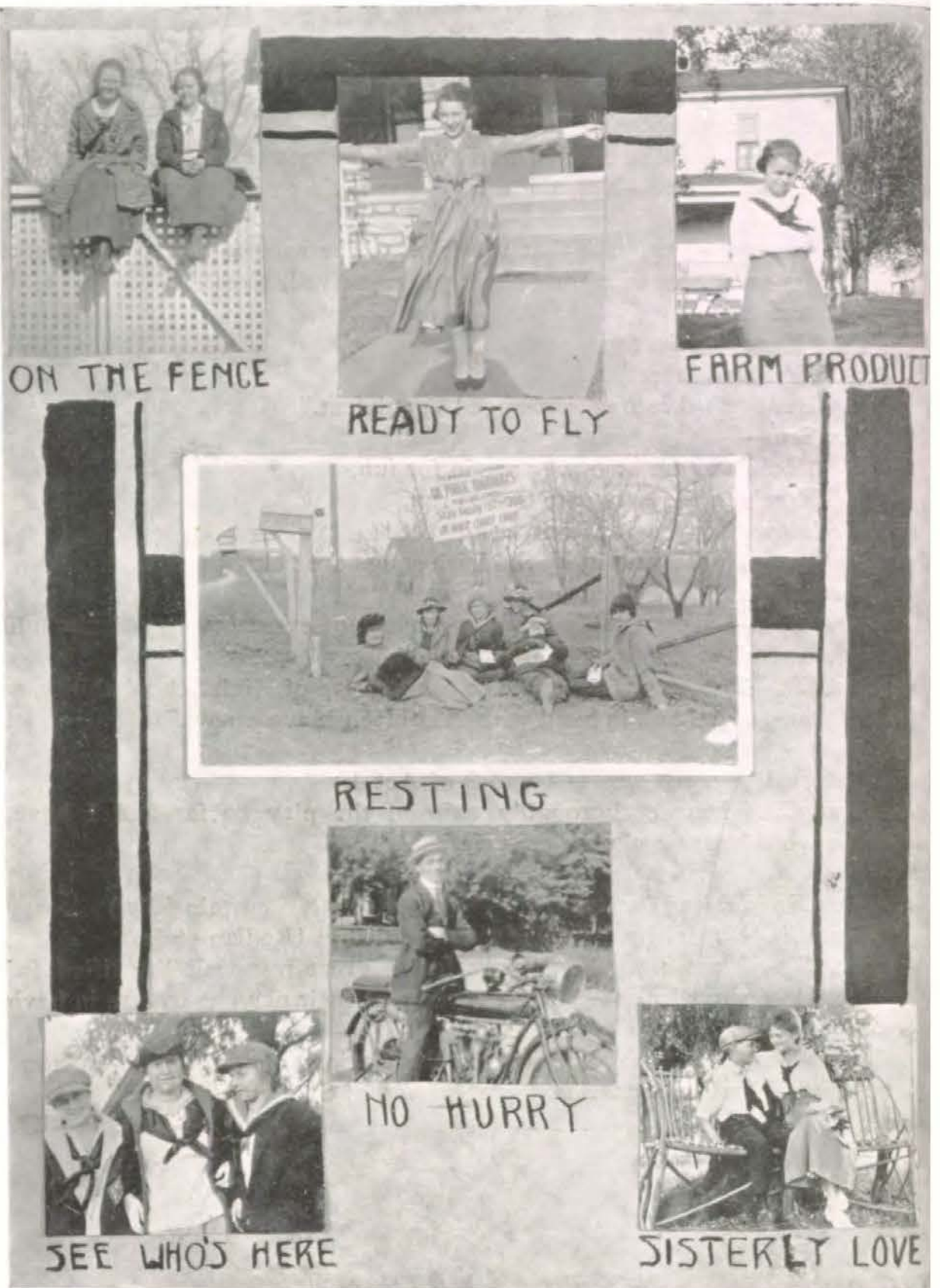
(Curtain is raised for last scene * * * * curtain falls.)

First Cit.—Well, the ethical idea has ended in Utopian style.

Sec. Cit.—I am sure the Seniors feel a great responsibility lifted from them, and are as well pleased in the success of their play, as we are in having seen it.

First Cit.—The next time we see the Seniors, there will be an atmosphere created by Commencement eve, instead of St. Patrick’s Eve.”

—J. A. P.—’17.



ON THE FENCE



READY TO FLY



FARM PRODUCT



RESTING



NO HURRY



SEE WHO'S HERE



SISTERLY LOVE

THE JUNIOR PLAY.

A charming little Christmas cantata entitled "Mrs. Bailey's Boarders" was presented by the Junior class to an enthusiastic audience on Wednesday, December thirteenth at the High School auditorium.

The Juniors worked under a heavy handicap in getting the play ready for production: the Seniors had the use of the auditorium drilling for their annual play; the practice could not be begun until just two weeks before it must be staged; to top the climax, the date was set up two days. But with all these drawbacks, the roles were well carried out with few lapses of memory and few material mistakes.

Mrs. Bailey, the character of the eccentric landlady who was "so very, very careful of the parlor," was well interpreted by Fernell Briggs. Glenna Kennedy and Gladys Ramsey as Polly and Violet, business girls, gracefully performed their parts.

Cecil Snow as Maud, a piano teacher, showed us the family album. The pictures were Luvenia Charlton as Aunt Eliza Ann, Mona Beets as Luella, Meta Krueger as Myra Jane Meetings, George Rogers as Silas Simmons, Palmer Williams as William Watkins, Lawrence Gregg as Hiram Griggs, and Elizabeth Pitcher as Melissa Miggs.

Mr. Vandyke, a very realistic artist who succeeded in selling his "Sunrise on the Mediterranean" to a restaurant keeper as a portrait of a fried egg, was impersonated by Alfred Rider. His assistants who delivered a pleasing chalk talk (charcoal song) were Lena Rue Kirby, Edna Kaler, Blanche Burgess and Frances Montgomery.

William West, a relative of Mrs. Bailey, made quite a hit by his liberality in the absence of Mrs. Bailey. This friendly, hospitable gentleman was well played by Allan Bullock.

Fern Wray as Lily White, should have been named Pitch Black for she was a very dark complexioned negro cook. In spite of her Egyptian shadiness she could sing like a Gluck. She was accompanied by six negro boys, Cuyler McGinley, Paul Long, Donald Gibson, Doc Gore, William Kelly, and Thomas Mann.

Joe, Jack, Jim and Dick were a very musical college quartette, who, although they carried no tune, made a lot of (melodious?) "racket." These parts were taken by Roger Pryor, Frank Wyatt, Lawrence Jones and James Fox, respectively.

The R. S. V. P. quartette was sung by Irene Ayler, Jessie Belle Latimer, Margaret Sitlington and Ila Beets.

Mildred Mather was the pianist. Elizabeth Jones, Susie Langton, Marguerite Barnett, Spencer Turner, Leon Miller and J. C. Flanagan, com-

prised the decorating committee which so artistically bedecked the auditorium with Christmas hangings and pine branches.

As a whole, the cantata was a pleasing combination of song and speech. It was a clean, amusing, mental diversion, and the audience went away well satisfied.

—L. R. K.—'18.

—♦♦♦—
 "DIPLOMA."
 —♦—

The H. S. year was waning fast,
 When thro' our High School's halls there passed
 A maid, who bore with glowing pride,
 A paper with the word inside,

"Diploma."

Her brow was high, her eyes below
 Sparked out the words, "I know, I know."
 And loud she made the old halls ring
 With praises of that worldly thing,

"Diploma."

In many homes she saw the glare
 Of house-hold duties, filled with care;
 Above, she saw the flash of fame,
 And from her lips escaped the name,

"Diploma."

"Try not the world," the old man said,
 "Dark trials rest upon your head;
 How can you hope to win?" he cried,
 In forceful tones the maid replied,

"Diploma."

"Ah, stay!" the young man cried, "and rest
 Your weary head upon my breast!"
 "I cannot," was the maid's reply—
 "I must ignite the world with my

"Diploma."

—Ex.

Southern Orators and Oratory.

U. D. C. Essay.

Webster defines oratory as the art of speaking well, or according to the rules of rhetoric, in order to please or persuade. Is this all? Is oratory nothing more? Yes, I think it is. It is a logical, ardent, eloquent appeal to the human passions. There is a nobler, loftier strength in oratory than in any other form of expression.

If oratory is this, (and I think it is), it rightfully belongs to the South. The cool, rigid, self-contained, reasoning North may express their emotions in song, poetry and story. But oratory is best fitted to the South; the South filled with an intense love of beauty, art, and freedom; the South educated among the wealth of flowers and sunshine; the South educated where nature is most full and abundant. The soul of the South is a lyre, sensitive to the faintest touch. The vibration of one of the golden strings of passion sends an answering quiver through the others.

The opportunities for leading, guiding, and swaying the South by the power of oratory have been many. Never since the "American spirit of resistance to arbitrary power" was first aroused has the South ceased to need and possess an orator.

The versatile nature of the South has produced the humorous, peace and patriotic orator. "The South is proud of her famous orators."

The first and greatest was Patrick Henry. Patrick Henry truthfully said, "I am not a Virginian, I am an American." But was he not something more? Emphatically, he was. He was the herald of democracy, of universal freedom; and well did he fulfill his great responsibility to his God and his country.

As long as the sun shines and the moon bathes the earth in her soft silvery light, Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death" will never cease to be quoted by every American and known by every foreigner. No quotation is used more frequently than the climax of his famous speech against the injustice of the Stamp Act. "Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First, his Cromwell; and George the Third—may profit by their example. If this be treason—make the most of it." No words uttered during the Revolutionary period so encouraged, strengthened and determined the people as did these.

Well did they follow his "lamp of experience." Well did he read its message. The keynote of his orations and character is given in this speech when he asks the question, "Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?"

There is a tone and eloquence to his orations possessed by few others. He was a true orator. "Most orators have the gift of fluent delivery only as an

incident of the ability to prepare." Patrick Henry could deliver an extemporaneous speech logically, consistently and effectively.

The South has three other orators about this time to boast of. Well may she be proud of her orators. They are known among men as Clay, Calhoun and Hayne.

Henry Clay is one of the "great triumvirate." His reasoning power was excelled by Webster; Calhoun surpassed him in earnest, fiery eloquence, but still he had a great following. His eloquence was in turn "majestic, fierce, playful." Very artistic and figurative is his picture of war in his oration on "The Emancipation of South America." "War is one of those dreadful scourges that so shakes the foundation of society, overturns or changes the character of governments, interrupts, or destroys the pursuit of private happiness, brings in short, misery and wretchedness in so many forms, and at last is in its issue, so doubtful and so hazardous that nothing but dire necessity can justify an appeal to arms."

The noted trio of statesmen consisted of two Southerners and one Northerner. Calhoun was the other Southern member of the trio. His debate with Webster on "The Nature of Federal Government" is one of the most famous in "the annals of a country."

The breadth of thought, earnestness of purpose breathes itself from the well-known statement, "the very essence of a free government consists in considering offices as public trusts bestowed for the good of the country and not for the benefit of an individual or a party." Very skillfully, he again uses his fiery eloquence to denounce impure purposes of government, "A power has risen up in the government greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests: it is combined into one mass, and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks."

The best loved of the South's children by the South is Hayne, the typical Southerner. His strong winning personality, fiery, eloquent, orations made him the idol of the South. The dignity and grace of his delivery commanded respect and won love.

He was the first man to "put forth conspicuously, the doctrines of Nullification." His answer to Webster on the "Foote Resolution" closes with these words, "The South is acting on a principle she has always held sacred—resistance to unauthorized taxation. These, sir, are the principles which induced the immortal Hampton to resist the payment of a tax of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined his fortune? No! But the payment of half twenty shillings on the principle on which it was demanded, would have made him a slave. Sir, if on these high motives—if animated by that ardent love of liberty which has always been the most prominent trait in the Southern character, we should be hurried beyond the bonds of a cold and calculating prudence, who is there with one noble and generous sentiment in his

bosom, that would not be disposed, in the language of Burke, to exclaim, "You must pardon something to the spirit of liberty." This represents the feelings of the South.

The South has produced one orator who stands supreme in his class. There is an entirely different tone and eloquence to his orations. It is the eloquence of humor.

James Proctor Knott's clever oration on "The Glories of Duluth" was so fresh and original that after he was called to order, Congress demanded that he be allowed to finish. He gains much humor by irony and contradiction of words.

This speech killed him politically but it defeated the bill to give land to the railroad to build a road to the "teeming pine barrens of the St. Croix." He declares, "I felt instinctively that the boundless resources of that prolific region of sand and pine shrubbing would never be fully developed without a railroad constructed and equipped at the expense of the government—and perhaps not then. I had an abiding presentiment that some day or other the people of this whole country, irrespective of party affiliations, regardless of sectional prejudices, and without distinction of race, color or previous condition of servitude would rise in their majesty and demand an outlet for the enormous agricultural productions of those vast and fertile pine barrens, drained in the rainy seasons by the surging waters of the turbid St. Croix."

Knott concludes this novel, sarcastic oration with these words, "Ah, sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege." (The privilege of voting for the measure.) "There are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place, my constituents for whom I am acting here, have no interest in the road" and second, because "these lands, which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow. My relations to them are simply that of a trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir. Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix."

There are two southern orators who are the princes of peace and harmony. Alexander Stephens and Henry W. Grady are these disciples.

Alexander Hamilton Stephens, of Georgia in his oration on "The Future of the South" said, "We have reached that point in our affairs at which the great question before us is 'To be or not to be?'—and if to be—how? Hope ever springing in the human breast prompts, even under the greatest calamities and adversities, never to despair. Adversity is a severe school, a terrible crucible; both for the individuals and communities. We are now in this school, this crucible, and should bear in mind that it is never negative in its actions. It is always positive. It is ever decided in its effect, one way or the other. It either makes better or worse. It either brings out unknown vices

or arouses dormant virtues. In morals its tendency is to make saints or reprobates—in politics, to make heroes or desperadoes." Where can be found more perfect or forceful antithesis? This is a passage noted for its beauty.

The following selection from the same oration exemplifies the Christ-like spirit. "I say to you, and if my voice would extend throughout this vast country over hill and dale, over mountain and valley, to hovel, hamlet and mansion, village, town and city, I would say, among the first, looking to restoration of peace, prosperity and harmony in this land, is the duty of exercising that degree of forbearance which will enable them to conquer their prejudices—prejudices against communities as well as individuals."

Henry W. Grady has probably done more than any other man to knit together the torn threads of this nation; to bridge over, to cement again the families, states and nation left torn and bleeding by the Civil War. Is it not harder and greater to be a peace maker than a liberator? Is it not more difficult to erase a prejudice than arouse a nation to revolt for rights? If so, the South has greater orators today than at first. It is a different form of oratory. It is an "appeal from the law of man to the Higher law."

Grady makes this beautiful statement in his oration on "The New South": "As we approach the fourth centennial of that stupendous day—when the Old World will come to marvel and to learn, amid our gathered pleasures—let us resolve to crown the miracle of our past with the spectacle of a republic compact, united, indissoluble in the bonds of love—loving from the Lakes to the Gulf—the wounds of war healed in every heart as on every hill—serene and resplendent at the summit of human achievement and earthly glory—blazing out the path and making clear the way up which all the nations of the earth must come in God's appointed time."

Yes, truly, oratory is the gift of the South. She has developed and carried to higher glory the art which has moved the nations from the beginning of time and will move them till the end of time.

—Fernell Briggs—'18.

◆◆◆
HARD LINES.

—◆—
"He proposed to her by mail,
And by letter she replied;
He read her brief refusal—
Then committed suicide.

Alas! he'd be alive to-day,
And she a happy bride,
Had he but read the post-script
Penned on the other side."

—Ex.

“Hawky.”

“Richard”, began the Rev. Mr. Hawkins, as he peered over his glasses at his athleticly-built young son who sat opposite him at the breakfast table, “it has come to my ears that you are taking an active part in the athletics for the spring track meet. Is this true?”

“Yes, father,” Richard responded reluctantly, without raising his eyes.

“My son, you have long known my objection to athletics, and I am deeply grieved that you should show so little regard for my wishes.”

“But, father, everybody is interested in athletics now,” objected Richard.

“And who is ‘everybody?’ ‘Everybody’ is the man of the world, and following ‘everybody’, we come in contact with life’s greatest evils. There are higher and nobler things than athletics, my son; and I trust that you will strive to attain the greatest heights of which you are capable.”

“But, father, I have promised,” persisted Richard.

“A bad promise, my son, is better broken than kept.”

Richard remained silent as his father rose and passed out of the room. Then he looked across the table at his mother, but as she did not return the glance, he was unable to determine whether or not she was in sympathy with his ideas.

On the way to school that morning, Richard B. Hawkins, Jr., walked slowly, with a look of rebellion on his face.

“Hey, Hawky!” shouted a lanky youth who came running up behind him. “Stretch yer legs! Come on; let’s practice!”

“Aw, go on, Slim. Don’t bother me. I don’t want to run.”

“Why the grouch?” queried Slim, peering around into the boyish face.

“Aw, come out of it,” he coaxed, pulling at Richard’s sleeve.

“Well, run then!” cried Dick, irritably, as he darted away from his lanky companion. He reached school far in advance of Slim, still in no cheerful state of mind.

In the school, all interest was centered in the coming track meet (now one week distant) between Glenwood and its old rival, Highland. On the lips of everyone, was the name of Richard Hawkins or “Hawky,” as he was more commonly called. He was, by far, their best track man and in the final one mile race, he was depended upon to out-class the representatives of Highland. A troubled look came into his eyes when he heard his name so frequently mentioned, for not until then had he realized his responsibility. What was he to do? That was the question. He would not tell that he was forbidden to participate, for run he would—he must.

Days passed, and Richard was surprised to find his practice hours occupied by his father’s prearranged plans. Instead of practicing, as he should, for an hour or two daily, he found himself seated in the car, by his father’s

side, taking long drives out into the country. In all his life, the minister had never endeavored to be more entertaining, and Dick felt a secret sense of guilt because of his lack of interest in "babbling brooks," "budding trees", "thrilling song birds", and "beautiful broad landscapes."

The great day arrived. As the bell sounded which announced the close of school for that day, the greatest excitement prevailed. Boys rushed hither and thither, planning, plotting and counterplotting the events of the afternoon.

Richard avoided the enthusiastic crowds and walked silently, thoughtfully, homeward. He, also, had plotting to do. He had determined to elude his father's vigilance and appear upon the athletic field at the proper time.

Lunch was a nightmare to Richard. Three times during the meal, had the telephone rung, and each time he had listened intently as his father gave practically the same answer: "No, Richard will not be at the track meet."

"_____"

"No, he will not take part."

"_____"

"No, it is not convenient to call him to the telephone."

Richard excused himself when the third conversation was finished and went to his own room. He laid out his track-suit and stood looking at it, longingly and despairingly. How could he leave the house without his father's knowledge? He must and would compete in those races! Later than that, he did not allow himself to think. Punishment would come as a penalty for disobedience, but that was still in the future.

Honk! Honk!

The sound disturbed his reveries, and glancing out of the window, he saw a car nearing the house. Presently his father walked briskly down the steps and took his seat beside the driver.

"Jumpin' Jupiter!" he yelled, "It's Uncle Jack, and he always stays out till dark!" Wild with relief and joy, he seized his track-suit, swung it around his head and could scarcely refrain from giving the good old High School yell.

Waiting long enough for the car to disappear, he dashed to the door, turned the knob and—felt his heart sink like lead in his bosom: the door was locked on the outside!

Surprise and a sickening sense of defeat almost overcame him; but he would not be so easily frustrated. One look through the window at the roof of the porch, showed a most inviting mode of escape. A single stride brought him to the window—double defeat; the window was nailed on the outside.

Throwing himself against the door, his fists beat a tattoo on the panels, the sound of which brought his mother hurrying into the hall. His demands to be released were met by a grieved but firm refusal. She would not disregard her husband's orders.

If Richard was angry before, he was raging now. He was wild, raving!

"Locked up like a darned kid!" he yelled. "Like a baby! Worse than a baby; like a criminal!" He stormed; he screamed; and (whisper it softly) he swore! Horrified, his mother hastily retreated, and Richard was left to his own bitter thoughts.

Out in the suburbs, the car containing the Rev. R. B. Hawkins and his brother-in-law glided smoothly along. If thoughts of the imprisoned Richard crept into the mind of the minister, they were pushed quietly aside.

"Hello, what's this!" exclaimed Uncle Jack, bringing the car slowly around. "Why, sure enough, this is the day of the track meet, and there's the end of a race. We'll have to see that."

Without waiting for remarks on the part of the minister, he stood up to get a better view. The minister sat quietly waiting, without comment or interest.

At the close of the race, confusion reigned, shouts and yells of "Tie! tie!" filled the air. As a result of events during the afternoon, each school had now forty points with only one more race to run. Everyone was in a state of wildest excitement.

Just at that instant, a speeding car, with a blue, track-clad figure crouched over the wheel, dashed past, skidded up to the fence, and stopped with a jerk. The blue clad figure sprang out of the car, cleared the fence at a bound and, like a flash, disappeared in the crowd. The minister rose to his feet and gazed in astonishment at the familiar outlines of the lately vacated car.

At that moment, the air was filled with shouts of "Hawky! Hawky! Here's Hawky!"

Surprise and righteous indignation fought for supremacy on the face of the minister. He was horrified that his son should have dared to disobey him. How had he escaped? Had his mother released him? No. He felt convinced that however much she might sympathize with Richard, she would still uphold her husband's authority. But his thoughts were broken by the beginning of the final race, and he was much surprised by the continual bursts of enthusiasm which greeted his son, as still the cries of "Hawky! Hawky!" filled the air.

Six boys rounded the bend of the track, running lightly and easily; they were almost parallel. Two of the runners, one blue, one red, forged ahead of the others, and as the distance between the groups increased, it became apparent that the decision lay between the two leaders. Encouraging yells from both sides urged them forward, but, handicapped by lack of practice, the blue clad Hawky began to lose ground. The yells half ceased for an instant and a lull of disappointment ensued, for fear gripped the hearts of Glenwood's.

But what was that sound that greeted Richard's ears?—a deep, resounding, commanding voice, never before heard on an athletic field, and such a yell was surely never heard at any track meet.

"Richard! Richard! Make haste! Make haste!" His father's well known voice; nothing could have spurred him to greater efforts. New energy sprang into the tired muscles; new hope into his heart, and unconquerable determination flashed over his face. Inch by inch he crept nearer his adversary—closer and closer he drew to the goal, and with a tremendous burst of speed, he passed the runner in red and dashed over the line—the victor.

Glenwood yells rose, echoed and re-echoed as the Rev. Richard B. Hawkins droppd limply back into his seat and contemplated ruefully an ugly dent in his new hat.

Late that evening as Dick was standing in his room, whistling contentedly and measuring the window sash preparatory to replacing the broken glass, the minister quietly entered. Noting his son's occupation, a look of complete understanding illumined his face and with a queer little smile on his lips, he silently withdrew.

—Erma McBride—18.

◆◆◆

THE TALE OF THE REPRESENTOR.

◆

This is to answer questions such as "What is it? Who did it? How did they do it? What's it for?"—which have been fired at the Sophomores ever since it came out.

It is the "Sophomore Representor" and it was done, as you can probably guess, by the Sophomores. The Sophomore English work this year for the first semester has been the study of the newspaper. They have studied, in detail, every phase of this from editorials to advertisements. The Sophomore English teacher, Miss McCoy, conceived the idea of their editing a newspaper themselves, to be modeled after the "Kansas City Star". No sooner said than done. By saving the best from every set of themes that was handed in, Miss McCoy had the greatest abundance of material on hand when they were ready to put the paper together. The Representor is thoroughly representative of the Sophomore Class because it is not the best work of a few but something from each one.

May you have one? No, for this was not a get-rich-quick scheme.

Why did they do it? WELL, chiefly to show you that they could do it.

—R. A. E.—'19.

◆◆◆

Boyibus kissibus sweet girlorum.
 Boyibus likebus, wants somemorum.
 Pater puellae enters parlorum.
 Kickibus boyibus, exit doorum.



THE STUDENT?



LOOK GIRLS



ISNT HE CUTE?



TWO BIG BUGS



SCHOOL DAYS



1ST LONG TROUSERS



LADIES' MEN



BEWARE



INSEPARABLE

“Kathleen Mavourneen” or “St. Patrick’s Eve.”



If, perchance an Irishman was a member of the large audience which attended the annual Senior Play “Kathleen Mavourneen” or “St. Patrick’s Eve”, on either the evening of December 20th or 21st, how homesick he must have become listening to the quaint dialect of his native Erin reproduced so naturally by the characters, and the violin music which so cleverly carried out the Irish effect between acts and scenes, rendered harmoniously by Miss Lorene Womacks, Miss Ella Hughes Georgen and Mr. Cecil Soldan Els, accompanied on the piano by Miss Helen Lindsey.

Miss Margaret Echard, a former graduate of Independence High School, directed and supervised the play, and to her wise choice and management the dramatic success was largely due, although the selection of the characters and the natural ability of some of the participants played no small part. There were very few lapses of memory in spite of the fact that some of the lines were long and difficult. The different parts were well characterized, each participant seemingly moulded for his particular role, even to the most insignificant one in the plot.

Miss Mae Bowdle, in the role of the heroine, Kathleen O’Conner, the simple farmer’s daughter, whose struggle to decide which road of life to take, wealth and society or poverty and love, was the foundation of the story, quite captivated the audience by her charming mimicry of the Irish dialect, her sprightly, vivacious and unassuming manner, and delightful ignorance of the outside world. Her interpretation of sorrow and anguish while the unhappy wife of Bernard Kavanagh, in her dream, was equally excellent. When she said good-bye to her sweet-heart, Terrence O’More, in the cold corridor of the prison, many eyes were moist; lastly, her pretty bashfulness as she accepted the overtures of her real lover and her petty worldly wisdom gained through her dream must not be forgotten.

Mr. Leslie Leake, as Terrence O’More, the sweetheart of Kathleen, acted the part of the simple, faithful, unsophisticated lover exceptionally well. In Kathleen’s dream he brought forth much applause by gallantly rescuing the heroine from the clutches of the three mercenary villains. Further on in the play, he exhibited his dramatic ability in still another line; in facing death, instead of being comforted by his sweetheart, he comforted her and realistically portrayed the brave, unselfish lad of the play. He was just as successful in his emotional and sentimental parts, and his love song to Kathleen deserves especial note.

David O’Conner was a droll, eccentric character, very fond of his own philosophies, and unconsciously possessing a keen sense of humor. A hos-



"St. PATRICK'S EVE"
DEC. 22, 1915

Grinner Photo.

pitiable old gentleman he proved to be when the squire and his sister made their call, and very obliging and humble, too. He had very set opinions on how to bring up his daughter, and when the squire slyly suggested that Kathleen would make a graceful lady, David staunchly and obstinately refused to see her in that light. Lee Cook was peculiarly adapted to this part and took advantage of the many opportunities the character afforded to improve upon his lines by little eccentric grimaces.

Mr. Joe Morgan, in the difficult role of Bernard Kavanagh, the designing but disappointed squire, delivered his lines clearly, although lacking force at times. In Kathleen's dream, as the dastardly villain, he was the exact opposite to Terrence O'More, and by his villainy he set in sharp relief the faithfulness and pure love of his rival; but in the last act, he in some measure redeemed himself by giving to Terrence and his future bride a farm, a cow, and a pig or two.

Our attention is now focused on Miss Dorothy Kavanagh, the squire's sister, who first instilled the longing in Kathleen's young breast to become a lady and wear beautiful gowns. Miss Lucille Kerr portrayed this languid, haughty individual in a very satisfactory manner.

The character of Captain Clearfield, the friend and commissary of Bernard Kavanagh, to whom was assigned the delicate duty of informing the unhappy Kathleen that her marriage to the squire was illegal, in the sight of both the law and the church, was well interpreted by Mr. Russell Hunt. Miss Estelle Charlton as Father O'Cassidy, the priest, soon set the squire's carefully laid plan awry by suddenly appearing and stating that the marriage was legal, for he had performed the ceremony himself in the stead of the fake priest whom Bernard had hired. Her stately solemn appearance in her black robes, her measured words, and her restrained gestures all bespoke piety and sanctity.

Miss Agnes Luff, Kitty O'Laverty, maid in the Kavanagh home, was a conscientious and sympathetic little soul, and was very, very sorry for her dear mistress, but nevertheless, she didn't forget Bill Buttoncap, her rustic lover who felt so like a villain. Bill brought roars of laughter from the audience by his realistic impersonation of a chair, funny pranks, and mirthful grins. We said "his"; "he" was a girl, Miss Frances Weeks.

Listen, we are about to discuss three bloody villains, Black Rody, Red Barney, and Darby Doyle, taken by Gomer Watson, Bourke Powell, and Grover Huff, respectively. What deep, gruff voices they had, how conscienceless they were, and how easily bribed to do murderous work. How well they fitted into the wild rocky scene on that dark gruesome night. How cruel and pitiless were their words of evil intent to poor abandoned Kathleen. Don't get frightened: they were only three dream characters, but nevertheless they played their parts exceptionally well.

Mr. Wiley Pendleton as Mr. McCubban, made a very good jailor although

rather heartless. The part of Meg Marslough, fortune teller, whose telling came true only in a dream, was very creditably performed by Miss Helen Murphy, and the role of Dennis, servant of O'Conner, was well taken by Miss Hazel Greene.

Notwithstanding the bitterly cold weather, many ventured forth to see this bewitching little drama and none went home disappointed, for it was a pleasant combination of the spectacular and sentimental, with just enough humor to flavor it well so it was bound to appeal to every taste. Although light and simple, the Irish play, "Kathleen Mavourneen" has substance and a fine sentiment. It is not a play that one sees one day and forgets the next, nor a play that leaves a deep impress, but one of those happy mediums that is seldom found but always appreciated.

—Lena Rue Kirby—'18.



THE FACULTY.



Have you seen our faculty,
In the "dark" assembly room,
Guarding every tempted student
Hearing every Junior tune?

See them when they'r'e free from care,
Chumming, jolly, very fair
Happy, joyous, pleasing crowd,
Oh, of course, they're very proud.
O, you know we love them all—
Love them, little, big and tall.

Find a bunch that's ever working,
Always—never are they shirking;
Cramming into poor, dull brains
Unusual words, and classic sayings,
Looking after those in need,
Talking, "Oh, yes, indeed"—now—
You have our teachers tree'd.

—A. P.—'18.

“Growth of the American Ideal.”

“The men of the American Revolution have left us an ideal already inscribed in the world's memory; an ideal portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land; an ideal that will console, in all ages, the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter as a legacy and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail and faction destroy its vital parts; and aspiring knavery may, at last, sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty. It is the spirit—the spirit of the ideal—that lives.—In this is our safety and our hope; while this, the ideal of our fathers, dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts,—while it incites us to think as they have thought,—incites us to cherish that same ideal, democracy,—to do what they have done, the honor and the praise will be ours, to have preserved, unimpaired, the rich inheritance which they have so nobly achieved.”

But why seek to demonstrate, in such a way, a thing which, even by America's most bitter foes, has never been denied: the growth of the American ideal, democracy? “You can stop an invasion of armies, but you cannot stop an invasion of ideas.” Nor ideals. The armies which the United States of America have always enlisted have been the embodiment of the American ideal—democracy.—not divided or subdivided by any old lines of nationality or descent, but, men fighting for a common cause and under one flag as Americans. If, in the melting pot, men of all nationalities and, even races, have been fused and blended, then, in the pouring out of men upon this country's patriotic altars, there should be no ranks of division, no insignia to designate men of one sort from another—after the fashion of feudal wars in which the retainers of chieftains went into battle under his family pennon, emblazoned with its arms and motto. There should be no drawing of lines in such an army; no labeling of troops; no segregation, but only one great aggregation of fighting men aiding unitedly in the growth of the American ideal, democracy.

There are two kinds of warfare: one for selfish interests,—the other for rights that benefit all mankind, and, if not defended will be lost. It is to the honor of the United States that, with one exception, our warlike enterprises have been undertaken to vindicate some principle of abstract justice, the triumph of which would ultimately benefit all mankind.

That note of idealism sounded clearly in President Wilson's call to arms. It echoed back to Concord Bridge, to the rattling broadsides of the frigate “Constitution”, to Gettysburg and to the liberation of Cuba.

The material grievances in our war of Independence were mere pin-

pricks. By the year 1770, the tea tax was down to three pence a pound. A perusal of that terrific recital of wrongs which young Thomas Jefferson penned in the Declaration of Independence, shows that what rankled in the colonial bosom was the curtailment of popular liberties.

How little Europe understood and realized the growth of the American ideal, democracy, can be found from reading Thackeray's novel, "The Virginians." In the closing chapters, the author gives an excellent history of the American Revolution from the point of view of an English loyalist of 1776. The loyalist saw no reason why King George should not have been permitted to tax his own colonies if he so desired.

Again, in 1812, the United States went to war against Great Britain's impressment of American seamen and seizure of American ships. Great Britain stood for the old, outworn doctrine of arbitrary restriction of commerce, using her powerful navy as the instrument. The United States then, as now, was seeking to force into international recognition, the present system of neutral rights and unrestricted commerce.

The blot on our war record is, perhaps, the Mexican conquest of 1846. That was the least defensible of all our wars—a war of territorial aggression. When the fighting stopped in 1848, we possessed California, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, paying fifteen million dollars, and assuming three million dollars indebtedness, due Mexico by American citizens.

In the Civil War, Lincoln first grasped the fact that the struggle was testing whether a Nation "conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," could endure. The slavery question had become secondary when he wrote Greeley, "My paramount object is to save the Union, and neither to save or to destroy slavery."

Since Europe watched our Civil War, expecting us to perish in the growth of our ideal, democracy, the tables are turned. Now, America faces toward Europe and it is no longer democracy that is in doubt, it is autocracy that is on trial for its life.

It is today—today, we are waging the most devastating war the world has ever seen. Tomorrow, not perhaps distant tomorrows, when every nation has become permeated with the democratic principles which have attended the growth of the American ideal, war may be forever abolished from the category of human crimes. In the prophecy of peace—not a peace to be a beginning of war; not a peace which will be endless preparation for strife and bloodshed, but a real peace—we detect the growth of a world ideal—democracy.

The world is an old world. It has never, though, seen such a war as now rolls, like an ocean over Europe. When this war began, two-thirds of the continent was under autocratic rule. Now it is different; democracy means peace. The democracy of France hesitated; the democracy of Italy

hesitated long before it entered. We, even, in our greater growth of democracy, paused and sprang back with a shudder and would never have entered the caldron had it not been for the invasion of Belgium. If Prussia had been a democracy, there would have been no war.

The United States recognized the inevitable. We went into the war, not simply because of Germany's ruthless submarine attacks, but because we had become convinced that a world in which German militarism is triumphant, is a world in which free peoples cannot live.

Out of the confusion at the outset of the war, certain definite principles have been forced by the consistent course of the German government—conclusions, which, at first, Americans could not believe.

They have learned that there is a powerful and efficient government which regards itself as above international morality; which uses war to achieve its ambitions; which looks upon treaties as scraps of paper; which regards lesser nations as having no rights it is bound to respect; which conducts its war of conquest on a basis of calculated frightfulness, in defiance of the laws of nations to which itself was a signatory; which carries civil populations off to slavery; which is ready to gain its ends by elaborate and unscrupulous intrigue; whose continued success is a menace to the fundamental idea—and the fundamental ideal, democracy,—which is bound up with American life. The cause for which America is taking up arms today is the same cause of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for which it took up arms in 1776.

In recognition of this fact, a united Nation responds to the president's noble appeal to enter war "for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government; for the rights and liberties of small nations; for a universal dominion of rights by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations, and make the world, itself, at last, free."

John Galsworthy, the English novelist and playwright, has recently written a poem in which the growth of the American ideal, democracy, is admirably expressed:—

"A wind in the world! The dark departs.
The chains now rust that crushed men's flesh and bones;
Feet tread no more the mildewed prison stones,
And slavery is lifted from your hearts.

A wind in the world! O, company
Of darkened Russia, watching long in vain,

Now, shall you see the cloud of Russia's pain
Go shrinking out across a summer's sky.

* * * * *

A wind in the world! Now truancy
From the true self is ended; to her part
Supreme again she moves and from her heart
A great America causes death to tyranny!"

What is democracy anyhow?

Upon the way the United States answers this question will depend, not only the course of American history, but, as well real democracy the world over, in all its larger outlines and broader purposes.

"Is democracy a thing without duties, obligations or responsibilities? Is it a thing without a spiritual content, without world purpose and world destiny? Is it a theory of a nation, built upon a theory of oneself, an incoherent and unmobilized mass of men and resources in heterogeneous juxtaposition, without vertebra to hold it together, without a soul to save it from damnation? It has been said that in this country there is one thinker to every twenty-five thousand of its inhabitants. The rest are orators. With only one person in that number with a national—to say nothing of an international consciousness—can it be said that we are a nation?"

When we think of the mission of the United States, we are not compelled to think of a tendency to isolate a certain territory wherein our people may make money and save their skins; to create a Dead Sea civilization into which everything flows, but which has no outlet. Do we think of our country as a nation among nations as each man thinks of himself as a man among men? Do we talk of ourselves as being a world-power with the broadest conception of all the opportunities, or the obligations, of a nation that has assumed its proper place in the world?

If so, are we to sustain relations with the world? Are we to conduct foreign affairs? Are we to have policies which we can make good? And, are we to continue to be the first representative of democracy?

"You have a task, America. It is to establish, from all these free-moving personalities within your states, a tie that shall be a blood bond. Their lives are of many moods and colors. Build them into a great cathedral. Their voices are unconscious and discordant. Compose from them a symphony. Think of the rich foundations of your country. It is made up of all races; it has flowed into you from all continents. May this help you to understand the essential spirits of these peoples whose sum must be America—and America's ideal, democracy. May it bring you to realize that a vast harmony exists between their varying intellectual forces."

All of the forces that are conflicting today on the old continent combine to present a bitter and unworthy spectacle. These nations, like France and

Germany, are neighbors. And they are related; their true differences are only shades. Yet they have denied each other. They are bending all their forces, consecrating all their genius, to stultify and to destroy each other. What are these struggles, seen in a pure light, but disputes of parishes—miserable denials of the vastness of truth,—passionate and perverse attempts to stifle human spirit,—to build walls around it—to deny it to the world,—to shut it in a prison!

The ideal of one nation is a too narrow thing; even the idea of a reconciled Europe or a united Occident, would be too narrow. The hour has struck for mankind to begin its march toward the ideal of world-wide democracy,—to begin it with conscious fervor, to suffer no exclusion. Man must at last enter into health; must, at last, enter into life. Democracy must be his leader, humanity must be his goal. The Asiatic cultures,—China, India,—are being born anew. The old and new worlds must bring forth the treasures of their souls, and place them in common with the greatest world treasure—democracy. For all great expressions of mankind subserve each other, complement each other. And the growth of the democratic ideal must be a synthesis of all the great thoughts of the world.

“Beyond the present, unimagined woe,
A glorious day is breaking o’er the earth:
As Spring flowers blossom, after ice-bound snow,
The God of Gods shall bring new things to birth.
It is the dawn! Great forces are set free!
All hail the day! World-wide Democracy!”

—Mary Hardin Jones—’17.

◆◆◆
“GRADUATION.”

◆
Heart enlightenment,
Great excitement,
Working night and day.
Busy sewing,
Something doing
And no time to play.
Invitations
To relations
And all the friends of Kate’s;
Great achievement
And reliefment—
When Sis graduates!



SWEET GRADUATE



AT CAMP



THE BOOSTERS



WAITING FOR THE "MALE"



SWEET SIXTEEN?



NEWS BEARERS

GIRLS



CURIOSITY



BIG FOUR

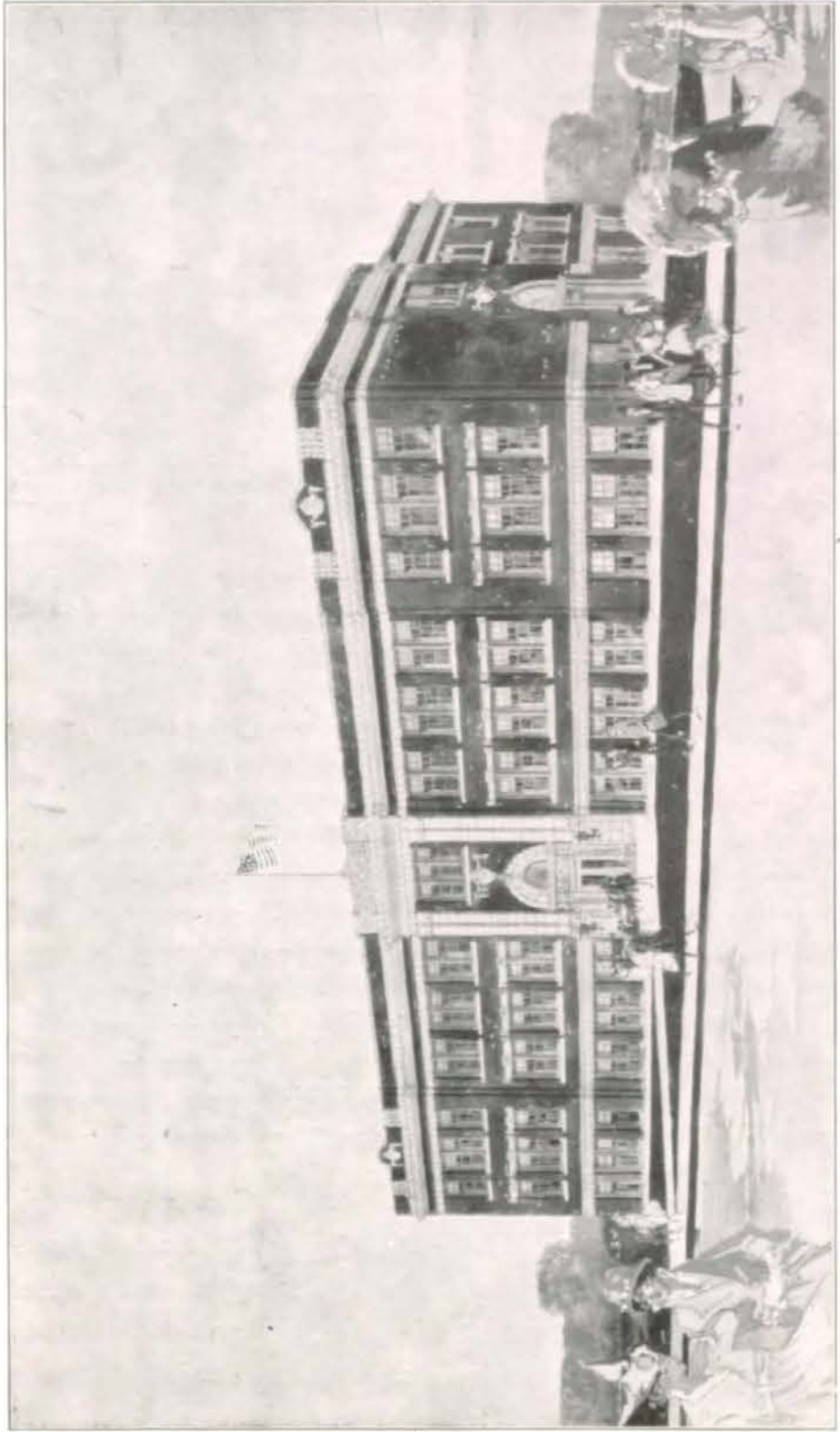


HE LOVES ME ?

CALENDAR.

- Sept. 11.—School opened with a whoop, whoop, hurrah!
- Sept. 22.—First football game of the season.
- Sept. 30.—Mr. Hibbitts a sponsor.—Will wonders never cease?
- Oct. 21.—Senior Hallowe'en party. Some event.
- Oct. 23.—Senior girls entertain football boys. Why are those football boys so bashful?
- Oct. 27.—Junior party "chaperoned" by the Seniors.
- Nov. 1.—Senior panic in upstairs hall. Strange a mouse can't come to school if he wants to.
- Nov. 6.—Carolyn Twyman introduced a new style of hair dress—awful sensation.
- Nov. 10.—Big game with Higginsville, all-star team, 0 to 0.
- Nov. 13.—First Freshmen program.—The Freshmen have wonderful voices.
- Nov. 16.—Heart rendering scenes in the assembly.—Burial of Liberty conducted by the Rev. Cook.
- Nov. 17.—Record "pep" day at I. H. S. Independence vs. Liberty.
- Nov. 23.—Agnes Luff got to school two minutes before the bell rang.
- Dec. 1.—Clifford Kelley's great campaign speech—an event in modern oratory.
- Dec. 2.—Memorial services held in honor of Professor Bryant.
- Dec. 5.—Stop! Look! And listen! First publication of the I. H. S. Booster!
- Dec. 8.—Entertained by Glee Club and grade cards.—What a combination.
- Dec. 15.—Have you heard the "latest"—ask the Sophomores.
- Dec. 18.—Juniors show rare dramatic ability in the production of "Mrs. Bailey's Boarders".
- Dec. 19.—General rejoicing—school closed for the Xmas holidays.
- Dec. 20-21.—The big event—Seniors present "Kathleen Mavourneen".
- Jan. 2.—School opened again.
- Jan. 4.—Football boys get red eyes,—most people get black ones of one sort or the other. Joe Asher elected football captain for 1917.
- Jan. 8.—Freshmen program.—Who said the Freshmen were of a greenish hue?
- Jan. 10.—I. H. S. becomes a prison—pupils taking final exams.
- Jan. 16.—Everybody recovered. Some feel better—some worse.
- Jan. 24.—Boys' Glee Club in assembly.—"My Little Dream Girl"—a special feature.
- Jan. 26.—In behalf of mistreated language, Mr. A. D. Dwyer discusses "Our Mother Tongue".
- Jan. 27.—Lena Rue Kirby wins prize for report on Senior play. Will Lena Rue the day?

- Jan. 29.—Miss Phelps forgot to quote Greene to the English history class. Juniors still groggy.
- Feb. 2.—“Kid” missed a day of school caused by the organization of the Anti-slang club.
- Feb. 6.—Seniors present first Lyceum number. Wonder why the Juniors didn't come?
- Feb. 10.—I. H. S. gets a treat from the K. C. Conservatory of music.
- Feb. 12.—Seniors honor Lincoln's birthday—did you hear 'em orate?
- Feb. 17.—Arthur Henry starred in history class.
- Feb. 21.—Seniors gave Washington program.
- Feb. 25.—Mr. Street taught a class and forgot to say “Do you get the point?”
- March 3.—Have you seen the Juniors new rings? Then you are blind for they certainly do sparkle.
- March 12.—Gomer Watson had a haircut.
- March 16.—Hurrah for the team! I. H. S. won the basket ball cup.
- March 19.—Physics classes visit the House of Power. (K. C. Electrical power house).
- March 20.—Joe Asher forgot his chewing gum.
- March 22.—Hurrah for Mr. Street! Admitted to North Central Association.
- March 23.—Jack Custead of '15 sang in assembly—call them pleasing selections if you like. They were.
- March 24.—Frank Dooley and G. W. Bradley decided they “preferred” front seats in the assembly.
- April 1.—April fool. Still children.
- April 2.—Major Stayton discusses present crisis and school salutes flag.
- April 3.—I. H. S. gets a glimpse of real Hawaiian life.
- April 6.—Clifford missed his usual nap in history class.
- April 8.—Fern Wray missed her morning chat in assembly.
- April 11.—Loyal Lee and Willing William join the navy.
- April 13.—Who ever thought the Sophomores could be such dolls?
- April 14.—Lawrence forgot to wear his accustomed smile.
- April 20.—Juniors revive their lost pep in assembly.
- April 24.—First base ball game.—I. H. S.-19.—Lee's Summit-13.
- April 25.—Mr. Nance lectures on the war.
- May 1.—Sophomores return Junior challenge. Is that the way news spreads?
- May 2.—A regular circus at I. H. S. with “pink lemonade” a special feaure.
- May 4.—Another program by the Juniors—Spring is surely here.
- May 11.—Seniors royally entertained by the Juniors.
- May 20.—Baccalaureate sermon by Dr. Andreas Bard.
- May 23.—Senior class day program.
- May 25.—Commencement exercises. GOOD-BYE dear old I. H. S.



THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL.

On Saturday, February 24th, the voters of the Independence school district, by an overwhelming majority, took a stand for better education facilities, by carrying the \$50,000 High School bond proposition by a vote of 593 for, to 67 against. The opposition was not nearly so strong as it was on August 10th, last, when the supplementary issue of \$35,000 was voted. The addition of \$15,000 to that amount in the last election, was largely due to the fact that all kinds of material and equipment have advanced in prices since last year. It is expected that the money which will be realized from the last sale of bonds, plus the money still on hand from the first issue of \$75,000, will complete every detail of the High School and equip it for use in the fall.

Work on the new building has been temporarily delayed, but it has recently been resumed, since an agreement has been reached between the contractors and the strikers. This affords considerable satisfaction to the Board of Education and the school patrons of the Independence district, as it is believed that it will require most of the time between now and the opening of schools next fall, to get the new High School completed.

To the advantage of equipment will be added another advantage for the graduates of I. H. S. Through the efforts of Professor E. B. Street, Independence High School has secured admission into the North Central Association of schools—an entrance that places I. H. S. in the same class with every accredited school in the United States. This ruling not only puts us on the honor list, but assures us recognition and prominence, and provides for our graduates, a readier admission into higher institutions of learning all over the country.

A WAR TIME SAVING PLAN.

Miss Margaret Phelps, instructor in Economics in the Independence High School, has inaugurated a saving and investment plan that has proved particularly instructive and beneficial to the students who have handled the subject this year.

Miss Phelps, an enthusiastic advocate of industrial preparedness, has issued several reports which serve to illustrate the workings of such an adequate system of economic training, which was, in a larger sense, a plan to induce the students to become producers instead of mere consumers. The plan was developed in this manner:

By refraining from some needless expenditure, each member of the class saved ten cents of his, or her, spending money; this served as capital in the purchase of raw material with which each pupil was to make some economic good. As a matter of fact, the class of thirty realized fifty-five dollars on the 28 dimes invested.

Jack Ragland, who will, in time, we believe, force from pre-eminence to mere eminence, the name of the world's greatest sign painter, succeeded, with his natural artistic ability—plus the ten cents,—in making nearly \$7.

Two of the girls, Estelle Jones and Gladys Elliot, who make no pretentious claims to being adepts in the art of illustration or sign-board work, bought needles and thread and, at the end of the thirty days, turned out some very creditable crochet and embroidery patterns, which they sold to the discriminating house-wives of their neighborhoods.

Other girls gained distinction in the culinary department, and the appetizing pastry and confections that they offered at such reasonable prices induced many to buy liberally. Jessie Ruth Johnson's receipts from the sale of her "Vassar Fudges" were especially good.

Virginia Bridges, whose acquaintance with the music masters is anything but limited, bought a "catchy" piece of music with her dime and readily secured a number of ambitious pupils, who, under her careful training could, at the end of the four weeks' time, almost play the music—by heart!

And, all this time, Florence Fontaine was designing and painting some very clever little book-marks, which, completed in the allotted time, were hastily seized upon by the city's "artistic-notioned" bargain hunters.

Gomer Watson's patriotism was expressed in his untiring efforts in selling flag-pins and emblems to like-wise patriotic friends and fellow citizens. He realized \$1.85 from the experiment.

Excerpts from several reports may reveal to the skeptical reader the possibilities of a ten-cent piece:—

Report of Work Begun March 5.

Bought:—	
1 Cake Red Paint	\$.03
1 Cake Blue Paint03
1 Cake Yellow Paint03
2 Sheets White Paper01
Total,	\$.10

Painted two sets of paper dolls, and sold them at 10c each. Then purchased twelve sheets of paper for 5c, from which twelve more sets of dolls were made. These, plus five cents realized from the first sale, netted a profit of \$1.25. With five cents of this, a dozen sheets of paper were bought and ten sets of the "flexible toys" were soon completed. The sum total of the experiment was \$2.20.

—Agnes Luff—'17.

Report 2.

Bought:—	
Mahogany—(For Pin Tray) ..	\$0.10
Ash—(For Base Ball Bat) ..	\$0.25
Bird's Eye Maple—(For Shaving Mirror) ..	\$0.40
Mirror—(For Electrolier) ..	\$0.50
Grained Walnut—(For Electrolier) ..	\$0.25
Shade—(For Electrolier) ..	\$1.50
Socket—(For Electrolier) ..	\$0.20
Expenses	\$3.20
Sold:—	
Pin Tray ..	\$0.25
Ball Bat ..	\$1.00
Mirror ..	\$2.00
Electrolier ..	\$3.75
Total	\$7.00
	\$7.00
	\$3.20
Profits	\$3.80

—Wiley Pendleton—'17

THE A. B. C.'S OF I. H. S.



A is for athletics, so very great and grand,
 B is for the bad hall boys, who 'round the halls do stand.
 C is for the chewing gum, which all the teachers spurn,
 D is for the daily round of lessons hard to learn.
 E is for the English class in which we learn to speak,
 F is for the Freshies, who are mild and very meek.
 G is for the grade cards, which are monthly handed out,
 H is for our history, and all it tells about.
 I is for indifference, of which we are not guilty,
 J is for the Juniors, who are very stiff and stilty.
 K is for the knockers, who have their hammers ready,
 L is for our Latin; it's a job that's slow and steady.
 M is for the mountains climbed, which we ascend but slow,
 N is for the Normal, to which some of us will go.
 O is just for over-work on which we seem to thrive,
 P is for Professor Street, who is always much alive.
 Q is for the questions asked, on quizzes hard and strong,
 R is for the answers right, but most we answer wrong.
 S is for the Sophomores, whose heads do surely swell,
 T is for the tattlers, who always run and tell.
 U is for the ultra class, the Senior Class indeed,
 V is for our valiant boys, who enlist in time of need.
 W is the watch-word which we pass along,
 X is simply out of it, which isn't any harm.
 Y is for Yule-tide that we look forward too,
 Z is what we "kids" comprise, and it is called a zoo.

—C. T.—'19.



The Art Department this year under the supervision of Miss McNutt has given the students practical lessons in the art of dress. Each girl was given the task of producing suitable and artistic clothing for her own figure. This is very beneficial in teaching the young girl to dress herself artistically.

The class has done some very interesting work in applied design. The wood blocks were designed and carved, and were applied on different fabrics with very pleasing results.

Some good work has been done in studies from life. This work although considered difficult has been done in a commendable way.

The work of the art class this year has been very satisfactory and much benefit has been derived from it.

—Art Editor.



"By music, minds on equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
 Or, when the soul is pressed with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs."

—Pope.

This year the musical department of the high school, in spite of the disadvantages it has to encounter, has maintained its usual high standard. Several programs have been given under the supervision of Miss Wilson, and have been thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by the music lovers of Independence.

The course of study has been varied somewhat this year. There is only one class, which meets two periods each day. One period is taken up with the Chorus work. For the remaining time Miss Wilson has introduced some new methods of study. The great masters are studied one day each week, while two days are given to Harmony and two days to Appreciation.

Appreciation includes the study of the operas, which are played on the victrola to give the pupils an opportunity to become familiar with them. This is a distinct innovation and one that is extremely beneficial. The students leave the high school with an appreciation for the highest forms of music, which otherwise they would very rarely have.

The influence of music cannot be over estimated, and it is to be hoped, that next year the facilities for the study of this art will be greatly increased.

—C. R.—'17.

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

—♦—
"Harken, harken, music sounds afar."

Far from within the deep recesses of the auditorium stage came the soft notes of the girls' chorus, welcoming again the Christmas-tide of the year. In the center of the stage hung the star of Bethlehem, and as a natural sequence came the angels announcing the birth of Christ; then the story of the Savior's life in pleasing music completed the program. Such was the first entertainment given by the Girls' Glee Club.

It is a long time from Christmas until Spring, but at last it was here, and the girls sang in assembly for the second time. Under the supervision of Miss Wilson they sang of the sunshine, the birds, the flowers, and the happy Spring days. Everyone left the auditorium smiling and free from care.

Due to the untiring efforts of Miss Grace Wilson, as supervisor of music, and, to the work of the faithful few, we are able to enjoy, on rare occasions, a musical treat. But, as everyone says, there is one thing the matter with the programs, and that is their scarcity.

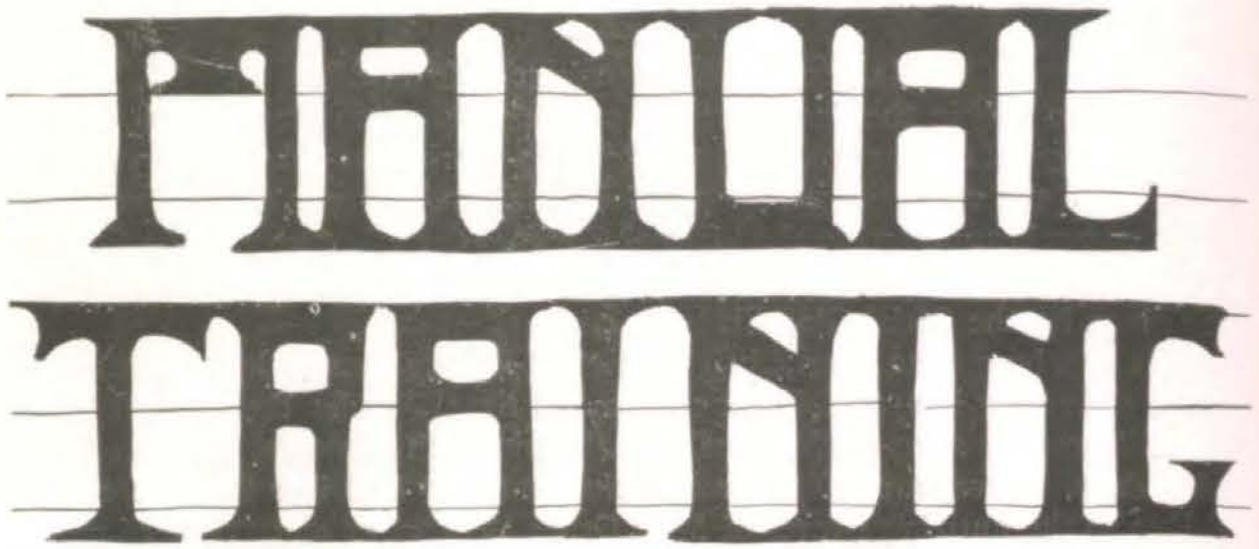
—E. C.—'17.

—♦♦♦—
THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

—♦—
Since music plays a part in almost everyone's life, an effort has been made at the Independence High School to increase the interest of the pupils in this subject by the organization of Glee Clubs. The Glee Clubs are conducted for two purposes—to further the appreciation of music in the high school, and, for the enjoyment of the members of the clubs.

Last fall when Mr. Sexton sent out the call for enlistments in the Boys' Glee Club for the coming year, a very limited number answered the call. Probably the small number of applicants was due to the fact that the rising singers were timid for only recognized songsters reported. After several "try-outs" Mr. Sexton selected the following boys as members:—Leslie Leake, Lee Cook, Lawrence Bartholomew, Russell Hunt, Alfred Rider, Paul Clark, Cecil Soldan Els, Wiley Pendleton, and Lewis Akers. These young men appeared in public at the high school auditorium on December the eighth, and proved their ability by singing several touching Southern melodies and a few humorous sketches.

We had a good Glee Club for its size, but there should have been more members. The Glee Clubs go hand in hand with school spirit, and, by the laws of mathematics, as laid down by Miss Chiles, the larger the Glee Club the greater will be the school pep. Therefore, we hope, that everyone who can make a noise will come out next year to help the school and benefit themselves.



Few people realize the importance of manual training in the high school; it is generally regarded as a by-subject. But it is in manual training that boys must learn to apply their physical and mental powers co-operatively so as to secure results. Pupils must design models and then make the different parts with the greatest accuracy, so that there will be no defects. It is always the most original and energetic boys that make the best models.

Independence high school offers one of the best equipped shops in the state. Besides equipped work benches and lathes there is a rip saw, a band saw, a mortise machine and a planing machine. To these are added twenty-six different kinds of wood and all varieties of varnish. Such advantages combine to make the manual training shop the most popular room in the building with all of the boys and many of the girls.

The first half of year is spent in furniture making, during which time many beautiful and substantial pieces of furniture are turned out. The second semester is spent in lathe work which requires the greatest amount of skill and accuracy. Different varieties of wood are glued together, from which beautifully inlaid and artistically designed articles are turned. These two branches complete the course, as metal work has proven impracticable.

Much credit is due Mr. Hifner, who has made the shop successful, as shown by the quality of goods produced; and popular, as shown by the number of boys and girls demanding to be admitted to the classes.



ATHLETICS



THE VICTORIOUS ELEVEN.

—♦—
 The season opened in November—
 That season which we'll long remember.
 For—put it down; don't let it slip—
 We really won the championship.

The way we did it each can tell
 'Cept other schools who say "Aw, well."
 They were at first against it "up"
 But don't you mind—we won the cup.

The team waxed strong and powerful, too,
 And soon they fame and honor knew;
 They seldom met with a rebuff—
 We called them "Diamonds in the Rough."



ARTHUR HENRY
 Captain.
 Ht. 5 ft. 10 in.—Wt. 164 lbs.
 Fullback, '17.

Swift end runs, clean, sure tackling and drilling line plunges made "Swede" the star of every game and the favorite with all crowds. Art will continue his studies at K. U.



BOURKE POWELL,
 Ht. 5 ft. 8 in.—Wt. 135 lbs.
 Quarterback, '17.

Bourke was some quarterback. He was quick to see the weaknesses of the opposing teams and to take advantage of them.

JOE ASHER
 Captain-Elect.
 Ht. 6 ft.—Wt. 150 lbs.
 Center, '19.

"Jody" held the pivot position all season and never once "lost his head." He was not an individual star but one who played for the interest of the team.



GROVER HUFF,
Ht. 6 ft.—Wt. 155 lbs.
Right Guard, '17.
"Sunshine" was always full of pep and fight, he had the spirit it takes to win a game. His abomination was a "man that backed off."



REX JOHNSON,
Ht. 5 ft. 10 in.—Wt. 142 lbs.
Left End, '19.

HOMER LEWIS,
Ht. 5 ft. 11 in.—Wt. 169 lbs.
Right Tackle, '19.

"Feener" was a good all-round player; when called back his passes were always good for 40 or 45 yards. His past-time was getting the man with the ball.



Rex was a great "chaser" of forward passes. He was fast on the defensive, repeatedly breaking up plays before they had gotten off well.



ALLAN BULLOCK.
Ht. 5 ft. 10 in.—Wt. 162 lbs.
Left Guard, '18.

Allan was almost heart-broken whenever his "man" "put one over on him" and got by. The back field could always depend on him to make a "hole."



OSCAR BESSMER.
Ht. 5 ft. 6 in.—Wt. 168 lbs.
Left Tackle, '19.

"Boscoe" can tell you all about playing left tackle. Opponents never tried over two plays through our left tackle for there was no use.



PAUL LONG,
Ht. 5 ft. 6 in.—Wt. 126 lbs.
Right Half, '18.

"Small but mighty." Paul played his first year as a regular and proved his ability for the back field by his broken field running.



JOE MORGAN,
Ht. 5 ft. 11 in.—Wt. 144 lbs.
First Utility, '17.

Joe played every position on the line but mostly at tackle where he was best. He never tackled high.

LESLIE LEAKE,
Ht. 5 ft. 9 in.—Wt. 144 lbs.
Right End, '17.

When the signal to "get out" was given Leslie always got out. He "nailed" a forward pass for the first touch-down of the season.



ASHTON SOLLARS,
Ht. 5 ft. 10 in.—Wt. 138 lbs.
Left Half, '17.

"Tommy" always played well, but at times he showed unusual "flashes" of form and then it was almost impossible to stop him.



ROGER PRYOR,
Ht. 5 ft. 10 in.—Wt. 138 lbs.
End, '18.
'Rog' played a consistent
game. He was a hard tackler
and "right there" when it
came to 'spiking.'



WILLIAM SERMON,
Ht. 5 ft. 7 in.—Wt. 127 lbs.
Backfield Sub., '19.
"Little Ugly" has all the
qualities of a football player;
when he grows some more,
his big brother had better
look out for his "rep."

GAMES.

I. H. S.—0, Lee's Summit H. S.	19
I. H. S.—0, Lee's Summit H. S.	19
I. H. S.—0, Liberty H. S.	7
I. H. S.—18, Country Day	7
I. H. S.—0, Weston H. S.	0
I. H. S.—32, Lexington H. S.	0
I. H. S.—0, Higginsville H. S.	0
I. H. S.—7, Liberty H. S.	3

WHEN INDEPENDENCE TRIUMPHED OVER LIBERTY.

Friday, November the seventeenth was gala day for Independence high school. We were to meet Liberty, our old adversary, in a gridiron contest to completely annihilate her, so to speak, or to reluctantly accept defeat.

A funeral was held in the auditorium over her "to-be remains" the morning before the contest. Our most sagacious friend and fellow student, Lee A. Cook, delivered an appropriate sermon in a manner much to his credit, as an able orator and satirist. Amid loud acclamations from the various members of the "mourning corps" the remains of Liberty were formally given over to the gods of defeat. School was dismissed at an early hour in the afternoon and, accompanied by the celebrated high school band the students marched out in a body to the scene of the conflict.

The first quarter was rather tame, but the second quarter opened with both teams in fighting trim and both determined to vanquish the other. Several times both were within ten yards of their opponent's goal but here the lines became invincible. There was only a few minutes of the first half to play and we were on Liberty's 45 yard line. "W-w-watch that man!" yelled Huff. "Low, men, low!" bellowed Asher. "Make a hole" pleaded Henry, "H-O-L-D T-H-A-T L-I-N-E!" screamed the crowd. The ball snapped; the line dropped; the backs charged; the players groaned and Captain Henry rushed out of the fray with the ball and wriggled and twisted forty-five yards to a touchdown. The crowd went wild and yelled like so many Comanche Indians. The remainder of the game was "nip and tuck," but nevertheless, Liberty came out on the small end of a seven to three score.

The Liberty team was a bunch of good sports and good players, but they were beaten because the Independence team had a better variety of plays and a greater amount of pep.

HIGGINSVILLE, 0; INDEPENDENCE, 0.
—♦—

Did you ever stand on the sideline and feel awed when you felt the force exerted when line met line, or, when tackler met runner? Did you ever thrill inside, and want to become a star foot-ball player, when you saw a team run perfect interference, or a man as neatly dump that interference? If you never have, then the Independence-Higginsville game was not a place for your attendance.

When Higginsville came to Independence, they had not been beaten for three years, and, furthermore a team had never gotten any closer to a touchdown than their 20-yard line. In the first quarter of the game our team was on their 5-yard line, but lost the ball in an attempt to make a touchdown. Higginsville then carried the ball back to the middle of the field, where the teams struggled back and forth until the last quarter. The last quarter was the time for our rooters to be "scared," for our opponents had the better "wind" and marched down the field to our 20-yard line; at that moment the whistle blew and left the final calculations 0 and 0.

Even though we did not break Higginsville's winning "streak" we consider it an honor to have played such a team to a nothing to nothing score.

THE ATHLETE.
—♦—

With his coach, on one of the side lines, a boy sat with his head in his hand, with elbow on his knee watching the football game of the year. A leather headgear was on his head, and from his neck his blue sweater was thrown back by reason of the heat. He was a stalwart young fellow—brown-haired, broad-chested, with limbs as lithe as the willow, and muscles like the panther's. His suit, one of the kind worn by the I. H. S. football team, was neat and trim; his stockings reaching to his knees were blue and white. He watched the game with the eyes of a cat, and there rested upon him the alert air of the coach himself—the beauty of a big, lithe animal. When at the end of a down, a cheer arose and a way was made through the crowd for the exit of an injured man, he sprang from his seat and bounded into the game, eager to fight for victory or go down to an honorable defeat.

—S. T.—'18.



Mary—Why do our football boys get their suits so dirty?

Bill—Because they don't play scrub teams.



THE I. H. S. TEAM.

Come, all you Rooters, and listen here,
 While I tell you the story of the Basketeers.
 "I. H. S." was the great team's name
 And they were known all over for their winning fame.
 They entered the leagues all over the land,
 And they hung up a record that will always stand;
 And the cups they won for their shooting and skill
 Are worth about a million and they are coming in still.

They played high school and academies, too;
 They played them all to see what they could do.
 But there was no team that could stand the test,
 Set by the wonderful five of the I. H. S.
 With its team-work so perfect, and its shootin' so fine
 There is no wonder others came out far behind.
 Their sportsmanship and their manner so grand,
 Served to make them quite famous all over the land.

For a clean fast game and thrills of delight,
 Just go see them play on a Friday night.
 Without foul or hitch see our boys play ball,—
 You may see them play at old Armory hall.
 We are proud of our team and have reason to be
 For they're the best team in the whole country;
 Oh! dear I. H. S., we are proud of you,
 And it's to you and your team that we'll always be true.

—J. M.—'17.



PAUL LONG, (Capt.)
Forward, '18.



ASHTON SOLLARS,
Forward, '17.



JOE ASHER,
Center, '19.



HARRY ADAMS,
Guard, '20.



ROGER PRYOR,
Guard, '18.



BOURKE POWELL,
Forward, '17.



PAUL CLARK,
Guard, '19.



HOMER LEWIS
Guard, '19.



OSCAR BESSMER,
Guard, '19.



ALMA SMITH,
Forward, '19.

RESULTS OF BASKET BALL SEASON.

I. H. S.—25, Raytown ..	16
I. H. S.—30, Eagle Club ..	25
I. H. S.—27, De La Salle ..	12
I. H. S.—46, Blue Springs ..	23
I. H. S.—32, Lee's Summit ..	16
I. H. S.—21, Wentworth M. A. ..	47
I. H. S.—51, Country Day Club ..	24
I. H. S.—41, Y. M. B. C. ..	17
I. H. S.—23, Rockhurst ..	47
I. H. S.—30, De La Salle ..	27
I. H. S.—24, Wentworth M. A. ..	23
I. H. S.—33, Warrensburg Tr. School ..	39
I. H. S.—61, K. C. K. Catholics ..	12
I. H. S.—41, Holden ..	17
I. H. S.—25, Lee's Summit ..	31
I. H. S.—38, Country Day Club ..	18
I. H. S.—32, Rockhurst ..	28
I. H. S.—46, Lowe-Campbell ..	86
I. H. S.—33, Rockhurst ..	20

I. H. S. WINS THE SCHOOL AND COLLEGE LEAGUE PENNANT.

Rockhurst, 20; I. H. S., 33.

Staging a fast game Saturday, March the 24th, on the new Central High School court at Linwood and Indiana, J. M. Sexton's athletes, by a great exhibition of goal shooting, defeated the Rockhursts of Kansas City, thereby cinching the championship in the School and College League. The final count was 33 to 20.

We obtained a five point lead and the brilliant handling of the ball by Asher and Powell finished the quarter with a 10 to 8 score in favor of I. H. S.

Starting the second quarter two points in the lead, Asher spurred the Independence five on their way to victory by four free throws and a goal. Captain Long followed the former's play with a "blind" basket closing the half at 18 to 9 with Independence on the long end.

Independence scored five points in the third quarter, and Hale, for Rockhurst, counted four free throws, followed by Mason's easy shot from the court. In the last quarter, the Rockhurst quintet was out-played all the way, making only five points to I. H. S.'s ten.

I. H. S.—46, LOWE-CAMPBELL—86.

When it was announced that I. H. S. would play the Lowe-Campbell team very little enthusiasm was shown by the high school rooters. And well might they be quiet, for the Lowe-Campbell team, composed of college graduates, is known everywhere in basket balldom as one of the best teams in the country. When the night came for the game the I. H. S. rooters, fearing the worst, turned out in small numbers.

As the saying is, the Lowe-Campbells were "right there" with the teamwork, and "simply neat" at making goals; but there were other skillful cagers:—Paul Long, Joe Asher, Harry Adams, Homer Lewis, Bourke Powell and Ashton Sollars. The game was full of good shots and thrilling plays as shown by the score. Three times Homer Lewis scored from center, while Harry Adams, not to be beaten, made a perfect shot from several feet back of the middle mark. We had many more spectacular plays—such as keeping the ball away from Lowe-Campbell's for over two minutes in the second quarter. Those who saw the game said that there was more good basketball playing in it than they had ever seen in any one game in their lives.

It is not always in the games of the closest scores that the best playing is done. The Lowe-Campbell score might indicate that our guarding was poor, but, when we remember that "our boys" had the famous Wickline to guard we know differently. And our goal shooting was certainly good, since we made the largest score ever made against the Lowe-Campbell team. Although we did not win, this game gave us a position among basket ball followers to be envied by any high school team.

◆◆◆
ATHLETICS AT I. H. S.

Every pupil in the Independence High School is encouraged to take part in some line of athletics. Class teams and school teams in football, basket ball, base ball and tennis are maintained under the direction of Mr. J. M. Sexton, an able coach and trainer.

There is no gymnasium in the school. However a good, well-lighted and heated basket ball court, with dressing facilities, has always been provided. In the new building there will be a fully equipped gynasium with shower bath and lockers.

The Fair Grounds, situated conveniently at the end of the car line, furnishes a good gridiron and base ball diamonds. The church tennis courts near the school are open to all who wish to play.

With these facilities I. H. S. turns out teams, in the sports mentioned above, that are able to compete successfully with all neighboring teams.



BUNNY HUG



PICK



POSING



STEP-CHILDREN



FANNY



ATTENTION MEN



HOW PRETTY



THE JUNIOR RECEPTION

Probably there is no other social event during the high school career that means as much to the Junior and Senior classes, as the annual Junior Reception. This is the time when "heaven tries earth, if it be in tune," and each successive class vies with the last for supremacy. Being a Senior of '16, it is hard to convince me that our Junior Reception could have been outclassed, but the Juniors surely equaled it in every detail.

The reception was held on the evening of May 5, 1916 at the high school. The Seniors were welcomed by the class officers. In the receiving line were: Miss Nellie Rider, Miss Mae Bowdle, Miss Julia Porter, Mr. Erskine Robinson, Mr. Wiley Pendleton, Mr. Lawrence Bostian, Mr. Clifford Kelley, Mr. Arthur Henry and Mr. Lee Cook.

The front hall which was artfully transformed into a beautiful Japanese garden with a fountain and chimes, and dimly lighted paper lanterns made an attractive and artistic receiving room. The other reception rooms were appropriately decorated with the Senior class colors, green and gold. Pretty window draperies, rugs and comfortable furniture added to the general atmosphere of cordiality and welcome. The Japanese idea was further used in decorating the auditorium, where a vine covered trellis made an attractive background together with ferns and crabapple blossoms.

The entertainment planned for the evening was a play, "The Steadfast Princess"—an artistic production, appealing to the imagination with wonderful opportunity for the spectacular to be developed. As hinted in the title, it was a Cinderella fairy story with a handsome prince, (Mr. Wiley Pendleton) who made possible the dream of a poor little girl to become a princess, with all the accompanying alluring inducements that such a position of prestige could demand. Miss Mae Bowdle, as the princess, interpreted this part in her usual capable manner. Aesthetic dances and music and other artistic touches added to the success of the play.

The high school orchestra furnished excellent music between acts.

The refreshments served in the upper hall proved the Juniors a class of

varied talents,—artists, decorators, actors and “chefs”.

It would be impossible with the small space allowed me, to linger on the success of the reception. The school always knew whatever the Junior class undertook would be done their very best, for they usually worked on the hundred per cent basis, thereby utilizing all their talents. Thus, to say the reception was carried out “Junior fashion” in every detail, spells its success with a capital “S”.

—M. K. R. '16

◆◆◆

GIRLS ENTERTAIN FOOTBALL TEAM.

◆

We like to believe that our football boys have always entertained a pretty good opinion of us—we, the Senior girls of '17, who rooted so vociferously for them at each successive victory last season, and who encouraged them to fight, more determinedly their gridiron battles. Perhaps it was these same heroes who, publicly or privately, declared that we were “a pretty good sort”—and remember, now that all this was **before** the banquet!

After that great event of 1916 fame, the football squad's good opinion of us was enchanced to an even greater degree; and at no time since, have we ceased to revel in their good graces.

The feast—and oh! boys, it was some spread!—was given in the auditorium on the evening of November 1st, 1916. The school colors, green and white, predominated in the stage decorations, and baskets of chrysanthemums and geraniums contributed materially to the scenic effect. Mr. Hibbitts, as toastmaster, proved equal to the occasion, and appropriate speeches were made by each member of the team. Songs and music tended to augment the “festivities” and when at a late hour, the hostesses and their guests departed, it was to the lingering strains of “When You Come to the End of a Perfect Day.”

—C. F.—'17.

◆◆◆

THE SENIORS' PARTY.

◆

Our Hallowe'en party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bridges. At the garage door we were met by spooks and after winding our way up many stairs were halted by two ghosts guarding a coffin. The evil spirits were dispersed by music. The Senior boys rendered many beautiful pieces on bottles, stove shovels and the like, under the direction of Mr. Russell Hunt. The favors were awarded to Miss Violet Simpson and Mr. Clifford Kelley, the best disguised.

After the delightful refreshments were served, various games held the company until a late hour. Misses Brown and Phelps, the Seniors' Sponsors, were present.



New jokes are hard to procure,
Of this you may be very sure;
So when scanning this page of The Gleam,
Where a few old jests may be seen,
Please forget all about them and laugh,—
'Tis the wish of each one of the staff.

Traveler—Say conductor (hic) how far is it from (hic) Kansas City to St. Louis?

Conductor—Two hundred and eighty-one miles.

Traveler—(after some minutes of thought): Say conductor, (hic) how far is it from (hic) St. Louis to Kansas City?

Conductor—What's the matter with you anyway? I just told you it was two hundred and eighty-one miles.

Traveler—Well-er, I didn't know. You see (hic) it isn't very long from Thanksgiving to Christmas, but, (hic) it's a devil of a long time from Christmas to Thanksgiving.

Miss Phelps—What did the colonists exist upon?

Sarah Jane—Wild animals and other vegetables.

The proper length for skirts is a little above two feet.

Exam. answer.—Bruce was the king of England. He lost seven hard battles and won the eighth. He saw a spider spin a web.

Advice from the Seniors—The cry for leadership is vehement and pathetic in this time of strife. Leadership comes from knowledge. So undergraduates, win your diplomas, don't have them thrust upon you.

Examination Answers.

No man shall be bought or sold without aid of national council.

Simon De Montfort was a great scholar who advised the king for the betterment of the people and then they finally killed him.

The Magna Carta said no man could be deprived of property or loss of life. No man could be delayed without consent of his peers.

Wycliff did away with trans-supposition.

The Earl of Warwick became king Henry the seventh and then they called him the Kingmaker.

Richard the first was a cruel king who had no heart or soul and not very much character.

A doomsday book was kept of all people not having paid their taxes—then they were doomed.

Franklin was that great, magnificent American statesman who invented lightning and discovered a new wood stove.

Very likely you have overlooked it; but geography has nevertheless had its little joke, its quiet little satire, by locating the war in what has hitherto been called the temperate zone.



One day Grover Huff went to Mr. Bostian's store and ordered a small box of candy. When the clerk brought the candy, Grover handed him a potato and started out.

"Wait a minute," the clerk said, "You've got some change coming".

He put his hand in his pocket and gave Grover three navy beans.

Teacher—Children, here are some very fine points.

Student—That is what is the matter; they are so fine we can't see them.

Inseparables.

—♦—

Lawrence Gregg and Lawrence Jones.
 Joe Morgan and his red sweater.
 Woodson Latimer and his Ford.
 Lorene Womacks and her violin.
 Ashton Sollars and "I haven't much to say".
 Leslie Leake and an argument.
 John Wagner and his books.
 Lucia Kerr and his wrist watch.
 Wiley Pendleton and his chewing gum.
 Pauline and Charline.
 Arthur Henry and his back-door friends.
 Marguerite Vantine and her beautiful ribbons.
 Miss McCoy and the Sophomore class.
 Gladys Brady and her Irish smile.
 Lawrence Bostian and his glasses.
 J. M. Sexton and a winning team.
 Agnes Luff and an admit.
 Mr. Hibbitts and the seventh period physics class
 Joe Asher and a good time.
 Melvin Knoepker and a dome of white.

—♦—

Richard Echard calling up Bostian's confectionery—"Say, is there a street car standing up there, coming this way?"

—♦—

Have you seen Leslie Leake's vest? Oh, you just heard it!

—♦—

Johnny made this remark one day at lunch when baked beans were served—"I like navy beans."

His father—"Yes son but they are scarce".

Johnny—"I wonder if they grow in the navy?"

His mother—"Yes child, that's the reason the government keeps building battleships."

—♦—

Vanetta Powell—(in chemistry)—"Can we make a match?"

Miss Sehart—"Some of us can".

—♦—

History teacher—"Compare Carthage and Rome".

Freshman—Carthage had mercerized soldiers and Rome didn't.

—♦—

Jack—Can she keep a secret?

Maud—Yes, the disagreeable thing.

If Paul is Long is Frances Small?
 Is Jason White or Gertrude Green?
 If Asher's strong is Frances Week?
 If Mildred was drowning would Prewitt Fisher?
 If a pancake was burning would Spencer Turner?
 When Frances Cooks is Gladys Browning?
 If Alfred had a "pony" would Elizabeth Rider?
 If William's a Sermon is Waunita a Parson?
 If Galen's a Dyke is Virginia a Bridges?
 If Marion Crews will Russell Hunt?
 If Mona Beets Ila will Helen Howell?
 If Mary's a Stewart is Anna Belle a Porter?
 If Velma Skinner would Elizabeth Pitcher?



In the dark and deepening shadows there is heard a twilight song,
 There is heard a swamp song rising with a wierdness of its own.
 There is heard the same music trembling in the swamp and on the shore,
 In a base and in an alto, in a tenor like a roar.
 'Tis the music of the Freshies, 'tis their shrieking voice of care,
 Calling, calling to each other in their dark and deep despair.

Teacher—Can any one tell me what the word space means?

Pupil—It-er-a et-me-see; well, now I have it in my head, but I can't think of it.

How did Howe see how Howe knew how to get to Howe anyhow.

Some people don't get the point until they come in bodily contact with the same.

WHY HE WAS SO SAD.



Beneath a weepin' willow tree
 There stood a city lad;
 His head and hands were all bound up,
 His face was pale and sad.

For he had come to the country three days ago to get a breath of the sweet, violet-laden air, which he was told would be floating all over the place in the greatest of plenty.

But, instead of that, he found the air full of grass seed, and contracted hay fever, and then he fell from the farm-house roof and landed in a hive of bees, which stung him badly, and chased him into the horns of a near-by cow.

And now, after the doctor had eased his blistered face and broken arms, he stood under the willow-tree, waiting for the outgoing train, which left at ten-eighteen or twenty. And, by his side, stood the lil' country girl whom he had come so many weary miles to see, and who so softly cried as he put the tips of his swollen fingers on her shoulders and made this heart-rending and intensely solemn vow:

When the wind sighs thro' the country;
 When they use a brand of cows that have no horns;
 When the bees have lost their art,
 I'll return to you, sweetheart,
 When the wind sighs thro' the whiskers of the corn.



Who Knows:—

How often Miss Phelps gets a new yellow book?

If the Seniors will ever get enough money?

Where the Sophs found all the pep?

Does Bryan carry a powder puff?

Are the Junior girls really ugly or is it just an optical illusion?

Why Miss Henry has so many "parties"?

Where school spirit has gone?

When to come to assembly?

Why Freshmen always make the best grades?

Why there are so many cripple "E's"?

Why caps of the Irish hue are so attractive to the Juniors?

If Joe and Mae are really smart or just have the teachers fooled?

—♦—

Anyway we know plenty who are not smart enough to bluff the teachers.

—♦—

Mr. Sexton—Dick, what is a sector?

Dick—A piece of pie,—Which goes to prove that great minds run in the same channel.

—♦—

Mrs. Barnett—L. E., what was the battle cry of the Crusaders?

L. E. Owens—"In God we trust".

—♦—

Principal—(severely) What are you late for?

Student (obediently) For school, Sir.

—♦—

Miss McCoy—Explain the line, "Meadows trim with daisies pied."

Senior—The daisies are cut in shape of pies,—petals representing slices.

—♦—

Miss Begey—Give the principal parts of the verb raise.

Lester B.—Raise, raised-er-er-raisen.

—♦—

Principal—How dare you swear before me?

Student—How in the thunder did I know that you wanted to swear first?

—♦—

The Sophomores say there is a difference between pride and conceit and we can plainly see it.

—♦—

Miss Sehart—Prove that oxygen isn't soluble.

Thelma Steele—I put it in water and it didn't go solid.

—♦—

Miss Phelps—(talking about war)—Are you going in the aviation corps, Lee?

Lee—No, I'm going on the back of a motor cycle.

Charline R—Oh, Lee, you'll fall off.

Miss Sealy—Roy, how do you divide fractions in algebra?
 Roy Harding—Convert the divisor and multiply.

—♦—

Miss Sealy—Who was Peter Stuyvestant?
 Glen Briggs—He was a Dutch cleanser.

—♦—

Tailor fitting Lawrence Jones—My what a size. Why don't you diet?
 Lawrence—I would, but I don't know what color.

—♦—

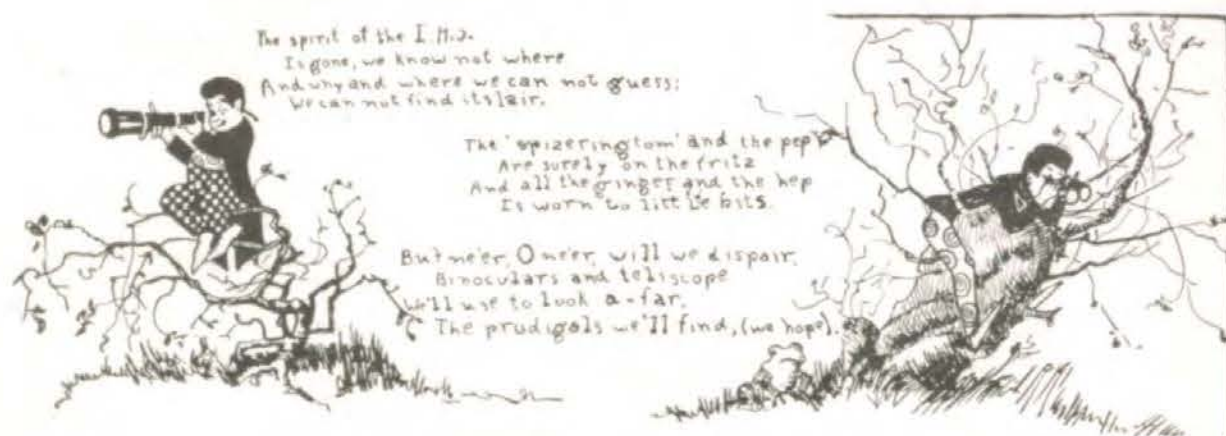
"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."
 Yes, that's why they put a brass band around a dog's neck."

—♦—

Mr. Sexton—What parts of the triangles ABC and XYZ are equal,
 Homer?

Homer L.—The right and left legs.

—♦—





To The Gleam:—

These are days when we hear a great deal about loyalty, and in our language there is no finer word. Talk as we will about internationalism, our first devotion is to our own country, and rightly so. Loyalty is the bond that makes life in association worth while. It is constantly present, and influences our lives in a thousand ways. From our earliest days we are bound by loyalty to our family, our friends, our school, our state, our nation.

Every week I am reminded of the ties that were established at Independence High School. Six years have sped away since I was there, but my classmates are Mary and George and Arthur to me yet, and their greeting invariably suggests the happy days of 1908-11. I am loyal to my class and to my school because they mean much to me and I love them.

No doubt my experience is typical of hundreds more: my visits back to school are no index to my interest. The success of I. H. S. is as gratifying as ever and the achievement of any graduate is my pride as always; but I seldom go back to my old class rooms. This is by way of apology as well as explanation because I know we are welcome there.

I am happy to reaffirm my loyalty to the I. H. S. and to the Class of 1911. I wish them both the finest measure of success.

Sincerely,—Arthur E. McKim.

FINIS



MAJOR & HUMPHREY

E. V. Price & Co. Clothing

J. B. Stetson Hats

King Quality Shoes

Manhattan Shirts

Holeproof Hosiery

Silver Collars

QUALITY IN MEN'S CLOTHING.

We Guarantee Service.

Mr. Street, (to Hall boy)—“What are you standing around here for?”

Boy—“Nothing.”

Mr. Street—“Well, move on then. If every one stood in the same place all the time, how would the rest get by?”

CASPER & SHIMFESSEL

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

That you can make this a better town.

That we sell up to date Haberdashery.

That the home merchant appreciates your trade.

That we sell all kinds of dress materials.

That money sent away seldom comes home.

That we sell up-to-date shoes for young folks.

That a good town means good schools.

That we sell hosiery, gloves, collars, ribbons.

That the future welfare of the country rests with you.

That we sell good goods at fair prices.

THAT THE OLD TOWN IS PROUD OF EVERY ONE OF YOU.



H. R. Mills & Son

Lovers of Fine Stationery have
learned to go to

H. R. Mills & Son

For the Best Goods.

Come and see our extensive line
of pound boxes with envelopes to
match the stationery.

Independence Hardware Company

The most complete Hard-
ware and Implement
stock in the city.

For Quality and Service See Us.
Always Dependable.

116 South Main. Either Phone 7.

Junior:—"I had my head read yesterday by a phrenologist."

Senior:—"Say, that fellow must be fond of light reading."

Bridges Grocery Company

Twenty years of serving the
public has taught us how best
to buy as well as how to sell and
give you Superior Quality and
Low Prices.

Both Phones 173.
North Side Square,
Independence, Mo.

Wm. Bostian & Son

Bell 111

For Your
Ice Cream
and Ices

Wholesale and Retail.

West Side Square.

Paxton & Duke Motor Service

(The Best For The Money.)

**DODGE BROS.
MOTOR CARS.**

Livery, Storage, Repairs, Supplies

Open day and night.
Livery at all hours.

Phones--Home 514, Bell 230.

Fisk—Swinehart Tires—Tubes.

Retreading--Tube Work Guaranteed.

Theo. Lieben

Manufacturer of all kinds
of Theatrical, Carnival, Mas-
querade and Lodge Cos-
tumes. Wigs, Beards and
all kinds of hair goods.

809 Main Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

Miss Phelps—(Discussing the Alamo)—“And the man who deserted
his comrades at the fort—was he playing the game?”

Mary Jones—“Yes, the game of life.”

Foster Fuel & Supply Co.

C O A L

A dominating
feature in next win-
ter's domestic sup-
plies. Order your
coal early in the
summer while prices
are LOW.

Brady-Hughes Grocery Co.

108 East Lexington Street.

A Full Line of Staple
and Fancy Groceries.

Teas and Coffees
a Specialty.

Phones 90.

FOR YOUR RECREATION

THE MAPLE THEATRE

ADMISSION 10C.

Home of High Class Wholesome, Refined Amusement.
Paramount. Vitagraph. Mutual.

The Standard of Quality in Photo Play.

R. W. Vardeman, Manager.



All Kinds of Building Material.
See Us For Wall Board.

Phones 38.

H. A. Brubaker, Agent.

Miss Begey—"What could be worse, pupils, than a man without a country?"

Feminine element of class (in chorus)—"A country without a man."

THE TAILOR AND CLEANER.

FRANK JOHNSON

We have our own modern plant.

218 West Maple

Phones 148

*May Grain
Company*

*May Coal
Company*

Compliments of
MR. ALLEN C. SOUTHERN

Class of '94.

MR. W. R. HALL
MR. JOHN A. SEA

We notice the "Harpers" sitting on their "Saturday Evening Post" looking for a "Country Gentleman" to take them to the "Century". If the "Police Gazette" will be on the "Outlook" because "Leslie's Weekly."

FINE FISHING
TRIP.

Round Trip
60 Cents.

*Atherton
Bus Line*

SCHEDULE

Leaves Atherton	Leaves Independence
7:30 a. m.	10:00 a. m.
1:00 p. m.	3:30 p. m.
6:00 p. m.	7:00 p. m.
SUNDAYS.	
8:30 a. m.	9:30 a. m.
4:00 p. m.	5:00 p. m.
6:00 p. m.	7:00 p. m.

Headquarters—East Side Square.

JOHN A. SEA

ATTORNEY
and
COUNSELOR AT LAW

Office over Bank of Independence.
Northwest Corner Square
Independence, Mo.



Entrance to the Henry Moore Photograph Studio,
Eleventh and McGee Streets,
Kansas City, Mo.

Maker of Photographs that Please.

1917 Photographer for The Gleam.



At All Grocers.

Banquet Cream Bread

Order a Loaf Today.

Independence Laundry

115 South Osage.

Well equipped with
everything that is neces-
sary to produce a high
grade of work.

Give Us a Trial.

Phones 500.

Miss Phelps—(in Economics Class)—“What kind of a lunch do you get now for 65c?”

Burdette T.—“A 25c lunch.”

C. H. Ragland

For
Limousines

FOR
Parties, Weddings
and Funerals.

Phones 66.
120 East Maple.

THE NATIONAL HAT WORKS

HATS CLEANED
AND BLOCKED.

Panamas made new with their
original whiteness and
softness retained.

Give Us a Trial.

207 1-2 Main Street,
Kansas City, Mo.



McDonald Lumber Company

Both Phones 5.

Both Phones 5.

THE PIONEER LUMBER MAN
OF INDEPENDENCE.

Makes a Specialty of Fine Oak Flooring
and Beaver Board.

His Lumber and Prices are Right.

Miss Sehart—"What is the difference between mortar and plaster?"

Gladys B.—"Mortar is what you put on before you apply the plaster
paris."

When you need tires or want them repaired,
Stockwood is the man to see. He knows
how to fix them by long experience at
reasonable prices.

Just call us and we come.

Free Road Service.



Stockwood Tire Co.

Both Phones 203.

215 West Maple.

Fred Hume

Kirk Lineback



Fred Hume's Snappy Haberdashery

You will find some rare selections among our spring and summer shirt offering, picked for young men of fine discriminations.

FOR GOOD BARBER
WORK TRY

Kirk Lineback's

Young Men's Work
a Specialty.

Helen McB.—“Sometimes I like to get the worst of it.”

Bessie S.—“Just for the fun of making the best of it.”

Home Deposit Trust Company

In looking about for a bank to place your money, you want to find a safe bank, a convenient bank, an accommodating bank. Satisfy yourself of the soundness and reliability of this institution, then come in and open an account.

Safety Deposit
Boxes.

3 per cent on Savings
Accounts.

3 per cent on Time
Deposits.

F. H. KNOEPKER

Dealer In

DRY GOODS, SHOES
AND
GENT'S FURNISHING
GOODS.

North Side Square.

Please give us a call.

THE FASHION

West Side Square,
Independence, Mo.

The only complete low priced
exclusive outfitting store for
mother and the girls in Jack-
son County.

Style, quality and selection
plus economy and satisfaction.

Thelma S.—“I saw a perfect dream of a hat today.”

Willie T.—“Well, just remember that you are no sleeping beauty.”

Wyandotte Furniture Company

FURNITURE
CARPETS
STOVES

EASY PAYMENTS
\$1.00 Per Week.

105 South Main Street,
Independence, Mo.

Cheapness, Convenience, Sanitation and Safety

all accompany the installa-
tion of gas in your home for
cooking, heating and light-
ing. All modern appliances
on display at our office.

Jackson County Light, Heat and Power Co.

126 South Main Street.
Bell Phone 621 Home 161

JOHN L. COOK
Cash Market

We handle the choice cuts of meat and fancy groceries and make a specialty of country produce.

112 East Lexington.
Bell 59--PHONES--Home 42.

COMPLIMENTS
OF

J. F. Ridenour & Son

Successors to
Martin's Cash Market.

We are Here to Please You.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

101 North Main Street.
Bell 450 Home 450

Miss Maltby—What is the construction of "In hoc die" (on this day).
Freshie—Ablative of time.
Miss Maltby—What kind of time?
Freshie—Daytime.

HORN BROS.
GROCERIES

Richelieu is Best in Anything
and Everything.



We Will Do
Your
Kodak
Finishing

Grinter's Studio, North Side Sq.

JOHN W. CLEMENTS
ATTORNEY AT LAW
First National Bank Building.

SEE

Bunyar, Florist
For Your
Graduation Flowers.

Also Flowers for Funerals,
Marriages, Etc.

**SERVICE
STATION****SERVICE
STATION****STANDARD OIL CO.**

(INDIANA)

MAPLE AND OSAGE AVENUES
INDEPENDENCE, MO.**RED CROWN GASOLINE
AND POLARINE OIL**

FREE AIR

FREE WATER

REST ROOMS

Alma Allen in geometry snapping his fingers in Mr. Sexton's face.
Mr. Sexton—There is only one class where they let you snap your fingers.
James Shelton—Where is that?
Mr. Sexton—In the dog training class.

Irving-Pitt Manufacturing Co.Ring Books, Student Note Books
and Binders a Specialty.

Sold by all First Class Stationers.



Brown Drug Co.

KEEP COOL AT OUR
SODA FOUNTAIN

WE USE
FRANKLIN'S ICE CREAM

BOTH PHONES 69.
Free Delivery.

Brown Drug Co.

East Side Square
Independence, - Mo.

Chrisman-Sawyer Bank

*\$'s are like acorns—
they will grow into
larger accounts.*

SEE US.

Lewis Gerkey—In square ABCD, diagonal AC equals AB-BC-CD-DA.
Miss Chiles—But Lewis where do you get that?
Lewis—On the square.

Yantis-Fritt's *Prescription* *Specialists*

South Side Square

Sole Agents For
ELMAR'S
CANDY

H. J. OTT FURNITURE CO.

High Grade Furniture
at Low Prices.

We deliver it in good condition on low
terms. Cash or Credit.

Funeral Directors
and Embalmers

We furnish Automobile Funerals.
Auto Ambulance at your service.

Phone 185.
Independence, Mo.

Chris Peppas

Shoe Shines, Shoe Work and Hats
Cleaned and Blocked.

WORK GUARANTEED.

12 shins for 50c cents for
School Children.

3 shins free with repaired shoes.

SEE

Jack Ragland

FOR GOOD SIGNS

Reasonable Prices.

107 1-2 W. Lexington Independence, Mo

PEP

The Alumni have it.
Get the point?

Independence Shoe Shop

We do Work with
Latest Machinery.

209 West Maple, Independence, Mo.

L. NERMAN, Prop.

Fishman Realty Co.

Real Estate, Loans
and Insurance.

408-9 Gloyd Bldg.

Phones Main 4421.

WM. R. HALL, President,
Independence, Mo.

Bell Phone.

Gerkey-Dillingham

Dealers In

Ladies' and Gents'
Fine Footwear.

P. S.--We Feature Correct Styles.

McElroy Bros.

THE GROCERS

First Class Goods and First
Class Service is our hobby.

216 W. Lexington St.

Phones 34

H. A. Majors

BARBER SHOP

In Connection With

MAJOR & HUMPHREY

South Side Square.

For The Soldier's Comfort.

Think what the boys who have enlisted are giving up—comforts, pleasures and friends!! You can help them to be happier and more comfortable by giving them a kit of mending materials, extra handkerchiefs, a new comb and brush, a shaving mirror—just a few of many little comforts they'll thank you for a thousand times.

Ask the boys you know what they would like to have. Or come in and we'll suggest surprises for them. We've provided good stocks of most everything they will use and enjoy, and we've priced everything so that a good sized kit won't tax anyone's purse.

Regulation Army O. D. Cotton Shirts	\$1.50
Regulation Army O. D. Flannel Shirts	\$2.50
Regulation Army O. D. Khaki Riding Breeches	\$2.50 and \$3.00
Munsing Knit Union Suits	\$1.00 to \$2.00
Good Quality Cotton Sox 15c, or 2 pairs for	25c

Every soldier should have a House-wife. (Kit of mending materials.) See us and we will show you.

A small steamer trunk in a soldier's tent is a great convenience.
We have them. \$6.00 to \$10.00.

Linen Handkerchiefs, 15c, 2 for

25c

And a great many other articles that any soldier could use to splendid advantage.

A. J. Bundschu

East Side Square.

Independence, Mo.

Jaccard Jewelry Company



The originalty of our designs ensures their exclusiveness. Hence the vogue of Commencement Stationery and Class Jewelry produced by our shops.

We number among our patrons High Schools, Colleges and Universities through twenty-five states.

Inquiries receive immediate attention.

1017-1019 Walnut Street,
Kansas City, Missouri.



First National Bank

*THE
SERVICE BANK
OF
INDEPENDENCE, MO.*

*3 per cent on Time and
Savings Accounts.*

Martin-Welch Hardware and Plumbing Co.

**Metal, Slate and Tile
Roofing.**

**Plumbing, Steam and
Hot Water Heating.**

Cornices

Skylights

Independence, Mo.

Phones 403

South Side Square

Miss Phelps—Bryan, define citizen.

Bryan Hall—A citizen is a natural born person who is neither a fool nor a woman.

FRED CLARK

Every detail from the moment the call comes until the order is returned to you has our painstaking care.

Enterprise Cleaners

Bell 336

210 West Lexington

Independence, Mo.

Bradley's Barber Shop

215 West Lexington Street,

Independence, Mo.

Bell Phone 142.



MISS SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

You are the "heroine of the hour." Standing at the threshold of life, you are deservedly the recipient of the world's smiles and good wishes.

At this time we suggest the importance to you of being well shod. The world pays respect to good shoes--therefore good shoes PAY--commercially and socially. We are headquarters for

J & K SHOES

"THEY FIT THE ARCH"

Smart Footwear for commencement exercises and for any and all occasions in life.

"OUR SPECIALTY IS TO FIT FEET."

JONES-DENTON SHOE COMPANY

WEST SIDE SQUARE



"Son, the president of your college writes me that you are not doing much in your studies."

"Don't let that depress you, dad," replied the husky youth. "Just drop a line to our coach and ask him about me."

Sturges Jewelry Company



Thomas A. Edison

The New Edison

"The Phonograph With a Soul"
Come in and let us play for you.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry
Sporting Goods
School Books and Supplies
Spectacles and Eyeglasses Scientifically fitted.
Watch and Jewelry Repairing.



Sturges Jewelry Co. West Side Square.

WAGGONER GATES MILLING CO.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

WINTER

WHEAT

ROLLER

PROCESS

FANCY

PATENT



QUEEN

OF THE

PANTRY

INDEPENDENCE, MO.

BEMIS KANSAS CITY.

WAGGONER GATES MILLING CO.
QUEEN OF THE PANTRY



