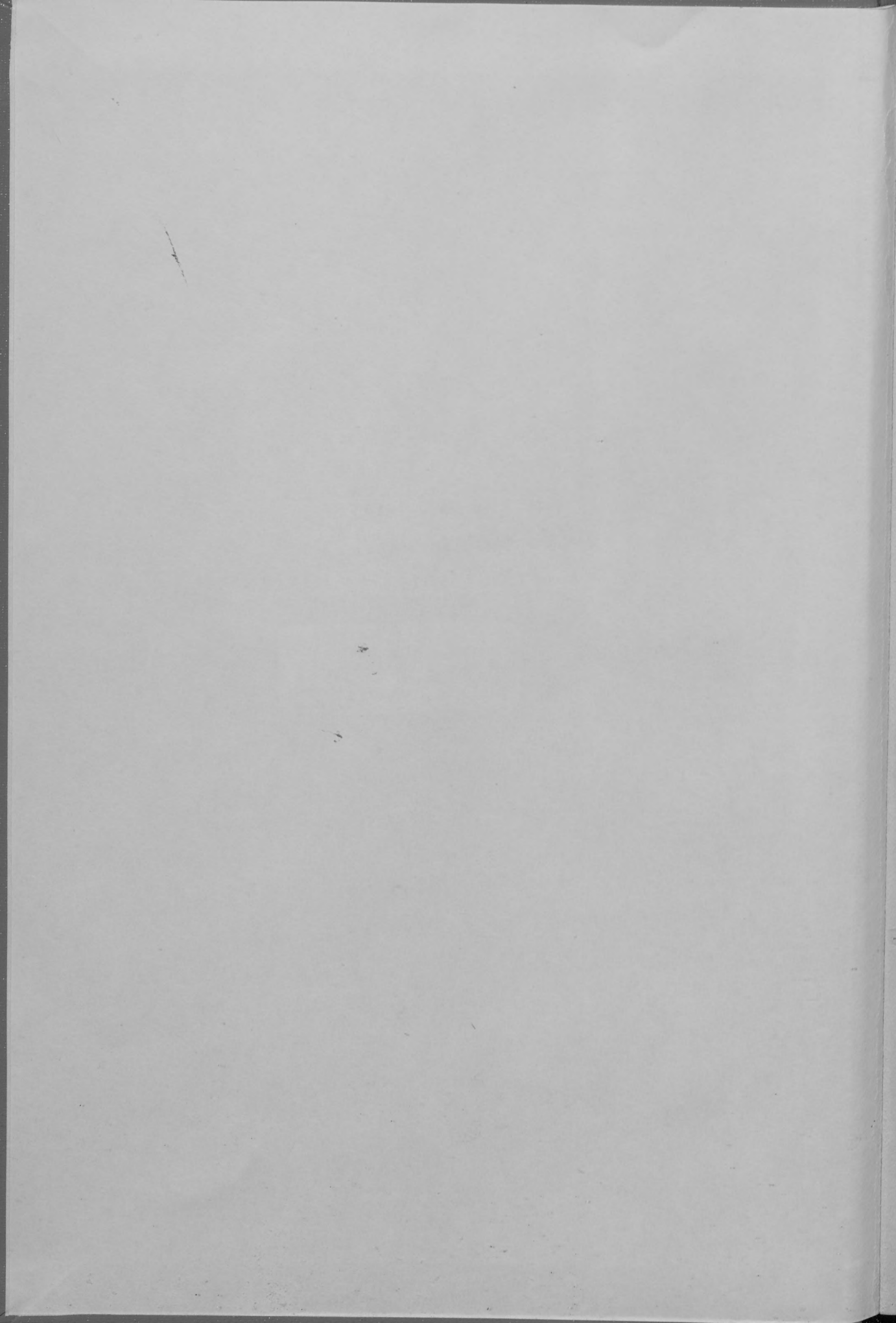


The Bulletin
FOR '06.





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SANDRA JONES
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PROF. I. N. EVRARD,
Former Superintendent of Greenfield High School,
Now Instructor in English, Missouri Valley
College, Marshall, Missouri.

Books, and the Reading of Them.

I. N. Evrard.

 Making books there is no end; and the reading of them is incessant. And this prodigious quantity of stuff called books and the perusal of it called reading have become so much a part of our lives and take so much of our nerves and our money that we may well stop in the rush for a short while and take note of what we read and how we read. We may profit by going even further in this investigation and, by noting "the ancient landmarks our fathers have set," determine, in some measure, how far we have gone in the road of progress—if, indeed, we have gone that way at all.

Time was when, in our schools, reading was taught as a matter of pronunciation and punctuation. Moreover, the pronunciation was syllabification and the syllables meaningless sounds. Punctuation was a matter of pauses, purely mechanical, and woe unto the pupil who failed to count one at a comma, two at a semicolon, three at a colon or failed to come to a "full stop and let his voice fall" at a period. This was oral reading. True, no other kind was taught. And what was taught never touched upon the meaning of the sentence, the interpretation of the thought. Definitions were learned—I could quote some of them now. But, while I have become familiar with many of the words defined, most of the definitions are stowed away with other incomprehensible rubbish then acquired. Some formal English was taught, too, the most striking element of which was "false syntax." Rightly named. It was false—perniciously so.

By and by, a wise man came out of the east who sounded the clarion note that interpretation is the important thing in the study of literature. He asserted true syntax may be studied as profitably as false syntax. He even had the temerity to suggest that discourse is not an ebullition that gushes spontaneously from the pen of genius, but that in this, as in other creative work, there is no excellence without labor, that this labor must be well planned and faithfully executed, that the laborer in this field must be one who looks out upon the world and comprehends the wisdom and the joys and sorrows of men and penetrates the recesses of the human heart.

Then, the pendulum of fads—that pendulum that dictates the clothes we shall wear, the thoughts we shall utter, and, in some degree the very affections of our hearts—swung to the opposite extreme. Literature, or the study of it, became interpretation with a vengeance. Little-souled individuals began to impart meanings to the utterances of the masters, and, that no mistakes might be made, the masterpiece was torn to shreds, the shreds to fibres, and these fibres reduced to microscopic atoms, which were placed under the glass of criticism and viewed by all who would comprehend. Time plans were made of Shakespeare's plays that the Bard of Avon himself would not have recognized; purposes were imputed that must have disturbed the sleepers in the silent city of the dead, who were supposed to have originated them. Nor did these directors of reading stop here. In order that every mind might be disabused of error, they assumed the responsibility of showing what was wrong with the creations studied. They criticized Macaulay's paragraphs, Eliot's character development, and Tennyson's verse, notwithstanding each of these is an acknowledged master in the particular work mentioned. And this, all of it, with the avowed purpose of creating a love for literature.

I have spoken thus fully of the old way and the new because we have all profited or suffered by each. Both methods have been in vogue in recent years, and are, in modified forms, in vogue now. When I see at work the more recent "multiplication table" method of teaching literature; when I see the cold, clammy hand of a modern dissector of soulfulness picking out, piece by piece, the organs of a once throbbing being, or pointing out a better way to create the soul of a work that has thrilled the ages, I rejoice that I was brought up under the old regime. We decry vivisection—perhaps with good reason—but no vivisec-



tionist ever claimed that the work of his laboratory is intended to beget a love for the dog. In the old days we were at least allowed to loiter along the highway, to behold the scenes created by the master, to inhale the delicious odors suggested by the scene, and to drink in the inspiration that comes from contact with truth as interpreted by one who held communion with nature and with God. Or, to change the figure, we saw the whole magnificent building at once, and, however imperfect the vision, it was better than that of the near-sighted man who beholds only one column or pilaster at a time, passes on to a window or a square foot of fresco, and finally tries to sum up the whole from his contracted vision of its parts.

The change in the books we read has not been less striking. When we were children—just a few years ago—Louise Alcott's sweet, wholesome stories were the classics of childhood. When we laid them aside—not one whit worse for what has been termed their "sentimental gush"—we picked up the genial narrative poems of Longfellow, J. G. Holland, or the novels of the latter. Washington Irving had a place in every family library, and we wandered with him through the hallowed corridors of Westminster Abbey, viewed the Alhambra by moonlight, or gambled over the hills and through the sleepy hollows of the Catskills. We smiled at the quaint humor of Oliver Wendell Holmes and lived with David Copperfield so intimately that we recognized Creakle when we went to school in the morning. We tried to induce Little Emily to play on the beach with us and to gather shells—which were hickory nuts in the woods. We were certain that that other boy was a James Steerforth. Urith Heep was a stubby haired, clammy handed villain whom we recognized by intuition then and frequently see now. Many were the times we met Agnes Wickfield and little did it matter to us that we saw her in many different faces—so true did Dickens paint virtuous womanhood. Naturally we read some light literature, but through all that we read there ran a vein of virility and it was all sustained by the stamina of truth.

But one fair May morning at Manilla Bay, Dewey sent to the bottom of the sea the fleet that stood for Castilian glory in the orient and for the old ideas in the west. We awoke to the fact "the old order changeth, yielding to the new." We began to expand, and the expansion wrought wonders with our consciousness. When we heard from San Juan Hill and Santiago, and of the gallantry of the sons of New York fighting side by side with the cowboys of the plains and the lads of Dixie Land, we felt the could never again do small things, for our republic had grown to the fullness of manly power.

Coincident with the Spanish-American war came "Richard Carvel" and "David Harum," two hundred thousand strong, and we took took them to our bosoms that were throbbing with an ineffable sense of greatness. Others came, whole troops of them, until "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" reached the climax by handing out nearly nine hundred thousand volumes, all of which we read eagerly, and clamored for more. It is, indeed, terrific—the pace we have set in producing and reading books since that far-off date in history, May 1st, 1898.

Practically all of the literature now produced in our country is fiction, which, to avoid drawing fine distinctions, I shall call novels; and practically all that is read by our boys and girls is novels—good novels, bad novels, and seemingly indifferent novels. But, whatever kind of novels, they are badly read. True reading is an active process requiring intellectual activity under control of the will. Much of the present day reading not only never engenders a thought, but positively destroys the power to to think. The average boy leans back in his chair, his feet on a level with his cranium, and surrenders himself to the book: while his sister relines on the sofa, fixes her eye on the page, and lapses into dreamland. Instead of taking possession of the book, they allow the book to take possession of them and to destroy their ability to assimilate. To use Bacon's figure, they swallow everything without mastication.

One thing I do not care to do: that is, to attack the novel as a piece of literature. It is a new and strange creature that has come into the literary world, developed almost wholly during the nineteenth century; but it is a lusty youth, and has many graces distinctively its own. I am inclined to look upon it not as of illegitimate birth, but rather as the "heir to all the ages in foremost files of time." It is the one literary form that is characteristic of modern civilization. In it is fixed an objective point, to reach which detail is subdued, truth

twisted and law perverted as if by the hand of a frenzied financier. It has its weaknesses and its committed wrongs, but it has unuttered truth. The very luxury and ease of modern life deters mastery. Brander Mathews intimates that the cry of modern life is for clothes and the novel. If this be true, then it is certain that the modern novel truly echoes the cry.

The worst adverse criticism I have to offer against the novel is that the iconoclastic philosophy of the novelist has colored the thought of the age. In the breaking of literary idols he has formed the habit of destruction until he has become responsible for much of the spirit of what we call liberalism, but what is in reality a form of slavery to principles which refuse to be defined, and ideas of infinite relations upon which we can not with confidence rely. Still this can hardly be held against either the work or its creator. The ideals of the age, it would seem, demand it. And it will be so until "God's terrible and fiery finger shrivels the falsehood from the souls of men." We must take the novel as it is—for better or for worse—endeavoring to find what of truth or strength it contains and direct our minds and the minds of others to these virtues.

Mr. John Morley has aptly said that the purpose of literature is "to bring sunshine into our hearts and to drive the moonshine out of our heads." We might be more specific by saying that it exists for the purpose of embellishing our minds, sublimating our ideals and enlarging our souls; or in better words, "that we may have life and have it more abundant." It is necessary to know this, at least, that we do not live for the sake of learning, but that we learn for the sake of living. We must know also that the real thing in literature is the living truth which a great spirit has found and revealed to us.

A great deal of our recent fiction, it would seem, has been written by the man of the street who occasionally feels, seldom thinks and never comprehends. The inability to distinguish between truth and fact is an attribute of that class of writers who insist that this thing is true because it really happened. They have not learned that events lie as well as men. Many writers who pride themselves on their realism falsify because they have not yet escaped the bonds from which the bright light of truth alone, focused with burning intensity, can free them. Their pictures are no more true than are those of the potographer who first "poses" his victim, then snaps the camera, and puts on the touches of color afterwards.

The legitimate work of the novelist is to reflect life. To do this he must first be able to see life and to see it in its many aspects. Hugo, the master, saw, no doubt, what Dumas, Fils, saw; but he saw more. He gave us Cosette, a character with some of the attributes of the hectic Camille, but Cosette had a heart full of mother's love; he painted Gavroche, the gamin, so freely and naturally that not the least element of the unharmonious disturbed us when he smilingly gave up his life to the commune. No man can read "Les Miserables" carefully and comprehensively and ever be quite so small as he was before. No man can read Camille in any way under the sun and ever be quite so large as he was before.

There is a real sublimation of ideals and a true enlargement of the soul that comes from Hugo; there is a contraction of everything worth while that comes from associating with Dumas, Fils.

And now that I must pass more particularly to what we should note in literature, I want to impress this truth, that in literature, as in life, only the spiritual is permanent. The material is either incidental or accidental. Charley Kingsley asserts that, "By well used sentiment and well used sorrow great nations live." The novelist misses the mark if he does not reflect the sentiment of the age of which he writes. And literature will not thrive except in an age of sentiment. It is not all foolishness to associate our little Spanish-American war with the out-burst of novels of the past eight years. American hearts were aroused in the days of that conflict. Gallant Joe Wheeler, standing in the rotunda of the nation's capital, uttered words that stirred the feelings of the nation when he said in reply to a request of a friend not to enter the army again, "I started out in my young manhood to follow the vocation of fighting my country's battles. It seemed best, later, to turn against the nation and fight for my own people and state. But now that the mists have rolled away, nothing could crown the close of my life with so much radiance as to fall while fighting for the old Stars and Stripes." Enough patriotism was contained in that short speech to furnish sentiment for the greatest novel ever written.

Critics tell us that we must attend to three things if we would see the harmonious whole that constitutes well-ordered discourse: form, content and spirit. I shall pass by the question of literary form because it is the most discussed and least understood of all elements of discourse when applied to the novel. It is not a theory by which literature may be produced, but is itself to be derived from literature already made. The novel, it is agreed, has not yet reached the zenith of perfection. Until it has done so or at least until it is old enough that we may feel that it has done so, the critical study of its form cannot be fruitful, except, of course, as to those general principles which may be applied to all literature.

I have already, in a way, covered the ground of "Content" of the novel, which, to me, means little more or less than the spiritual truth it contains. In order, however, that this truth may be appreciated it is necessary that we observe the spirit of the writer. We need to see the man behind the work if we would grasp the significance of his utterance. His views of life are of more importance than his principles of art. We should know his character if we would read him sympathetically—the only way we can read with appreciation. We should know whether the author be joyous or sad, serious or satirical, man or mongrel, woman or vampire. Moreover we must know the mood of the man and his product; whether of pensive meditation as of Gray in his *Elegy*, or of that sweet and not necessarily-fatal-sickness induced by Shakspeare in *As You Like It*, or of righteous indignation that blazes as of Carlyle, or of that high seriousness that characterizes everything that John Ruskin wrote.

A knowledge of the age in which he lived, of the influences that have modified his personality and of the personality itself is a requisite. The death of Irving's sweetheart, the doubt and dyspepsia of Carlisle, the misanthropy and despair of Byron, are all to be estimated more than as mere facts in the study of the men. Excellence in literature demands an apprenticeship to difficulty. We must know the difficulties that we may measure the men and their work.

We need less reading in quantity and more attention to quality, both of matter and method. We need to look for the permanent, and to cast aside the stuff of the hour.

But, after all, the chief thing we have to do with books is rightly to interpret them, not that we may teach them directly, or that we may preach from, but rather that we may carry out that higher interpretation hinted at by Dr. Holland when he had Katrina say: "If from out my book I gather that which comforts and inspires a nobler, sweeter, beauty in my life, and give my life to those who cannot win from the dim text such boon, then have I borne a blessing from the book and been its best interpreter."



The
Faculty.



High School.



HIGH SCHOOL.



GEORGE MELCHER, A. B., M. S.,
Drury College, Supt. and Instruc-
tor in Mathematics. Greenfield.

LAURA ANITA SEARCY, A. B., Mis-
souri University, Principal and
Instructor in English and His-
tory. Columbia, Mo.





ISABELL JOHNSON, A. B., Missouri
University, Asst. Principal and
Instructor in Latin and German.
Columbia, Mo.

ELIZABETH BROOKS THOMPSON,
B. S. D., B. P. E., Liberal, Mo.,
Warrensburg Normal, Instructor
in Sciences. Liberal, Mo.



ERMA ROSALIND BISHOP, A. B.,
Drury College, Instructor in His-
tory and Greek. Pennsboro, Mo.



MATTIE STEARNS, M. M., Principal
of Music Department, Instructor
in Pianoforte. Greenfield.

MRS. M. L. STEARNS, M. M. Asst.
Principal Music Dept. Greenfield.



CLARA VICTORIA McBRIDE, Prin-
cipal Expression Dept. Greenfield.



WILL LIGHTNER, Principal Art De-
partment. Greenfield.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.



GEORGE F. MITCHELL, Principal
and Instructor 7th grade.

CHARLES. E. BELL.

MATTIE MONTGOMERY.

HARRIET JOPES.

HATTIE MITCHELL.

NEVA FARRAND.

The Student Body.



Senior,
Junior,
Sophomore,
Freshman
and
Eighth-Grade
Classes of
Greenfield
High School.



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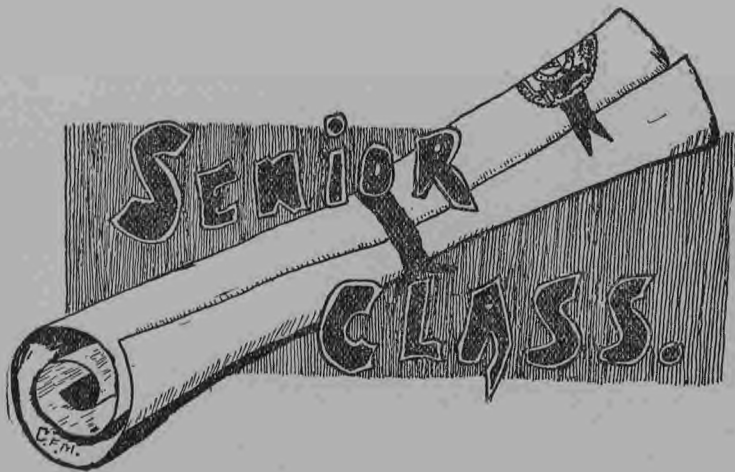
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CLARENCE MCLEMORE, President,
KYLE MCGEE, Treasurer,
GERTRUDE HOBBS, Historian.

SENIORS! Ah, well may the under classmen look upon this title with envy, well may they pay their tribute to this class. Yet they can never know the full meaning of the term until they have experienced the great pleasure of being looked upon by the teachers, as well as the lower classes, as being the leaders and advisors in all important matters.

But, lest the lower classes build up false hopes only to have them shattered, we would say to them—don't expect ever to enjoy what the class of "naughty-six" has enjoyed. We are the exception, the one class in ten thousand that could do the great things we have done.

Just where the class of '06 originated we do not know, since only one of our members has gone entirely through the Greenfield schools. Four of us were eighth graders here together, several came from different parts of the county and a few of the class of '05 waited a year to graduate with us. All these elements united in making up the class that was destined to become the brightest shining star in the historical sky of Greenfield High School.

The scene opens one morning in September, 1902, when we, a class of nearly fifty, assembled in the study hall, scarcely knowing whether we were faculty, seniors or only little graders. But, much sooner than other classes, we became accustomed to the ways of the school, and in a few weeks a class meeting was called, at which we selected as our motto, "Rowing, not drifting." Rowing, not drifting, has characterized our work throughout all our entire high school course; this is what distinguishes us from the other classes.

Although freshmen are usually regarded as aimless, irresponsible beings, of whom little is expected, we were recognized in our true worth. We were never looked down upon with pity and contempt by the upper classmen.

Nothing of importance happened while we were Sophs. Most of that year was spent in honest but fruitless efforts to teach the verdant freshman how to act.

By the time we were juniors our great strength of intellect was widely recognized. The sophs looked to us to lead in their class movements as well as our own, and the seniors themselves quaked and trembled at the sound of our voices. It was during this year that it was discovered that our class possessed the greatest mathematical genius that the school has ever known.(?)

But it is as seniors that we feel ourselves first approaching our level. To reach this position has been the dream of our childhood and the goal of our high school life. The

freshmen regard us with open-mouthed wonder and dream of the time when they may take our places.

In number, we are sixteen, the largest class but one ever graduated from Greenfield High School. We have seldom engaged in strife, either civil or with the other classes, and have always felt a true regard for each other and a high respect for our teachers. But now we are through, and, although we are sad at parting, it is a source of pleasure to know we have worked faithfully and have made a record that will be an honor to the Greenfield high school.

To the Juniors.

On seeing board covered with alleged poetry by Juniors

GRACE H.

JUNIORS, Juniors, don't forget
You are not quite a senior yet;
Still your tongue and use your brain
If the senior goal you'd gain.

You all have tongues for talking, fit
To numb the soph and freshman wit,
But your quick tongues are all in vain
When coping with the seniors' fame.

You children can the blackboard fill
With nursery rhymes that make us ill,
But, Juniors, dearest little pets,
Hard work alone a sheepskin gets.

We will o'erlook your childish whims,
Your babbles, slurs, and silly grins;
You're juniors now we realize,
For senior wisdom tops the skies.

And we must call you juniors still,
As you babble, like dry leaves will,
And round about us wildly blow—
To higher rank, your brain must grow.

Scene from the Ovid Class.

MISS J.—“Mr. Martin, begin with line 1051, please.”

WINDY—“‘O gods, common to all,’ he said, ‘knowing all ought to be prayed to—’”

GERTRUDE (whispering)—“NOT knowing—”

HELEN (whispering)—“That isn't right.”

MISS J. (in soft voice)—“No, Mr. Martin, it's ‘NOT knowing that all ought not to be prayed to.’”

WINDY (frantically)—“That's just exactly what I said.”

MISS J.—No, Mr. Martin, you said—”

WINDY—“Well, what's the difference? I don't see any.”

GERTRUDE—“Why! Anyone could see that.”

WINDY (turning around, violently)—“Oh, I know I haven't any sense.”

HELEN (tartly)—“I've known that a long time.”

MISS J.—“Read on, Mr. Martin.”

Seniors



AGNES MAE GOODSPEED. — "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." Latest addition to class of '06. Always bright and cheerful. Fond of flowers and birds, spices and "Cloves." School-marm probably.

DAISY HOPE BRUEGGEMANN. — "A wee, modest, timid flower," queen of King Arthur's court. "A pensive, quiet maiden, much inclined to be a flower of the old maid kind." Good student and staunch friend of classmates.



GRACE HAUN. — Of a loving nature — among the girls — but timid around the boys. Comes from the land of sunflowers and grasshoppers to attend G. H. S. Will probably enter M. S. U. this fall.

NETTIE EDNA ZOOK. — "A truer, trustier, nobler heart ne'er beat within a human breast." A teasing tongue. Noted matchmaker, keeps lady teachers on edge lest she bring some bashful young man to their feet.





WINBURN TERRIL MARTIN.—“A high head and a proud heart.” Age unknown—a matter of much dispute. Will attend M. S. U. next year if he can possibly leave a certain hammock on Wells St. Valedictorian honors.

CLARENCE LEONARD McLEMORE.

—King of King Arthur's court. A real despot. It is not best to defy him, and none of his subjects dare misbehave in his presence. Rules for the good of his people, however.



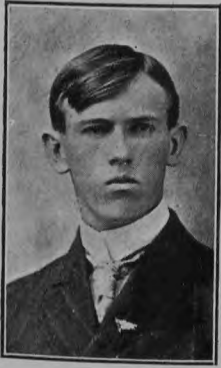
KYLE LEONARD MCGEE.—Class Treasurer. Very optimistic. A magic dancer and a lady charmer. Will teach in rural schools if his mind becomes settled. May be recognized in the dark by a large dazzling brooch on his coat lapel.

ANNETTIE RUTH MITCHELL.—

“I love its giddy gurgle,
I love its ebb and flow;
I love to wind my mouth up
And then to let it go.”

Noted for willingness to discuss ANY subject; uses more words to minute than all others combined.





OSCAR DELMORE MEANS.—Young man of oratorical powers. Much in love with a freshman girl, but doesn't allow love affairs to interfere with his school work. Will teach.



BERTHA LAVINIA KING.—Rival of Miss Mitchell for supremacy in King Arthur's court. Aims high, has about her an air of command that warns her classmates not to oppose her wishes.



GERTRUDE ELECTA HOBBS.—Mischievous, and despair of the faculty. Never fails in any undertaking. Has a willing heart and ready hand to help others. Thinks of teaching, but may take post graduate work. Salutatorian.



ADAH MABEL HILL.—Graceful and dignified. Doesn't care for grades as long as her hat is on straight. Fact that she even attends school shows she is an obedient daughter. Seniors say she is a good milliner—does work gratis for them.



JULIA MARIA MONTGOMERY.—

“She that has red hair
Will have it till she dyes.”

Some say she is a born ruler—of
some young man, but you can't
believe everything. No love symp-
toms yet. Is going to teach.



ODIE MYRTLE HILL.—Melancholy
and sobriety her chief character-
istics. Never smiles — always
laughs—when the boys are near.
Graduated to keep others com-
pany. Schoolmarm next year.



ELLA DELLA HULL.—

“Who is so frisky, frolicky
and fair?”

Better actress than student. In-
tends to take telegraphy, 'tis said,
but you can ask the president of
the alumni about that. She says,
“No teaching for me.”

WILLIAM BALLENGER WATKINS.

—Always wears a sad, sweet
smile. Tries to make himself hap-
py by working hard for happi-
ness. When he isn't too busy he
entertains a passion for a fresh-
man girl. Spends lots of time
letting the girls alone. Refuses
to disclose plans for next year.





ARTHUR SCROGGS, President,
MADGE CARR, Treasurer,
ELMER COLLINS, Historian.

AFTER THE SUMMER VACATION, the class of '07 met on September 4th, '05. From the first each member of the class was filled with enthusiasm and determination to make this the best year of all. Our ambition was, not to BECOME the best class in school—that we had already accomplished—but to maintain and improve our standard of excellence. We shall see how well we have succeeded.

After school had gone along smoothly for a few weeks we were thrilled with joy one morning when the super announced that we might have time that evening to organize. We convened promptly in the library and perfected an organization that has since been at once the envy and admiration of all the other classes.

The next thing of importance was the preparation of the school for the speaking contest at Carthage. Of course, the juniors were the whole show. We had three representatives, and two of them carried off the honors, getting first and second place, first place falling to Miss Lela Daughtrey. She didn't win at Carthage, but we're proud of her, anyhow.

From this contest until after Christmas there was a lull in our noticeable activities. We were working, with a diligence and harmony suggestive of a great and powerful machine. Just sixteen of us returned after the holidays and settled down to perform well every task. In this way January passed. Then one morning it was announced that each class would give an entertainment in turn, beginning with the seniors. And who set to work with more determination to surpass anything of the kind ever given than we? As Miss Stearns' songbirds would say—"NOBODY." We showed our mettle by asking no man for his play—we composed one, alongside of which Shakespeare's efforts are insignificant. On March 11th we gave our entertainment. The other classes, although they had voted never to cheer a junior, were stunned at the presence of true genius. Not only had we composed our play, but our songs as well. And it is only right that the name of the composer of these famous songs should pass into history—Miss Helen Harrison.

Such was our success that the entire city rose and clamored for an encore. We graciously consented and, on March 19th, repeated the play to a tremendous house, very generously giving the proceeds to the betterment of the Bulletin.

After the excitement was over we settled down to work again, and in spite of the temptations of spring we kept up until the last. We have gained the reputation of planning our work and working our plan.

Needless to say, the future looks very bright to us. Nineteen hundred and seven will give to the world a class of young men and young women that will be an inspiration to mankind. The world has been waiting, lo, these many years, for the junior class to take charge of things, and now we are almost ready for the task. Old Missouri is truly the garden spot of the world, and Dade county is the rarest part of the garden; G. H. S. is its prize flower-pot, and the junior class is the choicest bloom on the plant.

Juniors,



ORUS HOLMAN—

“Sweetest little fellow,
Everybody knows.”



ELDER FINLEY—

“Alike unknowing and unknown.”



ETHEL WINTERS—

“A child of her grandmother, Eve.”



MARIE GREETHER—

“Never thinks or dreams of lovers,
Never mounts a chair
When a playful cat uncovers
Mousie’s hidden lair.”



ELMER COLLINS—

“So may he rest; his faults lie
gently on him.”



LELA DAUGHTREY—

“Joy rises in me like a summer’s
moon.”



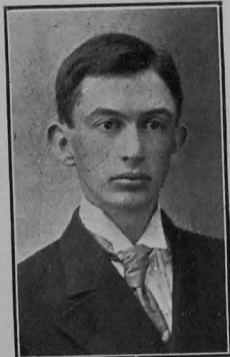
MADGE CARR—

“There’s never a charm this maid
has not;
She’s the cross of our T’s, of our
I’s the dot.”



EMMA MELCHER—

“If she will she will, you may de-
pend on’t—
If she won’t she won’t she won’t,
so there’s an end on’t.”



ARTHUR SCROGGS—

“My doctrine is to put aside
Contention and be satisfied.”



HELEN HARRISON—

“Music hath charms to soothe the
savage breast.”



LONA DUNCAN—

“So wise, so young, they say,
Do ne'er live long.”

ROY TOWNLEY—

“A man he seems of cheerful
yesterdays
And confident tomorrows.”

MARY HEADLEE—

“I'll put a girdle round the earth
In forty minutes.”

GRACE MARSHALL—

“Solomon in all his glory was not
arrayed like one of these.”

DENA CALFEE—

“She's such a winsome miss, they
say,
More modest than the rose.”

ELSIE RUSSELL—

“We meet thee, like a pleasant
thought,
When such are wanted.”

Statistical Table

Containing a vast amount of very interesting and useful information concerning the class of "naughty-seven," condensed into as little space as is consistent with the preservation of comprehensible form.

NAME	EXTRACTION	HABITS	TEMPER	PREFERRED STUDY	FAVORITE HAUNT	AIM IN LIFE	FAVORITE BY-WORD	DESTINY
Lona Duncan	Latin	Working profs.	Sharp	Puck	Orus' seat	Basket ball coach	Well, I'll swan	Cell 7, Nevada
Marie Grether	Deutsch	Studying— sometimes	Moderate	Vocal music	Hotel	To be IT	Shucks	? ? ? ? ?
Orus Holman	Darwinian	Writing to Lona	Sweet	Magazines	Library	Nothing to speak of	Dog-on if that ain't it	Doubtful
Mary Headlee	Scotch	Studying	Quick	All of 'em	Study hall	Missionary	Gracious	Eaten by cannibals
Roy Townly	Yankee	Working prob- lems for profs.	Mild	Nature	Where Ethel stays	To be Prof. Townly, Ph. D.	Hasn't any	We don't know
Emma Melcher	Rural	Making speeches	Explosive	Theology	Sunday school	To preach	That's just awful	Pulpit
Madge Carr	Teuton	Grinning	Fair	Kings	Dental office	To own a coronet	Oh, shoot	Altar
Dena Calfee	Greek	Blushing	Uncontrollable	Groceries	Sidewalks	To get married	Oh, Gee	Floor walker
Arthur Scroggs	Dago	Taking life easy	At times	Bible	Advocate	Aimless	——!!!	Jefferson City
Elsie Russell	Highlander	No bad habits	Smooth	Latin	M.E. parsonge	To teach	I don't either	Heaven
Elmer Collins	Hibernian	Helping mamma	Angelic	Girls	Everton	To set an example	I think that—	Ditto
Lela Daughtrey	Parrot	Making eyes	Satanical	Chicken- ology	Cor. Garrett & Allison Sts.	To be beloved	Why, that les- son's too long.	Poultry farm
Ethel Winters	Quaker	Keeping hidden	Doesn't show	Dreambook	Dreamland	To go to Town(ly)	Goody	Slumberland
Helen Harrison	Can't say	Regular	A good (?) one	Novels	House parties	To marry rich	Don't take it so hard	Stage
Elder Finley	Celtic	Keeping still	Perfect	He knows	Home	To be a soldier	By George	Farm
Grace Marshall	Ask her	Dressing her hair	It's there	Geometry	Postoffice	To get a pass	We—ll	A Frieze.

Junior Class Song.

Tune—"Let Me Go Back," from the opera "Royal Chef."

HELEN HARRISON.

WE are the Juniors—
Don't you wish that you
Could be, like us,
A Junior, too?

We are so jolly
And all the teachers
They say: "Those Juniors—
Why, they're just peaches;
They know their lessons,
Oh, perfect, quite;
Know all the questions
When they recite.
My! What a pleasure
To teach such classes
As those bright Junior
Lads and lasses!"

CHORUS: We are the Juniors,
The jolly Juniors,
And we're striving the livelong day
O'er the seniors,
The sophs and freshies
You bet we hold our sway.
O'er mathematics, or Cicero,
We are the Juniors
Of Greenfield High School
In this dear old Greenfield town.

Our high school days,
To us so dear,
Will all be over
In one more year.
Then we will leave you,
Perhaps for college,
To learn the higher
Branches of knowledge.
And we will enter
With never a fear,
Thanks to our learned
Teachers dear.
Professor Melcher
Will in the future
Be glad to say he
Was once our tutor.



A Lachrymose Lament,

With most profuse apologies to the black verse chaps.

ANON.

WHAT shall a young Junior,
What must a young Junior,
What can a young Junior
Do with such a teacher?

Bad luck to the penny
That tempted our teacher
To give such hard lessons
Just to see us labor!

We're always complaining,
From morning till evening;
We fret and we fume,
The weary day long—
He gives us such lessons!
Our blood it is frozen;
Oh, dreary's the night
As we pore o'er our books.

We hum and we hanker—
We fret and we canker—
We never can please them,
Do all that we can.
They're peevish and cranky
With all the poor Juniors—
Bad luck to the day
We met a school teacher!



GEORGE RYAN, President and Historian.

ANNA WILSON, Secretary.

JACK HUDSPETH, Treasurer.

IT is entirely right and proper that a class composed of such talented students as ours should leave a written record of its achievements for the benefit of posterity. Not only will such a record be of benefit to coming generations of high school students, but it will be a reminder to us of the happy days we spent together as sophomores. For these and many other reasons, we shall, in a simple, straightforward manner, record a few of our many great achievements.

It was not without regret that we saw our freshman year draw to a close, but we realized that our parting would not be long, and that we would next be sophomores, a title that would be, at least, more respected.

When school opened the faithful of our class were in line and ready, even eager for work. We found that our number had decreased, but those remaining were more closely united, and hence the class was stronger. At the very beginning of our second year's work, as in our freshman year, we resolved not to follow in the steps of any preceding class, but rather to raise the standard of this year's work higher than ever before. It has taken determination and perseverance to keep this resolution; but as the year closes we feel sure we have kept it well, and have left behind a record that succeeding classes will do well to imitate.

Our enthusiasm over literature is unbounded. It is said that we have only one fault, and that is that we are rather inclined to discuss too freely questions that arise in the class. This may be (we cannot say) because there are so many girls in the class. We are not so sure that the failing is a bad one, for it makes our recitations much more interesting than they are in some of the upper classes, where they do not discuss them freely enough. In all our discussions we follow the old maxim: "Whatever you do, do with all your might." We have read in class (in addition to the text) Shakespeare's "McBeth," Eliot's "Silas Warner," and Emerson's "Self Reliance." Many other books were read outside of class, and Ray Montgomery has read one good book for each week of school. And there are others in the class who have records almost as good.

Those intricate problems of algebra, which so puzzle most sophomore classes, we unraveled like Arabian sages. This was only the result of our intense and continued application. It has been reported that a sophomore has, at times, taught Prof. Melcher's higher algebra class for him. Be this true or false, there are plenty of us who know enough algebra to do it. We took, this spring, a course in graphic algebra, something generally given in college or university courses, and unheard of heretofore in Greenfield High School. If some classes had done as much they would be very proud, and, unlike us, would brag about it.

We were much puzzled with Caesar, but after a time our proverbial perseverance prevailed, and we were able to master him. Many of us are so interested in Caesar that we have frequently spent the whole noon hour reading and discussing our lesson.

On account of our habit of close observation and intelligent questioning, we have derived much benefit from the study of zoology and botany. With a scalpel in one hand and a drawing pencil in the other, we have spent much time, this year, in the realm of grasshop-

pers, fish and flowers. It is greatly feared by Miss Thompson that some of our discoveries will revolutionize the science of biology, though this is our first year at it.

On account of the keen rivalry among the classes this year, our class spirit has been stronger than ever before. On May 4th we gave a program that will long be remembered by all who saw it. It succeeded beyond our wildest hopes, and we are certain that it compared favorably with the programs given by the other classes.

It is doubtful if any other class furnishes as many talented literary workers as does our class. We do not say this merely to boast, but simply to state the truth. This early eminence in literature foretells a bright future for us, for literary work trains in the pupil that part of his mind that he will most need.

As we close the school year we review our work with as much sadness as pride, for it will be many days before we hear again the merry songs of the chapel or the happy voices of classmates. But there is a great satisfaction in a work well done, and hence we are happy, even though school closes. When next you hear of us we will be juniors, and we look forward to our work in that year with pleasant anticipation. Without a doubt it will be like our preceding years, as respects work and achievements, as well as the brightest, happiest year of our lives. An now all who would know more about us are asked to follow the advice given in one of our yells:—

SAY—

Do you want to hear the story
Of the class of greatest glory?

Well, just wait

Till we graduate—

That will be in 1908.

Wise Sayings by a Wise Guy.

A SOPHOMORE SOLOMON.

A FOOL despiseth the prof's admonition and studieth not; but when examination cometh around, doth he not, in truth, get up against it?

Beware of the junior girl for she breaketh the heart and careth not a blankety-blank; neither doth she pretend to repair the damage.

The sophomore practiceth each night upon the play and lo! it taketh two literary critics, a large yellow dog and a wooden Indian to tell him from Richard Mansfield.

Windy communeth much with the moon and shaketh oft his dancing pumps; but didst thou say he glommeth not the grades?

The sophomore maketh out his study report in full; but next morning, behold! he knoweth not the page of his lesson.

He that conneth well shall get a pass, but he that dependeth on his rep, a fool is he.

Forty per cent is the inheritance of the eighth grader and a pass is the gift of the Lord.

Beware of the eighth grader and shun him as a scourge; for doth not ignorance ooze from his very pores?

The eighth grader pineth for the notice of the upper classmen, but when he getteth to be a senior he straightway forgetteth all about it.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but goeth not in a Math examination.

Whoso parteth with his horse getteth a condition plastered upon him, and toileth like an iron foundry ere he removeth the same.

The farmer lad imbibeth much knowledge from his science teacher, and parteth with rural superstitions; but until the dark of the moon he soweth nary a potato.

It is a wise senior who falleth not down upon his Ovid.

It is better to be right than to be president, and it is better to con than to be right.

Sophomores



1st Row. Clara Bishop, Cattie Saffles, Myrtle White, May Cowan.
2d Row. Leta Eisert, Nina Depee, Jas. Pyle, Lemma Withers, Lee Clopton, Stella Menzies.
3d Row. Carrie Collier, Ethel Ryan, Jessie Owens, Lois Lee, Sallie Ward, Bessie Taylor, Mamie Carlock.
4th Row. Hattie Griggs, Sallie Finley, Alma Moore, Lillie Marshall, Anna Wilson; Mary Howard.
5th Row. Ray Montgomery, George Ryan, Homer Montgomery, Jack Hudspeth, Claude Holman.



IVA SLOAN, President.
 LUCY HOLLAND, Treasurer.
 BESSIE HOBBS, Historian.

EVER since the foundation of colleges, ever since the beginning of history, yea, ever since Adam and Eve ate the apple in the garden, freshmen have been the object of gross misrepresentation and abuse. It is therefore the object of this paper to make known to mankind a few of our most worthy deeds, trusting that all who read them will know instantly that we are not only upright, intelligent and loyal students but that we are the ablest and most important class in the whole school. But, notwithstanding, all of our good qualities, we have been shamefully mistreated by the sophs, juniors and seniors.

On September 5th, when the great throng of boys and girls mingled in the chapel room, all the classes, it is true, were exceedingly large, but lo! the freshmen class led all the rest. This class numbered over sixty, the largest one ever enrolled in the Greenfield high school. While we possessed the quantity we also had the quality; this was probably the cause of the juniors and seniors looking up to us with such envy and hate which only served to make us strive harder each day to so far surpass them that they would wish they were in some deep hole or away back in some deep forest where they could see no human beings, nothing but their own rightful companions, the owls and rabbits. And so we did.

Our class grew and grew and kept on growing, in wisdom, so that the school board decided we needed another pedagogue to teach us what we didn't already know; so by return mail, came in a brunette with black hair and large lustrous eyes, who almost inspired us with awe, she looked so intelligent.

When this new teacher was shipped in, our class was divided into two sections and each section tried to see which could do the better work, but each one failed, since we were all so perfect that we couldn't be excelled by any one. We kept learning so many new things that by this time we were many times smarter than any other class in school.

But some of our members by this time had decided their brain could be crammed no fuller, so they returned to their homes in the country (some in town) to find out whether they had quite forgotten the use of the plow or the dish pan, for we believe in physical training as well as intellectual. It was supposed that the plows and the dish pans worked well, for we have seen those boys and girls but few times since they left here.

Our class is now especially noted for its great poet, Miss Bertha Shrewsbury, whom we all believe will some day win great fame and will be a Milton-ess or Wordsworth-ess the second; also, for its great theme writers, Misses Maude Vaughn, Maud Allison, Esther Nathan and Clyde Johnston. Two rare qualities to be possessed by freshmen.

When we selected our class motto, "esse quam videre," we resolved to live up to it, and we couldn't have succeeded any better than we have. We have had a delightful time regardless of how we have been roasted, thumped and bumped around, made fun of by the higher classmen, and we have nothing at all to regret as we think over our past work. We have looked up to no one but ourselves: we have had our lessons well every day, we feel as if we have gained a victory, and as a reward for it, the expression on our professor's face seems to say: "Well done, good and faithful servants." We firmly believe this. Although as freshmen we have been advisors on but few important points, when we are seniors we intend to rule the whole school with our mighty power, for who is better qualified for such a high position than we? No one.

Freshmen



- 1st Row. Maud Vaughan, Julia Curtis, Pearl McMahan, Myrtle Watkins.
2d Row. Nora Price, Dora Ellis, Mina Newkirk, Nettie Turner, Maidie Coe, Lucy Holland, Eva Winds, Mat-
tie McArthur, Bertha Shrewsbury, Jas. McArthur.
3d Row. Anna Woody, Edith Briscoe, Clara Shaw, Mary Saffles, Pearl Renfro, Jewel King, Bessie Hobbs,
May Evans, Iva Sloan.
4th Row. Cressy Scott, Nola Hartfield, Esther Nathan, Carrie Farmer, Lela Calfee, Pearl Brown, Clyde
Morris, Claude Holman.
5th Row. Clem Young, Homer Hayward, Lewis Means, Hugh Kirby, Frank Means.

Eighth Grade



1st Row. Lester McLemore, Nellie Montgomery, Myrtle Duffy, Lillie Frederick.

2d Row. Beulah Fillpot, Frank Howard, Zetta White, John Dicus, Hester Hembree, Belva Duncan, Vesta Montgomery.

3d Row. Zetta McLemore, May Nathan, Lena Marshall, Lillian Lyngar, Forrest McLemore, Bessie Montgomery, Eva Coose, Lula Games.

4th Row. Kenton Underwood, Roger Harrison, Arthur Tarr, Leslie Griggs.



ROGER HARRISON, President and Treasurer.
FORREST McLEMORE, Secretary.
NELLY MONTGOMERY, Historian.

HAPPY is that people whose annals are short. That is why we are so happy, but that is not the only reason. We have gathered within our ranks nearly every real genius in Greenfield High School. No class has members in such demand as our nightingales—Beulah, Zetta, Georgia, Clara and Lena.

We know that our poor little class has become a synonym for all that's bad. Everybody looks down on us with a solemn, woe-begone shake of the head, a puritanical sigh, and an "I am better than art thou" expression. But it does not grieve us in the least. We only shine all the brighter, since we have become good.

We came fifty strong—very strong—last September. Among us were musicians, elocutionists, pianists, violinists, debaters, clog dancers, sleight-of-hand performers (splendid in note passing, expert in the deaf and dumb language.) We were bad, very, very bad—horrid, sometimes. But we had some sparks of goodness, and we have developed—my! how we have developed! There isn't a single eighth grader, since Frank and Ztta stopped, who has not well developed wings, and Cherub written large in his countenance.

Vesta Montgomery is very proficient in asking questions. She certainly deserved credit for asking this in particular: "Miss Searcy, wasn't Blind Boone blind?" She enlightened the entire class in the matter of this musician's eyesight, and all might have remained in ignorance but for her.

Lily, the golden-haired, is our one member who has a romance. She is off in the world of dreams, soaring, soaring, with her ideal. It is rather pathetic to see Miss Searcy recall her from dreamland with, "Lily, what's a phrase?" Ah, Lily, do not look so high as to fall in love with a stern, haughty senior. They care not how many hearts they break and trample in the dust. Enjoy yourself with your classmates, and leave seniors to themselves.

We are a match for the best of them in basket ball. The juniors have been heard to say: "Those little eighth graders have the best basket ball team in the school." Little? Yes, some of us are little, but all of us are mighty.

We are noted for "having did" (as a certain junior says) excellent work. Prof. Melcher says we surpass the great mathematicians of old, and Miss Thompson cannot understand how we have amassed so much knowledge of physiology and civil government. Miss Searcy can scarcely believe her ears at the promptness with which we analyze and diagram sentences. As for Miss Johnson and Miss Bishop, they simply sit in open-eyed wonder when they remember how small we are, and still so good.

We know that we shall go down in history as the bad eighth grade class who were jolly good fellows after all.

Review Students



1st Row. Stella Menzies, Cattie Saffeels, Manta Trimble, Fannie Turman.
2d Row. Myrtle White, Odie Hill, Pearl McMahan, Dora Ellis, J. O. Stewart, Flora Bickel, Della Neal.
3d Row. Lela Daughtrey, Felix Appleby, Sallie Ward, Maty Coe, Bessie Cook, Nettie Turner, Mattie McArthur.
4th Row. Lois Lee, Alma Freedle, Mattie Lee Hawkins, Pearl Webb, Ethel Clayton, Mabel Hill.

Literary Organizations



EMERSONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



ARCADIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



GREEK SYMPOSIUM, GIVEN BY SOPHOMORES MAY 5th.



SENIORS AT WORK IN PHYSICAL LABORATORY.



SCENE FROM THE FAMOUS JUNIOR MOCK TRIAL, MARCH 9th.

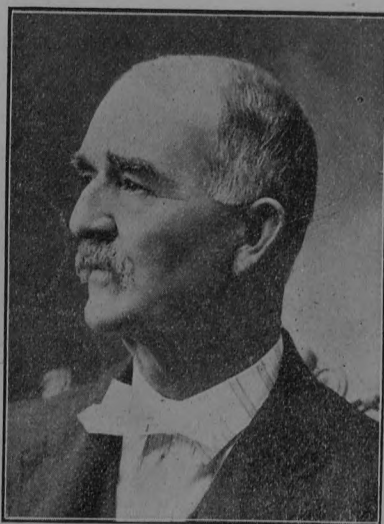


GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.



SOPHOMORES IN BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

IN MEMORIAM.



Levin Wilcoxin Shafer.

Born, August 8, 1838.
Died, May 9th, 1906.

For 33 years member of Greenfield School Board.

Miscella-
neous,

x



HAP. I.

The new is flying
er the land—
bs the mountain
s down the dale,
cross the plains
n sand,

y, whistling
ys of cheer,
share the damp
des along,
to hearken with
ear

aim the stern,
toil;
aim!
lowly tiller of

his face toward
e dim.

m the mellow
rn
prieve—
asic to his soul



Y WAYS.

A Modern Study in Evolution.

CHAP. I.



HE TURNETH NOW HIS STEPS, WITH IRON WILL—

The sad, sweet song the jack-
ass sings at eve.

He turneth now his steps,
with iron will,
Toward the spires
Of Mister Melcher's "skewl
house" on the hill
To plunge in Greek and Alge-
braic mires.

II.

He dresseth audibly, and
apeth ways
Affected by the callow youth
in town;
But Caesar's lore, and all of
Virgil's lays
He gulpeth down.

He goeth for the honors of
his class
E'en as the heifer, or the
pastured steed,
Across the meadow, green
with springing grass,
Doth rush to feed.



HE DRESSETH AUDIBLY AND APETH CITY WAYS.

A SPIRIT new is flying
o'er the land—
It climbs the mountain
rushes down the dale,
And sweeps across the plains
of barren sand,
A cosmic gale.

The ploughboy, whistling
roundelays of cheer,
As 'neath the share the damp
earth glides along,
Hath paused to hearken with
a willing ear
Its siren song.

No more for him the stern,
unending toil;
No—not for him!
The meek and lowly tiller of
the soil
Hath turned his face toward
the future dim.

No more to him the mellow
dinner horn
Doth bring reprieve—
No more is music to his soul
forlorn



HE CAPTURETH COUNTLESS HONORS.

III.

Behold him now, no more th' unlettered swain
 In baggy pants and lone suspender clad—
 His swallow-tails and kids afford not e'en
 A faint suggestion of the farmer lad.

The elocution teacher, with an eye,
 For diamonds in the rough, hath corner'd him
 And smeared all over him a polish high,
 And rubbed it in;

So that there is no way to head him off
 From anything;
 And envious youths who long at him did
 scoff
 Now follow in his train, his praise to sing.

His medals are as sands upon the shore—
 His honors higher than the mountain peaks;
 The world is his, and he doth lack no more
 Whate'er he seeks.

And when his four allotted years are past,
 There are grave fears,
 Lest now the school, without him, can but
 last
 A few more years.

IV.

Within the town that once rang with his name,
 And sang his praise—
 Where high above all others rose his fame—
 The farmer lad abideth all his days.

For there within a kinsman's grocer store,
 Where swarm the flies the syrup jars about,
 He selleth prunes, at seven "bucks" (not more)
 And trades it out.

R. B. G.



September.

- 2d. Greenfield inundated with wisdom seekers.
- 4th. The doors thrown open.
- 5th. Eighth graders tardy already. First special lecture by Melcher.
- 11th. A lot of new arrivals, including Homer Hayward, who makes a hit with the girls.
- 14th. The "absent minded beggar." Melcher walks a half-mile in the sun without his hat.
- 15th. Art Scroggs seen slopping the pigs at noon.
- 18th. Joe Johnston disguises himself in long pants.
- 19th. Miss Johnson puts visitors to work by mistake.
- 20th-22d. Holidays. Teachers' association.
- 27th. Invasion of chapel by ministers of Greenfield.

The Ascent(?) of Bud.

CHAP I.

BUD, whose Real Name, as recorded in the old family Bible, was William Ashburton Brown, was the Pride of the whole Oak Dale District. At school he was the recognized Leader in the 'Rithmatic class, and during the farming season could turn off as much of the Commodity called Manual Labor as Abe Lincoln ever dared to. In truth Bud was in a high way to develop into a Useful Citizen



BUD WAS "ALWAYS DOIN' SOMETHIN'."

ing of the Poultry at the mid-night hour, Bud lay sleepless, for he was building Air-castles, yea, in his Mind's Eye he saw "Hon. Wm. A. Brown, L. L. D." in Guilt letters on a sign down the Swellest street of that great city which his delirious brain had fashioned. All that He was to Do was to go down and Occupy the Office.

CHAP III.

Bud was a Changed Bud. Repulsive now the work in which he formerly delighted to surpass. ** Off to School. At the very Sight of the big, cold building on the Campus Bud's Enthusiasm described a Movement similar to that of a column of Mercury at the approach of a blizzard, but safely housed in his Room and regularly Entered, he began to Recuperate. In a month he Resumed the old Habit of letting his Imagination run Rampant from the time he Retired till the wee Small Hours, but now his Pictures all focussed around the Old Place. His pristine Energy was brought into play and in spite of the Prosiness of the School Work, so far from the Poetic Loveliness the same had worn at longer range, Bud became an Earnest, Conscientious Student, but after playing this role for some seven years he

CHAP II.

Bud was an Energetic Youth—"always doin' somethin'," as his Ma was wont to say when Drawn into a Conversation in which Her Son was the Topic. Up to his sixteenth year this Energy of his didn't bother him any, but now he began to be Harrassed by that Scourge of Youth politely called Ambition. Somehow things on the Place began to lose their attraction for him; and—worse be the Pity—a Candidate for State Representative made a Campaign Speech at the school house on one Saturday night which Bud heard—yea, he drank in the same. Ah, it was an Inspiration. His unsatisfied Yearning was now defined for him, for did not the speaker in Glowing Language show that all the Fruit was ripe, that the Same was just waiting for the Gentle Touch of any Ambitious Youth who would devour a Curriculum and approach the Said fruit? That night, till long after the crow-



HE WAS AN AVERAGE LAWYER.

finally Escaped from the Institution with the coveted Label,engaged an Office and occupied the same for months Unmolested (by Clients).

CHAP I V.

Years later he, William Ashburton Brown, was Recognized as an Average among the Legal Profession in a middle-sized City.

MORAL: When listening to a Speech by a Candidate, take Everthing into Consideration.

CLYDE MCLEMORE.

A Letter Home.

Dear Pa and Ma:

Greenfield, Mo., Sept. 15th, 1905.

I have been in school one week and have seen and learned lots already. Things here in the Greenfield High School are so different from what I thought they'd be. I am just chuck full of things to tell you but I can't find a good place to start in.

I guess I'll tell you about the teachers—the "faculty" as they was labelled in the catalog I got last summer. Well, about Prof. Melcher, I don't know much about him for he don't associate with me very much except I see him every morning when all of we students assemble up-stairs to hear his "daily lecture" as the juniors call it. The very second morning another fellow in my class, a freshman—for that's what they call us that's just starting in well this boy was whispering to the boy that was sitting with him and pretty soon he looked up and Prof. Melcher had stopped his lecture and was just standing there a-looking right at him and it wasn't a minute till everybody in the house had turned on his seat and was looking at this boy. Gee! but his face got red as fire and he said afterwards that he felt like a fool. But they say it's a way that Prof. Melcher has.

The other teachers are mostly women and I don't know much about them, but I'm sure they are good teachers for don't you remember it said in the catalog they was all graduates from some big college or other? But nobody could tell it by looking at 'em, though in the classes they seem to know what they're talking about. They board at the Washington.

I hear some of the students say they're taking music and some that they are taking elocution. I have located the room where the seniors take physics and the library where everybody takes naps, but I can't locate the departments of Art, Elocution and Music. They must be around somewhere 'cause they was all in the catalog, but so far I haven't run across 'em.

They have two literary societies just as the catalog said, but I guess I'll have enough to keep me busy getting my lessons without joining any literary societies, and anyhow they've not asked me to join yet.

Well, I will close for this time and get to studying my lesson for we have to sign a paper that we'll study two hours every night. I'm just now beginning on my Latin lesson. It's the funniest stuff.

Good-bye for this time,

Your Loving Son,

TOBIAS.

P. S. I will tell you about some of the students next time. Some of them don't study hardly any and then put down on paper that they've studied two or three hours. Windy Martin, I got acquainted with him the first day. And some of the girls I know are: Madge Harrison, Helen Carr, Beulah and Zetta White and a whole lot more. They say there are more of the feminine gender in school than there are boys anyhow, but I must study some. I wish you folks could hear me read some of this Latin. It's the funniest stuff.

(CLARENCE MCLEMORE.)

As Above,

TOBE.

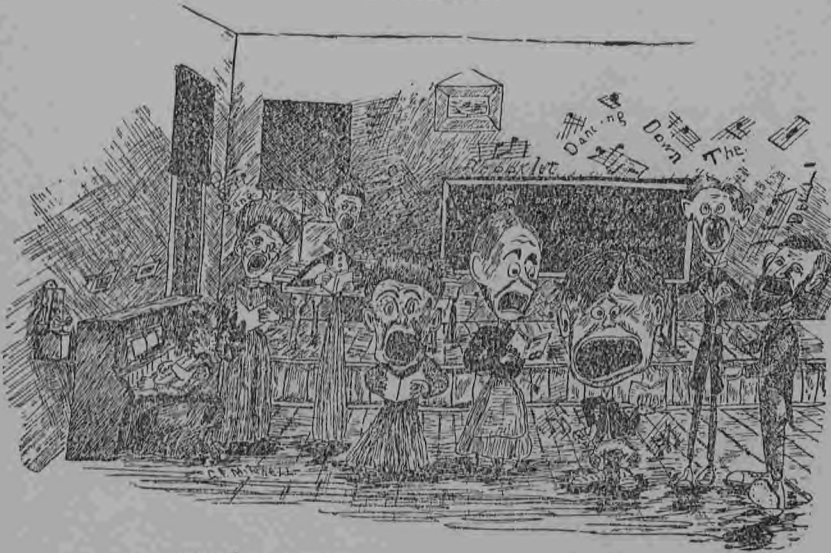
October.

- 4th. A stormy board meeting. Secretary complains no certificates filed, and refuses to issue warrants. Misses Johnson and Searcy borrow to pay board and send for certificates.
- 5th. Teachers having certificates get paid.
- 9th. Roy McMillen's advent.
- 11th. Miss Thompson requests Willard to kindly refrain from sharpening his knife.
- 13th. The Oak Grove pie supper. Equus immobilis.
- 15th. Societies organize.
- 16th. Dr. Kirby, president of Drury, addresses chapel.
- 18th to 21st. Jess Ellis enters, completes course and receives diploma.
- 19th. Windy compares himself to Hamlet, mad with love of Ophelia. Who is Windy's Ophelia?
- 24th. Certificates arrive from Columbia. Misses Johnson and Searcy get paid.
- 31st. Willard receives his maiden kiss.

November.

- 2d. Board meeting. All teachers qualified. Secretary's conscience at ease.
- 2d and 3d. First exams. 3d. Thanksgiving preliminary. Lela Daughtrey wins.
- 6th. Miss Searcy leaves for a week at Columbia.
- 8th. First lecture course number, Dixie Jubilee Singers.
- 10th. First regular programs by literary societies.
- 15th. Some 8th grade girls take supper with Miss Searcy at the building—by request.
- 21st. Did you see young Lochinvar?
- 25th. The great county fair.
- 27th. Grade cards. Grim silence reigns around.
- 29th. Thanksgiving recess begins. Otterbein quartet. Cottey college wins Carthage contest.

December.



DEC. 1st. CHOR SPRINGS A BRAN-NEW SONG.

- 2d. Ethel Morgan and Lena Marshall take a refreshing nap.
- 6th. Leslie Griggs (reading)—"Camels are patent (patient) animals."
- 12th. Clem Young almost gets slapped.
- 17th. Miss McBride goes to Indian Territory.
- 20th. Holiday shut-down. Joint society.
- 23d. Pearl Brown has a beau.

January.

- 1st. Wheels turn again. Miss Searcy suggests some reforms.
- 8th. Seniors begin work on class program.
- 9th. Miss Hobbs (translating Vergil)—“And accordingly he catches the air by the ears.”
- 17th. Homer Montgomery studies nearly all evening.
- 18th-19th Exams.
- 19th. Arthur Middleton concert company.
- 24th. Seniors “glom” all the society offices.
- 25th. Melcher keeps some boys after school to tell him about the show—he didn’t go.
- 26th. Seniors didn’t give their much-advertised program.
- 28th. Miss McM—— has company.

February.

- 1st. Another junior meeting. Melcher meets with seniors.
- 2d. Seniors at last come through with class program. Melcher confuses Washington’s birthday with ground-hog day.
- 4th. Frank Howard cites “dead” as plural of “dye.”
- 5th. Melcher and Miss Searcy swap yarns in chapel.
- 6th. Herbert L. Cope lecture.
- 7th. Visited by Ralph Grether and Lewis Wetzel, ’05.
- 8th. Seniors talk of presenting “Eclipse of the Moon,” with Oscar as the moon.
- 9th. Senior party at King Mac’s. Colored population adopts senior yell.
- 12th. Juniors get a roast.
- 22d. Miss Bishop advises Bessie Hobbs that the hair-dressing department is on the roof.
- 26th. Special lecture by Melcher on subject of loafing.
- 27th. Miss Bishop forecasts Clem’s hereafter, and seats him near the stove to prepare.

March.

- 1st. Clem Young behaves all afternoon. Miss Bishop wonders if he is sick.
- 5th. Juniors begin secret sessions at 4 every evening in chapel. Lona sergeant-at-arms.
- 9th. Homer Montgomery convicted by juniors of murdering Father Time.



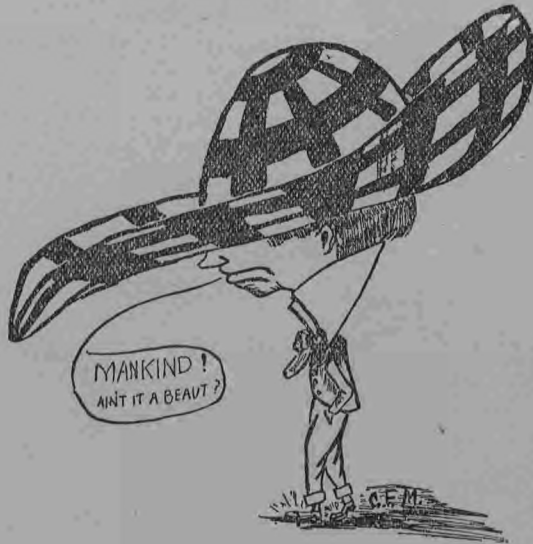
- 10th. DISTURBANCE IN CHAPEL. JOINT LECTURE BY FACULTY.
- 12th. Homer Montgomery narrowly escapes solving an algebra problem.
- 13th. Juniors pass in front of the mirror. Crash!
- 14th. Kyle and Jewel in experiment 5, p. 19.
- 15th. Clyde Johnston looking for an ideal man. None located.
- 16th. Homer Montgomery gets a new hearing, same charge. Juniors’ new yell—“vos ist dos?”
- 21st-22d. Exams again.
- 23d. Holiday. Teachers’ exams.
- 26th. Joe Johnston’s dinner hour changed to conform to new class schedule.

Things We Don't Know.

- W**HY the high school chorus never learns a song.
2. Why Kyle McGee changed the style of parting his hair.
 3. Windy's age.
 4. How George Ryan knows so much.
 5. What has become of the "Athletic Association."
 6. What the future has in store for Miss Bishop and Miss Johnson.
 7. Why Kyle thinks so much of the girls.
 8. Who has carried off the "debating club."
 9. What Clem Young has done with all those "boxes" he has received this year.
 10. What Clyde Morris' deportment grade is.
 11. Why Freshmen want to stay in library room.
 12. What electricity is—Physics class.
 13. Where so many old maids come from.
 14. Why seniors don't want to fill out study reports.
 15. Who misplaces books.
 16. Number of Mr. Melcher's last free lecture.
 17. Who sent the junior class that valentine.
 18. Who can beat Lela Daughtrey talking.
 19. Why senior class can't enjoy Wordsworth.
 20. Why Clarence and Oscar are so cranky.

April.

- 2d. Frequent explosions heard in laboratory.
 - 6th. Miss Hobbs found hiding in the library.
 - 8th. Windy (before Emersonians)—
"A king must be born before he can rule."
 - 11th. Miss Johnson goes to Columbia suddenly. Wedding rumor proves false.
 - 13th. Another senior party. Kyle makes tenstrike—toward home.
 - 16th. Miss Trimble's debut.
 - 18th. Girls get new basket ball.
 - 20th. Watkins' heart lost. Finder will be rewarded.
 - 22d. Business flourishing in Jerico. Miss Trimble buys some ribbon.
 - 23d. First practice of the Bohemian chorus. Director stars in alto part.
 - 24th. Wickersham lecture.
 - 25th. Wickersham before chapel. Forgets his "lid." Grade schools close.
 - 26th. Clem's mouth flew open again.
 - 27th. Elmer Collins gets a bouquet. What made him "Trimble" so?
 - 28th. Fine young gent calls on Lela.
 - 30th. Seniors practice 9 hours on "Why Smith Left Home." Joe Johnston and Gertrude Hobbs indulge in target practice at expense of music students.
- Helen and Gertrude enjoying their German.



9th. WINDY SPRINGS A NEW HAT.

Famous Sayings of the Illustrious.

Miss Searcy—"Oscar, what became of Oliver Cromwell?"
Bright Oscar—"He died."

Miss Searcy—"Winburn, what do you think of Wordsworth's feeling for nature?"
Windy—"He hated to separate the weeds from the vegetables."
Oscar (reflectively)—"So do I."

Famous Sayings of the Illustrious.

Melcher (changing class hours for last semester)—“Now will anyone’s classes conflict?”
 Joe Johnston—“Yes, sir; sophomore English conflicts with my dinner hour.”

Miss Searcy—“Julia, what is meant by the decalogue?”

Julia M.—“It was some old, ancient doctrine, wasn’t it?”

Miss Searcy—“Vesta, tell us about the anti-lottery bill.”

Vesta—“Why—lottery began among the Mormons, and it means having more than one wife.”

Conversation between two juniors: Elmer—“Grace, I HAVE DID every bit of my lesson, all on paper, too.”

Grace—“Oh, have you, really—where is it AT?”

Vesta Montgomery—“Miss Searcy, was ‘Blind Boone’ blind?”

“Time.”

O Time, precious Time,
 You are flying away,
 And what can I do to improve each day—
 To use every moment and not lose one—
 To have something to show when the day is done?

O think of your Father—your Maker—your God;

The earth he created on which you have trod.
 Give thanks to the Father, Who guides you each day,

And carefully leads you lest you go astray.
 Work with today,

And carefully see that the duties are done,
 Lest the day fade away,

For surely today is one link in the chain
 That makes up our lives—and the links all are one.

To call back the past (it surely is true)
 Is a thing we are ever unable to do.

BERTHA SHREWSBURY.

May.

- 1st. Commencement approaching. Everybody practicing on something. Miss Trimble gets a May basket. For particulars see Stuart and Collins.
- 2d. Miss Goodspeed entertains seniors.
- 3d. Clyde Morris victim of a misunderstanding. Introduced as “Yankee Doodle Monkey.”
- 4th. Arcadian picture didn’t “take.” Another exposure. Soph class program.
- 6th. Freshmen badly excited over death of Julius Caesar.
- 7th. Thirteen separate serenading parties organized.
- 9th. Alumni reorganize, Ballenger presid’nt
- 11th. Miss McBride entertains seniors. Windy complains of being “sassed” by a teacher. Lucy Holland entertains freshmen.
- 14th. Watkins falls down hotel steps in hurry to escort Ella Hull home from senior practice.
- 17th. Lady teachers entertain seniors.
- 18th. Miss Stearns’ musicale. Windy and “Doc” King basely slandered by Anchor girls.
- 19th. “The Private Secretary” presented by alumni.
- 20th. Baccalaureate. Prof. A. P. Hall, of Drury.
- 21st. Final exams begin, last four days. Melcher feeds juniors and seniors.
- 22d. Annual address. Walter Williams.
- 23d. “Why Smith Left Home.”
- 24th. Commencement.



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