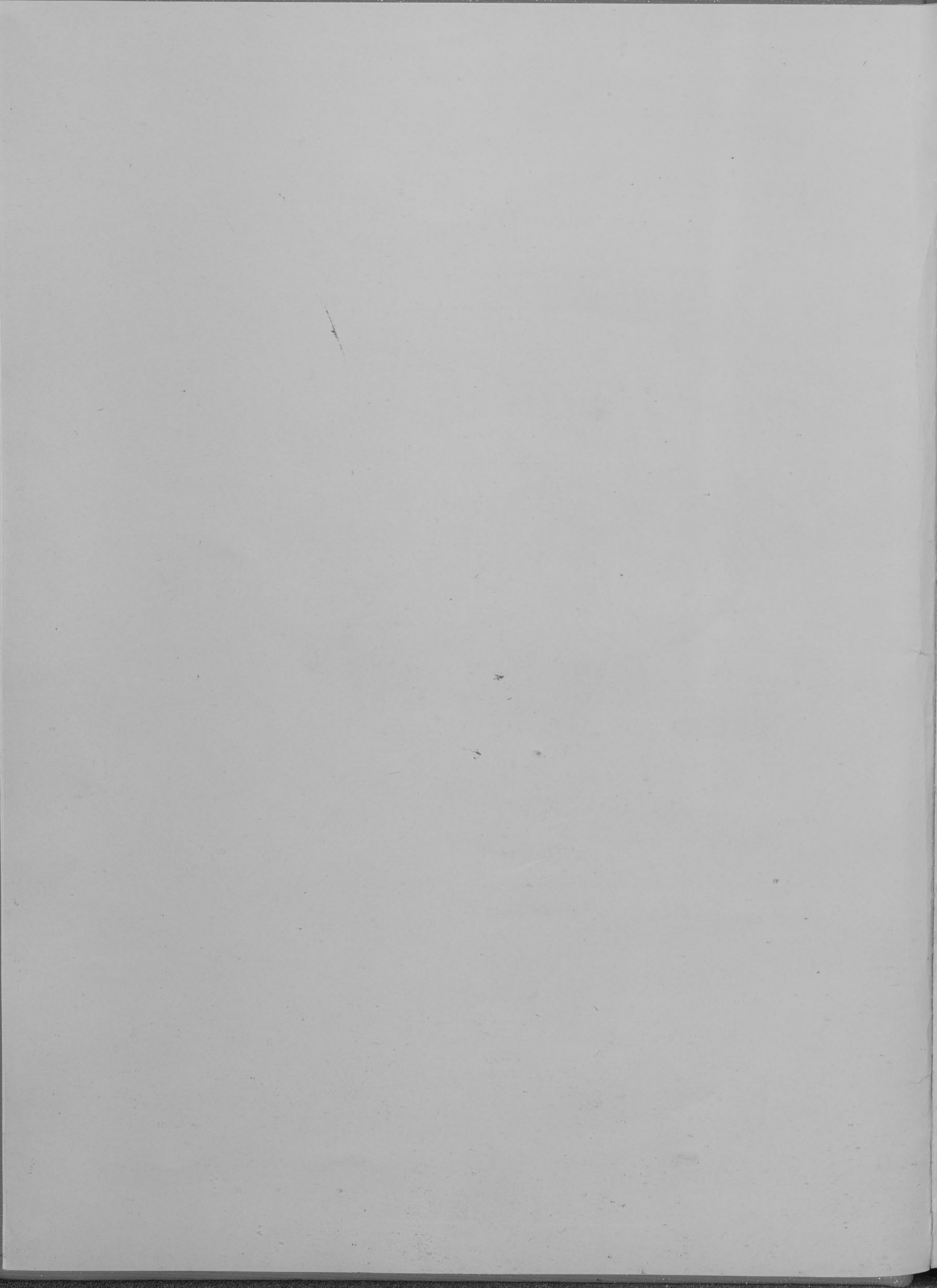
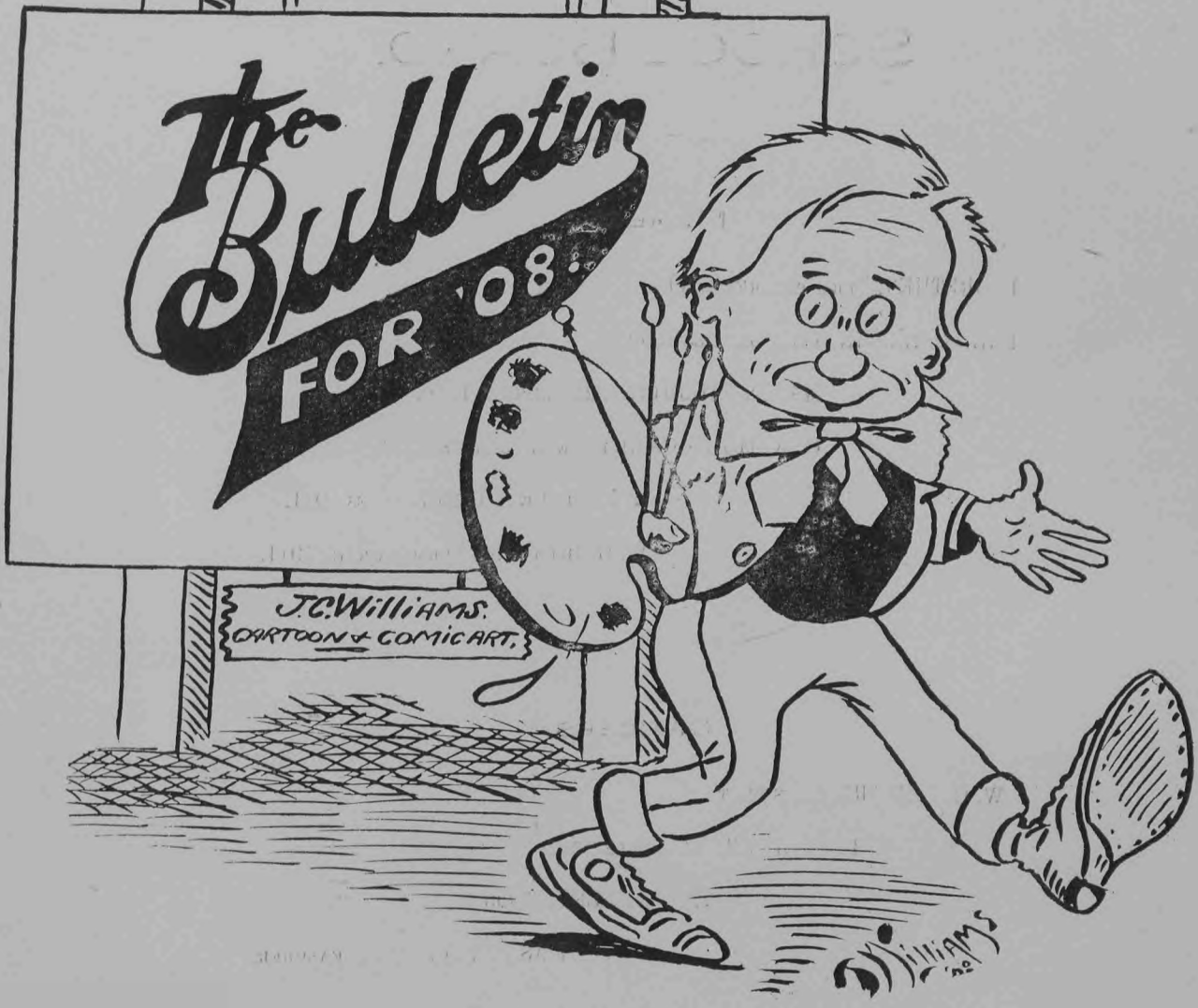


*The Bulletin*  
FOR '08.



GREENFIELD HIGH SCHOOL.



THE FOURTH YEAR BOOK  
OF GREENFIELD HIGH SCHOOL.  
PUBLISHED BY  
THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1908.

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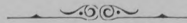
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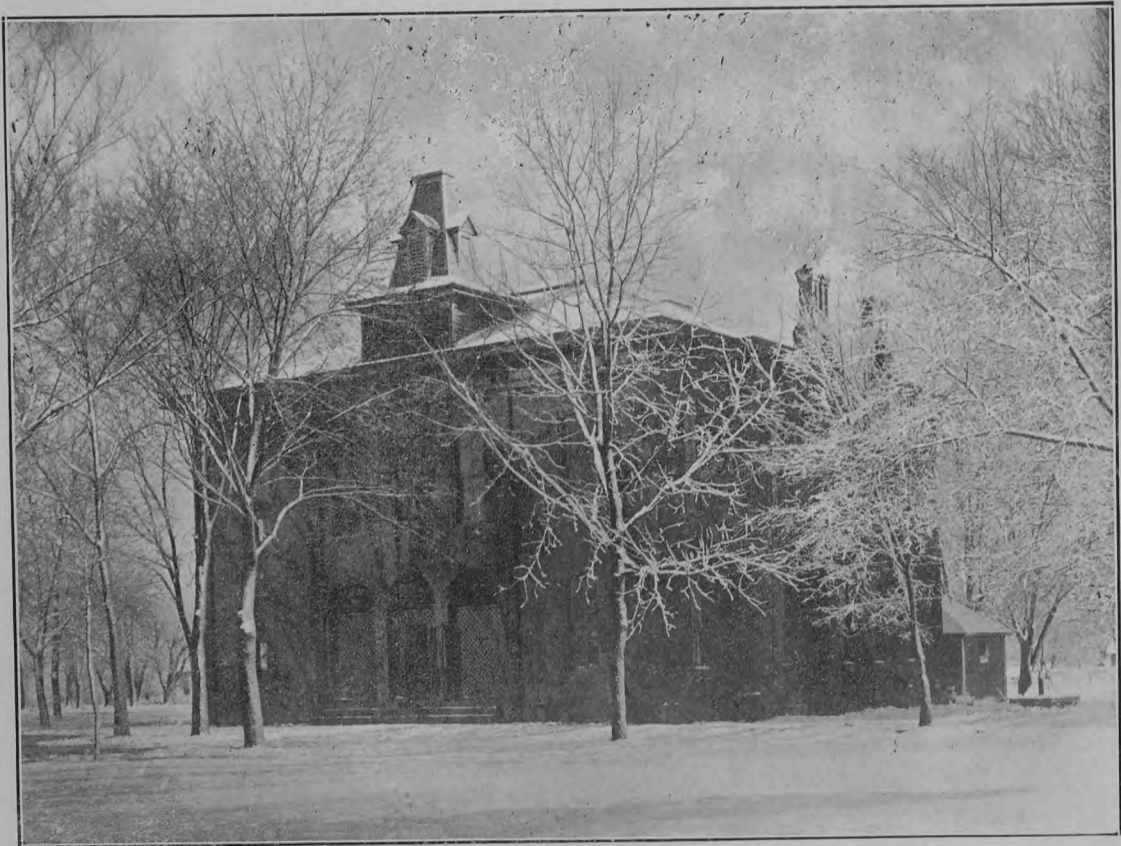
— To —

***Prof. Norman Freudenberger,***

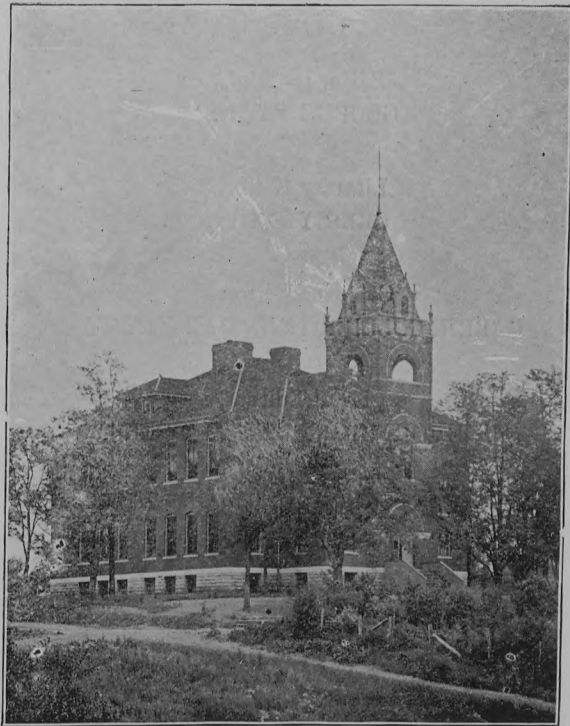
*One of our earliest Principals, now Professor of Latin in Southwest Missouri Normal School and ever the friend of those in search of higher education, the Fourth Year Book of Greenfield High School is Respectfully Dedicated*

— by —

*The Bulletin Board of 1908.*



*Winter View of High School Building.*



*Public School Building.*

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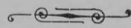
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## HIGH SCHOOL SONG.



*Greenfield High School, Greenfield High School,  
Hear our cheers for thee!  
We will ever love and praise thee!  
Here's a toast to thee.*

### CHORUS.

*Grand art thou, with lovely campus,  
With its pleasing shade.  
Filled with ever-welcome memories  
Of our High School days.*

*Dear old Greenfield, Alma Mater,  
Of our youthful days,  
We, each loving son and daughter,  
Bring to thee our praise.*

THE  
FACULTY.

---



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MISS ERMA BISHOP, A. B., (Drury College,) English and History.

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MISS JOSEPHINE MONTGOMERY, Second Grade.

MISS NEVA FARRAND, First Grade.

JAMES M. FULBRIGHT, Colored School.



MISS ETTA V. LITTLE, B. S., B. Pd., (Drury College and Springfield State Normal,) Science.



1.

Ala-co-rick! Ala-co-rak!  
 Zip boom, Vive-la-rah!  
 Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah!! Rah-Rah-ree!  
 Seniors! Seniors! Yes-sir-ee!

2.

Hi Yi! Ki Yi! Hi-yi-yi!  
 He-he! Ha-ha! He-ha-ha!  
 We're the wearers of black and gold,  
 We're the Seniors as you're told!

#### SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President—George Ryan.  
 Vice-President—J. R. Hudspeth.  
 Secretary—Anna Wilson.  
 Treasurer—Lela Daughtrey.  
 Historian—Roy Evans.  
 Poet—Jessie Owens.

#### CLASS SONG

1.

The Senior Class of 1908,  
 To us it is the best;  
 We take the prize in ranking one  
 In every written test.  
 We've almost had our day at school,  
 Soon we will finish here;  
 And then we'll enter the broad world  
 To take up life's career.

Chorus.

Oh! Who are we; the class of 1908,  
 Oh! 1908! all the world awaits;  
 We love our class, each lad and lass,  
 We'll ne'er forget the time  
 We've spent around the campus  
 Where the maples rise, sublime;  
 Then sing it now and tell it ever  
 Never was a class so clever,  
 For G. H. S. we set the gait;  
 Oh, we, the class of 1908.

2.

We've never flunked in our exams,  
 Nor even thought them hard;  
 And all the classes were surpassed  
 When Seniors raked the yard.  
 But when at last we graduate,  
 And bid you all good-bye,  
 Then won't the class of 1908  
 Be praised up to the sky?

## SENIOR HISTORY

Of course, it was a very small task to write a history of the achievements of any other Senior class, but it is far different with the historian of the class of nineteen-eight. The work which has been done by other Senior classes when compared with the work that has been done by our class needs only a very common history to overstate the most sanguine of their expectations. But the quality of work covered and the excellence of the work, which has been done, as well as the specialists of the many faultless artists of the class make it a task to write a history that will not detract instead of honestly state the work that has been accomplished.

No senior class in the past career of the high school has surpassed us in point of numbers. The class of nineteen hundred one (1901) had exactly the same number, but we feel sure that where they were equal in numbers their work was far inferior to ours. In the Freshman year of our school life, the number was, as usual, very large. During the Sophomore year, there were yet twenty-seven members, surviving. Out of that twenty-seven, fourteen are in the class now. Four others have joined the ranks, since that time, principally those who at earlier time stopped their high school course to teach school. Then 14x4—18; the number that graduate this year. And you will find that a jollier, better, more studious class can never be found.

Some are specialists in one thing; some in another. It is not probable that every one's natural bent runs in the same channel. You find this true in every phase of life and in order to judge one man, you must judge him by some one whose mind in its natural course follows the same channel. Thus with the Senior class of 1908. Each is great in his own particular line and in order to realize the real greatness of his works, one must judge him by the highest standard of his kind.

We will now endeavor to show some of the specialties of each, in order that others may see them as they appear to us.

We realize that the history of a period or epoch, is most reliable when written at the earliest date possible, so we wish to make this boon to posterity; so that, when in future years any controversy shall arise concerning any member of this class, reference may be made to this history and there by a definite conclusion drawn.

First in rank is George P. Ryan. His average for the entire four years far exceeded that of any other person who ever graduated from the Greenfield High School. It was ninety-eight and four tenths (98 4/10). His application has been excellent and his scholarship wonderful. Twice has he entered the declamatory contest and won high honors. He has also been a strong literary worker, and has written many parts that will become famous in later years. But like all great men he has his weak place. This is a most peculiar one, in his case, but none the less real. His actions at the present are somewhat singular and we fear that some time in the future, they will be instrumental in making him appear plural. George's great fealty to the girls has been a leading instinct in his life, and as he has for some time past developed a special love affair during the spring months of each year, we fear that it will soon lead to the plural case, about which we hear people whispering.

Next of special note we will mention Lela Daughrey. She is a natural and talented reader. Many times, she has held her auditors captivated by her thrilling selections. Quite recently she has been bothered with a kind of hesitancy of speech in her reading, and it is feared that this will prove serious. The fact is she has a kind of chicken talk that she can no longer dispense with. It is a second nature to her, and we think the only way it can be helped is that she may become a partner in the chicken business. We prophesy that all will be well.

Ray Montgomery is a little mischievous during

school hours, but the time he takes for his mental and physical revels cannot be counted as lost; for it is by this kind of exercise that he has developed so powerful a mind. He is a voracious reader and has already given Miss Little much occasion for farther scientific research. (That is research for something to make him employ his time).

Another very eminent one among us is our frank, open-faced, open-hearted Jack. Great as a philosopher he is sure to be. The truth he advocates is, "Treat everybody, except the teachers, as you'd have everybody treat you." And the fact that he lives his own precept is the reason for his success as a philosopher. The fact that he is so good natured is the source of his great influence; and this coupled with his great knowledge of the laws and interests of his country; also linked with the fact that he's a democrat, not a Little-ite; will ensure him a brilliant career in U. S. History. At the present time Jerome cannot exceed him in pleading a case at heart and sixteen years will be enough for him to gain enough renown to accept the nomination of the Democratic party for president of the United States in 1924. It is doubtful whether he'll be elected, if by that time women have been granted suffrage and Miss Bessie Taylor accepts the nomination of the Republican party for the same office.

We must not forget Jessie, the one who is really the literary character of the class. Already she has written many beautiful poems such as "To a Bluet," "Junior Sentiments," and the like. We all think her busy life will begin as soon as school life is finished.

Louise is possibly the greatest teacher and instructor of all. For some time she has been teaching her cats at night what she has learned in the day time, and the consequence is, the cats have shown such a wonderful aptitude for learning that Louise thinks it well that the pussies should also receive a diploma.

The other members of the class are just as strong and possibly stronger in some respects than these, but this volume of our history is getting so large it cannot be handled without damage to the binding; so those who wish to read the history of the achievements of the remaining part of the class, please wait 'till the second volume is prepared.

The spirit of the class has always been harmonious and tinged with nothing but good will and pleasantness.

The class parties and picnics of the year have been enjoyed immensely. The three parties; one at the home of Miss Mary Howard and the other two at the home of Misses Eitzen and Little will always be remembered for the pleasant associations and general good time, everyone seemed to have.

Time has rolled on and at last we near the goal for which we have been striving, for four long years. Breathless with anxiety and superabundance of work, we make a last rush and find ourselves on May 16th, lying exhausted on the winning side of the goal. We are no longer Seniors, but graduates, or Freshmen in a new and large school of experience.

---

Jack (in History, repeating the preamble to the Constitution.) "To secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our 'prosperity.'"

---

Miss B. (in Senior English.) "Roy, what did you find to be the average sentence length?"  
Roy: Oh, about three feet."

---

Ray M: (translating Virgil.) "——— with his emancipated face."

---

Jack: (Reading in English.) "Supplies convulsions of the brain for convulsions."



LETA EISERT—  
“All that’s best of dark and bright  
meet in her countenance.”



NINA DEPEE—  
“’Tis said that she’s never so sad  
as she seems.”



JACK HUDSPETH—  
“Rightly to be great is not to stir  
without great argument, but to raise  
a great question over naught.”



BESSIE TAYLOR—  
“With silent thought she strives to  
attain success.”



LOUISE FARRAND—  
“Her mind is restless and apt to  
change.”



MARY HOWARD—  
“Her very frowns are fairer far  
Than smiles of other maidens are.”



ANNA WILSON—  
“She is ever cheered by the pros-  
pect of a happier day.”



LELIA DAUGHTREY—  
“There’s a clatter in the air;  
You can hear it everywhere.”



JESSIE OWENS—  
“Knowledge and wisdom are gain-  
ed from converse sweet with nature  
and books.”



CARRIE COLLIER—  
“Day and night my toils redouble,  
Trying to keep others out of trou-  
ble?”



VIDA McARTHUR—  
"You must see her to know her for  
you will ne'er hear her."



ALMA MOORE—  
"She is ever gay,  
Whate'er crosses her way."



HATTIE GRIGGS—  
"In her countenance do meet sweet  
records and promises as sweet."



CLARA BISHOP—  
"She is quiet, and kind toward  
all."



ETHEL RYAN—  
"I am resolved that in this world  
contented I will be."



ROY EVANS—  
 "To struggle and to win is the  
 greatest opportunity of man."

RAY MONTGOMERY—  
 "He reads and reads and reads—  
 and studies never."



GEORGE RYAN—  
 "Difficulties are mastered only by  
 hard labor."

### MEMORY'S BOOK

1

Memory keeps a clear white page  
 Of all our youthful happy times.  
 There for reference in old age  
 We may turn our feeble minds.

2

School life has been a page most clear,  
 And we shall always with regret  
 Look upon back thoughts so dear  
 And see so many unpaid debts.

3

Debts for cheerfulness and kind words,  
 Spoken when we were depressed;  
 Debts we pay with memories blurred  
 In the pensive hours 'fore death.

4

When we take the great book down  
 And unfold the leaves with care,  
 There sweet gladness will be found  
 When we recall those memories there.

5

How we spent our days in Greenfield,  
 Cast our lots for life's career;  
 How we spent our days together,  
 With full gladness and right good cheer.

6

And let us wander on still hoping  
 That some future days will hold  
 Something worthy of the opening  
 In our feeble age and old.

—R. R. E.

### LITTLE LOCALS

(Cap. Sloan and Ora Collins, boxing.) Ora: "Look out now Cap. I'm going' to knock you down."

Prof. (Talking to Clem, who had been sent from the room the third time.) "Clem, you are a pretty good sort of a boy in school, aren't you?"

Clem. "Well, I don't make a hundred in department, but I'm above the average."

Roy. (Translating German.) "And it bore a golden nose." Although "it" was a wine bottle.

Ray: "Sure, an' I ain't no fool."

Roy: "That's a lie."

Miss B: (In M. & M. History.) "Joe what were some of the government machinery of the reign of terror?"

Joe: "Why, those things they cut people's heads off with."

Miss Little (in Biology:) asks for the species of the crab. Leslie completes the list with crabapple.

Joe (in history): "Miss B., how long does it take to sail around America?"

Miss B: "Why, I don't know exactly."

John D: "Huh, I can walk it in three days."

At German party. (Someone talking to Joe.) "du bist ein Taufel."

Joe (absent mindedly), "Ja, Das ist recht."

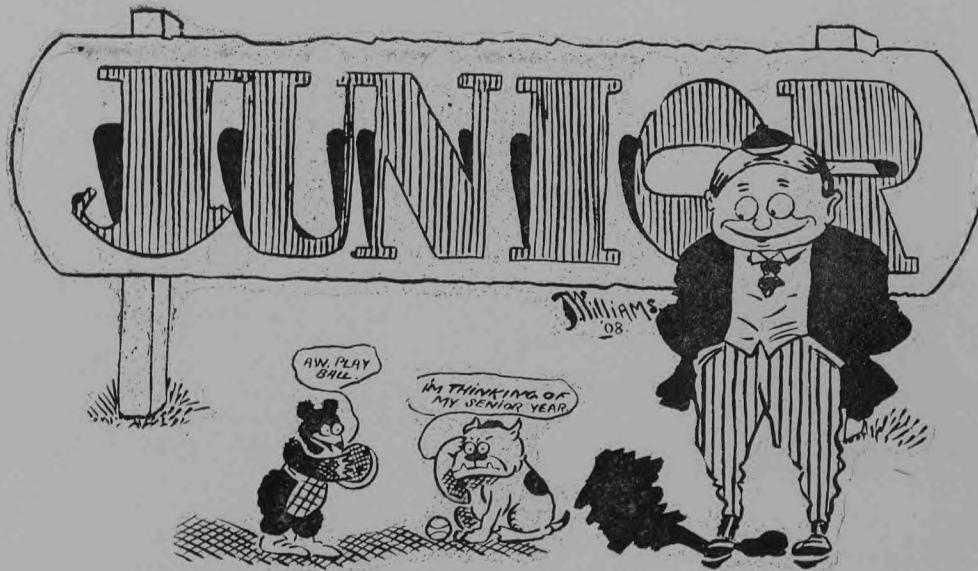
Miss B: "Arthur, when was Uther king of Britain?"

Arthur: "Before he died."

It is better to be wise and get your lessons than sit in the corner of the "office."

There is a way which seemeth right unto the Sophs, but the end thereof is sorrow for Miss Eitzen.





#### First Class Yell

1.  
 Rack-a-chick-a-boom!  
 Rack-a-chick-a-boom!  
 Rack-a-chick-a!  
 Rack-a-chick-a!  
 Boom! Boom! Boom!  
 Rip-rah-re! Rip-rah-re!  
 Juniors, Juniors,  
 Yes-sir-ee!!

#### JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President—Mira Newkirk.  
 Vice-President—Anna Woody.  
 Secretary—Blanche King.  
 Treasurer—Claude Holman.  
 Historian—Besse Hobbs.  
 Poet—Joe Johnston.

#### SECOND CLASS YELL

ONE-a-zip-a!  
 TWO-a-zip-a!  
 THREE-a-zip-a-zam!  
 FOUR-a-zip-a!  
 FIVE-a-zip-a!  
 We don't give a \_\_\_\_\_  
 Razzle! Dazzle! Hobble! Gobble!  
 Zip! Boom! Bah!  
 Juniors! Juniors!  
 Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

#### CLASS SONG

1.  
 We are the jolly Juniors  
 Wherever we may be;  
 We always know our lessons  
 As every one may see.  
 For in our Junior English  
 We work with all our might,  
 And then with our Geometry  
 We strive both day and night.

2.  
 Our German is not easy,  
 Because it's new to us;  
 But wait 'til we are Seniors  
 Then for you we'll talk Dutch.  
 History and Cicero  
 In their good order come;  
 For in these classes I tell you  
 You have to study some.

3.  
 Now Seniors, Sophs and Freshes,  
 Our work will soon be o'er;  
 And all of you attentive  
 Will hear this rise and soar.  
 Here's to the class so fine,  
 The class so jolly and true,  
 The class of "nineteen nine"  
 We pledge our health to you.

## JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

"Your Sophomore days are now ended, and although when you are Juniors I shall not be with you, I hope that you will give your future Professor as much pleasure as you have given me. As Freshman, a large class of sixty-five, you were ever kind, studious and obedient, and few were the times I had to correct any of you; now you are a class of twenty—much smaller than your class of the previous year—but your work has been excellent, and you do indeed deserve my praise. And now, as I am about to depart from your midst, I hope you will remember only the most pleasant things I have said to you and forget the cross words. Sometimes I seemed to be angry with you when I was not; many times the other classes offended me, and as a result I acted in such a way that you supposed you were the offenders. But if I ever seemed too cross to any of you, I hope you have forgiven me. And now I trust that your Junior days will be crowned with the greatest success; and always remember, my dear boys and girls, that if you do your best, as you have ever done, your efforts will be rewarded."

Such were the words spoken to us by our kind Professor Melcher at the close of our dear old Sophomore days. When again, on Sept. 2nd, he would summon the students to the High School room, we would be known as the "Jolly Juniors."

As the old school bell sent forth its merry peals on that first morning of September, it seemed to say to us, "Come to School!" "Come to School," and we could not resist the temptation. "We are coming, we are coming," our thoughts seemed to echo in refrain, and here we came to take up our Junior career. But alas! Had some failed to hear the summons? We cannot say. To our sad disappointment we saw at a glance that several of our former classmates were not among the great throng in that beloved High School building, but we knew that wherever they were, they were casting sunshine upon clouded faces, because they had been members of THE class—the class of 1909. Although grieved because we had been deprived of some of our members, our sad hearts were cheered when we learned that Lillie would in the future be enrolled in our ranks; and again, when, within a week, Joe, a happy, lively youth, came from the Territory just to be a member of the "Jolly Junior" class.

Many happy days flew too quickly by and soon it was just one week before the first quarterly examination. Another trouble was then added to our class, for Iva, our dearly beloved President, left us—forever, and was soon united to another, (of whom she is much fonder than of her class.) But Time can heal the deepest wounds, and ere long, we, only sixteen in number, ceased to feel the loss that had come to us.

We are a very intelligent class but at the same time are noted for our gayness and liveliness. Some of our teachers dare to compare us to the kindergarten people, but we only laugh them to scorn, thinking that they are not able to see the humorous side of life. Occasionally Professor McPherson calls one of our members to his office on private business. We consider this a compliment, indeed, and say to ourselves: "Poor Mr. McPherson has probably buried midnight oil grading our papers, and is tired this morning. He wants a Junior to cheer him and put a smile upon his face." Sometimes a lady teacher says to one of us: "You may leave the room." Again we feel very much honored and say to ourselves, "Isn't she good? She knows that person is tired and probably has the headache, so she has asked him to leave the room in order that he may get some fresh air, and become revived." Thus it is that all the teachers are fond of us in spite of our fun-loving disposition.

Some members of our class are especially talented. It is indeed a pleasure to hear Blarene or Lillie express so much feeling on the piano, to listen to Joe's beautiful tenor, or to hear Cressy recite so wonderfully. But the entire school hardly knew what we as

a class could do, until our "Junior Carnival," when our real worth was made known. But it is needless to enter into a lengthy discussion of that entertainment, since all who were present realized what a great success it was.

One of the liveliest events of our Junior life was our Leap Year party, given on January 3rd, when all our powers for having fun were exerted. Now if the Junior and Senior boys never marry, they cannot say they never had a chance, for opportunity after opportunity was given them. It was at this party that Miss Cressy Scott received a beautiful diamond ring for having been accepted eleven times, and a pair of mittens divided between Misses Lilly Marshall and Edith Briscoe for having been refused six times.

Our work in our different classes has indeed been a success, and we feel that we have done our duty in spite of the fun we have had, and should anyone doubt this statement, we refer him to our teachers, and they will be fully convinced that this statement is true.

Now as we are about to say "good-bye," we think that as Seniors we will be even greater than as Juniors, and will add much praise to the Greenfield High School.

Trusting, dear readers, that you will not think we have been boasting, we, the "sweet sixteen," bid you farewell.

## LITTLE LOCALS

(In Jr. English.) Besse: "Well, what are notes, anyway?"

Nola: (Knowingly.) "Why, little wild animals of course."

Miss Eitzen gets a pair of dainty (?) gloves for fear of soiling her hands in fixing the fire.

Miss B: (On Junior English.) "Claude, what is the thought of that stanza?"

Cressy: "Love for Nature."

Miss B: (uneasily.) "Why, why—when did you change your name?"

Miss Little entertained the Sophs from four to five one evening during the winter. An enjoyable time was reported by all; refreshments being served in a dainty fashion.

### MENU:

- 1st course—Grasshopper and crawfish.
- 2nd course—Mussel and pickled sea cucumbers.
- 3rd course—Spiced brain and cream.

Miss B: (In Junior English, discussing Vision of Sir Iambal.) "Bessie, to what does wheaten bread refer?"

Bessie: (Promptly.) "Biscuit."

Week before Thanksgiving.

Clara: "I hope we get out of school next week."

John: "Hub—I don't. I would rather go to school all week than shuck corn."

Miss Little: (In Physical Geography.) "Wherry, why is it unhealthy to live on swampy islands?"

Wherry: "Because they make a feller take cold."

Does Professor speak from experience when he says, "The boys lay awake at night dreaming of the girls?"

Willie Preston: (describing a volcano.) "It looks like a large mountain with a large hole in it."

James Owen: (looking astonished.) "Why it looks like it would all blow out when it got the hole started."

## "THE VISION OF SIR SENIOR"

Readers, readers! Listen to a tale  
Of one great class; was it found in Yale?  
No, ah, no—but the greatest of the time,  
That mighty Junior Class of 1909,  
Whose fame spread over old Greenfield town,  
On whose faces there was never a frown;  
But wise and great, and so mighty and grand  
That happy-go-lucky, jolly Junior band.

Sir Senior bent over his books late one night;  
His eyes were set and they stared like a fright.  
Said he, "I can't get this old Vergil at all,  
This frightful old English will sure make me bawl;  
I'll put them all by and I'll go sound asleep;  
I'll forget all hardships when dreams o'er me creep."  
So saying he slammed all his books on a chair,  
And there long a tall white-robed form caught his hair.

Imagine his fright when this form to him said:  
"Sir Senior, tonight you shall not go to bed;  
Far over the hills and the dales you I'll lead,  
Then into the future you plainly shall read.  
You may be surprised at the sights you will see,  
But believe, oh, Sir Senior, all that I show thee."  
The form took the hand of Sir Senior—they fled;  
Every hair stood up straight on Sir Senior's head.

They ran over briars, they ran over rocks,  
They saw pretty sights, as the sheep in great flocks,  
But the feet of Sir Senior were aching with pain;  
He prayed, how he longed, the destination to gain.  
He prayed, how he longed, the destination to gain.  
But the ears of the guide they were deaf to his cries;  
He watched Sir Senior as the hot tears did rise.  
Soon the guide showed Sir Senior a castle in air,  
"Behold in this castle the Junior Class fair."

"The rooms of this castle, they number sixteen;"  
"A room for each one of the class, do you mean?"  
"Indeed. In the first room's the White House at  
Washington;  
You behold there no other than the famous Joe Johnston.  
And there see Clyde Morris ruling Missouri supreme;  
By his side, once Mae Evans, as proud as a queen.  
And next is the world-renowned elocution teacher,  
Our Cressy, so fair, so beloved a creature."

"Sir Senior, your face—oh how fretted you look!  
It grieved you, yes, grieved you when those glances  
you took  
At those whom you now seem to laugh at with scorn,  
For you will be last as the eve after morn.  
You recognize yonder five doors to the right,  
A room decked in colors of red, blue and white;  
In there sits Frank Mears, a captain at sea,  
Who fights for the sake of his country's safety."

"The next is the powerful, the mighty, the grand  
M'ssian, Elache King who is best in the land.  
Now, near her is Lillie, who's fully as great,  
But hear me, Sir Senior, a vocalist's her fate.  
She sings before Queen and she sings before King,  
It's well worth one's time to hear her voice ring.  
In there is the world's inventor renowned  
Claude Holman, the wisest as yet ever found."

"Sir Senior, just look at that face wan and pale;  
He has spent many years as President of Yale.  
Why need he be alarmed when I tell you his name?  
The great Lewis Means in the height of his fame,  
There you may see in a far-away clime,  
Called by a mission so pure and divine;  
James McArthur, who labors in far Hindoostan,  
Has caused many a heathen to be a good Christian man."

"And there is the artist, known on land and on sea,  
Our dear patient Anna, worth dozens of thee.  
Close by stands the proud, stately teacher of Latin;  
Could one look more fine dressed in silk or in satin?  
Her brain is crammed full of the forms by the peck;  
Do you recognize Nola by the mole on her neck?  
In there glides the form of a millionaire's bride,  
Julia Curtis, a woman beloved far and wide."

"Watch the nation's best author as her pen swiftly  
glides  
O'er the paper, describing the sea and the tides.  
In novels she gives us what's good and what's bad,  
If your class had an Edith, would you not be glad?  
In there is the patient the loving, the good,  
Who does her life's work as well as one should,  
For years, she is a Sister of Mercy has been,  
And now, Mina Newkirk lives a life without sin."  
"Sir Senior, my story is now about done.  
Can you realize how famous this class will become?  
They will lead on the sea, they will lead on the land,  
They will lead everywhere, this bright Junior band.  
Make known to your classmates all that I have shown  
For soon I'll be sailing o'er the ocean's white foam."  
Before great Sir Senior a word more could say  
The white form was sailing far, far away.

"Well, I'll just declare! What can all this mean?  
Have I been dreaming? Or a vision have seen?"  
Sir Senior rose up from his bed on the floor—  
He had fallen asleep more than two hours before.  
He looked all around him in wonder and dread;  
He wished, how he wished, he were lying in bed.  
He realized fully the Seniors' dull case.  
I they catch the gay Juniors 'twould be quite a race.  
—BESSE HOBBS.

Fulton Vaughn, the tin horn man!  
If anyone can blow Fulton can;  
With his old tin tooter  
He looks like a looter,  
Following along with the Freshie band.

Hash little Pearl, don't you cry;  
Claudie 'll be yours by and bye.

Now look at Pearl Jefferson!  
Looks just like a Hufferson;  
Workin' them sums  
How she hums;  
We're proud of our Pearl Jefferson!

## "April Fool's Day"

This is all fools day,  
And some have had their part,  
Including the Seniors  
(Who think they are so smart!)

Hide in the Music room,  
They all the period stayed;  
While Prof. and Miss Eitzen  
Took ten off their grade.

## "From Santa Claus to Miss Little."

Well, she's little but she's mighty,  
But she's right there every time;  
When it comes to killing 'possums,  
And inviting friends to dine.

Now to show our appreciation,  
For she's just a little girl;  
I've fought for her a little gun,  
And I hope she'll kill a squirrel.



ANNA MAE WOODY—  
 Age—Not an old maid until twenty-five; still hopes.  
 Chief Characteristic—Studious, modest, and loves cats.  
 Weight—Medium.  
 By-Word—By George!  
 Destiny—Old maid school teacher.



BESSE LORENE HOBBS—  
 Age—Don't know; she has false teeth.  
 Chief Characteristic—Finding fault.  
 Weight—Doesn't correspond with her age.  
 By-Word—Gee Whizz!  
 Destiny—Living on a farm in East Center.



JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON—  
 Age—Old enough to vote.  
 Chief Characteristic—Swinging on Whaley's gate.  
 Weight—Feather weight.  
 By-Word—Oh, Gosh!  
 Destiny—A priest.



MINA NEWKIRK—  
 Age—Older than Anna.  
 Chief Characteristic—Writing letters.  
 Weight—More than a hundred lbs.  
 By-Word—Oh, say, girls!  
 Destiny—A housekeeper.



NOLA VIOLETTE HARTFIELD—  
 Age—Used to be "sweet sixteen."  
 Chief Characteristic—Always getting angry.  
 Weight—A little less than Joe.  
 By-Word—Oh, dear!  
 Destiny—Doubtful.



JENNIE BLANCHE KING—  
 Age—She had better take advantage  
 of leap year.  
 Chief Characteristic—Making love in  
 the moonlight.  
 Weight—A little heavier than Nola.  
 By-Word—Dog on it!  
 Destiny—An angel.



MAE WINIFRED EVANS—  
 Age—Old enough to marry.  
 Chief Characteristic—Laughs when  
 she cries, but cries more than she  
 laughs.  
 Weight—Ask Lee.  
 By-Word—O. Lord!  
 Destiny—Some great Undertaking.



FLOSSY LEONORE SCOTT—  
 Age—Looks to be the youngest in the  
 class.  
 Chief Characteristic—Tries to make  
 dimples, and look pretty.  
 Weight—Something less than a ton;  
 try to lift her.  
 By-Word—Great Scott! Oh, Shucks!  
 Destiny—A brakeman's wife.



LILLY IVOR MARSHALL—  
 Age—Started to school with Socrates.  
 Chief Characteristic—Oh, that tem-  
 per.  
 Weight—Looks heavier than she is.  
 By-Word—By Joe!  
 Destiny—Attending Normal School in  
 Springfield.



EDITH LYLE BRISCOE—  
 Age—Ask Virgil.  
 Chief Characteristic—Talking.  
 Weight—Just right.  
 By-Word—Oh, Jiminy!  
 Destiny—With Virgil or Bert.



**JAMES McARTHUR—**  
 Age—He has been long in this world.  
 Chief Characteristic—Day dreaming.  
 Weight—Judge from his height (6 ft. 4 in.)  
 By-Word—Do you think I'm a step ladder?  
 Destiny—Hasn't decided.



**CLAUDE HOLMAN—**  
 Age—Old enough to go with the girls.  
 Chief Characteristic—Lying awake at right.  
 Weight—He'd float if it were not for his feet.  
 By-Word—Jing!  
 Destiny—Pearl-diving.



**CLYDE MORRIS—**  
 Age—Looks young, but you can't go on looks.  
 Chief Characteristic—Sneezing, and tormenting the teachers.  
 Weight—Less than 200.  
 By-Word—Ma'am!  
 Destiny—Lord only knows!



**LEWIS MEANS—**  
 Age—A little younger than Frank.  
 Chief Characteristic—Grinning, playing hands.  
 Weight—150 25-33 lbs.  
 By-Word—Me? Do you mean me?  
 Destiny—Instructor in basket ball at Pilgrim University.



**FRANK MEANS—**  
 Age—Nearing bachelorhood.  
 Chief Characteristic—Playing ball.  
 Weight—150 $\frac{3}{8}$  lbs.  
 By-Word—Oh, come off!  
 Destiny—A farmer.

**JULIA ALMETA CURTIS—**  
 Age—In the Ark with Noah.  
 Chief Characteristic—Going to Carr's Chapel.  
 Weight—148 lbs.  
 By-Word—Hasn't any!  
 Destiny—Living on a farm.



**SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS**

President—Jewel King.  
 Vice-President—Roger Harrison.  
 Secretary—Nelle King.  
 Treasurer—Zetta McLemore.  
 Historian—Nell Montgomery.  
 Poet—Eva Coose.

**SOPHOMORE CLASS SONG**

First Verse.

We are the jolly Sophs, sir;  
 The best class in the school, sir,  
 And so we go to school, sir,  
 To show what we can do.

Chorus.

To show what we can do,  
 To show what we can do,  
 It's a way the Sophomore has, sir,  
 It's a way the Sophomore has, sir,  
 It's a way the Sophomore has, sir,  
 To show what he can do.

Second Verse.

There's many a class that's sad, sir,  
 Because the Sophs are ahead, sir;  
 But we are always glad, sir,  
 To show what we can do.

(Chorus)

Third Verse.

The Sophs already know, sir,  
 The other classes are slow, sir;  
 So off to school we go, sir,  
 To show what we can do.

(Chorus)

Fourth Verse.

There is a Senior class, sir,  
 Who always have their task, sir;  
 And that gives us a chance, sir,  
 To show what we can do.

(Chorus)

**SOPHOMORE CLASS YELL**

Ala-co-rink! Ala-co-rang,  
 What's the matter with the Sophomore gang?  
 Nothing at all—Nothing at all;  
 We're the class that beats them ALL!

**LITTLE LOCALS**

Miss Eitzen: "Hester, you may read next."  
 Hester: "After three days—foot, I can't read it."

Happy is that student who feareth the Professor,  
 But he that hardeneth his heart against him falleth  
 into everlasting sorrow.

### SOPHOMORE HISTORY

We're a jolly gang uv twinty-sivun, best non az the Sillie Sofmores; an' our histerie is most interestun' whin we'll writ up. I haf to write this here 'cause I'm the histeriun uv the Sofmore klass, an' I'm proud to think I've also been a member uv this klass sense it's beginnin'; me 'n Vesty bein' it's furst pupils. We uns started out together in the prymairy klass an' as we went along we jist picked 'em up all along the way, sum frum the guntree an' sum frum uther klases, til we sused in roundin' up the gang uv which I'm now a-writin'. An' jest to think that after me 'n Vesty startin' the klass we couldn't keep on leadin' it in everything.

Everybody always did think we wuz about the wurst klass in skool, but we aint. When we wuz aith graders we wuz skorned and agin when we wuz Freshmans we wuz skorned and an' now we're Sofmores an' we're skorned agin. But maybee you'll simpythiz with us when you've read over histerie fur this yeares wurk.

After we'd been in skool aboute two weeks last Siptimber, why, ouer teachers they told all the diff-runt klases to meete an' organize.

So we decided to meete a thursday evenin' aftur skool an' this we done. Met rite up in the big ande-toreum (az Miss Little kalls it) where the big brown pianer is.

Fust thing, Roger, who wuz president last yeare, told us we'd better git quiete an' settle down, so we did. He axed us who we wanted fur president an' Hester 'lowed az how Juell wuz the wun she wanted so she wuz it. Then Roger asked us agin' who we wanted fur Vice President. Ever wun uv us agreed that Roger wuz the best 'un an' he wuz 'leeted rite there. We generally 'gree on inything thutherin wants to do so Nell King's our Secretary; Jetty, she's our treasurer an' Evy she's our poit.

Whenever a Soph gits into trouble the hul klass hit takes the blame, an' now noboddy ain't s'prised to here the teachers say, "A Sophomore did that and the whole klass 'll be to blaim."

But hits mighty seldom we're to blaim fur we're too buzy to do innything wurse'n write notes, throw chalk, stiek somebody with a pin, put onions on the stove, stew Miss Little's fish 'ats been in alcohol, er sich likes az that.

We made us a klass song an' a klass yell, we did, an' when we begun practisin' 'em you'd ought ha' saw sum o' them Junyers, Senyers, an' Freshmens slink away; an' uthers wuz charmed. Then they wuz offul sorry 'bout us havin' dark red and navy blue fur our kulors, fur cause all the klases ud a wanted the r kountry's kolors if they'd a thunk uv it first, fore we did, but they didn't, so we've got 'em.

They tormented us several days 'bout not noboddy in our klass rankin' wun first quarter, but our sister Vesty she saved us by sayin' this here quotation, "So wiz, so yung they say, do ne'er liv long."

An' then they all looked sad, an' the freshmans wuz so ckeered uv dyin' that the very next quarter we had more reppesentatives in klass wun an' they did. Ike ranked wun an he'es a takin' five subjects too. Course it took sum wurk but Ike's a smart little feller an' not a bit lazy.

We're sech smart people in English that Miss Bishop ordered too books at the same time fur us. Wun wuz the "Vision uv Venice," an' th'uthern wuz the "Merchant uv Sur Hawnaull." Miss Bishop wuz offul s'prised we read so good an' giv' such good s'nopsises to the stories. She wuz 'sprised 'bout how quick we learned to talk good English an' 'bout how we kood spell so good on our papers fur glass.

We've had a heap a good times az we've went along. Now, there's Nell King, she giv us a klass partie rite away after skool kummenced an' we had a offul good time (wuzn't no teachers there) an' Hester giv us another just fore Krismas.

Then the teechers told us that no klass kouldn't hav only two partys in wun yere, an we'd already had two so that made us feel party bad. But honestly, Miss

Little (she's got a heart after all) she left so sorry fur us that she jist giv us a partie wun evening' (frum four to five o'clock) in the labratory (that's whur she keeps bugs an' snakes and so on). She had lots uv good things to eat. She had perch, oysters, mussels, grasshoppers, snakes, frogs, etc. (She never giv us non, tho).

When we went to Miss Little's partie she had us to play a new guessin' game that I never had heered to a partie afore. This wuz the way it went. She axed us questions 'bout animals an' we guessed the answers to 'em.

Professor Mack Fearson said he 'spected sum uv us girls layin' awake nights thinkin' uv the boys. Hain't many uv the Sofmores docs that. We're too busy trying to think uv sum way to git out uv handin' in a notebook er a storie in English. We're mighty good hands at this last menshurd trick. The followin' are a few uv the 'scuses we giv: "Pa kindled the fire with my paper," "The baby chewed my paper an' I didn't hav no time to write another'n," "I forgot my notebook an left it at home on the mayshean," "I kouldn't git no referunee book," or "my pen an' inks gone an' I knowed ye wouln't take it if I writ it with a pencil."

Well, az I said afore, we're awful good wurkers an' I think ouer mottoe: "Keep a klimin'," jist suits us to a "I," don't you?

### LITTLE LOCALS

Miss B: "Vesta, you may tell the story of 'Maud Muller.'"

Vesta: (Ending the story.) "And neither the Judge nor Maud were happy." "She married a poor farmer and he a rich lady."

Leslie: "Now, Miss Bishop, why didn't they jes trade?"

Isaac: (In his room translating Caesar.) "Caesar was" "Caesar was," (explosively) "A flamed fool."

George Ryan was asked, "What was going on in England in 1789?"

George: "They had begun to colonize America."

Eess: (In Junior English.) "Joe Johnston is pretty."

Joe: "Well, I can't help it."

Floyd: "Say, George, which is the brightest class in the school?"

George: "Seniors, of course."

Floyd: "That's where you're wrong. The Freshies are so bright the teachers wear smoked glasses."

Isaac P: "Joe, I suppose you are going to have a hog killing time in your society this evening, aren't you?"

Joe: "Yes, but don't let that keep you away; we always protect our guests."

Miss B: "Ora, you may correct this sentence: 'Isn't our Algebra lesson lovely?'"

Ora: "Isn't our Algebra lesson ridiculous?"

Prof. Me.: (In Freshman Algebra class.) "Ula, are you chewing gum?"

Ula: (Entirely absorbed in the chewing.) "I didn't get all of 'em."

Prof: "Ula, are you chewing gum?"

Ula: "I think I have, but I'm not sure."

Prof: "I think you didn't understand."

Ula: "I'm not sure, I didn't have any answer book, so couldn't tell."

(Prof. didn't question him further and Ula chewed on.)





THE CLASS OF 1910.

Top Row.—Lester McLemore, John Dicus, Bert Greene, Harry Greene, Ralph Furby, Clem Young.

Second Row.—Mary Saffeels, Bessie Shaw, Myrtle Duffy, Jewel King, Pearl Renfro, Roger Harrison.

Third Row.—Zetta McLemore, Forest McLemore, Hester Hembree, Pearl Brown, Lyda McCrary, Belva Duncan, Lena Marshall.

Bottom Row.—Leslie Griggs, Vesta Montgomery, Nellie Montgomery, Isaac Preston, Nora Price.



**FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS**

President—Emma Sandmeyer.  
 Secretary—Anna Johnston.  
 Treasurer—Lillian Lyngar.  
 Historian—Floyd McLemore.  
 Poet—Inez Webb.

**FRESHMAN YELLS**

1.  
 Ring, tah, boom,  
 Freshmen, Freshmen,  
 Give us room;  
 We need it,  
 We'll have it.  
 You know it, too—  
 Freshmen, Freshmen,  
 Let us through!

2.  
 Freshman class of nineteen seven,  
 Senior class of nineteen 'leven,  
 Freshmen!  
 Rah, Rah, Rah!

Class colors—pink; gray.

**FRESHMAN CLASS SONG**

1.  
 Here is a class of boys and girls,  
 The best in all the school,  
 We'll stand for almost anything,  
 But ever mind the rule.

Chorus.  
 And we always are so jolly, O, so jolly, O, so jolly O,  
 And we always are so jolly, O, wherever we may be.  
 We dance, we sing, we laugh ha, ha, we laugh ha, ha,  
 We dance, we sing, what a jolly class are we;  
 Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la,  
 Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la la la, ha ha ha ha!  
 Yes, here we are again, here we are again, here we are  
 again,  
 O yes, here we are again; what a jolly class are we.

2.  
 At eight o'clock we sally forth,  
 And never stop to loaf;  
 For first we work, and then we play,  
 For truly we do both.  
 Chorus.

3.  
 And all day long we study then,  
 Whene'er we know we must;  
 For often in the evening-time,  
 We sure must go, or bust.  
 Chorus.

## FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

Attention! Sophs, Juniors and Seniors, and you will be favored with a brief history of the Freshman class. I say favored because it is a favor and a great one, to hear the eventful life of such a talented class. On the 3rd of September, we assembled at the High School building, and many were the aspirations among us, some of which were teaching, inventing, and even magic.

We are conscious of our ability to do these things, so we were not at all surprised when we saw Charley Curtis teaching Orville Sloan to hop on box-cars without pulling them over. Then Alice invented a new kind of clause in English, known as the "ut" clause; and our magic is well illustrated by Arthur Tarr, for if he wishes to cross a river, but is wholly without means to accomplish said act—lo! he applies his old Algebra rule as taught him by Professor McPherson, viz: "Transpose and change sides." Our most renowned inventor, however, is Anna Johnston, who tried to think of something to make her eyes strong. Finally she hit upon the plan of not studying Algebra so much, but, poor Anna! she could not have foreseen all the direful effects it had upon the Professor. He gave her zero when she came to class with poor lessons; he made her stay in after school, etc.; She certainly has the sympathy of her class.

There is only one trade we lack, that is "a Doctor;" for if we come to class with poor lessons, the remedies that the Professor prescribes for us, such as his soothing Algebra—lotions, or his work-early-and-late-pills, fail to cure us. Indeed, Charles Evans sometimes lies awake all night, and the Professor has pronounced his case incurable.

Our "rankers one" were but few in number the first quarter, but we all came within a fraction of it, (be that fraction great or small). Luella, Pearl and Willie ranked one the second quarter, and the third quarter Mary joined the ranks.

Our class yell is lively, and widely envied; and you should hear us sing! The Senior song was so far behind ours that they worked up a new one. At our class parties we have some splendid games, and (of course) invite the teachers. We have a substantial door-guard, Orville Sloan, so we warn you to not try to annoy us.

Our class, as a whole, is the best of its kind, so Miss Bishop says, and we are quite sure that our famous yells, parties, and our work in general will not be excelled, because it was only by dint of hard work and much study and thought that we produced them. Of course it will be a strong temptation to you to copy them, but you must grit your teeth and refrain from so doing, reflecting that it was a model class who wrote them, and that you are only an inferior.

Now, after having read these few sentences, I hope you are fully convinced that ours is a Model Class for the Senior year in 1911. By striving both day and night, you, in your feeble way, may hope to imitate the Freshman Class of 1907.

If a Senior meet a body  
Going to the High;  
If a Senior call him "Freshie"  
Need a body cry?  
Ilka Senior's been a Freshie  
In the days gone by;  
We'll smile and say "We'll soon be Seniors  
Because we go to High."

Poor little Sophies, don't you worry.  
You'll be Juniors in a hurry;  
And you, gentle Junior, needn't cry,  
You'll be a Senior, by and bye.  
But lo! behold the brave Freshmen!  
Plodding along, day after day,  
They'll be there some day, alright,  
Be it in the day or night.

## ODE TO THE FRESHMAN

Behold the noble Freshmen!  
Our lessons we hold dear.  
We study stacks of books, you see,  
With pen behind each ear.  
And rivaled, sir, we ne'er can be,  
We're famed both far and near.

We always have our Algebra,  
The Prof. ne'er lets us shirk;  
We've reached and passed equations now,  
Although we have to work.  
You cannot see?—just ask us how,  
We'll tell you in a jerk.

In English, too, we're not behind,  
Although we're not quite through;  
We've learned our grammar—mind  
Miss Bishop thinks we'll do.  
We've found and read our "Caesar",  
"In this place ran Cassius' dagger thru."

Our History, why it's just fine,  
We planned a trip to Rome, you know,  
To see where Caesar crossed the Rhine.  
But alas! (next time we'll surely go).  
"A mine must be—a mineral mine",  
It's the truth, for Mary said so.

In our famous Latin class  
We learn the trite declension;  
Translating, too, we make a pass,  
Though 'tis hardly worth the mention.  
'Tis sad—our low grades come "en masse",  
Still we plan our great, "Ascension."

As a class you see, we're 'head quite far,  
The poor Sophs, they have the blues.  
They quite dislike to see us star.  
The Seniors, too, are many different hues;  
We'll soon be on the topmost bar,  
To you 'twill scarce be news.

To you we kindly bid "good-bye;"  
We hope to be Sophomores next year.  
Then Juniors, too, we'll be quite nigh,  
But last as Seniors—perhaps you'll shed  
a tear,  
To see us go. And as you sadly sigh—  
"Oh, dear! their praise is all I hear."  
—F. M.

## "FRESHMAN CLASS POEM"

Was there ever a class so highly praised,  
Or a class who more deserved their grades  
Than the Freshman Class of 1907,  
Well known as the studious "forty-eleven."

As all of you distinctly remember,  
It was the third of last September  
That the Freshman Class began its fame,  
The other classes now hide in shame.

The Sophomores, Oh! how ashamed are they  
Of the time they spent in useless play!  
The Juniors, too, look very sad,  
And the Seniors, sir, are just as bad.

Now, when this happy year has ended,  
And our Freshman days are all expended,  
We shall read from the Prof.'s own pen,  
That we were faithful to the end.

Backward, turn backward, Oh, Soph in your flight,  
And be a Freshman just for to-night;  
Sip of our virtues like delicate wine,  
And then to be a Soph you never will pine.



### THE CLASS OF 1911.

Top Row.—Jessie Saffels, Willie Preston, Lane Withers, Lillian Lyngar, Howard Farmer, Orville Sloan, Grant Hughes, Ira McBride, Walter Hammond.

Second Row.—Anna Johnston, Mary Wetzel, Alice, Alice Howard, Ora Collins, Floyd McLemore, Charles Evans, Lloyd Finley, Clifford Pyle.

Third Row.—Georgie Wilson, Luella Moore, Emma Sandmeyer, Blanch Payne, Alie Jones, Inez Webb, Mable Ladd, Florence Mahanay, Nona Brown.

Bottom Row.—Pearl Bishop, Katie Duffy, Fulton Vaughn, Ida Stanley, Arthur Tarr.



#### ARCADIAN YELL

Zip-a-zip-a-zip,  
 Zip-a-zip-a-zam;  
 Arcadians! Arcadians!  
 Beat us if you can!

Colors: Light and dark blue.

#### ARCADIAN SONG

1.

A-R-C-A-D-I-A-N,  
 These are letters we are taught,  
 When school life we begin;  
 But we're growing and we may  
 Soon leave you all here;  
 For it's A-R-C-A-D-I-A-N.

2.

Dig, dug, have dug, and we'll dig on,  
 This is what you learn to say  
 When this band you have joined;  
 For we've dug and we've won  
 Fame that cannot die;  
 For it's dig, dug, have dug, and we'll dig on.

3.

A-R-C-A-D-I-A-N,  
 How we love to spell the name  
 That always ends with N;  
 For it's cheerful, and it's merry,  
 And it's pleasing, too;  
 For it's A-R-C-A-D-I-A-N.

#### ARCADIAN SOCIETY HISTORY

Arcadian fields and hills and dells,  
 Dear to our hearts, a story tell;  
 These are incentives good and true,  
 To those who wear the shades of blue.

There are many phases of school life, and only by participating in each can one ever become a well-rounded student. One of the most important is society work. There is that about society work which enthuses, inspires, and prompts one to higher and better efforts; and that which broadens our minds by bringing us in touch with one another in a way that makes us desire to excel.

The Arcadian Society has never done better work in any period of its history than in this year. The large number of well-prepared parts which have been given by the society show that it has many loyal members. It was gratifying to see the Freshmen in their society work. Nothing seemed too difficult for them, but they always prepared their parts with a true society spirit.

Although our contests were unsuccessful in the annual contest, we feel sure that they reflected much credit on the society. (The decision was made only after much difficulty.) Our interest in these contests has ever been very great and on the night of the contest there were many of our members present to encourage our speakers, and to take part in the yells and songs, especially prepared for the occasion. And we anxiously await the next yearly contest that we may again enter it, and come out stronger society members, if not winners.

We do not deem it necessary to give a detailed history of our work during this year, but, suffice it to say, that we are closing the year with greater anticipations for the future than ever before. We are growing more and more zealous for our society each day, and especially to appreciate the opportunities which it offers for our training. And we close this brief article by asking those who chance to read it, to visit some of our sessions during the next school year. You will be most welcome.

To those who are anticipating entering High School at Greenfield, we extend a hearty invitation to enter our society and thereby help us; and we certainly will show our appreciation by trying to help you.



#### EMERSONIAN SOCIETY SONG

##### I.

There's a dear old school in Greenfield,  
 With an Emersonian band,  
 Which has ever seemed to us,  
 To be the best in all the land.  
 We're a band of cheerful workers,  
 Who have always done our best;  
 We're the finest ever found in G. H. S.  
 And we find ourselves a-singing all the while.

##### Chorus.

Emersonian! Emersonian!  
 Emersonian! A grand old name!  
 We are your strong defenders.  
 We have raised you to great fame.  
 Lift high the royal banner  
 Of purple and old gold;  
 Oh! Emer, Emer, Emer, sonia, sonia, ians;  
 Again we repeat: Emersonian.

##### II.

If our glories now you question,  
 Come to visit us and see;  
 Then you'll never doubt the statement,  
 We're just what we seem to be.  
 For we'll give you a good program,  
 Any day that you may come;  
 Make you wish you were an Emersonian,  
 And we find ourselves a-singing all the while.  
 (Chorus.)

#### EMERSONIAN SOCIETY HISTORY

Ring-a-linga!  
 Ching-a-linga!  
 Boom! Tah! Rah!  
 Emersons! Emersons!  
 Ha! ha! ha!

It is not necessary in this history to recall the honors of the Emersonian Society in past years, for every one knows in what high honor it has always been held.

Our society this year has consisted of about fifty-nine members. We met early in the fall and organized with L. La Daughtrey as president and Roger Harrison as secretary. From this time on, great interest was shown and especially in choosing our contestants against the other society and to represent Greenfield High School at Springfield on Thanksgiving. We succeeded in sending our contestant, Vesta Hudspeth, and although she did not gain first honors, she reflected much honor on our society as well as the whole school.

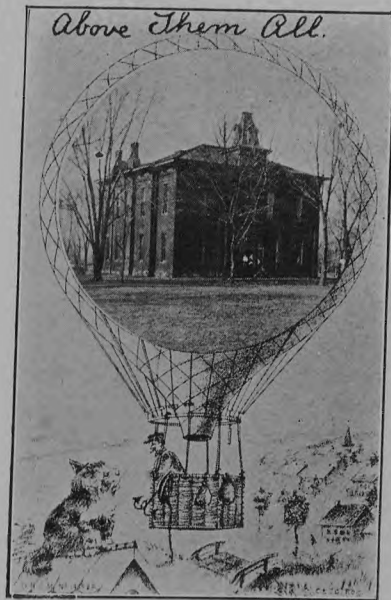
We have held our meetings every two weeks, and in this way, we could get up much better programs. Many of our programs have been of an extra high order and all good. They have either taken up the study of some especial character or topic or consisted of recitations, essays, original stories, poems and music. Some things which the society especially appreciated, have been the joint sessions with the other society on Thanksgiving, Christmas and St. Valentine's Day, and the open sessions of the Arcadian Society.

The interest taken by the members in society work has never been surpassed and it can be truly said that the Emersonian Society has kept up its good work all year.

A great many of the parts presented showed great skill and wide study in preparation. The rivalry entertained with the other society has never been other than friendly.

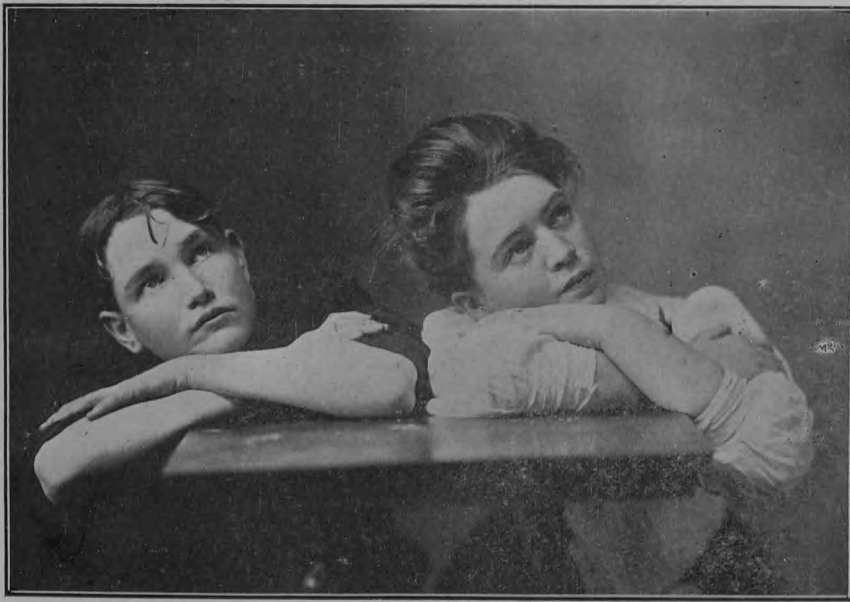
We can only hope that our society will become even a better and stronger organization in the future than it has been in the past.

CLARA BISHOP, Society Historian.



*A Little Diversion.*





SCENES FROM THE JUNIOR CARNIVAL.





## "CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE"

"Oh, George, you're a fine one! Why didn't you come last night? With you and Margaret both gone we had a good meeting you may be sure. Who can depend on you I'd like to know."

All this came in one breath from a tall, good natured Senior girl and the answer came from a classmate.

"Did you ever know me to keep a promise? I was too lazy to come, but I know Margaret had a good reason or she would have been there. Here she comes; we shall soon know her reason."

As the girl finished speaking, a tall girl, with dark hair and eyes and a soft velvety skin, entered the room. She was plainly dressed, but that compared with her sweet face was nothing. She had a bright smile for everyone, but she was not to give many more such smiles that morning, for as she entered the room, Miss Beacon, principal of the school approached her in a very haughty manner. All of the girls saw the flow of color that came rushing into Margaret's face, and heard her murmur "for what can I be called to the superintendent's office?"

Miss Beacon and Margaret moved out of the room and down the long hall to the superintendent's private office. As the door closed Miss Beacon produced a piece of paper and unfolding it, handed it to Margaret with the words "Miss Ames, will you please tell me why you received that note?"

The note was written in relation to a frolic the Seniors were planning, and ran as follows:

"Plans not fully developed, but we'll have a time and keep the Juniors from their banquet. We girls can do nothing much, of course, but we'll get to see it all and won't we have a jolly time?"

On the other side of the paper was the following answer: "Of course, we'll all be there, and of course we'll have a never-to-be-forgotten time. M.A."

As Margaret finished reading the note Miss Beacon very sternly said to her: "Miss Ames you know that you are breaking one of the rules of this institution when you receive and answer a note within this building or on these grounds; and furthermore there is no reason why you shouldn't know that such actions as are mentioned in this note have long since been forbidden by our worthy president. You will please give an account of yourself or I shall call the superintendent, which I dislike, very much, to do."

"Miss Beacon, I neither received nor answered this note," was Margaret's reply as she looked fearlessly in the eyes of the principal.

Miss Beacon was furious and almost stormed out the question: "Would you do a thing and then deny it?"

Margaret could control herself no longer and became angry, whereupon she answered: "Miss Beacon I did not receive or answer that note."

Miss Beacon dismissed Margaret and crossed over to the telephone. She rang vigorously and called: "Hello, Central, please ring number 29."

The superintendent, Mr. Travers, came to the telephone and answered. Miss Beacon told him she would like to speak to him in his office as soon as he came to school. When he came she explained how she had found the note and how Margaret's initials were signed to the answer.

Mr. Travers looked quite serious about the matter and finally decided to have a meeting of the officers of the institution to talk the matter over.

When they had come together although some did not take the matter so seriously as others, all agreed that something must be done to show the pupils that the few rules of the institution must be observed. So Margaret was called before the directors. The president, Mr. Kipple, arose and began in rather a stern manner, "Miss Ames this is quite a serious matter, which you will be called upon to explain. You are fully aware of the fact that writing notes and plotting class wrongs are actions which cannot be approved by those who are planning and working for the good of the school. However, we will pass over all this and

come to the point. In the first place, who wrote this note?"

"Mr. Kipple, with all due respect to yourself and all members of this school board, and without the slightest desire or attempt to be or appear discourteous, I must say that I cannot answer that question."

"Miss Ames, do you intend to insinuate by this statement that you do not know who wrote the note, which you received and answered?"

"I certainly did not intend to convey any such idea. I do know who wrote it because I recognize the handwriting, but what I said to Miss Beacon this morning I will repeat to you, that I did not receive or answer that note; nor did I even see it until she showed it to me this morning."

"As you are the only young lady in school who has the initials M. A.; as the note was undoubtedly written to you and received by you, I do not see how you can deny answering it. Miss Ames, once again I shall ask you this question and if you refuse to explain this little affair, then I, for one, think that you no longer have any respect for the officers and teachers of this school or any self-esteem, and shall be in favor of expelling you from the school. Again, who wrote it and furthermore, why did you answer it?"

"Again, Mr. Kipple, I answer your question. I will not reveal the name of the one who wrote that note; I did not answer it, and I do not know who did answer it, although the writing looks somewhat familiar. If—"

"That will do, Miss Ames." The president threw back his head in rather a haughty manner as he interrupted her and pointed to the door, "You may leave the room."

As the door closed behind Margaret she began to realize how serious the affair was becoming for her. At first she was angry. Why must she be accused of this misdemeanor, scorned by the president and other officers, mistrusted by the teachers, pitied by the girls, her friends and classmates? and probably—  
Oh! what was it the president had said! What awful word had he used in speaking of the punishment which should be dealt out to her?

"Expelled!" unjustly expelled, near the end of the term. And this year was to have been her last. A glorious four years had been hers during her school career, filled with many victories and triumphs, and best of all, many friends. Only one week before she had heard the announcement from the lips of the superintendent, "The highest honors of the class belong to Miss Margaret Ames. She, of course, will deliver the valedictory address." How proudly she had heard the cries of the classmates when her name was mingled with their yells! Now their exultant cries would cease and she would be compelled to witness their scorn.

She could scarcely get through with her recitations, so greatly was she troubled over all that had happened. Still she trusted that some evidence would be brought forth to show that she was innocent.

But after school, Margaret was called to the office for the third time. The superintendent wished to have a private interview with her. When she entered the room he saw that she looked pale and kindly placed a chair for her before he began speaking. Then he said:

"Miss Margaret, you have always been an excellent student; and never before this day have I had the slightest occasion to correct you in any way. Because this was your first offense some of us desired that your punishment be light; but the majority insisted on enforcing the few rules we have here; even if the whole Senior class should have to be expelled, during commencement week, for some misdemeanor. But we finally decided to give you one more chance to finish the course which you have started, and almost completed, so splendidly. Miss Margaret, the condition is the one stated to you before. Give us the name of the person who wrote you this message, and your punishment shall be lightened. If not, then my instructions are to give you the decision of the directors."

Margaret turned a shade paler; but she looked the

superintendent straight in the face, as she said:

"Professor Travers, for four years I've been a student in this school. For four years I've striven to work in harmony with the plans of the teachers; and in that length of time you have never heard anything but the truth from me. Now, on circumstantial evidence, and at a time when I need a friend most, you and Miss Beacon are the most ready to turn from me. But now! whatever the decision of the board, whatever the punishment I must unjustly bear, I can but repeat what I have said twice before, I DID NOT write or have anything to do with that note and for the last time I positively will NOT give the name of the writer."

While it was hard for the superintendent to believe that Margaret Ames, one of the model girls in his school, would tell an untruth; yet he could scarcely believe otherwise; but he pitied her just the same. When she had finished speaking he looked at her keenly for a moment, then said, impressively but not unkindly: "Then, Miss Ames, I must give you the decision of the board and that is—expulsion! I'm sorrier for this than you can ever know, but only the giving of a name, only two words, would have saved you, and this you have repeatedly refused. Then, Miss Margaret, allow me to say Good-bye. It is best for you to leave the school at once."

Although Margaret had been warned of this decision, it did not seem possible that such a course could be carried out. And, after all, the announcement of the superintendent came as a shock. She could not even bring herself to say good bye and Prof. Travers turned and left her.

How long she remained where he had left her she did not know, but when she finally entered the Study Hall it was to find that school had been dismissed, that all of the students had left the building and darkness would soon settle over the town. She hurried on through the building and passed out of the front door, just as the janitor hung up his duster and took the keys from his pocket, preparatory to closing the building.

Before Margaret reached home she met her brother Milton coming to look for her. As he met her he was startled at her paleness and her careworn look. Was this the cheerful, happy-hearted sister who had walked to school with him that morning? Then as he took her books and turned homeward he began, explosively: "That old idiot of a superintendent shall be sorry for this. Expelled! and without any direct proof of guilt! Wonder what the old 'sharp elie' will say when I tell him he has been mistaken for once in his life!"

As her brother finished this little speech Margaret answered gently, wearily, "Hush, Milton, you haven't any proof tho' I know you'd never think me guilty."

"Haven't any proof, haven't I? Margaret, I found that note where it had been dropped before it could reach you. I opened, read and answered it, little thinking it would get you into this. I only thought of how I, a Junior, and having the same initials as my sister, would get a good joke on May Martin, and best of all, give the remainder of the Juniors a hint as to what was taking place, so they could be prepared."

Just now they came to the door of their boarding place and as they were about to enter, Milton continued: "May is here now to see you. We have talked the matter over. We know that we two alone are to blame for getting you into this trouble and Prof. Travers and Miss Beacon have finished things up for us. So we're going, now that I've found you, to tell the old skinflint all about it. Just to think I didn't know what was going on 'till I reached home this evening!"

All this time Margaret had remained silent. She was too astonished to utter a word. But finally, when she realized that such a step as her brother proposed taking would mean the restoring of herself to her old place in the school room; and in the estimation of others, only at a great cost to her brother and a dear friend, she began to plead with Milton to give up the

idea. She had already gone through with it all, and she had just as well, or better, leave the school than to have both of the others do so.

But in spite of all she could do or say, when she had entered the building and spoken with her friend the two could not be persuaded to her way of thinking. They were so eager to undo the wrong they had done Margaret that they started out at once to find Prof. Travers.

When they had explained all to him, not without many reproaches for his believing such a thing of Margaret, he thanked them for their truthfulness and the noble spirit they had shown and went with them at once to Margaret.

"Miss Margaret," he began, "I said to you this evening that I was sorrier for what had happened than you could know. Now, I can say that I'm more pleased than you can ever know, to find that I was mistaken, although others will have to bear the punishment designed for you. It will not be so bad for either of them because they have not (I'm sure they'll pardon my speaking so plainly) they have not done the work in school that you have and have not had such ambitions as belong to you. Now, I must ask you to forgive me for being so ready to think ill of you. Will you forget it all, Miss Margaret, and let it all be as it has been in the past?"

Now Margaret was smiling through her tears, but as yet she did not take the outstretched hand.

"One favor I should like to ask first, Prof. Travers, you are very fond of conditions you know, so I will forget all and return to school on one condition, that is, that you will do all in your power to keep my brother and May from being expelled. They have confessed their guilt and are willing to take the punishment, but this is the condition I put before you."

And in the face of all that had happened, how could he refuse to do all in his power to bring this about? And the superintendent's influence among his school directors was great.

## THE FATAL ADVENTURE

"Jack, let's go out to Buzzard's cave tomorrow. I am completely worn out, and I believe that school would be more profitable to us if we will take an outing tomorrow."

"I believe you are right, Tom. It seems that as the days get longer, and as spring time advances, one loses all the vitality and energy it has ever been his good fortune to have. Ralph will be here in a few minutes, and if he is willing we will go. There he is now."

"Say, Ralph, Jack and I have talked it over and have decided it would be a splendid thing to take a trip out to Buzzard's cave tomorrow. You see, spring has come and as yet, we seem to be in our dormant shells, refusing to be awakened by the beauty of spring time. What do you say to it, old boy? Shall we go or not?"

"Splendid! I have been trying for a week to think what was the matter with me, but you are the first to give me a satisfactory solution. I have needed more of the fresh air, more of the spring time sunshine. Say! You know people say music sounds so well in Buzzard's cave. There are so many passages and sub-passages, that the echoes, nowing along past these ways, make such beautiful music."

"What say you, let's take Billy Coon? He is expert on the violin and no matter if he is a dinky he is a right good old cuss. I am sure he will go; for he always likes to be around us boys."

"Capital!" exclaimed both Jack and Tom, to whom this seemed quite a novelty. So it was arranged that they should go to Buzzard's roost and spend the next day in exploration and general fun making.

Billy Coon was next seen and was only too glad to get to go along with the boys, for they always treated him very courteously; and this was something Billy

could not say in behalf of all his city neighbors; because, in general, they were very prejudiced against darkies.

Jack Henderson and Tom Fremont were two country boys, who had been going to high school for three years past and were, this year, the two best in a class of twenty pupils. Each was striving for first honors, but the outcome of their efforts was as yet very doubtful. Ralph Carmack had for the past three years gone to a high school in his home town, but had come to this school to finish; as its standard of work was higher than that of the other, and he was anxious to avail himself of the advantage this would give him in his entrance to college. It is not worth while to give the characteristics of each of these boys, but rather allow the reader to infer this from the succeeding story.

Buzzard's cave is in Kansas, and is noted for its passages, sub-passages and the difficulty which it affords to those lost in its labyrinth in finding the way out. The passages cross one another and twist around one another, as a snake lying coiled around the branches of a tree, and many times one passage branches off from the main path and before you are aware of the fact, you find it has entered the same path again. The difficulty of the task of getting out may be imagined, when I say that expert leaders have often been lost for hours at a time. When they have incautiously entered deficient in some means of escape, and to show the degree of horror and fear attached to it, it is said, if you say to a crying baby, "Hush, or I will throw you into Buzzard's cave," it is quite sufficient to secure the desired result. This gives you an idea of the condition of the place to which these boys went and will possibly destroy your incredulity as to the outcome of this story.

As arranged on the preceding day, the boys arose early and began to make their preparations for their "day off," as they called it. In a short time their luncheon was prepared, old clothes put on and everything else was prepared, except the lantern, which they were to get at a farmer's house on the way.

Just as their arrangements were completed, Billy Coon showed his grinning visage around the corner, apparently as well pleased over the prospects of the day as any one of the boys. Swinging loosely under her arm, his violin case seemed to suggest something unusual; something beyond the ordinary; but still something that was necessary to the full enjoyment of this day. Little did it bring to the minds of these jovial students, who for the present time thought themselves free from care, and books; the sadness and heart aches which would soon establish itself in their hearts. Little did they think that a day beginning with such pleasure and happiness could end with a calamity that would make them sorrowful throughout life, when suggested to their minds. Little can any of us, in the pleasure of our lives, tell what the close of the brightest day has in store for us. The cold stern Angel of Fate is as exacting of one as another, and little do we know when and where our meeting with him will be.

It was about six o'clock when they left home, thus beginning the events, that were to be so memorable to each of the boys in afterlife. Ralph, who suggested the plan of having the darkey go along with them, considered it his duty to walk with him and to entertain him until they reached the cave. Jack and Tom walked along quietly talking, now and then taking notes on the views of Nature. They secured the lantern, and thinking themselves entirely equipped, rushed hurriedly over three miles of country between town and the cave, and soon found themselves face to face with one of the greatest mysteries of the world. Before them was a solid mass of lime stone rock rising almost perpendicular to the height of two hundred feet above the surrounding country. While directly before them was a huge vault, tapering in the distance to a small hole, scarcely large enough for one to crawl through, then it tapered to a dark vanishing point in the distance. This was the cave; this is what they came to see, and not until now did they

feel any hesitation or dread of their undertaking, but for some reason there was a peculiar sensation lingering and writhing in each of the boys, especially Billy Coon, who had inherited some of the negro superstitions and fears. But he did not wish to show any marks of fear to these boys; so he just gritted his teeth good and hard and held his tongue between them, lest he should betray his feelings.

After the boys had gazed at the cave for some five minutes, Jack finally said: "Boys, we will have to be careful today; for you know this strong old prison is a treacherous place and no matter if we are only visitors today, we may be misled, unless we use every precaution. Of course we have the lantern, but that is no surety against such a net-work of streets and alleys as are hid underneath that vast heap of limestone rock. So above all things, let's be careful."

Then Tom answered, "I have thought of a good plan to use and if we follow it. I can't see any possible chance of being lost. As we go in let's always keep to the right. Where there is an opportunity, turn to the right until we have gone as far as we wish, then turn around and instead of turning to the right, turn to the left and that will lead us right out again. It seems to me there is no danger whatever about this. What do you all think of it?"

"Dar's de timb," said Billy, who was wanting something pretty assuring at that particular time.

The plan also seemed a good one to the other boys and they decided to follow it. Tom was appointed leader, as he had suggested the plan. The lantern was then lighted and they started for the cave; Tom first, then Jack, next Ralph, and lastly, Billy, whose eyes were continually growing larger. They crawled along for quite a space before they came to a single passage leading to the right, but this only made them enter it more zealously; for they were extremely anxious that they might test their plan. On again they scrambled for almost twenty-five yards, when they came to another passage leading to the right. They turned into it and proceeded. All this time not a word had been spoken, but when they had traveled the new pathway for some time, Tom suddenly broke the silence, by exclaiming, "By thunder, boys, I believe we are going out!"

"Why?" asked Jack in alarm.

"I see the light shining against yonder stone and by my faith the place looks just like the entrance."

Well, go on and let's see," called out Ralph from behind.

They went on and sure enough they found themselves again at the place from which they had started. They gazed at each other in blank astonishment for some time and finally after talking it over among themselves, they decided that Tom's plan had failed; because the second pass they had taken wound around and again entered the first. They then knew they could put no dependence in their plan, so they finally decided to go into the cave at random and to depend upon their own judgment to get out. This plan was not very pleasing to Billy Coon, who was now getting worked up to the right pitch, that he was almost afraid to go into the cave at all, but a second impulse served him better, and he did nothing but blink his eyes and shrug his shoulders in way of disapproval.

Then here they started again, hit or miss into the mysterious cave; little did they care for anything now save to get into its deeper recesses and there hear that music which is famed to be so beautiful. They seemed, since their first plan had failed, to be entirely unrestrained. Often they called back and forth to each other, something they did not do while following out their plan. Now they went much more rapidly. But it was far different with Billy Coon; every advancing step carried him nearest some apparition or terror which he constantly saw just before him.

Once while straining his eyes to see it more clearly his violin case struck the rocky wall of the cave and Billy, jumping from his crawling posture, struck his head on the rocks above, so severely, that he staggered for sometime, but on he went again, still chasing that inward fancy, which grew stronger the farther he

went.

Finally they came to a hall, thinking they were far enough inward that the music would sound well. They were in a small room, the roof of which was about ten feet high and the walls were perfectly regular. There were three different entrances to this room, so the boys thought it would make a fair auditorium; for it was well situated for the echoes. Billy was placed in an exceedingly bad position. He was standing a victim between two ever approaching terrors, the one, the dread of this apparition and horror of being shut out from the world; the other, his constant fear that the boys would find out that he was scared. Above all things he did not want this to happen, so he was constrained to bite his lips and endure.

"Well, Billy, we are ready to see what that box of yours has in it," says Tom, good naturedly. "We must see whether the spirits of this lower region will take the sounds—"

Tom stopped speaking as he looked around and saw Billy. Now this was just what he should not have said, for poor Billy no sooner heard the word "spirit" spoken than violin, case and all went tumbling to the ground, giving a bang that went whistling through the cave; while Billy, trembling, bit his pale green lips and groaned as he sank upon his knees. But he soon picked up his instrument again, and mastering himself to the best of his ability, under the surprised glances of the boys, he finally began to see if the instrument was in tune. It seemed to be alright, for Billy raised it to his shoulder and as if to take vengeance upon his truant feelings. He played with a vigor he had never known before.

The boys sat as if rooted to the spot. Never in their short lives had they heard anything to compare with it. Now the violin would breathe forth such a volume of the melody that the echoes made it seem that it was a large orchestra instead of a single instrument. Then again when the sad melancholy tones poured their sorrow into the ears of the boys, listen! off yonder in the distance one could hear weeping, heart-rendering sighs, and mellow tones expressing heart aches were indeed innumerable; for the sighs seemed innumerable, long after the violin had ceased, one could hear those tones softly tingling and bouncing on farther into the unexplored portions of the cave.

The boys had been told it was beautiful. It was more than beautiful. It was simply sublime. Long did they wait to catch the last lingering echo of the tones and still fancied they heard them long after they had finished their short pilgrimage.

Finally they began their progress farther inward and soon came to a place which they thought was well suited for another auditorium. Again Billy played for a long time, while they listened, as if their lives depended upon catching every echo that came from the inward streets of this underground city. They at last decided to return, when Billy had played "Home, Sweet Home." This song, with all its beauty, grandeur and power to touch one's feelings was never heard in all its beauty, unless heard when played in this cave or one similar to it. The boys sat motionless. Ralph, who had never stayed away from home until this year, wiped a tear from his eye and frankly confessed that he was going home at the expiration of the very next week.

But here an unexpected thing happened. The lantern which the boys had borrowed, had not been examined and during the last interval had slowly begun to fail. It chanced to have but little oil in it, and that was all gone. The boys were filled with terror. With the light the exit from the cave would by no means be an easy task, and without it, it seemed almost impossible, but they must get out some way. They decided to make back for the entrance at full speed and without discussing it further started back, keeping Tom for their leader. They scrambled, climbed, ran into one another, struck their heads upon the stones above them, and suffered all kinds of discomforts, but not a one of them ever dared to say a word as their hearts were too much

bent upon their escape for them to be interested in other matters. They had possibly gone at this rate for half an hour when Ralph suddenly called out from behind, "Wait, boys, I can't hear anything of Billy!"

"Hasn't he been along all the time?" asked Tom, in alarm.

"Since I have come to think of it, I can't remember a thing about him since we started to return. He never said a word going in and he is such a coward, I never thought but that he would keep right along with us."

The boys all listened, but nothing could be heard save the tremulous beating of their own hearts. In vain, when a little drop of water trickled down the walls, they stretched their necks farther and suppressed their heavy breathing that they might hear better. But still they listened in vain. What should they do? They had already come so far that to go back would be an uncertainty of finding Billy, for he would not likely be where they had started from and to find him wandering about in the cave would be an impossibility unless they had some kind of light. All at once Ralph startled them by shouting at the top of his voice. Nothing was heard save the trickling of the waters, making their way down the walls. They called and called, but again and again there was the same result. They then decided to try to get out themselves and if they succeeded, to return with torches, ropes and help and then search for him. This plan they set out to accomplish, but it took them a time far beyond their expectations. In entering it had only taken them about one hour, but already they had spent almost three hours in their return, and were apparently no nearer the entrance than when they first started. They were beginning to feel themselves in the same predicament as Billy, when all at once just before them, they saw that little streak of light, which they had seen at the first attempt of their expedition. Joyfully, they rushed for the light and soon found themselves where they had so long wanted to be. They hurried to town, got torches, ropes and four other boys to help them, and about five o'clock in the afternoon, they were again ready to start into the cave. Every precaution was used that none of these should be lost. They divided into three parties, of two each and each party took a torch, string, and a different path. One remained at the entrance to report if anyone came out. Silently and expectantly this one awaited the result of their searches. One—two—three hours passed by and still no one returned so he waited until about three o'clock the next morning. Tom's party appeared at the entrance, but when he found that neither of the other parties had returned, he again started out in search. At six o'clock the three parties all returned with the same result. Likewise all the efforts put forth through the day were fruitless, and at night the four extra boys went back to town, but Tom, Jack and Ralph remained, and all through the second night, they wandered through the lonely aisles of the cave. It was about five o'clock, on the morning of the third day, the boys completely worn out by their exertions, sat down upon the floor of the cave and were conversing when Jack motioned, "Hist!—Listen!" Sure enough it was Billy's violin in the far off distance. Faintly they heard it playing.

"Poor Billy," said Jack, "He thinks we may hear the sound of his violin and come to him."

"Let's locate the sound," said Tom, "and go to him."

"It's on yonder in front of us," said Ralph, who jumped up and started in the direction mentioned. But Tom said that it was to the right of them, while Jack thought it was to their left. They finally decided to go straight ahead and found to their joy that the sound became some louder and progressing still farther, they entered another passage, which they thought led in the right direction, but again the music died away in the distance until the last faint echoes seemed like a lingering refrain vanishing into the surrounding air. Retracing their steps again, they came to the place from which they could hear the music most distinctly

then they started in another direction. The echoes vibrated and vibrated until as before, they finally died away in the distance. Again they tried as before, but the music, at first plain, gradually became fainter and fainter, until, at last, it entirely passed away. Jack, Ralph and Tom never closed their eyes for sleep and scarcely ever took time to eat. Many people from town came out to help in the search and from the whooping and yelling going on you could hardly believe it possible that any one could be concealed therein, who could not hear these things and come to them, but their efforts were as useless as those of the boys. Still the soft mellow music of the violin could be heard as it floated against the rocks and sent back a mellow, soothing echo, but as before, it seemed that all efforts at locating them were as useless as if the sounds could not be heard.

Saturday morning, one week later, and still Billy had not been found. On the preceding day the violin had only been heard at intervals and today it was not heard at all. This was one of the greatest disappointments the boys had met; for it seemed, if they could not find Billy, while they could hear the music, they certainly would stand a poor show, when they could not even hear it. Many times they wondered why they never heard the violin again. Some said that Billy had given up all hopes of being found and he had thrown his violin away and began trying to find his way out. Others said he had died of fear; while yet a third class said he went into a deeper recess in the cave from whence the music could never be heard again. All these ideas were current at the time, but suffice it to say, Tom, Ralph and Jack gave up the search two weeks later and with sorrowful hearts went to their respective homes where they remained one week. They came back to school Monday, just one month after the time they had left upon their outing trip and they were much changed by their experiences. Neither Jack or Tom received first honors in the class, but instead of working so much upon their lessons, they, with Ralph, often visited Buzzard's cave and there listened and looked unconsciously for Billy and sometimes when they sat thus for many minutes, Ralph, who was more nervous and excitable than the others, would stretch out his hand demanding silence. "Hist! I hear him; listen," and no matter if the boys still looked and listened eagerly for the time, it was not with the expectancy of hope but of disappointment and sorrow.

After some time the boys began to somewhat forget their trouble and became again friendly with their school mates, but never did they again seem as free from care as before it all happened. There was a sad expression upon each face; a far-off troubled look in each eye; and a melancholy countenance which betrayed their ever-present accusation. "He did and I am to blame."

Ten years later three young men of extraordinary ability as men of the nation, placed a fine monument at the entrance of Buzzard's cave and the simple inscription read as follows:

\*\*\*\*\* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* TO THE MEMORY \*  
 \* OF BILLY COON. \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
 \*\*\*\*\* \*

## THE FRESHMAN CLASS PARTY

On October 3rd a great clamor was heard in the High School chapel, and upon going to see what was the cause of the excitement, we found it to be the Freshmen holding a class meeting to see about having a class party. After pleading with Arthur for some time, they succeeded in convincing him that it was his duty to give them a class party. Some of the persuasions were as follows: "Say, Arthur, if you'll have it, I'll come;" "Oh, Arthur, we'll furnish the refreshments," came from the whole class in a breath. "Say, Arthur, if you'll have it, we won't invite a one of them teachers," said one of the boys who knew Arthur's weak point. "That's a go," answered Arthur, and all gathered around him to make further arrangements, when Ula asked, "Reckon your ma'll let you have it, Arthur?" "Law, yes, she let's me have most anything I want!"

The next morning Arthur was met at the southeast corner of the campus by the greater part of the Freshman class. "Arthur, kin yer have it?" came in a chorus. "Aw, ma said I couldn't have it, 'less I invited them 'old teachers," said Arthur, with a disgusted look on his face. "Well, 'es have 'em, Arthur; we'll all go early and play a few kissen' games 'fore they get there," said Ula, encouragingly, for he could always fix things up so nicely. "Yes," said Pearl, "and I don't think we're likely to have 'em all anyway, for Erma is goin' home, and Miss Eitzen is almost sick."

Ula's plan was agreed upon and encouraged by Pearl's words, they proceeded to have another class meeting. "Now," said Blanche, "are we going to decide about the refreshments this morning?" "Sure," said Ora, "that's the important part; what are we goin' to have to eat?" "Yes," said Orville, rising, "that's where I shine, and let's have something nice; let's have some pink ice cream, and red lemonade, and some ham sandwiches and some—cherry pie, and—" "Some cranberries," yelled Karl, "and some fish," said Orville, undisturbed, and thinking out what he liked best, "and some pear preserves, and finish up with hot biscuits and butter and honey."

"Now, all of you get quiet and let's decide this important matter," came from the President; "what do you want for refreshments?" "Well, I'd like to know who's goin' to pay for all these here things Orville wuz wantin'," said Florence. As the Freshman class was not very wealthy, it was necessary to limit Orville's wants, and it was decided that each member of the class should pay a dime, and that the refreshments would consist of pink ice cream and red lemonade, followed by fish and corn bread. Everything was now arranged, and nothing else could be done, but to wait for the end of seemingly long time that must go by before the eventful night arrived.

It came at last. Mabel and Florence were the first to arrive at the party, and as they went upstairs, Mabel was heard to say, "Oh, wuz you ever to a party afore like this?" "No," answered Florence, "but Auntie told me jest how to act so you do jest as I do, and keep yer mouth shut and you'll get along alright." By this time Emma, Blanche, and Nonia arrived, followed by Mary, Pearl, Inez, Anna and Luella, and after they had all removed their wraps, they proceeded downstairs again. Next came Charles Evans, Ula Farmer, Wherry Moore, Willie Preston, and Fulton Vaughn. They seemed to be led by Ula and Fulton, who claimed to know more about such affairs than the others.

As they went quickly up the stairway, it was heard from Charles, "Oh, we never did have nothin' like this up to Cedarvale." "Shet yer mouth," said Ula, "and don't tell it, if you didn't." "Humph," said Willie, with a superior air. "I've been to sech things; Miss Erma had one out to her house at Pennsboro." "My," said Wherry, "I wish I wuz to home." "Hush boys," said Fulton, "You'll soon be used to it."

By this time all of the class were present, and we will not attempt to explain what followed, but will leave the reader to imagine for himself when we say that the plan they had agreed upon was carried out.

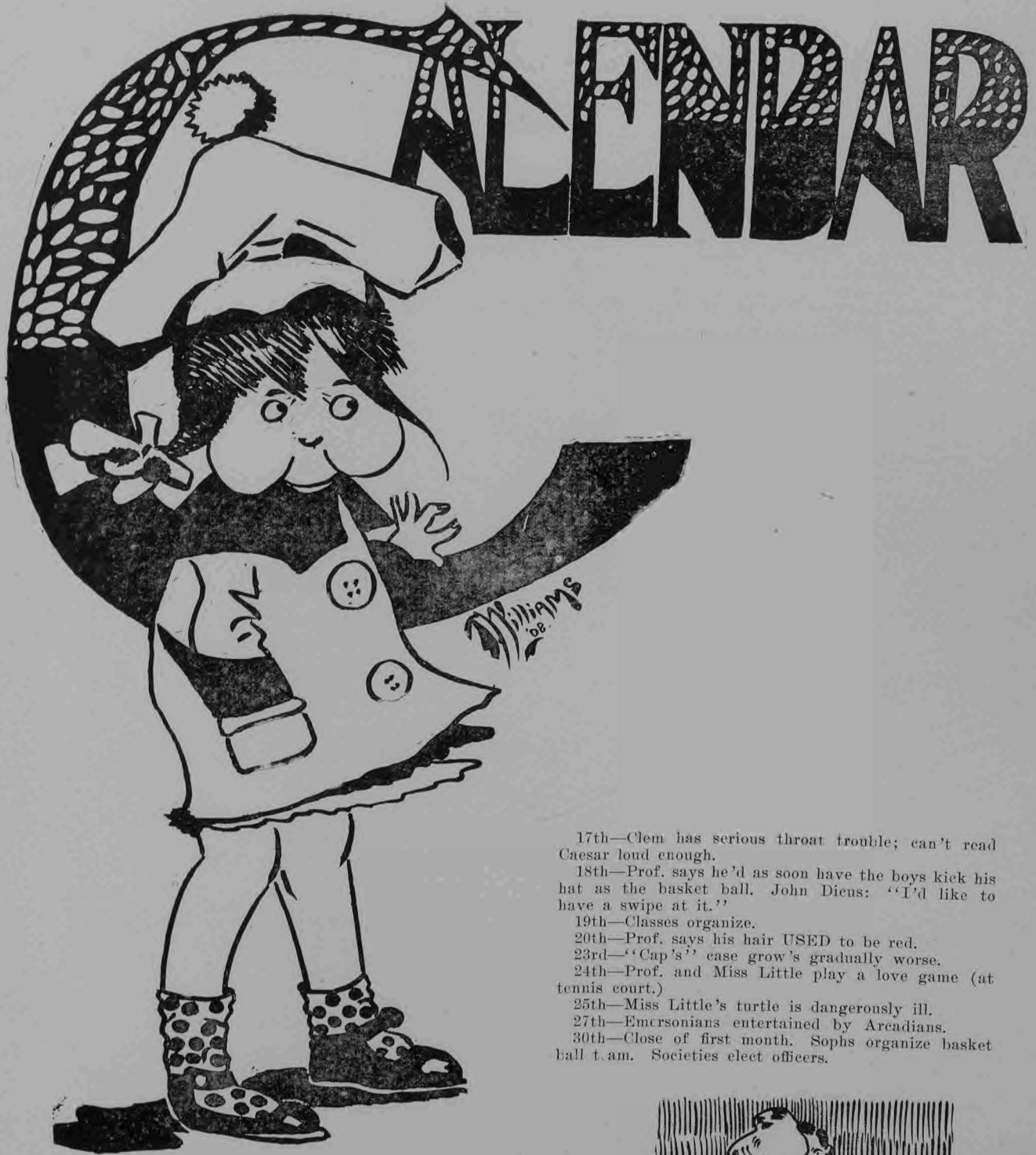


### REVIEW STUDENTS.

Top Row—Leta Eisert, Iva Winds, Julia Curtis, Bessie Taylor, Vida McArthur, J. E. McPherson.

Second Row—Jessie Saffeels, Ida Stanley, Mary Duffy, Ira McBride.

Bottom Row—Nettie Turner, Odie Hill, Mollie Crisp, Bessie Evans, Mary Saffeels.



**SEPTEMBER**

- 2nd—School opens. Societies diligently work for new members.
- 3rd—Students deeply interested in new Professor—especially girls.
- 4th—Lecture No. 1 by new Prof.
- 5th—School spirit grows very rapidly.
- 6th—Annual social for students given by Endeavor Societies.
- 7th—Sorrow among Arcadians, Ula joins Emersonians.
- 8th—Ula homesick. Clem seen watching a Freshman girl during church.
- 9th. More students join the ranks.
- 10th—Prof. lecture No. 2 on class spirit.
- 11th—Roy takes a nap.
- 12th—“Cap.” smiles at Mae.
- 13th—Shakespeare club organized.
- 15th—Matters growing serious. Clem and Berry escort Freshman girls home.

- 17th—Clem has serious throat trouble; can't read Caesar loud enough.
- 18th—Prof. says he'd as soon have the boys kick his hat as the basket ball. John Dicus: "I'd like to have a swipe at it."
- 19th—Classes organize.
- 20th—Prof. says his hair USED to be red.
- 23rd—"Cap's" case grow's gradually worse.
- 24th—Prof. and Miss Little play a love game (at tennis court.)
- 25th—Miss Little's turtle is dangerously ill.
- 27th—Emcrsonians entertained by Arcadians.
- 30th—Close of first month. Sophs organize basket ball t.am. Societies elect officers.



*Katie and Louis spend a pleasant half hour in library.*

**OCTOBER**

- 1st—Seniors sing class song in chapel. Girls go into ecstasy over Underwood's rosy cheeks—especially Sophs.
- 2nd—Prof. agrees to buy athletic material.
- 3rd—Plan for Freshman party falls through.
- 4th—Open session of Emersonians.
- 5th—Soph party.
- 7th—Capt. Venium visits school (Miss Eitzen seen smiling.)
- 8th—Seniors win in annual leaf-raking contest.
- 9th—Great alarm over Diphtheria.
- 10th—Turtle's health slowly improving.
- 11th—Girls very much attracted by Salvation Army.
- 12th—Prof. goes hunting with Leslie and Joe. (Surprises boys with his skill.)
- 13th—Orville makes a date with Senior.
- 14th—Holman beats Griggs' time.
- 15th—Caesar too dry for Sophs so they play with paper dolls.
- 16th—Societies preparing for contest.
- 17th—Senior party. Ask Roy and Clara for particulars.
- 18th—High school song adopted. Written to tune of "Old Missouri," by Miss Eitzen and Jessie Owens.
- 21st—Diphtheria scare increases.
- 22nd—Ula spends a period in his office uptown.
- 23rd—Everybody crams for exams.
- 25th—Prof. compliments Emersonian.
- 26th—Reported that teachers resign on account of Diphtheria. (Report proved false.)
- 28th—Public school closes for a time. High school very quiet. Lela and Carrie are absent for few days.
- 29th—Cram, cram, cram for exams.
- 30th—Still cramming.



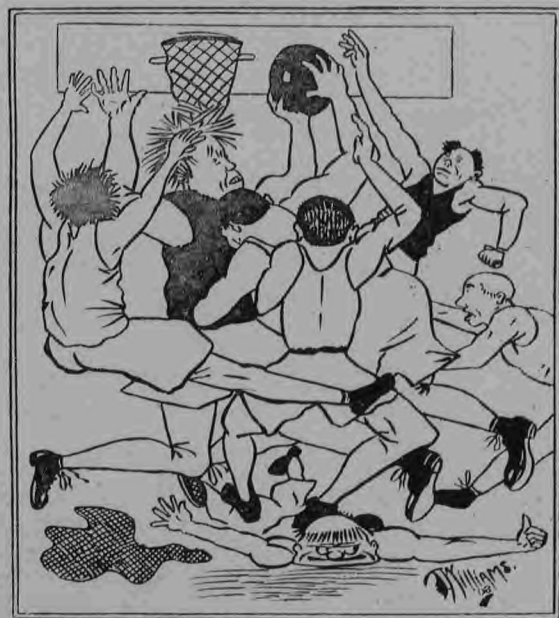
31st—Hallowe'en parties. Exams begin. Prof. takes shower bath, (for particulars see Miss Little.)

**NOVEMBER**

- 2nd—Prof. calls on Miss Bishop but it is a very short call.
- 4th—Society contest—Vesta Hudspeth wins.
- 5th—Willie Preston exhausts his descriptive powers in describing a volcano.
- 8th—Seniors' daily celebration in office (studying (?) Shakespeare.)
- 11th—Mary and Anna take refreshing nap. Teachers contend who shall keep Sophs after school.



- 1st—Prof's baptism ends fatally. Great number of sorrowing students attend funeral.
- 12th—Cressy takes her first downward steps (seen pulling Anna's hair.)
- 13th—Prof's lecture No. 500 on passing to and from classes.
- 14th—Sophs receive Caesar papers beautifully adorned with red ink.
- 15th—Kenton Underwood plays germ catcher in the sunlight while in study hall.
- 18th—Joe Johnston explains to German class that the sun goes up in the morning.
- 19th—Miss Eitzen, in Junior German class, "Lewis throw up the window."
- 20th—Petitions are circulated for two day's vacation.
- 21st—Prof. informs pupils that he is running the school and needs no help in determining vacations.
- 22nd—Roy Evans takes a nap second period in afternoon in library. Clara looks on.
- 25th—Huntresses Collier and Little give big 'possum supper to their friends.
- 26th—Carrie Collier and Joe Johnston feast on a bucket of pumpkin pie, belonging to an Emersonian.
- 27th—Diphtheria still raging.



- 28th—Basket ball game with Lockwood. Hayride for the event.
- 29th—Students still enjoying Thanksgiving vacation.





Society Contest.

**DECEMBER**

- 2nd—Miss Kirkup tells Virgil to leave the room if he can't keep his mouth shut.
- 3rd—Arthur Tarr rocks baby to sleep in English class.
- 4th—Song recital by Miss Kirkup.
- 5th—Cressy sinks lower and lower (whispers ten times in one period.)
- 6th—Orville discovers he can sing too well to sing in Arcandan quartette. Bro. Johnston visits opening exercises.
- 7th—Miss Little blows sulphur down terrapin's throat to prevent diphtheria.
- 9th—Jessie says she finds it rather hard to tell anyone she loves them.
- 10th—Loyd wears his socks wrong side out because he says there's a hole in the outside.
- 11th—Arthur told by Ruth's mother to shut the door from the outside.
- 12th—Fulton still master of tin horn. Soph class party kissing games prevail.
- 13th—Bert becomes very much excited on finding a bug in his hair, but Miss Little assures him it's only a Beetle.
- 16th—Ray King thinks Prof's inexhaustible supply of problems will exhaust their party.
- 17th—Miss Bishop reproves Freshman for giggling.
- 18th—Fulton finds his affinity, (ask Pearl.)
- 19th—Roy falls down steps. It is said it was done very gracefully. Claud Holman rides three miles from the country on a cold night to find out the English lesson. Not all Juniors would do this. Great preparations for Christmas.

20th—Preparations completed; tree unveiled; Freshmen gaze on in wonderment.

21st—Everybody goes home to spend vacation.



24th—Prof. assumes responsibilities of married life. Great surprise.

30th—Prof. greatly changed. He's married now.



Scene at Senior Party, Feb. 24th.

#### JANUARY

1st—Everyone makes good resolutions. Sophs resolve to study thirty minutes per day.

3rd—Anna Johnston, in imitation of Brutus, in "Julius Caesar," attempts to stab Fulton, in study hall.

4th—Alice Howard gets ten added to her grade for calling a sentence an "ut" clause in latin class.

6th—Prof. announces that Juniors can sing class song without words—a wonderful accomplishment.

7th—Mary resolves to spit fire if she don't get as good deportment as Lela and Carrie.

8th—Besse's same old by-word "Oh! I meant that."

9th—Joe declares himself too much civilized to write poetry.

10th—Miss Little has just discovered that her mind will hold up a column of wrath 76 cu. high before her endurance plays out and the force which the physics class receives from it is proportional to any other class in school.

11th—Clem expresses his disgust (?) of kissing games. Leslie wishes to break ice with some of the girls.

13th—Anna Woody: "I went to church last night, by George." Alma Moore: "I went home last night, by Joe."

14th—Miss Bishop, in connection with her Shakespeare study of drama, attends "Sweetest Girl in Dixie."

15th—George absent. Anna: "Oh, girls, ain't it lonesome?"

16th—Prof. scores everybody who attends such demoralizing plays as "Sweetest Girl in Dixie." Says we should have higher ideals.

17th—Government class organized.

18th—Mary makes it known that she has tried one experiment thirty times. Evidently believes in the old maxim, "If at first you don't succeed," etc., etc.

20th—Miss Bishop caught napping.

21st—Clem asserts that girls cannot learn to cook at school. Cressy still declining (kicks across the aisle.)

22nd—Bro. Smith visits school; gives excellent address. Only trouble he didn't talk long enough. (It was Monday.)

22nd—Lena's arm displaced. Carrie finds it near (?) Frank Howard.

23rd—Elder States with us, but, alas, finished before bell rung; we like 'em to stay a while.

24th—Prof. sick. Miss Eitzen assumes his official duties.

25th—Virgil makes known his intention of going "Dear" Hunting.

27th—New rules. Study hall left unguarded. Pupils on honor. John Deus in his element.

28th—Seniors have basket ball game in office.

29th—All stoves in use. Onions cooking. Teachers get red headed.

30th—Sophs entertained royally after school.

31st—Confusion in study hall; teachers get suspicious. More books walk off.

#### FEBRUARY

3rd—Junior class quarrel over individual cuts; some get contrary.

4th—Allen speaks of Japan. Seniors show off.

5th—Joe ends quarrel by being the first to have his beauty struck.

6th—Physics class inspects gas engine at Grether's.

7th—Joe matches his strength with Basse Hobbs. Besse goes off in a rage. Bro. Johnston visits.

8th—Great preparations for Junior carnival.

10th—Grand event of season. Junior carnival. Two new additions to class. Ask Joe if they are white.

11th—Miss Little unable to be present. Prof. tells Physics class how to make biscuit.

12th—Vesta and Nell rush in breathlessly from basket ball game thinking they hear some one screaming as if in danger, but find it is only the Arcadian quartette practicing "Speed Away."

13th—Kind lecture by Prof. on keeping off campus.

14th—Seniors have heated discussion in office. Disturbed by teachers.

15th—Rural contest. Miss Margaret Bishop wins.

17th—Prof. no longer dependent upon lady faculty for recreation in driving; has a horse of his own.

18th—Excellent speech by Lawyer Newman, subject, "Getting Even."

19th—Claud and Pearl visit the farm; some say to study geology.

20th—Anna takes her usual nap in Govt. May and Clyde visit office; Tem. very low for a while.

21st—Glee club fails to be gleeful on account of bad weather.

24th—Joe and Nola walk to school together. Anna and Mary take evening nap. Senior party at Duffy's. Juniors borrow wagon and forget to bring it back.

25th—Prof. goes to K. C. Lillian almost unravels secret of Miss Bishop's age.

26th—Heated discussion in Govt. class over merits of Republican and Democratic parties.

27th—Some Republican girls read Democratic papers thinking they are Republican.

28th—James recites "Ramie, Ramie, Ramie, Ram" in doleful tones.

### MARCH

1st—Comes like a lion.

2nd—Miss Little talks of establishing kindergarten for physics class.

3rd—Announcement of the big show to occur soon. Class songs and yells practiced.

4th—More practicing. Prof. at board meeting. Miss Eitzen guards chapel.

6th—Miss Little goes home. Sophs stay to work on note books and incidentally hear Arcadian program. Ira McBride spends his time writing love sonnets which he reads in society.

9th—Clem goes to sleep. Prof. slanders Sophs; calls them lazy.

10th—Nonia has party—catches bean—other girls think of trying party plan.

11th—Sophs broke negative—pictures had to be taken over.

12th—George finds out some secrets in Miss Bishop's past life.

13th—Clara and Roy have another chat in their old haunt.

16th—New song "Gloria Parti."

17th—Grade contest—Jacob Johnston wins.

18th—Elder States welcomed back.

19th—John Dieus misses school on account of sickness (disease unknown.)

25th—Miss Eitzen requests Junior class to be dignified like Seniors.

26th—Prof. enters study unexpectedly. Three Sophs have pleasure of tagging teachers.

27th—Teachers exams. Miss Little accompanied home by Miss Eitzen.

29th—Roy goes fishing (Sunday; would you have thought it?)

30th—Gloria Parti. Roy wins first honors in story contest.

31st—More tagging. Freshman party at Duffy's—Virginia reel prevails. Misses Bishop and Little declare it a great success.



Ray blacks his shoes for Junior leap year party.

### APRIL

1st—April fools everywhere. Prof. not so easily fooled—no singing.

2nd—Gloria Parti. Miss Little sends Leslie and Clem out of room, also keeps them after school. Leslie complains of being punished twice for same offense.

6th—Miss Little has the honor of keeping Sophs after school.

7th—Prof. Oldham visits school. Seniors fail to "Shine" in Virgil. Rain, rain, rain.

8th—Basket ball game in Senior study hall.

9th—Miss Little and physics class have clash. Pleasant German evening with Miss Eitzen.

10th—More rain. Grade school celebrates Arbor day. Juniors show genius in imitating geese.

11th—Miss Little adds a snake to her laboratory family.

14th—Govt. class resumes discussion of political parties.

15th—Fulton leaves for Parkville. Pearl comes to school in mourning.

16th—Pins develop wings and fly.

17th—Biology note books due. Another Soph matinee.

21st—Ike takes front seat in Biology class.

22nd—Teachers' reception for Seniors.

23rd—Clem sent from room. For number of times—ask Clem.

24th—Everybody works but teachers—Students work on "Bulletin."

27th—Miss McBride returns and resumes her work.

28th—John Dieus marched out of library.

29th—Library mysteriously locked. Lewis and Katie spend a pleasant period.

30th—Great attraction in laboratory; another addition to the family (Mr. Chipmunk.)

### MAY

4th—Senior exams.

5th—Great preparations for commencement. Seniors complain of being overworked, but never caught working.

6th—Prof. entertains Sophs after school.

7th—Ray's shoes shine.

8th—Arcadian program.

10th—Baccalaureate sermon by I. N. Evrard.

11th—Regula exams. Seniors look happy; no exams for them.

12th—Grade entertainment.

13th—Class day program.

14th—Great Senior play, "Diamonds and Hearts."

15th—Commencement exercises. Class address by Walter Williams.

ALL OVER.

—VALE.

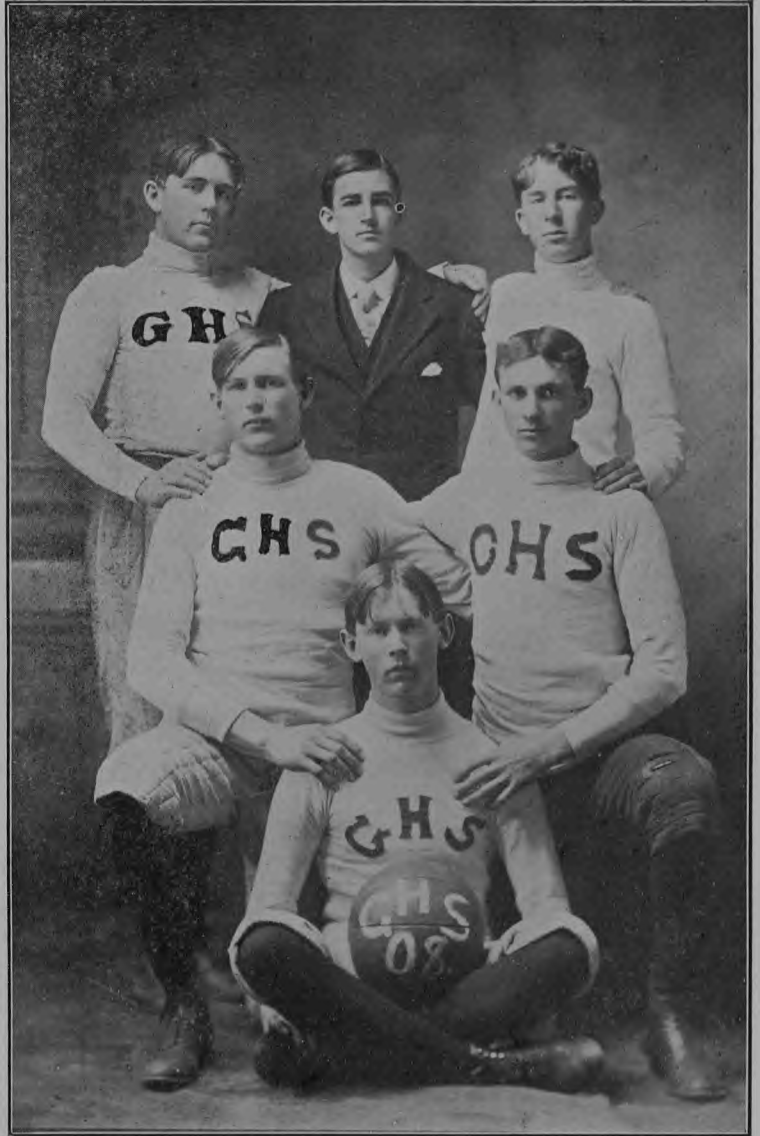


Life Saving Scene at Junior Carnival.



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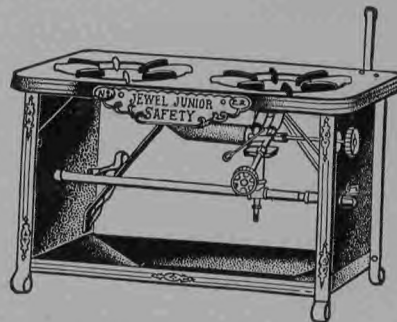
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ICE CREAM AND FANCY BAKING  
FOR PARTIES, RECEPTIONS, ETC.

MARTIN KEMPERT.

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## T. A. MILLER LUMBER CO.

DEALERS IN

LUMBER, PAINTS  
AND GLASS.

S. W. JOPES, MANAGER.

GREENFIELD, MO.

CHARLES H. BENNETT,

THE PRESCRIPTION  
DRUGGIST.

GREENFIELD. - - MISSOURI.

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## A Young Man

May have many friends, but he will find none so steadfast, so ready to respond to his wants, so capable of pushing him ahead, as a little leather-covered book, with the name of a bank on its cover.

START A BANK ACCOUNT

and you will take great pleasure in watching it grow. One Dollar will start you.

R. S. JACOBS BANKING CO.

MILLINERY  
AND LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS.  
SKIRTS, PETTICOATS, UNDERWEAR, HOSE,  
CORSETS, FURS, SILKS,  
AND EVERYTHING TO BE FOUND IN A LADY'S STORE.

MRS. W. B. McREYNOLDS.

CARR'S MARKET

SOUTHEAST CORNER.

FRESH AND SALT MEATS

FRESH FISH.

FANCY MEATS OF ALL KINDS.

CARR & SON, PROPS.

THWEATT BROS.

DENTISTS.

OFFICE OVER FINLEY'S SHOE STORE.

GREENFIELD, MO.

Practicing Sixteen Years.

At Lockwood Every Thursday.

## THE ONLY WAY

A Dade County citizen can keep in touch with the current events of his county is by reading regularly the county's biggest and best newspaper, THE GREENFIELD VEDETTE. Now \$1.00 the year. Try it one year.

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The advertiser who desires to reach a Dade County constituency can attain that end is by the use of the advertising columns of The Vedette - more widely read than all other county papers combined.

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The business man who uses up-to-the-minute printing can keep in step with the march of the times is by becoming a regular patron of The Vedette Job Printing Department, makers of Nifty Printing.

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NEWSIEST PAPER.

LARGEST CIRCULATION.

TASTIEST PRINTING.

**CHASE &  
SANBORN'S**  
HIGH GRADE  
**COFFEES**  
ALWAYS THE SAME  
MORNING  
NOON  
NIGHT

**L. B. TARR,**  
Exclusive Agent.  
Greenfield, Mo.

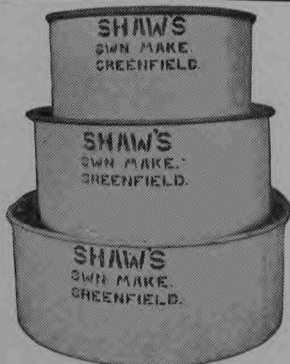
Lipton Ceylon and  
India Tea.  
Most Fragrant Tea  
in the World.

Go To \_\_\_\_\_  
**Carl's**  
**BAKERY AND CAFE**  
For Good Things to Eat.  
Southwest Corner Square.  
CARL GUENTHER, - Proprietor.

**H. C. HARTFIELD,**  
Wholesale  
Poultry, Eggs and Butter.  
Greenfield, Mo.

**The Postoffice Book Store.**  
JOHN HARRIS, Prop.  
BOOKS, TABLETS and SCHOOL  
SUPPLIES of all kinds.  
Souvenir Post Cards--General Line,  
including local views.

**The Washington Hotel,**  
Now a Modern Hostelry.  
DEE WHITE, Prop.  
35 outside well ventilated Rooms, Baths, Inside  
Toilets, Steam Heat, Electric Call Bells, Running  
Water in every room. Good, light, convenient  
Sample Rooms. A Home for Commercial Men.  
B. B. Crews' Barber Shop in connection.



**J. E. SHAW,**  
MAKER OF



**STEEL TANKS,**  
Dealer in Pumps, Wind Mills,  
Gasoline Engines and Water Supplies.

**J. L. SHIELDS,**

West Side  
**DRUGGIST.**

—for—

**Pure Drugs, Drug Sundries  
Stationery, Etc.**

Physicians' Prescriptions a Specialty.

The  
**STARR RESTAURANT**

is the Best Place  
in Greenfield  
to go for a Square Meal.

**Ice Cream and Cool Drinks.**

Largest line of Cigars and  
Tobaccos in Greenfield.

**B. F. STARR, - Proprietor.**

**E. B. TULLY,**

**City Livery and Dray Line.**

Headquarters for Horse and  
Mule Buyers.

Cheapest and Best Place in town  
to put up and feed.

Phone 157. Greenfield, Mo.

**C. E. TARR'S,**

The Finest Store in Dade County.

—is the best place to buy—

Fine Jewelry, Wedding Presents, Silver-  
ware, Cut Glass, Wall Paper, Sew-  
ing Machines, Graphophones,  
Records, Pianos, Organs,  
Watches and Diamonds.

for Presents on all occasions.

*Everybody says it's all  
right if it comes from*

**C. E. TARR.**

**I SKIN 'EM ALL—**

When it comes to selling  
Groceries cheap for cash.

**FRANK PATTERSON,**  
The Small Cash Grocery Man.

**MASON TALBUTT,**  
ATTORNEY - AT - LAW.  
Greenfield, Mo.

**NEALE & NEWMAN,**  
ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW.  
Greenfield, Mo.

When in Need of—

**First Class Meal, Flour or Feed**

—Don't Forget—

**The Little Gasoline Mill.**

Everything Guaranteed. **J.W.HULL.**

**Fred L. Shafer Will R. Bowles**  
**LAWYERS**  
Practice in all Missouri courts.  
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**JOHN HARRISON,**  
Saddlery, Harness, Bridles, Collars,  
Whips, Hames, Chains, Etc.,  
at lowest prices.  
East Side Square. Greenfield, Mo.

**E. T. LADD,**

**PRACTICAL HORSE SHOER,**

All kinds of repair work  
and rubber tiring.

**WEST SIDE BARBER SHOP.**  
W.A.Patterson, Prop.  
All kinds Tonsorial work—Massaging  
Singing, Shampooing, Shaving,  
Hair Cutting. Running Water.  
Shop in Sanitary Condition.

**T. E. WHALEY,**  
**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,**  
**SEWING MACHINES,**  
**CLOCKS and JEWELRY.**  
North Side Square.