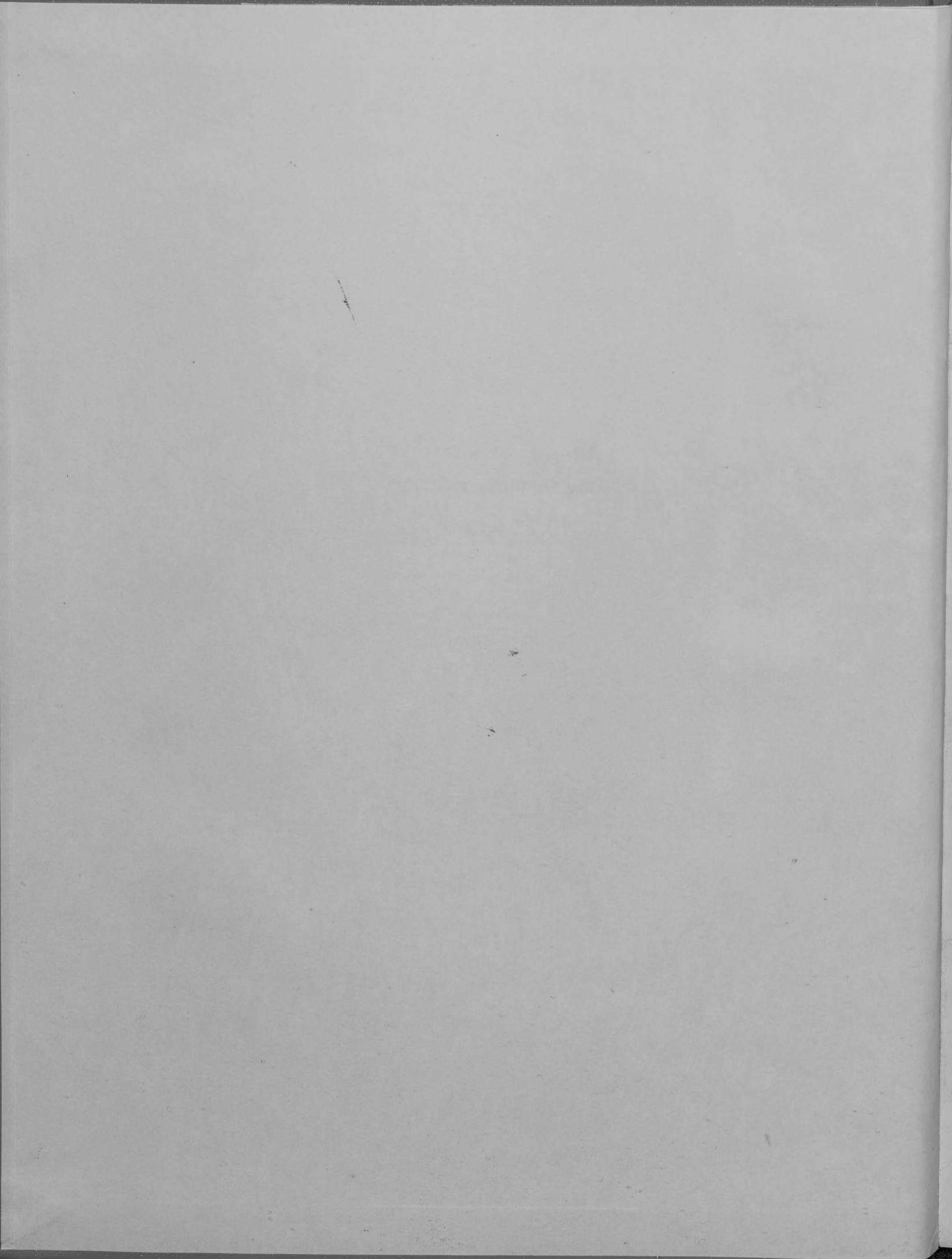
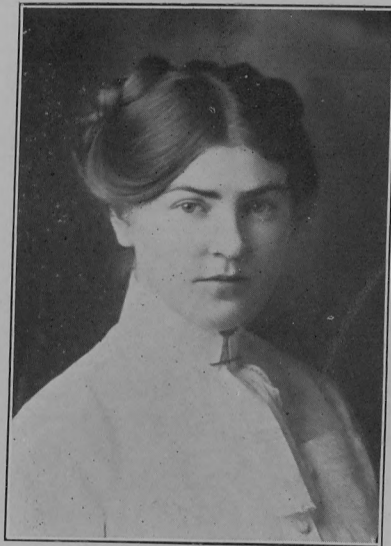


The
Bulletin
FOR '14.





To Mrs. Lucile Glaypool
of Hugo, Okla., Instructor in English and
History 1912-13, this volume of the Bulletin
is dedicated by the class of 1915.

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In Memoriam

—
WILEY HOLDER,

Born 1892,

Died August 16, 1913,

Age 21.

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Business Manager.

ARTHUR RUBENSTEIN,
Assistant.

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Editor in Chief.

ZOLA CALFEE,
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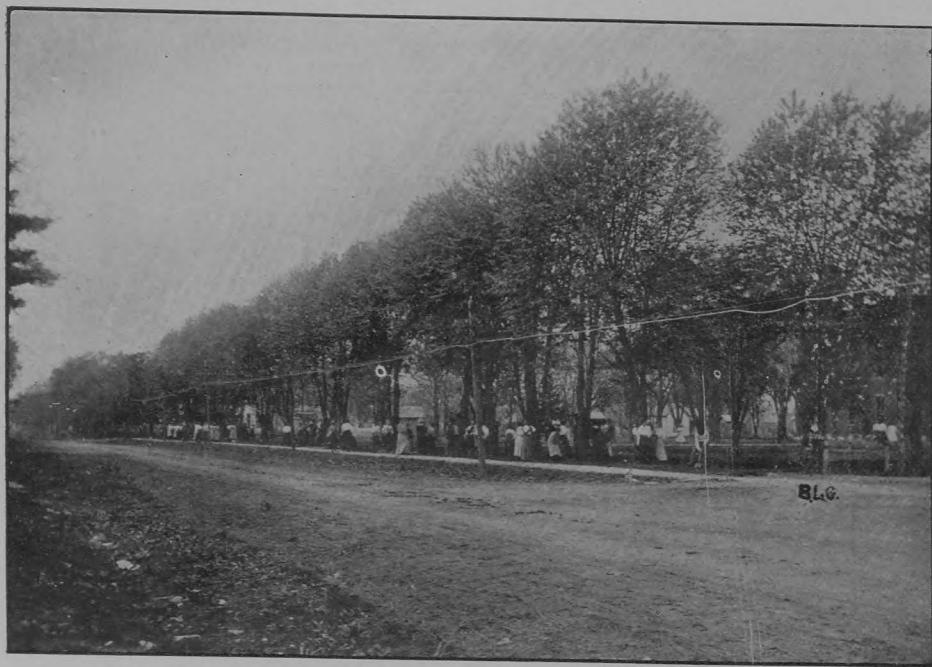
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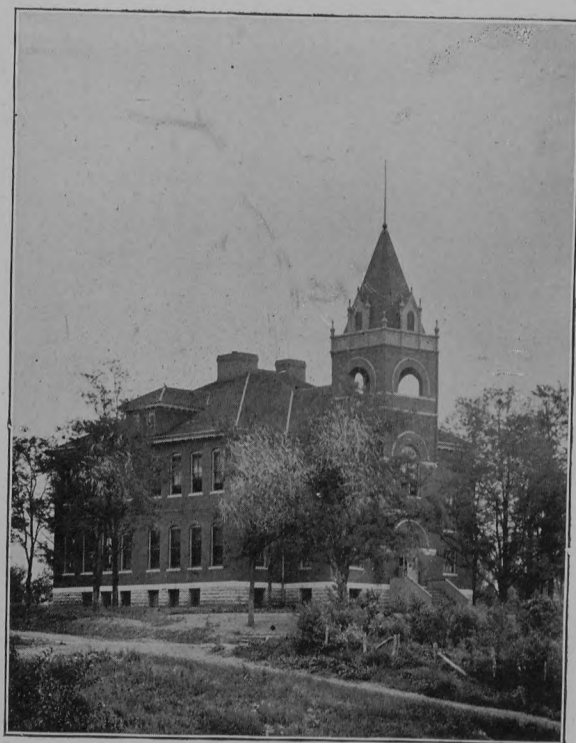
Editorial

The success of a book of this kind depends not upon the scarcity of mistakes found in it, but upon how nearly it attains its aim. We do not claim profundity of thought, or brilliancy of wit for this, our first entrance upon the literary stage. It has been our aim to make "The Bulletin of 1914" speak about every phase of life represented in our "dear old Greenfield Alma Mater." This voice, however, is sometimes low and weak, sometimes confused, and sometimes would not be heard at all, were it not for some outside force; but we hope that it will always bring to you memories of the busy, but happy days that were filled with work and lots of pleasure.

And now the Bulletin board must say farewell to the year known as the "jolly juniors" and take up the tasks of the dignified seniors. Most of us leave the Greenfield high school in 1915 to return no more, but we take away with us memories of well spent hours, and no matter where we go we hope to hear the voice of the Bulletin grow stronger each year until the people of the county, and even of southwestern Missouri shall realize that there is in the little city of Greenfield a mighty factor in the educational world.



CAMPUS SCENE.



PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING

Faculty



PROF. B. F. MELCHER
Superintendent



MISS FLORENCE HICKMAN
English



MISS GLADYS LOWE
Science



MISS ANNA NEALE
Foreign Languages



PROF. HARRY T. WELLS
Mathematics



HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

High School Song

Greenfield High School, Green-
field 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 cam-
pus
With its pleasing shade
Filled with ever welcome memo-
ries
Of our high school days.

Dear old Greenfield, Alma Mater
Of our youthful days,
We will ever love and praise thee
Here's a toast to thee.

Host Graduates



EFFIE MONTGOMERY

I never wish to learn
or care to know.



GRACE WILKERSON

I've got red hair,
but I don't care.



NEVA SLOAN

My heart's in Fulton,
my heart is not here.



KATHERINE HURT

Her voice is ever soft, gentle and
low, an excellent thing in woman.



Officers

President Vesta Cotner
 Vice-Pr. Mary Emnor Stringfield
 Sec. and Treas., Mabel Edwards
 Poet Ruth Warren
 Historian Sylvia Hughes
 Pianist Nanette Thomas
 Prophet Jasper Thomas

Glass Yells

S—E—N—I—O—R—S
 That's the way to spell it
 Here's the way to yell it,
 Seniors! Seniors!

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8
 Seniors, Seniors, never late.

Colors.

Red and Gold.

Flowers.

Red and Yellow Roses.

Motto.

Conquering and still to conquer.

Seniors



RUTH HUGHES
(Jay)
I'm not simply good,
I'm good for something



HOBART ROBERTS
(Jeff)
He is a zealous zoological
zoophite.



LENORE ALLISON
Patience and resignation are the
pillars of human peace.



VESTA COTNER
(Mark)
Too low they build who build be-
low the stars.



JASPER THOMAS
(Jap)
None know thee but to love thee
None name thee but to praise.

Seniors



MABEL EDWARDS
He does well, who does his best.



CYTHA SHOUSE
(Cynthia)
Do not but me speak,
See, and then speak yourself.



FREDDIE DRAUGHN
(Fred)
Oh, fairest of the rural maids!



KATIE FREEDLE
(Les)
What dreaming drone was ever
blest?



DOROTHY STRINGFIELD
(Thuly)
The world is at our feet as fra-
gile as our day.

Seniors



HAROLD KING
(Kingdom Come)
Treason doth never prosper.



ALMA FINLEY
(Al)
Her air, her manners,
all see, admire.



RALPH SHAW
(Shinn)
I love a lass, a fair one
as fair as e'er is seen.



LESLIE RENFRO
(Mutt)
Leslie is a loudly laughing, loung-
ing, long, lean, lank, lazy
loafer.



NORMA QUARLES
(Fussy)
As for a foe, why he'd eat him
alive.



NANETTE THOMAS
Her heart can ne'er be bought
or sold.

Seniors



MARY EMNOR STRINGFIELD
(Tanks)
Then willingly—oh willingly
with thhe I'll go away.



SYLVIA HUGHES
(Sis)
Days of my youth,
ye have glided by.



RUTH WARREN
(Witty)
DeWitt, Dewitt, DeWie,
Will you listen to me?



LENNE JONES
(Big Luey)
How could sorrow o'r this brow
a darkness fling.

FRED WETZEL
(Doc)
But I have lived, and have not
lived in vain.

ORVILLE ENGLEMAN
(Urook)
Then let not what i cannot have,
my cheer of mind destroy.



RALPH HARTFIELD
(Hen)
Walking with reluctant feet.

Senior Class History.

On our first appearance at the high school on the first Monday in September in nineteen hundred ten, we quickly observed that the other classes were impressed by our very first day's work. We were forty in number. Many people starting into high school get lost when the bell rings and know not where to go. But none of this class ever got lost, or if they did, they were soon found, for each and every one was brilliant enough to be readily missed from recitation. Can the work of our Freshman year ever be equalled? It will certainly never be improved upon by any other class. In algebra our teacher sat silent and motionless while we explained the most difficult problems with marvelous ability. In all our work we were wonderful. Latin was a pleasure with such a class, in ancient history we wrote essays of one thousand words which far excelled the theses written by the seniors. While our English work would have been a credit to any college class, our teacher especially delighted in our explanations of Shakespeare.

Senior Class Poem.

The Freshies were a famous class
No difference what things passed
In 1910 in Greenfield school.
To be ure we were very, very
bright
For we worked with the greatest
delight;
And O, the joy for the teachers to
hear
That we'd be Seniors in three
more years.
The next year we were lucky
Sophs so wise
Although we were, we were not
surprised;
For you just mark my word right
here
No class compared with us—not
near.

Our sophomore work was no less wonderful. The class had the highest average of grades in school. This year's work is considered hard by other classes, but our class completed the work in latin, history, algebra, and English with practically no home study. We now won notice not only in school, but all over the town and country, for never before had they seen as brilliant a class as we. Each one was a bright star, and a worthy model for the freshmen to follow. But our standard was too high for them; they were forced to be content with a much lower grade of work.

Our junior work, we can very truly say, without boasting, was quite an improvement over our previous work. All save a very few of our stars grew brighter and brighter. There had always been three stars brighter than the others. For other classes there is always somewhere a hardest place, but it was not so with this class, our work changed only to improve. Each year a few of our number were needed elsewhere and could stay in school with us

no longer. We missed them. As our number decreased the quality of work was better, more concentrated. Judging by our most excellent grades, great will be our reward for having tried and having accomplished something.

Need we mention our senior work? No, it was not work but a pleasant pastime for such accomplished young men and young women. As always we have marvelous records. On punctuality we have a perfect record, not one tardy against the whole class, and attendance almost as good. It would take too long and really I have not words to express the wisdom of the class in the various phases of the course but will say that all our records are correspondingly and unquestionably as good, more nearly perfect than any other class ever dare hope to have. We are graduating with a class of nineteen, the greatest number ever graduated from G. H. S. We leave. We are glad to leave. Unlike some other classes, we do not wish we could do our work over again. We have done our best, most excellent work, and hence we leave with no regrets.

Then all were jolly Juniors, good
and bold
For we just did what we were
told
And we always will this school
adore
Which we attended in the days of
yore.
Now the dignified Seniors we are
called
And on commencement day we'll
not fall;
For we're very sure that we'll
all pass
Because we learn so quick and
fast.
Those teachers just look aroun'
And also run us Seniors down;
Then every time we crook an eye
"That takes off ten," they do re-
ply.

Teachers say we're the meanest
class in school
Cause we won't obey that string
of rules,
They won't appreciate our good
work
But make us think that we all
shirk.
And when school days are o'er
We'll open life's broad door;
For the parting time has come
Now we'll show how work is
done.
Now may the fame of this great
Senior class
Like its glory forever and ever
last;
And spread good new all over the
spheres
Through and through these on
coming years.

Senior Class Prophecy.

As I sat meditating one evening after the sun had shed its last feeble rays upon the beautiful landscape my wandering eyes were of a sudden focused on a stream of light that seemed to immerge from the horizon. It ascended the sky, then receded, but was once more projected upward even higher than the first. Then it occurred to me that I must be the proud witnesser of so common a physical phenomena of the arctic circle, the Aurora Borealis.

But words cannot express the frightful attitude I was in when to my astonishment but deep interest the lashing fire was stenciling real words on the blue sky.

The first words were Mary Emnor Stringfield shall increase her knowledge in music and tour France to enjoy the combination. By degrees I had awakened from my slow wits and realized I had a supernatural force before me writing a prophecy for me to interpret.

The next name was that of Ruth Hughes, who is destined to finish a higher institute of learning, then scatter her knowledge by teaching school.

The projecting flame acting as a flag pole hoisted a suffragist banner on which was the inscription "world-wide leadership for 1916 to be conducted by Dorothy Stringfield, assisted by her able secretaries, Ruth Warren and Freddie Draughn."

Ralph Hartfield will have the management of the government telegraph system in 1918 so we will not be compelled to wait long to know the destination of men and the measurements of events.

And neither will we be minus entertainments for Lenne Jones will become a comedian dramatist never excelled and rarely equalled.

The lights next became extremely bright, brighter even than the sun's spectrum, and I was compelled to withdraw my gaze. I resumed it soon to be witnesser of a beautiful art production and

the brush had been delicately manipulated in one corner, revealing the name of the artist as Alma Finley.

For some time after graduation Vesta Cotner shall teach school in the future consolidated schools of our county, after which she will live on a farm, but not alone.

With my mind puzzled and working rather sluggish at times I was forced to surmise a little, but nevertheless I caught a great picture of a farm with vast fields of ripening grain waving in the breeze and magnificent buildings, suggesting home itself. But the center of attraction was a person feeding the pigs whom I recognized as Norma Quarles.

Wholly contrary to the previous rural scene but one of an equal industrious nature was that of a schoolroom filled with children. At the teacher's desk sat the teacher, small, but yet busily engaged in work. None other was it than Nanette Thomas.

The illustrative views suddenly ceased and script again prevailed. The stenciling light wrote that Hobart Roberts would become a lawyer of matchless fame. I knew he would because of his splendid argumentative nature.

And Cytha Shouse, our modest member, will become a famous music student, proving a never ending delight to her friends.

The Borealis next revealed that Mabel Edwards will teach domestic science in New York. While Katie Freedle shall be artist of a fashion concern in the same city.

I was then awarded by the vision of a sign painter wielding a brush over his faultless task of preparing a sign for Harold King the painless dentist of 1920. I could not imagine who the painter was but after remembering the person's anatomy being rather out of proportion the thought came to me it must be Leslie Renfro.

Sylvia Hughes is destined to be a worker in fashionable fancy patterns, and Lenore Alliscn to teach Indians for the government in the far west.

J.M.F.

Senior Class Song.

Tune: You made Me Love You.

Prof. Made Us Study.

Let us tell you just one thing,
We are in the Senior ring,
And we always do the right,
When the teachers aren't in sight.
Why, oh, why should we stay here
All our work has now been done,
And now we're leaving,
So don't be grieving,
Senior class of G.H.S.

Prof. made us study,
We didn't want to do it,
We didn't want to do it (tra, la,
la, la, la)

And all the time we knew it,
I guess we always knew it,

And now we're leaving; somehow
it makes us glad,
Until we think of the good old
times we've had.

Our grades are high and you
needn't try to beat us

You needn't try to beat us,
We want our fun 'tis true,
Yes we do, deed we do, you know
we do.

Got the class spirit that you cry
for.

You know that we got the kind
of grades that you'd die for.

Good bye to old G. H. S.

We have pictured in our minds,
Some day we would surely find,
Something for each one to do,
Something noble, honest and true.
Now our dreams of study are o'er,
And we'll think of books no more
Come on you Juniors,
You'll soon be Seniors,
And work as you never did be-
fore.

Juniors worry all day long,
Don't know if they're right or
wrong,

They can't help just what they
say,

Seniors made them talk that way.
Someone got their white and blue
Cheese cloth, twenty-four yards
too,

And now they're crying,
No use denying,
There's nothing but cheese cloth
will do.

Junior Class History.

On the first Monday of September in the year of nineteen eleven we, a band of sixty bright and happy boys and girls, entered the Greenfield high school. We were at once nicknamed "Freshies" but as all new comers were called this for the first year we did not care. The faculty seemed to take great pride in us and, as the old song goes, said, "there is always something doing when the freshmen come to class."

Our freshmen days soon passed and we lived for nine months the life of the dutiful sophomores. Our little band was somewhat decreased during this school year, but this only caused those who remained to cling closer together. With the teachers' love still growing greater for us, we, by study-

ing hard and refraining from writing notes, (while the other classes indulged in these), passed the year very fast.

I suppose you have heard the story that has been repeated again and again throughout this town, that the juniors are the laziest class in school. People may think so by our daily school records but we have our standards set high in life, and, by being true and faithful, we expect to reach them. We all do not expect to come presidents or presidents' wives. We do not expect our paths to be strewn with roses but instead to be filled with rocks and thorns.

We are an ideal class. In spite of our hard work we always have time for fun. We are great lovers of mischief; the spirit of our class being due to a certain few,

who are helped by the mischief makers and prank players. We show great zeal in our studies, songs, yells and other things dear to the student.

The members, taken either as individuals or as a whole, are pleasant, agreeable, studious, and bright. We have fought many battles in our high school career, each time being on the side of victory. This shows our real character, no matter what our reputation is.

It is of no use to take up much space in telling things about our class; you doubtless know them. The other classes will probably need to tell of their unknown fame. It is sufficient to say that we will enter school this fall, nineteen and fourteen, fully determined to make our last year our best and happiest.

—B. F.

Junior Class Prophecy.

Miss Theo King, a winsome lass,
The beauty of the junior class;
The wonders of the world shall see.
Merrill a missionary will be,
And go to far off foreign lands
To preach the truth to heathen bands.
Hugh as a speaker shall gain renown
And speak in every village and town,
Blanche shall be teacher of a school.
And no one dare disobey the rule.
Gallant Cecil, the ladies' beau,
Shall run a moving picture show.
Arthur shall be a merchant man
And do the very best he can.
Wise Floy shall be a farmer's wife.
And live a happy contented life,
Harrison shall do a wonderful feat,
In the Tango dance he will not be beat,
James shall run a scientific farm

And shall marry a pretty school marm,

Clara shall be an artist clever
And her renown shall live forever,

Zola shall go away from home
To dwell in the fairest of cities,
Rome,

Lack shall be a millionaire
And always be bold and debonair
Fair Lois shall be an actress gay,
Her fame shall last for many a day.

Ruth shall be a millionaire's bride
And she in a fine carriage ride.
Alden as a general in Mexico fair,
Shall gain great victories while fighting there.

Anna, beautiful songs shall sing
And joy to all who hear, shall bring.

Earl to the west shall go for health
And there perchance, shall gain great wealth.

Reginald as a sailor shall go to sea,

And lead a life both bold and free.

—A. K.

Class Song.

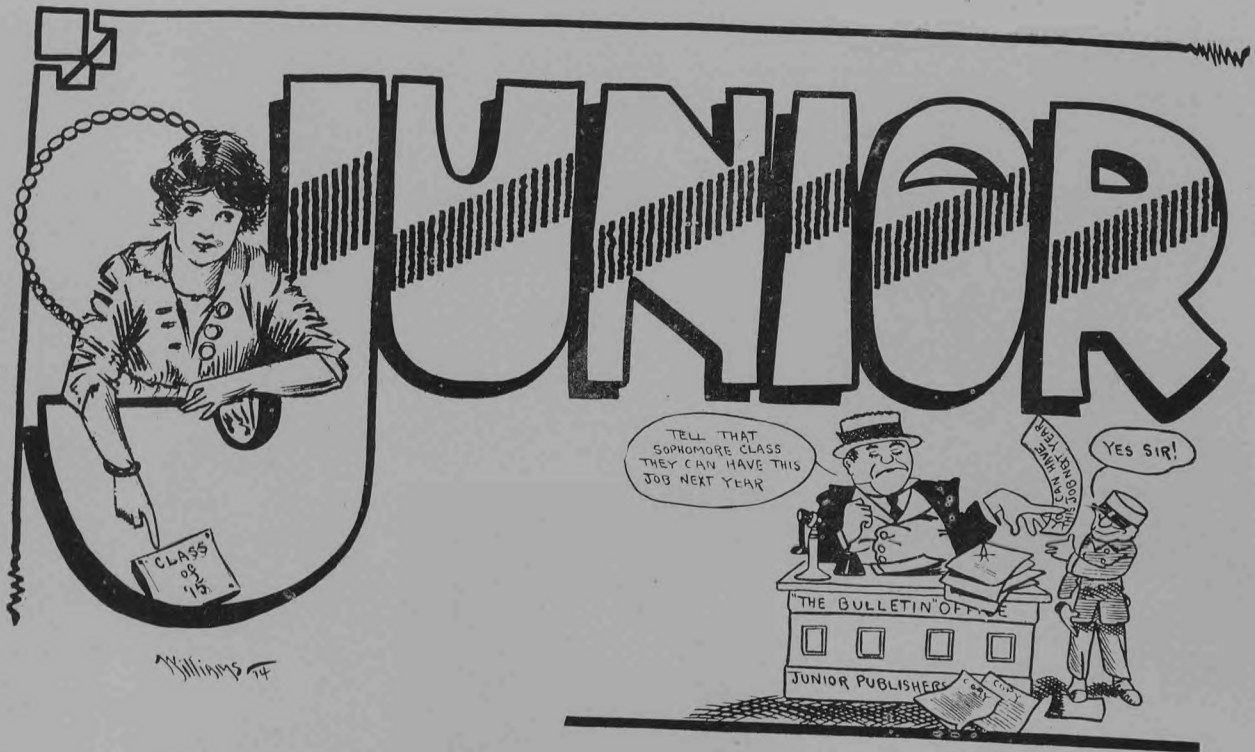
(Battle Hymn of the Republic.)
Not many years have past away
Since we were Freshmen bold;
We were very earnest in our work
And this much must be told,
We've been plodding onward
And are Juniors wise and old;
Jolly class of G. H. S.

Chorus.

Juniors! Juniors! We are mighty
Juniors! Juniors! We are not flighty
Juniors! Juniors! Hallelujah!
Jolly class of G. H. S.

In the year of nineteen twelve
Our name—it fairly flew;
We 'stonished all the "Faculty"
By 'tempting something new,
For we had planned an annual
And we still keep it in view,
"The Bulletin" of G. H. S.

Beneath the royal purple and
The white we do not fear,
We're doing all that's in our power
To help our High School dear,
We are marching on to victory,
And the day is drawing near
For this class of G. H. S.



CLASS YELLS

Alaco ring! Alaco rang!
 What's the matter with the Jun'or
 gang,
 Nothing at all, nothing at all.
 We're the class that beats them
 all.

—o—

Izzle, sizzle, sizzle, izzle
 Zip—boom—bah!
 Juniors! Juniors!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Colors.

Purple and White.

Flowers.

Violets and White Roses.

Motto:

Venimus, vidimus, vicimus!

Juniors



ANNA RAWHAUSER
(Banana)
Who hath red hair shall have it
till she "dyes."



RUTH KIRBY
(Herb)
Oh! you million dollar doll.



CECIL HILL
(Dink)
It is a good divine that follows
his own instructions.



REGINALD PETTY
(Reggy)
Does his work if there is
no one else to do it.



HARRISON JOPES
(Governor)
Truth is never learned in any de-
partment of industry by
arguing.

Juniors



THEO KING
(Billy)

Life is what you make it,
Why not make it a jolly one?



CLARA MARCUM
(Cry Baby)

I cannot check my girlish blush,
my color comes and goes.



MERRILL DORCAS
A lady's man.



LACK FITZPATRICK
(Cootsie)

Small service is true
service, while it lasts.



CHARLES WORTMAN
(Wart)

A typical example for others to
follow.

Juniors



ZOLA CALFEE
(Innocence)
Would there were more like thee.



EARL JONES
(Little Luey)
Man may hold all sorts of posts,
if he'll only hold his tongue.



FLOY KING
(Floss)
Kings are like stars.



REED EVANS
(Pig)
Slow and steady wins the race.



HUGH WHEELER
(Bee)
Favor to those I favor, but a
stumbling block to my foes.



RALPH HOLDER
One of the sublimest things in
the world is plain truth.

Juniors



ALMA KING
(Skipper)
I care for no one, no not I
if no one cares for me.



BLANCHE FREEDLE
(Blake)
I am as my name signifies (free).



ALDEN DODSON
(Dod)
Straight forward I go and wait
for no one.

—o—



JAMES BUTCHER
(Bloody)
I am the master of my fate.

LOIS DUFFY
(Pockets)
The hand that wrought
me is divine.

HOWARD HAWKINS
(Bully)
I waft away all care.

ADA TOWNLEY
(Judge)
A quiet and gentle maiden, al-
ways ready to do her part.



ARTHUR RUBENSTEIN
(Ruby)
A little learning is a dangerous
thing.



SOPHOMORES

1st Row—Jennie Bryant, Cleo Holman, Vida Hughes, Veva Furby, Aurelia Freedle, Phyllis Freedle.
2d Row—Elizabeth Meng, Katherine Bowles, Flossie Pyle, Mae Poe, Edna Daughtrey, Mabel Robison.
3d Row—Fae Jones, Offner Daigh, Howard Butcher, Tom Fitzpatrick.
4th Row—Conard Blevins, Clifford Roberts, Skinner Collier, Howard Robison, Rolle Morris, Lynn Holman.



Sophomore Class Yells.

Razzle dazzle! never frazzle,
 Not a thread but wool,
 All together! All together!
 That's the way we pull
 Razzle, dazzle! never frazzle,
 Not a thread but wool,
 All together! All together!
 That's the way we pull.
 —Sophomore!

Sophomore! Sophomore!
 We're a jolly band
 Sophomore! Sophomore!
 Beat us if you can.
 Greenfield high! Greenfield high!
 We're the class that gets the pie,
 Studied so hard it made us lean
 In the worthy class of '14.

—o—

Class motto—Work!!

Sophomore Alphabet.

B is for Bowles, Butcher, Blevins and Bryant, the honey bees of the class.

C is for Coll'er, whose locks are a curly mass.

D is for Daughtrey, who is not so very bad.

F is for Freedles, Furby and Fitzpatrick, who are never sad.

H is for Hughes and the Holmans, so very wise.

J is for Jones, the red headed guy.

M is for Meng and Morris, who never sigh.

P is for Poe and Pyle, who always smile.

R is for the Robiscens and Roberts, who come many a mile.

Sophomore History.

When we entered G. H. S. as freshmen in September nineteen hundred and twelve there were fifty-eight of us. Before the term closed we had conquered all difficulties, thereby becoming stronger for the sophomore year's work. As sophomores, though our number has decreased to twenty-seven, yet we have made an excellent record this year. With the exception of the seniors (who are supposed to know everything) the sophomores are the best class in school in record of attendance and class work. For the month of March our class record was as follows: Attendance, ninety-one with no tardies.

Viewed as a whole our class is excellent for making good records. In English, besides completing our rhetoric, we have studied several classics with great pleasure. "The vision of Sir Launfal" in which all were much interested and we learned from it a life les-

Sophomore History—Con.

son; "not what we give, but what we share, for the gift without the giver is bare; who gives himself with his alms feeds three, himself, his hungering neighbor and me." Other classics were "The Ancient Mariner," followed by some good themes on the moral lessons learned from it. "Julius Caesar" was studied and discussed with zeal.

In geometry the sophomores are up with the juniors. Our work in the different classes has indeed been a success and we feel that we have done our duty in spite of the fun we have had. For it has not all been work for the sophomores as we have our officers, motto, song, colors and parties. In fact who but the sophomores had the first party this year? The party committee was holding a secret meeting one day when one of the seniors put her head in at the door and saw the look of alarm on the different faces, she said, by way of apology: "A sophomore class party eh! Well, that is more than the seniors can do for they have not had a party this term." The party at Elizabeth's on December the twelfth will always be remembered for the good time everyone seemed to have. It was a success (as everything is we undertake) although the other classes used every effort to break it up. One of their devices was to put some chickens in the hall, and another was to steal our plates. However, they failed, and when Mr. Melcher made his appearance not one of the crowd of raiders was to be seen.

In the literary societies the sophomores have done their work well. Some of the best numbers were given by the sophomores and again some from our class were the leading officers in the societies.

Each member of the class is striving to make the senior class of nineteen hundred and sixteen the best ever in Greenfield high

school. The first of September nineteen hundred and fourteen we hope to find our loyal band of twenty-seven on the campus as "Jolly Juniors" with the same feeling of respect toward "dear old Greenfield Alma Mater of our youthful days." —F.J.P.

—o—

Prophecy of the Sophomore Class.

One day while wandering thru the woods near home, I came upon a queer little man by a campfire. He looked up from the fire as I approached and bade me be seated by his side. He said he would disclose a great secret to me if I would give him the bunch of flowers I was carrying in my hand. I gladly gave him the flowers.

This little man told me to gather as many sticks as I had classmates and one large stick for the entire class. He ordered me to throw the large stick into the fire and I was surprised to see a vision rising out of the flames.

This vision foretold the future of the class. According to this the class would be the best and largest class that had ever graduated from G. H. S.

After this vision had faded away I threw in one by one the remaining sticks for my classmates.

The vision revealed that Conrad Blevins would be a great mathematician and teach in Drury college.

Vida Hughes will teach school in the rural districts.

Ofner Daigh will settle down and make a good old squire in his old days.

Jennie Bryant's greatest ambition will be granted and she will become the bride of a squire.

Howard Robison will become manager of the Yankee Robison show and for his clown he will have Len Holman, the monkey of the class.

Howard Butcher will be a minister of the gospel and will en-

deavor to bring about the reformation of humanity.

Mae Poe will be an old maid and cook for her father.

Tom Fitzpatrick will be the champion base ball pitcher of the United States.

Katherine Bowles will win great fame on the stage.

Cleo Holman, the beauty of the class, will marry a title.

Flossie Pyle and Skinner Collier will go through life, hand in hand, on flowery feather beds of ease.

Rollo Morris will be president of the U. S. and will rule with a kind and wise hand.

Lydia Holman will marry a farmer.

Fay Jones, the worshiper of all kings, will one day overthrow one and lead her away a willing captive to his den.

Elizabeth Meng will go abroad and study music.

Edna Daughtrey, who likes a fiddler very much, will marry young.

Clifford Roberts will get an automobile and go to the world's fair.

Phyllis and Aurelia Freedle, believers in the fatalist doctrine, will die before their time with broken hearts.

Mabelle Robison, the prophetess, will be much noted for telling forecoming events.

Veva Furby will be a great novelist.

When the last vision had faded away I turned to thank the little man but he had disappeared. —M. M. R.

—o—

Little Locals.

In mediaeval and modern history when discussing the industrial life of the towns of Greek empire.

Miss Neal (to Offner Daigh)— Define the Gilds (meaning corporations.)

Offner — Well, chickens have gills.



Freshman History.

We are only Freshmen, innocent much abused Freshmen, willing to do all in our power to make the lives of the upper classmates pleasant, but they have not taken kindly to our advances so we have decided to let them shift for themselves hereafter, and to devote our efforts to a better and more worthy cause.

We have tried to take all responsibility for trouble in a self-sacrificing way, have given up our study room seats that the upper classmen might enjoy its privileges, but all to no avail, and hence the above resolutions.

After long and careful study every one of our 63 members rank so high in everything that there is no best, for each one is better than all the rest.

Everyone has to admit that the class of '14 is a superior class. Our ranks contain poets, scientists, mathematicians, orators, athletes, musicians, debators, cartoonists

and who knows but what within a few years in our ranks can be found a Darwin, Shakespear, Patrick Henry, Demosthenes, Nordica, Paderewski or a Leonardo De Vinci?

We would like to introduce you to each individual Freshman, but as there is not room for the publication of all, we will trust that our generous minded readers will imagine this tremendous list of good qualities and realize the wonderful capabilities of the Freshman class of 1914.

—B. V. S.

—o—

Freshman Class Song.

Tune: "That's the Reason I Want You."

We never knew life was so great
Till we came to this school.
We never knew that we could
work
With rapture so divine

There we forgot to play, but after wisdom we did climb
We crane more fame and fortune
Since we came to this high school.

Chorus.

All we want is three years to finish in
All we want is teachers wise, good, and true
All we want is three years
To work and fight day and night,
Day and night
All we want is three years to pass as one
Three years of work and fun
All we want is to finish G. H. S.
That's the reason we're here we guess.

We never knew teachers could make
Us all these lessons take
We never knew in our life, we could absorb good advice.
The world is full of good schools, but one will do,
And we'll forsake all G. H. S. to come to you.

—Ann Eliza Vaughn.



FRESHMAN CLASS—Group 1.

1st Row—Mary Speight, Anna Vaughn, Katherine Bowles, Ethel Higgins, Gale Wheeler, Eva Daniel,
Mary Pickett.

2d Row—Estelle Gipson, Opal Killingsworth.

3d Row—Marie Holder, Sylvia Mitchell, Mildred Shouse, Pearl Harris, Flora McLemore, Reba Scott,
Beatrice Marshall.

4th Row—Albert Godfrey, Clarence Fiddler, Ray Cavanee, Webster Davis, Alvin Killingsworth, Hal-
ly Killingsworth, Ernest Weir.



FRESHMAN CLASS—Group 2.

1st Row—Bertha Wheeler, Opal King, Margaret Hall, Minnie Mitchell, Louice Thweatt, Goldie Warren.
2d Row—Marjorie Wetzel, Trula Thomas, Bernice Sloan, Iva Lodson, Howard Ridley, Beatrice Shaw, Franka Iby.
3d Row—Asa Speight, Howard Hurt, Tommy Cox, Wilson Terr.
4th Row—Frank Finley, Chas. Godfrey, Guy Anderson, John Rawlouser, Bland Burton, Lee Young.

THE FRESHMAN PROPHECY.

Let us try to imagine what the bright future holds in store for the freshman class of nineteen hundred and fourteen. It would be impossible to foretell the future of all the members of this large class, but we will gladly hear what the prophet chooses to reveal to us.

We are told that Beatrice Shaw will be manager of the largest fashion departments of St. Louis. Send to her for the latest fashions.

Out of life's many occupations Trula Thomas will choose that of a missionary, and will be greatly noted for the great work she is doing among the heathen in China.

Wilson Tarr will become one of the world's greatest aviators, and will hold some of the world's records for speed.

Louise Thweatt will be a noted teacher of the Indians in Oklahoma.

Frank Finley will become Dade county's farm adviser in the year of nineteen hundred and twenty-five. His work will be a great success.

Guy Anderson and Bland Burton will become successful mercantile men.

Katherine Bowles, a great actress, shall come upon the American stage and charm thousands and ten thousands with her wonderful talent.

The prophet tells us that Pearl Harris will attain a place among the world's greatest scholars.

Think of Clara King as one of Missouri's best teachers. She started out from G.H.S. to a country school, but has gained a greater position.

Howard Hurt and Roy Pilkington will be known as two of Dade county's most successful farmers. They received their first training in the way of agriculture in G.H.S.

Mildred Shouse is destined to become an experienced stenographer for a large law firm in St.

Louis.

The best essayists of the future will be Reba Seett and Franka Irby. Their works will become widely known throughout the world, and will be praised by all.

One of the best musicians of the time will be Margaret Hall.

Hallie Killingsworth will win fame as a minister.

Marjorie Wetzel is destined to become the world's most famous electionist.

Alma Morris, Gail Wheeler, and Ina Dodson will attend the university at Columbia. They will be famous for their great wisdom.

Goldia Warren will win fame as an artist.

Howard Ridley will win fame as the leading manager of the U. S. agricultural department and experiment station.

Bernice Sloan and Flora McLemore will become noted vocalists.

Bertha Eastin is destined to occupy the front seat in a suffragette band wagon. She was always greatly interested in political affairs.

Estelle Gibson and Bertha Wheeler will become trained nurses and attain high positions in one of the largest and most famous hospitals in Chicago.

Ethel Higgins will become a famous English teacher.

Webster Davis will be a great orator, and rival the Webster of old.

Anna Vaughn and Minnie Mitchell will teach in the Greenfield public school, this school having grown into a very great institution.

Lee Young will be president of the U. S. in nineteen hundred and forty, elected on the Democratic ticket by a large majority. The other candidate for office is Frank Finley. Although Frank will be greatly disappointed in being defeated, we hope that he may soon forget this in enjoying the honors of being vice-president. Claud Edwards will become a U.S. senator at this time.

John Rawhauser will become

known as one of the world's most famous physicians.

Warren Eisert will return from an expedition to the north pole, and will startle the world by telling that he has reached the north pole and nailed a flag upon it. Some, however, will doubt him.

We would be greatly pleased to hear the future of the remaining pupils of the freshman class of nineteen hundred and fourteen, but this is something that even the prophet is unable to tell us. We hope that Dame Fortune will make it possible for us to hear of these classmates in the bright and far off future.

Other classes stood aroun'
Runnin' everybody down.
Used to stop their work to say
Things about us every day

—o—

UNCONSCIOUS BENEFACTION

Used to make us all so mad
By this vexin' way they had,
That we lived in mortal fear
Of their tongues, they're that severe.

Always did our level best
Makin' grades to beat the rest,
'Cause they said with many a
sneer

Freshmen can't make grades in
here.

Tried the very best we knew
For to make our passes, too.
Hustled day and night, to show
That those classes didn't know.

They kept bossin' us round so
That they let their own work go.
Now 'bout all that they have got
Is grumblers; and they're a lot.
But us freshmen they criticize
Prospered till you'd be surprised
They were imitatin' yet—
We're some obliged to them, you
bet!!

—o—

Mable Robison, (in agriculture)
—Mr. Wells, when are we going
to make garden?

Mr. Wells—(No answer but his
face turned red.)

ATHLETICS



ATHLETICS.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. If a boy is left alone, he will play at something, at least he will entertain himself even if he is at the expense of the comfort of others. He will throw stones, run with the dog, climb trees or most anything to amuse himself. A community of boys will evolve games that are suitable for the season and somewhat in keeping with what they know other boys to be playing. The boys that play together are the ones that get acquainted first and they become interested in each other, and tell of the plays formed by different ones when playing. This will likely lead to an engagement between groups to test the merits of the respective champions. One contest will follow another until a decided interest is awakened in the game and in the players.

Too little attention is ordinarily given to the direction of play in

most schools. As the games are ordinarily followed only a few get the physical culture out of it that should be received. There should be more games played and where more can get to play so that all may receive the culture that should be received through healthful exercise.

—o—

LITTLE LOCALS.

The sophomore English class was studying Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

Fay Jones — Miss Hickman, I don't believe this story is true for it was only four days after Fitz James met Ellen until he proposed to her.

Rollo—Why that is long enough for anyone.

Base Ball and Basket Ball.

The season opened with the usual enthusiasm as heretofore. Prof. Harry T. Wells was appointed manager, Cecil Hill president and Harold King captain. After a few days' practice the first game was played at this place with Lockwood high school, which resulted in favor of Greenfield high school, score being 14 to 8.

The basket ball team also made a hit. They were organized with Leslie Renfro as captain of the first team and Cecil Hill as captain of the second. The first game was played at this place by the second team with Arcola, which resulted in favor of the second team of G.H.S., the score being 43 to 8. The second game was played at Arcola a week later by the same players, which resulted favor of G.H.S., 20 to 11.

The first game played by the first team was with Springfield, at that place, which had a sorrowful ending, 43 to 22, in favor of Springfield.



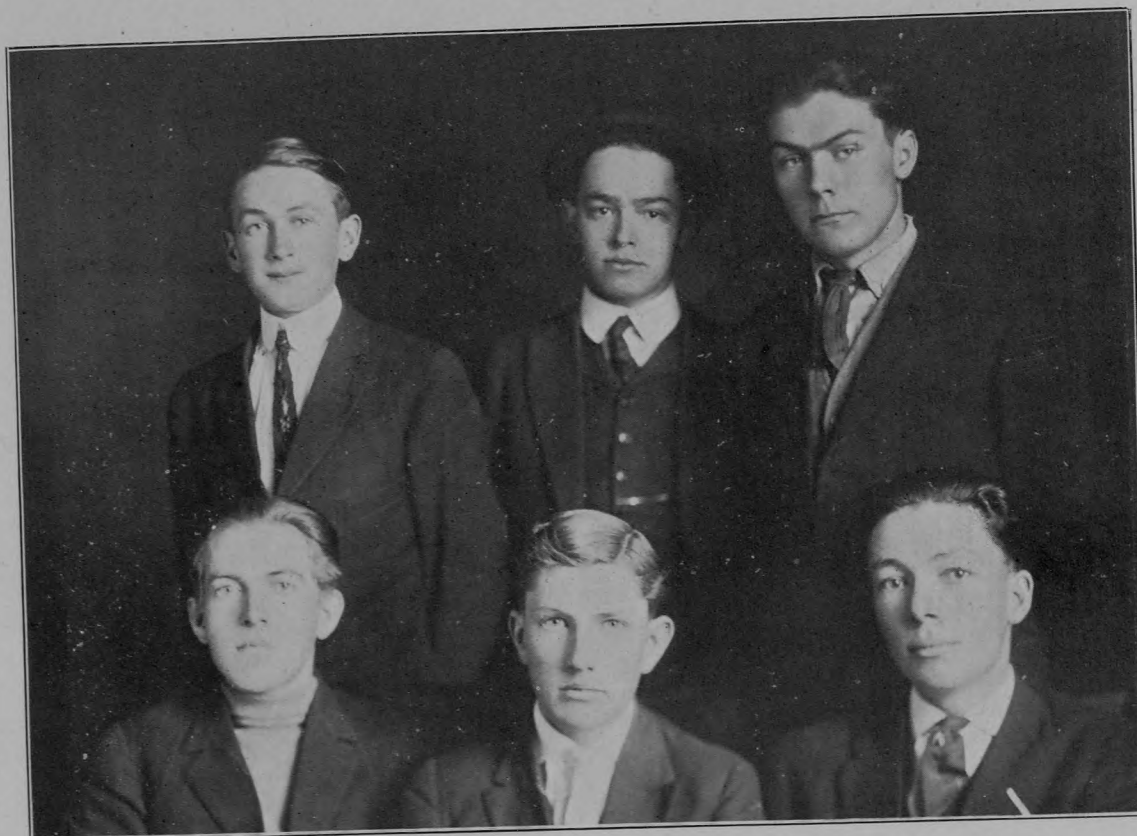
BASE BALL.

Standing—Roberts, Collier, Hill, Robison, Cavanee, Holman.

Sitting—King, Jones, Renfro.



1st BASKET BALL TEAM.
Standing—Cavane, Renfro, Dodson.
Sitting—Hurt, Jopes, Jones.



2d BASKET BALL TEAM.

Standing—Holman, Jopes, Hill.

Sitting—Robison, Jones, Roberts.

MEMORIES PLAY-HOUSE



Visitor — A receptive attitude was shown by some of your students during the assembly.

Teacher—How's that, and which ones in particular?

Visitor, Why, Finis King, Laek Fitzpatrick and Reed Evans slept with their mouths open during the entire assembly.

—o—

Teacher (to class in geography) —Grace, the Hudson flows into New York bay. That is its mouth. Where is its source?

Grace, (after due deliberation) —At the other end, of course.

—o—

Extracts from Miss Lowe's address in domestic science:

1—Don't put your knife in your mouth while eating. You might eat your throat.

2—Don't wash your face in the finger bowl.

3—Don't take any of the table-ware for souvenirs. The host, or hostess, might not like it, especially if the silver is not monogrammed.

Teacher, (in American gov't)— Dorothy, what must be the qualification for suffrage?

Dorothy—I believe its civilization.

—o—

Teacher—Leslie, what is your head for, anyway?

Leslie (after thinking for a moment)—Why, to keep my collar on, I suppose.

—o—

Miss Hickman—Nannette, what is love?

Nannette—I don't know, te-he.

—o—

Miss Lowe to biology class— Open the door before you go out.

—o—

Fay Jones—It costs me twelve dollars a week to live.

Lenne — Why spend money so foolishly?

—o—

Cytha—Have you seen my belt around the house?

Schoolmate—No, have you had your belt around the house?

Harold—Paw, what's the rest of that quotation beginning "Truth is mighty?"

Father—Scarce, I reckon.

—o—

English Teacher — Tell about Cowper.

Harrison—Cows don't purr, they moo.

—o—

Why are the seniors like a kerosene lamp?

They are not very bright, often turned down, and frequently go out at night.

—o—

Lost—A blank notebook, entitled, "All I know about American government." Return to Reginald Petty.

—o—

It is better to have stalled and flunked, than never to have stalled at all.

—o—

Gink — Your son is pursuing his studies at college, isn't he?

Dink—I guess so. He's always behind.

In Memory's Playhouse—Con.

Mr. Wells—Cecil, what is one of the most common fats used for cooking purposes?

Cecil—Sugar.

Teacher—Suppose the head of a keg filled with water was not fixed, what would result if you placed your foot upon it?

Alden—The keg would burst.

The young man who wants to get up with the sun, must not sit up late with the daughter.

Ralph Heolder—My life is not an apology, it is a life.

Latin—

All the people dead who wrote it,
All the people dead who spoke it,
All the people die who learn it—
Blessed death; they surely earn it.

Miss Lowe—What is a fracture?
Fay Jones—A liek on the knee.

Miss Lowe—What is the worst kind of a break?
Leslie—A neck break.

Assignment in biology—Begin with the muscle and take to the ear.

Conduct is three-fourths of life.
—Arnold.

The plural of appendix is appendicitis.—Harrison.

Miss Lowe—Harrison, what is the highest form of animal life?

Harrison—Man.

Miss Lowe—The next highest?
Harrison—Woman.

Miss Lowe, (in biology)—I wish we had some brains in this class.

Mr. Wells in agriculture—Ernest, name some trees which should be grown in a wood lot.

Ernest—The osage, orange, pine and cap-aw-cat—oh, caterpillar.

Teacher—Where did the revival of learning begin?

Pupil—Just before the tests.

Miss Hickman (in junior English)—Howard, give the principal parts of the verb, "get."

Howard—Am, was, been.

Cytha S. (reading in biology)—The brain weight fifty pounds.

Harrison—What if somebody who had taken the bachelor's degree wanted to get married?

Miss Hickman (in junior English)—Floy, give the principal parts of the verb "go."

Floy—Go-gone-went.

Miss Lowe (in biology class)—Jasper, what is morphology the study of?

Jasper—Plants that take morphine, I guess.

Harrison—We study history because everybody else does, its just a fad.

Mr. Wells—Howard Hurt, what do you think about breathing carbon dioxide?

Howard Hurt—I think you can breathe it as long as you hold your breath.

Mr. Melcher—Ralph, give a definition for hare.

Ralph—That which grows on an animal.

Men who say "Amen" in the church are brethren.—Harrison.

A sleepy student suddenly awoke to hear these words:

"Sweet, sweet,
Peaceful sleep,
Sleep on,
Sleepy one."

Teacher—Can you imagine such a description of the land bordering on hell?

Student—Don't have to, I used to live in Kansas.

Money talks
As we've heard tell;
To most of us
It says "farewell."

"Young man," said the father of a bright boy, "this school report of yours is very unsatisfactory. I don't like it."

"I told the teacher I didn't think you would," replied the little fellow, "but she was too contrary to change it."

Teacher—What is an epic?
Finis—A long poem with a hero and adventure.

Teacher—Name one, please.
Finis—Casey Jones.

Student—The three great epochs in English literature are marked by the reigns of the three queens, Anna, Elizabeth, and Victoria.

Teacher—Perfectly natural. There is apt to be a great deal of talk where women predominate

Mr. Melcher—Asa Speight, when was Christ born?
Asa—January 1st.

"Just Livin' Along."

"There are folks who work
There are folks who shirk,"
Says the man who's
"Just livin' along."

"And those folks who shirk
Get as much for their work,"
Says the man who's
"Just livin' along."

"Now why must I work
When my neighbors all shirk?"
Says the man who's
"Just livin' along."

"I will just quit work
And turn out as a shirk,"
Says the man who's
"Just livin' along."

"I failed at my work
When I turn out a shirk,"
Says the man who's
"Just livin' along."

"Sweet success in work
Will not come to the shirk,"
Says the man who's
"Just livin' along."

Then let's do our work,
And not drift or shirk,
Like the man who's
"Just livin' along."

—F.E.K.



SEPTEMBER

- 1st—Hurrah! School is here again!
- 2d—Pupils classified.
- 5th—Work begins.
- 10th—Ofner Deigh is an excellent German scholar.
- 15th—Miss Neale objects to Finis King's kicking other people's shins around.
- 19th—Organization of societies.
- 23d—Exciting day in biology, the study of plants begins and some students display their art.
- 25th—Societies meet for first time.
- 29th—Biology students take a field trip.

—o—
—o—

OCTOBER

- 7th—Lecture by Mr. Dyer of Armenia.
- 8th—Lecture by Mr. Melcher in regard to society work and home study.
- 9th—A colored lad discovered on school campus by Mr. Melcher.
- 10th—Lecture No. 2 on society work.
- 13th—Oh, you 2 cent book tax.
- 16th—Mr. Davis, representative of state board of education, visits G. H. S.
- 21st—Report from state fair—Merrill Dorcas.
- 24th—Arcadians entertain Emersonians.
- 29th—Everyone ready for vacation.

—o—
—o—

NOVEMBER

- 10th—Mr. Melcher has returned from St. Louis, everybody glad to see him.
- 11th—Saint Louis high schools taken as models (small imitation of the real thing.)
- 14th—House-cleaning at 4:10 p. m.
- 15th—Miss Hickman absent.
- 20th—Freshies fail to report on current events.
- 23th—Jay Yarnell drops Senior, says a Freshman looks good to him.

STATISTICAL TABLE

Name	Extraction	Habits	Temper	Pref. Study	By-word	Favorite Haunt	Destiny
James Butcher	Rural	Studying	Perfect	All of 'em	Hallelujah	Cedarville	Poultry farm
Zola Calfee	Heaven	No bad habits	Angelic	Bible	Hasn't any	Study hall	Old maid's home
Lois Duffy	Can't say	Blushing	Explosive	Barbars	Darn it	South side square	Golden City
Alden Dodson	Backwoods	Being good	Sweet	Ma(y)bel(ls)	——!!	C. P. church	By the piano
Merrill Dorcas	Swede	Making eyes	Mild	State fair	Ding it	Library	Salvation army
Anna Rawhauser	Dutch	Cutting up	It's there	Hats	Dog-gone-it	Publie school steps	In a parlor
Cecil Hill	Dago	Loafing	Whew!!	Girls	Can't print it	Bijou	Heaven ???
Harrison Jopes	Mongrel	Asking questions	Satanical	Anatomy	You little D—	Wells street	???—
Clara Marcum	Giant	Helping Mamma	Very sweet	Wheel(er)s	Thunder	Garage	Floor walker
Floy King	Pigmy	Keeping still	Hasn't any	Boys	Pshaw!	Home	Old maid
Theo King	Latin	Studying	At times	Hair dressing	Oh! kick!	Shop windows	Heaven
Read Evans	Ask her	Shopping	100 degrees	Geometry	Oh! bugs.	Springfield	East hill
Earl Jones	Pig	Grinning	Smooth	German	O! quit	Near Lockwood	Preacher
Charles Wortman	Monkey	Drawing	Uncontrolable	Pictures	O! Gee!	Grandma's	Poor farm
Lack Fitzpatrick	Solomon	Watching his watch	Doesn't show	He knows	You bet!	Sunday school	Prof. of G.H.S.
Reginald Petty	English	Chewing (gum)	Temperate	Magazines	Oh! shucks!	Near Pres. church	Doubtful
Ruth Kirby	Adam	Showing his dimples	Torrid	Ice	Well!!	Where Dorothy is	Chauffeur
Blanche Freedle	Albino	Extra		Victrolas	That's too bad	Dadeville	Science teacher
Alma King	German	Going to nergo church	Gentle	Haskens	Goodness me	Colored church	Mrs. Ballplayer
Ada Townley	Indian	Thinking	Horrid	Reviews	I'm so mad	Farmers' central	Seminary
Howard Hawkins	Angel	Singing	Enough	English	Oh! !	Muddy creek	Can't say
Hugh Wheeler	Darwinian	Whistling	keeps sweet	Latin	Oh! now	Chicken house	Bartender
Ralph Holder	Eskimo	Catching bees	Delicious	Bees	Ask him	Singing school	Hampton
Arthur Rubenstein	Russian	Perfect	Minus	S. S. lesson	(x-y)	Slumberland	Photographer

DECEMBER

- 1st—Back from Thanksgiving vacation.
3d—Another number of Prof. Melcher's lecture course.
5th—Weekly test in biology.
8th—Agriculture class discusses the output of Missouri meerschauums.
10th—Geometry note-books returned. Long faces appear.
12th—Sophomore class party. Serve chicken.
18th—Big Christmas tree arrives.
19th—Joint Christmas program.

—o—

JANUARY

- 5th—A new red-headed Junior arrives.
7th—Miss Lowe displays a new diamond ring.
9th—Everybody buys tickets of "Hans Hanson."
12th—Sophomore lost. (Frank Poe.)
15th—Son Carl works algebra contrary to all rules and gets the answer.
20th—State examinations.
23d—Society elections.
27th—Opening exercises conducted by Rev. Dorcas.
30th—Frisco dairy exposition.

—o—

FEBRUARY

- 3d—Yesterday the ground hog made his appearance.
4th—Prodigal changes his seat to the floor.
7th—Katy's series of essays begins.
14th—Pretty valentines received.
17th—Halla takes a tumble.
20th—Washington's birthday program.

MARCH

- 2d—Seniors wear gloves and straw hats for fear of tanning in the March winds.
4th—Appointment of Bulletin staff.
6th—The Emersonians celebrate their president's birthday.
9th—Rev. Dorcas makes a talk; everybody is pleased; geometry class omitted.
12th—Biology class gets papers back; none below 95 (?).
20th—Quarter ended; everyone resolves to do better next quarter.
24th—Fred W. tried to go though crack in (lab) floor, but the size of his head prevented it.
27th—Grade cards received.
31st—Serve pickled meat in biology.

—o—

APRIL

- 1st—All fools' day.
3d—Emersonians studied one hour.
6th—Hally comes to the front.
7th—Agriculture class pull taffy.
8th—Arthur gives directions for the construction of insect net.
10th—Wells takes dinner with an old friend, and several visitors appear.
15th—Yard cleaning day.
17th—Seniors and Sophomores scrub walk all day. Juniors give box supper.
20th—Agriculture class begins gardening.
29th—Excitement in Junior class.

—o—

MAY

- 4th—Senior essays begin. Reception of the trophy cup.
5th—Biology class goes butterfly hunting.
8th—Seniors entertain in assembly.
12th—Melcher announces the standing of the Senior class.
15th—Everyone looking for-

- ward to commencement week.
17th—Baccalaureate sermon.
19th—Class day.
20th—State examinations.
21th—Class play.
22d—Joint program "Mock Commencement." Students depart for summer vacation with long faces.

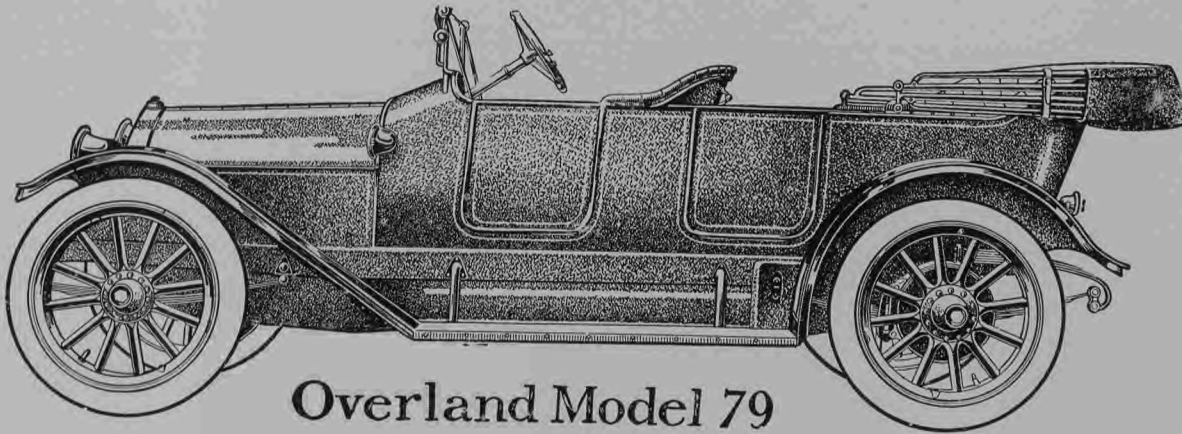
The Loafer.

(Parody)

You have seen him oft I know,
In the corridor below,
And again
The high schools halls resound
As he saunters on is round
Through the main.
They say in the fall
Ere the winter's frosty call
Kept him in.
On the campus he was found
Lounging lazily around
With his "pal."
But now he walks the halls,
Often leaning 'gainst the walls,
Bright and free.
Watch him greet his dear girl
friends;
Foolish chatter never ends
With the three.
But now the merry group
Is joined by others as they troop,
Very gay.
Then the din becomes a roar,
Penetrating classroom door
Far away.
Mr. Melcher oft has said
That the loafer long has made
All our noise
But the loafer is a loon;
To talk and laugh and spoon
Are his joys.
I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here.
But the silly little chat
And the spooning and all that
Are so queer.
And if to my lot should fall
To be a loafer in the hall
During class.
Let them to each other wink,
To show just what they think
As I pass.
—A Junior.

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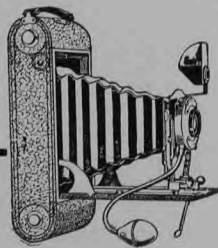
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Transfer

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Carl Guenther

If you don't see it in
The Vedette
It Isn't So.

Crown Caps

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