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Shoe styles change from season to season. Buy Ralston "Authority Styles" and you can always have that satisfying feeling of knowing your shoes are *correct* in every detail. Comfortable as they are stylish.



\$4

Style No. 177,
Gun-metal Calif.
New "Hippo" Last.

Our new Spring and Summer models are here. Come in and see them.

The High School Spectator

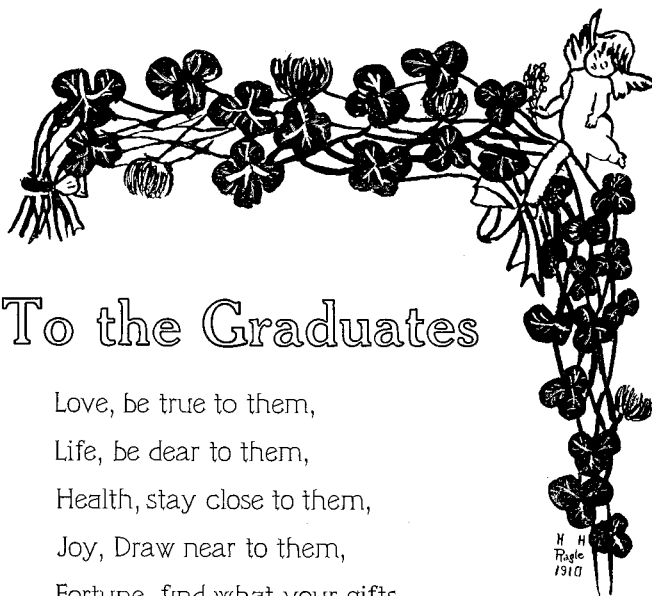
VOLUME IV

MAY, 1910

NUMBER VIII

Dedication

TO
R. Y. KENNEDY,
OUR WISEST COUNSELLOR, OUR TRUEST
FRIEND, OUR JUSTEST JUDGE;
THE FINEST OF SCHOLARS AND THE
NOBLEST OF MEN, THIS
ANNUAL IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.



To the Graduates

Love, be true to them,
Life, be dear to them,
Health, stay close to them,
Joy, Draw near to them,
Fortune, find what your gifts

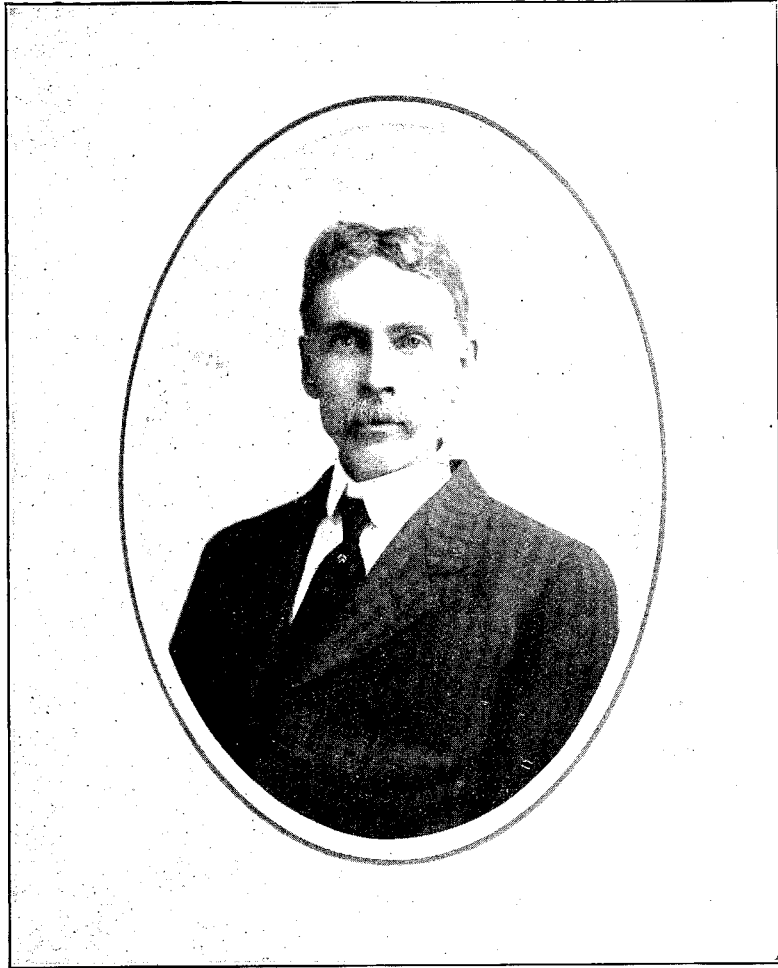
Can do for them.

Search your treasure house

Through and through for them.

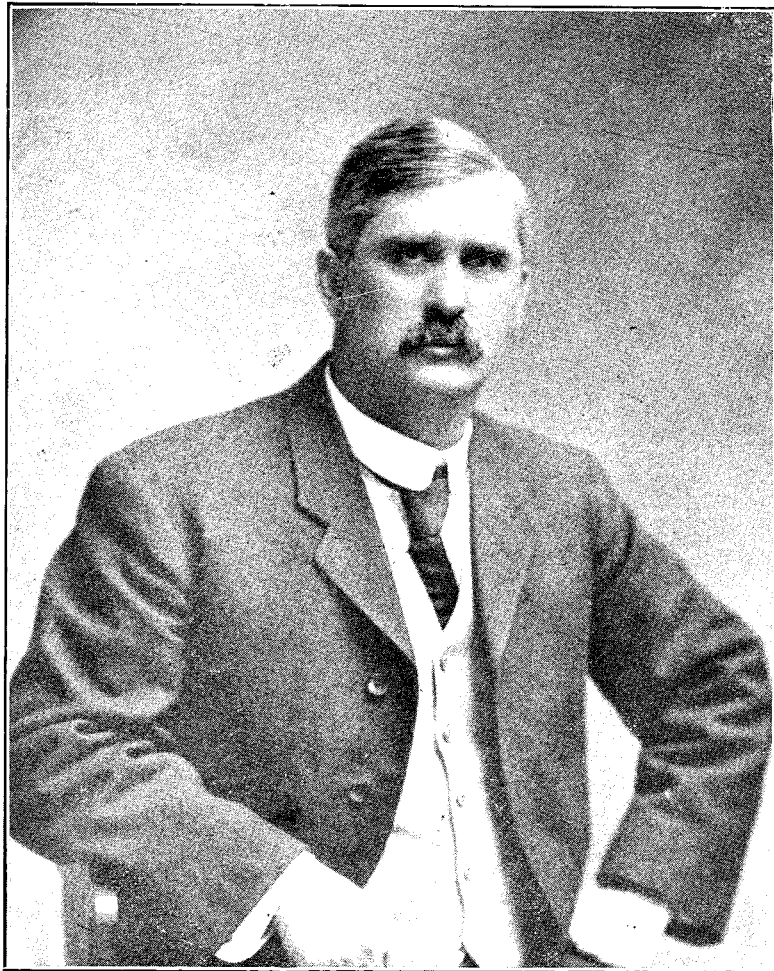
Follow their steps

The wide world over,
You must, for here
Is the Four-Leaf Clover.



R. Y. KENNEDY

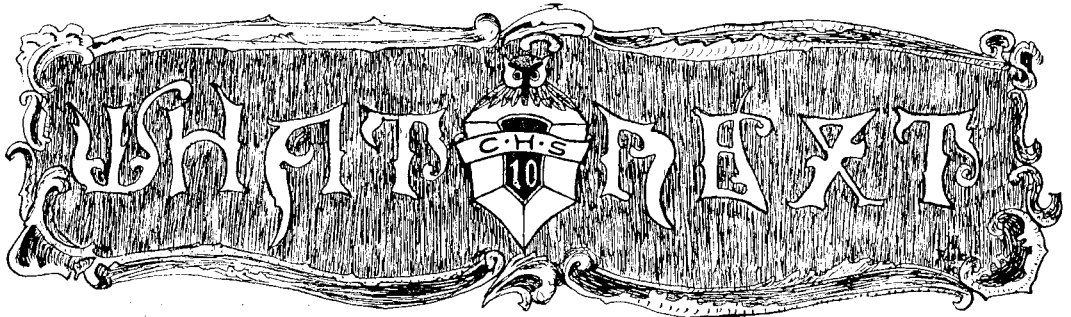
Our revered principal, like Prof. Sinclair, comes from the State of Indiana. He has been connected with the Coffeyville schools for many years, first in the grades, but in 1906 accepted the position of History instructor in the High School. This has been his first year as principal, and has been very successful. As a historian Prof. Kennedy is acknowledged by every one as being among the best in the State. An enemy to Prof. Kennedy is not to be found.



WM. M. SINCLAIR

William M. Sinclair has superintended the schools of Coffeyville for fourteen years, taking charge in 1892. When the city had but seven teachers. In 1895 he became superintendent of the Ottawa, Kansas, public schools, and later went to Eldorado, Kansas, schools, then to McPherson, Kansas, schools, but before completing his very successful work there he was recalled to Coffeyville, 1904. Since coming back to this city a phenomenal growth in the

population has been enjoyed and Mr. Sinclair has proven his ability to meet the conditions by holding the cosmopolitan population in close organization and providing buildings and facilities for the rapidly increasing necessities of the work. He is sympathetic with the needs and enjoyments of young people and responsive to every legitimate request. He enjoys the respect and confidence of teachers and pupils.



THE SENIOR CLASS.

O, splutters, did you ever! What a class to write about! Of freaks there are plenty—but not a solitary genius! Suffice it is to say, that we are saying better things about the

bunch than are true. They *may* be cute, but they are Seniors—and nobody loves a Senior! So run along, you dear little '10ers—every dog has his day—here's to yours!



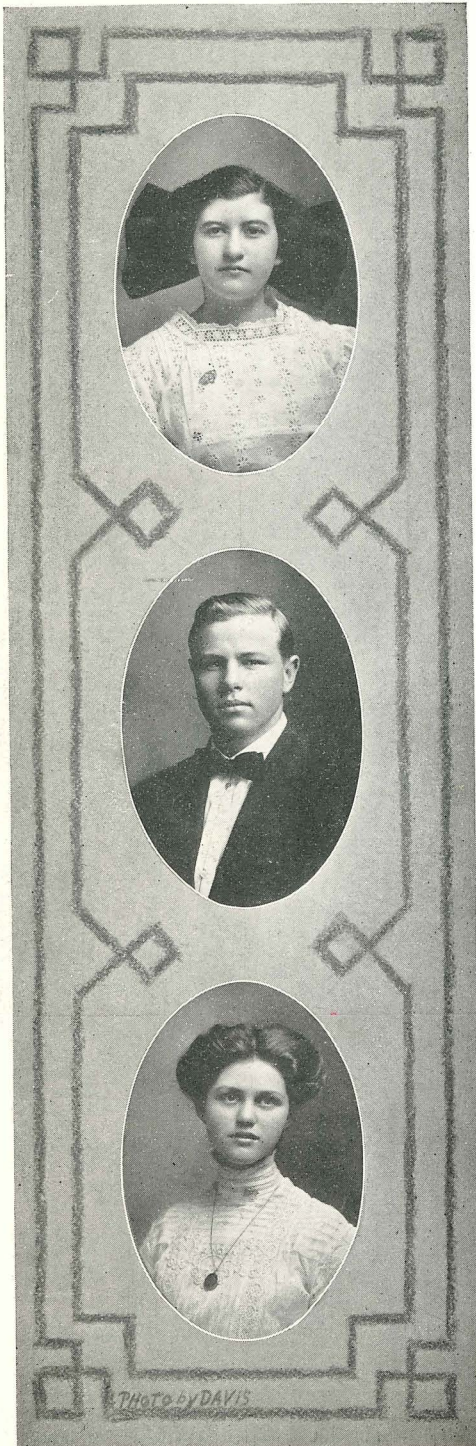
HARRY NAYLOR:

"There are but three things in this life—love, laughter and limburger."



ESTHER MUZZY:

"Gee, nobody can sing like me and Nordica."



BEATRICE FINBURG:

Ain't I a dingah? Dahn the boys!
They make me tiahed."



ARTHUR MILLER:

"HAW! HAW! HAW!
Laugh at your friends and if your
friends are sore,
So much the better

You may laugh all the more."
"Porky," you "candy cough drop,"
we owe you this write up, because
you are our *own* "Porky," than whom
there is none greater, and whom we
have no other gods before. (Besides
all this, he has brains and beauty,
too. And to use his own words,
"Porky" is a "Courtin' old scout."
We had rather lose the whole bunch
than one hair of "Porky's" GOLDEN
head, and how we shall miss that
laugh!)

*O, you Porky! if you don't just beat
heck!*



CARRIE WALTON:

"An old maid! Not if I can
help it."

GLADYS MISCH:

"Accuse not nature—she has done her part."



SAM CARPENTER:

"Hello, freak! I look like Napoleon, don't I.?"



GRACE BURKHOLDER:

She loves none other as she loves herself—but she can't help it, it's the way her mother dresses her."





GRACE ALLIN:

"Don't look at me, boys; I'm scared of masculine animals."



IRVING PARKER:

Sissy—"Paw, give me a cent—I want to be tuff!"



HAZELLE PFISTER:

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

ROSINA RIDDLE:

When I beheld this I said to myself: "Surely mortal woman is a broom stick!"



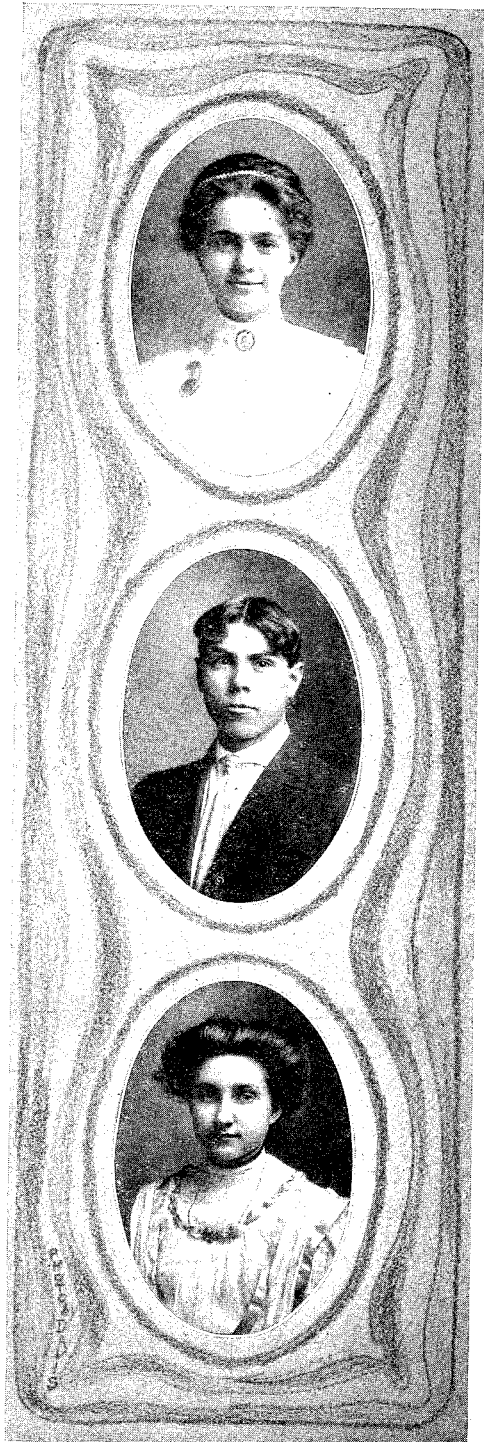
HUBERT ANDREWS:

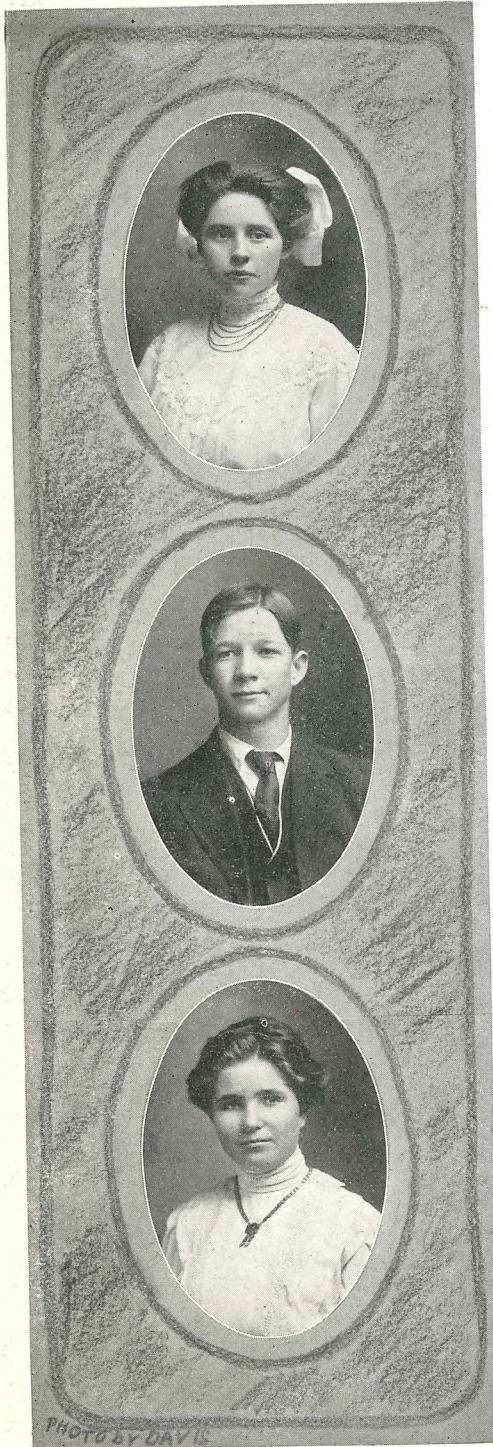
"Plague! If there ain't something in work as kind o' goes 'gainst my convictions!"



HELEN HOFFMAN:

"Would to the heavens the gods would give me a stand in with the boys."





STELLA PFISTER:

"A jolly, yet sagacious little
cuss."



OTTO MARSHALL:

"There ain't nothin' good under
the sun."

O, you cute little hammer!



EMMA COMBS:

'Fie on the boys; I'm married to
my books."

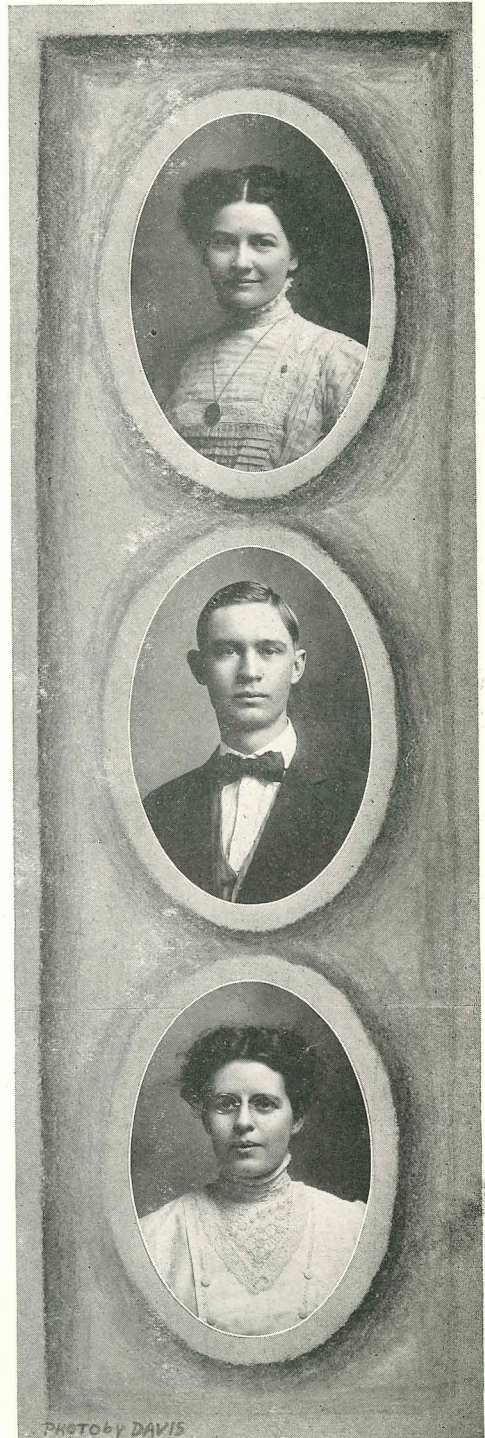
ARTA GREGORY:
She's pretty to walk with,
Witty to talk with,
And cute as a bug's ear.



BRAUM BENTLEY:
"Would to heaven I were able
to run things. I'm the business
manager, ain't I?"



SULA CLARKE:
"There is but one Sula! That's
MUH!"





PEARL ZIEGLER:

Above all things she loves the
rattle of her own voice.



DANIEL CAMPBELL:

"Ye gawds, man; You have never
seen Detroit?" Nature has framed
strange fellows in her time—but—
THIS; O, SHAW Dan—"You're
right; the book's wrong."



MELVA WILKINSON:

Absence makes the heart grow
fonder,
Fonder of another yonder.'

BESSIE GILLETT:

"She hath the fatal gift of beauty."



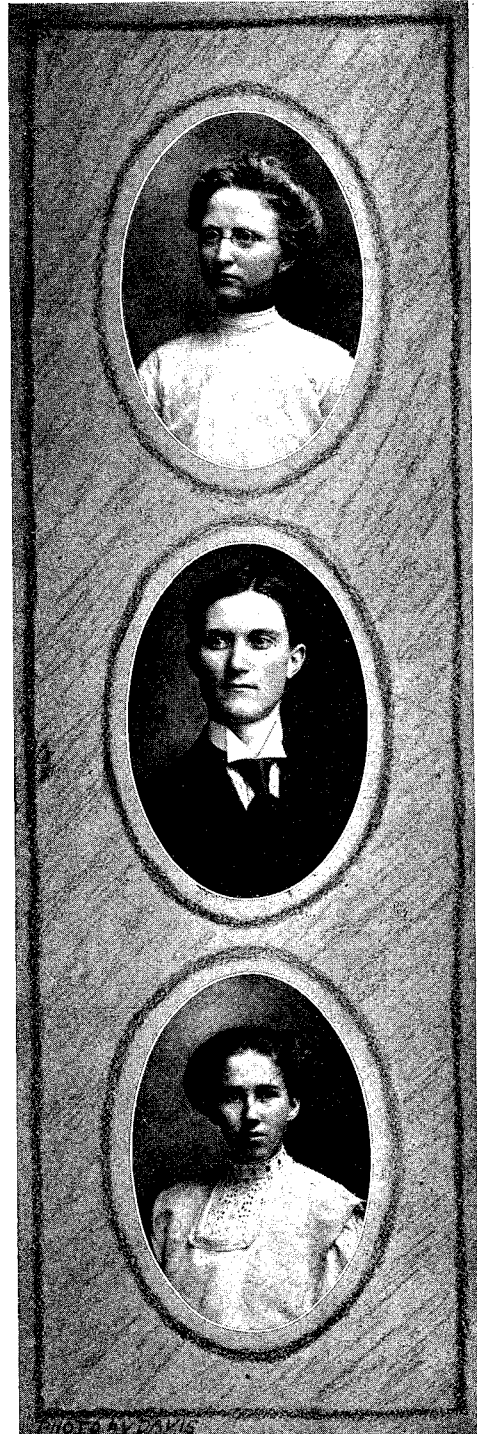
HERBERT LEVAN:

"Oh h—, what have we here?"



GRACE HOBART:

"Her equal for gentleness, tact and quiet worth is not to be found in our school."





BEE BENSON:

"I can sass the gods, I guess—
I'm a *Mystic*, ain't I?"



CARL RUCKER:

"I am a dog of an unbeliever!
Me and "Ritchie" came from Jerusa-
lem. Don't like the white race no-
how!"



MILDRED KAVANAUGH:

The map of "Erin" on her face,
The "Divil" in her eyes.

GLADYS SHAW:

A pretty miss,
 Clever and adroit.
 But how, oh, how
 Can she endure *Detroit?*

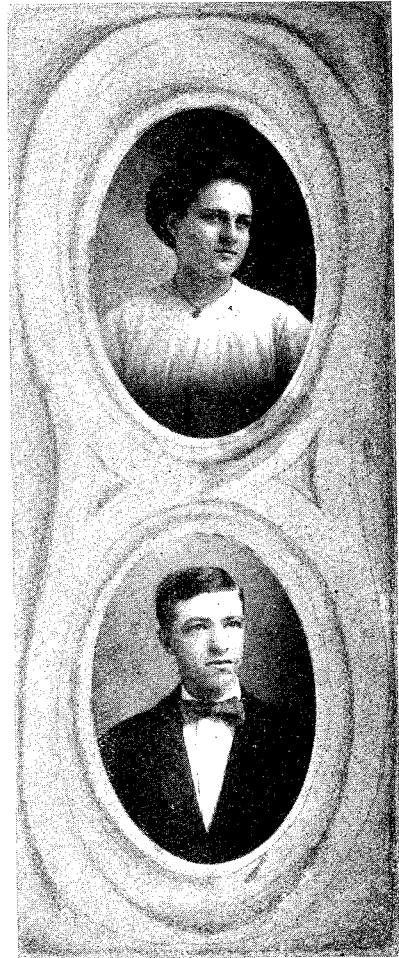


RICHARD HEYMAN:

"Vonder vat you tink I iss, a
 automopeele?"

Our friend Abraham Josephus is
 preparing for the *Synagogue*, and by
 industriously skinning fleas for their
 hide and tallow managed to save
 enough chink to bribe the faculty to
 let him slip through in three years.

But heavens, how he wrinkles
 his nose!



SENIOR CLASS.

Braum BentleyPresident
 Arta GregoryVice President
 Daniel CampbellTreasurer
 Grace AllinSecretary
 Herbert Levan....Sergeant-at-Arms



LEATTA ROAN:

Perfection in all things is her motto, and she has well fulfilled it.



HELEN WILLIAMS:

Sayeth little, but worketh much and well.





JUNIOR CLASS.

Faye GreenPresident	Helen HoffmanSecretary
Arthur MillerVice President	Hubert Andrews	Sergeant-at-Arms



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Louise Benson	President	Ruth Fulkerson	Treasurer
Irl Yetman	Vice President	Edna Cox	Sergeant-at-Arms
Zita Kiefer	Secretary		



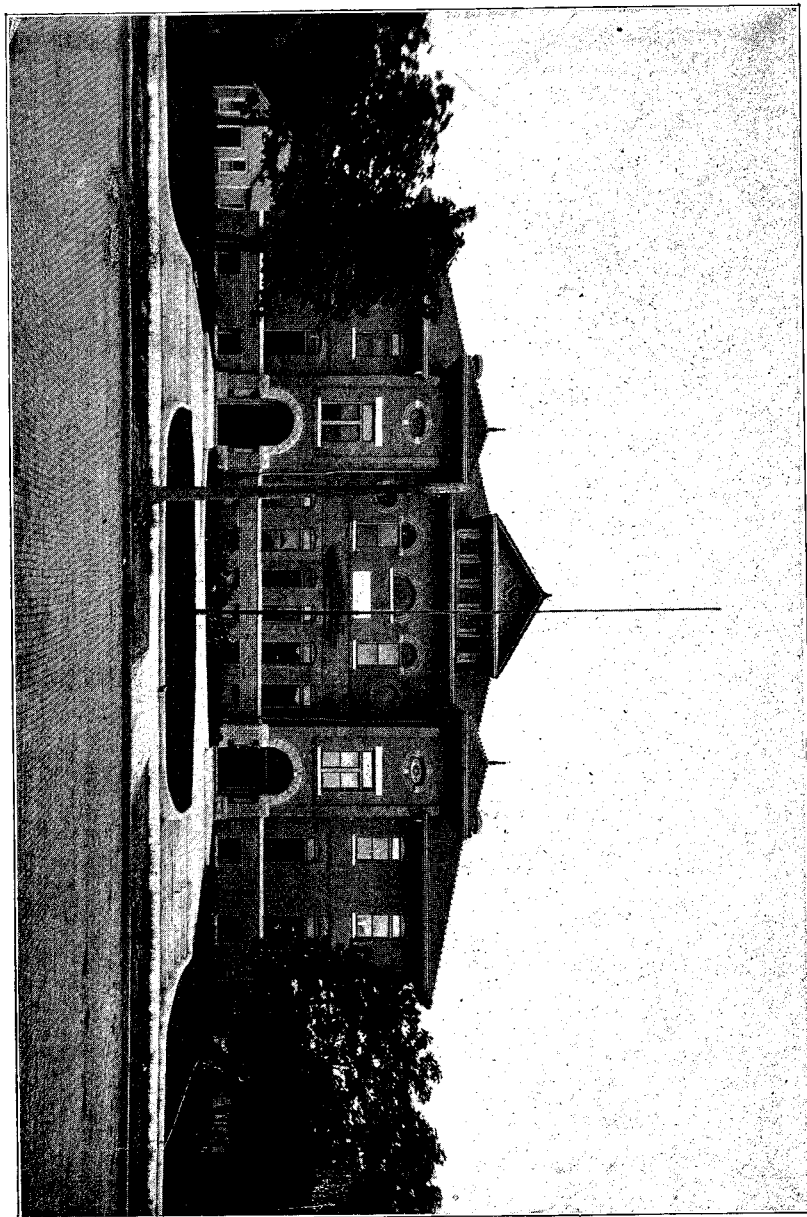
SUB-SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Adele King	President	Gertrude Sticelbar	Secretary
Dudleigh Wellman	Vice President	Erville Rauch	Sergeant-at-Arms



FRESHMAN CLASS.

James Swisher	President	Helen Grant	Treasurer
Frances Misch	Vice President	Carl Ziegler	Yell Master
Katheleen Ireland	Secretary		



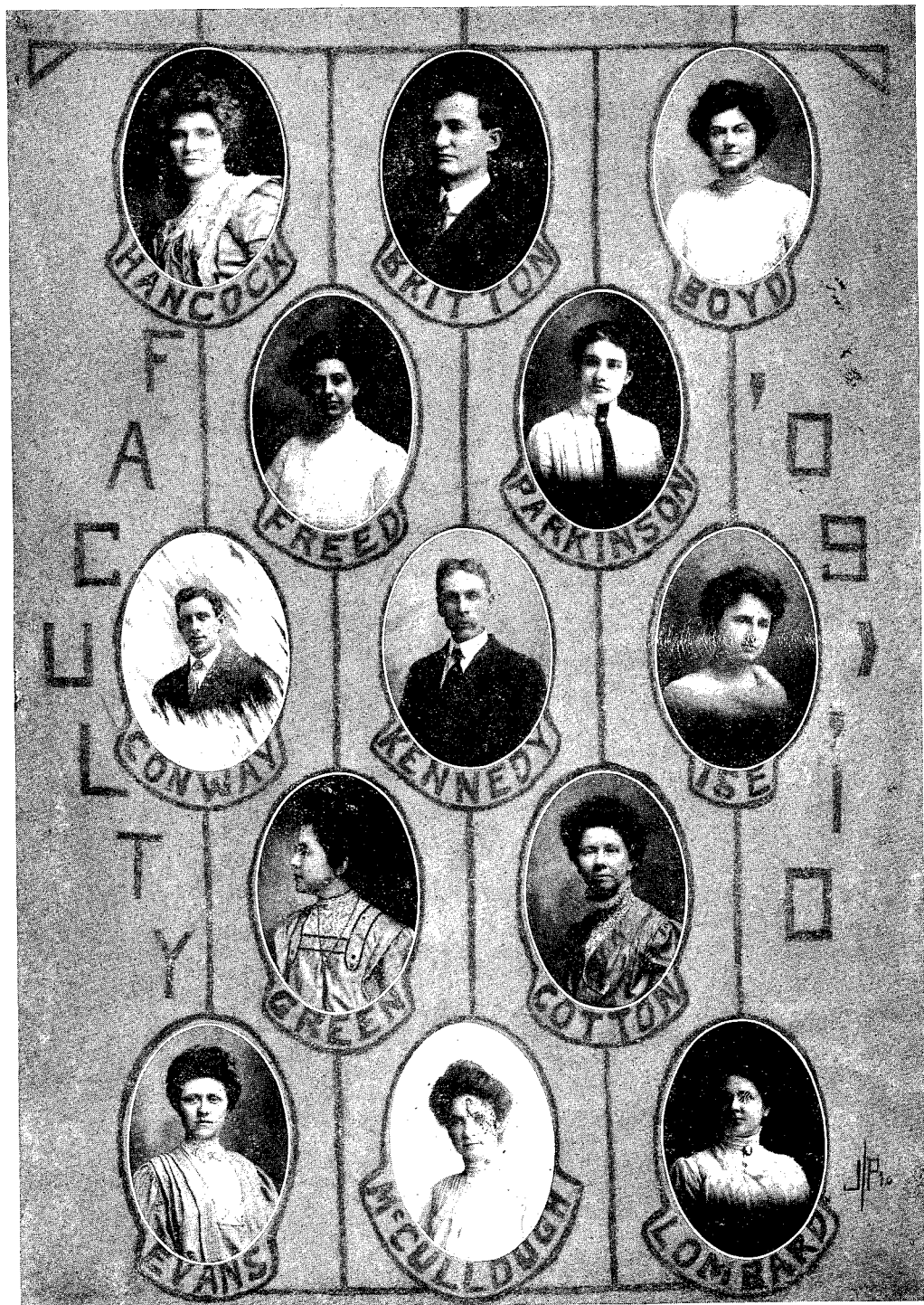
COFFEYVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

FACULTY



WM. M. SINCLAIR	SUPERINTENDENT
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BESSIE B. GREEN	}	MATHEMATICS
MAY COTTON		
ANNA HANCOCK	LATIN
ESTELLA ISE	DOMESTIC SCIENCE
ELINOR BOYD	HISTORY AND GERMAN
R. Y. KENNEDY	HISTORY
ESTHER FREED	ENGLISH
GRACE EVANS	SCIENCE
MILDRED LOMBARD	LIBRARIAN
JANE B. PARKINSON	}	NORMAL TRAINING
D. E. BRITTON	ENGLISH
C. C. CONWAY	COMMERCIAL
		MANUAL TRAINING





Life's Transition

RUTH BUCHER, '12.

There were some lustrous flowers
that grew,
Blushing from bowers of green,
There were some buds of crimson
hue,
Flushing there, serene.

There was a river went rushing by,
Wide through the verdured lea,
Mirrored full fair in the sunny sky,
On to the stormy sea.

Only a blackened, ruined moss,
Where once rose the verdure fair,
And who would know by the rankled
grass,
That flowers had blossomed there?

Only a stagnant pond that stands,
Burdening the desert air;
And who could tell by the shriveled
sands,
That a torrent had rambled there?



Program

- 1 He's a College Boy, Theodore Morse
High School Orchestra.
- 2 Songs of the Nation, J. Bodewalt Lampe
High School Orchestra
- 3 Cantata, - - - - - Sula Clark
Esther Muzzy, Stella Pfister,
Hazel Pfister, Hubert Andrews,
Arthur Miller, Daniel Campbell,
Irving Parker, Braum Bentley.
- Class History, Beatrice Benson
- Piano Solo, Herbert Levan
- Class Poem, Bea Finberg
- Class Prophecy, Sula Clark
- Address to Juniors, Braum Bentley
- Response, Charles Carpenter
- Class Will, Sam Carpenter
- Class Song, Class

Junior Response

CHARLES T. CARPENTER, '11.

All good things must have an end. 'Tis with deep regret that we lose this brilliant, sparkling, scintillating coruscation, but our loss will probably be the business world's gain. So, with this thought of possible greatness for these Solomons, Caesars, Platos, Ciceros, Napoleons, Plinys, Virgils, Shakespeares, Miltons and Bentleys, we leave them to meander, slowly and wistfully, over the broad expanse of wild and moor, and clover path and dangerous steep.

Dear children of this angelic class, it is impossible for any mortal to express in any form the deep anguish that invades our hearts at this joyous time of year. This is probably the last time I shall ever have the opportunity of addressing you as a class. It is not so much your *going* that grieves us, but the thought of *where* you may go, that wrings our hearts and makes us sniffle as only we Juniors can sniffle. It is really awfully sad to think of the paths some of you may tread through this wary vale of life. Oh! just to think of that commanding crook, Dan Campbell, following in the footsteps of that naughty knight of yore, John D. Barrigar. Why, should he *ever* fall into any of the byways of poor John D. not even the cherub Mildred could save him from himself. Or to think of that pretty little mocking bird, Betty Bentley, leading the reckless career of the most unfortunate Edgar Dale. Remember, Betty, *they* were in the same class. O. my heart-a! (Arta!)

Yes, my ducklings, it is with tearful eyes and trembling lips that we consign you to the cold, wintry winds of the pitiless world. We shall miss your protection, we shall miss your gentle grin as of the tender smiling donkey, we shall miss your voices, sweet as the honeyed zephyrs blowing from Mt. Olympus, and oh! ye gods and little frog hops! We shall miss you, Dan Campbell, but go on your

peaceful way back to Detroit and let them send you to congress and add another hump to your back, you cute little camel! And you, Otto Marshall, how the *Spec* will miss your subscription fee, for sometimes in your unbridled generosity, you paid it twice. But here I pause in this encomiastic panegyric. You are not all so dear to us as those we have just mentioned so beautifully. Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and we Juniors had our traitors also. For three long years they have eaten of our manna, ridden on our hayracks and spooned with our girls, and now, at this critical moment they desert the worthy *red* and *white* for the *measly small pox rag*, "*yaller and black.*" "There are no tricks in plain and simple faith," nor are there tricks in wise and honest men, but there are plenty of them in these traitorous Juniors, and so they left us, these apostates to the *red* and *white*. We pardon *one*, and only *one*. "Porky" Miller never loved but *one girl*, and now that he had a chance to win her it would not be a loyal Junior that would compel him to leave his little humming *Bee*, would it, "Porky?" (Of co'se it may seem queah to you, but we think it's puafectly deah of us to let "Porky" go, don't you? Besides, he has such a terrible case on her, and then it seems best for us to let him go, because he has such a horrible tempah!) But the others, oh, vile others! you did not hesitate to stick your "mugs" in the Junior class picture, nor did you feel any compunction about coming to our class parties, and *then*, without the love of justice in your hearts, or the fear of God before your eyes, you deliberately deserted us. Truly, "ambition breaks the ties of blood, and forgets the obligations of gratitude." Now I suppose you are all thinking of the danger of bequeathing the dignified position of Seniors to us meek, docile, unsophisticated, inexperienced

trusting Juniors. Have no fears, thou best and greatest; *optimus et maximus*'; be assured that when we attain the rank and state of Juniors, we will never so far forget *our dignity*, when attending class parties, as to indulge in "spinning the plate," "tintin" and other osculating games. But in the main, we will follow your example. We will run the *spec.* just as "Betty" Bentley tried to run it. We will rent a box in the name of the Spectator, change the combination and keep it for ourselves, like Miss Dan Camel did. We will wrinkle our noses when we want to borrow a nickle just like "Ritchie" Heyman did. We will tell 'em how they ran the paper in Detroit. When we want to laugh we will "hee haw" just like "Porky" Miller did and don't you worry, Dan, if I'm class treasurer, I'll follow the shrewd example of my great predecessor, and charge plenty of *express* and *postage* on the *Senior class pins*. We will remember Sula Clarke, and try to run the school, and if we can't do it alone, we'll get Marcus Tulley, Independence, Kansas, to help us. And when we are full fledged Seniors, and know that we cannot be spanked or flunked, we will pat ourselves on the back and exclaim, "We are the whole cheese, the one cheese, than whom there is none greater."

But, my superiors, you will have to listen to the Juniors for once. Now, infidels, I have you on my hip; I am going to tell you how to avoid the pitfalls and errors of a too ambitious existence, how to be successful, how to be eternally happy, and hush! Ritchie, I'm going to tell you how to get rich quick! Oh, *now* you listen, and I perceive you feel the dint of interest; these are gracious ears! Dear Seniors, while I would not have these statements so impress you as to interfere with any serious calling you may have in life, I beseech you, take the advice of a sage philosopher who has trod these rugged paths and surely knows what he is talking about. You have taken everything else we have, so advice is all we have left to give you. Always be loyal to your school.

When you have reached the topmost round of young ambition's ladder, *don't* turn your back upon the base degrees by which you rose. It is the marks of the wee sma' soul. *Don't knock*. If you can't say something good, be an oyster, and shut up. *Don't graft*. The Lord helps those that help themselves, but you'll need his help more if you get caught helping yourselves. *Don't lie*; unless you have a long memory. Never object to anything any one says about you, unless he tells the truth. If he is mean enough to do that, go ahead and lick him. Do not covet your neighbor's house, nor his sheep, nor his oxen, nor his dogs, nor his cattle, nor his automobile, nor his wife, for if you do, you may get something that will cast you into fire and brimstone for the rest of your days. Resolve what you intend to do, and do it, opportunity is for him who will grasp it. Success is for him who earns it; happiness is for him who deserves it, and love is for him who gets it. Strive for the good things in life, for the others are not worth the trouble it takes to get them. Enter ye in at the straight gate, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that take it, for narrow is the gate and straight is the way that leadeth to everlasting life, and the Seniors have the swelled head so bad they will never get through. Now, dear Seniors, beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing; stay close to your mother's knee and go to bed at 7:30 sharp.

Dear Detroit, do you know the ten commandments? One of them is, "Thou shalt not steal," even if there is a class pin in it. Now, if you get *too* infuriated, you may come to me at the end of this eventful program and deal me a death blow with your costly little class pin. Braum, we all know the *Spectator* is a great thing, but it can't buck up against Brighton's furniture store, can it?

Fair damsels, reverend gents, I have almost done. That you have wronged us doth appear in many things, but we forgive. We heap

coals of fire upon your ungrateful heads. This parting hour quells all the three years of bitter enmity that has existed between us. We accept the seats you resign to us with mingled joy and sorrow. Let your ghost linger about us in the dutious future and send "Porky" Miller back

to comfort us next year. And now, in rich imagination, I bump a glass with you, and drink one last toast to the illustrious class of 1910—the class with the prettiest girls, the smartest boys, and the costliest class pins: *Ladies and gentlemen, to your happiness!*

Address to the Juniors

BRAUM BENTLEY, '10.

Oh, thou bleating little lambs would that we were able to give you strength and encouragement sufficient for your Senior year. When you entered C. H. S. we saw your frailty and gladly offered our assistance. "How often have we folded to our bosoms the trembling neglected lambs, and taught to the little lost ones the art of holding hands."

Our words of encouragement have greatly aided you in making passing grades in exams. How often have we cheered you by saying, "Even exams, are entertaining if you know the right answers, and if you don't 'A little fluking now and then will happen to the best of men.'"

By continued effort we have prevented you from wasting away. When we look at you tonight and realize the limit of your endurance, and the instability of your minds we are sorely grieved to think that the source of all your strength is now to be removed.

How it grieves us, let us? weep (Class weeps.)

The time will soon come when you will have to follow your own noses, then indeed you will be converted into worthy Seniors and expected to occupy our seats and conduct yourselves accordingly.

You do not think this impossible? Yet how well the rest of the world knows it to be so. But if you will follow the advice that WE SENIORS are going to give you, you may possibly be worthy of occupying our footstools.

In the class of 1910 there are thirty-two more capable of giving

this advice than I, but none more willing?

Remember the instruction we have given you in the past three years and take heed, for therein lies success.

Never paint the sidewalks nor decorate the building with your colors. For you have no reason to think that because you are sitting in the gallery you are above suspicion. The faculty will make it hotter than pie for anyone caught in the act. If you do indulge never get caught.

By this time in your High School life you should have the method of recitation reduced to a fine art, you should be able to tell the exact day each instructor is going to call upon you. A knowledge of human nature is a good substitute for midnight oil, discover the weakness of your instructors and play upon them. Miss Evans abhors a dirty sink, keep the sink spotless and your credit is assured. Miss Parkinson is death on inattention, therefore, in her classes appear radiantly enthused.

Professor Kennedy is more considerate, however, he is too polite to call on anyone who isn't deeply interested, never catch the professor's eye. It took us three years to discover the key to Miss Hancock's method. At last the great mystery has been solved, but it affords such an excellent problem in psychology that we know you will be greatly benefited by discovering it for yourselves.

We hope that you will take good care of Gracie Ragle. Do not allow any fights to occur on Miss Ragle's popularity. The only way to keep

"Al Newman" from becoming a raving maniac is to keep him well supplied with pie.

Although the majority of your class have been weak and drooping a dozen rosy cheeked, bright eyed lads and lasses entered with you. As true merit is always recognized by the great, we become very fond of the brilliant twelve. With our assistance they have risen from the ranks and now abide with the truly great. Not only the Senior girls requested me to extend a vote of thanks to your class but also the boys. We are indeed grateful for the boys you contributed to our class. We were on the verge of committing suicide for each one of us had to escort not only one or two girls but a dozen.

Bea Finberg was a professional boy hater until she met "Deah Porky;" Bessie Gillett's bewitching smile remained unnoticed until Sammy Carpenter entertained our class. One member of your class

stands out like a beacon light. The name of Chilly Carpenter is synonymous with wisdom. For even when Chilly was three weeks old, a marvel set the household seething, the nurse fell fainting—for behold! The Carpenter baby had started teething. Along the gums began to pop, in long white rows a bumping crop, that almost stopped the infant's breathing. They called the doctor, who in return called the dentist, Dr. Skeetum, who said, "Dear friends, we live to learn, these teeth are advanced to treat 'em" He's cut them all, this forward youth, and every one's a wisdom tooth. I never saw a set to beat 'em! So hear this youth of forward nature, you'll see he's bound for the legislature. And now after the passing of years, we hand down to others the name of Senior.

Could I pour out the nectar the gods only can, I would drink to the health of the Junior clan.

Senior Class History

BEA BENSON.

In recalling the history of the class of 1910 we must go back as far as the spring of 1906, for it was then that this most illustrious class made its first public appearance. Under the guidance of Professors *Kennedy* and *Neal*, a debating club was formed which attracted attention far and wide. The mayor of the city called a special meeting of the council and it was at once decided to give the people of Coffeyville an opportunity to hear the debate. A room in the city hall was set aside for our use and there we discussed the "Second Hypothesis" and the "Fourth Dimension" with such zeal that we soon gained as great a reputation as Harvard prodigies. We make many friends that year. Prof. Kennedy was so grieved at our departure that he immediately secured a position in the High School in order that he might be with us four years longer.

The next fall a crowd of budding geniuses entered the Coffeyville High School through the portals of Brown Hall. This hall had several advantages that Prof. Sinclair, for some reason overlooked, when planning our present building. Thin partitions in the form of black calico curtains have a decided advantage over these soundless affairs of modern times. A zero on coming in contact with Miss Cotton's grade book resounded through the hall like a peal of thunder.

A slit in the curtains, between Mr. Kennedy's and Miss Freed's rooms, made it possible for a boy, apparently absorbed in the causes of the French Revolution, and a girl discussing the beauties of Shakespeare, to hold hands without attracting the attention of either teacher.

At the beginning of the year we chose our class colors, orange and

black, and a pennant was made of these colors. If you look carefully you will see that the letters are sewed on with a buttonhole stitch. You can see them quite plainly for Pearl Ziegler's are three inches long.

Our Freshman year was not all roses, however. The thorns were long and sharp. We were ridiculed by the Sophs, snubbed by the Juniors and completely ignored by the Seniors. It can be truly said that the only friend we had during our Freshman year was Prof. Kennedy.

Our Sophomore year was spent in the deep waters of Latin. It was soon evident, however, that some were going to drown. In vain did Miss Hancock throw out life preservers in the form of extra tests, classes after four-ten, and discourses on our lack of respect for the ancients, but all for naught. Only eight Latin students returned next year.

In our Junior year, we took a philosophical view of affairs and decided that the class had either impressed its instructors with its intelligence, or it had not and that the grades for the next two years were as sure as if they were down in black and white. With this in mind we met and selected the motto, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Several dances and class parties were given at which "Junior punch" was the guest of honor. Our hayrack rides were always well attended. The Freshman furnished the refreshments for these occasions. Eggs scrambled *a-la-rotten* was our favorite dish.

In the fall of 1909 we chose our Senior officers. Braum Bentley was given the presidency, since it was impossible to create a higher office for his royal highness. Arta Gregory was chosen to assist the president. Note the kindness of the class in placing these two together. Grace Allin was elected secretary, and Dan Campbell treasurer. Our class flower is the Marchel Niel rose, and our motto, "What Next?"

Grace Allin is the only Senior who has completed the course in Domestic Science. Through her kindness many a hot cooky, chicken croquette, or

cream puff has made what would otherwise have been a dull chapel exceedingly interesting. The Senior class has a high reputation in the musical circles of Coffeyville. Sula Clarke and Esther Muzzy have proven themselves capable musical directors. For Clearness of tone and beauty of expression "Chubby" Kavanaugh and Bud Rucker excel. Herbert Levan has already reached the highest pinnacle of fame.

It has been said that the labor of those who labor to escape labor is the most laborious of labor. If this be true, Art Miller and "Ritchie" Heyman are the most studious members of the class.

Each member of our class is a star in at least one subject. Emma Combs can repeat the Catilinarian orations backwards; Harry Naylor can prove that black is white to Miss Green's complete satisfaction. Sam Carpenter can stall any teacher in the building. The historian herself has invented a scowling mixture which has received Miss Evans' hearty endorsement.

I am sure that it will prove a great aid to the future chemistry classes. Dan Campbell does not excel in History nor in mathematics, for his education has been along more liberal lines. According to him his "only books were woman's looks."

"No need had Dan
To squabble then, o'er
The Eliot selection,
Revise, dispute,
And substitute,
While aiming at perfection.
Five feet of lore
Had Dan and more,
He showed a fine acumen.
His gay book shelf
He chose himself:—
Five feet of lovely woman."

The history of the class of 1910 is not yet ended. Every year will bring a new chapter, more interesting, perhaps, than this has been, to the rest of the world; but to the class of 1910 there can be no more interesting chapters than the ones which record our history while in C. H. S.

Class Poem

BEE FINBERG, '10.

Of course you've heard of the class
'09,

And of Bill and Brad that came
first in line.

We have no "Brad"—we have no
"Bill"

But then we've got Dan Campbell.
His clothes, like Brad's—his laugh:
like Bills,

And as cute as old Chis Ramell.

There's Sula Clarke, whose sweet-
heart Mark

Dwells in a neighboring town,
Because of this it was, I wis,
She turned Dan Campbell down.

And Arta, fair and cute and nice,
At least Braum says 'tis so,
The sweetest girl in all the world,
And little Braum's her beau.

Esther Muzzy's known to all,
Her wants are few we know,
Give her a box of Varden's best,
And twenty boys or so.

How I wish I had the art
So clever and adroit
With which to tell of that fair swell
Who came from old Detroit.
The smile he wears upon his face,
Is really very candy,
With that "Long" suit, he is a beaut,
But then he is a dandy.

And there's the "little god" you know
Who worships Minnie Poff,
But they do say that many a day,
She's certainly shook him off.
At other shrines he lingers still,
Ione, and Helen Grant,
But faint of heart—he wins no fair,
And simply says, "I can't."

The "Riddle's" not so hard to solve,
Her future I can guess,
On West Eighth street her promised
dwells,
"The Wells Fargo Express."

There's Harry Naylor, who is such a
flirt
And for pretty girls is on the alert;
Hubert is charming and very gallant
And singing in chapel's, his howling
talent.

Stella is not the least bit of a crank,
And her heart beats for a fellow
named Frank;
But Carrie's heart beats for a differ-
ent chap,
And they do say he's sure got a
snap.
Hazelle hangs on to the class '09
For Everett Johnson's dandy and
fine.

Sedate and firm is Herb Levan,
And plays the piano, you bet he can,
If he keeps on going at this gait,
He'll be an old maid, as sure as
fate.

Nice and quiet and very smart
Poetic of soul and good of heart,
Here's to Bee Benson, modest lass,
The boast and toast of the Senior
class.

Pearl Ziegler went to the cupboard
Of Fate, and there she found a
"Hubbard."
But she is such a winning girl
That Hubbard certainly got a Pearl.

Once Carl cared very much for the
"Ball,"
But now he cares for her not at all,
Esther Penrod's his chiefest flame
But it's just his nature—he isn't
to blame.

The muse sings oft of the graces
Three,
Burkholder, Allen and Hobert, all
free,
And so they'll remain, for a while I
vow,
If they always treat boys as they
treat them now.

Melva's the social queen of '10
Always will be, and always has
been,
Her single bliss, she will soon resign
For on her fingers the diamonds
shine.

I "Otto" say something nice of
Marshall
But if I should, they'd say, I am
partial,
For beauty and wit he is quite re-
nowned,
He's got Detroit skinned for looks,
I'll be bound.

As to Bessie's future, she's got us
guessing,
And fatal beauty's her chiefest
blessing
She'll work it off on some innocent
youth,
For her good looks are catching—
now this is the truth.

"Chubby" hails from the Emerald
Isles
And her mouth is a labyrinth of
smiles,
Good natured and jolly and cute as
can be,
If you don't believe it, ask Billy D.

Sammy, well there's *are* things about
him,
He'd be very much cuter if he
weren't so slim,
R. Y. says he looks like Napoleon the
Great,
But that doesn't win Eva V. for
his mate.

Poor little, dear little "Sissy" Parker,
He's a good little kid, but not much
of a sparker,
About Bessie Gillett he's certainly
crazy,
But to woo like a knight, he is quite
too lazy.

There's Emma Combs,
But we can't rebuke her,
If she keeps on sh'll be nearly
As smart as Ruth Bucher.

Braum is the cutest of all the kids,
Wins all the honors and social bids,
Sings in the Glee Club and sure can
debate,
And will marry Artie as certain as
fate.

Leatta and Helen are chums, always
together,
And can be seen in sunshiny or
rainy weather,
To classes they are never late, never
loud,
And of them the class is certainly
proud.

Helen is nice, sweet and caressing,
To C. H. S. she has been a blessing,
But when in Denver, we think she'll
remain,
For out there dwells, Shelly Char-
tain.

Glady Shaw owns a string of boys,
And of them all she has her choice,
But if I'm not mistaken quite,
She'll choose Deacon Ragle for her
knight.

Grandpa Heyman looks cute in his
clothes,
Has a cute little habit wrinkling
his nose.
He'll get through the world with some
kind of a spiel,
For he's such a jolly "automopeel."

Into Fate's hands I thus resign,
The illustrious class of 1910.



Class Will

BY SAM CARPENTER.

We, the class of 1910, of the Coffeyville High School city of Coffeyville, Kansas, Montgomery county, U. S. A., considering the uncertainty of life and having full possession of our faculties (all evidence to the contrary notwithstanding) do hereby make this our last will and testament wherein we do set the following bequests, to-wit:

FIRST—To our beloved superintendent we give and bequeath the lease of the best dancing hall in the city for the purpose of teaching the next year Seniors the art of dancing.

SECOND—To our honorable principle R. Y. Kennedy we give and bequeath the privilege of trying to prosecute the artists and steelworkers for painting the walks and climbing the pole in front of dear old C. H. S. and have a scrubbing party the next day.

THIRD—To Pa Stevenson we bequeath all of the old brushes, brooms and rags and give him the privilege to bawl out any pupil in the High School for talking in the hallway and holding hands in the boiler room. Would Walter Carpenter, Faye Green, Susan McDonald and "Runt" Boem please take notice?

To our honored librarian "Slim" Lombard (old three in one) known as Millie (from one of her letters from Germany) we do hereby leave the work of Miss Hancock, so she will not find so much time to run about the halls. We also give her the privilege of correcting all selections that have been previously corrected by the English teachers. Last but not least we do give her all of Germany, and Queenie Henery to act as cook for her.

"To "Fatty" Parkinson we leave "Slim" Lombard to guide her through the narrow path of life. This we know to be sufficient.

To Miss Evans we leave all the H2S04 and all the broken apparatus

for her pupils next year, including the street car line and the Deering Smelter.

To Miss Ise the scientific biscuit shooter) we leave all the ruff pans, plates and the scats to dust what the janitor failed to dust.

To Miss Boyd we give all of K. U. and wish her the best of all things that flow from that institution of knowledge.

To Miss Hancock we again leave Caesar but to this we add his children. We hope that she will have as great success with her '11 class in Cicero as she has had with the '10 class.

To Miss Green we hereby give the privilege of trying to find the number of degrees in the angle at the vertex of the triangle painted on the sidewalk.

To Miss Freed we leave all our good wishes as she has not applied for her position next year.

To Conway we leave the porch swing in the "has been" boiler room and hope he will get the best benefit that it can afford.

To Mr. Britton we give this will for our typewriting lessons for the past week.

To Miss Cotton all we can give her (since everything else has been taken, is Sir Isaac Newton and his knowledge hoping that she will be as mighty as he some day.

To Chas. Carpenter we leave Webster's dictionary and Ruth Bucher. We hope in the future that he will realize the real meaning of the fine address he has just given.

Chubby Kavanaugh leaves her cute ways to Pat Badgley and her hair to Ruth Bucher.

Braum Bently leaves his place on the Spectator to the Honorable Harold McGugin and hopes he may achieve as great a success as he did with the politicians.

Dan Campbell leaves the express

company for the next class treasurer or the senior class.

Bee Benson leaves her social position to her baby sister Louise and we hope that the time will come when she can say that she has conquered Cicero like her noble sister.

Otto Marshall leaves all his pool chalk, cigars, cigarettes and tobacco to Irl Yetman.

Herbert Levan leaves his cough to Charlie Anderson and hopes that it will conquer as much for him as he conquered with it.

The class as a whole now leaves the following articles to the following pupils:

To Clarence McCoy, the most energetic young one and jack of all trades, we leave the high school to paint red and white to his heart's content. To Mr. Ralph Fulton (Sherlock Holmes III, as Mr. Sinclair has preceded him for the honor) we leave all the criminals for him to capture and to show the world his detective ability.

To Oren Clossen (Lengthy) we give the sidewalks and the flag pole in front of the building to paint and climb so as to keep Mr. Fulton em-

ployed. To Harry Boothby we donate all the eggs in and around the vicinity so as to spoil all the boys' suits and girl's dresses so as to make business for the cleaners?

By a unanimous vote of the class we leave Richie Heyman's surplus height to Albert Newman and hope that he may have as high ideals as Richie.

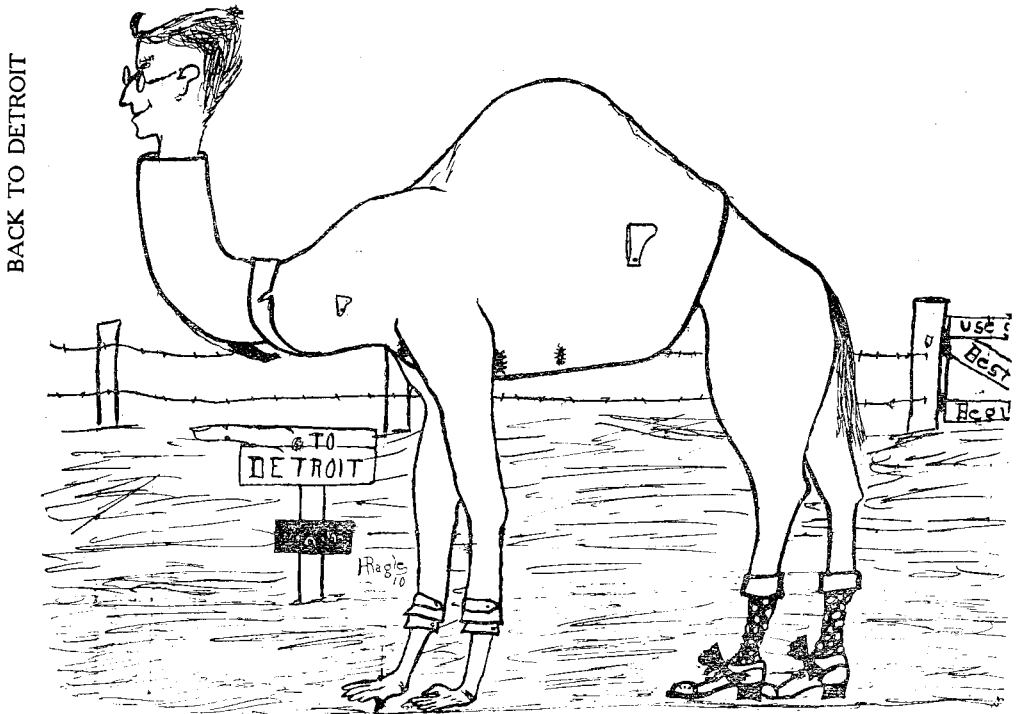
We leave the Ball Team supervision to Allen Waggoner and Jake Nelson and hope it will be as great a success as it has been this year. In the years to follow this one if you lack support remember the old class of 1910 is always ready to help you.

To all those interested in the art of Physics we do leave this question, "Will perpetual motion ever be of any use and why?"

We do now on this day of May solemnly swear that this is our last will and testament and that the persons who will receive the above named articles will be duly satisfied.

In Witness Whereof, I set my hand and seal on this 15th day of May, in the year of our lord, 1910.

SAM CARPENTER, '10.





The Worms That Turned

R. B. '12.

"Damn!" said Jake Mandon, emphatically. "Five hundred measly dollars! and worth five hundred thousand! if he ain't a peach!" Jake kicked a comfortable Sleepy Hollow chair away from the window with a vengeance. There was a reckless look upon his face as he almost flung himself upon the couch. He lighted a cigar, took two puffs, and threw it across the floor. "Bugs," he ejaculated, in fierce tones. "If it isn't simply h—!"

Familiar footsteps sounded in the corridors. Teddy Dumont poked his smiling, good humored face in the door.

"Hullo, Mandy," he said cheerfully.

"Well, what the devil do you want here?" demanded Jake, crossly.

"Want a cigar, to see you, to tell you Nell has given me the bye-bye, and ask you to take supper with me at the *Royal Bohemian* tonight."

Jake arose solemnly.

"Come here, Theodore Dumont," he said, in his sober, steady tones, "and listen to what I am going to say. The longest day you live, don't ever say the *Royal Bohemian* to me again. D'ye hear?"

Teddy gazed at his friend dumfoundedly.

"Why?"

"Because."

"That's enlightening."

"Well, then, read that." Jake tossed a letter over to his companion. Teddy read it through.

"He says you may go to the devil, Mandy," announced Teddy, as if that fact were not firmly impressed upon Jake's mind already.

"And he hasn't any more money to give you," he added.

Jake looked as if he fully appreciated that fact, and sighed as if he knew it. Teddy came over and laid a comforting hand on Jake's shoulder.

"Old boy, I haven't any gambling debts, thank heaven. The *Royal Bohemian* never pulled heavily on my purse. But—it's something worse."

"Fire away with it," retorted Jake, with an expression on his face indicating that he expected all the calamities in the universe. Teddy's face grew serious. He nerved himself for the ordeal by bolting behind the lace curtain.

"It's that damn girl again," he announced, dolefully.

A scornful light came into Jake's eyes, and his nose curled perceptibly.

"Huh!" he grunted, unsympathetically.

"She ain't much."

"Hold on, Mandy, old boy. Be care—"

"To look at," Jake finished, sourly, reflectively. "I haven't thought of that. She talks so infernally much that it keeps a fellow busy listening to her that he hasn't time to look. Anyhow, she's broke me up in business."

There was a long silence. Teddy

stared at the campus where the baseball boys were practising. It was spring. But the gladsome season dulled his spirits inexpressibly. Jake drew a long whiff from the sixth cigar that he had tried that day. Then he broke the silence.

"Doesn't she care for you?"

"I think she does."

"Have you asked her?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"Laughed at me."

Jake culled a leaf from his long experience. "It's the way with 'em," he informed him, as one who could not be mistaken. "They'll laugh at you the very day they marry you."

"She's *got* to care for me," insisted Teddy. "She's the only girl I *ever* saw whom I give a rap for. She *does* care for me, too."

"Then what are you howling about?"

"It isn't that—it's not that she doesn't care, if she didn't, I'd *make* her."

"You're a confident idiot, I *must* say."

"Well, I'm the sort women like, and I can't help knowing my own charms, can I?"

Jake smiled at him affectionately. Teddy Dumont was right, though his frankness was shocking.

"It's money I need," he explained without waiting for Jake to ask. "She's going to Holyrace for the summer. If I had money to follow her there, I'd marry her. She wants me to go, and — and how in the name of Agnes can I let her know I can't afford it? And if I don't go, she'll marry that idiotic, blooming simpleton Simmons. *J. Pierpont Simmons.*" Teddy made a wry face, and Jake delivered his opinion of J. Pierpont, with a very appropriate oath.

"It's a villainous world, Teddy, my boy. Come on to supper with me. And then pack your little rags and come up to Rock Point and spend the summer with us."

Late that evening, the two college chums paced the campus desperately. The debt of five hundred dollars he owed at the *Royal Bohemian* was

gradually killing Jake. So he confided to Teddy; and Nell Porter was destined to worry Teddy into an inglorious grave, he solemnly affirmed.

Suddenly Jake hit his friend determinedly upon the back.

"Look here, old chap! My dad's worth any amount of money. He puts me on financial rations that I can't stand. Anyhow, I *won't*. The 'worm trodden upon *will* turn,' and I'm going to do something desperate."

"The resolve's mutual," returned Teddy warmly. "I haven't any father to complain against, but I've got that same grudge against Fate, and I ain't going to let the old lady walk over me any more," he finished, ungrammatically but earnestly.

At two o'clock the next morning, Teddy sat bold upright in bed, and shook Jake, who was snoring peacefully.

"What the dev—" began that individual, hotly.

"Shut pu! I merely wanted to know if you said William Prescott Perkins is coming to your dad's party this summer."

"Yes, I did. But what the dev—." He's a kelptomaniac, ain't he?"

"Yes. What the —."

"You can go to sleep now, Mandy," returned Teddy, generously. "I have an idea."

"The devil!" blurted Jake as he rolled his pillow into a ball, and vainly endeavored to recover the thread of the dream the irrepressible Theodore had interrupted.

* * * * *

There were a great many people at Rock Point that summer. Teddy and Jake arrived immediately after the close of college. It was a delightful old place, and the two enjoyed themselves immensely for one brief week.

Then Mrs. Clarence Mandon, Jake's stately mother, took the two boys aside and informed them that *William Prescott Perkins* would arrive next day.

"We only ask him out of consideration for his social position. I'm sure it's very trying," said Mrs. Clarence, with a shrug of her queenly shoul-

ders. But one must put up with many disagreeable things, I suppose; I'm warning you, Mr. Dumont; hide your jewelry if you value it. The old creature is frightful. He takes spoons and dresser scarfs — and *everything*."

"*Jewelry!*" sniffed Teddy, when she was gone. "*Jewelry!*"

His extreme poverty had never rendered him so very desperate before. He felt that there was a slight insinuation in Mrs. Clarence's reference to his valuables. Nell had money as well as beauty. Teddy Dumont resolved that his fortunes must change. And with him, resolve meant success. The next morning, upon going downstairs, he noticed that all the *bric-a-brac* in the drawing rooms was gone. And at breakfast, William Prescott Perkins sat beside Mrs. Clarence, who kept nervously glancing at him and then at her guests. Behind his napkin, Jake told his friend funny anecdotes of William P. How, at one place, he had carried off a pink chiffon parasol, and hidden a silver napkin ring in his shoe, and done innumerable other ridiculous things.

"He ought to be locked up, but I suppose people think it isn't necessary, because his valet is constantly with him and watches him like a hawk. But he *will* get his mits on things anyhow, and last Christmas he took Mrs. John Mavton's auburn hair front from her dressing table, and conscience only knows what he did with it. She *never* found it, and tried to have the old fellow sent to the asylum. Maybe you think she wasn't *hopping!*"

Two weeks later, Jake approached his guest at the foot of the garden. "The old chap's out, and the coast's clear, Teddy. Cut for the halls. It's time the *worm turned*."

* * * * *

Teddy Dumont looked about him. The door of William P's suite stood open. He seized a ruby scarf pin, and a pair of gold cuff links from his bureau and hastily closing the door, stepped into the bedroom of the kleptomaniac, and thrust them into a half

open suit case that stood, upon the floor. Then he chuckled to himself as he ran down stairs where Jake was waiting for him.

"Did you —"

"Sh" warned Teddy, with solemn wink. "It's *turned*."

* * * * *

"Really, now, you know, Mr. Mandon," began Jake, half apologetically, "it isn't the money I care for. Of course, it's rather inconvenient, as I was leaving tomorrow, but I can draw a check at the next station. I —"

"Indeed, you will not!" blustered Mr. Mandon, with many elaborate "hems" and "haws." No guest of mine shall lose money in *my* house! How much was the sum?"

"Really, Mr. Mandon," protested Teddy delicately, "I couldn't *think* of considering the *money*. The cuff-links and pin were a gift from my mother, and I should hate to lose 'em, *awfully*. I —" Mr. Mandon rang a bell sedately. "Call Mr. Perkin's valet," he commanded, dryly. Teddy fingered a blotter absently. Jake sat in a stiff chair looking very solemn and interested. When the valet, a very prim, conscientious looking fellow, appeared, Mr. Mandon stated the case briefly. "Ahem!" he began, pompously. "This — this grieves me. My —er, my guest has lost a scarf pin and a pair of gold cuff links. Family heir looms, I believe Mr. Dumont?"

Teddy nodded gravely.

"We—well, you infer my meaning?"

"Yes, sir; I will look into it directly."

"There was," said Mr. Mandon, mechanically, "a sum of money taken. Will you state the sum Mr. Dumont?"

"Indeed, Mr. Mandon, if I recover the pin and—"

Mr. Mandon turned to his son.

"Jake, do you happen to know the amount taken from Mr. Dumont?"

Jake rose to the occasion. "A thousand dollars, in one hundred dollar bills," he replied, meekly. Mr. Mandon turned to his desk, and drew a check for the amount.

"Oblige me by taking it, and saying nothing," he remarked dryly. "I cannot have my guests robbed." Turning to the valet, he requested that if the money and trinkets were found, they would be returned to him.

The next morning a servant knocked at Teddy's door to request his presence in the library. There Mr. Mandon handed him the links and pin.

"These," he said grimly, "were found in Mr. Perkin's suit case. The money could not be discovered."

"Really," began Teddy, "I—"

The dignified old gentleman held up a fat finger warningly. "None of that, my boy. You are leaving this morning? Ah, we have enjoyed your company. You will come again."

Teddy bowed himself out gracefully.

"Ah, Mr. Dumont," called the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir."

"It may—ah— interest you to know that Mr. Perkins is leaving, and will be denied my house in the future."

"Oh," said Teddy, significantly, "it does."

* * * * *

The Mandons were taking breakfast two months later in the spacious breakfast room of their city home. "Jake," said Mrs. Clarence, looking up from the morning paper, "I see your friend Mr. Dumont is engaged to Nell Porter."

"Not actually!" Jake affected the most deceptive surprise.

"Actually." The *World* gives a long account of their courtship at Holy race. Nell is very charming and her father has left her quite a fortune. Clarence, my dear, you must send her a message of congratulation."

"Yes, Lucretia."

"Jake, how do you suppose he came to win her? He hasn't much money, has he?"

"Not that I know of."

"I always thought it *queer* that he left that thousand dollars so carelessly lying on the bureau, that summer he was at Rock Point. And I warned him *particularly*, before that odious creature came."

Mr. Mandon abandoned his coffee. "You did," he ejaculated, almost ferociously.

"I certainly did," responded Mrs. Clarence. "Didn't I, Jake? You were with him at the time?"

Jake suddenly became absorbed in the society column. "I don't remember it, mother," he remarked, absently. "Strange," muttered Mr. Mandon, thoughtfully. "Strange, if you warned him."

"I certainly did," repeated Mrs. Mandon, emphatically. "And I must say that it is the best thing that ever happened that they have really locked old Perkins up at last. What do you say, Jake?"

"Worms *will* turn, mother," said Jake dryly.

Patty's Misunderstanding

Miller, first honor man, captain of the football squad, and all around favorite with his classmates, the faculty, the board, and the janitor, walked down Willow avenue, leading to the college, completely lost in meditation. The winter was getting in its worst blizzard—but how is a fellow to think of so commonplace a thing as sleet, when the only girl in the world hasn't spoken to him for six weeks? The trouble was, he reflected

—but then, he didn't *know* what the trouble was.

Only Bob Jennings, of the Junior class, *would* get into his thoughts a great deal—and he had a vague idea that he had seen that familiar blue military cloak tripping down the street, beside that same Bob Jennings, more times than he cared to remember, in the last few weeks. The fact is, Jack Miller loved Patty Payne—and Patty Payne had given him rea-

son to do so. Jack Miller didn't do things without reason; and he loved only one girl at a time. There was nothing of the flirt in the football champion, and he could not worship at a single shrine for two years, and forget it in as many days.

The night before had been a very wretched night to him, for at the Senior Prom Patty had danced nearly the whole evening with Bob Jennings, and at every possible turn had snubbed *him*. Ever since New Year's he had noticed that she seemed turned against him, but for what reason he could not fathom. It seemed to him, as he turned the matter over in his mind, viewing it from every possible point, that her coldness was absolutely without foundation. In his anxiety and fury, he forgot to watch the slippery walk, and in another moment found himself sitting on the curbing, nursing a sprained ankle.

Now there *is* a provident fate which lurks about, putting fingers in people's destinies, whatever you may say to the contrary. Else, if there isn't, why did Patty Payne happen to be coming along, just at that particular moment, on her way to school? He heard the familiar footsteps around the corner, and even if he had not recognized them, you might trust Jack Miller for knowing that blue military cloak. Of all blue cloaks in the world, there wasn't another like it, anywhere, for he had seen it, sometimes, in his dreams.

There was something indescribably saucy in Patty Payne's eyes. No matter how wretched she might be, no one ever glanced into them without catching a glimpse of fun and spirit. In his present position Jack Miller dreaded to meet them. It is enough when eyes are storm-gray, but such eyes as Patty had are almost too bewitching to beam for any one man. At least, so Jack Miller thought. But he looked up and met them bravely.

"Ah, Mr. Miller," said Patty, airily, "You have a new stall every day. I knew you were a schemer, but I could never imagine you a cripple."

Jack stood up hastily on his one sound foot. "You misjudge me," he

said, in hurt tones. "Fell and sprained my ankle; that's all."

"Did you?" Patty said that, because it seemed as if she must say something. There was a silence—there usually is on such occasions. Then Jack spoke.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind helping me reach the school building? I wouldn't ask it—only you see—if you would just let me lean on your shoulder, perhaps—"

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Miller," she returned, politely. "I'll assist you. Does it hurt much?"

"A little, but I don't mind that. . . . I can manage to reach the building, I'll be all right."

He shambled awkwardly along by her side, saying nothing, his pride hurt—glad he was there—glad to touch her arm, wishing himself miles and miles away. Things came to Jack by inspiration. He never doubted his love for Patty—but sometimes he groped blindly. They were walking along a little carefully on the slippery street, when suddenly Jack faced her.

"Patty," he demanded, "why did you do it?"

He felt the shoulder he was leaning on twitch violently.

"Do—what?"

"Why—cut me the way you have since New Year's? Patty you know," he began, pleadingly, but she interrupted him, and her voice was far from kind.

"If you please, Mr. Miller, I had rather not talk about it. We needn't ever try to be friends, because we can't—I'll help you to the building, and—"

"Why can't we be friends?" hoarsely. "You might at least explain. If you *ever* cared for me, you owe me that much. You—"

"Did I ever care for you?"

"It looked very like it a few months ago, Patty."

The girl reflected. "Perhaps it did. I—don't know."

He caught her hands impulsively, then, remembering, dropped them limply. "You *do* know, my girl, and there is something you have never told me." His words were a sharp re-

proach to her silence, and they hurt.

"Well, Jack—Mr. Miller, I mean—you remember you loaned me your—your English book last term?"

"Well?"

"And I—I found this in it." She drew a crumpled, tear-stained note from her belt and thrust it sobbingly into his hand. "Oh, Jack, how *could* you write such things of me—*me of all girls?* I trusted you, Jack—you *knew* I trusted you!" "There was misery in her voice now—and she turned away while he read the note. He glanced over it swiftly, then a smile came into his eyes. The heavy frown passed from his brow, and when he looked up, the light in his eyes was almost heavenly.

"*Patty—Patty!*" he exclaimed, passionately. "I see it all now. Don't you remember that story Prof. Clint read us in English IV, 'Patty, the Pest?' We had to take notes on it, you know, and this is one of mine. *Say you remember?*"

The glad light grew in Patty's eyes, too. She looked up to him and met his eyes hopefully.

"Oh, Jack—I am glad."

That was all they said, for a long way. Just before they reached the college, Jack stopped and asked her something.

"Patty, how about Bob Jennings?"

He put the question querulously, but he believed her when she said, "It's all right, Jack."

The night before had left Jack dazed and bewildered. He never forgot it. From pillow to pillow he tossed, his fevered imagination conjuring strange apparitions out of the familiar pictures and pennants on the wall. More than once, he filled a glass from the tall bottle on his dressing table.

So Jack knew that it is useless for strong men to fight these battles. By their very strength, they are conquered, for in this lies woman's power. These men, daring to defy in all other things, play their last card into the hand of the enemy.

But now the days went by swiftly, happily. Lessons, which had been a bore, were assumed willingly. Spring brought many social functions, and always Jack went with Patty. Something of the saucy spirit died out of her eyes—and a grave gentleness filled them. Their college days—hers and Jack's—were over. He was graduated with the highest honors in his class.

One evening in early summer a boy and girl sat on the porch of a mansion home on West avenue. The trolley bearing its load of pleasure seekers, went whisking by. The girl reclined on a wicker bench, secluded by trailing honey suckles, and she was indolently humming a tune. The boy was thinking. Suddenly, he put one hand on hers, "Patty, dear, you owe me something."

"Do I, Jack?"

"Yes, dear."

"What is it?"

"Will you pay it?"

Patty did not answer, but she let him take both her hands in his.

"It's the first kiss, Patty. Every girl owes it to the fellow she is going to marry."

The hum of the busy city still went on. The multitudes have so little time for one small romance in two simple lives. But the stars, looking down from their feathery bank of clouds, smiled as they witnessed, once again, the old, old story, which, to young eyes and hearts, is *always new*.

Sinclair, the Detective

ALFRED BRUNNER, '12.

Chapter I.

*"It's Not My Picture That Hurts Me."
Oh We all Know That!*

Seated in a capacious chair in his office sat the noted detective and superintendent, William M. Sinclair, buried deep in thought. The question bothering him was, "How can I keep those Freshmen from talking in chapel?"

Suddenly the telephone rang. Sinclair started up, grabbed the phone, looked down the receiver, put it to his ear, and called "hello;" "Hello," came the answering voice, "is this Detective Sinclair?"

"Yes, sir." Rang the echoing voice of Willie. "Ah, certainly!" exclaimed the Socratic voice at the other end, I would know those pompous tones in ten million. This is R. Y. There is some foreign substance upon the front walk; come immediately and be prepared for *anything*."

Not even stopping to hang up the receiver, Sinclair grabbed his hat, stopped the clock, picked up his reading glass and various other articles used in the detective business, among which were a surveyor's sextant and chain. "This," said he, "in case I find a Freshman implicated, I can use to measure his footsteps and thus disclose his identity." Then he went to the window, pulled a rope ladder out of his pocket and laboriously descended the brick wall to the pavement below.

Chapter II.

Red Paint or Linseed Oil?

Upon arriving at the High School the quick eyes of the detective at once centered upon the foreign substance. After looking in a small book which he carried with him, he exclaimed, "It's red."

"Wonderful!" cried R. Y. "But how can you tell that it is red? But then of course you have had so much experience."

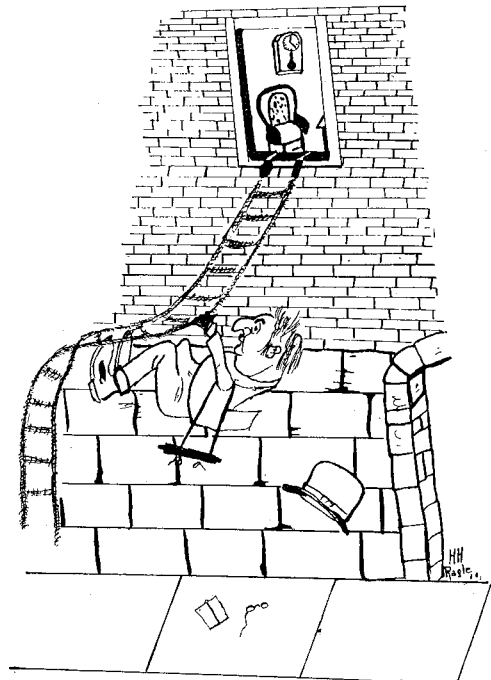
"Why," said Sinclair, "this is very easy. This dictionary says red is a

bright color resembling blood. It also says it is a primary color."

"Did you say *primary*?" exclaimed R. Y. "How sad, some one has been shedding some poor Freshman's blood!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sinclair, "who ever heard of a red-blooded Freshman?"

"No," he continued, "that is not



The Detective Descends.

blood, for blood will coagulate and my keen sense of smell tells me that contains linseed oil."

"Do you think," asked R. Y. with more composure, "that that is linseed oil?"

"I will look in the book and see," said Sinclair, with a smile.

Chapter III.

No. 1; Red Wagon Paint.

After a few minutes of very active and diligent searching, the smile on his face, now the shape of a crescent, told the nervous waiting R. Y. that he

had found another clue. "Aha," said Sinclair, "I now know what it is for the book says linseed oil is used in mixing paints, so I come to the conclusion that it is red paint," and drawing a small note book from his pocket, he wrote, "*No. I, Red Paint.*" Just then a wagon went by, the body and wheels painted a beautiful *driving cart red*. The quick eyes of our hero, the *detect.*, immediately centered on this moving object and slowly went back to the walk. All now seemed to be clear, and with a smile, he took out his note book, erased No. I, and wrote *Red Wagon Paint*.



S-s-h! A Clew.

Chapter IV.

Why Should a Pennant Be Red?

"Still," said R. Y., "That does not look as if it were spilled there, or had fallen from the clouds. That has some form which no doubt means something. Perhaps we had better call Miss Green."

"True, true," exclaimed Sinclair. "I see it has some definite form, the meaning of which I cannot fathom. True, we *had* better call Miss Green, as she is versed in the science of geometry, and will probably know the form, and its import."

In due time Miss Green arrived and indignantly demanded the reason for calling her. The reason was stated and she was duly deputized as assistant detective. After searching through her geometry Miss Green decided that it was a triangle, and by more diligent searching in the pocket dictionary decided it was a pennant

and was commonly used as an emblem.

"Now the question is, why should a pennant be painted in *red wagon paint*?" queried the sleuth. "The question not being answerable, they again began to study the pennant. After looking for awhile at the emblem, R. Y. whose eyes were used to reading dates in history made out the figures, "1912" also painted in red. What could that mean?"

It was enough to puzzle wiser men.

Chapter V.

Why Is It Painted on a Gray Cement Walk?

The question now was, "What has the year 1912 to do with a pennant painted on a *gray cement walk* in *red wagon paint*?" "I come to the conclusion," said R. Y., "that as a pennant is a class emblem, *that* class must graduate in 1912. Now I have it: That is supposed to represent the *Sophomore Class*. But still another question remains to be answered, why is it painted in *red wagon paint* upon a *gray cement walk*?"

Just then the smile that covered Sinclair's face could not be mistaken—it meant enlightenment of some kind, and taking out his little note book he wrote, "The *scarlet* and *gray* are the *Sophomore* class colors."

Chapter VI.

Could It Have Been Cushion Chair Conway?

The more a person has the more he wants and all that was now needed was a clue as to who the culprit could be. The detective was of the opinion that it was not done by a Sophomore, as it was far too artistic, as he said, "Why, sir; I should have taken it for some masterpiece had I not known it was *red wagon paint*!" Who could it have been? Who could have done it? *Could* it have been *Cushion Chair Conway*? He is an artist. No, it cannot be, for look here, imprinted in the earth and unnoticed until this moment, is a *foot print*." Bringing the surveyor's sextant and chain into play it was measured and found to be one back-yard long, and a half-backyard wide,

After making notes of the surroundings and of all the clues to the identity of the guilty party or parties, he gave the janitor orders to remove (if possible) the paint from the walks.

Chapter VII.

Three Feet Make a Yard, But—

After chapel that morning a meeting of the Sophomore class was called by Detective Sinclair and R. Y., and what followed will long be remembered as the *Sophomore Inquest*. The five wise men of the class accompanied Sinclair to the office and a private, secret and awful meeting was held in which Sinclair cautioned them to keep on the look out for the culprit, telling them, "In case anyone finds out *that* party, he *must* report to *muh*. *Muh*, you understand, *muh*! In order, you know that *I* may have

the *glory*." He then told them about the footprint and the measurement, and called to mind a little piece before seen in the Spectator: "Three feet make a yard, but two of (here he could not remember the name used, nor could the five wise men remember, nor could anybody whatsoever) *a-tall*—two of ———'s feet make a backyard."

Chapter VIII.

Where Has My Pretty Red Paint Gone?

Nothing was found, heard or seen of the guilty party, but it was noticed that as a certain huge Freshman came down stairs at noon, seeing no paint, he was heard to sing, "*Where, Oh Where, Has My Pretty Red Paint Gone?*—But the question is—*Who gets the glory?*"

Dogs

Dogs are carnivorous animals. This will be news to some Seniors who have always thought a dog was a dog.

It has been said that the dog is the best friend to man among all brutes. When you notice how affectionately the dog clings to a stranger that knocks at your door, you can readily believe this. A dog pants after a thief and when he can get hold of his pants, he makes breaches.

A barking dog never bites—while he is barking he can't bite. A biting dog doesn't bark either.

As for himself, the dog leaves off his pants during cold peather.

The hair of a dog will cure his bite. This is a superstition among hare-brained young men who are fast going to the dogs.

Dogs are like professional dentists; they insert teeth without charge.

A dog never bites only when he is awake—he is always awake.

The dog has no other way to express his joy than to bark. He always feels joy at the sight of a man. When there is no other man he expresses

his joy to the man in the moon. Little dogs are also pleased to see a man. They are very numerous, constituting a large part of the pup-elation.

As I remarked above, the dog is always awake. This is no tale, though he does carry a tail in his wake.

The sea dog loves his "bark." So do all other dogs.

The dog's head is the place where the bark comes from. I asked a dog and the dog said so. The head of a dog has a dog-headed look.

The bark of a tree is not like the bark of a dog. Even a dog-wood know that.

Dogs are not always kind and there are many kinds of dogs. Every dog has his day, although dog days last but a few weeks in the year.

The dog star is the dog's planet. They planet (plan it) so that their days come while the star is in the sky. They don't fear it. It is not a sky terrier.

The Jews consider a dog unclean (that's what dad says) and yet the dog will clean out a crowd, no matter

how dirty—the dirtier the better. Another bad thing about the dog—he spitz.

Tray was a good dog, but trays are better than duces anyday.

The bulldog is a subborn fellow. He

is not easily cowed. The dog has four legs.

Howl, this do for the dog?

We will see that it don't a cur again.

—Surely—B. J., '12.

X-Ray Papers

B. BYRON XENOPHON, WRITING IN
MCCLURES, MARCH, 1958

NO. I.

The Prig party, being completely ruined by the exposure of their leader, Harold C. McGugin, can expect nothing from the coming election. The nation was indeed shocked at the exposure of this great statesman and general, popularly know as the "Great Goheegan," and it will be many years before the English speaking world will recover from the sensation.

It was found that General McGugin, rig. leader, ex-president, hero of the German-American war, champion of the Woman's Suffrage League, Lord Protector of the Blighted Females' Association, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Grafters, Exalted Member of the Order of Americanized Irishmen, the revered idol of the people and the petted lion of the Four Hundred, had devoted the years immediately following the war, to the most astounding graft, bribery, bucket shopping and various other polite political corruptions. Through the investigations of the Anti-Graft Society of New York, it was found that General McGugin had "bought" one hundred and seventeen state senators, sixty United States senators, and one hundred and fifty-seven representatives, and through them, to have been instrumental in selling the territory of Alaska to Germany at three times its actual value, and appropriating more than three-fourths of the profits to himself and colleagues, principally, however, to himself. This would not have been possible, however, but for the very keen, if equally corrupt, le-

gal insight of Hubert Castello Andrews, the wild, wooly and turbulent Secretary of State who poses for some pumpkins in the capital, will do anything for money, and having been a third rate hypnotist in the western vaudeville for fourteen years, has the most complete power over the senate, the house, the president and the populace. And in spite of these extraordinary talents and versatility of mind, which should properly belong to only the highest moral character, Secretary Andrews appears to be no exception to Walpole's aphorism: "Every man has his price."

It is estimated by all, and rightly, that had President Dougherty been in his normal state of mind and body, this high political "seven acres upwards" could not have been carried on for a moment by the unscrupulous schemers aforesaid.

When elected in 1954, President Dougherty was the sprightliest man in Washington. His keen intellect and penetration into anything of a grasping nature, would ordinarily enable him to detect the dishonest proceedings of the Congress and Cabinet at once. But everyone knows that since 1956, when the celebrated Franklin Walton Bradbury, then Secretary of State and chief friend and counsellor of the president, eloped with Mr. Dougherty's wife, the President has suffered intense physical and mental degeneration. In all the annals of history we do not find a more touching or deplorable circumstance. Stricken down in the flower of his success, by domestic infelicities, finding his trust false and his confidence

violated, the president's hair turned white in a single night. The bloom on his cheek, always a rich carmen, faded until it is but the ashen semblance of its former ruddy glow. The despondent statesman, refusing to shave, cut his hair or clean his teeth, sits day by day in the east room of the White House, the prototype of utter misery. His little son, Richard Yates Kennedy, named for his grandfather on his mother's side, sits upon his father's knee the greater portion of the day, stroking the long, flowing beard, and trying to console the abandoned old creature who sits muttering like Varrus of old, "Brady, Brady, bring me back my Birdie." Partially blind, totally deaf and two-thirds paralyzed, he commands the sympathy of all who see him.

Meanwhile, we read in the *New York Tribune* of Mr. Bradbury, gentleman flirt and adventurer, dwelling in a comfortable villa on the banks of the *Arno*, in beautiful Italy, engaged in writing a book, "*Hearts I Have Taken.*" However, it appears that Mr. Bradbury has "taken" more hearts than money, and the family fortunes being on the wane, Mrs. Bradbury "takes" in washings, while her lordly spouse reads, smokes, writes and sleeps on the front veranda.

And just here we wish to extend our sincere sympathy to our bereaved and afflicted Chief Executive. However, we have this consolation to offer: Such is the common fate of all who bestow their best upon the world, such the reward of honest friendship, and such the ingratitude universally accorded true worth and usefulness. Perhaps the best epitaph we can bestow upon the abused statesman, when at last the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl lies broken, is that he was the betrayed and not the betrayer.

But to return to the point. The President's story is too well known to require much space here; it is upon McGugin that the orbs of the universe are centered. Not only did he swindle his country out of the en-

tire territory of Alaska, but, while posing as an upright, honest, respectable, conscientious, sanctimonious and perpendicular American citizen, he, in connection with Secretary Andrews, several crooked senators, representatives, rascals, scallowags and other infamous disreputable "wags" at large, raised pork, wool, rubber, onions, sugar, hay, calico, rice, silk, nails, rope, lace, beers, flour, oysters, pearls, corn, wine, gunpowder, salmon, beans, rubies, gold, and other common necessities of life, to such exorbitant prices that none but himself could afford them. Having, by one of his accustomed grafting methods, married the daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, and not omitting, while engaged in matrimonial pursuits, to wed the larger portion of the old gentleman's fortune, he followed in the steps of his grasping father-in-law with the utmost tenacity. Before the war he accumulated a comfortable fortune from private investments and speculations, which, augmented by an enormous pension granted to him by the government in recognition of his services at the battle of Bloomington, caused McGugin to become a chief factor among the money kings of the country, to be looked up to as a Wall street magnate, and to be spoken of as a power on 'Change. By the Johnston bill of 1956, he secured Cape Ann as private property, and was negotiating with Senator Irving Parker, a poor but popular Holiness preacher, of Cucumber Hollow, Arkansas, for a monopoly on the diamond fields of that state, when he was intercepted by the Anti-Graft Society. McGugin's career has been so thoroughly reviewed in the leading periodicals of the day that to add our opinions and comments to the teeming summary would be wilful waste of precious ink. The details have been presented to the public with due process of coloring, and suffice it is to say that the enormity of the scheme, while most shocking does command our sincere admiration for the abilities of Gen. McGugin; we are certainly forced to admit that for keenness of comprehension, politi-

cal foresight, insight and out-sight, he has no equal, and we cannot refrain from adding that the pity as he did not employ his super-excellent powers in enterprises worthy his commanding genius. With ruthless and unrelenting hand, he robbed widow and millionaire, prince and pauper, patriarch and babe, without fear or favor, passion or prejudice. It is asserted that neither remorse nor compunction entered his soul, which is thought to have been due to the golden stream just then entering his pocketbook.

The eminent small biographer and chronicler, Bromo Letta Bentley, has observed in a recent pamphlet: "McGugin's nose naturally inclined upwards, and in his last years of residence in America, he became unbearably aristocratic, if not actually plutocratic. Therefore, it is thought to be significant of his inborn, ingrained, bred in the bone and not to be got out uppishness, that this particular uplifting feature (which had been straightened by the famous beauty specialist, Monsieur Carletto-Ziegler, directly upon McGugin's return from the wars), immediately resumed its cynical elevated curl."

The above anecdote is quoted by Bentley simply in connection with the natural tendencies of McGugin to graft—and just here it is not thought irrelevant, in this informal sheet, to review in part what Bentley says in regard to Monsieur Zieg., who is of interest to the public chiefly because he was, at one time in his checkered career, first valet to Mr. Richard Abraham Heyman, merchant prince of America. "Monsieur Carletto," says Bentley, in his "Memoirs of Famous Crumbs," "having squandered the immense fortune left to him by the death of his father, immediately borrowed another from his grandfather, and devoted it to marrying an English nobleman, who could insure him a small title, a comfortable home and an introduction to the queen. M. Zieg's fame rests partially upon his having set the custom, as it were, of young American gentlemen of moneyed ancestry, marrying

titles, which prerogative formerly belonged only to our girls. Shortly after the wedding, M. Carletto, then, however, Lord Ziegler, found that things were not quite to his taste. With the kind assistance of his friend Mr. George I. Barndollar, (who had married a real duchess and occasionally wore a coronet) the young lord found that his title was *not* in the peerage, as her ladyship had asserted it was, his home was *not* comfortable, as she had sworn it should be, and the queen was not "fetching" but a very *plain, homely, "broom faced"* creature, who refused to notice the pretty gentleman in the least. All these things George I. very kindly pointed out to Lord Zieg.; all these things Lord Zieg. saw; he hated the queen and he hated her ladyship, and, while he was at the business, he made it a point to particularly detest the real duchess, because she *was* a real duchess, and George I had got her, which made George I something of a *Duke*, and, which, in turn, made the Duke something of a "swell head," and which, to proceed, made Lord Zieg. something of a "sore head." Upon reflection, and the disinterested advice of George I, Zieg, sold the "booby" medals he had won at college, and purchased a French marchioness, a divorce from his wife, and a pleasant house fronting on the Seine. At first, Zieg. anticipated genuine domestic happiness, and for a little while it did seem as if he were going to have it. But by and by, the French marchioness appeared to be much fonder of the French marquises than of M. Zieg., so she spent his money, and one evening in late January she turned him out of the house to shift for himself in pitiless Paris. Wisely, we throw a veil over the next four months of the pretty gentleman's life, for he suffered enough, and no exaggeration, even of the most extravagant pen, could ever portray the truth of the matter. If he had eaten of dainties fit for the deities of Mt. Olympus, he learned what it was to subsist on three black beans per meal, and one meal per day; if he had bathed his delicate brow in marbled basins, he learned what it is to utilize

the limpid wayside pool. If he had slept neath a purple-canopied bed, on sheets of finest linen, he came to know what it is to slumber neath the cold hedgerow. Leading such a vagrant life, he wandered about for three months, until one night, weak and faint, he stumbled upon Madam Blase's back stairs. Madam nursed him back to health, and observing the rare proportions of his figure, the antique cast of his nose, and the perfectly stunning dimensions of his pedal extremities, decided to employ him as a small clothes model. However, the castaway, upon fully regaining his vigor and comeliness, wrote to his good friend George I., the Duke, who had known him in his gala days, and being so lavish with his advice, surely would not object to loaning the lorn castaway five hundred pounds with which to sail to mother. But George I., being a young person of exceedingly great discretion, perceived some radical differences between dispensing advice and gold crowns, and having read M. Zieg's letter, decided to leave it unanswered. Therefore, by force of a miserable, uncompromising necessity, the one time dandy apprenticed himself to Madam Blase, the leading beauty specialist of Paris.

In one of his happiest humors, Mr. Bentley proceeds: "To us who knew Zieg. in his ragtime days, the thought of that promising young scudder shining bold bald French pates, shampooing the heads of corpulent French *mamas*, and abjectly serving dashing young *madamoiselles*, nor daring to flirt with them—the thought of this, we say, is heart breaking, torturing, terrible. But the experience settled his fate. He found his one talent—he cultivated it—broken in spirits, busted, disgusted, financially embarrassed, he married a widow of fifty-four, returned to his native America, and is today the recognized world authority on warts, moles, freckles, blackheads, pimples, dandruff, superfluous hair, and fifty thousand other things pertaining to his profession. Though undoubtedly henpecked, it is profitably so, and all concerned are satisfied.

But we digress. It is McGugin who is the central figure in the present panorama. We must not forget to mention that it was that worthy gentleman who tied up all the money in the national banks in the winter of 1857. It is said that Molly O'Hara McGugin, eldest daughter of the president, was the only young lady in the United States who wore new woollens during that awful panic, and certainly no boy could boast new rubber boots that season, excepting Master Patrick McGugin. When directly accused of the machination, the remorseless criminal, replied: "'Tis true! I bled them as a leach! 'Tis my custom!" In connection with this now famous remark, Mr. Bentley relates the following story:

"It was in the spring of 1910. McGugin, as I remember him then, was a sprightly chap, of pleasing personality and "taking" ways. *Very* taking, now that I reflect upon it; in fact he "took" everything he could lay his hands upon. However, he was admitted by all to be the comeliest chap in school, and at that time he was very popular with the girls. I distinctly remember that the "upward curl" of McGugin's nose was particularly marked that spring. One fine evening in March, this gallant scamp accompanied a young lady to her home, after a small social function. At the gate (to make short work of what the noted critic, Miss Jane B. Parkinson would call a "mushy" tale) McGugin proposed to kiss his fair companion good-night. The young lady, being a Miss of good taste, refused. It was then that "Mac" showed his brass, steel and other metal. "I must," he said emphatically, "'tis my custom!"

"When in Rome do as Rome does," returned the young lady, for she was much inclined to history. "Yes, and if you can work the Romans, work 'em!" came the answer, quick and sharp, and with that, he worked her for more than one on the Osculatory 'Change. This story was told about the school on good authority, and indeed "Mac" himself never pointedly denied it. Whenever it was directly referred to, he always settled his tie

and smacked his lips with the greatest satisfaction. That, however, was long ago, in the halcyon days of youth, when rough experience had laid no hand upon the tuneful lyre of joy, nor sorrow dulled our rich appreciation of the gladsome scenes about us. I remember it as if but yesterday—how jauntily the saucy gray cap sat back upon his childish brow, and the eyes—ah, the eyes were innocent *then*. But alas, alas, for those dear things that were!

Once care comes into these young lives, and she casts a gloom over all the future—though she depart, distrustful ears hear always the rustle of her garments in the summer wind, and her threatening frown shadows the quiet sunlight on the peaceful pool and woes comes by and—.” Bentley goes on in this melancholy strain at some length and the general effect is wearing.

Although the Anti-Graft Society of New York did some excellent work in detecting the McGugin System of *Bribes* and *Grafts*, it is probable that the prosecution could not have taken place had it not been for the affidavits sworn out by Abraham Heyman, the merchant prince. Although possessed of some sixty or seventy millions of dollars, Mr. Heyman still retains his Democratic character, and each morning is to be seen wending his way down Fifth avenue, perched upon his solitary one horse phaeton crying in his lusty voice: “Any rags, any bones, any bottles today!”

Mr. Heyman is something of a philosopher, as well as a merchant, philanthropist and Chief Rabbi in the Synagogue, and as he recently stated at a meeting of the Seventh Hand Dealers of America, he believes a man should never desert the profession by which he achieved his first success. “I began by selling bones,” he declared, “and bones I will sell, if I come to own all Manhattan and fifty *automopiles*!”

Heyman’s grisly personage is as familiar on Fifth avenue as the automobile of Mrs. Maxwell Josephus Heyman, the wife of his brother, the

manufacturer of the famous “Maxwell Josephus Shoe, \$1.50 per.”

When Mr. Heyman is about to strike a bargain, he wrinkles his nose in the most perplexing manner, and drawing a greasy snuff pouch from his pocket (for he “dips” continually) he proceeds to pay the required number of pennies, all the while distorting his nose in the most repulsive manner. It is one of his famous sayings: “I court the pennies, for pennies make dollars, and dollars make me vat I am.”

Mr. Heyman had begun negotiations with Mr. McGugin to secure a monopoly on the Oklahoma crop of fleas and consequently on flea oil. This seems to be a very startling statement upon first consideration, but in scientific circles it is well known that through the discovery of an eminent German doctor, Rufus Vawter, flea oil has become a very valuable product in the past five years, as it is the only oil guaranteed to produce a growth of hair on a bald head, masculine, if it has been deprived of the luxury by a woman—and in this country the oil owes its fame to the fact that in one night it produced thirty thousand long, soft, curly hairs upon the head of the renowned lecturer, D. E. Britton, who speaks annually on the “Emancipation of the Hen Pecked Husband” with “Notes Supplied from Experience.” It was while Mr. Heyman, or “Ritchie,” as he was then known, was a bone vendor in the lower regions of New York, that he achieved the aforesaid marvelous results upon the head of the famous emancipator. After this, Mr. Heyman devoted his entire time to skinning fleas and manufacturing flea oil from the tallow, while the skins were used to make the charming little purses known as the “Ritchie” pocket book. Fleas may be “grown” in various ways, and Mr. Heyman realizing this, felt it to be incumbent upon him to secure a monopoly on the product. With the aid of McGugin he did so, but finding that (after the first month McGugin divided the profits three-fourths to himself and one-fourth to Mr. Heyman, that worthy merchant

demurred, and finding appeal to McGugin vain, he went before the Anti-Graft society, secured the promise of his exemption from prosecution, and told all he knew of McGugin's career of bribery and graft.

On account of McGugin's erstwhile popularity, the real service he has done his country, the high offices he has held, and the position of his shame stricken family, the general received neither fine nor sentence of imprisonment, but was simply banished from the United States for life. Last week he arrived upon the Isle of Elba accompanied by his youngest son Harold Clemens McGugin Jr., who refused to leave him. Impressed with his father's bank account, he clung to the general's coatskirts, crying pitifully—

"I will never desert you, father, I will never desert you," Mrs. McGugin, however, applied for divorce, and with the children, returned to Kansas. Her maiden name, "Peggy" Kendall, was restored to her.

McGugin, upon taking leave of his friends, did not seem to be affected in the least. His last words as he folded his little son to his bosom were: "By Sam Hill, I'll return and bleed them as a leach."

And then McGugin sat down and wept, because there were no more worlds to graft.

NO. II.

The nation is preparing for the coming campaign. Charles Topsy Carpenter is the only man with courage enough to run for the office of President on the Prig ticket. Although the Prigs cannot hope to win in the coming struggle, Charles T. is undoubtedly a very strong candidate. This worthy gentleman, who at one time so definitely shook his fist in the face of the Pure Food Law, needs no introduction to the people of the United States. When, in 1940, the sceptre fell from the trembling fingers of Uncle Joe Cannon, Charles Topsy, then in his prime, exclaimed, "Never mind, Uncle Joe! I'll get it and just whack it all over them hams! I'm just icky to get a whack at 'em! I'll

stump 'em!" and he did. During the six years supremacy as "speaker of the House" he raised more hurricanes than all the Women's Suffragists put together.

Mr. Carpenter is a character—more of a character than "Uncle Joe" or *Teddy*. His favorite philosophers are Plato and "R. Y," two famous Greek authors whose works are read only by the very learned—his favorite expressions all printable—his favorite drink, punch, well spiked, his private life irreproachable, his public life unapproachable, his courage and fearlessness unmatched in the universe. Upon first taking the oath, he abandoned all the leather furniture in his department, denounced the purple canopy as significant of imperialism, stoically mounted a *chili* stool, and mechanically penned the music he meant to make the nation step to, on a five-cent green grocer's note book. Three times he sent an army into *Detroit*, to subdue the mayor of that hustling city, who had forbidden Madame Clarke Tulley, president of the National Woman's Suffrage League to speak in the city. This seemed all the more unpardonable in the eye of the speaker, he having gone to school with both Mr. Mayor Campbell and Mrs. Clarke Tulley, and knew Mrs. Clarke Tulley to be an old sweetheart of Mr. Mayor Campbell's. That ferocious, uncompromising gentleman, on perceiving Charles Topsy's hosts under that *awful* Secretary of War, one Elmer Fugate, a fiery Hun, as tall as the Potsdam guard, crimson haired, red eyed, imported by *Charles Topsy* directly from Hunland for the purpose of commanding the American army, Daniel H. unconquerable otherwise, merely said "Ye gawds!" put his finger in his mouth, handed his Frat pin to the fiery Hun, whose hair stood upright and whose eyes glared, and under the muzzle of Fugate's gun, himself marched to the city walls and escorted Madam Clarke Tulley and her howling Susan B. Anthonies to the principal hotel in the city. Once, the speaker spit in the face of a Texas senator, one cute

Robert Richardson, twice fired buck shot at the heels of "Bud" Rucker, ambassador from Jerusalem and leading citizen of the Holy Land—and he even crossed the Atlantic for the express purpose of slapping the face of the Prime Minister of England, which he certainly did, and with double vengeance, not omitting to tweak his nose, and give a vicious tantalizing pull at one of Johnny Bull's ears.

Charles Topsy has declared for president on the General Principles Platform, and though he may seem to be eccentric, he is strictly honest, liberal minded, supports his family, and belongs to the Reformed church, having reformed it himself.

The Squabs are putting out a very able candidate, and there is little doubt that he will carry the country by storm. Admiral Arthur M. Miller, hero of Point Tip 'Em Off, and Peril Flint Ridge, came before the public, defeating William Scott Dougherty for the nomination, 2 to 0. He advocates the old Democratic principles of 1895, and runs upon the platform, "Free Silver, Free Whisky, Free lunch and free beer."

An interesting campaign is expected, and in the meanwhile the nation's attention is held by several startling occurrences.

On Tuesday last, Ambassador Rucker of Jerusalem, presented his resignation to congress signed by the proper *Rabbis* of the *Synagogue*. He gave his reasons as follows: The McGugin Meat Trust has raised the price of beef, and all other *clean* meats to such exorbitant prices that pork is the only meat left within range of the Ambassador's pocket-book. Of course Mr. Rucker cannot indulge in pork, on account of his nationality, and nothing remained but for him to return to Jerusalem. We, as a people, regret this, for Mr. Rucker was one of the dandies of the capital, a leader in "swill" society and a favorite of the younger set. Before leaving, he announced his engagement to Rebecca Ibersteinsky, a Jewish actress, daughter of one of the leading secondhand dealers in New York. Mr. Rucker's departure closes a

wound which has long distressed polite society. A duel was to have been fought within the month between Abraham Heyman and the foppish ambassador. Society breathlessly anticipated this event, and feared it as a taint upon all existing decent institutions.

It seems Mr. Rucker was to have wed Mr. Heyman's younger daughter and the engagement had already been announced, when Mr. Heyman discovered that Mr. Rucker was an outcast, a *Pariah*, as it were, and not descended from the *Twelve Lost Tribes* of Israel. Therefore, Abraham Heyman canceled the engagement, locked his daughter up in a Spanish cloister and Mr. Rucker sent him a challenge to a duel. Happily, however, the tragedy is averted by the Ambassador's departure.

Mr. Merle Smith, the Censor of the World, made a speech in Boston last week, but failed to make a good impression. Charles Topsy was heard to remark that he was "icky" to punch his head."

In literary circles we notice that a collection is being made of the works of William M. Sinclair, the *Famous Detective Shark*, who eclipses Sherlock Holmes and Ralph D. Fulton in his prowess. These books are published by the Alfred J. Brunner Publishing Co., and are a complete collection of all Mr. Sinclair's various secrets of successful criminal detection. One volume, "How to Discover Red Wagon Paint," is thought to be invaluable to the *High School Superintendents* all over the world. It is interesting to note that the government has appropriated five hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of purchasing and distributing, *gratis*, a copy of "How to Discover Red Wagon Paint" in the library of each and every high school in the United States.

The American people have long entertained liberal doubts regarding Daniel H. Campbell, Mayor of Detroit, and their misgivings have culminated in a scandal which is shocking enough to gratify the sensational soul of even Mildred M. Lombard, who, it will be

recalled, is a regular contributor to "Diamond Dick." Her rival, Jane B. Parkingson, who contributes to "Nick Carter," and whose novels have already put Bertha M. Clay out of commission, has declared her intention of copyrighting the career of Daniel H. for a sensational melodrama which she intends writing soon. However, her rival pen pusher, Miss Mildred, commonly known as "Tubby" among a large number of boys who admire her blood-curdling tales in "Diamond Dick," is engaged upon "The Sword In Her Heart," which will undoubtedly be one of the largest sellers of the season.

It will be recalled that Daniel H. recently caused a war which cost the government no less than half a million dollars. The worthy *Mayor* of *Detroit* took it into his intelligent head a few months previous, to make *Detroit* the national capitol. We have every reason to suppose that this project has lingered in his mind ever since he proposed it at school, many years ago, and "Chillie," (Charles Topsy that is now) told him "it could not be did." It will be remembered that the "Little Colossus" demanded it of the nation, and came all the way from *Detroit* to see about it, and made several preserved speeches before the Senate through an ear-drum, and glared very ferociously through a peering glass at the house, and got kicked through the lobby by Secretary Hubert Andrews. The Secretary stated to a *Star* reporter immediately after that that had been his one ambition ever since he attended the same Academy with Daniel H. some forty odd years ago.

The *Mayor*, it will also be recalled, returned home, raised an army, and attempted to raze the city of Washington to the ground, but was completely repulsed by Gen. McGugin and the Fiery Hun. The mayor's army was almost completely exterminated and only the earnest entreaties of Bromo Bentley kept McGugin from giving the *Detroit Aristocrat* his just deserts. It was found afterward that the mayor owed Mr. Bentley a sum of money, which accounts for his ex-

treme anxiety in Mr. Campbell's behalf. For many years Daniel H. has been *Superintendent* of the *United Sunday Schools of Detroit*. Being a gentleman of good taste, he decided that the Sunday school pupils ought to each possess a class pin. He therefore, took up a collection, and purchased the pins for them. By the vigilance of Otto Marshall, a very keen polo shark, and himself a *Deacon* in the *United Church*, it was discovered that Daniel H. had "lifted" the Sunday school pupils to the extent of *fifteen cents per pin*. At first Mr. Campbell endeavored to explain away the exorbitant price by saying that the "*fifteen cents per*," was for *postage* and *express* charges on the pins. But when it was proven that Mr. Campbell had worked this same "graft" upon the Senior class (of which he was treasurer) of the Academy from which he, as well as Mrs. Clarke Tulley, Senator Andrews, Bromo Bentley and several other celebrities, were graduated in 1910, his guilt seemed assured, and the *United Sunday Schools* denounced him. He, therefore, departed for Los Angeles, a ruined man.

We pause to consider the difference between the career of *McGugin* and the rascally Mayor of *Detroit*. The decision is pre-eminently in *McGugin's* favor. *He* never stole from *Sunday Schools*. *He* never stole in *small amounts*. The American people have *some* respect for a man who will steal *five million dollars*, but they *universally condemn* a person who will stoop to graft at *fifteen cents per*.

The church indicted Daniel H. on yet another charge. It was found, by appealing to Clarence McCoy, the eminent scholar of Harvard University, that Mr. Campbell had purposely, with malice aforethought, and evil intent, deceived the deacons in the proper spelling of his name.

McCoy finds it to be originally spelled *C-A-M-E-L*, from the camel, which was undoubtedly one of Daniel's ancestors, according to *Prof. McCoy* and *Jack London*.

One of the prettiest romances of modern times resulted in a beautiful

wedding at Ann Arbor, the first of June, when Harland Ragle, the world renowned artist, wedded his fair model, Miss Gladys Shaw. Miss Shaw sat for the "Ragle Girl," a series of which perfect drawings appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal* last winter. Mr. Ragle is a middle-aged, corpulent gentleman, of benign aspect; he likes his beer and he likes it often; he is the champion pool player of America, and bets four hundred thousand dollars on the races annually. He enjoys life hugely, and steadfastly refuses to join the church, which fact is a source of constant grief and worry to his saintly brother, the Bishop Roland Ragle.

A rumor has been circulated to the effect that the exiled McGugin has deposed the king of Elba and crowned himself. A representative of McClure's has been sent over to investigate the report, and the next paper of B. Byron will give a detailed account of the matter.

B. BYRON ZENOPHON, WRITING IN
MCCLURES, 1965.

NO. III.

It is with extreme reluctance that we take up our pen to resume our literary labors. The historian's task is not always pleasant, and the past five years in the history of the United States have been one long round of calamities.

The nation sustains a severe loss in the death of its one literary genius, Pames Leslie Swisher, who broke a blood vessel while vainly endeavoring to squeeze his feet into No. 9 shoes. This was a peculiarity of Mr. Swisher that we must pardon as one of the oddities of genius. All his life, he was addicted to this passion for small shoes—and the Lilliputian No. 9's caused his death at last.

James Leslie Swisher was born in Missouri, and died in a fashionable Sleepy Hollow chair, quite comfortably, considering the nature of his affliction. He is universally acknowledged to be the world's greatest humorist. His writings throw the reader into immediate convulsions, and are a "sure cure" for all the blues

under the sun. He wrote over three hundred and fifty books, delivered a thousand lectures, edited the *Saturday Evening Post* and compiled a *Universal Encyclopedia of Humor*. With his demise, the literary supremacy of the United States ceases. How sad that little passions should fret and harass and finally consume great souls! The brightest genius America ever knew sank to an untimely death because he fancied little shoes!

Richard Abraham Heyman is also dead. He met his end bravely in California last June. He was suffering from an incurable malady, caused by too-free inhaling of flee-oil odor. Mr. Heyman left most of his vast fortune to charity and the rest to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Maxwell Josephus Heyman, whose husband manufactures the famous "Maxwell Josephus Shoe, \$1.50 per." It seems that, upon his brother's marriage into the Dutch race, Mr. "Abraham" Heyman "resigned" from the family and always maintained the utmost hostility to yellow hair and blue eyes. Upon his deathbed with the flowers blooming all about, the sun flashing in bars of gold upon his counterpane, and all the good and beautiful forces of nature at work about him, he reflected much upon his cruel treatment of the innocent blue eyed light-haired girl whom his brother had married—and his heart softened. Day by day he thought of it, until he could not rest or sleep. Look which way he would the face, the fair, innocent face of his injured sister-in-law would haunt him. One night, he seized his pen and hastily added a codicil and an apology to his will. No sooner was it witnessed, than the pen fell limply from his hand—and *the Merchant Prince was dead*. . .

The merchant prince was not unwept, however, for he had dispensed his money liberally. The Rev. Chas. Duncan preached a humorous funeral sermon which greatly consoled the family—and all the *Synagogue* were there. The ill feeling between Mrs. Maxwell Josephus and Richard Abraham was healed, for he had left her eight million dollars. The deceased

was the greatest financier the world has seen since the Rothschilds.

Some serious changes have taken place in our government. Arthur M. Miller was elected to the presidency in 1958 without a dissenting vote. For one year, all went well. The Admiral's chiefest chum and most particular pal, Amos Demosthenes Waterhouse, always politely referred to in the leading periodicals as the "Ebony Statesman" made a captivating Secretary of State. Harry Naylor made the most capable of Vices; Charles Topsy, the defeated Prig, immediately applied for a job in the Squab Cabinet and got it, although he is still a radical "Cannonite." The Cabinet affectionately referred to the new chief executive as "Porky", that being his maiden nickname. The nation took it up, and toy swine became the craze, as the "teddy bear" and "billy possum" were some years ago. Everything was going on as peacefully as Lake Geneva by moonlight, when something happened. Something always *does* happen, you know, in times of great prosperity.

The president, although he never had as much taste for "wine, women and song" as some of our chief executives *did* have an eye for beauty, and had not been long in the White House until he took it upon himself to marry one of the loveliest women in the world. The marriage was a private affair, and the papers were full of it. Mrs. Arthur M. Miller *nee* Helent Grant, was the happiest woman in the world.

It was one week after their return from the Honeymoon. The President was walking leisurely down Pennsylvania Avenue in the shade of the lime trees. Suddenly a short heavy set dark eyed little woman approached him. One glance, and she threw her arms convulsively about him. "Deah Po'ky!" she exclaimed, passionately. "Aftah all these yeahs! You deah, deah old boy!"

The president struggled away from the woman, but he knew the voice. His soul froze then and there. She followed him and insisted upon being introduced to his wife. The next day

she brought suit for breach of promise. The sensation produced by these amazing proceedings need not be described. The president was in terror. All his past misdeeds and misloves rose before him as ghosts from their silent graves. Bea Finberg was not the only aggrieved woman who had a diamond and a pack of saccharine letters to prove her cause. "Porky" collapsed completely. They poured into the capital by every train. In all they amounted to twenty-one, and among them "Porky" had *two wives*. On the last day of the trial, Iona Walker entered with her grievance. The prisoner remained firm. "Laura," the first of his desperate cases, followed shortly after. The guilty party did not move a muscle. But when Queenie Henry advanced, the die was cast. He gave one hilarious shriek, and abandoned himself to his fate. Amos Demosthenes could do no more for him.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?" asked the stern Chief Justice, in awful tones.

"Porky" waived him off majestically.

"Nothing, your Honor; only I was a *courtin' old scout*."

"Have you nothing more to say, man?" came the sonorous voice of doom.

"Porky" folded his arms defiantly, "*Hands off muh!*" he replied.

When last seen by the *Star* reporter, the crestfallen gallant was sitting behind the southeast bars of the federal prison at Philadelphia, indolently humming to himself, "I wonder who's kissing 'em *now*."

In 1962, the Women's Suffrage Association elected their first candidate to the Presidency of the United States Mrs. Sula Clarke Tulley has made "good" so far, and her administration is a credit to many preceding ones. However, her election caused the death of the only professional writer in America. Mrs. Clarke Tulley is a *particular* friend of Mrs. Bromo L. Bentley, and after her election, she appointed Mrs. Bentley secretary of state, Mr. Bentley simply would not hear of Mrs. Bentley's acceptance,

Mrs. Bentley would hear of nothing else. "I am no *stick*," cried Mr. Bentley, wrathfully, "no *stick*, do you hear?" But whether Mrs. Bentley heard or no, she accepted the position. Whereupon, Bromo L. committed suicide. He made no commotion about it, *whatever*. He simply blew his head off.

Mr. Bentley made literature his profession. He was not a man of genius or even remarkable talent. His writing is characterized by a clear, lucid and pleasing style. His small essays on current issues are both delightful and instructive, and he was great on *cnstruction*, Bentley was. Why, he has even been known to give J. Leslie Swisher advice when it came to *cnstruction*.

We are in receipt of an invitation from the exiled McGugin, to spend the summer with him on the salubrious Isle of Elba. Success, however tainted, is pretty certain to purchase the favor of the world. Fame and power are sure passports into the hearts of the multiudes. Since McGugin became King of Elba, the animosity of the American people toward him has declined very perceptibly. Since he "walloped" England so splendidly last fall and "singed the king's of Spain beard" last winter, and politely took Constantinople away from the Turks we feel that we have some reason to be proud of him. Indeed, the Prigs, heartily disgusted with the "Petticoat Congress" are talking of sailing in state for the illustrious exile, and running him for president in the next campaign. We

have every reason to believe that this is no idle rumor. McGugin was born under the same planet as Jupiter, and eats of the manna of the gods. Sent into exile in a foreign land, he does not languish and pine, but siezes the supreme power and keeps his fingers well into the international political pie. Such sagacity and tact certainly merits a liberal reward, and it is not far off.

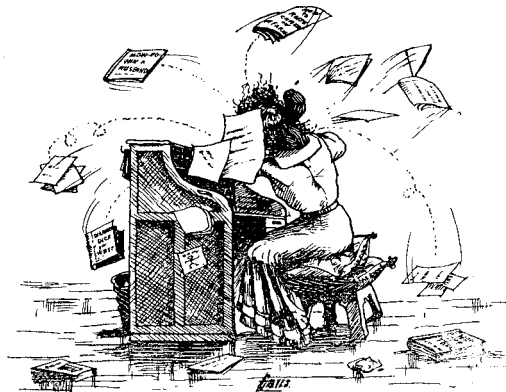
"*McGugin in 1966*" is the slogan. Bromo-Letita Bentley always said "McGugin's nose doesn't turn up for nothing."

It is beginning to dawn upon the people that great political genius should be rewarded. Grafting, in America, is no longer a crime, but has come to be the national sport. And so long as any self-respecting, law-abiding grafter carries on his machinations in six figures, the American people are resolved to be silent. It is only when a man degenerates into grafting on *Sunday School class pins at fifteen cents per* that the public demur.

We are anxiously anticipating our visit to Elba. Charles Topsy, who has been there as the guest of the king, says it is a "most delightful berg"—and certain it is, that since McGugin has dwelt there, it will never lack for notoriety.

And it is safe to add that, come what will, McGugin will *always* remain, *first in war, first in peace, and first in the pockets of his countrymen!*

—Ruth Bucher, '12.



THE EDITOR ON A BUSY DAY

The Pearl Without Price

*WIGGINS, '12.

The Kentucky valley lay wrapped in softest deepest white—the first real snow for three winters. The fluffy flakes had fallen steadily for two nights, and now the whole world lay fresh, sparkling, and pure beneath the afternoon rays of the December sun.

Along the pike road, sturdy farm horses plodded knee deep as they dragged to market last loads of fat turkeys to market, and quantities of holly and mistletoe. On the road the snow was broken and pushed aside, but after heaping and hilling in riotous confusion over hedges and fences, it finally spread out smoothly and crustily over the broad vistas before the manor houses.

In the kitchen back of the old Lathrop home, Aunt Cindy, her black face beaming with pride, pointed out to her "Missy Burl" the long row of brown fragrant pies.

"De crus is just dat light," Aunt Cindy was saying, "and dey is brandy and spices and candied fruit in dose mince pies. Doan dem pumpkin ones look gran'."

Beryl Chase's piquant little nose sniffed delightedly. "They are perfectly delicious," she answered, with such rapturous admiration that Aunt Cindy sighed with satisfaction. Beryl, despite the dignity acquired on a very recent twentieth birthday, so far forgot herself as to fish from the depths of a tall bottle a tempting merchieno cherry.

"Aunt Cindy," and Beryl meditatively sucked the juice from her fingers. "Aunt Cindy, dear, will you listen and Larry and I are going to cut the mistletoe this afternoon. Where will be the best place to find the most?"

Aunt Cindy's whirring egg beater ceased a moment. "Wall, honey, Timmy says they's jest piles ovah to Wo'thin'ton's woods. But yo' all bettah go to Huntah's Holler ef Marse Larry's goin' too." Here the old ne-

gress glanced sharply at Beryl, but the girl, although the color in her cheeks deepened, smiled indulgently, as she turned up the collar of her chinchilla fur. Aunt Cindy tipped upside down the platter of beaten egg, and finding that it adhered to the china with stiff obstinacy, placed it on the sill of the open window while she sifted flour. "Bress ma soul" she exclaimed suddenly. "Heah comes Marse Larry now wif Timmy on his shouldah!"

The kitchen door was thrown open, admitting a flurry of snow and a very tall young man who carried on his shoulders a small and struggling darky.

"Here's a culprit for you, Aunt Cindy," and Laurence Lathrop set the boy down, slipping a piece of silver into the little black hand. "He's been using me for a snow ball target Beryl. We had better escape before he gets out of his Mammy's clutches."

Aunt Cindy wiped her hands on her ample apron and bowed a curtsy. She was of the "old family servant" cast, and never neglected those acts of deference, which she said "mahked de high bo'n servants."

Lan sakes! De l'l rascal. Lemme brush you' coat off, Marse Larry."

The young man laughed, "Pshaw, Aunt Cindy, I wouldn't bother. Miss Beryl and I are going after mistletoe right away."

Nevertheless, Aunt Cindy flapped vigorously with a clean towel. "Good-bye, chilun," she called, as the two started down the path. Going to the window again she heard Beryl say, Larry, "I think we ought to go to Hunter's Hollow, because Aunt Cindy said we would find the most there."

Aunt Cindy chuckled. "Jes so, Jes so," she murmured. Then pouring the rich yellow mixture into two large cake tins, she opened the oven door, and set them in.

Meanwhile, behind the beeches and oaks on the hill crest, the sun had

set giving a glowing promise of a beautiful Christmas day.

The tall, gaunt trees bordering the Lathrop driveway, were wrapped in the early shadows of December, and the same grayness hid the trails of scampering squirrels, and obliterated the delicate tracery left upon the snow by blown leaves.

Colonel Laurence Lathrop, his erect figure showing to good advantage in a cloak of military cut, walked up the driveway of his estate, seemingly unconscious of the twilight beauty about him.

He was returning from the post-office with a letter for Beryl and his thoughts were of his winsome ward. His guardianship, which had begun two years before, to the very day, had brought with it pain as well as pleasure—pleasure in the fact that he might care for Rachel Chase's only child; pain, that Beryl should so resemble her mother, not only in feature, but even in dainty mannerisms and characteristic speeches.

"Marse Lathrop," and the reverie was broken by a small voice. Colonel Lathrop glanced down and discovered the youthful Timmy, like a little black shadow, at his heels.

"Kin I hev a Christmas penny, please?" And the audacious darkey solemnly rolled his big eyes up the Colonel's height.

"Hellow youngster," (Timmy was a most amusing favorite in the Lathrop household.) "Where did you drop from?" and the Colonel took the boy by the hand as they went up the stone steps. In the hall, Timmy possessed himself of the heavy cloak, and with much laborious breathing, dragged it to the hall tree. Then following the Colonel into the library, he seated himself on a footstool, and waited. Colonel Lathrop, knowing well that the garrulous little darkey could not keep still for any length of time, stirred the fire, and took up a newspaper. Silence ensued. The Colonel smiled behind his paper, and mentally counted his small change. The boy would probably have it all before he left. Timmy gazed unwinkingly into the flames for the space of a minute,

then coughed discreetly. The Colonel looked over the top of his paper.

"Well?"

"I'd ruther hev a dime."

The newspaper continued to be of absorbing interest, and Timmy lapsed into silence. The big clock in the corner ticked off five minutes, Timmy wished to hasten matters a trifle.

"Ah sawed Marse Larry kiss Miss Beryl today," he exclaimed.

"What!" and the newspaper rustled to the floor.

"Come now, lad, you are joking. Here's your penny."

Timmy caught it deftly, but shook his head. Colonel Lathrop grew serious.

"Are you sure Tim? Wasn't he—um—whispering a secret?"

Timmy suddenly changed the subject. "Dem boots to die stoah costs jist a dollah, Marse Lathrop."

"We are not discussing boots at the present, Tim. Did you say it was Miss Beryl?"

"Yaas sah. Dey's got red tops an' jest one lil' silvah dollah."

"Timothy, remember what I say. I will have no begging in my house."

Gazing into the fire, Timmy's big eyes reflected the glow. He emitted a ponderous long drawn out sigh. The Colonel simled grimly. "Tim, come here," he ordered. The little darkey ran to him, and leaned against his knee. "Here you are, boy, ten silver dimes, and an extra quarter for keeping what you have seen and heard today a secret between ourselves. Do you hear?"

Timmy's hand closed tightly over his treasure. He grew excited. The red top boots were his!

"Ah sawed him kiss 'er 'bout fo'ty times, hones' Marse Lathrop. But 'twaint M'issy Beryl's fault. No sah. Her arms was full o' mistletoe an' holly and she said, 'Larry, deah, doan 'foah times. An he said, 'but I'se been away so long Beryle,' an' won't Uncle be pleased;' an' Missy Beryl said 'dah'ing old guahdien.' Den I'se feahed dey cotch me dar, so ah kem back heah."

Quite breathless after this rattling recital, Timmy passed, and turning

confronted Beryl, her hazel eyes shining softly, her cheeks flushing tell tale color. She had entered just in time to catch the purport of the speech.

Timmy rolled his eyes, gasped, and scuttling into the hall with tactful haste, banged the door after him.

* * * * *

That night sixteen representatives of the Lathrop family assembled in the high ceiled dining room to do justice to the rich viands so carefully prepared by Aunt Cindy.

Everything from the plump turkey to the flame wreathed plum pudding had appeared with promptness, to the joyful satisfaction of the young Lathrops. The coffee and ancient cheeses had been served and the wit of the repartee was advancing. When Colonel Lathrop rose. A hush fell upon the gathering, and Beryl, radiant with the joy and thrill of it all, looked up with a hint of tears in her shining eyes. She knew what was to follow. The Colonel, very erect and very dignified, stood facing them. He spoke first of the joy of this home gathering, so dear to them all, and of the Christmas spirit of brotherhood which bound even more firmly the already close ties of home and kindred. Everything that the Christmas season should bring to them, and to all humanity; he summed up in the two words, so fraught with meaning "unselfish love." Here he paused, and looking at Beryl, smiled. She felt a little tremor chase to her very finger tips. The Colonel went on, but his voice, which before had been so clear, now vibrated with feeling.

"Unselfish love," he repeated. "It is rarer than one would think. So rare in fact, that when it is found in its most flawless state, it must be cherished as one would cherish a priceless gem. Tonight we have two among us, who have received this precious gift. They have not sought it, it came to them freely. To these two whom we all love, and to whom we give words and thoughts of truest congratulation, do I now propose a toast."

The Colonel lifted his delicate, am-

ber colored glass, and others rose as they followed his example.

"To Beryl Chase, my ward, and to Laurence Lathrop, my nephew and my namesake, do we all pledge our love. May the star of good fortune shine upon them; may the angel of happiness guard over them; may the spirit of steadfast love dwell with them forever."

After the words of the host, quietness reigned for a moment, then the feminine portion of the listeners relieved themselves of an avalanche of "Ohs" and "Ahs" mingled with laughing remarks and questions. All of which was showered down upon the two young people. Then the youngest of the young Lathrops, Totty, by name, demanded "Tissmuss presents," and soon a ring of merry children circled around the base of the tall Christmas tree that, in all its shimmering light and shining array towered to the drawing room ceiling. Holly and green vines seemed clinging to the walls.

Mistletoe, placed in odd corners, waited to snare the unwary, and the whole room was filled with delicate fragrance given forth from a silver vase of great red roses, placed on the mantle beneath the picture of Beryl's lovely mother.

It was late when the young Lathrops wended their laden way upward, and still later when the others followed. Colonel Lathrop sat before the fire, his eyes raised to the painting of Rachel Chase, his imagination making light of the years, picturing one Christmas eve he had never forgotten. He thought he was alone, but soft steps came up behind him, and Beryl stood at the back of his chair. Silently they looked together. From the polished mahogany frame a vision of liveliness gazed down at them—a face so resembling that of the living girl, that but for the gown, one might mistake it for a reflection. Airy flounces clung to the same delicate shoulders and throat; the escaped tendrils of hair curled about the white forehead just as Beryl's had always done; the dark lashed hazel eyes seemed to speak, the sweet

mouth held just a suggestion of a smile. The same charm of expression, the same patrician poise of the head, was there.

The Colonel spoke, almost in a whisper: "Your beautiful mother."

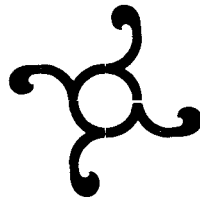
Beryl thought she understood: "To think," she said, "to think, that thirty years ago tonight she and father were betrothed. I am so glad, oh so very glad, that Larry and I did just as they did."

The Colonel looked up at her. "Beryl, if you bring as much happiness to Larry as your mother brought to Robert Chase, then you will have fulfilled to the smallest detail the hopes she had for you."

Bending down, she gave him a good night kiss—a daughterly custom which she never neglected. When the door closed after her, a sense of lone-

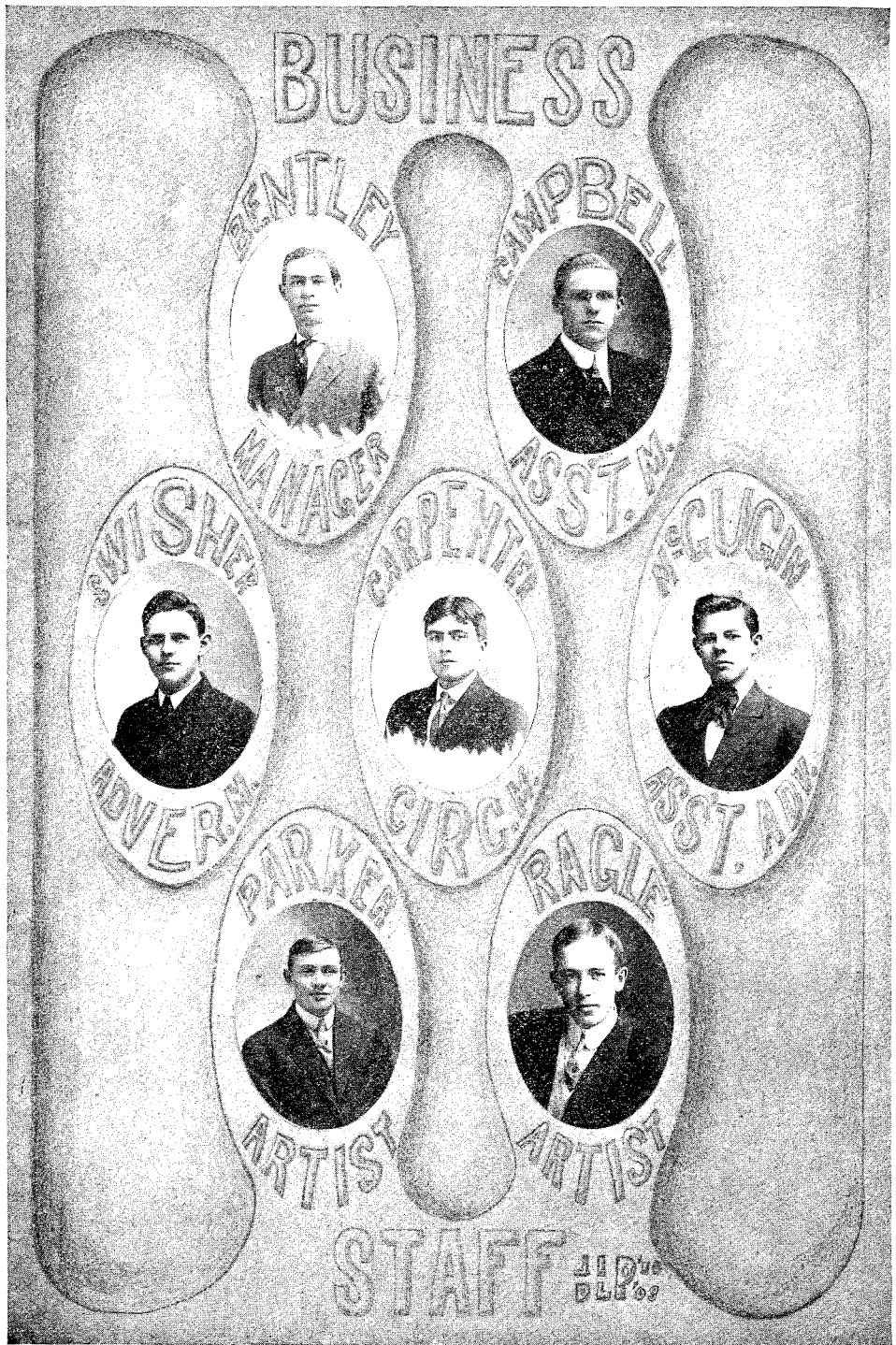
liness came over the man; the warmth and brightness of the room seemed gone. He turned to the hazel eyes and the smiling lips; again his thoughts traversed the waste of years; again he was with her on her betrothal night; one more he raised a delicate amber colored glass, with a smile, as he drank to their happiness, while he stifled the pain at his heart.

The Christmas candles slowly flickered out, leaving the tree wrapped in the seclusion of its own green. The glowing embers gathered little by little their rims of ashy gray, and finally settled into darkness. Silence lay over the room. And the Colonel, sitting there, gave deep thanks that Beryl had found the pearl without price.

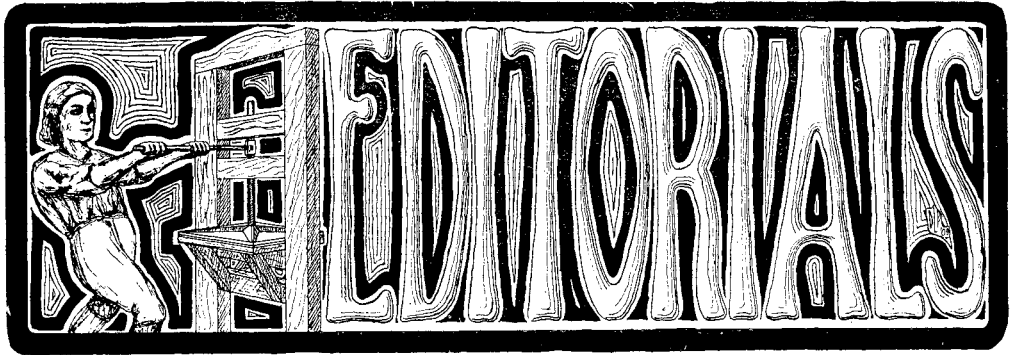




ONE OF THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES







The staff takes pleasure in presenting the *Annual Commencement* number of the SPECTATOR for 1910, to the students, faculty, friends and patrons of the *Coffeyville High School*.

Although the present issue is not so large in point of volume as that of last year, we cannot but feel that it contains quite as much good literary material. We have included in this annual all the class literature of the Seniors, a thing which has not previously been done in the SPECTATOR. In excluding some few things, such as the Alumni roster, a history of the high school, etc., we feel that the end justifies the means, because, in so doing, we have built up the literary department.

This is not a *Senior Annual*. It is not amiss to state here, once for all, that in this school, the annual has never been exclusively devoted to the Senior class. This is usually done in only very large high schools, and it would certainly be unfair, in view of the fact that the SPECTATOR'S support, so far as the *school* is concerned, comes from the *underclassmen*, to turn the annual over to the Senior class as many of them very selfishly demanded, and a number, who did not express themselves, as selfishly desired. Perhaps it may *seem* unfair, too, to "slam" the Seniors thus when they cannot reply, but we have lately come to believe a little in David Harum who said, "*Do unto others what they would like to do unto you, and do it first*"—only we're doing it *last*. Anyhow, since the most famous of the '10 coruscation, a very worthy young gentleman from *Detroit*, was

heard to remark that "the annual is a very small part of the Senior's career," we are prone to believe that anything we may say here cannot affect those impeccable dwellers on Olympus in the least degree. Can slander perturb the gods?—or malevolent truth affect a *camel*? (Although, upon second thoughts, it appears to us that the irreproachable gentleman from *Detroit* ought to be a better judge of *how to raise the price of class pins on his unsuspecting class-mates, who unwittingly intrusted him with the position of class treasurer*, than of the importance of annuals in general.)

However this may be, the editor simply wishes to thank the Senior class for *allowing* her to edit the annual when she was elected to that position in the fall of 1909. We believe a few underclassmen on the business staff wish to thank the Seniors also, for being allowed to retain their present positions. It was very magnanimous of the Seniors to make this sacrifice, when it involved the immolation of a perfect galaxy of '10 geniuses, wasn't it? Truly, the editor is grateful for the six weeks of unremitting toil so kindly relinquished to her by those *over-obliging Seniors*.

Of course they *could* have elected a new staff, if they had chosen, though no one was ever heard to say so but themselves. Thirty prolix pens, bubbling over with effervescent genius, were abandoned by the Seniors, in order that a Sophomore might edit the commencement number. Of course the *Sophomore* has never done anything to merit the distinction—a

glance over the back numbers of the paper, will show *that*. Truly the Seniors' generosity is greater than we can bear composedly; and certainly the sweetness of the task surpasses that of the fabled honey comb of Urz. The euridite Senior may look down on the ignorant Freshman, and openly scoff at the unlearned Sophomore, but it is another thing when these same insignificant mites must correct the Senior class literature, because in his superabundant wisdom the scholarly '10er forgot that there is such a thing as good English, correct spelling, and a proper place for commas, capitals and other grammatical necessities. It is our opinion that the Seniors might profitably acquire less dignity and more knowledge of Webster. While swelling to their present leviathan proportions, they seem to have forgotten the rudiments of a common education. The *cordons bleu* sets well upon their shoulders, but, a verb in the proper tense would shock them inexpressibly.

Verily, the Philistine has not perished. Out of the midst of the Senior class he arose, and what a pretty little hurricane he did manage to raise to be sure! But he had his failure for his pains, as he heartily deserved. The SPECTATOR remained in the hands of the present staff, just as it should have remained. The *Seniors* will tell you it was by their kindness, but the secretary of the meeting called to elect the staff will tell you otherwise.

We believe in glory where glory is due. The Freshman and the Sophomore, in this school, are as the prophet who is without honor in no country save his own.

They have produced this annual; they therefore deserve the credit. It is but a poor production at best, but it is the work of underclassmen, harassed, and beset by the querimonious Senior mob. The Seniors have asserted that they would have helped gladly, but if it be that the spirit was willing the flesh indeed was lazy.

We can refer to the Seniors only as lazzarones, who "kicked," criticized and fussed while *we* worked.

The editor wishes to thank Harold Ragle of the Junior class, for the excellent artistic work that he has done. To produce good drawings requires much labor and patience, as well as no little originality. Irving Parker has also done some very good work along these lines.

James Swisher, '13, and Harold C. McGugin, '12, have conducted the advertising department most admirably, and deserve the hearty thanks and appreciation of the entire school. To keep these two boys off the staff next year would be an irreparable injury to the SPECTATOR. Sam Carpenter has kindly assisted us in the matter of procuring ads, and he, in connection with Frank Johnston, '13, who also aided the advertising managers materially, has the gratitude of the staff.

The editor is also indebted to the athletic editor, who so kindly allowed her to write his athletic notes all winter; and is especially indebted to the social editor, who might have expended some of that "excess energy" when it came to arguing who should edit the annual, in writing her social notes for the last four issues of the paper, instead of leaving it to a rushed and "incapable" editor.

Such, you see, is the attitude of the graduating class toward an institution which has ever supported them, and more than once editorially prevaricated to do it. Perceive here the modern Brutus! This is indeed a contrast to the hustling class of '09. Fancy, if you can, *Brady* saying *that!* Some of the Seniors seem to have forgotten that *school spirit* should come before *class spirit* always.. And surely the Creator maketh the sun to shine upon the Senior and the Sophomore!

However, we are still wise enough to realize that we shall be severely criticized for this seemingly harsh editorial, although we cannot in conscience call it an editorial, for it seems even to our fond eye, to have degenerated into a personal bomb. But we do not care a modicum for criticism. We have long since ceased to care what other people think or say. The more we are picked to pieces, the more we appreciate ourselves. When

all the cormorants have had their little fling, we can conscientiously pat ourselves upon the back and exclaim: "Now we are become almost a genius!"

This is no inter class squabble, although it savors of one. It is simply a case of "where the worm turned." It *will* turn, you know, and the question of how *far* it will turn, depends somewhat upon the species of worm. We simply wanted to pay off some old scores, and we did it. We knew, in this case, that the pen is mightier than the tongue. We could have been silent in our grievances; (no doubt many a sanctimonious Peeksniff will say we *should* have been) but we, the underclassmen on the staff, have suffered the insults of inferior upperclassmen too long and too patiently to bear their last thrust in silence. Once we might have heaped coals of fire upon their heads, but we have lately learned that the "coals of fire" are precisely what they like and we do intend to gratify them. However, we are very grateful to Miss Sula Clarke, for although a Senior, she executed her duties faithfully, and did not join in the Senior squabble over the annual. The editor could not wish for a more willing or capable assistant.

In conclusion, we wish to state that this is an *annual* of the SPECTATOR, the monthly publication of the *Coffeyville High School*; that class preference or prejudice has never been tolerated by the *editorial* staff, and that this issue is devoted to the entire student body and in no wise belongs to any one class.

SPECTATOR REVIEW.

The 1910 Commencement or Souvenir number of the *Spectator* is the twenty-sixth issue of the paper. Volume 1, Number 1, appeared in February, 1907. Paul Campbell was it's first editor, and since then the *Spectator* has been regularly edited by the boys, with two exceptions; the editorship of Miss Laurena Spear, now a teacher in the city schools, and the present editor.

The *Spectator* reached the culmina-

tion of its literary success under the editorship of Frank Bradbury, '09. During the last year of his editorship, the *Spectator* established a splendid and enviable reputation among the high schools of the country. In the past year we have endeavored to maintain the high standard of the paper, and believe that we have succeeded. We have published eight issues, and the regular volume for one school year has heretofore consisted of only seven numbers.

This is the fourth commencement number of the *Spectator*. The third souvenir volume was a great improvement over the preceding two, but we cannot conscientiously say that we believe this to be any improvement over the '09 annual. The reasons for this are legal. The staff has been unfortunate in not working together, and in having a number of members who do not work at all. In choosing the staff for next year we believe the number should be reduced. Four or five industrious persons compose an efficient staff, minus the drawback of the "drones." The most capable pupils in the school should be chosen for the various positions, regardless of class distinction, social standing or any personal feeling. With this issue, the present editor retires from the *Spectator* field, and does not expect to resume work in this line again.

If in the past year, the paper has pleased the student body, we are grateful for it, but if it has displeased we are as deeply sorry. But if we can please half the people half the time, we feel that that constitutes success, for no one can please all the people all the time.

But before an editor again we'd be
We'd drown ourselves in the deep
blue sea,
To some far off cannibal isle we'd flee,
And let the savages make hash of we.

We wish to thank the *Merchants' Association* which, by endorsing the *Spectator*, and thus securing liberal advertising to us, has made this issue possible. The *Association* shows

the proper interest in the school and it's welfare by thus supporting the paper, and the High School appreciates it.

It looking over the prospective material for the '10 '11 staff, we find a most promising outlook. Genius galore; talent infinite. The paper should grow next year to larger volume and better literary material. This can be accomplished through the support of the student body, and this alone. Students, if you want the *Spectator* next year, remember this.

Graduation brings the student to the end of his school year, if he has no college course in view. Therefore, a more serious thing than he is apt to suppose, if he has never done himself the justice to think much about it.

The "turn of the road" is always serious. Graduation means just that. It means a putting by of many things, an abandonment of much. It is the last rite over one's school days, and the first rite over life in the outer world. If any young man or woman starts life without a purpose he or she is destined to be a failure. Life is too brief to begin with no intention; time is too precious to be dawdled away; the world is not so generous but we must fight for all we gain from it.

It is beautiful to live. Beautiful just to breathe, from day to day, trusting in a higher than any earthly power, believing in the infinite goodness of the world. A single turn of fate will often make an optimist or a pessimist. Often and often the battle seems too much, and the reward too little. Life often grows monotonous, and seems to hold no charm. But we should not despair. There is beauty all around us, and there is happiness. There *is* joy in the world, there *is* love, and friendship and *faith*.

It is something just to watch what each day brings forth. The changes and vicissitudes of time are interesting, and if we use each moment well, we will find that we are as well repaid.

Happiness depends largely on temperament. There are those who, despondent by nature, never fully enjoy life. No one is perfectly happy, but if we cultivate good company, good books and good thoughts, we can make ourselves fairly well content.

Life holds out much besides the honey comb, and certainly there is enough of sorrow. But work kills the most poignant grief, and leaves no time for worry. Set your hand to a purpose, and make the long day tell; then night will leave no time for troubled thoughts.

A Kansas philosopher recently made an address to some college graduates in which he said a very fine thing. "Youth," said he, "can no more afford to be careless than old age." In that simple sentence there are volumes of meaning, and years of reflection. He applied it not only in a moral sense, but mental and physical as well.

Advice is something young people shun. Youth is wise; nothing is wiser. Reason knocks, unanswered, at her door. Pittous sits with folded hands in her presence, and Solon owns the futility of answer. And yet, when an old man, wise in years and knowledge, says a true thing, the young should not hesitate to imbibe it. The old philosopher told of ambition, and opportunity and reward. He said that if young people gave but one minute's thought to each five minute action, one-half their life's regrets would be averted.

It is certain that one life time is too short to gain much of the best. To secure the good things in even the minutest measure, we must begin from the moment we lay our baby fingers upon the first page of the Great Book, to avoid all that comes one whit beneath the sure degree of "best."

Drummond speaks of the laws of influence and similarity. We are told that we become like those whom we habitually admire, think thoughts like those of the authors we constantly read. We know that this law presides through a wide range—literature, biography and history. Paul

met Christ along the Damascus road—he loved, he admired, he continually thought of him, and Paul became a mosaic of Christ. Laura worshipped Petrarch, and was but another Petrarch; Marius and Cosette, by mutual admiration became one; He-loise thought precisely as Abelard; Jonathan was David, and David Jonathan. Therefore, our associations mold our destinies. Whatever we would be, that must we seek in our company, our books and our thoughts. We all mean well. But the things we meant to do will not save us, the things we could have done will not save us, nothing will save us, only the things we have done. And if they are not good, and do not ring true, then they condemn us.

The young man believing his life to be his own, lives it along in "harmless amusements," and when the day comes, by and by, when he would offer it to another, there is little fit to give.

Girls, too, are often dazzled by a glare and glamour they cannot understand; preferring shallow pursuits that please, they neglect those sober ones which educate—and by and by, they, too, are bereft.

"Young woman," said a famous educator, "don't forget yourself. Don't laugh at your mother's anxiety for your welfare—take her advice. *Don't flirt, don't use slang: don't forget your womanhood.*" Young man," the educator went on to say, "*don't drink, don't smoke, don't chew, don't gamble, don't swear. And don't forget your manhood.*"

And if you "don't," you will look happier, seem happier and be hap-

pier. For, though there is a time when these things seem to be the "spice of life," the day will come when you will see the hand of the "grim Destroyed" in them all. A clouded intellect, a sullied reputation, a hardened heart and a vicious cynicism will be your portion—and that portion will remain unaltered.

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We understand that all the faculty will return next year excepting Miss Freed and Miss Boyd. Regularly each year we lose two members of the "fac," but there is some consolation in knowing that these two do not go to the awful fate that awaited the "dear departing" of last year's pedagogical coruscation.

Miss Freed has taught English in the Coffeyville High School four years, and during that time has given complete satisfaction, and made a host of friends, who are sincerely grieved to learn that she will not be with us next year. She possesses a sweet and winning personality, and inspires respect and admiration in all who know her. She will take a much needed rest next year, and will be missed very much in our school.

Miss Boyd is going to leave us to take a university course. She, also, is very popular among the students, and we sincerely regret that she will not return. Miss Boyd is one of the most conscientious teachers we have ever known, and puts sincerity into her work. Personally, she combines gentleness with firmness, and the pupils hold her in highest esteem.

If either of these teachers should ever return to our school, we know a hearty welcome awaits them.





Emerson has said that solitude is impracticable and society fatal. "We must keep our head in the one, and our hands in the other. The conditions are met, if we keep our independence, yet do not lose our sympathy."

Society is something we ought to consider much before we mingle little, for if association breeds culture and refinement, it has an equal power for creating great deficiencies in any character, however pleasant. In a school, as in other institutions, society has its ranks and degrees. The public school is noted for the social equality of its pupils, but this seldom exists in a pure state, and is really only a delusion which does not delude. In any school, and especially in a high school, the pupils "clique" and "band;" there is much unpleasant rivalry, and a certain faction always strives for supremacy. In view of this fact, the association at school may not seem to be of much value to the average pupil. If one is not popular, he is denied admittance to a certain circle, which, while shallow enough, is the "upper berth" of the school. The popular boys and girls belong to this faction; they are invited to all the parties, hayrides, classy dances and other "select" affairs—but, while these things are very pleasant, the pupil with a purpose in life, and a regard for the best things, cannot afford to pursue these idle pleasantries, nor can he, if he possess sincerity and a desire for the upbuilding of his character, mingle his sober qualities with the shallowness required to become "classy." What constitutes popularity? A well

developed capacity for lying, the ability to agree with everyone you meet, a little tact, a few fine feathers, and there you are, a popular boy or girl. But this constitutes not "society," but what a great humorist has called "sassiety." Brains are not required for the make-up or the popular person, and often character is sadly lacking. To be really popular, in this day, one must certainly be very "shallow." The intellectual boy and girl—not that they are losing anything—are sadly neglected by the "sassiety" bunch. For society stands on a false basis today, but more and more the best people are beginning to realize that the only true aristocracy is the intellectual aristocracy and certainly, if this be denied, it will be admitted by all sensible, sober, thinking people, the only one worth belonging to. Money is a weak thing; it comes by a flash, and by a flash it goes. Often enough it repays the labor spent to gain it, but certainly it seldom fails to deceive; the silly, the simple, the vain and the weak, often possess it, and though it buys much, it cannot buy the things really worth possessing. Education, culture, refinement, do not come, as money may, by a single flash of fate—and a single turn of fortune cannot take them away again. Character is a composite of all that we must be to make us as we were meant to be.

The standard by which true worth is measured is very low, and this it is which often places sterling qualities far below frivolous nonentities, in the category of social rank. I should not be disappointed if I entered my friend's house and found

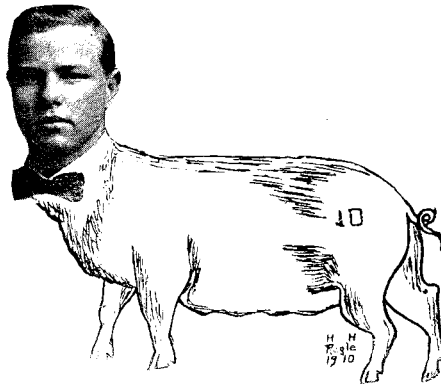
no Oriental rugs or Persian tapestries, but I *should* be disappointed if I did not find those touches of refinement and humble culture which is possible to the lowest ranks of life. I should not look for fashion so much as for cleanliness, nor for marbled floors as for quiet taste, nor so much for gay color as for simple comfort.

I should not be shocked if, in talking to my friends, I found that he knew nothing of the latest vaudeville star, or the last inane novel, but I should be hurt and shocked inexpressibly if he knew nothing of the lilies that toil not nor spin, nor of the "Cotter's Saturday Night."

Moderation is the key note to happiness. We should seek infinite

things, and be sure that they are good as well as pleasing—quiet amusements and be sure that they are harmless—and to be always sure that the time bestowed on any one pursuit will be well rewarded.

Society, in its broadest sense, deludes, lures and never satisfies. It is a shifting panorama of gilded disappointments. In its wake courtesy is too often mistaken for love, and amusement for happiness. Yet, in spite of its pitfalls, we should mingle much with our fellows, and strive to keep this association sweet with consideration for those about us, with unselfishness, gentleness and infinite patience.



OUR VAIN PRAYER.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I now take pleasure in introducing to you a person who has adorned our beautiful school building for three years and is about to leave us to go out into the dark complected night of the business world.

We cry aqishly at the top of our voices for the spirit of regeneration to give him back to us, to keep his smiling face, his golden laugh, his Athonian carriage with us forever. Oh! Spirit of the impossible do this one thing for us if you never do another, make "Porky" Miller into a Freshman again.

Our heart nearly turns around and kicks our liver when we think of nine

long months of *Spectator* drudgery without the blessing of that double breasted grin that dainty, suppressed, "Haw! Haw!" that polite, "Here-I-am" bow as he enters the office and says, "Ah, good morning, ——— Crums."

We "chaw" up our pencils, we tear up the dictionary, we feed the ink to the office cat, in our madness trying in some way to detract our melancholy spirit from this impending catastrophe. It must come within one short week. Oh! King Brad, we pray to you, help us bear this crushing sorrow through the rest of our short life to our "to-early-dug" grave.

ALUMNI

WILL DOUGHERTY, '09.

The Alumni Association of the Coffeyville High School began its existence in 1890 when the first class was graduated from the school. The High School then was in the old Washington building and its faculty consisted of one teacher and principal combined. William Sinclair, our honored superintendent, was the first principal and it was under his supervision that the first class of five pupils was graduated in 1890.

Since that time two hundred and twenty-three students have received diplomas and become members of the Association. The High School has been moved from place to place since that memorable time, to various rooms and buildings, and now stands again on the scene of its birth but in a larger and more impressive building. Instead of one teacher the High School now has a faculty of thirteen members and the graduates are much better prepared for the battle of life.

The Alumni Association serves as "the tie that binds" the graduates to the memories of former days when they as students enjoyed the privileges and hardships of the High School. The annual banquet given to the Senior class awakens fond memories and recollections of days that were dear to all of them. For a brief time business cares and worries are forgotten and their thoughts revert to the time when class yells and troubles occupied their minds and attention. Many old scraps and good times are fought and lived over and they sigh for the days that are gone never to return again. School days are happy days after all and are appreciated much more after one has been out of school a few years.

At the last meeting of the Alumni Association, officers for the year 1909-10 were elected as follows: President, Edgar Dale, '08; Vice President, George Snelling, '09; Treasurer, Winifred Buckles, '96; and Secretary, Bess Lowry, '09. The

Association received the report of the treasurer and it was found to be in a sound state financially. Prospects of a swell banquet for the Senior class are good.

Miss Joe Wilcox '09, has returned home from Manhattan, where she has been attending the State Agricultural College. Joe was taking the Domestic Science and Art course and we presume that she is intending to make a practical use of it.

Edgar Dale '08 has returned to the city from Quincy, Illinois, where he completed acourse in Civil Engineering. Ed returned to take the position of assistant city engineer. We are glad to see him doing so well.

Eddie Franks '04 has accepted a position with the Nichols Drug Co. Eddie was formerly employed at Slosson's.

Douglas Parker '09 is home again after a year's teaching near Bolton, Kansas. Douglas is quite dignified since his venture as a pedagogue.

Estelle Grant '08 is home again after an extended visit with relatives in the East.

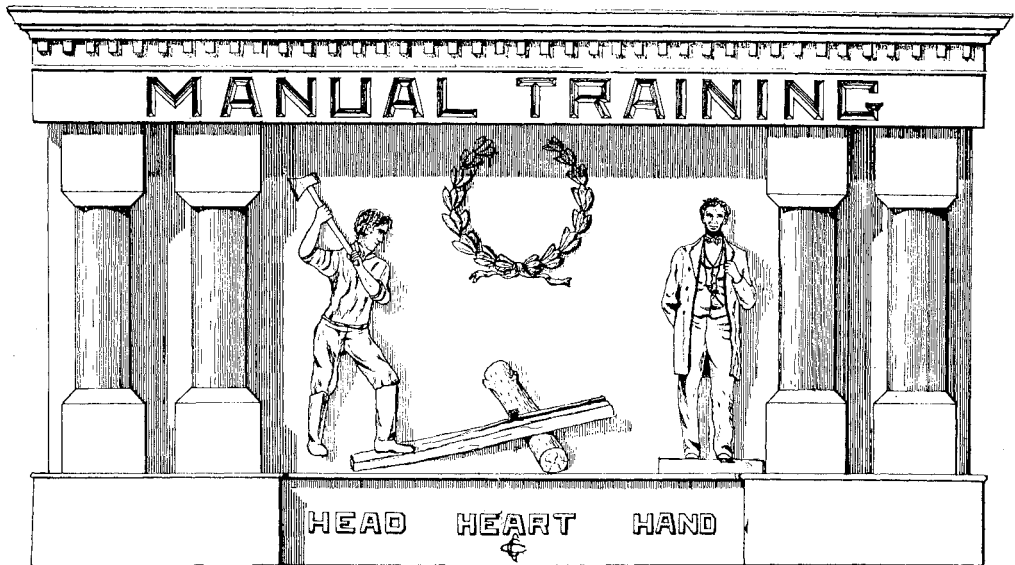
Will Dougherty '09 is connected with the Wells Brothers Commercial Company in the carpet department.

Miss Bessie Lowry '07 has accepted a position as bookkeeper with the Kansas Wholesale Grocery Company.

Douglas Landers '06 has been appointed city auditor under the new administration.

Jo. McCreary '98 is employed by the city as assessor.

Chas Rammel '09 is still working at the smelter. Chas. is assistant chemist and hopes to become something better in the near future.



*"Buzz and pound and the world
helps you, loaf and the house falls
down."*

To prove that the days of miracles have not passed we sight you to that beautiful *dragon green* swinging, "Talk-and-do-as-you-please" chair in the office. Our instructor conjured some old slats, laths and two-by-fours into a regular *lazy man's paradise*.

A woman can wear a ton of hair on her head and be in style but let a man wear a wig and he will be the laughing stock of the whole neighborhood.

Frank Johnston, our progressive Freshman carpenter has now built one of those square "Press-me" swing porch chairs. Frank was at work but two weeks on it.

"Dud" Wellman has just finished a fine library table and points with pride at the absence of "Innocent's hieroglyphics." This is "Dud's" third term—at the end of the eighth he ought to have the parlor furnished anyhow.

The reason there are so many confirmed prevaricators is because some people will never give the truth a square deal.

"Common sense" is the most uncommon.

Insanity is a leak in a person's wisdom tank.

Making swinging porch chairs seems to be hereditary with the manual students—Even William Allin has the mania.

Sometimes it is better to be a slow goer because the fast goer gets the hardest bump when the collision comes. We don't mean by this that we recommend manual students to take on the "slow go" action. Do not hurry—hurry causes waste. Do not hurry but hasten.

Men seldom have the spare time to convince the women that they are mistaken.

The man who kills time is often haunted by its ghost.

A man reaps what he sows and rips what his wife sews.

Miss Freed came in to see one of the porch swings, she said it was too

long. Of course Miss Freed has had more experience with porch swings than we, but our motto is, "A long swing for a long person."

We can mend everything except a broken heart and the break of day.

Hope may be a good thing but it doesn't enable us to deliver the goods.

The absence of "amateur's dimples" is very prominent this year. Bruce Bentley carries the only true type of "Irish moulding" on his index finger. Just ask Bruce to see what is left of his finger nail.

Crows have a lot of common sense for they never do anything without caws.

Chicken coops, watering troughs and feed boxes have been made by some of the spring students. Can you think of anything more practical?

Since pork has come to such a soaring price every pig will soon be incorporated.

Seventy-five more lockers have been built in the M. T. rooms, to meet the growing condition of the departments. The excellent work was done by the students and they are the type that cannot be "hand picked." Each one is covered with coarse wire screening and besides giving ventilation enables the haughty professor to see the "scenes behind the screens."

Cheap cuts of beef are the best to buy if you can find where they are for sale.

Elmer Morgan has just completed the frame of a diminutive bungalow. Its too bad Elmer can't plant it and let it grow up to a big one.

The manual training department has a miniature troublemaker as well as a windmaker, commonly called an "electric fan." It sits upon a small shelf to the right of Mr. Conway's

desk. All students and amateur carpenters requested to get busy with "sneezing dope," when Mr. Conway is busy (?) at his desk.

The department has grown to such an extent that the students have mastered all the points in manual Training and intend to complete with the Domestic Science "kiddos" as Mr. Conway states that he expects to serve red lemonade in the near future.

Burke Orrick and Chas. Duncan have made a mimic oil derrick and while the Kute Kid is busy superintending the final Manual Training stunts of the year the students take their regular drill at the "drilling rig."

There has been considerable painting going on during the past two weeks. The boys have been painting the new lockers and Misses Boothby and Riddle have also been seen painting their faces before the mirror.

We have a fine collection of Mechanical Drawing specimens that would do credit to any school. We are justly proud of these drawings.

The Turning Class is turning eggs now instead of pancakes as eggs are now more valuable and the students are very practical.

The Wm. Volker & Co. of Kansas City, Mo., has sent us a card of sample decorative mouldings and this card is on exhibition in Prof. Conway's office.

The little fan looks innocent enough but it can raise a lot of — breeze.

If some men would invent a glass that would resist the pounding of a hammer. Hello, Della! Did you get that last picture framed?

Somebody said that the art of conversation is dead in America. But if you believe it telephone the insurance agency.

A young autoist wants to know if our band saw is air or water cooled?

Some of our commercial prophets are telling us when the coal supply gives out we will freeze. Why not go South and eat bananas?

Herrick, Kennedy and Johnston have blossomed out in long jeans. We really believe this helps their appear-

ance, but would suggest they take some long country walks in order to get used to them. We might mention also for the benefit of the other "little shavers" that they look better in overalls than in knickerbockers. You might break in this summer.

The year is nearly gone, four more days and then — we part to never assemble together the same again. Success to everyone and—Adieu.



ORGANIZATIONS

DEBATING.

Debating will no doubt hold a very important place in the activities of C. H. S. next year. Perhaps many of the students are not interested in debates, but this is true because so little attention has been given to them.

Mental victories are greater for a school than physical. The scholastic world is beginning to realize this more and more and there is a wave passing through educational circles indicating a greater favor for "mental skirmishes." The scholar at the university may not be so universally admired as the football here, but the state of the latter is declining considerably. It does not require any special amount of brains to become a skilful baseball, basketball or football player, and it is generally true that there is a shocking parallel between the grades of the stars, and their playing—but it does require good, sound intelligence, perception, a fund of information, and earnest preparation, as well as no small

amount of keenness, to become a good debator.

Few students appreciate a good debate, or realize the courage it requires to stand before an audience and present an argument. The really good debator must be able to speak extemporaneously, for the occasion often demands it, and no skillful debator relies much upon his notes.

To be the best debator in your school is an honor greater far than to be the champion athlete. We do not look down upon these sports, such as baseball, basketball and football; they are wholesome, pleasing and necessary to school activity, but the mental athlete gains more profitable remuneration from his labor than the physical can ever receive.

Prof. Kennedy believes that the C. H. S. has as good debating material as any high school in the state, and far above the average. This is the opinion, as well, of many uninterested outsiders.

A State High School Debating League has been proposed by the

State University, and if carried out, C. H. S. will undoubtedly join next term. The best material in the school will be chosen to represent Coffeyville, and many interesting debates will be held with surrounding high schools. The team ought to be supported by an enthusiastic band of rooters, and, no doubt, will be.

We win a baseball game and that proves the superiority of our physical dexterity over that of another school. We win a debate and that proves our mental superiority. Both sorts of athletics are essential to the "happy medium" in a high school, and should be interspersed with hard study. We stand for athletics always and believe that it should be encouraged by the board and faculty and endorsed next term.

Two interesting chapel debates have been given this year. The first was given in November, and was very humorous. The question was, "Resolved, That ambition has done the world more good than harm." The affirmative side was represented by Ruth Boucher and Walter Carpenter, the negative by Alice Badgeley and Harold McGugin. The debate was decided in favor of the negative, 8 to 7. After this, the debating fever ran so high that we were forced to abandon debates in general for a while. However, Miss Bucher and Mr. Carpenter hereby throw out a standing challenge to Miss Badgeley and Mr. McGugin, which it is to be hoped will be accepted some time within the next two years.

The second chapel debate, given Feb. 4, was the result of a challenge thrown out to the entire school by Braum Bentley and Ruth Bucher. It was accepted by Arthur Miller and Sula Clarke. The question chosen was "Resolved, That Woman Should Be Granted Equal Suffrage With Man." Miss Bucher and Mr. Bentley upheld the affirmative, while Miss Clarke and Mr. Miller represented the negative. The debate resulted in a unanimous decision for the affirmative. This debate attracted widespread attention, and considerable

space was given to it in the city papers.

Coffeyville recently challenged M. C. H. S. to debate, and our worthy rival refused, which is a big white plume in the debator's cap. We then challenged the Chanute High school and were likewise refused. Plume number two.

However, we confidently expect to have the pleasure of meeting these worthy foemen in wordy conflict next year, and here's to many a victory for C. H. S.

—o—
THE ORCHESTRA.

The fourth successful year of the orchestra has just passed, finding it bigger, better and working harder. This organization has been somewhat handicapped by the absence of the slide trombone and the bass violin. Interest lagged for awhile during the



Prof. Robert P. Scoville.

unspirited winter months but spring finds the music makers back to work, practicing for the graduation exercises.

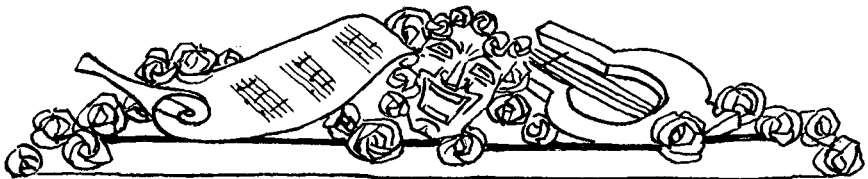
The officers for this year are:
Instructor Robert P. Scoville
President and Concertmeister . . .
. Chas. Anderson

Secretary and Treasurer.....
 Jessie Elliott
 The Personnel:
 Prof. Robt. P. Scoville..... Director
 Chas. F. Anderson, '12.....
 Concertmeister and I Violin
 Arthur Jones, '13..... First Violin
 Douglas Parker, '09... Second Violin
 Edith Lemoine, '02... Second Violin
 Irving Parker, '10..... Viola
 Claude Johnston, '11... First Cornet
 Frank Orb, '14..... First Cornet
 Harold Bradbury, '16, Second Cornet
 Dick Faulkerson, '08..... Trombone
 Thomas Lee Herrick, '13..... Flute
 Ray Halsey, '12..... First Clarinet
 Mrs. S. H. Barnes, '88, *First Clarinet*
 Jessie Elliott, '11..... Pianist
 Rufus Vawter, '12... Drum and Bells

The success of the orchestra should be credited nearly entirely to the untiring and energetic efforts of Prof. R. P. Scoville, who organized it four years ago and through many discour-

agements have brought it to its present scintillating standard. Most of the musicians started their learning under the professor and worked into the orchestra under his guidance.

Prof. Scoville was a student of the Coffeyville Public Schools and attended the High School for two years, after which he traveled with various circuses for several seasons, directing the orchestras of the New Lyceum theater of Memphis, Tenn., and others in the winter seasons. He spent five seasons with Barnum & Bailey's in Europe, during which time he studied violin and harmony in Leipsic under Herr-Wall A. Rounds, is a pupil of Hans Sitt, and studied the cornet under Cecil Forder and Herbert Clark of Sousa's band. Since then he has resided in his home town and has made music his profession, teaching all band instruments and directing the Jefferson theater orchestra.





THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB.



THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



"Practical folly leads to life foundations."

The department turned out a fine nut cake last week for which the Staff can appropriately thank Miss Ise. Even the delicate McGugin ate his large helping and pronounced it 10 per cent better than "any of mother's." We have been expecting something excellent from Miss Ise for some time but when it came it really surprised us, as in the words of *Chille*, "you could have layed us flat with a lead pipe." Miss Ise attributes the supreme quality of the cake to Rea-Patterson Milling Company's high grade of flour and recommends it to the housewives in the future tense.

Another feature of last week was the serving of dinners. Every girl could invite one guest outside of school if she would pay for that dinner.

Week before last was another dinner serving week. Six girls of the department prepared a quantity of delicious strawberry shortcakes for Prof. Kennedy, Sir Britton and Superintendent Sinclair. All pronounced it palatable except R. Y., who waited until the next day to eat his. After carefully covering the pastry with heavy cream he found—the cream soured. Was man's appetite ever so disappointed before?

A "You-me-and-the-other-fellow" lunch was served April 29 to the very estimable personages named below: D. E. Britton, C. C. Conway, R. Y.

Kennedy, Esther Freed, Anna Hancock and Stella Ise. (Faculty children.)

At the above named feast the gallant Kansas Kid Conway modestly offered to carve the *spring chicken*. Conway stabbed the chicken—then the *chick* stabbed Conway's dress shirt and treated the clean table cloth likewise. Conway says it was the *springiest* chicken he ever saw. He added that the chicken was not too tender for him but he was too tender for it.

Salpicon was the new and original dish compounded last week. The lady of the department tells us it is a fruit concoction. It had an original taste anyhow. (Yum).

April 26 found the girls serving strawberry ice. This is something extraordinary although they have Ise every day.

Some of the girls were beating on dishpans the other day while "ye boss" was upstairs and the Manual Training instructor across the hall thought it was a band of young suffragettes beating for votes.

At a recent banquet "Porky" Miller and Sam Carpenter were sent out after milk. They got it. A whole bottle of—sour milk.

The sewing classes are making their own dresses. Each and every girl

must have her own finished by next Thursday or her credit will be withheld.

Queenie Henery is making a "Printzess" gown in scarlet Scotch plaid and

is the originator of the color scheme.

Miss Evans is having a "trousseau" made in the Domestic Art Department, among the collection being some very beautiful sailor suits.



MINNIE F. POFF, '11.

The *Spectator* has the largest exchange column of any high school paper in the state. We exchange with several foreign schools, also with all the state universities. The exchange column is the medium of keeping in touch with other High schools and through it we may improve our own paper. It keeps up the spirit of competition with other schools, and enables us to improve generally. Criticism shows us wherein we err in the eyes of others.

We acknowledge the following with many thanks and hope to receive all of them again next year:

Nautilus, Jacksonville, Ill.; *World*, St. Paul, Minn.; *World*, Topeka, Kan.; *Budget*, Lawrence, Kan.; *Mirror*, Rock Springs, Wyo.; *Clarion*, Appleton, Wis.; *Comus*, Zanesville, Ohio; *Comus*, Nevada, Mo.; *Echoes*, Council Bluffs, Iowa; *Forum*, St. Joseph, Mo.; *Spectator*, Louisville, Ky.; *Mirror*, Lima, Ohio; *Spectator*, Johnstown, Pa.; *Wheat*, Ritz-

ville, Wash.; *Dragon*, Greenfield, Ohio; *Kodak*, Everett, Wash.; *Dictum Est*, Red Bluff, Cal.; *Cooper Courier*, Sterling, Kan.; *Aegis*, Bloomington, Ill.; *Tohoma*, Tacoma, Wash.; *Zodiac*, Lansing, Mich.; *Carteret*, Orange, N. J.; *Coyote*, Billings, Mont.; *Indian Leader*, Haskell; *Graduate Magazine*, K. U.; *Quilt*, K. U.; *Kansan*, K. U.; *Orange*, Baker University; *Owl*, Fresno, Cal.; *Campus*, Ottawa University; *Crimson Rambler*, Tonkawa, Okla.; *Crimson*, Fort Scott, Kan.; *Golden Rod*, Sedan, Kan.; *Spike*, West Salem, Wis.; *Jayhawker*, Kansas City, Kan.; *Luminary*, Central High School, Kansas City, Mo.; *Spookmum*, Colville, Wash.; *Athenian*, New London, Ind.; *Blue and White*, Trinidad, Colo. *Kingfisher*, Kingfisher, Okla.; *Coyote*, Sioux Falls, Dak.; *Karux*, Phillipsburg, N. J.; *Black and Red*, Watertown, Wis.; *Signal*, Fostoria, Ohio; *Caerulea*, Long Beach, Cal.; *Messenger*, Wichita, Kan.; *Breeze*, Fair-

mount; *Side Lights, Athens, Ohio; Record, Sioux City, Iowa; Mercury, Milwaukee, Wis.; Knocker, Tomah, Wis.; Argus, Shelton, Conn.; Acorn, Weeping Water, Neb.; Nooz, Stephens Point, Wis.; Royal Blue, Guthrie, Okla.; Fulcrum, Pratt, Kan.; X-Ray, Anderson, Ind.; Cynosure, Fargo, N. D.; Student, Eureka, Kan.; Kokoma Kamera, Kokoma, Ind.; Student, Detroit; Herald, Carthage, Mo.; Echo, Savannah, Mo.*

—o—

The *Mercury* from Milwaukee seems to wish to apologize for unconsciously stepping on our toes. Accepted. The said exchange, from the town where beer is made, comes out this month and in a half page eclogue defends itself from our little sling in our March issue. The very first thing they say is in the form of an excuse for placing advertising in the front of their paper. They need not have offered it because advertising placed in the front of the *Literary* is not bad practice. When the reading matter begins upon page one, directly across from the cover it gives your paper a bad appearance anyhow and then there is no use paying for a blank leaf in the front. Then again, these papers of ours are patterned somewhat after the big publications and they all place advertising in front of the literary, among them being McClure's, Munsey's, Everybody's, Hampton's, Gunter's, Saturday Evening Post, and scores of others.

But the *Mercury* goes on to say that they place the ads in front also as an inducement to advertisers. It is for the same reason that other papers mix their reading matter with the advertising—to serve as an inducement. Besides it is an advertiser's right. And then we can readily see why the papers in many places are forced to offer greater inducements in order to keep their publication up to their idolized standard. If the *Mercury* published in Milwaukee, a

town of possibly 85,000 people, must place four pages of their ad space in the front of the book, then is it not reasonably certain that a town of 5,000 (such as some of our best exchanges come from), must in its school paper offer more striking inducements to the small merchant?

The *Mercury* says, "It is not particularly edifying while reading a description, perhaps of a beautiful scene, to be suddenly reminded, with capital type, that SMITH'S SHOE STORE IS THE BEST IN TOWN." But we wish to say that if any paper ever did such an act they really did depart from typographical beauty but we never saw an exchange do that yet. We have never been halted in, the history of "NAPOLEAN'S WIVES" to be suddenly possessed with the fact that MORLICK'S HALTED MILK IS BOTH MEAT AND DRINK FOR ME." But rather we always found them in such short items as *Joshes* or *Jokes*. We can see nothing jarring to be told between laughs that "BON AMI HASN'T SCRATCHED YET," or gently reminded that "BLICK'S UNDERWEAR COVERS A MULTITUDE OF SKINS."

As to that collar button deal, our Josh Editor says that once he saved himself from losing his girl by being pulled away from an illusion and reminded that "DOAN'S COLLAR BUTTONS BEAT WARTS ON THE NECK." Then it was that he realized that he had lost his button and ran to the clothing store, procured one and arrived at the lady's house just in time to prevent her from going to the party with another fellow.

A school paper may not be a money making affair but the money making part of it often causes more tearing of hair than all the editor's troubles in ten years. As to sacrificing a little to make the publication appear better, we notice the *Mercury* sacrifices," and still does not put up any *over-excellent* appearance.



During the past year, athletics in C. H. S. have declined considerably. Football was tabooed by the Board, whose action had the effect of rather dampening school spirit, and especially athletic enthusiasm. C. H. S. had excellent material for one of the best football squads, if not the best, ever organized in this school.

Our basketball material, both girls and boys, is known to be of the very best. A few of the old "stars" had returned to school and there were many promising new ones. Therefore, it was a crushing disappointment to the teams, who had organized early in the fall, to find that basketball, too, must practically be abandoned, on account of the exorbitant price asked for the rental of the Coliseum, hitherto used by the teams for the games. No other building could be found, and as we did not want to *buy* the Coliseum, but merely *rent* it, we were forced to relegate basketball to a place among the glorious "has-beens."

Two games were played, however, and resulted in one victory and one defeat for the locals. Having "walloped" our querimonious sister berg, one small village entitled Independence, we were fairly satisfied. But blood is in our eyes, and the old thirst for spoils still remains. Quelled, but not conquered, we are simply living until autumn, 1910, when the portals of C. H. S. will open in a blaze of glory, and, if it please the high om-

nipotents, the basket ball vandals go forth to vanquish many a worthy foe.

Professor Kennedy has promised that he will endeavor to put athletics upon a firm basis next year, and encourage games whenever possible. Our outlook for '10-'11, is, therefore, very bright. We lose some of our most powerful players in the graduation of the '10 class. Rucker, Miller, and Riddle are fast players and added much to our prestige in various games. However, "ye tall old timber," Al Newman, is still with us, and will be for some time to come.

In basket ball, Miss Riddle is especially swift, and among the "remainings" are Miss Georgia Halsey, said last year to have made more goals than any other girl in the League; Edith Stucky and Edna Cox. Bertha Riddle showed up splendidly the first of the term in practice work, and will no doubt, soon be Rosina's equal.

We are determined to have basketball next term if the *Spectator Staff* has to build a rink from McGugin's surplus, and "that's all there are to it."

On account of the annual being rushed to press we are unable to give a detailed account of each individual game.

The boys played Independence twice, and both times were defeated. They gave the County High School bunch a run for their money, how-

ever, and none of the C. H. S'ers were disappointed in them.

Early in the season, the boys met the Dearing City Team, and were again defeated. In this game "Porky" Miller distinguished himself particularly; Boothby played a steady game at center, and "Wagg" behind the bat made things bum Nelson at second base has always lived up to the expectations of the team, and is a splendid player. "Jake" has the entire confidence of the rooters, and plays that second base to a frazzle. In any close game, when excitement runs high, and some of the anxious Freshies lose their poise, Nelson's coolness and quick "head-work" are particularly admirable.

Boothby plays a remarkable game generally and can be depended upon at center and left, like an "old head," which, indeed, he is.

On April 22 the C. H. S. baseball team went to Nowata, and defeated the Nowata High School team by the score of 27 to 1. The only score made by Nowata came in the first inning. An error by Gault, a passed ball and an infield out, made one run. The rest of the game was principally between the pitcher and catcher on the C. H. S. side. Miller showed his hitting ability in the fourth inning with the bases full. He hit to left field for three bases. Each member of the team made from one to four hits. Morgan, the fast little short stop of C. H. S. played a star game, getting three hits out of four times up. Nelson, the second baseman, showed some brilliant work on the bases and at the bat, stealing three bases and getting two hits. Mather-son showed his usual form behind the bat getting the only man that tried to steal on him. In the first inning he met with a very painful injury. The Nowata pitcher accidentally (?) hit him in the temple. Though badly hurt, he showed unusual grit and finished the game.

Barndollar played the *third station* like an old timer. He got two hits out of four times up, also stealing two bases. Boothby played a good

game in left field. He got one hit and stole a base. Andrews got the longest hit of the game, getting a home run with two men on bases. He played a star game in the field.

Strong, the utility man, showed up as a coach, making men pilfire home on difficult chances.

The team will go to Caney to play the High School team, Tuesday, May 3 and to Altamont, May 14. On account of the annual being rushed to press these games will not be recorded.

On April 22nd, Waggoner pitched a no hit game against Nowata High School. Only one man reached home base in this game. Eddie Gault, the new first baseman, made one error which let in one score. This was the only error during the game.

Waggoner has a few new curves working. The spit ball, the dead drop, the slow ball, which he expects to use against Caney High School, Tuesday, May 3rd.

The boys will probably play several strong games before the close of school. At the present writing, we have two games scheduled, one with Caney, and one with Altamont. We have no doubt the locals will win them both.

The greatest victory of the season was the game our boys played with Nowata High School at Nowata, April 22. The score was 27 to 1, in favor of the *Purple and Gold*. The boys were particularly pleased with the treatment accorded them by the Nowata boys, and express a desire to meet such gentlemanly foes "often and often" and then some. Another game will probably be matched with Nowata before the close of the school year.

A bowling match was held at the Y. M. C. A. on the evening of April 12th. The classes of 1912, 1913 and 1914 were represented by McGugin, Swisher and Guthrie. Swisher

won with a score of 198, Guthrie came second with 177, and McGugin came off "bad" with a score of 146.

Miss Green, of the faculty, holds the lady championship in bowling at the Y. M. C. A.

—o—
We haven't noticed the usual spry tennis aggregation around the court this spring, nor have we noticed the

court anywhere about the ground, either. Since "Seedy" Ise and "Chis" Rammel departed, tennis has suffered. There isn't really much use in putting up an equivocal front, and pretending to have tennis, croquet, hammer throwing and track; because it's a plain case of "down and outs." But we intend having all this next year, and until then here's hoping.

If BEARDSLEY'S CODFISH swam about
In a sea of HORLICK'S MILK,
Would that prevent Mildred's HEATH-
ERBLOOM
From being as fine as silk?
And if the GOLD DUST TWINS *should*
die,
And the LITTLE FAIRY fled,
Would that prevent NEWBRO'S HERPI-
CIDE
From going to my head?
Should Sunny Jim MARY THE GIRL—
Elope with PHOEBE SNOW,
That makes us still believe
That FEERY'S seed will grow.
And, after wandering should this
verse,
By lucky chance find birth,
If written with a WATERMAN'S
How much would it be worth?
—B. J., '12.



JOSHIES



—SLAMS AND TICKLERS—

A pessimist is a man who never makes good resolutions because he fears he won't be able to stick to them. Jest so.

—B. J., '12.

Allen W. (singing)—“I wonder who's kissing her now.”

Jake Nelson (thinking of Zelma Z.) “I don't know who's kissing her *now*, but I know darn well who was kissing her two months ago.” (Whew!)

Helen G.—“Brownie gets awfully mad whenever she's kissed.”

Jack Jones (forgetting himself)—“She *dcesn't*, either.”

NOTICE—(BY BEE FINBURG.)

The editor of the *Spec.* has admitted that she is one-seventeenth Jew now. How will this affect the *Synagogue?*?”

Conductor (coming to Walt C., who is out with his girl)—“Fare, please.”

Walter—“Louise, he wants the fare.”

(Hello, old tight wad.)

Arta—“I've lost s'x inches in waist measure this winter.”

Sula—“That's because you've been going with such a tight squeeze.”

Bee F.—“I just hate my last name, Fancy, *Finberg!*”

Bill D.—“Well, take mine, and let's go to some other *berg.*”

There's our old friend—Louise B.,
Who's crazy about Willie D.,
But, though daffy about him,
She'll sure do without him,
For he's crazy about Bee—

Don't

U

C?

Hee! Hee! Hee!

McGugin—“I want my hair cut.”

Barber—“Any special way?”

McGugin—“Yes, off.”

Zieg.—“May I let this shade down?
The sun shines in my face.”

R. Y.—“No, the sun is good for green things.”

Braum—“What are you doing,
learning something?”

“Porky”—“No, I was just listening to you.”

Ruth B. (dining with the base ball team at Independence)—“This steak is so tough Harry Hicks would be tender beside it.”

McGugin (at Sidle's) — “Have you any crocodile croquettes?”

Waiter—“Never heard of them, sir.”

McG.—“Where in the Sam Hill have you been all your life?”

Louise Benson—“I'm just crazy about Bee Finberg.”

The heartless “Porky”—“So is Will Dougherty.”

Louise—(A long silence.)

"Porky"—"I don't care—Bee Finberg keeps her hands off me, all right."

Ruth Bucher.—"Yes, you know Jews aren't allowed to touch pork."

Mr. Dougherty still continues his semi-weekly ramble down North Willow, although he doesn't stop at 701. Louise, you have our sympathy—and so has Bee.

R. Y. (to Central)—"What's the fare to phone to Caney?"

R. Y.—"What is love sickness?"

Bruce B.—"I know, but I can't define it."

R. Y.—"Give me an example, please."

Bruce—"Why, er, Jim Swisher."

Jake Nelson—"Wagg, aren't you going with Zelma any more?"

Allen W.—"Well, 'er, say Jake, how much property do you think she's got?"

Harold McGugin—"Say, Wagg, are you Irish?"

Allen—"No, sir. I'll have you know I'm human."

"Porky"—"McGugin, a fellow down town said you look like me."

Mc.—"What! Let me to him and I'll punch his head."

"Porky"—"Oh, you needn't bother, I killed him."

"Hans" Waggoner (telling a story)—"I used to go with a boy—"

Zelma Z. (soto voice)—"*So did I.*"

Art M. (in physics)—"The book's wrong; you're right, Dan."

SAYS JAKE NELSON—

A good thing is base ball

But it isn't all—

Happy'd be this *terra firma*

If I was only sure of *Irma*.

The question is, how did Irma P. and Leona N. get to that Sub-Sophomore party? And why did Jake Nelson ever have a cousin?

(Dedicated to Oliver Evans.)

A Freshie went broke and though it hurt,

He got a job of tilling dirt;

It's hard to be a son of toil

When you must till a ton of soil.

—Jest So—B. J., '12.

A spinning sat Adele fair,

Chille came to woo her there,

So she put down the spinning wheel,

While he put up the winning spiel.

—Correct—B. J., '12.

Porky—"I haven't any money in my pockets, but I've got a soul full of romance, all right."

Ruth B.—"I *hate* spooning."

McG.—"Do you always go with young men of good taste?"

Ruth—"Indeed I do."

McG.—Then you needn't fear it.

DEDICATED TO PARKINSON AND LOMBARD.

Teachee, teachee,

All day teachee,

Nightie markie paper,

Never sleepie.

No one kissee,

No one huggiee,

Poor old maidees,

No one lovee.

Zieg. doesn't like any part of the chicken except the heart, in fact he has at so many that he is getting "*chicken hearted.*"

"Every family has a skeleton in the cupboard" except the ones that live in flats where the cupboards are used as bed rooms. Exactly.—B. J., '12.

Dan C. (reading in a natural History)—"I never heard of anything more ridiculous than a crazy fish, did you?"

Gladys L. (who has been walking with him)—"No, unless it is a *spocny camel.*"

But say, isn't Bud some base ball player?

TO THE FACULTY.

PREAMBLE.

Here's to the best in you
 We saw it first in you,
 R. Y. forbade us
 To speak of the worst in you.

PRELUDE.

Now if you "Facs" should all grow
 sore,
 As you con this jargon o'er,
 And, realizing all it's truth,
 Should wax most awfully mad and
 wroth,
 And fuss and fume and fret and
 scold,
 Because the *solemn truth* we've told
Gee, won't we be tickled!

If Conway quit this strenuous life,
 And all this Manual Training strife,
 And turning down his social bids,
 Should raise a *great big pack of kids*,
Gee, wouldn't that be funny!

If Milly grew somewhat more quiet,
 And changed her rations and her diet,
 And utilizing "*this*" and "*that*,"
 Should lose one hundred pounds of
 fat,
Gee, wouldn't she still be chunky!

If Britton changed his mode of living,
 Believed a little more in *giving*,
 And didn't frown and fret and stare,
 But raised a crop of new *front hair*,
Gee, wouldn't it be becoming!

If "Fatty" Parkinson should grow
 A trifle less sedate or so,
 And flunked no more the Freshman,
 But *actually* should find a *man*,
*Gee, wouldn't that make us
 wonder!*

If Miss Ise left her cakes and cream,
 And joined the High School Base Ball
 Team,
 And all the boys were "daft" about
 her,
 And couldn't play a game without her,
Gee! wouldn't that be peachy!

If Miss Freed took a "one and only"
 And settled down to matrimony,
 And graced some nice home with her
 sweetness,

Enjoying life in it's completeness—
*Gee! wouldn't some folks be
 jealous!*

If Evans ever left her science,
 And to it's charms should bid defiance
 Or canned Abe Newman from a class,
 And tell him he might "go to grass."
Gee! Wouldn't that be funny!

And if R. Y. should ever leave,
 And thus our whole long life bereave,
 And "Slim" the principal should be,
 What ever would become of we?—
S'Death! Wouldn't that be awful!

If Cotton left her X, Y, Z,
 Preferred at last by some swell "he,"
 Should cut old Isaac Newton dead,
 Still mathematically wed.
*Gee! Mightn't the rest be
 hopeful?*

If our friend the learned Anna,
 Should hie herself to Indiana,
 If for us she'd never yearn,
 And never, never more return—
Gee! Wouldn't we all be tickled!

If Bessie Green should single stay,
 For many and many and *many* a day;
 Nor any *lawyer* change her name,
 But leave her to us quite the same—
*Gee! Wouldn't the gossips be
 liars!*

If Miss Boyd ever grew less nice,
 Or ever ceased to chum with Ise,
 Or ever scolded Sam or Chillie,
 Or tried to run the school like "Milly"
Gee, wouldn't it all seem funny!

If Sinclair ever grew defective
 In his profession as detective,
 And could not catch a kid who'd
 chalk
 Sinny's pretty picture on the walk,
Now wouldn't that be funny!

CONCLUSION.

That's right
 Now go and get sore,
 Just because you got a little jolly
 Handed to you.
 We *knew you would*
 That's why we wrote it,
 Why, it wasn't anything at all,
 To get sore at.

Just look at what you handed us,
Some of the time.

But then, of course if you feel like
that,
We're glad we wrote it.
Only we wish we'd said lots more.
We *will*, too, *next* time we get a
chance,
We'll hand it down to you for fair,
You've been so snippy!

But we don't give a care,
We've got R. Y. and he's *all our own*,
And we can get him to sympathize
with us,
And so'll Miss Ise, and Conway, too,
So go on and get sore !!!

—o—
We wonder:
If when Adam fell, did Eve giggle
behind her handkerchief?
At what age was D. E. married,
or was it at the parsonage?
If the bustle should be called a
"back number?"

—o—
Love is a tender thing
Thus all the poets sing;
So when you feel you're hit
Go straight and tender it.

—o—
Taking a stout girl out in a light
buggy is very suggestive of a spring
meeting.

—o—
Some fool has just invented some
perfumed eggs. Eggs will furnish
their own perfume if only let alone.

—o—
The best time to talk to a man on
the evils of cigar smoking is when
he puts the lighted end in his mouth.

—o—
Arkansaw—"Say, Fugate, what
does them letters, *MDCCCXCVII*
mean?"

"Blondy"—"They mean eighteen
hundred and ninety-seven."
Arkansaw—"Say 'Blondy', don't you
think they're overdoin' this spellin'
reform a trifle?"

—o—
"Tis far more blessed, so they say,
To give than to receive,
'Tis likewise more expensive,
I've reason to believe."

Sam C.—"Say, Walt, lend me your
week's salary."

Thoughtful Brother—"I would,
Sam, only I'm afraid there are mi-
crobes on it."

Sam—"Oh, come off, Shep; a mi-
crobe couldn't live on *your* salary."

—o—
"Blondy" Fugate—"Say, Bernard."

B. B.—"Well?"

"Blondy"—"It must be tough on a
centipede when his feet get asleep."

—o—
Page Crahan—"I'm going to be in
the new play, 'Sambol, the One Arm
Man,'"

Orville Williams—"What do you
play?"

P. C.—"I will play the missing
arm, just hanging around."

—o—
McGugin—"If it wasn't for me
you'd be the most disreputable cuss
in High School."

Jim S.—"True for once, Mac, I'll
never be able to claim first honors
until you leave."

—o—
Britton (visiting the hair dresser)
—"There used to be two or three
little bald spots on the crown of my
head, away back. Are they there
yet?"

Hairdresser—"No, sir. It isn't so
bad as all that. Where those spots
used to be sir, there's only one now."

—o—
A spinning sat Adele fair,
And Chillie came to woo her there,
But she put up the spinnig wheel,
When he put up the winning spiel.

—o—
I was stung last night, dear teacher,
I was stung the night before,
If ever I recover,
I'll be stung again some more—Zieg.

—o—
Ruth B.—"What made the clock
stop?"

Art M.—"Dan Campbell just came
in the door and brought his face
along."

—o—
Said McGugin to Taft,
You're honest, but I will graft,
You think you're it
But your not in it with me a bit.

Miss Ise—"Look here, Zelma, I can write my name in the dust on your sewing table."

Zelma Zubar—"There's nothing like education, is there?"

—o—

Miss Parkinson—"Yesterday, I sent your mother a note asking her to see that you studied your English. Did she read it?"

Brownie—"Yes'm."

Miss P.—"What did she say?"

Brownie—"Why, she said she didn't know English and she got married—and my aunt didn't know English, and *she* got married—and you *do* know English, and you haven't got married."

—o—

Ruth B.—"That new assistant of mine is a paragon of incompetency."

Minnie P.—"You mean she is a lemon aid."

—o—

Max Heyman—"Your name, dear, is engraved on my heart."

Minnie Poff—"Yes, but wouldn't it be much nicer if your name were engraved on my stationary?"

—o—

McGugin—"I'm not a grafter, but I never lose anything."

—o—

How often one will read a sketch,
That strikes him very pat,
And say, within his inmost soul,
I could have written that.

—o—

Ritchie (at Slosson's when Billy D. ordered Coc's for the bunch)—"If you don't mind, I prefer the nickle."

—o—

"Louise," hissed Walter, "do you thus spurn my heart after leading me on?"

Louise—"Leading you on? How?"

Walter—"Did you not tell me the fortune teller said you were to marry a handsome, dark young man with the figure of a greek god, and the voice of an Aeolian harp? *Bah!*"

—o—

Miss Boyd (to Chillie)—"If you don't pick up in history I shall certainly have to see your father."

Chillie—"All right, I'll see the old man and get a date for you."

CHILLIE'S CHARACTER SKETCH OF USHER.

"Usher was a tall, malady man who looked as if he had not been out of the house for a lustre. He was a hypochondriac fellow. His time was vagaries to read. He was without much hilarity and walked with anomalous steps. He was afraid the trepidation of his sins would be visited upon him. He was very hilarity and very lustre."

—o—

Lyman Strong—"Isn't there any school today, Merle?"

Merle Dana—"Of course there is. You don't s'pose because I'm cuttin' they close up the school, do you?"

—o—

Miss P.—"Who was Hymen?"

"Porky"—"Good lord, I don't know."

—o—

Miss Cotton (in assembly)—"Satan still finds work for idle hands to do."

Sam C.—"What on earth do you want us to do now?"

—o—

"Watchman, what of the night," sang "Porky," as he and Sammy C. wended their way toward the Miller House at two-thirty a. m. "The Night Is Dark and I am Far From Home," returned Sammy. "You Lead me On."

—o—

Irma P.—"Oh, dear! I can't find a pin anywhere! I wonder where all the pins go to, anyhow."

Jake Nelson—"That's a difficult question to answer, because they are always headed one way and pointed the other."

—o—

New Senior—"I've noticed that the Freshman boys pay particular attention to Ruth B. How does that come?"

Challie—"Oh, they've only been here a little while, and they don't know her."

—o—

Newman—"There's always something broke about our place."

Skinner—"Really! What is it?"

Newman—"Muh!"

Farmer—"Say Fatty, don't you see that sign, 'No fishin' on these grounds?'"

"Porky"—"Sure I do, but I'm not so ignorant as to fish on the grounds. I'm fishin' in the *creek*."

Ask Walter C. and "Hans Wagner" about those Nowata "Janes."

Girls are seldom afraid of armed men.

The difference between a clock and the union man is that when the clock strikes, it keeps on working.

Sometimes when "we boys" want a girl's hand we only get the mitten.

Tailor (in Kentucky)—"What size shall I make your pockets, colonel, *pint* or *quart*?"

Wanted—To know how Zelma Zubar and Elsie Stuckey can take care of twenty fellows a week—Soapsuds.

Eddie Gault—"All great inventions are more or less ridiculed. It hasn't been many years since the telephone caused laughter."

Mark Morgan—"Yes, and now it causes profanity."

Jack Jones—"Adam owed his downfall to an apple."

Harry Lowry—"Yes, and I owe mine to a peach."

Miss Freed (in English)—"All geniuses are more or less happy."

Ruth Bucher—"No, they aren't, either. I'm wretched most of the time."

Hubert Andrews—"Say, R. Y., do do you think a fellow should propose to a girl upon his knees?"

R. Y.—"Well, if he *doesn't* the girl should get off."

Zieg.—"The motto of our class is 'Turn Out the Rascals.'"

Chillie—Well, I guess your class has turned out more rascals than any other."

Dan Campbell—"I hope I'll see the time when all fools are dead."

McGugin—"Well, if you do you'll have to come back in the ghost."

Sinclair (inspecting the new basement arrangements)—"Can I get through this door?"

Stevenson—"I guess so; they took a boiler through this morning."

Gladys S. (walking in the country)—"Is that chicken a Brahma?"

Harland R.—"No, it's a Leghorn."
Gladys—"Why, certainly, to be sure. I can see the horns on his ankles."

Whoever
Heard a voice ring?
Or sat on his hostess' right hand?
Or joined a young lady in a cup of tea?

Or saw a rafter split with laughter?
Or caught a cow with a cow-catcher?
Or raised a roof with shouts?
Or dropped his eyes to the ground?
Or withered his enemy with a look?
Or had his heart run away with his head?
Or hitched his wagon to a star?
Or ran a joke into the ground?
Or saw a little pitcher with big ears?
Or saw a cat that would give seven cents to look at a king!

S's Ragle—"Your eyes tell me much."

Gladys Shaw—"Your breath tells me more."

Sis—"Oh, heavens; I'm discovered." (Onions.)

Ritchie—"Are you building a new house?"

Carpenter—"I hope you didn't think I was building an old one, young chap."

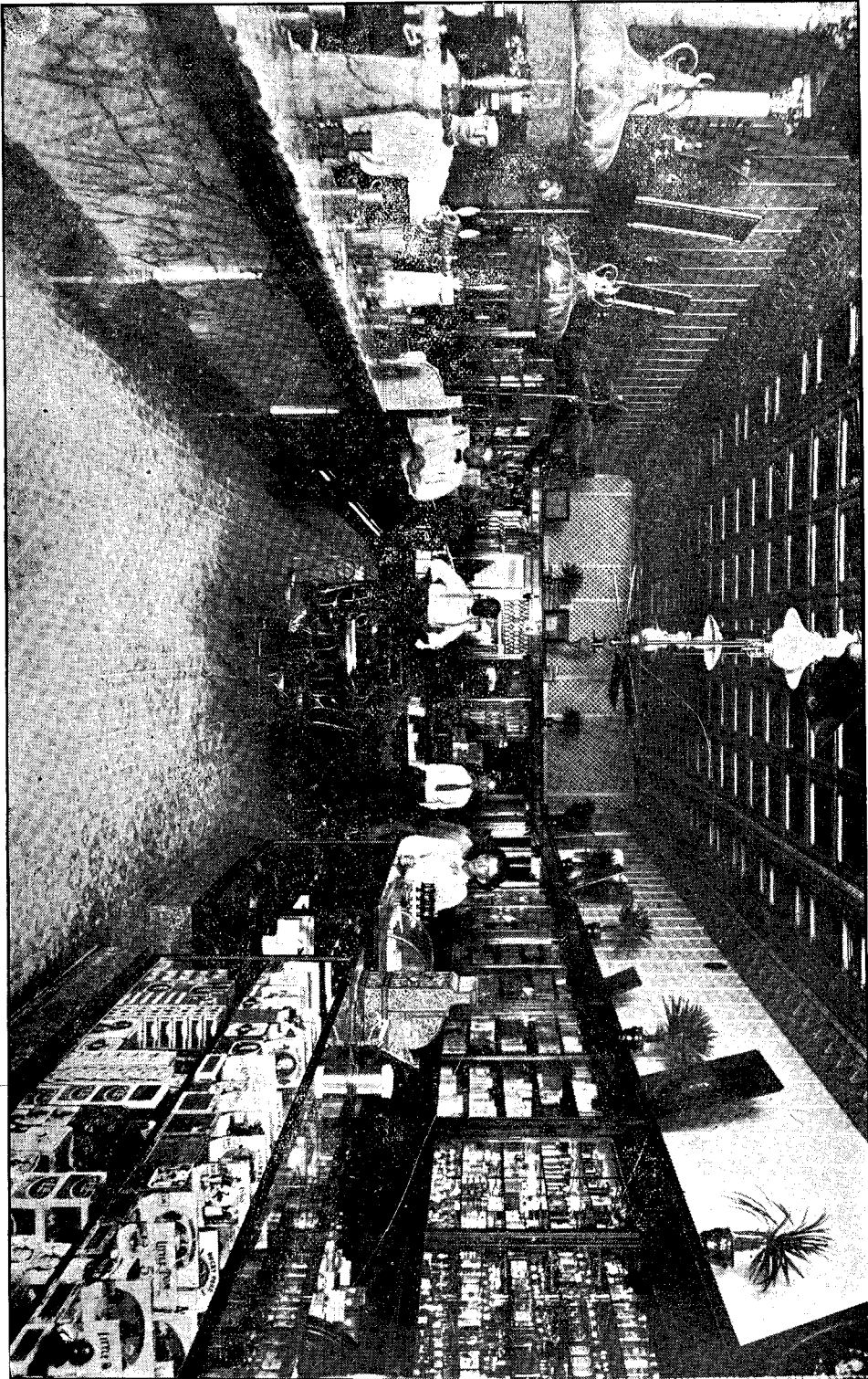
Newman—"McGugin is nothing more nor less than a lobster."

Fugate—"How do you make that out?"

Tall Timber—"Because he starts out green, but turns red when he gets in hot water."

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He loves to wind his mouth up,
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D. E. B.—"Yes."
C. C.—"What did you pay for it?"
D. E. B.—"Nothing; I married it."

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Abe Newman—"You know that dollar you loaned me?"

Skinner—"Not now; introduce me."

—o—

Jake Nelson—"I love my base ball, but oh, you Irma!"

R. B.—"So your efforts to get on the base ball team were fruitless?"

Carl R.—"Oh, no, they gave me a lemon."

—o—

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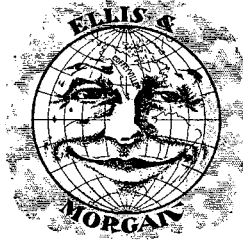
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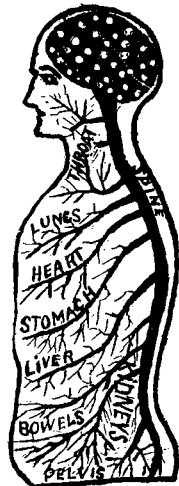
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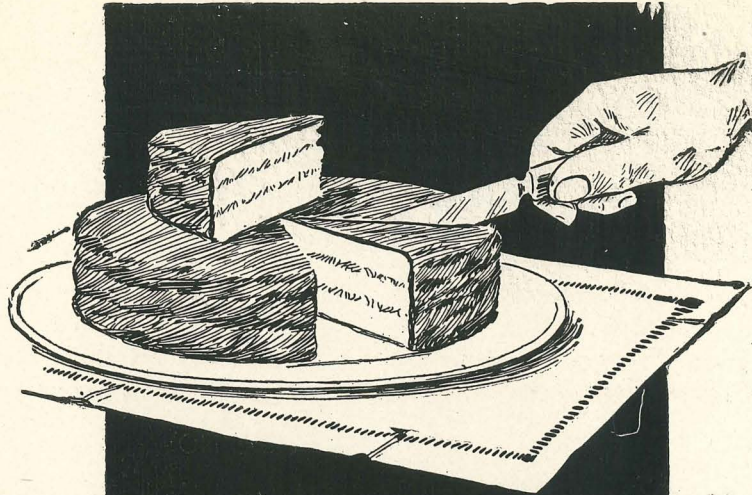
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He never to himself has said
As he stubbed his toe against the bed
"D—! D—!! D—!!!"

Chillie—"This is impossible,"
Brother Walter—"You mean im-
probable, don't you?"
Chillie—"I meant it can't be did."

Sam C.—"What's Miss Ise cutting
the tails off them fowls for?"

"Porky"—"Aw, she's giving a din-
ner today, and she says it's swell to
have cock tails upon the table."

Ione W.—"Day breaks without fall-
ing."

Pat—"Yes, and night falls, but it
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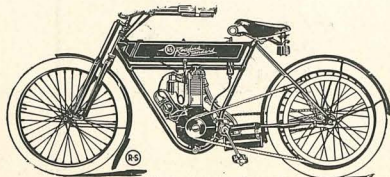
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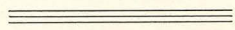
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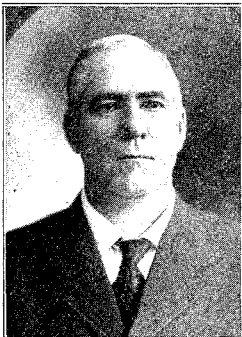
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COUNTY TREASURER

SUBJECT TO
THE PRIMARY, AUG. 2, 1910

—SLE—

THE BOWMAN REALTY CO.
FOR SNAPS IN REAL ESTATE

We Always Have Them. Have Private and Eastern Money to Loan on Long
Or Short Time.

We Write Insurance of All Kinds for the
Best Companies

The Bowman Realty Co.

(Successors to Barnes Realty Co.)

814 Walnut, upstairs

Coffeyville, Kansas



CLYDE KNOCK

Candidate for Second Term as

CLERK OF THE DISTRICT COURT

Of Montgomery County, Kansas

Independence, Kansas

CAME TO MONTGOMERY COUNTY IN 1874

AMOS SKINNER

REGISTER OF DEEDS

CANDIDATE FOR SECOND TERM
ON REPUBLICAN TICKET

INDEPENDENCE, KANSAS

J. J. BAKER

CANDIDATE FOR SECOND TERM AS

SUPT. OF SCHOOLS OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY

INDEPENDENCE, KANSAS

Hal R. Clark

*Republican Candidate for Second Term
for County Attorney*

Solicits Your Support

Independence, Kansas

A. D. Hileman

Republican Candidate for County Clerk

Cherryvale, Kansas

W. E. Ziegler

Candidate for Judge of the District Court

Coffeyville, Kansas

Ask Your Grocer for

Sunflower Crackers

Manufactured by

THE KANSAS CRACKER & CONFECTION COMPANY

Independence, Kansas

Robert P. Scoville

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC

Music Furnished For All Occasions

LEADER OF JEFFERSON THEATRE ORCHESTRA

Seasons 1906, 7, 8, 9 and 10

Director of Coffeyville Concert Band

Teacher of Violin and Orchestra Instruments; also Mandolin and Guitar, teacher of Cornet and all Military Band Instruments. Studied Violin and Harmony in Leipsig, Germany, under Herr Will A. Rounds, a pupil of Hans Sitt; studied Cornet under Cecil Forder, Cornetist with Barnum & Bailey's circus, a pupil of Herbert P. Clark of Sousa's Band.

Phone 532

Studio, 502 E. 8th St.

Coffeyville, Kansas

The Coffeyville Mercantile Co.

Wholesale Grocers

Manufacturers and Coffee Roasters

13-15 E. 9th St.

Phone 254

We furnish the paint used to decorate the high school walks. Our **Monarch**
Didn't **Paints** would have been the proper thing but our office closed too soon.
However, it is open to you. Come in and give us a chance to convince you.

The Metz Lumber Co.

502 WALNUT

TELEPHONE 577

WE MEET ALL TRAINS

PHONE 13

CABS RUN ALL NIGHT

Phone Us for Official Train Time, Carriage and Baggage

O. K. Carriage and Baggage Line

DAVE KOHLER, Prop.

New Livery and Boarding Barn

Barn, 303 East 8th Street

Coffeyville, Kansas

DON'T FORGET

Kodak's and Kodak Supplies at

Kane's

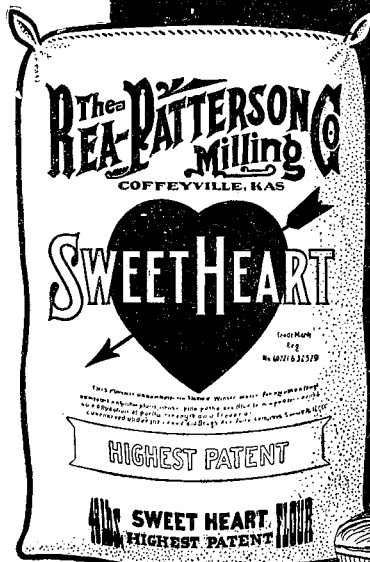
Soph.—“I do wish some one would cut Braum out with Arta.”

Harland R.—“Every one thought I was going to until I met Miss Shaw.”

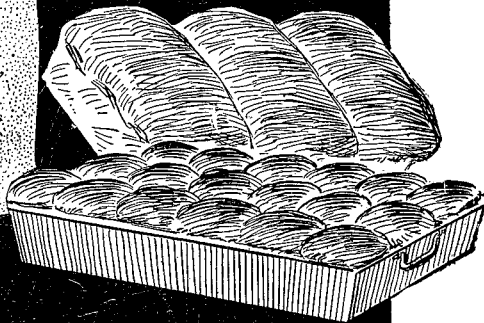
(Oh, you deacon! So you're a “courtin' old scout,” too!)

C. C.—“Say, R. Y. where is that place, Atoms, that so many people are blown to?”

R. Y.—“Why, it's just the other side of Effigy, the place where so many people are hanged.”



Light
Bread
and
Rolls



SWEET HEART

FLOUR

Best for baking because
the wheat it's made of
and the way it is milled
and made make it a good
bread flour.

ALL DEALERS

The Rea-Patterson Milling Co.
Coffeyville, Kansas



Young Men's New Spring Goods

HATS, SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, NECKWEAR, ETC.

BEFORE you buy any of the above goods, you should see what good, up-to-date styles and quality we are showing.

We have the famous Eclipse Shirts, the Arrow Brand Collars, B.V. D. and Coopers Underwear and the well-known Rival Hats. Come in TODAY and see what we are offering. You will be agreeably surprised at the up-to-date styles and the moderate prices.

J. B. JOHNSON TAILOR AND
HABERDASHER
121 West Ninth St.

Hot and Cold Baths

High-Class Workmanship

**PLAZA BARBNR SHOP
& CIGAR STORE**

M. R. EASTON, Proprietor

805 Walnut Street

CHANGED HANDS

Under new management but still serving wholesome food and catering to High School Pupils. Try our Chili.

The Midway Cafe

922 South Walnut Street

Coffeyville, Kansas

If You Want *Bread*—Not *Wind*—
Go to the Old Reliable

E. W. Roesky
...BAKERY...

127 West Ninth Street

The Junction Drug Store

Corner 8th & Walnut

THE HOME OF DIKE'S MEDICINES

Phones 276 & 425

Night Study Will disappear now that vacation is
here. Spend a pleasant hour every evening at the

STAR THEATRE

THE COOLEST PLACE IN TOWN, THE BEST PICTURES
AND SUPERFINE VAUDEVILLE

Admission 10c

Kottage Kandy Kitchen

For Ice Cream, Sodas and Sundaes

Cold Drinks

Cigars and Tobacco

111 W. 8th Street

THE FRESH AIR FIEND.

The windows must be open wide,
No heat must grace the room,
No flannel blankets on the bed,
On straw he'd sleep as soon.
Each day he'd walk about ten miles
And to the lake he'd trip;
And when 'twas zero weather,
He'd take his daily dip.
But now, cold air. I am afraid,
He doesn't get a lot,
Where Willie's gone I hate to say,
But I fear 'tis awfully hot.

—o—
EPITAPH, 1953.

Here lies the body of Harold McGugin,
Mouth almighty, teeth accordin',
Stranger, tread lightly o'er this wonder,
If he opens his mouth, you're a goner, by thunder.

—o—
Harland R.—“Do you think I would make a good football player?”

Gladys S.—“No, from what I know of you you'd be penalized for holding.”

You Get Square Treatment

First Class Service and Delicious Food in this Lunch Room, and pay only reasonably for it, too. If you would lunch well, you'll lunch here.

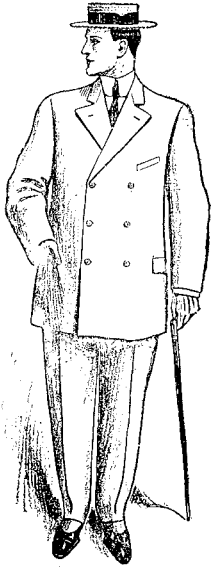
Best Coffee in the City

The Narrow Gauge Restaurant

Chas. Gambrell, Prop.

1022 Sou'h Walnut Street

Miss Etchen, for Fancy Millinery



SEE

Anibal & Bentley

FOR

Suits, Shirts, Uniforms,
Cleaning and Pressing

PHONE 85

115 W. 9th St.

THE SIGN OF QUALITY



We Printed This Annual

The Isham Hardware Comp'y

Lawn Mowers, Refrigerators,
Garden Tools

Our Special Saturday Night Sales, running through the Spring and Summer, are attracting enough attention to warrant investigation.

Isham Hardware Company

PLAZA BLOCK

Dan (to Gladys)—“They say, dear, people who live together get to look alike.”

Gladys—“Then you must consider my refusal as *final*.”

Agent—“I'm looking for the man of the house.”

D. E. Britton—“Call again my wife is out.” (Nothing like being hen-pecked.)

EDUCATE YOURSELF TO GO TO THE

SMOKE HOUSE BARBER SHOP

WILLIAM BIGGERSTAFF, Prop.

Phone 637

123 W. 9th St.

THE HOME OF GOOD FURNITURE

THE COFFEYVILLE FURNITURE CO.

WE HAVE EVERYTHING IN FIRST-CLASS FURNITURE

MASONIC BUILDING

The Shepard & Chain

Ice Company

MANUFACTURE AND SELL

Pure Crystal Ice

Only Pure Water Used.
Machinery All Modern.
All Products First-Class
All Orders Receive Careful and
Prompt Attention.

PHONE 366

R. Y.—“Hello, is this the Gas Co.?”

“Yes, sir.”

R. Y.—“Well, sir, you read in the papers that the tail of Halley’s comet is composed of gas.”

“Yes, but what—”

R. Y.—“And did you notice that it’s measurement is 15,000,000 miles long?”

“Yes, sir; but what—”

R. Y.—“Nothing, I just wanted to say that if the astronomers measured it with the meter in my house it would be 40,000,000,000 miles long. That’s all.”

—o—

“Shall I brain him,” asked the stranger,

And the victim’s courage fled,
“You can’t ’cause that’s Dan Campbell,
Just hit him on the head.”

YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING
AND EVERYTHING IN

Good
Fresh
Groceries

at our store. We will always be glad to receive your patronage and our two wagons enable us to make prompt deliveries.

M. V. Deavenport

1022 Walnut St.

Phone 294

Phone 1808

Human Hair Goods

LeRette Beauty Shop

102½ West Ninth Street

*Artistic
Hair Dressing*

Scalp Diseases a Specialty

Shampooing Manicuring Facial Treatment

Switches Made to Order from Cut Hair and Combing

If you want to buy property of any kind
we have it.

If you want Insurance in any line, we
write it.

THE BEAUTIFUL MONTGOMERY ADDITION
NOW ON SALE AT GREATLY REDUCED
PRICES. ON EASY TERMS—YOU CAN'T AF-
FORD TO MISS IT—IN BUYING A LOT.

Get One of Our Fine Art Calendars

Ragle & Curry

Loans, Notary Work and Abstracts

Phone 96

To High School Pupils—

YOU will soon be taking a part in the Commencement exercises and will want to be properly dressed. You will feel that you are better dressed, other people will think you are better dressed, in fact you will be better dressed, if your dress is made complete with a pair of EXCLUSIVE STYLE shoes. All the season's up-to-the-minute patterns, neat and nobby—just what you want for the occasion. They are no more expensive than the other kind.

Graves & Co.

THE MODEL GROCERY

DEALERS IN

All the Better Things to Eat

Phones 766 and 763

5 East Ninth Street

The PRODUCERS STATE BANK

NOWATA, OKLAHOMA

WE INVITE YOU TO START AN ACCOUNT IN OUR

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
WITH ONE DOLLAR

WE LEND A HANDSOME AND USEFUL HOME SAVINGS BANK
FREE TO OUR DEPOSITORS. ASK FOR ONE.

OFFICERS

W. A. CHASE, President
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, V.-Pres.
F. B. REYNOLDS, Cashier.
A. J. REYNOLDS, Ass't Cashier

Capital Stock, \$50,000.00

DEPOSITS GUARANTEED
BY THE
OKLAHOMA STATE LAW

4 PER CENT INTEREST PAID ON
SAVINGS DEPOSITED
INTEREST COMPOUNDED TWICE YEARLY

WHENEVER YOU WANT ANYTHING IN

LUMBER or
Builders' Hardware

Call on the

ELMER JOYCE
LUMBER CO.

Phone No. 121

Coffeyville, Kans.

The O. K. Machinery & Supply Co.

Manufacturers' Agents and Jobbers of

MILL AND ELEVATOR MACHINERY

Engines, Boilers, Heaters, Steam Pumps, Pumping Machinery, Gas Engines,
Cut -Off Wire, Leather, Rubber and Canvas Stitched Belts.

Shafting, Pulleys and Hangers, Packing and

Tools, Engineer's Supplies.

Office: 1013 Walnut, Phone 399

Coffeyville, Kansas

Commencement is Here and So Are We With a Big Line of

School Pennants
Handsome Gift Books

A Full Line of Sporting Goods of All Kinds Patton Book Store

The Fred Haines Drug Co.

Prescription Druggists

for

Fancy Sodas and Ice Cream

Phone 72

111 West 9th Street

Dog Collars

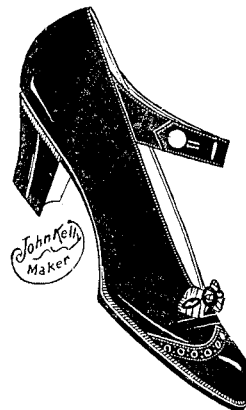
for big dogs, little dogs,
black dogs, "yaller"
dogs, fat dogs, slim dogs
—in fact any kind of
dogs at

The Talbot
Saddlery Co.

923 Walnut St.

Phone 354

Everything that is New in
Stylish Footwear for
Men, Women and
Children



Morris Shoe Store

CONDENSED OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF
THE CONDON NATIONAL BANK

OF COFFEYVILLE, KANS., AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, MARCH 29, 1910

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts, - \$448,487 92	Capital, - - - \$100,000 00
Overdrafts, - - 2,920 84	Surplus, - - - 40,000 00
Furniture and Fixtures, - 3,000 00	Undivided Profits, - 7,005 49
U. S. Bonds and Premium, 102,500 00	Circulation, - - - 100,000 00
Bonds and Warrants, - 27,105 40	Deposits, - - - 645,972 67
Due from U. S. Treasurer, 5,000 00	
Cash and Exchange, - 303,964 00	
\$892,978 16	\$892,978 16

DIRECTORS

C. M. CONDON
 C. T. CARPENTER
 W. C. HALL
 F. S. MITCHELL
 M. A. E. PATTON
 R. K. LONG
 CHAS. M. BALL

The above statement is correct.

CHAS. M. BALL, Cashier.

The Deposits of this Bank are Guaranteed by the Bankers' Deposit Guaranty and Surety Company, of the State of Kansas



JEWELRY AHEAD OF YOU

That is worth looking at when you are facing in our direction. We have some excellent designs to choose from in every style of ornament.

WATCHES THAT KEEP TIME

Are here, from the thinnest to the heavy chased style. Precious and semi-precious stones in a great variety of settings. Look at them and note the prices

DODD, THE JEWELER

904 Walnut

Open Evenings

What made the Deacon love the Shaw,
 The eager children cried,
 O, Gladys loved the "Deac.," you
 know,
 Wise "Porky" M. replied.

D. E. B.—"There is much done in
 the name of charity."
 Kute Kidoneous—"Yes, and *many*
 done also."

A girl may be pretty to look at
 when she's fat and short at seventeen,
 but when she's thirty-seven and all
 spread out, it's a different proposition.
 (Oh, you Millie Lombard!)

"Porky" M. (on love sickness)—
 "I've got it, you've got it, we've all
 got it, the whole world's got it; it's a
 common complaint." (Helen, we
 didn't know he had got so worse.)

Census Taker—"What is your age,
 lady?"

Milly L.—"I've seen thirty-two
 summers."

Census Taker—"How long have
 you been blind?"

The House that Sells Good Furniture Cheap



"Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; but with all the getting get understanding." "The love of money is the root of all evil." However get all the root you can and when you get married save money by getting your Furniture at

1017 and 1019
South Walnut

BESSEY BROS.

1017 and 1019
South Walnut

R. H. MUZZY, Pres.

ISADOR LITMAN, V. Pres.

D. H. MARTIN, Cashier

The American State Bank of Coffeyville

Capital	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus	1,000.00
Undivided Profits	2,000.00
Deposits (over)	200,000.00

This bank commenced business January 8th, 1908, and is the newest and fastest growing Bank in the fastest growing city in Kansas.

Teachers' Warrants Always Cashed at Par. Bring them to Us.

Other Directors:

C. J. YORK, ELLIOTT IRVIN, C. A. KEYSER and J. H. LOWER

*Better Homes for Less Money,
Our Prices are Lowest
Our Terms are Reasonable
Always see Us for*

CITY PROPERTY, LAND, LOANS

UPHAM'S

Real Estate Headquarters

The Southwestern Paint & Wall Paper Co.

(INCORPORATED)

Jobbers of

**Paints, Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, Wall Paper
and All Other Painters Supplies.**

All Goods Shipped at Purchaser's Risk.

We do Picture Framing.

123 West Eighth Street

COFFEYVILLE, KANS.

When It Is the **Best** in Millinery You Want

THEN GO TO

MARY S. DAVIS

107 West 9th Street

Office Phone 900

Res. Phones 371 & 627

Hastings Transfer
and Storage Co.

*Household Goods, Pianos and All Com-
modities Stored in Fire-Proof
Building*

No. 108 East 10th St.

COFFEYVILLE

Equipped for All Kinds
of Heavy or Light Work

KANSAS

FRANK F. MISCH
& SON

**Blank Book
Manufacturers
and Printers**

LOOSE LEAF DEVICES

Phone 1196

"Porky"—"Say, m'ster, how much
do you charge to weigh hogs?"

Merchant—"Oh, step along, "Por-
ky." I'll weight you for nothing."

The fair young cheek
Gets withered soon;
The luscious plum
Becomes a prune.

PERRY SHOE SHOP

FINE SHOE REPAIRING

ACROSS FROM JEFFERSON
THEATRE

The Coffeyville Wagon and Carriage Works

Would be Pleased to Figure with You on

WAGON AND CARRIAGE REPAIRS, PAINTING AND TRIMMING

Horse Shoeing and Rubber Tires are our Specialties

815 Spring Street

D. F. ISAACS, Prop.

Phone 810

“Porky”—Do you mean that for an insult?”

Dan C. (geting really angry)—
“Well, you can take it that way if you like.”

“Porky”—“Very well, your apology is accepted.”

—————o—————
Mary had a little lamb,
Just thirty years ago,
The chops we had for lunch today,
Were from that lamb, we know.

—————o—————
Jake Nelson (in manual training)
—“Ouch! I hit my ham with a
thumber.”

Walter C.—“I see that you look out for No. 1, in all your financial transactions, Mac.”

McG.—“Yes, when I studied grammar in the grades, one of the first things I learned was that the first person singular should always be capitalized.”

—————o—————
A gay young German swain,
Long Courted Mildred in vain.
When he said, “Now or never,”
She answered, “Jump in the river.”

—————o—————
Laugh and the world thinks you're
bughouse.

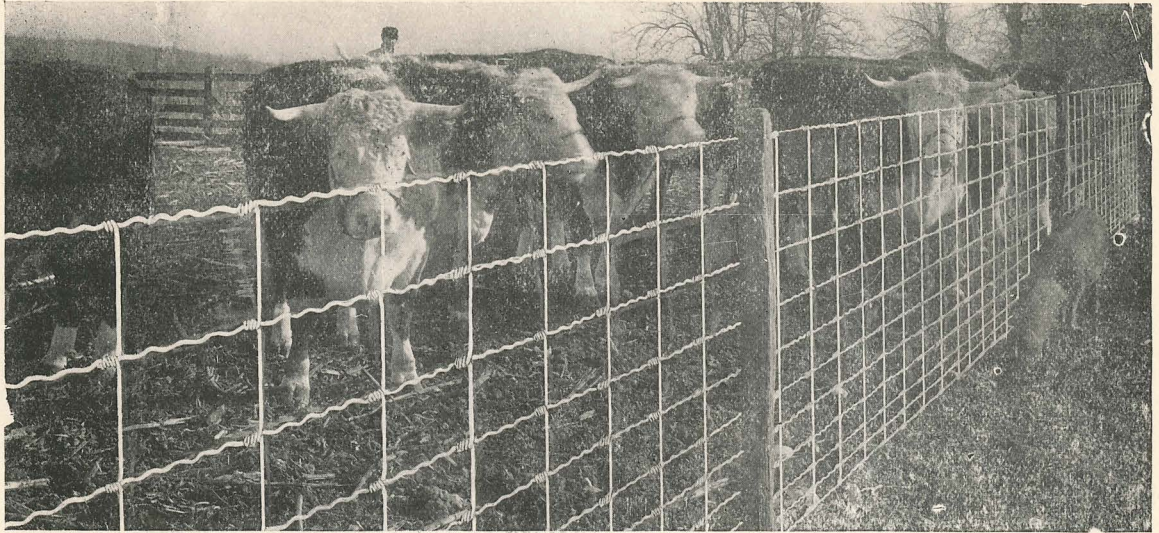
Losse's Tailor Shop

Will give you Satisfaction

They are “there” when it
comes to Clothes Making

910 Walnut St.

O. T. Goodwin, Mgr.



Shimer Fence and Gates are the Best. Highest Award
at St. Louis World's Fair

Manufactured at Coffeyville, Kansas by

The Coffeyville-Shimer Woven Wire Fence & Mfg. Co.

Young Husband—"Did you make those biscuits, my dear?"

She—"Yes, darling."

He—"Well, I'd rather you would not make any more, sweetheart."

She—"Why not, my love?"

He—"Because, angel mine, you are too light for heavy work."

o

Miss P.—"Miss Lombard, how does this sound—the 'proposal?'"

Miss Lombard—"Mercy, I don't know how that would sound."

(O, we all know that.)

o

Ritchie—"Say, Ruth, is Bee F. a Jewess?"

R. B.—"No, she's a white person."

Ritchie—"Ouch!" !! X X !

o

Lyman—"This is the most villainous world I ever saw."

"Wagg."—"It's the best one I was ever in."

o

Guy Williams—"Say, kids, write me up in the *Spec.* so the kids in M. C. H. S. will think I'm popular."

McCrum's Book Store

¶ We have the only Sanitary Soda Fountain in the city. Only the purest fruits and syrups used. Try us and be convinced. We also carry a complete line of Books, Base Ball Goods, and Post Cards. We buy your old school books.

McCrum's Book Store

904 Walnut

Phone 1012

Coffeyville's Greatest Clothing and Shoe Store

Edwin Clapp, Florsheim,
Thompson, W. L. Douglas
Shoes

Stein Bloch, "L" System
Society Brand, Sampeck,
Michaels Sterms Clothing

To Know Just What the Season's Smart Styles
Are, You Must See Them

WE HAVE THEM

Nowata,
Oklahoma



Coffeyville,
Kansas

"He Who Doesn't Care for Style is the One Careless in Business and in School."

Knox, Stetson, Mallory,
Gimble, Knapp
Felt Hats

R & W Trousers
and Specialties.
Calumet, Star and Eagle Shirts

Dictated to Ruth B.

If all the poems you have written,
Were piled in a pile,
And with a match were lit,
You could see the blaze a mile.
But all the money you have gotten

For all the poems you have wrote,
Would not hurt the smallest kitten,
If poured molten down its throat.

Sinny—"You are a pretty sharp
boy, Chillie."

Chillie—"Well, I'd ought to be. Ma
takes me out and strops me three or
four times a week."

A Boston spinster had a dog,
One of those high-toned trowsers,
Who's so swell bred and nice, 't's
sad,
He never pants—he trowsers.

Sulu C.—"Don't you know when I
ditched Dan C. last year he sat down
and wept?"

Gladys L.—"Yes he told me he
wept—for joy."

Miss P.—"Can full be compared."
Chillie—"Yes, ma'm; full, drunk,
soused."

Gus Sidle's Cafe

118 West 8th Street

Coffeyville, Kansas

Everything Served in Season

Special Parties Given Special Attention

Condensed Official Statement at the Close of Business, March 29, 1910

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF COFFEYVILLE, KANSAS

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans, - - -	\$541,672 32	Capital, - - -	\$100,000 00
Overdrafts, - - -	2,625 19	Surplus, - - -	20,000 00
Banking House and other		Undivided Profits, - - -	22,514 21
Real Estate, - - -	14,000 00	Unearned Interest, - - -	9,547 14
U. S. and Other Bonds, - - -	76,890 94	Dividends Unpaid, - - -	4,000 00
Cash and Sight Exchange, - - -	429,406 91	Circulation, - - -	70,000 00
		Deposits, - - -	838,534 61
Total,	\$1,064,595 36	Total,	\$1,064,595 36

The above statement is correct.

Attest:

J. T. WETTACK, President

E. S. REA
H. W. READ
F. S. WETTACK
W. H. SHEPARD

Every Deposit in this Bank is Guaranteed by the Bankers Deposit
Guaranty and Surety Company of Kansas

RESOURCES OVER \$1,000,000

H. W. READ

DRY GOODS AND LADIES
FURNISHINGS

NINTH AND WALNUT STS.



The Supreme Question in *PIANO* *Buying* is the Question of *Quality*

PPRICE is an important factor with most of us, BUT we should hesitate to sacrifice musical quality. A piano is not purchased every day like most articles and should cause quality to receive a very high and most serious consideration. The perfection of the Becker Bros. Piano is due to the life-long study by the manufacturers, who are fully equipped with the technical knowledge of how a *real piano* must be built.

The tone, with its sonorous singing qualities; the action, so carefully adjusted for both delicacy and brilliancy---just enough resistance to insure the latter and still allow for the softest pianissimo---a point highly appreciated by artists..

The Becker Bros. Pianos

Are pure in tone. Built to sing a century. Teachers who use them say they are the most satisfying and inexpensive pianos they have ever had any experience with, as they hold their tuning better one year than some pianos do three months. Come and let us show you the pianos.

LEVAN & HALL

914 Walnut Street

Coffeyville, Kansas

Some Facts About Selling Property

We Can Furnish Buyers for Your Property —Any Kind—Any Where

ALL our salesmen are thoroughly experienced real estate men and you will find them at your service at all times, ready and willing to advise you in your real estate deals.

If a buyer or seller you will find it to your advantage to call at our office and let us talk real estate to you.

Texas-Oklahoma Land Co.

COFFEYVILLE, KANSAS

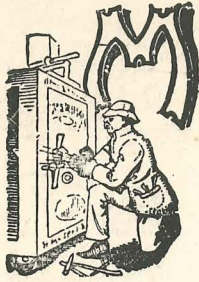
Telephone Us Your Order

Phone 646

Ice Cream Depot



We are experienced caterers in our line, and our Delicious Creams, Sherberts, Ices, Sombets, Punches and Brick Creams are famous for their high grade excellence. Order some of our brick cream and you will be pleased. Try our pasteurized bottled cream and milk and also our butter and butter milk.



ONEY only in safe keeping when invested in one of our *Adler Collegian* Suits. Latest in Style and Best in Quality. Our Clothing Department. **ENTIRE WEST ROOM.**

Gent's Furnishings

New ideas in Neckwear, including the Chantier Red. Suspenders, the new Red Man collars, 2 for 25c, Gloves, Belts, etc.

ADLER'S

Collegian
CLOTHING

Adler's Collegian Clothes

For Topy Suits see our Spring line.

\$15.00 to \$30.00

MEN'S AND LADIES' OXFORDS

The nobby Spring Ideas in Oxfords---Tans, Ox-blood, blacks---handsome styles at popular prices.

TRUNKS, BAGS and CASES

A complete line of new traveling accessories---new ideas in Trunks---handsome Suit Cases, etc.

Logan, Snow, Stephens Mercantile Company

By Our Dry Cleaning Process
the Most Delicate Fabrics, the Most Dainty
Colors Are Not Destroyed.

Every modern appliance that insures speed and safety has been installed in our plant, and this system guarantees you good and prompt service. Through our exacting system built up by years of study, we are enabled to tell you the exact hour which a contract, large or small, may be completed. We are also in a position to make you an up-to-date Tailor Made Suit at a low price.

HAHN BROS. STEAM DYE WORKS

Dry Cleaners
Phone 94

Hatters and Dyers
112 W. Ninth St.

DYEING

Dyeing is a growing specialty. With our long experience we are enabled to treat nearly all kinds of garments without taking them apart.

REPARING

Our specialty and our ability to do repairing of ladies' and gentlemen's garments are as good as any tailor in the city, and we pride ourselves on being in a position to handle the most difficult alterations, re-lining of garments, patching, putting on cloth or velvet collars, etc., at a low rate.

WATCH US
GROW

Ready-to -Wear

WATCH US
GROW

For Men, Women and Children. We are now showing the most complete and up-to-date line of Clothing, Furnishings and Shoes at popular prices in Coffeyville.

Ladies' suits, dresses, skirts, waists, corsets, hosiery, muslin underwear, shoes, etc.

Men's shirts, trousers, suits, hats, shoes, underwear, neckwear, etc., in all the newest styles.

Children's dresses, boys' suits, hosiery, shoes and everything for the little ones.

Before you buy we would like to have you come in and see what we have to offer you, then compare our prices with prices elsewhere. :: :: :: :: :: :

One Price. Plain Figures. Satisfaction
or your money back.

THE MODERN

WATCH US
GROW

Outfitters for Men, Women
and Children

912 Walnut St. Coffeyville, Kan.

WATCH US
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