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CLASS OF NINETY-NINE.

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Introduction

It is with no small amount of trepidation that the editors publish the Class Book of '99 for the critical inspection of their class and its many friends. The class as a whole has assisted materially in making this book a success and the editors desire to thank them for their hearty co-operation. To Henry Wachter, president of the class, great credit is due for his untiring efforts to further the interests of the class book.

The class of '99 points with pride to the fact that the two previous classes issued no class book to keep their memory green (?) and it is the sincere wish of '99 that, beginning with this year, the class book may be an annual feature so that posterity may read with pleasure (and profit) the pranks and jokes practiced by their grandmothers, and great (?) grandfathers, the present green Freshmen, giddy Sophomores, important Juniors or (worst of all) the most potent, reverend and grave Seniors.

The editors wish to commend the excellent work of the Union Printing Company, the publishers of this book, and to assure future classes that all work given to this company by them will receive careful attention.

Those seeking for literary gems, and polished figures of speech, are requested to close the book at once for their search will be in vain. The only claim that the editors make for this book is that it contains a faithful account of all the joys and sorrows found in four years of school life.

Future ages will remember the class of '99 as the last class that ever assembled within the historic walls
of the old High School, as the last class of the Nineteenth Century, and as the class that produced forty-three (43) woman's rights agitators and twelve (12) Presidents of the United States.

In conclusion, the editors wish to return their thanks to those who have so kindly contributed to the class book, and all not given credit here for their work will be mentioned in the book in connection with their contributions.

Juniors—Alan Van Natta.
Sophomore—Fulton T. Churchill, Miss May Elizabeth Roberts.
Freshmen—Miss Jo Walker, Huber B. Lewis.
Athletic—R. H. Jordan.
Freshman History

Who said Freshman? You proud Seniors were once Freshmen, but many, many years ago, so many indeed that we do not wonder that you have forgotten it—some of you. Ours is a serial story—to be concluded—and though only one short year has gone by, who denies that we are greater (at least in numbers) than any preceding class in the history of the High School?

We have been treated shamefully from the very first day, when, on entering the building, we saw a row of what we supposed to be chicken coops, but thinking that they might be used for some other purpose, one of us asked a Sophomore what they were for.

"That's the prison," he replied, "and if the boys are bad, they get locked up there." But the Freshman soon saw the joke, for just then a girl entered the "prison" and hung her hat on a hook.

This was only one of the many jokes that were cracked that day; but even when we became accustomed to the ways of the school we babies purposely made bright remarks—simply to amuse the half grown Sophomores. Now don't you want to hear just a few of our bright remarks? One day when a teacher asked why certain officers in the Roman state were called "Lictors" one of us replied because they licked people. When the same teacher asked the meaning of the saying, "Hap-
py is that people whose annals are short," the same
brilliant pupil answered, "It means that the children
are happy because they don't have to study so much
history." The other day we were reading Hawthorne's Feathertop, who was a scarecrow trans-
formed into a living being by witchcraft. He was
much admired for his elegant manners, his title and
fine dress. Among his admirers was a young lady
who fell desperately in love with this living scarecrow.
A young gentleman, on being asked for the moral of
the story, said it showed that American girls would
marry anything to get a title. Even in that dead and
dusty language, Latin, we do not lack merriment
when we can translate, "Fabricius cenabat ad focum
radices et herbas," Fabricius ate radishes and greens
before his hearth.

But we have not spent all our time in making
bright remarks, for at last came the great contest be-
tween the Seniors and Juniors when we were guyed
so shamefully and unjustly by the Sophomores—and
others. Why this should have been we do not know.
All the other classes had held meetings, elected of-

ficers and chosen colors and yells; while we had se-
lected only our colors and yell, thinking it unneces-
sary to elect officers.

We chose red and yellow for our colors so that we
might wipe out the disgrace attached to these beauti-
ful tints. But the other classes failed to realize our
noble purpose and instead of admiring us they have
called us Spaniards ever since.

But we have learned many things from those above
us. They tell us that a pony is a much abused animal
ridden by Seniors and collegemen, and that it is de-

erived from the Latin "poena," punishment—if caught.
We do not know what they mean, but will know
when we are Seniors. But we have had to learn some
things for ourselves. Most of us have learned to con-
jugate the verb "flunk" in all persons, numbers and
moods—mostly in the unfortunate persons, infinite
number and despondent mood. We have also found
it best always to laugh at the teachers' jokes although
some of them should be reverenced on account of
their age. It helps a grade along to make friends
with the teachers.
In composition a young lady once tried to write a pathetic story about the death of Virginia. She nearly succeeded in moving the class to tears, but the effect was broken by one expression, for when she read, “And the plebs were so angry that they threw tin cans and everything else that they could lay their hands on at Appius Claudius,” the class burst into a roar of laughter. Another young lady in writing a composition on the Battle of Lake Regillus had bullets flying through the air.

And now in conclusion, we thank the Seniors for the delicate honor paid to the Freshmen's literary ability in giving us only one week to write our class history, while the other classes had to have much longer. We appreciate the compliment. However, we try not to be too much elated and sign ourselves humbly, your obedient, FRESHIES.
CLASS OF NINETY-NINE.

SOPHOMORE

The Raving

(With Apologies to Edgar Allen Poe.)

Once upon a hill side dreary stood a High School large and cheery,
   Overlooking all the city down unto the river's shore;
Here there dwelt in sweet communion, classes four, a stalwart union,
   Known as Senior, Junior, Freshman and the jolly Sophomore.
And the foremost of the classes was the jolly Sophomore.
   Only this and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly we remember, it was in the bright September,
   When as Freshmen we gained entrance at that wide and open door.
Every Freshman heart was burning with a thirst for higher learning,
   So our footsteps we were turning to those halls of ancient lore,
Seeking for the knowledge needed to make of each a Sophomore.
   Freshmen then and nothing more.
And the next year there returning with our increased store
of learning,
And our hearts no longer yearning as they had in days of
yore,
Then we set our hearts on winning and we scored each single
inning
And we set all things to spinning as they'd ne'er been spun
before
By any other class except the present Sophomore.
This we did and something more.

All our teachers love us dearly, though they show it rather
 queerly,
When they give us tests and grades that make us very sad
and sore;
But never o'er such things we worry, we're too calm and
cool to flurry,
We just try again resolving to do better than before,
Till at last we are rewarded and our grades are raised a
score,
To stay up forevermore.

When our duties we are shirking and around us foes are
lurking.
Then we turn our faltering footsteps toward that dreadful
office door;
There our burdens are made lighter and our shadowed path-
ways brighter
By that kind and gentle master whom we very much adore.
He's a solace for the sorrows of each weary Sophomore.
May he reign forevermore.

And our noble Doctor Crothers, whom we love above all
others,
Makes our class in Physiology grow in interest more and
more,
And we hear with greatest sorrow, "We will speak of this
tomorrow."
When the bell rings out its warning that the period's time
is o'er.
He is versed in ancient languages and sciences galore,
All of this and plenty more.
Then midst scenes of wildest cheering, Mr. Jordan, see, appearing,
Brings our athletes home with laurels such as ne'er'd been won before.
All the girls without exception think him absolute perfection,
Though he walks to school quite often with a pretty Sophomore.
And we hope at social candy-pulls he'll burn his hands no more.
Success to him forevermore.

Mrs. Travers, so dramatic, in a manner quite emphatic,
Drills us in our Elocution till for mercy we implore;
And often Stokes in Mathematics fecit problems in Quadratics
Till we wish with all our hearts that our allotted time were o'er.
But in everything we've conquered and we wish to conquer more.
Success to every Sophomore.

Oh, the English we have mastered, till our brains are fairly plastered
With Genung and Bryant, Lowell, Holmes and others by the score;
And we speak our French so freely that we captivate Miss Neely,
And our Latin, Greek and German we have learned to much adore.
These we study by the midnight oil until our eyes are sore.
We'll forget them nevermore.

How we loved to hold a meeting, when our teachers we were cheating
Of the time which is so fleeting (so they tell us o'er and o'er)—
Then a yell we formulated that each corner penetrated,
Of the High School on the hillside, telling of the Sophomore,
Drowning out the great "so hot hots" till their yell was heard no more,
To be heard again no more.
Among our number we can muster, heads with brains of
greatest lustre,
Shining lights in all our studies, to the number of eight
score.
Oh, 'twould make too long a story if we told of all our glory,
So just wait until the future if you wish to hear some more
Of the class that's known at present as the jolly Sopho-
more.
Gold and purple evermore!

Though our name we leave behind us, yet the sound will
oft remind us
Of the many hours so happy that we passed in days of yore.
May the High School stand forever, inspire in each a high
endeavor
To study always with the purpose of improving more and
more;
And may its wall ne'er lose the echo of the yell we'll yell
no more.

Quoth the echo, "Sophomore."
Juniors

The Junior class is a hard class for any historian to do justice; it is a class consisting of sixty-two pretty girls, and twenty-two bright boys. Early in the year a class meeting was called, to organize the class, and elect class officers. Milton Barash was elected president; Mabel Sanders, vice-president; Lucia Packard secretary, and Alan Van Natta, class historian. Red and white were chosen for the class colors, and our yell was:

Hullabaloo, Hooray-Hooray,
We are a class that's all O. K.
Never a class so hot, so hot,
As the class of nineteen hundred and naughty-naught.

It was from this yell we received the nickname "The so hot hots." It was peculiar to notice that in no matter what kind of a contest, the "so hot hots" were always in the lead. In the athletic contest among the classes of the High School the Junior class won without any trouble, having some of the best athletes in the High School. Mr. T. M. McDonald
holding the amateur state record for the one hundred yards dash, W. C. Motter being by far the best pole vaulter in the School, Albert Barnes the best distance runner and so forth, and not in athletics only does the Junior class excell. In the orthoepical contest between the Juniors and Seniors the Juniors won. And in the Junior class are some of the best students in the High School. Indeed it is really alarming to think how brilliant some Juniors are.

When we look at the Freshmen and Sophomore classes of today we think of how Miss Rhoades and Miss Porter must sigh for another class like that of Nineteen hundred.

The principal events of the year were the declaiming contest, the High School field day, the sending of a team to Columbia to compete for a cup against the other High Schools of the State, the class picnic to the lake, and the orthoepical contest between the Juniors and Seniors.

We have been a mischievous and misbehaving class at times, but for the most part we have been steady and hardworking. In all it has been a happy year, with but one misfortune, the death of our beloved classmate and fellow student Zella Wright.

And so we wish to close, thanking the Senior class for giving us an opportunity of expressing ourselves. We wish them good luck in whatever branch of study or work they take up after graduating.
Henry Wachter, President
Grace Rogers, Vice President

Officers

Bessie Cahn, Treasurer
Pearl Blount, Secretary
History of the First Three Years

Miss Annie Latto.

We have now come to the end of our sojourn in the High School, and it with pleasure that we review our stay here. How well we remember that bright September morning four years ago when, with great fear and trembling, we made our way into the St. Joseph High School. Our older brothers and sisters assumed a very dignified air before us, and laughed at our mistakes, but we consoled ourselves with the thought that they had once had the same experience. The teachers greeted us very kindly and did all in their power to make us feel at home in our new abode. In a few weeks the school was running smoothly, and we had begun to realize the great work that was before us. We determined, however, to overcome all difficulties and make a record that none could surpass.

There was little to break the monotony of study until near the end of the year, when the new High
School was completed and ready for us. For such a beautiful new building we were all very grateful, and felt that we should show our appreciation by our diligent work. Soon came the dedication, which brought large crowds of visitors to the school. Then there were fire drills to test the new fire escape. Who will ever forget the peculiar sensation experienced on the first descent! With this and watching for every straggling cloud that appeared, to see if it were not the warning of an approaching cyclone, which meant that the school would be dismissed for the day, the first year soon wore away. There is one more occurrence I must mention. The names of the classes were changed, and we were no longer Preparatory students, but had the more dignified name of Freshmen. This pleased us greatly, for no matter how much the Juniors would draw out the name "Freshmen" it was not as disagreeable as to hear them say "Preps."

After a long and tiresome vacation we came cheerfully back to school. Some of our Senior friends had told us that this was the easiest year of the whole course, and if we wanted to have any fun, we must have it now. As we were eager to make as good a record as any other class—in all branches—we willingly accepted any advice. We found there had been some changes in the school since the last year. We had lost several of our old teachers, and had new ones to take their places. Our first duty, of course, was to give these teachers a welcome and acquaint ourselves with their manner of marking.

There was nothing of special note took place until after the holidays, when we formed some societies to take part in the annual contests. The class was ably represented in the contests and carried off one or two prizes. The reason all the medals did not come to the Sophomore class was probably due to some deficiency on the part of the judges. We were satisfied, however, with our share of the honor. Always fearing the overworking of our brains we looked forward to the days when circuses would come to town, for we relied on kind-hearted principals looking favorably upon a petition, which was always sure to make its way to his hands before time for the parade. I must not neglect mentioning a few peculiar-
ities of one of our teachers. Dr. Radford had a special objection to the use of slang; for instance, he never could tolerate hearing anyone say "Rats." The Doctor also had a way of losing his composure at the sight of young ladies fainting. An occurrence of this kind in his room one day put a stop to his favorite punishment, "Stand up until you are told to sit down."

We finished our second year's work with a very creditable showing, and separated for the summer. When we returned to school the next year, we were sorry to find that a great many of our number had chosen some other course in life. Again we saw some pleasant new faces among the corps of teachers, and on better acquaintance found them to be as amiable as their faces had indicated. After a very few lessons had been assigned us, we realized that to be a Junior meant to work. This did not frighten us, and we settled down to work with untiring energy. (Any one doubting this fact is referred to the teachers' record books for '98.)

It was this year that a very well conducted telephone system was established in the school between the two divisions of the class, but strange as it may seem the teachers did not appreciate the genius we showed in this new enterprise. The messages were generally on the order of "Read loud or you will be put back in the text book," or "Was the test hard?"

When the troops were being called to take part in the war with Spain some of the members of our class felt that they were called upon to defend their country, so they heroically enlisted. It is true, none of them were sent, but they showed their bravery in offering to go. There was a great spirit of patriotism all through the school, which manifested itself the day Professor Miller let us go to the Union Station to cheer and encourage some soldiers who were passing through St. Joseph on their way to the desolate scene of war. They doubtless resumed their journey with
very much lightened burdens, owing to the loss of so many brass buttons.

The school year soon wore away and for the third time we separated for the summer. We looked forward with pleasure to our next meeting, when we would have reached the longed-for rank of Seniors and the year which we anticipated finding the most delightful of the four. To relate the many happy events of this last year has been assigned the pleasant duty of another member of the class.
OUR SENIOR YEAR

Miss Ethel Welty.

Just four years ago a new class of boys and girls entered the High School—say High School if you will, but it was rather a new world. A new path of knowledge opened up to us, showing us new fields to conquer. Finally, after three years of toil, we passed from the Junior into the Senior class, and with an air of such deep knowledge as we fear, few of us have yet attained; but "When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Yet I think that each one of us felt his heart beat with a mingled feeling of pride and reverence on becoming enrolled as a member of that class which had, for a long time, been regarded by us as the highest pinnacle of glory.

Our Senior year has been a very joyful and helpful friend, indeed, and the trials and difficulties which she has prescribed have been more than compensated for by the pleasure and wisdom we have received from her discipline. Her trials have been prescribed in the form of extremely long lessons, "when the grass was green and the sky was blue." On such occasions we
really envied the happy Juniors, who seemed to have no thought above having a good time generally, and although—

"The underclasses say
That a Senior’s life is play.
But any one who’s tried it will this sentiment refute
For our duties grave were many.
While repose we hadn’t any,
And in vain we proved improbables,
Inscrutables we scruite."

It cannot be denied that the class of ’99 has done well. For it has the advantage of an energetic, business-like president; its other officers have been quick to recognize the interests of the class, and last, but not least, it has possessed that indomitable will, energy, and vigor which are so necessary for success.

Our class has had its sorrows as well as it joys. The sorrows which have fallen to several of our members have been very bitter ones, but they have been borne with that patience which so truly characterizes and reveals strong character and unfailing spirit.

Two of our members have felt the desolating hand of sorrow such as only comes when the home circle is bereft and hearts are stricken. Health has failed others just as they were reaching the goal of their ambition—the graduate’s chair. We miss the absent ones, and though absent in person, they are present in our hearts.

But turning from the dark picture to the bright ones. As a class, we have been characterized by our faculty for grasping new ideas and carrying them to a successful issue. As witness our Arbor Day exercises, when a beautiful maple was planted as our class tree. In after years when members of the class are worn with the trials and difficulties of the world, they will seek, no doubt, under its protecting shelter, surcease from sorrow and perhaps dream of the time when the eloquence of our president so ably dedicated it to the High School and the future. The contest held in April was the most successful ever given; the medals being won, as usual, by the Seniors. Our concerts, too, have been marvels of excellence, and a source of pleasure to an appreciative audience as well as to the
class; and the athletic feats of our Senior boys have paved the way for even more glorious victories in the future. They did much toward winning the silver cup, which, we sincerely hope, will continue to remain the property of the High School.

The essay contest for places on the commencement program last month, was an exciting occasion for the twenty who took part. Every one did his best and deserves great praise for his efforts. When, with palpitated hearts, with the perspiration streaming from our faces, we awaited the decision of the judges, the old saying echoed and re-echoed through our minds: "The heart distrustful asks, can this be bliss?"

On Memorial Day the class was requested to sing at the exercises held at Krug Park. We sang our best, not only at the park, but on the way home we delighted the residents of Grand Avenue and Main Street with selections from our extensive repertoire. On the following Monday we were treated to a trolley ride. And such a ride as that was! To say we enjoyed it would be to express our feeling but feebly. We sang everything from "Whistling Rufus" to comic opera, and gave our class yell until we were hoarse. "Beans, popcorn and peanuts were scattered promiscuously about. Several of our class artists favored us with solos, and at 11 o'clock we retired, a very tired but happy crowd.

The orthoepical contest given under the auspices of the Junior and Senior classes was one of the best ever held in the High School. Both sides did excellent work. We feel justly proud of one member especially, Miss Mary Lee Kemper, who stood for a long time against three Juniors, and pronounced the most difficult words with perfect ease. Although against such odds it was almost impossible for her to win. We feel, nevertheless, that she scored a great victory, and she has the most sincere congratulations of the whole class.

Our class meetings have been decidedly interesting, especially the one at which the girls alone were requested to be present to decide on the manner of taking provision to the class picnic. Our vice-president had the chair, and pleaded for order again and again, but in vain. Every member had a decided view of the manner of taking lunch. Motion after motion was
suggested, but was either promptly defeated or ignored. Finally the members adjourned with a vague idea that there was to be a picnic at the lake; that we must eat while there; but as to how the lunches were to be prepared and taken, there was great doubt.

Now a word about some of the prominent members of the class. The diversity of their talents is so remarkable that one becomes lost in a maze when trying to enumerate them. We have among our number tonight a young gentleman whose talent in cake-walking is so remarkable that no doubt he will seriously consider making this his future occupation. Not only has his skill in this direction been the wonder and admiration of the class, but his languishing smiles at a certain young lady have caused a great deal of amusement. Miss Shaefer’s arduous labors have not been lost on this youth, at least. His devotion to physics, in the abstract, is remarkable. Calmly sitting, one day, with arms folded, with no books in sight, he was asked to explain the phenomenon of disappearance of said articles. He answered in a clear tone, “They’ve evaporated.”

Our worthy president has been looked upon with awe and dismay by the opposite sex ever since he boldly announced in English class that he considered “Woman the root of evil.” Probably if he had not been so deeply engaged in studying his Latin lesson, a few moments afterward, he might have learned that

“Sin took from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woes.”

All the members of the High School team that took part in the athletic exercises at Columbia had exciting experiences. While waiting between trains at Centralia several of the young men attended a ball. While there they learned some new dances, the most artistic of which was the “Fascination.” If any young ladies, outside the class or in it, wish to learn this new hop, they can be fully instructed by addressing J. B. Motter. Private and public lessons. Cut rates in classes of more than six. All correspondence strictly confidential.

This same youth objected very strenuously last month to taking part in the Orthoepical contest. Our
kind-hearted principal excused him on the ground that his tendency to consumption might be aggravated by practicing one period every day.

One young gallant invited two young ladies to go to the country on a nutting expedition. But, alas! Instead of gathering luscious nuts to delight the palate the nut came off the wheel of the buggy, causing a tedious tramp of seven miles over timber and barbwire fences. Moral: Look well to the nuts on the buggy wheels, young man, before inviting young ladies to go nutting.

The young ladies of the class, as well as the young men, have contributed their share of wit and humor. One miss has had a peculiar idea of the place of residence in the ancient Tartars. She very innocently placed their abode in Hades.

Another young lady was of the opinion that beauty was often an accompaniment of virtue. When asked for proof she gave such a conclusive one that no one in the future will doubt the close relationship of these two characteristics. She said: "The proof is evident. Look about you. Now, Milton possessed these two
qualities to a certain degree." She was forced to stop. In her illusion to the great poet, the modesty of one of our members was shocked and his embarrassment was pitiable.

Still another young lady member of the Senior Latin class insisted on pronouncing the word "auspices" with the penult long and strongly accented, thereby mixing the culinary art with the Latin tongue, to the great detriment of the latter.

Our class has never quite recovered from the shock which it received when the motion was under discussion of inviting some of the young gentlemen members of the Junior and Sophomore classes to our Senior picnic, not ostensibly for our own happiness or pleasure, but just to give said young men a taste of high life and Senior joys. It was at this time that one of our most demure and charming members so far forgot her prudence and sedateness as to emphatically exclaim: "Oh, yes; take them. Be sure to invite them." It is whispered selfish motives and not a benevolent one prompted said outcry.

It is, in the whole, a good thing for some of our members that the Senior year has been brought to a close, for the beautiful roses sent to a certain miss whose Christian name is that of a certain precious stone by a certain youth might have led to startling results.

Another miss who boasts of beauty, such as the gods might envy, has been politely requested by her teacher not to cast so many glances at a certain part of the room.

One miss who is exceedingly petite was asked by the principal to give the long vowels. She arose and spoke very innocently, "you and I are long." This was not intended by the young lady as a joke, but was received as such by the class, and highly appreciated.

Another young lady whose "age" is not very great has distinguished herself by going head foremost down the fire escape. We are glad to add that she has fully recovered from the shock, and at last report was in a state of perfect health.

To some these little incidents of our Senior year will be as passing dreams; to others who are haunted
by the bright dreams of memory they will, in after
tears, bring a tear to the eye, or a smile to the lips as
the occasion may be. But I think even if in years to
come, other interests absorb our time, and tend to
draw our hearts from the past, there will come times
to every one of us when a flood of thoughts of our
Senior year, dimmed perhaps, will rush across our
memories, and so—

I ask you fill the loving cup
Flush to the brim with wine,
The vintage of the famed Moselle
Burgundy and the Rhine.
My toast—the High School's storied pride,
End of the century's line,
The mightiest jewel in her crown
The Class of Ninety-nine.
Ode to the High School on Graduation of Class of Ninety-Nine

Miss Edith Michelson.

Four long years we've toiled and studied,
Till at last our work is o'er
And we leave our dear old High School
Forevermore, Forevermore.

For our teachers and our schoolmates
We must shed one parting tear
For our two mile walks to High School
And examinations dear.

Farewell to all our studies
Of language and of art.
We leave our mathematics
With a sad and aching heart.

Chemistry and astronomy
We too must leave behind,
And the knowledge we acquired of them
Is scattered in the wind.
Essays we shall write no more
   On subjects complicate;
Test exams on lives of men
   Are also out of date.

No more we'll have to exercise
   In slippers and short dress,
Filling the “air” with “lungs,”
   And expelling on the sound of “s.”

No more in the laboratory,
   With deft and skillful hand
Shall we analyze strange compounds,
   Which we do not understand.

We shall have no French translations
   That take up all our time,
By translating English prose
   Into wonderful French rhyme.

No sandwiches or doughnuts
   We shall have to swallow down,
In a period of three minutes
   Before the bell shall sound.

Goodbye to chorus practice
   Where we sang till we were hoarse,
And having not a bite to eat,
   We could not feel much worse.

We sang with all our might and main
   Both high notes and low,
Till Dunbar said “That's all today,”
   And we were loath (?) to go.

All this and more we leave behind
   As remembrance of the past,
And with happy thought we all can say—
   “I'm through High School at last.”
CLASS OF NINETY-NINE.
ATHLETICS

The past two years have witnessed a wonderful revival of athletics in the High School, in which the class of '99 played a prominent part. As a result we have a creditable foot ball team, a well equipped gymnasium, and our track athletic team holds the inter-scholastic championship of the State of Missouri.

FOOT BALL.

The foot ball eleven of one year ago was one of the best that ever represented the school, playing a number of games with older and heavier teams, with a very small percentage of defeats. But owing to the graduation of almost the entire eleven we were unable to form as heavy a team this year, and so confined ourselves to forming a strong eleven among the lower classes, with an eye to future development. As a result, the eleven, although light, was remarkably well trained, and made a good record in a number of local games. The only out-of-town game scheduled was with the Atchison Business College, but when the team assembled at the station, it was found that the promised transportation
had not been furnished, so that we, made wise by past experience, decided to stay at home.

We expect that our team next year will break all previous records, combining scientific foot ball with clean playing and gentlemanly conduct.

GYMNASIUM.

Through the liberality of the Board of Education, our gymnasium was fitted out, during the last vacation with all apparatus necessary for all around physical development. It soon became a favorite resort, especially during the winter months, and many of our students made rapid strides in the study of gymnastics.

Harry Peterman, on the vaulting horse, and Frank Puette, on the parallel bars, were the stars of our class, although several others pushed them very closely for honors.

The greatest interest was taken in basket ball. Teams were organized in each of the three upper classes, and a very exciting tournament resulted. Of course the Senior class won the class championship, the Sophomore team taking second place.

The players and scores were as follows:

Wachter, Captain. Reiley, Captain. Stern, Captain. Coffey
Motter, Bentley, Brown,
Puette, Barnes, Brown,
Lowenstein, Barash, Marsh
Hall, Wheeler, Floyd
Overbeck, W. C. Motter.

January 25, Juniors vs. Sophomores, won by Sophomores, 17-11.
January 26, Seniors vs. Sophomores, won by Seniors, 23-16.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

Interest in this branch of sport began with the cross-country runs of March, 1898. These runs were held over a mile and one-half course a short distance be-
yond the city limits, and created much enthusiasm. Our class was well represented by Tootle and Carman, but they were unable to prevent Albert Barnes from winning the school championship.

We then formed an athletic team, and on May 28, 1898, met the Y. M. C. A. in a contest for the championship of the city. Suffice it to say that the score was 76½ to 31½ points, in our favor.

This year, as the Y. M. C. A. refused to meet us again, we decided to send a team to Columbia to compete for the state championship of High Schools and Academies.

Our field day was held on April 24th, and was an unqualified success. The attendance was large, most of the records of last year were broken, and the enthusiasm was unbounded.

The class championship was won by the Juniors, their score being 41½ points; Sophomores, 32½ points; Seniors, 11 points, and Freshmen, 6 points. As the Seniors were only represented by Tootle and Hall, our record of eleven points is not so poor a showing as would seem at first sight.

Then came the trip to Columbia. We had no difficulty in winning the championship by a score of 66 points, to 38 points for Sedalia, our most formidable opponent. The victory entitled us to hold for one year the Schmelzer trophy cup, a handsome three-handled loving cup, presented by the Schmelzer Arms Co. of Kansas City.

The most noteworthy event of the contest was the 100 yard dash, which was won by Tom McDonald in the phenomenal time of 10 seconds.

Our relay team also won second place in the free-for-all race on the day following, the State University taking first.

As an earnest of our ability, McDonald and Tootle also entered the 100 yard dash for colleges, and won first and third places, respectively. A comparison of the other records made by the colleges with our records of the previous day indicated that we would have also won a majority of the other events, had we entered them.

Our large delegation, excellent records, universally
good athletic form, and gentlemanly behavior elicited much favorable comment from all present at the contest, and reflected much credit upon our High School.

The rousing reception given our team by the school, which met us in a body at the station upon our return, and the attention vouchsafed the recital of our deeds, in the auditorium, clearly manifested the appreciation of our victory by the entire school.

BASE BALL.

Base ball teams are now being organized in each class, and it is expected that an exciting class series will soon be inaugurated. As we are forced to go to press we are unable to chronicle the results. There is no danger, however, that the national game will be neglected by the great number of "fans" among our students.

Our Athletic Association is now upon a firm basis, our athletic team has never been beaten, and we feel that we are leaving to the class of 1900 a clean record. May they, and their successors, never permit it to be marred by word or deed.
HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Motto, "Ibo."

Preble Hall, class of 1899, president.
Edw. Quick, class of 1901, vice-president.
T. M. McDonald, class of 1900, secretary and treasurer.
H. K. Tootle, class of 1899, captain of athletic team.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
J. B. Motter, 1899.
W. C. Motter, 1900.
F. T. Churchill, 1901.
P. E. Johnson, 1902.

ATHLETIC TEAM.
H. K. Tootle, 1899, captain.
P. Hall, 1899.
T. M. McDonald, 1900.
A. S. Barnes, 1900.
R. E. Hoffman, 1900.
W. C. Motter, 1900.
John Marsh, 1901.
A. F. Barnard, 1901.
M. Stern, 1901.
HIGH SCHOOL FIELD DAY RECORDS

100-yard Dash—10 3-5 seconds; T. M. McDonald, 1900.
220-yard Dash—26 2-5 seconds; H. K. Tootle, 1899.
¼ mile Run—1 min. 5 sec.; T. M. McDonald, 1900.
½ mile Run—2 min. 26½ sec.; A. S. Barnes, 1900.
1 mile Run—5 min. 39 sec.; E. M. Carman, 1899.
120-yard Hurdle—22 1-5 sec.; Jno. Marsh, 1901.
220-yard Hurdle—34 3-5 sec.; Jno. Marsh, 1901.
1 mile Relay—4 min. 43½ sec.; School Team of 1898.
½ mile Relay—1 min. 54¼ sec.; Class Team of 1900.
¼ mile Bicycle—38 3-5 sec.; E. L. Neff, 1902.
Pole Vault—8 feet, 11 inches; W. C. Motter, 1900.
Running High Jump—5 feet, 2 inches; C. E. Drumm, 1901.
Running Broad Jump—16 feet, 1 inch; A. F. Barnard, 1901.
12-pound Shot Put—34 feet, 7½ inches; C. E. Drumm, 1901.
RALPH DUNBAR

Director of Our Chorus and Former Member of the Class of '99. He Directed the '98 Chorus and will no doubt be Chosen by 1900.
HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS

Under the able leadership of Mr. Ralph M. Dunbar the High school chorus has attained to a degree of proficiency never equaled by any previous class. The two concerts given by the class of '99 were well attended and every one was pleased with the excellent programmes. The chorus began its practice on the second of February, and by hard work were able to give their first entertainment on March 10.

The final and most successful concert ever given by any High School chorus occurred on the evening of May 12. Besides the High School talent Pryor's band, Mrs. Fullerton, Miss Schwab and Mr. Harry Dunbar contributed to make the evening a success. The soloists from the Senior class were Miss Bearman and Messrs. Overbeck and Tootle.

On Memorial day the High School chorus furnished music for the exercises at Krug park. All the selections were vigorously applauded and the immense audience were well pleased with our work.

On the return the chorus occupied a special car and astonished the natives by their spirited rendition of such classics as "Georgia Campmeeting," "Whistling Rufus" and "Just As the Sun Went Down."
composed by Fanny Price.

Class Song 66°99°99° Arranged by Ralph Bumbray.

1. We are the Senior Class tonight, The Class of 'Nifty Nine', And
   The time has come to say Goodbye to Class mates one and all, To
   And shall our school days be forgot, and all our joys up here, And

   Though our hearts are filled with joy, There's sadness intertwined; For
   The big old "H. S." of St. Joe, To our dear old principal; To
   All our trials and victories, And faces here so dear,

   We have been for four long years, Together in one Class, But
   Teachers all so kind and true, Who've helped us on our way, We
   These shall always be in mind, With thoughts especially sweet, The

   Now each one must enter soon, Upon his worldly task.
   Always shall remember them,
   Mem'ry of dear "Nifty Nine"
   We always shall fondly keep.

Chorus —— Good bye, Good bye, once more good bye we say, And

Don't forget old "Nifty Nine", As it wanders on its way.
Committees

Class Pin—Mary Lee Kemper, Thelma Henshaw, Harry Peterman and Barrow Motter.
Class Yell—Celia Bearman, Edna Gregg, Harry Peterman and Milton Lowenstein.
Arbor Day Programme—Ethel Welty, Bessie Stuppy, Harry Tootle and Ralph Read.
Class Motto—Edith Michelson, Pearl Blount, Ruby Kost, Mary Lee Kemper and Carrie Fleming.
Picnic Lunch—Julia Floyd, Carolyn Dudley, Pearl Blount, Mattie Peterman, Martha Alice Lawlor.
Picnic Transportation—Harry Peterman, Starks Overbeck, Milton Lowenstein and Preble Hall.
Class Night—Mary Lee Kemper, Pearl Blount, Edna Gregg, Ralph Read and Barrow Motter.
Commencement—Henry Wachter, Edith Michelson, Grace Rogers, Bessie Stuppy and Ruby Kost.

The Class Yells

Breckity, Keckity, Rain or Shine!
Get there! Get there! Class '99!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ninety-nine!

Class Colors

Blue and white.

Class Flower

Red rose.
SOCIETIES

During our Senior year the societies have languished because of lack of time on the part of the students. Not being able to give sufficient time to the preparation of suitable programmes for entertainments it was thought best to permit the societies to die out rather than have them existing but with no life or energy.

During our Junior year, however, a great interest was manifested by all in the societies. The literary and secret societies were the Gamma Sigma and the Pi Kappa Pi. The only officers from the class of '99 were Harry Peterman, vice-president of the Gamma Sigma; Julia Floyd, secretary of Gamma Sigma; Goldie Morey, chaplain of Gamma Sigma; Harry King Tootle vice-president of Pi Kappa Pi. Gamma Sigma colors were dark green and white, while the Pi Kappa Pi were known by their colors of orange and black.

The third society then existing in the High School was the Adelphic, a society organized for the purpose of debate.

The third annual inter-society contest took place in the High School Auditorium on Friday evening, April 15, 1898, with all three societies participating.

Mr. James Abercrombie, '98, a member of the Gamma Sigma society, won the orthoepical contest and received the M. A. Davis prize.

The essay contest was won by Miss Helen Rich Lyon, a former member of '99. The prize was a gold medal awarded by Judge W. K. James.

The B. R. Vineyard gold medal for the best declaim-
er was won by M. H. Craig, jr., a member of the class of 1900.

Though there were no societies this year there was an orthopaedical contest between the Juniors and the Seniors, the Juniors winning by the close score of 57 to 60. Mr. Milton Barash, 1900, received the M. A. Davis prize, a valuable edition of Goldsmith's works.

On April 14, 1899, under the direction of Mrs. Travers, a declamation contest took place for the medals presented by Mr. B. R. Vineyard and Mr. Theodore Hoagland.

The B. R. Vineyard gold jeweled medal was awarded to Miss Nellie Fisher, '99, Miss Lillian Westheimer, 1900, receiving the Vineyard silver jeweled medal.

The Theodore Hoagland gold jeweled medal, offered for the best humorous selection, was won by Miss Edith Michelson, '99, Miss Bessie Cahn, '99, took the Hoagland silver jeweled medal.

Early in the spring of '99 two debating societies were formed, the Clio club, a girl's society, and the Alpha Nu Pi, a boy's club. However no one from the class of '99 was a member of either society. In the debate between the societies the Alpha Nu Pi won on their team work, and Miss Katherine M. C. Taney, a member of the Clio club and one of the brightest members of 1901, won the W. K. James medal for the best individual debater.
OUR CLASS BEAUTY

Savannah's girls have crimson lips,
    And Troy's vie with the roses,
But neither match the damask glow
    The Class Beauty's blush discloses.
I know the Horton girls are sweet,
    And Cameron's maids are pretty.
But the warmest baby in the bunch
    Is right in St. Joe's City.
And if young Hobson came our way,
    He'd ne'er hear sailing orders,
For as long as he could press such lips
    He'd stay in St. Joe's borders.
Listen, my friends, and you shall hear
Of a class who entered the High School so dear,
'Twas September the first, in Ninety-five,
Hardly a teacher yet alive
But what remembers the day and the year.
For a better class never came to High School,
Or paid more attention to precept and rule.

We said to our friends, "We'll go and see
If that school is just what it's said to be."
So, picking up our books, we started forth
And studied some time for all we were worth
For over our heads hung Ridicule's sword.
Our motto: "All green things praise the Lord."

But when the calendar said "Ninety-six,"
Not even the Seniors could beat us at tricks.
We disdained the Freshmen and held our heads high,
Or gave them cool nods as we passed them by.
That we were once Freshmen, we quite forgot
So proud were we of our better lot.

'Twas September the first in Ninety-seven
When we passed into the Junior's heaven;
Where the teachers all in those bright days
Led us through the bewildering maze
Of Cataline, Constitution and Physics too,
While we wrote notes for want of else to do.
But as Seniors we began to enjoy school well
And in wisdom, knowledge and skill to excell.
While our boys distinguished ourselves at Sedalia,*
And learned the "Fascination" at Centralia,
And brought home a cup to bequeath to the Juniors.
May they win it as splendidly as did the Seniors.

And a trolley ride we had one night
As a success, 'twas simply "out of sight."
Tho' our "King's" thoughts were far away,
As he looked at a pen knife all the way
In a sorrowful manner, for he hadn't a penny,
And what was worse, he couldn't borrow any.

Our picnic took place on a beautiful day,
Being conducted in a most able way.
The lake was smooth and boating was fine.
All together we had a most pleasant time—
Until the time came for us to go home
Through fields and woods those horses did roam.

We roamed likewise through streams, over railroad
tracks,
In small lakes, over cinder paths, these are but facts,
For as the wagon lurched from side to side,
We decided 'twas better to walk than ride.

And now as we bid farewell to these walls,
And take our last fond look at these halls,
Dear Juniors, take heed and follow our steps
The same we have trod in since innocent Preps
That our people may say—as they see you at work,
As you study hard and ne'er a task shirk,
Uphold the High School and heed the rules—
"The fate of our nation lies in her schools."

* Poetic license. The contest took place at Columbia.—Editor
What We Are and What We Hope to Be

HANNAH BERTINA AAGE.

“How fair is thy face,
How lovely thy grace.”

Hannah Bertina Aage was born in St. Joseph Dec. 7, 1881. “Divinely tall and fair is she,” with golden hair and blue eyes. In politics she is a Repulican. Miss Aage is a most graceful dancer but will not become a cake-walker as she intends to enter Columbia University.

ADA MYRTLE ANDERSON.

“Her glossy hair was clustered o’er a brow
Bright with intelligence and smooth.”

Ada Myrtle Anderson was born at Gower, Mo., Jan. 5, 1879. She has black hair and eyes, and is tall and dignified. She is a member of the Baptist church. In politics she is a Democrat. During her four years of work Miss Anderson has been an ardent worshiper of star-eyed science. She intends to make teaching her future profession.

CECILIA BEARMAN.

“Singing of that high art finds an answer in each heart.”

Cecilia Bearman was born in the “wild west” of St. Joseph, Mo., in 1881. This petite person has large blue eyes and black hair. She is known by the nickname of “Babe.” She has shown herself to be a gifted person by her singing as well as by taking the fourth honor. She is an ardent supporter of the Populist party. Al-
though very fond of C$_2$H$_5$O. H. will go abroad for a few years for the cultivation of her voice.

FLORA PEARL BLOUNT.

"Eyes that shame the violet,
Or the dark drop that on the pansy lies."

Flora Pearl Blount was born Feb. 23, 1881, in St. Joseph, Mo. She is of slender build with light brown hair and matchless blue eyes. Is a Democrat, "silver," not "gold." Belongs to the Episcopal church. Miss Blount is a lover of Eugene Field because of their mutual admiration of Lover's Lane. If she does not become an artist intends to enter the reform school. Miss Blount is the winner of the Neely prize for best essay commencement.

KATE RECTOR BROWN.

"She had a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face."

Kate Rector Brown is a Missouri girl; was born in the country near St. Joseph in 1882. She has wavy brown hair and dark brown eyes. Her Southern parentage is further shown in her speech. She is a member of the Presbyterian church. Miss Brown has shown herself a good student in all of her studies, but especially in mathematics. At present she thinks she will stay with her parents as there is no place like home.

BESSIE CAHN.

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!"

Miss Bessie Cahn, our class beauty, is, of course, a St. Joseph girl, being born in this city April 11, 1881. She is a typical brunette. Not only does she charm every one by her beauty but wins all hearts by her sweet and gracious manner toward all. When through school she intends to go to Germany and later to attend the Paris Exposition.

MARY CAMPBELL.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low;
An excellent thing in woman."

Mary Campbell was born in Missouri in 1882. This
gentle maid has hazel eyes and dark brown hair. Miss Campbell is a Southerner and likewise a Democrat. She belongs to the Episcopal church. Although Miss Campbell has been with us only two years she has shown herself a conscientious student and possessed of exceptional ability. She intends to take up the noble work of reforming some man by marrying him.

ELBA CHUTE.

"Her face betokened all things dear and good."

Miss Elba Chute was born at Winston, Mo., June 3, 1881. She is tall and slender with blue eyes and light brown hair. Miss Chute is a Republican and a member of the Christian church. So far as is known is the only student of the present Senior class who has not been reported.

MABEL CUMMINGS.

"So womanly, so benign, so meek."

Miss Cummings was born in Creston, Ia., in 1880, but the renown of St. Joseph penetrated even that far away and drew her hither. She is short in stature, has brown hair and "cat eyes." She kindly informs us that her future occupation is ——-. If any one knows what this means explanations will be most gladly received.

MINNIE EBERHARDT.

"She is good and true; her looks do not belie her worth."

Miss Eberhardt was born in St. Joseph July 22, 1882. She has spent most of her life at her home in this city and in the school room. Auburn haired, quiet, modest, unobtrusive, thus we knew her in school. As she is not gifted with any prophetic powers, she says she is unable to predict her future occupation, but most assuredly will not long enjoy a state of single blessedness.

NELLIE FISHER.

"First in the council hall to steer the state, And ever foremost in a tongue debate."

She did not join us until the beginning of our Senior year, so beyond learning that she has earned
the esteem of all, we know but little about her. However she has been kind enough to inform us that she was born in Hamburg, Ia., Dec. 13, 1879. According to this young lady’s description of her appearance, she is an “albino” of the pink-eyed and white haired variety. In the future she intends to enter politics, and St. Joseph may soon be proudly hearing this sentence on the lips of many, “Nellie Fisher, the second Mary Ellen Lease.”

CARRIE FLEMING.

“We’ll have a good time while we can.”

This happy-go-lucky young maid was born in St Joseph on Feb. 5, 1882. She has ever been sincerely devoted to her class and a hearty worker when it does not interfere with her pleasure. When asked what her religion was she calmly replied “Haven’t any,” which is very strange, since she had just finished reading “Paradise Lost.” Her future occupation is to have a good time, and the best wishes of the class attend her for her success.

JULIA SARAH FLOYD.

“Talking, she knew not why, and cared not what.”

This brown-haired, blue-eyed maiden was born May 4, 1880, in dear old St. Joseph, that beautiful city which “always has been, is now, and always will be” her home. She was ever of a quiet and retiring disposition, until in our Senior year, she brought herself before the notice of the class by her “original Latin translations. Miss Floyd is very partial to Latin and we predict a brilliant success if she could be persuaded to publish an “original” translation of “Ovid.” But alas! the retiring disposition before mentioned prevents her and in the near future a neat shingle bearing the words, “Miss Floyd’s Kindergarten” may plainly be seen above the door of a well known building.

TENA FRIEDE.

“She never talked but to advantage.”

This tall, brown-eyed, dark haired maiden was born in St. Joseph Aug. 20, 1881. She has earnestly applied herself to her studies and is certainly qualified
for her future occupation. In the distant future, a peep into the school room may reveal Miss Friede seated in stern majesty at the school marm's desk. Since writing the above we are surprised to hear that Miss Friede has changed to Mrs. Frogge. The class of '99 congratulates Mr. Frogge.

EMMA GOLDEN.

"As quiet as a mouse."

This retired young lady was born in St. Joseph, near Blacksnake Creek, Jan. 19, 1881. She first learned the art of learning lessons in the Washington School, where her record is as fine as in the High School. She is inclined to be a Methodist, but not a fanatic. She would make an elegant teacher, for she does not talk more than an hour at a time, but she has not decided her occupation.

GRACE MERCEDES KEYS.

"For softness she, and sweet attractive grace."

This young lady, to whom the name Grace seems especially appropriate on account of her graceful bearing, was born in Frederick, Ia., Dec. 23, 1881. She is a Republican and Presbyterian. Elocution is her favorite study, and she states that in the future she will make a study of physical culture and may one day teach Delsarte in the High School. She is a brunette and very popular among her schoolmates.

MARY LEE KEMPER.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of angelic light."

This lovely girl was born in St. Joseph and is one of our most beloved and learned classmates. She took the fifth honor and received honorable mention in the Daily News contest. From several slips of the tongue we feel justified in saying that this young lady will scorn a life of single blessedness. We hope that her life may be a long and happy one and that she will win the success she so richly deserves.
RUBY PERSIS KOST.

"There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead."

Of German ancestry. Was born in St. Joseph Sep. 7, 1881. She has dark brown hair and hazel eyes, and is very short. Has a good voice and was of great assistance in the chorus. She is a North Methodist and a Republican. English is her favorite study, although she is a fine elocutionist and would like to succeed Mrs. Travers as teacher of elocution in the St. Joseph High School.

EDNA GREGG.

"None knew her but to love her;
None named her but to praise."

Edna Gregg (D. T. N.) was born Dec. 14, 1880. Strong Republican and will fight in a minute in defense of her convictions. Won third honor. Dreadfully frank. Possesses any amount of musical ability but is too shy to perform. Danced the "fascination" to perfection. Will go down to posterity known by a title which she has won on many a well-fought field. "Kisser."

PREBLE HALL.

"So dauntless in love and so fearless in war;
Was there ever a gallant like young Lochinvar."

Preble Hall was born Feb. 15, 1882. Entered from the Garfield School. Will enter Yale in 1900. Gold Democrat and favors expansion. President of the Athletic Association. Distinguished himself at the Columbia field day by winning second place in the mile run and third in the broad jump. Will make law his profession, though personally he prefers business as being more conclusive to early matrimony. At present he fills the position of superintendent of a Sunday school, where he masquerades as a shining example for the youthful members.

THELMA HENSHAW.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free.
Why aren't they all contented like me."

This beautiful young girl, better known as Dolly at
school, says she was born so long ago that she can not remember the date, but on looking up the records, we found it to be July 13, 1881, at Clarinda, Ia. Through some stroke of good luck she came to St. Joseph four years ago, just in time to travel onward with the class of '99. She has brown hair, brown eyes and slender figure. Besides being an excellent student, she won renown in the foot races in Mr. Miller’s room and is also an expert at making powdered wigs. She is a North Methodist. Has not decided on her future occupation, but hopes to meet a millionaire and spend her days in ease.

LOUISE M. HOFFMAN.

"Maiden with the meek blue eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk of evening skies."

This miss was born in St. Joseph in 1880. She has been one of the brightest members of our German class for the past four years, and it is hoped she will continue this interesting study. She intends to be a teacher and she has the best wishes for success from all the members of '99.

BIRDIE JUDA.

"Precious articles are done up in small parcels."

Was born Aug. 30, 1881, in St. Joseph, where she has lived all her life. She does not belong to any church but is a strong Republican. Has blue eyes and brown hair and weighs ninety-five pounds. Has not decided on her future occupation but will probably teach the "young idea how to shoot," and before long we may see Miss Juda seated in stern majesty at the school marm’s desk.

LYDIA JESBERG.

"Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

Lydia Jesberg came into this world on the 22nd of April, 1881, and has spent her life among the beautiful hills and green valleys of this noble city. She is a Republican and a member of the North Methodist
church. She does not state her future occupation, but for a time will rest after the arduous duties and trials of school days. Her sweet and gentle disposition cause all who know her to love her.

MINNIE MAY KAHN.

“Maiden with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies.”

This brown haired, brown eyed maiden was born in St. Joseph May 16, 1880, and has spent most of her life in the Queen City of the west. She belongs to the Jewish church. When asked whether she were a Republican or a Democrat, she calmly replied that as yet she was undecided, but would be whatever “he” was. Who this “he” is we do not know, but perhaps she refers to the young man who brought her to the contest not long ago. She will go away to school for one year, then return to be married. The wedding will take place in the auditorium of our High school, and all the members of the class of ’99 will be cordially in-vited to attend. Our class musician will play the wedding march and perhaps all the attendants will be chosen from the bride’s former schoolmates.

ANNIE LATTO.

“How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky.”

This quiet and unassuming young lady was one of the “honored pupils” of the Senior class. She claims Ahrichsville, O., as her birth place. She is of Scotch-Irish descent, a member of the Presbyterian church and was born in 1879. She favors the cause of temperance, and with her bright mind and elocutionary powers, may some day deserve a place in the niche of fame near that of Clara Barton.

IDELLA LATTO.

“There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark and downcast eye.”

Like her sister she claims Ahrichsville, O., as her
home, for she was born there in the year 1878. She is a member of the Presbyterian church and a young lady of sweet and gracious manners. She excels in music, and perhaps in some future years many little maidens will find their way to her home to learn the art of fingering the mandolin.

SUSIE LAWRENCE.

"Favors to none, to all she smiles extends. Oft she regrets, but never once offends."

The subject of this sketch first beheld the light of day in St. Joseph in the year 1880. She is of English ancestry and of decidedly Republican tastes. Few girls have enjoyed High School life better than she. As a student she was always known to keep silence—when her teacher’s eyes were upon her. If her teacher’s eyes were in another direction, her mind was in a different direction too—from silence.

"And many a word she spoke or note she wrote.” She has not decided her future vocation but will no doubt develop into an excellent housekeeper, spreading the table always for two.

MARTHA ALICE LAWLOR.

"But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart."

"Mattie,” as she is best known to her classmates, is one of the most fun-loving and original members of the graduating class of ’99. Her life has been spent among the green hills of the “Electric City” in which she was born. She is a member of the St. Joseph Cathedral. Her classmates have predicted her a place in the future among the stage celebrities, but she says she is going to try literary work.

ARTHUR LEHR.

"I am a very foolish fond old man.”

Arthur Lehr was born Sept. 4, 1881. Entered from Garfield. Refuses to compromise himself by stating his politics at this uncertain stage. His highest aim
in life is to laugh and make laugh, and few indeed are the members of '99 that have not experienced the most excruciating pains, caused by his stupendous "jokes." Will study business a year and then pharmacy.

MILTON LOWENSTEIN.
"Many a dandelion is born to blush unseen
And waste to its sweetness on the desert air."

Milton W. Lowenstein was born Nov. 21, 1881. Entered from Washington School. His tendencies are toward Republicanism with a trace of Mugwumpism. Is of a retiring disposition and readily falls a victim to the wiles of the Senior girls, with whom he is a universal favorite. His moustache (as he fondly terms it) is the pride of the school. Has as yet not determined on his future occupation.

MARY MATTESON.
"So fair that had you Beauty's picture took,
It must like her, or not like Beauty look."
The "Queen City of the West" is also the place of nativity of Mary Matteson, for she was born here in 1882. Almost every Sunday finds Mary in her pew in the Baptist church. Her ancestors were of English origin and she is a staunch Democrat. In some future time you will find her in the school room "keeping in" her pupils who attempt to have a good time during class hours; something she never did.

LIDA MAXWELL.
"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."
Tender, sympathetic and willing always to help the suffering. Lida would make an ideal trained nurse. Her bright smile will be like a sunbeam in the wards she will visit. Her earliest recollections are all of St. Joseph, where she was born. She is a regular attendant of the Presbyterian church and is never so happy as when trying to induce others to join.

EDITH MICHELSON.
"Men are more eloquent than women made,
But women are more powerful to persuade."
If some one could only convince her of the fact
Edith would make a successful lawyer. She is always able to hold her part in an argument. Although she is a close student and stands high in her averages she often experienced during her High School career that contagious malady—laughing—which often came on during French. She will probably attend the Paris Exposition and who knows but what she will wed a Frenchman?—maybe a count!

GOLDIE MOREY.

"She was like
A dream of poetry, that may not be
Written or told—exceeding beautiful."

She is one of the brightest and loveliest of the "sweet girl" graduates of the class of '99. Who can estimate the amount of "midnight oil" she has burnt? Miss Morey is not only a bright scholar but an interesting and popular one as well. Although a native of Nebraska she is not an ardent admirer of William Jennings Bryan, for she is too much of a Republican for that. She is an Episcopalian and was born in 1881. Her ambition is to be "a lady."

JOHN BARROW MOTTER.

"And when a lady's in the case
You know all other things give place."

Bunt was born in our dear old city. His size was predicted when quite young, so they named him Barrow (barrel). An elegant essayist, quite a foot ballist and somewhat of a sportist. Bunt claims to be an Episcopalian, but is suspected of belonging to the Salvation Army. He has no bad habits, stays home at nights and is, indeed, a social wonder. As president of the Pi Kappa Pi's he was a success, although the society busted with the rest. When Bunt lived on Fifth street he was a good man at "racing dogs." Honors will be won for '99 as he passes through Yale. Winner of Daily News prize.

ORION C. NELSON.

"Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way."

Orion C. Nelson was born Dec. 3, 1880. Entered from Kansas. Is a free silver Democrat and don't care who knows it. His chief claim to immortality is that he was never reported. Shows evident embar-
rassment at any mention of the brightness of the star which bears his name. Intends to be a scientific farmer, and we feel sure at no distant date he will be the honored and respected squire of his community.

JAMES STARKS OVERBECK.

"Sport that wrinkled care derides
And laughter holding both his sides."

James Starks Overbeck was born Sept. 19, 1880. Entered from Platte county. Silver Democrat. Is our most versatile light. Possesses a beautiful bass voice and often delighted the class by his charming renditions. In love he is unsurpassed and many a sigh has been caused by this Adonis. Is our greatest exponent of wit and humor. Will follow a business career.

BESSIE GARLAND PARISH.

"Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected."

Miss Parish was born at Camden, Point, Mo., in 1879. Has brown hair and gray eyes. She says she does not know what her future occupation will be but we are inclined to prophecy that she will either be the champion basket ball player of the west, or else will take the stump for Bryan.

HARRY RICHMOND PETERMAN.

"Is a man of uncommon promise."

The subject of this sketch was born Nov. 22, 1882. In the field day contest against the Y. M. C. A. he won two Junior events, the high jump and the fifty yard dash. In the chapter on athletics Peterman is mentioned as the most efficient horseman (wooden vaulting horse). His athletic ability is nothing in comparison with his scholarly attainments. He is the second honor and has competed creditably in all the literary and oratorical contests. Mr. Peterman has not decided what school he will attend after leaving the High School, but he is certain that he will go to some college. Though naturally reserved he has shown that "he is a man of uncommon promise."
MATTIE PETERMAN.

"Everything she looks on is ennobled."

This democratic maid is a St. Josephite. She was born in 1880. In religion she is a Baptist and has blue eyes. She intends to keep house, but for whom she neglects to state.

CORAL POINDEXTER.

"Be to her virtues very kind."

Was born Feb. 21, 1881, in Forest City, Mo. Came to St. Joseph when she was two years old. She has black hair and grey eyes. As regards politics she is on the fence. She has been quite a favorite with her classmates.

FRANCES PRICE.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."

This brown eye, brown haired young lady was born in St. Joseph in 1880. She is a Democrat, of course and attends the Presbyterian church. Although she insists that her future occupation would be hard to tell we, of the class of '99, would not be surprised to hear in a few years that Paderewski and Price are drawing ten thousand dollar houses in Paris and London. Success and good wishes to our class musician

FRANKLIN WOLFE PUETTE.

"At my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes."

On the 12th of February, 1882, Mr. Puette for the first time beheld the light. From Colfax, Ill., Mr. Puette's birthplace, he traveled extensively over the middle west. His last resting place before reaching St. Joseph was Quincy, Ill. For four years Mr. Puette has toiled up the rough path of learning and the end is not yet reached. Intending to become an electrical engineer, Mr. Puette will take a course of study at the St. Louis College of Mechanics. This past winter he took great interest in the gymnasium work, being a member of the Senior basketball team.
MABEL RANSON.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low;  
An excellent thing in woman."

Born in Missouri in 1881. She has grey eyes and brown hair. She intends to go to college and afterwards to lecture on Woman’s Rights. If she succeeds as well as a lecturer as she has in our High School the cause she upholds will surely win.

RALPH WESLEY READ.

"A gentle youth there was  
And he was fair to see."

When interviewed Mr. Reed was rather reticent he refrained as much as possible from entering into his past life, whether because he had stolen a horse or shot a man we do not know. Born Oct. 8, 1880. Mr. Read spent his early years in eating and sleeping; then he attended school, his last school, before becoming a High School scholar, being the Garfield. The only incident worthy of note during his High School career was when he was suspended for two weeks for playing cards during school hours. Mr. Read was elected as the business manager of the ’99 class book but turned the position over to Henry Wachter.

GRACE ROGERS.

"She has two eyes so soft and brown,  
Take care—  
She gives a side glance and looks down,  
Beware, beware."

Miss Rogers was born in St. Joseph in 1882. She has no politics, and she attends the Episcopal church. She intends to spend her time breaking hearts, so let him who reads this keep away from her lest he receive a dangerous shaft from those two “eyes so soft and brown.”

ADABELLE ROLLIER.

"Her charms, the heart must move  
Of all who venture to behold her."

In Doniphan county, Kansas, in 1880, this maiden was born. In politics she is on the side of the handsomest candidate, and therefore on the winning side
She has light brown hair and grey eyes. Her time will be spent in healing the broken hearts of the boy members of the class of ’99. We advise her to begin with “Willie” Woods.

INEZ ALTAVIA SAMUELS.

“O, saw you not fair Inez,
She’s gone into the West
To dazzle when the sun is down.
And rob the world of rest.”

Our fair Inez hearing of our remarkable High School came here from Quincy, Ill., where she was born in 1880. She is a Democrat and in regard to religion a Methodist. This pretty girl, with brown eyes and hair, says she intends to “play lady and study music.”

KATHERINE B. SCHWAB.

“And she was tall and quiet, too,
This maiden of sweet perfection.”

This maiden can boast of being born in Philadelphia, Pa., and is of pure German stock. Consequently her recitations in the German class are marvels of excellence and brilliancy. She has not fully decided what her future occupation will be, but she thinks she will probably be a lady of leisure or the other extreme, a school teacher. Miss Schwab took the seventh honor and her good work will spur her on to higher things. We predict a brilliant future for her.

EDNA M. SPEER.

“Wise, too, was she, wise as the stars in sky.”

This brown eyed maid first saw the light of day in St. Joseph and has spent most of her time in the school room. She is quite popular with her class. She is not a bit war-like, as her name would indicate; her weapons are modesty, gentleness and earnestness. Miss Speer’s idea of her future occupation is vague but with her Latin, Greek and German she must certainly, some day, become a noted linguist.

BESSIE STUPPY.

“Beauty in face and skill in art,
Such as the gods might envy.”

This young lady was born in St. Joseph and is one
of our most popular and charming girls. Miss Stuppy has great talent in several directions, but her greatest talent, probably, is that of drawing. Besides her artistic talent she has a decided inclination for music and poetry. On account of the latter she has been chosen class poet. May fortune and happiness go with her is the heartfelt wish of her classmates.

HARRY KING TOOTLE.

"Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."


HENRY WACHTER.

"This was the noblest Roman of them all!"

Henry Wachter, president of the class of 99, was born Oct. 1, 1879. He attended the Washington School and for five years was neither absent or tardy. No better selection could have been made for class president and to Mr. Wachter the class owes much for its supremacy over all previous classes. He has at all times worked faithfully in the interests of the class and his efforts have been appreciated by every one. This year ends Mr. Wachter's school life and in the near future he intends to take up the management of his mother's store. Success to him, and through life he will be followed by the best wishes of '99.

ETHEL E. WELTY.

"Great feelings hath she of her own
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherein the wind may choose to blow."

This maiden, who, though struggling with ill health, and having missed almost a term of school yet came out our valedictorian, was born Feb. 12 1881, in New Philadelphia, O. She is rather tall, has
blue eyes and light brown hair. Is a strong Republican and says she thinks McKinley is “all right.” Besides being our first honor pupil, she took one of the medals offered by the Sons of the Revolution for the essays on Lafayette. She will travel abroad for her health, then enter college and gain more honors. At no distant day the students of the High School may be studying Miss Welty’s version of the “Aeneid.”

HANNAH C. WINSTON.

“Modesty seldom resides in the breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues.”

This 18-year-old miss is of Irish ancestry and has spent all her life on the banks of the limpid waters of the Missouri. She possesses such winning manners that she has made many friends in the class of ’99. Her future occupation is unknown, but we feel sure that she will make some “chap” happy.

HERBERT SPENCER WOODS.

“Would he were fatter; but I fear him not.”

During our Senior year a stranger came among us. Having spent two days in sizing him up it was decided that he and his beautiful bass voice (especially while reading Milton) were all right and he was accepted. Mr. Woods was born on April 12, 1881, at Versailles, Mo. After graduating from the St. Joseph High School he intends to go to the State University at Columbia. Nothing too good can be said of Mr. Woods and he will be remembered long by his classmates as a scholar and a gentleman.
Advertisements

Lehr for Beer.
Lost—A dance.  L. Contrary.
Lost—Willie; return to A. R.
For Sale—A cook book.  Apply to G. M.
Wanted—A bike built for two.  Address M. L. K.
Wanted—A buggy with a very narrow seat.  Address Frank.
For Sale—A bench built for three; will trade for one built for two.  Address B. S.

Wanted—Position at packing house; two years experience killing cats.  Address P. H.

Wanted—A wife; must be young and beautiful.  Address Milton, Care Daily Bow Bow.

For Sale—A hammock, slightly worn at the middle, but still sound enough for one.  Address E. G.

Lessons in Cake Walking; special rates to girls.  Also lessons in skipping lines of Latin.  Address J. S. O.
The Funny Side of Life

Ralph: She can cook.

Miss B.—Wait till he graduates.

Miss Eberhardt (translating)—She baked herself all day Saturday.

Miss Knowles (absent-mindedly)—Miss Bismuth will now recite.

Miss Campbell (translating)—I hope for better all-spices (auspices).

February 2—Plaster falls on Miss Winston’s head in the assembly room.

Who stole the key to the tower door?

Lehr: Hire Bunt for an advertisement.

Miss Fisher (translating)—I saw the two twin bears.

Miss Floyd (translating)—He addressed them un-addressed.

Miss Floyd (translating)—She was afraid to throw the “bones.”

Miss Samuels (translating)—He rushed into the battle on one foot.
Kisser—Why do you always talk to the boys about cooking?

Miss Floyd (translating)—She revolves her bloodshed eyes.

Miss D.—Why were you driving when the wheel came off?

B. C.—Yes, Orlando would bleed for you; he tried to prove it in Chemistry.

Krug Park is not the place, for spooning-rivals lurk behind the trees.—A. & P.

Puette (reciting the "Recessional")—"Lest we forget"—and then he forgot.

We would like to know why Mr. Lowenstein's essays were always on subjects pertaining to love?

Q.—Why is Giles like a tramp?
A.—Because he chases the Bearman (beer-man).
Orion: Never go fishing at a picnic, except for girls.

Dolly—“The wagon ride is the only fun in a picnic.”

Advice from Miss F. or Mrs. F.—“Make hay while the sun shines.”

P. H.: Even with a hat and veil you don’t look like Miss Mueller.

If a fellow marry the same girl twelve times, would he be guilty of polygamy?

Old ’99 always left its mark in the highest of honors, even the tower bears evidence.

The only accident that happened to Miss Aage was serious; she fell down the fire escape.

G. to R: Why don’t you get a lady of your own, I hope and trust you’ll leave my girl alone.
CLASS OF NINETY-NINE.

Overbeck (translating Cicero's oration)—They killed me at my home.

Mrs. Sherman—Who was Cupid?
H. K. T.—Helen Lyon.

Miss Schaefer—What makes an apple fall to the ground? Bright Pupil—Worms.

Miss M. astonishes her division by the assertion that fishes breathe through their fins.

Dec. 15, 1898. Jordan—"Lehr, I wish you and Read would not shoot craps during this Trigonometry recitation!"

Miss Floyd (translating)—O, Apollo! Give me an auger.
Miller—Why not a gimlet, Miss Floyd?

Bess—The north side is the best.
Q.—Why?
Bess—Because it is the darkest.

Mrs. S.—Be a little more quiet, you look more like a lot of squirming worms than Seniors.

Miss Mueller—Mr. Hall, translate into German "on Tuesday."
Hall—"Am Zweitag."

Mrs. Travers—On what do the acoustics of a hall depend?
Miss Poindexter—The audience must be "full."

Q.—Do eggs contain sulphur?
Miss K.—Yes.
Q.—Well, when eggs spoil is H S formed?

Thanks to the heavy stamping of Mrs. Travers the Class Tree has taken root and grown. Thanks to her heavy training we have "rooted and groaned."

Miss Henshaw, having adorned her hair with mistletoe, is pursued by Hall and Motter and rushes (by mistake) into the arms of Prof. Miller for protection.
On being interviewed, Miss Fisher said she was such a good little girl that nothing bad could be said about her. But we have our doubts.

A Girl—O, girls! You ought to hear Harry Tootle sing “Just As the Sun Went Down.”

Chorus of Senior Girls—How glad we are the sun only goes down once in twenty-four hours.

The only feature that relieved the monotony of the first chorus recital was on Miss Dudley’s exit from the stage; she tripped over the bass drum.

Battle royal in Miller’s room. Motter protects himself with a chair; Hall throws book and breaks the seat out of the chair. Excitement intense on arrival of our worthy principal.
SNIDE TALKS TO GIRLS

By Truth Hashmore

Bessie—Yes, we have heard that candy and flowers go well together. We congratulate you both.

M. L. K.—We cannot deny that the lot of a soldier's wife is often a miserable one. Do not force matters.

M. M. C.—A pleasing effect may be made by cutting the dress goods on the bias and finishing it with pyrotechnic effects over white tulle.

X. Y. Z.—Yes, we agree with you that the shoes should not pinch. Be sure and get them big enough; if 6½ is not large enough try a 7.

M. E.—The reason he is called "Papa" is because he once said he took such a great interest in his boys and girls.

Fannie—Be very careful. You know you cannot eat your cake and have it too. Consult Bradstreet as to his financial condition.

A. M. R.—We are forced to admit, my dear girl that it was poor taste in your papa to say things at the young gentlemen who wished to call upon you. We trust the young gentlemen do not feel sore—in spirits; we know how sore they are in body.
M. M. M.—Such questions cannot be answered in these columns. Send self addressed, stamped envelope for information regarding "Die Alte."

B. J.—Some sixty summers has she seen—if you count Indian summers. If you want to know whether or not F X R=W you had better ask her.

K. R. B.—By all means be a school mistress. It is not hard work and does not require any brains, as can be shown by using the High school faculty as an illustration.


G. W. R.—You are right, my dear girl. All men are fickle. My husband deserted me and my seventeen children. When people see me some of them say "No wonder." But your case is different. The next one you get chain him up and he cannot get away.

M. A. L.—That is right. If you are thinking of getting married, by all means learn to cook. Begin by cooking eggs and after awhile you may be able to cook ice cream and radishes.

Edna—If you object to the nickname of "Kisser," why not forbid the young man to come and see you? Simply tell your fat friend that unless he mends his manners his company is not desirable.

E. E. W.—Yes, fish is good for brain food; from the way you write we would suggest that you begin by eating a couple of whales. We are aware that this suggestion has been made before but it is still a good one.

Goldie—We would be pleased to tell you the ten best short poems in the English language, but as Miss Bessie Stuppy has, up to the present date, only written six, it will be impossible. Among the best six ever written are: "Ode to a Mosquito," "To a Wall Flower," and "Dr. Radford's Rat."
Inez—You ask for a definition of “pony,” being so young we are not in the least surprised that you ask such a question. A “pony” is used by students for the purpose of “trotting” over difficult places in their school life.

C. B.—You ask as to the law concerning marriage. You must be at least 18 before you can marry without your parents’ consent, and from what you say you evidently have not secured their consent. Be not too hasty, young friend, in taking up the matrimonial yoke. See, first of all, that the young man can support you.

M. R.—The poem you send us is particularly fine. The last thirty-seven stanzas are perhaps the best. We like the one beginning—

“I would I were a damsel free,
I would be as happy as thee,
And then he’d sometimes think of me.”

That is beautiful. If space could be found in our interesting Journal we would gladly publish the whole poem and not charge you a cent for it.
CLASS OF NINETY-NINE.

CLASS PROPHECY I
Miss Martha A. Lawlor.

It was Friday morning, May 26th, and for the last time the bell for the seventh period had sounded and out on the stairways and down the corridors of the St. Joseph High School came the echo of voices of pupils glad in the thought that school days had at last come to a close.

Memory was tapping at my doorway that morning for entrance, and as I bade her welcome, I saw she was accompanied by a stranger whom she introduced to me as Imagination—a most charming maiden, whose exquisite gown of roseate hue, richly embroidered in pearls from the orient of youth, at once attracted my attention.

They had come to escort me to a beautiful abode, "Castles-in-the-Air," presided over by Futurity.

As we entered this unique dwelling place, I beheld a mammoth apparatus, which I was told was a cineto-
graph the property of Futurity, and manipulated by Imagination. I was also informed that this machine was used solely for the purpose of producing pictures of graduates taken from scenes of the future. Immediately I begged for the favor of viewing pictures from the future life of students of our Senior class. Imagination answered, "Your request will be granted if you comply with three conditions: First, believe that all these pictures will come true; second, return to your classmates, describe the pictures exactly as you have seen them and make your classmates believe in their truth; and third, when you depart from this place you must never return." No sooner had I promised to fulfill all of these requirements than there was a buzzing sound in my ear, a great light flashed across the room and upon the wall was hung a huge white canvas screen.

My interest was at once awakened as a lovely maiden in flowing robes moved over the canvass; her hair was brown and curly and in her hand she carried an accordion. A little monkey danced by her side, and as her head turned toward me, I beheld Ethel E. Welty, our class valedictorian.

I had scarcely recovered from the shock, when before me appeared a scene from a woman's club. Eight members were seated together, and they seemed exceedingly talkative, for their lips moved continually. They were the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and upon a small banner which their leader held, I read in bold, black letters, Lydia Jesberg, Emma Golden, Louise Hoffman, Birdie Juda, Susie Lawrence, Kate Schwab, Tena Frieda and Idella Latto.

Then came a view of a flower garden. Roses of every color were to be seen. A convalescent walked among them, gathering a bouquet. The glory of health had painted her cheeks to almost the pink tint of the flowers she held in her hand. To my intense pleasure I learned that this study was Cora Poindexter, perfectly restored to health.

The next picture was a scene from war. Over the cot of a dying soldier bent a trained nurse, and from
out her snowy white cap crept the brown ringlets of Elba Chute.

Romeo and Juliet came forth on the canvass next. The latter was on the balcony, and by her romantic gesticulation was soon recognized as Adabelle Rollier. As Romeo was hidden, I could not learn his name.

A marriage scene followed. Rhonda Edwards—a city belle—and a Philippine soldier were the contracting parties.

My astonishment knew no bounds when the light turned and a dancing academy in Atchison was displayed. Two very graceful assistants to the master were endeavoring to teach some rustic Kansas youths to trip the light fantastic. The two followers of Terpsichore proved to be Goldie Morey and Bessie Cahn.

A pair of medallions was next reflected on the canvas. The world’s two greatest celebrities—a singer and an actress—Erma Newburger and Lillian Westheimer, successors to Nordica and Adelina Patti.

Then came the moving picture of a circus ring. Thousand of spectators were waving their handkerchiefs at the capers of a “prince of funny fellows,” who, notwithstanding the paint and skull cap he wore, was recognized as Preble Hall.

A class in physical culture in a small school house near the stockyards was soon presented, and as I closely watched the moving features of the gray-haired teachers, I saw that they were Misses Fay Duncan and Carolyn Dudley.

The city council in session next elicited my attention, and as the president finished his address calling for appropriations for a new city jail I discovered that the speaker was the bright and genial president of our class, Henry Wachter.

“Hannah Winston” teaching music to the children in the Kindergarten was a pretty little picture I could not help but admire.

A wearied, thin and cross-looking old man known in youth as Charles Fraser was at last seen on the canvas, teaching a class rhetoric in Elwood. The pupils were all very happy and held in their hands a book, “Poems and Lyrics by Bessie Stuppy.”
I was just wondering why so few boys were seen, when Imagination rapped her pointer and said, "Look well, for here is a picture of the most renowned hero in all the classes of ninety-nine—a modern Sir Walter Raleigh, who would not only throw his coat down in order to prevent a lady from getting her feet muddy, but would actually carry her across the street. His gallantry is going to lead him to rescue some maiden from a burning building, and his reward will be to lead her to the altar. Strange to say, he is a namesake of the poet Milton, and his last name is pronounced Lowenstein.

I was so highly delighted with the moving pictures of the future that I did not know twilight was beginning to come on, but Memory touched me on the shoulder and bade me depart for fear that darkness would overtake me and Silence steal me and bear me off to his home, "Used-to-Be," in the street of "Keepsstill," and I be prevented from telling the strange future that is in store for some of us.
CLASS PROPHECY II

Preble Hall.

Miss Hannah B. Aage, one of our pretty girls, will become a society belle of St. Joseph and will continue to hold the chair at the head of society, until, at the age of forty-five, an untimely death will carry her to another region to fulfill the same position.

Miss Ada Anderson, one of the most promising of the young ladies of this class, will, if the signs fortell truthfully, start a school for the instruction of the weaker sex in the necessary art of self-defense.

Miss Cecilia Bearman, a most attractive miss, whom I am sorry to say has already been besieged and won by one of the young bloods of the Junior class, will take a trip to Europe to instruct the natives in vocal music, while her youthful intended is finishing his studies at the St. Joseph High School.

Miss Kate Rector Brown, a fair damsel, will, as she has declared and the fates have decreed, seclude her-
self from the whirl of this immense city for a short season and then will return to teach our dear professors the fundamental principles of mathematics.

Miss Mary Campbell, a sweet young lady and a member of our celebrated Greek class, will end her days in elaborating on the methods and devices of taking kodak pictures. She will also spend a few years in traveling over the entire state of Missouri to collect material for a book which will bear the title of "The Natives of Missouri and Their Customs."

Miss Mabel Cummings, one of the big ladies of the Class of '99, will be the president of a patent medicine corporation, which will supply a famous remedy for reducing flesh.

Miss Minnie Eberhardt, a most observing young lady, will run a female detective agency for the purpose of putting a stop to the persistent shop-lifting carried on by the weaker sex.

Miss Thelma Henshaw, our fair friend commonly known as the pink of neatness, will pursue her way through life as a designer of new and startling designs in hair dressing, especially for the benefit of her fair classmates.

Miss Annie Latto, a most persuasive young miss, will end her days as a distributor of a class of books dwelling upon the care of children.

Miss Lyda Maxwell, a brave and fearless young lady, will gain a wide reputation by making a tour of the world with a band of trained lions.

James Starks Overbeck, one of the three class prophets, will study medicine and take his degree at the renowned Medical College at Seventh and Jule and with the aid of his prophetic powers he will startle the world with his cures.

Miss Mattie Peterman, a universal favorite, and one of our best students, will organize and be the president of a society composed of women for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Harry King Tootle, a very bright young lad, whose intention it is to startle the world with his legal lore,
will find it necessary in order to eke out a scanty living, to practice his Black Art to appreciative audiences.

John Barrow Motter, our friend intimately known as Bunt, will take a course at Yale, winning national fame as a lounging and student, on his return to his native city, he will assume the management of a well known wholesale house and announce his engagement to a young lady called by her intimate friends "Kisser."

Miss Grace Rogers, a most diligent student and also quite well known for her ability in dancing and ragging, will start a school for boys only, to teach them to be easy and graceful in their carriage, and to do their duty when invited to a dancing party.

Miss Ruby Kost, the last, but by far not the least, whose future it is my duty to proclaim to the world, will become an elocutionist of wide spread fame and will devote many years in teaching elocution in the St. Joseph High School.
CLASS PROPHECY III

James Starks Overbeck.

Miss Pearl Blount, although a rare pearl, she is very blunt of speech. She will marry early in life, as she has already met her intended hubby as he was Lowering-a-stein of beer, has fallen in love with him, and will be married in the same old way. As the furniture man would say, 'Twill be an "antique" finish.

Miss Grace Marcedes Keys, nick-named Charity, as she is a sister of Faith and Hope (Grace). She will make a success of the locksmith business by using Mr. Bok's "Keys of Success."

Miss Nellie M. Fisher, the great Fisherwoman of the Class of '99. She will be a great elocutionist. She will go out into forest to practice, but when the cattle leave and the trees leaf (leave) she will be left alone in the woods.

Miss Julia Sarah Floyd, a large gem that is not flawed in the least part. She will be an exponent of
the New Woman's party in which she will be a prominent leader, having all the qualifications of a pushing and successful politician.

Miss Carrie Forster Fleming, who will be fostered and nurtured through life by Graham Flour. She will teach the young how to shoot the chutes of knowledge without being swamped by the waves of education.

Miss Edna Gregg, a fraulein who received the third honor of the Class of '99. She will marry early. In reply to the proposal of the poet (Sir Ralph) who says insinuatingly: Don't you think we would make a good couple? That she is not averse.

Miss Minnie May Kahn, a fair and lovely creature of the May time, will clerk for Walker and Dolittle in their store on Loafer's street.

Miss Mary Lee Kemper, who wrote an essay on the "Exile of Thomas Fraley at West Point." When Miss Kemper attended church a few Sundays ago, she heard the preacher remark that his task in life was saving young men. Whereupon she immediately rose up and said "please save a good one for me."

Miss Martha Alice Lawlor, who is thought by some to be the original Alice of the book, "Alice in Wonderland," will gain great fame from having worked in Noah's Ark—on Felix street.

Mr. Arthur L. Lehr, although an Author he is very leary of other men's books. He will be the owner of a saloon displaying the sign, Lehr for Beer.

Mr. Orion C. Nelson, who is the constellation of our class by reason of his name Orion. He will be the cashier of a bank—most likely a sand bank.

Miss Bessie Garland Parrish, who is as quiet as a parish nun. I would draw the inference from her middle name that she will go through life either gathering garlands of flowers or will sell (Garland) stoves on the best (Bess) plan.

Mr. Harry Peterman, the smallest boy in the class. I predict that he will be called a one horse lawyer because he is such a fine charger.

Miss Fannie Price, the cutest baby in the Class of '99. She will be a pugilist, known by the name of "Babe Price," the heavyweight, as is shown by her pugilistic exhibition in Room 3 with another fair dam-
The weapons being "Burke's Conciliation with the Colonies."

Miss Inez Altavia Samuel, who always takes the highest road (Alta Via) in Latin. She is thought by some infants to be the author of "Jimmie's Letters." Will become a prominent advocate of the Mirror of St. Joseph.

Miss Mabel Ranson, who was kidnaped into the High School four years ago, has now been ransomed. She will become a prominent debater, overwhelming all the men of learning by her illogical reasoning on great matters.

Miss Mary M. Matteson, the girl with the alliterative name. She will marry some foreign Earl, thus becoming an Ear-less woman.

Miss Edith S. Michelson, a distant relative of the son of Michel. She will electrify the whole world by her book of Fairy Stories, many of which she has told us.

Mr. Ralph W. Read, whose future life is easy to read, will probably be an agent for the Singer Sewing machine, because he is such a fine Singer himself.

Thus much I've said, and said in fun,
And none will be offended.
At peace I wish the class to run,
And nothing else intended.
THE ALUMNI BANQUET

The Alumni banquet given at the High School on Tuesday evening, complimentary to the graduates of '99, was well attended. The consensus of opinion as expressed by those in attendance at previous banquets given by the association, was that this was the finest ever given, and reflected much credit upon the committee having it in charge. Especially is praise due Mrs. William Floyd, Miss Edith Rhoades, secretary, and Mr. R. H. Jordon, treasurer, whose artistic taste and ingenuity designed the elaborate decorations. The gymnasium hall was the scene of the banquet, and the walls and ceiling were a study. From the center pillars bunting in the club colors, which were dark blue and white, was festooned to the four corners and sides of the great room. The walls were almost enveloped in flags, shields and portraits. The latter being in groups of three, representing the Revolutionary war, the civil war and the Spanish-American war. The first to meet the eye were Washington, Adams and Jefferson. On the south wall were Robert E. Lee, Grant and Lincoln. Between the two former was the United States coat of arms bearing a real olive branch, and above a banner with “Class of '99,” was the motto, “One People, One Flag.” On the
north wall were Dewey, Sampson and Schley, the west wall had McKinley, Fitzhugh Lee and Wheeler. On the east side of the room behind a screen of tall palms, Pryor’s band made melody all during the feast.

Long tables extended entirely around the room and in the middle of the room were four tables at which were seated the guests of honor.

These tables were adorned with blue and white, the shades to the candelabra being blue. Reichard’s choicest blossoms and plants were used in great abundance. American Beauties, bon saline roses and carnations with ferns and smilax graced each table. Mrs. Wachter furnished the menu which was very elegant, including the delicacies of the season.

Mr. Lewis C. Burnes, the president, had charge of the banquet, and acted as toastmaster. The responses were without an exception apropos and full of wit and humor. The first was Mr. Burnes’ address of welcome to the class, then the response of Mr. Henry Wachter, the class president. Miss Mattie Burgess responded to the toast, “The Graduate in Mission Field.” Maj. C. C. Macdonald to “The American Volunteer in the Late War,” Miss Nellie Inslee Motter to “As a College Graduate,” Mr. Wm. Rusk to “The Graduate at the Bar,” Miss Rose Schwab to “The Graduate as a School Ma’am,” Mr. James M. Johnson to “The Husband of the Graduate.” Mr. C. E. Miller, the principal, made some very apropos remarks.

Mr. George Lyon, ’70, the Chauncey Depew of Nebraska, made one of his famous after-dinner speeches and delighted his audience by concluding his remarks with the recital of Holmes’ “The Boys.”

Reception Committee—Mrs. Florence B. Lyon, ’68; Mr. Wm. H. Floyd, ’70; Mrs. Louis M. Thompson, ’71; Mr. John I. McDonald, ’74; Mrs. G. A. Kennard, ’75; Mr. John A. Dolman, ’76; Miss Fannie Brennan, ’78; Mrs. H. R. McMurtie, ’79; Mrs. J. M. Johnson, ’80; Mrs. L. C. Burnes, ’81; Miss Ada Eib, ’82; Miss Ella Cowan, ’83; Mr. Louis Siemens, ’86; Miss Laura Siegel, ’87; Mr. O. C. Mosman, ’89; Mr. R. W. Douglas, ’90; Miss Mattie Porter, ’91; Miss Irene Kahn, ’92; Mr. R. R. Calkins, ’93; Miss Annie R. Hall, ’94; Mr. Ernest Lindsay, ’95; Miss Florence Fitton, ’96; Mr. Irvin Westheimer, ’97; Mr. Perry
Walty, '98; Miss Minnie Wheeler, '98; Miss Alma Schumacher, '98.

Board of Directors, Alumni Association—Lewis C. Burnes, president; Judge W. P. Hall, vice-president; Miss Edith M. Rhoades, secretary; R. H. Jordan, treasurer; Mrs. Wm. H. Floyd, J. W. Castle, Charles B. Sanders, Louis Siegel, C. B. Sanders, Dr. P. F. Fulkerson and H. M. Tootle.

After the banquet the company passed up to the first floor, where dancing was enjoyed for an hour or more.—Gazette.
THE '99 PICNIC

Was it a success? Well, say, you should have seen us; '99 is O. K. Who says she's not? Our picnic? Of course.

Our picnic was postponed from the date first agreed upon on account of rain. Our next date was nearly as bad but the clouds rolled away and at 11 o'clock we started for the lake; boys and girls alike wearing huge "farmer" straw hats. Three wagons carried us and they were full, but that made the trip all the more enjoyable. The journey was an arduous one; the rain of the past few days had made mud holes and "Sloughs of Despond" all along the road. The wagons tossed and rolled like ships in heavy weather. Miss Lawlor threatened to faint and Mr. Lowenstein threatened to catch her, so the threatened catastrophe was averted.

The direct road to the lake was impassable, so the caravan traveled over the Fish Hatchery route. About 2 o'clock the lake was reached, every one was hungry and in a short time dinner was ready. From
this point it will be necessary to give a detailed account of the most successful picnic ever given by any Senior class.

2:00—Arrival at the lake.
2:01—Mr. Lehr hunts for beer.
2:05—The lunch is taken from the wagon.
2:07—Mr. Lehr returns; happy.
2:09—Tables are brought.
2:10—Lunch is prepared.
2:15—Lunch is served.
2:15:30—Miss Floyd has an altercation with a chicken bone.
2:21—A scarcity of chickens, eggs, sandwiches and bananas is noticeable.
2:22—Lemonade gives out.
2:25—Ice cream is served.
2:26—Bessie Stuppy passes her plate for more cream.
2:27—Angel food cake is in demand.
2:30—'Nuff said. Lunch over.
2:32—The girls want to go out on the lake and the boys don't.

2:35—Five boats filled with Seniors are now on the water.
2:40—Mr. Lehr proposes and—is accepted.
3:00—Mr. Giles, 1900, is lonesome—and has been all day and will be the rest of the day.
3:15—Triumphant arrival of Mr. Charles Fraser.
3:30—Miss Dudley rocks the boat but, as a kind Providence watches over children and fools, the little girl escapes.
4:00—The chaperones say they want to go home. Wails from the class.
4:11—Mr. Motter wishes to go swimming but is afraid of getting wet.
4:30—Ice cream gives out.
5:00—The chaperones say they must go home.
5:15—Hall, Overbeck, Read, Barnard, 1900, and Billy Motter, 1900, go swimming.
5:20—A report is started that supper is ready.
5:21—Wild stampede for something to eat.
5:21:30—It is a mistake.
5:30—The chaperones are going if they have to walk.
5:45—Telephone message is received that the musicians for the dance have started.
6:00—A wagon load starts for home. Not many on board.
6:30—Message received that musicians had an accident; buggy broke down.
6:31—Shall we countermand the order and not dance?
6:32—Violent debate.
6:45—Dance off.
7:00—Lunch gone but we are still hungry.
7:15—Billy Motter, 1900, asks for a “Moberly Mince.”
7:16—Mr. Billy Motter receives a cold and icy stare.
7:28—Every one goes boating.
8:12—A new battalion of mosquitoes arrives.
8:30—First call to go home.
8:45—Harness up the horses.

8:45—The rush for seats in the wagon begins.
9:00—Second call to go home.
9:15—Last call.
9:16—We’re off!
9:21:45—Mr. Motter is holding a hand, but not his own.
9:24—Mr. Wachter ditto.
9:25—Mr. Hall has misplaced his arm.
9:26—Mr. Read is happy, but why?
9:42—First mud hole; all out and walk half a mile.
9:59—“Now, Ralph, you stop!”
10:10—“I’m so sleepy.”
10:31—“Will we never get home?”
10:48—“If mamma could only see me now.”
11:22—In town, tired but happy.
11:34—Almost there; “Miss Price, wake up, we have almost arrived.”
11:45—Smith Park; all down. The Senior picnic of the class of ’99 is now an event of history.
MEDALS

On Commencement the medals given by patrons of the school were awarded to the successful contestants. The winners of medals are to be congratulated on their success as they were, in every instance hard pressed by other diligent students.

The W. D. B. Motter Latin Medal, continued by Mr. Isaac Motter, was awarded to Miss Ethel Welty for excellence in Latin for the entire four years' course.

The Potter Greek Medal, given by Dr. T. E. Potter, for the best average made in all studies in the classical course, was won by John Barrow Motter.

The Cochran Mathematical Medal was given by the Hon. Chas. F. Cochran for the best grades in mathematics for the four years. It was awarded to Miss Kate Rector Brown.

Three Freshman medals were offered this year:

The B. Newburger Latin prize was awarded to Miss Jo Walker.

The H. G. Getchell Medal for highest average in Algebra was given to Harlen Monrow Everett.

The Maurice W. Steiner History Medal was won by Louis A. Gregory.
# CLASS OF NINETY-NINE.

## CLASS AVERAGES

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## CLASS OF NINETY-NINE.

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<td>91.60</td>
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<td>87.50</td>
<td>89.20</td>
<td>90.00</td>
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<td>Ethel E. Welty</td>
<td>95.42</td>
<td>98.50</td>
<td>97.90</td>
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<td>Hannah C. Winston</td>
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<td>Herbert Spencer Woods</td>
<td>94.00</td>
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COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Chorus ........................................... Herbert
Invocation .......................... Rev. Heathcote Hills
*Salutatory ........................... Harry Peterman
Essay ......................................... Miss Annie E. Latto
    "Darkness Brings Out the Stars."
Essay ......................................... Miss Mattie V. Peterman
    "Our American Poets."
Serenade .................................. Herbert
    "Finale to Third Act."
Essay ......................................... Miss Martha Alice Lawlor
    "Reflected Lights."
Essay ......................................... Miss Cecelia Bearman
    "Characteristics of Greatness."
Essay ......................................... Miss Idella B. Latto
    "The Origin of Fairy Tales."
Female Chorus ................................ Stuart
    "The Willow Pattern Plate."
Essay ......................................... Miss Edith S. Michelson
    "The Peace Proclamation."
Oration ...................................... Harry King Tootle
    "Imperialism."
Essay ......................................... Mary Lee Kemper
    "Exiles."
Toreador Song from Carmen ......... Bizet
Oration ...................................... John Barrow Motter
    "The Debt of the Educated."
Essay ......................................... Miss Pearl Blount
    "Religion in War."
*Essay ....................................... Miss Ethel E. Welty
    "The Heritage of the Anglo-Saxon Race" with Valedictory.
Chorus ....................................... Pinsuti
    "Good Night, Beloved."

*Do not compete for Neely Prize.
HONORS.

First Honor, Valedictory .................. Ethel E. Welty
Second Honor, Salutatory .................. Harry Peterman
Third Honor ................................ Edna Gregg
Fourth Honor ............................... Cecelia Bearman
Fifth Honor ................................. Mary Lee Kemper
Sixth Honor ................................. Annie E. Latto
Seventh Honor .............................. Katherine B. Schwab

FRESHMAN CONTEST MEDALS.

The B. Newburger Freshman Latin Prize.
The H. G. Getchel Freshman Algebra Medal.
The Maurice W. Steiner Freshman History Medal.

SENIOR MEDALS.

The W. D. B. Motter Latin Medal.
The C. F. Cochran Mathematical Medal.
The T. E. Potter Greek Medal.

AWARD OF NEELY PRIZE.
Edward F. Trefz, Mrs. John I. McDonald,
Dr. W. J. Bell.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

E. A. Donelan, M. D., President of the Board of Education.
Benediction.
CLASS NIGHT PROGRAM

PART I.

Chorus, “Toreador Song” ........................................ Bizet
President’s Address .................................................. H. Wachter
Class History .......................................................... Annie Latto
Piano Solo ............................................................... Fannie Price
Class Prophecy I ....................................................... Mattie Lawlor
Class Prophecy II ..................................................... Preble Hall
Vocal Solo ............................................................... Pearl Blount
Class Prophecy III ................................................... J. Starks Overbeck
Our Senior Year ....................................................... Ethel Welty

PART II.

Chorus, “The Torpedo and the Whale” ......................... Audran
Class Oration ......................................................... Harry King Tootle
Class Poem .............................................................. Bessie Stuppy
Awarding of The Daily News Prize to John Barrow Motter, subject, “The Moon.”
Class Song—Words and music by Fannie Price.
Address to Class ....................................................... Mr. Edward F. Trefz
Chorus, “Stars and Stripes Forever” .......................... Sousa
ADVICE TO THOSE WHO FOLLOW US

Always say Mr. Jordan.
Always say Papa Stokes.
Always say Professor Miller.
Don't call Mr. Chambers names.
Give a trolley ride if you drain the treasury to do it.
Don't take German from Miss Mueller—if she is up there.
Don't ask for a telephone; you will be wanting an elevator next.
Talk back to Miss Mueller, but keep silent with Dr. Crothers.

Above all, follow in the footsteps of '99 and you can't go wrong.
If Miss Knowles wishes to take you to the gas works, don't object.
Don't expect the High School sidewalks to be built within five years.
Tell Mrs. Travers that you always did love elocution, and you will get out easy.
What if Jordan does look like an aeronaut in his gymnasium suit, don't criticise him, even to your dearest friend.
Don’t use a pony; Mr. Miller makes fun of you and the class despises you. Freshmen take this good advice to heart.

Study Latin under Miss Rhoades and the editors guarantee that you will know as much when you come out as when you went in.

When Mac was here if you supported the athletic team you got out of your math. exams. It’s all different now. Keep your eye on Jordan.

When Miss Neely roasts you, don’t be disconcerted. Look out the window and appear interested in the horizon. Of course it makes her worse, but never you mind.

It is too bad that Miss Schaefer does not teach Physics any more; we might give you a few pointers; the chief one would be: Don’t take Physics if you can get out of it.

If you are reading a beautiful passage, don’t get angry if Mrs. Sherman stops you in the middle of it to tell you how beautiful it is; it is her one failing. She is known to ’99 as the Great Interrupter.
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After doing our best to amuse you with our history, we now request you to do us a favor:

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