To
The Saint Joseph High School
This Volume is Respectfully
Dedicated.
1904

Price, Per Copy, Seventy-Five Cents

Address: John Broadus, Business Manager
Care of The Saint Joseph High School
Bound to the honor of Naughty Four,
    I come
To herald abroad glories of yore.
Drawn from the depths of our intellect,
    I'm here
To fame the bright lights we reflect.
Filled with the fruit of our happy minds,
    I stay
To be to each that which so binds
Glad days spent in High School,
    four years or more.
    I remain,
The Hi-Jo of Naughty Four.

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In Memory of Edward B. Neely.

Such a life as that of Superintendent Neely needs no praise. It is its own eulogy. In his character were combined the elements of true greatness—devotion to the right as he saw it, fearlessness in the performance of his duty, and gentleness in all his dealings with others. He was a man of great heart as well as of great mind; the sufferings of others always appealed to him and he was eager to help those in trouble. No one who knew him could doubt his earnestness in his work and his love for it. Even on his death-bed he imagined himself conducting an examination, and almost with his last words he prayed that the children under his care might grow up to be good and pure men and women. What more striking proof of his utter unselfishness and devotion could we have? It is impossible to measure the life work of such a man. Think of the great forces which he set to work: Our St. Joseph School System and Public Library; these are things that endure, growing stronger as time goes by. It is only natural that our city and especially our schools should feel very keenly the death of one who has been so thoroughly identified with both for the past forty years, but we know that the influence of his great work and beautiful life can never die. This influence upon our lives and those of future generations is the real monument which St. Joseph will rear to his memory, of which the others, no matter how grand, will be only symbols.
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CLASS COLORS:  Crimson.
Senior History

"A SENIOR KNOWS AND KNOWS THAT HE KNOWS"

It was in the year of our Lord 1900, in the month of September, that the star of good fortune first arose in beauty and splendor over the Saint Joseph High School. For in that year there gathered in the historic auditorium of that institution from all parts of the globe such an assembly of Freshmen as has never before or since gathered there; Freshmen who were destined before their first year was over to win renown for themselves and the school. They were not as the traditional Freshmen, inexperienced in the ways and workings of the High School. Not one of us ever lost our way and wandered into Study Hall Seven to be laughed at and told to return to the second floor. O! no. Always obedient to the suggestion of Mr. Miller, we used the fire escape until it was so slick that descent was dangerous even to the Senior. We surprised the Principal at the first class meeting by our very great knowledge of parliamentary rules. We did not do as other classes have done, wait until our Junior or Senior year before we took any active part in athletics, but started in by securing a place in the relay race, a race which has been won by us the three years of our remaining High School life.

We had completed the first quarter of our race and with all the dignity imaginable assumed the duties of a Sophomore. Not all of us, however, finished the first quarter, some being compelled by outside duties to leave school while others fell by the wayside. What we lacked in numbers we
made up in enthusiasm and the determination to make our class a record breaker. Our lessons were somewhat more difficult as we climbed nearer to the goal of our ambitions, but with few exceptions all obstacles were surmounted and the teachers were surprised at the ability displayed by the class. It was during this winter that the girls of our class organized a basket-ball team, and under the able coaching of Miss Motter won many laurels. The winters of 1901 and 1902 slipped quickly by, ending with the championship basket-ball games, which it is needless to say we won. The boys had only been in training a few weeks before it was acknowledged by those competent to judge that we would easily win field day from the august Seniors of 1902. Who of us shall ever forget that spring? How proud we were of our boys when they won field day and helped so materially to win the M. V. I. meet which was held here that year.

Now we come to the year which was to be a crucial test of our abilities as students and athletes. The second quarter had been completed and with renewed energy we entered upon the last half. It did not take us very long to find out that now, as we were Juniors, a great deal more was expected of us than had been hitherto.

We accepted the situation philosophically and set to work to fill to the utmost the expectations of our teachers. Great was Mr. Stokes’ delight when at last he found a class that could appreciate physics. Never before were the orations of Cicero delivered with such masterly skill as by the Latin students of 1904. Indeed many of us developed such great oratorical ability that the two gold medals in the Declamation Contest were won by members of our Cicero
class. During the winter both the girls' and boys' basketball teams won fresh laurels for themselves. In the spring when the championship games were played the girls' team won second place and the boys tied with the Seniors and Sophomores for first. It was during our Junior year that we published the "Junior Annual," the first book of its kind to be edited by any class in our school. It showed the public not only what we could do, but was a forerunner of the Senior Hi-Jo. In athletics our boys nobly upheld their records of the previous years, a second time, easily winning the field day, and many points for our school in the M. V. I. meet held at Lincoln, Nebraska.

One year ago we returned as we hoped for the last time; one quarter, the final turn remained to be completed. We each mentally reviewed our Juvenile Freshman days, followed by the balmy hours in Sophomoredom, and especially the "bloody" battles fought as Juniors, while there we stood awaiting enrollment as "dignified" Seniors, each of us determined to make this year the best of the four in every respect; to surmount all difficulties and finally as a reward for our labors to graduate with honor and credit. The passing and honor grades were raised from 70 to 80 and 85 to 90 per cent respectively. Soon after school had commenced we elected an executive board composed of Misses Anna Henderson, Eleanor Berry, Leda Floyd and Messrs Philip Bartlett, Carleton Mills and Ted Hart. They have met with our sincere approval by electing the following class officers: John Broaddus, President; Edna Bock, Vice-President; Ruth Jordan, Secretary; Frank Thornton, Treasurer.
Early in the fall a foot ball team composed mostly of Seniors was organized. The boys practiced hard and faithfully and gained the reward which always comes to those who persevere. They won every game they played, with one exception, Kansas City Central having defeated us early in the season. Revenge, not only for this defeat, but for many others, came at last when on November 14th our team took the “scalp” of the Central boys.

A History of our Senior year would not be complete should we neglect to mention our Hallow’en and Leap Year parties. The entertainments provided for us by the amusement committee were most heartily enjoyed by all present.

One of the most enjoyable features of the year was our Senior Chorus. At first under the direction of Mr. Williams and later under the direction of Miss Rogers we progressed very rapidly. Altho we did not make our appearance before commencement week, we had not been idle as shown by our excellent musical program.

We, the class of '04, feel that a great deal of our success is due to the interest and attention shown to us by our teachers.

We wish to thank them, and on every opportunity in the future to show our appreciation. It is our sincere wish that the classes that shall follow us to the Senior year may, on graduating, survey the four years of their High School course with as much pride and satisfaction as we. May they always be as loyal and true to the St. Joseph High School as we have endeavored to be. If so, the success of the Blue and the White will ever be assured.

Mary Margaret Perkins.
The Laborer

It is an unfortunate fact that the public at large and especially the poorer working class, misinterpret the term laborer. They apply it to the man who does hard physical work; to the tiller of the soil, or the man who digs in the street. But considering the term from a broader, unprejudiced standpoint, anyone who earnestly and conscientiously endeavors to earn a living, whether his work be mental or physical, whether it be desirable or undesirable, is in the fullest and truest sense a laborer.

The farmer after his long, hard day’s work, returns to his house and heartily enjoys his plain but wholesome supper, and the companionship of his family; he retires at an early hour to enjoy undisturbed a good, sound sleep. He wakes the next morning refreshed and strong, and cheerfully goes at his work again, and, all in all, he enjoys his lot. But he does not consider his station in life the highest. He envies the wealthy financier of the city who apparently lives in such ease and luxury; traveling to and from his office, possibly in an automobile, and enjoying the modern conveniences in his fine large residence.

But is not his financier a laborer? Does he have such an easy time? Truly he does not have to be in his office until a late hour in the morning, but when once there he has very few spare minutes. He must carefully consider numerous important business transactions, and make prompt, accurate decisions. The slightest error on his part might cause the loss of thousands of dollars to himself or others. Serious questions and issues weigh heavily on his mind giv-
ing him little peace even when he is off duty. He speeds home from his office early in the evening perhaps, but with his mind so utterly engrossed with his affairs that he fails entirely to take notice of the beautiful ride. He reaches home in such an abstract mood that he scarcely sees his wife and children. The savor of his elegant supper appeals but little to him. He seats himself at the table to worry down a few mouthfuls, a sup of tea and a cracker; he nervously reads his paper, fails to find anything of interest, lights a cigar and restlessly paces the floor. He dares not go to bed early, and when he does he lies awake half the night, and rises early the next morning tired and unfit for his day's work. He envies the farmer in his health and strength. Surely this financier is a laborer of the hardest kind. His work is never done. He is never at rest.

It is possible for every one to climb from the lowest round to the topmost step, provided he has the ability and the ambition. But the taking of each step requires some qualification, some sacrifice and exertion. Often almost insurmountable obstacles appear; financial embarrassments and various misfortunes are ever present to dishearten the weary toiler. But the lower uneducated classes of laborers, envious of, and prejudiced against their superiors, believe themselves downtrodden and abused, and to a certain extent they are. On the other hand the fault is considerably their own. Without stopping to consider carefully the real cause of their grievances, their wrath being greatly increased by some petty occasion, they blindly follow some ambitious leader, create riotous strikes, destroy property, menace the wellfare of the country, and cause great
distress affecting mostly themselves and their co-laborers. They hear the expression "equality of men" and fail to understand that altho men are politically equal in the exercise of civil rights, they are not equal industrially and economically.

By mere brutal force very little permanent good has ever been effected. It is the exception and not the rule. There is only one sure and reliable way to advance the condition of the struggling masses. Christian education will solve the problem. It transforms slaves into kings; it brings to realization the true beauty and harmony of the universe. It is a well known fact that as civilization advances, the standard of living is raised. Men live in better houses, they wear better clothing, and eat better food, all of which things tend to elevate social conditions. New inventions, especially in the way of machinery, are made to do more or less of the drudgery of life, thus leaving the men who did the harder labor to the more advanced finishing work now required to meet the demands of the advanced plane of living. The paramount issue for the labor question of today should be education. Education includes a multitude of things all of which tend to make man higher and nobler. There is the moral training. Men acquire a keener sense of right and wrong and can therefore be given more trustworthy positions. Then also the intellectual powers are cultivated and increased, thus in a few generations men are produced of advanced abilities. These things give character to a people, and as a result the lowest orders of workmen are raised to a comparatively high standard. They have hope and ambitions trending continually toward the general betterment and advancement of the human race.

Milnor E. Gleaves.
A "STUDENT"
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Sarah White

Edna Brokaw

Dee Carpenter

Class Colors: Yellow.
Junior History

"A JUNIOR KNOWS AND KNOWS NOT THAT HE KNOWS."

When we, the class of '05, entered High School, like all Freshmen, we were looked upon with amusement by the higher classes. Our next year was somewhat more noted. In basket ball our boys tied for championship and our girls won it. At the end of the year, we had gained such favor in the sight of the Senior Class, that they had their picnic with us, which was more than any Sophomore class had ever been deemed worthy of. So our first two years were comparatively uneventful; and tho we fully realized our powers and abilities, others failed to do so.

When we entered upon our Junior year, we became one of the important factors of the school. And when we gave the "Merchant of Venice," the lower classes, and the Seniors too, looked and wondered. We have the honor of being the first Juniors to give a play, and that by far the best ever given in the High School by any class. This alone will make our class famous in years to come. But we are only Juniors now. What may we not accomplish next year "when we assume the added cares and responsibilities of the Seniors"? We have shown our good taste by the selection of our class pin which is unanimously voted the prettiest ever. Already we are planning the '05 picnic, but the crowning event of the year will be the Junior reception, given at the close of school, and we intend to make this a grand success. We sincerely hope that the succeeding classes will follow the worthy example we have set them.

Jo Berry.
Sophomore History

"A SOPHOMORE KNOWS NOT AND KNOWS THAT HE KNOWS NOT"

We are very proud to acknowledge that we have a Sophomore class in our school, and judging from the corresponding classes in other schools our Sophies are indeed very scholarly and obedient. We, as noble and parent-like Seniors, love them very dearly and tenderly, and pass them on to the next year's Seniors, a precious charge.

Altho little better than Freshmen, green goggles and dusty stockings are somewhat done away with, and a reasonably decent appearance is made. The wonderful fire escapes have long lost their charm, and other playthings having met the same doom, little is left but books and bones, the latter in the greater abundance.

Laurels in athletics are dreamed of and bouquets of onions are supplanted by those of grass. Scholarship medals are occasionally seen in the place of tobacco tags, and, all told, the Sophs are headed in the right direction.

Altho, of course, the history of a people without a history is indeed rather blank and unentertaining, the above assertions and statistics show in a very clear manner what the history might be, were there any. We trust with best wishes to the reader's imagination.
A FRESHMAN'S PASTIME
Freshman History

"A FRESHMAN KNOWS NOT AND KNOWS NOT THAT HE KNOWS NOT"

FRESHMAN is a great deal like an infant, he cries for the first six months, begins to notice things the next half year, and it is hard to get him through his second twelve months. Nevertheless we should not say this, now that the class of '08 has been absent a year from that dear grammar school, where it sat on the ruler with such frequency and earnestness; and is at present partaking with us of the pleasures of High School life. Having gained a slight knowledge of their peculiarities, however, we will endeavor to describe them to the rest of mankind, with justice and moderation.

One of the chief and most noticeable characteristics of the Freshman is his wittiness—as, according to the poet, "Brevity is the soul of wit." While we are not complaining, it would seem better to have less of them and have them larger. Considerable amusement is occasioned in early September, when the diminutive beginner is observed, trudging up to school, and bearing the family bible as proof that he has passed his sixth birthday. Later, after he is entered, he wears out the knees of his trousers climbing into his seat, and, coming down to the bare facts, the fire escape does away with the rest. Napoleon would have held the honors of Austerlitz as nothing, if he had seen our little "Freshie" descending the aforesaid fire escape, so small a fly in such a large bottle.

Our '08 man is rather indisposed to strong mental exertion, also. He will sit all afternoon on a picket fence
watching a baseball game; but put him in a study hall for a few minutes and he will "wobble" all over the seat. He says, "what is the use of reading books? There's nothing in them which is not in my dictionary." Besides this, he is firmly convinced that the "Dead Languages" were killed by being studied too hard. Once in a while, despite his superiority to such things, the Freshman is discovered meddling with industry, and at rare intervals, he takes interest in school affairs, usually about 6 per cent. Let him remember that "unto the good little boy shall be given the honor grade, but the wicked shall flunk forever."

HAROLD HALL.
The Golden Era

The life of a man may be divided into three periods, youth, manhood and old age. During the first period the body should develop in size and strength, the mind in knowledge and power and the character in beauty and sweetness. The years of youth are usually spent in acquiring knowledge and building air castles. These years may seem wasted, yet of how much importance are they in determining what the man shall be, for the foundations of character are laid during this time and habits are formed which foreshadow the true worth of the man in later years.

The youth, surrounded by brothers and sisters and protected by loving parental care, is like the sapling which grows in the forest in the midst of others, overshadowed and protected by the mighty arms of the mother tree. The sapling can be pressed to either side and even to the ground, but when the force which holds it is removed it gradually straightens up; so the youth is easily influenced to do right or wrong, and is bent by trials and cares, but recovers as soon as the trouble has passed.

Likewise a nation may be said to be in its youth for the first few centuries of its existence. During this time its language is forming, its people becoming civilized and the germs of its literature are planted. Greece and Italy were several hundred years in development, during which time the form of government was constantly being improved, while literature and art were being brought to perfection by the masters. For another example of the early growth
of a nation we may turn to England. The study of the
development of the English language is very interesting;
when one sees how it was softened and increased by the
introduction of the foreign tongues of the peoples by whom
England was successively conquered one cannot help com-
paring it to the youth whose language is softened and vo-
cabulary expanded by the various studies to which he de-
votes his attention. Our own United States has been a
very precocious youth whose years of growth have been
guided by wise and great statesmen who have skillfully
piloted the ship of state in times of storm and brought it
into port with flying colors.

There comes a time when the youth casts his first vote,
when he takes his place among men. He is buoyant with
hope and meets the world with a smiling face. Perhaps he
has just come from college and puts great trust in his store
of knowledge. He now enters upon the golden era of his
life known as manhood.

During this second period in his life of man the energies
of the youth become ripe as it were and he utilizes all the
strength and knowledge that he has gained. This is the
most glorious era of his life; in it he strives to carry out
the high ideals of his younger days, and altho he may
not reach the height of his ambition, still by the very strug-
gle for it he becomes stronger in every way and shows the
world his true worth. He is now able to be of use and to
help in the progress of the world. After a few years of ex-
perience he can extend a helping hand to those younger than
himself and as parent or teacher direct them in such a way
that their lives may blossom as beautifully as his own.
The man may be compared to a full grown tree, the sapling of former years, which in its turn raises its branches on high and is unbent by the storms. It casts its kind shade over all and lovingly holds the nests of the songsters in its arms. In the life of nations manhood is called the Golden Age.

Greece reached its manhood in the Age of Pericles, during which the Athenians attained an ideal form of government and supremacy in art and literature. The Augustan Age in Rome and the Elizabethan Age in England also illustrate a nation at its prime. Our native land has entered manhood, but a glorious future still lies before it; the wildest dreams of its youth have been fulfilled and surpassed; and when the golden age does come it surely will dim all others with its radiance.

In the life of a man after such a period of activity there comes a time when gray locks adorn his temples and the lines on his face mark the passing of the years. He finds himself looking into the past instead of the future and is not so eager to keep pace with the world as before. This is old age. It is not an age of decay but the beautiful period of harvest. The seeds were sown in youth, the crop came to full maturity in manhood and now in old age it is gathered. The youth looks with great respect upon manhood and reverences old age, while the man looks to old age for many a word of praise and advice. Man is not like the mighty tree in the forest which after it has reached its prime, decays. Nor is he like Greece and Rome which have so ignominiously declined since their Golden Eras. Old age is a period of peace and joy between manhood and endless life.

Anna Clark Henderson.
To the Class of '04

As the traveler stands on a distant height, viewing the
country round,
And sees in the landscape far away, glories he ne'er could
have found
Had he been near, so we find joys in the days that have gone,
That, while we best knew them, were most unknown.
And the farther away from them we go
The nearer and dearer they seem to grow.

And as the glow of the hour
Diffuses its color and warmth in the west,
The reflection and essence of that mystic power
That has caused it to linger on yon farthest crest,
Cheering him, who pensive dreams o'er the lone way
And marks from afar where he traveled that day,
E'en so is the life of each day, till the last,
Blended into the following, leaving a glow
That is only the spirit that calls from the past
The soul and the influence of long ago.

But night comes on, and ere we sadly say good-bye
To wend our way towards veiled, faint glim'rings of another
sky,
Out into the uncertain twilight of its future life
Which we approach sustained, since it derives a soothing
light
From the reflection of the one behind, altho perchance
Dimmed, yet ne'er to fade from the horizon's vast expanse,
To which one backward look will guide our faltering steps
aright
When we had all but lost our path and perished in the strife,
Ere we descend toward the east to part, to be alone,
We would but pluck a rose for her, a sweet white bud half
blown,
A rose, a thought of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by our side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast
the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.
Now sadly to our class, our friends, good-bye, till time
Shall lead us one by one beyond the farthest clime.
And lo! that guiding spirit from the west once more
Appeals, and silent, points the way to Thee, Naught-Four.

Edna Bock, '04
Leda Mary Floyd

O the class of 1904 has come a sorrow which to some of its members is a personal and lasting grief, and which has been felt in varying degrees by all. Even those who knew Leda Floyd but slightly, remembered afterwards the quiet, gentle-faced girl who was rarely absent and rarely failed in recitation. Others who knew her better said she was conscientious and studious without being priggish, and gay and genial without being frivolous. Her friends knew all these things and much more—they loved her for all that the acquaintances saw in her and for her own sweet, unconscious self besides; for her simple, fine sense of duty, her high-mindedness, her modesty, her loyalty, in a word, herself. There were no complications in her character, no self-analysis, no frenzied longings, no recriminations against friends; just a simple acceptance of life's daily duties and a faithful performance of them, and as simple an acceptance of her friends with their faults as well as their virtues.

In harmony with this simplicity of spirit were the outward circumstances of her life. Born in Bendena, Kansas, October fifteenth, 1885, attending the Webster, afterwards the Washington schools of this city. She entered the High School in February, 1900, and died on November thirtieth, 1903. Futile and incomplete her life may seem, but have her three faithful years among us been fruitless? Have not many a flagging will and drooping energy been spurred to greater exertions at the thought of the quiet, uncomplaining life of duty which these years have shown us?

And so, though we mourn her and shall ever do so, shall we not also be thankful for her presence among us, and shall we not still pay her the tribute of striving to live a serene and simple life, as her life was?
Dagmar Sommer

"A still and quiet conscience."

Reserved and quiet, Dagmar is a girl in whom people are wont to confide. She wins friends by her frankness and was never known to betray a secret. Being honest, she confesses that she does not like to study, but she is always interested in what is going on in the library or the inner office. Ask Dagmar how she enjoyed the Junior picnic and you will easily see what teacher is her favorite. (She surely doesn’t care to keep it a secret.) She is fond of athletics (strange, isn’t it?) and was one of the best players on the ‘04 Girls’ Basket Ball Team.

Carlton John Mills

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a small horse!"

What does Carlton want with a horse? Oh, yes, to be sure, he intends to go ridin’ thru life and have the easiest kind of a time. Now please don’t say "Sure Mike," because we’re so tired of it. By the way, what ever became of that little looking glass you used to carry around in your pocket? Did one of the girls take it away from you? I suppose you’ll say “that’s the joke,” but we know it is. Speakin’ confidentially, we would say that Carlton is one of the members of the Senior Executive Committee and is rejoicin’ because he gets his picture in the class book twice.
Grace Anna McKinney

"Is she not passing fair?"

On the first of October, seventeen years ago, at the little town of Trenton, Missouri, Grace made her advent into this cheery world of ours. She certainly has taken a good portion of the cheer to herself, for a jollier, more entertaining girl never lived. She is chubby and pretty and never lacking a beau, especially at a dance. She evidently enjoys her school work and as a student she ranks well. Her chief likes seem to be the visiting of athletic games on rainy days, and reading Shakespeare. Her failing is over eating.

John Crumm Irwin

"His head is red.
But in it lay
Enough of brains
To pave his way."

In our mind's eye we can see John Irwin a great man. A famous chemist or mathematician. He is an especially hard student and with his grit and determination, success will certainly be his reward. John is such a quiet unassuming fellow that to look at him you would conclude that there could not possibly be any such trivial things as love affairs connected with his serious disposition, but we've heard all about it, Johnny. When you become famous "she" will be sorry that she so cruelly gave you the mitten. You at least have one good consolation, your hands won't suffer from the cold. No, indeed.
Anna Clark Henderson

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart
More loving, or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast."

Such is the character of Anna. She is true to all of her friends, treating them all with the greatest kindness and drawing each one to her in a way that makes them trust her faithfulness. She is a girl who never worries about tomorrow but does her best each day, and to this we attribute her good grades which she has made throughout her four years course in the High School. Anna's chief desire is to attend the Northwestern University and after her course there we cannot predict too bright a future for such a noble girl.

Arthur Spehn

"'Tis a history, not a blank."

You naturally expect a rebellious, arrogant person to bear the name of Spehn (Spain), but such is not the case with Arthur. The quiet, industrious young man is always faithful to duty. One would scarcely know he is present but for those brilliant black eyes, which are ever brimming with mirth and interest. Arthur's fatality seems to be "English" and girls, but soon these embarrassments will be relieved, as he upon graduation intends to become a traveling salesman, and has already promised us several packages of letter paper.
Katherine Eulah Shutts

"A sweetheart, lifting cheerfulness,
Like spring time of the year,
Seemed ever on her steps to wait."

Katherine is a remarkable girl of unusual qualities, whose fad is to draw Gibson heads, whose ambition is to gain literary fame, and who has great ability as a declaimer. She has won as many as five medals, one of which she received for the best humorous declamation in 1903. Katherine is a very bright girl and augments her talent by diligent study. She says the '04 boys are "all right" and admires their "spunk." She intends to go to the University of Chicago and then hopes to get married. Ha!

Hubert Farleigh Dunn

"His waist is larger than his life,
For life is but a span."

"Huber," the fat boy—the class beauty! Why Huber is, well the short of it, and he is simply out of sight, provided of course, you are blind. Everyone thinks Huber is allright in his way and he certainly weighs enough. Huber loves the girls (and vice-versa) but he would not have one for the world, and my! doesn't he blush when he talks to them. Huber is a bright boy and his keen wit and his broad intellect will serve him to a good purpose some day. Likely he will in the future earn his living by posing for anti-fat advertisements.
Alice E. Cox

"And the soft language of the soul
Flowed from her never-silent eyes."

Independent? Yes, indeed! This "Angel Child" cares not whether school keeps or not. She loves Lover's Lane on a moonlight night with the proper stage setting. Why, Coxie, we thought it not of you. Alice's eccentricities, like all geniuses, are too many to mention in this small space. Her ambition is to become a court stenographer. We will not say more as she thinks it is not an honor to have too much room in the class book devoted to her. How very modest.

Norris Bywaters Stone

"I am almost a man.
What is a man? A foolish baby."

Norris has the distinction of being the youngest boy in our class and perhaps that accounts for his most lamentable failing, "laziness." He says he prefers fishing and hunting to studying Latin, but naturally that goes without telling. Norris is more commonly known as "Ike," and if we have not been misinformed he has acquired a reputation as a singer. As Norris came here from Topeka, Kansas, we wish to congratulate him for his good judgment in coming to our city.
Louise Floyd

"Let me have men about me."

Louise has the name of being one of the best natured people in our class. It makes no difference how often she is locked out of the library, she never gets angry. She has lived in St. Joseph ever since 1885 and says she will live here the rest of her life. She is loyal to her friends and does not hesitate to say so. It is the highest of her ambition to be quick (B. Quick), and we think she will succeed as she is rather active now, and then, too, this is leap year.

Edward Lucien Hart, Jr.

"Man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority."

Ted is such a pretty boy, with those soft, dark eyes and that gentle smile. As a student Ted is first-class, indeed. If he could only have been with us during the entire four years of high school career, he certainly would have made a strong race for the first honor. But Ted can blow, too! He first blew on the twenty-first day of February, 1886, and he has been blowing ever since. He can blow some things in such a wonderful way that our school orchestra would be very incomplete without him. Yes, Ted has the making of a great man in him, and Whether he knows, Or whither he blows, we are very proud of him.
Anna Corinne Didrickson

"Thou art not steeped in golden languors."

No, indeed! There is nothing languid about Anna. She likes fun, music and reading, but prefers exciting books which "make one want to jump up and down with energy" as she says. She has always been one of the most enthusiastic members of our class and in times of deepest gloom she has cheered our drooping spirits, even in theme recitations. Indeed she is one of the liveliest of our many lively talkers and there are some who are even inclined to think that she could get ahead of Erna Griffin, though this, of course, would be impossible.

Charles John Hill

"Here is a fellow whose name is Hill, who never works and he never will."

"Who is this boy who considers himself so lazy?" some one may ask. The spirit of '04 will reply, "Why, he is that curly-haired, blue-eyed fellow who makes such good recitations." But the inquirer is not satisfied. "How does he get his lessons if he never works?" The spirit answers, "we ask him to give an original quotation and as he did not think it appropriate to compliment himself he did the opposite." The inquirer sizes him up by saying, "curly hair, blue eyes, a good worker and enough egotism to carry him through life."
Katherine Louise Fife.

"I think I may in a thousand years
Remember the earth in its giddy course.

Yes, Katherine is tall, but she is graceful and dignified, too. No one ever saw her excited and her face always has a serene and thoughtful expression. She has a sweet disposition usually but if necessary will speak her mind and defend herself with an air of great independence. She has traveled considerably for one of her age and can talk very interestingly about her journeys; just get her started once and she will keep going for an hour. She has been abroad (something which few of us can boast of) and is very proud of it, so don't forget to ask her to tell you about that tour.

Robert Breckenridge Orr

"See the conquering Hero comes."

"Bob" Orr not only "comes" but he is "on the go" all the time. There is no one in the class who has so much snap and spirit as he. Those two terms that Orr was president of our class can never be forgotten. Those points won by him in the M. V. I., and in various other athletic meets stand brilliantly to our credit. To cap the climax he has been elected editor-in-chief of our class book, hence you may easily account for the excellency of our final literary production, the Hi-Jo of '04.
Nellie Tootle James

“All the world seems a palace and I the queen o’ May”

Queens are big people, and usually they are amiable and wise; surely Nell is a Queen. Nell has such a habit of walking with Mrs. Sherman, arm in arm, that to see one is to see both. It is strange that the largest girl in our class should have the smallest voice; but her voice is all right for when it is heard, care and correctness make it strong enough. Nell would make such a good match for Philip, but she absolutely refuses to be seen with a boy, so that accounts for poor Philip’s bachelorhood.

Philip Curtis Kibling Bartlett

“Smo-th runs the water where the brook is deep.”

The object of this sketch (I don’t care to write out that long name again but we are very glad to find out what all those initials, P. C. K. B. stands for) was born in Vermont. In recognition of his oratorical ability and good looks he was elected class orator. He was also editor-in-chief of the Junior Annual and has been, during this year, a member of the Senior Executive Board. He has been abroad twice and now wants to kill a bear. He also desires to be a lawyer and to get married. We do not know whether he has selected the object of his affection but we hope “she” will be small and dark and that Philip may live happily ever after.
Alma Marguerite Kinzel

"Of all these I alone will live in story."

Alma is pretty but she knows it and, of course, that spoils it all. She has enticing ways and is very attractive to the boys. Alma has always had a beau ever since she has been big enough to talk plainly. They have been many and close together, for she loves to have "spats" too well to keep one long. Sometimes she makes up, and then other times she doesn't. We feel sorry for "him," but we feel still sorrier for Alma. She really does not "know a good thing when she sees it."

Frank Thornton, Jr.

"A thrice worthy gentleman"
"A man of letters."
"A brilliant scholar."
"A ladies' man."

Frank, possibly the most widely and favorably known boy among us, was born just two days after the Fourth of July, nearly eighteen years ago. Frank is an honor to his class in many ways. He has been closely connected with our school paper, the Forum, for the past two years, at the present time being its editor. He is a bright student and especially does he shine in Economics. Frank has the rare distinction of being the first member of our class to have been put down the fire escape by the Seniors. "That he is loved, 'tis so."
Ada Million

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes.
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies."

Ada is a Democrat, as all of us know who have been with her in United States History. She is very warm tempered, but her temper is no warmer than her heart, and for this reason everyone admires Ada. How can we help admiring a girl who has grit enough to stand up for herself and who is so proud of her Southern blood? Ada, a jolly, happy-go-lucky girl, is the life of her little clique, which in turn is the life of a large part of the Senior class.

Loyd Alber Walker

"A pleasant, manly fellow."

Except for occasional trips to Kansas City of late years, Loyd has lived here all his life. Why he chose that city to spend his leisure time in is a mystery (?) indeed. He is especially fond of music, and it is said that he whistles "Josephine, My Jo," even in his sleep. He dislikes candy, but we know that Jo's fudge suits him. He believes that "constant study weareth away the brain," yet he loves history and hopes he will (1) so (2) become a mayor — whether of St. Joseph or Kansas City it is not known, but we wish him success wherever he goes.
Mary Mariah Bigham

"Full of fun from morn till night,
Thinks that he is just all right."

Mae Bigham was born near St. Joseph, but alas! nobody knows when. What a blessing to the class of '04 and Milnor that it wasn't in the year two thousand and four. "Happy Mar(r)y May"—whatever you may call her, likes the boys and the boys like her. Eating, and above all, a jolly good time, are her delights. She "hates" the study hall and turnips, and who doesn't? Her ambition is to be tall and good, but the latter she has already attained, for she is a good student, being one of the honors.

Milnor Earl Gleaves

"Whatever Nature has in worth denies
She gives in large recruits of needful pride"

A musician, a mathematician and an athlete—Milnor is all of these. The athletic records for the mile run show that in 1902 he won the silver loving cup, and in 1903 he won the silver medal in the M. V. I. He refuses to play Hiawatha, which proves his musical superiority. Fond of many girls, he shows discrimination in being very fond of little ones. He wants to be a lawyer and certainly possesses the chief qualification—the ability to talk long and well on any subject. He has even been guilty of lecturing on wireless telegraphy.
Helen Eads

‘Her face so lovely
Yet so arch so full of mirth,
The overflowing of an innocent heart”

On the banks of the “Big Muddy,” on the 7th of November, in St. Joseph, Missouri, Helen Eads cheered this vain world by her sunny face. Helen has lived in St. Joseph all her life, but has traveled extensively, the most important place visited being the gas plant. Her chief ambition is to become a singer of note(s). She is very fond of the dancing school, going early and staying late, but still she says she does not like boys. Helen thinks the class of ’04 cannot be surpassed, and that its best trait is its athletics.

Knox Emerson Miller

“I despise all fiction, even in song.”

Knox was born on the farm and here he waxed and grew strong until time for him to enter the High School. He here became an excellent student and showed remarkable ability in the languages and in mathematics. He spends the best part of his time poring over the dictionary and the Bible. Knox is our best authority in Latin. When no one else knows, Mr. Miller calls on him, for it is as the professor says, “We might know that Miller would know.” Knox believes in being useful as well as ornamental, and so he escorted as many as four girls to one Senior party, for which the girls will always be very grateful. Knox intends to become a missionary some day and go to the Indies.
Ruth Erminie Jordan

"Her eyes are the homes of sweet forget-me-nots"

What a dear, sweet girl Ruth is! Her smiling face, her beaming blue eyes and her gentle ways make a beauty, don't they, Frank? Although at times troubled with "Weary"ness, she is usually one of the brightest and most wide-awake girls we know. She is devoted to athletics, attending all the games and accompanying the team wherever it goes. I wonder why Ruth likes Eugene Field's poems so well— is it because of "Lover's Lane, St. Joe"? Ask Frank.

Ramon Schumacker

"Our Modest Boy."

Ramon impresses people with his quiet, modest ways and we would not suspect in the least that he has a drop of fun running thru his veins. Nevertheless when Ramon sees a golden opportunity to show his bright, witty disposition he does not let it pass. He is very fond of rowing and of reading the Bible, especially the book of Ruth. He has lustrous gray eyes and is a fine boy, but we can't help wishing he would grow longer.
Katie Bell Rountree

“She’s pretty to walk with,
Witty to talk with,
And pleasant to look on.”

“Don’t bother me now, I have to study hard this period so I can stay to orchestra practice this afternoon. Oh, no! there is no special attraction there, but I must go, for grave (Forgrave) as I am I dearly love lively music. Goodness, don’t talk to me about walking down town to-morrow afternoon, my feet hurt too badly. Going to the show, did you say? Yes, indeed, I’ll go, that is if I can rake enough money together. Say, girls, is my face clean, and how does my hair look? I suppose it will have to do; why doesn’t that bell ring? I am nearly dying for something to eat. There it goes now, so good-bye.”

Leon Paul Forgrave

“Beauty took vacation at the time of my creation.”

“Shorty” is the name of the longest boy in our class. Now isn’t that queer? But it is no more queer than Paul himself, but he isn’t queer either, he’s funny. He early displayed a taste for music by biting the paint off the piano. His most predominant characteristics are (two) (too) large ears which flap in the winds. Paul has the honor of having organized our orchestra, and recently he has been elected president of the Philomathic society.
Alene Bird Moss

"'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts."

There was some commotion when it was discovered in looking thru the statistics, that Alene Moss was born September 7, 1896. We can safely claim the youngest High School student in the country. We think "Allie" shows wisdom uncommon in an eight year old child, as she has thru the past four years maintained a good record in her studies. She was also an enthusiastic worker in the '04 girls' basket ball team. Her ambition is to be a Red Cross nurse. With her kind and gentle manner she will, no doubt, take good care of some man, whether as a Red Cross nurse we cannot say.

Carl Siegfried Clarence Berndt

"Describe him who can."

Carl Berndt is very fond of music and books, and his modest ambition is to see the world. He likes to study and it is a pleasure to see how he goes at it. He digs away in earnest with shoulders stooped, head bent over and eyebrows contracted. He goes at it to learn, and he learns, too, but poor Carl's failing is his inability to express himself. Carl's "Berndt" head is much enlightened, but still he says he takes tests with E's (ease). Carl has a great deal of stick-to-it-iveness and bull dog tenacity about him, and he certainly will make a mark in the world—a chalk mark.
Lillian Berenberg

"Ask (Lillie) and it shall be given unto you."

O, girls, I don’t know what to do. I’ve studied and studied and only made 94 per cent. Now, don’t you think that’s simply horrid? May I help you with your essay? Say, don’t you want a bite of fudge? O, there goes Mrs. Sherman, isn’t she the sweetest, dearest—O, excuse me a minute, I promised Eliza I’d tell her where the lesson is and I must do it before I forget it. Isn’t she the nicest little girl? O, you’re doing fine; just keep on and you’ll soon be thru. O, yes, I remember a book that has some statistics that might help you, and I’ll get it before I come back, so good-bye.

David Fichman

"Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven, 
Ten to the world allot and all to Heaven."

There is one thing certain, if David Fichman does not make his mark in life, indications count for nothing. He is even now a prominent lawyer, a man of great dignity in the commercial department and the valedictorian of our class. In addition to this he has some of the most amiable traits which make him universally liked. His willingness to do favors and his ability as a typewriter have found for him a good deal of work on our class book, and we appreciate his efforts.
Jean Myers

"I cannot hide what I am. I must be sad when I have a cause; laugh when I am merry."

Jean has lived in St. Joseph all her life, and from this fact we judge that she "knows a good thing when she sees it." She is well known because of her indifference towards the other sex and her brilliant recitations in history. Out of the class room she is not much of a talker, her motto being rather "to be seen and not heard." Jean would rather read and eat fudge than do anything else in the world, but it has made no difference how much she "hates work," she has always had plenty to do.

Albert Frederick Porzelius

"A bump on a log."

Whenever I see a broad grin accompanied by dark, curly hair, I instinctively speak to Porzelius. There are various bumps peculiar to this queer name which we might briefly mention. There is the mathematical bump which looks as tho it were bumped—battered in. Then, also, we might mention the athletic bump which bobs up and down as the object paces the race track. The only cause to which we may attribute the fact that there is a large bump surmounting the summit of Albert's neck is that he must surely have fallen from his cradle when extremely young and the bump the result of a swelling.
Hannah Weinberg

"She loves, but knows not whom she loves."

And Hannah is a twentieth century woman! How dreadful for one so young to have thoughts of love and intend to become a successful bookkeeper. Hannah, it would be far better for you to think of woman's suffrage and attend to your business. What a fine business woman you could make with your industrious ways and wonderful capacity for hard work. Take our advice and leave love alone.

Harry Louis Abramson

"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."

Although Harry was born in Russia, his long residence in this country has so changed his disposition that he is actually in sympathy with the Japs. But this may be because of the feeling of brotherhood which a person of his stature would naturally possess for the little fellows in the east. But, while Harry is not very large, the amount of gray matter concealed under his cranium entirely makes up for what he may lack in stature. When he rises to recite in class you may be sure that he has something to say. He is especially proficient in German and English. He intends to study law.
Erma Alwilda Griffin

"Busied with deep bookery."

The busiest little body that ever was, and smart, too! Why, Erma is the most complete little talking machine in our class. She can talk a blue streak. It is strange, but Erma never did seem to realize how very small she really is, but my—what big things she can do! Besides being one of the finest scholars in the class, she has actually succeeded in capturing two gold medals. Last year she took the Vineyard medal in the declamation contest, and this spring she won the medal for the prize essay on "The Louisiana Purchase." She has made another capture, too. Did you ever hear of "Shamus O'Brien?"

Frank O'Brien

*The map of Ireland is his face.*
*The sons of Erin there we trace.*
*Big and awkward, lacking grace,*
*He shins the hurdles in a race.*

Shamus (shame-on-us) O'Brien, the Irish hurdler and statesman and etc., and also comedian, was also Born (?) on March 17th in Kill-Dare!! of Irish parentage. Being the last descendant of a Long Lost Line of clothes, he spanned the mighty Atlantic in two Jumps (Bumps) and Lit by Our side, but being too green to burn he sizzled and went out—out—o-u-t.
Isabel Farthing

"Some asked how pearls did grow, and where,
Then spoke I to my girl
To part her lips and show them there
The quarrelets of pearl."

So, Isabel, you were born in England? Surely, then you ought to be called our English belle. If you are worth your weight in gold and still you are only one Farthing, why—I wonder how much Robert would give for you. Your teeth are pretty and your eyes beautiful. Now, don't blush, Isabel, for we are sure you know it. If you don't, Leslie's looking glass must be very murky.

Leslie Leclair Forgrave

"Full well they laughed with counterfeited (?) glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

Leslie is one of the geniuses of our class—witness the drawings of this class book. He has been artistic editor of the class book for many years and has drawn numerous cartoons and caricatures. He has also won great fame as a comedian, and those who saw him play Gobbo in the " Merchant of Venice" will not soon forget it. His rich tenor voice swells the volume of our Senior chorus and gives it a quality that it would otherwise lack. This may be due to the fact that he is windy, in fact he is so "windy" that Mr. Williams suggested that he go to St. Louis to help fill the balloons. Leslie's two great ambitions are to get out of High School and to live easy.
Deliah Meade Foster

"And I will tell her plainly
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale."

Lo! a shade approaches with wings of alabaster and streaming locks of golden brown. She moves gently on until she nears a huge harp, pearl, with golden strings. She stretches forth her hand and strikes the strings, and hark! a silvery voice peals through the air, the like of which has never been heard on earth or in the land of shades, save one. Can we be mistaken? No, look again! see! she holds in her hand a Virgil, and from this she scans, scanning so metrically that with her sweet voice it seems she sings one of her old songs, sung in the chorus of her beloved class of 1904.

Elijah Colmore Rogers

He’s St. Joe’s boast and claims a toast, “In peace, my boys, or war,
Here’s to the brave upon the wave, the gallant Collie boy.”

Colmore Rogers, usually known as “Collie,” “Dick” or “Dingie,” was born near Easton some eighteen years ago. When he was about a year old his parents moved to St. Joseph and he has lived here ever since. He is one of the best athletes in the school, holding the school record of 9 feet 10 inches in the pole vault, besides having been a member of the foot ball team last fall. He served one year as president of our class and has always been prominent in class affairs. He has a strong aversion to $\text{H}_2\text{S}$ and $\text{CS}_2$, a particular liking for Deliah, and his ambition is to “vivify and spiritualize the aesthetic perceptions of his classmates.”
Vena Ransom Graham

"She has two eyes so soft and brown,
She gives a side glance and cools down."

Why, Vena, are you going to be a school ma'am, too? I pity the kids—but I don't know either as I do. I guess you'd make a pretty good teacher after all. Halleck is a mighty nice little town to be born in, and to have a birthday on the same day as Washington surely ought to be lucky. Well, by another year you'll be thrashing everything in sight. But, Vena, with all your good naturedness and resolution you are such a—well, a bashful girl. (Strange how so many have that girl failing, isn't it?) I'll tell you, Vena, if I thought I had a bashful teacher, I'd fix her. You'd better look out or the boys will lead you a merry chase.

Robert Lee Hansen

Without skill of moving gracefully, or standing still.

Lee Hansen is a native of St. Joseph in the fullest sense of the word. He was born October 16, 1885, and has lived here ever since. Lee is one of that quiet sort of persons who never has much to say, and who tends strictly to his own affairs. But he has a good many friends, especially a certain girl friend named Vena, with whom he frequently walks to school in the morning. We could all say a good word for Lee because he bears the one characteristic of our class of which we are justly proud, he studies faithfully and is a good student.
Clara Irene Quick

"Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love lore."

"Midge" or "Little Quick" first saw the wonderful green earth seventeen years ago in Dallas, Tex. She is a charming little brunette, well known and liked for her bright, fun loving disposition. She says that she likes the boys, fun and eating. Not only does she like the boys, but the boys like her, and this makes her the most popular girl in the class. Her favorite author is Paul Leicester Ford; her greatest ambition is to be a musician and to be tall. We would prefer to have her disappointed in the latter, for we like her best as she is.

Edward Nesbit Millan

"He is not short, he is not tall.
He is the boy that courts them all."

Ned Millan is one of the most popular boys of the class. He attended St. John's Military School before entering the St. Joseph High School, but otherwise he has spent most of his time at home reading Dumas, who is his favorite author. He is well known in society circles and is especially fond of girls who are always "Quick" to please him. He says he has no ambition higher than to graduate, but a boy who has awakened such enthusiasm on field day as he, surely has a brilliant career before him. We hope so, don't you?
Edna Bock

"'Tis better to have grown a short girl
Than never to have grown (a) tall."

Edna Bock, our class poetess, is one of the most loyal and useful members of our class. Everyone knows about Edna's good grades, everyone has read her essays—if you have not you have missed a rare literary treat. When visitors come she always pleases Mr. Miller and us by her brilliant translations. A proof of her efficiency in essay writing is that this year she received honorable mention from the Sons of the Revolution. Her ambition is to be a teacher and who knows but that she will some day be a teacher of Latin or Greek in our own High School.

Arthur Dennis Young

"Tho' modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature had written—gentleman."

This young man is from Missouri, hence he is shown in this book. From his answers to statistics he seems to be a queer combination of talkative bashfulness, indifference to progress and tendency towards procrastination. It would be hard to judge from this what sort of a lad Arthur is, but we know him just well enough ourselves to realize that, on account of his bashfulness, we know him but little. As for his other traits, his school records bespeak a prompt and willing worker. However, he shows some inclination to be a millionaire.
Hazel Darrette

“Sweets to the sweet.”

This fair lady is very domestic in her tastes, for she is a good seamstress and an excellent cook. How fortunate for her to have these likings if, some day, she intends to keep house. We give you our word that she would make a good housewife, for we have her candy, dainty dresses and faithfulness to her school work as proof. What time Hazel does not devote to sewing, cooking and studying, she spends in reading and music. Her disposition is like the candy which she loves, sweet; and no one ever heard of Hazel losing her temper.

Edward Morris

“Books cannot always please, however good.”

Edward’s favorite author is “the man who never wrote,” hence there are very few books which please him. He prefers to spend his time developing his muscles on the foot ball field and hopes to become the champion foot ball player of the world. He rarely ever talks to a girl, at least if he does we never see him. Although he detests hard study, nevertheless he does well in his school work and succeeds in whatever he undertakes. Whoever heard of a foot ball undertaker?
Della J. Robinson

"To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside."

Why, Della, you're blushing! The very idea. Stenographers should never blush. Say, but those brown eyes and that black hair of yours are so pretty. I wish I had them. Those beautiful rosy cheeks—Oh, my! I wish that other fellow was not ahead of me. Why, indeed, you're blushing more and more. I guess I had better stop before the other fellow comes around or I might get hurt. Good-bye, Della.

Frank W. Yonker

"Some lively plaything gives this youth delight."

"Yonk" is not a pretty boy, but he is a good boy. We do not know how good he may have been in his Freshman and Sophomore years, for he did not join us until we were Juniors. No one has ever been able to "work" Mr. Fisher quite so well as he, and he could actually make him laugh out loud, a thing no average person could do. If you should chance to be walking along and suddenly hear someone say "aw get out," just turn around and speak to Mr. Yonker. There is no possibility of your making a mistake.
SINGULAR
NUMBERS
NO CASES
Eleanora Andrews Berry

"Some are and must be greater than the rest."

Yes, this is so, but Eleanora is not one of the "some." Lazy! Why, she is the laziest girl in the class and so dull there is no comparison to her. She is so lazy that at times during her Senior years she would recite only four periods of the day and teach the other three. And did I say she is dull? Well she is, for she only tried for the Latin medal her Sophomore year, took the bronze medal awarded by the State's Sons of the Revolution and this year run a good race for the valedictory, actually succeeding in getting second honor. Truly she is a lazy, dull girl.

Ida Huffman

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.

What a quiet, happy life this girl must lead! She is rarely ever known to talk, but when she does it is in a quiet, pleasant way. Her face is always lighted up with a beaming smile which shows her warm heart and kind disposition. She is a lover of nature and of Mrs. Eddy's writings. Ida never was known to talk to a boy and really we are afraid she fears them. How can she?
Harriet Grace Ewing

"She doeth little kindnesses,
For naught which sets the heart at ease,
Or giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes."

In Beatrice, Nebraska, was born Grace Ewing, one of the sweetest and most lovable girls in our class. She has many charms, the secret of which is her delight in pleasing people. She is not at all bigoted and whenever she is asked a question replies, "Oh, I don't know." As to her future we dare not predict a life of fame, for some young man will be overpowered by her charms, and—. Our wish is that he will be worthy of our Sweet-Grace.

Mabel Vita Allison

"A friendly heart with many friends."

No wonder Mabel has many friends for she "just loves" to make fudge. On the other hand she says she is "stingy," but we have her friends and fudge as a proof against her. She does not like boys. Oh, no! and "Trig," well it is not one of the greatest pleasures in her life. Her favorite author is Alfred Tennyson, and if she succeeds in being a writer, she wants to be one-half as great as he. Just now she desires to wear a white dress in June, but there is no doubt that she will, for Mabel is one of the good, faithful students, and will be one of the sweetest of our girl graduates.
Cassie Vellman

"...do know of these,  
That therefore are reputed wise  
For saying nothing."

Cassie is another quiet girl of our class—that is, she is quiet in school; but this is because there are so many others talking that she never gets a chance. And you know it is fine to do anything without a chance, even to talk. In her own words, she is ambitious, but timid, and lacks energy. Her school life, however, has shown that she has enough energy to make a good showing in her studies. Cassie expects to be an old maid and live in peace, with father and mother on the farm near Rushville.

Blanche Anette Colvin

"Something of goodness, something true."

Blanche says that she likes everybody that likes her, so this accounts for the many friends she possesses. We wonder if there is any one "special friend," and, if so, if it isn't a "selfish disposition" that makes her keep it to herself. Her only ambition is to graduate and to receive that wonderful "red goat skin" promised the Seniors by Mr. Ellis. Her greatest desire having been fulfilled, she intends to go to "greener fields" where she will "help papa run the ranch."
Esther Fidelia Nichols

"She seems a cherub who had lost its way and wandered hither."

Charming, shy, sweet little Esther Nichols was born in Manhattan, Kansas. The Washington School had the honor of her presence for about eight years, but four years ago she entered the High School and we have learned to know her as one who always has an angelic smile for all whom she meets. She likes Latin, and often dreams of being a teacher of Latin in Vassar College, and how proud we would be should she attain that position. The most complimentary thing we can say of her is that she never uses slang.

Nova Belle Blackwell

"I never saw an eye so bright
And yet so soft, as hers."

Nova is a light-hearted girl and has such pretty brown eyes. She is so silent that we could not learn what her ambitions are, but we are sure that she has some, for what "new woman" (Nova) hasn't? Any one, by looking at her, would know that she loves reading and music. She usually has a mild, sweet disposition; but let him beware who rouses her anger, for those black eyes of hers could kindle a flame that would be dangerous.
Eleise Rosita Hyde

"Fear not—my mission is but to guide."

A much petted girl, but who would know it? O! Eleise, we are so sorry that you have no brothers or sisters, for you have missed some of the "spice" of life. Why don't you ever smile? I suppose it is just because you are too backward. And fond of music, too? Well, that's nothing uncommonly common except in our class. Eleise, you are a regular angel child, and that is not saying a bit too much for a girl who is so kind hearted as you. Are you truly going to be a missionary and guide some little heathens? What a noble calling.

Lenora Beatrice Hendriksen

"A little bunch of business."

Miss Lenora was born in the windy "Jayhawk-ker" state on the 25th of October, 1885. Strangely enough she hasn't grown very long—in fact she is exceedingly short. Lenora is a faithful student, always to be found at her post of duty. She delights to read, especially admiring the works of Mary B. Eddy. She has traveled considerably, having visited the Black Hills and several other places of interest, and she has some very pleasant stories to relate in connection with her trips. She is very fond of animals and likely will have a little zoo all to herself—a cat, a dog, a birdie and a—no, never a little man. Lenora loves not men.
Anna Artemesia Armstrong

"Of sweet and gentle grace and unassuming mien."

This tall, fair schoolmate of ours has lived in Kansas City and King City, and at last found St. Joseph to be the only real "Elysium." We were glad to welcome her last fall, when she entered our class as a Senior. "Arte" can write poetry, an art with which few of our class are gifted. She may some day produce a great poem thus making the class of '04 more noted, if such a thing is possible. Artemesia is one of the girls who does not like boys but is very fond of cats. Of course she will be an old maid.

Addie Bowles Fennimore

"A life that moves to gracious ends."

Addie is one of the shy, quiet members of our class. She was born at Moberly, Missouri, and lived there until she moved to St. Joseph, and joined our class in the Senior year. She is very unassuming and it is fitting that the violet should be her favorite flower, but it is surprising to hear that a quick temper is one of her faults. Her nickname, Bird, is very appropriate, for, modest and gentle, she goes peacefully about her work, seeking no notice, like some shy thrush or partridge.
Jessie Bruce Hamilton

"In framing artists, art has thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed."

How delightful to be an artist! Jessie is one of that peculiarly gifted class of people who know all the mysteries of the many hued pigments, and is able with a few strokes of her brush to reproduce whatever may strike her fancy. She is especially fond of scenes in nature and studies eagerly the copies of famous paintings. We hope that she will become distinguished and thus reflect some of her glory upon the class of '04.

Nellie Eva Steers

"Taste the joy that springs from labor."

Nellie Eva Steers is so quiet and studious that few of her classmates have become well acquainted with her. She is one of the kind who does not enjoy a host of friends, but takes pleasure in having a few true ones. We all know how faithful she is to all her school work and what good essays she writes. Nellie is not afraid of work and perseveres until she has finished her work. The four years she has spent in earnest study will bring their own reward, for a good education is the best weapon with which to face the world. With such a preparation our classmate will certainly succeed in her life work, whatever it may be.
Petra Sophia Hendriksen

"I am half ashamed to be so silent."

"I am Petra Sophia Hendriksen. Few people know anything about me, but that does not matter, for I am not egotistical and I do not care to be notorious. My father is a doctor, but nevertheless all the family love Mrs. Eddy and her works. Of course you would like to know my particular dislikes, but to speak truly I have none. They say I am not dull in school. No, I am rather quick to learn. I was awfully glad I had only one term of essays under Mr. Ellis. I think that I will marry some day as I consider an old maid’s life rather lonesome."

Martha Rose Karrer

"Boys should be what they seem."

Oh, Martha, did you say you wanted to be an "old maid" school teacher? Well, I believe you would make a good one, especially as you have no matrimonial intentions. Besides, you think "there is no time like the present for doing good," so you would have your pupils "improve each golden hour." As you dislike people who do not "practice what they preach," there would be no danger of you advocating new pedagogical methods which you had not tried yourself. Like all other short people you have the desire to be tall, but you must remember that tall people have many disadvantages; therefore, instead of wishing, be thankful that you are not as short as some of the Freshmen.
Pearl Eberdine Thomas

"Boiled, baked, stewed or fried, how will you have your dinner?"

A little of each if you please, and we are much obliged. Now, Pearl, this is richness to find that you love to cook. Nothing pleases a man more than toothsome dainties prepared by a sweet young lady. We have often wondered what you used to keep your complexion so clear and white, and now we know—you prepare your own food. You will become famous by concocting wonderful dishes and no doubt in a few years we shall hear of "Thomas pattylettes" or "frog's tongue a la Pearl."

Edith Ellen Leighty

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Edith belongs to the rank of the lovers of latin, because Mr. Miller is "so nice." Of all the good people in our class this girl is, without doubt, the best. Who ever heard of Edith cheating in a test? No one! George Washington was never more truthful than she. It was Edith who truthfully reported her preparation in geometry to Mr. Fisher, day after day, and at length her goodness brought forth a reformation in the lives of the rest of us. Edith was born in Barnard, Missouri, February 19, 1887. Later she moved to Maryville and then showed her good judgment by coming to St. Joseph and entering the High School with the rest of us, to graduate in '04.
Mamie Margaret Kilgore

"In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her."

This quotation fully describes Miss Kilgore's character. But those eyes of hers! Can words express their wondrous beauty? They are that shade of brown that a poet would call velvet, and are shaded by long, black, silken eye-lashes. We are obliged to add Mamie's name to the large list of quiet people and she also belongs with those who wish to become great musicians. She has been one of the diligent students but confesses that she spends her leisure time in eating, singing or reading, whichever she can "lay her hands on."

Ethel May Korns

"Unpretentious, calm and mild."

In the class of '04 nearly every one can be classed under one of the four different heads, musicians, artists, literary people and silent people. Ethel belongs to two of these, the musicians and the silent people. She is very quiet, and all we have been able to find out about her is that she likes music and that all her spare time is spent in trying to gain a fuller knowledge of this art. Would that she would talk a little more!
Rosa Walker

"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."

Modest and quiet she is, and indeed so very quiet that none of us would ever dream that back of it all was concealed a perfect genius, one who is gifted in several arts. She draws well, plays the piano and writes beautiful little poems, some of which were published last year in the Forum. Why she has not contributed more to the Forum this year is due either to her extreme shyness or the lack of appreciation of the Forum staff.

Beatrice Melvina Norman Brimson

"She's beautiful! Her raven curls
Have broken hearts in envious girls;
And then they sleep in contrast so,
Like raven feathers upon snow.
And bathe her neck, and shade the bright
Dark eye from which they catch the light,
As if their graceful loops were made
To keep that glorious eye in shade,
And holier make its tranquil spell,
Like waters in a shaded well."

We are very sorry indeed that this beautiful little stanza does not in any way mention the fact that "Trixie" is soon to be married to one of our past graduates. Congratulations.
Mabel Clare Hull

*What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.*

Brown eyes, rosy cheeks, gentle ways, kind
words, what a dear girl Mabel is! Like many
another modest, quiet person, she considers herself
stupid, but her work here in the High School has
been such that we all know she has not the slightest
tendency in that direction. Mabel is certainly
sensible, for she wishes to improve her mind and
at the same time gain pleasure by traveling; furth-
ermore she has a definite object in view—that of
seeing the birthplace of Charles Dickens, her favor-
ite author. A visit to St. Louis this summer would
be a delightful way to begin one’s travels and we
hope Mabel may have that pleasure.

Iva Bell Baker

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun.
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."

Whoever gave Iva Bell that crazy name—
"Bill?" How could they have been so wise and
considerate? I told "Bill" the other day she
wasn’t going to graduate, and she came very near
to calling me an unmitigated prevaricator, and
how she turned up her nose! But I don’t care, Iva
is a pretty nice girl, and she can make good fudge
and pretty good grades, and I guess after all she
will receive her diploma with the rest of us.
Laura Beulah Larkin

'Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity.'

It is needless to ask to what class a maiden of black hair and brown eyes belongs. Altho there are several maidens of this type in the Senior class, few can obtain the prominence of an essayist such as Laura possesses. If the girls of the Junior class could show such school patriotism as Laura, then they might have chance to outshine the Seniors. Laura says she expects to attend college in the fall. Let us hope she will be as popular there as she is with us. Altho her picture appears at the end of the histories, it will be as the old proverb says—"the last shall be first."
Clio Club

COLORS: RED AND BLACK.

MEMBERS

MISS MARY M. PORTER, Directress.

ELIZA KEMPER, '05, President.
LOUISE TOWNSEND, '07, Secretary.
MARY GILBERT, '06, Asst. Sec'y.
ELSA BRUNSWIG, '06.
MAXIA BUECHLE, '08.
ADA BIGELOW, '05.
MILDRED KEMPER, '07.
MINNIE LETTS, '06.
MARIE LEWIS, '06.
FANNIE DAVIS, '08.
EMMA RANSOME, '08.

RUTH JORDAN, '04, 1st Vice-Pres.
ROSE GAYNOR, '06, 2nd Vice-Pres.
MILDRED PATTERTON, '06, Treasurer.
FRANCES MILLAN, '07.
AMELIA NEILL, '06.
KATHERINE POTTER, '07.
JENNIE ROBINSON, '06.
AGNES KENNARD, '07.
LOUISE FLOYD, '04.
LYNN FERGUSON, '06.
MARIE DAVIS, '06.
IRENE QUICK, '04.

FLOWER: AMERICAN BEAUTY.
Alpha Nu Pi Society

COLORS: BLACK AND WHITE

MEMBERS:
FRANK THORNTON, '04, President.
PHILIP BARTLETT, '04, Treasurer.
FRANK BODER, '05, Secretary.
ROLAND WESTOVER, '05
WARREN JACKSON, '06
JOHN BEAUMONT, '06
ARTHUR BREWER, '05
WERNER FLOYD, '06
OSCAR WORTHWINE, '05
JOHN BROADDUS, '04
LORING JORDAN, '05
ROBERT WATERS, '05
FRANK WEARY, '05
LOUIS THOMAS, '06

ALUMNI

ARNOLD
BARNARD
WESTOVER, H
CHURCHILL
SHACKELFORD
RICHARDSON
WEARY, U
MOTTER, W. C.
PRESTON
GORDON
BARNES
MORRIS
INGRAM
HILL
GARD
FORD
PARRY
ECKEL
BUSEY
TOOTLE
WALKER
STREET
LEMON
FLOYD
DUNCAN
WILSON
DUNHAM
JOHNSON
BENTLEY
GREGORY
SCHUMACHER
MOTTER, W. D. B.
VAN NATTA
BUCKINGHAM
BODER, B
JOHNS
COFFEY
CUSTER
Dianthian Society

COLORS: GREEN AND WHITE.

MEMBERS.

MILDRED WHITE, '07, President.
KATHERINE PRICE, '07, Sec'y.
SARAH WHITE, '05.
MABEL HOLLAND, '07.
BARBARA CARTER, '07.
JUANITA PATTERSON, '06.
APHIA KESSLER, '07, Vice-President.
LETITIA WOOD, '07, Treasurer.
MABEL BARROWS, '05.
DOROTHY CARTER, '05.
HELEN SHIREMAN, '07.
EMILY PRICE, '06.

MISS MAUD MILLER, Directress.

FLOWER: WHITE CARNATION.
Philomathic Society

COLORS: ROYAL PURPLE AND GOLD.

PAUL FORGRAVE, President.
JOE ROBERTS, Secretary.
TED HART, Treasurer.
FRANK SHACKELFORD, Vice-President.

MEMBERS.

COLMORE ROGERS
LESLIE FORGRAVE
NED MILLAN
WYLIE MITCHELL
CARYL POTTER
CALHOUN MOTTER
LOUIS MOTTER

FLOWER: GOLDEN-ROD.
Le Circle Recamier.

COLORS: LIGHT BLUE AND GOLD.

MISS MARY E. B. NEELY, Directress.
ELSA BRUNSWIG, President.
INA BEARD, Secretary.
DOROTHY CARTER, Vice-President.
LOUISE FLOYD, Treasurer.

MEMBERS

MISS ELLA ROBINSON.
ELEANORA BERRY, '04.
CECILE FLUCKGER, '06.
CLOIE RANDOLPH, '06.
SARAH WHITE, '05.
MISS ALMA SCHUMACHER.
LYNN FERGUSON, '06.
MILDRED PATTERTON, '05.
MAY REARDON, '05.
HELEN WRAY, '05.
EMELINE SHERWOOD, '06.

FLOWER: FLEUR-DE-LIS.
High School Orchestra.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

PAUL FORGRAVE, President
GRACE SHANNON, Secretary and Treasurer

FIRST VIOLINS
PAUL FORGRAVE
A. GOLDFLAM
ED. MORRIS

SECOND VIOLINS
DAVID FICHMAN
BROWNING KELLEY

FLUTE
PERCY KRAMME
CLARINET
TED HART

1ST CORNET
MABEL STEWART
2ND CORNET
JAY PEERY

MELOPHONE
WALTER STEWART
PIANO
GRACE SHANNON

DIRECTOR
W. C. MAUPIN
Tennis Club.

MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

FRED GREGG
MISS GREGG
TED HART
GOLDIE KERSEY
ALMA KINZEL
GRACE MCKINNEY
CATHERINE POTTER
MISS RAINES
MISS ROBINSON
MISS SHARPE
MRS. SHERMAN
PEARLE THOMAS
The Senior Chorus

The tie that bound the Senior class together was its chorus. Here it was that we became acquainted with each other; that we had a change from the busy turmoil of the class room, and forgot about Virgil and Shakespeare in our zeal for making our chorus a success. Many were the little incidents which amused us and made the hour more enjoyable; for instance when the tenors sang (?), or when the basses could not be persuaded to cease their tuneful strains when they had reached the finale of "Dixie," or when someone, either by mistake or to display his voice, began one bar ahead of time.

Besides being a source of pleasure it was also one of profit to all who attended. Under the direction of Miss Hal Rogers we progressed rapidly. We furnished the music at the presentation of the Sons of the Revolution medals and also for class night and commencement. How each one cheered with all his might in "Dixie Land" on class night at the end of the first act; and then our commencement; our triumph; then was exhibited what talent lay hidden in the class of '04. Many of those who declared at first that they never could sing, after faithful practice, discovered their ability, and sang to the honor of our school, and to the glory of '04.

Katherine Shutts.
SENIORS
JOIN
THE
ALUMNI
ASSOCIATION
THE "SWEET" GRADUATE.
Sir Dandys Auftrag

Die Koffer wurden mit Riemen befestigt und die Kisten waren zum Wagen geschickt worden, welcher die Sachen der Bronson nach des Grosvaters Hause überbringen sollte. Vor kurzem war der Vater gestorben, und die Familie wollte bei dem Vater der Frau Bronson wohnen. Isabel, ein schönes Mädchen von etwa achtzehn Jahren, sollte ihren jüngeren Bruder und ihre Schwester mitnehmen, und einige Tage später sollte Frau Bronson nachkommen.

Als Isabel die Treppen herunterkam, um nach dem Bahnhof zu fahren, fand sie ihren Bruder Loechelchen in eine ganz altmodische Hutschachtel bohren.

"Franz, was in aller Welt machst du mit der Hutschachtel?" fragte sie.

"Ei! Ich setze darin Mutter Plump und Sir Dandy," antwortete er.

"Hast du denn diese Hühnchen mit auf dem Zuge zu nehmen vor?"

"Ja, freilich!" kam die antwort zurück.

"Aber—" begann Isabel. Die Mutter aber unterbrach sie, um zu sagen, daß Helene und Franz die Bantamhühnchen so sehr liebten, so sollten sie diese zum Verkauf nicht hinterlassen. So musste Isabel allen möglichen Vorteil daraus ziehen.

Als all die Kinder eingestiegen waren, fand Isabel Plaetze für Helene und Franz, setzte sich hinter diese und stellte die Hühnchen unter den Sitz.
Da sie sich über die Reisende umherblickte, sah sie den
schoenen Wilhelm, welcher der Vetter ihrer Kollegegenossin
war. Von Ansehen erkannten sie sich, allein sie waren einan-
der noch nicht vorgestellt worden. Während sie wünschte
dasz er sich umkehre, hörte sie einen Laerm unter dem Sitze
her. Auf einmal gab es das lautste Kraehen, das man je
hörte. Ein jeder starrte und Dandy krauchte und krauchte.
Wilhelm kehrte sich um, erkannte Isabel und ging ihr zu,
um zu sehen, ob er ihr irgend helfen konnte.

Als er sich hingesetzt hatte, wurde Dandy wieder ganz
ruhig. Isabel und Wilhelm wurden mit einander recht wohl
bekannt; in der That lernten sie sich ganz so wohl kennen,
dazw sie etwa ein Jahr später verheiratet wurden.

Mitten in der Ceremonie flog Dandy zum Zaun und
krachte als ob er sagen wollte: "Haette ich nicht gekraekt,
so haettet ihr euch nicht kennen lernen."

KATIE ROUNTREE.

TO MAKE A LONG

SHORT
Last Will of the Class of '04

E, the Senior class of '04, being of mature age, in good health and in jubilant spirits, but doubtful of our mental faculties, and sensible of the uncertainty of our records and of the certainty of loss should we fail, desire to make complete provisions for the final and full settlement of all previous waywardness and the disposition of all our high per cent, rights, effects, special privileges, etc., so far as they pertain to our past interests and to the future contingencies and well being of those favored to succeed us, and having thoroughly deliberated upon our checkered career and duly considered the effect of the present matter, while strength, life and opportunity offer, do hereby make, declare and publish this, our last will and testament.

As we, the Senior class of 1904, of St. Joseph High School, County of Buchanan, State of Missouri, desire to give, devise and bequeath our estate, to be divided impartially and to leave to the individual that which becomes him best.

Be it therefore our request that it, the said estate, be divided as follows, towit:

First: To the teachers who have endured our pranks for four years and more we bequeath everlasting peace.

Second: Our ability to work hard when necessary and to loaf industriously at all other times shall be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for cash.

Third: The proceeds of such sale shall be used in giving a decent burial to all ponies which have been worn out aiding us over the rough, hard roads to knowledge.
Fourth: During the month of February in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Five, there shall be given to the classes of 1905, 1906 and 1907, of the St. Joseph High School, of the foresaid County and State, a chance to win the basket ball championship of the aforementioned school.

Fifth: In like manner, during the month of April, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Five, a chance to win the annual Athletic Meet shall be given to the said class of 1905, 1906 and 1907.

Sixth: The privilege of spreading their voices in melodious concord and chorus throughout the building on Friday afternoon shall be given to the hereinbeforementioned class of 1905.

Seventh: To our successors we leave the sole right to invade room 5 of the High School, of the City of St. Joseph, County of Buchanan, State of Missouri, at any hour of the day in quest of anything for which they might find need, such as books, friends, help, advice, etc.

Eighth: All other assets, properties and possessions not specifically disposed of in the preceding clauses of this will, are to be used as a fund for the more careful and systematic study and investigation of the causes and forces which unite in creating the unwholesome desire in the breasts of knowledge—hungry students to make use of the different dubious ways of obtaining high grades without the necessary expenditure of labor.

Realizing the interest which he has always shown in our work and understanding the motives prompting that
interest, we do hereby appoint M. Swipeskyuallofthemoney-
vitch as sole executor of this, our last will and testament.

In Witness Whereof, we, the Senior class of 1904, do, to this, our last will and testament, subscribe our name and cause our seal to be affixed on this 13th day of June, in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Four.

We, the undersigned, do solemnly swear that we were present when the said Senior class of 1904 made this will and that they voluntarily affixed their hands and seal thereto.

In Witness Whereof, we do subscribe our names and cause our seals to be affixed, this 13th day of June, in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Four.

[Seal]

Mr. Dooley
Hi A. Watha
B. C. Delia
PROF. JORDAN

Athletic Instructor
Foot Ball Executive Committee

OFFICERS.
FRANK BODER, President.
WYLIE MITCHELL, Vice-Pres.
ROBERT WATERS, Secretary and Treasurer.

COMMITTEE
THORNTON, '04.
C. ROBERTS, '05.
C. MOTTER, '06.
MCDONALD, '07.

CAPTAIN
BENTON QUICK, '04.
Foot Ball History

O adequately sing the praises of the foot ball team of 1903 would require a greater artist than this class book can command, so we shall begin by stating in plain words that the said High School Foot Ball Team was the best ever seen in these parts. From the very first day of practice things seemed promising, for the squad which came out was the largest that ever worked for our school on the foot ball field.

Little advance, however, could have been made by this mass of green material without the efficient coaching that this year’s team enjoyed. Our old graduate veterans (always zealous for their school) labored with the boys for the first few weeks. Then Nick Hall, an old Missouri University full back, took charge of the team. By the first game a fierce and furious eleven had been formed, and—well, the score was 17 to 0. The next game was the first one with Kansas City, one of the fiercest scrimmages our team has ever gone through, but the short end smashes were too strong and gave Kansas City a score of 11 to our 0.

There was a motley organization in this hamlet called the St. Joseph High School Alumni Foot Ball Team, but it had a very pronounced medical flavor, and on Saturday, October 17, 1903, our team engaged in a contest with this organization. At first our opponent’s line seemed like a vacuum, but by a little augmentation in strength by the medical flavor, the score was finally tied. From this time dates the history of the real High School team, for in the following week Mr. Bartholomew assumed control of the
foot ball squad. Our very next game showed a very noticeable improvement in our offensive play, even on the poor field used for the game. At this time the High School team defeated the Maryville team in their home town. Maryville is a beautiful little town, especially distinguished for the great fists possessed by the younger generation.

The good coaching went on during the next week in spite of bad weather. On October 31 the Leavenworth team, which had been too strong and heavy for us the year before, came up to meet decisive defeat. The field was not a field, but a beautiful lake with little islands dotting its rippled surface. The referee used a ducking boat, and that's a fact. Nothing but the finest team play and fast starting can win a game on a muddy field, and the result of this game showed the improvement of our team as nothing else could. On the following Saturday the eleven played a match against our old friends, the Lathrop High School. The backs on the Lathrop team were the best we had encountered during the season, and their fierce attack brought forth the best individual efforts of our players. The team did not get together as well as their teaching warranted, but the touch down had to come.

But we have been neglecting that indispensable article, the second team. On the same day of our Lathrop game the second eleven of our school, for the first time in its history, played an out of town game. The High School at Oregon, Mo., entertained the team very hospitably and the game was a very clean one, considering. The superior weight and age of the Oregon team at length told on our boys and we lost the game by the score of 12 to 0.
The climax of all our previous foot ball history and the aim of all our High School teams was realized on the 14th day of November, when at last the team of Kansas City's Central High School was beaten by our own eleven. Soon after time was called our whole team pushed "old Bode" over the line with the ball. Every man played with all his energy, but, unlike the individual playing in the Lathrop game, the whole team worked as one huge machine. After the touch down the game was spectacular enough, but competent authorities saw that the victory was ours. No more touch downs were made. The gaining of this one victory has placed the foot ball team of the St. Joseph High School in the very highest class of interscholastic foot ball.

A. C. Priebe.
Basket Ball

The three basket ball teams of this season were not so evenly matched as they have been before, the Senior leg of the tripod being much too long for the equilibrium of the other two. The all-star aggregation of the Seniors made resistance futile. The fast team play, accurate goal throwing and active guarding kept down the scores of the other teams to a minimum. Attempts were made to arrange for games with outside teams but nothing was effected. This year the interest of the school was greater than ever before and the crowded gymnasium rang with yells and cheers of the spectators. It seems to be the tendency to reduce everything to a science, and the work of our Senior champions has revealed to us very plainly the advantage scientific playing has over mere force.

Games

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<td>Seniors</td>
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The Indoor Meet

The Fourth Annual Indoor Meet of the High School Athletic Association was held Friday afternoon, March 21. The games were the most spirited and interesting ever held and were a great success, both from a standpoint of athletic superiority and finance.

Boder and Rogers tied for first place in the running high jump, breaking the previous record by one inch and jumping 5 feet 3 inches. The record in the high dive held by Lloyd was broken by Broaddus, who made a dive of 5 feet 5½ inches. In the potato race Kahn equaled Carpenter's record of last year of 55 seconds.

Altho there were no other records equaled or broken, the work done was very gratifying and made a good showing as to what would be done in the Field Day tournament.
Track Team Executive Committee

FRANK BODER, President.
WYLIE MITCHELL, Vice-President.
ROBERT WATERS, Secretary and Treasurer.

COMMITTEE
FRANK THORNTON. CECIL ROBERTS.
LOUIS THOMAS. RUFUS MCDONALD.
COLMORE ROGERS, Captain.
Field Day

For the first time in the history of our school athletics, the Field Day was interrupted by unpleasant weather. In spite of the rain and mud six events were finished on Saturday, April 23, and the remainder of the program was completed on the following Wednesday.

Summary of the Results.

Running High Jump—Boder, first; Broaddus, second; Thornton, third. Record, 5 ft. 2 in.

One Mile Run—Gleaves, first; Potts, second; Carpenter, third. Record, 5 min. 15½ sec.

12 lb. Shot Put—Lomax, first; Miller, second; Morris, third. Record, 33 ft. 7 in.

Pole Vault—Rogers, first; L. Motter, second; Green, Whited, Beasley, third. Record, 8 ft. 10½ in.

Half Mile Run—Broaddus, first; Waters, second; Thornton, third. Record, 2 min. 12½ sec.

130 Yard Hurdle Race—McCoy, first; Cody, second; Cross, third. Record, 21½ sec.

100 Yard Dash—Orr, first; Jackson, second; Porzelius, third. Record, 11½ sec.

12 lb. Hammer Throw—Priebe, first; Miller, second; Worthwine, third. Record, 104 ft. 3½ in.

220 Yard Dash—Orr, first; Porzelius, second; Jackson, third. Record, 24½ sec.
220 Yard Novice Race—Binswanger, first; A. Bartlett, second; Dean, third. Record, 29 sec.

Running Broad Jump—Boder, first; Wilkerson, second; Miller, third. Record, 20 ft. 7 in.

Quarter Mile Run—Broaddus, first; Waters, second; Worthwine, third. Record, 56 sec.

220 Yard Hurdle Race—O'Brien, first; McCoy, second; Thomas, third. Record, 29½ sec.

Discus Throw—Orr, first; Boder, second; Miller, third. Record, 84 ft.

Half Mile Relay Race—Senior team, made up of Orr, Waters, Porzelius, Broaddus, first. Record, 1 min. 44½ sec.

The points scored by the various classes were as follows:
Seniors, 98½.
Juniors, 11.
Sophomores, 10½.
Freshmen, 6½.

Officials.

Finish Judges—L. Arnold, '02; M. H. Hensolt, '01; N. Broaddus, '01.
Field Judges—J. K. Marsh, '01; L. Nelson, '01; W. A. Wheeler, '00.
Timers—A. Z. VanNatta, '00; E. Millan, '04; Thos. Hicks.
Referee—R. H. Jordan.
Starter—C. Roberts, '05.
Clerk—L. Forgrave, '04.
Scorer—P. C. K. Bartlett, '04.
The Missouri Valley Meet

The result of the M. V. I. A. A. of May 7, 1904, was only what might have been expected from the ill luck which had pursued our team during the season. Going to the meeting with a team of cripples and invalids, we found that the two new entries, Blee and East Des Moines, entirely changed the forecasts which had been made, and cut us out of the points which we had some reason to think were ours by right.

Orr in the sprints, Gleaves in the mile, Rogers in the pole vault, Porzelius in the sprints, Thomas in the hurdles, Priebe in the weights, had all been looked upon as possible point winners, and all had lost most of the season from illness and accident, so that the entire squad netted us just one point. Boder and Broaddus were in fine form, however, and their work showed what the result would have been, had all the team been in the same condition. Boder took second in the broad jump and third in the high, and Broaddus ran one of the best half miles ever seen in M. V. I., finishing a close second in 2:08½.

The meeting was a splendid one, fourteen schools actually competing out of sixteen members of the association. The St. Joseph High School should never cease to have a feeling of pride in the fact that it was through her efforts that this great association was brought into existence.
The St. Louis Meet

At the Olympic Interscholastic State Meet at St. Louis on May 14, 1904, it was clearly demonstrated that the track team of 1904 was unusually well balanced and capable of fine work when opportunity offered. This was shown by the fact that every man of the nine who competed added points to St. Joseph's score, our work being a revelation to the St. Louis schools.

Three Seniors, Porzelius, Priebe and O'Brien won their stripes in this meet, and not one was a gift. The team showed much better form than the week previous, Boder doing especially fine work, with two firsts and one second in the three events he entered. Orr was in better condition than at any time during the season, and showed that he was getting into his old form. He had one second, two thirds and one fourth to his credit. Rogers also had gained some strength, and with two weeks more of work would have been in shape to fight for the Missouri Valley. He took a second and fourth. Broadus duplicated his run of the preceding Saturday, but could not hold the pace to the finish.

Potts, Waters and Boder will be a fine nucleus for the team to build around next year, and notwithstanding the loss of the veterans of 1904, the team should not feel that there is no hope of ever doing anything in athletics again.

The incidents of the night ride to St. Louis and the sights of the great exposition made the trip one of the best ever taken by a St. Joseph team.

It is to be hoped that 1904 has paved the way for numerous meetings with the St. Louis boys.
The Alumni Cup

The Silver Cup was offered this year, for the first time, by the St. Joseph High School Alumni Association, to the man winning the most points for the school at Kansas City and St. Louis. The members of the team felt much encouraged by this token of the appreciation of the Alumni for the fine work of the school in track athletics, and it was expected that the contest for the cup would be a close one. As it turned out, however, Boder had a big margin of points to his credit when the season was over.

The score of the team stands: Boder, 16 1-6; Orr, 7½; Rogers, 4; Broaddus, 3½; O'Brien, 3; Potts, 3; Porzelius, 1½; Waters, 1½; Priebe, 1. The totals in the two meets were: M. V. I., 7 1-6; Olympic games, 34 points.
The Jabbok Ford of Time

I.

From Gilead's snow capped mountains,
Far away in the Bible land,
Softly flows a tiny streamlet
Towards the Jordan's broader strand.
Then onward speed the waters,
Clear, sparkling, pure and bright,
Till like a surging torrent
It leaves the mountain's height.

II.

Over Nature's rugged pathway
It pursues its rapid course;
So swiftly flow its waters
It becomes a mighty force.
The stately olive branches
As they bow towards the sod,
Give reverence to the Jabbok,
A beautiful work of God.

III.

The patriarch stood by this sacred stream,
Whose beauty God had wrought,
And strove with mighty valor
For a blessing he earnestly sought.
An angel of God in full armor
Appeared on the wings of the night,
And staeyd the hands of the wrestler
With promise of joy and light.
IV.

It gave him hope and courage,
And the faith that work will bring;
And full and true assurance
That it came from the throne of the King.
The hope of the human family,
The blessing for which we sue,
Come with the earnest striving
When we have the will to do.

V.

We stand at the ford of the river
Which flows between school days and life;
We have wrestled with works, we have conquered,
We are victors in the strife.
We have scaled some heights of wisdom,
And to Hermes made our vow,
And now we stand victorious
With laurels on our brow.

VI.

At this beautiful Ford of Jabbok,
We have come at length to cross;
We recount the gains and pleasures
We sigh at the thought of the loss;
And while memories sweet steal o'er us,
Of the dear old days that have fled,
Let us speak of the hopes before us,
And look where our steps have led.
VII.

The picture comes before us,
Time can never erase,
The rooms, the tasks we bent over,
And dear old joys of the place.
Our teachers so earnest and patient,
The classmates, now sad, now bright,
All furnish the lasting impression
That will ever remain in sight.

VIII.

We've had many beautiful lessons,
And some have been hard to learn,
But with patient and earnest endeavor
We have come to the goal we have yearned;
We have entered the temple of ancients
And viewed their works of art,
We have read of Minerva's honor,
How she foiled the Trojan's dart.

IX.

With the science of lines and angles
We never could agree,
And the geometric figures
Like giants seemed to be.
With beautiful thoughts from Virgil
Our memory now is stored,
And the time spent in translation
Is not without reward.
X.
We have studied human nature,
And the working of the mind,
And find all things guided
By a hand that is divine.
We have wrestled with our problems,
Like Jacob with the Lord,
And like him we have conquered,
And to-night we are at the ford.

XI.
Yes, dear classmates, we are standing
At the Jabbok Ford of time,
And before us lies the future,
With its prospects so sublime.
And the sorrow of our parting
With time's solace must be healed;
For just over the Jabbok River
We see life's battle field.

XII.
We now must don our armor,
But with the hope of youth
We go into the conflict
With earnestness and truth.
Let us have a noble purpose,
And if we climb fame's lofty height,
May we in life's great struggle
Always battle for the right.
XIII.
Our ties must soon be severed
By time's relentless hand,
Each one must face the perils,
Each one alone must stand.
With wishes kind at parting,
We now must say adieu,
To teachers dear, and classmates,
And our Junior friends so true.

XIV.
Our hearts are sad at the parting,
For we know not how we shall fare;
But we do know, we would have it so,
That our days may be always fair;
That our wandering steps may e'er attend
With resolute courage, where
There's need of a fearless friend,
Our loving cup to share.

XV.
May we be as true as Jacob,
Trust to Him who kindly leads,
Who furnishes us with wisdom
To meet the sorest needs;
And trusting no other beacon,
Be it ever so sublime,
Let us boldly cross the river,
This Jabbok Ford of Time.  A. A.
Class Night Program

The Senior Class Night was held Thursday, June 9, in the High School Auditorium. A play written by one of the Seniors, Miss Griffin, was presented. The time of the play is ten years hence. Miss Griffin, an inventress, has invented a machine with which you can speak to the dead. She tries to sell the machine to a Mr. Rogers, and in the course of explaining it calls up the different members of the class. An old time class meeting is held, speeches, recitations and singing are indulged in by members of the class of '04. Responses are made by Mr. Orr, Mr. Gleave, Miss Perkins, Miss Townsend, Mr. Bartlett, Miss Kinzel, Mr. Thornton, Mr. Forgrave, Miss Dickerson.

Between Acts I and II Mr. Rogers and Miss Foster entertained the audience with a short dialogue, "The Proposal," in which was shown the trials and tribulations of young lovers. The dialogue was enjoyed as much by the participants as the audience.
Commencement Program

Invocation  - - - - - - - - - - Rev. G. A. Blair
Maybello  - - - - - - - - - - Mendelssohn Chorus
Salutatory  - - - - - - - - Miss Eleanor Berry
Oratio in  - - - - - - Spanish Mission on Pacific Coast
          Miss Alene Moss
Sweet and Low  - - - - - - - - Barnaby Chorus
Oration  - - - - - - Diamonds in the Rough
          Miss Pearl Thomas
Oration  - - - - - - Our Languages
          Mr. Knox Miller
The Anvil Chorus  - - - - - - Il Trovatore Chorus
Oration  - - - - - - Dogs, Kings and Queens
          Miss Irma Griffin
Oration  - - - - - - Forestry
          Mr. Alfred Priebe
The Angel  - - - - - - Rubenstein Chorus
Oration  - - - - - - Venice
          Miss Katherine Shutts
Oration  - - - - - - Success
          Mr. Milnor Gleaves Chorus
Valedictory  - - - - - - Mr. David Fichman Chorus
Presentation of Diplomas  - President K. M. Mitchell
Awarding of Medals
Friends, Good Night  - - - - - - Plotow Chorus
Benediction  - - - - - - Rev. C. M. Chilton
Honors

VALEDICTORIAN—DAVID FICHMAN
SALUTATORIAN—ELEANORA BERRY

EDNA BOCK
ANNA HENDERSON
ALENE MOSS
MAE BIGHAM
KNOX MILLER

ETHA TOWNSEND
WILL JAMES
EDWARD HART
P. C. K. BARTLETT
MISS ADDIE FENIMORE

Motter Latin Medal - - - - Eleanora Berry
Potter Greek Medal - - - - Eleanora Berry
Platt Commercial Medal - - - - D. Fichman
Steiner History Medal - - - - Gladys Mallo
Newburger Medal - - - - Nina Rusk
Getchell Algebra Medal - - - - Helen Petrie
W. K. James Forensic Medal - - P. C. K. Bartlett
Schloss Orthoepic Medal - - Miss Marjorie Higbee
Hoagland Serious Declamation Medal
   First - - - - - Miss McCool
   Second - - - - - Louis Thomas
Vineyard Humorous Declamation Medal
   First - - - - - Miss Leighty
   Second - - - - - Miss Karrar
Stein Club

For the advancement of the Soda Pop Trust.

MOTTO: BE A MAN.

THE GANG.

FUNNEL KEEPER          PICK CARTER
BUNG WATCHER            LOYD WALKER
SPIGGOT TWISTER         DAVID FICHMAN
FOAM SCRAPER            REICHARD
TITTLE TANK             WESTOVER
TANKS.
ROGERS                 POTTER          WATERS
BARTLETT               SCHUMACHER

LESLIE FORGRAVE
Wanted

To prevent all the girls from loving me.—C. Motter.

A cottage for May.—Gleaves.

Somebody to love.—Orr.

The attention of many gentlemen.—L. Floyd.

A key to my high tenor.—Potter.

To know what kind of scales a scalean triangle has.—Broaddus.

A pair of decent looking trousers for Loyd.—Everybody.

To know the effect of moonlight.—N. Tootle James.

To know what is a kiss.—Iva Bell Baker.

To know what is a "layover."—Freshman.

A reason for Les. walking home Fifteenth street.—A Sophomore.

One for John also.—Sophomore No. 2.

To know what H. S. teacher is as old as Ann.

To know what Agnes feeds her "goat."

To know why Rogers studies the weather. Does he follow the footsteps of Foster?
T. A. Club

An organization for the betterment of ticket agents in general.

Motto: Come through.

PHE-BU, MILLS.
POO-TAH, BARTLETT.
POO-WINK, KNOX MILLER.
KAU-BHAL, SHAMUS O'BRIEN.
POO-WHAT, PROF. STOKES.

Common herd.

YOUNG
HANSEN
HILL
ROGERS

HART
STONE
HILL
ABRAMSON

BROADDUS
HALL
YONKER
FICHMAN
"Pipe Dreams"

I.
Some Seniors would hide where the woods are thick
   If they knew how funny they look;
And others would crawl into bed and be sick,
   If they knew how funny they look.
Our fat boy would hate the sun for its light,
He would hide through the day and come forth at night;
If he'd go in a circus the rest of us might
   Know just how funny he looks.

II.
Our artist would trade what he's wearing to-day
   If he knew how funny he looks,
To a saw mill his brother would go right away
   If he knew how funny he looks.
A certain young man of whom nature despairs,
(When we see them in cans they are called "Bartlett Pears")
Would murmur, "No wonder that everyone stares,"
   If he knew how funny he looks.

III.
Our class president would turn mirrors around,
   If he knew how funny he looks,
Our editor would be in the morgue labeled "drowned,"
   If he knew how funny he looks.
If the boy who can play any instrument known
Would say, "I am going to some warmer zone,
I know as a beauty that I shine alone"—
   If he knew how funny he looks.
IV.

The famous mile runner would get a new walk,
    If he knew how funny he looks;
The youth with the "fuzz" on his face would not talk,
    If he knew how funny he looks.
We've looked at them all and no beauties we've met—
The honor in Latin's the handsomest yet,
And he would "go way back and sit down," you bet,
    If he knew how funny he looks.
Elwood Elite Club

An organization for improvement in social life.

Motto: Clothes, not deeds.

1st Sister—Lloyd.
2nd Sister—Powell.
3rd Sister—Hart.

Simple Little Sister
Orr

Chargers
Lloyd
Powell
Hart

Gleaves
Gleaves
Gleaves
Gleaves

Paul Forgrave
Paul Forgrave
Powell
Not Understood

1. Which one Millan really loves.
2. His answer to "Don't hurt the Robin, son."
3. Reichard's "black eye."
4. The funeral of the "Dunn corpse."
5. Why Hall was fired.
6. Why "goat" missed fire.
7. Why he who laughs, laughs, laughs.
8. The R—M—gas factory.
10. Gabbro and Launcelot.
11. The kinks in curly hair.
12. Red Riding Hood.
13. The jokes of Mr. Williams.
14. E—R—C—
15. Why Somers borrows five cents every day.
16. What Ada did with Gleaves' quarter.
17. Who is Simple Simon?
High School Dictionary

Stand-in—The manifestation of friendship sought by delinquents.

Con.—A bunch of hot air cast at your instructor.

A Candy—Ask P. C. K. Bartlett or Lloyd.

Faculty—Teachers banded together for the distribution of inculcable knowledge.

Tow-head—Millan knows.

Field Day—Annual attempt to educate the Freshmen.

Knocker—A biped, sometimes wears dresses, sometimes not, which tells more than it knows.

Canned—Dusted with the official boot.

Detention Card—A reminder of best wishes.

Punk—That which is exceedingly bum—Gleaves.

Exam.—That which confronts the unfortunate at the wrong time.

Pony—Something ridden, which seldom goes.

Oh, Piffel—A disgusting expression used by Dunn, meaning—L.

Slob—One who slobbers.

Mooch—One who sponges.

Sponger—One who mooches, a T. A.
Blowers' Union

Cause:  To blow very loudly.

Because:  Blow your own end of the horn.

LOUD MOUTH
MILLAN

BIG BLOW
HART

KNOWS BLOWER
YONKER

TOOTS
DUNN

WIND JAMMERS
BERNDT
BROADDUS
HANSEN
STONE HILL
IRWIN
MORRIS
L
E
S
L
I
E
WHAT IS SCHOOL
WITHOUT A
LUNCHROOM
Bean Blossoms

_Idea:_ To beautify Seventh and Felix.

_Main Idea:_ Rest for the weary.

_Rester No. 1_ - - C. ROBERTS
_Rester No. 2_ - - H. HALL
_1st Sleeper_ - - J. BROADDUS
_2nd Sleeper_ - - C. POTTER

_RAIL RIDERS_

CLAYTON POTTER

CLAYTON POTTER

BROADDUS BROADDUS

KAHN KAHN

WESTOVER

KAHN KAHN

BROADDUS BROADDUS

POTTER POTTER

CLAYTON CLAYTON
The C B A's of '04

A is for Albert, hurrah for the Dutch,
B is for Berndt, who jumps at a touch,
C is for Collie, with ears like a bat,
D is for Dunn, a boy very fat,
E is for Ewing, a girl debonair,
F is for Foster, with a rat in her hair,
G is for Gleaves, a young sprout in love,
H is for Hendriksen, his turtle-dove,
I is for Isabel, lovable and dear,
J is for John, with a bug in his ear,
K is for Korns, a sign of small shoes,
L is for Leslie, who for Brunswig boo-hoos,
M is for Millan, the laziest of louts,
N is for Nellie, Oh my! how she pouts,
O is for O'Brien, who goes two by each,
P is for Paul, with fuzz like a peach,
Q is for Quick, hi-little-diddle,
R is for Rountree, whose beau plays the fiddle,
S is for Schumacher, a man wee wee,
T is for Thomas, a Pearl from the sea,
U is for us, Louise and a man,
V is for Vellman, sweet Cassie Anne,
W is for Weinberg, a girl hard to lose,
X is for anybody, who drinks good booze,
Y is for Yonker, the last of the bunch,
Z is for Reichard, let's go to lunch.
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College Sack and Double Breasted Suits

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Young Men’s Shirts, Shoes, Neckwear, Etc.

YOU CAN DEPEND UPON THE QUALITY AS BEING THE BEST.


"We work while others sleep"—'04.

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'Tis an eventful time, this graduation of yours, and we trust that everything will come about brilliantly and smoothly. Some day, who knows, you may be purchasing liberal quantities of Dry Goods, Carpets, Household Articles, etc. When this day comes about we would much appreciate a call from you. In fact, would like to see you now.

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HUSTON WYETH, Vice-President.
JAS. N. BURNS, Vice-President.
E. D. McALLISTER, Cashier.

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CAPITAL 100,000.00
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