The Senior

Nineteen hundred eleven

Webster Groves High School
Here's What You Get
Out of a Mississippi Valley Savings Account

You know that it will keep your money safe and easy to get at. You know it will pay you three and a half per cent. But do you realize that that isn’t all? A Mississippi Valley Account will not stop there by any means.

Saving is the Best Builder of Character and the Best Proof of It.

A Mississippi Valley Account is a Letter of Recommendation that Says:

1. The bearer spends less than he earns—he has good Business Sense.
2. He can control himself and therefore others—he deserves a position of Authority.
3. He is using the present to provide for the future—he is Foresighted, Prudent, Wise.
4. He is successful in personal economy—he proves his possession of Executive Ability.
5. He has and keeps some money of his own—he stands secure from temptation, a Safely Honest Man.

You can Save and We can Help You. Act on this Now.

Mississippi Valley Trust Co.

FOURTH and PINE
Dedication

To the Webster Groves High School and to all those who, in the course of its progress, have shown interest in its welfare, we, the Class of Nineteen Eleven dedicate this Year Book.
The Senior

The Webster Groves High School Year Book

Webster Groves, Mo.  June, 1911

KENNETH M. COGGESHALL, Editor in Chief
MARGARET F. LUDLOW, Art Editor
KENNETH C. LARKEY, Business Manager

STAFF

MARGARET GILMORE,
DORA WHITTEMORE,
ALFRED LEE BOOTH,

JULIA SISSON,
FRANCES SPAULDING,
HUBERT W. LACEY,

FANNY CUSHING,
CHESTER KOTSREAN,

Associate Editors

Art Editors

Assistant Business Managers

Volume One  Number One

Published by the
CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED ELEVEN
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Frontis Piece</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dedication</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior Staff</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editorials</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Day at the Olympic Games</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Twins</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Expression on Her Tongue</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Faculty</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Review of the High School Work</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Science</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Domestic Science</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manual Training</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>School Song</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clubs</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Social Functions</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kirkwood-Webster Contest</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athletics</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foot Ball</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Track Team</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Base Ball</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Basket Ball</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sophomore History</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History of Junior Class</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class Roll</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farewell</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class Song</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class History</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class Poem</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Peep Into the Future</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class Prophecy</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jokes</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Business</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adds and Scraps</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Four years ago a certain Freshman timidly entered the Assembly Hall and gazed with open-eyed wonder on that “seat of learning.” Then followed by the frowns of the all superior Sophomores and the smiles of the two upper classes, he tiptoed to one of the many vacant seats. As he sat there he no doubt built his air castles as every Freshman does. Perhaps he saw himself as a wise and dignified Senior who was looked up to and respected by the lower classes. Perhaps he went even further and saw himself at graduation where his oration would be the event of the evening. Yet in all these visions even his imaginative mind did not see the time when all the vacant seats in this large Assembly Hall would be filled with students and even he would search in vain for a desk of his own.

The second year he again entered the Assembly Hall, but this time a Sophomore. Had he not been so engrossed with his self-importance he would have noticed the increase over that of the previous year in the number of students that had chosen Webster as their “Alma Mater.” However, he was not thinking of the growth of the school, he was thinking how he could impress on the public mind in general the great superiority of the Sophomores over all other classes. Finding no better plan than the persecution of Freshmen, he marched boldly up to where a member of that class was sitting and unceremoniously ordered him to “clear out.” Such was the method by which he procured his seat the second year. Again, had his dignity allowed him, he would have seen the trouble the ousted Freshman was having in finding a seat, and thus would have been prepared for the surprise on the following year.
Once more a year passed and the Sophomore found the duties of a Junior thrust upon him. It was then that he realized the great growth of the school, for on entering the Assembly he found no vacant seats. Still he must have a seat somewhere even at the expense of breaking the "Golden Rule." After several heated arguments he reached the decision that deeds were greater than words, whereupon he gently but firmly pushed the blustering Sophomore on to the floor and calmly established his claim to the thus vacated seat.

Again a year passes and a silent figure stands at the door, this time a Senior. He sees no longer the sight that met his bewildered gaze four years ago when a Freshman. No vacant seats are to be seen and everywhere are new and strange faces. Yet this change could not have come about suddenly, but must have been going on for some time. Why had he not noticed it? As if the problem is too great for further consideration, he glances once more about the room and then searches for a friend who will share his seat with him.

Thus while we have been passing to and from classes day by day, a gradual and almost imperceptible change has been taking place among us. The student body has increased in enrollment until it has almost outgrown the seating capacity of the Assembly Hall and will, perhaps, in a few years, outgrow the school itself. New departments have been added, thus necessitating several new teachers. Indeed, the advancement this school has made in the past few years has been astonishing, until now it holds the dignified position of fourth in the State.

While the school has been increasing in enrollment, it has been correspondingly increasing in school spirit. It has been our school spirit that has helped to win the great football games, the track meets and the many literary contests. And now this school spirit has produced something greater than mere contests of brawn and brain—this "Year Book." It is hoped that the interest of the student body will be sufficient to publish a book each year and that each class will put forth their greatest efforts in improving and enlarging each publication. No class can do it by itself, but if it has the spirit of the school back of it, no undertaking will be too great.

The staff of this initial number of the "Senior" desires to thank all those who have helped to make its creation and publication a success. First of all we commend the loyal co-operation of the student body and the faculty, without which we should have been sadly at a loss. We are grateful to the Van Dyke Studio for the splendid pictures they have produced, and to our many advertisers. May this volume of the Year Book be but the seed which shall grow stronger and larger each year, a pleasure to students, a remembrance to alumni and a loyal representative of our school.
In the year 1907 Dr. Rudolph Widman announced his intention of giving a gold medal to the pupil who should have the highest average in sixteen subjects and who had been four years in Webster Groves High School. Lottie Straszer, having filled all the requirements, received the first medal awarded in 1909. The following year Elmer Lacey attained this honor. Julia Lenzen succeeded in securing this reward of scholarship in 1910. Each succeeding year there is greater rivalry and it becomes more difficult to win the medal. The class of 1911 is the first class that has had the four years in which to work for it. While the medal is not the only object in view when studying hard, still it is quite an incentive whenever one is needed, and we feel very grateful to Dr. Widman for donating this reward of merit in the Webster Groves High School.

"Spoils of War."

The small cup shown in the picture is the object of the annual Kirkwood-Webster contest. The school winning it three consecutive years will keep the cup. Kirkwood won it in 1908 and 1909 by a close margin, but in 1910 Webster won every point and therefore now holds the cup. The other cups were won by our far famed swimming team, while the banner in the background was won at the Missouri University field meet when Webster won the state championship.
A Day at the Olympic Games.

On the afternoon of November twenty third, 405 B. C., could be seen a motley stream of humanity crowding the gates of the National Stadium, University City. On either side of the stadium portals were placed placards bearing the inscriptions, “Amateur Performances, admission by ticket only. Tickets may be obtained at the gate for 15 lepta, or from Bollman’s Piano Co.”

The common horde were jostling the ushers who, in their disgust, gave vent to their feelings with such exclamations as, “Pipe the lid, Euripides,” or “Ain’t it awful, Demetrius?” Those who were fortunate enough to hold free tickets, presented them by the public benefactor Pericles, were in prominence.

Within the stadium the seats were already nearly all occupied. In a corner, a group of veritable Venuses held discourse on the practicability of hobble skirts. Socrates, who occupied a box seat (Babbit’s soap) was preparing his extemporaneous speech, which was to benefit the populace.

The program for the day was a lengthy one, Pheidippides, the inventor of the safety razor, sarcastic and unscrupulous as ever, was preparing for a long distance run, for which he was to receive a bronze tobacco pouch. In case he lost, he had bribed the judge to award it to him anyhow.

Smoked glasses, vril and soumatha were being peddled among the spectators by Thucydides. To the disappointment of Aristides, nothing but soft drinks were sold, though the vocal strains on the opposite side of the gallery showed that Demosthenes’ lecture on prohibition had made no impression, for the god of wine was being celebrated with great pomp.

Alcibiades was ostracized for trying to enter through the exits, while Miltiades was put out for smoking and fined five drachmas, as having prejudiced the insurance.

Soft Grecian strains, and occasionally the mellow “Barber Shop Chords,” came from the amateur cadet band, which was composed of harp, lute and battery.

A young discus thrower took the stand and joyful cries of “Thracybulus at the bat” greeted him. He was a sausage maker by trade and his usual doggishness disqualified his throwing. Aeschylus, the amateur hammer thrower, who was a grafter of trees by trade (and of money by choice), winked at the fair Euphrosene, who was heard to sweetly gurgle, “Oh, you Kiddo.” This completely unnerved him and the missle landed on a photographer’s instrument. Themistocles, whistling, “Any Little Maid,” so as to appear unconscious of the affair, slipped a few photographic plates under his toga for souvenirs.
Hercules stepped lightly upon the green in the middle of the stadium to show the Athenians how it should be done. He threw the discus so far that Xenophon compared it unto Halley’s comet.

The committee of public safety gave Hercules the choice of payment for the discus or exile.

Here the game broke up by a loud argument by the Senators as to the probable outcome of the new charter.

As the people rushed out, sounds of “Sandals shined?” and “Chariot, sir?” were heard. However, the pleasure seekers were tired and sought the homelike comfort and free lunch of Nicias’s place, where the wise men discussed tariffs and boycotts. A few then retired, but the majority celebrated and recelebrated Bacchus and finally surrendered to the arms of Morpheus, god of sleep.

ACHILLES E. JANNOPOULO,
Class of 1914.

“**The Twins**”

Two slender, brown-eyed girls sat on a large, friendly looking bed in the best room of Brownhurst Seminary.

“You see, Jesse, it’s just this way,” began one of the girls, who held an opened letter in her hand. “Father has sent for me to come home tomorrow night to see him and my three brothers who have just returned from the Phillipines, where they have been for the last ten years—ever since mother died. I’m to stay only two days so that I may be back here in time for exams. Now, dearie, you know Jack’s coming here tomorrow night to take me to—a—well—er, you know we’re going to run off and get married. And there you are, if I don’t take the train for home this aft., father will never forgive me, and if I do take it—well, you know, of course, I’m crazy to see my brothas and all that, but a”—she hesitated a moment.

“But, Jack’s the only man for me,” added Jesse, with a sly wink.

For a moment a dreamy air stole over the one in love, but she forced herself out of it with an effort.

“Now, Jesse, something must be done and as I was thinking it over, your likeness to me suddenly flitted into my brain; your hair is brown just like mine; our eyes both brown; height and weight about the same, and a, well, do you catch my idea?”

Poor Jesse began to have an awful misgiving as of some startling and impending announcement.

But the schemer had become more and more excited over her idea. “Stupid, don’t you see?” she exclaimed, “you’re to go in my place; none of them have seen me for over ten years, all they’ll expect will be a medium height girl with brown hair and eyes. You’ll only have to be real affec-
tionate towards father and the boys. It'll just last two days, and the only disagreeable part will be kissing 'em all around when you arrive and leave."

The victim gasped. "But what about little side issues, like pa wanting me to sit on his knee after meals for a while?"

"Oh, you can manage that, you're so smart anyway," was the artful answer, and before Jesse knew what she was about, her friend had dragged her into her coat and hat, packed a suit case and started her off.

"Don't blame me now if you're disinheritied for this," the game one called back, and as she went around the corner, a rueful but resigned smile lit up her countenance.

Our next scene opens in a brilliantly lighted dining room. An elderly gentleman with three handsome sons each stood back of their chairs at the table. They were evidently waiting for a tardy guest.

"She just arrived several moments ago," the father was saying, "and will be down soon. No, I haven't seen her yet, but I know she has been made into a lovely, dignified young girl at the boarding school, and my sons, I wish you to be extremely careful not to embarrass her when she comes in. She is but eighteen years old and as I imagine, rather bashful, whereas you are men now over twenty-one to whom the blushes of extreme youth seem strange."

Such did not, however, seem to be exactly the situation, for when a light, quick foot step was heard outside, each one unconsciously smoothed his hair or straightened his tie, while a tinge of color mounted in the cheek of each.

Then our Jesse, or rather Celeste, as we must now call her, came hurriedly into the room, and going straight to the head of the table, said naively, "Father, I'm a bit late," then nerving herself, she kissed him. After that it wasn't so hard. Each brother in turn received a sign of sisterly affection and before the meal was over, each brother was wondering if the others were as much attracted by their youthful sister as himself.

To describe the events of the two following days would be tedious to the reader, although it certainly was not tedious to the sister. She found herself growing more and more fond of the three attractive brothers and would not have dared to admit how much she cared for John, the middle one.

Finally came the afternoon of departure. All morning Jesse had been playing tennis with three jolly boys, but John had acted so queerly and absent mindedly that she was a little piqued and was certainly surprised when he asked her to go for a walk in the woods after lunch.

Having donned her trim little traveling suit, she hastened to meet him below and they started for the woods. Now, Jesse had always considered herself capable of anything in the line of conversation, but this afternoon somehow every subject seemed dry and exhausted. She was resting a moment on a grassy mound in the woods and the sunlight falling through
the leaves on her golden hair and the intoxicating sweetness of her smile made the poor young man’s blood tingle.

“Do the other fellows ever feel this way about their sisters?” he thought.

Then he blurted out, “Sis, I’ve grown to be so darn crazy about you, I don’t see how under the sun I’m going to break away. I don’t know what the deuce is the matter with me, but you see I never understood what the fellows meant way out there in the Phillipines when they’d talk about some mighty decent little sister at home. I thought the daughter of the lieutenant out there was a pretty nice little girl and I’ll confess I was beginning to think of her seriously, but it sure is funny how much better a fellow can like his sister than any other girl. Sis, for heaven’s sake, don’t look at me that way. You’ll drive me wild!”

Now, sis, as you all may have observed, was just like any other woman and she declares to this day that what happened wasn’t meant.

But, anyway, in extracting her handkerchief from her purse, somehow, a picture of two girls fell out face up, near John. It was a snapshot and the picture was named “The Twins.” Under the girl that looked exactly like the owner of the purse was written “Jesse.” Under the other girl was written “Celeste.”

For a moment the trees danced around and the girl on the mound became a lovely suddenly obtainable something. Then a slowly comprehending smile o’erspread John’s face and in less time than it takes one to wear out a pair of shoes that he never had, there were helpless little gasps and then a——. Can you guess what happened?

M. F. LUDLOW,
Class of 1911.

The Expression on Her Tongue.

The girls in the boarding house told Louise she had better go right down and make sure of Maggie McTairsh for a laundress, before everybody in the street.

“Her shirtwaists are a dream,” said Louise. “She will take an old torn thing, all mended under the arms and frayed at the collar, and make it look better than it ever did in the store window, and her prices haven’t begun to soar, either. We girls are all grappling her to our soul with hooks of steel. She’s just come here, and probably she’s drumming up custom.”

So Louise went down. Janie said she would go, if Louise wished her to, but she had made it plain that she didn’t want her sister to go. Janie was a good little thing, but when it came to business—well, there were limitations. Louise fished out one or two crumpled waists and went out hastily
with a step of determination. When she had anything to do she went straight at it without preliminaries.

"My sister and I have just come to No. 40," she explained, in a brief, business-like way, "and we would like to have you for a laundress. I've brought over a couple of crumpled things that we want sure by Saturday night, and no 'ifs' nor 'perhaps' about it. We've simply got to have them, and do try and be careful and not rub all the buttons off. I usually have to work half Sunday putting them on again. And——."

Midway in her dry, half sarcastic instructions, Louise sensed somehow, a lack of responsiveness in her listener. She glanced up hastily from the pasteboard box over which she had been bending and for the first time really looked up into the face of McTairsh. The face was red and mean looking. Maggie's arms were folded.

"Ye might be takin' the bit of things home wi' ye!" she vouchsafed, indicating the waists with a waggling forefinger. "I'm no' takin' on any more washes."

"Why, they said—," gasped Louise. "Let them say!" said Miss McTairsh, calmly. "I'm no sae needy. But I hae my work, and I'll bid ye good morning."

Louise flounced in and threw the brown box on the bed.

"Of all the uppish pieces!" she began, and then followed the whole story.

Janie listened, but did not say much except "Too bad!" when it seemed necessary to say something.

An hour later, when Louise went out shopping, Jane put on her hat and went over to Maggie McTairsh.

"We've heard of you!" she beamed brightly. "And I've come over to ask you could you take two more to do for? Miss M—— sent us. She said your waists were a dream! And aren't they, though," she added admiringly, looking around at the dozens of waists on hangers suspended from gas jets and mantel and even picture corners. "Oh, it will make me happy to wear such beautiful work! May I bring some tonight—just two or three?"

Maggie McTairsh nodded genially, "I guess I can manage," she said, counting days on her fingers. "Ye can have them by Saturday, if you're fussy about wearing them Sunday."

"I don't understand it!" said Louise in bewilderment, taking the dainty things out of their box. "What did you say? How did you manage to get around her?"

In the hot, steamy cellar basement Maggie was talking to her sister, who shared the work and the profits.

"An' what did I take any more an' kill myself for? A-weel, we had a-plenty, I know it. But she had the way wi' her. It's the expression on the tongue."

NETTIE LEPTIN,
Class of 1911.
Review of High School Work.

Ever since the present high school building has been in use our high school has been increasing in enrollment year by year, and now numbers 182. This makes it the largest high school in St. Louis County and, permit us to say, we believe it is second to none in the county in the amount and quality of work done.

It is the purpose of all connected with the school to give the pupils a mental discipline and intellectual development that will enable them to grasp the problems either of practical life or of higher education. To do this, of course, they must master the facts, mathematical, historical, etc., and be able to recite them in the class room.

The small high school has many advantages not found in the larger city school. There is a closer feeling between pupil and teacher and naturally deeper interest in the welfare of the student. More individual work can be done. Programs can be made in the interest of the pupils instead of compelling them to conform to a fixed program.

This opportunity for individual work is not due to the small number in classes, as some suppose, for the average number in our classes is as large, if not larger, than in the classes of the city school, but due to close contact outside of the class room, to better acquaintance of teacher and pupil.

We offer twenty-seven credits and require seventeen for graduation, nine of which are of required work and eight elective.

This is the second year for the manual training department and the work accomplished is very gratifying to the teacher in charge and to all who are interested. This department has presented some very useful furniture to the high school.

The department of domestic science and art is very popular, the demand being greater than could be supplied. The interest of pupils is splendid and their work very satisfactory.

The addition of these two departments has already had a beneficial effect on the high school and will continue to make the course of study more attractive.

With some exceptions, of course, the application of pupils to their school work is commendable. The percentage of failures is not large and the work of many will compare favorably with any in the state.

The discipline in all rooms is good. The majority of pupils seem to feel that they are at school to prepare and recite lessons and not to devise plans against rules of discipline. There are exceptions, but on the whole, the student body is all right.

We welcome parents and all who are interested in Webster Groves High School and invite them to inspect our work.

J. T. HIXSON,
Principal.
The Object of Demonstration: To prove—1, The benefit of science study in the high school; and 2, The efficiency of our science department to produce these good results.

Apparatus: A good superintendent, several classes of bright pupils, articles of apparatus necessary for experiments and a large amount of patience and hard work.

Data: The effects direct and indirect of probing scientific studies are many and diverse. The most important, possibly, is the stimulation of individual observation into the natural phenomena we have about us continually, and we never stop to analyze. A sailor knows, as very few others do, that a cargo of lumber is dangerous in stormy weather, especially if it be in a sailing craft. But does he know why? Physics might show him that the center of buoyancy, or the point about which the upward pull of the water on the wood, shifts, and thus renders the boat unsteady and liable to capsize. Sand or coal is more solid, and is often used for ballast. Or, possibly, someone uses pulleys, then by what arrangements can the most work be produced with the least energy. Experimenting encourages observation in these practical things. Or, again, you have undoubtedly often seen a teakettle boiling as if there was a little demon inside it, and, perhaps it has been left that way for ten or fifteen minutes after it started to bubble, but what for? It was as hot as it would get the minute it boiled freely, and it has been a waste of most precious gas to keep it boiling, and besides, of course, it has commenced to disappear in steam vapor. Did you know that to melt a quantity of ice, it required the same amount of heat as would be
necessary to heat an equal quantity of ice cold water to the comparatively high temperature of 176° Fahrenheit? Then, what is heat anyway?

These, save the last, are some of the less important questions and subjects for observation in Physics, and Botany and Zoology likewise open the eyes of the student to the beautiful and wonderful in the natural, and the scientific world. This is certainly a good result to be obtained from a study.

Science also cultivates accuracy. Experimenting to produce definite results must be accurately done. In science things are so minute, for instance, as Physicists say, everything is made up of infinitesimal bits of something or other, these called molecules, that calculation must be accurate. Also, science apparatus must be carefully and accurately handled for fear that some of these somethings may be put out of joint.

In morality, science is a teacher. It encourages patience. For instance, when you have worked your tedious way through a difficult experiment, only to find out that a very strange and incorrect result has been produced, it is splendid moral training to keep yourself within yourself and rework the thing. Then, observation into various paths of the wonder work, this earth, leads one to recognize something higher than mortality, Someone in a superior realm. The mental culture and broadening of scope are not the least of other profits of science study.

In this department of our school most efficient work is done. Figures would not be amiss in comparing our high school with some others, in this particular. Webster gives thirteen and one-half (13½) in two weeks to each science, to ten (10) hours at Soldan. Though in Physics we offer but one year and one-half (1½) at that school, yet our eighty experiments performed and carefully recorded in a note book outstrips the number no more carefully worked there. This is quantity, but in quality the course is very fine. Equipment, though able to be improved in many ways, is sufficient to enable the students to obtain necessary accuracy. Any other handicaps are overcome by the incentive to concentrate work in our smaller school.

Interest and pleasure is not lacking in the laboratories. Here, except in class recitations, the ban of strict silence is removed, and enough social fellowship and fun is mixed with hard work to render the former harmless, and free the latter from drudgery. Now you may judge for yourself whether this demonstration with which we started out, has proved the benefits and efficiency of our "Science."

ALFRED LEE BOOTH.
It has always been the ambition of the Board of Education to make our schools the equal of those in St. Louis, which are surpassed by none and equaled by few, but owing to lack of funds, it has not always been possible for them to do everything in the way of departments and equipment that they desired. This year, however, the fund seemed large enough to permit the introduction of a Domestic Science Department, at least in a modest way.

The room devoted to sewing is situated on the first floor in the southeast corner of the building. It is not furnished as elaborately as we might wish, but contains everything essential to proper instruction. A large rectangular table, surrounded by chairs, occupies the center of the room. Sewing machines and a large locker, a gift from the Manual Training Department, complete the equipment.

Every other week this room presents a busy scene. Evidences of hard work are everywhere. The hum of the machines makes a harmonious accompaniment to the snip of shears and the chatter of the girls as they busily plan, cut out and make their garments. No doubt the lessons learned here will, in future years, prove of inestimable value to these girls.

The cookery room is in the south-east corner of the ground floor, a large room, well lighted. An open rectangle divided into twelve sections, occupies the center of the room. Each section consists of a gas stove and miniature oven; a drawer and small compartment beneath it, which are fitted up with every utensil necessary for mixing, preparing and cooking foods. At the back of the room is a brilliant array of pots and pans neatly arranged on the shelves. A large "supply table," which is exactly what its name implies, stands at the east side, and in the front, a large ice box, an enamel
sink, fitted with both hot and cold water; a large gas range and lockers made by the Manual Training boys.

The Cooking Department, indeed, has gained great popularity in Webster High, especially among the boys. How eagerly they await the coming of the “domestic girls” to sample their arts of cooking and how ready are the girls to prove their skill! And so when in future years these girls are called upon to preside in homes of their own, how grateful will they be for those lessons taught and learned in Webster High School’s “Domestic Science Department.”

DORA WHITTEMORE.
When we came back to the school in the fall of 1909 we found a new study posted on the recitation schedule and a new teacher installed. The study was Manual Training and the teacher was Mr. Weber, formerly of the McKinley High School. A few of the girls, who had duly persuaded the School Board that girls have a right to learn to saw, plane and chisel, and a great many of the boys set aside an hour and a half a day for this study.

On going downstairs we found our beloved lunch-room with a good floor and filled with sixteen new work-benches, each fitted out with saws, chisels, hammers, et cetera, all ready for work.

And work we did that first year and proud we were of the evidences of our skill, such as taberettes, book racks, magazine racks and foot stools. We covered a great deal of work in mechanical drawing, also, even more than is covered in the same time in the city schools.

This year, of course, the work ran a little smoother and there was a better grade of work done, for last year the eighth grade boys came up here once a week to work and in this way this year's Freshmen had some experience with which to begin their work.

The second year classes are also keeping up their good work in both Manual and Mechanical. Go down there any period and you will find the benches full of busy students, sawing, planing, grinding tools and making a noise in general, but a harmonious racket, for it is a scene of work, not idling.

The Manual Training has certainly proven a success, due to its popularity among the student body and the efficiency of its instructor, and we hope and believe that it will keep up its success in the future.

JULIA D. SISSON.
Webster Alma Mater.

Words and music by Alfred Lee Booth.

1. Webster, Alma Mater, courts thee with joy we give our hearts and hands; Striving for thy glory, we will go and fight, obeying thy commands; Strength thy banner lends us, victory sure, almighty, we'll sing thee ere and evermore.

2. Fall thee will we never, When in times of peace Thy laurels we uphold: Loyal, ever mindful, E'en when days with thee our memories oft told; Pleasures oft afforded, Labors all rewarded; Hail, then! Hail to thee, Webster, orange and black!

3. Forward, then and upward, Rise to fame and fill a great and noble place, Vanquish every foe, In the battle—victor, first in every race; Intellect unbounded, Strength and valor sounded; Hail, then! Hail to thee, Webster, orange and black!
In the Webster High School the Literary Societies form a very important part of the school life. And this is as it should be, for not only is there pleasure, but also much real profit to be derived from them. But what is the object of the clubs, and what do they do for the school?

Their primary object is, of course, to give literary programs. These programs consist of debates, recitations, papers on various subjects and other things customary in societies of this kind. The benefits received by the students in taking part in these programs are obvious; it accustoms them to appearing before people, and it is in the clubs that those who enter the declamatory, essay and debating contests with other schools receive that training which enables them to come off with flying colors. Besides their various other duties the clubs have taken it upon themselves to beautify the school building, and, as a result, the walls, which would probably otherwise be bare, are now filled with beautiful copies of the famous pictures of the world. The pictures help the students to appreciate the best in art, and also to take a greater interest and pride both in their clubs and in the school.

There are four clubs in the Webster High School, the Delphi, Philomathian, Arena and Athenian, and every one in the school is required to belong to one of these. To tell in detail the history of each of these clubs and what they have done and are doing now, would be impossible here, so a few words for each must suffice. The Delphi is a progressive society and its members have always taken active parts in the school contests. The Philomathian Society seems to make a specialty of starting new customs in the school. For example the custom, already mentioned, of presenting pictures, or some similar gift, to the school each year originated in this society, and this custom is now observed by the other clubs. The Arena is known in the school as a club which does things. Its members are enthusiastic and their interesting programs show the happy result of their enthusiasm. The Athenian is a new club, having been organized only since the beginning of this school year. Therefore, we cannot recount the glories of its past, but must prophecy in regard to its future, and if we may judge its future career by the present, it will be a very successful one.

LELA ENGLAND,
Class of 1911,
Social Functions.

To do justice to the many events of society which have taken place in the school during the last five years is the task which I am about to attempt.

Each year has had its social events with their many delightful associations, and in looking back over these, the foot ball receptions stand out as events long to be remembered by the students. Bristol Hall, with its polished floors and pennanted walls, has proved a fitting place for the gay and laughing girls and boys who, forgetful of quizzes and themes, come yearly to celebrate the closing of each victorious football season. A delightful program, consisting of music, recitations and a review of the year's games, is given and this is followed by the dance. All too soon we see Mr. Grove or Coach Roberts mount the stage and in his familiar accents say that it is time we scatter to our homes. Then follows a grand rush for our wraps, and tired but happy, we realize that one more football dance has passed.

The class of "1910" gave a very successful dance in Bristol Hall on May 7th, 1909. The hall was decorated with pennants and bunting of the class colors.

On June 10, 1909, the Sophomores of "1911" gave a banquet for the Faculty in Room 6. The table was decorated in the class colors, blue and white, and small pennants were given as favors. As this proved a great success, the succeeding classes have given a somewhat similar lunch each year.

Instead of the customary reception given in honor of the Seniors each year, the class of "1911" gave a banquet. This was held in the large reading rooms of the Emmanuel Church and proved a great success. Between the courses toasts were made and a class game played, while from behind a bank of palms and ferns, the soft strains of music floated out and mingled with the happy laughter of the expectant graduates.

On November 23, 1910, the football boys were invited to attend a luncheon given by the Domestic Science classes in acknowledgment of their splendid work. A very long table, artistically decorated with flowers and ferns, had been placed in the lower hall and it was here that the boys enjoyed one of the best "Thanks"-giving dinners ever prepared. Under the supervision of Miss Clayton, the girls cooked and served this "feast," which even the Coach declares was the best he ever ate. But the valiant eleven were not the only ones who have cause to remember this day. In the upper hall the High School Orchestra played soft and alluring airs and thus it happened that many a maid was seen going softly up the stairs with turkey legs, sweet potatoes, etc., partly concealed beneath her dainty apron.

Owing to the lack of funds, the Athletic Association, assisted by Mr. Bollman, gave a Lecture and Stereopticon Show in Assembly on December
9, 1910. Messrs. Heath and Wyatt gave short and original talks on the "Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet," after which many interesting pictures of the high school notables were shown.

In order to celebrate the long talked of "1911," the Seniors took January 3 for "Senior Day." All the girls dressed in white with blue ties, while the boys wore blue suits and ties of the same color. In the morning a short program was given in Assembly and at 3 o’clock the class had a very delightful candy pull in the school kitchen.

For the last six or seven years it has been customary for the Senior Classes to have a "Commencement Week," consisting of the Baccalaureate Sermon, Class Night, i.e., a play and dance; Class Day, the Junior Reception and last, but not least, the Commencement Exercises. The program for the class of "1911" has not yet been completed, but many delightful hours are being prepared.

FANNY BAKEWELL CUSHING,
Class of 1911.

Music in the School.

The very important educational factor of music has not been neglected in the school. Much credit is due to Miss Martha Kendrick, Superintendent of Music, for her splendid work with the school chorus. An artistic repertoire, worthy of any chorus of its kind, is sung with taste and precision. The more difficult the selection, the more enthusiastic seems to be the work.

But aside from this, every week there is a short program arranged of literary and musical performances by the students, and in each of the clubs. The musical program, every fourth meeting, is awaited with much expectancy. There is abundant talent, both vocal and instrumental. A small orchestra of five different instruments had their initial performance in December, under the direction of Alfred Lee Booth, and seemed to please the student body. Mr. Charles Allen Cale graciously gave us a short violin recital in November with Mrs. Cale accompanying at the piano. Thus this most beautiful art is being, and, it is to be hoped, will continue to develop.

Glee Clubs for both boys and girls are about to supply a feature long lacking. Miss Kendrick will direct them, but officers have been selected from the club members as follows: For the boys’ club they have chosen Alfred Lee Booth, President; Kenneth Larkey, Secretary; Kenneth Coggeshall, Treasurer, and Arthur Poss and Edwin Healey, Librarians. Officers for the girls’ club, Miss Menkins, President; Miss Sisson, Secretary; Miss Whittemore, Treasurer; Misses Cushing and Van Auken, Librarians. The latter society has many good voices and will, without a doubt, be a success. Through lack of experience and training the boys will have a more difficult time of it. Yet, “pleasure and action will seem to make the hour short.”

ALFRED LEE BOOTH.
The Kirkwood-Webster Contest.

The Kirkwood-Webster Contest is not one contest as the name implies, but a series in which Webster and Kirkwood High Schools match their strength in brain and brawn. They are without doubt the star events of the year in both schools. But why are they so important—do Kirkwood and Webster oppose each other for the mere love of strife? No indeed! The cause of this rivalry is a cup, by far the smallest that Webster’s trophy case now holds. It was purchased by both schools to be awarded for one term to whichever school wins three out of the five yearly contests. If either Webster or Kirkwood wins the cup three terms in succession, it becomes a permanent trophy of the winner. So if Webster wins the contest for the next two years, as we expect her to do, the trophy will then be her’s and Kirkwood in no manner can take it from her.

But why, you ask, do we expect Webster and not Kirkwood to gain this acquisition? Because, gentle reader, Webster has shown her superior strength by the work she did last year. The contest started with a football game, which the Webster team won, not by their strength and weight, but by cleverness and quick plays. Kirkwood howled with rage when beaten and swore vengeance on Webster—yea, even threatened to defeat her so badly in the rest of the contests that she would cry out for mercy. Next came the declamatory contest, in which Webster matched two girls, Joy Hutton and Helena Wolfram, against Kirkwood’s two boys. The young men declaimed their pieces so dramatically that they were received with gales of laughter instead of tempests of weeping, while the two girls’ declamations were recited with so much pathos that tears gleamed even in the eyes of hard-hearted Kirkwood. Of course, it is unnecessary to say that Webster won. The essay contest, of which the subject was, “The Future of the Mississippi River,” drew apace and passed, leaving the laurels to Webster’s two writers, Kenneth Coggeshall and Alfred Booth. Then about a month later came the debate, in which Webster’s team, Kenneth Larkey and Dorothy Cutter, argued so well that they quite convinced the judges that the question should be decided in their favor. And last, but not least, Kirkwood and Webster again met—this time to try their strength on the field. Kirkwood was desperate. She put forth her mightiest effort to win, but without avail, for Webster out did her at every turn and left the field victor. Full loath did Kirkwood give up the cup which she had held for two years and was so confident of keeping. But now Webster has the trophy, won by the score of 5-0, and hopes to keep it; when in later years the Seniors of ’11 enter the old school house and peer into the trophy case, they will see a small cup reposing among numerous other ones and will point to it with pride and say the Class of 1911 helped to win it.

FRANCES SPAULDING.
A Word From Our Coach.

The object of all athletics is not so much that we win, but the enjoyment derived and the development of intellect and body into useful citizens. A well balanced mind is always in a healthy body. There may be a few exceptions, but the world is not ruled by weaklings. Take one glance at our Presidents, Governors, Senators, etc.

The condition of athletics in Webster High is far above that of the average High School. We are not hampered by any Athletic League or hostile School Board. This leaves Webster free to choose her opponents, which is the only way to have pure athletics. The good will that each boy has for the other (no favoritism being shown) is another excellent feature. All of these things bring excellent results.

In football we have lost the championship of St. Louis County but once since straight High School teams have been played. The track team has not been defeated for the highest honors of the county for seven years. The basketball and baseball teams have always been able to hold their own. The swimming team has had to go out of its class to even get any competition. Y. M. C. A.'s and A. C.'s have been beaten with ease.

This success would be impossible if it were not for the interest shown by the Athletic Association, which gives the proper financial basis without which athletics would be a failure. Loyalty to your school should prompt you to join the Athletic Association. The idea that I won't join because I can't play should not exist. The very reason that you can't play should spur you to join the Association, and in this way help, since you can't in any other. If each boy in school were to look at it in this light, the number in the Athletic Association would be doubled and our financial standing much firmer.

C. A. ROBERTS.
Foot Ball.

Perhaps no interscholastic contest is looked forward to with such great interest as the Webster-Kirkwood football game. For that reason, therefore, this game will be described in detail. In order that the description may be more interesting, I shall tell it, not as seen from the grandstand, but as witnessed by one of the players.

"Ready, Webster? Ready, Kirkwood?" The Captains cast a final look behind them and nodded. The Referee's whistle sounded. Merrell, who kicked off for Webster, sent the ball in a long, low curve to the Kirkwood fullback, who dropped it, but before he could recover it, we had broken through the Kirkwood line and were about him. In an instant the ball was covered under a heap of bodies, which were still squirming when the Referee's whistle called a peremptory stop. Little by little the tangle loosened. At the bottom lay a defender of the Orange and Black and under him the ball. Thus started the greatest football game in the history of Webster High School.

From my position as fullback, I glanced over the two teams as they lined up. There was a great Kirkwood team, strong, heavy and confident of victory. In contrast to this was the much lighter Webster line, yet the very manner in which they crouched on the line of scrimmage showed their determination and grit. A few heavy line plunges brought us within five yards of the goal and our quarterback, "Cy," glanced over us as we prepared for our final struggle. Then began the signals 24-54-29-48. Our muscles grew tense as we watched the ball. Suddenly it was passed and Bryant and McCartney, followed by Heath on one of his famous tackle through tackle plays, crashed through the Red and White line. For a moment all was chaos, then, as I extracted myself from the struggling mass of humanity, I heard the cheers and shouts of the Webster rooters and knew it was a touchdown. It had only taken us three minutes to get it.

Once more that quarter we worked our way down the field. At last Kirkwood secured the ball on a fumble, but their efforts to advance it failed and we finally forced them behind their own goal. There was nothing to do but kick out, and this they tried to do. However, it so happened that the ball struck the goal post and bounced back, whereupon the ever-watchful McCartney "fell" on it and gained another touchdown for Webster. Soon after the quarter ended.

The second quarter witnessed many great tackles made by Smith and Heath. It was during this quarter that Kirkwood made her first touchdown. It was in the last few minutes of play when this accident happened. A Kirkwood player broke through our line, but was tackled as usual. The force of the blow, however, knocked the ball from his grasp, and Chamberlain, Kirkwood's star player, recovered it and made a touchdown.

We went into the game the second half with a "do or die" spirit. There was a great deal of open play this quarter, which gave Tudor and Wyatt a chance to show their ability at handling forward passes and punts. Here also came the greatest event of the game—"Cy" Merrell's drop-kick from the 30-yard line. It was the points thus gained that eventually won the game for us.

The last quarter proved to be the hardest struggle of the game as we were all almost exhausted. Spradling, however, continued to make his long distance gains, even though hindered somewhat by an injured leg. Simmons, through his accuracy and quickness, saved many a forward pass
from the hands of the foe, while Baker, the foundation of our line, prevented the heavy Kirkwood backs from breaking down our defense. It was in this quarter that Kirkwood made her second touchdown. Twice we held them for "downs" and on the third down they crossed over the line for a fraction of a foot, but were soon pushed back by Webster. The Referee called it a touchdown on the argument that he had heard the man say "down" when he crossed the line, yet none of the players next to him heard him. Therefore, the question arises—could the Referee have heard him at the distance he was from the player and with the five hundred or more roosters cheering and shouting as they were? "Tell it to the Danes."

With this touchdown the game ended, giving us the victory. There were no "grandstand" plays during the game, as every one was playing for Webster and not for himself. While we were all bruised and scratched, yet there had been no serious injuries. Wyatt, who seemed to take delight in butting his head into every opponent, paid for it by a slight cut which put him out of the game for sometime. Clayton very ably filled the position of right half, while Simmons went to right end until Wyatt recovered. All who saw this game will have no doubt agree that it was the greatest our team has ever played. Too much credit cannot be given to our Coach, who spent evening after evening in training us for the contest. Webster is indeed fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Roberts as Athletic Director.

Football lineup:
Left End ................................................................. Tudor
Left Tackle .............................................................. C. Heath, Captain.
Left Half ................................................................. Smith
Center ................................................................. Baker
Right Half ............................................................... Bryant
Right Tackle ........................................................... McCartney
Right End ......................................................... Wyatt-Simmons
Quarterback ....................................................... "Cy" Merrell
Left Half ............................................................. Spradling
Fullback ................................................................. Coggeshall
Right Half ............................................................... Simmons-Clayton

Subs.—Clayton, Jones, Dameron.

Many other games were played as the following will show:
Webster, 29; Maplewood, 0;
Webster, 2; St. Charles, 0;
Webster, 9; Alton, 3.

Merrell kicked a beautiful drop kick from the 35-yard line at the end of the first quarter, while in the second quarter Wyatt caught a 10 yard pass from Merrell and aided by fine interference by Spradling and others, ran sixty-five yards for touchdown. Alton High has over five hundred students and should put forth a better team than Webster. Alton was the only school to conquer us in 1909. "Revenge is sweet."

Webster, 0; Soldan, 12.

This was a great game. At the end of the first half the score stood 0-0. In the second half, Soldan, which has a student enrollment of nearly fifteen hundred, sent an entire new team against us, while we had only exhausted players used in the first half.

Webster, 0; Washington, 1.

This was a forfeited game. Washington gave us such decisions that it became impossible to play. We had made a touchdown, however, before we left the field. KENNETH M. COGGESHALL. Class 1911.
Webster's Victorious Track Team
Track Team (1910.)

The season of 1910 was a very successful one for the Webster High School track team. Not so successful, perhaps, as that of 1909; when our boys won the point banner at Missouri University, and easily defeated all contestants in the county meet; yet surprisingly so when we consider that six of our ten athletes had never competed in track athletics before. The county meet was the only one entered during the past season, and the result: Webster, 72; Kirkwood, 39; Ferguson, 1; Clayton, 1; shows that the athletes worked hard and were in splendid condition.

Although no records were broken, many barely escaped. Wyatt, the particular star of the meet, equaled F. Heath’s record of 55 seconds in the 440-yard dash, made in 1909, and came within two inches of equaling the high jump record made by Cutter in 1908. Coggeshall made a desperate effort to lower his own 220-yard mark, but failed by a fraction of a second. There is but one record that has not been broken or equaled in the past three years, and that is John Bigger’s :10 4-5 for the 100-yard dash made in 1905, and our sprinters expect to break this next May.

For the coming year our prospects are unusually bright. We have the same team as last year, with the exception of Burton and Lewis, lost by graduation, and Dameron, lost by “Quituation.” In our new Freshmen and “Subs” we are satisfied we have a few “diamonds in the rough,” and, after being polished a bit, they will be ready to go forth and do battle for old Webster High. The only regret among the track team seems to be that our rivals held no records for them to smash, for, as you all know, Webster has held all track records for some years past.

Those that received their “W” for track in 1910 were:

Wyatt, ’12 (20 points).
Coggeshall, ’11 (13 points).
Dameron, ’13 (10 points).
Kotscreen, ’11 (7 points).
C. Heath, ’12 (5 points).

Owen G. Tudor, ’12.
A Base Ball Retrospect.

Taking into consideration the disadvantages and the difficulties under which our team played last year, we must readily say that the season was one of grand success. Probably the greatest hindrance was in not having a field. This made most serious trouble and caused that lack of coherence and unity among our players which so characterized their team work. Lack of practice is the most serious defect of any team, and without which nothing can be hoped for.

Another defect was the lack of material from which to pick the players. This caused some of the players who were chosen to consider themselves safe in their positions, because there was no opposition for their places. This, in turn, gave rise to the feeling that it was not necessary to come out and practice.

However, upon reviewing the season, it can be said—and rightly so—to be one of success. Tudor did wonderful work at holding “home,” and it was very seldom a ball got by him, while his quick, speedy throws to bases caught many a man “napping.” He was well worthy of our loudest acclamations. H. Lacey, at pitch, completed the battery and held the opponents in some tight places. Dewey, at “first,” did remarkable work, and showed great speed occasionally. His large height enabled him to snatch many a ball that would otherwise have been far out of reach. Mr. Roberts, our faculty member, held “second” down to a “frazzle” and was the “live wire” of the team. It was his playing which gave the others the energy and determination to come out on top. C. Lacey did great work on “third,” stopping many a “hot liner” that came his way. Harris, on “short,” showed excellent qualities, getting all that came within his radius, and making swift throws to first or second, or wherever the occasion demanded. The fielders, Lewis, Merrill and Smith, did good work, but needed a shade more of practice. The subs, Wyatt and McCartney, did their share when it was needed. The batting of the team was not as good as desired, and needed more practice, both in sacrifice hitting and place hitting.

The first game of the season was with Maplewood, at the Edgebrook grounds, April 8. The team had very little practice previous to the game, and not much was expected of them. However, at the end, the score stood 6 to 3 in favor of Webster. The second was with Central High, played at their grounds in Forest Park, April 13. The team in this game did not show as much good baseball as was necessary, and the final score stood 13 to 5 in Central’s favor. On April 27th the third game was played with Maplewood at their grounds. It was a fast game for Webster. They showed much spirit and zeal, leaving their rivals in the “tall timbers.” The score at the end of the ninth inning stood 10 to 6 in Webster’s favor. Our fourth
game was played with Soldan High, May 9th, on Maplewood grounds. It was an easy victory for the Webster boys, as at the end of the seventh inning the score was 11 to 7 in their favor. The Soldan manager withdrew his men from the field in virtual disgust. The next game, with Clayton High, was a close struggle from beginning to end, and although our boys were not playing their best, we managed to pull out ahead. At the end of the ninth inning the score stood 1 to 1. The next inning gave us one run, and the final score stood 2 to 1 in favor of Webster. This was one of the best games during the season, as there was so much friendly rivalry and no personal or bitter feelings between the two teams. The sixth game completed the year’s schedule, and was also added to our list of victories. It was with Manual Training on their grounds. Our boys put much spirit and vim into their playing, and the result was the trimming of Manual to the score of 6 to 1. This was the last game of the season, making the total number of defeats one and victories five, giving us a percentage of .833. Thus terminated one of the most successful years in baseball athletics.

HUBERT W. LACEY, 1911.

Basket Ball.

In the course of the year’s athletics enters basketball, a game enjoyed by the audience as well as the players. Webster has always put forth a winning team and for many years has held the undisputed St. Louis County championship. Among the players who helped to win this honor were: Elmer Lacey, Captain and left forward; Smith, right forward; Collins, center, and Fred Heath, guard. These four veterans, with Kotsrean and Hubert Lacey, completed the team.

There was no team during the season of 1910, as the best players had graduated the previous year. But in 1911 enough material was found to make up a fast team. Those who witnessed the games in Bristol Hall and who enjoyed the dance afterward, have nothing to regret.

The line-up was as follows:

H. Lacey .......................... Right Forward
Harris ......................... Left Forward
Wyatt .............................. Center
Tudor .......................... Right Guard
Kotsrean .......................... Left Guard

Subs......................... Smith and Poss.

CHESTER KOTSREAN.
Class 1911.
The Basket Ball Team.
The Sophomore Class.

Webster's dictionary gives as the origin of the word "Sophomore," two Greek words meaning a "wise fool." But the present body of Sophomores are anything but fools, for the class is noted throughout the school for its ability in all branches. But, of course, if we think of the word "fool" as one who is able to entertain kings, perhaps, it is applicable. Although they have never had the opportunity of entertaining kings, they are fully able to entertain each other, judging from the sounds of hilarity issuing from their class-rooms.

This class entered Webster High School on the 13th of September and graduates in the year 1913. At present they are the largest Sophomore class ever enrolled in the school, consisting of fifty-two members, a multiple of 13. Although the number "13" figures prominently in their history, they are not a hoodoo class.

Already in the second year of their career, great ability has been discovered, as is seen by their talented musicians, their authors of great themes and especially by one or two football heroes. If I were to name all the merits of the class it would fill a book, so I will only touch lightly upon a few. "We have with us"—not only this evening, but for four long years—our quarterback, our halfback, our violinist and our wireless operator, who not only makes his own discoveries, but copyrights the experiments of others, and several other well-known speakers (you could hardly call them orators, but according to the teachers, they certainly can talk).

Probably there are others whose ability has not yet been discovered, and are waiting for an opportunity to come into the limelight. With our friend, Gray, the poet, I may say: "Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest." But whether their genius be asleep or awake, they all possess a sense of humor, which, though it be at times annoying to the teachers, helps them wonderfully on their weary way and enables them to look forward with a happier countenance to the two years of hard work that lie before them.

MARIE FRANCES ALOFS.
History of the Junior Class.

The sages of Greece are dead. The wise virgins are released from their faithful vigil. Through many dark and dreary centuries the world has with patient hope waited for history to repeat itself. The reward of thy faith, "Proud World," is at hand; for even now the lamps of wisdom are lighting with a brighter glow as the "Class of 1912" rises to greet you. As the eddy in a river, always changing, always the same, so we, as a class, are the same in spirit, but differing in the individuals who compose it.

No longer are be-togad audiences held spellbound by a silvery-tongued Demosthenes. But is the world dark and destitute by this privation? Nay! Nay! Now the learned people of Webster High School are entertained by speakers of the other sex; namely, the gifted and eloquent Misses Louis and Wright.

Yes, Leander swam the Hellespont; bravely and long did he struggle and many a mile he swam. And now, lo! the shade of Leander beholds C. Heath swimming many Hellesponts in the mighty "Father of Waters," and his soul is heavy within him, for in his present condition, he is unable to regain his lost title and to set a new record.

No longer do gladiators contend in the arena. No longer do giant Nubians contend with swarthy Sardinian. Yes, all these are past, but still the spirit of contest remains. Now the husky Junior, with numerous others under his colors, armed with sharp teeth and large feet, bites and kicks the puny opposition to defeat. Then, when that husky victor, with the pigskin planted squarely behind the goal posts, arises from the circle of slain, how the girls do yell and shout, "Heath! Heath! Bully for Heath, Webster, Rah! Rah! Rah! But is the battle over? No, indeed; for there goes a tall,
lanky youth, with determined mein, down the field in spite of the forceful attempts to stop him. Not a thumb is raised for the vanquished, for now all that is heard in the excitement is, "Wyatt! Wyatt!"

Now the carnage is over and the leader brings his band before Caesar. They are all there: Heath, Simmons, Clayton, Tudor, Wyatt and Spradling. Proudly and in noble array, the giant Hercules in their lead, bring them forth. They go forth to claim the rewards of the victor. And what may those rewards be? Nothing else than a TURKEY dinner given by the commissary department of the High School, and presided over by the great Caesar himself, or is it Mr. Hixson? Here the tale of their valor is told and it is found that at no gladiatorial school were they trained, but under the Spartan rules of Carolus Arelius Robertus (Latin for Mr. Roberts), Caesar is pleased and bestows on Carolus a handsome loving cup and filling it with dark wine, he drinks to the health of our Coach and the everlasting glory of the Class of 1912.

This history is respectfully submitted.

R. D. SPRADLING.
Class Roll.

Mary Bowers Archibald.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."
Arena Club.

Edna Bellis.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman."
Philomathian Club.

Alfred Lee Booth.

"Studious he sate, with all his books around him."
President of Arena Club, 1911.
Vice-President of Arena Club, 1910.
Associate Editor of "The Senior."
Essay Contest, 1910.
King of Glee Club.
Gertrude Brooks.

"A gentle maiden
Rich in wisdom, worth, and virtue rare."
Arena Club.

Thomas Marlin Bryant.

"He was not conscious of his power,
Or if he was, knew not its full extent."
President, Delphi Club, 1911.
Football, 1910.
Track, 1910-1911.
Critic, Delphi Club, 1910.

Katherine Burnett.

"There is no impossibility to her."
Curator, Delphi Club.
Glee Club.

Kenneth M. Coggeshall.

"The servant of lofty ideals, the companion of worthy ambition, and the master of a noble mind and body.
Treasurer of Arena Club, 1910-1911.
Critic of Arena Club, 1909.
Treasurer of Glee Club, 1910.
Winner of Essay Contest, 1910.
Secretary and Treasurer, Freshman Class.
President of Sophomore Class.
President of Junior Class.
Editor-in-Chief of "The Senior."
Football, 1907, '08, '09, '10.
Track, 1908, '09, '10, '11.
Declamatory Contest, 1911."
FANNY BAKEWELL CUSHING.

"Pleasure and action make the hours seem short."
Critic of Arena Club, 1910.
Secretary of Arena Club, 1910.
Vice-President of Junior Class.
Librarian of Glee Club.
Assistant Business Manager of "The Senior."

LELA ENGLAND.

"I must be about my studies business."
President of Philomathian Club, 1910.
Glee Club.

MILTON FINK.

"Life is short, and so am I."
Vice-President, Delphi Club, 1909—1911.
Critic, Delphi Club, 1910.
Curator, Delphi Club, 1911.

MARGARET GILMORE.

"Quiet, yet genial;
A modest manner, yet a commanding mind."
Vice-President, Arena Club, 1911.
Critic, Arena Club, 1910.
Vice-President, Senior Class.
Associate Editor of "The Senior."
Glee Club.

JEAN JACKSON.

"True happiness (if understood) consists in doing good."
Arena Club.
Glee Club.
Lucille E. Kinkead.

"I do but sing because I must."
Glee Club.
Arena Club.

Chester William Kotsrean.

"In the right place is his heart, 
And his hand is ready and willing."
Vice-President, Delphi Club, 1910.
Secretary, Delphi Club, 1911.
Assistant Business Manager of "The Senior."
Track, 1910, '11.
Basketball, 1908-10.
Glee Club.

Hubert Wesley Lacey.

"Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain."
Arena Club.
Glee Club.
Treasurer of Senior Class.
President of Athletic Association, 1911.
Secretary of Athletic Association, 1910.
Basketball, 1908, '09, '11; Captain, '11.
Baseball, '08, '09, Captain, '10.
Track, '10.
Associate Art Editor of "The Senior."

Mabel Lacy.

"Of manner gentle, of affections mild."
Vice-President of Athenian Club, 1910.

Nettie Leptin.

"An open-hearted maiden, true and pure."
Delphi Club.
Glee Club.
KENNETH LARKEY.
"Grac'd thou art with all the pow'r of words."
Secretary of Delphi Club, 1909.
President of Delphi Club, 1911.
Vice-President of Delphi Club, 1910.
Secretary of Sophomore Class.
Secretary of Junior Class.
President of Senior Class.
Debate with Kirkwood.
Business Manager of "The Senior."
Glee Club.

MARGARET FRANKLIN LUDLOW.
"She'd be cheerful and chirrupy
Under a mountain of troubles."
Athenian Club.
Glee Club.
Art Editor of "The Senior."

ISABELLE MENKINS.
"Of such a merry, nimble, striving spirit."
Critic Delphi Club, 1911.
Secretary of Delphi Club, 1910.
President of Girls' Glee Club.
Declamatory Contest, 1911.

ROCKWELL RIDPATH.
"If silence is golden, he is twenty-four karat."
Critic of Delphi Club, 1911.
Glee Club.

JULIA DUPRE SISON.
"And all her heart is friendship."
Critic of Arena Club, 1911.
Secretary of Glee Club.
Associate Art Editor of "The Senior."
Frances Elizabeth Spaulding.

"Wise to resolve, and patient to perform."
Secretary of Arena Club, 1911.
Vice-President of Arena Club, 1910.
Associate Art Editor of "The Senior."
Glee Club.

Mary O. Todd.

"Her hair is no more sunny than her heart."
President of Philomathian Club, 1911.
Glee Club.

Mildred Weber.

"Moderation—the noblest gift of heaven."
Delphi Club.
Glee Club.

Dora Whittemore.

"As merry as the day is long."
Vice-President of Sophomore Class.
Critic Arena Club, 1911.
Associate Editor of "The Senior."
Glee Club.
Farewell.

If ever in the hurry and turmoil of this busy world its good things are appreciated, at least one such time is in the glow of the after-thought, when that reminiscent and melancholy mood which always follows the "good old times," comes upon us, and seldom do we realize the full value of our situation before then.

Especially is this true of the "Senior Class" of Webster High and its relations with our Alma Mater. Four irrevocable years have we together cast into that vast sea of eternity and at their close it is small wonder that we are inclined to look back over them.

First of all, we think of our Faculty, in whose minds our good and betterment have ever been uppermost, and at once comes to us the full realization of the kind and unselfish devotion which they have always shown toward us. To them we wish to express our heartfelt gratitude and sincere appreciation, and although our conduct may not have indicated such a feeling, we wish to assure them that such has ever been our attitude.

Our class can never pay its debt to the Faculty and Webster High, but we can, as we pass out from her protecting walls into the great arena of life, come nearest to it by imploring those for whom many pleasant times in our school are yet in store and who still remain to fill her loyal ranks, to develop and cherish the same reverence which we have learned to hold for her.

Again and again we Seniors hear, "Oh! aren't you glad you will graduate?" And what is our answer? Are we really glad that we have only a few short weeks to spend in Webster High?

Perhaps our first answer is "yes," but our more thoughtful one is "no."

Certainly we are glad to have completed a course which will enable us to step out into the practical activities of life, or into wider fields of knowledge, as the case may be, more fully equipped than any other training or experience could have made us.

But on the other hand, words are inadequate to express our deep feelings of regret and grief as the time draws near when we must leave our old associates, classmates, familiar surroundings and lastly our beloved Alma Mater. Scarcely can we realize that what have so recently been real live joys will soon be but shadowy memories written upon the dim pages of the past.

What the future holds for us remains to be seen, but this much is sure—the four years which are now about to close have been the happiest of our lives.

To Mr. Hixson and our Faculty and to all, who in the course of our connection with Webster High, have contributed to make our time profitable and pleasant, we, the "Class of 1911," take this opportunity to say, "Farewell."

KENNETH C. LARKEY,
President Senior Class.
Nineteen Eleven Class Song.

Words and music by Alfred Lee Booth—1909.

1.
I know we're Seniors, strength and worth possessed; the boys are proud to know that we're the Seniors, wisdom, strength and wealth possessed.

2.
When there's work we're equal to it; no one can past us slide.

3.
In the class of nineteen 'tis seen; to cheer for nineteen is keen.

2.
In the class of nineteen 'tis seen; to cheer for nineteen is keen.

3.
In the class of nineteen 'tis keen; to cheer for nineteen is keen.

Freshmen, Sophomores, see the Juniors, Down before us low, they bow; We're the class of nineteen 'tis seen, That's why they pay homage now.

Baseball, Basketball, Track, and Football, Men of "Eleven" always win; Greeks in swiftness, strong as Romans, Victors we have always been.
History of Class of '11.

Those who are members of the Class of '11 cannot fail to contrast the first day of our Senior year with our first entrance into Webster Groves High School. At that time we were an unorganized body of timid Freshmen vainly trying to plough through the intricacies of the program and only succeeding after securing the aid of some benign teacher or condescending Senior. This year we played the role of the condescending Senior ourselves. Amid many joyful greetings of fellow-students lost sight of during the summer, we secured favored seats and arranged our own programs. When the opening song was sung it was with a vim only excelled by that which was exhibited at the contest with Kirkwood.

So it is evident that we were not long an unorganized body, for some ambitious Freshman called a meeting and we elected our officers for the year. These officers performed their duties well and soon it became known that the Class of '11 was a promising one. In order to further extend the fame of our class and to outdo our rivals, the Sophomores, a few of our boys came out one dark wintry night and in our chosen class colors, blue and white, decorated the smoke-stack of the school and also the walks 'round about.

During our Sophomore year the Class of '11 did more to promote school spirit than was ever done before. Our Class President, Kenneth Coggeshall, designed a school pin in the school colors, orange and black. An order of two hundred pins attested the loyalty of the student body to "Old Webster High." Our President also procured some stickers in blue and white, with 1911 printed on them. With these stickers we identified our property and decorated the school to the manifest chagrin of the other classes and to Mr. Hixson's displeasure.

The class of '11 thus acquired a reputation for establishing precedents for other classes. One of these was a banquet given in honor of the Faculty during our Sophomore year. This banquet was something entirely new, and was a huge success. Each of the teachers made us a very complimentary speech, while Mr. Grove, having so enjoyed our delicious "eats," was inspired to write a poem in which he paid great homage to the Class of '11, exploiting all our deeds. The last line of poem

"The Sophomores did it,"

is very elastic, for each year he easily changed it to Juniors, then to Seniors.

It is not customary for Freshmen boys to gain a place on the football team, but the brain and brawn of the boys were soon recognized. Abraham Thompson played fullback, Kenneth Coggeshall, left tackle, and Nathan Allen was "the best end Webster ever had." Because of the loss of Abraham Thompson through "quituation," Kenneth Coggeshall took his place as fullback and held it for the remaining three years. As a Junior, Wheeler Duffy played guard, and this year Marlin Bryant joined the team and proved himself worthy of the place.
As a Freshman, Kenneth Coggeshall made a 220-yard record at the St. Louis County track meet which has never been broken since. Each succeeding year he has aided greatly in bringing home victory from both Columbia and Kirkwood meets. At the 1910 track meet, the Class of '11 contributed four boys, Bryant, Lacey, Kotsrean and Coggeshall, all of whom did excellent work. This year the same four boys will, we hope, break and make records at the track meet as they did last year.

In baseball, Hubert Lacey has always been a great organizer and a star pitcher. As a Junior he was Captain of the team, and will probably be again this year. Both Hubert Lacey and Chester Kotsrean have done some hard work in getting up a good basketball team, and it is much to their credit that they succeeded in overcoming the deficiency of a gymnasium.

Not only in the athletic contest with Kirkwood did the members of the class of 1911 prove their worth, but also in the intellectual contests. In our Sophomore year a member of our class, Elsie Hutchinson, was one of the winners of the declamatory contest. As Juniors, Kenneth Coggeshall and Alfred Booth won the essay contest, the subject of which was, "The Future of the Mississippi River." These boys put forth such excellent themes that some of the judges wrote letters expressing their high estimate of the compositions. It was at the debate with Kirkwood, which Kenneth Larkey helped to win, that our class realized that Mr. Larkey was "gifted with the power of words." It is our hope and belief that the Class of 1911 will contribute as many and more successful candidates in the contest this year with Kirkwood.

Probably the biggest success of our Junior year was a reception and banquet given to the Seniors. It was only with an abundant supply of "class spirit" and many willing workers that such a "stunt" could be pulled off. Mr. Grove and Mr. Hixson each honored us with a short address, both of whom bade a regretful adieu to the departing Seniors and welcomed the Class of 1911 as the new Seniors.

In order to defray the expenses of this banquet, we gave a candy sale. Mr. Hixson kindly accorded us the use of the lunch room for this purpose. Those who gave us orders for candy last year were so pleased that, when it became known we were going to give another this year to help defray the expenses of this little book, we were flooded with orders and could scarcely fill them all.

The Seniors chose the first school day of 1911 for our Class Day. On that day Mr. Hixson gave us charge of the Assembly. We had a short program, consisting of a class poem written by Kenneth Coggeshall, an address from our President, Kenneth Larkey, and the class song, which was composed by Alfred Booth, was sung by the members of our class.

It is generally recognized that the Class of 1911 has a higher average of scholarship, better workers and more class spirit than any other class that has graduated from Webster High. The year is not yet completed and we hope to keep up our record to the end, making the class of nineteen eleven one to be remembered.

MARGARET W. GILMORE,
Class 1911.
Class Poem.

Three years have passed—three classes gone,
Three times have poets praised in song
The valor of the class so dear.
Since we as Freshmen entered here.
Yet while these years were passing by,
We learned to love old Webster High.
And thus our class, whene’er we could,
Put forth our best for Webster’s good,
And when each year our greatest foe
Comes marching with great pomp and show,
To test their skill, their brawn and brain,
With that of Webster’s mighty train.
The Kirkwood rooters cheer and shout,
They think they’ll win without a doubt,
And count up an enormous score
Before the great contest is o’er.
But soon the Webster rooters cheer
The “Nineteen ‘leven Class” is here.
Although Kirkwood does strive to gain,
Against this class she strives in vain,
And so once more we win the day,
While Kirkwood leaves in great dismay.
The same through all these contests great,
Declamatory and Debate,
In Essay, Football, Field and Track,
We’ve helped the “Orange and the Black”
To win its many laurels bright,
And overcome the “Red and White.”

But should some wonder why this class
Can every other one surpass,
I’ll tell you why we’ve won success,
And why stern Fate seems us to bless.
It is because we’re always true
To our class colors, “White and Blue.”
We’re first in war, and first in peace,
And yet, “Haste not, but never cease.”
We have a President so great,
His fame is known throughout the State,
For he has truly shown his might,  
By placing us at such a height.  
In fact, no better could be found,  
To lead a class of such renown.  
And then there's Lacey's brawn and brain,  
That's brought both class and school great fame  
While Kotsrean's work at basketball  
Has called forth praise and cheers from all.  
And Bryant, whom you all have seen  
In football togs of brightest green,  
In many games he's won the day,  
By making some unusual play.  
And then there's Fink and Ridpath, too,  
Without these men, what would we do?  
And still there is another youth,  
Whom we have dubbed Professor Booth,  
His soulful music fills our heart  
And makes us wonder at his art.  
But should I try to do the same,  
And every girl in this class name,  
To long 'twould take me to relate.  
For every girl has talents great.  
Just think of what a dandy wife  
Each girl will make in after life!  
Just think of what a splendid treat  
If you could only have to eat  
A meal prepared by one of them.  
Ah, such a treat ne'er comes again.  
And yet, also, I know 'tis true  
(But I'll impart this thing to you),  
There are some girls who strive to get  
Some votes—and be a Suffragette.  
Now, can you wonder why success,  
And even Fate, seems us to bless?

* * * * *

And now, when in our Senior year,  
We see the final step appear.  
The time draws near for this great class  
To graduate—from this school pass.  
Then we'll take up the work of life,  
And battle in this world of strife.
And some far day, in years to come,
When our life's race is nearly run,
When Age's heavy hand is placed
Upon my weary head,—embraced
In thoughts and recollections sweet,
Of times, that never will repeat.
The days of youth that have gone by,
Of contests fought for Webster High,
Of that defeat of Kirkwood's team,
These visions pass as in a dream.
And when grim death does beckon me
To call me to eternity,
I hope, if ere I go to heaven
I'll meet the "Class of Nineteen 'leven."

KENNETH M. COGGESHALL,
Class 1911.
A Peep into the Future.

It was in the year 1925 and the limited express thundered on amid the melting rays of the hot summer sun. The occupants of one of the coaches were busily engaged in that not intricate art of fanning and mopping their dewy foreheads.

In one of the seats midway in the car sat a tall, slim young man with rather a high forehead. His medium colored thin hair pasted to the scalp glistened bright in the sun's reflection. He was what is generally known as "four-eyed," wearing large gold spectacles, with attachments circling around the ears, the latter reminding one of those of Salome, the dancing elephant. His body was angular, of extraordinary length and slimness, and his arms, I must say, had their share. Most peculiar, however, was the length and slimness of his hands and fingers. They seemed to be the hands of a pianist made to order, and a good fit they were, too. Connecting his head and body was a lengthy substance composed of bone and flesh, constructed in the shape of a neck, and which was inclosed in a high standing collar, encircled itself by a spotless bow tie of white. His clothes were of extreme neatness. No spot of dirt or dust could be seen on them, for this gentleman brushed away every little speck of dirt that had so much impertinence and audacity as to rest its weary legs upon this pompous person's outfit.

The train came to a stop in one of the suburbs of East St. Louis. The conductor opened the door and shouted, "Collinsville," but our young man took no notice of such commonplace incidents. However, it so happened that a young lady was destined to awake him in this dreamy attitude. Glancing up he saw such a one approaching. He sat up, rearranging his already correct tie and tried to look natural. The lady coming down the aisle, their eyes met. At first their faces were one of perplexity, but they instantly changed to one of smiles and recognition.

"Why, Mr. Booth!" exclaimed she.

"Dear me, if it is not Miss Archibald. Why how do you do. My, but you have changed. You are so beautiful. One would not think that time could make such a change. Why bless my heart."

She, shy as ever, blushed as the roses deepest hue.

"Now, Mr. Booth," and then she fidgeted and twisted herself around and back again, finally ending her embarrassment by sitting down with our young man beside her.

Then began an interesting conversation, Mr. Booth talking of his life at Princeton, while he was at the head of his class all through college, how his playing and composing had made him a great pianist, and his trips abroad had won him immortal fame. What more, he was the cynosure of all eyes, especially those of the fair maiden. His popularity was not to be compared
unto. How many did he have on the string? Countless numbers. One was the daughter of Baron Ratsundswich from Russia, whom he had met in his travels, one was Gould’s grandaughter, another was—oh, what’s the use, was he not the cynosure of all eyes? No use to speak further.

“Oh, yes, yes, indeed, and whom do you think I had the pleasure of meeting on my journey over? Why, our dear old friend, Ridpath. Our meeting was certainly amusing. I was eating my midday repast and I had ordered a bowl of soup which the waiter was bringing when he came up next to me, I glanced up and recognized him, and I was so astonished to find him there, that I lost my power of speech for a moment. I managed to mention his name, however, and he was so utterly dumbfounded himself that he let the plate of soup drop on my head. No pen can describe the appearance I presented with soup dripping from my hair, nose and ears, and all the rest of the different parts of my person. Ridpath was overcome with confusion and embarrassment, and was extremely anxious as to the effect on the steward, but I explained the circumstances concerning the matter and there were no consequences to speak of. Ridpath seemed to be an industrious and enterprising young worker, and no doubt, some day he will be the steward himself.

All the while this conversation was in progress, you might discern certain actions by both parties which showed Cupid was not smoking his pipe of leisure. Glances, insinuations and hidden meanings were his arrows, and they wrought great havoc, indeed.

Just at this moment, the conductor looked in and shouted, “All windows down for the tunnel.” What happened during the next five or ten minutes would be unfair to the rest of humanity to relate. Let it be sufficient to say that upon emerging into daylight, they were unable to bring their eyes together. Reason? Conscience-stricken, I suppose.

Their destination was near—too near, in fact—and their parting for the time at least, was inevitable. “Bliss lasteth not forever,” sayeth the wise man. Their last few moments were spent in contemplation, and they finally spoke only when they were in the midway at the Union Station. They parted with something else in their eyes besides a revival of old friendship. Something which was to terminate in perpetual bliss. It was remembered on that important afternoon that a newsboy was heard to shout, “No wedding bells for me.”

Well, to return. Mr. Booth, the great pianist, took an Olive street car home. Passing Fourteenth street, he noticed a large new building covering the entire block. A large sign on the front displayed the words:

COGGESHALL, & LACEY BROS.,
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS AND ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES.

“Bless me,” exclaimed the young man, “I must get off and see them.” He touched the electric button with the same motion as in hitting high “C” on the piano, and with a feminate walk, edged out of the car and into the
office of said building. However, it happened that Mr. Lacey and Mr. Coggeshall were down in South America, instituting an electric shampoo for the royal sovereign of Chickamaloo. Disappointed, he turned to walk out, but in so doing, he nearly collided with a very pretty young woman, who stopped so suddenly that her hat, contrary to precedent and in accordance potential energy, fell off. Without glancing at the lady, he stooped to pick it up, but what was that object inside? A wig? Yes, a wig. Astonished, he picked them up and handed them to the lady, whom he suddenly recognized as Margaret Ludlow. But not Ludlow any longer. She possessed that dignified name of Mrs. Kenneth McCandless Coggeshall. Surprised? Yes. Mrs. Coggeshall did not recognize this dandyfied young man in front until he had mentioned his name. Then she was all blushes and confusion, and to hide which she began to talk of old times. However, it naturally turned to our own Mr. Booth's life at Princeton and in his travels; about the Court in England, where he was made an honorary member of the Knight of the Garter, about the banquet given by the Kaiser in his honor, and so forth and so on. Mrs. Coggeshall could not suppress that amused smile which hovered around her ruby lips. Mr. Booth, however, considered the cause to be from wonderment and fascination, and thus no harm was done.

Separating, he again boarded the car for home. Buying a newspaper, he glanced at the headlines. Something attracted him. He looked again. It was election week, and among those running for office was Larkey. And for what position? That honorable and dignified position of Supreme Justice of the Dog Pound. "To think," this dear young man was saying, "that our Class President should come to such a degree of desperation as to run for that office. But, perhaps, he was married, and his wife being a brute, he had taken this means to get rid of her. That man is a genius, even if he is driven to it by desperation. Well, such is married life anyway." Half an hour later, our young man was at his hotel, where we will leave him, reclining peacefully in his rooms and enjoying a stimulating retrospection of his late meeting with a certain young lady. However, as we afterwards learned, this state of heavenly bliss came to a sudden finis a few minutes after our departure. His private nurse, Miss Mary Todd, disturbed his endless chain of joyful retrospection. She washed him, gave him his daily dose of tonic of stamina and cod liver emulsion, and tucked his dainty head between two fluffy white sheets of spotless linen. Here, his mind, wearied from long work and overstudy, gave place to what was uppermost in his thoughts. He dreamed he saw in between bushes of lilacs and sweet scented roses, glistening in the moonlight, a small rustic bench, with just enough room for two. On it was seated the sweet Miss Archibald and himself. Her two small hands were modestly resting in one of his, while his other arm was performing the art of navigation and circling her waist. The soft cool breeze wafted the intoxicating perfume of her silky
hair into his face, and her dear angelic profile so close to his, completed his Elysium. The nurse came again into the room, saw him sleeping peacefully, and said: "Sleep on, thou who hast my heart and all my hopes, I love thee still." So saying, with a sidelong glance of utter innocence and love, she left the room.

Let us now eliminate time and space and find ourselves in Washington, D. C. Walking up Fifth avenue, we see a procession coming towards us, at the head of which is the President and his wife, in a twelve cylinder Bryant, made, as the name signifies, by a Mr. Bryant, whom, as we afterwards discovered, was no other than T. Marlin Bryant, that venerable "Irish Gentleman" of the Class of 1911. Yes, he had built up a trade which rivaled the combined output of all other makers. Well, let us return to the President and his wife, who are now passing close in front of us. We start to tip our hats, but stop in astonishment. Do our eyes deceive us? Assuredly not, but can that lady, once Miss Whittemore, be the President's wife? It must be, and here we did not know it. My! What opportunities lost. Marveling, we walked on, contemplating how Fortune smiles on some and wipes her feet on others. We were still perambulating the web of streets, when a large sign caught our attention. It was announced that the circus was in town and would give it's performance at 2 o'clock that afternoon. Having nothing else to do, and willing to drown our envious thoughts, we decided to take it in. Arriving and finding seats near the center, we waited patiently till the performance started, every once in a while making our optics do gymnastic stunts at some fair object near. Pretty soon the arena became alive with gawdy colored men and women in tights and other bright paraphernalia, dancing elephants and the like. The beasts—well, it is useless to describe such a common occurrence as a circus, and to ones who have undoubtedly seen more than I have, so I'll leave the rest of the description to be completed in the more fertile and imaginative brain of the reader.

After enjoying the show, we went to our rooms at the hotel. Having seen the sights of the town and having nothing else to keep us, we, being men of leisure, a discussion arose as to whether to leave town. My companion did not wish to depart, as it seems he had become acquainted with a fair maiden at a soda fountain. We hit on a plan, however, which suited us both. Pulling a coin from my pocket, I said, "Heads, we depart; tails, we stay. Eh?" He agreed. Up went the coin and two anxious persons perched their heads above it. "Ah," I said, "heads; I win."

The next question was where. We unanimously decided to visit Yale. So two days later we found ourselves at the said place, being entertained by a chapter of our own frat, which I had joined at Washington U., St. Louis, having there hoodooed the faculty for a diploma. They treated us royally, with dances, theatre parties, banquets, receptions and other forms of amusements not worth mentioning. But, great Caesar! I never saw so many pretty faces in all my life. Maybe there wasn't something doing. I
tried hard to convince myself that I hadn't, but I fear that I have my "Waterloo." However, it would have tickled many a guy to death to have surrendered to my "Wellington."

One afternoon when the rest of the fellows were out, I was sitting by the fire in the frat rooms, my feet cocked on the table and my thoughts straying back to Webster High and mingling with the tobacco smoke that rose leisurely from my old pipe. The sun was trying its best to break a way through the clouds and melt the rest of me that had not already succumbed. For some moments I sat motionless and absorbed, not in the thoughts of the present, but of the past, caused no doubt by seeing so many of my old classmates. I sank deeper in my leather bottomed chair, and the room gradually became dimmer and dimmer and finally disappeared. I was looking at a strange scene, something, vague and indistinct. Gradually it became clearer and the forms took on definite outlines. It presented a busy scene of a large city, the wagons, people, autos, street cars, all mingling in a seemingly helpless mass. Suddenly, out of a near building rushed a man, hair disheveled, and with terror-stricken eyes. He fled down the street with fear as an aid to fleetness. Immediately behind him came an enraged woman, brandishing a poker with vengeance on her lips. Her features took on those of Miss Bellis and those of the man took on those of "Chet" Kotsrean. She was right behind him when he happened to stumble and fall. Then a strange thing happened. There was a crash like the sound of falling glass, and when the scene cleared, all one could see was two broken eggs, which looked like somebody had carelessly dropped them. The scene now shifted. I found myself in the foremost seat in a woman's suffrage meeting. On the platform sat several ladies, among whom I finally recognized Misses Sisson, Weber and England. They made rousing speeches on woman's rights, and the audience raised the roof with their shouts of acclamation and approbation, and the continual rain of wigs, rats, curly-cews, hair pins and puffs, which made their appearance from man knows not where. Lost in fear, I lighted my pipe to revive my lost courage. The lighted match accidentally fell on a puff which lay near some inflammable material. Immediately there was a burst of flame. Shrieks, shouts and screams rent the atmosphere, to be followed by the groans of fallen ones. Then the scene blurred, became indistinct, and then entirely faded away. In its stead I could see a large roomy building, with a sign on the front which read "HOME FOR OLD MAIDS." Pretty soon a figure came up the walk. It developed into a woman of extraordinary beauty. She took on the resemblance of Miss Brooks. Following her was a young man who was evidently enraptured with her. As he came nearer, his features took on those of Fink. The young lady turned into this home for old maids, and Fink, apparently too fascinated in the phantom before him, did not take into consideration the consequences, and followed her in. For a little while everything was quiet, then shouts of "A man! A man!" rent the
air. The door almost immediately flew open. The young man came rushing out, hatless and white as a ghost. After him came the whole bevy of old maids, striving their best to overtake the fleeing man. As the procession came alongside, the appearance of the foremost one took on that of Miss Jackson. Immediately behind her came Miss Burnett and Miss Cushing, the latter uttering an indistinguishable jabbering of Chinese. The rest was an indescribable mass of haggard, forlorn creatures of humanity. One seemed to be exhausted and sat down on a stone to rest herself. From a distance she looked like a wasp, but on closer observation one could recognize Miss Leptin. The chase lasted two blocks, when the man was seen to jump into an aeroplane and mount to the clouds, the old maids watching his departure with dismay. The scene shifts, and it seems that it is back at Webster. It presents a magnificent building of red granite, its splendid towers mounting to the blue skies of the firmament. Three women walk up the main way and gaze at the words, “WEBSTER HIGH” inscribed in bronze over the massive doorway. They were mistresses of rich families and had come to the school for a visit. Although age had changed them greatly, they could be recognized as Miss Lacy, Miss Menkins and Miss Kinkead. Passing into the main hall, they were confronted by two teachers, whose features were those of Miss Spaulding and Miss Gilmore. They then passed from the main hall into the office, where——.

“Heh! You blubbering idiot! Get up.” I sat up with a start. My pipe was on the floor, and the ashes scattered all over the chair. The fire had dwindled down to nothing and it had grown dark outside. I stretched, yawned and got up. “Talk about your pipe dreams,” I said, with a smile.

HUBERT W. LACEY,

“1911.”
Class Prophecy.

All wise men failed—but now its solved,
The greatest of all mystery.
And soon you'll read a clause like this,
In your beloved history—

"Of all the wonders of the world,
Which once did number seven,
A greater wonder has been found,
The Class of Nineteen 'leven!!"

K. M. COGGESHALL,
Class 1911.

Have You Ever Heard These Before?

"Margy": "Girls! I've been combing my hair off and on for the last hour."

Sam: "I love that girl."
Spradling: "I second the emotion."

Healey, in a street car to a portly lady sitting by him who persisted in running her elbow in his side: "Madam, would you mind removing your elbow from my ribs?"

Lady: "Sir, I'll have you to understand that this is my joint and I am going to run it as I please."

The Sophs saw something green, 'tis true,
They thought it was the Freshman Class,
But when they closer to it drew,
They found it was a looking glass.

When Baker returned from Western M. A., he complained of the tight fit of his uniform. "Why, father," he declared, "the collar presses my Adam's apple so hard that I can taste cider."

Lacey: "What are you laughing about?"
Bryant: "I just heard that Larkey expected to graduate this year."

Heath: "I look upon you, sir, as a robber."
Schmidt, the grocer: "You are privileged to look upon me in any character you wish to assume."

Teacher to Lacey: "When Washington was your age he was a surveyor."
Lacey: "When he was your age he was President."
“Papa,” said a certain Sophomore girl, “Phil and I are two souls with but a single thought.”

“Oh, well, don’t let that discourage you,” kindly replied her father. “That’s one more than your mother and I had when we were married.”

Spradling made a big hit when he sent her six American Beauties and wrote on his card, “You’re another.”

If you haven’t laughed yet please tickle yourself.

“Can you walk on your hands or turn a somersault or a cartwheel, Miss Edith?” asked Poss of his new nurse.

“No, dear,” said the young woman with a sweet smile. “Why do you ask me? I can’t do anything like that.”

“Well,” said Poss, with a sigh, “I’m afraid you won’t do. They told me you were a trained nurse.”

Miss Nolan: “How did they embalm the Egyptians?”

Wilson Todd: “Aw, they pickled them.”

“Mr. Simmons, do you know that you proposed to me in the conservatory last night?”

“Did I? You know, I was wondering if I hadn’t done something foolish last evening.”

The teacher recited to her pupils “The Landing of the Pilgrims,” after which she requested each one to draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock. At last Wyatt raised his hand.

“Please, ma’am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?”

Ridpath translating Latin: “I threw my arms about her neck—that’s all the farther I got last night, Mr. Hixson.”

Mr. Hixson: “I think that’s far enough.”

They told her not to worry
    Nor sit up late to cram,
    Nor have a sense of hurry
    In writing her exam.

And so she did not worry,
    Nor sit up late to cram,
    Nor had a sense of hurry,
    And—she flunked in her exam.

Bryant, in Physics: “Matter is made up of thousands of mollycoddles.”

Miss Rochford, in Physics: “It’s all right, but it’s all wrong.”

Up-to-date Latin: Flunko—flunkere—faculty—firem.

Miss Norris: “What are the beauties of education?”

“Chance” Heath: “School teachers.”
Pardy had a hobble skirt,
Tied in a little bow,
And everywhere that Pardy went
She couldn't hardly go.

Weber to W. Todd in Manual Training, who was telling the class the story of his life: "Mr. Todd, if you were a graphophone I'd turn you off."

Girls' faults are many,
Boys have only two—
Everything they say
And everything they do.

"On demanda sa main pour le fils d'un pair d'Angleterre."
Miss Wheeler's translation: "They ask her hand for the son of a pair of Englishman."

Miss Cushing: "A mountain is a stationary upheaval of land."

Miss Kremer, in History: "Was Elizabeth the first woman king?"
Miss Nolan: "What effect did the Diet of Worms have upon Luther?"
Mr. Roberts, in Geometry: "Mr. Whitney, get up and show the class your figure."

Prof. Hixson: "Pass to classes."
Miss Ferris: "And all that sort of thing."
Miss Nolan: "Take a separate seat, please."
Miss Rochford: "Wait a moment 'till I look it up in the book."
Mr. Roberts: "I aim to do it this way," etc.
Miss Norris: "Nicht Wahr?"
Mr. Weber: "Go to your bench, please."
Miss Clayton: "For goodness sake, don't let that burn."

Man is a kerosene lamp,
He isn't especially bright,
He's often turned down, usually smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.

A kiss is love's artillery brought into action immediately after the "call to arms."

Coggeshall: "I don't get what I deserve for my jokes."
Larkey: "You're lucky."—Exchange.

He: "What did your father say when you told him my love was like a broad and gushing river?"
She: "He said, 'Dam it!'"—Exchange.

Larkey: "Say, was there ever a Chinaman what chopped down a cherry tree like George Washington?"
Alfred Lee Booth: "Yes, I think so."
Larkey: "What was his name?"
Alfred Lee Booth: "Chop Suey, I believe."
Business.

Almost last in this book but by no means last to be considered in getting out such a publication is business. It has been the desire of the business staff to so finance the undertaking that lack of funds would be no restraint on the efforts of the other members of the staff to make this a creditable representative of the school. Thanks to the hearty co-operation of the faculty and the student body, we feel that efforts to raise money have been fairly successful.

Following is a statement of our expenses:

Printing, $184.50; Engraving and pictures, $87.66; Carfare, postage, etc., $20.00; Tickets, $2.00. Total, $294.16. Assets—Add $154.50; Engravings and pictures paid for, $80.00; Donated by Mr. D. Gibson, $2.00; Left over from Foot Ball Dance, $2.75. Total, $248.75; leaving $54.91 to be raised by the sale of books.

Don’t Read This—It’s Stale.

Is Kirkwood dead? No! Not yet, but soon. For the date of funerals see following:

FUNERAL No. 1. ESSAY CONTEST.

The subject for the essay contest is: “The pros and cons of suburban life.” Many of our best writers have entered and the competition is great. Margaret Gilmore, Fanny Cushing, Margaret Ludlow, Edith Jones, Marvin Ferree and Alfred Booth have handed in essays. From these two will be selected to represent Webster. Who says we can’t win?

FUNERAL No. 2. DECLAMATORY CONTEST.

In this contest the honors were almost divided. Six entered. Dora Whittemore, Gladys Merrill, Isabella Mengenks, Sara Robertson, Kenneth Larkey and Kenneth Coggleshall. So well did these declaim in the preliminaries that only one could be chosen—Isabella Mengenks. The other five tied for second place, and a few days later again declaimed. This time Kenneth Coggleshall was chosen. The contest takes place April 14th.

FUNERAL No. 3. DEBATE.

The subject for this years’ debate is: Resolved: “That the United States shall fortify the Panama Canal.” Webster has the affirmative. Some may think this is a one-sided question, but this is by no means so, the negative having won in every local debate.

ARENA—ATHENIAN DEBATE.


DELPHI—PHILOMATHIAN DEBATE.

Question same as above. Philomathian (affirmative,) Margaret Beattie, Owen Tudor. Delphi (negative,) T. M. Bryant, K. C. Larkey. Decision—Unanimous in favor of negative.

FUNERAL No. 4. TRACK MEET.

Kirkwood lost the remainder of her nine lives in the foot ball game.

Bell, Main 1522
Kinloch, Central 567

Bollman Bros. Piano Co.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

PIANOS AND PIANO PLAYERS

1220-1122 Olive Street

Pianos for Rent

Pianos Tuned
Business Colleges

The Leading Business Schools

NEW

St. Louis Business College
S. W. Cor. 6th and Pine.
Largest and most modern, up-to-date Commercial and Shorthand Courses. Salesmanship of our Specialty, both day and night classes. Big night school.
Phones—Central 7070; Main 4040.
A position for every graduate.

Brown's Business College
Vandeventer and Delmar.
Brown's stands for the Best, High-Grade courses. Experienced Teachers. Good car connections. Phones—Lindell 2893; Delmar 541. Best Results our aim.

Garnnd Avenue Business College
1000 N. Grand Avenue.

St. Louis Business College
Collinsville and St. Louis Avenues.
We give as much as the others and more. Books Free. Full Commercial courses. Phone (Klinch) St. Clair 568R.

Alton Business College
Second and Market Sts., Alton, Ill.
Established for the convenience of the people of Alton and vicinity. Standing reputation for thoroughness. Graduates readily placed into good positions.

North Side Business College
Hebert and Grand Avenues.
The new building for this school will be ready May 1, 1911. Latest methods and best facilities. Patronize your local school.

Students may transfer from any of the above to another. No other schools do this. It often saves car fare.

Bookkeeping, Shorthand by Mail

Typewritten Letters Very Cheap
Model Office, 804 Pine St., Fourth Floor.

MENTION "THE SENIOR."
Miss Ferris informs us that the opera house in the time of Shakespeare were “oxagonal” in shape.

Mr. Hixson, in history: “Was John Brown killed?”
Mr. Coggeshall: “No, he was executed.”

Mr. Fink hopes to secure a position as lineman for a wireless telegraph company when he graduates from Webster.

Bryant, who has just been elected President of the Delphi Society, called for nominations for Vice-President. Only one nomination was made. At last he could bear the silence no longer, and he called out: “Doesn’t anyone else want to be nominated?”

Turn failure into victory,
Don’t let your courage fade;
And if you get a lemon,
Just let the lemon “aid.”
Jaccard’s

FINE SOLID GOLD JEWELRY IS MOST DURABLY MADE AND THE VERY BEST VALUE.

WE INVITE YOU TO SEE OUR EXQUISITE COLLECTION

This handsome Solid Gold Signet Ring with hand carved Monogram engraved free, for $4.00. Other Signet Rings in Rose finish at $2.25, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00, $6.50, $7.00, $7.50 and up to $8.00. Diamond mounted $8.00, $10.00, $11.00, $15.00, $17.50, $20.00, $22.50, $30.00 and up to $33.00.

FRATERNITY STATIONERY. We will furnish stationery stamped with your “Frat” or Society emblem at prices from 50¢ to $1.00 per box, and on an order of 20 quires or more we will engrave a name, initial or pin die without extra cost.

We will stamp a single letter or 2-letter monogram on paper at 10¢ per quire.

COMMENCEMENT AND BALL INVITATIONS

Correct in every detail. This season's styles are engraved in script and Old English; prices from $8.00 to $35.00 for first 100; $2.00 to $8.00 for extra 100—complete with 2 envelopes.

Class and Frat Pins $2.00, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00, $10.00, $15.00 and up to $30.00 each.
Special Signet Rings and Class Pins made to order.
Write for samples and prices.

Write for our complete and beautifully illustrated catalog—mailed free.

Mermod-Jaccard & King Jewelry Co. On Broadway Corner Locust St. Louis, Mo.

Rent Bristol Hall

For ENTERTAINMENTS, PARTIES AND BALLS

EXEMPLARY DANCING FLOOR,
STAGE AND SCENERY

Don't dirty up your house and ruin your floors for your next party or reception. Rent the Recital Hall, Bristol Building. It has an elegant floor and kitchen, making it an ideal place to entertain.

HOURS: 9 to 12 and 1 to 5 Sunday 9 to 12
Evenings by Appointment

Dr. Edward J. Lenzen
DENTIST

Bristol Building Webster Groves

MENTION "THE SENIOR"
"If you want to LIVE live in Webster."

C. H. Coggeshall & Son

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE

Gore and Lockwood Aves. Webster Groves, Mo.

First Class Zinc and Half-tone Engravings

Call or Write

MONTAGUE ENGRAVING CO.
DESIGNERS, ILLUSTRATORS, ENGRAVERS
1127-1129 Pine Street, Saint Louis

Missouri Tent and Awning Company

Established 1873  D. JANNOPOULO, Prest.  Incorporated 1884

Manufacturers of

Canvas Goods of Every Description

FISH NETS, SEINES

FOR RENT:
Sidewalk Canopies, Carpet Covers and Tents

206-212 CHESTNUT STREET
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Branch Factories:
Dallas, Texas.  Memphis, Tenn.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.
Compliments of...

T. B. Boyd & Co.

MEN'S OUTFITTERS

Sixth and Olive Streets, Saint Louis

Miss S. Corinne Bradley
Graduate of Cours Fenelon, Paris, France.
Lessons in FRENCH
For particulars apply
125 W. Cedar Ave., Webster Groves
BELL PHONE 453

Robt. A. Holekamp, Carl H. Holekamp, Richard E. Holekamp,
PREST. V-PREST. SEC'TY
Fred W. Holekamp, Mgr. Affton Yard.
Complete Stock of
Lumber, Roofing Paper, Wire Picket Fence, Sash, Doors and Mouldings.

Holekamp Lumber Co.
Webster Groves.

Happy Heath: "My mother brought up a family and was a good club worker, too."
Pike: "I should think she would have to be a good club worker to bring you up."

Freshman: "When two people get married, why do they say they become as one?"
Junior: "Because henceforth they both miss half their lives."

J. B. Donovan
BARBER SHOP...
118 LOCKWOOD AVENUE, Webster Groves.

Chas. Schmidt
Selma Avenue
Cash Grocery
Both Phones. Round the corner from Lockwood

OUR METHOD INSURES SATISFACTORY WORK.

Rosebrough Laundry Co.
16-18 Old Orchard Avenue,
Both Phones Webster Groves

MENTION "THE SENIOR."

“Leacock”  
ATHLETIC GOODS  
ARE STANDARD AND ABSOLUTELY THE BEST

Do not fail to get our New Catalog on Spring and Summer Sports for 1911. It is the most complete book on Base Ball, Tennis, Golf, Athletic and Gymnasium Goods ever issued.

COMPLETE OUTFITS FOR TEAMS

R. J. LEACOCK SPORTING GOODS CO.,  
808-810 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Van Dyke PORTRAITS

Photographer for 1911 Year Book

Bristol Building

Webster Groves

Webster Heights Lots

with granitoid walks, gas, water, sewer, both phones, street made, all Webster School privileges, NO CITY TAXES. Inside lots 100x150 at $8.00 to $10.00 per foot. Terms $10.00 cash and $5.00 per month.

KOTSREAN-ALTHEN REALTY CO.,  
813 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.
WEBSTER HIGH SCHOOL

STUDENTS OF

WEBSTER HIGH

Are Invited to Inspect Our Specially Selected Line of Fancy Woolens for Young Men.

We Have a Very "Nobby" Selection of Blues and Browns Just the Thing for the Early Spring Wear and as we Make a Careful Study of Young Men's Styles we Can Please You.

McKnight Tailoring Company
209 NORTH SIXTH ST.
Between PINE AND OLIVE

---

Instructions Given in Shorthand.

Miss Frances A. Hoover
STENOGRAPHER
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC
944-945 Syndicate Trust Building,
(Sturgis-Vandevoort Bldg.)
10th, Olive and Locust Sts.

Webster Pressing Club
C. H. SATCHEL, Mgr.
4 Suits a Month $1.00 Called for and Delivered.
Bell 179. Webster Groves, Mo.

Webster Theatre
LOCKWOOD AND GORE AVES.
HIGH CLASS MOTION PICTURES
Two Performances Daily
7:30 AND 9:00 O'CLOCK
Admission 10c
Children under 12 years 5c.

Ozark Farm Eggs
STRICTLY FRESH
FRED C. HESS
Meats and Groceries
Bell: 125 Old Orchard, Mo.

SAM MILLER
ST. LOUIS SHOE REPAIR SHOP
Best Work Done Reasonable Prices
Good Leather Used Satisfaction Guaranteed
114 Lockwood Avenue,
Webster Groves.
Bell Phone, Webster 1035.

MENTION "THE SENIOR."

Have you ever felt like this?

As if you had a collar of thorns around your neck, and as if laundries prepared instruments of torture for the unwary? Save your vocabulary of swear words and take both comfort and pride in your linen after it has been laundered at the Maplewood Laundry.

Maplewood Laundry Co.
7315-17-19 Manchester Ave.
Phones:—Bell, Benton 224,
Kinfoch, Marshall 74-L.

Fink: "Why is Booth hurrying down the road so?"
Larkey: "The wind blew away some of his English papers and he is following up his ideas."
Chauncy: "When a girl leaves college she is usually in her declining years."
Simmons: "I always thought those were her accepting years."

Wm. A. Straub and Co.
Groceries, Meats
...and Vegetables...
Bristol Building BOTH PHONES 170 Webster Groves

The End
"PASS TO CLASSES"

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.
TOWN TALK...

is the quality of our goods. Best material and greatest care only make it possible.

WEBSTER BAKERY
HAEBERLE BROS.
31 GORE AVENUE

New Store
New Goods
Fair Prices

Independent Photo & Optical Co.
213 N. Sixth Street
Most complete line of Photo Supplies and Optical Goods in St. Louis

We make a Specialty of Developing and Printing for Amateurs
EYES TESTED FREE
Optometrist's Prescriptions Filled.

Webster Hairdressing Parlor
MISS TIERNEY
Shampooing
Hair Dressing
Combings made up

Manicuring
Facial Massage
Scalp Treatment

Bell Phone 24-A
Res. Bell 182-M

F. W. Thatenhorst
Dealer in
FURNACES, STOVES
AND TINWARE
18 Gore Ave., Webster Groves, Mo.

KODAKS
DEVELOPING and PRINTING
White China, Artists' Materials

ERKER BROS. OPTICAL CO.
604 OLIVE STREET
511 N. GRAND AVENUE
ST. LOUIS

THE BEST SECURITY ON EARTH IS EARTH ITSELF.

CHARLES A. BAKER
.. LOANS .. Real Estate INSURANCE
WEBSTER AND KIRKWOOD PROPERTY A SPECIALTY

Office: Wright Bldg., St. Louis.
         Bristol Bldg., Webster Groves, Mo.
Phone, Main 1268
Phone, Webster 450

RUDOLPH WIDMANN
.. Dentist ..
221 East Lockwood Ave., near Plant Ave.
WEBSTER PARK, MO.

HOURS | Daily 8 to 5
       | Sunday 8 to 1

BELL PHONE 133
KINFOCH PHONE 133

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.
75% of our enrollment is High School Students

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN are now realizing that a good business education is as essential in business as special training is in any other profession.

- You can learn our shorthand easily; 10 simple rules to master.
- You get much careful training in Spelling and Business English.
- You learn to operate all makes of Typewriters.
- You can write 125 words per minute in shorthand (new matter) and read 150 words per minute in our Advanced Class.
- You will find our bookkeeping easy and practical. We use no Text Book.
- You are guaranteed a position as soon as you finish our course.
- Our school rooms are large, well ventilated, and very clean.

Ask these from Webster:

Teacher
MISS MARY W. MILLS.

STUDENTS
MISS CHARLOTTE STRASZER
MISS FRANCES DEWEY
MISS JOY HUTTON
MISS CLARABELLE PAYNE
MISSSES HIGGINS

MISS ETHEL SPAULDING
MISS VIRGINIA BANKS
MISS MARY BLAKE
MRS. ADELINE BIGGERS
MR. JACK AMBLER

Rubicam Shorthand College
Vandeventer and Olive Streets - - Saint Louis