To the Memory of
RICHARD KOPPLIN
Killed in action, July 15th, 1918,
We dedicate this, Our Senior Year Book.

The finest tribute we can pay
Unto our hero dead to-day,
Is not of speech, of roses red,
But living, throbbing hearts instead
That shall renew the pledge he sealed
With death upon the battle field;
That freedom's flag shall bear no stain,
And free men wear no tyrant's chain.

And pledge ourselves as warriors true
Unto the work he died to do.

Edward Guest.
Foreword

Oh, Goddess dear, inspire this volume
that in the veiled years to come,
When the readers fondly turn the
leaves,
Living pictures are to them revealed,
May memories dear be hidden,
Within the covers here,
And each page be an "Echo"
Of the nineteen-nineteen year.
Webster Groves High School upholds its high standard as regards its Faculty, as it does in all other respects. This year, especially, with the long loss of time, has the Faculty been given an opportunity to prove its true worth. For, though the student body expected quite a bit of overwork, the teachers have been able to cover the required work, in the shortened time, without any noticeable hardship to the pupils.

We believe much of the success is due to Mr. Hixson, whom everyone hopes may ever stay at Webster High.

Mr. J. T. Hixson ........................................... Principal
Miss M. K. Allen ........................................... Study Hall and Librarian
Miss E. Aldridge ........................................... Spanish
Mr. L. S. Barron ........................................... Manual Training
Miss C. Chamberlain ...................................... English
Miss V. Conrad ........................................... Domestic Science
Mr. W. C. Hermann ....................................... Commercial
Miss E. Hinote ........................................... Mathematics
Miss F. Norris ........................................... French
Miss L. Reynolds .......................................... Gymnasium
Mr. C. A. Roberts ........................................ Mathematics, Athletics
Mr. R. L. Snoddy .......................................... History
Miss F. E. Spaulding ..................................... English
Miss H. Toner ........................................... Physics, Geometry
Miss W. Toner ........................................... Mathematics
Miss E. White ........................................... Latin
Miss T. B. Wright ....................................... English
Mr. E. W. Zeppenfeld ................................... Chemistry
Miss H. D. Ovens
Miss E. Rainbow
THE ECHO

"ALL PRAISE, ALL CREDIT GOES TO THEE—OUR FACULTY"

Composed of the honorable know-It-alls of Webster High School.

Motto: "They shall not pass!"

Chief Occupation: Giving tests and other hair-raising scenes to put motto into effect.

Chief Characteristic: Despotic attitude toward student body.

"Oh, wad some pow'r giftie gie us
To see oursel's as students see us."

Mr. Hixon: "Will you people in the rear please stop talking? I'll have to call names, I guess," (Now what did he mean by that?)

Mr. Roberts: "Well, it's all in the way you look at it—Now I look at it like this."

First Soph.—"Pst, Bill, tell him you can see that that's not right by it's looks, so he'll tell us about the railroad tracks!

Miss Spaulding: "Class Please come to order" (what class could possibly refuse such a pathetic plea).

Miss Norris: "We'll go over this once more; now remember, this is the last time we go over this part," Wise Junior, "Come on, we can talk—she said that last time."

Miss Wright: 'Why yes,—he thought, 'Oh, pshaw if it's as easy as all that—(any English).

Miss Aldridge: "Now, class, you cannot get the benefit of this leccion if you do not listen. We will not go over it muchas veces mas before we have a leccion escrita."

Miss Allen: "Is it about the lesson? all right just a moment. All those who talk will be requested to remain eighth period!"

Miss Nolan: "Now, sir, if you mark up your mother's table at home, continue to write on that desk!"

Miss Helen Toner: "How far did thith leth-on take, clath?"

Miss Ovens: "Now today we have our outside reading. How many have read it? Nobody? Alright, please try to."

Miss W. Toner: "Now those are very easy—take the next 150 for tomorrow."
Class Motto—Be yourself and be distinguished.

Colors—Buff and Green.

Flower—Yellow Rose.

Mascot—Schnapps
THE GLORIOUS HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1919

In September, 1915, we, as freshmen, some eighty-four strong, entered the stern halls of Webster High, dreading the unknown and fearing the worst. In appearance we were like other freshmen classes, the girls with their hair hanging in braids down their backs and the boys painfully conscious of their first long trousers.

However, in the course of a month or two, we became more sophisticated and brave and began breaking customs (as we have done ever since) by electing a girl for president, Mable Candler by name! Such audacity on the part of a freshman class was hitherto unheard of in Webster High and the upper classes immediately began to take notice. The strain of trying to hold back such a wonderful class proved to be too much, however, and she gave up in despair and married.

In reply to the senior’s challenge sent out to the freshmen on St. Patrick’s day (as the custom is) we broke all precedents on April fool’s day by giving a truly astounding program, the like of which has never been given by any freshmen class before or since. After receiving our due proportion of “flunk slips” we adjourned for a vacation after our labors.

We returned much refreshed early in September to continue our brilliant career. After selecting Laurence Robertson, one of the most distinguished of our number, for president, we settled down to hard study as all good Sophomores classes do, only pausing to take a few athletic records and remind the other classes of our power.

The girls were not satisfied to study all the time either, but went out and easily won the girls’ class meet.

Another vacation rolled by, another September came around, and we were proud to be called juniors. After electing that holder of so many swimming records, Oliver Horn, to the presidency, we settled down to work again, determined to make a name for ourselves in literature and learning as well as athletics (where we have so many bright and shining lights). In reply to the freshmen’s challenge issued April first we gave a program before the assembly on May-day, that so far surpassed the marvelous one that we had given when but freshmen, that everyone was amazed and did not know what to look for next from such a prodigy of a class. A Red Cross entertainment was being planned and so we entered a team of the girls of the class, who easily won the cake which was the symbol of victory. Thanks to their efforts the entertainment netted over five hundred dollars for the aid of the Red Cross.

Knowing that the school flag was but a few tattered strips of bunting and wishing to show our patriotism in every way possible we took a sum from the class treasury, bought a flag and presented it to the school with an appropriate ceremony.

Another vacation and once more we are back at school, but not for long. Twice our school work has been interrupted by the influenza epidemic, but nevertheless we study hard and pass our tests. “A cork cannot be kept under long.” Under the brilliant leadership of Gordon Brownlee we enter on the real work of the year by the girls Patriotic League conducting a bazaar which netted over a thousand dollars. The boys are bringing in their usual athletic laurels and then some. Lincoln, that star in all branches of athletics, is the sensation of the Mississippi valley.

Without boasting we can truly say that we have given generously to war work and charity, that the majority of our girls are in the Patriotic League, the majority of the boys in the Home Guards, that we are all patriotic and loyal to country, school and class, and that the word which expresses best the spirit of our great class is “pep.”
### Senior Class Characteristics

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*Nine*
GORDON BROWNLEE
Sect. and Treas., W Club, '19
Track, '18
Vice-President, Glee Club, '19
Vice-President, Class '16, '18
President, Senior Class

The boss of our class he was destined to be,
Were the courteous, efficient, Gordon Brownlee.

M. BLAIR
Sect., Class '19
Girls' Athletic Association
Echo Staff

A more stately queen,
Has ne'er been seen,
To aid our brilliant class
By her clever thoughts and—gas,
(Judging by the things that have come to pass.)

M. WATLING
Patriotic League, Sec. and Treas.
Basketball Captain, '19
Vice-President, Senior Class
Girls' Athletic Association

Martha always does her duty,
And her eyes proclaim her beauty.

M. NOLKEMPER
Editor-in-Chief of Echo
Class Treasurer, '19
May Queen, '19
Girls' Athletic Association

Pep is the attained object of this little maid,
Beauty, ability, "n. everything" are all combined in dear Melinda.
M. BLATTER
Basketball, '16-'17, '17-'18, '18-'19
Girls Athletic Association
Patriotic League
Marguerite is very bright,
But she always avoids the bright lights.
In basketball and economics, too,
That she has brains she'll prove to you.

A. LUBY
Class Play
I hear but say not much.

G. PAYNE
Patriotic League
Another brainy one have we,
Attained success we soon shall see.

LUCILLE MOREHOUSE
Patriotic League
Girls' Athletic Association
Her voice is gentle, soft and low,
Wherever she is, the soldiers go.
M. Russell
Basketball, '18-'19
"W" Club
He who does not know me proclaims himself unknown.

R. Leutheuer
Patriotic League
Rob is skilled in her handwork,
Quite demure in class,
But always ready for some fun
When the day's work is done.

F. Joyce
Echo Staff
A busy man is Francis Joyce,
Seldom do we hear his voice,
For he's a man of deeds and not of words.

Lois Morehouse
Patriotic League
Girls' Athletic Association
Class Play
She is busy all the day,
Quite brainy as we say,
The laughing maid is sure to be
An aid to her community.
C. HOLDANE
Patriotic League
Quietest of the quiet.

A. ERNY
Patriotic League
Smile awhile and while you smile another smiles, and soon there's miles and miles of smiles.

C. KOOP
Glee Club
Speed, Malise, speed.

H. TOFT
Patriotic League
In shorthand she is a shark,
Yet ever ready for a lark,
She holds the high grades far aloft,
The best always comes from Helen Toft.

Thirteen
H. ECK
Patriotic League
Our Hilda is a maiden sweet and fair,
Her eyes are blue, and she has golden hair.

L. W. BAKER
Glee Club
Mandolin Club
Billy Baker is a cheerful lad,
Lessons never make him sad.

V. FORRESTER
Patriotic League
Girls' Athletic Association
A sweet smile, a pleasant face,
Villear also sets the ragtime pace.

L. WILLIAMSON
Track, '18-'19
"W" Club
Glee Club
He is content with everything he sees,
And always seems to us to be at ease.
E. SPENCER
"W" Club
Football, '16-'17-'18
Basketball, '16-'17,
'17-'18, '18-'19
Who's Spencer's "Fairy Queen" in Kirkwood?

F. ZUBER
Patriotic League
For this girl we predict a bright career
Of singing, which to her is held most dear.

PAUL CHAMBERLAIN
Rifle Team, '17-'18
"W" Club
Glee Club
Class Play
Business Manager of the Echo
Sometimes he will surely win fame,
For ambition is his middle name.

M. McLOUGHLIN
There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of that upon her face.

Fifteen
J. Morris
Football, '18
Glee Club
"W" Club

O. Wicks
Patriotic League

R. Morton
"W" Club
Rifle Team, '18
Track, '19

Uncle Bobby is some boy,
Translating Virgil is his joy.
Uncle Bobby has another hobby,
To debate he doesn't hesitate.
(I'll say he doesn't.)

L. Shank
Class Play
Patriotic League
Girls' Athletic Association

A pretty maid is our Miss Shank,
In studies among the first in rank.
L. BERG
Patriotic League
She says so little and acts so quietly, we know not what to say of her.

M. ILLINSICH
Basketball, '15-'16
Track, '17
"Women get along better without men."

E. PEEBLES
Patriotic League
Good little girls who to their books apply, Will be great women by and by.

ROBERT SHILLINGTON
Glee Club
Handsome and studious.

Seventeen
K. CANNON
Patriotic League
Asset at Ophelia, meek in looks and voice,
That she is among us we all rejoice.

P. WRIGHT
President, "W" Club, '19
Football, '17-'18
Basketball, '17-'18, '18-'19
Glee Club
Echo Staff
Tennis W, '18-'19
He is an athlete with splendid form,
He takes the game and all the girls by storm.

J. C. GARRELL
Glee Club
Mandolin Club
Class Play
Famous of famous, a senior,
Is our Julius Caesar,
Learned in linguistic lore,
The public cry is, "We want more."

M. C. POWELL
"Ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face—
We surely admire Babe's taste."
A. JOHNSON
Smile 'till ten o'clock at night,
The rest of the day will take care of itself.

B. ROEMER
Patrotic League
Now who would ever wish a better friend,
Than she who brings all troubles to an end?

E. KRAUSE
One day on Edmund's lip we found,
An eyebrow that had slipped around
Until it had located on his upper lip.
Sh, that's an awful slip.

I. LELLY
Patrotic League
Girls' Athletic Association
From her would-be height she looks upon us.

Nineteen
M. WRIGHT
Class Play
President, Girls' Athletic Asso.
Patriotic League
Echo Staff
Basketball, '18-'19
A cork cannot be kept under long.

S. S. SAMPLE
Class Play
Glee Club
Happy am I, from care I'm free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?

R. WARD
Class Play
Class Secretary, '18
Patriotic League
Girls' Athletic Association
A girl of grace and poise.
She sometimes makes a noise.
With her slimness and large puffs,
She's dainty and clever enough.

A. G. LINCOLN
Vice-President, "W" Club, '19
Track, '17-'18, '19
Football, '18-'17, '18
Basketball, '15-'16, '16-'17, '17-'18, '18-'19
Captain, Basketball, '18-'19
Captain, Football, '18
President, Glee Club, '19
A. McCoy
Girls' Athletic Association
Patriotic League
Echo Stag

L. Colvin
Patriotic League
Lily, Lily, of the valley.

R. Eckert
W Club
Track, '18-'19
Football, '18
Glee Club
Mandolin Club
His heart is like a trolley, always room for one more.

H. Marcum
Patriotic League
Girls' Athletic Association
On each cheek a dimple,
A laugh all the time,
It surely is hard to make this rhyme.
Wonder if you can find some old-time dresses for the play—say—well, as far back as the "Great World War," if you can," the teacher of Dramatic Art had said, and so one morning, the 30th of May, 1939, to be exact, found me on my knees before a cedar chest in the store room. It had been Aunt Marie's years ago. As I shook out a khaki-color skirt, long and tight, "The very thing," I cried, "so quaint and so suggestive of war, if only there's a coat to match—but, upon looking I found, not the coveted coat, but a little book, bound in orange and black. "My Diary," I read in bold black letters. Mother had taken a fly across country to Washington to consult Mrs. Miller as to her coming presidential campaign—till evening was too long to wait for her permission and so I rapidly glanced thro' the book—reading here and there what attracted my attention.

Sept. 15th (ran an early entry)—My first day at High School—and oh! the needless worry I spent. Those fearful hazings in fiction—the still more frightful warnings of the Seniors—and there was nothing to be afraid of at all! They didn't even touch the girls—but the boys! I met Robert afterwards and he was—well I can't express it. "Gee, it was awful," he said. "Those stickup old Seniors tied a ribbon on my hair—called me Dolly—then they lined up on each side of the hall and knocked me from one side to the other, I couldn't even say anything, if you did they called you a "sissy.""

The leaves fluttered thro' my fingers again and a sketch of a clown caught my eye. I wondered a moment, then—April Fool of course—what a goose am I! and soon the date itself appeared.

"April 1st.—We gave our program today—oh so terribly embarrassing. The flag dance was really quite patriotic. Everyone applauded the program generously so it must have been at least creditable." M-m "the last day of school,"—"such a vacation,"—school again and I'm a Sophomore and then a momentous entry.

"Oct. 5th—And to think I'm treasurer—and secretary too! Oh, I'm so excited I just can't begin at the beginning. I don't know how it happened—I only know we had a class meeting and now I'm treasurer—the first position I ever held (Mercy, how could anyone reach fifteen and never hold a position. Impossible now!) Catherine Meyers was elected president and they voted dues of $1.00. We surely have noisy class meetings—the boys have a regular rough house and the girls get so excited they fairly shriek (How ridiculous—no wonder women were so slow to get the vote).

"The year has passed so quickly. "Oh, we're Juniors!" "The schools and churches are all closed—the "flu" is raging." "The "flu" again—when will we go back to school?"
That must have been the "plague" year—
I remembered reading about it in history only last week.

But I wonder if they didn't give some sort of entertainment, it might give us some good ideas for the play—oh, the very thing, here "we're going to give a grand send-off to the seniors and were determined to make it the best ever. Already it's just committees, committee meetings and more committee meetings. It's all a secret but I must tell you, little diary. It's to be—a whirl thro' the air—mother's home and there's not a moment to lose if I'm to take that promised moonlight flight to Hawaii—good-by little diary—some other time—good-by!

Twenty-two
THE ECHO

THOSE JUNIORS

Katherine Digby.......................... Grinning
Dorothy Culling.......................... That sneeze
Grace Smiley............................. Smiles (a real vamp)
Dell Pendergast.......................... Talking with her hands
Mildred Jessie............................. Warbling
Martha Hogdon............................ Oh I don’t know
Marguerite Harding...................... Talented bluffer
Marie Creveling.......................... Adorable
Marion Shepard.......................... French shark
Edna Lawrence Oh, can’t you make it 70?
Faith Buckley............................. Crushes
Dolly Boler................................. Chatterbox
Selma Senne Doting on Byron (which one)
Theresa Lang.............................. Studiousness
Elizabeth Hart........................... Dignity
Claire Rountree........................... Dropping her “R’s”
Jesse Chamberlain....................... Boys
Marion Fischer........................... Inconspicuousness
Pauline Warner........................... Them eyes
Dorothy Phelps........................... “Link”
Virginia Ryan.............................. That hair
Helen Bowman............................. Doll like
Frances McComb.......................... Busy
Judith Healey............................. “Bobby”
Florence Blood........................... Quiet
May Bacon.................................. Giggling
Grace Blount............................. Fast?
Leola Keester............................. Man hater
Thelma Whaley Ditto M. Bacon
Anna Cannon.............................. Boisterous
Deborah Catlin........................... Herself
Ruth Ellis................................. Grades
Mary Moffet............................... Sweet and pretty
May Schumert............................. Hair of raven hue
Esther Jones.............................. What shall we say
Berenice O’Brien........................ Good nature
Adele Stine............................... “Aint she rough”
Elizabeth Gregory...................... The 138th
Mary Ghiselin........................... Brilliant
Grace Maybury........................... Powder and—
Veronica Dwyer........................... Nobody knows
Joe Cushing.............................. His laugh
Robert Kissack........................... Talents
Allan McMath............................. That imperious seriousness
Sanford Avis............................. That Napoleonic look
Chandler Rhinehart...................... The ferocious appearance
Louis Monson. 99 1-2 general average
Warren Lovell........................... That “toothsome” smile
Kenneth Gaines........................... His hair
Schell Forrester.......................... His complexion
Lee Hartwell............................. Absolutely hopeless
Robert Howze............................ His daily joke
Zeb Owings Ready for the camera look
Hans Wedemeyer That “weedy” appearance
Carl Wedemeyer.......................... Also “weedy”
Wilfred Zinzmeyer....................... That recent hair-cut
Andrew Summa........................... Merry Andrew
Richard Hunt. 74 Miles per hour in his
Jefrey.
Chauncey Vaughn Where silence broods
Byron Dwelle............................. Studiousness
Emmett Brown........................... That Military learning
Richner Hayward....................... That whistle
Harold Koenig.......................... Those barn yard noises
George McClure Agreeing with every body
Edgar McDonald........................ Those unexpected long pants.
Marion Stevenson Getting things mixed up
Bud Cantwell Eating ice cream with a knife.
Robert Stevens Bluffing Miss Spaulding
Ted Morris................................. Slender
Teddy Flint General usefulness on the stage
Percy Philips Information about French girls.
6:30 A. M. Mother is calling me, but I don’t hear her.

6:15 Why can’t they let a fellah get a whole night’s rest once in his life? Oh, Yes—
I’m gettin’ up, nothin’ else to do, with you makin’ all that racket!

7:00 What’s for breakfast?

8:00 Mother, where’s my cap and my books? I know I left ‘em right here last night.

8:05 Hello, is this you? I’ll be over in about ten minutes, we got plenty of time.

8:39 Hey, tell Miss—-, I’m here, I’ve gotta get some of my books.

8:45 Psst, what’s the lesson? What’s it about?

8:50 Yessum, Yes-or-no. Yessum, I studied this. I don’t remember what that date was.

9:30 Gee, boy, some bluffa I’m gettin’ to be! When she asked me about that civil war stuff, I thought she’d know! I hadn’t seen it! Whataya gonna do after school tonight? Oh, Bill, wait a minute. Wanna ask you about somethin’. Did she write you a note, yesterday, third?

9:37 No’m— I couldn’t get here a bit sooner. I had to see about one of my lessons. Yessum, I’ll be on time tomorrow.

9:38 Where’d this lesson begin, anyways? I hunted five minutes for it last night. Did you study? Who are you taking to that game?

9:50 Why, er, the lesson didn’t take that far, did it?

10:20 Gee, I’m glad this period is up. Whataya have next? Have you seen Bob around here? Oh, Bob, commere! Listen, write her a note an’ ask her if she’s mad at me, willya? She looked sort of funny when I talked to her before.

10:25 Say, boy, sit over so she can’t see me. I never looked at this stuff!

10:40 Yessum, I studied, only I forget.

10:55 Gee, I’ll be glad when this period is up!

11:10 I go to study too. Sit up at the table.

11:16 Yessum, I heard the bell.

11:20 Hey, freshie, Gimme that passcard! Now pick up your books.

11:35 No’m, I didn’t know I staied so long, We—er—I was trying to borrow a book.

11:55 Oh, boy, I’m so hungry I could eat hardtack.

12:00 Chow! Golly, I thought sure she’d tell me to stay eighth!

12:10 Where’s Bob? Tell him to commere, Wha’s she say? Is she mad? She’s not?

12:15 Oh, Boy, Ain’t it a gran’ and glorious feelin’?

12:20 Did we have anything to hand in? Gee, I didn’t do it. Lemme copy yours, will ya?

12:30 Thanks.

12:50 Wish we were goin’ to lunch.

1:05 Gee, that was luck! Never called on me once. Naw, I go down this way. She comes up this way, an’ I’ve gotta note.

1:15 Hey, you, how far did this lesson take? I jus’ read a page and a half.

1:20 I didn’t hear your question.

1:21 Say, man, youghta read this conversation! It’s gettin’ so long the desk wouldn’t hold it! Who’s writin’ it, anyway? Yessum, I’m payin’ attention.

1:50 Why, er, I didn’t get quite over the lesson today.

2:00 Gee, I gotta go to study again, Bet I have to stay there eighth, too. Hey, Bob, let’s get all the good magazines as we go in.

2:02 Get the ones with most jokes. This one’s always got dandy ones. I’m gonna
write a note this period. Are you? Whatya gonna do after school? I gotta go to town. Who ya gonna take to that game? Say Man, you know who I’m gonna take?

2:03 That’s what I call a dirty mean trick! Wonder why she made us bring ’em back? I’m not gonna study anyway.

2:04 Who’s got the passcard. Try an’ sneak down, will ya? I got something to tell ya.

2:15 Why, I didn’t stay long, did I?
2:16 Go over and get me a good magazine, will ya?

2:18 Gee, she sure don’t want me to look at magazines, this period.

2:20 What’s our Spanish?
2:21 Did she assign a history lesson?
2:22 Throw him this note will ya?

2:23 Say, guy, You knocked those books off!
2:24 She always blames everything on me. Oh, well, the front of the room is just as good as the back to me!
2:25 Tell Bob to look over here.
2:26 May I speak?
2:29 Gee, she hates me. Won’t even let me speak.
2:30 Lend me some paper?

2:45 There, she can’t say I don’t write nice notes, looka that, man, two pages on both sides.

2:50 Fifty Minutes more. Don’t see why the sam hill I always have to stay in! Hey Bob, tell ’er I can’t take ’er home— I’ve gotta stay in. Give ’er this, will ya. See ya after dinner tonight.
EVERYONE has a secret idea that the world at large does not fully appreciate his own peculiar talents. And so it was with the class of '21 when they began their illustrious career up and down the Halls of—Webster High, and between you, me, and the lamp-post, we aren't fully appreciated up here yet.

There was only one slight trouble at the graduation exercises from grammar school, due to two or three of the noble class stumbling over imaginary objects on the stage although one little girl almost caused a riot because the gentleman giving out the passports to high school could not seem to read her name rightly.

There was some discomfort the first few days in September because certain Freshmen boys insisted that they were old enough to wear a man's size and length trousers. Malicious upper classmen gave some very ludicrous advice to the "poor innocents" and wilfully misdirected them to crowded class-rooms. All this tended to disillusion the poor "freshies" and made them think they were merely the "scum of the earth," after all, but this feeling soon gave way to pride in their class as a whole and in the individuals who gave unmistakable signs of being geniuses. Some in study, alas! some in mischief.

On April 1st, 1918, the main event of the year, so far as the freshmen were concerned, came off. The Freshman Programme of '17-'18 was considered by many, the cleverest of the year. The staid and steady "Echo" gave us credit for being the liveliest class that has ever entered Webster High School, and it was not far from the truth.

Our officers for both years were selected with wisdom and discretion, Mr. Senne officiating very successfully as President during the years '17-'18 and Mr. Noel running him a close second during '18-'19.

Altogether, with befitting modesty, we may safely say that Webster High will profit by having such an illustrious and noble class numbered among its Alumnae, as we hope to be after 1921.

Quid Erat Demonstrandum
The Freshman Class of 1919, while not the largest class in the history of the school, is certainly noted for its abilities and determination to master their studies in a very efficient manner.

They displayed their superior judgment by electing Robert Hart as their president which represented a wise selection and who is making an excellent executive.

The entire class has shown its patriotic enthusiasm. The girls in particular by their devotion to the patriotic league.

The Freshmen are very much pleased with their class and are striving to make a class record. The answer of the Seniors’ challenge was made with a very entertaining program, the quartette of young lady impersonators excelling in their specialty and winning much applause.

They are all making rapid strides toward Seniority, and the indications are that they will reach the goal with flying colors. The Commencement Day exercises for this studious group is looked forward to, with great anticipation by their many friends.
We the undersigned Senior class of the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and nineteen being sound of mind and body do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament.

We hereby give and bequeath the following, to-wit:

1. To Webster High: We leave the memory of the famous class of ’19 with the hopes that there be others as good.

2. To the School Board: We leave the right to decide the question of “Frats.”

3. To the Juniors: We bequeath the front seats in the Auditorium, the right to sit at tables in the Study Hall, and work for 17 credits, the right of the Senior girls to serve in the lunch room, to stay after assembly to hear lectures on Washington U., the privilege of giving a program on St. Pat’s day, the privilege of hanging a pennant in assembly, having their pictures taken, the right to publish, “The Echo,” and the Star of our shining example to which they may hitch their Wagon of Scholarly Ambition.

4. To the Sophomores: We bequeath a chart showing location of all Fan Tan under Study Hall desks also the right to move up three seats in assembly and the right to give entertainment to next year’s Seniors.

5. To the Freshies: The right to become bold and torment next year’s freshies.

6. To Mr. Hixson: We leave our sincere thanks for all he has done for us and the wish that his work with the future Seniors shall be as fruitful.

7. To Mr. Hamsher: We bequeath a volume of “Formulas and Tables,” the use of which will enable him to always procure an appropriate speaker for all occasions.

8. To the Faculty:

To Miss Aldridge: The right to talk the whole period about western schools.

To Miss Mildred Allen: We bequeath an intensely interesting illustrated edition of the book, “Modern Cynicisms.”

To Mr. Barron: A set of home curling irons for use on growth on upper lip.

To Miss Chamberlain: A set of spurs to be worn to school as well as on horseback.

To Miss Conrad: Two ice cream servers.
who will not eat more than sixty cents worth of ice cream each period.

To Mr. Herman: The right to get a new shorthand pony with a cover.

To Miss Hinote: A large class in "Solid."

To Miss Nolan: A pair of specs that won't reflect what's behind her.

To Miss Norris: A dairy for ice cream for faculty parties.

To Mr. R. Snoddy: A bold spirit so he can call down some of the Senior girls who write so many notes.

To Miss Reynolds: A girls' Basketball Team that will win all games.

To Mr. Roberts: A new necktie and a new brown sweater.

To Miss Helen Toner: A new set of Senior boys that will admire her.

To Miss Frances Spaulding: A large class that will be able to write themes and understand Chaucer's Prologue.

To Miss White: One day each week in which to tell all of her classes her fond recollections of days gone by.

To Miss Winifred Toner: A second Virginia Smith and Edna.

To Mr. Zeppenfeld: We leave a class in Chemistry which will always hand in perfect test papers and not confuse their results with their conclusions.

To Miss Jessamine Gray: A new set of lunch checks.

To Mr. Fred Horst: We leave all our broken locks and lockers and a box of black cigars to be smoked by him in his capacity of assistant Superintendent.

In witness whereof we set our hand and affix our seal this 12th day of May, nineteen hundred and nineteen, Anno Domini.

The Class of '19.

VERSE MANUSCRIPT

By Francis B. Courtney

It has always been a puzzle to me
What sailors sow when they plow the sea?
Does coffee go with the roll of a drum?
And why is a speaking likeness dumb?

What was it that made the window blind?
Whose picture is put in a frame of mind?
When a storm is brewing what does it brew?
Does the foot of a mountain wear a shoe?

How long does it take to hatch a plot?
Has a school of herring a tutor or not?
Have you ever perused a volume of smoke?
Can butter be made from the cream of a joke?

Can you fasten a door with a lock of hair?
Did a bitter wind ever bite you and where?
Who is it that paints the signs of the times?
Does the moon change quarters for nickels and dimes?

Can money be tight when change is loose?
Now what in the name of thunder's the use?
Of going through High School and taking degrees.
When we're posed by problems such as these?

Lost: One perfectly good "pull" with the teachers. Finder return same to W. Goodloe. (Reward, one car ticket).

Grades go up, then down, down, down.
You look at them and then you frown.
Pick up your pencil and scratch your head.
Then oh! how you wish you were in bed.
Then off you go and out with the light,
Then you think, Oh, I'll skin through all rig.
Now, seventy's a great wall,
And if you are not careful you will fall
Off at that great big seventy wall.
I was on that wall the other day;
I did not know my lesson and that was—
Then something awful was doomed in me,
The biggest question out of twenty-three.
I felt myself slipping,
I felt myself falling,
But I grabbed at the wall and then
Before I could answer or say a word,
The period bell in the hall was heard.
Oh, boy! what a glorious feeling!

Whose talking about Miss Toner—We're not.

Thirty-two
T'S not our fault. We couldn't help it. We were told to write this. We always do what we're told so we started out. Now everybody has always suspected that these prophecy writers make up a long tale out of their own little heads, hand all their classmates, including themselves, a good job and call it a day's work. Well, that's right. They do. But as we belong to such an unusually truthful class, we couldn't do it that way. In order to give everyone a future that could absolutely be depended upon, we hit upon the clever idea of going to the professionals.

You know these wonderful places that you read of on Theater programs, where you go to find out whether, in the years to come, you'll be the President or the Vice-President or whether, at sixty-five, you'll lose your hair or your teeth, or both; where you go into a dark and mysterious chamber, sit down and wait a while to prepare yourself, then see suddenly gliding from the shadows a weird and awesome figure, which seats itself opposite you and first turning dark and burning eyes upon you, gazes long and intensely into a solid gold fish bowl effect known as a crystal globe and containing in its fascinating depths all the happenings of the days to come.

We'll say that's the real stuff. You ought to try it. Now the simplest thing for us would have been to go to one of these people and let them fix one up for us. But we wanted this prophecy to be all ours and we didn't see any reason why we couldn't do this gazing stunt as well as anybody else. We went the rounds of Market street—you've heard of the happy medium—that's where you find lots of them, and we found out their very best methods. First we went down town and bought us a little globe. Then we came home, put it on the library table, pulled down all the shades and put a blue ribbon over the light. The perfect setting! Then we put on black robes, adjusted our eyes to the burning point, practiced gliding around a little and I bet you we were as good as the happiest medium on Market street.

It was all very simple and easy, at first, as we sat there. We must confess that we had doubts, but in about five minutes we began to feel unearthly and inspired and could no longer see the library table cover reflected in the globe. Shadows and lights appeared and disappeared beneath our eyes.

Darkness. Suddenly a light coming and going, a dim form stooping, reaching into a dark hole. By George, it looks like—it is a safe! Why this is awful, terrible! Some one is being robbed! Ah! startled at something, the dark figure turns suddenly and the rays of light fall on a face strikingly familiar. Realizing that the slight noise means nothing, a smile of relief breaks over the villainous visage. That smile, those dimples, how could we ever mistake them? But it did astonish us a little, and at first, we could hardly believe our eyes, for surely, no one would ever think that Melinda would become a safe-breaker, a deep,
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desperate dynamiter! She must have become tired of being good, it really is very wearing, and decided she'd try something easier. Evidently she's succeeding very well. She looks prosperous and happy and goes about her work in a very business-like manner.

Oh, darkness again. About three minutes of it and now another vision appears to us. A large brilliantly lighted place, full of people, and tables, and the sound of talking, laughing, rattling of dishes, eating and so on. A popular restaurant. Out of the maze of hurrying figures one stands out clearly before us. A smiling, bowing gentleman in a dress suit, rather stout, indeed quite fat. We see that he is the headwaiter, as he is showing some people to a table. Gordon Brownlee! Ye gods! but what a change is here! We never suspected to find him thus. Still, he is well fitted for his work. His long years as our class President have given him that stately and dignified bearing, which is the most necessary quality of a head-waiter. The scene fades away before us and another slowly begins to take form.

A large tent appears, covered with flags and pennants. Barnum and Bailey, circus, you know. This tent, known as a side show, is occupied by freaks. Why should we be shown this, of all things? The scene narrows down until merely the entrance to the tent is seen. A tall, thin, bald-headed man is standing up in a little booth selling tickets, and inviting the assembled multitude to come and see the fat woman and thin man, and a lot more. This is Julius Caesar Garrell, our little Brud! Why is he here? Just a minute. The scene changes to within the tent.

On a platform in the center is a tall, sturdy figure clothed in red satin and spangles. Beside her is a big cage full of deadly poisonous, man-eating snakes. Behold! The lady opens the door of it and calls in a deep voice. Immediately a bunch of the very wriggliest ones come oozing out and wind themselves about her. She caresses them and smiles to her audience. This is Mary Katharine, as you have suspected. See that funny lizard crawling up her arm? Darkness again. The next one is coming.

Oh, what a pretty little picture! A cozy little white cottage with roses climbing over the door. A round red-faced little man coming hurrying down the path and a small dark haired person in a simple white dress laying aside the pan of potatoes, throwing down the paring knife and running to meet him. This is Billy Backer, who, we see, is still faithful to his duty. This vision fades away with a very touching little incident and there is another.

What a contrast is this! A smoky city street lined with stores. Two side by side, stand out from the others. The windows are a riot of colors. A passerby stops and glances at the display of the first one. The door of the second opens, and a malicious face looks forth, watching the innocent gazer with baleful eyes. Heavens! Alfred Johnson! The gazer strolls on and stops at his window. The door of the first opens and an angry face looks out and keeps a jealous eye on the stroller. Horrors! Francis Joyce! The man passes on down the street. Both doors fly open. Alfred dashes out, Francis dashes out, they meet, shake their fists, the air sizzles and turns blue, they turn and dash back into their doors. A bloody scene! Yes Francis and Alfred are rivals in the necktie business now, as well as in other things.

According to fate, most of our old friends have forsaken our simple rural community and fled to the bright lights. Picture after picture comes and goes before us of old acquaintances in various metropolitan activities.

First we see, through a large plate glass window bearing the sign, "H. Marcum, Lady Barber," into a large, white room. It is a very busy place. Three young ladies are hard at work, cutting andrazoring in a reckless way. We recognize Misses McLoughlin, Roemer and Payne. They are talking rather rapidly, and their victims seems to be in a rather dangerous position.

Next we see several pictures of high life. They are very interesting. First a dark and

Thirty-four
unpleasant street in the Bohemian quarter, (this must be New York, but we're not sure), a tall forbidding figure pacing back and forth in front of a building in which lights show from the basement windows. We see that it is a policeman. As he passes the lights, we see his face. It is very stern and relentless. This is Albert Luby. Who'd ever have thunk it?

While he paces slowly along, swinging his club, a slim, gliding form slips up to him, touches him on the arm and whispers, "Keep your eyes open, there's a wild bunch down there," and he points to the lighted windows. Oh, Joe Morris! the Human Hound. One of the greatest detectives who ever detected. We notice his telehydrobarometer and stereoptican fastened in his belt. He is very scientific in his methods.

This next vision in our crystal is very satisfactory to our curiosity. It reveals the scene behind those lighted windows. A small dingy room, cloudy with cigarette smoke. Shaky tables are scattered about and extraordinary looking people are lounging about them. Here is high life, surely. This is a small cafe, a very quaint affair, the meeting place of the noblest thought of the age. Just like you read of in magazine stories. Famous people come here in swarms. We see a tall person, dressed in a gunny-sack effect, very futuristic, with a pencil stuck behind her ear. That is Mary Illinich. She spells it Illinichsky now and, what is more alarming, she writes free verse. It looks as if she has gone quite Bolshevik.

At a table in one corner we see a striking lady in emerald velvet with long jet ear-rings and everything. Rosamond Leuthesuer, but she has another name now for several reasons. She has entered the movies and has had a most startling career. Theda Bara, Louise Glaum and the rest of them are now obliged to take in washing or something like that for Rosamond has monopolized the vamp business. With her, leaning back languidly in his chair and puffing a cigarette in a long, ivory holder, is a slender gentleman dressed in perfect style. He is Cloyd Koop. His work in the latest musical comedy success, "The Hen House," (this is very deep) has brought him so much popularity that he is quite bored with life. In fact, the whole company of noble souls seems rather dull. After July first it seems that Bohemia lost most of its charms and excitement. This scene dissolves and we see—

A street corner. It is very familiar, eighteenth and Market, a very busy place. Our interest is centered upon a cart full of bananas and oranges, presided over by a fellow in a red shirt. He is leaning against a lamp-post and looking perfectly happy. Bob Shillington! How odd! We wonder what he has done with his neckties and beautiful socks, as he is not wearing any, neckties, we mean. We can't tell about the others.

Next we get a glimpse of a lady working a typewriter in a big office, who, our unearthly powers tells us, is Louise Berg. She has written a popular little book, "The Most Important Differences in the Methods of Spelling of Stenographers Coming from Webster Groves and Those Coming from Civilized Regions."

We get another glimpse of the interior of Arcadia, if you know what that is. There is a jazz band playing and we notice the girl who is beating the drum. It is Caroline Haldane. She is raising an awful racket and evidently having the time of her life.

Here's another picture before us. A large hall filled with men, most of them clad in neat uniforms. Gee, Whiz, another war? Oh, no, this is a meeting of the chauffeurs' union. There's a man upon the platform addressing them. It is Mr. Krause. He is the president of the American Federation of Automobile and Ford Drivers. This scene is blotted out and another appears which is most alarming. It shows that the American people are losing faster and faster, any desire for the higher and more refined things of life.

The contrast of the large and enthusiastic meeting first seen, and this hall with rows and rows of empty seats, is appalling. We see two disgusted and despondent ladies seated upon the platform, Misses Colvin and Peebles. A
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A few years before, the crystal tells us, they

came to New York to carry on a campaign

against the theaters and cabarets. We believe

that they are now deciding to leave the wicked

city to its doom and return to their home
town.

Here we see another picture. We saw some-
th ing like this before, but this is inside the

main tent. All three rings are busy. Oh,

this is what we’re supposed to notice. A

special act is going on in the middle one and

all eyes are fixed upon it. A figure in a pink

ballet costume is strolling calmly across a rope

two or three hundred feet above the ground.

She stops half way across, waves to the crowd,

and leaps into the air, landing squarely upon

the rope amid the horrified gasps of the beh-

olders. Unfortunately the rope breaks and

the lady shoots downward, only to land in a

husky net and come up bowing and smiling.

This is Villear Forrester, a fearless performer

and very famous in the circus world.

Our attention is turned to the race track,

where the dog-team driven by the white-faced

clown has just run over the fat policeman with

red whiskers. As he sits in the sawdust,

shaking his club, we recognize Merle Russell.

He gets up, brushes off the sawdust, starts off

after the clown, has some trouble with his

feet, and falls down again. You know how it’s

done. Suddenly that picture is gone and we’re

trying to make out the next.

This is a place where we will see curious

things—Atkins, surely you all are familiar with

it. Never before has it had such a successful

season. Miss Helen Toft, its managing direc-

tor, has been able to increase its patronage

through her extensive acquaintanceship in the

county. She has one corridor in which the cells

are especially padded and fitted out and are

occupied by some of her old friends. We see

looking out from behind the bars, Hilda Eek,

Anita Erny, Laurina Lelley and Alice McCoy.

They are all very sad cases. Hilda went insane puzzling over how she would look

with black hair; Anita’s mind gave way under

the strain of giving her first speech before

Congress and Alice and Laurina just went

mad on general principles. Maybe they had a

reason, but we don’t know it. You’ll have to

ask them if you’re curious.

Now our crystal shows us a busy scene. A

gang of workmen is putting up a house. It’s

about half completed. There is a man work-

ing on the chimney who attracts our attention.

He is an acquaintance of ours, Sammy

Sample. We watch him a moment. He is stick-

ing bricks together with mortar and putting

them on top of each other very rapidly. We

noticed he has finished part of the chimney.

It has a very unique appearance, somewhat

resembling a plowed field. Sam looks rather

thin and has gray hair. He probably has been

working too hard.

We see a tall, stunning dressed woman

watching the progress of the work. Her name

used to be Ruth Ward, but she married a

blooming young fellow quite a few years ago,

our globe tells us. She is superintending the

building of her new home, which is going to

be very beautiful, as her husband is very well

off.

This pleasing scene vanishes and we are look-
ing at another. A big open wagon, pulled by a

sleepy mule, is moving slowly along a subur-

ban street, groaning and creaking with each
turn of the wheels for above these unpleasant

noises rises a most beautiful melody. "Ra-a-
a-a-a-ags, old bottles, and tin ca-a-a-a-us." The two

persons sitting in the front of the wagon are

responsible for this. They are Martha Wat-

ting and Florence Zuber. Martha sings the

alto and Florence the soprano, but they use

the same familiar tune that had been used

by ragmen for centuries, we suppose.

Next we get barely a glimpse inside of a

department store. Looks like Famous and

Barr. We see elevators flying up and down.

Two descend at the same time and we hear

two soft voices calling "Main floor," and see

Lucile Shank and Catherine Cannon in blue

uniforms, holding a couple of things that

they steer by. Suddenly they descend to the

basement and the scene vanishes.

Gee, this is interesting. It is Mexico. We

can tell by the cactus and tarantulas. We see
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a little house, standing uncomfortably in the midst of them. Now we see inside of it. Two ladies are sleeping soundly, reclining on mattresses on the floor. We know them. They are Lois and Lucille Morehouse, taking their noonday nap. Lois looks like a regular native, but Lucille appears quite civilized. The reason is that Lois is a resident, having married a missionary and settled in the country, while Lucille is only a visitor. She’s married to some man up in Webster, we don’t know his name, and she’s living in the little ole town. She has to visit her sister every month or so and we believe that her husband will soon be bankrupt, railroad fares being quite high.

This scene isn’t so peaceful, in fact it’s very stirring. A huge moving van is drawn up before a house, waiting to be loaded. Here comes a husky gent running down the steps with the piano. Gene Spencer, we observe. Here comes another rushing down the steps with the ice-box and the dining room table. Len Williams. Whee! Here comes another just dashing down the steps with the bird cage, Dick Eckert, by heck! Now they’ve all gone back for another load and the scene changes again.

This is sort of a studio. Heavens, there’s the fattest we’ve seen yet! He’s hard at work on a dinner plate. This is Allen Lincoln. He’s not eating, although that’s what we very naturally supposed. He is painting little pink flowers around the edge of it. You see, he has taken up china painting, and is very successful. He sells his stuff to our eminent merchantess, Mrs. Dalton. We don’t know what she does with it. Maybe she sells it again.

Oh, what now do our eyes perceive. An imposing woman, beautifully gowned, slowly descending a broad stairway in a most magnificent home. It is Olive Wicks. Our old friend is now many times a millionaireess. Some years ago a wealthy pickle manufacturer met her and falling in love at first sight, they were married and that is the whole story.

This next scene is very low, quite far beneath our notice. Also it is very black and dusty. It is a coal mine and there’s a man over there picking with a pick-axe whom we recognize. It is Paul Chamberlain. We know that he had very high ambitions, but it seems to us that he is heading the wrong way. Maybe he knows what he’s doing, though.

Oh, what is this? Whom do we know here? We didn’t think any of our number would come to this. A dark and gloomy cell with iron bars across the window. A man is leaning sadly against the wall. It is Robert Morton. The crystal informs us that he’s in for fifty-nine years for arguing with the judge. Look, he is gnashing his teeth in rage. He doesn’t like Sing Sing at all. They wouldn’t even let him take his Virgil and he hasn’t anything to amuse himself with. Hard luck, isn’t it?

Well, this is an agreeable change! We see a chair tipped back against the brick wall, and a lady in blue with brass buttons occupying it. She is idly watching people going in and out of the drug store across the street. Behind her, through the wide doors, we see a pretty red fire engine. This is Margerite Blatter, chief of police and head of the fire department in our city. We knew she could do something great and noble and here she has fulfilled our highest expectations.

This picture fades away. We gaze into the darkness awaiting the next, but it seems that this is all there are, as presently the library table cover appears to us again.

For our first attempt we think we did wonderfully well. We may take up the profession; you never can tell. It is very amusing and develops the imagination as you can readily see.

Thirty-seven
HE way that the football team this year has carried off the honors from the gridiron, incites us to pat them on the back and extend them the glad hand.

The first game of the season was that with Western Military Academy, played on the foreign field. From the time of the first kick off, the game went in favor of Websters’ eleven. Lincoln the standby, was there with his famous stiff arm and with his aid and that of Vaughn, Spencer, Cantwell and Gaines, Webster had a comparatively easy victory, marching triumphantly off the battle-field with the score of 33 against Westerns’ 7.

The next game of the season was played with an exceptionally good team. This long remembered game was that with East St. Louis, played across the river. East St. Louis team was very commendable, but be that as it may, that of Webster was superior. The game started off, it seemed, rather doubtful, but after Webster became accustomed to the environment, etc., the balance began to tip. Lincoln’s iron limb again was made use of, and after the turmoil of battle had ceased, Webster was the possessor of the magnificent score of sixty-four points while East St. Louis rejoiced with nothing to their credit. W. W. Brown was in the bleachers, maybe that accounted for it.

In the next game fate made a mistake in placing the scores. Webster played Alton. Alton’s team is one of the finest high school teams in the state. There were considerable attending this game and Webster returned home beaten, but not in spirit, by a score of 16 to 27.

And then to relieve the sore of defeat came the game with Maplewood. Our next door neighbors are very conceited and actually entertained the idea that they could defeat Webster. They were speedily disillusioned, however. It had been raining somewhat and the field at Maplewood was in deplorable condition. Nevertheless, never leaving anything unfinished our noble eleven, at the blow of the whistle was ready for battle. There was an excellent turnout at this game and those who saw it saw overwhelming defeat for Maplewood.
The Basket Ball Team for 1918-1919 was unusually successful, having played 12 games and won them all. The team was heavy and fast, averaging in weight approximately 153 pounds per man. This is unusually heavy for a High School team. Not only were they fast and heavy, but there was not a man on the team that could not shoot baskets. Capt. Lincoln and Spencer were the principal point getters of the team. These two men, it seems, could not miss the basket. There seemed to be a certain magnetism between the ball and the basket when it left their hands. Lincoln could not only throw baskets, but he could also outjump any man that faced him in the center ring.

However, in noticing the points tally up we must not forget that the other members of the team were working and were also getting points, though not quite so fast. Wright scored frequently, but that is not what attracts our attention to his playing. The marvel of his playing was the excellent floor game which nobody but Proc could play.

The mention of the guarding is not so necessary because it is self-evident that the guards were there by looking at the very low score of the opposing teams. Cantwell not only guarded well, but he also succeeded in scoring a number of points. Russell scored very little because he was always on the watch for a chance to take the ball should it happen to fall into the hands of the opponents. It was very seldom that Russell passed the center of the floor.

At all times the team was ready to be repaired in case one of the first five should have cause to be taken out. Gaines and Baldwin were always ready to go in and take places either at forward or at guard. Gaines accumulated quite a few points in the course of the season while Ballwin, though not scoring any points, succeeded in "knocking them cold" at guard.

The season opened on the night of January 4, 1919, when our representatives opposed the Alumni. The Alumni had playing for them the stars, R. Mester, C. Smith, C. Garrett, E. Hart, K. Hageman and D. Russell, all of whom have won letters in the past at Webster and some of whom have won renown outside of the school. They had all just been recently discharged from some branch of the U. S. service and were still tough from Uncle Sam's "chow" and "exercise." However, Webster took the lead and made a good start for the season, winning the game 43 to 25. Captain Lincoln was high point man with 18 points and Spencer next with 15....Russell starred for the opponents scoring 12 points.

The following week the Webster aggregation opposed the Alton (Ill.) High. This game was without doubt the tightest and most interesting game of the season. The score "see-sawed" back and forth the entire game and it looked as though the team was looking defeat squarely in the face when an Alton forward sneaked the ball into the basket twice within the last two minutes. It looked as though Webster would have to work a little harder. The scoring in the first half was slow, but at the end of that period the score was 13 to 9 with the boys in the orange shirts with the black "W" ahead. The scoring in the second half was much faster, Alton pushing itself forward and tying the score in the last minute of play making the game end 27 to 27. The tie was played out as the rules designate by playing an extra five minute period intermission. Webster came back after the five minute intermission and scored fast and won.
Because of the closeness of the score and the hard playing it was a very interesting game. It was stated after the game that it was "Good ol' Webster spirit" that won that game. Spencer and Lincoln starred for Webster, the former getting 15 points and the latter 12. Cantrill of Alton scored 14. This is the second game in the history of Basket Ball at Webster that ended a tie and both were finally won by Webster, (knock on wood).

The next game was a game with the only city high school that was not afraid to play us and that was Yeatman. It seems to us that Yeatmen should be recommended for the D. S. C. for not being afraid to get a 'lickin'.

This game was a very easy game and the "suburbanites" won by a score of 55 to 11. Capt. Lincoln alone scored 30 points in this game.

The next week on Jan. 24, Webster opposed what had at that time beaten everything in the city and had lost to no one, the strong Kenrick five. The Webster five, however, had little trouble in annexing another when they defeated them 43 to 23. The feature of this game was that their star forward was held scoreless during the first half. He was under the supervision of Russell. Capt. Lincoln again was high point man with 24 to his credit this time.

On Feb. 1, Webster opposed the only other team that really claimed the County Championship, Clayton. There was very little scoring done in this game, Wetzel being high point man with all of Clayton's points to his credit, 13. The final score was 27 to 13, in favor of Webster.

On the following Wednesday the orange and black men are said to have done their best playing when they trimmed Western Military Academy to the tune of 39 to 15. The team-work that day was perfect. Every man was right where he belonged at all times. The shooting on that day was marvelous. Spencer was high point man with 19.

On the following Friday night the undefeated crew faced the Maplewood five. This seemed to be a game in which Capt. Lincoln and "Weenie" Spencer were racing for points rather than one in which the two teams were trying to outscore the other. Spencer scored 19 points and Line 18. The final score was 51 to 14 with Webster still undefeated.

One week later, Feb. 15, 1919, Webster journeyed to Western Military Academy at Alton, Ill., for its roughest game of the season. The score was 26 to 20 in Webster's favor when Linc was "kicked out" for unnecessary roughness. Despite the rough playing to which Webster was not accustomed, the Orange and Black still waved clear when the final whistle blew with Webster on the heavy end of a 30 to 23 score.

On the following Friday night Webster opposed another one of its oppressed rivals, who were not suppressed until after the game of that night—Clayton. We were told that Clayton intended that they should walk away that night, but they were thinking differently later in the evening. Clayton failed to make a field basket during the entire game. Also Spencer was in the game for about 6 minutes and scored 14 points. Lincoln scored 15 points and was laughing all the time. Denny starred for Clayton, if there was any starring done by him, because he scored 7 foul goals. This game terminated with Webster's colors still flying clear. The final score was 39 to 7.

On the next night undefeated five faced the Kenrick five again. It was expected that we would be apt to lose this game having played a hard game the night before and most of the players had dissipated a little by dancing the night before, but before the game was over the spectators learned that the "county lads" were still good. Webster won, 40 to 18. Capt. Lincoln and Spencer were again fighting for high place in points, it would seem. Both scored 16. Steele starred for the losers.

The following Friday night found the Webster boys facing a representative of Southeast Missouri, Charleston High. Webster easily mastered them by a top-heavy score of 59 to 23. Linc scored 28 points. Lair starred for Charleston.
On the next night the boys of the Orange and Black faced a representative of Central, Mo., Jefferson City, High School. Webster was once more accused of not being able to hold out two games in succession. The score at the end of the first half of the game was 15 to 8. People said that even though Webster was 7 points ahead that didn't count. One person whispered that “they're a first half team,” but despite all that, the Orange and Black still was waving when the final whistle blew and found Webster leading 36 to 15.

Because of the War there were no tournaments held at M. U. this year and Webster did not have a real chance to prove its ability, because it could not find any team that would play that could run a good race. Everything in the State of Missouri was challenged and no one would accept, so are we not the just holders of the State Championship Title.

Those receiving letters were Capt. Lincoln, Spencer, Wright, Cantwell, Russell, Gaines and Baldwin.

The individual scores are: Lincoln 201, Spencer 195, Wright 56, Cantwell (captain elect) 32, Russel, 6, Gaines 12, Balwin 0.

Webster Total 502. Opponents Total 208.

Webster also had a very strong team of reserves. This string of men deserve mention for the interest they took in the game. They played four games and won three of them. Judging from the spirit of the men Coach Roberts should have a nice team to work with next year and Captain-elect Cantwell is expected to lead a championship team next year. Assistant Coach Zeppenfeld proved himself easily capable of handling the second team.

Much credit is due to Coach Roberts in his patience with a team. He was the only one of the school who was out at all practices and he worked hard to whip his team into the shape that it took. His big regret is that Webster could not compete more. Roberts seemed to think that this year's team was the best that he has yet coached.
The track season has been rather short and snappy (one might say up-to-date.) Each year Webster has managed to side-track the old idiom of "What'll we do now," and has succeeded in producing the goods every time. This year the team was bolstered up by the main stay and star of our outfit, Allen G. Lincoln, who has in every meet so far taken honors for individual points.

The first meet of the season was with Cleveland High. The big star of the city team was Arch Trumm, who is heralded as a 10:1-5 man, but who seemed to peter out in real competition. Most of these said phenoms do peter out when it comes to real competition and Trumm certainly met his Waterloo in Linc. Webster experienced an easy victory over Cleveland, taking eight firsts out of a possible twelve. Webster finished with a score of —

Then came the big meet at Western M. A., in Alton, Ill. The team left St. Louis about 10 A.M., on April 26, expecting a hard meet. The team did not have very much competition taking every first except three. Linc broke the record at W. M. A. for the discus, throwing the pie about 126 feet breaking the record by approximately 5 feet. The trip was enjoyed by everyone on the team and were treated fine by the cadets. Lincoln shone in the 100 and 200 yard dashes, speeding over the former in 10 flat, which is excellent university time. We all hope he will be a world record holder in time. Several amusing things were said while on the trip, among them two very clever jokes, one of which I will attempt to relate. R. Morton managed to cram his track suit into a bag about 2 x 1 in dimensions. Cantwell, upon procuring it asked Morton if he was carrying a yeast cake to make his spirits rise. Linc, being there with his wit proceeded to elucidate to Bud that Morton never took anything along on track trips except paper and pencil. When asked why, he replied that Morton always drew his track clothes on. (Thunderous applause).

Then came the biggest day of the track season. The big Columbia State Meet, held at Rollis Field, M. U. The team had a hard pull to win this meet, but with the help of fortune we won, this being the third time in succession in three years. Webster took six firsts, including the discus, which was a special event and a tie in the low hurdle race between Williams of Webster and Kearney of Westport High of Kansas City. Cantwell surprised himself more than anyone else when he tied for second place in the high jump, clearing with ease 68 inches, but lost his pep on 69. There were twelve beautiful medals and one glorious cup taken this year. Six of the medals were gold and one was silver, won by J. Batchelor in the high hurdles. We are all looking forward to the County and the big Tri-state meets and let's hope that fortune is still with us.
HE basket-ball season opened rather late this year due to the fact that there was some difficulty in acquiring a coach. Miss Reynolds was obtained and has proved a very good coach.

A very promising crowd of girls came out for basket-ball, but there was a noticeable lack of forwards, but of these girls Miss Reynolds made up a splendid team including the old stand-bys of last year’s team who are Marguerite Blatter, Mildred Wright, Martha Watling and Constance Lewen. The new members of the team are Ruth Mortenson, Maud Dzitzko, Elizabeth Tomkins and Caroline Sterling. Miss Watling was chosen captain of the team.

The first game of the season was played with Clayton on the Webster floor. The game was hard fought and Webster’s defeat was caused by extreme nervousness on account of the game being the first game they had played. The score was 19-18 favor of Clayton.

Their defeat only gave the girls greater spirit in making it their last one and proved their strength by winning every game except two. When the girls went to Kirkwood there was some doubt as the fame of the Kirkwood team had become widely known; nevertheless the Webster team carried off the victory with a score of 27-26. Near the end of the season we again played Kirkwood and met the second defeat of the year, the score being 33-20 in favor of Kirkwood.

Notwithstanding the two defeats the team of the Webster High carried off the laurels of the County Championship in basket-ball.

The season formally closed when the team was presented with some excellent fudge and flowers presented by some ardent admirers of the team. As an extra feature a game was arranged between the faculty and the team of girls. The faculty was represented by Miss Winifred Toner, Miss Chamberlain, Miss Aldridge, Miss Higgins and Miss Gray. In spite of the faculties’ good playing the girls team won.

The games were as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Webster 18</th>
<th>Clayton 19</th>
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<td>Webster 32</td>
<td>Wellston 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Webster 18</td>
<td>University 17</td>
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<td>Webster 7</td>
<td>Maplewood 4</td>
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<td>Webster 27</td>
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<td>Clayton 5</td>
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<tr>
<td>Webster 32</td>
<td>Maplewood 26</td>
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Miss Higgins has started up a girls’ baseball team, but as yet no games have been held. Probably next year the new team will win some baseball victories.
A year ago an urgent need was felt for an organization to award the W's and foster spirit in the school. This need was seen by many and a plan was formulated in the minds of Edward S. Hart and W. G. Brownlee. To them we owe the credit of the present "W" Club.

To become a member one must have first been awarded a letter and then voted in. This makes it purely an athletic club. Mr. Roberts is our faculty member.

The club votes and awards letters, maintains the standard of the W, elects cheer leaders and fosters school spirit. This year we have not had an opportunity to do much. We gave one banquet for the football boys and are going to combine basket-ball and track suppers.

The officers for this year are: Pres. Proc. Wright; Vice-Pres., Allen Lincoln; Secretary-Treasurer, Gordon Brownlee.

This club is a coming idea and with the support of the school, will be a credit to Webster High.
"NEXT?!!"
STUDY HALL

THE FATAL EIGHTH.
When some teacher wishes to vent her spite
on some poor student who’s not in with
her right,
She will most probably say,
“The eighth period to-day.”

If he is tardy, with or without reason,
Mr. Hixon will surely call it treason.
Then Mr. Hixon will say,
“The Eighth period to-day.”

Or if his work is undoubtedly poor
And in class he acts like he needs a rest cure
The teachers will say;
“The Eighth period to-day.”

Or if this student, while in class,
Looks out the window at the weeds or the
grass,
The teacher will speak,
“The eighth period this week.”

Or if in a test he makes a low grade
And in class a flunk has made.
The teacher will speak,
“The eighth period this week.”

—C. B.

PLAINT OF A FRESHMAN

1st Period
I whispered in the study hall
Oh—just a little bit,
Miss Allen said, “Eighth Period.
Theres no excuse for it.”

2nd Period
I had most all my Algebra,
I only left out three,
But when Miss Hinote came to them
Of course she called on me!

3rd Period
In French my sentence ran this way.
“Il est tres sec maintenanent.”
And so I read, “He’s very dry.”
Now why did they haw-haw?

4th Period
I met a Senior in the hall,
I spoke, she smiled, you know the rest,
But oh—how fickle women are!
I heard her say, “He’s a little pest.”

My pride had suffered such a blow,
I felt I could endure no more,
I started home—oh woe is me!
Mr. Hixon caught me at the door!!!
THE ECHO

THE STORY  THE BRIDGE TOLD

HIS evening," said the Moon,
"I will tell you a story which
a Bridge in far away Japan
told me. He was a beautiful
Bridge, like those graceful
structures you often see pic-
tured in Japanese chinaware.
He had but one arch and that was very
high. The stream he spanned looked like sil-
ver in my light. Rushes lined its banks and
there was a beautiful, old willow tree growing
beside him, whose leaves whispered an affirm-
ative to his story.

"One night, long ago," said the Bridge, "a
maiden and her lover stood upon me, and
watched the river flow. They had come often
before this night, but then they had been
happy and I had little noted them. This even-
ing the maiden wept, and her lover looked
very grave.

"I heard her say, 'You are going away, how
can I know if you are well and happy? How'
can I know, but that you are dead?'

'That you shall know,' he replied, 'Each
evening come to this bridge where I bade you
a last farewell. Light one of your lamps and
let it float down the river. If it burns as long
as you can see it, you will know I am living. If
its light shines ever back upon you, you will
know I am thinking only of you. If it only
lights the water around it, you will know I
am faithless, but that will never be. If it goes
out——,' but here the maiden wept and would
not let him finish.

"I will be back in a year," he said.

"Every evening after, when the grey mist
hung over the river, the maiden lighted a
lamp, and watched it as far as her eyes could
see. When it burned brightly, she would be
gay, braid red flowers in her hair, and sing
sweet songs to the stately swans on the river.
But when the light grew feeble, the little maid
wept, and sat by me gazing into the waters
below, waiting until it was time to send an-
other lamp down the stream. She would drop
tears and snowy blossoms into it in token of
her grief. But the light, however feeble, shown
always on her alone.

"For a long time it had been growing fainter
each evening, and the maiden grew wan with
watching and weeping. One evening I noticed
she looked paler than usual. After placing
the lamp on the water, she leaned weakly
against my side, gazing with fixed look at the
feeble light. Fainter and fainter it grew.

"Suddenly it blazed up into a wonderful
glow. It covered the little maid with a strange
unearthly light as she stood, tense and with
clapsed hands.

"Then it died. It did not grow less. It van-
ished. There was a great splash in the waters
beneath me, and when your light came, the
maid was gone. I never saw her again."

"Nor her lover?"

"No," sighed the Bridge, "he was dead."
THE ECHO

"THANATOPSIS—REVISED"

For him who, in pursuit of Knowledge, learns
To love her, in her High School stage, she has
A various reward; for those happy days,
She has a voice of kindness, and she guides him,
In his daily problems, with a firm and quiet instinct,
That steals away his troubles, ere he is aware.
When thoughts of commencement come, like a delight,
Over thy spirit, and sad thoughts that those dear days
Are gone, and all the fun and mischief,
And the joy of school is passed, cause thee to dread it,
And be loathe to leave, go forth, under the open sky,
And note her application, while all around—
Man in his duty; and in pleasure, too, lists to her voice,
Yet a few days, and thee, the well-loved Alma Mater
Shall no more sing with thy schoolmates, in those dear halls
Where once thou tarried; nor yet, on the High School campus,
Shall exist thy image; the world, that taught thee,
Shall claim thee then, for that which thou dost know,
And, last thy High School ways, conscious of
Thine individual learning, thou shalt go, to mingle
With the rest of mankind, to show thy training
To the business world, or by thy home, to all that enter it.
Or if thou shouldst desire to know her further,
To some great University thou'lt go,
And there learn how thou best might serve thy State.

Yet not from thy delightful schooldays
Shalt thou be called done: thou shalt start forth
With future Presidents, and budding geniuses
Fair forms and athletes of the school days past,
All in one mighty body. Thy daily life,
The Ways of Men, and all this great earth holds
Are objects fit for thee to study further, when
The youthful stage of Knowledge thou hast passed,
All thou learned in school, is but a trifle, to the wisdom
Which thou must yet acquire, know thy art,
Read great author's works, or lost thy self
In the continuous workings of a great city.
And have no interest save thy own existence—yet thou still
Shalt live. And what if thou withdraw
In silence from thy school, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? Success may yet
THE ECHO

Be sent to grace thy destiny. The gay will laugh,
The learned study more, and each one, as before,
Will choose his favorite pastime; yet all these
In each pursuit of mirth, or occupation,
Shall learn to live, like thee. For, as the long train
Of years do glide away, the sons of men—
Youth in the grammar school, and he who goes
In his last Senior days, the teacher, and the schoolgirl,
And the sweet freshie, and the gray-haired Prof
Are every one but scholars, just like thee—
Like those who in their time shall follow them.

So learn, that when thy summons come, to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the bright outer world, where each shall claim some goal
In the great future years, thou go
Not as the uneducated one, encumbered by his ignorance,
But, sustained by Knowledge, like the one
Who takes his best companion with him,
And starts forth on a pleasant trip.

TO MR. HIXSON

It takes not lineage to be great,
Nor beauty, wealth, nor might;
But he at whose house glory waits
Is he who does the right.

'Tis he who rules with gentle hand,
And speaks in gentle voice,
Who, fearless, gives a firm command,
That is the just man's choice.

He first must noble be who guides
A house of noble fame,—
And Webster's greatness e'er aludes
With its master's name.
The first attempt of editing a year book was made by the class of 1911. It was called the Senior. The three succeeding classes did not follow their predecessor, but the class of 1915, another ambitious body, resolved to prove its grit by publishing a year book, still under the name of the Senior.

The next three classes changed the form to a paper, calling it the "Echo." Ours, the class of 1919, reverted back and once more we have an annual, the present "Echo."

The editors have spent many a weary hour endeavoring to make it worthy of your perusal. All personal remarks are meant in a laughing way and it is desired that they be taken in the same manner.

Finally, we hope that as the reader turns the pages, he or she may have a pleasant review of his or her high school year of 1919.

You may make all the remarks that you choose,
But first stop and think
What if you were in the editors' shoes!
In a western town, the attorney for a gas company was making a popular address. "Thnik of the good the gas company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say, in the words of that immortal poet, "Honor the Light Brigade!" Whereupon a shrill voice came from the rear, "Oh, what a charge they made."

The captain had promised the men of a Canadian-Irish regiment in the trenches for the first time, a dollar for every Boche they killed. Pat lay down to rest, while his bunkie, Mike, stood guard. Suddenly, he heard Mike shouting. "They're coming!" "Who's coming?" shouted Pat. "The Germans!" "How many are there?" "About 50,000." "Begorra," shouted Pat, jumping up and grabbing his rifle, "our fortune's made."

"My daughter is going to Professor Wombat, the eminent pianist, now."
"How's his touch, is it strong?"
"Very, four dollars a lesson."

Oh, Chunky!

Mr. Herman points to the door and then to the ceiling. Chunky prepares to bid typewriting good-bye and to proceed to the study hall, but Mr. Herman rushes to the door just in time with—"I didn't mean for you to leave, I meant to turn on the lights."

A Daily Occurrence in the Study Hall
Miss Allen: "Mr. Brownlee, eighth Period."

Mr. Brownlee (bowing gracefully and smiling broadly): "I thank you, for the honor, Miss Allen."

Little bits of knowledge,
Little bits of bluff,
Make the mighty faculty
Think we know the stuff.
Lots of tedious labor,
Lots of concentration,
Make us skip the finals
And fit to rule the nation.
(With apologies).

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Mr. Roberts talking fast?
Elizabeth Wadleigh flunking?
Miss Allen cutting up?
A. Lincoln not on the team?
Proc. Wright without his "Yell?"
Johnnie G. and Mildred W. not the talk of the school?
Ward Goodloe not being bawled out?
Sherman Senne not selling tickets?
No Man's Land

Hasn't Anything on that 3rd and 4th Period Chemistry. Experiments
No. 23 and No. 26
Thelma Parker bobbing her hair? Miss Spaulding not being able to answer a question? W. H. S. losing a game with Kirkwood? Eddie Laurence without her giggle? F. Bulkley and E. Jenkins not bumbling together?


Miss Owens (about two weeks before she left): "Of course you're all familiar with Leavenworth prison."

"Oh, he's awfully good looking and, girls, single!" (No we won't tell. It's a secret).

**Descriptive Catalogue of Useful and Instructive Books**

Mamma's Boy at Home and at School," by O. Boyd. Safe reading even for parents. Price $1.98 while they last.

"How I Came to Own the 'Gym,'" by Lincoln. An interesting little sketch. Water color illustrations.


"New version of the Old Testament," by B. B. Morton. An extract of it is, "In the beginning God created heaven and earth, then he made me and I did the rest." Given away free.


"My First Dance," or a "Night out at Clendenman's," by R. Hayward. Of special interest to "beginners." Illustrations. Price $0.25.

**One-Minute Interviews**

Proc. Wright: "I don't believe in letting my studies interfere with my education."

O. Boyd: "I haven't fully decided whether to sign a contract with Union Station for train caller or to tour with Caruso."

**Heard at a Basketball Game**

"The umpire called a foul," said she; "And yet no feather do I see!"
"Correct," he answered, "Even so,"
"This is a picked five, you know."

Proc: "I walked by your house this morning, Mac."

Mac: "Thanks, very much.

"Linc: "How did you happen to name your hen Macduff?"

Proc: "So I could say, 'Slay on Macduff!'"

When you meet a wonder At a dance——!
And the next day You call
On an old, old friend Who is very sweet to you——!
And the day after that You get a letter From an awful nice Little girl——!
Oh, Boy! don't you wish you were a Mormon?

**"Nuff sed.** Ask Gene, he knows.

Gene isn't the only one who favors Kirkwood girls. That's a long walk, too—eh——!

Mac—Village Jester. Billiard shark.

Chauffeur to reckless party of boys who enjoy yelling at downtown folk—about 10 p. m.
FAMOUS COUPLES

Some Couple!

Do you?

I'll say I do!

Whose?

...And now she wears my Senior ring.

The Navy forever.

How do you feel that way?

That's where my money goes.

Smiles 'N' everythin'.

Spencer's Fairy Queen.
Inseparables

Edmund Krause and his mustache.
Frances Joyce and his modest self.
Thelma Parker and her curls.
Dorothy Beck and her powdered nose.
Edna Laurence and her letters to Gene.
Mildred Wright and Girls' Athletic Association.
Ward Goodloe and his mouth.
Elizabeth Gregory and the 138th inf.
Grace Maybury and her shadow (Marg. H.)
Florence Zuber and her voice.
Evelyn Jenkins and her Mary Pickford.

Miss Toner: "I am tempted to give this class a test."
Student: "Yield not to temptation."
Senior: "I don't want you to make a large picture."
Van Miller: "All right, please close your mouth."

You can tell what kind of wheels a fellow has in his head by the spokes that come out of his mouth.

Freshie at public speaking class: "Fellow class-mates; when I came here this morning only t-t-two people knew my speech, my father and myself——n-n-now only f-f-father knows it."

A Mystery

M. Moffet seems like a reserved girl. (I wonder whom for).
Operator (trying to find out who has rung call): 'Hello there, are you 2?'
Linc. (at pay station): "You horrid thing, I'm only 17."

No dragon is my chaperon,
She's full of life and charm,
She has a method of her own
To hold me safe from harm.
It is a method very wise,
Though simple as can be,
When men come by she makes such eyes,
They never look at me.

Teacher's Pets

Mr. Herman: "This here," "That there,"
"Proceed."
Mr. Zepenfield: "In a sense," "So to speak,"
"More or less."
Miss Allen: "Eighth period please," "A little less noise."
Mr. Hixon: "Were you tardy this morning?"
Miss Spaulding: "You will have a theme for Friday on——."
Mr. Roberts: "Now I look at the matter in this way."
Miss Wright: "Why don't you know your lesson?"
Miss Conrad: "Now, girls, come and clean up the desks."

A ban is now placed on the devotees of the rolling cubes in Missouri.

How Would They Seem

Alfred Johnson without his "quiet ties?"
Paul Chamberlain without his marcelle wave?
Sam Sample without his yellow and black tie?
Julius Garrell with his childish ways?
Bob Morton without his notebooks, 'n' everything?
Joe Morris without his smile?
Melinda without her dimples?
Mary Powell without her giggle?
Mil Wright at school on time?
Gordon Brownlee without his courteous ways?
Gladys Payne with a studied Virgil lesson?
Ruth Ward without her "puffs?"
Marion Blair without her smile?
Marguerite Blatter without her Virgil lesson?

Eleanor Peebles without her drawl?
Len Williams without his freckles?
Bob Shillington without his "mild" socks?
Linc. the size of "Tiny?"
Russell not looking foolish?
Grace Maybury not ahead of the times?"
Spencer without that hair cut?
Cloyd Coop not half asleep?
Proc. Wright actually studying?

Sixty-four
THE ECHO

POPULAR SONG PARODIES

JEAN
Virginia Mortland

Good morning, little Jean, Jean, Jean,
With your hair all curled so nice and fine.
Good morning, little Jean, Jean, Jean
You’re surely looking fine.
Ashes to ashes and straight hair to curls
If the iron don’t get you the kid curlers must
Good morning little Jean, Jean, Jean,
With your hair all curled so nice and
Your hair all curled so nice and fine,
Your hair all curled so nice and fine.

“’N’ EVERYTHING”
We’ve got a football team with strength and
might, ’n’ everything.
The fellows on it know just how to fight—
’n’ everything.
Lil’ Proc sure lives up to his name,
He’s right in every game.
And Allen Lincoln, he sure can lick ’em!
He makes long runs—’n’ everything.
Buddie Cantwell knows just how to play—
’n’ everything.
Weenie Spencer often saves the day— ’n’
everything.
And when that team does play a game
It surely reaps a lot of fame!
It makes 70-0 scores— ’n’ everything!!!

SUNG BY BONES AND RASTUS

AT THE Y. M. C. A. MINSTREL SHOW.

Three little niggers dressed in white
Started for Harvard on the tail of a kite.
The kite tail broke
And down they fell
Instead of going to Harvard
They went to—
Now don’t get excited
Don’t get pale
Instead of going to Harvard
They went to Yale.

Three little niggers dressed in white
Started for Heaven on the tail of a kite
The kite tail broke
And down they fell
Instead of going to Heaven
They went to ——
Now don’t misunderstand
Don’t be misled
Instead of going to Heaven
They went to bed.

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

There are tests that make us happy (?)
There are tests that make us “flunk;”
There are tests that steal away the credits.
There are tests that make us feel so “punk;”
There are tests that have an awful meaning,
That the eyes of many, many see,
But the tests that fill my life with sunshine
Are the tests that will never be!!!

There are no tests that make us happy;
There are tests that make us blue;
There are tests where we don’t know a blessed thing.
But where we can somehow bluff it through,
There are tests, that have no earthly meaning
To us, no matter what we make,
But the tests, that fill our lives with deep gloom
Are those finals they make us take.

BACK HOME IN TENNESSEE
(With Apologies)

Way down in Tennessee,
She placed him on her knee,
The kids all laughed to see,
Her spank his geography,
She struck with all her might;
(How her hand did sting that night).
She did not know that John had placed
The whole wide world just right.
She spanked his Dardenelles
And shook his hills and dells
She wallop’d Mobile Bay,
And hit the U. S. A.
And there sure was some commotion,
When she hit the Indian Ocean,
He was cheating, got a beating,
On his home in Tennessee.
THE ECHO

THEY GO WILD, SIMPLY WILD
OVER ME

Sung by A. Lincoln

I hate to talk about myself, but here is where
I must;
Your confidence I'll trust, I have to speak or
bust.
It's funny how I get the fans. I never try at
all;
I seem to hypnotize them—when I play foot-
ball.
They go wild, simply wild over me;
They go mad, just as mad as they can be;
No matter where I'm at—
In the field or on the floor,
The small ones, the tall ones,
They yell for evermore,
How they rave and behave over me,
I don't what it is that they can see,
But when I get a touchdown in
You should see "old Robert's" grin!
He's gone wild, simply wild over me.
I never shall forget the day I played Kirk-
wood away;
They praise me to this day about that famous
play.
When Dutch, he dashed across the field
the teachers will say,
The fans went nearly crazy
You should have heard them root!
They went wild, simply wild over me,
They went mad, just as mad as they could be,
When down the field I flew, with my stiff
arm spread anew,
The tall ones, the small ones, they yelled till
they were blue.
How they raved and behaved over me,
I don't see what it is that they can see
But when they talk about that game,
At the mention of my name,
They go wild, simply wild over me!!!
THE ECHO

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Running—A vocation adopted by the boys, especially in the spring.

Freshman—A class that thinks it knows everything.

Sophomore—The same, but beginning to realize they don't know so much after all.

Junior—They know they don't know anything.

Senior—Striving to learn everything in a year.

Sixty-nine

A wise old owl sat on an oak:
The more he saw, the less he spoke:
The less he spoke, the more he heard,
Oh! Freshie, imitate that old bird.

Freshie—Where is the opposite side of the street.
Proc.—Over there.
Freshie—I was just over there and they told me it was over here.

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